

RAZZORCAKE

ISSUE #8



THE BELTONES



DS-13



SQUAB
JUCIFER
THE ADICTS
JELLO BIAFRA
THE STARVATIONS

\$3



I thought I'd planned it all out perfectly. Long discussions. Careful deliberations. Some shuffling. I was going into the wild of America's Northeast for ten days, away from the warm hearth of Razorcake HQ's record and CD collection. Packing was tight. Only one bag. Flask. Thermie undies. Two books. One wallet worth of CDs. That was going to be my musical umbilical chord into the great void otherwise known as "The Part of America Without Readily Available Punkrock." Truth be told, it's most of America, but I was up to the task.

My compatriot and I discussed the pros of Dillinger Four, Smogtown, Johnny Cash, AC/DC, Tiltwheel, The Beltones, Turbonegro, Leatherface, DS 13, Pogues, The Arrivals, Out Cold, and Misfits. We were pleased, perhaps a little smug. We thought we were so fuckin' smart. Even got a Y-adapter for a portable CD player so we could listen in tandem and rock out at our leisure.

Waiting for the plane, we tried the contraption out. With the Epoxies' new wave slither and pounce we shimmied in our seats, bobbed our heads, and people watched. It drowned out travellers on their ubiquitous cell phones, telling people that they were standing in an airport at 5 AM waiting for their flight, discussing the color of the carpet. Important stuff like that. I learned a trick about ten years ago. I'd mute the TV and crank Dead Kennedys. If you arm yourself with a good soundtrack, almost anything's fun. Having the world be a video, it's strange how people synchronize a butt scratch or a nose pick to music that only you can hear. I suspect

it's sort of like how crazy people hear things, but only, like, healthy.

Funny thing with families that you like. Everyone got along and there was a lot of talking. Not a lot of time to listen to music. Then it happened. We piled into the car for the first of many trips. I pulled out the CD case, and in mid un-zip, my hand slapped my forehead... a cassette player. I stared and stared at that wide slot, hoping that my glare would make it thinner or that greater, compassionate forces would swoop down and magically turn it into something that played CDs. No such luck. We were at the mercy of commercial radio, one cool comp tape, and George Michael's *Faith*.

This isn't the point where I tell you that I'm now a fan of both parts to "I Want Your Sex." It's also not the point where I say I'm an open-hearted listener to Boston and Three Dog Night. It's the point where I tell you about our cover. Punk rock and hardcore, in the grand scheme of things - when positioned next to the FM dial and malls filled with pedophile-loved pop stars - is so, so small. Why splice it down more and more, until all we're left with is ephemeral subgenres as small as atoms?

Florida's Beltones and Sweden's DS-13 play the two types of music I love: punk and rock. Their hearts couldn't be more true, nor their songs more fit for struggle, celebration, and release. On first listen, they may sound worlds apart from one another, but if you get unplugged and are thrust into a world where the options are commercials, disco, and eighty-five flavors of wank, you gotta cherish every good band that comes your way. Rock it.

-Todd

AD DEADLINE FOR ISSUE #9

June 1st, 2002

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.

- 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.

- 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 <lemmyramone@hotmail.com> •

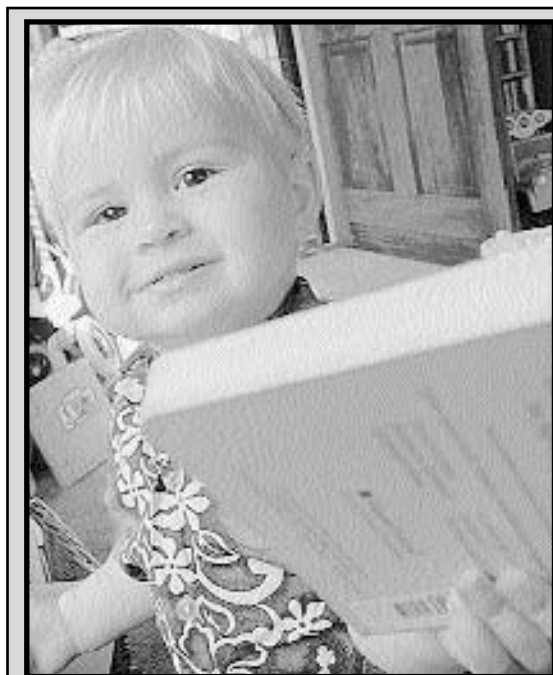
• Rhythm Chicken <rhythmchicken@hotmail.com> •

Everyone else can be reached c/o Razorcake.

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

Congratulations: The marriage of Julia Smut and Pete Hucklebuck.

Thank you list: We'd probably still have a newsprint cover if it wasn't for Julia; Matt Average for his cover shot of DS 13, help with the cover, the corresponding interview, live Starvations shot, and the Henry pic.; Jen Hitchcock for her helping Kat with the Squab interview; Dan Monick for his Starvations studio shots; say hi to Dan's new photo pages; Frank Mullen for the live Jello Biafra pictures; Harmonie and Kat for the Jucifer interview; Graham Russell for the Nero Burns interview and Shawn Scallen for the photos; say hey to our new columnist Ayn Imperato; Cuss Baxter for his zine, record, and video reviews; Roger Moser Jr. for his book and record reviews; Bradley Williams for his zine reviews; Sara Isett for her book reviews; Donofthedeat, Nam, Toby Tober, and Jimmy Alvarado for their record reviews; for all of those who participated in the Razorcake Slave Labor Insert Extravaganza - Sara Isett, Stacy, Kat, Designated Dale, Katie and Gary Hornberger, Jessica, Bradley, and Donofthedeat.



Henry, book, and Hawaiian shirt.

Issue #8, June/July 2002

RAZORCAKE

Cutting. Tasty.



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

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Razorcake is bi-monthly. Issues are \$3.00 ppd. in the U.S.

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

I feel good. I haven't inflicted gratuitous violence on a drunk man. I am in control of my destiny!

One Dollar Each

Waiting for the 14 Mission bus off 22nd Street, this small wrinkled dude in a 49ers baseball cap staggers up to me and shoves two roses in plastic sleeves in my face hollering, "One dollar each!" Except he is so sauced it comes out: "Onedollaeash!"

"No thanks," I say, but he keeps asking.

"Hey, you want a rose?" He thrusts them at my face like plastic swords, stabbing. "Rose?"

"No," I say firmly, but he leans in way too close. He may be five feet tall, but his breath is 80 proof.

"Onedollaeash?"

His week-long-bender booze breath hovers the air – an invisible cloud that passes over me like a bad intoxicated dream. "Rose! Rose!" he yells. His voice is raw and strangled, as though escaping from a dark, jagged crevice.

"Leave me alone, *please!*" I say because, goddamn it, I don't want a plastic rose. His face assumes a completely blank look for a moment.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he mumbles. "Really sorry."

"It's okay," I say and turn to scan the street for the bus.

He taps me on the arm. "I'm really sorry!"

"Fine!" I say, literally throwing up my hands.

He stumbles off only to return less than two minutes later. "Onedollaeash!"

I've been in the city too long. I'm damaged enough and this nonsense isn't helping. I turn to him and stand with my legs apart in a mean stance, give him the evil city eye. "No! Go away!"

He doesn't budge. He stands there staring at me, swaying. I can feel my fingers curling into tiny fists so I just walk away. *Just walk away*, down to the glass bus shelter where there are other people gathered. I feel good. I haven't inflicted gratuitous violence on a drunk man. I am in control of my destiny!

He lumbers off, Quasimodo style, to a cluster of girls waiting to cross the street at the other corner. *Well, at least that's over.*

Maybe I should have bought the damn rose. I have a dollar in my hand for the bus – the last dollar I have because it's Thursday. One more day to go. It's been a hard week, so at home all I have is a roll of quarters and two rolls of dimes lying on a coffee table fashioned from wooden fruit crates, from what I'd gleaned under the seat cushions of the leopard couch. And a wad of ATM withdrawal receipts from ~~the~~ [4] the previous week. Many from



bars.

The bus finally pulls up and the people shuffle in one at a time. I sit down in a sideways seat across from the bus window. Thirty seconds later, as though I am in some freakishly long *Star Trek* episode, the rose man materializes and sits down directly across from me. *Oh Jesus Christ.*

He leans over towards me as though he has never seen me before and slurs, "Onedollaeash?" I shake my head and look violently to the right. I put on my dark sunglasses to shield out all the madness and the rose men of the world.

After the bus lurches forward, he stands and stumbles back through the aisle asking in earnest, "Onedollaeash?" the only word he seems to know and repeats like a scratched 45. In his vacated seat sits a near empty 40-ounce bottle of malt liquor nestled in a crumpled paper bag, swishing around, next to a pink plastic sack of potatoes.

When he finally stumbles back to his seat holding the same two plastic sheathed roses, he sits down and grows strangely quiet. From behind the black little shields of my sunglasses, I look at him. He wears a matted blue quilted jacket, dime store sneakers and jeans too long so they sag over the tops of the sneakers. He is not an ugly man, but rather an almost handsome one. Small, but with a rugged, tanned face, leathery with age. Early forties maybe. He has aged reasonably well, considering the little malt liquor problem. It makes me sad for him. A deep longing sad. The fact that he isn't completely hideous makes it worse somehow. In different

clothes he could be driving the bus. Selling the bus. Directing the bus. He could easily do so much more – he probably didn't and would never even know how much more.

And was more really better? In the window behind him I can see myself, sitting across from him. I'm on my way home from my own job, peddling a different product, not drunk but half-wishing I was.

He looks at me and speaks up again, slurring, "You look nice! Hey! You look nice!" He leans forward and takes a slug of malt liquor. "Tell me your *name!*" he erupts. His eyes are huge and violent. Beer drools from his mouth. "Hey! Hey, tell me your *name!*"

Hell, can't a girl just sit on a bus? Does she have to buy a plastic rose? I look away from him, silent, thinking my thoughts. I was no good at making things better. It would only make it worse to speak.

Instead, my silence whips him up into a frenzy. He starts cursing and spitting in my general direction. I can't win. When I get off the bus he throws his empty 40-ounce bottle out the window where it crashes on the street gutter in front of me. I look at the jagged glass slivers on the pavement, lying there shining like fallen stars. What a waste.

I walk the six blocks home with his one word spinning over and around me. After me. "Onedollaeash." A word that basically sums up everything that sucks about life. Souls for sale. One dollar each. I walk home thinking that in one way or another we all sell roses in the street.

–Ayn Imperato

RAZORCAKE PRESENTS:

BEEZ-NUTS

FEATURING

BAD OL'

LIL'

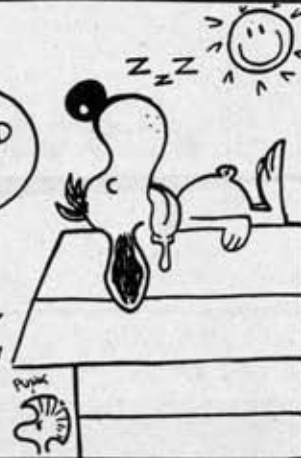
BEEZ

ART: 04/02



①

STOOPID
DOG.



Burp!



②

SHIZZY
MUSIC.



PLINK
PLINK
PLINK



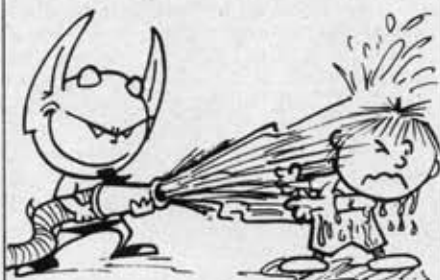
BRANG!



?!

③

DURTY
BASTICH.



④



HAR
HAR.



HAR
HAR.



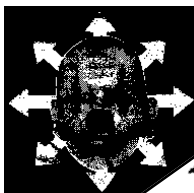
DRAW THA BEEZ!

SEND ME YER BEST DRAWIN' OF
THA BEEZ AND 5 LUCKY ARTISTES
WILL RECENE A BEEZ T-SHIRT!
SEND ALL DRAWINGS TO:

MR. BEEZ c/o RAZORCAKE
P.O. BOX 42129
LOS ANGELES, CA 90042

PLEASE INCLUDE YER E-MAIL SO IF YA
WIN, I CAN ASK FOR A SHIRT SIZE.

THABEEZ13@HOTMAIL.COM



Rich Mackin

The Twisted Balloon

Nowhere else have I seen skinheads party with seventy-something published poets, and get along great while doing so.

Beyond Rock and Roll

Anyone who knows me or my rants well knows that I hate the whole “here we are now, entertain us” mentality of most Americans, and their complaints that there is “nothing to do.” This is usually heard by suburban kids who mean it to be, “We want more bands we like to come to town.” And I hear it as, “We are so spoiled that we can’t think of anything we want to do to improve anything, so we will whine about it.”

Anyway, in young and punk circles, “something to do” does usually imply seeing a band, or going to a club... something involving rock music. (Arguably, or watching sports.) This is silly and simplistic. Let me school you guys on some fun stuff I know about that goes beyond the whole “show” mentality. This is mostly stuff in my backyard, but hopefully it’ll give you insight into what could be in your town already or with some work on your part.

(Keep in mind that I do live in a city with eighty-some colleges and a lot of history, so I do have some advantages. And since I drink, some involve alcohol, which makes certain situations age related and socially lubricated in a certain way. Use these as springboards, not rules. Also keep in mind that some people go to a big school, live near cool clubs in a big city and still watch bad TV and sit in silence on a Saturday night.)

One of the weirdest things to go see in the Boston area is called Kaiju Big Battel. (Yes, like Battle, but spelled wrong.) The basic concept is art students interpreting a Godzilla movie in a wrestling context, so people in elaborate monster suits wrestle in a ring filled with model buildings. The suits range from twelve foot lizard like things to sandwich costumes, and when I say wrestle, I don’t mean wussy punch pretend fighting, I mean full-on pick up and throw “rasslin.” Meanwhile, multi-lingual announcers, weird background music, and a between-match set of antics that makes WWF seem tame and that logically complete the show. Not that I expect every city to have something like this, but it certainly gives you an idea of an atypical activity. Some shows even have entire crowd interaction. One show was at a college where many students had no idea of what they were into, and it was hilarious to us veterans of the Battel to see randomly handed out Dr. Cube and anti-Dr. Cube signs being held proudly by people who had no idea who Dr. Cube was, nor why they would care.

Slightly easier to recreate in any town are the Guerilla Poets. Formed by Emerson students some years ago and living on, even though the core members are all graduates with real jobs, the idea of Guerilla Poetry is the reading of poetry. Out loud.

Anywhere. On a nice day, a public



square or park, on a rainy or colder day, the Boston Guerilla Poets might start spouting in a Burger King, until they get kicked out, or one may jump on a table in a food court in a mall. Until they get kicked out. Being kicked out of somewhere often means leaving “Poetry Free Zone” stickers. The local group meets Sundays at 2 P.M. and emails places weekly on a list, but feel free to randomly start speaking art when it strikes you.

Critical Mass is something that I would guess most readers know about. Simply put, every last Friday of any month, people meet somewhere and ride bikes together. The only real “official” decision is when the meeting place is made, and once that happens, it tends to be the meeting place forever. Some cities have aggressive rides when riders block traffic, others are just fun group rides. (I have noticed that the level that drivers get annoyed depends on drivers as much or more than what the bike riders do.) But you don’t have to limit your ride to once a month. During a blackout (actually, it was a deliberate “rolling blackout,” but anyway...) my friend Turtle organized a night-time blackout bike ride, meaning we all used battery power (or not) to get out of the house and not rely on the electric grid for a while. And let me say, that you get some strange, amused looks when a bunch of pirates zip by cars on bikes. A Boston area man named Lucas has a couch mounted on a platform with bikes on either side, pulled by the bike he rides. You can imagine the interest level that adds.

You can of course have any sorts of

themed bike rides, and you can even throw a theme into the old keg party. Yeah, yeah, toga and all that, but remember how fun it was when you were eight and you had a theme to the party? For people my age, *Star Wars* might jar a memory or two. My friend Chris celebrated his birthday with a pirates vs. Vikings party. Despite what you might guess as a decidedly pirate leaning backdrop, about 70% of attendees were in Viking garb. The costumes alarmed the workers at nearby liquor stores, who knew Halloween was months ago. My one word of caution: if the local sports team is playing a team with a pirate mascot that day, don’t walk in public as a pirate. Not being a sports fan, it was after three general profanity throwings and a “Raiders Suck” when I realized what team the Patriots were playing that day. Odd sports-fan-related issues aside, having two hundred people in character discussing how, if you think about it, Vikings are a kind of pirate after all, sure beats the typical between beer sips banter. In any case, while “normal” parties came and went, the pirate vs. Viking party was something people were looking forward to for weeks, planned costumes for, and surely will have photos that are recalled more specifically than, “Here I am at some party. I think in 2001, I guess.”

Perhaps the bestest theme parties in town were the monthly Blind Man’s Balls that Kevin P. O’ Brien would throw. Okay, let me set the stage with Kevin O’ Brien. This guy used to work on big Alaskan fishing boats six months a year, which meant he made enough to live all year, but had no rent or food expens-

es for half of it. He was the guy who would disappear, show up months later with a huge beard, and lots of money to buy beer for everyone. This was the kind of guy who you wouldn't see for a year and when you did, he had a new scar. When asked, he wouldn't tell you the story. He would hand you the zine he just came out with with the story in it. Blind Man's Ball events could easily be described as a poetry kegger. There was a big room with a stage and had an open mic sign up. While a keg party was going on. So it had the drunken stupidity of a kegger diminished by poetry, and the false air of pretentiousness cut down by a keg. Nowhere else have I seen skinheads party with seventy-something published poets, and get along great while doing so. Of course, this was merely one good example of the "art" party — many other people I know have all sorts of readings, or group mural projects. Hell, two guys I know would clear all the furniture out of their apartment (hiding it with a friendly neighbor) and have art gallery nights at their house. They also had indoor bowling.

Near my house is an art collective called Pan 9. Instead of having parties, they have insane mixed media events combining performance art, comedy, atypical music (like the band Livesexact, that mount drum heads in stuffed animals), theatre, and visual art. For several years, a group at MIT had monthly "show and tell" nights where people would perform or show off weird stuff they had, or do strange scientific experiments.

If you want to make your party more than merely themed in an entertaining way, there is always the Amnesty International write-a-thon, or get a bunch of your friends to work together volunteering on the same cause. Stuffing

envelopes sucks as a task, but if you and your friends can talk over coffee or beer at a place of business, why not over altruistic paperwork? If you do a zine, there is always the zine party (or, as my circle calls it, the zine sweatshop) when you just get everyone together and do the grunt work together. It's like a latter day quilting bee.

Hell, it even seems like a lot of people are getting into quilting bees. And sewing circles. Hell, why NOT be productive and fun. Not only does this mean being social while getting something done, it has been leaning towards punk and indie craft fairs and the like.

Of course, you can always simply add an entertaining spin on something already going on. Instead of watching a parade or marathon, see what you can do to add to it. This I will leave open to the imagination. One semi-related idea is at the last Beantown Zinetown (zine fair), Zhenelle of *Born Ready* and her friends would applaud every now and then. It was "because they are positive" and it was funny to watch other people join in the clapping with confused looks.

You can find entertainment and interest in day to day life, not just Friday and Saturday nights. (Although a lot of punks know this from Tuesday shows since the clubs reserve weekends for bands with more draw.) You don't need something "to do" when you are someone who just does things. Pranks, situationism, good deeds... have you seen *Amelie* or *Fight Club*? Make the most of each day. Heck, if you are a scary looking, unwashed type with spikes

aplenty, simply watch what happens when you hold doors open for people. If you have more ambition, try doing what some of the Pan 9 people did. They made up some fake quizzes that made no sense and took to the streets and got them filled out. The answers provided humor for years to come.

And, as many of you already know, protests are your best entertainment value...

Here you are now, entertain yourself.

Or, as the song goes, if you're bored, your boring.

—Rich Mackin

(Rich and Sean Carswell are on tour now. See the ad on page 104 to find out when they're going to be in a town near you.)



Rich Mackin



Hey there, co-editor, co-publisher, co-founder Retodd here. I had a tiny bit of a freak out. I've been working on a book – an unwieldy 1,200 page monster – for the past eight years and it never seems to get done. Even though, at first it was because I was working two jobs, then helping *Flipside* stay afloat, and now making *Razorcake* a viable, trustworthy magazine, I'd do chapters here, dialogue there, but I could never get my hands completely around it to choke it and put it to its final sleep. I'm not a guy who likes to keep things unfinished. So, yeah, I was drunk and babbling about how I should complete it once and for all and cut out the writer/artistic drama I was making for myself. But I realized that something had to give. I keep my thumb-up-my-ass time down to a minimum and I'm a busy guy, so I had to make a couple of hard choices.

Here they are. Aside from the

"You mean records you play on a record player?"

"Yeah. Yup."

"You mean people still make records?"

"Some do."

"And you play them?"

"All the time."

interviews I've already agreed to and will do with six bands, I'm personally going on interview sabbatical until the book's finished. I also realized I tend to write a term paper of a column each issue, so I decided that I'll be light on writing columns until the book's been tucked away, shelved, and I'm happy with it. If my presence in the magazine is light, that's why. I'll still be working full-time putting *Razorcake* together, just writing less for it.

So, why the fuck do I have a column this issue if I made my mind up on playacting as a novelist? Money (the contributor, not the

fiscal entity) asked me to do a reading for his Punk Rock Revival (as in, "Can I have a 'hallelujah'?", not resuscitation). It's short, it's light. There was polite clapping.

#

I like punk rock. I think about it, perhaps, a little too much. I've never had any success in coming up with a definitive term of what is or isn't punk rock, and I think that's the point. It's like an unsolved assassination, culturally speaking. It's better to have this impossible puzzle because the interpretations of the facts, the fictions it eddies in, and most importantly, the sounds it

creates haven't stopped for over a quarter of a century and show no signs of slowing down. It's a worldwide infection.

Punk rock is a putty-like term. It can be stretched, molded, conformed, and contorted, but, like most long-living, constantly vital terms, it can't be trapped. If it does become domesticated on large stages and in arenas, those isolated, denatured strains – like Sprague Dawley rats – are quickly killed off. What's a Sprague Dawley rat? Basically, these rats are inbred for research, born and raised just to be carved up or rubbed up or what have you. Someone did this experiment where they went to this island and let the lab rats go to see if they still had survival instincts. The rat's a survivor. They've been around for so long. And the scientists wanted to see, "Did this get bred out of them or are they still rats?" The scientists dropped them off and then came back and found their little



skeletons. They got totally devoured by the native rats. They couldn't cut it.

So I did a lot of chin scratching. Almost seven years of it, and I came up with one, I believe, irrefutable element that can't be separated from the formation and continuation of punk rock as I know and love it.

It is vinyl. No, no not little rubber pants that'll make you sweaty. Records.

Here goes:

We have one of the best post office boxes in Los Angeles. Gil, Joe, and Sylvia are three very un-disgruntled postal workers who totally look out for us. When we started getting a regular stream of mail, they'd ask, "What's in the big, flat boxes?" that wouldn't fit in our PO box.

"Albums," I'd say.

"Why do they ship CDs in such big boxes?"

"LPs."

"You mean records you play on a record player?"

"Yeah. Yup."

"You mean people still make records?"

"Some do."

"And you play them?"

"All the time."

"I haven't put a record on in years and years."

And so it goes. It makes me smile because there's a chance I can pick up another record player, for dirt cheap, at an upcoming garage sale. Vinyl's a pretty cool physical manifestation of punk rock. It's got a comforting presence about it. Nice people, regular people who don't listen to a lot of music that's not on the radio or on TV don't know it still exists. Like punk, vinyl was supposed to be obliterated by something newer and fancy dancier. Vinyl and punk are both intentionally a bit antiquated, yet that acknowledgement to the past, that just because it was already supposed to be perfected and over, doesn't mean it's obsolete, doesn't mean there's no bright future for it.

Many people are looking for the newest and best, be it putting three thousand songs into a palm-held player, or the most realistic feeling pocket pussy the world has ever known. With vinyl records, while the market may be smaller than it once was, I don't think it'll ever be completely usurped, much like a piece of rubber molded into the shape of a woman's vagina is in no position to overthrow good, old fashioned fucking.

"But what about CDs, smartass? Afraid to come out of the seventies?" you may charge.

Why does everything have to be a rivalry? I'm no hippie, but I think vinyl and CDs can get along. Sure, CDs have their advantages.

Records are a pain in the ass to play in the car. One pothole, one curb launch, and your needle's wrecked, your vinyl's scratched. One unexpectedly hot day, and you've got a bunch unplayable vinyl tacos. Hell, I love the ability to find the one song on an album with the touch of a button, and the fact that I can burn copy after copy for my friends at twenty cents apiece appeals to me.

But are easy and fast *all* we're looking for? I say nay. Loud, and fast, to be sure. But easy? Again: is sex better when it's purely just easy? Is fast food better because it's easy?

That takes me to another reason why vinyl's perfect for the punk rocker. Ritual doesn't go out of style. Just ask a nearby church. While you may no longer feel as cool with a bunch of bandanas wrapped around engineering boots, and perhaps you no longer use a safety pin though a bleeding nipple as an icebreaker to meet new people, but the simple, satisfying ritual of sliding a record out of its jacket, of plopping it on the post hole, of the needle touching the groove, that's something that can't go out of style. It's like making fresh coffee. You can *see* how the sound is made. If you put your ear to it, you can hear the needle bouncing around in the groove. I like that. It's not all 007-ish lasers with shiny discs spinning at incredible speeds in darkness. It's just like a bunch of scruffy punkers plugging in and beating the hell out of their instruments. You pay attention to the sound, not a light and smoke show. You can see the music being made, and that's the satisfying ritual.

Consider this. Nowadays, if you press a seven inch, the best that can happen, financially, is that you break even, maybe make enough money to buy a pack of gum. People always bitch and moan that punk rock's on the cusp of selling out, of watering down. A lot of it always has been. Even in 1977, Christ Child, a completely manufactured punk band from LA, released material, but be smart, see under the clouds and fall to the underground. Especially in 2002, vinyl is one of punk's truest arms. There is so little money to be made. In no small way, that's its purest strength. It, literally, can't be sold for a heavy profit – it can't sell out. That's beautiful. Name the last time an LP or a 7" was on any type of slick-ass magazine's top 300 or nominated for a Grammy.

The only time that vinyl is mentioned in the national media is the past tense, mostly likely twenty, twenty-five years ago (aside from hip hop's vinyl, which I'm in no position to even pretend that I know what's going on with that.). Good. It keeps the record bins teeming with great music at reasonable prices when the newest "Gotta Hear 'Em" CD is selling for \$20 a pop.

Oh, but there's drama. It's a paradox that certain 7"s by obscure bands that could only scrounge up enough money to make 300 records and xeroxed copied covers, who never had the chance to make a living off their music, are having their records sell for over \$1,000, and it's even more ironic that the only viable way to preserve the music is to burn it onto CD and hand it out to friends. But don't despair. This will always happen.

Some of the best records ever made still cost a buck and were released last year. Some of best punk bands still cost five dollars or less to see.

You just have to hunt. Use your own radar.

Just like you don't go to a record store in a mall to find a vinyl record, don't think that what's in an arena represents the current state of punk rock.

You just have to hunt.

Become your own historian. Become a vinyl librarian.

You just have to hunt.

It ain't gonna come to you.

Start today.

-Retodd





Maddy

Shiftless When Idle



Mr. Piggy was lying on his side, stuck to the plastic cage, with his four legs stuck straight out in one of the funniest examples of rigor mortis the world has ever seen.

I do NOT like animals. Keeping an animal in one's house ("having a pet") is one of the worst ideas humans have ever had (up there with disco and sugar-free candy). The history of humans and animals is a long and sordid one, involving countless acts of co-habitation.

In the Middle Ages, pets even lived in castles with kings and queens. Servants would put about two to three feet of hay on the floors of the main rooms and replace it periodically when it became filled with feces and urine. Yum. Now, unless you're a crusty punk or an animal feces fetishist (which applies to approximately .3% of all *Razorcake* readers) this probably does not appeal to you, correct?

Well, take the current practice of owning pets. Basically the same idea, in a slightly revised form. Instead of hay on the ground, we have litter boxes. Instead of servants taking care of the dirty matters, we do it ourselves. Okay. But the main difference, which no one seems to realize, is that WE NO LONGER NEED TO KEEP ANIMALS INSIDE OF OUR HOMES! In the Middle Ages and earlier, lots of people had animals to eat, do work, or sell, and these animals had to live inside when the weather got cold. Do we have this need today? No! I have yet to meet a single punk rocker who subsists entirely on cattle sales and pig flesh! So, should we have pets today? A decided and whole-hearted GOOD GOD NO!

Hopefully all of the above will somehow justify the tales which follow, in which my cruelty towards animals is revealed to the punk community, followed by countless angry letters from animal rights activists. Sorry *Razorcake*! Let the PETA boycott begin!

When I was about seven or eight, my dad bought a lot of tropical fish. He let me choose one fish to be "mine." I chose a small red fish with tiny eyes. I called him Swimmy. Swimmy did quite well, due entirely to my dad's diligence in feeding him (and all of the fish) and cleaning the aquarium regularly. And then, mysteriously, the fish started dying, one after the other. My dad couldn't figure out why. After a few weeks, only two or three fish were left. Swimmy was one of them. And then, one day even Swimmy succumbed and floated to the top of the water. I was quite distraught. I could go

real experience of death" etc, etc, but really, although I was quite distraught, I recovered soon when my dad suggested that we go to McDonald's. There are few things that a twist cone can't fix.

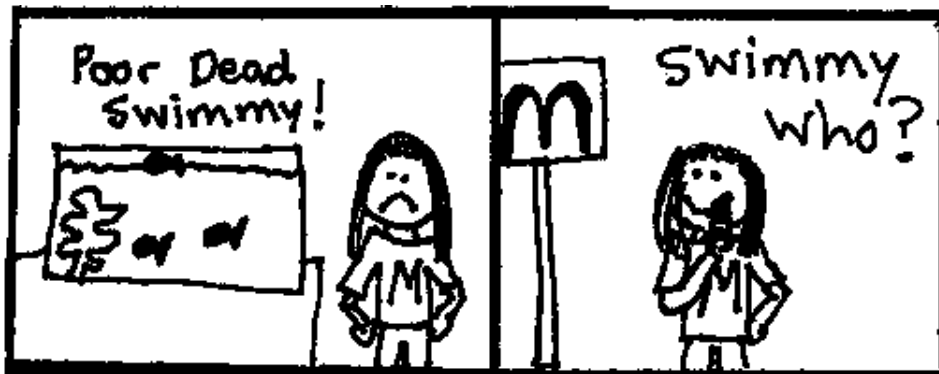
After Swimmy died, I wanted to get a new pet. My dad was extremely opposed to pets in general, with the sole exception of fish, so I got a goldfish. I can't remember his name, but I was genuinely excited when I first got him. I had a small aquarium and even bought one of those little fake castles that, for some reason, people like to put in aquariums. (A connection to the castle-residing pets of yore? Perhaps!) But, after a few weeks, I got bored with my goldfish and began to realize that having a fish was annoying. It brought me no joy, and I had to feed it and clean the tank. I couldn't talk about

a few other animals, for, rather than acknowledge that maybe, just maybe, I did not like pets, I figured that it was just a question of certain KINDS of pets. Maybe I just did not like fish. So I decided to get a hamster. This took a fair amount of pleading to my dad, but eventually he gave in. I named the hamster Cuddly and bought him a very cool cage, complete with a wheel and even a tube that he could climb up into. For the first few days, even the first few weeks, having a hamster was fun. But then, yep, you guessed it, I got bored. And then I started to clean the cage less and less. And then the noise of Cuddly on the wheel annoyed me and so I stuck the cage in my closet. And then, of course, I ended up cleaning the cage less and less.

And then I realized that, unlike with fish, you could actually do cool (read: mean) things with/to a hamster. So I started taking Cuddly out of his cage and making him dangle onto the side of a chair until finally he couldn't hang on any longer and he fell. And then I would do it again. And again. Fun!

Unfortunately, Cuddly did not have the strong will to live of my goldfish. After about two years, he died. We buried him in the backyard, in a hole about six inches deep. A few months later, we got a dog for a few days (who we had to return because he enjoyed peeing everywhere and attacking us), and he promptly dug up Cuddly. His rotting corpse would've made even GG Allin squirm. Maybe.

So, at this point you'd think that I'd give up on pets, right? After a fish, a hamster, and a dog, you'd think I'd have learned my lesson. But no. I decided to get a guinea pig. And I gave my cruelty free rein like I had never done before. (FORESHADOWING! FORESHADOWING!) Of course, at first I was genuinely interested in Mr. Piggy. I even had a fairly large, very clean glass aquarium with fresh cedar shavings. I put the aquarium about three feet off the ground, on a metal stand that used to hold my dad's aquarium. About a week or two into the beautiful relationship between myself and Monsieur Piggy, disaster struck and our relationship turned sour. One of my siblings, I have forgotten which, knocked the aquarium off the stand and glass (and Mr. Piggy) went flying everywhere! Mr. Piggy ended up in a corner,



Punky Brewster with my fish, and I couldn't take it to candy stores. So I did what any reasonable person would do. I stopped cleaning the tank. Mold started to grow on the edges. After a few months, mold would sometimes even form on the top of the water. I also began to be rather inconsistent with feeding my fish as well. It would sometimes go for as long as a week without nourishment.

So imagine a goldfish, living in a filthy tank, hardly ever getting fed. You'd suspect it would die soon, right? Unfortunately, I was not that lucky. (And don't think that I didn't hope for him to die all of the time, because I most certainly did.) The stupid goldfish WOULD NOT DIE. Months passed and he lived on, swimming in and out of the mold-covered fake castle. I decided to do some research at the library, where I learned that the average lifespan of a store-bought goldfish is less than a year. So I figured that, at the very most, my stupid fish had a few months left. Wrong. It was not until a full THREE YEARS later that my fish died, defying all laws of goldfishery.

In the meantime, I had experimented with

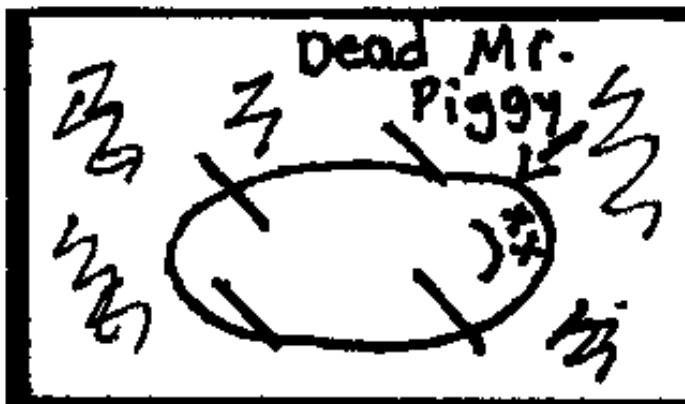
Maddy

surrounded by shards of glass, shaking violently. From that point on, Mr. Piggy was not a normal guinea pig. If you tried to touch him, he would jump into the air and then start shaking. He spent most of his time in the corner of his new blue Tupperware cage, staring into space. To say that he was disturbed would be putting it mildly.

After awhile, I naturally got bored with having a neurotic guinea pig. And then my sister decided that she wanted him. We would constantly switch the ownership of Mr. Piggy back and forth between the two of us. After awhile, one of us would forget enough about how dull and annoying it was to have a guinea pig and begin to think that it might be exciting again. So that person would then request ownership of Mr. Piggy, which the other person would gladly relinquish. Eventually it got to the point where neither of us wanted anything to do with Mr. Piggy. So we took the huge blue Tupperware cage and moved it to the garage. Keep in mind that a.) it was the middle of the summer, with temperatures in the 90s, and b.) the garage most certainly was NOT air-conditioned. Of course, after we moved Mr. Piggy and his house out to the garage, it became much easier to forget entirely about feeding him or changing his water, to say nothing of cleaning his cage. If we checked on him more than twice a week, it was amazing, shocking, and, by our standards, incredibly overly kind.

This went on for much of the summer, until one day we checked on him for the first time that week. Mr. Piggy was lying on his side, stuck to the plastic cage, with his four legs stuck straight out in one of the funniest examples of rigor mortis the world has ever seen. When I told my mom and she came out to see, she had to try hard (and a bit unsuccessfully) to keep from laughing. When my dad came home, he was put in charge of the disposal of the corpse. But when he tried to pick up Mr. Piggy so that he could either bury him or put him in a garbage bag and throw him away, he ran into a problem. Mr. Piggy was stuck firmly to the side of the cage. So my dad tried pulling on him harder and harder. Then he picked up the entire cage and started banging it against a garbage can. Mr. Piggy STILL would not come unstuck. Eventually my dad just had to throw away the entire cage, with Mr. Piggy still stuck on the side, into the garbage can. I often wonder about the reaction of the garbage men when they had to dispose of it.

After Mr. Piggy, I still had not learned my lesson. And I got a cat.



Only this time I wasn't incredibly cruel. The cat was even fed regularly, mostly because my mom liked the cat and did most of the cat-maintenance work. If it hadn't been for my mom's involvement, I have no doubt that my cat would have suffered the same fate as the rest of my pets (cruel, long, and painful death).

Finally, after the death of my cat a few years later, I came to my senses and realized that I HATE PETS! No more pets for me, thank you! I do not need some creature roaming around the house, who I have to buy food for and take care of. At least when one of your broke friends shows up on your couch for a few weeks, you can talk about Radon and get drunk together! Fie on pets! Death to the pet industry! And here, oddly enough, is where I reach a point of agreement with the Animal Liberation Front (albeit for different reasons). Humans should NOT own pets! See, it did end up being an animal rights conclusion after all!

Random Notes:

1. NYU has decided to give me a ton of money to go to grad school, for some unknown reason. So, I'm moving to NYC August 1st. Anyone with any apartment tips, punk rock NYC info, etc. email me at: cerealcore@hotmail.com.

2. Best zine I've read in the past month: *949 Market*. Its all about this squat/art space/show space/hangout space in San Francisco that got closed down a few months ago. It features writing by Iggy Scam, which is reason alone to pick it up. When I visited the Bay Area last year, I missed seeing the grand opening of this squat (complete with a Shotwell show!) by one day. Curses! Send a few bucks or whatever to: Zara, 3288 21st St. PMB #79, San Francisco, CA 94110.

3. In case you were wondering, the Dillinger Four is still the best band in the world! This means nothing but great things for Ms. Tight Pants, because the D4 will remain the best band in the world until, someday, a band manages to be even better than the D4, and gains the title. And even the thought of a band being better than D4 is unfathomable. Am I making sense? I don't care! The D4 are better than Lucky Charms, the Dickies, and Chekhov all put together! And that's saying A LOT! Check out a super fucking long interview with Erik and Paddy in *Sick to Move* #3. Send a buck or two to: Sick to Move, PO Box 121462, San Diego, CA 92112-1462.

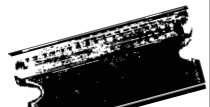
— Maddy

Maddy



Money

Pog Mo Thon



"Haircut, we are here to show you the great and marvelous wonders of Punk Rock."

The Discovery of America (Part IV)

Pillsville

After some days, the leader of The Defeated prescribed a three-day drunk. They drove to a Rite Aid store, bought all eight cases of Pabst Blue Ribbon on the premises and drank themselves insensate.

Then when the three days were over a helicopter was seen flying near the van, carrying a bunch of photographers, or, perhaps, snipers. A small plastic canister fell from the helicopter and landed in Spike's cup. It was filled with pills. Spike called this to the attention of his vanmates and said:

"Look at the gift Jimmy, our tour promoter, has sent us. Let's take them all now."

The pills were huge, as big as acorns. The leader of The Defeated divided them, one each among the band and he who traveled with them. Each man took his pill and ingested it in his own fashion. Some guzzled it with beer, whiskey or, in Skeebo's case, both, a mixture he affectionately called "Tijuana Donkey Piss."

The punk rockers reported a wide variety of effects.

"It's more mellow than meth."

"Perkier than Percocet."

"Ludier than Xanax."

"Nothing like Nuludar."

"Less tranquil than Psoma."

"But not so dopey as Oxycoton."

Of all the punk rockers, only Seany Rock failed to have a pleasant experience with the enormous pill.

He said:

"Spike, you who have fought the good fight from New Jersey all the way to the Promised Land of the Punks, tell us, what is the name of this drug?"

Spike answered:

"I know not, but I believe it takes its name from the story of a traveler, a traveler not unlike ourselves."

The punk rockers murmured in approval.

Seany then said to Spike:

"Would this traveler's name be 'Suppo'?"

Spike replied:

"It would."

To which Seany Rock rejoindered:

"I thought so. You have given us suppositions."

At this the punk rockers became very upset, except for Felch, who had shoved his portion up the old mustard road, as was his habit with all manner of objects, big and small.

The members of The Defeated, and he who traveled with them briefly, considered tarring and feathering Spike, but they had no tar, and fewer feathers, and were in no position to obtain either. Further, they had no mechanism for heating the tar and, or so some recalled, it smelled icky and would require, like, effort.

Sensing he'd upset the always-delicate balance inside the van, the avatar of The Defeated called for another three-day bender and this time he picked up the tab.

Baduzik's

Now on the third day they found a club not far away from them, covered completely with aluminum foil. They parked the van. The punk rockers disembarked and went in the club so that Spike might negotiate with the manager. The club stank like the oldest, deepest, foulest urine pit in all the land.

The punk rockers went back outside and waited in the van until the leader of The Defeated should return to them. All the while they could not rid themselves of the stench from the club that had followed them back to the van. Spike returned reporting he'd secured a gig.

"This is Baduzi's. Disembark, set-up your equipment, and get ready for sound check."

But no one moved.

Spike said to them:

"Do not be afraid. Jimmy says it's cool."

Just then, suddenly, the helicopter, which had brought them the canister with the pills, fired a missile at the club, which exploded in a

great fiery ball. The helicopter then flew high up into the sky to return, presumably, to its own place.

Measles said:

"I think we're getting closer to Hollywood, the Promised Land of the Punks."

Piker asked:

"Do you still want us to unload the van?"

Spike made no reply.

Cattle Prod

Not many days afterwards, Spike and his vanmates caught sight of a cowpunk bar called Cattle Prod. They dropped by and gave much glory to Punk Rock. When the show was over, the avatar of Bergen County Punk Rock received a phone call on his cell phone. It was Jimmy.

Measles and Morty sat at the bar drinking shots of Mount Gay Rum.

Measles said to Morty:

"Can I ask you a question?"

Morty replied:

"Sure."

Measles continued.

"Do you believe in Jimmy?"

Morty gazed at his empty shot glass. When he held it up to his eye and gazed at the light over the cash register, the rest of the club seemed to melt away.

"You already asked me that."

Measles was taken aback.

"Well, do you?"

Morty answered.

"For the second time, no, I don't. But maybe the important question we should all be asking ourselves is this: 'Does Jimmy believe in us?'"

To which Measles replied:

"Whoa. That's deep."

An Inexplicable Thing

It happened on one occasion that as the men were driving in the van, they found the road so clear they did not see another vehicle for several hours. It was eerily quiet. All kinds of wild animals stood at the side of the road: coyotes, deer, tragic possums, even a pack of feral hyena dogs. It was if their van was the last machine on earth, and the creatures of the earth had come to take back what had once been theirs.

Ape turned off the tape so that the quiet of the desert might envelop the van. The leader of The Defeated turned the tape player back on again. He said to them:

"I am surprised by your foolishness. Why are you afraid of these beasts when you are not afraid of much fouler creatures, like skinheads and tow-truck drivers? Why do you sit on your

Money



thumbs like a bunch of monkeys? Indeed, you shit-ass ferrets are not worthy of being in The Defeated. Is Jimmy not doing enough for you?"

The men of The Defeated kept their eyes on the wild creatures during the course of this lecture. As if bidden by the leader of The Defeated's voice, the animals came out from their station at the side of the highway and blocked the road in such a way that they swiftly circled the van. The punk rockers could not see beyond the beasts, so great was the multitude. The beasts did not interfere with the van, but circled it in a wide arc. And so The Defeated continued on, slowly now, with a halo of flesh and fur and teeth. It was eight hours before they saw another car, a black truck with California plates. An omen?

The Unhappy Dude

And then they reached the desert where many strange and not-so-wondrous things occurred. The strangest and not-so-wondrous of them all was the time when Spike and the members of The Defeated happened upon what appeared to be the outline of a man sitting on a rock surrounded by a curious moat. The contents of the moat were being tossed about in the wind like a waterspout.

Spike said:

"What manner of moat thriveth so in the desert?"

Some members of The Defeated said it was beer, others recycled oil. When the avatar of Bergen County Punk Rock heard them discussing the matter among themselves, he said:

"Pull over."

When the van drew near, they could see that the man was ringed round with a trench filled with vomit, so they kept their distance. He was shaggy and soiled, and he sat on a rock, spewing puke in every direction. The wind sometimes drove the vomit into that portion of the moat in front of him and sometimes it blew it back, drenching him entire. It was a most disgusting spectacle.

Spike got out of the van and questioned him as to who he was, and what he was doing there.

The man replied:

"I am an Unhappy Dude, the most woeful man that ever knew woe, the most begrudged man in the music industry. Once loved, now I am hated by all. Still, I am not here in accordance with my desserts, but because of the ineffable evil of Jimmy."

Spike said:

"You know Jimmy?"

To which the unhappy dude replied:

"Of course I know Jimmy. Who among us can afford not to?"

Spike said to him:

"Explain yourself."

The Unhappy Dude spewed into a bucket with great force. The members of The Defeated watching from the van were most impressed.

Measles said:

"The Unhappy Dude makes the Regurgitron look silly. He gives much glory to Punk Rock."

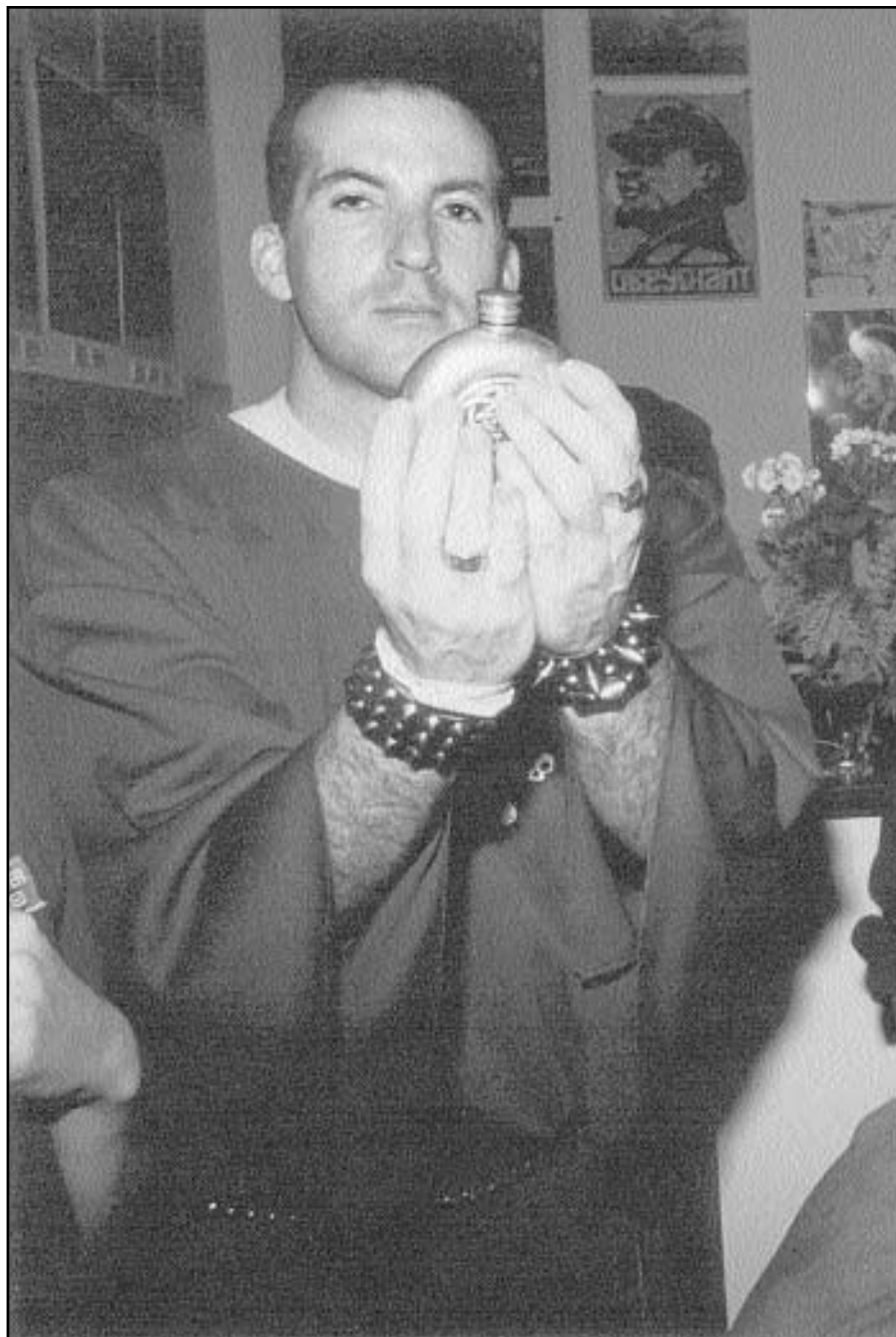
Morty countered:

"That, or the dude has a serious fucking flu."

The members of The Defeated and he who traveled with him nodded their heads at this apt assessment.

The Unhappy Dude continued:

"I signed a contract with Jimmy. When record sales failed to cover my tour expenses, Jimmy took me for all I had. He took my house, my villa in Tahoe, my mother's New York apartment, my uncle's condo in Sedona, and my sister-in-law's stepfather's motor home in Cyclone City, Missouri. He got my cars, my his and her Cigarette Boats and my lawn



...the avatar of The Defeated called for another three-day bender and this time he picked up the tab.

mower. He took my silk skivvies, my monogrammed shirts and my ball-cap collection. He absconded with my *Star Wars* action figures, my goal-plated tweezers, and my stuffed Bengal Tiger with the rubber anus retro fit. He stole my Charles Lindbergh stamps, my custom-made putter and my dribble glass collection. He vamoosed with my cashmere sock monkey, my Sea Monkey Ocean Zoo, and my favorite mittens. He ganked my Sister Sledge records, my tuft of Mark McGwire's scrotum hair (with certificate of authenticity) and my personal Polaroid photo collection. He even revoked my Hair Club for Men membership, the fucker. Now I must sit here like a lump of molten lead in a pot, day and night, in the center of this miserable heat, and reflect on the fate I have purchased with such an evil

bargain."

Spike said to him:

"This does not sound like the Jimmy I know. The Jimmy I know is a great man. A kind man. As generous as he is good looking, or so he tells me."

The unhappy dude said:

"Verily, it is the same man of whom I speak."

Spike replied:

"How can you be so certain?"

The Unhappy Dude answered:

"Tour promoter. Very private. Does all his business on the phone. Trigger happy coke freak who travels the country in a black helicopter. Any of that sound familiar?"

Spike said:

"Did you say black helicopter?"

But before he could

answer, the Unhappy Dude began to get very, very sick, making the Unhappy Dude even unhappier.

When the wretched fellow finished retching, Spike said:

"Why is it you are so desperately ill?"

The Unhappy Dude answered:

"Every two weeks Jimmy poisons me so that I cannot hold down food, water and other things necessary for human life. At the end of the second week, I begin to feel better and can take meals again, but then each fortnight Jimmy finds me and I am poisoned anew. Jimmy says it is my punishment that I must forever feel the same feelings my music inspires."

"Tell me, Unhappy Dude, what is your name?"

The Unhappy Dude answered:

"My name is Michael Bolton."

Spike began to get a very unhappy feeling.

Club Glug

And still there was more desert to cross.

Spike and his comrades drove west, drinking beer and destroying brain cells and small animals in equal measure. On the evening of their fifth day in the sweltering sun, there appeared to them a small club. The club was little more than a mud-brick hut with a strip of galvanized sheet metal for a roof.

A hand-painted sign told them its name: Club Glug.

The club was surrounded on all sides by dessicated cacti, abandoned automobiles and ruined patio furniture. Sensing his vanmates' excitement as they approached the club and parked the van, Spike said to them:

"Men, brothers, stifle yourselves. You are about to meet Haircut the Hermit, who has run this club for twenty-five years without a single punk band. Wait here until I return to you. Do not enter without my permission."

Before Spike could egress the van, Morty said:

"Spike, Measles has passed out."

Spike answered:

"What happened?"

Morty replied:

"He passed out."

Spike removed a pink bandana from his back pocket and mopped his brow. It was important to remain calm and cool, even in temperatures in excess of a hundred degrees and surrounded by those who could be counted on to behave in a manner that could only be characterized as criminally stupid whenever a crisis arose. All this and more, Spike pondered, until he was, once again, cool.

"Wake him," he said. "Give him some water."

To which Morty replied:

"We can't."

Spike answered:

"Why not?"

Morty hemmed and hawed. He hung fire and beat around the bush. Finally, he spoke:

"We can't wake him because Measles has taken his pants off."

This, Spike mused, is truly horrible.

"Jonaz?"

Jonaz, the violence enthusiast, snapped to attention.

"Yes, sir?"

Spike responded:

"Accelerate this man's return to consciousness."



"...maybe the important question we should all be asking ourselves is this: 'Does Jimmy believe in us?'"

Jonaz picked up a can of beer and threw it at Measles' head.

"Ow!" Measles exclaimed.

Spike said to Measles:

"Defeated One, why did you remove your pants?"

Measles replied:

"To air out the basement. I guess the, um, odor got to me and I passed out."

Spike said:

"Put your pants on."

And then he left the van. He thought of Suzy Swallow, as he often did at 6:34 in the evening, the precise time he first heard That Song on the Radio, and he wondered if Suzy ever had conversations like the one he had just had with her bandmates in The Swallows. Then he thought about Suzy Swallow, pantless, as he often did at 6:35 in the evening, and felt a desperate need to get disastrously drunk as quickly

as possible.

When he reached the club entrance, his old friend Haircut the Hermit came out to meet him, saying:

"How good and joyful it is that brothers meet again."

When he said this he requested Spike to order the members of The Defeated and he who traveled with them to come from the van. As the punk rockers entered the club, Haircut the Hermit called each of them by name, and the brothers were greatly amazed by his power.

They were also greatly confounded by his appearance. For Haircut the Hermit had not had a haircut since Reagan was President and Hall & Oates ruled the airwaves, albeit in a manner befitting a weak sister or flatulent baboon. Haircut the Hermit was entirely covered in hair from head to foot. All the hair was white as snow on account of his great age. Spike could see only his face and eyes and a few shitty tattoos. He had not other clothing on him except a breech cloth fashioned from a Hank Williams Jr. t-shirt. When Spike saw this he was discouraged within himself and said:

"Alas for me who is a punk rocker and has given much glory to Punk Rock to see standing before me a man who will very soon die if he does not receive the power and glory of Punk Rock."

Spike added:

"Haircut, we are here to show you the great and marvelous wonders of Punk Rock. We have been showing the people of this great country. You say in your heart that you are better than Punk Rock, but you are not worthy to carry a studded belt or anarchy button. A Punk Rocker uses the labor of his hands with which to make loud music and never, ever shakes a tambourine. How have you come to live such a useless life here? Don't you know that a life without Punk Rock is no kind of life at all?"

Haircut the Hermit answered him:

"I was brought up on folk music, country western, adult contemporary, and Christian hardcore hip-hop hybrid."

At this the brothers recoiled in horror at the sufferings of this very old and very stupid man.

Spike ordered The Defeated to load in and set-up immediately. And then they unleashed Punk Rock in the town that Punk Rock had nearly forgotten.

When the show was over, Haircut the Hermit opened the taps and let the beer flow.

"My sons," he said, "you have given much glory to Punk Rock. You have passed the test. You are now ready for the Promised Land of the Punks."

The leader of The Defeated drank his beer with great relish. He sensed their long and arduous journey was very nearly over.

-Money





Like a royal knight of ruckus, I slayed the silence.

The Dinghole Reports

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

Ich wixe oft! What more can I say? Two weeks back in Europe and I'm excreting that pastey grey substance till my diet evens out. East German bar Olympics! Absinthe in Prague! The Hofbrauhaus! Belgian genevre! Eating every unimaginable part of the pig, both cooked and RAW! Zywiec! The Wisconsin invasion!

(Slow down, Chicken! You're not making any sense! – F.F.)

Okay, okay, so I'm still vibrantly ga-ga over my vacation. Can you blame me? Ich wixe oft!

[Mr. Chicken, could you please back up and start over? We're a little lost here. – Dr. S.]

Well, it began on the opening night of the Winter Olympics. The opening ceremony began on my coop's TV. Just then, Ruckus Thomas and the Chez walk in and drag me out into the Milwaukee night for some ruckus juice.

(Yeah, I'm sure they really had to twist your wing. – F.F.)

It was the Chez's birthday, so Thomas and I had a mission. We begin at the Cactus Club

where bartender Christreater hands me a weird wooden chicken that another patron had left for me. NICE! Many numerous Pabsts and gin shots later we find ourselves at a fancy Irish pub with live Irish folk music. The Chez decides to create a dance floor in front of the band, causing ruckus, merriment, and dismay. His feet are flying every which way until they quickly scuffle him out to the back parking lot where he vomits valiantly amongst the Audis and BMWs. Mission accomplished. And so began our Liver Olympics which coincidentally mirrored those other Olympics in Salt Lake City.

[Hey, RC. Is there a Dinghole Report in here somewhere? – Dr. S.]

First of all, only Ted Perry can call me "RC." Second, I'm gettin' to it. Just sit back and enjoy the build up.

(Here Doc, have a Pabst. I have a feeling this is gonna be a long one. – F.F.)

—sound of threePabsts crackin' open—

(gulp, gulp, gulp).... smack! Aaaah! So the next afternoon the Chez drove Ruckus Thomas and I to the airport. I walk in carrying a small bag of clothes, my chickenhead, the weird wooden chicken, and a case of Pabst. As we check in and walk around I'm getting the most inquisitive looks for my chickenhead. The security checks were the best! MY CHICKENHEAD GOT X-

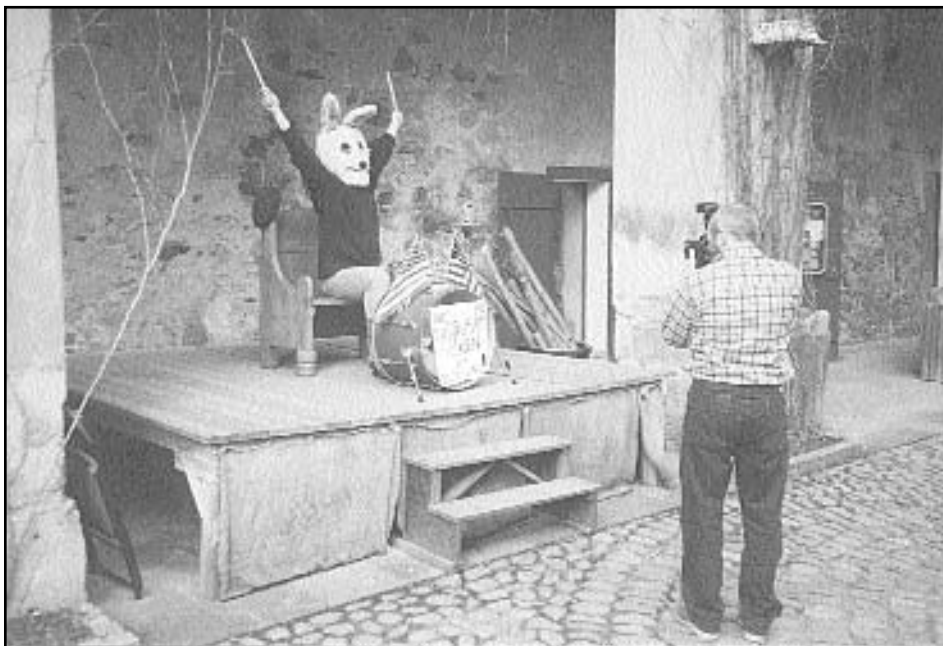
RAYED! Some security workers would hold up the head to their coworkers and crack jokes. They searched inside for weapons or drugs or whatever. I was worried that the years of being soaked with beer, sweat, blood, cum, vomit, and spit would harbor some detectable biohazardous spore or life form. The chickenhead and I both passed our cavity searches and were allowed through. Whew! We stopped at the Milwaukee airport's Renaissance Books so I could pick up James Michener's *Alaska* for the endless flights ahead. A used bookstore in an airport is sheer brilliance! Milwaukee to Minneapolis to Amsterdam to Brussels in just thirteen hours. Pure joy.

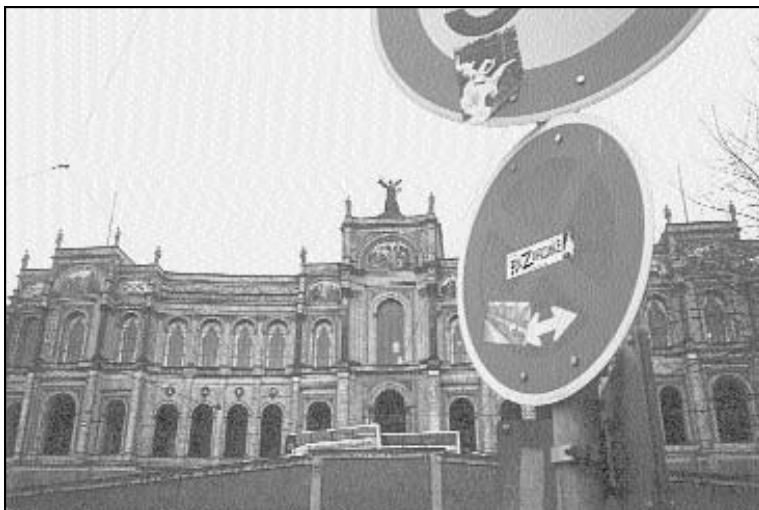
Soon we are at Dan and Ben's Brussels apartment (see Dinghole Report #12) drinking down what are most probably the only cans of Pabst in all of Belgium. Dan and Ben receive the weird wooden chicken as a house-warming gift. The Liver Olympics continue as we hit the streets of Belgium for some Hoegaardens, Jupilers, and Duvels. Belgium may not have Pabst, but they do have some fine substitutes! We continue to strive for the gold.

The next morning Dan, Thomas, and I catch a train up to Amsterdam, find a hotel room in the pouring rain, and prepare for ruckus, Holland-style. I leave the chickenhead propped up in our first floor window so we can find our room later: a clucking homing beacon! Cluck..... cluck..... cluck..... So we hit a few pubs, a few coffee shops, and stagger around the red light district looking at ladies under glass. It's a weird, dirty city. I finally got to see the "Catboat." No cats. We kept walking and drinking and walking and drinking until we were lost, internal chicken compass be damned! Barely a bronze.

The following day Dan goes back to Brussels while Thomas and I fly Czech Airlines to Prague. The chickenhead gets more quality glances and security reactions. We are met at the Prague airport by our most gracious host, Mr. Paul Drake. He gives us a long tour of the central city. Prague castle, St. Charles Bridge, the Astronomical Clock, etc... An ancient city of endless beauty. Being of mostly Bohemian descent, I make myself at home. The beers are about twenty cents per half-liter. I AM HOME! Pilsner Urquell, Budwar, Velvet, Staropramen! We try the absinthe. The locals show us proper "absinthe etiquette" with the snifter and the flaming spoon of sugar. We most certainly earned our gold medals THAT night!

[So, did the Rhythm Chicken even PERFORM, or did you just carry the head around for good looks? – Dr. S.]





(opposite page) Chicken plays the drum stage at Burg Gndandstein. (right) Chicken at Volkerschluchtdenkmal.
(above) The Bayern Parlaiment Buliding in Munich.
Notice the sticker.



Rhythm Chicken

(Cripes, Chicken! No one cares about this shit! Get on with the Dinghole Exports! – F.F.)

WISCONSIN! – F.F.)

Okay, moving right along. Two days later we were train-bound to Wroclaw, Poland. I'm currently in my second semester of learning Polish, so I figured it would be a good thing to thrust us into the belly of the beast, Polandzilla! Poland's Pabst-equivalent is called Zywiec. Poprosze dwie Zywiec! Dwie wiecej! Dwie wiecej! I get to practice my Polish mostly with bartenders. While in Poland I read some of James Michener's *Alaska*, which I find all too amusing since I read his other book, *Poland*, last August while in Alaska. Huh! Leaving our room one day I flag down a housekeeper lady, hold up the chickenhead, and ask her, "Jaki to jest po polsku?" (How do you say it in Polish?). She smiles and says, "Ooooooh! Maskotka!" Dziekuje bardzo! Two nights of high Zywiec intake earns us each a silver. From Poland we also call JJ's La Puerta in Sister Bay, Wisconsin to send 'em dial-a-shots from across the globe! Clucka polka clucka polka!

Next we are train-bound to Dresden, Germany. The chickenhead continues to get funky looks everywhere we go. We hop off the train at Dresden's Hauptbahnhof. We are greeted by Germany's branch manager of the Tavern Squad, The Chancellor, and his friend Claus. They are both waving little American flags that The Chancellor stole from my Milwaukee neighbor's front yard in late September. I wave the chickenhead back at them. Soon we are downtown having bratwurst with gluhwein (spiced steaming-hot wine! yum!). Later that night The Chancellor takes us to "Club Cult," the modern discotheque in his small hometown of Frohburg. It is an old East German coal briquette factory turned into a three floor ultra-modern night/dance club. We make our way to the top floor. The place is PACKED. We start downing an endless supply of Diebals, Kostrisser, and Radeburger. The DJ finds out that two Americans are there and starts yelling into the microphone, "INDIANA!"

(INDIANA?!! For cryin' out loud, WHY INDIANA?!! WISCONSIN! WISCONSIN!

That's what I told the guy, but he keeps on yelling "INDIANA!" Soon, Germans are asking us questions, offering us drinks, and wanting to exchange e-mail addresses. Weird!

[Excuse me, Mr. Chicken, but why Indiana? – Dr. S.]

(NO DOUBT! WHY FUCKIN' INDIANA?!! – F.F.)

Well, The Chancellor explained to us that they see us as "native" Americans, being born here, which makes us "indians," hence "Indiana." Somewhere, somehow, this might make sense, but I don't believe it. The night begins to make less and less sense. I request some Heino songs..... AND HE PLAYS THEM! Since the DJ was so hell bent on yelling things into the microphone I told him to yell "GREEN BAY PACKERS!"..... AND HE DID! The four of us go wild! I told him to yell "JJ'S LA PUERTA!"..... AND HE DID! I told him to yell "LET THERE BE RUCKUS!"..... to which the four of us replied, "OOOOOOOOOOO YEAH!!!" The East German version of Chris Farley/John Belushi is walking around making everyone sip from his liter of "mystery booze." He befriends the "Indiana duo." Yes, the Liver Olympics were in full swing when they were shockingly ECLIPSED by the German bar Olympics!!! Teams of four staggering Krauts each are competing in the "bar bobsled." Each team of four straddles a 2x6 wooden board with empty Red Bull boxes on their heads as helmets, one hand holding the board between their legs and the other holding on the cardboard helmet. The DJ counts down to zero and yells, "GO!" The four drunks charge around the bar at breakneck speeds and cross the finish line to the screams of the crowd. Salt Lake City's got NOTHING on these guys! Finally, the DJ calls up the last team to the starting gate, "TEAM INDIANA!" The place screams! We had already been at gold medal status in our own Liver Olympics when

we suited up and straddled the board. The Chancellor, myself, Ruckus Thomas, and Claus..... the dream team. Huh! The DJ counts down and yells, "GO!" We start charging and the first thing we do is hit a table full of empty beer glasses. SMASH!!! We stop in drunken confusion, but the crowd is yelling, "GO! GO! GO!" So we continue to swerve around the bar, across the dance floor, through the back room, and across the finish line. The whole way, all I hear is broken glass as we knock EVERYONE and EVERYTHING over! I'm preparing to get my ass kicked, but everyone just CHEERS!! RUCKUS!! OUT OF CONTROL RUCKUS!! These people know how to raise a ruckus! These people know how to DRINK! Thomas and I are in awe. Frohburg is like a little Wisconsin snug in the former GDR. Ich leibe Heino! Ich wixe oft!

{OK, Rhythm Chicken. Get to a Dinghole Report or I'm pulling your column! – Retodd}

(Holy shit! The big man himself! – F.F.)

<HEY! – Sean>

[Mr. Chicken, I would advise you to deliver your report NOW! – Dr. S]

Dinghole Report #19: The Ausgeflipter Tour!

(Rhythm Chicken sightings #235 to #238)

The Chancellor wakes us up in his parents' guest room and immediately opens the balcony door and windows. Apparently the intense methane haze was a bit too much and his eyes were watering. "It's time for the Rhythm Chicken tour!" he says. Thomas and I are beyond hungover. We are beyond dead. We are still in gold medal form! We walk downstairs to a traditional German breakfast, uncooked ground pork spread on rolls and bread. RAW PORK! Punk Rock! We pick up the makeshift Chicken kit from a friend of a **RAZORCAKE** [17]

friend. The Chancellor has the tour all laid out and we're off.

The first gig is in the small town square of Kohren, in front of a pottery shop. The Chancellor's friends are already there as a cheering squad, not exactly knowing what to expect. The lady from the pottery shop brings out a basket full of ceramic painted eggs and a ceramic chicken to put in the show! A photographer and journalist from the Leipzig newspaper are there! The opening drumroll starts and it has begun. RHYTHM RUCKUS IN THE EAST-ERN BLOC! FINALLY! The Chicken's ears are flapping. Sunday shoppers stop to check out the silly American. The photographer is taking tons of photos. The journalist is grilling The Chancellor for an explanation. The crowd cheers during the breaks, but I'm not sure if they know why! I can't help but to think that for them the show must have been like seeing an elephant in Time Square, or seeing He-who-cannot-be-named french kissing George W. Bush at a Fugazi show! I don't know. Does this stuff make more sense in Wisconsin? Who cares! We're on tour!

The second stop was at a rural castle outside of Kohren called the "Burg Gndstein." We carry the Chicken kit into the castle courtyard where I found an empty little stage with a big empty throne. Royalty! It was surely meant to be! The stage was set, the chickenhead pulled on, and I took the grandest drum throne of them all. My first ever castle show began. Chivalry is not dead! Like a royal knight of ruckus, I slayed the silence. The castle was ROCKIN'! CASTLE ROCK! Unfortunately, there was no peasant moshpit. The passing tourists did stop and clap a little. I was quite overwhelmed. From the out-

field of a professional baseball stadium to a castle in Germany, and I ask myself the whole time, "What the hell am I doing?" The crowd thins out and we move on.

The third show takes place just outside of Leipzig at the Volkerschlachtdenkmal. Yes, that's ONE WORD! It means "people's battle monument." It's an ENOURMOUS structure on the site of the Battle of Nations, where Napoleon defeated the Prussians in 1813. What better place for a Rhythm Chicken show, right? Tourists watched as the Chicken kit was thrown together. The chickenhead was adorned and people started to congregate and chuckle. Then came the rhythm ruckus. Rock on, Napoleon! Have Green Day, Journey, or the Grateful Dead ever played the Volkerschlachtdenkmal? I don't THINK so! Another feather in my cap... er... wing. I think this is where my hangover started to fade. Ungh.

The fourth and final show took place in the Marktplatz (marketplace) in central Leipzig. It was a busy shopping district amongst the tall buildings downtown. Other street "musicians" were already doing their thing. Russian immigrants were all assembled with their bongos, wind chimes, flutes, and mandolins, playing for pocket change. I'll never forget the looks on their faces as they saw a drum set being assembled near them, as if just saying, "Oh no." Then the thunderous rock rhythms began. The Chicken ears were flappin' this way and that. The powerbeats echoed tenfold between all the buildings. The other street acts could only stop and wait till my rock opera was completed. They didn't even TRY to compete.... and they had ELECTRIC SOUNDSYSTEMS and stuff! HA! The ruckus wound down, and the day's tour was

over. We packed up and found a café.

Two days later we picked up the Leipzig newspaper before driving down to Munich. HOLY SCHNITZEL! There, on the front page, is a full color photo of the Rhythm Chicken. Life can really be just too much at times! The article's title reads "Ein Verruchtes Huhn Musizierte in Kohren" which means something like "A maniac chicken made music in Kohren." VERUCHTES!!! It also refers to the Chicken as an "Ausgeflippter US-Amerikaner".....I'M AN AUSGEFLIPPTER!!! FUCK YEAH! Later in the article it also says, in German, that I play the "cafés and streets of Lake Michigan."mmmmwaaah ha ha ha ha!

(That's just amazing, Chicken! How do you get away with that shit? – F.F.)

ICH WIXE OFT!

[So, what else happened? – Dr. S.]

Well, the Liver Olympics continued whole-heartedly in the Hofbrauhaus and Munich's other swank beer hall, the Augustiner. Gold medals all around. We knocked 'em back with the Burgermeister Meisterburger. We took the train back to Brussels, spent a gold medal day in Leuven, Belgium, one last night in Brussels, and the horrendous flights home. Soon after landing in Milwaukee, we were watching Kiss play the closing ceremony in Salt Lake City. We ended our Liver Olympics back at the Cactus Club. I played the Who on the jukebox for our closing ceremony. Ich wixe oft!

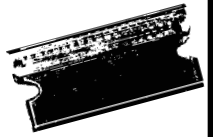
–Rhythm Chicken
rhythmchicken@hotmail.com





Sean Carswell

A Monkey to Ride the Dog



One guy even said, "I'll book you, but if you read any poetry, I'm gonna throw shit at you."

The Road to the Odeon

I stood on the corner of Mission and Valencia, staring up at the marquee in front of the Odeon Bar. It read "Tonight Only: One Man vs. Corporate America." I thought to myself, tonight's gonna be a good night. I said to Rich, who was standing next to me, "I've got a good feeling about tonight. It's gonna be a good show."

"You say that every night," Rich said.

And he was right. I'd said that every night of the tour, and most of the time, I'd said it just to make myself feel a little better. But on this particular night, I meant it. We were on the marquee. People driving down Mission Street in San Francisco could see that we'd come to town to do a show. It was one man vs. corporate America. Sure, if you looked closer, you could see that Rich Mackin, Retodd, and I were all listed as performers, and sure, technically, that's three men vs. corporate America, but I didn't care. It was going to be a good night.

It had been a long road to the Odeon, a ten day spoken word tour full of highs and lows, strikes and gutters, and a lot of lessons learned. And, to be honest, I never intended to set up a tour at all. Things just happened that way.

The short version of the story went like this: Retodd and I (the publishers of this here rag) teamed up with a local record label and booked four rock'n'roll shows. During one of our meetings with the record label guy, he suggested that we get one of our writers to MC the shows. I thought of Rich Mackin, partially because Rich is a funny guy, and partially because Retodd and I published Rich's book (*Dear Mr. Mackin...*). Rich agreed to MC, and he bought a plane ticket. Then the shows went sour. It's a long and typical punk rock story, but the end result was that Rich still had a plane ticket and was still coming to LA for eleven days. I felt responsible, so, by way of making it up to Rich, I set up a small tour. At first, I tried to just set up a bunch of spoken word shows in LA. I figured, hell, the LA area has about 132 different towns. I should be able to set up shows in ten of those towns. But, like everything else, things weren't that simple. A mini-tour was born.

One Day on the Road with Sean-Na-Na

Our first show was in Flagstaff, Arizona – an eight hour drive from LA. We pulled out onto the freeway and Rich started telling me stories. He told me about some of his crazy friends and different things they'd done. He told me about protests he'd gone to and ex-girlfriends of his

and so on. Listening to him talk was just like reading his columns, and it became really clear to me that, up until that point, I pretty much only knew Rich from his writing. Now, his writing had a physical voice and it was coming from a physical person. That was kind of a trippy thought for me to have. At the same time, it was my first clue as to why this tour needed to happen in the first place.

Rich also amazed me with his ability to talk non-stop for hours. He explained his world views and he told stories and jokes pretty much from the time we left LA until we were deep into the Arizona desert. The conversation took a hiatus while we listened to the Dwarves *Blood, Guts, and Pussy* album twice in a row. Then, we rambled on the rest of the way to Flagstaff.

I lived in Flagstaff a few years ago. Driving I-40 into town, climbing the foothills out of the desert and into the ponderosa pine forest, seeing the patches of snow gradually get bigger as we got to a higher elevation, and catching a glimpse of the snow-covered Humphries Peak looming north of town all made me feel like I was heading back home. Like the past few years hadn't happened and I was coming back from a road trip, not starting one.

Rich was stoked about getting to Flagstaff, too. He kept singing bastardized snatches of the Atom and His Package song, "Shopping Spree": *Flagstaff, Arizona, one day on the road with Sean-Na-Na...*

"I've got a good feeling about tonight," I said. "It's gonna be a good show."

Rich smiled and told me a story about a spoken word show he'd done in some snowy town once.

I'd performed a bunch of spoken word-type events in Flagstaff. When I first moved there in '94, a guy named Ricardo would put on cool shows in a basement space downtown. I did my thing there a couple of times, and I went there a few more times to watch other people do their things. Those were good nights: twenty or thirty kids crowded into an unheated basement, catching warmth off each other, listening to a few people tell stories or read poems under a portable worklight that was clamped to exposed plumbing. I even got to see Retodd perform in drag there once. After Ricardo got sick of being a one-man scene and closed the basement space, an art gallery off Beaver Street started having spoken word nights. I read at the art gallery once. Only once, though, because the owners of the gallery let a DJ spin techno records while I spoke. I also entered a poetry slam competition in a downtown Flagstaff bar once. There were about fifty contestants and a two-hundred-dollar prize for the winner. I won the first two rounds by a huge margin, but by the time I got up on

stage for the third and final round, the Mickeys bigmouths and shots of Early Times had already beaten me. And so on. The point is, Flagstaff had always been a good place to read. So when we showed up in the ice-covered parking lot of the near-empty bookstore where our show was scheduled, I still felt optimistic.

We walked up to the store. Our poster was taped to the front door. A good sign. We walked in and I saw a couple of old friends milling around the crime-book section. Another good sign. A bunch of Rich's books and my books were on display in front of the magazine rack. I still felt optimistic. Then, I heard someone strum an open G-chord and I remembered what I hated about Flagstaff. Oh christ, I thought. I forgot about the fucking hippies.

The acoustic guitar sound slapped me in the face. I turned to see a fifty-year-old long hair bumbling his way through "I Am a Rock." I wanted to turn away, but something else caught my eye. Something even more painful. On the easel next to the hippie was a flyer that listed the night's events. On the top of the list was Rich Mackin. Below his name was my name. Below that was the hippie's name. He was our opening act. Doh.

I waited until the hippie was packed up and gone and until enough time elapsed to make it clear to anyone who cared that I was definitely not part of the same show as that guy. Then, I rounded up whoever I could and started telling my story.

Only about seven or eight people were gathered around when I started my story, but I didn't really mind. It was the first night of the tour. Things were bound to get better. Besides, it was snowing outside and a hippie was our opening act. Hell, I thought, if I still lived in Flagstaff, I wouldn't come out to see me tonight. By the time I finished reading, about fifteen people were gathered around.

Rich took over the stage and launched into his Consumer Defense Corporate Poetry, and that's when I saw something I couldn't understand. Rich read through his letters, and the fifteen people all laughed. I sat in the back, behind everyone else and glanced around the bookstore. I noticed a handful of people shopping, and whenever Rich neared a punch line, I glanced back at the shoppers. They were straining to hear what Rich had said and seemed to want to know why people were laughing, but they never walked close enough to hear. Strange.

Rich finished his set and almost all fifteen people who had been gathered around Rich and I during the readings started talking about which bars they were going to take us to. The night took a big turn for the better. Fifteen is a small number of people when they're your audience

and you drove all day to perform for them, but fifteen is a large number of people when they're suddenly your friends and you're all going out drinking. As we left the bookstore and descended on the bars of Flagstaff, it became clear to me that going to a town and performing isn't everything. Staying in that town and making friends is something, too.

Cheer Up, Emo Kid

Tucson was four hours south and a world away from Flagstaff. We left the lush, green forest of Flagstaff, the snowy mountain and the icy roads and headed down into the wide, flat desert broken up only by saguaro cacti and high, flat mesas. When we hit Tucson the temperature was in the high seventies. It was December 1st.

Our show was at a downtown record store called Toxic Ranch. We were scheduled to perform with two local Tucson bands: the Okmoniks and the Knockout Pills. The owner of Toxic Ranch, Bill Sassenberger, used to run a cool record label called Toxic Shock. He also used to book shows out of a boxing gym in Pomona in the early eighties. A lot of now-big-name punk bands played there. I knew this about Bill before I walked into Toxic Ranch, so I expected his record store to be cool. When I walked in, I was still surprised at just how cool it was. It was one of those stores where I wanted to check out everything: every CD, every record, every flyer on the wall.

I introduced myself to Bill and started chatting with him, but it was tough for me to focus on the conversation. Every time I turned my head, I saw an album or a 7" or a CD that I wanted to add to my collection. I'd turn away and see an old issue of a now-defunct zine that I used to like. I'd remind myself that I didn't have any money and couldn't buy anything, so I'd try to just look down, but as my glance shot its way to the floor, I'd see the "Cheer Up, Emo Kid" bumper sticker in the display in front of me and think, how can I pass that up? Finally, I settled for looking Bill in the eyes and talking about music for a while. Pretty soon, the Knockout Pills showed up.

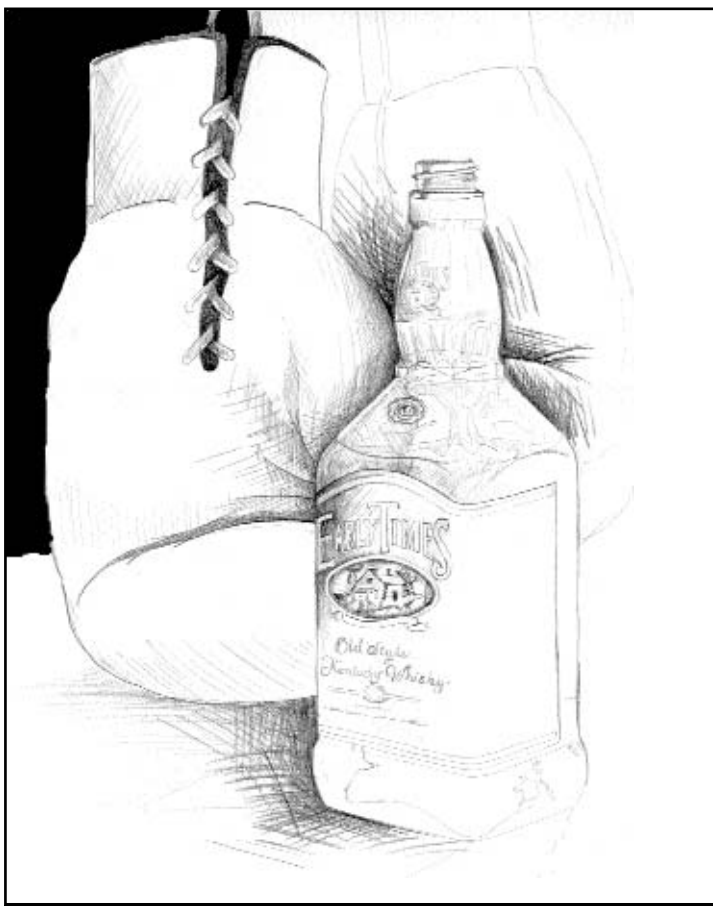
The Knockout Pills are kind of a Tucson super-group. And I know that being a "super-group" in Tucson is like being the smartest kid in the dumb class, but everyone in the Knockout Pills came from a band that I liked. The guitarist, Jason, and the drummer, Gerard, used to be in the Weird Lovemakers, the bassist/singer was in the Fells, and the other guitarist/other singer is in Los Federales. Knowing all of this, I expected great things from these guys. For the time being, they just set up their equipment.

Two of the Okmoniks were late, so we milled around for a bit before starting the show. I got a chance to catch up with Gerard and Jason. Gerard told me about English class (he's a school teacher). Jason told me about the smut business (he's a programmer for porn web sites). A crowd gradually filtered in and joined us in

the milling around.

After a really long time, all of the Okmoniks still weren't there, so we went ahead and started the show anyway. A decent crowd had gathered in the record store. I'm not sure exactly how many people were there, but the place seemed full. I told the same story I'd told in Flagstaff – a story about five roommates who get snowed in for two weeks and start solving all their problems by boxing each other. The story seemed to go along without a hitch. People laughed. I had fun. I told my story for after about fifteen minutes. Then, it was the Knockout Pills' turn.

The Knockout Pills were awesome. I was surprised that such a small record store was able to accommodate all that rock'n'roll. I expected the walls to shake, the cans in the Coke machine to explode, the windows to rattle out. But the building held together; only the crowd was blown away.



Bulldog Front by Tom Wrenn

Next up was Rich Mackin. Day two of the tour. I'd listened to him talk for four hours straight, from Flagstaff to Tucson, and he was still funny. I still laughed at all of his jokes.

And yes, all of the Okmoniks did finally show up. And yeah, they were definitely worth the wait. They tried to rock the house down, too. The store held together pretty well. It was a tough little building. I, on the other hand, was going a little out of my head, stoked to be a part of a show with two really cool, brand new bands and one really funny spoken word guy. A show booked by a guy who'd booked Social Distortion and the Adolescents twenty years earlier. And, coolest of all, a well-attended, fun-as-hell Saturday afternoon show.

Fat Off \$3 Burritos

After Tucson, it was back to LA. I'd set up three shows in the greater LA area: one at Midnight Special Bookstore in Santa Monica, one at Zine-O-Rama in Silverlake, and one at Headline Records in West Hollywood. The Midnight Special reading was a little rough. The only people who showed up were a handful of Rich's old high school friends and one fifty-something-year-old woman. The woman thought Rich was hilarious. Rich's friends thought the woman was hot. I can still hear them now, "Come on, dude. Admit it. If you had to have sex with a woman who was in her fifties, you'd pick her, wouldn't you?"

We fared a lot better at Zine-O-Rama, and even better at Headline Records. The *LA New Times* listed the Headline show as a top thing to do in LA on that particular Wednesday night. Plenty of people came out to see Rich. We sold some books, had some fun, lived through some things that were bound to become good stories. But I was getting restless. We were in LA. My home. I could sleep in my own bed and put on clean clothes every day and work on the magazine and answer my email and go back to getting fat off the three dollar burritos from the Mexican joint around the corner. I wanted to get back on the road.

I should've been careful what I wished for.

A Capella-billy

The show was at the Truth Art Gallery in San Diego. Davey Tilthwheel had set it up. Things looked good when we first pulled up. The owners of the gallery were really friendly. They knew *Razorcake* and gave us free beer from their little bar and talked to us about art and music and stuff. Davey told us that he'd called a bunch of his friends to come down and play some acoustic punk songs between our readings. "Is there such thing as an acoustic punk song?" I asked Davey.

"It doesn't matter. I don't think anyone's gonna come down anyway," Davey said. But it was typical Davey – always underestimating his draw.

By the time my first beer was half empty, the gallery was half full. Almost everyone in the place had

an acoustic guitar with him, or was with someone with an acoustic guitar. Davey sat on the corner of the bar, writing the night's line-up on a bar napkin. He called me over and said, "I mixed you guys up so that a few people will play music, Retodd will read, a few more people will play music, Money'll read, a few more people, then you, then a few more, then Mackin. Is that cool?"

"How many acoustipunks are there?" I asked.

"Not too many." Davey counted down his list. "Nine," he said.

"That's cool."

The music began and I learned a real quick lesson: most punk rock guitarists

really need all the noise and distortion and back-up band to cover up what bad guitarists they are. The first couple of acoustipunks apparently hadn't even practiced their songs before starting their set. It wasn't good. I accelerated my drinking.

Retodd started his reading and a big group of people gathered around him. He read his story and people laughed and paid attention and, in general, were very cool. I turned to Rich, who was standing next to me, and said, "This is gonna be a good night."

More tattooed guys showed up with their guitars and added themselves to the bill. More of them played unrehearsed songs. One or two of the guys actually pulled off a good song or two, but they were definitely the minority. I kept drinking harder. I was definitely in the majority.

Money came up next. He wore a monk's robe with an anarchy patch and punk buttons all over it. He preached the word of *Discovery of America* (the story he's been running in his column for the past few issues). He had to scream above the drunker contingent in the crowd, but there was still a good sized group hanging around him, hearing the adventures of Spike and the Defeated. They gave much glory to Punk Rock.

Shortly after Money finished, the bar ran out of beer, so the crowd turned to hard liquor. I ran into Chris Fields, who used to be in John Cougar Concentration Camp but is now in the Dwarves. I hadn't seen him in years. We talked for a while. We emptied out the whiskey in my flask. We talked some more. We ran into another guy who had a bottle. He offered us a shot. I turned it down, thinking, if I have one more drink, I'm gonna be too fucked up to perform. Then, it occurred to me that, if I didn't perform soon, the crowd would be too drunk to care. I looked around the art gallery. The crowd was already looking too drunk to care.

I hunted down Davey. He was sitting on the side of the stage, looking down at his bar napkin. By this time, his napkin had about twenty names on it. Way too many acts to perform in one night. "Hey Davey," I said. "You think maybe me and Rich could go next? Before everyone's completely wasted, you know?"

Davey nodded. "I was thinking the same thing," he said.

I looked up at the acoustipunk on stage. He'd just started a song. I said something to Davey, and we started talking about something. I can't remember what it was now, but it was interesting enough at the time so that neither of us noticed when the acoustipunk finished his song. And before I could jump on the stage and tell my story again, some rockabilly guy jumped up there. He sat on a stool, strapped his guitar over his shoulder, adjusted the mic, and launched into an a capella rockabilly song. And he couldn't sing. At all. Never in my life had I wanted to go deaf so badly. I looked around the gallery. People were guzzling their drinks and heading for the door. The a cappella dude got about two minutes into his song, stopped, said, "Sorry, I fucked that up," and started the song over again. Believe me that I'm not exaggerating when I say that more than half of the crowd left during that guy's six minute a capella-billy. The only people who stuck around were the ones drunk enough to ignore it or the ones who were still waiting to perform.

Shit, I thought, everyone who was sober enough to give spoken word a

chance has either just walked out the door or is on the way out. And don't get me wrong. Alcohol is generally a good thing at a reading. It loosens people up. But I've also performed enough readings to know that your set better be over before the crowd gets on their third or fourth drink, or you're gonna have a rough go of it. This crowd had already drained their first keg. The garbage can behind the bar was filling up with empty liquor bottles. This was a desperate situation. Either Rich or I could still perform, but it was pretty clear that the crowd wouldn't sit through both of our sets. I thought about it. Rich had come all the way out from Boston. I'd set up this tour for him, not for me. I decided to take a knee and let Rich have my spot.

I hunted Rich down just as the a capella-billy guy was halfway through slaughtering his second song. "You want to go next?" I asked.

"I want to go now," Rich said.

Davey gave the rockabilly guy the hook, and Rich started into his set. At first, only a handful of people gathered around and listened. Rich stuck to short letters, ones that had quick punchlines. He got a few laughs, and more people came over to see what was so funny. He got more laughs, and more people came over. One by one, Rich won over the room this way. I sat in the corner, watching the whole scene unfold, thinking, day seven of the tour, and Rich's letters are still funny.

Davey went up on stage next. He played just one song. "Manila." I'd like to say it's my favorite Tiltwheel song, but every Tiltwheel song is my favorite Tiltwheel song. It had a soothing effect. I listened to Davey, and his music seemed to wash away all the bad stuff that came before it.

After Davey's song, I set up a merch table. I figured, hell, some people laughed when Rich read. Maybe one or two of them will want to buy the book. I also set out some copies of *Razorcake* since three of our columnists had performed that night. Then, I sat back and watched the crowd continue to get drunker and listened to more bad music.

I was out of booze and out of money. Only one person came up to the merch table: a woman who hung on to the surfer girl look ten years after she was too old to pull it off. She picked up Rich's book and said, "Are these free?"

"No," I said. "Ten bucks."

"That's too bad," she said. "They should be free."

I gave her my best take-a-hike, lady look. She put the book down and walked away.

Something about that lady's comment really hurt, though. I thought of a whole speech I wanted to give her. Ask her if she had any idea how much work went into putting out a book. Tell her about all the nights I stayed up or days I spent scanning Rich's letters into the computer, photoshopping them, laying the book out, typesetting, getting ISBN numbers and bar codes and registering it with the Library of Congress, designing the cover, getting the book printed, writing press releases, sending the book out for reviews, and so on and so on. Not to mention the eight years Rich spent writing the book. And all of that was perfect bound and ready to read for probably one fourth of what she spent at the bar that night. I almost wanted to walk over to her and tell her all of that, but I was already feeling like a fool for getting so mad over one little comment. My anger turned inward and I started feeling like I was just feel-

ing sorry for myself because I didn't get to read that night and because I was out of booze and out of money. Part of me knew that a little bad luck and a bummer of a night was nothing to get upset about. But as I sat at that merch table, I was getting really upset. I started asking myself, what the hell are you doing? Why on earth are you doing a spoken word tour? I thought back again to how I'd gotten into this mess, to how the rock'n'roll shows had gone sour and to how I came up with this idea of dragging Rich around the west coast for no apparent reason. I thought about when I booked the spoken word tour. Before I'd started scheduling the shows, I even refused to use the term "spoken word." I just called it a "reading." I'd talk to promoters or whoever was booking the show and I'd say that I wanted to schedule a reading. They'd invariably say, "What, like poetry?" Or hang up. One guy even said, "I'll book you, but if you read any poetry, I'm gonna throw shit at you." And reading wasn't exactly right, either, since both Rich and I had practiced and memorized our respective performances. So we didn't actually read. We told stories. I tried to tell promoters that we were storytellers, instead. Invariably, they'd say, "You don't need to book a night to tell stories. You just gotta find someone at the bar who'll listen to you." I even tried a few other terms, but eventually gave up and started calling it spoken word. And cursed myself for being a writer who couldn't come up with a better term than spoken word. It just sounds so pretentious. I can't think about it without thinking about some old punk rocker who can't get along with her band anymore, so she tells rambling stories and reads bad poetry. And that's not what I'm about, I thought. Why would I do this? And maybe there's no term for it because, deep down inside, no one wants to go to a show like this?

Again, part of me knew that I was taking it all too hard and that I was letting self-pity get the better of me. Another part of me, though, felt like I was trying to reinvent the wheel. I felt kind of foolish.

The next night was much worse. We went to Anaheim.

Get Off the Stage

It was the only remaining rock'n'roll show. We'd set up a night at the Chain Reaction in Anaheim, which is generally a pretty cool venue. We'd booked Tiltwheel, Smogtown, and the Smut Peddlers before everything went sour with that one record label. The promoter at the Chain Reaction said he'd bail us out, though. He said, "I'll get you a new headliner. Don't worry."

The new headliner was Total Chaos – the Motley Crue of punk rock. I mean this in the worse way. They're fucking awful. But we figured, what the hell? Three of our favorite bands are still booked. Rich can still MC. And we can leave when Motley Chaos comes on. So that was our plan.

The night went like this: Rich started to MC. He was funny. Someone screamed for him to get off the stage. Tiltwheel played. They were awesome. The crowd screamed for them to get off the stage. Smogtown played. They were awesome. The crowd screamed for them to get off the stage. The Smut Peddlers played. They were awesome. The crowd screamed for them to get off the stage. I sat behind the merch table all night, slipping whiskey into my cokes, trying

not to let on that I was drunk since this was an all ages show. No alcohol was allowed in the venue, and the promoter would've been pretty offended if he knew I brought a flask in with me. When Total Crue came on (and yes, the crowd did scream for them to get off the stage) Retodd and Rich cleared out. I got stuck with all the merch. I had Retodd refill my flask, made a whiskey and coke that was almost all whiskey, and started heckling Total Chaos. Their merch girl, who was sitting right next to me, gave me a really shocked and dirty look. Forty-five minutes later, the show mercifully ended. The kids finally got what they wanted: an empty stage.

Eight Pabsts

I walked into the Odeon. It was one of those really dark, drinkers bars. They had Pabst on tap. Two good signs. I introduced myself and Rich and told the bartender that we were the show for that night. The bartender propped his foot on a cooler, leaned forward, and spoke like he was telling us a secret. "I wouldn't charge a cover if I were you," he said. "No one ever comes here on Sunday nights."

After Anaheim and San Diego, I was primed for failure. Fuck it if no one comes in, I thought. The owner of the Odeon had promised me free beer. That was all that mattered to me. I ordered a Pabst. The bartender told me that I didn't have to drink Pabst. That any of their draft beers would be free. I stuck with Pabst, though, because it was the cheapest beer on tap. With the night I planned on having, I figured I'd bankrupt the bar if I drank anything more expensive.

About two Pabsts later, people started to fill up the Odeon. It was around nine-thirty at night. The show was supposed to start at ten. People were coming in early and paying five bucks a head to hear three unknown, out-of-town guys tell stories. Everything started to feel strange to me.

On the third Pabst, Retodd told a story about an Ohio farmer who set the land speed record. Somehow, according to Retodd's story (which later became his column in *Razorcake* #6) this Ohio farmer and his land speed record justified Retodd's enthusiasm for punk rock. The crowd at the Odeon seemed to understand this. Everywhere I looked, people seemed to be paying attention. They were even smiling and nodding.

On the fourth Pabst, I stood on the little stage in front of the bar and told my boxing story again. I knew the story so well by this time that telling it made me feel like I was re-living it. I even rolled around to one joke in the story that had bombed every single night on the tour, yet somehow, on this night, the crowd got it and laughed. Woo-hoo.

The fifth Pabst brought on Rich Mackin. As Rich started to read his letters, I set up the merch table. Once everything was set up, I kicked back to listen to Rich. Day ten of the tour and Rich's letters were still funny. And this time, there was something to make them funnier. It was the woman who sat a few tables over to my right. That woman became an echo for Rich's punch lines. Whenever Rich said anything funny, that woman would repeat it, then break out in the one of the loudest, most infectious laughs I'd ever heard. Halfway through Rich's set, I couldn't tell if I was laughing because Rich was making me laugh or because that woman



Storytime for Deviants by Art Fuentes

was making me laugh. By the end of Rich's set, I felt like I could go to a funeral with that woman and she'd make me laugh.

She came up to the merch table during the seventh Pabst. I told her, "We should take you on tour with us. You could be like our Ed McMahon."

She smiled. "You could hear me laughing?"

I nodded and didn't say what I was thinking, which was, lady, the people in Oakland could hear you laughing.

After Rich's set, a local San Francisco DJ named Marlene played some records – the Buzzcocks, Stiff Little Fingers, the Vibrators, the Ramones, and a bunch of newer stuff. It was like punk rock radio in a perfect world. The bar stayed crowded for a while. A few people came up to the merch table and bought books and chatted with me. I also had a lot of time to drink an eighth Pabst and think about my little tour, which had officially ended that night. I leaned back in my chair and gazed across that dark bar and felt a little better – not because people had bought stuff and laughed and had a good time. Don't get me wrong. That did make me feel good, just as the a capella guy who assed me out of my turn in San Diego had made me feel bad. But little things like that don't really tend to control my moods much. The real reason I felt better had more to do with another thought that had come to me in the eighth Pabst. I realized that I wasn't trying to reinvent the wheel and that reading or spoken word or speaking tours weren't something new. I wasn't trying to thrust anything on anyone. In fact, Rich and Retodd and I were just three more in a long line of writers who took their stories on the road. A hundred and fifty years ago, Charles Dickens had come to the US. He came to San Francisco and read stories about being a poor kid growing up in London. A hundred years ago, Emma Goldman came to San Francisco. She read her essays to

five thousand people and inspired half the SF police force to camp outside the lecture hall, waiting for a reason to arrest her. Fifty years ago, writers from all over the US converged on San Francisco and, out of little bars like the one I was in, those writers gave a face and a voice to a vital new literary movement. And now, Rich, Retodd, and I came to San Francisco, and, if nothing more, we gave forty-five to fifty people a reason to turn off the TV and have fun at the Odeon for a night.

DJ Marlene played Jawbreaker's "Condition Oakland." The song rolled around to the part where it samples Jack Kerouac reading passages from "October in the Railroad Earth": *but it was that beautiful cut of clouds I could always see about the little S.P. alley, puffs floating by from Oakland or the Gate of Marin...*

I've listened to that song hundreds of times, and I even have the Kerouac album where he reads that passage. Listening to it made me feel at home. I thought about San Francisco and the last spoken word show. I thought about Jack Kerouac and the beats and their shows around San Francisco. I thought of writers like Jack London and Richard Brautigan and Dashiell Hammett who were from that area or who wrote a lot of their best work while living in that area, among the factories and train tracks and hills and bridges and bays that surrounded me. I somehow felt a very real connection with those writers – and not just because I rip them off every time I write. I felt like, in a very small way and without anyone noticing, I'd been able to tap into that tradition and feed off of it a little bit. That feeling made everything worth it.

–Sean Carswell

(Sean and Rich are back on tour now. See the ad on page 104 to find out when they're going to be in a town near you.)





Designated Dale

I'm Against It

It's a pretty rare find these days to discover a band that can rock your ass off as powerfully and strongly as their own personal beliefs and convictions, but it's even *rarer* to find a band of the like kicking around the Los Angeles area. Enter Hollywood Hate, the five-piece band of well-seasoned, veteran punk rock fucker-uppers, all who have paid more than their fair share of dues in this dirty business called rock'n'roll. When they come to play, they come to **FUCKING PLAY**. Hollywood Hate strictly enforces the no-bullshit policy because *everyone's* on the same level. Example: they'd just as well hook up a gig with *any* willing band that would have 'em as they'd tell another band to get fucked because of some jive like, "It's nothing personal, but we can't do a show with you." Each member here is mighty proud of their own past and present endeavors, good *and* bad, and they make absolutely no apologies about it. And they can be pretty fucking funny, to boot. Very rare, indeed...

HOLLYWOOD HATE IS:

Scotty: lead vocals

Bob "The Penetrator" Peterson: guitar, pickslides, and assorted adult entertainment

Mark C. Nical /a.k.a. "Sunshine & Sassy": lead guitar

Mark Ho /a.k.a. Dirty Ho/a.k.a. HoCakes: bass guitar from hell

Suzy Homewrecker: Drums

Interview and photos by Designated Dale

Dale: All right, what I want to know is, who started this band?

Scotty: Me, Bob, and Suzy.

Dale: Was that when you were sharing the lockout with Calavera?

Bob: Yeah! Calavera!

Scotty: No, actually it was with Savage's band, Pygmy Love Circus.

Dale: And that was...

Bob: Three years ago.

Dale: As far as adding and subtracting your band members since then... let's see... Scotty, you were obviously in Verbal Abuse. Who else were you with?

Scotty: Ahhh, Condemned to Death and Electric Frankenstein.

Dale: And Bob? Would you like to share with the little children who you've been with? [laughter]

Bob: Blount!

Dale: Mark C. Nical? Would you like to share in regards with the bands you've been in?

Mark C: Not really, but I will, just because it's you.

Dale: Thank you. Humor me.

Mark C: Ahhh, in chronological order – Legion of Doom, Ratpack, The Living End... and currently – Cynical and Hollywood Hate.

Dale: And the HoCakes?

Mark H: Okay... Poor Kids On Glue, Shocking Truth, Cynical, and this one.

Dale: And Suzy, I saved you for last, because everyone in LA knows that Suzy's played...

Mark C: She has the longest roster!

Dale: Yeah, but besides Sean "Big Baby" Antillon, she's drummed for about every band in LA. Who were some of your favorites, Suzy?

Suzy: Ummm, can you guys help me? 'Cause I can't remember...

Mark C: Total Chowse! (Total Chaos) [laughter]

Scotty: Total Chowse, Nina Hagen, UXA...

Suzy: Snap-Her, Last Round Up, Monoshocks, Lisafer...

Dale: Why should other people, young and old alike, come to see you? Now, I know why I come to see you guys – I've had the advantage of hearing you in practice and catching shows. But why should kids in Bumfuck, Kansas come and see you?

Scotty: Because I think kids in Bumfuck, Kansas are pissed off. And we are the best background music for it.

Suzy: They gotta get out aggression. And they do it by listening to our...

Mark H: What else is there in Kansas? Besides...

Dale: Kansas meaning anyone, anywhere – generally why should anyone come to see you?

Mark C: They need to suffer.

Dale: Because, Mark, do you care about what

the kids think?

Mark C: *FUCK*, NO!

Mark H: We're just trying to spread the hate.

Scotty: [cracking a grin] We haven't even *done* an all-ages show yet, so how the fuck can we say what the kids think? [laughter] I know what the *big* kids think. They wanna get liquored, and they like getting pissed off, too... beatin' people up, ya know? Tooth-chippin' music – it's good.

Dale: There ya go – tooth-chippin' music.

Mark H: Bob's pretty sexy when he plays live.

Dale: You mean The *Penetrator*? Bob – what's up with that name, The Penetrator? Without sodomizing me, can you explain the name, The Penetrator?

Bob: If you ever date eighteen-year-olds... then... you're... fuck, what the fuck you want?

Scotty: Let him think about the question! [laughter]

Mark C: Hey – you're gonna have to edit this! [laughter]

Dale: And Mark – Dirty Ho – where did that come from?

Mark H: Dirty Ho? Ahhh... uhhh...

Dale: Keep drinking, Mark. [HoCakes smiling, raises his glass to me]

Mark C: His name and number's all over the South Bay.

Dale: Are you claiming the Pedro?

Mark H: [effecting a rapper voice] West Siide!

Dale: Are you backing Pedro? This is for Toys That Kill.

Mark H: I migrated a little. I'm in Redondo Beach, now.

Dale: But you're representing?

Mark H: *Always* representing.

Dale: Out of the five members in Hollywood Hate, I've noticed that 3/5 of the band are Dog Patch Winos. Does this make anyone nervous? Suzy?

Suzy: [smiling] No!

Scotty: [laughing] She lives with the fuckin' Winos!

Dale: Trick question!

Mark H: I have my application in. Pending.

Dale: Scotty, what evolved into Hollywood Hate? What made you start up the band with Bob and Suzy?

Scotty: We're tired of seeing bad bands.

Dale: Are you generalizing LA or just everywhere?

Scotty: Everywhere. From fuckin' coast to coast.

Dale: [smirking] Name some please.

Scotty: There's a lot of 'em! *So fuckin'* many, I can't even name 'em. Honest to God's truth. And just nothing was movin' me. I don't like pop music, so I'm not gonna... ya know... I'm *pissed*.



Dale: Mark, would you agree? Are you pissed? Just like your singer Scotty over here?

Mark C: Yes.

Dale: And what would your two favorite fingers be?

Scotty: [grinning evilly] Fuck you.

Mark C: Fuck you. Kill yourself. Die, filth.

Scotty: Cut your scrotum with fishing knives...

Dale: Is that why they call him (Mark C) sunshine, Scotty?

Scotty: [with lisp] Sunshine and sassy! [laughter]

Dale: Are you really that sassy, Mark? As people think? [laughter]

Mark H: [laughing] I just try to blend in, that's all!

Bob: LARGE AND IN CHARGE!!!

Dale: Bob! Scotty's telling me that you've been winning the hearts of young punk rock women on the internet! Explain?

Bob: I offer them lots of...

Scotty: He's the Penetrataaaaaah!

Bob: I write them bad checks and they love me.

Dale: In LA, what pisses you off the most? The promoters or the bands that clique together to get shows?

Scotty: [smiling] Oh, so this is the question that's the death of me, right?

Dale: I'm not gonna give a fuck, 'cause I feel the same way!

Scotty: All of it. All of the above. You're gettin' frustrated with it, you just fuckin' pick it up, do it yourself, man. Why the fuck are we out in Corona? Because fuckin' LA ain't happenin'. There's really nowhere to play in LA. You have to be in this little circle and we're not in a little circle, so...

Dale: So you're saying even bands that you guys are friends with – it's even hard to hook up shows with those guys anymore?

Scotty: Totally. But the weird thing is they all come and they see us and they like it, but then that's, you know...

Dale: So they gotta be won over with the truth, basically?

Scotty: Yeah, I don't know what the fuck... I say fire 'em all! And that's what we do.

Dale: That's Mark's line, isn't it, Mark?

Mark C: Yeah! Fire 'em all! Fuckin' sign it up!

Dale: Okay, far as recording the full length, how did last weekend go? It didn't happen?

Suzy: We're gonna record on the 13th and the 14th (April) and finish the CD...

Bob: He (their producer) had problems with his board. Some technical problems at the studio.

Dale: [ribbing Bob] Are you making excuses because of your ineptness to play, Bob?

Bob: [pointing to Mark C] Are you kidding me? He's playing all my parts! Fuck! [laughter] Ain't playing shit on the record! C'mon! I want it to sound good! [laughter]

Scotty: Bob's a live man, that's it.

Dale: Bob are you live? Are you like *Frampton Comes Alive*?

Bob: I'm not a musician. I just play one onstage.

Mark C: Bob Comes On Your Face.

Dale: As far as doing this record, what are you lookin' to do? Support tour?

Scotty: The record? Just do it. Look, we do the fuckin band because we do what we do and we think we do it good. No expectations, no disappointments. That's all there is to it. So, we do an album, we're happy with it, that's all that matters. We put it out ourselves...

Dale: So, basically, you do it all yourselves and if you make yourselves happy, fuck everybody else?

Scotty: I ain't waiting for anybody else. They can all piss off, but then you never know who comes along and says, "Hey, I kinda like that shit!" and then we'd sit down and we'd talk...

Dale: Like tonight at the show. You wouldn't expect that the big, burly drywall was gonna knock the cholo biker on his ass while you were playing.

Scotty: [laughing] No! I wasn't!

Bob: I egged him on!

Dale: You egged him on, didn't you Bob the Penetrator!

Bob: [snickering proudly] Yeah, I did!

Dale: Speaking of recordings, Scotty, are you and Mark C. Nical tentatively planning on putting out some re-releases?

Scotty: Of our old bands? Probably put out a bunch of Verbal Abuse together. None of it's ever been out on CD, I don't think.

Dale: So this is unreleased stuff of Verbal Abuse that you recorded with them at the time? Not the original lineup?

Scotty: Which is basically the original lineup minus Nikki Sikki.

Bob: (rudely, as usual) I play a Les Paul!

Dale: How high did you jump tonight, Bob?

Bob: Dude!

Dale: Did you make Face to Face look like shit on a shingle tonight?

Bob: They're fags! [laughter]

Dale: And that is being printed by the way!

Bob: Good!

Dale: You're laughing, HoCakes...

Mark H: I just wanna thank all the tweakers that came out to Corona tonight. Primarily come

here and still trying to score.

Dale: Are you going bonkers for honkers?

Mark H: [smiling] No comment. [laughter]

Bob: I've been honker-free for...

Mark H: Two WEEKS!

Bob: Two months! God it's been a while...

Mark C: Not by choice!

Bob: [smoking] I've been sick! The emphysema and my tuberculosis is kicking in...

Dale: As you're smoking your cigarette?

Bob: I'm down to two packs a day!

Dale: And you have to put up with all this, don't you, Scotty?

Scotty: [laughing] Everyday. It's beautiful!

Dale: Who would be some of your ideal bands to support?

Mark H: We could go out with Paul McCartney!

Dale: You're after his tight, English ass, isn't that right, HoCakes?

Mark H: Nah, I'd bang his dead wife. I'll skull fuck her.

Scotty: Oh, you know what? We wanna play with Psychopunch...

Bob: Psychopunch and The Backyard Babies...

Scotty: Yeah, we need to go to Sweden. Sweden's jumping off right now. I don't know who the fuck to play with. Just whoever calls up.

"Yeah, fuck it, we'll play with you." The whole thing behind the band is no expectations, no disappointments, let's just play. That's why you have a band – to play. So call us up, we'll fuckin' do it with ya!

Dale: Here's a question for all of you. For the people who don't even know what

I think kids in Bumfuck, Kansas are pissed off. And we are the best background music for it.



you sound like, what would you say influences each of you in Hollywood Hate?

Mark H: I'd say '80s hardcore. Punk/hardcore.

Mark C: I would just say it sounds MEAN.

Suzy: Um, I think it's hardcore.

Bob: Kinda like a cross between Guns 'N Roses and Culture Club. [laughter]

Dale: Now which one would be Boy George? Would that be you, Penetrator?

Bob: Hey, I ain't sayin'! I might look good in a dress, I don't know.

Dale: Scotty, who and what bands influence the band the most? Doesn't necessarily have to be musicians.

Scotty: Now, a big influence on us would obviously be, like, Motorhead. There's Ramones influences, Black Flag influences. All the shit we grew up on – Adolescents influence us – doesn't necessarily mean that we *sound* like that, per se, but it all influences us. In other words, we're trying to bring back... it's just *hard rock*, is what it is.

Dale: More of a presence than a sound then?

Scotty: Yeah, yeah. I mean, the same way Black Flag was – kinda like in-your-face type shit. It's like the early '80s punk stuff, you know what I mean? With a *rock* edge to it. A heavy, *hard* rock. Not metal.

Dale: And not afraid to use lead guitars.

Scotty: Exactly.

Dale: There's nothing wrong with that.

Scotty: Absolutely not! If you can play 'em, do 'em!

Dale: Right! Look at most of the late '70s punk bands that had lead guitar players (with the rare and probably *ONLY* exception being the Ramones). I mean, in just LA alone – The Controllers, The Gears, The Plugz... This is for all of you – recapping on my earlier question – if and when you do tour, or if people get the chance, what's the one reason why people should come out to see Hollywood Hate?

Bob: You know why? We're gonna put all into it. We're gonna put everything into the show. That's all there is to it. We're gonna jump around; we're gonna sweat – and that's it. See, if they wanna be entertained, they come to see me.

Dale: The Penetrator has spoken!

Bob: [dancing wildly, like a frickin' go-go dancer] Can you translate my dance, too?

Dale: I'll put that in, Bob – you're dancing like a wild motherfucker. That ain't no dirty dancing, either! Suzy?

Suzy: I guess what Bob said. We give 100%, a 101% every time.

Dale: I'll agree with that. Far as live, you guys don't fuck around. Mark?

Mark C: Because people pay a lot more to see a lot worse bands *ALL* the time. [laughter]

Dale: I couldn't have said it better myself, actually. HoCakes?

Mark H: The Penetrator!

Dale: Hey, Bob just ain't the band here! C'mon! It's gotta be something more than Bob...

Mark H: It's his fuck faces that he makes when he plays! Imagine if you're the female looking at that face when he's fucking you?! [laughter]

Dale: Thank you. Now I am going to vomit.



Scotty?

Scotty: Ditto what Mark C. said and also... it's just... you *need* to see good rock now. Wake up and come see us. You'll see when you come to the show, guaranteed. You *will* not be disappointed, guaranteed. That's all I gotta say.

Dale: One more question to go around, and you can go fuck off – if there's one thing you could change in LA, what would it be?

Bob: OOOH!!! Homeless people asking me for fuckin' money! Fuckin' ship out the homeless!

Mark C: Traffic. HBI.

Suzy: One thing I'd like to change... more all-ages clubs with, um...

Bob: Underage girls! [laughter] I want underage girls at all the shows!

Suzy: ...with less crooked promoters!

Dale: Scotty?

Scotty: Everything. Everything needs to change

in jail. This place is a shithole. And they just need to come clean and say it's a shithole. And we *like* it as a shithole, so they need to quit prettying it up – it's a fucking piece of shit. And we figure if we put "Hollywood Hate" instead of "Hollywood Beautiful" people will know that it's a shithole. We are the shithole. We are the real shithole...

Dale: Well, you're proud of that shithole!

Scotty: [beaming proudly] Damn fucking straight!

Dale: It's part of the shithole you helped build!

Scotty: That's right! It seemed like when it was a shithole, everybody was cool to everybody. Now that it's *not* a shithole, everybody hates everybody.

Dale: Turned into a violent attitude.

Scotty: That's all it is. And the cops ain't no better than fuckin' anybody else with a mother-fuckin' gun.

Dale: What was that story you told me a long while back, Mark? About that guy who came out here to LA to work for GIT? (Guitar Institute of Technology) What did he end up doing? Fixing VCRs or something?

Mark C: They stuck him in a closet with a bunch of Betamax and a screwdriver.

Dale: So that's what happens when you get on a bus and come to Hollywood with a bunch of dreams?

Mark C: Yeah. His name was Derwood. He was from Iowa. [laughter]

Dale: In closing, so you guys can go drink, what would you say to anybody who has even an inkling of coming to Los Angeles?

Mark C: Kill yourself!

Scotty: Pick a different city.

Bob: Bring your Mom and credit card! [laughter]

Suzy: Umm, get a handgun.

Mark H: First of all, Scotty and Suzy don't drink. And, uh, Go Raiders.

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* O R *

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SEAN THE BELTONES

Interview by
Sean Carswell

Photos by Retodd



I was stoked to see the Beltones at the Troubadour recently. I'd seen them before. They're from Florida and I used to live in Florida, so it wasn't all that unusual to catch a Beltones show. I got a little used to the weird phenomenon wherein they'd play a twenty minute set, then stop. The crowd would scream for more. The Beltones would scratch their heads for a second, then start their set all over again, playing the exact same songs.

Things have changed since then. They wrote a bunch of new songs and released their first full-length album, *Cheap Trinkets* (on TKO Records), which meant they'd finally have enough material to play a full set. And that's why I was stoked.

The Beltones opened up for Youth Brigade and Slaughter and the Dogs. The Troubadour gave them thirty minutes – typical for an opening band. The Beltones ripped through it, mixing up songs from both their now-legendary *On*

Deaf Ears EP and songs from *Cheap Trinkets*. They tore it up. Will Thomas attacked his drum set, pounding his sticks into splinters. The stage shook from all the jumping around Rob, Bill, and Mike did. And the crowd went nuts. I was standing right next to the speaker when the Beltones wrapped up their set with "Fuck You, Anyway" and I couldn't hear Bill sing the chorus because everyone around me was screaming along so loudly. When that song ended, the crowd demanded more so forcefully and so belligerently that Youth Brigade waited to take the stage, the sound man turned off the house music, and the Beltones blasted through "Let the Bombs Fall."

I couldn't believe it: the second band on a four band bill – three thousand miles away from home – got an encore like that. I'd never seen anything like it. I had my tape recorder with me and an interview set up already. And I knew I was doing the right thing.

The Beltones are:
Bill McFadden: vocals, guitar
Rob Sessions: guitar
Mike Mutti: bass
Will Thomas: drums

Sean: You guys started in 1994, right?

Bill: Yeah. Me and this guy. [points to Rob]
Sean: I saw you guys in 2000 at DIY Records in Orlando, and you still didn't have enough material to play a thirty minute set. Why is that?

Rob: Because I'm lazy.

Bill: No. It was just one goddamn thing after another. A lot of member changes, **RAZORCAKE** 28 bullshit, and so on and so

forth. Where we're at right now, we're actually a band. Before, we were just bullshitting around. Having fun on the weekends. We tried to get people to be down and to practice and all that shit you have to do when you're in a fucking band, but...

Rob: We had a bunch of people who weren't really into it.

Bill: Now we've got people with us who are into it. It's funny. It really sucks because we finally got together with some people who were really cool and, as soon as we got everything settled as a band, we got in that van wreck thing. All our equipment in the van got destroyed.

Sean: What was "that van wreck thing"?

Bill: Jesus Christ. It's gnarly. Basically, we avoided being dead by about fifteen seconds. And the whole van, everything in it, all our equipment and merchandise was destroyed. Seven cars hit it. We somehow emerged unscathed. But all our stuff, everything... You know, none of us come from money. We've all worked hard to get the equipment we have. We like good things. We like Gibson guitars and Marshall amplifiers. We worked our balls off to get that stuff and, splat, all over the road. Everything destroyed.

I can bitch about it for hours and hours, but I feel bad because somebody died that night. And it's like, yeah whatever, we

bought things and they were destroyed, but somebody lost their life. And that's hard.

Rob: I almost saw my best friend here [pats Bill on the back] die that night. He barely escaped that shit.

Bill: Yeah, I thought Rob was dead. I'm fucking yelling into this black, empty van. It's flipped over and everybody who I love is in there. These are my best friends, you

[long pause] If it wasn't for all the destruction and death, it would've been the coolest fucking thing. The whole fucking in thing was pretty gnarly. It was like, man, this is a cool roller coaster. When I busted through the windshield and the wind was blowing on me, honestly, I know it sounds pretty sick, but it was fucking cool, man.

Rob: The only injury I had was losing my

If it wasn't for all the destruction and death, it would've been the coolest fucking thing...

It was like, man, this is a cool roller coaster. When I busted through the windshield and the wind was blowing on me, honestly, I know it sounds pretty sick, but it was fucking cool, man

know.

Sean: Well, how did you get out so quickly?

Bill: I was already halfway out. The motherfucker got hit by a car and it spun around. I was sitting in the front seat. I had no seat-belt on. And when the van flipped over, I popped out the windshield. For some reason, my legs decided they'd grip on whatever they could. I was hanging out the windshield while the van was dragging on its roof. So, yeah, I had no problem getting out. [laughs]

But I'm looking in the van and three of my best friends were in the back seat and I don't know where they are. It's all pitch black. And I'm freaking the fuck out. That was the scariest thing to me. Honestly. I've always thought that death would be really scary. But my own death, I acknowledge it. I was like, all right, I'm dead. When the fucker starts spinning around like that, I'm like, all right, I'm done with. But my friends. To not know what happened to them and it was black and I couldn't see what was going on. That was the most frightening thing.

Sean: [to Rob] How tough was it for you to get out of the van?

Rob: Me, Mike, and Will were sleeping in the back seat. I woke up with Bill screaming, "Oh fuck." I wake up and the car hits us and we hit the guardrail and flip upside down. I was sitting right by the door, so I popped the door open and crawled down. We're like, "Where's Mike? Where's Will?"

Bill: I turned into a fucking drill sergeant. I was like, "Where the hell are you guys? Get the fuck out of the van. Get on the other side of the guardrail." And ten or fifteen seconds after everybody pulled out, this semi truck comes along and clips the van into the left lane and bam bam bam bam.

Rob: Smashes everything.

Bill: All the shit, man, it was fucking...

voice from screaming so loud.

Bill: And I watched this truck come and run over my guitar. I went and pulled it and it was just, fucking, nothing.

Sean: Wow. That sucks. I won't make you talk about the van wreck any more. You guys grew up in Ft. Lauderdale, right?

Rob: That's where we met, yeah.

Sean: What was it like growing up there?

Bill: Nothing. You go around the country and you see that there are things going on, but no one ever came down to our area. I don't know what it's like now because I haven't been there in a while, but when I was a kid, it was one of the most violent places I've ever seen.

Sean: How so?

Bill: Violent. Fucking gun fights and stuff.

Rob: People showing up to shows, and it's like, beyond fists. The guys carry guns and shit.

Bill: Everybody. All my friends. Everybody.

Sean: In Ft. Lauderdale?

Rob: We're only a half hour from Miami. That's where we'd go to shows.

Bill: Ft. Lauderdale's worse.

Rob: Yeah, and West Palm Beach, you wouldn't think so, but there's a bunch of meatheads up there.

Bill: I grew up as a little skinhead, and south Florida, particularly Ft. Lauderdale, is one of the gnarliest goddamn places you'll ever fucking find.

Rob: People think it's all palm trees and spring break.

Bill: And it's funny because I'm so desensitized because people think things are violent and they think things are bad, and I'm like, really? I'm used to thinking, it's Tuesday, has someone I know been shot? Seriously. It was that bad. I don't know what it's like now.

Mike: It's lamer. There's nothing going on down there now. There's no bands. There's no scene. There's nothing.

Bill: It used to be cool because no one ever came down. It's really out of your way to come down, so we had this really tight, self-absorbed, shitty scene. It's funny because we go out and play now, and people are really shocked that we're not from California. I don't know what the fuck they're talking about. People are like, "I thought you guys were from San Francisco because you have that sound." I'm like, "Dude, you have no idea what you're talking about." It was all about me and Rob, who were the two guys in Ft. Lauderdale who were into Stiff Little Fingers and the Vibrators. We would hang out and drink and be like, "These bands that play around here suck. How about we start a band?"

Rob: "Let's quit the shitty bands we're in now and start our own band."

Bill: That's basically how we started. Because, at that time, music was all the Less-Than-Jakey-ska thing. That was the fla-

vor of the month. That and Weasel rip-off bullshit.

Sean: What about Far Out Records (a now-defunct Ft. Lauderdale record label. Far Out released the first stuff by the Beltones and Against All Authority)? What happened to them?

Bill: I can't explain what happened to them.

Rob: He was a friend of ours. He put out our seven inch. Things didn't go exactly as planned.

Bill: Say what you will, but that guy was totally rad. The first time he heard any shit that we did, he said, "Jesus Christ, let me put out a seven inch for you guys." Over the years, people have asked us, "How did you get on this? How did you get on that?" The answer is, we didn't do shit. We just played and people were like, "Hey, you want me to make records for you?" "Yeah, sure." Whatever. We're just fucking bums.

Rob: [in a cartoonish slur] "You'll make a record? What's that?"

Bill: We go out and we play shit and we get drunk and if somebody likes it, great.

But Far Out Records was a fantastic fucking idea [laughs]. I remember when I lived in south Florida, this one time – I was working at a record store – and this person called up and said, "I work at this distribution company and we're really trying to get ahold of Far Out because we want to buy some Against All Authority records and we can't get ahold of Far Out." So they had just looked in the phone book for any record store in Ft. Lauderdale. It was that bad. But Tim (the guy who owned Far Out Records) is a sweetheart. He's a cool guy. But I always figured he could do more. I figured, he doesn't have a job. He's got nothing to do. This seven inch will work out, right?

Sean: What happened to your first drummer (Kevin Crook)?

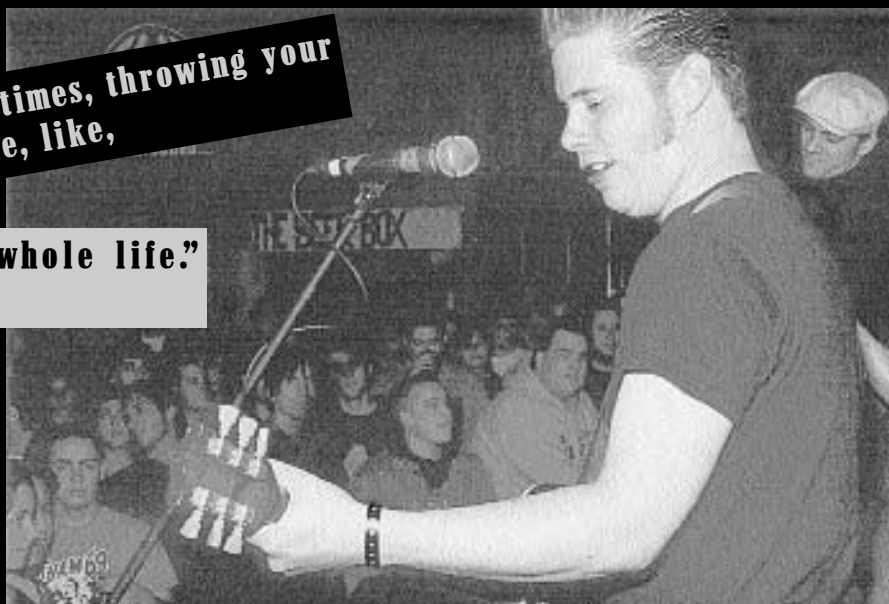
Rob: [groans] Bill will field that one.

Bill: That was entirely too much incestuous shit going on. He was good

THE BELTONES

It's kinda risky sometimes, throwing your balls out on the table, like,

"Here. Here's my whole life." But it works out.



shit, you know. When me and Rob decided we wanted to start a band, he'd never played drums in his life. He was my girlfriend's little brother, and he's like, "I'll play drums." And we're like, laughing. And he goes and gets a set of drums and starts playing and we're like, oh, maybe this will work... I don't know. It was really just a lot of tension, mostly due to the whole thing with his sister being my girlfriend. There was a lot of crap.

Sean: Is it true that Paddy from Dillinger Four was in your band for about ten minutes?

Bill: [laughs] Paddy is always in our band. Paddy's the fucking man. Unfortunately for him, he got stuck in Gainesville for entirely too long, but I'll tell you about Paddy: I've never seen anyone who would order a pizza, cover it with chili and cut up hot dogs. That motherfucker is the man. Paddy is the man. He is the fucking king.

Sean: Let me ask you a couple of questions about songs. On *Cheap Trinkets*, the song, "Ain't No Life," it's basically about a guy going to a bar and getting in a fight and getting arrested, right?

Bill: It's kind of about me getting a DUI.

Sean: What's the whole story?

Bill: Oh, Christ. My mom died of cancer and I had a little period when I was completely insane. One night I went out and got shitfaced. In Florida, it's a lot like LA. It's far to drive to go someplace. And I'd just bought this new Plymouth. '66 Belvedere. That motherfucker could go. And I went to my favorite bar in the world. This place Deuce. They got the best jukebox. I got liquored up. I remember looking down at my hands and seeing three whiskey sours, and they're all for me. The next thing I remember is the cop's light in my face. And, you know, it ain't cool driving drunk like that. He fucking clocked me at a buck-twenty going down the highway. 'Cause I was wanting to get home, you

know. But that's what the song's about.

Sean: Well, the song "Let the Bombs Fall" (off *On Deaf Ears*) is about your mom dying. I don't want to get all Barbara Walters on you, but is it tough playing that song night after night, or does it help you?

Bill: It can get tough. Because it's real. Every little thing. Every stupid word in there is real. It can hurt sometimes. But, fucking whatever. People love it. And that kills it. I'm not gonna get sad when everyone's happy and down to see us play it. It's kinda risky sometimes, throwing your balls out on the table, like, "Here. Here's my whole life." But it works out. Whatever. That's the only song that has people coming up to me and telling me about shit that's happened to them that's really fucked up involving family and stuff. And my song means something to them. And that's what means something to me: playing music that means something to someone else. That's fucking important. It makes it worth it to dump my heart out.

Sean: Then the other Barbara Walters question: the song "My Old Man" is about your dad, right? Is he really a drunk?

Bill: I haven't seen him since I was sixteen years-old. And... uh... that's a rough one. That's harder, I think.

Sean: You don't have to answer it.

Bill: Yeah, that's a tough one. He's my dad, you know. A lot of hard shit going on with that thing.

Sean: I'll just ask something else. On that first album, you have three or four songs about naming your bullets or wanting to start shooting people or leaving everyone black and blue. How close have you really come? You ever actually named a bullet?

Bill: Well, you know, the point of those songs: "Fuck You, Anyway," "Naming My Bullets," all those songs. It's when things piss you off to the brink of something, but there's something that will keep you from going over the edge. I guess those songs

work in the way that, there's always things that piss you off, but there's always things that make your life worthwhile. Your friends and stuff like that. Sure you might slip, but everything's good, you know.

Sean: The song "Casualty" (which is about a coke addict), is that about a real person?

Bill: Yeah, it is. And the actual person it's about really wasn't that much of a fuck up. I thought they were, but they weren't. But there are a lot of friends of mine who could've had that song written for them. I mean, drugs are drugs and things are things and people do whatever they do, but some people just take shit and live for it. Take weed. It's the most benign substance you can think of. Drinking is so much worse than smoking pot. But there's still people who are like, "Yeah man, fucking smoke it, dude?" It's like, "What the fuck are you talking about? Shut the fuck up." And friends of mine doing heroin and dying and stuff. That hurts. I've had friends who were really sweet people. Really good people. And died, just from doing drugs. But everyone has that shit in their lives. It ain't just me. I ain't special.

Sean: *Cheap Trinkets* has a lot more songs about women. Why is that?

Bill: Basically, just because, I was with the same girl for about eight years and I broke up with her. It opens up the floodgates to songs about women. I'm married now, so the next record will be about tractors or something. I've got the sweetest goddamn wife you ever saw. I ain't writing any more songs bitching about chicks. Fuck that.

Sean: What's your day job?

Bill: I'm a cook. We're all cooks.

Sean: Does the song "Garbage Picker" come from that?

Bill: A lot of songs aren't about what you think they're about. That song's actually about a girl.

Sean: Can you explain that?

Bill: It's kinda rough. Do I want to spell

that out? I think I want to keep that in my pocket. That is actually about a girl. It's not about work. But we all goddamn cook 'cause there ain't nothing else for us to do.

Sean: I can hear where the Stiff Little Fingers come from in your music. We already talked about that. But where did the rockabilly influence come from in *Cheap Trinkets*? You have a little tinge of it.

Rob: All we are is rock and roll. It didn't even occur to me.

Bill: The thing is, with this record, we're playing what we want to play. We actually have a band that can play. We have a drummer who can fucking move. Now we get to do whatever we want.

Sean: Will (the drummer) started off as your bassist, too, right? How did that happen?

Bill: That was really funny. Rob and I moved to Gainesville and we didn't have a bass player. We met Will at a party one time. Our old drummer was on a roof, funnelling beers to people, screaming, "Col-lege." We met Will there and started talking and, for some reason, he's like, "I'll play bass for you guys." And he'd never played bass. He had no idea what the fuck playing bass was. And he played bass for us. Then Kevin quit and Will took over on drums. That's it. Seriously, that guy is an amazing drummer. It ain't flashy, but it's fucking sweet. And now we're a band. Because of that.

Rob: We feel good about the line-up as it is now.

Mike: Except for the new bass player. That guy's got a problem.

Rob: Yeah, after this tour, we gotta change.

Bill: [to Mike] You've been playing for a while. You're almost out of "new guy" category.

Mike: It's been two years.

Rob: Mike played in a band called the Breaks in Florida...

Bill: A fucking amazing band.

Rob: But he lost the band...

Mike: Same kind of shit. Rock and roll influenced punk rock.

Rob: Bill was like, "We need someone who can play bass like Mike." Me and Mike were working together in a kitchen at the time. I was like, "We should just ask Mike to play for us. He plays just like Mike."

Mike: I remember I was riding my bike and my cell phone rang. I picked it up and it's them asking me to join the band. I was like, "Are you fucking kidding me? I've been begging you for two years to let me play bass for you fuckers."

Bill: We're on now. We're actually a band. We made records, blah, blah, blah. Whatever. But we're actually a band now.

Sean: Who's the girl on the cover of the *Shitty in Pink* single?

Mike: Married men can't say.
[laughs]

Bill: My wife went to high school with her, but, uh, anyone want to field this one for me?

Mike: Okay. No comment.
Next question.

Rob: She's a friend of ours from Gainesville. She's an ex-girlfriend of Bill's.

Sean: Is she aware that her nipple's visible in that picture?

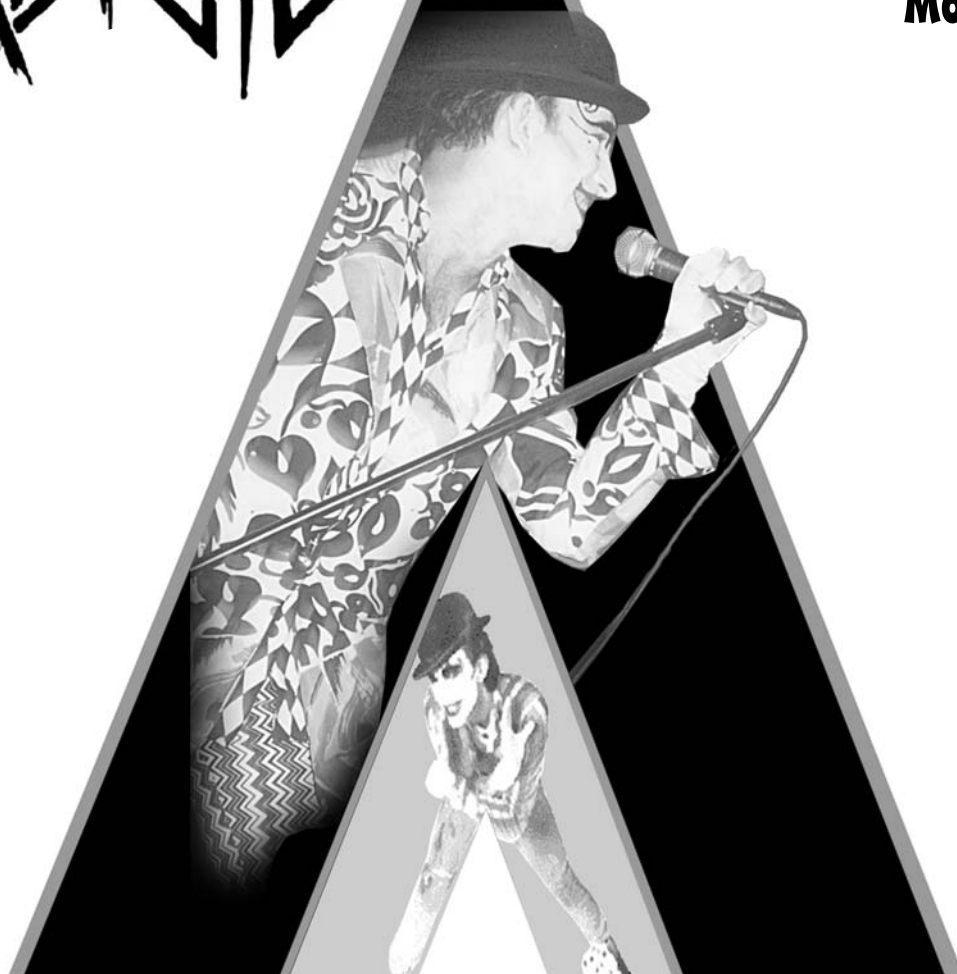
Rob: [laughs] Yeah, I saw the nipple, too.

Bill: She saw the picture. She's aware.



THE ADICTS

Interview and
photos by
Money



The Adicts formed in the late '70s and were part of the next wave of British pop punk. They enjoyed considerable success not just at the beginning of their career but well into the '80s and '90s as well, and they did on various independent labels at a time when the majors were players in the punk rock racket. From "Bad Boy" to "Viva la Revolution," "Chinese Takeaway," to "Joker in the Pack," The Adicts write great songs that are as strange as their Droog get-up.

Nearly twenty-five years later, The Adicts are still going strong. They're in great shape and although they've taken time off from time to time, they have never broken up. They're the same blokes from Ipswich. The interview took place backstage at the Whiskey on a cold night in February. I asked the questions, but it was Pete who ran the interview. Read on and you will be regaled with tales of sheepshagging, venereal disease, and pigeons that fly upside down. They kept me on my toes, but it was more fun than, well, a barrel of monkeys.

\$: Who are you?

Monkey: I'm Monkey. I don't do much.

Kid: I'm Kid. I hit the things.

Pete: I'm Pete. I strum.

Mel: I'm Mel. I twang.

Scruff: I'm Scruff and I help him [points to Pete] out on guitar.

\$: Who lives in LA and who lives in England?

Pete: Monkey lives in LA.

\$: That's it?

Mel: And Pete.

Pete: I don't live in LA. America is where I live. I don't wish to divulge where I live. Because of the children.

\$: (trying, and failing, to be funny) The illegitimate children?

Pete: (deadpan) Yes. Correct.

\$: Give me some reasons why LA is better than Ipswich.

Pete: Mel doesn't live in LA.

Mel: Big plus.

Pete: And I don't live in Ipswich!

Kid: The sun shines.

Pete: That's true, Kid. The sun does shine! What do you reckon, Mel?

Mel: Hmm.

Pete: [laughs] I have a job.

\$: On the flipside, name some reasons why Ipswich is better than LA.

Mel: Because it's not fucking LA. That's the biggest bonus!

Pete: Mel's a true Ipswich boy.

\$: How so?

Pete: Sheepshagger!

Mel: There aren't any sheep in Ipswich.

Pete: I killed them all.

Kid: Pete got fucking syphilis and shagged all the sheep.

Pete: Pigeons fly upside down in Ipswich. (Although Pete's comments may strike you, dear reader, as non sequiturs, there is usually, although not always, a context for his remarks. The context however is mired in laughter and slang and familiarity of friendships spanning two continents and nearly three decades, which is impossible to duplicate. That is, I have no idea what the fuck they're saying, nor any clue as to why Pete thinks pigeons fly upside down in Ipswich. Perhaps he is on medication.)

\$: What's the extent of this tour?

Monkey: Three more shows after tonight.

\$: At the Showcase Theater?

Monkey: That's right.

Pete: We did the Tony Hawk show the other day, which was a huge honor for us. We were invited to play the twentieth anniversary of Tony being the king, basically. And we're his favorite band in the world.

\$: Really?

Monkey: Yeah.

Pete: And it was a big surprise. It was fantastic. It's going to be on "Hollywood Extra." The clown prince of punk rock crowns the king with four little wheels and a piece of plywood. We knighted him with an Adicts skateboard. (For pictures, go to the Adicts home page at www.suburbias.com.)

\$: Excellent.

Pete: Quite a nice honor.

\$: So you're avid skateboarding fans?

Pete: Haven't got a fucking clue! [laughs] When you think about it, it's really cool. Punk rock was outlawed. Skateboarding was outlawed. And we came together. Way before snowboards and chicks, mind you. Chicks driving snowboards. That shows you what a male chauvinist bastard pig I am.

\$: Are you going to play Holidays in the Sun?

Monkey: We're going to do some Holidays in the Sun shows and other festivals. Gig-wise, we don't know.

Mel: It's pretty hard for us to get together.

\$: I would imagine. That must make it difficult to rehearse.

Pete: It's easy.

Kid: We were thinking about getting some kids to take our place.

Pete: We've been together a long time. Fucking twenty-seven years.



Kid: Monkey came up with a great idea. We get four sixteen- or seventeen-year-old boys. Dress them up. Teach them the songs. And they can go out and play for us. The Adicts, Mark 2.

\$: Do you ever get tired of the grease paint?

Monkey: Not unless it messes the sheets. [laughs] I used to get tired of it. But I haven't done it in so long the last couple days haven't been too much of a burden.

\$: How many sets of sheets have you ruined?

Monkey: Twenty-seven.

\$: A lot of bands cite you as an influence...

Pete: [to a pack of noisy randoms] Fuck off out of the dressing room! Fuck off! You're annoying me! Get out! [to me] We influenced Ozzie. I don't know how. But he wears Adicts shirts onstage all the time.

Kid: And Tom Green's a fan. Tom Green played bass guitar and drums for The Adicts the other night. It was fun.

\$: How did that go?

Mel: He was shit.

Pete: Pathetic.

Kid: He's a nice bloke and the divorce is going well.

\$: When was the first time you played LA?

Monkey: '82 or '83?

Kid: I think it was '83.

\$: And who did you play with?

Monkey: Was it the Test Tubes? Or the Toy Dolls? Lots of bands. It was at the Olympic.

Kid: Who cares?

\$: Obviously LA must have made a big impression on you...

Pete: Fuck yeah! We all had to line up at the clinic when we got home! That was class! We all came out with a different dose.

Mel: It was scary because, when we first

came out, AIDS was first being talked about.

\$: What's in your CD player right now?

Kid: Hardcore.

Monkey: Buzzcocks, Undertones.

Pete: I bought the new Ramones CD. *Live at the Roxy...*

\$: '76.

Pete: That's it.

\$: Why just the one "D" in Adicts?

Mel: Can't spell.

\$: Really? Come on?

Pete: I told you he's from Ipswich.

Kid: We used to be The Pinz. And then we were The Afterbirth. We actually did a gig as the Pinz.

Pete: And then we found out there was another band called The Pinz.

Kid: No we didn't.

Pete: And then we found out there was another band called The Addicts, and that's why we changed it. [Cell phone rings, he answers it.]

Pete: Hello?

Kid: We're not very good at interviews.

Pete: No, the car park's around back.

Kid: We'll interview you if you like.

\$: Interview me?

Kid: Sure why not?

\$: (Sensing, mistakenly I might add, that I'm boring the Adicts to death, I decide to wrap things up.) One last question. There seems to be a resurgence of English punk and Oi! bands reuniting and playing again. Do you find this to be the case or is that just an American perception?

Pete: We've gone long stretches where we haven't played any shows. This tour we're doing right now is our first since 1994.

Kid: We put out an album in between.

Pete: We've never split up ever. We're the best of friends. There's nothing going to stop us. Plus we look pretty good for our age compared to some other fucking bands. We're not as fat as



them cunts. If you think about it, it's embarrassing. I was embarrassed to see certain bands, which I won't name, standing up there on stage with big beer guts, looking like they're going to be dropping down dead at any minute. I think it's a bit of a sham, really.

Mel: If we think we're getting old, we'll call it quits.

Pete: That's right. One thing about us is we've always been an honest punk band. Totally down to earth.

Kid: We still bullshit though.

Pete: If you look at his shirt (Kid's), it used to say: "I don't care." Now it says "Who cares?" We have evolved. Isn't that amazing?

Kid: I'm evolved.

Pete: Most of us are daddies. Some of us are religious ministers. I am. I paid five dollars for us.

Kid: We are now two sets of brothers and a monkey.

Pete: We've got Mel's young brother on guitar to back me up. I've been sick for quite a long time and I don't know if I can get through the gigs. The whole point is if I don't feel very well on stage I can walk off and Scruff can keep on playing. It might happen tonight. Who knows?

£: Gentlemen, thanks for your time.

Pete: That's it?

Kid: You don't want to talk about anything else?

Pete: Come on, let's talk about something else. What's our subject matter?

Kid: Fish.

£: Fish to eat?

Pete: No.

Kid: Let's have a look at those questions. (Kid takes my notes from me. I have officially lost control of the interview, if, indeed, I ever had control in the first place.)

Pete: Monkey, what do you want to talk about?

Monkey: I have nothing to say, really.

£: Monkey looks preoccupied.

Pete: Mel, what's on your mind?

Mel: Nothing.

Pete: Kid?

Kid: Who cares?

Pete: There's the New Age saying for the new millennium: Who cares?

Kid: [reading from my notes] "How many times have you read *Clockwork Orange*?" You didn't ask us this one.

£: Did I miss that one?

Kid: Yes.

Pete: That's a good one. Good question, Kid!

£: So how many times have you read *Clockwork Orange*?

Monkey: I can't remember.

Kid: Twenty-seven.

Pete: It's an amazing book. You don't get to see rape scenes choreographed with delicious music in the background very often.

£: Which is better: the movie or the book?

Kid: Book.

Monkey: I like the book better.

Kid: Quite different actually.

(A brief conversation about the differences between the book *Midnight Express* and the movie ensues, but no one can quite remember how either ends, or how they are different. As for why we are discussing *Midnight Express* and not *Clockwork Orange*, I can offer no explanation.)

£: Do you have a song that you're absolutely sick to death of playing?

Pete: No, actually. Are you sick of any, Mel?

Mel: No. I can't think of any. Oh, yes I can. "Sensitive."

Pete: That's because you can't play it.

Kid: Mel doesn't like it.

Pete: He's only got four strings. We're waiting for him to graduate up to six. (A thought comes to Pete's mind. I get nervous, anticipating a personal question or another outburst, but he poses his question to Mel.) Would you like to fix the comments you made about the Twin Towers?

Mel: I never said anything

Pete: You fucking did! Mel's selling pieces of the Twin Towers on eBay.

Mel: You bastard.

Pete: (letting me in on a secret) You see, he's feeling guilty because he knew one of the guys who was one of the hijackers. I'm saying nothing else.

[laughs]

Pete: Show him your teeth, Mel.

(Pete cackles, gleefully furthering yet another stereotype about the English. He seems intent on convincing me they're nothing but a bunch of sheepshaggers with bad teeth.)

Pete: What have you got to say for yourself Scruff?

Scruff: As the outsider of the band, I want to say that I don't think they realize how popular The Adicts are. Or maybe they do. Pete might know it.

Pete: I don't know it. I don't know anything.

Scruff: They always downplay it.

Pete: What about you?

Scruff: What about me?

Pete: Why are you here? Aren't you honored to be here?

Scruff: I am honored to be here.

Pete: You're blown away aren't you?

Scruff: I am.

Pete: [to me] He's blown away. He grew up with us, you see.

£: It must be quite an honor sharing a stage with you [laughs].

Scruff: I have to keep showing him the bloody chords!

Kid: It's what you're here for.

Pete: It's lovely having him onstage. He used to sit in practice crying, "I want to go home!" He learned to play the guitar to The Adicts. And now he's on stage with us. It's really cool for all of us. He's not very good looking though. Imagine what he's going to look like when he's our age?

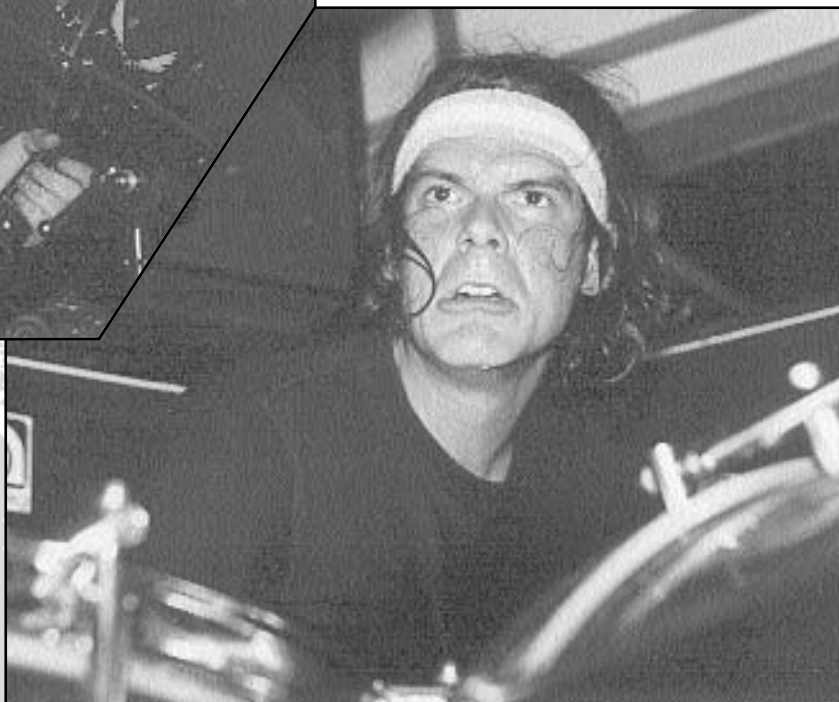




juicer

Interview by Harmonee
and Kat Jetson

Photos by Kat Jetson



Jucifer is a band from Athens, GA. They play colossal, turbulent music. Kat and I were really excited to interview them. I think it shows.

Harmonee: This is so exciting! I'm so happy I finally get to interview you! So what's the story with Capricorn Records? It's still technically the same people. Did they change the name? What did they decide to do with all that?

Amber: Basically, whatever business partnership dealings they had, changed, and when that changed they couldn't continue with the name Capricorn. They have a new name (Velocette) with new business partners, but it's the same people and the label is much, much smaller, which is cool for us.

Harmonee: You finally got your vinyl.

Amber: Yeah, exactly. They're gonna re-issue *Calling All Cars on the Vegas Strip* on vinyl, which I can't wait for. We're vinyl people and we always intended our music to be heard on vinyl. It's always been frustrating 'cause *Calling All Cars...* has been out

always asked for vinyl.

Harmonee: Can I make a little guess? Is that going to be on white vinyl by any chance? I was noticing a theme of the color white in a lot of things. I don't know if that was a conscious or if I'm reading into it. I have examples, too. Three different song titles make references to white, one on each album.

"44: Dying in White" from *Calling All Cars...*, "White Devils" from the *Lambs* EP, "Black Satin, White Ice" from *I Name You Destroyer*.

Amber: Ah! I didn't even know that.

Harmonee: *Calling All Cars...* has a white car on the cover.

Kat: And the CD is white.

Harmonee: *Lambs* EP – lambs are white.

Amber: Oh shit!

Harmonee: *I Name You Destroyer* has lots of snow. There's lots of white.

Kat: And your hair is white.

Everyone: Ahhh!

Amber: And my wrist band is white.

Kat: The Winnebago is white.

Amber: Actually, Ed and I would both probably wear all white all the time if we

could find clothes that we like that were white.

Kat: They don't have snappy white clothing.

Amber: No. If you're looking for white, you get t-shirts, maybe some painters pants, or some really bad jeans that you wouldn't want to wear.

Harmonee: Even if you can find snappy white outfits, it's usually only at a certain time of year.

Amber: Exactly. There was this show in the wintertime where I just needed a white dress. I went to every store in Athens. There's not a lot of stores, but I went through all of them and not a single white dress. So I break down and I go to the mall. Ed and I have walkie-talkies and we split up. He was looking for white dresses and so was I. When I was looking for white dresses, I found not white dresses but some other things to try on, and I was in the dressing room and, all of a sudden, Ed talks to me from the walkie-talkie and for a second I thought he was actually in the room with me until I realized how improbable that was. It was really funny 'cause people could

hear us talking to each other and they could hear his voice in the women's dressing room. But he found the white dress and it was a little girl's dress in, like, Bealls or something. So we got it. We love white. I think white has this sort of majestic kind of purity quality that's appealing, you know? It's the antithesis of black [laughs].

Kat: And sometimes the music feels black 'cause it's so heavy.

Amber: Yeah, and I think something about stuff that would stereotypically be classified as black when it's made white or presented white it changes the aspect of it.

Harmonee: It's almost like a nice, delicate balance. A yin and yang. Are you a big cereal fan?

Amber: I love cereal.

Harmonee: Really? Is Honey Nut Cheerios your favorite?

Amber: Honey Nut Cheerios is my favorite kind of standard popular American brand. I actually usually buy this stuff called Barbaras.

It's an oat square cereal and it's a little sweet but not frosted or anything. It's good out of the box and in normal cereal form, with soymilk for me. And my dog loves it. He freaks out. Two favorite people foods for the dog are pizza and that cereal. It's funny because it's a cereal and it really doesn't have a strong flavor but he loves it so much.

Harmonee: That's a weird combination.

Kat: Maybe he likes the crunch. It's like the dog food, but cereal.

Amber: Yeah, but lighter. Fluffier. [Girly giggles.]

Harmonee: Have you ever tripped in your shoes? You have an extensive shoe collection.

Amber: I, um, can't talk about my LSD usage. [laughing] I actually thought that's what we were talking about first 'cause there's an LSD reference in the middle of "Malibu." The only time I've fallen in really big shoes was in front of about two thousand people during a show. Ed had his headphones on and it was the end of the show and he ripped his headphones off, knocked his drums over, and threw his headphones down on the ground behind me. I was still freaking out, making noise on the guitar, whatever. I picked the guitar up over my head and stepped backwards onto the headphones.

Kat and Harmonee: (Long, descending) Ohhh!

Amber: I totally would have twisted my ankle no matter what kind of shoes I had on and to make matters worse I had on a skirt and everyone saw up it. That was great. Of course there was this massive cheer when everyone saw up my skirt, and Ed was backstage at that point, so he was like, "Oh, they loved it!" I came off stage and I was all gimped out. I had twisted my ankle and I twisted my wrist when I caught myself. I was like, "Oh god!" and he was like, "What? What?"

Kat: "It was great honey!" Rock and roll. So I guess if you're gonna trip you might as well do it in front of a lot of people so they can all see it.

Amber: Usually, if I wear flat shoes I trip over my feet. It's weird. I'm much more clumsy in normal shoes.

Kat: How tall are you?

Amber: Classified. I'm just kidding. I'm 5'6". These are about seven inches, yeah. I'm about 6'2" in these.

Kat: Are the big shoes part of the big sound?

Amber: I like big things. I like big guitars, big amps... I just like big stuff.

Kat: When I saw you last time I think you had two stacks (of amps) and that was only last year. Now you have, is it eight?

Amber: I don't know what we'd say with tonight. We didn't play with the complete array and I didn't count. I guess it was maybe thirteen tonight? I have fifteen different cabinets now.

Kat: That just blows me away. I'm curious, what's going on with your guitar strings? They're not guitar strings, right? Are there some bass strings on there?

Amber: They're a special alloy that I made in my kitchen. I'm not going to give away my sound secret because I think it's dumb to

copy and people want to copy stuff if you tell them how to do it. I figured out how to do my stuff. It's more fun to figure out stuff.

Kat: I was staring at them tonight going, "I just don't know!" And I was surprised that you only have one distortion peddle.

Amber: Yeah, people are more usually surprised with that, and people always think that it's an octave peddle, but it's a distortion peddle.

Kat: And it's great because when you turn it off, it's silent. And when you turn it back on it's, "Vvvvv." Your whole body just fuzzes, I love it.

Amber: Awesome.

Harmonee: It's a warm and fuzzy blanket.

Kat: A white one, of course.

Amber: That's funny. I actually have to restrain myself from using the word "white" more than I do, and I didn't realized there was a white song on each album and now I'm freakin' out.

Kat: Don't worry about it.

Harmonee: I guess it's not really that obvious. I just tend to notice things weird like that. I'm kind of a dork that way.

Amber: It's good to be a dork.

Harmonee: Well, speaking of dorky questions, your "ROCK STAR" tattoo (one letter per knuckle)... you are so nice. I've never met a nice person with a

"ROCK STAR" tattoo. Was it just one day, "I'm gonna get it"?

Amber: It really was. And the only regret I have about it is that "rock star" became an insanely popular phrase within a year after I got this tattoo. Now it will eternally be connected to the rock star craze. In a sense, the craze sort of stems from the same philosophy that my tattoo stems from which is that "being a rock star" or absolutely anything is completely in your control and in your own mind. It has nothing to do with what the world tells you. So I think it's kind of healthy for lots of young girls to be wearing their little "rock star" shirt. But, at the same time, it's not necessarily something I like being associated with or especially a big budget movie. Uhh, that's the last straw.

My friend that I worked at a restaurant



with, he was in a band. We were all in bands 'cause it's the only job you can have when you're in a band, and he'd be like, "Hey rock star, why don't you get back to work? Hey rock star, why don't you wait on those people?" Just fucking with me. My whole life since the first time I saw some biker with knuckle tattoos I always wanted them and I could never think of something that fit and one day he called me rock star and it gelled and the next day I got it. It was just like that.

Harmonee: It's perfect.

Amber: And I like it because people with a sense of humor get it and they're not put off by it. People who are put off by it don't have a sense of humor, so I probably wouldn't get along with them anyway. It's kind of like a good divider.

Harmonee: Have you ever broken any glass with your sound?

Amber: Yes. And we caused plaster to fall from the ceiling. Last night the promoter for the show told me that, behind the bar, pieces of paper were actually levitating.

Kat: Wow!

Harmonee: Weird!

Amber: The vibrations were so constant that they were levitating like a half an inch above the bar. That was really neat.

Kat: I just wish you had a video camera for that.

Harmonee: There was something that fell today, but I wasn't exactly sure what it was.

Kat: There was a vent and there was a cover over the vent and it fell maybe this far [holds up hands about a foot apart] from Ed. It wasn't a flimsy thing. It was a heavy, metal thing. He was obviously not aware, but I think at one point he looked behind him.

Amber: He tends to look when either one of my amps sound weird to him or something weird is happening.

Kat: I love it when he's just sort of laying back there, like he just

wants to get more sound in his ears, just to feel it.

Amber: We both love that feeling you're talking about.

Harmonee: Have you ever heard a sound or frequency in someone else's song that you wish you had done first?

Amber: I don't really look at other music and want to emulate it. I appreciate it for its own value. So, I guess no. There's all kind of music that I love in various forms.

Harmonee: How does a Jucifer song manage to formulate itself?

Amber: Every possible way you could imagine involving Ed and I. We both make up music and we both make up lyrics and melodies. Sometimes I make up a drum part. Sometimes he makes the guitar part. Sometimes one of us makes up a whole song and the other one figures out what to do with it. Sometimes it's half and half. Every possible way that you can collaborate, we do.

Harmonee: Just from sheer observation I've noticed how you two have a really good relationship both personally and musically. I think one of my favorite stories was when you were on college radio and you played in one room and Ed was in another room but shit managed to completely go together.

Amber: The radio station has better equipment now but at the time hardly had anything and everything that they had was from the fifties. In order to be able to hear vocals at all they had my amp and Ed and the drums in one room, and I was in a hallway and there was a heavy metal door between us. It had a window that was really high and a couple inches wide. I couldn't see through it and he couldn't see me and we had to play like that. We couldn't see each other at all and we couldn't hear each other well. It was very difficult. We got a tape of it, they recorded it, and it's not as tight as we've ever been but we managed to get through it.

Kat: That's weird.

Harmonee: To me, that's a sign of a great band.

Kat: Did you belong to any fan clubs when you were younger?

Amber: Ed reminded me recently that when we moved a couple years ago I'd gotten some boxes, my parents had cleaned their attic, and we went through those boxes for the first time since I'd gotten them and he found my Men at Work fan club newsletter.

Harmonee: That's awesome!

Amber: That's the only one.

Kat: I still hold a Man or Astroman Intergalactic fan club card. I can't help it. They're my favorite.

Amber: We like them a lot, too. We toured with them for a week one time, and it was one of the most fun times we've ever had. We've been really privileged. Every band that we've toured with for more than a couple shows has been really great.

Harmonee: That reminds me. Kat's first question was going to be, "What did you do today?" and I just think that that's funnier now, than if we hadn't talked to you before.

Kat: I thought it would be like an easy, really mellow question.

Amber: Our days are never simple, it seems. That's part of the adventure. We like that, even though sometimes you get the bad stuff. But at least you're always being surprised.

Kat: I noticed the Windex bottle there. Ed was telling me he just kicked out some Windex and wiped off the mark where the Winnebago destroyed the car. This car's totaled and he's like [makes wiping motion with squeegee type sound].

Amber: He wiped it off? I didn't know that. That's awesome. I was doing the insurance report and I realized the woman was asking me about the damage to our vehicle and I said, "My passengers looked at it. I haven't even looked at it." I immediately got on the phone. I was on the phone for two hours.

Kat: Apparently you're good to go.

Harmonee: You Windexed the damage off... The miracle cure.

Amber: We have a camera 'cause we're trying to document our tour and we photographed the accident scene immediately after it happened. Placement of vehicles and damage and whatever. We had a great witness. Martinas Carlotta. A beautiful name and a beautiful person. Those things and the fact that we didn't damage our own vehicle, how can our insurance company be any happier?

Kat: Have you heard anyone covering your songs?

Amber: Yeah. Only a couple times so far. I've heard of people doing them more than I've actually heard them. I've only heard it



twice. It's really amazing. We both have a lot of awe of the fact that people can be fans of our music the way that we're fans of music. To feel something that strongly, it's really cool. Seeing someone cover your song is the ultimate testament to that. One band from Athens and one band from Carolton, Georgia.

Kat: Did you know they were going to be playing it? Or were you just sitting there going, "Hey, I know that song"?

Amber: Actually, they always ask if it's all right, which is even sweeter. There's a band called Ampethy, and they covered "Code Escovedo." And there's a band called Born to Please and they covered "Long Live the King." It's really cool to have your creations translated through someone else. Seeing someone else do one of your songs is almost like playing in a band with them for a song. It's really neat.

Harmonee: Are there any cover songs in your future?

Amber: We've done covers. We usually do them at local shows or whatever. Encore situations. You don't want to put it in your set because a lot of times people think it's your song. One time we played an Abba song in the middle of our set and then we realized, firstly, that most of the crowd was probably too young to remember Abba and then we realized that probably everyone who did know Abba thought it was a very strange Jucifer song. But we've done "SOS" (The Police) and we've done a couple Blondie covers 'cause we both love Blondie. One of our favorites is "Give a Dog a Bone" by AC/DC just because I like to take those misogynistic songs and play them. It's really fun and it's a good riff. It's fun to play. The rock hand.

Kat: There used to be a big, puffy finger rock hand. They need one. I actually saw one at a Supersuckers show. I don't know if they were selling them, but I saw some guy with one. I thought that was brilliant.

Harmonee: I notice that on *I Name You Destroyer*, it has a very constant fluidity. I was just wondering if that was a conscious decision to do that or if when you were recording it, it just happened to be the mental state you were in?

Amber: It's both. We both feel that albums should be albums — a long piece of music intended to be listened to from beginning to end, but also hopefully, you can listen to individual songs and they're good. [laughs] Some records, you can tell they just put the songs that are probably going to get played on the radio first and just throw the other songs on there. We definitely don't approach it that way. Being in the studio is really creative in weird ways so it always manifests itself in some way we never anticipated by the end of the whole process.

Kat: I don't know if this is going to bring back horrible memories because if I think about it, it's just wretched for me, but did you go to your prom and do you remember what the prom song was?

Amber: I almost went to the prom and at the last second my parents would not allow me to go. It would have been probably silly anyway.

Kat: I went to mine because I felt like I needed to or something.

Amber: It's so ingrained in your brain.

Kat: I hated it. It was the worst, worst, worst.

Amber: I wasn't one of those people that would have had fun at the prom. My whole point of going to the prom was to bust it up. We



were going to wear our combat boots and stuff. It was very *Breakfast Club*.

Harmonee: The prom's going to remember me!

Amber: The thing about high school that's great though, and growing up in the deep south is that if they don't kill you, they make you really fucking strong. I'm actually grateful for all that kind of shit. Now I don't care what people think of me, which is a really good thing to have.

Harmonee: Have you ever thought of re-locating?

I had on a skirt and everyone saw up it. That was great. Of course there was this massive cheer when everyone saw up my skirt, and Ed was backstage at that point, so he was like, "Oh, they loved it!"

Amber: Yeah...? When we first got together, we really wanted to move to Montana but we just really didn't have the money to do it, and belatedly we realized that it's way too cold for us in the winter. We couldn't really live there. Now, with this Winnebago being our new home, we're going to be able to kind of set down somewhere

for a little while, which is cool. But Athens is really great. We've been there a long time and it's a place where you have really strong relationships with people that last for years and years. It's comfortable to live in. There's action enough if we want it but it's not a pain in the ass like a city is to get around and deal with strangers.

Harmonee: People drive on the right side of the street.

Amber: It's getting congested. It's starting to become a suburb of Atlanta. Atlanta is going to be Los Angeles in thirty years or something. Growing up around Atlanta and with the sort of southern myths about the rest of the country, New York and LA were supposed to have the worst rush hour and the worst drivers and the belt way around DC was supposed to be this nightmare. I've done all of them in rush hour. I've done all of them in a big vehicle and none of them compare to Atlanta, because in Atlanta, the highways are really curvy, like race tracks, and people are always going about ninety and that's like the main string of traffic, and they don't signal before they merge. I've actually got a theory that Atlanta, sort of psychologically as a city, that, because it's southern, it kind of has a chip on its shoulder and it's got to prove how much of a city it really is. People are so violent and they're more rude. We've had people be so nice to us in New York and Los Angeles, places where people are supposed to be so mean and people are generally much friendlier than all the other cities. It's very weird.

They have some amazing architecture though. A lot of the stuff is really old. It's defiantly got its own charm as a city, but the roads, phew, awful. All the streets are one way, too, **RAZORCAKE** 39

so if you get lost you can't find your way back. That was my crisis as a teenage driver, sneaking off to try to go to shows and stuff and being lost for hours in the city.

Kat: You're big into thrift store shopping. What was your coolest find?

Amber: On the way back from shooting our cover and the band photos for *I Name You Destroyer* we were driving through Kansas and we tried to camp and we slept in a couple places that were just totally terrifying, where we felt like we would just get killed if we stayed there. We finally found a place that seemed all right and we camped there that night and in the morning we went into town and it was one block. There was this place and it was called "Ed's Junk." It's a good sign. These people had a store front and they had a warehouse filled with stuff. They were in their eighties, and they were really cool.

They probably had ten thousand records, and we're vinyl hogs. We spent six hours going through. It was back breaking. It was hot and dusty. We already had a couple thousand at that point and we couldn't afford to buy their whole stock and we didn't even have anywhere to put it all. Personally, we had our trailer with us and we had brought it just in case something like that happened. It was amazing. We picked up like three thousand records for like forty dollars. It was awesome. I can't even think of anything we got right now. We got some great rare stuff too. We're not the kind of collectors

As far as trying to do something artful without falling off into cheeseland, I feel like I'm closer to accomplishing that kind of thing than I ever have been in the past.



that ever want to sell anything. We have to keep it all, but it's still cool knowing that something is really valuable. I got all these 78s, a whole box. They're so good. They're all from the thirties and forties. The music is so crazy. Some of the songs are so strange lyrically.

Harmonee: You have a phonograph player then?

Amber: We have lots. It's not like Victrola records or whatever, but we have one record player that only plays 78s, and we have lots of record players.

Harmonee: Do you have any favorite musical instruments in your possession?

Amber: All of them. Musical instruments to me are like dogs, cats...

Harmonee: Part of the family?

Amber: Yeah. I love every one. There's not a dog I don't think isn't cute and there's not an

instrument I don't want.

Harmonee: Does piano represent a particular emotion for you, and if so what? Piano shows up every once in a while on an album, usually on a very emotional or melodic song.

Amber: Piano is... [drawing a blank] I almost had that fucking word and it was the perfect word and I don't want to use any other word to describe it.

Harmonee: Do your instruments represent particular emotions for you?

Amber: Definitely. Piano is stately. That's the word I was looking for. Piano is stately and sad to me, or frightening. That's the kind of texture I use it for.

Harmonee: It was an upright piano too – correct? – which has a distinct sound all of its own compared to the other sized pianos.

Amber: Yes. I love pianos. We were in a music store that's in Athens that has really beautiful baby grands. It was the first time I had ever looked at the price on them, and it's amazing. It costs more than people's houses cost. We have a twenty dollar piano that we got at a thrift store. It's great for scary. Andy Baker, who we always recorded with, had it in his old studio. Part of why I got the twenty dollar piano is because it had a similar sound to it, like in the lower register it's so scary. We just haven't used it yet, but we will.

Harmonee: If it has wheels, you can just drag it behind you.

Amber: The piano behind the trailer. I can think of some interesting reversing.

Harmonee: Have you always played guitar? Were you drawn to that instrument in particular?

Amber: I particularly love stringed instruments. I love dissonance and slightly bent notes and all that stuff that you can only get from strings. I enjoy other instruments, but emotionally I get the most out of stringed instruments. My dad had guitars around the house and I would sneak them when he wasn't around and teach myself stuff on them, so that was the first stringed instrument I learned. I bought myself a violin and never got really good at it before I accidentally crushed it. It was really sad. It was in the corner and we've always lived in places that were too small for all of our stuff. It was in the corner of this room and it was wintertime and some coats had gotten thrown in the corner. We were trying to reach something up on the ceiling and somebody stepped on the coat pile thinking it was just the coats, then crack! Gone.

Kat: Why does Ed play on a kitchen chair instead of a drum stool besides the fact that it looks really cool. It's so Brady Bunch.

Amber: It's just what's comfortable for him.

Kat: Did he just start that way, 'cause he didn't play drums before.

Amber: He's basically a low rider. Drum sets don't go as low as he wants to sit.

Harmonee: He has everything set up very meticulously.

Kat: Even the drum sticks.

Amber: We're both meticulously aesthetic people. We can really spend some time arranging things so that they look good to our eye.

Kat: Even Forrest, when he was placing your little ponies yester-

day, he put much care into it.

Amber: We have a pony girl who has unfortunately been in college lately and hasn't been able to come on tour with us. Her only jobs were doing that and merchandise. She was great. She really had her whole system. She learned my system 'cause I used to do it, but the bigger my equipment got, I didn't want to be that asshole who's out there wasting time in the eyes of the people waiting to play. They don't always get to come out but I have a whole box of My Little Ponies and their little toys. [Amber holds up a bunny with puffy sparkles and the three of us get very giggly and girly. Ed discovers our lunacy.]

Nobody has any idea until they actually go on the road with us. People always say stuff like, "It must be so easy with only two people," when there's five times as much equipment as any normal band and the same amount of work that would normally have been distributed between five to eight people.

Harmonee: What do you think led the both of you to a life in music?

Amber: Necessity, destiny. I don't think there's ever a question ever since we were kids that we wanted to play music a lot. Of course, it's presented to you as being this unreachable goal to actually do it, especially when you're a kid, but we're determined.

Harmonee: I really admired one of things that you both said in one of your interviews, and maybe this is why I'm drawn to you as a band. Everything you do and everything you make all comes back to music. All the money you make goes back into buying instruments, making more songs, producing, stuff like that. It's just a really admirable quality to have with a band because it proves that you're not trying to do something for other people, you're doing it for yourselves, which in turn makes it better because it's a true form of art. So I guess I'm just trying to say thank you.

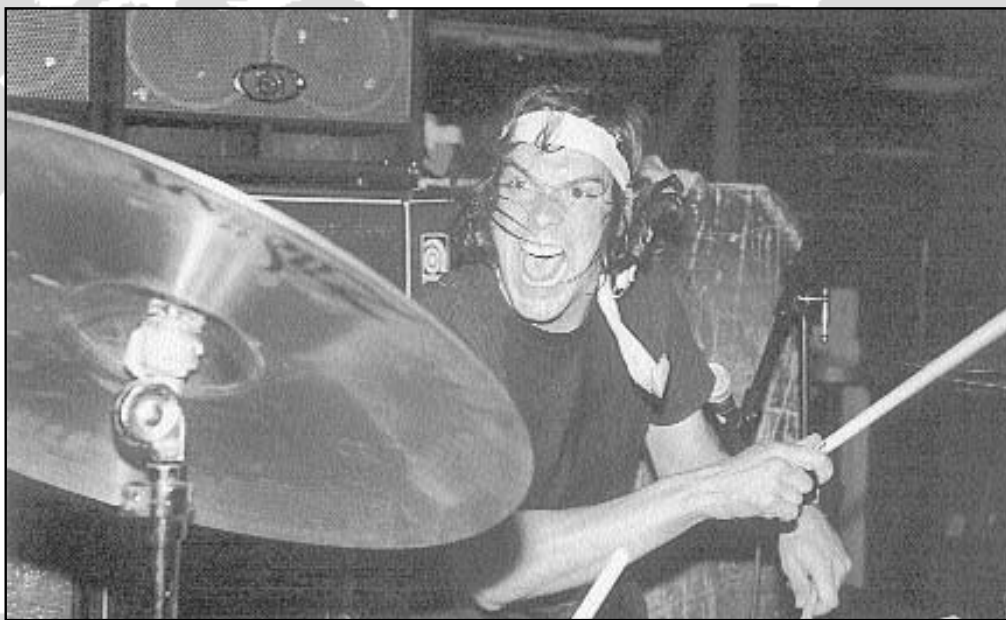
Amber: Thank you for noticing.

Harmonee: There's such a lack of that in the world and in music these days.

Amber: So much of everything is commerce. We have to be commercial enough to be able to keep making music, which is a different approach than just wanting to make money off of it. But, unfortunately, you have to have the commerce. Reading my own words somewhere not that long ago, I said this and I thought it was actually kind of a smart thing that I said, so I'll repeat myself, "In America art patrons, there aren't patrons like in Europe. I think there's a lot more support for all forms of art as far as government giving you money or rich people/families supporting arts and some of that goes on here, but to a large extent it's being part of pop culture that sustains art. A lot of fantastic stuff falls by the way side because it doesn't become popular and it's too bad." Wow. That was smart! Sometimes I come across very well.

Harmonee: Is there any reason why you choose to not include lyric books with your CD inserts?

Amber: There was and I've changed my mind. There will be lyrics with *I Name You Destroyer*. I don't like to dictate to people what their experience of music is. I always felt like that was kind of a weird thing to try and do, and I sort of felt that including lyrics would do that to some extent. Then I got confronted with so many people getting the lyrics wrong in a way that made the lyrics really bad, to me, and embarrassing. So if I'm gonna be hung for my lyrics, I want them at least to be my lyrics, so I'm going to include them. Also, I think, with the lyrics on *I Name You Destroyer*, I'm



evolving. Poetry is inherently pretentious and bad and lyrics are even worse. As far as trying to do something artful without falling off into cheeseland, I feel like I'm closer to accomplishing that kind of thing than I ever have been in the past. I feel more capable of putting it down on paper.

Harmonee: When I was interviewing Rizzo, one of the girls said something really funny. You can make stuff into a song – lyrics that would never make it as a poem or as a story or anything – you can put into a song and it makes perfect sense.

Amber: Yeah, it's totally different. I always wrote. I wrote before anything else except for drawing as far as artistic shit. [laughs] Writing lyrics, you're not really dealing with words. When you read poetry or prose it has your own inflection on it, the reader. When you listen to someone singing, you don't want to listen to them singing big words that could be really cool on paper. There's all kinds of sounds that don't work for singing so you have to try to make words that both read well and sound good sung. It's a real challenge and it makes a lot of lyrics suck when you read them, but that's okay. I have this continuing fascination with The Cars record, the really big one, "Let the Good Times Roll" and all those songs. I can't remember but it's a record that got played a lot at the restaurant I work at and every time I listened to it I thought about it and analyzed it and I couldn't believe some of the lyrics. They're goofy as hell. They're stupid. The combination of the great pop music and the vocal delivery make them so poignant. Silly things like... aww shit... I've got "Let the Good Times Roll" in my head right now.

Harmonee: Me too! I'm totally singing that right now in my head, my background music.

Amber: "It's not the perfume that you wear, it's not the ribbons in your hair." Those words sound really stupid when you say them, but the way he sings them within the realm of the music, it's really moving. Crazy.

Harmonee: What's the weirdest place you've ever seen your sticker stuck?

Amber: [laughs] I like the way you said that. It's a good tongue twister. I personally haven't seen them anywhere really weird. Someone told me they found me on a mustard bottle in a restaurant in the Midwest, so that was good. I have been told regularly by people who say, "Oh we've got your stuff in our house," it's almost always that they have our poster in the bathroom. So, we're like a bathroom band.

Harmonee: Well, now I know where to hang my posters.

Amber: That's where it belongs. I'm not sure what that means.

Kat: That is a beautiful way to end an interview, I say.

Amber: We're a bathroom band.



Interview by Kat Jetson

and Jen Hitchcock



S Q U A B

Squab are by far one of the most entertaining and charming bunch of ladies creating music today. Since their inception almost four years ago, the Long Beach based Squab have grown to become a strong band of intelligent and politically active women, playing beautiful and moody synthesized rock. I imagine David Lynch sneaking into their bedrooms one night and whispering in their ears as they slumber, "Bring me the music that is in my head."

Before Jen and I interviewed Squab, we were a bit concerned. Going on the little we knew about them as people, we thought they'd be really shy and quiet, and that it would be difficult for us to get a good story out of 'em. But dang, they totally threw us for a loop! It gets downright wacky in here with talk of bad haircuts, Mr. T kicking Darth Vader's ass, the water dogs rescue mission and, of all things, braking for tofu. Don't worry if you don't "get it." We're still in the silent part of our laugh, too.

Kat: What's the most interesting thing an audience member has shouted out during one of your shows, or some other show you've been at?

LaDawn: "I wanna have 10,000 of your babies."

Tracy: Yeah!

Chris: Someone said that?

LaDawn: Our friend Crystal.

Kat: Squab babies?

Chris: Squablings.

Tracy: She just shouted that out.

Chris: 10,000. Wow! That's pretty hardcore.

Jen: I guess I want to direct the next question at LaDawn.

LaDawn: It's 'cause I'm not wearing any underwear.

Jen: I was wondering if you played drums in a marching band and that's where you swiped that thing you hold the drum on. What's that called?

LaDawn: The harness. Uh-uhn. I bought that at the store, but I did play marching drums in high school. But that idea comes from a surdo, a Latin drum.

Jen: So that's where you got the idea to do that?

LaDawn: Yeah, but a surdo you typically play with a mallet and your hand.

Jen: So is it just freeing to be able to stand up and play some songs on the drum like that during your show?

LaDawn: Yeah, it is. It's a whole different feeling to be able to stand up and move, as compared to being stuck behind the drums.

Jen: It's cool as shit and it sounds good, too.

Kat: At what point did you decide that you wanted another drummer?

Tracy: She kept coming up to me at shows.

Chris: Bugging the shit out of her.

[Lots of laughter.]

LaDawn: Yeah, I wanted to practice rudiments. Not with everybody, just with Tracy.

Tracy: And then I asked her to be in the band.

Chris: We always talked about getting more people in the band. To make more noise.

Rosy: We wanted to do more with electronic equipment and we didn't have enough hands.

Kat: It's a cool addition. I hardly ever see two drummers in a band.

Jen: The Allman Brothers.

Kat: Yeah, cause they're so much like them. That's going to be the comparison.

Tracy: Well, that was the secret band we were ripping off.

Chris: Bow Wow Wow.

LaDawn: The Grateful Dead.

Kat: All right! What-EVER! It's not like this. Geez, let me have my moment. Anyhow, at your first practice did you know that you were going to be utilizing the keyboards more?

Tracy: Well, we came to the studio alone and I was going to either ask her to be a part of my thing or make her a part of this. Either way, I wasn't going to let her go.

"Glue smells good."

photos by Kat Jetson



Kat: I want to know what would be the thing you'd want to show off most in your house?

Rosy: My shrine.

Jen: What's on it?

Rosy: Instant mashed potatoes. All kinds of pictures of different gods and goddesses. Top Ramen.

Jen: Instant food and gods and goddesses.

Kat: That's awesome!

Rosy: And a lighter.

Jen: So it's something you've been building slowly, or...

Chris: How many Top Ramen do you have there?

Rosy: One. It's called Smak. It's a generic Top Ramen.

Jen: Could it be more generic?

Kat: It's only 29 cents!

LaDawn: My dog, Rimshot.

Tracy: My cat Emma and my Star Wars stuff.

Kat: Chris?

Chris: Probably all the naked bodies. [The look on Tracy's face at this point was priceless. Eyes all wide and a bit frightened.] Nah, probably those silly, little cats and those damn water dogs we rescued from you, Tracy.

Kat and Jen: Wha? What are they? Water dogs?

Tracy: They look like salamanders.

Chris: They look like Godzookie. For those of you who watched *Godzilla*.

Kat: And they're living things in water?

Chris: Yeah. They're cute!

Jen [to Tracy]: Well, what were you doing to them?

Chris: She wasn't taking care of them.

Kat: Were you neglectin'?

Tracy: Just busy and...

Kat: Busy?

LaDawn: Yeah, Ms. Animal Activist,

what were you doing to the water dogs?

Tracy: That's why I gave them away.

Chris: We begged you...

Tracy: Nuh-uh. I asked you.

Chris: We're like, arguing.

[There's a bit of dissension in the group at this point.]

Jen: And Squab breaks up...

LaDawn: Over the water dogs.

Chris: Well, I liberated them. Anyhow, maybe my Siouxsie stuff. I've got some rare Siouxsie stuff.

Jen: How does your activism influence your music? I just think it's a good thing that there's bands like you playing benefits and such. What are some you've played?

Tracy: We've played for Food Not Bombs, Queer Women of Color, women's shelters... Animal activism is really important to me, but it's not something as a group that we collectively agree on.

LaDawn: On that note, it's cool that we're all passionate about different things. We balance each other out.

Jen: So is it something you guys did individually before you got in a band?

LaDawn: Well, I know that I'd be active whether or not I was in Squab. To me it's important to take initiative and be active in any way you can. Whether it be helping someone out, or playing a benefit. Just spreading the knowledge that you have, whatever it is you are passionate about.

Rosy: The band, too. We're all women. Queer.

LaDawn: Yeah. That in itself is hardcore.

Kat: Ugh! You guys are queer? I'm just kidding. I thought I was being funny, but no one laughed.

Chris: I laughed! Do you see me crying over here?

Jen: I'm still in the silent part of my laugh.

Tracy: I think what really keeps us going

is that we're passionate about all these issues but we're equally passionate about music. Each of us love music. We're not in a band just so we can do those things, even though we try to do what we can because we care about those things.

Kat: You mean you're not in a band just to get chicks?

Chris: Dammit! She discovered us.

Jen: What are some of the things you sing about?

Rosy: Life experience. I mean, that's not the only thing we write about.

Kat: It's strange because they have a fun quality about them. They're up and danceable, but you can tell the lyrics are saying something more.

Tracy: It's kinda weird... This one song called "Hanger," like, what it's about... Everyone likes to dance to that song.

Chris: It's weird watching people. [To Rosy] Do you want to go into what it's about?

Rosy: It's about female genital mutilation.

Kat: Wow!

Tracy: And people are all dancing.

Jen: Next time I won't dance, I'll just clutch my...

Chris: You can start a new dance.

[This is bad, but we're all laughing now.]

LaDawn: I'm still in the silent part of my laugh.

Kat: Webster's Dictionary's definition of the word "squab" is either a.) A newly hatched or unfledged pigeon, or b.) A soft, thick cushion as for a couch. Which are you?

Chris: Neither. It's early, pre-'20s slang for a young female. And in '50s/'60s it's also slang for a well-endowed woman. In present day it means to fight.

LaDawn: Or a baby pigeon if you're in a restaurant.

Chris: Or a delicacy. Originally it came from this slang dictionary that I found. Squab started out with just Rosy and I, and we were just screwing around playing stuff. And then all of a sudden we had a show. And we were like, "Shit, we need songs in two weeks."

Jen: How did you have a show just like that?

Chris: Friends of ours were playing this

Winter Madness show at Koo's (a now defunct all-ages co-op in Anaheim)...

Tracy: In '97.

Chris: Yeah, in '97. So me and Rosy had just been messing around and playing and they asked us if we wanted to play. That's when we switched all of the time. Sometimes I was on bass, sometimes drums – which wasn't very good. Then we drugged Tracy in there. We drugged her and brought her in.

Kat: Is that, like, the word drag that you used in past tense?

Chris: No, we drugged her and brought her into the band.

[Hysterical laughter.]

Chris [still talking about Tracy]: She doesn't remember.

LaDawn: Yeah, and she's still on 'em.

Jen: You're like, "I just woke up..."

Chris: And she was behind the drums. We drugged LaDawn, too.

LaDawn: Still drugged, too.

Jen: Where do you guys get your samples from? Those speaking parts in your songs.

Tracy: They're in Rosy's head.

Jen: Okay, they're in your head, but how do they get on the keyboard thing?

Rosy: It's Sylvia Plath.

Chris: Readin' a little poetry. Cause someone's a Sylvia Plath fan.

Jen: Where did you get that?

Tracy: I have an audio tape of hers.

Jen: I never even knew that she recorded anything.

Tracy: I haven't found anything else.

Jen: And *she's* reading it?

Chris: Yeah, it's nice.

Tracy: Her voice is haunting.

Kat [directed to Tracy]: So, you go by the name Tracy Jupiter, you have a song called "Jupiter," and you have a tattoo of the planet Jupiter...

Chris: And her cat's name is Emma Jupiter.

Kat: Explain.

Tracy: Well, Jupiter's the largest planet in our solar system, and it's magnetic pull, with especially Io, is so strong that the surface is always changing... The size, the

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strength, the changing makes me feel fearless like I could change anything if I need to. Kinda just know that I'm myself and I'm the only one who has the power to do anything. Kinda like that.

LaDawn [ecstatic and clapping]: That was good Tracy!

Kat: Io is actually my favorite planet.

Tracy: Yeah, I wanted to change our band name to Io.

Rosy: The album was going to be called Io.

Chris: But there's already a band called Io.

Kat: And there's also a girl named Io. That's her real name. She's in this band called Project K.

Jen: If Squab were a late night infomercial what quasi-celebrity would you want to be your spokesperson?

LaDawn: Mr. T!

Kat: Ooh, that's good.

Tracy: John Travolta.

Chris: I'd say Siouxsie. How awesome would that be?

LaDawn: "If you already have the Flowbee, try Squab."

Chris: Or better yet, Nina Hagen.

Everyone: But Mr. T is cool.

Tracy: Darth Vader, really.

LaDawn: James Earl Jones!

Tracy: We all agree with Darth Vader.

Chris: We do? No, I want Nina Hagen.

LaDawn: NO! Mr. T would kick Darth Vader's assssss.

Tracy: No way. Darth Vader would bust out his light saber.

Kat: Are you more prone to buy a product that smells good or does the job better?

Tracy: Does the job good.

Chris: Yeah, I'd go for doing the job good. But I am a sucker for something that smells good...

Kat: Bed Head products are putting me in debt.

Chris: That's why you just use glue.

Kat: Glue?

LaDawn: What are you talking about?

Chris: You were talking about Bed Head products, right? Then you said it puts you in debt, so I said to just use glue.

Tracy: But it doesn't smell good!

Kat: People would be sniffing my hair and getting high.

Chris: Glue smells good.

Tracy: That's probably what's wrong with me, Chris, hanging out with you all of the time...

[We are all laughing uncontrollably at this point.]

LaDawn: That was another good one.

Kat: "Gee, your hair smells terrific." Do you remember those shampoo commercials?

Chris: Yeah!

Kat: That's going to be my next pick-up line. The next cute girl I see I'm going to just say, "Gee, your hair smells terrific."

Chris: But what if they stink?

Tracy: Yeah.

Kat: Well then, I certainly wouldn't want to go out with them.

Jen: But they might get the job done.

Tracy: Good one.

LaDawn: Awww yeah.

Kat: I don't even know how to respond to that.

[At this point Jen and I notice Tracy and Rosy whispering.]

Jen: What are saying? No whispering!

Chris: I shoulda stuck the mic there.

Jen: It picks up everything.

Tracy: They all take it to like, the FBI...

Kat: We drop the sound of everything but that.

Jen [speaking about Rosy]: "She was like, 'I lied. I really like things that get the job done.'"

Kat: LaDawn, you didn't



answer that question.

LaDawn: What?

Kat: The job done or smells good question.

LaDawn: I like smelly things, but I like things that do what they're supposed to do.

Tracy: I see you in stores at the body care products section, sniffin'...

LaDawn: I like incense, body...

Chris: Foo foo stuff.

Tracy: Yeah, she doesn't look like foo foo...

Chris: She sure smells foo foo and good. You're always smelling good at practice. You don't have to get all embarrassed and...

LaDawn: Job done! Job done! As long as it doesn't smell really bad.

Kat: Like poop.

Chris: Boy this poop works good! That's some amazin' shit!

[We've lowered ourselves to poo jokes and we really think we're funny.]

Jen: I love poop, it's always funny. All right, this is a question in series. Who in the band is most likely to get in a bar brawl?

Tracy: LaDawn!

Chris: LaDawwwn. No, Tracy. I take that back. Tracy got kicked out of The Brit.

LaDawn: Yeah! Not me. I'm a lover, not a fighter.

Rosy: It's Tracy.

Tracy: This guy pushed a friend of ours and I was like, "Hey!"

Chris: That alcohol pumped you up!

LaDawn: Got kicked outta The Brit. All of us.

Chris: And the cops were going down the street asking us "Were you girls at The Brit?" And we were like, "No, we're just walking down the street. Why would we go to a fag bar?"

Tracy: I won't fight with girls, though.

Jen: Okay, you're all still in the bar... Who's is most likely to go home with a phone number?

All in unison: Tracy!

Jen: Get out on the dance floor...

All in unison: Tracy!

Chris: Rosy dances, too.

LaDawn: Not me.

Chris: I don't dance.

Jen: Drink a fruity drink...

Chris: ME! I love fruity drinks.

Kat: Finish this sentence: I BRAKE FOR

Chris: It makes me think of those stupid ones like, "I brake for rainbows, I brake for..."

Tracy: That's what it is. Well, you brake for what, Chris? "I brake for tofu?"

Jen [a little too sincerely]: Do you brake for tofu?

Chris: Nooo, I don't brake for tofu! I like to eat tofu, but I don't brake for tofu.

Jen: You just kinda slow down.

Tracy: You get a good look.

[Laughter has completely taken over at this point.]

Jen: So technical. [Mocking Chris in a playful way] "I like tofu, but I don't brake

for it. Well, maybe sometimes I do if I'm stopping on the way home from work."

Kat [continuing on with our Chris ribbing]: "If it's on the right side of the road."

Jen: "I'll never make a left for tofu."

Chris: Oh man.

LaDawn: Animals in the road.

Tracy: Pedestrians.

LaDawn: I brake for... Can I have an example?

Tracy: Big boobs.

LaDawn: Big boobs?

Jen: Tight t-shirts. They're always something cheesy.

LaDawn: Oh wow! I brake for...

Kat [directed to Rosy]: Hey, what do you brake for?

Rosy [said as if it's the most obvious thing]: Yer daughter.

All: Ooooooh!

Jen [laughing]: Did you just say "Your daughter"?

Rosy: Yeah.

LaDawn: That was very good.

Jen: What would you brake for Tracy?

Kat: Jupiter?

Tracy: Spaceships.

LaDawn: Spaceships?

Tracy: Yeah, so I could go to Jupiter.

Jen: If Squab were a board game what would the player's pieces look like, or be?

Chris: Tracy's gonna be a rocket ship, probably, right?

Tracy: Yeah.

Chris: How did I know! What would you be LaDawn? Would you be a furry bunny?

All: What?!

Tracy: Where did you get furry bunny?

Chris: I don't know.

Kat: Cause she. Likes. To pet. Cuddly things?

Jen: Furry things.

Chris: Ooh, Jen's getting steamed over there. Need me to crack open a window?

Tracy: Rosy, you were just gonna answer.

Rosy: A crow.

Chris: Oh, I don't know what I'd be.

Jen: Tofu chunk?

Tracy: Soy bean?

Chris: I'd be a soy bean? Puh-lease.

LaDawn: That was fuckin' funny.

Chris: I'd probably be a car.

Tracy: Or tools.

Chris: Yeah, or tools.

Kat: Tools?

Chris: I'd be a Craftsman torque wrench.

Jen [to LaDawn]: Bunny?

LaDawn: Yeah, bunny. Just call me bunny.

Chris: A drum?

LaDawn: That would be my answer for everything. I'm making myself not say drum. Like the house question, I was like, "I'd show my drums."

Tracy: I know... I was too.

Kat: Tweety Bird... Male or female?

LaDawn: Male.

Kat: With those long eyelashes?

LaDawn: Gay male.

Kat: Who do you think had the coolest punk rock name? Like Bobby Pyn or Farrah Fawcett Minor.

Tracy: My favorite is Rosy Face.

Kat: Aww...

LaDawn: I like James Brown.

Chris: Ya know, Dinah Cancer is a good one.

Jen: Have you ever had a really bad haircut? When? Explain.

LaDawn: I've never had a haircut.

Chris: I had a bad haircut. [Directed to Tracy] Do you know what I'm going to



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say? She was cutting my hair and didn't have the guard on the razor. She was saying something and I turned around and "vrooom," I had this big bald spot up the back of my head. And Tracy was just like "Oh shit!"

Kat: That's definitely not something you want to hear. You don't want dentists to say "Oh shit!" and you don't want someone cutting your hair to say that, either.

Tracy: When I was sixth grade I tried to cut my hair myself and I gave myself a bald patch. I wore a hood in, like, the summer-time.

Jen: Just a hood. No jacket?

Rosy: I was in the sixth grade and went to Fantastic Sam's and I wanted to make it seem like I knew what I was doing, so the lady was like, "What do you want?" And I told her a perm, but I didn't know what a perm was.

Tracy: You had a perm? A permanent?

Rosy: Yeah, and it was right before school started. Everyone called me Michael Jackson.

Chris: That's awesome!

Rosy: It was just really tight. I didn't know what the hell was going on.

Jen: Do you guys have any last words? Anything you'd like the public to know? Do you do parties?

Chris: When's your next one?



On a rare occasion I overhear a commercial radio station. In that sliver of time between advertisements, the music that comes out almost always sounds like a demographed-to-death blood clot, a congealed mass that would prove fatal if popular music itself was a body. Gone is the fluidity of the heart blood. It's so far removed from what I consider music, what I consider vital, that I start to question if my ears work right. So many people love it. Am I one of the few who doesn't enjoy sugary concrete pumped into my ears, couched between experts telling me teeth whitening and hair implants will make us all happier?

Contrary to popular belief, all the choices haven't been made. Music – the intentional formation of sounds – hasn't yet been monopolized. Away from large media's never-ending monologue of self-praise there are bands that are creating their own worlds of rare (but not endangered) music. The Starvations are one such band. They make one hell of a din. Basically, they're making their own shit, be damned if you listen to them or not. They're obviously not a musical manufacturing plant strong-armed by what's in thirteen-year-old girls' make-up kits.

As much of a copout this may seem – it's usually my duty here to extend a hand as to what they sound like – I hope it will become apparent in the interview why I won't. The Starvations appear to exist for themselves – I just happen to really like what they do – and the music they make is instantly identifiable. It's as red as blood, slippery as sweat, as invisible yet tangible as a soul. Sure, they vaguely sound a little bit like other bands, past and present, but at the core is their own strength of vision. You wouldn't be wrong if you called them rock-'n'-roll. I guess what I'm getting at is that they're real. You can hear it's music made by exposed human beings willing to bare themselves, not characters nor caricatures.

Interview by Todd • Studio photos by Dan Monick • Live photos by Matt Average

Todd: Why the name The Starvations, instead of the singular, The Starvation?

Ryan: Because it would be heavy metal. When you put an "s" on it, it's not heavy metal.

Gabe: It had to do with being up for two days on speed and it ended up sounding like a really good idea at the time.

Todd: When it's "starvations" – plural – it's always plagues and starvations. It's pretty epic or biblical.

Gabe: Totally.

Todd: Is that intentional?

Ian: Lots of it came with it after the fact.

Todd: Are you happy with the name?

Gabe: We've definitely grown into it.

Todd: Just a little background. You guys have been around for, what, eight years?

Ryan: I turn four tonight, actually, being in the band.

Ian: The first single came out in '96. I think the band originally formed about two years before that.

Todd: Is all that vinyl still available?

Gabe: Mike (Lohrman, owner of Vinyl Dog Records and lead singer for the Stitches) just found a box of them. It's funny how that keeps happening every year.

Ian: We've probably only sold three.

Gabe: He told everyone it was out of print after the first two months but miraculously he finds another box of records every year. All the Revenge Records singles are out of print.

Jean Paul: And *The Church of the Doublecross* (Kapow Records) singles are gone. He only has a couple left.

Todd: Where did your sound come from, sonically speaking. How did you get the guitars to sound reverby but not surfy? How did you get the vocals to sound "desperate thin" without having them sound paper thin and shitty?

Raz Dricke 48 **Jean Paul:** That's just

straight out of our hearts, I'd have to say.

Ian: That's just the way it happened. Everybody's influence together.

Todd: But didn't you start out more garagey?

Ian: Yeah, originally. When The Starvations first started, it was Gabe and this guy Louis and our friend Darren. But Darren got sent to rehab three months after.

Ryan: Before Ian joined, me and my friend picked up Gabe hitchhiking one night and he told me he had a new band and he told me it was "axe murderer rockabilly." That's a direct quote. Even though we just started, it was still kind of something new. We were just experimenting with it. It kept evolving and evolving and evolving. I started playing bass first. I'd never played bass, but I was in another band with Jean Paul called The Prescriptions and that was ending. When Jean Paul came in, I started playing guitar, which was totally different. Everyone was coming from different places.

Jean Paul: I didn't play the bass when I joined the band, either.

Todd: You guys play like a band, as a unit, instead of a loose bunch of people wanting to do solos or different tangents. It's integrated.

Ian: And that's a lost art these days.

Todd: That's what separates a lot of bands. You can't teach this at Guitar Institute. It's antithetical to that.

Ian: It's like an "in our blood" type band. This band is definitely like a soul band, for lack of a better term. Not like soul music, but this is heart and soul. Blood. Nobody else could be in it ever again. There's never going to be a band like this from any one of us if this band broke up.

Todd: Speaking of, how did the recent decision to get an accordion player in the band come about?

Jean Paul: Well, I used to play accordion,

but thank God she got drunk one night.

Vanessa: They have a song on their first album with accordion and it's one of my favorite ones and they never played it live and I was at his house and saw his accordion and I was like, "I'm going to learn the song and I'm going to go up there and play it." He was, like, "Wow, you play accordion?"

Jean Paul: Thank God I don't have to do it anymore... and she's playing piano now, too.

Todd: How many songs are you playing on now?

Ian: Recording-wise we're trying to put piano in a lot of stuff. I don't think we're ever going to do that live; maybe do it live on a few songs. Mainly accordion live.

Todd: What steps have you guys taken to avoid being a Fonzie band – a stereotypical look-at-me greaser band.

Ian: Because we don't care about image.

Jean Paul: It's just not the shit I listen to, personally. I'm mostly into experimental music. I don't listen to rock'n'roll, for the most part.

Gabe: Our songs are all about real life, too, so it'd be impossible to be cartoon characters, like I think you're saying.

Ryan: Gabe writes magnificent words.

Ian: He's an excellent songwriter, really. That helps fuel the whole thing... Look at all five of us, too. We're not all one thing. There's no image. We're not, "Hey, we're the slick band." Or, "Hey, we're fuckin' a tattoo band," or "We all have matching leopard print cabinets." Everybody in this band has different musical outlooks.

Jean Paul: We actually fight a lot.

Ryan: We share the same interests and stuff but everybody's stretching out in their own way of what they like.

Ian: It all comes together. We made our own image with all of these different walks of life that are in the band.

The Starvations



(l-r) • Ian Harrower: drums • Ryan Hertz: guitar • Vanessa: accordion, piano •
• Gabriel Scarecrow Hart: guitar, vocals • Jean Paul Garnier: bass •

Todd: Am I getting it correctly that I see a lot of voodoo references with your music and packaging?

Jean Paul: You know what? That's fuckin' bullshit.

Gabe: No, hold on. A little bit of it is true, but it got sensationalized. An article in the *OC Weekly* was a good lesson on how stuff gets transcribed and how journalists take off on a certain subject. It has nothing to do with the rest of these guys.

Ryan: I think there might be one song that might say something.

Jean Paul: I want to clear my name up on that one. I had a voodoo wedding, which has been fucking mentioned in a couple of these articles. It has nothing to do with the fucking band and it's definitely no one's fucking business. I got married. Neither one of us were religious. I don't know how the word spread because that was private shit. I don't know how that leaked out to the press, but they fuckin' ate that bullshit

stuff.

Todd: What are the recurring thematic that you visit in your music? If the audience is listening to your records or seeing you live, what do you hope that they'll take away from that experience?

Gabe: There's definitely no message or anything like that.

Ian: There's the sort of cliché undertones with the broken hearts and the women and life and friends.

Todd: I don't quite buy that. They are very thematic, story telling songs. There has to be some direct intention. There's a lot of revenge involved, a lot of sickness, a lot of drug use.

Jean Paul: You know, it's what happened.

Ian: It's like a documentation of the history of our lives. I think it refers back to if people are going to be impressed with us, be impressed with the fact that five people are pouring what's in their blood out into the music and it's not really a message.

It's not like we're going, "God, we're dying." We're not trying to be morbid, but that's just the undertone.

Todd: When I listen to your full-length, I don't feel like killing myself, but there is that definite underlying tone of desperation that's somehow redeeming. I get that listening to Johnny Cash, too.

Ryan: People get that way. A perfect way that people get through that is music.

Jean Paul: We're a pretty emotional bunch and it causes a lot of problems because we get at each other's throats and shit. But it comes out on stage in a good way. There's a lot of fucking tension and it's not because we don't love each other. It's because we've been together for so long and it just happens when you're close to people. I think that's where a lot of the darkness comes from.

Ian: But give us something happy to write about and we'll do it. You know what I mean?



Jean Paul: When my roof caved in and a couple thousand of cockroaches fell down and I sprayed them with hairspray to try and kill them and **they turned into little kitties and the kitties were covered in the hairspray and dying and I felt super bad.** It wasn't a real experience, but that was the worst cockroach thing.

up. It pisses me off because that's my private life, which I'll expose with these guys on stage, but it doesn't have shit to do with the music.

Todd: I got two things directly from your music. On the back of your first album, you have doll parts glued onto a whiskey bottle – sort of like a voodoo doll...

Gabe: I made that. I'll be honest. I used to practice that stuff but I don't know if that was thought of too much, really, into our band. That would be one way to get us too pigeon holed. People throw that word around too much, anyway, how to describe

It's, "Hey, we're telling our story." We're playing our rock'n'roll and just relate to the topics. Most people have drug problems. Most people have revenge theories. It's just shit that we figure most people have experienced.

Todd: Would it be possible for you guys to write a happy song, then?

Gabe: You know, I wrote my first one about three weeks ago. I'm really, really proud of it. 'Cause I tried for years and years and years to write one and it would always have a horrible ending to it.

Ryan: I think it's probably just our nature.

Todd: You guys seem to have good timing putting out records. You put out the first single that Revenge put out and the last one that Vinyl Dog put out.

Ryan: It's not planned though.

Todd: How could it?... But you seem to know a lot of active people in the music community. Why would that be? Just been around for so long? Kapow's putting out an EP. GSL's putting out a single.

Ryan: Revenge Records is us.

Ian: None of us really bounced around. A lot of people grew up in Orange County, then moved to LA, New York, Europe. We

Gabe: It was a twenty-four hour jack-off joint. So guess what I was cleaning up.

Todd: Not tears.

Gabe: No. **That smell will never leave my nose. It's cum mixed with bleach and shoe scum and lots of other unnamables.** It lasted three days.



pretty much stayed put between Orange County and LA. From playing over the years we met more and more people.

Ryan: I think the last year and a half, that's when we've been getting more attention and people want to help us out with shit. Before, it was pretty desolate. We were doing our own thing, besides Mike and Vinyl Dog.

Ian: We've only been a serious band now for three years now, out of eight. Put a structure to it.

Ryan: I'm surprised you said we had timing putting stuff out because it took forever – after we recorded *A Blackout to Remember*, it took almost more than a year to get it out.

Gabe: And it was stressful as hell, too, because the engineer guy was a disgruntled Vietnam vet guy. The guy turning the knobs for us was missing fingers. And him and Ryan would almost get in fights and shit.

Ian: *Blackout* took way too long for a rushed product. I like it, but with all the new stuff, that album can pretty much go to sleep.

Jean Paul: I think we recorded that album in four or five days.

Ryan: That was our first time in a studio, too, realizing what we could do.

Jean Paul: And it was all digital. What we do now is all analog, which is way better.

Ryan: Digital doesn't work with us. We have to record with two inch (master) tape and that's the bottom line.

Todd: What song are you happiest with now?

Gabe: My favorite song is a brand new song, which is actually going to be the a-side of that GSL single called "Horrorified Eyes." It's about when you've been drinking all night and you go for a walk in the morning and everyone's looking at you like you've got crabs crawling out of you. Seeing the tourists gawking at you. I think a lot of people know what that feels like.

Todd: What's one show you didn't want to play because another band you really, really like was playing nearby?

Gabe: One thing I'll never forgive Ryan for – we were playing at the Doll Hut (Linda's Doll Hut, a now-defunct venue in Anaheim) one night and he got all starry eyed and wanted to play with Buck Owens in Bakersfield.

Someone: [muttering]

Ryan: I'll tell the truth right now. Back then, I had a mess with a girl and backed out of that show because that particular girl wanted to spend time with me and I did that. I did go to Bakersfield...

Jean Paul: ...but there was no Buck Owens.

Ryan: There was no Buck Owens. This is a couple years ago. When I came back from the trip, and lied to everybody, Gabe had actually got me a fuckin' Buck Owens 45 that he drew all over – dicks in his mouth and arrows pointing down where I was giving him a blowjob...

Gabe: I totally forgot about that.

Ryan: ...and all that type of shit. What did that sticker say? "There's no heroes in the 99 cent bin." It was fucked up. I didn't live that down for a really long time. But I feel

so good to come clean about that. That'll never happen again.

Jean Paul: We miss other bands' shows for a good reason, though.

Gabe: This isn't supposed to be big headed or anything, but I can't honestly think of one band I'd rather see than play a gig.

Todd: What's been the most off-base criticism of you guys?

Gabe: Granted, we all maybe drink a lot, but there's a real bad rash of bands right now that totally pride themselves on that.

Ryan: "Oh, beer. '77. Everybody drink." Fuck that.

Gabe: Murder City Devils and Dropkick Murphy bullshit. What a stupid thing. It's something you do, like brushing your teeth every day. It's not something to make a big deal about. It's just kind of silly.

Ian: It's happened a few times, at shows, we'll get criticized for, "There's a bunch of fucking drunks that can't tune their instruments." That pisses me off because we're not trying to give you the flawless Dodger stadium show where everything's perfect. It goes back to, that's our soul up there. So, if a guitar happens to be a little out of tune or if someone breaks a string, who gives a fuck? That's not the point.

Ryan: I think it's hard being out in a band because anybody who's interviewing you or talking about you, wants to go, "They're this type of band." I mean, it sounds clichéd and weak-hearted to say, "Why can't people just say it's music?" You know what I mean? We've been compared to '77 bands. I don't think we're anywhere close to anything like that.

Gabe: Or psychobilly. Rockabilly.

Vanessa: That everything has to be put into a category.

Ian: Psychobilly is fuckin' way off. That's a fashion show. It's all about the hair and the hot rods.

Ryan: You can't say shit like that because there are bands like that who are fucking ruling.

Gabe: It's more of like a showy thing. There's no real life vibe from that stuff. It all seems thought up and rehearsed.

Ryan: I was talking about real shit, not like Social Distortion.

Todd: Switching gears altogether, what's the worst experience you've had with a cockroach?

Jean Paul: I'm kind of a bitch when it comes to bugs and they come in the house all the damn time and you can hear me screaming. But the worst experience I had was in a dream, when my roof caved in and a couple thousand of 'em fell down and I sprayed them with hairspray to try and kill them and they turned into little kitties and the kitties were covered in the hairspray and dying and I felt super bad. It wasn't a real experience, but that was the worst cockroach thing.

Gabe: I don't think that cockroaches are really bad because they've been so much a part of my life. Every apartment I've ever lived in. They're almost like my friends by now. When I used to be stupider, if there was a girl I liked, I'd kill a cockroach and give it to her, like, "You know how long cockroaches have been around for. I hope you stick around for a long time." Only a couple of them got it. I'm really fond of those things. Maybe we're cockroach rock.

Ryan: A cockroach flew into my girlfriend's hair and I had to put her in a headlock on the floor to get it out. I thought she was going to die, actually. It sounded like it.

Todd: What's the worst job you've ever had?

Jean Paul: Every job.

Ryan: I worked at a Burger King for a year and I was on probation and I couldn't go out past ten, so I got a job. I worked for \$4.25 an hour and they gave me a raise to five bucks and I thought that was the fuckin' best thing in the world. But I was dumb.

Vanessa: I worked at a flowershop with a midget re-born Christian with a glass eye who would make me listen to Christian AM radio and would preach to me about how I needed to sell all of my possessions.

Gabe: A Christian re-born midget?

Vanessa: Yeah. Born again, whatever, who would beat his children.

Todd: Did he at least arrange nice bouquets?

Vanessa: Not at all. It was the worst training ever and his stock room was his slash kitchen and there were cockroaches anytime you moved anything.



Gabe: It's funny how history repeats itself. I come from a long line of cum moppers, actually. I was really hard up for money and I ended up at this place in North Hollywood. I answered the ad. No, they didn't say what the place was called. It just had the address. It said "Apply in person." I get there. It's a sex shop. I think, "Occasional vacuuming, bathroom checks, no big deal." I fill out the application and I leave and I look at the center of the place and there's this other door which lead to the nerve center of the place – twenty rooms. It was a twenty-four hour jack-off joint. So guess what I was cleaning up.

Todd: Not tears.

Gabe: No. That smell will never leave my nose. It's cum mixed with bleach and shoe scum and lots of other unnamables. It lasted three days.

Ian: I'm a barber. That's the best fucking job. Are you kidding me? If you're not going to play rock'n'roll, be a barber, I tell ya. Anyways, I'd just turned sixteen, went on independent studies, and got an old Mercedes. I'm like, "Fuck yeah. Time to work. Let's make some money." I was doing school work once a week. My buddy, who lived down the street from me said, "Hey, I work at this maid's service. We drive to people's houses." It was a bunch of drug addict guys, and they go and clean houses. So, I'm like, "Yeah, I'll do that." I worked there for a month and a half. There was this one lady, I remember, we'd go to her house twice a week and she was about six hundred pounds and the holy terror... what she could do to one toilet every couple of days is fucking amazing. I can't forget it. Shit I didn't think that could come out of a human body would be stuck in this toilet. Finally, I just couldn't handle it.

Todd: What has been the largest show of fan devotion to the band?

Someone: [muffled sounds]

Ryan: It was not a suicide note.

Gabe: Did you read it? It was a hard luck motherfuck of a note.

Jean Paul: Gabe said, "We got a suicide note from this kid in Pennsylvania." This kid would write us all the time, telling us how he liked to get drunk and drive around listening to our music and shit.

Gabe: The last one we got was an apparent suicide note. There was never any return address or anything. I pray to God it was just some sick joke, but that'd take a sick motherfucker to pull a joke like that. It creeps me out pretty bad.

Ryan: Fan devotion? We played this arcade in south Orange County, where it's fuckin' a barren wasteland for any kind of bands playing. We ended up playing an arcade one night where it was freakin' two hundred kids.

Ian: Kids just stacked up on each other.

Ryan: We were so pushed up against the wall, standing on our amps, playing, while these kids just... Gosh, the high from it was incredible. It was nuts. Kids standing on top of pinball machines, fucking punching each other.

Jean Paul: I put down my bass and fought for a song.

Todd: Are you guys fearful of getting popular?

Jean Paul: I'm not afraid of anything.

Ryan: I don't think we'd reach that level of popularity. I think we can reach a level where lots of people knew about us and we could play a lot and tour a lot, but I don't think that people would get it.

Ian: The masses.

Gabe: It's a band you either get or you don't get. So, it's hard to say.

Ryan: If something like that happened, I don't know how I could possibly react to it. I don't know if it's something that I want. It'd be ideal to play music that other people enjoy and tour and whatever and put out music and get paid to put out music, and stuff like that.

Todd: Do you think there's a burgeoning scene – not of a specific style, but of like-minded bands – happening in Southern California?

Ryan: I don't see anything.

Jean Paul: The Alleged Gunmen, Crash Logic, Neon King Kong. Dagons. Lipstick Pickups – Vanessa's other band – I dig all those other bands.

Ian: All-ages shows are definitely good. If the place is full, it's because a bunch of kids want to watch all the bands, bottom line. Maybe it's two fourteen-year-olds making out in the corner for the first time, but other than that, they're all there for rock'n'roll and they want to support you and buy all your shit and that's rad.

Gabe: I'm totally excited to be in a band right now. I think there's actually a lot of good, good music coming out right now, more now than the last ten years. I'm proud to be playing music right now because it feels like there's some kind of momentum. I actually buy new records that come out right now and that's something I never used to do.





Like a breath of fresh air Demon System came onto the scene at large in 1997, amid the whole power-violence thing and grind metal hold over what was passing for hardcore at the time. I remember getting their promo tape for what was to become their debut EP, and playing it non-stop. All subsequent releases have undergone the same treatment.

Distorted guitars, shouted vocals, and spastic drumming that hearkens back to the days of early DC hardcore and Boston in its heyday. Outspoken and humorous in the next breath, these guys are perhaps the best hardcore band going today.

*Interview and photos:
Matt Average*

M. Avrg: Is there any truth to the rumors that you guys were getting upset on the last tour because people were yelling out for Abba songs?

138: They still do that! We don't like Abba, but we don't really care.

M. Avrg: They should yell out for Ace Of Base songs.

138: Or Roxette.

M. Avrg: I hear it's not uncommon for

punk bands to play big festivals in Europe.

138: The festival we played, Sweden's biggest rock festival, Shitsystem, Wolfpack have played. There's always one or two hardcore bands every year. There's always the major label hardcore and punk rock bands, and there's always one or two small DIY hardcore bands that play the small stage.

M. Avrg: What was the reaction like?

Tom: It was a really good show. There's always like a lot of punk and hardcore kids at that festival. This year, at the same festival there was this big thing going on in Gothenburg with riots and protests.

138: President Bush visited and there were all these riots and some people got shot by the Swedish police. You haven't heard about that?

M. Avrg: I didn't hear about the Swedish police shooting into the crowd. I did know there were protests there. In the US we get very little information, especially when it deals with the president.

138: We played the smallest stage that was inside a small building that takes 600 people. The place was packed and they (the crowd) went fucking nuts. We had a really fucking good show. One of the best we've done in Sweden.

M. Avrg: I notice on the new album (*Killed by the Kids*) your sound is changing. It's not as DC sounding. It's still punk, but more

punk than thrash.

138: We tried out something new. We went to a studio in Stockholm and recorded with two friends of ours, who are producers who are not really into hardcore and punk.

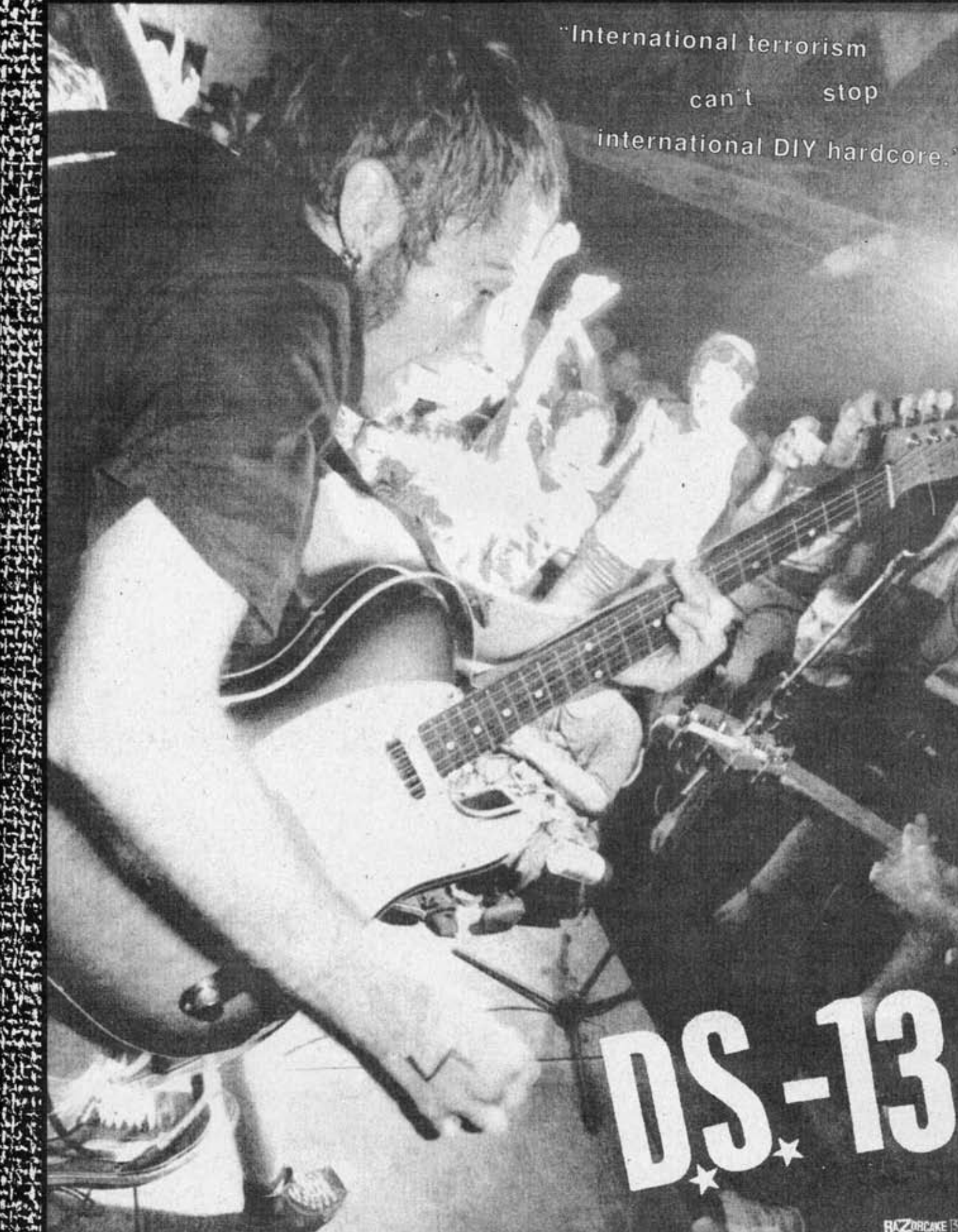
Tom: They're two guys who had their hardcore groups but stopped listening to hardcore 10 years ago. They don't know shit about what's going on now. We wanted someone with a fresh approach who's not into the music. But they still like it. Actually, they went over the top. The first rough sound they got was actually too raw. We had to tell them, "This is unlistenable." They were like, "Yeah! Yeah, let's make it even more raw! Let's take it fucking over the top!" We were like, "People are supposed to be able to listen to this." So we had to make them back down a bit, but it's still a raw album.

M. Avrg: The vocals sound like they have effects on them.

138: We're not afraid to try new stuff because we're, as far as sound and technique, we don't know shit. We just write songs play with people who have a fresh approach.

Tom: The guitar has no distortion at all. We used four amplifiers, that were like old '60s Fender's, which was like maxed. They were really small.

138: I'd like to describe it kind of like the



"International terrorism
can't stop
international DIY hardcore."

DS-13 ★ ★

"It's fucking obvious
why the rest of the world
wants to see the U.S. go
down in flames."



Beach Boys playing thrash. Like a '60s rock band like the Rolling Stones; if they would have tried playing a Teen Idles cover, it would have sounded like that. That's why I like the way it came out.

Tom: We never spent as much money on the recording as we did with this one.

M. Avrg: Which cost more? The recording or the record cover?

Tom: The recording. We also spent \$300 on a reel master, and we've never done that before. All of us are so satisfied.

138: Actually, I think if you calculate it, I think the cover came out to cost more than the actual recording, which is crazy. We printed the films for the cover in Sweden, and had to send them Federal Express to the pressing plant in America. Pushead is really picky. He wants his colors to come out the way they were meant to be. So we did everything we could not to fuck it up.

M. Avrg: Tell us about the "Fukk the Kids" tour. Where does the anger stem from?

138: We're like Sheer Terror on speed. (laughter)

M. Avrg: What about the lyrics to songs like "DIY Killed by the Kids," and "We're Hardcore, You're Not"?

138: Some of those lyrics come from basically me being fed up with the whole Swedish scene lacking perspective...

Tom: Or respect for the people putting a lot of hard work in the scene.

M. Avrg: You can say that about any scene though.

138: I don't know. Us, being over here, I guess because we're foreigners. You meet friends and they're like "Oh I heard your new album. I like it. I hear it's doing well for you guys. I'm so pleased." In Sweden you hear, "Oh my god, those fuckers are selling records. Sell outs!" Stuff like that. We're still doing business the exact same way as when we started four years ago. I don't know what's changed.

Tom: We're not asking for more money when we play. It's exactly the same as when we first started.

138: We have something in Sweden called the Jante Law, which is a very Swedish thing. The Swedish mentality means you can never be happy for someone who's doing better than yourself. Our whole society is poisoned by that attitude.

M. Avrg: I think those problems that you guys sing about, the same can be said about any scene and about any country. In America, if someone is successful, people love to see them fall apart. They want to see them brought down.

138: We have a different perspective of

America since we're not from here. It's just that, personally, I think the Swedish scene sucks so bad right now. It's fucking horrible. There are good bands, but there are no people willing to support the scene.

M. Avrg: Why do you guys make the comparison to relationships to war in the song "Total War"?

138: I was in a really serious relationship a few years back that went really fucking to hell. We just didn't know when to call it quits. We should have broken up, but since we were in love we kept dragging it along even though we realized we weren't good for each other. But we kept on until we made our lives miserable for the both of us, instead of realizing we need to go our separate ways. It's ("Total War") is just a comment on destructive relationships.

M. Avrg: Do you see this person at all anymore?

138: I managed to face her for the first time in three years. No hard feelings.

M. Avrg: Is "I Don't Need You" based on anyone's personal experience in the band?

138: I wrote that one, too. That's about my relationship to my father who has been absent all my life. Now that I'm a grown up he wants to come into my life and have some sort of relationship. I just don't fucking feel like it. If I could come this far without him twenty-four years I don't need him now. It would only cause me more pain and fuck with my head more than it would be to

continue to live without him. It's harsh, very fucking harsh, but still... The whole thing with parents is really weird. If you get used to growing up with one person and a second person wants to share your life all of a sudden, there's no point in it really.

M. Avrg: In the description to "Proletarian Song" you write about it being a "pro boss" ad campaign. What was the public reaction to that campaign?

138: I noticed no public reaction besides talking amongst my friends. I think it was pretty short, because it wasn't up there on the billboards for very long. I think maybe they got some negative reactions and took it down.

M. Avrg: That seems like such a hard thing to sell to the public. "Your boss deserves to make more money than you."

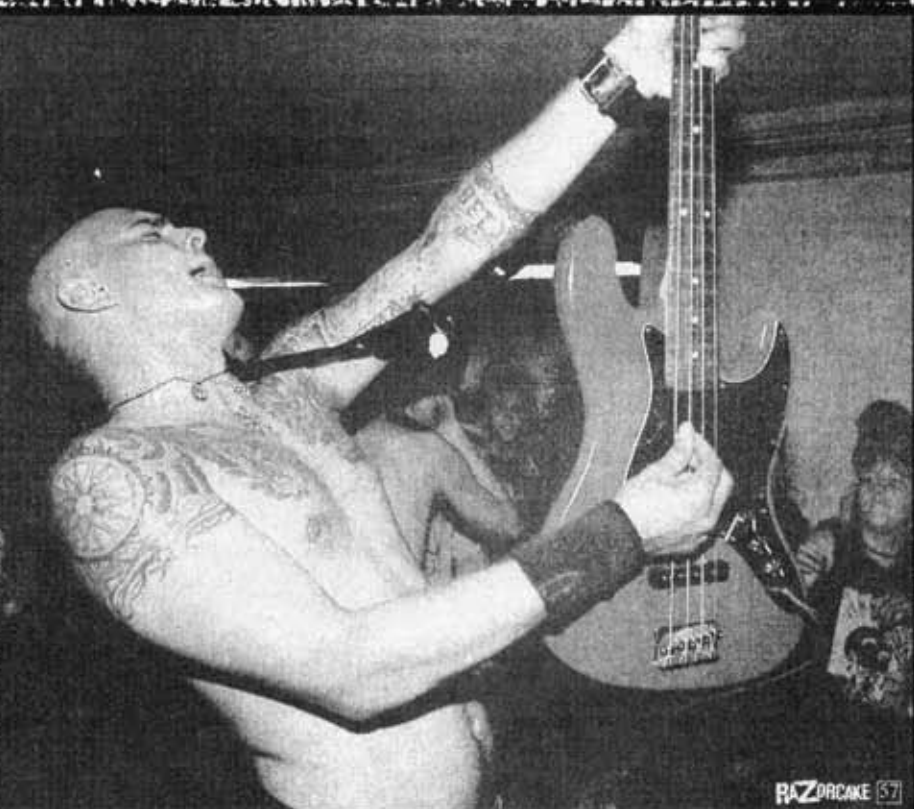
138: "You're boss makes more money because he's working so much harder than you are." It was a totally fucking ridiculous campaign. So over the top.

M. Avrg: I notice you guys tend to take the piss out of war songs.

138: Are you talking about the explanation to "NATO Sucks"?

M. Avrg: There's some on the other record as well.

138: It's just so hilarious. It's a very serious subject and it's still valid to sing about, but a huge part of the hardcore scene is totally obsessed about war. I



I guess we're taking the piss because we have one leg in the hardcore scene and one leg in the crust scene, and the crust scene is very much about war. We all fucking love Discharge, and we have our own war songs, but Sweden hasn't been involved in a war in over 200 years. We're like the most peaceful country next to Switzerland.

Tom: We don't know shit about war!

138: That's what we're saying; What do we know about war?

M.Avr: Well, what do most kids today even know about war?

Tom: We have one song about war...

138: And that song is actually very valid. I know your media is kind of holding back on you. The song "NATO Sucks" on the new album is about the US and NATO intervention in the former Yugoslavia, and you see these shells that have uranium, or plutonium in them. And that whole area is... the cancer rate is going up. There's thousands and thousands of spent shells all over that part of Europe and they contain plutonium. The US denies all responsibility, and saying they were not using them.

Tom: When we wrote that that was pretty big in the European media.

M.Avr: A lot of people from Europe I'm in contact with honestly think it's going to

be World War 3.

138: Well, I guess we're not going to run out of punk topics to sing about. Keep supporting the war, it supports the local scene [laughter].

Tom: I think there will be a lot of punk records with the World Trade Center burning.

138: The world is going to shit as we speak. Especially being a conspiracy theory person, I think this is the beginning of the fucking end. This is just like a snowball going down a hill. The end of the world. Armageddon, Mad Max style.

M.Avr: That's depressing.

138: It's totally depressing. We'll still tour! [laughter] Felix (Von Havoc) will put on his Mad Max gear and put a machine gun on top of his car.

Tom: Felix actually wants to have a war break out. "Hey guys, if World War 3 breaks out, you can go to Canada and fly out of Canada!"

138: Yeah, he was like, "If total war breaks out, and you can't leave the US we'll just continue the tour. This shit, I'm sorry to say, but this shit has been coming for a long time. The stuff that surprises me the most is the American public's total lack of comprehension. People are on the radio going, "How can anybody hate America this much?" We're from Europe and we're like,

There's this reason, and this reason, and you've done this and that and that. It's fucking obvious why the rest of the world wants to see the US go down in flames.

M.Avr: Whenever the federal building was bombed in Oklahoma City, they had someone on the news saying, "I can't believe someone in America hates this country this much. They want to overthrow our government." I can (believe it). Most people who have a brain can understand why anybody wants to bring down this country.

You mentioned you are into conspiracy theories earlier. I don't believe Timothy McVeigh was the only one involved in it (the bombing of the federal building in OKC). I think it was something bigger.

138: Of course it was. The same way Lee Harvey Oswald didn't kill JFK. It's very rare a lone maniac kills.

I want to ask you one thing. This country, I know there's millions of people in the country that want to see this country overthrown. I'm not just talking about the punks, but also the militias and right wing nuts. Why is there's no war in this country? Why is this country sticking together?

M.Avr: Is there anything you want to end this on?

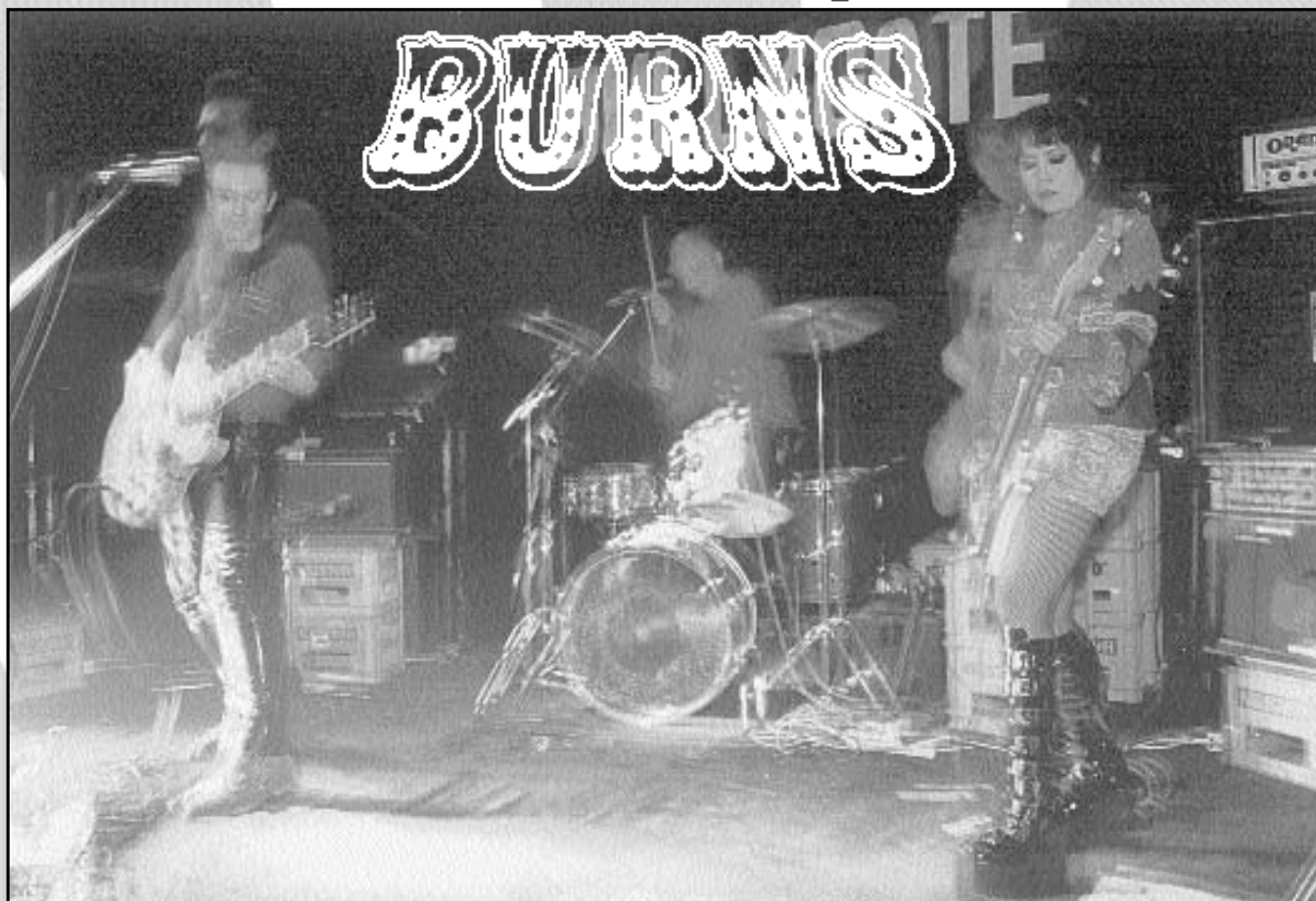
138: International terrorism can't stop international DIY hardcore.



Interview by
Graham Russell

NERO

Photographs by
Shawn Scallen



London trio Nero Burns take unvarnished 1950s rockabilly, turbocharge it with 21st century technology and tart it up in glistering fetish-y PVC and fishnets. The results, on echo-drenched death ray blasts like "Zombie Queen" and "Missing Link", sound souped-up, swampy and propulsive. Leader Nero himself describes them as "a noisy, fucked-up rock'n'roll/trashabilly garage punk band who don't mind using a bit of programming to add to the noise." Think fake leopard skin. Think Gene Vincent in his snarling, side-burned prime in a studded dog collar. Think of a leather-bound, ball-gagged Bettie Page. Think of Nero Burns as the perfect soundtrack to your next bondage session.

Nero Burns: Singer and Guitarist
Honey: Bass
Paco Loco: Drums

Graham: So how did you two (Nero and Honey) meet in the first place? (Nero and Honey – the Lux Interior and Poison Ivy of Tufnell Park, North London – are an item offstage, too.)

Nero: We met at a Link Wray gig at The Bottom Line in Shepherd's Bush in 1996. The band I was playing in

at the time was at the bottom of the bill. A trashy band called The Cannibals. That was the very first time we met.

Honey: We didn't even speak to each other that night.

Nero: I just thought she was cool ...

Honey: No, you thought I was with somebody! But I wasn't ...

Nero: But I thought you looked cool.

Honey: I thought you looked cool too.

Graham: [To Honey] So did you like his band that night?

[Honey splutters with laughter and then says, "Shhh." Gigs by The Cannibals, the veteran garage punk band fronted by Mike Spenser, can be charitably described as "shambolic" and "ragged". Legend has it that Malcolm McLaren auditioned Spenser for Sex Pistols vocalist before discovering Johnny Rotten.]

Nero: I have to admit it was a fairly awful gig. It was my first gig with The Cannibals. I just remember it being really horrible! But I've never played to as many people since.

Graham: How long were you in The Cannibals for?

Nero: Only about a year. Previous to that I was in a band called Fist Fuck Deluxe. And then that kind of fell apart in a welter of bad drugs and recriminations. It was me and Johnny Deluxe. We recorded a single. I don't think it came out in this country, but apparently it sold out in Belgium or something! Fist Fuck Deluxe is still going. They've just been tearing it up in Japan.

Graham: When did you actually form Nero Burns?

Nero: Nero Burns officially started as just me as a solo project when I was still in The Cannibals. I was looking for other people. When I met Honey she seemed absolutely perfect for it. We were

made for each other. It was obvious.

Honey: I said I'd be in a band with you without hearing any of your stuff! A friend of mine would see me going to the rehearsals and said, "You don't want to be in his band – you just fancy him!" And I was like, *Yeah!* [Laughs]

Paco: [Incredulous, obviously hearing this for the first time] You fancied him, so you said you'd be in his band?

Honey: Yeah, because I didn't have any idea what his stuff sounded like. It was a good thing I liked it!

Nero: Otherwise it would have been a disaster! In the first couple of weeks I was thinking, I'm really glad she's joined the band, but I really, really fancy her! And then nature took its course. We worked as a duo for about a year. Which was kind of hard work: when you're playing to a backing tape without a hulking sex beast behind the drum kit, it all seems a bit karaoke. So, cue the hulking sex beast behind the drum kit...

Graham: [turning to Paco] So how do you and Nero know each other?

Paco: We grew up together in Reading and we were doing dubious bands there...

Nero: Extremely dubious!

Paco: The weird thing about the Reading scene is that people keep in touch despite moving all over the place, and he remembered years before I'd played drums in his first band. And he asked if I'd like to play drums in his new band now. And I said yeah. That was '98.

Graham: Tell me about the part of Reading you grew up in, then.

Nero: It was horrible!

Paco (who still lives there): It still *is* horrible!

Nero: That's why I live in London.

Paco: But it's cheap, so that's why I live in Reading.

Nero: There's actually very little to do in Reading, but there's about 50,000 pubs so all people do is drink. It gets really lairy late night on weekends. You just have to avoid it otherwise you have a really good chance of getting your head kicked in.

Paco: But equally it's got its punks and hippies and dopers. And Hell's Angels. They used to run the local clubs.

Graham: The Hell's Angels have a chapter in Reading?

Paco: Oh, yeah – they used to bounce the doors and sell us speed.

Nero: They'll be coming for you now, when they read this in print!

(Nero Burns's three-song *Zombie Queen* EP came out in 2000).

Nero: That was recorded in '98, before Paco joined. So it was just Honey and I and a drum machine. I drank half a bottle of vodka and turned all the distortion pedals up, and that's how we got our sound.

(They released the EP themselves on

Nero's own one-man DIY record label Remo Records – which he's since re-christened El Ray Records.)

Graham: What was that like, doing it all yourself?

Nero: Dispiriting. It made me realize the amount of hard work you've actually got to do. For ages we were on track for being one of the laziest bands in existence! It's only within the last year we've managed to get our acts together and get out and play.

Graham: How many copies of the EP did you press?

Nero: I think it was 5000. And they've all sold out. [This elicits snorts of derisive laughter.] No, seriously....

Honey: It was a limited run of 100.

Nero: And we've still got *loads*!

Honey: People just don't know about it, that's all.

(I ask American émigré Honey more about her background. She grew up in New York's Chelsea district – "about five blocks from the Chelsea Hotel" – and as an underage juvenile delinquent was an enthusiastic habitué of the city's punk fleshpots like Max's Kansas City and CBGB's, then in their late 70s prime)

Honey: I used to always go see Johnny Thunders. The Heartbreakers. The Dead Boys. I don't remember the first time I went to Max's, but I remember the first time I went to CBGB's – because I got dragged out by my mom and my friend's mom! We stupidly told them where we were going, and we got dragged out.

Nero: That doesn't do much for your punk rock credibility, does it?

Honey: The Talking Heads were playing that night, but I wasn't going to see the band, it was just to go to CBGB's. It was actually my birthday, so I'd just turned sixteen. And I got caught standing right by the bar!

Paco: [Shocked] I have this image in my

head now of your mother coming to CBGB's to collect you! That's so wild!

Honey: Why?

Paco: That your mother would go to a punk club... most parents just stay up waiting and ask where the hell have you been?

Honey: But it was getting late. She thought it was time for me to come home. It was more my friend's mom. It was her idea.

Graham: She was more pro-active.

(Honey later became more cunning).

Honey: All the times after that I'd sneak out, and stuff my bed with a doll with a wig. And I'd get dressed in the stairwell of the apartment building. So if I got caught going out, I'd be wearing a dressing gown. My friend and I would go out, like, three times a week. At school the next day I'd have had no sleep and so people were suggesting to my mom that I was probably on drugs – but it was actually from going to see bands! (Memorably, she once saw the doomed Sid Vicious perform at Max's Kansas City not long before he killed Nancy Spungeon.) I'm sure he played a couple of nights. They had tables at the front and I sat next to his mom! (The notorious Anne Beverley, who committed suicide only a few years ago. It was she who unwittingly provided the fatal, final batch of heroin that killed Sid in 1979).

Paco: Did you ask her, "Are you proud of your son?"

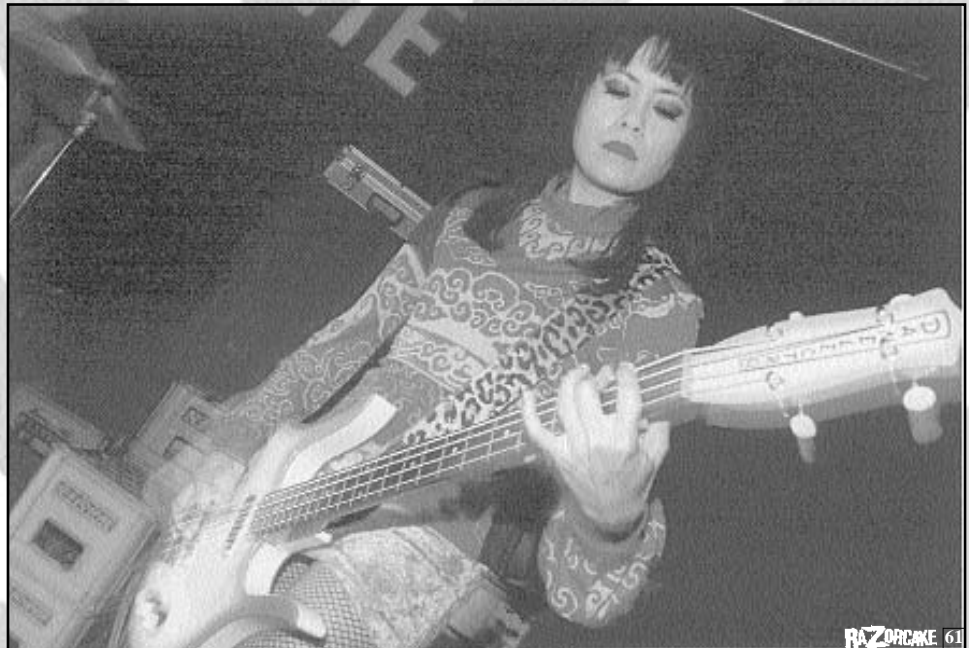
(Sid's all-star backing band at the time would have included ex-New York Dolls members Arthur Kane on bass and Jerry Nolan on drums, with the Clash's Mick Jones on guitar).

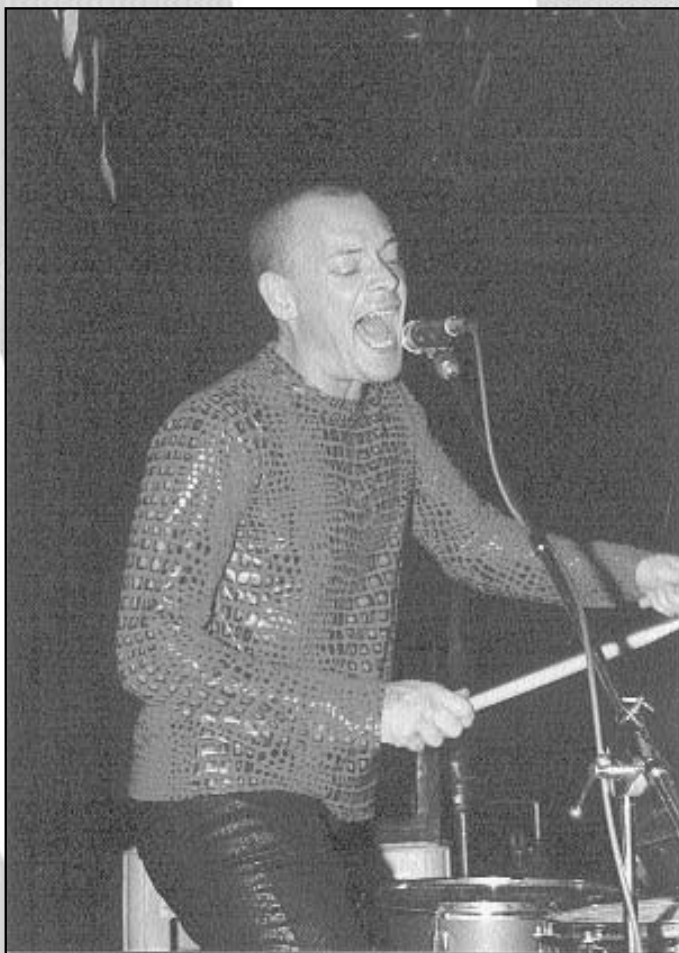
Graham: Did he seem like a mess? Did he finish his set?

Honey: Well, he seemed fine to me. I suppose he was a mess but in my eyes he was perfect. He looked great, even though his arms were all swollen.

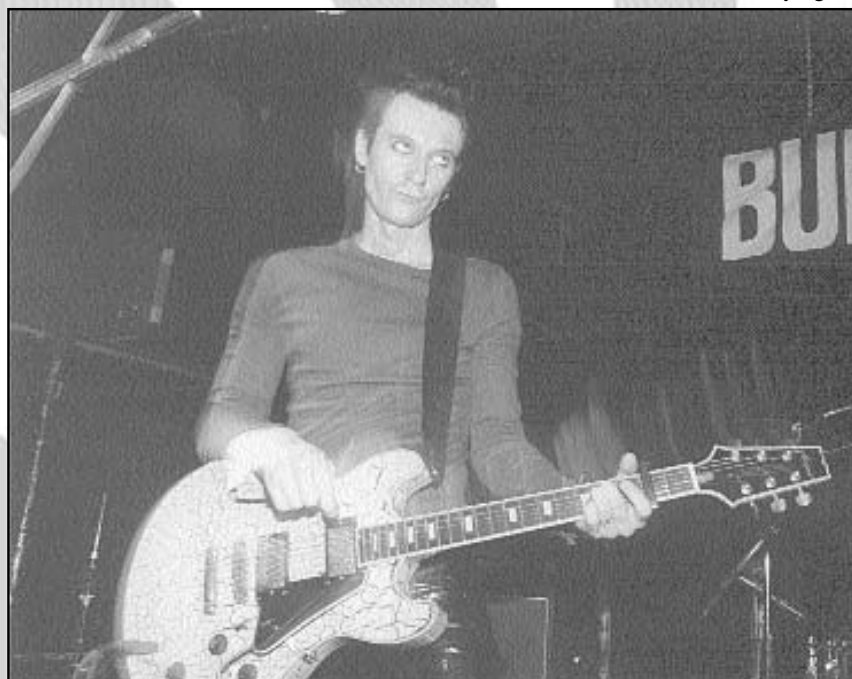
Graham: Was Nancy there?

Honey: I don't remember seeing her. She





I was in a band called Fist Fuck Deluxe. And then that kind of fell apart in a welter of bad drugs and recriminations.



probably was.

Graham: Did you play in any bands in New York before you moved to London?

Honey: Very, very briefly. We never played any gigs. But one of the guys I used to play in the band with, Eddie, used to be in the Top Cats, before they became the Stray Cats. The Stray Cats were the Top Cats before they became The Stray Cats. He was in the original line up. But then he fell out with Brian Setzer.

Graham: When did you move to London?

Honey: About fourteen years ago. I was an Anglophile, I guess. I always thought London was the coolest place to be. I thought English people were cool.

Nero: She doesn't hold that view anymore.

(Honey's mentioned in the past one of the bands she used to follow in New York was The Rock Cats, often credited as the first punkabilly band. Unsurprisingly, Nero Burns have cited The Cramps as an influence, but also the electro-art rocker Foetus, which gives you some clues to their sound.)

Graham: So have all three of you always into rockabilly and psychobilly?

Nero: I think it was more rock'n'roll across the board. When I started doing Nero Burns stuff it was because what I was doing with Fist Fuck Deluxe was more of an industrial techno punk sound, and whilst I played guitar in it, it was very much in the background. And so I wanted to rock out. It re-awoke my love of trashy stuff like The Ramones. It's all punk, whether it's old 50s punk like rockabilly, or 60s garage punk or 70s punk. It's more the spirit of the music rather than the music itself.

Graham: Why the samplers?

Nero: I didn't want to be purist about it. For years I was working on my own with a four-track and teaching myself programming, just so it meant I could have a fully formed thing. So I started off on my own, and then I started trying to integrate that into the live performance. I don't see any point in looking too far back. (Technology) is so easily available nowadays. Why not use it and try to move things on just a little bit?

Graham: Your sound is distinctive because you use electronic percussion and a live drummer at the same time.

Nero: It's more noise!

Graham: You've certainly been playing a lot lately.

Nero: Yeah. We worry we play too much, but the gigs keep on coming. We're supposed to be playing with Demented Are Go, and a couple of other things in the pipeline.

Paco: Flying in the face of the band's inherent laziness!

Nero: We're making up for lost time.

Paco: It's been fun. We've been playing to some weird people. At the Fusilier & Firkin gig in January, Honey had people trying to snog her. (It's true: they opened for the psychobilly band Jim Dandy that night and afterwards a startled Honey told me total strangers were approaching her and kissing her full on the mouth. I assured her it was probably a sign of appreciation.) And Nero had some guys trying to snog him, too!

Nero: And half of them were Portuguese. (He means members of the wild Anglo-Portuguese punk band Parkinson's, another *Razorcake* profile in waiting.)

Paco: There were some old punks in the corner that night. Charlie Harper (of the UK Subs) was there, and Steve Diggle from the Buzzcocks. It's been fun.

Nero: I mean, if we only get three people turn up to see us, it's still fun for us. It's just not very fun for the promoters.

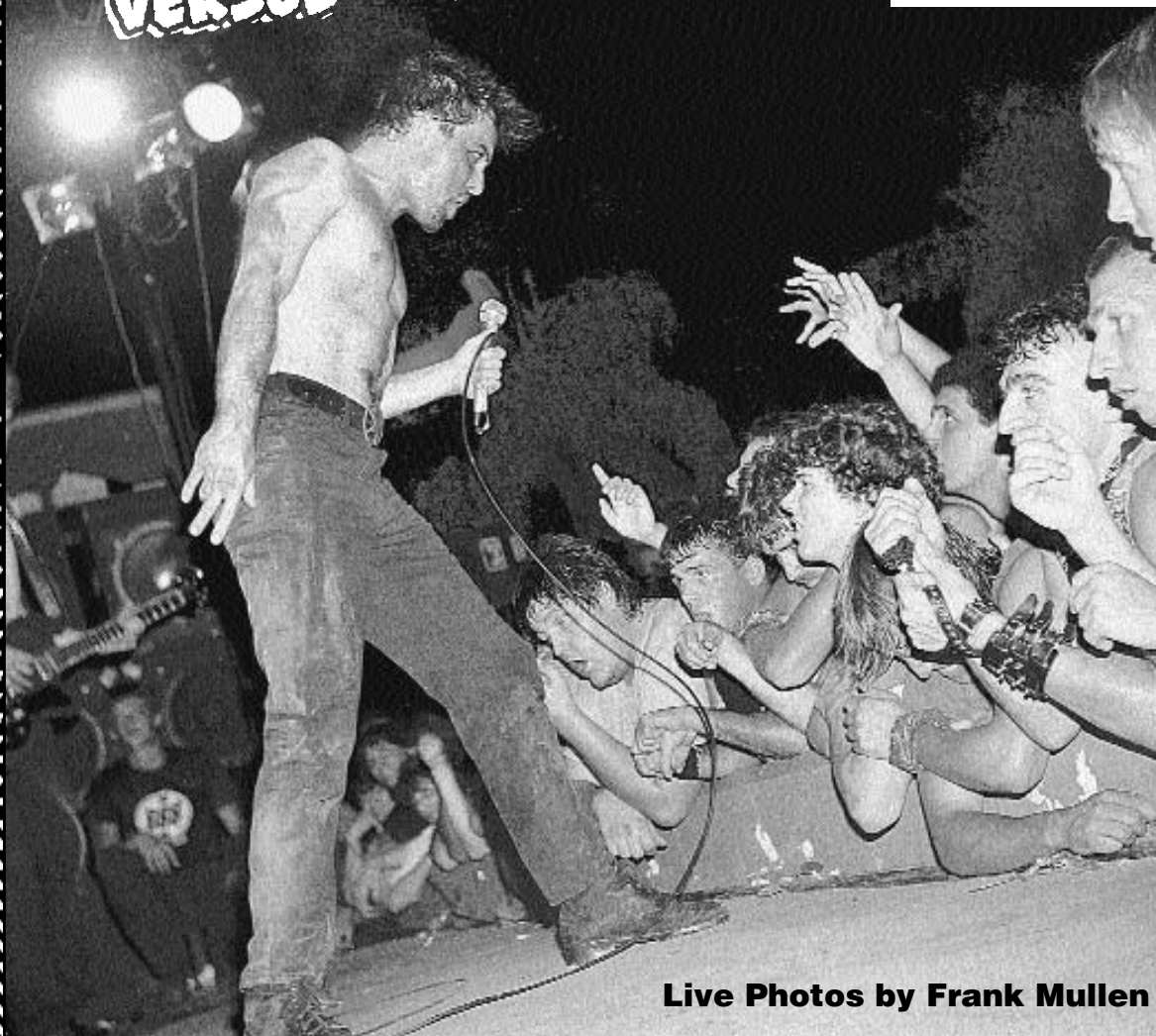
Contact Nero Burns on: neroburns@clara.co.uk.
Contact Shawn Scallen on: scallen@spec-trasonic.com. Shawn Scallen's website: www.scallen.com.



NARDWUAR VERSUS

JELLO

BIAFRA



Live Photos by Frank Mullen

Nardwuar: Who are you?

Jello: I wish I knew.

Nardwuar: You are J. Lo. Get it? J-ello Biafra.

Jello: What, did my pink ruffle panties give me away? We all know what you like, Nardwuar.

Nardwuar: And I want say, Ba-boom! But the new CD you're going to put out is called Ka-Boom!

Jello: Tentatively, yeah, but it's not named after the cereal, it's named after the World Trade Center being reduced to cereal. It's *The Big Ka-Boom, Part I*. There will be other parts in the series as this ill-advised war on terrorism continues to evolve or devolve. It's not a triple album like the other spoken word. It's just a single disc this time. It's sort of a teaser for the longer one. I'm not too sure what I'm going to call that one yet. It might be called *Machine Gun in the Clown's Hand*. It might be called *Osama McDonald*.

Nardwuar: Boucher (Jello's last name.) Is that a French name? Do you have French roots in your family?

Jello: I think several hundred years back I do, but for all practical purposes, I'm generic.

Nardwuar: Now, there's a rumor going around that you're up for the lead in *Vampire Hookers II*.

Jello: Well, that's the first I've heard of that one, but as long as I can play one of the hookers, I'll be okay. I've been already thinking about the implants and all.

Nardwuar: Don't you actually sing the theme song to *Vampire Hookers II*? Steve of the Neos told me that. You sang it to him.

Jello: I think I saw *Vampire Hookers* at his house or something. Maybe I sang it to him when I was at Cecil English's place when I was doing those albums with DOA and Nomeansno. I can't remember now, exactly. Maybe I had to do that to describe the

song to him. Of course, since then, it's been covered by The Show Business Giants and several other bands, but I don't think it ever came out on record in its original version.

Nardwuar: Jello Biafra, the Neos, Steve, how come they were never on *Alternative Tentacles*? Steve, you said, helped get Nomeansno get on *Alternative Tentacles*. How come the Neos never were? They could have been as big as DRI!

Jello: We didn't have money to put out everything we wanted to put out. Kind of like now, in other words. If we'd had money then, like SST had later on Epitaph or Fat has now, that's probably one of the bands we would have worked with.

Nardwuar: Do you have some sort of aversion to

Vancouver Island at all? I heard you didn't like Nanaimo because your parents honeymooned there.

Jello: No, all I knew about Nanaimo before I went there was that my parents spent a night there on a travelling honeymoon and said it was the thinnest walls of any motel they'd ever been in their lives and they didn't get any sleep as a result.

Nardwuar: How did they pick Nanaimo?

Jello: I'm not sure they picked it. Maybe it was getting dark. That's the way both they and I travel sometimes. Pick road at random, and when it's time to pull over, you pull over and hope you can find a place to crash.

Nardwuar: And, Jello Biafra, you're always hanging around Canadians. Tell me about your collaboration with I Am Spoonbender, featuring Robynn Iwata from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

Jello: I didn't know she was from Vancouver.

Nardwuar: She used to be in Cub.

Jello: That explains the Mint (Records) connection, I suppose.

Nardwuar: Yes, who stayed at your house once.

Jello: When I wasn't there.

Nardwuar: Right. On the DOA tour.

Jello: Apparently... It's part of a tribute album for, maybe, the best band ever that never made a record, to my knowledge, namely The Screamers, an LA band who was a huge inspiration to me when I first moved to San Francisco when I was trying to get my own band going. They were the most original punk band then and maybe of any other time. They didn't even have guitars. They had fuzztone electric piano, a real creative drummer, a sound driven by an ARP Odyssey synthesizer stacked on milk crates and a trained mime named Tomata du Plenty, who had a lot of stage presence and all. I miss them dearly. And so, we're doing a song called "Eva Braun." I've heard, I guess it would be a rough mix, that Dustin of I Am Spoonbender wanted to use as the final mix but it needed some repairs.

Nardwuar: You're involved with so many collaborations. Last time in Vancouver, didn't you do "Taking Care of Business," with Randy ("the Riff Scientist") Bachman?

Jello: Not as far as I know. Is that Chris Houston's latest tall tale?

Nardwuar: I'm not sure if it's some sort of tall tale, but did you record with Chris Houston some sort of song. What was it? "American Woman"! That was it. I'm sorry.

Jello: It was Chris' recording, but I was just dubbed in after Chris and, yes, Randy Bachman and Brian Goble. Was the drummer Jon Card or somebody else? Can't remember. Anyway, they laid down the track and I'd heard Brian sing it before and he did a pretty good version. I did it a number of different ways and learned something from that session in that one way to do vocals – if you think you're done and there's one extra track, do the absolutely most obscenely bad version you can possibly come up with and some of it actually winds up being used.

Nardwuar: And that was like a super jam. Or at least Randy Bachman was on that. Weren't you in Sweden and did some sort of jam with Wayne Kramer? What sort of super jams have you been involved with, Jello Biafra?

Jello: Well, that was a super jam. It was the twentieth, maybe even the twenty-fifth anniversary of that Swedish garage band – I'm sure you know...

Nardwuar: The Nomads.

Jello: The Nomads. And they flew over special Guests of Dishonor, I guess you'd call it. Handsome Dick and Ross the Boss from the Dictators, Nick Royale from the Hellacopters came out. The main guy from Sator played. Chris Bailey from The Saints did "(I'm) Stranded" and they brought me

out to do "Let's Lynch the Landlord" and "Five Years Ahead of My Time," that old The Third Bardo '60s garage song that they re-did and when I learned the lyrics, I realized they were just clear off the scale egocentric. They had to have been written either by a fundamentalist Christian evangelist or Charles Manson or maybe both at the same time, so I did it maybe in the style of the singer of the God Bullies might have done it or something. And then at the end, they brought out all of the guitarists and Wayne Kramer to do "Kick Out the Jams," which I got to do one of the versus of and that was pretty cool. It was five guitars at once and the sound guy was able to handle it so the other instruments didn't get buried, so it felt like Ministry covering "Kick Out the Jams"; the whole stage taking off like a jet plane and all of these emotions running through my head about how much my twenty-five cent copy of Kick Out the Jams meant to me in high school at a time when most of my friends were abandoning rock-'n'-roll for Emerson, Lake, and Palmer or Yes or something and all these years later, I'm on stage with Wayne. I couldn't believe it. Many things have gone wrong in my life, but every once in a while, something goes right.

Nardwuar: Let's skip over to South America for a moment. What was it like doing, "Holiday in Cambodia" with Sepultura in front of 70,000 people and when was that?

Jello: That never happened.

Nardwuar: Didn't you sing "Holiday in Cambodia" with Sepultura in Brazil or something like that?

Jello: It was one or two people from Sepultura and then one or two from Ratos De Porao, the Brazilian hardcore band we put out on Alternative Tentacles and it wasn't 70,000 people. It might have been, oh, three or four hundred in San Paolo and double that or more in Rio de Janeiro.

Nardwuar: How come Brazilian hardcore is so cool? Like, that Ratos band is amazing. How come they're not huger? What's so great about Brazilian hardcore, Jello Biafra?

Jello: Uhhm, with them, they came from a time when just being able to buy instruments and play was a real struggle, so a lot of the bands rehearsed playing the same equipment at different times and the recordings were in real crude studios, which actually enhanced them, in my opinion, because the guitars sounded like an electric razor or something and they just went on and grew and have a following and whatnot, but have not lost their intensity or extreme nature. There's all sort of wimpy, poppy ways to do punk, and the generic side of hardcore, but when any type of punk is done well, or is as extreme as it's ever been, or breaks the mold, I'm as into it as I ever was and Ratos de Porao do it to the extreme.

Nardwuar: Now, speaking of cover bands, guess who's playing tomorrow night in

Tucson, Arizona, Jello Biafra?

Jello: Uhhm, are you hitting at the fake Dead Kennedys that they advertised as a reunion and put my picture on the flyer and in the ads to bilk people paying twenty dollars American to get in?

Nardwuar: Yes I am. What the hell is going on there? Brandon Cruz – who does have some hardcore cred; he was in Dr. Know – he's replaced you, Jello Biafra, right?

Jello: I don't know whether you'd call it replaced or just fronting a really cynical, inept karaoke or cover band who happens to have the same members of Dead Kennedys, but have none of the consciousness or the soul anymore and their motivation is sheer greed. Apparently, they were asked in Denver a few nights ago, "What's this with Brandon not even bothering to learn the words?" And they just laughed.

Nardwuar: And lyric sheets are falling out of his pocket in Brazil?

Jello: Yup.

Nardwuar: He didn't know the lyrics to "Viva Las Vegas."

Jello: Maybe he didn't care.

Nardwuar: Now, I was curious, Jello, regarding the court battle, I read in *Exclaim! Magazine*, a Canadian publication, about how you didn't make the jury laugh enough.

Jello: I didn't isolate that statement.

Nardwuar: Vale said that.

Jello: When there's people on the other side of the room trying to wipe out your life and things are stacked against you, you can get nervous.

Nardwuar: Jello, there's a book out by Steven Blush called *American Hardcore* and in it, it says that you were the first guy to crowd surf.

Jello: I don't know whether if I was or not. I definitely did a lot of stage diving before I even had a band, although I wouldn't call it diving because Mabuhay Garden stage is only about a foot and a half off the ground. I don't know. I mean...

Nardwuar: Iggy went into the crowd.

Jello: There's Iggy. There was Darby Crash. Stiv Bators. Apparently Steven Leckie or Nazi Dog, which ever name he was using at the time, did that, too.

Nardwuar: Of the Viletones – but, did you float around the crowd?

Jello: Could be.

Nardwuar: Rather than just getting held there.

Jello: Could be.

Nardwuar: And in that book, also, there's an interview with Winston Smith, Jello, and he mentions about how Dead Kennedys graffiti is actually in a Moscow jail. Where have you seen a Dead Kennedys graffiti.

Jello: All kinds of places, including parts of people's bodies that probably shouldn't have graffiti tattooed on them. I think my favorite was the people in Live Skull sent me a postcard from some little town in Minnesota and all they could

put on the postcard to show how wonderful their little town was was a photo of an old tank in the city park and guess what was spray painted on the tank.

Nardwuar: D...

Jello: K. And on top of that, I also collect newspaper clippings of local articles of mysterious satanic cults where it shows a cop or somebody shining a flashlight on satanic graffiti, and, again, it's the DK logo.

Nardwuar: And in that book as well, Jello Biafra, and this is kind of a personal thing, but I think you've addressed it before, maybe. It mentions that you got a Mercedes or a BMW for a wedding gift? That's a cool gift.

Jello: That's not even true.

Nardwuar: What did you get as a gift?

Jello: I don't remember now. My former wife took them all.

Nardwuar: And speaking of "taking" and taking – do you know that Frank Discussion of The Feederz still brags about stealing your ex-wife?

Jello: Well, as far as I'm concerned, at this point, they deserve each other.

Nardwuar: Speaking of San Francisco and marriages and stuff, what were The Vats like, Jello Biafra? The Vats.

Jello: I wasn't in them much. It was the stomping grounds at one point of MDC, DRI, and many others. A lot of tweakers there, too. In some places, there were rehearsal spaces.

Nardwuar: It was a squat, right?

Jello: I think you rented there. I don't think it was strictly a squat, but people did live in old beer vats. They put floors in. No windows, no nothing, and everybody from MDC to Helios Creed had a rehearsal space there. There was almost an entire Vat rat compilation at one point. The darker side

was that it was also a magnet for a lot of teenage runaways who turn into speed freaks and things. It had a pretty seedy side, too. And some people didn't do what they could have done to discourage that.

Nardwuar: Jello, I was searching the internet. I'm sure you love questions that are prefaced by that, and I found some website that had some story about how Henry Rollins melted a rat on you.

Jello: Again, this is what happens when you exaggerate things on the net. I was crashing in his apartment one night when I went back to DC with DOA after a Dead Kennedys east coast tour in '81 and he was still Henry Garfield then. And when I finally fell asleep as the sun was coming up, a roommate took Henry's late pet rat, who was in a little milk carton coffin in the freezer, who was still being mourned, and held the rat over me and the water started to melt, so this rat was sort of dripping and drooling on me when I woke.

Nardwuar: Yuck. That was the story. Jello Biafra, who is behind the September 11th terrorist attacks? Who really is behind it?

Jello: Paul from The Diamond Center.

Nardwuar: What can you tell me about the Carlisle Corporation?

Jello: It's a shadowy little group that buys up failing defense contractors and turns the companies around and sells them at a big profit and the people on their so-called board of advisors includes King George Bush I, one of his old friends and old Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci, Fidel Ramos, the old President of the Philippines, James Baker – Bush's campaign dirty trickster who he made Secretary of State. For a long time, there was also a substantial investment by the Bin Laden family.

Nardwuar: Do you lend any credence to stories, such as that kid who crashed that

Cessna into that building in Florida that he crashed it to draw attention to his dad, who was a member of the CIA?

Jello: I suspect he was a troubled kid, mainly. There's other ways to do that.

Nardwuar: How about war? Is force justified in any means at all, Jello Biafra?

Jello: That's a tough one. It depends on the situation. I mean, on one hand there's the argument that people should be left alone on the other hand, there's the argument to wade in a stop slaughters in places like Bosnia and Kosovo and what we probably should have done in Rwanda. Respecting other people's cultures is well and good, but I draw the line at where some branches of Islam, what they do to women. It's indefensible.

Nardwuar: Jello Biafra, do you lend credence to the story about that this is all for oil again? That Colin Powell knew before – and you discussed a bit of this tonight about the invasion of Afghanistan and set up this war – for an oil pipeline.

Jello: I don't know about that. They've said that there's enough oil under Kazakhstan that it's bigger than the Saudi Arabian oil field, but looking at a map – all you have to do is look at a map and the pipeline theory kind of falls apart because you'd have to put the pipeline through hostile territory like Afghanistan, Pakistan, etcetera, to run it to the gulf and the Indian Ocean, and you'd have to build it up and over all those Himalayan peaks and if you build it going west instead of south, you have the Caspian Sea and the Black Sea and hostile people there, too, but probably not on the same scale. I don't think it's strictly about that.

Nardwuar: Now, winding up here with Jello Biafra, Jello, what do you think should happen to your countrymen, John Walker?

Jello: Oh, I think he should be on *Hollywood Squares*.

Nardwuar: Ba-boom!

Jello: How am I supposed to respond to that?

Nardwuar: Ka-boom!

Jello: I thought you had a different sign off.

Nardwuar: No, we're not quite finished yet. We're not that "winded" up yet. I was curious, what was the longest you've spoken for your spoken word?

Jello: Five hours plus, maybe. I haven't caught up with Fidel Castro yet. I'm not sure I should.

Nardwuar: I just want to ask you quickly. Your finding records stories. I love that story about finding a record in Amoeba Records in Berkeley. That's amazing. In the washroom of Amoeba. Could you tell the people about that, Jello Biafra?

Jello: Ohh, I was just taking a leak in the Berkeley Amoeba store and stapled to the wall was an original Ike and Tina Turner – really heavy R & B album on Sue Records from a long time ago. Never seen it before, never saw it again. And I thought, could it





be? And I pushed on it and noticed there was a disc inside so I thought, I wonder. I don't mind beat-up records if it's the only way I can hear the thing. I have two needles for that purpose, plus I clean them off pretty good. So I thought, I wonder if I can talk them out of this. So, I went up to the counter with the staples still sticking in there: "Would you sell this to me?" I think they sold it to me for six bucks or something, cleaned it up, and it plays pretty good.

Nardwuar: I loved the way you found that record when you were at a flea market in Vancouver and you had that guy Ty rip down that record. What record was that? Some sort of prog record. Do you remember that one at all?

Jello: No.

Nardwuar: It was some record that you said, "I want that." And, sure enough, the record was inside of that.

Jello: Usually, the records are inside. That is helpful.

Nardwuar: I meant, for decorations, when people put stuff on a wall, it's unusual that they put the record up as well.

Jello: Oh, that one. It turned out to be a disco album.

Nardwuar: Aww, damn. Jello Biafra, what's the most you've ever paid for a record?

Jello: Oh, that's classified information, but it's not all that high. I'm a bottom feeder.

Nardwuar: And how about exotica? Have you thought of singing any exotica? You've done hardcore, you've done punk. Have you sung any exotica?

Jello: Not really. There's sort of an open offer to work with a guy in Los Angeles who does big band and orchestra arrangements who was at least an acquaintance to Les Baxter before he passed away. But, I haven't really come up with that kind of material or the time to really pursue that.

Nardwuar: In that book, *American Hardcore*, they hint that The Middle Class' record was possibly the first hardcore record ever. What do you think was the first hardcore punk record was?

Jello: Either The Middle Class or Sound of Imker Train of Doomsday single in the late '60s in Holland. The only true '60s hardcore record I know.

Nardwuar: Just curious – that picture of you and Tammy Faye Baker on the Alternative Tentacles website. Have you joined the enemy? You are kissing Tammy Faye Baker there.

Jello: Uh, I think she's kissing me.

Nardwuar: And did the guys from Agnostic Front ever threaten you?

Jello: I got that impression from their interviews.

Nardwuar: Do you know where Niki Siki of Sick Pleasure is?

Jello: I hope he's not in jail because at

one time he was up on a three strikes offence, but I hope he got out of that.

Nardwuar: And what was that guy you were referring to tonight? You said he was from a northern California anarchist band who had a BMW and a cushy computer job.

Jello: That, I'm keeping quiet on. It's not anybody you would have known.

Nardwuar: Well thanks a lot, Jello Biafra. Really appreciate your time. Anything else you'd like to add to the people out there?

Jello: Oh, boy.

Nardwuar: Why should people care about Jello Biafra? Why should people care?

Jello: That's for them to answer. I'm not sure I care sometimes.

Nardwuar: And lastly, lastly, lastly Jello Biafra, in retrospect, was Governor Jerry Brown all that bad?

Jello: Well, the ones that came after him certainly made him look good. He did do some good things. He also made statements at the time like, "I'll move left and right at the same time. You watch me." Which he's done as mayor of Oakland, now, too. The statement that really bothered me at the time was that people were looking for a leader on a white horse and the strong hint seemed to be that he was that person, and I was fresh out of a town that was filled with what now would be called new age yuppies and stuff who were all getting a little too comfortable and looking for gurus to tell them what to do and I thought that if a politician ever grabbed on to that, we were in trouble. Thus, the "California Uber Alles" song. When Reagan got in, I realized that was much bigger trouble. So, "We've Got a Bigger Problem Now" was written.

Nardwuar: Thanks very much Jello Biafra. Really appreciate the time. Keep on rockin' in the free world and doot doola doot doo...
Jello: Ka-boom.

(To hear this interview and five other Jello interviews dating back to 1989, jump over to <http://www.nardwuar.com>)



Dan Monick's

Photo Page



(above) Dillinger Four at a
basement show in
Minneapolis.

(right) The Slaves at
Spaceland in LA.



People Watching

I have watched a lot of bands. Started watching the people watching the bands. The bands are pretty good. Sometimes the people watching them are better.

20 DOLLAR WHORE:

Teenage Fuckin' Boredom: 7" EP

Don't quite understand the significance of the Black Panther and Cassius Clay pics on the sleeve.... The music is super fuzzed punk rock that's pretty strong on hooks and drive. Not bad. -Jimmy Alvarado (Big Neck)

ADAM WEST: Right On!: CD

Testes, testes, one, two, three. This CD has more conejos than a stag Mexican bachelor party tour bus! Yikes, I love machismo punk if it's done right, i.e. The Dwarves, GG Allin, The Knack, etc. but Adam West leaves quite a large amount to be left desired. It's inane 3 chords are played over and over again with seriously corny guitar yanks (note: use cock rock sparingly). The lyrics spew evolutionary arrested development, like Unfrozen Caveman Lawyer, if he was defrosted and told to write rock songs. I'd probably liken this record to a man who buys a Porsche - small wee wee, small brain. My livid self has grown tired of this crap, I want to get up, drink some cheapass Steel Reserve malt beverage and shave then perhaps get in a fight with someone much smaller than me. Try, try again boys. -Namella J. Kim (The Telegraph Company)

AMAZING TRANSPARENT

MAN: The Death of the Party: CD

Recorded at Sonic Iguana, so you've got the classic pop punk sound. Okay. Nothing mind-blowing. When I hear pop punk of this vein, I wanna hear really cool harmonies. Nothing that elaborate here. Songs about girls and being in a band. If this were a cereal, it'd be Kellogg's Corn Flakes 'cause you know what you're getting here. -Maddy (Springman)

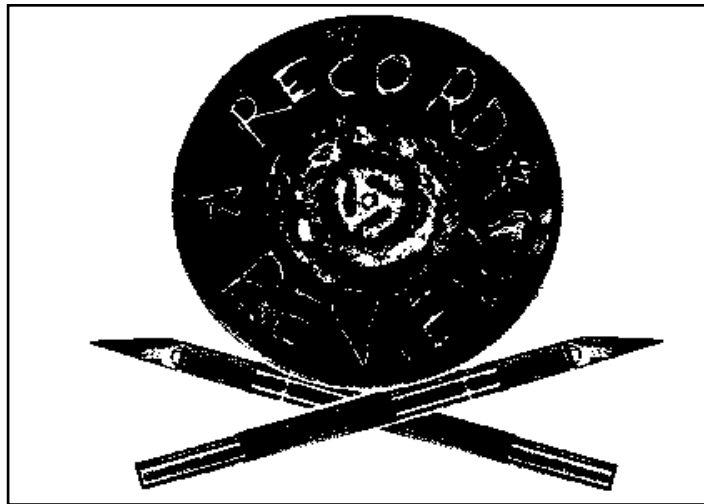
AMDI PETERSENS ARME:

Self-titled: 7"

I heard a few people tell me and read that "APA is coming, APA is coming!" I never heard of them. Where are they from? Copenhagen, Denmark. What kind of music do they play? Old school punk that reminded me of Minor Threat mixed with the Big Boys. I got off my fat ass and had to find out what I was not aware of. A real raw and low budget recorded 7" that reminds me of days long gone with the guitars that are barely distorted but forced. Sounds like a classic from the past available now. -Donofthedeath (Kick N' Punch)

ANTI-FLAG: Mobilize: CD

Politically conscious, melodic hardcore is a hard thing to pull off. It's tough because it begs the question: how can you take an angry cry for revolution and turn it into a catchy song? Several bands have tried it. Very few have done it well. You can almost count the good ones on one hand: Good Riddance, Strike Anywhere, Kid Dynamite, Propagandhi, and, of course, Anti-Flag. Anti-Flag has been pulling this sound off for years, now, and their last album, *Underground Network*, is probably their best so far. So when I saw that they were releasing



...this is like a big thick concrete slab to build your own personal torture chamber on.

-Cuss Baxter

Mobilize - which has eight new songs and eight live versions of previously released songs - so soon after having released *Underground Network*, I wondered if they'd put the time and thought into this that they'd put into their previous albums. Listening to the first eight songs, though, convinced me that this wasn't a throwaway album. *Mobilize* doesn't seem to be a collection of songs that were left off of they're last album because they weren't good enough to go on it. It seems like Anti-Flag has just been paying attention to a lot of the fucked up things that have been going on lately, so they wrote some powerful songs to discuss these fucked up things. And, again, it works. The revolution is still fun to sing along with. Long live Anti-Flag. As a special bonus, too, this CD comes with an A-F Records sampler. You get a taste of some of the more popular bands on that label, like Pipedown and The Unseen, but the sampler also has a lot of stuff from their lesser known bands. Among my favorites were the two songs by Thought Riot and the two songs by Whatever It Takes. The big surprise, though, was the Voids song at the end of the sampler. All of the bands that come before the Voids have releases on A-F Records. The Voids, though, aren't on any label. As far as I know, they only have one seven inch out. But the last time I saw them play, they had enough original material for a full-length. Could this mean that the Voids are gonna release a full-length with A-F? If the Voids are gonna release a full-length, can I start getting excited about it now? -Sean Carswell (A-F)

ANTISEEN: Screamin' Bloody Live: video-enhanced CD

What we have here is the latest sonic assault of roarin', rootin'-tootin' Antiseen fury! It's loud, live, violent, and brutal; fuelled by a barrel full of Jack Daniels and a washtub brimming with homemade meth. This is the auditory equivalent of a monster truck rally, Armageddon, and a pro-wrestling tag-team match between Godzilla, Gigantor, King Kong, and Satan himself! Antiseen pack an explodin' cannon ball's wrath of frenetic unrelenting

aggression into this performance, and it sounds uncannily like a ragtag troop of Confederate forces shelling the fuck outta a garrison of blue-bellied Yankee sons-of-bitches. Indeed, if this crazed quartet of rough'n'rowdy good ol' boys had been fighting alongside their Johnny Reb brethren during the Civil War, we'd all be full-fledged card-carryin' members of the Confederacy of Scum right about now. Yeeeeeew, motherfuckers, Antiseen are the undisputed ragin' aural warriors of the New South! Kiddies, beware: this dastardly lil' disc is definitely not for lily-livered politically correct pussies. If you unfortunately fall into that category, go play some of your cuddly-sweet emo music and drown your putrid lil' miseries in a big ol' glass of latte. Amen and a-burrrrrppp... -Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

AUTHORITY. THE:

The Fight: 7"

Oi-inflected 77 punk. The B-side, "The End," is the better of the two tracks here, with a pretty good hook. Better than I thought it was gonna be. -Jimmy Alvarado (77 RPM)

BAD RELIGION:

The Process of Belief: CD

I must regretfully confess: I haven't purchased (or even heard) any of Bad Religion's auditory output since 1996's *The Gray Race*. Although it was a fairly robust release, I felt that Mr. Graffin and company were mellowing with age. They just seemed to be lacking the fervent energetic conviction of their earlier releases. But what the hell, we all unfortunately tend to lose our youthful zeal for life the older we become, so I surely cannot judge one of my all-time favorite bands on the merits of nature's inevitable aging process alone. With that said, my ears are downright tickled delirious by this latest Bad Religion offering of inimitable melodic mastery. As soon as the first addictive track, "Supersonic," frantically kicked into high gear, I was immediately enthralled, enchanted, and delighted by Bad Religion's splendiferous return to top-notch aural originality. The perfectly crafted songs fluctuate from acoustic-layered maturity to melodiously fren-

zied kineticism - lyrically articulate, intricately structured, and sporadically raging with all-out passionate fury. Yes, indeed, Bad Religion have aged well and matured gracefully. These impeccably pristine anthems of the 21st century are proof-positive that the ultimate in life's cultivation often comes with time. -Roger Moser, Jr. (Epitaph)

BANTAM ROOSTER:

Mexican Leather: 7"

I can imagine the flipside "Summer in Hamtramck" on the soundtrack to a Jim Jarmusch film. It's dirty, sensual, and immoral. The guitars ooze all kind of sexy love juice while the pounding rhythms collide into an orgasmic explosion. Oh, oh, the sax, don't forget the big sax, slithering an improvisational burst in the midst of the song. "Harder, harder," she said as she flipped the disc over and haphazardously slammed the needle down while trying not to break from the beat of her "music appreciation." The primitive drums kick off "Mexican Leather" and the sloppy wet guitar slide back and forth, back and forth the long, hard, wooden neck of his guitar. He screamed into her ears, loud and clear, the intense gratification he felt during the song. She sighed, lit a cigarette, and called her boyfriend after she heard this single because she felt strangely guilty.

-Namella J. Kim (Big Neck)

BETTY RAGE: Self-titled: CD

Wahooooo, motherfuckers! Betty Rage sure do know how to raucously kick it into high gear with the utmost of sinful sonic sizzle! This is devilish, booze-fuelled auditory hedonism at its most animated, boisterous, and rambunctiously unrestrained. Hell yeh, imagine the Supersuckers as an inbred backwoods clan of toothless, cross-eyed hucksters tanked-up on moonshine whiskey, tobacco spit, and Tabasco-laced pork rinds. It's trashed-out rock-'n'roll evilness with a rip-snortin', truck-drivin' rockabilly edge! Damn shootin', this here purty lil' platter of demented musical sassiness is the liveliest and sleaziest shit-kickin' hootenanny that my ears have ever yet attended. Yeeeeeew, pass them pork'n'beans and a couple of cold brews on over to ol' Rog, 'cause I'm more'n ready to pass gas and burp up a storm in perfect harmony with Betty Rage.

-Roger Moser, Jr. (Betty Rage)

BODIES, THE: *Firepower Is Our Business: 12" EP*

Coulda swore Vulture Rock had some ties with shadier elements of the "bald and Caucasian is beautiful" crowd. Anyway, you know the drill when it comes to these guys: great songs with lotsa drive and "oomph," great vocals and lotsa parts you can sing along to. On that criteria alone, this is worth yer time. Lyrically, though, the American pride/flag-wavin' stuff kinda rubs me the wrong way. I mean what exactly are we talkin' about being proud of here? The land? I can go along with that. The people? Fine. The government, which 1.) thrives on stealing land from other people, 2.) loves sending young male people off to kill and be killed so that a fraction of the people left (the rich, old male people more specifically) can have

more stuff than their great-great-grandchildren will ever need and 3.) systematically lies about damn near everything it does? Whoa, we have a problem there, Sparky. Save that nonsense for someone who actually believes what he hears on the corporate 6 o'clock news. —Jimmy Alvarado (Vulture Rock)

BOMBSITE BOYS:

Top Hits: 7" EP

A little bit o' somethin' for everybody here: a little bit o' '60s jangle, a little bit o' '70s power pop, a little bit o' punk. Kinda reminiscent of those '70s bands that liked skirting the fine line between mod and punk. Not bad at all. —Jimmy Alvarado (Myopic)

BOTTLES & SKULLS: *I Am*

No One, He Is No One: 7"

Motherfuckin' hell, this is some of the hardest hittin', most maniacal rock-'n'-roll fury to ever relentlessly attack my auditory senses! B&S sound uncannily like a deranged scientist's experimental mutation of Black Flag, early Suicidal Tendencies, Jesus Lizard, and a fiery life-annihilating nuclear holocaust. It's the ultimate brain-bruising musical maelstrom, folks! Now if you'll please excuse me, I've gotta rush myself to the nearest emergency room so the doctors can hopefully alleviate the profuse bleeding in my ears before I'm fuckin' drained dry. Thanks a lot, B&S. —Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

BOTTLES AND SKULLS:

Never Kiss the Wasp: CD

This was a hard CD for me to review. First, 'cause I'm retarded. But mostly because this band is hard to pigeonhole. The foundation of their sound is grounded in garage style rock'n'roll. Throw in the best aspects of hardcore and street punk and spit this out on fast, loud, skillfully played guitars that constantly switch things up and always leaves you wanting more. This is Bottles and Skulls. You don't know what to expect next from them except that it will knock you upside your fuckin' head. The lyrics are pretty basic stream of consciousness ramblings about drinking, girls and just being an all around bad ass. This goes well with their sound. Check them out. —Toby (Cheetah's)

BOX THE COMPASS:

Run the Easting Down: CD

Egads! Emo! Emo! Take it out! Make it stop! —Jimmy Alvarado (Substandard)

BRACKET: *Live in a Dive: CD*

Duh, I didn't think this was a live release. —Donofthead (Fat)

BRIAN JAMES MEETS

FLATPIG: New Rose 2001: CD

Former Damned dude revisits two of their "hits" (the title track and "Neat Neat Neat") and another track I know nothing about so I assume is a newer composition. Musically, this is on target, sounding like a dead-on update of the sound the Damned achieved on their first album, all slash, stutter and swagger. The vocals, though...well, let's just say there was a reason that

Dave Vanian was the singer. —Jimmy Alvarado (Boss Tuneage)

BRIEFS, THE: *She's Abrasive b/w Like a Heart Attack: 7"*

To be a self-contrarian, I tell myself The Briefs really can't be this good. I'll even convince myself of that time to time, until I pop one of their records on the turntable. Fuck it. They're great. They continue to rule. This single rips the Buzzcocks a new asshole and feeds it back to Pete Shelley, buffet-style, in penance for the last three albums the 'Cocks put out. The Briefs continue their legacy of fun, poppin', wavy punk that isn't afraid to glorify the best of the late '70s/early '80s and make it better than a lot of the originals. Great stuff. —Todd (Dirtnap)

BURDEN OF LIFE:

Self-titled: LP

Gorgeous wax, terrible noise/hardcore/metal to go with it. Buy, place on your wall as a decorative objet d'art, but under no circumstances should you play this. —Jimmy Alvarado (Attention Deficit Disorder)

BUSINESS, THE:

Hell 2 Pay: CD EP

Well, if it ain't the original godfathers of oi in all of their menacing cockney glory! It's been several topsy-turvy years since I've acquired anything new from these mean and nasty psychopathic hooligans, and I'm damn sorry I haven't been more attentive as to their recent attitude-driven output. This is boot-stompin', bottle-smashin' pub-punk bravado at its nostalgic best, the kind of musical maliciousness that inspires a man to drunkenly stumble through the cobblestone streets of his hometown late at night with his closest mates by his side boisterously singing an old Irish ditty or two. "Hell 2 Pay" is a ferocious metal-tinged screamer (think of Motorhead as oi street-scruff agitators, why don't ya!), and the other two tit-twistin' tunes, "Gangland" and "Do Anything You Wanna Do" (an Eddie & The Hotrods original), are prime sing-a-long examples of mid-tempo pub-prowlin' rockers. It just goes to show: some things do indeed get better with age. The Business are more sonically stout than ever! —Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

CARRION: *Self-titled: 7" EP*

Part Sabbath sludge, part hardcore, and it has a weird wobbly quality to it, which adds a sense of uneasiness to the proceedings. Do I like it? Dunno. All I know is that it makes me a little uneasy for some reason. —Jimmy Alvarado (Lysergic Soul Drain)

CIRIL:

Huntington Cliffs: 7" EP

This starts out mighty fruity, much like the Pennywise piano solo that Jack Grisham did at the end of *Full Circle*, but I won't complain, due to the fact that both were dedicated to people who committed suicide. There are a lot of familiar Southern California touchstones in Ciril — hints and wisps, not outright thievery. I hear guitar snatches of Shattered Faith (desperate and tre-

RAZZORCAKE

Underground music wouldn't be half as interesting without little slabs like these.

These are the top 7ls since the last mag.



Underground Medicine Mailorder, Connecticut

1. The Eat, God Punishes (****)
2. Teenage Rejects, *Teen Trash Vol 2* (Alien Snatch)
3. Mud City Manglers, *I Wanna Kill My Friends* (Rep of Chersterfield)
4. Radio Reelers, *Radio Feelin* (Zaxon Virile Action)
5. Shrinks, *My Mind's Gone* (Radio)
6. Briefs, *Love and Ulcers* (Dirtnap)
7. Briefs, *She's Abrasive* (Dirtnap)
8. Mighty John Waynes, *She Get's Dirty* (100% Dirt)
9. Kill-a-watts/Catholicos Boys (Electrorock)
10. Okmoniks, *Take a Spin with* (In-Fi)
11. Jewws, *I Need Your Lovin* (Alien Snatch)
12. Mistreaters, *No More* (Goodbye Boozy)
13. Dixie Buzzards, *Save It for Me* (Therapeutic)
14. Nazi from Mars/Foreheads, split (Raw Suger)
15. Leghounds, *Prisoner of Love* (Alien Snatch)
16. Fuses, *High Rate of Speed* (Incognito)
17. Pushers/Homoplastik (Eat Me)
18. One Man Show, *It Don't Matter* (Call & Response)
20. Dirtbombs, *Ode to a Black Man* (Sweet Nothing)

Disgruntled Mailorder, California

1. Nausea, *New Generation* (Freed For Freaks)
2. Lube, *Music of Chance* (Revenge)
3. Bonecrusher, *For Your Freedom* (77 RPM)
4. Zeke, *Rock & Roll Catastrophe* (Black Lung)
5. BellRays, *Suicide Baby* (No Tomorrow)
6. Tyrades, *Detonation* (Big Neck)
7. Hellacopters, *High Visibility* (Get Hip)
8. Piranhas, *Garbage Can* (Tom Perkins)
9. Skulls, *Life Ain't So Pretty* (Headline)
10. Fu Manchu, *Don't Bother Knockin* (Elastic)
11. Starvations, *Shut-Up Sirens* (Vinyl Dog)
12. Flash Express, *Who Stole The Soul* (Revenge)
13. Hives, *Hate to Say I Told You So* (Gearhead)
14. Numbers, *Letters* (Stereodrive)
15. Negatives, *Wanna See What You Got* (Hostage)
16. Clone Defects, *Bottled Women* (Tom Perkins)
17. Rocket 455, *Cross-Eyed* (Get Hip)
18. X, *Home Is Where The Floor Is* (RockNRoll Blitzkrieg)
19. Les Sexareenos, *We Gonna Ball* (Corduoy)
20. Mistreaters, *No More* (Goodbye Boozy)

ably), Agent Orange (the surfy undertones in "The Grip"), and the youthful damn-it-all-ness of the Adolescents over breaths of Hammond organ. I can totally appreciate it. They're definitely trying to expand a long-revered and emulated sound, but perhaps since they're all longer songs that tend to drag a little in the middle, I don't find myself flat-out floored or totally enthralled. It's definitely fine music, but it's missing a certain cohesion or tightness (musically, not instrumentally) from making me shit myself. Worth watching out for in the future, though. —Todd (Headline)

CLASS ASSASSINS, THE:

No Justice... No Peace: 7"

This is European-style street punk with a frenetic, melodic edge. It's a catchy and captivating foot-stompin' aural romp that includes a rousing upbeat original ("No Justice...") and an up-tempo punk rock cover of "One Tin Soldier" (the theme song from the classic hippy flick, "Billy Jack"). Indeed, this is a sonically riveting 7" throughout both sides, and I feel wholeheartedly compelled to fervently recommend it to you all. —Roger Moser, Jr. (Insurgence)

CLITCOPS, THE:

The Harder They Cum: CD

This is angry, vile, vulgar, and venomous rock'n'roll thunder-roar from a sick, twisted, and seedy skull-pummeling perspective! It's wild, primitive, primal, and raging auditory deviance loudly overloaded with full-throttle bowery-punk sonic self-abuse! Damn straight, these sadistically blistering songs are a berserk fitful whirlwind of sexually demented musical mayhem that fractured my skull, imploded my internal organs, singed my flesh, and curdled my blood. I will never piss a straight line again. I'll no longer sugar-coat thick wads of snot before thunkin' it directly from my alcohol-worm esophagus into the aghast, wide-open eyes of authority. I'll never, ever aspire to be anything more than a disastrously drunk, sexually perverse, swaggerin'-proud, standin'-tall sonuvabitch, thanks to the soul-stabbin', gut-stompin' sounds of this decadently divine disc! Yes, it's inherently obvious: The ClitCops have sonically possessed my soul. —Roger Moser, Jr. (Intensive Scare)

CLOCKED IN:

Tied to the Mast: CD

This is fast, furious, and hard-hittin' punkrock unruliness with a slight bit of a crunchy metal edge to it (think a thrashin' Hot Water Music crossed with the Rollins Band on meth steroids). It's packed to the gills with such frenetic raging fury that my knees uncontrollably knocked together, my teeth frightfully chattered like a speed-addled skeleton, and the hair on the back of my neck stood straight on end after just one listen. Then I had the sudden compelling urge to madly leap around the room and repeatedly smash my head into the walls while the brutally blistering sounds of Clocked In noisily blared outta my stereo speakers over and over and over again. Even though I'm now bloodied, battered, and bruised beyond recognition, I just can't get enough of

this ferociously spectacular sonic slaughterhouse. I'll see you in the pit, kiddies. —Roger Moser, Jr. (Radical)

CONFLICT: Now You've Put Your Foot in It: CDEP

Now here is a band that I used to love back in the mid '80s. I think I have almost every release they put out up to the point of them breaking up. I got to see one of only three shows that they played in 1984 in the USA and hung out with them most of the day they were in LA. I heard many rumors that the singer, Colin, became a soccer hooligan and rave promoter after the band disbanded. I saw them last year perform on their second US tour and came away with mixed feelings as I thought about it more. I know their ideology was important to me back in the day. But seeing them was just not the same as seeing them in their heyday and hanging out with them. They seemed like they were going through the motions and did not feel genuine. The same goes here. It does not compare with their great EPs and LPs of the past, like *Increase the Pressure*. The two studio songs here follow the formula of songs past but that does not translate to the same energy. Not that it's not a good listen but it just does not compare to their classics. The two live tracks are throwaways. It's their attempt at playing reggae. I found it boring. Conflict fans new and old will find it worth the purchase though for the studio tracks. Before I got this copy, I received an email newsletter from Conflict saying that they want people to boycott and not purchase the licensed releases from Go Kart. The reasons they cited were bad communication with the label and not following their instructions regarding artwork on this release, which led to their removal of their licenses. Since it's out there, you decide who you want to support. You can either buy this from Conflict's longtime label Motorhate (<www.conflict.org.uk>) or domestically through Go Kart. You have a right to choose! —Donofthedeath (Go Kart)

COOKIE: Sweat-Soaked and Satisfied: CD

This was a surprise 'cause I half-expected it to suck. Some dang tasty, occasionally country twinged, rock/punk, very heavy on the rock, that falls somewhere between Texas Terri and Deep Purple, which explains the cover of "Highway Star." Though this band is dancing on a very thin wire where any misstep could send them tumbling into an abyss rapidly filling with some mighty shitty bands, they manage to pull it all off and come up with one mighty nice piece of work. Recommended if this type of stuff is your bag. —Jimmy Alvarado (Infect)

CRIPPLERS, THE: One More for the Bad Guys: CD

Fun, fast, and loud rock'n'roll with a southern tinge. Very cool shit here. Their adrenaline level and attitude sets them apart from many other bands in the same genre. They do not disappoint. —Toby (Dionysus)

CRISPUS ATTUCKS/ DE NADA: Split: 7"

This was supposed to be a Crispus Attucks/Voorhees split but the Voorhees had to back out. De Nada who replaces them are a short-lived band from the DC outreaches that played around '97 to 2000. Crispus Attucks gives you four hardcore numbers to sink your teeth into. If you haven't heard anything by them before, you need to. They are essentially, in my opinion, one of today's bands that is keeping the hardcore flame alive. Vocals are throaty but screamed. The music brings you up and down with their mixture of fast and mid-tempo. De Nada, on the other hand, is grind/thrash/metal/noise. Distraught is the mood I feel here but they do have a sense of humor. Their side is all over the place. Cool old skateboard photos of Mark Gonzalez and Chris Miller on the cover. —Donofthedeath (Vendetta)

DAYGLO ABORTIONS:

Feed Us a Fetus: CD

I have never heard this band's music before but I know they have been around a while. They have a classic punk sound out of the '80s. Reminds me of early Black Flag mixed with some early Guttermouth. Early as in when those bands were good. The only thing wrong with this CD is that while listening to it, you can pick out a shitload of obvious guitar riffs stolen from many popular rock and metal songs. It's very peculiar. Is this their usual schtick? Someone please let me know. If not, I would definitely be more of their music. —Toby (Beer City)

DEAD ENDS, THE:

Self-titled: CD

These Aussie punks play songs reminiscent of the Ramones — *End of the Century* Phil Spector experiment, only louder and faster, which is another way of saying they sound just like vintage Queers. Fun, fast, friendly, and forgettable. —Money (Rabbit)

DEAD INSIDE: No. 4: CD

Something about this reminds me of B'last, but not in a dated way — sounds plenty modern. Insistent skin paddling vies for the lead spot with the chunky guitar. I've tried to cut down on my use of the word "emo," but let's just say the lyrics are of a decidedly personal nature. I'll let it slide this time. —Cuss Baxter (Firefly Recordings)

DEATH RAY DAVIES, THE:

Without a Trace: 7"

The A-side is a nice piece of jangly, slightly gloomy college pop. The B-side, though, sucks pretty hard. —Jimmy Alvarado (Has Anyone Ever Told You)

DHARMAKAYA:

Faces M'boro, TN 11/20/01 — Live Bootleg #1: CD-R

And The End 01/12/02 —

Live Bootleg #2: CD-R

Damn, these native sons of Nashville energetically churn-out new auditory releases as often as I giddily cut loose with a rapid-fire succession of volcanically disruptive farts! I've now received a grand total of four different

Dharmakaya discs during the past ten months, and my ears are still as receptive and enthused as ever regarding the garagey alt-rock liveliness of this Tennessee combo. Even though the sound quality is questionable (muddy, murky, and muffled... these are live "bootleg" recordings, after all!), the band's genuine devotion to their musical craft is as blatantly obvious as a two-dollar whore's crack habit! For the record, I recommend the second CD more than the first. The mix is clearer and more evenly toned, plus the guitars are delightfully drenched in a colorful, thick coating of fuzz effects. Either way, Dharmakaya ecstatically perform for the audience as if they're takin' 'em for a ride on a rocket-propelled roller coaster through a booze-soaked sinner's theme park. So if ya like spirited bar-room rock'n'roll that's perfectly at home in an out-of-control atmosphere of sloppy-drunk rowdiness, then get your grubby lil' mitts on these here two discs, and let the good times roll where they may... —Roger Moser, Jr. (Spat!)

DILLINGER FOUR:

Situationist Comedy: CD

I can't fucking believe how good this album is. I know you read a zine like *Razorcake* and think, man, there's so many good albums out there, so many good bands, but are there any essential albums? Any albums that I just have to have? The answer is yes. You have to have this album. Imagine walking through the snow on a wet, windy day and no amount of bundling up can keep the cold out. The cold just seems like it's going right through you. Right into your bones. Now, imagining that cold is music, and it's a good thing. That's what listening to *Situationist Comedy* is like. I wasn't sure how much I'd like it. Sure, I'm a huge D4 fan. I love their first full-length, *Midwestern Songs of the Americas*. I still listen to it a lot. When I first got it, I had to pace myself. I figured, if I listen to this album every time I want to listen to it, I'll get sick of it. I'll ruin the album for myself. So I controlled myself, and that album has always been close to a CD player of mine since it came out in 1998. D4 released *This Shit Is Genius* a year later. And that shit was genius. I had to pace myself again. But I also have to admit that, once I got used to hearing *This Shit*, I started reaching for *Midwestern Songs* more often. It was still my favorite. Then, D4 put out *Versus God* in 2000, and, if you ask me, they won. It was another amazing album. But, again, after I got used to hearing *Versus God*, *Midwestern Songs* took back the lead as my favorite D4 album. Shortly before *Situationist Comedy* came out, I listened to *Midwestern Songs* and wondered if D4 could possibly top that album. Now, I think they may have topped it. *Situationist Comedy* takes all the elements that make D4 a great band: the infusion of four musicians going nuts but keeping everything together, the ability to seamlessly and perpetually fuck with the tempo of a song, and the perfect balance of Eric's poppy vocals, Billy's gruff hardcore vocals, and Paddy's is-he-really-singing-in-a-punk-band-like-that? Irish tenor. Beyond that, they seem to be growing up as a band. They play together so well. It's like every **RAZORCAKE** 73

note, every riff, every symbol crash is intricately woven to keep the song from unraveling. There's a constant tension and release in every song. And above it all are some fucking awesome lyrics. After listening to the album about a dozen times, I got sick of trying to sing along with words I didn't know, so I sat down with the lyric sheet and read along with the songs. I realized that these lyrics are gonna be quoted in nearly every fanzine in the US for the next two or three years. These guys keep tackling their common religious and political themes, but this album adds one more wrinkle – the songs about how the forty-hour-week, work-until-you-retire, identify-yourself-by-your-job mindset of our society is sucking out our soul. And it all comes together at the end in what is probably the most powerful D4 song yet, "New Punk Fashions for the Spring Formal," driving forward to the last line, "Where's the do or die? It's staring you in the eye." Then the album ends and I get to my only complaint about this CD: I don't know what to do with myself when it's over.

–Sean Carswell (Fat)

DIRTY SWEETS, THE:

Bubblegum Damaged: CD

Rip Off Records seems to love trashy rock'n'roll that sounds like it's tearing up your speakers, no matter how good your speakers are or how loud the music is. The Dirty Sweets fit right in. They have a blown-out garage sound that reminds me of the Motards or the Rip Offs themselves, but when you factor in The Dirty Sweets' female vocalist, with all her snottiness and attitude, and it's hard not to compare them to Loli and the Chones. So this album and this sound is nothing new or groundbreaking, but it's fun as hell and definitely worth a listen. –Sean Carswell (Rip Off)

DISCONTENT:

Shot Down: CDEP

A high water mark was made with Discontent's *Who Killed Vinyl 7?* a couple years back. It is, bar none, of the finest examples of true-grit working class punk the United States has ever made. Shit you not. The six songs on *Shot Down* follow suit. They doesn't let up and kick you in the ass so hard right off the bat that you'll be puking up the laces later in the week. What's impressive is how hard they sound without being explicitly macho, and without the slightest hint of metal. Conviction, perhaps? Because they're taking elements that seem to be at the disposal of almost any band, the power comes from titty twisting them until everything's on the edge of breaking: the strings, the drum heads, the stereo, your ears. Totally worth your time. –Todd (Hostage)

DISCOUNT: Singles #1: CD

For a while, when I was living in Florida, it seemed like Discount played at every show I went to. It wasn't that I was hunting them down, necessarily. They were just the only good, active band in the area at the time. They always tipped the scales for me. I'd be indecisive about checking out a show, but see that Discount was on the bill and figure, well, at least Discount will be good. Now it's hard for me to decide if they were really that good of a band, or

if their music just brings back good memories. I've heard two basic criticisms of them: that Alison sometimes sounds like she's nagging when she sings, and that they don't have enough of a separation between music and vocals. I can understand the criticism. Neither of these things bother me. I like the way Alison sings. I don't feel nagged. And, it's true that the songs might be better if there were more instrumental parts. The music is powerful. It builds and releases a lot of tension. At times, I wish the focus was more on that music and less on the singing along. But, really, all that means is that I want more. And is wanting more really a criticism, anyway? So this is a collection of their early singles, stuff they released in '95 and '96. They definitely grew a lot as a band after '96, and they got a lot better on their later albums. Still, their early stuff has a sincerity and energy to it that I really enjoy. I'm glad they re-released all of these songs. –Sean Carswell (New American Dream)

DISTILLERS, THE:

Sing Sing Death House: CD

The Distillers have once again put out a CD I can't stop listening to. This one is a bit harder than their first (which is still on high rotation here). This is kick-ass female fronted punk rock. It's catchy but not poppy. Some of my friends have listened to them and were surprised when I told them a girl was singing. She has a great voice. For those unaware, the singer is Brody Armstrong, Tim from Rancid's wife. They give Rancid (when at their best) a run for their money. She also happens to be one of the hottest girls in punk. I felt like a teenager in heat when I saw them live. I think I have a crush. Anyways, they actually sound great too. Do yourself a favor and listen to this band. (aside: for Brody fans, you can find a poster of her in the new Hellcat comp.) Damn, I feel like I should be reading *Teen Beat*. Fuck. –Toby (Hellcat)

DMZ: Live at the Rat: CD

Monoman Jeff Connelly is a demi-god. He's still rocking after all these years. Time, drugs, and plain human drama has not been able to stop this man. If you went to the last Shakedown, you'd know exactly what I'm getting at. DMZ is still alive and I hope they get a chance to play around more before they really call it an end. OK, in case you have no idea what I'm talking about, those righteous people at Bomp Records want you to hear and fully understand the power of DMZ. Boston in the mid '70s had a microcosm of bands who played local bars/ restaurants such as Cantone's and The Rat. DMZ played in front of enthusiastic crowds and although they did not contain any record executives yet, they were making history and garnering status as a band whose influences would touch other musicians through the halls of time. At the time, no one would have guessed the wiser, according to fellow Bostonian, Real Kid John Felice who recanted those days. Well, DMZ eventually did get signed and released a terrific rock album, but alas, the world was just not ready to rock when they had the insolent luxury of Walter Murphy's Discosymphonic and DMZ fizzled

away. Not for long though, because deep in the hearts of rock fans everywhere, they still held a torch for these punk rock titans. They passed the flames to younger generations who easily become rabid DMZ-philes. DMZ is a mixture of the best sixties garage punk, soul, and basic American rock'n'roll. They covered the best fucking songs and gave them their own signature sound. I don't have to tell you to get this album because you probably have it by now. If you don't, what the fuck are you waiting for? Now if only people would pay attention to The Customs, too. –Namella J. Kim (Bomp!)

DOC HOPPER/EL SECOND-HAND: Please Send Help: CD

Doc Hopper: maybe I'm feelin' a little soft or somethin', but their tracks weren't as painful as I expected them to be. Their sole original here, "Meister," was a pretty nice melding of All-lite drive and vaguely Hüsker structure, and their cover of "Kids Don't Follow" was good, if not as intense as the original. The cover of Black Flag sucked, but that's just 'cause the song itself sucked to begin with. "South of Heaven" was finely executed, but still pales to the original. Secondhand: They didn't leave as positive an impression. Their original was not as memorable and their covers, although perfectly executed (especially the Slayer tracks) lacked any sense of immediacy and, ultimately rang hollow. Maybe next time. –Jimmy Alvarado (Attention Deficit Disorder)

DROPSKOTS, THE:

Self-titled: CD

By-the-numbers modern poppy hardcore. They're fast, tight and have all the requisite parts to ensure they'll become huge radio stars, but I still lost interest by the third song. –Jimmy Alvarado (King Bee)

DUANE PETERS

AND THE HUNNS:

Wayward Bantams: CD

The mighty, outspoken, tattooed one is back with a vengeance in all of his disheveled, snaggle-toothed glory! On this here skull-pummeling platter of raging punkrock fury, Duane Peters and his maniacal band of thuggish noisemongers ballistically blaze through a flesh-scorchin' swirl of sonic unruliness that quickly crumbled the infrastructure of my house and completely leveled it to the ground! I shit you not, these ferociously spectacular songs slash straight for the jugular like a freshly sharpened straight-edged razor being violently wielded by a deranged, psychopathic madman. The lyrics are humorously sentimental ("Dog Bowl Love"), descriptively disturbing ("Canker Sore of Greenwich St."), venomously vitriolic ("War of the Worlds"... a well-deserved Duane-style tirade against a certain despicable bin Laden ass-wart!), heartfelt and harrowing ("Jet 757"... a horrific, realistic account of the hijacked jet that crashed in the rural Pennsylvania countryside on September 11th), and uncannily observant of the miserable circumstances facing the unfortunate and desperate rejects of our so-called civilized society ("Hobo Jungle" and "Dead Man Talking"). My

personal auditory favorites contained herein include "Surf Sacrifice," "Wayward Bantams," and "Forever After" (a hilarious California-style Sid-and-Nancy story on which dastardly Duane loudly duets with Texas Terri!). By far, this is one of the most energetically inspired discs that's yet laid waste to my eardrums, and it's hands-down some of the liveliest working-class music ever conceived.

–Roger Moser, Jr. (Disaster)

DWARVES: How to Make Friends and Influence

People: CD

It's the raucously demented Dwarves, so you can assuredly expect some of the most psychotic, decadent, and perverse rock'n'roll noise ever put to tape! This is a killer-crazed collection of re-recorded Dwarves classics (includin' "Let's Fuck," "Anybody Out There?" [my personal all-time fave!], "Saturday Night," "Detention Girl," "Dairy Queen," and several others) and a furiously smokin' smattering of new material, as well. In my humbly inebriated opinion, it all frenetically sounds like the Ramones maniacally payin' homage to the Dwarves while jubilantly doin' the cretin hop in the basement of a lunatic asylum. Hell yeh, it's that damn spastic, upbeat, and savagely intense! Rock'n'roll just doesn't get any more violent, destructive, and criminally insane than this. –Roger Moser, Jr. (Reptilian)

END ON END/LIFE IN PICTURES: Split 7" EP

Great packaging. Silk-screened sleeve, hand-stamped vinyl, translucent paper insert, limited to 300. End on End: Completely took me by surprise when I saw them live. Andy's a frontman who knows how to work a crowd, go aggro, but never hit anyone who didn't want to get hit. I was less than impressed by their Headline single, but they've learned their lessons well. As they are live, the two songs here are punchy, dynamic, sweaty, and most importantly, don't sound like a Rites of Spring reunion tour. What's immediately obvious on this recording is how tightly wound yet well composed the songs are. They're both gruff and huffy, yet expansive – somewhere between hardcore and emo, but not in a pussy or shitty way. Life in Pictures: Crank up the screamo dial, tap into some metal licks, slow it down, get all moist, drop a tear on their shoes, then go back to yelling. Tough/tender guy stuff that's a harder sell for me. –Todd (Coldbringer)

EPOXIES: Self-titled: CD

I was quite excited when I saw the cover of this CD. Cool band photo, black and white, with a very new wave/Rezillos look to it. And the sound is of the key-board/new wave punk persuasion. More Rezillos fashion influence than music influence. Girl and boy vocals. And they have cool, Rezillos-esque names like Roxy Epoxy, Viz Spectrum, and Kid Polymer! (Question: How many times can I write "Rezillos" in a non-Rezillos review? Answer: A lot!) Pretty decent! I just wish the songs were more catchy. If that happens, I could imagine their next album being great! If

this were a cereal, it'd be Kix. Good!
—Maddy (Dirtnap)

EXECRADORES/ SIN DIOS: Split: LP

This was originally released in 1998 on Esperanza Records on CD. Now a vinyl copy is available. Execradores' home base is Sao Paulo, Brazil and they are a self-proclaimed anarcho punk band. Sin Dios share in the same beliefs and call their home base Spain. I couldn't tell you exactly what the beliefs of both bands are because this came with no lyric sheet. The song titles, for the most part, are in Portuguese and I'm pretty damn sure that the lyrics are definitely Portuguese for the Execradores songs and Spanish for the Sin Dios songs. What I can describe for you luscious readers of my writing is the music. Execradores play straight forward fast punk that is short and sweet. No extra baggage to keep you from losing interest here. They bash into your forehead seventeen songs of what injustices they see. Sin Dios provide ten songs in the same vein; a little more melodic at times but every bit as powerful. One good thing is when you don't understand the language, you can focus more on the energy of the music and the rage is felt equivocally. —Donofthedeath (Sin Fronteras)

FAKES, THE:

Everything's Fake: CDEP

What's ultimately creepy about The Fakes is how almost unmistakable G. Edward Stasi's voice sounds almost exactly like Duane Peters' — down to the

drawl at the end of long vowels. They probably use the same mouthwash or something. This EP is almost like prime cuts of ultra-prime US Bombs or Duane Peters and the Hunns, down to the Kerry Martinez-like guitar work, the backup vocals, and the California bumper song topics. What's also funny is that I'm not complaining in the slightest. It's fucking enjoyable, if not a little creepy, but I already said that. —Todd (Hostage)

FALL SILENT:

Drunken Violence: CD

I came about these guys by accident when I got a copy of their previous release, *Six Years in the Desert*. I was blown away because I didn't expect to be punched to my skull by the sheer speed and rage that was forced into my senses. Continuing on with their manic ways, a new episode is unleashed. Man, I love that traditional speed metal sound these guys present to me. My neck goes spastic and start to bang out of control when I hear the riffage. If you hate metal, go away. But you have to respect a band that puts their heart out front when they are playing Heart's "Barracuda." Playing it seriously and not for a joke. Like if Judas Priest was doing a cover of it. Bang your head. Metal health will drive you mad. Ha, ha, ha. —Donofthedeath (Revelation)

EASTLANE:

Hold Your Breath: CD

Emo-saturated hardcore. I nearly made it trough the fourth song before the wretchedness of the music caused me to

begin vomiting uncontrollably. —Jimmy Alvarado (Aggravated Music)

FAT ASS: Another Great Day in Shithole: 7"

Hell fuckin' yeh, this is blistering, balls-out rock'n'roll thunder at its trashiest and most wrathful! It cacophonously sounds like AC/DC, El Diablo, and the Supersuckers savagely runnin' amok smack-dab into a furiously raging tornado, and then harnessing all of its catastrophic roaring energy and blasting it through a towering stack of Marshall amps. Unbelievably intense! —Roger Moser, Jr. (Diaphragm)

F-BOMB: El Diablo

Dinner Theatre: CD

A melding of college rock, punk and maybe a dash of emo, resulting in a CD that's as boring as that description sounds. —Jimmy Alvarado (Groundswell)

FIELDS OF FIRE: Demo: CD

Fast, spazzy, and satisfying punk rock in the vein of The Zero Boys (whom they cover), Black Flag, and JFA with flourishes of newer incarnations like the Thumbs and Dick Army (not the violin LA one, the good one in NYC). It's full of melody without being outright poppy. It's fast, but every note's still being hit (so rule out powerviolence), and it's hard to type when I listen to it because my fist always wants to raise up and pump along. The cool thing about Fields of Fire is that although they remind me of past great bands from the early '80s, I don't get all misty with

nostalgia, but get the sense of a band looking ahead while using some of the tools of the past, and sharpening them for the songs ahead. Looking forward to the progression. This ain't bad at all. —Todd (Fields of Fire)

FIFTYTWO:

Lead or Follow: CD

Pretty straightforward hardcore (meaning no abundance of metal wanking) with a dash of country here and there. Not too bad, although the guitar player looks more like Yogi Fuentes than should be humanly possible. —Jimmy Alvarado (Aggravated Music)

FLOGGING MOLLY:

Drunken Lullabies: CD

Think of being at the pub with a group of your closest friends sharing a good time of a few pints of Guinness, Harp or some black and tans. The atmosphere is set for just a boost. The perfect accompaniment to this grand time would be Flogging Molly. With their mix of the Pogues, traditional Irish folk and punk energy, you would have to be dead not wanting to jump and dance. What I am assuming is their second full length, is every bit as good as their previous release *Swagger*. It's a perfection of tracks that carefully takes you up and down and keeps you interested throughout the whole disc. Seeing them at their record release shows here in LA, I'm guessing that their infectious energy has caught on quite strong. I can't wait 'till they record and release their cover of Tom Jones' "Delilah." —Donofthedeath (Side One Dummy)

FRANKENSTEIN DRAG QUEENS FROM PLANET 13, THE/ NERDS, THE: Split 7"

Despite the stupid name and terrible drag/horror outfits, the FDQFP13s manage two pretty swell Southern scum rock numbers. They're from North Carolina. Italy's Nerds (I'm not sure they know what a nerd is, as their side of the record is called "Satan's Rise" and bears a painting of four hooded fellows introducing a cross to a stripped nun's most holy area) sacrifice speed for power and turn in a couple of metallic ones. —Cuss Baxter (Scarey)

FRANKIE VIOLENCE AND HIS DEPUTIES: John Pill

Sessions 4 Hits: CD-EP

This is fist-shakin', skull-throatin' punk-rock n' roll madness! It's lean, mean, and spastically crazed like a motherfucker! It sounds uncannily like a musical brick-tossin' riot between The Damned, Subhumans (U.K.), and Johnny Thunders. Hell yeh, I'm absolutely fascinated by this sonically stripped-down display of rip-roarin', overamped aggression. It's indeed a gut-pummelin' piece of truly turbulent punkrock paradise, so I give it the loudest and most robust of burp-ridden recommendations! —Roger Moser, Jr. (Frankie Violence And His Deputies)

FRUSTRATORS, THE:

Achtung Jackass: CD

Hell yeh, this is giddy, silly, and euphoric pop-punk pizzazz at its most jubilant and upbeat! It sounds incredibly like Green Day (no small wonder, since Green Day's Mike Dirnt lends his brash bass-thumping abilities as well as backing vocals to this sonically spectacular project!), and my tickled-drunk ears also detect the melodic and lively influences of the Buzzcocks, Dickies, and The Vapors. But I'll be damned if "25" doesn't sound like a long-lost Nirvana track from their angst-ridden "Bleach" sessions, and a spastic cranked-to-the-max cover of The Cars' "My Best Friend's Girl" is enthusiastically included herein for your toe-tappin' listening pleasure, as well. Indeed, this cheerfully smashing CD is impressive, exhilarating, and dazzling beyond belief. It's guaranteed to provide the ultimate aurally rollicking good time for all of the entire world! —Roger Moser, Jr. (Adeline)

FURIOUS IV:

...Is That You?: CD

This is intricate, energetic, and youthfully exuberant pop-punk spasticity that robustly thumped a whoppin' dinosaur-sized knot upon my head in thirty seconds flat! It's all-at-once melodious, mercurial, and frenetically charged like a motherfucker! Furious IV brazenly remind me of One Hit Wonder with snottier, more boyish vocals; and less I hesitate to mention the crunchy rapid-fire rhythms and riffs, stratospheric rocket-fuelled guitar leads, a startling bone-breakin' rumble of bass bombardments, and a thunderously raging display of skull-cracking percussive skillfulness. Indeed, these jubilant and juicy songs are feverishly performed with a fast-paced sense of urgency and the

utmost of juvenescent swagger. I only have one valid complaint to lodge: the final detestable tune, "Cop-Out," is a mass-appeal acoustic abomination that sounds uncannily like an MTV Unplugged reject. Next time leave such lackluster musical bilge at home, fellas (I know acoustic-tinged antics like that are popular with the suburban mall-brat punks, but it's a redundant and overrated pop-punk cliché that's been done to death already, gawddamn!). Anyway, other than the aforementioned, Furious IV have frenetically released a stellar first-rate pop-punk classic that'll constantly be blatin' from my stereo at all hours of the day and night. —Roger Moser, Jr. (Pointed Finger)

FUSES, THE: Self-titled: 7"

Not to be confused with The Fuse (singular, from LA) or The Short Fuses (the punk'n'roll band with the lady), it's The Fuses. I'll be honest. I yinked this as soon as it came in because it had a playable cover, which is a pretty fucking cool thing. The packaging is impeccable. The songs? Ehh, so-so. "If the Communists Don't Dance" is jangly, androgynous, repetitive and disaffected. "The Fix Was In" continues the art-holing. It gets right to the edge of being interesting, of exploding all over, then it recedes. "The Poor Need Opera" has a sparkle of Gang of Four angularity, but it just seems so, well, very not dangerous or risky but calculated: too much head, not enough heart. The cover song (in two senses of the word — it's on the cover and it's a cover of Fashion) is the best of the bunch. Spastic, jumpy, and short. It's never the best sign that my favorite song is written by someone else. Fair, but I doubt I'll be playing this much. I'll just be showing people the playable cover. —Todd (Slamdance Cosmopolis)

GADJITS, THE: Today Is

My Day: CD

First rule is: The laws of Germany. Second rule is: Never trust a ska band. Third rule is: Never trust a band that has formed within the past two years to play punk rock and roll. Fourth rule is: Never trust a ska band who jumps onto the punk rock and roll bandwagon. That's really all you havta know about the Gadjits. If you're one of those trend jumpers, HERE'S YOUR TREND! Bluesy punk rock, complete with retro/emo-y package design. If this were a cereal, it'd be whatever Cap'n Crunch is dishing up this month. (There have been a ridiculous number of different kinds of Cap'n Crunch — and all of them suck.) Can I declare a moratorium on more bands forming that sound like this? If not, please kill me. —Maddy (Thick)

GAS HUFFER:

The Rest of Us: CD

Wow. I wasn't expecting this from Gas Huffer at all. It's like they took the trashy rock'n'roll that made them famous and threw out the trash. Not in a bad way at all. This is the musical equivalent to the whole *Pygmalion* fantasy, where you take a hooker, clean her up and make her presentable to all your friends and everyone loves her and she's a great girlfriend, etc., but deep down inside, you know she still fucks like a

pro and you'll never have to lose that. It just makes sense, though, that, when you have this much talent swimming around beneath the distortion, you should probably drain a bit of the distortion out of the pool. And that's what *The Rest of Us* does. Everything about Gas Huffer is solid in this album: a sturdy rhythm section, catchy vocals, and good lyrics ("the kids are listening to the radio. They can't tell the songs from the ads, but who can these days?"). But what makes this album amazing is Tom Price's guitar. Without any kind of wanking or showboating, Price rounds out the songs with perfect sounding riffs. Every time I listen to this album, one of Price's guitar parts will jump out at me and I'll think, how the fuck did he do that with only six strings? I'll think, people have been playing guitars for hundreds of years, why hasn't anyone else thought to do that? And that? And that? It's not just impressive; it's great music. —Sean Carswell (Estrus)

GASOLHEADS: Red Wine and White Russians: 10"

They thank Teenage Head! They are from France! This is pretty decent rock and roll. If only they sounded like a French Teenage Head! Then I could die happy! If this were a cereal, it'd be regular Cheerios. Not great, not bad. And could all bands from non-English speaking countries stop singing in English, please? —Maddy (Dead Beat)

GASOLINE:

Take It to the People: CD

Japan's Gasoline is truly a sight to behold. They ripped a new one to each and every member of the crowd that was lucky enough to witness the all out rocking at the Garage in beautiful sunny Los Angeles. Singer Gan glides effortlessly through a host of front man antics including the James Brown, getting' so down, he has to crawl all over the stage while he dons a majestic shameless metallic purple embroidered cape; inducing the crowd to lay low during a hushed portion of their cover of "Shout" by the Isley Brothers then commanding them to leap to their feet at his discretion; as well as a full frontal cover of The Pack's classic punk anthem "Nobody Can Tell Us." Man, these Japanese soul bros take it to the heart! So, ReTodd was nice enough to pop over their latest full length CD, courtesy of the fine folks at Estrus records. It starts off with a swampy blues harmonica thang — *Take It To The People* (which they reprise at the end of the vinyl version, but what do you know the CD version actually has more bonus tracks — get smart and buy the CD version will ya, cause they've got classics like "We Are Gasoline" for your edification) but don't fall asleep on that sweaty Mississippi porch yet my friends because Pearl Harbor #2 is goin' off right in your ear! There's a consistent garage punk tone but it's laden with hefty servings of soul sonic reduction Detroit rock and early rhythm and blues influences to keep your feet moving and your butt shaking. Gan gets downright gutwretchingly blues vocaled out (he's a virtual Japanese Son House), Hiroshi anchors the tunes with precision bass lines, and drummer Shuhei hits 'em hard babies! Mr. Tim Kerr takes the

reigns and makes it swing. *Take It To The People* is another instant classic from Japan that belongs in your record collection. Can I get an amen? —Namella J. Kim (Estrus Records)

GENERATORS, THE:

State of the Nation: CD EP

Damn straight, I wish more punk bands had the balls and sonic blister of The Generators. This crazed mad-dog quartet of insurgent noise-makers sure know how to raucously kick it into high gear while furiously thrustin' their middle fingers into the wan, expressionless face of our complacent, corporate-fed society. Both melody-wise and within their surly snarlin' attitude, The Generators are very much chaotically akin to the U.S. Bombs. The songs irately scream with bile, venom, emotion, and unrelenting snottiness. This is auditory destruction at its most severe with seven bone-crushin' originals, a skull-splittin' cover of Cock Sparrer's "Runnin' Riot," and a bit of video-enhanced imagery, as well! DESTROY! —Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

GENERATORS, THE:

State of the Nation: LP

Pretty solid old style punk band. They just sound too much like a mediocre version of the US Bombs. However, it still isn't bad. They can be found on TKO's latest comp if you are weary about buying this before you hear what they are like. —Toby (Deadbeat)

GOVERNMENT ISSUE:

Complete History

Volume Two: 2XCD

Dr. Strange finishes up its look at the career of Government Issue on this disc, compiling their last three albums (two studio and one live) and a couple unreleased tracks onto two CDs. Taking both volumes of this as a whole, it's pretty neat to see how the band went from point A to point B, from playing tuneless, over-the-top hardcore to mid-tempo punk with pop overtones. You can hear the progression and see more clearly how they ended up where they did. While I've never been a fan of their later work (and still ain't, to be honest), I can now say I've earned considerably more respect for it, and can now see that what I once thought was a total 180-degree turn in abject wimpdom was actually (as was the case of many of their peers in DC) an attempt to stretch the narrow parameters they found themselves in by aligning themselves with punk rock, and create a new kinda ruckus from the old. Can't say it works for me, but it is good for what it is and I appreciate their effort, even if my appreciation is 10+ years too late. As I said in my review of the first volume a few issues back, I really wish they'd seen fit to include the early demo with "Everybody's Getting Mad" and their version of "Stepping Stone," but, this gripe aside, both volumes of *Complete History* still serve as an essential look at an often essential, usually underrated band that had the gumption to slam and spit with the rest of 'em and had the balls to take a chance on growing up. —Jimmy Alvarado (Dr. Strange)

GRANDPRIXX, THE:

...Drive Me Crazy!: CD

I used to pronounce this band "grand-pree" until several people informed me that its pronounced "grandpricks." Ack. Even worse. Very mediocre pop punk with slightly annoying vocals. Reminds me of the lesser Mutant Pop bands. If this were a cereal, it'd be generic Fruity Pebbles. Not much here to get excited about. -Maddy (Fork in Hand)

GUAPO, EL:

Super/System: CD

Moody synth-driven music. Not particularly manic, kinda jazzy sometimes and maybe a little more artsy than is good for it, but an interesting listen nonetheless. Yup. Definitely interesting. Recommended for the robot voice on track fifteen alone. I'm a sucker for robot voices. -Jimmy Alvarado (Dischord)

HAMMERLOCK/LIMECELL:

Split: 7"

"Die Hard" is the single by Hammerlock. Hammerlock is a great hard-ass southern rock band but this is not one of their better songs. I think I just listened to it for the last time. Limecell, another great band in the same category as Hammerlock, have the better side. "Buried Alive" and "Live Like an Angel, Die Like a Devil" are their songs. The first drags too much but the second is up to par for them. I'd go by any of their CDs and ignore this. -Toby

HANK PLANK & THE 2x4s:

Venus Hair Trap: CD

Hot damn, these rural white-trash ruffians proudly produce a rowdy, rip-snortin', horndog hootenanny of full-fledged, grade-A, countrified aural joviality! It's backwoods, banjo-fuelled, "Deliverance"-style sonic sinfulness that'll make the devil feverishly dance a jig in the shadowy pale moonlight with a hedonistic honky-tonk mama. During a couple of the dandy delightful ditties, a frenetically out-of-control fiddle shreds the inner sanctums of my ears with its wildly swirling banshee-wail of screeching insanity. Sure as shit, this is some sourmash-stewin', moonshine-brewin' mountain music that'll quiver your liver, twist your titties in a knot, and knock your dick in the dirt some-thin' fierce! So hey now, Junior, just do this for ol' Rog right this very minute: grab your partner and swing her around, tap your toes, then go to town, and when you get to town, lay your money down (for the saucy swaggerin' sounds of Hank Plank and his 2x4 compadres, of course!). Yeeeee-fuckin'-haw, this is damn near as invigoratin' as passionate, sweat-drenched sex with a farm-bred girl in a tub full of Jim Beam and maple syrup! -Roger Moser, Jr. (no contact address)

HARUM SCARUM:

Suppose We Try: LP

I read about this band in *MRR* awhile ago. That piqued my interest but I never got around to getting anything by them. I did see this release and said to myself, I have to finally check them out. I'm not

sure how much they have put out in the past, but I need to get more! An insert announced that singer Erin no longer sings for them anymore. I'm more curious now that they seem to be perfect as they are. The music is strong and the lyrics are thought provoking. Socio-political are their leaning in regards to lyrical content. Musically, they are tight and mid-tempo in style that is reminiscent of the early '80s UK anarchist bands like Conflict meets Flux of Pink Indians meets Icons of Filth. The music is well written and has no hints of staleness. Power is produced by musician-ship and not with overblown production. The female-led vocals are strong but also add a quality of fidelity that makes understanding the lyrics easier. Fantastic first taste for me from a band that I should have been listening to earlier on. -Donofthedeath (Hex)

HELGAS, THE:

Why You Wanna: 7"

After several listens, The Helgas slowly grew on me like blue fungal mold on a loaf of bread. At first, I honestly didn't know what to think of their distinctly unique musical quirkiness, but then I decided that they sound vaguely similar to the Ramones (rhythmically), Buzzcocks (vocals and catchy poppy edge), and even Buddy Holly to a certain degree. Yeh, I'll definitely give this lively lil' 7-incher several more spins on the ol' turntable during the next few days, 'cause it makes me feel all giddy and tingly inside. Aw, shucks! -Roger Moser, Jr. (They Still Make Records)

HONOR SYSTEM, THE:

100% Synthetic: CD

I was about to start liking this, but it just had too much of an emo feel for me. Back into the case it goes. -Donofthedeath (Double Zero)

HOPELESS DREGS OF

HUMANITY: Rock

Revolutionary Apocalypse: CD

Ain't too hip on the rockin' circa-'80s-Berkeley punk sound of this, but the lyrics are pretty witty and well written. Liked it for that reason alone. -Jimmy Alvarado (Ever Reveled)

IDIOT HUMANS:

Self-titled: 7" EP

If I remember right, these Cleveland guys were around from '83-'85 and the Ries brothers split up and went on to The Laughing Hyenas (fronted by John Brannon of Negative Approach, who was fucking amazing. If you want to get beat up by a record, listen to *You Can't Pray a Lie.*) and RC5. This EP is solid for the early-to-mid '80s - on that teeter totter, toying with all-out thrash on some songs and being arty and Joy Division-y on others, but the entire sound owes maybe a little too much to a blender of GBH, Subhumans, and slower Rudimentary Peni to become particularly distinct and memorable. It's okay. Not pioneering, not embarrassing. -Todd (Smog Veil)

IRONBOSS: *Rides Again*: CD

Post-AC/DC biker punk that's all right for what it is, I guess, but probably

won't get more than a first listen from me. —Jimmy Alvarado (Reptilian)

IRONBOSS: *Rides Again*: CD

Who needs that cliched, watered-down Nashville Pussy shit when these here true gods of thunder are sonically pillaging and plundering this great land of ours in all of their monstrosously deafening fury?! Indeed, IronBoss sound uncannily like the screamin' vengeful roar of 100,000 howitzer cannons unleashing a relentless torrent of fire, brimstone, death, and destruction. It's as if AC/DC, Motorhead, Roller, a motorcycle-gang Molly Hatchet, and a harder rockin' KISS (circa 1975) were all bitterly embroiled in a fever-pitched, aurally violent fist-flailing fight to the death! This is cacophonous, motor-revvin' crankshaft rock'n'roll at its heaviest, meanest, and most ruthless. Sure as shit, it'll put the fear of Satan into you pretty damn quick! In my entire brew-sponged lifetime, my ears ain't never been this aggressively brutalized... and that's a down-home god's honest fact, bub! —Roger Moser, Jr. (Reptilian)

JANITOR: *There Are No More American Heroes*: CD

The packaging would never lead you to believe what is inside. Even looking at the band picture, you would kind of expect more of a melodicore band to come out of your speakers. What spews out is a strong blaze of old school punk rock that is short and abrasive. The songs have a Discharge and the Varukers meets Negative Approach

mixed with mid-'80s hardcore feel to me. I have no idea where these guys came from, but damn, they are good! —Donofthedeath (Plethorazine)

JEDI FIVE: *Relentless*: CD

More useless pop-core for the just-starting-high-school crowd. Fuck music quality and relevance, the guys in the band are cute! Ain't that right, girls? —Jimmy Alvarado (Hell Bent)

JEWWWS, THE: *I Need Your Lovin' (But I Don't Need You) b/w We Come Out at Night: 7" EP*

Sweet, snotty, no-nonsense garage rock that huffs fabric softener (for that instant, wicked high which leaves blisters in your nostrils but smells nice) that spazzes from the gate like a mis-medicated retard hucked off the short bus and dragged along by his leash. The music trips down to the bare essentials like a meth'd hooker in an ass-floss thong, kicks for the balls on the first note with combat boots and Converse All Stars (care of Omari and Matt), and doesn't stop until a spiked heel (care of Rebecca) grinds it all to a halt shortly after. For fans of the Kill-a-Watts, Motards, and Dirtys. Think Chuck Berry and radioactivity. Me like. Me like. —Todd (Alien Snatch)

JOEY RAMONE:

***Don't Worry About Me*: CD**

I bought this disc a few days after its initial release several weeks ago, but I unfortunately haven't had time to lis-

ten to it until now due to a hectic, unrelenting schedule of academics, homework, exams, beer, and sleep. Today has been particularly grueling and stressful (whatever could possibly go wrong has done so tenfold!), so fuck it, I've nonchalantly resigned myself to an inebriating afternoon of cold, ice-chilled brew and the spirit-rousing sonic uniqueness of Joey Ramone. As soon as the powerfully upbeat strains of the opening number, Louis Armstrong's "What a Wonderful World," kicked into high gear, I suddenly felt alive and replenished with a youthful zeal for life, ready to conquer the world, baby! And it just gets more inspired and delightfully titillating from there: "Mr. Punchy" sounds incredibly like a long-lost out-take from The Who during their youthful speed-addled mod era; "Maria Bartiromo" could've very well been performed by Cheap Trick live at the Budokan in '79; "Spirit in My House" is the closest semblance to a Kinks classic since their very own "You Really Got Me"; "Venting (It's a Different World Today)" and "Like a Drug I Never Did Before" (with its fiercely smokin' Steve Jones-style guitar swagger) sound similar to updated, more polished versions of the Ramones' "I Wanna Live" and "Strength to Endure"; "Searching for Something" is acoustically along the lines of "Lonely Planet Boy" by the New York Dolls; the brutally honest lyrical content of "I Got Knocked Down (But I'll Get Up)" is a heart-wrenching account of a bedridden Joey's miserable suffering during his

routine hospital stays; and then there's a spectacular sizzlin' rendition of The Stooges' "1969" (a select treat hold-over from the Iggy tribute disc "We Will Fall"). With special musical guests Daniel Rey, Andy Shernoff, Marky Ramone, Captain Sensible, Dr. Chud, Jerry Only, Joey's real-life brother Mickey Leigh, and other such multi-talented notables, this is one helluva aurally stellar release enthusiastically packed with some of the most well-scrubbed and crunchy rock'n'roll originality ever put to platter. Wherever Joey may be, he should be damn proud of himself for leaving such an indelibly unique imprint upon us all. —Roger Moser, Jr. (Sanctuary)

JOHN STAMOS PROJECT, THE: *Take Your Best Shot*: CD

Okay. There are few things I dislike as much as punk bands singing about their popular, preppy girlfriends. To paraphrase Turbonegro, "Punk rockers should go out with punk rockers." I mean, if I went out with some boy who liked Dave Matthews Band and shopped at the Gap, well, I'd try to keep that a SECRET, not record a song about it! Geez! Lame! So, um, this band sings generic pop punk songs about having preppy girlfriends, being in a band to get "chicks," and why Billy Joel stinks. I can only relate to the last of those three. If this were a cereal, it'd be Kashi — that weird cereal middle-age women eat to lose weight. Uncool. —Maddy (Reinforcement)

KICK, THE:

Self-titled: CDEPR

Totally uninspiring rock'n'roll. I'm about as excited as a narcoleptic on downers. —Jimmy Alvarado (<www.the-kick.com>)

KUNG FU KILLERS:

Game of Death: CD EP

If you were raised in a bland semi-normal household, your mother assuredly warned you about pugnacious punkrock bands like this. Well, all I gotta say is: FUCK PARENTAL AUTHORITY! This is some of the most gawddamn ass-kicking, riot-inciting punkrock rebelliousness to rear its ugly, unruly head in an extremely long time, and it certainly has the "old school" seal of approval vigorously stamped all over it and every song in between! KFK are the most brutally raging group of auditory hell-raisers since Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Descendents, and The Cheifs. So yes, kiddies, please fervently ignore your parents' constant pleas for complacent normalcy within their household. Smugly defy them by loudly blasting *Game of Death* at all hours of the day and night while savagely running amok through the neighborhood and destroying all forms of conventional mediocrity. That'll do the Kung Fu Killers proud, I'm sure.

—Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

KUNG FU KILLERS:

KFK Theme: 7"

This is fast-and-furious Cali-style "old school" punk that makes a person wanna permanently ditch his or her job

and then form a band that plays nothin' but the most passionate of anti-corporate punkrock noisiness. I've been loudly blatin' this ear-sizzlin' lil' 7-incher all damn afternoon, and I just can't seem to stop stompin' my Converse-enshrouded feet while spastically knockin' holes in the wall with my head like orange-haired Vivian of "The Young Ones." If I were God, I'd make both songs contained herein our new national anthems that would be raucously played each and every time Prez Dumbshit Dubya showed his gooberish Howdy Doody persona in public. Hell yeh, this is a spirit-rousing auditory ruckus if ever I've heard one! —Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

KYLESA: Self-titled: 7"

My special lady friend is really helping me out appreciating rock'n'roll. My parents were too busy listening to Abba cover bands (like Galaxy) to pull out any AC/DC or Black Sabbath in my really formative years. I went directly from the soundtrack to *Jesus Christ Superstar* to Minor Threat. Twenty years later, I'm almost on the cusp where I can name some rock songs. Point? Kylea owes about equal deference to both Black bands — Flag and Sabbath. They've got deep-dragging nets of heaviness (not quickness. It's not blur-core but there's a ton of weight) that pick up and explode from sweeping up floating mines in their songs, erupting at unexpected times. If you want me to get into this decade, think along the lines of Dillinger Escape Plan, trading in their jazziness for more pounding, grinding, and woven punishment.

Features former (?) members of Damad and Cobra Kai. The B-side is a Fartz cover, (who, did a Sabbath cover on one of their albums, so this whole thing comes full circle) and features Chris Bickel of Guyana Punch Line singing along. What makes this even sweeter is the Pushead cover art, the foil stamp, the colored vinyl, and mine came with a squished earwig inside the sleeve. Not a bad gig at all. —Todd (Prank)

LAST CALL, THE:

Out of Ideas: CD

These lads of Lompoc, CA have coughed up a CD worth giving a listen to, that is, if you happen to spin the vinyl fantastic of Decry, Riotgun, or anything sounding faintly reminiscent to the likes of Fat Wreck Chords, but with balls. Balls here meaning heavy and thick. You could see these guys getting drunk together and playing with Pegboy, but not sounding exactly like each other, know what I mean, Cocko? I've had the chance to see these guys perform live in the famous backyard (R.I.P.) of Santa Barbara's most gracious, liquored-up host, Mr. Tony Franco, and although I'll never see any more great (illegal) shows in Tony's backyard, I've got this disc to remind me of some of the great bands he's had there, including this one. Check it out, fuckers. —Designated Dale (The Last Call)

LAWRENCE ARMS, THE:

Apathy and Exhaustion: CD

This is poppy, punky, spastic, and snotty as all get-up! Crunchy guitar rhythms

are perfectly complemented by sporadic sky-rocketing leads, a slap-happy display of wooden barrel drumbeats, and a rapid-fire succession of bursting bass bombardments. The vocals are gravelly, yet harmoniously pristine. Indeed, the intricately structured songs of The Lawrence Arms are heavily textured in rich swirls of well-blended melody, but they possess the utmost of unbridled energy, youthful exuberance, and fervent frenetic passion. I found this to be an immensely enjoyable listening experience of which I won't soon forget. It's aurally flawless! —Roger Moser, Jr. (Fat)

LEGHOUNDS, THE:

Self-titled: CD

There are things that simply make my quality of life better and I take steps never to take them for granted. Beer (cold preferred, concussion optional). Wrestling (without commercials). In-home plumbing and electricity. Sex (no pets). Rock'n'roll (that, uh, rocks). The occasional pork chop. It sounds like a pat statement and it's in one of the official documents of American-dom — but stuff like the Leghounds is part of the pursuit of happiness. That's what they provide. Good, old-fashioned, non-ass, Devil Dogs-spawned, Teengenerate-whipped, Jam-weaned, Motards-soaked, rock'n'roll. Definitely nothing less. Fine, fine stuff. The album, in its entirety, is presented here both in mono and stereo. They recorded three simultaneous records. The other two will be available presently. —Todd (Bulge)

LIE: *Why!?: 7"*

If my memory serves me right, this is a tour release 7" that the band was selling on their tour of the west coast. I missed them but I did pick up a copy via mailorder through Some Strange Music. Side A provides you with three songs of thrash, thrash, thrash with some punk thrown in. Side B is the title track and carries the tradition of great Japcore like Lip Cream and early Gastunk. These Japanese noise makers blitz through their songs with precision but sound raw enough to show that they are what they play. –Donofthedeath (625)

LOPEZ: *Self-titled: CD*

High-octane rock'n'roll falling somewhere between Speeddealer, the Confederacy of Scum bands and more recent Dwarves efforts. Damn good. I'd say more, but I'm a little flabbergasted, frankly. –Jimmy Alvarado (Infect)

LOS HUEVOS:

Stick 'em Up: 7"

Take the abrasive sloppiness of the Germs, the livid fury of Minor Threat, and the cacophonous disarray of the Dicks, toss 'em all into a fully cranked wood chipper, and there ya have the raging out-of-control sounds of Los Huevos. This is as musically angry as it gets, folks, and I wouldn't have it any other way. –Roger Moser, Jr. (Dragnet)

LURKERS: *The Punk Singles Collection: CD*

A seriously good compendium of this group's singles, from their first on Beggar's Banquet to their last. All the hits are here: "Shadow," "Just Thirteen," "New Guitar in Town," et al. Most interesting for me was the tracks from their years with Clay Records, which appears the period in which their singles were most consistently good. Jeez, I was completely unaware that they survived that long into the '80s. A newer track, "Go Ahead Punk, I Make My Day," is one monster of a song, with enough hooks and shouty bits to make any Cocksparrer fan smile. So recommended it ain't funny. –Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi!)

MEA CULPA: *Corporate Nation: 4-song 7" EP*

Four songs and not a dong in the bunch. It truly surprised me how well realized this new band is. It's catchy as heck and not merely socially conscious but hyper alert and literate. Although there are some bands that can a.) rock b.) think explicitly political thoughts c.) don't sound exactly like the past d.) aren't hyper-fast or Cookie Monstery (so you can hear the lyrics), there aren't a lot of 'em. Off the top of my head, Sweden brought us Randy; England, Four Letter Word; Canada, Propagandhi; The U.S., D4, the GCS, and Moral Crux. I may blaspheme here, but I've always thought there was a lot to be desired with Billy Bragg (liked his ideas, but he never got these toes really a-tappin') and don't even get me started with the melodramatic blubberfest of Fifteen. Sure, some of Mea Culpa's cues are taken from The Clash, especially on the guitar work, but there's a ton more at play here: twinges of country via the **RAZORCAKE** [84] Dils (and Rank and

File) and the breathless rebellion of Really Red. Perhaps thinking of a more tuneful Strawman would help you place 'em, and they're modernly updated. Regardless, if you come up with the lines like "There are police on every corner. Their badges say, 'Place Your Ad Here,'" I'd probably like your band, too. Fantastic. –Todd (Empty)

MIDNIGHT EVILS, THE:

Self-titled: CD

Rock'n'roll doesn't get much faster than this. Fans of Zeke and REO Speeddealer should pick this up. I broke a sweat just listening to it. –Toby (Dart)

MIGHTY JOHN WAYNES,

THE: Kill That Girl: 7"

Attention Zodiac Killer/Rip Off Honcho Mr. Greg Lowery – if you don't get these guys in the studio, you are making a grave mistake. Indianapolis boys – The Mighty John Waynes smoke, cuss, spit, guzzle and epitomize all that is true and punk rock in the world: Dead Boys, Crime, The Kids, etc. I mean, how many times have you wished you could just *Kill That Girl*. When a band like TMJW's deliver it with such, er, conviction, you just want to go out there with a shotgun and make her "famous." I defy any man to do this to me for they'll get a size five and half shoe sideways up their candy ass! Miss Namella heartily recommends this platter for good time punk rocking or drinking cheapo beer on the couch all week during the wee afternoon while watching repeats of *Pokemon*. –Namella J. Kim (Mighty John Waynes / Record Records)

MILLOY, *Belt Up: CDEP*

Tired of anger and speed? I am sometimes. When I need a little melody, Crackle Records always sends me something that gets the melody back into me. Case in point, Milloy. If you are a fan of Snuff, Hot Water Music or Leatherface, you should not have any reason to not like these guys. For me personally, I prefer this to Leatherface and Hot Water Music. They haven't bitten me in the ass like Snuff has. Back to the band here. They seem more mature in their song writing for a band that hasn't been around that long. The songs are strong and well crafted with a pinch of sheer energy to keep my attention. It's also well produced to add a presence of emotional tension. Would have liked to have more than six songs, but I will take what I get. Another offering from a great UK band that should take the world by storm. –Donofthedeath (Crackle!)

MODEY LEMON:

Self-titled: CD

Lo-fi rock'n'roll that started off okay, but I found myself completely ignoring it by song three. –Jimmy Alvarado (A-F)

MOONEY SUZUKI, THE:

Electric Sweat: CD

The Stooges had *Raw Power*, The MC5 had *Rocket Reducer*, well, The Mooney Suzuki have *Electric Sweat*. This CD, babies, will be the first and last thing your ears will ever need to hear on a daily basis. The Mooney Suzuki have been making quite a name for them-

selves since their inception back in the rock dormant days of 1997. The buzz started on the Bomp List and spread like wildfire from the mouths of music connoisseurs who spoke with frantic fanaticism of the coming of The Mooney revolution. The rest, they say, is rock'n'roll history, for countless many nights on the road (with a man-tasy sandwich bill opening for The Donnas and Bratmobile) yielded new believers and converted the naysayers who insisted that rock was dead. The Mooney took their voodoo mojo and worked overtime making the fans swoons with the intoxicating auditory sweet poison of gut-busting, soul bearing, kick-out-the-jams rocknrolla of *People Get Ready*, the now classic, clap yo' hands, Tim Kerr produced Estrus debut. *Electric Sweat* finds The Mooney finessing their way into a (gulp) mellow Otis Redding territory but still delivering their custom hipswaying boogie chops. Motor City Detroit Dirt-maestro, Jim "Diamond Jim" Diamond of Ghetto Recorders fame has his way with the Mooney boys this time and the result of their glorious misspent summer, oh those ghetto hot days, is this *Electric Sweat* album. You know, Jim half jokingly told me this was going to be the title awhile back and I thought for sure they would rethink their decision, but I have to give them ultra-props for stinking – I mean sticking to this title. Ooooo, make it funky! –Namella J. Kim (Gammon)

NEKROMANTIX: *Return of the Loving Dead: CD*

Whooooo-diddle-diddle-hey, this here is some prime demented devil's music at its everlasting booty-twistin' best! Yeh buddy, I'm a-talkin' about a rambunctiously delivered smorgasbord of fire-and-brimstone rockabilly rowdiness injected with a hard-hittin' wallop of psychotic, bad-ass aural revelry! It's criminally insane and musically hedonistic like blurred reflections of The Addams Family giddily slaughtering chickens in full view of the image-distorting crazy-mirrors in a funhouse at the county fair. It's as hot, piercing, and disruptive as a flaming pitchfork plowing through a fiery heaping haystack in Hades while hyperactive one-eyed demons dance a dosey-doe jig in swirling haphazard circles around it. Sure as shit, this furiously sizzlin' CD is flame-broiled to perfection! With such evil and immoral song titles as "Nice Day for a Resurrection," "Gargoyles Over Copenhagen," "Murder for Breakfast," "RubberMonks & LeatherNuns," "Generation 666," "I'm a Hellcat," and "Haunted Cathouse," you can damn well expect a definite guarantee of one helluva sinfully ingratiating good time! The sonically blazing Nekromantix trio sure knows how to savagely unleash an energetic unrelenting conflagration of devilish auditory madness that tickles my soul somethin' fierce. Yep, this decadently delightful lil' disc will more than likely be the flesh-scorchin' soundtrack for Satan's very next barbecue in the infernal flaming pits of Purgatory... and you're all cordially invited to attend, of course! –Roger Moser, Jr. (Hellcat)

NERVES, THE:

25th Anniversary: 10"

Dude, the Nerves were the quintessential rock band because they were the sum of each part (member). You got your Jack Lee on guitar, Pete Case on bass, and the irreverent Paul Collins thumping out the drums – no littered solos, no fucking around! They began in the garage of San Francisco and found short-lived fame on the dirty boulevard of dreams: Hollywood. There appears to be evidence of critical buzz around them but they never really caught on with the dumb hicks lighting up candles on their windowsills for Boston. Christ! If only we were there during that time. Perhaps the elusive nature of antiquity make the Nerves a worthy cult band for hero worship. I'd much rather bow down to "Hanging on the Telephone" than "More Than a Feeling." Of course, The Nerves split up and Paul Collins went onto form The Beat (not the limey ska band). Blondie immortalized "Hanging" by recording the song, practically word for word, note for note. This 10" is a welcome sight for those of us who never found the original single of The Nerves for under \$90! It's an essential piece for those who enjoy power pop and just good rock'n'roll in general. Thank you Penniman Records, you are one helluva rocking label because not only did you have the right sense to put this Nerves comp out, you also put out The Fun Things reissue too. May the universe bless you and The Nerves. Now how about a reunion show? What's next? The Shoes reunion? The Pezband? Yeah! –Namella J. Kim (The Nerves)

NINE SHOCKS TERROR:

Zen and the Art of Beating Your Ass: LP

This is a re-issue from 1999, and quite possibly, some of the finest stuff that Nine Shocks Terror ever released. The stage: picture in your ears Raw Power without the metal overlord stuff coupled to Japan's Gauze for the speed, trajectory and smashing instruments to oblivion, and a skinny guy screaming like a tractor's running over his foot. In other words, thrash, but done extremely, extremely well. Come to think of it, 9 Shocks Terror takes a bunch of cues from the Japanese (it's almost impossible to decipher the words in stuff like this, no matter what language they're singing in) and is sieved through hard-knocking Cleveland sensibilities. Noisy but not mushy, angry but not asinine. An ass spanking, to be sure. –Todd (Havoc)

NOFX: *45 or 46 Songs that Weren't Good Enough to Go on Our Other Records: 2xCD*

It's so hard to review NOFX because pretty much everyone who reads this zine knows who NOFX is and what they sound like, and pretty much everyone has made up their mind already. I can't even pull off the old, act-like-you've-never-heard-of-them-and-piss-off-the-fans trick because I did that with the Rancid/NOFX split last issue. Anyway, this album is exactly what its title promises. A lot of the songs here are hilarious ("Drugs Are Good"), some are pretty powerful ("We Threw Gasoline..."), some are really good, but too out-of-character for NOFX to

include on a normal album ("Lazy"), and some are absolute throwaways ("Timmy the Turtle"). The Germs and Misfits covers are awesome. The Louis Armstrong cover isn't so good. Disc Two has most of the *Surfer* and *Fuck The Kids* seven inches (minus a few songs, so collectors still have something to ebay with). For both of those seven inches, NOFX went into the studio and recorded a bunch of songs that they'd never rehearsed. It sounds exactly like you'd expect it to. All in all, this isn't that great of an album, but I like NOFX a lot and I'm glad to own this. It's still in high-rotation around me. The liner notes are pretty funny, too. —Sean Carswell (Fat)

NOISE RATCHET:

Till We Have Faces: CD

Now what kind of name is "Noise Ratchet" for a shitty emo/college band? About as exciting as watching golf is to a blind guy. —Jimmy Alvarado (The Militia Group)

NOOTHGRUSH: *Failing Early, Failing Often: CD*

Like a depressed Melvins (and, mercifully, without the nine-minute drum solos) Noothgrush lives in the same dark region as Grief, a place where everyone's smile muscles are atrophied and thermobaric guitar riffs are the peacekeepers. This 'grush stuff was all recorded in 95-97 and some of it's been released on 7"s and stuff (none of which I have, so at least I'M happy now) but this ain't exactly hit material, so a whole heap of it on a reissue like this is like a

big thick concrete slab to build your own personal torture chamber on. —Cuss Baxter (Slap A Ham)

NUMBSKULL:

The Great Brain Bake-Off: CD

See, there's a reason why some bands go unnoticed for eighteen years. The song "FBI" wasn't too bad, though. —Jimmy Alvarado (Smog Veil)

OBSOLETE, THE:

The Politics of Person: CD-EP

Far-fuckin'-out, man! This is stylistically perfect psychedelic garage pop that's thoroughly saturated in an aurally colorful layer of jangly crunch-driven divinity. The sizzlin' hot lil' ditties contained herein conjure an intoxicating image of droppin' a couple of tabs of acid in the middle of a dayglo-hued poppy field while a mind-swirling soundtrack of The Sonics, Them, Shadows Of Knight, and *Between the Buttons*-era Rolling Stones continuously blares in the background. Of the seven songs that decoratively adorn this delightfully upbeat disc, two ("The Human Condition" and "The American Scene") are downright funky, and one ("Those Commie Bastards!") absolutely rocks with pelvic-thrustin' surf-style swagger! The raucously insane raver, "Give Up," sounds as if it's a long-lost mid-'60s garage-rock blaster that'd ideally fit alongside any of the savagely stellar tracks on the original *Nuggets* comp. Hell yeh, The Obscure frenetically strut their unique sonic stuff all over this mind-blowin' platter of dazzling musical magnetism. It's just too damn addic-

tive for mere mortal words to adequately describe. —Roger Moser, Jr. (A.D.)

OKMONICS, THE: *Take a Spin with the Okmonics: EP*

This here's a busy bass player. He weaves, he bobs, he bangs, he rocks his prize fighter agile fingers through 3 songs of infectious, sweet yet unsappy punky pop — or is it poppy punk? Helene coos like a bird (of prey) and pounds keys like Jeff Monoman Connelly (minus, like 100 pounds). Guitarist Sammy is a *Teen Beat* layout waiting to happen! On drums is Sarah laying down the fat beats. This band's really fun to watch live and they're super duper cool. They played a fun filled set at Mr. T's Bowl along with the Seeds on one of those rock-action packed nights here in Los Angeles and believe me, it's nice to hear a band that isn't trying to be The MC5 or The Stooges (excuse me, I love the aforementioned bands but can we please get on with it! Detroit Christ on a crust!). Okay, let me break it down like this: they're like that band your big brother joined during his sophomore year at high school, but The Okmonics are much better because they probably listened to much better bands like The Troggs, The Lyres, The Devil Dogs, and maybe even that gay ass Gary Numan record your brother's band tried to play along to. (If you're over the age of 25 — replace "brother" in the above sentence to "you"). Word up, Tucson rocks! —Miss Namella Kim (The Okmonics)

PAINT IT BLACK:

4-song demo: CDEP

Hell yeah. I still spend many a day driving around with Kid Dynamite blasting out the stereo, and even though I try not to dwell on the past too much on broken-down bands, I wished they would have continued. Ahh, sweet fulfillment. Guitarist, songwriter, licensed kid head shrinker, and all-around thinker, Dan Yemin has teamed up with his Lifetime and KD drummer, Dave Wagenshutz and a three other like-minded hardcore fools and made four all-too-short, all-so-sweet songs that has me sitting next to my stereo with a line of drool that connects my mouth to the floor. Sooo good. It's hard but it's so, so catchy. Want more. Gimme, gimme, gimme some more. —Todd (Paint It Black)

PINK HOLES:

Breakfast with the Holes: CD

Seventies trash punk à la the Pagans from a band apparently active during the same period. Some of this was pretty darn good and others were, well, not so interesting. If you're some kind of completist, this'll probably float your boat well enough. —Jimmy Alvarado (Smog Veil)

PLUS ONES, THE:

It's a Calling: CD

Goddamn the Plus Ones. I hate most pop music these days, but the same thing happens every time I hear one of their friggin' releases: just as I'm about to dismiss it as the pile of pop pap it is, they throw in that *one song* that just puts a wrench into the whole thing and I

gotta go back to square one and reevaluate the whole damned release again. This release is no different. The song in question is "Serve in Heaven/Rule in Hell," a nearly flawless piece of Teenage Fanclub-esque punked-out pop with a seriously infectious hook. Before that song made its appearance, I was pretty icked out by the whole affair. Now I've gone back and, lo and behold, I'm hearing all kinds of weird shit buried under those guitars, including echoes of the Who, the Jam and, of all things, the friggin' Vapors. Now I gotta keep this damned thing 'cause I found I actually like more than three quarters of the songs on it. I hate when that happens. Goddamn the Plus Ones. Who the hell are they to make a pop album that doesn't blow sheep? Cheeky bastards. —Jimmy Alvarado (Asian Man)

POCKET ROCKETS, THE:

Discrete and Powerful: CD-R

This is straightforward grunge-style barroom rock that's musically similar to Thelonicus Monster, Dinosaur Jr., Meat Puppets, and early Soul Asylum. Although the vocals are just a tad too slurred, whiny, and annoying for my inebriated tastes, the tight instrumental interplay is perfectly created with the utmost of talent and finesse. And even though a couple of the well-versed songs on here suffer from watered-down sluggishness, this is still a fairly unique aural offering that will assuredly receive a decent amount of attentive affection from my ears. The Pocket Rockets just might be on their way to a higher plateau of sonic splendor in the very near future, so be on the look-out, folks. —Roger Moser, Jr. (Independent)

Psomni: Minimalism: CD

Man, this is a well-structured musical collage of exotic, lightly industrialized sounds with hypnotic soul-stirring flourishes of Eastern mysticism! It's as if a shamanistic band of gothic electronic minstrels were performing in an alternate dimension in a sacred Hindu temple in Calcutta. Imagine The Cure, Bauhaus, and Jane's Addiction being submerged in the spiritual holy waters of the Ganges River for one mortal lifetime and then being reincarnated as an ethereal sonic swirling dervish that can never be tamed, quieted, or put to rest. Psomni are aurally omnipresent and as resplendently colorful as life itself. They are to my ears what frothy brewed nectar is to my soul. Now if you'll please excuse me, I'm gonna turn off my mind, relax, and float downstream awhile. —Roger Moser, Jr. (Spat!)

PUTDOWNS, THE:

Wrong Side of Texas: CD

I don't know anything about Mortville Records except that they seem to have a real ear for great rock'n'roll. I saw this album in the review bins and remembered that I'd had luck with Mortville in the past. I was surprised just how lucky I got. The Put-Downs are the real find of this round of record reviews. The tough thing is, I'm not sure exactly why. It's good, solid rock'n'roll. There's not a whole lot of punk to it. It's not very trashy. It's uptempo, but not that fast. On the surface, it's not really all that original. The key to The Put-Downs, though, is that they follow through on

their punches. They remember to follow the rock up with a good bit of roll. They pile one catchy song on the next. They creep into your brain and have you singing along with songs before you can say for sure what the band's name is. More than anything, they give me the sense that they're the only three punk kids in some small town in Texas and no one will hang out with them so they hang out with each other, listening to Buddy Holly and the Motards records, practicing all the time, and playing gigs at places where the guys at the bar aren't sure whether they want to fight the punk kids or join into the pogo. —Sean Carswell (Mortville)

PUTONS, THE:

A Different Kind of Single: 7"

Hey, this is snotty melodic pop punk with Clash leanings. There's lots of chant-along lines. Hee hee, I like them even with my cheap record player skipping continuously. If the Buzzcocks were in OC during our modern times, I guess they'd play with The Put-Ons. Then again, I could be wrong and they could really be from England. Oi! —Namella J. Kim (Manic)

QUETZAL: Sing the Real: CD

Depression has a funny way of creeping into your life. For me, a few events have happened recently that made me depressed. The magic of music is that it can ease your pain in many ways and mimic what you are feeling. This CD has come to be cherished by me because of events that have transpired. From what I know of this band, they are based here in LA. I saw them as an opening act for Ozomatli and was taken aback by their beauty of expressing themselves by music. It's mainly sung in Spanish with a few songs sung in English. They blend an almost Santana-like mix of latin beats with a jazz and blues mix. What I took to heart is their song "Jarocho Elegua." I have no idea what the song is about. But the beauty of the song, lyrics sung in Spanish, and the music it transfers is the rare event of the perfect song. I would not change anything about it. Brother and sister, Martha and Gabriel Gonzalez, interact with such passion that knowing the translation to this song might spoil it for me. I feel it, so I enjoy it. —Donofthedeath (Vanguard)

REAL PILLS, THE:

Nine Long Years: CD

The Real Pills have a very straightforward, mid-tempo garage sound, and *Nine Long Years* is a sonic driven pop album. There's a lot of Mersey Beat in here, with the drums bouncing mostly on the snares and symbols and very little bass drum. The Real Pills definitely aren't treading on any new ground here. In fact, they seem to be following a very similar path to the one that the Gears took over twenty years ago. Still, it's a pretty good path to follow, and this is an enjoyable album. —Sean Carswell (Mortville)

REPROACH:

Thrash Mayhem: 7"

Holy fuck! From the country of Belgium, these straight, to-the-point fastcore monsters graciously record an

EP for the world to hear. Manic vocals are screamed to express his point. The guitar and bass are strummed to near collapse. The drummer pounds away at a manic rate of beats per minute that must look like he is an image of a blur. There's nine songs that go by so fast that I have to keep getting up to flip the record over. Grrr! —Donofthedeath (Kid for Life)

REV. NORB: *Touch Me,*

I'm Weird!: CD

From the spandex-sportin' singer of Boris the Sprinkler comes a themed solo album! If you have just broken up with a lady or man friend, and wanna be pissed off with someone else, why not Rev. Norb? Songs about bein' done wrong, bein' mad, bein' spazzed out, and bein' sad. It's not Boris the Sprinkler, it's all Norb, all the time. If this were a cereal, it'd be Lucky Charms after your ex stole all the marshmallows. —Maddy (Bulge)

RIFFS, THE:

Dead End Dream: CD

These scruffy, leather-jacketed musical marauders are the ultimate balls-out definition of crazed punkrock belligerence in all of its vicious flesh-slashing glory. The songs are structurally similar to the snotty pogo-bouncin' madness of the Sex Pistols heavily loaded with the cocky, guitar-struttin' swagger of Johnny Thunders and the trashy gutter-roamin' auditory demeanor of the Dead Boys. The coarse urban-jungle lyrics brusquely conjure decadent inner city images of trash-strewn back-alleys

inhabited by pimps, prostitutes, and drug-addled razor-wielding common criminals. "Dead End Dream" is the sick'n'sordid sound of hopelessness, despair, boredom, addiction, and unsavory nocturnal unruliness. It's the cacophonous clamor of an indignant generation of youth outta their heads on amphetamines, ale, and loutish insolent misbehavior. Definitely my kinda incorrigible sonic sleaziness! —Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

ROCKET FROM THE

TOMBS: The Day the Earth

Met the...: CD

A collection of assorted demo and live tracks from this long dead but very influential band, slapped together to recreate "the greatest album NEVER made." For those not in the know, this is the link between Pere Ubu and the Dead Boys, a super group, if you will, containing members of both of those bands before they were anybody. With great (although occasionally a little raw) sound quality, this is a must have for fans of either band, if for no other reason than to hear early versions of now-classic songs like "Sonic Reducer," "30 Seconds Over Tokyo," and "Final Solution," not to mention a couple of Stooges covers. Hell, the majority of the songs from the first Dead Boys albums are here, and let me say that until you've heard David Thomas belt out "What Love Is," you just ain't lived. Recommended. —Jimmy Alvarado (Smog Veil)

ROMANS, THE:

You Only Live Once: CD

The Romans were an LA surf band in the early '80s. More muscle car than hot rod, these songs have moxie, and it's easy to imagine Estrus founder Dave Kreiger listening to The Romans in the Reagan years up in Yakima, Washington, and sporting a Douglas fir-sized woody. Make no mistake about it, The Romans are a surf band, but like The Mermen and Man or Astroman? that came after them, surf is a springboard that launches them into a places with the freedom to explore something new and different. Punk rockers take note: Rob Ritter of The Bags, Gun Club and 45 Grave was in the band for a minute. Dinah Cancer also appears on the record, belting out a screen siren scream on a tune called "Blob!" The bonus tracks are the real gems here. The instrumental "Black" is pretty cool, and "It's a Lie" and "Slave" are great punk rock songs that are reminiscent of Agent Orange and could not have come from anywhere else but Southern California. "Chasm," the apocalyptic final track is like Tarzan trapped in an ancient African temple on mescaline, the slo-mo drums seeping into his skull as the enslaved masses chant his soul to hell. A totally bitchin' horror show. *You Only Live Once* is the first release from Warning Label Records, and it's a great one. —Money (Warning Label)

SACRILICIOUS:

Seven Songs: CD

More fucking emocore. Wouldn't have been so bad if the singer didn't sound like such a whiny prat. —Jimmy Alvarado (New Disorder)

SCAREDYCAT: Self-titled: CD

Goofy, funny hardcore from a group of very proficient musicians. This is a pretty fun disc and the music's tight, but I think they probably go over much better in a live setting and, not having seen them live, this album most likely wouldn't make it to a second listen here. Put another way, this ain't bad, but it ain't mind blowing, either. —Jimmy Alvarado (No Label)

SELBY TIGERS:

The Curse of...: CD

I love it when you can listen to an album and tell that the band has a great record collection. Take the Selby Tigers, for example. You can hear a bit of the Undertones, a little Vibrators, a healthy dose of X-Ray Spex, some of Dillinger Four's give and take, some of Eddie Cochran's guitar work, but you can't nail down any of those bands and say, "These guys sound like this band." That's the brilliance of the Selby Tigers: they have great influences and know how to blend them together and come out with something very original. Every time I listen to this album or their first album, *Charm City*, I wonder why everyone isn't going nuts over this band. Everything is here. Their music is honest and sincere and energetic and rockin', but they're also really skilled musicians, and they write great songs. So why aren't they huge? It has to do with the Curse of the Selby Tigers, which is this: you have to listen to a Selby Tigers album five times to love it. The first time you listen to it, you'll like

it, but you won't know why. You'll think, it's different. It's quirky. I think I like this. The second time you listen to it, you'll still like it, but you won't be so sure. Maybe it's too different, too quirky. The third time you listen to it, you'll think, yeah, it is too different. It just doesn't match the rest of my record collection, like a collared shirt in a punker's closet. The fourth time you listen to it, you'll think, I don't understand what I saw in this album in the first place. So you'll listen to it once more, and everything will open up to you. It'll be an epiphany. You'll have listened to the album enough to start picking up bits and pieces that you didn't notice before. A guitar riff. Drums gathering speed. Arzu ripping through her vocal chords, then softening back into key. A hidden bass line. It all comes together. You'll be hooked. You'll want to listen to the album every day for months on end. You'll wonder why everyone doesn't love the Selby Tigers. Then, you'll realize that no one listens to an album five times to understand it. You'll realize that the Selby Tigers are victims of snap judgements. It would make you sad, but the album is too fucking good. You can't be sad. All you can do is keep listening and singing along. —Sean Carswell (Hopeless)

SELL OUTS, THE:

Songs for a Knife Fight: 10"

Well, allrrrrright! Slip'n'slide rollicking guitar work and inspiring, snotty man/boy vocals from the Sell Outs is definitely not one to miss. Reminds one of the great punkers of the past without really breaking down and copying them to an annoying "T"(eengenerate) — like most bands, you know who you are... Give it a try if you liked The Dirtys and instinctively know what to do when someone yells out, "Gimme action!" or better yet, "It's beer time!" —Namella J. Kim (Ken Rock)

SHRINKS, THE:

My Mind's Gone: 7" EP

Taut, straight-ahead punk rock falling somewhere in the gray area between the Hostage beach punk and the Rip Off trash punk sounds. After two smokin' singles, these guys are making a name for themselves and you'd be a complete idiot not to add this to your collection. Also included is an uncredited Skrewdriver cover, which, although devoid of any nazi lyrics, should piss off all the right people. —Jimmy Alvarado (Radio)

SHRINKS, THE:

My Mind's Gone: EP

Decent punk rock in the Rip Off vein. Four songs, all rockin', all catchy. Plus, the back cover has a photo of Corky from *Life Goes On!* I bet these guys put on a good show. If this were a cereal, it'd be Cheerios — a cereal you can always count on to be at least pretty good. —Maddy (Radio)

SICKTERROR/LEGION 666:

Split: LP

I've been in that fast punk rock mode lately and was sent a copy of this awesome split. Sickterror hail from Brazil and unleash a fury of fast and heavy punk numbers that make you pretend

that you are doing stage dives using your couch. They provide with plenty, with fourteen songs that makes me apeshit for how good it sounds to my angry head. Legion 666 hail from Canada and give you a reason to headbang. Double bass drums, intricate guitar riffing that sounds dark, tuned low, and vocals that sound so evil that the singer's crying from singing in such a low tone. Fans of death metal should check this out. Its mixture of old school speed metal, death metal, and crust makes this a nice, sinister representation of your dark side. Odd combination for these two bands but it can introduce a new fan to each other's scene. Don't be cheap, send out the \$10 to get this! —Donofthedeath (Schizophrenic)

SIGN OFFS, THE:

self-titled: CD

The Sign Offs belligerently unleash a berserk ear-blistering roar of crunchy, hard-rockin' punk'n'roll ferocity that's as spastic, crazed, and out-of-control as it gets! They're angry, young, insolent, and pissed-off, and they raucously generate a chaotic cacophony of hopelessness, desperation, and self-destruction. Take the most hyperactive elements of Smogtown, D-Generation, Sex Pistols, and Dead Boys, launch 'em through the huge, gaping barrel of a megaton nuclear cannon, then sit back and enjoy the auditory fireworks as The Sign Offs turn the entire rock'n'roll world upside down. This full-force sonic spectacle is utterly amazing and downright impressive beyond belief! I demand that it be played at my funeral, because it'll surely raise me from the dead with a big ol' shit-eatin' smirk draped across my face. —Roger Moser, Jr. (Disaster)

SIXSOUTH: A Hole Where the Heart Once Beat: CD

Pennsylvania screamo. Surprised me when the CD ended because I wasn't aware of the song breaks: sounded to me like one endless, humorless, spineless weepathon. —Cuss Baxter (Scooch Pooch)

SLANDERIN, THE: Zombie

Gang b/w Burn Burn Burn: 7"

EP (Headline) and Psychobilly

Lives: CD (Destroy)

Psychobilly. I won't even pretend to know much about it beyond the standup bassist pulling triplets, pompadour buzzcuts, spooky lyrics, and the proclivity for hotrods, cemeteries, and ladies with short bangs and corsets. I guess my aversion is that most of the time it comes across like an uninteresting musical version of *Tales From the Crypt* by people who spend a lot of time combing their hair and getting concussions in their bathrooms from slipping on all that fallen grease. Slagging an entire musical genre — and their fans — aside, I give The Slanderin a hearty thumbs up. Their gas is high octane, they've got fat guys on guitar and drums (which, for some reason, is always a plus for me when liking bands), it's fast enough for a punk to like without thinking too much, and although the lyrics are completely retarded, it just seems to add to their desired deranged ambience. Nice change of pace. If you wish Tiger Army was spliced with street punk or

The Reverend Horton Heat never smoked so much weed, you'd get The Slanderin. —Todd (Headline, Destroy)

SLANG:

Skilled Rhythm Kills: LP

Japanese hardcore, in my opinion, is one of the greatest scenes out there. Almost everything I get to hear from Japan is great. This proves my point one more time. One sheer powerful outburst of angst that holds you by the skin of your teeth. The power builds as the intro to the first track entrances you into focusing what might lead ahead. Once unleashed, hardcore mayhem throws you back against the wall as the noise level forces you backward. No happiness here. Just straight forward hardcore. Modern day hardcore mixed with hints of Japanese punk from the past. The intensity does not withdraw from song to song. Menacing songs are sung in Japanese with a powerful backing of slightly metallic guitars. No generic posturing here. The song writing is well orchestrated and perfected for the ears to hear. Anger management at its best. It's absolutely incredible how without understanding what is sung, you are aware what is supposed to be felt. —Donofthedeath (Conquest Wake)

SMACKIN' ISAIAH: Benefits of Thinking Out Loud: CD

I saw these guys open up for the Co-Dependents at Chain Reaction and they knocked my dick in the dirt. Multiple singers, stop-start rhythms, sophisticated time changes compounded with furious guitars — I thought I was back at Bollocks watching Dillinger Four for the first time. Never mind they had come all the from New Bedford, Massachusetts, where *Moby Dick* was written, the thirtysomething O.C. teens didn't quite know what to make of them, and Smackin' Isaiah held nothing back. No chorus, scant repetition, each song is a prose poem set to music, a long message left on an answering machine at three o'clock in the morning that you can never take back. *Benefits of Thinking Out Loud* gets my vote for best surprise album of the year. —Money (Smackin' Isaiah)

SPIDER VIRUS:

SV Action: CD-R

This is upbeat, poppy, crunchy, intoxicating, dazzling, and inviting! It's a perfectly structured blend of euphoric powerpop intricacies and harder edged bursts of frolicsome rock'n'roll rawness. It's jubilant, bouncy, and downright addictive like a lemonade slush coolin' the throat on an uneventful hot'n'humid summer afternoon. My brew-sloshed old ears distinctly hear a sweet swirling whirlwind of influences that range from The Beatles and Weezer to Badfinger, Cheap Trick, Soul Asylum, Paul Westerberg, and Portastatic. This is exactly the kind of disc I'd play in the calm shade of a warm spring evening while lounging in a hammock, sipping a cold brew, and dreamily gazing at the fluffy lumbering clouds lazily floating high overhead. Aaahhh, I'm feelin' all bubbly inside... —Roger Moser, Jr. (Spat!)

SPIITALFIELD/DON'T

WORRY ABOUT IT: Split: LP
DWA! suffer from trying to be goofy and woah-woahy, like Gorilla Biscuits playing a senior prom in a Sha-Na-Na '50s style. Innocuous, as confusing as it is annoying, but ultimately bland. Not so good. The more I listened to it, the less I liked it. Spitalfield: Harmless pop that has its moments but largely solely repeats the good parts until over and over until it gets boring. Dude, I think my tolerance for second-tier pop punk just bottomed out. Even the hypnotizing yellow and blue swirls in the wax aren't convincing me otherwise. -Todd (Walk in Cold)

STAKEOUT, THE: Jaded: 7"

I'm going to use the reference that my friend used when he gave this to me. He said that this band is like "Boston/DC hardcore from Finland." I definitely hear it. With a mixture of Government Issue, The Freeze and the FU's, these Fins have paid tribute with high regard. Ah, the memories. Brings me back to when I first started hearing bands from other states before other countries. It's amazing how good this sounds to these ears and that good musical genres can stand the test of time and can get recreated for new generations to come. Brutal, tough and direct without falling apart in a mass of noise. -Donofthedeath (Burst of Anger)

STRUNG OUT:

An American Paradox: CD

Maybe I'm wrong, but the kids should be loving these guys. They have that perfect MTVX sound that would appeal to the masses. Melodic punk rock that is infused with a slight metallic guitar sound and big production. I might not be into it now, but later could be another answer. The publicity photo is worth having this for me. -Donofthedeath (Fat)

STRUNG OUT:

An American Paradox: CD

This record gives me anal drips. -Money (Fat)

SUNDAY DRUNKS, THE:

Self-titled: CD

Think New York Dolls with just a dash of '60s garage rock. Not bad. -Jimmy Alvarado (Dead Beat)

SUPER CHINCHILLA

RESCUE MISSION/ THE TIM VERSION: ...Go Halves on a

Bastard: Split CD

Of course, we're big fans of Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission here at *Razorcake*. Why else would we have put this unknown band that had released only one EP on the cover of issue #5? So am I stoked to have new stuff from SCRM? Yes, I am. These guys seem to get tighter every day. They take all the passion and drive of Jawbreaker circa *Twenty-Four Hour Revenge Therapy*, throw away the whining parts, add an amazing second guitarist, and blow shit completely out of the water. On top of that, the singer, Seth, writes some of the best lyrics I've ever heard. Each song tells its own story of drunkenness and

disenfranchisement, but, again, he throws out the whining parts. If you haven't given SCRM a chance yet, I definitely recommend that you pick up this CD. The toughest thing about putting out a split with SCRM, though, has to be trying to figure out who can follow them up. Luckily, the Tim Version steps up to the plate drives the runner home. Think of a more melodic Hot Water Music. Or think of Radon picking up the tempo and adding another guitarist. Or Tiltwheel with a southern accent. The Tim Version are catchy without being poppy, and they're the perfect match for SCRM. It's one of those immaculate splits, where you can easily tell when one band ends and the other starts, yet both bands compliment each other really well. -Sean Carswell (ADD)

SUPER CHINCHILLA

RESCUE MISSION/ THE TIM VERSION: ...Go Halves on a

Bastard: Split CD

Picked this outta the pile based on Todd's raves about the first band, and damned if he ain't right. Superchinchillayaddyadda are a most excellent band, poppy without being lame, hard without being macho, emotional without being wimpy and pretty rockin' to boot. We sometimes disagree on music, but I feel where you're comin' from this time, homenuget. The Tim Version sounds pretty much the same as Superblablablah, so I guess that means they're pretty nifty as well. -Jimmy Alvarado (ADD)

SWEATMASTER: Hold It!: 7"

"Hold it in your mouth." Hee hee. He said, "in your mouth." Huh huh huh huh. White trash, whiskey tarnished vocals mix with simple three chord dirt tracked rock'n'roll. I still get giggly when I hear shit like this. "Wanna See It Done" is more of the big drum sounds and perry, double entendre lyrics. Hee hee, sexy. -Namella J. Kim (Bad Afro)

THINGZ, THE:

Self-titled: 7" EP

A decent slab of '60s-influenced lo-fi punk. A little more "oomph" could've been put into the performance, though. May I suggest shotgunning twenty cups of coffee each right before your next recording session? -Jimmy Alvarado (The Thingz)

THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB:

Front Seat Solidarity: LP

In its finest hours, DIY breeds ingenuity, not whining. I can't stop listening to this LP. TBIAPB and Plan-It-X Records literally reek of doing it themselves, from the hand-printing record covers on insides of other bands LP sleeves, to including a hand-made sticker and patch, and just the fact that they released this on vinyl because Rymodee doesn't have a CD player is so reassuring that all's well and good in the underground. However, all of the preceding good intentions would mean dick-all if the band wasn't good. They're not. They're flat-out great. They've got the warm fire of Woody Guthrie burning on punk's mattress and the result is the best of both worlds. Intelligent, story-telling lyrics about cancer being the new black

lung disease, the glorification of body counts on TV, the Selma Freedom Marches, and how depression can be a useful tool, all sung in a real arm-around-a-friend unpretentious way. What's striking is how straight, true, upbeat, and believable their voice of rebellion is. The oscillating male/female vocals just sweeten the pot. There's no affectation, no pretense, just good ol' fashioned, forward thinking protest music. Listened to this at least fifty times already and like it more each time. -Todd (\$7 ppd. Plan-It-X, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb)

TIME SPENT DRIVING:

Walls Between Us: 10"

Time spent dry heaving.

-Todd (Sessions)

TOKYO ADVENTURES:

One Kiss for Luck: CD

This falls into the school of needing a few listens before you can judge if you like it. On first listen, I hear a slower version of the Teen Idols mixed with Weezer. It just doesn't come right out and smack you in the face. So if you are not paying attention, it can be easily written off. With more attention, you hear the great melodies. The background choruses are infectious with all members participating. For pop fanatics, this is a great discovery. -Donofthedeath (Boss Tuneage)

TOTAL SOUND GROUP

DIRECT ACTION COMMITTEE: The Party Platform...Our

Schedule Is Change: CD

From the packaging, I totally expected some sort of Nation of Ulysses pseudo-philosophical soul rock, which I guess it is, but I didn't expect it to sport both Tim Kerr AND his former fellow, singer Mike Carroll from the truly great Poison 13. Just to hear those two working together again is a real treat. TSGDAC is less locomotive than that band, but nearly as good, with Tim's magic, rollicking string work and fine organ manipulation on top. The folks at Estrus must be terminally constipated, because they haven't dropped one single turd in the music pool yet. -Cuss Baxter (Estrus)

TOXIC NARCOTIC: Had It

Coming: 7" EP

The a-side, "Cockroach," plays much like Citizen Fish or Against All Authority, who can also pull off slower ska textures, increase the pressure, and release the trap door into free-falling, free-wheeling gutter hardcore. On top of that, Toxic Narcotic can also tackle politically aware songs without sounding like they're reading it off the side of a cereal box. "War Song 2k" is a rusty knife of a song with almost goat-throaty vocals that people who don't bathe and like to patch up their pants tend to love. My ears may be deceiving me, but I think I also hear a double bass. Toxic Narcotic's definitely always been diverse (I remember a bag pipe on another song) but it just seems that they're getting more and more powerful as time goes on. Great 7". -Todd (Rodent Popsicle)

TRAGEDY:

Can We Call This Life?: 7"

How many 7"s are there that you can say sound like war from the trenches? Not War, the funk band, but flat-out warfare. It's three heavy, punishing, huge, fast, thickly textured, and essentially flawless hardcore songs. Inside the bombast are tight hooks, soaring guitars, and a black, atmospheric feeling like you're about to be mustard gassed and the enemy's popping up a flare into the darkness to triangulate exactly how to kill you through your stereo. The playing's impeccable (it flays and slays), the recording's incredibly thick, and it's surprisingly catchy. As an added bonus, it has one or several folks from His Hero Is Gone. If you've got one hair on your body (even a tiny one near your elbow) that likes hardcore, you can't possibly go wrong with this. I can't seem to crank my stereo high enough. -Todd (Tragedy, no address, but I got it through Some Strange Music)

TRAILER PARK

TORNADOS:

Heroes of the Hopeless: 7"

Man oh man, my ears ain't never been this brutally roughed-up! TPT brazenly unleash a loud, amped-out cacophony of trashy, barroom-brawlin' rock'n'roll madness that's undeniably beastly and primal. They're sonically similar to The Hot Pockets, Big Boys, The Bulemics, and The Daylight Lovers - only sloppier, grittier, and more aggressive! Ear-mangling musical mayhem like this is almost always guaranteed to crack my skull wide open, flip my brain upside down, and then make me commit unspeakable acts of drunken debauchery. Waaaah-hooo, that's just how I like it! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Big Neck)

TRASSELS, THE: Grifter: 7"

It's amazing where you find interesting and rad stuff from around the world. I'm not as connected as many might think. I do actively trade with a friend from Finland. He always sends me great stuff. My criteria to him for sending me stuff is always anything. This is one of those things. This band is an all-star band of sorts. Featuring members of Finnish punk bands Kuolleet Kulat, Valse Triste, Mellakka and others. Going for something different, they do more of a straight forward rock escapade. I hear a '60s garage punk influence mixed with a surf beat ala Agent Orange - melodies that make me want to jump up and down doing the shimmy, go out and buy some mod clothing and grow out my hair and wear a Beatles bowl cut. People that are into the (International) Noise Conspiracy will relate to this. I, on the other hand, feel this is far superior to the latter. -Donofthedeath (Killer)

TULIXCRAFT:

Beat Surf Fun: CD

Lame college smart-guy pop with a dash of surf thrown in an embarrassing attempt to garner cool points. Should be kicked in the nuts for false advertising. -Jimmy Alvarado (Magic Marker)

TYRADES: Self-titled: 7" EP

A damn good band with a minimalist sound that would've fit in nicely with the late **RAZORCAKE** [91]

'70s/early '80s art punk scene, meaning it's annoying in all the right ways. A definite keeper here. Great cover of the Dicks' "Lifetime Problems," too. Gary Floyd must be beaming with pride. —Jimmy Alvarado (Big Neck)

U.S. BOMBS: *Lost in America/Live 2001*: CD

Wooo-hooo, it's the U.S. Bombs in all of their loud, obnoxious glory — live, uncontrollable, and in your mother-fuckin' face! This is a chaotic collection of some of the most pissed-off sounds that's ever been insolently tossed into a frenzied, slam-dancing crowd of unruly spiky-haired punk hooligans. Recorded during various balls-out performances on their "Back at the Laundromat" tour in 2001, this hard-hittin' disc vividly captures the U.S. Bombs at their most fierce, tumultuous, explosive, and clamorous. Such high-velocity and volatile sonic eruptions as "Tora! Tora! Tora!," "Die Alone," "Isolated Ones," "Rubber Room," "War Birth," "The World," "Goin' Out," "Yanks," "Ballad of Sid," and a bulgin' barrel full more feverishly scream their way outta this flesh-carvin' display of all-out auditory attitude. *Lost in America* is proof positive that the boisterously bad-ass Bomb boys are the most true-hearted and wildly animated bunch of insurrectionist louts proudly keepin' the spit-stained spirit of punkrock alive and snarling today. —Roger Moser, Jr. (Disaster)

UNLUCKY FEW, THE:

Promo: CDEPR

Just imagine, if you will, that Linkin

Park or one of those other "hardcore" bands had spent any extended amount of time at art school. —Jimmy Alvarado (<www.angelfire.com/rock2/theunluckyfew>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

***Beast of British*: CD**

A pretty lackluster and, frankly, suck-ass comp of "punk" bands from England. Although Annalise weigh in as the best of the "new" bands contained herein, once again it's those bands representing the old guard, namely the Subs and the Varukers here, that come up with anything worth a piss, as the other bands prefer to wallow in the ska/punk and post-emo cesspools that dominate so much of the upper echelons of the so-called scene these days. Really sad when a bunch of old fucking men are more vital and relevant than the younger generation of would-be rebels, ain't it? Personally, I blame it on the Teletubbies and that purple fucker Barney. —Jimmy Alvarado (Go Kart/Deck Cheese)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

***Broken Lamps and Hardcore Memories*: CD**

A "hardcore" comp, in this case meaning heavy metal jock rock played by bald dudes with tattoos and wallet chains, with chugga-chugga noise from the Movielife, Rise Against, Darkest Hour, Walls of Jericho and bunch of others. Not surprisingly, I couldn't find a single song worth a piss on this. Oh yeah, it's a benefit comp. —Jimmy Alvarado (<www.pastepunk.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

***Fastmusic Punk 2001*: CD**

I'm utterly knee-deep impressed with this cacophonously pleasurable bundle of pure and poppy punkrock panache! It's one of those giddy, feel-good comps that causes me to jubilantly leap around the room like a wide-eyed five-year-old kid surrounded by a colorful abundant array of sparkle-spangled packages on Christmas morning. My ears are frenetically twitching up a storm, and my heart is wildly palpitating like there ain't no tomorrow due to the euphoric upbeat auditory hyperactivity on this here CD. It enchants, intoxicates, and entrances the senses somethin' silly! Consisting of a mostly clean-cut pop-punk line-up (includin', but not limited to: Slab, Down By Law, Gamits, Travoltas, Luckie Strike, The Fairlanes, The Fonzarellies, Welton, and numerous others), the wrath-like addition of the Circle Jerks (with a rousing demo version of "Teenage Electric") is a bit off-kilter, but certainly more than welcome. Hell yeh! Anyway, as I now sign-off with a resounding well-suited belch, I vigorously recommend this melodiously pristine release to you all. —Roger Moser, Jr. (Fastmusic)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

***Get Thee to a Nunnery*: CD**

Hardcore madness takes form in this mad assortment of bands brought to you from Craig of Schizophrenic. 9Curve: Japanese speed metal that makes you want to mosh with all those long hairs you used to despise. Black Mass of Absu: First track is death metal with

organs. Second track is grindcore with industrial noise added for the mix. DS13: Do I have to even describe these Swedish gods? Worth the purchase price for these tracks alone. Havaistys: Finish hardcore just the way I like it, abrasive and raw. Hyper Hindu Squatters: More in the raw punk vein from what I'm assuming is an all-girl band from Japan. Kokosha Glava: Here is something I didn't expect from this comp. Belgium ska! Good change of pace! Mormons: Raw demo-tape-sounding punk that is sarcastic. Freaks: Japanese pile drivers that force the issue with great hardcore that is thick as much as it is mean. The Knock-Up: Swedish garage rockers who mix this thing up once again. Banglin Bay: Another band from Japan that gets sloppy without falling apart and play fast enough to keep me interested. Huono Olo: Old school sounding Finish punk. Demona: Ethereal noise probably made by a guy on his computer so that he can use it to accompany his multimedia art project. Ten bucks buys you this diversity of music. —Donofthedeath (Schizophrenic)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

***Give 'em the Boot III*: CD**

If any of these bands are one your favorites or you have the slightest interest of hearing what they sound like, you should not hesitate on picking this up. Being the third of the series of cheap samplers, this is a great value for a CD that I think costs like four or five dollars. I'm going to list every band here so you can make the choice. One song each from The Distillers (their best song yet!), Dropkick Murphys, US Bombs,

Rancid, Lars Frederiksen & the Bastards, F-Minus (!), Agnostic Front, Nerve Agents, Duane Peters & the Hunns, Roger Miret & the Disasters, Leftover Crack, Nekromantix, Tiger Army (!), Devil's Brigade, The Slackers, Joe Strummer & the Mescaleros, King Django, The Pietasters, Mouthwash (best fucking new ska song that I have heard in a while), The Gadjits and Hepcat. Included for you computer geeks are two videos by Tiger Army and the Dropkick Murphys. What a bargain! –Donofthedeath (Hellcat)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Homework #4: CD

Okay, I'm gonna tell you all something, but you gotta promise you won't tell Chuck H2D: although I love all of the series available on his label, the *Homework* series is, by far, my favorite. Why, you ask? One word: diversity. Sure, they're all diverse in sound and bands, more so than most other comps out there covering the same material. The *Homework* discs, with the only criteria for inclusion seeming to be that the bands are American in origin and "DIY," go waaaaay out on a limb. Case in point, this installment. What you get here is thirty-one tracks of music cutting a very wide swath across the punk rock landscape, ranging from quirky wave-pop to primal rock'n'roll to proto hardcore to no wave to that which defies categorization. Most, if not all, of the tracks are long out of print and the quality of both the sound and of the tracks themselves are pretty high. Featured tracks included on this installment come courtesy of Half Japanese, 100 Flowers, Rachel Sweet, Really Red, Voodoo Idols, Johanna Went, and a shitload of others. If you are one of the few left who remain steadfast to the rule that punk rock bands should strive to be unique, you'd have to be a complete blithering idiot not to pick up as many of these discs as you can get your hands on. –Jimmy Alvarado (<www.hyped2death.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Homework #7: CD

More American DIY strangeness here, this time around focusing on the more "experimental" side of things. It does get pretty out there, but nothing here can be said to suck and there's enough diversity within the "experimental" tag to keep things interesting. For your buck, you get tape loops, synthcore, quirky pop punk, no wave and the like from featured bands like the Algebra Mothers, Brain Damage, Belle Star, Big Stick, Babylon Dance Band (who went on to become Antietam), Anti-Matter and oodles more. Recommended. –Jimmy Alvarado (<www.hyped2death.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *H*

ypped to Death #51: CD

The latest in this multi-volume series, this one is a little heavier on '77 punk and Detroit-style post-glam swagger than previous installments, but even if it ain't as diverse as some of the others, the song selection is still mighty high and there is still the occasional oddball gem to be found here.

Highlights this time around include Chainsaw, Convicted (great slice of early '80s OC tuneage) Cheetah Chrome, Cracked Actor, Coldcock, Claude Coma and the IVs, Cinecyde, the Cads and others. –Jimmy Alvarado (<www.hyped2death.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Messthetics #6: CD

H2D's UK equivalent to its *Homework* series, this one is just as varied and filled to the brim with all sorts o' weirdness, from the primal punk rock of the Bleach Boys to Crass posturing by Honey Bane (which makes sense, as the EP from which the track here was culled was released on the Crass label) to the Buzz's art-pop. Other groups featured include the Avant Gardeners, Airmail, Big in Japan (a band who featured members of Siouxsie, KLF and Frankie Goes to Hollywood), Bouncing Czechs, Beavers, Bloated Toads and B-Film, to name a few. In all, a good comp with something for every taste and a few new sounds you've probably never heard before. –Jimmy Alvarado (<www.hyped2death.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *New*

York's Hardest Volume 3: CD

Dude, not even the SOD tracks were able to save this from penetrating the furthest depths of suckdom. Bad metal passing itself off as hardcore from the usual suspects: Agnostic Front, Inhuman, Ill Niño and others. Jeez, what a waste of time and money. –Jimmy Alvarado (Go Kart)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Pie & Ears Volume 2: CD

The second installment of an overview of the Cleveland punk scene with bands both old and new. Includes tracks by the AK-47's, Generics, Idiot Humans, Kneecappers, Styrenes, Offbeats and others. The quality of the tracks both in sound and delivery is surprisingly consistent. Although there are a couple of "why's this on here?" tracks, songs like the Idiot Humans' "Toppling Stairs" make the whole thing worth it. Pretty good. –Jimmy Alvarado (Smog Veil)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Reno:*

Where Dreams Come to Die: CD

Someone's gonna argue with me, but I gotta say This Computer Kills is the worst thing on here (I'm exempting the Scurvy Bastards' pirate Oi song, because that's not going to fit in on ANY record). Their two studios forays into dynamic playland just don't cut the high intensity mustard peddled by the rest of the bunch. Bands like Redrum, Headgrenade, the Livid and Vae Victis provide conventional hardcore goods, Iron Lung takes it down in the cellar for the sludge factor, and Bloody Victim meets in the old clearing for a black metal seance (not something you generally get on a punk comp, for sure). Don't get me wrong, This Computer Kills don't ruin the record for me, but I think I would've replaced them with another Livid or All Opposed track and sat back to wait for the laurels to heap on. –Cuss Baxter (Sedition)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Teen Line #4: CD

Another subgenre from the folks at Hyped to Death, this series covers the world of power pop with just enough skewering of the rules to get in a wide variety of different sounds to keep things interesting. Covered in this installment are North American bands from the Q-Z portion of the alphabet. Included are rare tracks by the Quick (the original version of "Pretty Please Me," now a staple in the Dickies' set), the Zippers, 20/20, Paul Collins, Real Kids, Silvain Silvain, Tuff Darts, Taxi Boys, Velvet Elvis and more. As can be expected with a comp covering power pop as a genre, the sickly sticky bubblegum quotient inherent in the genre is in abundance. If you can get past the initial saccharin shock, though, you'll find that there are many more good songs to be found here than clunkers. –Jimmy Alvarado (<www.hyped2death.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Teen Line #7: CD

First off, let me say that the Stiv Bators track, a shameless piece of Mersey Beat worship, is pure genius. Why this song didn't burn its way up the charts in the same way as "My Sharona" will remain a mystery. More power pop in a myriad of hues here, all from America, all from the letters B and C, all dang cool in their own way. Featured this time around are Cheese, Comateens, Conditionz, Beat Rideo, Clicks, Comets, Crash Kills Five and a bunch of others. For those of us who like to know who the hell we're listening to, liner notes are also included. Send all your lunch money now or expect to be kicking yourself in the ass ten years from now, 'cause this is some good stuff. –Jimmy Alvarado (<www.hyped2death.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *The*

Thing That Ate Floyd: 2X CD

I was wondering if Lookout was ever gonna re-release this. Originally released on vinyl in 1988, this now serves as a snapshot of what was goin' on in the Northern California punk scene during that time period (sheesh, it's damn bizarre sayin' shit like that 'cause to an old fart like me, it seems like last week), much like *MRR's Not So Quiet on the Western Front* did six years earlier. Like that collection, *Floyd* has some good things goin' for it, as well as some things not so hot. On the plus side, you get to hear what some of today's favorite bands sounded like when they were first starting out, as this includes tracks by No Use For A Name, Neurosis, Cringer (featuring future J Churcher Lance Hahn), Lookouts (featuring both former Lookout big wig Larry Livermore and a very young Tre Cool from some band whose name escapes me) Operation Ivy (no need to explain 'bout these guys, do I? The track here is exclusive to this comp, by the way), Bitch Fight (includes Todd Spitboy, one of the nicest people I've ever had the pleasure of meeting while on tour [Thanks for turning me onto Los Crudos. I think the other guys in Ollin are still pissed at you for that, though, seeing as I'm STILL playing 'em to death]. The song's good, too, even if it is a blatant rip off of SLF's "Here We

Are Nowhere") Crimpshrine (Jeff Ott's old band and something of a legend unto themselves), Sticky (members of whom did business under the name Spazz) and others. You also get some choice tunes from some other well-known bands, including Sweet Baby, Sewer Trout ("Vagina Envy" is a scream, even after all this time), Corrupted Morals, Tribe of Resistance, Steelpole Bathtub, Mr. T. Experience (hands down the best track here), Kamala and the Karnivores (also featuring Todd) and Capitol Punishment. They've also reproduced the booklet that came with the original pressing, although there's no update letting you know what's happened since to most of the people/bands represented here. The biggest minus is one inherited from the original compiling of this epic: some bands on here suck just as bad as they did way back when. Had this been a single LP effort, it would've easily been in the running as one of best punk-related comps ever. As it stands, though, it's at best an interesting look at a once-influential scene, warts 'n' all. Would've been a neater idea if they'd re-released the *Turn It Around* comp on disc with the choice cuts from this comp. At least the result would've been consistently good. –Jimmy Alvarado (Lookout!)

VIRULENT STRAIN:

Torture Tools: CD

Hard core punk in the vein of F-Minus here. The singer is a female that would probably kick my ass. This is a pretty awesome CD. Not a single lull on it. With that said, why is the singer's name Mercedes? Sounds like a titty dancer I knew once. Damn, if this girl is a titty dancer, I need to find out where. The way she sounds, I bet she's a sight on stage, pinning her spiked heels into men's chests and ripping dollar bills out of their hands with an evil snarl. Where is Allston, MA? –Toby (Rodent Popsicle)

WARREN COMMISSION,

THE: Tricked by Cleverness:

CDEP

I'm a dick. I really liked these guys when they played a basement in Washington DC or thereabouts, and asked for this CD specifically, but, good lord, a fucking tambourine? On not just one song? Songs fit for the "Dawson's Creek" soundtrack (they have that, right?)? What I liked in that sweaty basement wasn't the perfectly harmonized Edie Brickell weeping vagonation (but it sounds like a thirteen-year-old, so I'm feelin' like a pedophile right now), but a rockin' band that – agreed, had arty moments – but bordered on new wave and reminded me of Discount. Man, I'm thrown for a loop. Is my memory that fucked? Has Pabst finally conspired against me? Is my history being re-written, like how the Warren Commission concluded that Lee Harvey Oswald "acted alone with no clear motive"? Arrrrgh! A drum machine over an acoustic thingameybob on track four. More emo supreme filigree crying poo follows. Kill it. Mommy, make it stop. –Todd (Espo)

WASTED: *Down and Out*: CD
Rancid and the Dropkick Murphys move to Finland and start a street punk band, complete with the requisite chan-ty parts. -Jimmy Alvarado (Combat Rock Industry)

WATCH IT BURN/

TILTWHEEL: *Split* CD

I'm a bad person. Watch It Burn are an all right band. They're all accomplished musicians. I really liked their song "Radio Pollution." They're fun as hell to watch live - people bouncing all over the place, things getting kicked over, getting beer baths, participating in alcohol slip'n'slides, and performing mid-set liver transplants. But I still can't get over how much like they sound like Hot Water Music (the bass tone and playing style is almost identical and so are a lot of blips and bings) and how literal the lyrics are, like "this reminds me of a Jawbreaker song, that I haven't heard in so long." Strangely, I wouldn't be half as critical of them if they didn't share this with my favorite three-piece American punk band: Tiltwheel. It's the happiest desperation you're bound to hear. Damn, these three songs are a powerhouse. The lyrics make you want to kill yourself at your happiest life moment, or, conversely, see that glimmer of hope when you think the rope's choking you out. What's so cool about this triumvirate is that the three songs and three musicians all work perfectly together - fast and slow, angry and seeking penance. After listening to literally hundreds of records a year for the past eight years, Tiltwheel songs contin-

ue to always be in high rotation. It's just fantastic music, regardless of genre. Quite possibly the best band you've never heard. There's a huge interview of them on our website. -Todd (ADD)

WATCHMAKER:

***Kill. Crush. Destroy*: CD**

Oops. Not Watchtower, and not Spazz, either, but somewhere about 15 degrees away from directly in between. Crazy brutal metal with no wanky metal trappings. Drop this monkeyfucker in the playing device and watch boredom run screaming like a little boy. -Cuss Baxter (Wonderdrug)

WHITE TRASH DEBU-

TANTES: *Golden Greats*: CD

Back in late March, yours truly received a kick-in-the-ass-typa surprise when I got to catch the White Trash Debutantes gigging with Hollywood Hate, and let me tell *you*, Mr. Smartypants, I was pleasantly surprised to see them upgrade to the next level of rocking a crowd's ass off with their current lineup. The last time I had seen this outfit was three years ago, and all I can say is that *this* version of the group that Ginger Coyote has rounded up now is more than enough reason to go see them. And this CD is the old-fashioned rock and roll that fries you alive, like a two-year-old sticking the end of his unraveled Slinky into a power outlet. With a smashing rhythm section and roaring chords of guitars, the Debs crush and crunch their way full-throttle through this disc, complete with the hotcha-cha added singing of Tonia Bodley,

who sexily shakes and shimmies like a lovely lost soul grooving through go-go purgatory. Any real fan of rock and fucking roll (to coin brotherman Big Marty's phrase and label) should get in contact with the Debs and get their wet and nasty hands on a copy of this here disc. It's got thirty-one trashy tracks to push the limits of your creepy, derelict Daddy's speakers with, including a Wayne County cover that your Mom can take to her next candle party and start a sing-a-long with. What she does with the candles is her own business. Viva Ginger and the Debs! -Designated Dale (White Trash Debutantes)

WHITEE:

***Sapphic Delight*: CD**

A rap album with decent beats, weak rhymes and even weaker delivery. Another disc to clutter up the racks. -Jimmy Alvarado (<www.whitee.com>)

WIFEBEATERS, THE:

***Child Mulletstation*: 7"**

The combination of some seriously shitty recording and the proud flying of the anti-PC flag should spell pure crap, but somehow it works for me. The lyrics, about spouse abuse, militias, Asian drivers and rentacops (to the tune of "Bad Boys" from *COPS*), are so bad I have to assume that's part of the plan. The music part sounds like a 4 track recording (I wouldn't be surprised if the whole band is one guy) and the mix sucks worse than running out of Schlitz ten minutes after the stores stop selling beer. I guess some things are so wrong

they're right, and this may be one. I wouldn't want my Mom to catch me with it, though. -Cuss Baxter (\$3. Wifebeaters)

YOUNG HASSELHOFFS:

***Get Dumped*: CD**

Yay! It's like 1992 again (the golden age of pop punk)! This is great! Think Chixdiggit, the Parasites, and a little bit of the Beach Boys! Thank you, Young Hasselhoffs, for being a pop punk band in the year 2002 that doesn't suck! (And that is really saying something!) If this were a cereal, it'd be Honey Nut Cheerios - the basic pop punk formula with, uh, the honey of harmonies thrown in! The way pop punk should be! Hooray! -Maddy (Reinforcement)

ZONIC SHOCKUM:

***Here Today...*: CD**

Lady-fronted dissonant punk rock that won't be pigeonholed. Fast or slow, loud or quiet, stripped-down or sample-enhanced, it's all here, and in just six songs, to boot. Seems like they've matured a lot in the several years since I heard something else by them, and I'm all for it. Never could cozy up to the name Zonic Shockum, though. -Cuss Baxter (Stain)

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Contact Addresses

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue
or posted on www.razorcake.com in the last two months



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Adeline, 5245 College Ave. #318, Oakland, CA 94618
A-F, PO Box 71226, Pittsburgh, PA 15213
Alien Snatch, Morikeweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, Germany; <www.alien-scratch.de>
Bomp/Disaster/Alive/Total Energy, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510
Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141-9092
Angry Planet, PO Box 141092, Dallas, TX 75214; <www.angry-planet.net>
Anti-Epigraph, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026
Apparatus Engine, PO Box 768, Downingtown, PA 19335; <www.apparatusengine.com>
Arkam's Black Owl Records, 3000 County Rd. 10, Florence, AL 35633
Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030
Attention Deficit Disorder, PO Box 8240, Tampa, FL 33674; <www.addwreckedkids.com>
AVD, 8370 W. Cheyenne, Box 109-22, Las Vegas, NV 89129
Bad Taste, PO Box 1243, S-221 O5 Lund, Sweden
Badman c/o Martin Cesky, Nebrehovice 7, 38601 Strakonice, Czech Republic
BAK, 870 N. Woodstock St., Philadelphia, PA 19130; <www.bakrecords.com>
Barse 77 c/o Liam Brown, 5 Pentlands Terrace, South Stanley, Co. Durham, DH9 6QJ, England
Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226
Berserker, 411 S. Impala Dr., Fort Collins, CO 80521
Big Lizard, PO Box 72946, Las Vegas, NV 89170
Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195
Bingo Lady Record Collective, 119 N. Broadway, Billings, MT 59101
Blasting Agents, 509 Caswell, Belvidere, IL 61008
Blatherskyte, PO Box 40088 Rochester NY 14604
Blowback; <www.blowbacknet.com>
Bomp/Disaster/Alive/Total Energy, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510
Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK
Braindrat 1159 Midpine Ave., San Jose, CA 95122
Brazen Hussies; <www.peoplesound.com/artist/brazenhussies>
Broken Rekids, PO Box 460403, SF, CA 94146-0402; <www.brokenrekids.com>
BRYCCHouse, 1055 Bardstown Rd., Louisville, KY 40204
BYO, PO Box 67609, LA, CA 90067; <www.byorecords.com>
C/Z, 4756 U. Village Pl. N.E. #469, Seattle, WA 98105; <www.czrecords.com>
Captain Oi!, c/o PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP 10 8QA, England
Cheetah's, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704
Cochebomba, PO Box 546, Randolph, MA 02368
Curse, The; <phillycurse@hotmail.com>
Demolition Derby, PB 4005, 2800 Mechelen 4, Belgium
Destroy All Records, 3818 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026
Diaphragm, PO Box 10388, Columbus, OH 43201
Die Slaughterhaus, 2373 Fenhurst Pl., Atlanta, GA 30338; <theblacklips@hotmail.com>
Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507
Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111
Dischord, 3819 Beecher St., NW Washington, DC 20007
Disturbing, 3238 S. Racine, Chicago, IL 60608
Diwphalanx, 2-3 Kanda Awajichou, Chiyoda-Ku, Tokyo 101-0063, Japan
Dragstrip 77; <www.dragstrip77.com>
EKG, 1118 Walnut Unit H, Santa Ana, CA 92701

Elastic, PO Box 17598, Anaheim, CA
Embrooks, The, Flat 5 Belvedere Court, 12 Trinity Crescent, Folkestone, Kent CT20 2ET, England
Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98122
Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227
Excursion, PO Box 20224, Seattle, WA 98102
Family Vineyard, PO Box 2161 Bloomington IN 47402
Fanboy, Weidenallee 29, D-20357 Hamburg, Germany; <<http://fanboy.freepage.de>>
Farewell, c/o Micha Meyer, Gustav Freytag Str. 18, 47057, Duisburg, Germany
Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119-3690
Fiend Music, PO Box 41470, LA, CA 90041; <www.fiendmusic.com>
File 13, PO Box 2302, Philadelphia, PA 19103; <file-13.com>
Free Style, PO Box 85364, Seattle, WA 98145
Friction, PO Box 6605, Grand Rapids, MI 49516
G7 Welcoming Committee, PO Box 27006, 360 Main Street Concourse, Winnipeg, MB R3C 4T3 Canada
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Gearhead, PO Box 421219, SF, CA 94142
Ghoultown; <www.ghoultown.com>
GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333
Gravity, PO Box 81332, San Diego, CA 92138; <www.gravityrec.com>
In The Red, 1118 W. Magnolia Blvd, PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506; <www.intheredrecords.com>
Ipecac, PO Box 1197, Alameda, CA 94501; <www.ipecac.com>
Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd, Wilmington, DE 19810; <www.jadetreec.com>
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Junk, 7071 Warner Ave. F, PMB 736, Huntington Beach, CA 92647-5495; <www.junkrecords.com>
Know, PO Box 90579, Longbeach, CA 90809; <www.knowrecords.com>
KOB, Via Cantarane, 63/C, I-37129, Verona, Italy
Last Place, 2076 W. Strasburg Rd., Coatesville, PA 19320; <www.lastplace.net>
Lobster, PO Box 1473, Santa Barbara, CA 93102; <www.lobsterrecords.com>
Lookout, 3264 Adeline St., Berkeley, CA 94703; <www.lookoutrecords.com>
Los Fastidios; <www.losfastidios.com>
Mad Butcher, Bergfeldstr. 3, 34289 Zierenberg, Germany
Malt Soda, PO Box 7611, Chandler, AZ 85246
Manic, PO Box 667, Huntington Beach, CA 92648
Mock Orange, 5222 East Esche, Newburgh, IN 47630
Morphius, PO Box 13474, Baltimore, MD 21203 <www.morphius.com>
Mortville, PO Box 4268, Austin, TX 78765; <www.mortvillerecords.com>
MuSick, PO Box 1757, Burbank, CA 91507
Nation of Kids, 804 Stevens Ave., Huntsville, AL 35801
NDN, PO Box 131471, The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471
Neurot; <www.neurotrecordings.com>
New Audio Terror, PO Box 8024, Minneapolis, MN 55408
New Disorder, 115 Bartlett, SF, CA 94110
No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604; <www.noidearecords.com>
Noma Beach, PO Box 735, Sonoma, CA 95476; <nomabeach@aol.com>
On/On Switch, 780 Post Street, SF, CA 94109
One Take, Lehmkaul 19, 66822 Lebach, Germany; <<http://www.chicksrock.de>>
Pandacide, PO Box 2774, Petaluma, CA 94952; <www.pandacide.com>

Panic Button, 3264 Adeline St., Berkeley, CA 94703
Pezz, PO Box 42185, Memphis, TN 38104; <www.pezz.net>
Pop Sweatshop, 2103 Harrison Ave NW, Suite #2, Olympia, WA 98502
Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953
Radical, 77 Bleeker Street, NY, NY 10012
Radio, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476
Reptilian, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231
Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615
Rode to Ruin, PO Box 23409, Santa Barbara, CA 93101
Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Boston, MA 02134
Rollin' Rock, 2460 Casey Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89120
S&M, 800 Monterey Ave. #201, Morro Bay, CA 93442
Scooch Pooch, 5850 W. 3rd St. #209, LA, CA 90036
Scratch, 726 Richards Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3A4, Canada
SDZ, c/o N. Mugnier, 12 Av. Du Parc, 92170 Vanves, France
Sick Room, PO Box 47830, Chicago, IL 60647
Slap A Ham, PO Box 7337, Alhambra, CA 91802-7337
Slovenly, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504; <www.702records.com>
Slow Gold Zebra, PO Box 20506 NY NY 10009; <www.crimsonsweet.com>
Smallman, PO Box 352, 905 Corydon Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3M 3V3, Canada
Smog Veil, 774 Mays #10-454, Incline Village, NV 89451; <www.smogveil.com>
Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita, Setagaya, Tokyo 155-0033, Japan
Soul Is Cheap, PO Box 11552, Memphis, TN 38111
Sounds of Subterranea, PO Box 103662, 34036, Kessel, Germany
Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, The Netherlands; <www.stardumbrecords.com>
Static, 17215 Mack Ave, Detroit, MI 48224
Strandad Sjobuse, c/o Fredrik Svensson, Höders Väg 2, S-611 50 Nyköping, Sweden; <<http://vanishingvanity.cjb.net>>
SupPop, PO Box 20645, Seattle, WA 98102
Team Emu; <david.hoffman@agg.com>
Thick, 409 N Wolcott Ave, Chicago, IL 60622
Thorp, PO Box 2007, Upper Darby, PA 19082
Tinnitus, 250 Napoleon St. Ste K, SF, CA 94124; <tinnitusrecords.com>
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Tom Perkins Entertainment, PO Box 970936, Ypsilanti, MI 48197
Touch and Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625
Triple Crown, 331 West 57th St #472, NY, NY 10019; <www.triplecrownrecords.com>
Turbo A.C.'s, The, PO Box 20691 PABT, NY, NY 10129; <www.turboacs.com>
Twenty Stone Blatt, PO Box 14911, Grangemouth, FK3 8WA, Scotland; <www.twentystoneblatt.co.uk>
Undisputed Heavyweight Champions, 2226 Eastlake Avenue E #91, Seattle, WA 98102
Unity Squad, PO Box 1235, Huntington Beach, CA 92647
Your Funeral, 706-501 Pacific St., Vancouver, BC, Canada V6Z 2X6
Zeno, PO Box 97281, Phoenix, AZ 85060



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.



BARRACUDA #13, \$3.50, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, full-color cover, 44 pgs. I've got to say that I look forward to every issue of *Barracuda*. I think it's a throwback to the old stag magazines of the forties and fifties, but I can't say for sure because I've never seen old stag magazines. But every issue of *Barracuda* had cool articles on cars, low-brow art, and "Real Man Profiles", as well as a few photo layouts of full-figured women showing all the skin possible without actually crossing the line into nudity. This issue has an excellent article on the godfather of modern surfing, Duke Kahanamoku; articles on how to find a good mechanic and on one of the first cars to set the land speed record; photo layouts of three attractive broads; some dry comics; and a bunch of other good stuff. It's definitely a magazine that you want to hang on to after you're done reading it. -Sean Carswell (Barracuda Magazine, PO Box 291873, LA, CA 90029)

BEARING EDGE #1, \$2, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, photocopied, 46 pgs. Being that this is a magazine dedicated to drumming and drummers and I know dick-all about the subject (due, in part to using the blocks in third grade, and I knocking myself out), my expectations were tempered. Man, what a cool read. Not only does Klaus have technical questions phrased in a way that a non-drummer can understand them, he pulls off a broad range of interviews. You can't get a much wider berth of music from Spazz, Stryper, Smoking Popes, miscellaneous people at Guitar Center, a percussionist/educator, and Assuck, but all of the interviews are extremely focused, geared to the people he's interviewing, and evocative. We learn that Robert Sweet of Stryper still regrets the day his record company convinced the Christian heavy metallers to not wear yellow and black striped spandex and that Brendan Canty of Fugazi prefers Guy falling on him "because he has soft edges and I'm a people person." The hidden gem in this zine is the interview with Max Ward of Spazz. Max deemed the interview "too dumb," so Klaus gives the reader close insight into his interviewing process by not only answering his own questions, but explaining why he asked them. Highly recommended. A fine read. -Todd (Bearing Edge, c/o Klaus Bellon, 62 Creekwood Square, Cincinnati, OH 45246)

BUTTER PECAN ZINE, THE \$1 or as many stamps as you can spare, 11 x 17, photocopied, 2 pgs.

I think it's called The Butter Pecan Zine; that's what the envelope says, but it's not actually on the "newsletter" anywhere. What is on there is one really long paragraph in tiny type, filling every inch of both sides of one sheet, that meanders from Rasputin to Hitler to Southern pride to Satanism in a sort of Outsider way that may or may not be contrived. The writer talks a couple times about being currently institutionalized, but also mentions daily rum drinking - not a therapy I'm familiar with. The overall feeling is one of mysticism, with curses and spells and other new age spookiness, peppered liberally with pleas for donations and references to shimmying in the Hose of Betty. Do I think it's just some "I'm so weird!" goth shenanigans? Yeah, but I can't quite be sure. -Cuss Baxter (The Butter Pecan Zine, 127 Walter's Rd., Barnesville, GA 30204)

CARBON 14 #20, \$6, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, full-color cover, 105 pgs. A thick, satisfying read, *C14* skillfully embraces the sleazier side of the punk rock spectrum, with low-brow art (Sunny Buick), smut (a topless Mami Van Doren, pinup photographer Mark Anthony Lacy, and porn reviews), and a thick swath of punk on the rock'n'roll side of things (Adam West, Toilet Boys). A standout in this issue is the interview with The Cramps. It's odd to me that this band isn't on the tips of people's tongues when they talk about the formation of punk rock on the west coast and, for some reason, interviews with them are rare. Not only do Lux and Poison give a history lesson, they go over how they re-captured their entire back catalog from the majors, revamped it, made it better, and are now, twenty-plus years down the road, in charge of their future for the first time. I'm also a fan of King VelVeeda (who is currently getting sued by Kraft for the name) - a cartoonist who can be both postmodern (in the sense that he can question what art really is) and sleazy (is that a donkey humping that lady?) and pull both off well. He has his own fourteen page section inside the mag. Cool. -Todd (Carbon 14, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

CINEMAD #6, \$3.95, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, full-color cover, 60 pgs. *Cinemad* is definitely up there in my top two indie-film magazines. Editor Mike Plante has his finger solidly on the pulse of independent movies. He has a real knack for finding interesting, thoughtful

filmmakers; doing engaging interviews with those filmmakers; and making you want to hunt down the movies when you're done reading the magazine. This issue has an interview with Ray Carney, the guy who wrote a biography on filmmaker John Cassavetes. And though I haven't actually seen a Cassavetes film, I was completely sucked into the interview because it went so far beyond Cassavetes and his films and became a really interesting discussion on what art is, the obstacles people overcome to bring their visions to an audience, the way people react to art, and so on. And it's really not as fruity as that last sentence makes it sound. There are other insightful interviews with Albert Maysles and George Kuchar; an interview with Karen Black that shows just what a twisted woman she really is; an article on DIY film distribution; movie, book, and zine reviews; and a whole lot more. I read this issue cover-to-cover within the first week of owning it. I definitely recommend it. Oh, and my favorite thing in this issue was the interview with Ross Krantz, Projector Repairman. He's just a real, down-to-earth guy who's lived an interesting life and can tell a good story about it. -Sean Carswell (Cinemad, PO Box 360695, LA, CA 90036)

CHICKENHED ZINE AND ROLL #1, \$1; 5 1/2 x 8 1/2; photocopied; 28 pgs. Stories about thinking back on past mistakes! More Satan than you can spit at! Going back to old girls! Working as a cashier! Haikus! Some comics that look like they were drawn during a smoke break! Pretty funny at times.... and roll! -Bradley Williams (C.Z.A.R., 248 Defense Ave., Sandston, VA 23150)

CHUNKLET #16 the Shit List, \$6.95; 7 3/4 x 10; perfect bound/soft cover; 180 pgs. From the man who got himself tangled up with the publishers of *MAD* over copyright issues, and brought to light the biggest Assholes in Rock comes the Shit List! This is 180 pages of everything you need to read about. It's got an interview by Nardwuar! and stories on various topics such as: Rock's Weakest Links, Novelty Rap, the Man Hug, Ticket Master, Casino Gambling, Shitty Rock Poses, Shitty Jobs, Rock Fashion Paper Dolls, Fun at the DMV, Dirt Eating (shamelessly written and plugged here by yours truly), the Theremin, and SUVs. -Bradley Williams (Chunklet Magazine, PO Box 2814, Athens, GA 30612-0814)

CONCUSSION #14,

\$3.50, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, slick cover, slick insides, 115 pgs.

A real fine skate magazine. I wasn't high, but I was really zoned out after looking at the cover for about ten minutes, and I learned there were little imbedded skulls all over it. *Concussion's* done a great job of making a good-looking, fully black and white skate mag. The paper's high quality, so you can see the tricks better than a xerox dealie. I suspect it's downright difficult to do a skate mag that a.) doesn't suck too much advertiser dick while it's b.) still being independent and somewhat fun and c.) paying some bills. *Concussion's* rugged enough to please the DIY weinie in me and clear enough to actually see some skate tricks I'll never be able to pull off. In fact, the whole issue is like the cover. At times, the layout's chaotic, but I kept on flipping through it and catching new things each time: like the belt that doubles as a skate key, the fact that a guy's skating a full pipe that isn't even cleaned out, zines are reviewed on the shitter, and a photo essay on how to kill properly a sheep. If you get a tattoo of thier logo, you get a free lifetime subscription. -Todd (Concussion, PO Box 1024, Santa Cruz, CA 95061-1024)

DICKIE SKIMASK TOILET TIME READER, THE: vol.1,

\$2; 7 x 8 1/2;

photocopied/color cover; 28 pgs.

I don't know what to do with this one. It's got too cute of a color cover to use as toilet paper. It has some sweet little poetry. Some snappy observations. T and A! Full of pictures with stories that seem to connect in a drunken sort of way. This guy used to stand out on Hollywood Blvd in a loincloth and a ski-mask. He would operate under the title of Dick in a Skimask, and harass the tourists as they would bend to have themselves photographed next to Big Bird's star. "It's not real!" he'd scream at them "it's a man in a big dumb yellow bird suit! You're wastn' your life!" I have to say that I talked to this guy a few times. He stunk of soured booze and seemed to always have a half-eaten box of chicken wings with him. One day the belligerent Hollywood shaman handed me this reader. Shortly thereafter he was gone and hasn't been back since. All that's left of him is the DSTTR vol.1 and an address in Indiana. -Bradley Williams (Dickie Skimask, 305 S Washington, Bloomington, IN 47401)

RAZORCAKE 100 DRUNK AND PISS

#6,

\$1; 4 1/2 x 5 1/2; photocopied; 69 pgs.

I hate the label of "personal-zine." It brings to mind Hello Kitty and little red diaries with a heart-shaped lock. Who ever came up with the label of "personal-zine" should be rubbed down with poison oak and duct-taped to a tree for the duration of any of the four seasons. Ah.... *Drunk and Piss*, I like this one. I call it a "send \$1 and an SASE now!" zine. -Bradley Williams (Drunk and Piss, 11 Alger Dr., Rochester, NY 14624)

EXTREME CONFORMITY #4,

\$2.50, 4 1/4 x 11,

photocopied, 68 pgs.

Extreme Conformity is a clever little zine from Larry Nocella, the guy who does *Question Everything, Challenge Everything (QECE)*. This issue is "The Trouble with Revolutions." It's a hilarious story told completely in dialogue about a local race for mayor. Two clones run against each other and get confused as to which one of them is which. Aliens come in and create the perfect candidate: a dollar-sign-shaped creature with two penises and one huge breast. More than anything, this creature just wants to be loved. I'm probably giving away too much, here. Regardless, "The Trouble with Revolutions" is a funny story, and Nocella does a good job of writing a biting satire without crossing the line and becoming jaded or cynical. -Sean Carswell (Larry Nocella, PO Box 122, Royersford, PA 19468)

GARAGE AND BEAT! #5,

\$3.50, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, 48 pgs.

Man oh man, the illustriously spectacular content of this magnificent lil' mag has once again marveled my mind, dazzled my bloodshot baby-blues, and robustly intrigued the music-lovin' kid in me to no end! Has the savvy sultan of swingin' sounds, P. Edwin Letcher (along with his uncommonly creative crew of contributors), outdone himself with this brand spankin' new issue? You bet your sweet bippies! It's a visually splendiferous display of whimsical and informative interviews (The Boss Martians, The Electric Prunes, The Lords Of Altamont, The Phantom Surfers, The Sonics, and The Treble Spankers); fanciful, entertaining rants (McGough & McGear, Namelose, and the usual "unifying theory" of Beatles-inspired rip-off groups and other assorted cheesy sonic riff-raff); and a descriptively colorful variety of inspirational record reviews galore. Each and every time I have the supreme intoxicating pleasure of reading *GAB!* cover-to-cover, I eagerly absorb all of it in its grand-

ly titillating entirety. It always invariably brings back a flood of nostalgic reminiscence regarding the magical musical splendor that sparkled and shined across the airwaves when I was a wee, snot-nosed tyke. Thanks for the memories, Edwin. The next glass of ice-chilled, tropical-flavored kool-aid is on me! -Roger Moser, Jr. (P. Edwin Letcher, 2754 Prewett St., LA, CA 90031; <www.garageandbeat.com>)

KER-BLOOM #31 & 33,

\$3, 4 1/4 x 5 1/2, letterpress, 8-12 pgs.

Got here two issues of a little zine I just found out about (but it's been around since 1996). Each is just one story or article and little else in the way of illustration. #31 tells about a trip to Ohio for an Underground Publishing Conference and #33 talks about a breakup, Bruce Lee, and Gil Scott Heron. The writing is lovely and personal without being sappy (are there emo anarchists? Anarchemos?) and the bits are just the right length. The real draw for me, though, is that every issue is letterpress printed. Think about this: instead of blasting a master off your inkjet and dropping it off at Kinko's, you set each letter in lead type and crank the press yourself. Putting that kind of effort into something like this just makes it feel better, like getting a Guinness after drinking Schlitz for two months. This is the for real ass DIY, y'all. -Cuss Baxter (Artnoose, PO Box 3525, Oakland, CA 94609)

LIFE + DEATH #1,

\$2, 5 1/2 x 7 1/2, photocopied, 32 pgs.

Walt Creel has some funny stories to tell. Stories that come from living in a place where you can't just go to a bar and see a band for entertainment, you have to drive out into the country and set things on fire or shit on things. That plus a story about shitting his pants at a job interview make up about two thirds of the content. Most of the rest is computer-related (he's a network administrator) and there's a great voice-recognition-software transcription of a normal conversation that's fantastic. Unfortunately the layout is bland, the photos look terrible and Walt's writing could use some work. I hope he'll put a little more effort into his prose and get his graphic designer roommate to show him how to use Photoshop and keep putting Life + Death out rather than succumbing to the paralyzing apathy that's so common in hick towns. He may want to reevaluate his diet, too, if you ask me. That much shitting just ain't normal. -Cuss Baxter (Dixie Zine Distribution, PO Box 2830, Auburn, AL 36830)

NEW SCHEME, THE #5,

8 1/2 x 11, offset, 56 pgs.

They've got their hearts in the right place, it's just that I seem to hate all the bands they love and love most of the bands they hate. I actually started to think we'd never have anything in common until the Promise Ring's *Wood/Water* review, which has given me some hope that one day we'll drink beer together in joyous unison. Here's part of the review: "Upon hearing [*Very Emergency*], I went from not a big fan to wanting to shit in my hand and throw it at them. Their doot-doot, cheese ball pop songs were hard to stomach once, let alone numerous times.... Apparently even he realized that the days of singing poppy emo songs about unicorns and shit were over." Bravo, I say. -Todd (The New Scheme, PO Box 19873, Boulder, CO 80308)

PETER COUCH BY: JULIAN

THURST, \$1; 5 X 7;

photocopied; 32 pgs.

Every now and then you find something that jumps out at the world, makes people question who they are, and the ways of the world around them. Maybe after reading *Treasure Island* you want to become a pirate. What I'm talking about is POWER! —and that is not what you will find here. Actually I don't think that anything in the story of Mr. Couch is serious, so if you get into jacked-up handwriting, stories of the pimp-strolling-military-punk-dudes, bitches, black guys, and dumb rednecks then this one is for you. And, ah... the price says \$4.95. -Bradley Williams (No address for Peter Couch)

QECE #14,

\$2.50, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2,

photocopied, 28 pgs.

By this point, I think everyone is pretty much sick of hearing about September 11. The zine review pile here at *Razorcake* is full of stories about how people reacted to the event. I know this sounds callous, but all of these stories do get tiresome. The disadvantage that zines have, too, is that the mainstream media is able to respond so quickly and go so far over the top with every issue that, by the time some intelligent kid is able to type up his views, photocopy them, and get them out for people to read, most of his audience has already been saturated and overexposed. So here we have a case where I got this issue of *QECE* about four months after I felt like I couldn't read another story about September 11. I made myself read Larry Nocella's story anyway, because I know he's a good writer. And, man, was I impressed. Nocella may have writ-

ten the most balanced, thoughtful, and well-constructed response to the events of September 11 that I've read. He writes with a very calm, even tone and his story comes across as an antidote to all of the irrational, hysterical, and inflamed responses I've read. I recommend this zine solely for Nocella's essay. There's a lot more good stuff in this magazine – all of the normal, high-quality writing that make every issue of *QECE* worth it, but Nocella's story, especially, is one of those things that you want to photocopy and make everyone you know read. I was also sad to see on the cover of this issue the words "This Is the Last Issue." Hopefully, Nocella is just going through a slight phase and his frustration will wear off and *QECE* will keep coming out. Just in case it doesn't, I recommend that you pick up a copy of this before zine you miss out completely. –Sean Carswell (Larry Nocella, PO Box 122, Royersford, PA 19468)

READ #20, offset, full-color cover, 86 pgs. This is the "Adrenaline and Crush" issue, which means there are a bunch of short stories and anecdotes about the crushes different writers have had. It reads somewhat like a sad list of unrequited geek

love, but it's so endearing that I don't want to be critical of it. In fact, I love it when zines can pull off what *READ* pulled off in this issue – get people who can write well to tell their stories. So we have cool anecdotes about office romances that never happened or went awry, the bittersweet drama of the elementary school "couple's skate," one woman's history of crushes from adolescence on, and the ultimate in safe crushes: falling for the unobtainable, like Winona Rider, Gary Carter, or Debbie Gibson. There were even crush-themed cartoons by Carrie McNinch (from *The Assassin and the Whiner*) and Shawn Granton (from *Ten Foot Rule*) The "adrenaline" half of the theme suffers a bit (quantity-wise, not quality-wise), but there are good stories about karaoke addiction and roller coasters. And outside the theme altogether but definitely worth the read is a story about a guy who's convinced he's dying of a yeast infection on his tongue. It's even funnier than it sounds. *READ* also has a bunch of interviews, record and book reviews, and other standard zine fare, but the short stories and anecdotes at the beginning are really what makes this zine so cool. –Sean Carswell (*READ Magazine*, PO Box 3437, Astoria, NY 11103)

ROCK N ROLL PURGATORY #5, #6, and #7, 8 ½ x 11, photocopied, 50-something pages each I'd never heard of this zine until I got three issues of it to review. Now, I feel like I've been missing out. The highest compliments I can pay this zine are: 1. they pulled me into reading interviews with bands I didn't know, and I came out of the interviews wanting to hear the bands, and 2. their music coverage reminded me of a bunch of albums that I like a lot and haven't listened to lately, so after reading through each issue, I was digging back through my record collection and reacquainting myself with old favorites. Their music coverage definitely leans towards the street-punk and rockabilly side of music, but there's more to find in these pages than your basic street punk and rockabilly. There are cool articles on DIY booking, pit bulls, the prison system, and GC 5 bassist Doug McKean's take on VH-1 revising music history. While reading through issue #7, I was sad to find out that country music's legendary outlaw Waylon Jennings died, but I'm glad I heard about it through a well-written tribute to Waylon. The real gem here, too, is the psychology quiz in issue #5 that helps you come up with your own sexual perversion. I can now look forward to a long life of hanging

out in bathroom stalls of Mexican restaurants, just listening. –Sean Carswell (*Rock N Roll Purgatory*, 342 S. Walnut St., Wooster, OH 44691)

VERBICIDE #5, \$3.50, 8 ½ x 11, newsprint, glossy cover, 92 pgs. The quality of writing in this zine varies a lot, but there are some definite high points. My favorites are the Matthew Blackett comic (if you're not familiar with his work, check out www.mattbcomic.com) and the Enron article by Soft Skull Press founder Sander Hicks. Hicks article did have an abrupt and unsupported ending, but the rest of the article was very well-researched and well-written. There's an interview with Cynthia Connolly, who is an amazing photographer. She's also a very down-to-earth and interesting woman. The interview with her in this magazine is excellent. This issue also has interviews with Ian MacKaye and Grade, a short-story by Ray Bradbury (yes, *the* Ray Bradbury), several short stories and poems, and a bunch of record reviews. –Sean Carswell (*Scissor Press*, PO Box 206512, New Haven, CT 06520)



PUNK BROADCASTING SYSTEM VOL 1

I guess if you're into this brand of crap (non-threatening teen pop punk), you already know what to expect from Coldfront, and you'll probably eat this up. Me, I haven't seen MTV in years, and I can't even tell the difference between a band like Blink 182, who everyone seems to hate, and some of the bands on here (All Systems Go, Ataris, Divit, MxPx, Midtown, Gob, Horace Pinker). That said, watch now as I completely ignore those seven bands, run down the rest of the disappointments, and then get to the good stuff (there is some). Refused have a pretty nice video, but their pleasant ambient intro devolves into a Fugazi/Rage hybrid that shoots them down. I'm not sure who told the Vandals the west coast needed a Dead Milkmen of our own, but they've picked up that torch. I'll admit the all-studio-lipsynch video is fun to watch, as it seems like *THEY* had fun doing it. The Travoltas go for Weezer musically, but their vid is hard to watch both for the clichéd femme fatale

theme and for the overuse of wipes and cuts in general. I've never been into Sloppy Seconds, but it's hard to imagine how they've been around so long doing goofy teenage trash like this. Pennywise: I don't like Bad Religion, either. Does AFI always look like they're trying to be the Misfits? I don't know, but the non-performance parts of the video are interesting black and white shots of the band walking around in spooky places that look to have been filmed on actual film; always helps. The (International) Noise Conspiracy are mod and political, but I can't let go the fact that they censored a cuss-word. Maybe they did this video for viewing in our country's elementary schools? Snapcase's Helmet-for-hoodies performance-only piece is as disposable as they come. I think this is where it starts to get good, but my notes on The Movielife don't seem to indicate whether I liked it or not, so we'll say maybe. I have never seen Flogging Molly, but their live performance of "Likes of You" is very charming, energetic and Guinness-powered and, thus, fine. My favorite thing on here is by the Dwarves. I haven't heard anything by them in a long time, but I wasn't prepared for the genre-jumping involved: a sort of Nine Inch Nails-ish grind trades off with a soft poppy love thing several times, with one quiet rap part thrown in for good measure. Then the Strike rides a Clash city groove and wins best supporting animal with a cat in there. Rounding out the good stuff is One Man Army with a mellow power pop performance. Rounding out the whole video, however, is the Descendents. This'll be the part that gets me tarred, I reckon, but I've heard very little by them that I've liked, ever. Their placement on the tape makes me think this is the ONE band that most of the Coldfront roster aspires to be, which in a way, I guess, kind of ties up the whole thing for me. Never had it, never will. If you happen to come into a copy of PBS Vol 1, I recommend chopping off the first 15 or 16 tracks and the last one, winding what's left back into the case and watching it a couple times a year. —Cuss Baxter (Coldfront)



**Declarations of Independents:
Snowboarding, Skateboarding + Music:
An Intersection of Cultures**

By the editors of Heckler Magazine, 224 pgs.

This is a mixed bag. It's pretty. It'd make any milk crate coffee table classier. The contributing photographers obviously know how to take fine pictures and it's super-easy to thumb through and look at pictures of Tony Alva, Jay Adams, and Duane Peters doing stuff that would turn mere mortals into stains. In a nutshell, it's a greatest hits package of *Heckler Magazine*.

Starting off with their music coverage, there's definitely a dichotomy taking place. If the band is small(ish), like Sleater Kinney, Seven Seconds, or Jawbox, there's a lot of talk and fire about what it means to be an independent band that could (or did) go to the majors. They even re-print Steve Albini's "The Problem with Music," which they edit down from the edited version in *The Baffler*, which first saw light in *MRR*. What's weird is that when they interview bonafide big-ass superstars like Metallica and Moby the question of independence completely evaporates into "we love music for music, no matter how it's made, distributed, and produced." For instance, I seem to remember that Metallica sued their fans for digital tape trading (aka Napster), even though they admit to sitting down and recording Motorhead cassettes for hours on end (same activity, different technology). The result of the musical coverage is, ultimately, wishy-washy. All that said and done,

Ian MacKaye comes across, once again, as a real smart motherfucker.

Skating: This is the section I could relate to the most. I'm a firm believer in the essential equation that skating is something that almost anyone can do – if it's just peddling down the street or hitting the hammers. Skating's got a low start-up cost, it's good exercise, and it's fun. I live in a ghetto and there's over a hundred skater kids in our five block radius. If that's not an activity for the proletariat, I don't know what is. In the book, there's even coverage of old schoolers doing their thing decades into it – like Mark Gonzales, Lance Mountain, and Steve Caballero – and relative new comers. All of the skaters interviewed seem to relish every second, and the slant on the soul side of the activity is heavy. I especially liked the fact that the editors took the risk and ran pieces by the skaters themselves, even ones that barely made sense, like Christian Hosoi's posi-core ramble-a-thon about "focus essential vitamin" and his shocking revelation that "my mother is a woman." It's even funnier because Hosoi's in jail for trafficking speed into Hawaii. Again.

Snowboarding: Here's where my hide got downright chapped. In the introduction, John Baccigaluppi off-handedly states, "anybody can go snowboarding (as long as they can afford it)." Huh. Isn't that a huge fucking hurdle? It's this tacit assumption – that there's money just laying around – that runs all the way through this book that bums me out the most. It's most obvious in the snowboarding parts, due, in part, to the fact that snowboarding is so damn expensive. Here's a quick rundown of typical costs: board/bindings: \$300; clothes so you don't die and body parts don't frost bite off: \$100 (on the cheap); lift ticket: \$50 a day; travel to and from mountain: at least \$10. No getting around it, it's a rich person's sport unless you have a lot of contacts.

What's bothersome isn't the pieces on the pioneers of the sport and their travails, but the advice that's offered from the point of view that money is a simple, almost irrelevant, obstacle. It's even suggested that if I don't spend money on all new gear every year and stop being trendy, I can afford to go on a two-week vacation. Huh. How about if I don't do those things so I can afford to eat and rent a video on occasion?

Perhaps I'm hung up on the semantics, but I just don't see how this enterprise – solely from the perspective of someone looking at it from the outside the sports – is a *Declaration of Independents*? It rings a little hollow. If they'd just titled it "Skate, Snow, Sounds," I'd probably back it much, much more. –**Todd** (Chronicle Books, 85 Second St., SF, CA 94105; <www.chroniclebooks.com>

Everyone in Silico

Jim Munroe, paperback, 241 pgs.

I liked Jim Munroe's previous novel, *Angry Young Spaceman*, so much that I had mixed feelings about receiving *Everyone in Silico*. Part of me was excited to see the new novel; part of me was apprehensive, wondering if Munroe could follow up *Spaceman* with an equally good novel. I got about four pages into *Everyone in Silico*, and my apprehensions were laid to rest. By the time I finished this novel, I realized that Munroe had outdone himself.

The novel takes place in Vancouver in 2036. All governments have been done away with. Corporations rule the world (so it's not too different from the present day). Paper money, paper books, libraries, and things like that are all a part of the past. A Microsoft-type company, Self, has created a virtual world called Frisco. People can check their bodies in to the local Self office, and their brain is uploaded directly to Frisco, where they can go a long way towards creating their own reality. Frisco isn't perfect by any means. Since you no longer have a body, you no longer need to sleep or eat. This makes for a longer work day. And everyone in Frisco seems to be working harder in some aspects of their lives and getting along much easier in other aspects. The majority of the novel, however, takes place outside of Frisco. It centers around mostly-young radicals and different groups who have formed a resistance to Self and other dominant corporations. The novel skips around from character to character. Gradually, each one begins to interact with the others, and the reader can see how they're all interconnected. Munroe also does a fantastic job of setting up a seamless future world: a world plausible enough to allow you to become completely lost in it.

Beyond the plot and politics, though, what makes *Everyone in Silico* a really enjoyable novel is the characters. Since each chapter follows one specific character, you tend to lose certain other characters for a couple of chapters. This makes you really want to keep turning the pages so you can get back to hanging out with, say Nicky, the artist who uses genetics as her canvas and pulls a short con to support herself; or Eileen, the aging revolutionary who is taking on Self by herself; or even Doug, a corporate coolhunter who's so deep in debt that he becomes blind to the world around him, yet still has enough irreverence to make him likable. It's strange for me to think that an essentially allegorical sci-fi novel could be so strongly character-driven, but Munroe really pulls it off.

And this gets me to the ending. I want to be very careful when talking about it. I don't want to give anything away, here, and I don't think I will. As I read the last couple of pages of the book, I kept thinking, there's no way he's gonna pull this all together. There's just not enough room for Munroe to tie up all the loose ends. I read through to the last sentence and thought, damn it, he didn't tie it all together. What about this and what about that? Then, I sat in my recliner for about twenty or thirty minutes flipping back through the last chapters, re-reading bits and pieces. As I re-read passages with the ending already in mind, everything started to make sense to me. I realized that everything was tied up. It all did come

together in the end. It's just that the ending isn't readily obvious. Wow, I thought. That's impressive. Munroe wrote a book that I don't necessarily have to read a second time, but I'll definitely keep a copy of this in my bookshelf and read it again. —**Sean Carswell** (No Media Kings, 10 Trellanock Ave., Toronto, Ontario M1C 5B5 <www.nomediakings.org>)

Hank Williams:

Snapshots from the Lost Highway

Colin Escott and Kira Florita, 208 pgs.

This visually impressive coffee-table book provides an up-close and personal glimpse into the anguished, short life of Hank Williams (a man whose music purportedly caused Sid Vicious to openly weep in public!). Hank was a true American original with an unquenchable thirst for booze, women, and wild times. Yet he was a spiritually enlightened musical genius who masterfully composed a soul-stirring, toe-tapping array of inspirationally infectious songs that perfectly blended the raw burgeoning elements of country'n'western, blues, hill-billy, and traditional folk. His lyrics were brutally honest, heartfelt, and painfully poetic, candidly exposing a raging inner torment with beautifully blunt poignancy that the common man can still relate to this very day. His voice ached with emotion, passion, and undeniable sadness, richly textured in a down-home honky-tonkin' moan of country twang, huckle-berry howl, and lonesome backwoods yodel. This barnstormer of a book colorfully captures Hank's brief, but profoundly productive, twenty-nine years here on earth. Included throughout the historically informative text are revealing personal letters, unpublished hand-written lyrics, business-related documents, performance flyers, and a titillating abundance of never-before-seen photos from the Williams family's very own private archives. *Snapshots from the Lost Highway* is an exceptionally captivating page-perusing experience from cover-to-cover and back again. So "move it on over" to your local bookstore now, and put forth the bucks for this here outstanding hardback treasure-trove. —**Roger Moser, Jr.** (Da Capo Press; <www.dacapopress.com>)

Identity Parade:

Photos by Kristofer Pasaden, 165 pgs.

What a nice looking book. Not since *Fucked Up and Photocopied* have I touched a DIY book that had a hard cover, woven spine, and heavy paper. It's a collection of photos taken by a single photographer, primarily in Scandinavia between 1995 and 2001. As when you get into the realm of art and photography, we all have different tastes. I'm a sucker for shots with a lot of detail and not a lot of contrast so you can see a bunch of tiny things and still be blown away by the shot itself. On many occasions, Kristofer excels in this capacity, and many more. There are some truly amazing shots of Good Clean Fun, Intensity, The Hives, Randy, and Breach. My rule of thumb for a band shot is simple: it makes you want to be at the show. You can't take the fact away that Kristofer's got the eye and timing for a great live photographer with a keen sense of light and mood. However, there are a couple of things that prohibit me from outright recommending this book. First off, since it's a photo book and he's selecting the

pictures to run, what sense does it make to choosing pictures he openly admits are bad, such as the singer of Gameface eating a microphone or the shot of the backs of heads in an audience at a Blindfold show? Some photo editing would have helped a bunch. Text-wise, there's a good story about Victory Records ripping off his negatives. Although I will preface this by saying I know no Swedish beyond the instructions on the side of a penis pump box, the book is fraught with poor English translations, messed-up spellings and run-on sentences. If it was all poorly written in Swedish, I wouldn't have noticed, but it isn't. It's pretty difficult to read, which is a bummer. It definitely detracts from the photos a bit, and knocks the book down a peg or two down below other photo books that have stood the test of time and continue to kick ass, like *Banned in DC and Hardcore California*. —**Todd** (This was released by a bunch of labels. Here are three. Havoc: PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, <www.havocrex.com>; Armed With Anger, PO Box 487, Bradford, BD2 4YU, UK, <www.awarerecords.com>; Busted Heads, Box 275, 901 06 Umea, Sweden, <www.ds13.com>)

Literotica: The Very Best of Literotica.com

Edited by Lori Selke, paperback, 236 pages

As the title implies, this book is a collection of stories first published on the Web. The title might also imply that these stories are literate, erotic, and good, but to assume that would be wrong. For the most part, these stories suck. Many are as painful to read as the amalgam "Literotica" is to pronounce. (What were the editors thinking? Am I the only for whom this word conjures up visions of a cat box?)

The stories "Vast," "A Fireman's Prayer," and "Still Life with Teeth" were peopled with obsessive, desperate, unhappy characters engaging in desperate, unhappy, unfulfilling sex. Each in its own way brought to mind typical French art house fare — movies which always seem to be about unhappy, obsessive couples who argue in the kitchen and fuck a lot then decide to kill each other. One story about a middle-aged woman who becomes orgasmic through the joys of anal sex was, I think, attempting to show the light hearted and funny side of sex, or maybe it was just trying to be funny. In any case, it turned out to be just plain juvenile. But maybe that's to be expected, as it was written by a person with the pen name Dirty Old Man.

About half the stories suffered from appallingly pretentious writing (little zingers like "I have painted my need, and controlled destruction is therapeutic") while others suffocated under the weight of an author so enamoured of her own writing the story got lost in the elaborate, "literate" wordplay of it all. (Take, for example, this gem: "So I looked upon you with wonderment, but you were lost in contemplation of the two colors of my areolae, one so weak, one now so large and bold... I began to feel gossesimples on the smoothness of my strange skin.")

Despite my previously mentioned objection, Dixon Carter Lee's "A Fireman's Prayer" was really quite good, and considerably softened my thoughts toward the whole tiresome

enterprise that is Literotica. His story was well written and — more to the point — hot hot hot. (Of course, his real genius might lie in his ability to choose a universal sex object as a protagonist. You can't really go wrong with a fireman as a lead character.) His other selection, an excerpt from *Jazzy Girl*, was just about as sexy and was equally well written. It contained some really skillful dialogue in which two people who had just met and are just about to have sex actually sound believable. But this story, like an excerpt from *Hostile Takeover*, suffered from an odd editing choice. The stories just stopped, suddenly and unexpectedly, and left me thinking "surely there was a more natural point at which to close this story."?

I was however thrilled to realize that Anessa Ramsey's story "The Games We Play" was a goddamned, certifiable historical romance piece. It seemed like a fairly standard piece of genre writing and I was surprised the editor thought it edgy enough to include in this arty little anthology, but whatever, I thought, I'll take it. Sadly, "The Games We Play" turned out to be a classic example of the crap Romance fans put up with in hopes of finding that one fabulous story that makes their toes curl. It's the longest story in the collection and it contains just about every element that gives Romance its tawdry and undignified reputation. There is the Too Stupid To Live heroine, the prose so purple you cringe, the "I Hate You Lets Fuck" mode of foreplay, and the Big Misunderstanding that could be resolved with a simple, honest conversation but instead causes trauma and melodrama for pages and pages and yet more unnecessary pages. Aside from the above Universally Bad elements, there were the annoying particulars, like how the main characters spoke only in paragraphs — sometimes a page long, and how plot progression was so incoherent from scene to scene I frequently had no idea what was going on, or why. I'm sure, given time, Ramsey can learn to craft a better story. The real sin here belongs not to her but to Lori Selke, the editor, for her lousy decision to include the story in this collection. People who have never read Romance before will read it and just assume it's all like this.

I guess the same could be said about this anthology as a whole. There's a lot of kick-ass erotica out there — it's well-written AND it turns you on, so don't let Litter, um, Literotica fool you into thinking otherwise. —**Sara Isett** (Black Books, PO Box 311555, SF, CA, 94131)

Nickel and Dimed:

On (Not) Getting By in America

Barbara Ehrenreich, hardcover, 221 pages

Shortly after the Welfare Reform Act went into effect, Barbara Ehrenreich got the bright idea to take a series of low paid, "unskilled" jobs, see if she could actually make a living, and write about the results. The push back then was all about "welfare to work" but she wondered what sort of work was available and was it possible to prosper? So she worked as a food server in Key West, Florida, a housecleaner in Portland, Maine, and as a Wal-Mart worker in Minneapolis, Minnesota. What her book shows — and is probably not surprising to anyone who is a low wage worker themselves, or at the very least has a social conscience — is

that the results of a life spent on \$6 to \$7 an hour sucks ass. Her book however, does not suck ass. It's laugh out loud funny, sometimes shocking, frequently maddening, and something of a page-turner; I read it in about two days because I couldn't put it down. She writes about the co-workers she comes to know and respect, (or not, due to the apparent uselessness of supervisors and assistant managers), the inconvenience and privacy invasion of incessant drug testing, and the plain difficulty of finding a decent place to live. The description of the employee orientation session all potential Wal-Mart's must sit through – which is essentially a video presentation devoted to the evils of labor unions – is mind blowing because it makes clear just how raw and effective Wal-Mart's corporate propaganda is. The chapter about working for a house cleaning service takes an unexpected look at class relations and documents the one time when Ehrenreich fails to keep her well-educated, lefty mouth shut and blasts her boss for blithely assuming that a worker will “work through” her sprained ankle. Ehrenreich has a flare for stating the obvious but overlooked facts about minimum wage workers: like how no job, no matter how low-wage, is truly unskilled, or how the working (even sometimes homeless) poor were (and still are) virtually invisible in the “millionaire next door” economic environment of the late ‘90s. My one complaint about the book is she offers no real solutions – not an uncommon thing in books by liberal academic types – but wraps up with a somewhat tepid “when the poor rise

up and refuse to work for \$7 dollars an hour there will be some real fireworks and we'll all be better off.” On the other hand, Ehrenreich is a journalist and a social critic, not an activist, so maybe that's not her role. **-Sara Isett** (Metropolitan Books, Henry Holt & Company, 115 West 18th Street, NY, NY 10011)

Stupid White Men,

by Michael Moore

Rock and fucking roll! I was SO excited for the new Michael Moore book to come out and finally it's here! Hooray! Yippee! Yippie! God bless America, USA!

Being your typical punk rocker, I'm pretty “politically-involved” or whatever ya wanna call it, and I've spent more than my fair share of time holding up signs that read, “Stop Killing Palestinians” or “US out of Colombia,” and handing out leftist pamphlets to people who could care less. (See: reasons to give up all hope and commit suicide). So, the reason why I love Michael Moore so much is that he realizes that all of that stuff, while necessary and good and all of that, could be much more fun and funny and punk rock! So instead of just using the traditional tactics, Moore runs a plant for a Congressional seat, convinces Alan Keyes to jump into a mosh pit, and brings an all-gay male chorus to Jesse Helm's front door! I love this man!

The other day, I saw Moore on the Bill O'Reilly show (ack!) and Mr. Bill was saying something like, “So, do you consider yourself a leftist?” And Moore delivered the response that best sums up my political beliefs, in a nut-

shell. (Not an exact quote.) “I think I am for the things that most Americans are for. Decent health care, enough money to have a house and decent food, a stable job...” Moore, like Howard Zinn, presents the issues so clearly to demonstrate what I firmly believe (fuck post-modernism!): We are right, and they are wrong. There are some issues so basic, that there can only be one moral answer. So, asking the question “which side are you on?” and demanding an answer from corporations, politicians, and other neer-do-wells is a great tactic! What kind of asshole is going to say, point blank, “It's okay that people die of treatable diseases and can't afford food while Enron somehow manages to pay no taxes”?

In *Stupid White Men*, you get to read Moore's critiques of the presidential election, the educational system, corporations, and all of that. There's a lot of great information in this book, in addition to hilarious jokes and side-bars like, “How to Survive Your Bed Being Set on Fire.” And while this book can't possibly equal the experience of seeing Moore in person, it's still such a good read.

And apparently I'm not alone in liking this book. It's on practically every best-seller list in the country. Harper Collins, who originally weren't even going to let the book be published because of its anti-Bush stuff, must be a happy publishing company, indeed. So, buy this book. Just PLEASE don't buy it from union-busting Amazon! The end! **-Maddy** (Harper Collins)

