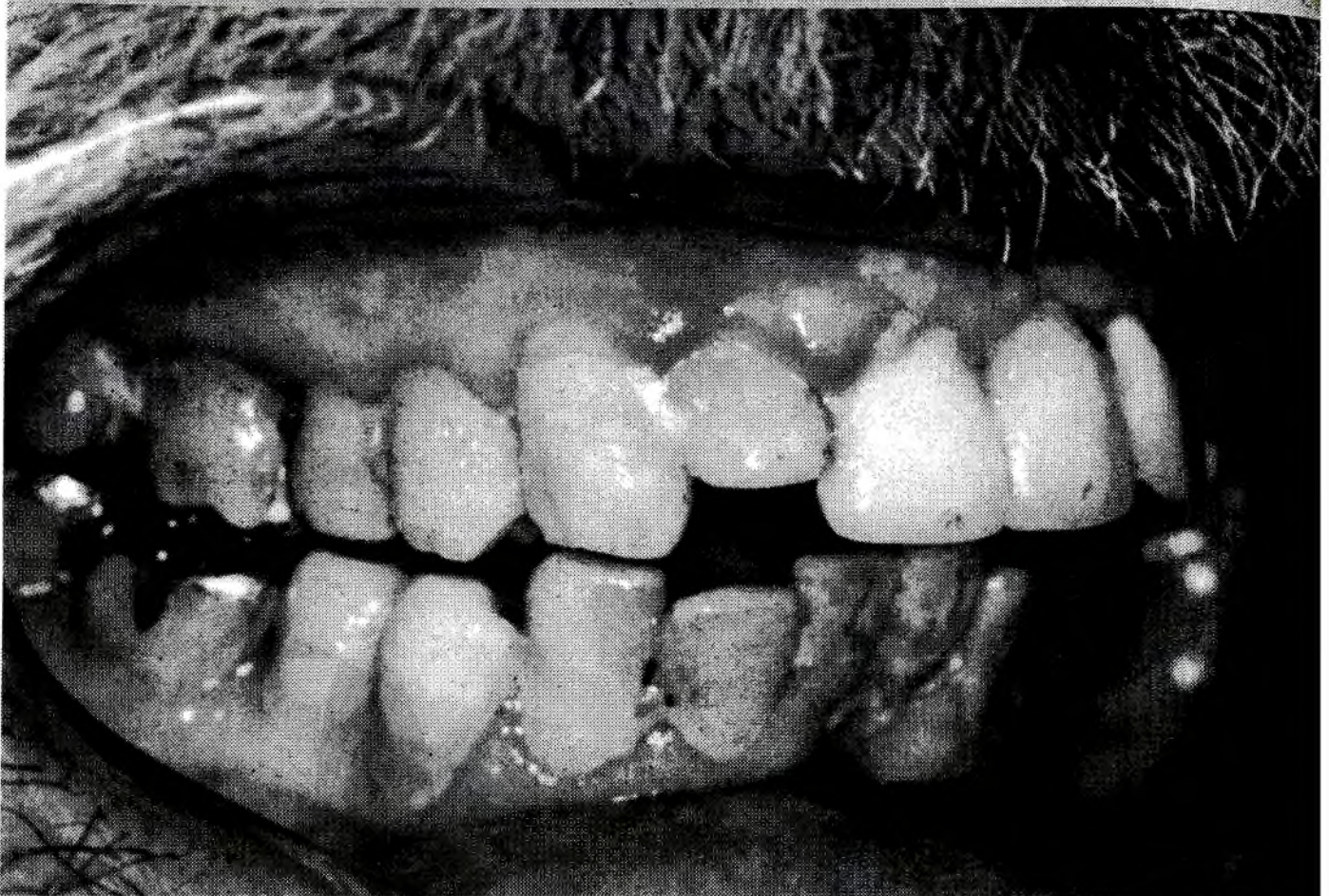


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genetic disorder

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"The sun is by far the hottest planet and it would burn you if you tried to eat it."

-Chris Elliot

Genetic Disorder

GD is published approximately every four months. The press run is currently at 4000 copies per issue.

Credit

Larry is to blame for most of what you see and read in this issue. Jim Thompson took most of the photos. If the picture looks good, odds are Jim snapped it. Record reviews were done by the person whose name follows it (duh). Mark and Sarah did of the proofreading. Aaron Cometbus drew the "Dear Larry" logo sometime in 1989.

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Subscriptions are \$10 for four issues. Subscribers receive their copies first class and often receive freebies like records, stickers, and patches. Please specify which issue you would like your subscription to start with. All subscribers received either a Scheming Intelligentsia or Pop Tones EP with this issue. Subscribers are also responsible for address changes.

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If you live in San Diego, you can pick up copies at select record stores around town for free, but copies are limited. For mail orders, the price is \$2 per issue, plus six 32¢ stamps for postage. Limited copies of issues 8-12 are still available at discounted prices.

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Genetic 1

behind
genetic
disorder
with
another

Larritorial

Writing and putting together this issue has definitely been the most fun of the 13 issues I've slaved over the past eight years. Because of the pranks and practical joke theme, every time someone asked me how this issue was coming along, I always had great anecdotes to tell the person. Those anecdotes also gave me the itch to play a few jokes at the expense of others. Call *SLAMM* magazine (a local music magazine) and ask them to send you a Larry (Disorder) Experience cassette and see what kind of reaction you get. I started a telephone campaign asking *SLAMM* for the cassette as a response to a joke of sorts played on me, but it was their receptionists who received the worst end of it. They must have received close to 500 phone calls in one week asking for the tape. Even Gary at *Rockpress* received one, since the *SLAMM* phone number appeared in his listing under my name. The times I called, the responses were variations of "No, we're out. Call back in six months," "Give me your phone number and I'll call you back," and flat out "NO!" screamed at me through the phone. It was great.

Another telephone joke was played out after some guy picked up an issue around town and decided he wanted me to be a part of some business scheme. The guy wrote me a couple of letters, asking me to some-

how get involved in a business adventure that he didn't want to tell me about because people often steal his ideas. It hasn't failed yet, after the release of the last three issues, some chump sees an issue for the first time and decides to let me in on the deal of a lifetime.

After I basically told him to fuck off, the guy sent a second letter, complete with a very nice cheesecake photo, trying to get me to reconsider. Scott was over the same afternoon and I showed him the letter, we laughed, and decided this guy needed a verbal response. Scott called him up pretending to be me with a severe speech disorder.

"Elno. Nis is Narry frnom Netnic Nisnorder. Ni nork nery nard nor neople non't nake ne neriously."

We really had the guy going, but Scott kinda blew it when he started making these weird noises trying to suppress his laughter. But even with all of the annoyance, the guy still wanted to come over and "meet with the staff at the office" (Staff at the office? Yeah, me, Jim, and Scott in my rundown apartment). Boo hoo, my loss, I guess, but we did tape record the call and I played it at a couple of parties to the delight of everyone. Jim was laughing so hard the first time he heard it I thought he was going to cry. I might release the recording in the fu-

ture as part of an answering machine greatest hits.

As with the prank theme of this issue, I know someone is going to read this, not get the jokes, and blow a fuse. Too bad. The more writing I do, especially with any type of humorous intent, the more people seem to hate me. If you work for Staffpro and are upset about what I said about you, or if you frequent Dream Street or SOMA, and you were made fun, tough. Everything was done for a reason. Write a letter to the editor of *SLAMM* or *The Reader*, because I really don't care.

One thing that really surprised me when working on this issue is how many practical jokes involved urine. I never realized how many people have tricked others into drinking piss. Yuck! In high school I learned to always made sure if I didn't trust the person offering me a drink to take a swig first. As far as a know, I've never fell for the urine-in-the-beer trick, although I was positive I had a mouthful of whiz the first time I tasted Olde English 800. Thank god it was only shitty malt liquor.


Now on to the zine stats. The number of pages has increased again, without having to raise either the ad rates or the cover price. If the zine does continue to grow, it is possible that one or both will increase. I will try to keep *Genetic Disorder* free in San Diego County as long as possible, but I might have to limit my already limited free drop offs. I would love to leave it on every corner in the county, but it just isn't going to happen.

If you did pick this up for free, please try to make a point to support other zine publishers, whether or not you are new to the world of zines. Any halfway decent record store should have a fanzine rack, or you can order one through the mail. No matter what your interests are, there is a fanzine somewhere that is writing about it.

And, yes, we do have a lot of record reviews, but because most of the advertisements are in the review

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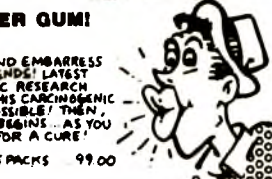


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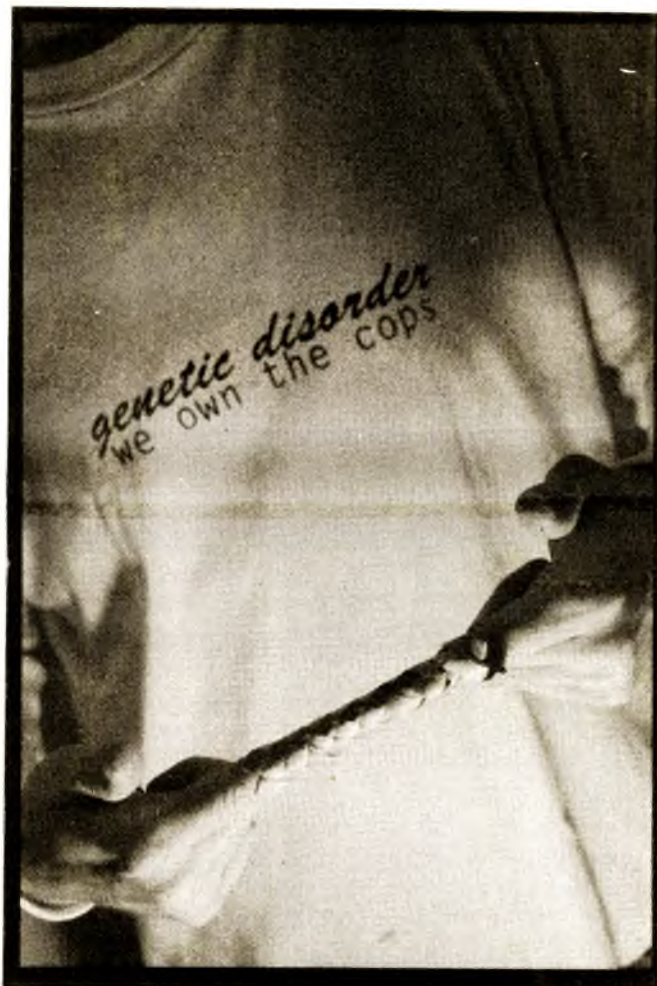
sections, it makes the section appear bigger than it actually is.

I also want to let everyone know that I am very interested in trading subscriptions and/or T-shirts (I have some cool new designs on the way!) for old yearbooks and episodes of "Get a Life" on VHS.

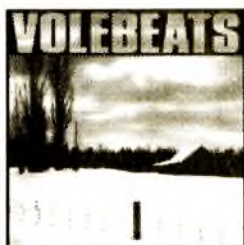
On a serious note, when putting together the North Park plane crash story, I was really tempted to add some of the tongue in cheek humor that I throw in the Loser's Guide. The original headline for the story was "Flight 182: The Non-Stop to North Park." It is easy to laugh when you're removed from the events, but after talking to people who actually witnessed the wreckage, and actually had to deal with seeing human remains hanging in trees, it was impossible to joke about it. Most people under 30 remember the crash, but not much of the details, there are still a lot of rumors going around as to what happened after the crash. This story should bring you up to date with the city's worst disaster.

I want to finish this issue by thanking both Chance and Joe again for their work with the zine. Both worked tirelessly. I bugged them constantly and they never once told me to go away, although both of them did ditch me a couple of times. Chance did the front cover art and Joe scanned both the front and back cover art and laid it out on the computer. I would also like to thank *Maximum Rocknroll* fanzine again (PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760) for their donation to help with the costs. They are part of the reason I could afford the four color cover.

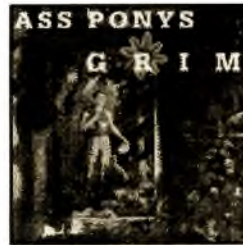
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Shit Fire!

By David R. Stampone

Guess he's serious. This Larry "Genetic Fucking Disorder" Harmon, that is, a fairly unassuming guy, generally, whose, uh, *assertive* zine stickers (sampled in those quotes back there) sometimes precede him around town. Back in July he began earnestly soliciting copy from me on some classic (sez he) U.S. juvie mischief I negotiated two decades back. "Gotta have that one, Dave," he's expressed repeatedly since then. "Remember, if the Halloween deadline goes by [ha] and you're too busy, just dictate it on tape, I'll transcribe. I don't wanna have the *GD* "Pranks" issue missing it, y'know? I mean, everybody has heard about that practical joke but *nobody* I know has ever seen it done, not to mention heard from someone who actually pulled it off." ("Course, that was then - check out the Tilt piece elsewhere in this rag.)

Ever heard that expression about blowing smoke up somebody's ass? Nah, that's not the trick at issue here - I'm just trotting out the figure of speech to say I don't think that's what Lar has been doing to me with regards to his stated enthusiasm for my two-bit (make that free) anecdote. I've told him the other prank-tales he's collected sound way cooler, certainly more creative. "But look," he says, eyes bulging with excitement the way they must've as a young sprout back in El Centro after, say, first learning his future pastime of dumpster-diving was, yes, a no-foolin' activity, regularly performed for fun and profit, not just another urb/suburban bored-teen myth ... "Look, that thing, it's like, like - no, it *is* urban folklore, at least to me and people I know. Y'know, heard about it for years, seen it in movies, but never any real-life confirmations ... there was even this deal [a sly yet clear allusion to it by Bart] on *The Simpsons*" (Sure, the stuff in brackets in the last sentence is my stilted word choice; I can't remember exactly how Larry put it, only that he was quite animated, his memory of *The Simpsons* episode detailed and vivid.)

So alright, I'm on it, throwing down solo here on the Kaypro. I still don't see how the successful execution years ago of some traditional wisenheimer stunt is so notable, but aw, I've dropped enough personal no-big-whoop disclaimers already (though the implied-self-impor-

rance of this first-fucking-person-ism still induces squeamishness), and besides (and more to the point already, Christ), if I'm getting the right gist from Lar and others, a complete set-up and follow-through on this ruse is seen by certain refined jokesters as a simple yet sublime achievement in old-timey American juvenile delinquency (resonating back to a slightly earlier, less violent/vicious brand, presumably), a celebrated gag now regarded as a sort of elusive, all-but-unattainable Holy Grail-esque proposition in what's left of wholesome, target-the-cranky-neighbor-or-similarly-deserving-asshole practical jokery. (Think it's already starting to pile up pretty high here, eh? Man, the sack o' turds has just begun to spill...)

Here's the deal:

Presently, let's forget the historical and geographical contexts surrounding the deed; that comes out along the way, courtesy of some wordy aside-age. To truly get a handle on how this trick could ever work, you first gotta know things about the people my fellow elementary school hooligans and I played it and so many, many other jokes on. (Or is this primarily a hunk of conscience kicking in? Please bear with the lengthy scenario-setting, you may wind up getting more out of it than you thought.) It's a safe bet you can relate, 'cause most people are acquainted with this basic (arche)type through one or more of its manifestations: that local house of weirdness (*every* neighborhood has one), the domicile made expressly weird by the weirdos who dwell in it, people who, for any number of reasons, are at pronounced odds with the rest o' the 'hood.

Maybe they're older crabs as thoroughly unpleasant as the married couple on our block, that guardedly bitter, shit-upon-by-life kind of elder folk who never make friends, scowl at everybody, and shrilly, even profanely scold tykes for driving their Big Wheels too noisily past *chez codger*. Scaring the small fry to tears, actually telling them they daren't tool along "their" (the sr. 'zens' bogus claim) stretch of sidewalk, when, Jeez, every older kid knows the score - that's *public domain*, lady/mister, with unrestricted passage along same a battle-worthy right of *all*.

Needless to say, local youth begin to learn how to hate such o' fucks at a tender age, with relations worsening as the tots ripen into touchy adolescents and sullen teens. Some will go out of their way to walk past the misanthropic golden agers' bunker on the way to school, hoping to see their mean faces peering out the window as a cue to deliberately hawk up warm 'n' wet chunkers onto "their" sidewalk and likely get to trade nasty epithets with dickweed grown-ups, sans fear of parental recrimination for a change.

But look, all calculated ageist cracks aside, I should say that we kids did feel vaguely sorry (if that is the right word) for the aforementioned oldsters who earned our enmity in so many ways (and let's enumerate few of said provocations right now: honking the car horn obnoxiously every time they drove by whatever given street-corner we were hanging out on, trying [and succeeding] to make us jump; near-side-swiping youngsters off their bikes and almost getting hauled into court by furious, incredulous parents a few times; threatening to and then siccing their large if fortunately docile mutt on us [we concluded they'd beaten the pup past that point of being a residually pissed, dangerously unstable beast, having apparently whipped the spark right out of it] for short-cutting through their adjoining neighbors' yards, even though we had said neighbors' consent, like, what the *luck*...)

Indeed, area residents agreed that most everything had been tried to get along with these malcontents, including leaving them alone after they coldly, dismissively shunned all manner of neighborly overture. That these were grandparent-age types who regularly initiated the specific conflicts with us kids - and that our side would actually be believed by other grown-ups over their a *dull* word, an unprecedented mindblower in itself - well, it made us ponder all the more what was really up with them.

They came off as a paranoid, frighteningly ill-tempered pair of grayhairs who, on closer inspection, turned out to be not all that old and in decent health (not much with the booze, as it turned out, contrary to what many assumed), and were smart enough to never go so far in their civic/etc. abuse tactics that anybody thought they could make charges stick...



So what the hell, we wondered, could be eating them up so horribly, making them so inexplicably miserable? What? Each other's sorry company? The inexorable flow of time, ravaging their minds/bodies and bringing along a less respectful younger generation? Something we had no clue about, maybe, some prolonged visitations from the dark side in the dualist construct of existence, some disposition-souring, soul-poisoning, hella-*EVIL* running amok in the universe that our pre-teen mid-'70s middle-class suburban minds couldn't remotely begin to fathom? Fuckin' *huh?*

Whatever the case, curiosity, concern and any sympathy for their plight evaporated whenever stuff happened like the time my friend's sweet little four-year-old sister ran screaming down the street to us, utterly terrified, eventually calming down enough to describe getting threatened, at length, by the psycho-eyed old lady and her raised spaghetti spoon for having stepped on her lawn - as well as relating, verbatim, the woman's accented snarl of "You leetle focking sonoffa *baetch*, you stay away from my property! You stay away, you leetle *focfer*, you stay a-*way!*"

Yeah, then it was back to war as usual, tensions escalating every time they made another move and/or we hit their house (I'm not gonna lie and say we only ever acted in noble Solomonic response, though they usually did start the shit) with rotten eggs, the odd paint

balloon, teeped their shrubs, soaped their car, lighted a flaming "FUCK YOU" in gasoline on their precious lawn (relax, it was dinky lettering and thoughtfully sited, well away from anything else), or - a real adrenaline-pumper - taped a cherry bomb to their doorbell, rang the bell, torched the fuse and hauled ass to our secret vantage point across the street. From there we could watch the ol' dude throwing a fit over his latest doorbell blowing up just before, during, or after he answered his door.

I know, that's another oft-mentioned oldie prank that some might doubt ever happen(ed)(s), but I saw a goodly number of successive, ever-larger but still chintzy doorbells (can ya blame the guy?) blown to bits out of the same hole in their exterior brick wall and managed it once by myself. Another time the bomb was a total dud, an embarrassment I smoothly shunted off on those goddang South Carolina-hickfuck roadside-general/hardware-store-bought-after-ditching-the-parents-for-a-key-minute-or-three-of-a-legstretch/piss break/junk food/etc.-purchasing-pitstop- (whether en route deeper into Dixie or heading back up the I-95 to friendly Yankee/Union turf) on-the-traditional-Easter-week/just-outta-school- (early/mid-June, no later, before it got any hotter/muggier) family-vacation-car trip-to-Florida cheapie fireworks.

But now, the accent - did you wonder about that when the account of the old bag chewing out the tiny girl was related in the paragraph

before last? Well, here is where a retrospective unease and possible shame hangs over yours truly and, since they're not around to own up, the rest of the neighborhood. The crotchety couple were, you see, foreigners, first-generation immigrants of some kind. Their family name on the mailbox we once M-80ed apart (like, wow, big-ass "BOOM," the little upside-down-U shaped door tearing off the hinges in a twisting motion, zig-zagging crazily across the road like a defective, Satan-spèd shirukin, enough *oomph* to shatter any parked/passing car window or shred/embed into dumb young not-possibly-fast-enough-for-that-length-of-fuse flesh, instead harmlessly lodging flush, edgewise, into a grassy hillside 70-some yards away, fuckin' *whew!*) was, trust me, a generic and maybe adopted (faked?) surname, revealing nothing conclusive of their origin, which appeared to be some dreary Eastern European region. Though we had all kinds of savvy ethnic folks in the 'hood who might've figured it out if given a chance, nobody ever got chatty enough with these semi-recluses to determine what they were, much less how they got here.

And so the cruel commentary that such a situation can stir within a gossip American suburb was visited on them. These people seemed so different, if mostly 'cause they didn't mix, ever - no block parties, no PTA nights, nothing. Maybe, everybody else surmised to varying degrees, there was good reason they were so

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hostile. After all, they talked funny, bizarre smells came outta their kitchen, their sense of propriety was quite out of sync with any we knew.... So young and old alike talked crud about them being, shit, anything from sinister Nazi-symp/collab partisans on the lam from post-WWII justice (this was happening, remember, with "the Big One" only three full decades old, still relatively fresh even to us kids with our reminiscing-like-it-was-just-yesterday vet parents, *Hogan's Heroes* and countless war flicks on the tube, and oh yeah, news of Hitler's cohorts living in sneering exile, if occasionally getting busted or rubbed out), to Commie-plant bastards reporting back to the Kremlin weekly. Just those possibilities - one or the other, didn't matter - shored up and further justified the neighborhood's low regard for the surly duo. Both far-fetched explanations (duh) but nobody knew, right?

The clammy irony of my best guesses now about where they really came from and why/how - pertinent to what we'd say about them, even if semi-privately, almost entirely facetiously - rather sickens me. Think, what better, more likely explanations:

- a) Holocaust survivors.
- b) Defectors from behind the Iron Curtain.

Understandable either way, these people were, as socially traumatized, insanely suspicious, emotionally crippled, witnesses to God only knew what atrocities and deprivation ... very damaged goods indeed. Violently lashing out, never accepting and adjusting to new surroundings and ways. So who couldn't imagine Mischief Night, then, reminding them of a mini-pogrom or some cyclical period of terror following the latest Party denunciations?

Then again, maybe they were just major assbites with no particularly compelling history. It just feels like the, er, grown-up thing to do here, to explore the options and articulate hunches.

But ah, Mischief Night, the memories ... and now you're lost, right? Never heard of it? Neither had practically anybody else when I moved out here 15 winters ago. And on a much-belated trip back east this past summer, it turned out to be only a selective recollection for the more honest adults, something kids, for the most part, had not a clue about, and something their parents would rather they didn't. Amazing, that in 20 years time it's been suppressed right out of existence, out of most people's minds, this in a place where it once thrived.

Because back in the Northern Delaware of my childhood, the night before Halloween - Mischief Night - was anticipated more keenly than the Trick or Treat holiday by many kids, especially as you got older. There was up to five years of overlap, when you were deemed old enough to go out for Mischief Night (maybe second grade, maybe fourth or fifth, depended on your folks and if you even 'fessed up to what you were doing) and not yet too ancient to go out in a costume and beg candy (after about eighth grade it became awfully uncool) off the same neighbors you possibly played "tricks" on the previous evening.

"Tricks," get it? Sounds quaint, almost innocent? That was the tradition, something our parents had done at our age, giving the whole ritual a kids'll-be-kids legitimacy for this one night of presumed mild mischief. Accepted activities included soaping house and car windows (no swear words or obscene drawings, natch); limited teepeeing (excesses in any of these stunts, you were emphatically made to feel, would have grown-ups deciding you were demonstrably rotten as opposed to normal, healthy, fun-loving); ringing doorbells and running (that's it, no souvenirs/surprises left behind); creampuff crank calls of the immediate-hang-up-when-they-answer type (or, at most, of the innocuously jokey "Is-there-a-J[ohn]-there?/Do-you-have-Prince-Albert-in-the-can?" variety); and yes, the grand classic, reaching into your bulging paper bag and throwing a handful of shriveled, hardened corn kernels at a house as you ran by, that gentle rattling of the small pellets on glass and whatnot producing the holiday's recognized signature sound.

The corn-tossing, y'see, was apparently some deeply rooted, time-honored shit, the end result of a decidedly autumnal, harvest-time process - maybe a vestigial off-shoot of some ancient Maize Goddess/Mother Earth

worship, who knows. (Notice: much digressive musing ahead...) Interestingly, speaking of things maternal, I do remember it was always somebody's mom (various ones) who would haul a carload of us boys down to a nearby cornfield during that last week of every October, regaling us all the way with similar tales of how her siblings had done this same thing way-back-when blah-blah-blah. We'd load up the trunk with the scattered ears of dry corn the farmers had left after the year's last take, bring 'em home to somebody's garage and have husking parties, with the mamas then typically stoking us on kitchen-direct mugs of hot chocolate (you think I've gone over, I know, carried off into a Norman Rockwell Neverneverland, but hey, I'm sorry, all this *happened*) through hours-long, blister-then-callous-making labor where we'd hand-screw - now with brute force, now with studied finesse - all the pesky kernels off the cobs.

(I - and who knows how many generations of honest American lads for that matter - can and will shamelessly trace back to the earliest of said sessions a, well, a certain advancement of auto-sexual consciousness, if you will, an unprecedented [and privately made, to be sure] consideration of perhaps superior, distinct, suddenly graspable [har] possibilities in masturbatory technique... of course you can see it, a boy's inherently horny mind breaking loose from the tedious, physical repetition, quietly wandering in free association, maybe latching on to, yup, just what a couple of hot foxes Mike's mysterious older sisters lounging around front really were, or what, indeed, a [still-very] fresh dish this cocoa-slinging [an aphrodisiac, recall, since pre-Columbian times] Mrs. Y over here truly was, maybe remembering her 'n' the hub's illustrated sex-position manual tucked below the small white towels in her bedroom nightstand drawer upstairs, the colorful tome that precocious son Joey once fished out to show some of us younger guys our first-ever full-on fuck-shots a couple years before... okay, then imagine, into this spicy reverie pops a blended realization of both the actual, at-that-moment-engaged-in activity [kernel-strippin' them cobs in increasingly more fluid, efficient motions], along with its self-pleasuring, fully nuanced erotic suggestion - so sure, go on: "Wankers of the Corn," keep it up, squeeze as many jokes out of this as you can...)

Yeah, that corn - don't ever underestimate the stuff.

The time I felt more of the power of the corn than I'd bargained for brought about the end of my official, parentally-permitted Mischief Night career. It was at that point in the '70s when juvenile delinquency was, seemingly, really starting to sky-rocket everywhere, when suburbia first began to circle the wagons against their own hoodlum offspring. With the reported soaring rates of vandalism and youth-crime in general freaking out parents/homeowners all over the country, the whole idea of a Mischief Night began to look to them, within just a few years, unsalvageably antiquated and, good Lord, terrifically stupid. Parents began the crackdown/eradication procedure that continues today, albeit with hardly anyone to even bring the lost holiday up anymore. (You might recall, however, fiery Detroit still making the news every year on "Devil's Night," the quaint Motor City tradition of celebrating the holiday with acts of random arson apparently refusing to die out.)

Some suburban homeowners took to defending their castles with a fashionable vigilante flourish during the Night's waning years, some packing real heat or at least rock salt in the ol' shotgun, but most just trying to look tough as they patrolled their turf with a streaming garden hose (the prospect of a drenching blast of cold water after dark in the nippy late October of the Northeast U.S. did have a deterring effect). They stayed alert during the danger hours (around sunset to only about 10 p.m.), mustering the brightest high-beam flashlights on the market and perhaps banding together with other neighbors, posse-like and with an air of exalted, self-satisfied self-importance, to coordinate group beam-shining for maximum effect.

So there we were one later Mischief Night, avoiding the dry-cell-powered militias out front by making runs on houses between backyards, sneaking up to quietly teepee with toilet paper, hang patio furniture from trees, etc., or pepper homes' rear windows with chucked corn on a boy-ah-l-brave paced (i.e., not so fast as to appear scared) trot-by. (Such circumstance-forced routes of approach took more balls/carried a bigger rush, you understand, because many families ate dinner in their kitchens or dining/

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rec rooms with backyard views, and we operated all through the supper hours). Looking for a suitable target, we spied a housefrau framed in her back window over the kitchen sink, busy with the dinner dishes. Perfect. With coincidental synchronism, four or five hands promptly reached into respective corn-bags and let fly the mischievous kernels. Make that a demonstrably *destructive* coincidental synchronism, because - as best as we could ever figure - all those individual handfuls of the New World staple hit the window simultaneously and precisely dead-center, an unfortunate coordination of timing/placement that, you guessed it, loudly shattered the glass. Never, ever meant to do that or expected it - breaking windows with corn was unheard of, no matter how much was thrown, and we all knew something freakish had just happened as we hustled down the sloping stretch of backyards towards the perpendicular street hundreds of yards below.

All that the cluster of flashlight-wielding Neighborhood Watch types waiting just across that street knew, however, was what they clearly heard. They trained a few high-beams on us within seconds, pretty weak from that distance but strong enough to track us as we changed direction and veered off at a right angle, darting between some houses to head back towards the safety (temporary, at least) of the open fields beyond. We felt the cockiness of youthful fitness, knowing we could outrun any of them,

and were encouraged by what one middle-aged woman kept steadily shouting, her faulty arithmetic leading us to believe we hadn't been seen too well, hopefully not enough to positively ID anybody. Her broken-record alarm, though - over and over with "Three boys just broke a window! Three boys just broke a window!" - was so annoyingly insistent in its flat, officious monotone, we couldn't resist pulling up before dashing into the field and yelling back a few filthy epithetical constructions. You know, wise-ass school-boy stuff like: "Aw, fuck you, lady!" "Fuck you *and* your fucking flashlight!" "Eat me, bitch!" "Hey, suck my dick!" and "Yeah, *suck it*, lady, *without your teeth!*"

Only problem was that the one boy they could sorta finger completely broke under questioning the next day, sang like a bird, and we were all obligated to (of course) pay for the window, apologize to the housefrau, and worst of all, express credible remorse to the flashlight crew over our crude remarks. Worse yet, the squealer not only furnished all of our names/addresses/phone numbers, but dutifully complied when they asked him to match each bit of off-color speech with the corresponding young punk. (That last part got me in more trouble than the other stuff combined ... and hey, what *do* you say when your parents and the other adults are reacting in horrified shock, demanding some explanation, regarding you like some kind of verbally inclined miniature minion of B.L.Z. Bub for

coming up with that "without your teeth" line? Do you tell 'em no-big, it was just a casual tack-on quip to round things out, dunno where it came from? Do you tell them you were just trying to be creative while working within the given context, going the extra mile in imagery, attempting to push the insult-envelope as it were? Do you tell the folks that maybe they shouldn't have taken such a young-impressionable along to see *The Exorcist* when it came out a few years before? The tried 'n' true shoulder-shrug coupled with mumbles of "sorry," actually, sufficed...)

But back to the that "enchanted evening" ... Still giddy from our collective cuss-out and the chain of events leading up to it, we stopped running a short way out into the field and nervously conferenced. We tried to get stories straight on what we'd say if questioned about the windows, figured we had that covered (the smell of rat had not yet arisen in our bold unit), and decided we should cap off the night with one last stunt.

Something that has never left me is the distinct memory of a feeling that we knew (with no specific communication) we were sharing on that chilly October night, the way we all seemed to realize that this was likely a last hurrah, maybe the last Mischief Night for us or even in general. If you want to read into this that we were really feeling childhood itself slip away, saying a goodbye of sorts to a kind of, well, "innocence" that was leaving us, that we couldn't hold

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onto ... hey, I won't argue with your wistful, possibly maudlin, definitely sentimental empathy. Everything we did that evening was brought off with unprecedented gusto, with a keen appreciation and profound enjoyment of the act, a sense of savoring tinged with a melancholic realization that we might not ever get to pull this shit again.

And we knew what the last item in our bag of tricks would have to be. Perhaps the oldest in the book, and something that could probably only work on a target house (a perennial favorite, a practical obligation, you *know* who it has/had to be ...) that we hadn't hit yet. We never decided who'd do it this time - we'd pulled it before on those unwitting grouches a couple years before, hoped they'd fall for it again, maybe as hard - so we each emptied our paper corn bags and searched for fresh pet shit as we crept along the outer edges of the backyards abutting the open field. With no successful finds there, I volunteered to swoopback a few streets over to my own backyard, where I knew the daily waste elimination schedule of my golden retriever (yeah, a trendy breed in the 70s, but my brother and I always pointed out that we got ours way before they got so popular, long before Gerald Ford brought his into the White House...) should allow for some pipin' hot doglogs (okay, at least some still-softies). And yes, there it was - "He shoots, he scores!" (we were such Flyers fanatics) - a literally steaming pile of super-recent vintage. I exultantly scooped it into my bag and went

to rendezvous with the gang at the top of the street.

And it was all executed so simply, so smoothly, so, dare it be said, *professionally*, with all the confidence acquired over an eventful career in juvenile delinquency. I'd copped the fecal goods, I got to lay it down ... I thought of asking a bud to drain his Ronson lighter all over the bag, to guarantee flammability ... the rest of the lads assumed the hidden voyeur position from across the street ... I pulled the cap down over my head and headed out for the doorstep of our favorite bitchy neighbors, approaching from an extreme, oblique angle to minimize chances of advance sighting ... it was getting pretty late in the evening and the crotchety duo were not actively patrolling their grounds any longer, but front and side windows all had their drapes pulled aside, and we knew they were primed to respond at the slightest sound ... creeping around the side of the house from the back, I got within arm's reach of their green plastic-grass "Welcome" mat under their front door, a few feet from an adjacent sliding glass door through which I could see half their living room, the TV on ... I set the bag down off-center of the mat, just out of the path of the screen door, perfect placement for what we prayed would happen ... the lighter sparked up (the loud sound of striking flint giving me a start, the first substantial noise I'd made in five minutes, and, more crucially, possibly audible within), and set flame to sack ... the fire took, I stood up straight, fin-

ger-punched their (latest) doorbell three times, and peeled outta there.

As I dove for cover behind a corner shrub across the street (unable to rejoin the other guys at the secret vantage point in time), the door was opening. I heard unintelligible shouting, a quick snarl from the man of the house while his wife let out a shriek in the background. And I turned around in time to see his right foot lift and come down on the blazing bag, multiple times. Around the third or fourth stomp, with pieces of burnt brown paper kicked up all around, he noticed part of the now extinguished bag wasn't coming off his shoe. He investigated - I could hear my pals back there trying to suppress a roar of laughter, not altogether successfully - looked up from his shit-caked footwear and spat out a guttural spiel of language (foreign) into the night.

That's something else I'll never forget, the image of him ranting so passionately, so violently, at no specific party he could see - as if it could be an open address to the entire mean old world out there, to life itself and its inherent, unfair, random cruelty. That hit me as I watched alone, my buddies giggling in the near distance, and cut, slightly, into my monster high. It stayed there, too, through all the subsequent congratulatory backslaps - "Right fucking on!" - and later re-tellings of the deed. Sure, I did it, absolutely thrilled to it, eagerly soaked up the ensuing glory ... but I was done.

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Missing teeth, firecrackers and bananas

Pranking from kindergarten into adulthood

By Larry

As far back as I can remember, I've always wanted to be a prankster.

The first trick I remember playing was a simple one that involved a white bean from my bean bag. I ran down the hall to tell my mom that I lost my first tooth, hoping to trick her so I could cash in from the Tooth Fairy. She was so excited when I flashed her the toothy-looking bean, but she knew something was wrong because I wouldn't hand over the tooth for inspection. Upon closer examination she noticed a black dot and knew that she was staring at a bean. I could tell that she was slightly disappointed, both because I hadn't lost a tooth, and because I played my own mom for chump at only four. I played similar jokes on her until I moved out at the tender age of 18. I tended to leave my dad out of my dumb jokes because he was The Punisher. There was no telling how he might have reacted if he, rather than my mom, had found strategically placed chlamydia brochures from a high school health fair. Of course my mom found the brochures as planned.

"Larry, have you been feeling okay? Is there anything you want to talk about?"

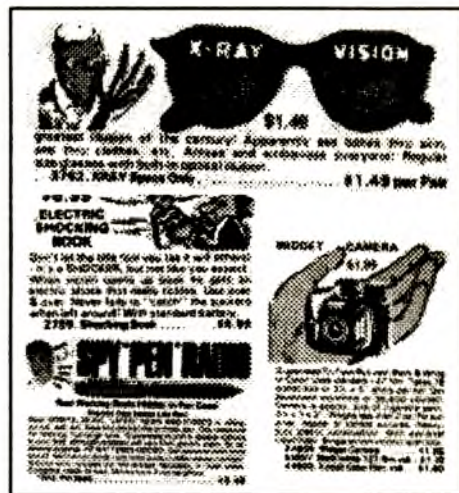
"No, mom, everything's fine. Why do you ask?"

She never came right out and asked if I had an STD, and I never mentioned the brochures.

I'm lucky none of my preteen pranks ever hurt anyone. I once tricked a neighborhood kid into drinking some blue stuff I found in an alley by pretending to drink it first. I thought it would be funny if he tasted something terrible, like when cartoon characters are forced to drink castor oil. Luckily he spit it out without swallowing anything.

Another time me and Gilbert, who lived across the street, we were caught by our parents with pockets full of strike-anywhere matches after we tried to burn down a neighbor's house. At the time, we considered it a revenge prank of sorts, because they were drug dealing assholes who always tried to spray me with their hose. It didn't win me any sympathy when my mom whipped me with my dad's belt.

Apparently I didn't learn my lesson because a couple years later I thought it would be funny to throw my stash of Fourth of July duds in my grandparents fire place one night when they were baby-sitting my brother and me. When the first one sparked (it was a "flower"), my grandma started screaming while my grandpa ran for a fire extinguisher. I didn't know that 20 years earlier they survived a house fire, escaping only with a handful of clothes, a box of photos, and their lives. I still thought it was funny at the time. My brother Shawn and my uncle still bring that one up at family gatherings during the holidays.



When I met Gavin in the second grade, we instantly became friends. Both of us were class clowns of sorts. We fucked with a lot of people between the second and twelfth grade. In the fourth grade we dropped a stink bomb and cleared out the class. In high school, we modified the prank, but this time we let our classmates in on the joke. We had a straight week of substitutes in our 12th grade physics class, and the class spent the week torturing each substitute teacher. Sure, we did the usual shit, such as everyone raising their hands at the same time to ask a physics question the sub could never answer, or during roll call, ask the teacher to refer to you with a dumb nickname like 'Ganja' or 'Velcro.'

We were only 15 minutes into the first day of subs when someone stuck a note on the teacher's back, proudly proclaiming, "I'm a Geek."

"Alright, who's the asshole?" he screamed when he found the note 10 minutes later (that was the exact moment in my life when I decided I would rather collect cans for a living than ever be a substitute teacher.)

Back to our class clearing joke. On Thursday of Sub Week, Gavin and I passed around a note saying, "At 12:30, we're going to scream 'Gas Leak,' so everyone run outside." The prank also had a bit of the "drop your pencils at the same time" feel that fit right into our twelfth grade science

lab setting. At the set time, I loudly said, "(sniff, sniff) Do you smell something?" and Gavin and I both yelled, "Gas leak!" and two-thirds of the class ran out the door. The sub was so overwhelmed, she (we had a different sub every day that week) called security and had half the group removed. Half of those that ran out were pointed out as being trouble makers and suspended for a day or two. Surprisingly,



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she didn't finger either me or Gavin. Later that year in the same class Gavin and I burned the words "EAT ME" in footlong letters on a lab desk. Our actual teacher Mr. Gienger tried to lay a guilt trip on us to confess, but we were tight. Four years later Mr. Gienger met my brother Shawn and told him, "Hey, you're Larry's brother, why don't you go look at that back table and see what he left behind for you and everyone else."

When I became best friends with Ed after the

eighth grade, it became joker hell for everyone around us. Ed had all the George Hayduke revenge books, which we devoured, and accommodated to our tastes and resources. Most of our pranking took place during the hot summer months when we were free to do what we wanted while our parents were at work. A classic prank we did involved a large smoke bomb called a Fog Cutter I had been hoarding for two weeks after the Fourth. We always bought a stash of Fog Cutters before Independence Day so we would have plenty of ammo for the remainder of the summer, but they never lasted more than a couple of weeks. We then stole a cigarette from Chonga's mom and I stuck the fuse perpendicularly through the middle. From there, we piled in a car and went to McDonalds where Ed lit the smoke, taped in underneath a seat, then split. The cigarette worked as a delay, so there would be no way to place us with the crime. Another friend went in 30 minutes later and confirmed our success. He said they had a bunch of fans

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Banana Boy, La Solana yearbook, Central Union High School, 1986

blowing the remaining gunpowder smell out the doors.

The next year, Ed's family moved from El Centro 60 miles east to Yuma, AZ, but we still hung out a lot. One of our favorite Yuma pranks was to spend an evening trolling the town's trailer parks and stealing as many gaudy lawn sculptures as we could fit in a car. Then we would move on to a late-night supermarket and steal a case of plastic forks. On the way to our target's house, we would take reality signs staked in yards and any other removable objects we passed. On arrival, we would place all of the junk in the yard, giving it a circus feel. My job was to make the lawn look like a miniature Arlington Cemetery with the white plastic forks.

Those were the types of harmless pranks I used to do. Now I'm a bit more sophisticated when I want to play a joke on someone. You can read about some of those jokes elsewhere in this issue.

And it isn't like I'm never on the receiving end of a dumb joke. Steve probably gets me with a dumb, but good, trick about once a week. One of his best ones was on April Fools Day, 1993 when he called and woke me up about 6:30 a.m. "Larry, hurry up and turn on the TV, SDSU (where I worked) is on fire and burning down." I immediately snapped awake and ran across the room to turn on the TV. I flipped

through my six channels, and nothing mentioned a fire at San Diego State. It took me a second to realize what day it was.

"Fucker, I was asleep."

"April Fools, dude," Steve said. "Wake up, little Larry, it's a big and beautiful world out there. Gotta go. Later."

The most embarrassing prank played on me happened the first week of my freshman year in high school. I knew it was going to be a bad week before school even started. Not only was there the awkwardness every kid

feels at 14, especially around older kids who had "grown up" (read: gone through puberty), but my high school had a tradition of initiating freshmen. The movie "Dazed and Confused" was too real. As soon as the bell that informed us seventh period was over, I was running out of the gate, heart pounding with fear. To avoid being caught was simple: get as far away from the school parking lot as quickly as possible and take to the side streets to avoid being spotted.

There was a good reason to run home like a chicken everyday. There were the Bolin brothers, Brent, 15, and Steve, 18, who lived across the street. They told me all summer I was as good as dead once I started high school. They told me about how they were going to take me 10 miles out of town to a well-known desert spot, make me strip, then give me an old tire to cover myself with and a quarter for a phone call. The nearest payphone is about three miles away in Heber, CA, a town with a population of 1000 that consists entirely of cholos. Or maybe they would simply kick my ass. They told me if they caught me before school, they would duct tape me six feet up the flag pole (I knew a guy who was taped upside *down*, then pelted with eggs before first period).

It didn't matter that the new principal made a serious effort to curb the tradition; it was too deep in the cul-

ture. If you narc'd on the guy who made you wear a dress home, your ass was grass. His new policy wouldn't protect me from two guys who lived 200 feet away. By the way, I still owe the younger Bolin a package of fake dogshit that he once loaned me. I put it in the middle of the kitchen for my mom to find, which she did, then flushed the brown plaster down the toilet. He was pissed when I told him what happened. My mom gave me a "See, that's what you get" look when I got mad for flushing away a joke that didn't belong to me.

I did manage to ditch the Bolin brothers for a week, which was when freshman amnesty began. But despite all of my precautions, I ended up being the victim of a school-sanctioned initiation. The first Friday of the school year, there was an assembly on the football field, and for some strange reason, all of the class groupings, freshman - sophomores - juniors - and seniors - were separated. Most of the guys were nervous because we had been fairly successful at avoiding being initiated, and the upper classmen hunters, who had the advantage of having drivers licenses, had a pretty good chance of catching us that day because we would all be released from school from the field. I remember the guy sitting next to me nervously saying, "They might blow up our bleacher so they could initiate all of us at once." He was serious.

The senior class president, Ronnie Pritchard, stood on the fifty yard line of the football field and said he needed two volunteers from each class. Somehow I ended up being chosen. He announced how the next two competitions would determine who was the best class. The first competition was something dumb like an egg toss. A designated tosser threw eggs to one person from the two-member class team until there was only one person left while each section cheered for their classmates.

My freshman cohort was lucky. He ended up with a broken egg on his shirt then was allowed back into the freshman section of the bleachers.

Now it was my turn. Ronnie

told the crowd how the next competition was the banana eating contest. The first person to eat the John Holmes-sized banana they were peeling for each of us (remember there was one person from each class) would be the winner. Not only would they show the high school which class was the best, but they would also win a free lunch.

"Wait, there is one catch," Ronnie announced into the microphone. "The contestants have to be blindfolded." One of the student government dorks put a red bandanna around my eyes.

"Go!" he screamed.

I started stuffing that banana into my mouth, trying to chew and swallow. I was gagging, but it was going down. I thought to myself, "Slow down, Lar, you're doing fine. Chew, chew. You don't want to choke in front of everyone. That would suck if a teacher had to give you mouth-to-mouth in front of the whole school."

I don't know how long it took to eat the entire banana. I'm guessing thirty seconds, but my nervousness coupled with the noise from the entire school screaming at us eliminated any concept of time. As soon as I finished, I yanked off the blindfold, only to see the other three contestants holding their bananas, laughing at me. I had just been burned in front of the place that I would be spending the next four years of a California sentence.

"Uh, I guess I win," I said sheepishly before I grabbed my coupon for the free lunch at a the restaurant-slash-gas station that went out of business one month later and walked briskly back toward the bleachers, trying not to make eye contact with anyone.

Not too many people recognized me as Banana Boy, but of course, this one totally rad junior girl I knew before I started high school would yell "Stupid freshman," out her brother's car window every time they passed by me as I walked home from school. To add to the embarrassment, the yearbook published a photo, albeit a bad one, of me eating the banana with Ronnie behind pointing me out as the sucker that I was. Luckily my face wasn't visible in the picture or I might have never lived that one down.

What about more recent pranks? Nowadays my pranks seem to be, although more or less physically harmless, more vengeful. If someone is being a dick, they will be dealt with in the proper manner. Of course between friends, the jokes remain juvenile (John Von said I was forever stuck in high school, only now I'm old enough to drink beer in park bushes) or simple burns. Stuff like shooting bottle rockets at buses after pounding a few high cans, grabbing on to shopping carts from a moving car and ramming the carts into walls and dumpsters at 40 mph, and scrubbing the bristles of someone's toothbrush on a bar of soap. That's the older, more mature, prankster Larry.



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Supersuckers

Eddie Spaghetti bass and vocals

We were leaving Madison, Wisconsin and we all wanted to get out of town, but our drummer wanted to get some coffee (in a sissy voice), some nice fancy coffee at this shop. He leads us all through town because he's the only one that knew how to get out of the town because he drove into the town. He pulls over, stops, and gets out to go get his coffee. We had a bunch of Roman candles in the car. We decided when he gets back, we'll light them and shoot them at him. We see him, but we see him too late. We lit them too late. We get him one time...he had this bag with him and he held up the bag and it had a big burn spot from the Roman candle that hit him. He was smart and ran right into the van. He made a beeline for the van. What are we going to do, shoot him in the van? We're standing outside, it's about noon, middle of a college town and these things are going off. We don't know what to do with them and all of these little fires have started. We were saying, "We got to get outta here! We gotta get outta here!" and we're moving and this lady comes up and starts pounding on the window. "There's fires everywhere!" "Holy shit!" There was fire about two feet high. We were trying to put it out, then the cops come, the fire department comes. Me and Bolton go to jail for shooting fireworks at our drummer.

What was the actual charge?

Discharging fireworks in the city limits, or illegal use thereof.

What happened with the charges?

It cost us about \$400 to get out. They were real cool after they realized it was not malicious mischief, and it was just stupidity. They were just dumbfounded by our stupidity. As we are most of the time.





The Phantom and Harley

Deadbolt

Harley Davidson
guitar and vocals

You can take Vivaran, crush up about six tablets, and put it in their coffee. That's kind of a cruel joke.

Have you ever done that to anyone?

I did it when I was working as a bus boy. I would work late in Phoenix. It would be three in the morning, and the bars closed at one.

Have you ever been a bus boy?

No, I haven't, thank God.

They have these giant coffee makers. You pour the water through the filter, move the pot down underneath for a fresh pot. I would take the fresh pot and pour it through a new filter. I would run it through about five or six times so I would have this special batch. I had my own special brew that I reserved for all the assholes. I would wrap a napkin around it. "This is my pot. Don't touch it."



Tim, Dion and Devon

Devon E. Levins, guitarist

If you listen to the new CD, the song "The Magic Flute," that's about a reoccurring prank from when I was 12 years old. My friends and I used to call this woman, she was an opera instructor in Las Vegas. We would call her once or twice a week. We knew that she gave lessons to a lot of girls. We would be outside and would see the girls leaving or hear them singing. So we called up and acted like we were a student. For some reason, I was the one doing this. I would call up and say, "Lalala (in a high singing voice). Do you know who this is?" She said, "Michele?" So she started thinking I was Michele, one of her students. I would keep calling back and pose as this Michele girl. We recorded all of the calls, we were always recording our pranks.

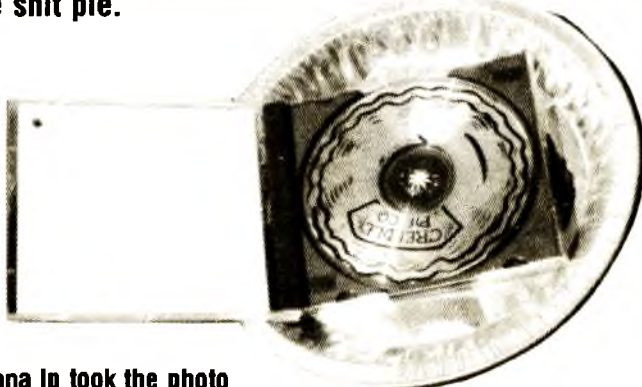
So I called back and I would say all this fucked-up stuff to her. You know, stuff a 12-year-old would say then but you wouldn't say any longer. Super rude things to this woman. This girl in real life was getting in trouble for it. From my conversations with Violetta for a year, it seems like this girl was dropped as a student and stuck in counseling. It fucked up her life, but after a while they finally caught on to it. We called one time and the husband answered, "Listen, you little fuck..."

But on that one song there is some of the actual tape of me talking to Violetta. I can't tell you her last name because I don't want to get in trouble. There is a bunch on the record with pranks. On "Jesus" there is a prank call to a "Christian Bass Player Wanted" ad.

I'm calling them up saying, "My name is Jesus and I'm a bass player and I want to be in your band." I called this guy up, and I'm kinda in touch now with the names of all these Christian bands, and said, "I used to play in this band called Final Warning. I was the bass player." He said, "What's your name?" So I thought, "What's the best name I could come up for a Christian bass player?" "Jesus." I asked them to send me a tape, so a week later I got this tape and it's addressed to Jesus. "Dear Jesus, I hope you like our band. Call me up if you want to be in our band."

Creedle

The shit pie.



Joanna Ip took the photo and said she would have taken a better picture, except the smell kept her at a distance.

We got a shit pie in the mail. It was in one of those aluminum tin things with one of our promo CDs stuck in it.

Someone put a CD in that, then took a dump on it?

Yeah, or the other way around. We know who it is. We kinda forgot about it, but.... It didn't go to our house, it went to our mailing address. We didn't really have to deal with it. A friend had to deal with it. We were kinda into it.

How did you find out who did it?

A slip of the mouth by a friend of that person. We used to get a lot of anonymous mail. Ryan from Fishwife was sending it, but we caught him too. So we started him sending him stuff back.

What was he sending you?

It really made no sense, but it almost sounded like a threat. Like "I'm gonna beat you guys up." We printed one of those letters inside our Cargo single.

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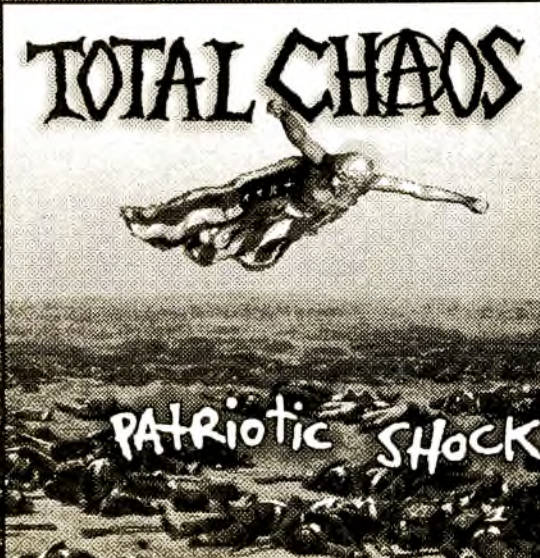
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Fat Mike

Bass and vocals

The old time stuff, one guy passed out at a party, and this girl was an artist and had a bag of plaster of paris and we all plastered up his leg while he was asleep. He woke up to someone pouring beer on his head, and he couldn't move his leg because it was in plaster.

What was his reaction?

He didn't know what to do because there was like 20 punkers and skinheads laughing at him, so he couldn't really get pissed because he didn't know who did it. In the same town, there was this girl, I can't remember her name, she was just getting out of college and she was some kind of art major. Her last project was to make art with food. She made this jello stuff and this pizza thing. She had four different things and our drummer Erik ate them all. She failed her final.

He ate her final project?

It was so mean, too, because she was awake and partying and he took her jello thing and just sucked it up in his mouth. She said, "Ah, man, that sucks. Come on, don't do that. It's my final project." He said okay, and after she went to sleep, he ate the rest of it.

Just to be mean?

Just to be mean. He used to do a lot of mean things back then.

But now he's nice, right?

Yeah, now he's nicer. This is my favorite joke, but I felt so bad after doing it that I never did it again. Me and my punk friends, there was a lady that I didn't like that lived across the street from me, so we filled a garbage can with water and leaned it up against her door and rang her doorbell and ran across the street. She opened up her door and the trash can went right inside of her house. Twenty gallons of dirty water. I felt so bad seeing all of this dirty water go swoosh all over her carpeting. She didn't know who did it. That was mean, huh?

I had a friend who put a firecracker in a cat's butt once.

You actually know someone who did that?

This one kid was crazy. He dug a hole in his backyard. He got a neighborhood cat, shoved it in the hole, then buried it with it's head up. Then he ran over it with a lawnmower. That was bad. That was totally sick

This is the stuff that murderers do when they were kids and people later refer to it after they've been caught.


This is the most recent thing we did. One of our roadie friends was out visiting us, this snowboarder guy. He passed out on the floor, we took nails and we nailed his clothes to the ground with him in them. When he woke up he was flipping out. We left him there for a long time.

So I guess a word of advice would be not to pass out around you guys.

No, we're okay. We used to be a lot worse. It used to be the thing to do every single night. But now we do it every once in a while and we don't do it to people we don't know very well. The rule is when you go to sleep, you have to take your shoes off.

Why's that?

Because if you don't, you're a victim. That means you passed out. If you've got your shoes on, you're screwed. I had "I'm a fag" written on my back in big black letters for like a week when we were in Europe and I had no idea.



NOPEX

Tanner

Gar Wood,
guitars and vocals

A long time ago, this is pretty bad actually, my brother and I tricked a neighbor into drinking our pee. I think that probably happened to one kid on every block. This kid was a little suspicious, but we kinda tricked him. "No, no, try it."

What was the set up?

We just peed into a can and told him it was a new flavor. He was like four years old. We were like six or eight. That was pretty nasty. He did try it though.

Did he spit it out?

Yeah.

Did he know that it was pee?

I think he had a pretty good idea. We were laughing. That was pretty bad.

Kevin bass

I got a French tickler that was bright red with knobs all over it and I put it on my dick. My mom is a nurse, so I called my mom, "Hey, mom, come here. Do you think there's something wrong with my penis?" "Oh, shit!" She got a good laugh after she settled down.

Shannon vocals

I used to have to walk two miles to go to college. I would walk down this busy street and every morning there would be this guy jogging. I would be looking at my feet, walking real slow and he would jog past me. I would let him go by, then I would go around the block and run three blocks up as fast as I could, then I would slow down, and he would jog by me again, and I would do this about seven times everyday. After a while he would start slowing way down and stare at me.

My brother and I did this when we were kids. Me and my little brother had this contest about putting stuff on each other when we were sleeping. It started out he would put a magazine on me, so I would put a stack of newspapers on him. Then he put like a frying pan and he set the table on my stomach. Then I took a 10 speed and put it on him. Then he put a moped in my bed. Then after that, and this was the best one, he said "Man, I'm gonna keep an eye out for you motherfucker. I'm gonna sleep with one eye open." I put a whole fucking motorcycle in his bed and wrapped his arm around it. So he woke up hugging this big fucking motorcycle in his bed. We declared peace after that.



Shannon

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genetic 23

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Dave Quinn guitars and vocals

Here's a good joke. Wait in an alley for people to walk by, then beat them and steal their money (laughter).

We were watching "Yourself Presents" (A local cable access show best known for the woman who plays the flute) one day and we saw this band called Collage Menage. Collage Menage is a three-piece band from San Diego who played at the Spirit every weekend, and each time they played there, their ego got bigger and bigger and bigger. So they're on "Yourself Presents," and they have this little act on this song called "Kisses That Kill" and it sounds just like "You Give Love a Bad Name." The band consists of this big fat guy with long curly hair and a mustache playing drums, and Hans and Fritz, the twin brothers play guitar and bass, and they have one of their friends, maybe one of their pass-around girlfriends, act out all the songs for the band. We saw that and we were laughing. It was pretty funny, about as funny as any of the bands on "Yourself Presents" can get. So Bob, out of the blue one day, calls them up and books them at SOMA, and SOMA had just closed down about two or three weeks before. Bob booked them a show at SOMA and they were going to play in the

downstairs on a Tuesday night, and they were going to open for a couple of other bands. He left a number with them, they called him back to confirm the show a couple more times. We don't know what happened because we didn't show up at the show or anything, but we figure they probably made some fliers and went to the show.

But if you are interested in doing some fake shows, the best thing to do is get yourself a good fake name, and remember that name. Call up the band, pick one out. A couple good one right now are Saints We Ain't and Stems and Seeds. And Meatwagon (laughter). Call fucking Meatwagon. Find a good club. One good choice is the Pelikan Pub. The Velvet is always good. The Velvet is a good one because they have about 10 people doing booking there. Dream Street is good but you have to be careful because some of the bands might have played there and know somebody that works there. Kay's Club is probably the best club. It's up in San Marcos, and make sure you book them on a Monday night because most bars are closed on Monday night.

Anyway, go ahead and leave your number, book them a show. Good points to remember is "Yes, there's a P.A. there," and "No, we don't have monitors." Try to remember the simple bullshit like how many mics they need. Try to sound like you know what you're doing.

Tiltwheel



Matt Reber, bass

Scott: What's a prank you played on someone in the past?

We played with Ned's Atomic Dustbin at a festival in France. We had access to their dressing room. Bill poured out part of the lemonade bottle, pissed in it, put it back and they drank it. And then Jim proceeded to hose down their dressing room with a fire extinguisher before we left. That is true.

Scott: So you pissed in their beer and then took a fire extinguisher to their room?

In their lemonade. It really happened.

Scott: Did they notice?

No, because they're fuckin' dumb. We hated them, they were dicks to us, fuck them.



Eric

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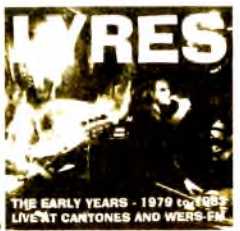
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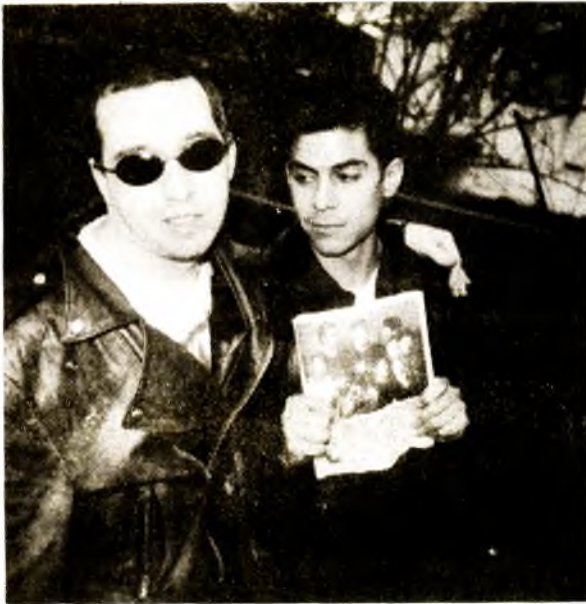
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Jeffrey and Vince

Trip

Jeffery guitar

What about the time we collected all that dog shit when we were on tour with Green Day and we put all of the dog shit in a paper bag, and around 2 or 3 in the morning, they were partying in their room, we went to their room and lit the bag of dogshit on fire, and Billie comes out and starts stomping it out.

Vince drums

This involves our ex-bass player Pete, who I love tremendously, but it also kinda falls into the cruel joke category. He's allergic to bees. He had this hole in the side of his van with a face painted around it that said, "I will eat you now." We were driving around in the van and I told him a bee flew in through the hole and was hiding in the van. Pete jumped out of the van into traffic and he got hit by a car. He came away unharmed.

B.A., vocals

This isn't really what you would call a side-splitter in terms of the moment. We've all known each other since we were about five years old. We pulled this one when we were all in junior high, so we must have been about 13 or 14. The local public broadcasting here holds an annual fund-raising auction where local merchants donate services and products to be auctioned off with the proceeds going to public television. Our parents called in to bid on something one time and we noticed that they didn't call them back to confirm the bid, so we got the idea that if we called in ourselves, we could entertain ourselves through the winter months when the fund raising auction was going on by listening to the funny names we got out over the air. We made it our goal to sell out an entire tote board on the screen to the members of Aerosmith and things like that. 50-year-old opera fans that were auctioning off stuff would never recognize anybody. We started recording the fake bids that we would call in and they would read over the air. The auctions went on for two weeks every winter, and we did this for five years. We totaled them up one time, and over the course of one week, we cost them like \$38,000. When you consider the air time we wasted too, it probably goes over \$100,000. That was probably our greatest diversion when we were in our early teens.

We were really amazed at some of the names they would read over the air. Harry Cocks. Isaac Cocks. We got them to read E. Buzz Miller. He is a Dan Akroyd character from "Saturday Night Live." He used to host all those cable TV programs about the insect world but all he did was show wild animals fucking. It's a screwy-sounding name anyway. They didn't bat an eye. They would read anything over the air. Our favorite was they were auctioning off piano lessons or something. They would have celebrity announcers, and the mayor of Indianapolis sold piano lessons to Steven Tyler. That was a great moment.



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Dahmer's Diner



Ray and friend (notice the spilt beer on Ray's shirt) photo: Rob Welkner

Ray Dahmer guitar

I came across this video. It has this skinny 90 pound red-haired guy who apparently rented these two fat, black hookers. He filmed this video of him fucking them himself. So when anyone asks to borrow a porno, I tell them I've got this great movie. I lend them that movie.

How many times have you loaned it out?

Approximately 10 times.

What have some of the reactions been?

Nothing good. Everyone thinks I'm into that (skinny guys and fat women).

As opposed to skinny chicks and fat guys?

Like Savannah.

Savannah and Ron Jeremy. Two great tastes together at last. What were some of the things done to people when they would pass out at the old Short Lived house?

None of that stuff happened if you took your shoes off. If your shoes were on when you fell asleep, then you would get the magic marker routine, finger nail polish. The snare drum. Actually Jason got a good one of those. He shaved his head that night (he used to have really long hair). Later he passes out sitting up on the couch. He passes out with his shoes on, sitting on the couch, so we took all the cans and bottles from around the house and decorated him from head to toe. We piled them up everywhere. His arms were sticking straight out on the couch.

As if he was crucified?


Yeah, so he had all these cans and bottles and shit all over him, and he was snoring really loud. We picked up all the hair from the floor, and you remember how long his hair was, and we piled it all over his chest. We said, "Oh, yeah, that's pretty funny," and here comes Geoff with the snare drum. It was three or four in the morning. He puts the snare drum right up to his ear. BANG BANG BANG BANG, like six times. I thought Jason was going to have a heart attack. He jumped up, and cans and bottles are flying everywhere, and there was all this hair. He was still asleep and jumped up. "You Motherfucker!" then passes back out asleep.

Didn't Devin get it once or twice too?

Devin got pretty fucked up over here. Rob took lotion and put it all over Devin's pants, like on his dick. Tons of lotion. All over his hands and face. Then he took one of my porno magazines and lays it on his chest. He was tickling Devin to try to get him to rub his face, and right as Devin woke up, Rob walked out the door. "See ya, Devin."

THIS ROUND IS ON ME

A MOUNT SHASTA PRANK
BY JOHN FORBES

MY TASTE IN PRANKS GOES TOWARDS
CIGARETTE LOADS & ITCHING POWDER
BUT OUR GUITAR  PLAYER, CARL
PULLED ONE I LIKE A LOT.

WE WERE PLAYING A
SHITTY ROCK CLUB
THAT HAD A DICK
SOUNDMAN

THIS IS MY
RENDITION
OF HIM.
OF COURSE
HE'S NEVER
GOING TO SEE
THIS.
HA HA



OUR SET IS OVER
WHO KNOWS WHY THE ANGER



BY LIVING, THE
WORLD WAS A THORN
IN HIS SIDE. HERE
HE IS SEEKING
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WHIP IT OUT



WHERE'S
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NO, IT'S TIME
TO REFILL THE
GLASS.



WHAT A GENEROUS
HEART, ALWAYS GIVING
?



THE ICE IS BROKE,
A FRIENDSHIP IS
BORN



¿Tienen Que Estar Tan Apretadas Las Esposas?

There is more to a joke or prank than the intended outcome. At least 50 percent of the success rate of a good joke is the story telling that will always follow. The story can make the prank work, even if the fuse never caught fire, the potato was found, or the anvil didn't land exactly on the head. Tying someone's trash cans to their car is funny regardless if the driver drags the cans down the street spilling trash everywhere. Some of the pranks I remember exist is story form only. I've never been able to pull off some of my ideas, usually because I was scared I would get beat up or thrown in jail. They are still funny stories.

I was relieved when Brady Bently moved to another city after the tenth grade. He had been bullying other kids since the fourth grade. His bullying became the stuff "After School Specials" are made of in junior high. I once saw him shove a kids head through a window, for no reason except he wanted to act tough. I had him in two classes, algebra, and PE, which every boy knows is similar to being in prison. Never turn your back, trust no one, because they will all fuck you up for the sole reason of looking cool in front of the others. Having Brady in my PE class was a nightmare. I made sure my locker was far enough away where he wouldn't bother me, yet close enough where I could keep my eye on him.

Because of his size, it was obvious that there was nothing anyone could do to stop him from torturing all of the skinny wimps like myself. Instead my friends and I took revenge against him in small doses. It was a ritual to destroy his Christmas lights every holiday season. His family always hung the strings of small white lights all over their house. Not many people know this, all of the bulbs in the the small light holiday strings are wired together and cannot be replaced. If a single bulb burns out, the rest of the lights will continue to shine, but if you rip the bulb out, it breaks the circuit and the whole string goes out. His family hung around 15 strings every Christmas, and for five years in a row, we pulled a single bulb out of every string, making them completely useless.

Larry - 5, Bully - 0.

Destroying his Christmas lights was becoming too easy for a prankster halfway through the eighth grade. Oh, sure, it was a good laugh for a sixth grader, but I needed more. I was getting into computers that year and me and six other kids belonged to a small computer class at the genetic 36

school. I turned my friend Kenny onto the Commodore 64, mainly because I was making cash selling bootleg games to other kids who owned Commodores. Kenny saw the dollar signs and went crazy. Not only did he buy a Commodore 64, but he bought a *word processor*, which in 1984 was a big deal. No one had them yet. We were still in the age of typewriters.

It was the first weekend of Christmas vacation and I was staying over at Kenny's, doing what most 13 year boys do: cause trouble. We were amped on soda and making prank calls when we started talking about how much we hated Brady. Somehow we came up with the plan that we could type up a letter on his word processor, informing his dad that Brady was somewhat of a trouble maker, and had been causing a lot of fights at school. The coup de grace was I wrote that I wanted to see his dad first thing Monday morning when Christmas break finished. I signed the letter "Ron Farrel," the vice principal's name. On a sidenote, our VP was fired at the end of the year because of his alcoholism and died two years later due to liver failure. He was under 45.

We sent an identical letter to another one of Kenny's enemies, Derek. I addressed the envelopes in cursive to disguise my handwriting (I print), and dropped them in a mailbox the following day.

By the time school started again, I had forgotten about the letters. That is until fourth period when Mr. Farrel came into my English class. "Which one of you is Harmon? I need you to come with me." I got nervous fast. The first thing he did was take away my notebook to look at my handwriting. He never mentioned what he wanted to talk about. He gathered up two other kids that were in the computer class and took us all to his

office.

"We have a bit of a problem, boys. Someone sent these two letters (he passed around the letters for us to read) to the homes of these two students. Mr. Bently was in my office this morning very upset. He thought his son was in trouble. Not only that, but he had to take time off from his job to come here. He also put Brady on restriction for the entire Christmas vacation when he wasn't in trouble."

Yes! Sweet revenge. After months of being verbally and physically intimidated by this asshole, it was my turn. I not only got him in trouble, but I made his dad look like a fool. I didn't really have time to bask in the glory yet, the heat was still on from the vice principal.

He was attempting to lay a guilt trip, watching our expressions for any sign of a confession. I was starting to get nervous, but at least I knew he didn't have any proof. The silence was finally broken after one of the other suspect's, a quasi-friend of Brady's, burst of laughter.

"The handwriting on this envelope looks like a kindergartner wrote it. How could he believe the school sent this?" Both the third suspect and I broke into laughter. The tension was over. There was no way he was gonna pin this on me.. He asked us one more time, "Did you send this letter?" No? Okay, go back to class."

Larry - 6, Bully - 0.



Brady, 1986



Ed, 1988, posing with a knife in my bedroom

This is another one of those “at-a-party-with-Ed” stories. Hank’s parents went out of town, so he wanted to throw a party. The only drawback was his parents left his two little brothers with him. Fuck it, he would have a party anyway, and his little brothers could hang out.

The party turned out okay. Hank didn’t mind people drinking in front of his little brothers, but when someone showed up with a sack of weed, everyone went into the a back room to partake, while me and another friend, the only guys who didn’t smoke, stayed with the kids. I really didn’t mind, I was drunk and talking about cartoons and toys with the kids.

After 30 minutes of blowing smoke, two girls came out of the room, one immediately started babbling, loudly for no apparent reason, about how many cigarettes she smokes a day.

“I smoke three packs a day. I smoke all the time. I smoke blah blah blah,” in this really annoying voice. So to get her to shut up, and to have a good laugh, I leaned over to the youngest kid, who was probably 6, and told him, “Hey, tell her to shut up because she’s dumb.” Sure, it was kinda mean, but I was drunk. I didn’t whisper quiet enough, because she overheard and started screaming, “Don’t you ever tell me to shut up!” then starting hitting me, hard.

I turned away and she probably socked me in the back four times, before I stood up, and said, “Look, you better stop hitting me, before I get mad.”

After I graduated from high school, I spent a lot of time hanging out with Ed, going to parties almost every night of the week. Ed had this idea for a great joke to do at someone’s house at one of these parties, but when came time to actually pull it off, neither of had the nerve.

It wasn’t so much that we were nervous, but more embarrassed. The trick is to lock yourself in the bathroom, lift the lid off the toilet tank and rip the chain out. Now drop your pants, climb on top of the toilet seat and lay a log inside the tank. Replace the lid, wash your hands (I’ve had this thing about washing my hands ever since I read about Typhoid Mary in *Murder Can Be Fun*), and exit like everything is cool.

The funny part is after everyone drinks thirteen cups from the keg, the line to the bathroom will be around the block. For the first two people, the fact that the toilet won’t flush won’t be a big deal. After that, someone will realize that the chain is off and try to fix it.

Surprise!

Most people won’t realize that plumbing works because of gravity, and want to know how Mr. Log took its voyage of 20,000 Leagues Beneath the Sea and submarined it’s way up into the tank.

Of course the bigger question is who is going to get it out.

#####

Since I was about 18 inches taller than her she stopped, but continued to yell at me, to the point of causing me to become angrily annoyed.

“Will you shut the fuck up?!?”

Everyone else started pouring out of them room when they heard her yell. She told Hank that I was a dick, grabbed her friend and left.

After repeated questions about what happened, I started getting mad. “Why was she hitting me? That was completely uncalled for, and she was hitting me hard. I can’t let her get away with this.”

So I came up with a plan. “Hank, do you have a dog?”

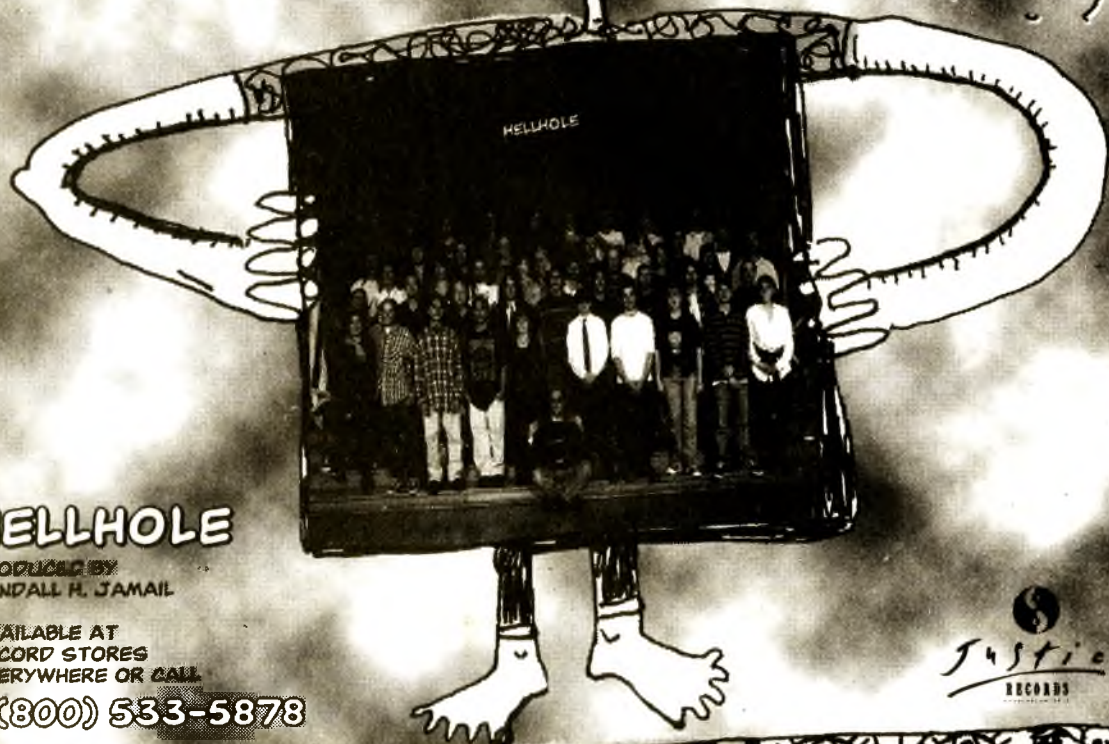
I went into Hank’s backyard and collected an empty 12 pack box worth of dogshit. We then jumped in Ed’s car and drove out to the girl’s house. She had a long, narrow mailbox that mail was dropped in from the top. I poured the dog shit into her mailbox until it was overflowing, then stuck in a short note:

“Moo-Donna,
I was thinking of you and wanted to give you this gift. I made it myself, from my colon to you.

Saturday’s mail was delivered approximately ten hours later. I found out a few months later her dad was pissed because he was the one who had to dig the shit out.

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 BE A CRANKCASE I HAVE NO PAIN SO ILL DREAM AND
 WEEP. YEAH RIGHT! MY BEER IS GETTING WARM, JUST
 THE WAY I LIKE IT AND MY SULKING DAYS HAVE JUST
 BEGUN. IVE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU WANTING TO BE THE FOOL!
 WHY DONT YOU GIVE ME SOME RESPECT AND GET OFF MY
 BACK. IM LEAVING YOU, IM GONNA DRIVE ON OVER TO
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Steve, his brother Jose, two former roommates, Sarah, and I went to a party in San Carlos. My roommate at the time, Denmark, was notorious for taking us to these geek parties, so I came prepared.

First off, I talked Steve into wearing a wig with me. We both sported these '70s style wigs and for almost an hour, we kept yelling, "Dude, where's the fucking Clapton?" After tiring of the wigs, we took them off out of sight from the rest of the party. We got weird looks for the rest of the night, and one girl even asked me if I changed my shirt, but no one ever figured it out.

Of course the party was as geeky as we thought it would be. There was a guy who looked just like Vanilla Ice's "Ice, Ice, Baby" era playing Mr. Scratch DJ, carved eyebrows and all. There were these two fat sisters talking about their boyfriends who just got out of jail. One of them kept talking about how drunk she was because it was the first time she drank in nine months because she had a baby the week before.

Drunk fat women with newborns and an ex-con for an old man are usually a good sign to leave, or turn off Jerry Springer. Before we left, Jose and I began working on joke #2. We locked ourselves in the bathroom and unscrewed the shower head with a pair of pliers. I crushed up the beef bouillon cubes I usually took to parties (I came prepared. I had been planning this joke for months but never had the opportunity.) We packed the shower head pretty tight with the bouillon powder, but left enough space for water to travel through it.

I can imagine that the next few times the water was run for a shower, it made a warm, brown broth that only lacked ramen noodles to make the soup complete.

Do you know anyone in the military? Why not cruise down to your local adult book store and pick up two or three stallion mags and mail them to your buddy in the armed forces? Or if you're ever in Europe, why not send some of those cool bestiality mags to the homes of dickhead neighbors? Heh, heh, heh.

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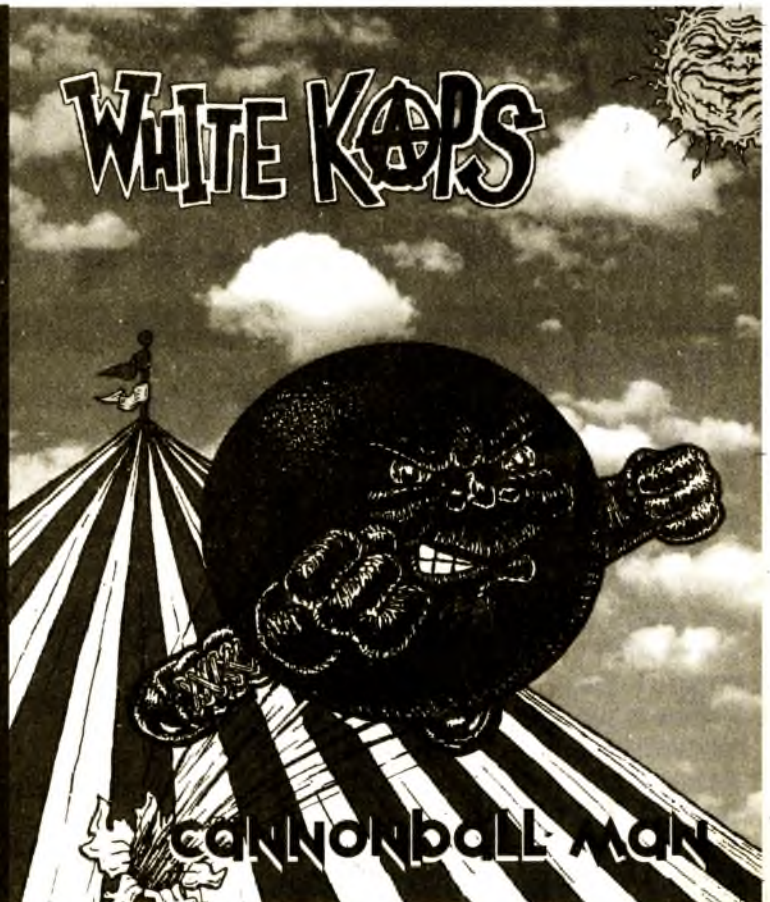
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This isn't really a practical joke, but it is a funny story. I don't know anyone who respects Dale Lawrence. Lawrence is goofy heavy metal guy who hosts a cable access video show based in northern San Diego County that also airs in Orange County, Phoenix, and possibly Los Angeles. His show consists of a combination of metal, some death metal and punk, and mainstream college rock.



Dale Lawrence and friend

The problem isn't the content, but the presentation. The guy is a kook. The hair farmer loves nothing more than to parade off-duty titty dancers or poof hair for the camera while he introduces videos while he constantly smacks his lips. I don't know why he bothers with the women because he is the biggest bimbo I've ever seen.

The first time I saw Dale in person was at the second Independent Music Seminar (IMS). My cruel streak had me making plans about having Vaughn and Joe hold him down while I cut off locks of his hair, but I would never do anything so mean. But I couldn't let him get away without doing something.

Later that evening there was a poolside party at the hotel. This is where I saw my chance. I grabbed Dave Quinn, and told him I would buy him a 12 pack of cheap beer if he rushed Dale and threw him in the pool. Before I could get Jim to get his camera ready, Dave bulldozed Dale into the shallow end of the pool. Dale stood up in the pool, soaking wet, his mop still in place, with a big grin. He climbed out of the pool and went on talking to his friends. I still owe Dave the beer.

Wet Frat Boys

By Robin

We were driving home, and it was about 2 a.m., and we drove by Los Ponchos, which is at the corner of College Ave. and Montezuma Road, which is the frat boy hangout of SDSU to eat burritos after the frat parties. They were taking breaks from date rape, and we were talking about how much we hated them, so we said, "Let's go get Nick D.'s fire extinguisher." We go over to Shane's house, get

the fire extinguisher, filled it up at the gas station. We drove down El Cajon Blvd., took a right on College, and headed toward Los Ponchos. The light was red, and we were four cars down College, so it worked perfectly. We were all packed in the Dart, Jeff McDill was driving because he was sober, and I was on the right, holding the fire extinguisher. The light changed, and we waited a bit for the cars to pull away from us. Then we followed and just nailed Los Ponchos. It was filled with water at 200 pounds

of pressure. All of the frat boys and sorority girls went flying. They were diving behind the chairs and they were throwing stuff. It was total chaos. We hosed them down the whole time, even as we went around the corner. Some frat boy started running after us on foot, so we slowed down and I leaned out of the window and nailed him in the chest. He went flying backward and landed on his head. We drove home from there, told the story a million times, and I laughed myself to sleep.

THE HUMOR IN THIS JOKE IS FRUSTRATION CAUSED TO CONVENIENCE STORE SHOPPERS. STORES LIKE 7-11 HAVE DOUBLE DOORS WITH HANDLES THAT FORM A LOOP THAT CAN BE QUICKLY CHAINED TOGETHER AND LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE. INGREDIENTS CALL FOR A CHAIN WITH APPROXIMATELY FIVE TO TEN LINKS AND ANY KIND OF LOCK. CUSTOMERS WILL BE TRAPPED INSIDE, UNLESS THERE IS A BACK DOOR FOR RECEIVING, AND OTHER SHOPPERS WILL BE PREVENTED FROM ENTERING. MORE THAN LIKELY AN EMPLOYEE WILL BE FORCED TO CALL SOMEONE WITH A PAIR OF BOLT CUTTERS TO UNLOCK THE DOOR, AND WHO KNOWS HOW LONG THAT MIGHT TAKE?

What made you laugh in grade school can evolve into something bigger with a little thought. Take the "shoe polish on the pay phone receiver" trick. Okay, okay, the laughs aren't the same when you were 12 when Mr. Dirtbag climbs back in to his El Camino with a stained ear. He'll go home and clean himself up. Why not make the joke last a bit longer. Polish up the phones at downtown yuppie hangouts, the local courthouse, or crowded airport payphones. Imagine the laughs and finger pointing when a businessman is spotted rushing to catch a flight with "black ear." I'm laughing just thinking about it.

Steve, Sarah, and I came up with this for pothead roommates. Why not rub some shoe polish on the inside of your roommate's bong. He/she will walk around stoned for the rest of the afternoon with a ring around his/her mouth after taking a big fat hit of shitty Mexicali bud. Try not to laugh after they lift their head to exhale.

I still can't believe people are dumb enough to throw parties at their parents' houses when there were people like me in the world. When I was in high school, when the majority of "My parents are gone" parties took place and were attended, there were always the assholes who were out to steal your VCR, food, and jewelry, then kick holes in your walls. All of the above happened to my friend Chance. If I remember correctly, his parents threw him out of the house until he paid to have everything replaced and fixed.

No, I wasn't that type. I had a nasty habit of crushing my beer cans and hiding them in places only your parents would find a month later. I liked leaving Bud bottle caps in the dark corners of cabinets.

Ed told me of a party back in high school where a friend did sorta of the same thing. Instead of stashing beer cans and bottles, he tore out dozens of small pictures from hardcore porno mags and stashed them all over the house. He put them in old shoes, underneath plants, pockets in all their clothing, underneath mattresses, etc. This happened about four years ago, and Ed talked to the guy who threw the party recently and he said his mom had found some of the porno pictures as recently as one month ago.

In certain situations, revenge is necessary, but doesn't need to go as far as doing bodily harm or destroying property. For example, your high school English teacher gives you an F on a book report on a play called "The Crucible," then informs you that you didn't read it. You try to explain that you're only 14, and it was a difficult book. You thought it was about the Salem Witch Trials, but your teacher, in a condescending tone said, "It was about a man's infidelity and his marriage." "Yeah, right. Then why did they call her a witch and burn her at the stake?" "You're a liar, and you get an F."

Of course most of these suggestions are variations of the toilet paper theme. What makes this variation funny is it's a labor intensive clean-up, makes the person appear foolish to the neighbors, and constantly wonder why someone would do this.

1) Pile confetti in their yard. It will take weeks before they'll be able to get rid of it all. It especially looks nice during the summer when people's yards are green.

2) If the person has automatic sprinklers, pile instant mashed potatoes in the yard. They'll wake up to a glorious morning breakfast on their lawn.

3) Take a bunch of plastic forks and stick them in an Arlington Cemetery design in the grass. It took very somber as the sun rises on a thousand white plastic forks that lost their lives in American wars.

4) Spell out something very stupid with Oreo (or similar) cookies on a garage door or front wall. Everyone knows how to take apart an Oreo and leave the cream on one side. Take a couple hundred and spell out "Happy New Year" around December 28. The neighbors won't even know it's a gag.

Jokes we'd like to see:

- 1) A firecracker up Herb Cawthorn's (SD newscaster) butt.
- 2) Guitar Center burning down.
- 3) Public housing in La Jolla
- 4) Introducing all of the captured East County mountain lions into San Diego's beach communities to devour residents.
- 5) Anything that makes my last landlord (6721

Amherst St. #1) homeless.

6) Stealing clothes from Staffpro employees.

7) Stink/smoke bombs in Gamma Gamma, Hot Topic and other "youth culture" stores.

8) Fliers promoting Satanism posted around La Mesa.

9) Pro-drug literature left at high schools.

10) Roger Hedgecock (former ousted SD mayor, now talk radio host) with worse acne scars.

A few recommended ingredients for practical jokes

firecrackers, smoke bombs, M-80s, etc.

duct tape

toilet paper

matches or a lighter

nunchucks

eggs

actual or imitation dead body

squirt gun

slingshot

lipstick

balloons

gasoline, or other flammable liquids

bike lock

magic marker

pornography of any type

hot sauce

nails or tacks

wig

fake buck teeth

wheelchair

fake blood

rubber body parts

poison ivy, stinging

nettles, or any dangerous plant indigenous to your region

blank sticker paper

clown outfit



plaster

stink bombs

throwing stars or yard darts

blow-up dolls (doll gender can add or detract)

rubber bands

Crazy glue or rubber cement

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The Losers Guide to North Park

This is the sixth installment of an ongoing series featuring the lowlights of various San Diego neighborhoods, communities, and suburbs



The abandoned North Park Theater

**Story by Larry
Photos by Jim Thompson**

This is a guide to a few of the many loser guide sights in North Park. The area is defined by the loose boundaries south of Meade Ave., west of the 805 freeway, east of Georgia Street, and north of Grape Street. North Park obviously received its name because most of its area sits north of Balboa Park. The community was founded as a suburb in 1914. The Grape Street Bridge, now a historical monument which is at risk of being torn down, served as the gateway to North Park.

Today, North Park is one of the few areas of the San Diego that has a community feel. Many of the residents have lived in the neighborhood for decades, but it still suffers from the same ills as every other urban center in the country. It's those ills that make North Park such a great area for a Loser's Guide Tour.

Tariq Khamisa - Most people are more familiar with the murder than the name. Tariq Khamisa, 20, was murdered January 21, 1995, while delivering pizzas in North Park. What makes the crime so outstanding is he was shot to death by three gang members, two 14-year-olds and 18-year-old Antoine Pittman, because he wouldn't turn over the pizzas. The case had made local headlines because San Diego's new District Attorney Paul Pfingst has been in court arguing that the two juveniles should be tried as adults, which could land them sentences of 25 years to life rather than the maximum stay at the California Youth Authority until their 25th birthdays. A new California law that took effect September 1994 allows 14- and 15-year-olds to be tried as adults in murder cases. Previously, only 16- and 17-year-old juveniles could be charged as adults.

Pittman started the North Park based gang in 1992, which

consists of approximately 35 members ages 13-18. The day of Khamisa's murder, Pittman and the others sat around an apartment smoking pot. They got the munchies and decided to order two pizzas from DeMilles Italian Restaurant with no intention of paying for them. They sent someone out to scout a fake address for the delivery, then had a girl phone in the order.

Khamisa arrived at the phony address on Louisiana Street near El Cajon Blvd. when one of the kids pulled a gun on him and demanded the pizzas. Khamisa threw the pizzas into his backseat and jumped in his car. Seconds later, a 9mm bullet shattered the rear window, hitting him in the back and severing his aorta artery.

Of course the gunman, who hasn't been identified because of his age, blamed Khamisa for his death, saying he wouldn't have killed him if he had handed over the pizzas. He said he had to

shoot him because Khamisa had seen his face.

Did he feel any remorse? "No,...not really."

Both juveniles have admitted to taking part in the murder, one actually confessed to pulling the trigger. The lawyers are debating over the constitutionality of the law that would allow them to be tried as adults. If the judge decides in favor of the prosecution, the two 14-year-olds would be the youngest people to be tried as adults in the county.

Ironically, both juveniles were involved in prevention programs and were even featured in a *San Diego Union-Tribune* story about African-American boys fighting the temptation of joining gangs. In the story the gunman was quoted as saying, "I'm from L.A. I know how it is. I don't want to be affiliated with people who do things like that. I want to get an education and a good job."

The gang hung around the

incommunicado

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32nd and Redwood where Amanda Gaeke's body was found

North Park Recreation Center (2700 block of Lincoln Ave.) and was known around the area. They had even boasted - in the grand tradition of "21 Jump Street" - that they we're going to take over North Park. Although they weren't given official gang status by the police, they were first documented after they threatened to burn down Smith's Shade Carpet and Linoleum on 30th Street, one block south of University Ave. The five teens began tearing up the store, then threatened to torch the place. From there, they moved down a few blocks to Vesuvio Italian Restaurant and Pizza and started threatening an employee. They stole a tip jar, beat up a waitress, then left.

Homicide detectives also believe the same gang might be responsible for the murder of two North Park homeless men. Larry Parish, 34, had only been out of prison a short time when he was found beaten to death October 22, 1994, on El Cajon Blvd., around the corner from where Khamisa was shot. Two months later - on Christmas Eve- and one block away from the Parish murder

scene, Lonnie Smithwick, 37, was found on the sidewalk with a bullet hole in his head.

Northwest corner of 32nd Street and Redwood - Nine year old Amanda Gaeke was found dead at the bottom of this small canyon in this North Park residential area. She was last seen Thursday, October 3, 1991. Her body was found 11 days later, wrapped in a blanket. Her clothes were gone. The only thing she was wearing was the key to her apartment on string around her neck. Although police haven't been public about the details, it is believed that she was molested before killed.

Because the case remains open, police have kept the details and cause of her murder confidential. Amanda's mother has been informed of the cause, which the clues point towards strangulation, but she won't discuss the cause because the killer(s) hasn't been caught.

The neighborhood has shown their sympathy for the family and support for the capture of the killer(s) with a shrine at the fence around the canyon. At the

third anniversary of Amanda's death, neighbors left flowers, wreaths, signs, and candles. A house at the location overlooks the canyon. Police contend that her body was there for the entire 11 days, and the people who live there never noticed.

Amanda, along with her mother and her older sister, had only lived in the neighborhood for three months before the murder. On the last day she was seen, she came home from a half day at school, then rode off on her bike to play with friends.

As time moves on, the trail for murderer(s) does become colder. Police believe they found her bike in Lake Jennings Park in Lakeside, approximately 20 miles east of her neighborhood. Her father, who is in Donovan State Prison for possession of stolen property, was questioned. He was a known drug user and there was a possibility of a revenge motive, but nothing turned up.

There was also talk of a mysterious van in the neighborhood during the time of Amanda's disappearance, but the leads turned up cold. No one has been accused or charged with Amanda's murder.

St. Augustine High School (3266 Nutmeg Street) - Kids attending St. Augustine Catholic high school today probably aren't aware of their gymnasium's grim history. When PSA flight 182 crashed in North Park in 1978 killing 144 people (a more complete story of the crash follows this story), the remains of the bodies were stored in the school's gym. Photos that accompanied newspaper stories at the time showed the gym floor blanketed with small sheets, each one covering the crash victim,



St. Augustine High School's front entrance

from a small piece of flesh to near complete bodies. The body parts were kept here until they could be transferred to a refrigerated unit where officials would begin the painstaking task of trying to place

names with the faces, arms, and other remains. People who were allowed in the gym all mentioned the overpowering stench of the quickly rotting flesh.

Think about that the next

time you dunk one for two points on the school's basketball courts.

Sex Spots - The best known sex spot in North Park is F Street adult book store (2004 University Ave.) As adult bookstores go, it has definitely made a name for itself around the county as *the* porn store with its nine locations. It has been able to avoid any of the nasty problems with vice that both Fantasyland (see *GD* #9) in Spring Valley and Chuck's Books (see *GD* #12) in National City suffered.

A visual checklist leaves the impression that a lot of gay men live in the area. Of course Hillcrest is just on the other side of the Grape Street bridge. The place has chilled out on the drug paraphernalia, but I'm unsure if its because of the owners' conscience

Take a drink from the furry cup.

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or if municipal codes now exist that outlaw the selling of crack pipes.

This particular branch does great business. There is constant stop and go traffic in the lot at all hours.

Back in 1988, one year before I had moved to San Diego, a van load of friends from El Centro and Yuma drove into town to see Bad Religion open up for 7 Seconds at Palisades Theater, which is an apartment complex now. We came into town early and wanted to find the club while it was still daylight before heading back to our Spring Valley base. We passed F Street, and one member of our group wanted to go in and see if they sold "rush," a liquid compound that, when inhaled, gives you a wicked headrush. We walked inside single



Grape Street Bridge and F Street adult bookstore

file and I was only able to get a eyeful of an inflatable Jeff Stryker doll before the guy behind the counter carded us. So two-thirds of us had to wait in the van while Hank scored the rush. As soon as

we headed back down University Ave., Hank took a big hit and immediately lost the cap. So while he got the headrush, the rest of us got a headache from the mild fumes.

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Occasionally when vice makes the sweeps for male hustlers at Morley Field and the Sixth Ave. side of Balboa Park, the prostitutes will move over into North Park near the F Street location. If you're looking for female prostitutes, go north on Texas, then hang a left on Howard until the 2700 block. The area's female prostitutes often congregate at the Folsom Tennis Club (2720 Howard Ave.), on the North Park park side.

If passing money to a stranger for backseat or in-the-bushes anonymous sex isn't for you, there are area bath houses. The best known is the Mustang Club (2200 University Ave.) The building is about as inconspicuous as they come, but residents know what goes on inside. Once inside the front door, a thin but muscular young Caucasian male with great hair and teeth accepts the cover charge from behind a Plexiglas window. People who have been in the area for a while will remember the large windowless building as the old Jack LaLanne Health Spa. LaLanne, who could be seen often enough on TV during the '70s, has nearly disappeared from the public eye for whatever reason. He was a real Iron Man, unlike this "Body by Jake" clown. Sometime after the famous Alcatraz jail break, the LaLanne swam from Alcatraz Prison to the San Francisco peninsula just to prove it could be done. There isn't a muscle bound infomercial host on cable today that could pass that endurance test. Somehow it makes sense that his health club is now a bath house.

Nite Life at the corner of Ohio Street and University Ave. is



Wolfs

definitely on the more traditional side of things. It is an average titty bar, in that girls take off their tops to dance for tips. What's neat about Nite Life is the girls are allowed to drink while working, so you can get tanked with your favorite dancer. And unlike the higher caliber topless clubs, such as Pacers and Pure Platinum, the Nite Life girls are allowed to have visible tattoos. Word on the topless circuit is recently one of Nite Life dancers took a knife from the kitchen into the bathroom and tried to kill herself. Someone saw her and police were called, but when she wouldn't put down the knife, the K-9 was sent in to chew on her a bit.

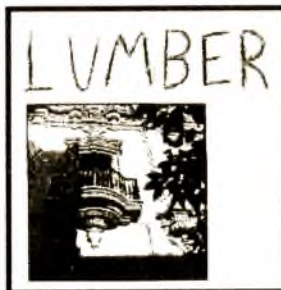
For the leather scene, Wolf's (3404 30th Street) will let you slap chaps with its congenial crowd. Similar to the Mustang, the bar is somewhat inconspicuous at the corner of 30th and Upas. Those that know, the wolf mural means more than the owner is down with an aerosol artist. The bar has also been known to do health demonstrations for its crowd, one of which involved a fist and a guy who bucked like a bronco. The instructor must have known what he was doing because his arm came out with only a light shade of pink.

Now, is the red or the blue light for the men's room?

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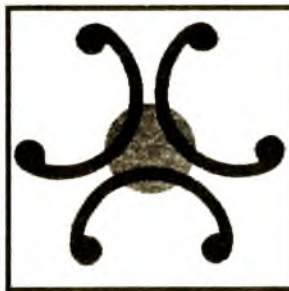
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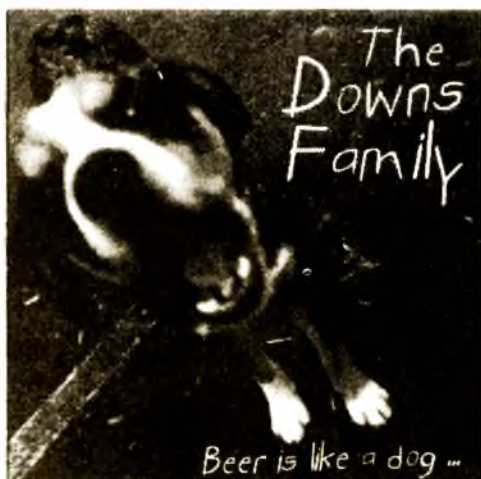
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On Monday, September 25, 1978, it rained fire from the sky when a Boeing 727 collided with a single-engine Cessna above North Park at approximately 9:01 a.m.. The wreckage exploded in flames, wiping out two city blocks. There were no survivors. When the wreckage was cleared, 144 people were dead - 135 that were aboard the PSA jet, the two people aboard the Cessna, and seven people on the ground. Others suffered injuries from falling debris, including a woman and her infant son who

genetic 56

received cuts after a body flew through her windshield while driving through the neighborhood. At the time it was the worst air disaster in U.S. history.

Pacific Southwest Airlines (PSA) flight 182 was descending towards Lindbergh Field for landing when it overtook the Cessna 172, from above and behind at approximately 2600 feet. The Cessna immediately exploded. The Cessna was being flown by Marine and student pilot, David Boswell. Sitting next to him was

instructor Martin Kazy. Upon impact, the fuselage from the light plane, fell nearly straight down, landing in the middle of the 3100 block of Polk St., just west of the 805 freeway. The body of the Cessna pilots crashed through a porch roof of a house on Polk, east of the 805.

The Boeing 727 came down immediately. Only six seconds passed between the impact with the plane and with the ground. The body of the plane came down in a residential neighborhood, destroying or



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damaging 22 homes in a path that demolished most of the 330 block of Dwight between Nile and Boundary.

Bill Robinson, public information officer for the San Diego Police Department, was at the scene moments after the crash.

"When we arrived on the scene, it was such a large scene, that we really couldn't comprehend everything going on," Robinson said. "There was smoke and flames over a large area of the city (North Park). As you know, there were 135 persons on the PSA, there were two people in the single engine plane, they collided while in flight and they plunged to the ground. There were 13 homes that immediately caught on fire and burned down. Seven people on the ground were killed, in addition to the 137 others killed in the two planes.

"At the time that it happened, it was the nation's worst mid-air collision. We really weren't prepared for what we saw and what was to happen over the next two days. The first hour at the scene was chaos and confusion. It was smoggy from all the smoke. You could smell the human flesh burning. So most of us that were there began to act by instinct. Searching homes, even though they were on fire, to see if anybody was inside, and trying to get people out of the two or three square block area. So it was unbelievable."

"The plane exploded on impact. It came straight down and exploded on impact. Portions of the body parts were strewn (everywhere). I saw some hanging from the telephone wires. That's how powerful the explosion was. Telephone wires. In trees. We had homicide detectives do nothing that first day except search for body parts. We set up a tem-

porary morgue in the gymnasium of St. Augustine. We tried to get as many parts of the body together."

Seventeen years later, it's hard to describe both the physical damage and the emotions. The scenes of confusion, horror, grief, and anger mixed with fire, smoke, and destruction isn't on the news tonight. But what Robinson and the others, the residents, reporters, firemen and other police saw gave them nightmares for years. Having to pick up the body parts, seeing the hundreds of small sheets lining the streets, covering the body parts. Trying to calm people whose homes were destroyed or friends or relatives missing. Seeing priests from St. Augustine High School anointing bodies.

Some never recovered. Several officers retired from the force. The stress from the situation was too much to handle.

"Some officers were hallucinating. They'd be watching television, and the persons on TV would actually explode," Robinson said. "I had problems myself. It took me several months to really get it out of my mind. It took me 15 years before I returned to the community."

"I don't ride airplanes anymore," he added.

To this day, there are still rumors and stories of people looting bodies from the crash. Speak with almost anyone who lived in San Diego in 1978 and they'll retell the stories of people running off with arms and hands to take the rings from the fingers. The San Diego Union ran a short piece on nine looters being arrest with the paper's

Nine Arrested In Crash Looting Face Prosecution

The nine persons arrested for taking personal possessions from bodies and burned-out homes during Monday's air disaster in North Park probably will be prosecuted for misdemeanor violations, police said.

Although they were apprehended while allegedly looting bodies and sites of burned-out homes, a police spokesman said like all 26 arrested, they are held on three infractions:

Sightseeing at the scene of a disaster, remaining in contact with a burning building or failing to remain clear of a disaster area.

A police spokesman said it will be up to the city attorney and juvenile officials to determine which persons to prosecute.

Persons booked in county jail were held on \$100 bail and many of the juveniles taken to Juvenile Hall were returned to their parents

The spokesman said there is only one reference in the state penal code to stealing from a dead body and because of the condition of the bodies, "we weren't sure that section would be effective. In the arrest report there is reference to the crime and it will be noted by the city attorney in preparing the case."

Stealing parts from an airliner also is a violation of federal law and it will be up to the city attorney to decide whether to refer the case to the U.S. attorney.

crash coverage. The writer didn't go into any detail, but reading between the lines painted a gruesome pictures. "The spokesman said there is only one reference in the state penal code to stealing from a dead body and because of the conditions of the bodies 'we weren't sure that section would be effective...'"

But Robinson denies that any looting took place, and takes the entire blame for the rumors.

"I'm the one who told the media that," he said. "There was a uniformed officer who told me in front of reporters we had arrested several persons for looting body parts. I made the mistake of taking the officer at his word. Then when reporters asked what he said, I just passed it on without confirming it. As it turned out, because we checked reports the next day, no one was arrested for looting. There were rumors, but the police department deals in facts, so the day after I had told a reporter that there had been body looting, I had to issue a corrective statement. We have no evidence of looting and it was my first correction in my 25 year career."

"As it turned out, about five years later, we arrested a man, I think he was a burglar or something, and he told of-

ficers later that he wanted to return a TV set that he had burglarized from a home in North Park during the airplane (crash). So that was the first confirmation that there was any looting at all."

Following the clean-up and investigation, the cause of the crash was blamed on the PSA flight crew's visual failure to recognize the small plane and the air-traffic control procedures. Changes and improvements were implemented to prevent a similar accident.

Two minutes and 15 seconds before the crash, ground controllers at Miramar referred to traffic one mile dead ahead. Ten seconds later, PSA 182 was warned the Cessna was "three miles, just north of field...." The third warning followed 35 seconds later with the Cessna still ahead at three miles. PSA's re-

sponses to the warnings were, "We're looking;" "Okay, we got that one;" and "Traffic in sight." Control was then transferred to Lindbergh. Strangely, there was no notice of the closing gap between the two planes.

The Conflict Alert System at Miramar went off 17 seconds before the crash, but because it was common for the warning to be triggered, as many as a dozen times per day, controllers did not pay immediate attention to it, partially because the plane was under Lindbergh's control. Miramar controllers did phone Lindbergh, but it was too late. The pilot's last words were, "We're going down!"

Experts believe the PSA pilot mistook a second small plane flying in the vicinity as the traffic they were being warned about. Because the Cessna was underneath the PSA and out of



view, it adds credibility to the belief.

Flight 182 was immediately removed from PSA's flight roster. It was a popular flight, serving commuters between Sacramento, Los Angeles, and San Diego. PSA is also gone, having merge with USAir, May 1987.

Following the changes to prevent another tragedy with the increased air traffic around Lindbergh, pilots still believe the airport is dangerous. Only 740 feet from the end of Runway 27, the airport's one landing runway, is the Laurel Travel Center, a parking garage and travel center at the corner of Laurel and Kettner. The building is 56.5 feet tall, and it's height caused the FAA to warn pilots of jumbo jets not to rely on airport visual-approach indicators because it could cause them to crash into the corner of the building. The same report warned that a Boeing 747 with its wheels down might not clear the building. But, the FAA also refused to declare the building a hazard because a newer warning light directs planes in at a higher altitude.

The terrain near the airport also adds a degree of difficulty for pilots also. Planes have to descend at a steeper angle, not only because of the Laurel Travel Center, but also the airport is at a lower elevation than the area of the city directly east from Lindbergh field. City officials also know the difficulty of landing in San Diego, yet the Laurel Travel Center is still standing despite city attempts to have it removed going back at least until 1988.



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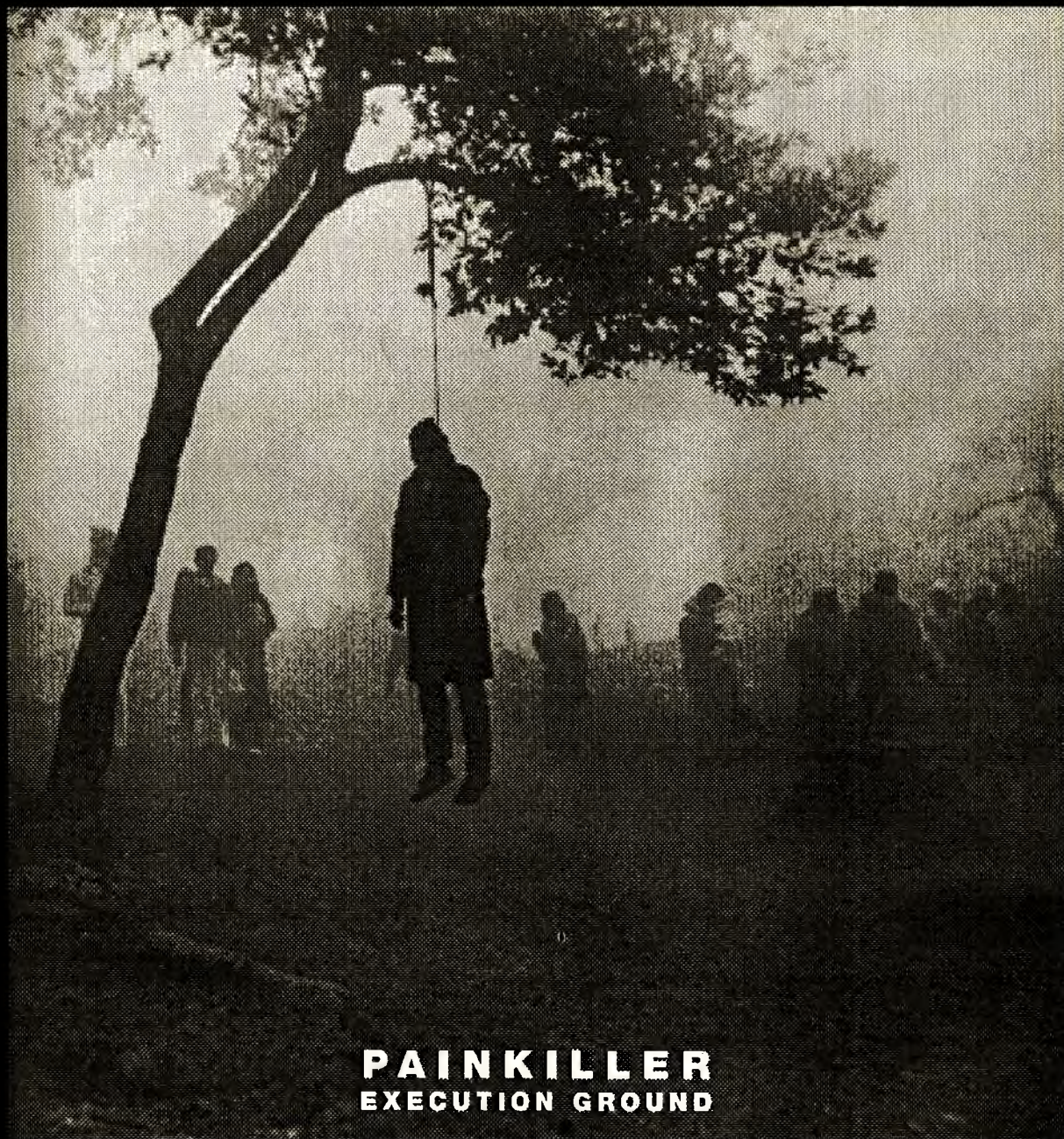
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Know Records, PO Box 4830, Long Beach, CA 90804

Amorphis - Tales from the Thousand Lakes cassette

A lighter death metal band that is in the Dismember range. Some melodic and gloomy guitar over heavy death rhythms with a deep, growling vocalist. There is a keyboardist that occasionally gives them the sound that Bloodstar had at times. The lyrics of death metal bands seem to get more strange all the time. Example: "Out of the dark Northland/ the murky house of Sara/he whirled out of doors as snow arrives as smoke in the yard to flee from bad deeds." Is it metaphoric or bad translation? Either way just the mention of snow makes me excited. (BOB)
Relapse Records, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551

Antietam - Rope-a-Dope CD

I have a genuine bias for this band. True underdogs, resilient to the core, never straying from their original vision and initial inspiration. This disc has the nice addition of some Plasticland-esque organ, and the overall sound is very organic. Alternating vocalist wife and husband plus one busy drummer equals Antietam. Tara Key's voice cuts through like sunshine as always, which is refreshing in a day and age when female vocalists become more popular the more they sound like infants. This is gutsy rock, and one of the best ever from these Kentucky-NY transplants. (ROBB)
Homestead, 150 W. 28th St., Room 501, New York, NY 10001

Ape - Ranger b/w Bus Crash 7"

This would have been more to my liking in 1988 when this sound was just starting to take Minneapolis by storm. Halo of Flies, Lonely Moans, and more recently, The A-10. Those are all good bands and so is Ape. As a matter of fact, Ape may be a little more lively. It seems like something fresh and new, whether it is or not. (BOB)
Certified Records, PO Box 1455, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276

Apocalypse Hoboken - Date Rape Nation 2x7"

I didn't really know what to make of this release. I looked at it for a long time before I made myself

listen to it. Like a moron, I made myself wait two months before I found out they're only the best new punk band in the country. It's eight songs on a total of 14 inches, and every one makes my toes curl. Oh, baby baby, where and when can I get more? Don't be a loser like me and wait. (LARRY)
Johanns Face Records, PO Box 479-164, Chicago, IL 60647

Arm - Suddenly Sorry b/w Ant-Hero 7"

Fucking awesome. There is so much latent energy in this trio. Sounds in places like Jehu, but so much more energy. Simple but with a powerful guitar with fast drums and subsonic bass. All this and not a hint of metal anywhere! Maybe a dash of grunge here and there, a pinch of jangle...great. (FREUD)
The Generic Label, PO Box 225, St. Cloud, MN 56302-0225

Arsedestroyer/Confusion split 7"

There was a time when I could've reviewed this in *Genetic* and the readers would have cared. But now hard and heavy music isn't even cool with punks. People probably wonder why Larry even allows me to review records. I doubt that anyone in hardcore even knows about this zine. They probably say, "Genetic Disorder?" That's a magazine, not a fanzine." Well, anyway, to conform to the format and popular demand, I will just say that Arsedestroyer is uptempo and poppy, though slightly melancholy, with a touch of the mighty Jesus Lizard. Confusion is a little slower and targeted more towards radio airplay, but they're still cool. Just because they're on a major label doesn't mean they've sold out. You better bet I'm bitter, motherfucker. (BOB)
Distortion Records, Sweden

Asphalt - Thirsty b/w Black Rain 7"

Pure heavy fuckin' metal. Great jungle noises at the beginning of the first tune. The b-side tune has a cool vocal thing in the verses, but the rest stinks, and the cliché guitar solos are so bad, you wonder if 'Mike' is making fun of his genre or himself! (ROBB)
Out of Bounds Records, PO Box 4809, Alexandria, VA 22303

Automation - Dub Terror Exhaust CD

Another musical creation by Bill Laswell. The beats on this space-dub time capsule are provided by one of this planet's best drummers, Sly Dunbar. With the help of the Alchemist and Gabe Katz, Bill Laswell turns out four long mind-expanding dub masterpieces. Mr. Laswell's bass playing bubbles and pulses through a myriad of sounds and spaces. As always, near-perfect production and an all black CD case with a really arful booklet enclosed make this time-and-space travel more than worthwhile. (SHANE)
Strata, 180 Varick St., New York, NY 10014

Azonic - Halo CD

There are still individuals who push the limit of what music is and expand the musical art form in terms of sound. Azonic is mostly Andy Hawkins

and his guitar, with additional bottom drones by Gabe Katz, both from Blind Idiot God. Azonic is a stethoscope on a jet engine, white noise through a volume pedal, feedback and desperation. Listening to "Halo" will get under your skin, and once again, you will know what it is to feel music. Feel the sound of a soul drifting aimlessly in the vastness of space, the shrieks and slow death of God as a drill pierces his heart. Azonic goes past music and relates sound waves to the deepest, darkest brain waves. (SHANE)

Strata, 180 Varick St., New York, NY 10014

Baboon - Face Down in Turpentine CD

Grass Records seems to put out a new release about every other week. Most of them are run-of-the-mill indie rock releases put out by college rock geeks who used to be into punk when they were in high school. I could actually sit through this, probably because the opening track, "Master Salvatoris," is a damn cool song. I still consider Baboon an "indie rock" band, only they are able to mix things up. The vocalist does sing softly on certain verses, only to scream his lungs out during the chorus. The guitars are a bit noisy, and there's even an occasional off-key trombone. (LARRY)
Grass Records, PO Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800

Bad Religion - Stranger Than Fiction CD

All of the clippings in the press release that came with the CD were all from mainstream rags. Every story in the clippings seemed to fall on the term "seminal L.A. punk band" when describing Bad Religion, but it's funny that no one really cared when the band sold tons of copies of "No Control." This is one of my biggest complaints and I think gives the original fans the feeling that they were used. While the band was growing, all their support came from the underground - record stores that carried punk vinyl, people who picked up the fliers for the shows and drove God knows how many miles to these piece-of-shit clubs, and, of course, fanzines. I'm not blaming the band for growing, but once they broke through the glass ceiling that kept these bigger punk bands small when compared to mainstream, *Rolling Stone* does a feature and everyone suddenly wants to buy the band's back catalog on CD, watch their videos, and catch ads for their new release/upcoming show in the city paper. They definitely need to remind their publicist who got them to where they are now, only now I doubt too many people that were there in the beginning want much to with them. It's sad when my friends and I drove two hours to see Bad Religion open up for 7 Seconds in '87, but no one (including myself) cares to try to fight the (pardon the cliché) frat boys to get in. Okay, I'll get to the music. I actually like this release a lot. I wasn't expecting much, but there are enough catchy songs, including the title track, that I've played this to the point of burnout. That is, until the next time I ride in Steve's truck. (LARRY)
Atlantic

Beel Jak - Tales from Zydoffatslobicon cassette
Fuck! This shit is big and heavy, slowly

staggering...killing, killing, and killing. Four slow trudging mean fuckin' songs. Man, it's so rad. (BOB)
PO Box 24378, Cincinnati, OH 45224

Bender - Funny Kar CD

I can't help thinking of the Parasites when listening to this. And like the Parasites, the hooks are there, the vocals sound fine, but there's still something small that's lacking. Maybe it's the fact that this style of music now seems so radio-friendly, or that the sugar coating becomes hard to swallow after a while. The indie rock pop punk explosion is beginning to burn me out. (LARRY)

Ringing Ear Records, 9 Maplecrest, Newmarket, NH 03857

Bitchos - cassette

I live in Silver City, NM. Art idiots from Santa Fe are moving here in waves. If this band moves here, I'll kill them. Santa Fe needs to be bombed before the cancer spreads. Someone from 27 Devils Joking is in this band with 40-or 50-year-olds. They say that they're influenced by Pere Ubu, but they're not even close. It'll be a great blank tape. (BOB)
626 Kathryn Ave, Sante Fe, NM 87501

Blind Willie's Johnson - Oops! 7"

I'm usually a sucker for bands with goofy names or goofy covers. I'm even a bigger sucker for bands who use switchblades creatively in their cover art. As for how these guys sound, they play mid-tempo trashy garage rock with a harmonica. It's okay, but when so many other bands with the same sound can blow the roof off your house, it makes releases like this one look bad. (LARRY)

Unclean Records, PO Box 49737, Austin, TX 78765

The Bollweevils - Stick Your Neck Out CD

I like the Bollweevils, but for some reason, I can only take this band in limited doses. I really dug their previous 7", but I'm having a hard time ingesting a whole album. The singer sounds like a

punk rock Jim Croce, and the music is about as tight as energetic punk gets, but it just isn't doing it for me. It is definitely worth a listen, but maybe not all at once. (LARRY)
Dr. Strange, PO Box 7000-114, Alta Loma, CA 91701

Boy's Life/Vitreous Humor split 7"

The Boy's Life song is a cool, loud punk tune. I bet the either the guitar player or the bass player sings because the vocals always fall in a place where neither are working too hard. Vitreous Humor are definitely a pop-punk band. There are cool breaks and the bass fills work. The lyrics are a plus, because I was confused after the first listen if they were about smoking pot or having sex for the first time. Who really cares because they're about the same thing. They both make you do dumb things that you wouldn't normally do. This side will be played more than the other. (LARRY)

Crank!, 1223 Wilshire Blvd. #137, Santa Monica, CA 90403

Bracket - 924 Forestville St. CD

I first heard Bracket on an obscure cassette comp. from Mermaid Records with other Sonoma County bands a la Bitchcraft, Soundtank, Slop, Patch, Agro and Relentless Jones. The debut disc from these Forestvillians is 13 songs of a steady pop punk driven vehicle, (probably an old converted school bus). A lot of references to childhood find their way into this package, via lyrics, old school photos and poems, etc. The central theme seems to be centered around this kind of small-town childlike innocence. When listening to the music, I don't think about their place in rock music, they are just out there doing their thing because that's what they are. Maybe they listened to a little Husker Du, but for the most part they seem even innocent from any one major hip influence. These guys are genuine, and this disc is probably a good indicator of greatness to come by and by. (ROBB)
Caroline Records, 114 West 26th Street, New York,

NY 10001

Brise Glace - When In Vanitas... CD

This is a very peculiar album, with an even more unusual list of suspects — Jim O'Rourke, David Grubbs and Henry Kaiser included. Hell, it consists of noise, whether ambient silence or feedback and clanging metal, and not much else. The melodies are buried so deeply, it's almost impossible to hear them clawing frantically at the lid of their cheap pine box as they struggle to escape. They suffocate with bloody fingertips worn down to the bone. "One Syntactical Unit" finally lets them loose, but by then, their faces are already twisted into a rictus of pain and grotesque humor, as if they died laughing. If you're into industrial music or almost purely discordant sound, grab this with all speed. (SCOTT)
Skin Graft, PO Box 257546, Chicago, IL, 60625

Broken/Quadrilacha split 7"

Cool Atlanta split. Both bands do catch and basic punk. Quadrilacha is all-around more grabbing, but the whole record is just plain rocking. (BOB)
Standfast Records, PO Box 973, Lilburn, GA 30226

Brutal Truth - Need to Control CD

These guys are one of the greatest bands I've ever heard. Sheer grindcore chaos. Dan Lilker, once of Anthrax and S.O.D., is the bassist. He seems to want to take a very intentional artistic voice to this band. Brutal Truth have done lop ridden songs, fast short songs, slow gloom, all with an in-my-face lyrical minimalism. This all gives me a bad, bad vibe. Also there's a song against maulining, but they do a Germs cover. They also pump up smoking dope. Their philosophy seems very self-satisfying. Besides all this, the main factor and bottom line is that they lay so much waste musically that their slow mindedness isn't a subtractor. (BOB)
Earache

The Bubble Boys - Drip 7"



Assfactor 4, Assuck, Bombshell, Clairmel, Corsair, Don's Ex-Girlfriend, Drop Dead, El Toro, Friction, Frontier Trust, Gimcrack, Grain, Gus, Gussard, Highway 66, Initial State, J Church, Less Than Jake, Me'er Do Wells, Radio Wendy, Radon, Rain Like The Sound Of Trains, Schlong, Sparkmarker, Tired From Now On, Undertow, Union Morbide, Vanbuilderass, When Puberty Strikes.

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worked pretentious and tiresome cover thrown in for good measure, 5) just plain fucking boring, 6) all of the above, but since I don't know who he is, I probably don't understand his brilliance and what an

artiste he is. Save it for the KC cognoscenti. (ROBB)
Taang!, PO Box 51, Auburndale, MA 02166

Charles Brown Superstar LP

Sounds a lot like a bad version of Stereolab. I don't think I can stomach much of these guys. This is admittedly a dance mix single on 12 inches of vinyl, a total waste. They included what has to be the worst cover of the old new wave song "Cars" on here. The rest of it is college students running amok with Moogs. Not good, not even a little. (FREUD)
Mighty, 6607 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90028

Christie Front Drive/Jimmy Eat World - split 7"

Emotional pop punk from the heart. Each band has one song, and both are equally good. Jimmy Eat World's song has a great, nice guitar that breaks into a whole bananza of catchy, tap-your-toes, fast-paced rhythm. Christie Front Drive stay pretty mellow, actually sounding like Superchunk. Give up your Denny's Grand Slam and buy this instead. (DEVIN)
Wooden Blue Records, PO Box 1147, Tempe, AZ 85281-1147

Clairmel - Eraserman 7"

These guys have a definite Jawbreaker influence. The singer of side A almost has that Psychedelic Furs guy gravel thing with his voice. This song is upbeat and fun to listen to. Then they drop down into a lower emo gear on the second song which drags on after about a minute. More songs like the first one would have made this more of a pleasure to listen to. (LARRY)
No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604-4636

Circular Ruin - Demo '94 cassette

Personally, I kind of like it. It has a lot of NYC rocking metal elements. If you're not into metal, don't bother. (BOB)
PO Box 564481, College Point, NY 11356-4481

Coral - Pillowtalk CD

All 13 tracks of this album have their positive points. Whether it's the clean, sharp, razor guitar with a plethora of rhythms and disjunct melodies or the solid plodding drum beats Coral comes across as something original with no filler. Imagine that in the '90s rock world. The singer sounds high strung and pushes his voice like Ed from Ohio or Jed from Spurge. I'm gonna actually keep this and not sell it for drug money. (SHANE)
Fistpuppet, 3058 N. Clybourn Ave., Chicago, IL 60618

Corduroy - Jan Michael Vincent b/w Dead Fish in an Empty Pond 7"

The A side began with naked vocals and just when I was about to groan, the guitars kicked in. It's loud and the notes could be counted on one hand. I

didn't turn it off. The second song only uses an acoustic guitar and vocals. The contrast made this an interesting listen. (LARRY)

Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146

Cows - Orphan Tragedy CD

I never miss the Cows when they come to town. This album sounds like the Cows. They seem to have perfected their sound, they got it down, and this is it. The problem with that is I don't find myself saying things like, "Whoa, what was that?" like I have with every Cows album in the past. But the Cows still rule, and in a fight between the Cows and Slayer, my money is on the Cows. (JIM)
Amphetamine Reptile, 2645 First Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55408

The Cramps - Flamejob CD

If you like The Cramps, then you know what to expect from this 15+ year old outfit. Raw, raunchy, evil, dirty, filthy, scummy, sleazy, sweaty, leather, rockably with voodoo undertones. Friends, they haven't changed one iota in all this time. Admittedly, though, in 1995, having been shocked to the point where nothing is ever shocking anymore, The Cramps almost seem like a self-parody, that probably don't know what else to do, so they just keep on banging it out. Of course, with every song under 4 minutes, and especially with titles like "Let's Get Fucked Up," "Naked Girl Falling Down The Stairs," and "Swing The Big-Eyed Rabbit," anyone'll get a kick out of it at your next backyard barbecue party. (ROBB)

The Medicine Label/Epitaph Records

Craw - Lost Nation Road

This is Craw's second take on the "bludgeon-them-over-the-head" approach to song writing. Oddly, my first impression of this CD was a Cure comparison. The first vocal line of the album is "Six years later my twin was born..." This immediately made me think of The Cure's "One Hundred Years" from "Pornography." It sets a tone for the record which could not be overcome, not by tricky time changes, Albini-esque vocals, or loose, discordant saxes. Throughout, cool ideas peer out from corners, only to be pummeled by a street gang of heavy-handed sameness. Overall, not too bad, just not great. (KEVIN)

Choke, Inc., 1376 W. Grand, Chicago, IL 60622

Crown Roast - A Nose Has Many Jobs CD

This is one monster of a disc. Try shoving the heavy noise of crystal meth through a guitar amp. Who knows what the vocalist is saying. I don't care. I like the pounding these guys are giving me. Death metal wishes it was this cool. (LARRY)
Unclean Records, PO Box 49737, Austin, TX 78765

Cub - Volcano b/w Cast a Shadow 7"

I'm so glad that not all "girl bands" have indoctrinated themselves into the new hate group "riot grrls." Some bands happen to consist of all girls and are interested in playing quality music. Cub are another great pop band off of Canada's Mint Records. "Your Bed" is a quick, uptempo, pop-your-head-around song that keeps me humming it long after its mere one-minute-40-second time span. On "Cast a Shadow," a Beat Happening song, Cub is joined by a harmonica player that has the band and audience laughing. I only wish for more. (SHANE)
Mint Records, 699-810 W. Broadway, Vancouver, BC V5Z 4C9, Canada

Cuppa Joe - Nurture CD

These 13 songs are a gift. They're a present handed down from those spirits which govern creative endeavors and they capture the sensation of spending late nights at coffee shops, drinking too much espresso, and staring across the room at the most beautiful person you've ever seen, trying hard not to let your eyes linger long enough for them to notice. The catchy melodies adorning these ditties seduce the listener although they're fairly quick

The first song has "college radio hit" written all over it. It's catchy, they can sling, and it has all right hooks in all the right places. Side two is forgettable. (LARRY)

Average Day Production, PO Box 442334, Lawrence, KS 66044

Campfire Girls - Little Wolverine b/w Post-Coital 7"

I wouldn't think that this would impress me. The best way I can describe them as what would happen if Nirvana got real, real emo. Mellow stuff here, but good, real good. His voice sounds so much like Kurt Cobain it's uncanny. Dim blue light in the corner, drunk as hell music. (FREUD)
Boy's Life Records, 6831 Delongpre, Hollywood, CA 90028

The Candy Snatchers/Gimcrack - split 7"

This is a really good record. The Candy Snatchers play some wacky late '70s style punk. Fun and solid. Gimcrack sound like tough Screaching Weasel with a rougher recording and overall more aggressive. Gimcrack's "Diane" is a pretty memorable and rockin' track. (BOB)
Stiff Pole Records, PO Box 20721, St. Petersburg, FL 33742

Capitalist Casualties/Discordance Axis split 7"

Both sides are recorded live. This is the most insane mess of noise I've ever heard. Songs I should know I hardly recognize. Totally bitchin'!!! 200 made, so try those unknown distributors. Discordance Axis fuckin' terrorizes. (BOB)
Pulp Records, 290 Brook Dr., Milltown, NJ 08850

Cervenka, Exene - Wordcore Vol. 7 7"

Exene covers some ground on this wordcore/poetry EP. She doesn't seem to cover any new ground, but old ground sells so well. Exene lashes out at toy guns, museums, fashion (sounding like a Kim Gordon list, like on "Swimsuit Issue"), and the rich. Fuck those wealthy assholes, they got money and I don't. Boo-hoo, Exene, you've got more money comin' in off "House of Burning Love" than I've made in 10 years. I do like Exene, don't get me wrong - I named my first cat after her. It's on Kill Rock Stars. I wish they would practice what they preach. (SHANE)
Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State #418, Olympia, WA 98501

Ken Chambers - Above You CD

I don't pretend to know anything about KC or who he is/was as far as indie-rock pedigree goes (Larry told me, but I forgot), so what you get is an account of the music as it sounds, which is: 1) well produced, 2) non-intrusive uninfected pop, 3) typical '90s singer-songwriter complex from aging ex-indie rocker backed by decent, same caliber, possibly also ex-semi-infamous indie rockers, 4) over-

about it. "Sitting Limit," "Broken Arms" and "Rollercoaster," among other cuts, are insidiously addictive pop, sugary sweet and loaded with chemicals and colorings nature never saw. If you desperately need a comparison, think Sebadoh meets Unrest on a starry night in the middle of Nebraska, listening to the wind whistle through the corn fields as the band members strum acoustic guitars and slowly fall asleep to dream. (SCOTT)
Dromedary Records, PO Box 17, Boonton, NJ 07005

Dahl, Jeff - Leather Frankenstein CD
 Yeah, it's another long-playin' rekkid from the dude who put the rawk back in punk. Face facts — now that Iggy Stooze seems to have given up making music that matters (enough socio-political blatherskite Iggy, what the fuck happened to yr nihilism?), Jeff Dahl is heir apparent to the Stooges legacy, except he seems to have grasped the underlying melodies and harmonies more firmly than the Stooges ever did. There aren't any covers on this album, but it seems stronger for it. Dahl just straps on his guitar and rocks the fuckin' lid off with virtually no guitar wankage — just chords, chords and a few more chords for good measure. (SCOTT)
Triple X, PO Box 862529, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529

Dancing French Liberals of '48 - 7'
 Okay, with a show of hands, how many of you out there buy singles only to find out that most of them are only worth about two listens before they are shuffled into the ol' collection? Yeah, that's what I thought. But I do have some good news for you: it won't happen with this release. Dancing French Liberals of '48 are rockin'. "Spags" is very melodic and catchy, where "Scream Clown Scream" is a tad more on the fast side. (DEVIN)
Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146

Das Klown - Blow Yer' Self 7"
 A really strong 7" containing three snappy songs. "Blow Yer' Self" is the keeper and "Billy Bad Ass" is an ode to some shitkicker rip-off club owner (I figure they couldn't find any word that rhymes with Ezzat). I'm surprised I liked this because I took their CD to a can smasher. This loses most of the retard qualities and goes for the hardcore. Maybe it's due to the ripping drummer borrowed from NOFX. (DAVE)
Know Records, PO Box 4830, Long Beach, CA 90804

The Denison/Klmball Trio - Plays The Music Of "Walls In The City" CD
 Who would have thought that Jesus Lizard guitarist Duane Denison would suddenly make a left turn at the Copacabana and wind up playing guitar for the Lounge Lizard? Maybe that statement is a bit unfair because Denison does create some unholy six-string racket on this album, but it sure sounds like the odd type of disjointed bar noise present in drinking establishments with tiki motifs. And in case you're interested, there are a few other names on here that you may recognize, but you'll have to discover those for yourself. (SCOTT)
Skin Graft, PO Box 257546, Chicago, IL 60625

The Derelicts - Going Out of Style 1986-1990 CD
 The worst thing about these types of posthumous compilation CDs is that it's the final word and there's nothing left to look forward to when the aluminum stops spinning. It's pretty depressing to imagine a world without the Derelicts, especially in a world where bands like Weezer and Live are permitted to roam free without the possibility of having some punk rock savior kick the shit out of them every time they threaten to tour or put out another record.



What this comp contains is 25 (plus two repeated in live format) of the best punk rock poots to come out of Seattle since The Fartz. I'm not sure how complete this comp is, but it does have a lot of the EP stuff that I'm sure many of you were too chickenshit to pick up (or couldn't find). Well here it is, in the acceptable format for lazy punx who don't feel like turning the record over. What I say is CDs are great for making a quality recording to give to your little brother. The music here ranges from the early thrash (no metal here) to the later period stuff which was full of quick, tight more melodic sing-along stuff. Cool cover art by Steve Winters. It's also the third record I've got this year with "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In" on it. Recommended. (DAVE)
eMpTy Records, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102

D.I. - State of Shock CD
 I am still amazed at the energy Casey and whoever else he has in his band this week must go through to keep this band alive. So much energy in fact, is spent, that the result is a seemingly endless slew of mediocre lyrics and rehashed O.C. style punk (one minor point, how come all the old punkers use the phrase "Running out of time" so much? It's almost as bad as pop-punks who say "walk away"). The band never really had anything to offer anyone but a good half-hour to forty minute trip back in time at a punk show here and there. Their enthusiasm is apparent but it just doesn't translate well to vinyl (or aluminum coated plastic) resulting in a pretty cool record to listen to while taking a dump or talking on the phone. Go see them live though, that's where they shine. (DAVE)
Doctor Dream Records, 841 W Collins, Orange, CA 92667

Diesel Queens - The Wanderer b/w Codpiece Nation 7"
 The band that has the San Fran. area screaming in terror and clutching their wallets demanding their money back has done it again. These five schleps only offer up two this time, one number sounding remarkably like Meatloaf, the other is a pretty good cover of "The Wanderer". Much more professional production than the split with The Insaints, but not better overall. (FREUD)
Sympathy For the Record Industry, 4901 Virginia St., Long Beach, CA 90805

Disinherited - Unearthed cassette
 The last cassette by these guys was pretty good by showing off the fact their sound was undeveloped.

With this release, the band shows how they've evolved into the most intense and brutal grinding death metal that I've since the first time I heard Brutal Truth. Disinherited are kind of like Cannibal Corpse, only more complex with more speed changes. I like these guys and this tape more than I've ever liked Cannibal Corpse. This fucking crushes shit! (BOB)
1800 William Kennedy Dr., Charleston, SC 29407

Disrupt - Unrest cassette
 I got this in the mail on Halloween. What a perfect Halloween. A bag of free cassettes in the mail, a Green Bay vs. Chicago in the cold rain on Monday Night Football, a Disrupt cassette to scare the little children with, and no trick-or-treaters stopping to get candy, so I ate it all myself instead. Mounds, Reese's, Sprees, Dum Dums, raging Disrupt cassette that sounds a lot like my faves Extreme Noise Terror. What a night. (BOB)
Relapse Records, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551

Emily - Engineering Means I Love You cassette
 Dude! It's Handicap Porno. Only this is the unreleased double garage recording. Someone is trying to pass this off as Emily. Man, I lost my Handicap Porno tape somewhere. Garage hardcore with muddy production should always be limited to three minutes, maximum, because it becomes difficult to listen to. Write to Larry and tell him to change the name of *Genetic Disorder* to *Handicap Porno*. (BOB)
Rent to Own, PO Box 1138, Notre Dame, IN 46556-1138

Emily - Finer Time 7"
 Emo type stuff although I suspect that they wouldn't call themselves that. Lyrics that are so personal that nobody understands them except the writer. Some heavy, some quiet stuff but both are pretty emo. This isn't all that good really, but not bad either, just kinda mediocre. Even though there are some really catchy riffs, it's probably not worth getting. (FREUD)
Rent to Own Records, 79 High St., Newtown, PA 18940

English Dogs - Bow to None CD
 The Dogs return with the same lineup as on their "Mad Punk" record. I've always loved the English Dogs, and although this is different in ways it is still the same great band. They have done what GBH has also done, which is combine metal power with intense hardcore and deliver the music with

steady aggression. "Psycho Killer" is still a classic. (BOB)
Century Media, 1453-A 14th St. #342, Santa Monica, CA 90404

Erasergun/Malleum split 12"

Is there such a thing as garage industrial? I listened to the Malleum side first, and that's what this is. There's a drum machine with an electronic snare that usually beats too fast for my own good. The guitar has that four-track fuzz sound while the singer relies mostly on the ever-so-popular telephone vocal sound. Eraserhead is a more straightforward garage band that occasionally (especially the second song) tries to go for the JSBX thang. They also reach out for some spacey punk noises on a couple of tracks. It was worth one listen. (LARRY)

Silly Bird Records, PO Box 14604, Berkeley, CA 94704

The Exceptions - No Shirt, No Shoes, No Exceptions! CD

Uh, I guess the rock and ska sound is the place to be. As far as this record goes, it has the same deficiency as the new Skankin' Pickle CD. Punk rock and ska almost never sound good together and the lyrics that are meant to be goofy and humorous are really plain stupid. Luckily there is more ska than rock. (BOB)

Icon Records, PO Box 1746, Royal Oak, MI 48086

Exit 13 - Ethos Music CD

I had wondered what these guys sounded like for a while. Wow, am I pleased. On the cover there is a disclaimer that states: "This band smokes, bud!" Not only do I agree, but I found out that they do love the herb. "Legalize Hemp Now!" is one of their crazy, insane, intense grindcore deathly blasts. Atrocious would probably be close reference. This is packaged with utterly beautiful pictures of the forest in fall, and loaded with environmentalist thought. This will definitely become a long-term favorite. (BOB)

Relapse Records, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551

Face to Face - Over It CD

I gotta start this review off by saying I had every single track on this CD in one form or another on vinyl. But now they have a second guitarist and a new label (ahem), but everything seems kosher so far. Bottom line, every song on this disc still rocks the fuck out of the whole pop punk thing going on. I've been following what Face to Face has been doing for more than a couple of years now, and they seem to be headed in a more-than-respectable direction. "A.O.K." is more than enough proof. I want to say it again: if you're even bothering to read these reviews, you should own a turntable. Vinyl is not dead. I'm really looking forward to any new material released real soon. (LARRY)

Victory Music, 8455 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90048

Festering Rinyanyons - Flatlander Recluse CD

Someone lifted the floodgate on a reservoir of intense punkness. These guys lash out with their instruments and scream until their voices are strained. Even when this three-piece slows down, they still beat the shit out of their instruments. Songs like "I Owe Money," "Muthaphuka," and especially "Junkfood Pussy" show that they can still put the songs together while completely fucking shit up. Simply, Festering Rinyanyons smoke. (LARRY)

Bovine, PO Box 2134, Madison, WI 53701

Fifteen - Buzz CD

I don't think I been this excited to listen to anything from the Bay Area in a long time. Fifteen has always been sloppy, yet catchy with it's simple vocal melodies and hooks. Plus I love Jeff Ott's voice. The guy must gargle with rusty razor blades before breakfast. Jeff and Lucky split the vocal duties and play off each other. Yea! I'm singing along. The lyrics are cool social commentary with a personal

commentary without being preachy. Does this make sense? How about the chorus to "Helter Smelter:" "Ride a fucking bike." It makes a lot of sense to me. (LARRY)

Grass Records, PO Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800

Fine to Drive - Seeing Double cassette

This kind of stuff sucks. It is rocked out metal in a funky groove. If you peeked in on these guys when they were backstage preparing for a show, you'd likely hear them saying, "Dude, lets rock their socks off tonight!" (BOB)

319 Old Country Rd., Belmont, CA 94002

Floor/Spazz split 7"

Floor has a touch of Sleep-y Ozma that winds into a series of explosions that surprisingly sounds similar to bass guitar. Spazz is heavier than your mom. When they aren't being sludgy, they're pounding away in that Stikky/No Use for a Name/Pissed Happy Children thrashiness. They packed in six songs on seven inches. If you tied this record to your ankles and jumped of a pier, you'd sink right to the bottom. (LARRY)

Bovine, PO Box 2134, Madison, WI 53701

F.O.D./Ninefinger - split 7"

You don't know how happy I was to hear that F.O.D. isn't dead, which I had assumed since they had not released a new album since '90/'91. They've been one of my favorite bands since '87, and I hope they stay around and pump out as many maniacal hyper thrash releases as possible for a few more years. Here they do a cover of the Go-Go's "Head Over Heels," and a quick new tune that had me quaking in my shoes. Ninefinger does a noisy, mid-tempo cover of Faith's "In the Black." What do you know, it's Mike Dean from C.O.C. Oh, man, why don't you have a copy of this yet? I recommend writing first to ask if they have any left. (LARRY)

Deaf American, #3 Bethel Church Rd., Dillsburg, PA 17019

Fork - 7"

Heavy, heavy, and if you can believe it, more heavy. Finally some new good music to listen to when you're drinking yourself into a stupor. "Tapeworm Begat Tapeworm" and "Big Meth" both will make you vomit, but "Tapeworm..." will make you enjoy the burning taste of bile sifting through your teeth. Fast and furious instruments with loud screaming vocals, kinda Unsane-ish without the hype. If you miss this you're crazy. (DEVIN)
Medical Records, 61 E. Columbus Ste. 102, Phoenix, AZ 85012

Fragmented - EK Passion Drone cassette

I can't find any music on this, just a drone. I kept expecting some metal band to burst in, just like how I expect Kreator to start playing "Pleasure to Kill" at the end of the "Plant a Tree" commercial that John Denver does on TV. I don't know what the purpose for this was. (BOB)

1512 Canyon Run Rd., Naperville, IL 60565

Fudge Tunnel - The Complicated Futility of ignorance CD

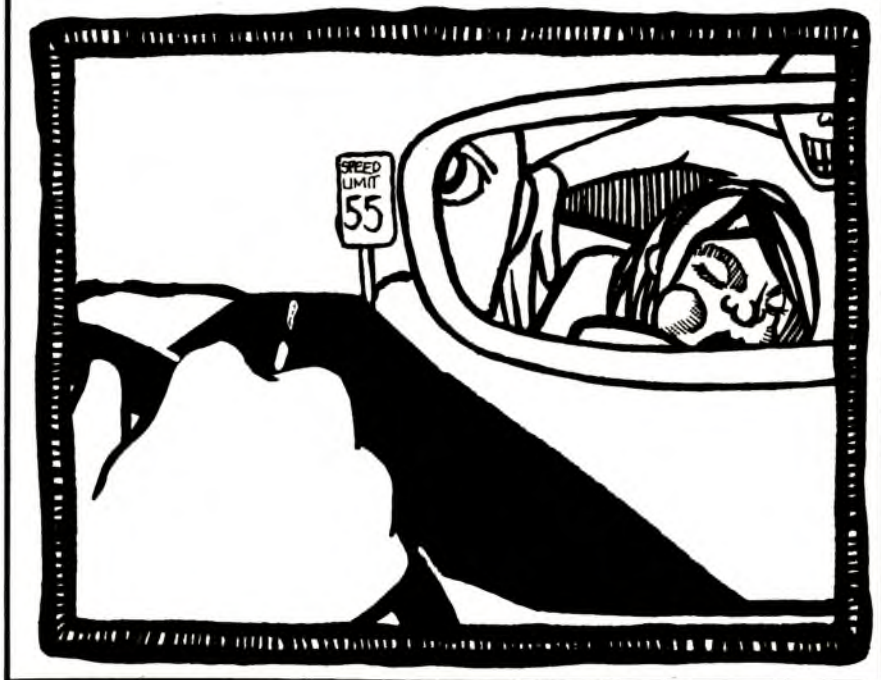
Comparable to other bands in this genre such as Godflesh, Scorn, and Sonic Violence, yet this record for me is the last straw!!! I can't take this anymore. It's been done before and there's much better "bands" doing this type of thing. It's going nowhere and it's getting boring. Of course if you're unfamiliar with this stuff, it's pounding, metal-edged dirge music that repeats itself to a nearly hypnotic state. This stuff usually works for me but add sappy love lyrics on a couple of songs and it just makes me want to hear Assuck. (DAVE)

Earache

Fun Girls from Mt. Pilot - Lunch Box 7"

If these guys were from any "happening" place in the country - oh, let's say Berkeley - I bet they would be a big deal. God only knows their brand of punk rock is better than a lot of shit that's been

Awkward situations I've been in
When a friend and his girlfriend started going at it
while I'm driving. This actually happened twice.



Honcho Overload - Pour Another Drink CD

Despite a great cover photo, this disc is pure runo-the-mill '80s college rock. I think this kind of stuff is what they refer to when pigeonholing a "sound" based on a group's geographical locale; in this case, the Chicago sound. I don't know if this is an accurate description, or if said pigeonhole even exists (I know it shouldn't), but what d'ya make of a band with Robert Smith guitar sounds, those now cliché soft-to-loud pseudo-dynamics and quasi-college boy brooding lyrics? I dunno. (ROBB)
Mud, 201 North Coler, Urbana, IL 61801

The Hormones - Sell Out Young 7"

One of the larger fanzines was raving about this band. I think it was Jersey Beat, but I'm not sure. Regardless, The Hormones are a cool band with a great early punk feel. The title track is a cool '77 punk tune, while the flip is okay, except the vocalist seems a bit restrained. (LARRY)
Unclean Records, PO Box 49737, Austin, TX 78765

Huevos Rancheros - Go West Young Bee 7"

Canadians, a happy lot they are. Every record I got from Larry this time that had to do with Canada was great. Taking a couple of tips from Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet, Huevos Rancheros let the instruments fly, makin' you bop around and pretend you know how to surf. Alexa, if you read this, buy this. Good for breakfast. (SHANE)
Top Drawer Records, 1912 Franklin Ave. E, Seattle, WA 98102

Huge Voodoo - Word 7"

The lyrics are the main feature, which are mostly sex/emotionally related. A group of artists produced this record. Two songs are mostly poetry with synth backing and two songs are rambled and ranted poetry over thick hip-hop beats. Not my thing, but it's very good for this genre. The first song, "You're Just Using Me for Sex," is actually pretty funny. I guess this type of thing is real popular in the NYC area. (BOB)
Oculus Records, PO Box 148, Hoboken, NJ 07030

Jennifer Convertible - Co-Dependency b/w The Car Song 7"

Pop seems to be the rage again. Not that it ever left, it just got covered up with monster guitars, screaming, and hate. But pop is back, clean, fairly happy, sweet harmonies (bop, bop, bop). Jennifer Convertible write quirky pop. It all comes in an extremely professional, high-budget package. It's good. Try as I may to find some bad points, I just can't. (SHANE)
Puddle Records, 12 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10010

Jesus Lizard - Show CD

Jesus Lizard give us their first major label release via a live show at CBGB on 12-19-93. It seems that they could have gotten better sound since they're now on a Time/Warner subsidiary. It's not an explosive show, but they play some great songs with a few off of "Down," such as "Mistletoe" and "Fly on the Wall." It sounds like David Yow's voice might be gettin' shot, not that I'm surprised after years of abuse. He has some great lines in between songs though. It's good, but coulda been better. (SHANE)
Collision Arts/Giant Records, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10019-6908

Jesus Lizard - Down CD

The album is as good as the cover art by Malcolm Bucknail, and the art is excellent. The liner notes pretty much sum it up: "Duane Dennison play guitar pretty good/Mac McNeilly is a heck of a drummer/David Wm. Sims sure pounds a mean bass/David Yow is a unique vocalist." Get it. (SHANE)
Touch and Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60626

Johnboy - Clalm Dedication CD

Johnboy is frustrated, so they plug in the distortion box with the knobs on full. With their heads looking down, the noise rising from the guitar and

bass is a thick melodic loneliness. They start to get into this Codeine-like feel when the anger kicks in and the rhythms jackhammer and the guitar grunts and squeals around this guy's talking/pleading/yelling. From depressing sparseness to a made frenzy, Johnboy got my head swingin' from a rope. (SHANE)
Trance Syndicate, PO Box 47991, Austin, TX 78765

Jughead's Revenge/Strung Out split 7"

With every band trying to be Bad Religion and NOFX's little brother, it's great to hear Jughead's Revenge playing late '80s style hardcore with a tinge of metal. The music is hard and heavy without crossing over into the straight edge-style of moshcore. Yes, there are solos, but luckily, they don't go too far overboard. As for Strung Out, I didn't care for their full-length on Fat Wreck Chords at all. I actually enjoyed these two songs. They were straightforward punk rawk with a bit of metal. No paint by numbers pop punk or syrupy vocals. Right on. (LARRY)
Fearless Records, 20710 Manhattan Pl., Suite 132, Torrance, CA 90501

Kiss Me You Fool - Here Kitty Kitty CD

If the vocals had a bit more sneer in them, if the guitars were a wee bit louder, faster and noisier, this might well be great pop-punk. As it is, it's decent, energetic pop music. Even though these songs aren't especially memorable (Hell, I imagine I'll forget them 20 minutes after writing this), they're easy on the ears and feature jangly guitars coating every song. However, don't buy this expecting the best record you've ever heard. It might provide some momentary enjoyment, but in the end, this sugary pop is simply more empty calories in your musical diet. (SCOTT)
Iteration Records, PO Box 742, Benicia, CA 94510

Kryptonite Nixon - Swag CD

Wearing their hearts and obvious Sonic Youth influence on their sleeves, Kryptonite Nixon makes standard noisy indie-pop slacker-rock. However, this isn't especially well done. It may be lo-fi and dissonant, but it also commits the worst musical sin possible - it's boring. Hell, it's better to suck with all the attractive force of a black hole than to be boring, simply because at least then music evokes a critical reaction beyond a yawn. But Kryptonite Nixon? The only critical reaction they evoke is a nice, long, lethargic nap. (SCOTT)
Flipside, PO Box 60790, Pasadena, CA 91116

Leather Hymen - Destroy All Monsters b/w Weird Dog 7"

Every neo-'60s garage band sounds the same, only some have personality, and others are just overly obnoxious. There guys are the latter. (BOB)
Marginal Records, 735, Kensington Rd. E., Los Angeles, CA 90026

Les Secretaires Volantes - Meconium CD

Ultra high energy PUNK RAWK!!! Similar to bands like the New Bomb Turks or Didjits with guy/grrrl vocalists alternating the lyrics, sung in French which, translated by my 3rd year B-minus-average education in the language, seem to be very funny and ultra-retarded and smart ass in nature. A large hand-



ful of musical styles and loud production make this band worth your hard earned-money and precious time... but boy if'n that isn't the dumbest cover art I've ever seen. I do like the picture of the lead singer with a bowl of ca-ca. It reminded me of that movie "Salo." (DAVE)
En Guard Records, 2230 A Coursoil, Montreal Qc H3J 1C5, Canada

Less Than Jake 7"

This record ruled from start to finish. Every song is a strong punk number, with sax added to one for a slight ska number. Everything is here. The sound quality is fine. The vocals sound great. The music is strong with lotsa hooks. Grab a pen and write for copies. (LARRY)
No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604

Lincoln - 7"

Lincoln is an emo-core band, and usually this kind of music bores, but the songs (all two of them) have good structures and you can tell gallons of sweat and tears went into them. This is kinda in the same vein as Kerosene 454 and Junction. All of these bands put out quality, honest songs that are about life and living it. (DEVIN)
Art Monk Construction, PO Box 1105, State College, PA 16804-1105

Linus - Yougit CD

Strangely enough, this album didn't cause any reaction, negative or positive. Some of the songs are interesting to listen to, but for the most part it's nearly perfect background music. This vaguely dissonant, indie-jangle-pop isn't distracting, annoying, enjoyable or engrossing. It's just there, hanging in the air like an unnoticed cobweb. (SCOTT)
Elemental Records, no address

Little Puppet - cassette

Most people won't care about this. I'm interested because it has Mike from Wheezing Maniac playing guitar. It is weird and quirky and kind of cracks me up. If you like goofy odd projects or liked Wheezing Maniac, then that might be why you'd be interested. Otherwise, probably not. (BOB)
1423 N. Martel Ave., Hollywood, CA 90046

Loose Change - Lucky Dog 7"

This is a mixed one. On one hand it's great, original-sounding, shift-changing pop-punk with a quality vocalist that made me react similar to when I heard Samiam's "I Am" for the first time. On the other hand, the "tagger" look and the piss-awful love lyrics really take points away from an otherwise great record. (DAVE)
Shredder Records, 75 Plum Tree lane #3, San Rafael, CA 94901

Magic Dirt - CD

Very interesting. Most importantly, the boss of this CD is a hidden 37-minute organ drone. It's a very

nice organ drone: four or five chords weaving in and out of each other. I was able to do most of this review while listening to it. After 23 minutes, I just had to cut it. The problem is, when you have one "song" which is longer than all of the other songs combined, it diminishes the other tunes. Of those tunes, "Touch That Space" is the most impressive. It's got that heavy '60s reverb tone on the vocals which gives it some cool depth. A long fade-in to match the CD's end is kinda cool too. The rest of it is okay, just not very inspired. Kim Gordon-esque vocals. Spacy "We Will Fall"-type monotonous. Pop-punk overtones. Yeah,... pretty cool, I guess. (KEVIN)
Au Go Go, GPO Box 542, Melbourne VIC 3001, Australia

Man Will Surrender - Instrument CD

...and Dave will puke. A half rate Tool/Prong mixture. This is the stuff Dream Streets are made of. I'll pass. Maybe that Fudge Tunnel record isn't so bad at all after hearing this dreck. Too many bands like this miss the mark and it sounds terrible. (DAVE)
Conversion Records, PO Box 5213, Huntington Beach, CA 92615

Mandingo - How's My Driving? 7"

The A-side, "Closet Bully," comes off Mandingo's new LP "Ivive," but the cuts on the flip side are non-LP tracks and ... well, however excellent these songs may be, they're poppy punk rock and people tend to love it or hate it. If you're into J Church, Everready, etc., get it. If not, look elsewhere for your next vinyl kick. (SCOTT)
Dr. Strange Records, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701

Mandingo - Ivive CD

Mandingo are a bit slower than other bands that are involved in the pop punk revolution, which is definitely to their benefit. No, they don't sound like Green Day, thank you. Something that other pop punks usually fail to do is let the emotion come out through their music. Too many bands are relying on trying to create a sense of energy, but it usually falls flat after two listens. Mandingo's style of singing and playing gets points for throwing in the emo with the pop punk. (LARRY)
Dr. Strange Records, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701

Massey Ferguson - Smoothly Tilted 7"

Both songs have a choppy song structure, but are covered with enough noise and fuzz to keep it interesting. The vocals are screamed through a constricted throat with lyrics that don't mean much since there is no lyric sheet. The second song sounds like it could almost pass for a Nirvana b-side, which isn't meant as an insult. (LARRY)
Schneider Records, 41, Mentle Park, Lexington, KY 40502

Material - Hallucination Engine CD

Material is Bill Laswell's original musical group that has been constantly evolving and changing since they early '80s. Material has had so many sounds and musicians that they (he) cannot be labeled. This Material album seems to be the antithesis of label mates Praxis (*wrong, Shane, Praxis is on Subharmonic - Larry*) because this is beautiful and soothing, where Praxis is disjointed and chaotic. "Hallucination Engine" is true "world music" by bringing together the world's greatest musicians, Simon Shaheen, Bootsie Collins, Sly Dunbar, Wayne Shorter, Aiyb Dieng, Shankar, and this isn't even half of them. Real music by real musicians, which contradicts Axiom's motto: "Nothing is true, everything is permitted." Please do music a favor and buy this album. (SHANE)
Axiom, 400 Lafayette, New York, NY 10003

Mekons - Retreat from Memphis

As is well documented, this is the only band to have survived the stock market crash in 1929. They were busting up England's pubs back then; and

they've lasted long enough to smash 'em up today. With all the lineup changes they've had, I think I can still make out the faces of Jon Langford, Sally Timms, and Andy Gill-look-alike Tom Greenhaghlghlgh on the cover. There are a ton of people on this album, and it shows. Where "Our Bad Dream" has that way-def, fly, dope, hip-hop edge to it, "Spirals Of Paranoia" culls forth the spirit of Crass. Overall, the best tune is the catchy pop ditty "Lucky Devil". It moves swiftly. It swerves and cuts like a Barry Sanders. Ms. Timms' vocals are top-notch throughout the album, but on this tune, she glows like a Bosnian summer. Let's face it, the Touch And Go family of labels has never released a bad record. So take my word for it. Search the used bins and take a chance. (KEVIN)
Quarter Stick, PO Box 25342, Chicago, IL 60625

Mercury Rev - Everlasting Arm b/w Deadman 7"

With the possible exception of musical pioneer Bill Laswell, Mercury Rev's schizophrenic brain waves seem to be breaking more musical boundaries than anyone. "Everlasting Arm" is a mellow, dreamy Dixieland Jazz by Spike Jones, mutant psychedelia, back in the Big Apple, pop sensation in the loony farm master piece. "Deadman" has Alan Vega of the late Suicide rambling hot words a la beat poetry over the Mercury Rev orchestrations of chaos. It all ends with 25 minutes of talking, tickling, laughing, and singing with a child named Jonathon (maybe Donahue?) and his mother (?). (SHANE)
Big Cat Records, PO Box 855, Radio City Str, New York, NY 10101-0855

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones - Question The Answers CD

I gotta admit, I was kinda scared to listen to this. I love their first two releases. They will always be a considered classic albums in my collection. What had me scared was the mediocrity of their last release, "Don't Know How to Party." Sure, it had its high points, such as "Illegal Left," but as a whole, it didn't do much, and I was scared the Bosstones would begin a spiral downward with this release. Well, they didn't, but they still have some catching up to do after "Don't Know..." They definitely do some serious damage with tracks "Kinder Words," "Toxic Toast," and another version of "Dogs and Chaplains," but they kinda flounder on a few others, enough to make me notice. "Yeah, I'll just skip straight to 'Toxic Toast.'" Don't let me scare you off from listening to this, but understand that it might take a few listens before you can really get into this. (LARRY)
Polygram

The Mommyheads - Flying Suit CD

Ah! Finally, some gentle, melodic la-la pop songs. Frankly, this is what the doctor ordered as a substitute for lazy Sunday afternoons basking in the sun. Oh sure, maybe these songs are slightly wimpy, but who cares? The Velvet Underground were wimpy at times and they produced "Sister Ray." At any rate, these eight tunes are pretty darn nifty. However, they're also pretty short so you might want to conserve your money for the Cuppa Joe record reviewed elsewhere in this issue. (SCOTT)
Dromedary Records, PO Box 17, Boontown, NJ 07005

Mondo Guano - Return to the Fatherland 7"

Low-Budget boom box style recording. The kind of music where everyone's doing their own thing. Guitar's doing this, bass is doing that, who knows what the hell the drummer is doing. Somehow it sounds kinda surfy, but it really sounds like when four non-musical people get together to start a band for the fun of it. Mondo Guano is having fun and I had fun listening to this the one and only one time I'll listen to this. (SHANE)
Westworld, PO Box 43787, Tucson, AZ 85733

Mule - If I Don't Six CD

Straight-forward sloppy, dirty 4/4 rocknroll with a twist of hillbilly and some spots with a cool organ.

The only problem is I've recently listened to Clawhammer's "Ramwhale," and it makes Mule sound pretty mediocre in comparison. (SHANE)
Quarter Stick, PO Box 23342, Chicago, IL 60625

The New Bomb Turks - Information Highway Revisited LP

A band that knows how to rock doesn't have to take any shit. The Turks definitely have bragging rights over most everything out there. Why? Because Matt and Jim play these minimal chords ragers while Bill bangs the shit out of a loose hi-hat. Oh, man, don't even get me started on Eric. This is the first Turks release I have that has a lyric sheet. No, his lyrics aren't necessarily show stoppers, but he knows his roots. He wants to rock harder than everyone else before him without denying those roots. He'll throw out a high-pitched "yeah," or a tweak a word out at the end of a verse. And it works. It works every fucking time. I'm opening my mouth while the Turks are showing themselves down my throat, and I've never gagged once. (LARRY)
Crypt Records, PO Box 140528, Staten Island, NY 10314-0528

Nine Pound Hammer - Hayseed Timebomb CD

Oh, how I am thankful that these guys decided to play hillbilly punk'n' roll instead of country, 'cause if Nine Pound Hammer wanted to play country, they would be at the top of the charts. Their cover of "Adios, Farewell, Goodbye" proves it (I used to hear that song all the time as kid while driving with my dad). Consider us blessed. They've left us with rocking riffs and witty redneck lyrics about guns, booze, and broads. Unlike most CDs, I find myself skipping to my favorite tracks after repeated listens. Not with this one! The only thing I find myself doing is playing it again. This is definitely one of the best releases I've reviewed for this issue. (LARRY)
Crypt Records, PO Box 140528, Staten Island, NY 10314-0528

No Consent - Generation of Today 7"

Sorta like Operation Ivy doing punk, but a little bit cleaner. I think they wanna save the world and hold hands. But anyone who wouldn't rather destroy the world and hack off other people's hands isn't cool with me. Litter a lot. (BOB)
Naked Aggression Records, PO Box 3102, N. Hollywood, CA 91609

No Empathy - You're so Smart CD

Now this is more like it. Chicago-style melodic punk has always been one of my fave styles. I really like bands like this with that Effigies/Naked Raygun sound. I haven't heard this band on anything but comps before and finally one whole record to listen to! Their music has that Chicago sound mixed with a slight tinge of Oi! for inspiration. Neither cheesy or brutal, this is the perfect record for those long road trips and tastes especially good after vomiting large amounts of alcohol. Highly recommended. (DAVE)
Johanns Face Records, Box 479-164, Chicago, IL 60647

Noise Culture - Face Value cassette

These guys are begging to be rock stars. Over-produced Soundgarden-ish piss. Four songs, the shortest being four minutes and 54 seconds. (BOB)
No address

None Left Standing - Laura 7"

If your into NLS or the whole East Coast emo hardcore thing you'll probably like this one a lot. Lots of spunk and zest. Good overall. I'd enjoy listening to this while driving alone after dark the most. (FREUD)
Rhetoric Records, PO Box, Madison, WI 53701

One Hit Wonder - 7"

If this band even came close to getting one hit, it would fucking amaze me. Straight metallic glam rock. (DEVIN)

Dr. Dream Records, 841 W. Collins, Orange, CA 92667

One Ton Shotgun - Disgruntled 7"

I bet these guys can send this record anywhere and get good reviews. Uptempo punk with a ton of punch and a cool cover of David Bowie's "All the Young Dudes" also. (BOB)
308 Forest, Middleton, RI 02842

Old Bull's Needle - Sidewalks Look the Same 7"

The first of the three songs was like a long car ride; I couldn't wait for it to end. One repetitive riff. Ugh. Song two was a decent generic thrasher. The third song was the best of the three, but it still wasn't that good. It's records like this that really make you appreciate people who can write good lyrics. The lyrics here are the type that a sophomore would turn in as his English poetry assignment. "But the words rhyme...." (LARRY)
Blue Collar Records, PO Box 18762, Denver, CO 80218

Pachinko - 5"

I really wanted to listen to this but my turntable won't let me play it. As soon as the needle reaches the edge of this tiny record, it returns to the rest position. Damn, this is cool. A 5" record with a slip cover and a small sleeve that looks like it was designed by Jim Thompson. Can anyone tape this for me? (LARRY)
Rhetoric Records, PO Box 82, Madison, WI 53701

Palace Brothers - CD

Country and western on Drag City? Hell must be getting a wee bit chilly right about now. It seems appropriate though, especially since Drag City put out that Gastr Del Sol album, the Silver Jews, a Pavement collection and some other stuff. Acoustic country-flavored musical fare fits right in with their catholic tastes. And this isn't that Billy Garth Jackson bullshit either, this is the real, raw, cryin'-in-a-bottle-of-cheap-whiskey country and western, not some friggin' exotic-line-dancin', rock-influenced Hairclub-for-Men-celebratin' six string revival with designer jeans and Tony Lama boots. This is the dark side explored by people like Hank Williams Sr., Jimmie Rodgers and even Robert Johnson who was actually more of a blues artist. That's okay, because the Palace Brothers don't seem to distinguish very clearly from blues and country. They seem to have realized that both musical styles stem from the same wellspring of pent-up emotions and heartbreak, not to mention fear. It can be kinda hard to hear what these boys are singing about, but it isn't hard to hear the pleading tones in the voices and guitars, the quiet moments of desperation peering out from between the notes like fragile wrens, waiting for the wind to die down so they can fly home. (SCOTT)
Drag City, PO Box 476867, Chicago, IL 60647

The Paper Tulips - Small Bee Helicopter Type CD

This seven-song EP comes loaded down with tons of lo-fi jams for filler before the disc is finished, and these are some of this release's finer points. Surfy punk that is probably a lot faster live. (SHANE)
Flipside, PO Box 60790, Pasadena, CA 91116

Parasites - Pair CD

Surprisingly enough, Nikki Parasite has managed to make an album sounding like a nearly exact replica of his last record. "Pair" has the same catchy hooks, the same pop-punk enthusiasm and the same angst-filled sentiments of unrequited love. So why is it so boring? It has the same catchy hooks, the same pop-punk enthusiasm ... in other words, there's nothing different, except for a rather enjoyable cover of Joni Mitchell's "Both Sides Now." (SCOTT)
Shredder Records, 75 Plum Tree Lane. #3, San Rafael, CA 94901

Pencil - Scantron CD

I'm a sucker for words, especially spoken words

genetic 72

over sounds or music. Pencil's vocalist Rob Davidson conveys some pretty cool lyrics in a mostly monotone speech that made me try to figure out what each song was about. That is what made me keep listening to this. The music never was confrontational or outstanding, but it stood up and supported the words and together they kept me listening. I couldn't figure out what every song was about, and I liked that. (SHANE)
PO Box 30313, Indianapolis, IN 46230-0313

Pet UFO - Pigeon Heaven b/w Liberty 7"

There's an obnoxious, tinny sounding guitar that gives this some originality which keeps it from being an early L7 sounding rock gone punk. Early L7 isn't a great comparison, but close enough. A lot of bands do this sound now as an answer to grunge burnout. (BOB)
Burnt Sienna Records, 207 Powhatan Ave., Columbus, OH 43204

Pinhead Circus - Gone Again 7"

Remember the first time you heard Crimpshrine? Within 15 seconds, you knew that these guys had everything a band needs; energy, sincerity, catchy songs, etc. I'm not trying to compare Pinhead Circus' sound to Crimpshrine, but I had the same feeling listening to this as "Sleep, What's That?" I want to play this for everyone who comes over to my house. Anyone who asks me to make them a comp tape is getting this. Yes, this is that good. Let's hope these guys can put out more records before some evil force comes along and breaks them up. (LARRY)
Black Plastic Records, PO Box 480832, Denver, CO 80248

Pink Lincolns - Suck and Bloat CD

There's nothing really special about bands like Pink Lincolns, The Queers, or The Vindictives, but what makes them so much damn cooler than other garage punk bands that every town has an abundance of is that all of these bands have charm. These guys know they're rejects, but don't care. If you want IQ, go listen to Bad Religion. Instead The Lincolns will keep cranking out tunes that make you bob your head and sing along with gems like "Stupid Me," "Monsters," and "Let's Make a Deal." (LARRY)
Stiff Pole Records, PO Box 20721, St. Petersburg, FL 33742

Pluto - Deathstar b/w Million and Two 7"

The quintessential, smoother-than-smooth pop single of 1994. I've heard nothing that even comes light years close to the sweet, sweet pop sensations of Pluto. I've probably listened to both of these songs about a million and two times. Pluto may be the farthest planet from the sun, but it's the closest single to my turntable. (SHANE)
Mint Records, 699-810 W. Broadway, Vancouver, BC, V5Z 4C9, Canada

Pollen - Bluette CD

My first was reaction was, "This sounds a lot like the stuff the Descendents were putting out right before they turned into All." My last reaction after listening to the entire album was, "Yeah, these guys do sound a lot like the Descendents. Where the hell is my 'Enjoy' album?" (LARRY)
Grass Records, PO Box 800, Hockville Centre, NY 11571-0800

Popdefect - Don't Be Hatelful CD

More great spy-rock from these noise heroes. Great tones on the twanger and excellent vocal mixes as usual. If you've never heard Popdefect, check out one of their 90 or so releases, get some cheap beer and chips, mute the MTV and sink into the sofa. (ROBB)
Flipside Records, PO Box 60790, Pasadena, CA 91116

Pot Valiant - Transaudio CD

How slow can you go? While Pot Valiant doesn't

quite adopt the plodding tempos of a Codeine or Bedhead, their languid indie-pop songs (with all the attendant stereotypes about esoteric lyrics, insecurity and unique melodies) stroll along at a carefully measured pace, allowing the band to experiment with sounds and distortion. At times, the music drowns out the mumbled vocals; at others, the jangly, fuzzed guitars simply add texture to the words. Although this isn't wonderful, fantastic or amazing, these nine songs have a curious sort of cathartic beauty to them, appropriate for the post-break-up blues or when life simply seems too complex to put into words. (SCOTT)
Iteration Records, PO Box 742, Benicia, CA 94510

Process - Regeneration CD

I was surprised to see how much I liked this. It's an emo type of thing with really good structured songs. The musicianship is strong with talented players. It's rockin' and definitely a pleasant listen. I wish there were more than six songs, that's fer sure. (BOB)
Conversion Records, PO Box 5213, Huntington Beach, CA 92615

Pungent Stench - Club Mondo Bizarre-For Members Only CD

Besides being on a speedy downward spiral, these guys have put out a fair album, just nothing you'd want pay for. They aren't even a shadow of what they once were. Hey, I like rock'n'roll as much as the next guy, but only Ted Nugent, Motorhead, and AC/DC can do it with muscle and good jams. Buy "Free For All" instead. (BOB)
Nuclear Blast America, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551

Pretty Mighty Mighty - Ugly CD

This was interesting to listen to. Dual male/female vocals backed by traditional guitar, bass, and drums along with a violin player. It's kinda cool listening to a rhythm violinist, or when he throws in a couple quick notes during breaks. The music is slow to mid pace. I did find myself skipping the slow songs for the more upbeat tracks. Heavy Vegetable came to mind more than a couple of times. (LARRY)
Burnt Sienna Records, 207 Powhatan, Columbus, OH 43204

Bill Racine - 7"

Bill Racine either thinks he was in Pink Floyd, or wishes really hard that he was, and to tell the truth, I don't know which is worse. If anyone thinks they might be interested in hearing this, send me your address and I will personally give you my copy, then I will kill you. (DEVIN)
Rent to Own, PO Box 1138, Notre Dame, IN 46556-1138

Rev. Horton Heat - Liquor in the Front CD

I realize now that the Stray Cats would have been badder than fuck if Brian Setzer was about 60 years old. This rocks in a big way! Throw it in the mix with the new Slayer (uh, you would've had to have been to my last party to understand -Larry). (JIM)
Atlantic

RKL - Rags to Riches CD

I don't even want to talk about the last RKL release. Someone fooled Mr. Brett into putting the name RKL on that album when they were obviously not the same band that released "Keep Laughing" and "Rock'n'roll Nightmare." But even with the return of Jason, there is still something missing from this incarnation of this band. First I realized the catchy lyrics were missing, but most importantly, the catchy songwriting is gone also. I really believe they lost something now that Bomber, who is playing bass and singing in another band called The Other (I spoke with once with Bomber and he claimed that he wrote every single note and word for RKL), is gone. Now they're just another generic thrash band. At least they could have come up with a new cover concept rather than a crummy copy of the cool Dan Sites "Rock'n'roll Nightmare" cover. (LARRY)

Epitaph, 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 111, Hollywood, CA 90028

Safehouse - Me, You, and Dempsey... 7"

Okay, there are two kinds of pop-punk bands: mediocre ones that suck because they sound like 99 percent of the other pop-punk bands, and energetic bands that don't. Okay, I know that's a huge generalization, but so many bands are going for that sound, you have to be good to stand out. Safehouse is one of the good ones. Eryc's vocals are a bit on the high end, sorta like Billy's from Libido Boyz before they went off the deep end. The songwriting is right on, and the bassist really knows how to fill in those four chords. This is definitely recommend. The only thing it was missing was a lyric sheet. (LARRY)

Wooden Blue Records, PO Box 1147, Tempe, AZ 85281

Salt Peter - Empire State b/w Girlfriend in Canada 7"

This 'big hole' trend in 7" records is getting on my nerves, probably because I don't have a jukebox to put 'em in. The GIC song's a little too long, and boring. "Empire State" is a radio-friendly Johnny-come-lately jangle-rockers a la Gin Blossom The Wet Lemon 'n Cryin' Sprocket Heads. (ROBB)
Mono Cat 7 Records, PO Box 19880, Cincinnati, OH 45219-0880

Schlepprock - Something Like That 7"

The A-side is off the new Schlepprock album and it's okay, but the B-side provides the best reason to buy this. "Vanishing" is pop-punk the way it should be done - speedy, melodic and introspective. "Nobody" is pretty much the same, with the exception of some Neil Peart drum fills. Sadly, this 7" distills the essence of Schlepprock into a tasty brew far better than the new album does. (SCOTT)
Dr. Strange Records, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701

Schlepprock - Propeller CD

It's uptempo, melodic punk rock (hell, call it pop-punk if you must) and I like such music, but for some reason this seems somewhat boring and mediocre (sic). It doesn't have the funky spark the "Do it All" 7" did. Frankly, it seems like Schlepprock used a punk-by-numbers kit to create this record, including the prerequisite reworking of an 80's pop song ("The Psychedelic Furs' "Pretty In Pink," in case you care) that quite a few punk bands seem to be including these days. It's a decent record, but it has a distinct "been there, heard that" feel. 'Nuff said. (SCOTT)
Dr. Strange Records, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701

Schwarzenegger - The way things Are... And other Stories CD

Never heard this band before receiving this CD. Well, now I am pretty much hooked. Very mid-tempo Brit music, not very technical and the odd inclusion of keyboards in the band is digested a bit more easily after a couple of listens. Lyrically it's powerful and intelligent and makes you think. This record is catchy as hell and the band aches to be heard live. I'd like to hear what this band does next though, as I fear this may be the one release of theirs worth owning. (DAVE)
Allied Recordings, PO Box 460683, San Francisco, CA 94146-0683

Screamfeeder - Burn Out Your Name CD

When Screamfeeder decides to pick up the tempo and shift into "rock" mode, they're actually a half-decent band with some catchy harmonies, vocals and guitar noise. The rest of the time? By and large, it's nothing but boring plod-rock with a few scattered melodies. This music is informed by a pop sensibility, but apparently missed the point — pop songs are upbeat, easy to consume and devoid of calories, kind of like sugar-laden breakfast cereals. Screamfeeder's music isn't particularly energetic or

easy to listen to, not because it's loud or emotionally intense, but rather because it's boring. If they'd had more songs like "Around A Pole," the story might be different, but, ironically, the best song on the album summarizes the problems with the record - "Lost the greatest riff I ever had." Better find it before you put out the next disc. (SCOTT)
Taang! Records, PO Box 51, Auburndale, MA 02166

The Sea And Cake - CD

This, a sonic disc. By that I mean that The Sea And Cake use thoughtful dynamics with a light, cheery sound complete with occasional sax blast and odd synth flavors that aren't too obvious. These things work in the context of their jazzy non-lounge poprock, offset by the indie-style vocalings. An enjoyable chilliness. Great music for a rainy day, or any kind of road trip through the countryside. If you like "Up on the Sun"-era Meat Puppets and FIREHOSE, then The Sea And Cake will also do nicely at your backyard pool party. (ROBB)
Thrill Jockey, Box 476794, Chicago, IL 60647

Kevin Seconds/5' 10" -Rodney Reggie, Emily CD

It's been a few years since the "Young Until I Die" days, and Kev has grown up a bit. He's changed his presentation, but, fuck, the guy still knows how to write a song. He is still putting together the melodies and the hooks, mixing in personal rather than political lyrics, and the outcome is something close to what fluf or Superchunk is doing. I put off listening to this for a couple of months because of the hangover I had from Drop Acid. I'm taking back every bad thought I had before I listened to this. (LARRY)
Cargo/Earth Music, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432

Section 315 - Drop Dead CD

Somehow I knew what this would sound like. It's choppy mosh core that stays in the low notes. It's the sound that a lot of straight-edge bands are go-

ing for, but I doubt these guys abstain. The vocalist has a pretty cool voice but seems to fall into a Rob Zombie trap way too often. He also likes to throw "motherfucker" in at every opportunity. (LARRY)
Sin Klub Entertainment, PO Box 2507, Toledo, OH 43606

Seducer - Enticing the Masses cassette

I really like this. It starts aggressive and the guitarist plays some interesting chords which draw you in and keep you listening. By the end, this speed metal band has kicked into high gear and really starts chewing shit up. (BOB)
4625 Murrayhill Rd., Charlotte, NC 28209

Siege - Drop Dead cassette

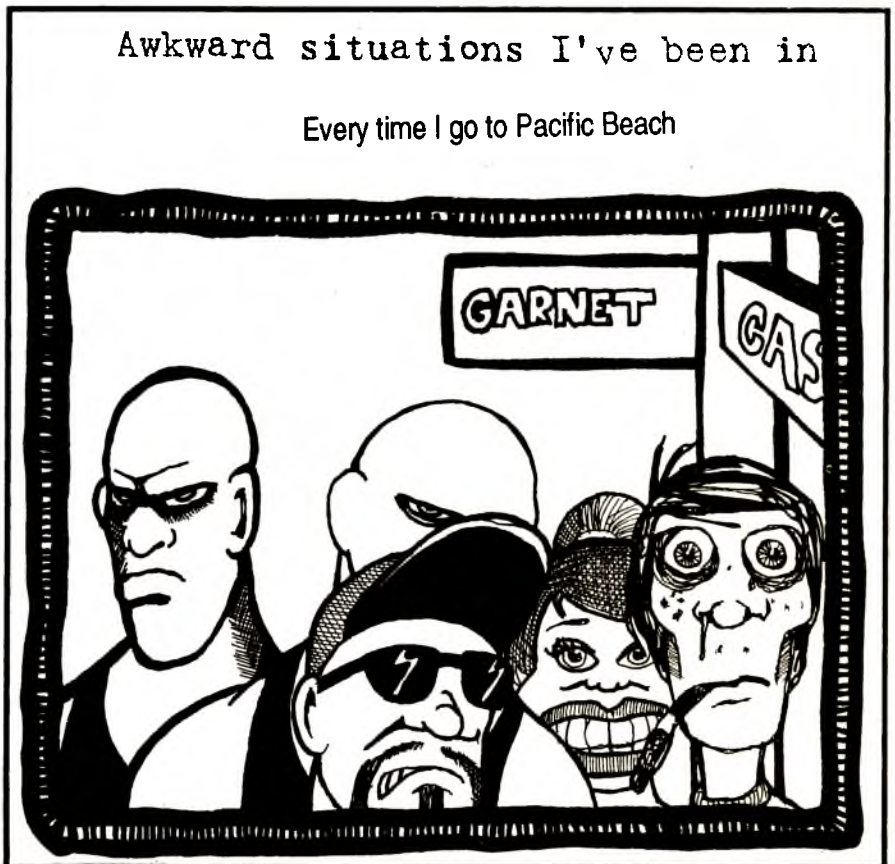
This was originally released as a demo, and on that skate rock compilation thing. Nine songs that shred. Anyone who loves raw and grinding noise will love this. I do. Recorded in early 1983, and it's still cooking. (BOB)
Relapse Records, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551

Shorty - Fresh Breath CD EP

Yeah, it's loud and it's on Skin Graft, but there seems to be something missing. It just isn't as brutal or as dissonant as other releases on this fine, noisy label, and dammit, it just isn't as punishing. Sure, it's quirky and offbeat, but it just doesn't evoke intense physical reactions like nausea, vomiting and headaches. And five songs is far too short for the money involved. Although Shorty sounds like a band with potential, it's hard to tell from the relatively brief tracks included here. For those keeping track, John Forbes from Mount Shasta does a bit of screaming on "Really Pointy." (SCOTT)
Skin Graft, PO Box 257546, Chicago, IL 60625

Silver Jews - Starlite Walker CD

Look, it's simple — Silver Jews is this Pavement side project kind of thing, which explains why they sound quite a bit like Pavement. However, Silver Jews seems to have more firmly grounded roots in

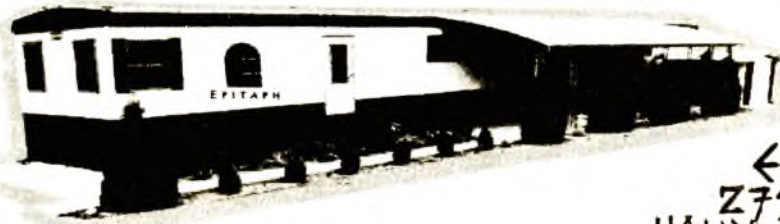




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the prototype indie bands like the Velvet Underground and Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers. The band makes melodic, achingly beautiful, atmospheric country-flavored indie rock that's better than just about anything Pavement has done. Oh sure, Pavement's trademarked dissonance and quirky jangle-rock is still present, but this album sets a mood of sunsets over abandoned, burned-out train stations in Georgia. Enjoy the kudzu. (SCOTT)
Drag City, PO Box 476867, Chicago, IL 60647

Six Feet Deep - Struggle CD

This is pretty much a straight-forward mosh band with big time NYHC influences. Mix that with a small bit of hip hop and next thing you know you're on the floor and someone's boot is in your eye. These guys are die-hard Christians, which is rarer than a boxing kangaroo nowadays, and a lot of their lyrics reflect that. Death metalheads will want to avoid, born-again skaters and straight-edgers will jump all over this. (LARRY)
R.E.X. Music, PO Box 25296, Nashville, TN 31202

Skankin' Pickle - Sing Along with... CD

Ah, well, the lyrics are pretty dopey and the music doesn't find a good groove. They play ska with rock parts and metal guitar solos, and don't pull it off well as the early Bosstones did, but their straight ska stuff is really, really good. As a listener, I wish they would do a record of all ska instrumentals, like the Ska Flames or something. That would be great, but this is tough to listen to. (BOB)
Dill Records, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030-5585

Slint - CD

I've always thought that Slint's last release, "Spiderland," was literature set to music. With their new EP, Slint gives us, the listeners, a highly detailed story without ever using words or lyrics on this two-chapter, 12-minute release. The black-and-white cover photo gives us all the information we need (Slint declined any band information or track listings). The killer, the gun, the victim, and the witness. The story begins solid, soft, and even graceful, and builds from there. The music tells us of the encountering doom of the victim, the guitars stalk and creep until they fire upon the victim, and as he struggles to live, the music twists and grates. You can feel the anguish and fighting of the pain, until suddenly the drums die, the bass quits, and the guitars reach and grab with fighting feedback until they finally flatline. The story is over. The victim is dead and we are the witness in the bottom of the photo, watching, listening. Another excellent CD by a unique band. A literary work without any words. (SHANE)
Touch and Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625

Slowpoke - Mad Chen CD

My first instinct is to go on and on about how bad these guys suck, but I'll try not to go on and on for too long. This is college rock to be sure, some tracks sound like The Church and similar rockers whilst others taste like locals fluf and the like. Now if you like alternative music, then this is the record for you. I feel bad about dissing these guys so hard but the next time that they're playing a 21-and-over show somewhere wishing that they were on an even bigger label I hope they remember that there are some people that don't just want to bop their heads. (FREUD)
Dutch East India Records, PO Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800

The Smears - Love Is For Suckers CD

I saw them live not too long ago. They were playing with Chinchilla. BIG mistake. The mighty Chinch



wiped the floor with 'em. But I digress. This album is loaded with Ramones-y lyrics, '60s fuzz-distorted guitar, and short, punk-style burn-ups. "Vom Sorb" is a good example of what we're dealing with here. It's a song about a girl in class vomiting on her desk and in her hair. Yeah, society just keeps stepping backward on the same banana peel. (KEVIN)
Cargo Records, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432

The Smugglers - Party...Party...Party...Pooper! 7"

These Canadian dudes rock yer pants off til ya can't stop dancin'! Serious party-garage-fuzz-TV-fun-and-grew-up-on-KISS-rock! You gotta respect guys who ain't afraid to wear pink polka dot shirts. The inside goodie sheet explains that four different "Party Pooper" covers exist for this slab o' vinyl. I got David. Try your luck, especially if you are into that swankin' 'Crawdaddy kinda' thang. (ROBB)
Mint Records, 699-810 W. Broadway, Vancouver, BC V5Z 4C9, Canada

Sockeye - Retards Hiss Past My Window LP

Some may find this sill, goody, and immature. I do too. Others may say that the records isn't funny at all, but those people are stupid. It is fun to be retarded, and even act retarded when you're not. Sockeye is my friend. (BOB)
Jettison Records, PO Box 2873, Durham, NC 27715

Son of Leadfoot - cassette

My tape recorder chewed it up on the first song, but it wasn't sounding too good anyway. (BOB)
No address

Sons of Hercules CD

I lost Mike Stax's phone number. If I still had it, I would have given him a call after one listen of this CD. "Yo, Mike, you gotta check out Sons of Hercules. It's got the great garage sound that I know you love. You know, Estrus, Get Hip, yeah baby. The guitars have that perfect fuzz that's so hard to find. The singer is great. I can't understand a fucking word, but I still love 'em. It's loud, fast, and short. Give this disk a spin and tell me what you think. Oh, yeah, I almost forgot, 14 Germans and a couple of Swiss guys called me looking for you. They wanted to know if they could crash at your house." (LARRY)
Unclean Records, PO Box 691611, San Antonio, TX 78269

Sound Bite House/Negative Reaction split 7"

If some other San Diego zine tries to tell you that

Sound Bite House is the name of the label, you'll know they're idiots. SBH is a steamrollin' punk band that sounds similar to the Detonators. They've really caught my interest. Great Dedication. Negative Reaction fills side two with pumpin' double bass kicking heaviness and blazing hardcore. This only costs \$1 ppd. (BOB)
Rot'en Roll Records, PO Box 386, Smithtown, NY 11788

Southern Culture On The Skids - Peckin' Party CD

The extra title on the cover claims Peckin' Party to be "6 Poultry Poundin' Slow Twistin' Finger Lickin' Tunes", and sure enough these tunes are all about chicken (well, almost all of 'em). From what I can guess, this trio comes from the South, they love Danelectro guitars, surf rock, garage R&B, and fried chicken like no other. The last three songs came from a live show in Chicago, and they rock like a reverb-drenched frat-rock band fronted by Hasil Adkins. I guess "Chicken Walk" just didn't make the final mix. (ROBB)
Feedbag, PO Box 428, Wilder, VT 05088

Space Streakings - Spacephonic CD

Hyperactive electronic Japanese madness, engineered by Steve Albini. Utterly insane and very likable. Sometimes humorous just because of the fact that it seems pretty doggone senseless. Fucking constant samples and Jap ranting and noise, noise, noise. There was a huge flock of disturbed squawking birds in the studio, I think. (BOB)
Skin Graft Records, PO Box 257546, Chicago, IL 60625

Speed Ball Baby - 7"

Four swinging tunes on this new release put out on Matador. The first song reminded me of the Blues Explosion. The second, "Fucked Up Town," is the best of the four - Link Wray meets the Cramps. Third, we have "Black Eyed Giri," which sounds a lot like George Thorogood. On "Percocet" the singer blabbers about how he's off drugs and wants his baby back. Scary. All in all is a fucking crazy record that it's definitely going to be on my top 10 list. (DEVIN)
Matador Records, 676 Broadway, New York, NY 10012

The Stand GT - Sugar Buzz 7"

Totally cooking melodic punk rock. Not enough music on this to satisfy. What's there to say? Dreamlike. (BOB)
Top Drawer Records, 1912 Franklin Ave. East, Se-

State of the Nation - Objective Complete CD

This one started out with a Quicksand-like tune that had me fairly impressed, only to be disappointed with the remainder of the album, which bogged itself down with slow, drawn-out emo tunes. It slightly redeemed itself with a couple of Fugazi-like tracks toward the end (especially "Looker"), but the final track is a good example of why this disc is simply mediocre: it starts out with a good rhythm, but the band drives it into the ground with repetition. Everything starts to sound the same after one minute. Let's mix things up a bit, okay? (LARRY)
Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd., Wilmington, DE 19810

Stigmata A Go Go - It's All True CD

Feelgood East Coast indie rock a la Yo La Tengo and Buffalo Tom with vocal allusions to Sir Thurston. Some nice pop arrangements, but nothing to trade in those Knack records for. (ROBB)
Grass Records, PO Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800

Stratotanker - Out of the Hangar! 7"

Sometimes while listening to records I'll find myself with a goofy grin on my face. It happens when I listen to 'tard-rock. This band definitely falls into the 'tardo category. Since there isn't much information about the band on this release, I'm guessing that they're using some type of electronic instrument along with the traditional bass, guitars, and drums. The guitar work is open with little distortion. This has the same appeal that Schlöng does. It's silliness backed with decent songwriting. (LARRY)
An.Um Fidelity, 433 Wythe #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11211

Strife - One Truth CD

I'm not trying to dis straight edge, but isn't the whole X thing kinda old? A lot of good bands came from the movement, but to see people still copying the same dumb trends after all these is just plain silly. I tried not to laugh when I saw the pictures of all of the boys with X's on their hands and wide open-mouths of a bunch of 16 year-olds doing the sing-along (I could make some psycho-sexual reference here, but there's really no need to). The music is fairly bland, and I really didn't find their mix of mosh-core and slow heavy metal either enjoyable, and completely unoriginal. I wasn't convinced of the sincerity of the introspective or I'm-so-emotional lyrics either. What made it even worse was I've been listening to the new Avail album, and it has everything this album is lacking: good music and lyrics that actually mean something. "One Truth" is definitely the result of too many years of inbreeding within a scene. (LARRY)
Victory Records, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614

Strung Out - Another Day In Paradise CD

I must admit I am biased towards these guys. I have done a fair amount of defending this band and this record from the legions of Epitaph haters who are quick to write this off as another shit band with half baked-ideas of what this punk thing is all about. I've been affected by this band since I first saw them two-plus years ago and when I first heard the record and the "sound" that was chosen by Fat Mike for this band. I was a bit surprised and worried that people would label them with the "Epitaph sound." Okay, enough defensive maneuvering, here's the review. S.O. is from the lovely little desert town of Simi Valley and features members of Justified Cause and The Grim. Their sound takes the elements of L.A.-inspired punk rock mixed a wee bit with the Santa Barbara and Nardcore sounds of the mid '80s. The riff factor is AAA-grade quality and the overall musicianship, tightness and its ability to take you to another place while listening are just part of the whole experience. Lyrically it's the most intelligent thing on Fat or Epitaph, for that matter (save for Propagandhi) - and really seems to question the average state of suburban punk life and

blind acceptance of the concept that government and media are there to serve you. YOU may already know that from all those Crass records your friend let you borrow but the average dumbfuck eyebrow piercer just getting into punk doesn't understand that and needs a band like this to open their eyes. Listen to any of the bands in this "genre" and you'll find that the only comparisons are production-wise, which is something the band seems to feel is the weakest link on this record. I fail to find any filler on this record and still, after hearing this thing from it's original demos it makes me jump on the furniture. Nuff ranting, Go get this record and put aside your idea of what it sounds like simply because some jaded old punk-type told you otherwise. (DAVE)
Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 460144, San Francisco, CA 94146

Sublime - Robbin' the Hood CD

Gosh, between the dub influence, loops, samples and scratching blending with what passes for folk and hardcore, it's hard to tell if this band is punk as fuck or just a bunch of bored stoners who decided to put their musical musings on tape and release it. However, after listening to 23 tracks' worth of this gibberish, it's apparent that the members of Sublime really need to find more productive means of occupying their time. Perhaps a hobby like collecting stamps would be more aesthetically satisfying for them, but whatever pastime they may pursue, please don't let it be another recording session. (SCOTT)
Skunk Records, 996 Redondo #160, Long Beach, CA 90804

Swamp Zombies - Hamburg vs. the World 7"

I love this. The song "Matador" is so fun. It's two songs by two bands. On 45 rpm it's the Swamp Zombies doing super-fast rockably surf, and on 33 rpm it's the Cramps. The singer even sounds like Lux on 33. I kept switching back and fourth, back and fourth, 33, 45, Swamp Zombies, Cramps, Swamp Zombies, Cramps. It's fun, fun, fun. (SHANE)
Dr. Dream Records, 841 W. Collins, Orange, CA 92667

25 to Life - 7"

There really isn't much to say here. It's NYC styled hardcore, and pretty damn good at that, but if you're not into that style of music, you're probably gonna hate this. Lyric sample: "Because face to face my shit will blow up/mush you in the face, my respect I'll take." Songs about exploding shit? (BOB)
Striving for Togetherness, PO Box 4571, College Point, NY 11356

Tear Drain - Sunshine You're Not 7"

This is the worst rehash of '60s acid rock, '70s cock rock and '80s grunge possible. They combine the worst elements of Mother Love Bone and Soundgarden and somehow manage to make Soundgarden sound worse than they normally do. Maybe it's Richard Simpson's whiny vocals, which quaver like a small child on the verge of tears after a minor skinned knee. Maybe it's his shamelessly derivative guitar riffs which follow the aforementioned bands as if they were spiritual leaders, bringing Freedom Rock to the masses like an opiate. Maybe it's everything about this miserable release that makes it one of the worst records of the year. In some cases, records can be so bad that they become amusing. This isn't one of them. (SCOTT)
Theologian Records, 200 Pier Ave. Suite 2, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254

Teen Idols - Nightmares 7"

This stuff is retro-to-early-'80s style sing-along stuff that the Ramones influenced. It's basic and sweet in a goofy little way. Steady, dependable. A six on the one-to-10 scale. (BOB)
House o' Pain, PO Box 150842, Nashville, TN 37215-0842

Ten Foot Pole - Rev CD

Finally, after listening to a dozen pop-punk bands that listened to a NOFX album 50 times before writing any songs, I get to listen to something that is decent. I think the strong vocals and the serious lyrics caught my attention. Although the individuals go pretty far back in the punk scene, Ten Foot Pole is still a young band, and they've actually come a long way in the short time. My question is will they survive like mainstays Bad Religion and NOFX? It's possible, but they will need to work on finding a way to stand out from all of the Dr. Stranges, Fat Wreckers, and other Epitaphers. They have a good start and I wish them the best of luck. (LARRY)
Epitaph, 6201 Sunset, Suite 111, Hollywood, CA 90028

Texas - CD

Yeah, I kinda think it's a dumb name too, but give 'em a break because they rock. This album is straight rocking '70s punk from start to finish. The sound is stripped down to four chords with no solos and no filler. The singer sounds like he's got a two packs a day habit, hey, but that works too. Crypt Record fans might want to give this a try. (LARRY)
IFA Records, 607 Eastlake E., Seattle, WA 98109

Thatcher On Acid - Pressing: 84-91 CD

This is a compilation of the band from 1984 to 1991(duh). I'm sure they struck a chord somewhere but this boring brit techno-pop sounds more like The Church or any number of bands I hated as a high schooler. The packaging is the other downside as the band, who I'm sure had something important to say despite their lame music, opted to include pointless photos of garlic instead of a lyric sheet, which I feel may have actually saved this poor thing from the used section at Lou's. (DAVE)
Desperate Attempt Records

Throttle Body - Marley's Chain cassette

This is done really well. Throttle Body is a very talented band at what they do. Too bad what they do is really light rock. Kinda like a real light Throwing Muses. (BOB)
12062 10th Ave., Seattle, WA 98168

Tina, Age 13 - Pop Songs For Our Friends 7"

"Elevator" is kind of a noisy out-of-tune ultra-hip foray into nothingness. "Starla" is a nice tonal thing that screeches into panic hysteria, dragging your toenails across a refrigerator. Out the other side comes this Husker-ish chunk of crud they call "Sunday Morning." I guess that if you're friends with these guys, you should run out now and buy this record. Otherwise... (ROBB)
Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146

Tiny Lights - I thing I Just Want to Go Away b/w Pull It 7"

I bought this two song EP when they rolled through San Diego recently. It was an excellent show for the 20 people who showed up. I got sorta pissed off at the Casbah, though, when they cut Tiny Lights off after seven songs, and it was before 1 a.m. The people working the club said they were tired. Well, I paid my four bucks and this band from NJ were just beginning to cook. Donna, the singer, was totally energetic (reminding me a bit of Jackie Starr) and I was blown away by her virtuosity at so many instruments (trumpet, violin, drums, and guitar). On this 7", Tiny Lights give us two mellow, droning songs that can best be described as Tiny Lights meets Bongwater (Krammer, to be exact). I'll say that from here on out, I'll be buying all the Tiny Lights I can. (SHANE)
Koko Pop

Toxic Reasons - Independence CD

A new release of old-styled punk and hardcore by Toxic Reasons, who I'm not too familiar with. It's angry, and similar in personality to early English Oil music. Punchy and basic punk anthems. It's cool with me. (BOB)

Century Media, 1453-A 14th St., Santa Monica, CA 90404

Tree - Plant A Tree Or Die CD

This band wants to be D.R.I. so bad they can probably taste it rising in the back of their throat when they wake up in the morning. (SCOTT)
Cherry Disc Record Co., PO Box 313, Boston, MA 02258

Tugboat Annie - Jack Knife b/w Mock 7"

I listened to the b-side first, which instantly reminded me of some English grungey Catherine Wheel-like tune, written by adolescent Yanks. When I put on the a-side, I liked it better coz it was quiet, VU emulated college mood stuff, which inevitably got louder, and worse until it sounded like a cheap imitation of Galaxie 500. I kinda dug it. (ROBB)
Sonic Bubblegum, PO Box 35504, Brighton, MA 02135

Tulips - Wet 7"

This is the follow-up to their first full-length release, "Jack Mag." The first song stands out more than the side B track due to the extremely heavy, hypnotic bass with lots of noisy guitar overlays. The singer is perfect, not too much whining or screaming like most other female singers. (DEVIN)
Sonic Bubblegum, PO Box 35504, Brighton, MA 02135

The Uninvited - Successful Vegetarian 7"

I really like this 7", but unfortunately I couldn't listen to all of it because it skipped so damn much on the flip side. I can tell you this much; "Successful Vegetarian" is a rollicking hoe-down with banjos, mandolins and harmonicas. What I could hear of the flip side sounded like the exact same song, just with a different name. What a cheesy way to fill space. (SCOTT)
The Uninvited, PO Box 5229, Beverly Hills, CA 90212-5229

Walleye - Too Far Gone 7"

This rules, completely and utterly. It's loud, melodic, noisy and rocking, featuring screamed lyrics and ringing guitar lines, not unlike Samiam's efforts of a few years back although considerably more distorted. It's cathartic, which is leagues beyond the reactions most records elicit anymore, and seems to express some form of regret or heart-break. While the murky production makes it difficult to understand the lyrics, the riffs speak volumes. What are they saying? That's for you to decide. (SCOTT)
Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd., Wilmington, DE 19810

Whirlybird - Nine Lives 7"

Melodic indie-rock, much like the fuzzy Minneapolis sound from a few years ago, or that insufferable "pop-punk" tag that critics seem to indiscriminately slap on any band that plays mid-tempo music with hooks. Anyway, these four songs are definitely worth a few bucks, but in all honesty, I'll probably have problems remembering any specific details about this single 15 minutes after I finish listening to it for the third time. Take that for what it's worth. (SCOTT)
Whirled Records, PO Box 5431, Richmond, VA 23220

V/A - Albuquerque Shitcore Vol. 1 7"

I spent my money to get this in late July. It never showed. Then in late September I wrote to ask if they hadn't received my letter or something. That letter was returned with "Return To Sender" on it. Very strange. The one with the cash in it never came back. Hmmm. (BOB)
Dogshit Records, PO Box 40129, Albuquerque, MN 87196

V/A - By The Banks Of The Mighty Santa Ana Vol. II 7"

Four loud bands, four mostly rockin' songs, and one-and-a-half ragin' sides. The only reason this isn't more positive is because Pinch's brand of guitar rock, while somewhat energetic and melodic, seems tired, bored and utterly uninteresting and there's a curious whiff of classic rock and socially significant lyrics to it. Face facts - when most rock bands speak about social significant topics, it carries about the same influence as Jesse Helms, Newt Gingrich and David Duke deciding to put together a kick-ass power trio to subvert the influence of MTV. Big Drill Car's cut isn't especially uptempo, but it's a nice change of pace from their usually peppy tunesmithing. (SCOTT)
Truk Records, 1505 A Mesa Verde Dr., E. Costa Mesa, CA 92626

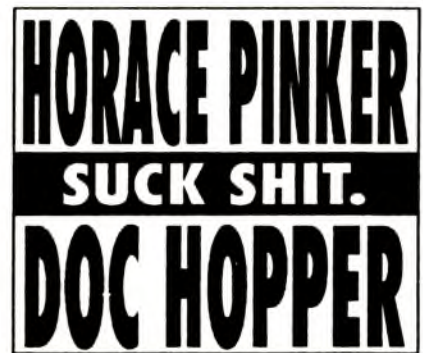
V/A - Decade of Disaster CD

Damn, I was hoping I'd get a copy of this. This has a mess of recordings by different bands that have been on Toxic Shock over the years. Decry does their classic "Falling" that I love, but Raw Power and Peace Corpse are also on this doing their classics. There's a ton of good stuff on here. The others are Zero Boys, Septic Death, The Dull, Red Tide, Massacre Guys, Zimbo Chimps, Hickoids, th'Inbred (funny-ass song), Jesus Chrysler, Skin Yard, Billy Atwell, House of Large Sizes, Sloppy Seconds, Hullabaloo, Datura Seeds, Skinnerbox, Jack Endino, Treepeople, and Feast Upon Cactus Thorns. There are varied styles of punk and alternative music on here and only a couple of songs are bad. So many of these songs are unavailable because these releases are long out of print. (BOB)
Westworld Records, PO Box 43787, Tucson, AZ 85733

V/A - Dope-Guns-'N' Fucking in the Streets Vol. Nine 2x7"

Okay, this is the first "Dope-Guns..." I've ever owned, and the bands are so different on this long term comp that I'm not going to waste time or space

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trying to compare it to past efforts. In order of appearance we have Boredoms, Supernova, Chokebore, Love 666, and Baitter Space. The Boredoms track is the same one from the new Kill Rock Stars comp. It's sloppy, noisy, funky, spacey, and annoying, all in three minutes. They use almost every vocal style except straight forward-singing on this song. Hey, it's a Supernova song I haven't heard yet. People are going to think that Hank inhaled a bunch of helium before singing this. It's short, it's fun, it's poppy, it's Supernova. Chokebore hands out one of their slow numbers with a bit of drone. Hey, this is AmRep. Troy's voice sounds as good as always, but he doesn't go too crazy. Too bad, because that's what makes Chokebore special (think "Coat"). Love 666 clocks in slightly above a snail's pace, but with more distortion than your average garden variety. The dual vocals are separated by a split second and they can really throw you off. I like it. Baitter Space have a definite indie sound: soft vocals, melodic guitar with some off-note playing. It's not a bad way to end this comp. (LARRY)

Amphetamine Reptile, 2645 First Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55408

V/A - East Bay Bands Project: Second and Franklin Vol. 1 CD

Don't look for this if you're expecting Rancid, Green Day, Samiam or any other Bay Area pop-punk bands. This compilation serves roughly the same purpose KGB-FM's series of Homegrown releases did a few years ago - expose listeners to other types of music that exist at a given time. Granted, the Homegrown series focused more on what was the prevailing musical style in San Diego at the time, but the emphasis remains the same. And in all honesty, most of these bands aren't too bad. Sure, most of them have at least a half-ass radio-friendly sound and have about as much to do with punk as Barry Manilow does, but it's interesting to see what else is going on in San Francisco. The bottom line: Unless you can stand Counting Crows, the Spin Doctors and bar bands, don't even consider it. If you can tolerate such things and find it for \$3 or \$4, give it a shot. (SCOTT)

Hick Disc Records

V/A - Fish Sauce CD

Someday, bands will realize that Seattle's "g-rock" wasn't especially inventive to begin with and will stop ripping it off so shamelessly. The Shambles have a track on here and considering their pop music sticks out like a sore thumb (or perhaps a bright shining ray of hope from a murky day) from this rehashed guitar rock, I really wonder why they bothered to put it on here. (SCOTT)

Gouramie Records, PO Box 856, Tucson, AZ 85702-0856

V/A - For a Fistful of Yens CD

Well, just about everything on here is stuff that's quite old and previously released. Some of it is good, no matter how old. This is aimed at the old punk that have no lives (what, why are you looking at me?) who sit around talking about the glory days of beating people up at shows and having senseless violent fun. The songs on here by Poison Idea, Flag of Democracy (*fuck yeah -Larry*), and the likes are for that purpose alone. Then there are the other, more artistic songs that remind the listener how punk rock has matured and that it's okay to be an old fart. This thing starts with rockin' mello Oil music by Cock Sparrer. There's nowhere to go but down from there, but songs by Toxic Reasons, Articles of Faith, Offenders, United Mutations, and Direct Actions are timeless classics, and songs you have to



hear if you've never heard them before. Songs by Leatherface, Apartment 3-G, Attitude Adjustment, Poison Idea, F.O.D., The Freeze, Black Market Baby, and Jones Very are all pretty good, or at least fair. Tracks by China Drum, Alloy, Zero Boys, and Vic Bondi are completely uninteresting. Reflex From Pain also appears, but they give me a bad vibe. There also appears to be a lot of cash behind these Century Media releases. Whose cash? (BOB)

Century Media, 1453-A 14th St. #342, Santa Monica, CA 90404

V/A - 4 Way Split CD

This is all previously released material from Rebound Records. It all originally came out on flex discs and I have one of them, the GO! Root Canal one. I really liked GO! despite the fact that they had an exclamation point after their name. This recording is live and blatantly horrible. Similar to a lot of their other stuff. Headfirst and the other two bands, Citizens Arrest and Profax, also used live recordings, although it isn't all that bad of recordings. This stuff could all fall into the genre of chunky, metal-edge straightedge hardcore, the quality of which is above average to be sure. (FREUD)

Round Flat Records, 63 Leonox Ave., Buffalo, NY 14226-4226

V/A - Kill Rock Stars CD

There's a common thread that runs through about half of the tracks on the comp. Sure bands like Cupid Car Club, Severed Lethargy, or Starpimp don't necessarily sound alike, but they have the "sound" that's known as the Kill Rock Stars sound. Lo-fi production, a lot of one-note guitar playing rather than using chords. Most of the tracks are fine (Tourettes, The Pee Chees, Spinanes, Starpower, Severed Lethargy, Star Sign Scorpio, and Fifth Column), but what I was jumping around to listen to were the tracks by Team Dresch, Mukilteo Fairies, Universal Order of Armageddon (once they actually get started), and Fleabag. The Kathleen Hanna song (which I think is a cover by Noise Addict) was nice. The skip button on my CD player works well on the tracks by Free Kitten, Pell Mell, Helium w/ the Bird of Paradise, Grouse Mountain Skyride (they at least had a chance because they have a banjo and fiddle), and Hatfatters, while God is My Co-Pilot and Boredoms occasionally were passed over. (LARRY)

Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State Ave. Suite 418, Olympia, WA 98501

V/A - Nashville Coming Fire 7"

You know the cover art is funny. Six bands from the home of United Record Pressing make up this comp which I really enjoyed. It's a great package of the different styles of music represented in the Nashville scene. I bet these folks even play shows together adding all the more to the fun of this fine slab of polymers. Anyway, here's the bands: Fun Girls From Mount Pilot have a sound similar to Preachers That Lie, which is good ol' primitive punk that keeps your attention. Teen Idols have that Badtown Boys/Fighting Cause/Rhythm Collision sound and are really very good. I shall get more goodies from this band. Ballpeen Hernia sound like a drunk Deadbolt and Uncle Daddy are the closest thing to my idea of true punkability I've heard in years. Upon the third listen of this record I have come to the conclusion that not only are the Thee Phantom Five the best band on here, but that this song is ten times better than anything The Duals ever put out and better than 90 percent of the entire recorded history of surf music. They are that good. I want to hear more of their stuff. Who would have thought the best surf band in 25 years would come from Nashville! Hahahahaha! I guess they are getting revenge for all those San Marcos country bands. Mount, the final band, sounds a lot like Smashing Pumpkins and aren't bad at all, even though I can't stand that type of sound. (DAVE)

Lucy's Distribution, 1707 Church St., Nashville TN 37203

V/A - Sounds of Santa Cruz, Sample #2 cassette

One song by 15 different bands of different styles. Woodpecker has gluey porch treatments stuck all over it. Great band! Beautiful Green Skeletons is similar to a watered-down This Mortal Coil. The female vocalist isn't very inspiring or powerful. Fury 66 is a garage Misfits-like band. Inner Sanctum follow with a mostly musical song. They are similar to a 4 Front and have mid-period 7 Seconds sounding vocals. Poppy are very rock and even unintentionally funny. The Cavities are the type of band you'd expect on any punk cassette compilation. Spaceboy features ex-Blast! vocalist Clifford, who has apparently gone fully screwy. Music for surfers who have gone coo coo. You drop acid, but it feels like you did downers. Anomie are a tougher sounding Luscious Jackson with a warm voiced female vocalist. Lost in Line, mental energy punk/



tion. (SCOTT)
*Crunk Records, PO
 Box 13464, Baltimore,
 MD 21203*

**V/A - Straight Outta
 Concord 7"**

Anal Mucus is becoming one of my favorites. The Aborted seem a little stupid. The Dread is good punk. Larry would love Total Fucked. Great HC/punk sampler. (BOB)
*Six Weeks, 2262
 Knolls Hill Cr., Santa
 Rosa, CA 95405*

**V/A - Too Precious to
 be Disposable 7"**

YOW!!!! Four Arizona bands here. Side one is the winner today with my favorite Ernie's Rubber Duck to date (they have that U.P.S. retard sound) and a quality Rhythm Pigs cover by Horace Pinker. Alan's Fear plays a cool song with tinges of spookiness and the Generiks play a song of their demo. They have this borderline punk/folk sound. Something Melissa Etheridge would have done in her first punk band. I like this all right. (DAVE)
*Social Retardance, PO Box 25666, Tempe, AZ
 85285-5666*

V/A - Unforeseen Disasters 7"

This has some cool southern bands on it. In/Humanity has one dirge-to-grind moody song. Decent. Qudiliacha, who is from Atlanta, really cooks. Catchy and uptempo, a little like Propagandhi. Initial State features members of Anti-Schism. Sounds fairly similar, and they remained powerful. Damad is my favorite. Their song is great churning metallic power. Blownapart Bastards do fair crusty

hardcore. I was hoping for a better release from them. El Toro finishes with a short jamming tune. (BOB)

*Passive Fist Records, PO Box 9313, Savannah, GA
 31412-9313*

Willoughby - Leaving the Ground 7"

I absolutely despise this piece of shit. Four songs that are light alternative with lyrics revolving around personal philosophy. (BOB)
*Fuzz Harris Records, 2629 Manhattan Ave. #226,
 Hermosa Beach, CA 90254*

Zen Guerrilla - Pull b/w Nile Song 7"

Full-on fuzzed-out guitar synapses. Horror movie graphics, Exploding sound effects. Bass bottom crusher. Psychedelic fuzz. UFOs on the cover. LSD. Space Aliens. Foldout poster. Ray guns. Mayhem. Help, I've been zapped. Screech. X-ray of my skull shows a happening band in the future. (SHANE)
*Union Hall Records, PO Box 26269, Wilmington,
 DE 19899*

**Zug Island Quartet - My Island b/w The Two Beat
 Step To Health And Understanding 7"**

Even though I periodically get singles like this to review, it's hard to believe people still spend their money to put shit like this out. It's dissonant and disjointed but it also shows that little, if any, style or thought went into these songs. The band was probably kicking back at rehearsal one day and figured making complete noise without the melodic sensibilities of Throbbing Gristle and screaming lyrics with all the flair of an especially run-of-the-mill death metal band might make for an aesthetically pleasing creative success. Drop the classes in literary theory and think again, kids, because this slab o' wax sucks Styrofoam record spindles. (SCOTT)

Icon Records, PO Box 1746, Royal Oak, MI 48068

remember to say you saw it in GD

rock/metal that doesn't lack personality. TNT kind of remind me of Lydia Lunch's attempts at music. Exploding Crustaceans seem quite greasy, kicked-back, slow-grooving, night-lurking crime tunes. Cool. Boobie Trap is the low point. Vishnu's Secret is a cello-based duo that is pretty moving. They also have a This Mortal Coil style, but do it very well with originality and a great female vocalist. Blackout are like a weak old St. Vitus with enough guitar solos to quench any mophead's thirst. Lackadisey are all female and all spacey. They bored me. This cassette is long, like this review, but a great sampler, nonetheless. From *Hectic Times* fanzine. (BOB)

Hectic Times, PO Box 2652, Santa Cruz, CA 95063

V/A - Release Your Mind CD

Thirteen different bands with various noises. Bands include Love Like Blood (great Fixx-like voice), Trial of the Bow (weird mid-east Muslim sound), Fetish 69 (fair industrial metal noise), Malformed Earthborn (heavy trudging industrial), Pica (odd guitar and loop annoyance), Room 101 (great pounding death and doom industrial), Red Lorry Yellow Lorry (nice space rock with noises), Dweller on the Threshold (more industrial noise), Tearbox (good noise), Canduru (yet more noise), Namanax (recorded on continuous OL, so I couldn't listen to it, bummer). (BOB)

Release Records, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551

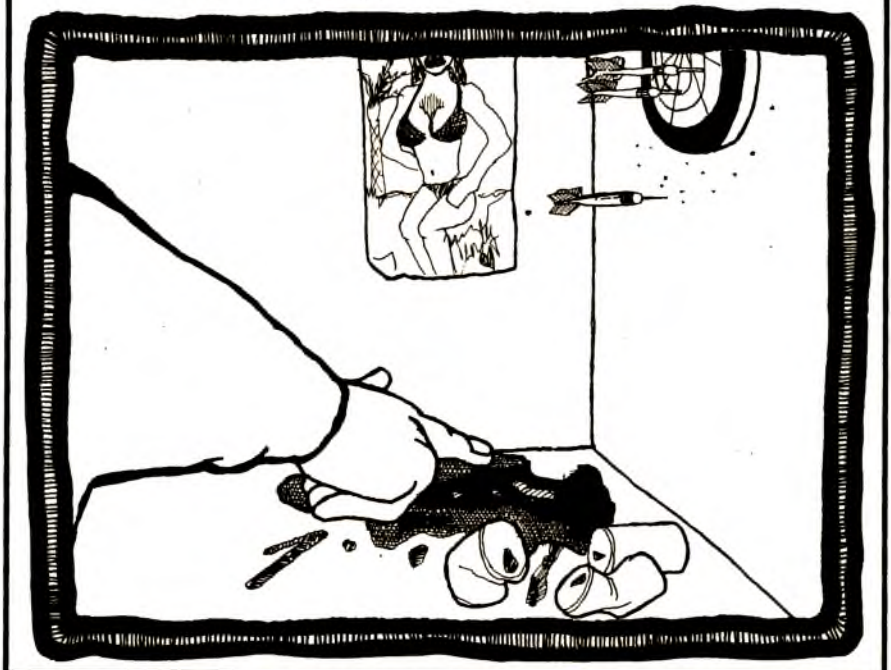
V/A - Resolve 7"

Urban Farmers have a song that takes up one side. Their song has this little drum solo, and they sorta sound like Stickdog meets the Cure, or some pop alternative thing, I guess. Day Twenty-Eight has a fairly decent song that's scratchy and raw that hops along at mid-pace. Female vocals, alternative/punkish. The Deconstruction has the best tune on here. The anguish shouting vocals over strong and rhythmic punk music is just plain nice. (BOB)
*Uprising Records, PO Box 4412, Ann Arbor, MI
 48106-4412*

V/A - Smirk, Titter and Wink Vol. 1 CD

At least when this collection sucks, which is most of the time, it has the decency to suck with wild abandon. The two metal-influenced tracks from Soulpit? They blow. Brickhead? Yeah, the shit's coming down all right, and they're at Ground Zero. The Amazing Bone provides some variety, but only because they play plodding, derivative industrial music which sucks instead of plodding, derivative, heavy guitar rock which sucks. Pornflakes has a catchy band name, but that's about the best that can be said for still more plodding heavy metal, while Mark Harp is notable only for a rather silly political song which he titled "Bishop Tutu." Edith manages to distinguish itself by actually including some enjoyable melodies instead of pointlessly bludgeoning riffs. They also sound a bit like Dinosaur Jr., but that's a vast improvement over the toxic sludge-rock composing the rest of this compila-

Awkward situations I've been in
 Having my dad wake me up to tell me to clean up
 my puke when I don't even remember coming home.
 This actually happened twice.

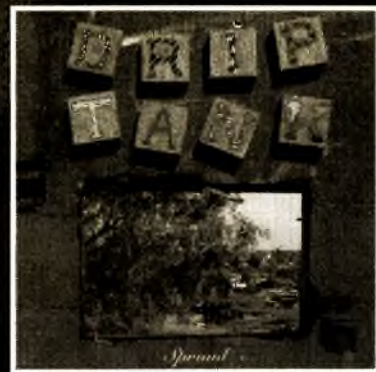




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A Minor Forest - Joyful Ride on the Donkey 10"

I'm sure if all of these guys reside in San Diego (they seem to have a strong San Francisco connection), they all live in North County. They have what I call a North County sound. The vocals, what little there are, are played down. The music is slow and introspective, then explodes at key moments. The guitar work seems improvised at times. There's no information about the band members, so there was no way for me to tell if A Minor Forest is made up of musicians from other bands, but it wouldn't surprise me if at least one person from Physics was in this band. I did have a hard time sitting still to this record, but it is cool to listen to while reading or writing. (LARRY)

Money House Records, PO Box 261582, San Diego, CA 92196

Beer Goggles - Soundtrack to Your Suicide cassette

From the ashes of CTD comes Beer Goggles. Musically, I thought their past releases were pretty much ho-hum punk rock, but along with the name change came a revamp in style. It's more powerful. The vocals fit right in with the music, and there are enough hooks here to fill out the sound. I've always been a sucker for a gimmick, and each cassette comes with a razor blade so everyone can slit their wrists in unison with the subliminal message on the last song. (LARRY)

8030 La Mesa Blvd. #153, La Mesa, CA 91941

The Big White Light - cassette

I think someone who hates these people sent this to us to see them get a bad review. Either that or there has been too much cheese reviewed lately, and everyone who plays cheese wants in on it. Anyway, the music is made up of people playing acoustic guitar on one song and a shitty, dreamy turd on the other. I think this is why I left San Diego in the first place. (BOB)

Head/Trapp Music, PO Box 2458, San Diego, CA 92038

Blink/The Iconoclasts split 7"

Both Blink songs are great. Its goofy pop-punk with lyrics are somewhere between Green Day and Corky from the TV show *Life Goes On*. The vocalist has a soft voice that will make the chicks swoon every time. The Iconoclasts are a decent rudimentary punk band with a vocalist that kinda sounds unsure of himself on the first song, but makes up for it on the second one. Recommended. (LARRY)

Velvet Pompadour, 11772 Calle Vivienda, San Diego, CA 92128

Blink - Cheshire Cat CD

This has winner all over it. The music is catchy pop-punk (which is definitely flavor of the day), with enough guitar work to keep the music from falling into the three-chord trap. The vocalist has a nice voice with good melody that makes it a great record to sing along with either at home or right up against the stage. The only drawback this record has, and the only thing that keeps me from playing it more often, is the dumb lyrics. Descendents did "Enjoy," a song all about farts, but they got over it. These guys must have made a reference to farting on at least three different songs. Not too many bands could pull off three fart songs (Sloppy Seconds and the Meatmen are the only two that come to mind) without anyone over 16 rolling their eyes by the second listen. It's definitely aimed at "the kids," punk's new subculture. I'm not asking for Jello Biafra, but something more than girls and farts would put it over the top. (LARRY)

Grilled Cheese, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117

Buck-O-Nine - Songs In The Key Of Bree CD

Although this doesn't match the energy standards set by the band's skankin' live show, it's still a pretty darn good album, and considering the band tears through 17 ska tracks, it's certainly worth the money. Granted, the lyrical content isn't particularly insightful and verges on sexist at times (witness "Sappy Love Song"), but despite that, the reeling "Irish Drinking Song," in all its Pogues-influenced glory, may well become a sing-along standard at Kelly's Pub. (SCOTT)

Immune Records, 9269 Mission Gorge Rd. #211, San Diego, CA 92071

Building Club/Stink - split 7"

Building Club is Everready, but for some unknown reason, they wanted to disguise themselves on this release. They contribute three songs that sound just like you would imagine. Again, their pop-punk is definitely better than most of the stuff being pumped out after the success of the style. No NOFX rip-offs here, folks, although the cover is a cool take-off of Propagandhi's "How to Clean Everything" 7". Stink adds one song to this split record with a cool punk 'n' roll tune with a bit of an East Bay feel with extra guitar work in all the right places. (LARRY)

Liquid Meat, PO Box 460692, Escondido, CA 92046

Chinchilla - Batman b/w Cyberella 7"

Reviewing bands like Chinchilla can be the hardest thing. First off, everyone seemed to be talking about how rad this band rocks,

which usually only sets me up for a letdown. Secondly, most, if not all of the band members have made names for themselves in other bands, which sometimes sets up bands with the "supergroup" trap. Was there any doubt? Chinchilla met all expectations with ease, and the sum of Chinchilla rocks as hard as any of the individuals had in previous outfits. (LARRY)

Goldenrod Records, 37710 Tansy St. San Diego, CA 92121

Chronic Thrill - Fatalism 7"

Bands like this are cool because they know no limits and heed no rules. Vinnie's vocals sound almost English accented. Great hardcore punk that is powerful, raw, and gritty with some good yell-alongs too. (BOB)

Beer City Records, PO Box 494, Milwaukee, WI 53122-0494

Crash Worship - Triple Mania II CD

Crash Worship fills/feels up you with pounding rhythm and sounds, slowing enveloping you with strange moods that vary with the sounds and pulses. It distracts. How many drummers are hammering away? Is that a guitar? A keyboard? What are you saying to me? Is this improvised or a planned movement? Of course this was made to be live, but like the reject that I am, I've always let something interfere with watching them play live, such as sleep, work, the zine. They demand that you become part of them now. (LARRY)

Charnel Music, PO Box 170277, San Francisco, CA 94117

Creedle - Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars CD

Creedle is more than a band, more than a sound. Every song is a layer of the complete package, and sometimes I understand what they are trying to get at, and other times I feel like I'm lost and they want to make me feel dumb on purpose. For example, there are 18 tracks listed on the sleeve, and the CD lists 33, although 15 are non-existent, and all of this clocks in at over 74 minutes. Of the 18 tracks there are, I would only consider 12-and-a-half regular songs. Much of the vocals are backwards, or rants about just about anything except what you think someone would sing about. When they are caught in a song, it blows the roof off my house. The style varies from song to song, and can even change abruptly in the song itself, making for an intense listen. The only problem is when you come out of one song to a track with a slowed dialogue, it can be tiresome. You'll have to experience the rest for yourself. (LARRY)

Headhunter, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117

Creedle - It's Not Cool to Like Green Day Anymore...La Jolla Boy b/w Glenn 7"

Creedle is so good at what they do. I was expecting "Green Day" to be a perfect mockery/imitation (without being a rip off, of course) of a Green Day song. Think "Haunted Poptart." Instead it was a straight-forward pop punk tune that didn't turn Satanic until the last 30 seconds or so. "Glenn" is a perfect soundtrack to do a bunch of downers and watch the smoke rise from the cigarette of some guy whose name you can't remember, but he's been crashing on your couch for the past two weeks. (LARRY)

Rhetoric Records, 2260 El Cajon Blvd., Suite 445, San Diego, CA 92104

Deadbolt- Tiki Man CD

These guys used to be one of the best bands to see live in SD a few years ago. For the uninitiated, they're horror-billy, twangy wonderful surf-influenced stuff mixed with a hint of voodoo and witching. But they've lost a lot of their humor and are now pretty boring in comparison to their old days. This CD has some real gems on it but a few (and maybe more than I think) are re-releases. What's up with that? I already had the other stuff. Good production and sound quality, a nice effort, but not a great record. (FREUD)

Headhunter, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117

The Downs Family - Beer is Like a Dog... CD

Without ever seeing The Downs Family live, it might be hard to convince you, dear reader, how good this band is. They've always had a great balancing act where they can keep the energy going with their Irish folk tunes that have a touch of bluegrass and punk. The lyrics are all related to alcohol or at least some other vice. What made this album exciting for me was to be able to listen to the recorded versions with clear lyrics of the songs I had heard live several times. I'm disappointed that Nora left the band, because I never realized how good her voice actually sounds. I've been waiting a long time for this release, and it was worth the wait. (LARRY)

Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912

Drip Tank - Sprawl CD

I really dug Drip Tank's last album, but I didn't care for this one as much. The opening track "Happy Radio" rocked, but the album kinda petered out from there. The remaining tracks didn't have the energy needed to bring the album back. Of course it had its shining moments. "Stool" had the hooks, "Mad at Me" had a cool little lead riff, and Frank Black could have written "Fire," but even with all of this, it was still lacking something. If you're drinking from Drip Tank for the first time, I recommend you try their first album, "Slake," and go from there. (LARRY)

Headhunter, 4901-906, Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117

The Drones - Demo Graphic cassette

I tried, but couldn't get passed the bad four-track recording. Four tracks and lo-fi is great

for some bands, but the recording quality of this cassette probably hid any redeeming qualities this band has. (LARRY)

1241 33rd St., San Diego, CA 92102

Econowives - The Skunk cassette

Please, help me! There's too much lead in the water in San Diego. (BOB)

930-B 20th St., San Diego, CA 92102

The Eric Kivlen Band - Green Machine 7"

San Diego Grunge City! Yeah! (SCOTT)
Poptones, 3025 Plaza Blvd., National City, CA 91950

The Eric Kivlen Band - Green Machine 7"

Side one sounds like it came straight from Melvins' "Ozma." Side two is a long slow heavy song that rocks. These guys are better than most bands who want to be Black Sabbath, but they're not quite bigger than bands like Melvins, Sleep, Neurosis, etc. These guys still sound like humans. (JIM)

Poptones, 3025 Plaza Blvd., National City, CA 91950

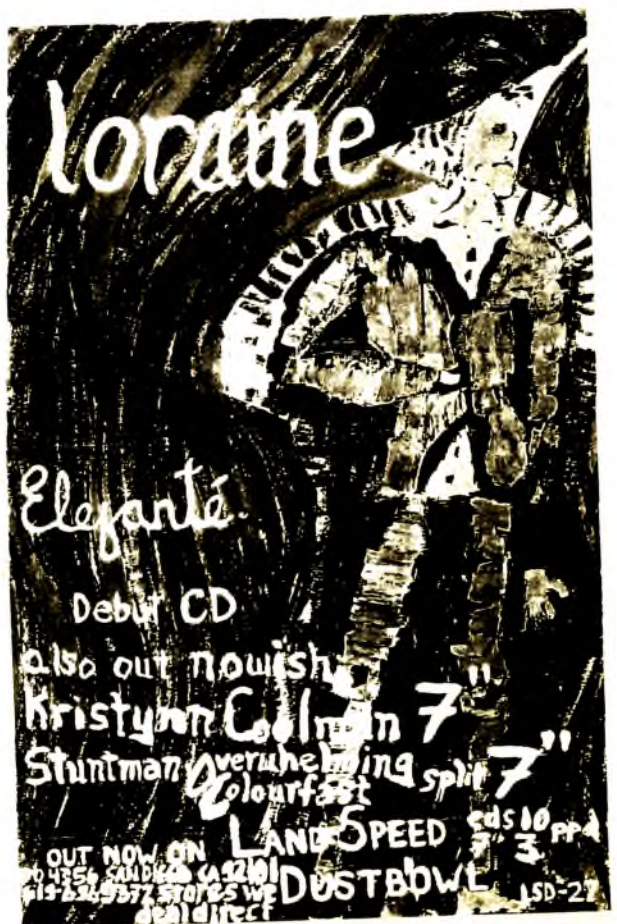
Everready - Kallifornia 7"

Sure, there is a formula to play this style of music. Look at all of the EP's popping up where everyone sounds just a little bit like Pennywise or Down By Law. Sure, you can catch glimpses of Fat Wreck Chords, but Everready has enough tempo changes to throw things off, and Brian's voice is harsher than most (and he doesn't try to cop Greg Graffin's style), that this single stands out from the flock of new bands that want to be the next Face to Face. Although I didn't like this

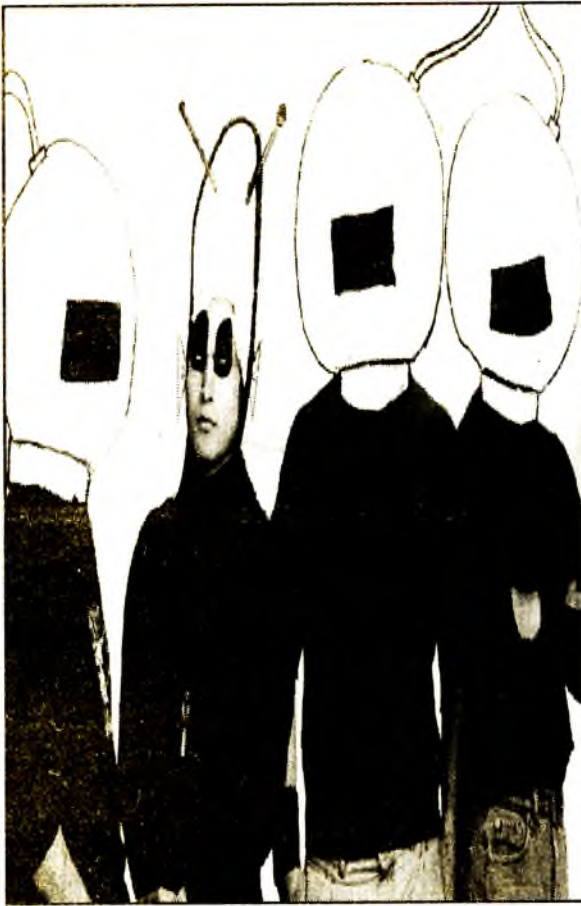
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Explosion 7" (MISSING)

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release as much as the last single, mainly because of the shitty mix, it's still a good single with "X-You" being the hit. Now where's the album? (LARRY)

Liquid Meat, PO Box 460692, Escondido, CA 92046

Full Cleveland 7"

What we've got here is four mid-tempo punk tunes that sound like they were recorded on a four track. "Jesus Archie Comics" is a decent tune but the other three songs are completely average. (LARRY)

Gag Records, PO Box 221001, San Diego, CA 92192

Hanatarash - Total Retardation 7"

Okay, it's snorts, vocals fucked up through the tape machine, things being dropped, squeaks, snippets of songs and instruments, someone saying "sex," metal clanging, and other sounds. I'm being completely descriptive when I say this is not music. The person/people who did this are Japanese, which is what makes this acceptable. If an American recorded this, he/she would be either 1)laughed at, 2)beaten, 3)ignored, or a combination of all three. (LARRY)

Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912

100 Watt Halo - 7"

How come Goldenrod releases never come with lyric sheets? This record rocked my socks off and I'll never know exactly what they're singing. God, I hate that. There is a bit of that trademark San Diego sound. Noisy guitars, studio-altered vocals. It fits in perfectly on this label, but personally I think I'll be playing this single a lot more than others released on this label. (LARRY)

Goldenrod Records, 3770 Tansy, San Diego, CA 92121

Jack Shred Destruction Co. - cassette

The pulsing squeak of the guitar, ragged production, loose staggering music, and grumble vocals combined with a picture of the female drummer exposing her breasts and touching herself gives me a funny emotional feeling, kind of insecure, that is. Punk. (BOB)
3364 Helix St., Spring Valley, CA 91977

Jon Cougar Concentration Camp/The Kidz split 7"

Ya know, no one ever agrees with me. JCCC has really made a great impression on me. They play really good, slightly poppy, melodic punk. I've talked to people who absolutely hate these guys, but I gotta disagree. It's raw and what Everready could have been. The Kidz, on the other hand, really annoy me. They seem so intentionally childish and proudly dopey and fake that I can't stand to listen to them. "Blaaaa, blillaa get out my Tonka dump truck and we'll blaaaa blaaaa!!!" (BOB)
Campground Records, PO Box 15072, San Diego, CA 92175

Kilgore Trout - And All the Music Is... cassette

I listened to this a few times trying to get into



its groove, but nothing was happening. One song, "Thunder," was drawing me in, but it never really came alive. Like the other songs, it just started flopping along and got too long and boring. The band sounds kinda Cult-like. (BOB)

3776 3rd St. #2, San Diego, CA 92103

Leather Muffin - 7"

This is Rosebud, former vocalist of Night Soil Man, and Scott Ireland, former frontman for the Pull Toys, performing acoustically, with a bit of electric geetar and percussion thrown in for good measure. Despite being fairly minimalistic, the music is really hard driving. Rosebud's vocal style and range definitely add to the power. In a true Vinyl Communications sense, it is a very eclectic release, and you might try to give it a spin before throwing down the three bucks to make sure it's for you. (LARRY)

Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912

Lumber - 7"

Lumber puts together songs leaning into introspective emo-punk with harmonized male/female vocals, with the closest vocal comparison being Heavy Vegetable. The music shifts between slow string-picked notes and traditional punk fast rhythms. Check it out. (LARRY)

Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912

Skinbus - Pancho Loves Skinbus 7"

After the first side was over, I was just about ready to use this to play Frisbee with my Great Dane. "Here dog! Fetch!" However, the cereal commercial jingle stupidity of "The Land of Sugar Sugarpops" single-handedly changed my mind. It's melodic, jangly, upbeat and, well, poppy. I still think the rest of it sucks, but that one song will probably save it from the slaving fangs of a 180-pound dog that thinks everything around it is a chew toy. Probably. (SCOTT)

Poptones, 3025 Plaza Blvd., National City, CA

91950

Smile - Maquee CD

To me, the 'get out of debt' manifesto on the back of the CD booklet was very uplifting. As for the music, I dunno, kinda Rocket/Jehu wannabe's. The scope of the John Reis influence has now infiltrated Orange County. Yikes! (ROBB)

Headhunter, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117

Tiltwheel 7"

The Tiltwheel songs on the "Volume" CD were great and made me an eternal Tiltwheel fanatic. This release hardly even sounds like Tiltwheel. It actually sounds a hell of a lot like Sub Society when Stimy was going through his emo phase. Dave's voice even sounds like Stimy's. That's what fat'll do to ya. It must be the recording. Decent with good lyrics. (BOB)

(Note: Genetic Disorder's review policy doesn't allow friends to review each other's music. Dave, who began reviewing releases for GD with this issue, is in Tiltwheel, and Bob, who reviewed this release, is a friend of Dave's. Because it's hard for contributors not to know each other, I let Bob review this, trusting that Bob would give it an honest review.- Larry)
Liquid Meat, PO Box 460692, Escondido, CA 92046

Unwritten Law - Blue Room CD

In all honesty, there isn't much to say about this record. It's fast, speedy and loud, but nothing really distinguishes it from, say, Pennywise. (SCOTT)

Red Eye Records, PO Box 16717, San Diego, CA 92176

Unwritten Law - Blue Room CD

Oh, how the Epitaph and Fat Wreck Chords cup runneth over. But in all honesty, I think it's the vocals that throws Unwritten Law into that category. The music isn't as polished as the other stuff being cranked out of Westbeach Studios these days. The guitars on about

half the tracks show an older hardcore influence. Along with the obvious new breed that is riding behind Bad Religion, NOFX, and Pennywise, I can hear the sounds of 7 Seconds, Uniform Choice, Minor Threat, a bit of DI, and a bunch of other bands from that time period, but I can't say whether it's intentional or not. It wouldn't surprise me if everyone already owned a copy of this. (LARRY)
Red Eye Records, PO Box 16717, San Diego, CA 92176

V/A - Mud on the Wheel CD

This is an all-acoustic compilation, doing regular coffeehouse tunes by both known and unknown artists. A run-down in order of appearance is Ben Reynolds, Leather Muffin, Kathleen Yearwood, Ida, Heavy Vegetable, Puddletown Tom, Twist, Jackie Starr, Steven Harris, Disciples of the Broken Spirit, Lisa Loeb, David Culiner, Patsis Valdeze, Mary Dolan, Mojo Nixon, Demensional Network, Tit Wrench (acoustic?!?), Doo Rag, and Lesser. The Tit Wrench and Doo Rag tracks made it worthwhile to sit through the first 16 songs, but thanks to today's CD technology, I can skip right to the source. (LARRY)
Earth Music, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117

V/A - Viva La Vinyl LP

How can anything called "Viva La Vinyl" not be a 7'er? This is a Campground Records (San Diego) and Deadbeat Records (Kent, OH) split release. It's a good package with complete info compiled in a booklet. The Deadbeat side has Whatever, Verrucose, and Bouncing Souls as highlights. The Campground side highlights are Tiltwheel, Jon Cougar Concentration Camp, and Krupted Peasant Farmers. Almost everything else is shit. The Tilt song is stale. J Church has never done it for me. The other bands on hear are Preachers That Lie, The Kids, Queen Mab, Nonsense, Fighting Cause, Sicko, Sleeper, and Trusty. Whatever and Verrucose songs are the two "must hear" tracks on this comp. (BOB)
Campground Records, PO Box 15072, San Diego, CA 92175

V/A - West of Five Volume One: San Diego CD

Have you ever gotten the feeling that there are waves of development in a musical scene - the first where the bands experiment with their music, the second following the media portrayal of this "new trend," and the third, where bands get back to basics and do what they want once more? Even though San Diego seems, for the most part, to be firmly in the third wave, this compilation is stuck in the second wave of irrelevant heavy metal and wannabe-Jimmy Page grunge wank. Yeah, it's a revolting term, but if the shoe fits, wear it home and show it off. There are good moments on this compilation, but too few to justify the expense. Besides, the Buck-O-Nine track is available on the full-length. Otherwise, the standout tracks are the Neighbors' "Where's My Fun?" and the Downs Family's "Dick Darby." After those cuts, the rest is just more of the same old periodically funk-influenced guitar crap. (SCOTT)
Delux Records, PO Box 3782, San Diego, CA 92163

The Zeros - Knockin' Me Dead CD

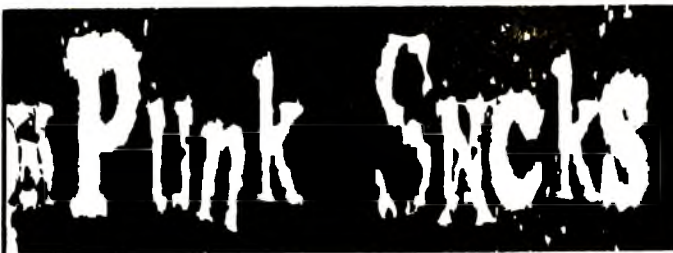
I never realized the impact the Zeros had on the world. When they were actually around, I was 10 years old, and the band was long gone before I ever heard a punk rock record. The band reformed and recorded all the songs they had written when they were younger and finally released them for people who missed them the first time, like myself. So what you get is a early punk feel, but with the improved sound of today's recording technology. I finally realized how loved this band was when I realized how many bands have covered their songs. Teengenerate, The Muffs, SD newcomers Diabolik, and a truckload of other bands from around the world. It should tell you something. (LARRY)
Rockville Records, PO Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800

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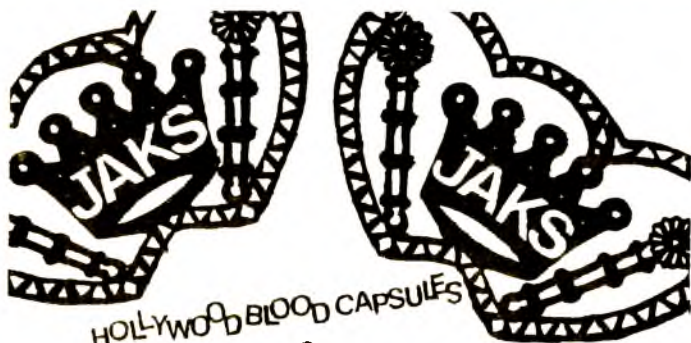
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pranks in the movies

by Larry and John Chilson

Part 1 - Larry's Movie Pranks

Star Wars meant so much to me when George Lucas released the space aged fairy tale. I was fascinated by everything; the creatures, the characters, the spaceships, and the special effects. A couple of days after seeing it at the drive-in for the first time with my parents, I asked my dad how they did the special effects.

"They can do anything in the movies," was his response.

It was clear, somehow these movie makers could make their fantasies a reality. And somehow their practical jokes always worked. When the JD's in the movies lit fireworks, somehow the bottle rocket always hit the bully in the ass and made him run away. When me and six other kids tried lighting some fireworks in front of some kid's house who we didn't like with the intention of running away (see David Stampone's story in this issue, he actually blew someone's fucking doorbell off with a M-80 *three or four times*). But my life wasn't produced by Spielberg. The kid's dad saw us through the window. Five of us were huddled on the sidewalk giggling while Andy Domiguez was all the way up to the front door trying to get the fuse to light. I spotted Pops in the window and we ran; except for Andy, who was lost in concentration trying to get a flame in the wind. He was caught red-handed, but the rest of us got away. And I've got to give it to the guy, he never snitched, and I'm sure his dad whipped the shit out of him with his belt, which was common punishment for both my friends and me when we were caught fucking up.

But the fantasy still remains. There's nothing better than seeing a good practical joke in a movie. Very few movies revolve around practical jokes, but even the cheesiest of comedies should have at least one good screen prank.

Take "Car Wash," for example. This movie can only be described as "Snow White and the Seven Dwarves" in the '70s. The actors in the fabulous "Car Wash" were "off to work they go" *for the Man*, only this time Piggy the towel-boy was able to get an eye-full when Ms. White took a squat. Not only do you get cool jokes like someone putting dogshit on the hood of the boot-lick's car, but you get to watch 90 minutes of dynamite 'fros. Other fly jokes include hot peppers in the burrito (which was revenge for another joke). Beware of the Pop-Bottle Bomber.

Everyone loves Pee Wee Herman. My god, the man could have jerked off in my living room and I would have probably still begged him for the magic word for the day. Pee Wee's career climaxed after his starring role in "Pee Wee's Big Adventure" and plateaued until he was caught spanking the monkey. The movie was perfect. Here was a young man sent out in the Native American tradition of finding his self, his vision, and his purpose in life. He succeeded in all and played some good jokes along the way. Who else would be brave enough to dose not only his worst enemy Francis, but also his wealthy dad, with trick gum? The movie ends with a highlight of Pee Wee shooting Francis into the atmosphere with the spring-loaded seat on his bike.

Hollywood is notorious for remaking the classics. Pay some hack minimum guild wages to redo Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* and you've got "Apocalypse

Now," or some mook to redo Shakespeare's *Henry IV* and you've got "My Own Private Idaho." Few of these remakes last through the ages. The first will always be "Strange Brew," a modern interpretation of *Hamlet*. The two McKenzie brothers did for Canada what John Wayne did for the U.S: defined a nation. These two beer-drinking, back-bacon eating, toque-wearing screw-ups help save the world from beer laced with a mind-control drug. The jokes throughout this movie were



always unintentional, and sometimes life-saving. Bob pissed in the beer vat with the new young Elsinore Brewery owner only because he had no choice. Doug didn't realize that playing the keyboards would make the asylum lunatics fight. The best joke in this movie is the one played on the audience. It used to be common for long moves to have intermissions (this is long before the days of VCRs, you young'uns). When I saw this movie at the theater in the sixth grade, the intermission sign popped up on the screen in the middle of the movie. The older viewers ail got up to do whatever and before they could even reach the aisle, the movie started back up. I laughed so hard I thought I was going to pull a muscle. "Strange Brew" is definitely the feel-good movie for beer drinkers.

The second is the teen classic "Porky's." This is a beautiful tale of Pee-Wee (Dan Monahan, not Paul Reubens, stupid) as the Romeo character and Wendy (Kaki Hunter) as his Juliet set in Angel Beach, Florida in the late '50s. The only twist on this movie is the two lovebirds, despite all of the conflicts, end up together, alive, in the end. I never knew how funny these

modern day Capulets and Montagues were. They were constantly playing jokes on each other. Pee Wee was tricked into smacking Meat in the head with a raw egg, Wendy put a giant-sized rubber on Pee Wee's head in front of the whole school, Billy and Tommy tricked the crew into stripping naked so they could all fuck the same whore, only they were set up by their bro's for a joke that sent them all running, naked. Pee Wee didn't stop until he was picked up by the sheriff. The grand finale was when the Angel Beach gang sent Porky's bar/strip joint/whore house crashing into a swamp. This movie gets extra points for proper use of the "Mike Hunt telephone trick" (see also The Red Tube Bar Tapes in both audio and video).

"Police Academy" is best known for the number of sequels; for the best pranks, viewers need to go to the original. Mahoney is a fun-loving guy who ends up at the police academy filled with a bunch of other rejects to avoid the county jail. Using various pranks on Harris, he does his best to get thrown out. He put shoe polish on the mouthpiece of Harris' megaphone. He tricked the two squad goons into

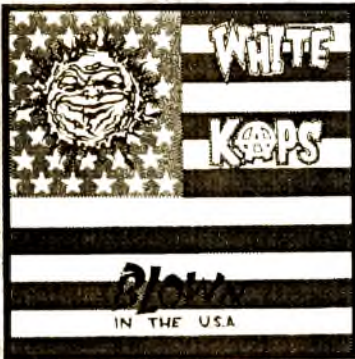
going to the Blue Oyster, a male leather bar, where they are forced to dance cheek to cheek with the hairy guys in chaps. In revenge the goons sent a pot-smoking prostitute to their dorms so Mahoney and others would be busted, but he won by default because the hooker gave the commandant head from underneath a podium.

Mahoney wasn't the only joker. Who could forget Jones, the black guy who could make all the sounds with his mouth. Wasn't he nominated for best supporting actor that year?

"We've got bush."

Everyone reading this should know those famous three words uttered by Dudley "Booger" Dawson in the movie "Revenge of the Nerds." In the big scheme of things, this was nothing less than a portrayal of the lunch counter sit-ins, bus boycotts, and freedom marches in the South during the '60s. It was jock oppressor versus the nerd minority, and guess who will overcome? The nerds took a stance of denial, then passive resistance until the jocks went too far. First they set the Tri-Lambs (nerds) up by having the Pi's (sorority goddesses) welch on their

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date. The nerds recovered from the trick by inviting over the Omega Mu's (female nerds) and smoking a bunch of dope. They were just starting to have a good time when the Alpha Beta's (jocks) let a bunch of pigs loose in their house, embarrassing them not only in front of the women, but U.N. Jefferson, the head of the national arm of Lambda Lambda Lambda fraternity.

The nerds counter-act by putting liquid heat on the Alphas' jock straps. The top- per was when they went on a panty raid at the Pi's and put video cameras in their rooms and showers. Yes!!! Pure jock hatred should make this movie appealing to all.

"Real Genius" was a "Re-venge of the Nerds" movie flipped on its side. Of course you had a group of geeks, but they were led by Val Kilmer. Everyone has heard about the geniuses at MIT (hi, Jimbo!) pulling some crazy stunts, and the pranks involved in this movie were of that sort. These guys were beyond throwing eggs and toilet papering houses. Fr'instance, the apple Val gave to his teacher exploded. They knocked out the brown-noser with some kind of gas and attached a small two-way to his braces and made him think God was talking to him. The grand finale was when they put a giant Jiffy Pop popcorn ball in their teacher's house who had duped them into building a laser for the mili-

tary. They screw up the prof's plans and aim the laser at the giant tinfoil ball, filling his house with popcorn. It could happen.

My parents first subscribed to HBO around 1978. The first movie I saw was "Car Wash," giving it instant classic status. Another movie I remember watching around that time was "Kenny and Company." I have never seen the movie in any form since, although an acquaintance once said he saw it on cable at 2 a.m. around '89. This movie had everything a '70s juvenile delinquent wanted, minus the drugs. It was a more innocent time, I guess. Kenny and his best friend were always playing jokes on their tag-along Sherman and other neighborhood kids. One joke was they put a mousetrap in

a brown paper bag and told Sherman to reach inside. He did, and ¡snap! he was running home crying. His dad came out and made the kid stand still while Sherman slapped his face. Guns would be involved if that scene was tried today. The prankster highlight of this movie was the Halloween night scene. The bully (for some reason Nelson from "The Simpsons" comes to mind) was dressed like Davy Crockett and armed with a BB gun. He spent the night shooting kids in the ass. The scene had it all: flaming bags of dogshit (which was the first time I ever saw this classic), bear traps, and shotguns loaded with rock salt.

Even though I loved her in her movie roles, it's hard to look at a Ricki Lake nowadays without getting sick.



She really was good as Tracy Tumblad in John Water's "Hairspray." There weren't too many practical jokes in this one, but Tracy's father, who is best known as George's father on "Seinfeld," did own a practical joke store. He did have a thing for hand buzzers and had the honor of pouring itching powder all over Sonny Bono and Debra Harry.

Part 2 - John's Movie Pranks

Death, is predominantly featured as a prank in Hal Ashby's 1971 "Harold & Maude". In it, Bud Cort portrays a disturbed young man who likes to fake his suicide in various ways, the best by "hanging" himself. Heck, it fooled me the first time I saw it. The biggest prank of all, though, comes when he falls in love with seventysomething Ruth Gordon, who blows the whole thing by dying of old age. Recommended despite the horrible Cat Stevens soundtrack (which, by the way, is no prank).

If you've never seen "Fade to Black" from 1980, I wouldn't suggest running out and renting it. Dennis Christopher plays a studio messenger

(and avid film buff) who's constantly being pranked on by his co-workers. They get theirs in the end, though, as Christopher murders each one, dressed up from his favorite horror movie scenes ("Dracula," "White Heat," and even "Psycho"). Skip it.

I've never seen "The Dorm That Dripped Blood" (and I'm sure I never want to). It was originally entitled "Pranks", a 1982 flick about a group of college students holed up in a dorm, each snuffed out by a mysterious slasher. Sounds original, doesn't it?

"Rock and Roll High School" had the distinction of featuring The Ramones doing the main title (the only reason worth watching this), and a funny scene (read: prank) where the students flush all the toilets at the same time, destroying the plumbing. Never worked at my high school. (Although some wise-ass lit off a sulfur bomb which made the entire campus smell like a giant fart.) Be warned, there's a Van Patten in the movie.

A plethora of pranks can be found in most of Richard Lester's films, but none more than in "A Hard Day's Night", a Beatles prankfest that el-

evated the shaggy four to comedic greatness. This one's chock full of pranks, gags, and pratfalls. A must-see.

In the 1976 "Freaky Friday," Jodie Foster (who pretty much has never physically changed) switches places with her mother, a plot line that was worn out in the mid-'80s. Supposedly original at the time, though. Two-word warning: Disney. Avoid.

I'd give anything to be a fly on the wall during a screening of "Soul Man" in an inner-city Detroit theater. Although not really a prank per se, "Soul Man" concerns a white college student who paints himself black to earn a scholarship. This is bad cinema at its finest. The previews alone caused the audience to groan in pain.

Speaking of groaning (which this reviewer did a lot of while watching this), the 1990 smash hit "Ghost" had some spiffy pranks in it, with Whoopi conjuring up phony ghosts to impress her clients. (Don't forget the screen's longest and hottest lesbian lovemaking scene, but that's a different article.) One of the longest movies I've ever had to sit through.



Ever seen the movie "Carlito's Way?"

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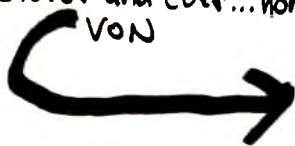
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AROUND THE COUNTY

Teen dead in Texas wore S.D. T-shirt

Texas authorities are seeking information that could identify a teen-ager whose body was found in Houston last month. The youth was wearing a red T-shirt from a San Diego music magazine.

Rick Perry, an investigator for the Medical Examiner's Office in Houston, said yesterday that the body was found Feb. 11 under a bridge near Bellaire, an exclusive community in Houston.

Investigators believe the teen was traveling through the area and that he overdosed on drugs.

Perry said the youth was wearing a T-shirt with the name *Genetic Disorder*, a San Diego music magazine. Only about 25 such T-shirts were distributed.

The boy was described as white, about 18 years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, 156 pounds, with brown eyes and brown hair in a military cut.

He had several tattoos. On his upper right arm was one of a naked woman without a face. On his left arm he had the ace of spades with an *ankh* — the Egyptian symbol of life — which looks like a cross with a loop at the top. There was an unfinished tattoo on his chest of a profile of a bird.

Anyone with information can call the Harris County Medical Examiner's Office in Texas at (713) 796-6815.

BACK ISSUES

*ISSUE #8

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Zine Angst

Okay, kids, these are the rules: always send postage, no matter what. Never write, "I hear you have a cool zine. Send it." At least tell the person how you heard about their zine. Always conceal cash, try to avoid sending checks, and always write your address legibly on the outside of the envelope and on the letter.

"I sometimes feel I put more effort into the review than the person put into their zine." Bill Florio, *Greedy Bastard*

If the reviews seem too positive, it's because I didn't feel that most zines that came my way were worth the time or space. There are too many mediocre zines to bother with, so I concentrated on a few that I feel strongly about, both good or bad. My only qualification is the zine should be interesting to read. Sadly, most aren't.

Back from approximately a two year hiatus is **No Idea**. **No Idea** has always been one of the best looking newsprint fanzines, due to the fact that Var is an artist, and he knows how to add color and actually enhance his layout, than say, make a headline red or green. Another aspect of **No Idea** I always loved was the free 7" EPs that were always included. This time around Var put together a CD comp with 29 bands and 75 minutes of music. Contents include interviews (Dan Clowes, Seam, Sparkmarker, Crackerbash, et. al.), editorials, the shortest record reviews ever, G'Ville info, plus a DIY CD cover for the comp, with info on all of the bands. I hope he can find the time to publish on a regular basis. Buy or die. (\$5 ppd, No Idea #11, PO Box 14636, Gainseville, FL 32604-4636)

Another all-time favorite is **Dishwasher**. Dishwasher Pete has somehow turned a mundane existence into a fun read, and what makes it even better is he is exactly where he wants to be: sleeping on someone's floor and scrubbing plates in a roach-infested kitchen. This zine is a million times better than those personal zines about kid's roadtrips (uh, please don't refer to **GD** #5), and how they scammed Kinko's for the fifth time. I laughed out loud at the Scat Diary comic about the guy who washed dishes in a Mexican restaurant with a bunch of wing nuts, and during his break, he would get high while taking a big dump and not flush. If I ever meet Pete face to face, I'll ask him never to tell me what kind of shit food service people do to customers' food. Live the sudsy chaos. (50¢ plus 2 stamps, Dishwasher #12, PO Box 4827, Arcata, CA 95221)

A few of you might argue that **Ben is Dead** shouldn't be considered a zine any longer because of it's size, cost, blah, blah, blah. I don't care, it's better than just about anything else out there. The "Black" has been out as long as **GD** #12 (Aug. 94), and it's been the best issue yet. It starts with the fantastic cover art and ends 156 pages later all on death, but not gore. I've been a fan of **BID** for what seems like forever. Let's hope they can keep up the intensive work load without burning out and giving up. The "Retro" issue is out now. (\$5, Ben is Dead #24, PO Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028)

I have a friend (hint: he's in the "thank you" list) who comes over to my house now and then. His usual protocol is to smoke half a joint and ask me if I have any pornography. "Sure, I've got one issue of **Playboy** and one copy of **Penthouse**. They're the same issues that I've had for the past two years. You've already seen them." But one day he started digging through a box of zines and found a copy of **The Probe**. "What's up, Larry, how come you never showed me this?" No, **The Probe** isn't porn, but it does have a hell of a lot of cool nudie photos of everyone Aaron hangs out with, a couple choice photos of Aaron himself. Just to give you an idea, Shane, the horny guy in jail from **Flipside**, has run a couple of photos that Aaron must have coughed up. As for issues, this is the best one yet, and not because it has the best naked pictures. All of the interviews and live reviews were fun to read. Unlike the show reviews/column/scene reports in zines like **Flipside**, that seem to come off with a name dropping/star fucking session, it actually sounds like it would be a good time to hang out with Aaron and his crew of reviewers. My god, the guy challenged Smelly Mustafa to a fight! Standouts are the interviews with Aja and Christy Canyon, Aaron's roommate Sadie. You'll have to see the rest for yourselves. (\$4, Probe #4, PO Box 5068, Pleasanton, CA 94566)

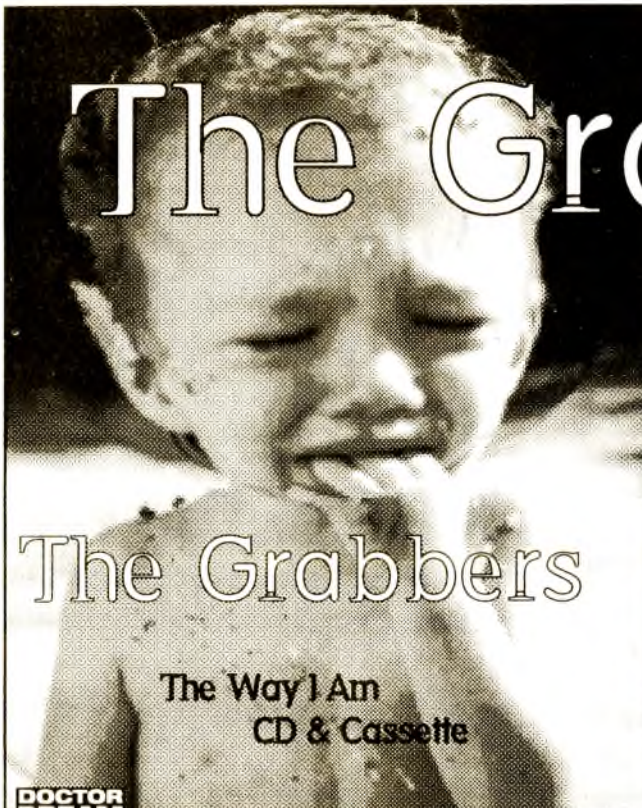
I don't want to bury the reader with too much history, but it was skate zines that first gave me the fanzine bug back in '86/'87. There was a zine from upstate New York called **Geek Attack** that inspired me so much, I knew I had start my own. One year later, **GD** was born, thanks mostly to my mom's copy machine at her work. Most of the zines I read at that time were like today's **Hectic Times**. **Geek Attack**, and other zines that used to be reviewed in **Thrasher**, all contained a balanced mix of skateboarding, music, and personal views. It's kinda neat to see a zine like **HT** carrying on what inspired me in the first place. Issue #8 has a picture of Duane Peters doing a frontside grind over the death box, which probably doesn't mean much to anyone under 23 (hey, I turned 24 Jan. '95). Okay, in this issue we've got interviews with The Cavities, The Swinging U-ters, and Illiterate. We've also got some old-

school skateboard photos (handplants, frontside airs). I found the reunion of a Jaks Team, a group of friends/skaters, to be the most interesting. The only complaint I have is Kym should kick down the 10 bucks for the long stapler and ditch the rubber-band-down-the-center approach. (\$2, Hectic Times #8, PO Box 2652, Santa Cruz, CA 95063).

Japankore is a new one to me. It's an eight-page tabloid zine that focuses strictly on Japan noise and hardcore, although it also has reviews of music, zines, and movies from other places besides Nippon. The layout is a chaotic cut-and-paste job that most zines used to use before computers were accessible. (32¢ stamp or \$1.50 overseas, Japankore \$4, PO Box 8511, Warwick, RI 02888)

Most of the zines I've seen the past couple of years that use the half-size format don't use computers. After straining my eyes trying to read too many shitty photocopied zines that were typed on typewriters with bad ribbons, it was nice to get ahold of **Second Guess**. It was the graphics that made me want to read, but it was the contents that made the difference. The editors are opinionated, but lack pretentiousness, unlike most other punk zines. The best example is "The Economics of Punk, pt. 1" that argues that it isn't a crime for a band to try to make a living from their music, and if you don't like it, fine, don't buy their records, CDs, or go to their shows. It sounds easy enough for me. Other interesting reading included a run down of the Mike Diana story, which can now be found in several other zines, and Donny the Punk's DC jail story about how he was raped several times over a couple of days. This issue has been out a while and the story was published before a more detailed account came out in **ANSWER Me! #4** arrived. (\$2, Second Guess #11, PO Box 9382, Reno, NV 89507)

It's strange, but **Genetic Disorder** has been compared to **Speed Kills** more than once. Okay, when Kevin and I interviewed the Didjits in **GD** #11, we did talk about cars a lot, although I would be lying if I said I knew how to do more than change the oil. Maybe it's because Scott and the **SK** crew dig a lot of San Diego bands. So we like a lot of the same music, and both of us are really into decent looking photos, but that's about as far as it goes. **Speed Kills** #6 is a fat fucker, 144



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pages in all, with interviews with MCA of the Beastie Boys, Slant 6, Gravel, a few others, plus stories on Garage Shock and a cool transcription of an recent Evel Knievel appearance. There's a ton more cool stuff to read, look at, and listen to (it comes with a free Superchunk 7") in this issue. It's always been a favorite and highly recommended. (\$4, Speed Kills, PO Box 14561, Chicago, IL 60614)

Another all time favorite is **Cometbus**, and I judge all other personal zines by it. I'm sorry, it's just the best, and there are so many others who try to write about hanging out, drinking coffee, and travelling, but none of them can cut it. Issue 32 was the "novel," which seemed like it was standard **Cometbus** travel stories, but certain details were changed, leaving you to question how much of this really happened to Aaron, and how much is part of the "novel." Simply brilliant. I read it cover to cover with only a couple of breaks to take a whiz. Issue 33 is out also, but it's sorta a greatest hits of #22 and #23. It's still great, but if you're new to **Cometbus**, expect a more raw, younger zine. Hey, we all grow and change, and these stories and interviews were originally printed in 1986. (\$2.50, Wow Cool!, 48, Shattuck Square, Box 149, Berkeley, CA 94704)

Let me tell you, there is nothing better than when someone lets loose and talks shit about all of the so-called heroes and heroines of the punk zine. **Greedy Bastard** is a new one to me, and Bill talks so much shit that I immediately told everyone to run down to Tower and snatch up the remaining issues. "Trust me, you'll love it. He rips on grl bands (He says it best with "anybody who repeatedly wears a Spitboy T-shirt is dishonest." Ha ha, I've haven't listened to my Spitboy 7" since the first time I played it) - Bikini Kill in particular - fat people at Disneyworld, people from New Jersey, people from the West Coast, garbage men, the Mob. Everyone." I liked the Sticks and Stones interview best, and you can bet your bottom dollar that I'm going to pick something up by these guys. As you already know, I sampled his take on zine reviews at the beginning of this column. (\$1, Greedy Bastard, PO Box 1014, Yonkers, NY 10704-1014)

All the Answers is a new zine outta Phoenix. Since the cool folks at **Grind** are taking so long, I'll have to rely on this for AZ info. It has a brief AZ scene report, so I was able to catch up on what some of my Zonie friends are doing. The "Mail from the Enemy" section lists the addresses and phone numbers, along with a brief description of what each of the various right-wing groups have been up to. Call them and give them a spiel about how you support them and want to give them a fat donation if they'll send you some info. Most of the remaining pages are split between interviews with **DI**, **TVTV\$**, and **Rhythm Collision**, and record and zine reviews. Look for a new issue soon. (\$27, All the Answers, 207, W. Clarendon 14B, Phoenix, AZ 85013)

At just a glance, **Spontaneous Combustion** seems like most other zines of its size, filled with interviews and reviews. You have to dig in to find that it has something more. The zine is based in Illinois, so it's no surprise that they cover their area and

pay special attention to the labels in their area (sound like anyone you know?). Okay, fanzine columnists usually have absolutely nothing to say (with the exception of **MRR's** almighty Mykel Board), but I did make it through their columnists to find a gem. One of them is trying to find a date for SC editor Mike, and she runs down all of the requirements. Good luck, guy. A lot of people reading this might learn about riders for the first time, which are contracts with demands to the promoter from the band. Obviously a band with no draw is happy to get gas money, but as bands begin to grow, so do their riders. Demands can range from specific import beers to drugs and condoms (of course the promoter doesn't have to agree to provide drugs or condoms, or even girls for the band if they demand them), but it does give you an insight to the band's mentality. I was disappointed they wouldn't name names.

There are the standard interviews with **DI**, **Dolomite**, **The Karl Hendricks Trio**, **Oblivians**, **Man or Astro Man**, **Superconductor**, **The Insect Surfers** (on the resurgence of surf music). I was impressed and confused by the "Shitter's Guide to Europe." What the hell is a dry shelf when you're taking a dump? Please explain because I rarely leave Southern California and I have no clue to European bathroom techniques. (\$2, Spontaneous Combustion, 3943 Cumnor Rd., Downers Grove, IL 60515)

A while back I asked my main man Jim Thompson what his favorite zine of late was, and he responded "**Feminist Baseball**." It didn't surprise me, both Jim and Jeff dig a bunch of the same bands, and since **FB** spends a lot of time talking about those bands, it's only natural that Jim digs it. I like it too. I got kinda bogged down in the reviews, but I tore into the more "cerebral" (so to speak) writing, such as the "Never to Young to Rock," and the "Was Kurt Cobain Murdered?" piece. It will be a let down if you're looking for band stroking, which is definitely a compliment. (\$3, Feminist Baseball, PO Box 9609, Seattle, WA 98109)

The people at **Aardvark** are nuts. Rather than sell their promos for cash and prizes, they give them away. But they're cool, they give them to their readers. The writing ranks at a junior college English 100 level with an attempt of humor in just about everything. For example, they give a "What Kind of Asshole Are You Anyway" questionnaire, a report on the growing numbers of morons, they poke at the grunge fashion and chain wallet trend, plus the Diesel Queens and Apocalypse Hoboken. On a more serious side is the interview with **The Obsessed**, and an observation about people who give non-native English speakers a hard time. (\$1, Aardvark #8, PO Box 2381, Northbrook, IL 60065-2381)

(Almost) **Nothing but Record (Tape & Video) Reviews** is just that. It should be well known that this is **Maximum Rockroll** columnist Mykel Board's zine. Of course he is the best thing about **MRR**, but don't expect his witty or sexy stories here, with the exception of the letter section; all are fan letters from both males and females who want to have sex with him. The cover proclaims this issue both the "Special Modesty Issue" (probably a joke because he is on the

cover) and possible last issue. Of all the reviews, the video reviews were the most interesting to read, because a) I'm really getting into homemade/low budget/underground movies, b) everyone has record reviews, and c) some of the records are almost four years old. This also came with a cassette of Mykel doing spoken word. (\$2.50, (Almost) Nothing but Record (Tape & Video) Reviews, PO Box 137, Prince Street Sta., New York, NY 10012)

What better name for a newsletter filled with contents about what the author finds interesting than **Interesting**. The author, Richard Sagall, said he wanted to fill a zine with all of the things he finds interesting because no one else has. Believe me, it's better than it sounds. I gave it a try, and this is totally cool. It's simple, with tons of interesting facts, quotes, and comparisons. For example, did you know that adding chicken carcasses to molasses preserves them long enough to get them to rendering plant? Or 10 percent of coffee beans are damaged or infested with insects? And maybe we never did go to the moon. Sagall also writes letters to television shows when their writers get a medical fact, diagnosis, or symptom wrong in the script. I'm picturing Grampa Simpson banging at a manual typewriter. "I am not a crank..." It was definitely a nice change of pace from the stack of punk zines I've been reading lately. (\$3, Interesting, PO Box 1069, Bangor, ME 04402-1069)

I bet no one believes that San Diego has a cool pinball scene. Jim will occasionally kick down handfulls of tokens from his work, so every now and then I'll roll over there with a few friends and play until the tokens are gone. Secondly, San Diego has several branches of **Wonderland**, a pretty cool arcade that has a \$1.50 cover charge, but once inside, the games are either 10¢, 5¢, or free. The night **Bikini Kill** played at the Soul Kitchen, Johnny Law and I cruised out for the show, but they were taking such a long time getting the show started, we got our money back and split to **Wonderland**. We pounded beers in the parking lot then played pinball for three hours (FYI, John likes to slam the shit out the machine and was tilting left and right). Naturally I would think a zine dedicated-mostly to pinball is cool. Aptly titled **Multiball**, issue #5 discusses pinball on the net, reviews **Bally's Corvette**, the "buy-in" scam (I cancel it and hope for a match), and an interview with a guy who owns a cafe of sorts that has shows and pinball machines, plus more. (2 stamps?, **Multiball** #5, 2525 Arapahoe Ave. Suite E4-170, Boulder, CO 80302)

Now that **Scrape** is gone, I'm glad Floridans have the **Rational Inquirer** to take it's place. Issue #2 is packed with columns, band interviews (I really dug the interview with Jerry A about his new band **Gift**), and reviews. They're off to a good start with only two issues out so far. (\$1.50, **Rational Inquirer**, 2050 W. 56 St., Suite 32-221, Hialeah, FL 33016)

Shane, that skinny white guy from Montana, put out another issue of a fine example of a do-it-yourself/scam-it-yourself mini called **Starbago Can**. He's probably better known to you as the record reviewer who digs all the Subharmonic stuff. Shane

started putting together these mini zines with drawings and thoughts last year, and he would walk up to people and ask, "Hey, you got fifty cents?" The person usually thought he was bumming change, and if they did give him the money, he would hand them a copy of **Starbage Can**. "Thanks, this is what you just bought." If only I could do that with my distributors. The third issue of **Starbage Can** is the San Diego issue, with thoughts on living here now that he's in Portland. The funnest read was the history of the 68th St. punk house, where I met Shane and all of his friends/roommates a couple of years ago. I lived around the corner and they used to throw water balloons at me when I rode by on my bike. It took me a while to figure out where the balloons were coming from, and I made a point to either be aware of who was in the machine gun nest, or avoid the corner altogether. Sometime later I was invited to a party at the house, and was drunk and plastering the house with **GD** stickers, and I made them promise never to bomb me with balloons again. They never did and we've been friends ever since. It brought back a flood of memories. (\$1.50, **Starbage Can** #3, 1410, SW Taylor, #309, Portland, OR 97205)

Sometimes it's the little things that can make a zine standout. **Schtuff** has the same thing everyone else has, but little twists, such as writing a half page about a Rancid interview falling through, make things more interesting than if things had turned out right. Another good example is the distributor rip-off page. Jason goes into detail about how he was ripped off and all of the lies each distributor told him to string him along. Another

story worth a read was about how local vigilantes ran a bunch of thieves out of their neighborhood, and his thoughts on the whole affair. It's nice to see a Canadian's perspective. (**Schtuff** #2, 7100 Westminster St., Powell River, BC V8A 1C6, Canada)

Extras

The Nose, Film Threat, and Film Threat Video Guide aren't fanzines. It doesn't matter because they are all great reading. **The Nose** is a favorite. It is somewhat expensive (\$5, I think), it is one of the best humor/satire magazines available. Past issues have included features with Anton La Vey modeling new fashions, how to cook your dog, and who really murdered "Hogan's Heroes" star Bob Crane. Other great regular columns are the police blotter, and weird news from around the country. John Marr from **Murder Can Be Fun** is a contributor, so if that isn't enough.... Trust me on this one, folks.

I'm a late comer to **Film Threat** and **Film Threat Video Guide**, both belonging to the **Hustler** family. A lot of my friends used to really be into it, but now they say it sucks and don't bother to pick it up. Too bad, cool guys, because I think it's great. They talk shit, pull pranks on their competitors and critics, and they have the access to movies and videos that would never be seen if they weren't around. I've thumbed through a couple of other slick underground movie and video mags since I've been turned on to the **Film Threats**, and no one even comes close.

The biggest zine to come out locally

would have to be issue #13 of **Ugly Things**. Most people reading this probably don't know that much about **UT** for a couple of reasons. One, it's published about once every year and a half. Publisher Mike Stax is a busy guy. Secondly, he mostly covers mod - pop - and R&B - influenced rockroll from the '60s and early '70s. It's not for everyone, but damn, he's good at what he does. I never thought I would be interested in reading about the **Birds**, but whadda ya know, it was cool. The previous issue had the largest crossover audience because of the huge article on Jerry Only and the **Misfits**. It was the most honest, in-depth, and interesting stories I had ever read about one of my all-time favorite bands. There is an update on the **Misfits** story in this issue, with comments and anecdotes from readers, along with a paraphrased response from Bobby Steele and an interview with Joey Image. (\$5, **Ugly Things** #13, 405 W. Washington St. #237, San Diego, CA 92103)

From **Ugly Things**, it's easy to move to **Schlock**. John has been able to maintain his monthly printing schedule, with the exception of December. He's cranking them out so fast I can't keep track. The format is a four-page tabloid size with one cover feature on a "schlocky" movie or music subject, then he moves on to all sorts of video reviews, maybe an occasional record review, and an interview with a zine publisher he respects. Write John and tell him I said **Schlock** is "gear-fab." (\$1, **Schlock**, 3841, Fourth Ave. #192, San Diego, CA 92103)

Mike Spent of the **Spent Idols** started putting together a newsletter of sorts called **Dirt**, mostly dealing with - surprise -

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the Spent Idols, but he did dedicate the most recent issue to "dead and dying punk rockers." He also rants about the state of the punk scene in general, and throws in a couple of record reviews, all done in a chaotic cut-and-paste layout. (3 stamps?, Dirt, PO Box 383, Vista, CA 92085)

Sam Lopez likes the finer things in life. After a hard day at work, I'm guessing he comes home, slips a Slayer album on for the mood then throws on a video or two of real life mutilations to relax. Sam wants to share those things with us through his zine, **Goat**. Who would have thought Satanism, death, hatred, and gore would be so fun? Sam made a few predictions (**Dahmer** will become a priest, **Kiss** will revert to their original coolness), he profiled **Idi Amin**, interviews the crazy **Darby** of El Cajon, a prisoner called **Hate-Man**, **Excarnatus**, **EyeHateGod**, **Hammerhead**, and a masochist. There are also a few video reviews of stuff that you won't find at Blockbuster, and lots of gory photos, probably taken from Mexican death tabloids. Send an age statement. (\$3, **Goat** #5, PO Box 4284, La Mesa, CA 91944)

Black Market is back to a regular printing schedule. Issue #13 came out recently and #14 should be out just about the time this issue hits the streets. I guess Carl won my challenge as to who would have #13 out first, and he beat me by a mile. His lucky number 13 has interviews with **Victims Family**, **Wayne Newton**, **Marilyn Manson**, **Moe Tucker**, and **The Living End**. They added a serial killer board game that **Chance** illustrated as an added bonus to pass away those boring evenings. Of course there are tons of comics, including more **Lenore**, and video and music reviews. (\$4, **Black Market** #13, 405 W. Washington, Plot 212, San Diego, CA 92103)

There are a handful of zines coming out of El Cajon, a suburb of San Diego. Part of the reason for the explosion might be the success of the **Soul Kitchen**, a downtown all-ages club. I don't want anyone to think that I'm pickin' on the young'uns. We all have to start somewhere. **GD** wasn't always what you're holding now (and people might even say that it is just as bad as it always was). The problem with all of the zines is they can't climb out of a medicocrity rut. And it doesn't matter if all of these zines are free. Sure people might pick them up, but they won't receive much interest if there is no substance. Especially when there are so many other zines worth picking up.

I'll start with **A New Miserable Experience**. The people behind this zine seem to be a little older (I'm guessing they're out of high school), and print their zine on newsprint. They are trying to write articles that might actually work, but the writing is pretty bad. The lottery conspiracy story could have worked if it was written with a feeling of paranoia, rather than dry first person and attempting to be so matter-of-fact. I can read about Prop. 187 somewhere else where people actually know about it, thank you. The two true crime stories were *okaaaay*, *buuuu*, I've learned that unless you give me proof, I'm not going to believe everything I read (thanks, **Sin**), and without proof (a photo, a ticket, anything!) I'm going to write it off as a junior college writing assignment. The best thing going for this issue was the story about the

guy who talked the cops out of searching him (he had a bag of weed in his underwear). As for the tour of El Cajon and F St. **A d u l t B o o k - s t o r e s**, I can hear better stories and anecdotes at my friend's **Ballantyne St.** apartment. They have better pornography too ("*C o m e b a c k T r a c i . . .*"). The people at **ANME** have the means to improve, so let's see if they can follow through. I'll keep my eyes open for upcoming issues (\$1, **A New Miserable Experience**, PO Box 20871, El Cajon, CA 92021)

I'm really confused by the two girls who put out **The Instigator**. I seriously thought they were both 13, which kinda impressed me, but when I found out they were 17 or 18. Yikes. They brag about how they were into **Green Day** a year before everyone else, they rant about **Jello Biafra's** trial that happened approximately 8 years ago (along with rants about jocks and heavy metal complete with **DK** lyrics. Sure, I agree with the stuff about jocks, but they couldn't even come up with something original for such an easy target.), or bitch about **MTV**, as if anyone cares. They talk shit about **SOMA**, but go to tons of shows there. If **Maximum Rockroll** ever publishes a history and guide to punk/HC over the past 5, 10, etc. years, I'm sending them a complimentary issue, so someone else can mail them a dictionary. (2 stamps, **Instigator**, 484, Rosalie Way, El Cajon, CA 92109).

Placebo and **Frontal Lobotomy**, both from El Cajon also, are a bit better. **Placebo** gets bonus points for trying to do her own thing, but the layout can seriously hurt your eyes, and the content remains light, despite the attempt at tackling **grrl/women** issues. Issue #6 has a long review of a near religious experience at the **Bikini Kill** show at the **Soul Kitchen**. (2 stamps, **Placebo**, 1361 **Kristie Lane**, El Cajon, CA 92019)

Of the East County zines reviewed,

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60 minute compilation tape

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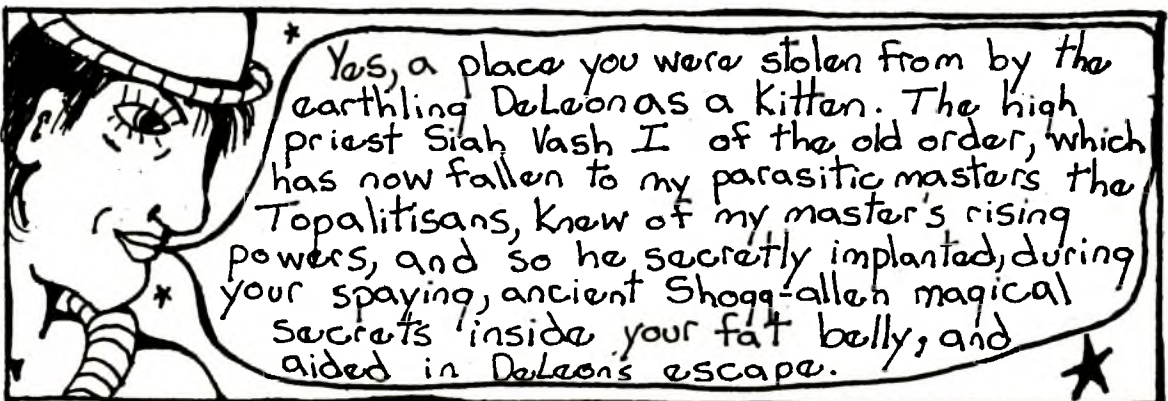
Frontal Lobotomy and **Teenage Freakshow** are the best, but to be honest, it isn't saying too much. All of the people behind them seem to be young and need to realize that there is more going on outside of El Cajon. All of them do make attempts at making their zines interesting; only **The Instigator** fails completely, except for its unintentional comic relief. The others received passing marks because they made attempts at other subjects. What made **Frontal Lobotomy** and **Teenage Freakshow** different from the others were the comics, both love for comics and the ones drawn by **Matt** from **TF** for both zines (actually, the zines can be considered separated siamese twins because they share so much of their contents). But all of them still need work. Am I being mean? I don't think so because I doubt **Factsheet Five** would even bother to review the zines. (50¢, **Frontal Lobotomy** #3, 263, **Bridle Run Ct.**, **Alpine**, CA 91901)

I'm interested in trading both single and bulk copies with other zines for distribution. Please write or send a sample first. I also recommend all publishers send a copy of their zine to **Factsheet Five**, PO Box 170099, San Francisco, CA 94117-0099. Sample copies are \$6.

CATAFALQUE

BY SHANE DELEON

I hate to do this but we must return to our gripping story where we left off. The Queen, after searching the galaxy has Hazel, her prey, on the ground and under the knife. Both Pie and Nessball are unconscious after tangling with the Queen.





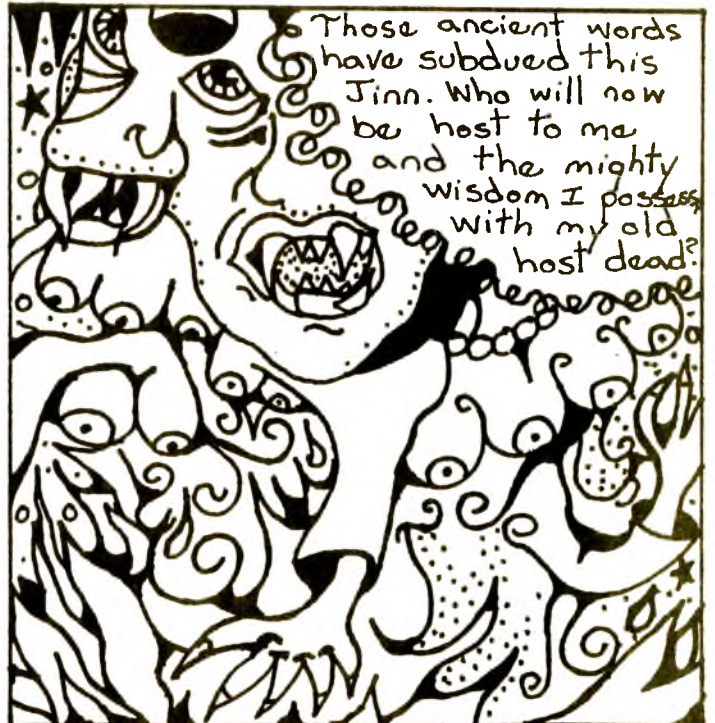
Prepare to die... Fatty.



Who Dares to disturb Shogq-allen magical places.



* Nq'qulsht Shag'leth
ntq'oh Rshath Sha
let'tns Shogq-al
beilz!



Those ancient words
have subdued this
Jinn. Who will now
be host to me
and the mighty
wisdom I possess
with my old
host dead?

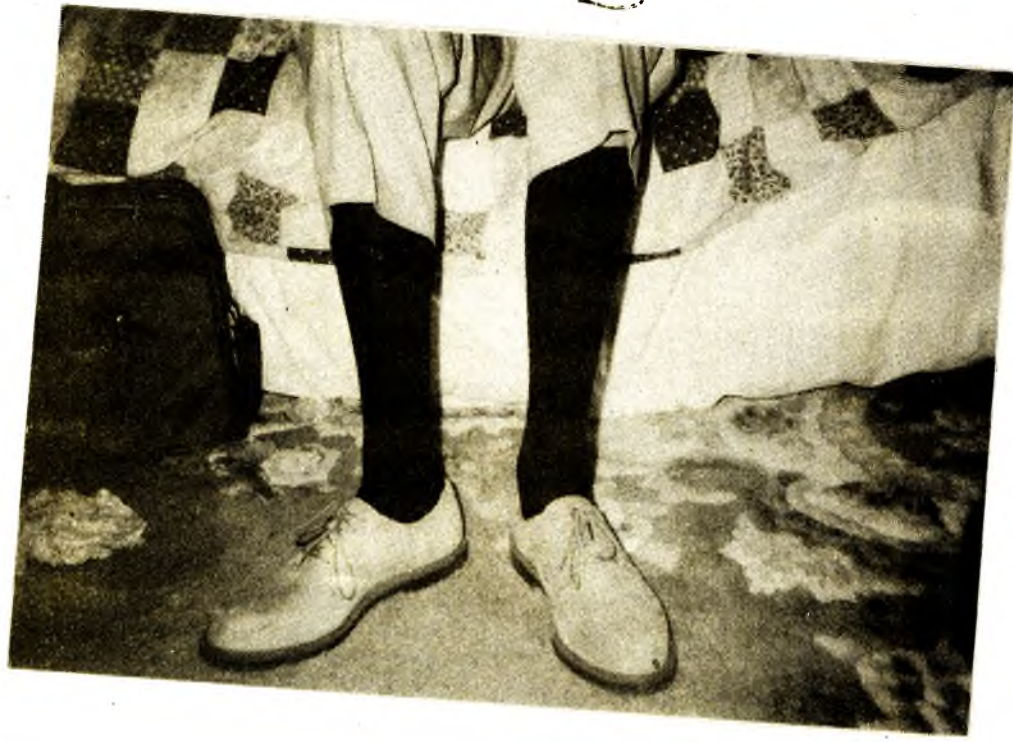


Dear Larry -
Are these the
Biggest Fucking
Feet you ever
did see?

It's so bad that
Chong's Dick
isn't as Big as
his Feet.

Later

Jon -



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