

Rock N Roll

Turning Up The Heat
In Hell's Kitchen

Issue #13

Purgatory

Al Foul
Straight 8s
High Rollers
High School Hellcats
Suffering From Elvis Disease



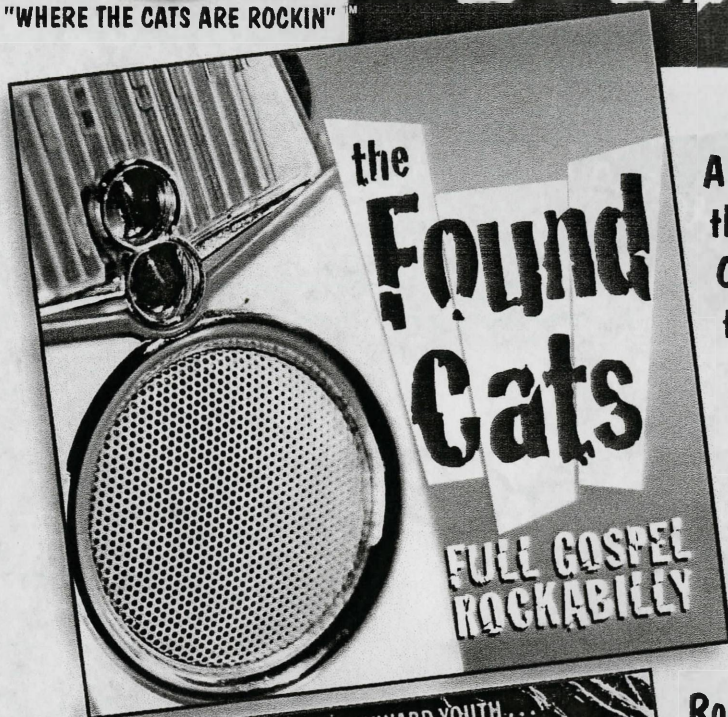
Astro Zombies
Wailin' Elroys
Knockout Pills
Swing Ding Amigos
Legendary Shack Shakers



"WHERE THE CATS ARE ROCKIN'"™

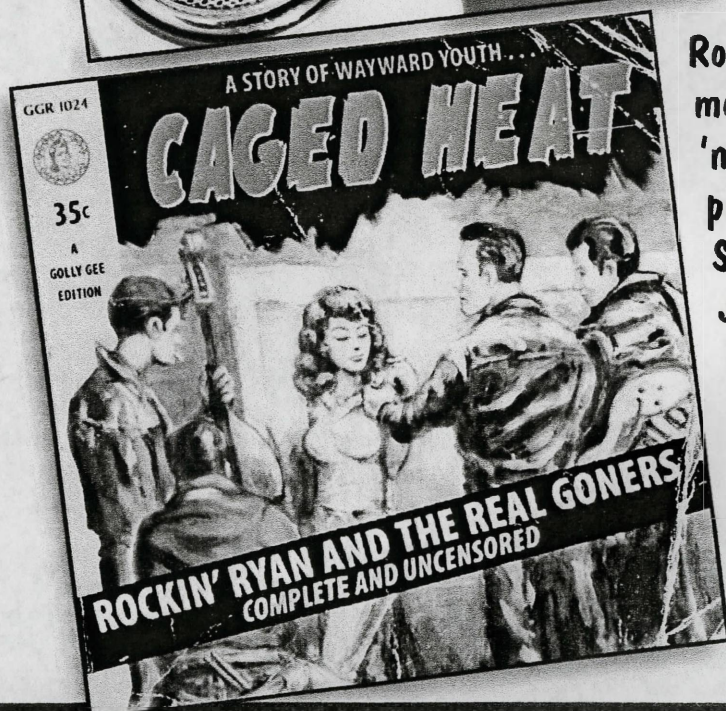
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Last Call Brawlers

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Purgatory Info

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Rock N Roll Purgatory is:
 Lisa Marie and Ben Lybarger

Contact us at the above address if you would like us to review your band. We also love getting T-shirts. We would never use them to clean up after sex. We'd also like dirty photos, deer jerky, marionettes, and poems written about us. In blood.

Cover Model: Lacey P.
 Cover Photographer: Lisa Marie

Extra Special Thanks
 To Lonnie Viar III

Guest Contributors: Jill A. Kemper, Creepy Scott, Carl Alessi

Link Wray by Creepy Scott



The unlucky issue #13 is finally out, after every sort of delay, including a computer crash and even a tornado sent to Wooster by conspiring forces of nature. It missed us by only a few blocks, and took out the Rubbermaid factory instead. And then there were those voices in my head whispering cryptic predictions like: "On the eve of Saturn's reign, a dog will depart from the woods and rivers will rise above the rooftops. Mud will then cake the lips of mankind; language will be dust on the tongue." After determining that none of these voices were the actual voice of God, I resumed work on this magazine with a renewed diligence. But since these frightful experiences have reduced me to a helmet-wearing lunatic on the verge of diapers and needles, I have since decided that it is time to regress myself back to a simpler time when all the world was big smiles and candy bars. No, I am not talking about the drug-cushioned 70's. I am talking about regressing back to the womb, or renouncing my birth, as some therapists call it. Of course it won't be the original womb from which I sprung like a demented puppet, but some surrogate womb cleaned and furnished to my liking. Once I challenge physics and enter inside, (perhaps this will be a journey in spirit only), I can curl up in warmth and safety, shielded inside magnificent meat curtains that hang heavier than war-time linens soaked with the tears of



Josef Stalin once
 smoked marijuana
 after a high school hockey game.

He later killed
 8 million people

Harmless?

Partnership for a
 Drug-Free Country®

Mother Earth. Incubating deep inside my vulva dome, I'll be impenetrable to the hard thrusts of responsibility and sorrow, and free to just lie still within the amniotic sack like a benign cyst clinging to a squishy wall of hope. It's a goal anyway. I have also decided to try challenge myself with a debilitating heroin addiction. I saw on one of those Stand.org commercials that cigarettes are more difficult to quit than smack, and I figured to myself "hey, I was able to quit smoking 7 years ago, so I could easily walk away from the junk too." I am really looking forward to fun times drooling in sleaze pits wearing urine soaked jeans, staring at my frost-bitten feet with the dregs of society next to me beaming their soul-dead smiles into the peeling wallpaper seams. Actually, that does sound kind of glamorous in a Burroughsian sort of way. It could make me a better writer too. Anyway, thank you Stand.org - I accept your challenge, and will prove that junkies, even more than smokers, just lack will power.

Photo: Stuck in the mud at Stupid Fest '03, where moonshine & fireworks come together like chocolate and peanut butter.



AN INTERVIEW

WITH

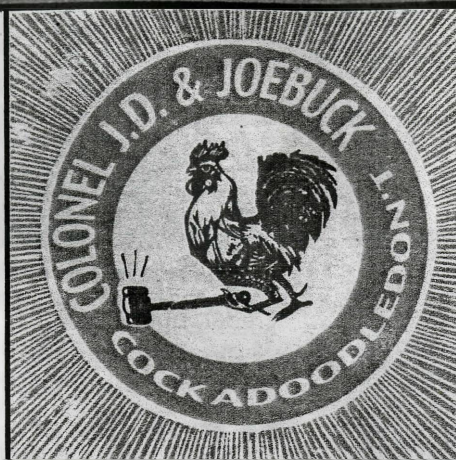
COLONEL J.D.

TH' LEGENDARY SHACK*SHAKERS

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If you'd like to see a sideshow band deliver a timeless backwoods beating with a cathartic discharge of energy & psychosis, then look no further than Th' Shack*Shakers. Nothing here is contrived or stale, but rather alive & seething with urgency. Their sound is as hard to locate temporally as it is to pin down with a simple genre amalgamation. Some say it's mined from the deep Kentucky caves, down where the Green River meets the Styx. I hear old hillbilly & blues, but with a punk rock vitality. They call it "Southern Gothic rock&roll." Hard to be more succinct than that.



RRP: Is it hard to do keep up the energy of your live show night after night? What keeps you going?

The Colonel: I legitimately enjoy playing music and performing. I'm also obsessed with all things sideshow, burlesque and Vaudeville...or any other classic form of American entertainment. I'm also sick of the "Shoe-gazing" trend. Th' Legendary Shack*Shakers think kids deserve a SHOW...one where the band actually cares enough to look them in the eye, stand and deliver. It's become a mission for us to change the trend.

RRP: Has your stage show ever made anyone visibly nervous or uncomfortable, like when you rip out your hair and throw it at people, or the time you started randomly kissing anyone at the Beachland, regardless of gender? What is the range of reactions you get?

The Colonel: Some people have expressed some disgust with the whole "Flop" issue. Very few have ever confronted me on it. There seems to be a strange new "anti-pit" forming in front of our stage every night. Not that there aren't enough people to fill it. It's just they're now standing a good two or three steps back.

Provoking a reaction is what we're going for, though. Some people wince, some cheer, some laugh, some get mad and call us "faggots" or something. But part of entertaining people in a bleary-eyed, post-modern America is provoking the big "knee-jerk"...even if it means resorting to mild scatological measures to get a response.

RRP: You grew up in Kentucky, right? How big of a town? What was it like for

you growing up there?

The Colonel: I grew up splitting time between Louisiana and Paducah, Kentucky. But most of my youth was spent in Paducah. Paducah has a population of about 35,000 souls. Kentucky is heaven on earth. The same limestone stratum found under the soil in Ireland stretches under the Atlantic and surfaces to form the rolling hills of Kentucky. Not far from Paducah there's a cool place called the Land Between the Lakes. The TVA set it aside as a wildlife reserve and camping area. It's where I go when I need to chill out.

As it turns out, there's some new fad amongst Rock journalists to make Kentucky trendy (because of some Southern-fried kick they're on or something). But I wish they'd just leave us alone. I'd just as soon nobody know how cool Kentucky is.

RRP: I've read that you met Joe Buck in "the lawless honky-tonks of Nashville's 'Lower Broadway' district." What is the Lower Broadway district, and how exactly did you guys meet and start playing together?

The Colonel: He owned the Bluegrass Inn, where lots of roots bands played and honed their chops. He was a good facilitator. But JoeBuck no longer plays for Th' Legendary Shack*Shakers. He's gone on to concentrate on his Hank III gig. Nick Kane, of the Mavericks, is playing guitar for us now. He's got that same menacing thing JoeBuck had. And it's cool having a Grammy-Award winner next to you every night. He's a real pro...and I've got a whole new shot in the arm.

RRP: I know you toured for a while with Hank III, how was that?

The Colonel: Shelton [Hank III] is the nicest, humblest "rockstar" (which I use only for contrast) you'll ever meet. He helps load the equipment before and after the show every night; and stays to shake every hand and sign every autograph to the end. You won't find another soul whose equal parts rockstar, royalty and southern gentleman. That's a guarantee.

RRP: You guys call your music "Southern Gothic Rock-n-Roll," and have said that it comes out of various social dynamics in the "Jesus-haunted" South. Could you elaborate on that a little - on how Gospel and Medieval influences relate to your understanding of Southern culture?

The Colonel: The prose and poetry of the "Old World" can still be found in Kentucky mountain folk tunes. Middle English phrasings are still evident in Old Time Baptist hymns...the kind some faithful still sing to this day (although Americanized Christianity is doing it's damndest to replace those hymns with trendy CCM "praise" songs.) But to me, those older songs speak to something human inside us all; & I want Th' Shack*Shakers' original music to have that same timeless, human quality.

To me, "Southern Gothic" isn't an incestuous, PBR-swilling, KKK-belonging, Jerry Springer South. I think it's important to differentiate between art that is "ugly" and art that is "Grotesque."

Flannery O'Connor wrote extensively on the concept of the "Grotesque" being integral to a true appreciation of the Southern dynamic. But if we portray our southern selves as ignorant inbreeds, then we play right into the hands of our "Northern aggressors" in the media.

It's very P.C. to lampoon the southern white male. The solution, however, is not to embrace the White Trash stereotype. If you do, you end up reinforcing a nasty, negative caricature... until what was once "the salt of earth" is suddenly "the scum of the earth."

Instead, I write about the invisible, esoteric grotesqueries of the South...the kind Robert Johnson was on the run from...The kind found behind the tent-flap at the county fair sideshow...the demons that haunt a Civil War battlefield, etc. I also try to use a more antiquated-sounding language to tell those stories. So if they end up sounding more like incantations than songs, that's fine with us. A spellbound audience is what we're after anyway.

RRP: Are you religious yourself?

The Colonel: Despite all my jive-turkey blasphemies I commit on stage, I do believe in Christ. But I haven't been to church in some time. I became very disenchanting with Americanized, WWF-style Christianity when my pastor started spending our offerings on his million-dollar activity center...rather than, say, feeding the poor.

I miss the days of the "Little Brown Church in the Wildwood." The humble message of Christ was so much more believable in that setting.

RRP: What are your impressions of the alt. country, blues, and rockabilly scenes, and how do they relate to what you do?

The Colonel: I have very little in common with any self-conscious, method-acting lifestyle. And there is very little music being made today that can compare to artists like, say, Muddy Waters or The Stanley Brothers.

I find Alt. Country (or Insurgent Country) to be an outright abomination...an insult to the South. It's privileged Indie Rockers who think it's ironic to masquerade as farmers. The music is dirgy, boring and overtly false. Since it isn't rooted in the Gospel tradition (more like 70s rock), it is utterly soulless and secular. Most of the poseurs who play it are only "affecting" something they've never been a part of: namely, the real world. They're just socialist pseudo-intellectuals trying to cozy up to blue-collar America. They don't know it, but they look as out of place as I would at a Kwanzaa ceremony.

RRP: You also do artwork also, right? Could you talk a little about that?

The Colonel: I draw cartoons, illustrate my songs in graphite, and paint sideshow banners. At age two, I started drawing Bert and Ernie after picking up a pen...and since then I've rarely put it down. I'm obsessive compulsive when it comes to visual presentation. My drawings are very detailed, so it's getting to where I don't have much time for it anymore. But I plan on returning to art full time once my knee-bones finally give out.

RRP: When you die, what do you want done with your body?

The Colonel: I want to be thrown in an old pine box and be buried on a hill in Kentucky. The only thing I want on my tombstone is my name, the dates of birth and death, and the ensignia of the Honorable Order of the Kentucky Colonels up top.

RRP: Have you ever considered joining a militia?

The Colonel: Yes. Actually, historically speaking, the Kentucky Colonels started out as a sort of militia... circa. early 1800s.

RRP: What influences your approach to music?

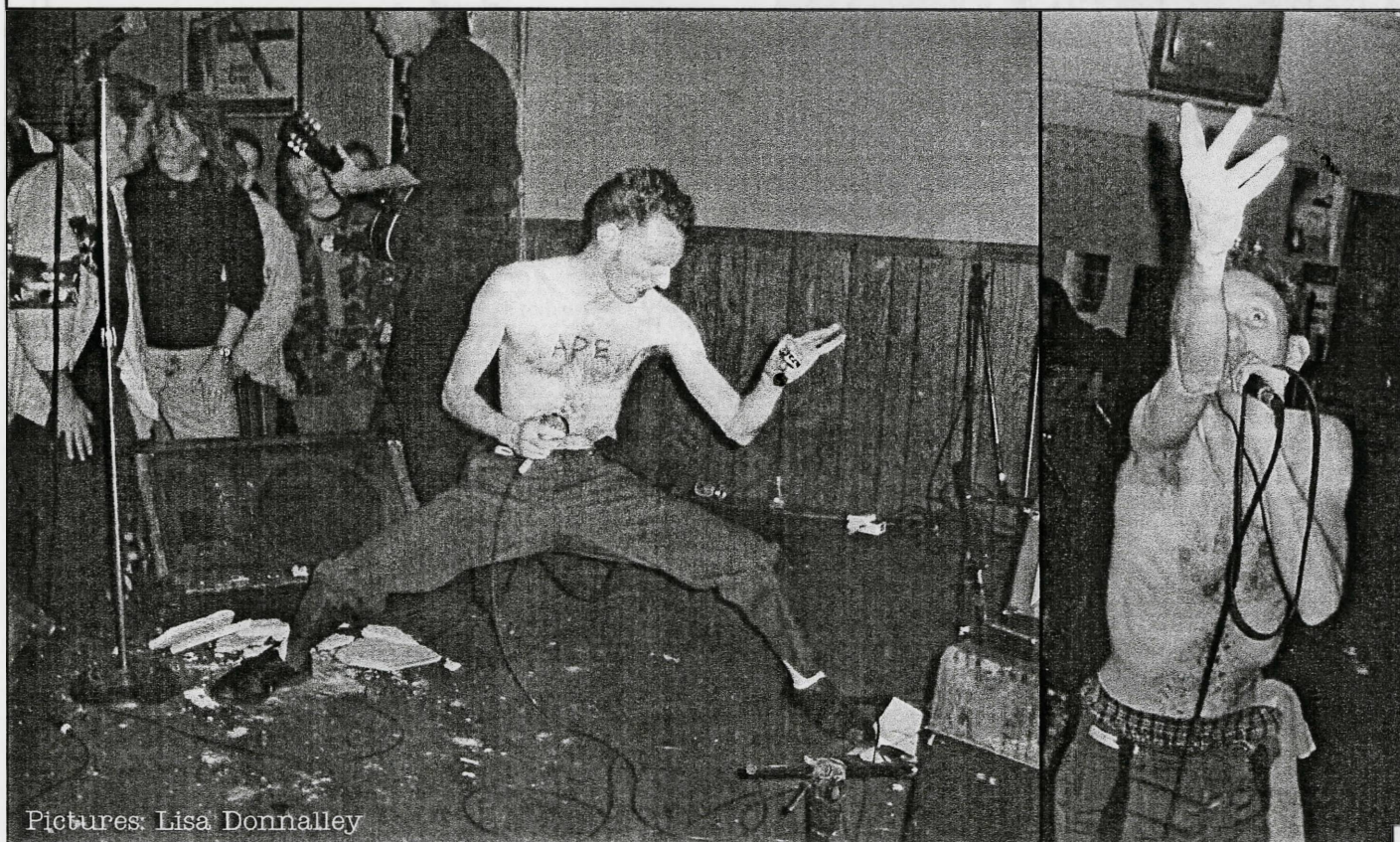
Little Walter, Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf, Little Jimmy Dickens, Dex Romweber, Jerry Lee Lewis, The Rev. Horton Heat, Rev. Estes Pirkle, Wheeler Underwood, Ren and Stimpy.

RRP: When is your next release coming out? Will it be on Bloodshot? Will parent groups protest?

The Colonel: Sometime in February or March. There will be no profanity, so Tipper Gore can go back to deep-throating her dork of a husband.

RRP: Any parting words of advice or trivial knowledge you want to share?

The Colonel: Yes... Remember kids, the glass is not half-full nor half-empty. It's TOTALLY empty and shattered in a million pieces on the floor. THE END.



Pictures: Lisa Donnalley

The High Rollers



Joe Booth: vocals, guitar
Bobby Joe Kolar: upright bass
Bad Andy Ulibarri: drums



At an time when powerful people and organizations are giving their endorsements to the candidates they support, few in politics would have predicted where the candidates themselves are pledging allegiances. The most hotly contested issue this year: who more fully embraces this three-piece band from Prescott, Arizona, called the High Rollers. Are these clever politicians trying to appeal to the voters among the band's fan base, or are they simply just that enthusiastic about the group's music? Nobody can be sure at this point, but one thing is certain. Never before have musicians received such attention in the debates, while also winning such lavish bipartisan praise. Indeed this is history in the making.

RRP: Tell me about where you are from. What is the town like, and how are the shows there?

We're from this little shit-hole town of Prescott, AZ. The home of the World's Oldest Rodeo, and home of the famous Whiskey Row. It's full of retired old people and hippies, but it still rocks, and people know how to party when they come to see us play. We are the music-scene, unless you want to hear white boy, mid-life crisis blues music. These clubs in Prescott never see two bands in one night unless we bring another band. Our shows with The Last Call Brawlers and Jackass have been the wildest shows this town has ever seen.

RRP: I first heard about you guys through the Last Call Brawlers, who couldn't say enough good things. How did you guys meet each other, and are you still planning a tour with them next summer?

The Rollers and the Brawlers will rule the world! We hooked up with the Brawlers through a cat named Scary Gary down at a show in Phoenix. He said we need to get together and play some shows. We hope to play many shows with them this summer throughout the country. The Drunken Mayhem will be coming to your town shortly. Beware!

RRP: Bobby Joe, I read on your site that you stole your first bass when you were eleven years old. Is that true? What's the story?

I will not divulge any information

implicating me of committing a crime. I have been in jail enough!! I will say that I did get my first bass for free.

RRP: I've heard that you guys have a huge repertoire of songs that you've written. How long have you been playing, and do you throw any covers into your sets as well?

We do have two full-length releases along with a split seven-inch record with the Last Call Brawlers. We have been playing for about four years now. Having to play for four hours a night we had to learn other peoples material. We cover a lot of the classics but do them High Rollers style.

RRP: Who are the players on your respective instruments that have really inspired or impressed you?

Joe: My influences are Jimmy Hendrix, Jimmy Vaughn, The Stones, The Sex Pistols, but the Rev really got me playing this type of music.

Bobby Joe: Every String Bass player I've ever seen live has influenced me greatly.

Bad Andy: my influences are Rancid, the Reverend Horton Heat, the Sex Pistols, the Rolling Stones, and of course the one and only Steve-O from The Last Call Brawlers.

RRP: What are some of the stranger places that you've played? Word is that you've had some odd gigs at places like pumpkin festivals, or something like that.

We like playing at smoky clubs with lots of girls, but who doesn't. The occasional garlic festival-pumpkin festival-corn festival and hot

air balloon festival helps fund our time in the studio. We even played for a certified Indian Princess in Winslow, AZ. Joe created political upheaval by being flipped off and returning the favor to the principal of their local high school.

RRP: I heard you guys get into fistfights with each other from time to time. What about?

Bad Andy: Well you see, we drank for thirteen hours straight at a biker party with an open bar. After way too much tequila Bobby Joe and me decided to play Rocky in the middle of the street. Three minutes later we were in side drinking beer. Cheers!

RRP: What are your interests aside from music: are you into guns, cars, movies or anything like that?

Joe: Getting together with friends barbecuing, drinking, and playing horseshoes, and looking at all those beautiful Prescott women, and wishing I had the money for hotrods and bikes.

Bad Andy: I enjoy miniature golf, married women, riding dirt bikes and that occasional crossbow hunt in the Rocky Mountains.

Bobby Joe: After a night of heavy drinking I enjoy a good habañera sauce-eating contest. It takes your buzz to a whole other level, almost Zen-like. It also funny to see the pussies cry 'cause their mouth is on fire. Just don't let the sauce come back up!!

RRP: What kinds of work do you do when not on tour?

Joe: I'm a plumber here in Prescott. It pays



the bills but I'd rather be playing music out on the road.

Bad Andy: I am also a plumber that shows my plumber crack like the best in the business.

Bobby Joe: I barbecue for a living. My alter-ego is Chef Bobby Joe.

RRP: In the spirit of those celebrity health and diet tips that you find in fitness magazines, what sort of tips can the High Rollers give their chubby/out-of-shape fans?

Dancing is a good start for all our fans, but top ramen, jalapenos, Salisbury steak T.V. dinners, and cheap-ass beer in a can is a cheap and easy way to shed those unwanted inches from around your waistline. We will have The High Rollers work out video coming out soon.

RRP: Do you have a philosophy on life that you try to live by? What was the best advice you've ever gotten?

Bobby Joe: Can't change tomorrow, can't change today, live for now and have fun. Oh, and to not fuck girls that my band mates have, except



for that time in Las Vegas.

Joe: Live fast and die old, no regrets, and the best advice I've gotten is to play every show like it's my last.

Bad Andy: Don't have sex with a girl twice unless it's in the same night, drink lot's of beer, and the best advice I have ever gotten is to just Rock N Roll.

RRP: What was one of the worst situations that you found yourself in, and how did you get out of it?

The worst situation that we've been in was when we were traveling from Telluride to Denver on I-70 last March in the middle of the worst snowstorm in years. While sliding down the Rocky Mountains our breaks went out. We waited two and a half hours in five-foot snowdrifts for our tow truck driver Larry who towed us to the nearest motel, forty miles away. We missed two days of our tour stranded in our cheap motel room; luckily there was a liquor store nearby.

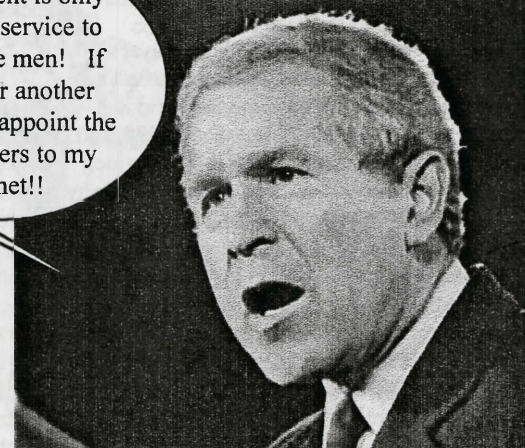
RRP: Is there anything else you want to add?

Look out for The High Rollers in 2004. We will be in a town near you soon!!

The High Rollers are the Spirit of America, and I'll punch any man who says otherwise!



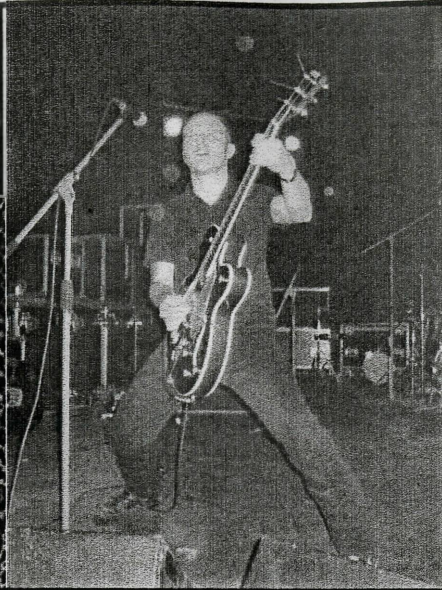
My opponent is only paying lip service to these brave men! If elected for another term, I will appoint the High Rollers to my Cabinet!!



Above: Presidential Democratic candidate Wesley Clark and President G.W. Bush passionately debate over who likes the High Rollers more.

THE ASTRO ZOMBIES

TERRIFYING PSYCHOBILLY !!!!



Back in the 16th century, Nostradamus made a little known yet utterly chilling prediction. He wrote: "Cast away from grace, into a new dawn the heathen scourge will ride, bringing forth a red tide to herald the end of days. A dark trinity will strike up a melody of fire for wrathful spirits, which shall bruise the ears of the meek." In this often overlooked passage, we are clearly offered a vision of an apocalyptic force. Scholars have long shunned a forthright reading, preferring instead to suggest fanciful interpretations. However, since the ascendancy of the Astro Zombies in the worldwide psychobilly scene, many are re-assessing their stance. Is this band the dark harbingers of doom as has been foretold - the descendants of Cain shunned by God and bent on worldwide destruction? I was able to interview Bob (guitar-singer) and perhaps his answers may help you to make up your own mind in this matter...

RRP: Does God hate you, and if so, why does He hate you?

Bob: God loves everybody. That's ridiculous, cause if you do bad things, then he forgives! So why should I have to be a saint? I know at the end he will forgive!!! The question is not "does God hate me?"... it's "do I hate god?" ... yes I do! I hate God, religions and politics. I don't believe in it. I only trust in good times. If you can find good times in God, it's your problem, but I prefer other good times which are forbidden in many religions. I'm in the dark side of the force... it's more exciting than thank god for the food every night!

RRP: How long have the Astro Zombies been together? What other bands have you been in?

Bob: Nearly 7 years with 4 bass player changes. Before Astro Zombies we had a rockabilly band called Lone Star Trio and then we got bored with pure rockabilly stuff. So we naturally came to Psychobilly which is more funny and gives us more opportunity to do free things. Me and G (drums) are the only survivors of all those years and we also played with P.P Fenech in his 10th Key Screamers project, which was a great experience to play with. It was in fact me and G and the actual Meteors line up. Now we more concentrate on the Astro Zombies and a new project you will soon hear about...

RRP: Could you tell me a little about where you are from? What was your childhood like? What sorts of trouble did you get into?

Bob: Earth, France, Dijon, Mustard and expensive French wine. That's where we live. I met G in a juvenile delinquent college, a kind of mental hospital, where we escaped and decided to live free or not to live! Then we are still "under arrest" for a \$1 each reward I guess! Troubles are our daily life... and if you're looking for it you're in the right place! You can call us Bobby Troubles and hanky-panky G. You know it is easy to get troubles and more exciting especially when you hate people. We hate people and that's why we get troubles. In fact the problem is the others! not us. Angel Bob Troubles sounds good to me!

RRP: How are the psychobilly and rockabilly scenes in France? What are some good bands that Americans should know about, other than the Astro Zombies?

Bob: The French scenes are so small in France that we nearly don't play in our own country. Rockabilly is not in the French culture you know and so Psychobilly isn't either. There's a lot of punk bands but no real psychobilly. We are the best French psychobilly band that France has ever had! Believe me.. France is good for lot of thing but not for Rock'n'Roll. But we don't consider ourselves as French or anything else; we don't care. I think we got that in our minds, in our blood - we live in our Psychobilly world even if we were Chinese or from South America or anywhere else. We are International Rockers.

RRP: Do you have any plans to come to the States and do some shows? What are some other countries you have made it to, and which ones were your favorites?

Bob: Of course we plan to come in America, our last album is very appreciated in the USA and we are gonna come in June for The Macabre Festival in San Bernardino... We'd like to tour during that month in the US and we are looking for someone to organize it with other bands. We nearly played in all the European countries and east of Europe. We played in Spain, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, Finland (...) Pologne and Tchèque which are our best souvenirs with Finland where the sun never goes down! That was a real endless summer festival! Always drunk and never sleep!

RRP: I've heard that America has its Hollywood stars, England has its royalty, but France's big celebrities are chefs. Is that true? How important is cuisine over there?

Bob: Yes food is very important in France, and wine too. I hate Mac Donald's, which represents American food for us!!! Have you heard of this guy who destroyed one Mac Donald's restaurant in the south of France? I like French red wine with a stinky cheese as we are well-known for! But we also have Brigitte Bardot, La Côte d'Azur, Fashion, Painters, Writers, Paris (the most beautiful town of the world), and the famous French kiss. Anyway France is a good country for good people... but not for us, not for Rock'n'Roll. You know when you live



www.theastrozombies.com

somewhere you always think that there's a better place to live... That's why Satan left paradise!

RRP: What sorts of things inspire your songs, what do you like to sing about?

Bob: Everything can inspire me but things which are not serious... you know in our country lot of bands used to sing some sad songs about love or about politics or other shits! I prefer singing for fun, even if the word funny is not the same for everybody. I mean serial killers don't make people laugh but I like that kind of mental stuff. It's Psychobilly anyway! Generally speaking, I like to laugh at people which are so stupid sometimes in their daily life. I like to laugh at many people in fact and I guess I'll go to hell for this! (I hope so...)

RRP: I'm guessing that you took your band name from the 1969 horror film of the same title. What were some of the band names that you decided against? Any really bad ones?

Bob: Yes the name is not from a Misfits' song as many people think! I like Misfits anyway but that's not our main inspiration. One day we were playing on Halloween night at a big party and the organizer believed that we played some Misfits' songs... Everything was decorated with Misfits' stuff...but the party was ok and people liked our music. The Astro Zombies horror movie is one of my favorites. I know now Ted V. Mikels which is a genius. Do you know that the Hollywood industry stole from him the Charlie's Angel idea? He created it in the movie the Dolls' Squad. Anyway it's a good friend and he sent me masks from the movie which we wear on stage for few songs. I'd like to visit him in Vegas.

Having a band name is really hard, especially when you are searching for [it]. I think it's like a song: you have to wait and it comes along.

RRP: Has Satan ever come to you in a dream and made you uncomfortable with sexual innuendo?

Bob: We are Satan's own and he is the Lord. He created Rock'n'roll and I always laugh when I see people wearing "Elvis is God" T-shirt...I'd like to buy one just for fun. Every time you think about or have sex you can thank the Lord. Sex is good, then Satan is good. I never get uncomfortable with sex, if Satan could be a female that will be the ultimate sin!

RRP: How do you think the world will end?

Bob: Happy end for some, sad for others, as usual in the evolution theory. You got to be at the right place in time! I'd like to live a big Chaos as meteors destroy the planet or a big earthquake and volcano hell... I don't know, I think that I won't like a war... but a total extermination of the human race could be interesting for other species and see what can happen after. Better: an inter-galactical war against Aliens, humans.... and Astro Zombies!

RRP: What is your favorite insult or curse?

Bob: Dash it! I'm so shy.....

RRP: If you had a devoted horde of groupies willing to do whatever you command them, what would you have them do?

Bob: Fuck 'em all!!! (with condom!) What would you do? Play Scrabble or Charades?

RRP: Nah, I'd have one snort fish flakes until she puked on my crotch, then the other would eat it up dressed as giant guppy... Speaking of fantasies, what is the one thing that your girlfriend won't do for you?

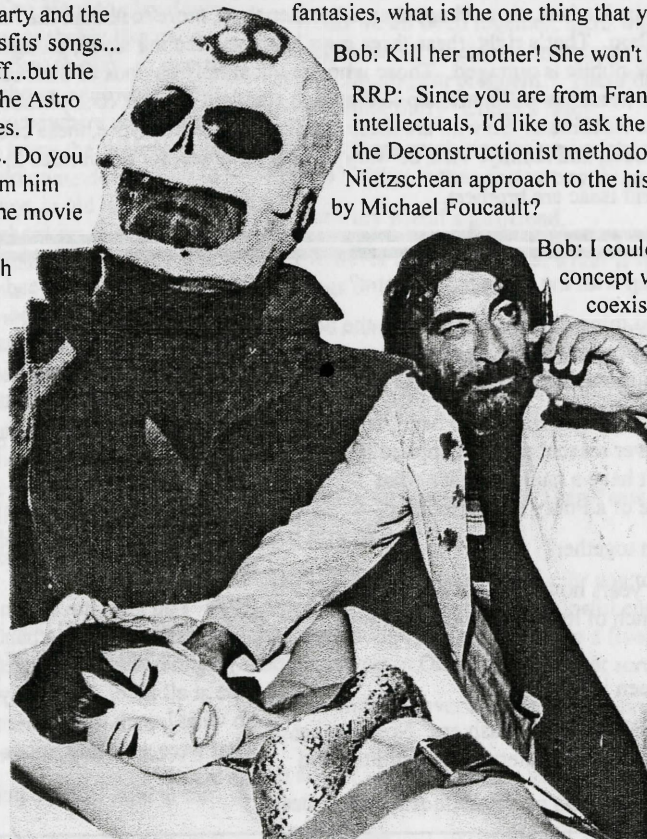
Bob: Kill her mother! She won't do that and it's a shame.

RRP: Since you are from France, a country renowned for its intellectuals, I'd like to ask the following: Are you more into the Deconstructionist methodology of Jacques Derrida, or the Nietzschean approach to the history of knowledge as practiced by Michael Foucault?

Bob: I could tell you how my onirism concept with Kafkaen tendencies coexists with the sublogical vision that I have of intrinsic existence... but I don't care! Hey mate, I'm a rocker! and I fuck that shit. I know that life is too short and I just wanna have fun and have it as often as I can. No one is more or less intelligent than other, I think you can be on top if you decide to. I'm on top in my way of life and that's what's important to me.

RRP: Anything else to add?

Bob: Buy our records, come to our shows.



www.theastrozombies.com

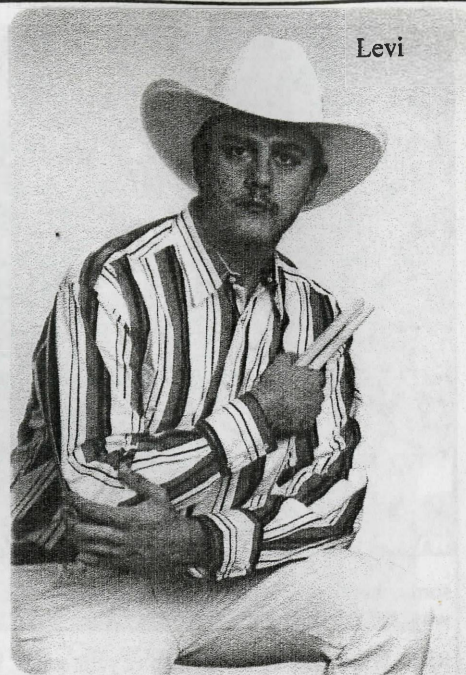
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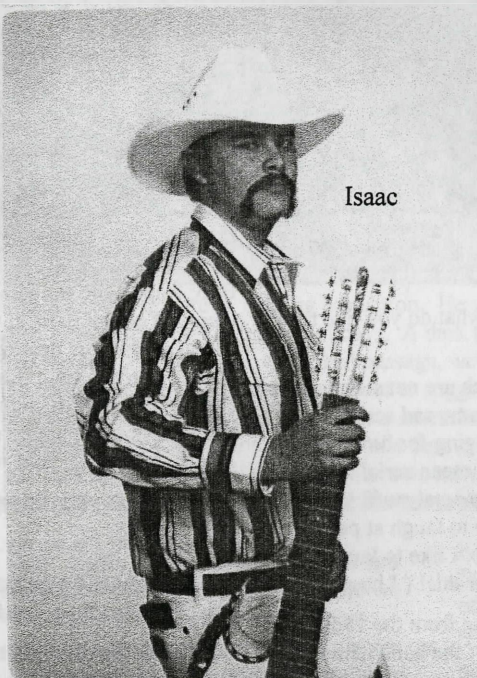
Una Entrevista Con...

Swing Ding Amigos

Levi



Isaac



Ladies Guard Your Virtue!

¡Las señoras Guardan Su Virtud!

Men Run For Your Lives!

¡Hombres Corridos Para Sus Vidas!

Like the bloodthirsty banditos of old, who raided the railways, threw lead into the bellies of men and bastard children into the bellies of lovely señoritas, the Swing Ding Amigos are a three-piece band that inspires hatred and fear wherever they go. Why are they hated, you ask? For having more hooks than a loaded tackle-box, more chops than a butcher shop, more rock than the Rocky mountain range, and more raw nerve-bending power than the Hoover Dam. That's right, these three guys leave you feeling raped, pillaged, and plundered (sonically speaking of course), and the increasingly weak public is outraged. Those who are not simply envious of their combustible style instead succumb to a hatred born of fear. A fear that no music hereafter will match up to that high standard of punk rock virtuosity, that life will lose its meaning after arriving at the summit of Ultimate Rockiness. So who are these bandits of the apocalypse, these caballeros de muerte? Memorize the names of these illustrious fugitives: Isaac, Levi, and Jimmy. And be wary of their embrace, for death rides in their shadow!

Wild and Fun Trivia Fact: Levi and Isaac are brothers.

RRP: Where did you guys come up with the name for the band?

J: Actually it's just a getting stoned thing and coming up with the house of your dreams. Mine had an 85 foot water slide that went into a swim up bar with naked girls handing you scotch & waters. It was great.

I: Jimmy was living in Flagstaff at the time. He had no band, but already had the name picked out for whatever reason, and just applied it to us when we started playing. We didn't have a name so that's what happened. I think it's also the name of a Porky Pig cartoon.

RRP: How long has the band been together?

I: We've been together for about 5 years now I think. We've done one real tour with the Blacks, and a bunch of long weekend tour things mostly to southern California.

RRP: What past bands have you been in?

J: Room 13, Nogales' answer to NOFX, White Trash era. Nothing that ever got out. I had Meatloaf on drums, the Butterscotch on guitar, and yours truly, Sapo.

I: I played in a shitty band called The Dazed and my brother had a band called the Simple Minded. Both bands fucked and became the Rubber Nipples. After that there was Bakesale, Gump, El Chemo 13 featuring Meatloaf on drums and La Cheve. Then we moved up to Tucson and started Swing Ding Amigos. Ah, the memories.

RRP: What plans do you have for the future?

I: We have a 7" split with our niggaz in Las Vegas, Civic Minded 5 on Recess Records/ Wronghole Records. We're also putting out a CD on Rock-n-Roll Purgatory and starting to record the new one on Recess Records.

RRP: You guys have been able to create a distinctive sound. When most people say that a band is "unique" it is generally a nice way of saying they don't really get into the music, but I don't think that's the case at all here. Instead, your music instantly grabbed me and I loved it. So what I want to know is what kind of sound you set out to achieve, what were your influences, and what do you love and hate most about the band?

I: We just try to write songs that sound good to us. Why would you want to play shitty music?

J: The thing I hate about this shit is loading and unloading equipment when there are big flights of stairs involved.

I: About our influences, that's a pretty difficult one because we like to listen to a lot of different shit. I guess I could make a list, but there is no way to explain how we get our sound from our influences, cause that's just in our soul, and it comes from being poor and unappreciated motherfuckers. I guess we like a lot of punk stuff like The Zero Boys "Vicious Circle" album is fucking bad ass. The Weird Lovemakers. The Blacks (from Tucson. Fuck the Chicago Blacks. And fuck The Blacks from Sweden.) Scared of Chaka, The Reatards, Reagan Youth (the first one), The Pagans, Tree People, Violent Femmes (first album), Dead Boys, Bad Brains, Loli and the Chones. F.Y.P., Toys That Kill, Killer Dreamer, Geraldine. Fuck, I can't do this; there is so much stuff we like. The Kinks, The Zombies, Love, Thin Lizzy, Los Tigres Del Norte, Misfits, George Jones, Los Apson, Pixies, Grand Funk Railroad's "Grand Funk" album (the red one is fucking the baddest motherfucker ever recorded), Guns'N'Roses "Appetite for Destruction," Turbonegro's "Apocalypse Dudes," The Cult's "Electric," The Victims (Australian Victims are the best shit). Also, old country compilations, living in Nogales, Fats Domino, Chuck Berry, Mudhoney, and so on. Oh yeah the Mummies, and all our friends. Our music is more influenced by our friends and daily lives than our record collections. We love every type of music there is and it's impossible to pinpoint our musical style cause we're all into everything. Life is our major influence. Pussy is a major motivational factor because that's what life is about. We love lovely ladies, and they inspire us to play just like ancient times. We're not doing anything new, we're just enjoying and loving what we do for the reason that this is what we've dreamt of doing for as long as we can remember.

RRP: Where did you all grow up and how did you end up in Tucson?

I: We are all from Nogales, AZ and moved up to Tucson in '98, I think. After Levi and I finished high school, we couldn't wait to leave Nogales cause we just wanted to play out, but there was no place to play down there except for playing in Mexico, and that was probably like once every 2 months. So we'd practice and have nowhere to play. At that time we really didn't know anything about booking shows or anything so it just felt like if we wanted to play, we gotta be somewhere where there were more places to play, and more bands. We knew the Weird Lovemakers and Los Federales cause they would come down to Nogales and play so we thought maybe those guys could help us get some shows. Our friend was going to this art school up in Tucson and my brother and I thought we could do that too, and have our parent's support by going to school and not just throw our lives away by playing punk rock. So my brother got his degree in advertising art, and I didn't graduate because I cared more about playing shows, booking bands, and writing music than putting more effort into meeting deadlines at school. I just needed like 2 more pieces for my portfolio, but right now I want to think about music, and when I'm older I'll finish getting my degree. So we know Jimmy from Nogales, and know that he is also living up here in Tucson, and we really liked the band he was last in from Nogales called Nope. So we get together and the rest is history.

RRP: If you were to write the tourist pamphlets for the city of Tucson, what would be in them?

J: It would have to be this kick ass, bitchin' hot taco truck that parks on 29th & Craycroft; taqueria 2000 quiero un burrito como tu lo haces, taqueria 2000 para mi!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

RRP: When I was in Tucson I heard word of something called a donkey show across the border in Mexico. Ever seen one of those?

I: I've never seen a donkey show. It's like seeing a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

J: Ask Levi, he'll take you there when his girlfriend's not around.

RRP: Do you guys have any special talents that will overcome our female readers and make them swoon?

I: My dick is wrapped in bacon, just like a Mexican hotdog... mmm.

L: "Les meto los huevoos en la panocha".

J: I am the Hammer, the Titan (it's not a tumor) the Impaler of Virgins far and wide. Really!

RRP: If heaven exists, what do you want to hear God say as you pass through the pearly gates?

I: "Wow, bacon!" There are no good bands in heaven.

RRP: If you became president, what country would you like to make war with?

J: Bomb Singapore. If you get caught getting a blowjob it's life sentence.

RRP: What do you love; what makes you tick?

L: Panocha.

I: Beans. I love beans.

J: Jacking off to Dayglo Abortions. "We are here, here for today but we'll be guano, guano tomorrow!"

RRP: What do you find the most depressing thing to be?

I: When I run out of beans.

J: Being an ex-husband. It was all my fault, I'm sorry!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

RRP: Ever killed a hooker, stuffed her into a suitcase, then left her at the airport?

I: I'll get in trouble if I answer this one.... not the dead part, just the hooker part. Jimmy is always getting in trouble with chicks, though.

J: Getting girls pregnant. That phone call the next day is a fucking drag man.

I: When we all lived together, there was a couple of times there were messages on our machine with this girl we nicknamed Chuck Berry saying "Jimmy; I'm pregnant." Therefore we titled one of our songs about Chuck Berry "Chuck's Baby."

RRP: Is there anything else you might want to come clean about and confess? What is the most wrong thing you've ever done?

L: Fuck my friend's girlfriend.

J: I've never done a skinhead dyke! It was all an illusion, I swear! No bulldogs or hogwils either.

RRP: I recently learned that years ago my cousin used stories of my drunken exploits as an example when counseling children in the D.A.R. E. program. What is the worst trouble drugs or alcohol have ever gotten you into?

L: Melissa.

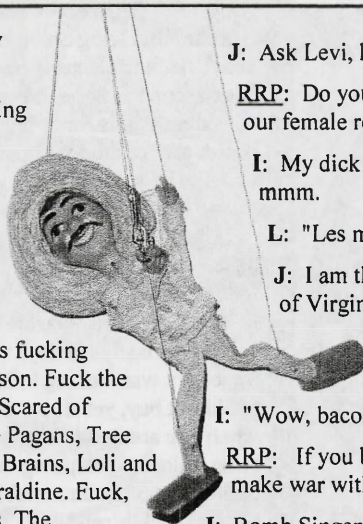
I: Picking up a transvestite. Then I saw its neck.

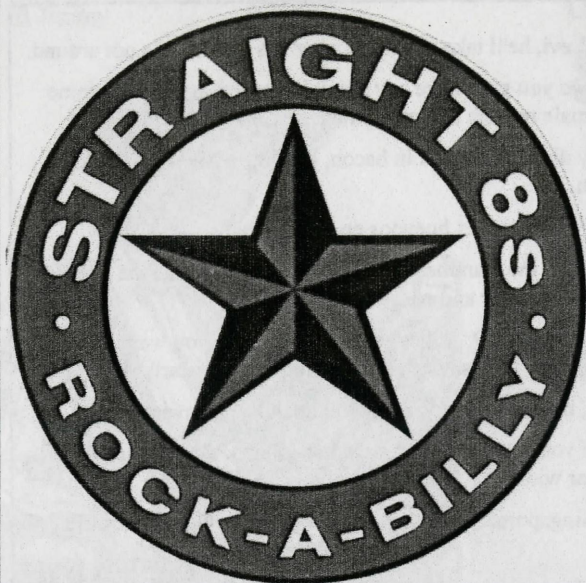
J: I said, "I do."

RRP: The rest of this space is for you to explain the miracle of human reproduction using the most colorful euphemisms you can come up with, as though you are talking to a five-year-old, but really it will be some pervert in Ohio who likes that sort of kink.

J: Hey kid, you ever seen bulldog eating a jar of mayonnaise and then throw it up?

To all our lady fans. please send us tangas, bras, stalkings, panties, plastic tampon applicators, to put in the fan club bass drum; the secret of our sound.





It is said that King Solomon amassed such wealth & comfort that whatever desire he fancied easily became a ready indulgence. His riches & power were second to none in his time. However, on the minus side, you have to consider that his times precluded him from having the luxury of modern health care & indoor plumbing. Likewise, he could never even begin to imagine being able to microwave a delicious meal in just seconds, make a phone call to someone in another country, or drag down main street in a '55 Chevy with a 402 big block engine. Perhaps worst of all, he wouldn't have been able to buy a Straight 8s CD. Would King Solomon, renowned for his justice, have even wanted a Straight 8s CD? There is no doubt that he would, for it is treasure multiplied, but alas, he had no way to get one, so unfortunately his days were filled with a vague feeling that something important was lacking in his life. Something that even his extreme wealth could not buy, yet all but our most poor in this century can afford. So when you are down & wanting a life filled with gold & luxury, think of ole King Solomon, crapping in his chamber pot with his horses parked outside, & the glint of an unutterable desire in his eyes. What good is gold if you want to rock'n'roll?

Robert Striegler: Vocals, Guitars
Pat McGraw: Upright Bass
Bernie Fox: Drums

RRP: What kind of people are you? Are you the sort who give money to beggars on the street? What do you tell them when you don't give them any?

Pat: I don't give anyone money. I'll offer food and water.

Robert: I only give them money if I happen to have some change in my pocket. I guess that means I only give when it's convenient. Ooh, is that bad?

Bernie: I only give them money when their sign says "Need Money for Beer!"

RRP: I have a weird habit of telling them "no, but thanks for asking." I never have extra money... I take the assumption that I might as a complement, I guess. Anyway, you've recently finished your first CD. What can you tell us about the sound you were going for, what sort of gear you use, and how you feel about the end result?

R: We were going for a raw sound, no frills. I wanted a recording that sounded mostly vintage so most of the album was recorded on an old 1959 Ampex 4 track machine. It made recording more difficult because fixing things became nearly impossible. But hey, we wanted raw right? The best thing about the recording is that if you come out to see us live you'll never be disappointed because you've been listening to some slick studio version of us. When you see us live we sound very close to the recorded version...only LIVE!

RRP: Were you guys in any bands prior to the Straight 8's? If so, what were they?

R: Nope, nothing worth mentioning.

B: Dragon Tree, (Grunge) Goodwill, (West Coast Punk) Humanature, (Old School



WWW.STRAIGHT8S.COM

Punk) Hobart Willis and the Back 40, (Old School Country).

P: Too many to list here. You've never heard of them anyway. (Except possibly Two Dollar Pistols, which I co-founded.)

RRP: How did you come up with the name of the new album "Casualties of Cool"?

R: I was looking for a title that wasn't too cocky or pompous. We're just a bunch of regular guys. After playing with a few ideas, the name Casualties of Cool came up. Outside of the way it rolled off the tongue fairly well I thought it said just the right thing. Let's face

it we've all done something stupid before just because we were trying to look or act cool. I figured it was the kind of idea that everyone could relate to.

RRP: What kind of work do you do?

P: As little as I can get away with...

R: Corporate peon....help!

B: If it pays...I'm there.

RRP: Could you talk a little bit about where you live and where you were raised? What was it like for you growing up?

P: Total suburbanite. Kids everywhere, lots of trouble to get into; like building tree houses

so we could have a place to smoke the cigs we stole from our dads. We were into building fires for some reason too.

R: I was born and raised in SoCal. By the time I hit my early twenties I'd had enough of the over crowding and attitudes so I took off for the East Coast and I've never regretted it for a minute.

B: Well, I live in NC but I'm originally from Texas, ('nuff said) and yes, everything's bigger.

RRP: What are some of your interests outside of music? Cars, women, chess, medieval literature... whatever?

P: Wanking, of course, and the occasional ride on my old Triumph motorbikes.

R: Oh the usual I guess, old cars, Brit bikes, B-Movies, etc.

B: I love my wife and daughter, and I just picked a 1949 Hudson.

RRP: A good friend of mine once burnt his face up when he was drunk and trying to blow fire. What's your worst experience with pyrotechnics of any sort, or maybe just the stupidest thing you've done period?

P: Made smoke bombs out of black powder rolled up in a Kleenex. Had one go off in a friend's hand. It melted his nylon windbreaker.

R: I had a firecracker go off in my face once. Kinda blinded one eye for about 15 minutes. Scared the shit outta me.

B: I once had to put a friend's eyebrows out when he jumped through a fire.

RRP: People tell me occasionally that I look like fucked-up people... I strongly object to looking anything like Tom Green. When I was younger it was Ralph Machio, which was also just plain wrong. Who do people say you resemble - good or bad?

P: People usually tell me I resemble a horse's ass.

R: I used to get Kevin Bacon a lot but it's been awhile since I heard that so maybe I've grown out of it a bit.

B: I get Tom Delong (Blink182), Val Kilmer, and Mark Wahlberg.

RRP: Who is your favorite singer of all time?

P: Hard question to answer. Too many great ones. Although Sam Cooke, Dusty Springfield and Maria McKee come to mind. This Canadian chick Loreena McKennitt makes me weepy and, of course, you can't forget Wanda Jackson for sheer balls.

R: Elvis!

B: Dean Martin

RRP: What actions do you think should be added to the legal justifications for murder?

P: Anyone with "No Fear" on their windshield should be shot on sight.



RRP: What was your closest brush with death?

P: Methane poisoning from eating undercooked black beans.

B: I was using my electric razor one time and.....I can't go on...

RRP: What was your most heroic moment?

P: Performed Heimlich maneuver on drunken, choking neighbor. My dogs ate his puke. (Robert saw the whole thing.)

B: Having a kid.

RRP: What is the best advice you've ever received?

P: "'Tis better to have it and not need it than to need it and not have it." AND "... it's not how old you are, it's how you are old."

R: It's better to keep your mouth shut and risk looking stupid than to open your mouth and prove it.

B: Measure twice, cut once.

RRP: When I was a real young kid, for some reason I hoped to one day become a full-service gas station attendant (those were way more common back then). I was so into the glory of pumping gas that I even had Sohio overalls that I wore around. When you were a kid, what odd things (or maybe not so odd) did you hope to grow up and be?

P: I wanted to be a PLAYBOY photographer. Coolest job in the world to a pre-adolescent. I didn't know porn existed.

R: I guess like lots of kids I wanted to be an astronaut. But I gotta say, I don't think I've ever heard anything as inherently cool as a kid who wants to grow up to be a gas station attendant. That Rocks!

B: A musician.

RRP: Is there anything else that you'd like to add?

B: Thanks to all the people that have paved my past to get me where I am today.

P: Just remember this: something is illegal ONLY because a bunch of hypocritical politicians decided to make it illegal. You know what's right and what's wrong. Twist one up if you want to. Fuck 'em.

THE KNOCKOUT PILLS

TUCSON, AZ



Here is a band so cool they actually combat global warming, so suave you could shampoo your hair with 'em, and so sexy they're like goats in a petting zoo whenever there are lonely shepherds around. Their racket is 60's garage funds funneled through offshore punk rock accounts, then re-introduced as fully laundered 4-track dividends... and such a scheme just might make them rich!

Travis Spillers: *vocals, bass* Jason Willis: *guitar*
Matt Rendon: *vocals, guitar* Gerard Schumacher: *drums*

www.knockoutpills.com

RRP: Why did you guys decide to become the Knockout Pills? Is that a reference to Rohypnol, the benzodiazepine that has quickly become the date rape drug of choice? Are you guys date rapists?!!

Travis: There was no decision to be made. The Almighty had a plan for us long before the coagulation of this great rock group. Somewhere around November, 2001 A.D. He said unto us (individually) "Go mighty warrior, bring me the heads of the weak and unordained bunch of dudes known as The Knock-Out Drops" (a pathetic, yet sneaky group of chodes from Jersey). The machine was set in motion and we four lords (Jason, Gerard, Matt and Travis) set out to behead the stinky shitbeast. Soon it was clear (thanks to another swift "talking-to" from the Almighty and a long, well-deserved nap) that it would be much more efficient to change our moniker and re-christen our virile posse the KNOCKOUT PILLS !! We get a lot of the date rape reference. But where I come from dates are a fruit grown on a tree. Salvador Dali actually used dates to make his mustache stay in place. He said the only disadvantage was that it attracted flies. It's actually a spy vs. spy thing. You know, from Mad magazine. Those guys would knock each other out but seldom would they participate in the act of rape. And lastly, no, we DO NOT CONDONE forced intercourse with any fruit or vegetable. Gentle, gentle.....

RRP: Your band is often described as a Tucson super-group made up of members of Weird Lovemakers, Los Federales, and The

Resonars. How does this band differ from those past bands you've each been in, and why did those bands break apart?

Jason: The Weird Lovemakers was a band Gerard & I were in for like 6 years or something, and we broke up cause the bass player finally figured out that, you know, SIX FUCKING YEARS was enough for him, so he moved to SF to be the lover of another. It was a pretty different thing though; more diverse (we'd just do anything we thought of, whereas the Knockout Pills seem to've kinda figured out that that isn't always the smartest idea) & probably a more spastic punk rock type deal overall. I dunno, all the music I write is sorta the same really (I'm a half trick pony at best) but now the sweet sweet sounds of Travis & Matt's oozing harmonies dance over the top like will o' the whisps on a swampy bog and it makes ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD! Now you can see why I never write lyrics.

Travis: Well, since I doubt Matt Rendon (he IS the Resonars) will answer any of these questions due to his enormous ego, I will tell you that he has not broken himself. This is good and the Resonars continue to put out fabulous slabs of rock on the recording label popularly known as Get Hip! As for Los Federales, they went out with a fizzle (fo-shizzle!) due to myself stabbing the others members in the back with false promises, delusions of grandeur and a huge financial scandal that *rocked* (and nearly destroyed!) the local music community. But, this is hardly the time or format to discuss such matters. As far as differences between these fabulous groups go, well my amigo let me put it

to you this way.....We all came over to this great land on different boats, BUT we're all in the same boat now, brother!!

RRP: Travis, I've read in Razorcake that you thought this band would be a straight pop band playing "gushy, meaningless tripe." Were you serious? What pop albums do you have hiding in the darkest areas of your music collection?

Travis: Hell's yes!! I wanted to be a part of a pop-tacular 30-something version of Silverchair meets Hanson. And was I disappointed, chum? Well, yes. As far as records that the readers would perceive as embarrassing? Hmm..... Fleetwood Mac's "Rumours", Bright Eyes "Fever and Mirrors" and any of the Weird Lovemaker's stuff. I'm not afraid to admit any of it though as I am an individual and not a cunt.

Jason: Fucking Travis. He's always gotta play the "punk card" doesn't he? Hey, I'll tell ya that the pop in this band runs deep & far, and it's not always pretty. Speaking personally (& pretending that you asked me to) I'll cop to 20 Fingers, Michael Pagliaro, Aqua, some ye-ye girl music as well as plenty of Archies, 1910 Fruitgum Company etc. My music collection is pretty well lit though.

RRP: I also read that you try to be more restrained on stage than you were with Los Federales? Why is that? What did you used to do, and what are you like now?

Jason: Refer to "punk card" as above. If being restrained means not drooling & making goofy faces, I'd say he's been an abject failure so far.

Travis: OK, so maybe I am a bit of a cunt.

When did this interview turn into the Travis story? Oh, wait, you wanted it to be interesting and enjoyable for the reader. OK, so back to me. I'm trying to spread my seed around the west coast, therefore it is necessary to maintain a "cool" image on stage and to give the appearance of one who is sensitive and can "go the distance" if you know what I mean. Wink, wink. Nudge, nudge. Punk rock and it's shenanigans did not bring home the bacon and I am still without progeny. So, yes, aesthetic sacrifice was a must. The days of vomiting chocolate blood, shooting the audience with bb's and wee little pink tu-tu's are gone. Now I wear jeans and a t-shirt (preferred uniform for Knockout Pills) and am content with the vast array of lovers this look has produced for me. Thanks America!!!

RRP: In Tucson it seemed to me that the rockabilly, garage, punk rock and whatever other "scene" wasn't very isolated from the others, which was cool. Is that the way you see it, or does that mainly apply to Tucson bands supporting and digging each other, and not to the actual crowds that come out to shows?

Jason: Hey, you've hit on something that I really love about Tucson. It could get even MORE intermingled, but essentially it's small enough, and the people in the scene are open minded & diverse enough, that most of the genres do kinda cross streams more than in other cities I've lived in. So some chick in the doom rock band plays drums in the alt-country band with the guy who does noise collage stuff on 4-track at home with his friend who sings for the punk group, etc etc. Just like it oughtta be. The crowds though, are still mostly people in bands unless you kinda luck out (or play music people can dance to). People who go to dance clubs (usually full) probably get laid more, and let's face it; everyone wants to get laid.

RRP: Please describe the best local eccentrics - the unique and interesting people in your town. I remember seeing a guy with a shiny futuristic outfit sparing for change on a corner downtown, and a midget working the door at a club when I was there.

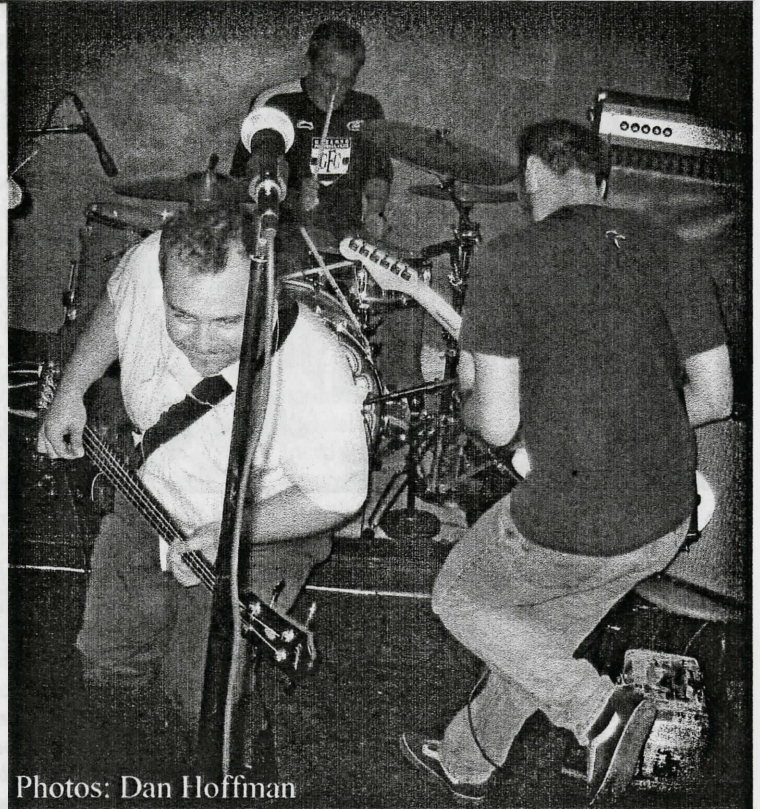
Jason: This town is pretty loaded with em, but now that I don't work near downtown or the campus I'm sorta out of the loop. There's always "the Scary Guy" or that dude who runs "the Meet Rack" though w/ the porn museum. Maybe that guy "tree"? Ahh fuck, I'm pulling a blank here. <http://www.thescaryguy.com/> <http://www.meetrackbar.com/>

Travis: OK, first off, the term "midget" is offensive to most little people. They prefer to be called "Freak" or "Shrimpy" and will not answer when called by their legal names, ever! Danny, the guy who works the door at the Rialto was actually a big-time (no pun intended, and all sarcasm aside temporarily) wrestler in the late 70's and early 80's in Mexico. He's a cool dude. He's told me a couple of stories of wild wrestling parties with naked ladies and lots 'o crazy shit. Apparently he had a pretty good life down there until mini wrestling lost it's popularity. I heard he was a Oompa-Loompa in Willy Wonka as well. Cool, huh? I should ask him next time I see him. Um, man there's tons of crazy folks here that you wouldn't have over for dinner but they're harmless and quite entertaining. This town is like a freak magnet. During the school year (UofA) it's also an asshole magnet.

RRP: I read on your web-site that something strange happened to you guys recently when your van was pulled over. Could you explain what that was?

Jason: I hope Travis tells this tale, cause I tried my best on the website & maybe kinda failed -- Matt & Travis ended up on the evening news though, and the angle they pushed was "local rock band is so dumb they didn't even know they could've been killed". They didn't mention our name either, naturally.

Here's the bit from the website: SUNDAY, OCT 12: So get this; last Monday we were driving up to Phoenix with our pal Mark Beef to play the second of two shows with the Little Killers (who were great by the way). All of a sudden there's these flashing white lights behind us and Matt says "I'm being pulled over -- can you guys think of any reason WHY I would be pulled over?". Well we couldn't but we were so busy trying to find the registration and make sure we didn't have a bunch of beers open or anything stupid that it didn't matter. So we pull off to the



Photos: Dan Hoffman

side of the road and some dude comes RUNNING up to the van wearing plain clothes. He peeks inside, sees all 5 of us and then says something in Spanish along the lines of "Oh, I thought you were my friends" and laughs while seeming to apologize. We're all pretty confused and everything but mostly relieved that it wasn't a real cop (the light was pretty bright but he seemed to be just driving an SUV so it was already weird) that we just sorta say "oh, okay fine, no problem, man" like it's normal for some dude to pull over every big white van that he thinks might be his friends or something. He SPRINTS back to his SUV and we kinda forgot about it, but a few days later we see this article in the local paper about these guys pulling over people on the highway between Tucson and Phoenix by pretending to be cops. They've been shooting out tires when people don't stop and waving guns around and making folks run out into the desert and shit if they do; so we must've passed the test or something to just be let go (or maybe he just got a good look at Mark). Either way it's pretty weird, but for highway luck it sure beats the story the Little Killers told us later that night about getting two speeding tickets within an hour of each other in Texas for \$500. Fucking scofflaws.

Travis: Ok, so we're goin' to a gig in Phoenix and all-a-da-sudden we see flashing lights in our mirrors, right? We pull over and stash open containers of booze away. Thinkin we're gonna get popped for the booze and possible speeding. Some dude in jeans and a t-shirt runs up to Matt's side o' the van and says in Spanish "sorry we thought you were our friends" and runs back to the vehicle that we thought was a cop car. Weird. We are pretty fuckin happy that it ain't no goddamn pig at that point so we just drive on and shake our heads and forget about the whole weirdness. A week later we hear on the news that two dudes impersonating po-lice occifiers have been pulling people over to rob 'em. So far they haven't been successful but they managed to shoot at a couple of unsuspecting drivers, etc., etc. So, yeah I guess we got lucky and didn't get shot at. Then we were on the news cause we are important people and our chum Joey has a job to do as a local reporter guy. God, this story is soooooooo 2003!

RRP: Wasn't there a serial killer from Tucson that used to be a rockabilly type of guy? Do you know about that story?

Travis: Charles "Smitty" Schmid. 3 kills. He was a creepy little fella that used to hang out with the high school outcasts and cruise Speedway Blvd. where all the drive-ins and hotspots were. He was in his early 20's and



was idolized by some of the kids. He would crush beer cans and put 'em in his boots to appear taller. He would wear eye make-up, a fake mole (sexy apparently) and would sometimes wear band-aids to appear as if he'd been in a fight. He was a big puss though and wasn't so much rockabilly as just a greasy elvis fan (I know, I know). He killed one teenage girl with a rock out in the desert with a couple of friends of his in tow. Later killed two sisters (one was a friend of my aunt) and buried them in shallow graves out in the desert. They were last seen at the De-Anza Drive-In Theater (still in operation!). So, yeah, he gets caught a couple of years down the road cause he's got a big fuckin' mouth and the town's teens eventually rat him out. The mob (Bonano family) even gets involved at one point! It's a good story and I just kinda butchered it there (ah jeez!). There's a book about the whole thing called "Cold-Blooded" by John Gilmore and it's pretty thorough. The story made the cover of Life magazine. Cool photos of Tucson in the late 60's in that one. Also two movies that were loosely based on the story.

RRP: What was your most cherished toy when you were a kid?

Travis: The Slime Game!! It was a board game with two Slime monsters at each side of the game board. If your dude was caught under the Slime Monster it would drop its slimy load on you. (Sounds like..... oh never mind!) That and I had a Hot Wheels car-maker-thing. You had the molds and some crayons and you could melt 'em into your own custom turd-mobile!!! Fun. Not real fun, but Snoopy Sno-cone Machine "fun."

Jason: Either "Hugo man of a thousand faces" or any random thing I ordered from the Johnson House Novelty Company (Remote control Ghost, talking toilet, etc) or maybe all my Micronauts. Oh and monster models -- I still have most of them actually. My parents found them in the attic when they moved. Fuck but I'm pathetic.

RRP: Do you guys collect anything interesting or odd?

Travis: Mexican rock and roll records. You'd

think that with our proximity to the border there would be tons of 'em around. Nope. Coolest record I got so far was at Viva La Vinyl record store in Bellingham, Washington. Who'd a thunk? Most of the stuff I desire are tougher, harder-edged versions of American and British invasion 60's rock. Los Apson, Los Locos Del Ritmo, Los Babys those guys could make the bands they covered look like total chumps!

Jason: I dunno if they're interesting or odd, but I've got a fucking problem with this collecting thing. Something in my brain keeps telling me that if I have one of something, it'd sure be a WHOLE LOT FUCKING BETTER if I had 90 of them with slight variations. All the usual media crap (records, movies, magazines) and then the other junk that starts to pile up (monster masks, weirdo posters, old packaging I like, wooden ritual masks from Mexico)... it's getting out of hand & I need help.

RRP: What Would Jesus Do if confronted with the split second decision whether to super-size His meal combo?

Travis: No glutton was he. He would have simply taken the wine and bread combo. (I believe it's # 3:14)

RRP: What if He caught His neglected wife in bed with her yoga instructor?

Jason: there's probably a "Christ would be cross" joke in here somewhere.

Travis: Shhiiiiit! Jesus don't take no mess!!!! He had a donger like a vibratin' baby's arm holdin' a tennis ball! Even with such blessings though, he could not offer his wife the special comfort of a warm, understanding hand and the sweet, sensually wet lips of a woman. What could His Holiness do but kneel his ass down in the corner of the room and watch the magic unfold? (That's especially funny..... unfold.....yoga!)

RRP: How 'bout if two Christian countries at war both prayed to Him for victory at the same time?

Jason: Ahh, that's just business as usual, right?

Travis: Oh, who cares!! Humans are a fucking plague!

RRP: Or if a group of jocks tried to give Him a wedgie at His high school prom?

Travis: I heard that there's a lot of that going on in Hell. Last one in is a total douche bag!

Jason: Hey, did you go to your prom? Seems like no one I know did. Me neither, so I don't want to stick my neck out on assuming I know about the complex social wheels within wheels that go on at these things.

RRP: Yeah, actually, I went to three proms. High School was a long, hard journey for me. One prom was at a school where they had a "drive your tractor to school day." I'm not making that up, either. Another one had people crowd surfing to a DJ playing Green Day. Rough.

Anyway, last situation for Jesus: what would He do if Satan asked for forgiveness and resolved to no longer be the root of all evil, thereby negating the need for Jesus as Savior, and making Him feel useless since sin would be abolished?

Travis: Oh my God! Do you reeeally think that could happen? I gotta go call my sister. That shit is off da hook!

RRP: What is your favorite word or phrase?

Travis: Sweet Jewish Wine!!! My old bandmate Stu and I tried to get that one to catch. You've heard it, right? No. We failed. I like "fuck-tard" as well. Or GG Allin's "Ass Face". Alas, words are antiquated anyway. (*&(*^\$*%\$%^&%(*)*)*((\$!\$!\$ @^\$^&!&(&(*)_+}":."@?>@><*&!&% @)*****. %%%\$^@@"*&^&^!#?+?+&^&^%@\$#!&*&^&^\$#@!%!(*&@^&!%&^\$@*%&@+{ { { ":"?>?><!*&!><@^<^<^<^<

RRP: If you were named like one of the 7 dwarves for the most predominant characteristic of your personality, what would you be called?

Travis: Scalpy. The one who drank too much Robitussin and couldn't stop itching his scalp through the whole stupid movie.

RRP: Onward, to your 14th question in this maze of interrogation and intrigue...What is the best pick-up line that has never worked for you? What about the worst one that actually did?

Jason: Best one that didn't? Fuck I wish I knew this off hand, but the worst one that worked was probably inviting someone over to house to look at my (etchings) paintings. I think I may've also asked one gal if she wanted to pose for some nude photos & it worked. Hey, I went to art school.

Travis: I've got every Greco-Roman style wrestling movie ever made at my mom's house. She's in Florida right now. I like ice cream. Do you like ice cream? I just love ice cream.

RRP: Who was your childhood role model?

Jason: Either Spider-Man or Frankenstein's monster were both tops for me. By 1977 I suppose it was Kiss, who had a little of both.

RRP: Please describe an episode in your life where you learned a hard lesson.

Jason: Saying "Sure, I think I can finish this interview by Friday" to Travis.

Travis: Refer to my answer to question #14. Then add a dash of Tucson Police Department.

RRP: Through work I recently met an old guy

living in the sticks who talked to me about numerous government conspiracies, such as the "chemtrails" that are left behind jets. Apparently that isn't fuel exhaust, but a chemical agent dropped by the CIA to affect our respiratory systems and thin the population, since the world is overpopulated according to U.N. findings. What is the strangest conspiracy theory that you've come across, or would like to put out there?

Travis: "In a few decades or less we can assume that the Three Branches of Government and the Bicameral/Two-Party system will be generally accepted as the basic form of government in ALL nations. An identity with the Trinity and the Cross in religion. The United Nations will probably manifest this form also. An enormous stabilization of world politics will ensue. Drastic cuts will be made in nuclear arsenals. A program of military build-down, in inverse proportion to the standard of living will become the new long range military philosophy. The scientific theory of psychology and theology will unify all governments, all cultures, all languages, and all religions. They are all simply embellishments of the same simple structure, the Cross. The unity of mankind is achieved in the scientifically proven form of universal government. A universal language can be expected to be

achieved within 500 to a thousand years and poverty eliminated before that. Genetic control of all diseases and illnesses within 1000 to 2000 years. Within, 3000 years the aging process will no longer be considered a problem. By the year 6000 food, clothing and shelter will be as free as the air we breathe. By the year 7000 every living person will be GOD."- George Hammond, boring nut.

RRP: You can use the rest of the interview to ask *me* something. Yeah, that would be good, together we can throw the conventional interview out the window, disrupt the entrenched rules that have plagued the fanzine structure for too long. Let us rebel against the designated roles that limit us. You have questions. You are no better than me. You don't possess all the answers, and I'm not just some vacuous dolt sucking up wisdom and various anecdotes from rock'n'roll bands in order to season my own bland personality. I know plenty of stuff too, so go ahead, ask me anything. ANYTHING. C'mon, are ya yella, punk?

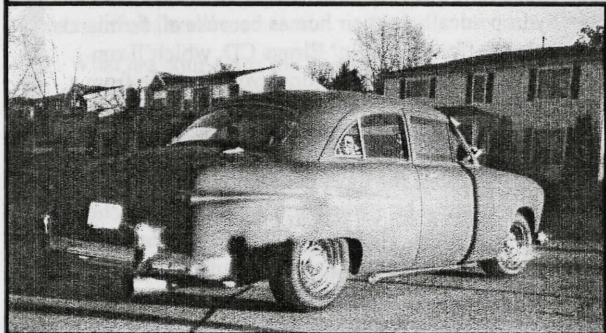
Jason: Hey, how about if you enjoy any of those great radio shows from the 30's & 40's (and hell, even 50's & on) that should be listened to. I nominate "Lum & Abner" for the amusing folksy Mark Twain like whimsy that Norris Goff & Chester Lauck put across (and

do so by playing almost every character on the show themselves), "Vic & Sade" for being probably the best written slice of American life I've ever heard in my life (due to the talents of Paul Rhymer), "Dragnet" for being the cultural touchstone it deserves to be thanks to Jack Webb's singularity of vision, and Jean Shepherd's monologues because I've been listening to them lately. Old Time Radio man, that's where it's at. Fuck this music shit, it's just a fad.

RRP: Yeah, music is on the outbound train. I think the future is in electro-impulse bone harmonies that rattle & hum through your skeletal system. There will also be lyrical transfusions via blood pathogens, giving you the soulful disease known as melodic thrombosis.

Travis: Yeah, so, how many deaf people do you know an' shit?

RRP: Unfortunately I don't know any deaf people, although my girlfriend pretends she can't hear me when she's mad, does that count? Just because I don't know any deafers doesn't mean that I am prejudiced against them, though. It's blind people that piss me off with their "please hold my hand across the street, sir" attitudes and tough-guy sunglasses. I can say that because they'll never read this. Shhhh, don't say anything, just smile and wave...



Kustom Ride Spotlight

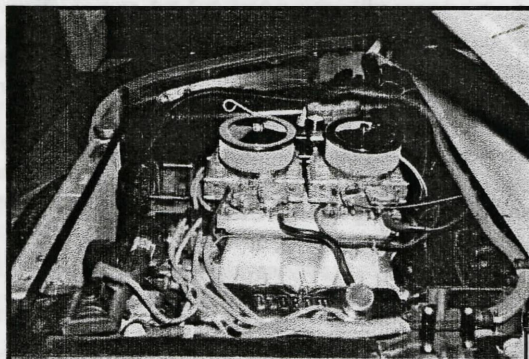
Contributor: Jill A. Kemper
poorlittlefool58@aol.com

The Rockin' Wranglers were known to belt out "Dig that Ford, that crazy Ford. Move on over and let that Ford go by!" If I didn't know any better I would think they were referring to Doug Balaz's 1949 Ford Custom 2 door. Perhaps they were afraid of Doug, a Hilliard Ohio native, melting their paint job by the heat of his 5" chrome tips. With two high powered coils he confesses on a good day the flames can reach three to four feet.

It was four years ago when Balaz tracked down this Oklahoma shoebox with the help of a vintage car dealer. His goal was to acquire a ride that truly represented the 50's street rod era. The body style also caught his eye, a similar style to the '49-'51 Mercurys which are popular projects these days. With the assistance of his brother Dennis, a mechanic by trade, he's put countless hours into the Ford's transformation. A hobby for him that he admits is therapeutic. Cosmetically the '49 sports a coat of red oxide primer, 15" chrome smoothies, Road Devils drag plate (he's the Sergeant of Arms of the Ohio chapter), frenched headlights, shaved trim, lake pipes and decked nose and trunk.. Inside you'll find a goodie too, all red velour interior that Balaz sewed himself. There's also a custom console with cd player and power antenna. Which if you add it all up, is just enough equipment to scare the old and feeble with.

Like with an onion, peeling back the layers and not knowing what you'll find, the same can be said for this ride. It boasts all kind of surprises from a '76 Maverick transmission, '85 Ranger 7.5 rear end, '93 Mustang brakes, to the '82 Fairmont speedometer and fuel gauges. Under the hood is a 302 board 40 over V8, 600 Holley carb, C-4 auto transmission and shift kit. Balaz looks forward to installing a full air ride suspension but he's "taking one thing at a time". Which brings us to his future plans. Shaving the door handles is on the list of priorities. And, although a fan through and through of the old school primer look on just about any model, a paint job with a traditional flame job is just around the corner. Which color is undecided at this point. I'm not sure if he's taking suggestions but you can bet your pennies it won't be a trendy metallic paint job, a pet peeve of Balaz's.

To anyone considering this year and/or body style Balaz offers one fair warning. Anyone who owned this model at one point WILL approach you with a memory. You know how the story goes, (most of us classic car owners have experienced it already); who they bought it from, how much, what color theirs was, and eventually how they drove it into the ditch at age 17. But isn't that the beauty of it all? For so many it's the mystery and wonder of what happened to the car oh-so long ago. It's about walking down that road of nostalgia and creating some for the future. Just don't stand directly behind a Ford spewing fire or you may not walk away at all.



Bram Riddlebarger: vocals and flat top guitar Justin Rayner: doghouse bass fiddle "Preacher" Zeb Dewar: take-off lead guitar.

WAILIN' ELROYS



It is projected that with the current rate of inflation by 2020 a decent college will cost \$75,000 per year, doughnuts will cost \$30 a dozen, and a six-pack of beer will be upwards of \$50 (if it is still legal). Further, due to urban sprawl, there will only be 30 species of wild animal left, the oceans will be blackened by municipal waste, and people will be growing corn hydroponically in their homes because all farmlands will be full of yuppie condos. It is hard to imagine that when this time comes you'll be able to afford a Wailin' Elroys CD, which'll run over \$90 on the black market. Yet you'll long for the fresh rural air that it evokes, and its hillbilly sound that reminds you of shade from a willow tree on a sunny day. For this reason alone, it is advisable for you to pick up their idyllic debut CD now, while it is still affordable!

RRP: I know you like to listen to many different kinds of music, so how did you come to start the Wailin' Elroys and take a more traditional country approach?

Bram: Well, we got started in 2002. I have been playing drums in my other band the Redtails for about 10 years and had really been getting into doing my own songs. I'm really into the old time country, hillbilly, and rocknroll sound, the melting pot of the 40's and 50's before everything became too categorized, as well as a lot of punk rock. I mean I just don't see how you can be a musician these days and not have been influenced by all the punk and garage rock that's come out since the 50's, even if you're looking for that era of sound. I recorded a solo album on my own around 2001 that was more folk-country and I was really sure then that I wanted to play with an upright bass player. I just didn't know where to find one around Athens that wasn't a bluegrass style player. But I lucked out and saw a musician's ad on the Athens Musician's Network, the local music scene web site, and before long Justin and I were getting together every week to hash out songs I'd been writing or was writing then. Justin's a great bass player with excellent timing and we really just started finding our sound. We kind of reached a common

ground on where our musical tastes coincided. Of course, Wayne Hancock and his sound were and are a big influence. I mean those guys can play. But I really didn't want to use drums anyway. I was convinced doing my first solo album that drums aren't always necessary, even in modern music. I mean most of the early hillbilly and blues music didn't have or need drums. And I've always played a pretty percussive guitar, which is the instrument I started out on. That and I was trying to get AWAY from the drums and just have fun.

RRP: Sometimes in concert you also have a steel guitarist with the band. How come he isn't permanent, and do you have plans on recording with him?

Bram: Rockne's my uncle and he's been playing with us at about half of our shows for the last four or five months. He lives in Cincinnati, so I just try to bring him over when I can. It's a six hour round trip. And we've yet to practice as a four piece. Actually we don't practice too much as a band. Justin and I practice most of the time and then the lead guys just have to do it onstage. It's rough sometimes, but I believe it's what makes this music fun. Show us what you got! Anyway, I would like to have a steel player

most of the time, but I enjoy playing as a trio quite a bit - whether it's with the Preacher or Rockne. They're both great musicians. I'm also looking to have some other players sit in on some shows as well when I find 'em! But I really like playing with Rockne. He's a helluva lap steel player and has been playing for 30 years or more. He really knows where I'm coming from most of the time and who doesn't like the sound of the Hawaiian steel guitar? It's beautiful.

RRP: Have you always lived in Athens, Ohio? Is that somewhere you can see yourself staying?

Bram: No, I grew up in Logan, Ohio, which is forty minutes or so northwest of Athens. I went to college and transferred around a bit - first to Springfield, OH then Athens then Columbus then back to Athens. After I graduated from Ohio University, I spent a few years traveling. I lived in Washington, PA then Albuquerque, NM, Portland, OR, Columbus, OH, and then went back and forth between Athens and Logan. I've lived in Athens for about 3 years straight now, which is the longest I've stayed put since high school. I like Athens. I'm born to Southeastern Ohio and it's a part of me. I get the itch to move every time the wind blows in a new

smell... but hell... we'll see. I also have a family- wife and daughter and a big extended family that's lived in the area for quite some time. So the roots are deep.

RRP: What sorts of things do you like to write about? How does your own background come out in your songs?

Bram: Well, like I was saying, I feel like I need to write about where I'm from first off. I try to incorporate Southeastern Ohio into my songs whenever possible- names, landscape, etc. On "Cheap Motel" I also wrote a lot of car songs. It's kinda old hat, but cars still just typify America. Rural living is all about driving to get from one place to the next. Of course, I've done a bit of rambling too and there's that as well. Since I've been in Athens for so long without moving I wrote a song we've been playing out lately called "Keep My Feet On The Ground" that's pretty much about what the title says- the end of the road and settling down for a time. I just try to write about things I know and then make stuff up to get a good song out of it. Drinking and smoking songs are always good too- and I've done and do my share of that as well I guess.

RRP: I know that you like to write short fiction as well. What kind of stuff do you write/read, and are you keeping up at it?

Bram: I used to write a lot of prose-poems, short stories, and poems. I'd also write a bunch of short little bits and try to just put them together and make a story out of it. I recently read a book on William S. Burroughs and, though I'd read some of his stuff before, I'd never heard of his "cut-up" method until then, but I guess I did a little of that. I'm also a big fan of Richard Brautigan's work. More recently I've gotten into Sherman Alexie. I also like Daniel Quinn's message. My own fiction writing has taken a back seat the last couple of years to songwriting, booking, promotion and the fact that I play in two bands, have a family, still like to play my solo music, and still try to have a life as well!

RRP: What are your plans for Redtail Records, the label you are looking to get off the ground?

Well, my other band the Redtails has been using that name for our own releases for a number of years now. I've recently put out another solo record of some older music that I issued under the Redtail Records name. I also recorded a solo record for the Redtails bass player, Andrew Weiland, which was on Redtail Records. We've had seven releases so far. It's all lo-fi stuff, pretty primitive. But I'm really into the business end of playing music. I like booking and promotion. I'm pretty naïve really but it's what we do and I enjoy it. I issued the first run of the Wailin' Elroys album under the name of a label our guitar player would like to get going, Double Ought Records. I like the name. But I'm re-releasing it on Redtail Records. I'd really like to be able to build up a local label for music of bands I like - regardless of genre. I don't really care for genre specific things. I like the idea that country music is punk rock is blues and all that. It's about attitude and sound and emotion. That's also what I like about Rock N Roll Purgatory. I hope to start signing bands within a year or two if things go well.

RRP: What can you tell me of The Redtails sound and history?

Bram: The Redtails are me on drums, my brother Seth Riddlebarger on electric guitar and vocals, and Andrew Weiland on electric bass guitar and vocals. Seth and Andrew do the songwriting in the band and basically sing the songs they write. We've been playing together almost ten years off and on. We've been really playing out now for about 3 or 4 years. The music is hard rock - a heavy influence of blues and country beats. Seth's really into the Rolling Stones and a lot of local and regional bands that come through Athens. We've got two albums on the shelf right now waiting to be released. They should both be out by year's end.

RRP: What do you guys do aside from music?

Bram: Well Justin's in school right now in education. He also teaches guitar lessons on weekends. He's an excellent guitar player. He just

www.wailinelroys.com



picked up the doghouse bass about 2 years ago and boy I'm glad. Zeb also does a lot of his own music. He had a great band a year or so ago called 3 Speed Rusty. Now he's doing some local recording and working on a solo record I believe. He's put out 2 or 3 solo records. He's also an artist - he puts together all sorts of old junk, scraps and whatnot, and comes out with these really cool sculptures.

RRP: With you being from Athens, I have to ask why do so many people flock there for Halloween? Does that get annoying living there when year after year the town is taken over by drunken college kids? Do you dread Halloween every year due to that?

Bram: It's just a phenomenon. I think it's the second biggest party in the country next to Mardi Gras. It just keeps getting bigger and bigger and there's a bunch of tension right now with the police and town about what to do about the increasing violence and social disorder. I think the whole thing started in the 60's or 70's. It's usually a pretty fun time though, certainly an experience. I just stay away from uptown on year's that I don't want to deal with it. I don't dread it though- anarchy's not a bad thing sometimes.

RRP: Speaking of alcoholic benders, what's your worst drunk you've ever been on? What happened?

Bram: Well, it's not the worst, but most recently we played a show up in Cleveland with the Crawdad's and then partied all night at Sugar's house. We stayed up until 7:30am drinking whiskey and playing music. It was a great time... until Justin woke us up around 10am and drove us back to Athens. I had a show with the Redtails that night and felt pretty awful.

RRP: Have you ever tried to care, but felt dead inside - like your heart was a congealed mass of tissue tossed inside the waste receptacle of your body?

Bram: I've felt that way on occasion. I think it's usually a time when I need to stop and think about why I'm doing what I'm doing and if it's worth it.

RRP: If in heaven we get whatever pleasures we desire, what will yours be like?

Bram: My greatest pleasure and idea of heaven is pure nothing. Not very exciting, but what could be better than the end of sensation - good or bad.

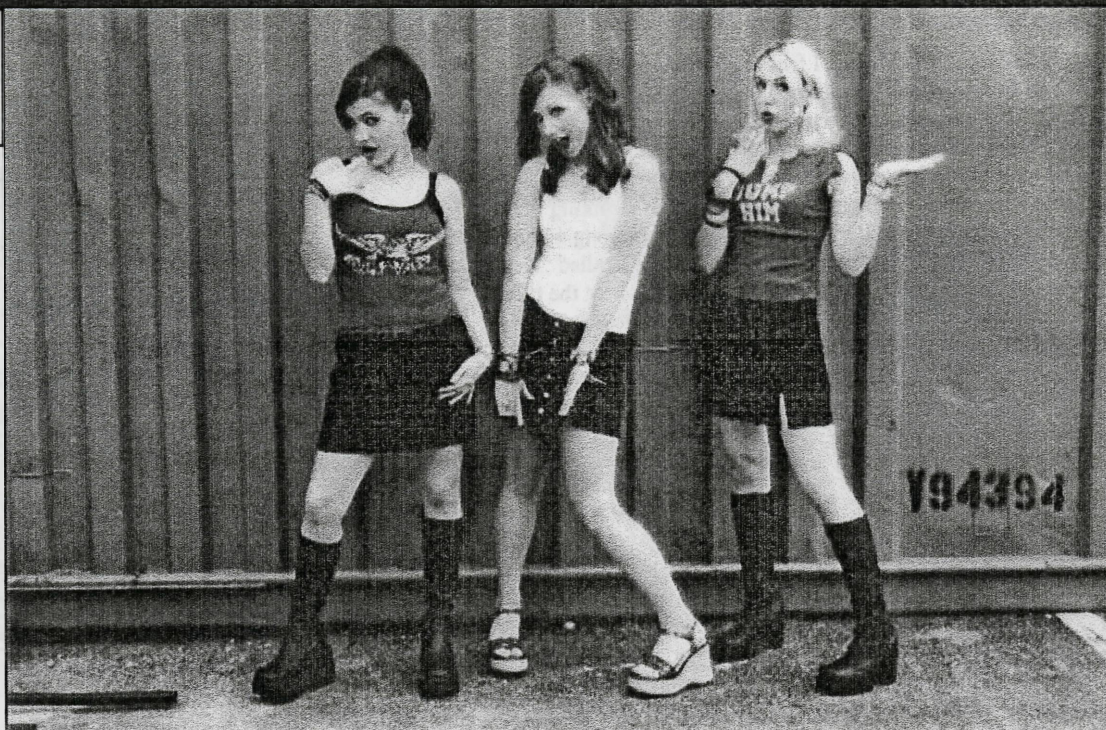
Test Time For...

THE HIGH SCHOOL HELLCATS

FINAL SCORE:

95% A+

We specially formulated these Exam Questions for the High School Hellcats to test every facet of their punk rock proficiency. We are pleased to report that these venomous vixens passed with ease, and are sure to have a bright future of crime, delinquency, and rock'n'roll ahead of them.



Multiple Choice:

1. You guys are from:
☐ A.) The Baltimore area
☐ B.) The petri dish of a mad Russian scientist
☐ C.) A shanty town in Jamaica
☐ D.) Sardinia
2. Your music is influenced by:
☐ A.) Joan Jett
☐ B.) The Bangles
☐ C.) Sny Snoodles and the Jabba the Hutt house band
☒ D.) Corey Feldman (Duh!)
3. You met each other:
☐ A.) while working in a Malaysian massage parlor
☒ B.) while living as pickpocket ruffians in London's east side
☐ C.) at Star Trek convention
☐ D.) while dancing around a fire at a meeting of the Modern Druids Society
4. Your opinion about Rock N Roll Purgatory is:
☐ A.) I like it
☐ B.) I like it a lot
☒ C.) I think about it when I'm with my lover
☐ D.) I've constructed generously endowed statues to a Romanesque ideal that resemble the magazine's humble founders

5. Who was the sexiest character on Sanford and Son?
☐ A.) Fred
☐ B.) Grady
☒ C.) Lamont
☐ D.) Ester

Fill in the Blank:

6. The High School Hellcats take their name from the 1950's movie.
7. The secret to longevity is not sitting on your butt all the time.
8. Rock 'N' Roll is best enjoyed when it is loud and involves pyrotechnics.
9. In Heaven there will be lots of cheese.
10. Your band formed in the year 1999.
11. Your newest CD is called Split Personality.
12. The best euphemism for sex is riding the baloney pony.

True or False:

13. There is no such thing as bad press. **T**
14. We will be going to see Bette Midler on her new tour. **F**
15. The atomic weight of cadmium is 112.4. **T**
16. The High School Hellcats smell good. **T**

Essay:

17. It is known that you've met John Waters. What was that experience like? What are his best films, and why?

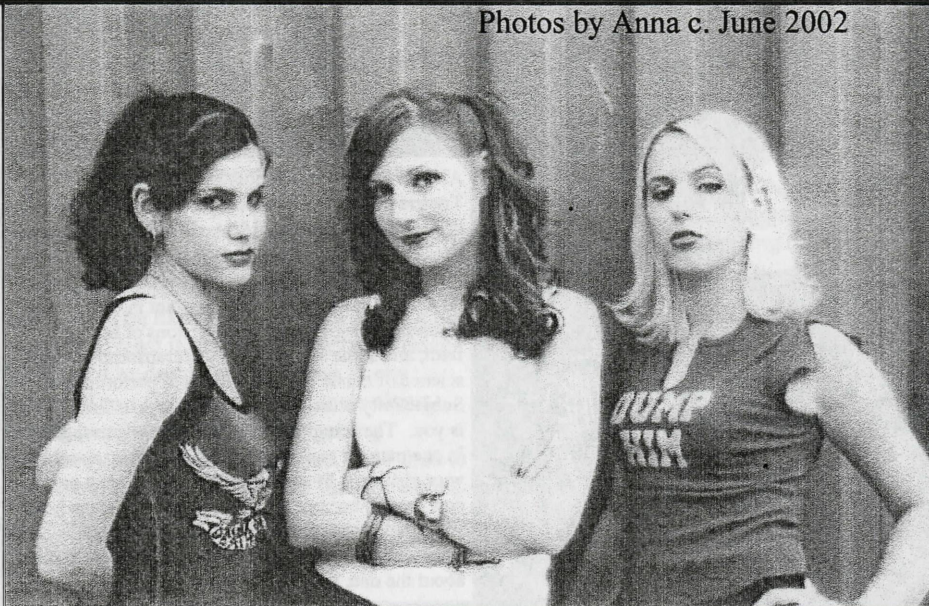
The experience was really ridiculous. John Waters was at the Ottobar one night for a show we were playing with the Toilet Boys. Someone mentioned to us that he was sitting at the bar with a friend. After debating whether or not we should go bother him, our friends convinced Nancy and myself to go up to the bar and talk to him. We introduced ourselves, gave him a CD and a t-shirt, and then took our picture with him. The conversation we had with him was rather brief since we were tremendously nervous.

Best Films? I would say *Desperate Living*, *Cry Baby*, and *Hairspray*. I can watch each one of those movies a million times with out getting sick of them.

18. You've played with such different bands as Aus Rotten, Amazing Crowns, and Slick Shoes. Who were your favorites and why? Also, what bands would you wish to share a bill with, and which ones have inspired you?

Geez...favorite bands we played with...hmmm. I would say my ultimate favorites we have played with are Betty Blowtorch and Toilet Boys. Besides being 2 of my favorite bands, they put on a great live show. Another show I know we all enjoyed

Photos by Anna c. June 2002



playing was with Electric Six and Junior Senior. The whole crowd was into our music.

There are so many bands that we would love to play with. If the Lunachicks ever reunited for a show that would be a band I would fancy to play with.



19. Drawing on your own experience, explain a time when you did something inexplicably bizarre, stupid, or regrettable?

Our whole summer tour with the Turbo AC's and Sixer was bizarre and outrageous. When you are on tour with 2 bands, which are all guys and nothing but trouble, it usually involves a lot of shenanigans.

20. Explain what you think is the biggest lie ever told to the masses.

The biggest lie would be that musicians are all really cool, hip people. Almost all of the musicians that I know are all dorks. The coolness is just a stage act.

21. What is your best argument for why people should buy your CDs?

People should buy our CD because you will not throw up after listening to it, unless, you shake your head too much. Some of our songs are pretty rockin'!

Make sure you check out the New: High School Hellcats / Gamma Rays - *Split Personality* on Vile Beat Records



Al Foul

Al Foul has become almost a landmark in the Tucson music scene - albeit a living, breathing, drinking one. For over 10 years the music of Al Foul & the Shakes has beat, blended, and burrowed into the blood of many satisfied fans. In that time, Al himself remains the only constant in that blessed equation, bringing about conversions of fan-base faith, and some say miracles that transcend both the science of music and the physics of performance. Subjectivity blurs. His voice enters your flesh; He is you. The sound is all consciousness intersecting in one man - a man who just might end up spanking your girlfriend by the end of the show... and you don't mind, because like I said, while on stage he is you through that bizarre transubstantiation. I conducted this interview in February to learn more about the one, the only: Al Foul.



www.alfoulandtheshakes.com

RRP: You grew up in Boston, right?

Al: Yes, Hyde Park. It is where the mayor Menino is from and also where the Brinks job was planned. That was the first time anybody had taken a whole Brinks truck and they never found it to this day. "The Brinks Job" is the name of the movie that came out in the 70's about that big heist. It was world news when it happened.

Hyde Park used to be a real shit hole, but now it's pretty nice. White flight saved Hyde Park - all the old townies were animals. They moved further out into the suburbs because they were afraid of an economic downturn and the whole racial thing... basically of all the black people moving into the neighborhood. That's pretty much what they were worried about.

RRP: Yeah, I read something about that, about riots over forced busing in the 70's when they tried to integrate the schools.

Al: Oh yeah man, Hyde Park was ground zero for that shit. Hyde Park High, the school I went to, for two years was completely encircled with paddy wagons and cop cars. It was on the news all the time. My brother was in high school when all the riots were happening on a daily basis. Yeah, Hyde Park was definitely ground zero for all that shit, along with some other places - all over the city really. It was the first city in the country where they tried forced busing and to integrate the schools. Boston was such a racist place at the time. Black people lived with black people, white people lived with white people. Italian people lived here, Irish people over here, Jews lived over here... Still even into the 70's it was pretty damn segregated. North side was a lot of Italians, South side a lot of the Irish, and the black people were stuck in the middle.

RRP: Do you ever head back there?

Al: Oh yeah, I still visit my dad there. He still lives in the same house I grew up in. It was

a different place back then, you know, but that all started to change when I was a kid. A lot of those families that had been around for a while started leaving in the 80's. Then it started to mellow out a little bit - all the white kids started to turn into wiggers, you know, which wouldn't have happened back then. If someone my age started acting like a wigger or something, there would have been trouble. You know, the kids who are a generation younger than us, they're all wiggers, man. It's terrible.

RRP: So how'd you end up in Tucson from Boston?

Al: I hitchhiked with Pigpen, and had a really horrible time about it, man. Pigpen was the washtub bass player of the original three Shakes. When we first started it was Texas Trash on the drums, and Pigpen on the wash tub bass. You know, at the time we were hitchhiking, Pigpen hadn't bathed in... I think it was like his 8th or 9th month without bathing, so that was a big hindrance right there. Finally I got him to bathe a little bit in New York and we were all right. When he had showed up before we left, he had been on the road for a while with these other guys traveling around, and hadn't bathed the entire time. I said "dude, we're gonna hitchhike, maybe you should do this" and he's like "aww man, don't worry, don't worry." Finally he did bathe and that helped a little bit. So yea, it took us forever because we looked like a couple hooligans. It was hard to get a ride, and we took the wrong routes and shit. We were stuck in New Jersey for shit, like 3 or 4 days, stuck in Ohio for 3 or 4 days. It was terrible, but we made it to Minneapolis, and from there a girl I used to date at the time came out. We hitchhiked together and got to Tucson in a few days.

RRP: What made you want to go there?

Al: I wanted to go to San Francisco, but the other guys were saying it's gonna be cold in

San Francisco, and we were gonna be on the street. So it's like, well all right, let's try Tucson. He had been here like a year before and he said it was cool, so we came here. I met people the first day I was in Tucson, and was at a house party the next day, then a house party the day after that. It wasn't bad, you know. We got an apartment north of the downtown maybe a month down the road. It was good. But then I started to hate it, so I left and traveled around, then decided "what the fuck was I thinking," and came back. That's pretty much how it went. It was just a fluke. I never dreamed I was gonna be in Tucson - never even thought of it. I thought it was a quiet little town, a cowboy and Indian town or something. Turns out it's a pretty hip place.

RRP: So you never been there before you set it as a destination?

Al: Never even met anybody from Tucson. I just didn't want to be cold, and I knew I was gonna be homeless for a while. When I came here it was cold at night, but beautiful during the day.

RRP: When you were living in Boston, you mentioned that you would go see and sometimes run into GG Allin occasionally. Any stories?

Al: I was never friends with GG. I was introduced to him a couple times and only saw one of his shows. I had a friend who turned me on to GG - he was a GG fanatic. He slept out side GG's P.O. Box just to meet him. He would pay GG to shit and jerk off into plastic baggies and kept them in his fridge. He also would buy test pressings of his records for the price of a bottle of Jim Beam. He had one hell of a collection of GG's records, personal belongings, and DNA. GG was hated in Boston, and once in a while I'd see him getting chased by various groups of skinheads when he happened to be in town. I have to say I never saw him get caught. Even in cowboy boots and daisy dukes he could

out run your average skinhead.

RRP: I know you used to have a punk rock band yourself; what was it called?

Al: The Foul-Mouthed Elves. It was Drunk Rock, that's what we used to call it. I left that when I was 18.

RRP: So that's where you got the Al Foul name, it just stuck?

Al: Yeah, bands always did that, like The Murderers had Bob Murderer, you know. Everybody does that kind of shit.

RRP: So are you gonna put out some of the old Foul-Mouthed Elves stuff again?

Al: Yeah, I'm just putting it out my way, you know what I mean? I'm making a couple hundred of them to sell on the road. The album is called "Boston Drunk Rock '86-'89," and the cover has all the old flyers and stuff, and it folds out into this four page thing with old photos and lyrics, and this other shit. It looks great. Should be done in a day or two, along with some of my other old albums. Same guy who's doing the artwork for that also is designing the T-shirts and re-did the cover of "Come Back With My Drink" and I'm really impressed with it. It looks great. Good merchandise to travel with, know what I mean? Plus I'm trying to buy out the rest of the album we did on Slimstyle Records, because they aren't doing anything with 'em now since the label is done. Most of their other bands probably don't care because they're all broken up anyway.

RRP: Were there other bands you were in?

Al: Yeah, there was a couple smaller bands I did that never got records out or anything, maybe we recorded but never released anything. I did this band for a year or so called Rodeo Jesus, which was a reincarnation of another Rodeo Jesus that was around up in Maine and New Hampshire. That was more of a straight-up psychobilly type of freakshow band. Everybody in the band was a recovering drug addict except me, and they were all in the program. It was really funny. We had this song "Eat Bugs, Not Drugs" and we'd eat all these big tubs of live crickets and stuff on stage, I'd be tossing them into my mouth... later pounding Listerine just to get the taste out. It was really funny, man: we'd wear like those little g-strings with a big rubber trench coat, piles of hair so fuckin' tall, tuxedo shirt and leather jacket, all that stuff... It was hilarious. We did shows, we even recorded, but we never released anything. Also, I did a side project with a friend of mine for a short time. I wanted to call it Kentucky Fried Watermelon, but he didn't like that. We played some talent show and they called us The Winners. We recorded some stuff but never put anything out. I also used to play with Danny Walker down here in town - it was a rockabilly type of thing called Johnny Balls and Fabulous (?) Thunderballs. I played washtub for him. Just stuff like that. The only really serious things I've done were the Foul-Mouthed Elves

and The Shakes... and I guess Rodeo Jesus I was pretty serious about, but it just obviously was not gonna work, you know what I mean? The whole band went into relapse. That's terrible.

So yeah, we just didn't know what we were doing when we were teenagers. We couldn't even hardly book our shows. We were young, drunk all the time, and not a penny to our names. Usually, I was the only one who had a job, then I'd quit the job, and then the whole band would be like "why don't you go back to work?" At least if they caught me on a Friday night we'd be drunk for a few days on my money. I just didn't know what to do about getting people to book us, even getting everybody to show up for practice. And then to have them actually practice, not just get wasted.

RRP: Is that a benefit of the one-man thing, you don't have to coordinate things with anyone else?

Al: The way I have it now with the Shakes, I haven't had a regular band practice since Piggy and Craig, and that was like '98 or so. Now it's just a few people who know my songs really well, and I'll just call 'em up and ask 'em. But yeah, the one-man band thing is great because you don't have to schedule with anyone else. And I love it, I just love it. I love doing the one-man act. At first I was really nervous about it. I was used to having a band, and when you have to get up there and you gotta play the fuckin' drums with your feet, play guitar and sing, first off you don't want to look like a clown or some sideshow act. Then you don't want to seem to be doing some Hasil Adkins impression or some kind of shit like that. I don't want to come off the wrong way - I want to come off looking sincere. People have told me, people in the audience, they said that they don't really notice the drums too much, that it's more like a simple concept, you know - just me and a guitar. But it has a beat. I think the one-man thing is more accessible to a wider audience too. I was playing for these people down in the little town called Patagonia the other night, right. There's people of all ages there, from little kids to really ancient motherfuckers. Even these cowboy dudes, middle-aged to these old rancher guys were there. Everybody loved it. I mean, I had these old women hollerin' and was I was like

"wow." I've done a few shows like that, where every single person in the crowd was totally into it, and that was great. But sometimes I've played these noisy places where you're stuck in the corner and they don't have a stage or anything, and in that situation you're really easy to

ignore. With the one-man act, I prefer to have a stage because nobody can see you - I gotta sit down to do it. If there's no stage I run out back and try to find some palettes or something. That's one limitation, but it's the only one I can think of.

RRP: How did the one-man band idea come about, and what sort of sound are you going for on the record you're recording right now?

Al: I still play with the Shakes on a regular basis, but I have thought about the one-man band thing for a long time, so over the last year, through trial and error, I got it together. With the Shakes, when people ask about our sound, I just tell them it's kind of an off-beat rockabilly type of stuff. And then they go: "Rockabilly, what's that?" A lot of people do that, you know, especially younger people - a college chick, or someone like that. You could go on for hours with these people and say, "well, it's kind of like really early Elvis," and they still look at you kind of weird even when you say that. So you just gotta say "like the Stray Cats" and then they're like "Ohhhhhhhh, okay."

RRP: You know, that's the way everyone ends up explaining it to people. I've done it a million times.

Al: Yeah, exactly. And you know, we never really considered ourselves just a straight-up rockabilly band. It's just rock'n'roll with a punk edge to it. I wouldn't consider it straight-up rockabilly, and neither do the rockabilly purists either. They make sure they tell me too.

RRP: Really? People really come up to you and give you flack for that?

Al: No, no, I don't get flack from them. I actually have a lot of friends who do that traditional stuff. But sometimes when you're playing a place with a bunch of traditional rockabilly bands, and you get up there and do something a little bit different, you can tell what they're thinking. They're kind of like who-the-fuck-are-you? They won't dance to ya, I'll tell you that! That place Rudolph's, I remember we played there a couple times with Lloyd Tripp, who's a really good friend of mine, and the crowd just talked amongst themselves. I don't think anybody even looked at us the whole time.





RRP: I hear that about some of the scenes out on the West Coast.

Al: It depends on what shows you got. I mean, San Francisco is a lot different than L.A. Everybody judges the West Coast by what L.A. is like. L.A. is like L.A. The rest of the West Coast is not like L.A. San Francisco and San Diego are different cities than what Los Angeles is. Los Angeles is a fuckin' shit hole, but California ain't a bad place. Also, it's just this mindset, you can feel it in the air if you're out in Hollywood or somethin'. You can feel this desperation. There's just this ridiculous desperation in people. So many people hitchhike there from all over the country because they can't think of any place better to go. That's why you can go down there, go walking around at night in Hollywood and you'll see more prostitutes in one hour than you've seen in your fuckin' life if you've never been there before. You can get your dick sucked every ten paces if you wanted to.

RRP: They're all aspiring actresses.

Al: I bet. Well... actors who are *acting* like women. That's what it mainly is. The majority of them are cross-dressers. It's pathetic. Whatever, I don't know, I just don't like L.A. I've never liked it. I've had a couple good shows there, but mostly I don't like it. I love San Francisco, and there's a lot of good small towns in California.

So yeah, anyway, the question was about our sound. I guess I would call it rockabilly, but to me, I'll just call it rock'n'roll, I don't know. Really that's just a hard question to answer. Of course I'd really like to think I was the first one to come up and play music the way I do, but that's why I don't listen to much newer music.

RRP: Is there anyone who has directly influenced the approach you're taking with the new CD?

Al: Some of the song-writing, in a way, was influenced by Roger Miller, who I was listening to a lot of at the time. I was really into it, buying ever record I could find at thrift stores and stuff, listening to them all the time. I have to say, that was definitely the influence. When I was coming up with the idea I was in that phase. Then, of course, Hasil Adkins, you gotta give him props right there. I remember since years ago when I first heard of Hasil Adkins, I found out about what he did and

saw the kind of set-up he had, and I was just like "that's cool," you know what I mean? I really liked his music too. I saw him a couple years back down here in Phoenix, and he was fantastic. He wasn't too drunk or nothin'. They wouldn't serve him anymore because the guy who booked the show told the bar not to serve him alcohol until he started playing. They were trying to keep him from drinking too much so he could play good, then he could get drunk as he wanted afterwards I guess. Hasil was really on it, that night, really impressive.

So, yeah, he's probably the first person I got such an idea for the one-man thing from, Hasil Adkins, but then some of the songs were influenced by Roger Miller. Other ones, I don't know. I've been going a little more towards the country than the Shakes does, but then I got some other songs that are kinda straight rockers too. I can't say the direction I'm going in, since it's still a work in progress, but those are a couple of the influences I've had.

Also, when recording on this new one I have to do it in one take, live, I can't overdub or fix tracks, so that makes it harder to get it just the way I want it. Not just in case I screw it up playing, but also I want to have the right mood to it, whether it is a desperate love song or a tough cowboy song, I have to get into that character, that zone. That's a hard thing to do sometimes.

RRP: You mentioned that Naim Amor is going to co-produce it. Who is he?

Al: Naim is a good friend of mine, and a great musician who has a good ear. He has a small studio in his basement. You can learn more about him at amormusic.com. The record is coming along great!

RRP: You recently did a 10-year anniversary show for the Shakes in Tucson. How did that go?

Al: The show was great. We filmed it and recorded it. Someday I plan to make a documentary film on my music and life. The only Shake that came a long distance was Jimmy King (guitar player) from the Aqua Lads in Charlotte, NC. He played with me for a couple years in the beginning. Then other people would grab something, so we had people playing the drums, two guitar players sometimes, a washtub player and bass player. It was a lot of fun. A bunch of people started jumping up on stage and playing whenever they wanted, different people who've played with me in the past. There was a snare drum here and a snare drum there, so you'd have like two drummers, somebody playing a washtub, somebody playing a bass, two people playing guitars... then afterwards we had a couple kegs of beer and drank until the wee hours of the morning. A bunch of alcoholic men bonding at their best, you know. But the crowd that night was packed with people who had come

to see us over the years, and who really got into it. I was really worried at first because it started off a little bit slow. Right across the street at the exact same time that we were playing: fucking Duran Duran! Didn't affect our crowd one bit. You should have seen it. There was people all day waiting to get in to see Duran Duran at the Rialto Theatre. You could see all these old chicks who were probably really hot in the 80's, did a lot of cocaine, and have been there since... but now they're not really hot anymore. Still dressed in the same way, and still coked up. It's hilarious. Anyway, the crowd was really good and they did all the dance moves. They did the Breathalyzer, the Roach, Spank That Ass... we got it all on film too.

RRP: What is the Breathalyzer?

Al: It's an instrumental that's kind of got a surfy beat going, and the only words it has are during the breaks. It's like "do the search," and you act like you're being searched. "Do the line" and you act like you're walking the line, you know. "Do the nose" and you touch your nose back and forth. "Do the eyes" and you wave your finger in front of your eyes... it's like the whole dance is doing the drunk test. People dig it too, especially around here in town where everyone knows it, but it's really easy to learn... most people know it actually anyhow.

RRP: So what is the Roach, then?

Al: The Roach is a kinda like a conga line thing. I think where we originally got the idea was from our drummer Craig, who took it from that movie *Hairspray*. He had a record or something with the soundtrack, and he wrote down a few lyrics and we improvised the rest. For the dance, you get out there and you're like squishin' and squashin' - once with your right, once with your left. Almost like a Twist kind of thing. You get it going, one at a time, then you form like a conga line and go around - jump on the bar, then get everyone else to jump on the bar and follow you around and shit. You know, when it was just me, Craig, and Piggy - the original line-up - we were a lot more aggressive with shit like that. It was a while back, but then we were really known for doing all these dances like the Clap and the Chicken Walk. For the Chicken Walk we would just flapping our wings and going into the audience and start jumpin' on the tables. Then we jumped from table to table, flapping our arms like a chicken. That was one of the favorites there, because everybody knew when someone yelled out "Chicken Walk" there was gonna be trouble. Shit was gonna get broken. We used to break tables all the time. Break glasses, ashtrays, you know, we used to break a lot of shit and we were known for it. Places knew, but we could still play like the Newport Lounge all the time until finally we busted the place up really bad one night. It was Craig's going away party, and he fucked that place up, dude. He got up on the bar, did a handstand,

and kicked out the fuckin' ceiling of the place. All the drop ceiling collapsed and knocked this whole shelf of glasses off the wall. I got it on film, you gotta see it. Then we broke like two tables and countless ashtrays and glasses and shit.

RRP: What did the bar owner say about that?

AI: He was fuckin' pissed, this Polish guy from back east. At first we got along really good. This place was like a little tiny lounge that was in the basement of this other bar. The bar was probably built in the 60's or 70's with red crushed velvet walls and big giant tucked leather booths upstairs. The downstairs was a private party room that they turned into a tiny lounge with like 10 tables and a little bar. Everybody would cram into this little space, and the smoke was so thick you could barely breathe and your eyes watered and everything. It was fun as hell. It was the best venue this town has had the whole time I've been here. I loved the fucking Newport, it was great. Plus they would let us break shit because they made so much money off of drinks. We got the crowd really drinking. The biggest selling night for alcohol they ever had was one of our shows, and it was never beaten. Since we did that like our second or third show there, they never fucked with us about breaking things here and there. But that night we were being malicious. Before it was just in good fun. I was still trying to keep it all in good fun, but I was still a little excited. But Craig, because he was leaving, wanted to make his mark, and he fucked it up so we could never play there again, then the fucker left. But you know, he was an old punk rocker too, and he was lettin' it out.

RRP: I know on Spank That Ass you trade spankings with audience members. Somebody told me to ask you about an especially rough night doing that, which involved eating lots of chili earlier...

AI: If you are trying to say that I shit my pants on stage you are out of your mind. I wiped my ass with my left sock at the Emerald Lounge once, but that took place in a secure bathroom. It also had nothing to do with any chili. I make fantastic chili.



RRP: Why did you wipe your ass with a sock?

AI: That was an emergency, man, no toilet paper... there wasn't even anything in the garbage can you could get. That thing was empty. Barren. My ass wouldn't fit in the sink, you know what I mean? When that stuff hits you,



there's no turning back.

RRP: Speaking of socks and soiled garments, word is that you are against wearing socks and underwear. How come?

AI: Underwear is a pain in the ass when it is 100 degrees outside. As for socks I always wear black socks. Sure if it is 105, and I have not done laundry, I will go to the store without socks - but never on stage.

RRP: I heard that you had a close call with a gun once when you were young. What happened?

AI: My father collects guns and always had several laying around. He taught us to be safe around them, although one time my sister accidentally fired a .38 and missed my head by inches. I was like 13, so she was probably 14, and she was just fucking around and thought it was empty. Just being a kid, you know. I think if you have kids you ought to keep your guns locked up or something, but then, like my father would say, what good does it do you when someone breaks in if it's locked away?

RRP: What can you tell me about the Tequila Taxi?

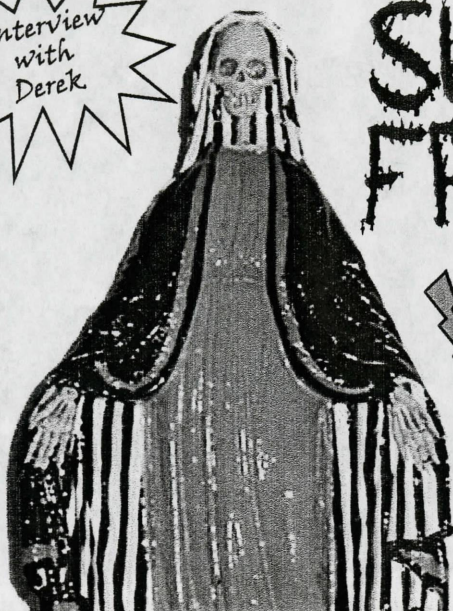
AI: I'm going to tour the country in the taxi. It's a '54 Belair 4-door. People had told me it was a cab forever. I met a guy who had it like 15 years ago, and sold the meter out of it - one of those big old ribbon meters - for 5 or 6 hundred bucks. So I knew it was a working taxi. Other people had tried to tell me it was mock-up for a movie in the 70's, and that's bullshit. Then this old Mexican guy came up just like last month when I dropped the car off at the shop, and he said "wow, that must be like the only one left." We asked him what he was talking about and he told us that he grew up in Hermosillo, and back in the old days this was part of a fleet of taxis there in down there in the capital of Sonora, Mexico. He was saying that sometime in the early 60's he remembered it being around, so it definitely is an old taxi cab. It's got a hell of a lot of miles on it, and I'm just about rebuilding the whole thing at this point.

RRP: Didn't you once receive a lap dance from a drag queen?

AI: Yes I did, I received it from Faith Michaels and it was great! I have also spanked many a drag queens ass during shows. I'm not gay; I'm just not homophobic. Hell, if some homo wants to get up on stage for spank that ass, that's his problem. He just better not have his balls up there because I'm going to spank him like a man.

RRP: Is there anything else you want to mention?

AI: Yeah if you can book me some shows in Ohio I will come out anytime. Can I use your car?



SUFFERING FROM ELVIS DISEASE

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What can I say? Derek's artwork has pulled me through many a dark night when the blade was pressed firmly upon my wrist, ready to slice away the years of pain and disappointment and bathe my flesh in a gushing fountain of crimson glory. The hallowed realm of oblivion will have to wait, however, until I can collect all the various incarnations of the beloved King of Rock 'N' Roll. Once accomplished, I will situate them as holy observers upon the mantle in my room of death, where they can watch over the inevitable termination of my wretched body and guide me into that white light of forevermore.

RRP: How long have you been doing the Elvis Busts? What gave you the idea? Are you a big Elvis fan, or are you more into just playing with image of such a recognizable cultural icon?

Derek: For about 5 years now, give or take. I don't know where the ideas originally came from, I just remember having the opportunity to learn how to make rubber molds and thinking well, I know this guy who has an Elvis bust. I know what I'm making! I had already done a couple of "velvet Elvis" paintings by then. I guess this was just the next logical step. I wasn't even a big Elvis fan then, and to tell you the truth, I'm not nearly as big a fan as most people who don't know me think I am. I decided to do the velvets when I heard, like in '97 or so, that Elvis Presley Enterprises had just declared velvet Elvis paintings contraband. The paintings aren't copyrighted representations, and can't be produced legally. Imagine my disappointment when I found out that this only applied to mass-produced items and not one-offs or artist

representations. I wasn't breaking the law at all.

RRP: How many different variations do you have, and what else are you doing?

Derek: There's 23 on the website... but that isn't counting the lamp or the custom jobs I've done...so I'd say over 30 at least. I've only made 7 Dead Marys and 4 of the little versions so far...each one is unique so they take quite a bit longer to do. I may have some buttons (not like band buttons...more like the ones on a coat or a shirt) for sale too...so far I have a coffin design, some headstones, a fly, a t-bone steak, and I'm working on a bat too. I'm sure there will be more to come.

RRP: What other sorts of artwork are you making? I know you are doing the dead virgin Marys... could you describe those and any

other items you will be making to sell?

Derek: Aside from the Elvi I've also started making "Dia de los Muertos"-

styled (skeletal) Dead Marys and little Lady of Guadalupe. They're like the Elvi, in the sense that they mix all sorts of things, from traditional to pop-cultural influences, and yet they're still recognizable as the religious figures they started out as.

RRP: What gave you the idea for the Marys? Were you brought up Catholic? What spurred the idea and created your interest in that particular iconography? Why do you think even non-religious people are fascinated with Her?

Derek: I've always been fascinated by religious images, especially Christian. In particular Catholic art work, iconography, what-have-you, although I was raised Lutheran. Almost Catholic, but not quite. I even remember looking forward to going to church one Sunday with a friend and his family who were Catholic

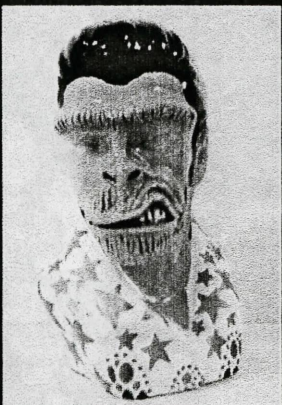
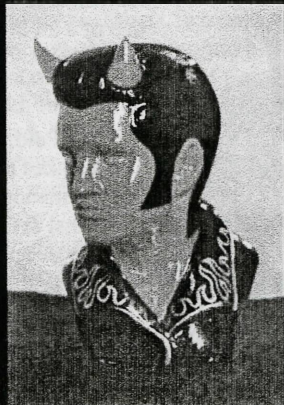
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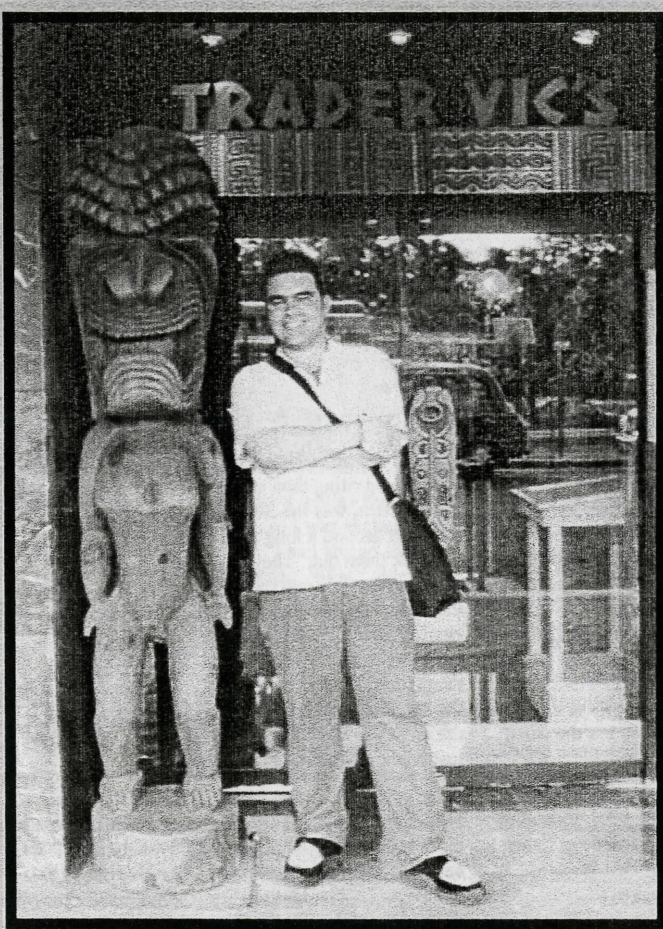
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KABUKI ELVIS-SAN

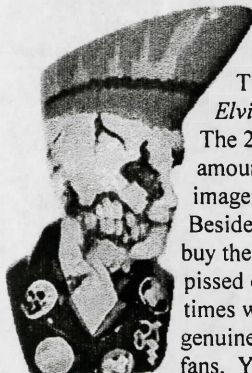




because I'd heard that their cross still had Jesus's body hanging off of it. Wow. One step beyond plain Catholicism, Mexican and other Latin and South American Catholicism is by far my favorite. Hence the "Dia de los Muertos" twist on the Mary and Lady of Guadalupe statues. Whether you like it or not/ believe in it or not, religion has totally affected and shaped, proactively and reactively (that's a little shout-out to all "pagans" out there... that should piss some people off) modern society, both eastern and western. How can one not be fascinated by it? This is probably making me out to sound like some sort of a zealot or something. Right on.

RRP: Do you think it is interesting that Elvis is nearly as recognizable as Mary, and both are pretty much veiled in the mythologies that surround them? It seems like what you are doing de-contextualizes both of their images so they can be consumed in a new way, and for different reasons. Is that an aspect that you enjoy: pirating popular and religious culture and presenting it to people of different subcultures?

What sorts of people seem to buy a lot of your work?



Derek: Are you kidding?! I fucking love it! The conspiracy theories. The mystery. The trailer park family in the film *Mondo Elvis* that want to make him a Protestant Saint. The 24-hour Church of Elvis. Wahooo! Endless amounts of entertainment! Appropriation of imagery, my dear boy, that's the way of the future. Besides it's a hell of a lot fun. All sorts of people buy the Elvi, and so far the only ones that I have pissed off, not turned off as is the case a lot of times with Elvis Christ or Elvis Hitler, but genuinely pissed off are the Old Guard of Elvis fans. Yeah, there's no joking around with them.

RRP: Did you have any formal training in art or any other field? What other sorts of artwork have you done?

Derek: I did study art at two different schools. I was an illustration major with a painting minor at the University of Delaware, and an illustration major at the SUNY school @ Buffalo. Scratchboard is my specialty, but I really love painting. Oils, acrylic, gouache, whatever. I love them all.

RRP: What sorts of artists out there have inspired you, and which of those out there now do you really respect?

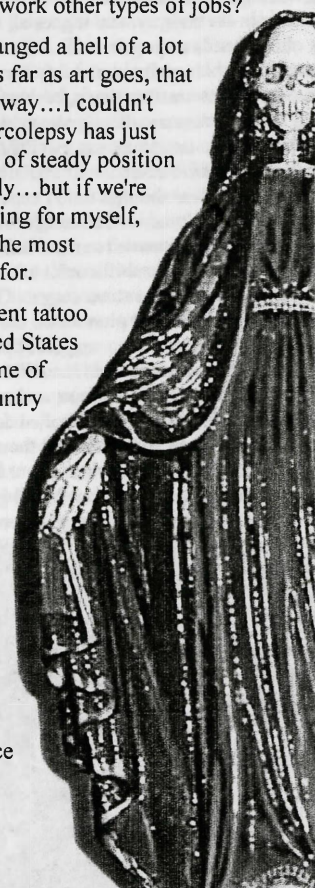
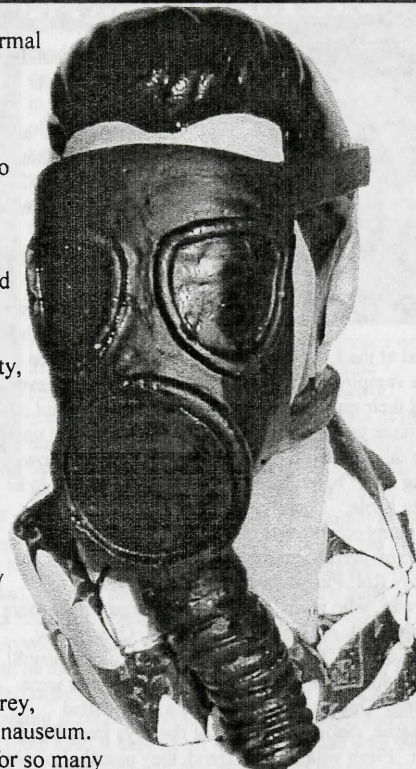
Derek: Bosch, Bruegel, Beardsley, Warhol, Bacon, Freud (Lucien), Gorey, Addams. I could go on ad nauseum. So many different people for so many different reasons. Mark Ryden, for his symbolism, and Joe Coleman, for his insane detail and the amount of information that he stuffs into each piece, are two of the more well-known artists whose artwork I really dig. My friends that are artists command my respect though. Donald David, Andrew Bawidamann, Durb Morrison, Steve Morris, Cory Cudney. I could go on and on for days, these are only a very few.

RRP: How has your narcolepsy affected your career path? Do you think having it made you dive into the art world faster and in a different way than if you were able to work other types of jobs?

Derek: Believe me, narcolepsy has changed a hell of a lot of shit. Too much to list really...but as far as art goes, that was what I was planning on doing anyway...I couldn't imagine any other type of job...the narcolepsy has just made it more difficult to hold any sort of steady position anywhere...well, nigh impossible really...but if we're talking free-lance sort of stuff or working for myself, then that sort of situation is probably the most narcolepsy-friendly one you can hope for.

RRP: I know you travel a lot to different tattoo shows music festivals across the United States to sell your stuff. What have been some of the best ones, and what area of the country has been your favorite?

Derek: There's been a bunch of shows that have been great, but the Hell City show in Columbus, OH has been by far the best. After that, I would have to say the show that I just got back from, The Star Of Texas show in Austin, TX would be my next favorite. Honestly, as long as my friends are there and the people are fun, it doesn't really matter how the show goes.... money is nice...very nice ... but I've had a lot of fun at shows where I don't even break even.



The Idiodysey: An Epic Journal of Live Shows & Various Babble



Halloween. A holiday relished by dentists everywhere... a celebration of fear and tooth decay. A time when horror and pain rules the hearts of man even more so than usual. On this night of hellish terror, what better to do than to see **The Frogs?** Yes, they

played at the Lime Spider, and their music sucked like a vampire with a triple thick shake. I had never heard their music previous to this dark night, and my ignorance was indeed bliss. The singer dressed up like a tall fairy wizard as they went through a slow, boring set of barely competent rock that longed to be avant garde. Luckily they played last, so I (along with many others) was able to duck out early and avoid any permanent damage. Before them was the Rock N Roll Purgatory house band, Lords of the Highway, who really energized the large crowd more than the dullness that would follow... Great show, Great sound... Great Scott those heathens can drink! On this spooky night it was mostly livers that were shaking. Opening the night was a band called **Mistletoe**, made up of some of the guys from CD Truth. From what I understand, they usually just play around the holidays, and they sounded really good (I like CD Truth a lot too). Mostly (all?) covers of stuff, from Elvis' "Little Sister" to the Replacements.

The next day, which is technically All Saints Day, was really a continuation of the macabre celebration and alcoholic reverie of the prior night. I rode down to Athens, Ohio, with the Lords of the Highway for a show they had with the Wailin' Elroys, who live there. For those who don't know, for decades Halloween in Athens has been one of the largest gatherings in the country, and it goes all weekend. Tens of thousands of people come from all over and descend upon this small town in Southern Ohio. The downtown streets are shut down, costumed drunken college kids roam everywhere, police patrol on horseback, and in one small bar just off the main drag these two bands held court for a circulating patronage. This was the first time I experienced the Athens Halloween madness, although I have heard about it for years. It seemed to me a little like Spring Break with mostly makeshift outfits and some really bad bands playing on the street stages. One was a sad Metallica cover band that plummeted the very depths of Yawn and came up with a nugget of pure Lame. Still, the amount of people was incredible, there were an abundance of beautiful women, and some incredible and funny costumes strolled down the strip. What made me laugh with disbelief, though, was the religious protesters with big signs about how Halloween celebrates evil and we're all going to hell. They were so cool that I want to go as one next year!

I didn't really experience the Athens Halloween fully, however, because I was mostly in the bar, which served as a haven from the lessor music outside. The **Wailin' Elroys** did a brilliant set of hillbilly music largely reminiscent of Wayne Hancock, Johnny Dilks, and the like. While they were playing I was tossing back 25 cent PBR specials with band discount!! Honky Tonk and dirt cheap Pabst... I was laying roots in that bar so deep it'd take a chainsaw to remove me. It was funny to see the Wailin' Elroys play in their costumes: their singer, Bram, looked like a 70's punk rocker as he belted let out his hillbilly drawl, while his uncle Rockne on steel guitar was dressed in a Hawaiian shirt and grass skirt. Just a weird sight. The Lords went up after them and whipped out some of their "rockabilly jukebox" covers they've been throwing into their sets (Wanda Jackson, Eddie Cochran, Elvis, etc.), while also serving up a large portion of their original cuisine, marinated in beer and doused in hot, hot sauce. By the time they ended I had drank \$5 worth of beer (yes!) and had run into a girl that was in a Campfire Girls troupe with my sister growing up. Unfortunately, she wasn't wearing the little vest, so it was hard to tell at first. After that night's festivities, the next day driving home was LONG. Think about thousands of people leaving a small town at the same time on a small, two-lane state route. It's the worst kind of bottleneck.

So what's better than seeing hillbilly music in rural Ohio? Going to see some in metropolitan Pittsburgh! I grabbed my friend Scott and we headed out to catch the Marauders upon an invite from Dan Rugh of 814 Records (check out their site www.x814x.com). The first band to play in this strangely under-attended bar called Zythos was **Shotgun Rooster** from State College, PA. I gotta say, I think I liked them the best of these three great bands - at least on this night. The singer switches from guitar to banjo periodically, his voice is drenched in reverb, and the bass is one of those old school washtub basses. They sound like a bluesier take on Hasil Adkins - real dirty and raw - a fantastic sound. I've never seen a band do a cover of "O' My Darlin' Clementine" (or was it "Oh Susanna"?), before either. High marks. After them was the **Marauders**, who I have seen many times before and always enjoy. I was a sad to note that Rick has left the band. He was their second guitar player, who also sang a couple songs and played with a slide on some... great musician, and apparently a noble teacher, valiant in his quest to educate. Now that he's gone, singer Ben Dumm has really stepped it up with some great leads, and I'll be excited to see how the band's sound changes in the future with the altered line-up. After their set was the **Lucky Strikes** from Scranton, PA. This band features a tight sound with great vocals, and they divvy up their style between rockabilly, blues and surf. They do a ton of good covers, but their originals excited me more. I can't wait to hear their CD when it comes out.

I had been hearing for the least year about the **Legendary Shack Shakers**. I mean, a lot. People were always asking if I had seen them, everywhere I went. The word was that the singer was nuts, insane, out of his tree and chewing crazy pills in the Madmobile while cruisin' down Lunatic Lane. I was dubious, but intrigued. I can see why people got that impression. The Colonel is a skinny guy that sings through what looks like an old intercom mic plugged into a vintage amp and he absolutely wails on harmonica. He also takes off his shirt and goes ape-shit. I don't mean he fakes enthusiasm like a cheesy buzzband trying to seem "dangerous," but actually seems to be venting some personal demons and pent

up energy with his music. He also doles out a great deal of humor with his manic motions, bizarre expressions, and advice to young ladies in the crowd. Clearly he's not serving up a stale routine, but has enough wit to make it fresh each night. Although ceiling tiles being broken with his head as he flew through the air was great, I got a bigger kick when he left the stage during a song, then came back wearing the soft case for the upright bass and flew into the crowd like a man leaping from a sinking ship. Let's not forget the music, though, which is also extraordinary. You get the feel of a tent revival as they whip through an intense punk rock concoction of old blues, country, and pre-country. Not something you hear often, for sure, yet it has a feel of antiquity emanating from it. Highly recommended concert if you ever get the chance to see them live. More searing and riling than even most hardcore these days. Before them, was the **Swingin' Neckbreakers**, who had been around a long time before I got this chance to check them out. They played more of a garage rock, but not in a real overly 60's way. I really liked their sound and delivery, and would be interested in hearing their CDs some time too. It was a little annoying that they kept demanding people to buy them beers, though. I mean, they get a discount from the bar, and most people at a rock show barely have the money to buy their own drinks. Why don't they just buy a few before they start?

Later in November my buddy Ezra and I drove to New York City to see Evil Devil, the Monsters and more at CBGB's. This was only the second time I've been to New York City, and the first time I had been to CBGB's. The ranting drunk homeless madman in the middle of the street yelling at our car about aliens was something that warmed my heart - they should put that in their tourism commercials. The club itself was cool, too. So much history in such a rat hole (and I love dingy rat holes). There were uneven floors sutured together with metal plates, thirty years of flyers covering the walls, and a dim neon glow from a mangled mass of beer signs. Beautiful. Unfortunately, however, they charge \$5 for the cheapest beer. Who the fuck can drink at that price?! The punks in New York must be rich... or straightedge... or sniffing glue.

The first band we caught was the **Lonesome Kings**. While I didn't really care much for their first CD a few years ago, they sounded pretty good this evening. The guitarist had a big, bluesy tone and was quite good. Their songs were up-tempo and helped my one-and-only \$5 beer go down smoothly. Now, I know I am missing some of the bands that played - it seemed like they just kept coming - but I do remember a pretty lackluster garage band in the vein of the Forty-Fives; I can't recall their name. I really don't like that mod look with the suits, too-short too-tight pants, and shaggy hair either; it annoys me. There was also a band called the **Memphis Morticians**, who I did see once before. They play a pretty decent middle-of-the-road psychobilly that came off better the last time I saw them. It was still okay, but I didn't shit my pants. Next were the **Kings of Nuthin'** who have never disappointed me in concert, and they continued that tradition this night. Three wailing saxophones, a real (albeit burnt and beat-up) piano, blaring punk rock guitar, a proficient upright player, and soar-throated vocals delivered with spit and venom. They mix 50's rock, blues, swing and punk and come off far from sucking. Plus, there was a bloody knuckle version of "Bullet" by the Misfits in timely commemoration of the Kennedy assassination. Boss! Next was **Evil Devil** from Italy.





Evil Devil

I have been a fan of these guys for a while - they were even on our second compilation, so I was excited at my chance to see them play live. I had always thought their name was a little lame, though. What I didn't fully realize until seeing them play, however, was how to take them. They aren't unconsciously cheesy, but instead they are freaking hilarious and don't take themselves too seriously. The singer came out dressed like a street-walking hooker with a short red dress and fishnets and really had a wild stage presence that kind of reminded me of Mike from the 7 Shot Screemers. They raged through a great set of hook-laden older-style European psychobilly - upbeat and filled with catchy melodies and hooks. Some of the heavier songs were sung by the guitarist, and the crowd was pretty thick and active. Evil Devil didn't disappoint at all. After them were the **Monsters**, from Switzerland, I believe. I had never heard much of them before and didn't know what to expect. To sum them up in one poorly contrived word: fuckingpunkrockmetallibillygaragepsychofantastic! Few bands have I witnessed that embody so thoroughly the degenerate spirit of debauchery inherent to rock'n'roll. That throaty voice, those frenzied wild guitars, and that thundering beat stomped the shit out of this North Coast cretin. Sloppy and unbridled energy abounded, with the singer/guitarist at one point passing his guitar along in the crowd, letting them tug and smack at it in a crushingly loud noise assault before he got it back and started hammering on it again himself. Rawk!

Let's see... what else? A few days before Christmas we headed up to see the Cowslingers at the new Grog Shop in Cleveland. While I have many great memories at the old Grog Shop, the sound and layout of this new place is far better than it was there (they got evicted so it could be turned into apartments, I guess). The Lords of the Highway were playing when

we came in, but we missed most of their set. A few nights before they had been down to our house for a party where Dennis got tattooed in my kitchen ("Hillbilly" written in log letters down his arm... now that's slick!). He wasn't liking the feeling of it, so he started downing shots to lose the edge. Well, that didn't work very well for the pain, but rather added more facets to it: loss of motor coordination and copious vomiting (I really wish I wasn't drunk and gave him my vacuum to clean it up with). So anyway, my friend Scott decides it'd be funny to buy Dennis some whiskey at the Grog Shop while their playing, hoping of course that he'd blow it on-stage and we could laugh and laugh, then tell the tale to our grandkids with pride years later. He didn't end up spewing, but it was worth a shot. However, Pete (their drummer) *did* vomit on the floor that night, and still had a girl try to kiss him... now that's some mojo. Fucker. Before it got to that point, though, the **Cowslingers** played one of the best sets I've seen them bang out. Bobby Latina shredded on guitar, (and not like the 80's wankmasters would shred the cheese over their noodle riffs [yeah you, Satriani!], but more like the bastard son of Angus Young and Link Wray if one of them had a fertile belly in which to conceive the other's rockin' prodigy.) Everything just seemed to come together great for them this night... humor, sleaze, and rock'n'roll.

Another show very worth mentioning was on New Year's Eve at the Beachland Ballroom in Cleveland. The Black Keys, who are from Akron, Ohio, and who have really been getting lots of good press (rightfully so), headlined this evening. First up, though, was This Moment in Black History, who I had wanted to see for months, ever since I received their amazing EP for review in last issue. Unfortunately, I only caught their last song because we had stopped by a party beforehand, thinking they'd go on second. What I saw was good, yet not enough to form an opinion. It seemed like a grand climax to a great set that I missed, and by all accounts, it was. Damn you, inept gods of concert line-ups! The second band really did nothing at all for me. I think they were called Party of Helicopters, and they launched an offensive against my good-times bar-bantering buzz. Luckily I was able to duck into the tavern side and preserve my high spirits. When the **Black Keys** went on, the Beachland was more full than I have ever seen it before. They took the stage, and from start to finish I never got bored or had a criticism about the sound and delivery. Rare. It was one amazing set by this two-piece band that does a sort of stripped down

Delta Blues and 60's R&B, all with just a touch of Hendrix flair. I've heard that their live show can be hit or miss, but this night it was definitely dead on and deadly. The after-show party was in the tavern with **Bob's Country Bunker**. They played some country, surf, and rock'n'roll that kept everybody's buzz going on into the night. I woke up the next day regretting that last double shot of whiskey, tried to piece together the end of the night, and wondered how I got I got some guy named Antoine Ragland's work I.D. in my pocket. He works at Nestle and has lovely braided hair.

For the next couple weeks, the only show I went to was at Ernest Angsley's freaky phallic compound in Cuyahoga Falls (<http://www.ernestangley.org/>). I say Phallic because of the huge Hammer-of-God tower standing proudly between the sanctuary warehouse/amphitheater and the Soldier-of-Christ buffet. Originally, like 15 years ago they were gonna put a restaurant at the top (or head, if you will), like you'll find at the Skylon at Niagra Falls (but perhaps more bulbous and helmet-like), but they never did, so now it's just a huge pointless tower probing into the heavens. Nice! Anyway, Angsley has been a televangelist for decades, and he looks like he's been dead for a couple of them. He has pasty white flesh that hangs on his face like a sagging sheet over an old piece of furniture, and his zombie head is capped off by a bad toupee with the ole Christian side-part that attempts to convey a truly gentle nature (but I'm not buying it). He has a creepy sort of quality like that guy from the Phantasm movies. He greets his television audience by enthusiastically saying, "happy, happy Jesus to you!" - which always warms the cockles of my heart with a special kind of joy. The televised ceremonial fleecing took place in the amphitheater, which has all the intimate feel of an airplane hangar. There was this huge, illuminated, 75-foot cross on the ceiling. The choir came up on a hydraulic platform, Vegas-style, and there were gold columns and giant crown behind them for added glitz. The songs were bland, not anything like a good old-fashioned spiritual. One of the choir members did give a testimonial, though, aimed at persuading people to give money to the almighty Angley Corporation. He said that God cured him from three unspecified terminal illnesses at once. His power and love was so glorious. This guy was such a pathetic bullshitter that I would have been more convincing explaining how I once serviced four women at once and they all went home bow-legged and smiling. Then we were asked to give money. Again and again. First they told us that 10% of our income wasn't rightfully ours; that it belonged to the Lord. They passed out tithe sheets, then had their tuxedo-wearing goons (one for every 5 humble sheep) gather them back up. Then there was another song, and the preacher went section by section, asking for \$100, bolder than a bum with his belly full o' wine. Then he came back for another round, this time asking for \$50 donations. Then \$25, \$20, \$10, \$5, \$1, and finally \$.50. Then they passed out envelopes for people to put their spare change in. The people held them up and shook them in the air, and he began chanting "souls, souls, souls!" getting louder and louder. The people joined in, "souls, souls, souls," and then the goons went around to collect them. I kept my head down, half-intimidated by the goons, and feeling like I was letting down the Lord with the tight-fisted poverty grip I had on my money. I figured after that shakedown people would be out of cash, but after another couple songs he started selling cassettes with Ernest Angsley sermons on them! I never saw people so mind-bogglingly stupid in my life. They lined up like second graders waiting to pee, anxious



Shotgun Rooster



Star Devils

Grafton

for some happy Jesus talk they could listen to in the car. Then I started to get mad because those suckers had to be really desperate folks in a bad place to be taken in by such a weak ploy. I mean, they weren't really getting worked up for this at all. I've seen people more excited at the DMV. Instead, they almost seemed like zombies themselves, like the Angley virus had glossed over their eyes. No passion, no heat of the moment - just a general feeling of "I-might-as-well-do-this-because-I-have-nothing-else-in-my-sad-life." It was enough to make you depressed if you weren't so utterly creeped out.

But I haven't told you the weirdest stuff yet. At one point, he started a chant about the Blood of Christ that got everyone standing and marching back and forth in place with their arms in the air, repeating over and over, "blood... blood.... blood... blood.... blood." I swear to you I am not making this up. You can imagine what we were thinking at that point: "will I be able to leave?" "Will there be a sacrifice?" "Will I be the sacrifice..." and then served as a pagan pot roast in the Happy-Jesus Buffet next door?" I waited for them to start chanting "Kali Ma Shuck Deevay, Kali Ma Shuck Deevay" and drop people into a lava pit below the sanctuary. Was this the *real* Temple of Doom? I started to wonder: What Would Dr. Jones Do?

Well, that "blood" chant ended and there was more terrible music. Cheesy music, mind you. "Jesus I love you buddy, don't ignore me down here" kind of crap. You know the type. Then there was a group prayer that was pretty disturbing. He said to imagine a loved one who is having hard times but isn't here right now, basking in holiness. Someone who is having hard times and needs salvation, good prayers, and the saving grace of the Lord. Then, and I swear to that same Lord this is true, he started asking for God to "bother and agitate" them, pleading with God to "please bring them misery until they turn unto You." Damn!!! It was soon after that we slipped out. I didn't look at anyone on the way - afraid they'd try to nab me for defecting. I had hoped to wait and see some faith healings, but got bored and nervous, and needed some beer to wash it all down. You know, I thought it'd be funny to go there, and it was, but just like my friend (who went before) said: it is scary. Those people were so far out they couldn't see the shores of reality with a telescope. I was glad to leave with my money in my wallet and my heart still beating in my chest and not his raised hand. I want to go back some time and eat at the buffet, but I'm afraid they put something in it to make people susceptible to their brain washing... like a religious roofie or something. I'd wake up the next day penetrated by the holy spirit and walking all

funny.

That's a Friday night in January for me. Well, we did party it up that night, mucking up our cleansed spiritual palettes. I am planning some more excursions into the religious fringe. In Mansfield they have a Living Bible Wax Museum that I hear is pretty classy. I can't wait. Also, I always pass this place on the road out by Salineville... it's a campground in the country called Camp Gideon. I always think of those Gideon bibles you get in hotel rooms, and the same people who put them there also go to college campuses and pass them out. What's their story, I wonder? And what do they do at the camp? Train? Compete in Bible Olympics? I can see it now: two opponents face off against each other in a daring game of Temptation. Locked inside a room with heavy metal CDs, porno mags, and the Koran, these sweater-vested Warriors of the Cross struggle to resist with every fiber of their moral fabric. Or they could play The Lord and his Flock with real sheep. This game tests endurance as well, as you ignore their pleas and confused despair until they don't even believe you exist anymore. Then you slaughter and eat them as punishment for their lack of faith. That one would be great! After the feast of the Maleficent Mutton, there would be a comic game of Jesus and the Naughty Leper, which isn't as perverse as it sounds, then it's lights out for Camp Gideon.

Until I can investigate these places I must content myself with hanging out in dirty bars with the purveyors of devil music. The next weekend I went to a show at a place more like a restaurant than a maggoty bar, and not really geared towards "Beelzebands." Everybody remained seated at their tables for the most part, which is fine, but a little more subdued than a rock show generally is. Pat the Bunny opened the night, a rock band fronted by my good friend Spink Bickle, who once tried to sell me some bestiality photos involving bloody chimps with stretched out buttholes. Nah, that's not true, but wouldn't that be somethin'? Anyway, Pat the Bunny weren't too bad. I'd say they fall somewhere between a bar band and a coffee shop band - you know, not as fun as teaching Darwinism to Mormon schoolchildren, but not as horrible as sniffing your grandma's underwear. After them the **Lords of the Highway** played to a crowd largely made up of Alcoholics Anonymous people (seriously), which is funny in a way, given the fact that the Lords' mission is to inspire people to drink by following their example. The crowd seemed to really like them though, which leads me to think that those AA bastards ain't all weak, sniveling wimps longing to return to their mamas' big

fat bellies. Haha! Just kidding. I know their mamas aren't big and fat. The crack keeps 'em skinny. Just kidding again there chief, put the coffee mug down and step away from the angry poems.

So time goes by after that show, wherein I do stuff less interesting than watching a televised dog show, and then I end up in Cleveland for the Wayne Hancock show on January 30th. Opening for him was a band from Cincinnati called the **Star Devils**. This was the first time I saw them, and damn if they didn't impress the hell out of me. They played traditional rockabilly and western swing with a good singer who had just the right amount of reverb on the mic. Their lead guitar player is an older gentleman who doubles on the steel, and plays both exceptionally well. They kept the mood lively, never dull, and I gotta say, I'd put 'em up against any of the bigger acts of the same ilk. Great music. After them came **Wayne the Train** with a new supporting cast. While I was bummed that he didn't have the guitarist I saw him with last time, the guy who played a Telecaster like a steel guitar, the show was still excellent. The guitarist he had this time was stone-faced but very capable, his bass player a scar-fingered slapmaster, and Wayne himself led the charge of the Honky Tonk Calvary. Most people probably already know him to play swingin' country and old-fashioned hillbilly music with a nasal twang, but you might not know that he likes to keep it fresh by bringing new musicians with him on each tour. Each new incarnation brings a different tint to the songs. On this night he debuted a new song or two, and also played for well over two hours, showing a real love for what he does. All in all, a fine, fine show that for a few blissful hours staved off the horrid visions of that baby I drowned in a sticky pool of brown mustard. Ahh, just kidding again. I would never do that. Babies taste much better in garlic butter.

But all bullshit aside, there was another good show the very next night at the very same place. Cleveland's own maniacal hardcore provocateurs **This Moment In Black History** played a show that had more reckless abandon than U.S. foreign policy. Their frontman screamed, dived, and tackled people in the crowd while in the throes of angry groove spasms brought on by a political angst only assuaged by succumbing to the cathartic release of the back-breaking beat. When not ridiculing Bush-huggers or trying to rile up the somewhat bewildered crowd, he also played some sort of electronic noise box (is it a keyboard, mama?). While the band has the blasting heat of hardcore, they also have a raw sort of deconstructionist garage edge with eccentric guitar hooks. Very damn cool stuff that

would make me proud to be a Clevelander, if indeed I lived Cleveland (where, incidentally, a gynecologist rapist was just arrested and tried). Instead I live midway between Cleveland and the state capitol, Columbus, where, by amazing coincidence, the previous band, Grafton, came from. Columbus is also notable for its beltway sniper, which I suspect is some maladjusted AA retard with a bow-legged mother. Grafton, however, rocks like hell if you ask me. In my review last issue I think I described them a little wrong. Now it seems to me that they really have a Southern Rock feel, but aren't all Lynard Skynard about it. Instead they take a more pummeling, stripped-down, Pabst Blue Ribbon approach to the music. I dig it. Before them was a band called Shesus. I was hoping they'd be fronted by a drag queen Jesus, but instead they were fronted by an actual real woman. The band wasn't bad. They played a sort of edgy rock that you might hear on a cooler college rock station, but it didn't really make my hairy man-tits go all nippy or anything.

For the next week following that show, I went into rock'n'roll detox, wherein no music whatsoever crosses my ears in an effort to be purified for the next weekend's festivities. During this time I like to take one of my dungeon girls on a forced hike through the hills, then later subject her to a rigorous inspection of her body for ticks. I sniff around her body like a happy ferret, seeking that blood-bloated progenitor of Lyme disease who lurks somewhere in the curves of her naked skin. I then sprinkle her with dog dander and make her sneeze so I can watch her body heave as she sprays my flesh with a fine mist of mucous. I sniff in all those germs deeply like they are microscopic angels of mercy mingling with the fluids of my own calcium-rich body until we strike a glorious balance between infirmity and health. Only then am I ready for another rock show.

This next one was a doozy. A real wallop'n' yahoo booze fest with all the trimmings - Little Kings, rum, melting morals under the heat of raging passion. You know the drill. A real top notch piss-up that lasted until the morning hours. The night started with a band called the Skillet Lickers from Columbus, that city with the beltway AA sniper who has the whole Oedepal, I-wanna-bang-my-crack-whore-mother thing goin' on. Columbus is about an hour and a half from Wooster, which is where I am as I type this column. The sniper would really have easier shots if he came here because horse-and-buggies don't move as fast as speeding cars on the highway. Not that I want him to take out the Amish or anything. They really are lovely people. I am just saying that it'd be easier, that's all. Well, maybe harder at night... damn, I'm getting sidetracked here. Ahem. The Skillet Lickers played a sort of blues, country rock, and included a cover of Tom Waits, which was hella cool ("Hella" is a bit of outdated slang that I am trying to bring back. That and "boss" as in "that jacked-up Dodge Ram with the Deer Slayer® titanium bumpers is hella boss, dude!"). The band wasn't really bad, but they got pretty tiresome towards the end. If I were a raging pervert pop star, and this band was naive young boy, I probably wouldn't ask him over for another sleep-over. After them up came some chrome-plated devil horns through the very crust of the earth as a ruthless demon-spawned entity spit its venom into our stinging eyes. Actually it was the Coffin Bangers, who ushered the crowd through some wickedly intense catacombs of the psychobilly underground. Their sound is fast and catchy as it shovels loads of surf and death metal onto a punk rock pyre, making the flames grow tall and mighty. They kicked ass and changed the world. Then the Lords of the Highway played, keeping the momentum going, and busting out some brand new

material for the first time that sounded great. One enjoyably lewd song they dedicated to Lacey, our cover model for this issue, because it was her birthday. (She had earlier received another birthday wish when the Coffin Bangers bashed out Ace of Spades... and even a birthday bonus when a werewolf grabbed her butt.) Now, as I chip away at a block of alcohol-impaired memory, it seems to me that with the Lords' new material they were continuing to push the boundaries of what they are musically, still evolving and adding shiny new weapons to their arsenal. Sharp ones that scare you at first, but actually feel nice as they plunge into you chest and gut you ruthlessly. The songs were complex, creative, and atypical instrumentally, while still being primal and unpretentious. To express their manifested rockiness mathematically, you take their hillbilly charm multiplied by the sum of both their fret board finesse and percussive precision, all over the liquor-laden lunacy times the square root of their uniqueness of approach to arrive at 5356 and some change. I don't really know what that figure means, but it means something good.

That night we all partied over at Sugar's house until I don't know when. I woke up on her floor, face encrusted with dog hair, and my mouth tasting like I spent the entire night cleaning dried squirrel dung of my windshield using just my tongue and an almost Calvinist determination. I fought back the puke because I feared if I did vomit my throbbing brain would have an aneurysm and I'd die right there. I made my way down the steps, where Sugar, Dennis, and Lisa greeted me with laughter, mocking me with offerings of food and mean-spirited appraisals of my haggard appearance. It was then that I vowed to kill them for their cruel mockery, their complete memories of what I did the prior night, and for their brazenly defiant lack of hangovers. It was then that I felt inside my coat pocket and made some disturbing discoveries: a human ear, 500 pesos, and worst of all, a poem that read "Here lies a Hampshire Grenadier / who caught his death / Drinking a cold small beer. / A good soldier is ne'er forgot / Whether he dieth by musket / Or by pot." I knew this to be some sort of sign - a karmic comment on my current weakened condition. Was I to die here, now, and like this? Like some pathetic rodent that crawled up from the dark sewers, away from the stench of waste, excrement, and filth, only to fall dead on a patch of green grass basking beneath the smiling sun? It took me until late the next evening to realize that I would not die, that some agent of the AA bureau was playing mind games with me and had drugged my drinks. It was that son of a salty-lipped whore whose ear I had clipped in an alcoholic rage. It was all coming back. By the following day I renounced my proclamation that I would never drink again. I had lived despite treachery. I would have my beer!

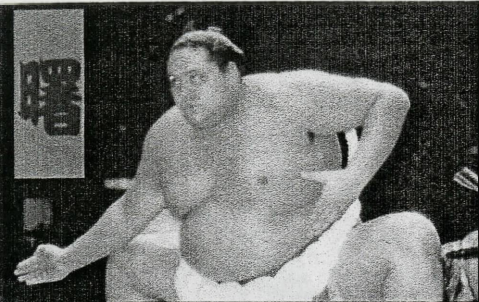
The show that came along the day after I recovered was Trailer Bride at the Beachland Tavern, where virtually all the shows that I've talked about were. It's a happy place, impenetrable by bad vibe merchants and other teetotalers. We missed the first band, but were in time to see all of the Tarbox Ramblers. You know, every time I've seen Trailer Bride they are billed with bands that make me start having bad thoughts involving applied eugenics. I think of breeding the best bands, and forcibly sterilizing the bad ones so that one day the world will be free of their tyranny. A critic among you might say something like "don't we need these dildo-licker musicians to make us appreciate the good ones by contrast?" Nonsense, I say! Why on this very night I saw the Tarbox Ramblers, who were outstanding, and then saw Trailer Bride play *even better* than the other times I saw them with those dancing dungsickles they got stuck with before. It appears the theory of contrast does not apply with



This Moment In Black History

bands. That was the first time that I saw the Tarbox Ramblers, and my reaction was an excitement level that stayed up all night... it was an aesthetic erection. I'd describe their sound a deep southern blues played raw and venturing occasionally towards bleached-bone spirituals. On some songs the singer played slide guitar while the drummer, lead guitarist, and upright play just shook maracas. Others kept a slow primitive beat as they churned along with hip-waders through steamy swamp tunes. Great musicianship and something of the organic feel you get from certain Tom Waits stuff. That same organic feel is present in Trailer Bride as well - like something tangible in the sound, the smell of mud in the springtime. There's also the definite hallmarks of soul; no faked sentiments. I've read reviews that say she has no sentiment at all in her voice, but I think those people are dulled to subtlety, hooked on the histrionics and melodramatics that have been woven into the pop sensibility. This night Trailer Bride played a little harder than I've seen them on previous occasions, but also did two great instrumentals that slowed it down a bit. I think my favorite songs they do tend to be the darker, and especially the more exotic, waltzy sounding ones. But they also do really well on the more basic country stuff, largely because they don't come off as stale novelties thrown up without personality.

So as I wind up this column for issue #13 on Friday the 13th of February, I am left to ponder the nature of the evil that lashes out on this unlucky day, and wonder if it will find root in this unlucky issue of Rock N Roll Purgatory. Will readers be cursed when they read this column conceived on such an ill-omened evening? Will it be like those old Judas Priest records that told kids to kill themselves? I hope so. That would be rad ("rad" is another bit of antiquated dork slang that I like to throw out there from time to time). One thing I never understood, though, about the whole heavy metal record thing, was why it had to be played backwards to be evil. I mean, wasn't it evil enough forwards? You'd think backwards would actually reverse the polarity of the evil, and you would want to do good things. Kind of like that old joke: what do you get if you play a country album backwards? You get your wife back, your job back, your house back.... I remember listening to Venom records backwards when I was a kid, spinning them manually in reverse on a beat-up turntable. There actually were backward messages on some of them, but they weren't nearly as scary as the forward ones. I mean, who would eat the vomit of the priest? That's some hardcore evil, dude.



MUSIC REVIEWS

Popeye's Dik

"A Fix From The Fez"

Crazy Love Records, www.crazyloverecords.de

This band never fails to really creep me out with their perversity. I'd call them rockabilly for sure, but you won't hear these guys singing about their hair, their shoes or a Peggy Sue. Instead they opt to sing "King Sperm" which is an ode to the man's scrotum, "Who's the Daddy" which is about prison rape, and "Searchin' For the King" which mentions necrophilia. Musically these fellas are pretty excellent and lyrically pretty funny, except for the singers voice which is monotone and a bit boring at times. There are a few songs where his flat-line vocals do him well: "I Saw Something Moving On Uranus", and "Brother Creeper" for example. -Lisa

Fifty Foot Combo "Jennifer Jennings" w/ "Drunkabilly Label Sampler" Various Artists

www.drunkabilly.com

FFC is really neat, not what I expected at all, actually. This little 3-song demo of them is like sixties, sci-fi lounge, spy music instrumentals. The second disc here is a sampler that starts off on the right foot with a FFC tune and one from a band called Speedball Jr. which plays some damn good surf. Hmmm, what other gems can be discovered? A few more tracks from the two previous bands and some from Phantom Rockers, The Gecko Brothers, Cenobites, The O'Hara's and Thee Andrews Surfers. The Phantom Rockers are damn pretty good, like a gritty, neo rockabilly, and their tune "Mexico" has a nice south of the border flavor that I like so well. The Gecko Brothers are kinda metal sounding and are an unusual choice for this compilation, but cool. Variety is the spice of life, as they say. Thee Andrews Surfers and the O'Hara's are both really amazing surf bands that I am really, really diggin. Especially "Hara Sutra" which is a Mexican-Middle Eastern sounding instrumental. This comp is different because of the psychobilly bands mixed with the surf bands, but different in a good way. I love these new surf bands I have discovered! -Lisa

Jet Lag

"Beautiful Scars"

www.gethip.com

From Spain, Jet Lag I guess warrant comparisons to Wilco. I don't know, I've never heard Wilco. To me, this sounds like extremely light pop rock custom-made for picking flowers and noses. I can see it playing as the music in a romantic comedy where the lovers pine in isolation, looking out their rainy windows with sad eyes. Really, though, they are good at what they do. I mean, it's put together solid, and they probably have feeling behind their music, but it's like if someone cooked me some delicious

baked salmon. It might be a great dish, but I don't like salmon. It makes me gag. The best thing about this album for me is the half naked girl's photo in the liner notes. It makes me feel all funny inside, like when the cat licks my toes. Other than that, this CD would get a better review on NPR. - BL

Apocalipstick Now

S/T

\$10 ppd. Bazoom! Records, POB 590144, S.F., CA 94159

The singer for this band, Jackie O. Nastie, is a dominatrix who has apparently also been a national jiu-jitsu champion. That is a hell of a resume for fronting a band that sings a song called "Rectal Inspector" and one called "Lick" about the pleasures of a dog's tongue. While the Genitorturers served up their fetish and B&D stage show with a metal flavor, Apocalipstick Now instead churns out some primitive punk rock that harnesses the attitude of Wendy O and X-Ray Spex (yet not really sounding too much like either of them). Good stuff on this 6-song disc... Makes me want to be degraded by a PVC-clad mistress of pain for being the worthless crumb that I am. - BL

The Polecats

"Polecats Are Go!"

www.cherryred.co.uk

This is the Polecats album originally on Mercury Records in the early 80's when they were at their height, and this release is the first time it has ever been on CD. It also includes the Mercury single "Make a Circuit With Me" and several other bonus tracks, clocking in at 19 songs in all. But the real measure is quality, not quantity, and the Polecats definitely deliver. They are widely heralded for bringing about the most shining example of British Neo-Rockabilly. Boz Boorer (who has also played with Adam Ant and Morrissey) here rips up the 6-string with confidence, while Tim Worman's excellent tenor vocals grease the gears of this rockin' machine. What's truly great about this CD, though, is that it jumps up at you with its unbridled energy and enthusiasm. You simply can't sit still listening to it. No fan of any of the 'Billy genres could not like this. Classic. - BL

The Twistin' Tarantulas

"El Destroyo"

www.twistintarantulas.com

You know, I'm just not really feeling this CD. It's musically proficient - I'm just a bit bored with it. I keep listening to it in hopes that it will grow on me, but it's not happening. There are 15 tracks of songs that are confessionalist in the lyrical sense and they don't seem to jive with the music. Who knows why I don't like this, I just don't. Although "I'm The Boy" is pretty decent and so are the instrumentals. -Lisa

Cock Sparrer

"Back Home"

Captain Oi, www.captainoi.com

Here we have a band that has been around for 30 years and still has the punch they started with and this disc proves what I say is true! This is a live recording from 2003 and the quality is great. The liner notes make a claim that this album "for the fans who want to hear exactly how it was that night". Man, the show must have been amazing. At times Colin McFaull stops singing and you can hear all 4000 members of the audience singing the words. You get 23 tracks including 'England Belongs to Me', "Sunday Stripper", "Runnin' Riot", "Where Are They Now", "Working" and many, many more. A must have for fans. -Lisa

Maxeen

S/T

www.sideonedummy.com

Not bad musicians, just not anything I am really into. Lyrics aren't really that good either. This is what I would call college rock. Remember The Verve Pipe? Kinda like them, but not just like them. Just kind of like that type of music. I don't know. -Lisa

The Lurkers

"26 Years"

Captain Oi, www.captainoi.com

Here we have a British punk band that has been around since 1977. Usually, Captain Oi has nice little write ups in the liner notes that clue me in to the history of bands...but not this time. Arturo Bassick, the singer/songwriter/bassist did write little notes along with the lyrics though that comment on his personal and political verses. Anyways, the music isn't really anything to write home about. I mean, it's decent, tight and upbeat but nothing really grabs me. I want something to grab me...in a bad place. -Lisa

The Mach IV

"Eleki!"

Halakahiki Records, www.halakahiki.com

These guys play original, instrumental Surf that's slick as a weasel, with reverb saturation wetter than a fish spittin' in the ocean. What these guys do exceptionally well is carry off a beautiful melody on the back of a driving beat, taking care not to simply sound like a blazing Dick Dale knock-off. Instead they create atmospheres that aren't too rigid or flat and are filled with clear, warm guitar tones that couldn't be more perfect. Some songs are western, some beachfront, some country, some ethnic, and some have more a Noir-type feel. All of them are enveloping, showing a patience and ability to get the most mileage out of each ringing note. The end result is more effective than Prozac or whiskey for curing those rainy day doldrums. Any fan of Surf music needs this in their collection. - BL

Shark Pants

"Porno Snakehead"

www.recessrecords.com

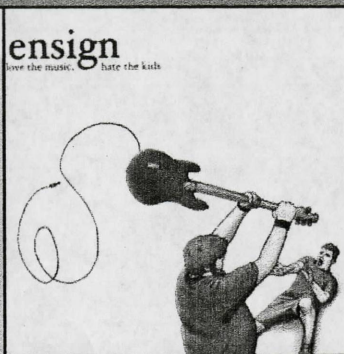
Featuring members of The Blacks and Swing Ding Amigos, this CD tears out of the speakers with a terminal velocity. Their sound digs its heels deep into hardcore punk as it pushes that genre towards something with more unusual hooks and almost a 70's sound. Unpredictable changes, lowdown garage production, and eccentric melodies make this among the more innovative punk rock records to still manage to kick serious ass. Their peculiar lyrics also show a sense of humor, matching nicely with the manic speed and changes of the music. To me, this is what punk rock should be. Wild, not patently derivative, and fresh out of give-a-fucks. - BL

The Cenobites

"Secretum" 7" Limited Picture Disc

Drunkabilly Records, drunkabilly@planetinternet.be

The Cenobites have really thrown a curveball, changing up their sound a little on this release. Of the three songs, the first is a rock'n'roll number with some nice barroom piano plinking. The next is more of a psycho-punk style, and the third twists in the psychobilly horror influences. All are good-quality cuts with fuller production than last year's release. The vocals aren't great, but this is still worth checking out. - BL



Jesse D

"Going Back" CDR
508 Meyer St., Victoria, TX 77901

Jesse is from Texas and plays Christian Metal. Not like Stryper exactly, but more of a rock'n'roll sort of riff metal. The production on this isn't very good, and though there may be some talent there, I am not really liking this in any way. I don't want to tear it apart, though, since he seems like a nice guy, and was excited to see the review. I don't know what he was thinking sending this to a bunch of heathens such as ourselves. - BL

Ensign

"Love the Music, Hate the Kids"
www.blackoutrecords.com

I've never heard this band before, but I am pretty sure that they play an old NY-type hardcore. And do it exceptionally well. I say that because this CD is all covers showing a variety of influences: Bad Brains, Descendents, Discharge, Negative Approach, Sick of It All, Verbal Assault, Husker Du, Dwarves, Replacements, and more. All the songs here buzz with intensity, and they almost remind me of speed metal at times. I'm really digging this - the blasts of energy, the choice of covers. It all comes together for a fine release. - BL

Starlight Drifters

"Every Note A Pearl..."
http://members.tripod.com/~starlightdrifters

Tight, authentic and loaded up with plenty of steel guitar, this band has got a lot going for them. While some songs are old school country ballads like "She Just Misses Elvis" some are more straight-up rockabilly like "Ain't Got Time For Love." These guys write a lot of originals and also do some sweet covers like "The Way I Walk," "Car Hoppin' Mamma" and "All I Can Do Is Cry". It has to be said that the band members are really great players - I just can't get over the guitar especially. This band hails from Michigan and need to come cross that state line and play Ohio soon so I can see 'em. -Lisa

"Sex and Subversion"

Various Artists
www.thickrecords.com

This label sampler has some artsy rock, punk, ska, and other styles. Highlights include a great track of raging Irish folk by The Tossers, singalong punk by The GC5, and the eccentric brass-laden rock music of the Blue Meanies (I saw them once like 7 years ago and it was fantastic). I was kind of let down by the Motel Blonde song on here, though. They are made up of some ex-members of The GC5, and have opted for a bland introspective rock sound. I was also surprised by the choice of Methadones song from their album. They used the lamest poppiest one, whereas in remarkable contrast, a lot of the album actually rocks. The New Black song is pretty cool,

however. They have such an odd sound: female vocals and keyboards coming together with almost an 80's progressive pop for some bizarre night club punk. Other bands on here are Vortis, Calliope, Goldblade, Sullen, Local H, and The Arrivals. - BL

Star and Key of the Indian Ocean

"Play their Rock'n'Roll Fiasco"
www.colorcookies.moonfruit.com

France's Star and Key of the Indian Ocean have taken the classic Surf sound, oiled it up with some Old World spice, and slipped in some beautiful melodies that crouch and pivot atop the rolling rhythms. What's especially key here is the awesome guitar tone that is at once swaddled in reverb, but also warm and with presence, never coming off too hollow, distant, or trebled. The compositions aren't all showy scorches either, but rather they've got their balance firm on the soundboard, with plenty of exotic tides to cool off the volcanic eruptions. They also have some Garagy vocal tracks on here, which are great as well. From the opening cut to the great cover of "The Crusher" that finishes the disc, this is some seriously amazing stuff. Not just better than their last effort, but I'd say this is easily going to be one of my favorite Surf albums. - BL

Calliope

"Sounds Like Circles Feel"
www.thickrecords.com

What this disc has going for it is a very relaxing, laid back feel, slick production, and pretty creative music. They have smooth, light instrumentation and the singing to match. Their style is hard to pin down. I'd say a slow, minimalist Light Rock with a slight spacey, trippy feel. I am man enough to admit this isn't trash, just something I'm not into much. However, the last couple instrumental songs are actually pretty cool in that smooth, candlelight sex sort of way, and he's not technically a bad singer on the other tracks. If you want to rock out, though, look elsewhere... but then you knew that by the title, didn't you? - BL

New Black

S/T
www.thickrecords.com

This is one of the more unique bands I've heard in a while, and what's more impressive is that I like most of it. They have an eclectic sound that pulls loosely from punk, pop, new wave, and no wave music, creating a dark world of smooth dementia. I prefer the female vocals on this disc, and luckily she sings most of the songs. Coupled with the sometimes disconcerting guitars and creepy keyboards, her vocals take on a sultry yet predatory persona that builds and climaxes. The songs are experimental, artsy and atmospheric, sometimes with dance beats - and they have this urban underground feel to them. Neon lights, asbestos coming off the pipes, and a broken leg on the bed replaced by a stack of books.

This directly contradicts the look of the artwork in the insert, but what the hell. Maybe that's one of the miscommunications that the CD is supposed to be about. - BL

The Coffin Cheaters

"Porno Serial Killers"
http://coffincheaters.com

Antisocial hardcore that beats down you like a gang of bible-thumpers on Judgement Day. If you like songs about killin' hookers, burnin' churches, and goin' to Hell, then you've come to the right place. There is even a disgustingly catchy overture to "cunt snot" - that most exalted of all juicy delicacies. I'm not sure how to reference their sound: fast and hard as Jerry's Kids, raw and indelicate like Negative FX on a mean drunk, and as sleazy rockin' as a heavier Nashville Pussy. This disc has got twelve-pound testicles and a rabid bite. The songs are short and to-the-point as they should be, with 12 of 'em comin' in at just over 20 minutes. Ruthless and sick - not for the faint of heart. This here is music for bustin' jaws. - BL

The Sharks

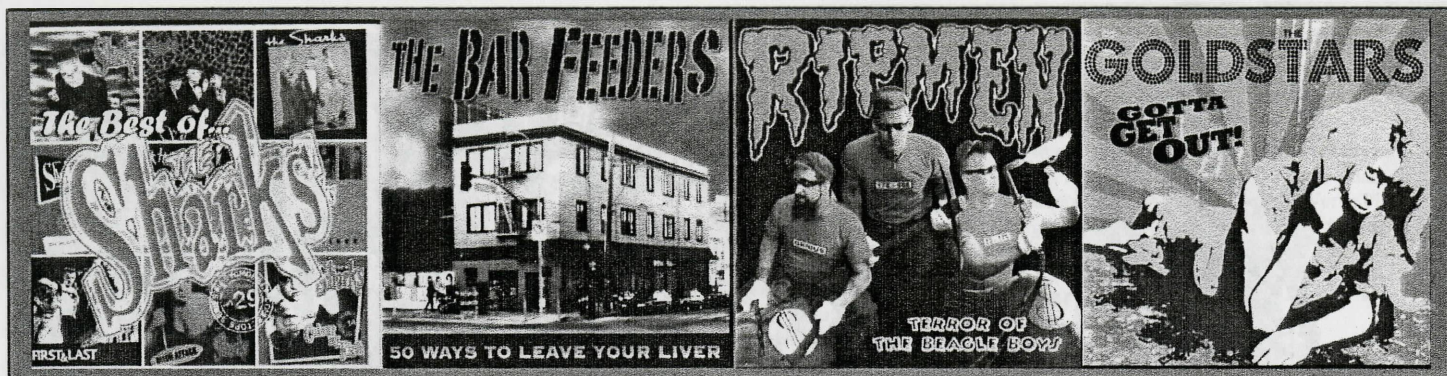
"Best of..."
Cherry Red, www.cherryred.co.uk

If you don't watch out this demon of the sea will come and bite you in the ass! New to the psychobilly scene or an old timer you will appreciate this disc for sure. Twenty-five tracks of the Sharks through the ages makes me happy as a clam. Often dubbed the "archetypal British neo-rockabilly" these guys set the standard back in the early '80's that bands today still try to imitate. With awesome tracks like "Schizoid Man", "Hooker", "Side-Show Freak", and two acoustic demos "Egyptian Reggae" and "Theme from Marine Boy" (complete with gargled vocals and Bonanza guitars), you'll be sure to have this in your player for a while to come, I know I will. -Lisa

Southern Backtones

"{The Formula}"
www.southernbacktones.com

About 5 years ago I bought the Southern Backtones' "Los Tormentos De Amor," and it still ranks as one of my all-time favorite CDs. I can't think too many that I've liked better, actually, so the follow-up had impossible shoes to fill. This new CD is quite a departure from the sound on that disc, and I'm having a hard time accepting that. They've shed a lot of the Rockabilly and Western influences in favor of something more of an elegant, minimalist Rock. Yet the dark mood and brooding disconnect remains prevalent, perhaps even more so. They also trek south of the Rio Grande and come back with trumpets on "Sinful Refrain" and the sparse guitars of "Drive Under the Moon." Perhaps the highlight here is "Angel's Serenade," which takes a hypnotic surf beat and dramatically mounts tension with the humming of Hank Schyma's smooth voice, then goes into



something almost far eastern. I also want to mention that the photography in the CD booklet is outstanding, giving a more urban feel to the subject of relationships whereas Los Tormentos had the Romantic fatalism of the open road. While I miss the genius guitar work and beautiful tones of that last album, this one is good in its own right, and grows on me with each listen. It's more relaxed, more desolate, and more cynical. So am I. - BL

The 7-10 Splits

"Yard Sale"
www.bigneckrecords.com

I thought maybe these guys would be cool because they have a picture of Nunzilla on the back of the disc, but I was disappointed. They are pop punk with an adolescent sense of humor. Typical, cliched humor that is nowhere more apparent than in the song called "I Love Your Mom". Not bad music, just lame. -Lisa

"Let's Get Rid of L.A."

Various Artists
Revenge Records 5835 Harold Way #203 L.A., CA 90028

This CD is subtitled "15 Bands From Underneath the Ruins of Southern California," which is apt because it's exactly what you get. Fortunately, there isn't any of the Sunny Delight® Pop Punk many people associate with that region. Instead, this has more of a 4-track punk feel, with a lot of 60's and 70's influences. The first track is by The Rolling Blackouts and it wins the blue ribbon for best tune. Other good tracks are by Neon King Kong, Thee Make-Out Party, Flash Express, The Orphans, The Fusel, Miracle Chosuke, The Lipstick Pickups, and The Starvations. What's cool about this comp is that there are several really good female-fronted bands included, and it has an overall feel that reminded me of punk in the 80's, when everyone was going in different directions rather than following the pack. Extensive liner notes too, making this worth searching for. - BL

The Goldstars

"Gotta Get Out!"
www.pravdamusic.com

This band combines The Animals, The Rolling Stones and The Stooges to make for a kick ass, raunchy, rock band. All original tracks with interesting organ melodies make this a captivating listen that you don't mind repeating. There are a couple of tracks that fall a bit flat, but hey, a perfect album is hard to come by these days. Good stuff. -Lisa

The Star Devils

"Diagnosis Dee-licious"
www.home.earthlink.net/stardevils

Hip Hip Hooray for steel guitar! These guys are a traditional rockabilly/country/honky tonk group that writes worthwhile originals and lays off the covers. At least 11 of the 13 tracks are their own compositions, which is pretty refreshing in this day and age of compulsive of "20 Flight Rock" covers. These guys

are fabulous musicians and songwriters who make me tremble and swoon like a teenaged girl. Sincerity is an important factor here too, as this group comes off as truly enjoying what they do and aren't some knock-off poser group. Some of my favorite tracks are "Six Dollar Trim", "Falling Apart" and "I Guess You Figured Out". I like this a lot, and you will too or else my name is mud. -Lisa

Cheeseburger

S/T
www.aerodromerecords.com

I really didn't know what to expect from a CD that has a cheeseburger crammed up a girl's butt on the cover. It could have went bad, real bad. Luckily I was pleasantly surprised, and in retrospect have come to love and respect that strange cover - debating on whether I could ever be hungry or kinky enough to eat that cheeseburger from its resident crevice. The music in here is basic, stripped-down and wonderful. The guitars are loud and simple, the beats primal, the singing exceptional. They have a lo-fi garage production with a straight rock'n'roll, somewhat southern, kind of sound without the requisite guitar wanking. Their strength is in keeping it raw and crusted over like a bar wound. These four songs are far more savory than a sandwich pinched between the lower cheeks (although perhaps ownership of said cheeks must be considered). I am wondering what the cover would look like if they were called Chicken Wing or Tootsie Roll. Makes you think. - BL

The Ripmen

"Terror of the Beagle Boys"
Crazy Love Records, www.crazyloverecords.de

I think these guys are pretty darn decent. They take the basics of psychobilly with the fast, pounding bass and shredding guitar and sometimes toss in unique features like jazz, trumpet and latin beats, like in the song "Devil Came To Town". The vocals aren't the stereotypical "throaty" psycho sounding type, but a velvety Dracula rendition, pretty different. "Law Of The Gun" starts off with a lonely mariachi trumpet and kicks into a really cool spaghetti western, yay! For those traditionalists out there, songs like "Spider" fulfil the basic requirement for standard psychobilly, minus, of course the Sparky imitation voice. There are only a couple of songs I don't really get into that much, but the bands uniqueness and variety more than make up for it. If you are looking for something that is breaking the mold, pick this up. I'm glad I did. -Lisa

The Bar Feeders

"50 Ways to Leave Your Liver"
www.addwreckedkids.com

These guys are pretty rad. The vocals remind me of the guy from Offspring and the music is a little bit Vandals but better. They are a fast paced, raw-edged pop-ish punk that has witty, fun songs like "Chinese Chicken", "Satan Sells Sea Shells by the Seashore", "Hot Monkey Love", and "Dogbarf". The songs are unique and original, and this grew on me instantly.

When someone sings about making sweet love to drunken chimps in the jungle I get happy. Is that wrong? -Lisa

The Timversion

"Prohibition Starts Tomorrow"
A.D.D., PO Box 8240 Tampa, FL 33674

From what I gather this band takes their namesake from a nerdy sort of Replacements reference, but I don't know too much about the Replacements (doubtless someone out there is gasping), who apparently have really influenced these guys. To my ears this is progressive punk rock with rough-yet-sung vocals, a slight pop edge, some hardcore residue, and the occasional surprise like a harmonica solo in one song or a Merle Haggard cover. They also have interesting lyrics, rather than just wiping their nose over some chords. They don't really rock out for the most part, preferring a slow burn, but it's not bad. I think I like the country in them the best, as on "Gallons Of Style" which is a slow, sad number that forgoes the distorted guitars and comes off sincere with a faltering Neil Young voice and lines like: "The tough folks here keep on kickin' while the others all get stoned and fade away. Nothing's ever done without a sage or drunk that doesn't have something beautiful to say." Nice. - BL

Watch It Burn / Tiltwheel

"Twice the Dose"
www.addwreckedkids.com

Watch It Burn have to be considered Emo, I'm guessing. They talk about "drowning inside" on their song called "Sad Songs Never Die," and in another song they say "if you could see the only way that I can see, you'd be witness to a tragedy." I dunno, they're probably being serious, and while I'm as depressed as the next loser, that kind of stuff makes me laugh. Their music and singing doesn't make me laugh, though. If someone asked me if I wanted to hear this or listen to the whir of a radial saw ripping its way through my nutsack, I just might choose the latter. They only last 3 songs, though, then comes Tiltwheel. Their lyrics are also troubled and introspective, but better written. Their music definitely isn't up my alley either, but it's a few shades better than the previous band, and respectable for what they do. The coolest thing about this release is the pill capsules and matchstick in the spine of the jewel case. - BL

Al & The Coholics

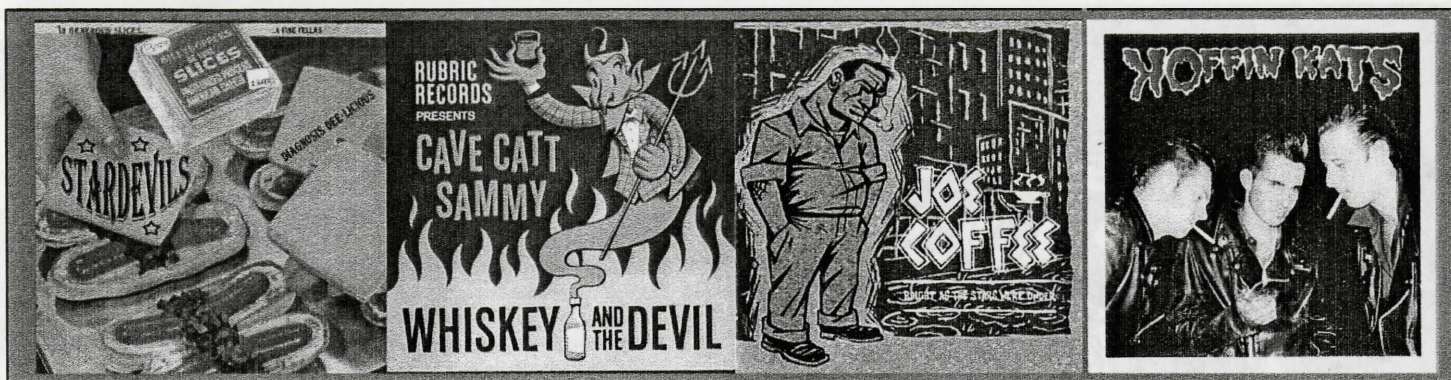
CDR Demo (216) 355-6040

This is some real raw street rock served up by a young bunch of punkers from Ohio. There are only 4 tracks on this little DIY demo, but what I am hearing, I am liking. They remind me of mid '80's punk in the vein of G.B.H. These chaps are off to a good start. -Lisa

The Hollow Points

"Annihilation" EP
www.dirtnaprecs.com

This is melodic punk rock that's pretty well-played,



upbeat, and tight. I'm not really digging some of the melodic parts, though, and overall it doesn't really rise above the ranks. It leaves me unswayed in their favor, yet there was plenty worse CDs in my pile for this issue. They've struck a perfect ambivalence. - BL

The Dukes of Hillsborough

"If Only We Had Someplace To Go"

www.addwreckedkids.com

I am not too sure what to make of this band. The singer screams the lyrics, but not in an annoying fashion. The music is like white noise, like one continuous static sound, but not anywhere near as tough. These guys are not tough sounding at all, even though you'd think so by the way I described them. They are actually kind of mellow. I am not really getting into them at all, you can be sure about that. -Lisa

Altaira

"Weigh Your Conscience"

A.D.D., PO Box 8240 Tampa, FL 33674

I didn't know what to call these guys so I went on-line and read some reviews. It seems every single one compares them to some band called Hot Water Music. Maybe that helps you. For me, I'd say it is Pop Punk with a whiff of Emo and melodic guitars that have a sterile tone and boring drone melodies in most parts. They might be a little better if they shaved some time off these songs, because there are some half-decent aspects, and the vocals aren't that terrible boy band shit. Still, I won't be putting this in. It fails to excite, like an octogenarian in crotchless panties. - BL

Modern Day Urban Barbarians

"The Endless Retreat"

Public Eyesore, www.sinkhole.net/pehome

I like the weird, experimental vibe of this CD, but the vocals fall pretty flat. They do have a nice sardonic quality, but sound thin and a bit annoying. The music builds on a punkish foundation with an artsy noise-pop roof. The song topics range from being a slave to the service industry, to pop culture attention spans, to watching the towers fall on TV 100 times. They have some good aspects and pretty neat musical parts, but it gets to be a tedious listen. - BL

The Koffin Kats

S/T

www.koffinkats.com

My Dearest Love, I am sorry to say, but this will be the last time you will ever hear from me. I have met another that makes my beating heart swell with joy and my panties moist with eagerness. In all honesty, I never thought a music CD could ever tear me away from you and your large inheritance, but alas, I have found the Koffin Kats. Eight original tracks of psychobilly brilliance that makes me feel young again, makes me feel alive has come to replace my need for you. I realize it is an entirely one sided relationship and that this CD can not return my love, but like a pathetic Michael Jackson fan, I will turn a blind eye to

the truth and push on in dedication and stupidity. Maybe it's the freshness of the night air, the stinging guitar, or my quirky ways, but I feel this is something I need to do. Don't try to find me. Love, Lisa

Joe Coffee

"Bright as the Stars We're Under"

www.streetanthemrecords.com

Fronted by Paul Bearer of the NY Hardcore band Sheer Terror, Joe Coffee has a sound that belies the expectations you have from the Starbucks-like cover (and name). Instead they meld together pretty compelling lyrics with a street punk delivery that sometimes wanes into Billy Joel influenced rock. It's hard-edged but not always as intense as on the mean and rumbling "Rooftop Rendez-vous." Not bad. - BL

Motorcycle Prom Dates / The

Shut Ups Split CD \$8 ppd.

Almost Good Music, PO Box 2233

Fond du lac, WI 54936-2233

I wish the record label that sent this CD for me to review would have sent some genuine Wisconsin cheese as a bribe. Not that I need bribed, this is a pretty decent split, I just want some cheese! Anyways, both of these bands are really good 70's sounding punk rock'n'roll. MPD's have a definite older rock feel, where the Shutups seem to be more modern sounding with a bit of a harder edge to them. Both bands do songs in tribute to the Ramones. Good stuff that I'll be listening to and crushing beer cans on my forehead. - Lisa

Death Wish Kids

"Discography"

Aerodrome, PMR #133 302 Bedford Ave. Brooklyn, NY 11211

This is a posthumous release of recordings from 1994-95 of a West Coast, female-fronted hardcore band. It is rife with savage screaming, raw production, and perhaps a little too much feedback in the amps. It's a very noisy and chaotic mix, certainly not easy to listen to, but I found myself liking it. - BL

Thistle

"Tired Anchor"

www.tiberiusrecords.com

Thistle plays indie rock that is intelligent without pangs of pretension. The sound is light and soft but full, and they seem to have a firm grip on the genre. That said, I really don't like it. To these ears it comes off as sedate and uninteresting. It's sleepy time in a hammock, but I'd rather listen to classical or surf when I mellow out. - BL

Cave Catt Sammy

"Whiskey and the Devil"

www.rubricrecords.com

Cave Catt Sammy have bounced back from their last album, which I thought was a little weak. This one

has some tenor sax added throughout, and their sound is incorporating some 50's Jump Blues and Swing. There is a sad country ballad too, and they still tie in closely with the Rockabilly genre, but they've really expanded their base of operations. Steve Scott's guitar playing has a really jazzy quality and a vintage oak-barrel tone. There are two great instrumentals, one that swings, and one that has a kind of mellow 30's hillbilly jazz feel to it. A good album for tying one on with your grandpa or dancin' with your sweetheart. - BL

Crime In Stereo

"Explosives And the Will To Use Them"

www.blackoutrecords.com

This is melodic hardcore with a really modern edge, and thoughtful lyrics. I wasn't getting this at first, but kept it in because I try to let even the bands I don't like immediately ferment in my ears for a while. After listening to the disc for some time, I can start to see the appeal. It's still not something I'd put in, but it's not unlistenable either. The monotonous vocals are kind of transfixing actually. I may be tired. Best song title: "Warning: Perfect Sideburns Do Not Make You Dangerous." - BL

Gutter Demons

"Enter The Demons" CDR

www.gutterdemons.tripod.com

This Canadian psychobilly outfit wields a weighty, percussive metal sound with dark atmosphere. They do a sort of Mexi-billy "Day of the Dead" that is great, as well as a couple cool instrumentals, a cover of "Trouble" from King Creole, and several other strong cuts. The vocals remind me just a touch of White Zombie for some reason, but not in a bad way. While not a lot of the tracks are standouts, I get the feeling this is going to be a band to watch in the heavy psychobilly scene. - BL

Vaeda - S/T

www.vaeda.com

This sounds like the current state of pop metal... kind of like Perfect Circle and many bands of that style. Limp. Turn on the corporate radio and hear lots of bands doing the same stuff. You know, weak and horrid singing for the light parts, then click the distortion pedal for the "metal." They never really kick it in though. It hurts me aesthetically. - BL

Maddog Surrender / Urban Riot

Split 7"

www.streetanthemrecords.com

Maddog Surrender from Pennsylvania offers some high quality, bloody knuckle Oi brought on by a wholesome Templars appreciation. Damn fine stuff. Urban Riot from New York City are more influenced by hardcore, and the vocals have a gruff, whiskey bottle bark to them. Not great, not bad. Really provides a sharp counterpoint to some of the whiny Emo we received this review cycle. - BL



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Alphabet Bombers, 7 Shot Screammers, Wrekdefy, Tabaltix,
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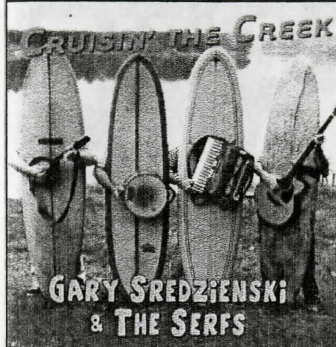
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Gary Sredzienski & The Serfs

"Cruisin' The Creek"
www.garysred.com www.theserfs.com

This is a brilliant CD. Gary is a 41 year old accordionist who has merged with a surf band to play an eclectic mix of styles that is hard to classify. They call it Ethnic/Instrumental Rock/Xtreme Polka. You get songs influenced by Japanese and Russian traditional music, spaghetti westerns, klezmer, sci-fi, surf, classical, and more. It is all played with mind-

bending proficiency and an infectious energy. I have always loved Eastern European melodies, and you get those a-plenty here, but when they come with a surf rock delivery that's even better. He's taken the accordion into territories where many think it doesn't belong, and to stellar results. Makes me wonder: where to next? - BL

Straitjacket

"The Loudest Voice" 7"
www.straitjacket.net

Punk rock'n'roll from Portland with a little pop in the song-writing. They have some bounce and catchy hooks on these three songs, as well as a little grit. Pretty cool stuff. - BL

Strong Come Ons

"Yell A Lot And Suck" 7" EP
www.bignecrecords.com

Their brief press sheet bragged that "this record will blow you away and leave you asking what the hell's in the water in Wisconsin." This is truth. Savage guitars ripping through some really muddy lo-fi recordings. Distorted barbed-wire vocals digging into your skin. Noisy discontent never sounded better. Raw like a herpes sore and ready to spread. Yes! - BL

The Destroyed

"Outta Control"
www.thedestroyed.com

Apparently The Destroyed have reformed after 25 years, and this includes 10 tracks from the 70's and 10 new ones. The first couple new songs aren't bad: nice

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FACT: JERRY LEE LEWIS ONCE SET HIS OWN PIANO ON FIRE IN A CRAZED EFFORT TO UPSTAGE CHUCK BERRY AT A 50'S ROCK BONANZA



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churning mid-tempo numbers with the right amount of snottiness to the vocals. Not bad for someone in their 50's. It quickly becomes a little tiresome and slow, though, trying my patience. Then comes some free-form jam shit that rankles my nerves. Then you come to the really lo-fi, never released cassette recordings from the 70's, some of which are okay. Overall, I'm not feeling this, though. - BL

At A Loss

"A Falling Away From"
www.blackoutrecords.com

According to the press sheet this band is boldly going places no band has ever ventured before and that effort is culminated in "shattered light fixtures and splintered guitars". Let me tell you people, there is nothing new about sucking and these fellows have mastered the craft. The press sheet also claims these guys borrow elements from jazz, hard rock, metal, hard core and punk. Hmmm, no but they do borrow elements from perhaps Barry Manilow or maybe Richard Simons in the fact that they make you want to kill yourself when you hear them. Turn this off! -Lisa

Thee Minks

"Songs About Boys" 7" EP
www.steelcagerecords.com

From Philadelphia comes three girls bashing out 4 songs of good punked-up garage. The vocals are catchy and have a sneering throatiness that I really like. The band has a sort of trashy good-time vibe that is a nice soundtrack for dancing with the person you'll later be embarrassed waking up next to. Cool stuff. - BL

The Pervz

"Pieces Of You" 7" EP
Wood Shampoo Records, P.O. Box 27801
Las Vegas, NV 89126-1801

This is upbeat rock'n'roll played with stinky fingers and leather jackets, plus a hint of bouncy-but-dark punk rock. You get four songs that hit more than miss. I like these guys. - BL

The Radio Beats

"Blow You Up" 4-song 7" EP
www.bignecrecords.com

Induced by Dwarves and Devil Dogs influences, this 7" whips by with unbridled speed and leaves you in a cloud of smoke. Great dirt-track punk'n'roll from West Virginia that has what it takes to get the bodies movin' and the beers flyin'. I love it. - BL

Stolen Sharpie Revolution:

A DIY Zine Resource (Book)
www.microcosmpublishing.com

The intro to this book asks: "Have you ever noticed that there always seems to be a Sharpie when you need one?" Nope, I haven't. I buy them all the time and they go missing all the time. I never can find one with a tip that hasn't been

whittled down to a sad nub. You all are using MY Sharpies, dammit! Anyway, this is a pretty cool little book. It is filled with tips for laying out, printing, promoting, mailing, and distributing your zine. It also contains instructions for block printing, paper-making and silk-screening, and gives you a list of resources for reviews and zine libraries. This could be pretty helpful if you are planning on starting a zine, and it only costs \$4 ppd. - BL

Uncle Fucker

"Usurpers of Tradition"
www.unclefucker.net

I listen to Uncle Fucker and I wonder what the average old-time bluegrass fan would think. I mean, that's a scene with close ties to gospel music and straight-n-narrow thinking. Last bluegrass festival I went to we had to sneak our beer around in coffee cups because the proprietors didn't approve. Into this arena steps Uncle Fucker, a band that takes an evil bent to the old traditional tunes, complete with a metal/punk approach and sexy stage dancers. Fortunately, they go beyond sheer novelty, and instead have the musical chops to back it up. Some of the songs are sinister revisions of older hillbilly tunes such as "Rocky Top" or "Long Black Veil," while many others are great originals stolen from the devil when he went down to Georgia. Whether they are lighting up the strings on a Bill Monroe tune, or diving headlong into a sinful, self-penned number, they incorporate more than distorted guitars and attitude. They also have fiddle, dobro, banjo, washboard and the good sense to retain the melodies that bluegrass is known for. On some songs, they forego the metal and punk all together, showing that they are fully capable of traveling along the classic roadways (most notably on "Abilene"). They also gain variety by switching singers, from male to female and back again. What results is a catchy "Grasscore" album that just might bridge more than a few generation gaps. - BL

The Gecko Brothers

"Stop Bitchin', Start Drinkin'!"
www.drunkabilly.com

This album is a celebration of alcohol, sweaty bars, and alcohol again. These guys are based in Holland and take a straight-up shot of loud rock'n'roll aggression, chase it with sip of Motorhead, then add a smack of Nashville Pussy and a down-south shit-kicking attitude to the tab. With guitars cranked to 10 and a drummer hitting like Sugar Ray Leonard, this greasy slab of plastic is a super-charged, liquor-fueled ode to thinking less and rocking more. Well done. - BL

The Revolvers

"End of Apathy"
www.peoplelikeyourecords.com

These guys have a big rock sound with subtle punk rock undertones. The songs are melodic, happy, and catchy without being too sickeningly sweet. They

have some pretty cool lyrics and song titles as on "Narrow-minded But Ain't Got A Clue." Hey, that covers 90% of the people in this sad world. A couple of these songs have female vocals (or at least androgynous), and overall the album's pretty well-executed. I'm not in love with this, but we could be friendly casual acquaintances. Not bad. - BL

The Monster Klub

"Inside"
http://pro.wanadoo.fr/manfred.rude/

The singer in this psychobilly three-piece from France also plays the guitars. In fact, he plays some incredible stuff... great hooks and impeccable song-writing. His tone is dirty but strong, and the style has Western and other subtle ethnic elements to it that I love. His singing is maybe a touch too throaty, but still pretty tuneful overall. He also has a very thick French accent that sometimes adds unintended humor. Nevertheless, this disc is musically remarkable. The opening cut has a reading from the Satanic Bible over top of it, while "Soul Eaters" is another masterful intro track included here. The final song is a dark ballad duet with a female singer, and again serves up some astounding song-writing, but the vocals unfortunately make it too easy to mock. The guitars are actually beautiful, though, and the melody is fantastic. I should also mention that the bass player uses an electric throughout the album, which fits nicely with the band's sound, but might disappoint those with more stringent psychobilly expectations. In the end, however, I think this is a high caliber band worthy of notice and acclaim. - BL

"This Is Horrorpunk"

Various Artists
www.fiendforce.de

According to the liner notes: "horror punk includes all kinds of horror-rock and punkabilly, but in the end it's all fast, furious, dark and subversive". That's a pretty good general description of this disc, but I have to add there is a HUGE Misfits influence throughout this compilation. The Nocturnes are an upbeat, fun band that donates their track "Werewolf" and after them comes Mad Sin and their tune "No More Trick Or Treat". There are 22 songs overall on this disc and most of them are pretty decent. Other stand out cuts are "Be My Ghoul" by The Undead, "Creature from the Black Lagoon" by the Monsters, "Gimme Gimme Your Heart" by The Cryptkeeper Five, and "Gargoyles Over Copenhagen" by Nekromantix. Overall, this is a pretty good album. I would say pick this up for sure if you are really into horrorpunk and the Misfits because you'll probably really like it. - Lisa

The Breakup Society

"James at 35"
www.gethip.com

These guys have been compared to Elvis Costello, old



Who, The Troggs and old Phil Spector records. The promo sheet calls this a "hook intensive blast of old school rock n roll with roots in vintage power pop". While I agree with that to a large extent, there is something about this I do not like. Maybe because it's over the top corniness seems faked somehow. The vintage oldies have a more sincere hokey appeal to them whereas this band sounds like they are trying to copy that. Some bands can carry that stuff off, but this isn't doing it. Sorry! -Lisa

Counterattack

"Step Aside"

www.realityclash.com

Counterattack plays some hard mid-tempo Oi that has a raw, churning confidence. Where most of the disc sticks to this style, "If I Do" is a lighter track that steps away from the throaty, forced vocals, which I am not too big a fan of, and also cleans up the guitars a bit. They also do a good cover of X on here. Throughout they've taken a lot of the usual topics that skinheads sing about and this time really elevated them with intelligent writing. This is a good release for fans of Battalion 86, The Seige, and that style of slower Oi, but for me, while it is respectable, it just ain't getting me there for the most part. - BL

The Minds

"Plastic Girls"

Dirtnap Records, www.dirtnaprecs.com

This disc feels so good it's like sunshine on a nude beach where the seals are especially playful. [Awkward Pause] So yeah, these guys are friggin' brilliant. It's infectious punk rock that floods your system with its aural endorphins making you crave it like a pusher's needle... like the lactating breast of a teenage mother... like the gelatinous jiggle of a monkey-brain soufflé. To add to the bliss, they have cheap keyboards chiming in throughout, giving a sort of New Wave feel. I know, that sounds like the Spits formula, but they actually don't sound anything like the Spits and are good in a completely different way. They riddled this sucker with pop hooks and punk grit, energy and snarl. So much so it makes you want to "Smash Smash Smash!" - BL

The Go Getters

"...Motormouth"

Goofin' Records, www.goofinrecords.com

These guys are way cool based on a wide variety of factors among them being that they have a group shot with Ronnie Dawson on the inside liner notes and dedicate the whole album to him. Second, they also have a picture of a cute, scruffy dog hanging out of a sweet hot rod and the caption says "Ruff R.I.P." How sweet they put homage to Ruff in their CD as well! Third, the drummer is the lead singer, which is a rare occurrence. And finally, these guys have a lot of energy, creativity and play revved up rockabilly. They have a lot of kickin' originals, but also throw in some interesting covers of "I Fought The Law", "Black

Magic Woman", and "Lonesome Tears In My Eyes". Good Stuff! -Lisa

Twin Haters

S/T

www.failedexperimentrecords.com

This is a lot like Helmet, but more melodic and not as good. They can sometimes rock pretty decent, but it just doesn't get my manservant standing at attention. The cool thing is that 20% of the sales from this album goes to The Leukemia and Lymphoma Society for research. Gotta give 'em props for that. - BL

The Groodies

S/T

www.failedexperimentrecords.com

Rock! This is solid punk rock by a group of girls on a non-profit label. They kick ass musically and are socially aware. This disc serves you 7 shots straight to the gut with tracks like "Count Your Dreams" and "Die Die Die". Her vocals are a mix of Courtney Love/Brodie Armstrong (what's her last name now?) with more attitude, and the music is raw and unrefined. Pick this one up! -Lisa

Rainy Day Saints

"Saturday's Haze"

www.gethip.com

This is a solo album by Dave Swanson (Guided By Voices, Cobra Verde, Death of Samantha) and he plays all the instruments. It's a sort of power pop, you know... light, catchy pop with a big guitar sound. Vocals are soft and remind me of the Monkees. Some of the songs are pretty catchy. Not something I'll listen to much, but I wouldn't call you names if you did. - BL

The Banner

"Your Murder Mixtape"

www.blackoutrecords.com

Influenced by NY hardcore and death metal, the Banner aren't winning me over. There's some breakdowns and other modern hardcore affectations, and the vocals are screamed harshly like Hatebreed but not making it believable. It just sounds too strained. I am not really digging the guitar melodies either - kind of like you hear on the more droning and sullen NOFX songs, although some of them also have a hint of Iron Maiden. Occasionally they strike a chord with me, but most of the time it just sounds like someone doing a silly metal voice to somber music. - BL

"Punch Drunk V"

Various Artists

www.tkorecords.com

You get 29 songs here cranking out some of the best in Punk Rock and Oi. Beer bottles and barroom bruises galore. Great tracks by The Stitches, the Boils, The Riffs, Wretched Ones, Smut Peddlers, The

Butchers, NY Relix, The Krays, Strychnine, Tommy & The Terrors, Class Assassins, Terminus City, Limecell, The Crumbs, The Partisans, and more. I even really liked the live cut by Slaughter and the Dogs, despite not digging their last studio release. Plus I am gonna re-evaluate the Hollywood Hate CD because their song on here is amazing. Snatch this raging motherfucker up - BL

Haymarket Riot

"Mog"

www.thickrecords.com

These guys play post punk that reportedly takes over where Big Black and Jesus Lizard left off. While it is definitely not your garden variety punk, and does possess progressive character, it just isn't an intense listening experience for the most part. The vocal melodies don't win me over in general either. That said, they are interesting and talented. It just isn't ringing my bells, and my mind tends to wander. - BL

Libido Grande

"Wrecked"

www.failedexperimentrecords.com

Hey, a portion of the proceeds from this disc goes to the Crohn's and Colitis Foundation of America. If you're a fan of Rock N Roll Purgatory, though, chances are you won't be much of a fan of this - in which case you ought to just give your full \$10 bucks to their charity and completely bypass the band. Although decent musically, with a hard-yet-progressive vibe in several parts, they sadly enter into something I think is considered emo. You know, downbeat melodies plus the droning, first-day-of-autumn-and-hence-the-wilting-death-of-happiness vocals. As far as that style goes, though, these guys are peaches and cream. - BL

Heartbreak Engines

"Good Drinks, Good Butts, Good Fellows"

www.peoplelikeyou.de

This band plays a street punk rock'n'roll with a rampaging upright bass, and they do it exceptionally well. Loud, brash, and rockin' like a fat man trying to get out of bed. They work the melodies pretty well, keep the tempo from dragging with mostly upbeat numbers, and have a big guitar sound that keeps its pace with the bass, adding some nice riffs along the path. The title track is great sing-along, although there is something odd about drinks, butts, and fellows - being mentioned so closely together. Not that there's anything wrong with that. - BL

Bill Fadden & The Silvertone Flyers

"Satellite Rock"

www.westernstar-studio.co.uk

This is pretty solid classic rockabilly, with a honky tonk feel as well. There are some catchy tunes presented on this 17 track CD including "This Boy's Moving On", "House Rent Blues", and "My Search". The vocalist puts me in mind of Charlie

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Feathers a bit, especially during the more country sounding songs. The liner notes don't credit the other musicians which is kind of annoying, but it's still overall a very decent album. I just wish they would cut loose a little more and go wild occasionally. Fans of traditional music will like this for sure. -Lisa

The X-Possibles

"Blood Everywhere"
www.x-possibles.com

Singer Tibbie X has an amazing voice, and it's one that I can't come up with a good reference for. She can scream and rant with savage might, or deliver soft melody with a sandpaper and cigarette roughness. The songs go from a ripping, chaotic hardcore number to a great pop-punk song about wanting to be a corpse without disrupting the album's continuity. They never lose their edge, and come off with a nihilistic humor coupled with an honest urgency. "Emptiness" has a dark, curled-lip, back alley, open-sore psychology to it, mounted with mean guitars. "Guilty" is a frantic paced fist-frenzy that quits in just under a minute, while "Night Kiss" has a sort demented seduction to its delivery. Other songs like "New Way," "You Make Me Ill," and "20 Lashes" are played with real aggression, and although there is something 80's hardcore about them, they don't peddle the usual paint-by-number anthems. I listened to this CD 4 times in a row in the car yesterday. That should say something. - BL

The Last Vegas

"Lick 'Em and Leave 'Em"
www.gethip.com

These guys have to be one of the top bands doing what they're doing - this is sleazy 80's hard rock with more than a wink of 70's punk rock irreverence. A great dual guitar attack serves up worthwhile riffage and interplay that will please Guitar Center cock rockers, but also won't bore the casual listener with overindulgence. Plus, the vocals are great, dripping with an Iggy attitude and a disaffected snottiness. What's not to like? - BL

999

"Concrete"
Captain Oi, www.captainoi.com

Here we have a reissued album put on CD with lots of extra goodies! You get the 12 tracks that were on the original,

plus 8 bonus songs. If you aren't familiar with the 999's, get yourself acquainted. They have been around since 1977 and play a British pop punk rock with lots of variation in the style. "Obsessed" actually is a weird mix of a western spaghetti and the Clash combined, very cool. They cover "Little Red Riding Hood" and "Indian Nation" adding their own unique flavor. Actually, I am reminded of the Clash quite a bit as I listen to this disc, but not exclusively. The bonus tracks include some live tracks like "Lie Lie Lie" and "I Ain't Gonna Tell Ya" which are both great. Some songs have a more laid back feel like "Wait For Your Number" which has a slow, tropical rhythm and some amusing lyrics. This is good stuff. -Lisa

Leatherface

"Dog Disco"
www.byorecords.com

This English band has apparently been around for some time, and been largely influential to boot. I never heard of them until now. They can craft a decent melody, have a great drummer, and the music sounds to me like an easy-listening post punk. The vocals are low and subdued in the mix, and often delivered raspy with a unique sort of cadence. Something about it is really trance-inducing, like music for sleeping in the sunshine. Weird. It has its good points, but overall it leaves me colder than a wet blanket on a winter day. - BL

Gamma Rays / High School Hellcats "Split Personality"

www.vilebeat.com

The Gamma Rays give their 5 songs first, and they aren't too bad. Kind of a pop punk, but pretty decent with songs like "Do It Again" and the sped-up "Sell Your Soul." The guitar rhythm on "Creeping Out" seems lifted from "Beat On The Brat." The High School Hellcats then take over the show with some harder edged, fast and furious punk rock'n'roll. They remind me of the Loudmouths a bit, and they have a little hardcore influence too. Basically, I am gonna go ahead and say they kick ass. - Lisa

The Casualties

"On The Front Line"
www.sideonedummy.com

Coming off what I thought was their weakest album, the Casualties have come back with a tooth-crunching intensity. No doubt they are at their peak with the songs tighter than ever before, and with decidedly better musicianship all around, yet it's definitely not become soft on the ears. Jorge's vocals still have that razor-throated rasp, and the songs remain as aggressive as their early days, albeit with some welcome tempo changes throughout the disc. I occasionally hear people get on these guys for being sold in Hot Topics, but I am of the opinion that if some yuppie mall kids want to buy their shit for \$20 a pop, that's great. I remember seeing them several times years ago and they'd sell their albums for \$6. Hey, they've been around for a long time and haven't tried to adjust their sound to a pop audience, so I'm glad they're getting good distribution now. I also hear people get down on them for their spiky-hair appearance, which is ironic because the same people like to espouse that punk isn't about image. So why care what the fuck they look like? There seems to be a No-Fashion fashion going around in response to scene nazis and people more into looks than the music (same thing in the Rockabilly/Psychobilly genres), but that ain't the case here. So to make a long story shorter, the Casualties have made a really damn good album here that sadly might be discounted by the high-and-mighty punker-than-thou crowd. Screw those people anyway. - BL

The Cowslingers

"Cowslinger Deluxe"
www.shakeitusa.com

As it turns out, this may be the final Cowslingers release, according to an e-mail I got today from them concerning an imminent disbanding, but at least this is one hell of a parting shot. The Cowslingers are one of the long-running bands who have put Cleveland on the map by faithfully churning out their one-of-a-kind, grade-A cow-punkabilly for well over ten years. On this newest disc, they've branched out and included several guest musicians for about half the songs; seasoned ringers playing mandolin, fiddle, banjo, and even

accordion. What results are some outstanding corn-shucking country tunes delivered with their signature wit, humor, and lyrical craft. Elsewhere, the other tracks stay true to the cranked-up Truckstop Americana that they're known for, yet I think they've nailed it down better here than on previous releases. While most will gravitate towards the ingenious hillbilly cover of GG Allin's "Drink, Fight, Fuck" I am tempted to say that original tunes like "I Got Time" and "Saltine" are close contenders for the most brilliant points on the album. To top it off, the packaging and artwork is beautifully striking in a 1930's wholesome sort of way, helping to seal together the overall feel of cruising the open roads through America's heartland. Best listened to where there are more farms and less Walmarts. - BL

The Pulses

"Little Brothers" EP
Dirtnap Records, www.dirtnaprecs.com

This is a bit artsy, a bit psychedelic, kind of garage, kind of pop, and really not bad. I dig the eccentricity, and the fact that they never venture too far from the songs into iffy experimental territory. The singing doesn't help or hinder them really, but they carry off good pop tunes for those whose brains roam in different pastures. They don't rock out heavy, but it isn't whimpering either. I give this disc a casual nod of approval, and will let it touch me if it wants to. - BL

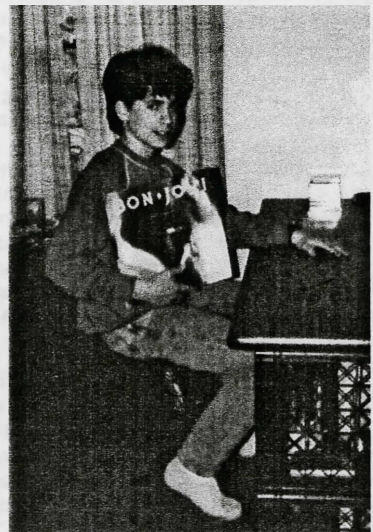


Photo: Ben circa 1988.
Regard his reviews with caution.

NASA Probe Finds Bin Laden... On Mars!

Osama's Hideout Found Where Least Expected...
He's Partyin' It Up With His Harem on Mars!!

NASA scientists were shocked last month when the Mars rover Opportunity sent back photos of the world's most wanted man: Osama Bin Laden. Officials are declining to confirm, but Rock N Roll Purgatory has obtained a photo from a mole within the organization that clearly shows Osama and his belly-dancing concubines. Indeed it seems that while we toil to find him down here on Earth, he is safe on the red planet partyin' it up in extremist fashion. It is further believed that the first NASA probe, the Spirit, has been smashed by this bearded menace. What's more, we have intelligence that they've also discovered Saddam's weapons of mass destruction hidden deep below the Martian landscape.

"This is extraordinary," says some scientist we showed the photo to. "Especially since we long thought the temperature and lack of atmosphere on Mars would be inhospitable to life. This changes everything."

Indeed it does. We have word that Osama is in a unique position to deploy Saddam's nuclear weapons against the United States at any moment. We asked a guy who mops floors at the Pentagon what he has overheard.

Apparently, they are really Kruschew's weapons that were put there during the Cold War. You see, when the Soviet Union fell, Saddam bought their space program, as well as their nukes, from the crime bosses who took over. Experts suspect Osama has been hiding on Mars for at least a year, having traveled there to reap the health benefits of the dry Martian caves. How he got there is even more of a mystery, but it is suspected that he stole Saddam's escape pod. This would also explain why Saddam didn't flee to Mars himself when the heat was on him by American forces in Iraq.

Insiders at the White House say that President Bush is furious. Not a month after he declared a manned mission to Mars as a national goal, it seems that he was beat to the punch by the very radical Moslem terrorist that eluded him in Afghanistan. And to make matter worse, the whole nation might be obliterated by this fiend if he cracks the initiation codes and arms the weapons.

"I guess we'll have to wait and see," says some fat guy leaving KFC, "and I always thought when Mars attacked it would be Martians, not Moslems!"



Amish Gunman on the Grassy Knoll

Startling Confession Reveals the Truth
Did the Amish Mafia Have JFK Killed?

Ohio man claims he's responsible for the death of President John F. Kennedy in 1962. Ezekiel "The Amish Glock" Shrock of Onionville, Ohio, held a press conference on January 20th to make public this remarkable assertion. "I can't go to my grave with this," said a sullen Shrock, who is reportedly terminally ill with leprosy. For most of the 90's, he had been serving a 9-year sentence on drug charges until released in 2001. Since then his cell mate, Rufus Wilson, has written a book detailing their conversations while locked up. In these memoirs he tells, among other criminal tales, of Mr. Shrock's involvement in the presidential assassination. Historians and officials had scoffed at these claims, despite the book being a bestseller, but heads are bound to turn now that Shrock is corroborating Wilson's story. He says he really was an Amish hitman... and that he did not act alone.

Authorities with a special task force investigating the Amish Sin Syndicate, the organized crime arm of the Amish Empire®, have been on the case for decades. "The more we sniffed around A.S.S., the more we knew something big was brewing, but we could never find our way in. It is a very tight organization," says unit spokesman Detective Roger Winters. The Amish Sin Syndicate funds itself with drug trade and bake sales, but its objectives are simply to constrain



Photo: Ezekiel shows his new gun to disapproving pacifist friends.

technology by producing computer viruses and working with "Sasquatch" saboteurs to destroy the nation's highways. "They want to make the roads safe for travel by horse," explains Winters, "and they feel persecuted by the reflective orange triangles placed on their buggies."

Mr. Shrock was allegedly hired by the organization to kill Kennedy because the president had spearheaded the Space Program. In accord with Amish doctrine, mankind should not even drive cars, let alone fly to the stars. For this reason, "Kennedy had to feel the might of the Amish fist," says Shrock.

"I'm not buying it," counters Jonathan Glump of the Sacred Amish Preservation Society. "We at S.A.P.S. refuse to believe in this libel against the faith. Mr. Shrock acted alone. He was crazy and immoral - unworthy to bear the burden of the beard."

Others claim that S.A.P.S. merely exist to make A.S.S. look clean. "It's a front for

their organization. They put out the self-aggrandizing propaganda to make the Amish seem bigger than life and holier than thou," says Det. Roger Winters. "What they're hiding is the drugs, murder, and webbed feet tucked inside those heavy black boots."

But was Kennedy even killed by the wrath of the Amish angels brought down upon him by Ezekiel Shrock's deranged technophobic madness? Currently forensic investigators are testing the ballistics of his rifle to determine if this is true. If so, was he acting alone? And how did he get leprosy? Does he have plans for a book deal of his own? And is it true what they say about Amish men in bed? These questions remain unanswered... for now.



Zany Zealot from the Past Dishes the Dirt in...

Ask a 13th Century Catholic Bishop

Get Advice from Bishop Penithor IV of Gaul, former Abbott of the Mt. Zion Priory and Infamous Inquisitor of the Valley of Woe.

Dear Penithor IV,

My boyfriend and I have been going together for 6 months, and up until now he has been respectful of my reluctance to have sex due to our mutual reverence for our Lord and Savior. Lately, though, he has been insisting that anal sex is not forbidden by God, and therefore will not cast our souls into the Second Circle of Hell to be forever whirled about by a dark, stormy wind in a raging tempest of agony. Is this true?

Signed,
Simple Lady Upholding Theology

Dear SLUT,

It doth bear upon my ears with burdensome sadness, and burn mine own eternal soul with ignoble shame to hear the lecherous schemes enacted upon your virtue. Your boyfriend, in keeping with his reprobate nature, has entreated you to betray the will of God and join him in communion with the Great Enemy. Such is the blasphemer's unholy boldness which uses the craft of reason to ensnare you; that you might lose wit of your purity and be flushed into the immoral sewers through which the most debased criminals wash away from Grace toward that special ring of Hell reserved for libertines and pervers. Canst thou profess to love the one and only true Lord of All Created, and still be contemplative of mounting a sacrilege, to plummet even the second most holy of holes? To allow the entry of corruption to where foulness and impurity are purged? Would God accept your filthy soul after this compromise of His Laws, even after severe penance was endured by your puny body, the very looking glass of your wilted spirit? Take heed and want not the discomfort of carnal sin, and abdicate from this evil endeavor forthwith.

Dear Penithor IV,

I am 8 years old and my big sister says that there is a monster that lives under my bed, and it will eat me if I tell mom and dad about her sneaking out at night to make X-rated fetish films.

She made me swear not to tell, but I am not sure what to do. Are monsters real?

Signed,
Bad Old Yucky Monsters Eat All
Tattletales

Hello BOYMEAT,

Perish you shall by the fangs of vengeance if ye breach your sworn word and violate your sister's holy trust. Why do little boys always think they can blab all they want and God will not punish them? Indeed monsters ARE real, and they lurk under beds and in shadows, waiting for little boys to break promises and hearts held true. Once they catch the scent of betrayal, no longer lives the wretched rogue. Pain will embrace him closely with a hostile grasp and ruinous bonds, and the boy betrayer awaits great doom.

Dear Penithor IV,

Prithee well dear Bishop! As Ruler of the Kingdom of Saxony, upheld by divine right and blood of the royal lineage, I inquire wherefore must I abdicate my throne upon the behest of papal authority. Why should I accede to any higher sovereignty than that by which I was granted mortal life and the parlous privilege of supreme regency? On what foundation was the *Dictatus papae*, wrought upon Christendom in 1075 by Gregory VII, built to sustain Rome's power through the seditious abatement of mine own?

Signed,
Saxon Crusader Upholding
Monarchy

Dear SCUM,

As the enlightened representative of His Excellency, the Pope, who hath been appointed through divine providence by the Originator of All Things, I command your deference in all matters on behalf of His Holiness. It is wisdom; none can gainsay it, for there is no greater crime than heresy against the Lord's own edicts. Thine punishment shall exceed the bounds of human law if thou further disrupt the

order of nature as reflected in the Church's mandates. For deposing and renunciation of all sovereignty are but the prelude to the many ills that shall befall you in the event that you continue to challenge papal supremacy. Your everlasting soul will be expunged from God's watchful eye and cast into the shadows of the underworld. There you shall suffer eternal agony befitting to Sins of the Lion within the City of Dis in the Sixth Circle of Hell. Deep in those slimy pits of pain and anguish your soul's shadow will slowly be erased. Be wary of the path upon which thou tread, wanton usurper and disrupter of God's phylogenetic schemes.

Dear Penithor IV,

Being contemporary to the 13th century, how is it that you are able to do an advice column for a 21st century publication? And don't you find it to be a sacrilegious publication at that? I mean, Rock N Roll Purgatory... what a putrid pile of pud-rubbing heresy balled up into an unreadable mass of congealed spunk. What the hell kind of Bishop art thou? I hope you get excommunicated then eaten in exile, you sickening hypocrite!

Signed,
False Abbot Gets Lowered Into
Cannibal's Kettle

Dear FAG LICK,

Your insolence is paralleled only by your weakness of spirit. Such arrogance and insubordination colors your words with a hideous shade of damnation that your bedeviled eyes cannot unveil. Regardless, and through none but mine own magnanimity, shall I divulge the answers to your crude inquiries. Indeed I am long dead, but in body only. I am able to communicate with the living through spiritual communion with the editors of Rock N Roll Purgatory, who thereby transcribe my wisdom for those inhabiting your secular and forsaken age. I have chosen this magazine for its ability to reach the lowliest scum and possibly save them from eternity spent in hell, which

incidentally is where your detestable soul is destined to burn like an Irishman lying dead drunk in the Sahara desert. Oh how thine skin will sizzle with the burn of divine punishment! Ooooh, how delicious it sounds as the flaming fingers of Satan squeeze out your life juices!

Dear Penithor IV,

Why is it that your advice to everyone results in them being prescribed to hell for not agreeing with your views? Do you have a God-complex, or are you just an asshole? And what's with the feeble attempt to sound archaic, you idiotic fraud?

Signed,
Complete Unbeliever of Nitwit
Theologists

Dear CUNT,

Like ye not my proclamations? For sooth, it beseemeth that I should beseech you not to seek the Lord's guidance, as your spirit is immutably lost to the forces of evil and corruption. In such a case as this, the right course of action in the disbursement of expedient advice is to simply say: Trod hastily upon your road to Hell, wicked scoundrel!!!



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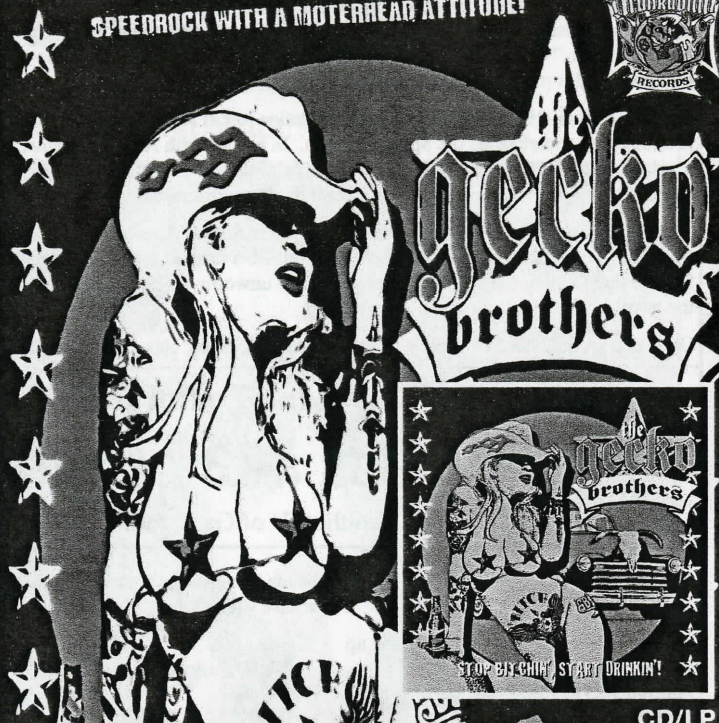


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The history of these four brothers is as good as their music. Coming from different bands like Batmobile and Thundermug, the Dutch brothers from Breda (the Netherlands) decide that it was time to reunite the family and play some loud Rawk & Roll. For some time the brothers were the support act for bands like Peter Pan Speedrock, Turbo Ac's, Milwaukee Wildmen, The Riots, 69 Charger, Fury 161 and Speedball Jr.

HEARTBREAK ENGINES

CD/LP



It was in late september of 2002 when Lou (ex-Lead Singer for THE SPOOK) met Grisch (double-bass player for PITMEN) for the very first time on a wild, drunken night in town. After a few beers and Jaegermeister they had the idea of making some music together one day. But this was only the beginning of something bigger...

Two months later they joined

forces with some long-time friends of Lou - they were the lead guitarist, rhythm guitarist and drummer of THE ROCKETBOYS who used to play with Lou in the past. First intended to be side-project, HEARTBREAK ENGINES started to rehearse and write their first couple of tunes. Things took off really quick and were followed by shows with Demented Are Go, Peter Pan Speedrock, Kings of Nuthin' and The Peepshows, among others.

The Revolvers



CD/LP

THE END OF APATHY

"The Show Must Go On", so THE REVOLVERS hit once again the Blue Box Studios and work together with these great producers Guido "George" Lucas and Tilo Schenk, who are responsible for the successful debut, too, to record the following "The End Of Apathy" album with the help of "People Like You" - Records.