

ROCK-N-ROLL PURGATORY

Issue #12



THROWRAG
THE D ONETTES
HILLBILLY WEREWOLF
LEGENDARY HUCKLEBUCKS
SATAN'S TEARDROPS
TRAILER BRIDE
CASH O'RILEY

We hold the keys
to your future...
and we're
keepin 'em.



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by genetically engineered sweatshop workers
who love to rock, bop, & jive 16 hours a day!



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ALL the Golly Gee albums!"

Marijn Raaijmakers,
BlackCat Rockabilly Europe (2002)

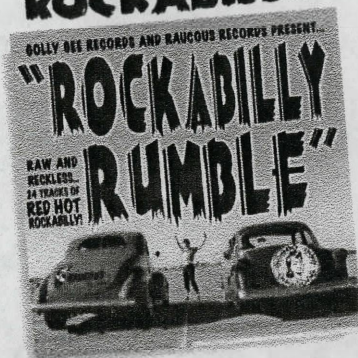


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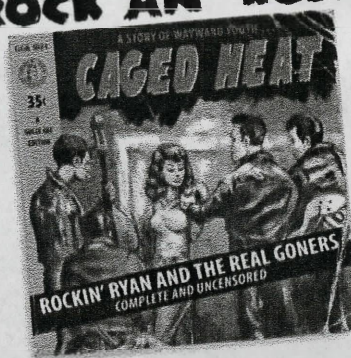
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We soak each page in the sweet juices of freedom... go ahead, taste 'em.

In a world ravaged by war, hate & hunger,
one little magazine dared to care...

**Guest writers
In The Sky:**

Billy Angel
The Joey Zone
Jill A. Kemper
The Machetti
Oliver Wimsey

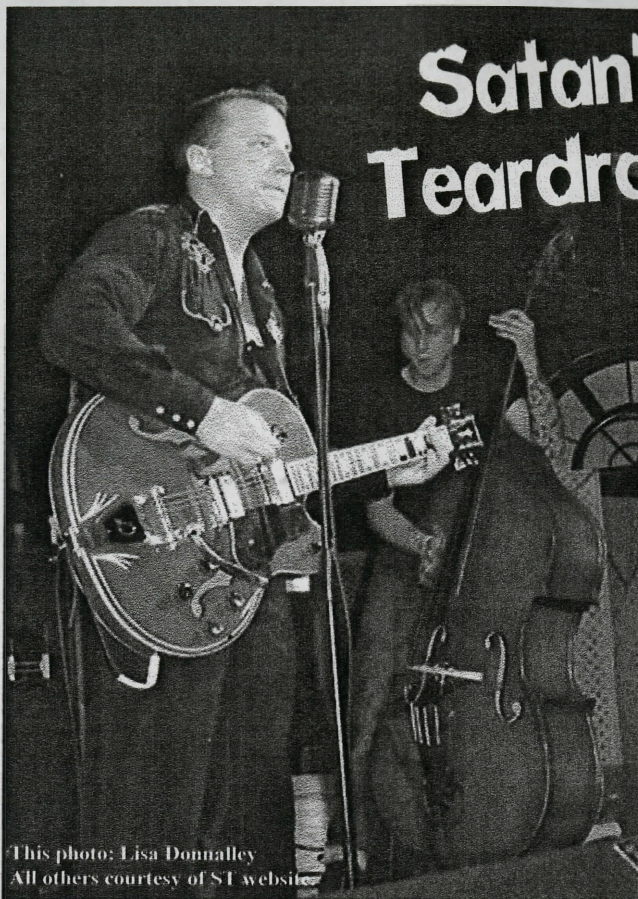
COVER: SARAH HAMILTON

RRP is: Ben Lybarger & Lisa Marie,
a couple whose pioneering work with
dolphins has revealed their potential
as healers and teachers of spirituality

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Satan's Teardrops



This photo: Lisa Donnalley
All others courtesy of ST website

Once I heard Satan's Teardrops' premier CD "Set 'Em Up, Knock 'Em Down" (Spindrift Records), I was hooked. This is what rockabilly played in the new millennium should sound like – no cutesy posturing, no 1950's prom night anthems. Instead they wage a full-on rockabilly assault that stays true to the roots with great musicianship & unstoppable guitar riffs, but updated with the manic fervor of a band who drives faster & drinks harder. Strangely, though, animals react unpredictably to their music. The poor beasts can't contain the feral urges that it activates. It made my dog go nuts, chase his tail, then bite me in the leg. I couldn't get it off me, so I stabbed the bastard with a fork. My girlfriend was swarmed by birds as she cranked it on the porch. Then Seigfreid was attacked by a tiger, allegedly not long after a stagehand was jamming the CD. Crazy shit, man. Be careful. – BL

www.satansteardrops.com



RRP: What was it that you won at the Crossroads guitar contest at the Heavy Rebel Weekender? How was your experience down there in North Carolina?

Trafton: I won a homemade tremolo pedal. Someone took a Dewars "white label" tin box and stuffed it full of electronics. The thing looks tough as nails and sounds great! I had a great time at the HRW. Mike and Dave did an outstanding job and had a great staff. I did what everyone else was doing; I got fucked up and listened to rock n roll. My big thrill was seeing Dexter Romweber. He was one of the first artists that drew me to rockabilly. The size of his crowd was a little disappointing. I saw rockabilly amateurs that had a larger crowd than him, and he's been doing this shit since they were in diapers. I bought a shitload of his merch, (even though I already had some of it). I hope he made some good coin because he deserves it.

I met a lot of cool people around the car show area. I've built a few street rods so I always feel at home talking to hot rodders. Some of the shit that came out of Mike's garage was bitchin'. I met Igor, who pinstriped the shit out of my guitar for a beer, and a lot of other talented hot rodders.

RRP: Where are you guys from, and how long have you been together?

Trafton: We live in Portsmouth NH. We have been playing together for as long as we have known each other. 2 years.

RRP: What is your hometown like?

Trafton: Portsmouth is a small city on the NH seacoast. It is located an hour from Boston MA and four hours from New York city. Very historical, and home to a naval shipyard. We have over 30 bars all within stumblin' distance from each other and if you like getting drunk, this is the place to do it. I really love this town and state. I'm five minutes from the ocean and an hour from the mountains. Winter really sucks; we only have four months of nice weather, but I cherish it. I'd rather freeze my ass off in NH than spend a winter in Florida or some other shithole like that.

RRP: I've read that Zach has puked at least three times when you play your song, "Shallow Grave." Why is that?

Trafton: Have you seen us play shallow grave? If not, I will sum it up for you. No matter what instrument you play, no matter how conditioned your body is, you stand the risk of cardiac arrest attempting to play it. It took a lot of practice and physical anguish to finish that one. At the end of that song we all have our eyes closed because the sweat is burning them. Zach has one of the hardest jobs trying to achieve that song live. If you were to shotgun a 12 pack of PBR and run 2 miles you would puke all over yourself and know what its like to wear Zack's shoes.

RRP: I heard that you are motorcycle mechanic... what kind of bike do you have of your own?

Trafton: I've been wrenchin' on cars since I

was 13. This whole motorcycle mechanic thing is somewhat new to me. It is hands down the easiest mechanical work you can do. Not many people ride in the winter, (no rust) most everyone keeps their bikes clean, (no grease) and in most cases you only need a couple thousand dollars in tools! I've been a British fan for a while, (Triumph, BSA, ect). The other guys in the band ride antique British bikes.

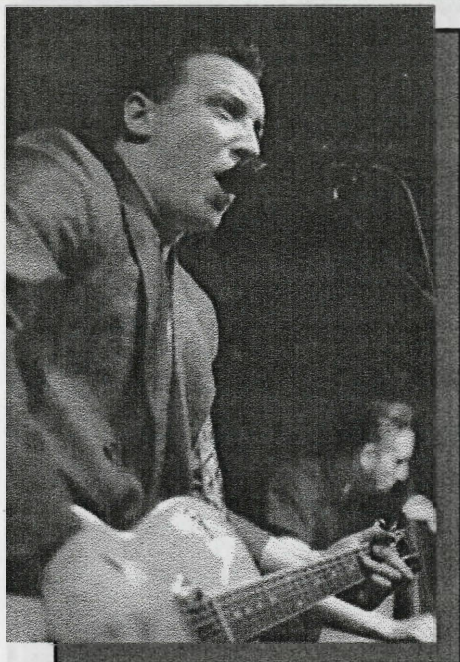
I sold my BSA and built a Harley Davidson chopper. I got a 60's hardtail frame, a 63 Iron Head 900cc engine (kick only, Magneto, no battery just a generator to run the lights). It is very home-made lookin', no store bought shit (thanks to a Bridgeport), I even left the welds on the pipes! It's flat black with red and white pinstripping and really fun to ride.

RRP: What is the Loaf and Ladle, where Andy works? A soup kitchen?

Trafton: Yeah, the Loaf and Ladle is a soup, sandwich and home made bread restaurant. If you are ever in NH, you have to check it out. It is by far the best place to eat and hang out. It is located in downtown Exeter, NH and owned by the same people who run the world famous Stock Pot restaurant in downtown Portsmouth, NH. Both restaurants have incredible food and an excellent waitstaff that's into "the scene".

Satan's Teardrops are:

Trafton Waldrop: Vocals, Guitar
Andy Ulery: Guitar
Zack Shedd: Upright Bass
Jason Lara: Drums



Andy works at the Loaf and Ladle and we are lucky enough to practice there on Tuesday nights.

RRP: I've seen you guys described as psychobilly minus the horror influences. What sorts of influences do you guys draw on when creating your deviant brand of devil's music?

Trafton: I listen to everything from Bluegrass to Hardcore. We as a band have different backgrounds and dominant influences. When I write songs I have an "old school" country/rockabilly inspiration. When I get together with the rest of the guys they all contribute ideas of what the song should become. Jay (drummer) is always right on with how a song should be. He has been in numerous Oi and Hardcore bands and his experience makes Satan's Teardrops. Andy (acoustic guitar) adds the rhythm of a fuckin freight train and gives our songs energy. Our band would never survive without his presence. Zack is the best stand-up Bass player/ musician I've ever seen. I had to show him how to play the fuckin' thing when I first met him. Now he is unbeatable. I would put him up against anyone with my life on the line.

RRP: What sorts of backgrounds do you guys come from as far as music, past bands, and just in general?

Trafton: In general, we have all been in the Boston/Portsmouth punk scene for years. We all share similar backgrounds. We were all raised by working class family's, we are all from NH and will never leave. I think it has a lot to do with how we get along. If you take any group of people and put them together for an extended amount of time you are sure to have conflict. I can honestly say that I have never had such a great group of friends, and our band is based on that. As for past bands we have been in, I will name a few. (Jason) The System, Blodget. (Andy) 13 tons of Napalm, Total Acne. (Trafton) The Rockaholics, The

Uglies, US Scum. (Zack) Satan's Teardrops.

RRP: What does Satan have to cry about? Is it because everybody wants David Hasselhoff and Carrot Top to go to Hell, and that'd be some piss poor company?

Trafton: The name came from my Grandfather who called alcohol "Satan's Teardrops". I don't think Satan has a soft side. Anyone who was supposedly kicked out of heaven, and has come this far with his own kingdom didn't waste time crying about burned bridges. As for Hasselhoff and Carrot Top, they should be put in the stockades and stoned to death.

RRP: (Amen to that.) What do you think your last words will be?

Trafton: That all depends on the circumstances. If I am murdered, "I'll see you again". If I have to commit suicide, "Sorry". Natural causes, "it's about fuckin time."

RRP: How do you spend your free time? What sorts of things interest you?

Trafton: Sex, Drugs, fast cars/bikes, and rock n roll.

RRP: I read on your bio that when you need to make the real bucks you hit the streets unplugged. Is that true - have you played in the streets? Can you make a lot of money doing that?

Trafton: We don't really make the "real bucks" but we have played unplugged in the streets for beer money. I think the most we have made is \$60. That doesn't compare to a club that pays us \$600 and free drinks. You make more money panhandling than being a street performer.

RRP: What's the worst injury that you've sustained, and how did it happen?

Trafton: I severed a couple tendons and the main artery in my arm on a piece of sheet metal. I was alone at 9:00 PM in the garage I worked at. I was welding rocker panels on some shitbox truck, and slipped while applying a lot of pressure to a piece of sharp metal. It felt like I just bumped my wrist on something (this shit was razor sharp). I looked down and my arm was gushing blood like a faucet. It wasn't squirting or spraying, it was seriously pouring like a pulsing water fountain. I remember looking outside and seeing nothing but darkness. No one even had a porch light on. The whole time I was thinking "I'm gonna die on a garage floor". I made a tourniquet out of some dirty shop rags and called 911. If it wasn't for 911 I would have bled to death in the time it took me to get to the nearest house for help. Those fuckin' guys are great.

RRP: What about this world are you most sick



of?

Trafton: Work, Hangovers, High tech street rods/ bikes, the radio, cancer, condoms, incarcerated friends, and junkies.

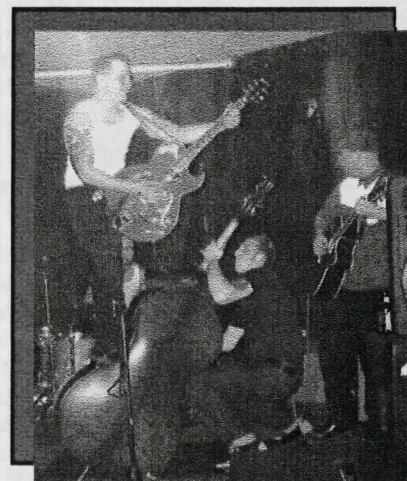
RRP: Recently, someone I know ate at the Farmer Boy diner here in Wooster and later got such intense intestinal distress that they shit their pants. When was the last time that you lost control of your bowels?

Trafton: Last time I shit myself was when I was 6. Bad case of diarrhea. I was in a blackout drunk one night a few months ago, and my girl said I got out of bed and pissed on the floor. Does that count?

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

Trafton: Please support our band. We work our asses off. We can't even hold onto jobs or girlfriends because we are touring and playing out so much. Unfortunately we need to make money to survive. We are trying to do it this way. We do this because we enjoy it, we do it because you enjoy it, we love our fans and are grateful for them. If you haven't heard us, we have CD's for sale available at Cargo, Hepcat, or www.Spndriftrecords.com. Check our website out at www.satansteardrops.com for free music, pics, etc...

Thanks and Cheers to you, Trafton





Photos: Lisa Donnalley

CASH O'RILEY

& The Downright Daddys

www.cashoriley.com

There are realms of the human psyche hitherto unexplored, entire regions of the mind lying dormant and waiting... waiting for the right time to manifest themselves in a spastic fit of pure genius. You might suddenly be inspired to paint a masterpiece, write a novel, or draw up a blueprint for an interplanetary spacecraft that runs on cactus juice and the freshly squeezed souls of hateful sinners. The moment may come as you are in the throes of passion with your mistress, flogging your incompetent butler, or just sitting on the can reading an exciting new issue of Rock N Roll Purgatory®. For the man now known as Cash O'Riley to his adoring fans, the inspiration to start a band came as he was cleaning his rifle with murder on his mind and whiskey in his gut. It was a transformational moment that changed the course of his life forever. He had decided to play rockabilly rather than live by the code of the gun. His music would be embraced by those looking for distraction from their oppressive poverty. But was he truly a man of the people, or was something more sinister afoot? I needed to go beyond the image to see what made this man tick. What I discovered will shock and amaze you, maybe even cause your lungs to collapse with a mighty gasp. Read on... and behold the truth! - BL

Cash O'Riley: lead vocals, guitar
Jonny Itch: doghouse bass, saxophone

The True Hollywood Story.

Behind the scenes of The Cash O'Riley Factor

RRP: Is "Cash" your real name? What are you running from?

Cash: No it isn't. Though I never reveal my real name, some believe that it's really Chester and that I'm hiding in greasy coolness trying live down the shame of a teenage Dungeons and Dragons incident. Not true at all. Cash just came from me always being flat broke and my sarcastic friends busting my balls for it.

RRP: Aren't you really art school students from New York City posing as hillbillies from Michigan?

Cash: No, that's those other guys from a couple towns over...and yeah, they SUCK!

RRP: Isn't rockabilly played out and stale by now?

Cash: It can be. But just like with any style of music, there are some great, original acts. But then a lot of people who lack vision and creativity horribly copy it and run it into the dirt. Everybody takes what they're influenced by as the heart of their style, but a lot of people steal instead of borrow and never bring anything new to let the music grow. They just hang it with a generic noose.

RRP: Your CD is called "Tales of Stepping of the Rural Route." Did you grow up in a small town? Every town has its eccentric folks; what sort of odd people roamed the streets there?

Cash: A few small towns...we moved around a lot. The title came from when I finally got over my fears of cities and moved to just outside Detroit. Still way more populated than I was used to. I moved back to Jackson very quick. I feel more at home surrounded by cornfields. In Jackson there's all kinds. It's a small city. Though like I said, surrounded by cornfields. So a lot of people try to live in it like a big city. Some get Thugged Out, most are stuck in the 80's wondering when the next Warrant or White Lion album is coming out.

RRP: What do you think the deal is with K's replacing C's in places like Kustom Kar shops and Kountry Kraft stores? I mean, is this code for something? Do they sell white hoods there or something sinister like that?

Cash: That is weird. Maybe it's a form of retaliation against ebonics.

RRP: What do you think of the countryside being eaten up by urban sprawl? That is especially bad here with farmland being developed for condos and shopping malls.

Cash: I hate it. The population is growing rapidly and killing the itself at the same time. There's a whole world of issues I could go into on this. My granddad is an American Tobacco Farmer in Kentucky. My first job in my life was on a dairy farm when I was like 11. When I was a kid both farms were always booming. Now, like many others, these farms are struggling from the spread of yuppie assholes who want to live in the "quiet country" away from the riff raff of the city, but end up bringing all their fucking yuppie friends with 'em and killing the land as they drive their S.U.V's up the drive of Condo to get ready to have their big Karaoke bash. Yup, I hate it.

RRP: When was the last time that you broke down and cried?

Cash: I didn't bawl like a baby, but the last time I cried was at a funeral of a man saying goodbye to his wife of over 50 years. I watched him as he was the last to say goodbye before they closed the casket. He knelt down and kissed her and when he rose, the look on his face, shattered man, just lumped my throat and I couldn't help it. I cried, man.

RRP: Musician and Philosopher Hasil Adkins once stated: "Whoa Eee Ahh Ahh" in his treatise entitled "She Said." How do you interpret this passage? What is he trying to convey? What does "She" represent?



smoking banana peels to get a buzz. What's the strangest thing you've done or heard about?

Cash: We dried and smoked orange peels in high school. We think it worked...we never really came down.

RRP: Do you hunt? What's the last thing that you killed?

Cash: When I was a kid I hunted all the time. I did kinda hunt with the car the last time I took my girlfriend out of town with the band. A squirrel ran right out in front of the car and I just squished him. My girl slapped the shit out of me and called me a murderer. She later said, "Everybody knows what you did...murderer".

RRP: What's your favorite heavy metal band?

Cash: It's toss -up. Faster Pussycat or Motley Crue.

RRP: What's your favorite kind of jerky?

Cash: I was stumped. I tried to call Cliff, the postman from Cheers to see if he knew, but he hasn't returned my message yet.

RRP: Were you guys the best band at Viva Las Vegas?

Cash: I'm a little biased on this subject. I think that if the band you're in isn't your favorite band...you should quit and join another one.

RRP: Are you really ego-maniacs who mock their fans while sitting backstage smoking cigars and eating caviar?

Cash: As soon as I leave the stage, I have two oriental massage therapists waiting in my private dressing room with champagne and cubans. My dressing room always has to have my table placed near a window so that while smoking fine cigars, getting rubbed and "tipsy" from the bubbly, I can watch all the suckers leaving the show and I laugh... Mwa Ha Ha Ha Ha, Mwa Ha Ha Ha Ha

RRP: I like the smell of cow manure... I find it earthy and wholesome, the fitting aroma of America's heartland. How do you feel about it?

Cash: Well, as I said earlier, my first job was on a dairy farm. But you just don't walk right in and be a milker, you got to start at the bottom like everyone else. My first week I was knee deep in cow shit with rubber wading boots and a pitch fork doing the long overdue cleaning of the livestock stalls. You get used to a smell so fresh and nasal cleansing after a while. You begin pass farms while driving down the road and get pissed if it doesn't have a strong aroma.

RRP: Have you ever considered bootlegging prescription drugs down from Canada and selling them on the black market to senior citizens who can't afford them here?

Cash: Hasn't everybody?

RRP: I've heard of people licking toads and

Cash: Deer.

RRP: When is the new Cash O'Riley album coming out? Ever considered covering the theme from Golden Girls?

Cash: Y'know I did. I always loved that song. But then I turned on my radio one day and heard Cheryl Crow and Kid Rock singing a song that totally rips off the Golden Girls theme. I was not thrilled. Not thrilled 'tall. We're starting to record the new album very soon. Maybe even put a vinyl live EP out.

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

Cash: I never sleep with the closet door open. I'm afraid the Devil's gonna come to collect his due.



Ted Boyko (lead vocals)
Brian Gault (drums)
Matt Schor (electric guitar)
Uncle Piddles (upright bass)

www.rockforfreaks.com



I had been hearing good things about this band from the steel city of Pittsburgh for a while, and eventually did catch the very end of their set opening for Lee Rocker. It wasn't enough: I had to hear more. Several months later they sent me their 9-song demo, which impressed me enough to ask if they'd do an e-mail interview this past August. The CD was not only well-played, but had an animalistic dimension to it that kept it from residing in rockabilly anonymity. I became transfixed by their songs, listening to them over and over in a trance-like state. I then picked up a razor blade and started cutting. Cutting. Cutting. Blood was everywhere. I could feel life draining from my body, and started seeing a swirling mass of faces... faces of my family, old friends, childhood pets and Don Rickles, who lashed at my skin with his serpent's tongue. Then I woke up days later, dizzy, strapped to a table and surrounded by a team of white-coated doctors who looked at me with disgust and pity. What could I say? How could I explain my rampaging suicidal dementia? They'd want to lock me away for sure. Then it came to me... it was the music! Yes, yes, the music made me do it! Those Legendary Hucklebucks had led me on a path of self-destruction, like Judas Priest to the impressionable teenage idiot. Litigation is pending... I'm gonna be RICH! - BL

RRP: How did the Hucklebucks come together? You all have been friends since childhood and been in many other Pittsburgh bands before, right?

Hucklebucks: Piddles and Ted met through a friend whose glass eye fell out in study hall. Ted and Brian were in a band called Social Outcast for 13 years, and were both looking for something fresh and new when they reunited with Piddles, and his Pig Iron band-mate Matt.

RRP: Piddles, you were in a band called "Rape A Goat" that was reportedly highly controversial. What was that band all about?

Piddles: Sexual abuse of farm animals, for the most part.

RRP: Do you believe that sexually abusing farm animals is okay then? Isn't bestiality with goats a form of intercourse with the devil?

Piddles: Well, to tell you the truth that sounds about right as far as the devil thing as I understand... But the name came from when I was in high school and one of my buddies wanted me to write something "sick" on the back of his shirt when we were going to Kennywood and hence "Rape A Goat" was born. Simple, to the point, I

figured. As far as intercourse with the devil he's a dude and I don't go there. I just was thinking of some of the looks of horror on some people's faces, and some people as I remember were loving it! The band had a lot of off the cuff humor and Archie Bunker Politics.

RRP: Where are you from in Pittsburgh? A friend of mine was living in Polish Hill and they had bumper stickers that said something like "Our neighborhood can kick your neighborhood's ass." Are they the feared hill folk of the three rivers area?

Hucklebucks: Not as feared as the crack dealers from the swamps of McKeesport.



RRP: What's the best thing that a drunken fan has ever done or said to you?

Hucklebucks: One time at band practice, a drunk fourteen year old girl commenced to showing us her breasts and her newly bought g-string, and inspired us to write "Pork Rinds and Gasoline" about the aforementioned incident.

RRP: Piddles, I've read that you are certified as the 8th wonder of the world. How did you gain such a notable distinction? What wondrous qualities do you have?

Piddles: I have two stomachs and one stomach ache.

RRP: I also read that Mr. Ted Boyko has the ability to drink his weight in Pabst Blue Ribbon. Does it ever threaten to erupt from within while rockin' out under the hot lights, then cascade across the pious crowd like a sparkling fountain of bile in all its pungent glory?

Ted: I never threw up while on stage, but one time I ate two orders of stuffed hot peppers and drank about a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon, and thought I had to throw up, so I went outside, and bent over to make myself retch, and found that it came from the other hole, and had to hide in the bathroom because there was no toilet paper. I had to wait for Brian to come in and check on me, and save me with some bar napkins. It was a very, very, liberating experience, to shit myself in a public place...

RRP: You say that your music has "no politics, religious bullshit... no message whatsoever," but isn't it true that you have

subliminal messages strewn throughout your songs, giving commands to your intoxicated fans? What do these messages say?

Hucklebucks: Nothing really (buy us beer) that we can think of (show us your tits) off the top of our heads (buy us a shot). Can you think of anything Matt? (buy a demo) How about you Ted (buy us a beer) or Piddles (buy us a small Asian prostitute so that we can piss on her!).

RRP: Having known each other for some time, what sort of trouble have you guys gotten into together in the past?

Matt: Standing next to Angelo (from then The Ultimatics and now The Cheats/Sci Fiction Idols) who was pissing and got arrested midstream in the flats of South Side, stranding us without a ride home. Pittsburgh was really cracking down at the time on public urination, and set him as one of the examples, I guess....

We've also had drunks spill beer into our cabinets, then pay us for the damage to our equipment on the spot...

RRP: What are the plans for the band at this point? Do you have a CD coming out soon?

Hucklebucks: We have a demo out now, and the future is so bright we gotta wear shades.

RRP: What sorts of jobs do you guys have?

Hucklebucks: Piddles handles hazardous materials, Ted is on the dole collecting unemployment listening to blues and jazz and contemplating suicide, Matt launders money for the Columbian Cartel, and Brian draws pictures of stick people, when he is not failing drug tests.

RRP: Everyone has some strange characters in their family: what's the strangest relative that you have?

Hucklebucks: Ted is named after a drunk uncle that busted out the window of the local florist shop and crawled amongst the roses, posies, and funeral arrangements and went to sleep, only to wake up in the slammer (the apple doesn't fall far from the tree).

RRP: What's your most horrific childhood memory?

Hucklebucks: When Ted was young, he could not see over the bannister on his front porch, and his brothers and their friends used to call him out and he could not see where they were coming from, and they would take wild-growing elephant ear weeds and rip two holes in them for eyes, and leap over the bannister and scare



Photos this page: Lisa Donnalley

the living shit out of little Teddy. To this day, Ted pisses on any elephant ear that he sees in his travels.

RRP: Any recurring dreams or sex fantasies?

Hucklebucks: Pissing on small Asian prostitutes is the first thing that comes to mind, of course. The more Asian the better. Yeah!!! Dreams... hanging out in yellow rooms with John Lennon and Yoko Ono and feeling the overwhelming urge to poop.

RRP: Anything else you'd like to add?

Hucklebucks: Yeah, Brian wasn't here to answer these questions so if he gets pissed off cuz' we spilled the beans about him failing drug tests at work, FUCK HIM!!



Interview with Captain Sean-Doe

THROWRAG IS

Captain Sean-Doe: vocals

Jacko: washboard, bugle,
harmonica

Franco Fontana: bass guitar

Dino: lead guitar

Chango Von Stralcher: drums

King Taco Pearl: rhythm guitar

www.throwrag.com

100% SAILOR ROCK



An issue or two back I got a CD from BYO Records: Throwrags's second full-length entitled "Desert Shores." I instantly loved it, but felt unworthy to ever listen to it again. Instead I put it on my mantle and lit candles around it, then admired its lovely packaging. I stared into its cover as I called it dirty names, letting tension build while I masturbated in my girlfriend's panties. It was an evening of beauty and intrigue. Since then I have ordered their first CD, "Tee Tot." It will undoubtedly push me over the edge when it arrives. I will keep it in a glass cage in front of which I'll parade my murder victims while screaming things at the CD like: "Is this what you want? IS IT? ANSWER ME, YOU FUCK! Well, this is the last time! No more! I am not gonna listen to you no more! You are a liar, a dirty liar. You use me. You don't care, you don't care about ME. I should just SMASH YOU!! Yeah, that'll show you! Smash, stomp, and burn you, you filthy implement of evil! You'll die next, Tee Tot, I'm not listening to you any more! I am free of you, free from your Svengali grip. You can't control me, no way sir! I am master of my OWN destiny now! Haha!..... Oh, I am so sorry, I didn't mean it, Tee Tot. I'll still kill for you, blessed Throwrag CD. I'll do anything for you, and never again question your authority. I've just been under a lot of stress lately. I love you." - BL

RRP: Where is the Salton Sea, and what is its history? How did you come to be obsessed with that place?

Sean: Southern California, in the majestic desert empire, it was a salt mine below sea level and at one time the ocean, early in the 1900s they thought it would be a good idea to cut into the Colorado River for irrigation to the valley, the river broke and flooded the valley leaving the Salton Sink a Salton Sea, see our link to it, I'm obsessed with the entire desert empire...

RRP: What are the key tenets to playing "Sailor Rock"?

Sean: A sense of humor and white shoes.

RRP: I was looking up information about you guys and saw that you are part of a documentary called "Badsville." What can you tell me about that? How much are you in it?

Sean: We got 1 song in the film shot live in Hollywood, "Lady Boo," which is also on Tee-Tot. We were playing with Royal Trux that night, it was an as-is thing, they shot it once and they shot it live. We also have an instrumental on the film somewhere during the credits maybe. The guys who made it have a record label called Acetate Records.

RRP: You guys have been touring recently with the Reverend Horton Heat and Southern Culture On The Skids. How has that been? Any notable experiences?

Sean: Jacko has dawned the mask of Santo and sat in on the bugle with Southern Culture On The Skids.

RRP: Your press bio states that you've played with Willie Nelson. How was that? Did you meet him? Did he like your set?

Sean: Willie was very cool. I don't believe he saw our set, he was sitting in with the Supersuckers. It was the night after he and the Supersuckers were on Jay Leno maybe it was 1995 or 1996? in support of the "Twisted Willie" album... bands doing Willie covers.

RRP: I read an old interview where you said one of the strangest things you've seen on the road was a 60 year old naked man, driving next to you in a car, masturbating, in Portland Oregon. Does that image of the geriatric masturbator still haunt you?

Sean: The image has definitely found a permanent home in my mind.

RRP: Captain Sean-Doe, it has been written that you were "once

known for vomiting, getting naked, and doing all manner of unspeakable things onstage, though he apparently doesn't do that anymore." What sorts of unspeakable things have you done onstage, and why have you stopped doing them?

Sean: Sexual favors and debauch acts in general, its old hat and its hard to get a gig behaving that way and it tends to lend to my self-destruction which I'm not currently practicing.

RRP: You also said "I don't believe in a hell outside of what we already go through." Were any of you raised religious? What changed your minds... or did anything change your minds?

Sean: That's a question for each of us individually. I know Franco was an alter boy and I also know he's not participating in that religion as an adult. I used to go to a Christian church when I was 10,11,12,13 cause they would take us to the beach and to skate parks. It was one guy, actually turns out he mighta been into teenage boys? He never touched me but he was a weird dude. He had all kinds of monster masks and lots of weapons; he'd let us run around in the desert shooting 22s and cross bows and stuff. My partner Mark B. shot me in the arm when we were out blasting desert iguanas, which i deserve for blasting 'em - there's not many left. We'd also shoot a cars going by on the freeway Interstate 10 where all those windmills are now in the So. Cal. desert. Not sure if we ever hit 'em but I now know the bullets travel much further than the cars we were shooting at. I don't go to church anymore, it's been a long time. Those stories of Satan really damaged my already fragile mind and made it hard to sleep as a boy. I definitely didn't appreciate that side of it.

RRP: Here's what I always wondered: if Satan is constantly at work trying to trick us into following the wrong path, how do we know he didn't conjure up the Bible just to fool us? People say the greatest trick he ever played was getting people to believe that he didn't exist, but what if he actually got people to believe he was God?

Sean: There's plenty of earthly worship. I've heard more than once that "beer is god."

RRP: What do you think of people who say "I'm not religious, but I am spiritual"... usually towards the end of the night after they've smoked that final joint? Do you think that drugs can accommodate for a lack of dogma by imbuing a sense of wonder (confusion) and purpose (get more drugs) while simultaneously easing one's existential angst



PHOTO: MIKE ANDERSON

with a chemical nirvana?

Sean: My man Leanord Knight says "god is love," he's got a place called salvation mountain out near Salton Sea. It's easy to be content when everything's apparently on track and during those times assume a sense of spiritual well being. It's more about where my faith lies when I'm outta answers and every things gone pear shaped... I dont know about others.

RRP: What did you guys do to get by over the years when the band wasn't going as strong as it seems to be going now (jobs, etc.)?

Sean: You're assuming we make a living playing music. We just played some big venues in San Francisco with the Reverend Horton Heat and SCOTS, the next day I was scrounging change for the bus. Full time rock'n'roll is a huge sacrifice, especially when you're a band that's self-supporting through its own contributions. We make money on merch and at the gig itself, then subtract costs and were hoping to have money left over at the end of each tour. The van breaks, cancel Christmas. So we all do still work when we're home. I'm a pimp, etc....

RRP: What are some things that you write about in your songs? Which ones are you most proud of, and why?

Sean: Family, vice, narcotics, guilt, etc...most all of it.

RRP: White shoes and white belts... the polyester suits... have these things become a fetish for unruly girls around the globe who get hot for men sporting the latest in "high desert fashion"?

Sean: Shawn from Youth Brigade was overheard saying "look at all the girls in front, we mostly get little boys at our shows." Bless little boys, those of curious nature etc...but most of all, ladies recognize their secret wishes through that which is known as Throwrag. It's all about Freddie "Chico" Prince "looking good."

RRP: Where do you get inspiration?

Sean: It's in the water.

RRP: Who or what is Throwrag's most hated enemy? Collectively or individually?

Sean: The cavity creeps.

RRP: What is your most horrific childhood memory?

Sean: Drunken men fondling me, or not getting what I wanted for Christmas.

RRP: Is there anything else that you'd like to add? Perhaps an abstract poem about the degenerative effects of Heavy Metal on the immature psyche, or maybe a harrowing tale of deftly avoided injury during the course of occupational rockin'?

Sean: Open your eye there's a sty
in the ears of America earth
swallow the dead MTV4
I'm not brushing my teeth
and I don't comb my hair
I'm a super friend and a bad tattoo
and a baboon 2 for you



THE DONETTES



Guest
Interview by
Wellu Rastas

Not that Grunge shit but Straight Kick-Ass Rockabilly From Seattle, USA: The Donettes!!!! I didn't know anything about The Donettes before than I read their "Pitchin' Woo" CD review on this very magazine... I wanted straight away get in touch with them and do an article about the Donettes for our tiny little Rock'n'Roll News rag!!! We did that interview originally on September 2002, and now they kindly updated it!!! I can honestly say that it has been a really great to do co-operation work with them and it looks like that we think about the same way on many different things!!! They offer us a real and straight Rockabilly with touch of old and new sounds... I really would like see them on stage pretty soon. Check them out if they come near to your home!!! Thanks a million for Kirsten for all her help and kindness...all the best.
- Wellu Rastas*

The Donettes are:

Rebecca Kemberling: lead vocals
Kirsten Ballweg: bass
Sarah Bratsch: rhythm guitar
Jonathan Stuart (A.K.A. Johnny 7): lead guitar
Tom Forster: drums

WWW.THEDONETTES.COM

* Wellu Rastas writes in Finland for his own Rock'n'Roll Newsletter and for Big Beat magazine.
* Photos of The Donettes appear courtesy of their website.

How did The Donettes get started?

Well, Here's the *Readers Digest* version. We started in 1999 when Rebecca was on the hunt for other female musicians who were into Rockabilly music. Rebecca's friend Jen was office-mates with Kirsten who was playing bass in a honky-tonk band - fun, but not exactly what she wanted to be doing (she wanted more rock and less country!)

Anyway, the three of us (Jen plays rhythm guitar) started getting together to learn some songs. We found ourselves a lead guitarist and drummer and ta-da - The Donettes were formed.

Since then, we've played with many different rhythm guitarists (Jen moved to Chicago), drummers and lead guitarists. We swear we've gone through more drummers than Spinal Tap! Now we're really excited to have a solid line-up of musicians with Jonathan Stuart on lead guitar, Sarah Bratsch on rhythm guitar, and Tom Forster on drums.

How about your first gig?

Our first show was a lot of fun. It was at the oldest bar in Seattle called Jules Maes. It was PACKED. People were really excited to see an all-female Rockabilly band. For almost everyone in the band it was their first time playing in front of an audience - we were pretty nervous. People loved it and we were relieved to finish the show and move on to drinking.

Unfortunately Jules Maes closed down about a year after that. We played there many times and are sad it's gone.

Tell us about your worst gig.

We can't really classify this on as the WORST show, but it was memorable.

A couple of years ago, we played at a local country bar and one of the patrons was smashed and having too much of a great time! After drinking a bottle of Night Train and yelling a lot, he decided to attempt a pole dance on Rebecca's microphone stand. Unfortunately his balance was compromised and, in a physics-defying move, he fell UP onto the stage, knocked over 10 shots of tequila, and crashed into Jonathan during a guitar solo! Though Johnny didn't miss a note, he does miss the chunk of wood that was gouged from the fret board of his Mustang.

And now what about your best one?

There have been a lot of great shows, but last year's Shake the Shack Rockabilly Ball sure stands out. We were sharing the bill with a lot of great bands; The Go-Getters, The I-Jets, The Lustre Kings and The Bop Kings. We played a wild set which included playing a spoof on the idea that rockabilly bands need a gimmick like lighting something on fire to be interesting. During "Hey, Little Boy Scout" we slipped into Dick Dale's *Misericord* while Rebecca set off fireworks and yodeled

from high atop Kirsten's bass in fishnet stockings and 4-inch heels! It was pretty impressive, especially when the stage caught on fire! Anyway, the crowd loved it and amazingly we got invited back to kick off The Ball again this year. We promise not to set any fires this year.

What about Viva Las Vegas 4 in 2001? I understand the Donettes won best new rockabilly band.

Yes, that is true. Finally, a band from Seattle wins! What a thrill that was, especially as that festival is known for being very traditional. Naturally, we love the roots but we are not trying to relive the 50s' so we mix other influences - R&B, Garage, Psychobilly, Polka - into the pot and stir it into something different. So, as a non-traditional band, we were delighted to win the contest and play the main stage. We got a lot of attention from that show, got to perform for a lot of people who had never seen us before, and made a lot of friends. What a blast!

I've heard you have had a pretty busy summer. Can you tell us more about it?

We've really been keeping busy this summer! In June we had our *Kick Off The Covers* CD release party at the Tractor Tavern here in Seattle. We played a bunch of different festivals around Washington State and we were nominated for the Seattle Weekly's Best Band of Seattle competition. We also played

with Ray Condo and His Ricochets - they haven't played in Seattle for over a year so it was a really fun show. Another highlight of this summer was Wanda Jackson calling up and asking us to back her again (we toured with her last year). Rebecca was not available for those dates so the rest of us formed an alter-ego band called 372 JANE (look for a record soon&) We got to open for and back the Queen of Rockabilly at the Bumbershoot Arts Festival in Seattle in front of thousands of people. She was in great form and still belts 'em out.

Who did you play with before joining The Donettes?

J7: Nobody Home (Skunk Pop/Rock), Go Ichi (Japan)

Kirsten: Pushrod and the Pistons (Honky-Tonk)

Tom: New York Jimmy & the Jive Five (Jump Blues/Swing), Foot Stompin' Trio (Roots/Rock)

Rebecca: Herself

Sarah: Her husband

Jonathan is still playing with Nobody Home, Kirsten is playing electric bass in The Hot Rollers (60s-influenced rock), and Tom plays with a bunch of other bands in Bellingham, WA, including Sweethearts of the Rodeo and singer-songwriter Casey Anderson.

Who are some of your influences?

J7: Django, The Buzzcocks, Jimmy Bryant
Kirsten: Milt Hinton, Ray Brown, Run D.M.C.

Sarah: Buck Owens, Loretta Lynn, Guns and Roses

Tom: Huey Lewis, Earl Palmer, Buddy Rich, Cozy Cole

Rebecca: Ruth Brown, Wanda Jackson, Madonna

Tell us some of your favorite things and what you hate the most!

Some of our favorite things: Playing music, riding the Tilt A' Whirl, BBQ & cold beer, swimming (skinny dipping), taking naps, dancing, practicing strip-tease moves, vintage motorcycles, vintage cars, watching old 8mm cartoons&plus some other stuff we won't mention here!

As (mostly) female musicians, one species we avoid is the condescending male musician. One time, Rebecca and Kirsten were in a music store looking at guitars and a male employee rushed over, pulled the guitar out of their hands, and said "Here girls, let me tune that for you." Annoying! We prefer the more evolved species of male musician&or at least the ones who assume we can tune our own instruments.

Also - we're not big on fistfights. Can't we all get along?

We love your first CD, *Pitchin' Woo*. Can you tell us something about it?

It was recorded by Billy Horton, the sexy half of the Horton Brothers!

But seriously, when the time came to record our CD we wanted to enlist the help of someone who could reproduce the sound and ambience of traditional rockabilly recordings but was not hung up in the purist mentality. Billy Horton fit the bill. He flew up from Austin with his ribbon mics in tow and we took over Avast Studios for the weekend. We recorded live to capture an honest representation of our energy, spontaneity and fuck ups. Everything s was live with the exception of the drunken, weaving guitar solo in "Ol' Johnny's Drunk Again". The lead vocals and harmonies were recorded at Cleopatra Studios (Johnny's studio) over the course of the following week. As a testament to our trust in Billy, we let him mix at home in Austin - and he did not disappoint. We love the way it sounds! ●

And tell us about your new CD, *Kick Off The Covers*.

Kick Off the Covers features six of our most-requested rockabilly, 50s R&B and country cover songs, including *All I Can Do Is Cry* and *Hello Little Boy*. This time we recorded and mixed all of the tracks at Cleopatra Studios with Johnny doing double duty as guitar player and engineer. Since we weren't being pressured by the clock, we got to relax and enjoy ourselves. We laid down 16 songs down to tape but limited ourselves to 6 songs to keep it short and sweet.



What is going to happen with the other 10 songs?

Who knows? Perhaps we will release a fan club CD as a thank you to all those who have supported us. You'll just have to sign up for our mailing list at www.thedonettes.com to find out.

Do you have any other recordings?

We sure do - our first recording is our self-released '45 on hot pink vinyl. Side A is *Straight Shootin' Daddy* and side B is *Hey! Little Boy Scout*. But we're almost all sold-out!

What about your gear?

Here's the run-down.

Kirsten: 1956 Kay M1-B, Ampeg SVT-III Pro, Eden 15" cabinet, Underwood pickup

Sarah: 1973 Gibson J-200

Rebecca: 1970 Gibson Southern Jumbo

Tom: 1967 Ludwig 4-piece

Johnny 7 plays any of the following guitars and amps, depending on his mood: '67 Fender Mustang, '63 Gretsch Double Annie, '62 Tele R.I., '56 Les Paul Special, Fender Hot Rod DeVille, Voice of Music 160, Ampeg Jet, Valco ToneMaster, 59 Standel J-12

What other Rockabilly bands have you've shared the stage with?

Wanda Jackson, The Go-Getters, The I-Jets, The Lustre Kings, The Bop Kings, Ray Condo, Deke Dickerson, Red Elvises, Cave Catt Sammy, Raging Teens, Nick Curran, Rockin' Lloyd Tripp, Jesse Dayton, plus a lot of other great bands - too many to mention!

What's up for The Donettes in the future?

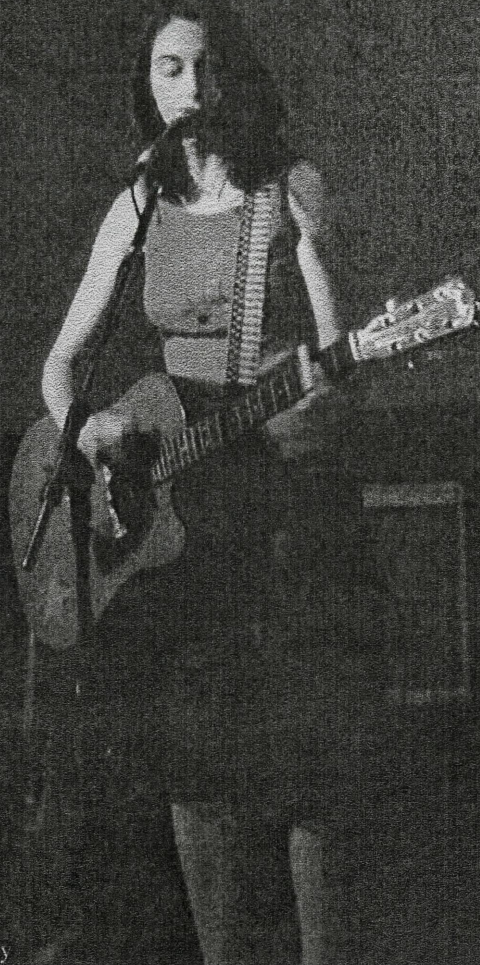
We hope to make a video of our song "Oh Boy" featuring Big Sandy as the romantic lead...if only we can convince him to do it!

We're also going to record another CD early in 2004 and we plan on touring more next year, throughout the U.S. and over to Europe in May. We love to meet new people, so come on out to a show soon!



TRAILER BRIDE

Interview with Melissa Swingle



Photos: Lisa Donnalley

RRP: Hey Melissa, I read that one day you just picked up the bass and started playing it and formed a band called Pussy Teeth.

Melissa: Oh, God...ha, ha. Well, Pussy Teeth that name keeps following me around. I mean we never even played any paying gigs, we only played one party. It was pretty much a fiasco because none of us knew how to play. We were trying to be punk rock, and I guess since we were just trying to play straight up punk rock/garage, it was okay that we kept messing up. It was pretty loud and distorted. I wrote most of the songs and it was in the very beginning and I didn't know what I was doing, and neither did any of the girls I was playing with.

RRP: It really seemed like that's the kind of music you could really get into, the way you jump around on stage at times with bursts of energy.

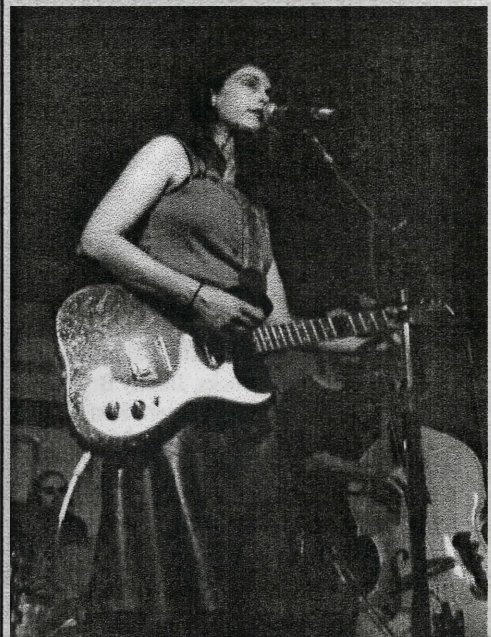
Melissa: Well, I have a new side project that is only a couple months old and it's me and a girlfriend of mine on drums. And it's punk rock; it's not country at all, like Trailer Bride is sorta country. Country with all those sad, slow songs we do. But the Moaners, my side band, is hopefully going to just rock out.

RRP: Cool! So are you going to be touring with the Moaners anytime soon?

Melissa: Possibly, we are recording right now, you know, just in my

house. We are playing out locally around Chapel Hill and we are playing Sleazefest in August. But right now, since I have a new Trailer Bride album coming out, The Moaners are kinda like secondary. When we are done promoting this new Trailer Bride album we may tour. I think it will be fun.

Most scientists acknowledge that life is possible, even probable, elsewhere in the universe. Some suspect that it has made contact throughout history, and others claim that aliens live among us benevolently even today. Indeed such is the case, for Trailer Bride's frontwoman Melissa Swingle offers proof. No earth woman could so effortlessly captivate both sexes with her voice that acts as kryptonite to the human hormone. Right down to her name that connotes both "swinging" and "single," she was obviously engineered to provoke an intense longing that mankind cannot resist. Further evidence can be found in her new CD, which has a song where she sings, "my soul is stuck inside a skinny, white girl." This indicates that it was placed there artificially, far from its rightful place (i.e. her ALIEN body). Lisa did this interview in June, emboldened by a hormone neutralizer spray devised in the Rock N Roll Purgatory® lab.



RRP: I think it's really different and interesting that you play the saw. How did you first pick that up? Who did you first see play it?

Melissa: I taught myself. I saw an old woman on TV playing the saw and I was like "oh I have to learn to play that. That looks like fun". I went and happened to go in a music store in South Carolina where they sold musical saws and I found out it was really just a regular saw. I found it so liberating because I didn't have to learn any chords; I didn't even have to know what notes I was playing. Like during practice Daryl will come in with a bass line and I can pick up the saw and just totally improvise. I never play the same song the same way twice.

RRP: So, is this true? I heard that you actually danced with Jesco White, the Dancing Outlaw? Could you explain who he is and is he as good of a dancer as they say he is?

Melissa: I was playing a show in Charleston West Virginia, opening for Hasil Adkins and Jesco just happened to be there with his whole family and it was a crazy scene. He is pretty famous for dancing and playing the harmonica, and he does that very well. He asked if he



Trailer Bride is:

Tim Barnes: lead guitar
Daryl White: bass
John Bowman: drums
Melissa Swingle: vocals, guitar, harmonica, saw, piano, organ, accordion

most poor in America have cars. In Africa only the very rich have cars. It was kind of weird going through puberty in Africa although I didn't have many boyfriends at all. I think that was good for me. To like, go through puberty with out being bothered by the normal

American high school experience. Although it has warped me a little bit too.

RRP: What sorts of mysticism or religions were you exposed to while living in Africa? Is there one primary religion in the area you were at or were there different types all over the board?

Melissa: I think the main religion is called Animism, where there are like spirits of all kinds, good and bad. The evil spirits will mess with you and fuck with your life if you don't do something to appease them, such as the sacrifice of an animal, like a chicken. They will kill it and sprinkle the blood, and they kill goats and sacrifice them as well. It's weird though, like in the Old Testament where God would tell Moses to sacrifice a goat. It's weird the similarities between that and ancient religions. It's all kinda creepy to me actually. That whole blood thing and the witch doctor, I don't understand it, but I do fear it. I wouldn't want to mess with it. They also believe things like the monkeys in Africa are their dead ancestors.

RRP: I understand you were against the war in Iraq, and have gotten heckled for being outspoken with your position. Is this something you get hit with often and how do you react to it?

Melissa: The war is all about getting control of oil, and about American greed. How can we just ignore what our European allies have said and just go to war? I hope George Bush is not re-elected. I hope our next president has some sense and will set us straight. If not a war with Syria will be next. Why are we the policemen of the world? Why do we feel we are so much better then the rest of the world? Weapons of mass destruction? We have them! We have way too many weapons of our own. We are such hypocrites to be bombing people so they won't have them - you know, the weapons that we have ourselves. It's just wrong to me.

could dance with us up on stage, so he got up there with us and he started dancing away and he brought his own harmonica. I forget what key it was in but it was in the wrong key for what we were playing so I gave him a harmonica and I said "play this one because it matches the key we are playing in". And he was off! We had so much fun, it was a crazy night because he was dancing up on stage - it was so great. There was a pretty good crowd, but mostly it was his family. They were all dancing too, and they were all wearing tap shoes, with the metal clippy things on the bottom. So it was just intense. I wish someone would have recorded that show because that night we actually made up a song just for Jesco. We just started to go off so Jesco could dance. And we went home and I was like "I have to write a song about that" and that's when I wrote the songs about Jesco the Dancing Outlaw. The bartender said, "Jesco was crazy tonight! He tried to bite my left ass cheek."

RRP: I know that you come from a pretty fanatical Baptist family and that your parents were missionaries for a long while in Africa in the Ivory Coast. How do you feel about the actual concept of mission work? It seems to be motivated by conflicting notions of true compassion and an implicit arrogance.

Melissa: Yea, well, I kinda agree with that. What my dad was doing was less so; he wasn't trying to change their culture or anything. He was a dentist and he was doing dentistry for free. He wasn't a preacher, he was a dentist. My dad saw like 85 patients a day. But there were definitely preacher missionaries there.

RRP: You were there from the ages of 11 to 17. What was it like going through puberty in a third world country?

Melissa: It was definitely strange; I know what it was like to be a minority. Everywhere we went we were the only white people. I went to school with mainly the children of other missionaries and I made some really tight friends. It made me appreciate what it means to be an American, and I abhor patriotism just to fight a war, but it made me see just how good we have it here in America. I mean, even the

RRP: On a lighter note I know you are really into juke joint blues artists like Junior Kimbrough and stuff like that. Is that genre of music something you have always been into?

Melissa: I always have been, I have always loved raw delta blues but for some reason I have never heard of Junior Kimbrough until like 6 months ago. So I never got to see him live or anything like that.

RRP: Who in your opinion do you think is the worst band that you can turn on the radio to hear today? And conversely what are some bands you wish had radio air play?

Melissa: Man, there are two bands that I can't stand. Journey and Foreigner. That's like so old school now and you don't hear them too much these days. We were in Knoxville and there was this street festival and they had Foreigner playing. There is so much bad music out there. I am such a music snob. Kids will listen to whatever is popular, even if it is garbage. I really like Sleater Kinney and the Breeders. I like stuff that's different, that you really haven't heard before.

RRP: Have you been to the Rock Hall of Fame since you have been up here in Cleveland?

Melissa: No, but I'd love to go!

RRP: Well, you know touring bands get in for free.

Melissa: Really? Cool! I'm gonna try to get the guys to go!

RRP: Any last comments or shout outs?

Melissa: Yeah, I really like Cleveland. Tonight was a Monday night and there were a lot of people out and there was a really good vibe. I'd really like to come back again.



SADISM WAS JUST AN APPETIZER FOR THE

HILLBILLY WEREWOLF

Deep in the hills of Virginia there lives a creature. A creature that inspires fear in the hearts of children & those who've witnessed the animal firsthand. Sure, the government would like you to believe that he doesn't exist, that this is folklore told by eccentric old-timers & drug-addled teenagers. However Rock N Roll Purgatory® has obtained these exclusive photos & an even rarer interview. Read on & discover that this mythical monster is more real than Big Brother will ever admit, & he's not going away no matter how hard you pray.

RRP: Describe the birth of the Hillbilly Werewolf: where did you come from?

HBW: Well, I guess I started doing Hillbilly Werewolf sometime around the summer of '96, out of boredom. I was eating a lot of acid at the time, and it just seemed like something to do. I would be high on acid (and usually drunk), out in my driveway in the middle of the night, standing on a stump that we used to chop wood on. Off to one side of our driveway was a deep ravine, and if you sang into it, there was a beautiful natural echo to it. So I would stand on that stump and stomp on it, and sing and play guitar into that ravine. I would wear a skeleton suit and a lab coat, and greaspaint on my face, to make myself look ghoulish. It was a very primitive version of the same costume that I still wear. Anyway, over across the ravine there was a chicken factory, and when I would play out there they would get all riled up, so in between songs you could hear these chickens going crazy. So, the earliest performances weren't even in front of anybody. It was just me and the chickens, and it seemed like a lot of fun at the time. In fact, I miss it.

RRP: What's wrong with Rock'n'Roll these days?

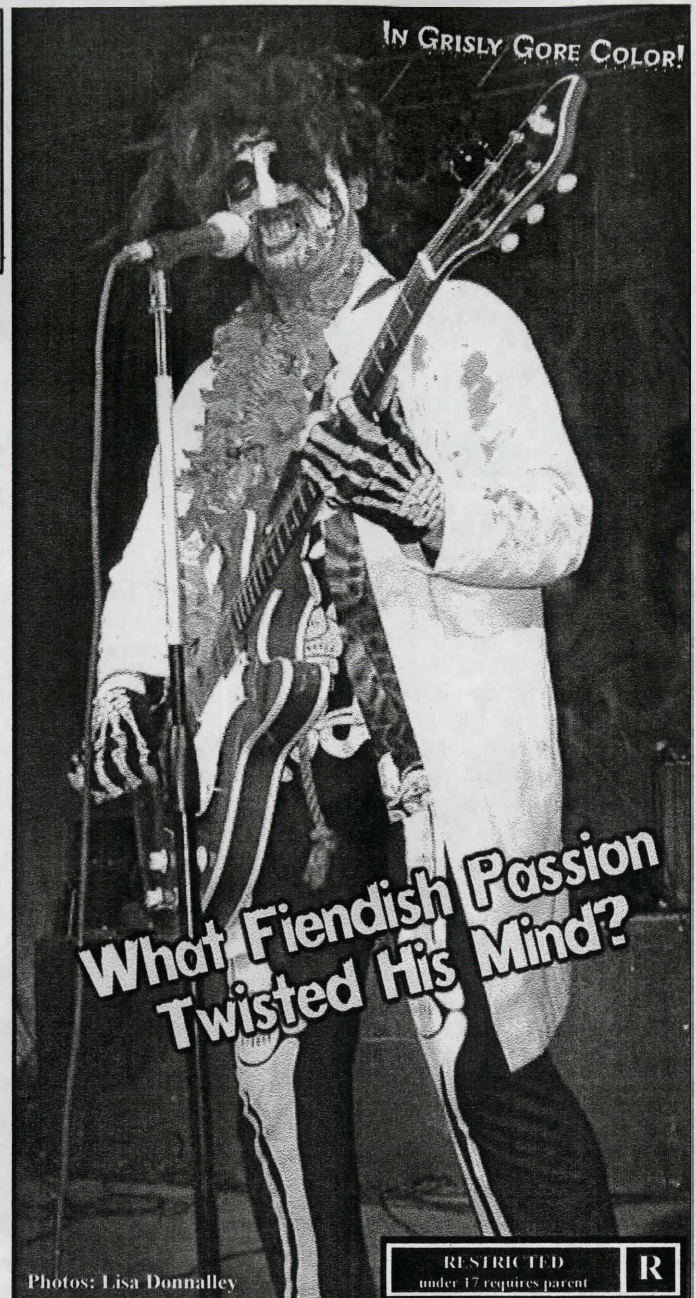
HBW: Nothing. I love Rock n Roll.

RRP: You used to play with the Phantom Creeps? What happened with that band?

HBW: We made a pact that The Phantom Creeps would never have any other line up than me, the bass player Goose, and the drummer Jeremy. Goose quit the band to take care of some personal stuff, so we broke up. We're all still good friends, and everyone is still playing. Goose plays bass with the Candysnatchers now, and Jeremy plays drums with Nashville Pussy. I loved playing in The Phantom Creeps. I got to play a bunch of cool shows, I got laid a lot, I never had to buy a drink and I did everybody else's drugs.

RRP: I heard you were the best roadie Nashville Pussy ever had, how was that experience? Any tales to tell?

HBW: I had a great time working for Nashville Pussy. It was an exciting time and we worked very hard. In the two years that I worked for them I bet we did well over 600 shows, and by the end of it I had traveled to every state in the Union (except for Hawaii and Alaska), every province in Canada and 14 different countries in Europe. A lot of times I would play Hillbilly Werewolf shows to entertain everyone at the parties after the Nashville Pussy gigs. I would play on top of the dressers in hotel rooms, at the side of hot tubs, on top of pool tables in bars, and in back alleys. So I've played all over the fuckin' place, and not just on the map, but like, all over any given environment. I've played on top of trash cans. I made a solid ton of money working for Nashville Pussy, too, but when I quit I didn't have two nickels to rub together. I spent a small fortune on cocaine and prostitutes. But I don't



Photos: Lisa Donnalley

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have any regrets. I wouldn't change that experience or trade it in for anything.

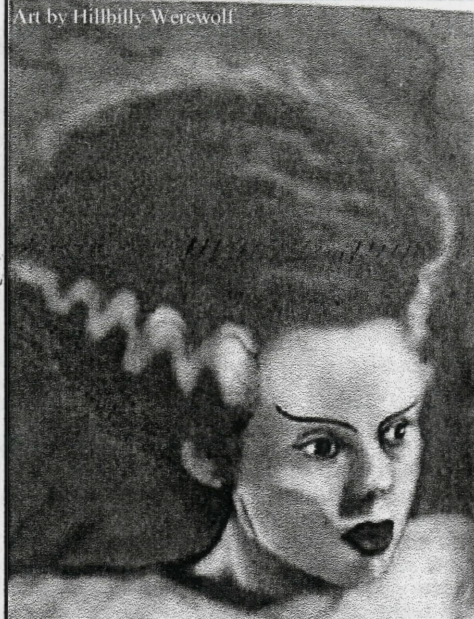
RRP: How would you describe your sound to someone who has never been bitten by the rabid rhythms of the Hillbilly Werewolf... say maybe a drunken sorority girl who likes to think of Christopher Walken while being spanked?

HBW: I would describe it as real primitive rockabilly. For the last few years I've played with an awesome drummer named Josh Lowry, and his kit is pretty stripped down. He keeps the beat and I play guitar and sing. He's not only an awesome drummer but a hell of a guy. We've got the most relaxed interpersonal band dynamic that I've ever seen.

RRP: Where's the strangest and/or most disturbing place you have ever "rubbed one out" at?

HBW: Why don't you ask your mom?

RRP: Most werewolves transform under the shining light of a full moon. I've heard that you too transform under the influence of moonshine. Do you still make your own? Ever worry about going blind?



HBW: It's true, I DO transform under the influence of moonshine.....into a fuckin' idiot!! If you ever see me drinking moonshine, RUN in the opposite direction, as fast as you can. I'm serious. I've never made it myself, but here in Charlottesville where I live, there's real Deliverance style hillbillies that live up in the mountains, and their moonshine recipes have been passed down to them through several generations of brewers. And the shit is POTENT. It'll curl your hair and your toes at the same time. I used to buy it from this 450 pound hillbilly with a wooden leg called "Big Fatty." He's a complete dumbass, but his licker is grade A jack-ass juice!!! I also used to buy from this kid named Dougie, who would steal it from his uncle's garage, and then sell it to me!

RRP: What happens when you transform into the Hillbilly Werewolf? Is it a painful transformation, or is it more painful to change back into your regular self?

HBW: Sometimes the prosthetic buck teeth, the latex mask that's glued to my face and the massive amounts of blood that I wear can get uncomfortable after about 4 or 5 hours, but it's definitely more painful to go back to being my regular self. Because usually I'm really hung over and beat up after being Hillbilly Werewolf, and also I have to go back to my regular life of working for a living and that kind of stuff.

RRP: When people think of sex idols in rock music, they think of Elvis, Neil Diamond, David Cassidy, and dare I say... Hillbilly Werewolf. How do you deal with the constant attention from your adoring female fans? What do you want to tell them if they are reading this right now?

HBW: Think about me the next time you get fucked.

RRP: You do art too, right? What sort of art, and where can I get some?

HBW: I've been drawing and painting since I was a kid. I like to paint pictures of women wrestling, and I like to do portraits of old movie monsters and rock n roll stars. I've done record covers for The Pits, The Boozers, The Candysnatchers, Big Bobby & The Nightcaps, Nashville Pussy, a comp called 13 Miles To Ratville, and of course The Phantom Creeps. I've been working on trying to get a website up where I can showcase some of my work. But, until that happens, if you want to buy something or look at some stuff you can contact Jessika at junkyardoll@yahoo.com.

RRP: Have you ever considered writing "The Memoirs of the Hillbilly Werewolf"? What startling revelations would there be to uncover?

HBW: Actually, I've already written a book like that. It's called "Rebel Without Applause," but I'm the only person that has a copy, and only a handful of people have ever read it. It took me over 9 months to write it. The startling revelation that I uncovered while doing it was, that I couldn't tell my own story without telling a bunch of other people's stories at the same time. And I figured it's not my place to expose all the sleazy shit I've seen other people do. I don't like it when anyone sticks their nose in my business, so I'd feel like a hypocrite and a douchebag if I published the book, and aired out a bunch of dirty laundry that doesn't belong to me. It's an interesting read, though. I've seen and done a lot of crazy shit. And the story's not over yet.

RRP: Who is not safe around the Hillbilly Werewolf? Who do you prey upon?

HBW: The very old, the very young, the sick and the weak.

RRP: Describe your dream date... where would you take that lucky girl, and what would we do?

HBW: Well, first off I would have to borrow my buddy Elvis Roark's (the Elvis impersonator who opens most of the Hillbilly Werewolf shows) '58 Caddy, and we would cruise in that thing to somewhere where there's a good jukebox, a pinball machine, and cold PBR's. We would pop a coupla tops and play a few games of pinball, and talk and get to know each other. Then we'd go out and get some sushi and a coupla tiki drinks. From there we'd roll out to the drive-in, where hopefully they'd be playing at least one horror movie that we would watch and another movie we could "ignore," if ya get my drift. Then we'd roll back to my place to spin some records, dance, smoke some pot and have another drink. Then I'd strangle you to death, make love to your corpse, carve you up and eat you over the course of a week, and make your bones into a wind chime.

RRP: Is it true that your father wanted you to follow in the family business of making doughnuts, but you rebelled and ran off to make your own way in the world, forever after

bearing the weight of his disappointment and heartbreak?

HBW: No, that's not true.

RRP: I heard a rumor that you quit drinking and gave up performing because you felt you couldn't rock with out the booze. Is that true? Did you ever go on the wagon?

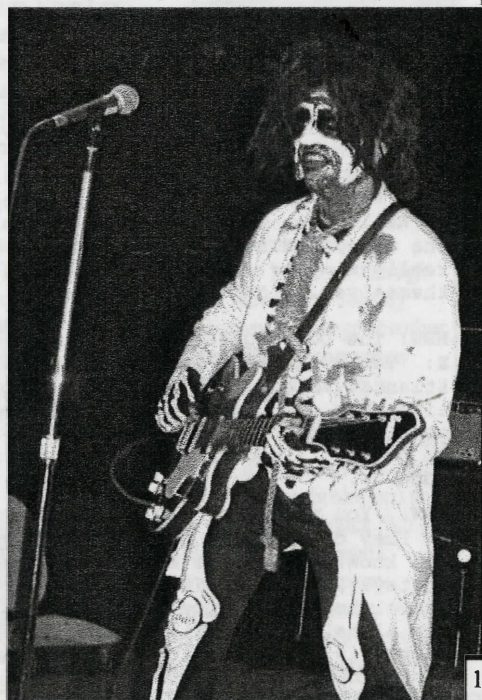
HBW: Uh, I did quit drinking and performing for awhile, but it wasn't as simple as you make it sound. There were a bunch of different reasons why I did that, but it basically boiled down to the fact that I wasn't having any fun doing either one of those things at that point in time, and I needed to take a break. And I'm glad I did, because I was really burned out. But now I'm playing and drinking again, and I try not to take myself or anything else too seriously.

RRP: What is the proverbial silver bullet to your werewolf essence? Is it that lame jizz-muffin Bob Seger with his Silver Bullet Band, or is it that watered down piss beer Coors Light, a.k.a. the Silver Bullet, that tastes worse than hooker vomit after a busy day on the streets?

HBW: Out of the two things you mentioned, I'll take Bob Seger over the Coors Light anyday.....hell, I'll take the hooker vomit over the Coors Light!! The alcohol content is probably higher.

RRP: Any last comments, curses, or questions?

HBW: Yes. I predict that everyone who has just read this interview..... is going..... to... DIE!!!!.....Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but someday you're going to die. So you better live it up while you've got the chance. Don't kid yourself, and don't sweat the small stuff. And remember, if you look around the poker table and you can't spot the sucker, then it's probably you.



HILLBILLY WEREWOLF INTERVIEWS

ELVIS ROARK!



I'm sitting here with Elvis Roark, the greatest Elvis impersonator in the universe, on Aug. 16th, 2003, the anniversary of the death of Elvis Presley, 2:24 Pm. If you want to contact Elvis Roark, you can reach him via e-mail at ela8p35@yahoo.com.

HBW: Ok, you were just saying something about Heavy Rebel Weekend, so....just go ahead.

E: I think Heavy Rebel Weekend was great. Uh, I'm starting to work on some new different kind of act, so I can get on the card for next year's. Thank you very much.

HBW: What about the girls at Heavy Rebel?

E: Well, when the girls came out, all they had was the cd's, and stuff like that, you know they didn't really sing or anything like that, or do anything themselves, right?

HBW: The Doll Squad?

E: Yeah, the Doll Squad (*a burlesque troupe from Atlanta). Right. So hey, I could work up something like that, and make it into a whole act. Make it a part of the show, you know, and do it like that, man, so hey, do a backdrop, the whole nine yards, you know....

HBW: You mean they could do an Elvis tribute?

E: They could do an Elvis show. You know, that's it. You know, book me as ElvisBack(!), or whatever, or Elvis is Back, you know, with the whole Vamp Elvis, with different changes, the '68 Comeback, the Aloha from Hawaii via satellite, to the Vamp Elvis, like go backstage and shed it off in like 2 seconds, like a minute and a half break between

each show, Boom Boom Boom, and you go into the different periods. That'd be it. It'd be like an hour and a half show. Is that recording?

HBW: Yeah. It's recording right now. How old were you when you first started doing this, and how did you start doing this?

E: I actually started doing it at a Halloween contest. It was me and my wife at the time, we were in a bird club, we were raising parakeets. And, they had a Halloween thing came up, where the theme was, "come as your favorite dead artist." So I came in a black outfit, with a chain belt, a white tie, and a leather jacket, like the outfit that he wore to his bodyguard's wedding, and just won the contest.

HBW: Was that at Max's (*local Ch'ville bar)?

E: No, that was actually at a private party. I won a picture of Elvis. Which, I had a shrine, it was a big scarf, with the silhouette of Elvis on it, on top of the fireplace, with lights around it and stuff like that. And then after the party, I got this picture, I woke up and looked over and said, "Man, II could picture myself almost anywhere. Thank you. Thank you very much." That's the first time I started to use the voice, and stuff like that, it makes a difference.

HBW: So what year do you think that was?

E: Oh hell. It was.....I don't know. The '80's. Somewhere around there, yeah. The '80's.

HBW: So, can you tell your fans a little about your personal life, like how many times you've been married, what do you drive, maybe a little bit about what your day to day life is like, as the Elvis of Charlottesville?

E: Being the Elvis of Charlottesville has evolved, from the Halloween contest, to people saying, "Hey, you know, you look like Elvis." I got into a lot of impersonations, look alike contests, and stuff like that, until Hillbilly Werewolf picked me up and we started doing shows, I really hadn't done anything except local birthday parties, you know, bar mitzvahs, retirement things, and stuff like that. And you took me out on the road. Got me doin' shows, and that's what I'm involved in now. Doin' my different outfits.

HBW: So, you say you can do 26 different characters, what are some of the characters that you've done? What are some of the favorite things that you've done?

E: Yogi Bear, Mickey Mouse, Darth Vader, Santa Claus, Vampires, Werewolves, Headless Man, Gargoyles, Big Bird, Mickey Mouse, the Easter Bunny, you know, different characters, even Barney the Purple Dinosaur, which is against my religion. I used to work for a balloon company that never had costume advertising, until I came around. They'd never heard of anything like that. But now since I've stopped doing it, everyone else wanted to do it, but they couldn't find the people to do it right. There was no one around here that was able to do costume deliveries, the best way they could be done. I'd be doing gorillas, I'd be hanging from trees, and scaring people, and actually had people come out with shotguns a couple of times, and then some of the other costume guys said, "Nah, I'm not doing that anymore." Well, it depends on how you do it, you know, you just don't walk up to someone or something like that you know. Just recently Bob Hope died, I met him at University Hall, here in Charlottesville. I presented him with a bouquet of balloons, and flowers, with a note on it that said, "Thanks for the Memories." It was just something that I wound up doing. I went in and asked for Bob Hope. They had to call security because I was in a gorilla suit, and I was gonna try to follow him to his dressing room.

HBW: (laughing)

E: Stuff like that, you know, it's kinda crazy. I've met different celebrities.

HBW: What are some other celebrities that you've met?

E: Well, local celebrities, I've met Frank Hurford III, at that time the President of the University of Virginia. I sat at his dining room table, with all of his servants and stuff, serving ice cream in silver tea sets, and I'm sitting there at the table with a gorilla suit on. His grandson, Frank Hurford IV, he's sitting there screaming his head off. His wife made me take the head off, and she put it on herself, to show him it was just a person in a gorilla suit. He still screamed his head off. The kid wasn't, I don't know, I don't think he was even a year and a half old yet, or something like that. He screamed his head off.

HBW: And wasn't there also Booker T (*a pro wrestler)?

E: Yeah, I worked at the White Spot, a restaurant, and Booker T walked in, and he'd heard that I was Elvis, and he says, "Yo Elvis! What's up?" I'm just thinking it's like any other black guy that comes in the house, you know, people coming in all the time, and yelling at you. I look up, and I shake his hand, and he swallows my hand halfway up to my elbow. I looked him up and down and said, "Man, you're Booker T, ain't ya?" and he says, "You're Elvis, ain't ya?" and I said, "With hands like that I'm anybody you want me to be." His hand swallowed my arm. A lot of the wrestling matches I'll get dressed up, doing the outfits. The last one I went to I was in a gangster type outfit, with the white tie, where I went to a wrestling match and they wouldn't let me anywhere near Ric Flair. I got next to Booker T and Triple H, but they wouldn't let me near Ric Flair. When I went down to see Ric Flair, they told me I had to return to my seat. But at the end of the match, when Booker T won, I looked at him, and I said, "Dog!" and he looked at me and he said, "Yeah, I know who you are!" Then he swallowed my arm again. It was pretty cool. I don't make a lot of money doing this, but it's fun.

HBW: So do you have any final advice or words of wisdom for the people that are going to be reading this?

E: Keep the King alive, baby. Keep the King alive.

HBW: Right on.

E: Thank you very much.

Custom Ride Spotlight

Contributor: Jill A. Kemper
poorlittlefool58@aol.com

"I'm all about turning trash into something cool." And cool is a worthy word to describe Benny Leach's, a Dayton Ohio native and Road Devils car club member, custom 1963 Plymouth Valiant. He may not be cutting up hot rod magazines and pasting the photos to his wall anymore but his fascination with classic cars continues.

With an interest in hot rods that began "from the womb", it's no surprise the passion and amount of work that he's put into the '63 since acquiring it this January. For his newest project he put his sights on finding an early 60's unibody. With a little luck and help from Ebay he found this diamond in the rough in south-eastern Ohio and has been transforming it into a unique ride ever since. The welding student who draws inspiration mostly from motorcycle builders, describes the car initially as a "basket case", a car that required attention from replacing quarter panels to a whole new front suspension. Nosed, decked, shaved, '39 Ford tail lights and AMC Rambler interior are some of the current mods. And visually, the combo of the retro black primer, wide white bias-ply Coker tires (no radials!) and red wheels are striking. His future plans for the Valiant include finishing additional body work, smoothing of the welds and pinstripping accents done by a personal friend. One thing you will NOT find on this car are large, 20" wheels, a trend that Leach just doesn't take a liking too. And rightfully so.

Ok. So she looks good but will she run? Well with a 1,200 mile road trip to this year's Heavy Rebel Weekender there's no doubt the Plymouth and it's 170 Slant 6 engine is a driver. Actually it just so

happens the Heavy Rebel was this car's deadline and debut all wrapped into one. With a quick, fresh coat of black primer hours before leaving, and without any serious road testing ahead of time, the '63 rolled into North Carolina without a mechanical hitch. And since then it's been spotted at car shows from GoodGuys in Columbus, Ohio this past July to most recently Gas City, Indiana in September. But this isn't Leach's only ride to date. For the past two years he's owned a 1953 Chevy Belair coupe. This Bel Air with the '54 Desoto grill, aka "Annabelle", has been frenched, lowered, and sports a coat of grey primer among other mods.

But what's the big draw for this Hank III listen', inked, auto enthusiast to shows? Well if we're talking about the larger car shows, for Leach, it's the thrill of the swap. Or as he so perfectly puts it, "digging through crap." We can all relate to that, searching for that needle in a haystack or maybe that final missing piece of trim. But for him the dizzying excitement of the swap area doesn't out weigh the thrill of fellow participants complimenting his custom fabrication work, camaraderie among other rodders and the opportunity to "talk shop". And if you have to occasionally cruise through the mud to find a place to park at these large shows..hey isn't that the fun of it all?

I recommend anyone to keep an eye out for this unique car and Social Distortion fan's custom fab work. Actually in a time where it seems most shows put an emphasis on trailer queens or weekend warriors, the authenticity of this ride is hard to miss.

Rock N Roll Obituaries

Paul Burlison

February 4, 1929 – September 27, 2003

By Ben Lybarger

Pioneering rockabilly guitarist Paul Burlison, age 74, has died of cancer. His style and sound influenced The Yardbirds, Beatles, Led Zeppelin and Aerosmith – all of whom covered his hits with the Rock'N'Roll Trio. Not one to try and play rockstar, he started a construction and realty business that he ran until he died.

I did get a chance to see him play, however.

It was a few years ago at the Viva Las Vegas Rockabilly Weekender. He was sitting in with Marco DiMaggio in one of the small lounges at the Gold Coast. I remember sitting on the floor with Lisa and Sugar, all of us holding plastic boots filled with beer, and watching both of them go back and forth playing. Just as I respected Ronnie Dawson for not shirking his guitar responsibilities, that goes double for Paul Burlison. He was probably 71 at the time, and just tearing up the frets.

The Rock'N'Roll Trio was amazingly short-lived for such an influential band. Dorsey Burnette and Paul Burlison had met through Paul's boxing teacher, and later formed the band fronted by Johnny



Left to Right: Paul, Johnny, Dorsey

Burnette (Dorsey's younger brother and a Golden Gloves champion fighter). While they played in several variations from 1951, the officially became The Rock'N'Roll Trio in 1953. In between that time and 1957 (when they broke up) is when they recorded classics like "Tear It Up," "All By Myself," "Lonesome Train," and many others. In that time they also toured with Gene Vincent and Carl Perkins, but never made the

national charts. It is reputedly the recording of Tiny Bradshaw's "Train Kept A-Rollin'" that set a milestone in music for the first distorted sound. Apparently Paul on tour had his amp dropped and the tube knocked loose. He liked the sound it gave, then replicated it in the studio, giving him part of his signature sound.

Since the band seemingly wasn't catching on to wider audiences, Burlison felt like a failure in music and returned to Memphis where he started his construction company. Johnny and Dorsey had continued to write and record, having moderate success until Johnny died in a boating accident in 1964. Dorsey later died of a heart attack in 1979. Burlison got back into recording music in the 80's, but until his death he never ceased working at some level with his contracting business.

It's hard to over-state how important this man was to rockabilly, and also to rock'n'roll in general. If there's even a small vestige of legitimacy at all to the Rock'n'Roll Hall of Fame, he'll be inducted there soon. If not, piss on that place and drink a beer for Paul Burlison.



Johnny Cash

February 26, 1932 -
September 12, 2003

By Billy Angel

So many things can be said about Johnny Cash, the man and his music. There is an overflow of words to describe his life and times, and his artistic and cultural impact. In fact I find myself stumbling over so many words as endless headlines and articles in newspapers and news magazines begin their outpouring of tributes and remembrances. All of which are rightly

deserved, but I would like to set what I write apart from a simple run-through of his legendary life. So please forgive if my words seem to struggle, I am trying to do justice to the absolute respect I have for the Man in Black, as well as the respect I have for the readers of Rock'n'Roll Purgatory.

The sense of loss is striking in its scope. The 'myth' built up around Johnny Cash and his music and lifestyle seemed to continually grow in its epic proportion - and will probably continue to. Man, singer, guitar player, originator, writer, drinker, addict, rebel, fearless, strong, sinner, fallen hero, love, hate, redemption, wisdom, peace, frailty, life, death, legend. To the true fan and in the public eye, Johnny seemed to take on nearly godlike proportions over the course of his life, of all things by trying to stay a simple honest man through his words and music. That honesty came through in a way that people of all generations could embrace.

He constantly touched on universal themes and laid them down on record stripped bare to the bone in their frankness as well as poeticism and even humor too. He also touched on much darker themes in the same way, earning him an entirely different kind of respect. A respect not as quickly handed out, given out of the fact there were so many who were grateful and touched that a single man could relate to their own inner darkness, their own secrets, their own sins and put it into words from his own heart and experiences. Because he literally, and in song, walked the line.

It is the fact he chose to be so honest his music was appreciated by so many. He played country, rockabilly, rock, folk, gospel, and almost everything in between and earned fans in all those genres. A true artist, he was capable of reflecting a certain type of music and inspiring new directions for that sound at the same time. All the while maintaining his own distinctive style, his own distinctive voice

and steadfastly remaining unflinching in his music and integrity. It is especially poetic that Johnny's career ended with him performing the songs of others. Songs written by artists of today who he no doubt influenced, and still he made them his own as only the Man in Black could. The music came full circle, and Johnny made sure the circle was unbroken.

Just the name Johnny Cash conjures up so many images and moments and sounds. The young man with slicked-back hair and eyes hidden but burning with a vision behind those dark sunglasses, the drug addict guitar player singing the stories of his crimes, his middle finger constantly flipped at the establishment of the time, a hellraiser and sinner who left Sun Records so he could record gospel songs. His influence is especially strong in the rebel music we live and love today. There is no denying the impact he had on "us."

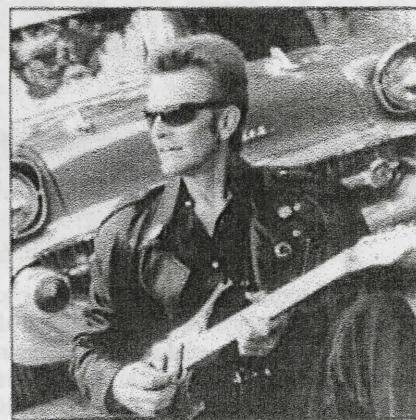
Whether we are greasers or punks, or we don't know what we are, or no matter what kind of struggle we felt as we searched for ourselves, we are all eternally in debt to Johnny Cash. Maybe it was his songs that helped us along the way, maybe it was some band that was influenced by his individualistic stance, but we all have Johnny Cash in our personal soundtracks in one form or another. We've had our share of demons and sins, and Johnny was the devil playing his fiddle for us, or even the merciful angel delivering a song of salvation. And it is in us that Johnny Cash will live on. In song and memory and maybe even way of life. We know who we are, so I know I don't need to go into greater detail why Johnny's songs are so close to us. And why I hope I do the readers of RnR Purgatory (and the fans of the music that it is dedicated to) justice when I say on behalf of all of us, "Once again with June at your side, be at peace which you so greatly deserve. Thank you Johnny."

Ronnie Dawson

August 11, 1939 -
September 30, 2003

By Ben Lybarger

*Well when I die don't ya
bury me at all. Just
hang my bones up on
the wall. Beneath these
bones let these words be
seen, the runnin' gears
of a boppin' machine. -
Ronnie D, "Rockin'
Bones"*



At the age of 64, Ronnie Dawson has died from throat cancer. While I am no expert on 50's music or Dawson in particular, I was lucky enough to see him perform a couple times. The first time was at the High Five Bar in Columbus, Ohio maybe 3 or 4 years ago. I remember him standing on bar tables and ripping out amazing leads. I remember I loved the way he sang and the crazy faces he made as he played. I remember thinking at the end of the show as he cranked out some of the most primitive rhythms and looked over the crowd like a man ready to fight, that this stuff has so much grit and energy that it has to be more rightly called psychobilly. He didn't get old and turn tame like so many old-time rockers who let the flame inside die. Hell, he blew away new bands less a 1/4 of his age. He wasn't out there trying to relive his distant youth; he wasn't nostalgic for the days when he used to be wild. He was wild - out there and doing it for real, intent on one thing only: kicking ass. In my book, Ronnie Dawson was truly a rock'n'roll genius. What's more, he was a gentleman who stayed at a table all night until the bar cleared: talking with people, signing autographs, and posing for pictures with anyone who cared to stick around.

The next time I saw him was at the big Green Bay rockabilly festival last summer. While that set wasn't as long or quite as raucous as the one I saw a couple years prior, it was still heads above many others at the show. With no slight intended for the other older performers I saw, again Dawson never seemed like he was doing a tired karaoke of his old songs, using younger bands play the music and take the guitar leads.

Ronnie Dawson started in the 50's as Ronnie Dee & The D Men and won ten weeks in a row at the Big D Jamboree in Dallas, TX where he was born. Later he became known as the "Blonde Bomber" and made it onto American Bandstand twice. His other bands included The Light Crust Dough Boys, The Levee Singers, and Steel Rail, as well as his recordings for Columbia Records as "Snake Munroe" and "Commonwealth Jones." He'd also picked up studio work playing drums for other bands, and did commercial jingles for radio and TV. In 1986 No Hit Records in England began re-releasing his old material, as well as subsequent new albums. I believe his last studio album "More Bad Habits" was released in 1999 on Yep Roc Records. He's played Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, Viva Las Vegas, the Rockabilly Rave festival in England, and on and on... he also played The Conan O'Brien Show twice. Despite never making the big-time, Dawson never became jaded or deterred from making his kind of music, and instead became one of rock'n'roll's most dedicated disciples.

That's just a quick rundown of the man's music career, which is perhaps notable in the fact that he never released a full album until 1987. I wish I knew more about him personally that I could relay to you. He was definitely someone remarkable, and the world is surely a lot less rockin' now that he's gone.

SHOW REPORTS

The 5th Annual Road Agents



Held at The Elks Club Pavilion, East Hartford CT
July 18-19th, 2003

Review: The joey Zone
Photos: Perilous Cheryl LeBeau

I met me wife, emcee Perilous Cheryl, coming from the opposite end of the state after a particularly drawn-out week at our respective dayjobs. This was to be our 5th Rumble w/The Road Agents, a NE Connecticut car club—altho' its hard not to call those ne'er-do-well overgrown delinquents a GANG ;) At this affair, The Agents will only allow pre-'63, non-billeted kustom auto-mobiles thru the gates—as opposed to post-'63, trailerqueenly ve-hicles! That said, there is *no* attitude at this gig, only pride well-earned & fine fine leadsled horseflesh.

Now, to peruse the write-ups of past Rumbles in **Rod & Custom**, **Street Rodder** & the venerable **Car Kulture Deluxe**, you'd swear it was practically JUST "About The Cars". Well, YEAH, but—

Rock&Roll Purgatory has decided to let You, oh lucky reader, HEAR about the Rockabilly that makes The Rumble. Fer instance...

Sasquatch & The Sick-A-Billy—I use the singular tense of Sick-A-Billy as their regular drummer Diablo had a previous commitment. Sean of The Young Ones filled in for a song or two until relinquishing the sticks to the drummer from The Starlight Drifters. We had seen Sasquatch open up for Slim Cessna's Auto Club at the late, lamented ElnGee Club (New London CT). NOT lamented was the sound system there, so it was a treat to actually *hear*

the lyrics issuing forth from the cavern hung with giant chompers that is The Mouth of The Sasquatch. Imagine if a young William Devane took up autoshop instead of acting; stomps into Yer fave-o-rite smoke-filled watering hole; then gets up on stage & kicks up even more dust—IN YER FACE—such is The Way of The Sasquatch. A sonik punch in the ribs to initiate thee proceedings...

The **Young Ones** came on next, featuring The Colonel (previously of The Lucky Diamonds; formerly of The Amazing ROYAL Crowns). Apparently I was one of the few people I talked to that didn't already know this was his new steady gig. If I had, I woulda been even more excited about seeing this band. But it's nice to be surprised once in awhile. No surprise that the Colonel's gee-tar playin' is (as always) amazing. And that even tho' he didn't seem to be the "leader of the band", everybody else wore a slick suit & tie (even that punk of a drummer, Sean—Hey Pal! =)) IOW if Yer gonna play for The Good People w/The Colonel, Ya'd better be a *professional* in every way I'm thinking. I'm thinking it's a fine thing that works.

Moxie's Burlesque was an unadvertised added attraction between the sets Friday night. This reviewer's first "exposure" to "The New Burlesque" was their show, which was supposedly toned-down a bit due to the fact that Friday Night was also an "all ages event". I would imagine their regular set would still impress me as...cute? corny? Dare I say—quaint? (What izzit w/the hula hoop thang?!?) A male streaker busting a move on Majesty Moxie's "Little Old Lady from Pasadena" routine set a hysterically historic high-hodad standard for Rumble shenanigans—beefcakeS for the ladies in da haus as well I say! ;) The **Starlight Drifters** followed soon after, proving to be *the* critical favorite of other musicians and fans that was talked about even into Saturday.



The impassioned Hank Engle races with The Devil for those of us GENE fans.



The Colonel playing for The Good People w/The Young Ones. Professional in every way.

Chris Casello on electric flat top & baritone guitar easily wowed the crowd with his prowess inc. delivering a smokin' version of "Caravan".

Awile later, Nick Curran & The Nightlives had to be the major musical draw of this shindig, upping the attendance on Friday night alone to pavilion-bursting numbers! They played literally until the plug was pulled due to "Elks' Time" restrictions! We saw a couple of tunes, showing a Stevie Ray influence that Nick has mentioned in interviews (see a recent ish of **Blue Suede News**). A solid set apparently, but we had to skedaddle home, crash for a few hours, then turn around & come back EARLY so Cheryl could be on time to host & introduce the bands the next day...

The **Twilight Ranchers**, a hillbilly band out of Boston, started off the musical program on Saturday. A great band to catch any night of the week, theirs was unfortunately one set I didn't see mostly due to the fact that I was adrift in auto-erotic reverie w/the rods outside the pavilion. Besides the cars and the music, The Rumble also boasts an array of vendors w/a huge selection of sech kool swag that all the vendors seemingly haveta do all day is smile & watch Ya empty Yer wallet...A shout out to brutha-digest **Mag-neto** whose monickered T-shirt I was finally able to score an XL of.

Hank Engle was part of Thee Montreal Contingent headed by Miss Nathalie Lavergne that is a strong & welcome participating presence at least here in The Northeast "Scene"—full props to always coming down & supporting our gigs! To quote the emcee: "Gotta love those French Rockabillys!" Hank drew me back into the pavilion w/an impassioned cover of "Race with The Devil" by GENE. In fact their whole set was one of the most impassioned I saw in the two days. Miss Nathalie got onstage for a few numbers as well to do everything a 5-foot-something RedHeaded Canadienne can do! *Vive Le Rock!*

Jittery Jack came on almost 45 minutes late but quickly made up for it by setting up pronto then delivering an ingratiating crowd pleasing set of originals and some covers inc. "My Bonnie"(! dedicated to our mate Neil, "The Limey in The House"). As to be expected, as the frontman for JJ is Kevin Patey of The Raging Teens, ably supported by members of The Cranktones and The Spurs.

Jack Smith & The Rockabilly Planet was THE band I had waited/ came to see above the rest. They are as New England as SOLID block marble pried from The Green Mountains, yet as SMOOTH as that cuppa black homeground joe at 5 am after a night of haulin' freight & inhalin' diesel...The Planet's inhabitants invading the stage were comprised of Rory Macleod on standup/beatup bass; Doug Hinman on drums; Bill Coover (sans hat!) & Jerry Miller on gee-tars; and frontin' the whole slam-bang dang menagerie—Jack Himself Smith. Now Jack *may* be old enuf to be *Your* pappy, but he still moves slick enuf to steal *Your* girlfriend—Old Skool IS truly Cool Skool in this case. Jack played to the whole pavilion...like he was playing to a private party. We are honoured to be so invited. I was even able to goad The Man into doin' The Burnette Trio's "Lonesome Train"—not that MR. To You Smith can't keep chooglin' long after the rest of us children need a freakin' break! Hopefully by the time You read this, I'll have personally seen The Planet rock *several* more times...

Wrapping up the festivities, **The Rockats** were one of the biggest names at The Rumble as evidenced by some of the crowd only *just coming* later on for them (Man—as You've already heard, they really missed SO MUCH MORE!). We saw 3 or 4 solid numbers before we had to leave due to sheer exhaustion by FUN...

But! Will Your roving reviewer be rejuvenated by next year for the 6th Rumble? Let me break every bone in this withered car-casse & maybe I'll sit out a song or two

At the most.

HANK THOMPSON

and The Brazos Valley Boys

6/22/03 at the Beachland Ballroom

Review by Billy Angel



This show was posted on the Rustbelt rockabilly message board and a friend said "We gotta go!" Of course I said "Shit yeah!" So I drove to Pittsburgh to pick up my bros and we hauled as much ass as we could in my shitbox on wheels to Ohio.

So here it was, potentially the opportunity to shake the hand of another Country Music Hall of Famer, the chances of which are getting slimmer and slimmer these days. And sure enough as soon as we walked into the side bar of the Ballroom, there was Mr. Thompson, smiling, on a barstool at the far end of the joint. I walked right over to him and he shook my hand and spoke to me like he was genuinely glad to meet me. What a true country gentleman.

He took the stage shortly after that, and was greeted by a very enthusiastic Beachland Ballroom crowd. This was my first time ever here, and I was impressed with the response and respect the locals gave Mr. Thompson throughout the whole show so it was a great audience to be a part of. There was a fine mix of old timers and younger folks, all of whom were grateful to have the opportunity to see this living legend of

country, honky-tonk, and western swing.

And in case there were any doubts as to what a legend he truly is, the announcer reminded us all of his many firsts. He was the first country and western artist to make a recording in stereo! As well as the first to commercially release a "live" album!! Not to mention his many chart hits, which he started the show with. Of course everyone recognized "Humpty Dumpty Heart," but EVERY song got a swell of applause which Mr. Thompson accepted with true appreciation. My fellow travelers and I all remarked at



Photo: Hank Thompson & Billy Angel

how his voice was almost EXACTLY the same as it always was, like he never lost a step between the early 50's and now. He still had that strong, reedy twang that makes great 'tonk what it should be all about. And he was still a great guitar player too! I was amazed at his rhythm and fingering for a man of his age.

I ran out as quickly as I could to get my camera and damn if I didn't miss him doing "The Wild Side of Life" which is one of my all-time favorites. (note: I also later realized all my shots of the band onstage didn't turn out! damn!) But hey I did get to hear him tell one of his long-winded jokes between songs. As the minutes passed and the punchline was nowhere in sight, I had to laugh as my friend Blair remarked "I love it when southerners tell jokes!"

The Brazos Valley Boys were all business as they backed up Hank smoothly and professionally. Of course they are a newer group for the most part(I honestly don't know what has become of the original members). They were mindful that the real show was Hank Thompson himself, so they performed adeptly and with just enough showmanship at his request. Hank would give a nod to the pedal steel or fiddle player and they'd oblige with brief but beautiful solos. They played a few of his newer numbers too, as Hank is still making records to this day!

The absolute highlight though was the two closing numbers. To me, there was nothing more perfectly poetic than hearing a 78 year old honky-tonker end the night with "Six Pack to Go" and "Cocaine Blues." Wow.

After the show, the gracious Mr. Thompson talked with and signed autographs for his many fans and stayed until everyone got a chance to meet him. I felt especially grateful as Hank autographed an old black and white publicity photo I had of him, given to me by my aunt Angeline. She met him in Corpus Christi, TX in the late 40's when she found his valuable cigarette lighter at the White Plaza Hotel where she worked and returned it to him. He signed the photo way back then, and it now has two autographs, from two very different time periods, but from one very classy country gentleman.

Epilogue- After the show, the very friendly people working the Beachland were nice enough to lead us next door to catch some more live music and even let us in for free. I wanted to go on record saying what a good time we had there and how nice everyone was to us Rustbelters. And I also wanted to mention the bands playing next door. We caught the entire set from Ohio locals **Dead by July** and we were all extremely impressed. I can't stress enough that I could definitely write an additional entire review of their set, their street/punk material and delivery is that strong (and their CD EP, which I bought, is too). Following them was Estrus Records artists **Midnight Evils**. Holy shit their live show rocks. Great great great thunderous no frills rocknroll. I wish we could have stayed for their whole set but we still had the long drive back to Pittsburgh and I had to work the next day. Thanks Blair for driving the shitbox home. Mark next time we're taking the Caddy.

HEAVY REBEL WEEKENDER 2003

*One Woman's Tale of Music
& Lechery in Tobacco Town*

By Lisa Marie

July 4, 5, 6 in Winston-Salem, NC
www.heavyrebel.net

Ahhh, the Heavy Rebel Weekender. My one true summer passion; it's what gets me through the cold winter months. This is my 3rd year attending the HRW and it has been the best year yet with something like 60 bands spanning three days. I didn't get a chance to see every band that played for various reasons such as 1.) I was totally engrossed in another band, 2.) I was catching up with dear friends out on the dock and 3.) I was like the stealthy tiger, following the Hillbilly Werewolf in his shadows admiring from afar yet waiting to devour him whence I had the chance. But I did get to see an amazing amount of rocking bands and strange events whose tale I will unfold.

On Friday The first band I seen was the **7 Shot Screammers** who were just as amazing this time as they have been the dozen other times I have seen them. A great, great punked-around neobilly band that won't disappoint. Guitar player Sarkes even won the Crossroads guitar contest last year at HRW. This night singer Mike Leahy was all over the stage, collapsing, contorting, and dancing like a sweaty lunatic. After them the **Lords of the Highway** rocked the socks off the south as they played their country/punk/rock/polka with new drummer Pete, a.k.a. "Muscles." They pulled out a few surprises, such as Pete's incredible drum solo on "Road Rage," and their timely cover of "You're A Grand Old Flag" for this 4th of July concert. The **Marauders** were rocking out down in the Jailhouse at the same time, and it seemed the stage was way too small to contain their massive rockabilly explosiveness! This night they had a girl wailing on saxophone, which was an extra feather in their cap. Ben caught more of their set than I did, including what he says is their greatest song: the Western-tinged fatalistic ode to desperation called "My Revolver." Upstairs afterwards **The Brimstones** brimmed with energy as they busted out their insane and satanic surf-infused garage rock. The keyboard player even did a headstand on his organ at one point in their crushing set.

The **High School Hellcats** were an amazing punk band that I really, really got into also. They were dirty, raw and sinister... I loved them! After them was **Thunderosa** on that stage, and they actually sounded better than on their CD (which had left me a bit cold). Probably the rawness and energy came through more in the live setting. But I have to say covering "Ace of Spades" and "Folsom Prison Blues" back to back is an egregious violation of rock'n'roll etiquette. I mean, those songs are the two most over-covered songs in history! I am formally calling for a moratorium on said covers right now! Following them was **The Pits**, who played one of the most extreme shows ever in the 3 years out of all the bands at HRW. It was chaotic, sloppy and obscene. It was beer-splattered and it was fucking rad! A barrage of beer cans pelted the band as they jammed out harder for the filthy miscreants who lapped up their music much like the spilt beer before them.

The **Last Call Brawlers**, hmmm. What can I say about the Brawlers? If you aren't a poser pussy, if you need rock like I need cock, then you know what I am talking about when I talk about the Brawlers. Fuckin

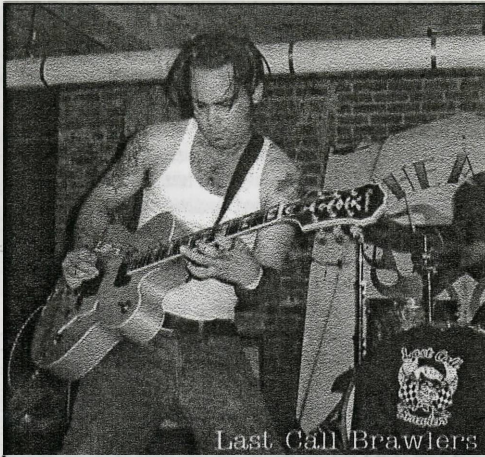
balls to the wall punkabilly that sounds like the Amazing Crowns stuffed into some wild Tucson delinquents. The 440's after them also really kicked my ass as Wendy played lead and really took control of the band. They were tight and rough, pure rock'n'roll that fermented into pleasure chemicals for my saturated brain! In a night of tough choices, I stayed with the 440's rather than set up camp with the **Belmont Playboys**, who were playing some really good surf when I stopped by. Later I went to see **The Frantic Flattops** and as usual was impressed by Frank's songwriting and guitar playing. The bass player and drummer were great musicians as well, however, the band wasn't as good this night as they have been the several times in the past I have seen them perform. I can't put my finger on what it was, but they haven't seemed the same energy-wise since Paul and Sid left the band.

I was front and center when **Glampira** took the stage, not to see her in particular, although she was a fine looking woman, but to be ready for...*sigh* **The Hillbilly Werewolf**. Glampira stood on stage, sang like two lines into the mic and then ran off in a panic of stage fright - straight out the door never to come back. In hindsight that was pretty goddamned hilarious. Then **Hillbilly Werewolf** came out and made me all dazed and disorderly in my shorts with his howling brand of back woods, rockabilly moonshine-elixer swamp boogie. I found his set to be way too short; but then again I find I can't get enough of this half-man, half-beast delight. For those of you not familiar with the **Hillbilly Werewolf** it's very frustrating to get a hold of any recordings or to even find out when he plays. He is a mystery veiled in folklore, and that is why I love him. (haha!)

Saturday started off like any other day. I rose from my bed, wiped the sleep from my eyes and prepared myself for the events that lay ahead. No, wait...that wasn't what happened. I woke up before my roomies Ben, Ezra and Lacey so I could drip acid into their ear canals while they slept. Unfortunately, they woke up and foiled my plans to erode their brains and use the hollow skulls as flowerpots to decorate my demonic abode deep in the heart of the Appalachians.

Frustrated and hungry we all then went to the **Food Lion** (where you go when your stomach roars) and bought beer and sandwich stuff, yay! Ben and Ezra shotgunned some beers and were quite buzzed after their chugging contest. They were hoping to get a jumpstart on the drinkin' so they wouldn't have to drop so much money on beer at the venue (\$3 PBR's! what nonsense was that?) Although I wanted to see the **Mud Wrastlin'** I adhered to Ezra's wishes and waited for the event to be over before we went to the venue. You see, Ezra was the **Luchador** the very first year when the wrestling was done in **Jell-O**. He was the spindley masked man wearing a child's spandex wrestling suit who did a backflip into the pit. He felt he wasn't in form to compete this year and he was fearful of the strong sorrowful feeling that would surface if he were to witness the mud wrestling. Next year Ezra, you will wrestle and regain your title!

Anyway, band sightings for this day included **Satan's Teardrops** who blew me away with their psychobilly bizarreness. Just a great sound that's heavy on the rockabilly rather than trying to be another **Demented Are Go**. They put me in the mind of a heavier **Caravans**, maybe. It should be noted the guitar player tied for first place in this years **Crossroads** guitar contest. Onward into the night, **The Trip Daddys'** country-infused rockabilly tore me a new one, as Craig almost seemed to strangle his guitar in a frantic fury during the set - crazy fretwork for sure. Especially with the show-stopping extended solo on "As Long As It Rocks." They also had Mike Leahy from their



Last Call Brawlers

fellow St. Louis band, 7 Shot Screammers join him onstage to sing a couple songs...A great moment. Later on that same stage Flathead Mike and the Mercurys revved up my motor and put me in gear for a blissful collision with their lethal punk/psychobilly rhythms. They have a new drummer now and I was worried, but he completely kicked ass, and the band never seemed tighter or more fun to watch. At the same time, forcing me to run back and forth, Speed Crazy had quite a crowd in the Jailhouse as the trio pounded the eardrums of all that listened with Erica's manic slap bass and Greg's crazy eyes roving over the audience. The drummer Augie jumped into the crowd and was carried shortly before being dropped to the cement ground, ouch!

I didn't catch The Needles either, but Ben did and he said they were quite good (although he can't remember from his drunken stupor even what kind of music they played, he just thinks he remembers goodness). This was also the day I caught some burlesque shows which were kinda corny, but showed women-flesh nonetheless. Most of what I saw were well-proportioned large girls dancing around in their panties and whatnot, which is cool because not everyone needs to be a perfect ten. There was, however, a tall slender siren who covered herself in balloons and did an ode to Joey Ramone which was strangely compelling.

I also watched the Polyplush Cats and did not get into them. Part of the reason was the visual of when I walked into the Jailhouse and saw the skinny long-haired Slaughter type guy walking through the crowd. I'm not one to care much for image, though, so it couldn't have been just that. It had to be the music too. HRW has a lot of great bands, but also has a lot of stuff I don't get into. Like the bad southern metal bands, ick. The good thing is, though, if you don't like

a band you can go to two other stages and see better bands, wheee! But enough bad talk, onward to the good stuff! I don't remember much about where I was this night, as I was drinking and cavorting with so many fellow rock'n'roll cretins, but I do remember that The Mad Daddys were real good and Buzzsawyer rocked! Plus, last on the main stage was Thee Exit Wounds, who I hear have members of Demented Are Go. You definitely could hear the psycho coming through, as they delivered a super-intense set that peeled the flesh from our faces. The bass player played an electric upright, which I thought was pretty neat, and he'd run out into the chaotic crowd with it. The band just had great, high-octane stage presence that kept everyone from sagging into a drunken stupor at the end of the night. This night my roomies and I had the pleasure of sharing our beds with The Last Call Brawlers. You see, they had no place to stay and the good people we

are, let them stay for a small fee. And that fee was bestial sex and French fries all night - on command without complaints. I presided over them like a decadent Roman Empress as they fed me greasy foods and serviced my every need. Then I would flog them and smear their blood all over my heaving flesh before making them lick my lusting body clean'. Sunday morning kinda blew. I was ultra sore from all the sex the Brawlers had given me and hotel check out was at 11am. I woke up before everyone else and was suprized to see a real North Carolina Bobcat! I was shocked and amazed as the carnivorous feline walked dangerously close to my hotel door. I tried to wake others up to come and see this rare beauty! I ran out to feed it stale bologna and bananas but it quickly ran into the brush. Imagine my dissapointment when I proudly showed my roomies the pictures of the Bobcat that I took on the digital camera and they laughed at me, insisting it was only a stray housecat that had been hanging around the parking lot. Their mockeries still ringing in my ears like insidious demons chewing at my soul, I later joined those skeptics on a journey to some shitty café to have way over-priced pulled pork sandwiches and then head to the venue. There was this musical church thing going on so we couldn't get inside and had to sit around outside for awhile. Finally those nasty church-goers left and we got to sit inside instead until Adam the First Real Man performed. There was a lot of down time on Sunday and I just wanted to rock. Adam was sort of fun and pretty lame at the same time, even though he did pull me onstage to demonstrate the powerful jaws of an animal trap with a carrot. His schtick was basically Jim Rose's act with worse stage banter, no cast of fellow freaks, and over-done, over-hyped stunts. Later Gravy Boat was an excellent southern rock redneck band that I really got into; they even covered CCR, whoo hoo! Note: the

guitar player tied for first place in the guitar contest. The Little White Pills played also downstairs and were fucking outstanding! They were punk rock'n'roll and covered GG Allin & Fear as well as cranking out many frenetic originals. A must see band. Photon Torpedoes had a pretty big crowd as well after them, but I wasn't really feeling their music...I think it was the heat. They're not a bad band at all but their humor wears a bit thin, as though they are trying too hard to be offensive or sleazy and come off kinda stupid instead. Probably like myself. Ben tells me that they covered a couple GG tunes also, and would switch singers and bass players a lot as they sang songs about their fixation on

vagina.

Somewhere around that point it started to rain, oh glorious rain! It felt sooo good on this scorching weekend that I ran around in it for awhile and came back in the venue disguised as a wet rat. Hobart Willis, despite the odd name, rocked out really damn good and had me shaking my arse and feeling the groove, righteous! Co-host of the HRW event Dave Quick played whirlwind guitar as well as Tim, the guitarist from Trailer Bride. Speaking of Trailer Bride, vocalist Melissa Swingle's punk duo The Moaners played Sunday, but they weren't listed so I missed them, damn it!

Later in the evening Rocket 350 got the crowd roused up and encouraged beer can throwing and all around lewdness. A bunch of burly men grabbed the mic and sang along with Phil for several songs; this seemed to warm Phil's heart. They played many great new songs with their new line-up, which is their best since the original R350. I'm looking forward to some new recordings soon.

A good-sized crowd was still around for the Kings Of Nuthin' who were the last gig of the event late Sunday evening. The crowd sang, cheered, danced and drank as the Kings caught instruments on fire and blew the roof off the building. They totally re-energized all us tired bastards and that was needed 'cause we were driving back to Ohio after the set. The weekend was a fucking great time and I got to meet up with a bunch of old and new friends, see some new bands, and rock out with the old tried-and-true bands that I love. Can't wait till next year. Maybe by then I'll have the balls to tell Hillbilly Werewolf that I have fallen victim to bestial virility and charm and want to have a litter of buck-toothed werewolf babies. Does that make me weird?"

Lisa's Concert Column

Some may call me crazy to drive 8.5 hours to see Neko Case, but to those of you I say "Screw Off Sailor." Neko played with Carolyn Mark and Kelly Hogan and the trio all took turns singing and harmonizing. It was in a small, stuffy bar in Philly called the Tin Angel and I went with my beautiful and gracious host Alicia. The set was short and not as Neko centered as I would have hoped, but the show still choked me up and had tears welling up in my eyes. I'm not sure what songs the other girls played but Neko did her "I'll Be Around", "Favorite" and her Hank Williams cover "Alone and Forsaken". Alicia was yelling "Favorite, Favorite" all night and when Neko played it I about died. Have you ever heard this song?! It's the last track on "Canadian Amp" and every time I hear it, every damn time I get that tight feeling in my chest and my eyes burn. Actually, I get that way whenever I hear Neko, period. Seeing her live is an amazing experience, I just wish I could have it more often.

Ben and I drove all the way to Brooklyn, NY for this years Mid Summer's Night Scream which featured some pretty cool artwork, free beer and some great bands. It took 8 hours to get there and then an additional two hours we spend driving around Manhattan and Queens lost. We eventually got to where we needed to be and found our way to The Asterik. When we got there the Memphis Morticians were playing and from what I heard they sounded pretty damn good. I was very tired and just wanted a beer at this point and so I got in the massive line for beer. It was supposed to be without charge so I didn't pay the \$3 donation they were asking for. Fuck, I



Kings of Nuthin'

Footnotes: 1. The rest of my roomies insisted that I proclaim this to be a joke. Am I to assume they were too drunk to remember it, or perhaps just plain ashamed of the whole dirty affair?
2. General opinion is "yes." It should be noted this & all sexual references in this article are in good fun, & not to be taken seriously. Should go without saying, but some people are dumb.

spent all my money in gas, banking on the advertised free beverages. I took my lukewarm, flat beer and Ben and I walked around looking at art and hanging out on the roof to get some fresh air. I found Hillbilly Werewolf who invited us to this event, and while talking to him this kid in a suit barfed all over the Werewolf's shoes while spewing en route to the trashcan. And did the Werewolf pounce on the man, ripping him limb from limb like an angry beast while the sour-stomached puker offered apologies? Hell no, he just laughed and said to do it again for all he cared. You know, that says a lot about a person when they get puked on and they think it's rad. Before long **The Butchers** were playing a garage/surf set, and I think this was their first show.



Brimstones

They are off to a good start that's for sure. There was a lot of fake blood and lots of energy that kept me front and center. **Jimmy & The Teasers** were up after that and were rocking! I don't know why I have never seen them at Heavy Rebel the past three years, but next year for sure I am catching this group. Then **Hillbilly Werewolf** played and kicked my fucking ass while beating me over the head with his howling and guitar playing. He is one of my favorite acts to see live and you really need to just see him for yourself. **The Brimstones** ended the night with an amazing set. It was intense, it was on fire, it was pure chaos. Surf/garage at it's best by a group of guys that I don't tire of watching. They have a lot of contagious energy that kept me awake to the end of this long night. And the night got even longer because Ben and I were driving right back home after the show. After some rest stop sleeping and many coffees we made it to our Wooster sanctuary where we bedded down with the several varieties of endangered birds that we are training to carry our zines to overseas readers.

Several weeks later I stopped down to the Lime Spider in Akron for a rockabilly show on August 23. This night **Jerry King & The Rivertown Ramblers** from Cincinnati opened up the show. To tell you the truth, they started off pretty slow and I was a bit embarrassed for them. But as their set went along, they loosened up, and by the end were jumping all over the place, beating their instruments and performing like old pros. They did all covers if my memory serves me right, but that was just what some of the crowd needed to get them in gear. There were a lot of new faces at the bar tonight, namely about 6 burly bikers who were really getting into it, bopping around while throwing back can after can of PBR. My kind of people. **The Marauders** were up next and I'll be damned if they don't get better every time I see them. Before too long they will be the best band that ever lived, and Japanese girls will be slaying themselves left and right as their unrequited love for these musicians of the West becomes unbearable. Seriously, though, they've got it all coming together: great slide guitar and expert bass playing, fantastic vocals and ... well, you get the idea. Just take my word on it and go wherever you have to in order to see this band perform. **Cash O'Riley & the Downright Daddys** were up last, minus their drummer whom they apparently lost during a fishing trip at the Caspian Sea. They had to throw him overboard for reasons they wouldn't tell

me. But they still rocked even without a drummer, although I will say, I think they sound fuller with one. Anyways, a band's talent really shows when they are all of a sudden missing a key player and refuse to cancel, preferring to march onward like seasoned soldiers on tactical maneuvers, ever alert to the perils that lie ahead, but rising to the challenge and becoming an Army of One (well 3 really). Regardless of how much cheese I put on the paper, Cash and his cohorts used skill and talent to prove they have what it takes.

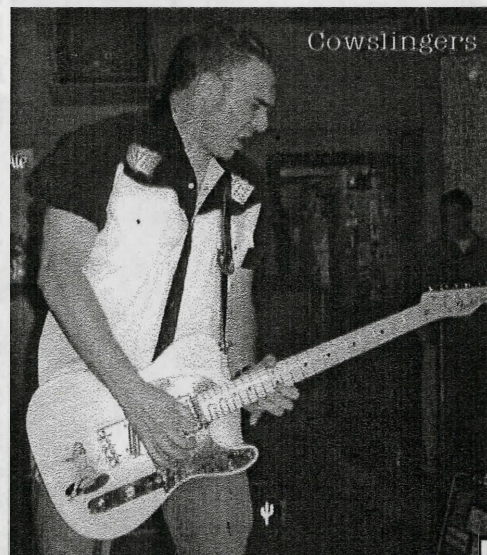
Certainly not their best show, but a highly respectable effort by a fine band. I don't think Ben remembers much of the show. He drank so much that I was getting a contact-buzz just from him breathing on me. Then we went home and he stayed up partying for a little while with Cash O'Riley and the band. He later told me he had absolutely no idea what they talked about with them, but he was sure he probably sounded like an idiot. He is simultaneously blessed and cursed with the ability to be extremely freakin' drunk, but never feel the urge to pass out. He just keeps going and going until no one will hang out with him anymore. I feel bad for the guy.

Ben's Concert Column

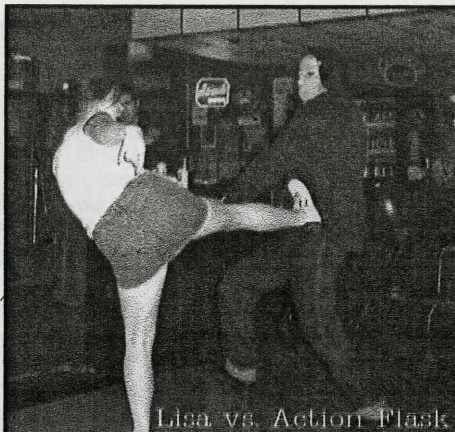
So I helped the 7 Shot Screamers get a couple show dates in Ohio in June: one in Akron, the other in Cleveland. The Akron show was at the Lime Spider on a Tuesday night, and virtually no one came out. Their loss, because it was a great show, and the handful of people that did come were treated to rippin' night of rock'n'roll. **Bob's Country Bunker** from Youngstown opened the evening with their patented mixture of country, surf, and rock'n'roll, complete with a great cover of **The Cramps'** "TV Set." You know, I don't think I've ever heard a cover of that song - well done. **The 7 Shot Screamers** then took the stage and played as if there were actually more than 10 people in the bar - as great a set as I've come to expect from this band. Afterwards we had them make the dark journey to the bowels of Ohio, to a hellish lair fraught with porn store protesters, anti-abortion activists, Amish marauders, yuppie rave wannabe ghetto thug kids in racing-striped **NO FEAR Fast & Furious** cars, a mysterious organization called **Cowboys for Jesus**, and of course, true to form classic white trash (perhaps that's where I fit in, though I'd like to believe at the very fringes of the continuum as the best possible cultured white trash). That's right, they followed us home to Wooster. From my description Wooster may sound like white bread America, and to a point it is, but it's not as bad as I make it sound. I may not want to live the rest of my life here, but it has some cool features too. I mean, four times now some local church has brought us free food and said they just want to help out people in the community. I guess we are living in the slums and get charity. Sweet! Also, once a policeman and I accidentally made eye contact and he actually waved at me from his car in an act of unexpected friendliness that for some reason I don't generally

elicit from the men in blue. And then there are some kick-ass hiking trails like a mile from here. Sure, they were reportedly frequented for gay trysts until being busted a couple years back, but I'd rather pass by the suspicious man hiking in khaki Dockers, dress shoes and a polo shirt doused in cologne than the idiot kids who tagged the trees and park benches there. Those mentally indigent shiteheads hit the place with gang-style graffiti that says classic things like "420" (which is lame-fucking pot-head lingo), "Eat Pussy" (possibly directed at the reputed gay hikers?), and "OE 800" (which of course shows their ghetto roots before they took to the woods). What the fuck kind of buck-toothed moron feels the need to write that stupid shit, let alone in a goddamned forest? Is it so that all the hikers take heed and realize that they are not beyond the reaches of the rural 420 gang and the villainy they perpetrate in this here woods? Are they like 18th century highwaymen marauding throughout those 80 acres like distempered dogs? Are they gonna hop from behind the trees with their upside-down visors and tightb on, brandishing a crossbow in one hand and a 40 in the other, then say something like, "yo muhnay o' yo life, mah good suh"? But maybe I am too hard on them. Maybe they are just troubled teens in desperate need of direction. Hungry for attention... needing the affection mom and dad were too busy to give. Or maybe they just need some new games for their Playstation 2's to keep them pacified, and possibly even just two drops of trickle-down personality to stimulate some growth in their thug-addicted, under-stimulated cerebral cortexes.

But I digress. Wildly. Anyway, the **Screamers** came back to our house and we drank, and they let me shoot them in the foreheads with stun darts from my blowgun. That still makes me laugh (many a night I sit by the fire and reminisce about the small circular bruises on their skulls as I sip a vintage Merlot in my smoking jacket, chuckling like a hoity toity art critic). The next day we got up and started drinking again and finding odd, unproductive ways to pass the time. In my backyard we have a giant, heavy-ass truck tire swing. I never conceived of it as a weapon, but when you swing that thing good and hard at someone standing apprehensively in wait, it really packs a devilish punch: As the beers went down, so did the casualties (sorry about that Sarkes). At one point we had Mike spinning on the tire swing, howling with a werewolf mask on until he flew off from the dizzying speed of rotation. At that point he ran off through the yard as I shot him with darts and the other guys tried to nail him with the swing. Aah,



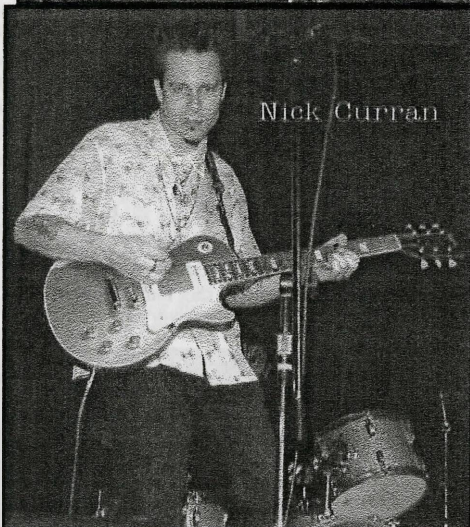
Cowslingers



Lisa vs. Action Flask



Alphabet Bombers



Nick Curran



Ben w/Travis of Knockout Pills

good times. We spent hours doing this type of stuff, but did take time off to go bowling. Chris ended up the victor for the evening. I've never seen such shock and pride in someone's face from a bowling score. Good game. Not anywhere near 300... or even 200, but still a damn fine score. I think if he ever ends up winning a Nobel prize it will pale to that glorious moment at Wayne Lanes where history was made.

The next Saturday they looped back into Ohio for a show with Cleveland's Cowslingers at the Beachland. Mark Linskey opened the show with an acoustic set of just him and his guitar. You might know Mark as the frontman for New Jersey's Hudson Falcons. With his solo work, you get the same working-class sentiments and Springsteen inspired approach, just stripped down to the absolute essentials. I wasn't sure how it'd go over with the rockin' crowd there, but for the most part they seemed to dig it, rather than just dole out courtesy applause. After him the Screamers played a great set adding covers of The Sharks, T-Rex, and Elvis to their repertoire of great originals like "Hey Lady Luck," "Camille," and "Better Off Dead." Chris's upright bass lasted not even a song this night (the bridge had been coming off every night on their tour), so he seamlessly took to the electric. It was a great set and the perfect lead-up to The Cowslingers. The 'Slingers gave one of their best shows I've seen, with drinks goin' down as the volume went up. Bobby seriously ripped it up on guitar, complete with his uncontrollable facial contortions, and Greg's off-the-cuff banter between songs was dead-on hilarious. After the show a ton of us went over to Sugar's (from the Lord's of the Highway) and partied the rest of the night. Lisa and I had made a huge kettle of turtle soup and brought a bunch of deer sausage, and everyone who was not a pansy (or got drunk enough to forget they were pansies) ate some soup. The abstainers might have been too dainty to eat turtle (I always find it strange when meat-eaters are picky about what meats they'll try - Hell, I'd eat dog [actually, I think I did eat dog when I was in Nogales, Mexico a couple weeks ago. That place is insane by the way... Damn!] or cat, buffalo, bear and beetle. I'd eat the fetid corpse of an alien cooked in the hot desert sun and topped with the guts of an armadillo that had succumbed to leprosy after a long life of garbage grubbing... Actually, scratch that last one.), or perhaps they were too mistrusting of Lisa's and my cooking. Eh, whatever. That food poisoning incident was hyped up in the press.

Speaking of strange carnivorous impulses, I'd like to chew the jugulars out of the bands who opened for Trailer Bride at the Beachland Tavern on June 23rd. Holy shit. The first one was just a sort of bland country rock alternative: possibly okay at what they do, but it doesn't leaving me feeling anything but drowsy. The next was far worse. It sounded like Creed doing country and getting it all wrong... just sounding like Creed. I cheered when they finally ended because I was truly happy to be freed from their torturous grip. Why had I stuck in there and waited all night? Because this was to be the first time I saw Trailer Bride, and I've been wanting to see this band for quite a while. Fortunately, it was worth the heavy dues, because they were fantastic. The rhythm section was hypnotic, with Daryl White at times bowing his upright to get a deep rumble that sounded like a beast prowling through the catacombs of Hades. Tim Barnes on lead guitar shined with a subtle brilliance as he added remarkable layers to the songs, whether they be blues, country, or something more exotic. Just a great sense of where and what to play without overcoming the song with a lot of flash,

and yet still displaying a pile of skills. The real glue behind the band, though, is singer and songwriter Melissa Swingle. Her voice is unmatched by any other female vocalist I know. Not in a technical way. She doesn't wail or belt out a song in diva fashion, or sing like a sultry sex kitten. What she does is more intriguing: conveying character and emotion without melodramatics, making the occasional sentimentality not seem forced but rather come off with real feeling. In addition she also sews the songs together with her rhythm guitar-playing, as well as playing the harmonica and saw. This show was before I heard their new CD, yet they did play many songs from it that were outstanding. What I liked best at the time was older tunes like "Ghost of Mae West" and "Porch Song." By the end of the night, I was completely infatuated with Melissa Swingle, even though I know my love is just thankful lust (contrived reference to a T.B. song).

That weekend I had set up a show for the Alphabet Bombers at the Beachland. This was another super-low attendance affair. It was a Sunday, but sweet Jesus, it was just pathetic. I friggin' promoted the best I could; I just don't get it. Makes me think twice about booking shows... too much stress and one hell of a shitty feeling when they don't turn out well. Actually, though, the show itself was great, and all the bands were exceptionally cool despite the empty space stretched out before them. Cleveland's Sump Pump Monkeys opened the night with some raging surf instrumentals that fall somewhere in between M.O.A.M. and Dick Dale. Damned fine stuff. Next was Erie, PA's the Coffin Bangers. These guys are friends of mine and some of hardest-drinkin' horror punk psychos to ever disgrace this putrid planet. I loved every minute of the set. Especially when their dancing Ghouls, Action Flask and Wonder Cup, faced off against the crowd with their mixture of dance and kung fu. Lisa's defensive antics and dance moves against those Heptune fiends were among the funniest I've seen her dish out. From there the Alphabet Bombers played to the crowd consisting of us, the other bands, and some of our friends. Nonetheless, they cranked out the goods with a razor blade psychobilly that would make the devil proud. Unfortunately, they headed back home after the show rather than hanging out. Some of them planned on going to work the next day, and I think Rich actually even made it. Me? Well, I found Lisa in my car at the end of the night, puking out of the door onto the asphalt (puking is almost an art form with her. It's the poetry of the stomach, a rejection of conventionality, a purging of the acrid slime that society coats our insides with.). Our good and generous friends Lacey and Ezra then drove us to Kent with them because I was too drunk to think straight, let alone drive straight. I live over an hour from Cleveland, so I would have had to sleep in the car at a rest stop (again) with my violently ill girlfriend who only resumed consciousness periodically to give another "poetry reading." Anyway, back at Lacey's place Ezra and I ended up drinking even more, and the last thing I remember is watching the Muppet Show where Blondie was the guest star and wishing to myself that I was Gonzo so I could touch her G-spot with my hook nose.

I am sick man with many problems....

But I won't trouble you with a list of them. They my own, and I enjoy them fully. What I will let you in on is a Pogues, Clash, Stiff Little Fingers triple-cover-band show at the Beachland on July 18th. Starting that night was Closed Groove (although they kept reinventing their name throughout the night). They were the Stiff Little Fingers cover band that was actually The GCS minus Pete and adding

their original guitarist, Chris. They had practiced a total of two times, including the one that afternoon, but actually sounded pretty good nonetheless. Highlights were of course "Suspect Device" and "Alternative Ulster." After them was a Clash cover band from Detroit called **Clashback**. I had high hopes for these guys, but was pretty let down on several levels. The singer, while somewhat capable, lacked the cadences of Strummer. I realize that is a griping critique, but I've seen cover bands with similar voices to their namesakes. I also think they completely lacked even a spark of energy and stage presence, had completely the wrong guitar tone (opting for a more thick sound reminiscent of 80's hard rock), and they played mostly the softer Clash stuff. I mean, I wanted to hear "London's Burning," "Clash City Rockers," "Career Opportunities," "Janie Jones," and so on... Hell, I guess I just wanted to hear the first album from start to end, but hey, that's what I like. While they did a terrible version of "London Calling," at least they didn't play the two big Clash radio hits. And why didn't they play my favorite Clash song of all, "Guns of Brixton"? I just didn't feel this band at all. After them was **The Boys From The County Hell**, the Pogues cover band who has played these parts for several years now. They too are made up of a couple guys from The GC5, and used to have Ryan from the Dropkick Murphys but he wasn't there this night. It pains me to say it, but this was the blandest set I've seen by these guys. Everything seemed off. Whether it was the sound that kept feeding back painfully throughout songs, or the tin whistle being out of key with the rest of the band, I couldn't help but feel a little disappointed. They've done so much better and tighter sets, even when Doug was falling down, puking, and bleeding on stage.

The next night I went to Pittsburgh to see The Templars at a strange club on the South side. It was a tiny little bar called Zephyros or something like that, and standing in the steamy upstairs where the bands played, you'd swear you were in someone's house (that is, if they had no furniture and a bartender and everyone in their family was a skinhead). There was no stage; bands just stood at the end of the room, which was fine, and the sound wasn't too bad, although too loud for the small space. I was expecting more people to come out and see the Templars, but there was an okay smaller crowd. The first band was from New York and was called **Skin Disorder**. I get a kick out of the name - one of the better ones in the genre. They played an aggressive Oi! that wasn't bad at all. Seemed like the usual angry topics, but the guitar sound was right for that classic rough and tumble sound (not having a thick, sterile over-distortion). After them came **Counterattack**, who played a decent set. I enjoyed their heavy Oi, but can't think of anything especially notable to say about them. From there the heat was getting to me, and I went outside. While sitting there I saw no less than three cop cars pull up to escort one drunk girl out of the club. There was already a policeman at the show. Apparently he needed big-time back up to get the girl outside when she could barely walk anyway. Weird. They didn't arrest her or anything either. It was right around then that my friend John Tanish told me of that Dan & Shannon from 814 Records lived nearby, so we stopped over there. I just want to say thanks to them for their hospitality with all the beers and food (including delicious guacamole dip). Unfortunately, while we were enjoying our visit there, we missed The Sussed and Bloodline. The Sussed are a Pittsburgh punk band that seems to have been around for years, although perhaps inconsistently. I heard they put on a good show this night, including some new songs. **Bloodline** are apparently from Italy, and my friend Scott (who drove me up here) says they were outstanding live, with all kinds of energy and

intensity. We listened to their CD on the way home, which I thought was pretty good, and he said he was a little let down because they were so much better live. I did get back way before The Templars took the stage, and was plenty drunk by this time. When they kicked in, the crowd had a burst of energy, but it seemed not many people were interested acquiring some new bruises on the floor. It must have been the intense heat that kept people relatively sedate (though not at all entirely - I've been to way more placid punk shows than this one), because the band sounded quite good. They did their crowd favorites like "Victim," "New York," and their theme song. They also did rarer songs like "Bovver Boy" from their hard to find split with Oxblood, and a couple outstanding covers: The Clash's "Career Opportunities" (done so much better than the previous nights band could have imagined) and Cock Sparrer's "Running Riot," one of my favorite classic Oi songs. The night ended at 2:00 sharp, as I guess all Pittsburgh shows do. Everything seems more restrictive in PA, you can't even buy beer at gas stations (this is the U.S. damn it, not Canada!) and they keep drinkers in cages at some clubs, separate from the underage crowds. That weirdness notwithstanding, I still find Pittsburgh to be one of my favorite cities.

The very next night, I ended up at a show again... this time a more laid back one. By chance I discovered Nick Curran & The Nitelives were playing at the new re-opened Wilbert's in Cleveland. I've been a fan of Nick Curran since I saw him on tour as Ronnie Dawson's second guitar player. He also played with Kim Lenz, but rather than step into the rockabilly arena, he put together a great 50's jump blues sort of band. The upright player had been in Roomful of Blues and the Fabulous Thunderbirds, and certainly showed some impressive technique. I'm not sure where the saxophone player came from, but his name was Paul and he was incredible as well. Throughout the night each would get a chance to solo as they diverged from the recorded versions of their songs. The band would also throw a more jazzy instrumental into both sets. Nick's vocals and wild guitar licks center the band, and despite the bar being a little more uppity than I'm used to (\$3.25 for fucking Pabst!!!), we still had a really good time. Lisa and I got some great food. I had the best lasagna ever - it was southwestern and spicy, filled with chorizo and cilantro. Mwaaaaah... I have been fantasizing about that heaping plate of cheesy delight every since. Anyway, the crowd was very into the band, but I think Nick and the boys would have felt more at home with the hard drinkin' younger crowd at the Beachland.

Later in September I took a trip to Colorado and Arizona. The day before I had gotten up early to climb Gray's Peak, my friend Brad (who I want to thank for putting me up for a few days and showing me the town and Rocky Mountain National Park) and I went downtown Denver and caught Paul Galaxy at the Blue Mule. Opening was **GT & the Sidewinders** who play a pretty good rockabilly, but the vocals weren't really sitting well with me. If I remember correctly, they had the singer playing rhythm on a Gretsch while the lead player used a Telecaster, which I thought was odd. After them and a tasty white pizza from next door at Mario's Two-Fisted Pizza, and after becoming strangely drunk from just a few beers (must have been the elevation), Paul Galaxy &



The **Galactix** proceeded to impress the hell out of me with some really phenomenal guitar licks and some of the most scorching instrumentals I've heard blazing from the frets in a long time. He has a good singing voice too, but a few songs here and there were a little cheesy with the "Pretty Kitty" lyrics, but the music the tunes were still damn good. I also really like his exceptional "Desert Air" song. Afterwards we went and drank more Fat Tire Ale at other bars until I thought I was gonna puke. The next day climbing the mountain was rough, but well worth it. I was about ready to crawl or pass out by the time we made it to the summit, my heart beating like an idling Harley Davidson and my mouth panting like a dog on a hot day, but it was well worth it. It is an incredible feeling at the top - the fatigue, the accomplishment, the thin air and freezing wind: it's like heaven only colder and there's nothing there but rocks and snow. But then maybe that's what heaven is like, making me wonder what's with the big line to get in. From there I went to Tucson, which perhaps is more like hell, due to the 100 degree blast of heat that greeted me as I left the airport. The whole first day I was there I was extremely light-headed and kept getting nosebleeds. Luckily that ended soon. I stayed with Justin of the Last Call Brawlers and his super-nice girlfriend Sarah. I can't say enough about their generous hospitality. While I was in town I was able to see Justin's other band, **Last Laugh**, who played some good Oi music with great guttural vocals. Definitely a band to watch out for, and I believe that they have a split coming up with The Fatskins on DSS soon. I also caught some of the **Mexican Blackbirds** at Vaudeville and wish I was able to see more of them.



Al Foul



What I did catch was some intense punk rock that pummeled the eardrums. After them was **Swing Ding Amigos**, who completely floored me. I mean, each song was like a frenzy of guitar hooks and enough sheer electricity to fry everyone on death row in Texas. Absolutely brilliant. If their recordings capture anything of their live set, they will be blowing my speakers for years to come. Unfortunately, they didn't have any CDs, so I'll have to cross my fingers and wait for one to materialize in my greedy hands.

The day prior I had got a chance to see bluesman **Tom Walbank** at Vaudeville as well. He played some great delta blues, but was pretty drunk with some new people (I think) backing him, so a few songs came to an abrupt halt. Someone had the nerve to request he play some Bread, and was doled out some well-deserved invective and profanity (all with a thick British accent) from the angrily non-compliant bluesman. Hilarious. After his set was **Al Foul**, who has shed the Shakes and become a one-man band. While I never saw him with a full band, I don't think he suffers much from the loss. Playing drums with his feet, Al belted out a great set of beer-tilting, gut-grinding rockabilly with a countrified zeal as only he can deliver. Great voice, great tunes, and a couple covers of GG Allin to boot. All in all, from my small taste of the Tucson scene I really loved it. I met so many good people there and had a great time. My only regret (other than the Last Call Brawlers not having a show while I was there) is that I missed my chance to see The Knockout Pills. Fuck! But I did meet Travis from that band, who turns out is a very cool guy.



Mexican Blackbirds

When I got back home I rode with the **Lords of the Highway** to the 31" Street Pub in Pittsburgh for a show. Opening was **The Legendary Hucklebucks**. I had seen them before for like 2 songs in Cleveland, so this really was the first true live exposure. I thought they were excellent. I commented to Billy Angel about how they seemed to have a style that takes up where the Heptanes left off (although the vocals are not quite there yet), and lo and behold, they played a Heptanes song. I say they picked up where the Heptanes left off, because despite heavy Heptanes (how many times am I gonna write "Heptanes"?) influence, they have many riffs and phrasings that are unique to themselves. The singer also sometimes breaks out the harmonica, or even a police outfit and searchlight for the song "Bad Motherfucker." Great set. Next was the **Lords of the Highway**, who did a good show that seemed to received well by the crowd. Their drummer, Pete Yorko, may look young, but that's only because he uses Neutrogena age-defying skin creme. He is really older than myself and has the iron gut of a 45 year old alcoholic sailor, which makes it all the more impressive when he beats on the drums like a satanic monkey. Anyway, after them was **The Helldivers** from Butler, PA I believe. They were plenty drunk and served up a sloppy set of traditional rockabilly with some good moments strewn throughout. The bass was hardly audible and some of the songs kinda fell flat, but hell, they are a new band and they were drunk. I'm sure even great bands have bad nights (actually, I've witnessed many of them). They did a cover of "Footloose" by Kenny Loggins. Not a great cover, but the fact it was attempted makes them cool in my book. And on that note, I'm gonna kick off my Sunday shoes and go to bed.

Since I am having trouble getting the zine done, I'll add some more shows I've seen in the meantime. Later the next week I rode with the **Lords of the Highway** to yet another show. This time it was in Columbus with the **Red Elvies**. The **Lords** delivered a great set that seemed to not visibly impress many in the crowd, who mostly stood and watched with a reserved scrutiny. Maybe they enjoyed it on the inside. The band busted out a new song with their deceptively youthful drummer on vocals, and in all honesty he has an amazing voice that I hope to hear more of in the future. Like, maybe he can sing romantic songs dressed as a creepy southern gentleman to my girlfriend while I sex her up in a hay loft in what would ultimately play out like a Faustian scene from a trippy David Lynch porno movie where I sell my soul for the secrets of love. I'll have to remember to ask him about that. Anyway, I feel I must offer some sort of criticism of this band, despite them being my best friends. Such a thing will preserve my journalistic integrity, I suppose, although I'm not sure I have a lot of that (which then would indicate that I need to preserve what I do have for fear of losing it altogether). So I'll say that some of their stage banter needs work, that two Misfits covers is usually too much for one set, and the chorus on "Damn U Miller" needs to be just Dennis' guttural howl with no backing vocals (this is my most ardent and important critique, and one that many other people will back me on). There, I said all the bad things I could think of. Now a good thing: Pete's harmonies with Sugar on songs like "Tall Boys" really made them sound 103.7% better. Damn, sounds like I'm starting a Pete Yorko fan club here.

Maybe I should say something bad about him so it doesn't seem weird. Hmmm... His driving scared me on the way home from D.C. a couple months ago, and I think he was somehow involved in John Ritter's death. Anyway, **The Red Elvies** were next and left me kind of lukewarm. They played some loungey songs that were pretty cheesy, although I realize they were probably meant to be, judging from the funny lyrics that I picked out. I preferred their more upbeat, surfy and exotic songs, which often were really pretty good. They also did a cool drum solo where all the members were beating upon the drum kit in rhythmic bliss. The singer has some funny stage moves and they all wear odd, flashy outfits adding to the humor. Also, the bass player plays a large three-stringed instrument that resembles a giant Dorito. Still, I wasn't awed by them, and felt kind of bored for some of the set. Maybe it was just a tame night for them.

The next night I went to Cleveland and saw the **Murder Junkies** with Jeff Clayton from **AntiSeen** singing for them. It was at the **Pirate's Cove**, and this was the first show I saw there. The bar seems to have a really good sound system that was mixed well this night, not sounding like just a loud blast of noise. However, they don't have a very good selection of beer: nothing cheap for the poor drunks to imbibe, and nothing as far as good beers really at all either (unless you happen to be a sniveling yuppie hipster who likes the flavor of stale urine like Heineken and Corona). The first band was called **Love Muffin**, and if they were good the name would probably have supported the intended comic value. However, the band played something kind of metal, kind of punk, and kind of shitty. Next was **The Standing 69's**, who I thought sounded really good this evening, playing rock'n'roll with very punk rock vocals and pulling it off quite well. They were followed by a band called **We March** who dished up a pretty fast and intense set that ended with a nice cover of **The Stooges**. Lots of their material really got me revved up, and their singer was pretty energetic. My main gripe with them is that the guitarist a.) tried to tune by ear, painfully and ineffectually, between almost every damn song, losing any momentum they were building and punishing the crowd (buy a damn tuner, man!) and b.) had the guitar was feeding back way to much and too loud, which only annoys the more sonically sensitive individuals in the crowd (I am thinking of that **Star Trek** episode where Kirk was being tortured with high frequency sound, and how as a kid I cowered with fear at the very idea of such ruthlessness). After them the **Murder Junkies** took the stage and broke into "Highest Power" right off the bat. It is hard not to get a rush from the unmitigated blasphemy and raw fury of that song. Jeff Clayton fronted the band pretty well as they went through a set of GG material and post-GG **Murder Junkies** songs. It definitely seemed like a soundtrack to violence, but I'm also certain it doesn't compare to the level of rage and tension that GG Allin emitted. Still, a decent tribute by the only band that could pull it off without seeming like poseurs. Once the band was done playing, Dino kept going at the drums in what amounted to a pretty well-played drum solo that went on too long. After the show I saw someone throw a punch at him, but for what reason I don't know. I guess when you have a sweaty naked guy who puts drum sticks into his ass walking around after a 30 minute drum solo, you have an entire realm of plausible explanations to choose from. Dino then asked for somebody to hit the restrained assailant for him, to which someone complied, making me wonder what happened to the

"peace, love and Lunachicks" philosophy. Haha!

And the live reviews continue with an undeterred temerity. On Saturday October 11th I went with my friend Alicia to see **Trailer Bride** again at the Beachland. The opening band wasn't too impressive – I don't even know their name. I guess it was alt. country style music. It didn't really annoy nor please me, more of neutral, forgettable vibe. Trailer Bride was next and for the first few songs the cymbals on the drum set were so loud they drowned out everything else, but that was fixed after a while. However, the problems did not end. First Melissa broke a string, then Tim, their lead guitarist, broke his mid-song. I should say in the middle of one of my favorite songs that hinges on a bluesy guitar hook played on said string. Melissa filled in capably, though, on harmonica, but it just wasn't the same. Later she said her harmonica is starting to go out of tune as well, and she needs to get another one. Compound it all with the fact that they were completely exhausted from a tour schedule that has them covering the entire United States in 3 weeks, and you'd think the show

would be a complete loss. Not the case, actually. A bad night for this band is still well worth the price of admission to hear Melissa's ethereal drawl and Tim's nuanced guitar-playing on both their darker numbers as well as their southern country tunes. After them was The Lillys, who lived up to their name for the sake that they sounded like a bland mod rock for wimps. I can imagine them getting good reviews in Rolling Stone as part of the garage rock revival or something, but they left me wanting to hear the Sonics on the Beachland's excellent jukebox. I ended up letting the Trailer Bride stay at my friend Sugar's house while she was in New York (it was her idea, I didn't just break in... although I do sometimes go to her house while she is at work and lick all of her silverware... yeah buddy, that's how I get my kicks! Sometimes I even clean under my nails with her toothbrush as I giggle like a mad ferret). The band (aside from Tim) fell into a slumber upon arrival, seemingly thrilled to have beds for all. Tim stayed up until around 5:30 AM bullshitting with Alicia and me about the preservation of historical buildings, receding country

sides in our respective states, terrible ways to kick the bucket, and a myriad of other things. That Tim, he's a straight-up good guy. The rest of the band seems really nice too; I want to hang out with them more and feed them copious amounts of liquor next time they come through. Then when they are drunk and helpless, I will tie them up in my basement and make them watch me reenact scenes from "Dirty Dancing" with a stuffed Grover doll wearing leg warmers.

Let's see, I think that's all the shows I've seen this review period. Wait, I don't think I mentioned my trip to Washington D.C. with the Lords of the Highway (yeah, they get me out of the house a lot... if it weren't for them I'd be a lowly hermit amusing myself with a blow-up doll made up to resemble Sny Snoodles, the singer of Jabba The Hut's band from the movie "Return of the Jedi"... I always found that alien sexy). What I can tell you about that show is minimal due to many drinks ingested. I remember seeing a pretty bad country rock band that I forget the name of. I remember seeing a good set of traditional-style rockabilly by The

Straight 8's, and I vaguely recall seeing **Top Dead Center**. We had a good time hangin' out with our friends Taylor and Blaze, though, who hooked us all up with some hotel room floor to crash on and some PBRs to drink. I almost puked off the balcony at the end of the night, but unfortunately it was a no-go (even after a nasty convenience store sub that I ate despite my better judgement, oh how I wanted to taint the world with my vomit!). On the ride home I entertained myself by sketching "artistic" representations of everyone in the van's mother (including myself and Spanky the dog who traveled with us – I'm so glad my mom wasn't the fart fairy propelled through the atmosphere by her own gaseousness, nor a fat pig-lady with a hook hand and who boils housecats). Oh, and I took a picture of a clown driving a car down the interstate – what joy! A clown, an honest to goodness clown! Driving! What madness! Then it rained as though the world were being washed of sin for the last time, and I sat in silence reflecting on my meager existence, trying not to drive into a ditch.

* Photos in these columns by Lisa & Ben

MUSIC REVIEWS: An Odious Trend in Fanzines

Lonesome Kings – "Shotgun Full of Blues"

[Emerald City Sounds, www.emeraldcitysounds.com](http://www.emeraldcitysounds.com)

Damn, that's one hard energetic voice. Is this Sab Grey of Iron Cross doing psycho? No, this is the new and improved Greg Lonesome, aka King Sleaze. This, the 2nd full-length album, is a big step in the right direction. "Shotgun Full of Blues" shows a band with a new lineup and a lot of maturing. Their first album, "Sunday Morning Hymns," seemed to me like a psycho imaged band that was picked up quick for a record, but had a lot of learning to do. This seems to happen quite frequently in this variety-starved scene. "Shotgun Full of Blues" sounds like a whole different band. I hear new psycho sounds with pure talent generating out of Rev Repulsive's guitar. It's rockabilly and blues powered by hardcore rock and roll. You won't hear a Nick-13 wanna-be or a Sparky imitator in Greg's voice. Greg presents a voice as individual as the bands music is to the scene. My favorite tracks are "Nothin' for me" and "Fake Suicidal Dreams" is the only song I found with a decent base track. Like many psychobilly fans I need to hear my slappin' sound. My one complaint is that the bass is not louder and more present on the album. All in all I think this album is a great addition to my collection of psycho. I can't wait to see how the band matures for the next album. I hope that Lonesome Kings, and other up and coming bands with such an individual sound, take the forefront of American psychobilly. Bands like the Lonesome Kings are needed to replace some of the more commercialized acts calling themselves psycho today. - The Machetti

Bob Hocko and the Swamp Rats – "Disco Still Sucks"

[Get Hip Recordings, www.gethip.com](http://www.gethip.com)

Starting with a cover of "Louie, Louie" that rivals the Sonics version, this band was 60's garage rock from McKeesport, Pennsylvania. The sound is rough around the edges and really captures the energy of underground music from that time. While some tracks have that 60's cheese sound like on "She's Got Everything," other cuts, like the mellow soul music on "I'm Going Home" are noteworthy. Their best songs for the most part seem to be covers of the Stones, Beatles, Kinks and others, making this band more of a footnote in rock'n'roll history, but not something crucial for your collection unless you are obsessed with that era. - BL

The Blue J's – "Red Light Girl"

www.raucousrecords.com

Here we have a real solid, decent traditional rockabilly group that hails from the U.K. The disc starts off with a cover of the Traveling Wilburys' "Rattled" which immediately scores points with me and goes along with lots of originals. They throw in a couple of Rolling Stones tunes too. The band covers a range of emotion

in their music like the heartfelt "This Girl Is Taking Bets" to the jovial "Hillbilly Fool". It should be noted this album was recorded at Western Star Studios which is run by Alan Wilson of the Sharks, who incidentally plays guitar on some of the tracks. This is a great listen. -Lisa

Chargers Street Gang

"Through The Windsheild"

[Get Hip Recordings, www.gethip.com](http://www.gethip.com)

These Clevelanders do a seething garage punk that has its moments but just doesn't do it for me for some reason. I think it is the vocals, not his voice exactly, but the way he sings kind of grates on me sometimes. They have all the ingredients I like: tons of energy, gunpowder riffs verging on chaos, and an overall novel approach to jangly garage punk. Still, somehow for the most part they just kind of rub me the wrong way. It just isn't kicking the soccer ball into my love net. (Um, yeah, I know that sounded dumb.) I've tried to acquire the CSG aesthetic, I come so close, but I just can't grasp it yet. Maybe a few more listens will do the trick. People are always telling me that they are great live. Maybe one day I'll catch their show and a light bulb will come on in my refrigerator heart and I'll embrace these miscreants as my brothers in rock. - BL

Straight 8's – "Rock-A-Billy" EP

www.straight8s.com

Wow, what a remarkable sample of a band that is sure to turn heads and bend ears in the music scene! There is a raw vibe in their traditional approach that doesn't sound forced or faked like so many other bands. I am fully engaged by the vocals, lyrics and music...something that doesn't happen too often. Oh, I guess I should tell you this is a rockabilly band with a touch of surf. I either lost the CD insert or it didn't come with one, I don't remember because I was drunk at Heavy Rebel when I got it. But I can tell you there is an instrumental, and a song about being a rockabilly zombie. I can't wait for more, get a full length out guys! -Lisa



Drawing: Carl Alessi

Wailin' Elroys — S/T EP
Double Ought Records, bs-riddle@juno.com

Yee-haw! Where has this gem of a hillbilly band been hiding? Apparently in my own backyard as these guys are from Athens, Ohio! This is a 5 track EP that gives you a taste to wet your whistle and leaves you wanting more of this raw, primitive rockabilly. This disc was recorded live on a two track reel to reel and that gives it a real authentic and endearing quality. The vocals are pure honky tonk and complemented perfectly by the accompanying guitars and upright. This is righteous! -Lisa

Slick Shoes — "Far From Nowhere"
www.sideonedummy.com

All I could think of prior to putting this disk in was the little cutie pie Data from the "Goonies" whose invention of slick shoes saved the day when he employed them on the log bridge when the Fertelli's were chasing them, remember that? I wish this disc made me as happy as remembering funny scenes of movies from my childhood. Unfortunately, this ultra pop punk band makes me wish I could rupture my ear drum with a Q-Tip again as it would be more enjoyable. Good musicians, waste of talent... honestly it's the vocals that make me cringe. I won't be playing this. -Lisa

Buck Jones and his Rhythm Riders
Self-Titled full-length CD
www.buckjones.net

While Buck Jones and his crew haven't revolutionized rockabilly the way Einstein revolutionized physics, they seem to grasp the basic quantum mechanics involved in modernizing the 50's sound. They sound like Slap'N'The Cats if that band didn't suck. Many tracks have pretty humdrum lyrics, but even so they do craft some toe-tappin' tunes that usually make up for their occasional lyrical silliness (For example of lame lyrics note the song "Rock Boppin' Boogie," which incidentally isn't even saved by the music. I think if you are gonna sing something called "Rock Boppin' Boogie" you better have sang it in 1956 or do it like old school Cramps and sound like a rambling schizo off the meds backed by a group of strategically shaved monkeys banging on fuzzed-out guitars, otherwise it just reeks of uninventive cheesiness. And while I'm on this point, don't ever say things like "Daddy-O" unless you are trying to be funny [which is entirely possible here, since the band does have a fun party/hoedown kind of feel]). They also keep some hillbilly charm in their delivery, making this really not bad. "Devil Player," "ChickenRun," "Steamboat Millionaire" and "Blue Skies and Clear Water" are all pretty good cuts. I won't be putting my copy of this release up on E-bay any time soon; I'm just saying that if you don't already like rockabilly, this isn't gonna change your mind. -BL

The Revillos — "Jungle of Eyes"
www.captainoi.com

This band has a very distinct 80's Brit new wave/pop sound that at times I really like. And that would make perfect sense since this album was recorded in 1983 in London. The Revillos have two singers, Eugene and Fay, who take turns crooning out the newfound digitized and bizarre fun that was rampant during that era in music. Think Debbie Harry meets Flock of Seagulls meets Duran Duran and you have pretty much what this album is about. This re-release also gives you three bonus tracks. Now I am not too much into this but there is a cool song called "Trigger Happy Jack" that sounds

more rock than synth poop, er I mean pop. It sure is an interesting listen, but not something I really get into. -Lisa

The Lucky Strikes — S/T EP
www.theluckystrikes.com

Here is another little EP that has taken me by surprise with its five naughty little tracks. And again, I either don't have or lost the liner notes. The first track is a surf instrumental that keeps a hold of a solid rhythm and has me twistin' till the end. Another track features a harmonica (bad ass solo included) and a very blues sounding bass groove along with smoked out, gravely vocals... yes! All in all this is an awesome EP heavy on the blues and light on the lame from a group I hope to hear much more from in the future. -Lisa

The Jime — "It's Still Rock'n'Roll To Me"
www.nervous.co.uk

I wonder why the album title isn't named after the guitar/singer/songwriters own original tunes, it perplexes me. Yes, it's novel to cover Billy Joel, but when there are so many originals loaded up on this disc I'd think you'd name the album after something of your own. I wasn't too impressed with the cover anyway. I liked the originals with the piano like in "Around The World". There are 12 original songs of fast, snappy traditional rockabilly with sharp guitar riffs and plenty of solos (one tune has 51). There is also a great rockabilly cover of "Help" and a not so good rendition of "Learning to Fly". Sometimes it sounds like the vocals aren't meshing very well with the music, but not too often. I'm still up in the air about this. -Lisa

The GC5
"Kisses From Hanoi/Horseshoes & Handgrenades"
www.thickrecords.com

For those of you who never managed to get a copy of "Kisses From Hanoi" before it went out of print on Outsider Records, here is your chance to redeem yourself. For those die hard GC5 fans who could never get a hold of the Irish import "Horseshoes & Handgrenades" this is likewise the time for you to strike and get yourself caught up all on one disc. "Kisses..." is one of the best punk rock albums I have heard to date with its smart lyrics added to splintering guitar styling and amazing bass. The lyrics are political but not just angry arguments; they are well thought out and finely crafted words belted out by Pete and Doug. Songs like "Nothing But These Songs", "White Flag", "In The End" and "City Lights" make this well worth the asking price. And don't forget the bonus of 5 additional tracks from the "Horseshoes..." EP, you'd be a fool to pass this deal up. "Culture Wars" and "Sheep In Wolf's Clothing" really get you thinking and motivated to act...and dance. -Lisa

Preacher's Kids — "Wild Emotions"
www.gethip.com

For a large portion of my listening experience I found this band to sound a lot, and I mean a lot, like the Rolling Stones. Now, there is a song on here called "Death of a Rolling Stone", coincidence? Probably. Actually, this is a garage infused rock/blues band that incorporates some piano, trumpet, trombone, harmonica, organ and even some violin in the pieces. Twelve of the thirteen tracks are all original and so they impress with their songwriting capabilities and their abilities to execute them well. There are a few songs that get kinda sappy ("Don't Play With My Emotions"), but the album bounces back with tracks like "Respect Me". I like this

group and think they would be especially great to see live. -Lisa

Dangerville — "Necessary Evil"
www.dangerville.net

From the same state that gives us the joys and delights of Eminem, comes this band called Dangerville to whom I hear the bleach blonde rapper owes all his success. Many of you may not know this, but Marshall Mathers used to play harmonica on the streets for spare change when he was a junkie. He'd often play outside of bars where other bands where playing so there would be a decent crowd around to throw quarters into his change cup. He preferred to hang around Dangerville shows in particular to try and elicit sympathy from the fans by playing sad blues ballads on his mouthpiece after the show. It was at these shows that Mr. Mathers earned enough spare change to buy himself a bit of good luck. So, what does this band sound like that inadvertently enabled Eminem to succeed? They blend country with some rockabilly and a touch of punk to form a decent, tight sound. I have to admit I am not too fond of the vocals although there is nothing horrible about them, they just kinda rub me the wrong way. However, the female upright player sings on a dark, jazzy tune and I find I like that much better. But what do I know? -Lisa

Jerry King & the Rivertown Ramblers
"The Sun Sessions"
www.geocities.com/rivertownramblers

Traditional rockabilly from Cincinnati Ohio has made it's way to my ears. I don't know why I haven't heard of these guys earlier since we are from the same state, but nevertheless, they have crossed my path. First off I'd like to say that the singer is fabulous. He really captures the traditional style without adding too many hiccups and coming off as overly cliché. The rest of the band is apt as well, and I think they do all covers, but lets give them time to create some originals that I'm sure will be noteworthy. Some songs that really get me going are "Mean Little Momma", "Crazy Woman" and "Her Love Rubbed Off". I'm looking forward to hearing some new stuff from these guys. -Lisa

Hellvis — "Rock 'n' Roll Motherfuckers"
www.hellvisrocks.com

If you love Motorhead, AC/DC and Nashville Pussy you'll likely get into Hellvis as well. This disc was recorded while singer/guitarist Ted awaited his court date for passing out at the wheel and crashing head on into a cop car. You get treated to 8 tracks including "Eager Beaver, Honey Pot", "Out for the Pussy, Blood & Beer", and "Hell Bent Boogie". At times, Ted's vocals put me in mind of Wolfman Jack (in a good way), and in general they are as dirty and raw as his guitar playing. Bass player BJ manipulates his instrument in ways that cause it to go off in a fiery frenzy while drummer Marty scares the ladies with his fierce pounding on the skins. They even took a line from Ben's review of their last album and put it in a song: "born on the bayou and driven straight through hell"... sweet! These fellas play a swampy blues metal and are great to see live. I hope all works out for them. -Lisa

Cosmonauti — "Bikini Angel"
www.omomworld.com

All the way from Italy and these guys have the California surf sound down to an art! Seriously, if you are a fan of surf, picking up this disc would benefit you in several ways. First, owning this would improve your chances of raw, spontaneous

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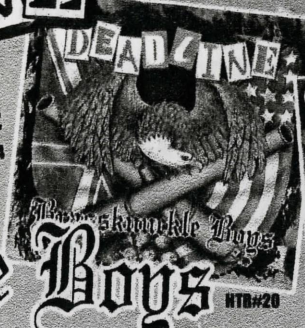


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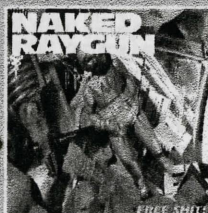
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sex with the opposite (or same if you are into it) sex. There is something undeniably hot about someone who has great taste in surf. Second, it will aid in hair re-growth by stimulating the scalp with a tingling sensation (from the rush of blood to your head). And thirdly, it will help with your troubled, adult acne. Yes, there are some of us who although are in their late 20's still get freaking acne! This disc puts you in a sunny state of mind causing your brain to release hormones and chemicals that have been clinically proven to aid in the battle of adult acne. And best of all there are 12 tracks to drown yourself in and 5 bonus live tracks from when these Italian stallions played the US. The most important and coolest feature though is they cover The Zombies, yay! -Lisa

Rockin' Paradox – "Sin Now, Pray Later"
www.uljala@pp.nic.fi/

Oooh! I like these guys! They are like a neo-rockabilly with heavy country guitar influence. The songs are well put together, have variety and are very snappy. Did I get a bio sheet on these guys? Where is it? Who are these people? "Headin' West" has a tribal drum beat with spaghetti western bass and blues guitar that mutates into Spanish guitar, rock! All the musicians are amazing and the production on the disc really captures the full, rich sound of the guitar. A western inspired ballad to "Vampira," a surf instrumental titled "RAF," and the title track, "Sin Now Pray Later", which is a spooky, ghoulish instrumental that ends this CD all make me a very happy listener. -Lisa

The Streppers – "Hedonist Hellcats"
Low Impact Records, www.lowimpact.net

Garage rock from Helsinki with a creepy organ, a little sprinkle of surf, a sleazy bent, and enough attitude to carry it off. Something to play at your next Halloween sex party. Not like anything I can pinpoint, but has a familiarity to it. Imagine the Doors, Cramps, and B-52's lubed up and exploring each other's fetishes. I'm digging it. It's strange in all the right ways. -BL

Rollovers – "Holiday Center"
www.therollovers.com

I'm not really feeling these guys. I don't know what I'd call this band, I mean they have a rockabilly song or two on here but they are not rockabilly. While some of their songs are ok, most of them are pretty boring. They are all good musicians and the singer has a nice voice, there is just something that is falling flat for me. Sorry fellas. -Lisa

Karloff – "Monster's Ruin" EP
www.kultkarloff.com

Here is a strange group of five from Scotland who say they are "the result of an experiment to stitch, bolt and melt together the dead remains of Rock 'n' Roll, Punk, Metal and Garage to make something greater than the sum of its parts". They do this all well and add a big dose of horror influence, and I

mean an extravagant, heaping dose. It's like they were seeped in the juices of rotting corpses before making this recording, and I mean that in a good way. You get five tracks of this mystical blend (one is a hidden track) including a cover of the Damned's "Nasty". These guys seem pretty cool and I'd like to hear more. -Lisa

The Blowtops – "Black Static"
Big Neck Records, www.bigneckrecords.com

Sweet Jesus walking on the water, this is insane. Noisy and intense as all hell breaking loose in a lunatic's mind. This is dirty and chaotic, but also rhythm bound with the combustibility of a Buddhist monk in protest. Songs like "Criminal Animal Expendible" and "Honey Head Bloody Moon" are incredible. I guess you might say this is vicious art-punk that has an almost industrial churn to it. It can be dark and ugly enough to inspire masochistic frenzies. The singer sounds so unhinged that it is hard to imagine him avoiding bloodshed in concert. An intense listen for sure. My only gripe is that he maybe is too crazed and maniacal with his choked screams at times, making it a tough listen here and there. Still, get it, but be careful not to listen to it in a fragile emotional state. Yikes. -BL

The Methadones – "Career Objective"
Thick Records, www.thickrecords.com

Damn. These guys have a great punk rock'n'roll sound that takes the reductionism of The Ramones, adds guitars that remind me of the Stagers, and often great vocals that hit notes while somehow still sounding monotone. While much of this is excellent, they also do some nauseating bubble-gum pop songs like "Far Away" and "Stuck In My Head" that make me want to puke up blood. I dislike music that you can bounce your head side-to-side and skip along to. Even so, I still really like the majority of the songs on this, and some of their lyrics hit pretty close to home: "I get tired of thinking of what I don't want to be / I need a career but the thought depresses me" - It's as if they read my pathetic mind. All in all, they oscillate between being really great and being greatly disappointing, weighing much heavier on the positive side. I am sure I will listen to this again. -BL

The Frantic Flattops
"High Fi Honey Revisited"
www.gethip.com

These guys have been around since 1987 and have been through several line up changes since then, but none have been the best since the beginning. Here we are treated to the classic debut album with bonus tracks and never before released cuts with Ronnie Dawson. The Flattops hail from Rochester, NY and played a straight up rockabilly at this time. Fans of the Twistin' Tarantulas may want to get this because the infamous Pistol Pete plays upright on the first ten tracks! Three tracks feature Ronnie Dawson, whom the Flattops claim to have brought out of retirement during that time period as well. You also get three

live tracks that were recorded in 1993 for WMAX at Daejelon Studios. I am pretty happy with this release and will play it often. -Lisa

The Blastoffs – "Crash and Burn With..."
EP
www.theblastoffs.com

If you like newer Bad Religion and that sort of pop punk, you will love this and by all means go for it. I can't get into it; I just can't. Musically, they aren't that bad. These guys would do well on a teen movie soundtrack, but not in my CD player. -Lisa

The Business – "Hardcore Hooligan"
www.byorecords.com

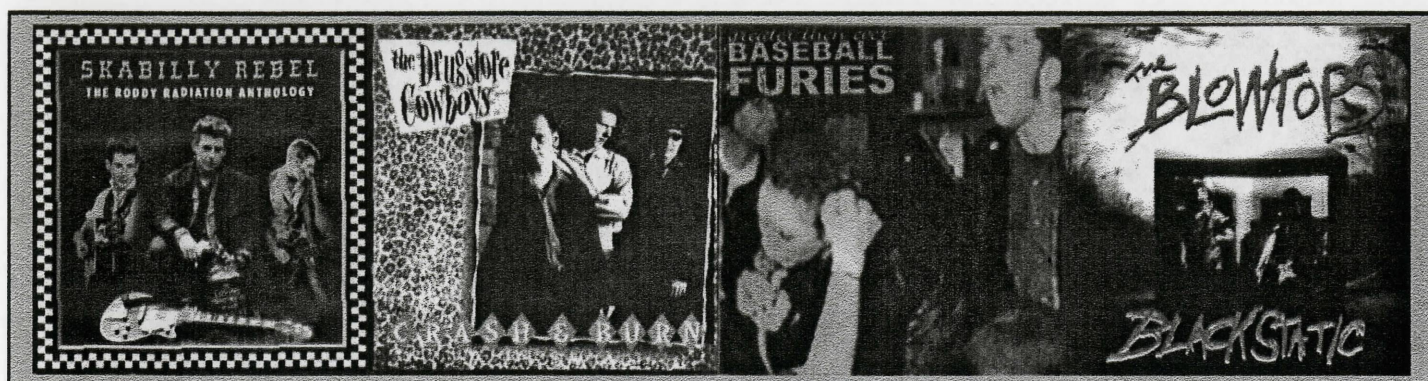
I guess all twelve tracks on this LP are about soccer. I am not really into soccer, so I miss a lot of the "guts" of this disc. We all know the Business have been around since 1980 and have been appealing to the working class, sports fans and beer drinkers in the skinhead and punk population (and those like me who fall into no category, we just like good music). Even though I don't know who Bobby Moore or Maradona are, I can still appreciate the classic Business sound and get a good chuckle out of the ribbing the guys give opposing teams and referees. -Lisa

Roddy "Radiation" Byers
"Skabily Rebel: The Roddy Radiation Anthology"
www.fiendmusic.com

Those of you who are Ska fans are sure to know the Specials, a band that started in the '70's from England who played roots-rock, ska and punk. However, you may not know that Specials front man Roddy Radiation was in several other bands during his long run with the Specials and fused ska with rockabilly to form some unique sounds. This CD is representative of the mixes of genres and the new sounds that sprung forth. There are songs that were written as early as 1976 like "Lorraine" and songs that were supposed to be on the 1994 Specials album "Guilty 'Til Proven Innocent" but were never included. Bands that are included on this anthology are The Tearjerkers, The Raiders, and The Bonediggers, which all had Roddy as the front man. I never thought of ska and rockabilly together before, but this disc has opened my ears and I like what I hear. -Lisa

2 Bucks Short – "The Positionary Mission"
www.wondergoat.com

These guys come from Eugene, OR and claim their punk album is "unlike any in punk history because of the diversity of the members themselves." They have been called "melodic skate punk" and "lyrically their message is positive and promotes trusting your dreams". While I have nothing against positive thinking, I do have a problem with pop punk: I don't like it. These guys have potential that's for sure; the vocals are just too soft and fluffy. Gentle punk creeps me out. If you get into the Warped Tour



you'll like these guys. -Lisa

Tom Walbank – "Jaguar Blues"

www.tomwalbank.com

This is a self-released CD-R by a man who deserves to be picked up by Fat Possum or similar label with discerning taste in real, raw blues. I get sick of hearing that bland, slicked-up blues produced for yuppie consumption in some swanky bar with over-priced drinks. Luckily Walbank swings completely in the other direction, offering up something as gritty as it is powerful. I believe this was recorded in his home in Tucson, but you come off with the feeling it was born through hard labor in the Mississippi Delta 60 years ago. He plays the guitar and harmonica not with the goal of impressing you with technical proficiency, but instead to wrench some real feeling from the instruments much misused by lesser wanky bluesmen. That, in itself, is way more impressive. But then you also have Walbank's startlingly soulful voice that belies the fact that it's coming from a skinny white guy. What he does is keep it rough around the edges and lets merit shine through in the song itself, not the trimmings – a feat not easily accomplished. I just wish my copy didn't skip and crackle so much throughout. - BL

Wayne Hancock – "Swing Time"

www.bloodshotrecords.com

If some of you aren't acquainted with the Bloodshot Records artist list, go check them out right away as they some great stuff. Wayne "The Train" Hancock being one of the coolest, by far. This album was recorded live over two nights at Austin's Continental Club and shows just how marvelous this group is. "Swing Time" is a righteous blend of western swing, honky tonk, blues and rockabilly and is crammed into 15 tracks of music that will choke you up at one point and then have you ready to dance the next. The last track is unlisted and is "Summertime" with guest vocalist Rebecca Snow. She and Wayne sing lazily through the song as if they were on a porch swing in mid-August at night watching the fireflies. Some awesome musicians (just listen to "Big City Good Time Gal"!) back Wayne up and this is a disc you must have in your collection. I ain't playing around, go get this. -Lisa.

Tommy Nolen – "My Kind of Music"

Rhythm Bomb Records, www.rhythmbomb.com

With 19 tracks, all originals, Tommy Nolen is determined not to let his kind of music go dormant. This is excellent Honky Tonk with some Western Swing for added flavor. I can't imagine anyone into country music not liking this. No drums, just guitar, often harmonica, and Nolen's voice that sounds like the genuine article. He doesn't go for the nasal Hank Sr. sound, but has a sincere delivery with great melodies that puts me in the mind of someone

singing around a campfire or at dive bar for some rowdy rednecks. In short, this is country music that doesn't have an urban sensibility but instead actually makes you think of the hills of Appalachia, or alternately a bygone era of outlaws riding through Texas (as on the ballad about John Wesley Hardin). With great song titles like "I'll put my sadness in the bottle" and "Forklift Driver Blues," it's easy to think this kind of music is in good hands. - BL

The Vivesectors

27 Track Promo CD

<http://thevivectors.narod.ru/>

The Vivesectors from Russia are a band to watch out for. They play instrumental surf, but aren't simply dishing out beach party background music. Instead their approach is more varied, incorporating a variety of guitar sounds, from fuzzed-out to reverby-clean as they journey through a host of tracks that range from surf to spy-fi to psychedelic blues. They have an organ to fill out the sound, but the songs are still capably driven by the guitar rhythms and textured by the melodies of the second guitar. I am giving this a big ole stamp of approval and recommend fans of instrumental music seek this out. - BL

Torg – "Hot Yogurt Enema"

www.torg.cc

These guys take up where The Mentors left off... hard rock that pulls equally on punk and metal with sleazy/comical lyrics. Just reading the song titles makes me laugh with such gems as "Too Much Fiber" "Partyin' With Jesus" and my favorite: "Burping Up Barf" (man, I've been there). The front cover is funny too, but in a disturbing way. It looks like one fat guy is standing behind another fat guy who is wearing nothing but a pair of pants with the ass cut out while the first fat guy is holding microphones to both the in-taking and out-taking orifices of the second fat guy. Take a couple seconds to visualize that. Got the picture? It would certainly make for some nice Christmas cards, no? Anyway, they are going for a lowbrow Cro-Magnon rock, which they pull off pretty well. While this isn't something I'll be cranking up often, I did like it better than The Mentors 'cuz they are funnier. - BL

Trailer Bride

"Hope is a Thing With Feathers"

Bloodshot Records, www.bloodshotrecords.com

I love this band. Melissa Swingle's voice is almost paralyzing with the drone and drawl of her lackadaisical singing. There is something paradoxical in the way that she can use her haunting, at times almost monotone, voice to achieve such memorable melodies and visceral emotional depth. The music similarly cuts close to the bone with mostly slower tunes that are sparsely orchestrated with precise minimalistic hooks, rather than less effective noodling. The opening cut, "Silk Hope

Road," features a bluesy guitar riff that has lodged itself permanently in my head, and which will probably still be playing inside my brain long after all thought has left it. It is just that good. Next comes the title track that is a poem by Emily Dickinson, which I think sets the mood for this album that seems to have a predominantly darker feel accompanying a theme of isolation and loneliness. This song also features the eerie whir of Swingle playing the saw. Throughout the CD she plays that as well as rhythm guitar, harmonica, piano, and accordion in different parts. Included is a beautifully sad instrumental in 3-4 time that mesmerizes me every time I listen to it... it somehow has an old European sound with the humidity and grandeur of the early 1900's South. "Skinny White Girl" is easily the heaviest track, and is one of the spots where her lyrics strike brilliance as she sings of her soul inhabiting her body the way a demon does, feeling trapped in a corporeal identity. Not all the songs are dark in mood, however. A couple tracks take an upbeat country route, such as "Mach 1" where she gives a gentle ribbing to the pot-smoking, Playstation-obsessed, 'got-a-sweet-ride-I'm-working-on-but-I-drive-my-girlfriend's-car' kind of guy. I should also mention that the piano hook on "Quickstep" rivals that riff in the opening track for the part most likely to be reverberating in my postmortem brain. This is just a damn good album. Probably not one you'll put on for a beer-soaked evening with your friends, but more of one to play when you are drinking alone. Amazing work here that I've listened to many, many times already. - BL

Rip Carson – "Box Set: Singles Collection"

Dixie Records, www.ripcarson.com

Some people always want music to constantly evolve and change to somehow become more relevant to contemporary culture. That is all fine and dandy, but there is also something to be said for people who stick with a musical style despite its being fashionable or not... These people put their own voice into a genre and stake their claim on its fertile ground. That is why I like artists like Rip Carson who obviously has a true love for 50's music and a real talent for creating it now, half a century after its inception. The songs on this collection may not be quite as wild as his last record, but there plenty of quality cuts for dancers and listeners alike. Rip's voice has become one that is immediately recognizable, and many of these songs have a smooth country varnish that adds to their rustic and direct charm. He struts out the salacious swagger of early Elvis on cuts like "Don't You Lie To Me," sings the gospel on "My Way To Canaan," and sounds strangely like Deke Dickerson on "As Long As I Live." The production maintains the old-fashioned feel while also being full and clear. Nothing overly exciting here, but this is still a solid album that will please traditionalists as well as people who can enjoy a good tune when they hear it. - BL



Jakehead – self-titled full-length CD
www.jakehead.com

I was wondering what was going on in Illinois as far as rockabilly. Then I got this in the mail. Oh yeah, this is a band that needs to be known for certain. Their sound is less traditional and more reminiscent of The Stray Cats, but done in a good way, not a boring carbon copy. The guitar player delivers a whirlwind of wonder-riffs that blow over you like a cyclone. He also has a unique voice that has really grown on me after a couple listens. Overall, these songs are sure to please any gearhead greaser, dandy-footed dancer, or just lovers of rock'n'roll in general. I'd buy this quickly before unemployment gets worse, you lose your job, and can no longer afford it. It'll get you through those tough times to come. - BL

Rubber Gun – "Grease Up"
www.knock-out.de

This band hails from a little Dutch town, but that doesn't stop them from blasting out some good ole punk. Rubber Gun started in 1988 and this is a reissue of their original sounds. The female singer is very similar to Blondie's Debbie Harry with snarling sexuality from her muted vocals. When all other punk bands were trying to go for the extreme hardcore sound (and be straight edge at the same time), this band was content to play '77 style punk and get drunk while doing it. Eleven tracks fill this disc with some real fun, melodic tunes, and although there are some tracks that don't particularly grab me, over all this is still decidedly a winner. -Lisa

Taxi – "Like a Dog"
Dead Beat Records, PO Box 283 Los Angeles, CA 90078

Punk rock from Italy that is probably closest in style to The Vibrators. The songs are mostly in English and are really damn catchy. Many songs have that great grinding mid-tempo guitar sound that has the simple urgency of late 70's punk rock, while the songs also contain enough attitude to bring them above the level of a mere homage to the past. Very well done and worth picking up before you slip into the middle-age doldrums and forget what it's like to be alive. - BL

Broken Heroes / Weekend Warriors
"Beer Guts and Drunk Sluts" split CD
Street Anthem Records, www.streetanthemrecords.com

The first eight songs are by New Jersey's long-running (formed 1991) Oi band who give you more fist than an extreme lesbian porn. The singer has a cool sort of old-hardcore voice, the choruses cut deep into your brain, and the music is mostly very upbeat and pleasurable, like the recoil of a .45 caliber handgun after discharging an eight round clip. Weekend Warriors are from Pittsburgh and don't drop the ball with eight more songs of skinhead rock'n'roll. Boisterous beer-bottle-chuckin' American Oi that takes care not to deliver generic songs about boots and braces or any other lameness. While both bands have highs and lows on this, this split is certainly worth looking up. - BL

Grafton – "Blind horse Campaign"
Dead Canary Records, www.deadcanaryrecords.com

Here is some splintering rock'n'roll that you'll be picking out of your skin for days. These guys from Columbus, Ohio (virtually my backyard) have somehow evaded my radar for all things rockin' - and after hearing this I am all the more pissed off about that. The press sheet says they are for fans of Laughing Hyenas, Mudhoney, and Mono Men among others, which gives you something of an idea of their stripped down approach. They seem to have taken inspiration from blues (via John Spencer), hard rock, punk, and moonshine to come out with a fire-breathing progeny that will burn the skin off all the docile scene panderers. This CD is a pummeling assault on the senses that becomes impossible to listen to while sitting down. If you don't like this, then the spirit of rock-n-roll, is lost on you. - BL

Drugstore Cowboys – "Crash & Burn"
Raucous Records, http://surf.to/raucous

The opening title track is great instrumental that has a juiced-up surfy, spy-fi sound. Next comes a cover of Billy Lee Riley's "Flyin' Saucer Rock'n'Roll," which is saved from redundancy by the excellent guitarismanship of frontman Slim Whitfield. Throughout there are many other less traveled covers also done exceptionally, whether it be the bluesy "Crawfish" which adds harmonica, or the gritty lounge tune "Fire of Love." Another bonus is that Slim's voice isn't that of a smarmy crooner Elvis wannabe, but rather has some snarl and roughness that gives them added muscle. The originals on this are also top shelf, bringing out their knack for primal rhythms and blazing guitar riffs. The production is a little flat, though, leaving me wishing there was a little more low-end and fullness to it, but that is a very minor criticism and the band surely thrives in this somewhat lo-fi representation. I've listened to this several times already, which is notable when you consider the enormous stack of CDs I have to get through. - BL

Gold Blade – "Strictly Hardcore"
Thick Records, www.thickrecords.com

It's not really what I have come to understand as hardcore, whether new or old school. These Brits have more of a straight rock sound on many songs, even doing a one in homage to AC/DC. They aren't as riff-laden or raw as AC/DC, though. Their sound is more polished and has a lot more big group choruses. The chorus on "Living Outside the Capitol" actually sounds a lot like the Clash, while the very next song is like neo-funk with brass and wah-wah guitars. "Soul Power" is catchy in the way The Knack was, and several tracks do have a discernable punk rock influence to their cadences. "Rock'n'Roll's a Loser's Game" sounds hip hop influenced, leading me to think anyone looking for any type of hardcore might be disappointed with this CD. They are a decent band, and I can see them getting some airplay since they

capably mix genres into something with pop appeal. It's not done badly, but not really my thing either. - BL

Disturbance – "Malice In Slumberland"
Streetmusic OTK, www.streetmusic.de

If you were ever a fan of Exploited, Discharge, or other 80's hardcore punk rock bands, you will want to check out this band from the Netherlands. This stuff is played fast, with more bite than a room full of starving cannibals. The songs are in English (if that's an issue with your selection of foreign bands), and you can just imagine the sweaty fury of one of their live shows. Aside from in-er-face energy, they also have some catchy choruses such as "the world is a pisshole and God pulled the chain, the world is a pisshole and we're going down the drain." Maybe their songs are just a tad too long and they aren't really breaking any molds, but who cares because I still get off on this kind of stuff. Nice work. - BL

"Strength Thru Oil" - Various Artists
Captain Oi Records, www.captainoi.com

Originally released back in 1981, you know you're gonna get a good serving of classic Oi by the 4 Skins, The Strike, Infa Riot, Criminal Class, Last Resort, and Cock Sparrer, as well as the consistent but strange Oi comp inclusions of good cuts by Toy Dolls and Splodge. The songs are inter-spliced with cockney street poetry, which is something that seems to have gone by the wayside in modern Oi music. All in all, a decent comp that was important in the history of the music, but by now I've heard (and own stuff by) almost all of these bands already. No surprises or discoveries for me, but they might be there for you. - BL

"Supertones Surf / Modern Surf"
Band Spotlight" - Various Artists
Golly Gee Records, www.gollygeerecords.com

This CD comes out of an interesting idea. It is a tribute to the Supertones, with bands covering their songs, and also each contributing one of their own compositions. There are 29 songs (The Mighty Surf Lords only donated 1 track), and fans of instrumental surf won't be let down. Bands on here include The Nebulas, The Bitch Boys, The Diamondheads, tsmf, The Metalunas, VonRippers, Estrume'n'tal, Monsters From Mars!, The Cocktail Preachers, ZPS, and the Brainwashers. The sounds range from classic surf to blazing heavy surf... from more exotic compositions to laid back martini sippers. An enjoyable listen that you can put on and kick back to. - BL

The Delmonas – "Do The Uncle Willy"
www.gethip.com

This stuff was originally released in the mid-80's and consists of three ladies doing girl group music with a bit of a darker slant. It has several elements ranging from surf, psychedelia, rockabilly to Leslie Gore type stuff. It's not all nice and clean, there is a dirty unfinished quality that adds a real rock dimension to



it. This is real good stuff, one of my top favorites to review this issue. All fourteen tracks have a raw, lo-fi intensity that hits me in the gut and doesn't stop. Pick this up! —Lisa

Tommy Gutless – Full-length Demo www.tommygutless.com

These guys have risen from the ashes of the Philadelphia Experiment, and play a patriotic punk rock with lots of melody. The vocals kind of remind of a mix between Joe Blow of the Staggers and Mike McColgan of the Dropkicks. Cuts like "For the Thugs" and "East Water Street" have the jagged stab of the best street punk, while "Love, Regret, and Grief" is an acoustic number that shows their Social Distortion influence. "Americana" is another excellent acoustic tune with an even more melancholy feel to it: done quite well but fills nearly 6 minutes. What is notable on this disc as whole is that the melody isn't putting me off most of the songs, and the patriotism doesn't come off as completely corny. Such a thing can only mean that they do it exceptionally well. —BL

"This Is Rockabilly Clash"

Various Artists

Raucous Records, www.raucousrecords.com

This disc starts off with a slowed down version of "Guns of Brixton" by The Honeydippers and ends with another version by Rancho Deluxe. Surely this is one of The Clash's best songs, one of those that always gave me goosebumps, but while both covers are fairly decent (the 1" is rather good actually), they don't really match the feel of the original. I realize that the point is to reinterpret the song, but still I was left just wanting to hear the original. Such is the case for many of these songs, with the exception of the two covers by the Farrell Bros. (Career Opportunities, Janie Jones), The Caravans doing "Jail Guitar Doors," The Hyperjax doing "Capital Radio," and The Pistoleers on "Bank Robber." The Long Tall Texans did a version of "Should I Stay Or Should I Go?" that sounds remarkably like the original minus the Spanish lines... nothing too remarkable in selection or interpretation. Still, the comp is not a bad listen, just not essential beyond the novelty of it. —BL

The Agitators – "Meeting the Lads"

Street Anthem Records, www.streetanthemrecords.com

This Belgian sing-along street punk band isn't bad. The first couple tracks didn't do much for me, but then there was a good cover of "Sally MacLennane" by the Pogues, and the remainder of songs were pretty damn catchy. Most tracks are mid-tempo but upbeat, and should appeal to fans of Oxymoron and raise-a-pint-and-drink style Oi. It has grown on me with a couple listens — definitely not terrible. I guess maybe I just want it to be a little faster. —BL

Al Foul & The Shakes – Self-titled CD-R www.alfoul.com

What Al Foul has going for him is a great voice, real personality that shows through in his songs, and the ability to deliver a tune that doesn't have you zoning out halfway through. This nine-song collection is a continuation in his decade-long stretch as Tucson's premier primitive and roots rock extraordinaire. It's the kind of music that goes well with drinkin' liquor on the porch, whittling pointed spears, and chewing tobacco. Sure, you could listen to it while doing other things and enjoy it just fine, but I've found this works best for me. If you don't know Al Foul, your collection is woefully incomplete and you haven't yet become a man, son. Put Al Foul on at your next party and watch the women purr in heat. Its scintillating vibes act as pheromones drawing them to the nearest male in a panic of love frenzy. It digs down into the core of the collective psyche and reverts us back into the basic animals that we are. Grunting wild beasts with raging hunger, lamentable apes beating our chests with the torments of desire... hunting, killing, ravaging, eating termites, climbing trees, digging holes, chewing, thrusting, running from lions, sleeping in the tall grasses of the Serengeti plains... what the hell was I talking about? Oh yeah, Al Foul: good shit. —BL

The Spanish Barrow'in Guitar "Gotta Let It Go"

Five songs (and an intro) are on here by a Japanese punkabilly band that is phenomenal. The vocals are raspy and razor-throated, the guitar-work is wild and intricate, and the songs come off with a punk rock fervor despite being way more rooted in rockabilly than most harder-edged psychobilly bands. They have a great song called "Ramones Mania," but hell if it isn't way more elbows-in-the-air intense than you'd expect. The songs are in English — very bad English that is very funny to read — but that doesn't matter because the music is fantastic. They have a sound that is their own and I am really digging it. —BL

GG Allin & AntiSeen – "Murder Junkies" TKO Records, www.tkorecords.com

This is a re-issue with lots of never published photos in the booklet, the sound re-mastered, and some extra songs tagged on to the end. You get such heart-warming classics as "I Love Nothing," "Rape, Torture, Terminate & Fuck," "99 Stab Wounds," and "Kill the Police." This is from the period when GG made some of his most brutal music. You also get the bonus of the acoustic track "Layin' Up With Linda," as well as an acoustic version of "Outlaw Scumfuc," with his voice sounding as ripped up and maniacal as ever. This is a prime release by one of punk rock's most eccentric iconoclasts who will likely never have an equal. Bottom of the barrel sleaze and unrepentant aggression — he made those traits seem like virtues as he lived life as a modern savage. Part of you might despise him, while the other part envies him. —BL

The Seizures – "Break Loose" www.seizures.de

These Germans have no regard for genre as they barrel through an evil collection of dark rock'n'roll. They have elements of garage, rockabilly, punk, metal, surf, you name it, but it is all fused together and impossible to tease apart. Songs often break in unpredictable ways, but don't sound stitched together or contrived. Whether it's the slow bone-crunching chug of songs like "Vertigo," which morphs into something almost funky in between bouts of villainous oppression, or the relentless rock'n'roll eccentricity of "The Stroke," or even the sinister devil surf of "Worst Case Scenario," you can be sure its not like every other record in your collection. While their sound is not all bright and happy by a long shot, the album has bursts of energy and brilliance throughout. Fans tired of the same old crap will want to check this out for certain, as it melds polar extremes into an oxymoron of primal complexity. —BL

This Moment In Black History "The Cleveland Finger E.P."

Exit Stencil Records, www.exitstencilrecordings.com

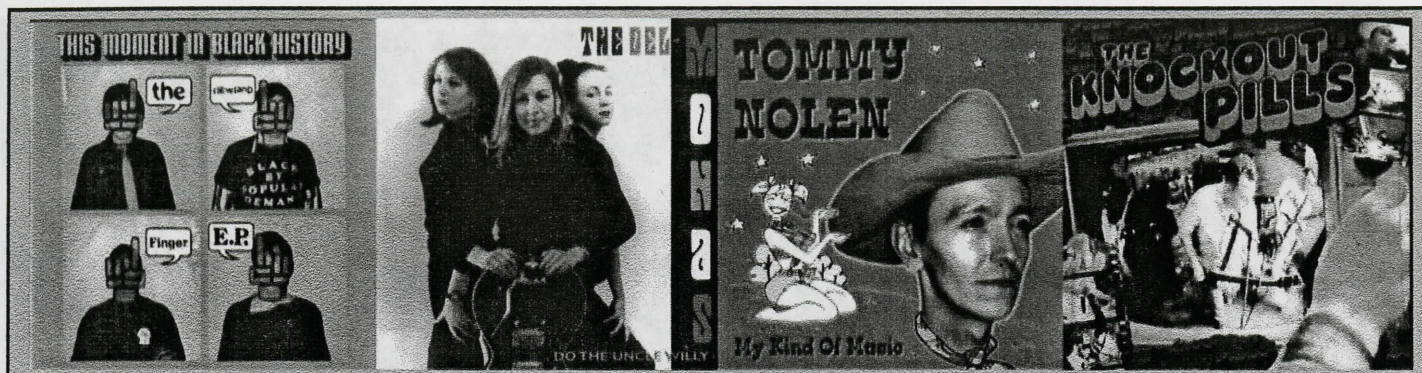
If you want punk rock that achieves frantic intensity without resorting to tired formulas, the search is over my friend. TMIBH breaks from the basic structure of verse, chorus, verse, chorus to make songs that stun you with a cavalcade of uncharted movements that keep their momentum throughout. The guitars are played without that annoying Marshal stack, full-on distortion that makes so many bands sound like generic clones. In addition, the rhythms and hooks aren't pulled from an arsenal of tired cliches. The singing is likewise wild, and the overall urgency through the roof. Maybe if John Spencer and early Jesus Lizard collaborated after seeing Minor Threat. My troubles in describing this can only mean that it is wonderful. —BL

Junkrod – Full Blown Demo www.junkrod.net

Part punk rock, part Southern rock, all good. The vocals on these 11 tracks are what you want to hear as you are tearing off-road in a beat-up pick-up full of your drinking buddies, and the music matches. Songs are about girls in love with their dildos and other proudly white trash themes. "Whore" is straight-up country done in the David Allen Coe style, and "Kinder, Gentler Me" is another great country track. "Pig-Town Loser" wins for best song title. All amounts to a good dose of redneck punk rock that has the guitar chops to back it up unlike many others with the same style. Not bad at all. —BL

The Trip Daddys – "Doublewide" www.tripdaddys.com

Guitarist Craig Straubinger leads this band through a disc chocked full of melodies, riffs, and more riffs. They borrow liberally from rockabilly, surf, and country, but pay it back with interest in the form of a distinct fuel-injected rock'n'roll. While they



include a decent cover of fellow St. Louis rocker Chuck Berry's "Maybellene" as well as Johnny and the Pirates' "Please Don't Touch," the real pleasure comes from raging originals such as "Little Piece of You," "She's Got Somethin'," and "Stolen Cadillac." What I think really makes this band is the untamed impertinence that comes through in the guitar licks that seem to carry even more personality than the lyrics. It's kind of like the implacable confidence of James Dean translated into notes of rebellion strangled from the neck of a Gretsch. Very nice. - BL

The Knockout Pills - S/T full-length CD Dead Beat Records, PO Box 283 Los Angeles, CA 90078

I don't think any genre of music has so many generic bands crowding into it as those huddled under the canopy of punk rock. What I think a lot of it is missing is spirit. I mean, what I enjoy is that feeling that a band is just trying to get something out of their system, rather than trying to fill out a preconceived notion of what punk ought to sound like. The Knockout Pills give me that feeling on this disc. It was recorded on a four-track, but luckily someone knew how to do it right. There's a lo-fi quality while the instruments remain proportional and overall very listenable. They meld 70's punk rock with strong 60's influences (especially The Who & Yardbirds), but also leave lots of room for their own voice in there. Songs like "Trust Fund Rock" and "Twist Twist Slit Your Wrists" are so damn good I'm touching myself right now. There is a lot to admire here: great vocals, great energy - I'd recommend this to fat and skinny people alike. It'll increase the size of your manhood and give your hair a natural glow with more body and bounce than you ever thought possible. Buy an extra one for your little brother, and that creepy spinster aunt you have with the harelip and mustache. - BL

Satan's Teardrops "Set 'Em Up, Knock 'Em Down" Spindrift Records, www.psychobilly.net

Bridging the gap between rockabilly and psychobilly, Satan's Teardrops erupt from that place within your psyche where your id slithers and schemes, ready to spit its venom onto the moral fabric of civilization and stain your brain with devilish thoughts that would make your mother weep. This stuff is fast, raw, and filled with rippin' guitars a la Meteors Peel Sessions and slappin' bass that rumbles like frantic pulse. The result is a demonic wild child that answers the question of what would happen if the Rock'n'Roll Trio had been transported in their prime to the year 2003 and got hooked on punk rock. What really helps tie their sound together, though, is the acoustic guitar that augments their stripped down and cranked up approach. This ain't music for your higher self. It won't make you a better person, or teach you the mysteries of life. In fact, it might actually make you more inclined to tip the bottle, urinate from your front porch, and belch in the face of polite society. That alone should be enough of a reason to buy it. - BL

The Round Up Boys "LIFT OFF! Like a Rocket"

Rhythm Bomb Records, www.rhythmbomb.com

The production on this sounds exactly like a 45 playing in an old jukebox, yet all the instruments are still distinctly audible. Just from that angle alone this band is cool, but the songs themselves are also quite remarkable. It's nothing new, just upbeat and catchy rockabilly, but it is done with so much enthusiasm and charm that it's impossible to keep your toes from tapping. Out of 16 songs, all but three I think were penned by the band, and the covers are obscure enough that I don't know who did them originally. Their knack for writing authentic-sounding stuff is uncanny. You could have told me this was a rare and amazing band from the 50's and I would have believed you. Real good stuff. - BL

The Staggers "One Heartbeat Away From Hell"

Haunted Town Records, www.hauntedtownrecords.com

It's been a few years since the last Staggers album, so long in fact that I thought it wasn't coming. I even heard they broke up for a while, but luckily they are back with another solid full-length CD. While I don't think it eclipses their previous album (which is still one of my favorites), it certainly doesn't lag far behind. The songs maintain their characteristic fusion of Texas punk, horror movies, and subtle country roots (most manifest in the raucous version of Hank Williams' "I Saw The Light"). The melodies are downright contagious, delivered in Joe Blow's unmistakable voice that almost makes you forget that he is singing dark lyrics about murder, damnation, and revenge. "The devil is a saint and the demons are disciples / the world is my domain for my lust of blood / the pleasures of the flesh are now reduced to murder / black are my pupils and evil is my child." Working that into an upbeat song creates a dissonant appeal much like The Misfits used to have. This is just more fine work from a group of good people. - BL

Those Unknown - Self-Titled full-length CD TKO Records, www.tkorecords.com

The liner notes of this CD angrily laments the current widespread extraction of politics from the street punk and Oi scene in favor of a superficial apathy that belies its own history. Before even hitting play I liked these guys. What is the point of having a subculture that mirrors the values and ideologies of the mainstream? Isn't that what you'd call a reduction to mere fashion? Damn straight. Especially now when the country is in such a shitty place with so many drones plugged into FOX News. Anyway, this is a re-issue of their influential debut CD from 1995, plus an added couple of bonus tracks. This disc exemplifies what is good about street punk: edgy production, bad singing in a good way, catchy songs that don't sound like football cheers, and a driven

sincerity behind the songs that shines through. This is solid blue-collar music, and probably one of the highlights for American street punk in the 90's. - BL

Huelyn Duvall - "Ramblin' & Boppin'" Rhythm Bomb Records, www.rhythmbomb.com

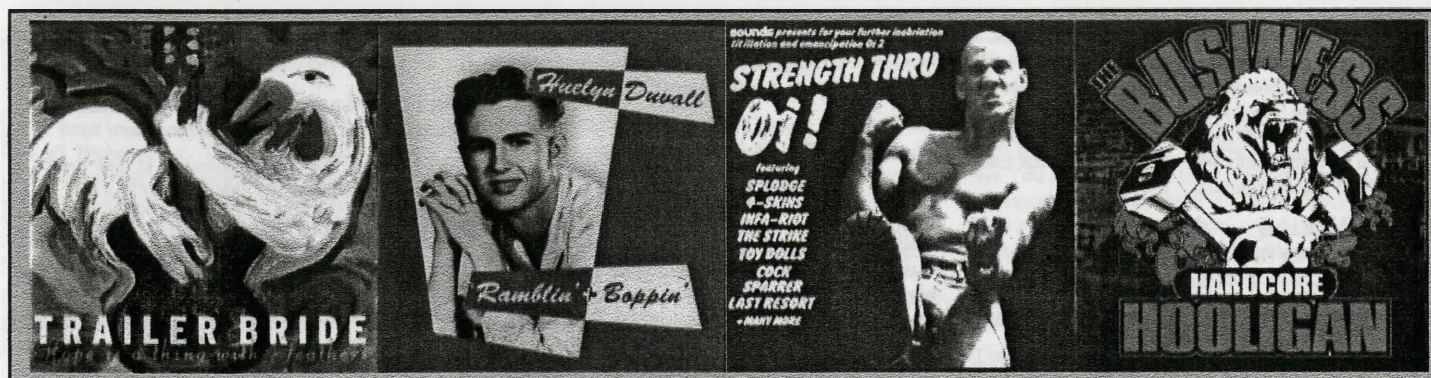
Huelyn was an actual 50's recording artist and now he's back with Wildfire Willie & The Ramblers backing him up. His voice still sounds great, and the production sounds authentic as if it were one of his old recordings. The accuracy of delivery easily counters the silliness of the boppin' rock'n'roll lyrics, complete with back-up singers providing harmonies and piano keys a-clankin'. What's better, though, is the 50's style country tunes with Huelyn's voice sounding rich and full. There's tangible emotion in songs like "It All Depends" and "By and By," which are amazing tracks I'll keep coming back to on lonely nights. Anybody who has a love of 50's rock'n'roll and country will love this. - BL

Vortis - "God Won't Bless America" Thick Records, www.thickrecords.com

Vortis has come out with a disc that tops their previous album of last year with a heavier sound, catchier hooks, and even more political songs pertaining to the current administration's activities. It has a snide punk rock approach that would make Jello Biafra happy, but this isn't what you'd expect a punk rock album to sound like. Instead he sings with a weird nasal voice that borrows rap-style cadences, or protest chants, with either churning guitars or a more of a hip-hop sound backing it up (still done with instruments not synthesizers). The lyrics flow loosely over the driving beats with sound bytes of Bush and others between songs. "Suicide or Homicide" is actually a really strong punk rock tune, while tracks like "Postmodern Lament" are more artsy, noisy, droning rants. "Hoosier Cruiser" takes some rockabilly progressions and riffs and melds them with their unusual sound. This is an interesting band who comes across differently than any other that I've heard, which sometimes I like, sometimes I cringe, and sometimes I feel more ambivalently about it. Not a disc I'll put in a lot to jam on often, but it does have merit. - BL

The Electric Eye - "Electric Wisdom" Dirtnap Records, www.dirtnaprecs.com

The first couple tracks by this Portland band seem to have a different singer than the others. To me it sounds like a woman with an unbelievable scream, but I don't see a woman's name listed in the sleeve, so I am surely wrong. Must be a falsetto scream? Sounds cool in crazy sort of way nonetheless. Several other tracks also have searing vocals, but are clearly of a male source, and they relent a bit to be more understandable (although I still think he adds a few too many superfluous screams on some songs). The music is more of a trash punk rawk sort of deal, but with elements of garage and stoner rock thrown in.



Some great riffs, cool progressions, and an overall atmosphere of decadence that anyone but a crusading evangelist would get down on their knees to worship. Down and dirty in such a lovely way. It pleases me much. Oh yeah. - BL

The Helldivers – “Down to Nickels & Dimes”

the_helldivers@hotmail.com

This new Pennsylvania band serves up some boisterous traditional rockabilly with a lot of moxie. Way heavy reverb gives it a rustic, live feel - that and the fact it was recorded in the guitar player's bedroom. Not the best singing, but not terrible either. Decent, lively stuff by a band I'm sure will only get better with time. - BL

The Mexican Blackbirds

“Just To Spite You”

Dirtnap Records, www.dirtnaprecs.com

Short, gritty, blasting punk rock songs that never slow down to let you catch your breath. The drummer Jill provides backing vocals on several cuts, and their frontman sounds like he should be holding hostages at knifepoint. Their press sheet mentions The Loudmouths and New Bomb Turks for comparison, and I would say this does sound like those bands suited up and combined to form a rock'n'roll equivalent of Voltron to kick and stomp their way through the West coast. If I were a boxer I'd listen to this as I trained on the heavy bag. Safer than sticking your tongue in a light socket, and just as jarring. - BL

Chrome Daddies – “Who's Your Daddies?”

www.chromedaddies.com

Here is an Australian country band with a host of originals sprinkled with covers of George Jones, Merle Haggard, and Bo Diddley to let you know where they are coming from. They utilize steel and slide guitars to give that requisite twang on many songs, and the vocals are a good fit with the capable musicianship. They also have lots of harmonies done well, adding to the overall richness of the sound. “Little Joe from Chicago” is one of the best songs to pull out the swing and do an exemplary job of it - think swing with steel guitar where the brass would be (it's even better). The last four bonus tracks are taken from a live concert and are very good quality. Perfect listening for after you alleviate your intestinal cramps at a rest stop bathroom and are back on the road, renewed and refreshed, driving through the Midwest on a sunny day with a fresh mug of coffee between your legs. - BL

Evil Devil – “Breakfast at the Psychohouse”

Crazy Love Records, www.crazyloverecords.de

Evil Devil's second full-length release is a better studio recording than their first, and the band itself seems to have honed their sound with tighter songs. The upright bass sounds full, the guitars are played clean and crisp with a sort of Templars Oi feel at times, and the musicianship all around has really prospered. Songs like “Psycho Is My World” and

“The Stars” burst from the speakers and wrap themselves around your head like suckling sea creatures trying to get inside. “Chemicals” is a brilliant instrumental and their cover of Madonna's “La Isla Bonita” is a bizarre gem. The singer actually sings rather than scream or growl, yet his voice carries a punk rock type of insurgence stapled to an Italian accent. Evil Devil capably mix tempos and incorporate memorable vocal and guitar melodies that'll please even the most jaded listener, despite some lackluster lyrics. They don't sound like a host of other bands, yet have the feel of old school psychobilly. Evil Devil should turn a few heads with this release. They stand as a testament to the growing strength of the international psychobilly scene. - BL

Allegiance – “Whose Border, Whose Fight”

Ghetto Rock, www.ghetto-rock.com

These three guys (one from Canada and two from Japan) crank out some great abrasive punk rock that has the rumbling guitars of the 4 Skins spliced with some melodic sensibilities that sometimes reminds me of Those Unknown. Yet they don't sound hung up on affiliations with a certain school of punk rock. Rather they craft songs informed by the past but that conjure their own alchemy of aggression. Fifteen tracks here culled from the best of their first two albums, and all of them blare with vitriolic energy. They've been whittling their sound since 1996, and it's time you got stabbed by it. - BL

The Maggots – “Do the Maggot!”

Low Impact Records, www.lowimpact.nu

This Swedish garage band rocks and grooves pretty well. Fairly upbeat in most areas but not gonna create any cyclones around themselves. 60's influenced but not the striving to be a mirror image. I like most of the songs somewhat, but they tend to lose my interest pretty fast. I wouldn't change the station if they came on the radio, but I'd likely reach for something else to put in the CD player. I'm not one who always has to have fast music, but I'm just not feeling this and a little pep might save them from sounding like just a pretty decent bar band. Maybe this is just one of the cases where I should just say that they are good at what they do, but it's not my bag... And I so wanted to love a band called The Maggots! - BL

Duane Peters & The Hunns /

The Revolvers – Split CD

Dirty Faces, www.dirtyfaces.de

The Hunns deliver their best track first - an acoustic number with raspy vocals and a sort of downtrodden drunken aesthetic. The other Hunns songs I actually found pretty decent as well. His voice sounds completely blown out from years of drinking and smoking, which I think sounds cool. I believe Duane Peters also fronts the U.S. Bombs, whom I saw years ago opening for the Dropkick Murphys in Cleveland. He was staggering around so drunk he got cut off at the bar and was trying to get my under-age friend to buy him drinks. We actually thought he was just some

crazy drunk off the streets until he got on the stage. Once there he sang a few songs and fell through the drum kit and passed out. To his credit he tried to get up several times while crowd members were singing his songs with the bandmates (and others were throwing garbage cans and beers at the band), but eventually it was lost cause and he lay there almost lifeless. Anyway, The Revolvers do nothing for me. They sound way poppy and go on and on with the choruses. If you could see the look on my face as I tried to listen to them you'd think I took a swig of moonshine from a turd encrusted glass. - BL

The Mutants – “Voodoo Blues”

http://run.to/mutants

Every time a new Mutants release comes to me in the mail I bless the postal service and rush it to my player at the earliest possible opportunity. Their instrumentals are seamless eclectic hybrids that make full use of dual percussionists, guitars, organ, sax, flute, and bass. This new full-length shows further progression in their fusion of sounds, reaching a new height in flawless song-writing and powerful movements that have to be heard to fully appreciate. I know of no other band doing anything like this. They transcend surf and are more exotic and intriguing than most jazz. It's like afro-funk-cuban-garage-mambo-psychedelia played in a way that requires no drugs to enjoy. - BL

Bassholes – “Out In The Treetops”

Dead Canary Records, www.deadcanaryrecords.com

The name Don Howland (guitars/vocals) sounded familiar to me, but I couldn't think of why. Then it dawned on me. Years ago I picked up a 7" record of Southern Culture On The Skids with this guy named Don Howland. I always wondered who the hell he was, and now I know. Whew, you can't imagine the relief. Anyway, the first track of the seven extremely lo-fi garage gems here is an instrumental with a tense, eerie feel to it. Next you get a drum pummeling with creepy vocals on the title cut followed by a spooky chunter, a rusty blade cover of The Who, a raucous rendition of The Stooges, a cool re-working of Stagger Lee, then capped off with another rowdy pounding cut that'll leave your skin blistered. Seems most people knew about The Bassholes except me, but if you too are in the dark, you'll surely also want to get caught up. - BL

Hollywood Superstars – “Let It Shine”

www.hollywood-superstars.com

If I understand this correctly, this band is largely in tribute to Sherry Sheldon, a child actor from the obscure NBC sitcom “Harlem Huffington,” and who apparently died in obscurity in 2000. It is unclear if this is a real actor, or an elaborate invention of the band, which incidentally is fronted by the world's only Sherry Sheldon impersonator. The music sometimes sounds like 80's hard rock, such as the Motley Crue/Kiss vibe on “Girls and Boys,” or has a sort of slower Phunk Junkies feel as on “Skywriter.” “Nailed to

the Cross" takes a little darker route, with spoken verses over meandering guitars before coming to the chorus. Lots of sound bites between songs (all relating to the Shermys shtick) slow down the album's momentum and have me fast-forwarding. While it scores points with weirdness, I'm not ready to give it a passing grade. - BL

Knucklehead

"Voice Among Us + Little Boots"
Ghetto Rock, www.ghetto-rock.com

Two albums on one disc of this melodic Canadian street punk band. The vocals on the "Little Boots" (their 1998 effort) sound like The GCS a lot, while the music is catchy, simple sing-along punk. "Voice Among Us" has the singing evolving into something more distinct to themselves, and featuring more interesting melodies applied to the verses and choruses while the songs still retain the sing-along quality of the earlier CD. I swear, some of these songs are so infectious I found myself mumbling along before I even learned the lyrics. Fans of old DKM and Rancid will like this. I do. - BL

The Salt City Bandits

"Here's To You....Demo"
saltcitybandit@hotmail.com

These guys have a southern rock sound meshed with Oi. They give me the impression of skinheads donning cowboy hats, if that gives you any idea. The first cut "Devil Woman" is a ball-buster and easily the best on here. "Salt City Pride" is not too bad, going for a sort of country punk. The other tracks, though, are a little slow with "Knives and Guns" taking a chunky metal-ish detour that doesn't get me where I wanna be. There's potential here, but I'm not sold yet. - BL

Emscherkurve 77 / Hudson Falcons

"One Size Slits All" Split CD
Knock Out Records, www.knock-out.de

Emscherkurve 77 give 6 tracks that you'll surely sing along with - that is if you know German. Still, the guitar and vocal melodies are catchy nonetheless, and I think this band gets consistently better with each new release. Comes off like prime beer-drinking street punk, especially the Irish tune that sounds like The Porters. The Hudson Falcons give six more songs including a great cover of The Blitz and a not-so-great sleazed up ode to Chubby Checker. "Cocaine and Blowjobs" is the real prize here - a new song of blazing punk'n'roll about those Chi-town reprobates in Callaghan. All together a good release. - BL

Silo The Huskie - "Sons of Columbus"

Tiberius Records, www.tiberiusrecords.com

From Columbus, Ohio this band of workingmen features well-crafted lyrics, but music that I really can't get into at all. It's a shame, because I wanted to really like this when I read their lyrics noted their location near me. I will say this: it is extremely well-played mellow, melodic rock that would seem more like a college band's style than one of seasoned middle-aged workers. Just not my thing at all, but I can see them having great success with indie rock fans. - BL

Get Set Go - "So You've Ruined Your Life"

TSR, 18653 Ventura BL, Suite 513, Tarzana, CA 91356

Poppy rock that is a shame because I like some of the lyrics quite a bit. Why do the bands with better lyrics too often play music that sounds like horrid crap to me? Their glossy press sheet says they are post-

emo punk - whatever that means. They have themselves aimed at the big-time, and I suppose it could happen with the lameness of their boring music. - BL

Bloodshot Bill & The Hubcaps

"Sex, Blood, Rock'n'Roll"

derekdonor@hotmail.com

Really lo-fi, sloppy country rockabilly in the vein of Hasil Adkins. Sounds very cool to me. I believe they are from Europe somewhere, but sounds like they could've made this while drinking Schlitz and shroomin' in the hills of West Virginia. - BL

Sweet J.A.P. - "Virgin Vibe"

Big Neck Records, www.bigneckrecords.com

I love everything that Big Neck Records has sent me so much that I want to send them a perfumed thank you letter with naked pictures of myself, but then that's more of a disgusting gesture than one of gratitude. I think these guys are from Minneapolis and play punk rock the way I've always wanted to hear it, only more so. I have no frame of reference for band comparisons, but I imagine if you like punk rock at all, you'll love this. So good. - BL

"Midwest Rules: You're Weak -

We're Strong" - Various Artists

Haunted Town, www.hauntedtownrecords.com

If you're one of those idiots who think that the Midwest is a flat expanse of punk rock void, buy this and eat your words. Plenty of great rowdy numbers by The Phenoms, Grendel, Almighty Hangovers, Roustabouts, Bump N Uglies, Mashers, and Forgotten Four among others. Plus a hillbilly rocker by Nine Pound Hammer and four songs by The Daggers, who are probably the best discovery for me on here. Plenty of good tracks make this worth your time. - BL

Baseball Furies - "Greater Than Ever"

Big Neck Records, www.bigneckrecords.com

Oh blessed mighty gods of rock'n'roll, thank you! This stripped-down garage punk, rock'n'roll, whatever, is one of my top picks for the year. I've listened to it over and over. There is so much venom and spite it'll blacken your heart and taint your soul. The lyrics match the primal assault: "Got no reasons why I'm here tonight / Got no feelings for Jesus Christ / Got my reasons when I clench my fists / With bad bad flavor and bad bad blood, I wait." Bruised and bleeding, I love it. Really. I said love. - BL

The Berlin Project - "The Things We Say"

Orange Peel Records, www.orangepeal.com

Umm... bland pop-punk with slick production and horrible vocals. Makes me want to ram pencils into my eye sockets. Better turn it off before I hurt myself. - BL

Uppercut - "Four Walls"

Blackout Records, www.blackoutrecords.com

Uppercut originally released the "Four Walls" EP in 1989 when they were regarded as part of the second wave of hardcore. The opening cut seems to bear out that claim, but the second one has terrible droning vocals and a slower tempo that I don't generally associate with hardcore. They pick it back up from there with growling, barked vocals. I don't know, it just doesn't get my blood pumping (with the exception of "The Machine Breaks Down" that has an 80's speed metal sound). The second half of this is later recordings by an offshoot band of Uppercut called Mind's Eye. They kind of have a Melvins

sound I guess. It's not very good. I'd pass this up. - BL

The Procedure - "Rise of New Reason"

Blackout Records, www.blackoutrecords.com

Every band that they are compared to in their press bio I have never heard of: Shai Halud, Cave In, Ensign, Hope Conspiracy, Sensefield, Thursday. Sounds like metal-core with some nerd melodies thrown into the screaming here and there. It has been banned from my CD player, and if it tries to return, I will be forced to stomp it under foot like a disease-ridden rat. - BL

Thee Oh No's - Self-Titled 7-song CD-R

<http://home.earthlink.net/~punko>

From Mesa, Arizona Thee Oh No's sound like energetic 60's garage rock as interpreted by 70's punk rockers sniffing glue. While so many others try this kind of music, these guys have nailed it with humor and sometimes a silly poppiness that doesn't get stale or annoying. They high-step over the boring mid-tempo garage schlock and duck under the usual punk rock hurdles to get to the finish line ahead of the rest. Fun music that will iron the wrinkles out of your furrowed face. - BL

"Cöck'n'Röll: The World's Sleaziest

Rock Bands" - Various Artists

Sleazegrinder Records, www.sleazegrinder.com

Porn, sleaze, and rock'n'roll. There are 26 songs on here to beat your meat to. Strong tracks by Lanternjack, Hellside Stranglers, Gunhack, Sugabomb, Big Block Hitchcock, Dog Shit Boys, Muscle Car, and others makes this an okay comp. Mostly AC/DC influenced sort of rock, with some 70's punk (maybe New York Dolls influence here and there), a touch of Mentors, and a lot of Nashville Pussy. If it were a porno I'd only get semi-hard. - BL

The VaGiants - "Short and Hard"

<http://thevagiants.tripod.com>

The girl who sings for this band has a unique voice that their press sheet compared to Tina Turner's. I am not too sure of that, but I've got nothing better, so I'll go along with it. She does belt out the tunes, backed by a band that was obviously weaned on AC/DC and 80's cock rock. I like her voice to a point, as she is definitely a good singer, but something about it doesn't sit well with me.... kind of the way she holds notes. The music has some really good guitar hooks and electrified rhythms, but I'm not in love with it either. I'd say they are a good band and if they were opening for another band I really liked, I definitely wouldn't go sit in my car and drink during their set. - BL

Black Print - "Movement"

Quincy Shanks, www.quincychanks.com

This band deserves a prefix. "Post"-something, I think. Post-hardcore? Post-emo? Post-emocore? It's got a postmodern disjointedness, and a postal worker's level of dissatisfaction with the world. Interesting... creative perhaps, but doesn't grab me by the testicles, squeeze, and say "hey fucker, love me!". Hard to listen to. Quite, quite hard. - BL

The Dames - "Sin and Tonic"

www.thedames.com

Five songs, three girls, and some fairly decent slower punk rock music. I don't really like the singing on most of this. I hear they are way better live. If somebody asked me if I liked this band I'd probably just shrug my shoulders, turn my palms up, and curl my lip. - BL

The Silence – “Audio Alchemy”
www.thesilencemusic.com

West coast melodic pop-core. Hey, did I just invent a genre? Probably not. They sound like crappier Pennywise with more screaming, slower songs, and worse melodies. The sheet says they are like AFI and Saves the Day. I have no idea what those bands sound like, so maybe. If they sound like this, I don't like them either. – BL

Smut Peddlers – “Ten Inch” 10” LP
Dead Beat Records, www.dead-beat-records.com

California punk rock with ranting vocals, a rock'n'roll flare, and an un-showered, sweaty aroma. Best track has got to be “Rebatron Party” about a Hepatitis C solree. “Don't know what I'll be wearing, only that I want to score and get it on, I'm gonna bring a whole lot of ribavirin and interferon.” Eight songs here to bounce through your head as you knock the mirrors off a Lexus. – BL

Estrogenocide – “I Like To Cuddle”
M.H. Records, 36 Central Park Rd. Plainview, NY 11803

Digital schlock about raping and killing women. I think songs titles like “I Will Shoot My Load In Your Headless Corpse” say it all. It's almost comical actually. Almost. These guys can't have girlfriends, so I imagine that they fuck each other. This is just plain stupid. – BL

Klingonz – “Up Uranus”
crazy love Records, www.crazyloverrecords.com

This is the first new release in years by this well known Irish psychobilly outfit, and it's not a slacker. The production is improved, the bass is slapped like mad, and they continue to bash out dark & heavy tunes with sci-fi, metal, & punk influence. They deliver it with a sense of humor on songs about fat cross-dressers, midget porn stars, failed experiments making robot assassins, and a hospital worker who hears the voices of aborted fetuses commanding him. Well-played with a unique sound. Cool stuff. – BL

Protagonist – “Hope and Rage”
Blackout Records, www.blackoutrecords.com

Hardcore punk in the style of Unseen, but with a lot more modern, melodic flare and a lot less edge to it. The songs tend to lose their impact as they go on too long, or take too long to start (the first track has him shouting “here we go” a few times in the long intro, and it's almost punishing waiting for them to actually GO). While some songs have some really good moments, I think it's a little cheesy to sing “we are the army of hope.” The best cut is probably “Forgotten Youth” (despite the cliché title), since it has good energy and rings in at under two minutes. Many of the others are pretty damn bad, like “Meginot Lines,” which is, well, just pretty damn bad. Another thing I'm not really into is the slick guitar tone or the perfect studio production. I really don't think I would put this again. I tried to like it, but it's a lost cause. – BL

Baby Strange – “The Make-Out Sessions”
www.babystrange.com

I think the singer sounds little like Billy Corgan, and the music I guess would be light pop rock, or maybe indie rock (since I don't know what exactly that is but I think it would be like this). I imagine this is what the college coffeehouse, sweater-and-glasses, kind of person listens to in their Volkswagens. Again, they are good at what they do, but it makes me hungry for a gun barrel. – BL

Condemned 84 – 2-song 7”
Haunted Town Records, www.hauntedtownrecords.com

Two rare cuts from 1986 by this classic Oi band re-issued under license from Link Records. I remember a big controversy about them at the Beer Olympics a couple years back where they didn't play due to their politics, but I don't know if any of that was true. I never really heard a lot of these guys except on comps, and these two songs are pretty good. I really like the A-side with “No Way In.” Good British Oi. – BL

The Fitts – 4-song 7”
Big Neck Records, www.bigneckrecords.com

Great female vocals on this punk rock band that has such great song titles as “I Have to Laugh (When I See You Hurt),” “Girls like U (Deserve to Die),” and my favorite “Contaminated (By Your Dick).” They have a raw delivery, great hooks, and the right attitude. Get it or live in shame and ignominy.. – BL

The Ponys – 2-song 7”
Big Neck Records, www.bigneckrecords.com

These guys play catchy mid-tempo 70's inspired punk rock. Really not bad. Better than a lot of bands in the same boat. – BL

Branko – 4-song 7”
Black Juju, come.to/blackjuju

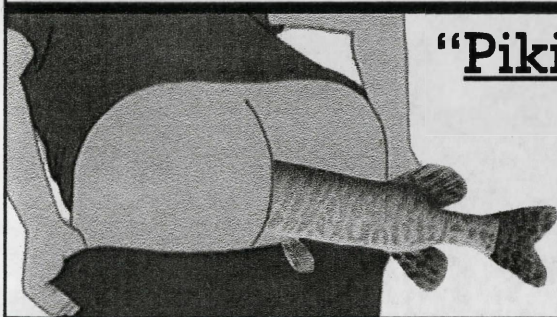
This is good instrumental garage that also uses Caribbean beats, sax, echoed, reverb-ed, and fuzzed guitars to full effect. Very cool stuff. – BL

Marvel – “Heroine Tracks” 7”
Black Juju, come.to/blackjuju

Here you get Swedish rock'n'roll with a 70's style. The 7” comes with super-hero trading cards that have their backgrounds, personal stats, and special powers and weapons. It is said that they draw upon the powers of MC5 and Kiss. I like this, but the Kiss part of their influence might be what keeps me from really liking it. Good rock'n'roll, but the vinyl's not gonna get worn out. – BL

Coffinberry – 3-song 7”
Exit Stencil, PO Box 110775 Cleveland, OH 44111

Hell yes! Finally my last review! Will I ever listen to music again? I'm sure I will, but after this I'm gonna stew inside a warm blanket of silence for a while. Anyway, this band plays rock music that has whiny vocals and no real energy. I dislike this. It makes me very unhappy. I wish I didn't save it for last. – BL



“Piking” At Its Peak

Bizarre New Sex Craze Sweeps Across The US

Officials Fear Epidemic

Report by Oliver Randall Wimsey

In a world fraught with oddball fetishes and perverse pleasures, one new trend in sicko psychology has erupted that makes even this seasoned reporter wince. I blush as I relate to you, my gentle readers, this outrageous tangent of human sexuality – a loathsome chapter in degenerate lust that has arisen in this new age of aberrant desires. My shame is compounded as I recount my own deeds in pursuing this story, which I believe has ultimately led me down a one-way path towards a hitherto uncharted area of carnal dementia. You see, as a reporter bent on bringing you the story firsthand with an empathetic introspection, I have endeavored to experience the phenomenon known as “piking” for myself. It is not something that I am proud of, but as it has become a lifestyle that I still battle to suppress – one that has recently been classified by the psychiatric community as a full-

blown erotic addiction. My only hope is that this reporter's tale will serve as a stern warning for adventurous young thrill-seekers out there looking for new kinky kicks.

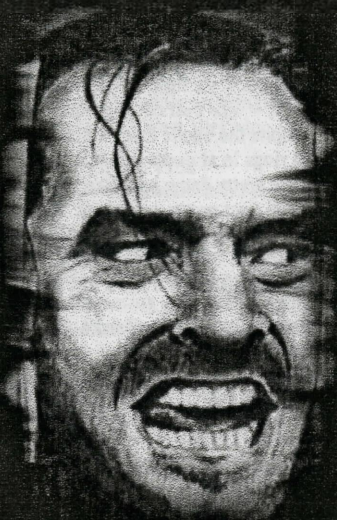
It started with my meeting with Bill Claken, president of a subversive Wisconsin club called “The Green Bay Pikers.” It was he who detailed the procedure and gave me my first fish to experiment with at home. However, I should note that most of the more experienced pikers prefer to catch their own fish, as they are able to choose the one that best fits their needs. Technically, most people use a variety of pike called the Eastern Pickerel, a smaller fish preferred by all but the most seasoned pikers. Mr. Claken also demonstrated the banding technique utilized to avoid bites from the large canine teeth of these purported

pleasure creatures.

The idea is to keep the living fish in water until the erotic interlude is to be achieved by inserting it firmly into the rectum during masturbation – until only the tail remains exposed. This “jam and wiggle procedure” is indeed an awkward activity that requires some practice. The awkwardness of my first efforts were truly comical. Once inside, the frantic flopping of the dying fish leads to prostate stimulation and a greatly enhanced orgasm, to the point that some equivocate it to a revolution in sensual euphoria. This can also be done during conventional intercourse with an open-minded partner, and has become a favored request at many Thailand brothels. In general, the idea is to remove the fish before it dies, presumably so it can be used again in the future, but often the frenzied deviant finds he has not climaxed quick enough to save his slippery partner from asphyxiation.

As my experimenting with my pike continued, I found myself growing attached to it. We began to develop an unspoken bond, almost a relationship of sorts. In time I gave him a name: “Roger.” I would think about him at work and in my car. I looked forward to seeing him waiting for me in his aquarium after a long day. Sure, he didn't seem at first to reciprocate my affections, at least not in a way that I understood at the time, but I suspected that he did care for me deep down inside. I would write poems for him during my lunch breaks, whimsical works that demonstrate

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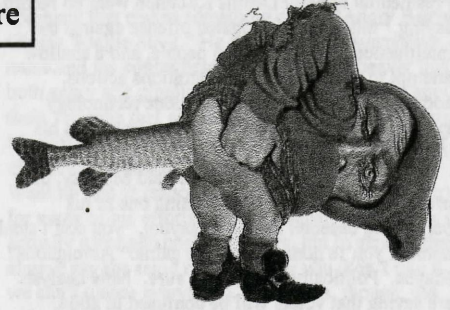
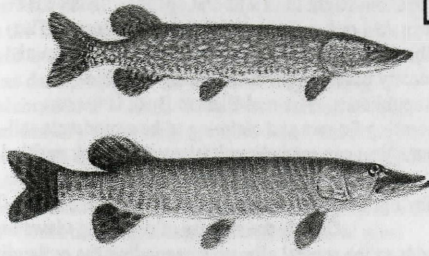
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The Grim Facts of The Piking Procedure



the depth of my feelings. Here is a sample:

*Oh sweet Roger, my gorgeously gilled gallant
Flap those fabulous fins, smooth scales that taunt
If through water and wishes thy mouth could speak
Wouldst thou profess thyself ever mine to keep?*

Then I would tear up the poem into small slivers that resembled flaky fish food, and sprinkle them into his water like delicate snow on a placid pond. You should have seen Roger devour my words like a starving conquistador too long parted from the sustenance of his lover's kiss. His eyes would beam with an implied comprehension of my gesture, and dare I say, a shimmer of gratitude. I fed him on poems for weeks. We would stare at each other for hours at a time through the glass tank, until finally we could stand it no longer, and our bodies flung themselves at each other. From our separate realms of wind and water we united in a hurricane of passion.

Roger, however, did eventually succumb to the intense suffocation of our emotions. I cried as I gently extracted him for the last time, then buried him in a heart shaped box near a blossoming dogwood tree. I remember the rain on that day; a cold rain that felt like it would never end. I think Roger would have liked that.

I have relayed this story to you out of duty to my

journalistic ethos, and to convey the extremity of this psychological affliction. Even now I am unable to decide whether what Roger and I had was high romance, or the product of an unnatural lust with crippling emotional repercussions. Such ambivalence ought to make clear the powerful effects of this new piking lifestyle – one that seems alarmingly difficult to combat.

Many groups have stood up against this recreational insanity from the beginning, and for a variety of reasons. Animal rights activists are concerned with this trend's rising popularity, asserting that fish suffocating in anal cavities is both abnormal and unethical. "It's a horrific way to meet your fate," says Hugh Pellson of PETA, who adds that the crisis has already exceeded the devastation of the gerbil craze of a few years ago. Piscine insertions have now garnered such attention and frequency that a snide new term has arisen in the activist vernacular: "Anuside." While many snicker at the thought of such activities, authorities are taking this very seriously, allegedly in the interest of public health. A few suspected salmonella cases had cropped up after an Alan Jackson concert in Illinois & Indiana. Many religious lobby groups have also formed to try and get new laws on the books to prevent piking (although the Mormons have been eerily silent on the issue). The method of enforcement of these proposed bans

remains a problematic issue, and the constitutionality of the ongoing raids has been challenged in many courts. Pikers have answered their critics citing that the fish need not die from the activity, and suggested pamphlets be distributed detailing the proper technique as an alternative to the legislative persecution. Already many known pikers have been booted from the Boy Scouts, and several employers are requiring periodic physicals that include probing for piscine residue.

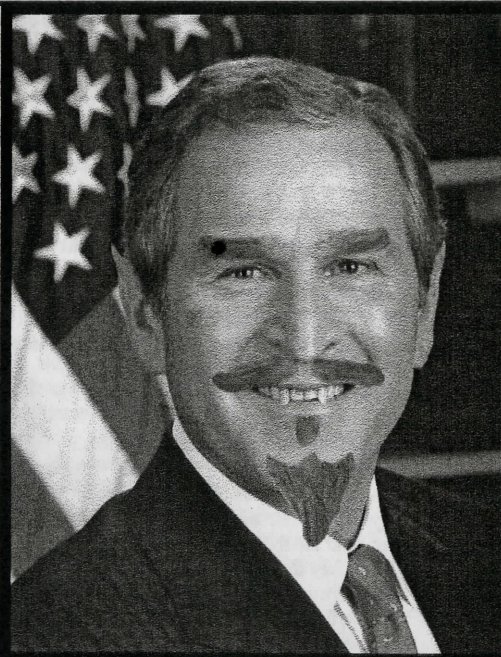
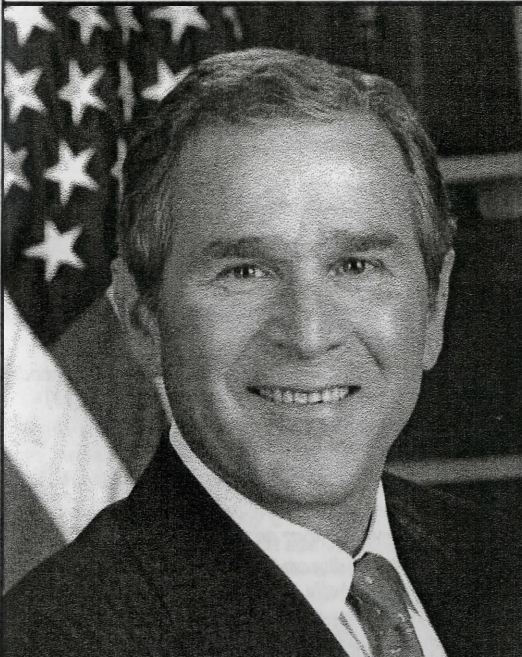
Fishermen are also concerned about over-fishing and unsavory "throwbacks" that no one will want to eat. However there may be a new market if the fad persists. Proponents of the activity point to the fiscal success of already established piking communities at many private lakes.

While such ludicrous carnal delights have spiced up many of my dull evenings, I am now undergoing therapy to purge myself of this corrupted desire. Support groups such as "Turnpikers" have been sprouting up across the States, as many others have experienced similar guilt. Most people in such groups, however, have been required to attend after being arrested in police raids at known flophouses. Will society recover from this scourge of perversion, or are we doomed to continue on the downward spiral. What could possibly be next? This is one reporter who does not want to find out.

Country in The Grips of Bizarro Bush!

Allegations of Presidential Pretender Threatens National Stability

By Rock N Roll Purgatory's White House Correspondent: Ben Lybarger



In an unprecedented move last Sunday, an ex-White House press secretary leaked reports that a presidential imposter has been making high-level appearances aimed at undermining democracy and discrediting the real George W. Bush. In his statement, Ari Fleischer made claim that an accelerated clone program had been secretly developed by jealous Democrats in Washington, leading to the creation of what he called "Bizarro Bush." The mutant allegedly was responsible for such controversial acts as delivering the State of Union Address in which false intelligence about Iraq's weapons program was dispersed. In his account, the president was incapacitated by the creature who used something akin to the Vulcan nerve grip, then went forward to give the televised speech. Further, it is claimed that this imposter also leaked the identity of a CIA operative, repeatedly denied the role of industry in global warming, proposed drilling in national forests, slashed social programs and drove up the national debt - all of which created controversy and supposedly runs counter the President's true intentions as a compassionate conservative.

The report was met with skepticism by top Democrats who termed the accusations "ludicrous" and "the biggest lie to the

Can You Tell The Real Bush From the Bizarro Bush?

people since the faked Apollo moon landing." Presidential hopeful Dennis Kucinich went on record saying, "this is an unmitigated offense against the intelligence of the American people, and a shallow attempt to mystify the administrations actions," adding that if such accelerated clone technology existed, he'd have a Bizarro Britney Spears as his virtuous wife.

In a press conference held Monday, the president backed up the story using one of his perplexing baseball analogies saying, "you don't steal home if you're gonna throw the game." Ambiguous? Maybe. Politically savvy? For sure. Now analysts are saying that voters will be confused in 2004, leading to re-election of the incumbent, contingent on the clone being added as the fourth spoke of the Axis of Evil.

The bait and switch campaign strategy that banks on voter bafflement has merit says a recent Gallop poll. If the report is to be accepted as factual, questions still remain: is it Bizarro Bush who has done these things or the other way around? Is Bizarro Bush is making these allegations saying that he is the real Bush while the real Bush is actually Bizarro Bush? Analysts say these possibilities correlate with a brilliant strategy to round up votes on both sides of the aisle. This scheme may work on some, says Martin Philbin of the Weekly World Report, but many are not yet ready to concede that there even is a Bizarro Bush at all: "The evil twin scenario only works in comic books and soap operas." But according to the polls,

80% of the public believes there may be a Bizarro Bush sabotaging the presidency, and would like to see a fact-finding commission at work on the case.

Hopping on the bandwagon ex-president Clinton is now claiming a Bizarro Bill was running around fornicating with interns and increasing government bureaucracy, not him. He further claims that since Bizarro Bill was in the White House, not him, technically he should be allowed to run for another term.

Many are beginning to speculate that if this is not a hoax, then possibly a more nefarious party is responsible for the meddling impersonator. Some say that Saddam's elusive weapons program may not have been biological or nuclear in nature, but rather geared towards implanting the faux president and creating havoc in the Great Satan's political infrastructure. Some evidence seems to support this scenario. Saddam was known to have many duplicates of himself, and also is suspected of owning a sizeable amount of stock in the Halliburton oil company under a false identity. By facilitating the inevitable invasion of his own country while he was away sunning himself in Fiji, he could then continue to live as a king off the dividends of his investments.

"Such conjecture is poppy-cock" says actress Susan Sarandon. However, no one seems even slightly interested in what she thinks. Pat Robertson has also thrown in his two cents and claimed that Bizarro Bush is probably gay, and therefore should be eradicated through prayer. This angered the gay

community, who retaliated by saying that the action's of Bizarro Bush are more aligned with the goals of Christian Right than a liberal agenda. "Nonsense" says AM talk radio pundit Michael Savage. "The liberals are filthy degenerates seeking a communist society based on the discrediting of noble Republicans. The real Bizarro Bush is the one pointing fingers and claiming to be a moderate sell-out. You can read about it in my new book entitled 'Vacuous Hyperbole: What to Think Without Even Trying' available through my web-site for \$19.95."

Clearly the morass of opposing views only adds to the surreal climate surrounding the outlandish disclosure of a possible Bizarro Bush. The heightened state of anxiety among the American people has led to a public hysteria. Civil courts are being flooded with litigation claiming wrongful terminations and incarcerations due to possible "test clones" being manufactured with the DNA of common people. Plaintiffs assert that their genetic codes were extracted when donating blood, being drug tested, or getting really drunk at parties with strangers in black suits present.

Will Congress commence with impeachment proceeding to restore public confidence? Such motions could gain momentum as many suggest the President is either lying about the existence of a Bizarro Bush to avoid personal culpability, or simply gone completely insane and delusional enough to perpetuate such a fatuous claim. We'll have to wait and see.

Cowboys For Jesus

Lassoing up Salvation,
Or Hitching a Wagon to Doom?



Imbedded Reporter
Ben Lybarger Investigates

An innocuous sign on a country road initially engaged my interest and sparked what would become a several month long covert investigation. The sign simply read: "Cowboys for Jesus." My curiosity seemingly could not be fulfilled by routine inquiry, as this organization was mired in secrecy and clandestine rituals the likes of which I hungered to witness. The problem I faced at this point was how to go about being nominated as a member.

After disguising myself in western shirts, boots, and denim, I began frequenting hangouts where I thought members might be kicking back: rodeos, tractor pulls, and bars with mechanical bulls. Eventually I met a man to be hereafter referred to as "Mr. Tex." Once rapport was established through countless hours of Budweiser and conversations about God, the many uses of leather, and the merits of bushy mustaches, finally he brought up the idea of nominating me for membership. I eagerly confirmed my interest, and later that week I was voted in.

The initiation ceremony consisted of a series of trials that would test my faith in multiple ways. The first was the blind-folded calf roping. I was placed in a pen of approximately twenty

Herefords and only two Holsteins. If I roped a Hereford, I would be denied acceptance and considered "unchosen" by the religious wranglers. To this day I believe it was an amazing stroke of luck that I roped a Holstein, and I admit a tear did form in my eye. Next I was lead into a stall that contained an angry stallion named Cyclone Jim that was to be calmed by the providence of our Lord as He bestowed my humble hands with a serene touch. I was shaking and ready to abort the mission for fear of fatal injury, but the previous trial had given me high hopes, and so I entered the stall, sweaty with trepidation. Would I be stomped to an unrecognizable pulp that St. Peter himself would need dental records to identify? Cyclone Jim raised his hooves with fury and I could see the devil in his eyes as I deftly avoided blows with a ninja-like agility. In the end the raging stallion lost some steam and I laid my palms on the side of his trembling neck. We stood there for a tense moment, staring at each other with unease, not knowing how fate had contrived to draw us into such close quarters. Then the horse snorted and whinnied with a reluctant submission, and I beamed with the glow of conquest. I had calmed Cyclone Jim, the slayer of many lesser men. I was now a Cowboy for Jesus.

The party afterwards was a liquor-drenched affair with dancing girls and elaborately painted donkeys choreographed to re-enact scenes from Debbie Does Dallas. I soon discovered that all this merriment was aimed at loosening me up for what came next... the branding of my buttocks with the CFJ emblem. I was not ready for this. It was insanity, a twisted ritual that I wanted nothing to do with. I would not do it, I thought, this club can't be worth it. But after progressing further into an alcoholic stupor, I began opening up to the idea. I mean, I had come this far, and they seemed like nice enough guys. One of them told me that with membership I'd be given a key to the clubhouse, an honorary key chain, a Stetson hat, and 200 shares of stock in the Halliburton oil company. Sounded good, so as they heated the iron in the fire, I pulled down my pants and braced

myself for the excruciating pain to follow. Indeed it was unpleasant, a torment heretofore reserved for only cattle and victims of inquisitions. Yet, the worst part was actually the following week as the guys playfully slapped my bottom and sent pangs of mind-numbing pain throughout my entire body. Those rascals!

Now I was a full-fledged member with my own codebook full of their philosophy and secrets. I read with the zeal and vigor of a child with his first book of erotic memoirs. I discovered that for a period in Jesus' undocumented life he lived on a ranch and developed a brilliant recipe for chili. (I've since made it, and let me tell you, it is both deliciously divine and hellishly hot.) I also learned that certain farmers have been maintaining the pure bloodline of His holy herd, which produces lean beef that fully contains all the nutrients one's body requires to function with maximum health. Four food groups be damned! In fact, these cowboys shun vegetables and lesser meats altogether in favor of their all-beef diets, and they often live up to 30 years longer than the average American.

The codebook also contained proverbs and rules of pious conduct, some of which I will share with you:

And the fool forever tried to hitch his wagon to a shooting star. (Earpe 3:45)

If ye can read, ye shall read Louie L'Amoure (Hoss 3:15)

Proof can be found on a whiskey bottle, but the Truth lies inside. (Ritter 2:12)

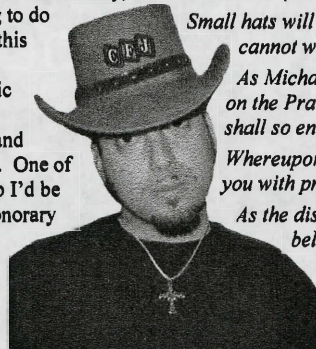
Small hats will not fit on big heads, but small heads cannot wear big thoughts. (Robbins 5:23)

As Michael Landon hath left the Little House on the Prairie for the Highway To Heaven, thou shall so endeavor in like fashion. (Rogers 1:21)

Whereupon trouble befalls a brother, assist he you with prayer and firearms. (Heston 3:30)

As the diseased varmint betrays the snake's belly, thustly shall simulated leather chafe against thy morality. (Wilson 6:14)

A leaner hath worth only in the game of horseshoes. (Calvin 2:11)



Jesus don't much like yellabellies. (Eastwood 5:24)

Perhaps the most enigmatic aspect of this organization is the fascination with Michael Landon. As Mr. Tex said to me once, "Hoss is cool and all, but Little Joe was darn precious." In fact, their biggest day of celebration is Michael Landon's birthday, which incidentally is the only occasion where a cowboy is permitted to ride sidesaddle. On this revered holiday they will eat nothing but broccoli as a penance for their inferiority to "Saint Landon." They sit around for hours drinking toasts and wearing floral print dresses to symbolize how they are in no way "real men" when compared to this icon of purity. Such a deferential modesty by these grizzled cowboys was truly remarkable to witness.

The most stunning ritual, however, was yet to come. Every Good Friday they would travel to a holy site in South Dakota, where they waited for Jesus' Second Coming outside a small cave. "Why South Dakota?" I asked. Mr. Tex said that He would arise where His herd was thickest, and that the club's largest ranches were located there. The cowboys would solemnly sit around campfires, singing psalms, waiting on pins and needles. If on the morning when Jesus arose he saw his shadow, there would be another year of secular rule in His kingdom. Crazy, I thought, they can't be serious. It wasn't until I saw a robed man with a bushy beard push aside a boulder, stretch out his arms, yawn, then groggily step back inside that I truly believed. The shadow had meant another year, and I'll definitely go back to see what happens then.

What had started as a foray into the unknown recesses of a reclusive clan of free-range zealots quickly became an experience that has shaped my life. From getting drunk and riding into town to whoop and wail on anyone with Darwin bumper stickers, to full-scale brawls with our rivals, the Amish gangs, this became a lifestyle that held a strange allure to me. Whether it was the nostalgia for a simpler pastoral existence or the inebriated faith-mongering, I was hooked. I adopted philosophies that ran counter to what I had once believed, realized that wearing leather chaps didn't make me feel gay, and became confident that heaven was the inevitable result of our manifest destiny.

Of course, our group has come under fire from all sides. Pundits of the postmodern era spit their bleak nihilism (or alternately humanist idealism) upon our happy trail, while just about every other religious sect has heaved their doomsday evangelism at our whiskey-weathered faces. They say that we ride with the devil and pervert the gospel at every turn. If they are correct, I think I'll just dig the spurs in deeper and race into that fiery horizon where cowboys go when they die. Yeehaw!

Book Reviews

Punch & Pie

Edited By Felizon Vidad and Todd Taylor
Gorsky Press, PO Box 42024, L.A. CA 90042
www.gorskypress.com

This is a collection of short works by an assortment of underground zine writers and other authors. They give you many different slices of human interaction and lifestyles, complete with the subtleties and eccentricities that make people (and stories) engaging. Wred Fright (who incidentally is from Kent, Ohio - I saw him play once at the Mantis and was far from impressed, leading me to believe he is much better as a writer) gives a story about a young kid's adventures on a rickety bike in a new town. Sean Carswell gives the story of a middle-aged skater who ends up getting drunk and taking the Florida State capitol building hostage (incidentally based on a true story). Seth

Swaaley tells about his travels in Spain (including stumbling onto a James Brown show) in a way that is just beautifully written. Justin Bryant starts with seemingly disparate narrative - one a travel journal from Belize, the other the story of a man who becomes obsessed with ornithology after living the dull life of an office worker. Eventually the journal and his life merge, as he starts experience the world rather than proceed with a narrow focus like we all tend to do. You also get stories of people who like to explore abandoned buildings, create high-powered NASCAR lawnmowers, seek glory through the victories of high school sports teams, go to parties, go on pre-wedding bar crawls, take road trips, and so on. The tales are told with an empathetic observation and pacing that makes them fully enjoyable. A good read. - BL

The Flow Chronicles

By The Urban Hermitt

Microcosm, PO Box 14332 Portland, OR 97293
www.microcosmpublishing.com

This book tells the autobiographical story of a young woman into hip hop who goes from a liberal arts college in the woods to communal urban living with drug-addled hippies, and along the way she comes to terms with her lesbian sexuality. It reads like a personal zine, but is spliced with invented letters to her from the various forces influencing her identity. For instance, she gets letters from the Morrissey Fan Club, The National Council For Rigid Gender Roles, The Pro-College Dropout Union, The Mainstream Hippie Businessmen of L.A., and so on, making for a clever way of critically evaluating her life in an ironic fashion as she grows and "tries to figure it all out." A lot of what apparently has happened to the hippie counter-culture has also happened to punk rock, such as the reduction to marketability and a divorce from any real subversive ideology. While the Urban Hermitt is very different from me (I am not a lesbian or hippie), I still found the book an interesting look into a different realm of life. (On a curious side note, I also didn't know that apricot beer tastes like pussy, and thusly is the "beer of dyke champions.") She has a candid way of writing, and some flourishes of humor. I really can't stand the faux mysticism of the whole 4:20 tie-dye culture, and fortunately she seems to move beyond that as well. It is an easy, quick read that might hold the attention of curious, even if you (like me) don't have anything in common with her. - BL

Thank You For You Continued Interest

Letters and Essays by Richard J. Mackin
Gorsky Press, PO Box 42024, L.A. CA 90042
www.gorskypress.com

Richard Mackin is part consumer activist, part humorist in this latest release by Gorsky Press. Apparently this is his second collection of letters, haikus, and limericks sent to all manner of companies - and a few politicians as well. He writes the president twice, the first time to congratulate him on saving the American people money with the tax cuts, while at the same time suggesting he not waste money in his correspondence to people (such as Mackin) with large, cardboard-reinforced envelopes that cost more money to buy and send. The second time he write ole Gee Dubya (or is it Bizarro Bush... dat-dat-daah!), he wants to know what the deal is with the rising popularity of beef jerky taking over the country's mini marts. This got no reply from the White House, which makes me wonder what they're hiding. Incidentally, I happened to be watching CNN and saw a piece on that very topic. They credited things like the Atkins diet and a general trend toward low-carbohydrate eating habits for the upswing in jerky consumption. I love jerky myself, but prefer deer (while turkey jerky sounds cool phonetically, I am afraid of trying it and being let down). Anyway, other

letters also strike my funny bone, such as writing to a company that makes something called "Angry Beaver Giggle Wiggle Stick." He notes both the suggestive name and the contradictory nature of this beaver that is both angry and giggling. Or the one to Nabisco about their Triscuits that are advertised as "not for nibblers." Mackin rightfully is outraged by this bigotry against nibblers, and demands an apology and retraction. What he gets in response is a form letter, which is true for many of his efforts. However, many companies do actually write personalized letters, but in general they always say the same things ('sorry you didn't like it, we can't please everyone'). Starbucks, though, did write a haiku in response to Mackin's haiku about their over-saturation of the market. There is a ton of hilarious stuff in here that is sometimes directly confrontational. For instance, he writes to Nike, Gap, and Walmart about their labor practices. He is very upset about Zorro in the Walmart ads, since Zorro was a champion of the poor, while Walmart is all about sweatshops and being a sort of a pestilence that spreads across the US shutting small businesses down. This obviously is not in keeping with the ways of Zorro. While at times the book can seem a little silly and facetious (talk about the pot and the kettle - I got some nerve saying that), still it does succeed by and large, at being humorous as well as provocative, and will be most funny if you aren't a big business-loving Republican who thinks the free market is both holy and just. - BL

Things Are Meaning Less

By Al Burian

Microcosm, PO Box 14332 Portland, OR 97293
www.microcosmpublishing.com

This is a book of Burian's comics dealing with his daily life. Much like Harvey Pekar, he is not a superhero, or even really someone who does much at all, preferring to instead brood on his own isolation. I found it interesting how he counters a lack of physical action in his comics by graphically capturing a meek life spent neck-deep in introspection. It reads like a character study into someone suffering from depression, afraid to interact with the world much - or more accurately, unable to achieve the motivation to do so. In this regard, and to a lesser degree I relate to Al as he obsessively contemplates his existential emptiness. He sees the world full of people trying to distract themselves with work, kids, porn, alcohol, drugs, social crusading, religion, hobbies and so on. He wants to construct some sort of purpose for being, but realizes that any way he does is just a temporary evasion with no inherent value or meaning. So instead he finds himself paradoxically trying to create meaning by documenting his own lack of it. He is searching for redemption in his comics, but never finds any. His philosophical and depressive core is much like my own, yet he seems to lack humor and the ability to connect with most people. So what's left for people who can't find faith in any construct? They drive themselves insane, unable to keep a job, and look at the average person being happy in their shallow world with both contempt and envy. If you can't distract yourself, you either begin to wish that you were born stupid, or that you were thoroughly indoctrinated into some belief system so that you *feel* it is true, no matter what reason tells you. At the same time you're glad you weren't mind-fucked by some spiritual pipe-dream that seems real because you want so bad for it to be. Then again, you might suspect that you are the jackass, and everyone else knows the truth. God talks to them, but He hates you. That's just paranoia, right? Why would God hate you? Then insanity comes from years of pondering this, and your inevitable mental breakdown becomes your pseudo-salvation as you cackle like a maniac on the way to the gallows, happy to die as a release from the unrelenting anguish. - BL

ATTACK of the killer...

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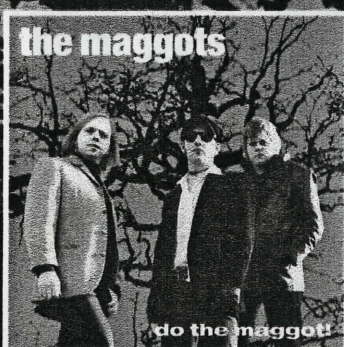
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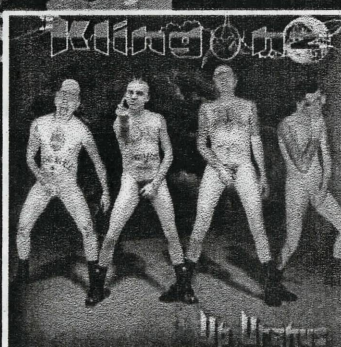
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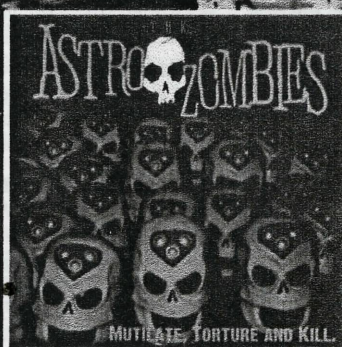
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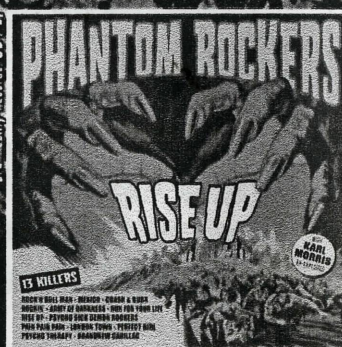
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The Maggots are back with their third album "Do the Maggot!". It's a mix of Garage, Rock 'n' Roll and Punk in the veins of Flamin' Groovies and the Cramps. If you like Rock 'n' Roll you'll love The Maggots.

The Klingonz have finally released their first studio album since B L L X in 1994 and it's a blast!! UP URANUS is the very best album they did! This is one of the maddest Psychobilly bands ever and sure this album's gonna be a hit! Quality songwriting, great melodies and a very good recording makes UP URANUS a killer release!

Oh yeah, this is what I needed... incendiary psychobilly from France that mixes their sound up to make the album one you'll keep in for the duration of the running time. Whether its the cover of Bertha Lou done with a ska beat, organ, and billy riffs, the cannon balling rip-roar of 666 Racing, or the B-movie depravity of Terrifying Astro Zombies, you'll easily fall prey to their musical prowess and their dark, oddball humor (much like my own). Instead, they hit you from all angles, and deliver a knockout punch with this release - Rock-N-Roll Purgatory

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