

RAZZORCAKE

DILLINGER FOUR

Blazing Haley

Rolling Blackouts

The Jewws



Issue #11

\$3



Sean, the co-founder of *Razorcake*, and I are best friends. We lived and worked together for around a year and a half in a small apartment and never even got close to yelling at one another. Then he left. I'm not pissed or jilted. He left to move in with his fiancée, now wife, Felizon.

If people I like but don't know very well ask me what *Razorcake's* about, I tend to squint an eye a bit and rub the back of my neck before answering. "It's got a lot about loud or spastic music that usually doesn't get a lot of exposure. And we try to cover other parts of the underground, too, like writers and filmmakers and comics." This magazine is our tether between the "real world" and the life we want to live. It's a reflection, spearheaded by a couple of dudes who really don't like how the dominant culture works and find so much worth and vitality in the cracks of our culture.

Isn't a magazine just a bunch of words and pictures?

No, not quite. Sean and I are both in our thirties and the longer we pull away at *Razorcake*, the more starkly obvious our personal rebellion is becoming when we look at people our ages going in such different directions. We're so far away from the two point five kids, house, SUV, picket fence mentality, but it's more than that. It's not just a negation of all that stuff, but building something else.

It's tougher when traditional culture's breathing hard down the back of your neck and attempting to order how you should act in a specific situation.

Sean and Felizon's wedding was rad because they looked at it carefully and split everything down.

I've been to no shortage of weddings that made me feel like I was in a mall. Everything was pre-processed: DJs playing "YMCA"; a bunch of people who had never met one another and probably wouldn't like each other anyway, in a big, rented hall; and cake whose frosting looked like it came from an expensive tube of toothpaste. Those things bum me out.

Sean's not religious, so his brother hopped on the internet, filled out a form, and voilá, when they went to register with the state of Hawaii, Reverend Scott Carswell was listed as a legitimate wedding executor.

Totally legit. The state is more involved with registering a vehicle.

When it came to the rings, instead of fretting over carats, a friend of theirs made them, special. The simple silver bands were a Navajo design of a staircase that looped around, up and down, signifying that if you're feeling down, you just flip it over, and you're up. Everything, if you hang on with a decent attitude, can work out in the end.

The cake was from the bakery where Felizon's mom, Corazon, worked.

The pavilion – an old wood structure with campers off to the side – was on the beach. It cost thirty-five dollars, which was paid to a man whose chickens ran around on the grass.

I was the "official" wedding photographer. Almost everyone there was ready to take pictures. (One of the most memorable quotes of the night was when Corazon proclaimed, "Oooh, plenty camera.") Ms. Pants DJ'd, filling the air and playing CDs with songs that didn't have "fuck" in any real obvious place.

At the center of it all were Sean and Felizon; a bit nervous, beaming. In the eight years they've been together, it was the first time I'd ever seen them kiss.

And it got me to thinking. We do what we do, not out of any spite, but we've found what works extremely well for us. It makes us happy. It makes us creative. It makes us not hate ourselves. It makes us question pretty much everything – especially rites of passage that society as a whole holds dear. But here's the thing. There's no one single time when you have to put your own wrists out and put the cuffs on yourself. I swear it. It takes effort and time and energy, but you know what? Being hundreds of miles away on a tropical island, watching my best friend be bashful by all the attention, surrounded by people who deeply care about him, on an occasion that was thoughtful (and so happened to be iconoclastic) made me realize, yeah. Yeah. This is why we do what we do.

Put some meaning to this whole thing called life when it counts the most.

-Todd

AD DEADLINE FOR ISSUE #12

December 1st, 2002

AD DEADLINE FOR ISSUE #13

February 1st, 2002

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- Send good laser prints for the ads. Use solely black ink on all art. Do not output your ad on a bubble jet printer even if it looks black and white. It will reproduce like complete shit when it goes to an offset printer.

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- Designated Dale <DesignatedDale@aol.com> •
- Rhythm Chicken <rhythmchicken@hotmail.com> •

Everyone else can be reached c/o Razorcake.

Razorcake and razorcak.com are massaged and squoshed into place by:

Sean Carswell, Todd Taylor, Felizon Vidad, Megan Pants, ktspin, and Skinny Dan.

Thank you list:

Supersonic thanks to Dan Monick (www.dmonick.com) for the cover shot of Lane headlocking Billy and the pic in Ben's column; you-fucking-rule thanks to Julia Smut for help on the cover; oh-no,-Christians-in-*Razorcake* thanks to Bob Cantu for the White Stripes pics and Randy Iwata for the ever-present Nardwuar technical help; holy-fucking-shit thanks to Donofthedeath for his record reviews although he underwent back surgery; welcome-to-the-fold thanks to Aphid Peewit and Janaka Stucky for their reviews; super-Kat-alistic thanks to Ms. Jetson for her Rolling Blackouts interview and pics; wiggly hair thanks to Chris Z. for piping in; truckin'-on-with-plasma,-blood,-and-sperm thanks to Rev. Nørb for his advice column; pizza-and-soda thanks to Harmonee, Stacy, Sara, and Dale for helping out at the slave labor insert stuffing party (but, uh, fuck you Dale); you're-a-big-sucker thanks to Felizon for marrying Sean; projectile-vomit-and-hazard-ass-poo congratulations to Andy and Jen - Retodd is now an uncle to a kid named Trevor.



I like to play jax – and my favorite candy is tootsie pops... I get very lonely listening to my neighbors do it.

(Lucinda was the only lady who ever sent in an unsolicited photo for the punk rock girl page who wasn't directly affiliated with a business. She lives in Phoenix.)

RAZORCAKE



Cutting. Tasty.

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

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Razorcake is bi-monthly. Issues are \$3.00 ppd. in the U.S.
 Yearly subscriptions (six issues) are \$15.00. Plus you get some free shit. These prices are only valid for people who live in the US and are not in prison. Issues and subs are more for everyone else (because we have to pay more in postage). Write us and we'll give you a price.



He asked, "Can you play 'Unchained Melody'?" I answered, "Sure thing, Vern!" and pulled on the Chicken head. Vern broke out laughing and the wedding party looked on with great interest.

The Dinghole Reports

By the Rhythm Chicken
commentary by Francis Funyuns)
[edited by Dr. Sicnarf]

BROKEN GLASS AND RAZOR-
WIRE!!! I'm me again! OOOOHH
YEAH! RUCKUS RUCKUS
RUCKUS!

(You were really scaring us with
that Rally Rabbit shit, Mr. Chicken!
-F.F.)

[It was definitely a potentially dan-
gerous identity crisis. I mean, what
would happen to all of your fans
and followers led astray in your
corporate-laced tirades? What
would happen if the waves of
ruckus you have started were
diminished to mere ripples of com-
motion? -Dr. S.]

(Worse yet, what would Freddy K
have said? -F.F.)

[And what if your fanbase were to
look elsewhere for their aesthetic
satisfaction, say to Gary Coleman,
or Big Bird? -Dr. S.]

NEVER! I'm the Rhythm Chicken!
ME ME ME!!! I bow my head in
shame from that Rally Rabbit
episode we were all subjected to,
but I'm ME again! Rhythm
Chicken forever, forever Chicken
Rhythm! RCFFCR!!!

(We're all glad you're back,
Chicken, but there's one thing I
have to ask. How did it feel to be
rockin' out in front of 30,000 peo-
ple? How did it feel to have the
media on its knees? To have that
awesome power at your wingtips?
-F.F.)

Well, I certainly have played my
share of low profile gigs: playing
along rural Wisconsin highways for
one or two passing cars, playing
outside of a ten-year-old's birthday
party, playing outside of a forty-
year-old's birthday party, playing in
my northern woodshed over the
phone to people's answering
machines, playing at the Garret Bay
boat launch to no one, playing in a
tavern ladies room for the other two
customers in the bar and the bar-

tender, etc... However, I have also
played other monumental gigs that
indirectly have reached far more
than 30,000 people. Way before the
Rally Rabbit was a glimmer in
some corporate bigwig's eye, The
Rhythm Chicken was spreading his
holy word of ruckus to the masses.
This brings us to today's Dinghole
Reports, tales from the Rhythm
Chicken's media attacks!

Dinghole Report #22: Stop the Presses, Here's the Ruckus!

(Rhythm Chicken sightings #152 to
#155)

It all began when a friend of a
friend worked for a Milwaukee
artsy alternative publication called
the *Milwaukee Orbit*. He caught
wind that the Rhythm Chicken had
recently moved to town and having
seen the Chicken rock his ruckus
outside of a Guitar Wolf show in
Green Bay, he wanted to do an
interview. It turned out quite well
and had a photo of the Tower
Chicken Farm Liberation Concert.
Ruckus O'Reilly was even skank-
ing in the background! To make
things even cooler, the interview
was printed on the page opposite of
a Rev. Rich Mackin interview!
Weird! So, anyway, a popular jour-
nalist from the *Milwaukee Journal
Sentinel* (Wisconsin's largest cir-
culation newspaper) was desperate
for material to cover so he searched
through the hard work that others
have done (the *Milwaukee Orbit*).
He found my interview and decided
to "discover" my antics for himself.
I received an email from Mr.
Journalist asking if the Rhythm
Chicken wanted some "major cov-
erage" in the *Milwaukee "Urinal"
Sentinel*. To a Wisconsinite, this is
as big as the *USA Today*, or even
the *Farmers' Almanac*! I jumped at
the opportunity to spread my holy
word of ruckus across the land. I
already had a substantial apprecia-
tion for Mr. Journalist. He had
recently written an amazing human
interest piece about Freddy K, Door
County's Polka King! ([http://www.
jsonline.com/news/State/jul00/stin-
col09070700a.asp](http://www.jsonline.com/news/State/jul00/stincol09070700a.asp)). I made elusive
plans to meet Mr. Journalist at the

first gig of my next Milwaukee
tour. He brought a photographer.
They were both officially drafted
and deputized into the Chicken's
Roadie Army. He and his lady pho-
tographer were middle-aged, well
dressed, and well mannered. I was
wearing my Timebomb Tom shirt
(Time Bomb 3:16), my spiky punk
rock belt, and my "Auschwitz"
shoes. Mr. Journalist seemed genu-
inely interested and intrigued by
the whole Rhythm Chicken thing.
Miss Photographer did not. He was
always anxious to help grab the
snare or kick drum. She seemed
somewhat hesitant to grab my
blood, cum, beer, piss, sweat,
vomit, and booger encrusted gig
rug. Heh! The first gig was right
inside a little bus stop shelter at
Oklahoma and Kinnickinnic in
Milwaukee's south side. The peo-
ple in the rickety shelter decided to
wait OUTSIDE for the bus. Cars
honked. Pedestrians hollered. It
was a fairly run-of-the-mill ruckus
show. The gig ended. While quick-
ly tearing down to move on, some
guy in his upper-30s wearing a
Dead Kennedys *Bedtime for
Democracy* shirt said calmly and
quietly, "Nice show, Rhythm
Chicken." After packing up and
darting off in my Rooster Roller,
Mr. Journalist got immediately
swept up in the excitement saying,
"Wow! What an adrenaline rush!
This feels DANGEROUS!" And he's
just a roadie! Miss Photographe-
r seemed unamused. The next gig
was in front of Seigel's Liquor, kitty-
corner from Rushmor Records. Chicken
fans emptied out of the nearby busi-
nesses to show their vocal support
for the ruckus. A motorist slowed
down to yell, "Rock on, Rhythm
Chicken!" Mr. Journalist was really
getting pumped up now. He had
numerous questions which I half-
answered cryptically. I didn't dare
reveal too much! The third gig was
in front of Schulte Poultry in the
Walker's Point neighborhood. Yes,
another protest concert! A young
boy stopped his bike in confusion
to see the show. Mr. Journalist
began grilling the little spectator

with questions, ending with, "What
do YOU wanna be when you grow
up?" The lad gestured to the
Rhythm Chicken and replied,
"Nothing like that!" The fourth gig
was one very dear to my heart, on
the front porch of the old aban-
doned Pabst brewery (the blood of
Christ is now being brewed within
the Miller Brewing complex a few
blocks over). The neighborhood is
quite dead. While rockin' out my
divine ruckus, I happened to notice
two cars actually happened to pass
by! While tearing down afterwards,
I said, "Cool! Two cars saw the
show!" Mr. Journalist corrected me
by saying how it was only one car
that drove by twice! He seemed to
think the gig was a flop. I knew
otherwise. At the tour's end I
dropped of the newly-seasoned
roadies at their car. Mr. Journalist
thanked me for the exciting after-
noon. Miss Photographer got into
their car without saying a word.
God, I love this shit! Two weeks
later, the article appeared on the
front page of the "State" section of
the Sunday edition (most extensive
circulation). There was a huge full-
color photo of the Rhythm
Chicken, wings raised skyward,
pounding out his ruckus in front of
a liquor store. This, to me, is punk.
I received phone calls and emails
from stunned family and friends
from every corner of the state.
Hundreds of thousands of people
exposed to my ruckus in press cov-
erage. The world is sure looney at
times. ([http://www.jsonline.com/
news/metro/aug00/stin-
col13081200a.asp](http://www.jsonline.com/news/metro/aug00/stincol13081200a.asp))

(Holy crap! That IS pretty rad!
-F.F.)

[Excuse me, Mr. Chicken, but those
thousands of people really only saw
a still photo and the writing of some
slack-jawed journalist who roadied
in a tie! I don't think they really felt
the unyielding power of your
ruckus. They didn't actually HEAR
your thunderous rhythm rock. -Dr.
S.]

Just hold your horsy, there, Doc!
I've breached the audio/visual

realm of the media as well. I was on the news!

Dinghole Report #23: Ruckus Rhythms on Fox!
(Rhythm Chicken sightings #213 to #218)

Last December, I received a message on my answering machine from the head news anchorman of Milwaukee's Fox station, Fox-6. Mr. Anchorman asked if he and his cameraman could tag along on a Chicken tour for a news piece. To help roadie this tour, I drafted the Mistreater's very own Christreater.

[The spellchecker is suggesting "Christ eater" again! -Dr. S.]

I have this theory that bartenders make quality roadies.

(Why is that, Rhythm Chicken? -F.F.)

Why did Keith Morris do all of Nick Drake's photography? I don't know!

[Well, Mr. Chicken, the definition of a theory is... -Dr. S.]

ENOUGH! BUCKAW!!! Let's just say it's a strong belief, okay?!!

—silence—

All right. Okay, so, Mr. Anchorman and Mr. Cameraman arrive at my Milwaukee coop. Christreater and I meet them outside and go through the tiring introductions. Mr. Anchorman tells me that Mr. Cameraman has a confession for me. I look at the normal Joe and wonder what this guy I've never met before could POSSIBLY have to confess to ME about. Mr. Cameraman blushes a little and sheepishly says, "This year for Halloween..... I went as the Rally Rabbit." Christreater and I both look away and struggle to hold in the laughter. The world sure is looney at times! He then attaches a tiny cordless mic to my collar and the wire and transmitter to my belt. They warn me that everything I say is now being recorded. Christreater and I hop in the Rooster Roller and zoom off with the news guys following close behind. Chris instantly grabs the little mic and says, "That Mr. Anchorman, what a jerk, eh?" I start fumbling through the tapes in my car looking for the most annoying music to drown out our discussion and decide on the bluegrass version of Madonna's "Material Girl." Perfect. The first gig is at another bus stop. People, buses, other motorists and pedestrians: instant audience. Mr. Cameraman struggles to capture the guerilla tactics of the set-up and performance. He then captures "the bust." A cop car pulls up. Mr. Anchorman immediately puts his

recognizable face into the car window to try to ward off the evil agent of anti-ruckus. He asks the pig what exactly the Rhythm Chicken is doing wrong. The fuzz addresses Mr. Anchorman by name and tells him to take his "rabbit" to another district.

[Rabbit? -Dr. S.]

Mr. Anchorman's reply, "First of all, he's not MY rabbit. Second of all, he's a CHICKEN!" No dice. We get ousted. The next gig is on the corner of Locust and Oakland. Fans emptied out of Oakland Gyros, Subway, Cousin's, and Atomic Records. Cars honk and people yell. The media representatives begin to feel the ruckus and get excited. Through the next three or four gigs, they really begin to appreciate the absurdity and athleticism of being the Rhythm Chicken. The final tour stop is in Milwaukee's most famous lawn, Cathedral Square, where Wisconsin's troops used to gather and organize before going to fight in the Civil War. The city's Christmas decorations are scattered about the square as well. The Rhythm Chicken rocks his wings off in front of a huge, 20 ft. tall red teddy bear. Christreater grabs a sign elsewhere in the park and props it next to the Chicken. It reads "Teddy and his Friends!" The post-tour interview takes place. Mr. Anchorman asks the big question, "So why do you do it?" The Chicken replies, "If I don't, who will?" The news piece aired on a Sunday night. Fox-6 reran the piece a few more times in the following months after it won Mr. Cameraman a NATIONAL AWARD! (view the actual news-piece at <http://www.poynter.org/centerpiece/nppa/p_newfeature.htm> and read the judges' comments!) I'm sure more than 30,000 Milwaukeans were exposed to the Chicken's audio/visual media ruckus.

(I guess it helped that the news preview ads showed Rhythm Chicken ruckus and ran earlier that night during the *Simpsons*. -F.F.)

[Bonkers! You shared a primetime slot with Homer and Ralph Wiggum! -Dr. S.]

Yeah, yeah, these "big media" shows really gave me a swollen dinghole, but usually it's the smaller more bizarre shows that I enjoy the most.

(Oh, like that Vern Nussbaum concert? -F.F.)

[Vern Nussbaum? Who's Vern Nussbaum? -Dr. S.]

Dinghole Report #24: Nussbaum is German for "Nut Tree!"
(Rhythm Chicken sighting #162)

Hidden deep in the woods, just north of Bailey's Harbor, WI, is the Gordon Lodge, a total relic of an establishment from the '50s or '60s, straight out of some corn dog James Bond film, Connery-era. The lounge is called the Top Deck and has a dreamy romantic view over Lake Michigan. Here on weekend summer nights you will find Vern Nussbaum entertaining the relatively bluehair crowd (bluehair as in elderly, not Manic Panic). Vern



sings, plays piano, runs the drum machine, downs the cocktails, cracks the jokes, slyly insults the bluehairs from time to time, and is one of the craziest old guys I've ever had the pleasure to watch. He's like a cross between DJ Lebowitz, Neil Hamburger, Sheriff Wiggum, and Mel Bergman! How coincidental that he used to live in the childhood house behind Green Bay's Rev. Norb. One can almost excuse the Top Deck's weak and over-priced cocktails (and super grumpy bartender) simply to enjoy the one-man musical circus that is VERN NUSSBAUM! A few years back, my Chicken posse and I found ourselves at the piano-shaped table directly in front of Vern, sippin' drinks and crackin' up from the show. The Top Deck was jam packed with some wedding

crowd mostly from the New York area. Vern found out, after a few drinks, that I had drums in my car. Magic was in the air, magical ruckus! He requested a live rhythm section accompaniment. I was in total shock. Me, share the stage with Vern Nussbaum? The world's greatest lounge singer? Before I could reply, my Chicken posse were already hauling in the drums. The wedding crowd observed the set-up in confusion. Who was joining this crazy lounge singer in this remote backwoods lounge straight out of *Twin Peaks*? The drums were immediately assembled. I took my throne and looked over to Vern. He asked, "Can you play 'Unchained Melody'?" I answered, "Sure thing, Vern!" and pulled on the Chicken head. Vern broke out laughing and

the wedding party looked on with great interest. We began playing and Vern was having great trouble singing through his laughter with my huge chicken ears flapping away next to him. The place went NUTS! RUCKUS! The nest song was "Wipeout!" The crowd hit the dance floor. People went WILD! The Vern Nussbaum/Rhythm Chicken duet was rockin' the Top Deck's dinghole to the limit! My Chicken posse looked on in disbelief. Vern and I then broke out into his balls-out rockin' original, "The Boogie Man"! This song is a total Jerry Lee Lewis style rocker. Vern's fingers and arms are flailing. The dance floor is full and throb-
bing. The Chicken ears

are flyin' this way and that. The Top Deck was truly alive with ruckus! What more could possibly happen? What else could make the ruckus more complete and over the top? Just then, the crowd on the dance floor parts to make way for the final missing element. A 10-year-old boy walks up and joins Vern and me.....AND HE'S JUGGLING THOSE JUGGLING PINS!!! There on stage, in the wildly packed Top Deck lounge, were Vern Nussbaum, the Rhythm Chicken, and a 10-year-old juggling boy! I almost fainted! True ruckus, indeed!

[(Amen! -F.F. & Dr. S.)]

-The Rhythm Chicken
<rhythmchicken@hotmail.com>
<www.rhythmchicken.com>

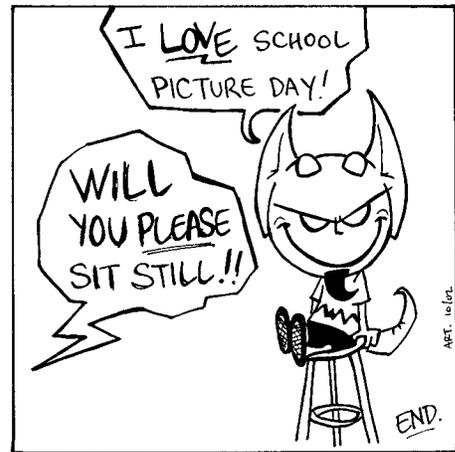
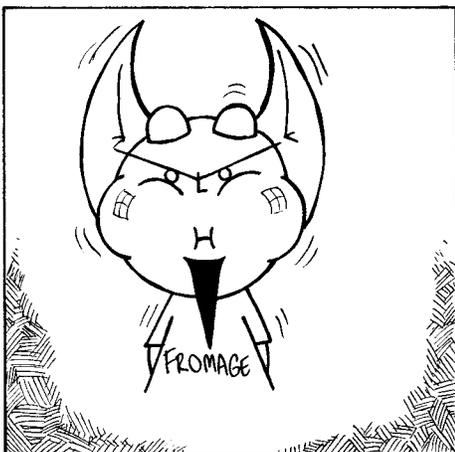
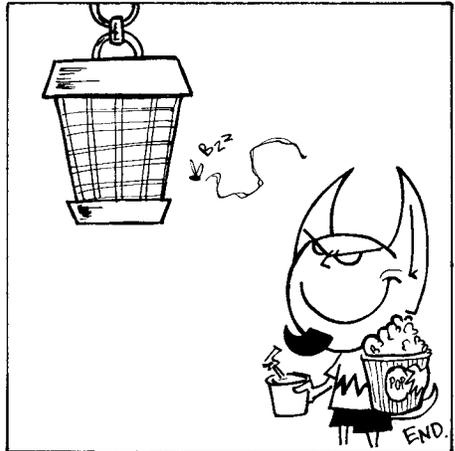
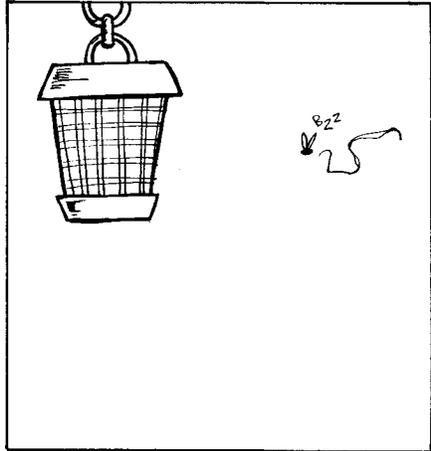
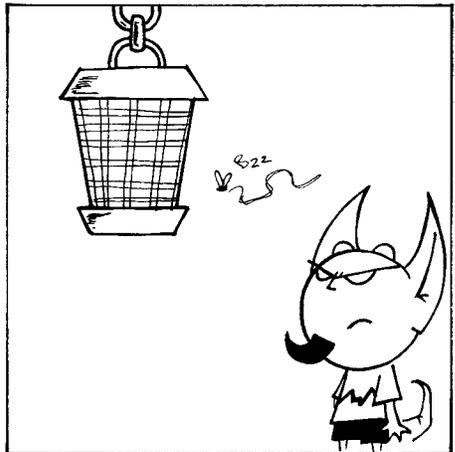
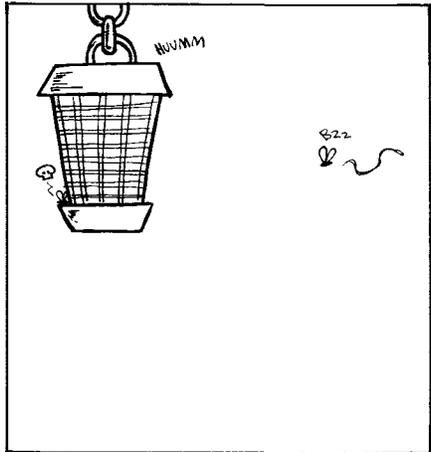


RAZORCAKE
PRESENTS



LIL' BEEZ
THAT LITTLE BASTICH!

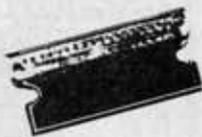
ART. 10
02





Maddy

Shiftless When Idle



Let's hear it for the "Fuck you, I'll eat as much cheese as I damn well please" aesthetic!
Punk fucking rock!

Greetings Razorcakkers and Razorcakettes! I'm writing this column from the depths of the horrors of the stomach flu! D'oh! So, please excuse me for any grammatical inconsistencies, unnecessary allusions to the Ramones (oh, wait, don't excuse that, ever!), and fits of complete delirium.

I woke up around noon today, dragged myself out of my bed (a real pain in the ass if you have a loft bed like me!), and threw myself on the couch. What does one do in the middle of such sickness? Watch crappy television, that's what! So, I turned on Rikki Lake and was fortunate enough to watch guests battle it out to see who had the better hair weave. All right!

Being a fan of any and all trashy television (documentaries on conjoined twins, dating shows, Jerry Springer's Klanta Klaus special, etc.), and being a brand new resident of New York (Note: If you ever want to automatically double your blood pressure and spend all of your money, check out NYC!), my roommate Amanda and I decided that we simply HAD to be part of the trashy TV action! We would not be content to sit on the sidelines of the daytime talk show madness! In a fury of situationist rhetoric (read: complete and total bullshit) we ordered ourselves tickets to the *Rikki Lake Show* in New York City! Punk rock!

(Note: Please refer any and all questions concerning my punk rock credentials to: Committee to Impeach Maddy Tight Pants for Talking about Rikki Lake and Candy Instead of Rockin' Out (hard) to Crass.)

Anyway, a few days later, our tickets arrived! Hooray! Me, Amanda, and a guest (my friend Julie) were gonna be on Rikki! (Note: This would be an appropriate time to shout, "Go Rikki! Go Rikki! Go!")

We lined up last Friday at 2 P.M. outside of the Rikki studio in Manhattan. A number of large men patrolled the line of mall girls, old women, and a couple of teenage guys. The security guards looked like something out of a B movie: polo shirts underneath cheap suits, greasy hair (in many cases, slicked back into a ponytail), kinda fat, and shockingly self-important. Plus, they had those hidden mics in their sleeves! Insane! After about half an hour, we were let inside. Since after 9/11, EVERYTHING has changed (Note: sarcasm), we had to go through a metal detector and have our bags searched. But we also got some free candy in the

M&M's, Twizzlers, and cookies! All right! The *Rikki Lake Show* knows how to win its way to my heart!

After having our non-gun status confirmed, we were led into a rather dirty room with a lot of plastic chairs. A super-old TV played some soap opera at a volume just loud enough to be annoying, but not loud enough for us to actually hear the show. Super bright fluorescent lights illuminated the audience-to-be. A couple who sat a few rows in front of us started making out. The

hour and there's NO toilet!"

Looking around, I started to realize that everyone who worked for the Rikki show looked exactly like someone who would watch the show: overweight in a non-genetic, I-eat-too-many-Cheetos kind of way; pasty white skin; permed, hairsprayed, and bleached hair; way-too-tight pants that revealed some pretty nasty stretch marks; and a ton of makeup. The whole thing made me feel a lot more comfortable. I thought, hey, these aren't some skinny model types trying to put one over on the American public! These people are just like everyone else!

I must say that I've never been so glad to see a room full of fat, tapered-jean-wearing people in all my days. Living in NYC, everyone's skinny and trendy. I haven't seen anyone wearing sweatpants in weeks! In other words, I am in major Midwest withdrawal! (I'm from Milwaukee.) Let's hear it for the "Fuck you, I'll eat as much cheese as I damn well please" aesthetic! Punk fucking rock!

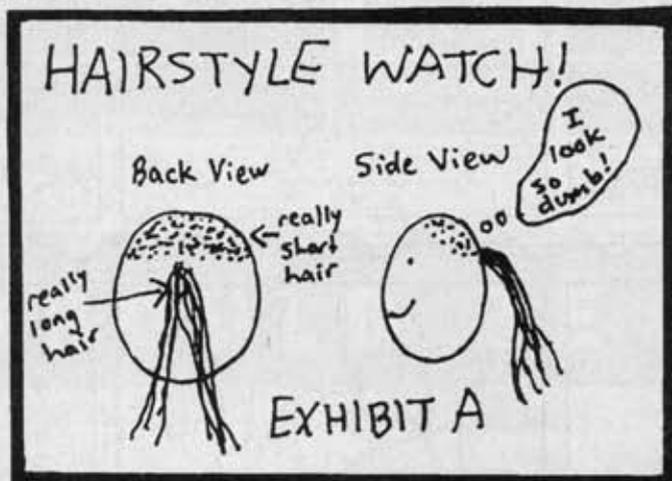
So, right before we go up to the actual studio floor, a production assistant tells us, "These days, we could all use a little more kindness in our lives, right?" Several people

nod. "So, we're trying to make the *Rikki Lake Show* a kinder, friendlier thing. So PLEASE, if someone's up there cryin' about her boyfriend breakin' up with her, don't get in front of the mic and say, 'You're a bitch and your hair looks like crap.'" The kinder, gentler audience laughed, and before we knew it, we were upstairs in the studio!

Once we had been seated, a "warm-up girl" came out to the tune of that "I Like Big Butts" song and grabbed a member of the audience and danced with him, slapping his butt. All right! More appealing to the prurient interest! She gave away prizes, had us practice our clapping, and even called on a couple audience members to go up onstage to demonstrate different emotional reactions! After a few minutes, to a standing ovation, Rikki Lake made her appearance! The crowd went crazy!

Rikki looked, well, like Rikki. She was wearing an orange jacket, a skirt, and a TON of makeup. (In fact, afterwards several guys were talking about how hot Rikki was, and one of them ventured to say, "But damn, man, that makeup was too much!") She also had her son, Owen, with her. She tried to parade him around, but he kept running away.

We were told that the topic of the show was



guy was sporting one of the most ridiculous hairstyles I have ever seen. (See Exhibit A.)

While we were waiting, several production assistants would occasionally enter the room and remind us, "If you gotta tinkle, you better do it now, 'cause you're gonna be up there for an

Maddy

"I'm Addicted to Lotto!" Stinky! Couldn't we have at least gotten "Drag Queen Makeovers" or "My Mom Dresses Like a Ho"? For shame! (Important Note: What's the deal with talk shows these days, anyway? We used to get treated to such important topics as "My Hamster Rose from the Dead" and "The Klan Stole My Dog". (One of those is an actual show. Guess right and win a prize! Or not.) Now it's all about relationships. In other words, boring. Who cares about whether some guy was sleeping with the cousin of her baby's daddy? But I digress...)

The show itself was pretty boring. A number of guests talked about how they had spent all their money on lotto tickets, and various family members confronted them. There was also a self-described "gambling expert" who offered some obvious advice: "If you're stealing from your twelve-year-old granddaughter to play the lotto, you have a problem." There were even two guests who had won a couple million dollars – and had spent all of it. Unfortunately, there wasn't much time for questions, so I was not able to talk on the *Rikki Lake Show* and thus cement my place in fame for eternity.

The best part of the show was that every member of the audience

was given a lottery ticket. It was part of this dumb thing to see if we could possibly hold out until the end of the show to rub off our ticket. (Rikki apparently got too worked up in the middle of the show and scratched hers off! For shame!) I ended up winning two bucks – enough to buy two bags of Sour Patch Kids or four Cherry Cokes! All right!

The show ended before we knew it, and we were ushered outside by a half dozen security guards. On our way out, we were given Rikki Lake keychains and invited to come see the show again. I don't think I will. Is it because I'd rather listen to public radio and read *The Nation*? Uh, no. I just really want to see Jerry Springer.

—Maddy

Note: Please do not continue to ask me when *Tight Pants* #10 will be done. Grad school has been a hellish ordeal, sucking up every spare minute of my free time. (I haven't even had time to listen to Rev. Norb's new solo album!) So, I'm guessing that *Tight Pants* will be out in January. If you've already sent money or stamps, fear not, you will be receiving *Tight Pants* #10 when it comes out. Thank you and goodnight!





Sean Carswell

A Monkey to Ride the Dog



I thought about kicking him – figuring that, if this was a fight that I was in, a good kick would settle it.

A Box of Shit

Everything was fucked between Tina and J.D. long before I came into the picture. They had a long and sordid history pock-marked with too much speed and too much coke and too many bad fights and too many bad breakups. Tina had moved to Atlanta just to get away from J.D. I don't remember where they came from. I should remember it. Tina told me enough times, Toledo or South Bend or Bloomington. I don't know. I remember she was from the Midwest and that she'd gone a long way just to get away from him. When he showed up in Atlanta, she took it as a sign that they should get back together. Things got worse. I didn't have anything to do with it. All I did was give Tina a ride home.

Actually, I didn't give her a ride home. I picked her up at Jenny Craig after my shift, and she talked me into going to the Highlander – a bar where the bartender gave her free shots and gave me free shots because I was with her; a bar where

we ran into a friend who smoked us out, then went back inside with us, where he bullied the jukebox by dropping three bucks in and playing the whole *Raw Power* album (plus a Misfits song with his last selection). A bar where we got some dinner and played some air hockey and hung out for a few hours, and where she basically forgot her shitty job at Jenny Craig and I forgot my shitty job at Allied Foods.

By the time midnight rolled around, the booze had plastered a permanent smile on Tina's face. Her cheeks were getting pink, and she was feeling loose enough to make fun of me for wearing a blue work jacket with my name stitched on it. "That jacket would be cool if you had a name like 'Moses' or something sewn on your patch," she said. "But no. You have to have your real name on there. Why don't you get them to sew 'Hello, I'm...' right above that patch? You could take your dorkiness to a whole new level."

When I'd first started hanging out with Tina a few months earlier,

this was exactly the kind of comment that I would take to heart. I'd just moved to Atlanta, and it was my first time living in a big city. I felt kind of green, kind of like I should have a small town tattoo on my forehead. Tina took advantage of this in small ways. She'd con me out of buying cheap beer by calling me a hick or a truck driver, so I'd buy something like Newcastle for us when it was my turn to buy rounds. Then, Tina would buy us Bud when it was her turn. I learned quickly. So when she started kidding me about my jacket, I just said, "If you want to wear my jacket, just ask. I'll probably loan it to you."

"I'm just saying, you got no sense of style."

"I'm just saying, you're cold and you're trying to con me out of my jacket."

Tina shook her head. "You're hopeless," she said. The jukebox rambled through the Stooges', "I Need Somebody" for the third time that night. By the end of the song, Tina was wearing my jacket.

A little after midnight, Tina and I finally did head home. We left midtown and cut across Ponce de Leon Avenue, towards Little Five Points, where we both lived. As we rode down Ponce, Tina said, "Hey, my friend lives on this street. Do you mind if we stop by his place? I left some shit at his house that I want to pick it up." There was something about the tone of her voice, something too nonchalant.

"It's kinda late," I said. "Will he still be up?"

Tina nodded. "He works nights. He's probably just getting home."

I figured there was something fishy about it. I don't know. I liked Tina. I liked hanging out with her. She was a good person. But I always felt like she was up to something. Probably because she usually was. So I figured that she wanted to go by her friend's place to score weed or coke or speed, or that I was dropping her off on a booty call. Or something. But I figured, shit, where's the harm in it? When she pointed out her friend's place, I pulled over and parallel parked.

Her friend lived in an old, red brick apartment building. A four-plex. Something that would be called a townhouse now, but was built long before they called apartments townhouses. It was actually a nice place, with a little front lawn and big bay windows and the apartments themselves all looked big. If not for the neighborhood, it would've been a great place to live. The lights were on, so Tina figured her friend was home. "I won't be long," she said. "You may as well just wait in the car."

I nodded, half-wondering what Tina was up to. Mostly, though, I didn't care. I rolled down my window, but the cool night air reminded me that I'd been conned out of my jacket, so I rolled the window back up. The traffic light down the road turned green, and the crosswalk sign chirped its electronic song. The first time I'd heard it, a few months earlier, it freaked me out. By this time, though, I'd driven down Ponce enough to know that the big red brick apartment com-

Sean Carswell



plex on the left was a home for the blind, and the crosswalk chirped so the blind folks could know when it was safe to cross. During the daytime, I'd seen them hanging out on the corner, waiting for the chirp, then slowly ambling across the six-lane city street, tapping their white canes on the smooth painted lines of the crosswalk. There were no blind folks out after midnight, though. No one was on Ponce except a homeless lady sleeping in the door of a drugstore, and an occasional hipster heading for the Majestic diner. I didn't have the heart to amuse myself by making fun of the Majestic hipsters, though, because I knew the kind of food the Majestic served, and I wouldn't wish that crap on my worst enemy. I stared at the homeless old lady for a bit, but all she did was lie there and breathe. So I started fishing around my truck for a cassette to listen to.

It took a while. I'd heard everything in the truck too many times. I started digging around under the seats. I found fifty-three cents and more beer bottle caps than I want to admit, but no music that I hadn't heard a thousand times in the past few weeks. I tried the glove box, feeling that it was futile to search there, but after pulling everything out and putting it all back in, I found a Mudhoney cassette that had somehow wiggled its way into the envelope where I kept my truck's registration. It'd been years since I heard that cassette. I didn't even remember owning it. But there it was in my hands, and then it was in the tape player.

I surprised myself by knowing all the words to the first couple of songs that played. I got so wrapped up in it that I didn't even notice how long Tina had been gone. Then, "Here Comes Sickness" started to pump out of the speakers. Oh yeah, I thought, I remember this song, this amazing drum beat. It seemed just right, the perfect music for after midnight on Ponce, just me alone in my truck, windows rolled up to keep out the cool night air, a street empty except for the homeless and the hipsters, and Tina up to something or not in the apartment to my right, and *here comes sickness, rolling down my block*. I turned it up and pounded against my steering wheel, doing my best to keep up with Dan Peters's drums, and not keeping up. And as I banged away on the steering wheel, I caught a glimpse of something out of the corner of my right eye. It was Tina standing in the bay window of the bottom left apartment, waving to me. She smiled. A skinny guy stood next to her, staring out the window, too, but definitely not waving. I smiled and

waved back to Tina. She turned and took a couple of steps into the room. The skinny guy kept staring at me. I went back to pounding on the steering wheel.

A few minutes later, Tina came out with a big cardboard box filled with junk: clothes, an alarm clock, a picture frame, a foot-high ceramic gnome statue. Stuff like that. She put the box in the bed of the truck, then joined me in the cab. I turned down the music. "Sorry about that," she said. "I didn't think I'd take so long."

"It's nothing," I said. I started up my truck, headed east on Ponce, and turned south on Highland. Tina

*I always felt like she was up to something.
Probably because she usually was.*

and I didn't say anything. We just rolled down the empty city streets. To break the silence, I said, "That's a nice place your friend lives in."

"It's a crappy neighborhood," Tina said.

"I meant it's a nice building. The red brick and all."

"You ever notice how all the buildings around here are brick? You ever wonder why that is?" Tina said.

I had noticed that. I spent most of my days driving around Atlanta, delivering food. Following the same route. Looking at the same buildings all day. Wondering about all kinds of shit.

"It's because of the Civil War," Tina said. "The Battle of Atlanta was fought right on Ponce. After the South lost, some general came right back down Ponce and burned everything to the ground. So when they built it back up, they made sure to use something that wouldn't burn down again."

"How do you know this?" I asked.

"It just makes sense, doesn't it?"

I looked at Tina. Her face was half in shadow, and the shadow was disappearing as we approached a streetlight. I didn't say anything. Tina said, "I also read about it on a historical marker back by the Majestic."

When we got to Tina's apartment, she didn't feel like going home. She asked me if I had any beer at my place. I did. I drove around the block and parked in front of another old, red brick apartment building. Not as nice as the one on Ponce, but in a better neighborhood. Tina and I walked into the building and up to my third-floor studio apartment.

"Jesus, it's hot in here," Tina said. And it was. As soon as the temperature dropped below seventy outside, the guy downstairs would crank up his heater. And something about the way the walls were in that old building, and with heat rising and all, it made my apartment feel like a boiler room. On cold nights, I had to crack open a window. But at least I didn't have to pay for heating.

Tina opened one of my windows and sat on the ledge. I went into the kitchen, grabbed a couple of beers, handed one to her, and sat down on my couch. "Can I ask you something, Tina?" I said.

"Sure."

"Why did you leave an alarm clock and a gnome at that guy's place?"

"Oh, fucking J.D.," she said. And stopped. Tina had a naturally loud voice. J.D.'s name echoed off the wall of the building across the alley from mine. It gave me enough time to put two and two together.

"We just went to your ex-boyfriend's place?" I asked.

Tina nodded. "I left a box of shit there when I moved out. I've been trying to get it back for months, but that fucker wouldn't give it to me. It was stupid. It wasn't like that shit was worth anything to anyone but me. He was just keeping it to be a dick. He wasn't even gonna give it back to me tonight."

"What made him change his mind?"

"You," Tina said. "I told him that you were gonna kick his ass if he fucked with me."

I thought back to the skinny guy in the bay window and Tina waving at me. I tried to imagine what J.D. must've thought I was doing: smiling, waving, and banging on my steering wheel. I laughed despite myself. Tina smiled an evil smile. I stopped laughing and said, "I knew you were up to something."

Tina kept smiling, reached into her purse, and pulled out a quarter bag. "I grabbed this from J.D., too. I figure he owed it to me." Tina got up from the window, walked over to the cardboard box that I used as an end table, lifted it, and took the bong out from underneath it. We smoked out, then Tina went back to her seat on the window ledge. She started telling me more about her relationship with J.D., about how they'd dated back

when they were both in high school. She said that he was "a real sweet kid" back then. He'd do things like buy her the old toys that her parents hadn't been able to afford when Tina was a kid; or he'd make her hemp necklaces; or steal flowers from the neighbors' garden for her. That kind of thing. They'd stuck it out together, on and off, for over four years. But in the end, J.D. started dealing coke and getting way too freaked out about it, arguing with her all the time, playing all kinds of weird and twisted games.

I'd heard it all before, but I let Tina keep talking. I felt like, if she needed to get it off her chest again, I didn't mind being there to listen. Tina kept going, her loud voice echoing through the alley outside my apartment. She also told me a story that I hadn't heard before. She said that J.D. had been really pissed off one night and wanted to hit her, but he turned and punched a window instead. He broke the glass, then flailed his arm around inside the broken window, ripping out glass and tearing himself up pretty badly. When he finally calmed down enough to realize what he was doing, his arm and the window were a bloody mess. "Then he wanted me to take him to the hospital, the stupid asshole," Tina said. "Can you believe that?"

"Did you take him?" I asked. "No. I wasn't the dumbass who put my hand through a window."

Tina took a pull off her beer and stared out across the alley. A long silence passed. All the neighbors who Tina had probably woken up probably had time to go back to sleep. Then, Tina said, "We all make our own choices, don't we?"

A couple of hours later, I walked Tina home. She lived right around the block from me. Normally, she would've walked there by herself – it was a pretty safe neighborhood – but I guess she was worried that J.D. might be waiting at her apartment for her. So I walked with her and carried her box full of shit. J.D. wasn't waiting for her at home. No one was. I carried her box inside the apartment, set it on the floor, and said good night. As I walked down the stairs, Tina said to me, as if it were an afterthought, "Oh yeah, J.D. will probably try to get back at you for this. But I wouldn't worry about it."

As I drove my delivery truck around the next day, I had nothing better to do than think. I thought about the night before and decided that Tina had planned it all out. She'd talked me into picking her up from work and taking

her to the Highlander just so that it would be convenient to stop by J.D.'s on the way home. She conned me out of my jacket and wore it into J.D.'s apartment, so that my name on my name patch was flashing in front of his face, making him think that I was probably dating Tina. She talked me into late night beers at my place so that she'd have a place to hide out if J.D. decided to come back after her that night. She planned everything. I even wondered if she'd planted the Mudhoney tape, just to make sure I was banging on the steering wheel.

Then, I decided I was being paranoid.

I saw Tina that day, though. The Jenny Craig where she worked was on my route. I dropped off a bunch of frozen meals for her. She met me in the back of the store and started chatting with me. I was upset with her, though, and didn't feel much like chatting. I just said, "You set me up last night."

And Tina, typical Tina, just said, "Yeah. So?"

Over the next few weeks, whenever I made my Jenny Craig visit and thought about it, I'd ask Tina about J.D. I'd mostly ask little things, like, "Does he have a gun?" or "Is he still dealing coke?" Since Tina said "no" to both of those questions, I thought less and less about J.D.

Occasionally, I'd see him around town, too. He never said anything to me or even acknowledged me, but seeing him still made me feel uneasy. Not so uneasy that I stopped going to the Highlander with Tina; I kept doing that. Just uneasy enough to keep him in mind.

It took about a month for J.D. to come after me. When he did, Tina wasn't even around.

It was late on a Saturday night. A friend of mine and I had just smoked out in the back parking lot of the Highlander. My friend headed back to the bar. I was about to miss the last bus of the night, so I started making my way to the bus stop. As I walked across the dark, nearly-empty parking lot, I heard a car door slam shut. I turned to look for the car, but didn't see anyone. I took a few more steps, glancing around. On the edge of the west side of the parking lot was a steep hill covered in kudzu vines and red clay. A row of shrubs lined the spot where the bottom of the hill met the edge of the parking lot. I thought I saw something move in the shrubs, so I stopped again and stared. The pot I'd just smoked settled down into my brain. I decided that I was tripping out, and started walking

again. As I got further from the bar, the sounds of jukebox and the bar games and the barroom chatter faded away, but things didn't get quiet. Cars still raced down Monroe Avenue; the city in general still buzzed with life. I checked my watch to make sure that I wasn't gonna miss my bus. Just as I glanced at my wrist, I heard the stomp of three flat-footed steps behind me. I whipped around on my toes and raised my fists, not thinking, just glimpsing a body coming towards me and recognizing that I didn't recognize the body, so I swung a punch in its general direction. The body wasn't close enough for me to hit, but by the

Then, he did something. He said, "Don't hit me."

"Okay," I said, but didn't lower my fists. He took his hands off his head, and, for the first time, I recognized that it was J.D. I also noticed a metal pipe, about a foot and a half long, laying on the ground next to him. "Is that your pipe, J.D.?" I asked. He nodded. "You weren't planning on sneaking up behind me and hitting me with it, were you?" I said, sounding way too much like a high school dean.

"Yes," J.D. said.

Gotta give him credit for his honesty, I decided. I'm gonna kick him in the head if he gets anywhere near that metal pipe, I also decided.



time I threw my second punch, the other guy was on the ground.

I was confused. I knew I didn't hit him. He didn't say a word. He just squatted down in front of me and covered his head with his hands. I thought about kicking him – figuring that, if this was a fight that I was in, a good kick would settle it. But I wasn't convinced that we were fighting. I just stood over the guy, ready to swing if he did anything.

J.D. didn't move, though. He just squatted in a damn near fetal position in front of me. "Why would you do something like that?" I asked.

"Cause you're fucking my girlfriend," he said.

I thought about telling him that Tina wasn't his girlfriend and that I wasn't fucking her, anyway. But I had no reason to explain myself to this guy. I thought about picking up that metal pipe and beat-

ing the hell out of J.D. with it, just because I could. I thought about a lot of things: about feeling sorry for the guy for chickening out of jumping me; about making him buy me a shot for putting me through this; about telling him what a pitiful guy he was; about getting mad at Tina for playing both J.D. and me so that we'd be in this situation; about whether J.D. would try this again. About all of it. I really had no idea what to do. And, if I didn't do something quick, I was gonna miss the last bus home.

I reached down and put my hand on the back of J.D.'s neck. It wasn't a hostile move, and it wasn't a comforting one. It was something that I learned from dogs. I knew that, if you can get your hand behind a dog's neck, you can pin him before he can attack you. At this point, I was thinking of J.D. as a dog – a whimpering little cur – so it all made sense in my mind. I put a little weight on his neck, reached under him, and picked up the metal pipe. He didn't move. I leaned down to talk to him. "Do me a favor," I said. "Don't try to jump me again, okay?"

He nodded.

"In fact, just forget that you know me," I said. "If you ever see me again, just pretend that we're strangers. Okay?" I thought about it for a split second, then added, "And do the same for Tina."

J.D. nodded so slightly that I could barely feel his neck muscles move, but that was enough for me. I let go of him. He didn't move. I took a few backwards steps, watching J.D. When it was clear that he wasn't gonna jump me again, I turned and walked to the bus stop.

I didn't look back at J.D. again. I figured that, if he was too scared to jump me when he had the weapon, he damn sure wasn't gonna jump me when I had the weapon. Let's face it, the guy had just learned a hard lesson about what a wuss he really was. And that was another reason why I didn't want to look at him again: seeing him walking back to his car all defeated would be too sad.

I ditched the metal pipe in a trash can by the bus stop. I sat on the corner of 8th and Monroe, listening to the late-night buzz of the city – this city that had once been burned to the ground – and I thought about the cruel and violent world resonating and vibrating like Tina's voice bouncing off an alley wall. I thought about the one thing Tina said in a voice soft enough to not echo: *we all make our own choices, don't we?*

Less than a minute later, I caught the forty-two to Little Five Points.

–Sean Carswell

Sean Carswell



Designated Dale

I'm Against It



I mean, shit the bed, come on – didn't that dopey sidekick Ethel ever *get it*? Christ!

Designated Dale

Towards the end of last year, there was a two hour television special dedicated to the *I Love Lucy Show*, celebrating its 50th anniversary. Even though I didn't watch it, the thought of this special sparked some long-forgotten, funny thoughts in my mind about a certain character on *I Love Lucy*. No, not of Lucille Ball – even when I used to watch the re-runs as a kid, I thought she was overtly wacky and *always* predictable of getting into some kind of mischief and whatnot. Whatever. She was the one responsible for doing that nerve-grating, annoying crying with her mouth wide open, usually right at the end of an episode. Every time this would happen, I would sit holding my breath in hopes that someone on the show, like her husband Ricky, would backhand her across her yap as she sat there howling. *WHACK* * "Put a sock in it, Luthy!" Yeah, she really didn't tickle Dale's funny bone, unless you count the few slapstick moments like when the pizza dough landed over her head when she got a job at an Italian restaurant. Don't ask why – I just think *that* happened to be fuckin' funny.

Desi Arnaz, who played Lucy's husband Ricky, wasn't really all that funny either. The funniest bits he did on that show were when he'd plot to get even with Lucy, but even some of *those* stunts he pulled on her were half-baked. His facial expressions were pretty laughable, though, reacting to all the craziness Lucy put him through. Vivian Vance, who played Lucy's neighbor and best friend in the show as Ethel Mertz, wasn't that funny either. Why? Because she would always go along with and get suckered into Lucy's schemes and scams, only to end up a bumbling, stammering mess when she would get caught with the meat in her mouth, so to speak (thanks, Stiv). I mean, shit the bed, come on – didn't that dopey sidekick Ethel ever *get it*? Christ!

Okay, well right about now, you're probably asking yourself, "What the hell does all this have to do with *anything*,

Dale?" I'm getting to that, cocko. This leads us to my favorite creep on that show – Mr. William Frawley, who played the part of Fred Mertz, the cantankerous character who was Ethel's husband, best friend to Ricky, and owner of the New York City apartment where they all lived. Still scratching your head or another unnamable body part? Check it out – William Frawley was bad *ass* at the time he was doing the *I Love Lucy* show. Now, I'm sure there are a few folks reading along here who know where I'm going with this, but for those who don't, here's a little background on him to get you caught up.

William Frawley was sprung into the world back in 1887, born in an Iowa town called Burlington. Being the little proud Irish lad he was, William sang with the St. Paul's Catholic Church choir, played bit roles at the Burlington Opera House, and performed in amateur shows at the Garrick Theater. Right about this time is where the show biz bug bit ol' William in the ass, just as playing in the garage early on inspired so many of punk's biggest scenemakers. Well, this shit didn't sit right with William's mother at the time, 'cause she was a hardcore religious woman and frowned on her son's show business pipe dreams. She wasn't gonna have it and wanted him to work as a stenographer for the Union Pacific Railroad, and he did take the job for a while. One of William's old co-workers remembers, "Bill would walk into the office every morning dressed in a brown derby hat with white eyelets, a shepherd plaid suit, and spats. He looked as though he'd break into a song and dance any minute. While he worked, he'd be humming and singing the latest ragtime tunes and Irish songs."

Sounds like silly Billy was gonna do *whatever* he wanted to do *whenever* he wanted to do it. Good man. Well, after fucking everything off and arriving in Chicago (without Mom's permission, of course), William started to dig his feet deep into the vaudeville scene. After

teaming up and developing an act with his little brother Paul, Mom Frawley caught wind of it six months later and ordered little brother Paul back home and told William that she'd rather plant flowers on his grave than see him on stage. What a sweet mother (fucker). Well, she may as well have gone to the gardening supply to get some of them flowers, 'cause William continued going west, gaining so much momentum on the Denver circuit that he ended up clinching a successful four-year gig in San Francisco with his right hand man on piano, Franz Rath. William soon married, around 1914, and started a new act titled "Frawley and Louise" with his wife. They played the Orpheum and Keith circuits until their divorce in 1927, which, by the way, predated that disaster in the future to be known as "John & Yoko."

Moving back to the East coast, William soon got his digs in on Broadway, appearing in some fairly big productions at the time in the 1930s. This laid the foundation for eventually getting his seven-year contract with Paramount Pictures, where he was to appear in over one hundred films by 1951 (also the same year that the *I Love Lucy* show was going to be making its television debut). Keep in mind that Bill was sixty-four that year and that Paramount had no intentions of continuing his contract, a common practice that applied to aging actors who weren't cutting it or who the studio basically had no use for. Expendable, if you will.

Now *here's* where William attains full creep status (thank you for letting me use the term, Mark), and here's where the *real* funny history I found out about this Frawley character comes in ... William liked to drink. A bunch. As brother Retodd quotes, "Drink, drank, DRUNK." People who worked with Frawley in the business have often stated that when he would be getting his sip on, anyone and everyone in the room could kiss his ass. Whether it was the people he was going on about or the people listening – didn't matter. It included

other actors and actresses, usually who he'd address as "hams" and "egomaniacs." It also included directors of the film he happened to be working on at the time, usually calling them everything in the book but "friend." It included talking serious shit to key studio workers as well as studio executives, which really wouldn't further *anyone's* career in the film business. But not our pal William – he let 'em have it full throttle. Anyone and everyone was a potential target, ready to be ripped up one side and down the other. William didn't play favorites.

In short, he honestly *didn't give a mad fuck*. And, no, he wasn't some obnoxious tyrant kicking around some lame ego trip or anything of the sort. He just said whatever the hell *he* saw fit. You can imagine *one* of the reasons why Paramount didn't want to renew brother Frawley's contract now, can't you? The hysterical thing is that he did all this even when he was stone cold sober. But coupled with booze? Forget it – you were toast. That's pretty fucking rad for a guy who performed in a movie like *Miracle on 34th Street*. Ahhh, if the families going to the theatres back then only knew...

Well, in 1951, William was scrambling to get a work gig, seeing how things for him were slowing way down, and he needed to get some bread in his pockets. Bill got word on the film and television grapevine that another couple was to be cast for the *I Love Lucy* show, and he approached Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball about possibly landing the role of Fred Mertz, being that William and Lucy knew of each other from the 1940s. Both Desi and Lucy agreed that it'd be beneficial to have an actor like Frawley on the show, but they both were well aware of William's more-than-healthy appetite of booze, as well as his "unique way of communication" with others. Although Desi and Lucy were eager to hire him, CBS and sponsor Philip Morris were less sure because of the actor's reputation.

Caught in the middle, Desi leveled with Frawley about the net-

work's feelings and cut him a deal – if he missed three days of work for any non-legitimate reasons, he would be fired. It was agreed and the near-broke Frawley took the deal, along with \$350 a week to start, and was never absent for any reason having to do with alcohol until the show ended in 1960. Yeah, he was never *absent*, but you can imagine what went down on the sets of those episodes. Quickly getting comfortable with his new surroundings at work, William was already blazing a trail of his famous “I don’t fucking dig you” vibe towards Vivian Vance, the actress portraying his television wife Ethel Mertz. Spouting off one day, William went on saying that she was “one of the finest gals to come out of Kansas, but I often wish she’d go back there.” Making friends already, Mr. Frawley? You rule. He’d also been known to call Desi Arnaz a “Cuban heel” as well as other imaginative slurs, too, some which I’m sure were more colorful, to say the least.

Frawley played the role of Fred Mertz with the same professionalism he had brought to all his other work, but even though he needed the *Lucy* gig badly, he did no more than was expected of him. Frawley often kept to himself and didn’t make a secret of the fact that his dialogue was all he cared about. Legend has it that one day at show rehearsals, Frawley came in all hopped up and ready to go, eyes bleeding and mind seething. Upon his initial inspection of the script, people on the set started to recognize “that look” on his face as he was mulling over it, and knew that something extreme was going to be said or done. And it was – Frawley started to rip out pages of the script and throwing them about, cursing aloud that it was too long and that if no one knew what they were doing, he’d edit it for them. If this indeed did happen, I’d part with some of my rarest vinyl to get a video copy of this particular incident, that is, if it was captured on film at the time. I’m afraid I’d have to watch it outside, though, ‘cause I’m 100% sure that I’d piss myself.

Regardless of the shit Frawley put everyone through, he had it pretty good on the *I Love Lucy* show, including a special “baseball” clause in his contract – if the New York Yankees went into the World Series, he was to be given time off to attend. Seven out of the nine seasons he played Fred Mertz, he took off in October to attend the World Series. He was not only an avid baseball fan, but a stockholder in a minor league team called the Hollywood Stars, as well as a member of the advisory board of the California Angels. Not too shabby for a guy playing the part of a NYC

landlord, huh? The “baseball” clause in his contract caused some major scheduling problems over the course of the show, but do you really think that Frawley lost any sleep over it? I laugh at the person who asks that question.

All I wonder is how much of a Juan Marichal fan William Frawley was (in 1965 anyway – yukyukyuk). As Fred Mertz, Bill Frawley was often called upon to display his musical and dancing talents, which he had sharpened for years in vaudeville and on the Broadway stage. Bill really dug the episodes in which he was called upon to sing or dance, as I’m sure it brought back fond memories of his days on the vaudeville circuit, tearing that shit up. The even funnier episodes to me are when he would start shadowboxing on the drop of a hat – that shit was too damn funny, especially the episode with John Wayne, right, Sean? One can only wonder if the shadowboxing ever got outta hand and he proceeded to dummy up someone he didn’t dig on the set.

During his last couple of months on the *I Love Lucy* show, William pissed off Desi Arnaz by signing on to the *My Three Sons* show, where he played the character “Bub,” the roughneck housekeeper. Twenty bucks says that Frawley bitch-slapped Fred MacMurray, the guy who played the father on that show. He soon had to hang up his “Bub” moniker after four years due to poor health.

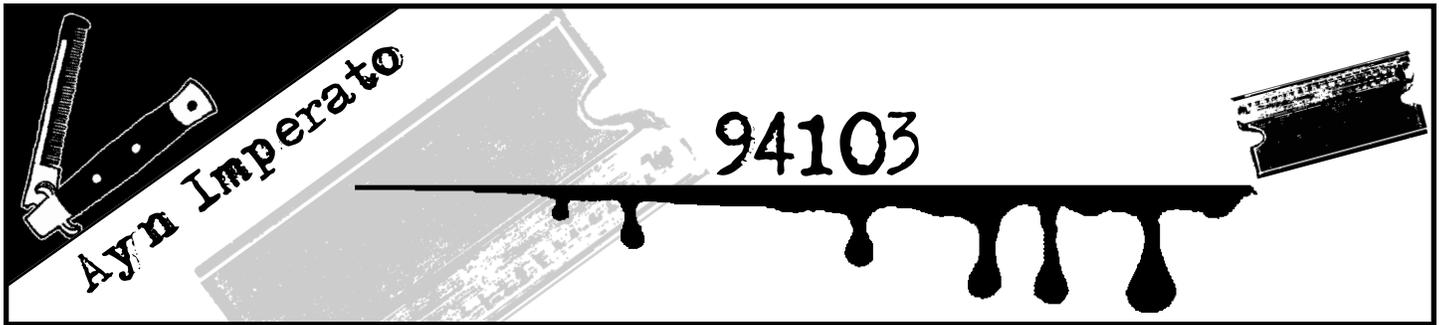
Frawley’s last television appearance was a cameo on a 1965 episode of *The Lucy Show*. On the evening of March 3, 1966, while strolling down Hollywood Blvd. after seeing a movie, William collapsed of a heart attack on the corner. He was rushed nearby to the Hollywood Receiving Hospital where he was pronounced dead, a week after his seventy-ninth birthday. It’s a damn shame that Frawley left the building permanently some thirty-six years ago, because I, for one, would have loved to have had the chance to interview him for this here magazine, no holds barred. Here’s to what could have been, brother Bill.

The next time you’re spinning Stiff Little Fingers LPs, rocking out live to the wonderful, musical chaos called Flogging Molly, or reminiscing to The Pogues, keep their Irish brother William Frawley in mind. Who knows, Shane MacGowan himself might even sit down with a fifth and write a song or two about him. I know Torrez would back *that* idea, wouldn’t you, Clint?

I’m Against It
–Designated Dale
<DesignatedDale@aol.com>



Designated Dale



I see an old man in a pale blue bathrobe walking away from the jeep with a baseball bat in his hand, in sock feet. It's a small victory.

CITY BIRDS

I woke up the other morning to an insane cheeping outside my window. The cat was scrambling around, all worked up, trying to peer out behind the curtains. I looked out the window to discover a baby pigeon in a nest, right there on the fire escape outside my window, wedged between several plants out there. Did those things actually do that? Lay eggs and raise baby birds? I thought they just spontaneously generated through a portal connecting the sewer to the city streets. It's not even the right time of year. And why the mother chose *my* window, one that an excitable, Ritalin-needy cat peers out of constantly, I'll never know.

I start to notice the adult pigeons – two of them, mom and dad bird coming and going in shadows, passing behind the curtain. I start to check on the bird first thing in the morning. I watch it sit there, helpless in a bed of twigs. It is a fat bird and takes up nearly the whole area of twigs. I don't think another baby bird could fit in the nest. Nearly bald, he has a bony face and wings, and a sparse coating of stripped feathers. It is a sad looking bird. He looks like he has survived a nuclear holocaust. I start checking on it throughout the day. When I return from work, after dinner, before I go to sleep at night. I feel strangely protective of the bird, worried that it will fall or that the cat will get out.

I have nothing to take care of. My cat, Sasquatch, all but feeds himself. He doesn't need me much. And it seems like we all, in the end, have that instinct to look after something or someone. Even Sasquatch has gotten in on the action. He somehow detached a faux fur sleeve from one of my jackets in the closet and has taken to carrying it around the house, emitting a strangled cry. He's a male cat. He is seriously confused.

Yet why do I care about this little feathered ball, who will later hoot on the fire



escape way too early

in the morning and stud the windowsill? Do we all need something to take care of, even if it is just a form of art, a baby bird, or a furry sleeve?

There is another incessant chirping at night. Someone started leaving their new car alarm on stand-by and it chirps a few times every minute from the jeep parked outside. Chirps every minute *for hours and hours* throughout the night. That's *several hundred intermittent chirps* that never stop until dawn. Finally, one night I hear a crash and the alarm screams to life with a variety of sounds – first a honking, then a whirling, then the most obnoxious nasal ambulance alarm tones – up and down: HAWNK! Hawnk HAWNK! Hawnk, over and over again.

Out the window, I see an old man in a pale blue bathrobe walking away from the jeep with a baseball bat in his hand, in sock feet. It's a small victory. The owner of

the jeep leans out the window with his car clicker, unaware that his window is broken, and the car assumes its steady chirping. And in the middle of it all there's this – this tiny bird. It's no place for a baby pigeon, perched twenty feet from the car and the noise. Yet there he sits, vulnerable, unaware, unable to leave.

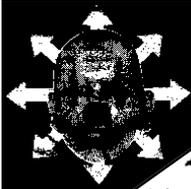
It made me look at things in a weird broad sense. Everything comes from vulnerability. Then it changes, grows, becomes hardened. In the pigeon's case, it loses half of its toes, breaks a wing. City people do the same. They get fucked with, become damaged, they start to value the wrong things. They cling to their petty grudges or, in punk rock's case, it's worse – band drama – and hide their vulnerability instead of taking care of each other. It takes something major, like the death of a friend or of 3000 people, or something good like having a baby, to allow themselves to simply feel.

When bad things happen it can have a startling effect. In it there is a renewal of what matters, a flash of what's real, like purity. I've lost too many people to care about the petty stuff anymore. I realized that holding on to the little stuff, the unimportant stuff, the ego stuff is a phenomenal waste of time. It's not what's real.

You never really notice or look at pigeons. Just like you start to ignore the passing people on the street, the stream of faces and cars. They are seen as gray, feathered pests of the city, barely tolerated, often flattened by passing motorists by a lack of motivation to stop. Realizing where they begin – that some bird laid them in a carefully constructed nest outside someone's window – a window like mine – changes the perspective for me. It's not anonymous anymore. It's zoomed in close. Closer than anything I can imagine.

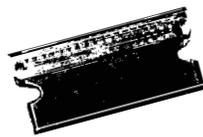
–Ayn





Rich Mackin

The Twisted Balloon



First of all, keep in mind that, in nature, things eat and poop.

Road Trips Are Good for the Soul

Yeah, I have already talked about touring and protesting a lot. Obviously, they are both things I do often, and they do share (at least most of the time) the common thread of involving a road trip. Without question, the road trip is an important American tradition. I mean, if we are gonna rape the land for all these highways, we might as well make use of them, huh? I know it is far more punk to train hop or take the Greyhound, but I never cared about how punk I was, and you know, I prefer the control of planning my own schedule instead of following that of a company anyway.

Road Food

One thing that humans need to do is eat. Road trip food for many people consists of one of two things: convenience food, which means junk food, and fast food. Neither of these are especially healthy or a really good use of your food dollar – not to mention you'll be supporting some of capitalism's best companies. Other options take a bit more work and thought, but I find that they are worth it.

Planning can make a trip much better on all levels, but especially food-wise. Driving through Texas in July means that if you pack anything that will spoil, you better eat it in a few hours, and even the coolest cooler won't keep anything for a three-week trip. I enjoy making a few sandwiches for day one to start the trip out right and stock up on non perishables such as peanuts and dried fruit (and let me make an uncharacteristic product endorsement for Trader Joe's dried pineapple chunks). Consider cooking some stuff ahead of time or using any kitchens along the road to make extra meals. I know I much preferred the bread with garlic and pesto spread I ate in Portland than any mass produced meal I could have had.

My friend Kristin Forbes brings on tour a small hotpot that plugs into her cigarette lighter, along with dried rice and beans. She cooks cheap, simple, healthy food in her car. This isn't exciting or luxurious, but means pennies for a decent meal instead of spending precious road dollars on fried junk.

One trick I learned is how to recognize towns on highways. On big highways, everything you know about the immediate surroundings is based on the signs on the side of the road. As a whole, you will see a sign for every highway-side McDonald's, but rarely for any small local businesses. (One major exception to this is in Pennsylvania.) If you are driving and see only two signs for fast food chains, more than likely, those are your only options. But if

you see a dozen or so chains, that means there is enough development there and there's a good chance other businesses are nearby. Get off the highway, onto the main road or route or whatever all the chains are on, and drive maybe a mile. You will probably see a supermarket, which means you can buy fruit and veggies and other food that is fresher, healthier, and cheaper than fast food. You will almost definitely see a Mexican or Chinese restaurant, each of which tend to have healthier and more vegetarian-friendly options than the chains. Also, I find that Chinese food takeout usually is about the same price as fast food, gives you much more food for the buck, and is easier to split than a sandwich.

Oh, and for people not used to the south, grits are pretty much oatmeal if it was a corn product. I like grits a lot, but they aren't a big deal.

Road Beverages

Another thing humans need to do is drink water. That's right, water. Indeed, we can drink coffee (and if anyone has ever driven with me on a trip, you know how much coffee, road trips, and me are connected), soda, or any other number of beverages, and I will get to those in a minute. Some of you drink that fancy bottled water. What I do is get a twelve pack of bottled water and just refill the bottles. This allows me to have a supply of bottles so I can stock up on water when it is plentiful and always have a surplus. I only need to deal with an easy-to-hold bottle at any given time, and I don't have to worry if I left a bottle behind somewhere, because I have eleven more just like it. After some trial and error, my water bottle of choice is Adirondack. It's a bargain brand, has that nice sports top (i.e. a nipple. Not that anyone else will admit it.) for ease of drinking and driving, has a good bottle consistency for pleasant holding and squeezing, and it maintains its shape even after having big, heavy things sit on it. In case you care about the actual water that comes in the bottle, you want to look for "bottled at the source" on the label. If the source is not where the water is bottled, you don't know what it goes through before bottling.

Almost as needed as that 64 ounces of water a day is coffee. At least for most of us. A road trip just isn't a road trip if I don't feel addicted to caffeine at the end. As a New Englander, I of course cannot speak highly enough of Dunkin' Donuts both for quality and ease of gathering. At the same time, if anyone who reads this goes to Starbucks, I would rather have you stop reading right now and go stand in the corner and think about how bad you should feel. Road coffee can be about flavor at points and survival in others. I have downed horrible,

horrible stuff at 3 A.M. and been happy because all it needed to do was keep me awake, and thus alive. I maintain that all coffee drinkers in our society should have a travel mug. Use it, reuse it, abuse it. Free coffee can be had at many service centers (the kind that are like food courts) if you have a travel mug – you merely refill it and walk out. There, a scam. This IS a punk column after all. Many truck stops charge you more for a new coffee than if you bring in your own mug, so a small coffee in a new cup costs about as much as a thermos refill.

Traveling means new experiences and for me, my one blatantly consumer habit is weird new sodas. A Coke is a Coke in Boston or L.A. But only on a road trip can a Northerner experience Cheerwine or Sun Drop. Local sodas tend to cost less than the majors, so I heartily endorse experimenting. Some day I will have my soda label museum. If you are going to eat at chains and drink Coke coast to coast, stay the hell home.

Keep in mind that you can hold a gun to your passengers' heads and tell them to make sure to not leave any bottles in the car, and you will still get home to find thirty-seven bottles of iced tea, juice, and cola each with an inch of backwash on the bottom. When your trip is done, do a once over. The stuff gets nastier over time.

As for alcohol, I get drunk all the time when travelling, WHEN I GET THERE. But, as amazing as it is for someone from a puritan state to see highway rest stops with built-in liquor stores, don't drink and drive. I have a friend who was run over by a drunk and can't talk or walk right any more. If you drink and drive, I'm going to make friends with a big guy in your town and he is gonna kick your ass.

Road Stops

Rest stops, typically, are state run and are basically a rest room, a water fountain, and some vending machines. Most have tourist info and maps. Some even have staff who will tell you whatever you need to know. Some have free (bad, very, very bad) coffee provided by quirky old men or Boy Scouts. Some frown on you sleeping in your car. Some are there for just that. Many have picnic tables to eat that food I told you to bring yourself. I endorse rest stops and mock those who drive by them only to pull off an exit and search for what rest stops provide so readily.

"Centers" of the travel and service variety are usually best on toll roads, where you are held captive by the toll and don't want to exit until you get "there." These often have a few eateries of various quality and styles, a convenience store, and might have any number of vending

Rich Mackin

machines, video games, squished penny machines (hooray!), and other diversions. I also endorse these if for nothing else but the cultural importance and free anthropological amusement. The difference between these and truck stops is the difference between art and porn. I can tell you which is which, but sometimes the line is hard to explain.

Truck stops, as a rule, cater more to truck drivers while the centers cater more towards tourists and less wizened travelers. One looks like an auto parts store and the other, a mall. Truck stops tend to be good places for comfort sit-down food and cheaper coffee.

And of course, depending on where you drive, you can stop at tourist attractions, roadside museums, stores, farmers markets, etc., etc., etc. Explore, dammit.

Road. Um. Bodily Waste

First of all, keep in mind that, in nature, things eat and poop. The poop falls on the dirt, becomes more dirt, and then more things can grow in it. In our society, we poop into filtered, drinkable water which we flush away so all our poop hangs out. Then we go buy chemical fertilizer to make things grow. Although I am far off from saving my poo for fertilizer, I merely mention this to say that if you need to go in a bush, you are doing the bush a favor.

I keep a roll of toilet paper with me in my car anyway. I have yet to need it for such, but find it to be good for nose blowing and stain wiping. The tube in the center is good to hold used tissue until you can get to a garbage can, assuming you are like me and that grocery bag you earmarked as garbage gets filled halfway through day one. Many people will mock you about the toilet paper, but not when they need it. (Also, a package of baby wipes kept in shade is nice if you are travelling anywhere hot.)

Here is the most important thing I have to say. This is the rule of road trips and breaking it has ended relationships for me. **WHEN YOU STOP, YOU PEE. NEVER PASS UP A PEE BREAK.** I don't care if you don't think you have to. Go. You probably can, even if it isn't a dire need. If you try and fail, you lost thirty seconds, max. If you fail to try, you will just have to go in fifteen minutes and annoy your companions.

Another thing about peeing, at least for men... the urinal thing. The American urinal thing is the most amazing bit of sociology I have ever encountered. Somehow, it became such that you are supposed to leave a buffer urinal between you and the next guy. Failure to do this is a source of great amusement and occasional concern of beatings from homophobes. Peeing next to a boy under twelve will worry the father. Two men will talk to each other if they have that buffer urinal, but freak out when you use that one and thus enter into their bathroom conversational world. Oh, and if a guy looks like he is jerking off next to you, especially if he seemed to zone in specifically to the one next to you, he probably is, and probably is looking for "a hand." I dunno, I believe that two men expressing their love for one another is as beautiful as any other expression of love, but that still doesn't make the idea of getting picked up by a

stranger in a McDonald's toilet appealing to me.

Actual Driving

Drive with drivers. By this, I mean that someone who drives usually makes a better passenger than someone who doesn't drive. If you wind up on a road trip with someone who doesn't have a license, or got one years ago and has been living car free (which is not a BAD thing; in fact, it is often spiritually and ecologically much better), it might be a good idea to make sure another driver is along for the ride. Not only can a driver drive, but a driving-minded person understands what driving is like, what traffic is like, what having to watch for signs,

ger. A road map that has missing and dirty pages is not the world's most useful map.

It's a good idea to decide ahead of time how much exploring and side trips you want to make ahead of time. If you're on college summer break and have two months to drive around aimlessly, your trip can have a less planned agenda than if you are merely traveling to a destination.

Road Tunes

Road tune helper #1 is the mix tape or CD. It provides variety, learning experience, and the chance to make a customized mix tape for that trip. Often, friends will make other friends mix tapes for road trips. It's nice.

Road tune helper #2 is the CD wallet. For years I thought of these as merely a redundant product until I realized that driving for more than a few days made me want more music than I wanted to carry in terms of a box of jewel cases. A decent CD wallet goes for \$10-\$30, depending on if you think you need 100 CDs on your trip. Just make sure that you know what some of your more arty band CDs look like, because some artists forget to print things like who they are and what album is on the pretty pictures.

What I have found as a good rule is to have each road tripper present their music and have another person select from that collection. This way, I know I will like what you select, but you get control over what we listen to.

The driver gets veto power and more control. 3 A.M. driving calls for loud, fast, and manic. L.A. freeways call for lack of distraction. The other people in the car should remember that they get to listen to other music after the trip is done, but only if they survive.

Technically, you can also talk to each other. Sometimes, this will just make you argue. I have found that if a passenger can read without getting carsick, reading out loud combines entertainment with the niceness of hearing a human voice, but keeps you from getting sick of each other.

Other Stuff You Need

I have a few light sleeping bags I keep in my car. The way they are rolled up, they are pillows. Unrolled, they are sleeping bags. Unzipped, they become blankets. I read in a zine that a hooded sweatshirt with a balled up T-shirt makes for a great pillow. A basic first aid kit, tool kit, a few flares or some sort of emergency light, flashlight, jumper cables, tire sealant, and spare tire should be in every car, really. You might also want to keep a gallon of water, extra gas in a safe container, and things like a shovel or anything else weather might call for. Keep sunscreen in the car. Even in winter, hours of sun will get you, and that little triangle on your arm will be bright red when you get there. My last tour I had one arm that was half red, one arm that was 3/4 red, and a weird red spot on my left knee from site-specific sun.

So, that's about it. Getting there is half the fun.

—Rich Mackin



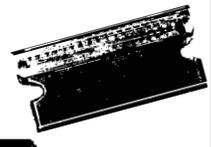
Rich Mackin





Money

Pog Mo Thon



Pennywise made the soccer moms and fat, goateed forty-year-olds happy by playing a set filled with covers.

MEMORANDUM

To: Tom Ridge, Director, U.S. Office of Homeland Security
From: Special Agent L. Mick
Subject: Terror Activity in San Bernardino County, California (a.k.a. "Operation Inland Invasion")

OVERVIEW

Responding to reports that a large group of punk rockers a.k.a. domestic terror insurgents (DTIs) were staging a rally at a remote desert compound in Devore, California, on September 14, 2002, to listen to bands, get drunk, buy t-shirts, foment violence, and, we're almost positive, receive coded messages regarding a nationwide plot to overthrow the federal government, we dispatched several of our agents to the Blockbuster Pavilion to observe those who would topple this great land of ours in their (un)natural environment. To ensure the success of the mission, I accompanied the agents to the site and supervised all stages of Operation Inland Invasion.

INFILTRATION

Knowing how dangerous it would be to send agents into a brood of vipers, so to speak, we took great steps to ensure our operatives were well disguised. DTIs are very shrewd at spotting infiltrators (a.k.a. "poseurs"). So I took them to Hot Topic with a federal credit card and outfitted the team with everything they'd need to blend in with the DTIs. The agents were dressed in Dickies, Docs, and Dead Kennedy t-shirts. Agent Whipple thought he looked "gnarly," prompting me to quiz the team on their knowledge of the DTI phrase book during the drive to Devore. Soon the van was filled with DTI ejaculations like "Piss off!", "Smash the state!", and "Gimme a dollar" and Agent Whipple was roundly upbraided for his lapse. We arrived at the site, paid \$20 to park, and infiltrated the compound without incident. Sadly, event security liberated my new studded bracelet, of which I was quite fond.

FORTRESS SAN BERDOO

The Blockbuster Pavilion is an enormous DTI stronghold. Most cells operate in smaller training facilities ("clubs"), and seldom congregate of groups larger than forty. Yearly

gatherings in stadium and arena parking lots are used for core members ("scenes") from across the country to meet and exchange information. The gathering in Devore was on such a massive scale that it can only be classified as a rally, a show of strength. Many of our agents observed that this godforsaken outpost on the cusp of civilization set in an arid, mountainous setting where the temperature soared and dry winds blew like a blast furnace reminded them of previous assignments such as Operation Never Say Uncle, Operation Die, Goat Roper, Die! and Ozzfest. The similarities were, as Agent Philpot noted, "spooky."

common at DTI functions.) Still, I'm quite annoyed with Intelligence for this lapse as Agent O'Reilly forgot to bring sunscreen and his skin turned the color of a white wall after blood has been splashed all over it early in the afternoon. He was dispatched to the Tecate tent. The stage was set up in front of a big patch of dirt. When the music started, the DTIs spontaneously formed circles in which members would perform their odd and frenzied rituals. Dust rose from the pits and coated their sweat-soaked bodies. Most of the DTIs were prepared for this eventuality: they tied bandanas around their faces and began the ritual anew. It was a frightening scene. Agent Whipple attempted to infiltrate the pit and was clubbed repeatedly about the face, neck, shoulders, and legs. For the brief period he was engaged in this horrifying ritual he looked rather like a pinball in a pinball machine. When he emerged, he was filthy, bloody, and gave off a fulsome odor, and could not be coaxed into returning. We bought him a cup of water, which cost four dollars.

WHAT TERROR LOOKS LIKE

It became very obvious to us that the DTIs who had come early and braved the brunt of the sweltering heat at the side stage were the movement's hard-line fighters. These men and women are young, favor dark clothing, and judging from all that extraneous anger and energy are probably really good in bed. Hardline fighters have tattoos, do interesting things with their hair and exude an aura of fearlessness and aggressive sexuality. All of these attributes were on display during The Distillers' set. Our intelligence reports tell us Brodie Armstrong is an amazingly talented performer who can keep her shit together long enough to be successful in the studio, but "sleepwalks" though her live sets. (Sleepwalk being a euphemism for performing while indulging controlled substances.) Nevertheless, Agents Omar and Philpot were so smitten by Brodie's pale, bare belly they both approached me after the set and requested a petty cash disbursement so that they could purchase t-shirts. The Adolescents confused us. Their sound was in keeping with what we expected, but their image did not. They were large, hairy, and not very scary. In fact, they seemed very nice. When TSOL took the stage, we knew we would get some coded messages. Frontman Jack was irreverent and rebellious. "It wasn't Al Qaeda who took down the towers," he said. "It was you fuckers from the



EXHIBIT A: TONY ADOLESCENT

EVALUATION OF STRENGTH OF MOVEMENT

Published reports put attendance at 48,000-52,000 DTIs. There were two stages: a side stage and a main stage. Performances on the side stage began at 11 AM and ran for four hours. The performers on the side stage were all, with one notable exception, from southern California. They were as follows: The Distillers, The Adolescents, TSOL, Circle Jerks, GBH (from England) and The Vandals. Our operatives looked forward to sitting in our seats under a bit of shade, but there were no seats, and there was no shade. Apparently anyone could stand where they pleased. (Agent Omar informed me this is

Money

909." TSOL closed out their set with a song called "Code Blue." TSOL, 909, Code Blue. What did it all mean? Was the DTI uprising nigh? Earlier, Jack had commented that with all the money the corporate sponsors were making, they should provide water for free, and urged the crowd to simply take it. There were no takers. I dispatched Agent Ledbetter to send Agent O'Reilly to the parking lot to radio this critical information to HQ, but Ledbetter reported that O'Reilly was drunk and cavorting with a teenager wearing a halter top and a sombrero. The Circle Jerks were astonishing. We did not know a man who bears a curious resemblance to Sideshow Bob could rock so hard, so well. We were also impressed with GBH (more codes!) but noted a great exodus of hardline fighters to the beer lines and main stage area during the Vandals set. I assembled the team. They looked tired and thirsty. It was time for a hot dog and a cola. And maybe a soft pretzel.

FAT, GOATEED FORTY-YEAR-OLDS

The concession area was located at the top of the hill overlooking the lawn. We were astonished to observe DTI dads with their children, DTI MILFs with their daughters, indoctrinating the youngsters in DTI ideology. Some of the younger DTIs wore New Found Glory and Blink 182 t-shirts, and they weren't even embarrassed. Agent Philpot made an interesting observation. The farther away from the main stage one went, the older and fatter and less mean-looking the DTIs became. As we made the summit, the tattoos we observed were more faded, and then up near the concessions some didn't have any tattoos at all. Some of these

people were even wearing Dockers and Birkenstocks! What brought them here? Why had they come? None of us had a satisfactory answer. The sound on the lawn was much inferior to the sound at the side stage. Eating our repast of turkey links and diet Coke, we could hardly see the performers on the stage. A band none of us had ever heard of called Unwritten Law came and went. The Damned came on strong but quickly wilted. X blipped around in the heat. New Found Glory blathered on and on until they were booed off the stage. The Buzzcocks blasted through their set without saying hello or goodbye. Pennywise made the soccer moms and fat, goateed forty-year-olds happy by playing a set filled with covers. As the sun finally started to disappear behind the San Bernardino Mountains, the sets got longer and longer. Blink 182, Bad Religion, and Social Distortion filled the air with tinny bleats of aggression. If there were coded messages, we missed them. We were too tired to do anything but eat nachos and watch the DTIs dance around toxic trash fires. We needed naps. Offspring took the stage. Dexter delivered a coded message through his t-shirt: Even Jesus Hates Creed. I instructed Agent Omar to remind me to look into this Creed entity as there was a good chance they were part of a grass roots counter-terrorist group we weren't aware of, but Agent Omar was asleep.

DTI #1

Finally, the DTIs' supreme leader Johnny Rotten took the stage. His suit was wrinkled and dirty and there were odd bits of color in his hair. He bristled and snarled, in precisely the manner

that had been described to us at our briefing. His teeth were not so bueno. He denounced KROQ as a "crock of shit" and told Levis to "fuck off." (Our intelligence team has informed me this is DTI code for "please remove yourself from my presence as expeditiously as possible or I'm going to sodomize you with an ax handle.")

ASSESSMENT

Of the 50,000 people assembled, we estimate that less than one-third were hardline fighters. The other two-thirds are no more part of the DTI fringe element than you or I. We don't suspect they were poseurs per se, but men and women nostalgic for a time when they too were young, rebellious, and unfettered by mortgages and SUV payments. These part-time punk rockers are no threat to anyone but themselves, for they seem to be searching for something that is missing in their workaday suburban existence. Whatever it is they are looking for, they did not find it in Devore, of that we are absolutely certain. But they aren't the only ones who are fooling themselves. If the hardline fighters think the rally was good for their movement, they are sadly mistaken. Published reports (*Rolling Stone* #907) claim the rally netted 1.8 million in ticket sales alone, with much more collected for parking and concessions. How much went to frontline DTI radicals? Not much. The bulk of the billings went to the sponsors and promoters, namely KROQ and Levis. Not only does this run counter to hardline DTI ideology, but, in short, we were not impressed. Were we supposed to be?

—Money



Money



Gary Hornberger

Squeeze My Horn



IT'S STRANGE HOW MANY ADVENTURES A LITTLE DEAD BOY CAN HAVE.

Why is it that we allow television to insult us? My new pet peeve is the so-called "reality TV" shows. You know, the ones like *Fear Factor*, *The Mole*, or any one of the dating shows that follow the couple around and critique them. Hell, they don't even put people with anything in common together; it's all just to see them fight. There was one, though, that made all my buttons depress. There was this band that I went to see at the Whisky one night on the urging of a friend. The band's name was Spoiled and they had this fairly attractive chick singer. Anyways, after the show, I talked to the band about a possible interview to which they lukewarmly agreed. I was just trying to help out a friend. Well nothing happened, but the other night I'm watching *Blind Date* and they had a pair on who were night and day. The guy looks like he just got home from the office and had just enough time to take his tie off before scootin' off to his date. The girl claims to be in a rock band.

So, I channel flip to baseball and an inning later I'm back to check on their date. Somehow upon arriving back at her place, the guy was invited in the door. I'm thinking it strange, because these two are not a match. Well, she turns into Eartha Kitt and starts cuddling up to Johnnie Business, but wait, she must put on a CD. Which just happens to be her band! What's going on? Back at the sofa, she's showing him the CD cover and then right there turns, looks into the camera, and says she's in Spoiled. Wow, what a shameless plug for your band. You never wanted to go on this date, you just wanted to push your band, you

the reality? In the date or the free publicity? If you're thinking sour grapes, you're so wrong.

I think that if these so-called reality TV shows are what is real, put the contestants on a real deserted island and come back five or ten years later and keep checking on them until there's only one left alive. Someone's gotta get greedy and tired and kill the rest. Hey, maybe that's it, put death row inmates on an island and... No, that was made into a movie already, wasn't it? Oh well. Yet still, has anyone seen *Real TV*? That's the show where people do stupid stunts, usually on a vehicle and end up maiming themselves. Now that's real, nothing staged there, right? How about *Fear Factor*? Is it not real to be placed in a tank of dead fish and squid and search for metal weights or let spiders crawl on your head for a minute? Please make it stop. These people should be blamed for most of the wrongs in the graying world.

Yeah, I watch TV. I shouldn't,

just let me watch the fricken' game. All right, basically, what I'm saying is this: there is no reality on television. We merely watch for entertainment. In reality, there are no rules. Things happen because things happen. Use your head and make your own right and wrong choices. That's reality. Me, I write about comics. You don't see me standing on my garage in green tights and a cape, do ya? Well, maybe once, and that was the booze talkin'.

COMICS FOR STONERS by Neumie. No price; just email and ask for one. He'll probably send it to you.

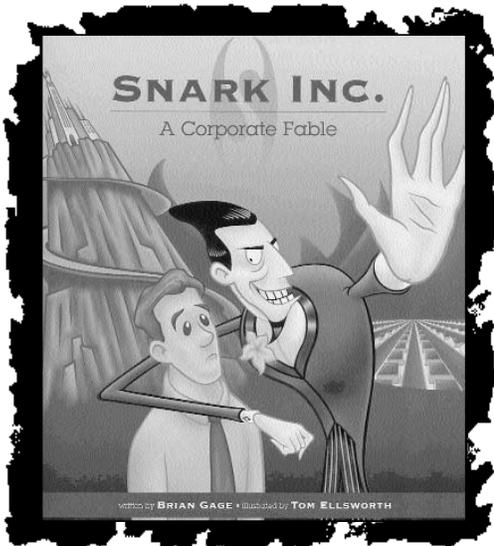
I'm not sure, but it seems I have received quite a few comics about drinking and smoking this time around. This one is downright humorous, even if it leans into ripping off Jay and Silent Bob, for it is a collection of shorts about the adventures of Spliff and Binger. These two characters make me laugh, even though they use language I don't understand because my only vice is alcohol. Yet, by the end, I'm somewhat up to speed. The best part about these shorts is the interaction between the narrator and the character. In the first strip they tell the narrator to can it because they're watching *Xena*, wherein the TV exclaims, "Now you wash my back, Gabrielle." Now that's funny. Then, there's Bongy, who goes on a whirlwind tour of the world meeting famous people and weaving pot culture into all he does. Unfortunately, he meets an untimely death. To wrap things up, the author of this comic writes about some true life experiences of getting off the hook with his weed. Now I know what a dugout is! If weed is your thing, hell, even if it isn't, this little rag will make you laugh. It worked for Kevin Smith; it'll work for Neumie. (11861 Killimore Ave., Northridge, CA 91326; <Neumie77@aol.com>)

COMIXVILLE #3, \$.50 (through the mail or in some stores) Comixville is the indie helper. This little dude is not a comic but a col-

lection of how to get indie comics that float your boat. It actually lists ten or fifteen new comics and gives the title, a little blurb about what's in each one, the cost, and how to get in touch with the publisher. Hell, it almost takes the pen out of my hand. The only thing you don't get is a biased opinion. That's where I come in. Oh, I almost forgot that they give you an art page for each comic for those of us who determine what we read by visuals. Admittedly, this is a great tool for purchasing indie comics rather than going to the comic store and being influenced by the longer racks of majors. (Comixville, PO Box 697, Portland, OR, 97207-0697)

CYRIL: THE COLLECTED WORKS by Neumie

It's strange how many adventures a little dead boy can have, but in seven short comics this kid can get around. It's real hard not to like this kid. The gist of little Cyril is that, as an earthbound boy, he was shunned by his parents and by the kids at school. While his parents are in Hawaii, little Cyril is left home alone and is killed when trying to get his favorite game Candyland down and a bookshelf crushes him. He hangs around earth for a while, but when he finds no friends, he starts a journey to find Candyland. Along the way, he meets strange beings, some alive and some dead like him, and they go to strange fantasy lands. There is one book that's creepy: Cyril goes into an ancient temple and when he comes out, he's possessed, which I thought was impossible for a dead boy. Cyril becomes more and more enjoyable to read with each comic and hopefully he will find his Candyland. But until he does, I'm liking his adventures a whole lot. Neumie does good work with little Cyril. He makes death a little easier to look at. Hopefully, when enough of these are made, we'll have a thick pulp version of little Cyril's adventures that everyone can enjoy. (11861 Killimore Ave., Northridge, CA 91326; <Neumie77@aol.com>)



but I do. For the most part, though, I watch very little, and most of it is comedies or PBS. Even baseball gets into the craziness. It's playoff time, and why these channels want me to run to my computer and vote whether Clemens should have thrown a ball or a strike is absurd.

HOPELESS SAVAGES #2, \$2.95 U.S. \$4.50 Can.

Okay, I opened this one, flipped through, saw a punk kid in a Descendents shirt, thought it would be cool to review for a rock mag, and so I bought it. After reading it, I was sorely let down. Nothing but a punk rock chick's love story! The art is cool, the teen angst is there, but a love story just doesn't do it for me. It could be that it's number two in a series of four, so I just have the filler in my hands, but it's a love story. Guys like action, chicks dig romance, and that makes this a chick comic. I have nothing left to say. (Oni Press, Inc. 6336 SE Milwaukie Avenue, PMB30, Portland, OR 97202)

MACAFRO, \$2.95 U.S., \$4.50 Can.

I've gotta say, when I saw this one on the rack, I got a chuckle. The cover has this Shaft-looking guy with big breasted babes hanging on him; all the while he's fighting mutant monsters under a disco ball. Best of all is the title, Macafro, wedged in the blades of an afro pick. The story is pretty good - bad guy set in some futuristic world where the drug lords employ midget twins, other world giants, and mutant demon dogs. Everyone talks in slang, I guess for authentic gangland inner city realism, and everyone can really use the word "mofo." Truthfully, I was laughing my ass off from cover to back, especially the back page. As anyone who read comics as a kid in the seventies remembers, there was always a back page, full color ad for Spalding basketballs that used Dr. J and Rick Barry, showing their stuff on an inner city fenced-in court, which fits this comic masterfully.

So the skinny on the story is that a guy named Cesar has kidnapped Mac's girl, Candy Kane. Mac, with the help of some cosmic babe gang, kick ass on all of the above to get the chick back just so Cesar can take off with her again in the end. Sounds like a "to be continued" to me. What makes this comic great is the use of current events in a future setting and the plain fact that it's humorous. Intended or not, it just is. If you like to laugh at Hustler Humor, then you'll love the stereotype

exaggerations in the pulp, so go get yo mofo hands on this one. (Atomic Basement Comics, Atomic Basement Entertainment, 900 East Imperial Avenue, Suite 2, El Segundo, CA 90245; <www.atomicbasement.com>)

SICK OF IT ALL: LIVE IN A DIVE, \$?

Fat Wreck Chords is at it again, this time with NYHC's Sick of It All. The first time I saw Sick of It All was the Country Club in Reseda at Nemesis Recording's East meets West in 1990. (Shameless plug for Big Frank.) In a million years, I never would have thought that this band would be represented in a comic book. Murphy's Law, sure; Sick of It All, no! This is the third comic put out by Fat and I must say they are getting better. Of course, I'm waiting for the Dickies, myself. Now, as far as the story, this is a futuristic Road Warrior tale about four men searching for each other. They all hold a piece of an ancient artifact that, when joined, unleash a power important in the struggle of good over evil. One thing about these comics is awesome art, vivid characters, and spectacular back-grounds. Now, I'm not sure where you get these, because I

Stephanie Cardon claims, if you like Sick Of It All, "I've gotta get one." (www.fatwreck.com)

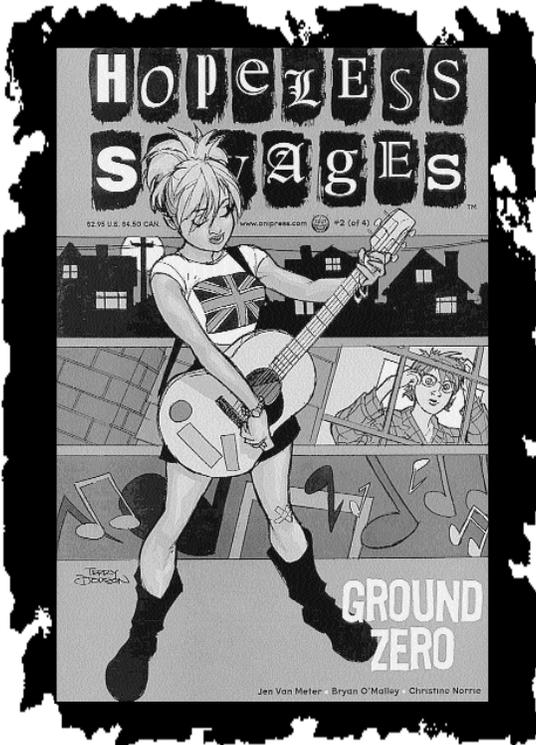
SNARK, INC.: A CORPORATE FABLE, \$20.00 U.S.

This is the one I've been waiting for: a comic that gives the cold slap of cynicism to the working class. It's a black humor look at those

goes off to lead a life alone in the mountains. After a while, he tires of being alone and goes back to the city and sells his soul to Snark. That's it - I'm not giving you any more than to say that after the sale of his soul, this book makes Enron look saintly. Yet, we all know that these are the types of companies and their ideals that this book is trying to bring to light.

Enron and light, that's funny. Why is it that these companies take on the appearance of the Mayor from the *Nightmare Before Christmas*? This book makes us aware of what's going on and perhaps the awareness can keep us from falling into the perils that the main character experiences. This book hits the nail on the head with a jackhammer, and I haven't been able to share this masterpiece with enough of my friends. If you want to see what millions experience every day, this is the book. I'm sure many will disagree with me because of

GARY Hornberger



who own us and what happens when the wheels fall off. I love everything about this book. The writing is in Suessical rhyme (you remember, *The Lorax* and why it's not one of his more treasured works). The fact that it's in a form of a children's book, yet the text is for adults, is cunning. I wonder where we find it in a bookstore? Even the art is grabbing. The folks are soft and easy on the eye in contrast to the owner of Snark, Inc. who is a Count Chocula-looking fellow who lives in a castle upon a mountain. Even the Snark emblem has the form of a bat. In the text, anything Snark has the copyright symbol (©) after it, and since anything and everything is comprised of Snark, you can imagine how many times we see ©. My only problem is how far into the story do I go without giving it all away and perhaps stealing the shock value of this enchanting dark tale?

the shocking end, but the shock is what gets you to thinking. Gage and Ellsworth, I hope this makes you guys millions. (Soft Skull Press, 107 Norfolk Street, New York, New York, 10002, <www.softskull.com>)

THE THIRD POINTLESS STORY, Cost is the price of a stamp

Drinking is a pastime many of us have abused, continue to abuse, or will always abuse. Many of us look back and laugh. That's how this one is written: very short but to the point. The story starts at the end of a party, yet the narrator and his friends need more. We all remember this, going from one place to the next in search of alcohol. Near the end of this I'm thinking this is a funny personal experience story, but in the end I find I'm being told all this from a dead guy who expired from an eighty-nine-mile-per-hour Schlitz can going through his skull, and I realize how lucky many of us are. Read this one. It's short with a sharp ending that gets you thinking. (Bunk Nutmeller, PO Box 4438, Richmond, VA 23220)

-Gary Hornberger



who are into Boris The Sprinkler and Throw Like A Fag (our Euro-Touro™ model shirt having “Fag” crossed out and replaced by the hand-scrawled word “Cigarette”) could peg the cooling tower with a Sunny D™ bottle or pipe bomb from a passing vehicle, no problemo. Boy, what Sir Robin of Loxley couldn’t do with a target like that. Bradford is in either the Midlands or the North, dependin’ on who you ask, where the highlight of the show is a crowd composed primarily of teenage girls doing a heretofore-unseen-by-yankee-eyes dance whereby two girls face each other and seemingly attempt to kick each other in the shin with alternating feet. Since i’m a big fan of anything involving two teenage girls doing shit to each other, i ask them to continue. They happily comply. After the show, we go out with the drummer of another band and his wife to a “club,” which is somehow different than a “pub.” This is where it finally becomes all-too-clear that people in England like the worst music. Ever. First off, it became quickly apparent that the domestic punk rock there was almost completely contaminated by ska. Okay, fine. I only live 200 miles from Chicago, ya know, i know how that goes. But the shit that they play in dance clubs is beyond the pale of human comprehension! I mean, it’s England, i expect a certain amount of pale twits with their mom’s big furry bathroom slippers on their heads. I expect a bunch of lippy fops with endearingly puss bowl haircuts attempting to reinvent both sex and the Beatles. I do not expect a huge dance floor full of people moovin’ and groovin’ to... *Slipknot*???

I mean, every other dork on that island has a fucking *Slipknot* shirt, and this huge crowd are dancing in some sort of legitimate rhythmic unison to *chug-chugga-CHUG! Chug, chug-chugga-CHUG! Chug!* ...it’s more than the human mind can bear! *Slipknot*, Son of *Slipknot*, Beneath The Planet of *Slipknot* – the “beat,” such as it was, went on with its unholy propagation of yuck without variance (except for one truly bizarre interlude where the DJ yielded to some sort of minority input and played the Dead Kennedys version of “Viva Las Vegas.” The dance floor *immediately* cleared out – to a fucking man! – and then these two guys with DK bumflaps and boots got on the floor and sort of skanked around by themselves. Then they started up with the *Slipknot* [“numetal” is the official buzzword, use it well] shit again, the two guys left, and everybody else came back. Never seen anything like it before

Absolutely beyond redemption, Erika! Erik (no relation) #1, our bass player, apparently stood up on some lofty perch and played air guitar all night, but i was fortunate enough not to see him. I eventually scrounged up a pen, and submitted one humble request to the DJ: “Tiger Feet” by MUD. He laughed at me and i went home. Onwards to the northerly burg of Darlington (not to be confused with the NASCAR track or US band of the same name) (luckily), where we play for an intimate gathering of special friends. We stay with a right bunch of blokes in Hartlepool that night – the selfsame Hartlepool where the valiant British rose up to crush the traitorous Hartlepool Monkey, who could have inflicted untold damage lest he have reported vital national secrets back to his superiors at C.H.U.M.P. – which is all well and good, except that i’m wearing my white leather jacket with the MONKEES logo on the back, and i can’t help but look over my shoulder and think every tree might well be a gallows oak for the likes of me (luckily, i still remember some English from high school). I try to explain to one of the guys we’re staying with how Todd McFarlane (*Spawn*™, *Image Comics*™, et al) spent millions of dollars buying up the home run balls from the 1998 Sosa-McGwire home run chase, only to have their values plummet by about 75% after Barry Bonds hit 73 in 2001. I’m thinking i didn’t do a particularly good job of it. I smoke pot and drink brandy with the locals, and have a transcendent rock’n’roll moment watching the Von Bondie live on some late night UK teevee show. I breakfast on chicken curri and beer. Onwards to York! The Keepers of the Pub in York refuse to serve the opening band because ostensibly due to the fact that they’re all about fourteen. Rev. Nørb, however, who has been continuing on with his breakfast day, has no such compunction, and i impishly fill the youngsters’ coffee cups with brewski just in case they have some younger sisters doing something. Later that night i inform the crowd, which includes the opening act’s Mums and Dads, that “i gave beer to every member of the band...but one!” It seems cruelly hilarious, but vaguely merciful at the same time. The night devolves into a drunken lunatic haze. A small but vocal and old cadre of weather-beaten soccer/rugby dudes keep loudly insisting that we are a disgrace to America if we don’t play the Star-Spangled Banner a la Hendrix. National pride stirred, i keep the fires burnin’ by insisting that Paul #1 play the Star-Spangled Banner

while i stand on the stage barricade and play air guitar to it. I imagine that went over real well. I don’t remember much else about the evening except that i know i jumped off the stage, landed in the crowd, and started singing that “*BEER, BEER, WE WANT SOME BEER! STUFF THE FUCKIN’ CHEERIN’, BRING THE FUCKIN’ BEER IN!*” song by the Macc Lads (which actually did go down a storm), and the big rugby dude put me in the airplane spin, and Paul #1 was gonna hit the big rugby dude in the head with his guitar but he spent

about “*white wine, white pride, whatever*” which somehow led to this guy teaching me what i thought was a Limey drinking toast... anyway, he’s showing me some elaborate hand movements, and eventually i got my wine over my heart and my right arm extended with two fingers out and the guy nods and goes “*White pride!*” at which point in time i realize that, unbeknownst to my breakfast-sodden brain, he has been teaching me (and i have been performing) some manner of White Power salute. Erik immediately sidles up to the guy and says, “*no, man, you got us all*



on stage, and, in my infinite, breakfast-stoked wisdom, i take a big slam of wine and yell “*WHITE WINE???* THE BIG MANLY FOOTBALL PLAYERS BOUGHT US WHITE WINE???

Hey, man, i dunno what that means where YOU come from, but where WE come from THAT’S PRETTY FUUUUUUCKIN’ GAAAAAY!!!”

Oddly enough, they thought that was kinda funny. Somehow, in the whole Mocking Of The White Wine speech, i made some joke

wrong... we’re not into WHITE pride, we’re into GAY pride!” They leave shortly thereafter. We stay in a hostel, which is cool because it actually costs a pound less to stay in a co-ed room. Brother, y’ain’t gotta ask me but once! I fuck all the chicks in the room while my bandmates are asleep. They don’t know about that yet. Don’t tell them, they’d never believe you. We head south to Southampton, which kind of makes sense. We play with a band called Smog UK (i’m sort of hoping *Razorcake* doesn’t have

much circulation in England or everyone we played with is gonna be pissed that this was the only band whose name i remembered, likely because it was the shortest) (too much breakfast), who end their set with a cover of the DK's "Moon Over Marin" which is briw-yant on a lot of levels and flat-out per-fuckin-plexin' on other levels. I insist that the crowd yell "*SHUT YOUR FESTERING GOB!*" and "*RIGHT, THEN - I'LL DO YOU FOR THAT!*" at me, in unison, at regular intervals. They dutifully comply. We crash at Buzz's again, drive up to Ipswich or Norwich or Samwich or some god damn place, and miss our ferry to Holland, so we sit in the Place Of Ferrying's parking lot for hours, drinking beer and trying to teach Jon how to play kickball while we wait for the next one. Ferries are weird. They're kinda like floating hotels. They had a midnight buffet (rest assured we paid out the ass for the ferry trip), which is a real fucking brilliant idea: stuff four road-starved scurvy punk rocker types with food until they burst, then lock them together in a tiny, be-bunk-bedded cabin

Dolls. This, to me, is fun for about a beer and a half. The conversation drones on. *Hey, remember the time we were playing in Germany and Paul's guitar strap broke? Hey, remember the time our bands were playing in Madison and Less Than Jake's fans kept spitting on us? I feel like i'm sixty years old.* Finally, i start banging my fist on the table and yelling something about how we might as well be sitting on park benches feeding pigeons, or sitting in the Port Plaza Mall™ watching the gears spin in the big clock by the pretzel place – goddammit, let's not sit here yakkabg about the old days, LET'S GO DO SOMETHING WEIRD. One brief detour at an automated roulette parlor later (we woulda won more but no one could read the directions) finds us standing in the smoky embrace of Die Schirk coffee shop. *Let the record show that if you go into a "coffee shop" in Holland, you're gonna get something a little stronger than what they're servin' at the local Starbucks™, nudge the fuck nudge, wink the fuck wink.* Eighths of weed and sticks of hash, all laid out

and down the street for Paul and/or EJ. We both recall we said in no uncertain terms that we would remain at Ye Olde Weedery until the other guys got back, so we can't leave, can we? *How long were they gone? Where did they go again? What direction were they walking in? What if something happened to them? How long do we wait before we go looking for them? Where would they be if they weren't where we think they are?* We are absolutely freaked out of our gourds now, standing on some bewildering Rotterdam sidewalk, trying to make sense of the marijuana-damaged jabberwocky which engulfs us. *Are we getting dirty looks? Are those construction workers on the roof yelling at us? We don't know any Dutch, do we? Should we split up? Are we the group? Didn't somebody say something about something being across the street? Are those construction workers still yelling at us? Do they know we're stoned? Do they know we're Americans? Do they hate stoned Americans?* We are in a state of paranoia bordering on panic. And then Ron does The Funniest Thing Ever: Under his breath, he starts up with "MEM-ber when you WENT AWAY and I got ON my KNEES to PRAY..." ...we're fucking freaking out totally and the bastard goes and starts singing "They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha-Hah!" by Louis XIV!!! ...sure, you would've had to have been there, but... *Funniest... Thing... EVER!!!* Needless to say, i'm doubled over in hysterical laughter for minutes. I know the construction workers are yelling at me now, but i can't do anything about it. Eventually Paul and EJ reappear, and we go sit somewhere on the street and drink beer. And then i start really freaking out. I'm too stoned to talk. Don't really have much of a tolerance for weed. So i'm just watching Ron and Paul and EJ talk, kind of like the scenes from *That 70's Show* where they're all sitting around the table (presumably) getting high, except the camera isn't rotating around, it's stuck where my eyeballs are, so it's kind of like i'm filming my own *That 70's Show* basement stoner scene in my head, with the camera, as it were, cutting from Ron to EJ to Paul and back again. Suddenly, i begin to realize – to my great horror! – that some of the cuts are repeating. Like, what EJ said just now was what he said like forty seconds ago. Exactly. Facial mannerisms, lighting, composition, dialogue, inflection – *the scenes are repeating randomly.* Paul would say something, and i would have just heard him say it ten seconds ago. Segments of the conversation would be duplicating randomly. I

initially tried to write it off as a bunch of drunk guys repeating themselves, but the repetitions were *identical in every way.* Then the repetitions started getting spliced in with new material, as if God had taken an X-Acto™ knife to the film i was shooting in my head, cut it up into hunks, duplicated some, tossed out others, and reassembled it randomly. *NOW, I'M ALL FOR WEIRDNESS* (hell, it was my idea!), *BUT WHEN YOU START GETTING THE FEELING THAT GOD IS CUTTING UP AND REASSEMBLING REALITY AS YOU KNOW IT,* it's time to go home and sit on the couch. I demand to go home. My posse points out Stefan's apartment to me, less than a block away and clearly visible from where we are. I restate my demand. They point again. I shake my head. Paul finally asks if i need to be walked home. I nod vigorously. I am eventually brought back to the apartment, where i sit on the couch and quietly continue to freak out for about three more hours as Erik watches bicycle racing and i stare at the stuff on Stefan's TV set, which is, for the record, a punkin, a skull, and an El Diablo™ bobblehead. Around 5 P.M., Stefan informs us that we will be playing with Mummy The Peepshow, an all-girl band from Japan, and i'm all better. Following the evening's rock gig (i attempted to have the soundman teach me how to say "1-2-3-4!" in Dutch [feeling that this would be a worthy compliment to the only other Dutch word i know, which is "speelplatz," which means "playground," which was not among the words the construction workers were yelling at me]; unfortunately, residual effects of God and May Day tampering with my reality were such that i could only remember how to say "1," leaving my polyglot banter with the Dutch at a simple "*Rotterdam, you are number AIN!!!*"), we went to a bar where they played music that was equally as bad as the music they played at the nightclub in England, but in a different way (dance remixes of the theme to *9 to 5? Check please!*). It was sort of like an old movie, where the sloppy drunk idiots (us) broke about seventeen glasses (mostly unintentionally), each time tossing the bartender some bills and an apologetic wave in hopes of covering it and not getting cut off and/or our Yankee tushies kicked (which, had it happened, probably woulda happened on the taxi ride to the club, where a lunatic-drunk Erik kept yelling about how we were from Afghanistan and in town to suck cock). *Onward to Deutschland!* In Kassel, we play at an old house taken **RAZORCAKE 29**

REV. NORB



M&M's:

Invented solely for the purpose of allowing Americans to travel overseas and shoot Europeans without having to worry about an unsightly chocolate mess!



where they can stew in the juices of their copious anal vapors until morning. I kinda wish they had a maid or someone come around every hour, open the door and burp the goddamn room like a Tupperware™ container or something. Be that as it may, we arrive in Holland bright and early, and eventually make our way to Stardumb™ Records HQ in Rotterdam, our base of operations. Within five minutes of our arrival, i have already smashed a plexiglass frame that holds one of many '50s trash paperback postcards that are attractively mounted and displayed on the walls in Stardumb™ C.E.O. Stefan's bathroom; this was accomplished merely by wiping my butt with too much vigor. *Well, god dammit, man, the bathroom's about the same dimensions as a fucking phone booth ('cept twice as tall), i got flailing kung-fu elbow action, what more can i say???* By 11 A.M. local time we are sitting in the center of town, drinking Heineken™ (the good stuff, as opposed to the flimsy 3.2 variant found in England) and shooting the shit with our bud EJ, President of the Sonic

behind the glass counter like muffins at a bakery or something. Stoner paradise. Don't look at me, i'm only in it for the weird. We opt for a huge bud of a flavor aptly called "May Day," which runs Ron like ten bucks or something. I kick the euro i won playing roulette to our Dope Fund, merely for the sake of vice begetting vice. Erik goes back to Stefan's to sleep ('cause he's a pussy), EJ goes out to buy beer ('cause he's German), and Paul, Ron and i commence to a-rollin' and a-smokin'. Eventually, Paul leaves to go buy food ('cause he's Paul), but Ron and i just keep idly toking away, as we really have nothing else to do all day. Suddenly, it hits. I mean, duuuuude, it... *fucking... hits. Ron and i both look at each other. WE NEED BEER. We need to go to a bar, and sit down, and drink beer. Now.* Typical Wisconsinite survival instinct, really: If shit is getting too freaky, go to the bar. As long as you have money for beer, you have a place to sit, beer to drink, you're safe, warm, protected, your survival needs are taken care of. We bolt from Die Schirk, and look up

over by old friends of Ron and Erik when they used to live there and turned into a mega-DIY punk venue merely called "HAUS," as is right and just – the kind of place that would have been torn down, built over and torn down again two times over in America, for no particular reason other than to keep the builders busy, i reckon. We play in what would have been the living room, which is not large but packed full o' mad Germans, pogging their schnitzel off on the rotted floorboards. It rules. Afterwards, we go out drinking (? imagine that?) at some bar whose punk rock soccer team apparently did well in the Nationwide German Punk Rock Bar Soccer Team Tournament (i am not making this up), so i get to fulfill my life's ambition of singing "You'll Never Walk Alone" full-blast and out-of-tune with my beer waving proudly overhead along with a bunch of crazed beer-waving Europeans. Then i half-heartedly try to pick up a girl/girl couple (i can't help it. They enticed me. They looked at me or something. Plus i thought i heard the one say "troisieme," which i think is French for "third," or is that "thirteenth?" Damn those French! Tell me, Erika, do you know? I mean, SURE, they WEREN'T French, they were German, but they could've thought they were being all sneaky-like and speaking French as a secret code while they debated my worth as a potential sex partner, not knowing that *BEFORE THE HARTLEPOOL MONKEY DIED, HE DIVULGED HIS SECRETS* to my posse in Hartlepool, and i was fully aware of the nature of their conversation. Oh well, third, thirteenth, i'm takin' what you're servin' at this point, which, though unsuccessful, does bring up a number of interesting points: Is picking up two girls at once any more difficult than picking them up *a la carte*? (drat! more French) I mean, one would naturally assume it'd be, shit, an order of magnitude harder, but is it? Really, if you think about it, if you're a guy, *you only have to sell yourself to one of the two*. The other you merely have to not repulse (this is, of course, assuming that one or both of the couple in question are into what a [female] drinking buddy of mine referred to as a "mouth full of pussy and a cunt full of cock" [heretofore referred to as MFOP-CFOC {pronounced "EM-fop, SEE-fok"}] so as not to litter so many vulgarities in the pages of such an upstanding publication), obviously if they're just MFOP-MFOP, it's a wasted effort). Although data is inconclusive at this point, it might actually be 50% EASIER to pick up a female-female MFOP-CFOC couple than a

mere single female human! I mean, get one of the two to dig you, and the other will just go along with her girlfriend. Right? I mean, that *should* work out that way. Think about it. Let's say one out of every hundred girls you meet wants to sleep with you; if you try to pick up two chicks at once, the odds should be down to one in fifty that you're gonna score. IS THIS NOT MATHEMATICALLY SOUND REASONING?? The big question is, of course, *which one of the two do you try to hit on?* Generally, in any girl-girl pairing, there's gonna be the smart one with short hair and then the hot one who might not be so smart nor short-haired (we will refuse to fall into the trap of using their terminologies of "butch" and "femme," as these are only artificial constraints they use to keep us from our eternal quest of Maximum Pussy Per Minute and do not concern us at all); at first you'd think hit on the smart one and not the hot one, but since this stuff all seems to be going counterintuitively, maybe you hit on the hot one instead. Do you know, Erika? This is, after all, an advice column – ain't no law says i have to be the one *giving* the advice! Anyway, at about 5 A.M. they turn on the lights and we begin to troop back to Joerg and Stephan's apartment. Which takes us smack dab thru – oh lordy lordy! – the red light district. Well, needless to say, all that theorizin' about pussy put me in a scientific mood, and, next thing you know, i am X Euro lighter (i think "Euro" is a verb which is its own plural, kinda like "wheat") (also, a little tip from Uncle Nørb, Erika: Never tell anyone what you shelled out for the hooker, because everyone is an "expert" on these matters and will cast aspersions on your negotiating skills, like they actually know what they're talking about from their barstool) and walking up the warehouse stairs behind a real live strumpet, poking her in each butt-cheek as said cheeks jut towards me in the stair-scaling process. It's sort of amazing – all the hookers wear this uniform consisting of black leather thigh boots, with huge sweatsocks going all the way up past the top of the boots, then some sort of thong shit, but with nylons under the thong shit, so it looks like their butt-cheeks are practically hanging out in the street, yet they are securely encased in this nylon sheath, almost like body armor. Strange. Anyway, just to set the record straight, i really didn't have any overwhelmingly burning urge that i needed to satisfy at that point of the night – no "fire down below" or any of that business – but, by cracky, i'm only here for the god damn tourist attractions, and, at 5

A.M., she looked more Disneyland™ than not. I get a blowjob. Thru a condom. A German condom. Brilliant idea at 5 A.M., that. I am, of course, in full comical Nørb-mode, so i keep talking throughout: "*Do those socks make your feet sweat? COME ON, i KNOW those socks have gotta make your feet sweat! Come on, i know they do! Seriously! Seriously! They make your feet sweat, right?*" I eventually shut up, and stagger back to Joerg and Stephan's, where i celebrate my manhood with some sort of absinthe that tasted like Scope™ mouthwash. By the time we take the stage the next night in Rosswein, i am loaded to the gills (this might have to do with the fact that we didn't start playing until 4 A.M. and they kept bringing us case upon case of free beer, which them East German fuckers can open about three bottles of in about 1.5 seconds, bare-handed, like former Soviet Satellite Beer Ninjas or some god damn thing). We play for a million years. When i'm not trying to hit on the girl working the door, i keep drunkenly babbling about how freaked out i am to be, as someone who came of age in the Reagan era, playing punk rock behind The Obstacle Formerly Known As The Iron Curtain™ without getting shot at. I think it was sincere for a while, but afterwards it became tiresome drunken spew. I blame the beer ninjas! I refuse to leave the stage. Finally, my bandmates grab me and drag me bodily off stage. The crowd grabs my feet. A tug-o-war ensues, where i am dragged, scraped, and stretched across a concrete floor, a wooden molding and various other scraping and grating surfaces. I bleed, but the crowd prevails! We play more, including songs we do not know! Score one for *glasnost*, motherfuckaaaaahs!!! "Glad To See You Go" dedicated to George W. Bush goes down a storm. In the morning, Holm, our host, makes us breakfast and then causes me to spit up my breakfast in laughter serenading me with unhidden Heino songs. The tour concludes in Köln, with a gig w/ the Sonic Dolls. During our set, i take their rubber chicken off their drumset and shove it down my pants. It's a lot funnier to do shit with someone else's rubber chicken than with your own, kind of like how choking to death on someone else's vomit is funnier than DIYing it. Mitch, the promoter, whom we referred to as "Tesco, Jr." during our first jaunt to Germany, sets us up in the club apartment (swank!) with a deli tray for our morning's breakfast. Unfortunately, when we come home from the bar at 5 A.M., after running down the streets of Köln playing Frisbee with a found

hubcap and screaming alternately "*WE ARE THE MODS, WE ARE THE MODS, WE ARE, WE ARE, WE ARE THE MODS*" and a drunken encore of "You'll Never Walk Alone" at the top of our lungs, we decide that our breakfast platter would make better food fight ammo instead, and commence to flinging cold cuts and cheese slices in a pitched battle whose tempo is barely slowed when i demand that all thrown food slices must first be cut into the shape of a throwing star. After approximately ninety minutes of sleep, we are herded into the van, soaked with beer and slimed with meat and cheese residue (a near tragedy averted when Paul, in desperation, is able to open the padlock on the gate which keeps us prisoner there with the key to the back of the van), and dropped off at the Frankfurt airport. I have bathed maybe three times total. My hair is ratty, full of food and dried beer. I am wearing a white leather jacket full of ridiculous pins, a stinky Mickey Mouse t-shirt (one of two shirts total i brought), ripped-up jeans with the backstage pass from the London show still stuck to the thigh, and white leather Chuck Taylor 2000 basketball shoes. Three young, snappily dressed airline frauleins surround me at the x-ray station. *Can you take off your jacket for us? Why, sure, missy! Can you take off your shoes for us?* Absofrickinlutely! The rest of the band moves thru the x-ray station unmolested. The girls loiter within my personal space, seductively waving some manner of hand-held electric sex wands about every inch of my person. *OH yeahhhhh!!!* I wink, knowingly. If it's theoretically twice as easy to pick up two girls at once than one at once, well... i oughtta have three new recruits into the Mile High Club before the cheese in my hair dries. Life is good. Thanks for the question, Erika!

Love,
Nørb

P.S. Hey, readers – I'm gonna need more questions for next time, or i'm not gonna have anything to write about again.

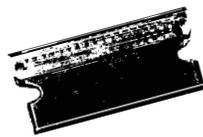
REV. Nørb





Nardwuar

Who Are You?



Nardwuar vs. The White Stripes

Nardwuar: Who are you?

Jack White: I'm Jack White.

Nardwuar: And you are?

Nardwuar: Meg White.

Nardwuar: And you are the...

Jack: The White Stripes.

Nardwuar: And where are The White Stripes from, Jack?

Jack: From Detroit, Michigan.

Nardwuar: And I thought, Jack, I'd make you feel at home here in Vancouver... LOOK what we have for you! [Nardwuar unveils a giant Bob Seger poster on the wall.]

Jack: Oh! Thank god.

Nardwuar: Now, tell me how cool Seger is. He is a cool guy isn't he, Meg?

Meg: He is awesome. The first album is amazing.

Jack: Early Bob Seger System.

Nardwuar: A lot of people are dissing the Seger. But he's down with it isn't he?

Jack: They need to get back to the Bob Seger System. You have to find the Bob Seger System Band.

Nardwuar: "Get Down on Your Knees," like the Swingin' Neckbreakers cover, do you know that one?

Jack: "2+2 Is on My Mind" is my favorite song.

Nardwuar: By the Underdogs or one of those bands.

Jack: Yeah, yeah.

Nardwuar: From Detroit. The history of Detroit. You're not ashamed to say you like Bob Seger, are you Meg?

Meg: No, not at all.

Nardwuar: So have you guys had any good milkshakes?

Jack: Hmmm, a couple day ago I had a really good one. Yup.

Nardwuar: Now, what's the thing about milkshakes and The White Stripes, Meg?

Meg: Well, it goes back a long way. We just like the milkshakes. The

malts, really.

Jack: She likes The Milkshakes, Billy Childish's band. I like actual chocolate malts.

Nardwuar: You like judging each town by their milkshakes, don't you there Jack?

Jack: It kinda gets like that. Yeah.

Nardwuar: So how have the milkshakes been on this tour?

Jack: They've been pretty good. I haven't had one in Vancouver yet though, so we'll see.

Nardwuar: Now speaking of Milkshakes and Billy Childish, how the hell is he?

Jack: He's doing quite well. I talked to him on the phone when I was in Paris last time. Um, I think he's got it together.

Nardwuar: And you guys were going to have him play behind you

at the *Top of the Pops* or something?

Meg: He was going to be doing a painting of us while we were playing.

Nardwuar: And then they shot him down?

Jack: Yeah, they wouldn't allow that, no. So I just wrote his name on my arm instead.

Nardwuar: Now Jack, that's much like how Courtney Love writes "bitch" on her arm right?

Jack: I'm not familiar with who you're talking about.

Nardwuar: You know what I mean though, right? Oh yes, I'm sure you ran into her the other night in L.A! I'm sure, we'll get into that later, Jack White. But I was curious, Billy Childish in Europe. He's not revered too well is he? In

Britain I heard he did a gig and the Von Bondies opened and the Von Bondies cancelled and then everybody left?

Jack: Yeah, I heard about that. That was a weird thing. I don't know what happened with that. He had, um, he likes to use his own gear and everyone who plays with him has to use that or something. And they couldn't do that or something like that.

Nardwuar: But it really sucks. All the people left. The Von Bondies cancel and nobody sticks around for Billy in his own town!

Meg: I know.

Jack: He's really talented, but he's quite popularly known as a bridge-burner. He doesn't have tolerance for a lot of things. That's the beauty of him, though.

Nardwuar: What was it like recording at Toe Rag Studios in England?

Jack: It was amazing.

Jack: It was excellent, yeah.

Nardwuar: Did they have the same board that, like, The Beatles used?

Jack: Yeah, they did have a four-track there that might have been used on "Tomorrow Never Knows," for backwards loops and things like that.

Nardwuar: And that's for your new album?

Meg: Yes, indeed.

Nardwuar: What impressed you about the studio, Meg?

Meg: Nothing in it is past 1965.

Nardwuar: Really? Are they totally anal about that? Do they have, like, 1966 quarters in their pockets and stuff like that too?

Jack: Yeah, yeah, exactly. All the napkins that are used are from the '60s. It was just a nice collection of old microphones and staying away from digital equipment. And things like that.

Nardwuar: Did you get a chance to hang with John Peel this time?

Meg: No, we didn't see him this time.

Nardwuar: But you have seen him quite a few times. I saw you having lunch with him on the Internet!

Jack: Oh yeah. We're good friends.

Nardwuar: An internet lunch!

Jack: [laughs]

Nardwuar: Now, has he told you any cool stories at all? I mean, c'mon, he's met everybody. There must be some little tidbit of information he gave you that must have made you really excited.

Jack: He was telling me about Gene Vincent a bunch and explaining working with Gene Vincent. But he did give me, as a present, he gave me the Sex Pistols *Anarchy in the U.K.*, the promo version of it. That was a really nice present to give me.

Nardwuar: On A&M records?

Jack: Yep.

Nardwuar: No way! Not the \$5,000 A&M Records one.

Jack: Wait a minute. You're think-

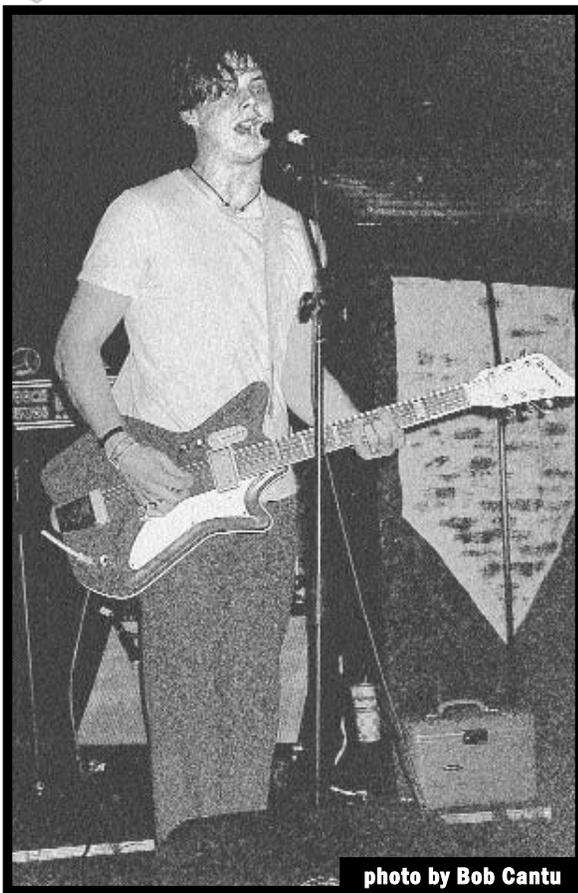


photo by Bob Cantu

Nardwuar the Human Serviette

ing of *God Save The Queen* on A&M. This is *Anarchy in the U.K.* So this is on EMI.

Nardwuar: Thank you for setting me straight with my Sex...

Jack: Pistols.

Nardwuar: And you are Jack...

Jack: [laughs] Have you seen anybody about your psychological ...

Meg: [giggles]

Jack: ...problems [laughs]

Nardwuar: And you are Jack White. And you are Meg?

Meg: Yes I am.

Nardwuar: And you are Meg?

Jack: I'm not Meg.

Nardwuar: And you are Jack?

Meg: Not today.

Nardwuar: No, you're not. But you work off each other. You could be each other because you guys seem to have such great communication on stage. The other night on the MTV Movie Awards, you were so separated. What's it like when you're so separated? Usually, you're so close together and I love the way you're so close on stage. It's awesome.

Meg: It was a little strange, a little strange. I had to peer over the symbols and try to find him down there. But it was alright.

Nardwuar: Nobody else has that set up, do they Jack?

Jack: [laughs] No they don't.

Nardwuar: And you know what's also great about The White Stripes is you guys also cover a Dylan song from 1997. From 1997! That's like covering the *Steel Wheels* "Mixed Emotion" Rolling Stones thingie.

Jack: He's still got it. He's still got it. He still tells it like it is.

Nardwuar: That's so amazing. Like Dylan from '97.

Meg: Of course.

Nardwuar: Now speaking of Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Well, not speaking, but let's bring Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada into this. Did you know there, Meg White of The White Stripes, that Loretta Lynn signed her first record deal in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada?

Meg: I did not know that.

Jack: That makes sense because she was living in Seattle.

Nardwuar: She signed to Zero Records!

Jack: Zero Records. That's the best name for a record label ever.

Nardwuar: And you guys like kinda customizing songs. Like you play Tallahassee and then you do...
Meg: "Tallahassee Lassie."

Nardwuar: So you're playing in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada and the White Stripes will do...

Jack and Meg: [laughter]

Nardwuar: Do you have any Canadian stuff you could do? How

about TV show themes? I mean, you grew up in Detroit. Do you have any, like, Canadian TV show themes? Or favorite Canadian TV shows?

Jack: What was the Giant?

Nardwuar: Mr. Dressup? The Friendly Giant?

Meg: Ohh! The Friendly Giant.

Jack: Mr. Dressup's kinda scary, but The Friendly Giant was very nice.

Nardwuar: As covered by Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet.

Jack: I didn't know that.

Nardwuar: Now, in Detroit are there like old Motown guys on the street and stuff? Totally destitute?



Nardwuar: You like judging each town by their milkshakes, don't you there Jack?

Jack: It kinda gets like that. Yeah.

Meg: Not that I've noticed.

Nardwuar: I've heard that some guys that have recorded on some important works are totally on the street.

Jack: Totally on the street. I've heard that as well. I haven't bumped into them though.

Nardwuar: What's the Motown museum like?

Meg: It's very nice. It's in the midst of a really burnt out neighborhood. You know, it used to be huge old houses which the motor company people lived in and stuff. It's just a nice little establishment, you know?

Nardwuar: Worth a visit?

Jack: I've never been there. I'm not a fan of the Motown production.

Nardwuar: Why?

Jack: I don't like the production of Motown records. Just the sound they're getting. They had some really good songwriting but the production I never was a fan of.

Nardwuar: But the Detroit sound. MC5, Stooges. Have any of your

parents ever seen MC5 or The Stooges? Did they ever see the MC5 or Stooges?

Jack: Nobody in Detroit actually ever saw them, y'know.

Meg: No, I...

Nardwuar: What about Mitch Ryder? Have you met Mitch Ryder at all?

Jack: Mitch Ryder, no.

Nardwuar: What about Ron Ashton of The Stooges?

Jack: I met him, yep.

Nardwuar: I heard he has a very young girlfriend.

Jack: I didn't see her. I did meet him, though. I didn't see his girlfriend.

Nardwuar: What's the importance

Nardwuar: Did you kick out a Romantic cover at all?

Jack: No, I said that I was a big fan of the band and he goes, "Yeah, so am I," or something. He said something. I think he thought I was joking, I was being a smart aleck. He goes, "I'm a big fan of myself." I dunno, he thought I was joking, making fun of him but I wasn't.

Nardwuar: Rock stars always do that. I once saw Ringo Starr and yelled "Hey, it's Ringo!" And he went [sarcastically] "That's my name!"

Jack: [laughs]

Nardwuar: Now, your name is Jack White and your name is...

Meg: Meg White.

Nardwuar: And you're in The White Stripes and I was looking in this magazine right over here, White Stripers. [Nardwuar shows them an issue of *Fader Magazine* with them on the cover.] Isn't this like the best picture? I love it.

Meg: [laughs]

Nardwuar: I love it because you look so Misfit-ian Jack!

Jack: The wind was blowing and blew that hair in there.

Nardwuar: But you look like the Misfits and the Necros, coming from Detroit... It's so awesome. I just love that photo. And Jack, if you could open it up, what the hell is going on here, Meg? What the hell is going on? What is Jack doing there?

Meg: [referring to picture of Jack holding a stuffed animal] He's holding his pig.

Jack: That's Poncheeda.

Nardwuar: Now, that's not a live pig. That's a taxidermic pig.

Jack: That's a stuffed pig. You can see the stitching is ripped here and the stuffing is coming out. That's Poncheeda.

Nardwuar: Now how many taxidermic items do you have?

Meg: I only have two. He's got, um, a lot. [laughs]

Jack: Yeah, I have lots of 'em.

Nardwuar: Now, what do you have? What are some of your favorites, Jack White?

Jack: I have a zebra. I have two gazelles. I have a tiger.

Nardwuar: A zebra?

Jack: A zebra head, yeah. I have a kudu and a mountain goat and I have lots of things.

Nardwuar: And all these are from thrift shops and stuff?

Meg: Some of them are old. A lot of them are old.

Nardwuar: Does anybody bring any gifts of them to your shows?

Jack: That'd be nice.

Nardwuar: That'd be the ultimate gift for The White Stripes.

Jack: She's not that into it.

Meg: It creeps me out a little.

Nardwuar: Now, on **RAZORCAKE 33**

this tour right now you've got Whirlwind Heat.

Jack: Whirlwind Heat. An amazing band. Come and see them.

Nardwuar: 'Cause they're on your record label right?

Jack: Could be. Possibly. Yeah.

Nardwuar: I think it's really cool that you treat bands quite well. I mean, didn't Whirlwind Heat have to open for you really early once and you felt bad so you let them headline after you?

Jack: Man, you've done your research. Excellent. Yeah, they came out. After we were done with our set, they came out and did another set.

Nardwuar: That's so cool that you're able to support them in that way.

Meg: Yes, indeed.

Nardwuar: And taking Billy Childish! Is there anybody else in England you can take along with you? I mean, besides from the Detroit bands, anybody you want to throw out on your English tours?

Jack: Holly Golightly is great. We like to tour with other bands from Detroit. We're all friends and I think there's a lot of good music coming out of Detroit that people haven't heard yet.

Nardwuar: Are you the only A&R guy on Virgin Records?

Jack: [laughs] I'm not an A&R guy at all.

Nardwuar: I heard they fired their entire staff and you, Jack White, are the only guy doing A&R for Virgin.

Jack: I haven't heard about that one. Maybe I should do that and give this all up.

Nardwuar: You just played Los Angeles, California. Now, my friend Grant from The Smugglers, who's house you stayed at a while back, once had William Shatner show up at one of his gigs in L.A. Like, that's dope, eh?

Jack: That would be dope, yes.

Nardwuar: Is there anybody of that ilk that has shown up that you just kinda go, "Whoa, like, Shat-Mannn!"

Jack: Bette Midler came to our show in New York and danced to the whole show. Midler in the balcony. It was pretty cool.

Nardwuar: Oh my God! Now, how did you notice that? Did you actually see her?

Jack: No, we were told. I couldn't see anything because of the lights. Because of the way the lights were shining, I couldn't see anything up there. But that's what

we were told.

Nardwuar: That's so awesome because she did "The Rose" and Mudhoney covered "The Rose" and Mudhoney got Billy Childish to open for them in England!

Jack: And Mudhoney was at our show last night!

Nardwuar: Whoa-ho! This is amazing! What about Ike Turner, has he ever come to any of your gigs?

Meg: No, I don't think so.



photo by Bob Cantu

Nardwuar: Thank you for setting me straight with my Sex...

Jack: Pistols.

Nardwuar: And you are Jack...

Jack: [laughs] Have you seen anybody about your psychological ...

Meg: [giggles]

Jack: ...problems [laughs]

Jack: No, Andre Williams has though. We've played with Andre Williams.

Nardwuar: From Detroit.

Jack: That's right.

Nardwuar: I think he was on the street for a little while though, wasn't he?

Jack: He was on the street for a long time, I think. He was working with Ike Turner a lot.

Nardwuar: Now the MTV Movie Awards last night. That was incredible. We saw it last night in Canada. You guys were all dressed up and so was everybody else, all dressed up. What was the vibe on that?

Meg: It was really good because it was all fans. They picked people all out of lines and our website and everything else so they were all just crazy fans. And it wasn't like models or anything and so it was good.

Nardwuar: Were you shown any respect? Like did Eminem ever talk to you or anything?

Meg: Um, No.

Nardwuar: Any shout-outs? Like did anybody go "Heyyy, Jack!" Jack Black did a great intro for you. I loved it. He was, like, standing on a turntable.

Jack: It was nice, yeah.

Nardwuar: Did he make that turntable especially for you?

Jack: Yeah, he did. That was the only time he used that in the show, I think. Yeah, they made it for us.

Nardwuar: But, like, did anybody else throw out any props to you, like, "How ya doin'!"

Jack: I don't think so. Oh, Andy Dick said "Hi." He said he really liked the band.

Nardwuar: So the true White Stripes fans are revealed by who actually introduces themselves to you, right?

Meg: I suppose so.

Nardwuar: Now, there's a lot of fans out there of the White Stripes that are on the internet. Are you aware of the Red Blood Cells project?

Jack: I heard about it.

Nardwuar: This is Redd Blood Cells. [Nardwuar shows them print out from <http://www.reddkross.com/reddstripes/index.html>] Now, what this is... this is Steven McDonald of Redd Kross and he has decided to do what, Jack?

Jack: I met him the other night and he told me about this. He told me about this and he said that he's adding -

he's playing bass along with all of our songs.

Nardwuar: Yeah, with "Hotel Yorba" and some others. You go to reddkross.com to check out some bass on "Hotel Yorba." What do you think about that?

Jack: I think it's a great idea. It's an interesting project.

Nardwuar: He was able to fulfill his fantasies of playing with The White Stripes.

Jack: See the power of technology. **Nardwuar:** And another thing I was looking at. I was just checking this out. You know, people dressing up as you. I mean there's tribute bands for you guys. There's, like, Different...

Meg: Different Stripes.

Nardwuar: Now, what are Different Stripes like? They're a tribute band to you guys.

Jack: Supposedly it was some famous person who was doing it under an anonymous thing. He did one for the Strokes and he did one for us.

Nardwuar: But you have cooler fans than The Strokes because there's a fan out there that does White Stryper!

Jack: White Stryper?

Nardwuar: That dress as Stryper, the '80s heavy metal band, and do White Stripes songs!

Jack: Ohhh.

Nardwuar: White Stryper! But these guys, what is going on here Jack? This is from the *NME* [Nardwuar shows a *New Musical Express* with a picture of some comedians dressed up as the White Stripes.]

Meg: Oh, This is terrible.

Jack: This is *NME*'s way of getting back at us for not going to their awards show.

Nardwuar: Now, these are some comedians dressing up as you.

Meg: Yes.

Jack: We didn't go to their awards so they decided not to give us our award because we didn't show up. And then they also made fun of us. **Nardwuar:** So, what do you say? At the bottom of the picture they say "It remains to be seen if Jack White will react the same, because Geri Halliwell really loved it." (When the comedians dressed up as her.)

Jack: Geri Halliwell loved it. I don't know what to tell you. I'll think about it.

Nardwuar: Now, White Stripes, Meg and Jack White of the White...

Jack: Stripes.

Nardwuar: What sort of craziness has gone on? I mean, I heard that you guys were offered a private jet somewhere.

Jack: [groans]

Nardwuar: Is that true? A private jet?

Jack: A private jet? [laughs]

Nardwuar: Yeah, someone said "Come on my private jet?"

Jack: I don't think so. I don't know about that one.

Nardwuar: None of that? Some of the crazy stuff that's been offered. I know you've been offered White Strips. White Strips.

Jack: Oh, they tried to buy our website. White Strips the...

Nardwuar: ...White Strips. The tooth cleaning thing. It's like the teeth cleaning thing. You put it on your teeth and then you rip it off.

Jack: Right.

Nardwuar: I wanted to bring that for you but it's \$60 Canadian!

Meg: Wow.

Nardwuar: They wanted to buy... they wanted you to endorse White Strips?

Jack: I think The White Stripes

website was too close to their website if you accidentally load it wrong. So they wanted to buy our website. I think that's what I was told.

Nardwuar: And you guys said "No!"

Meg: Of course.

Jack: [laughs]

Nardwuar: So has there been any other craziness going on? C'mon, I'm workin', I'm workin' hard here. C'mon, like, Bette Midler, White Strips, you know, jet rides, Elton John jam? I know Ryan Adams covers your tunes. I mean, like, that's kinda funny. [laughs]

Jack: [laughs]

Nardwuar: But , you know, tell me, any kind of craziness?

Meg: Constant craziness.

Jack: Some of the craziness we just can't reveal to you because it's too crazy.

Nardwuar: Just a little tidbit, just a little teaser here, winding up, please Meg and Jack White. Just give me insight into The White Stripes. Like you check your cell phone message or something...

Jack: One thing I can tell is that... Meg's an android.

Meg: Dammit Jack.

Jack: [laughs] I'm sorry. I thought you knew. If you just knew how at the end of every night we have to plug her into the tour bus, plug her in and change her oil every three months to keep this band going.

Nardwuar: Much like Man... Or Astro Man? Where are they from?

Jack: [silence]

Nardwuar: Outer space! And you are Meg and Jack White of The White Stripes. Jack, your gear is incredible. I should say it's so awesome that your roadies dress up as you. Like, they wear red and white. I love it. Don't they use like red duct tape, too? Like, you have red duct tape!

Jack: [laughs] We have to keep everything in order now. We have to be able to identify everything in my sight, you know.

Nardwuar: And your Leslie amp. That's really cool isn't it? The Leslie amp.

Meg: The peppermint triple tremolo.

Nardwuar: Yeah, is that going to be onstage here tonight?

Jack: It's too heavy.

Meg: It weighs 500 pounds.

Nardwuar: Can you explain a bit about that? 'Cause that's amazing. You customized a Leslie amp.

Jack: Yeah, I built it. I found three different components in the garbage. I was trash picking and I built 'em all together and made a speaker cabinet out of it. It was just a nice project to work on.

Nardwuar: Does anybody else have an Airline guitar? Like, you play an Airline right?

Jack: Well I bought mine from Jack of The Oblivions. Jack Oblivion is his name. He's in a band from Memphis in America.

Nardwuar: Any other bands you've seen playing that? Or any bands got mad seeing you playing that? Like some Hollywood Guitar Center dude?

Jack: No, I never really see anybody else really play those. Once in awhile you'll see somebody with it.

Nardwuar: When you guys were on David Letterman, I thought it was awesome that Letterman held up the vinyl record.

Meg: Oh yeah, we specially asked for him to do that, yeah.

Nardwuar: Was it hard to get him to do that?

Jack: It was because it had to be checked for anthrax before he held it, you know.

Nardwuar: No way!

Jack: There's something crazy for ya.

Nardwuar: "Sympathy For The Record Industry? Is like that dangerous!?"

Jack: It had to be tested for anthrax before he would hold it. That's what I was told.

Nardwuar: If there's any doubt that the White Stripes have arrived in mainstream culture it's that you guys are now on groupiecentral.com.

Jack: Really?

Nardwuar: Yes, groupiecentral.com has a posting of you guys. Under the subject "White Stripes," and it goes, and I quote here Jack White, "I can say that Jack has and will be down for groupie action. I was so fortunate to experience him during one of their tours. Let's just say it happened by surprise and was well worth it."

Jack: [laughing]

Nardwuar: "He is adequate in size and performance. I think he may like to be ridden, but I requested that he ride me."

Jack: Hmmm.

Nardwuar: And then it goes on to say "Meg's boyfriend is in the Greenhorns."

Jack: This is all nuts.

Nardwuar: You've made it! You're on groupiecentral.com. Don't worry Jack, you can go on groupiecentral.com and post some lies too, just like they did there.

Jack: Those are pretty good lies.

Nardwuar: Groupiecentral.com. Are you dating somebody in the Greenhorns at all, Meg?

Meg: I'm not going to comment on my situation.

Jack: [laughs]

Nardwuar: And you're not dating Winona Ryder are you?

Jack: [laughs]

Nardwuar: That's the other rumor floating around there, Jack.

Jack: We'll see. [laughs]

Nardwuar: Well, thanks so much for your time. Really appreciate it there, White Stripes. Why should people care about the White Stripes? Why should people care?

Jack: I don't know. [laughs] I don't know why they should care anymore.

Nardwuar: Have you ever been to Legoland?

Meg: No, not yet.

Nardwuar: Have you had any offers to go to Legoland?

Jack: We did have an offer to go there once and uh, we didn't go. I don't know why we didn't go. We didn't have time, I don't think.

Nardwuar: Jack and Meg White, anything else you'd like to add to the people out there?

Meg: Mmmm, no.

Jack: No, I guess not.

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

Jack: Mm-hmm.

Nardwuar: Actually, "Mm-hmm" works.

Jack and Meg: [laughing]

Nardwuar: But that's so, like, obscure we'll have you do it again there. Doot doola doot doo...

Meg: Doot doo. No? I don't know. I just...

Jack: I don't know what you mean. [laughs] That's fine. That'll be fine. That'll be five dollars, please.





Shark Bait



I know the stout, sunburned tourist appreciated the scene from where she lay on her flowered beach towel a few yards away.

Why Marriage?

It was already 8:30, and we hadn't eaten dinner yet. It had been over six hours since I ate lunch, but I guess a few sips of RC and some pieces of gummy hot dogs (the candy, not weiners) could hardly be considered a meal. I stared at the tv. I'd been doing so for the past two hours, instead of buckling down and doing something more meaningful and creative. Occasionally something interesting would flash across the screen, enough to hold my attention for a couple of minutes. The commercials weren't too bad. At this point, I was so hungry that the two for \$2 at McDonald's deal was starting to seem like a pretty good idea, despite the fact that I was still mad at McDonald's for several reasons (including Lilo and Stitch, but that's another story). At this point, I was so hungry that I started to kick Sean in the head. Repetitively and with a lot of force. Well, okay, so I just prodded him in the belly with my foot a little. He lay on the floor and stirred slightly.

"Look, man," I said. "When are we going to eat? I'm huuunnng-gry!"

Sean took his thumb out of his ass. He scratched his head. He looked at his thumb and then he picked a piece of lint out of his belly-button.

Well, okay, so he stopped reading about Emma Goldman and put the book aside.

"What do you feel like having?" he asked.

I sighed loudly just in case he didn't hear me the first ten times. "I don't *know*," I said. "I just know that I'm *huuunnng-gry*."

"Well, that doesn't help me a whole lot," Sean said. I could see his eyes straying back to the text, so he must have been at a good point in ol' Emma's life. "Maybe it's a personal problem." Hmmph. He knew how to make a point. "Anyway, we can't leave the house just yet. I'm still waiting for that phone call."

"What phone call?" I said.

"The phone call," Sean said, giving up all pretense and going back to his book. "About tomorrow night. I must have told you about it a dozen times. Remember?"

"No, I don't remember," I said. "What phone call? What tomorrow night?"

Sean scowled. From his position on the floor, he tried to reach his foot out to where I

was sitting on the recliner. He aimed for my ankle and missed. He hit the foot rest part of the recliner instead. I could tell that must have hurt. But I pulled my knees into my chest just to be on the safe side. Also, I snatched the remote control before he had a chance to grab it.

"You never listen to anything I tell you," he said. This time he really put the book down. He wasn't mad or anything. Just stating a fact. "I distinctly remember telling you about it in the car the other day on our way home from the Youth Brigade show. Don't you remember?"

I distinctly remembered that the Youth Brigade show had been so loud that I heard nothing but ringing in my ears on the way home. Also, some kid who'd been crowd-surfing had jumped off the stage and knocked me in the head with a Doc Marten. That could have contributed to my lapse in memory.

Sean sat up and looked at me, exasperated. He waited and didn't say anything. For kind of a long time. And then I did remember.

Okay, so what the phone call was about doesn't matter. Whether or not the telephone even rang all night doesn't matter, and what we ended up doing for food later on doesn't matter either. The point is, this is kind of a typical evening for both of us: me putting off doing something bigger and more important by turning on the tv and then bugging Sean about something that I could probably take care of myself. Him trying to read something for pleasure that most people are *required* to read in school, stopping only in the middle to remind me that I never listen to anything he says. (Which isn't true... I listen to him *some* of the time.) The only thing different about all of it now is that it's official: we are a married couple.

A couple of weeks before the wedding, a punk rock friend of mine asked me, "So, why marriage? Why get married?"

"Believe me," I wanted to tell him, "I'm asking

Felizon Vidad



myself the same thing.”

But I didn't say that at the time. I just smiled and shrugged and I think I changed the subject somehow, because I don't remember how that conversation ended.

Once in a while, when it's a Friday night and there are no good bands playing in town, Sean and I will go rent a movie and take it home and then lament the lack of popcorn in the house. Usually, we take turns picking the movie and then always I get to call the one that we actually end up renting. (Sean knows better than to pick a movie that I'll end up hating. It's much easier for both of us if he ends up thinking the movie is dumb, because he'll only make fun of me for about a week. I, on the other hand, have a memory like an elephant.)

I know I'm going to lose punk rock points for saying this, but I like romantic comedies. There. Anyway I'm not ashamed to admit it, because I know every single person out there has some equally uncool-according-to-their-peers kind of thing. Keep that in mind if you dare make fun of the fact that we rented three awful movies in a row (in a time span of eight months, which goes to show you exactly how often we support the local independent movie rental place), and they were all my choices: *The Wedding Planner*, *Serendipity*, and *The Sweetest Thing*. Well, the Christina Applegate-Cameron Diaz movie actually wasn't bad, but I'm sure some of you will still say it sucks. Except for the part where Christina Applegate and Cameron Diaz get naked during the birthday slumber party. Get back to me when you finish watching the movie.

So we rented these three movies, but not all in a row so that I would have noticed anything particularly significant about them. After the last movie, though, Sean and I were hanging out in the living room, him on the floor, me on the recliner, and he looked up at the ceiling and said, "You know, maybe you're trying to tell me something." This was about a couple of months ago.

"What?" I said. I didn't take my eyes off the Iron Chef as he sliced expertly through the belly of a wriggling eel.

"Did you notice anything about the plots of the past three movies you made me rent?"

(Oh, yeah. I forgot to mention that I also make him pay for the movies.)

"No," I said. I made sure my ankles were far enough away from kicking distance.

"Every single one of those movies was about someone getting married and then changing their mind at the last minute about getting married."

Oh. Hmm. "Um, no," I said. "I didn't think about them like that." I didn't think about them, period. After each one, I would realize that I'd just made him watch a very crappy



movie and therefore would conveniently forget to mention the movie again.

"I'm just wondering if maybe you're trying to tell me something." That was all. He went back to reading Howard Zinn.

Was I? Was I trying to communicate something through my choice of cheap rental movies?

Nah, it was all a coincidence. How could I have known — how could my *subconscious* have known that those three movies had that one thing in common? I never even saw the previews. Did I really not want to get married so badly that I purposely without knowing it made him watch these three bad movies that all contained the same message?

It was what he *didn't* say that carried a lot of weight.

So when this punk rock friend of mine asked, "So, why marriage? Why get married?", I didn't give a straight answer. I couldn't think of a straight answer or a response that would even begin to articulate my jumbled thoughts and feelings. I was caught. Fixed in a spot that had me examining all my beliefs and trying to thread them together so that it all made sense.

I think that being tough and independent is part of the image a lot of self-described punk rockers try to put out there. They don't need to depend on anybody; it's all D.I.Y. Then, too, there is the anti-sentiment against everything that fucks with the little guy or that represents the smug, established, white, upper-middle class: anti-government, anti-law, anti-religion, anti-institution... which inevitably leads us to anti-marriage, because marriage is the biggest institution of them all, involving the government and legalities and religion. Why sign a piece of paper for the government, making it legal for you to get up in front of God (not to say that you believe one exists) and swear in front of witnesses that you will spend the rest of your life with another person? Doesn't that go against the

grain of everything punk rockers believe in?

So punk rockers don't believe in getting married, right?

But wait a minute. Isn't Sean a punk rocker? Hell, he puts out a punk rock magazine. He's the one who proposed. He should have been answering that question.

But when Tommy turned to him and asked the exact same question, he shrugged and in typical Sean fashion responded, "Uh, because Felizon wanted me to?"

Obviously, that was a good enough answer. Tommy nodded, accepted it, and then turned back to me. "So," he asked, "why marriage? Why get married?"

Like I said. I was stuck.

I'm not a self-proclaimed punk rocker. Sure, I embrace a lot of the music and the attitude and the sartorial style. At the same time, I can't define what constitutes a true punk rocker without running into all kinds of arguments from every other person who claims to live the punk rock lifestyle. I could easily explain it all away by saying that I'm not the definitive punk rocker and therefore *can* believe in marriage. But that doesn't really answer the question, and it raises more arguments than I want to tackle. Which leads us back to the question: Why get married?

Anyway, two weeks before the wedding I was already starting to ask myself the same thing and wondering if it was the best decision to make. After all, this was the rest of my life we were talking about. Was I ready to settle down and be with one man for the rest of our lives, which could be anywhere from sixty years to two months, provided that one of us didn't get run over riding his bike through busy city streets on the way to work (knock on wood)? I certainly didn't want to start a family any time in the near future. I had already given up my teaching tenure, salary, benefits, best friend, and beautiful little cottage in Cocoa Beach

to move across the country to a large city that I didn't particularly like, just so I could be with a man who I particularly liked and considered my significant other for the past eight years. In exchange for vowing to live with this man forever, I would no longer be able to stay up all night hanging out by myself in my own place on my own terms. Forget eating weird combinations of smelly ethnic food that would bother other people in the room, but which I could eat because there *were* no other people in the room. Forget not picking a damn thing off the floor, or watching bad tv in my pajamas at four in the afternoon, or working on various messy girly arts and crafts projects like restoring my most recently acquired Sea Wee doll from eBay. Forget any more celebration of singledom.

Not that Sean wouldn't let me do any of these things. He would, and he wouldn't care. But the fact remained that I wouldn't be able to kick him out of my apartment at the end of the evening. I wouldn't be able to leave his place to return to the comfort of my own nest. I would no longer have the luxury of sleeping alone in my own big bed.

I would no longer be alone.

It's true that I wanted to get married. When I was a lot younger, I wanted the big diamond, the big dress, the big wedding. In time, though, those things became less important when I started to realize that the person you dated had more to do with a nice marriage than things like spending a thousand bucks on a wedding cake. In time, what was more important to me was getting a commitment from a boyfriend whose only proposal was that we have a long-distance relationship after he moved to the opposite coast to go start a punk rock magazine. I wanted to know that being separated was only temporary. I needed tangible reassurance that I wouldn't be left to die miserable and alone. I thought that being engaged was the answer.

I think that I thought like a lot of other women do. I think that youth, insecurity, and inexperience contribute to a lot of girls wanting to get married and putting the pressure on their boyfriends. Someone once told me, "Every girl should live alone at least a year before she even starts to think about wanting to get married." I didn't pay much attention to those words at the time. I was too busy reading *The Rules*. But then time passed and, without purposely setting out to do so, I found myself living alone for well over the one year minimum. I had a significant other, but geography freed me of a co-dependent relationship in which the two people are constantly, physically together. I began to realize that being alone was good. I could do it. And I actually kind of liked it.

We thought it would be a good idea to set the wedding in my hometown on the North Shore of Oahu. We invited family

and close friends, and they all made plans to fly into Honolulu, from Sacramento and Los Angeles, Arizona and Texas, New York and Florida. It was set. We were getting married, and witnesses were coming from all over the mainland U.S. to see it happen.

The Tuesday prior to the wedding, Sean and I drove to the Honolulu Health Department to apply for a marriage license. The waiting area was poorly air-conditioned, and my hands sweat all over the form as I filled in the required infor-



mation. All of a sudden, it was becoming too real. Here we were, just a few days before the wedding, people spending thousands of dollars to see us get married, and the memory of Tommy's questions echoing my own thoughts. So, why marriage? Why get married? Was this what I really wanted?

We told everyone to be at the beach pavilion Saturday afternoon by five. Six people were staying at my parents' house, and there was only one bathroom. This resulted in my oldest brother running late and the wedding ceremony not taking place on the beach until right before sunset. The late afternoon sun behind our heads lent an amber light, the color of a glass of iced tea. Picture this wedding tableau: a frame of Australian pines gently rustling in the sea breeze, slow sets of waves rolling evenly along the shoreline, a sky free of clouds, a perfect sunset.

This had been our concept, sort of, but we hadn't planned it to be so frighteningly exact.

I know the stout, sunburned tourist appreciated the scene from where she lay on her flowered beach towel a few yards away.

Later, after the pictures had all been developed and Hawaii was once again a five-hour airplane flight away, I tried to go through the snapshots. I was searching for the perfect ones to send to family and friends who couldn't attend the wedding. There were so many posed shots of the bride and groom, and I could only stand to look at pictures of myself for so long that I promptly lost my ambition and turned to the wedding gifts instead.

It's official; I'm no longer single. We have posed pictures for documentation. But those shots aren't the most important thing to me. My favorites are the candid, the pictures of other people who flew out thousands of miles to be a part of it all. Pictures of strangers coming together to meet like old friends. Hugs, leis being exchanged, laughter. Guests arriving in aloha shirts, shorts, flip flops, and casual, breezy dresses. A reception held in an old plantation-style beach pavilion, complete with red painted picnic tables and layers of peeling tape left behind by generations of other parties. Centerpieces of ti leaves and tropical flowers that had been covertly picked by my brothers at a nearby beachside road. Everyone pitching in to help carry trays of sushi, shoyu chicken, and potato-macaroni salad from the catering van. A wedding dinner eaten off paper plates; pineapples as table decorations. Family and friends clinking plastic forks against aluminum cans of Hawaiian Sun, raising them high in the tradition of calling the newly married couple to kiss each other. White plumerias floating in water-filled glass bowls. An awkward kiss, a clumsy smile. Laughter.

So, why get married? Why marriage?

I never did answer Tommy. At the time, the reply wasn't there for me to give instantly. It wasn't so obvious. Rather than seeing the simple answer to a simple question, I'd made it much more complicated than it needed to be. It took a journey for me to arrive at the answer to my uncertainty.

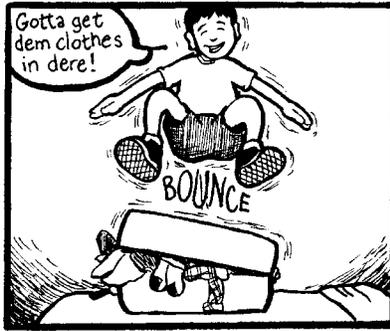
Because there it was, right in front of me. Under the glow of a few bare 75-watt light bulbs in an open-air pavilion and the light of the full moon, this was the culmination of our travels: my new husband and the people I loved, all congregated from thousands of miles away to be together on this little island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. A celebration of happiness and love.

Really, that's all there is to remember. I'll have Sean to remind me when I forget.

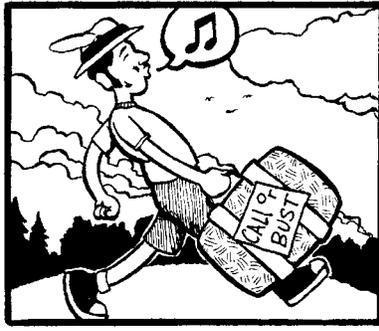
—Felizon



California! THE GOLDEN STATE. THE LAND OF DREAMS, WHERE EVERYONE HEADS IF THEY HAVE A VAGUE NOTION OF "MAKING IT." I WAS ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 2000.



I PACKED UP MY WORLDLY BELONGINGS AND BOARDED A TRAIN FOR SAN FRANCISCO. FILLED WITH HOPE AND ROMANTIC NOTIONS, I PUSHED ALL MY WORRIES TO THE BACK OF MY HEAD.



BUT ONE WORRY DID COME BACK AND GOT THE BEST OF ME!

Quake-O Phobia!

A comic by SHAWN GRANTON!

I'M A PRODUCT OF THE EAST COAST. I'VE DONE MY SHARE OF HEAT WAVES, COLD SNAPS, RAIN, SLEET, AND SNOW. I'VE EVEN EXPERIENCED A COUPLE OF HURRICANES! EARTHQUAKES, HOWEVER, ARE AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT MATTER.



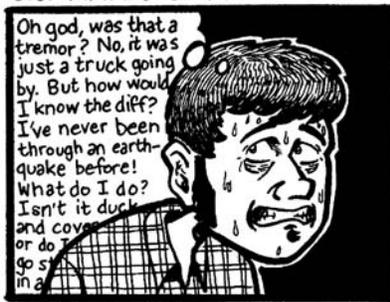
SURE, I CONSIDERED THE SEISMIC QUESTION BEFORE I TOOK THE WEST COAST PLUNGE. SO I CONSULTED SOME FELLOW EAST COAST TRANSPLANTS, WHO ASSURED ME:



I THOUGHT TO MYSELF, WELL THERE'S MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN CLOSE PROXIMITY TO THE SAN ANDREAS FAULT, WHERE THE FRICKING *BIG ONE* COULD HIT AT ANY TIME! IF THESE MULTITUDES CAN GO ABOUT THEIR LIVES IN SPITE OF THIS KNOWLEDGE, WHY COULDN'T I?



WELL, I *STILL* WORRIED ABOUT QUAKE THE ENTIRE TIME I LIVED IN THE BAY AREA, DESPITE ALL MY REASONING! THE FEAR THAT "THE BIG ONE" COULD HIT RIGHT NOW WAS ALWAYS THERE, AND I COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT



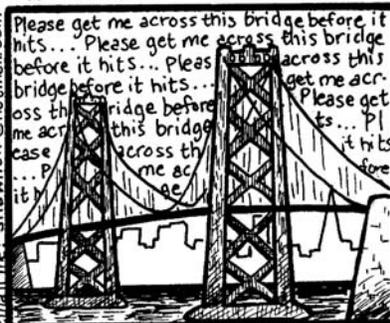
ANYTIME I VENTURED INTO A NEW PLACE, MY MIND RAN THROUGH VARIOUS ESCAPE ROUTES, "JUST IN CASE." DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO WAS PERCEIVED AS A TROUBLE ZONE.



WHEN I HAD TO RUN ERRANDS FOR WORK, SOMETIMES I WOULD WORRY THAT A QUAKE WOULD OCCUR WHILE I WAS OUT 'N' ABOUT, AND I WOULD RETURN TO WORK TO FIND MY BOSS DEAD UNDERNEATH THE RUBBLE OF THE COLLAPSED BUILDING.



THE WORST WAS WHEN I MADE MY TWICE-DAILY CROSSING OF THE BAY BRIDGE (REMEMBER THE LOMA PRIETA QUAKE OF '89?) THERE, MY PARANOIA WENT INTO OVERDRIVE!



FINALLY, AFTER DEALING WITH TOO MUCH HEAVY SHIT (SIDES THE QUAKE PHOBIA) I HAD TO LEAVE THE BAY AREA. PORTLAND WAS CHOSEN TO BE MY DESTINATION. THE DAY BEFORE I LEFT, SOMEONE ASKED ME WHERE I WAS HEADING. WHEN I TOLD HER, SHE SAID:



THERE WAS A MAJOR QUAKE IN THE NORTH-WEST *THE DAY BEFORE* I LEFT THE BAY AREA! AND I THOUGHT I ONLY HAD TO WORRY ABOUT VOLCANOES UP HERE! SHOWS YOU WHAT I KNOW!



shawn granton *sept 2002

the JEWWS

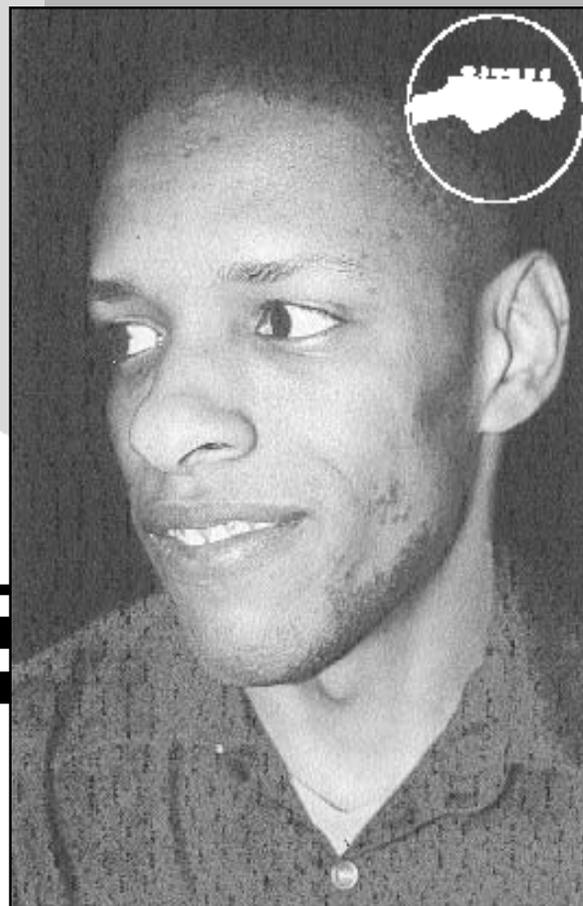
Interview: Megan Pants * Photos: Retodd

heard of (Or, in my case, a band I couldn't place the name to the sound.) These influences are flaunted throughout their songs, but the sound doesn't come off as stolen. It's completely their own. Completely genuine. And completely rocking. You're left with the nostalgic feel of rediscovering a

With the release of their album, *L'explosion du son de maintenant!* (The Now Sound Explosion!), I began to wonder if the Jewws are the "now sound." Probably a bit too much. I even checked the dictionary: "Now. *slang.* currently fashionable; trendy." That made my thinking even more

cloudy. While others are so focused on how to fit under the label of garage, the Jewws are too busy cranking out some of the best music around. Their secret is that they love music. They've done their homework. It shows. Talk to them for fifteen minutes and they'll bring up a readily accessible band that you've never

favorite record you'd misplaced. It's fresh and new and raw, but there's history. So are they the now sound? The then sound? The soon sound? I don't know. They've created something beyond all that. One thing is for certain: as long as they're playing, I'll be rockin' to the Space City beat.



Megan: Have you ever been asked to play a bar/bat mitzvah?

All: No.

Megan: Have you ever gotten the feeling that you've been incredibly misbilled for a show?

Matt: We opened for the Butthole Surfers the other day.

Megan: How'd you get that?

Matt: They asked us to play, so I don't know how misbilled that is if they wanted us to play.

Retodd: How did it go?

Matt: Great. It was fun. It was a club in Houston that we forbid ourselves from playing. It has to be an amazing show for us to even go there. Supposedly King Coffee is a fan and wanted us to play. And they played all old stuff, so it wasn't totally crazy.

Megan: Is it true that they wanted you to play, but the club went and booked someone else?

Matt: Yeah.

Omari: That's to be expected from this place, though. It's no shocker for us.

Rebecca: It's the worst club - Fitzgeralds in Houston. They suck.

Megan: They rape children.

Rebecca: Yeah, they support child labor.

Matt: They print their tickets with fetus ink.

Megan: How did you find out they wanted you to play?

Omari: [to Matt] Didn't you find out?

Matt: Well, basically you were at the practice space at the same time I was talking to a

friend of mine. Simultaneously, two different people were like, "Yeah, we heard you guys were playing with the Butthole Surfers." We were like, "Noooo..." Nobody from the club bothered to call us. I got a hold of their booking agent. I was like, "What's the deal?" and they were like, "We want you to play." So I called the club back, the club was like, [snotty business-guy voice] "Yeah, they want you to play." We had to beg and plead and sell my soul to get fifty dollars and beer tickets.

Retodd: For the whole band?

Matt: Yeah.

Rebecca: But the Buttholes let us have their beer.

Matt: Because they're all AA now.

Retodd: What kind of beer do the Buttholes

Bussom fox seeks the biggest loser reading this paper right now to follow me around and creep me out.

drink?

Matt: It was a grab-bag of really nice beer.

Rebecca: Red Stripe.

Omari: And soda.

Matt: They didn't drink any beer. After the show, Paul Leary and King Coffee had one beer apiece. They didn't even drink it all.

Rebecca: We drank all their beer.

Megan: Who is Baron Von Rock?

Omari: That's a good question.

Megan: On your liner notes you have something written by Ray Price from Crack Pipe. I went to their site and they had all these essays written by Baron Von Rock. One of them was called *We Can Make the World a Better Place to Live* and I thought you had maybe gotten the title for your album from that essay.

Omari: No, I've never seen the Crack Pipe's website, actually.

Rebecca: But tell us the story.

Megan: There's a section of it that goes: "The explosion of rock-n-roll/the intense NOW FEELING/the NOW SOUND."

Omari: It's a slight sort of underground buzz phrase from the '60s: "the now sound." And me and Ray are on the same wavelength when it comes to that kind of stuff.

Megan: And is the reason it's in French mostly because it was released on a Belgian label?

Rebecca: Because it sounds hot!

Omari: It's mod and hip.

Rebecca: It sounds hot.

Megan: What made you

decide to release all of your stuff on vinyl rather than CD and vinyl?

Rebecca: Nobody's come to us with...

Omari: It's kind of just worked out that way. It wasn't a decision. Europeans buy vinyl, Americans don't. That's pretty much it.

Matt: Americans do, but American labels are so just reluctant nowadays to put out the vinyl because you just don't make the money off of it.

Omari: It's more expensive and you charge less for it.

Matt: If somebody wanted to put out a CD for us, we'd be all for it. It wasn't a conscious thing, it's just that no one's asked.

Megan: Rebecca, what's the Hair Squad?

Rebecca: That's Junior Varsity, isn't it?

Matt: Hey, she did her research.

Rebecca: Damn, that's my little hair cutting thing...

Matt: Clique.

Rebecca: ...I've got the girls that I make model my hair-do's.

Megan: What kind of hair-do's?

Rebecca: I just cut their hair for free and they're like, "Okay, it doesn't suck that bad."

Matt: She did some DIY dye-jobs in there, too.

Rebecca: I like to do my own hair, too. I do my mom's hair. She's in the Squad.

Retodd: Do you have headshots of them all?

Rebecca: I need to get some. I don't have 'em yet.

Omari: She's not that pro, yet.

Rebecca: I cut my own hair.

Megan: Me too.

Rebecca: It's so much cheaper.

Megan: And you have no one to bitch at but yourself if it looks bad.

Rebecca: Exactly.

Megan: You have Mel Brooks and Bill Cosby sampled on the album. What do you find yourself quoting?

Rebecca: Seinfeld.

Omari: That's too much. Anything.

Matt: Don Rickles. We're always saying, "Hello, dummy."

Retodd: Any other direct quotes that you can think of?

Omari: No.

Matt: No, you always say, "Why make billions when you can make millions?"

Omari: No, that's just my little tag on my e-mail: "Why make *trillions* when we can make *millions*?"

Matt: I'm always quoting some comedian and trying to pass it off like I came up with it. You say it, then you kind of look out the corner of your eye at the person. Ehhhhhhh?! Are you gonna buy that I came up with that, or...

Omari: It works either way, 'cause if they recognize it...

Matt: You're down.

Megan: You're in.

Matt: "Oh, you're down with Sinbad?!"

Megan: "I saw that Star Search episode." Okay, your 10" was released on Remedial Records out of Houston, your 7" on Alien Snatch from Germany, and your LP is out of Belgium on **RAZORCAKE** 41



Demolition Derby. Why have you gone through all those routes? Or is that just how they've come to you?

Omari: The single and the LP both came about because of the 10", which made it to Europe, and people really dug it. That's about it.

Rebecca: They both happened to come from the same spot.

Matt: I wouldn't imagine that we're too par-



Omari: *We've never gone with the what-can-we-do-to-make-it-sound-crappy idea.*

ticularly picky about who we would put out a record with, but they asked.

Omari: They're both great.

Matt: They're nice guys to work with.

Omari: Yeah. Daniel from Alien Snatch and Chris from Demolition Derby are both awesome.

Retodd: How did Sam (Remedial Records) find you guys?

Omari: Houston. I think he saw us when we played Austin with the Headcoats, which was a huge show. It was our first Austin show. I think he saw us there when he used to live there.

Rebecca: Tim, did he get us on that show?

Omari: Tim Kerr (Big Boys) was the one setting up the show.

Megan: How did you get involved with Tim?

Omari: Tim, we just met because he's a total Austin scenester. He's pretty much a

friend/mentor to us, like he is to tons of people in Texas.

Rebecca: Sugar Shack knew him, so they hooked us up.

Omari: Sugar Shack was supposed to play and cancelled. They were like, "Well, we just played with this band, The Jewws, a month ago and they can play."

Rebecca: And then everybody went to that show, so everybody saw us there.

Megan: What was one band that you heard all the time as a kid, like your parent's favorite band, that you hated, but over time have come to appreciate and now you like them?

Matt: For me, Fleetwood Mac. I kind of like Fleetwood Mac now. You know, hot tub, roll a doobie, listen to some Fleetwood Mac, drink some sangria.

Retodd: Then you find out that Stevie Nicks has had cocaine blown up her ass, that kind of thing.

Matt: That makes it even more so. But I could not have hated a band more when I was a kid. They haven't won me over with the James Taylor yet. I can't go there.

Omari: For me, it's either stuff that my mom played for me as a kid, I liked then and I still like now, or it's... Barry Mannilow's never gonna happen. My mom listened to good music, I have to say.

Megan: Like what?

Omari: Stevie Wonder, blues, Lightnin' (Sam) Hopkins. You can't go wrong with that.

Matt: My folks didn't listen to Lightnin' Hopkins, that's for sure.

Rebecca: I don't have one for that.

Omari: Anita Baker.

Rebecca: Awww I don't like her, man. No way.

Omari: I'm not going to say that I like it, but I can't say it's terrible. I can't say that it's bad and I hate it.

Rebecca: My mom plays it *every* fuckin' day. Every fuckin' day I hear some [inaudible high pitched singing.]

Omari: That was just when I was really young.

Rebecca: My parents got bad taste. My dad likes AC/DC, but I already liked them, so I guess that doesn't count.

Retodd: What's the worst band that your parents listen to, like Slipknot or something?

Rebecca: No, my dad listens to Creed. He likes the Who, but he listens to Creed.

Omari: He knew about Blue Cheer and the

Thirteenth Floor Elevators.

Rebecca: He didn't play it when I was a kid. He never told us about it.

Omari: He just knew about it.

Rebecca: He's like, "I used to surf and throw rock concerts."

Omari: "I used to go see those bands, I saw Jimi Hendrix."

Rebecca: "I saw Jimi Hendrix." Like when I'm twenty, he tells me.

Megan: I grew up listening to the Kingston Trio, and my dad listens to good music.

Retodd: I still rock the Kingston Trio! [laughter followed by a long silence, all looking at Retodd, followed by another round of laughter]

Megan: Omari, you're doing an independent study in audio engineering, which has probably helped you guys out since you've done mixing and producing on the albums. Do you think that it has allowed you to have a sound that a lot of bands don't have right now? With you it seems like it's a dirty sound that's well recorded.

Omari: Yeah, the dirt is there because... it's already there. Our records are pretty much live. You're not going to see us play live and think it's something, like, "This is a whole different thing from what I hear on the recording." I mean, they're pretty hi-fi.

Matt: They're just recorded live and strictly analog.

Omari: We've never gone with the what-can-we-do-to-make-it-sound-crappy idea.

Matt: I couldn't have been more skeptical when Omari was going to mix it, I mean just to be honest. I think he did an awesome job on it. I think it sounds great.

Megan: I agree.

Matt: There goes the head. Pwiiiiissssh.

Rebecca: Whoooo.

Omari: I think I did awesome, too.

Matt: See what I mean!

Omari: No, it was fun. It was super-fun doing it.

Rebecca: Tell them where you did it.

Omari: What?

Rebecca: The studio.

Omari: Oh, it's researchable, it's not a secret. I did it all by myself for two days. It was awesome.

Rebecca: It was at...

Megan: Sugar Hill, wasn't it? Where Big Bopper...

Rebecca: Yeah, and Destiny's...

Megan: Child.

Omari: It's *rumored* that Big Bopper -no tapes are left over.

Megan: It's on their site.

Omari: Yeah, well no one else makes the claim, so...

Megan: Those are the two names I can remember: the Big Bopper and Destiny's Child.

Omari: Archie Bell and the Drells. There's a million things. No one cares that Sir Douglas Quintet recorded something there besides us.

Matt: We have a friend in Houston. It's not his full-time job, but he does music research and he's there all the time at Sugar Hill. Just digging **RAZORCAKE 43**

through piles and piles of tapes. [thick Texas accent] "Oh man. I just found that blah blah blah recorded another song here. I found it. Oh Boy."

Rebecca: "Don't you have it already?"

Matt: "No, you just found the tape!" He's super-collector-weirdo-freak.

Megan: What exactly is the difference between mixing, mastering, and producing?

Omari: The thing about a producer is that there are no qualifications. Anybody can say, "Oh, I'm a producer." It pretty much just has to do with developing the sound of an album.

Retodd: In what way? Money?

Megan: Is it more like picking instruments?

Omari: The executive producer, that's the guy that pays for it, and he probably wasn't even there when it happened. The producer, it could be any level, sometimes a producer is just a named slapped on there to sell albums and sometimes it's the guy who's completely responsible for the album being good. It's pretty much a person who is not in the band, doesn't work for the studio, but is there to somehow shape the sound or outcome of the record. Mixing is the actual adjusting of knobs and EQs, that's the hands-on, that's multi-track. Mixing is working with the full multi-track. Mastering is just working with the stereo that you eventually play at home. Mixing is just going from multi-track to two-track, which is stereo.

Matt: Turning recording tapes into something you can print a CD off of, or an LP off of.

Omari: Yeah and then mastering is the refining of that two-track that was mixed into the final product.

Megan: So is that what you're planning on doing? Do you want to start working with other bands, recording?

Omari: Yeah, producing is awesome because you can kind of be the guy in charge without doing any work. You don't turn any knobs, you don't have to really *do* anything. Your opinion is just thrown around and you get away with it that way.

Megan: Do you have another day job?

Omari: Not right now. I'm about to go back to school and actually pay more to learn more stuff.

Megan: Do either of you have day jobs and do you think that they either contribute or detract from the band?

Rebecca: I have a day job, but it's just a crap retail job. It does help me pay for the stuff to go on tour, so I guess it helps. But I have to work, and work sucks. Matt saves lives.

Megan: You're a nurse, right?

Matt: Yeah, I'm a nurse. I work in a cardiac cath. lab where people go after they have heart attacks and...

Retodd: Cath? Is that catheter?

Matt: Yeah. We just inject dye into people's hearts and see where the problem is.

Retodd: Have you saved any babies?

Matt: We don't do pediatrics at all, which is good because babies are dirty. They poop everywhere. They don't have any control.

Wait a minute, kind of like old people. I worked in ICU for six or seven years, so now I have kind of a cush job, much more mellow. I get off at three every day, no weekends, six weeks vacation every year – so I'm getting paid right now to be here.

Megan: That helps.

Matt: I'm the yuppie of the band.

Megan: How did you get involved with Brian Teasley (Man... Or Astro-Man)?

Omari: Who is Brian Teasley?

Megan: Birdstuff.

Omari: Ohhhh. The whole Man... Or Astro-Man thing is just that they opened up for business. The studio that they always recorded in...

Megan and Retodd: Zero Returns?

Omari: Yeah. I just saw it and called them up. That's pretty much all there is to that little story.

Rebecca: I think that guy was in a mouthwash commercial, that Brian guy. He looks like a guy in a mouthwash commercial.

Matt: Why do you say that?

Omari: I think she's saying he really looks like a guy in a mouthwash commercial.

Rebecca: Yeah!

Matt: There's no other level to that.

Retodd: Does he smile a lot?

Rebecca: No, he just looks like him, some-



Matt: You know, hot tub, roll a doobie, listen to some Fleetwood Mac, drink some sangria.

how. Every time it comes on I'm like, "Hey, that looks like that guy! It could be him."

Megan: What was the last good book that you read?

Rebecca: *The Outsiders* in high school.

Omari: [to Matt] You bought some books recently, ones without pictures, right? Matt's the one who reads.

Matt: *In Search for Captain Zero (A Surfer's Road Trip Beyond the End of the Road)*. It's about this guy who grew up in New York and moved to surf and then gave it all up. He was

a real estate agent, or something, and bought a truck. Where I'm at now, he's driving down to Baja, Mexico. He gave it all up and is living this wild, nomadic lifestyle. He gets into all this trouble, sells hash.

Retodd: Who's the author?

Matt: Allan Weisbecker.

Omari: I don't really read books, a lot of magazines. I read a lot of book reviews. I feel that I get the gist of them that way.

Megan: Matt, what trick were you trying to pull when you broke your arm?

Matt: Omari's going to laugh.

Omari: How'd you know that? That was a long time ago.

Matt: I was nineteen. In my college town there was a cement ditch. There was a gradual downhill and it had a hip. It turned a corner almost ninety degrees, so you could go over the hip and go down the other side. I was trying to do an air over that and I landed too far back and slammed colossally and the bone went through the skin. It was bad. I was trying to do an air. In a ditch. Anyone who's skated a ditch knows it's the dumbest thing you could ever try. Well, the really dumb thing was I came all the way down this sidewalk, up this hill. I was going about four thousand miles an hour. I went out. I went out pro.

Megan: Any other injuries you're proud of?

[Matt holds up his bandaged palm from a skating accident the day before, which he'd been telling and retelling his bandmates about on the drive from El Paso to LA]

Megan: Except the new one!

Omari: I've never broken anything.

Retodd: Knock on some wood!

Omari: I hurt myself pretty often. I heard Tony Hawk's only broken his wrist once. That's pretty amazing.

Rebecca: He's just one of *those* kinds of guys, though.

Omari: What kind of guy is that? Lucky?

Rebecca: Yeah, one of *those* guys.

Megan: Have you broken anything?

Rebecca: I haven't broken anything.

Megan: Other than hearts!

Rebecca: I sprained my ankle at a Biohazard show. The worst part was that I was all excited because

we were all under age and it was supposed to be eighteen and up. I was like fourteen or fifteen. I was like, "Biohazard, man!" They were playing with DFL, and I liked DFL, too. No one else liked them because they were all metalheads. I was all excited, so I started running around the club. It was only me and my brother, because we were the only ones who liked them. I fell and fuckin' busted it and everyone looked at me. All the metalheads were like, "You dumbass."

Omari: It was the guy from Biohazard that got you in.

Rebecca: I know! The guy from Biohazard goes, "Man, it's not right. You kids shouldn't be not able to get let in. I'm not gonna stand for that." Then he goes and talks to some guy. Then he

makes me take some sort of oath shit where he's like, "You gotta promise me you won't drink, 'cause if you drink it just ruins the respect you got with me and my band." I'm like, "Uhhhh, all right, just let me in."

Megan: Didn't you kind of pay that favor back? You took off your wristband and had it passed back out to someone so she could get in?

Rebecca: Yeah, that was at South by Southwest. I passed it to Jennifer. I already knew her, but she was broke. I did it real obviously, but...

Omari: Where did you get that from? That's creepy, I don't know...

Megan: Yeah, and I talked to your mom the other day...

Retodd: She did, actually.

Omari: Whose? My mom?

Megan: Yeah.

Omari: Oh...she's nice.

Megan: She was very nice.

Matt: It was the sweetest Douglas family farewell in the front yard when we left on tour. It was his dad, his mom...

Omari: That reminds me, she gave me the phone card so I wouldn't have an excuse not to call every two days. I haven't called.

Matt: His dad gave the van the once-over and was surprised. "This looks like a van that might make it. I thought ya'll would be in some hunka crap."

Rebecca: Cheech and Chong hunk of crap.

Matt: Oh yeah, he made a Cheech and Chong joke. I think your dad was high, actually. He was huggin' us and saying, "Aww man, I'm excited for ya'll." It was really sweet. It was awesome.

Megan: What other band do you get compared to the most that you just don't agree with?

Matt: That's easy. The Gories.

Omari: That came up in the very beginning because people had no clue.

Retodd: Hey Mick Collins, how are you?!

Rebecca: You guys are black?!

Matt: Does that make me Danny?

Retodd: If so, you have to start wearing little speedos.

Rebecca: I'm Peg, so I'm still cool.

Megan: What was the last petty argument you had with each other?

Rebecca: Probably right before we got here.

Matt: I know this one, too. Omari and Rebecca just got into an argument because she asked Omari to help carry her amp. He said no, but was joking and she got upset. She thought he really meant no and then Omari...

Omari: I don't think that's a petty argument.

Matt: That's totally petty! 'Cause you were, [Omari voice]"I was joking. You never know when I'm joking." [Rebecca voice] "Well sometimes you're serious!" and then it was over.

Rebecca: We've known each other a very long time.

Matt: Usually it centers around Rebecca. It could be Rebecca and anyone else.

Rebecca: Whatever.

Omari: You know what, I'll say it right now. I love Rebecca, but she's so *weird*. I haven't

figured her out. That's why I'm...

Matt: You're breaking up the band!

Omari: That's why I'm like, "Dude, if you ever need help, don't carry that amp by yourself, come and tell me." Then she's like, "Could you help me?" and I'm like, "No!" and she's like, "Well I'll just get someone else!"

Matt: That's when you say, "Okay, I'll help you carry the amp."

Omari: But I do that to everyone!

Matt: You should say, "Let's go get that amp, Rebecca. We can do it as a team!"

Omari: That's just weird.

Matt: Then you skip out to the van and, "Whooooo we got it!"

Omari: If it was someone I just met yesterday I wouldn't do that, but come on!

Matt: That was part of the argument, too. Omari goes, "How long have you known me?!"

Megan: You met in high school, right?

Omari: Pretty much the end of high school.

Rebecca: On the school bus. We lived in the same neighborhood.

friends that I'm still friends with. We just hung out every day and drank beer.

Rebecca: Smoked pot.

Matt: It was kind of a hippie environment.

Megan: Talked about love.

Matt: Drink beer, play volleyball, get a sun-tan.

Rebecca: Hackeysack.

Matt: It was a fun town. I had a fun time there, but I think it had a lot to do with the friends that I had, not so much the town.

Rebecca: [whispering] He met his wife there.

Megan: Last question. Write a personal ad for the band member to your right.

Matt: I'll go first. [to Omari] Can I paraphrase your personal ad? Your real personal ad?

Megan: You had a real one?

Rebecca: In the last issue of *Bust Magazine*, in the back.

Matt: How about: Slender go-getter seeks fellow tiger to rev it up in bed. Long walks on the beach and poetry suck, so let's do the pony.

Omari: Oh, man, I can't even get into this. I pass, I'm not witty.



Rebecca: All the metalheads were like, "You dumbass."

Retodd: Do you remember the first conversation you guys had?

Rebecca: I think I was like, "Ummm do you listen to music? What are you listenin' to right now?" "Minor Threat."

Matt: They had a deep debate over the Rolling Stones Brian Jones vs. Mick Taylor then they compared different mics. "I find that this mic works better for recording drums." "You're right, Rebecca. Let's hang out."

Megan: What's there to do in Nagocdoches, oldest town in Texas?

Matt: Nothing, break your arm skateboarding. Bars close at midnight, and there's no bars. There's no bar that you just walk into.

Retodd: Parking lots?

Matt: No, clubs. So there's always a bar, but then there's this huge dance floor with loud dance music and it's really annoying. I was lucky and fell into a really good group of

Matt: C' mon, for Rebecca.

Rebecca: He's gonna be like, "She's weird."

Matt: I can do Rebecca, I can do everybody. I'll do ya'll next. Early twenties. Buxom fox seeks the biggest loser reading this paper right now to follow me around and creep me out. Hey hey, let's talk about the Makers. I can cut your hair. There it is. Now do one for me.

Megan: I thought you could do them all.

Matt: Oh, I can do me.

Rebecca: Single and ready to mingle.

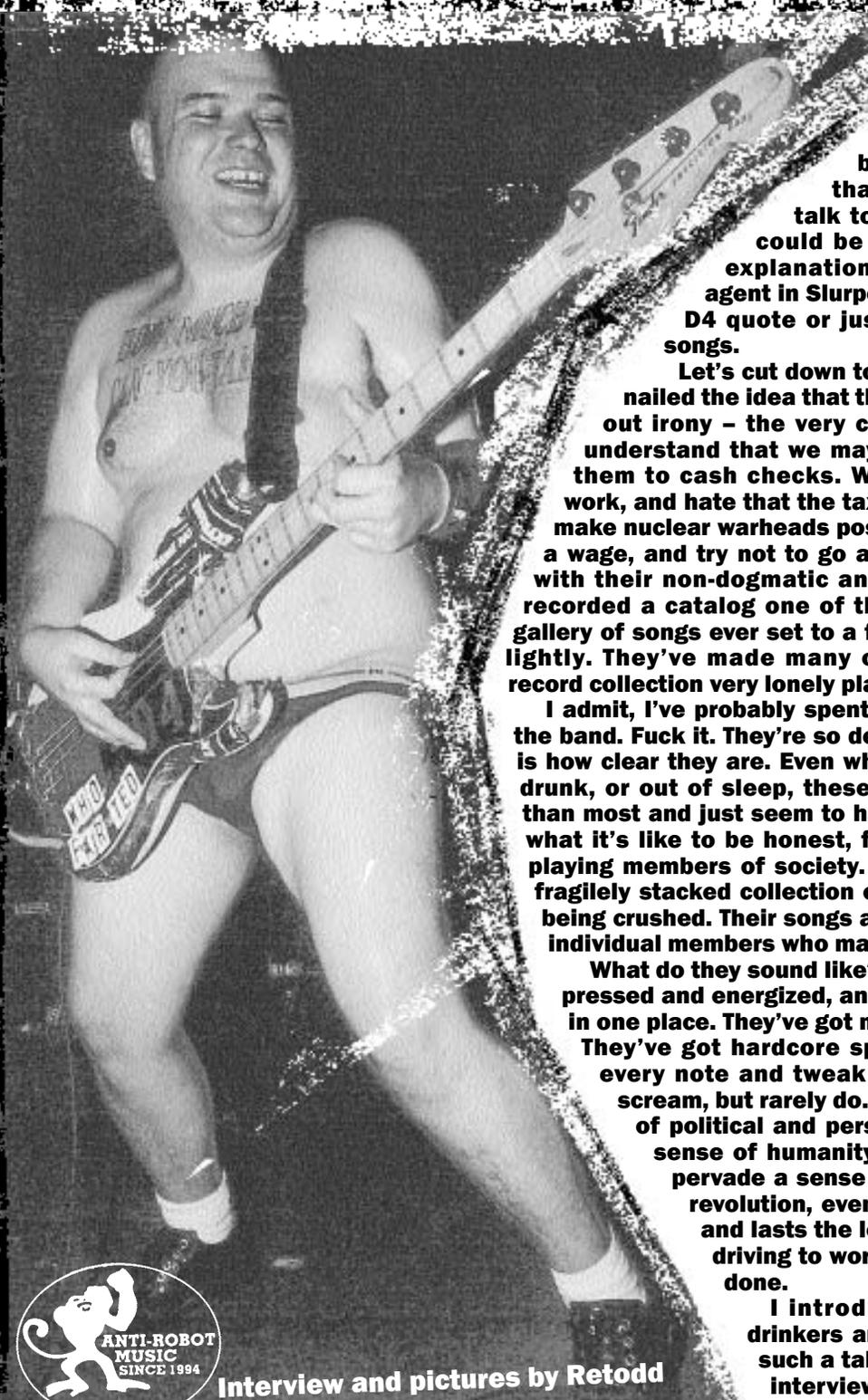
Matt: Aging hipster seeks attractive, thick bottomed bartender in the El Paso area to invent drinks with and...

Megan: Maybe more.

Matt: Yeah, and maybe more...I'm tougher than your baby daddy. I'm moving to El Paso.



DILLINGER FOUR



sound like a stalker when talking about Minneapolis's Dillinger Four. They've been my favorite band for several years now, and that fact's pretty obvious. If you talk to me for over half an hour – it could be over meat loaf recipes or an explanation why there's an anti-foaming agent in Slurpees – I could pull out a relevant D4 quote or just start humming one of their songs.

Let's cut down to the simplest of facts. D4 have nailed the idea that the culture that kills us is – without irony – the very culture that gives us life. They understand that we may hate banks, but have to use them to cash checks. We may hate our bosses, hate work, and hate that the taxes taken out of our paychecks make nuclear warheads possible, but we have to live, earn a wage, and try not to go abso-fucking-lutely crazy. Along with their non-dogmatic and smart-as-hell ethic, they've recorded a catalog one of the most ballistically accurate gallery of songs ever set to a four/ four beat. I don't say this lightly. They've made many once-coveted sections of my record collection very lonely places.

I admit, I've probably spent too much time thinking about the band. Fuck it. They're so dead on. What gets me about D4 is how clear they are. Even when they think they're jumbled, drunk, or out of sleep, these bastards are more insightful than most and just seem to have a deeper understanding of what it's like to be honest, funny, hard-working, and hard-playing members of society. This isn't a band that's like a fragiley stacked collection of potato chips on the brink of being crushed. Their songs are steamrollers and so are the individual members who make up the Four.

What do they sound like? Everything in punk rock, compressed and energized, and nothing you've ever heard all in one place. They've got melodies but aren't saccharine. They've got hardcore speed and agility, but they hit every note and tweak the sonics. They can full-out scream, but rarely do. Topically, think along the lines of political and personal punk that hasn't lost its sense of humanity, its sense of durability. They pervade a sense that everyone is included in a revolution, even if that revolution is of sound and lasts the length of an album when you're driving to work or taking your laundry to get done.

I introduce to you a band of heavy drinkers and thinkers, D4, and since I'm such a talker, this is the first half of the interview I did with them. The second half will run in the next issue. Enjoy.



Interview and pictures by Retodd

Todd: I've read in a couple places where people are purporting Dillinger Four as the saviors of punk rock. [laughter]

Erik: I think you wrote that.

Todd: No [laughing, then thinking]... I didn't. I'm a little bit smarter than that. I can see the context that you're working in. It's not a vacuum. There are bands that are your peers: The Thumbs, Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission, Toys That Kill, The Arrivals, Tiltwheel, Panthro UK United 13.

Paddy: I don't think there's any sort of savior anything. I think every couple years, something pops up. At the same time, I don't want to think of it as a renaissance because punk is no one definitive thing. It's not like anybody's going to save it. It's kind of the same way, a couple years ago, pretty much ninety-nine percent of what I bought was thousand-mile-an-hour thrash because there was a brilliant period of three years where there was just phenomenal records coming out, but that didn't necessarily mean that there weren't great things like Panthro UK and The Beltones, stuff like that. There was this one genre that really honed down and had this great stretch. No one can save it. That's all I really wanted to say. There's nothing to save. It ain't dying. And if it is

be pro. You just want to play the music that you want to play, even if doesn't sound like everything else that everybody else is doing.

Todd: But not fall into a lot of the same traps that earlier bands fell into.

Paddy: Right.

Todd: Becoming a little more savvy, business-wise doesn't mean you have to adopt the asshole, cutthroat attitude.

Paddy: Right, and just because you enjoy a beer or twelve doesn't necessarily mean that you're a dirtbag, and by the same token, it shouldn't be your schtick. It's kind of weird. We've met a lot of bands that we see eye-to-eye. It's kind of hard to explain. I see what you mean. I think there is kind of a renaissance of catchy punk that isn't pop punk, per se, and I would put us in there with that. I like to call it aggro pop. Shit, like I've said before, if the Clash's debut record or Sham 69 came out today, they'd be pop punk bands.

Lane: It's all quasi-social, semi-political, semi-melodic beer punk.

Todd: How do you actively avoid becoming what you hate?

Paddy: We don't. It sort of just comes naturally.

Lane: Change your standards.

holed, the more opportunity you have to become what you hate. You're stuck within a narrow definition of what you accept, but if you accept a broader range of ideas and different legitimacies, then there's less fear of that happening to you. There are still things that you absolutely wouldn't do and you would hate to be, but those things are probably always going to be off limit. You just have a wider range that you're able to operate within.

Erik: There are things that we do now that we probably didn't think we ever would. That's just reality, but that doesn't mean that I hate myself or we hate ourselves because of that. It's just that you live and learn things, essentially. There are things that are universal truths within this group of four people that will probably never change.

Lane: In my definition, there are a couple things that I would never want to become. There aren't many things that I hate, but one has to do with work. If you're ever in the position of being a manager or a boss, never forgetting what it's like to be the person doing the shitwork. The other thing, as far as the band goes is, hopefully, you're successful in an ethical way and don't forget what it's like to play to ten people or try to scrape

Paddy: It's my right to say that the government's shit and it's my right to say I deserve an honest wage and make that a law.

dying, it's usually better when it's dying anyway.

Erik: The places or people who seem to write that usually tend to be in larger publications, where I'm sure a lot of what they tend to cover is the larger labels, the larger package tours, the larger bands, and a lot of those bands can be great, but there is a certain amount of more of the same. A lot of those bands tend to operate the same way.

Paddy: And sound the same. Look the same.

Erik: Right. And then we come in, and to them, we are on the same type of record label and all that, but we have sort of a contrary attitude to what they're used to. The not touring so much thing. The not tuning so much thing. All those things. We probably stick out.

Todd: They've even called you out for the hand-writing of your lyrics.

Erik: That's not saving anything. I think so many bands are basically doing things the same way in that world and we're a band that sort of had one foot in that world and one foot not, and they think, "Oh, this band is changing everything."

Paddy: Even the bands I've mentioned - including the High Stepping Nickel Kids from Boston - people doing something different, none of us really sound the same. I think it's more of an attitude thing. You know what I mean? You don't really want to

Paddy: Honestly, follow your gut.

Erik: Everybody goes through periods where they realize - it's that thing that you're becoming your parents. Everyone, whether it's just bands or people, go through that. You start to realize, Ben Weasel wrote it in a song: "we become what we hate." He wasn't talking about bands. He was talking about people. That's just something everyone goes through. I look at myself and think, wow, I never thought I'd be comfortable with myself being this way, but I am.

Billy: You don't have to be so dogmatic, where you're afraid to change your position from five years ago.

Paddy: Even in more of a scene or music sense, we have a tendency to buy a lot more records and go to a lot more shows than most people I know in bands. It tends to be a trend, especially people in punk bands, if they get any sort of notoriety, any sort of popularity, they become bigger fans of jazz or more sort of - some may say experimental music - I would just say anything opposite of punk. Then they get removed from it, and then weird decisions start getting made because they view themselves in this broader world and I don't really think we tend to do that. We know what we like and we're comfortable existing within it.

Lane: In a weird way, it's a trick question because it's kind of like - Billy used the word dogmatic - the more you're pigeon-

together gas money or try to do those things that bands do to struggle to get their music out there.

Paddy: That's the funny thing in the punk scene that everybody says and it's totally true, but nobody will say it in front of certain people, is you will see a band play to twelve people who should be playing to five thousand and you'll see a band playing to two thousand who shouldn't be playing to anybody. We tend to be really good at looking at something for what it is. You're the little band that might not necessarily draw a ton of people, but we're going to offer you a bunch of money to play with us because we like you and we want you to play with us. If we have that opportunity, we'll take advantage of it just because we want to see you and we know our friends will like you. But the flip side is also, too, this may be the big, ritzy venue, but, hey, fuck you, your sound sucked and your bouncers were dicks. And, yeah, maybe it's a notch in our belt that we got to play here, but we don't have to.

Todd: Is it true that you guys brought about the reincarnation of The Arrivals?

Paddy: Yeah.

Erik: According to them.

Billy: That's a feel good moment.

Paddy: I think that's the thing I'm the most proud of as far as that whole relationship with other bands. We all loved the CD and called them up and we said,

"Who is this band that nobody we know in Chicago knows?" We just got a message to them, saying, "Can you come up and do these two shows?" And we found out later, they were already basically broken up. Isaac and his wife, Sue, were joining the Peace Corps. They decided to come up and do the shows. Little Dave from The Arrivals had come to see us for years. We'd kind of met him before.

Erik: His first show was a Dillinger Four show, when there was only three people in Dillinger Four.

Paddy: They came up to do the shows and they went so well, they were kind of, "Huh, well, maybe we should keep on doing this." It's funny. It's great. Now, we've taken them out east with us, we've taken them out west, and all of our friends whose taste we respect have all walked away going, "God damn. That's a motherfuckin' band." It's funny, too, because it sucks that they ever

guitar parts are because I think that Erik's an excellent guitar player, as is Billy.

Erik: With a lot of things, even now as much as then, there is not much thought behind it. It's sort of random.

Lane: I'm really scraping the back of mind, but there's some suggestion and maybe I'm still off base here, that we were actually going to get a front man or a guy who was just going to sing and that was going to be the fourth man. This is ancient history.

Todd: Going into the present tense. Why is an American flag put so predominantly on the cover of *Situationist Comedy*?

Billy: We've always flirted with Americana.

Paddy: It's kind of like a "Fuck you, we'll take it back." It's almost a spite thing, like it's so predictable to be punk and hate the American flag, but it's weird, because, yeah, it represents everything you hate, but on the other hand, it represents what we are. A lot of people who have never left America, I

of a default thing for me.

Paddy: To be honest with you, there's also the sarcasm. The two records (*Midwestern Songs of the Americas* is the other) that we have had, well, there is the three, because *Vs. God* had it on the insert, if people look at how they're used, it's making a point. The tattered one in the window, the tattered one at the cemetery, and the one behind a gorilla.

Lane: The founding fathers did not mean for the American flag to be held up in back of a gorilla. That's not proper etiquette. And it was probably dropped at least once during that photo shoot.

Paddy: It's kind of also like the same way where a conservative politician can say, "How can you spite the American flag? It means more than you'll ever know." Yep. It means more than you even know, and not in a patriotic sense at all. Purely, if this is a symbol of freedom, then I have a freedom to use it and say what I want. It's flippin' the

Erik: I can't verify if my parents have ever had any sort of sex.

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broke up, but they're the kind of band... they're too good of guys. It makes sense that they'd broken up at the point that they did. They'd never think, "Man, things aren't going right. We better get a manager. Let's shop around." It was kind of like, "Hey, things aren't going well. I'm going to join the Peace Corps." "Well, that's cool. I'm going to pick up a couple extra shifts at the bar." It's just kind of cool to look at them now. In San Francisco, they tore shit up.

Todd: If you just had three members at first, why were you called Dillinger Four?

Erik: It just sounded better.

Paddy: That was a weird time.

Lane: It was kind of a joke, in a way.

Paddy: Literally. I wanted to call the band The Young Dillingers, because that was a street gang in Philadelphia, but then it turned out that they were on the thanks list on a Nation of Ulysses record, and, so, we had to second-guess 'cause it was kind of like, "Is there already a band called The Young Dillingers?" And, literally, we were at the Emma Center and Erik was just like, "Why don't we call it Dillinger Four?"

Paddy: Honestly, I think anything we say will be a stab in the dark.

Todd: But it seems very fortuitous that you pick up a fourth member.

Billy: Those jokers had their eyes on me for years.

Lane: He's a lot to look at. Maybe not so much in other ways, but just a lot of him... Actually, this is probably an Erik question to answer, but I'll answer it for you. I think part of it was, it fills out the sound to have two guitar players. I think it gives the band more options as far as what the

don't think they realize that.

Lane: It's kind of like in partial answer to another question, which is, you can hate a lot about the government, but you don't necessarily hate the people or hate aspects of the culture.

Paddy: Actually, you know what? I don't even know if I'm quoting or citing *Easy Rider*, right here; there's this thing in *Easy Rider* where he talks about that. He's got the American flag on his jacket. He talks about it like, "I'm American. This is my country as much as anybody else's."

Billy: Hell yeah.

Paddy: It's my right to say that the government's shit and it's my right to say I deserve an honest wage and make that a law. It's my right. I'm not going to stand apart from you and act as if I'm the stepchild, because I'm not. I was born here, too. There is no other American who can tell me what America should be and have their opinion any more valid than mine, 'cause I am American. Fuck you. We're a punk band. We gonna sing the lyrics we do and this is a flag. It's not patriotic. It's very unpatriotic, but it's very Americanly unpatriotic. We're a country based on revolution. It's a fact. Why should it shock you? Fuck you. I hate the government but I'm American. This is my flag more than it's yours.

Lane: If I'm not American, why not? What am I? This drove my girlfriend crazy when I first met her. She's like, "What are you?" I'm, like, "Well, I'm American." "Well, you're something else." But, no, I don't identify with being anything else. I guess, technically, I'm Norwegian, but I don't know shit about what that means. It's kind

bird. Let's call it what it is.

Lane: I'd love to fuckin' burn a flag on a capitol and when people say, "What are you protesting?" I'll say, "Protesting nothing. I'm celebrating my right to burn the flag. What do you mean I'm some deviant? This is a joyous thing." Unfortunately, the people who work so hard to keep it sacred don't seem to understand that. That's what, supposedly, makes it a good flag.

Paddy: I hate the government. I feel like I get ripped off every day and I sure meet a ton of Americans that feel the exact same way I do.

Todd: You don't have to limit this to your current job, but what's the best scam you've ever pulled off at work?

Billy: I pretty much financed the Scooby Don't tours working at an auto parts warehouse. Man, I was walking out of there with alternators, seriously, under the jacket, dodging the supervisor - doot dah doot dah loodle do - tool kits, car stereos, little things like spark plugs. Matt, the drummer, rebuilt that van, but I supplied the parts to that mean, old van.

Paddy: I can't actually go into any detail about anything, because I still work at the place I'm still cleaning up off of, but when we lived in Chicago, I worked at a Dominic's finer foods and I worked in general merchandise. I used to steal condoms and cigarettes and batteries and all sorts of shit and I used to take them in a shoe box, take them out to McGregor's at shows, and just sell 'em. If batteries or cigarettes were three bucks a pack, I'd sell 'em for a dollar. Boxes of twenty-four condoms were seven bucks. I'd sell 'em for three. It got to the

point where there were people I didn't even know, and I'd be at a show, "Hey do you got any more Marlboro Lights?" It was awesome. "The funny thing is I do." I'd run to the car.

Lane: When I was a kid, I used to work at a really fuckin' fancy steak house. I worked a job called "coffee water." My job was to make sure no one's coffee cup or water glass went empty ever, or you get your ass chewed like crazy. The waitresses there would totally fuck over bus boys and everyone who they were supposed to be tipping out. After a while, to supplement my income, I'd buy these really wide, loud, fucking obnoxious ties that sort of stuck in the craw of the boss that I'd even wear them. I'd find the smartass at the table who would joke about it or try to make fun of me and I'd turn it around on him and convince him that he needed to buy it. And, of course, everyone wants to see the asshole eat his words, so I'd end up selling these ties I'd get for a quarter for five or ten bucks. I'd do other shit like stand on my head and pour coffee on dares and get big tips doing that. At first, the owner was so fucking pissed about it. He'd be like, "This is not a fuckin' circus." But then customers would rave about it, that they loved it, and he kinda changed his tune. The waitresses would be so pissed to hear that this lowly guy who they can't even show the respect of - assuming that he knows how to work some math or algebra and knowing that he's getting screwed over by them - they couldn't take the fact that I might make five dollars that they couldn't get a piece off of. It was a big fuck you.

Paddy: I used to steal offering money when I was an alter boy. It was kind of my claim to fame, actually, with some of my friends that I grew up with, because I stayed being an alter boy well into when I very, definitely didn't believe in god. It was good fuckin' money, man.

Lane: I think we've all had situations where you work somewhere and you take some rolls of toilet paper out of fuckin' necessity. It's not really a scam.

Paddy: I'd like to think that everybody does that.

Lane: That's just real life.

Todd: [to Billy] When did you find your inner Lemmy Kilmister?

Billy: That was pure accident, man. It was hella freaky. I don't know. We talked about doing the show (where D4 played an all-Motorhead set, all dressed as Lemmy) so I went to the Halloween store. Everyone was getting wigs. I got the warts and, I don't know, man, no glasses and that wart.

Paddy: It was also the black shirt, half undone.

Todd: The same height and sort of the same build.

Billy: It was pretty terrifying. It was a surprise to me, too.

Todd: And your voice, when you gravel it up a little.

Billy: I don't know. I think Paddy's got a better...

Paddy: I think we've got a double-barrel Lemmy going on.

Billy: That was pretty shocking to everyone. After that show, we went down to a nightclub in Minneapolis and I rocked the Lemmy there, too, and got a couple weird stares.

Lane: The funny thing is my understanding of Lemmy, is that he's actually not that tall and he's not that big of a guy. I've never actually stood face to face with him, but from people I know who have, apparently he's fairly short and he's fairly diminutive, but on stage he looks like he's fucking ten feet tall.

Paddy: I like to subscribe to the theory that Lemmy's as tall as he wants to be.

Lane: The one thing I'll say about Lemmy, about him being the ultimate badass in rock and roll is, number one: he never found god; number two: he's never gone to rehab and; number three: that motherfucker rocks as hard as he's ever fuckin' rocked, with the possible exception of the Hawkwind anecdote where he was on so many drugs that he couldn't even stand and they had to sort of point him to the stage and he asked, "Which way is the audience?" They point, he takes five steps, and he says, "Hit it." I don't know if it's true or legend.

Paddy: It's true that his band tells him to take all of the bass out of his bass when he's



on stage. Honestly, I've been doing that for years, based on him. I played a Rickenbacker for years just because Lemmy did.

Lane: He's the ultimate rock'n'roll badass. There's no doubt about it.

Paddy: We should have named the band The Kilmister Four.

Todd: I have a series of questions about situationism. You guys okay with that?

Lane: This is where I shut up.

Todd: First of all, for the laymen, what is situationism, in a nutshell?

Paddy: Maybe, it's an amalgamation of isms without a respect for one particular ism and an adherence to the idea that you could use a cultural terrorism to get the agenda across that people deserve to be free. Maybe that's too vague.

Billy: One of the biggest things that I always got out of it was not only a very strict anti-government stance, but a very pro-individual stance. We don't need this government, but we do need artists, we do need musicians. You should get fucking crazy and follow your calling.

Paddy: The pursuit of happiness. The Parisians, I don't know if they were fixated on that. It's a hard thing to say because this is why I had reservations about actually using the term "situationist" on the record. It isn't just the situationists that we're into. It was also the Motherfuckers – there were a lot radically political but very artistic "statement groups" of the late '60s through the

late '70s that I get a lot of inspiration from and a lot of it's going on today. I can't remember what they call it, but it's an art form in and of itself where people modify billboards to have political statements, but they use Coca Cola and McDonald's ads to do it and I view that as the same sort of thing. It's a creative, fun way to get across a very serious political message, which brings it down to a grassroots level that is almost *Common Sense* in its own right, like Thomas Paine. It's easier to mentally digest. Too often, I think political groups get too heady and the thing is, you may be trying to effect the life of the janitor, but if you're going to get grad school on 'em, it might not register and it's not 'cause he's dumb – he's probably really smart or she's really smart – but it's in a different way and it's not going to register. Whereas, I think what we got with situationsim was that it brought it down to a very grass roots level, where it was we're not going to get intellectual about this shit. It's just like this: the rights you have should be stronger.

Lane: That's a good point, that idea of bringing it down to a level where not only can people understand it more across the board, but that people don't feel like they're being talked down to or condescended to. Even people who are very intelligent don't enjoy people talking to them in a way that could be interpreted as condescending.

Paddy: It's funny, because you could probably find a college professor who can possi-

bly give you a really articulate speech on the crime of minimum wage history in America, but shit, no one's going to put it in its place better than a sixty-year-old man or woman that has lived it their whole life. It's one thing on paper. It's one thing in life. If you want to try and effect anybody, you gotta talk like you talk. Just like Muddy Waters.

Todd: You've done it several times in songs and tackled pretty strong gender issues. It's often through how advertising affects both women and men. I'm thinking of both the songs, "Super Models Don't Drink Colt 45," and "Fuzzy Pink Handcuffs," which has the line, "She's got a catalog, it's full of hopes and dreams. It makes her hate herself. It's what she wants to be."

Paddy: Especially now more than ever. It's more and more like that.

Erik: That's something we've written about a couple of times. It's something we, obviously, don't have first-hand experience with, but every woman in our lives does. One thing that has been interesting to me is direct marketing, be it children or minorities or the ways companies can almost, to a point, invent products then convince entire groups of society that they somehow actually need them and actually have to have them.

Lane: Advertising has become so shrewd in terms of subdividing and dissecting people into finding niches to exploit. It's kind of unreal in ways, sociologically.

Paddy: It's kind of weird, because even in a pop culture sense, things are so ridiculous at



this point. People think Destiny's Child are feminists. It's so ironic. "She's so strong. She's willing to be this sexy."

Lane: It's interesting; feminism with consumerism. "This fancy car, I bought it. This very fancy ring, I bought it. All this stuff that I own, I bought it all." It's sort of a strange idea to me.

Paddy: It's pretty fucking terrible. Shit, look at the two opposite sides of the spectrum of what's going on in punk rock right now as far as the consumer cultures. On one end, you've got these emo kids who are buying these borderline designer clothing that's so insanely expensive, but they'll couple that with Dickies pants, so then it's cool. On the other side, you have these "chaos punks" who are going and dropping \$140 on bondage pants.

Lane: [to Paddy] You probably bought your fuckin' pants at Target for ten bucks and got

kind of stuff, yeah. When you get into things like flags and shirts, no. But, a lot of times, it's just kind of surprising. "Woop.... Woah.... Hey!" Sharkey from Cleveland with that beer bottle. He was just being a team player, but... Wow. Dude, I think I had secretion for twenty-four hours.

Lane: I do have to say that we played a show down in Austin once where, apparently, the hand-end of a drumstick went up Paddy's ass and, apparently, it got passed back to me, and I didn't quite realize and it went back into a stick bag so I had to play the rest of that fucking tour, wondering which of the fucking sticks was up his ass, and handling that every day. I'm not scared of eating a raw hamburger. What's more terrifying to me is, "Do I have fecal matter on what I'm touching?"

Paddy: I'm not really into the things in the butt anymore.

go somewhere and not be from there and there are people that want to hang out with you. Some of them may suck and some of them may rule – and they really want to meet you. You may talk about nothing, but you may talk about something. That's pretty fuckin' awesome. You can pull into Berlin, Germany, and there is a really interesting guy who wants to meet you and wants to buy you a beer. And that's what he really wants to do. He's not brown nosing you. It's cool because every one of us has been on the flip side to that. At first, you feel weird in situations, when people are like, "Huuaaahh, I've been waiting two years to meet you." And you're like, "This is creepy. This is weird," but then you think, I've been that guy. It's cool.

Lane: The other thing about it which is amazing, touring in a band is so much about being in the fucking moment. You're not

Lane: You put me in a fucking room with dance music, I guarantee you in two hours, I'll hang myself. Put me on drugs and it'll happen in a half hour.

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your t-shirt for free. Collectively, with what the four of us are wearing now, you could do that for the price of one chaos punk's outfit.

Paddy: I think that's sad in and of its own right, too. But it's weird. Supposedly, the economy's good, so that's what happens. We're living in kooky times.

Todd: That goes off another recurring theme in your songs – that the image of the rebel is up for purchase is powerful. Merchandise doesn't make rebellion. The leather jacket didn't make Fonzie an anarchist.

Lane: And, at the end of the day, Fonzie wasn't that rebellious. He was the good-hearted guy with an edge that people just didn't quite understand until they saw his heart of gold. Fonzie is all about doing the right thing. Let's not kid anyone.

Todd: Going by diameter, what's the biggest thing you've been able to shove up your ass?

Lane: This is directed at Paddy, I hope.

Paddy: Geez. Wow.

Erik: The fat end of a screwdriver. That's pretty big.

Billy: That bottle of Bacardi in Germany.

Paddy: Oooh.

Billy: That just wasn't placed there, it was *in* there, dude.

Paddy: That hurt. That one was uncalled for, too. That was not intentional.

Billy: That was a shocker.

Paddy: I didn't have time to block the shot.

Lane: I've got to ask – because from where I sit I don't really know – most of the time, is there actually penetration or is it mostly held in by the cheeks?

Paddy: Things like beer bottles and all that

Lane: Especially when it's a surprise. No good times in that.

Paddy: But if people are going to do what they're going to do, I guess, let 'em.

Lane: I don't know if you want to be quoted as saying that. That might bring a whole rash of people trying to stick shit in your ass.

Paddy: No, I'm saying if people want to stick things in *their* ass at our shows. Not my ass. It's like with the nudity thing. Why did you come here to see us do it? Why don't you come to the show to do it? If I knew I could breathe fire better, I'd be up front for KISS.

Todd: What's the number one non-musical benefit for being in this band?

Lane: Free t-shirts. That's just a recent thing for me.

Paddy: For me, meeting people in a way you can have real conversations, for sure. There's a social dynamic that develops between people and bands.

Lane: I think, and this is going to sound incredibly shallow, but it is amazing to do something for a period of time where you can show up, drink beer, hang out with awesome guys, meet and hang out with awesome people, and it's not like every day's a fucking party or anything like that. I wish. But, that's a pretty hard thing to do in life, especially when once you reach our ages. It's an amazingly fun thing.

Paddy: It's incredible, when you think about it. It's a huge perk that I think sometimes people in bands don't recognize. Not that they're dicks about it, because they're not. It really didn't dawn on me 'til we went to Japan. It's phenomenal that we can live this life, if only for awhile, where you can

worried about the past. You're not worried about what's coming up so much. That's a very alive type thing for me and after all these years, there are more memories than I can even begin to recall that I didn't even encode, that I couldn't retrieve. It's a very alive thing, even when it really sucks. It's still being very much caught right there with no diversions.

Todd: Why is it important that you guys are anti-robot?

Lane: I'm not the guy who came up with it – but, to me, what it means is robots in all sorts of ways, replace humanism, replace people, replace all those things that make life worthwhile. Who wants to be an automaton? Who wants their art to be robotic? Fucking dance music? You put me in a fucking room with dance music, I guarantee you in two hours, I'll hang myself. Put me on drugs and it'll happen in a half hour.

Erik: That's all we have to do?

Lane: Ba-boom, ching.

Paddy: Heck no to techno.

Lane: To me, monkeys are so real and visceral.

Billy: Robots have one or two tricks. Monkeys fuckin' swing through trees and throw shit. You don't know what's going to happen with a monkey. With the robot, you know he's going to go this way.

Paddy: Because robots don't make decisions but they're efficient, so people love 'em, but monkeys make a lot of decisions and a lot of them aren't very good, but damn it, they're funny.

Billy: Sometimes they ride cute little bikes, wearing costumes.

Lane: Sooner or later, a robot

may be created to do almost anything. Creating music and art will be the last things that robots will be able to do, if ever.

Todd: Has anybody ever tried to push an angle on you, like you should try to be sexy?

Lane: Sexy and Dillinger Four are not usual words to be in the same sentence. In our private lives, maybe, but it would be a colossal failure there, too.

Paddy: Push the angle? That's why we live in Minnesota. There is no need to push angles. We are not even within a thousand miles of anyone pushing angles.

Lane: You see me behind that snow blower? Was that fuckin' hot or what? You can't see any of my fat under that parka. I look like a real man out there, snowblowin'. Goddamn, that thing's an extension of my dick.

Billy: When I came out of the bar, slipped on some ice, and busted up my lip? Yeah, that's

pretty sexy.

Todd: What's the best crowd response you've received – I don't mean encores – that the whole crowd got into?

Erik: We had a kickass thing happen – this was about a year and a half ago or so – we had a little string of shows at home, probably three or four straight. We had a song off of *Vs. God* that kind of referenced smashing glasses.

Paddy: It was more than four shows because it went on for like half a year.

Erik: I guess it did. There are four that really stick out in my mind. Every time we play in town, by the time people finally filtered out, there would be a sea of broken fuckin' glass on the ground. We would be like, "Thank you. Good night." And you would hear smash, smash, smash, everywhere. Security or bartenders or bouncers or whoever would

be trying to get people out, and people would be smashing every bit of fucking glass.

Paddy: It sucks for the people who've got to work there.

Erik: It did, but it was awesome.

Paddy: After you're done and you're breaking down your equipment and you're moving off the stage and you look out and you see, holy shit, every square foot of this floor is broken glass. Pretty fuckin' sweet. The funny thing is that we went back to all the places that we usually play, which actually went to plastic cups, so people got weaned off it. "Damn it. I've been throwing this cup for ten minutes and it won't break."

Lane: As cool as that was, I'd rather drink beer out of a bottle than out of a plastic cup, so please don't break bottles if that's going to make me drink out of a plastic cup. I'll just let it reside in my happy memory place.

Paddy: We have a few places where we always play, because we love the venue, we love the people that work there. Everything's cool.

Lane: We're really at a spot now where people are less breaking glass and more lining up for refunds. That's how it's changed.

Todd: Have you ever walked into your parents having sex?

Lane: At conception.

Paddy: My parents have been divorced since the six months after I was born.

Billy: I think my parents made it until I was about two.

Erik: I can't verify if my parents have ever had any sort of sex.

Lane: He's adopted.

Erik: And my brother is, too. My parents had separate bedrooms. They didn't always, but when I was in junior high, they did. But they're such like a team. They've been together forever. They will always be together, but if they are, I don't really know when.

Lane: Or how. And that's good.

Paddy: That's weird because I walked in on Lane's parents having sex, which was really fucking weird.

Lane: I think it's always better to have a don't ask/ don't tell policy with your parents having sex. It's kind of like you don't want your parents walking in on you having sex, so why would you? Unless your parents are super-fucking hot, which none of our parents are.

Todd: When was the last time recognized you found a weird chord?

Paddy: For me, it was this record. "The Father, The Son, and the Homosexual Single Parent." I don't know how to play guitar very well. I know how to play a guitar Ramones-style and that's about it, but I had one weird thing where I was really high. It was totally accidental. I don't know if it makes sense, it just sounds like it does. Erik's the virtuoso. He pulls weird chords that are totally structured things that technically shouldn't make sense.

Billy: Every now and then, I'll rock a weird one, but I usually just play the meat and



potatoes a lot of the times. That's why we've got two guitars.

Todd: What, for you, makes a timeless record?

Lane: I'm probably the least qualified to answer, so I'll go first, and that is, every time we do a record, and I thank god that we get as a band and we have two amazing songwriters – and I really do believe that. To me, a timeless record, there's got to be six songs on it where you're like, "These songs more than make the grade." That's a fucking great record. There are so few records where you say the whole thing is so fuckin' bad ass. Most records, you might say one, or two, or three songs might be bad ass. If four songs are bad ass, that's a bad ass record.

Todd: Name a record that fits that criteria for you.

Lane: Boston's first record. That whole fucking record is bad ass. I don't give a fuck what anyone says about me for saying that.

Paddy: Like *Spirit* by Up Front.

Erik: *Spirit* by Up Front is a huge one. I loved that record. Paddy loved that. For some reason, we all loved that record, and the couple times I've listened to it, it's just funny. But, the No For An Answer LP, I like still.

Paddy: And the Gorilla Biscuits LP.

Erik: And most Youth Of Today I still love. Actually, some of those records I would have guessed, but there are weird ones.

Billy: Angry Samoans. *Back from Samoa* still rocks hard.

Paddy: That re-issue of *Independence* by Toxic Reasons, I picked that up just to have it, just because my copy's all beat up, and I hadn't listened to it for a really long time. I don't know what makes it timeless. It's just got to be great.

Lane: A lot of time, it's got to capture a mood and probably more than one mood. It can be the kind of thing you can hear in a variety of contexts and a mood will still

and you've got Matchbox Twenty and Eric Clapton and who wants to hear that? In my experiences, when people aren't desperate anymore, that's when they start harkening back to old time music and they start trying to write Americana anthems. They start trying to write songs for 1930s depression people and that's when you're really grasping for straws. There's enough shit that's fucked up today and what's going around you.

Erik: I was thinking more of where that quote came from, and it was a, "When would you be satisfied?" "Ultimate goal of the band?" question. I remember a time thinking, "If we could get fifty people to come to most of our shows, that would be great." And then you're at the point when fifty people do come. You can't just be satisfied with that. The thing is, that's just using an analogy of growing as a band, but that works for sort of everything. I think it would get boring. It would get dull if all of sudden you were like,

Billy: Robots have one or two tricks. Monkeys fuckin' swing through trees and throw shit.

RAVINGS FOUR

Seriously. That record is fucking amazing.

Billy: There are so many ways to look at a timeless record. There could be a personal turning point. It could be the discovery of a new genre. It could be the discovery of a new idea, a fuckin' bad ass aesthetic you're into.

Paddy: It's weird, 'cause records, to me, that have been timeless, I don't know why they are.

Lane: The ideas aren't outdated, is one thing.

Paddy: Well, it's weird. There's things to me, like *Scream's* debut LP. That's timeless to me. That's my favorite hardcore record of all time. I can't really put my finger on why. Maybe because it's kind of eclectic. I don't know. I agree with Billy and Lane. I think it's half genuinely a great record and half where you heard it, and what you knew about them, if anything, before you heard it.

Erik: Timeless means just that. Timeless. It was considered a great record and how many years later, decades in some cases, people put it on, who loved it then, and it still holds up to what they listen to now. It's still a great record for them. There's always records like that for every genre. But what I find funny, through years of any musical genre I've been into really hard at one point of my life or another, when I go back and the records I thought kicked ass, it's interesting to see which ones are actually the timeless and which ones aren't. A record I haven't listened to in six years and someone brings it up in a conversation – it happens a lot with straightedge hardcore records, records at the time, I thought they were the shit. They'll come up, and I'll go, fuck, I should go listen to that.

strike you from it – not the same mood, necessarily, but many moods. Like, *Who's Next* is a fucking timeless record. Hell yeah.

Paddy: From the gutter to the penthouse.

Erik: There are entire bands that have made nothing but timeless records that still sound good.

Lane: But enough about us.

Todd: Erik, a direct quote: "You never want to be too happy being exactly where you are because the band starts to get boring." Explain that. Why are you afraid of comfort?
Erik: Oh, I enjoy comfort. It's "the grass is always greener" thinking that people always get into, which I think is a good thing, as far as bands are concerned. If something is really comfortable and you know it's never really going to change and change would fuck it up...

Billy: Comfort's a weird, relative term, though. I'm sure a lot of bands' idea of comfort is getting on a label and getting on the package tours and possibly doing Warped, but I'm fucking comfortable hopping in the van and bringing out The Arrivals or Rivethead. That's what's comfortable to me, being in a position where you can bring friends to see a band that you think is phenomenal and no one knows about them and try to be in a position where people can dig on it.

Lane: I think the thing is, comfort can easily become complacency, too, and that's where comfort becomes a malignant thing. That's why, on this tour, I cut our RV's air conditioning off. I think the complacency, we're getting a little much. We need to bring it back to the suffering and roots.

Paddy: You take the desperation out of rock

"We had a goal and now we achieved it. Now we have no other goals." You have to keep finding new things to do.

Paddy: You should be aware of what's going on around you. You shouldn't be comfortable.

Lane: Or complacent, or any of those things.

Todd: What poor gods do you make?

Paddy: Are you getting all Naked Raygun on us? Dude, none. Fuck, I don't make shit. I got no gods. As far as I'm concerned, we made some pretty poor ones. The Greeks were on to something. I respect them for it.

Lane: The Greeks, at least, had diversity in their gods. To me, a god just detracts from real life. If I'm going to have a fantasy, it's going to be a lot better than some god, unless it's a sexy god.

Paddy: I've had people that have inspired me, but I don't have heroes, and I never really have. There are certainly people I know in bands who I know are being emulated, and I can't relate to that, 'cause I've never related to that. Not to read to read too much into your very clever Naked Raygun question, but none. I think everybody makes poor gods. There is nothing but poor gods.

Lane: This might be a variation of what you said. You start to look at something like a god, and you're setting it up to fail. You're setting it up on the pedestal to have it be knocked down. What's the use in that?

Paddy: God, I can't believe I didn't even think of this. Ask the question one more time.

Todd: What poor gods do you make?

Paddy: I don't know.

Billy: It's so obvious.



Rolling Blackouts



Interview by Kat Jetson and Chris Ziegler

Photos by Kat Jetson

Part one of this interview will never see the light of day. Foiled by my tape recorder once more! I'm looking at it this way: these annoying little mishaps have a way of making fun bedtime stories later on down the line. Besides, I think *The Rolling Blackouts* like me interviewing them every Sunday. So we may just do this on a regular basis. No matter, *The Rolling Blackouts* are a "fucking awesome band" (as Chris Ziegler so astutely puts it) that know how to rock "the sexy". Their sound is Beatle boots and black Converse. Nitro pop and sock-it-to-you rock that reminds me of everything from *The Who* to *The Last*, with soaring boy harmonies wrapped in a favorite thrashed blanket. In case you're interested, take one of the interview consisted of new band names (*Wet Cassette*, *Velvet Revenge*), nicknames (Gabe holds two: *Turtle* and *Songbird*), the importance of being sexy, weed (of course), the *Press Your Luck* game show, and a wall of Sharpie marker art consisting of donuts, bananas, and oozing things that no one wants grandma to see. But forget about that one. Dig in and enjoy the tasty tidbits this interview has to offer.

Kat [to Gabe]: Can I use your drum seat to sit down?

Danny: He sits *really* high. Her feet don't even touch, Gabe! Look at how high... I never noticed how fuckin' high you sit, man. It's like a bar stool.

Chris [to Kat]: Are those the same questions as last week? Let me see.

Kat: No! No one can see my interview questions. I'm very particular about that.

Chris: Okay, I'm cool with that. I don't like people seeing me with my shirt off, so...

Kat: I talked to your friend Rawl (*The Leeches/Jag Offs*) last night and I was telling him how much I loved *The Screamers*. He told me you'd have a story about that.

Danny: Oh, I know one of the guys from *The Screamers* - Paul Roessler. Not too well. My girlfriend knows him better. She hung out with his son in high school.

Chris: Have you been to his house or anything?

Danny: Yeah. He lives right by my girlfriend.

Chris: Cool.

Danny: Pets. Lotta pets, lotta pets.

Chris: Is his wife, like, *Trudie?* *Trixie?*

Danny: Helen.

Kat: Helen Killer.

Chris: Helen Killer - who hit Sid Vicious with a fucking thing in

Texas. Pretty cool.

Kat: Hit Sid Vicious with a fucking thing?

Chris: They drove to Texas and *The Sex Pistols* were playing at Randy's Rodeo or something, and somebody throws a bottle or beer mug at Sid Vicious. And then they were like, punk and in love for a couple of days.

Danny: Good.

Chris: [Looking at the recorders] Two tapes.

Danny: The proof is in the puddin'.

Mike: You get a tape and she gets a tape.

Danny: Cut it in half.

Chris: *The Rolling Blackouts*... point/counterpoint.

Kat: Have you ever thought about matching outfits to help boost interest in the band?

Gabe: We were all in a band before, and we all wore suits in like, '96.

Danny: It was a band that was all about annoyance.

Chris: It worked.

Danny: So we decided to wear suits. We played a show years ago at *The Foothill* with this guy Tony who used to be in *The Lifted*. Years later, it comes up and we find out that we played that show together and we're talking about it. Tony says, "I remember I fucking hated you guys. Right when I saw you in

the suits..."

Gabe: So the answer is no.

Kat: The last time we did an interview, ahem, last week...

Danny: Part One.

Chris: The lost prequel.

Danny: *The Phantom Menace*.

Kat: Anyhow, you were going to have dinner with some record label guy. I want to know if you ran his tab up nice and good.

Danny: No! You know what happened? His name is Tom and was supposed to meet us here at 5:00, but we didn't know if he's going to show up or not, and we didn't eat anything all day. We're all drunk on *High Life* and we're starving! So we go over to the bowling alley to get some fries or something and we end up talking to the guy who works at the snack bar. Gabe walks up and the guy [at the snack bar] says, "Hey, why are your eyes so red?" And Gabe's like, "I've been smokin' dope." And the guy says, "Lemme get some." So we ended up hooking up this barter where Mike gave him a little tinfoil sack of weed for pizza. So we're eating this pizza and everyone is stoned and drunk and all of a sudden we see Tom walk in, and he says, "Do you guys need some money?" We told him we already traded weed for some food. He bought us soda, though. He owes us. Next time he's



gonna wine us and dine us.

Chris: So I wanted to ask you about your impending grunge superstardom.

Gabe: What do you want to know?

Chris: Ya know, I hear stuff, but then people start coming up to me, like, sixty-year-old ladies on the street, "I heard The Rolling Blackouts are..." So I guess the word's out. What's the deal? Tell me the story straight. I heard it all started at Starbucks.

Gabe: Jared, tell the story.

Jared: Robert DeLeo (from Stone Temple Pilots) would come in and I knew who he was and all...

Chris: What would he order?

Danny: Hoochie pop with a cherry on top.

Jared: He seemed like a really cool guy. Polite. Very nice.

Kat: A gentlemen.

Gabe: He is.

Chris: He didn't come in with skintight leather snake pants?

Danny: Nah, he's a fuckin' cool guy.

Jared: We just started talking and I told him I was in a band. He asked if we had any CDs or anything. So I gave him our CD and he came back about a month later and said that he was listening to it a lot and really thought we had some good songs. Then he offered to record us for free. I wasn't really sure what to think about that, so I told him he should meet the other guys. He

came down to our practice space and he was blown away and really excited about it. We all sat down, talked, and had beers and burritos. Ya know, it's hard to find people like that.

Danny: They're a rarity.

Gabe: And he's fuckin' hilarious!

Chris: How many songs did you record?

Gabe: Four songs.

Chris: Where'd you guys do that?

Gabe: Pulse Recording.

Danny: A little Pro Tools place.

Chris: So, was it, like, all crazy? You go in and there's all these nice couches.

Danny: They had this room and it was all shag carpet. The ceilings, the walls...

Mike: Two giant shag bean bag chairs.

Kat: For shagging.

Danny: Little mini glass tables.

Chris: You know what that shit's for.

Kat: Really short people?

Chris: So where are you guys at now?

Mike: There's interest in the demo.

Chris: Which one? "The Pulse Sessions"?

Kat: The "Shag Sessions".

Danny: Lava Records is interested. They're co-related with Atlantic. It would be ideal because it's a small major.

Chris: They need some feisty young turks.

Danny: Really small staffed. I hope it works out. We'll see.

Gabe: We went down to the offices and it was weird.

Danny: Gabe was all stoned, wearing his shades the whole time.

Chris: That's brilliant.

Gabe: Finally they all leave and Tom locks the door, I take off my shades, and I'm like, "Man, I'm high as a kite."

Danny: He says, "You should be. You're twenty-three years old. I was stoned when I was twenty-three."

Jared: That's our A&R guy!

Kat: I have a question from Sondra (of Cherry Temple & The Sex Crimes). She wants to know if you're good in bed.

Danny: Everyone likes to think they're good in bed.

Mike: There's only one way for her to find out.

Danny: Oooh! Good answer. Good hustle. I like to make my bitches come.

Mike: Once or twice before I do.

Gabe: I'm not tellin'.

Kat: What about you, Chris?

Chris: I got my specialties.

Mike: Special tease?

Chris: Dude, we're about five minutes away from talking about girls for two hours. Anyway... Just in case you guys get famous, I wanna have you make a couple of promises to me.

Danny: All right.

Chris: First, no matching outfits.

Danny: We covered that one.

Chris: None of you can date Drew Barrymore.

Kat: Yeah, she's mine.

Chris: None of you can appear in *Details* magazine.

Danny: Okay, any more?

Chris: Yeah, nobody can guest VJ on MTV. If you do, you gotta dig out some shit from the vaults. If you do it right, it's cool.

Danny: Stipulations on that one.

Kat: Speaking of videos, if you were to ever make one, what would it be like?

Danny: I have a couple of visual concepts for videos. One of them includes motorcross and fight scenes that eventually turn into making out. I have this idea where I wanted two guys pummeling each other and slowly the punches turn to slow caresses. That's one concept. Another concept is I want to pay "oh-mage" to the guy who sang that song "Simply Irresistible".

Kat: Robert Palmer.

Danny: But I want the girls in like, guerrilla warfare/urban garb, with machine guns, just like, hanging out and we're rockin' out.

Chris: That's pretty brilliant. But also a little disturbing.

Kat [directed to Danny]: Okay, I have a three part question for you, 'cause, you know, you're the singer and the star of the band.

Danny: YES!

Chris: "Danny Boom and These Guys."

Kat: That's my question...

Gabe: "Danny Boom Boom Band."

Kat: Is Danny Boom your real name?

Danny: No.

Chris: Danny Boomenstein?

Kat: Boomlowski? Okay, then your name is?

Danny: My full name is Daniel Andreas Holden.

Kat: And the "Boom" came from...?

Danny: Actually, it came from me getting an AOL account and trying to think of a screen name that nobody had. So I thought, "Fuck, I'm going to go with boomsexy. No one will have that."

Chris: And the rest is history.

Kat: That was the other part of my question... Where did boomsexy



came from? It's like, "Damn, I'm BOOM SEXY!"

Danny: I had no intention of giving myself that name. I wanted to have a cool screen name...

Kat: Yeah, when you're chattin' with the ladies.

Danny: I feel ridiculous whenever I have to tell people my email address. When I'm talking to important people. This lawyer was like, "Well, I need your email address..." And I tell him, "Well, boomsexy..." And he says, "Wha? Boomsexy? Can you, uh, spell that for me?"

Chris: Just like it sounds.

Kat: What's wrong with being sexy?

Danny: Nothing! That's what I'm trying to teach these guys. I'm trying to teach them "the sexy".

Chris: So Gabe, I hear you're this guy who plays every instrument and you're orchestrating all this stuff from behind the drum set.

Mike: He's a songbird.

Chris: What's the story? This sensitive side...

Gabe: Yeah, I've been playing for a long time.

Danny: He taught me how to play guitar.

Chris: Didn't you learn the drums in like, two days?

Gabe: I read about it somewhere in a magazine.

Kat: We talked about that in the lost interview.

Mike: Every story he had started with, "I was playing the guitar..."

Danny [directed to the readers]: You guys missed a great interview, suckas!

Chris: What do you guys do when the Emergency Broadcast System comes on... You've got fifteen minutes to live.

Danny: Write the most epic riff that you will ever hear.

Gabe: I'll be playing guitar.

Danny: It's gonna be INTENSE!

Mike: I'm gonna hide behind my

bass.

Danny: It's gonna be like Titanic when the band is still playing while the ship's going down.

Danny: Riffs and solos everywhere!

Gabe: We'll be crying but still going at it.

Danny: I'm gonna be finger tappin' as the missile's coming towards me. Look at my fingers!

Chris: That's awesome! I want to come to your end of the world party, man.

Danny: It's gonna be hot! Sexy!

Chris: It's like, "Bombs are on their way. Come by, dude." Okay, so what's the most wholesome shit you guys are into? Like gardening, stamp collecting...

Danny: I like to cook vegan dinners every once in a while.

Mike: I'm a vegetarian.

Kat: Do you cook vegan dinners for Mike? He comes over and you have your apron on. "C'mon honey. Sit down and I'll make you some dinner."

Danny: And we watch *Sex and the City*...

Kat: Cause you're in touch with...

Danny: Sex.

Chris: I haven't seen that. I'm all about basic network television.

Danny: I only have the first three seasons on DVD. By the way, how many questions have we knocked out?

Kat: We're almost done.

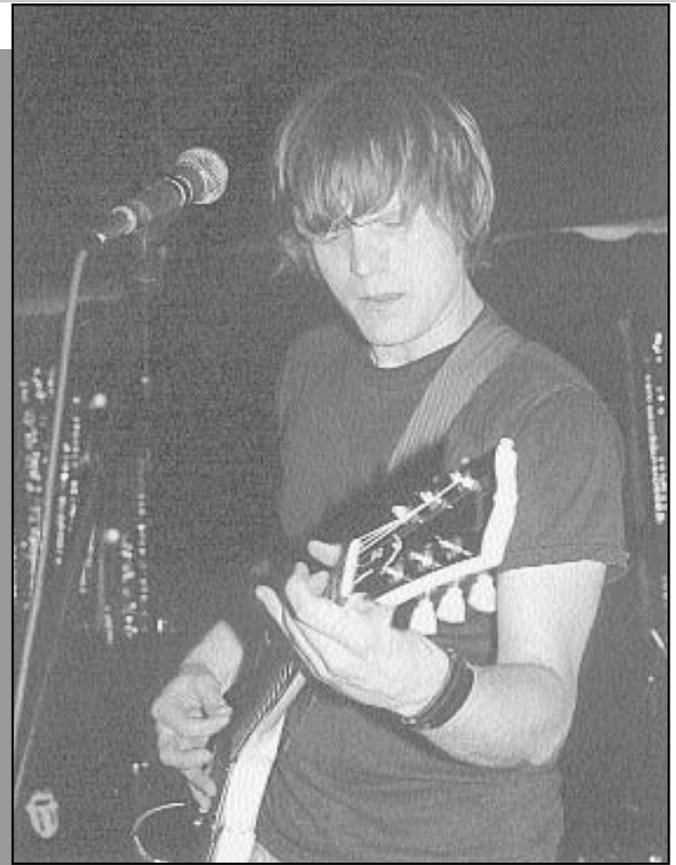
Danny: I'm not rushing or anything.

Chris [said in a hurry]: "Our music is the most important force in our lives. Next!"

Danny: Big bucks, no whammies, stop! (sort of an in-joke from interview number one)

Kat: Okay, so I went to party the other night and this guy was telling me about a new TV show called "Extreme Dating", and I'm wondering what you thought about that.

Danny: Dating is extreme. I dunno.



Hot tub! Show me the hot tub. That's all I want to see.

Kat: Extreme hot tub! Extreme heat!

Mike: They should have a hot tub cam underneath the water.

Jared: Some of that shit's pretty funny. These two people agreed to do this in front of millions of people.

Danny: People trying to come off like they're J. Lo and Ben Affleck or something.

Chris: So, you meet a girl, you want to talk to her... How long does it take before you mention that you're in a band?

Danny: I usually don't bring it up.

Mike: You (we) don't mention it.
Chris: Why? What's the story with that?

Danny: 'Cause that's embarrassing. Everybody does that.

Jared: "Yeah, you should come see up play sometime."

Danny: That's sleazy. That's not sexy, that's sleazy.

Kat: That's boomsleazy.

Danny: That's boomsleazzzy. I'm boomsexxxxxy.

Chris: So what's your big selling point when you're scamming on chicks?

Mike: Length. Girth.

Chris: Too bad the tape recorder's not getting the little hand gestures.

Kat: I want to know if you've ever covered a song, and if you think there's a song that should

never be covered?

Danny: The only time we've actually ever played a cover song was on Halloween and that was "Boris the Spider".

Gabe: We did a Wire song!

Danny: Oh yeah, on KXLU. And we did a Joy Division song. That was a funny show. Jared was drunk and threw his guitar down and left us on the stage. So we had to do something, so we're like, "Let's play Joy Division."

Jared: I had nothing to eat that day. I had six beers. Went to the bar and had four gin and tonics... By the time I got up there I couldn't play shit.

Gabe: I picked up his guitar...

Kat: There you go, picking up a guitar again.

Chris: Dude, when you gonna put out your solo album?

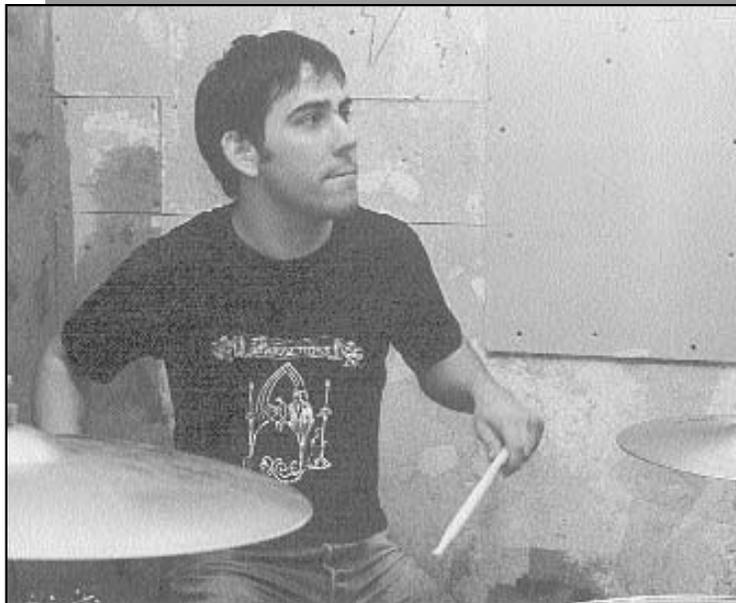
Kat: It's gonna be like Jewel. You'll have a book of poetry.

Chris: When are we going to see you at Border's playing for a bunch of a people shopping?

Gabe: I like to play in the streets.

Chris: I got fifty cents. I'll hook you up and get you started.

[Check out the MP3 sounds of The Rolling Blackouts: www.mp3.com/rolling_blackouts/]



BLAZING HALEY



INTERVIEW BY DESIGNATED DALE AND RETODD

PHOTOS BY RETODD

I CREEPED MYSELF OUT THE OTHER DAY. I WAS THINKING OF ROCK'N'ROLL. PURE ROCK'N'ROLL, AND BY THAT I MEAN A FORM OF ROCKIN' THAT DOESN'T NEED A MODIFIER, THAT DOESN'T DIMINISH THROUGH TIME. I THOUGHT THAT ANYTHING THAT NEEDED TO BE TAGGED ONTO THE WORD "ROCK" USUALLY DILUTED IT. WHAT WEIRDED ME WAS HOW FEW BANDS THAT FLY THAT FLAG TRULY, FLAT-OUT ROCK. BLACK SABBATH ROCKS. MOTORHEAD ROCKS. THE CRAMPS ROCK. FLAG OF DEMOCRACY ROCKS. THE ZERO BOYS, THE RAMONES, THE ARRIVALS, THE MARVELS, AND THE THUMBS ALL ROCK. IT'S AN INTANGIBLE, BUT YOU KNOW WHEN IT'S THERE.

LIKE WATER IN THE GAS TANK INSTEAD OF HIGH OCTANE FUEL, I'VE HAD MY

FILL OF BANDS THAT LOOK LIKE THEY SHOULD ROCK. SOME OF 'EM HAVE FANCY SCHMANCY CARS; IMPRESSIVE SLEEVES OF INK; DASTARDLY SNEERS; COOL-LOOKING, EXPENSIVE GEAR; AND USUALLY HAVE SOME KNUCKLE-HEAD WEARING LEATHER PANTS. BUT, WHEN THE BIG, MEATY, BOUNCING ROCK IS SUPPOSED TO COME THROUGH THE AMP AND CRUSH ME LIKE A COCK-ROACH, IT ALL CRUMBLES LIKE STALE GINGERBREAD AND IS AS CAPTIVATING AS WATCHING DEAD CHICKENS.

ENOUGH BITCHING. BLAZING HALEY ROCKS, NO QUESTION. ALTHOUGH THEY GET CHOWDERED INTO THE PSY-CHOBILLY/ ROCKABILLY SCENE - WHICH MAKES SENSE BECAUSE THEY FIX THEIR OWN OLD CARS AND HAVE A STAND UP BASS - THE PROOF TO THEIR TRUE OCTANE

IS IN BOTH THEIR LIVE SHOW AND SELF-RELEASED ALBUMS. WITH SWEAT, GRISTLE, AND BROAD SMILES, THEY EXCEL AT FUELING A TYPE OF ASS-WIGGLING MUSIC THAT'S SO SIMPLE, ON THE SURFACE, THAT ANYONE CAN UNDERSTAND. WHAT'S AMAZING - CONSIDERING THAT SO MANY BANDS HEAR SIMILAR CALLINGS - IS THAT THEIR SONGS AREN'T SO DERIVED THAT YOU'D WISH THE CLUB WOULD JUST POP ON SOME GENE VINCENT OR LINK WRAY INSTEAD OF YELLING OVER SOME WEAK 3-D PHOTO-COPIES PRIMPING AND PREENING. WITH BLAZING HALEY, THE FUTURE'S COMING FROM THE PAST, YEAH, BUT THEIR FOOT'S STOMPING ON THE ACCELERATOR, TEARING ASS, AND TAKING YOU ALONG FOR A RIDE THAT'S NOT YET OVER, WHICH IS JUST HOW IT SHOULD BE.

Dale: Let's start off with...

Matt: Christ...

Dale: [jokingly] You got a problem?

Matt: [smiling, knowing he's about to be fucked with] No, just with you.

Dale: Every time I think of you guys - what do you think of the bands that are flying the so-called "primal '50s rock" moniker and they're not coming through with the goods? How do you guys feel about that?

Matt: Um, well, you mean straight-up potato rockabilly or the so-called "psychobilly"?

Dale: No, just flying the flag but they're not delivering the...[getting irate] FUCKIN' FONZIE BANDS! [laughter all around]

Matt: Fuckin' Fonzie bands...

Dale: Yes!

Dave: Hey, but you know what? Everybody's gotta try, man.

Everybody's gotta go for it.

Dale: Yeah, but there's a thing, though, called trying and there's a thing of knowing when to get off the stage. It's kinda like, ah, speak of the devil. Look who's behind me! What's the name of that band? [Yukking it up abounds as I'm motioning to one of the opening band's members there that night] No, but seriously, what do you think?

Matt: Do what you gotta do. If you're not deliverin', then that's your problem, but, you know...

Dale: Fuckin' fired. You're fired! Beat it! Get off the stage!

Matt: [chuckling] Exactly. It just comes natural, ya know? It's gotta be fuckin' full steam ahead, hard-hittin' rock and roll with us. It wouldn't be anything else. I don't know. That's all we do!

Brian: We give it everything we got every time we play?

Dale: I'm glad you brought that up. I've seen you guys a ton of times. Do you think that you're reaching more, *not* just the whole rockabilly, hotrod crowd?

Matt: That's just part of our lives. We've always been a part of that.

Dale: But you're crossing the crowd barriers.

Matt: I hope so, yeah, definitely.

Dave: That was our intention all along. We obviously have longtime rockabilly influence, but, you know, it parallels AC/DC, punk rock; that whole situation.

Dale: [ribbing Matt] The *band*, Matt, not the lifestyle "AC/DC"...[laughter]

Matt: Exactly. Thanks, sweetheart... hey, and not without dinner and a movie, Dale.

Brian: When you're honest about what you're doing, the people will feel it. They'll sense it and gravitate toward it.

Dale: I've seen you guys at shows and people that look like they should be doing karaoke at some mullet bar, they're fuckin' gettin' their rock on when they see you guys play. I mean, I think that's cool!

Chris: I think there's a lot of bands out there that just think about it too hard. If you have to think about it too hard, then it's not fuckin' coming natural. Okay, so just do it. And if it's lame, you're lame? If it's not, then well, hey, there you go. We're

just doing what we love to do, so if you like it, great. If you don't, fuck you.

Todd: Open ended question – when's the last time you packed too much beer into your trunk and you forgot to take tools along? [laughter]

Chris: Too many road sodas?

Dave: In the Blazing Haley van or in our own personal car? [laughter]

Todd: Own personal car.

Dave: Well, what was that time, Brian? We took the '56 down, and...

Brian: [smiling] Yeah, we took my car to a gig and it failed halfway to the show.

Dave: The Blazing Haley van had to pick him up on the side of the road! [laughter]

Brian: We've been stranded in the van, too.

Dave: Ahh, that's true.

Matt: Well, yeah, everybody's working on some beater, so it's gonna die. It's like, "Okay, he's taking that car out for the first time. Oh, no! There he is on the side of the road! Well, I guess we better pick 'em up. We gotta play that show. I can't play guitar." [laughter]

Chris: Last time I drove out to Viva Las Vegas, I took out my spare tire to fill the trunk full of beer. Well, the beer was gone comin' back and I fuckin' had a blowout Easter evening in Victorville (California) in the middle of the fuckin' desert. No spare.

Matt: And who picked you up?

Chris: Michael Farr. Just by chance, a buddy happened along about an hour later. Just saw a streak as he drove by, and pulled back.

Brian: You gotta figure out what's more important: beer or the spare tire. [laughter]

Chris: Those priorities, dude: road sodas or wrenches?

Brian: Lady luck will pull me through, man. If I have a fuckin' blowout, fuck it!

Todd: What jobs do you do on a day-to-day basis?

Dave: I'm a contractor. I build homes and commercial buildings in the daytime and build hotrods on the weekends and at night when I'm not doing that. Sorta have an artistic life, basically.

Dale: [to Matt] Are you still a 'tard wrangler? [laughter]

Matt: [smiling] Okay, um, my clients will read this, so I can't really use the "t" word...

Dale: I don't care! They can't read. They can't read! I don't give a fuck!

Matt: But, *you*, all right, you slimy bastard...

Dale: I love everybody, including 'tards and 'tard wranglers.

Matt: Exactly. Yeah, I still work at a group home with the developmentally disabled – six of 'em, great people. I also buy, sell, and deliver used furniture part of the time. And I'm a job coach for people with disabilities, so that's my life.

Brian: I'm a silkscreen printer and full-time father. Somehow, I find time to work on the old cars and, you know, collect shit.

Dale: Collect shit.

Dave: That's my day job, man! [laughter]

Chris: I'm a half-time stay-at-home Dad and then half-time I work at a call center. We won't go any further than that.

Dave: What'd he say? A car wash? [laughter]

Chris: A car wash! Yeah!

Todd: Who makes the best dressed Elvis?

Chris: We don't dress up like Elvis, but we could look like him.

Matt: I can make a pompadour outta my back hair. That's about it.

Dale: Your back hair? The back of your head? What're you talkin' about?

Matt: Just, right in between the lil' back of the crack right there?

Dale: You've got an assfro?

Dave: [laughing] An assfro!

Matt: With some Sweet Georgia Brown, I can actually make a pompadour, 'cause my head's bald.

Dale: Hey now!

Chris: Ask him about his pubes. He shaved his pubes in the shape of Graceland.

Dale: Did you?

Matt: Yep. Yes, REALLY, Dale. [laughter]

Dale: Were you selling the extras at the Hootenanny? (SoCal summer music shindig.) That's where you guys made all your merch money, the last time you played there, huh?

Matt: Yep, either that or down at the docks.

Chris: The downstairs secret studio when you lift his sack up.

Matt: Gotta make money! [laughter]

Todd: So, Dave what's with the Marvel Mystery Oil can on your car?

Dave: Well, I cannot tell a lie. It's the power steering reservoir. I needed one. I was kinda looking around the yard and there was some stray can laying in the dirt and that happened to be it. Since I put the blower on it, I actually had to put a different power steering pump on it, so I don't have it any more, but the car's blown now.

Dale: Dave and Chris, your old western, gothic psychobilly band, Ghoul Brynner, did that old band help get your songs with the horror motif?



Dave: The what motif?

Dale: [The horror...]

Dave: [yukking it up] "Horr-or," not "wh-ore." "Horr-or"...two dollar whore!

Chris: That bitch. She charged me! [laughter]

Matt: *Apocalypse Now*-type "horror." [affecting Marlon Brando-esque whisper]

Dave: I started playing with Chris immediately when I started playing bass and it was great for me, because, it's like - I just lean up back on him.

Chris: He played with me, but not in a prison way. [laughter]

Dale: It's a love thing. It's not a power play, brother!

Dave: No, but on a serious note, we've been playing a long time together. Eight years. We can just lock down the fuckin' train from hell.

Dale: So from that, did Brian springboard on or who came next?

Brian: I knew Dave from a car show and we talked about jamming together. He said he wanted to go for it, as long as it's above and beyond the traditional rockabilly sound. I said, "Oh, yeah, I got something more than that." And he said, "Well, who are you gonna get to sing?" I said, "Well, I got this guy over here, Matt Armor. We jammed together at his apartment a couple times."

Dale: You never sang in any bands, right? 'Cause I remember when I first met you, you were telling me that this is the only band you've ever sung in.

Matt: Nah, I was a D.J. for years in clubs...

Dale: [smartassingly] Where'd you D.J. at?

Matt: Uhhh, I D.J.'ed, God, a bunch of places in Santa Barbara. One of the places that you used to hang out in, Fathom, one of the gay clubs in Santa Barbara.

Dale: Isn't that where you used to sell hot milkshakes?

Matt: [lisp] That's where we met, didn't we, sweetheart?

Dale: No, man.

Matt: I think so...

Dale: No, I was pitching the milkshakes, not takin' 'em. [laughter]

Matt: So, I did that for years and I was always jumping onstage with other bands.

Dale: So, Brian was basically a music friend of yours?

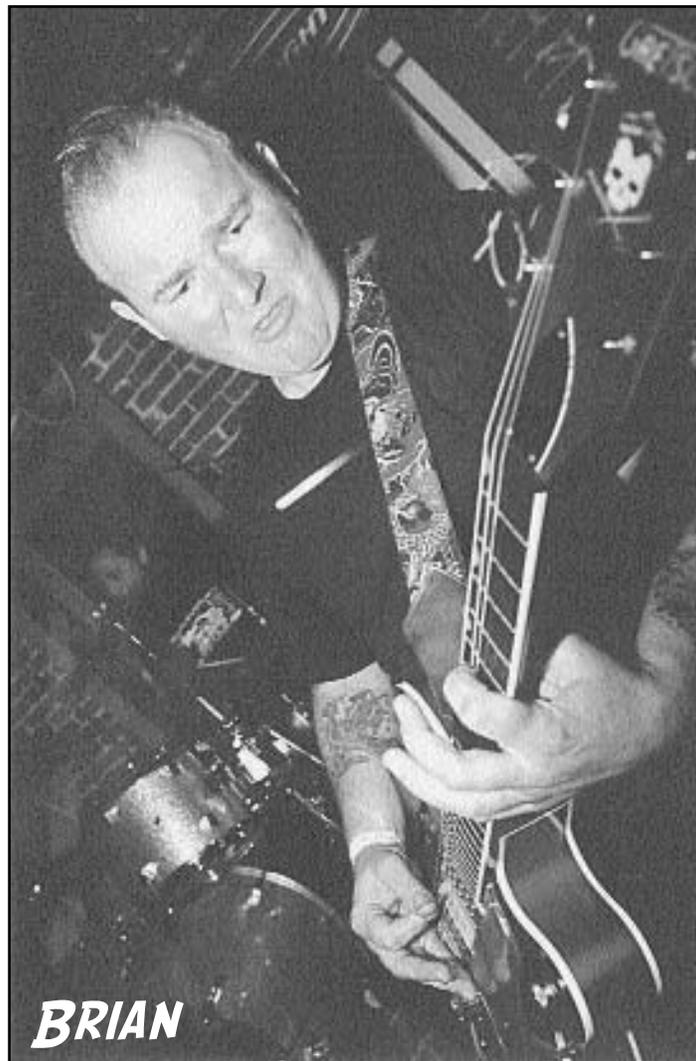
Matt: Well, I've known Dave for a loong time. And I used to be like, "Can I roadie for you guys?" I'd follow his band and I'd just say, "Hey, can I carry your equipment so I can go to the show?" Sorta help 'em out. I always wanted to be in a band, but it just wasn't the right time. Then it was the right time when I saw Brian playing in this other band, and he was amaz-

ing. The rest of the band was okay, but Brian was fucking blowing me away. So, I was, like, "Maybe this guy can do something on the side." We got together and talked to Chris and Dave, because they're the fuckin' greatest rhythm section in the fuckin' world. We got together, just went from there.

Brian: I remember these guys telling me that they got Chris to play drums with us, right? And they really didn't.

Chris: They tricked my ass!

Dave: Well, they tricked me, too! [laughter]



Chris: They're telling me, "Oh, we got Dave." And they told Dave, "Oh, yeah, we got Chris." We're all, "Fuck it. Fine. Let's rehearse."

Brian: I'm driving down the freeway in my truck and I pass Chris, and this is after Matt says, "Oh, yeah, Chris is in." So I'm cruising down the freeway in my '50, and I pass this guy up and I look over at 'em. I get up next to him on the freeway, and I'm like, "Hey" - you know, doing air drums. "We're on, right?" And this guy's looking at me like all, "Yeah, dude - whatever!" [laughter] He's doing it back: "Yeah, dude, drums! Woo-hoo!

Party! Cool! Wow! Yeah!", not even knowing who I am or anything! [laughter] Then I hit him up in a nightclub and said, "So we're jammin', huh?" And he's like, "Yeah!" And he didn't know what I was talking about. He just said "Yes!" [laughter] He'll say yes to any band that wants a drummer.

Dave: Literally, he was in five bands at that time and we were playing together at the time and we didn't even know these guys were fuckin' coercing each of us to do it. He's like, "Hey, did ya talk to

was all done by you guys, right?

Dave: That's right.

Dale: Who distributed that? Hepcat?

Dave: They've distributed our stuff from the beginning.

Todd: A guy that mastered a very famous album mastered your last album. Who is that guy and how did you get him to do it?

Chris: Joe? Yeah, he did the Beach Boys' album, *Pet Sounds*. He worked back at The Record Plant in NYC. Did all the Ramones shit, did all of Blondie, X, Talking Heads, The Cars. The guy's insane.

Todd: He works in L.A.?

Chris: This is in L.A. Went to a studio called Ocean View. He fuckin' loved us. We did it in HD-CD, high definition CD, which is like 24-bit, or whatever? And he charged us just a little bit more than the going price for mastering a regular 16-bit.

Dale: How'd you guys hook up with him?

Chris: Paul Dugre, our producer. It was just a friend, buddy deal. They've done a lot of projects together. Paul had spent years doing Los Lobos, X, stuff like that. So they knew each other from numerous projects before.

Matt: I told him that it's not another fuckin' NOFX wanna-be band, or whatever. It's somethin' rockin'.

Dale: And he dug it. He heard the thunder and he said, "It's fuckin' on! I want the project."

Chris: It was just the mastering, the digital mastering.

Dale: Mastering can make an album or turn it into a pile of poo, though.

Matt: He doesn't even go to the Grammys, either. He's like, "Fuck the Grammys. I'm not going." He gets invited every time and he doesn't even go.

Dale: Would you go to the Grammys?

Matt: Fuck, no.

Dale: Why not? It would give you the excuse to wear a new dress. [laughter]

Matt: Ah, no, no, no, no... [laughing] You know, in fact, I've gotta buy a new dress. Not for the Grammys. I'm going to a wedding this weekend. (Dale note: Congrats, Chachi!) It's going to be pink taffeta.

Todd: So, Dave, what's the most load your bass can handle? How much weight has been on there? [laughter]

Dave: Welllllll, I don't wanna hurt any feelings. I'm gonna take the fifth.

Dale: Matt, explain your name, Brian Haley. A lot of people think that it's the nickname of a car, **RAZORCAKE** 63

the nickname of a girl...

Todd: Or something from Bill Haley and the Comets.

Matt: Well, basically my house burnt down on Haley Street in Santa Barbara. And like in the song, "Blazing Haley," I was sitting at the bar and someone came busting in. I lived two blocks down from the bar, and they're like, "Hey, man your fuckin' house is on fire!" I'm like, "Yeah, right, whatever..." And they're like, "No, SERIOUSLY. There's fire engines putting out your house RIGHT now." Ran down the street. I was like, shit, pulled my stuff out, and was meeting these guys to talk to 'em about a band. And I ran up the street to this other bar, and they're all, "Where the hell you've been!?" I'm like, "Shit, my house caught on fire, but I've got a GREAT name for the band."

Dale: Which brings me to my next question. You're probably aware of where Tony Franco used to live on Haley Street? (Tony's house was home to raging band parties for many up in Santa Barbara. Some of the most drunken, destructive fun ever to be had. Bless you, Mr. Franco.)

Matt: Oh, yeah. I lived with Tony on Haley Street. Slept on his couch many times.

Dale: Well, have you ever had a date with any of those transvestites or had a clambake, just to sing about these things? Haley Street, meaning where all the Hispanic transtesticles come out at night?

Matt: Uh, no. But they have approached the house many times.

Dale: You never had a date with a one-armed bandit under the dress?

Matt: No. You're speaking of "Only a Woman to Me," baby? The one with the Adam's apple? No, I haven't. Have you?

Dale: No.

Matt: [smirking] But I've *thought* about it. I think about it all the time. I thought about it at a bar, once, ya know, and I was very drunk. I saw what I thought was a woman, and then I saw that Adam's apple peeking out, and I got scared, so I ran away. But it was close. It could have happened. It could happen again maybe sometime. It's exciting. It's *dangerous*. [laughter]

Todd: Everybody has to answer this question. What's the smallest living thing you take care of every day?

Matt: Probably my penis.

Dale: What, you hung like a light switch, like Howard Stern?

Matt: Yeah, but once it gets aroused, it's a purple-helmeted warrior! [laughter]

Dave: My two Chihuahuas, Flaca and Chico.

Brian: My cat.

Chris: My two-year-old boy, Chris Jr.

Todd: So, you played a song with Nerf Herder. How does that happen?

Chris: They live in the same town as us.

Matt: Yeah, I went to high school with Carey. Carey and I had Shakespeare class together. It was great.

Dale: Hmm... [laughter]

Matt: He was kind of a nerd in high school.

Dave: [smiling] He's still a fuckin' nerd! [laughter]

Matt: Then we had our ten year

Dale: What were you really looking to do? Oh, you thought Brian was cute? Or you just wanted to play with him?

Matt: I just wanted to play with him.

Dale: Ooo! Exposé!

Matt: Not in a gay way, but a jail way...

Dale: Why are you all crouching over?

Matt: What?

Dale: Crouching Matt, Hidden Smanley. [laughter]

Matt: Smandeau! Reaaa-lah!

Dale: You got a kickstand going

hard.

Dave: Well, I like Brian's previous quote. It's basically that nobody played guitar like he wanted it to be played, so he just fuckin' went for it, and that's what it's all about. Brian was actually the first one to be able to verbalize it, but we're each like that in our own way. We have so many different influences. And we *definitely* don't wanna be typecast as one certain thing, you know what I mean? So we're...

Dale: Part of the Fonzie dungheap.

Dave: The Fonzie dungheap, yeah.

Dale: I mean, it's obvious. Like Todd was saying - nothing's really overcome, like you all don't listen to the same Buddy Holly records or you don't all listen to the same ten Elvis records, or the same Chuck Berry records. You guys obviously got different influences, but it works.

Brian: Well, and we also have a very open forum in the creative process.

Dave: There's no domineering person here.

Dale: There's no dominating influence on when you guys put songs together? It's kind of an open door policy?

Dave: Everybody has a voice.

Matt: Brian is one of the main songwriters of the crew, but he comes to the table and he says, "Here's my song." And then we all kind of add something to it, you know? I'll write some lyrics, or something. Chris will write a song, Dave will write a song. It's not like, "This is what we're gonna sound like." This is what we're gonna wear." It's, "Here's the song and let's go."

Chris: We basically jam a new song. Brian brings a riff in or something like that and we rock it out.

Dale: It's not like it has to sound like *this* cruster from the '50s or...

Dave: Or matching leather pants.

Dale: Yeah! Let's not fuckin' talk about the opening band's matching leather pants! [To Matt] You're gonna wear those next time - whaddya think about that? Call you Sman Morrison...

Matt: Uh, yeah. I have a very small ass. Leather pants aren't good for me.

Dave: He needs suspenders, too.

Matt: I'll have to put in, like ass pads, or something...

Dale: You're gonna wear the fuckin' Mork from Ork suspenders, dude. And a fuckin' dildo mic stand (referring to opening band). What was up with that? [laughter] Where was your mic stand tonight?

Chris: Rose Tattoo! With the suspenders on! [laughter]

Matt: Exactly! My mic stand -



reunion, and we were sitting there, watching this reunion go on, and we're like, "Let's go downtown and go see a band." So we left our reunion about half an hour into it.

Brian: Me and the drummer from Nerf Herder grew up playing music together. He learned how to play drums and I learned how to play guitar. We jammed together.

Matt: That's how I actually got together with Brian. I approached Steve from Nerf Herder and I said, "Hey, Brian Lakey, I'm looking to get a band together and that guy's amazing."

on? Nah, I'm just kidding... [laughter]

Chris: Tripod!

Todd: Chris, you have Link Wray's signature on your guitar, you guys do a Black Sabbath cover. I mean, that's a pretty wide, diverse culmination of things. How do you get it so nothing overtakes your sound? Like the band two prior (of the show that evening before Blazing Haley) that we're not gonna name, even if they make "originals," they're still a cover band. How did you prevent doing that?

Matt: We don't think about it too

when we played in Vegas, it was kinda stolen, or whatever, so we're gonna make another one. We just do our own shit.

Todd: I have a technical question for Chris. How big do you think Tom Jones's quilt of underwear is?

Chris: He hasn't laundered that thing! They toss 'em up used and I don't know *who* puts 'em together for him, but that thing has gotta be, like, twenty by twenty feet, man. It's huge!

Todd: Have you seen it?

Chris: I've seen pictures of it and I've heard his interviews, and Tom says that he doesn't launder the thing! [laughter] I mean, like, they're all...

Dave: Skidded up...

Chris: They're skidded up... all pre-snailed up and everything.

Todd: You guys have shared some weird fuckin' bills from Run DMC to Ugly Kid Joe. How the hell did you get onto the Tony Hawk great, big gigantic tour soundtrack dealie?

Bouncer: [Sticks his head out back] Guys, time to go!

Matt: Gotta put that in. The bouncer just went, "Hey, time to go...but, oh, sorry." [Motioning to Dale] That's Dale. Don't fuck with Dale.

Dale: Thank you.

Chris: You know, there's actually two different people with Tony Hawk who we deal with. There's a guy who's trying to put us in the video game, Tony Hawk 4, or whatever. He tried to get us on the third, but we didn't have our album ready in time, and now they're still working on the music for the fourth. And then the guy who does the music for Tony Hawk's Gigantic Skate Park Tour. I guess they just released it on DVD, seasons one and two, and we have four songs on that. I think it had something to do with the Fiesta Show we played at Delagara Plaza in Santa Barbara. One of the guys was there.

Dale: You guys also played the opening of the public skateboard park in Santa Barbara, with R.K.L.
Chris: That got on Blue Torch TV, which was a separate deal, 'cause that was on ESPN.

Todd: Not to be too disparaging to your audience, but do you ever look out there, and think you're playing to the cast of "Hee Haw"? [laughter]

Dale: Big Shirtless Jim!

Matt: You know what? If they're the cast of "Hee Haw," God bless 'em. Thank you for coming out. I don't care if they're wearing tie dye shirts or if they're fuckin' gothic, if they're metal - anything, ya know? Thanks for comin'.

Dale: You didn't answer the question. You didn't answer why you like Roy Clark's tight Wranglers. Roy Clark was part of "Hee Haw."

Don't pretend you didn't have that fuckin' session in the trailer.

Matt: Um, Roy Clark is a sexy bitch.

Dale: You like his fuckin' red, white, and blue banjo, huh?

Matt: Exactly. I think Roy didn't do what Tom Jones did. Tom Jones, I think, had an avocado in there? And Roy had, like, a summer squash.

Chris: No, it was a baked potato, because it, kinda, hangs to the left or to the right! It was a baked potato with sour cream! [laughter]

Todd: Chris, what do you have in common with Budgie of Siouixiee and the Banshees? [laughter]

Chris: Budgie! Budgie rules, man! Well, we're both fuckin' hung like mules. We both use the same equip-

ment. [laughter]
Matt: Chris has better hair, I gotta say. Budgie has bad hair. [laughter]
Todd: All right, this is the last question - when was the most memorable time when you thought you lost, but in the end, you really won? I'll just throw this out. You officially lost the MTV thing, but then you escaped a shitty record contract.

Dale: When Busta Rhymes was giving you props.
Chris: Yeah, well, we went on that show, you know, as a lark. Kind of

a lame audience, but we just wanted to get exposure. We thought we were gonna get eliminated at least in the first or second round, so when we tied for first, we were like actually scared that we actually might win the thing and get stuck with a seven-album developmental deal with Sony Records.
Matt: And we lost. Later on, I'm making a ham sandwich in my kitchen, and Busta calls me up. [laughter] And I'm like, "Hello?"
Dale: "Shit, yo man, hey, yo!"
Matt: He's all, "Yo! What's up! This is Busta!" And I'm like, "Dude! This is Matt!" And he's all, "I know"... And he just called to say he loved us, and that's cool. We lost, but we were able to go back to

CHRIS: ASK HIM ABOUT HIS PUBES. HE SHAVED HIS PUBES IN THE SHAPE OF GRACELAND.

DALE: DID YOU?

MATT: YEP. YES, REALLY...

L.A. and play fun shows.

Chris: We milked that thing. We got so much exposure on that. Didn't lose face, just went in there to play, and we kept our cool, man. We kept our cool.

Dale: What was the MTV deal called?

Chris: It was "TRL's Big Deal." [laughter]

Matt: Big fuckin' deal.

Dale: Did you dickslap Carson Daly?

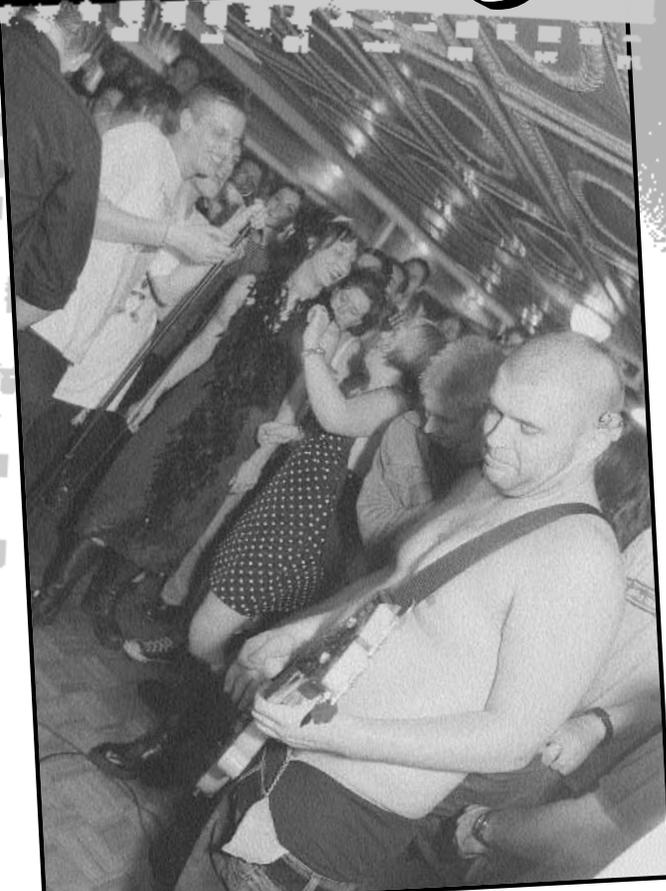
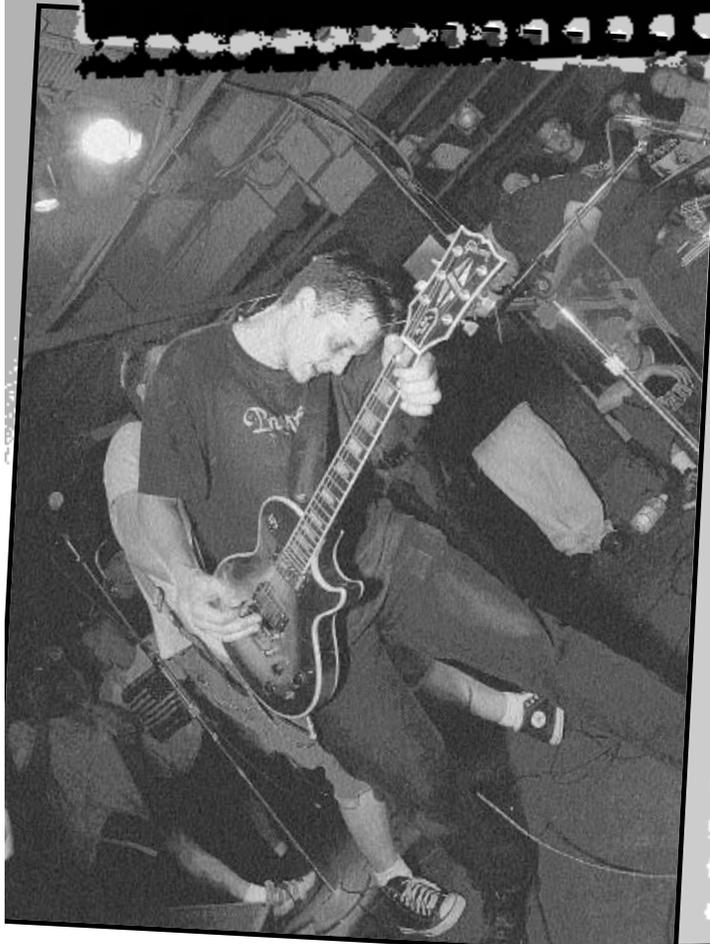
Chris: [laughing] No. Actually, Carson Daly was backing us.

Dale: Yeah?
Chris: He was backin' us, yeah.
Dave: He was actually a really nice guy.
Dale: He was nice? Would you have donkeypunched Carson if he fuckin' would've started being a sman?
Chris: [laughing] If he was being a bitch? Yeah, we would've.
Dale: Fucking Reich-style? Just right in the sternum? [Laughter, referring to brother Mark Reich of Cynical and Hollywood Hate.]
Chris: Yeah! Fuckin' curbjobbed him!
Dale: Oh, I'm sorry. Did we hit a nerve about Carson Daly, Matt?
Matt: [laughter] No, not at all! Carson's a very nice guy. He was cool even though he introduced "V-12 Ford" as "Viz 12," and then they had to stop the cameras when I yelled out, "V-12 Ford, ya fuckin' idiot!"
Dave: He got it after that.
Matt: He did, he did. And thank you, Carson!
Dave: I think there's a Carson Daly photograph on our website. I think he and Chris were necking...
Dale: Is that the one where he's walking out of you guys' room down in San Diego, wiping his mouth, or something?
Matt: That's it! It was like a Fugazi cover! [laughing] He had the little dribble down the side of the face. I was like, "Carsooon...!"
Dale: Little fuckin' wet lawn dart against the side of his face. [laughter]
Matt: Ahhh...exactly, exactly. He reserved it - all four loads from us.

<www.blazinghaley.com>



Dan Monick's Photo Page



These were the first two times I ever shot Dillinger Four live – two shows for the release of *Midwestern Songs*. One of them was on a boat floating down the Mississippi. (The shots of Paddy with the fancy ceiling). All the vodka was gone from the bar within the first hour. Much talk of pirating the ship to New Orleans. Fucking amazed no one fell in.

Please note: If you're an established record company, and you send us a pre-release without all the album art, we're probably going to throw that shit away... cock gobblers.

4 AM FATALITY:

The Aggro-vated EP: 7" EP
Gruff hardcore with a little metal and songs about how much Las Vegas sucks (and whose town doesn't?), how much religion sucks, how much parents suck and how much alcoholism sucks (but not alcohol itself, thank you very much). Yeah, but it's on colored vinyl and so worth every penny. —Cuss Baxter (Villain)

ADICTS: *Twenty-Seven*: CD

One of the great things about reissues is that you get a second chance to give a listen to something you totally (and wrongfully) ignored that you shouldn't have back when it originally came out. Case in point: this album. By 1992, when this came out, I was pretty much ignoring most of what the "old" bands were coming up with, mainly because so much of what they were coming up with sucked ass. 'Tis a pity, too, 'cause, had I not been such a fucking snob, I would've stapled this bad boy to my stereo to insure that nothing else would be played. Giving up on the pop road to fame, punk's favorite droogs went back to doing what they do best, namely writing some great punk rock tunes. There ain't a bad one in the lot (well, actually, "Give Me More" is a little too "rock" for my taste, but that's the only one I can muster a gripe about), some of 'em whip by at a breakneck pace by Adicts standards, and damn near all of 'em are prime "classics" material. Fuck, I feel really stupid for missing out the first time round. Thanks for the second chance to redeem myself. —Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

AGITATED:

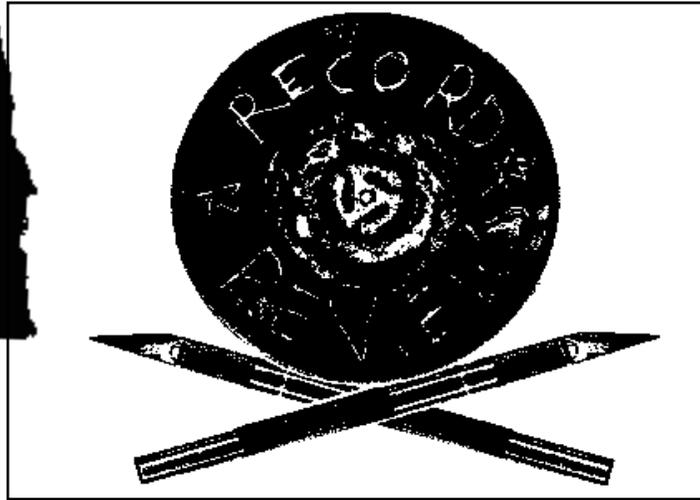
Go Blue, Go Die: CD

One demo and one rehearsal on this bad boy. The demo portion of the festivities is absolutely smokin', with twelve tracks of Midwestern hardcore circa 1983 coming off like an only slightly less intense Fix. The rehearsal, five tracks in all, sounds just like one would expect and ain't no big whoop. Still, more than worth its cover price for the first twelve tunes. —Jimmy Alvarado (Smog Veil)

ALMOST THERE/

SAVING FACE: Split 7"

Almost There: hyper-melodic pop punk that has more than a slight cribbing of Face To Face's *Don't Turn Away* LP. Their second song, despite it being chock full of naïveté, and the questionable ballad-like break down, ain't too bad because the instruments make a trampoline, twining



I'm sure this band is going places. My record collection just isn't one of them.

—Megan Pants

together in a strong balance, allowing the song to bounce and soar in parts. Saving Face: There was this band called My Pal Trigger that, early on, was fucking great. Then something happened. Their later stuff blew goats. Saving Face — with their male and female swapping vocals, clear and jumpy instruments, and cool melodies falls between the suckass MPT and the really great MPT. They had me singing along until they went into a really bad rap. D'oh. Mediocre result for both bands. —Todd (High Fidelity)

AMERICAN LIBERATION ARMY:

Your Kids Need AK47s: CD

Crudely recorded punk/ska that would've been just peachy if they'd ditched the ska altogether and came up with more memorable punk songs. —Jimmy Alvarado (No address)

AMERICAN PIG: *Feed 'Em*

Before You Kill 'Em: CD

Punk rock with, sometimes, more country than is good for it. When they keep the tempo up, they can muster a good hardcore song, but when they start going for that modern Social Distortion sounds, watch out! In short, nice try, but no thanks. —Jimmy Alvarado (American Pig)

AN AUTOMOTIVE:

Self-titled: CD

Let's run down the checklist. Let's see: cloying, sensitive lyrics, arty cover artwork, brooding indie/college nerd music and a band name that makes Jimmy Eat World seem cool. According to my calculations, that puts this cute little rump cupcake squarely in the middle of the musical cess pool popularly known as emo. Listening to this makes me want to pull my own legs off and beat myself into a quiet, blissful coma where bands like An Automotive don't exist. This emo thing is getting out of hand. It might be time to reach for the Bat Phone

and get someone in here to clean up this mess. Where's Tesco Vee when we need him? —Aphid Peewit (Six Gun Lover)

ARCADE INFERNO:

The "Dante" EP: CDEP

It doesn't look that good, but by god it's punchier than a waxed weasel! Five tracks of high-energy '77-via-now head-bobbing delight in the realm of Naked Raygun getting the Rip Off treatment. Too bad it's so fuckin' short. —Cuss Baxter (www.arcadeinferno.com)

ASS END OFFEND/ THE

ANTI DIFRANCOS: Split 7"

Ass End Offend: Out of their three songs, "Cross the Fence," is the stand-out solely by the fact it doesn't sound like a tired reconstruction of Corrosion of Conformity, pre-*Crossover*. That song is my favorite of the split and actually has some nice breakdowns and vocal dynamics. Anti DiFrancos: Barring a song about respecting your parents and an up-front hate for a certain hairy armpitted righteous babe, The Anti DiFrancos are a very standard, almost featureless punk band who seemed to have taken Jello Biafra's spoken word to heart (i.e. "the nation's elite bolster our alienation to perpetuate wage slave subjugation"). I'm sure they're very earnest but this musical ground — especially the instrumentation — has been trampled so many times, and like a patch of grass under the same treatment, it doesn't seem like anything new's growing out of it. My suggestion for both bands? Get more Feederz and Zero Boys and cut down on the Conflict and GBH in your diet; something to throw in and monkey wrench the mix. —Todd (Poisoned Candy)

ATOMSMASHERS: *Alright: 7"*

Primal punk rock with simple lyrics, simple riffs, and all the fixin's the average punk band needs. No big whoop, but not without his harms, either. —Jimmy Alvarado (Rip Off)

AT WAR WITH SHADOWS:

Healing Is Not an Option: 7"

Why is it so cool to act pissed off all the time? Folks play and sing like they're trying to beat the whole world back into prehistory. Maybe if some bands who can't find anything to sing about besides misery and agony and cutting their own throats would actually go and do the deed, it would free up some gear for the band down the block who have a couple good monkey songs. —Cuss Baxter (Hater of God)

AT WAR WITH SHADOWS:

Healing Is Not an Option: CD

Sounds like black metal, but reads like emo. Don't know whether to head bang or weep uncontrollably into my Slayer lunchbox. Oh, the loneliness of being e-vile! —Jimmy Alvarado (Hater of God)

AVAIL: *Front Porch Stories*: CD

I have to be honest here. This is the first Avail release that I actually possess. I passed on them for the sheer fact that they had recorded for Lookout. The label rubbed me wrong and because of the popularity. I passed on them. The last Fat release was put out in a transitional phase in which I had stopped writing for one zine and started writing for this one. I did not receive a copy and, in fact, was too cheap to purchase it. I did see them twice in the last two years and was impressed by their live set. Their live show is so impressive and energetic that I try my best to see them every time they come to town. They are a nice bunch of guys to boot. I was excited when I saw that I actually had one of their releases in my inbox at Razorcake HQ. I hate to slam this, but I am disappointed. The recording is thin and is not representative of what I have experienced live. I guess this release might be their experimental period recording. I had hoped for more. But who am I to judge? I did want more. —Donofthead (Fat)

BAD ASTRONAUT:

Houston, We Have a Drinking Problem: CD

Bad Astronaut make bad Foo Fighter music. JeZ, with a name like that, you'd expect at least one robot voice. —Jimmy Alvarado (Honest Don's)

BAD ASTRONAUT:

Houston: We Have a Drinking Problem: CD

Late at night, I pop this into the CD player after a hard day at work and the night before my surgery. I get overwhelmed with a time warp of deja vu. I feel like I am listening to the lost track of *Sgt. Peppers* or am listening to an obscure Alice Cooper track? Maybe I'm listening to an experimental Tom Petty track? Maybe Bowie? Track two is equally as confusing. I am back to reality after the start of track three. A No Use for a Name meets Husker Du mood. The more I listen, I hear elements of R.E.M. College radio is the best description. I am confused... —Donofthead (Honest Don's)

BAD VIBES, THE:

Hate Your Everything: CD

Sweet mid-tempo hardcore that gets the blood pumping and the aggro a-

buildin'. Best of all, no whiny emo lyrics. Dang good listenin'. -Jimmy Alvarado (Steel Cage)

BAND OF FELONS:

Drown My Sorrows,
Drink My Dreams: CDEP

Anthem, profanity-sprinkled street punk/hardcore that kind of sounds like a cross between the Bump 'n Uglies and Sick Of It All. And judging by the title and the dumpy barroom photos, I'd say they have a pro-alcohol abuse agenda. What's not to like? Five songs and a whopping eleven minutes and thirteen seconds of strong, no-bullshit rock'n'roll. Unlike some of the other discs I've reviewed this time around, I will not be burying this one in my backyard. -Aphid Peewit (Go For Broke)

BIONIC: Self-titled: LP

The vinyl on this record is fucking amazing. It's about as thick as like four regular LPs all Krazy Glued together, like a bright blue (with radiating white bowling ball streaky things!) poker chip blown up to like 8x or something. I actually can't put the fucking thing down, i spin it on my finger, twirl it around, just sorta heft it - it's funner to play WITH the record than actually play it, although immediately after the unreasonably brilliant opening track, "C'mon C'mon," i was thinking things like "I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE OF STONER ROCK AND IT HATH COME IN THE FORM OF A GIGANTIC BLUE POKER CHIP!" and other pimply hyperbole. I mean, during the first song, i was, no shit, beginning to entertain notions of getting the TV/UPC/eyeball-headed brain-stomached tentacle-appendaged alien life form depicted on the cover tattooed on my back, so great was my blown-awayment! I shit you not: One would swear it was the Figgs playing grunge. In point of fact, i was, for a time, so SURE that it actually WAS the Figgs playing grunge, as some sort of prank side-project (just as the Hanson Bros. occasionally masquerade as some other trivial band, just to show they can do it), that i scoured every inch of the packaging for some tell-tale fingerprints to indict Gent and Donnelly with, only to find that if you hold side A so the label name reads left-to-right, "Boss Tuneage" is at the top and the song titles read down-to-up, but if you hold side B so the label name reads left-to-right, "Boss Tuneage" is at the bottom and the song titles read up-to-down (if you can figure out how that's my smoking gun, i'm all ears, Watson). In any event, by song two, my enthusiasm (and surety of Figgs-involvement) was beginning to dampen slightly, and i thought that perhaps i'd merely have a contest whereby OTHER people would get the alien tattooed on their back, and send me Polaroids™, and win a prize or something, and by track three or four i had lost interest entirely, never to return. I mean, dude, it's GRUNGE (unless they don't call grunge "grunge" any more [for all i know, they call it "hardcore." nothing can surprise me where that term is involved these days after i heard it applied to fucking Snapcase, who are about as hardcore as... oh, i don't know, Bionic i guess], in which case i guess it's whatever they say it is), and has

anyone besides me ever noticed that grunge bands (or current contemporary variant thereof, God save us all) never "quote" (used here in the newfangled postmodern sense of "knowingly evoking stylistic similarities to") anything other than those things that, by their mere inclusion in the genre, they are PRE-SUPPOSED TO QUOTE MERELY BY DINT OF THEIR VERY EXISTENCE? I mean, think about it (if you want). BEST SONG: "C'mon C'mon" BEST SONG TITLE "Peavey Youth" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT (apart from the fact that they spelled "Peavey" correctly): Track #6 is, in fact, called "Six." It's genius in our time! (or is it merely the Circle Jerks fifth album??) -Rev. Nørb (Boss Tuneage)

BLACKLIST:

Times Are Changing: CD
Cookie-cutter street punk with the requisite chanty parts. -Jimmy Alvarado (Dead Mic)

BLACK MERINOS:

Self-titled: 7"
I like the music alright. Playing the same game as Antischism, it's got nice atmosphere in a charred earth, we're-all-fucked, big potholes in civilization sort of way. But, as a whole, it just didn't clamp on, yank the nuts down, and have me crying for more. It tended to get plodding instead of heavy. They seem very sad, as would be indicated by the song, "Insides Are Raped." -Todd (Hyperrealist)

BOMB POPS, THE:

Everything Looks Like Her: 7"
A-side: Potent rock'n'roll with maybe a dash of the '60s thrown in for good measure. B-side: more of the same. The production could've been a little rawer, but it's still pretty snappy as is. -Jimmy Alvarado (Rapid Pulse)

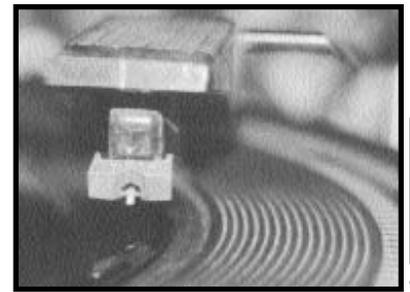
BOMBSITE BOYS:

Replete With...: CD
As a rule of thumb, I try to stay away from bands with ties. It goes back, I'm sure, to the dreadful days of new wave; the Cars, Elvis Costello, *The Knack*... sort of a gawky, zit-faced puberty era in the upbringing of rock'n'roll. I learned back then that, like bright yellow spots on poisonous salamanders, ties portend bad things: skinny dorks with bowl cuts, synthesizers and all other manifestations of hell. But then along came ripping bands like the Hives and Henry Fiat's Open Sore, who rocked my face off while wearing ties. I seemed to be finally working through my "tie band" aversion. Now the Bombsite Boys come along, introducing me to the tie and top hat look. But it's supposed to be about the music, right? Well, musically, the Bombsite Boys suckle that same safe teat of innocuous pop punk that so many other bands live and die by. Fuck it, it's just pop - except for a couple songs. There's very little punk about it. Yet another band with no real teeth, just pasteurized, homogenized punk leanings. Today's lesson: beware of ties and top hats. It might have worked for certain 19th century U.S. presidents, but it doesn't work in rock. -Aphid Peewit (Myopic)

RAZZORCAKE

CD players just aren't as cool.

These are the top 7's since the last mag.



Underground Medicine Mailorder, Connecticut

1. **Reatards**, *Savage Tape* (Solid Sex Lovy Doll)
2. **Easys**, *You're High Maintenance* (Just Add Water)
3. **Flakes**, *Jerk Store* (Screaming Apple)
4. **Bomb Pops**, *Everything Looks Like Her* (Rapid Pulse)
5. **Columbian Neckties**, *Rejected #7* (High School Reject)
6. **Hunches**, *Got Some Hate* (In The Red)
7. **Distraction**, *Transmission Ignition* (Pelado)
8. **Diskords**, *Heart Full of Naplam* (Vinyl Warning)
9. **FlipTops/Triggers**, *Split* (Jonny Cat)
10. **New Town Animals**, *Fashion Fallout* (Dirtnap)

Disgruntled Mailorder, California

1. **Dee Dee Ramone**, *Self-titled 2x7"* (Stuff)
2. **Slanderin**, *Zombie Gang* (Headline)
3. **Zeke**, *Season of the Witch* (Safety Pin)
4. **Kings Of Nuthin'**, *Shit Out of Luck* (Haunted Town)
5. **Bonecrusher**, *For Your Freedom* (77 RPM)
6. **Bodies**, *3 Brandnewsongs* (Hostage)
7. **Smogtown**, *Audiophile* (Hostage)
8. **Starvations**, *Horried Eyes* (GSL)
9. **Raw Power**, *Wop Hour* (Westworld)
10. **Black Halos**, *Sell Out Love* (Safety Pin)

Dave Hill Distribution, Oregon

1. **Rock Bottom & the Spys**, *Rich Girl* (BreakMyFace.com)
2. **The Jewws**, *I Need Your Lovin'* (Alien Snatch!)
3. **New Town Animals**, *Fashion Fallout* (Dirtnap)
4. **Electric Eye**, *Muscle* (Vinyl Warning)
5. **Right On!**, *Buried Alive* (Royal)
6. **The Haskels**, *Taking the City by Storm* (Blammo)
7. **Gentlemen of Horror**, *Sterling Death* (Bacchus Archives)
8. **Riisteterror**, *Taabajara Hardcore* (Hardcore Holocaust)
9. **The Spits**, *19 Million A.C.* (Dirtnap)
10. **The Triggers/The Flip-Tops**, *Split* (Jonny Cat)

BOTTLES AND SKULLS/ 400 BLOWS: Split 7" EP

Bottles: Two catchy mid-tempo punk tunes. "Party Crasher" is the better of the two, with a hypnotic riff and ranty lyrics. 400 Blows: "The Gods are Laughing at Us" had me envisioning a no-wave band covering SOD. The other song is more disjointed and noisy, which is a plus. Good racket from both bands. White vinyl, you collector whores. —Jimmy Alvarado (Cheetahs)

BRAZIL: Dasein: CD

I really like *Brazil*. I think Terry Gilliam... oh wait, this isn't the movie. This sounds like the bastard child of Jethro Tull, rap metal, and really sucky robots. That's not good. —Megan Pants (Fearless)

BROKE AMERICANS:

Self-titled: CD

I'm guessing that these here rocking doods think that they're continuing in the grand tradition of witty, technically proficient punk bands like SNFU and NOFX. They do have some of the requisite "punk" stuff: a dork with a mohawk, some ska rhythms here and there, and song titles like "Eat Shit and Die" and "Proud to Be An Asshole." But this isn't even punk by the numbers — it's lower than that. For some reason I have a feeling Carson Daly would think these guys "rock." In other words, the music's safe, it's clean, it's corporate sounding and it blows. If the chuckle fucks in this band weren't in hair metal bands ten years ago, I'll drink Ron Jeremy's bath water with the Hedgehog still sitting in it. They tip their hand way too many times; the guitar solos alone are so glistening with a lube of their own pre-cum that they'd make a wank maestro like Warren DiMartini blanch. And what's this? This band was voted "best punk band in L.A." two years in a row?!? The same L.A. that back in the day belched forth bands like Fear, Black Flag, Circle Jerks, the Germs and the Dickies? Egad. The mind reels. Remind me to update my list of "Reasons I Fucking Hate L.A." Just to see if it was just me being unnecessarily grumpy and narrow-minded, I actually brought this disc to work and played it. Everyone laughed at it. Seriously. Dumb name. Dumb cover. Dumb songs. To bastardize an ee Cummings line, this is dung-luscious. 100% dog manure. I wouldn't feed this to Sebastian Bach. —Aphid Peewit (Industrial Strength)

BROKEN BOTTLES:

Radioactive San Onofre: 7"

Fuck, it took me half a song to figure why this sounds so familiar. Think of Broken Bottles as releasing the never-before-discovered studio tracks to Social Distortion's *Mommy's Little Monster* (the vocals are a tad higher and less gruff, but still). I don't mean that as a slight — these would be choice cuts. As a matter of fact, fuckin' bravo. Somehow, and I'm quite sure how, they've captured and stomped on entire nuclear water balloon that Mike Ness and Co. have been steering away from for the last twenty years. What makes this less a re-tread on a tire that's got 70,000 miles on it already and more of

day soundtrack to *Repo Man*? Little things. Like the ability to write a motherfucking song that sounds as ominous as a siren and is easy and catchy as an STD during spring break. It sounds paranoid, too, so don't worry, it doesn't sound like hair gel nü punk. Jes the Mess sounds like he singing surrounded by barbed wire while the band sounds like they're trying to break free. Me likey. On a related note: did Hostage just get paid? Fuckin' a — absolutely beautiful color packaging that matches the quality inside. —Todd (Hostage)

BRYAN DUNAWAY:

No Aim At All: CD-R

Ah, a boy and his guitar. His *acoustic* guitar. I wanted to coin a new portman-teau word, ala Lewis Carroll, to signify the conjoining of folk and punk and all I came up with was "Folunk." Pronounced "flunk." Which is, coincidentally, the grade I would have to give Bryan Dunaway's latest effort. Folk music and punk music are, in many ways, spiritually related, but as certain misshapen Appalachian hillfolk have demonstrated, it's not always a good thing when relatives intermarry. After listening to *No Aim At All*, I'm not sure the folk-punk admixture thing works. Plus Mr. Dunaway thanks shmuck actor/bon vivant Corey Feldman in his liner notes — an untenable punk gaffe if there ever was one and one that undoubtedly guarantees Dunaway's accrued "punk points" will take a serious hit. No amount of successive days wearing a Clash shirt can rectify that. I admire his gumption, his DIY work ethic, and his nicely folded up cuffs on his punk rock jeans; but this disc strikes me as musically tepid and lyrically not all that clever. Something you might hear in a coffee shop on open stage night. I don't like coffee. I don't like coffee shops, and I don't like coffee shop punk. For fuck's sake, whether it was Les Paul or Leo Fender who slapped the first one together, the electric guitar was invented for a reason. Wasn't Terrible Ted Nugent who once said "Anybody wants to get mellow you can turn around and get the fuck outta here!?" —Aphid Peewit (Street Trash)

CHANNEL 3: Self-titled: LP

If you read what Jimmy Alvarado wrote about this release in the previous issue, you know this is the shit! I was lucky enough to pick up a couple of copies of the test press that Dr. Strange made available to the public. I have been a fan since the early '80s. Their first 12" was one of the first punk records that I personally purchased. I loved this band! I would go see them at any opportunity. I even liked their progressive period like the *Airborne 12"* and the track "Indian Summer" that was on the BYO comp *Something to Believe In*. If Bill from Dr. Strange said that they were going back to their roots, I believed it. I put the needle down on my turntable and a comfortable familiarity burst through my speakers. I felt like I was taken back in time. The notes massaging my ears was like hearing music that was in the *Fear of Life* LP mixed with *After the Lights Go Out* LP that CH3 made their mark. They cut back on the over production of the later releases. The music is raw but still reflects their amazing

melodic sensibilities. The power is there and gives me justification for their reunion. The songcraft they had, they did not lose. I can't believe that after such a long hiatus they can still come back with an absolutely beautiful release. This will probably stay in my car CD changer for over a year. That is how good this is. I hope people now will embrace the sheer magic that CH3 can bring and not ignore that they are an important part of punk history. I am a true believer that this a fantastic release. I hope you become one too!

—Donofthedeath (Dr. Strange)

CHASE, THE: The Better Part of Six Months: CD

This CD, literally, fell behind my CD player and it wasn't until I added more milk crates to the front room record wall that I found it again, so I can't rightly say when I got it, but unlike a giraffe, this stuff isn't spotty at all. I haven't been so up on the newest Snuff releases, and, oddly, singer for The Chase sounds pretty much like a hardcore Duncan. Actually, they take a lot of the best elements of Snuff — an achingly sweet and catchy melody and they tweak it into some short, satisfying, moshy breakdowns. Instead of veering into a pop-punk arena with horns, these guys take some pages from Sweden's Get Up and Goer's: melodic hardcore that isn't afraid of a lot of volume, speed, and screaming. Extra points go to the song titles: "Surprise Party at the Funeral Home," and "Can I Borrow a Headband?" Surprisingly good. —Todd (Submit)

CLENCHED FIST:

Welcome to Memphis: CD

More thick-necked jocks who think "hardcore" is a term interchangeable with "lame-assed, big-muscled, small-dick macho metal"? Or, as they say in the motherland, this is absolute mierda. —Jimmy Alvarado (Thorp)

COCKNOOSE: Badmen, Butchers, and Bleeders: CD

I think this is my new favorite album of the week. This is a re-issue of their debut album from '94. It's been completely remastered and they've added three bonus tracks (two GG Allin covers.) Bands should take a lesson from them: this was originally recorded for ninety-seven dollars in under three hours. And it blows away a large portion of what's been recorded since. It's loud as hell (which should come as no surprise since their bass player created the Confederacy of Scum), full of sleaze, and is just downright nasty. I love it. This is the kind of music your mother worries about you listening to, with good reason. —Megan Pants (TKO)

CRIMSON SWEET:

Livin' in Strut: CD

Methinks there's as many as three different "what we should have the band sound like" fingers in Crimson Sweet's pot. I've come up with a loose slide rule. The less psychedelic, the more I like them. Slow, I actually like the grooves they set — there's an attention to atmosphere that has me convinced that they understand the inner workings of Velvet Underground songs. They also

nailed a perfect cover, which would make a great single: Silverhead's (no, not Silverchair) "Hello New York." Their version and songs like "Airport Novel," and "So Electric," are downright fun, swaggering NYC pizza-sized slices of poppy, glammy punk. But, when the songs get trippy, almost jam-tacular, like the meandering last song, "Sad Walk at Knifepoint," I find myself getting sleepy and not so enthusiastic. Some great songs, but a spotty long listen. —Todd (On/On Switch)

CROSSTIDE:

Seventeen Nautical Miles: CD

I think this is leftover from that pile of shit Jimmy and Todd sorted through in issue nine. This sounds like a fucking lullabye. It's horrid. How does this shit end up at Razorcake HQ? Hell, how does it end up on a CD, is a better question. You guys lasted thirteen seconds into crap like this? You are better men than me. —Toby (Rise)

DAG NASTY:

Minority Of One: CD

Okay, I know these guys have been around for a while. For some reason, I have never heard a note of their music before. After listening to this CD, I'm glad I haven't. This shits sucks. It's that really clean sounding, highly produced pseudo-punk that bands like Pennywise put out. I wouldn't be surprised to hear this CD on a popular radio station soon. I hope this isn't the music that has kept them around for twenty years. When the lead singer puts on his "pretty voice" for the ballad, "Broken Days," I think I am going to hurl. Damn, I don't think I can make it through this whole CD, or to the toilet, for that matter. —Toby (Revelation)

DARLINGTON:

Chrysanthemum: 7"

I really liked their second album, which was the first with the name Darlington, which was Queers/Ramonesy fodder saved by some brilliantly stupid lyrics rife with self-deprecating potshots at their obviously derivative sound. Everything else I've heard, however, just hasn't grabbed my attention in the same way, and this is no different. You can easily draw the same musical reference points, but, from what I can tell, the sense of humor that made them so initially attractive ain't here, and the resulting record just doesn't stand out from the HUGE pack of bands treading the same stagnant water. This is limited to three hundred and if you dig 'em you'll dig this, but it did fuck all for me. —Jimmy Alvarado (X)

DARYLS, THE:

Beer Fueled Mayhem: CD

Out of eighteen songs, only one is worth listening to. The rest are just cheap Queers imitations. Glad you guys have money to throw away. Must be nice. Next. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.thedaryls.com)

DEAD SERIOUS:

It's What You Can't See: CD

Pretty run-of-the-mill youth crew driven. Thankfully, they keep the metal way in check, but there's really nothing there

to set them apart from a very large herd. Includes a Youth of Today cover. How original. –Jimmy Alvarado (Thorp)

DEVIL IN MISS JONES:

Headbanger: 10" EP

Loud rock'n'roll that just don't blow my skirt up. Sorry. –Jimmy Alvarado (Sounds of Subterranea)

DICKLESS TORSO:

Wake Up Jerk: CD

Really bad punk with piss poor recording values. Sounds like it was recorded on a ghetto blaster with the mics blown out. –Jimmy Alvarado (Star Time)

DIEHARD YOUTH: Without

the Kids We Would Be Dear: CD

Diehard Youth break out with straightforward PosiCore from strangely enough, Tehachapi, CA, which is kinda odd because it's pretty much the middle of nowhere. Anyway, this band sounds incredibly similar to Insted. Even the lyrical content runs in the same vein. The only difference is that this band adds more moshy elements to their music. For those who miss Insted. –Mike Dunn (Thorp)

DISKORDS, THE:

Heart Full of Napalm: 7"

The promo sheet that came with this release sez, "The Diskords range in age from 12 to 14 years old. They all attend middle school together here in Portland, Oregon." If I had been in a band when I was thirteen, I'd have spent all my time trying to perfect the riff to "Smells Like

Teen Spirit." That said, this is pretty good! Catchy, short, pop punky songs (think: a more poppy early Queers). And, come on! Twelve year-olds singing songs like "Cops Took Mommy Away"? Punk rock! –Maddy (Vinyl Warning)

DISTRACTION, THE:

Calling All Radios: CD and Transmission Ignition b/w Nothin' to Me: 7"

The Distraction grew on me slowly, but I'm glad I stuck with it. I disliked it in the beginning. At first, they sound like a slowed down Stitches, with a mumbly voiced lead singer fronting mid-tempo, repetitive songs. Also, like the Stitches, they're sneaky riff snatchers. They lift nice bits of The Clash and Buzzcocks, but have a real good feel on how to tuck them into their own compositions. But the more I listened, the better the songs started to sound. They're just like fresh snot on glass. They're nasty and boogery but the sound's clean and you can see every detail. This may seem off topic, but The Distraction does to true early punk what a lot of hip hop artists did with R and B tracks. Instead of doing direct samples, this OC crew take the best feel, motion, and groove of bands like the Boys and the Weirdos (without Doors covers, thank you very much) and join them in clever, finger snapping ways. So, when I stopped wanting them to play faster and enjoyed being locked into their groove, what was once repetitive became a solid slab of stagger and swagger. Another thing I realized is that although none of the

songs sound like smash fuckin' hit singles, the album as a whole works very well. The 7" has one song that's on the album, "Transmission Ignition," and a track, "Nothin' to Me," that's worth doin' a little vinyl huntin' for. Thumbs up. –Todd (Dirtmap – CD, Pelado – 7")

DREAM IS DEAD, THE:

Letter of Resignation: CD

Really noisy hardcore with grindy bits. Kinda makes me think this is what Conflict might've sounded like had they been just a tad more pissed. –Jimmy Alvarado (What Else)

DROPKICK MURPHY'S:

Live on St. Patrick's Day: CD

Three days of drinking, rabid fans, playing in your hometown, guest artists, and St. Patrick's Day is a recipe for a good recording session for a live release. Dropkick fans have probably already purchased this. For others on the fringes, this is a good sampler to get a taster. Their blend of street punk mixed with Irish pride has been accepted by many. Song after song, you can hear in the background that the music is embraced with passion by the audience on this recording. It shows that the band has reached the status and expertise of captivating an audience. In all its fun and glory, a fun listen. –Donofthedeat (Hellcat)

DRUNK INJUNS:

From Where the Sun Now Stands, I Will Fight No More Forever: CD

Dark, moody punk/hardcore here from

this legendary Bay area "skate" band. All the tracks are studio takes, meaning this is not a re-release of the live 10" out quite a while back. I'm also led to believe that there was a guy from Tools/Sick Pleasure/Code of Honor in this group as well. This is a really good release on the whole, although I think many modern skate kids, with their penchant for safe, non-boat-rocking, cookie cutter Epitaph punk might be a little taken aback by this. Shame it didn't come out back when it was recorded. –Jimmy Alvarado (Alternative Tentacles)

ED GEIN: Self-titled: CD

Grindcore with all of the genre's strengths and weaknesses painfully apparent. –Jimmy Alvarado (Hanging Like A Hex)

EL GUAPO STUNTEAM:

Year of the Panther: LP

Heavy, high-voltage rock'n'roll sure to leave your mom deaf and your neighbor pissed. As sweet and sincere as a solid blow to the testes. –Jimmy Alvarado (Sounds of Subterranea)

ELECTRIC EYE: Muscle: 7"

High-energy rock'n'roll like the Swedes are into these days. Pretty loud, pretty over the top, pretty good. –Jimmy Alvarado (Vinyl Warning)

END ON END: Why Evolve

When We Can Go Sideways: CD

Individually, inside the songs themselves, there's a lot going on. It's some very intricate, tightly constructed, thoughtful emotional hardcore that

breaks down, filigrees (sometimes piano, sometimes violin), collects itself like a bomb that builds itself from the inside, and explodes open. The screaming and shouts come across as genuine, not shrill. End on End has definitely expanded from its early recordings and made a mold they can call more their own. And I can sit down and listen to a couple songs and get really energized, but then a weird thing happens. It's tough to get through the entire album. If I don't listen to it closely and deliberately, track by track, the album begins to sound the same. I can't figure this out, and I've listened to it over ten times, getting the same result. Huh. —Todd (Substandard)

ENEMIES, THE:

Seize the Day: CD

I keep hearing all these latent grungeisms creeping into various punk rock formats. What the fuck is up with that??? I mean, this is DEFINITELY supposed to be "street punk," or whatever the fuck that which was called "street punk" twenty-four months ago is now known as, but I swear to fucking GOD I hear ample grunge contamination herein. Boy, call me crabby, but all I hear here (note: that was a particularly clever reference to a Hollies album title) is Mountain Dew® commercial music waiting to happen, likely snuck under the radar screen by presumed connection to the marginalized! For the cry-yi! This band is at their best — AT THEIR BEST — when they merely kinda sound like Rancid knockoffs, at their worst when spouting dumb-as-death-metal gibberish like "last rights, my settlement, bestows its empty threats on all, but no one's here," and at their most disturbing when they LEGITIMATELY seem to be trying to rip off "Longview" on "East 14th." Lyrics include exciting subject matter such as "broken dreams." Why has no one thought of this before? I honestly hope that, for whatever lunatic reason, somebody at Lookout really felt passionate about this band, because all I'm hearing is a band who got signed on the off chance that they might become the next big thing, and it'd be kinda sad if that label wound up being run like a mutual fund or something. WORST SONG TITLE: "Last Rights" BEST SONG: "Moving On" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: I can't remember what the UK equivalent to "Hear! Here!" was, but if I was forced to guess I'd say the third one. —Rev. Nørb (Lookout!)

EPOXIES: *Synthesized: 7"*

Good lord, these guys keep on getting better and their LP is fantastic. (This 7" sounds a couple notches fuller, too.) They just seem so sure and strong in what they do, and your ass must be shot full of novocaine and your brain full of Vicodin if your butt doesn't wiggle along to the beat. Their power comes from each instrument fitting and everything's played with force, not merely tinkered with by a member enamored with the sound of a bleep. I sure see more people adopting new wave, but I've yet to hear one of the new crop that seems to have been born into it with such assurance. And it's so much better than an Adam Ant throwback because there's guitar snarl and a pounding

drummer that's not programmed like a Casio. "Synthesized" is a perfect capsule of The Epoxies: tight songs, super sexy vocals, and limber guitar lines. A fuckin' rockin' cover of Alice Cooper's "Clones" rounds out the b-side. —Todd (Dirtnap)

EVEN WORSE:

You've Ruined Everything: CD

I'd put NYC's Even Worse right in league with San Francisco's The Avengers and East LA's The Brat. Female-fronted, early, genuine American punk with a fire under its ass. It's funny because the only single I had of theirs was nothing like this — it was a lot more serious and it thoughtfully attempted to deconstruct punk rock, had Thurston Moore (later to go to Sonic Youth) playing guitar, and although pretty damn good, I enjoy the brash enthusiasm, snotty bounce, and female singing on this retrospective. Even Worse flexes their muscles through twenty-six songs, including their anthem, "We Suck," and pounds through both a WeirDOS cover, ("Solitary Confinement") and a Black Flag cover ("Nervous Breakdown"). Keep in mind, these bands were contemporaries, along with others, like Kraut and Adrenaline OD. It just goes to show how much more level the playing field was twenty years ago, and how excited bands were to realize that others, such as themselves, had come to the same aural conclusions at approximately the same time. The cornerstone to keeping Even Worse's legacy alive — and providing excellent, comprehensive liner notes — is their drummer, Jack Rabid, who continues to publish *The Big Takeover* zine twenty odd years down the road. This CD is split in half — the first is the never-released, "lost" studio LP followed by a healthy set at Max's Kansas City in August, 1981. What a pleasant surprise. This'll get a lot of spins. Someone should release it on vinyl. —Todd (www.bigtakeover.com)

FIELDS OF FIRE:

Kill the Flock: CD

Some pretty strong stuff here, reminiscent of early to mid-L.A. hardcore. Lyrics aren't too painful and there's enough conviction in their delivery as to make it believable. Impressive. If they manage to stay on course, they may become a personal fave. —Jimmy Alvarado (Bockhorn)

FIFTH HOUR TURN/

GUNMOLL: Split CD

Both bands are so close. There are real crisp glimpses of originality and musicianship. Fifth Hour Turn, at their best, are reminiscent of the top of what Discount released. Swelling, sweltering guitars, crisp and interlocking bass and drums, and lady singer who can belt it like a lash and sounds like her heart's exploding. When the guy sings, it veers really close to Hot Water Music territory. It's a little more gruff and tumble, which isn't bad, per se, but I'd like an eking of a sound more distinctly their own. At worse, the songs get too repetitive. They rut in their hooks a little too long, the lyrics repeat a little too much, and I start looking in my collection for *Half Fiction* or *Fuel for the Hate Game*.

Gunmoll's a strange bunch. Half of the songs on here are my favorite — bar none — by them. "Forget Me Not" plays along like a burlap noose that the lead singer's swinging from, while the guitars play, graze, and blaze. They play like the world's on fire around them. Yet, the other half, like "Point," are almost hard to get through, thinking that the Leatherface ballad xeroxing machine is set a little too closely to their coffee maker. Both bands are so close. —Todd (No Idea)

FLESHIES/PCP ROADBLOCK/

KOJAK/HORTUS: 4-way Split 7"

Fleshies: It sounds like they can pull polar opposites together and connect 'em with a little pocket of personal lightning. I may be the only one hearing this, but I hear the clang of both early Jam in the guitar and the exhilarating feeling of finding something really good in a dumpster. So incredibly catchy, like cooties or tetanus. PCP Roadblock: They sound just like their name, literally — like a crazy dude standing in your way in the middle of the road, babbling about how his socks are snakes. He won't get out of the way and all you want is a hot dog. Comes with intermittent screams. Kojak: I like. They're noisy and yelly and remind me of a more lysergic 400 Blows — under all that bluster and fuzz, you can hear some tricked up melodies. It looks like the drummer's got a microphone medical taped to his mouth so he can sing while pounding. Hortus: Throat goat, death metal vocals over a Joy Division-like synthesizer. Hmm. It's one of those things that sounds like it flies much better live, like the Imperial Butt Wizards. Bring on the roman candles and the teddy bear entrails. —Todd (Wet Tail)

FLESHIES/ FEDERATION X:

Split 7"

I think of some bands as portals. I loathe Led Zeppelin, but, you know what? If you took out the stratospheric chipmunk vocalist, forefronted the drums, axed the solos, and cranked up the dirty, there's something respectable in there. Portal? On their full length, Fleshies had a song called, "Led Fuckin' Zepplin, Man." I liked how Fleshies pulled it off. I recognized some of the riffs that Bonham and Co. put together. (I worked a job that played a "get the Led out" segment — an hour of it every fuckin' day.) And it just may be that Fleshies are cracking my ear up a bit because, although they operate from a wide base of operations, musically, from operatic falsettos to '70s arena rock, to some grade-A non-ass punk classics, I find myself buckling up for their ride and enjoying the aural scenery. This time out, they pen one of the best song titles I've heard this side of a D4 album, "I Just Took the Most Punk Rock Shit of My Life." I can't recommend Fleshies high enough. They're sneaky, like a bum who really knows how to box. Federation X: They live up to their cracking, electrified blues boogie on four-stringed guitars reputation. It's very jammy — like when Zen Guerilla spoils out — but with a nice, serrated edge and I can't say that I'm complaining. —Todd (Molasses Manifesto)

FORCA MACABRA:

Nos Tumulos Abertos: CD

Finnish thrash men pay homage to their love of Brazilian HC. The song writing style and lyrics in Brazilian Portuguese. That is a great accomplishment since the Finnish language and Portuguese are very different. I have a friend who I trade with in Finland. He is the one who sent this to me, and he informs me that bands from Brazil play Finland more than they play the US because of its popularity there. Amazing. By looking at the insert, this recording includes demos from 1991-1993 and tracks from a 12" put out in 1994. The music is controlled mayhem. The recordings are thin at points but do not take away from the power. It has that early to mid-'80s international sound. The vocals are screamed with urgency and the music washes about, following behind. This may not be the first release I would recommend to someone new to this band, but the others that I own are ass kickers to the tenth degree. —Donofthead (Angry)

FOUNDATION:

Homecoming: 7"

I didn't know what, exactly, to think of when Rob of Ann Berretta wrote some acoustic, folky songs and had Alison Mosshart (formerly of Discount, now half of The Kills) sing on a track. I'll probably get my ass beat by my special lady friend, but I like it in a "I'll listen to it when I'm really sad and lonely" type of way. It's poignant and seems honest like a lot of modern porch punk — like Rumbleseat, pre-electric Against Me!, and the slower song section of This Bike Is a Pipe Bomb. Allison sure can sing. That said, I know it's supposed to be folky, but even by comparison, the Kingston Trio could be considered thrash next to this. It's almost too sleepy, too sedate. But it sure is pretty. —Todd (1-2-3-4 Go!)

FREE BEER:

The Only Beer That Matters: CD

At long last, a friggin' album-length release from the mighty Free Beer. It's the album that never quite managed to come out back when they were actually together, and it's a doozy. All the classics are here, from "My Money or My Car" to "Premature Enlistment" to "I Hate Sobriety," as well as a couple of live cuts, and all of 'em sound just as good as ever. I've personally been hoping someone would do something like this for this band for a while now and I'm not disappointed in the least with the results. Recommended. —Jimmy Alvarado (Alternative Tentacles)

FUCK YOU UPS: *Hope You*

Appreciate It, Fucker!: CD

Where do I begin? This band plays some crappy, repetitive, bare bones punk rock. On top of it, they have completely idiotic lyrics. Fuck this pointless shit. —Mike Dunn (Formula 13)

GAMITS, THE:

Come Get Some: CDEP

This band is kinda popular in my home burg, I think, but I don't think I ever cared enough to go see 'em, and, for whatever reason, I was

thinking that i heard that they were a ska-ish outfit, "but good" (if there's an emoticon for eyeball-rolling, it goes here), and that's the platform from which i approached my first known contact with the band. As this is, apparently, a reissue of their first 7" plus bonus tracks, i spent a fairly sizable chunk of time trying to figure out how a band that sounded so Fat-like (i think? i don't speak from a position of great knowledge on the genre) (thankfully) and snot-slick got the ska bug, until i eventually realized that i think i was thinking of the Gadjets, not the Gamits, which more or less rendered all my observations inert, and i don't really feel compelled to listen to this again whilst not dwelling on how they effected a transformation to ska which, in fact, was not effected (i think...unless i am NOT confusing them with the Gadjets? Oy vey...), so all i can say is that if i was a fan of this band's later recordings, which i am not, i imagine i would be a fan of this too. Worth keeping around for their killer fucking cover of "There's A Place" by the Beatles though, which would have been even killerer had i not heard the Dickies do it a couple o' years ago. The bonus tracks are from practice sessions, and sound slicker than my band's real records. Do these people just emerge from the womb smothered in a perpetually-regenerating afterbirth of liquid Teflon? or what? **WORST SONG TITLE:** "Song About a Song" **BEST SONG:** "There's a Place" **FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT:** That first Beatles album is really good. You should get it today. -Rev. Nørþ (Not Bad)

GBH: Ha Ha: CD

Sounds like a demo. All the songs so far are the same speed as "Catch 23," too. In short, nothing to write home about, although the title "Sado Methodist" made me giggle. -Jimmy Alvarado (Go Kart)

GLORYHOLES:

Knock You Up: CD

Building on the beauty that is their "This Is All There Is" 7", this full-length release gives us the two tracks from that single and adds thirteen more slices of primal punk, long on attitude and up to its eyeballs in psychosis. Seems like Seattle's bands are trying to make up for the post-Nirvana grunge embarrassment associated with their fair city by cranking out some kick ass punk rock, as fans of the Briefs, Spits, these guys and the recently reformed Fartz can attest. Two very enthusiastic thumbs up. -Jimmy Alvarado (Empty)

GOLDEN BATS: Too Flash For the Neighborhood: CD

Total rock and roll style goin' on here. (Think: lots of sunglasses, leopard print, and styled hair.) I was expecting a total Thunders rip-off band, but the Golden Bats are a lot more poppy and pretty slow. Guy vocals with some backing girl vocals. Sometimes pretty catchy. Nothing super-great, but nothing super-bad, either. -Maddy (Dr. Wu)

GRAFTON: Self-titled: 7"

Stoner riff rock'n'roll. Sorry, but this hippie shit just ain't my bag. -Jimmy Alvarado (Derailleur)

GREAT CLEARING OFF: THE: Within This Inch, We Are Free: 7"

Although not crud, it's extremely predictable. The drummer stays in the pocket. And although it's fun to reduce and reuse, tell your guitarists it's not so compelling to recycle the same riffs over and over. The singer sounds like he's gurgling tacks or screaming traffic directions. The lyrics - although with their hearts in the right place - are banal, vague, and self-fulfilling prophecies. (i.e. "We cannot trade compliance for the brass rings that they sell." And "I know there's an enemy. I know I'm not fucking wrong.") You mean to say there's bad people out there? You mean they want us to buy what they sell? You mean they're not doing it for the good of humanity but for profit? Really? Really? I've never heard of that. Yeah, I'm making fun of you because the lyrical bar's been raised since MDC. -Todd (Cheap Art)

GREGOR SAMSA:

Self-titled: CD EP

Quiet, mellow stuff, kinda like Pink Floyd for the smooth jazz crowd. A quiet walk on the beach at sunset, walking the dog just after dinner... Zzzzzzzzzzzzz. -Jimmy Alvarado (Iodine)

HELLNATION: Dynamite up Your Ass: CD

Another twenty-one tracks of über-thrash to provide your head with the equivalent of pouring Liquid Draino into your ear and shaking briskly. Some wild shit not for the faint of heart. -Jimmy Alvarado (Sound Pollution)

HEXTALLS, THE:

Call It a Career: CD

I guess you could call playing in a suck-ass cookie cutter pop punk band a "career," but how about if I just call the resulting music a pile of shit? It seems more accurate.

-Jimmy Alvarado (Shredder)

HOOKERS, THE: God Made Me The Raven: all 7 inches

Yes this review is old but I just got this thing so chill the fuck out, m'kay. Ah, another blast of fire and brimstone from hell's furnace as interpreted by Kentucky's majesty - The Hookers. It's been a few years absence for these guys since their single outing for Sub Pop (!) and let's not forget their sorely overlooked magnum opus of black southern metal *Black Metal for Crimson Wisdom*, their farewell full length CD. The Hookers broke up after the ashes settled from *Black Metal* posting their eulogy unceremoniously on their own website, where they crawled into a quiet slumber in the smallest nook they could squeeze their worn down and beaten asses into. 2001 brought them out of their self-imposed suspended animation and found them even more undeniably evil and all-powerful. Singer Rock'n'Roll Outlaw even started his own side project, Brothers of Conquest (whose initials coincidences with the might cow belling Blue Oyster Cult - I bet he did this on purpose, that dastardly deceptive and clever brute!) There were speculations of a possible tour, appearances at

garage rock festivals, more albums, etc. What they delivered was this here single release on the perennially cool Get Hip Records. It's a much welcomed wash of virgin blood over the tiring waves of blues-rock revivals, bad arty punk, etc. So, you're wearing your stretch black jeans and wanking off with your Urban Outfitter punk friends trying to learn Hives riffs. One of you just got a Ramones t-shirt for thirty bucks that's made to look naturally faded through stuffy, smoke-filled, low capacity clubs, record swaps, tour van driving, sleeping on floors of untidy homes, and what not. You're growing your facial hair and trying to affect that '70s rocker guy stance that lies somewhere between the overt gayness of Rod Stewart and the cool sinister of Gregg Allman. I've seen you hanging out at all the usual places, ass kissing to all the same faces, trying to belong where you don't belong, lying in your lies, becoming what you can't and won't want in the end. For you, I give you a tip - The Hookers. No matter how ironic chic your t-shirt is and which breed of '70s rock inspired you this week, it all boils down to the gritty, grim structure of their unholy overtures. The Hookers are fueled by hatred (they hate you, they really do because you fail to see rock'n'roll raw and right in the eye), disgust (you and your friends need a spike gauntlet up your silly tiny assholes to loosen you up from all that caked up, fabricated crap you're holding in), macabre (Fulci could not do better in terms of bloody gore-iffic imagery! Remember, Iron Maiden songs are mostly about Euro-mythology and wizard/ H.P. Lovecraft-ish themes because the heaviness of their music is the only thing that could sustain such an immense density of topic! Maiden just wouldn't work if ol' Bruce Dickinson belted songs about the rain forest, world hunger or political prisoners - leave that shit to Sting.), and down right offensive. (Yes, they were one of the first garage punk'n'roll bands to boldly display their love of metal like a family crest upon their bosom.) Okay, I've wasted enough time spewing a bunch of nothingness - go buy this Hookers single and shave, you dirty hippy wannabe! Learn to laugh at yourself and others! Yikes! -Miss Namella J. Kim (Get Hip)

HUNCHES: Got Some Hate: 7"

Over-the-top trash rock with nary a hummable tune. Surprised it ain't on Estrus or somethin'. -Jimmy Alvarado (In the Red)

I EXCUSE: Burn the Empty to the Ash: CD

Snuffy Smile puts out some good shit. There's no denying that. And this I Excuse album is the best of it. I Excuse take the basic song structure of Leatherface at the top of their game, then speed up the tempo, add a little fuzz to the guitars, and go crazy. This album is simultaneously really tight, and right on the edge of falling apart at any second. The vocals aren't anywhere near as gruff as Frankie Stubbs's, and, though I've listened to this dozens of times, I'm not sure if they're singing in English or Japanese (I suspect that they're alternating between the two). I am sure of this, though: if you're thinking about buying the new Hot Water

Music album, spend your money to Japan and get this album instead. You won't be disappointed. -Sean Carswell (Snuffy Smile)

I FARM:

Two Selected Works: CD

Apparently, this is a collection from two different records they put out a few years back. Herky, jerky punk with two thousand fucking changes, of which did nothing more than annoy the crap out of me. Nomeansno meets blazing pop punk. Sounds more interesting than it really is. Not my cup of tea. -Mike Dunn (Traffic Violation, BD, Yo-Yo, Freedumb)

HUMUNGUS:

I Hate Motherfucking Cops/ A Reason to Care: CD

Didn't quite know what to expect from this bad boy. When I see Cheetah Chrome's name attached to something, I figure, "Okay, Dead Boys vibe coming up," but you throw Nicki Sicki into the mix and all bets are off. The end result is some raw, obnoxious hardcore not heard since the glory days of the Vats in Frisco. There are a couple of stabs at what I believe are "serious" subjects, such as vegetarianism, which are a little hard to swallow coming from a guy who once sang about destroying the human race, shooting speed, burning his parents, killing a Muni driver, and the like. Still, this is some pretty good stuff tailor made for those assholes that sit around whining that no one plays "real" hardcore anymore. Let them chew on this and hopefully they'll shut the fuck up for a while. -Jimmy Alvarado (Beer City)

KEVIN K BAND:

Sealed Works: CD

I guess this is what the kid's these days are calling "punk rawk." More accurately, it's probably just "rawk." It's sort of a poorman's (a *really* destitute poorman's) Hellcopters or Backyard Babies. But way more, um, relaxed than either of those. Especially the vocals. They're so relaxed sounding that they sound out of place in a grubby little band like this. Kevin K sounds like Don Dokken on a bunch of Xanax, sipping martinis. Odd. On the cover he looks like some putrefied street person who's teeth were chewed out of his head by years of filterless cigarettes and rot gut whiskey. So I guess I was expecting some growling sociopathic Neanderthal like GG Allin or something. No such luck. Ballads, cheesy poorly-executed dual guitar wanks and that fruity, god-forsaken relaxed Dokken voice. And too many stupid Chuck Berry riffs. The Kevin K Band sounds exactly like every mediocre bar band you ever tried to drown out with loud drunken conversation. I honestly don't know who this would appeal to. -Aphid Peewit (Laughing Outlaw)

KILL DEVIL HILLS/ SEROTONIN: Split 7"

Serotonin sounds like Jawbox, circa *Grippe*. Mumbly vocals that are subsumed into the mix enough to be considered an instrument itself, and it nets with the guitar, drum, and bass. It's arty, dense, complex and comes pretty close

to rockin'. It's a personal thing, I know, but I'm suspicious of all bassists who strap their instruments really high, and, in Serotonin's case, it reinforces my fear that he fingers and funks more instead of strumming and wailing. Kill Devil Hills goes from a long, almost classic rock, instrumental dirge into a Hot Water Music territory with hoarse vocals, stratospheric guitars and shout-alongs. The song goes back and forth a couple times between the two extremes. I like it, though. Hey, at least the yelling sounds genuine. The bassist, Andrew, went on to the extremely excellent Against Me! An alright split. Not going either nutso over it or wanting to bonk them on the head. -Todd (Soul Is Cheap)

KILLERS, THE:

Manual for Self Destruction: 10"
Dude, it's a 10", it's got a Pushead lookalike cover, a booklet, ex-Charles Bronson folks; it should drop me in my tracks, but sadly it rarely really hits a good groove. It seems to be so into being musically mature and lyrically anguished it won't just let go and ROCK. If you don't think that will bother you, though, there are ten loud and crazy songs and one terrible cartoon. Lap it up. -Cuss Baxter (Hater of God)

KRAYS, THE:

A Time for Action: CD

Nice, driving punk rock with just enough anthemic quality to get the fist pumping. Could've used the services of a better graphic artist than the one they were apparently stuck with, but that detracts none from the music. You could do much worse than picking this bad boy up. -Jimmy Alvarado (TKO)

KYLESA/

MEMENTO MORI: Split 7"

Rule Number Fucking One: Put the speed on the 7" label, or at least the packaging. KyleSA: Since I don't know the speed, here's two interpretations. At 33 RPM, their songs are plodders that I assume are trying to build tension or Sabbath-heavy chunkatude, but I just don't get the chains-a-draggin', intestines-stretched-to-hell vibe. My attention span for sludgecore is nil. I'd rather watch water turn into ice cubes. At 45 RPM, it sounds a lot like a mean Mr. Bungle fronted by Alvin Chipmunk. I really liked their debut 7". This just don't rattle me at either speed. Memento Mori: the first song sounds like a soundtrack to a man frolicking in purple tights at Renaissance fair. Unnngh, fruity. Their second song, "Dirt Roads and Howls of Wolves," is the best of the four. It's dirty, metally, has a couple of great pace changes, and would be something Pushead could stamp with approval. Think in the same vein as Buzzov-en or the more straight-ahead Unsane. -Todd (Hyperrealist)

LIBRAIRIANS, THE:

The Pathetic Aesthetic: CD

This is a pretty killer album save one thing: the vocals. They drive me nuts. They are so terrible. I can't say it enough; I hate them. Maybe I wouldn't care if I didn't like everything else about it. I seriously could see this getting some heavy rotation over at Razorcake HQ and it would be great road trip music if

only... I mean he's got this nasally, whiney vibrato thing going on that makes me understand why he'd have to write a song called *Thank You for Fucking Me*. With a voice like that I'm sure it doesn't happen too often. -Megan Pants (Pandacide)

LIPSTICK PICKUPS/

BIKINI BUMPS: Split 7"

Lipstick Pickups: Dual female vocals. One's really good. The other one's a screech - like a squirrel in a wood chipper. Imagine if super early Go Go's were Japanese, huffed glue, and sounded like they were trying to get a command of the English language, but were really from Anaheim. Or if you beat up Shonen Knife really bad and stuck microphones in the wounds. They pull off a sort of inspired retardedness that's actually harder than it looks because the Lipstick Pickups don't fail to rock through all three tracks. Bikini Bumps: ever listen to band that you're thiiiiii close to really liking, but it sounds like their music's driving around with the parking brake on? The better track of the two, "Bikini Bumps + Talent = Violence" has a cool, meandering guitar over nicely gritted up vocals, and a steady beat. It's really close, but I say either step on the gas or twist the swagger knob a bit further to the right. Look forward to hearing more from both bands. -Todd (Geykido Comet)

LOOSE: Untamed: 7" EP

Italian rock/punk in the vein of Radio Birdman. A tad too derivative, but still pretty good. -Jimmy Alvarado (Rockin' House)

LOST SOUNDS:

Black-Wave: CD

Some serious '60s worship going on here, but it sounds like it's being channeled through a death rock band raised on hardcore and very early Sonic Youth. What this translates to, kids, is that some melodies are identifiable through the din, but no way are these guys gonna be mistaken for Fleetwood Mac or something. Some may not be too hip to their brand of noise, but I'm pleased give it the high-sign. -Jimmy Alvarado (Empty)

LUBE: Music of Chance b/w

George Melly: 7"

I wasn't expecting this at all. It's mellow, smoky, broken-down, and melodramatic like Leonard Cohen, a little off kilter and eclectic, like Tom Waits. It took some getting used to - like when the harmonica slithers in like an asp - but I'm starting to like it in a lonesome barstool kind of way. Although the songs are long, they don't get tiring. -Todd (Revenge)

MAIN, THE: To the Grave b/w

Kiss of Death: 7"

Headed by Spencer, formerly of Shattered Faith, I was very apprehensive about The Main, mostly due to seeing the previous incarnation, 4-Bolt Main. Yeowch, that was a hard-to-watch nightmare. I just remember such a high degree of wanking that eight beers into it, I just wanted the bad men to stop, put down their instruments, and get run over in the parking lot. Not The Main. It's stripped down, straight-ahead catchy

punk that's got a lot of the best aspects of Shattered Faith: crackling guitars, real chanty parts, and the best part, songs that get to the point, pound, and get out. It's nice to hear back to the feelings I got when I first heard China White and the Klan, but it's even better to hear the echoes of the past get injected with new adrenaline, lead by someone who really knows how to plug it. Very surprising. Did I mention Hostage's packaging is fucking amazing? Mine even came with a spider in the spindle hole. —Todd (Hostage)

MALCONTENTS, THE:

Liquor Store EP: 7"

From the cover — of a naked lady puking onto a target on the ground — I thought this'd be dirty, nasty, in-the-red garage. Wrong bongo. I usually crap all over pervasively mellow heartbreak songs and nail them to the "alternative adult contemporary" crucifix in my bathroom. Since I didn't bring any preconceived notions to The Malcontents, (unlike the Replacements, who once breathed fire, but at the very end of their career, became the Paul Westerburg Plink and Cry Ensemble) I like these songs. They're catchy, hummable, sound like slowed-down 'Mats songs, and are extremely hangover friendly. When I want to puss out with dignity, this'll be spinning. —Todd (Skull)

MANIKIN: Self-titled: CD

A band from Austin who sounds like they come from California's South Bay, circa 1981 or so. Imagine an updating of the sound mined on slower China White songs and early Shattered Faith and you're not too far off the mark. Good sounds here. —Jimmy Alvarado (Super Secret)

MIDNIGHT CREEPS:

Punchin' Skanks at the Venne: CD
Hey, is this Cher's super-secret punk project? I could swear that's her singin'. If it is, she needs some better songs, 'cause nothing here has the catchy quality of that "Do you believe in life after love?" song, and this disc really needs something like that. —Jimmy Alvarado (Midnight Creeps)

MIGHTY IONS, THE:

Face Rakin' Rock: LP

As you may not know nor care, before the cable-abetted globalization of pro wrestling really took hold in the mid '80s, rasslin' was a regionalized phenomenon: The Northeast had the WWF, the Upper Midwest and Rockies had the AWA, the NWA was in the south, and whatever federation was in place where you lived, that was who ya saw on TV and at the matches. I mention that only because Mighty Ions, The, were a wrasslin'-themed band who ran the squared circle o' rawk with an iron fist from '80-'82, which would be great, except, being as how they're from Boston and all, they're WWF guys, and i'm an AWA guy. This means that they're all Pedro Morales and Greg Valentine and Freddie Blassie and the Grand Wizard and Bob Backlund and the annoying legacy of Bruno Sammartino and the night Jimmy Snuka missed the headbutt from the top of the cage at Madison Square Garden, and

i'm all Crusher and Baron Von Raschke and Mad Dog Vachon and Bobby Heenan and Nick Bockwinkel and the annoying legacy of Verne Gagne and the night they smashed "Rock 'n' Roll" Buck Zumhoff's boombox. Therefore, even though this band is roughly from the period when my interest in rasslin' was at its frigg'in' zenith (in case you're wondering, yes, breathe easy, i agree that wrestling fucking BLOWS these days and i haven't been to anything other than a local card where one of my friends was involved in ten years), we actually have very little in common; further, as an AWA guy, i don't even know if i should be rooting for a band composed of WWF fans. I mean, fuck, they stole Hogan from us, they stole Jesse Ventura from us, they even stole fucking Gene Okerlund from us! Fuck you, Mighty Ions! Enjoy the world you've created! ...unfortunately, songs like "Say Somethin' Stupid" are so brilliant even in a non-wrestling context that i have no choice but to submit to this veritable Boston Crab o' Rock and wonder why there are no submission holds named after my own municipality... (i can also assure the wrestling non-enthusiast that this record holds up as well outside the squared circle as it does on the mat, with the melodic/somewhat tinny punk sound that was Boston's trademark back then fitting in seamlessly next to your La Peste and Unnatural Axe [who, in fact, begat at least one Ion] reissues and reminding you that, like it or not, Boston emitted the best bands, pound-for-pound, for a good stretch of time back in The Day™). Let the record also show that their reworking of "California über Alles" as "Pedro Morales" is sheerest genius. The Grand Wizard taught them well! **BEST SONG TITLE: "Say Somethin' Stupid" BEST SONG: "Say Somethin' Stupid" or "Don't Talk to Me" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT:** The Mighty Ions were formed as GG Allin's backing band back in 1980, and wrote "Don't Talk to Me," which is the best song on GG's first album (this is the SECOND review where i've mentioned that album in this issue; one wouldn't think the damn thing would turn out to be such a frigg'in' cultural touchstone). Also, "George 'The Animal' Steele" is both misspelled and mis-quotation-marked on the back cover, and the apostrophe on "Somethin'" points the wrong way. —Rev. Nørþ (Alien Snatch)

MISHAPS, THE:

Get Away Volume: CDEP

Pretty straight ahead, somewhat poppy, middle-of-the-road punk that falls on the force scale of newtons somewhere between The Lillingtons and The Bodies. Thankfully, not so twinkle-toes poppy that I go into a diabetic seizure, but not heavy enough to insure that my Limecell discs will stay in their jewel cases. I would imagine that they're much better live — where the music can grow teeth and back hair and take on an unrestrained feral energy. Not bad though. If there were such a thing as collagen shots for the testicles, I'd say these guys should get some. But if they'd just turn their amps up a bit more, I think we might have a winner. —Aphid Peewit (Scissor Press)

MÖRSER:

10,000 Bad Guys Dead: CD

Pretty standard grindcore stuff. This one is special because seven Germans are collectively making all that racket. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.chromesaint-magnus.com)

MOURNINGSIDE/

BRANDO: Split 7" EP

MourningSide: I think they're aping the Misfits, but they suck so bad it's hard to tell. Brando: Much noisier and much better than that crap on the other side. Straight-up hardcore with no pretense and no delusions of grandeur. They would do well to do themselves a favor and avoid doing splits in the future. —Jimmy Alvarado (address illegible)

MUDHONEY: Since We've

Become Translucent: CD

This is one of my favorite bands. Consistently, they have put out quality albums since I first heard them in 1988 with *Superfuzz Bigmuff*. For those of you unaware, Mudhoney has a fuzzy garage rock punk sound with a blues backbone. Mark Arm has one of the best voices in punk as well. This album marks some changes for them. First, they have replaced their bass player, Matt Lukin (who, like the rest of the members, has been with them since they started), with Guy Maddison. I'm not familiar with him, but I think he was in two bands prior to this. Lubricated Goat and Bloodloss. The next thing they did differently was to include horns in some of the songs. Finally, there are four different producers on this album, including Wayne Kramer. The songs were recorded in four different sessions. What does all this mean? Well, I was apprehensive at first. Not because of these reasons, but when I first popped in the CD, the first song is an eight minute plus psychedelic jam session. It started out like a Pink Floyd song. "D'OH!", was the only thing that came to my mind. "What have they done?" I thought, "What happened to my Mudhoney?" Fortunately, the song manifested itself into a normal blend of music and lyrics, but there was something new in their sound... horns. I settled down at this point and began to take the rest of the album in. I'm glad to say that Mudhoney was still there. The songs get back to normal after the first one. There are some horns on a few of the songs, which I don't think really compliment their sound much. Organs and harmonicas have done well in the past, but I think they need to give up the horn thing. This isn't one of the best albums they have put out by far. However, after you get over the shock of the first song's long intro and can put up with some horns in a couple songs, it's still Mudhoney. Dan Peters, Steve Turner, and Mark Arm are still churning out the fuzz that I couldn't get enough of fourteen years ago. —Toby (Subpop)

MUMMYDOGS:

Self-titled: CD

Wow, this is the first new record I've seen on Frontier in literally decades. I guess Lisa Fancher managed to scrape up some extra money or something. Unfortunately, it does zipo for these ears. Mellow indie rock with a guy try-

ing to sound like Leonard Cohen or something. Hell, I'd subject myself to that Flyboys record again before listening to this a second time. —Jimmy Alvarado (Frontier)

MUSTARD PLUG:

Yellow #5: CD

I'm ready to be happy again. The over-abundant influx of ska bands that we had to endure during the late '90s almost killed the genre for me. Now that the bad, "I'm going to get rich and famous," wannabe bands have given up, the quality of the releases is going back up. Take Mustard Plug for instance. I have always liked this band. I think I appreciated every release that I received. This release I would compare to the most recent Bosstones record; a sense of familiarity and I notice a maturity to their sound. The music is the same with the sound of skanking guitars and the presence of happy horns. The songs are tight and feel like they have worked on them until they were just right. This is not a bunch of songs just to get a bunch of songs out there. I feel like they are doing it for the love of the music. Ska lovers take notice. —Donofthead (Hopeless)

MX-80: Self-titled: 7"

Two doses of quirky art rock. I made it through one of the songs before I found myself pondering the possibilities of alternate universes existing in the gaping void that is my belly button. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.mx-80.com)

MYSTERY GIRLS, THE:

Self-titled: CD

Some prime rock'n'roll in the MC5-meets-the-Nuggets-comps vein, courtesy of some Green Bay teens who fucking GET IT. To merely call this "damn good" would be a grave injustice. Buy a hundred copies each, make 'em rich, and play loud. —Jimmy Alvarado (Trick Knee)

NEW CREATURES, THE:

Media Brainwash: CD

Snotty mid-tempo punk from a band that, for what it's worth, included future members of the Medicine Wheel and Guided By Voices. Fun for about half a listen and then my attention was diverted by the trials and tribulations of an ant that was making its way across my shoe. —Jimmy Alvarado (Smog Veil)

NEW TOWN ANIMALS:

Fashion Fallout b/w

Fallin' Outta Space: 7"

I like this. It's charming and happy with some pretty catchy guitars slicing things up in the background. The vocalist, especially on "Fallin' Outta Space," sounds a lot like the main singer for the Briefs — half singing, half kinda mock falsettoing/balls-in-a-vice-ing. The overall result is clean and bouncy, reminiscent of that sliver of time where the first wave of punk hadn't yet lost its steam and was coming from a hundred different directions, hardcore was still to come on the event horizon, and the term new wave hadn't had the time to crank out iffy bands like The Motels. Worth a second look if you see it in the bin. —Todd (Dirtnap)

NEW YORK RELX:

She's Got a Gun/ Paranoia: CD
This female fronted band is pretty good. It's fast '80s style punk rock. I have been listening to it a lot. This is a combination of their two previous EPs. When I saw they were coming around I was excited, but they were disappointing live. I found the lead singer and the lead guitarist (with his goofy looking mod haircut) annoying. I just expected something different, I guess. They do have Johnny Kray on drums, who is always great player whether on guitar (The Krays) or drums. So, I decided to just ogle their very hot bassist, Adi. As I tried to keep the drool from rolling down my chin, I forgot about the other two at the front of the stage, making the show more bearable for me. Listen to the CD, but if you see them live, stand to the far left of the stage. You will thank me. —Toby (TKO)

NIHILISTICS, Self-titled: LP

This is how re-issues should be. Not only does it sound great, there's a full zine-like insert covering the band, re-running zine interviews and clippings, printing all the lyrics, and giving you a ton of pictures to look at. Originally released in '83, it's hard not to place NYC's Nihilistics in the same on-fire field as The Necros, Negative Approach, and Heart Attack: dark, aggressive, assaultive, no-compromise hardcore deep from the throats and from the hands of people who probably really don't like you. In a roundabout way, I can also see a line between these guys and OC's Bonecrusher; working class, hard-hitting anthems by people you really believe don't fit in and work hard, not just cop a style in the hopes of getting rich. They're also extremely smart. In '83 they pointed out, in no uncertain terms, that war is welfare for the rich. Articulate in a very direct way. Definitely recommended. A pure document of a band that lived by its own rules. Excellent. —Todd (Mad At The World)

OI POLLOI:

(1) *Six of the Best* and

(2) *Outraged by the System: CD*
I received two CDs that feature the greatest hits from one of the long standing DIY anarchist bands that truly matter. From their early beginnings in the mid 1980s to the current, these motley crew of status questioners have been belting it out for years. OP has a way of expelling their rage and making you feel it without using cheap gimmicks. You feel that they mean what they say. They stand on their own and require no comparisons. They came to the states a couple of times to my recollection and I missed them. They are one of the bands on my list in my head that I truly have to see in my lifetime. *Six of the Best* features the EPs "Punks n' Skins," "Resist the Atomic Menace," "Omnicide," "Guilty," the self-titled EP put out by the Polish label Nikt Nic Nie Wie and "THC." It's a timeline of incredible punk at its best. *Outraged by the System* is a greatest hits package and has many songs from the previously mentioned CD. It's equally as important if you need to sample their venom. If their music doesn't inspire you to think or become active, you are too far gone in confor-

mity. Fans like me appreciate these releases to fill the holes in their collections. Two fingers in the air punk rock for ya! —Donofthead ((1) Rugger Bugger / (2) Step-1 Music)

OLVIDADOS, LOS:

Listen to This: CD

Listen to this is right! All I can say about this why, WHY wasn't this mandatory tuneage released way back when so it could've achieved the legendary status it deserves? This puppy has enough vitriol and sonic BOOM to stand up to damn near any other release from the same time period, namely the early '80s, and there's not one shitty song in the bunch. Hell, even the "hidden" track rocks; a rare occurrence, indeed. I move that we completely forget that this just came out, keep telling ourselves that we used to own it way back when on vinyl and that it's a damn good thing that it's now out on disc, 'cause if any punk record deserved reissuing this year, this one is it. Don't pick this up, get a fail on your "Punk Rock 101" final. Them's the rules, kids. —Jimmy Alvarado (Alternative Tentacles)

ORGAN, THE:

Sinking Hearts: CDEP

After the self-release of The Organ's two-song 7" earlier this year, everyone in Vancouver BC knew they were bound to be something special. Imagine if The Smiths and Joy Division became one, and were all women. This is what you'd get. Numbed, soft, and delicate-at-times vocals backed by that Johnny Marr jangly guitar, thick carrying bass, and drums that give you the feel of '60s trash rock, and of course — an organ. The Organ is the second vocalist of the band, leading every track to the next. The standout tracks have got to be "It's Time to Go," (which also appears on their self titled 7") and the title track, "Sinking Hearts"; songs about romance and rock n' roll. Numbing at times, the lyrics are simple but painfully expressive, "Remember when I left you/ I couldn't say your name/ or other crucial things like I love you/ oh, that's a shame." (from "Sinking Hearts.") Alright, start writing those bitter love letters and diary entries. This album will have girls dancing with boys, boys dancing with boys, and girls dancing with girls. —Sarah Stierch (Global Symphonic)

ORGANIC: The Life and Times of Sal Sager: CD

Exactly the sort of dime-a-dozen emo that precipitated my initial downgrade of fervor for punk from fanatic to enthusiastic, when emo began to slide from being something reasonable — nay, GOOD (Embrace, Rites of Spring) — to being the cookie-cutter atrocity-cum-joke it is today. It's heartening to know a new generation of bands is carrying the torch to fuck it up for today's kids. —Cuss Baxter (Microcosm)

PAGENINETYNINE:

Document#8: CD

This is some of the best hardcore I've heard in quite some time. It's driven with such force, but it takes control of that drive, fully in charge the entire time. It feels natural to go into a breakdown after the balls-out rock that precedes it. And the breakdowns? Damn,

they're heavy. It's recorded so that it comes together as a band, not individuals, not one overpowering another. It's dense and filled with so much going on in every track. On my second listen I began wondering how many tracks they had to record to get that complexity. Then I looked at the liner notes. There are eight members. Eight! They have two vocalists, a drummer, two bass players and (count 'em) THREE guitars! That helped explain things. The packaging is amazing as well: black gatefold with the graphics and text pressed into it. The booklet inside is glossy and filled with these great illustrations. They provide lyrics, thankfully. I'm not so great at deciphering them. They're on a brief hiatus from shows now, just getting back from touring Europe, but I know I'll be looking to see them the next time out. —Megan Pants (Robotic Empire)

PANIC ATTACKS:

Watch the Skies: 7" EP

Everything about this SCREAMS '60s slop, but no, just another record by another Queers clone I can use around my toilet as a guard against any potential damage incurred to the floor beneath by drunk, errant-aiming guests that might happen by. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.panicattacksgetwell.com)

PANIC, THE: Self-titled CDEP

Dude, I need some new underwear. I just shit myself. The Panic are right at the top of the best mix of new and old hardcore I've heard in years. Too fast and blasting to be strictly melodic, yet too catchy and swinging bat-like to be dismissed as a stale homage, this is some exciting, penetrating stuff. It's tough, not macho. It's chaotic but not muddy or out of focus. It's recorded fucking perfectly, with the burrs and jagged edges intact, but all the instruments are clarion clear. Woo! Combine Gorilla Biscuits, Negative Approach, Out Cold, Reagan SS, and Kid Dynamite in a cement mixer really fast and pour. Heavy, thick, and designed for burying lesser bands. Highest recommendation. —Todd (Bridge Nine)

PEAR OF THE WEST:

This Means Little Resistance

and the Proof of Existence: CD

Mix in the undeniable catchiness of the Teen Idols when Heather sings or does a duet (like the Idols', "Twenty Below"), along with the jumpiness of Hi Standard, and a clear and radiant guitar, you've got Japan's Pear of the West. Female-fronted goodness, and it's pop punk, but in the new mutation that I'm liking so much more. Instead of tapping the pock marked vein of trying to cop what both Screaming Weasel and early Queers did so well, bands seem to be rotating the crops and pulling up the roots of some of the best catchy punk and instilling it with their own dirt and growth to fill in the spaces. Best Japanese to English translation line: "I'm full of drunk." Cool. —Todd (Snuffy Smile)

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE

BABIES: Soberphobia: CD

I remember not liking this album much back when it first came out. My biggest

gripe back then was that the intensity that fueled *Mating Sounds of South American Frogs* was largely absent, leaving some lackluster pop songs with a tinge of a punk edge. While I think that assessment might've been a little harsh, I still don't think, fifteen years later, I was that far off the mark. It's very true that there's a decided lack of "oomph" to the proceedings and some of the tracks here are obviously filler, but there are some good songs to be found here as well, most notably "Keys to the City" and "Spirit of Keith Moon," either of which almost make this worth the green and the inclusion of assorted B-sides and live tracks, however, further sweeten the deal considerably. —Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE

BABIES: Supermodels: CD

More straightforward in approach than *Soberphobia*, this has more balls while still managing to keep their trademark repetitive guitar leads and poppy hooks intact. While not quite as crucial as their earlier material, there's some mighty fine work to be found here, especially "Let's Do Lunch," which I'd love to blast full bore out the window of the building in downtown Los Angeles where I work. Good listening. —Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

PITS, THE:

My Life In Ruins: 7" EP

Anthemic punk reminiscent of the UK Subs. I dug it. —Jimmy Alvarado (Rapid Pulse)

PRIDS, THE: Glide, Screamer: EP

The second EP from this Portland (OR) based three-piece is three studio tracks and one live. Opening with the title track — which starts with an empty, delicate bass then in comes guitar and drums. This the dance club hit. Reminding me a bit of New Order, then bursting into a strong, dark rock. Low, even sexy, male vocals croon. Backing it are female vocals that are slightly off time from the main, which makes the vocal tracks very distinct. A five minute track that doesn't seem to ever last long enough. "Human Astronomy," is where you can see more of the slight shoe-gazer feel, female vocals are lead this time — where they come off coy and even sensual, with a monumental musical backing that at times even reminds me a bit of Pink Floyd (but in a good powerful way, I swear! Circa *Meddle*. Fuck you if you don't like Floyd!) — just because the breakdowns are so spacey and strong. Sending you into space, and then back down into the world you know — or wish you didn't. A quick two minute song, it makes quite an impact. Okay, that's a little dramatic. But the Prids make me feel transcendent. What can I say? Side B, don't forget to slow the speed down (that gets me every time). More male vocals, "Persona Solara," is another danceable track. Songs about girls always make for drama with bands like this. Strings, keyboards, and more sensual vocals. I love the bass line that goes throughout this song, it really carries it — giving that Jesus & Mary Chain *Psychocandy* feel. The live track, "Duracraft," which is from their first EP (of the same title) is okay. The recording isn't the best. It

sounds like it was recorded more in the audience. You can hear people talking and chit-chatting over screams and howls. I'm sure the studio track is lovely – a very Joy Division sounding track with a very pissed off sounding Mistina on vocals. Clocking in at almost seven minutes, it is a tad long as well. But shit, all the howling and screaming people do at the end sure make you wish you were there, beer in hand, dancing. If the Prids were around in 1985, the girls would have worn the same lipstick as Mistina, boys would have the same hair as Jarius, everyone would wear the same eyeliner as David, and they would have been here, there, and everywhere. Overall a great EP. I'm excited to hear more – hopefully a full length in the future. Yeah, neo-new wave! –Sarah Stierch (Self released)

QUALM: Long Story Short: CD
The fifth song on this waste of plastic is "Try Not to Feel So Bad When You Find Out You Really Suck." Don't think I could've put it any more succinctly. I'm surprised your parents haven't grounded you for being in a band this bad. –Jimmy Alvarado (Not Bad)

REACTION, THE: Self-titled: CD
Spooky rock'n'roll bubblegum. In other words, a punchy mix of Motorhead (for the gasoline in the gum), Zeke (for the grit in the gum), and the Beach Boys (for the pop in the gum) by way of the Misfits (the packaging of the gum and the mental pictures). It's kinda bwooha-ha ("Let the Sleeping Corpses Lie," "Army of the Dead," "Revenge and Murder,") but it's way too hooky and tuneful to say it's a direct rip of any of the aforementioned bands. I like it. It speeds by fast and I usually let it play a couple times. –Todd (Acme)

REAGAN SS:

Hail to the New Dawn: 7"
Can you hear that noise? It has that buzz sound ringing in the distance. I think what I hear is the buzz of a band that is going to turn heads every time that people come across them. I may not be the only one excited by this band, but I know for sure that they are going to be placed in the punk history books for the year 2002. This is their second release after their split with John Browns Army which put them on the map. They have been aggressively playing around California, blowing away bands that have to play after them after they play their menacing short and to-the-point sets. In the band is former Razorcaker, Matt Average, who is the nuts and bolts of this outfit. It's his baby and he created it to expel the anger inside him. Beside his writings for many publications and his artistry for photography, he expresses in his music how his environment irritates him. The music is fast as a race boat and powerful like a cannon – no frills punk thrash that is straight to the point and is short but sweet with its rage. It has eight songs that go by so fast that you have to pay attention. The production is improved from the split previously mentioned. The real experience is their live show. Do not miss them if they come to your town. –Donofthedeath (625)

REASONSEVEN:

Self-titled: CD
Quirky rock with some punk flourishes. Not my cup of tea, but I've heard worse. –Jimmy Alvarado (Smog Veil)

RECKLESS BASTARDS:

It's Time for Buzz: CDEP
Sloppy garage punk with a '60s influence that would be a lot better if they replaced their rhythm section. Boring!! –Mike Dunn (Reckless Bastards)

REMUS AND THE ROMULAN NATION: 7"

I'm not scared of lo-fi, but this sounds like it's played under a mattress, so it's hard to pull out the nuances. The vocalist sounds like a super-political Chi Pig of SNFU – almost cartoony, but earnest. It also brings to mind a muddier Crimpshrine or a duct-tape-ier Operation Cliff Clavin: the songs are mid-tempo, partially melodic, partially anthemic, and socially aware (the song explanations are longer than the songs themselves). It's okay. I just wish it sounded more listenable. –Todd (Soul Is Cheap)

RIISTETTY: Skitsofrenia: CD

If I remember correctly, this is a re-release of this legendary Finnish band's first LP. I could be wrong and if I am, it's not the first time. This was initially released in 1983, so the timeline to be their first LP might be right. The songs are primitive, but raw and energetic. Before it was called crust or discore, it was just straight ahead metallic punk that let the energy do the talking. It takes me back twenty years when I first started hearing international punk. It still stands the test of time – abrasive songs sung in languages I had no idea of understanding. But the language of aggression crosses all language barriers. More people need to discover and research bands from other continents, past and present, and see what is outside of their backyards. This is a time capsule that has been opened and needs to be shared with others. –Donofthedeath (Usinade Sanguine)

ROCK BOTTOM AND THE SPIES: Rich Girl: 7"

The lyric sheet says this is a repress of an ultra-rare 7" from 1981 and, seeing as it sounds like pure Killed By Death fodder I'm inclined to believe 'em. Raw punk rock with occasional keyboards that wins the "easily the best thing I've heard all day" contest by a landslide. –Jimmy Alvarado (www.breakmyface.com)

ROGER MIRET & THE DISASTERS: Self-titled: CD

Okay, so Todd failed to tell me that this was a guy from Agnostic Front until after I'd listened to it. Looking at the song titles, Todd and I sort of thought it might be a covers album. There was "Radio, Radio" – Elvis Costello, "It's Alright" – Dead Boys, and "New York Belongs to Me" we thought could be a take on Cock Sparrer's "England Belongs to Me." We were wrong. This is going to be the next thirty-something voice for all the angry twelve-year olds out there. I'm sure this band is going places. My record collection just isn't one of them. –Megan Pants (Hellcat)

ROTTEN APPLES:

Real-Tuff (Durable Plastic): CD
First song starts out like Elastica playing the riff to "Quick Joey Small" by the Kasenetz-Katz Singing Orchestral Circus while the Muffs and the Detroit Cobras violently mudwrestle in the background, then kicks in with alternately sultry/pissed off tough chick vocals like the singer from Romeo Void having impossibly rapid-fire mood swings, backed by what i can only speculate to be some manner of simplistic but forceful riot grrrl soul-punk that doesn't exactly not evoke memories of L7, but in a good way (somehow), but with a more stripped down approach. Damn, i said "stripped down." And i was doing so well! To summarize, it is "good." The lush vocals are like mis-handled bratwursts sliding seductively down a WNBA point guard's hips. Unfortunately, by about the third song, i'm starting to get restless, thinking of things i could be doing around the house. By the fourth song, i'm going stark raving nuts with boredom. The CD is only twenty-three minutes long, but, for whatever reason, it seems more like it's about an hour and a half. I begin to look disdainfully on the vocals: They seem to be attempting to incite a more sophisticated effect on the listener than the musical backing (though fairly competent and well-recorded) can support. The lyrics begin to grate me. "Plastic World," with its squeaks of "Fake tits, fake eyes, fake bullshit!" sounds like something some fourteen-year-old girl would've written after masturbating to "Rebel Girl" for the first time. Things seem to be devolving into petty bitchiness: "F.W.A.K." – "Fucked Without a Kiss" – is about creepy guys; compare that to the Scream song of the same name (1st album) about prison rape and see how much of an outpouring of sympathy you can muster on her behalf. Gah! Suddenly, for no good reason, "Spade" comes on – dead last, track ten of ten – and i realize the problem! The first nine tracks have been sung by the SINGER! But track ten is being sung by the DRUMMER! And it's BRILLIANT! OF COURSE! THAT'S IT! The singer, with the exception of the strikingly ace first track, is wreckin' everything with her god damned SINGERLINESS!!! The drummer has no such failings! Therefore, it is my sworn duty to stoke the dang boiler and foment band unrest by demanding that the drummer, one "Heather Jane," RISE UP AND SMITE (or merely wrest control from) THE SINGER/GUITARIST, one "Dejha!" COME ON, HEATHER JANE, IT'S YOU THE PEOPLE ARE PAYIN' TA SEE!!! YOU'RE the reason the band's come this far!!! YOU'RE the glue that holds it all together!!! Dejha is just keeping you DOWN because SHE KNOWS YOU'RE A STAR ON THE RISE, BAY-BEE!!! YOU'RE COMPETITION!!! SHE WANTS TO KEEP YOU IN THE BACK, BEHIND THE DRUMS, WHERE GUYS CAN LOOK UP YOUR SKIRT AND SEE YOUR PANTIES AND SUCHLIKE!!! DON'T FALL FOR IT!!! RISE UP!!! REBEL!!! MAKE LUDICROUS DEMANDS!!! WHEN YOU COME HOME FROM GIGS, DROP HER OFF FIRST, THEN TALK SHIT ABOUT HER IN THE VAN THE REST OF THE WAY HOME!!! WHEN YOU GO OUT

AFTER PRACTICE, STICK ALREADY CHEWED GUM IN HER BEST PAIR OF SLUT SHOES!!! WHEN YOU STAY AT HOTELS, STICK HER HAND IN WARM WATER SO SHE PEEES THE BED AND ALIENATES OTHER BAND MEMBERS!!! SHE'S ONLY GOT ONE NAME, ANYWAY!!! LIKELY SOME KINDA MADE-UP STRIPPER NAME!!! YOU'VE GOT TWO!!! FIGHT THE POWER!!! DEMAND FACE TIME!!! SAVE THE TEXAS PRAIRIE CHICKEN!!! ALL OF IT ON RED THIRTEEN!!! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE CODY JARRETT ALIVE, COPPERS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Thanks for listening. BEST SONG: "Love Career" or "Spade" BEST SONG TITLE: "Love Career" or "Spade," i guess FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Chris Brief is thanked in the liner notes and i know him. –Rev. Nørb (Empty)

SCALPING SCREEN:

13 Revolting Strains: CD
When I hear the words "Finland" and "thrash" occupying the same sentence, I expect the trademark fjordcore sound of bands like Mob 47 and Terveet Kadet that put Scandinavian punk on the map. These guy apparently are either oblivious of that history or are disinterested in it, as they are content to opt for macho grunt-metal a la Pantera. To their credit, they aren't bad at it, but that shit just ain't my bag, baby, and bores my blood rather than boils it. –Jimmy Alvarado (www.scalpingscreen.com)

SCREWDRIVERS, THE:

Self-titled: CD
EGADS, IT'S TERRIBLE!!! STOP IT! TURN IT OFF! TAKE IT OUT BEFORE IT PERMANENTLY DAMAGES THE COMPU –Jimmy Alvarado (The Screwdrivers)

SCURVY BASTARDS:

Gold Fever: 7"
I really dig the pirate motif here and the music was a nice change of pace. It made me want to hang out in the New Orleans section of Disneyland with a parrot on my shoulder. –Jimmy Alvarado (702)

SEA OF TOMBS: Self-titled: CD

Standing proudly in that large area of overlap between stoner and prog rock, Sea of Tombs sound quite a lot like early Sabbath without that whiny goofball they had singing for them, with plenty Blue Cheer thrown in for variety. Six long, heavy instrumentals you'll miss when they're gone. Makes me wish I smoked stuff. –Cuss Baxter (Gravity)

SEX WITH LURCH:

SelfTitled: CD EP
If Redd Kross had been a death rock band, I have no doubt they would've sounded just like this. –Jimmy Alvarado (www.sexwithlurch.com)

SHAKEDOWNS, THE: Move: CD

Dude, they're trying really hard to make me move, but their attempts at trash rock just ain't cuttin' it. So, this is what impotence feels like.... –Jimmy Alvarado (www.vmsrecords.com)

SHOTWELL/

ZERO EAST: Split 7" EP

Let's hear it for Snuffy Smile for continuing their tradition of connecting two cool Japanese and American bands. I love this series. This one's a double up of pop-leaning political punk. Shotwell: I often try to think of what Fifteen would sound like if they didn't musically suck so hard and weren't so lead-pipey/car bomby with the lefty lyrics. Shotwell answers that question. It's "resisting dominant culture" dirty pop, recorded in a garage that the Buzzcocks could have used, with this cool hummy, buzzy quality to the recording. I know it's a stretch, but imagine if Smogtown moved away from the beach and started singing about property rights. They've got kick, hooks, and heart. Neat shit. Zero Fast sound like they're from Gainesville or early-'80s Minnesota, not Japan. They perform a compelling synthesis of what's great about early Replacements, Jam, Husker Du, and Radon. They're not all that flashy, but certainly strong as shit at making songs' melodies and rhythm weave together, and they sound better with each listen. I always love the translations of Japanese bands. The standout on this one is: "There's a park by bay-side in my town where I used to go. Now, it's covered with new buildings and a million bullshits." Two bands I knew dick about when I woke up today and now very much enjoy. -Todd (Snuffy Smile)

SHUTINS, THE:***Haunted by Hangovers: CD***

Sounds like a demo by a third-tier, mid-'80s punk band who've tired of playing the same fifty-two thrash songs every night and want to be acknowledged as "real" musicians but can't quite come up with tunes good enough to get them noticed by a major label. The singer sounds like he had a tummy ache during the course of recording this epic disc. Nice pictures of people vomiting to round out the package. I can empathize with their need to expel lunch, 'cause I'm feelin' pretty much the same way right about now. -Jimmy Alvarado (www.bustinwithterror.com)

SICK OF IT ALL:***Live in a Dive: CD***

Do you need an explanation? This is SOIA's entry into the domain of the "Live in a Dive" series at Fat. By far, it's the best of the series and it's going to be hard to topple this beast off its pedestal. Besides the new D4, this is probably the second best release of the year from Fat. SOIA has been around long enough to start on an indie and go to a major and back to indie without losing a bit of passion and energy. SOIA barrel through many songs from their extensive catalog. Twenty-three songs of pure hardcore classics. I wish there was more. I recommend this to their loyal fans and it is a good starting point for those interested, but haven't experienced their strong East Coast HC in the studio and live. For a live recording, this is one of the best that I have heard. The music is tight and the energy of their live experience is felt. Makes me want to go see them live the next time they are in town. I am deeply satisfied. -Donofthedeath (Fat)

SKREPPERS, THE:***Hedonist Hellcats: CD***

Low Impact out of Sweden has picked up a bunch of Groovie Ghoulie-loving, sick bastards from Finland. It's an interesting mix of '60s garage that would be played as a soundtrack to a low budget horror movie mixed with an early Cramps sound that meshes with a psychobilly vibe. It's raw and fun energy that makes you want to go-go dance like a spastic monkey. The keyboards are the clincher for this release. The dated sound adds to the charm of the party. I've heard that people either love or hate this band. I'm in the love them mode! -Donofthedeath (Low Impact)

SLEATER-KINNEY:***One Beat: CD***

Sleater-Kinney impress the hell out of me. They've been creating sonic-filled sounds for almost a decade and always manage to jolt this listener with intelligent, catchy, ferocious, and beautiful music. The seesaw vocal and guitar work of Corin Tucker and Carrie Brownstein, melding with the genius drumming of Janet Weiss, are elements one comes to expect from a Sleater-Kinney release. But the ladies have introduced themselves to a new assault of instrumentation; theramins, synthesizers and even horns! Admittedly, this CD took a while to embrace - a shift from the norm will do that. But the realization that this is an outstanding album, full of unexpected twists and turns, is wildly rewarding. The Sleater-Kinney core is the same, but the shell's got a little more pizzazz. And with the lyrics, "I look to the sky and ask it not to rain on my family tonight," ("Far Away") and "Let's break out our old machines now, it sure is good to see them run again," ("Combat Rock") one can easily sense the band's finger on the pulse of what's relevant. But they know how to mix it up with just the right amount of carefree attitude with Carrie sweetly singing, "The way I feel when you call my name, makes me go crazy to sane." ("Oh!") Sleater-Kinney get a gold star for this one! Lyric-I-can't-get-out-of-my-head props go to: "Could I turn this place upside down and shake you and your fossils out?" -Kat Jetson (Kill Rock Stars)

SLIDEPIECE:***One Cheap Ass CD: CDEP***

Judging by the looks of the band, I was expecting something akin to Blink 182, but they actually play garagy pop punk that's not without its charm. The best reference point would be Cringer, however with dopey lyrics. Decent. -Mike Dunn (www.slidepiece.com)

SMOKE: *Follows Beauty: CD*

I thought Iron Butterfly broke up decades ago. Damn, if I were a hippie with a fatty, a six pack, and nothing but time to worry about, this would be blasting the walls of my apartment down. -Jimmy Alvarado (Kozmik)

SONIC DOLLS: *Riot****at the Sheep Dog Trials: CD***

What we have here is no frills punk mixed with some pop elements. Generally, they run along the lines of sounding like Screeching Weasel mixed with the Pink Lincolns, though more

loose around the edges. Despite the fact I think this fully listenable, it really isn't essential. —Mike Dunn (Stardumb)

SONIC YOUTH + ICP + THE EX: Self-titled: CD

Just imagine if the guys in Sonic Youth got together with a couple of friends' bands to play some free jazz and someone happened to record it. I guess I had to be there. —Jimmy Alvarado (Konkurrent)

SPICKLE: *The Right to Remain Silent*: CD

Listening to Spickle, I picture the guys in Dead Guy back in their introspective, sweater-wearing days when they were smoking just a little too much weed and listening to just a little too much John Zorn. At their best, Spickle could be favorably compared to bands like No Means No, Hell Worms and Victim's Family. But they too often veer off into extended musical "studies" that tilt harrowingly close to some of the more dangerous forms of musical mold, namely: post-punk, art-rock, and (shudder) even emo. But this is hardly shocking; for some reason, instrumental bands seem to over compensate for their being singerless. They develop a kind of napoleon complex. Don't get me wrong; this is not bad at all. It just sometimes trips over its own musical cleverness as it rushes up to prove to you that they can keep your attention even without some shmub howling about a heartless ex-girlfriend or evil multi-nationals or whatever. I mean, I'm not slighting these Spickle fellows by comparing them to Greg Ginn's Gone, for instance. At the very least, these guys don't get their fingers stuck in their guitar strings. They just need to shake off their persistent desire to practice feng shui with their music. They need to trust their own raw power and let it run dumb and free a little more often. —Aphid Peewit (Berserker)

SPONTANEOUS DISGUST:

Oh, What Noisy

Cats We Are: 4 x 7"

If Jimmy Alvarado didn't home invasion me, poke me in the eye with a stale chunk of tamale, plop Spontaneous Disgust's first little bitch of a seven inch, *Emo Love Fest*, on our record player, and crank it until the neighbors on three sides complained, I'd've called him a big, fat, juicy liar. But, manowar, they're great — it's pretty much the same feeling that I got listening to the Zero Boys, The Replacements, or Leatherface the first time: the music hits you like a wall, and the more you listen to it, the more you realize that every brick is placed with a bunch of thought and is heavily constructed with blasting hooks. Due to the fact that the address was illegible on the first 7", we thought they were lost to the world, but, lo, out comes a four-pack of 7"s. Weird. It's a workout swapping them out and listening to all the tracks — twenty-four in all — but I'm not complaining. The covers are all lo-tech xeroxes of Spam sushi, bums puking what looks like coin change, and some guy in a white leotard and angel wings jumping over a cop car. What's cool, too, is that they've gone beyond their first (?) concept record and

go for broke. They attack bands that should give it up ("Punk Rock Hero Reunion Vs. 3-D Old Dude Karaoke Tour"), love ("Punch to the Heart"), politics with a country twang ("Linda Kronstat"), capitalism, ("Shiny Rim[job]"), and sex ("Gimme Some of That Disease.") That's just the tip of the iceberg. I'm still getting more amped about these guys and I'm already rabid. Awesome stuff. The big question now is how the hell I'm going to get Jimmy out of my house. He's put up a pup tent near the record player. Fuck his back-to-the-land squatter's rights. He ain't gettin' my vinyl four pack. —Todd (Dangling Fury)

SPRINGFIELDS, THE:

Self-titled: CD

These guys can't seem to decide whether they wanna be a generic modern punk rock band or the Mentors. They suck at both, so I guess the point is moot, but, lord, do they try. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.vmsrecords.com)

STROLLERS, THE:

Captain of My Ship: CD

Fuck the Hives, this is the band from Sweden that people should be excited about! It's authentic '60s garage punk that brings to the ears the sounds of the Sonics meets the Strawberry Alarm Clock having an affair with a little MC5. If you ever come across their first self-titled 7" and the equally fantastic *Bring Her Home 7"* you would have in your possession an early glimpse how magical this band is. They followed that up with their full length titled *Falling Right Down*. This follows in their progression of growing more gritty but retaining their magic of song writing. The recording is more stripped down from their previous releases but the music comes across as beautiful as a time warp back to the past. I feel like a child when I hear these songs. I could easily see many of these songs on a soundtrack for a B movie that was released in the '60s. I can never get enough of these guys. You really need to dig and find some of their releases. You will not regret it if you like this genre of music. —Donofthedeath (Low Impact)

SWEEP THE LEG JOHNNY:

Going Down Swingin': CD

Chicago's infamous Sweep The Leg Johnny is back with another gem of a record. One of my favorite bands in existence, period. This time, one of the Rumah Sakit boys has joined in on guitar. (Making Mr. Mitch Cheney the other Californian in the band — with bassist Mr. John Brady of the equally infamous Spanakorzo and Swing Kids.) They have two songs over fourteen minutes on this album. But trust me, you'll never notice. You'll be so zombified by the stellar musicianship, intense as all fuck, bring-me-to-tears-at-times lyrics, and the swarthy saxophone that you will lose track of time. Yes, a saxophone. Dueling with the guitars like it was one, vocalist Mr. Steve Sostak (also in Check Engine, alongside guitarist Mr. Chris Daly) — then sounding like a cracked out violin, to being another vocalist entirely. They range from hard as fuck rock to delicate off-time jazzy beats. Hard and soft. Rough and smooth. Every instru-

ment leads the other. Mr. Scott Anna's drums often bring the entire band together through the awe inspiring feedback and so forth — his instrumentation makes you realize — yes, you're still alive. I won't even bother comparing them to anyone, 'cause it's pointless. Sweep The Leg Johnny is its entirely own genre and being. Speak the gospel, for this is Sweep. —Sarah Stierch (Southern)

TARAKANY:

Fear and Hatred: CD

No matter how you slice it, dice it or package it, be it in English, Spanish, or, in this case, Russian, generic modern pop punk is fucking boring. Gimme Muzak over this bullshit any day of the week. At least with that shit there's no pretense of being cool. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.tarakany.ru)

TOY DOLLS:

Bare Faced Cheek: CD

Of the first four Toy Dolls albums, this was always my least favorite, and remains so. Save for "Fisticuffs in Frederick Street" and "Ashbrooke Laundrette," the song titles are better than the actual songs, which are pretty unmemorable on the whole and the performance and production are lackluster. —Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

TOY DOLLS:

Covered in Toy Dolls: CD

I won't get on my Captain Oi records having nothing to do with oi kick again. I will just tell you about Toy Dolls. This is one of the weirdest CDs I have heard in awhile. This sounds like an album I might have checked out of the library in elementary school with pictures on it and stuff. It really sounds like, with a few exceptions, a punk album for little kids. It's all covers spanning from '82 to '00. They do real kiddie songs like "Nellie the Elephant" and "Rupert the Bear." They also do a few instrumentals, "Sabre Dance," "Toccatte in Dm," "Eine Kleine Nacht Muzik." Also, some popular songs like "Blue Suede Shoes," "No Particular Place to Go," "Please Release Me" (with an original tacked on the tail of if which is really pretty cool, called "Darling I Loathe You"), "Devil Went Down to Georgia" and "Livin' La Vida Loca." Of course, they put their own twist to these songs, making them a bit more palatable. This of more of a novelty album, if anything else. It was entertaining for a single listen, but it won't see my CD player again, unless I'm baby sitting someone's kids. "Ha!" (done in the voice of Miss Krabappel). I would, however, like to hear more of their originals. The guitarist is a pretty damn good and the vocalist has the British, snotty snarl of Johnny Rotten which makes some of these covers amusing. —Toby (Captain Oi!)

TOY DOLLS:

Ten Years of Toys: CD

Not a "best of," per se, so much as re-workings of some of the Dolls' best songs to celebrate what was their tenth anniversary. The remakes are, for the most part, top-notch, although some are a little slower than the originals. Worth the green if for no other reason than the version of "Harry Cross." Kinda con-

fused about "I've Got Asthma" being included as a bonus track "previously only available on the Japanese CD version." To the best of my recollection, it was on every version of the original vinyl I ever saw. No matter. It's on here and it's good. Now go spend all yer lunch money on it. —Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

TRASH BRATS, THEE:

American Disaster: LP

This band played at the Avalon Nightclub. About four hundred people were at the show. The jam session was awesome. It whupped a lion's ass. Trash Brats, Trash Brats, Trash Brats, Trash Brats. The band played it on. The band got down. The crowd roared like a lion. It whupped a mule's ass (i actually would not go so far as to say that this band whups a mule's ass. There's something about the concept of melding late '80s glam-hair-metal with punkrock that seems to inherently point out that punkrock-flavored glam-metal might be the way to go [if you're interested], but that glam-metal flavored punkrock, if you do the math, really has no chance of succeeding, at least not the way you want it to, and i tend to suspect that bands like the Trash Brats are hearing/thinking "punkrock flavored glam metal," but it's coming out glam metal-flavored punkrock, which is okay, but not exactly Rock Sensation Sweepin' The Nation material). *Trash Brats, Trash Brats, Trash Brats, Trash Brats* (which is not to say that i find no value in this band; "Eatin' Crow" is cool in a first GG Allin LP kinda way, "Imitation Generation" did, in fact, have me legitimately contemplating whether the band intended it to sound like imitation Generation X [uh, the band], and "Hungry Eyeballs" evoked some of the Vandals' better faux-country moments. Also, the wah-wah in "Must Be Cocaine" is most boss!). *The show was over at last* (truer than you know: One of the most glaring problems with this record is that ALMOST ALL THE SONGS ARE WAY TOO FUCKING LONG. Hey, it's only a clever, catchy line the first seventy-two times you hear it! These songs drag out to the point where you begin to personally resent the song for not being over with, then they usually add these sort of smart-ass epic endings to them, merely for the sake of frivolity, which would have been okay had the song not worn out its welcome two choruses previous. "Feeding the Mosquitos" is one of my favorite songs on the album, due in no small part to the fact that i only consider it twenty seconds too long). *A lot of people met the band. The rock show was awesome* (i will go so far as to say that the song "Suicide Dedication" — you're supposed to request it for your ex right before you off yourself, so whenever the song plays after that people will talk shit about WHAT A MEAN CRUEL HEARTLESS FUCKING BITCH SHE WAS, not that i know any girls like that, no sir, not me — is legitimately great, the kind of thing NOFX would have already done if they were as unworthless as people claim they are, which i have never seen shred one of evidence to support. Too bad you can only really use it effectively once, as opposed to the far more utilitarian "Suicidal

Failure" by Suicidal Tendencies). *It was a whupping on a mule's ass* (this band has a song called "Bubblegum Girl." If Saddam Hussein ever gets a weapon where-by he can combine "Bubblegum Girl" with the Teen Idols' "Peanut Butter Girl," i AM gonna off myself, because i can't take the fucking horror such a thing would unleash). *Trash Brats, Trash Brats, Trash Brats, Trash Brats. Rock over London. Rock on, Chicago. General Motors: We never forget who's driving.* BEST SONG TITLE: "No Jangle Thrust" BEST SONG: "Suicide Dedication" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: I swear to God the melody from "Who Put the Words" is heisted from that goddamn "I'd Like to teach the World to Sing" Coca-Cola® commercial circa 1971! -Rev. Nørb (Alien Snatch)

TYRADES:
Stain On Me: 7"

Two more tracks of gritty punk from this female-fronted unit. Makes me want to go out and scream in someone's face. Pay attention fuckers, 'cause it rarely gets better than this. -Jimmy Alvarado (Rip Off)

UK SUBS:
Drunken Sailor: 7"

You gotta love these guys. Twenty-plus years on and they can still pull out the hits like they were doing nothing more than breathing. Aside is their take on a traditional

sailor chant and the flip is another anthemic classic complete with bridge sung in French. Limited, so snatch it up. -Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

**URCHIN, THE/
ONE LEAF: Split 7"**

Fuck yeah! My only previous reservation with The Urchin, and it was a small one, is that they sounded too proficient. Even though they were hitting all the right notes and playing some of the tightest, aggressive pop punk in the land of the rising sun, it never sounded like they were breaking a sweat. Too pro. I wanted to hear the work, you know? These two songs, still very well recorded, sound dirtier, more raw and angry, and that's nothing but good news to these ears. Best song title: "Sixth Song We Recorded for a Split 7" with the Band Called Dillinger Four." Best Japanese-to-English translated line: "Drinking coffee taste like fuckin' sweat with breathing in chemical gas." One Leaf: in flashes in the songs, like when you walk by a fence really quickly and can see into someone's back yard, is early D4 - tremendous energy and every single note being hit spikes the song faster and deeper. I'm not saying One Leaf is as good as D4, but their potential to touch on really cool, complex, and tricky parts is my favorite aspect of their songs. Best line: "Let's drink to the full the alcohol numbed to the back of a throat!" Cool shit, both sides.

-Todd (Snuffy Smile)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:
1157 Wheeler Avenue: A Memorial for Amadou Diallo: CD

There is probably no better social reason to make a comp. than for Amadou Diallo, a man, unarmed, who showed no attempt of resistance and was shot nineteen times by New York police who didn't identify themselves. A bullet even entered through the bottom of Diallo's foot (showing that they kept shooting after he was on the ground). The police were acquitted on all charges. A portion of the proceeds of this CD will be donated in Diallo's name to Human Rights Watch to support their ongoing campaign to fight police brutality. That's the good news. The bad news is that the comp.'s very spotty. Highlights are a live version of Strike Anywhere's "Sunset on 32nd" (which fits perfectly and sounds much more snarly than the studio version), Anti-Flag's cover of Mission of Burma's "That's When I Reach for My Revolver," The Arrivals, and The GC5. There's some passable stuff - Munition and Plan A Project. But there's too many dry patches. Fifteen proves another way they can suck more and more, J-Church is as boring as going to real church, as are The 4-Squares and The Methadones. Hey, I really like Youth Brigade, but when the rapping in "Men In Blue" starts, my finger goes for the eject

button every time. –Todd (Failed Experiment)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Battle for the Airwaves Vol. 2: 7"*

Sub-billed as "West Coast Punk vs. East Coast Oi," this features tracks by the Workin' Stiffs, the Bodies, the Templars and the Wretched Ones. It was a tough call, and I don't deny that I might be more than a tad biased, but my call is that the west coast wins by a nose with tunes that are just a tad more memorable. Recommended. –Jimmy Alvarado (Radio)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Billy Volume One: CD*

A top-notch comp of what I'm assuming are recent shenanigans and goings on in the rockabilly and psychobilly scenes, featuring tracks from a bevy of heavy hitters, including, Deke Dickerson, James Intveld, Big Sandy, Reverend Horton Heat, Demented are Go, Frantic Flintstones, Three Bad Jacks, Os Catalepticos, and an amazing song from the Necromantix, to name but a few. Nary a bad track to be found here and plenty to get your hair piled up over. –Jimmy Alvarado (Hepcat)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

California Ain't Fun No More LP
Here's a compilation album put out by a German record label, that has all California bands. And the funny thing is, I live in California, and these German's turned me on to some good shit going on in my own backyard. As a whole, this is mostly trashy rock'n'roll, but it's got the right attitude and a lot of speed to back it up. Some of the highlights are songs by The Pinkz, Radio Reelers, The Stupor Stars, and Bitchschool. Perhaps best of all is the Bobbyteens cover of the Gears' "Baby Runaround." But really, there's not a stinker on the whole album. –Sean Carswell (Alien Snatch)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Cuts, Vol. 1: CD*

This is one of those rare comps that you run into every few years, the kind of album that costs six bucks to buy, and ends up costing you half of your next paycheck so that you can get releases by all the bands on the comp. It's one of those comps that gets intentionally stuck in your stereo, and you listen to it so much that, years later, you think of it as the soundtrack for a certain period of your life. It's that good. It's amazing, really. It starts off with a new, unreleased song by the Smut Peddlers, then rips through 18 more great unreleased (or at least really hard to find otherwise) songs. It's a nice introduction to the Broken Bottles, the Negatives, Beer City Rockers, and about a dozen other bands that will one day be all of our favorites. Beyond the music, there are interesting, paragraph-long stories for each individual band. Hell, even the cover design is really cool. The only bad thing about this album is that I think they only pressed a thousand copies, and once those are gone, the comp will be out of print. Do yourself a favor and get a copy before they're all gone. –Sean Carswell (Hostage)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Hardcore Amerika (The Reagan Years – 1st Term): CD*

In the time before exceedingly expensive postage, burnable CDs, and the advent of the internet was a flourishing international hardcore tape trading community. Bad Compilation Tapes (or Borderless Counties Tapes), known by most as BCT, were one of the focal points – releasing around twenty-seven international hardcore comps. This here is a fifty-seven song "best of" from two of the releases and it's the first time they've ever officially been on CD, if I'm not mistaken. This one isn't so international. Actually, it's all American, but it gives you a great flavor of the expanse of how wide and far hardcore was embraced with virtually no coverage, after the first couple waves of punk had "died." Constantly underrated and easy-to-not-remember, these bands whipped out choice cuts. Love Canal, Suburban Decay, No Response, Eat The Rich, Accelerators (NJ, not CA), Disorderly Conduct, Psycho, Detention, White Flag, Deranged Diction, Corrupted Service, and Unexpected all stand the test of time. This is just like finding a favorite tape that's been mulching under your car seat for fifteen years. All the tracks do a great job of reminding the listener that hardcore's not as rigid a genre as many make it out to be. Totally worth the scratch. –Todd (Borderless Counties Tapes, Schizophrenic, Interruption)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Household Name Records of London: A Punkrock, Hardcore, Skacore Compilation: CD
Surprise! It's crap. Okay, I can think of something nice. The first seventeen seconds of the Fig 4.0 is pretty cool. Everything else blows. –Megan Pants (Household Name)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Shielded by Death: Vol 1:

Busted at the Lit: CD

The title hints at what's inside – an almost *Killed by Death*-flavored comp., but instead of cherry picking obscure bands that released a raging track or two then slipped back into oblivion, this comp focuses on original punk rock from Eastern Connecticut and Western Massachusetts, 1977-1985. Along with the other comp. that Dionysus recently released, *The Bosse Sound*, it shows the quality of compiler's archival hindsight vision. The fat's cut off, and what you get is twenty-seven tracks full of amplified desperation by no-name bands, all of which probably only played poorly attended gigs. The irony is obvious. This is some killer stuff that lays shame to crap-on-a-stick like the new Vandals, and these songs and bands will probably continue to slip under the radar, almost twenty years after the fact. Cools tracks by all, but my favorites by The Regular Joes, Foreign Objects, the Pajama Slave Dancers, and Chronic Disorder. –Todd (Dionysus)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *The Bosse Sound: Swedish Punk, Hardcore, and New*

Wave 1979-1986: CD

The title pretty much sums it up. Pretend you've got a short wave radio, a time machine, and a really adventurous, right-on DJ cranking thirty tracks of Swedes playing the gamut from loud, fast, and scratchy to synthesizers a-blasting rock. I'd only heard passing mention of one or two of these bands – like the Meateaters and Zpamhead – but there's not a clunker in the bunch. What's amazing is most of sound quality is through the roof (in a good way) and the Swedes don't put as much strangulation on adjacent genres, so there's a nice cross pollination of really hummy, jangly stuff and straight-ahead fuck you rock. Excellent stuff. Great to put on and have an enjoyable seventy minutes. –Todd (Dionysus)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

The Necessary Effect:

Screamers Songs

Interpreted: 2xCD

Let me begin by saying I hate tribute albums. Nearly all of them serve no purpose other than to embarrass the recorded legacy and insult the good name of the band being paid tribute. Most importantly, they're a waste of good money that could go toward much more worthy causes, like feeding the homeless, or washing the car. That said, this isn't too shabby a set here: twenty-nine covers of songs either written or covered by L.A. legends the Screamers, courtesy of Bloodhag, the Cripples, the Miss, the Phantom Surfers, Canned Hamm and oodles of others. Heck, there's even a couple of tracks here done by former Screamers KK Barrett and Paul Roessler. The thing that makes so many of the covers here work are the Screamers themselves. The original versions of these songs were often so off the wall that they are left open for wide interpretation, ranging from the synth-driven punk the Screamers pioneered (Point Line Plane's version of "Give the Future a Break") to the, umm, more ambient end of the spectrum, (Spider Compass Good Crime Band's take on "Punish or Be Damned") as well as more "normal" guitar/bass/drums interpretations (Bloodhag's "If I Can't Have What I Want," the Phantom Surfers' "Eva Braun"). As a tribute, the wide range of styles mined, from new wave to crunchy hardcore punk, is actually more complimentary than detrimental, and it all gels rather nicely instead of collapsing into a pretentious pile of bands trying to outdo each other on the "cool" meter. At worst, you'll be getting a very eclectic compilation crossing wide swaths of underground music. –Jimmy Alvarado (www.extravertigo.com)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *The Philadelphia Sound: CDEP*

From the town that brought us spreadable cheese and a cracked bell, ring out four excellent melodic hardcore bands. Due to the fact that the tracks for each band aren't in clumps, but round robin, it's safe to say they're mining similar territory (loud, fast, catchy, crunchy), but what a great place to lay claim. Pretend you were a kid who didn't let go of a firecracker and it blew off your fingers. The musical equivalent to that

would be Kid Dynamite (RIP), from whence these bands were musically or truly spawned. I can't pick a favorite. Paint It Black distill Minor Threat down further, to great effect. It's almost like fuck you haiku. The Curse has a bit of delay on the vocals. They're what the last Dag Nasty aerosol cheese of a record prayed it could measure up to. Go! For The Throat have a rollickin' east/west feel, where it their songs are wrecking balls, but they're sweet like a lollipop. Knives Out remind me of my favorite songs in Sick Of It All's sound-book – a couple of buzzsaws and a shouter. Eight songs, just over ten minutes. Philly's kung fu is tight. –Todd (Chunksaah)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Pushing Scandinavian Rock to the Man Vol. III: CD

Rockin', trashy rock'n'roll from Sweatmaster, the Flaming Sideburns, On Trial, the Mutants (not the old Frisco band), the Burnouts and more. There's more than a slight '60s feel to most of the tracks (although most of the tracks have that overdriven sound popular with the trash rock crowd), with at least one band covering a '60s tune, "Nobody But Me." On the whole, the tracks are pretty strong and I can't quite seem to muster much of a complaint, so I reckon that means that this ain't too shabby. –Jimmy Alvarado (www.badafro.dk)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

The Die Has Been Cast: CD

Label samplers like this one for Boxman Records would work best if they were interactive, where you could go in and delete all the tracks that bore you or rub you the wrong way. By nature samplers are – and I'm aware that I'm coming perilously close to quoting Forrest Gump here – like a box of chocolates; you've got some poppy punk mixed in with some hardcore mixed in with some emo, etc. If I was able to trim the fat from my Boxman sampler CD, here are the bands I'd have left: The Front (fast paced with raspy Distillersish vocals), Big Fat Ass (kind of a heavier Bad Religion), Friendly Fire ('77 style punk), Stool Sample (trashy hardcore with vocals that are like Good Clean Fun meets GG Allin, if you can imagine that), I Give Up (sloppy riff-heavy with Accused-like vocals), and Torpedo Lucas (a faster, messier Social Distortion.) So, bottom line, if they wanted more than six dollars for this thing, I'd pass. –Aphid Peewit (Boxman)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Twenty Years of Dischord: 3 x CD*

Like the bachelorette said to the male stripper, "My goodness, what an attractive package." It's a three CD set, it's got seventy-three songs, and a 134 page booklet chock full of one-of-a-kind pictures. The booklet's cover has two pictures of Ian Mac Kaye and Jeff Nelson (Dischord's two owners) in the exact pose in the same home office, but twenty years apart. (Also, if you look really close, the case box has a ghost image of the Dischord logo on it.) I'd be a king liar if I didn't go directly to disc three, which had twenty-one unreleased tracks by **RAZORCAKE 83**

such defining, never-to-be-topped-at-their-own-game bands as The Teen Idles, Minor Threat, Government Issue, Void, Scream, and Faith. It truly is unbelievable how great this stuff sounds, two decades down, and there's new surprises. I'd never even heard of The Rozzlyn Rangers before, whose track is really fun. This disc is not only a document of Washington DC's hardcore roots, but a great checking of the national pulse at the time as well. Disc One has material previously released – and, unless you're a total collector kook looking for the Minor Threat 7" with the misspelling of Gary Cousins' name on it – Dischord has been kindly enough to keep their entire catalog in print, readily available, and exceedingly fairly priced. But, since they've been so busy, keeping a constant release schedule, this is a great way to double check if there aren't any bands that have slipped under your radar. I think I'm liking Rites of Spring more now than I ever had. At the end of Disc One and into Disc Two, there's a shift away from hardcore and bands I'm prone to like more, into the more atmospheric, opened up, less meat-head-attracting sounds Dischord has been known for for the last several years, with standout tracks from Fugazi, Jawbox, The Nation of Ulysses, Autoclave, and Slant Six. A DIY best case scenario. It's stuff like this that makes listening to music so worth while. Someone's been doing it so right for so long. That's inspiring in and of itself. –Todd (Dischord)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Undefinable Blows: CD

Two pretty good songs by a rapper surrounded by twelve really bad rock and rapcore songs. –Jimmy Alvarado (Undefinable)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: You Call This Music? Vol. 2: CD

This is the second installment of a what I hope becomes a long series. The folks at Geykido Comet seem to have really good taste in music, and, though they never compromise music for politics, they have a knack for picking politically intelligent band. This particular comp has thirty-five songs on it, and though it does go flat in a couple of places, it's a good listen all the way through. The music is fairly diverse, and there's a ton of great songs on here by bands like the Voids, Jack Killed Jill, Pornshot, Spazz, East Arcadia, Toys That Kill, The Devil Is Electric, and so on. Highly recommended. –Sean Carswell (Geykido Comet)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Your Scene Sucks: CD

Okay, this made me do some math. There's twenty-eight bands on here and, of those twenty-eight, approximately 3 percent are worth a piss. The remaining 97 percent fall in either the emocore, "hardcore" (read that as "metal for bald people"), and popcore genres. Sounds like a pretty accurate breakdown of the punk thang these days, meaning that I figure if you go out and pick a random release out of a new CD bin at any record store, you have a 97 percent

chance of it sucking. Same thing with going to a random punk show on a Saturday night – you have a 97 percent chance that 97 percent of the bands playing at the club are gonna bite the weenie. I like the fact that this is not merely another label sampler disguised as a comp, but I wish they would've focused more on finding more of the bands that fall in the "3 percent" pigeonhole instead of being content to bank the marketability of this disc on suck-ass "name" bands. Sorry, but with a 3 percent success rate, your comp sucks. –Jimmy Alvarado (Go Kart)

VERBAL ABUSE: Just an American Band: CD

Another classic moment in hardcore reissued for your listening pleasure. This includes the original album in its entirety, plus a bonus live set from a show with the Ramones in 1984. Sound quality of the live stuff is straight off the board and there are some unreleased tracks in the set list. Buy now or get called a clueless poseur by your kids in the future. –Jimmy Alvarado (Beer City)

WE MARCH: Life in a Plastic Bubble: CD

Hmm.... A punk band that actually sounds punk. How novel a concept in this, the era of weepy James Taylor clones calling their drivel emo and poopypop punk bands who think fart jokes and whiny nasal attempts at singing are witty and cutting edge. These guys sound like they crossed the

space-time continuum in a machine that left Texas circa 1982 and made a beeline for the new millennium to show these "new school" pretenders what fuckin' time it is. Sloppy in all the right ways, snotty in all the right places, up to its eyeballs in seething attitude, aggressiveness that isn't achieved solely by playing atone thousand mph and LOUD, this, my fine-feathered friends, is one ass-kicking release. Prepare to be bitch-slapped and love every second of it. You'd have to be a complete moron not to pick this up. –Jimmy Alvarado (wemarchbox@hotmail.com)

WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES, THE: No Regrets for Our Youth: 7" EP

One aspect of music like this ("street punk" or "oi" or "oi/punk" or "punk/oi" or "oink" or "street oink" or "essentially reminiscent of something that woulda been on a BYO comp about twenty years ago" or something [i don't know, it's a young man's taxonomy these days]) that i feel never really gets brought to light is that music "like this" is unfailingly equipped with an implicit demand to be given, if nothing else, points for a certain populist Purity of Intention – yet, historically, the bands making said music have proven themselves to be no more inherently corruption-free than the next schmucks. I mean, it ain't like Cock Sparrer (whom they cover) were just sitting around a pub or a West Ham game one Saturday afternoon, drinking pints of Stella, when suddenly, devoid of all exterior influ-

ence, there was this miraculous serendipity attack where all of 'em hopped up in unison, kicked over a fruit machine, yelled "I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL BE A BAND!" and dashed down the streets looking for gear to, uh, "nick" – if you go back and listen to those old records, it's pretty obvious that Cock Sparrer were trying to be Slade and/or Sweet (glam rock class of '73 or so) to the best of their abilities (at least at times); even Slaughter "Where Have All the Boot Boys Gone" And The Dogs got their name from cross-breeding David Bowie's *Diamond Dogs* and (late Bowie grt-ist) Mick Ronson's *Slaughter on 10th Avenue* album titles (which is, of course, absolutely fine – i'm a big Sweet and Slade fan and i barely even hate David Bowie any more) and i don't think we even need bother touching on how bands like the UK Subs, Anti-Nowhere League, Cockney Rejects and Blitz were all-too-ready to dress up (and sound) like Adam & the Ants or U2 or Loverboy when the fickle farts of public taste starting blowing downwind again. My point – which i guess now that i think about it is a little more obvious than i initially thought it was – is that music "like this" is just as rife with contamination and corruption potential as, i dunno, music "like that." Case in point: Side one, track one is called "Music for the People" (as opposed to WHAT? Music for the end table?). First line of first song is, of course, "This is the music for the people! This is the music for the people!" (and, heck, while i'm up, i'd like to thank Wednesday Night Heroes, The, for taking the time to speak for all humanity! Keep up the good work!) This, of course, implies that this music is PURE! INCORRUPTIBLE!! NEVER TO BE CO-OPTED FOR THE SERVICE OF THE MAN!!! (note: "The Man" is different than "The People." I don't know why. Like i said, it's a young man's taxonomy) Yet, if you listen to the break right after the chorus, where the guy just kinda repeats "What you put us through!", hear that little rhythmic change thing? Yeah, that. That's not a punk rock thing. Nor an oi thing. Nor an (etc. etc.) thing. That is not and has never been found in any valid subset of the punk rock, uh, *taxonomy* (?) whatsoever. That's a '90s alterna-rock Gen X Mountain Dew® commercial thing, sure as i'm settin' here, pal. IMPURE! UNCLEAN!! TAINT OF CORRUPTION!!! I don't really have a problem with kids trying to recreate the rush they got when they saw the Dropkick Murphys at the Warped™ Tour (or whoever at whatever) when they were fifteen, but ultimately i kinda just wanted them to go be young somewhere else. That said, let the record show that you actually COULD plug "Music for the People" onto either side of the "Someone Got Their Head Kicked In" comp and there really wouldn't be any noticeable drop-off in quality, which is, realistically, about as good as one could hope for. BEST SONG: The Cock Sparrer cover on the 45 RPM side on 33, although i can't say as i tried the 33 RPM side on 45 yet. WORST SONG TITLE: "Persevere" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: The font used for the lyrics is called "Device," and it is currently one of the fonts being used for the in-store

promotional materials for Burger King's new 99¢ menu. –Rev. Nørþ (Longshot Music)

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

HEROES: Self-titled: CD

These guys outta Canada play basic pogo punk anthems with melodic leads and pissed off working class lyrics. While definitely not bad, there wasn't much that grabbed me. The production on this CD was a bit lacking, which definitely did them no favors. So so. –Mike Dunn (Longshot Music)

WEEDEATER:

Sixteen Tons: CD

Apparently, the atomic clock in some people's world is forever stuck on 4:20. Is the wave after wave after wave of stoner bands another of bin Laden's treacherous terrorist ploys like the clouds of West Nile mosquitoes he sent rolling across our country this past summer? I mean, fuck: how much obstructed-bowel bong music can a person listen to? Just like all the other stoner bands stamped out of the same giant cake of brontosaurus excrement, Weedeater's music oozes like an overturned cement truck full of pus. You and Frank Kozik might like that, but I've been bored with it since Man's Ruin started cranking out little bastard Sabbath babies like Ding-Dongs off the Hostess conveyor belt a few years back. These bud-worshipping rednecks have simply had a few too many pans of hash brownies and a few too many hours staring and giggling at their own turds floating in the toilet. It still seems funny to me that a so-called "mind-expanding" drug can beget such plodding, one-dimensional hippo music. Stoner-metal zen koan: what's the sound of a water-headed Tony Iommi in a wheelchair? –Aphid Peewit (Berserker)

WIFEBEATERS:

The Child Mulletstation: 7" EP

I've heard armless deaf kids with more talent. –Jimmy Alvarado (no address)

XENAKIS, IANNIS:

Persepolis Plus Remixes,

Vol. 1: 2X CD

The original 1971 piece here, "Persepolis," reminds me of nothing so much as Throbbing Gristle's "2nd Annual Report": underlying drones and creepy shimmers are visited by swooping horror-movie strings (? – sounds like strings, anyway). It's an hour long and if this is the kind of noise you like, you'll like this noise very much. Disc 2 has nine "remixes," some of which retain the understated eeriness of the original and others of which, like Merzbow's, tear it apart into unrecognizable exercises in harshness. –Cuss Baxter (Asphodel LTD)

XPOZEZ: Democracy: 7"

I got this release and was unsure who this band was. I saw on the back of the cover that it was a joint release of Punk-111 (who sent this to me), BCT, Schizophrenic and Interruption. Punk-111 runs a cool little website and is a true lover of old school punk. My brother and I have taped a bunch of stuff for

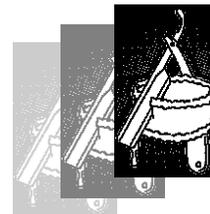
this guy. Schizophrenic is an underrated label from Canada that people need to check out. He's been putting out great stuff for over ten years. Interruption I have never heard of before. BCT – I do have a story. When I looked at the insert, I noticed that this came from the classic BCT tape, *I Thrash Therefore I Am*. I got that tape from one of my many trips to San Diego during the early '80s while staying at Chris BCT's house. He was like the punk rock youth hostel. He was hospitable and would take you around to all the cool punk record stores and shows. I forgot about the tape and the band. The insert also informs me that the singer Andy Turner was a later singer for the once great UK band, the Instigators. I did not like his contribution to the band. The Instigators were great during the period of the *Cleanse the Bacteria* comp and the LP *Nobody Listens Anymore*. Back to this band. Since it was erased from my memory bank, I feel like I am listening to it for the first time. This was Andy Turner's earlier band which was a faster UK sound that has that truly live feel to the recording. Like many bands of that period (1983 or 1984), the music is not fluffed up like many of the bands of today. No big production, just music. The music is there for how you want to interpret it. It still has that energy of something new like when I heard a new international band back then. They made music for themselves and it was made available to the world by BCT. If my aging brain remembers correctly, I think the original comp has been repressed on CD by Schizophrenic and I

know for sure that BCT has made the original twenty-seven tapes available again. I think you can get them through Sound Idea mailorder. I commend M-8 at Ponk 111 for digging out a gem from the past to have attention put on it. I know the first press is sold out but a second press is available now. If you are dedicated and want to hear bands from the past, this is a worthy addition to your collection.

–Donofthead (Ponk-111)

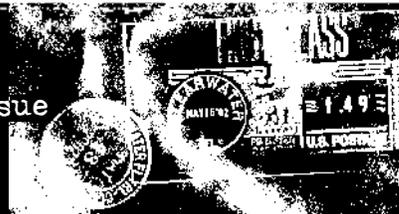
YESTERDAY'S KIDS: Can't Hear Nothin': CD

Pretty typical poppy stuff here. I wouldn't be surprised if they were signed by a major soon. Most of it sounded like a cross between Mathew Sweet and the theme song to *Friends*. I thought it had promise with a song called *You Can't Fake Being Chinese*. It's true, I guess, but I can't fake liking this either. –Megan Pants (Panic Button)



CONTACT ADDRESSES

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue or posted on www.razorcake.com in the last two months.



- **1-2-3-4 Go!**, 420 Wall St #206, Seattle, WA 98121
- **625**, PO Box 423413, SF, CA 94142-3413
- **702**, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504
- **Acme**, PO Box 441, Dracut, MA 01826; <<http://acmerecords.bizland.com>>
- **Alien Snatch**, Morkiweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, Germany; <www.aliensnatch.de>
- **Alternative Tentacles**, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141-9092
- **American Pig**, 548 Broderick, SF, CA 94117
- **Angry**, c/o Fulvio Dogliotti, c.p. 280 15100 Alessandria, Italy
- **Asphodel LTD**, 763 Brannan St., SF, CA 94103; <www.asphodel.com>
- **BD**, PO Box 860, NY, NY 10268-0860; <www.bd-records.com>
- **Beer City**, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035
- **Berserker**, 10592 E. Greenbury Way, Clovis, CA 93611
- **Bockhorn**, PO Box 10238, Beverly Hills, CA 90213
- **Borderless Countries Tapes**, PO Box 16205, San Diego, CA 92116; <bcinds@aol.com>
- **Boss Tuneage**, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK
- **Boxman**, 3473 N. Bremen St., Milwaukee, WI 53212
- **Bridge Nine**, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199-0052
- **Bryan Dunaway**, 1357 Macton Rd., Street, Maryland 21154
- **Captain Oil**, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, Enland; <www.captainoi.com>
- **Cheetahs**, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704
- **Chunksaah**, PO Box 974, New Brunswick, NJ 08903; <www.chunksaah.com>
- **Dangling Fury**, PO Box 5432, Atlanta, GA, 31107
- **Dead Mic**, PO Box 19537, Austin, TX 78760
- **Derailleur**, PO Box 10276, Columbus, OH 43201
- **Dionysus**, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507; <www.dionysusrecords.com>
- **Dirtnap**, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111
- **Dischord**, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington DC 20007-1802
- **Dr. Strange**, PO Box 1058, Alta Loma, CA 91701
- **Dr. Wu**, 1629 Landa St., LA, CA 90026
- **Empty**, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102
- **Enterruption**, PO Box 884626, SF, CA 94188-4626; <enterruption.com>
- **Failed Experiment**, 5420 S. Bishop St., Chicago, IL 60609; <www.failedexperimentrecords.com>
- **Fat**, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119
- **Fearless**, 13772 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminster, CA 92683
- **Formula 13**, PO Box 7385 Tempe, AZ 85281; <www.formula13.com>
- **Freedumb Recordz**, 101 Pl Charles-Lemoyne Box 717, Longueuil, Quebec J4K 2T3 Canada; <www.freedumbrecordz.com>
- **Frontier**, PO Box 22, Sun Valley, CA 91353
- **Get Hip**, Columbus & Preble Aves., Pittsburgh, PA 15233
- **Geykido Comet**, PO Box 3743, Laguna Hills, CA 92654; <www.gcrecords.com>
- **Global Symphonic**, 7624 Sussex Ave., Burnaby, BC V5L 3V8, Canada; <<http://www.globalsymphonic.com>>
- **Go Kart**, PO Box 20 Prince Street Station, NY, NY 10012
- **Gravity**, PO Box 81332, San Diego, CA 92138
- **Hanging Like A Hex** c/o Ryan Canavan, 201 Maple Lane, N. Syracuse, NY 13212
- **Hater of God**, PO Box 666, Troy, NY 12181-666
- **Hellcat**, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026
- **Hepcat**, PO Box 1108, Orange, CA 92856
- **High Fidelity**, PO Box 1071, Grover Beach, CA 93483; <www.highfidelityrecords.com>
- **Honest Don's**, PO Box 192027, SF, CA 94119
- **Hopeless**, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495
- **Hostage**, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-7736; <www.hostagerecords.net>
- **Household Name**; <www.householdnamerecords.co.uk>
- **Hyperrealist**, PO Box 9313, Savannah, GA 31412; <www.hyperrealist.com>
- **Iodine**, 1085 Commonwealth Avenue, PMB 318, Boston, MA 02215
- **Kill Rock Stars**, 120 NE State Avenue #418, Olympia WA 98501 (www.killrockstars.com)
- **Koncurrent**, PO Box 14598, 1001 LB Amsterdam, NL
- **Kozmik**, PO Box 27663, LA, CA 90027
- **Laughing Outlaw**, PO Box A2320 Sydney South, NSW 1235, Australia
- **Longshot Music**, 726 Richards St., Vancouver BC V6B 3A4, Canada; <www.longshotmusic.com>
- **Lookout**, 3264 Adeline St., Berkeley, CA 94703
- **Low Impact**, PO Box 475, 701 49, Orebro, Sweden
- **Mad At The World**, PO Box 20227, Tompkins Square Station, NY, NY 10009
- **Microcosm**, PO Box 14332, Portland, OR 97293
- **Midnight Creeps**, PO Box 344, Mansfield, MA 02048-0344
- **Molasses Manifesto**, 505 32nd St. #107, Bellingham, WA 98225
- **Myopic**, 8 Ridgewood Pl., Bridgeport, CT 06606
- **No Idea**, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604; <noidearecords.com>
- **Not Bad**, PO Box 2014, Arvada, CO 80001
- **Pandacide**, PO Box 2774, Petaluma, CA 94952
- **Poisoned Candy**, PO Box 9263, Missoula, MT 59807; <www.mtpunk.com/ad>
- **Ponk-111**, PO Box 4664, Walnut Creek, CA 94596
- **Prids, The**; <www.theprids.com>
- **Radio**, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476
- **Rapid Pulse**, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460
- **Reckless Bastards**, 1011 Boren Ave. #114, Seattle, WA 98104
- **Revelation**, PO Box 5232 Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232; <www.revelationrecords.com>
- **Revenge**, 5835 Harold Way #203, Hollywood, CA 90028
- **Rise**, PO Box 135, Roseburg, OR 97470; <www.riserecords.com>
- **Robotic Empire**, 12001 Aintree Lane, Reston, VA 20191
- **Rockin' House**, PO Box 12705, Reading, PA 19612-2705
- **Rugger Buzzer**, PO Box 357, London, SE19 1AD, UK
- **Schizophrenic**, 50 Fielding, Cres. Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, L8V 2P5; <craig@netinc.ca>
- **Scissor Press**, <www.scissorpress.com>
- **Screwdrivers, The**, PO Box 135, Enfield, CT 06083
- **Shredder**, PO Box 2271, San Rafael, CA 94912
- **Six Gun Lover**, 3203 Overcup Oak, Austin, TX 78704
- **Skull**, 3770 Vinton Ave. 23, LA, CA 90034
- **Slidepiece**; <www.slidepiece.com>
- **Smog Veil**, 316 California Avenue, #207, Reno, NV 89509
- **Snuffy Smile**, 4-1-16-201 daita, setagaya-ku, Tokyo, Japan
- **Soul Is Cheap** c/o Zach Payne, PO Box 11552, Memphis, TN 38111
- **Sound Pollution**, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017
- **Sounds of Subterranea**, PO Box 102662, Kassel, Germany
- **Southern**, PO Box 577375, Chicago, IL 60657; <www.southern.com>
- **Star Time**, PO Box 43091, Tucson, AZ 85733
- **Stardumb**, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, The Netherlands; <www.stardumbrecords.com>
- **Steel Cage**, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125
- **Step-1 Music**, PO Box 21, Tenterden, Kent TN30 7ZZ, UK
- **Submit**, 4423 Lehigh Rd., College Park, MD 20740-3127
- **Subpop**, PO Box 20645, Seattle, WA 980102; <www.subpop.com>
- **Substandard**, PO Box 310, Berkeley, CA 94701
- **Super Secret**, PO Box 1585, Austin, TX 78767
- **Thorp**, PO Box 2007 Upper Darby, PA 19082; <www.thorprecords.com>
- **TKO**, 3216 W. Cary St. #303, Richmond, VA 23221; <www.tkorecords.com>
- **Traffic Violation**, PO Box 772 East Serauket, NY 11733; <www.trafficviolation.com>
- **Trick Knee**, PO Box 12714, Green Bay, WI 54307
- **Indefinable**, 6201-A Shanda Drive, Raleigh, NC 27609-3354
- **Usinade Sangue**, Box 155, CEP: 09910-970, Diadema, San Paolo, Brazil
- **Villain**, PO Box 82172, Las Vegas, NV 89180-2172
- **Vinyl Warning**, PO Box 2991, Portland, OR 97208-2991
- **Wet Tail**, PO Box 1955, Richmond, VA 23218-1955
- **What Else**, PO Box 1211, Columbus, OH 47202
- **X**, 2484 Hammer Ave., Norco, CA 92860
- **Yo-Yo**, Bergstrasse 24, 74670 Sindringen, Germany; <www.yoyorecords.com>



15TH PRECINCT, #5, \$8, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, xeroxed, color cover, 88 pgs. It's funny to read an Australian zine that covers so much music from the US. This issue of *15th Precinct* alone has email interviews with Americans F-Minus, Anti-Flag, US Bombs, Devotchkas, and Ian Mackaye. The interviews are about as good as an email interview can be, and I certainly can't blame them for not interviewing any of these musicians in person. But what I liked best about this zine was the coverage of Australian music. I liked this mostly because I didn't know anything about it, and *15th Precinct* did a good job of interviewing bands, reviewing shows, and writing about scenes from all over Australia. It made me excited about Australian punk rock. It made me wish that I could go there. And, knowing I can't afford to actually go there, reading *15th Precinct* made me wish that postage to and from Australia wasn't so expensive so that I could purchase some of these zines and some of this music. Luckily, this issue came with a sampler of Down Under punk. Good stuff. —Sean Carswell (15th Precinct, PO Box 1390, Capalaba, Qld 4157, Australia)

24-7-365 #0.8, \$1, 8 1/2 X 11, photocopied, 2 pgs. Folks, I put myself through this before, a couple issues back, at which time the thing might have been called *The Butter Pecan Zine*. I don't think it ever actually had or has a name, but I pulled "24-7-365" out of an ocean of minuscule type, from a part claiming that the zine is written all day, every day. (It's possible, but I doubt it.) It's about magic and weirdness and self promotion and living in the south and while I'll admit this batch has some funny stories in it, the whole thing is generally too preoccupied with itself and its kookiness to go far in the field of entertainment. Here's something else I found: "Sometimes our writing becomes weird and hard to follow. This is done on purpose to make the unworthy give up and stop reading." It works. —Cuss Baxter (Resident Occupant, PO Box 1177, Fortson, GA 31808-1177)

ATTENTION DEFICIT DISORDER, #12, \$4.95, heavy-stock newsprint semi-gloss cover, 64 pgs. This is worth the buy for the Tim Version tour diary alone. Stories about drinking, pizza-serving robots, building walls, going into the sewers, drinking, and playing some of the rock. Funny as sin. They also interview Todd and Sean of a little zine called *Razorcake*, the only problem is that the bottom of the pages get cut off, so it gets a bit

confusing. Also inside is a mighty fine band by the name of Strike Anywhere. Also included in this issue is a thirty track comp called *It's Florida Time!* Surprise! It's a Florida band comp. There's some good cuts on there from bands I already liked (Beltones, Grabass Charlestons, Billy Reese Peters, and the Tim Version) and some others that I'm going to look out for more from (Rocking Horse Winner — a guilty pleasure — and Shai Hulud). —Megan Pants (ADD, PO Box 8240, Tampa, FL, 33674)

BIG TAKEOVER, THE: #50, \$4.95, 8 1/2 x 11, full color cover, glossy stock, 295 pgs. After years of reading *The Big Takeover*, I've finally figured out a real simple thing. I thoroughly enjoy Jack Rabid when he tackles early punk rock (this time out, for instance, Mission of Burma, Social Distortion, and The Damned). Due to the fact that Jack's been around and writing since the initial wave of punk, and hanging out with these bands during their first or earliest tours, there's a great balance of "back in the day," without it being clouded with too much nostalgia due to the fact that he's still slogging it out, day-by-day, giving everything he has to put out a top notch music mag. The insight he provides is astonishing. Typically difficult to interview bands open up to him, because, in more ways than one, he is one of them. A true, unwavering veteran. And the interviews of bands I like are some of the best I've ever read. That's saying a lot. You can't take that away. But — and I feel this way with how Rodney Bingenheimer treats music nowadays — I'm just not a huge fan of indie rock or soft pop (like Pinback, Super Furry Animals, and The Lilac Time, which are covered in this issue). Where I, to this day, remain a fan of hardcore and punk and poop myself over the new Out Cold and Toys That Kill and can't fathom what's the to-do over Radiohead, *The Big Takeover* and I part music ideology ways (besides our mutual admiration for Leatherface). I don't think it's all been said as fast or as angry as possible, or that it's a dead genre, but *The Big Takeover* sure does. So, that's that. No hard feelings, and I always look forward to the next issue to see what I can learn about past greats. —Todd (The Big Takeover, 249 Eldridge St. No. 14, NY, NY 1002-1345)

CHICKENED ZINE AND ROLL/ HOPEWELL split zine #4, no price, 5 1/2 X 8 1/2, 48 pgs. A very cool split zine. Both zines are written with very controlled, easy voices, told from wizened perspectives that grew out of fucked-up

(both good and bad fuck-up) childhoods, with the overall feel that they've done a lot of learning in the interim. Josher, of *Chickenhed*, can tell a story — if it's about label rep guys checking out Christian hardcore, or as he put it, "punk rock youth group" music, or if it's about a guy in his apartment complex that chances into a ramshackle limo that they smoke out in during the winter. Josher's also got a good dose (not an overly heavy or forced hand) of punk rock. Prime, passing examples would be he calls jocks, "mean upperclassmen redneck · cattle humpers," and jokes that normal society assumes his friend dyed her hair "by the blood of children and/or cuddly animals." *Hopewell* is geekier, but I mean that nicely. Apparently, the author has an extensive knowledge about the pioneers' kitchen sinks, does a lot of camping, and has a full grasp of home brewing. My favorite section in his half was the cough syrup fuck-you-up story. Extremely readable. Very enjoyable. —Todd (Chickenhed, PO Box 330, Richmond, VA 23218)

CRACKS IN THE WALL, #2, ?\$, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied, 20 pgs. The first page or two of this zine got me really excited. Talkin' bout the Pagans, Holly and the Italians, and more! But then *Cracks in the Wall* got really strange. Most of this issue is devoted to a long fictional story about a guy who attacks some people in his school, goes to jail, and later dies. It includes lines like, "Ralph continued to viciously chew on John's arm so hard that his blood-splattered incisors tore the limb clean off." Not exactly my kind of reading. But if you're into this kind of thing, I dunno, pick it up, I guess. —Maddy (Andy_939@hotmail.com)

DEADBEAT, #3, \$1, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, xeroxed, 40 pgs. I guess I have a little soft spot for this zine because it comes out of south Florida, and I know how small and forgotten the south Florida punk scene is. So, when I read *Deadbeat*, I'm happy to see that someone is excited enough to work to do something — anything — punk rock down there. And Mike Sokoloff (who writes most of this zine) really pumps his enthusiasm through his writing. He writes articles about Screaching Weasel and the Descendents that didn't teach me anything that I didn't already know, but I have to keep in mind that he's not writing this zine for a guy who's as deeply entrenched in punk as I am. Sokoloff is writing for punk kids in Florida who need to hear about and hear the music of bands like Screaching Weasel and the

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Descendants, and if Sokoloff's enthusiasm wears off on these kids, south Florida will be a better place. Of course, there are some problems with this zine, like the fact that he lists The Strokes in his "Punk News" page (please don't ever mention that band in the context of punk. In fact, let's stop mentioning that band at all. Ever). Still, I enjoyed reading this zine and I appreciate Sokoloff's effort. —Sean Carswell (Mike Sokoloff, 400 E. Atlantic Blvd. #16, Pompano Beach, FL 33060)

DUNK AND PISS, #8, 50¢, \$1 by mail, 1/4 page, copied, 70 pgs.

I've been hearing quite a bit about this one for a while, so I was surprised to see it in the review pile. I thought for sure Todd would have taken it for himself. Instead, he waited until I was trying to review it to pick it up. The first story got me started on the wrong foot because he's talking about wearing a hat because he can't glue up his hair and "look all cool and punk rock" because he has swimming first period. That's just me, I don't care too much about hair. The stories really draw you in, though. I sat down to start reading a story or two and the next thing I knew I was turning the page to read the next story, but there was no more. He writes about the little things in high school they don't show on after school specials (do they have those anymore?) like kicking the volleyball in gym class because it's more fun that way, using your chemistry reference table as a napkin for greasy chicken the night before a chem test, and buying a Zippo not because he smokes, but because it's fun to play with. My favorite was that not only did he have three pages of quotes, but that one of them was Groucho Marx's, "I must say that I find television very educational. The minute somebody turns it on, I go to the library and read a good book." More people need to think like that. Great zine. —Megan Pants (Dunk and Piss, 11 Alger Dr, Rochester, NY, 14624)

FILM GEEK, #8, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, xeroxed, 28 pgs.

Film Geek is a zine about B-movies, and the writers in this zine are really dedicated, passionate, and knowledgeable about these movies that most people have never paid any attention to. Their passion, dedication, and knowledge makes this a good read. Okay. I say that every time I review this zine, and it's still true for issue #8. But what's unique about this issue is a strangely compelling article about Mistress Anne Murray, "a butt-ugly, pug-faced, beached blonde, grossly obese dominatrix from Oklahoma." The writer

Johnson, takes us deep into the world of Mistress Anne, detailing her cruelty and abuse to various victims, as well as giving graphic descriptions of her bodily excretions and how she uses them sexually. The article is truly disturbing. Still, it made me more curious than I want to admit. At one point while reading the article, I actually wondered where I could get my hands on one of Mistress Anne's videos — not out of any sexual desire. Just because, come on, if people are gonna do this shit and film themselves doing it, I want to at least take a look. Anyway, there are plenty of good articles about B-movies, plus some music, movie, zine, and book reviews. Good stuff, all of it. —Sean Carswell (Film Geek, PO Box 50113, Tulsa, OK 74150)

GENETIC DISORDER #6, \$3, 6 1/2 x 10, color cover, 73 pgs.

I missed Larry Genetic. The last time we crossed paths was in a parking lot in Vegas. He had a case of Cutty Sark and the back of the TiltWheel van looked like it vomited a hundred beer cans. I think Larry went on hurt himself, lose an expensive video camera, and remain wasted the entire long weekend, like the rest of us. It's been awhile since the last *Genetic Disorder*, one of my top ten favorite zines of all time. I figured he'd pulled the plug, which would have been a shame. His return issue is well written, its layout and graphics are the cleanest they've ever been, and, above all, it's super interesting. Larry writes about going to a high school winter formal. Last year Larry's into his thirties. And the story isn't creepy or pathetic, but honest and funny. Other articles run the field of how curses are effective, a photocopy of his job application to Hot Dog On A Stick, responses to personal ads he placed under varying identities, and a hilarious photo pictorial of his rapist-lookalike mustache. What a zine should be. Highest recommendation. —Todd (Genetic Disorder, PO Box 15237, San Diego, CA 92175; <geneticdisorder.net>)

GET UP AND GO! #2, \$1.50 in person, 8 1/2 X 11, xeroxed, 21 pgs. *Get Up and Go!* (let's hear it for the Teen Idles) is a simple affair with a typewriter, corrections made in pen over the type, all cut and pasted, and made with shaky hands. I don't mind that stuff at all because both the guys involved know what they're talking about — namely hardcore — and are beyond enthusiastic when, at this point, most people become jaded. It starts out with Mike Frame's seven year quest to get some 7 Seconds that didn't suck (eventually recording their newest,

Good to Go on a shitty cassette to get the right '80s feel) and claiming it to be one of the top hardcore albums of all time. Included are excellent, in-depth interviews with Cleveland's 9 Shocks Terror, Holland's Vitamin X, and *Suburban Voice*'s Al Quint. What's refreshing is that the interviews don't stick to standard questions and both guys seem to have a deeper understanding of hardcore beyond early, youthful enthusiasm. The strangest couple of pages is a flyer pulled from the internet (which makes it suspicious), by the British Conservative Catholics calling Minor Threat a "straight edge heavy metal band... who hoped to seize power and install a nazi-communist dictatorship." Huh. Good read. —Todd (Mike Frame, PO Box 638, Seattle, WA 98122; <getupandgohardcore@hotmail.com>)

GREAT BRAIN REBELLION, THE, \$3, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, xeroxed, 80 pgs.

What if your brain got so sick of watching TV that it decided to leave your head and run away? What if everyone's brain got so sick of the overwhelming barrage of worthless, mind-numbing information that we're attacked with everyday, so the brains rebelled? That's the premise behind Larry Nocella's newest comic, *The Great Brain Rebellion*. It's a funny story about what the brains do when they're finally free of pop culture, and how pop culture, and those in charge of it, fight back. To tell you any more about this comic would give away too much, but it's definitely worth reading. This comic may just save your own brain from revolting. —Sean Carswell (Larry Nocella, PO Box 122, Royersford, PA 19468)

MICRO-FILM, #5, \$3.50, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, glossy, 40 pgs.

I think that issue #5 of *Micro-Film* marks the fifth time I'm gonna give this zine a glowing review. What can I say? *Micro-Film* editor Jason Pankoke has an infectious enthusiasm and a real knack for welcoming in readers who don't know much about independent film. He and the other *Micro-Film* contributors write interesting pieces on tiny films, yet somehow manage to make the articles and interviews about more than just independent film. It's really about the beauty of DIY culture. This issue has articles on *Charming Billy*, *The Ghost of Spoon River*, *The American Astronaut*, and a look back at *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*. There are also movie and zine reviews, as well as stories about Pankoke's adventures in the world of indie-filmmaking. It seems like this issue took longer to come out than previous issues, but

it was worth the wait. —Sean Carswell (Optyryx Press, PO Box 45, Champaign, IL 61824)

NEGRITA, #2, worthless at any price, but if you think I'm wrong, send 'em a buck, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied, 38 pgs.

This represents all that is wrong with some of the feminist movements today. This zine takes a voice that is extremely emotionally conscious without being pragmatic at all. There are two stories about hitchhiking. The first one was a good experience. They got a hundred and twenty bucks each, some pot, plus the ride. The best I've ever gotten was the guy that picked us up got off of the highway and drove us exactly where we needed to go, even stopping for directions — that kicked ass to me. The second story involves them getting picked up by a guy at dusk and he offers them a place to crash for the night. They accept. The guy slides his hand around her back and onto her breast. She panics. She does NOTHING. Oh wait, she does do something. She proceeds to watch him get drunk and still spends the night at his place terrified with flashlight and scissors in hand all night. She ends the story with, "the fuckers took my freedom away from me." No, you LET them do that. What prevented you from saying, "Back the fuck off!" or even, "I don't want you to touch me"? If you don't tell someone that you don't want them to do what they're doing, how can they know their actions are unwanted? For all he knew, you were into it. Yeah, there are some sleezebags that it won't matter to, but I know a ton of guys that understand the word no. And for god's sake, don't stay with someone that you are physically intimidated by. Sleep in the woods, get a hotel, do anything. And if you're going to spend time talking about the anatomy in specific terms get them right. You grow breasts. Plural, unless something went quite awry. And I highly doubt guys were grabbing your vagina walking down the hall in school. The vagina is inside; hard to grab when walking by. The entire outer area is called the vulva. Other topics include: fasting for a month, forgiving someone because they bake you cookies, and underwear. Next issue: Abortion stories. This issue is called *Fucking Stop It* and I wish they would. —Megan Pants (Box 961, Lake Worth, FL, 33460)

NO KIND OF SUPERSTAR, #3, 7, 8 1/2 X 11, 55 pgs.

Billed as the "punk, garage, psych, and power pop zine," it's a little too emo-friendly for my pure reading pleasure. (Emo, in this context, is if I look at a picture of a band, read the

song titles, and seriously think I can beat the fuck out of all of them at once – or at least make them slip in their own tear puddles – and I'm not a violent guy.) One Line Drawing, Picbald, and Owls are prominently interviewed. To be fair, the zine piqued my interest with the Swedish punk band, Smalltown. I haven't heard their songs, but have heard nothing but praise for, so that was cool and made me want to seek their stuff even more. Also, the writing, although I don't care for most of the featured bands, was exciting, positive, and went out of its way to include the reader into a deeper understanding of why they're rabid fans of such diverse genres as European psychedelia and pure bubblegum pop. –Todd (No Kind of Superstar, PO Box 274, Wakefield, WF1 2UG, England)

PORNOGRAPHIC FLABBERGASTED EMUS, THE, #1 and #2, \$2, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, xeroxed, 32 pgs. and 48 pgs.

A college student named Ted desperately needs a place to stay after the apartment building he was planning on moving into burned down. Soon, Ted finds himself sharing a house with a nihilistic bunch of kooks who are also in a garage rock band called The Pornographic Flabbergasted Emus (TPFE). Ted quickly gets wrapped up in their world of drinking too much, smoking a lot of dope, rationalizing absurd actions with way too much post-modern philosophy, and generally doing what college kids do if they spend their time in college wisely. And so goes Wred Fright's serialized novel, *The Pornographic Flabbergasted Emus*. It's a hilarious series of anecdotes and stories revolving around these wild kids. In issue #1 (the first two chapters), all the characters are introduced and they begin their adventures, which include evicting a witch from their house and getting punched out by a religious wingnut. They keyboardist also keeps accidentally writing Beatles songs, and the drummer drinks himself retarded and plays a lot of pinball (he's a man after my own heart). In issue #2 (the next three chapters), things pick up even more. After Jon Lenin leaves the band and the housemates all run out of money, TPFE put themselves through a handful of ill-conceived schemes. I don't want to say too much, but the drummer drinks himself into becoming somewhat of a self-evaluating Rogerian psychologist, sobers up just enough to cleverly manipulate the band out of their hairbrained schemes, and an outlawed sex toy is involved. You'll have to read the rest yourself. It's really good stuff. My only apprehension while reading

about TPFE was that Wred Fright would quit making the zine before the novel was finished. Apparently, though, he's finished writing the book, and he's got a steady publishing schedule for it. I can't wait to read more. –Sean Carswell (Wred Fright, 1413 Neshannock Blvd., New Castle, PA 16105)

RATION, #2, \$.25, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, xeroxed, silk-screened cover, 8 pgs. Arwen, the zine coordinator of *Maximum Rockroll*, put out this zine. It's just one short story in which she talks about some health problems she's had and how her personality is largely responsible for these problems. Normally, I'd say that writers should stay away from stories about rashes or other illnesses, but Arwen does a pretty good job with this story. It's insightful and well-written. The layout is very well-done, too. –Sean Carswell (Ration, PO Box 170291, SF, CA 94117)

RAZOR BLADES AND ANGRY FACES #1: 1 pound, 5 1/2 X 8 1/2, offset, 64 pgs.

A pretty thorough, bursting-at-the-seams look at English oi, skinhead music, and street punk past and present. It's laid out fairly well and is designed to be read. Included are interviews with Deadline, The Partisans, Skeptix, and On File, along with record reviews, and various rants and columns. I really do try not to be a bitch about grammar and spelling – I know, this is punk rock – it's supposed to be chaotic and not responsible to rules and stuff, but with a spell checker and an editor, this would be loads better. We all make mistakes, but there are so many pervasive ones in here. Simple things plague the front page editorial, like not capitalizing the first letter of a sentence, not spelling "warrant" right, and not putting apostrophes in "there's" all add up quickly for me and distracts from the point he's trying to make. It's not a bad zine, but it was really hard to read more than a couple pages at a time, wishing that someone with good grammar could come in and tidy it all up. –Todd (Razor Blades and Angry Faces, 19a Church St., Wotton Under Edge, Gloucestershire, GL12 7HB, England)

READ, #21, \$4, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, glossy cover, 100 pgs. Fifteen pages of this issue of *READ* are dedicated to the editor's grandmother's memoirs. There are no pictures in that fifteen pages, and it's laid out in a nine pt. font, which means that the memoirs are almost the length of a novella. I didn't think that there was any way that I'd read the memoirs, yet, somehow, they

pulled me in. I became completely fascinated with the life of this woman who grew up in Brooklyn in the twenties and thirties. She had such an interesting childhood, and the way she wrote about her parents, brothers, and friends who grew up with her really made them all seem to come alive on the page. I felt like I got to know the editor's grandmother on a deep and personal level, and I really learned a lot about the time period and place where my own grandmother grew up. When you pause to think about this, you have to admit that this is a pretty amazing thing to read, especially when you consider that I read it in a punk rock zine. There are also funny stories about jogging, going to the optometrist, eating fish heads, trying to get a gym membership, and so on. A short story that I wrote is in here. And, as always, the "Snap Judgements of Movies We Haven't Seen" is fucking hilarious. Plus, you have your regular dose of record reviews, zine reviews, and band interviews. But, really, you should get a copy of this zine just to check out the grandmother's memoirs. –Sean Carswell (READ Magazine, PO Box 3437, Astoria, NY 11103)

REGLAR WIGLAR, #17, \$2, newsprint, heavy stock cover, 48 pgs.

For some reason, I'll start with the Up side first. The reviews of Comics, zines, and books are great. Kinda short, but they get right to the point and are intelligently written. Yawn! One series in the comics, one of about four or five series, is based upon dreams that readers send in; an interesting concept, but I just Didn't like it. Chrome Fetus' Artwork is done really well and is Lurid; messed up enough to intrigue Even me to check out their site for more. The interviews are pretty standard ("How'd you get your name, Describe your music, How'd you guys meet?" type stuff) and the layout is done so that the last page of the zine is all leftover pieces from the ends of the interviews. Huge pet peeve of mine: I hate flipping back and forth to read an article or interview. There's also this weird thing going on with hyphens. They just appear in words that don't need them, like philo-sophy, pess-imist, and conclu-sion. Just in the middle of a sentence, not for formatting. I hate to be the grammar police, but that's just annoying to read. In their review section they had haiku reviews, so I made one for them: Fleshies with no "the"/ hyphenation distracts me/ when it's not needed. –Megan Pants (Reglar Wiglar, 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave #545, Chicago, IL, 60647)

ROCK N ROLL PURGATORY, #8, 8 1/2 x 11, xeroxed, 48 pgs. Here's another cool issue of *Rock N Roll Purgatory*. Again, they cover a healthy amount of street punk and an even healthier amount of music that has a –billy attached to the end of it. Again, it roped me into reading interviews with bands like Speed Crazy and Flathead Mike and the Mercurys – two bands that I don't really want to check out, but I enjoyed the interviews, anyway. There's also a ton of well-written live reviews that both tell a good story and give a good insight into live shows by bands like the Briefs, the Thumbs, GC 5, Flogging Molly, etc. Strangely enough, my favorite thing in this zine was an absurdly funny rant about why we should collectively make more fun of the Amish. This is a highly enjoyable read, whether you're into the bands they cover or not. –Sean Carswell (Rock N Roll Purgatory, 342 S. Walnut St., Wooster, OH 44691)

SCANNER #12, \$3 ppd., 5 1/2 X 8 1/2, 84 pgs.

The good news is that this has a great amount of information on a bunch of bands I don't tire of reading about – namely Dillinger Four and a contiguous interview with Recess Records and Toys That Kill (both share Todd Congelliere). Both of those interviews are thorough, chock full of good questions, and well done. The bad news is that, much like *Flipside*, I go cross-eyed after reading it for over half an hour. The type is small (my guess is 7 pts. [this right here is 9]) and they lay in background images that make reading negotiation even tougher. I know it's a slippery slope – postage is a bitch, it helps to keep the weight down, and there is a lot to write about. Don't get me wrong, *Scanner* really does cram a bunch of great shit in there – but I have a hard time doing long reads. I do have one parting question: how the hell did you get my picture of a naked Paddy? I'm looking at my print right now and know it's only run in one place. The content is top notch, so if you need something in your back pocket which'll last long jags of reading, this is the ticket. –Todd (Scanner, 6 Chatsworth Drive, Rushmere Park, Ipswich, Suffolk, IP4 5XA, UK)

SLUG AND LETTUCE, #70, 57¢ (just send a buck or two!), newsprint, 20 pgs.

This is a pretty old issue of *Slug and Lettuce* (from winter of last year). This issue contains all the usual *Slug and Lettuce* fare: columns, comics by Fly, zine and record reviews, book recommendations, and writings by Chris, the editor. This issue also includes a number of

writings about the death of Chris' friend Sera Bilezikian. *Slug and Lettuce* is a really great resource — lots of information about everything from gardening to raising kids to activism. If you haven't already read this (almost every punk I know has!), check it out! Maddy (Slug and Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261)

SORE, #14, \$2, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, newsprint, 48 pgs.

Let me preface all of this by saying that the editor of this zine just graduated from high school, and compared lots of eighteen year-old zinesters, this isn't half bad. *Sore* #14 includes some short fiction pieces; book, zine, and record reviews; a diary-like section, and an interview with two punk teachers. I must admit that I cringed when I read the article about how the writer had just finished reading *The Brothers Karamazov*. Here's a sample sentence. "One thing that makes the psychology of the characters so interesting is that this book was written before psychology had time that this was written in makes the psychological insights in this book even more impressive." Huh? Maybe I'm just overly-sensitive because I devoted over a year of my life to studying Dostoevsky and wrote my thesis on *The Brothers Karamazov*, but hey. With a little

more attention paid to content, this could be a lot better. —Maddy (Taylor Ball, PO Box 68711, Va. Beach, VA 23471)

STREET PIXIE, #7, \$1 or trade, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied, 34 pgs.

This zine left me wanting to know a lot more about Rose, the editor. She's sixteen and lives "mostly in Boston on people's couches." *Street Pixie* includes a guide to portable living (mostly common sense suggestions), an "anarcho-hippie tirade," some poetry, vegan recipes, journal-type writing, and a rant on shit-talking within the leftist community. Rose seems like a pretty cool teenager. I wish she wrote more about the alternative high school she goes to (it sounds really cool), and more about the details of her everyday life. Some of the contributions weren't so great, but the overall zine was definitely decent. If you're planning to visit Boston, get this zine and look up Rose! She seems like she'd be a lot of fun! —Maddy (Rose, PO Box 920600, Needham, MA 02492)

VINYL A GO GO, \$1 or 3 stamps, copied, 36 pgs.

This is the first print version in a long time by the people from vinyl-ago.com, which happens to be a killer site. It's mostly, if not all, reprints from the site, but some-

times you just want something to hold. (Not to mention it's a whole lot easier to read in the crapper than dragging your monitor in with you.) You can tell this is done by people who truly love music. (Surprising, I know. It's a music zine.) Even columns that don't have to do directly with music are infused with it. One column, on the pursuit of action (because who *doesn't* want to know where the actions is?) has about ten bands worked into it. I appreciate that since I probably go, at most, three hours a day without music of some form. The reviews are all incredibly in-depth, devoting more than a page to each, and read like a column. As I was flipping through, I caught a glimpse of the centerfold and had to go back. A full page picture of Paddy from D4. C'mon, that's guaranteed to get a smile out of anyone. I thought it would be a quick read, being so small, but they pack it in there. This is one I'll continue to look for. —Megan Pants (Lewis Houston, 135 Wapwallopen Rd, Nescopeck, PA, 18635)

WHIZZBANGER GUIDE TO ZINE DISTRIBUTORS, THE,

#5, \$4, 8 1/2 x 11, copied, 28 pgs.

This is such an amazing resource. If you do a zine, you should stop reading this zine right now and order yourself a copy. *The Whizzbanger*

Guide contains "self descriptions of 121 distributors from twenty-six countries." There's info about zine libraries, zine stores, zine-themed web sites, and much more! There are six distros for Belgium alone! Portuguese comic reviewer, German zine stores, and Croatian distros! Alright! I know four bucks is kinda steep for a zine, but this is worth it! Stop reading! Buy this! —Maddy (Shannon Colebank, *The Whizzbanger Guide*, PO Box 5591, Portland, OR 97228)

YOUR FLESH #47, \$5, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, 104 pgs.

Says here *Your Flesh* is in its twenty-first year. Long time ago it was a straight-up punk zine but, like few of its brethren, managed to grow in scope and maturity into the fine specimen of music journalism that we have today. The current issue features a color cover by Art Chantry, a very intriguing story on Andrew WK, an Unwound tour diary, an interview with prison writer Dannie Martin and, as always, an ape-load of well written reviews (book, video, audio). There hasn't always been a tremendous amount that interested me in *YF*, but the writing has always been top-notch and I'll keep reading it just for that. —Cuss Baxter (*Your Flesh*, PO Box 25764, Chicago, IL 60625-0764)





Get the Word Out

by Jeffrey Yamaguchi, 70 pgs.

Jeffrey Yamaguchi edited and wrote for the zine *Working for the Man*, which basically was a collection of stories that found the humor in the ridiculous, soul-sucking corporate workplace. After putting out a few issues of the zine, Yamaguchi took the best of those stories and compiled them into a hilarious book called *Working for the Man: Stories from behind the Cubicle Wall*. Yamaguchi then started Stroboscope Productions, published his book, and started on a series of adventures in promoting the fruits of his DIY labor. He established a series of web pages dedicated to DIY books and indie culture, he wrote articles on it for various different zines, magazines, and ezines, and he did everything he could to let the world know that he published a book. He learned the hard way that the toughest thing about doing it yourself is the promotional aspect of it. Everything seems to be stacked against the DIY culture when it comes to letting people know that you've released a book, a zine, a CD, etc. But Yamaguchi fought that uphill battle and, surprisingly, the battle is making him more optimistic and enthusiastic.

If you've ever started a zine, put out an album, published a book, or otherwise unleashed some creative project on the world, you know that the toughest obstacle is the last one. You can write the zine or book yourself, or record the songs, or whatever, and you can figure out how to create and manufacture your product, and you can actually come up with the money or the scheme to produce your product. And you can do all of that essentially on your own. You control your own destiny there. But once you've made the zine or the book or the album or whatever, you have to rely on others (other zines, magazines, newspapers, web sites, venues, etc.) to help you let the world know that you've done

something. And the first thing you find out is that very few people actually want to help out in any way at all. It's a tough realization. But there's hope. There's *Get the Word Out* by Jeffrey Yamaguchi. It's basically a book that explains how you can promote an independent project.

Get the Word Out starts off with a few pages of inspiration: stories that make you want to create something and unleash it. Then, Yamaguchi gives you a detailed, 27-point plan that explains various ways in which you can promote your independent project. It was funny for me to read this 27-point plan because, as you may or may not know, I'm always ass-deep in independent projects. I'm the co-publisher of *Razorcake* and I publish books through Gorsky Press, so I'm always eager to find more ways to promote this zine and the books. As I read through Yamaguchi's 27-point plan, I realized that I'd tried everything that he suggests. And, in my experience, those really are the best 27 ways to promote your stuff. I just wish that I'd had this book and these ideas when I started putting out zines, instead of having to figure all this shit out for myself through a long and costly process of trial and error. So really, this part of the book is invaluable for any zinester, indie publisher, indie record label, indie band, indie photographer, etc.

After detailing all the promotional ideas, Yamaguchi attacks corporations for their wasteful and singular mentality – which may seem like straying from the point of the book, but if you're going to go through all the trouble of producing something independently, it's good to know what you're up against and why you're battling the status quo.

Then, Yamaguchi gives advice on how to live inexpensively. This is something that everyone should learn to do. We'd be so much more relaxed as a society if we all worked less, spent less, ate more toast or rice or potatoes, and spent the rest of our time doing things we love to do. Yamaguchi follows this section with stories on how he produced his zine and book. He also gives a convincing argument about why college students have the easiest path into the indie community, and he follows all of this up with a series of interviews with various people who've had success by doing it themselves.

All in all, this is a very worthwhile read. I find myself agreeing with most of what he says. I do get a little bothered when he talks about using, say, a self-published book as a way to get an agent or into a big publishing house, because this kind of act is antithetical to the book. I don't like the idea of using the DIY community as a stepping stone into the corporate world. The DIY community should be the stone you throw through the window of the corporate world. Also, one caveat that I think this book forgets to point out is this: start out small. Don't release a book until you've done a few zines. Don't release an album before releasing a seven inch or EP. Take time to make your mistakes on a small scale first. It's a lot less disheartening and costly. Other than that, though, *Get the Word Out* is a really useful guidebook, and it's very recommended. –Sean Carswell (Stroboscope Productions, PO Box 20403, Brooklyn, NY 11202)

In the Small of My Backyard

by Matt Cook, 96 pgs.

One time when I was in India, I hiked to the tallest mountain I could find and camped out under the full moon. In the middle of the night, giant monkeys that wanted my food attacked me, and I had to fend them off with a coconut-machete. Although I doubt most of you have any sort of sympathetic response to my experience, at least some of you might think it's interesting. Matt Cook's collection of poetry, *in the small of my backyard*, is full of poems that tell stories with the same effect.

Cook's style is very narrative and easy to read. He is not full of artistic pretense and seems to craft the language of his work specifically to the "market" of generations X and Y (his poem "Picabo Sreet," which does not appear in this book, was actually used in a Nike commercial). Full of humor, non-sequiturs, and irony, it is no wonder that his work has appeared in anthologies and documentaries on Slam poetry, as well as on the stage of Lollapalooza. Although almost all of them are entertaining in and of themselves – even if just for their "randomness" – as a collection they fall a little flat.

The book is broken up into four sections that seem to be organized thematically. The first is about childhood, the second is about American history, the third is about Milwaukee (Cook's hometown), and the fourth seems to be an assortment of anecdotes from his adult life. It is especially in the third and fourth section, when Cook begins to distance himself from the poems' subject matter, that the book really loses its momentum. The poems are witty and strange, but because they seem to hold no relevance for either the author or the reader, they become repetitive and uninteresting.

It is in the first section that Cook really shines. Many of these poems are about his family and his experiences as a young boy. Although they are still very funny, a darker, more painful side begins to manifest over the span of their content. One gets the feeling that these are all very autobiographical, and that shows up in how shrewdly Cook dissects the details surrounding events that otherwise get taken for granted in our day-to-day lives.

All of the poems in *in the small of my backyard* are witty, and almost compulsively readable, but few of them resonate with me in any personal way. It is only when Cook seems to be revealing things about himself – his personal life, or even just how he thinks – that I am drawn in, and unfortunately, there are about fifty pages of poetry in this book that don't do that. Although it might not be cover-to-cover reading, I imagine this book would be quite at home on top of a coffee table or toilet, where passersby could pick it up at random and get their fix of ironic humor for the day. –Janaka Stucky (Manic D Press, PO Box 410804, SF, CA 94141, <www.manicdpress.com>)

Sister of the Road: The Autobiography of Boxcar Bertha

By Ben Reitman, 205 pgs.

Megan Pants tracked this book down at the Los Angeles Central Library, which houses more than 2.1 million books. In the entire Los Angeles public system – connected to sixty-seven branches and serving the largest population of any library in the United States – there was only one copy. The book was the first printing from the 1930s. It was beat to shit,

many of the pages were torn, and its spine was thrashed. It seemed, quite literally, when we both read it, like a first-hand account of history was slipping through our fingers. It made me really think. Here was this tiny book, written about a strong woman who unrepentantly lived by her rules her entire life. It's an invaluable first-hand account of the '20s and '30s by a non-wealthy woman. Yet, conversely, a modern "historian," Stephen Ambrose, a guy who uses a bunch of research hacks and has been caught, on many occasions, recounting historical inaccuracies, has 111 books readily available in the library system. That's a telling barometer of what's now widely endorsed as history, as something important to remember from the past.

I was stoked when I learned that AK Press reprinted it and made it available once again. Essentially, *Sister of the Road* is the tale of Boxcar Bertha, told by her, through Ben Reitman. What's startling about the book is how centered, strong, and defiant Bertha is throughout. Gratefully, she isn't apologetic about anything. What's furthermore refreshing is that she's compassionate. She's undeniably human. She feels. Although what she did is still, seventy years down the road, widely considered amoral, the book reads extremely even-handed; loving, even. She never tries to shock the reader or pass judgement on anybody else. It's all matter of fact. It's almost impossible not to like her.

So much is in this book. Bertha tells tales about jumping into trains criss-crossing the United States, becoming a prostitute (and estimating sleeping with 15,000 men), having a lover cut in half by train wheels, of being in prison, of starting up or vastly improving social programs for vagrant women, of her numerous love affairs (her first was with her mother's lover), of her problem with people who lived solely as thieves (they were hard to love and always suspicious), of her brushes with anarchists who were convicted of poisoning rich people, and of her interest in social statistics. It sounds wild when compressed, but when I read it, her voice was commanding – almost soothing – and her reasoning was solid. A free, non-regretful spirit was the lasting impression.

I was amazed to see that a big director made a movie "based on the book." Again, Megan got it at the library. It was complete ass. They made Bertha the leader of a ruthless gang, made the boxcar her shagging boudoir, and there's a lot of guns. Figures, but it makes me think some more – why is it so hard, or threatening, to locate and glorify such a stellar, strong female voice that looks at humanity (not just gender) as a whole? This book is awesome. I wish everyone could read it. If it was taught in high school, I'd bet more people would be interested in history because many of issues that Bertha talks about haven't been played out, even today. –Todd (AK Press, 674 A 23rd St., Oakland, CA 94612-1163)



**Between Resistance and Community:
The Long Island Do-It-Yourself Punk Scene:**
VHS, 44 minutes.

This video is put together extremely well. The shots are clean and the editing is spot-on. It's not jerky or indecipherable, the lighting's really well done. These elements put it in a rare class of down-home punk videos. As the title suggests, it covers a slew of young bands, centering on a couple of houses with basements in the Long Island area. Its heart is definitely in the right place: the power of low cost shows, establishing a haven for touring bands, and a pervasive sense that although the music is the catalyst, punk rock is more than a musical genre, but a healthy way to approach life.

That said, and I don't want to be too disparaging, but due to the age and dogmatism of most of the participants, I could see the impending failures and unravelings of the whole enterprise from the first five minutes. It's plays like a punk rock dogooder *Spinal Tap*. Almost everyone involved kept saying, in effect, "dominant consumerist culture bad," "our culture good." "If you're not with us, you're against us." (Which comes up when one of their tight-knit kinship bands signs to Revelation Records.) Although rebellion is a good way to start your day, and I still ascribe being against popular culture, they totally miss a five lane freeway of gray area that exists between being a malled and branded dumbass and espousing a punk version of a far away utopia.

Here are my questions to bands and scenesters who say all consumer culture is bad. Did any of you make your own guitars, own amps, have a water wheel that made your electricity, or refine your own crude oil for gasoline to tour on? No. Dominant culture did. Did you make the ketchup you're using in the diner you're sitting in, discussing the ramifications of parking lot kickball games? No. What no one in the entire video seems to realize is that, no matter what you do, yes, you still live in a capitalist society, and yes, you have to make concessions, but you don't have to give in fully to it nor can you fully escape it. You can still live and carve out a life for yourself that doesn't entail fucking over other people. But, to act like you're completely separated from the dominant culture by being fortunate enough to have tolerant parents who make food and have a basement free to music is pretty blind, or naïve, but most likely coming from people who haven't been repeatedly hit in the mouth – financially or literally – for years on end.

On the other end of the video's spectrum is a band who used the New York DIY scene as a stepping stone for "more exposure" and to "live as

musicians." They rationalize signing to a label with connections to majors by stating that their parents didn't give them thousands of dollars to tour on, which, they imply, other bands in the video can fall back on if the going gets tough. Karma gets them by burning their van to the ground mid-tour. Again, the gray area. Whatever happened to working really hard at shitass temp jobs, saving your own money, touring for a month, and slowly making a fan base? These four things *together* are never brought up and makes the video appear terribly short-sighted. Everything seems so immediate or unobtainable. Why does it have to be an almost head-in-the-sand approach with a fragile nucleus and great intentions or giving it all up to The Man the first time some money's flashed? I'm much more interested in the long haul. I'm much more interested in the gray area where every one of us – in one degree or another – has to pragmatically live. –Todd (Traffic Violation, Box 772, East Setauket, NY 11733; <www.trafficviolation.com> and Walklor Productions, 64 Pleasant St., Huntington, NY 11743; <www.walklor.com>)

Electric Frankenstein: Camden Underworld, London - 17 December 2000: DVD

There are two main things I find interesting about Electric Frankenstein: #1 is that, for a time, they reportedly had the late Rik L Rik in the fold – my generation's Iggy Pop for the ten minutes or so that my generation had an Iggy Pop. #2 is that people find things interesting about Electric Frankenstein other than #1. I mean, I got nothin' against 'em, other than the fact that I truly fail to see how a band can play for like two hours and never once do anything to grab my attention. It boggles the mind! Their material seems like it's just created by some software program where you punch in a bunch of clichés and it churns out new clichés, just not as exciting or interesting as the original ones (I think the Black Halos run the same program). This band simply does not connect with me. Watching and/or listening to them is like eating air, or drinking tap water. I guess I don't really have anything else to say, although here is my description of the first few minutes: A bunch of chunky dudes with bad haircuts come out on stage. They play a song that uses Black Flag's "Nervous Breakdown" riff, but tack on extra filler to said riff to diffuse its impact and render the song suitably ineffective. The crowd slams around. The song eventually ends. The singer bitches about the monitors. They start another song. The lead guitar player plays some riffs kind of like what Cheetah Chrome would do, but less

involved and interesting. The crowd slams around some more. The song eventually ends. The singer bitches about the monitors, and tells the crowd how the band doesn't have much time to play (this is an eighteen song DVD). They start another song. This time the guitar player uses a Budweiser bottle (note: in England, the Budweiser is 5.0% alcohol; it's really quite good) as a slide, which i usually enjoy, but he doesn't really do anything cool with it like when i saw Andy Scott of Sweet do it. He just kind of slides it down the neck like you're supposed to do with a mike stand. The crowd slams around some. The song eventually ends. Iterate the operation. BEST SONG: jeez, that would be like choosing between a favorite bowel movement, but the best DRESSED is the rhythm guitar player: He has one of those lightning bolt guitar straps from the olden days, which is cool enough, and he's also wearing a shirt with a huge Frankenstein head on it. Get it? Lightning bolt + Frankenstein = Electric Frankenstein??? That actually IS cool. The rhythm guitar player's rock garb is my official #3 interesting thing about Electric Frankenstein! Other puds in band take note!!! BEST SONG TITLE: I dunno, i think they all kind of suck, but "Speed Girl" and "Action High" suck the least. FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: As indicated elsewhere in this issue, the Camden Underworld is the only place i've ever been to in London, and the fact that this DVD was shot there just serves to underscore my theory that the Camden Underworld IS the only place in London, and that everything else is just a myth to scare off the French! -Rev Nørp (Punkervision)

The Recess Video: VHS

If you're not the least bit in tune to what Recess - one of the most stand up DIY labels in Southern California - has to offer, this'll be a good introductory kick to the nuts. If the following appeals to you, this'll be a keeper. #1.) Dick. If you like seeing schlongs being pulled and flopped around at many speeds, trajectories, and angles, there's plenty of dick. There's also a little puss (and skidded panties) and a little tit (made bigger: a post-op Jag Off). #2.) Skating. If you like sloppy-ass hard falls and hard tricks made greasy, sleazy, and easy, there's some choice trampoline-to-mini ramp and head-to-bottom-of-pool action. #3.) Drunks. Interlace drug use, too. Drunks encouraging Warped Tour kidlets to punch one another. Drunks who light fireworks and tackle one another into fires. Drunks are often way more funny on video because you don't have to deal with their puke in your hair and shoes. #4.) Music. Maybe I should have put this first. Dwarves, the "you're so fucking sued video" of the Barfeeders (which has puppets puking on and fighting Muppets), Civic Minded Five, Grumpies, Berzerk, and Four Letter Words all make the grade. My only head scratcher - as in, is it a joke? - is the Beatnik Termites who look sooo frooty, like they're really trying to make a video, shakin' their hair and leather booty in front of a white screen. Therein lies the charm with the tape as a whole. The rest of the project is raw and shot well, but they're so far away from being glossy or "pro." On that tip, Toys That Kill's "Catholic Damage" is my favorite of the lot. Sure, it's low-tech, but it follows the story line of the song, interlaces

demons and Mike Watt, and knows the limits of its special effects and uses them well. Besides those four things, the tape as a whole is pretty crazy: a bum intimidating some Hasidic Jews, a guy in a monkey suit smashing bus stop glass as another guy's pooing in it, a kid on the aforementioned trampoline with an open knife, and a lot of self-abuse, but in a good way. If you're spastic, dirty, or like watching squirrels attack, I recommend this tape. -Todd (Recess, PO Box 1666, San Pedro, CA 90733; <www.recessrecords.com>)

Secret Weapons of Kung Fu: 18 Music Videos from Kung Fu Records: DVD

Wow, it'd be hard for this to be any worse, even if this came with a fresh, curled turd on the DVD. This is exactly what I hate, in a clear digital format. Craptacular, girl-wanting, pussy-ass bands. As a collection, it comes across like the Eagles trying to be punk. That seems to be the cornerstone of this. It's like watching musical date rape after date rape by squeaky clean dudes with either a.) spiky hair or b.) shiny shirts or c.) "wacky antics." The videos are boring. Most are lip synched and in a controlled environment. The songs are hard to listen to and hard to separate from one another. It feels so hugely "test marketed" and to be "hitting the target audience." I guess the only positive thing I can say is that I now know what the Ataris look like so I can point and laugh at them if they ever drink next to me. No kung fu footage, either. What fucks. -Todd (Kung Fu, PO Box 38009, Hollywood, CA 90038)