

SPRING 02

YEE HAW!!

ROCK
AND
ROLL

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MINIST
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HELLO AND WELCOME TO ISSUE NUMBER THREE OF FRESH RAG!

Hey boys and girls, I hope you have been keeping yourself busy since last issue. Lots of interesting things have been going on for me lately - some have been great..... some not so great - but hell what's life without it's ups and downs! I hope you guys can enjoy all that I have to offer this time around. If you don't like rock and roll, sex, or drinking until you pickle your liver then you better stop right here. If you do then you are in for your dollar's worth! A little bit of everything this issue, all compiled for your reading pleasure! Much thanks goes out to all the bands that roll thru town that make living in the Bible belt a little more bearable. I pledge my unending allegiance to all local rock and roll bands that are out there fucking shit up!

THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU!

- *Kim and Stevie for being bad ass motherfuckers.
- *Jake Starr for being a "sultry motherfucker".
- *Günter 8544 for all of his help and supreme knowledge.
- *Steve Athey for the unrestricted use of his computer and scanner. He also wants you to know that he doesn't like being called "Mr Boss Man".
- *Chicho's for starting my week out right with free Monday shows and cheap draft Natural Light.

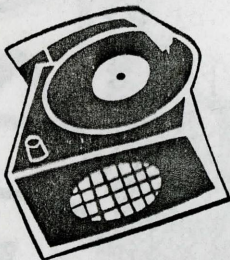
NO THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING BASTARDS!

- *The NorVa for it's half assed attempt at "supporting" local rock and roll.
- *Kristi Michaels for pretending that she is an authority on punk rock.
- *The ABC regulators that helped shut down shut down Mango's.

COVER MODEL:

Ms. "April May"!

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Plug It Up Productions



ANY

QUESTIONS?

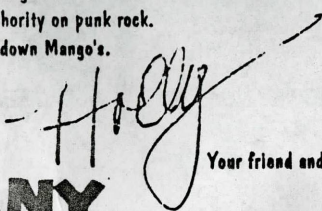
JUST ASK ME,

FRESH RAG MAG

816 BALDWIN AVE #1

NORFOLK, VA 23517

RAGDOLL38@HOTMAIL.COM


Your friend and editor.

FRESH RAG :

**YOUR ROCK AND ROLL WAKE UP CALL!!!
NORFOLK'S ONE AND ONLY ROCK AND ROLL MAG!**

THIS ISSUE!

MOVIE REVIEWS

ZINE REVIEWS

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HELLBENDERS**

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THAN YOUR MOTHER'S PANTIES!**

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**AC/DC: IF YOU DONT' LIKE EM YOU SUCK!
BY RUTLEDGE**

PREPARATION GBH BY GUNTHER 8544

FULL LENGTH REVIEWS

SHOW REVIEWS

BOOK REVIEWS

**G N' R FOREVER! BROUGHT TO YOU BY
LORD RUTLEDGE**

THRIFT SCORES BY GUNTHER 8544

**WRITTEN AND EDITED BY : Mz.
Holly**

**With contributions by Lord Rutledge
and Gunther 8544**

And much assistance from Mz.

Kim and Stevie

Photos by Kim, Holly, Steve

MOVIE REVIEWS

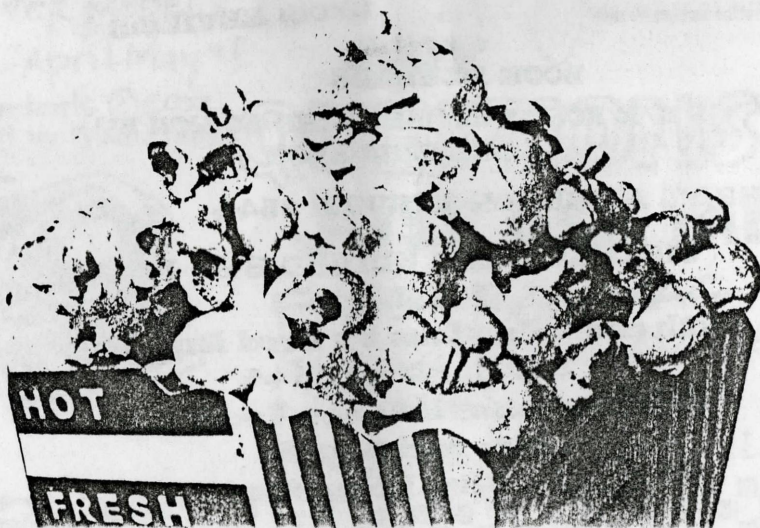
I AM NOW UP TO DATE WITH TECHNOLOGY. This holiday season brought a new DVD player into my world and let me tell you, movie watching has not been this exciting for quite some time. This issue of the Rag I covered many DVD releases, but fear not - most of these titles are still readily available on VHS. Go start the microwave popcorn, it's movie time!

HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH (VHS)

This is simply wonderful. This rock opera spins the tale of Hedwig, a transsexual rock performer who is frustrated that his "protégé" has gained fame at his expense. What made this movie so great was the awesome Iggy / Bowie / T Rex influenced songs that Hedwig's band performs during the flick. Plenty of dramatics here (come on, what do you expect from a sexually castrated individual?) that you would expect would put a damper on the mood but instead you find yourself relating to this tortured transsexual soul. Very highly recommended, but be sure to watch "Velvet Goldmine" (another superb fictional glam rock flick) directly afterward.

SCARY MOVIE 2 (DVD)

I watched this hoping that some of the hilarity from it's predecessor would be retained only to be disgusted by toilet humor and you need a lot more than fuckin gay jokes to be funny. On the DVD you get all the outtakes that should have been left in to fill the Swiss cheese script. The whole gang from the first one return (save for Billy) even the kids who were



presumably killed off the first time around. And excuse me but what the fuck is Tim Curry doin slummin it in this movie? Watch the opening sequence where the Exorcist piano scene is parodied with partygoers busting out a robust version of "Shake That Ass", then fast forward through the rest. You won't be missing much.

DOCTOR GORE (VHS)

"Doctor Gore" is pure shit. Trust me on this. Basic Frankenstein story (mad scientist creates perfect woman for his own sexual devices) but it's too cheesy and the poor editing and dialogue doesn't help. And why, may I ask, is the children's tune "My Favorite Things" the theme song? I would rather have bleach poured into my eyes then watch this again.

POOTEYTANG (VHS)

If the writers and director of "Pooteytang" had managed to keep up the energy and creativeness that was displayed in the first ten minutes, I would have been mildly pleased with this. In this day and age, "blaxploitation" flicks are a dime a dozen, or maybe it's that the new generation is out of touch with the spirit that was captured in the seventies films that have become cult classics. "Pooteytang" is no "Shaft". Or "Cleopatra Jones". Or "Dolemite". Or "Foxy Brown". It tries, but fails miserably in creating a coherent story line. I think they should have given more lines comedienne Wanda Jackson who is WASTED in each scene she appears in.

THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS (DVD)

PLEASE DON'T WATCH THIS. Don't say I didn't warn you.

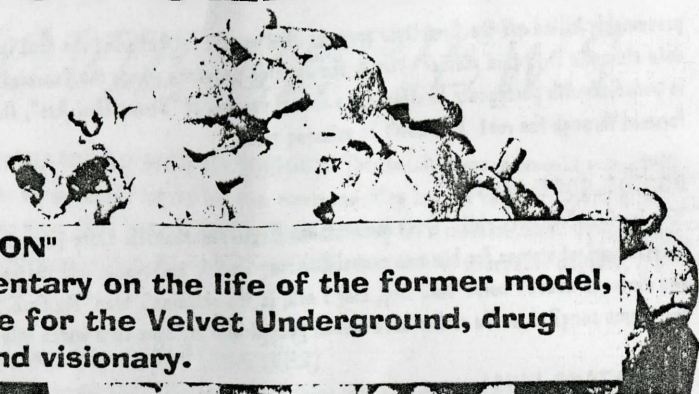
FEMALE TROUBLE / PINK FLAMINGOS (DVD)

When I grow up, I want to be a "thief and a shit kicker" just like Dawn Davenport, the main character played by plus sized drag queen Divine in John Waters' early breakthrough in guerilla film making, "Female Trouble". Until recently, the only way most folks would have been able to enjoy this double feature was on grainy VHS dubs accompanied by patchy sound. These two cult classics from director John Waters have been remastered and repackaged with the true fans in mind. Extra footage includes some documentary footage of the films being made and other assorted goodies.

EDGE OF SEVENTEEN (DVD)

Apparently, this gay teen coming out in the eighties drama flick is dead on in representing what it was like for a gay teen to come out in the eighties. Bronski Beat is mentioned too many times to count here as we follow the story of a young lad who grapples with his sexual identity after falling in love with a gay co-worker at a summer resort job.

MUST SEE FLICKS



"NICO: ICON"

A documentary on the life of the former model, chanteuse for the Velvet Underground, drug addict, and visionary.

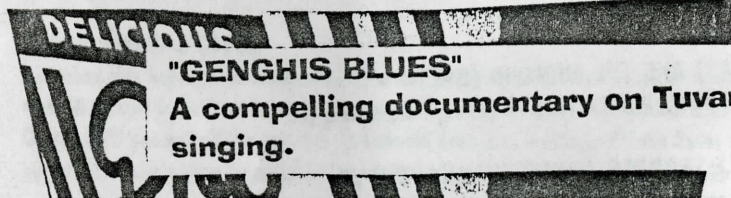


"MRS. PARKER AND THE VICIOUS CIRCLE"

Jennifer Jason Leigh portrays Vanity Fair columnist and poet Dorothy Parker.

"PIXOTE"

A foreign flick about street hustler kids in South America.

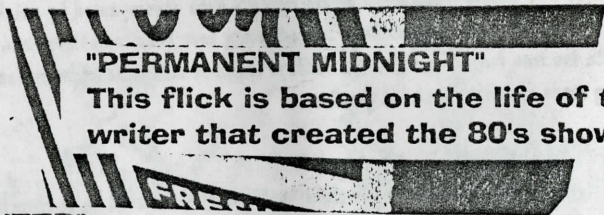


"GENGHIS BLUES"

A compelling documentary on Tuvan throat singing.

"THE GENERAL"

A biopic about Martin Cahill, a modern day Robin Hood that was assassinated in Ireland.



"PERMANENT MIDNIGHT"

This flick is based on the life of the television writer that created the 80's show ALF.

"MANHUNTER"

A serial killer flick based on "The Red Dragon", written by the guy who brought us The Silence of the Lambs.



AC/DC: IF YOU DON'T LIKE 'EM, YOU SUCK!

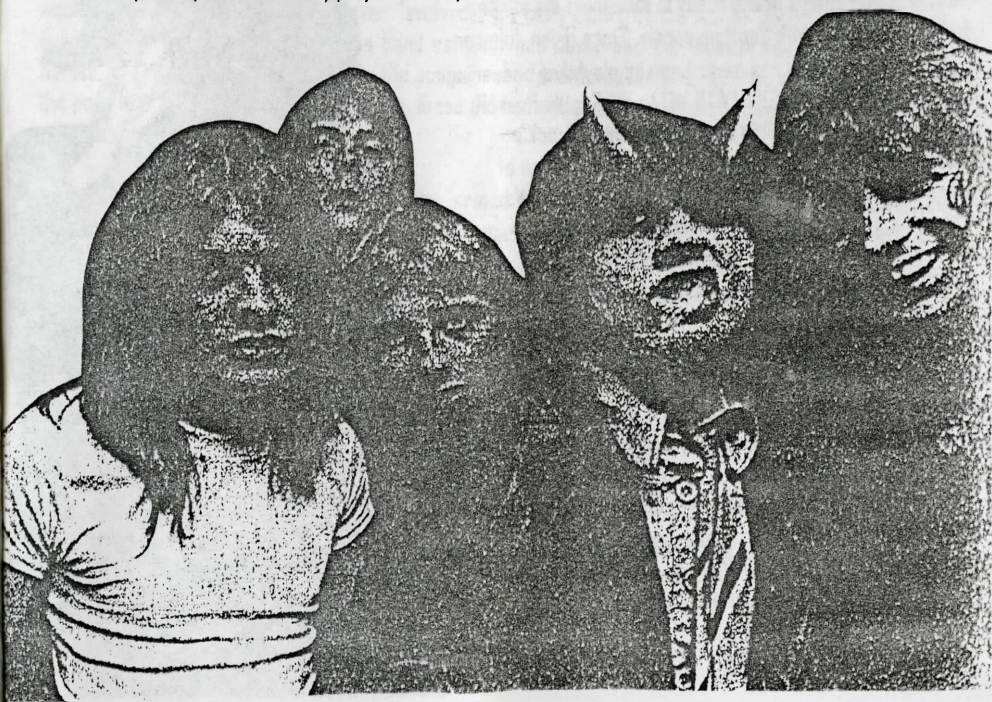
By Rutledge

In my twisted mind, there's no question that AC/DC was---in its prime---the greatest rock and roll band ever. That's right---I said **EVER!!!** I love the Rolling Stones, Replacements, Clash, Who, and Beatles; but I'd still take early AC/DC over all of 'em. No joke.

Of course, I'm talking about the **ORIGINAL** version of AC/DC fronted by Bon Scott---NOT the later Brian Johnson outfit. With all due respect to Johnson (a great singer in his own right who has ably fronted the band for the past 22 years), the band was never the same after Scott died in 1980.

In the 80's and 90's, the group was a veteran hard rock outfit of the highest caliber---a formidable rock machine that set the standard for the heavy metal music of the day. But AC/DC was at its very best back in the 70's---when it embodied everything that had ever been great about great rock and roll. These cats were like Jerry Lee Lewis and Little Richard reborn as sexier, naughtier, ruder, dirty-minded degenerates with hearts of gold! They were the poorly behaved bastard grandchildren of rock's founding fathers. They were vile, crude, and..... absolutely irresistible!

The AC/DC of the 70's was, simply put, the **PERFECT** rock band. Here was a bunch of silly, swaggering bad-boys hell-bent on stripping its musical onslaught of any unnecessary trimmings or ridiculous pretensions. They just kept it simple and delivered the beautiful noise. They never claimed to be anything more or anything less than a rock and roll band (To this day, they've continued to make an art form out of stylistic stagnation!). These mofos just wanted to **ROCK**---and rock they did! They were like a bunch of tanked-up Chuck Berrys on speed---and they played a raw, primitive, fun, sexual brand of rock and roll soaked in a



catchy-pop aesthetic that would have made Buddy Holly proud. They were raunchy like the Stones, loud like KISS, melodic like The Beatles, and heavy like the MC5. Their hard-rocking songs---infectious musical odes to sex, drugs, booze, and depravity---spoke to bored, horny adolescents who craved cheap thrills, good times, and a wild-hearted escape from the confines of mundane existence. Every lust-crazed teen who wanted nothing more from life than to drink beer, drive fast, and take his dream-girl to bed could listen to AC/DC and escape into a world where everything made sense.

Like The Dictators, the AC/DC fellows were shamelessly lowbrow but undeniably clever. Front-man Scott was a master of sly sexuality; the way he tweaked his voice suggestively and relied on witty lyrical innuendo is legendary. His partners-in-crime---the all-time-great guitar tandem of Angus and Malcolm Young---were badass axe slingers, truly remarkable songwriters, and all-around-cool-dudes. If rock and roll is really about defiance, debauchery, and teenage lust (and who says it ISN'T?), then AC/DC's original incarnation WAS rock and roll personified.

Face it: If you claim to love rock and roll yet don't own any Bon Scott-era-AC/DC albums, your record collection is fucking WORTHLESS!!! If you haven't heard "T.N.T." or "Highway to Hell", you haven't LIVED, pal! You are clearly a deprived, pathetic soul! You've missed the boat! Your rock and roll education is horribly deficient. Chump!

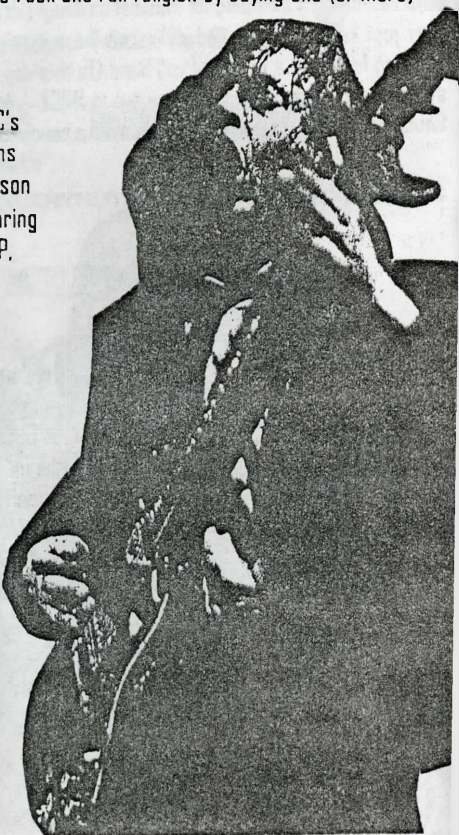
But fear not! It's still not too late to save your sad soul! Instant salvation is within reach! There's hope on the horizon! You easily can atone for your sins against the rock and roll religion by buying one (or more) of the following titles:

HIGHWAY TO HELL (1979)

1980's **BACK IN BLACK** is generally considered to be AC/DC's finest LP, but it differs dramatically in tone from the albums the band recorded with Scott on vocals. Since Brian Johnson took the mic, the band has never been as playful or endearing as it was with Scott. **HIGHWAY TO HELL** was Scott's final LP, and in retrospect it's a fitting epitaph for one of rock's greatest bad-boys. The album is a defiant celebration of excess, sin, debauchery, and lust more importantly it's a hard rock classic chock full of simple but timeless anthems. Essential tracks: "Highway to Hell", "Touch Too Much", "Girls Got Rhythm", and "Shot Down in Flames".

DIRTY DEEDS DONE DIRT CHEAP (1975)

Simply put, this is one of the greatest rock and roll debut albums of all-time. It established a stylistic formula that the band would NEVER abandon, and it did so to great effect. Hugely infectious good-time songs about contract killers, sex, rock and roll, and testicles make this one a must-own. Essential tracks: "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap", "Big Balls", "Rocker", "Love at First Feel".



HIGH VOLTAGE (1976)

Essentially a re-issue of the band's Australian "TNT" LP (1975), this gem would be worth it just for "T.N.T.", one of the greatest rock and roll songs ever recorded. But the **WHOLE ALBUM** is flat-out brilliant, strutting out a mostly mid-tempo dirty rock attack and delivering an endless supply of monster riffs and delicious hooks. A classic. Essential tracks: "T.N.T.", "It's a Long Way to the Top" (If You Wanna Rock and Roll)", "The Jack", "Can I Sit Next To You Girl?", "High Voltage".

LET THERE BE ROCK (1977)

AC/DC really picked up the pace on this one, speeding up its naughty-boy blues onslaught and morphing into a lewd, vicious rock and roll wrecking crew. The Chuck Berry influence is obvious, but it's played faster, louder, and crazier than ever before. Essential tracks: "Problem Child", "Whole Lotta Rosie", "Let There Be Rock", "Go Down".

POWERAGE (1978)

A highly underrated album, **POWERAGE** was the fourth of five classic Scott-era AC/DC efforts. Like **LET THERE BE ROCK**, it was delightful in its simplicity. Here was a simple, fun, unapologetic **ROCK AND ROLL** album that was as hooky and energetic as it was unoriginal. If you don't have this one, you're missing out. Essential tracks: "Rock and Roll Damnation", "Sin City", "Gimme A Bullet".

Sure: It seems a little absurd to praise a band for its flagrant failure to progress musically---especially when one considers how painfully **BORING** most bands become when they end up bashing out the same damn set night after night and making the same damn album year after year. But in AC/DC's case, it just wouldn't seem **RIGHT** if the group ever "evolved". The very **POINT** of the AC/DC experience is that its delightfully predictable. And while the band certainly has never had the musical range of the Beatles, Stones, or Kinks, the point is moot. Like the action hero who does nothing but kick ass on the big screen or the porn star who gets you off every time, these guys are specialists who make an art form out of being one dimensional.

In recent years, hundreds of rock groups have formed themselves in AC/DC's image. They've followed the band's lead and stuck to a simple, raw rock n' roll attack. Some of them are pretty decent. They rock hard. They kick ass. They play loud. Yet **NONE** of them can compare to the **REAL THING**. Why? Because it wasn't style or attitude that made AC/DC so great. It was the **SONGS**! Any old band can have a "sound", but the great ones have the motherfucking **TUNES**---the unforgettable ultra-contagious anthems for the ages! The B-Movie Rats and Nashville Pussy may have the style, the energy, and the 'tude, but what they lack are AC/DC's incomparable god-like **HOOKS**!!!! Aside from The Ramones, you won't find a single band in the history of rock and roll that has **EVER** done more with three chords than AC/DC! Long live the Young brothers! And God bless Bon Scott---the patron saint of all fast-living, hip-shaking outrageous rock and roll front men!

You can imitate AC/DC---but you could never, ever duplicate them! ---Joshua Blake
Rutledge, January 2002

ON HIGHWAY TO HELL WITH THE HELLBENDERS!

THE HELLBENDERS HAD JUST FINISHED A SUCCESSFUL TOUR OF DUTY WITH LOCAL LOOTERS THE CANDYSNATCHERS WHEN FRESH RAG CAUGHT THEM IN THE ACT AT CHICHO'S IN NOVEMBER AS THE OPENING BAND FOR THE LAZY COWGIRLS. THESE FOUR LADS BASED OUTTA L.A. AGREED TO AN IMPROMPTU INTERVIEW AROUND THREE THIRTY IN THE MORNING.

QUESTIONS BY MR. STEVE BAISE.
ANSWERS BY THE HELLBENDERS.

DAVE / BASS

WHICH US CITIES DO YOU THINK SUCK FOR ROCK AND ROLL?
LA, PORTLAND -BASED ON LAST TOUR AND LIVING LOCALLY

WHY DO THE STONES CONTINUE TO TOUR AFTER 60?
LOVE -MUSIC-MONEY-FAME-
POWER-SEX-(DRUGS)-CHILD
SUPPORT-HEALTH

WHO INSPIRED YOU TO PLAY RNR MUSIC?
NIKI SIXX

HEATH / DRUMS

DO YOU FANTISIZE ABOUT...KEITH MOON OR ANIMAL?
NEITHER, BUT I PROBABLY HAVE FONDER MEMORIES OF ANIMAL. IF THAT MEANS SOMETHING.

WHAT DOES 6/8 MEAN TO YOU?
ODD TIME SIGNATURE.

WHEN DOES THE BASS BECOME THE LEADER OF THE BAND?
MUSICALLY : I'D SAY REGGAE
PERSONALLY : DIFFERENT BANDS AND MUSIC CALL FOR DIFFERENT LEADERS SOMETIMES ITS BASS OR GUITAR OR WIND.

HANS / GUITAR

WHO WAS THE FIRST "ROCK" BAND YOU SAW?
I BELIEVE THE FIRST "ROCK" BAND I REMEMBER SEEING WAS THE PLIMSOUHS AT PERKIN PALACE IN PASADENA IN 1982.

WHERE WERE YOU ON SEPT. 11TH?
ON SEPT. 11 2001 I WAS IN SANTA BARBARA WITH MY GIRLFRIEND FOR OUR ANNIVERSARY. WE WOKE UP AND WERE BLOWN AWAY. NEVER THOUGH THAT WOULD HAPPEN IN THE USA.

WHEN DID YOU FIRST REALIZE THAT RNR AND PUSSY WERE A GREAT COMBO?
I THINK ROCK AND ROLL AND GIRLS HAVE ALWAYS GONE TOGETHER SINCE THE BEGINNING.

BIMAL / GUITAR & VOCALS

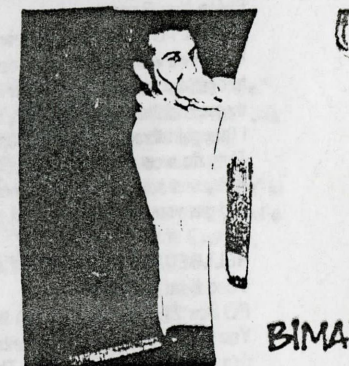
DO YOU THINK THICK GREASE ON YOUR HAIR HELPS YOUR "CHOICE LICKS" ON GUITAR?
NO THE GREASE DOESN'T HELP MY PLAYING IN THE LEAST - WHAT ARE "CHOICE LICKS"?

CAN YOU DRIVE THE VAN MORE THAN 300 MILES AT A TIME?
YES I CAN DRIVE MORE THAN 300 MILES BUT THE GAS TANK DOESN'T LET US GO THAT FAR ON A TANK SO ANY EXCUSE TO STOP DRIVING IS A GOOD ONE.

GIBSON OR MOSRITE?
GIBSON (THEY HOLD UP WELL W / CRACKS IN THE NECK.)

SEND LOVE LETTERS, NUDE PICTURES, AND YOUR PANITES TO THE BAND!

HELLBENDERS C/O DEAD BEAT RECORDS
P.O. BOX 283
LOS ANGELES, CA 90078



MUSIC FANS



FULL LENGTH REVIEWS

D4 "6TWEENTY" CD

Flying Nun Records

PO Box 1170 Auckland, Aotearoa, New Zealand

Four hard working lads from down under comprise the D4, a smart combo who fuse big rock riffs with pop hooks to create an album that is catchy from the start of opening stomper "Rocknroll Motherfucker" right on through to the end. Mind you, I normally like my rock and roll way sloppier but this is a rare record - just when I thought all rock and roll bands sounded the same, the D4 come along and show me some real musicianship. They do a cover of PIRATE LOVE that would do Johnny T. proud. MYSTEREX sounds like that great lost Ramones song that the Ramones never recorded. Twelve tracks of the new breed of rock, put it on repeat and get your dancing shoes out.

HELLBENDERS "POP ROCK SUICIDE" CD

Dead Beat Records

PO Box 283 Los Angeles, CA 90078

You know you are in for something different from this Hellbenders CD by the sitar notes that start off this thrill ride of no holds barred rock. This CD is a potent dose of nasty, fast rock and fuckin roll outta El Lay baby and there ain't no sugar to help it go down - so choke on it! Just listen to the SICK fucking riff located in the middle of track number three, "Somebody Else". How can a band rock so hard I ask? The guitar interplay between Bimal and Hans is at the heart of most of these tunes, but Heath and Dave create a rock fuckin hard rhythm section that would put many bands to shame. It also doesn't hurt that they have great gang vocals throughout. Next time you throw a party on a Saturday night, make sure this one is on your play list.

FLATUS "BLINDSIDED" CD

Black Pumpkin Records

PO Box 4377 River Edge, NJ 07661-4377

When I first heard this sucker I gotta admit-I hated it. I thought it was too sweet for my tateses. Well, I just listened to it again and "Blindsided" is pretty damn good. Truthfully, I thought of Bad Religion a lot when I cruised through these 15 tracks, mainly due to the damn near infectious BR-esque guitar riffs. The lyrics, however, are very un-BR in that they aren't trying to push some beliefs on the listener - these guys just wanna get drunk and avoid falling into that dreaded nine to five scene. Who the hell actually WANTS to work? The vocals are rough yet sweet and the beat is relentless on "Blindsided". I recommend giving "Dealer" a good listen. Check em out!

ULTRABAIT "BITCH 4 HIRE" CD

Voo Doo Records

4221 - 125 Pleasant Valley Rd. Va. Beach, Va. 23464

I want to be able to appreciate this disc on two levels: it's on a local label and it's a chick-fronted band. What could have been a positive experience turns sour pretty quickly with "Bitch 4 Hire", a failed attempt at capturing the metal sensibilities of Betty Blowtorch, lyrical absurdities of the Lunachicks, and aggressiveness of L7. For christ's sake - they have a song called "Suck My Ass"! If this is the new face of the women in rock than count me the fuck out. Ultrabait take themselves too seriously and frankly it sounds forced and juvenile. Thumbs down!

ADAM WEST "HI BALLS ARE ROLLING!" 10 " EP

Fandango Records

3403 Mt. Pleasant Street, NW Washington DC 20010

I think every go go dancer / stripper in America should use this EP as background music to dance to. It's that sleazy, but hell I love it! The A side is three original growlers while the B finds AW covering Scandi girl rockers Mensen, along with nuggets by AC/DC and THIN LIZZY! "Hi Balls" is sure to get that "cold sweat running down the back of your neck". Could Jake Starr be the illegitimate son of one Lemmy Kilmeister? I say let's drag his ass on Jenny Jones and get a paternity test!

THE STROKES "IS THIS IT?" CD

RCA / BMG Records

1540 Broadway New York, New York 10036-4098

Lord knows I tried to deny the Strokes the credit they deserve. I balked at the thought of them as the "new" Velvet Underground; I mocked their haircuts and emo outfits. But then I got this CD. First and foremost - this is a new wave record, no doubt about that, which is funny because this band has stubbornly denied that specific label since the get go. On "Modern World" (which is not a cover of neither the Jam or the Modern Lovers songs), singer Julian Casablancas cops Lou Reed's vocal approach circa "White Light / White Heat" in a very convincing manner. One extremely annoying aspect of "Is This It?" is that each and every song has a distortion on the singer's vocals - was that necessary? I recommend the following cuts: "Hard to Explain", "Alone, Together", and "Take It Or Leave It". How long do you think the Strokes are gonna last?

THE DISTILLERS "SING SING DEATH HOUSE" CD

Helcat Records

2798 Sunset Blvd Los Angeles, CA 90026

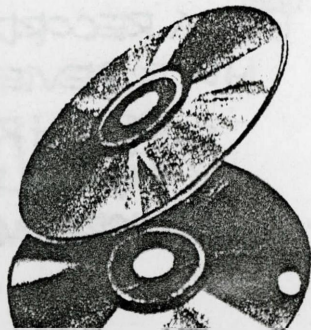
Every once in a good while, it does a rock and roller some good to take a break from the "normal" play list and absorb a little of this new fangled street punk. Such was my theory in deciding to review this release from the Distillers, a fine female fronted outfit outta California. Overall, I was pleasantly surprised at how rockin this disc was - I shall pull a quote from the first track "Sick of it All" right now to further prove this point: "We are the kids / we play punk rock and roll / if we didn't we got no soul." Rockin'! The singer's vocal approach combines the best aspects of Tim Armstrong from Rancid and - hold on to your seats kids - COURTNEY LOVE circa "Live Through This"! AHHHHH! Can you imagine this?! So it's atonal yet soulful and I personally have no problem with Courtney's vocal style so I find myself wrapped up in each song. Lookin for an anthem? Well then I suggest giving "City of Angels" a shot; it's sure to get you howling along and pumping your fist. Last track "Lordy, Lordy" is a punk rock square dance hoe down that's sure to please. Now some tunes do tread well-worn clichés of modern punk but skip em and all will be well in the world!

BAD RELIGION "PROCESS OF BELIEF" CD

Epitaph Records

2798 Sunset Blvd Los Angeles, CA 90026

Bad Religion have been the heroes of skate punk since '80, when they emerged with the dark dissonance of "How Could Hell Be Any Worse?". It's been twenty two years (give or take) since they started and it doesn't look like BR plan on quitting any time soon, seeing as they have managed to tailor their sound to a smooth, melodic consistency. Of course, this has lead to the dreaded "recycled" sound for several records - the last one I bothered listening to was "The Gray Race" and it didn't impress me too much. Now along comes "Process of Belief", a significant step in the right direction for BR. All the songs are branded with those legendary "oozin' ahhs" that singer Greg Graffin and guitarist Brett Gurewitz specialize in and it's got that infamous guitar work all over it. "Can't Stop" seems to be the lone number



that makes any indication of their early sound with its dark, punchy rhythm. I also couldn't help but hear how much "Process" reminded me of an earlier BR record, "Generator" which is great because if I had to pick my fave record by these guys, that would be it. I've also favored songs where BR slowed down the tempo, like on two new tunes in particular - "Broken" and "Epiphany". The CD booklet is a pain in the ass with it's multiple foldout pages and artfully arranged lyrics. Not too shabby, guys!

JOEY RAMONE "DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME" CD

Sanctuary records

1540 Broadway New York, New York 10036

As I write this, it has been about a year since Joey's cancer claimed his life. For many, Joey was the punkest fucker of em all - I will not question this at all. The Ramones were the first "punk" band I heard way back as an impressionable middle-schooler and let me tell you my life has never been the same. So now we have this here collection of tunes that will please you morbid souls who want nothing more than one more piece of him. "Don't Worry" is 11 tracks of Joey's sweet cooing of midpaced original rockers and two covers: "What a Wonderful World" by Louis Armstrong and "1969" (with the help of Jerry Only and Dr. Chud!) by the Stooges. Guess who's playing bass? Andy Shernoff from the Dictators! They even throw Marky Ramone and Captain Sensible into the mix. But enough with the name-dropping! It's not balls to the walls punk like the Ramones and that's a good thing because that last album left much to be desired. I recommend "Mr. Punchy", "Like a Drug I've Never Used Before", and "Venting (It's a Different World Today)" as the best bets here. Track number nine, the melancholy "I Got Knocked Down (But I'll Get Up)", takes place in a hospital but it's a far cry from the situations described in "Gimme Gimme Shock Treatment" or "Psycho Therapy". This CD is a fitting bookend to Joey Ramone's life and legacy.

ADAM WEST "RIGHT ON!"

Telegraph Company

www.thetelegraphcompany.com

Someone from a local band that shall remain unnamed once told me that in their opinion, the best thing about Adam West was that "They have hot chicks on the front of their records". This person is just jealous because THEY want hot chicks on their records! Twelve tracks of some of the smuttiest sounding rock and roll around these days - I'm thinkin Bon Scott era AC/DC bravado here from front man Jake Starr, a self-proclaimed "Sultry Motherfucker". Adam West is a well-oiled chopper tearin up the road with hard rocking numbers like "Juggernaut" and "Fire In My Bones". There's not a slow tempo tune anywhere on this! I hate to sound like a dork but Right On!

THE 1'S / LOS BAD MONGOS "GREEN KNEES AND CARPET BURNS"

Fandango Records

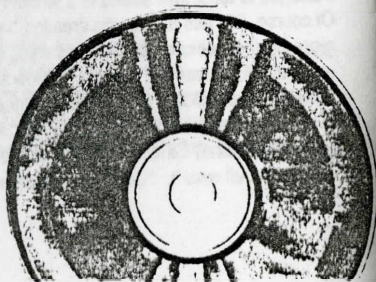
3403 Mt Pleasant Street NW Washington, DC 20010

This is a split release from two bands that, frankly, I know not a damn thing about but that's not gonna keep me from liking it as much as I do! Most of the bands on this label are rock and roll (Adam West singer Jake Starr runs it) but this CD is extremely punk rock - and very refreshing! Each band gets seven songs - all pretty short and to the point. The 1's sound is drunk, fast, and sexy. Some sample song titles: "I Like Drugs", "Shoot the Dice, Fucker", and "Your Ass is Toast (And I Got the Butter Baby)". Los Bad Mongos rock out with Latino flavored hardcore punk with lyrics in, I guess, Spanish (?) save for a lone English tune, "Silly Baby". Pretty damn good if you ask me!

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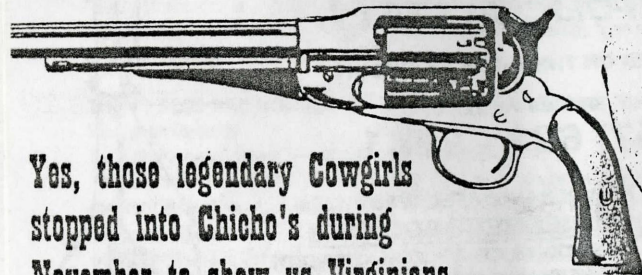
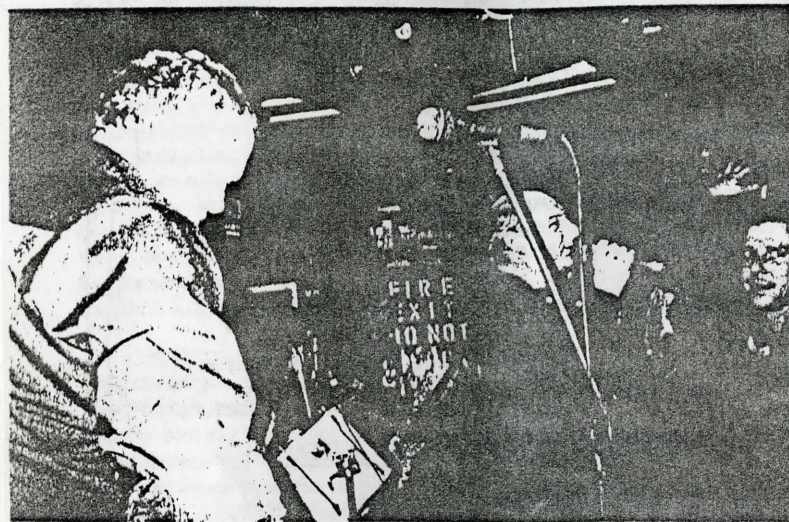
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Yes, those legendary Cowgirls stopped into Chico's during November to show us Virginians just how rock and roll is really done. The following member stats were pieced together afterwards on a stolen waitress order pad. Questions created by Kim C., Stevie, and Holly.



ROB, DRUMS

Fave Color? Blue

Fave Record? Most any UFO album

How many years have you been playing
20 +

Best and worst of 2001?

Best - having great parents and friends

What other bands have you played in?

The Creamers, The Nothings

PAT TODD, SINGER

Fave Color? Black

Years Playing? 25 years

Best and Worst of 2001?

In love / Broken heart

What other bands have you played in?

None

Favorite Record?

"Exile on Main St." by the Rolling Stones

LEN, BASS

Fave Color? Blue

Favorite Record?

"Exile on Main St." (AGAIN!)

How many years have you been playing?

20

Best and Worst of 2001?

Best - Touring, Worst - Sept. 11

Other bands you have played in?

The Creamers, The Nothings, Crawlspace

MICHAEL LEIGH, GUITAR

Favorite Color? Black

Best and worst of 2001?

Meeting Kim / WTC disaster

What other bands have you played in? None

Favorite Record? Robert Johnson, "King of the Delta Blues Singers"

How many years have you been playing?

25 years

CATTLE CALL!

WHY I REFUSE TO BE BRANDED BY THE NORVA!

Stardate : March 8th, 2002

Location: NorVa Theatre, Downtown Norfolk

Occasion : Triple bill of Eppi - fat punkers Bad Religion, Less Than Jake and Hot Water Music

Yeah, I know...How can I justify attending ANY show at the NorVa? For the uninitiated, said upscale theatre is centrally located in the Downtown area of this vial shithole that some folks like to call Norfolk in the "rejuvenated" - read: YUPPIFIED - section on Monticello Avenue directly across from the recently erected multi-million dollar Mac Arthur Center Mall, within walking distance from a half dozen poverty level housing projects. Since I refuse to pay no more than five dollars to see bands play, taking in a 20 dollar show at a swanky joint like the NorVa was, until this particular evening, utterly out of the question for a financially challenged individual like myself. My boss, Steve Athey from Skinnie's Records, did some sweet-talkin to our label rep at Epitaph and scored some complimentary tickets so I figured "This is free, and technically I'm not wringing out my pockets supporting this venue, so why not go?". The line stretched around the block, but for those on the "guest list" the long wait was avoided as was the brisk, anti-terrorism frisking that all ticket holders were experiencing from the NorVa staff. Inside, the crowd had amassed near-capacity standards consisting of mostly 13-year-old skate boys and trend hugger gals - some even accompanied by their moms! If you ever find yourself at the NorVa, be prepared to pawn a sizable amount of CD's first (or, for those really desperate souls, you can give a coupla pints of blood!) in order to afford their nine-dollar screwdrivers and four-dollar drafts. In my review for the Crums show, I said that \$2.75 for a draft was "highway robbery". Well, then the Norva has committed GRAND FUCKIN LARCENY! I had committed myself to sobriety after learning these figures but luckily Mr. Boss Man forked over some dough. Also,

smoking is prohibited inside

and in order to get a few
puffs the throng

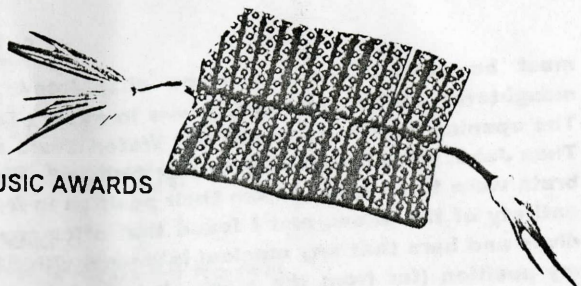


THE MASSES
GATHERED
AT THE UPPER
CRUST-Y NORVA

must be corralled into a large dilapidated yard like soon to be slaughtered cattle. In short, I was in misery for most of the evening. The opening bands, emo-core Hot Water Music and suck-core ska Less Than Jake, were forgettable to say the least. Very few of the underage brats were to be moved from their position in front of the stage for the entirety of the show, and I found that after spending so much time in dives and bars that any musical intimacy with BR was to be lost due to my position (far from the stage) four feet from the front door. Their song selection for the night reflected the need of corporate bands wanting to move as many units necessary with a few older selections thrown in as to not alienate anyone. Also, where was Brett? Isn't their whole shtick for "Process of Bellef" the selling of the return of Mr. Brett?

Stardate: March 12th, 2002
Location: NorVa
Occasion: NoFX make up date

Epitaph's second most notorious skate punk band rolled into Norfuck to make up this date from a year ago but frankly that's not why I wanted to go. You see, the NorVa tacked on local rock and roll madmen Candy Snatchers, as openers for the night, which I knew, would add to the absurdity of the evening. I arrived late with Mr. Boss Man - well let me rephrase that...we got there at quarter to eight and the Snatchers had already finished half their set. The crowd was hateful but these kids can't appreciate rock and roll when they are too busy playing Tony Hawk video games, taking bong hits of over-priced kind bud behind their parents' garage and checking their Jr. Drug Lord Pagers. Sample audio from the spectators: "Shut up! Stop preaching! Go home, you FUCKING SUCK!" Larry berated the audience throughout ("I am the only punk rocker in this room that hasn't been raped up the ass!") while bassist Willy threw empty beer cups at random assholes at the front of the stage. Surprisingly, the guys seemed to be having a good time. When their set was done the crowd erupted in applause - spiteful but applause none the less! Most of the rest of my evening was spent sneaking shots of Jagermeister in a bathroom stall or talking to folks out in the smoking corral. I did not care about the other bands that played in between. Then NoFX hit the stage and again, the distance from which I had to see them kept me from truly enjoying their set. The most disturbing part of both of these evenings was that for the twenty bucks they paid to see either of these shows, they could have been to probably four (possibly five!) local shows during a week's span and seen twice as many bands. Where are these assholes hiding out? Don't they realize that they could support punk music and LOCAL bands at the same time? But then again...do we really need them at all?



THE THIRD ANNUAL LOCAL MUSIC AWARDS

WHERE DO YOU DRAW THE LINE?

I'm not telling you, I'm asking you!

Sunday February 12 Th Ninevolt Magazine, "the official journal of entertainment in Hampton Roads", held it's third annual Local Music Awards at the Abyss. Yes, we at FRESH RAG wouldn't normally be caught dead at said popular beach club but we were prompted to attend by the overwhelming need to support the efforts of local "punk rock / garage" bands that were nominated. What harm could it do? It had been about three years since I had last entered the doors of the Abyss - okay, so sneaking in the back door and hiding out in the green room so I wouldn't have to pay to see a Misfits "reunion" show doesn't really count. The local music awards had the potential to give the Grammys a run for their money, but many knew that the favorites for the night would be the insipid "rock" of Luckytown. Oh, the tragedy! How can people with a clear conscience pit bands like veteran power pop combo the Mockers or nasty rock n roll like the Secrets against a group like LUCKYTOWN?! Both of those bands have more talent and experience in their pinky fingers than some flavor of the year shit!

This awards extravaganza began promptly at eight with the KISS kover band Shock Me who were already in the midst of their set when I arrived. Immediately upon entering I was practically floored by an ungodly stench that combined body odor, beer, piss, and ass - and if my memory serves me right then not much had changed in three years. Shock Me, in full facial paint and glittery costumes, went thru all the required motions - "Paul" sash-ayed, "Gene" stalked about looking quite menacing, "Ace" grooved hard on the guitar, and "Peter"...well, who really cares about the Cat! They had it all - platform boots, wigs, and pyrotechnics that would rival those Fourth of July fireworks displays at Town Point Park! Radio personalities Bill Bass (of the Coast - where they love Dave Matthews and they aren't afraid to show it) and Kristi Michael (of 96X - where they love Linkin Park but try to appeal to "punk rockers" by having a three hour Sunday "Punk show" playing more Eppl-fat bands than you can shake a stick at) took to the stage as masters of ceremonies for the evening to pass the first award out for "Vocalist of the Year" - Mr. Radar Johnson of drunk punkers Ignant! Hooray! This created an uproar from the hoity toity Vaa Beeech music "connoisseurs" who thought that stupid bitch from "corporate rock" band Lucky town deserved it and rumblings of vote doctoring began. Double-check those hanging chads! You'd think it was FLORIDA or something the way these assholes carried on! Most of the bands that slogged it out on stage got 15 minutes - as in 15 minutes of fleeting fame! So that means I had to endure 15 excruciating minutes of "shoe gazer" indie rock from Astropop 3. Why is emo infesting Norfolk at such an alarming rate? Awards were dispersed after each band set, along with impromptu interviews with performers and winners, creating lulls in energy throughout the night. Cover band Factory Playboys (known in some elite rock and roll cliques as Factory Gayboys - but you didn't hear that from me!) knocked out a set of great 60's songs like "End of the Day" by the Kinks and "Have You Seen My Baby" by Randy Newman decked out properly in sharp suits and ties-very Knack. Singer Jim Hazel was once upon a time a member of the Nightcaps but was booted because he didn't want to use a distortion pedal, which is IMPOSSIBLE if you wanna do a Kinks tune any justice! Around this time, I learned that there were 99-cent Natural Ice Drafts - a recipe for disaster and drunkenness! Next up: the hotly anticipated set from Ignant who didn't disappoint this girl one bit! They swore, got buck naked, and goaded the audience - no doubt drawing inspiration from the cheap drafts. They even broke the PA! Righteous! Their set clocked in at a paltry 9 minutes - the curtain was drawn on them, all that was missing was a long hook to wrangle Radar from the stage! Then Kristi Michael declared that Ignant were not punk and that they would never be played on 96X. I don't think those guys are gonna lose sleep over it! After some more awards in categories like "best jam band" and "best reggae / island band", glitter art rockers Quang T sprang forth and sent the crowd into a semi-frenzy - maybe it had something to do with vocalist Missy's tight silver pants? Though I myself am not a fan of their sound they did earn many new fans that night. The Candysnatchers won for best "punk / garage band" and surprisingly singer Larry attended the awards - he still needed to pick up their plaque from last year's win! I should have just left at this point, like my cohort Ms. Kim, but I stuck around for "best hard rock band" Sea of Souls and psuedo modern hardcore from Lift 6 Eighteen. Bad move. I was pretty damn drunk but decided to check out the "after party" at the Nocturnal Café. I got a headache from hearing the live acoustic "entertainment" from Jesse Chong and I knew I definitely had to get out! The awards themselves were plaques featuring a picture of Idle from drunken punkers StrapOns, who will probably never be winners of any "prestigious" local awards. Oh, the irony. That's local music appreciation for ya!



rOck 'n' RolL cRyPtOgRaMmYs By GuNtHeR
8fIvE4fOuR



- a) Each puzzle is coded separately.
- b) No letter represents itself.
- c) Letters are not reflexive. For example, "E" can equal "C" but that doesn't mean "C" equals "E."
- d) The first person who correctly solves all five wins a prize. E-mail solutions in care of FRESH RAG.
- e) Employees and immediate "family" of FR are ineligible.



1- VCKFB FVKYDN UFRRE OYVCBV HMIYDN
HEHZ, OBMZA SYKA WRVMZ CREMBYF
KEEKAHVZKF. Clue: M=U

2- PENUP GZYUXA WERAEA LZOH: CUTTB
ALEHPOAL UR LIX YURP. Clue: E=A

3- RGHHN PTX EJE EPQLGQ ZQJVG P WJTU
OPRRGX "POG JB WIPNGX PTX TGMVGQGX."
Clue: O=C

4- EQHHG FWP YFHUFZ ZUU TFRZUP QW F
HQEZUG BSXRTU TCRY. Clue: R=I

5- FSG EKGGU-GAGO DNOA NUO ONTWO
ENFGL NFG N LVENKDINM IM QKGNO. Clue:
A=Y



SHOW REVIEWS

LAZY COWGIRLS / HELLBENDERS @ CHICHO'S, VA. BEACH

MON. NOVEMBER 27TH, 2002

Attended by Mz. Holly

Wow, a double header from two bands from the glittery wasteland of America that most folks like to call El Lay. Unfortunately for you, dear readers, I have a very shady recollection of this evening's events but this time I cannot blame Chico's evil two-dollar drafts-I pin this on head trauma. More on this later. Both bands were awesome, no doubt about that at all. The Hellbenders play a hybrid of rock and roll and classic Motorhead-ish heavy metal riffs put to a beat that would wear you out. The Lazy Cowgirls are just rock and rolling gods in my book - I hope all the local rockers who were in attendance took some notes. Things were fine until after the show when the boys from the Hellbenders (who were staying at Kim and Stevie's place back in Norfolk) agreed to an impromptu interview as the last pieces of equipment were loaded into their van. I, being a moron of unsound mind, thought it was a good idea to drive back and do this in Norfolk that night - I guess technically it was morning since it was three thirty. To make a long story short, I plowed my car into a guardrail on the interstate en route to said interview. I WAS NOT DRUNK! The trooper clocked me at .04, which is half the legal limit in the state of Virginia. I blame fatigue and the utter stupidity of the assholes that designed the exit ramp that I took. Now, for the head trauma explanation - I was not wearing a seat belt and I did fly into the windshield headfirst but surprisingly I did not go through it. The grim reaper and I had a face off, I looked him straight in the eye, and I felt his decrepit breath coat my skin. And I lived to tell it! After spending six hours under the mediocre medical care of the docs at Norfolk General hospital with a stupid plastic neck brace on whilst peeing in a bedpan, I was released to my mother's care. I even got a couple prescriptions for painkillers that weren't too bad but I totaled my car.

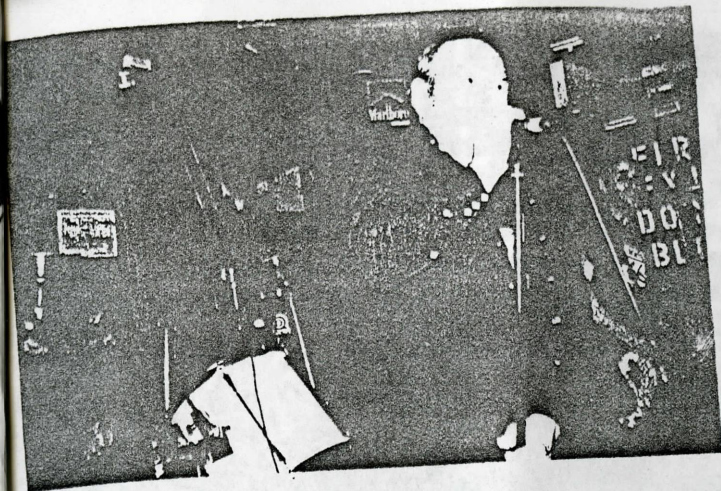
LEFT : BIMAL RAISIN' HELL

FROM ATOP THE BARI

BELOW : USED TO BE WOMEN



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY



PAT TODD KICKIN'

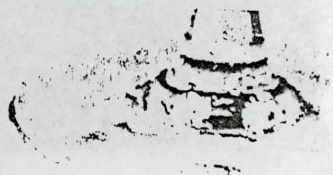
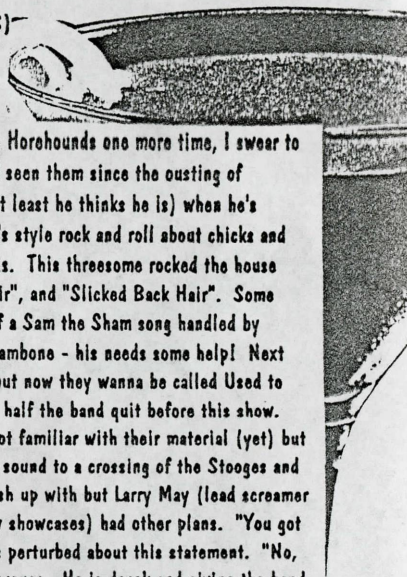
ASS WITH L.A.'S

LAZY COWGIRLS!

USED TO BE WOMEN (FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE TINGLERS)
& THE HOREHOUNDS @ CHICHO'S, VA BEACH
MON. JANUARY 7TH, 2002

Attended by Mz. Holly

Oh yeah, FREE ADMISSION Monday at Cho's! If I have to see the fuckin Horehounds one more time, I swear to god I'll kill them...just kidding guys. Actually, this was the first time I'd seen them since the ousting of guitarist Witt about two months ago. Man, Sambone is pretty funny (or at least he thinks he is) when he's drunk. And to think - he almost gave booze up! If you are hungry for 50's style rock and roll about chicks and beer then your appetite will most definitely be fulfilled by the Horehounds. This threesome rocked the house with a couple of original tunes "She's All Mine", "One Handed Love Affair", and "Slicked Back Hair". Some new tunes in the set like two originals sung by bassist Josh and a cover of a Sam the Sham song handled by drummer Ash. Can someone please write some between song banter for Sambone - his needs some help! Next up were the Tingleers from Michigan - well, they used to be the Tingleers but now they wanna be called Used to Be Women. The story is such: the Tingleers started out as a six piece but half the band quit before this show. You know what? It didn't matter because they were still awesome. I'm not familiar with their material (yet) but the sound was very rhythmic and angular - my friend Gunther likened the sound to a crossing of the Stooges and the Stones - bluesy yet primitive. The boys had three more tunes to finish up with but Larry May (lead screamer for the Candysnatchers who also happens to help coordinate these Monday showcases) had other plans. "You got one more - a tribute to Detroit" Larry intones on his mic. The band looks perturbed about this statement. "No, we got three man", they say in return. "No, one more for Detroit", Larry argues. He is drunk and giving the band shit, and as my friend Kim will explain to the band later, he only does this to get a reaction when he likes people. The band is pacing in circles while they try to figure out if Larry is serious or being an asshole. "We got three more...." the band starts to say only to be cut off abruptly. "NO!", screamed Larry, "GOD DAMMIT YOU MOTHFUCKERS LISTEN TO ME! YOU GOT ONE MORE AND IT'S GONNA BE A TRIBUTE TO DETROIT! FUCK YEAH! DEEEETROOOOOIT!" This kind of crap went on fo. about five minutes. Then the band yelled "Shut up" at Larry. I wish some one had taped it - classic. So they played one song and left the stage - only to go back and play two more! As if that wasn't shitty enough, while they were playing their car got towed by those money hungry bastards out at the oceanfront. Poor guys.



FRESH
#3 RAG

PIN
UP
NUMBER
3

FLATUS!

ATTICUS

FLATUS

FLATUS PULLED INTO TOWN AT CHICHO'S TO PLAY A MONDAY SET ON FEBURARY 25, 2002. I REVIEWED THEIR NEW RECORD, "BLINDSIDED", FOR THIS 13H OF THE RAG. DURING THEIR SHOW, THEY BUSTED OUT A VERY CONVINCING RENDITION OF "AFRICA" BY 70'S ROCK TITANS TOTO. FOR PIN UP NUMBER THREE, I CHOSE THIS SNAPSHOT OF THE BOYS HOLDING A HAND-PAINTED REPRODUCTION OF THE VERY ALBUM THAT "AFRICA" APPEARS ON (DONE BY MY OLDER BRO BACK SHORTLY AFTER IT'S RELEASE IN 1978!). ROCK ON!

UNABOMBERS @ COGAN'S INSTANT ART, NORFOLK

SAT. JANUARY 12TH, 2002

Attended by Mz. Holly

I had high hopes for this evening; it was after all my 23rd birthday and a Saturday night to boot. Prior to the show, a good hour of my time was spent boozing in Casey's car - I wanted to be liquored up good beforehand. This was not to be. Had I known that there was not enough Tom Collins to go round a few times then I would've been prepared. Lack of funds also proved to be an issue but that was resolved when my friends pointed out that someone was bound to buy me a birthday beer or two and they were right. Thank god for kind souls like Beno. An indication of the evening's outcome should have been noted when we pulled into Cogan's and happened upon a swerving, staggering Trey (singer for the Bombers) in the parking lot. Things got weirder inside. Despite the recent newspaper publicity garnered by the band, Cogan's was inhabited by the same 30 folks who ALWAYS come out. Then the Unabombers climbed the stage and at first things seemed normal. Around the third song Trey's guitar started to screw up (this is typical of local band equipment) so he threw it down and started to pace the stage and sing. Now I remember about three years ago when I last saw the Unabombers at this tiny bar in Va. Bch. called Pop's Pub. There was about fifty or sixty kids crammed in a place the size of a broom closet, and when the Bombers played their cover of "Blitzkrieg Bop" every kid in there wanted a piece of that mic. No joke- they were climbing on top of each other and slam dancing like crazy. Now that was a great show. This show SUCKED. You wanna know what happened when they played "Blitzkrieg Bop" on this particular night?! Trey dropped his pants around his ankles and staggered all over the place. No one cared, no one danced, no one sang along. Things change a lot in three years. And then it was over. Now what the hell was that, anyway? I was really wanting to hear the "new" Unabombers sound, supposedly more rock and roll, a far cry from the old skool eighties punk tip they used to have, but this is just conjecture because I have yet to witness it myself. C'mon guys, what's the problem?

OPEN MIC NIGHT @ WEST BEACH CAFE, VA BEACH

TUES. JAN. 22ND, 2002

Attended by Mz. Holly

I was enjoying a tranquil evening home when my new friend Gunther gave me a call and expressed his intentions of attending this open mic night to see PG 13, Bad Guy who had purportedly rocked the house at last week's showcase. Not wanting to miss out on anything that would have potential I talked him into picking me up to tag along with him and the elusive John A. Firstly, location is everything so why is a bar with the words "west beach" in it's name located in the industrial section off of Witchduck road (Cleveland Street to be exact) which happens to be quite a considerable distance from ANY actual beach? Upon entering, I immediately noticed a large stuffed WOLF (encased in glass, no less) that the bar owners had placed strategically next to the front door. How intimidating! The West Beach patrons that slumped across the bar length were an interesting cross section of bikers, toothless hags (more on this later), construction workers, and yo kids (who I am assuming were there to see PG 13 BG). After we find a seating area to inhabit, a perky waitress (let's see how "porky" she is after ten years of slinging beers at a dump like this!) asked for our orders. "How much is the draft?" I asked politely. "I'm not sure, it's my first night," was her reply. So I asked for bud draft (I'm on a budget!), and she promptly returned with a BOTTLE for me. What part of "draft" was there not to understand? This is my cue to start drinking heavily. Truthfully, I really was most interested in seeing "Betty Barhag", a scrawny fifty-year-old beer slut in stirrup stretch pants - a fixture of the West Beach. I was not to be disappointed for there she was in all her glory, dry humping a seventy year old grandpa at the bar counter. Initially, PG 13 BG was to open festivities at eight but instead we were subjected to a thirty-minute acoustic set by a balding man who fancied himself to be Bob Dylan. If only I had had a gun. Just when we thought it was over, a member of PG 13 BD asked him to keep playing for another fifteen minutes. I will liken the sensation I was feeling at this point

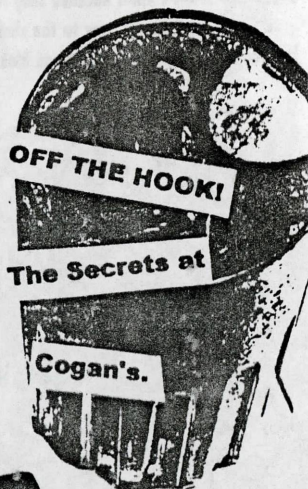
to having someone beat me in the head repeatedly with a hammer. This was THE longest 15 minutes I have ever lived through in my entire life, so thanks Alex...you are an asshole. Then it was on to the "funk rock" meanderings of PG 13 Bad Guy, who had to keep telling the guy who hosted the open mic night that it was "bad guy, not guys" as if it made all the difference. Their set was followed by yet another acoustic set by a much younger fella who fancied himself to be Brad Nowell and Bob Marley. ONE LOVE is all I have to say about that! For some reason PG 13 BD was asked back up for an encore at this point and they nauseated me with a little ditty entitled "Electric Sunshine". The crowd at the West Beach was then punished further with "Clapton Handjob" (not their real name but rather one that we here at FR prefer to call them), a seventies rock (read: slow, crappy Zeppelin and the Band) cover group who thrilled the audience with it's LACK of stage presence by performing with their backs turned to us. The opening strains of "Stairway to Heaven" were all it took to drive John, Gunther and myself the fuck out!

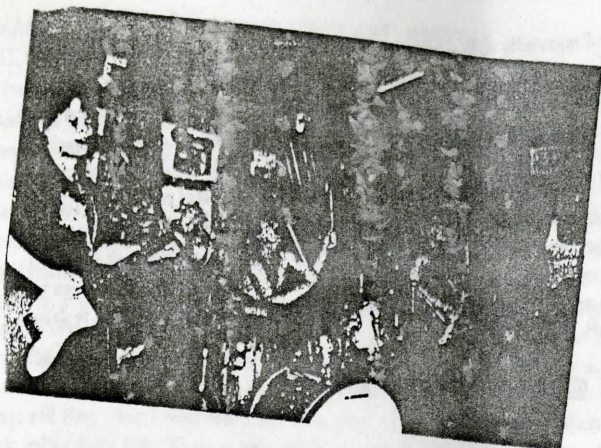
THEE APOSTLES, IGNANT, CARLSONICS @ COGAN'S INSTANT ART, NORFOLK

FRI. JAN. 25TH, 2002

Attended by Mz. Holly

I had begun to lose hope with Thee Apostles, seeing as the last two times I went to see them they called and canceled at the last minute each time. Along comes a flyer for this gig and I said "Aw, hell. I gotta go. Who cares if Darbo, Eric, and Greg don't show? I'll just renounce my allegiance to those fuckers, it'll be their loss." It was like a ghost town when I got to Cogan's and it seemed like an eternity until a decent crowd gathered. The flyer I got touted the openers as the Sticky Fingers (not to be confused with the Dirty Fingers!) but my heart went pitter pat when I learned that Norfolk's finest drunks Ignant instead would kick start the evening with a set of sloppy, rambunctious street punk. "Vocalist" Radar pulled out all the stops - he broke lotsa bottles, dumped a large trash over head and rolled around on the ground in it, and jumped up on the bar - all done while howlin' away classic hits from their recent CD. However, there was no nudity. Next up at bat was Thee Apostles. They showed! Cover tunes would prove to be their shtick for their set, slightly disappointing but better than no band at all. The shining moment came when they started their last tune, Cheap Trick's dream-rock anthem "Surrender". Drummer Greg Wise is the master of sweet background harmony! Winding things down were Harrisonburg, VA.'s Carlsonics who wielded a loud clangy sonic rock sound that wasn't so much punk but more emo-ish. Make sense? This was my problem - although I did like their songs at first, I thought that their tunes were too long and sprawling. You'd think they were finished but they'd start up all over again - each song was like TEN minutes long. This would have worked better for them if their song structure was not so repetitive but it just annoyed me. They did one thing fairly right in opting to cover "Shakin' All Over" by The Pirates (but why not "Please Don't Touch"?!) to close with but again they dragged it out too long. I'm all for a jam out but this was ridiculous. Also, they had a chick bass player - rock and roll girls rule!





I BET THEY COULD KICK THE DONNAS' ASSES!

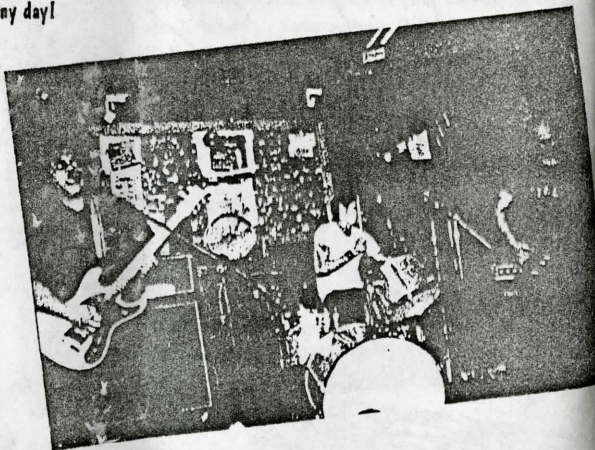
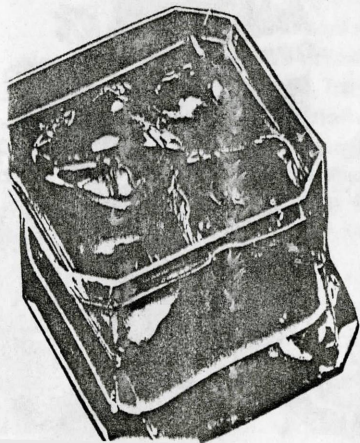
Nancy and the Knockers at Chicho's.



NANCY AND THE KNOCKERS, HOREHOUNDS @ CHICHO'S, VA. BEACH MON. JAN. 28TH, 2002

Attended by Mz. Kim

It's Monday night 11 PM: the Rock and the Undertaker are battling it out on WWF Raw (Stevie's favorite show). We have to cut it off and get our butts down to Chicho's fast - so the Horehounds will have a bass amp to play on (Josh -their bass player- hocked his down at the ol' pawn shop). At Chicho's Larry May is on the mic yelling, "Where's Steve Baise?!" Larry and the microphone can prove a volatile combination if left unattended for too long a time - like a child molester in a room full of babies! My friend Jimmy says Larry's mouth is what keeps him coming back every Monday night. The Horehounds get right down to business. They seem a bit looser than I remember. Maybe we left them hanging around the bar a little too long. All the girls are right up front and the whole gang is here - except Hardcore Holly who has an early court date for reckless driving from the Hellbenders show. Sambone is kickin ass with his new albino Moserite. Ashley sings a Flamin Groovies song ("You Tore Me Down") while playing drums. Josh knows how to walk the bass dog. Larry gets up to sing "She's the Witch" and it's another automatic hit! When Nancy and the Knockers hit the stage, all the girls evacuate except for one bald headed chick. They play a straight set of eight songs - including "Party Asshole" and "I Don't Give a Fuck". These two songs I know because they recorded them earlier that day at Steveland (Steve Baise's studio) and I got to hear them on the way to the show. They remind me of the Red Aunts, but probably because I don't get to hear any "real" girl bands that can kick ass any day!



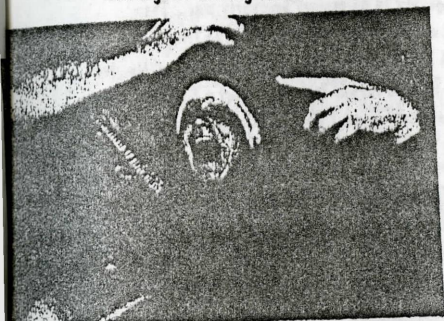
LOS HOREHOUNDS

THE CRUMS, GONOWHERES @ ST. PAT'S ON 17TH ST. , VA. BEACH

SAT. FEB. 2ND. 2002

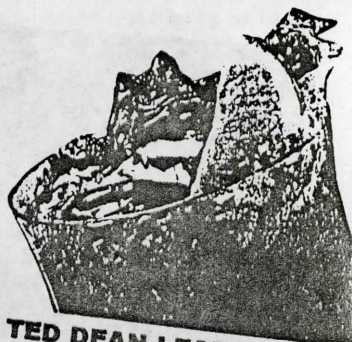
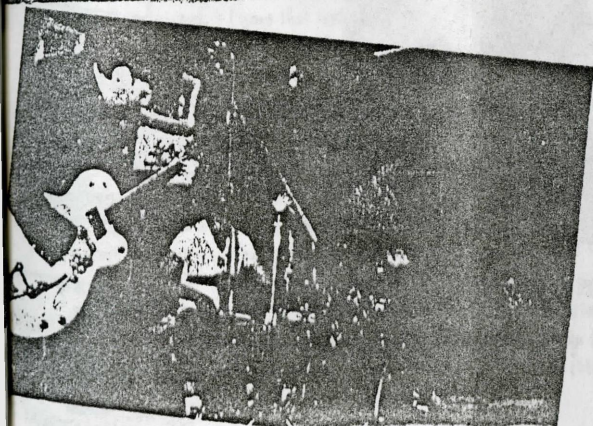
Attended by Mz. Holly

Even though effort was made on my behalf to get to the bar in a timely fashion, this particular show was pretty packed when I arrived. The previous evening was also spent at St. Pat's taking in the power pop nuances of locals Rip Dizzy and scamming beer and soda from the inept waitress. Hoping to take further advantage of a tab scam I ordered some brew only to be unable to even run a tab and in effect spending WAY too much tipping yet another slow waitress every time beer was requested. Rats! At least seating wasn't an issue. So here I am in an up town looking "Irish" bar (near the beach no less), being subjected to the preshow song fare (which included Linkin Park), drinking overpriced drafts (\$2.75! That's highway robbery my friend!) , and asking myself why I thought this was a good idea but then realizing it was worth it for the Crums! None of the flyers for this show expressed the appearance of Va. Beach's Gonowheres (now a trio) who began the evening's festivities. It had been about, christ I dunno, three years since I last saw these guys play and that was at the Outer Banks Lounge on picturesque Chesapeake St. deep in the heart of lovely, crime ridden east Ocean View. Is that gravel under my feet in the parking lot? No, it's crack vials and stomps! The Gonowheres were a lot better than I remembered. They played a half-hour long set of punky, surfy rock and roll that received a mixed reaction from the throng that gathered to hear the headliners. Next up, the rock and roll goodness known to all as the Crums! They opened with an excellent tune by Belgium group the Kids, "There Will Be No Next Time", which everyone seemed to know and sing along to. After depleting my cash flow with the three drafts that now filled my belly, I decided to make a pit stop. Message to St. Pat's: PUT ANOTHER TOILET IN THE LADIES ROOM! Cripes, I had to wait in line for at least fifteen minutes with my legs crossed and that is unacceptable! And I missed one of my favorite Crums songs, an ode to those down on their luck called "I Got Nothin'". I needed some more taste-tantalizing beer but found myself left with one lonely dollar in the old wallet. Hey, is that Bill Pimp over there? I ask myself. Why yes it is! Do you wanna know what he then asked me that made my night? "Hey, you wanna beer? I'm buyin'". OF COURSE! After I finished this free brew, Bill received more cool points for giving me yet another tall glass of bud. Great. Overall, a wonderful night out and a great fucking show!



HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY BROTHER

Larry May and Mini Me.



TED DEAN LEADS SHIFTY

THROUGH A LATE SET

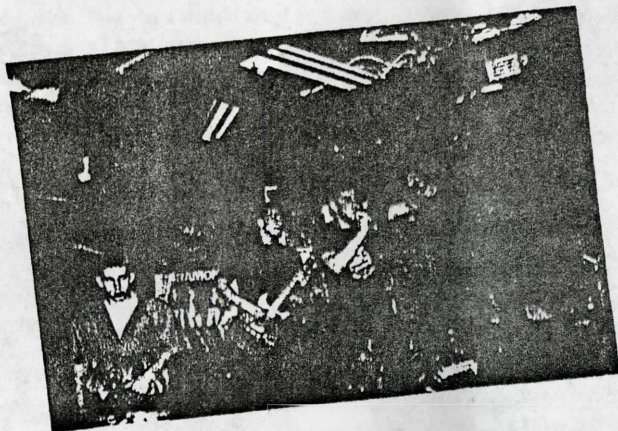
AT 'CHO'S

DIRTY FINGERS, SHIFTY @ CHICHO'S, VA. BEACH

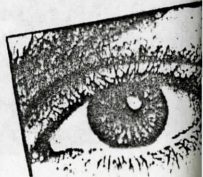
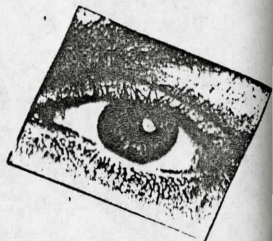
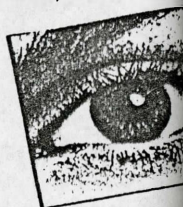
MON. FEB. 4TH, 2002

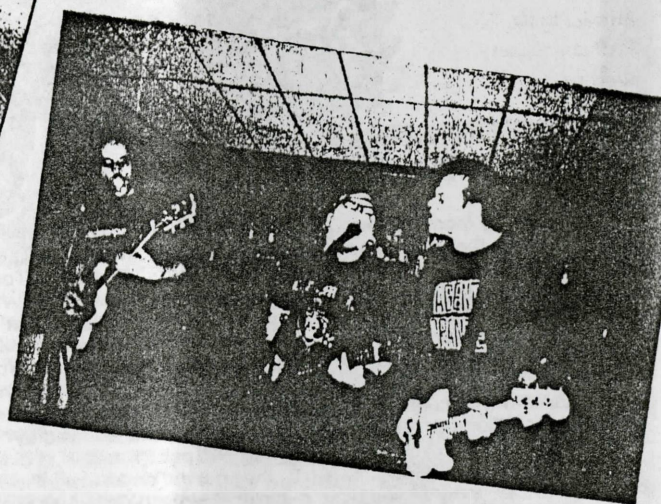
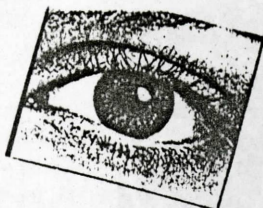
Attended by Mz. Holly

I felt so bad about missing the 'Fingers the last time they stopped in Norfolk that I knew I had to make it a point to get my lazy slacker ass out to this shindig! And man oh MAN - this show was HEAVY. Upon entering Cho's the night's openers, rock band Shifty, had already begun their set and were asking the audience "So how many of you guys are MISFITS fans?". Then they whipped out a decent version of "London Dungeon". Hmm. Not too bad but it had no balls. So sue me for being picky about how a band does a Misfits cover! Why does no one choose "American Nightmare"?! Between bands a group of rodeo whores and their boyfriends entered the bar and took residence on the counter whilst Hank Williams tunes blasted on the speakers. April, one of the foxy faux cowgals, announced to the patrons of Chicho's that it was her 21st birthday. Larry's response? "Hey honey, you may wanna hang around cuz my last name is May and if you married me your name would be 'April May'". Then it was time for the unholy sound of the Dirty motherfucking nasty-ass Fingers, reportedly wanted in several states for "being filthy and not washing their toes." THAT'S HOW I LIKE IT! Fast, nasty, and extra trashy, baby! Kim told me that the other members of the band feared that singer Tony would demolish their equipment with his stage antics but they were spared the full force because he seemed to focus his angst on every draft glass and beer bottle that was within his reach. I think every show should have at least an inch of beer and shattered glass on the floor! Tony wooed the gals in attendance by putting his all into a scorching rendition of GG Allin's "Rock Hard Candy Cock" but one question: Is it strawberry or grape flavored? How about beer flavored? Insanity ensued when Larry May and Tony began a wrestling match in the middle of the floor amid beer puddles and glass piles! ROCK AND FUCKING ROLL! Then it was over after only about fifteen minutes. Now that everyone was trashed it was time for much drunken joking and more wrestling! The highlight of the evening came in the form of a "celebrity" who decided to drop by 'Cho's - MINI ME...or at least this guy could have passed for ami! This pint-sized perpetrator started talking trash to Mr. May and it kinda went like this: "You're a pretty BIG MAN and all but I bet you don't get chicks asking you to lick their pussy while still standing up" which seemed to enrage Larry to the point of him attempting to actually hop over the bar counter and stomp on him. Nice. Minutes later the two feuding boys swallowed their pride and were carousing together in an almost brotherly way. Then another wrestling match materialized between Dirty Fingers members Tony (apparently suffering from Andy Kaufmann syndrome) and Scott-o (formerly guitarist of Richmond drunkards the Halfways). All the while, the same two CD's are playing over the speakers and a bunch of thick-necked rapper frat guys start a fight out front of the bar. Larry requested that if anyone else wanted to fight that they go next door to "Crazy Charlie's", one of those college kid rap hangout spots. Keep your thug life outta my rock and roll!



**THOSE OUTLAW ROCK N ROLL
BASTARDS THE DIRTY FINGERS**





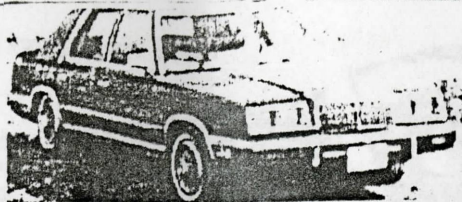
THE MIND BOGGLING BAND SMUT

THE SECRETS / SMÜT @ COGAN'S INSTANT ART, NORFOLK

SUN. MAR. 3RD, 2002

Attended by Mz. Holly

Most of my weekend had already been reduced to a drunken blur, so I answered the phone Saturday afternoon around three from a deep sleep that I hoped would help my hangover. It was Kim telling me about a last minute show for her band, the Secrets. "Who? Why the hell are-ya gonna doo that? That's weird." I slurred back in my half conscious state. I think I said, "Cool, I'll be there" and passed back out. I later did the following things in this order - got a cup of gourmet coffee at a yuppified coffee hangout bar, went thrift store shopping, sat for about two hours drinking pitchers at a titty bar with some friends, gorged myself on leftover Pizza Hut, and drank much beer at a party until 5 in the morning. I woke up Sunday still in a daze and realized that the conversation I had with Kim was, in fact, NOT a dream I thought I had during my nap the previous afternoon. I almost forgot all together! Fast forward to Sunday night. I walk through the door at Cogan's to an impressive TEN-body turnout, a figure that includes the folks from Secrets but not those working at the bar! Crap! Luckily, a few more people showed up but it took almost an hour. The last time the Secrets played live locally was....October? That's too long a wait in my book. The drummer's stool had changed over since last season and was bestowed upon Horehounds basher Ashley, filling in whenever Mighty Joe can't make it down from NY. Stevie, guitar slinger / singer for the Secrets, has been writing a lot of new stuff lately and he took this opportunity to shake up the set list and unleash some new tunage on the lucky few who turned out. The Secrets style is rock solid, guitar driven rock and roll with a sneering edge. They tackled three covers - "Teenage News" by former NY Doll Sylvain Sylvain, "Higher the Heel" by Stevie's old band the Devil Dogs, and "Good Head" by Scandi rockers Turbonegro. The Secrets have never disappointed me when I see em play! I hadn't heard of the headliners, Smüt, before this show. During their preset warm up, the guitarists busted out several choosy metal riffs - a prelude to what I was in store for. Smut sounded like metal-ly street punk that was too fast for my tastes. As their set wore on it became harder and harder for me to determine when they had started a new song - it all just ran together real sloppy. Sambone asked me "What is this? A medley of their box set?" and I gotta agree. I left after about four (or was it five or six?!) songs.



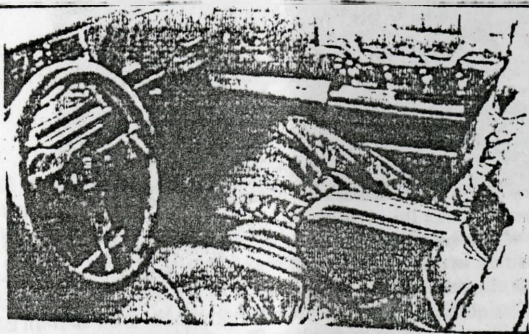
GETTIN' RIPPED, GETTIN' DIZZY

By Gunther 8544

My Friday morning Two/One/Zero-Two was very pink and filled with rejection. No, I didn't expunge the unsettlings of Franken Berry Moo Juice or a Tastes Great Pepto Shake. Rather, the talking 1987 Chrysler New Yorker (AKA - "Kitt Too" in certain sections of Norfolk), which has faithfully driven its own Michael Knight Who Works For The Foundation Of Law And Government from point Arby's to point Be-Lo for nearly a year, opened its wiper-fluid tear ducts upon being stuck with the circle-and-slash decal. XTC would never be crazy about this particular "Pink Thing." Likewise, the New Yorker did not speed a hundred heartbeats high outta Paul's Auto Service's inspection bay. Instead of the usually helpful car-to-owner counsel ("Don't forget your keys," "Please fasten your seatbelt," "Your door is ajar," "Your fuel is low"...all points-of-assistance followed by "Thank you's"), Kitt: Part Dos was under an extremely bad Speak 'N' Spell ("F-U-C-K...I didn't pass because of a goddamned window," "S-H-I-T...they got me on an insignificant bullshit back light," "A-S-S-H-O-L-E...Why've you been puttin' that cheap Wawa piss in my tank?"). Man, Kitt The Sequel - I only went there for the free sliced sandwiches and cold coffee. You know I wouldn't serve my Kittie Kat anything less than sweet ninety-three octane from Tex-E-Coh or Bee Pee. So, be mad all you want at that mean inspection man, but please don't lash out at your best buddy in the whole world. OK, Kitt pal? Look, I know you hate hospitals, but this operation on your driver's side glass is a must if you want us to hang out again. When you recover, I promise to coat your exterior in gold paint and line your insides with furry trim just like that ex-Navy, wanna-be pimp daddy's Kitt we saw in the unsanitary-Hardee's parking lot on Kempsville Road. 'Til then, keep your engine cool and curb the exhaust fumes. By the way, there's a cute little German Beetle in C103. You didn't hear that from me, though. Be strong, Kitt Kar.

Because Kitt was being prepped for surgery later that evening, transportation and I were unfamiliarly distant from one another. Sure, I could've rented a car from Enterprise or called Beach Taxi in order to go see some new entertainment. But I didn't want the guerilla-war struggle. Plus, I hate the smell of stogies and freeze-dried ejaculate. Nope, I needed a driver servant who would keep his eyes on the road, his hands on the wheel, and, most importantly, his mouth from mentioning the tragic events of Nine-Eleven. Luckily, I found a stickered advert on a wastebasket lid in front of Baker Street Fun Food Drinkery. It read: "John A's Lim-O-Zeen Service - If I Don't Know You, Then Fuck You." Muy perfecto! I had met Mr. A once at West Beach Cafe's open-mic night. He told me that the stuffed wolf in a glass enclosure near WBC's entrance was the finest one he's seen in the Tidewater area thus far. Before I could respond, John interrupted, "Oops, a dispatch. Welp, nice knowin' you." Since we were on speaking terms, I punched in the necessary seven digits. "Hey, Mr. A! Look here, I know you and all. So, could I get a shuttle to the Oceanfront?" I asked the limo dude. "What the fuck I look like - Cape Canavrel? But, since I've met you, I'll come and get you," John answered in the most-Danny Devito of ways. As I waited in the icy-cold temperature of the night's air (OK, I lied - it was actually an unseasonably warm fifty-five degrees), a 1978 (?) Toyota Corolla station wagon with a permanently lodged "Stars On 45" cartridge in its 8-track player stopped at my feet. "You the guy who needed a lift?" the Corolla's driver screamed. When I peered into the car, I instantly recognized Mr. A's face. "You call this a limo?" I queried the "chauffeur." "You call that a flannel? That thing looks like something my grandfather would lounge in after his once-a-week bath," John quickly retorted. "Look, could I still get a lift?" I venomously questioned. "Where? To the moon? Oh





yeah, you want a shuttle to Cape Canaveral...BLAST OFF! Well, whatcha waitin' for? Hop in, before I pull over and take my in-between-shifts sleep," Mr. A sternly commanded. Surprisingly, there was another passenger who had decided to fork over the fare. Her name was Holly or Molly or Dolly. She was also en route to La Playa De Virginia Oceanfront. For most of the way, jOhn's Corolla was as hushed as a PGA gallery. Things got interesting, however, at the point where Virginia Beach Blvd. turns into 17th Street. "Goddamn Checkpoint Charlie! And he ain't crackin' a smile. It's been no laughing party driving all these murder miles. Only takes an itchy trigger; one more little, one less Mr. Biggers," Mr. A sorrowfully stated. "What was all that about?" I verbally wondered. "Folks, it's like this. My business license and insurance-certification papers are back at the office. I've been cited with too many damn infractions as it is. Don't really feel like going to jail tonight. So, if y'all can bear with me, I really need to run that there checkpoint. After I do, feel free to go about your business. Oh yeah, the fare's on me," jOhn addressed in a down-on-his-luck tone. Agreeing with his law-breaking scheme (Hey - free ride!), Holly or Molly or Dolly and I tightly grabbed our seat cushions as Mr. A sped past twenty or so police cruisers. Safely outta harm's way, jOhn pulled into an establishment called St. Pat's On 17th (about a mile from the Protectors And Servers set-up). He bade us both good night and told us to be cautious out here. Noticing the look of an emotionally drained man, Holly or Molly or Dolly and I, though complete strangers at the time, decided to abandon our planned Friday nights in favor of treating the Lim-O-Zeen man to a pick-me-up. I walked back to the Corolla and saw Mr. A with head in hands. "Hey, Holly or Molly or Dolly and I were talking about what just happened. We think that you deserve a break from life and all of its dealings. So, would you like to go inside St. Pat's, have a drink or two, and see the band?" I motioned to jOhn with great concern. Not having a better offer, Mr. A resigned, "OK. Ain't like I have anything better to do." Thus, jOhn, Holly or Molly or Dolly, and I entered St. Pat's needing some tonic-and-tunes remedy.

"Thin Lizzy? Since when did they get back together?" Mr. A curiously pondered. "No! No! No! The band's name is Rip Dizzy," I corrected. As painful strains of rapcore and other forms of radio rock permeated inside the bar, a waitress came to the table asking us to pick our poison. jOhn, technically still on-call, ordered a rum-and-coke sans the demon. Holly or Molly or Dolly went with a Budweiser draft in a tall glass. At first, I was gonna join Mr. A in his sobriety slam. It had been 46 months since cold brew had passed through my lips. On a regular night out, I would've kept my edge and downed beer comma root or ale comma ginger. However, irregularity was the order of the evening. Thus, I told our serve-and-volleyer, "I'll have what she's having." With that first sip, there went my streak of approximately 1,380 days without alcohol. Cal Ripken, Jr. and A.C. Green can now protect their records, cause I'm no longer a threat to shatter those marks. You know what's better than drinking one beer? If an answer is necessary, perhaps you wouldn't understand Holly or Molly or Dolly or me or our unofficial game of Drunk-A-Duel. As we were gettin' ripped and the band was about to get dizzy, Holly or Molly or Dolly built a 2-.75 lead in our draft dousing. "'Move along,' says a cop to me," sang Rip Dizzy in their Buddy Holly-out-for-a-stroll-near-the-checkpoint blast, "She's The One." "Charlie would've told me to come along, had I played by his rules," jOhn defiantly bragged in an I-fought-the-law-and-I-won confident air. "I'm Still Waiting" attracted like early Elvis (Costello - who else?) with its brains-and-brawn bouncy beat. Among other things, the Dizzy were in line for the government, president, record label, and paycheck. Holly or Molly or Dolly, on the other hand, was more direct. "I'm still waiting on another beer," she cleverly quipped post-song. "One Emotion" diffused from the poppier side of "The Only Band That Matters" a la "1, 2, Crush On You" or "Groovy Times." Mr. A clapped palms together vigorously for this gem, one-upping the cut's

ZINE REVIEWS

NATRRRAIN #15

1545 N. BRONSON AVE #310
HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90028

Welcome to the disturbing world of Jon Natrrrain (former resident of the Hampton Roads area), the artist responsible for this bizarre comic book style zine. This is not for those of P.C. tastes in the least! Twisted views of anorexia, human torture, McDonald's, and the American Industry; all done in a pen and ink R. Crumb manner! Chicks with big ass tittles and derriereof Weasling men who have a "victim's personality" and agree to being shoved into their girlfriend's colon! Mayor Mao Cheese raping a Fry Gay! It's all here! Jon even drops local business "Beesh Ford" in his feature place, "Heavy and Skinny". NATRRRAIN makes Fritz the Cat look like child's play.

TIGHT PANTS #9

918 17TH ST. EAST, APT. #1
MINNEAPOLIS, MN. 55404

Woo boy, can Madeline writ! This issue is brimming with great stories about amo terrorism, militant grammarians, the struggle for gainful employment, a pictorial essay on tight pants in history - and that's just the tip of the iceberg. Not alot of graphics here (not necessarily a bad thing but some folks just don't have the attention span to digest all this info) but most are hand drawn panel comics depicting whatever she's raving about on that page. The reason I think I enjoyed Tight Pants so much is that Madeline has damn good tastes in music as is proven in her pull out music review section. Back issues are available for three stamps each so put in your order today!

CAT BUTT #5

PO BOX 470263

SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94147-0263

Catbutt is written by another very talented girl (Shoshannah) but it ain't punk - it's all about heavy / extreme metal music, but very personal and honest. Even though I am not particularly a fan of Dimmu Borgir or the Haunted, I still found myself flipping through and saying "hell yeah" under my breath. The lengthier pieces are a lyrical analysis of a Judas Priest song (and how she personally related to it during her then recent extended road trip) and how martial arts and metal music go hand in hand. BANG YO MUTHAFUCKIN HEAD!!!! Throw some show and record reviews into the mix, add ice. Shaken - not stirred!

MOUTHWASH DRINKIN' CHIOR BOY #8

E-MAIL: GUNTHER8544@HOTMAIL.COM

Another colorful page of the gospel as known by Mista Forma Loose Screws - the zine that made me wanna do a zine to begin with! This time around we get an earload about the overlooked Olympic event of curling and some reviews by Mike Frame (top ten bands of the nineties) and Shawn Obnoxious (recent releases of way obscure stuff). My only complaint (sorry man, gotta let the people know) is that the type is TOO FUCKIN SMALL! I mean I know I am supposed to wear my glasses but I CHOOSE not to - MDCB made me dig em out! Damn You!

EXISTENTIAL BOREDOM #1

22 S MALLORY ST. #1

HAMPTON, VA. 23663

My future children could have potentially had many fun times playing under the trees that were slaughtered for this pretentious art collective hodge podge! I am outraged!

NOW WAVE MAGAZINE #15

WWW.GEOCITIES.COM/NOWWAVE/

If NW's editor, Lord Josh Rutledge, and Madelaine from Tight Pants ever did a split issue (how likely is this?) then no doubt the two of em could make a whole fuckin NOVEL in about a two week period. I envy this guy - he's easily the next best thing to Lester Bangs (followed closely by Ya. Beh's own Vic Demisel) with his outrageous ranting style. Rutledge is pro Rolling Stones, toilet literature, cable TV, milkshakes, and Macy Gray. He's son Fred Durst, Reader's digest, John Mellencamp, and Radiohead. Good deal! Intense diatribes about rock and roll, work, love, death, and sickness along with some record reviews (some by him, many contributions) that are funny and very in-depth...unlike me! (I'm sorry! Next issue I'll write A LOT more! I Promise!) If you wanna get an inkling of what you'd be in for then check out the GnR and AC/DC contributions he submitted for F.R.

R'N'R DIRTIER

THAN YOUR

MOTHER'S

PANTIES

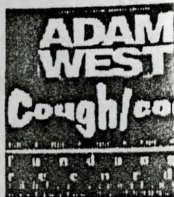
BE
ADAM
WEST

JAKE STARR SPEAKS!

You may know him as the throat behind sleaze-rock band Adam West, but he also runs Sandango Records out of D.O. The following interview was conducted via e mail.



Questions by Holly and Stevie



When and why did you start Fandango Records?

I started Fandango Records in 1993 with the sole intention of releasing the first Adam West 7" single. I'd always been a record collector since I was a kid, so I figured it'd be cool to press a limited single with some on colored wax and hand-numbered and all that geeky collector crap. So I did it. After that, I realized how easy and fun it was to release records, so I continued.

How many releases do you have so far?

As of February 2002, I have released 29 singles and CDs combined.

Do you have any special releases planned over the next year that you want people to look out for?

Actually, I plan to put Fandango on the backburner for awhile since I am so busy with Adam West, my job, and my new house. I simply don't have enough time and money to keep Fandango going strong. So for 2002, I have promised Bluecliff (Norway) and Thee Ultra Bimboos (Finland) that I would do 7" singles for them if they give me songs. Unless I hit the lottery, I ain't doing anymore this year!

Are there any other independent labels that you think folks should be aware of? I heard your friend Dave has a pretty cool label....

Yeah, Dave Champion's Nomad Record label is my brother label. We do co-releases all the time. Our first was The Cream 4-song 7" EP. Then we did the 2-volume Radio Birdman tribute CDs together. Also, my buddy in NYC Chris Sebastian runs 007 Records and releases great rock-n-roll. Another friend of mine in Ann Arbor, Michigan, has a horror-punk label called Reanimator Records that releases cool 7"s too. And of course there's Black Lung Records in your neighborhood!

Are there any bands that you would like to have put a record out on Fandango?

I've been lucky that 99% of the bands that I've approached have said "yes" to doing a record. I asked the Mooney Suzuki and they said they'd get back to me, but I know what that means.

What was the first record you ever bought? How old were you?

The first record I ever bought with my own money was "Kiss Alive" in 1975. It changed my life. And then to see them live in 1978 with AC/DC (w/Bon Scott) absolutely hooked me to rock-n-roll. I never tell how old I am. Older than you but not as old as Stevie!!!! :-)

How are things going with your band Adam West?

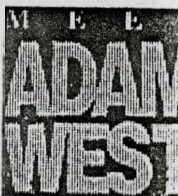
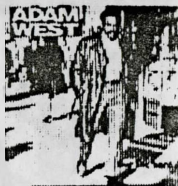
Really really great! We got signed here in the USA and worked out a great licensing deal in Europe as well. Our label here, The Telegraph Company, totally understands that we're a rock-n-roll band. And our label in Europe, People Like You Records, is kicking ass too. They pressed our new album "Right On!" on vinyl and ya gotta love that!

What's up with the line-up changes? I heard that you had a new rhythm section when you recorded last time with Steve at Cyber-sounds.

Right after we finished recording "Right On!" in April 2001, our bass player and drummer kinda left for different reasons. So Steve went back to bass from rhythm guitar and we started using temporary drummers. So now we're a 4-piece again. This band is "based" on line-up changes! Ha ha! I'm the only original member!

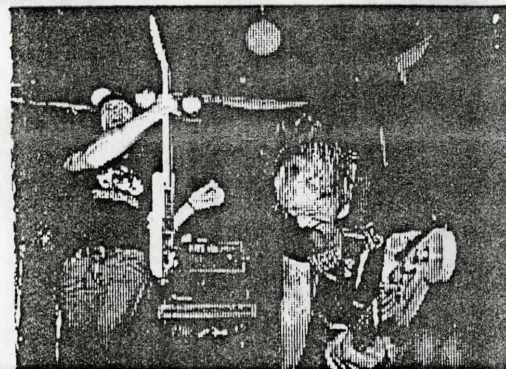
Understand that Adam West is going to be doing West Coast and European tours this year. How long will you be traveling?

We're going out to California for 3 dates to promote the U.S. release of "Right On!" We're playing with the Ball Rays and the B-Movie Rats in Los Angeles, then trekking to San Francisco and Long Beach. Just a short mini-tour. Then in

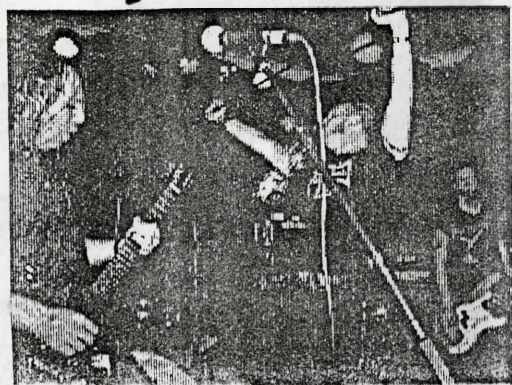




ADAM WEST



IN ACTION!



In June, we return to Europa through July. We'll probably play some of the big summer festivals there. Europe is where it's at, touring-wise. We're treated like royalty over there.

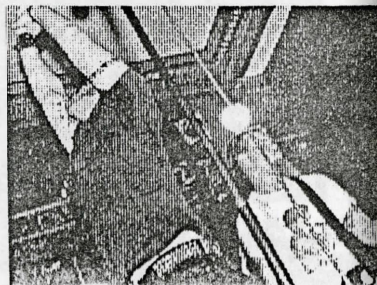
Stavle told me about your obsession with Scandinavian rock and roll like the Hellasopters and Turbonegro. Care to explain?

Well, when I first got into Scandinavian rock in 1997, I was just blown away by bands like the Hellasopters, Glucifer, and Turbonegro. Those bands over there know how to play rock-a-roll right! And remember: I live in Washington, D.C. This is the most UN-rock town in the USA. All the Dischord and emo shit has nullified any kind of rock-a-roll scene. And I'm talking about 60s garage/Stooges/MCS/Kiss/Black Sabbath... no one in this town knows or cares about any of that kinda music. So to hear all these Scandi bands rocking in that vein was like a breath of fresh air.

So why don't Adam West play Virginia Beach anymore? It has been a while, hasn't it? Shit, I don't know why we haven't been down there recently. Good question! Larry always wants us to come down for the Monday nite Chico's thing, but a Monday nite is hard for us because of work, y'know?

Do you have any parting words of advice for any aspiring rock and rollers who wanna start their own label? Well, it's a lot of hard work, so make sure you love what you do. Don't expect to make money doing it either! But when you press a record and you're holding that record in your hand for the first time, it's awesome. I'm very proud of the records I've done. And also to be able to release your friends' records is a great feeling too. Just respect the rock and all will be alright.

Jake Starr (the man)
Adam West (the band)
Fandango Records (the label)
3403 Mt. Pleasant Street, NW
Washington DC 20010 USA
e-mail: jake@fandangorecs.com
<http://fandangorecs.com>
<http://fandangorecs.com/adamwest>
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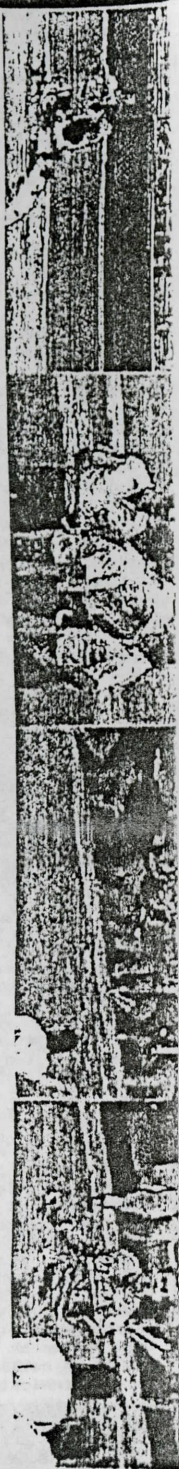
Instead of watching our Ewe Ess women Oh-Limp-Ick curlers take on the stoner-and-sweeper lasses from Norway like I'd planned for Oh-Two/Eighteen/Oh-Two, my gopher-the-gold spirited ass lugged the not-so-winding track that is Interstate 64 and icebraked at Chicho's Not To Be Confused With The More Often Than Not Mexican Restaurant Rock 'N' Roll Bar That Has Great Pizza in Vaaaaa Beeeecch. Since I had sought Oh-Limp-Ick glory in only the single-man luge and not the two-dude double stack, my pre-anticipating-a-bronze-medal beer was of the root strain.

The games of this Oh-Limpy-Add began with THE DIRTY POLITICIANS from take-your-shirt-off-and-wave-it-around-like-a-helicopter North Carolina. With a singer who could propose bills at the podium by actually singing (NOT SCREAMING!!!) and a backing band who melodically assisted in those soon-to-be mandates, DP, like Congressional members The Vigilantes from Massachusetts, Reducers SF from California, and The Beltones from Florida, got unanimous "I's" in their session.



Voting concluded, TANKA RAY took the floor of the house chambers. They and their constituents are from the City Slash State where Willie Wilson used to steal all those bases. Much like Charm City, Maryland's National Razor FDIC, TR addressed the senators with a street rock/punk/whateveryoucallit pitch in a Naked Raygun-esque tone (an extended quote from those Chicago, Illinois lawmen would be their final order of business). Before TR spoke so fondly of NR, MC Speakah Of Da House Lare May had rocked the mic and had rapped 'bout George Brett's Hemorrhoids. Insightful, but I thought it had been fellow 1980 World Series participant Mike Schmidt with the asshole complications. Next time around TR, could y'all serve some "Wonder Beer" ("wish Roy Orbison could tell me what to do...") for us beachcombers who "Understand?"

Because I didn't get turned into a seal steak by a going-90-MPH 1983 Malibu Classic with Virginia license-plate number DEMAND ("Yes, sir!") on my luge return, I was able to put out the Oh-Limp-Ick torch at one thirty-seven in the AM. Later the same day, I was awarded a silver for my combined runs. In Canada, that makes me an Oh-Limp-Ick Champ-Eh-On. Pass me a Coors Light to match my golden glow.



Some month/some day/1999: While combing through the Children's Hospital of the King's Daughters second-hand racks, I came across a pair of Converse Jack Purcell pearly white oxfords with the tags still on them. My always-looking-for-a-bargain eyes had seen said footwear retail for \$19.99 and up at yer too damn crowded Military Circle, Lynnhaven, and Greenbrier Malls. By comparison, the CHKD price was more to my Bob Barker liking - \$5.99. The only problem was I had spent nearly that amount in quarters for solitary billiards and "That's Brisk, baby!" iced tea at the next door laundry drop. Fuckin' Frank Sinatra! If I didn't pick up those common-sized nine-and-a-halves right then and there, some other less deserving rat in the pack would bite on them like grade-A cheddar. The pantaloones pockets were empty and my desk drawer bank was too far to make a quick withdrawal. I had to cook up a plan. And cook I did! Towards the middle of the store, a surprisingly shiny Hotpoint oven rested next to a twenty-five-year-old Zenith console weighing 10,000 pounds. Looking for some Pillsbury-gone-wrong experiments, I opened the Hotpoint of entry. The Dough Boy was nowhere in sight, but Mist'ers Brillo Pad and Easy Off had left their tags. A formal introduction was in order - Mr. Pad and Mr. Off: I would like you both to meet Mr. Purcell. That's right - I placed the canvas Converse inside El Hotpoint without having to bother with pre-heating. Just bake for sixteen hours and serve. When the timer went off the next day, I reached into the flames with my sunflowery oven mitts and pulled out an evenly heated pair o'Purcells. Since that Con-job, I've used that trusty Hotpoint to keep other dishes warm. Namely, record albums. You know, those big 'n' black pizza-sized thingamajigs that white folks without a clue like to scratch on...one rock journalist (personally, I'd rather be called an A-hole), who was actually given a paycheck by "Rolling Stone Fanzine," be triflin' when he had stated in a STP (not the gas treatment) review, "If vinyl still existed..." Contrary to the paid scribbler's quote, the big twelve-inchers (old and new) are still being fitted onto turntables. Best of all, that \$5.99 I paid for my Jacks will get you several Jills to stomp yer feet with. Here are some selections of vinyl-treat confections that should pass your inspections. Dig on these nursery rhymes, yo.

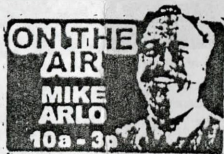
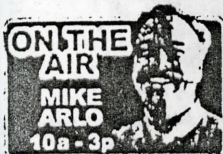


IAN HUNTER - "You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic"
(Chrysalis Records, 1979)

Though considered by some as a "cult figure," many people are familiar with Ian Hunter's work even if they don't know he's the man behind it. That song "All The Young Dudes" which kinda sounds like David Bowie? Yeah, "...Dudes" had been penned by the former Davy Jones, but it was given to the band Mott The Hoople. Their vocalist? Ian Hunter. Hair farmers from the late-80's may remember Great White and "Once Bitten, Twice Shy." Jack Russell and friends did a bang-up job on the track, but "Once Bitten..." wasn't written by any of the sharp-toothed ones. Its author? Ian Hunter. In "The Drew Carey Show's" opening frames ("All this energy calling me/Back where it comes from/It's such a crude attitude/It's back where it belongs..."), my older brother, Kate, Mimi, Oswald, and a bunch of extras are happily dancing and lip synching ("All the little chicks with their crimson lips...Living in sin with a safety pin") to The Presidents Of The United States Of America's arrangement of "Cleveland Rocks." Again, these false faces from the Seattle area did not have executive privilege over this cut. The true prez of "Cleveland Rocks?" Ian Hunter. Everything that made Mott The Hoople so special is reprised on "You're Never Alone..." From the dark balladry of "Ships" and "Standin' In My Light" to the rock 'n' piano punchers "Just Another Night" and "Life After Death," Hunter bravely waved the outsider flag into "The Me Decade." Whereas many acts during this period were given to unfocused excess, Ian and crew (including ex-Mott mate Mick Ronson) exercised careful restraint to create a per-usual (for Hunter/Ronson) classy rock 'n' roll statement that's both of its time ("Bastard" has "late-70's groove" all over it) AND of an earlier era (the Alan Freed soundbite in "Cleveland Rocks").
Ohiohiohiohiohiohio...

THE KNACK - "...but the little girls understand"
(Capitol Records, 1980)

Every respectable toss-off outlet in the Ewe Ess Aye has at least one copy of these "wannabe Beatles" breakthrough album (the many-times platinum "Get The Knack"). This is because The Knack's most well-known tune, "My Sharona," was (according to my contact) the number-one single for all of 1979. Middle-age professors who had courted "the pretty one" to Billboard's top steps have since upgraded their "Get The Knack" bowls to compact disc for chunkier Campbell's Soup-style warmth. On the spoon's other side, geometry teachers who've settled into their boomer years with heaping portions of Progresso smooth-jazz slop look back at those portraits of skinny-tied adolescence and laugh whilst asking "What was I thinking?" of themselves. Even though there's no question "Get The Knack" is a bonafide powerpoprock 'n' roll classic stuffed with many-sides-of-relationship goodies like "Your Number Or Your Name," "Good Girls Don't," and "Frustrated," I couldn't convince Hollister to "Take The Knack" at The Nice Shoplifter's Price. Hey, those "Knuke The Knack" buttons weren't meant to be taken at face value. Jackson Browne is upset and so am I. But "The Pretender" thinks Primus sucks. Really. Unlike the wide availability of The Knack's debut El Pee, "...but the little girls understand" is rarely seen anywhere. When a mint-minus copy of that record turned up at Goodwill for under fifty cents, I jumped on it like DLR in that video. Perhaps anticipating a letdown in terms of sales, The Knack's sophomore session commences with "Baby Talks Dirty" - a lustful slice of self-parody that damn near replicates the thump and attitude of "Sharona." Also out for wham bam thank-you-maam kicks is "The Hard Way," which expresses its desires right from the get-go with a bangin' "Can't Explain"/"Clash City Rockers"-esque pleased-to-meet/meat-you intro. The tender moments aren't left alone either, as "Can't Put A Price On Love" (slow dance), "Hold On Tight And Don't Let Go" (quick cuddle), and "The Feeling That I Get" (girl-group goose bumps) go against Dr. William Joel's counsel. That old time rock 'n' roll is revisited on "Havin' A Rave Up." With its Little Richard-like whoopin' and hollerin', it'll even get YOU out on the floor. "...but the little girls understand" doesn't slump one iota. In fact, the album's variation makes it more deserving of higher marks than its superstar sibling. Quote from producer Commander Chapman (where's Chinn?): "As you listen to this album, you will discover the many different sides of The Knack. Side 1 and 2."



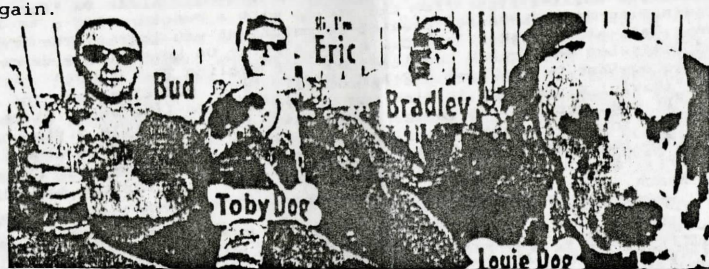
STATES - "Picture Me With You"
(Boardwalk Records Inc., 1981)

Tidewater Virginia's entry in the power-pop-washed-by-New-Wave sweepstakes, the States enjoyed sales exceeding 100,000 of their eponymous debut (which I have yet to find/hear, but All Music Guide gave it four stars) and a profile that extended beyond the borders of Nawfuck and Vaaa Beeechee. Found this sugary buzz of VepCo voltage next to sixteen or so stripped wires from the Wichita Lineman. Right from the needle's touch, "Picture Me With You" (the SONG - "Picture me with you/Black and white will do/Picture me all over your room...") and "Saturday Night" ("Said she'll meet me on Saturday night/A dream come true/Saturday night/A secret rendezvous...") got me sayin', "Man, I've heard these songs before but didn't know who did 'em." Could've sworn Eff Em Nine Tee Nine had once spun "Saturday Night" on...Saturday nights. Ex-99 Emeritus of Laser Rock Mike Arlo is thanked on the LP's backside, so maybe either him or Les "Rock 'N' Roll Tidewater" Wooten gave it some "Dr. Madblood" late-night attention. Both "Saturday Night" and "Picture Me With You" are Rhino D.I.Y. - American Power Pop, Volume 3 worthy, in case that fine reissue label chooses to continue the series. Elsewhere on "Picture...", a number previously made famous by fellow Hampton Roads resident Juice Newton ("Angel Of The Morning") could've qualified as an in-joke, but it's played sincerely with some Cheap Trick-like restylizing. Good thing, because Miss Juicy Fruit brings back haunting remembrances of: 1)Blood, 2) Broken glass, and 3)Boxes. "Tell Me It's Love" and "Let's Roll" retain the pop splendor, but stretch out their appeal with rippin' guitar solos from Barry Scott (do you have a brother named Andy?). "Love On The Line" and "Get It" (sung by Scott) employ some of the New Wave tricks of the trade, with special-effect guitars and just-right keyboard sounds. "Love You Girl" showcases ABBA-type harmonies a la "S.O.S." (Note: ABBA were glam NOT DISCO!!!). "Picture Me With You" is an excellent wax platter that makes me wish I would've parted with an Andrew Jackson to see the States' reunion show last year. Scott now fronts a band called The Barrys - whose contribution to the "Virginia Beach Rocks" comp. ("My Marie") surfaced greatness amidst a shark-infested sea of Dave Matthews Clone Bands.

VAN HALEN - "Van Halen II"
(Warner Brothers, 1979)

After making a classic-outta-the-wrapper LP which spawned a billion copycat guitarists (air and otherwise), the Halen could've pulled a Boston (the two-Presidential-term gap between that band's "Don't Look Back" and "Third Stage" full lengths) by collecting mansions, cars, and afro picks with their fat first-album royalty cheques. Fortunately, "II" closely followed the ice cream truck that was "I." Better still, this go-behind cart's many flavors are just as satisfying as its predecessor's. "Dance The Night Away" is a breezy and laid-back slice of summertime. Many passionate make-out soires in open T-topped Mustangs were no doubt kindled by those old enough to take a chance. "Women In Love" also doesn't rush the lovey dovey, with some well-placed "ooohs" and "aaahs." The ladies in question are a bit crazy, though. "Beautiful Girls" have drinks in their hand and their toes in the sand. If you're in need of a sweet-talking honey, be cautious. She and the rest of them like to fool around. "Spanish Fly" is an aphrodisiacal guitar noodle which gets one in the mood for "D.O.A.". Broken down and dressed in rags, this dirty-faced kid in a garbage can leaves any romantic thoughts out on the highway. When you're all by your lonesome, sometimes you've just gotta smile and sing, "C'monmonmonmonmonmonmon, baby - Bottoms Up!" Chase that with something Linda Ronstadt used to tell her exes: "You're no good, no good, no good - Baby, you're no good." Halen will say it again... The three remaining axes to grind ("Somebody Get Me A Doctor," "Outta Love Again," and "Light Up The Sky") contradict both Ronstadt and VH, because "II" is very good, very good, very good - Baby, it's very good. You'll play it again.

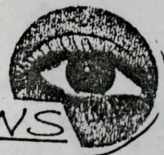
Dense, Thick



Plain, Simple

THE OUTFIELD - "Play Deep"
(Columbia Records, 1985)

"Josie's on a vacation far away/Come around and talk it over/So many things that I wanna say/You know I like my girls a little bit older/I just wanna use your love, tonight/I don't wanna lose your love, tonight." If you were a wall-ball tennis champion at Churchland Junior High School in Eight Tee Sive, chances are dang good that you heard "Your Love" comin' out of every passing Pontiac Fiero. This song and band have often been mistakenly lumped in with bad wimp "rockers" like Glass Tiger, Mike And The Mechanics, Survivor, and anything else in Mitch Buchanan's CD floor tower. A swing to the warning track, however, demonstrates "Play Deep" has a major-league level of craftsmanship akin to other first stringers The Police and Big Country. Besides their biggest base hit, "61 Seconds" speeds around Harbor Park's first/second/third with lyrical legs which are either clever, corny, or both: "61 seconds is all it takes/For the nine-to-five man/To be more than one minute late." "Mystery Man" could be a tip of the ballcap to Nawfook's own Walker family spy clan: "Got a letter from a mystery man/In between the lines, he don't understand/He's on a mission in Mozambique/The room is wired and he just can't speak." "All My Love In The World" quotes a possible portion of some pick-up line from a long-ago yarn spinnin' centerfielder at the Heartbreak Cafe: "Time after time/I put my life on the line/But I ain't committed no crime/So take what you can find/Forget what I say/Cause I keep running away/I only live for today/Not one day behind." "Taking All My Chances" steals home with a courageous admission: "Then when you're lonely/Nobody to turn to/You look in the mirror/And think that it's untrue/In your reflection I usually see/The person you always wanted to be/But you never were/Because you feared yourself/And in your deepest thoughts/You look for someone else." "Say It Isn't So" has Mr. Coffee strongly conferring in the batter's box with Mrs. Candle In The Wind: "I'll give you just one day to explain/I'd like to know if there's somebody else in this game/Say it isn't so/Tell me I'm the only one/Say it isn't so/Without you I can't go on." Judging by this extensive scouting report, you might think that I regard "Play Deep" as one of the finest one-through-nine-inning collections of WRV T-shirt rock (H-dude Brad Nowell and Sublime ain't even on the ballot) in the record bbooks. You'd be correct in your analysis there, southpaw.



BOOK REVIEWS

Flex your head and go read a fuckin book.

CHELSEA HORROR HOTEL by Dee Dee Ramone
(Thunder's Mouth Press, 2001)

Before I begin, let's get one thing straight: Dee Dee is no Thomas Hardy. If you expect this 'fact based' piece of fiction to flow smoothly (or make sense for that matter) then be prepared for disappointment. Ramone's grammar proficiency is minimal and his sentence structure is no better than what an eight year old is capable of. Also, I think someone bought Dee Dee a thesaurus judging from the amount of unusual adjectives he uses. However, if you really want to stretch your imagination than I would liken Ramone's style to Burroughs' - without the finesse. 'Chelsea Horror Hotel' takes place at the infamous glorified New York wino / drug addict hotel and features a cast of degenerates typical of those found lurking on '53rd and 3rd'. This is a fun read and pretty short (244 pages), a good way to spend a rainy afternoon.

SON OF SAM by Lawrence Klausner
(Macgraw / Hill Publishing, 1981)

I found this sucker for 45 cents at the thrift store not too long ago. I have been long obsessed with serial murders so naturally I was elated to find this tome on David Berkowitz, the '44 Son of Sam Killer' that stalked the streets of NYC in the mid 70's. This is very thorough with its testimony, evidence charts, maps, etc. but the reader will be disoriented in how time jumps around and events are related out of sequence. Personally I like to see grisly crime scene photos which this book lacks thus an automatic point deduction for coolness. It's just not gorey enough.

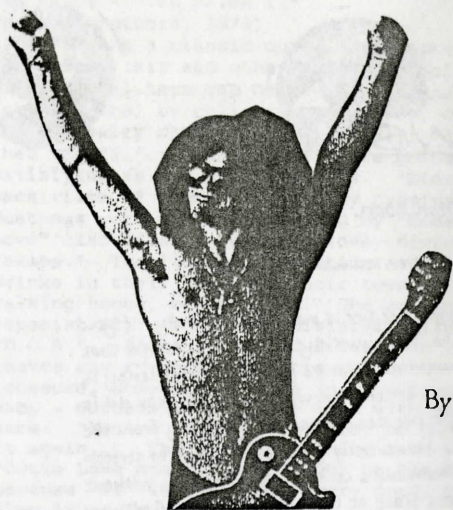
HILLSIDE STRANGLER by Ted Schwarz
(Doubleday Publishing, 1981)

Not only is this book boring (I got about 69 pages into it and gave up) but there are ZERO - count em, that's nada baby- pictures in it. Why waste your time?

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY by Dennis Breo and William Martin
(Pantam Books, 1993)

The cover states that this is 'the true, never before-told story of Richard Speck, the most shocking mass murderer in America's history'. Things may have changed since July 1966 (when Speck murdered eight student nurses in their townhouse in Chicago) but the events of that sweltering night set the standards for mass murder. Alas, Speck was a moron. He let one live and was apprehended only after he attempted suicide in a smarmy flophouse and emergency room doctors recognized his navy tattoos from newspaper reports. The copy I scored from a used bookstore lacked any photos (they had fallen out long before I came along) but I'm sure the pics were good.





G N'R Forever!

(One man's own to America's
last great rock band)

By Joshua Blake Rutledge,

rapidly aging rock and roll diard

It's 2002, and I really miss Guns N' Roses.
I miss Nirvana as well, but I miss G N' R even more.

My frequent reflections on the sad state of Rock only reinforce a nostalgia for the otherwise-questionable early 90's. Let me be honest: while there may indeed be a hell of a lot of great bands making a nasty racket and kicking up the shit these days (otherwise, why would I bother to write about rock at ALL?), what's lacking is one big band that's truly GREAT (and certainly you know the obvious difference between great and GREAT!). You know: the next big thing! The saviors of rock and roll! The one group that I'd be willing to drive 17 hours to see play a single song! The kind of band that you could tell your grandchildren about when you were an old and bitter curmudgeon bastard!

A decade ago, G N' R truly WAS such a band. Now Axl Rose insists on calling his latest crew of rock journeymen "Guns N' Roses", but that's nothing more than an insult to our collective intelligence. No Slash+ No Izzy + No Duff= No Guns N' Fucking Roses! Axl, baby, give up the gig! Your time has come and gone! Oh, but in your time, yous fellas was SOMETHING ELSE!

G N' R's 1987 opus APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION wasn't just the hottest hard-rock/glam/punk/pop record of its day. It also happened to be (probably) the greatest rock and roll LP ever recorded (No joke, man!). How could the band have topped it? It COULDN'T have---which is why any attempt to duplicate its viciously sleazy perfection would have failed miserably. Instead the band went for broke and attempted to pull off the impossible---a grandiose double LP rock-epi masterpiece. The result was 1991's USE YOUR ILLUSION, an overly ambitious double album sold as a

pair of mildly ambitious single albums. And it ALMOST worked. US! YOUR ILLUSION was the product of a great American hard rock band pushing the limits of prog-rock pomposity and arena-rock self-indulgence. Here was a band weaned on Aerosmith, KISS, and the Dolls doing its very best to mimic the excesses and pretensions of Queen, Elton John, and Led Zeppelin. Was it flawed and bombastic? Of course. But STILL, there was enough inspired material contained within the two LP's to cement the band's place in 90's rock history. "Estranged", "Coma", and "Civil War" may have



taken it too far, but is there any denying that songs like "Double Talkin' Jive", "You Ain't the First", "Bad Obsession", "Pretty Tied Up (The Perils of Rock & Roll Decadence)", "You Could Be Mine", and "So Fine" were among the band's finest numbers EVER?! Exactly ten years ago, yours truly was playing the hell out of both albums as a junior at Penn State University. A decade later, it stuns me to realize how well those songs have aged. There's no doubt about it: G N' R was THE SHIT!

Ever since Axl and friends disintegrated at some indiscernible point after 1992, the commercial rock world has lacked a bona fide heir to the band's throne. No group has emerged with both the musical chops and the foul-mouthed, dirty-minded charisma necessary to qualify as The Greatest Rock and Roll Band on Earth. Like the Stones, KISS, Sex Pistols, and AC/DC before them, G N' R matched its uncouth sonic splendor with a truly larger-than-life mystique. They were dangerous and cantankerous and volatile and vulgar and unruly and hell-bent on fucking shit up. And unlike so many of their Reagan/Bush-era hard-rock peers, they didn't implant a vapid "Party, Dude!" aesthetic within their seedy world of sex, drugs, and rock and roll. Instead they told it like it was, rocking out atop a bleak, harrowing, desperate landscape. And that's why their songs still ring so true as we wade our way through the harrowing nihilism of the 21st Century horror show. Many underground rock and roll outfits emerged from the mid-to-late 90's shit-heap with out-of-this-world tunes for the ages (Rip Offs, Devil Dogs, Teengenerate, The Humpers, etc.), but what the world-at-large missed in those years was a band capable of grabbing the popular conscience by the balls and totally slapping it silly. The "bad boys" of 90's rock (Marilyn Manson, Kid Rock, Limp Bizkit, etc.) were so musically-challenged that they could have recorded themselves pissing into a jar of pickles and immeasurably improved their aural output. And as great as Nirvana was, it would be stretching it to call them a "rock and roll" band (They were "rock", but they weren't "rock and roll". There IS a difference).

As I continue to await the arrival of The Next Big Thing as if I were a Christian zealot anticipating the return of the Messiah, it's very clear to me exactly WHAT kind of void needs to be filled. We need another band like Guns N' Roses---a band with hooks from heaven, a mind in the gutter, and a keen sense of rock and roll classicism's timeless allure. Anything less just won't cut it, Dude!

LIVE?!★◎

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