

ETHICS

FREE FOR NOW

Issue Five

Included: Bed-wetting,
bad influences,
futile attempts,
sincerity, patience
and perseverance



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UPC/PURCHASE SEAL

I am who I was intended to be. It was never really up to me. Following the path that has been set forth. No way out and certainly no choice. The drive is larger than the whole and I have somewhere along the way lost ^{all} control. It's a comfortable release that somehow puts me at ease. Strange yet familiar placate, what is next I can hardly wait.

Why am I suddenly struck by fear of the unknown and known? It's hard to determine this early in the game. Will get back to you on that one when I have collected more data. Seems everyone is pretty self-centered, not that that is necessarily a bad thing. Self-preservation is a primary instinct.

Can you not include more than one in your universe? Maybe it is a small galaxy and there is limited space. No hard feelings. When you can accommodate my sort, please send the brochures. Until then I will vacation were I feel myself at ease. Even if that falls amongst the best of the sleaze, home is where a hat may be hung. That leaves open so many avenues. Life is all about resourceful.

Who you know and finding out who blows.

ethic slur

SPEW!

I really do have too much fun. What a great month for shows and experiences!! Always comes in waves, so I am just riding it out.

The new philosophy I have adopted is to fuck local and affect global. Details to follow.

As always email shite to:

ethicslur@hotmail.com.

SHORT BUS THANKS TO: Jon, Robin, Adrienne, Plan B, Marks, Amy + Andie, Rich and Bruce Bart's Tats, Sean, Susanne, The Squiggy's crew, Jacquie, NOFX and crew, Frenzal Rhomb, Stevie Stiletto (for damning me for life), Grey AM, Two-Street Coffee Garage, Uncle Sam's, beer, weed, punk rawk

Laika and Sputnik 2

The world's second artificial space satellite was Sputnik 2, sent to space by the Russians from the Soviet Union's Baikonur Cosmodrome on November 3, 1957. On board was a live mongrel dog named Laika (Barker in Russian) on a life-support system. Laika was the first animal to go into orbit.



Laika was carried aloft in a capsule, which remained attached to the converted intercontinental ballistic missile that rocketed her to orbit. Sputnik 2 was not designed for recovery.

Laika was a stray, mostly a Siberian husky, rounded up from the Moscow streets. The American press generically nicknamed the dog "Muttnik".

She captured the hearts of people around the world as the batteries that operated her life-support system ran down and the capsule air ran out. Life slipped away from Laika a few days into her journey. Later, Sputnik 2 fell into the atmosphere and burned on April 14, 1958.

stolen from: SPACE TODAY ONLINE

Covering Space From Earth to the Edge of the Universe

Left and Leaving?

It is about time I have nothing left to prove
All the shit I ve dealt with seems so fucking
rude

Rising suns and open eyes

This is not some sort of disguise

Who am I? Is whom I have been for far too
long?

Possibly necessary that it is time

That I re-evaluate my character

It does not seem to penetrate the layers

I just want us all to just get along

But history is already dependant on Latin

So how the fuck are we supposed to see it
right?

Interpretations are the things of tourists

No one who resides here understands the
repercussions

All a fallacy from somewhere else

Where it comes from no one cares

So long as they are unaffected

Invitations to add to the local economy

Then anger for invasion of our familiarity

So typical of a southern town

As diverse as we pretend

We are as confused as they come

Lesson to be learned is to be careful

For that in which you wish for

If it comes about you are directly
responsible

Just another lost soul

Friendships are never what they seem
It's all about what you have to offer
And what you can get from me
Genuine exchanges are things of fairy tales
Just like a little boy pulling a crushes
pigtails

No one seems to understand the weight
that words can carry
It's a heavy responsibility seems only a few
can bear

Where are you? The one's who speak the truth?
I am so anxious to just talk to you
Ulterior motivation is at an all time high
Who knew the prices would so rapidly rise?
Should have bought in before the stakes in
my heart

Now I'm just another commodity with negative
self-worth patsy crime

ANCHORMAN' s

INBRED FAMILY TREE

In 1988, Darryl Bonebrake (drums), along with his brother Dan (bass), formed **Vacant Andys**, along with a few other guys. Along the way, they picked up Charlie (Chuck) Gleek to sing for the '**Andys** (1990-1996) and Thom Hammond to play guitar (1989-1995)-(Thom eventually became the bassist for **The New Graduates**, which included Steve, the former drummer from **dour** & current drummer in **Whirlaway**). Anyway, after Thom left, Chris Carrabba (1995-2000) & John Owens (1995-2000) were recruited to play guitar & sing. John had previously played in **Cowpuncher**, which had "Big Love" on drums & Oliver on guitar-who eventually played in **Shai Hulud**. After Charlie left in 1996, Chris & John took over singing for the '**Andys**, & also started getting involved in other bands. John went & sang for **Jive Step Bunch** and **The Agency**. Chris also played in **The Agency** and eventually landed in **Further Seems Forever**. Darryl & Dan both played in **Pivot** (1996-1999) and various points in time with Rob Helmsorig. Dan also began playing in **Fay Wray** & in **Quit**. In 1998, John & Darryl formed **Anchorman**, along with Henry Olmino & Tom Rankin. Henry now plays in **The Rocking Horse Winner** & Tom plays in **As Friends Rust**. Dan took over for Tom in **Anchorman** @ one point & Dean Falter played in **Anchorman** before he & Dan moved to Boston along with **Quit**. Charlie @ this time, formed a band called **dour** (1996-1997), playing bass. **dour** eventually became **Whirlaway**. Charlie then took over for Dan, playing bass in **Pivot**, and both he and Rob joined **Anchorman** in 2000. While all of this was happening, Chris Hawkinz was playing guitar in **Hudson** & in **RadioBaghdad**, along with 'Baghdad drummer Spikey-who's now the drummer for **Against All Authority**. Hawkinz was recruited to play guitar for **Anchorman** in 2000. By this time, Chris Carrabba had left '**Further** and started his own project, **Dashboard Confessional**. In 2000, Dan, along with Mike Marsh-drummer from **The Agency**, began playing & touring with '**Dash**. In 2001, John, Dan, Mike & Chris Druke (also from **The Agency**), formed **Seville**. Hawkinz also plays in **Irish Car Bomb** & **The Clap**.

One big, twisted fucking family....



Run by Frenzal Rhomb

I'm not a coward I've got sense
When it comes to self-defense
I'd rather leave the scene than fight
You can try and you just might
You can succeed to make me bleed
RUN!

Run away from this anger
if you just can't stand the ground
Look at what you've found
Start to pray when you hear the speech
Of what are you looking at
Well I'm not looking at you

Don't delay if you can't escape
It's harder to rationalise when all you feel is hate
I can't perceive why you demean yourself
and all those around you
your rudeness astounds me

Yeah... gonna have some fun
Yeah... with everyone
Yeah... gonna have some fun
Yeah... we're gonna have some fucking fun

Touch the sky with your middle finger
When it gets too hot distraction's all you've got
We can deceive if it's only hope
Deception is easy when you're dealing with dickheads



Recent Shows That Rocked:

Jan 26th Humbert, Middle Finger Mob, Anchorman @ Tavern 213

...Humbert consists of leftovers from the obscure and missed I Don't Know. Middle Finger Mom...err, Mob were up next. Jeff Tucci is a local Midas. Delivering punk the way it should be, loud, raw and in your face, I am certainly anticipating their next show. Girl crazy Anchorman finished out the night.

Feb. 10th Revelation Sound @ Tavern 213 ...Quite a different vibe from the Sunday norm, as authentic as reggae gets in these bowels of south Florida. It was a kind night.

Feb. 18th Grey AM, Unsung Heroes, Digger @ Ray's Downtown

Blues Club ...I really should write these reviews as they happen.

Grey AM were such a cool bunch of guys. I ended up medicating and sedating them (to compensate for the lame-ass crowd). Unsung Heroes are probably used to the cold reception hailing from just north, Orlando to be exact. Last thing Digger wants to hear: I was only there for the hat song. I had a great time, as per usual, despite the saddest crowd I have seen in some time.

Feb. 29th H2O @ Millennium

...they played with a few other bands but I was fashionably late to a fault. Caught three songs. Only a buck-fifty a song, what a bargain!

Mar. 3rd Slip and the Spinouts @ Tavern 213 (with surprise guests **Plan B**)

...As Feb. 10th, not the "normal" Sunday night. Punk Rawkers don't seem to care for rockabilly. Too bad they all left early, as Plan B leaving another show swung by to make Amy's last night a more fitting exit. Punk as fuck! You will be missed.

Mar. 6th NOFX, Frenzal Rhomb and the Mad Caddies @ The House of Blues in Orlando

...I live for this shit literally. Took the train up to O-town to catch the show w/o a ticket and snuck back stage. It was great to see the gang again and as per usual with good company. Jacksonville originated Inspector 12 opened the show. The Mad Caddies almost instigated my being arrested by the Disney police (the threat of Disney jail was intriguing, I did not see the "No Stage Diving" sign upon entry as I cheated). Frenzal Rhomb became my friends and NOFX were as genius as expected. My re-edition of "Lori Meyers" was met with a time-out by security.

Mar. 7th NOFX, Frenzal Rhomb and the Mad Caddies @ Ovation

...Hopefully they will be back on the Warp Tour so all of you shitheads who missed them this time can show some face. Wonder why we rarely get good bands? Not to say the numbers were slim but it should have sold out well beforehand! Sometimes I silently cry.

patsy crime

Untitled

Screening room ritual

Set the recorder on the green
chair

Earphones, one red and one black
fit inside the ear

The two tribes relax twist
conscious platform

We sat cross-legged it was
beautiful

In a spoon fever we 2 spoke
like when we were seven

Walking on water after Murder
Inc.

Faulk the Buddhist master
boarding the bus

Widda bag o bricks morning
blazes

Ovah Baltimore on the slab in
the 'little city'

StillsoakedBW

REAL MCKENZIES

The infamous modern-day Celtic bards known as The Real McKenzie's hail from Vancouver, BC and are a punk band deeply rooted in their Scottish heritage with a sound best described as the Sex Pistols meet Scottish folk legend Robbie Burns. The Scottish term Ceilidh (pronounced kee-lee) is the main reason why The Real McKenzie's formed and remains their chief inspiration. Ceilidh, according to The McKenzie's is a Gaelic term defined as: "A wicked party which carries on for days..."

With nearly 10 years of mayhem under their sporrans, The Real McKenzie's are true road-warriors. Always touring, drinking and rockin. The haggis-fueled McKenzie clan is a hearty bunch that desire only to bring their brand of Celtic punk rock to every remote corner of the globe. Dirty Kurt puts it best, "We've been through tons of members, tons of broken bones and tons of beer!"

Their unending tour schedule would make William Wallace himself exhausted.





Blah II

Going to become more selfish. I say that everyday, but everyone else's emotions get in the way. Need to learn to be more crass. Oddly enough I have been accused of that in the past. Little did they know I have not the capacity to relate with complacency? Oh!! such my damage. And how many times have I asked myself why? How can I become more like you? I want to be so full of myself that I have no room for anyone else. Please help me find that place cause it seems easy enough for you to take what you want with no repercussions. Take me under your wing. On second thought... never mind because you may smother me.

ethic slur

Shows Coming Up

@ Ray's Downtown Blues Club

Mar. 15th Friday- The Bikes

Mar. 17th Sunday- Battle of the Bands (every month)

My Blue Hemi, Gimp, Meccarhythms,

Neptune 66 and Damsel in this Dress (more TBA)

Mar. 22nd Friday- The Beities, Free Martin, Just Like Anyone,

Spungi and La Lita Jukebox

Mar. 28th Thursday- Dubkat

Mar. 29th Friday- Words Now Heard, The Mongees,

Adam's Out, Gimp, Pygmy and Bronco Diabla

Apr. 5th Friday- Simple Kill, Hit Show, 5 & Wish,

Damsel in this Dress (more TBA)

Apr. 13th Saturday- DSC Project, Young and the Useless, 5 & Wis

Apr. 19th Friday- Shirt and Slang

Apr. 21st Sunday- Bronco Diablo, Gimp, Pygmy

Apr. 28th Sunday- Battle of the Bands-TBA

FUCK YEAH!



Ray's Downtown Blues Club
519 Clematis Street
West Palm Beach, FL
(561) 835-1577

"Best intentions end there."

What is it that has been going on? I wanted a few shows and you took off the gloves. Doesn't make a bit of sense to let egos get in the way of it. Now I am consumed by such a load of shit. I want out and I mean today. That is just my usual way. Piss me off then it's done. Why bother to linger on?

Don't give me another drink; I will get it myself. Would not want to put you out after all you have done for me. Getting me involved, I still owe you. And will pay dearly on my own terms. How could someone so twist the words? Is this an art? You have it down to a science. I appreciate your enthusiasm but disagree with your methods. Time will tell and it will hopefully be soon. Microwave generation I am. I want it all now!

When it all comes to a head I will be there with a smile. Cause my intentions were always clear. I will do what I say so long as you follow through. If you cross me it's not fuck me, it's all about fuck you. It may take some time but karma has her ways. Just hope I am around to see the day. Worst-case scenario is I have moved on and left this all behind.

PARENTHESSES



Infamous Quotes:

"Just because she's a scumbag does not mean she's punk rock." "I don't need love or fiction." "I have no patience for patients." "You got your own little pit going on down there." "She lives in a part of the world where her daughter is worth two sheep. She waits for the day her daughter can be seen and herd." "Nineteen days time served." "Don't forget to include the benefits!" "It wouldn't have been punk rawk if you would have gotten it right the first time." "Can I buy you guys a drink? I feel I should compensate for the crowd." "She has her share of critics." "Where am I going? Where have I been and where the fuck will I end up in the fucking end?" "Hi! I'm his wife." "Come home Smelly, don't break my heart you dumb little loser." "Only a bum would quit on you." "Anyone seen Iguana?" "Don't worry, this is the third show I have been to this week where everyone just stood there." "I know he's said some shit about me but he talks a lot anyway." "No vocal variety?" "I have to have standards." "I'm singing punk rawk but speaking Barry Manilow." "Still think I'm an asshole?" "I live for degradation." "...what you wrote here on page 110." "But you haven't read it yet??" "We are all friends here. You have been warned." "Oh, is that what my foot was on." "There is a difference between stupidity and ignorance." "I was going to be an actor until I realized music was easier." "I can't decide if I am charmed or damned." "Here today, gone later today." "There once was a green dragon who ate an entire train full of obnoxious people and got a terrible stomach ache." "Black ass days!" "So you think that I don't shudder to think what my life will amount to without you?" "

