

RAZZORCAKE

RAZZORCAKE



issue number three

fanzine * webzine

DUANE PETERS

Duane Peters



The

WEIRD LOVEMAKERS

Weird Lovemakers

TADPOLE

Tadpole

A HISTORY OF

A History of

East LA Punk

DAGONS

The Dragons

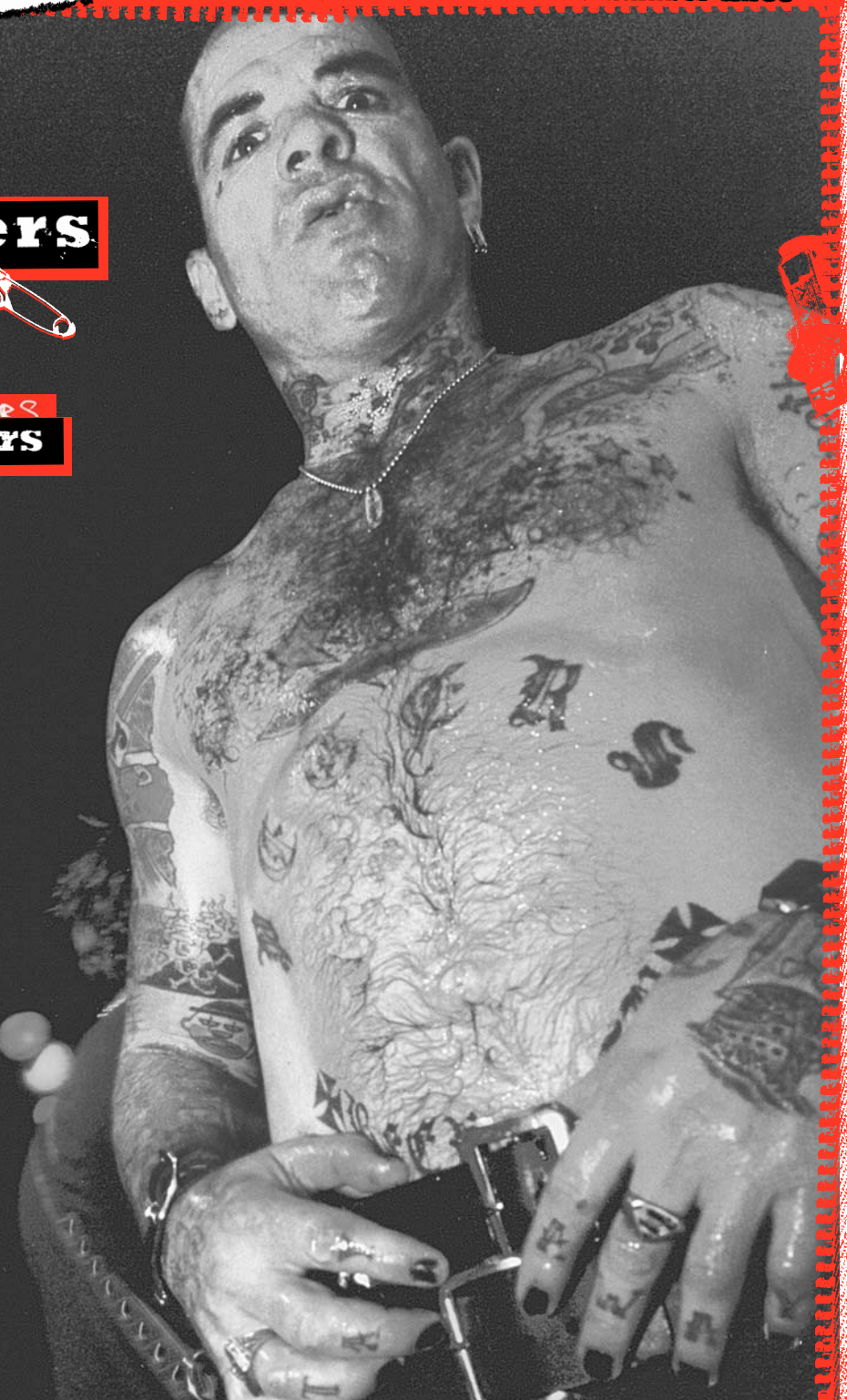
FRIENDS FOREVER

Friends Forever

(the documentary)

Aug/Sept 2001

\$3



RAZORCAKE

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

Sean <sean@razorcake.com>
Todd <retodded@razorcake.com>
Rich Mackin <richmackin@richmackin.org>
Nardwuar <nardwuar@nardwuar.com>
Designated Dale <RamonesNYC1974@aol.com>
Rhythm Chicken <rhythmchicken@hotmail.com>
Everyone else can be reached c/o Razorcake.

AD DEADLINE FOR ISSUE #3

August 1, 2001

EMAIL OR MAIL US FOR THE RATES

AD SIZES

Full page, 7.5 inches wide, 10 inches tall.
Half page, 7.5 inches wide, 5 inches tall.
Quarter page, 3.75 inches wide, 5 inches tall.
Sixth page, 2.5 inches wide, 5 inches tall.

*Covers are already taken in perpetuity (forever), but if you put in a request, we'll put you on the list.

*Please make all checks out to Razorcake.

ADVERTISING STIPULATIONS

- *All ads are black and white. There are no immediate plans for color insides.
- *Make ads the right size and orientation. If ads are the wrong size, they won't run or we'll chop 'em up with scissors to fit.
- *We will not accept electronic ad files. Hard copy only.
- *Send good laser prints for the ads. Use solely black ink on all art. Do not output your ad on a bubble jet printer even if it looks black and white. It will reproduce like complete shit when it goes to an offset printer.
- *Only for full-page ads, we'll accept film. Positive stats, RRED (right-reading, emulsion side down) only.
- *All photos must be halftoned using a 85 LPI (85 line screen).
- *If you feel the need for us to invoice you, understand that your ad won't run until we have the cash on hand, so make those arrangements before the ad deadline.
- *If any of this is fuzzy, don't hesitate to contact us. We'll explain it.

Thank you list: Huge thanks to Julia Smut for help with the cover and for the photoshop lessons, and to Art for the really cool comic. Regular, heartfelt thanks to Jason WeirdLovemaker for the pictures and the porn; to Dave Gillanders for leading us to Jungle Bowl; to Kat Jetson, Jen Hitchcock, Bob Cantu, and Liz O. for the interviews; to Jimmy Alvarado for the East LA article; to Donofthedeat, RumbleStripper, Southern Fried Keith, and Designated Dale, for coming to our magazine stuffing party (which we know is a euphemism for sweatshop labor); to Harmoniee for her help with the baby-tees and the punk rock girl page; to Felizon Vidar for all her editorial help; to Sara Islett for letting us use that picture of her; to Money

I was at the PO a few days ago when Gil the incredibly friendly postal worker asked me, "When should I take my next vacation day?" When he saw I was confused, he added, "Don't you have another magazine coming out soon?"

I smiled, thinking, now I know what he's talking about. He's dreading the day when Todd and I show up with boxes full of two thousand magazines that we're sending out to distributors. Actually, he's dreading when he has to carry those boxes from the front counter to the back of the PO. And my heart sunk a little. How could I tell him that the boxes would be even heavier this time because we added another eight pages? Should I tell him how stoked I am about this issue? I mean, I've read through it three times already, not because I had to, but because I wanted to. I wanted to release this issue early because I was so excited about the content that I couldn't wait for someone else to read it. Our contributors gave us so much good shit that we had to add another eight pages, and even so, we had to boot about four pages of record reviews and the whole video reviews section over to the web. And in the end, I got what I've always wanted - a zine that I can endorse (even if I don't necessarily agree with) every single page of.

A fat lot of good this does Gil, though, when he has to tote those extra heavy boxes to the back of the PO. Sorry, man. Advil's on me.

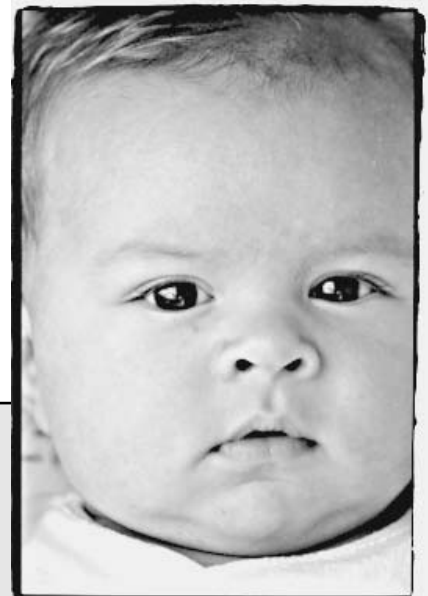
-Sean

Oh, and in response to all the people who keep asking me why the Rhythm Chicken wears a bunny head, all I can say is, what the fuck are you talking about?

*This is Handsome Henry,
Matt Average and Erin's kid and
Razorcake's mascot.*

This is Henry's top 5:

1. Bert & Ernie "Greatest Hits" (quiet and enjoying the drive)
2. His mom singing "Hickory Dickory Dock" (calms him when he's frustrated)
3. Zero Boys "Vicious Circle" CD (smiles the whole time)
4. Bad Brains "Black Dots" CD (same reaction as with the Zero Boys)
5. Void - anything (he started to cry when he heard the Faith side!)



and Nancy for getting us drunk; to Laurie Pike for proof reading; to Brian Chaser for steering us to some very helpful websites; to Sarah Stierch, Namella "Smackdown" Kim, and Cuss Baxter for the reviews; and to all the hard-working postal workers at our local substation. Say hey to our newest reviewer, Toby Tober.

Cover picture of Duane Peters by Todd

Issue #3, August/Sept. 2001

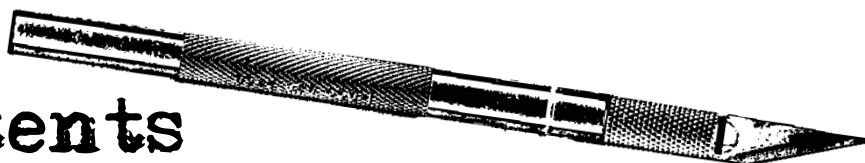
RAZORCAKE

Cutting. Tasty.



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

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Razorcake, the zine and website, is put together by Skinny Dan, Sean Carswell, Katy Spining, and Todd Taylor. Dave Guthrie made the logos.

Razorcake is bi-monthly. Issues are \$3.00 ppd. in the U.S.

Yearly subscriptions (six issues) are \$15.00. Plus you get some free shit.



Money

Pog Mo Thon



Ever since I blindsided a temp in the break room, I've been on a roll. Last Monday I had my first double sack day of the year. Those account people are total wussies.

New Year's Resolutions: A Mid-Year Report

Resolution: Wear lederhosen to a show.

Results: None, but it's early yet.

Comments: The only stipulation I have put on myself with this one is that wearing them in October or to an Oktoberfest event doesn't count. I'm thinking a wedding, preferably this summer. Maybe Warped Tour. Nothing says punk rock like leather shorts from the Old Country. Preferably green. But where does one get lederhosen? eBay?

Resolution: Catch some major air in the snowboard park.

Results: None.

Comments: This resolution is the result of nearly separating my shoulder last season on a jump. Total wipeout on the ice. This season I bought a new board but only went a few times and didn't even get close to a park. Just the opposite. I went on a tree run and buried myself in the deep snow. Had to click out and hike to the trail, huffing and puffing through chest-high snow. It was late afternoon and getting cold and dark. I could see the trail, but it seemed to take an eternity to reach it. Took a break and almost nodded off. Came to the conclusion that I'm no Ernest Shackleton. Went back a few weeks later and kicked its ass, but I've got my work cut out for me this Christmas.

Resolution: Avoid getting so drunk I get arrested, get in a fight or soil myself.

Result: Total failure.

Comments: I don't know why I even bother to put this one on the list anymore.

Hint: ass patty.

Resolution: Get more sacks.

Result: Vastly improved.

Comments: My sack total is way, way up this year. I'm talking off the charts. Ever since I blindsided a temp in the break room, I've been on a roll. Last

Monday I had my first double sack day of the year. Those account people are total wussies. Still, my footwork could be better coming off the edge. Definite room for improvement here.

Resolution: Get in shape.

Results: Complete success, provided of course, the shape in question is a beer barrel.

Comments: On the upside, I just received a lifetime achievement award from the nice people at Frito Lay.

Resolution: Inspire a punk rock song.

Results: No luck so far.

Comments: Ever since hearing the Bouncing Soul's "Lamar Vannoy" I've wanted to inspire a band to write a punk rock song about me, but so far it just hasn't happened. It's not that I'm not wild and crazy anymore; I mean my library books are soooo overdue it's sick. Perhaps the sight of me making an ass of myself in my lederhosen will inspire someone.



Resolution: Fuck a porn star.

Results: Nightly.

Comments: Thank god for Spank-O-Vision.

Resolution: Get out of the country.

Results: Going to France.

Comments: I'm actually pretty excited about this. My girlfriend thinks I'm going to museums and stuff. Fuck that. I'm not going to Morrison's grave either. I want to sit in cafes and be rude and confrontational to the waiters, who I'm told are rude and confrontational. Do they have punk rock in France? Anyone ever been to France? Send me your ideas for things to do. Also, how to say fuck off in French.

Resolution: Go back in time.

Results: Partial.

Comments: I went to the Rainbow Room. Man, that was wiggly. It was like drinking Jack and doing meth and waking up inside the GNR "Sweet Child of Mine" video. I'm talking total Alice in Hesherland experience here. I walked around in a daze asking people what year it was.

Resolution: Shoot a man in Reno just to watch him die.

Results: Seriously thinking about it.

Comments: I think listening to old Christ on a Crutch is taking an edge off my desire to kill a man (although I'm certainly not opposed to killing a woman or

rabid dog, if the situation warrants it, or even a crazed armadillo just so long as the actual dying part made for compelling action and held my interest) in Reno just to watch him die but I'm not giving up my Christ on a Crutch CD. No. Of course, I've never been to Reno and I'm sure there are plenty of interesting things to do in Reno other than shoot people just to watch them die. In fact, the whole "just to watch him die" bit is suggestive of a state of intense ennui, a weariness with the world that can only be abated by doing something radically different and new simply for the sake of entertainment, and I don't think such boredom is possible for people who have never been to Reno before and sampled its many charms. I've checked with the Chamber of Commerce web site and not only is "kill a man" not listed in their not-so comprehensive list of things to do in Reno, but there are so many things going on that it seems highly unlikely that a weekend visitor would run out of things to do there. There's picnics, amateur art shows, street fairs and arts and crafts out the ass. Moving to Reno, however, is out of the question. So I'm kind of in a dilemma. However, if Bob Costas shows up, let me know. I'll be on the next flight out and whack that little fucker before you can say "Michael Jordan knob slobber." I wonder, is there a "just to watch him die" defense?

Note to self: e-mail attorney.

Resolution: Return library books on time.

Results: What overdue library books?

Comments: Jesus! What is it with you people, prying into my life like this? Get off my back already!

-Money





THE MAN WITH A
FIST ONLY A MOTHER
COULD LOVE!

BEEZLE IN PAYBACK'S A BINGE

ART: 06/01



breep
breep
breep
breep

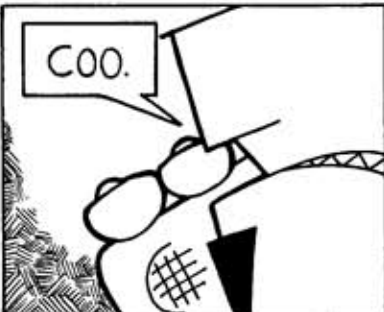


PICK-UP
OR
DELIVERY?

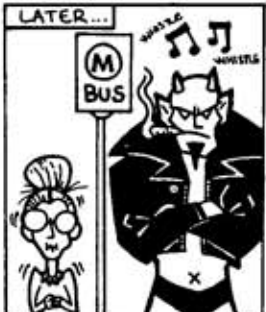
DELIVERY.

I HAVE
A JOB
FOR YOU.

SHOOT



COO.



LATER...

(M)
BUS



GRAB!!



I'M GONNA
WASTE 'ER!!

SOB



HOLD IT RIGHT
THERE, VILLAIN!

COO.



NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!

I KNEW
YOU'D SHOW.

EAT
ME!

WELL I
NEVER!

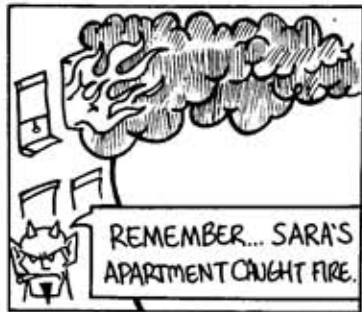


SEE HERE
EVIL DOER...

CUT THA BULLSHIT.
DO YOU REMEMBER
SARA LEE?



YEA, I
THOT SO.



REMEMBER... SARA'S
APARTMENT CAUGHT FIRE.



AND WHAT WERE YOU
DOING THAT MORNING?



THE CEILING COLLAPSED...
NO ONE COULD GET TO HER...



BUT YOU DID...
YOU SAVED "HER"...



PROBLEM IS YOU WERE SO WIRED
THAT YOU SAVED ONE OF HER DOLLS...



AND LEFT
SARA TO DIE
IN THE FIRE.



BUT YOU WERE
ACQUITTED... GOOD
LAWYER.



THAT WAS 3 YEARS
AGO... I'M CLEAN NOW.

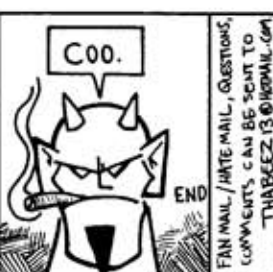
I HAVE A DELIVERY
FOR YOU FROM
SARA'S PARENTS.



METRO CITY HERO, SUPER
GUN WAS FOUND DEAD
THIS MORNING OF AN
APPARENT DRUG OVERDOSE...



CLICK



COO.

END

FAN MAIL / WARE MAIL, QUESTIONS,
COMMENTS CAN BE SENT TO
THABEEZ13@HOTMAIL.COM



Davey Tiltwheel

Hair-Brained Scheme Addict



These multinational conglomerates own the schoolbooks, the music, the television, the news media, the movies, the phones, the booze (fuel for the revolution) and even the water supply!

Babbling Prologue for a History of the Future

A few months back I had the opportunity to leave my job at a local blues/white reggae club in Pacific Beach, CA a bit earlier than usual. I decided it was way too early to head home so I moseyed on over to another club where '80s crossover heroes D.R.I. were playing with a band I really love called 8 Bucks Experiment. I was too late to hear the mighty 8 Bucks, but I was just in time to see D.R.I. finish their first song. I figured it was worth sticking around for a laugh. Fellow meathead heroes, S.O.D., had played just two weeks before that. I worked the monitor board for that show and saw three people with one eye that night. I thought it was pretty hilarious that the door count that night was 340 people yet there were only 677 eyeballs in the building.

So I'm watching D.R.I. and I'm watching the crowd and I'm really getting annoyed. It's the same reason I stopped paying attention to them after "Dealing With It" came out. Their lyrics were great but the crowd didn't hear anything but the speed of the music. The crowd is running in circles and a few of the bald ones look as if they are trying to hail a cab right there in the club. My mind was racing. Would they play it? Would they actually play that fucking song? Their signature song that appeared on three different records? That genius little ditty that every songwriter has slapped their head time and time again because THEY didn't write it? That simple one line that seemed to sum up every other punk rock song from 1980-1988? If you don't know what I'm talking about I'll reprint the lyrics here:

"Reaganomics killing me, Reaganomics killing you"

The crowd went nuts. I went nuts. It was 1987 all over again; this little nightclub had transformed into a time machine. The Budweiser and bonghit-soaked crowd singing in enthusiastic unison got me to thinking. Growing up, much of my fears

came from seeing daily images of ICBM's being paraded down streets paved with the uniformed and the flag wavers. The U.S. would do it; the soviets would do it. The missiles would get bigger and bigger and the parades would be more grandiose. It was a daily scene straight out of "Beneath the Planet of the Apes." They'd always seem to cut to either Reagan or Brezhnev getting teary eyed as those missiles passed them by.

The Pathetic History Lesson

This little episode really got me to thinking about what punks have got to sing about now. We don't live in fear of annihilation anymore. We aren't told daily that our nations have the power to blow up the world thirty times over. Sure, there are social problems like homelessness, starvation and gender phobias but none of those really project to our minds a non-future of a planet literally shattered and sent into darkness. The cold war is over and I no longer stay up all night fearing that tomorrow we'll all be shadows burned into the pavement.

While the cold war withered during the Bush administration, a new menace appeared. As Bush dismantled the military and the contractors' unemployment was at an all time high, America needed jobs and Bill Clinton was the solution. We saw the rise of the dot.com industry. HTML replaced ICBM as the household anagram.

The dot.com and the rise of the Internet became big money. This bottomless trunk of information does everything from inter-personal communications to media storage and distribution. Music, movies, instant news, images and literary works are prominent features of the Internet. About three years ago, super bowl commercials switched from razors and beer to dot.com companies offering "solutions," whatever that means. Media, instead of military contracts, feeds families now.

The pre dot.com media companies saw the potential goldmine in advertising their products on the net, be it movies, television or

music. People were spending more time on their computers and far less time reading People and watching "must see TV." How were the major media companies going to penetrate the computer screens to tell the world to put down their mouses and pick up their remotes? For the most part, they couldn't. It was time to buy into the new technology and reap the rewards.

The Players

The most famous of these mergers is the AOL/TimeWarner alliance, the world's largest media company owning the world's largest Internet provider. One can log onto AOL and find adverts and links to websites promoting their magazines that cover websites. They can find information about movies like "You've Got Mail," an update of the movie "Shop Around The Corner," where Meg Ryan and Tom Hanks trade email over AOL. One very interesting piece of promotional/memorabilia is a "You've Got Mail" 3" CD-ROM containing the software needed to hook up to AOL and a link to the online website and a movie trailer. Few realize how truly revolutionary this little marketing gem is, bridging the gap between media and the Internet. A child born in the '90s could grow up watching Cartoon Network, graduate into Batman Comics, get a subscription to *Sports Illustrated*, call MoviePhone to find out where to take his date to see the new John Travolta movie, route his band's tour using Mapquest, get signed to Elektra Records, read where to invest the money he made by reading *Fortune* magazine and in his old age watch that John Travolta Movie again on Turner Classic Movies. AOL/Time Warner would profit from the entire lifespan of this child.

Programmers from Fraunhofer Gesellschaft whom created standards for the Motion Picture Experts Group were toying around with a way to compress music files and came up with something called MP3. Previously, near-CD quality music was stored in .wav files. A three-minute song could be

between 40 and 60 megabytes in size. At 33.6 and 56k modem speeds it would take hours to download a single file. MP3 compresses music into sizes closer to 3 megs. Servers could store millions of MP3 files. A home user could store hundreds of MP3s on the newest and cheapest media storage device available, the CD-Recordable.

Shawn Fanning was 19 years old when he created a simple yet powerful program that could bridge the gap between Internet users to trade MP3 files. He called it Napster. Napster doesn't store music on a server. It's more like a glorified chat room client. Users can trade MP3 files they store on their own computers. They can also chat in real time while trading files.

MP3.Com was the brainchild of Michael Robertson. The advances in home recording meant that for a few hundred bucks anyone could record their own original music. People compressed their music into MP3 format and posted the results on their own personal website. MP3.Com was created as the place where independent artists could store their music and information about their band as well as check the progress of their music as people downloaded the songs. This frightens those who are in the business of recording, distributing, manufacturing and selling music. No one really needed a major record contract to get his or her music heard by the rest of the world. Punks, of course, knew this all along and this independence fueled the punk/diy subculture for over 20 years - first out of necessity, and then out of spite, for those who had the power and unethical ways of exploiting that power.

At first, MP3.com stayed afloat with banner advertising but soon the novelty caught on. Artists like Alanis Morissette and David Bowie were singing the praises of MP3. Alanis Morissette was offered 660,000 shares of stock at 33 cents a share as an incentive to join a fledgling MP3.com sponsored tour. When MP3.Com went public, Alanis became a millionaire. She

Davey Tiltwheel

had already sold 19 million albums, and now her thumbs up support of MP3.Com gave her and the new company credibility.

The novelty of major artists releasing music first on the net was very popular. Everyone who could afford a monthly net bill was now "in the know" and the envy of the average record buyers. This sort of user-ego fueled Napster's popularity. That and the outrageous prices of compact discs. The vast amount of information available on the net and the drastic price drop in CD-R technology may have also helped Napster's popularity. Now everyone had access to the big industry secret that a CD cost 60 cents to make, sold for 15-18 bucks, out of which the artists who created the music were getting about a dollar for each sale. Why should a college student take an 18 dollar chance that the album they buy isn't going to be as good as the song they heard on the radio? Napster allowed people to listen first, then decide later.

This is a problem for those who sell music to the masses. It was only a matter of time before the majors saw the shiny new bike called MP3 and wanted it for themselves.

MP3.com made a fatal mistake when they allowed users to store their own store-bought music on their servers. MyMP3.Com gave users a small plot of land on their servers to homestead music and create sort of an online mix tape for listening to while surfing. The music was only uploadable and accessible by inserting the original CD in one's CD-ROM drive. The serial number on the original disc was the key that unlocked the users stored music. MP3.Com was sued and lost. As MP3.Com lay bleeding, but not quite dead, one particularly nasty vulture came swooping overhead.

French media giant Vivendi Universal - one of the victors in the lawsuit against MP3.com - and Napster made MP3.com's weary stockholders an offer they couldn't

refuse. The deal is in the final stages as I write this. Vivendi is a French-based telecommunications company who owns Europe's largest Internet and cellular company (Vodafone/Airtouch) as well as Europe's largest cable provider (Studio Canal). They own Usfilter, America's largest private water supplier. They also dabble in waste management. So do the Sopranos.

Vivendi purchased Seagram's last June for 34 billion dollars. Seagram's had acquired Universal the previous year. Vivendi/Universal also owns Emusic and is working deals with Sony to create a new entertainment division on the net. Emusic is a pay service that charges 2.99 to download a single MP3 file. Many companies from Sony to Epitaph to independent labels like Cool Guy also used Emusic to distribute their songs in electronic format. Just days after announcing the bid for MP3.Com, Vivendi announced it was going after Houghton Mifflin,

America's largest textbook publisher.

The Paranoid Rant

So we're coming to the end of this concise history lesson. I didn't get into too many specifics because I'm saving those for future columns. Next issue we're going to take a look at a vision of the future which not be very pleasant. Two major corporations, who are now unbound by international law for the most part, are going head to head to win the hearts and minds of the people. These multinational conglomerates own the school-books, the music, the television, the news media, the movies, the phones, the booze (fuel for the revolution) and even the water supply!

Fear them brothers and sisters for they are the new dark lords of the empire.

And here comes the real bad news. They own Razorcake.

- Davey Tiltwheel



Davey Tiltwheel

DAVEY TILTWHEEL

BOB TILTWHEEL

You Got Nailed

Someone you pass on the street may already be ruling over your life.

FREE SOFTWARE INSIDE!
Pop-in the enclosed Mini-ROM with the All-New SOL 4.0 PLUS the entire Internet!

WHY BOTHER VIDEO

AMERICA

SIGN ON FOR 100 HOURS FREE AND CHECK IT OUT!

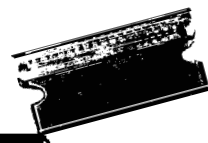
Offline

A **RAZORCAKE** FILMS PRODUCTION



Designated Dale

I'm Against It



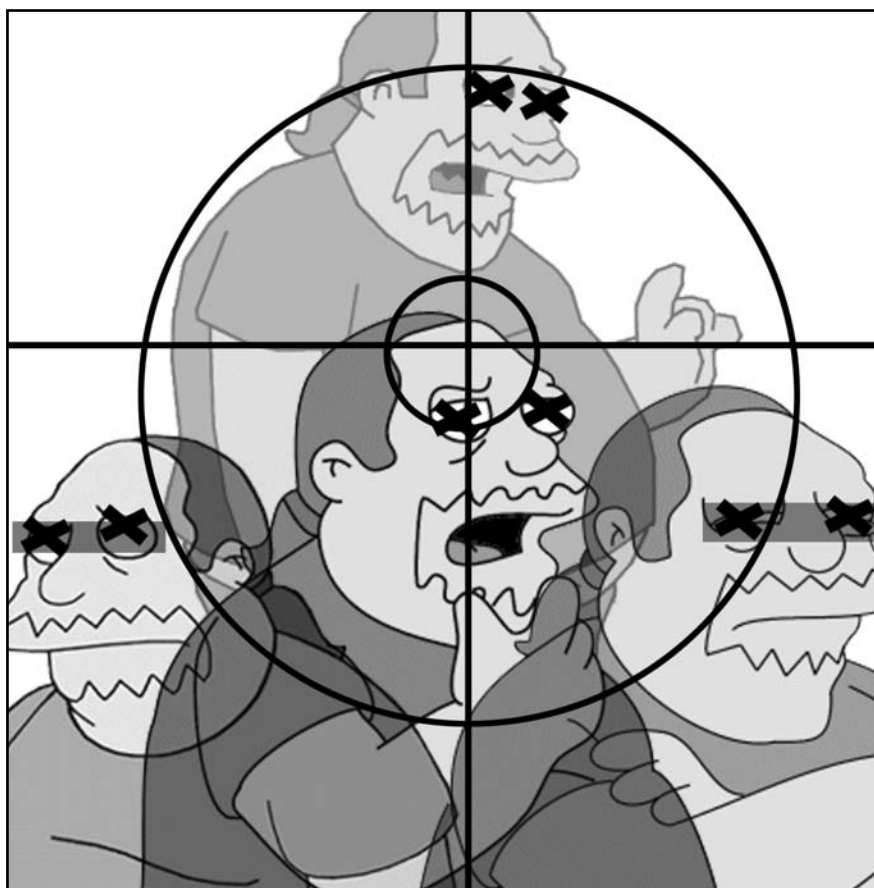
*If some of ya are in doubt, let me just quickly state that, no,
I don't get some ejaculatory charge if*

*I have more Ramones LPs or 7"s than someone else-it ain't gonna kill me because I don't have
some Dutch or Japanese pressing of some record or 7", fer chrissakes.*

Designated Dale

I'd feel like a tool if I didn't start off this column by pointing out that although it's been more than a coupla months, the recent passing of Joey Ramone is still rippling throughout all of the music communities, large and small. It's a damn shame that someone from a band - a band who once again helped place the U.S. on the rock and roll map - is suddenly recognized now for their massive impact all because one of their members is gone. That gets under my skin; "Really burns my shit," as my father once exclaimed long ago. But instead of harboring seething hate while observing all the "new-found fans" these days, I'll just remind myself to what all I had to say in Joey's obituary last issue. I hope many, if not all, of you true fans felt the same while reading it.

One point that I brought up last issue, while discussing the trials and tribulations of music box sets, was that there is a distinct difference between scumbag collectors, and collectors who are fans. I had also added that that was a whole other column, and ya know what? After seeing and hearing what I have since the last issue of Razorcake, I think I'd like to have a talk about this interesting subject, fucking touch on it, if you will. All of us enjoy one thing or another in our lives, some of these things we like a whole lot more than others. And people who really favor something, be it music, movies, sports, whatever, tend to gain a relatively small to an extremely large collection of items related to that most-



Worst column, ever!

loved thing in their life; mine being Ramones-related treasures, for example. Now, keep in mind that there are quite a number of reasons why some people, even fans, amass museum-sized collections of whatever gets their goat. Some creeps do it to get some unnatural satisfaction of having more stuff than the next fan, some people do it because they are heavily obsessed and are out of their tree - Cuckoo-Cuckoo! (completists, for example) - some fuckheads do it all for the money (these people are the scumbag collectors mentioned earlier - we'll get to them in a bit) and some people

like myself do it because they simply are fans, pure and simple. If some of ya are in doubt, let me just quickly state that, no, I don't get some ejaculatory charge if I have more Ramones LPs or 7"s than someone else - it ain't gonna kill me because I don't have some Dutch or Japanese pressing of some record or 7", fer chrissakes. No, I don't violently awake in the middle of the night wondering if and when I can ever get my twitching hands on a "Leave Home" pen knife/letter opener while I bite my fingernails down to my knuckles, sweating out the dilemma - the world will go on

if I don't have it, believe it or not. And, no, I don't gather up Ramones swag to turn around and seriously rape someone outta their money for it. To hell with that mentality. I think I'm like most fans who have herded up their Ramones collection over the years for the proud fact that we unconditionally dig 'em, no more, no less. Period. Color me fanboy, if you will, 'cause I proudly fucking am. I'll even go out of my way to search for things that other 'Mones fans get a sweet tooth for, 'cause I really do enjoy helping out other fans - especially fans who have good intentions - but you can never be 100% sure. It's part of the game in the world of collecting. I've actually been fortunate enough to come in contact with some far older fans of the band, and they've helped me out tremendously with my collection. Bless 'em. On the same hand, I've also had the unfortunate experience of people commenting things like, "Wow, I bet you're sure glad that you bought all of that Ramones stuff all these years, 'cause now it's worth even more 'cause Joey died!"

Since Joey took off to R'N'R heaven this past April, I've been telling these fucking people who "enlighten" me with this, "Look, the ton of Ramones memorabilia I've acquired over the years is still worth the same to me as much as the day I bought it.

Fuck the monetary value - I'm well aware of that - but it has nothing to do with my personal value - the fan value. I have never really sold anything and I still ain't selling a god damn thing. Get it? I kinda hate to get rude with these pricks making their thoughtless comments to me like this, but I guess it's par

for the course as it is with all the other countless musicians who have passed on and left behind the eventual feeding frenzy that all the pus-gutted, money-grubbing, opportunist, cocksucker collectors just can't wait to prey on. They thrive on these feeding frenzies.

Yes, you guessed right, these are the scumbag collectors I'd mentioned to you earlier. I'm constantly reminded of these motherfucks every time that the Comic Book Guy appears on "The Simpsons," ready to do whatever it takes to rake in that last damn dollar while sitting on his doublewide ass in his comic and collectable shop, stuffing that fat face of his with greasy drive-thru. Those of you who are familiar with the Comic Book Guy know, even though he's quite hilarious, that the stereotype of him that's portrayed on the show often hits the nail right on the head when having to come face to face with these bloodsuckers in real life, right down to the balding head complete with ponytail. Yikes. The relentless rectums such as these have no problem whatsoever saying anything to anyone to make the all-mighty sale, be it lying to some unaware new collector (mostly kids, in this case) or trying to blow smoke up some experienced fan's ass (in which most cases fans can smell a mile away). I actually like to listen to all the different spiels that these vampires try and coax a purchase out of me with while I pretend to justify buying their outrageously-priced goods, especially at record shows. I swear to Christ that sometimes you can feel them gaze at you like a fuckin' zombie and then catch a glimpse of 'em on the brink of drooling as you stand there holding their collectable, "preciou\$ cargo." It can be comical at times like this when you tell 'em, "No thanks" and walk away, leaving them with register drawer blueballs.

Here's a nice example - I was at a record show a few years back and was at one of the seller's tables examining a live bootleg 12". Now, I pretty much had a very close idea of what this LP was worth, so after filtering out the "Hey bro!" and the always-handly "Ramones fan! Right on, bro!" from this guy's running mouth, I was ready to talk some frickin' turkey with him...

"You take ten bucks for this?" I asked our trusty fiend, knowing that fifteen dollars was a bit steep for this particular record.

"Ahhh, no, I can't go below 15 for that, 'cause that's a tough one to come by, bro."

A tough one to come by. Bro. In this case, I happened to honestly know it wasn't. We can already see with Mr. Greedypants here that if

anyone wants to buy anything worth collecting from him, it's more than likely going to be "tough to come by, bro." I decide to humor this bunghole and play along to his fucking game of charades.

"Really?" I say. "15 dollars, huh? Hmmm..." I say, feigning deep thought, as I start flipping the record over, back and forth, as our friend the baboon tosses his poker face out the window while his gawking mug transforms into that gaze/drooling mode I talked about a few sentences ago.

"I just picked it up a couple days ago. It's probably gonna be gone by this afternoon," he says.

Sure it will, if you sucker some unsuspecting victim by this afternoon. "Well, all I got is ten, man," I told him, knowing well that he knows I have more in my pockets, watching the irritation in his face grow slowly.

"Okay", he blurts impatiently, "I'll give it to you for twelve."

"All I have is ten," I reply, holding my ground to see if he doesn't pull a temper tantrum, almost laughing to myself.

"Okay, GOD! - Eleven bucks! That's it!" he snaps back at me, his pissed-off voice starting to get higher and higher.

"Sorry," I say quietly, as I start to put the record back into his crate.

"YOU'RE GONNA WALK AWAY FROM THIS RECORD FOR A LOUSY DOLLAR?" he exclaims, quite loudly, trying to embarrass me into the purchase, knowing that the other customers are looking over in our direction. Too bad our con man doesn't know me that well. I don't embarrass that easy. He thinks he's gonna pull a goddamn lesson of principles on ol' Dale today. Ain't happening. No fucking dice. I pull the record back out of the crate and turn to him, looking at the dumbass, shit-eating grin on his stupid, unshowered face.

I hand the record over to this weasel, him thinking I caved in and intend to finally buy it, and I proceed to yell, "Eat it for a lousy dollar, then!" as I walked away, leaving him holding the record in one hand and the other with his thumb up his ass, all the while the surrounding people watching this scenario explode into laughter and mocking cackles. Tee hee. Fuck him.

Or how 'bout the swindlers who come running after you (literally) after you've walked away, ready to bargain with you after the fact. I actually asked one of these sprinting desperate dildos at a record show, "What do you want? An autograph?" after he caught up to me. He didn't seem to find my comment funny, for some reason. In

fact, he must of been related to the shyster I just talked about earlier who tried to embarrass me for one friggin' dollar, except I think this guy's reason for chasing me down was for two or three extra bucks that I refused to fork over. I told him that I changed my mind and to forget about it - I didn't feel like walking back to his table. And he didn't find that comment funny, either, but I did. FUCK HIM, TOO.

I look at it like this - if the two jerkasses I experienced above want to act like snakeoil salesmen and play their fucking shell games with potential customers, I'll continue to cruelly toy with all these turds with legs to remind them that there are those of us who are wise to Mr. Feces and find his shitty doings unacceptable. There are those of us who seem to be more sensitive to the scent of shit than others. Some can even catch a whiff of it a mile away. Don't be afraid to sniff out these logs that lie. It's a stinky thing to deal with, but it's a good sense to have, especially if you can turn the tables on these piles and send 'em flushing down the drain. I'm not saying to being overly suspicious, but smell what's going on around you, ya know?

Keep in mind, that I am in no way speaking of the humane shop owners who are more than willing to deal with you to come to a fair

compromise for an asking price of some item you are lusting for, as well as having a shop full of reasonably priced stock, too. People with shops like this really do exist, if you're lucky enough to find them. When you do find these types of shopowners, you should be willing to pay the average going price, give or take a few bucks, for whatever special item you are trying to purchase from him/her. Remember, there are regular folks such as these who are trying to make an honest living like every one of us Joe Blows. Trying to take ridiculous advantage of these nice peeps classifies you as much a five-star asshole as the typical scumbag collector I mentioned earlier, not to mention the karma waiting to bite you in the ass tenfold.

If you have a close-knit circle of good friends who are into the same things that you enjoy or collect, chances are that one of them can point ya in the right direction of someone who you can do some honest business with, for whatever you happen to be looking for. If you do happen to stumble upon a real-life Comic Book Guy type (and you will, sooner or later), tell the rotund, re-sale robber, I'M AGAINST IT!

-Designated Dale

<RamonesNYC1974@aol.com>



Designated Dale

Easy Action

From the streets of Detroit

ROCK IN YOUR FACE.
Featuring John Brannon
(NEGATIVE APPROACH/LAUGHING HYENAS)

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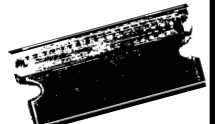
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Felizón Vidad

Shark Bait



The minorities shuffled off somewhere, invisible, nonexistent. Looking for the slightest recognition of themselves between the covers of their schoolbooks and coming up empty-handed.

Why Teachers Go Postal: Part II of the Postal Series

the scene: an atypical period in my classroom at the local middle school where I draw a paycheck

"Okay. Let's go over the homework from last night," I tell my eighth graders. It's the first period of the day, and most of them still have sleep crust in the corner of their eyes. "Go ahead and exchange your paper with somebody."

I start handing out red pens. It helps to give each kid a red pen. That's when they actually start to care about looking at the assignment. They'll start crossing out wrong answers with a vengeance, marking Xs all over the page, wielding power like junior militant red-pen-happy English teachers. Sometimes they get so carried away that they're marking the right answers wrong and leaving the wrong answers right. Like I said: junior militant red-pen-happy English teachers.

"What homework?" Ty demands.

"The one I gave you yesterday," I say pleasantly, handing out red pens, all the while thinking, god-damn-it, has it only been three minutes since the bell?

"Oh." He shrugs. "Oh, well. I guess I forgot. Give me the F." He slides down in his seat, unconcerned and prepared to do absolutely nothing for the remainder of the period, which is fifty-five more minutes.

He's set the tone for class. Other kids start chiming in: "Yeah, I don't got mine either." "I can't find mine." "What homework?" "Oh, well. Just give me the F."

Luckily, it's not everybody. The ones who have done their homework are getting impatient. They look at me and roll their eyes. I would like to roll my eyes back and make an equally disgusted face, but I'm the only grown-up in the room. Somebody comments, "Too bad for you then." Someone else gives me permission to begin: "All right, Ms. Vidad, you can start."

The homework is

a simple worksheet that involves the use of the words "rise," "raise," "sit," and "set." The idea behind the assignment is this: the two pairs of words are often confused for each other. So, according to the directions, the students must first choose which of the four will correctly complete the sentence and then determine the proper tense of the verb. For instance, if the sentence is written in past tense ("Yesterday, I ____ in my old seat"), the students should realize the correct choice is "sit" and then change the word to read "sat." Simple enough-- you would think. Or hope. It's a fill-in-the-blank workbook exercise that modern teaching methodology frowns upon. Supposedly, we're past the days of workbooks and fill-in-the-blank sentences, beyond busy seatwork that results in piles of papers you toss into the trash when your students aren't looking, beyond the stories of Dick and Jane and briefcase-toting fathers who go to work while mothers in aprons and pearls stay home to keep house. We're more advanced now... in the-

ory. That's what they'll have you believe, if you don't stop to think about how modern teaching methodology doesn't take into account the reality of teaching situations like mine-- like the fact that after a few years in this business, I'm not so blinded by sheer dedication that, on top of the forty hours worth of work that I'm forced to do every week that has nothing to do with teaching, I'll lovingly and painstakingly develop creative, objectives-laden, standards-driven assignments; xerox, distribute, explain, and assign them; and then try to change the world and make a difference, save the lost souls, when kids like Ty could clearly give a shit. Nope. Just give me the blackline master to run off copies with, and I'll do it ten minutes before the first period that I teach. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Back to the scene at hand.

"Number one," I read out. "I sat and waited for my dinner."

Instant pandemonium. Shouting, yelling out of turn, angry protests, and not a single hand waving in the

air for permission to speak. All of a sudden my students are wide awake and hollering. "Hold on, hold on! What did she say? Where you getting sat from? You didn't tell us about no sat! What you mean, sat?" It's as if they have become one voice, and I am now very aware of the fact that I am indeed the only grown-up in the room. I didn't see this coming.

This time I don't resist the urge to get smart with them. I look around at the unfolding riot and give them the lofty sweep. "Did I stutter? Sat. That's what I said. I sat and waited for my dinner."

Wrong move to start cracking wise. Jessica picks up on it immediately and throws attitude right back at me. "Well, you don't need to get smart. You didn't tell us to use no sat. You told us, use sit and set, but you didn't say no sat."

"No," I say carefully, "I told you to use the words that the worksheet gives you: raise, rise, sit, and set--"

"--but you didn't tell us to use no sat!"

The rest of them parrot the sen-



Felizón Vidad

timent with words to a similar effect, but all I'm hearing is, "Yeah, yeah! Yeah, yeah!"

I try to take a deep breath without letting them notice it. I try reason. "Does it make sense to say, 'I sit and waited for my dinner'?"

"Yes," they all say stubbornly. "That's what I put."

"Number two," I say.

"Wait, wait!" They all start screaming again. "What about number one? Mark it wrong?"

Someone else says, "You better not be marking mine wrong! She didn't tell us to use no sat! I ain't marking wrong!"

"Listen," I tell them. "If you'd read the directions, you would have known that you should have used sat."

"No, no!" This is logic they don't want to hear. "You didn't tell us read no directions!"

Why, of course. I see. It is my fault that they didn't read the directions.

Jessica holds up her paper and shakes it at me. "You told us sit, set, raise, rise. That's what it say on this paper."

"Yes," I say, "but it also says on the paper that you should read the directions..."

Erica interrupts and waves me off like she's dismissing an insignificant fly. "All right, okay, whatever! You made a mistake, let's move on."

"Yeah, yeah, let's just get on with it!"

The class is grumpy with me for wasting their valuable time.

"All right," I say. Count to ten. "All right all right all right all right. Skip over that one. Let's look at number two. Number two." I straighten up, give myself a mental shake. " 'The sun rose in the east...' "

I'm sure the teachers down the hall hear the screeching that immediately follows this one. "What?!! 'Rose'? What 'rose'? You didn't say nothing about no *rose*!"

I try to explain. "The past tense of 'rise' is 'rose'. If you read this sentence, you'll see that it's in the past tense, so it should be 'rose', not 'rise'. You don't say, the sun rise in the east..."

"That's what I say! The sunrise in the east!"

Red pens are waving around furiously; a revolt is threatening to break out.

"Yeah! The sun *rise* in the east!"

"Nnnoooo," I say slowly, "the sun *rose* in the east."

It makes perfect sense to me, but how do you explain that to a bunch of skeptics? Or at least to a bunch of kids who know how to make the gangster signs for "east-side" and "westside," but who

have no clue when it comes to a sense of direction and who couldn't find their way north out of a paper bag, much less navigate their way through life?

How do you start explaining the answers?

Ty snorts. For a kid who didn't do the homework, he suddenly has a lot to say. "Rose! What 'rose'? 'The sun rose in the east.' That don't even sound right! 'Rose'-- that's a flower!"

It hasn't even been fifteen minutes, I'm sure. It hasn't even been five. Yet I feel like I've been standing up here for a million years, my life slowly passing before my eyes. Doom. I realize the futility of the situation. These kids don't read; they don't speak this grammar. It will never sound right to them. It comes from a far-away, detached world; a foreign, separate language that doesn't recognize their tongues or their minds; an archaic age that doesn't acknowledge the forces that shape these children's experiences. It goes back to a time-- and even earlier -- when workbooks were fill-in-the-blank and, to look at the illustrations, you would think the entire world consisted only of a population of white people. Happy nuclear families: Dick and Jane playing with their dog Spot, pulling him around in a cute little red wagon; Mother vacuuming in heels, a roast warming in the oven; everyone awaiting Father's return. The minorities shuffled off somewhere, invisible, nonexistent. Looking for the slightest recognition of themselves between the covers of their schoolbooks and coming up empty-handed. Fated.

The room has quieted down; all eyes are on me. I'm the only grown-up in the room.

And I'm just a kid like the rest of them.

I don't know what to say anymore.

Tina speaks. She's from the Virgin Islands and her accent is thick and strong. She expresses what the class is thinking, yet I can't help being amazed at how succinctly she puts it.

"We *black*, Ms. Vidad. This the way we talk."

The class is satisfied with this answer. This is what they want to tell me, this is what they are teaching me.

Oh.

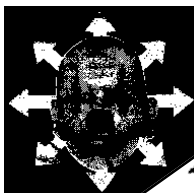
Oh, well.

Give me the F.

And fill in the blank.

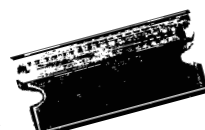
-Felizon Vidad





Rich Mackin

The Twisted Balloon



Rich Mackin

...the waitress was hip with many weird earrings but not so punk you didn't want her touching your food.

I go on weird dates. One girl asked me out to donate platelets (part of the blood needed for cancer patients) with her, and we sat and held hands while blood was removed from our bodies and filtered into a machine that filtered out the platelets and returned the rest into our respective bodies.

Recently, I went to protest the FTAA (This is the Free Trade Area of the Americas - AKA NAFTA on Steroids.) while most of my friends were going to Quebec, where the Summit of the Americas was taking place to discuss this. I was going to Buffalo because I was asked to give a speech/ performance at the fundraiser and rally. Wow. How did I get to be a speaker? Buffalo was devastated by NAFTA, and is also on the border of Canada, so it made sense to have a border action somewhere that was very sympathetic.

I brought a date, of course. "Hey, you're kinda cute, want to go protest corporate rule with me?"

I will call my date B. Partially because her name is hard to type, partially to protect the innocent and/or guilty. We left Boston in the afternoon and headed west. It's pretty much a straight line. We would have made the trip, stops included, in 8 hours were it not that our directions brought us to the wrong St. James Place, and we had to call Marc and get real directions, which set us back an extra hour.

Marc Moscado is a fine, fine man. I first learned of him via his old zine Generation Latex. I met him last year on tour, him having set up the show. He runs a magazine and art/ activism group called Go Guerilla! He founded Buffalo's critical mass. My friend Emily in NC has a picture of him pretending to hump a fiberglass cow, which is weird since I didn't know they knew each other. It's funny, since if you just read some of the stuff he does, you wouldn't picture an inoffensive guy who looks like a big kid in glasses and a buzzcut. He pretty much either set up or helped set up everything going on this weekend.

Brief hellos with Marc and Christina, (his good

friend and Go Guerilla partner who now can be found in Chicago) Christy (sp?) the roommate, and Paul the guy who made the brilliant all-in-one activist flier for the weekend (he had everything from safety tips to vegetarian restaurants to your rights to a map on it), and we went to bed. Bed, in this case, being a long but very thin couch. Luckily, B and I cuddle well, and soon found ourselves fast asleep. We woke up on our own with no idea of the time. Marc and Christina were just getting up and were in no hurry to start the day, so B and I went to Plano's for breakfast. Previously I had eaten Buffalo breakfasts at Plate-Oh's for reasons that should be obvious to anyone who knows me. Plano's indeed was the better place. They even have a local business manifesto on the menu; the waitress was hip with many weird earrings but not so punk you didn't want her touching your food. We had pancakes and such breakfast food. It was good and cheap and fun.

Returning to Marc's house, we helped paint and make giant puppets for Sunday. We left at about 3:30 to attend the Media Training workshop. I had attended one of these before the inauguration this year, but wound up liking this one better. It was actually taught by Marc's upstairs neighbors. Buffalo is very ripe with small world syndrome. We ate Food Not Bombs veggie burgers and PBJ and met many cool people. We stayed for a portion of the non-violence training workshop at which I learned that B had quite an activist history. I knew she was an activist, but didn't know how hard core she was.

We left the nonviolence training midway. I actually preferred a similar workshop I had taken months before in New Hampshire. That one was taught by my friend Sean, who impressed the hell out of me at the UMass debates by kneeling in prayer in front of a phalanx of cops about to engage some protesters. This one was taught by two soft spoken women (a bit too soft spoken for public addressing, I think) who made a point to ask if any

women had comments first. The first time they did this was understandable since men had piped up the most, but after a while it was annoying. It seemed less about gender equity or even making sure the soft-spoken minority was heard, it seemed more like favoritism. B actually seemed far more annoyed than I was.

Next stop was the fundraising show, which was, for some reason, at a brewpub that was rented out (there were free spaces in Buffalo, I knew for a fact, and they would let under 21 kids in). At first, nobody came. Our friend Josh did a cool noise act, I read, and there were a few music acts - a guy with a weird glove synthesizer thing and Grand Buffet - a cool white boy hip hop act. One act was a puppet show involving talking dumpsters and cell phones using both conventional and shadow puppets. It was really cool. Not long after I read, the crowd tripled or so-poor timing-seemed everyone wanted to see the actual band band. Everyone loved my stickers. I sold enough books to consider buying a beer, and then found out I could drink for free as a performer. That was nice, especially given the high quality beer they brewed. It was probably a good thing it took me a while to find out that all my drinks were free.

It was partly cloudy and somewhat warm at Marc's house. It was overcast and cold where the action was. Really cold. I passed out ginger (makes you feel warm) candy and B and I sat in the back of the U-Haul that brought the props. The fog was so thick you couldn't see 100 feet. It was like this for an hour, and nobody was around. I wanted to do something, but it was a case that it would be harder for anyone to explain what was needed to be done than do anything.

B later mentioned, regarding the ginger candy, that many people were giving out free stuff all day. It was pretty cool. People had bubbles, noisemakers, food, and were all giving it free to strangers. It was beautiful.

Before long (it just seemed long since it was cold and we were

early) it warmed up and the fog lifted. A number of speakers and musical acts soon gave way to the bulk of the crowd going through the fence (which oddly, involved mostly going through a tennis court). Ironically, the "unsafe civil disobedience zone" was a street lined with suburban houses.

Buffalo Food Not Bombs had more veggie burgers and delicious pasta. So much really good free food everywhere I went. I grabbed some for B and myself and headed for the bridge. The protesters were scattered around and on the bridge, which was blocked off by a line of cops in gas masks and full riot gear. I was a bit scared, but as a whole, it was a happy mood - people played drums, blew bubbles and held puppets. After a while, the skinny artist with a puppet versus the big guys in armor dynamic was too silly and someone started the chant "Take off the riot gear, we don't see no riot here!"

I guess a plan was that on a certain phrase, those who wanted to rush the border would, while the rest of us fell back. I am not sure exactly how it panned out, but one guy got arrested. It was agreed that the rest of us wouldn't leave the bridge until he was released. It worked.

Everyone left when he was released, to march to City Hall. We banded together and grabbed whatever signs and puppets hadn't been brought to the bridge. B and I joined up with the Garbage Liberation Front - a pro-recycling, anti-litter, pro-dumpster diving, anti-convenience capitalism group that was involved with the puppet show last night. They would spread out from the march to clean up the side streets of trash. I later ran into several of these people in Pittsburgh, and saw evidence of a few in Milwaukee. They are my new heroes.

It was funny to watch the locals watch crusty punks from out of town pick up garbage.

By four-ish, B and I had to ditch the march and drive home in order to get there any time reasonable enough to make work the next day

(I was leaving for tour in four days and couldn't miss work).

I came home expecting an empty house and sitting down to email people about my exciting day. Jeff (Hall, singer of Disaster Strikes) and Martha were both home from Quebec already, both sick from tear gas. Jeff has asthma and was easily affected. Martha was targeted for being a medic, and so her glasses were knocked off, and she was gassed enough so that she was red and puffy looking with a constant cough. I merely saw riot cops, she had them pointing guns in her back. Damn, I had a vacation in comparison. (I mean it was a date, after all.)

Martha was in bad shape for a while. She coughed like an elderly smoker for weeks.

Since I also write for a Boston free weekly (The Weekly Dig) I used this opportunity to do an article about this all. I mean, my "protest" activity essentially was a BBQ in the park. I wanted to do something that would have a bit more impact.

Most people didn't seem to know much about the FTAA at all, and all they saw from mainstream media was cops fighting protesters. This was a chance to get a personal story into a mixed audience. Most people could give a damn about free trade - but targeting medics? Secret meetings? Teargassing civilians?

"I went to Quebec to provide medical support to the thirty thousand people who converged on the city to protest the FTAA," she started the interview. After attending media training workshops - common in the days before a major protest action - she had her sound bites down. It was weird interviewing someone about something I knew about as much about. I felt like I was asking redundant questions, but I needed to present her thoughts.

In her words, the FTAA is dangerous because it "allows corporate interests to be placed before human interests... privatization of education and prisons, use of genetically modified foods, a forced end of the production of generic AIDS drugs for infected people in poor and developing countries." In short, it allows corporations to enjoy freedom to exploit; "Free trade agreements undermine nations' sovereignty by allowing their laws to be declared 'unfair barriers to trade': an illegal infringement on a corporation's 'right to profit.' The agreements are made in semi-secret meetings by cryptically appointed trade ministers. When was the last time you saw 'trade minister' on your local ballot?"

I loved that last line. I got lots of

feedback about it.

It was funny; I got serious journalistic integrity for an interview that was basically Instant Messaging one of my closer friends. Here is the rest of the article...

"Planning to go to the FTAA

I joined up with the Garbage Liberation Front-a pro-recycling, anti-litter, pro-dumpster diving, anti-convenience capitalism group that was involved with the puppet show last night. They would spread out from the march to clean up the side streets of trash. They are my new heroes.

protests since she first learned of them, Martha decided to go as a medic after attending a basic medical training seminar. 'It was a way that I felt I could make a real contribution up there, more so than if I was just another voice in the crowd.' Already trained in conventional first aid and CPR, Martha quickly found that protest first aid differs greatly.

"We were in the middle of a crowd inside a cloud of teargas," she said. 'As I understand it, police in the U.S. have allowed medics to help the injured, since we help protesters, but don't actually protest. The thinking behind that is that we can do our jobs better if the police see us as neutral... In Quebec however, we were targeted. We had teargas canisters shot directly at us while treating people, and at one point, a team of riot police entered the alleyway next to our clinic. We were using this space for chemical weapons detoxification and to treat (serious) injuries... The police

came into the alley with their face shields down, grenade launchers drawn and pointing at us. They grabbed us and ordered us out of the alley, even as we were explaining in English and French that we were medics, and that we had injured people who needed care.'

"In response, the police took many of the medical supplies, did rough pat downs and removed tear gas protection. (Many came with gas masks, others wore goggles and bandanas soaked with vinegar over their faces.) They pointed the teargas launchers and rubber bullet guns at us and told us to walk.

"Another clinic was set up. There was a steady stream of patients, mostly teargas, but also many injuries from rubber bullets and police batons. Locals seemed to account for many of those in need of treatment - including children and even infants exposed to tear gas.

"Lots of asthma attacks from gas.' Martha keeps mentioning, 'For teargas exposure, we get the victim to fresh air, flush their eyes with water and then put in a soothing solution of diluted liquid antacid, then rinse their mouth with the same. For skin irritation due to gas, we use a treatment called 'MOFIBA,' mineral oil followed immedi-

ately by alcohol; mineral oil attaches itself to the oil base of chemical weapons, and is wiped off with gauze saturated in rubbing alcohol.

"Describing it as 'the scariest, most intense, most inspiring experience of (her) life,' she recalls the aftermath. 'My eyes were red for days. I had blisters on my face; my skin was stiff for two days. I freaked out when people would slam car doors or seeing overhead shadows for about two weeks' (things that reminded her of tear gas canisters being shot). As of the May 12 interview, she was still coughing.

"She ended our talk on an ironic note, 'The use of so much teargas is what disrupted the meetings - the police did a great job of doing what the protesters had come to do!'"

The article and accompanying image got its own page. It got a lot of attention from a lot of people who expected to pick up a paper just to see the listings.

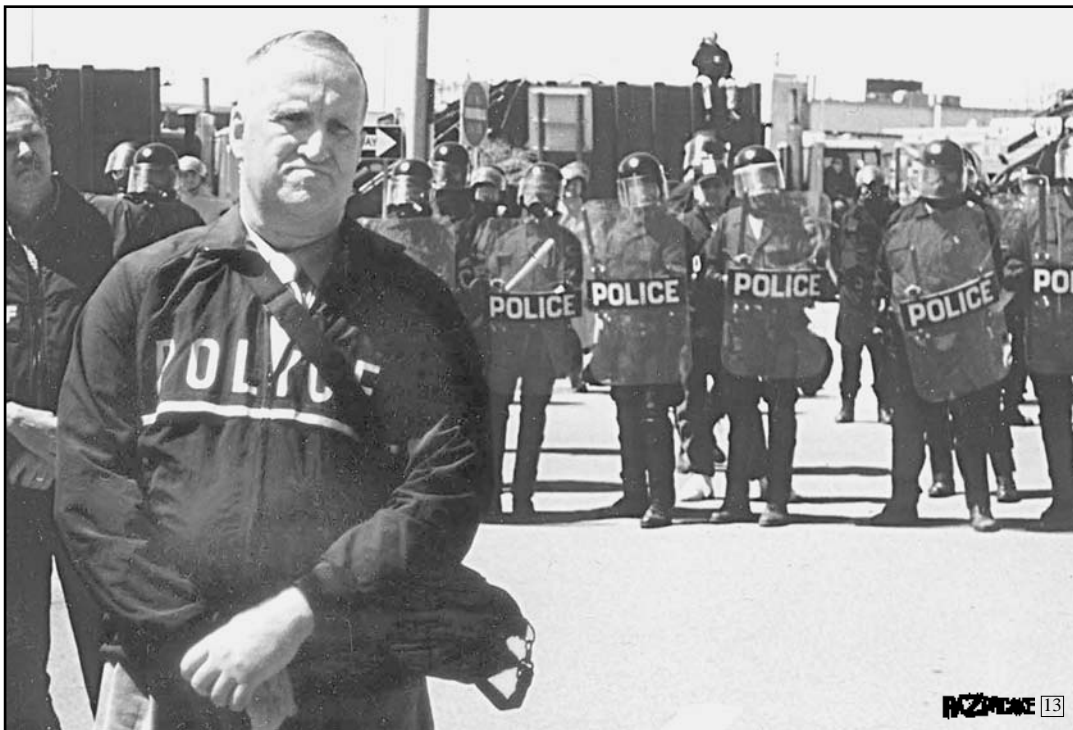
Meanwhile, the worst aftermath I experienced was, well, in protests it's a good idea to write anything you need - like legal team phone numbers - down on your arm or leg with permanent marker. I had the legal number and Marc's phone on my arm. I got horribly sunburned. Like lobster red - since I was dressed for cold and it got hot and sunny and I removed my sweatshirt and nobody had sunblock - so I was beet red except for a perfect white duo of phone numbers readable on my arm.

You can still see the light spot today.

-Rich Mackin



Rich Mackin





Nardwuar

Who Are You?



NARDWUAR VERSUS THOR

Nardwuar: Oh my god it's Thor!

Thor: How are you doing?

Thor: Hail, Nardwuar, Rock Warrior!

Nardwuar: Now, Thor, what exactly is Thor? What is Thor?

Thor: Thor is thunderous music. Thor... is... me, Thor.

Nardwuar: Thor!

Thor: That's correct.

Nardwuar: Thor, you were one of the first to merge weightlifting and rock'n'roll. Please explain.

Thor: Alright. It goes way back to the early '70s. I was a great admirer of Black Sabbath and Led Zeppelin, and when I used to train at Broadway Gym down the street here in Vancouver, I used to listen to Black Sabbath and Led Zeppelin, and used to pump up, man! That got me psyched up, so when I got psyched up, I said to myself, Well, why not combine rock with music, and wrestling, and thunderous music, and...

Nardwuar: Body building! I mean, this is no small feat; you were Mr. USA and Mr. Canada?!

Thor: That's right. Mr. USA and Mr. Canada and also Teenage Mr. Canada and I competed against Louie Ferrigno in Mr. Universe.

Nardwuar: You were taught by Doug Hepburn. Who is Doug Hepburn?

Thor: Alright, Doug Hepburn, in fact, we had offices

Thor: You know a lot about my checkered past!

Nardwuar: Well, you ARE the Thunder God, Thor!



"Yes...I still blow up and explode hot water bottles, I bend steel bars, have bricks smashed on my chest, what have you."

just a block away from here, on Broadway, and Doug Hepburn at one time was the world's strongest man. He was one of Vancouver's greatest sons.

Nardwuar: Which you emulated!

Thor: That's right, and he showed me how to do a lot of strength feats and I incorporated them into my show. The thing is I was always into Kiss and Alice Cooper so I said, why not put strength feats and other special effects into the show which goes along with heavy rock music which I'm into? I came up with the name Thor because it's, uh, you know, like thunder rock, thunderous music.

Nardwuar: You are the God of Thunder!

Thor: I don't, uh, say that I'm a god. What I'm saying is...

Nardwuar: The Thunder God!

Thor: [laughs]

Nardwuar: You are Thor!

Thor: The band is called... Thor!

Nardwuar: Now those muscles, Thor, what exactly was Body Rock and Three Hat Productions here in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada where you began Thor?

Thor: [laughs] Okay, Body Rock was actually the first name before Thor. Uh, and also we played shows with a group called, well, they're now called Trooper, but they were called Applejack then, so everybody changes their name a lit-

tle bit, right, but as far as Three Hats Productions, they were out of Toronto. And they were an affiliate of RCA Records, so we signed with Three Hats first, the production company, and then thus we went on to RCA for our first album, "Keep the Dogs Away." Rrrrr!

Nardwuar: Rrrrr!

Thor: Rrrrr! [looking at Nardwuar's hat] Hey, Scottie!

Nardwuar: Thor, you have one of the wildest, the greatest, stage shows on earth, don't you?

Thor: I feel it is one of the wildest and greatest stage shows and that includes Kiss, Alice Cooper, Nine Inch Nails, or what have you out there.

Nardwuar: Take us back right now to the mid-'80s. you're still playing, you're going to be playing actually tonight as well. Take us back to the mid-'80s. What happened onstage there? You rode onstage on a chariot. Ben Hur's chariot?

Thor: That's right. Charlton Heston used that chariot in the movie "Ben Hur"... I rode onstage with a chariot. We had incredible rock music. And at that time we had Mike Appel as the manager and he was, as you know, Bruce Springsteen's manager before that, so he helped put this whole wild show together and it was just way out there!

Nardwuar: Well, specifically Thor, don't belittle yourself, this stage show you had: water bottles, snakes, you bending steel, lifting people - please explain - Dobermans! What's going on?!

Thor: How did you know about the snakes?

Nardwuar: I don't know. Just the snakes! Tell people a little bit about the Thor stage show, the '80s Thor stage show.

Thor: All right. This is the - this is not just the '80s Thor stage show - but it went all through the '90s and now into the new millennium. What we have basically is, as I said before, heavy rock music and I've got to do something. When people come and pay their price down on a ticket, right, they want to see a show and I fully believe in a show all the way, so when you go out there, you've got to give it everything you've got, so I've got lightning shields that shoot lightning, I've got beautiful girls on stage, I have...

Nardwuar: Do you have hot water bottles? Do you still blow up the hot water bottle, Thor?

Thor: Yes, just to prove a point that I can still do it, I still blow up and explode hot water bottles, I bend steel bars, have bricks smashed on my chest, what have you.

Nardwuar: Do you lift people with your neck? You lift people with your neck?

Thor: I did do that, but one time I tried to lift up a 400 pound person, and rolled off the stage with them. So I don't that one so much anymore.

Nardwuar: What about rocks and stuff? Aren't there like rocks that are smashed against your chest by like the Magic Hammer?

Thor: That's [laughs]... you...

Nardwuar: The Mystic Hammer!

Thor: You know a lot about my checked past!

Nardwuar: Well you ARE the Thunder God, Thor!

Thor: All right. Yes I do. Yes I have bricks smashed off my chest with a pneumatic drill and also sledge hammers. And I bend steel!

Nardwuar: Who was Cherry Bomb and Pantera?

Thor: Okay, uh, Cherry Bomb was in the '80s show, this very voluptuous woman, she was before

pened with the horse. That's why I don't have them on stage anymore.

Nardwuar: Yeah, like tonight. What are people going to see tonight? I was just wondering. I guess they're not going to see the horses. What exactly are they going to see tonight, Thor? What are you going to be wearing? Will we see any chest hair tonight at all, Thor?

Thor: Uh, a few might sprout out there a little, you know, when I take the armor off.

Nardwuar: You have a gold plated breast plate?

Thor: I have all sorts of them. I have black, gold, silver. I have a whole wardrobe.

Nardwuar: What are some of your favorite ones?

Thor: Uh, one of my favorites is this Roman chest plate with this weird Phantom of the Opera face on it. So I may bring that out

*Nardwuar: Do you lift people with your neck?
You lift people with your neck?*

*Thor: I did do that, but one time I tried to lift up a
400 pound person, and rolled off the stage with them.
So I don't that one so much anymore.*

Xena, and she was called in England to have the "biggest bristols in rock!"

Nardwuar: Baboom!

Thor: Yes, vavoom!

Nardwuar: And you are Thor. Blowing up water bottles and such, were there any problems? I understand there have been some bloopers or unfortunate incidences like some of the water bottle getting lodged into your throat? Has there been anything like that?

Thor: Uh, that happened when I tried to blow up a truck tire. The truck tire air came back into me - you see, I tried to get my tongue into the hole, right? Which I try to get a lot of practice on at, and the truck tire air came back in and almost killed me, right? But I've had a lot of problems. I've stepped into live flash pods and almost got electrocuted. Things happen on stage, right?

Nardwuar: What about having dogs on stage? Like Dobermans? What's the deal on that? Dobermans! Like, did you step in any.... nggggeuughh!

Thor: That happened. It also happened one time when I had the horse drawing the chariot.

Nardwuar: The horse?!

Thor: That's correct. We had a horse on stage drawing the chariot and he did his job on stage and I proceeded to slip in it, so, you know, things happen on stage. And it happened with dogs and it hap-

tonight.

Nardwuar: [Nardwuar points to Thor's stage "stuff"] Now, what are the props you have there? What are those things? Please explain. What are these?

Thor: Oh, this is my trusty axe for chopping heads.

Nardwuar: This is Thor, of course. You are Thor, Thunder God!

Thor: And this is the Hammer of Thor! Behold the Hammer!

Nardwuar: [Nardwuar further inspects Thor's Hammer] Now this thing, is this like the official Thor Thing? Like, is this the official Thor stuff?

Thor: I also have an array of hammers! This is my stone hammer. I have a bronze hammer, a metal hammer, a whole wardrobe full. All different attire.

Nardwuar: Thor, are you still Britain's most popular heavy metal act?

Thor: No I'm not. You know, you're up there for a while, then you go down...

Nardwuar: Don't say that Thor!

Thor: [laughs] I think they still like me in England. In fact, we're looking forward to going back there soon.

Nardwuar: How did you become Britain's heavy metal star? How did Thor become Britain's heavy metal star?

Thor: Well, we, uh, had to do a number on Wasp, Twisted Sister, you know, a few of the other bands

there. We just sort went into the store and broke all their records and put our records into stores. No, actually we had a couple of hits with "Thunder in the Tundra" and "Let the Blood Run Red" which is - what is great about the pop music scene in Britain where you can have a lot of diversity - where you can have a really heavy song and then you can have a pop tune up on the charts. Well anyhow, we were up there and the radio stations went, "Let the Blood Run Red," what is this?" They didn't know what it was, but, hey, it hit. It went to #1.

Nardwuar: The charts! Like you made it to the charts in England! You're from Canada. Let's not forget you're from Canada, Thor!

Thor: Well, I wrote "Thunder in the Tundra" which also was #1 in the rock charts over Van Halen, over Wasp, over Twisted Sister, and I wrote that while I was on the train, going through a snow storm from Prince George to Prince Rupert.

Nardwuar: Canada rules!

Thor: You got that right! Canada!

Nardwuar: Did you ever go to Frank's Funny Farm while in England?

Thor: You're right! I went to Frank's Funny Farm. How did you know about that?

Nardwuar: What is Frank's Funny Farm, Thor?

Thor: Frank's Funny Farm was a fantastic place in England and all the major rock stars used to go there and drink and after the shows and I saw Jimmy Page one time. He was in the corner there, had a little bit too much, and you never know who you...

Nardwuar: What about Girlschool? Didn't you party with Girlschool?

Thor: I sure did party with Girlschool, and many other female rock acts.

Nardwuar: Thor, you were Mr. USA and Mr. Canada but you've also done some male stripping too, Thor. "Red Hot and Blue" in Las Vegas. Full nudie action, Thor, for the Thor fans?

Thor: Yes, but I always included rock. [laughs]

Nardwuar: But what happened there! Please! Please this is interesting! First a nudie musical. Stripping in Vegas? Please explain!

Thor: Yes, yes, okay, but it was just basically showing a little buttocks. But the gladiators of old always showed their buttocks in battle.

Nardwuar: Do a lot of weightlifters, I mean not yourself of course, have small...

Thor: No, they don't call me the Thunder God for nothing, or Thor's Hammer, you know.



Nardwuar: *Do a lot of weightlifters, I mean not yourself of course, have small...*

Thor: *No, they don't call me the Thunder God for nothing, or Thor's Hammer, you know... I stand erect.*

Nardwuar: Baboom! And you are Thor! Thunder God, Thor! Thor! Yeah! You've done a few movies.

Thor: [Thor holds up his hammer. No not his "real" hammer!] I stand erect.

Nardwuar: You've done a few movies.

Thor: I've done a few movies.

Nardwuar: Please tell us about those movies.

Thor: All right. They're fun movies. I produced and had the pleasure of starring in a movie with Adam "Batman" West, uh Tia Carrera...

Nardwuar: What movie was that? "Zombie Nightmare"?

Thor: "Zombie Nightmare."

Nardwuar: Tell us a bit about that. You are chasing Tia Carrera!

Thor: Yeah! Hot tamale. Yeah, no. I had a wonderful time in that movie. I basically play a character called Tony Washington who gets run down by a car driven by a group of weird thugs. I proceed to come back as a zombie and kill them all off.

Nardwuar: What other movies have you done? A Roger Corman

movie, "Recruits"?

Thor: That's right. "Recruits," with Lolita Davidovitch. It was produced by Roger Corman.

Nardwuar: Thor, you also did "Rock'n'Roll Nightmare."

Thor: That was another nightmare. Yeah, I produced it.

Nardwuar: Now, in that movie you fight puppets. You were battling puppets at the end there.

Thor: You weren't supposed to notice they were puppets. They were supposed to be real monsters.

Nardwuar: Okay, you were battling monsters at the end.

Thor: Yes. Beelzebub himself.

Nardwuar: Thor! You are the Thunder God, a heavy metal king, but you have a lot of punk roots. Please explain. Punk roots!

Thor: Actually, Thor started out as a punk band. Uh, back in the last '70s we were in Toronto and New York and hanging out with Debbie Harry and the Ramones and, uh, so we go back that far and I was influenced by all those.

Nardwuar: And recently you were invited to play 25th anniversary of Punk Magazine in New York. Like

that is a real great feat!

Thor: Oh, man, I mean, well, John Holmstrom and I, you know, we've been friends for a long time. He's a legend...

Nardwuar: He's Punk Magazine!

Thor: Punk Magazine! He's the guy really who got the word out about what's the scene in New York, about Blondie and Lou Reed and David Johansen and the New York Dolls.

Nardwuar: Thor, has there ever been any competition with Thor? I mean, your show is amazing! There was the band Manowar. Did they ever pose a problem?

Thor: Manowar was a cover band. When we played at the 25th anniversary of Punk Magazine at CBGB's I saw Ross the Boss there. He played with the Dictators, one of my favorite bands. Ross was also in Manowar. But I must say, we [Thor] had a great time on stage and, uh, it was great to see him again, but we blew him away!

Nardwuar: What about Wasp? I heard you had a fight with Wasp once, Thor. I mean, you were the toughest, you are the meanest.

Wasp, tell me about that!

Thor: That's right. They had the song "F Like the Beast." We had "Thunder in the Tundra." We were jamming up the charts and then we did a concert at the Lyceum in England with Wasp and they were arguing about stage props and they said we couldn't have the pillars and I said, "You guys can't have the buzz saw!" And so Blackie Lawless and I got into a little entanglement.

Nardwuar: You started it all, didn't you? Did you start all the dog thing? Like there's Snoop Doggy Dogg, there's your song "Keep the Dogs Away," and now there's "Who Let the Dogs Out?" Rrrroor! Rrrroooooorrr! What do you feel about that, Thor?

Thor: Well it's interesting enough even though they are a Jamaican group (Baha Men), the guy who wrote "Who Let the Dogs Out?" was from Oshawa, Ontario, so I'll let you be the judge of that.

Nardwuar: Do you have any dogs?

Thor: I have a few dogs, yes.

Nardwuar: What type of dogs?

Thor: I have a Rottweiler and a Doberman.

Nardwuar: Well, thanks very much for your time, Thor. I really appreciate it. But I gotta ask you one thing: Where's the hair?

Thor: Well we're in new times. This is a new vibe. A new feel. Gone are the long blonde locks. Because that's old hat. We're in a new millennium. The style of the rock star today is short hair, a goatee.

Nardwuar: No, no, no! I want to get you to get those back from the Rock'n'Roll Hall of Fame! Where are the Thor locks?

Thor: The Thor locks have been lopped off, man.

Nardwuar: Thank you very much Thor. Anything else you would like to add to the people out there?

Thor: Hey, keep rockin'!

Nardwuar: And doot doola doot doo...

Thor: To you!

Nardwuar: Actually Thor. Doot doola doot doo...

Thor: Behold the axe! [holds up axe]

Nardwuar: Actually, Doot doola doot doo...

Thor: Behold the hammer! [holds up hammer]

Nardwuar: Actually, doot doola doot doo...

Thor: Mask? [holds up mask]

Nardwuar: Actually, doot doola doot doo...

Thor: Dunt dunt.

Visit Thor's Official Website at: <http://www.thorkorr.com>

For more interviews check out <http://www.nardwuar.com>



Meow Mix



Headbangers in gas masks is hardly a description that pops into mind when someone says they are going to a magic show.



There are plenty of ideas that surround the term magician. Bunnies in hats, ladies with saws in their bellies, a red and black cape. The list goes on. Headbangers in gas masks is hardly a description that pops into mind when someone says they are going to a magic show. I first met Truly about two years ago when we worked together at the shittiest costume house in LA, Glendale Costumes. Ever since she mentioned she was a magician's assistant, I often wondered how this intricately dark and complex girl fit into the formula that I established to be magic. After an introduction to her partners Gary and his wife Renee, the traditional ideas of magic quickly went up in flames and vanished into thin air only to re-appear in front of me as an intense new form of entertainment and oddity. The four of us hung out in Little Tokyo for a few hours, ate sushi, took pictures and talked about their particular style of "image manipulation."

Gary: I've got a few like that. The problem is development is very expensive and time consuming. We've just now gotten to a place that is comfortable to start the developmental process.

Harmonee: So what I've noticed is that you are in the area of expansion. You have found what works for you and you want to go past that. Is that about right?

Gary: Yeah, that's a good way of

explained who he was and that he needed an assistant and I said, "Sure." I've never been asked to be a magicians assistant, I've never known anyone who was one, and it sounded like fun, so I figured it I'd give it a try.

Gary: We worked in the garage for the most part. I worked with Truly during the day and Renee at night perfecting what I thought, for that time, to be the perfect show.

at and love and Truly's interest lie more in heavy metal like Rammstein and Marilyn Manson and her style of dancing is reflective of that.

Truly: When I first met Gary, we immediately became friends. He is very comfortable to be around. Once he got to know me he knew that I had this psychotic other side and I wasn't the most family show oriented.



Harmonee: What do you go through to put together the types of steps needed to make an illusion?

Renee: You have to go to a lot of magic shows to find out which ones you want to buy. Then, you have to save up for them, routine them, find the proper music...

Harmonee: So it takes a lot of research. Much like trying an instrument to find out which one sounds the best.

Renee: It's an investment. You have to know that when you spend this \$5,000 or \$10,000 on a particular illusion that you know you want it and that you are going to use it for a long time. It's like buying a car.

Gary: So, we went to the Magic Castle and all these different places and kept watching not so much for the routine, but what trick looks cool. What is it that we want to do. Do we want to play guitar? Do we want to play bass? What's fun for us? We called around and got some cheap illusions.

Harmonee: Do you ever think of illusions off the top

putting it. We are definitely in the contender area now and that's really fun. People are starting to really become interested in what we are doing.

Harmonee: Truly, what did you think when Gary asked you to work with him?

Truly: Well, I knew Renee from "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat." (Renee was a singer and Truly a dancer) but I didn't really know who her husband was and I never got to see him when he would come and perform (sometimes Gary would do his magic for the cast) so, I just got a phone call out of the blue. He

Truly: Except for maybe a little choreography for the opening piece, I wasn't really contributing creatively to the show very much at that point. Gary had his show, he had his music and the order of everything, so I was pretty much filling in the blanks.

Harmonee: How would you compare your first show that you did together with the shows that you are doing now?

Gary: To sum that up would be to say more of what Truly's got me into. My interests were '80s music. I dressed in ties. I was a lot more conservative. It was more of a family show that everyone could look

Harmonee: [evil voice] You have your darker side.

Truly: Yeah. I don't think I was trying to change him or anything, but I don't really know how exposing you to my music and fashion came about.

Gary: I know how it happened. I was at a video tape store and this guy said he owned some clubs and he asked me if I would perform in them. It turned out to be Club Axis, and I'm not really a club goer, or at least wasn't really at that time.

Harmonee: And, of course, Truly is.

Gary: So I asked Truly if she could help me and she said, "Yeah, I go to

these clubs all the time. I can help you out with the feel for that." So we went down together to the club and we started producing things. There were really no wrong answers at this point. We just started to stretch everything as far as we wanted and go crazy. In short, we produced a show for Club Axis (and a new form of entertainment). It was a hit. We used their dancers in the club and go-go stages for the illusions and their lights and we put on a really great show. After the show we looked at the little pieces (like costumes) and Truly suggested we incorporate these little bits into the family show to spice it up a bit. Give it a little flavor.

Truly: Axis, by default, defined for us what kind of a project we wanted to create that we really felt confident about. It was a very gradual transition. In my approach to him, I have always respected it as it's his business and it's his show and I'm just throwing ideas out there. I thought it was just really unfair for me to have all these really bizarre ideas about the magic show and not suggest them to him. I never wanted him to feel like I'm trying to take over. I'm just happy to be working with him and I'm happy to be involved, but I wondered if in some ways I could expose him to other worlds, so to speak.

I remember playing Marilyn Manson's "Dope Hat" for him and it's sort this creepy, circusy Willy Wonka video and he didn't like it.

Gary: And Rob Zombie

Truly: I played him Prodigy, and I tried to play him the less scary versions of these bands I was into and songs I thought would be kinda cool. He listened patiently and kindly but he wasn't at a point where he was interested in changing his show around. The interest had to come from within him. I gradually started to see him get interested in the music and then I showed him the Marilyn Manson videos, and all the visuals, and they are orgasmic the way he is such a genius and an artist. I said, "This is what inspires me. These videos and this man inspires me beyond all end." We watched them and we started talking about the ideas and the feelings and the images and it started to just open up our heads.

Gary: One of my reasons for my negativity was from the standpoint of making money. This is not mainstream. It will not sell mainstream and I really need to make some money to keep this project going. What really brought things together was working in Japan. I needed some music for some things and we did pick out some techno. Prodigy.

Truly: Our Sub-Trunk routine was done to "Spybreak" by Propellerheads and I burned him a



copy of "Mezzanine" (Massive Attack). And then came the glasses. I was like, "Why don't you put on the glasses and just look like..."

Harmonee: This creepy bug guy.

Truly: Yeah! [girly giggles]. A detached, robotic strange guy. With the rope routine... that's my favorite routine that he does because that's my favorite song off the album. I thought it was really coincidental that he wound up using that one.

Gary: 'Cause I picked it before you knew.

Truly: And then with the glasses (buggy) and the coat (long army trench) and his hair (platinum spikes) all these gradual mutations that started to happen with his image and the hauntingness of the whole piece. The way he manipulates those ropes, especially right in front of your eyes. It's one of my favorite pieces.

Harmonee: So it was a rather random transition. It just kind of came together naturally.

Gary: Yeah I never thought it would come to this.

Truly: But he doesn't do anything unless his heart is in it. I wouldn't force anything on him that he really didn't believe in, because people can tell when you are just going through the motions.

Harmonee: Did you notice any type of direct impact after the show? Were you like, "This feels a little more comfortable, this is a little more fun?"

Gary: It got a lot more fun.

Truly: You could see all the wheels turning in there. You could see the big ship changing directions.

Harmonee: Do you have a lot of creative freedom?

Truly: Yeah, but not music wise, and music is very important to both

of us. As a dancer, if I go to a dance club and they're playing a song that I fucking love, I'm gonna go ape shit, and your gonna see some stuff you've never seen before. If they're playing a song I don't like, I'm gonna be doing one move the whole time, and I'm gonna be really bored.

Harmonee: It's about feeling, and different songs make you feel different things.

Truly: Although it's different with magic. Sometimes they will give you music that you'll have to work with, but your adrenaline and your love of it and all the other elements make things come together.

Gary: Well, something that Truly will do is if there is a piece of music that she does not like or isn't inspired by, she will create to a piece that she is inspired by and then transfer it to that other piece.

Truly: That's actually what we did for that piece you saw for Michael Jackson for Club Rage. We choreographed in the back yard listening to a KMFDM song. You'll notice that after the few opening moves, it doesn't really have any actual beats. It's just a sequence of moves.

Harmonee: (The Michael Jackson song in reference is "Do You Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'" done in the '80s, but this version had an 11 minute '90s remix. Yikes.) I was surprised to see from the video that this went over as well as it did.

Gary: No one was more surprised than us. We thought it was going to be eye candy. People dancing, maybe glancing over but it became real apparent after every illusion that we needed some bows.

Harmonee: For people to know that the illusion was over?

Gary: People actually stopped

dancing and were cheering us on.

Harmonee: The combination of illusions/magic at dance clubs seems like it shouldn't be all that new of a concept, seeing as how they work so well together.

Truly: We'd like it to happen more often. This is something that the public would really dig. I would sure love to go to a dance club knowing that throughout the night there were going to be some magic illusions and it's more for your money. It makes for a more interesting evening.

Harmonee: It makes for the true definition of entertainment. You want to go out and have fun, but you want to have veritable exchanges with different things. Kinda like how some clubs will have go-go dancers or a glam rock slide show.

Gary: It's almost taking go-go dancing to the next level. With Club Rage, Paul, the promoter likes magic because he sees what it does for his club and he knows the value of giving people something back.

Harmonee: And you're kind of introducing magic to a whole different crowd. I used to see magic shows at the library every Sunday when I would go to get books for that week. I wouldn't expect to go to a dance club now that I'm 22 years old and see illusions.

Truly: What you said there is the perfect example of where magic is evolving to now. The three of us here are so many types of shows. We're like the chameleons of magic. We're never dressed the same or doing the same things for different crowds. With each and every project that comes up we have to look at the circumstances we have within to

work. What kind of crowd is it? What should we be wearing? What kind of music can we use? What kind of choreography should we have? Everything from way out there - fetish and vinyl - to way suggestive and way sexy to way conservative, really pleasant, kinda cheesy and anything in the spectrum in between. Every time somebody says the word magician, you think of some cheesy guy in a tuxedo pulling a rabbit out of a hat. Everybody loves it and it's really fun, but it's been done before. It's the classic image.

Gary: What she came up with is the title Image Manipulation. The performance art.

Truly: When it comes to this particular stuff, we need to just stop calling ourselves magicians so people don't get this pre-conceived notion of smiling assistant and stuff.

Harmonee: But that's also something that's familiar, because that's an image you've had in your conscience your whole life. This makes the image entirely new

which keeps it exciting and inquisitive.

Gary: It makes it really exciting for us too. You listen to music. Well, it's like a really good remix of your favorite song. My influences are Rammstein and Manson. The Rammstein of magic is where we'd like to go. That really broad sense of entertainment.

Harmonee: Yeah, it's weird about Rammstein. I was never drawn to them as a band, and you didn't like them either when you first heard them, but once you see a show of yours, it starts to put together the music with the vision. It makes more sense that way. It's the true idea of entertainment. That's how concerts were back in the '70s. You'd go to a concert, but it would be a spectacle. Look at KISS! It was a performance. It was costumes. It was fire. It was rock and fucking roll! All these elements come together, you use all of your senses, and that's truly what made the performance so great. It's a creative formula, and that's how I see your

style of magic. So, what would be your ideal show?

Gary and Truly: Lots of fire!

Renee: Lots of black lights.

Gary: Using the performance art and magic together... and lots of fire!

Harmonee: So it's a rock concert!

Gary: We're just frustrated rock stars.

Truly: Yeah, wannabe rock stars.

Wanna be rock stars or not, this interview helped to open my eyes towards the world of magic and illusions, a concept that has always seemed rather childish and dull. After viewing only a few short minutes of footage from Gary and Truly's latest performance at Club Rage, I began to understand where their image was coming from and I know now where real magic is headed. For more information regarding booking or upcoming performances, you can contact Gary via e-mail at:

<thelaramores@earthlink.net>

-Harmonee



*As a dancer, if I go to a dance club and they're playing a song
that I fucking love, I'm gonna go ape shit,
and your gonna see some stuff you've never seen before.*

-Truly





*Spin is so much part of the establishment that it becomes ludicrous
when the magazine covers a true alternative of a vibrant punk rock community.*

WHY SPIN MAGAZINE CAN SUCK MY ASS

Funny enough, it all started to bubble like once-dormant magma with the band 311 headlining the 2001 Warped Tour. I have a bland disdain for 311. It's nothing like wishing they'd die or anything. They're just distantly annoying. I was talking to my friend, Nancy. Before she started dating Money (not the currency, the Razorcake contributor), she was a big 311 fan. I feel bad now, but I laughed at her. I was a dick. I could blame it on drinking, but I wasn't all the way through my first Bloody Mary.

Spin had put me in a bad mood and the thing that nailed my scrotum to the splintery bench of music journalism was their so-piss-poor-it-ain't-even-funny list of "50 most essential punk records."

She defended herself. "I grew up in the middle of Florida. 311 was the best thing on the radio."

I retorted, "But there's so much great underground music. You don't have to listen to the radio. I grew up in a small town in the middle of a desert."

"Yeah," she said, "but what if you don't know about the underground? What if you never hear about it?"

She was right. Why the hell was I mounting my high and mighty Steed of Independent Music and looking down on her musical taste? Hell, I really like Nancy. She's such a good person that if she doesn't disarm you within a minute with her unmistakable honesty and genuine niceness, you've got a serious personality flaw.

"If you're so pissed," she said, "why don't you write *Spin* so people can find out about it?"

I ruminated. Ever since my letter writing campaign to *Rolling Stone* back in the late eighties netted zero editorial response, I lost that interest. But I couldn't get over it. Why did a list of the essential punk rock albums in a super-glossy magazine get my scrote in a such a painful predicament? Why couldn't I get over it?

The crux of the reason: *Spin* does a shitty job of admitting that punk's this very alive thing that won't sit well in a glass case and has a tendency to attack, especially when it's declared dead once again.

Today, whenever you read this, is punk's newest day of resurrection. *Spin's* clueless to this.

*This part is a fantasy re-creation
with real parts. It's an allegory.*

It is called,
**LET'S TIE A YELLOW
RIBBON AROUND
THE NECKS
OF THE MOTHERFUCKERS
LIVING FOR
THE GIVING IN (1)**

You and your pals are hanging out. There's a couple kegs (one of root beer for the sober folk and straight edgers). There's a band. They're punk rock. It's fun. You jump around. You have a good time. Years have passed like this. You go to record stores and see bands at clubs, in back yards, in parks. You've seen a lot of the same people for years. You buy their records. You read their zines. You've stop counting how many shows you've gone to, how many records are in your front room, ready to get tickled by the record player's needle.

One day, a bunch of people you've never met show up to a show. No big deal. They've got

lights and cameras and tape recorders. For clarity, we will call them The Tourists. They look a little off, kind of like a person who can't high-five quite right or who has their mom neatly stitch a new Crass patch onto their freshly bought jeans or they say "right off" instead of "right on." No biggie. At least they're at a good show. No need to be a pud about it. The only thing that's really weird is that they've got these blinders on, like the ones that horses wear in parades so they don't freak out from too much visual information and trample a kid with a balloon.

Then a bunch of older people show up, which is fine, but every one of their sentences begins with, "back in the day," and you haven't seen them in years. You start to think, "What about today?" But it's all good. The music's still great.

The Tourists ignore the assembled group of folks who are there for a show - one of thousands going on that week across the United States - and they start talking to the older folks about punk rock. The older folks talk, mostly, in the past tense. You turn around. It's Exene Cervenkov(a) of X (you know, the lady who had a comeback with Auntie Christ and scored a sweet deal with getting a song on the "G.I. Jane" soundtrack. (2) You tune in.

"There are people who still believe in the spirit of punk and live that lifestyle, but it's only a re-creation," Exene starts to yell as the band starts rumbling. "There was a different social and political climate then, and if you're playing punk music now, you're playing something that somebody else invented. I don't know if that constitutes the same kind of spirit. I'm not being cynical, but I can't think

of anything really new in music. I'd hate to be 15 right now." A young lady with an Artimus Pile t-shirt sneers at Exene. (Exene's quotes are a direct reprint, *Spin*, p. 100) The Tourists nod knowingly, not acknowledging that Ray Manzarek of the Doors walks by and rubs Exene's elbow. Ray and Exene know each other. He not only produced several of X's albums, he tickled the organ for 'em on a couple songs. The ghosts of Chuck Berry and Link Wray float by, their spirit channeled through X's guitarist, Billy Zoom's strings.

X is a great band, worthy of respect, but they didn't invent a brand new form of music nor did they kill it when they broke up for the first time in 1987. Nothing so dramatic. Exene headed to Idaho and wrote a bunch of poetry. It may be difficult for her ego to sustain; but the fact is that punk rock never died. Never took a vacation. Never went away. Punk rock only dies in people - when they walk away from it. The interviewing Tourist holding the microphone and nods knowingly. Exene continues, "Kids don't know their history." (3)

The band starts to roar. Kids of all ages are jumping around. The band are a quartet of fat Midwestern guys. They have no idea that Exene just accused them of being a bunch of rehashing poser fucks.

"Move with the rogue set, choking out the radio, a thousand voices booming out in stereo," the crowd screams along. The sweat-drenched bassist drops his pants, gets naked, and starts chasing the audience. It's a dilly of a good time.

In the grand scheme of things, the band's brand of "now" punk is as far from X's "then" punk as X

FOOTNOTES:

1. Most of these section headers are yonked from Dillinger Four. It's amazing how versatile their song titles are.
2. Exene - "It's actually a good movie, so watch it." Rounding out the soundtrack are Bad Company and Three Dog Night. It's also been reported that X's reformation was spawned in a large part to do a

TV commercial for "The X Files." Punk!

3. Punk history like X's song, "Wild Thing '94," on the classic "Major League II" soundtrack. {Please read with irony.}

4. Spheeris gets a lot of press for being one of the spokespeople for punk. Even though she's not in the *Spin* article, she's on the DVD outtakes on the "Filth and the Fury."

was from rockabilly and acoustic guitars. Exene makes no effort to qualify that punk's a progression. It's points on an ever-evolving line, not of a bunch of miscellaneous pieces of old beef jerky that can be resuscitated when convenient. Nobody can own the whole cow, although a lot of people try to convince you that they do. Her blinders of "only one time, only one place, only some bands" work too well for the people who admire her.

No lights turn toward the band or the crowd going apeshit. It's background noise to their serious musical-historical enterprise. The Tourists patiently wait for their second interviewee. Penelope Spheeris doesn't show on time. They have to swat away a couple of folks asking if they'd like to read their zine. Huffy, the lady with the scuffless spikey pyramid belt and a Ministry pin on her lapel snaps, "We're doing this piece on the 'Five Essential Now-Defunct Zines,' not your shitty little rag." Before Al Quint can choke her with 19 years of *Suburban Voice's* excellence, before blows are exchanged, Penelope runs up, screaming that someone's selling bootleg copies of "Decline of Western Civilization" at the video store across the street. And that she needs some help. It seems that Ms. Spheeris, who directed the last "Little Rascals" remake, is feeling the scrapes and hunger pangs of artistic integrity. Luckily, a scrap of paper falls from her pants as she hustles by. It's a news clip from The Onion. "I tried so hard to do other kinds of movies after 'Wayne's World' but I couldn't. So I said, 'Fuck it. Let's take the money.'" (4)

This tiny band - you may have heard of them - The Damned plug in next. The Tourists are unimpressed and ignore them, waiting for a guy who runs a museum and a guy who ran a punk club over 22 years ago. They start talking about their favorite sound track and compilation albums. "Was there," one says to the other, "any punk rock in the late '80s, early '90s, before Nirvana?" They all squint real hard, like their slitted vision would provide some hidden answer. "Fugazi," one says and smiles real big. Two of them high five awkwardly. One hits another on the forehead. It's the sound of one hand clapping.

Seeing as that no one else is available for comment and since the club was getting packed and starting to smell like the punk perfume of spilt beer and the essence of yellowed t-shirt arm pit sweat, one Tourist looks at another. "Let's steal the keg. That's punk." They look over at the huge bald guy with razor-thin suspenders dispensing



What I'm contending is that punk is a very large, very dynamic, very real, current, and continuous subculture and that Spin couldn't hit it with a bazooka inside a port-a-potty.

from the tap. Even from across the crowded room, they can see "s-t-a-y a-w-a-y" tattooed on his knuckles. Their bravado shrinks. "Better yet," another chimes in, "let's steal their microphones." Delighted eyes sparkle. Under the rule of helping carry gear in, three small boxes are stolen, effectively taking away the voice of a band. They feel an adrenal rush and want to celebrate.

With a, "I think that's all we can get tonight. Let's go catch Rage at the amphitheater," the Tourists agree it's the best idea of the night, round up, and head out.

BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND SPENDING LIFE IGNORING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

OK, that was a loosely-veiled attack on *Spin Magazine's* "25 Years of Punk" issue, released May, 2001. On one hand, they go really far out of their way to make most punk purely a history issue. There is no attempt to say that there are any still-existing fanzines worthy of mention (Take this as a nod to *Suburban Voice*, *Your Flesh*, *MRR*,

and *Jersey Beat* - agree with them or not, you can't dispute they've all existed for a long, long time.). There are huge lapses in *Spin's* selections. At the root is this really basic question: Why does *Spin* care about punk rock after essentially ignoring it for so long, unless it becomes a huge seller? Why come to a culture that's very much alive, ignore most of its most active, knowledgeable, and long-time participants, and then attempt in print to come across to a wider audience as experts on the subject? That's something tourists with megaphones do. And this isn't solely an arbitrary attack on *Spin*, but I can give two fucks if *CosmoGirl* puts Blink 182 on their cover (the main text on the cover being, "Get Sexy, Shiny Hair"). That's a different universe; an alien culture full of adolescent mid-drifts, makeup application tips, and hunkability quotients. But, when *Spin* - a magazine that swears up and down it's about music (but you have to have a full 25 pages of ads - almost none of them music ads) before any content - and that's the masthead) - and they hold up what they say is a mirror to

punk rock. It's nothing more than a punched out window. Also, keep in mind, in this, although I'll name a bunch of bands and labels, I'm not specifically stating that if just one - or several - were added to the list, this would all change. What I'm contending is that punk is a very large, very dynamic, very real, current, and continuous subculture and that *Spin* couldn't hit it with a bazooka inside a port-a-potty.

It doesn't surprise me that *Spin* sucks. Shit, I didn't even buy the issue I'm citing from. But to be so far off the mark?

IS THIS A QUESTION OF WHAT FELL OR A STATEMENT OF WHAT SELLS?

Name the first thing that pops into your head that ties these records together: Public Enemy's "It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back," Rage Against the Machine's "The Battle for Los Angeles," and Nirvana's "In Utero." I can think of a lot of similarities - they're all on major labels (Sony and Universal), they're all immensely popular bands, they're all part of the intentionally loosely defined rebel rock (black, white, Hispanic). All well and good. Go have your shows in a stadium. Hoot and holler and sell some merchandise. Fuck The Man! (But have The Man set up the show, provide security, make tickets available only through credit cards, and charge for parking.)

Well, according to *Spin*, out of all the punk rock records that have been made - ever - the three aforementioned albums belong in the pantheon. It's a shame that any of those albums are on there. Not only because their negligible punkitude, but because of their inclusion, some no-brainers were excluded.

Everyone should have a No Brainer List. Here's mine. Dead Boys, "Young, Loud, and Snotty," The Damned's "Machine Gun Etiquette," The Adolescents' self-titled, Stiff Little Fingers' "Inflammable Material," Social Distortion's "Mommy's Little Monster," The Circle Jerks "Group Sex," and Smogtown's "Fuhrers of the New Wave." (Keep in mind, that there is no *one* list of Top 50 Punk Albums. It doesn't exist.)

I got to thinking about it more. Designated Dale, Sean, Sara, and I made a quick list of 75 more bands that *Spin* didn't mention just to see how hard a list would be. I tried to understand where *Spin* was coming from. My girlfriend helped out. (She reminds me that I'm in the unique music bubble of being a punk lover with plenty of access to many, many bands.) Her statement was simple and wise. **RAZORCAKE** 23



Then sweat-drenched bassist drops his pants, gets naked, and starts chasing the audience. It's a dilly of a good time.

"They've got to mention albums that you could possibly go out and buy." Agreed. If you make a list of super-rarities, that's about as smart as an all-mime radio station. No one could hear what you're talking about.

On the purchase-ability tip, *Spin* did well. Forty-seven of the albums they list are pretty easy to get. In an interesting wrinkle that I didn't expect, of the three albums on the list that are out of print, only one is due to the record company sliding into oblivion: Pussy Galore's "Groovy Hate Fuck" (on Shove Records, UK). Two other titles are in limbo, not because of any sort of obscurity quotient, but because of majors shuffling around and not getting their back catalogs sorted out while they're moving millions of Britney Spears albums. Being so, X's "Los Angeles" and The Raincoats' self-titled are lost in the majors shuffle. We'll get back to this in a bit.

Another thing that bothers me is why do stories about punk rock in the popular press have to be a.) it's dead (or we killed it) or b.) it was better before and we grew out of it? "Move along. Get over it"? According to the *Spin* list, only eight essential new punk rock albums were released since 1989 (5): Nirvana, Fugazi, Boredoms, Green Day, Rancid, Sleater Kinney, Bikini Kill, and Rage

Against the Machine (6) I guess I can be somewhat thankful they're not pumping Hole.

HONEY, I SHIT THE HOT TUB

What the fuck, Todd, it's all perspective. We can't all have the same tastes, even in micro-genres like blurcore powerviolence from states starting with an "N" or South Sweden sludgecore. Agreed. I'm not a big fan of crusty peace punk. That's a bias. Conflict never upturned my hair. I understand that, but I could easily make a top fifty list of punk bands starting with letters of the alphabet or albums I like on rainy days, or the top fifty albums to listen to after the death of a small, furry animal (Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission), the top pop punk band from every state in the nation (The Lillingtons have Wyoming, hands down.), or the top bands to be hunted down by the FBI because of their t-shirt designs (Candy Snatchers). There's so much to choose from and the list changes all the time. And there is such a wide, wide array of independent sources of all colors and shapes and punk focuses to chose from.

So I tried for a bit longer to put myself in *Spin*'s shoes. Don't make the list too esoteric. Throw in some ringers to piss off people (because

that's punk. How cute.) They list Public Enemy, based on the annoying loophole, "it's punk not to be punk," but how many rap fans would be stoked to have Minor Threat in their Top 50 list (7)? It'd be a joke. Anyhow, they've got to ease their readership (and themselves) into punk rock, pretend they've been down with the sound of the underground since the bomb blast in the '70s, then sift through the charred remains like a group of illuminated cultural anthropologists with bad teeth and smarmy vocabulary.

What follows is not a conspiracy theory. It is a re-evaluation of verifiable facts. I am not contending that the major labels are trying to "infiltrate the scene" or even that all bands that are on majors are evil (hate the government, not the soldiers). I just want to show, as a case study, that *Spin* is so much part of the establishment that it becomes ludicrous when the magazine covers a true alternative of a vibrant punk rock community that spans the world that keeps buying into itself and keeps on plugging away. *Spin*'s list is nothing more than Tourists visiting the darker and sweatier recesses of rock, taking some nifty and some iffy souvenirs, getting out before sundown, and ignoring the fact that there are literally thousands of punk labels, zines, and bands in existence today

that whoop some serious ass.

This is also where I'm coming from and this is where they can snap my argument in half like a Kit Kat bar: I think that punk rock stands in direct opposition to the standards and practices of the music industry as a whole. *Spin* may not share this opinion. In fact, they don't. They mainly think that punk's a bad attitude, funny haircut, and a creative license to piss folks off. I believe punk's not only a sound, but alternative way of living, of conducting business. Sure, I may be naïve and altruistic, but I've also been this way for the last sixteen years. I'm also 29. It's not a shiny, new thing to me. I do not live with my parents, don't sponge off my girlfriend, and I do not have a trust fund. I am not in school. (No offense to folks who fit the previous criteria, but those are the quickest accusations I face.)

Just to get this out of the way, too, I think that all attempts at defining punk are flawed, at best. Sure, I'll joke about it. (For instance, one basic assumption I have is that punk's against the mainstream. By definition, Grammy-winner Rage Against the Machine {Best Metal Performance, 1996} proclaim to be alternative to a mainstream and wade in the middle of that mainstream. It don't make sense, you double-speaking goobers.) But what punk has been most adept at doing is avoiding every trap, cage, and platitude that's been set upon it. In doing so, it exists, thrives, and remains a real force.

MATH THAT DOESN'T INVOLVE MR. EPP AND THE CALCULATIONS (8)

Let's take a look at the labels given credit for releasing these records on the Essential Top 50 list. There's obvious biggies like Sire, CBS, Warner Bros., Island, MCA, EMI, and Virgin. On the surface, it looks like a generous label dispersion - some are majors, most look like indies. It's generally agreed that when the first wave of punk rock splashed into the public's ears, the majors played a large part in it. The Clash, the Sex Pistols, The Ramones, The Vibrators (not on their list), The Damned (not on their list), The Rezillos (not on their list) and The Dickies (not on their list) were all signed.

Doing the math, *Spin* listed 33 different labels in parenthesis right below the band's name and title. (9)

But when the bullshit detector is waved around like a divining rod, the official multi-national punk rock score card, configured from *Spin*'s list:

AOL Time Warner: 12

EMI: 4
BMG: 3
Sony: 3
Universal: 8

Total punk rock albums now controlled by majors: 29

This is where *Spin* functions as a filter for the majors and gives them a break - intentional or not. In the parenthesis where *Spin* lists the label responsible for releasing the records, they're devious. Kleenex/Liliput is the only band that has a record listed as a re-issue. Technically, it is one of many records re-issued. Open deceit can be found when you realize that The Dead Kennedy's first album initially was released on IRS (owned by EMI), but then was purchased by Alternative Tentacles. (10)

Spin has tacit knowledge that while listing a company such as Blank as the record company that originally released Pere Ubu's "The Modern Dance," it's not technically a re-issue because it had always been on a major. What *Spin* doesn't mention is that Blank was a record company specifically created for Pere Ubu's debut album under Mercury Records, now owned by Universal. In attempts to be obscure and spread little-known label names (not little labels), they're feeding into the exact same system that brings you the diarrhea feedbag of Backstreet Boys. At its most benign, it's super-sloppy musical journalism. At worst, it's intentional deception. (11)

So, when the five of the majors are amassed through their trickle down, twelve different independent labels remain standing who haven't sold all of their licensing rights (12). This parses the number of different labels down to seventeen, almost exactly half the original number.

I won't and can't discount those independent labels. Some kick some serious ass for punk rock.

During the '80s, SST had their shit wired tight - I've got nary a problem with The Descendents, Black Flag, or The Minutemen being on the list. SST deserves the recognition they got. But I've got a serious fucking problem with the fact that AOL Time Warner owns almost one in four of the bands listed and that major corporations yanked almost sixty percent of the total punk rock on their list.

WATER! PUNK!

Here's a real abbreviated lesson in music corporations. As of late May, 2001, there are five major music corporations in the United States. They control 50 percent of *all* the music made. 1.) AOL Time Warner is the behemoth product of the 2001 marriage of America Online with media titan Time Warner. 2.) EMI markets its music through Capitol, Chrysalis, and Virgin. It is also the world's largest music publisher, controlling more than one million copyrights. (European regulators blocked EMI's merger attempt with AOL Time Warner.) 3.) Bertelsmann (otherwise known as BMG) is home to more than 200 record labels in 54 countries and is the fastest growing music publishing company today. 4.) Under Sony's direct control are Columbia, Epic, Legacy and the Columbia House record club (a 50/50 joint venture with AOL Time Warner.) 5.) In 2000 Vivendi acquired Canada's Seagram, owner of Universal Music. It is also the world's number one water distributor with 100 million customers worldwide. Vivendi Universal was spawned.

Some of you might think I'm exaggerating a tad when it comes to the sheer volume of punk rock that is released. I'm quite aware that just because a label's put out a lot of

bands, that doesn't mean that any of them are classics and that different folks have different ideas of what is or isn't punk. So I did a short survey. Late in the afternoon, I emailed 20 independent record companies, all of them still very active except Frontier. In the middle of the next day, I checked my email. I asked a simple question: how many records have you released? For brevity, here are the numbers of the first eleven that responded.

Sympathy For the Record Industry: 620, plus or minus.
Frontier: 74, 25 still in print.
Estrus: 82 LPs, (20 10"s, 161 7"s)
Lookout: 270
Very Small Records: 68
BYO: 76
Beer City: 119
Fat/Honest Don's: 150
No Idea: 105 (13)
Slap a Ham: 59
(I actually just looked at their site.)
Alternative Tentacles: 264

What's conspicuous is that not only were one or two of these labels nowhere to be found on *Spin*'s Top 50 list - *not a single of these releases from any of these labels were included*. Batting zero out of 1,838. Why don't Turbonegro, The Adolescents, The Motards, Teengenerate, Operation Ivy, Spazz, Swingin' Utters, U.S. Bombs, Youth Brigade, Schlong, the Dicks, or Panthro U.K. United 13 get a single nod?

HOW COULD THIS BE PART OF ANY GREATER PLAN?

Part of me is sad that *Spin* posits what they did as punk rock. I think back to Nancy and other people who like what they hear seeping out of the underground but don't have full access to it yet. Their source is

Spin and *Spin* dishes 60% of their material right back into the mainstream. There's no whisper of how great The Zero Boys "Vicious Circle" is, no leads to a band like N.O.T.A. or Naked Raygun or Dillinger Four or Leatherface or Articles of Faith or Masters of the Obvious. No mention of labels like Dangerhouse or Posh Boy, just a poorly assembled list of bands by self-appointed experts who probably spend more time programming their palm pilots than letting the vinyl spin and smiling at the speakers, thinking, "Fuck, this song is great."

Part of me is glad *Spin* is a bunch of hapless dorks. It's not just that they missed a couple real simple bands which would behoove them to include on a musical list. They missed the entire point. Punk rock's not solely a museum piece, not a "Where Are They Now?" segment, not a bunch of major label obscurities.

Past rebellions look quaint, especially when their long-ago self-appointed generals and poets have waved their white flags, claimed not only the war was lost, but was killed by what they created and assured us that no one could dig it out of its grave, ignoring the fact that punk's all about the fucked up genetics in-between musical notes.

Punk continues to be the resurrection of ideas planted, yielding fucked and brilliant new fruit that could never be imagined.

Some people never get that.

-Retodd

(Due to space considerations, the fully annotated listing of who owns what on *Spin*'s list is on <www.razorcake.com>.)



FOOTNOTES, CONTINUED:

5. Half of the time span of the life of their version of punk.
6. Grammy winners, last year's *Spin*'s Band of the Year.
7. In this vein, you could place Anal Cunt's mock Top 40 soft rock opus "Picnic of Love" somewhere in the Muzak/ Kenny G. Top 50.
8. To immitate *Spin* even further, I'll plaster a drop quote in the middle of something that doesn't mention the band quoted. The title of their piece on LA punk is "Sit On My Face, Stevie Nicks." It's typed across the Germs' Darby Crash's chest. It's not a Germs song. No where in the article are The Rotters given credit for penning the Fleetwood-offending ditty (the b-side is "Amputee"). My piece doesn't mention Mark Arm, who was in Mr. Epp and would go on to Mudhoney....
9. Some releases are co-released (Public Image Limited's "Metal Box/Second Edition" is released by Virgin U.K. and Island.).
10. It was released by Cherry Red in the U.K. It went Gold there.
11. On an associated note, Antilles is the label credited with The Slits' "Cut," and the "No New York" compilation. Antilles has always been a "sub label" of Island, which is now owned by Universal.
12. Kill Rock Stars, Dischord, SST, Rykodisc, ROIR, Epitaph, Touch and Go, Sub Pop ^(12b), Shimmy Disc, K, New Cog, and Shove.
- 12.b. "Ay yi yi - the old Warner Question! Here's the deal: Sub Pop is 49% owned by Warner and when that deal went down years back, the owners of the company got a pretty penny. That being said, we currently

have no association with Warner. We get nothing from them and we give nothing to them. I have never spoken with anyone at Warner and get none of the Warner family perks (see my paycheck!). But, if I guess that fact is that we are partially owned by Warner. The only things that we get from Warner are: a.) manufacturing from their plant with great rates and b.) the option of wea distribution, which we never take because they'd never know what to do with our records - they'd all end up being returned." -Steve Manning, Sub Pop

13. "Well, on the magical 'No Idea list' at the office, we are up to NIR-117 on the 'coming soon' list. This does not include a few things that *will* happen^(13b), but have not happened yet. I think that we actually *made* about 105 things so far, not counting six zines and a few 'we just helped and did not put a No Idea number on it' things. Even more scary when you consider that several are LP and CD, effectively adding that much *more* work to the mix. Yikes! I had many conflicted feelings when we hit #100. I wanted to start the system over again... like go back to B-001 and B-002 instead of 101 102, etc. But we stayed in the 'normal' system. So many labels go to shit once they cross #100. Too much stuff, people start to care less... etc. I hope we avoid all that! Take carrot!" -Var, No Idea.

13.b. "Like another True North record, for example. They recorded five songs... they may just wait and write five more over the next six months and do another LP... or maybe a 10" sooner with just the five... who knows? And Dillinger Four, of course."



...his intricately crafted style couldn't even be duplicated by God himself on a good day.

WILL THE REAL KING OF ROCK'N'ROLL PLEASE STAND UP AND SHAKE YOUR STUFF?!

(The Final Installment)

Whoooooodoggy, I sho 'nuff opened a bulgin' ready-to-burst can of worms in my inebriated attempt to irreverently dethrone Elvis "Hounddog Daddy" Presley as the hip-thrustin' long-reigning "King of Rock'N'Roll" in my incoherently crazed column for RAZORCAKE #2! While diligently seeking a raucously worthy replacement for such a time-honored and truly reverential bestowment, I realized more than once that I'm knowingly entering a highly debatable and argumentative arena of contention that ten different people will have 100 different opinions to eagerly express (again, let me vehemently state the obvious: I am in no way whatsoever the end-all-be-all authority on rock'n'roll's loud and proud progenitors from days of yore... as usual, I'm just insolently espousin' a rollickin' plethora of my brew-slated opinions for nobody in particular, although I certainly hope some of you will actively seek the numerous readily available releases by the ear-blisterin' big daddies of r'n'r decadence that I fervently recommend at the end of this rowdy lil' rant.). Indeed, I warily went into this particular column with insurmountable trepidation, but I wholeheartedly felt compelled to embark on such an opinionated endeavor because I'm sick to death of Elvis routinely being dubbed "The King of Rock'N'Roll" (no intentional offense to the man or the myth... again, I thoroughly enjoy his early aural output before he became a clownish rhinestone-studded performing parody and drug-addled cartoonish self-caricature, but there are so many other notable rockin' cats that literally gave the Big El a run for his fame and fortune during the indescribably eclectic era of rock's formative years in the 1950s.). Unfortunately, ironic life-altering circumstances beyond most of their control kept all of my notable

nominees for the royal r'n'r crown from attaining the noteworthy recognition that they so assuredly deserve: Carl Perkins' debilitating skull-crackin' shoulder-breakin' car wreck at the peak of his career in 1956; Bo Diddley bein' "black" and lyrically too threatening (although I'm sure the color of his skin was more of an insulting affront to "white" society than his outrageously wild lyrical prowess); Jerry Lee Lewis's sizzlin' sexually suggestive stage presence and his scandalous "shameful" dalliances in socially unacceptable sinful behavior; and, of course, the sudden untimely deaths of Ritchie Valens (dead at 17... plane crash in February 1959) and Eddie Cochran (the forever reigning crown prince of rock'n'roll, I do damn well declare... dead at 21... a car wreck in April of 1960). And now, without any further intoxicated ado, I will feverishly finish my so-called "King of Rock'N'Roll Countdown", so grab ya an ice cold brew, get all nice and comfy, and crank-up a whoppin' wallop of tit-twistin' rock'n'roll rambunctiousness ala anything rowdily released pre-1959...

The Top Ten Contenders For The Royal Rock'N'Roll Crown Part Two (Sonically Ferocious Finalists 6-10)

6) **Bill Haley...** Throughout the past several years, so-called highly learned musicologists have often asserted that Bill Haley And His Comets were the first to bombastically bring the percussive ear-rumblin' sounds of rock'n'roll into mainstream society's morally bland realization (due in no small part to the frenzied chart-toppin' success of his "(We're Gonna) Rock Around The Clock" which rocketed across the airwaves about the same time Elvis was spastically shakin' his stuff at Sun Studio in 1954-55 and certainly long before that greasy-haired scruff in Memphis had a hit of his very own!). Yeh, ol' blazin' Bill and crew ferociously fused swingin' bigband bop with rotundly swaggerin' rock'n'roll raunchiness

that was all-at-once suave, smooth, jaunty, prancin', struttin', and riproarin' wild (meanin' a minimal of offense, the jive-wailin' hepcat wannabees of today like Brian Setzer's Orchestra and Big Bad Voodoo Daddy ain't got nothin' on Bill Haley And His Comets)! Every time my ears are sonically slapped silly by the spirited soul-stirrin' splendor of "(We're Gonna) Rock Around The Clock", "Thirteen Women", "Shake, Rattle And Roll", "Birth Of The Boogie", "Two Hound Dogs", "R-O-C-K", "Rock-A-Beatin' Boogie", "See You Later Alligator", "Hot Dog Buddy Buddy" ("Danced last night... and the night before... if I live to see tomorrow, I'm gonna dance some more... I'm a-rockin', rockin' on down the line!"), and "Rip It Up", I'm maniacally motivated to cut loose, go berserk, and kick-up the dirt on the carpet with foam-in-at-the-mouth foot-shufflin' frenzy! With a wildly curlin' strand of hair precariously droopin' across his forehead and a personable non-threatening stage presence, Bill Haley's effervescent flirtation with fame and fortune was relatively short-lived (after an initial burst of unprecedented success, he was soon relegated to schmaltzy oldies-oriented touring festivals)... unfortunately, ol' sock-hoppin' Haley died in relative obscurity several years ago without ever really receivin' the rightful recognition he so richly deserved... pity, too, 'cause he was one of the first to perfectly blend the rock with the roll.

7) **Little Richard...** He's an outrageously flamboyant piano-pummelling madman who shrieks, growls, grunts, and shamelessly struts his stuff like a primitive jungle-dwellin' tribal warrior on a crazed, cross-eyed rampage! He's pretentiously colorful, ostentatiously flashy, and notoriously outspoken, and he's certainly one of the most enigmatic and stunning entertainers of all time. In an era when most recording artists were required/encouraged to record mass-produced melodies of corporate music publishing companies,

Little Richard was one of the first to pen, compose, and record his own material on his own terms (a feisty lil' musical maverick, he was!)... these self-penned explosions of sound include such forever endearing timeless classics as "Tutti Frutti" (the definitive rock'n'roll howler, I must saucily surmise!), "Long Tall Sally", "Ooh! My Soul", "Slippin' And Slidin'", "Jenny Jenny", "Keep A Knockin'", and "Lucille". It seems at one time or another that every rock'n'roll icon worth their weight in gold records has covered a Little Richard number (including some of his more radio-accessible contemporaries like Elvis, Eddie Cochran, and Ritchie Valens!). Although the proper recognition he damn well definitely deserves has continuously eluded him during the past several years (probably mostly due to his overly theatrical "queerness", bein' an outspoken openly proud black entertainer in a white man's bland business world, and the constant soul-stretching struggle of feverishly playin' the devil's music while fervently maintaining his faith as a devoted disciple of the Lord), Little Richard has poignantly persevered, and he's still to this day tearin' it up on brightly lit stages everywhere... dazzlin', mesmerizin', and tantallizin' his audiences as always!

8) **Buddy Holly...** He was lean, clean, pristine, and musically super-sharp keen... he could robustly rock as savagely as a rabid long-fanged beast and then smoothly croon his way through a lushly orchestrated rainbow-swirl of heavenly flutterings. Buddy Holly was an innovative originator, an inventive maestro supreme, and one of the most extraordinarily exceptional musicians, composers, and producers in the music world's entire eclectic history... his inimitable musical accomplishments were many; his intricately crafted style couldn't even be duplicated by God himself on a good day; his fiery passionate flair for perfectly capturing the feverish frenzied energy and sometimes soothing soul-stirring effervescence of rock'n'roll is



The ghosts of Gene Vincent (left) and Buddy Holly (right) jamming with the Selby Tigers.

unequivocally unmatched to this very day! "Rave On" raucously roars, majestically soars, and tumultuously trembles with a skull-fracturing wallop of topsy-turvy tenacity... "I'm Looking For Someone To Love" is aurally the end-all-be-all for me with its catchy rollickin' punchiness and shimmering lightning-flash exuberance (gawddamn, this song uncontrollably moves me like no other!)... "True Love Ways" is a sparkling moonlit magical moment where music spreads its brightly colored lightly feathered wings and softly soars through the breeze-strewn clouds of sweet-spirited heavenly resplendence. Yes, indeed, Buddy Holly charismatically stretched the creative limits of primitive recording procedures during that time (he was one of the first to extensively incorporate multi-tracking dubbing techniques to his artistically skilled advantage in the studio... Eddie Cochran was another who frequently delved in such uncommon audial antics during the technologically inferior era of the 1950s!), and he ingeniously accomplished it all on his very own non-negotiable terms. Sadly, Buddy didn't live long enough to realize how drastically he transformed the future of rock-'n'roll and what an indelible impact he has had on musicians to this very day... he died at the youthfully bright-eyed age of 22 in a history-altering plane crash in February of 1959... they say things haven't been the same since.

9) Chuck Berry... Man, mere mortal words can't adequately describe this legendary godlike guitar-slingin' duckwalkin' cooler-than-fuck catdaddy! Lyrically, he's rock-

'n'roll's wryly observant equivalent of Mark Twain (all-at-once poetic, descriptive, humorous, speculative, articulate, adventurous, and sassily smart'n'savvy!)... musically, he's the devilishly inspirational heart-beatin' embodiment of rock'n'roll (raucous, over-amped, boisterous, proud, and loud... just the way Satan intended it!). His grandiloquently giddy guitar progressions are addictively awe-inspiring, youthfully ageless, and eternally classic (bombastically beefy riffs that're fat, frenzied, fun, and ferociously full of life!). Chuck Berry is rock'n'roll, and there's nothin' more to it, by golly gosh... such toe-tappin' spine-twistin' booty-bumpin' tunes as "Maybellene", "Thirty Days", "Downbound Train", "Roll Over Beethoven", "Too Much Monkey Business", "Oh Baby Doll", "Sweet Little Sixteen", "Johnny B. Goode", "Around And Around", and "Carol" have hypnotically awed, inspired, and titillated many an aspiring rocker during the past four-and-a-half decades (but not one of 'em has ever even come close to duplicatin' the fullforce rock'n'roll fury and unattainable flair for originality that is Mr. Chuck B.!). Through the years, he's tirelessly endured flagrant racist harassment, trumped-up bullshit charges of "transporting a minor across state lines", and a tumultuous bout of "tax evasion" conflicts with Uncle Sham and his imbecilically useless IRS sidekicks, but Chuck Berry's obstinately held his head high, and he's still rockin' 'em like crazy. I'd almost certainly reverently cast my vote for chug-a-luggin' Chuck as the almighty all-powerful "King of Rock'N'Roll", but there's...

10) Gene Vincent... Only one word is necessary to vividly characterize the man and descriptively capture the maddog masculinity of his music: SAVAGE!!! He was (and always will be) the physical, musical, and spiritual essence of rock-'n'roll: his blackleather-clad demon hellhound stage presence was a visually disturbing display of untamed animalistic fury with fiery wildly leering eyes, a greased-back tangled mane of uncontrollably erratic hair, and a fiendishly sinister bundle of body spasms firmly anchored to the violently vibrating stage by his braced severely crippled left leg... his sultry stutterin' prowlin'-cat vocals aggressively added robustly bulgin' bucketloads of beastly liveliness to an ear-siz-zlin' assortment of rebelrousin' rockers about chicks, hotrods, and the wickedly wild world of lawless teen-aged decadence... and his rabidly spirited rebellious badboy attitude and gutsy flagrant disregard for conventional societal moral standards characteristically cast the mold of bein' bad-ass and uniquely individualistic in the prudishly straight-laced and naively innocent world of the 1950s. Gene Vincent rocked, wailed, hollered, and vigorously shouted his way through such feverishly ragin' sonic nuggets as "Be-Bop-A-Lula", "Who Slapped John" (maniacally spastic and fantastically frenzied beyond belief... one of my all-time fave rock'n'roll rave-ups!), "Jump Back, Honey, Jump Back", "Bop Street", "Jumps, Giggles & Shouts", "Cruisin'", "Hold Me, Hug Me, Rock Me", "B-I-Bickey-Bi, Bo-Bo-Go" (a raucously crazed noggin'-knockin' number that

always gets my feet a-jumpin'!), and "Dance To The Bop". Yep, if ever a "King of Rock'N'Roll" were to be publicly crowned, Gene Vincent is the one most deserving of such a highly revered royal bestowment... he personified, embodied, and defined the ruggedly rowdy sonic core of rock'n'roll and all of its rampageous anti-social misfit attitude... and he indelibly impacted rock's entire future more than he's ever been accredited for doin' so. Unfortunately, he died of cirrhosis of the liver and severe stomach hemorrhaging due to chronic alcoholism at age 36 in 1971. Some say he was well past his prime at the time of his death, a washed-up old has-been who was rapidly headin' into the darkly swirling abyss of ominous obscurity... maybe so, but during his brief splendiferously shinin' day in the sun, he zealously shook the woolly-bully world of rock'n'roll and took it for a whirlwind of a ride from which it still hasn't fully recovered. Gene was the craziest, coolest cat to ever put the bop to the rock and mayhemically mix it up like a madman possessed... no other rock'n'roll icon from the deviantly formative days of yore has inspired and impressed me like the irresistibly supernatural Gene. Amen, abeer, and abop-pin'-burp!

So there ya have the semi-ramblin' ornately worded coronation of my dubious choice for "The King of Rock'N'Roll". Again, it's just my humbly espoused opinion, and it assuredly does not reflect the illustrious highly learned sentiments of the ingeniously esteemed editors of this here lil' ol' rag, **RAZORCAKE** [27]

so please don't bombard them with an overwhelming array of penned points-of-view angrily expressing your dismay, outrage, and/or your utter inalienable right to heartily disagree with my loose-lipped assessment of the royal r'n'r dilemma (Todd and Sean are both beyond busy 36 hours a day, 19 days a week!). Interestingly enough, sensible Sean recently emailed me and graciously offered his profoundly informed opinion on this maddening musical matter... although, I wholeheartedly agree with his preeminent preference of Willie "Hoochie Coochie Man" Dixon for the gold'n'platinum king-of-all-rockers crown, I personally consider ol' wild Willie to be a formidable blues master who indelibly inspired many a sonically trailblazin' hellcat with his proficiently spectacular tune-smithing abilities (a little known fact for all you trivia hounds out there: Mr. Dixon played stand-up bass on most of Chuck Berry's early audial output, so put that in your corn-cob pipe and smoke it for a while!). But if I were to bring Willie into the fragmented fray, then I'd certainly feel compelled to hand the crown to Howlin' Wolf... afterall, he's God, the Devil, and every demonically possessed psycho-spirit in between (ol' Sam "Sun

Studio" Phillips said it best about the Wolf's music, "This is where the soul of man never dies." I do damn well definitely agree!). And what about Muddy Waters?!? Or, especially, Robert Johnson (he inspired it all and then some)?!? Yep, it'd be an epic endeavor indeed to thoroughly trace and credit the entire tangled maze of rock'n'roll's illustriously regal (or, more likely, ragtag) progenitors from day one (I'm sure it'd ultimately go back to some wild-eyed loin-clothed tribesman rhythmatically bangin' a couple of rocks on a log waaay off in the snake-infested boonies of deepest darkest Africa... quite amazing what the passages of time and technology have wrought, huh?!?). Anyway, besides Robert Johnson, Howlin' Wolf, Willie Dixon, and Muddy Waters, other notable inspirational forefathers of rock'n'roll worthy of mention include Hank Williams, Fats Domino, Rufus Thomas, Johnny Cash, early Ike Turner (pre-Tina, of course!), Larry Williams, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Billy Lee Riley, Hasil Adkins, and Dale Hawkins (I religiously recommend 'em all!).

I know you're probably vigorously scratchin' your flea-infested (or freshly shampooed, if the case

may be) noggin at this very moment and befuddledly wondering just what's the motherfuckin' relevance of all this aimlessly meandering rock'n'roll psychobabble in a predominantly punk-oriented indie magazine! Well, in a roundabout way, the rebelliously spirited originators of rock'n'roll I've been so fervently praisin' are the frenetically primitive forebearers of spastice punkrock ferocity as we know it today... musically, stylistically, and in all-out belligerent attitude! When I sometimes play a couple of Muddy Waters tunes on the jukebox at my favorite watering-hole here in Hellville, a good friend of mine inevitably grumbles and moans, "Ah, fuck that blues shit, man... we need to hear some Blitz." So here's a thought-provoking point to ponder: without that "blues shit", there would have never been rock'n'roll (no Elvis, no Eddie Cochran, no Chuck Berry, no nothin'!)... and without those blues-inspired rockin' cats, there'd be no New York Dolls, no Ramones, no Sex Pistols, no Blitz (no punkrock whatsoever... hell, there'd be no Oi either, which is all systematically based on derivative over-amped fast-as-fuck Chuck Berry riffs anyway!). And here's another cacophonously colorful comparison, if you will: such inde-

pendently owned and operated labels as Chess, Sun, and Del-Fi were the Bomp, Epitaph, Fat, and TKO of their day. Ironic, relative, and historically relevant, indeed...

It basically boils down to this: then as now, rock'n'roll's all about bein' yourself, listenin' to whatever gets your feet a-feverishly stompin', and absorb in' it all without ever losing perspective of who you are or what you most firmly believe in... rock'n'roll is outrageous, expressive, loud, belligerent, ballsy, and full of flamboyance, fierceness, and anti-traditional attitude. Like ol' big-dog Elvis once so devilishly intoned, "If you're lookin' for trouble, you came to the right place...". I think the holy hip-swivellin' sideburned one was onto somethin' there...

-Roger Moser, Jr.

(An alcohol-saturated afterthought of sorts: for those of you salaciously seekin' a crown-jewelled "Queen of Rock'N'Roll", that'd assuredly be none other than the ultra-flashy sweet-cheeked Little Richard... "Oooh, hush your mouth, child!")

For a full list of Roger's recommended recordings and reading fodder, check out www.razorcake.com.





Gary Hornberger

Squeeze My Horn

...this lady must be calling me a lair, and I'm a fairy that can make that yogurt appear and disappear.

"When in Rome do as the Romans." What the hell does this mean? Well, in today's society I think it means "Me now." Seriously, we live in the Me Now society! If one of those Romans gets your stuff, you're screwed so you need to be like them and disregard all manner of courtesy and fight for first place, right? Weren't the Romans big on games? Ok, look, I'm a little bent because I work in customer service and it seems I've got slave status and my only vent is to go in the back room and curse under my breath, because you know what cursing out loud will get you. You want examples? All right.

Designated Dale comes in to drop a line and asks as I'm filling the shelf. "Hey, does anyone ever reach in front of you to get something like you're not there?"

I tell him to give me ten minutes, but hell, it doesn't even take two minutes and sure as shitting here comes the large, smelly lady just a-reachin' across my shoulder to grab some high fat content drink like I'm not even there, not even "excuse me." Gotta get a good one!

Another example - working from behind the milk, a lady asked for a certain kind of yogurt that I know has been discontinued for about six months, and I tell her this. Her response is "I just got it here last week."

I'm thinking, unless last week this was a Ralph's, this lady must be calling me a lair, and I'm a fairy that can make that yogurt appear and disappear. I'm not a lying fairy. All day long I get this: glaring looks, rolling eyes, some even get down right nasty. Society wants its dinner and damn you to hell if they don't get it. When I was a kid (and I hope this doesn't date me),

we were told to respect elders, say "yes sir"/ "yes miss," and be polite. I'm sorry, but those ideals get you last place nowadays. Kids today have got it easy because of all this crap. I see all these kids getting rides to and from school and making a scene in the store if they don't get their fat little hands on some

Now I feel better, let's move on.

During the week of April I was able to go to the comic show at the Shrine Auditorium in LA. See, I was still on disability and that's the only way I get Sundays off. So I take my nephew with me on a quest to find some indies to review. As we pull up the guy in the lot says,

the reviews. So I'm thinking the days a bust, right, when I come around the corner and spot this older gentleman sitting behind a small table with photos of Doctor Zaius. How cool. The guy who played Doctor Zaius and no one is even interested. So I go up to him ask for an autograph and we start talking Planet of the Apes. His name is Booth Colman and we start discussing the new movie which he informs me doesn't even contain his character. Seemed strange to me, too. How do you remake a science fiction classic and omit arguably the greatest character? Well, I don't know and neither did Mr. Coleman. How cool is that? Hanging out with Doctor Zaius.

That's the most of the last two months to report. Nothing else except the rare round of golf for me and the "we'll pay for you to come play in our tournament Tiger Woods," but, hey, I believe that was last month's gripe, so onto the comic reviews.

THE 7 GUYS OF JUSTICE

#6, False Idol Studios, \$2.00
It seems that every comic I'm finding lately has a rag tag bunch of superheros up against a rag tag bunch of supervillains that seems to run along the workings of Flaming Carrot, The Mystery Men, and the Tick. Most are easy to follow

since they follow the aforementioned comic titles. So if someone is going the route of the superhero group in the humorous light then they'd better do something different or put in a twist or something. So it was with much apprehension that I picked Seven Guys. If it turned out to be a trash liner comic at least I only paid two bucks for it. Pleasant surprise! This comic kicks goofy super group ass. The storyline is hysterical, the characters are original, and this one just lights my comedic fire. Most of the story is

*This comic kicks
goofy super group ass.*



*To Dale
with Best Wishes
Booth Colman
"Dr. Zaius"*



*A Planet of the Apes quandry:
How do you remake a science
fiction classic and omit
arguably the greatest
character?*

sweets. If I'd a done that, my face would have been pinched so hard I could have blown smoke rings for a week, and I would've got the ruler across my ass when I got home.

Whose fault is it? The parents. Because they think that everyone is out to get that precious little bastard/ bitch kid of theirs. "My kids better than yours," so I'm going to protect my investment. Yeah, that's it. The Me Now people need to protect their investments because the rest of the populace can only see you if you're on the highest rung.

"It's full. Try around the corner." So I end up parking two blocks away, but I didn't have to pay. We get in and let me tell you this wasn't a comic show. It was a porn show - DVD, video and magazine - it was all here, man, and you know what? I can't look at any of it because I've got a twelve-year-old who will rat me out just for looking.

Anyway, I'm looking for indies, right, and in this whole big show I only find one. Luckily, the guys who did it were there and gave me the lowdown on everything. It's in

told from the narration of the one person in the group that defies the group's name: Nightie Knight, a female. OK, look. Seven guys. She's a girl. Make sense now. So somewhere in the first five copies of this comic, one of the members split because of the inability to get along with the others and now in this issue they're on a door-to-door drive to replace him. Talk about a recruiting nightmare. Remember in "Mystery Men" (the movie) where the guys wouldn't let PeeWee, I mean The Spleen, in the group? Well imagine that but the other way around. No one wants to join the team. The first guy they ask is the foil devil, a guy who is drawn as the outline of a devil with photo crumpled foil inside the lines. So everyone is split into teams, except for Nightie Knight who we basically follow around as she mixes it up with a drunken superhero wannabe with a big smiley face head, appropriately named Mr. Happy Jetpack. Drunk guys in costume crack me up. Try this dialog on, between Nightie, Mr. Happy and a bum.

Nightie: Uh, Mr. Jetpack, I don't think your current state qualifies you to join anything.

Bum: You could join AA.

Mr. Jetpack: An you could shut the hell up, old man!!!

Think about it and it will make you laugh. There is also this pissed-off monkey guy in the group that comes up with some one line zingers, too. I've got to tell you that between the actual storyline, the characters personality flaws, and the way the heroes describe each other, I was laughing out loud. Of course, I was alone in the house, but it was out loud. I'm going to have to drop these guys at False Idol studios a line and see if I can get my mitts on the first five in the series to catch up with what's going on. I'm telling you readers, this one's not for collecting, it's for reading, so belly up to the trough and get a snout-full. (False Idol Studios, 12520 SW Gem Lane, #804 Beaverton, OR 97005.)

CANVAS

#1, Black Velvet Studios, \$2.95

This is the one I told you I picked up at the Shrine comic show. Yes, the one and only brand spanking new, fresh, and hot indie comic in the whole show. Of course, if you want something to fly, push it yourself, and that is exactly what these three artist/writers were doing. They probably thought I was giving them a line of shit when I told them

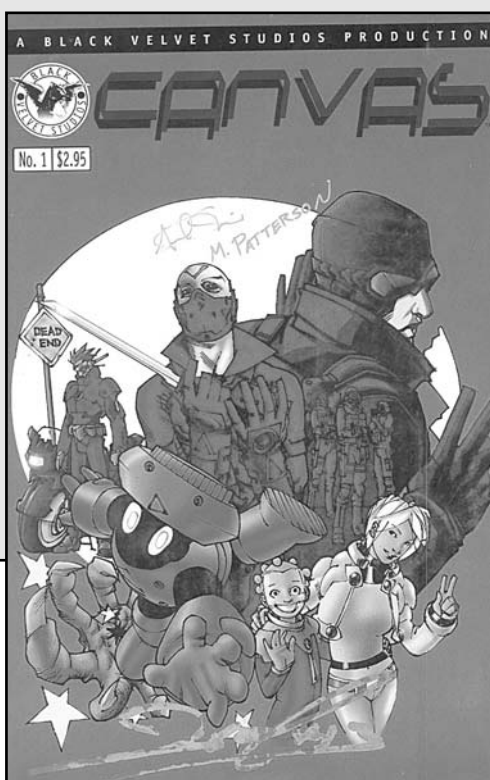
that I review comics for this music zine run by these tyrants who always want my stuff in by a certain time, and by the hands on my wall clock I have six hours to make it. That's sarcasm. Those guys aren't tyrants. They just keep me in line by beating me with whiffle ball bats. Enough! This comic is basically a collection of five short stories: past, future, future, future, and future. We'll start with the first, "Citizen," which is drawn kind of like Trencher, if any of you remember that one. It's set in the forties during the Nazi infiltration, but is set on the eastern seaboard. We find a character kind of like The Shadow but without the hat, spying on a Jewish man whom he claims

pires. This one just plain leaves you hanging. Next up; "The intergalactic misadventures of Maizy Martin." This one has cool art, and, well, that is it. There's no dialog. We just follow this futuristic taxi driver as she picks up fares, buys dinner, and takes care of unwanted solicitors. Next up is "VOX." It's about a karaoke-loving bounty hunter and his absent-minded day at the coffee shop with a friend. This one lacks any power, so you might want to skip it. Lastly, there's "Backspace." In a really strange way I like this one. Remember that movie "The Thing"? Well, imagine all the ship and characters could shape shift like that and you've got this story. Sort of a cosmic Alice in

a good one. Let me just say that when I see a comic with a pure white cover and small black bold that just says COMIC BOOK and #2 \$1.95, I figure this one is either just plain stupid or brilliantly funny. It was the later. The people at Comic Conspiracy really know where to find these comic writers. This one starts off real serious, yet something tells me just by the fact that they refer to "The City" that this is going to become humorous. It starts out with this guy in a black trench coat ripping a kid off by selling him a non-mint comic. Then we're whisked off to a news conference with the Corporation, where they announce that through a loophole that their computer software

which is in every computer, that consumers will have to purchase a one-time code or people won't be able to use their computers. It seems this has angered our main character who is in the audience and has found his Gameboy locked up. At this point, he goes after the speaker and his bodyguards. Stepping into the men's room he reappears in tights and cape, to a roar of laughter from the two bodyguards. Why, you may ask. Because he's wearing his underwear backwards so as to hide the seams, which infuriates the hero into a big ole ass whooping on the two. The two get away, followed by the man in tights riding a skateboard. After another

comic ripoff from the man in black (no, not Johnny Cash), we find our hero climbing into a room filled with all kinds of arcade games. One of the body guards stumbles in and our hero threatens to do more bodily harm if he doesn't tell him who the CEO is. Well, you guessed it. It's the guy in black who turns out to be a kid using the scams of the comic book industry to obtain all the wealth in the world. So our hero makes a wager. If he can beat the kid at any video game, he will go live with his parents and give up control of all the world's computers. Of course, he wins and rides off to do whatever superheros do. Sound boring? Well, I don't think so. I've left out some utility belt tightening dialog that will have you busting your comic book-loving belly and some art that ties the dialog up nicely. Look for this one. It's not hard to miss. It's the one in a plain white wrapper. (Comics Conspiracy Publications, 115-A East Fremont Ave, Sunnyvale, CA, 94087, <www.comicsconspiracy.com>)



#2
\$1.95

COMIC BOOK

Wonderland. This ship shows up, kind of fish looking, claiming it has a package for Mr. Stinky Foot, transforms into a Voltron thing with a baby face, and then gets pissed and transforms into this big claw and teeth thing, which goes on a dismemberment rampage chasing this little guy into another web site where he meets this cheese-looking guy who goes from nice to ugly quick and introduces the little guy to another big claw thing. Wew, out of breath. Don't know where you can find this one, but if you can it's got the potential for some great solo careers. (Black Velvet Studios, 2390 Crenshaw Blvd., PMB #514 Torrance, CA 90501, <www.blackvelvetstudios.com>)

GENERIC COMIC BOOK #2

Comics Conspiracy, \$1.95 U.S. These guys sent me a great comic called Paratroop, or at least as I recall that was the name. It was filled with hot chicks, aliens, some mental patients, and a guy who could set himself on fire. That was

INBRED PICNIC

#5, \$1.00 or trade

Inbred Picnic is one of those small black and whites that gives you that Stuart Smalley high on pot feeling. It's almost obvious that some of these stories are taken from personal experience. The first story, "The Canal," is about these, well, seventies, OP-wearing, feathered hair, pot-smoking castoffs and the evil wrongdoings seventies, OP-wearing, feathered hair, pot-smoking castoffs do. It all takes place in a flood canal, hence the title, and first they spray paint the cement then some skate kid comes up and defaces their defacings, which in turn prompts them to break bottles in the canal so the skater kids can't ride. Two days later, they return to find a message that tells them to fight like real men and come back Friday. They'll be waiting with knives. Friday night shows each kid at home and in the last frame there's the spot at the canal with nobody around. What a bunch of pussies. Then there's the story, "Dang Me," which shows a couple on the bleachers meeting, then they kiss, then she dies in his arms and all he can do is call "Mommy." A little morbid, but kind of funny. Finally, "Good While it Lasted," which is just a bunch of shit and



I'm not even going to comment on it. I love small comics. They review fast. (Inbred Comics, c/o JB Thomas, PO Box 163463, Sacramento CA 95816)

MY NEW FIGHTING TECHNIQUE IS UNSTOPPABLE

????, ??, ???

I received this back when we were working under a different name and I thought it so ridiculous that I

my new fighting
technique is
unstoppable

by david rees

never gave it another look, but since I've been having trouble finding anything to review I pulled it out of hiding. Good thing I didn't throw it away. This comic makes so much fun of karate that by the end you think you've just seen "Enter the Dragon" sixty odd times. This comic is so simple that this is what makes it funny. It has that Sunday comic strip flare where every page is a one shot deal. And there is basically nothing but karate guys in textbook poses telling each other about their techniques and how they're going to kick each others ass. The top student is Karate Snoopy who kicks everyone's ass. Then there's Normal Man, See-Through Motherfucker, The Fingerprint Fighters and The

Circulatory System. All these guys talk how they're going to beat each other up and send one another to the hospital. After twenty pages this makes you a little giggly. You feel like you can actually hear the bad dubbing. Then, right in the middle, the author puts in one page that has absolutely nothing to do with karate, fighting, or anything else. It has this guy screaming for his straw hat because he's going on a big date. The other guy, smartly called Gary, tells him to come to his room to see what he's done with it, and in the last frame we see the guy with a chimney of bricks on his head with the subtitle stating "A lesson from the three little pigs." I've got to tell you, if you remember the guys in high school who were taking karate, kung fu, or ping pong and remember how frickin' stupid they sounded when discussing their macho misadventures, you're going to laugh, cry, and reminisce about those jerks and about how their lives have been captured in the pages of a comic book. The only way, I guess, you can get this is from this guy's website, so here it is. (<davidrees@mail.com> Sorry that's all I've got.)

-Gary Hornberger



Gary Hornberger



The Dinghole Reports



They both woke up in the Tippecanoe County drunk tank with some Purdue kids busted for drunk driving, Otto the bus driver who got busted with a pipe, and a stainless steel toilet.

The Dinghole Reports
by the Rhythm Chicken
(Commentary by Francis
Funyuns)
[Edited by Dr. Sicnarf]

Is everybody ready?

(And how! -F.F.)

Sicnarf?

[Ready as I'll ever be. -Dr. S.]

"
--{fill in your response here}"

OK, then, on the count of three it's
stretch city.....
1, 2, 3, STRETCH!

(MMMMMMMMMYEEEAAR-
RGH! -F.F.)

[OOOOOOOOOH, OOOOOOHY-
OOOAAAI! -Dr. S.]

"
--{once again, your blissfully
painful response}"

That's it! Go! Go! Go! SS
S S S S S T R E T C H !
NNNNNNNNYEEEAH!
{pant, pant, pant} Alright folks.
What did you fit in your dingholes
this time? Funyuns?

(I finally got my cordless phone up
there! Somebody call me, quick! -
F.F.)

[Mmmf, gmmmf, Mmmmf! -
Dr. S.]

Holy radioactive birdseed!
Sicnarf actually fit his whole head
into his dinghole! Mighty impres-
sive, Doctor, but if everyone will
look over here, you will notice that
I, the Rhythm Chicken, have once
again retained the belt of dinghole
stretchin' champion! Within the
confines of my dinger, I have man-
aged to cram one entire regulation
size.....oh, I'll get to that later.
We've got more cop

tales to tend to!

**Dinghole Report #7: Ruckus in
the Nick of Time**
(Rhythm Chicken sighting #43)

It was a Friday evening of rock
titans at Green Bay's Concert Cafe.
The New Bomb Turks AND the
Supersuckers graced the same stage
in one night, and with these two
bands and the Speakeasy Tavern
right next door it was a surefire
recipe for boundless high-octane
ruckus! This is what made it such a
painful decision for me to skip the
show. I was offered a ticket for that
night's preseason Packer game
against the Denver Broncos in
Madison, their first match up since
the highly rigged Super Bowl
XXXII. Bass genius Ric Sixx and I
braved the three hour drive in a
treacherous thunderstorm to see the
Packers execute flawless holy retal-
iation against those goat-fuckin'
Broncos! Mere words cannot
describe the stadium-wide mosh-
ruckus that accompanied the
Packer victory. This mass has
ended. You may go now in
RUCKUS! Later, I was told that
news of the Packer win made it to
the Supersuckers during their set
and they made a 21 guitar salute to
the Pack. Them 'suckers got class!
Anyway, I surpassed every speed
limit I could to zoom Ric home to
Appleton and then get myself to
Green Bay by the 2:30 bartime. As
I pulled into the parking lot across
from the tavern I saw the first few
drunks getting kicked out. I made it
in the nick of time! Within 30 sec-
onds the chickenkit was together,
the head went on, and the opening
drumroll began. Just then, various
members of the Turks and the
'suckers staggered out of the bar
with their entourage and the usual
Green Bay cretins. Pabst was in the
air! Some were hootin' and hol-
lerin'. Some were taking polaroids.
Some were dancing and throwing
money. A good ol' fashioned ruckus
was had by all. The drunken bar-
time Chicken jamboree lasted
about five minutes until the evil
agents of anti-ruckus pulled up.

They didn't quite understand why
someone was playing a drumset on
the sidewalk wearing a chicken
head with a bunch of drunk cow-
boys dancing around him and tak-
ing photos. After some authorita-
tive scolding and some retaliatory
clucking, the show was over. Once
again, the cops received plenty of
boos from the peanut gallery. Eddie
Spaghetti got a quick polaroid
taken with the Chicken and then
slapped a \$5 in my wing and said,
"Fuckin' WILD, man!" I packed
away the chickenkit and began ask-
ing around for a can of Blatz. Cops
- 2, Chicken - 2.
buck buck buck...

(Hey Chicken. Where was
Timebomb Tom during all of this? -
F.F.)

Well,.....funny you should
ask.....uh, sources told me that he
was locked up inside the Concert
Cafe with a friendly female. I guess
the Rhythm Chicken's opening
drumroll occurred shortly after
Tom started applying oral tech-
niques to her dingbox. The Rhythm
rumble startled her and she yelled,
"What the hell is THAT?" Then
Timebomb calmly lifted his head
from home plate and said, "Oh,
that's just the Rhythm Chicken,"
and then sat back down for dinner.
Cops - 2, Chicken - 2, Timebomb
Tom - 2. Buckaw! coo coo coo...

[Seems like a case of cunnilingus
interruptus, Mr. Chicken.
-Dr. S.]

(Indeed! -F.F.)

RHYTHM CHICKEN HERALD

RCH

**FRANCIS
FUNYUNS
SEX SCANDAL**
Insiders claim his
dinghole lacks
elasticity pg. 12

Flapping Feathers at the Fuzz Can Authorities control this chicken?



Above: Heather from the Teen Idols shows her support.

Dinghole Report #8: Ruckus at the Red Barn

(Rhythm Chicken sighting #49)

It was the day after I returned from my first Minnesota tour with a case of Grain Belt, St. Paul's Pabst-equivalent. My landlord, Ruckus Thomas, and I were loafing around sucking Belts 'til a short afternoon tour of Door County seemed like a great idea. The unintentional last gig of the tour was in the parking lot in front of the Red Barn antique shop in Ephraim, WI. It was a seemingly calm environment, but one should never underestimate the power of ruckus! Soon, Chicken rhythms filled the air. Traffic on Hwy. 42 slowed to a halt and carhorns joined the soundscape. Diners at the Summer Kitchen across the street watched in bewilderment and applauded soon after. The show ended peacefully and my landlord helped me throw the chickenkit into my trunk. As we were pulling away, a Door County squad car pulled into the lot. After a few questions to the spectators, the copper pulled me over about a mile up the road. As the officer walked up to my side of the car, Ruckus Thomas was trying to kick all the empty Grain Belt cans under his passenger seat! Once again, I thought this was the end. The man in blue leans into my window and asks, "So why are you **DOING** this?" I gave him a few generic comments about boredom and conformity. He started asking other normal questions and attempted to smell my breath while I answered. About three more times in the inquiry he came back with, "but I just don't understand **WHY** you **DO** this." The officer ended the conversation with, "Well, I can't really do anything because I'm not sure if you've done anything wrong. Just don't play in front of the Red Barn anymore, OK?" That was it. Ruckus Thomas and I went home to count our eggs and suck gallons of Blatz out of the Kegerator to get our hearts beating again. Cops - 2, Chicken - 3. Buckaw! Buck buck buckaw!

[You walk a fine line, Mr. Chicken. -Dr. S.]

(I think you're just a lucky drunk! -F.F.)

YOU are calling ME a drunk? OK, Francis, let's talk about the Indiana tour!

(But.....but..... -F.F.)

Dinghole Report #9: Plucked at Purdue

(Rhythm Chicken sighting #99)

The Lord Kveldulfr (a grizzly Green Bay alumnus) found himself schoolin' at Purdue in the geographically challenged community of Lafayette, IN. Appalled at their general lack of liver capacity, he took it upon himself to throw the first (and last) "Wisconsin vs. Indiana Battle of the Livers." Captain Foolhardy and I picked up three Pabst 40 ouncers and two bottles of Roundy's gin (much along the lines of Walgreen's gin!). We had the ammo and the drive through Chicago had us all angered up for battle. Soon after our arrival, Kveldulfr, Foolhardy, and I, being the only Wisconsin gladiators, decided to give ourselves a head start and downed the 40s with a couple snooks of the good bad gin. The pump was primed. Commence Chicken assault! The Chicken set up on State and Northwestern, kitty-corner from Von's Records. The Chicken then broke his Indiana hymen with a thunderous set of booze-soaked rhythms! Some cars and trucks slowed down. Pedestrians turned and walked the other way. The only applause was from the other Wisconsinites. It was as if the boilermakers had never seen a drumming chicken before. Oh well. It was a show, nonetheless. Meanwhile, back at Kveldulfr's nest the battle had begun. More and more members of Purdue's English department trickled into the trenches and joined the fight. Towards the end of the glorious battle, Lord Kveldulfr cheer-

SO...HOW'S IT HANGING?

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s'd his gin bottle with some Purdue kid's Coors bottle to the extent of sending shards of glass and blood all over his living room. We decided it was a good time to leave the fight behind us and stagger down to the Knickerbocker for peace talks. Well, our very own Francis Funyuns was the first one out the door. He was also the first one laying out in the middle of South Street throwing empty beer cans at cars! Kveldulfr was attempting to pull him out of the road when the Lafayette fuzz pulled up (not to be confused with the Phuzz). Within minutes they were both cuffed and stuffed with the charge of public drunkenness. This had us Wisconsinites baffled. Back home, the cops will simply steer you into the nearest corner tavern so they can go deal with REAL criminals (not to be confused with the Criminals). They both woke up in the Tippecanoe County drunk tank with some Purdue kids busted for drunk driving, Otto the bus driver who got busted with a pipe, and a stainless steel toilet. Kveldulfr, having an Indiana address, was eventually released. Funyuns, however, being an out-of-stater, had to soak in the tank for 13 hours until Eric the Tattooist was able to post the \$100 bail. We quietly drove back to

Wisconsin, tails between our legs. Indiana - 1, Wisconsin - 0. Shameful.

[Excuse me, Mr. Chicken, but I thought this was supposed to be about YOU vs. the cops. -Dr. S.]

Yeah, well fuck that! Now it's me vs. Funyuns! Where'd he go anyway?

[It looks like he's slithered off. Say, what WAS it that you fit into your dinghole, anyway? -Dr. S.]

In a minute..... Remember, I'm still taking complaints at rhythm-chicken@hotmail.com. Sign up to receive "Follow that Bird" (the 1st pseudo-official Rhythm Chicken newsletter). Plus the new t-shirts should be out by now. Nest time I'll tell you how performing in parades is more punk than playing basements and VFWs!

Now, if you'll look deep into my dinghole you'll see I've managed to fit an entire....

--- phone rings in other room ---

(AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAH! -F.F.)

-Rhythm Chicken



RAZORCAKE 35

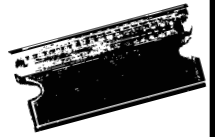


Rhythm Chicken



Sean Carswell

A Monkey to Ride the Dog



Then, I thought of my hometown, which isn't a small town. Just a small-minded one.

Sitting in the Waiting Room

I've always wanted to spend a few days by myself in a really small town in the middle of nowhere, where I know absolutely no one. When my truck's transmission blew outside of Winfield, Alabama, I finally got my chance.

It was about nine-thirty at night and I'd been driving through back roads of Alabama for about an hour and a half. As I got farther away from Birmingham, the roads got less crowded, the forest around me grew more dense, and each town I passed seemed a little smaller than the one before it. It was kind of eerie - deep south after dark and all. I had a Dillinger Four album in the stereo, though, and that seemed to ward off evil spirits. I turned it up until the speakers rattled the door and screamed along and scared off the ghosts of the south and everything seemed right. The deep south seemed to be mine for the first five songs. Then, I heard one of the songs grind like I'd never heard it do before and my truck popped out of fifth gear. Luckily, I'd just hit the smallest of the towns that line State Road 78. I pulled into a gas station, popped the hood of my car, looked around, looked under the car, scratched my head, decided that the whole problem was a figment of my imagination, and that the best way to fix it was to ignore it and keep driving. When I put the truck in first gear, I heard it grind and pop again, but this time the radio was off. The problem wasn't in my head and I couldn't blame it on D4. Fuck, I thought, why do the worst things always happen during the best albums? I tried second gear, and it worked fine. Third gear worked, too. I drove about a mile across the tiny Alabama town and found the Rainbow Hotel before I could try fourth gear.

Obviously, the problem was my transmission. I knew this. I knew that I couldn't ignore it and hope it would go away. I knew I couldn't drive with it until I got some place where I knew someone - I was on my way west to California and my closest friends were

several hundred miles back east, in Atlanta. I knew, basically, that I was going to spend a few days in that town and leave most of my money there and there was nothing I could do about it. So why fight it, right? It's like Ghost Dog says, if you're hit with a sudden rainstorm, the best thing to do is resolve yourself to getting wet.

The next morning, I talked to the guy who ran the hotel and he recommended a transmission guy on the other side of town. "Sorry, I don't know anyone closer than that," the motel guy told me. "I'd hate for you to drive all that way."

"That's okay," I said, because I knew it was only two miles to the other side of town.

I called the mechanic. He told me to bring my truck down to see if it really was the transmission. I knew it was. He knew it was. There are no simple transmission problems. Either you have gears to turn

mechanic who went to work in the morning with nothing to work on unless a stranger with a bum tranny limped into town. Still, it hurt. He also gave me an estimate that was less than I expected. Still, that hurt, too. Then, he apologized for making me drive all the way across town just for him to tell me that.

"That's okay," I said. Then, since I had all day with nothing to do, I asked him, "What is there to do in this town?"

"Nothing," he said. "Relax."

I went back to my hotel room to feel sorry for myself.

Feeling sorry for myself was boring, though, so I tried to convince myself that a few days in Winfield was exactly what I wanted, that I'd always wanted it, in fact. I tried to pull the old Jedi mind trick, wave my hand across my face and say, "These *are* the droids you're looking for," and find a millennium falcon in this backwoods

behind the hotel, but they seemed to spend all their time watching TV in the hotel living room. As I headed out of my room to check out the town, I waved to the guy who ran the hotel. "Where are you off to in such a hurry?" he asked. I realized I wasn't off to anywhere, really, and sat down to chat with him. He asked me about my truck and where I was from and where I was going and what I did for a living and things like that. I answered all his questions, but when I tried to ask him something about himself, he said, "Well, I don't want to keep you any longer."

I took the hint, but since I still didn't know what to do with myself, I asked, "What is there to do in this town?"

"Nothing," he said. "Relax."

There must be something, I thought. This is a hotel. People must come through this town and stay here on purpose. What do they



the axles of your car or you don't. Still, I drove it down and he took a look at it and he said, "Yep. We're gonna have to rebuild it. Can't do it 'til tomorrow." Which was fair enough. I couldn't expect him to stop everything he was doing to focus on a stranger's truck, and I wouldn't have wanted to go to a

spaceport. And the strange thing was, I did. In a manner of speaking, anyway.

The hotel was essentially a six bedroom house. Every room had a bed and a dresser and a TV. There were two communal bathrooms, a kitchen, and a living room. I think the proprietors lived in the house

do? So I asked, "What do most of the people who stay here do?"

"Visit folks in the hospital," he said.

It didn't make any sense to me until I walked outside and saw a hospital directly across the street. I wasn't about to visit anyone in there, so I walked downhill for

about a half a mile and hit the downtown area.

The downtown was only a couple of blocks, all old brick buildings in pretty good shape, but not in a renovated-to-have-a-quaint-downtown-shopping-area way. The downtown clearly had been the only place to buy any goods for a long time. There was a bank and a hardware store and a drug store and a bunch of empty shops. Not completely empty shops. Most of them still had shelves in them, or desks, or cash registers, or scattered pieces of merchandise that would never sell. Most of them had rental signs saying, "This building is not empty. It's full of opportunity." No one walked around downtown but me.

Railroad tracks bordered downtown to the south. Four different trains came through over the course of an hour. None stopped. None even slowed down. They just charged through with their whistles hollering. There were a bunch of warehouses along the tracks, but no one seemed to be working in any of them. No one seemed to be around at all. Plenty of cars rolled down State Road 78, which bordered downtown to the north, but, like the trains, none of them seemed to stop. The traffic was mostly just eighteen wheelers cutting across from Interstate 40 to Interstate 20, just like I'd been doing. There was something weird about this town. Something had happened. Something had changed.

I kept wandering around, determined to find some people. I finally reached a diner that had "Bringing back the rock'n'roll" painted on its front window and actual people inside and forty-fives hanging from the ceiling and pictures of Elvis and Marilyn Monroe on the wall. I went inside and ordered some grub and asked the lady behind the counter, "If you only had two days to see this town, what would you do?"

"Nothing," she said. "Relax."

I couldn't take it. There had to be something to do. There had to be someone cool to meet or somewhere cool to go. It was just a matter of finding it. After lunch, I walked up and down every street I could find. I smiled and made eye contact with everyone on the street. I looked everywhere I could for some kids skating or shooting hoops or something. I listened for music from passing cars or houses I passed. My head started to get really cold, so I went into a dollar store and bought a stocking cap and tried to spark up a conversation with two different employees. I went into a grocery store and chatted with the

guy behind the counter for ten minutes. I paced around downtown until I started feeling like I might get arrested for vagrancy, then went back to the hotel. For the rest of the night, I read and watched TV and wrote two sad letters to my girlfriend and did nothing. But I didn't relax.

The next day, I drove my truck down to the mechanic's shop. They took out my transmission and went to work on it. My plan was to drive the truck to the shop and walk back

semble and reassemble that massive, complex, intricate piece of machinery and make it seem so simple. As I was watching him, the owner of the shop walked through the waiting room, said hello to me, grabbed something from behind the counter, and left. It's funny, I thought, that they'll let me sit here and watch them work on my car. I thought the first rule of auto mechanics was to never let the customer see you work. These guys, though, had invited me back into



to the hotel room, but it started to rain before I started to walk, and it was about thirty-five degrees outside, so I decided to hang out and wait. It rained through one-hundred and fifty pages of a Raymond Chandler novel and three zines. And it kept raining. I hoped it would get a little colder and turn the rain to snow, which I could walk in. I read two *Field and Streams* and a *Popular Science*. And it kept raining. With nothing left to read and no TV to watch and no one to talk to and nowhere to go, I just watched the mechanic rebuild my transmission. I watched him take every piece off individually. I watched him clean each piece thoroughly with a wire brush, disas-

the shop a few times. They showed me my transmission and explained to me how they'd fix it. They even showed me the transmission they were taking apart to rebuild mine. I thought about all of this and thought, could you imagine AAMCO doing that?

And that's when it struck me. This wasn't AAMCO. The owner's last name was on the sign out front. His home phone number was listed in the phone book right above the number for his shop. I started to piece together the day before. When I'd gone into the grocery store earlier, it was Ivey's Market and the guy I chatted with was named Ivey. The dollar store I'd gone into wasn't a Dollar General.

It was Paul's Dollar Store, or something like that. The diner was Burgers-n-More, not Denny's and, in fact, I didn't see a McDonalds, Burger King, Taco Bell, or any fast food joint at all. As my mind traveled back up and down the two mile stretch of Winfield, Alabama, I realized that I hadn't seen one single chain or franchise store. Even the banks were community banks. Even the gas station I stopped in that first night had someone's last name on the glowing sign. Every establishment I could think of was locally owned. Almost all the money spent in Winfield stayed in Winfield.

Then, I thought of my hometown, which isn't a small town. Just a small-minded one. There's one spot in my hometown where, on one side of the main street, within a half mile, there is an Applebee's, a Steak-n-Shake, a Hooters, a Barnes & Noble, a Toys-R-Us, a Blockbuster, a Smoothie King, a Burger King, a Chili's, and an Office Depot. Across the street is a Walgreen's, a First Union, a Firestone Tires, an Outback, an AMC Theaters, and a mall. And if there is any major chain that didn't make it into that square half mile, you could go a half mile in either direction (between the Wal-Mart and the Bank of America) and find it. And none of it was there ten years ago. A town that was once cool and had an identity of its own, where people had a chance to own their own business and know that, when they purchased something, the money went to their neighbors, has been completely taken over by national and multinational corporations. I hate it. If my parents didn't live there, I'd never go there again. It's become a generic town. The main road of that town is exactly like Route 66 in Flagstaff and some street I drove down in Vegas and most places in the US right now. There's a good chance that you could read that description of my hometown and wonder if you're from the same place.

But there I was, in the middle of nowhere Alabama, and I finally found a place without a McDonalds. Fucking-A. I watched that guy fix my transmission and watched the rain fall on the red Alabama clay that streaked the hills and I thought, damn, I like this place. I thought about Azreal from the movie *Dogma*, who'd rather wipe out existence than exist in hell. I wondered, would I rather live in a town with nothing to do but nothing I hate, or would I rather live in a city filled

with a thousand choices of things to do, but nowhere to put your money besides Bank of America? Then I started to daydream. Could I actually move to a town like Winfield? Would it be so bad? Maybe I could open a punk club in one of the stores or warehouses downtown - rent had to be cheap and there was no one around to complain about the noise. Kids around there had to be bored and full of angst. They could probably help me convince the city council to build a skate park. Then, if I could just somehow convince my girlfriend to move there, I'd have all I needed right there in the hills and forests of Winfield. And if I really needed a city that badly, I could always drive the two hours southeast to Birmingham or the two hours northwest to Tupelo, Mississippi. How bad could it be?

Then, I listened to myself for a second and had to look at my reflection in the window, just to make sure it was really me having these thoughts.

About that time, another guy came into the waiting room. His transmission had just gone out on him. He'd gotten a tow to the shop and was waiting for his daughter to pick him up. I noticed he didn't have a southern accent and asked him why not and this entitled me,

apparently, to his life story. Which was fine with me. I had time to listen.

He told me that he'd moved down from Michigan in the seventies. He'd worked in the auto industry in Detroit until the auto industry there went into a slump. After Ford laid him off, he found a job in a plant in Winfield manufacturing some kind of part for some piece of heavy machinery. After twenty-five years, he retired and was now doing nothing. Relaxing. He seemed pretty satisfied.

I asked him if he'd been in a union while he worked at the plant. He told me that he'd been an administrator, so he didn't need to be in a union. "But you shouldn't knock unions," he said, even though I wasn't knocking them, and he'd probably never met anyone more pro-union than me. "Even when you're not in it, the union makes everyone's life a little better," he said. And with that, the old guy made a friend.

We talked more and he told me that the unions couldn't save Winfield, that there was a 3M plant north of town that was moving most of its manufacturing to Mexico. The plant where he'd worked had already pretty much downsized itself into oblivion. It was kind of like Michael Moore's

Flint or seventies Detroit all over again. I asked if that was why all the stores downtown had closed. "No," he said. "That happened when the Wal-Mart opened up in Guin, about ten miles up the road."

"That's too bad," I said.

"Nah. I like Wal-Mart," he said.

"You don't have to run around so much. You can get everything in one place." And with that, he almost lost a friend.

I wanted to explain to him about Wal-Mart, how Wal-Mart uses all its money and lobbyists and senators to push through NAFTA and support the domination of the WTO so that Wal-Mart could get all its shit from sweatshops. And, by doing that, they bypass the cost of labor, more or less, and take away jobs that would've stayed in America. Then, they lower their prices only enough to run the independents out of business. This creates the monopoly which allows them to raise the prices again. I wanted to explain that Wal-Mart was exactly the kind of business that paved the road that his old manufacturing plant took to Mexico. That Wal-Mart is exactly the kind of thing that killed my hometown and would kill Winfield. The more I thought about it, though, the more futile it seemed to explain this to him. It would be like

trying to get a guy dying of emphysema to quit smoking when you know that he smoked the cigarette that killed him a long time ago.

It took another day for the mechanic to finish rebuilding my transmission. He cut me a good deal even though he had nothing to gain by it, and I felt relieved that, if the transmission had to die, it died where it did. I drove northwest out of Winfield, towards Tupelo and Memphis and the rest of middle America. Before I'd gotten a mile north of the motel, I passed a dozen fast food joints and assorted national chains. The Dillinger Four album had picked up where it left off when the tranny had dropped, though, so I turned it up until it shook the doors, and I screamed along and hoped it would scare off big business. And though I left most of my money and three days of my life in Winfield, I felt kind of good. Because even though it's a place I could never live in - and don't even want to visit again - it was still really cool to be in a town that was poor and forgotten enough that big business wouldn't touch it, but not so poor and forgotten that they couldn't just do nothing and relax.

-Sean Carswell



TadPole

Interview by Kat Jetson

and Jen Hitchcock



Live Phos by to Kat

Polaroids by Tadpole



Blending captivating lyrics, soaring vocals and a steady pummeling of ferocious drumming, crunching guitar and a heartbeat bass, Tadpole are a super-charged dynamo bowling over every kingpin on the block. Unfortunately, or rather fortunately, due to a tape recorder mishap that Kat refuses to talk about, as well as a dusty ol' interview conducted by Jen a couple of band members ago, this will be our third attempt at getting the word of Tadpole out to the people. But alas, success was finally met after interviewing this eclectic bunch of personalities over pasta, beer and talk of the infamous "Whirlpool and Tidy Bowl Man."

Jen: Do you know that there's a New Zealand band with the same name?

All: Yes.

Jen: [sounding defeated] OK.

[We all laugh and think, "Great start."]

Dvin: Well, wait. I downloaded some of their songs on Napster.

Jen: You did? What's it like?

Dvin: [said quite thankfully] It's not us.

Scotty: It'd be scary if it were.

Jen: How does it differ?

Mia: [to Dvin] Kinda hip hoppy?

Dvin: No, they weren't hip hoppy.

Jen: How does it differ?

Dvin: I don't remember. It scared me so much I just stopped.

Kat: It's impossible to do a search for Tadpole and come up with your band. You get like one million two hundred sixty-five thousand hits.

Mia: It's one of those words.

Jen: You get all the science things.

Kat: Amphibians.

Jen: Not that we searched or anything.

Mia: [sarcastically] I never ever, ever do. You have to just combine it with other things.

Kat: Tadpole and...

Jen: LA or something.

Kat: [Tadpole and] Mia.

Mia: Yeah.

Kat: Have you ever done a search for yourself?

Mia: Sure, I do it all the time.

Kat: Every day.

[laughter]

Jen: I do. I'm in about a million band bios.

Kat: [speaking to Jen] I've done searches for you before.

Jen: [caught] I've done some for you, too.

Mia: [directed to Jen and myself] How do you define your style as a writer?

Jen: Crappy.

Kat: Off the cuff.

Kat: How did you come up with the name for your record label?

Mia: After we recorded it, it was like July 4th, and we sat around Jeffrey's house (x-Tadpole guitarist,) after we watched the fireworks, and we just kept saying words. And then it become really ridiculous and mundane. Lawn chair. Lawn Chair Records. And then a bug flew by. Flying Bug Records! That one kinda stuck. It had a ring to it. But then we got the logo and it gelled.

Jen: I know, the logo's cute.

Kat: It is. Little buzz.

Mia: The lines were Dvin's idea. The buzz lines I call them.

Kat: So are you gonna put anything else out on that label? Your release says like, Flying Bug Records 4, and that's a joke, right?

Mia: 7.

Kat: Right, FB 7.

Mia: Yeah. It just had a ring to it.

Jen: That's so cool. Other people will be like, "I gotta find the other six releases."

Mia: We're only gonna do 7. We're starting at 7 and going back.

Scotty: Just try and find FB 1.

Mia: I wouldn't mind doing a single or something. Don't have the cash flow to spend on anybody else right now.

Dvin: Well, we might put out the next Le Tigre, but I don't know if I want to spend

any money on them.

Jen: I was gonna put out the next Le Tigre.

Mia: They thought our four-track recording machine was a little too high-tech for them. They didn't want to overproduce it.

Kat: This past weekend Jen was telling me "drunk stories," and it was really funny, so I wanted to know your best drunk story.

Mia: How much tape you got here?

Scotty: Just drunk?

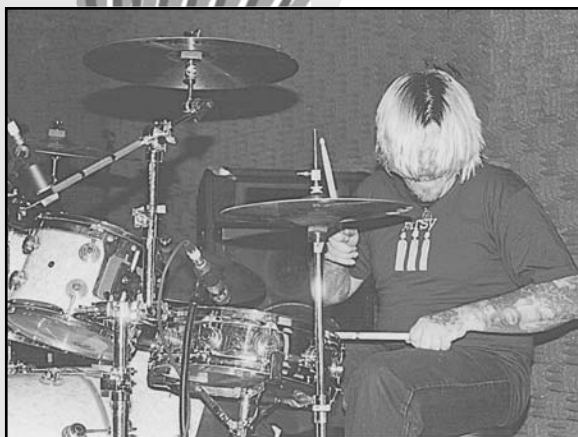
Jen: Just fucked up.

Mia: Can you say that in this magazine?

Kat: It's *Razorcake*. I think you can.

Mia: Our motto at Flying Bug Records is, "Get buzzed."

Scotty: Cramps, New Year's Eve. A couple of years ago, I think. I remember coming home being really hungry and I woke up



and there was a half-eaten sub in the refrigerator and it all came back to me in a wave of what happened. I had no money, I knew that, but I was getting paid that day, and I remember calling Pink Dot because they take checks.

[lots of laughter]

And I kinda remember standing out in my street because my place is a little hard to find, in my slippers and sweat pants, with a check, looking for the Pink Dot guy. But I didn't remember any of that until the next morning when I woke up and saw the half-eaten sandwich.

Jen: Pink Dot. The Savior.

Scotty: It's not Pink Dot anymore.

Mia: It's PD Quick.

Scotty: Whatever. I'm not ordering that. Even if I've had a bunch of pills and alcohol.

Dvin: And their new signs are really ugly.

Scotty: My friend used to work for Pink Dot during the fall of heavy metal. And he told me he delivered to, what's the guitarist in Poison?

Dvin: C.C. DeVille.

Scotty: He delivered to C.C. DeVille and he was all fat and drunk and inebriated, hanging out in the Jacuzzi, and he said he was screaming at him, "I used to be skinny and rich, now I'm faaat."

Kat: Drunk story #2.

Dvin: Uh, it's not exactly a drunk story. I was maybe 15, and a couple of my friends were sleeping over. We waited until my parents were asleep and we started doing tequila shots. It was only me and one of my friends because the other one had gone to sleep. So we're doing six or seven shots and we were doing them so quick that I wasn't even drunk at that point yet. So it's like the seventh shot enters my mouth and my other friend wakes up and she just made a really funny face when she woke up, she's like, "What are you guys doin'?" and the tequila went shooting out my nose.

Everyone: Owww!

Dvin: And I felt like someone had a *blowtorch* to my face. It felt like fire. It was all fire and I couldn't breathe so I was totally heaving on nothing. I had to run across the room to the nearest faucet and splash water in my face and some of it went down, and as soon as it did, I puked all over my bathroom. My own bathroom. And you're not supposed to puke in your own bathroom, you're supposed to puke in someone else's bathroom.

Mia: I'm trying to think which one I should tell. I have an epic one, but that would take a while. It's got lots of people and personalities and rock stars, and there's three acts to it.

Kat: I don't think I get that many pages.

Mia: I'll just tell the other one. I wasn't even 21. Somebody would buy the booze. There'd be a bunch of us from work, we'd all get off from Carl's Jr. and go drink too much. They were playing quarters and this other guy that I worked with was there and



All I saw was these colored pretty dots. I had been playing with my puke and he was passed out under the toilet at the same time. Mia

they had a bottle of Beefeaters' gin. So we started having a drinking contest and I just got really wasted and blacked out. He got sick and I got sick, too. All I know is I blacked out and woke up on this lawn chair thing outside looking at the concrete floor.

Jen: With lines from the lawn chair [on your face].

[uproarious laughter from us all]

Mia: I'm sure. The next day I go into work and everybody's calling me "Whirlpool."

Dvin: Oh my. Oh dear.

Mia: And they were calling the other guy "The Tidy Bowl Man."

Jen: And you had no idea why?

Mia: I had *no* idea why. All I knew is that I had this vision. You know how there's like snow on the TV and all those pixels. And I was like "Wow, look at that." So apparently I had gotten sick and I was playing with it. [insane laughter and gross out now]

Mia: All I saw was these colored pretty dots. And I had been playing with it and he was passed out under the toilet at the same time.

Jen: I just love that you had a name and you had no idea why.

Scotty: Damn, that's gotta be the name of the next CD.

Jen: "Whirlpool and Tidy Bowl Man."

Kat: Would you endorse a product?

Mia: Of course I would!

Kat: What product would you all endorse? Kim Shattuck from the Muffs did it and she said it paid off all her debt.

Mia: It is hard when you are in that position to say no because that wouldn't be such a hard product to endorse, because I like that product.

Dvin: [to Mia] What product?

Kat: Frutopia.

Mia: But then again, you never know what opportunity is going to come up and if you should just go for it or not. But I don't really like the idea of endorsing something I don't like. I used to feel that way about music in movies, but then I got over it. It is just music in a movie. What is the big deal?

Kat: Now everything is "Music inspired by the movie." They're not even soundtracks any more.

Dvin: Breeders did the Gap.

Mia: We could do the Gap.

Scotty: I ain't dancing around in no khakis. I ain't doing it.

Dvin: Luscious Jackson didn't have to dance around. They were pretty good.

Scotty: They kind of grooved a little bit.

Dvin: Actually, I already contributed to endorsing a product. I contributed to the Gap because Jill played my bass in the last ad.

Jen: Really?

Kat: Your bass was played by Cuniff?

Dvin: Tamala (from Longstocking, Automaticans, Barbara Please Attack, etc.) was working on that ad and called me up at the last minute and said that they didn't have any equipment and could she use my bass. But anyway, to get back to the question...I'll endorse any product because look at Moby.

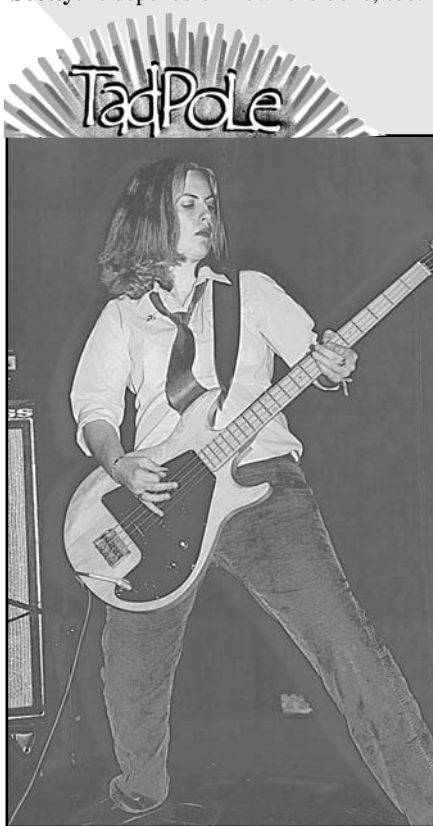
He was nothing until he was in every car ad!

Mia: And Air.

Kat: Air, yeah they have a lot.

Mia: That is perfect hair product music.

Scotty: It depends on how it is done, too. I



thought that the Sting one for Jaguar was kind of ridiculous.

Dvin: He is ridiculous.

Jen: Yeah! He is *in* it.

Mia: That is why he is ridiculous. It didn't work because he made a video of it.

Scotty: I don't think I would want to be in it.

Kat: OK, you know about how Van Halen requested no brown M&Ms in their dressing room? What would Tadpole require in their dressing room?

Scotty: Patricia Arquette.

[everyone laughs]

Kat: It would be like, "We need Patricia now! Scotty is waiting!"

Scotty: Tadpole will not go on until she comes back here and shows us some damn dancing!

Jen: Tadpole needs no brown M&Ms and Patricia Arquette.

Dvin: We'd need Diet Coke.

Scotty: And rainbow cookies, imported from New York.

Mia: I don't know what to say. I can't top Patricia Arquette.

Jen: Who would you get to play you in "Tadpole: The Movie"?

Mia: Lili Taylor.

Jen: That would be great casting! Unlike Holly Hunter as Billie Jean King.

Mia: In a weekly show?

Kat: No, it is a TV movie that is out now. Can you imagine a weekly show? "Billie kisses a girl," next week: "Billie kisses a girl," and then the following week, "Billie kisses another girl."

Mia: "Billie gets in a fight with Anita Bryant."

Jen: "Billie beats some guy in tennis."

Kat: "Billie kisses a girl."

Dvin: Whoever plays me has to take a lot of time to get to know me, so I would pick Angelina Jolie. We'd have to spend some quality time, and get to know one another. [laughter]

Kat: No Angelina, this is how I kiss! This is how I kiss! Let's do it again.

Scotty: With me, there's want, and what probably would happen. Want, I would say somebody like Johnny Depp or Benicio Del Toro. But realistically, and I've been told this more than once, if you were ever to see me with my glasses, it would probably be Jonathan Lipnicki. You know that little kid in Jerry McGuire.

Kat: I don't want to ask any more questions. The rest are so serious.

Mia: Whatever! Let's hear it!

Jen: OK. Do you write the lyrics before or after you watch Dvin and Angelina Jolie in the shower?

[laughter]

Jen: No really, what is your whole writing process? Do the lyrics inspire the music or does the music inspire the lyrics?

Mia: Usually it all goes together. There is a mood to the song and I have an idea or an emotion that I'm trying to get out - or sometimes it's just a riff and we'll make up some words, and we'll go from there. A lot of times it kind of happens all at once.

Kat: Do you feel that there is a local scene in LA?

Mia: I think that there are many different little local scenes. Sometimes they cross over a little bit into the other ones but I don't see it as a whole scene. There are too many different things going on.

Kat: I feel that there is. There is a group of local musicians that sort of play together.

Mia: To me they seem like smaller circles then they were ten years ago.

Jen: Everything is so spread out. It also doesn't seem like there are as many clubs either.

Scotty: I don't really think that there is a scene. I'd like to think there is, but it isn't like it used to be. Jabberjaw - that was a scene.

Kat: We don't have any more questions.

Mia: There were more questions last time!

Kat: Any last words?

Mia: I have to pee.



TEENAGE ALCOHOLICS: PUNK ROCK IN EAST LOS ANGELES

BY JIMMY ALVARADO

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF JASON
"BOOMER" ESCOVEDO



PROLOGUE

We get to the gig around 9:30 p.m. We had walked, a pack of 12 or 13 kids with spiked hair, faded denim jackets covered in a chaotic splash of color and band logos, and assorted cases of beer in tow, more than a mile through neighborhoods often hostile to people like us. We pay \$3 just to stand in a backyard filled to capacity, get drunk and raise a little hell as our friends line up in varying band formations every half hour or so and tear through their sets, their efforts lit by a single lamp strategically placed on the makeshift stage at the back wall of the house. After a little searching through the yard, we find the other heads from the neighborhood, who had come to the gig in two car-loads, in the far corner with a keg between them.

"We" are collectively the punks from City Terrace, but we are by no means alone in the backyard. Kids from Montebello, Huntington Park, Alhambra, El Sereno, Monterey Park and other areas have also come out tonight to see the Stains, who are rumored to be making a very rare appearance. I make my way through the crowd, can of Bud in hand, place my very scrawny self squarely in front of the stage and begin heckling the members of Side Effects, who were friends from Whittier.

"You guys are too stupid to play and your drummer is a gimp," I shout at them through the din of tuning instruments. Behind me, another critic chimes in with "Go back to Whittier you has-been scumbags."

Their singer smiles. "Glad to see you guys, too," he deadpans into the microphone. Their drummer four-clicks and, as the band begins their first song, the backyard erupts into the sea of ritualized violence that we call dancing. Many fall to the ground, but are quickly picked up by watchful friends and relatives. Somewhere in the middle of the set, I make my way back toward the keg, parched, sweaty and loving every minute of the night. Two bands later, my brother informs me that he has talked one of the bands into lending us their equipment and that we will be playing after Anti-Social, who are currently onstage. We find Scott, our singer, and make our way back toward the stage.

Anti-Social finishes up and we tune up the borrowed instruments. We're ready. Scott introduces us as "just another band from East LA" and we begin our set in a hail of reciprocated insults from the members of Side Effects and a shower of wasted beer.

EAST LOS ANGELES: A PRIMER

"We're the ones that have been neglected/Conformity never accepted..." Black Jax

East Los Angeles has always been sort of the bastard child of Los Angeles "proper," which extends from the bridges that cross the Los Angeles River to the Pacific Ocean (officially, the eastern border of Los Angeles City is Indiana Street, which is in the heart of "East Los," but, except for the LAPD, few Angelenos seem to acknowledge this fact). Everything on the other side of the river, pretty much since the beginning of the last century, has been viewed by the population on the west side as either squalid, dangerous or simply someplace decent people would not be caught dead in, day or night. As a result, vast amounts of people on the west side of Los Angeles have, in their entire lives, never set foot in East Los Angeles. Conversely, much of the population on the east side of the river has regularly made trips over the bridges, serving as a source of cheap

labor for the city's businesses and more affluent residents.

Contrary to popular belief, East Los Angeles has never been a solely Mexican area. Granted, East LA is considered the largest Mexican city outside of Mexico, but, in addition to the Mexicans who have lived in the area, much of LA's Japanese, Italian, Chinese, Russian, Central American, Black and Jewish populations have also called parts of East LA home through the years. In fact, Los Angeles' noted "Fairfax District" was the result of the area's Jews moving from Boyle Heights following the influx of other minority groups into the area. The more inquisitive reader can find out more about the area's history in the book *East Los Angeles: Anatomy of a Barrio*, by Ricardo Romo.

To this day, the general attitude of West Siders toward East LA seems to be that, aside from "safe" areas like Pasadena and San Marino, it simply doesn't exist. Fodor's tourist guides that do mention the outlying areas warn their buyers to avoid dangerous areas like East and South Central Los Angeles, especially at night. When referring to the "east side," local publications like the *LA Weekly* and the *New Times* are actually referring to Silverlake, which is still on the "west side." There is some truth to the belief that places like East and South Central Los Angeles can be risky areas on occasion, but they are no more hazardous than more celebrated tourist traps, like Hollywood Boulevard or the Venice Boardwalk.

While it is easy to blame the rest of the county's aversion to East Los Angeles on the ominous spectre of racism, and its origins were no doubt based on the white population's fear of its minority neighbors rising up and killing them in their sleep, I think that it has since mutated into something less sinister over the course of generations. Gone are the days when the Mexican population, not allowed on the beaches, instead took their families to water-filled rock quarries and aqueducts with names like Marrano Beach and Sleepy Lagoon, but the aversion on the part of much of the rest of the county is still very much alive. While most of the County's constituency probably forgot long ago why East LA was originally such a bad place to be, they have nevertheless retained the fear that was the end product of the racism.

As a result, the efforts of Eastside artists, from painters to writers, actors to musicians, are rarely recognized. For every Los Lobos, Anthony Quinn or Vicky Carr, there are a hundred Ruben & the Jets, Mestizo, Con Safos, and so on. Many bands found it nearly impossible to play outside of the neighborhoods and, as far as playing a coveted club date in, say, Hollywood - forget about it.

This bias is equally true of the Los Angeles punk scene. Most, if not all, of the LA bands that the average punker has heard of are from Hollywood, Orange County or the South Bay. East LA punk bands had a hard time getting gigs with their west side counterparts in the early days and, come to think of it, that hasn't really changed much, either. East LA bands are still seen as somehow less "real" and are often dismissed as "taco punk" or with some other stupid slight. For example, a recent review of the local band Union 13 in another magazine consisted of the reviewer trying to figure out how a punk band from LA could exist without his knowing it, followed by a dismissal of them as some sort of made-up group that Brett Gurewitz concocted to cash in on the "Spanish rock" craze sweeping the nation. In actuality, the group had been recording demos and slugging it out in East Los' backyard party scene years before the release of their first album. Early bands that did regularly get shows outside of East Los Angeles and released vinyl were often tied in some way to "movers and shakers" within the "real" LA punk scene. For example, East LA group the Brat's debut EP, "Attitudes," was released on Tito Larriva's (of the Hollywood band the Plugz) Fatima label. The record's lyric sheet was handwritten by X's Exene Cervenka.

Even worse, East LA music historians themselves are equally culpable for slighting the work of the area's punk and underground bands. Every few years, some Chicano musicologist or music historian-cum-Tower Records employee will try to put out the "definitive" history of the East Los Angeles music scene. For the most part, their efforts are commendable, but, for some reason, once they get to the section covering the East LA punk and underground scene, their work suddenly gets anemic. The two bands most often mentioned are the Brat and Los Illegals, and according to many of these books, that's the alpha and omega of East LA's punk scene. Nothing before, after or in between. If they do attempt to mention any other "East LA" punk bands, they find bands with ethnic names or members from other areas and try to lump them in with the others (e.g. the persistent tendency to place the Chula Vista Chicano punk band the Zeros in with their East LA counterparts; the reference to Econochrist alter ego Chicano Christ in the book *Land of a Thousand Dances*).

Despite efforts by others to prove otherwise, East LA has long been home to a large, vibrant punk and underground music scene, one as diverse and exciting as any of Los Angeles' more celebrated scenes, and it has somehow prospered despite virtually no radio airplay, precious few recorded works, almost no labels and a few short-lived clubs. Like many of its more famous counterparts, the East LA scene was comprised of many smaller scenes that freely intermingled with each other. Although elitism and infighting between bands, fans and scenesters were often in abundance, they rarely impeded the basic tenet of the efforts of those involved, which was to have as much fun as possible by any means necessary.

What follows is in no way an attempt to serve as a document of every punk band that has plugged in and made noise in a garage east of the LA River, nor is it to serve as some sort of "definitive history of a scene." Rather, look at this long block of lettering as an introduction to a scene that was and is populated by a whole host of denizens that I'm willing to bet most reading this have never heard of.

The "family tree" that accompanies this article began as a request by Retodd to map out the bands I have been a part of over the years as a starting point for a larger tree that will hopefully include as many East LA bands as possible. There are tons of other bands I had hoped to include in this text, as well as on the family tree, but due to friends who have disappeared through that vortex called time, those who have died, those afflicted with terminal flakiness or just a general lack of interest on the part of those I called to participate, I was unable to make it any more detailed. Anyone from the area reading this who has been or is in a band and is interested in being included on the tree are encouraged to contact this magazine.

Due to the dearth of related material on the subject, much of the information here comes from at least 20 years worth of memories spanning hundreds of parties, gigs and fights in assorted backyards, clubs, rented halls, living rooms and other subterranean hellholes where one finds all the fun stuff going on. While it is true that I have played in many bands over the course of the last 20 years, the intent of this article is not an arrogant attempt to highlight my personal efforts as a musician. I know full well that my efforts are no more (or less) important than those of others. The problem is that punk was and is a hands-on type of subculture, where everybody involved plays an active part and, as a result, much of the history of punk in East LA and my own personal history are interrelated.

The reader will note that Los Illegals and the Brat are not represented here. This is in no way an attempt to dismiss or disrespect their efforts, but, to be honest, they've been the primary focus of all things "punk" in East LA and both have had more than their share of days in the sun. Now it's someone else's turn.

The first time I remember seeing the phrase "punk rock" was in a

A BRIEF PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF EAST LA PUNK LIFE

1980 issue of *Creem*. I had bought the magazine because of articles on the Pretenders and Devo, who at the time had replaced my prior fascination with Kiss and other related hard rock bands. The classified ads in the back of the magazine had repeated references to punk rock T-shirts, sunglasses and even an ad for a "punk rock," which was a variation on the ridiculous pet rock craze that swept the United States in the late 1970s.

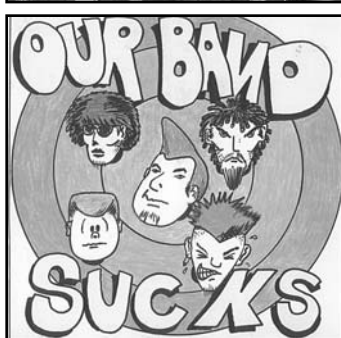
I went to an "alternative" school (as in an "alternative form of education," according to the hippies that founded the school in the '70s) in Highland Park. Like many of the kids who attended this school, my younger brother and I were bused there from where we lived, which was an area of East LA called City Terrace. Through some of the other kids in school, I soon learned of punk and a whole world of bands I had no idea existed. Bands with strange names like the Weirdos, Germs, Go-Gos, Flesh Eaters and Black Flag. I also learned of a radio station with some DJ named Rodney who regularly played these bands. My brother and I began listening to Rodney's show every Saturday and Sunday night.

The first "band" I ever saw was the Alperheads, a joke band named after a classmate who was one of the editors of *Ink Disease* fanzine. The bass player for the Alperheads was Shane White, who later became a member of the Rip Offs. If memory serves, the band practiced their three-song set only once, the night before their gig, and they played only that one show, which took place in our school's recreation room. As they crooned the mantra "We are young, we are bold, we are Alperheads/Nobody loves us but our mothers" to the three half-learned chords that made up the music, I couldn't help but think that they were the worst band I had ever heard. Two of their friends, who had snuck onto the campus just to see them, began pogoing, bouncing up and down to the beat, laughing the whole time.

I didn't begin wearing many of the stereotypical punk accoutrements until a couple of years later, but I did begin my involvement in the scene not long after that show in the rec room. Although neither of us knew how to play an instrument, my brother and I started our first band sometime in the summer of 1981. My gear consisted of an acoustic guitar and, in order to make it "electric," I took a tape recorder microphone, wrapped it in toilet paper, plugged it into an old movie projector, and then shoved the mic into the sound hole of the guitar. The sound that resulted, besides the incessant feedback, was similar to two trains colliding in the middle of an earthquake. My brother screamed at the top of his lungs. We made tapes and gave them to friends. It was fun. A couple of years later, we borrowed some real equipment from an aunt, talked a schoolmate (a Chinese girl who had no apparent sense of rhythm) into playing drums and played Dollar Night at the Cathay de Grande in Hollywood with Mad Parade, the Membranes and the Steps. I also began writing for friends' fanzines, not to mention frequent failed attempts at starting my own.

My brother and I soon learned that being a punk in East LA was no spring walk in the park. More often than not, it involved suffering through cat-calls, incessant hassling from parent, police and principal alike, running from people bent on

our destruction, fighting, beatings, concussions and bleeding. Soon enough, though, we found other punks in the neighborhood and we all began hanging out together and going to shows. Together,



BANDS GOT PAID, EITHER
WITH MONEY OR LOTS OF
FREE BEER. FEW COMPLAINED
ABOUT THIS ARRANGEMENT.

we all started bands, supported each others' efforts, wrote for each others' magazines, ingested staggering amounts of illicit substances and beverages that would've made Nancy Reagan squirm, and put on our own shows.

THE WRITTEN WORD

Of the many fanzines that popped up over the years, the two that are best known by punks outside the East LA area are *Ink Disease* and *Pure Filth*. Both were very influential, outspoken and sometimes brutally honest in their likes and dislikes. Both were often painfully funny to read. Both also had more than their share of both worshippers and enemies.

For the majority of its existence, *Ink Disease* was headed by the duo of Thomas Siegal and Steve Alper. It was based in the Mount Washington area of Northeast LA. Although the majority of its coverage was more national in scope, the occasional feature could be found on their friends' bands, like Armistice and Truce. In its early stages, *Ink Disease* was similar in style to many other fanzines of the time, with chaotic layouts, poorly reproduced photos, and the like. In addition to interviews with bands and record reviews, one could find reviews of old movies that were playing at Pasadena's Rialto Theatre, copy clipped out of various newspapers, "The Adventures of Punk and Pop" comics and Brady Rifkin's bumper sticker reviews. As it gained popularity (at one point rivaling *Flipside*), its layouts and text became more coherent and the general vibe of the fanzine became considerably more focused. *Ink Disease* continued into the 1990s, but it began reaching the newsstands only sporadically, first seemingly at quarterly intervals, then almost annually, and it finally disappeared.

Pure Filth was an entirely different beast. The brainchild of Shane White, Ralph Balcarcel and the enigmatic Carl Bellows, *Pure Filth* was unashamedly regional, outspoken to the point of insulting even their friends, elitist, crude and funny as hell. The only thing truly painstakingly laid out was usually the cover, which featured women whom the editors deemed sexy. Past that, though, the reader was left to his/her own devices to figure out what was going on. Following an entirely handwritten first issue, the magazine's text was typeset on an old typewriter with missing keys, laid out in whatever direction seemed interesting and then Xeroxed en masse. The bands interviewed were usually unknown, and the interviews themselves often quickly degenerated into recordings of situations having nothing to do with the bands' music. Typical questions ran along the lines of, "Some people get up at the crack of dawn. Whose crack do you get up to?" As for as the magazine's other contents, the reader could wade through Ralph's semi-autobiographical "Adventures of the Hookermeister," "On Skinheads," a list of their friends who either were or would soon be suffering from male pattern baldness; a sometimes painfully personal gossip section; diatribes on how *Flipside* and punk rock in general sucked; reviews of literally anything; and assorted toilet humor comics. When Ralph, Shane and his brother Jason packed up their band and moved up to the Bay Area, they took *Pure Filth* with them and continued to put out issues until it became a little more popular than they were comfortable with, at which time they packed it in and Shane began writing reviews for *Maximum Rockroll*.

There were, of course, a great many other fanzines from East Los Angeles, including *Multiplication of the Typical Joe*, *Outcry*, *Local Anesthetic* and *Thrasher's Digest*. Most of them started out strong and then sort of petered out after a few issues. All of them, however, were essential in helping to inform those few readers outside the area of what was going on in the neighborhoods.

BACKYARD SHENANIGANS

Although there was the occasional punk club in East Los Angeles, most were short-lived. The club that survived the longest was the Vex, which was forced to move around the area for various reasons and was eventually closed after someone was stabbed. This lack of a steady club scene in the area, not to mention the virtual impossibility of a band obtaining a slot at any of Hollywood's clubs, led to the rise of the backyard party.

The mechanics were simple: Find someone with parents who were either gullible or out of town, make flyers, pass them out at the Olympic Auditorium, Fenders Ballroom and anywhere else you could, show up at the house with a couple of kegs of beer, play, dance, fight, leave when the cops crashed the party and find someplace else to finish the

less, one could see, depending on when and if the cops showed up, anywhere from one to eight bands play.

A steady network of backyards began to build, places with names like Bird and Cornwell, First and Velasco, Beastie's Pad, Boo-Boo's House, Joe's Pit, Flipper's Pad and the Dustbowl (so named because a stifling cloud of dirt would rise every time a slam pit started). Soon one could find a place to go on any given day of the weekend. Many of the places lasted years and the parties themselves were usually wild, drunken, sometimes violent affairs. Most, if not all, of the bands got paid, either with money or lots of free beer. Few complained about this arrangement.

SHUT UP AND PLAY

As with any other scene, East LA bands were plentiful and usually short-lived. Some were brilliant, others were, to be as polite as possible, absolutely terrible, but all were respected and encouraged to make as much noise as possible. The bands were also very incestuous, and it wasn't uncommon for one person to be in four or five different bands at the same time with three other people, each of them in the same predicament.

Few of the bands went into a proper studio and even fewer ever released a proper record. Most instead made demo cassettes on either a four-track recorder or a ghetto blaster, copied them onto cheap tapes and passed them out to friends or sold them. A handful of other would-be music moguls sometimes took these demos, picked a few songs from each tape, recorded them onto other cheap cassettes and passed them off as compilations.

The following is an *incomplete* list and brief descriptions of some East LA-area bands active from 1981-1990. Please note the emphasis on incomplete.

I SOON LEARNED THAT BEING A
PUNK IN EAST LA WAS NO SPRING
WALK IN THE PARK.

A.D. Do - An early to mid-'80s Highland Park group, this band included Benny Siegal and Morgan Hunt, both of whom were responsible for *Multiplication of the Typical Joe* fanzine. Inspired by the same sense of humor that permeated their fanzine, their early recordings were of a "fun" nature, but as the influence of DC hardcore bands like Minor Threat and Faith became more prevalent, they developed a harder edge. Aside from a few garage demos, their only other known appearance was on the "Flex Your Mom" compilation cassette, of which there were only 30 or so "legitimate" copies. Morgan moved to Humboldt county, where he is now a member of the band Letterbomb.

Anti-Social - Originally a non-band that would get their name on flyers and then not show up to play, "because we're anti-social." Heavily influenced by Bad Religion before it became fashionable, the band was started by guitarist Manny and his brother Charlie after Manny quit Copulation. They released a couple of demos and garnered a pretty sizable following before throwing in the towel. Manny later formed the Deutschmen, Revolution 9 and played for a time in Media Blitz.

Armistice - One of LA's early "peace punk" bands. Taking many of their political cues from Crass, Crucifix and the like, they tried to get LA's notoriously apathetic punk scene to care about *something*. Noteworthy members included drummers Aaron (of kiddie punk band Mad Society), Sard (later in Black Jax) and guitarist Ivan Morely (later of Iconoclast). The only recordings I know of was a live demo recorded at Roxanne's Club and some tracks on the "Rock for the People of Highland Park" compilation cassette.

Black Jax - The best thing ever to come out of Monterey Park. Their sound was a mixture of English punk rock circa 1977 and early '80s Orange County hardcore, and they didn't have a bad song in their set. Singer Pogo commanded the stage like a pro, emoting every line while bouncing across every inch of the stage. The band officially broke up in 1986, but they have reunited occasionally over the years, and Pogo fronted an all-new lineup in the mid '90s. A collection of two old demos by this band was recently legitimately released on disc by Wankin' Stiph records.

Bloodcum - Two of the members of this band were related to members of speedmetal band Slayer, so they were often facetiously referred to as the "Slayer Brother Band." Their dedication to playing shows was the stuff of legend. Bassist Robert Tovar once had his legs broken by

neighborhood gang members, but he still continued to play shows despite the obvious difficulties of standing in two casts. The early work of this Huntington Park band was hardcore at its most aggressive and, although they later introduced more of a metal influence into their sound, they managed to retain their punk edge. In addition to some demos, Bloodcum released a couple of 12-inch EPs on Wild Rag records. Robert Tovar is now a guitarist in Blues Experiment and two of the other members were last rumored to be playing in an industrial metal band with Gabriel from Our Band Sucks.

C.O. (Conscientious Objector) - An ultra-hardcore thrash band featuring the infamous Batman on vocals. Their sets often sounded like a roar of noise with only brief stops to let the audience know that they were beginning a new song. C.O., to my knowledge, only recorded one demo and rumor has it that Batman has become pastor at a Christian church after years of living a very dangerous life.

Chainsaw Blues/the Fingers - The *Pure Filth* house band(s). Chainsaw Blues was originally a punk rock alter ego of sorts to the band La Triste, but following the departure of Craig Tyron, the inclusion of Plain Agony singer Tito Lopez and Shane's introduction to Billy Childish records, the band rapidly became a force unto itself. After a year or so, the personnel shuffled, Brady Rifkin was given vocal duties and the band was re-christened The Fingers. Later, Brady was booted out, bassist Ralph became the singer and Becky Minjarez took up bass chores. When Becky quit to become a mom, the Fingers became a three-piece unit. After gaining considerable popularity outside of East LA, the band moved to San Francisco and promptly broke up. Shane and Jason joined the Rip Offs and the rest, as they say, is history. Chainsaw Blues' recorded output consists of one demo and a 7-inch EP. The Fingers released at least three 7-inch EPs.

Circle One - One of East LA's best-known, best-documented and most controversial groups. Singer John Macias was a very charismatic figure in the LA punk scene whose love for Jesus, outspokenness, hatred of police and unflagging dedication to hardcore both rubbed more than a few people the wrong way and attracted a rabid following/gang, known as the "Family." Their music, with its frenetic beats and John's meticulous efforts to actually sing, was undeniably powerful. Circle One's vinyl appearances are many. The most recent release is "Are You Afraid?" on Grand Theft Audio, which couples their first album with live tracks, various demos and compilation cuts. Guitarist Mike Vallejo has since been in seemingly nearly every hardcore band from LA to Oxnard and various other members have been in Fluf, Fifi and Corpus Delecti. John, sadly, was shot to death by police on Santa Monica Pier in the early 1990s.

Crankshaft - Another well-known group led by the legendary Leno Lousy. Leno's decidedly non-PC lyrical content (odes to "new wave homos," armies of the dead and raping girl scouts) no doubt caused many an eyebrow to raise (not to mention destruction of punk records by irate parents), but their metal-tinged hardcore was top-notch. Most of the band's vinyl output consists of tracks on various Mystic Records comps, three cuts on Smoke 7's "Sudden Death" compilation and a host of demos. Rumor has it that Leno is doing a long prison stretch these days. It is not known what happened to rest of the original members.

Dog's Breakfast - An early "bedroom" group consisting of Jim Vavrik, Shane and Jason White. They recorded one known demo, which dances a fine line between early punk rock minimalism and flat-out noise. Three tracks from the demo, "V.D. in Your Eye," "Destroy" and "The Children Don't Play" appeared on the "Flex Your Mom" cassette compilation.

FCDN Tormentor - From Highland Park circa the mid-1980s, these guys were early purveyors of what would become known as black metal. The "FCDN," placed at the beginning of their name to differentiate them from another band with the same name, stood for "Fuckin' Catastrophic Destructive Noise," and the description definitely fit. Their sound was loud, fast and featured the same strangled-cat vocals still popular today. They put out at least one demo and rumor has it that they still play shows occasionally. Drummer Raul went on to play in No Comment and is now drummer for Blues Experiment.

Fish Head - Formed in the late '80s/early '90s, Fish Head married the death rock of bands like the Bauhaus to blues and hardcore punk and came up with a sound all their own. Song subjects ranged from Manson-esque fantasies to hanging hippies to telling a girl's parents in gory detail what sex with their daughter was like. They quickly began to garner notoriety outside of the neighborhood, but after drummer Randy Rodarte moved to Berkeley, attempts to keep the momentum going with a new drummer failed and they called it quits. The band



John Fish Head. Photo by Pio Flores.

recorded one demo, and a live cassette recorded at a 4th of July party exists, and that's pretty much their recorded output. A single was allegedly scheduled to be recorded by the Plugz' Tito Larriva and released on Flipside Records, but nothing ever came of it. Randy went on to drum in the Tumors for a time, and continues to this day as one of the only original members left in the band Ollin. Bassist Ralph was last seen booking punk shows at the Tropico Club in East LA. Guitarist Joey is lost in the void. Later drummer Guy still jams with his brother on occasion. Singer John is married and has two kids.

Fuckin' Assholes - The fact that none of the members of this band could really play their instruments didn't stop them from playing many a backyard show. Their sets usually consisted of singer Chris screaming about being a teenage alcoholic or repeating the phrase "You're just a caca head" repeatedly while the rest of the band flailed on their instruments in wild abandon. After a while, one of the members would walk off mid-set to get a beer and someone from the crowd would go up and play. The band recorded two known demos. Most of the members eventually learned to play and went on to Butt Acne, Peace Pill and Fish Head.

Hawaii's Hardcore - From the ashes of No Mind Asylum came this, Highland Park's premier straight edge band, although few (if any) of their songs had anything to do with straight edge. The members performed in Hawaiian shirts and had crossed palm trees drawn onto their hands instead of the stereotypical "X." Song subjects ranged from biographies of horny old movie stars to hating peace punks to loving Madonna. One demo was recorded and tracks from it were released on the "Rock for the People of Highland Park" and "Flex Your Mom" compilation cassettes. Shane White and Craig Tyron went on to an incarnation of Laughing Matter. Guitarist Steve Stewart moved to Spokane. Singer Joe Henderson went on to write for *Flipside* and, according to popular rumor, is now some sort of right-wing gun freak.

HCOT/Copulation LA - Without a doubt, one of East LA's best hardcore bands. The name Hot Cum on Tongue was shortened to HCOT and then to Copulation. When the band found out there was a band in Sweden or somewhere with the same name, they added "LA" to avoid potential confusion. Bassist/singer Johnny "Boots" Rodriguez and drummer Frank, along with a revolving door of guitarists, laid out some solid songs that came an went in a blur of anger and desperation. After Frank eventually left the band, Boots tried to keep the band going, but it eventually sputtered out and he joined the Thrusters, Plain Agony and a later incarnation of the Black Jax. The band recorded numerous demos and were scheduled to have some tracks on the "Flex Your Burrito" cassette comp, which was allegedly never

completed. Two Copulation tracks, "Tina Tina (renamed "Baby")" and "What a Drag," were "liberated" by the band Anti-Social and recorded for their first demo, much to the consternation of Boots.

Human Retch/Six Gun Justice/Butt Acne - The first foray into the world of music that I and my brother made, Human Retch was the name that we gave the unskilled noise that we created. Following the inclusion of the tone-deaf drummer, we changed the name to Six Gun Justice and survived two shows. Aside from the show at the Cathay de Grande, Six Gun Justice's only other live performance was at a very small slumber party for seventh-grade girls. We got paid a bowl of spaghetti each for that show. After another name change, this time to Butt Acne, the band went through a succession of lineups before finally settling on my brother John on drums, Scott from the Fuckin' Assholes on bass and myself on guitar. This lineup lasted into the 1990s when performances became fewer and Scott moved to Berkeley for a time. Aside from a legion of demo tapes, the most recent from 1998, Butt Acne's only "official" output was one side of a split cassette with Venice's Voice of Authority, which was released by a Chicago tape label in the mid-'80s. The band members that floated through Butt Acne went on to join such bands as Fish Head, Tumors, Peace Pill, Ollin and Mad Parade.

Insurrected State/No Church on Sunday - Insurrected State was fronted by Sergio, a man who frequently tested the boundaries of how much alcohol a person was capable of drinking. Oftentimes he would pass out cold in the middle of a set with the band still raging on behind his inert body. The sound of the band itself was a sort of marriage of the primal approach of bands like Crass and the Mexican hardcore of bands like Atoxxxico and Solucion Mortal. Once Sergio was out, the band recruited Art Muñoz to handle vocal duties, developed a stronger political bent to their lyrics, changed their name to No Church on Sunday and became much more charismatic and inspiring. Numerous demos were recorded by the band. Following the band's breakup, guitarist Julio formed Golpe de Estado, which put out a couple of EPs. Art is married with kids, but still finds time to go to gigs regularly and has played bass in numerous bands, including Ollin, Bad Chile and Tumors. One of No Church on Sunday's numerous drummers moved up north and joined some really popular Gilman Street hardcore band. I have no idea what happened to Sergio.

Loli & the Chones - Originally called Los Firmazos, Loli & the Chones were initially heavily influenced by Billy Childish and the same '60s lo-fi rock bands that played such a prominent part in the sound of bands like Fingers. Unlike the Fingers, however, Loli & the Chones charged their sound with the aggression of bands like Black Flag, resulting in spurts of bile and venom that rarely lasted longer than their intros. Their sets were often intense affairs, one of the more notable occurring at a Hollywood club in the late '90s, where their bassist accidentally split his finger and tried to continue playing with blood flowing freely from the wound, down his bass and onto the stage. To date, Loli & the Chones have released two singles and two albums. They have as of late gone underground and it is not known whether they are still together.

Malignance/The Rise and Fall - Another hyper-speed hardcore band, Malignance hailed from the El Sereno area. Their initial demos consisted of short bursts of speed and power chords. Coupled with their singer's obsession with a girl that refused to date him, the band's songs were long on ill-natured humor and short on time. Following the name change to The Rise and Fall, their songs became longer, more metallic in sound and the lyrics became more serious. Not long after, they disappeared and the whereabouts of the members is not known.

Misled - Taking their musical cues from hardcore bands like Agnostic Front, Boyle Heights' Misled was like a well-placed kick to the face, being strangled by someone's beefy hand, or being run over repeatedly by a tank. They blazed their way through two explosive demos, numerous gigs and promptly broke up. George, their drummer, joined with the guitarist in an incarnation of the Thrusters and is now a member of Media Blitz.

Moral Decay - One of the area's formative hardcore bands. Though it is not known whether they would consider themselves an East LA band, they did in fact come from the area and had a profound influence on many of the bands that followed. Active in the very early '80s, Moral Decay played a tight, quick brand of hardcore that was popular at the time but is rarely

heard these days. In addition to a few demos, Moral Decay was featured on the Smoke 7 Records "Sudden Death" compilation. Members of Moral Decay went on to join a variety of bands, including the Angry Samoans, Black Jax, Crankshaft, and UXA.

Our Band Sucks - El Monte's OBS forged a name for themselves in the late '80s and early '90s by showering stages across the county with popcorn, Silly String, shaving cream and beer. Their shows often resembled riots, although no one ever got hurt and no one was particularly angry about anything. They sounded like the bastard children of nerd punks like the Dickies and muscle-headed jock-core like Black Flag, and their preference of playing onstage in diapers, muu-muus, sun bonnets and Elvis costumes rankled more than a few clubgoers, who often showed their appreciation by throwing whatever was handy. For their efforts, OBS found themselves banned from quite a few clubs, most notably the Coconut Teaszer, who forbade the band from ever playing there again following a show in which an overzealous fan covered the band, stage, monitor, microphone and PA tower alike with nearly a case worth of shaving cream. The band released one 12-inch EP on Nemesis Records, and three or four demos. There were also stories of an offer by a then-newly established Fat Records to release a full-length, but nothing apparently came of it. The band still occasionally reforms, fights and promptly breaks up every couple of years or so.

Peace Pill - After leaving Butt Acne, Scott Rodarte and his twin brother Randy recruited local fixtures Beate and Jerry to take on vocal and guitar duties, respectively. Taking their name from an old hippie slang term for PCP, the band initially sounded like many of their hardcore contemporaries. Over time, their songs began leaning more towards Social Distortion-influenced rock-punk. Although their faster songs were played with less frequency, older songs like "Rude Boy Go Home" and "Reggae Lay" remained in the set throughout the band's existence. Peace Pill recorded one demo. Following the dissolution of the band, Scott moved to Berkeley for a few years, Randy went on to drum for Fish Head before also moving to Berkeley and Jerry joined the roots-rock band The Glasspacks. When the twins moved back to East LA, Beate joined them for a time in the band Ollin.

Rejected - The brainchild of L7/Superheroines roadie and San Bernardino expatriate Matt Wingrove, the Rejected provided contrast to the decidedly leftist hardcore scene around them by infusing their thrash beats with lyrics singing the glories of being a Young Republican and blowing up Iran, as well as singing the praises of Matt's favorite bands and generally giving the finger to whoever happened to be listening. The number of times they played live can be counted on one hand and they only managed to record one garage demo, but they left a lasting impression. After a couple of years in the 'hood, Matt moved back to San Bernardino. Singer Nancy "Manson" Mancias moved to Minneapolis in the early '90s and has not been heard from since. Guitarist Yogi Fuentes still plays his guitar and can be found drinking beer at Al's Bar in Downtown LA on any given weekend.

Riot in Progress/A.N.U.S./No Mind Asylum - Following the dissolution of the Dog's Breakfast, Shane White and Jim Vavrik took a stab at a more traditional hardcore punk sound, the result being Riot in

Jerry and Beate of Peace Pill. Photo by Becky Minjarez.



Progress. They recruited Luis Zomorano (whose prior claim to fame was that he was allegedly one of the few people in the area who ever got to see the Germs perform live) to sing and a former member of local band Laughing Matter, Craig Tyron, to drum and began wreaking aural havoc at classmates' parties and Detox's infamous "shithouse." At one particularly memorable party, as the band played in the house's living room by candlelight, Luis took one of the candles, set a long piece of cloth tied to his arm on fire, and continued singing as the flame slowly crept up his arm. Not long after, Jim was booted out of the band, replaced by Bill Atheist, the name was changed to A.N.U.S. (short for "A New Underground Sound") and then to No Mind Asylum. More chaos and vandalism ensued at parties (including an incident in which someone spiked all the beverages in the house with coffee grounds, decorated the bathroom with shaving cream and toothpaste, put the homeowner's records in all the wrong covers and pissed into the blowdryer), appearances on the "Rock for the People of Highland Park" and "Flex Your Mom" compilations and then the band fell apart. Shane and Craig went on to form Hawaii's Hardcore and La Triste, Luis went into the roofing business and Bill supposedly went back to playing in the band the Atheists.

Side Effects/American Side Effects/Last Round Up - The pride of the 1980s Whittier scene. They sounded like a straight-edge hardcore band, but they actually drank so much that winos would hang their heads in shame. Their shows were like an M-80 going off in the middle of church: a sudden shock, a creeping sense of familiarity and an adrenaline rush that sent bodies gleefully careening off one another. After hearing that there was another band with the same name in England, they added "American" to their moniker, and then later changed the whole thing to Last Round Up. Although they never released a legitimate album, demos of varying quality exist. Numerous members went on to either join or establish other notable bands, including the Rigs, Christian Death and San Francisco's Oppressed Logic.

Stains - The finest purveyors of the punishing sound force that most of us in bands hoped we could come close to achieving. That they were labelmates with the mighty Black Flag was no mistake, as the Stains were one of the few bands who were easily capable of matching and, occasionally, transcending that band's sheer power and intensity. In an apocryphal quote usually attributed to Black Flag's bassist Chuck Dukowski, the reason that the Stains were signed to the band's SST label was because "they were better than us." Sadly, their long out-of-print 12-inch EP was their only release, but there has been at least one "European pressing" (read: bootleg) of it, and there have been rumors that it might be released again, along with an unreleased demo tacked on for good measure. Following the original dissolution of the band in the '80s, singer Rudy went on to front the band Corpse, second bassist Cesar (the first being the infamous Jesse Fixx) joined DC3 with Black Flag's Dez Cadena, guitarist Robert went on to do something else and their drummer Gilbert apparently "died," only to miraculously resurrect in the late 1990s and pen the text for the East LA section of the book *Fucked Up and Photocopied*. The Stains reformed many times in various incarnations throughout the '90s, the most recent lineup featuring Jody Hill and Mike Vallejo of Circle One and Rick of Tongue.

Thrusters - A great pop punk band, but more in the Adolescents-meet-TSOL-meet-Sex Pistols vein than the modern bastardization of the term. Bassist and chief songwriter "Mousie" had a enough of a knack for marrying a strong hook to sheer hardcore intensity that members of more straight hardcore bands like Copulation, C.O., Butt Acne and Mised were glad to fill vacated positions in the band's ranks and consider themselves part of the Thrusters legacy over the years. Being left-handed, Mousie would sit on the floor in front of his amp playing his bass upside down as someone held a loose mic in front of his face, completely unafraid of the imminent danger of his being trampled to death by errant dancers slamming no more than three feet away. As with so many other worthy bands in the area, the Thrusters have never released a record, but they are well documented by many great demos and are still sporadically active to this day.

Undertakers - Another often under-appreciated early East LA punk band, the Undertakers successfully bridged the rapidly widening chasm between new wave bands like Los Illegals and the punk of the Stains and Circle One. They were on many a bill at the Vex club and much was written about them, yet they never released anything on Tito Larriva's Fatima label like the Brat, nor were they ever signed to a major label, like Los Illegals. They did record an album, one that accurately illustrates their diversity and their accomplished sense of tough-edged pop, but, due to legal problems with a former manager, it remains unreleased

almost 20 years after it was recorded, although one of its tracks, "Master Race," does appear on Grand Theft Audio's "All for One, One for All" compilation. Tracy Scull went on to Peace Corpse, Insulin Reaction, Knucklebone and was most recently in Tracy and the Skulls. After the breakup of the Undertakers, guitarist Tony Fingers formed Play Dead years later, changed the name to Media Blitz and, after numerous singles, compilation contributions and demos, continues to play under that banner to this day.

THE FUTURE LOOKS BRIGHT AHEAD

Many years have passed since most of the bands listed above have graced a stage, backyard, living room or garage, but their collective demise in no way equated to a death knell for East Los Angeles punk rock. As with the punk scene as a whole, much has changed in the neighborhoods, some good and some bad, yet the scene still continues to thrive in backyards and one-off clubs across the area. Bands like Moral Decay, the Undertakers, Black Jax, Strength in Numbers and Violent Children have since been replaced by Subsistencia, Teenage Rage, Union 13, Marble, Tezacrifico, Los Kung Fu Monkeys, Los Villains and a host of others just as brilliant, horrible, fast, slow, funny, angry and dedicated as their predecessors. A backyard party can still be found going on nearly every weekend, someone's always releasing their band's latest recorded work or a compilation, and fanzines, like *Sal Si Puedes* and *Real Boss Hoss*, still continually pop up with the same amount of unreliable regularity as those that came before them. And through it all, one can see the same optimism, the same unflagging loyalty, the same need to be heard in the new bands and scenssters that fueled the generations that preceded them.

Which is not to say that all of the old-school punkers gave up on the whole thing, got married, had kids and bought SUVs. Surely, some of us did exactly that. Some of us also continue to play in punk bands. Some of us took our punk influences, coupled it with traditional rhythms and radical Chicano politics and created a new scene out of the old in bands with names like Ozomatli, Blues Experiment, Yeska, Aztlan Underground, Ollin, Quinto Soul, Quetzal, and Little Man and the Giants. Some of us became household names. Some of us are dead, either through our own stupidity or the unfortunate luck of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Some of us still keep ourselves immersed in the scene by writing for fanzines or going to shows. Yet, no matter where we are and what we've done with ourselves we're all still here, still listening to what gets us off, be it grindcore, gamelan or Swedish disco, and still very proud of the little bit of canvas we painted on a larger punk rock tapestry.

EPILOGUE

We make it through five minutes of our set (roughly 12 songs for us) before someone rushes up and tells us to cut the noise because the cops are outside the gate. We make it halfway through the next song before the plug gets pulled on us.

I strain to look over the back fence and see that the street is rapidly filling up with police cars and the cops themselves are going into their trunks, pulling out their riot helmets and preparing themselves for a little rocknrolling of their own. Over by the gate, the owner of the house is trying to calm the cop in charge, who seems to be completely disinterested in what the woman has to say. Things are going to get pretty ugly very soon.

We leave the stage, give the other band back their instruments and make our way back to where the heads have situated themselves around the keg. A heated discussion ensues about exactly who is taking the keg and where it will end up. Once that has been determined, we make our way to the gate as the cops begin lining up in formation and people in the backyard begin singing "Happy birthday to you/Happy birthday to you/Happy birthday dear PIG/Happy birthday to you" at the top of their lungs.

We all become part of the sea of people scrambling out of the backyard, pile into various cars and head for an alley off of City Terrace Drive, where we will finish off the keg, fight with each other, play cards, lament the fact that the Stains didn't play, listen to Johnny Boots as he tells of being kicked in the neck by a cop for holding a candy bar in a threatening manner as he left the party, and raise hell until the sun comes up as the strains of Agent Orange or Flux of Pink Indians blare through the beat up stereo perched on the hood of a nearby car. Next weekend, we'll be doing the same thing.





THE DAGONS



The Dagens moved to Los Angeles this past summer when their home in San Francisco was infested with New Age clones that were created by pods from outer space.

At least that's what they claim. In any case, SF's loss is LA's gain. The Dagens' sound is a moody blend of garage, rock and punk that is difficult to label but is infectious as all get out. (I catch myself humming "He Went into Space" at least a few times a day.) Singer Karie Jacobson, in addition to being a skilled guitarist and inspired lyricist, possesses a sweetly ethereal voice that plays well against the tense percussion of her partner Drew Kowalski. Karie played bass as well on their latest CD, "Make Us Old," but with the addition of new bassist Derek, the Dagens currently rock harder live than they do on record.

Interview & Photos by Bob Cantu

Bob: The song "Changeling" has the lyrics about stealing a baby from its bed and replacing it with one made of snow. Where is that from?

Karie: The snow baby part is from a children's book I read a long time ago.

Drew: The woman who wrote the book was influenced by the folklore of the area.

Karie: A lot of times children's stories are a lot more scary than stories that are scary on purpose.

But the rest of the song isn't really influenced by the book.

Bob: Explain this method you have for coming up with songs in your sleep?

Karie: I got all intrigued because I read about other people who have come up with ideas in dreams and that's something that I've always done. Most of my songs are usually

written right after I wake up... either I'll wake up with a melody in my head, just going along to whatever dream I happened to be having or I'll actually dream a song. I read this whole article about people who come up with ideas in dreams like Robert Louis Stevenson. He got very calculated about using his dreams for ideas. He would think really hard about the idea for several days and then he would just dream it. Like for Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde he thought "I want to write this story about man's dual nature..." But he didn't have a metaphor for it at all and then he had this whole dream where he takes the potion and turns into Mr. Hyde and everything. I always thought that was really neat that he actually set out to do that.

Bob: And you actually come up with melodies?

Karie: That's actually mostly what I come up with are melodies. The lyrics describe scenes that happen in the dreams. I don't actually dream the words themselves, usually. Although sometimes I do. "He Went Into Space", I dreamed the whole thing. The words anyway. Drew wrote the melody.

Bob: Do you ever come up with a song that isn't quite right and so then you go back to sleep to fix it?

Karie: Yeah. Especially lately.

Bob: At what point to you present the song to the band?

Karie: Once the guitar and vocals are finished.

Drew: We don't have a set way of doing it. We write songs all different ways. Usually it seems like after we get the singing and guitar done then we'll put the drums on. Bass usually comes last. The bass is kind of like the link between the guitar and the drums in the way we arrange stuff.

Bob: Does Derek write his own bass parts?

Derek: They already have them written. Which is fine by me. It's less work for me. In my other band, for four years they would come up with their parts and I'd run a bass line over it. But I have no problem doing it this way. I'll take the trade off of coming up with my own stuff for being able to play this.

Bob: Have all the recordings that you've done been D.I.Y.?

Karie: No, actually. Only the last CD. The seven inch was recorded live.

Drew: The vocals were live. A lot of people have assumed that we did over dubs but it was completely live. I love that record. It sounds like it was recorded in a different era.

Karie: We started recording ourselves because we recorded our first CD and we really weren't happy with the actual recording quality. I really like the songs on that album but I can't stand the way it was recorded. It's not that it's bad. It's just not what we like in recordings. I can't even stand to listen to it now. Drew was just like, the only way we're going to get this done is if we do it ourselves and just learn how to record. So he taught himself how to record on 8 track.

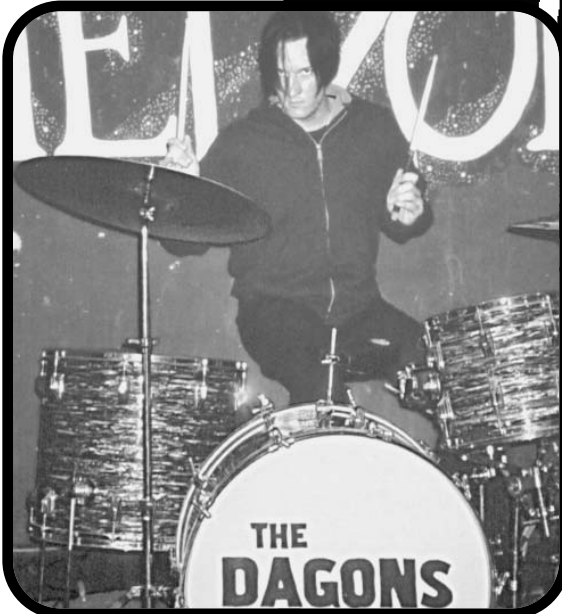
Drew: But I'd been messing around with home recordings on 8 track with really primitive equipment since I was about fourteen. I understood basic concepts. I just needed to take some time to experiment and try things.

Bob: Where was "Make Us Old" recorded?

Drew: In the basement of a house in San Francisco. I utilized the space to get natural reverb. I didn't put microphones right underneath each of the drums. They were miked from a distance. My goal was to make it sound like you were hearing the band in the room through a pair of headphones.

Bob: Ever think of re-recording "The Other Ending"?

Drew: I have thought about it but I feel like we did that already.



would be better to just record our new songs.

Bob: A lot of the songs from that CD sound so great live.

Karie: The CD sounds wishy-washy.

Drew: We rock way harder live. But how much better is it to get a CD of a band and you like it but then you see them live and they rock even harder?

Karie: But the recording should be good too.

Drew: I think it's good, but...

Karie: It doesn't sound like us. It sounds like a different band.

Bob: What is the song "Bulgarian Wolf" about?

Karie: It's from a nightmare that Drew had. In his dream there was this ghostly woman hovering over him and she was saying "Now dream this..." and music was playing. It was actually a song in the dream. So I thought we should really write that song.

Drew: So I wrote all the music.

Bob: And you're pretty sure it was just a dream? (laughter)

Drew: No, I'm not sure. It was one of those dreams where it's taking place in your room in the dark as if you were just getting out of bed. So, I don't know...

Karie: So I wrote the verse and tried to capture that mood.

Bob: When did you first realize that you wanted to play in a rock band?

Drew: I must have been somewhere between the age of seven and nine. I actually started playing drums around nine on a toy drum set.

Bob: You taught yourself to play?

Drew: Yeah, I was playing along to records that I liked. It was sort of a fantasy of mine to envision myself on stage when I'd practice my drums. But I was playing piano earlier than that for about two years. My mom played piano and that was the only instrument we had in the house. I didn't know which instruments were used in rock. I didn't know that it was an electric guitar that made my favorite part of it.



THE DAGONS

So I tried to do stuff like that on the piano and then at some point I realized that this instrument can't make that sound and I got the drums.

Karie: I was excited when he told me that he learned to play on a Muppet drum kit! When I was a little kid I saw "The Muppet Movie" and Animal plays the drums. I thought he was the ultimate drummer!

Drew: Yeah, there was picture of him on the kit. But at the same time I built a guitar out of plywood. And I had actually figured out how to make a pick up out of a little tiny speaker and to make the magnet in it work like a microphone. I had figured it all out. I had nails up at the top and nails down here and I tied fishing string. I now know that it would have worked if I had used metal strings to pick up the fishing line. I mean, it wouldn't have been a guitar. It would have been something atonal. Since that didn't work, drums ended up being my first real instrument.

Bob: A Muppet drum kit?

Drew: Yeah, and I actually made a little band with friends of mine in the neighborhood. It was a Kiss tribute band. It was called Hug.

Bob: And you could play an entire set of Kiss covers?

Drew: Yeah. We played Kiss Alive I.

Karie: My family is really musical, my grandma plays the accordion, grandpa played saxophone and my dad played guitar. My dad used to sing me to sleep every night when I stayed over at his house with all these really cool Sun House songs. I would always sing with him and stuff but as far as starting a rock band, when I first discovered that rock 'n roll was my favorite thing, I didn't really think that I had it in me to write a song. I wrote some songs and they were okay but I always felt like I was missing some ingredient that you needed to write good songs. My dad died when I was eighteen and it was in a really sudden and horrific, gory way. I was really close to him. I remember standing in this hospital room with blood covering the walls and thinking there has to be a payoff after this and the payoff is I'm going to be able to write good songs. I think you have to take risks and put your mind out there and let go of some control to write good songs. After that I felt like, well, I've certainly seen worse now and I wasn't afraid of stuff like that anymore. It took me about three years to write a good song after that, but I was determined.

Derek: I didn't decide, "Hey, I want

t o
be in a
rock band."

I never thought about playing in a band until I was nineteen and I saw a band that showed me that you can use music in that way. With pure emotion and everything. I went out the next day and bought an instrument. That was it. I think my main influence by bands is not so much the music but how they approach it. That it's



very real and very emotional and how a band makes you feel not the actual music itself. I can see a band and the music might be good but if there's nothing behind it... They could be playing the right chords, singing the right melodies but... it ain't there. That's what attracted me to this band. I listened to the CD and listened to the first ten seconds of the first three songs and that was it. That's when I stopped trying out with other bands and stuff.

Bob: I was talking to Nick Scott of

Project K while you were playing recently and he said he can almost hear keyboards -or where there should

be keyboards- in some of your songs. Have you ever thought about adding keyboards?

Karie: No!

Bob: Not even on recordings?

Derek: We have a couple of songs that are almost all organ and drums...

Karie: But organ is different than keyboards. Nick just wants us to be Death Rock.

Derek: Well he can buy a keyboard and play along to the songs on the CD.

Karie: Organ is a rock instrument. I like organ because it's really insane sounding. Really fuzzy, almost distorted sound and it's a really thunderous, pounding church organ sound. We have two songs on each of our CDs that are almost all organ. But we like a stripped down sound. We like to keep things pretty simple.

Derek: I don't think a keyboard would enhance the songs anyway.

Bob: If you could be any supernatural creature, what would you be?

Derek: A vampire because you could exist and people wouldn't that's what you were.

Karie: So you'd be a parasitical asshole that feeds off others? I'd rather be a werewolf.

Derek: But you can't be a werewolf and walk around and have people not know.

Karie: But you can't walk around in daylight.

Derek: I don't walk around in daylight anyway!

Karie: But I won't walk around the city, I'll run through the jungle as a werewolf.

Derek: That's what I mean, you're limited. As a vampire you can go anywhere and no one will know.

Drew: They'd notice that you don't cast a reflection.

Derek: People are so involved with themselves they wouldn't notice. But they would notice a big monster walking down the street.

Karie: Derek can be a vampire, I'll be a werewolf and Drew can be Frankenstein.

Drew: I like Frankenstein. Aside from the alienation thing I have a lot in common with his style.

Karie: He enjoys simple things in life.

Drew: Yeah, you know, food, good! Smoke, good!

Derek: Arrugh!

*The Dagon's can be reached at Dead Sea
Captain Records, 4470 Sunset Blvd. #163,
Los Angeles, CA 90027 or
The_Dagon's@yahoo.com*



FRIENDS FOREVER

THE DOCUMENTARY FILM



"WE'RE LIKE POLISHED TURD - GOD'S VERSION OF ROCK AND ROLL. WE CONJURE UP SPIRITS. IT IS GOING TO BE TERRIBLE."



INTERVIEW BY LIZ O.

As the lights lower at the Smell in downtown Los Angeles and Ben Wolfinsohn's documentary begins to play, it is apparent that Friends Forever are neither a band on the run nor in the making. They are just Josh (bass, vocals) and Nate (drums, vocals) clanking away on their respective instruments, backs turned toward the camera.

Angry neighbors scream, "You can't do this! People live here!" Nate humbly replies, "All right. Sorry." Friends Forever aren't two guys jamming in a garage or backyard. They are two guys playing a set - complete with elaborate costumes, thick clouds of man-made fog and pulsating lights - inside Josh's van.

More interesting than the concept of two guys performing inside a big orange van, are the members of Friends Forever themselves. Says Bret Berg, "The KXLU [88.9, Los Angeles] show was the very first night that I met Nate and Josh, and that show was unusual for them, since it didn't involve the van. I had no idea that they even played out of the van until a few weeks later, when a friend of mine mentioned how they were going to set up in the Smell (inside the van while inside the venue, another unusual set up for them).

"My first impression of the band was 'Holy fuck. I've never seen anything like this before!'... I then thought 'I will follow them to the ends of the earth if all their shows are this insane.'"

Bret may not have

made good on his promise to follow Nate and Josh to "the ends of the earth," but filmmaker Ben Wolfinsohn did. Upon his return, Ben, Bret and Debby Wolfinsohn spent three months sifting through footage of the excursion. Then end result is a feature-length documentary that follows Friends Forever as they wreak havoc on unsuspecting neighborhoods, receive advice from a mustached stagehand and look for the perfect parking spot.

On one particular Wednesday night at KXLU's homebase in Westchester, CA, Ben and Bret took the time to recall their experience with Friends Forever.

Ben: The first time I saw Friends Forever they were playing at KXLU. Actually, I missed the show. I came right at the end and security almost wouldn't let me in the building because there was smoke pouring out of the windows from the 4th floor. I finally kind of worked my way upstairs and I realized that it looked like they burned down the building.

Bret: They had smoke machines, light machines, fog machines, everything. It set the alarm off and then the fire crews were here and all these emergency crews were here. They thought that there was a fire. The funny thing about it was, when they asked them why they did it, they said that they didn't want the one person that was there to be bored.

Ben: At that time I didn't even know what they did, I just knew that they went to such an elaborate length to please one person. Then, a couple months later I went to a show and I saw them in the parking lot and

they were very upset that they had to go inside the venue to play. I was confused because everyone was going to see [them] play and [they] were going to go inside to play, so what was wrong with that? They said, "Well, we want to play in our car." I noticed that they had an actual drum set in their car. I was pretty amazed that they wanted to play in their car. I thought that this might make an interesting documentary. I thought that this was about a five-minute documentary about two guys that play rock in their car and they're called Friends Forever. Then I met them and I learned that they were even more interesting than the concept of the band itself.

Bret: The concept of the band itself could be hokey if done by the wrong people, but Nate and Josh are the two most right people on the face of the earth to do this. If you just listen to a tape of their music, the whole element of the band that comes together to form Friends Forever isn't apparent. They are one of those bands where the live performance is so essential that, without it, the music doesn't even sound like it's being played by them. They're one of those bands like Black Dice or !!! or Locust, where you really need to see them.

Ben: It's a combination of lights, lasers, smoke, bubbles, costumes, PCP rock signs and whatever they have in their car at that hour to put on this ten to fifteen minute show that they do. They usually do it for free, too, for a couple of reasons. One is that they don't want people to have to pay to see their music because they just want to do it for free. They also worry that they wouldn't want anyone to lose their money if they didn't like the show, which goes along with the movie. Nate told me that he saw part of the movie and he told the other member, Josh,

that he had to go to the hospital. I asked why and [Nate] said, "I feel that, after watching the movie, not only have I ruined your life-the director-but I feel like I am ruining the life of everyone who has to watch the film."

Bret: I remember that we were editing and it took us about three months to do the majority of the editing at Ben's house. Ben happened to be talking to Nate on the phone one night and, at that point, I had just been in front of footage for so long that I felt like he was still in Los Angeles with us, even though he was back in Denver. I said to him, "Man, it just feels like you're here since we've been working with footage of you for so long." He said, "Man, next time I see you, I'm going to have to pay you back somehow because I've just wasted three months of your life." I thought, "No, no, no, Nate, it's been so fun working with you even though you're not here." He was just so self-deprecating the whole time. But that's Nate. That's just his sense of humor.

Liz: So how did five or ten minutes turn into a full-length documentary?

Ben: Originally, when I was thinking that it was going to be a five or ten minute film, I wasn't even sure if I was going to do it. I think that the way that documentaries, or, I would assume that the way that documentaries go is that you start filming it and, once you get caught up in it, you realize that there is something there. I mean, you really don't realize, or I didn't realize what was there until closer to the end. The more I filmed them, the more I spent time with them, the more I realized that there was something here that could be interesting. I ended up shooting about 60 hours of film over a period of eight months. I lived with them in their car for a month. We filmed everywhere from New York to Rhode Island, to Los Angeles to San Francisco to Oregon to Washington.

Bret: All of the cool places that I never got

**NO MATTER WHERE
THEY GO, THEY STILL
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THEY GET YELLED AT
AND THEY GET
INSULTED.**

to go to because I didn't actually have the balls to go on tour with them like you did.

Liz: What was it like to be on tour with them?

Ben: It was pretty fun. If you watch the movie, it's pretty disturbing, or at least some people think it is, how horribly smelly it appears to be. They have three dogs-two guys, three dogs and two cars. There is also a light person that travels with them.

Bret: We use the phrase "light girl."

Ben: At one point we were in Portland, Oregon. There is a place called the Burnside Bridge, which is a skatepark underneath a bridge where a lot of homeless kids built this skate park where you could skate for free. [Friends Forever] played there and, as they were leaving, these two kids, who looked like they were nine or ten years old, were screaming at Josh as we were pulling out and he pulled over and for five minutes these kids were just cursing and cursing at Josh. They just called him every bad word about how they sucked and they hated them and they are the worse band ever and why would they come and play. I missed it for the film. I don't even know if I would have put it in, but it was just kind of funny that, no matter where they go, they still get cursed at. They get yelled at and they get insulted. I mean, a lot of people enjoy it and are amazed by them. No matter what, though, you still get the people that hate them.

Liz: What's going on with the film now?

Ben: When I finished the movie I said that

if people actually liked it, I would like to get it distributed because, if people like it, it would be great for them to see the movie. We had a couple of screenings with bands that went really well. We had one screening in Los Angeles where we had a band open up for the movie and close for the movie. We sold out the screening. Everyone really loved it and we just packed every person we could in there. Then we had a screening at the Madison

Wisconsin Film Festival and that totally sold out as well. People were laughing so much that I was worried that they weren't going to get to hear the whole movie. I get emails everyday from people who went to the screenings and really liked it. It seems like, the more it places it plays the more people hear about it and want to see it. It's an amazing response for us. It would be great to have someone distribute it. I think that the only problem is that there is not a linear plot and it's a documentary, so distribution companies might not know what to do with it or how to handle it. I definitely think that there is a crowd for it. I definitely think that a lot of people that leave the show really like it. So, right now, we're just going ahead and doing screenings.

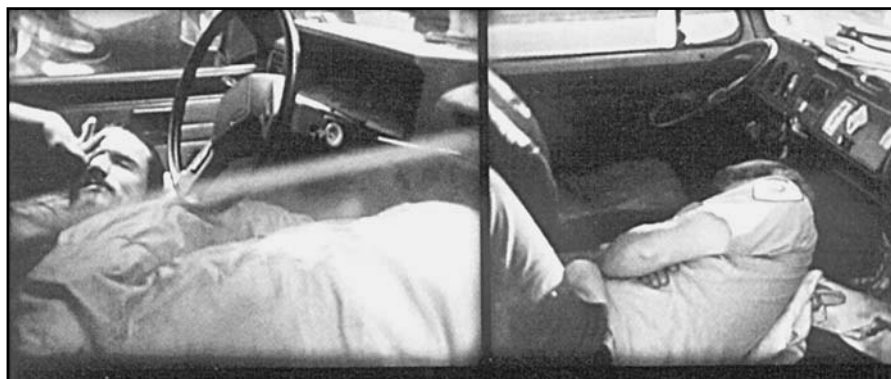
One possibility, too, is going on tour with two bands and screen the movie that way. We also thought about going on tour with Friends Forever and screening the movie with them, but we went to Sundance - we didn't get in we just went there and they went to play a show and promote the movie - and people were getting arrested in the streets for handing out flyers. Other people were getting arrested for just talking about films on the street. They were just ignoring First Amendment rights. I guess that the town isn't all that it's cracked up to be. So, I guess that they played a show with the doors and windows closed for about five minutes. That actually went pretty well. I

FRIENDS FOREVER IS A ROCK BAND.

FRIENDS FOREVER IS ALSO A MOVIE.



I FEEL THAT, AFTER WATCHING THE MOVIE, NOT ONLY HAVE I RUINED YOUR LIFE - THE DIRECTOR - BUT I FEEL LIKE I AM RUINING THE LIFE OF EVERYONE WHO HAS TO WATCH THE FILM.



think it turned out that it looked more like they were doing this for a movie, which is disappointing. I think I realized that maybe the band shouldn't play with the movie because, no longer are they playing free fun shows for people, but they are playing a show to promote my movie. Granted, I did a documentary about them, but, still, it's kind of weird. So, we thought that maybe it's better if the band doesn't promote the film. Also, the band's engine blew up, so now they can't drive the car. Also, they are trying to put out 300 albums in one year, that's their goal right now, so they're busy as well.

Bret: I thought that they were trying to record 300 albums.

Ben: They are trying to master 300 albums in one year. Whatever that means.

Bret: I happened to be up in Park City for the whole Sundance/Slamdance thing for a completely unrelated story. But, I did catch Friends Forever play outside of Slamdance's headquarters in 15-degree weather, probably one of the brutally coldest shows they have ever played. It was so amazing. My toes were frostbitten because I didn't wear boots. I was just wearing shoes.

Ben: Well, this one show that they played at Sundance, it was at a party, and it was so cold that I realized why Friends Forever doesn't play in the winter. It's too cold to stand outside and watch someone play in their car. In the winter, they have all of their side projects, like a band called Black Jew that's like a noise band that they are in. They have other projects as well, which is nice for the movie because there is so much music to use. They have so many different side projects that they do for music that it was great. I had such an exorbitant amount of music to use for the movie. As you watch the movie, all of the different sounds and pieces that come through are them. Almost all of it. It's interesting, though, because people will ask after the movie "What do they sound like?" and the whole time they

were listening to them. In the movie, again, it's only 10% about the music and 90% about them.

I didn't want to make a band movie because I think that people don't want to go see band movies unless it's a band that they know about. I probably wouldn't want to go see a band movie unless it was a band that I knew about. I wanted to stay away from making a band movie and I wanted to stay away from letting people know that it was a band movie. I just think that there are more interesting things that we could expose.

Liz: Was there anything that you missed shooting?

Ben: When you're shooting a documentary, you try to shoot as much as you can, but there is always something that you will miss. As far as the set up that we had, we had two digital video cameras, a surveillance camera and a Super 8 camera. So, I always tried to have something running as much as I could because the best moments are when the camera isn't running or when people don't know. There was one show that I missed. It was in San Diego. I guess that night, while a church was burning down, Josh got punched in the face because his dog wasn't on a leash while they found a different girl to do lights and that girl OD'ed and died while the cops almost put the van in the river. I missed all that. It would have been great for the movie, but you know, you can only get as much as you can.

The more you film, the better. Maybe I should have filmed for a year.

Bret: That was an initial fear throughout the first cuts of the film. We didn't know if we had enough to make a good story. So then Ben went back to Denver a couple of times to get more stuff. Even up until our first showings of the almost-finished product to people, we just didn't know if we had shot enough. Ben just didn't know if he was going to have to go and shoot more stuff.

Ben: It's always hard because you always want to go back and get these certain items that you're missing, but you just can't go back and get them. So, I would come back and we would look at the new footage and it would be...

Bret: Crap

Ben: It would be crap. You can't just go and say I have one more week and I'm going to shoot everything that I need and pull a documentary off like that.

Brett: I remember a couple of your half-baked plans to stage incidents in order to get them all pissed off.

Ben: These are two of the nicest guys that I have ever met in my entire life and the problem with that is that people don't want to watch these nice guys all day long. It's not as interesting as pissed off, angry people. So I wanted to piss the people off. So, one time I actually I missed Josh get a flat tire and almost tipped the van over and all of these bad things happened and I missed it. I was like, "I guess I could just flatten their tires. I could just put holes in their tires."

Bret: And I said that Nate would probably kill you with a crowbar.

Ben: Nah, he would probably be happy because it would be for the movie. I actually asked him and he said, "That would be great because it would be for the movie."



I WANTED TO STAY AWAY FROM MAKING A BAND MOVIE... I JUST THINK THAT THERE ARE MORE INTERESTING THINGS THAT WE COULD EXPOSE.



DUANE PETERS

Interview and pictures by Todd

Duane Peters is the lead singer of both the U.S. Bombs and Duane Peters and the Hunns. He's also a professional skater for Beer City. He's 40. By all standards, he's one indestructible motherfucker who should be very, very dead by now.

A lot of people in rock pretend to be a threat. It helps sell records. Sure, with the proper lighting, they can look scary or demented. Sure, they may be insufferable pricks who thrash hotel rooms, get arrested once or twice, or get their Masters degrees in Assholeishness. But a true rock threat? Folks like Marilyn Manson, Eminem, and Billy Idol are pussies. True threats to this nation's youth don't have movie star girlfriends, don't get Grammys, usually don't have a great set of teeth. This one doesn't even have clean underwear.

Enter the Master of Disaster, Duane Peters, in the dirty deep end of sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll. It's been said that his influence on skating is as huge Orville and Wilbur Wright's was to flight. Slash and burn, coping-dusting, pool-defying mayhem. He's forgotten all of the tricks he's invented. He's also forgotten all of the bands he's been in. Amongst what he does remember is that he was once fired by his used car salesman dad for shooting speed into his neck during business hours. And that he robbed a 7-11. Twice. In one day. Without completely realizing it.

In the meantime, he's maintained founder and godfather status of the person who connected the positive and negative battery terminals of skateboarding and punk rock, electrocuted a lot of people in the process - including himself - and doesn't look like he's going to let go any time soon.

I caught up to a very talkative, extremely nice, and sober Duane and his long-time girlfriend Trish.

I had a fun time.

Todd: Did you ever get your high school diploma?

Duane: No. I quit at the end of the ninth grade. I made it almost to the end. I went to sixteen elementary schools, including middle schools, three high schools with the continuation school at the end. The last two weeks is when I quit. There was a guitar-player hippie teacher with his feet up on the table. Everyone was smoking and hanging out. I skated there, sat down for an hour, and left. Nobody noticed. I came back four or five days later, did the same thing, and just went, "fuck it," and skated all day.

Todd: What was the band that most influenced you to cut your hair in 1978?

Lakewood were cutting their hair. Pat Brown (Immortalized by the Vandals in "The Legend of Pat Brown") was one of them. He was skating. Todd Barnes (TSOL's original drummer) was one of them. Then there was a scene up north. All of the Alotaflex guys had cut their hair and they were heavy hippies and they got really cool spiked hair. It was a heavy time. I lost every fucking friend I had except the guy who had his hair cut with me. He ended up being my first bass player and a very good friend. Chris Barclay. You left your house and you went to war. Bikers, everything. I started cutting other kids' hair at Big-O Skatepark a year and a half later.

Todd: Did you ever serve any time

Skateboarding and punk rock are the key to having a good day. Get all your shit out. Almost spiritual, like in an angry way.



Duane: Then I cut my hair from The Pistols. It was all OK with The Ramones. I had a candy-striped jacket, pogoing, got a thin tie. We were all crazy, wearin' 'em, walking around the streets. Me and my friend Barclay. We had a homosexual friend we were really proud of. One of the loons. Bobby Shannon. I heard the Pistols. It'd already been out for awhile. I finally got my hands on an LP, played it at a friend's house, then I took it home. And I didn't leave my house for three days, I swear to God. I sat there listening to it over and over and drank, sat there listening to it, smoked some weed. I knew I had to cut my hair. I had to make a commitment. There was a really heavy Huntington contingency going on. The Crowd's parties were starting right then. Then I went up to a skate contest up in Winchester and the guys in

in jail?

Duane: Yeah, a lot of county time. I spent most of my twenties going in and out. I did a lot of 30, 60, and 90 days. I had 180 days, but did 104 days, something like that. I got thrown in LA County for 54 days one time from a skate contest. I showed up really loaded. Tony Hawk's dad - that's why I had a big thing with him.

Todd: Why'd he get you arrested?

Duane: At Carson. I did three days. I'd never seen "Colors" before, the movie. '86 or something. I'd been in a bathroom, shooting up every day. I was trying really hard to get off dope and the only time I could clean up was going to jail. That was the whole issue. Whoever I was hanging out with at the time, it was like, "When are you going to jail?" I'd try to give them my last bit of dope money and that would be my big

promise. "I'll go turn myself in." I'd always had warrants. I was on methadone at that time. Three years already at 80 milligrams - now the state's at 120. That's how I kicked methadone. But I hated him, man. It was the hardest 54. A guy got butt-fucked. It was my first experience with The Crips and The Bloods. When I left Carson, I guess I was with one of them - The Crips or The Bloods

of the bus closed?" They closed the thing. There's a guard guy here and they let one of the other gangs in and these guys were on top of each other, fuckin' hatred. I had no idea of what was going on. I sat there like I see it every day. My insides were completely shattered. Then I thought I was black when I got out of there. 'Cause I had to go to Orange



- I don't know. And I sat down and they have a cage in-between, in the bus, in the very middle. And you sat down, right in front of the cage. My nerves were shot. It was three days without my fucking dose. It was Memorial weekend or something. You sat on a curb in the county jail. There were no provisions at all. It was horrible and it was stinky, packed, and then we got to the bus, and the next thing I know, "Why is half

County from there; expedited. So, we're on an LA County bus and I was really fucked up in the head, 'cause I didn't sleep for thirty-three days. Twenty-three hour lockdown with three black guys that were trying to teach me how to meditate. One guy had one arm.

And I jumped down the stairs there to try to get some sort of medication. Head first, jumped into

the bars. Had them yell, "Man down!" Drew blood, spit everywhere. I dove down the stairs. They just laughed at me. They tied me up, threw me in the infirmary for eight hours, then they wheel chaired me back. Everyone gave me a hand clap. Then I had to hock my shoes for ten Kool cigarettes. Finally got some money before I lost my shoes. If you lose your shoes, you're fucked. You're a bitch. I got mugged in front of my cell by the trustees. Threw my money to my guys. It was the smartest thing I did. I got beat down. They got ten bucks out of me. And then when I got to Orange County, I was like, "Yo got butter on yo pancakes?" I thought I was this black guy. "Yo, baby," talking to my girlfriend. She'd be like, "What's wrong with you?" 'Cause I was a Mexican the other times, when I was copping dope. I used to tell myself, "Why do I talk Mexican every time I'm copping dope? Stop doing that." [In Mexican-tinged accent] "Pacito, can I get skunky picante?"

Todd: Previous jobs. Who did you roadie for?

Duane: I got asked to road manage Face To Face once but I didn't know what I was going to do. Goldenvoice gave me a biscuit. (Duane-speak for a favor.) 'Cause I was doing all of these shit jobs. I worked at a rehearsal hall. I didn't get my first job until I was thirty. I was just a bum. I'll be forty in a month. I just roadied for Goldenvoice - sound and lights. I've worked at Vinyl Solution. I worked at a rehearsal hall that we used to play in and do movie extras, skate boarding, and keep my band together.

Todd: Did you ever work with you Dad as a used car salesman?

Duane: Up in Sacramento. Yeah. And down in San Diego. Got kicked out because I was shooting coke in the bathroom. He made me the manager. He wanted me to work there so bad. I couldn't even write up a contract. And I was shaking because I'd always be shooting up coke in the bathroom. He thought I was really nervous. That's how I'd play it off. "Dad, could you just take this contract?" "OK, take it easy." Then I got caught. He came in when I had a bloody neck. I wasn't good. I was twenty-two and he wouldn't have nothing to do with me no more. He tried to give me a biscuit, but I didn't want that. These guys were all professional liars. I could never do anything right. I was like, "Dad, why don't you just try fixing the cars and then it would be easier to sell?" He'd say, "That's condensation," "That's a two dollar part," "You want me to fix it? It's going to cost ten dollars." I'd be, "Have some of this fucking stuff work so I don't always have to have a story." He'd be "That's not a good salesman." My dad's been selling used cars all his life. He's a wreck.

Todd: Is he still?

Duane: Yeah. He's still doing it.

Todd: The teeth. How did you lose your front teeth?

Duane: The first time, micro-

phone. Then I got a fake one when I was a kid, probably about eighteen. When I was in Political Crap. I lost another one in the U.S. Bombs. And then I got punched. Some big guy who just got out of prison. He was just speeded out. I didn't do nothing.

Trish: You were yelling to Baldy.

Duane: I was yelling to my roadie. He thought I was yelling at him. I'm just walking, "Baldy, take something, blah, blah, blah..." This guy thought I was talking to him. Big guy. One punch. It wasn't even loose. Took it right out. God, well, that saved me a hundred bucks.

Trish: And when we ran after him to his car, he pulled out a gun.

Duane: A bunch of people. I was, "Yeah, that guy. That was weird." And someone said, "Let's get him." We all started running, aaaahhhh. He opens his door and has a gun. Fuck that. I didn't even care anyway... I just pulled out two more teeth in Germany. A back molar. I'm going to try and get some teeth down the road here.

Todd: I've read that once you got sober, you were going to get a couple of silver ones, which would definitely up your pirate quotient.

Duane: That's what I wanted - a whole rack of silver teeth, like Jaws in "007." But she doesn't really... she wants to get married.

Trish: One would be all right, but not a whole rack.

Todd: What do you have buried in your back yard right now?

Duane: You know the answer. In my back yard now, I don't have nothing buried, but you're talking about the fuck doll, right?

Todd: Yeah.

Duane: That was about seven houses and apartments ago. I buried it, stabbed it, got strung out on it. I had a horrible girlfriend that wouldn't fuck me because I had all these jobs. She was a suit and she would still make me take her out to dinner and shit. And then I'd get home at three in the morning and I'd have to be up at seven. Most of the time I was like that. And I'd want to fuck, you know? It was like, snooty bitch. We had two bedrooms. I'd go to my punk room and I had a fuck doll, all tattooed up with a short dress

and I never really thought of fucking one.

Trish: [laughs nervously]

Duane: But I'd go in that room and beat off, then come back to bed because it was too much of a hassle to romance this thing, you know what I mean? It was a lot of work. So there I was, whacking off in my punk room and I look up and there's the fuck doll. I went, "It's a fuck doll. You fuck it. I'm fucking this thing." And I went to the bathroom, got some vaseline, stuck it in the puss, and starting fucking it.



Trish: [groans]

Duane: The next thing you know, I got strung out on fucking this thing. It was amazing. I was like, "Hey." [grins] So there I am on this doll, fucking it and choking it, making the ass get harder. I had to stop. I'd unflate it. We were going to move and I didn't want her to know, 'cause she was so weird that she'd act like I was cheating on her. I couldn't even have any mags. She was a freak and I was scared I was going to get caught with her. So I took the air. "I can't fuck this thing anymore. I'm going to get busted." I stuck it into my closet. And I'd be out on the porch, bored. I'd be like, "Fuck, I wonder how long it is to blow that thing up." That's when I knew I had a problem. I'd be out on the porch blowing this thing up. It took about eighteen minutes. Then I'd take her in the room, fuck it, and then I ended up stabbing it, burying it. It's still there, I'm sure. Haven't fucked one since. It's been about four or five years.

Todd: Where are you now in your sobriety?

Duane: Six and a half months now. I had about seven months. I've been struggling

with sobriety for about twelve years and then I just gave up on it about three years ago. Three years back from that, I figured I can't do it, I can't get it. I'm a loser. The demoralization. I went, "Fuck it."

When Chuck (first U.S. Bombs guitarist) died, I was hanging out with him. 'Cause he called me. We didn't talk for a year. When he had AIDS, he didn't let anyone know. And he found out and pretty much just hung out with his girlfriend. Me and Chuck and his girlfriend Donna, and

Trish, we were like Ricky, Fred, Lucy, and Ethel. We were very close. They'd fly out to see us. Me and Chuck were roommates in the band. When he left The U.S. Bombs, it was a big blowout. And he was just sick all the time. I'd call all the time and maybe once every three months he'd talk to his mom and he'd always be sick. Then, finally, I got a call from his mom, "Chuck wants to see you. He's at the hospital." I dropped everything, went down there, saw him. "Hey Chuck, what are you doing?" "Oh, just sitting here, dying of AIDS." Total sense of humor, but he looked totally thin. It was really good to have my friend back. So I sat down. "Bullshit.

Where's you cop shades?" He'd been with his mom and his girlfriend, so surrounded by women, he lost all of his style. "I'm fucking turning into a geek," he said. I said, "I'm fucking getting your creepers, getting you some CDs, I've got some killer new videos." We started hanging out every day. I'd get him Jamba Juice. I'd walk him around in the wheelchair in the yard, sneak a cigarette out for him 'cause his mom didn't want him smoking no more. I was feeding him. Then I got him a bootleg Bombs shirt from Cleveland. It was so great. We were best friends. Then he was going to join the band for this record. We were exercising. He was going to get better. It was the biggest roller coaster. And then something else would go out. His liver, this, that, and the other. And then I had to go to Germany. When I said goodbye to him, I had a feeling that that was it. And when I was in Europe, Chip's daughter died, we got our van broken into, stolen everything - money, my passport, my plane ticket - you name it. None of us could fly back. We wanted to end the fucking tour. I wanted to come home and go to Chuck's funeral. They're Germans. They all just

turned us down. Chip can only go back because of a death in the family.

Todd: What happened to Chip's daughter?

Duane: She was born with a really rare disease. There were only two hundred cases ever documented. She was mentally and physically disabled from birth. It was his only daughter. She had already way, way outlived her life expectancy.

Trish: She wasn't supposed to live at all.

Duane: It just kind of hit him for a loop 'cause they didn't expect it at all. They had a nurse over there and it just happened. It was heavy. Everybody went into deep depression. I had seven months. I threw it away in Amsterdam. My whole world's crumbling. I went to a bar and got some orange skunk.

We had a show at

a festival with Slayer, Buzzcocks, 40,000 people and this German van driver as our drummer. And all these people are dead. And then they're sneaking me into other countries because my passport's gone. So I could go to prison. It says right there that "The U.S. Embassy will not help you" if you do these things and these are the things I'm doing. Fucking sure enough. It was a dramatic nightmare.

So I got home, locked myself up in a room for four months, and then decided I'm tired of being depressed, opened the curtains one day, went "You know what? I'm going to do it this time. I'm fucking over it. I'm going to do it for Chuck." I saw "Shawshank Redemption," where it says, "get busy living or get busy dying." I fucking totally held that in. You know what, that's so fucking right. What am I doing? I'm over this. I'm not dying. So let's get busy. That's when I started writing. Skating. This is the first time I'm going to Europe and not fucking up. I don't feel like I'm missing nothing. Something weird's happening. I'm going with it.

Todd: You picked up the name "Master of Disaster" as a skater.

Duane: Yeah, when I was a kid. D. David Morin (at the time, the Associate Producer of Skateboarder Magazine) gave me that name during a contest in Marina Del Rey.

Todd: Why?

Duane: Because I used to cause a lot of shit at the contests. I was always getting chased by somebody. The Hobie team was actually pretty rad when I got on it. Eddie Elguera was the good guy, but me and Darrell Miller would start shit with everybody. We were pissing on George Orton (the first skateboarder in history to do an aerial) - who was his buddy? Some other jock-y guy. On the overhang of the hotel, we'd knock late at night. We'd get all drunk

and think of things to do and knock on their door. We'd see them lifting weights and shit. And they'd come out, "Who the fuck? Huh?" And we'd been up on the roof, going "Yeahh." Then they came out one time. "We're going to kill you." It was like the third time. We both started pissing on them. And then we had to hide all night long because they were going to kill us.

I had a seizure on a motorcycle one time. I was doing all of this bad coke... and I just missed a freeway pole. My bike got totaled. I went into some bushes, woke up in an ambulance...

Big guys. Then when we got the Santa Cruz team later, me, Olson, and Alva, and then Orton was our whipping boy. It was pretty cool.

Todd: Is that where the name for your record company, Disaster Records, came from?

Duane: Yeah.

Todd: Name some bands you've been in besides The U.S. Bombs, Duane Peters and the Hunns, Political Crap, The Sharkx, and The Mess.

Duane: The Mess, Santa Ana, 1986. Not Mess, from Texas. Probably about fifteen other bands. Horrible bands. I used to join a band to stay in their garage. I went through a period where I built studios and I just got good at grabbing junk plywood and nailing them together. I'm not no carpenter at all, but I actually could build those pretty good and get the carpet. I was a good little thief. I was in a bunch of bands. I don't really know any of their names. I just went from band to band that would last a month or two, and it'd be embarrassing, and I'd steal all of their equipment and run and hide. I moved all over the state.

One of the bands I was in after Political Crap with some guys from The Rayons was called File 17. We supported the Misfits at the Cuckoos Nest there first time thru O.C. in '80 or '81 and one of 'em asked if he could borrow my mikes that I just bought. I was young and weirdly had my own mikes. I would never let anyone use 'em and no one had seen these monsters before and they scared the shit out of me. I said yes, "Of course!" Gave him the mikes. My band was like, "You pussy!" Jerry smashed one of my mikes the second song with the end of his bat bass and it went flying! My band goes, "What are you gonna do about that?" I go, "Absolutely nothing!" I had never seen a band like that they were so fucking pissed, huge,

and on fire. It was a great show. There were probably 35 people there. File 17 got a full page in Slash from that show. The Bombs supported the Misfits a couple of years ago in London and in Switzerland. It was my birthday at the Swiss show and me and Jerry smoked some homegrown Swiss bud that would blow away any of our so-called chronic and I mentioned that show

and we had a great laugh because he said that so many thousands of people over the years say they were at that show and it's amazing how empty it was. He gave me a pair of Misfit sweats for the mike! And had a great show.

I had a band called Firesports in San Francisco in 1984. We actually got signed.

We started shooting up

in front of the guys from the studio who were signing our shit. That was Michael Belfer. He was in it from the Sleeper with Ricky Sleeper (also Toiling Midgets).

Trish: The band Cracker.

Duane: Yeah, he ended up in that. Anyways. He's been doing a lot of weird stuff up there. Arty stuff. Make sure - I never was in Cracker. Never even heard it. Make that much clear.

Todd: Why have there been so many band member changes in The Hunns already? Isn't the eyepatch drummer out now, too?

Duane: No, he's in. It was questionable but he's good. We had a talk with him. I want a guy who's not all fucking lazy on the road. Mark's ("Anarchy" Lee - {ex-Humpers, ex-Crowd}) the only one out. We've got Bill from The Authority. He's working out really good. I want to do some good, double vocal stuff because he's a singer. He's gotten really good over the years and I've known him for a long time. When we brought him out there, some drunk guy was trying to hold me hostage. I was running away from him and Bill just comes in [makes a smacking sound] - just like a dog. I just pointed. Fucking took the guy out. He went over the barricade. Bleeding at the head. I was like, "This guy rules." The Bombs went through a lot of members, but it was mostly to get going on the road. Reynolds is still on methadone. It's hard to tour around that.

Todd: Who's been your longest band com-patriot?

Duane: Kerri, by far. Plus, I've known him for twenty-three years. When he was in the first Shattered Faith, Political Crap and Shattered Faith used to play together. And we used to fight side by side. We took out this place in Pomona. Later on, they reaped the benefits. They jumped me, kicked the fuck out of me at Godzillas. But, yeah, me and Kerri go way back.

Todd: You guys are on the same comp with The Cheifs. "Who Cares?"

Duane: Right.

Todd: What's the main difference between The U.S. Bombs and The Hunns?

Duane: Everyone in the Hunns is actually in California. I just wanted to play the clubs again. Kerri lives in New York, everyone's doing side stuff now. It's good for the band. It makes us get along good. Chip's going to drum, I think, in One Man Army. He's going to do their new record. Kerri's going to do some side thing with some gnarly guy in New York...

Todd: [being a wise-ass] Cracker?

Duane: I don't know who he is. Then I can be home and I have a label. It's pretty cool.

Todd: Do your bands get along?

Duane: I think so. From afar, probably. I don't think they're fighting over me or nothing.

Todd: Why is it Duane Peters and the Hunns as opposed to just being The Hunns?

Duane: Well, Patrick (who runs Disaster along with Duane) suggested that I do that. He goes, "Do you want to sell records? Nobody's gonna know who The Hunns is." I wanted to call it The Hunns. I was totally down with that. Mark Lee wanted to call it The Hunns. We got in a big argument over it. Then Shane McGowan and the Popes. He was my hero before he did The Dropkick Murphys thing. [laughter]

Todd: The slur-along.

Duane: Yeah, fuckin' OK. But anyway... I don't care. It's ego, anyway.

Duane: That's why I put the Hunns together. To do a single 'cause I was so emotionally torn up. I'd got kicked out of the Bombs, I just got sent home. The whole Unity Tour didn't want nothing to do with me. "Nobody wants you on this bus!" I was a nightmare. I was at war with that whole tour the whole time. They thought I was going to be at the next gig. I packed my shit. I was going to work for a German family and work my way back to the States. I was so fucked up. But I had enough money on me to just get back to the States. When I got back, she (Trish) had my bags by the door. She didn't want me around. She wanted me to quit drinking. I'm a fucking nightmare.

Trish: I stood back at the airport to see if he was drunk and I watched him come off because I was going to leave if he was.

Duane: I went to one of those sober places with all of these musicians

and I was like, "I wanna write a song about my chick. It'll give me something to do in the studio," and all these guys started intervening and going, "Fuck, let's put a band together." It turned into an album and I wrote the song, with the guitar. The Bombs never let me write (the music to) a song. "I wanna play this," and they're "cool," and they're saying yes to everything. "I want to do one more. Here's another one that I've been fucking around with." God, I talk too much.

Todd: Here's a record question. Where do

never know.

Todd: I'm assuming that you have two "n"s on the Hunns because of the Huns from Texas?

Duane: Rob was like, "I think there was a Hunns," and Mark was like, "Yeah, but I think did just a single." Then I went down to Vinyl Solution, saw they did that live record. I liked the name so much, let's just put another "n" on it. Budda bing, done deal.

Todd: Do you know what happened to the lead singer of the Huns, Phil Tolstead (Who once went to jail for kissing a cop)?

Duane: Nope.

Todd: He's an evangelical minister. Someone told me he was on the 700 Club a couple of times... How did the U.S. Bombs end up as the house band on a comedy show?

Duane: They called us. We had no idea. We were in Georgia on tour and we got a phone call. We were beat up. Nancy Severinsen - Doc Severinsen's daughter - she was in charge of the music and saw our record, "War Birth," and she turned it over and saw the picture. She said [in Hollywood voice] "Very apocalyptic. That's going to be the theme of the new show. Find these guys." Wade goes, "Hey, we're going home for four days. We're going to be on Comedy Central." We had to jump some tour we were on, said we'll meet you in four cities. Me and Chuck were going, "Why would we be on Comedy Central? It's not that fucking hard to figure out. They want to fucking laugh at us, but let's do it 'cause we'll get to see our chicks. Let 'em laugh. How much are they payin'?" Seven grand. We had to pay for our own tickets. That was \$3,500 and the other \$3,500 to get even on our merch.

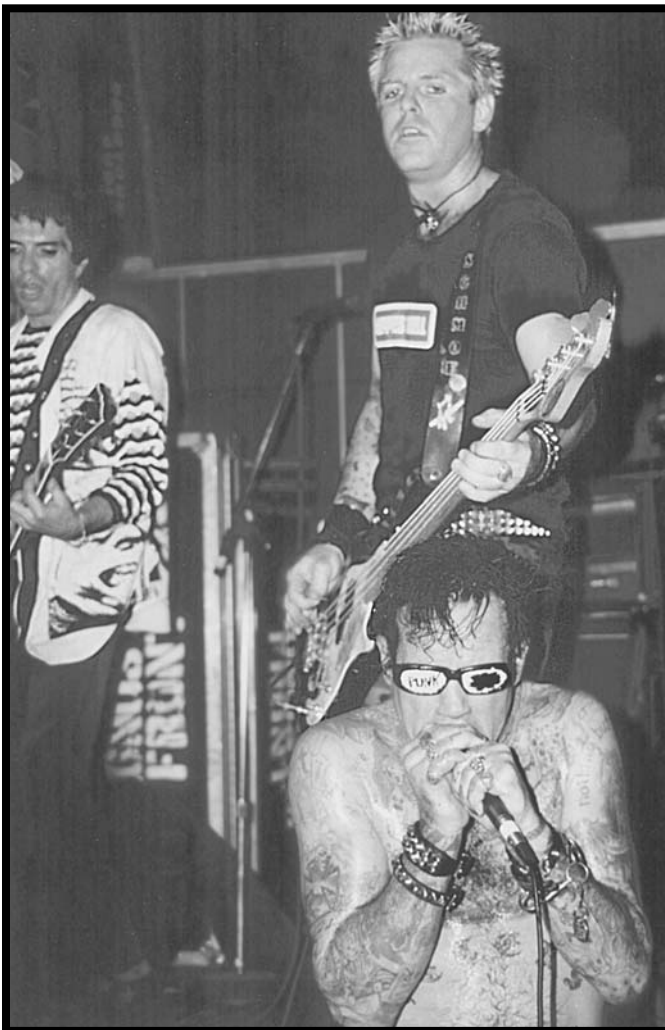
We met that Jim Brewer guy. He was so fucking cool. I was shaking like a motherfucker when we showed up. We were so beat up and I had to get a bottle really bad. And they were doing sound checks. I first met Jim Brewer at the crap table. He goes, "How're you doing, buddy?" and I go, "Doin' a lot better now" and I had my Captain's bottle. And he said, "Me too," and he had a bottle of Jack Daniels. Talkin' up a storm. Kooky comedians, they're just like us. They thought all the other guys were geeks. It was really cool. Everybody was really hammered.

Todd: Who is David Allan Grier?

Duane: The black guy from "DAG." He had his own sitcom.

Trish: He's a huge "In Living Color" guy. Kind of like a "Mad TV" kind of like thing.

Todd: You did some stuff for him, too?



you file it? "D" for Duane, "P" for Peters or "H" for Hunns?

Duane: All of those and I've seen it under "U" - U.S. Bombs, too.

Todd: The Swingin' Utters used to be Johnny Peebucks and the Swingin' Utters and they couldn't find their records, even though sometimes it was in the store.

Duane: I think I'm going to keep it that way, but it might turn into The Hunns. I change my mind fifty times a day. It's horrible to write a record with me. Every song changes a million times, right down to the last thing. The title, everything, so you

Duane: Yeah. I think Tim (Lint) from Hellcat (and Rancid) set it up. That was a quick \$1,500 in the pocket. It was cool. What's that lady's name?

Trish: Delta Burke.

Duane: She was in it.

Todd: Is there any truth to the rumor that Epitaph tried to get you killed by having you play Yugoslavia?

Duane: We thought that, definitely.

Todd: When people were being taken hostage and they didn't give you the courtesy to tell you not to be there...

Duane: Nobody told us a thing. When we were getting out of there, Slapshot was like, "You guys went in and played?" We got held at the Slovenian border eight hours and they took Chip to jail. He'd never been to jail his whole life and he had a bottle of penicillin with two valiums in it. His wife put it in there, "In case he gets sleepy." And he didn't even know. I came back from the duty free with a carton of smokes and went "Oh fuck." It was like National Geographic, when they have the guns. They were taking him away. "Why couldn't they take a roadie?" I thought they were going to execute him. "How am I going to get a drummer?" That's what I was thinkin'. "Somebody more expendable, please." Then we got back to the next country to where you're free - or somewhat - and they pulled out all of the U.S. bands. "We're going to bomb that place." That's why those countries really hated us. We had "U.S. Bombs" all over our gear. We were standing in a cavity search for fucking hours, going, "They're going to ream us. Get ready. Pucker up." That's where the conspiracy theory came. "The label. They want us fucking dead." We were laughing at that.

Trish: But they made it out.

Duane: Yeah.

Todd: [to Trish] What does Duane smell like?

Trish: Good.

Todd: Does he?

Trish: Even if he doesn't take a shower for a week.

Todd: That's love.

Duane: She loves me. I'll never find another one like her. Even my band guys go, "How does she fuckin' do it?" I won't wash my long underwear. There's shit stains along the back...

Trish: Oh, honey...

Duane: When everyone else does laundry on the road, I won't. My chick'll wash 'em when I get home. "You're kidding me." Eh, she loves me. Go figure.

Todd: One thing I've noticed about you, is that you're a style person. The style of the music is definitely '77 punk, but it's not just a copy of it. It's taking the spirit of it and exploring it. Like your skating.

Duane: As far as skating, I made up a lot of tricks. And I used to skate 14 hours a day. Skating saved my life and got me out of a lot of trouble. I got in a lot of trouble with skating anyway. My whole trip is that I

wanted to die without learning any other tricks, but I'll learn a trick every couple years now. It's a little one - like invert roll-in reverts. I used to do those in the clover, but now I can do them on vert, no matter how big. I can still do my old tricks. I still have a good array of shit that keeps me happy. I don't want to go to a gym.

Skateboarding and punk rock are the key to having a good day. Get all your shit out. Almost spiritual, like in an angry way. When ever I get bundled up, she says, "Go skate. I'll take care of this, that, and the other." I'll come back the happiest fucking little kid. If you get to go to the punk rock show, or play, it's double what I love. I did so much time on junk that all that stuff I used to be shooting up in bathrooms, sitting there or wherever I ended up - in ditches, getting stabbed - so many times low guy at the hospital, getting abscesses cut out. All that shit was gone. It was never going to come back. You get brain dead. Water in the brain. I used to beat myself up. "Can I even skate any more?" Then you get thrown in jail. It's been a long, weird, learning life. That's the style I like. I don't see any rule

**The whole Unity Tour
didn't want nothing to
do with me.**

book.

Todd: We go skating a lot now and it's great to see old-style skaters skating ditches and banks. It sounds cheesy, but it's very soulful.

Trish: It's better.

Duane: I can't remember this kid's name. I can never remember it, but he's a top half pipe skater. This kid didn't know what to do in a full pipe. This guy could barely hit vert. He was totally mind blown and there was a little rough spot at the bottom. Olson would have laughed at him. Olson's like, "Kick flip now, you little fucker!" When you throw these guys in a pool, they're straight up and down, ready to flip, no style at all, and it's like, "Come on, do you know how to carve?" It's amazing.

Todd: What do you account for the number one reason that you're still alive today? You've been through so much shit, you've broken so many bones...

Duane: Every day I wake up, I'm stoked, dude. It's a good day, you know what I mean? Sun's up. My life used to be so full of trauma. Every day something would happen that was life-threatening. I lost track of everything. Seven motorcycles. All totaled. Over seventy miles-per-hour, without helmets, back in the non-helmet days. DOA several times. I had a seizure on a motorcycle one time. Riding with Mike Lohrman

(The Stitches). They lost me. I had a really embarrassing Yamaha and him and this other guy on their Triumphs would always be a half a mile ahead and I was all strung out. I was doing all of this bad coke or something and I just had a seizure and I guess I just missed a freeway pole. My bike got totaled. I went into some bushes, woke up in an ambulance,

Mike and all those guys are staring, going, "Fuck, man."... I don't know, but I'm grateful.

Todd: Do you even need glasses?

Duane: No. Perfect sight. I don't get it.

Todd: You fucker.

Duane: I've got plenty of flaws, plenty of scars.

Todd: When was the day you realized, "Duane, going to a party, knocking on the door, punching the guy who opens the door, and trying to take on the whole party" wasn't such a good idea?

Duane: I've done that several times. I got everyone to stair dive up in San Jose at some guy's house that everybody knows, but I can't think of his name. But I got all of these guys to stair dive. I did all of the stairs in America and Chuck put me into retirement. I was like Evil Knevil. I would run - I did Maritime Hall, Coney Island High - dive, flip, and keep going. I'd slam into doors. I could barely walk. Every day I had a cane. Horrible shit. I did that then all these chicks were mad at me. All these guys broke their arms and shit. I was the last guy left with a big bottle of whisky.

We were standing in their living room. "Have you ever seen someone do this?" It was one of those old glass-plate doors with the old windows, and just smashed my whole face into it. Did my "Here's Johnny" thing. Half of my nose was left on the thing. My lip was cut completely the other way. [Duane pauses to point out the scars on his face.] I used to take parties on. It had to be ten people or more. Ask Mike Lohrman. He used to have to pick me up. I used to yell at him. "Why don't you help me?" He'd wait until after the beating and then he'd take me back home. I used to hate him for that.

Todd: Did you really rob the same 7-11 twice without realizing it?

Duane: Yeah. And I ended up on the TV up in Sacramento. We dumped a guy out of a truck. We had to leave town.

Todd: How did you no know it was the same 7-11?

Duane: I was with Pat Stratford from Tales of Terror. We were hanging out every day and we were bored. We had such a blast. We ended up doing liquor store runs all of the time. We'd rip off Vivarin, take a bunch of those, and then go into the liquor store, and it was somebody's turn, and somebody drives, and I just got a 502 (a DUI), but it was my turn to drive, and I'd rather drive than run right then. We got a case, went down the street, not even a mile away, sat in the back of the truck, the four

of us, and drank it and then went back to the 7-11, "We'll just go get another one." We're just - you know - drunk. Went into the same place. They're completely on to us. The 7-11 worker jumped into the back of the truck. Two of the guys stayed behind. This guy, Mike McCorkendale up there, they had this knock-down, drag-out fight. I guess the guy was hanging by the fingertips and he kicked him. I pulled over down the street. I didn't want to get a 502. I heard a thump, and that's when I took off. "What happened?" Then I didn't believe him. Stole a bottle of vodka 'cause I was like, "This is really fucked up if that guy got dumped." I was going along at 50-60 miles per hour. A 7-11 worker? Oh my god. So, yeah, it really happened.

Todd: So, was the guy all right?

Duane: He ended up living. Everything went fine. I don't talk about that shit much. I didn't kick him out. I was just driving.

Todd: You have a boy named Chelsea, is that correct?

Duane: One named Chelsea and one named Schulyer.

Todd: No offense, but isn't that like naming a boy Sue?

Duane: Yeah, kinda. I guess. I was really strung out, but I named him after the Chelsea Hotel and at the time I didn't know any kids named Chelsea.

Todd: But that guy Clinton comes along and gives his daughter the same name.

Duane: I thought it was a really cool name. The band, Chelsea. A cool kid. Schulyer. Very German. He went through a little period - his middle name's Dylan - "Dad I want to go by Dylan." He tried for six months but it didn't fly.

Trish: He's just like him, too. My God. Exactly.

Duane: Pretty cool. Real good skater. He got kicked out of his older brother's band. He's a drummer. They're doing Corrupted Youth in Parker, Arizona.

Todd: What's a skill that you're really, really good at but you'd never want to do again?

Duane: Years ago, me and Darrell Miller in Cherry Hill, put on a pair of roller skates each and when the place was closed, and we could both do it right away. We were getting backside airs, the third time trying, back and forth. I think I could have been a good roller skater. I used to do roller derby as a kid, on the block.

Todd: What percentage of your liver is currently working?

Duane: They say ten percent, but that's all you need to live. Your liver is supposed to be susceptible to things that you give it, but it leaks really bad. When I drink, it burns. The last ten years, every time I drink, especially playing, it burns because it doesn't filter. It goes right to the bloodstream and goes to my inner skin or whatever's

underneath the skin, and my blood's boiling when I'm drinking. I don't know if it'll get better or not, but I'm going with it.

Todd: Number of times you've re-broken the same bone?

Duane: Sixteen times. My collarbone. Both



of them.

Todd: Number of DUIs?

Duane: Six or seven, total. I just got one when we were doing "The World" record. It was horrible. Five grand. Bunch of classes.

Todd: Number of cars you've wrecked?

Duane: Fourteen that I've counted since I was about thirty-two. I don't think I've been in any since then. Fourteen that I've totaled. I've been in many more.

Todd: Number of cars that you owned that your friends wrecked?

Duane: Two or three. We used to get each other back.

Todd: Didn't you shit on someone's face because of one?

Duane: Barclay... yeah, yeah. In the early, early days we were fucked up. We were like brothers. I'd get in a wreck, he'd would get in a wreck, and it was my turn. You know what I mean? We did that for awhile. We

had some heavy wreck.

The last time I broke my nose, Chip, my drummer - in London - his birthday's June 11th. Mine's June 12th and we passed the buck with shots. He's an inbred, so he's shooting bourbon. We lined up six of them - for the month of June - and I lined up six Jaegermeisters. "Go!" It's twelve o'clock. "Now it's my birthday." "What's you want?" he's all hammered Southern guy. "Break my fucking nose!" He goes boom. On the perfect break on the side of my face. I went, "no." It was really bad.

I'd done two weeks in the hospital before, with tubes to breathe and everything and looked at my face. It was like a faucet. So I went out to the van, "Now or never." Boxers do this. They have to. I totally cranked - I did my own nose job. All the bones, totally hammered, you could hear it like popcorn, backed and forthed it. I had it looking straighter than now, but two nights later, I jumped in the crowd like an idiot and they kinda fucked it up more, but it's still pretty good.

Todd: Number of dead guys you've found at the bottom of a pool?

Duane: Never. Kerri found a dead guy. We used to break into rentals in Newport Beach and there was a dead guy in the bedroom and we left him in there and drank in another room.

Todd: Did you drink his liquor?

Duane: The guy had no liquor. He was just a bum laying in there. He was completely dead.

Todd: What's the number of stories you jumped out of a parking garage to avoid the police?

Duane: Four. And I thought it was two stories. My knee went completely the other way. Hyperextension. Really, really bad. It was the most pain - it took me three years to get that thing healed.

Todd: What's the largest dollar amount of drugs that you've put in your body at one time?

Duane: Probably about two or three hundred bucks, at one shot. When I had a really bad habit, I used to do about five hundred bucks a day, coke and dope. I've OD'd. I've never really intentionally tried to kill myself ever, but I thought I was going to be a dealer one time when I was living in San Francisco. We made a big run to San Jose and came back with all of this gnarly Persian and I shot way too much and my habit was really huge. That's what saved my life is that I had a really big habit. It was pretty pure. There was two times I was DOA officially. Used to get ambulances at my house all the time. They all knew me. I owed ambulance companies in Orange County for a couple years.

Todd: Duane-speak. What's a "verifag"?

Duane: A "veribot," a Veriflex rider. (Veriflex was a skateboard company that isn't very well respected. Maybe it has

something to do that the company also makes yo-yos and trampolines. -Todd)

Todd: What's "simplicity"?

Duane: Something's that simple, I don't know. I'd have to know what I was saying. I mix my words up all the time. The band knows that.

Todd: What are "tinker toy people"?

Duane: Tonka toy people? Robots, basically, probably.

Todd: "Stub people"?

Duane: What was I talking about?

Todd: You were talking about the how few disabled skaters you see nowadays.

Duane: The guys with no legs. They used to skate at Lakewood. "What the fuck?" There they go and they'd be fucking riding the half pipe, using their hands, "Hey, 'scuse me." Those guys were hot. There was like three of them, every day at the skate park.

Todd: What's a "beat hammer"?

Duane: That must have been awhile ago. Working 9 to 5 or construction and hating their lives. Broken capillaries and kids and nothing but bills.

Todd: How's riding for Beer City?

Duane: Really good. They pay me every month. Mike Beer is true to his shit. He's sending me to Australia. I'm 40 years old, I'm still getting paid to skate. He doesn't really ask much of me other than to have new graphics a couple times a year. I skate all the time on the road when I'm sober. I just skated a bunch in Europe. Did some German sports channel thing with a downhill skier guy, doing this show. Weird shit. It's really cool.

Todd: Have you been pro the whole time or have their been gaps?

Duane: I think I've been pro the whole time. Even when I was strung out, I rode of Circle A, Skull. Think picked me up. Chuck Holtz would make a board for me when I was in-between. I always had a board and always had something going. Independent - because I was one of their first riders - used to give me money. Santa Cruz. I never went more than two years without riding. When I did my knee is the longest. I just started drinking like mad. Started drumming in a band called the Teddy Boys up in Sacramento. We were very Clash. We were a three piece.

It just sounded wrong. It was made after the Teds in London. It sounded really rockabilly.

Todd: Not to sound like a commercial, but how is Duane Peters like Independent Trucks?

Duane: Original.

Todd: The design hasn't changed in twenty years.

Duane: I'll go with that.

Todd: What was your first tattoo?

Duane: "Peters" across my stomach. I wasn't going to get one. I got one way late, like '88. From going to jail. Me and

Chuck went to parish prison. We got thrown in there for two days and the band had to pay to get us out. That was the oldest, gnarly prison. I think I thought I was Mexican at the time. Got my two kids here, my girl. Then I met Art and Steve Godoy (identical twin tattooists) when I climbed out of the ditch in 1992, they started Scratch Pad [points to chest]. I figured get a lot or keep none.

Todd: Why did you say that Tony Hawk probably did some really good shit in his last life to get the biscuits he gets because he's a horrible looking skater?

Duane: Oh, he is.

Todd: What percentage of your liver is currently working?

Duane: They say ten percent, but that's all you need to live.

Todd: Explain that to somebody who doesn't know much about skating.

Duane: Well, I've seen him ever since he was a little geek kid with his dad hanging on the fence - no disrespect to his dad any more. I'm over all that shit. I used to tell his dad, "Go get a job." We were all dysfunctional kids. We didn't like seeing some dad caring about his kid.

Todd: Just like soccer moms.

Duane: Yeah. "Go buddy, go in there." And he was padded from toe to fucking head. He was one of those annoying, skinny kids that you looked like you could see their veins. Skin's transparent. Can't help but want to punch him. But he was too little to punch. I couldn't believe that he became what he did. I was getting a Slurpee one day. That's when it first started really hitting me. "You've got to be kidding me. This guy's every where now." I'm way over it. More power to him. I figured he did a lot of good things because he's a kook. He's done a lot for skating, so whatever. I used to get pissed about The Loop thing and everything else.

Todd: You did The Loop in '78.

Duane: Yeah. I think it's been done backside, forward. A few guys have done it now. They all did it with the same dimensions that I made. Fourteen feet, which I'd made after the Baldy pipeline and a Hot Wheels track. They came up to me when I was sixteen, sitting on a beach, because I was riding for Rad Ramp and there was a show called Skateboard Mania and it was going to do all these gnarly things. Sid and Marty Kroft Productions was backing it. It was going to go on the road. We did Seland Arena, The Forum, The Long Beach Arena, and then it closed. Three nights at

The Forum. When I broke my collarbone I was very hammered and I was trying to teach Tony Gitone because he was a good-looking guy, a big muscle guy. He was the star of the show. They ended having Skitch Hitchcock double for him with the track. They wouldn't let me near it when I broke my collarbone. I came back two weeks later with my brace on, doing fakies. "Get that fucking nut off the fucking track." They wouldn't even let me on it. I wanted to do successions. Nobody made that big of a deal out of it at all. I was embarrassed of it because when I started showing up at contests after that show folded, I had to make

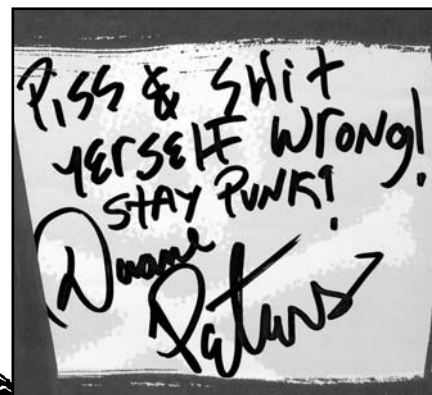
some money. I was already blowing away a lot of guys. It was like music - you're not getting the coverage because you're not the guy. I was, "That's the guy that did The Loop. He can't do nothing else." I was skating better than Weed. I was on Hobie and they would all focus on Mike Weed when we'd be in the van and Jeff Ruis was the team photographer and I'd be blowing that guy away doing all kinds of tricks. That guy had two or three tricks that were nothing, but they would focus on him. Ruis finally started shooting

me.

I went through a hard time to win my first one. I should have won contests way before Whittier. I used to have issues. "Now, this guy's won a contest before me because I broke my elbows, both of them, at Del Mar during the bank slalom because I got hammered the night before and didn't tighten my trucks at all. I just showed up, they called my name. I was just trying to get overall points. I was ripping the pool way more than Eddie. I was going to win. My trucks gapped. I went boom, I mean hard. I was riding the train home the next day, got home. Got a phone call. "Eddie won."

Todd: Have you ever lined up the sponsors to do the jump over the thirty-six cars?

Duane: Years ago, when I was going to kill myself. All I wanted to do was get enough money for a lot of dope, some sort of way to jump a bunch of cars, and end my life that way. I could never see landing it, but I would have tried. I thought nobody knew about that. That's hot.



Revealing every intimate
detail that nice people
only whisper about!

THE WEIRD LOVEMAKERS

Interview by Sean Carswell

I know you've never heard of the Weird Lovemakers. It's okay. Most people haven't. I talk to music fanatics all the time - people who work at record labels or work in record stores or put together punk rock zines or write for this one - and they always ask me, "Who have you been listening to lately?" I always say, "The Weird Lovemakers, man. They're fucking great." And all the music fanatics, invariably, pause while they try to decide whether or not they're going to lose punk rock points by admitting it, but they finally decide to come clean and say, "I've never heard of them." It's okay. That's the beauty of underground music. At any given moment, there are a dozen bands out there who none of us have heard of and who are fucking great and we're just waiting to discover them. I lucked into a Weird Lovemakers live album, "Bigger Than a Cookie, Better Than a Cake," about eight months ago. It was exactly the kind of album I love - songs that sound trashy but are really well-constructed and vocals that sound so

wild and reckless that they hide the incredibly lucid lyrics underneath. Since then, it's grown like a virus inside of me. I listened to the live album until I realized I was obsessed, then started hunting down their earlier releases like their first Empty Records album, "Flu Shot" and the incredible split seven inch "Four Fiends Who Pose as Friends" [with the US Impossibles on Star Time Records]. I waited for, then snatched up their collection of unreleased rarities, "Back 20" and they're newest album on Empty, "Must Die." I started hanging around their web site [www.weirdlovemakers.com] too often. Finally, I found myself in Tucson and hunted these guys down. We hung out for a couple of hours chatting about punk rock, pornography [guitarist Jason Willis works for an internet porn company], drug use, and pop culture. After I typed up that conversation, I realized two things. First, you have to read this interview because the Weird Lovemakers just might be the best band you've never heard of, and second, after you read this, you will hate me because my obsession is contagious.

Weird Lovemakers are:

Hector Jaime: bass, vocals

Greg Petix: guitar, vocals

Jason Willis: guitar, vocals

Gerard Schumacher: drums

Sean: What are you guys thinking? I listen to your music and it sometimes sounds like four guys are playing four songs individually, but when you put them all together, it works as one song. Where does that come from?

Greg: Improv jazz? [laughs] I thought we were all playing the same thing, weren't we?

Jason: I don't know. Are you talking about the disparate kind of stylistic influences?

Sean: Exactly.

Jason: Then that's a product of the no-veto rule. We all write songs.

Greg: You know how a lot of bands will have the one guy who writes everything? I've been in bands like that. We all have, probably. So we have a no-veto rule. If somebody wants to play something, we'll play it. When we first started out, the first month Hector was in the band, he wrote this norteno song which I imagine a lot of punk bands would've been like, "It's too weird."

Jason: I hated it for a while. And yet, I continued to play it, night after night.

Greg: And I have a doo-wop song on the "Back 20" album.

Jason: I hate that song.

Greg: A lot of people do. I just had to get it out of me. It's my Sha-na-na.

Gerard: Well, from the drummer's point of view, I feel like the songs are hard. That's why. It's difficult music to play.

Jason: We all bring a lot of stuff to the table, too. I mean, every band does, but our record collections are all pretty different. Like, if you listen to a comp tape that any one of us makes to listen to in the van, there's gonna be new wave stuff, regular old punk stuff, show tunes. I like a lot of dub. Gerard likes a lot of ska. So somehow a lot of that stuff makes it into our songs. We're definitely four different guys writing stuff.

Sean: Do you guys ever fight about the music?

Greg: The music we write, yeah, I guess we argue about it. But I think in a way, the no-veto is what keeps us from arguing so much. I've been in bands where there's one guy who's like, "We're not gonna play that." And that leads to huge arguments, like, "Fuck you, I want to play this song."

Gerard: I feel like our arguments are pretty productive in that things never get stagnant. We do work through them.

Jason: I think the arguments have diminished, too. If you listen to the early stuff, it's definitely like, here's the new wave song, and here's the '77 Brit punk song. Now there's an overall sound that we have. I mean, there are still some oddball tunes.

A lot of them are on the "Back 20" album. That's definitely the weirdo album. We did a bunch of stuff that we wouldn't include on a straight rock album.

Gerard: Yeah, that's our oddball album.

Greg: But the things we do argue about are really retarded. The biggest arguments we've ever had - I think one of them was about three being the magic number. One of them was about the definition of the word scatological. We were in the studio...

Jason: [laughs] We wasted an hour...

Greg: We were arguing for about an hour over this. Getting really heated. Probably more heated than any time we ever argued about the band.

Sean: So what is the definition of the word scatological?

Jason: Greg was right.

Greg: We both understood what it was, but let's not get into it again. I'll cry. (scatological: preoccupied with excrement or obscenity)

Sean: So you guys are all, what, early twenties, right?

Greg: Yeah, right.

Sean: What keeps you charged about being in a punk band after the age of thirty?

Greg: I don't know. It's fun.

Jason: It's just, punk rock is great. Honestly, it is. It still sounds great. Even if it's the most regressive music there is, it totally still resonates for me when I hear it.

Gerard: I feel the same way. Even though I like to listen to a real broad range of musical styles, nothing else is fun to play except punk rock.

Greg: Even if I loved other music more than punk, I wouldn't want to have to play it. I love Tom Waits, you know, pretty music like that, but I'd hate to be on stage doing a five minute pretty song.

She wanted us to be a band in the movie. It was gonna be called "Big Tit Mosh Pit."

Jason: If a song of ours is over three minutes, we're all like, "Jesus, can't you just cut this song in half?" It's funny, we're all conditioned to cram a song into a minute, a minute and a half. It's got everything in it - verses and choruses, you know. It's just energetic music. And we're all hyper guys, too.

Gerard: We're all neurotic.

Jason: Gerard teaches kids, and they all hate punk rock. He plays it and they all think it's crap.

Sean: How old are the kids you teach?

Gerard: Ninth grade.

Sean: Really? And they hate punk rock?

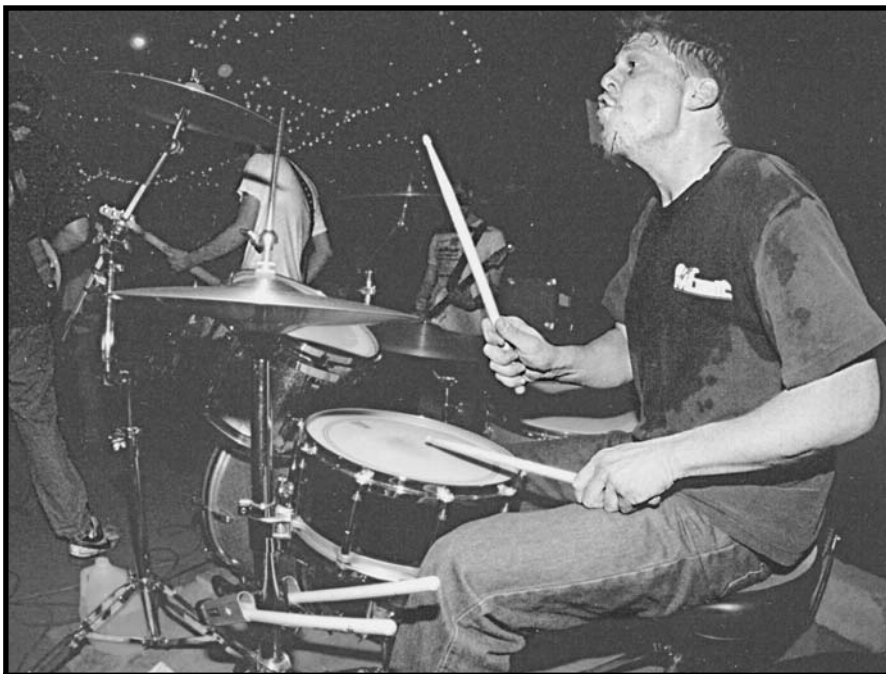
Gerard: There's always a number of kids who like punk rock, but true punk rock still isn't mainstream in that, there'll be a ton of kids who like Blink 182. But I put on a Motards album and the kids just could not handle it. All the Blink 182 fans ran screaming.

Greg: So do you get the impression that, when you play punk rock, they don't like it because they think it's too... well, they don't think it's too jarring and loud, do they?

Gerard: They do. They think it's harsh, dissident, jarring, angry music.

Jason: And this is something they don't like?

Gerard: They still like the pretty vocal



Gerard. Photo by Dan Hoffman.

I really want us to play at one of these things so that we could be hated.

melodies, because, you know, Blink 182 still has pretty singing over the top.

Greg: I think they like the crisp production, which the Motards don't have.

Gerard: Yeah. They really like well-recorded things. They don't get lo-fi or low budget production. But I suppose you have to go through that before you can look for something more.

Sean: Do you guys have any connection with the Motards?

Greg: We played with them a few times, and they're really nice guys. One of the first times we played with them, we went out to Austin, and they really made a good impression on us because they gave us all the money even though nobody was there to see us. Everybody was there to see them. The place was packed. They were the hometown heroes. Nobody even knew who we were. They were just like, "When are the Motards coming on?" And it was like three hundred and eighty dollars. Probably more than we'd ever made. And they gave it all to us so we could drive home.

Jason: And that fucked us up until... It continues to fuck us up because every time we play with an out of town band, we give them all the money. There's always one guy who brings it up. "Remember that fucking Motards show?" We've never made any money locally since then. [this leads into a long conversation about the Motards. Then we return to the interview with...]

Sean: How's the smut business, Jason?

Jason: The smut business is great. It really is. It's a cool job. I mean, I just got into it because I was doing graphic design stuff, and I like smut. I like porn. It's cool. And I get to travel all around, learn tons of cool new stuff. I'm in a fucking porn film.

Sean: Doing what?

Jason: Fully clothed. It was shot at our offices where we do all the internet stuff, and they made use of all of our things. I play a computer technician who comes in and tells this woman who's just finished doing an online masturbation chat that, as a result of her amazing masturbation, she's clogged all the lines. We're going to have to shut down the whole system.

You know, that kind of bull shit. And it was fucking hilarious because this gal, she's pretty cool. SaRenna Lee. She's like a Marilyn Monroe with really big boobs. She was in some Playboy

breasted women. It's totally not my thing.

Gerard: When's it come out?

Jason: It's out now. I can show you a copy.

Gerard: I'd like to see that.

Jason: I used to have links to porn sites on the Weird Lovemakers web site, but Gerard's students were giving him a hard time about it, so I took them off.

Greg: I don't think they were. I think Gerard just didn't like it.

Gerard: No. When this one kid would come into my classroom and say, "So, Mr. Schu, tell us about Boobsville." I'd just be like, okay, that link is going. That's the end of Boobsville on our web site.

Jason: It's pretty funny, though, because there's supposed to be this whole porn/rock connection. I saw the special on VH-1 or MTV or whatever. I've met a couple of these people. I've seen the bands play at the porn conventions, and they fucking suck. They're so bad. They're the crappiest bar rock bands covering current rock sounds. I really want us to play at one of these things so that we could be hated.

Gerard: So that we could clear the room.

Jason: The gal who directed the one I'm in wanted us to be in a movie. I don't know if she's still gonna do anything. She wanted us to be a band in the movie. It was gonna be called "Big Tit Mosh Pit." She was gonna write some script like a Quincy episode involving punk rock and big tits.

Gerard: That would be so amazing.

Sean: What about the movie, "The Pornographer"? You guys had a song in that, right?

Greg: Yeah.

Sean: What's the movie about and how did you get hooked up with it?

Greg: Through Hector. It's about a guy who likes pornography and is convinced he can do it better. He's kind of like this lonely loser who can't get a girl so he makes his own movies and it gives him focus. The weird thing about it is, I didn't know we were in this movie. My friend had to review it. He's a local film critic and he got a videotape to review for this film festival. I saw it with him and I didn't hear our song at all. It was so annoying because that would've been such a dream of mine to be watching a movie and hear a Weird Lovemakers song in it.

Sean: So your song's not in it?

Greg: No, it's in it. I just somehow didn't hear it. It's in a party scene or something.

Jason: He goes to a guy's house and the guy's playing it. It's only for ten seconds or something. We signed away our rights for, like, two bucks.



Hector and Jason. Photo by Mike Plante

thing that Russ Meyer hosted. Anyway, she had to be told how to masturbate for this scene. She's like, "I don't know how to fake this." And the director is just like, "You're a porn actress. You can't fake an orgasm?" It was really weird. Totally surreal. And I've got it all on tape. All of the outtakes. I'm wearing an Empty Records shirt and I stuck Weird Lovemakers posters in it and a Fells record. And there's a character in it called the Weird Lovemaker. He's the one who's making her do her whole masturbation thing. The gal who directed it works with me and really likes our band. So she has SaRenna saying, "The Weird Lovemaker is back on line. Oh, the Weird Lovemaker is telling me to do all these curious things." It's great. And in one other scene, Lisa Lipps comes in and gives me a massage. Kisses me.

Greg: And his girlfriend is cool with this.

Jason: Well, if you saw Lisa Lipps, she's no competition for anybody. She's a nice gal, just kind of a leathery exterior, roomy interior.

Sean: The Cadillac of porn stars.

Jason: Yeah. It was cool. Total fluke.

Sean: What's the name of the movie?

Jason: It's called "A Return to Boobsville.com." It's made by this company and their whole fetish is insanely huge

Gerard: You know, I never cashed that check.

Jason: It's like a total anti-pornography flick. There was a big gala opening for it here because the guy who did it used to live in Tucson. There was a Tucson film festival and this was one of the movies. Hector and I went to go see it. And the guy who's in it, what's his name?

Greg: The guy from "Body Double" is in it. Craig Wasson.

Jason: Yeah, and he gave this big speech about pornography - "It's a killer, folks."

Sean: But he's only been in two films and they're both about pornography.

Jason: Exactly. That's what I was thinking. Who the fuck is he fooling? Then I bumped into him on the way to the bathroom and he's like, "Excuse me, brother." He called me brother twice in this two second exchange. But it was pretty funny.

Sean: What were the two songs that were in the movie?

Jason: It was something off the first album and something off the second. I think it was "Jetboy Helena" and maybe..

Greg: Was it "Teenage Porn Addict"?

Jason: I don't know. You'd think it would be "Teenage Porn Addict." I really don't remember.

Sean: As long as we're talking about movies, tell me about the movie "The Weird Lovemakers" that you got the band's name from.

Greg: You know, I've never seen it. I had the preview. I lived in Chicago with Gerard. We were roommates in '91. And I got one of those goofy "hot, exciting movies of the fifties" videos that was just trailers. And we thought The Weird Lovemakers trailer was really funny. I taped it and put it on this audio fanzine I had at the time. Then, we played in Chicago once. Me and Gerard and this other guy - Dave Riley from Big Black. He played with us for one show. For one night. He was a real fucked up guy. And we called ourselves The Weird Lovemakers. But it wasn't really a band. Then, years later we actually started playing for real. We had all these other names. Then, when Jason joined, we picked the Weird Lovemakers. But I've never seen the movie. It's just a badly dubbed fifties movie made in Japan.

Sean: All right. I'll ask one more question about movies, then I promise we can talk more about music. Jason, I understand you read a lot of history on pornography.

Jason: Yeah. I like a lot of books on sexuality. But just any kind of pop culture stuff,

and pornography just seems like one of those shadow mediums. I think, honestly, that you can tell a lot about a culture through its pornography. It's the shadow side of the culture. Like Germans are so fastidious, and then their porn is just so fucked up. It's like shitting and eating shit and dwarves in leather gear. And of course there's all this power/subjugation stuff. The whole repressed nazi stuff that you're not allowed to deal with over there. And then Japan has practically no rape. Rapes are super-prosecuted. And their pornography is all underage schoolgirl stuff...

Greg: And getting raped. It's not like a seduction. The girl the whole time is crying, saying, "Please stop."

Jason: Right. It's full-on bad news. And the same thing with the French. It's all defilement. And American stuff is all excess. It's just funny. It's really weird.

Greg: My theory is that, just like in Victorian England where they got really nasty after being so repressed, I noticed that, ever since the big anti-child pornography thing on the internet, that basically pedophilia is so mainstream now. It's huge. I just saw in a fashion magazine, there's a fourteen year-old model. She's the daugh-

*She built a fence around her backyard.
I think she was afraid of me.*



Greg's tattoo. Photo by Sean Carswell

ter of Nastassja Kinski, and she's completely looking like she's twenty in all these sexy poses. And it's in Vogue or something. And Maxim. Maxim's woman of the year one year was a sixteen year-old girl. And she's

just like all the other girls in Maxim - really salaciously posed. And then you have Brittany Spears, obviously.

Jason: "American Beauty." That girl in "American Beauty" was sixteen. Conrad Hall - the cinematographer for that - said so. Mike Plante (editor of Cinemad, a highly recommended independent movie zine) did an interview with him. But she's topless and those are her sixteen year old breasts. It's a shot that could've easily been faked because there's that window break. But it wasn't faked. Just a straight shot. How the hell is that not being prosecuted under child pornography laws?

Greg: I think you can say it's not in the prurient interests.

Jason: No, because technically, even if it's a ninety-one year-old woman and you say she's sixteen, stick her in pigtails or something, you can prosecute. And the whole prurient interest thing deals with community standards, which are completely fucked now.

Sean: Are you a college graduate, Jason?

Jason: No. I'm the only one in the band who's not.

Gerard: And he's the highest paid one of all of us.

Jason: I went to art school but I didn't graduate. I have a year to go.

Sean: What did you get your degree in, Gerard?

Gerard: Education and Interdisciplinary Studies. I'm a Humanities teacher now. We're starting World War One tomorrow. I want to teach a lesson in punk rock to my Humanities class when we get that far.

Jason: Do you think you'll be like one of those horrible old baby boomer teachers who shoved the sixties down our throat in high school? "We stopped a war!" you know. Gerard's gonna be like, "We did it ourselves. No major label interest."

Gerard: There's a teacher at our school who has an acoustic guitar in his room and every now and then, he'll break out the acoustic guitar and play James Taylor and Jim Croce songs. And he sings the lyrics to his kids, too.

Jason: What was that film with Michelle Pfeiffer where she got the ghetto kids in love with Bob Dylan?

Greg: "Dangerous Minds."

Jason: Right. Can you imagine those kids really connecting with Bob Dylan?

Greg: "Down in the basement/ Mixing up Medicine" (lyrics from a Bob Dylan's song "Subterranean Homesick Blues").

Sean: So are you gonna bring your drums into class and play drums for

the kids?

Greg: Gerard can play guitar better than me and Jason. Gerard played bass for years in a band called the Lonely Trojans.

Gerard: Greg was a drummer for years.

Sean: Why'd you guys decide to switch?

Gerard: It happened by accident.

Greg: I hated drums. I played drums from when I was fifteen until I was twenty-six. I ditched it because I wanted to write songs.

Gerard: I was twenty-five when I first played the drums, really.

Jason: I was twenty-four when I first learned to play the guitar.

Gerard: Hector's a phenomenal guitarist, and he's on bass. I'm a better bass player than I am a drummer, but I'm on drums. Jason's a better cocksucker, but he's on guitar.

Jason: That's right. I'm not better at anything than I am at guitar. I'm just not very good. [laughs]

Sean: You're a college graduate, too, Greg? What'd you get your degree in?

Greg: Creative Writing with a History minor.

Sean: Is it doing you a lot of good?

Greg: Oh yeah. I write lyrics. It, uh, it was just the easiest way to get out of college. I wanted to get a degree for my parents' benefit. Creative Writing was really, really easy. I had teachers who were just like, "Write a poem every week." And that's all you'd have to do. I didn't even go to the library for the last two years of my college education. I didn't have to study once. I just wrote shit. You should tell your readers, "If you want to get out of college quick, become a Creative Writing major."

Jason: A lot of those stories Greg wrote have turned into Weird Lovemakers songs.

Greg: Yeah. I cannibalized almost everything. Because I had a comic strip (Swonk). I used some things that were stories adapted from poems made into a comic, then made into a Weird Lovemakers song.

Gerard: Now you just have to break into movies.

Jason: No. Broadway.

Greg: That's my dream. To do a musical.

Sean: Let me ask some questions about the between song banter on your live album. Jason, what's your fascination with sake?

Jason: I don't even really like sake that much. Greg likes sake.

Greg: When we went on tour, we discovered - we don't have these in Tucson - bars that just serve wine and beer. And in that situation, sake's one of the

best things you can get. It's pretty strong. So when we get free drinks, that's all we get. We drink sake because it's the closest thing to hard liquor.

Jason: You know, that night, we'd all gotten pretty fucked up before the show. There are several points on that album where I pull my guitar chord out of the amp. The Kent 3 guys got us pretty drunk. We went to their house beforehand. They got Hector high. Then people did buy me a bunch of liquor.

Sean: At the end of that album, you say, "Stick around for Bell and Steel Wool." Did it make you feel a little weird to record a live album when you're the opening band?

Gerard: We didn't know we were recording an album.

Greg: I did. The sound guy told me, but he was just like, "Oh, we're recording. We'll send you a copy." That's all he told me. Then, I guess Blake [from Empty records] just liked it. He called us up and said, "I want to put this out." Me and Gerard didn't want to do it. I personally hate live albums. Even bands I love, I never want to hear their live albums. Hector and Jason wanted to put it out. So, because of the no-veto rule, we put it out.

Jason: It's my favorite thing we've done

Sean: Why do you guys say that you're from Albuquerque, New Mexico on that album?

Jason: Because the sound guy said that. It happened a bunch of times throughout the tour. For some reason, people just get Albuquerque and Tucson confused.

Gerard: They just think, southwest. It's all the same. Something with peyote and a coyote. Tucson. Albuquerque.

Jason: The turquoise and silver towns. Actually, when we were doing that, I was like, "Maybe we should take this off the album, guys, because people are going to be confused." I was totally outvoted.

Sean: Where's the no-veto?

Jason: Exactly. And then there's the part where we stop for like a minute. There's a minute of silence. But the decision was made to keep it as is. No overdubs. No changes in the mix.

Gerard: We didn't edit it. We were lucky in that we were in the middle of a tour and well-rehearsed.

Sean: One more question about the live album. Who's the coolest neighbor you ever had?

Greg: This girl Fen. She used to live next door, and she moved to Seattle. She was there at that show.

Jason: That was her favorite song.

Greg: I was giving her props, as I like to say. A shout out.

Sean: Does the hippie girl still live next door?

Greg: I don't know. It's weird. I never see her. I saw her once. I don't know if she lives there or not. She built a fence around her backyard. I think she was afraid of me.

Sean: What can you guys tell me about pirate radio?

Greg: It's good.

Gerard: You should come down tomorrow night, if you're going to be in town. We all do shows on Tuesday nights. Petix at six, Jason at seven-thirty, and I'm on at nine o'clock.

Sean: What do you do? Do you read news or play music?

Greg: We just play music. We used to have a phone line but we kept getting caught. We've gotten shut down twice and had four locations.

Gerard: We're gonna confiscate some kid's cell phone tomorrow and take it down to the show, give out his phone number so the cops can call him.

Greg: We've been going for about three years now. We took maybe a year off if you add up all the time we've been shut down.

Sean: How'd you get started with it?

Greg: This guy in town is a genius. He designs microchips. I've known this guy for probably fifteen years. Ten years ago, he told me he was into this idea of pirate radio. His first plan, before he realized it was feasible, he was going to string it through the trolley lines on Fourth Avenue.



Greg. Photo by Andy Harris

until "Must Die." I like that one a lot. The studio albums we put out are cool, but they definitely sound like studio records, but the live album is what we really sound like. Just a live rock band.

He was going to actually hook the radio station up through the trolley lines so that area would get a huge signal. Then he finally did it. He called that guy, that guru from Radio Free Berkeley, the guy who will, for like a hundred dollars, send you all the start-up stuff. He talked to the guy from Berkeley and the guy helped him out. So then he started it up. He doesn't even have a show. It's just that him and his wife like doing it a lot. He let's anyone do it who wants to.

Jason: He used to be in a punk band in Tucson a long time ago. The Johnnys.

Sean: Do you want me to leave that out of the interview so the FCC can't trace him?

Greg: No. It's fine.

Gerard: I could just see the FCC digging through punk rock archives.

Jason: [mocking the FCC] The Johnnys! They were named after a restaurant that Chrissy Hynde worked at for five days when she lived in Tucson in 1975!

Greg: Really?

Jason: Yeah. It's a Denny's now.

Sean: How did the FCC bust you?

Greg: Well, once they found the antenna. And once it was weird. Everyone suspects someone must've told them because they sent a letter to this guy's house basically saying, "We know something's going on" and then... it was kind of nebulous. But they didn't just track us through the signal. I don't know why they didn't just do that.

Sean: How do you know they didn't track you through the signal?

Jason: Well, because the first time, the name on the warrant was wrong. It was the first name of the guy who was doing it but the last name of a local scenester. So it was a cross-pollination that obviously would've happened through word of mouth. At that time, we had a phone number. We had a PO box. There was a lot of traceable stuff, but they didn't know any of that.

The most recent one was kind of weird because we actually were tipped off to it beforehand. So we shut up shop and moved it. And there isn't an FCC office in Arizona. They made a trip to come in and bust us. They had a warrant and everything, so they were all pissed off. And at the time, there was another pseudo pirate radio station in town. The FCC went to these guys, who were fairly open about what they were doing. They were a right-wing crank station.

Gerard: They were called Rebel Radio.

Jason: Right. And they were going to keep going until the election.

Greg: Did they get shut down?

Jason: No, because the FCC didn't have a warrant for them. They had a warrant for us. And Rebel Radio was like, "You don't have a warrant for us? Fuck off." So the FCC basically came to town, found nothing there, and got told to fuck off. After that, the thought was that they were gonna be really pissed off and totally nail us, but nothing happened.

Gerard: Is Rebel Radio still broadcasting?



Jason: No. God, man, they played the worst shit. There was some song [Jason singing a folk song] "Twelve dead in Waco." It was pretty great, actually, because it was so weird.

Gerard: The radio station was at my house at one point, but my neighbors started calling the cops because they thought it was a drug house. The local news ran a spot "How to spot a drug house in your neighborhood." And I guess my house fit the profile. Weeds in the front yard. Lots of comings and goings at strange hours of the day and night. You know.

Sean: So what happened when the police came by?

Gerard: They didn't come to my house. They knocked on some of my neighbors' doors and started asking questions about what the neighbors had seen at my house. I'm friends with one of the neighbors, and he came up and said, "By the way, some federal policemen were asking questions about your house. You'd better move the radio station." And we said, "Okay."

Jason: We were shut down for a while after that while we looked for a new place.

Gerard: We were shut down for about six months, then. That was the longest we'd been shut down.

Sean: Jason, you wrote a story for your web site about smoking pot with the guy from Nazareth. Any other stories about drug use with minor celebrities?

Jason: I dropped acid and went to see the Laughing Hyenas once and that was an incredibly fucked up evening. I tried to write a thing about that, because we met up with the band afterwards...

Sean: And they were more fucked up than you?

Jason: They were crazy. That bass player looked like a leprechaun, and he was also tripping, which made it extra weird. And there was Brannon (John Brannon, lead singer of the Laughing Hyenas, Negative Approach, and Easy Action). He was doing smack in the other room. And before the show, someone had been playing Negative Approach at the show, and he was lip-synching to it. It was kind of freaking me out because I was a big Negative Approach fan. And he was kind of making fun of it, stomping around. It was almost too much. That night, we went dumpster diving and found a huge bouquet of roses and we're like, "Let's give these to the Laughing Hyenas." So we go over there where they're staying and they're all playing with this snake. Somebody had a snake at the house and the owner of the snake is like, "Can you guys put the snake back in his cage." And Brannon said, "No man, I have to see if he'll bite me because I'm a sinner." It was just a completely horrific kind of night.

Gerard: I smoked bong with Mike Watt, but that's not that rare of a thing.



PUNK ROCK GIRL

Punk rock is here to stay! Here are three new introductions to our punk-rock girls page. Going to shows was always fun and exciting as a teenager. "Do it while you're young," my Dad would proclaim. I could never imagine growing out of punk rock. These girls have been involved since the get-go!

Question: But these girls don't look punk rock?! Let's remember what we are here for. Fishnets, chokers, steel toe boots... What's involved is feeling, not fashion.

Take note: What we have here are simply three really cool girls. It's not always the obnoxious 18-year-old in the front row yelling obscenities who's the only one having fun. The love for the music is expressed in many ways varying from person to person. As long as the music stays strong onstage, the passion to hear it will live on in our heads.

-Harmonee



Teresa - frequented the Masque and Fenders, summer of '83!



Stf - "you'll see me at a show, on a bustle with a beer in one hand and a camera in the other."



Sarah - volunteers at a pit bull rescue. Washes doggies to the sounds of Springsteen and Apocalypse Now.

21-GUNS: *Not So Bad*: CD/EP

These brazen young whippersnappers ferociously unleash a chaos-charged cacophony of aggressively snotty (and slightly poppy) punkrock fury that inspires me to spastically hop around the room like a rabid amphetamine-tweaked kangaroo! The explosive rapidfire bombardments of songs are short, brisk, lightning-fast, and frenetically pleasing to the ears... somewhat similar to the anarchic audial disorder of Anti-Flag and a shreddin' bit of Shattered Faith. 21-Guns proficiently possess all of the required sonic attributes that mayhemically make this a perfect collection of pure gut-pummeling punkrock rowdiness: insolently taunting phlegm-spittin' vocals, fiery woodshop-saw guitar riffs, brain-rattlin' freight-train bass rumblings, and overheated machine-gun staccato bursts of embittered drumming madness. Hell yeh, let's hear more of it, boys... -Roger Moser, Jr. (21-Guns)

ANTI-FLAG:

Underground Network: CD

Impressed by their track on the latest Fat Wreck comp., I went out and bought their release. I know these guys have put out numerous releases but I thought they were a hype band. Sometimes when I hear too much about a band, I will pass on them. I almost missed out. Well my foot is in my mouth. These guys wear their politics on their shoulders and I feel their passion. In the early-to-mid 80's, I was into many political bands. As time went on, it seemed that many world issues that were going on were being sung less and less by bands of the moment. More and more you were listening to bands singing about personal issues. The politics were not heavily addressed. These guys are a breath of fresh air. I know when I was young, a lot of anarchist bands from the past introduced me to things like injustices from around the world, vivisection, vegetarianism and many other issues. Kids need to hear from people who they relate with to get some information that modern media will not disclose. Bands many times spark new ideas that people can investigate for themselves and create activism. Music-wise, they are a step above many of the generic street punk bands of the current norm. They have musicianship, great writing skills, and are able to throw out their beliefs. An important band that hopefully will make the current generation of kids aware and independently think for themselves. -Donofthedeath (Fat)

ANTISEEN: *The Boys from Brutalsville*: CD

This is a thundering cannonball's roar of redneck punkrock ferocity that caused me to frightfully shiver, nervously chew my fingernails, and then profusely poop my pants... yep, it's that damn intimidating... rude, rowdy, crude, and trashy as fuck! Envision, if you will, a scumrock Motorhead as a lawless bunch of wild-



Critics are like eunuchs at a gang bang.
-George Burns

eyed whiskey-guzzlin' Southern good ol' boys on a sonically murderous shotgun-blastin' rampage... yeeeee-motherfuckin'-haw, that's the musically criminal miscreance of Antiseen! Son of a bitch, these hell-raisin' white-trash hedonists sound as if they piss napalm and shit chunky shards of fiery smokin' shrapnel on a daily basis! Absolutely terrorizing, but in the best way imaginable! -Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

BALLS: *Gotta Have 'Em*: CD

Back in the late '70s Tom Petty wrote this song for Stevie Nicks called "I Need to Know" but her "wow, that's, like, a hummer" hippie delivery was so unconvincing that he took the song back. Tricie Kiss gets it right, though, on Balls cover of that song. On the other end of the spectrum they also cover "Whole Lotta Rosie" by AC/DC. The nine originals on this self-released effort by a three guys and a chick singer punk group from Arizona are pretty ballsy, too. -Bob Cantu (Balls)

BANANAS, THE:

A Slippery Subject: CD

The Bananas are sonically similar to a ferociously flamin' firestorm of The Dead Milkmen, Descendents, Doggy Style, Germs, and a psychotically crazed Thelonious Monster... they loudly blend an upbeat and addictive melange of wondrous musical weirdness that's all-at-once melodic, poppy, punky, funky, and pure... spastic, manic, snotty, and chaotically all over the fuckin' place... wildly primal, feverishly unrelenting, and goshdarned energetically frenzied! This is the sort of audial nastiness that should be routinely blasted at daycare centers everywhere, 'cause it's so damn bratty, clownish, and jubilantly hyperactive... yep, it playfully tugs at

my inner ears, goofily slaps me upside the head, and then teasingly pulls me back for more. So I recommend this deliciously delightful disc profusely: get "A Slippery Subject" by The Bananas as soon as humanly possible... it'll drive ya ape and make a monkey outta you in no time at all! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Plan-It-X)

BEAUTY PILL: *The Cigarette Girl from the Future*: CD

One would think with a release on deSoto/Dischord Records you'd know what you're getting yourself into. It's either a band that sounds like Fugazi (i.e., bass heavy, guitar-driven rock with terse vocals) or a band that sounds like Jawbox (i.e., a band that sounds like Fugazi.) But this release is a very different. Not that there's anything wrong with the two above-mentioned bands, this is really just a pleasant surprise. "The Cigarette Girl from the Future" is a lounge-y, go-go, hand-clapping romp that's eerily reminiscent of the B-52's "Girl from Ipanema Goes to Greenland," complete with quirky lyrics, see-saw boy/girl vocals, a French horn, and even a chicken shaker! This 5 song EP as a whole is quite the melodic gem, with a vast range of instrumentation. They lose me a little with the experimental keyboard noodlings of "Bone White Crown Victoria," but they've intrigued me enough to remember their name and check out future recordings. That in and of itself deserves a wink and a "Job well done," handshake from Kat. -Kat Jetson (De Soto/Dischord)

BEAUTYS, THE:

Thing of Beauty: CD

On their third CD release this Fort Wayne, Indiana trio bring us more mid-western tales of drunkenness and cruelty you can pogo to. As usual for

this bunch, the titles say it all with modern punk masterpieces like "Hello Floor," "What Drugs?" and "All Fucked Down." Chica Baby has evolved into a really great punk rock singer/guitarist and her rhythm section is equal to the task. Thing of beauty, indeed. -Bob Cantu (Cheetah's)

BEAUTYS, THE:

Thing of Beauty: CD

You have to love an album that starts with the line "Jesus hates you." The Beautys are so much more than that, though. Chica Baby has one of those all-too-rare-in-punk-rock voices that's tuneful and clear and would be kind of pretty if you didn't get the feeling that she'd kick your ass for calling her voice pretty. The same goes for her guitar - clean licks reminiscent of Buddy Holly and Link Wray that sound almost pretty while they kick your ass. The song-writing is tough and sometimes funny. The rhythm section is solid. The album even has two pretty cool instrumental songs. As a whole, the Beautys are still playing exactly the kind of rock-'n-roll songs they started out playing in their first album, "Liquor Pig." They're just getting better at it. -Sean (Cheetah's)

BETTY BLOWTORCH:

Are You Man Enough: CD

This full-length contains re-recorded songs from their self-released effort and some new ones. I've always said that Betty Blowtorch are an L7 for the new millennium but that might be selling them short since they've done a lot more than just cop L7's moves. Like L7, B.B. infuse hard rock structure with punk rock attitude and the result is head-bangin' fun. But songs like "Love/Hate" and "I'm Ugly and I Don't Know Why" come from the heart and that's not easy to pull off in a genre that is mostly pose and 'tude, so I give credit where credit's due. This album proves that B.B.'s music rocks hard without their trademark on-stage pyrotechnics. -Bob Cantu (Foodchain)

BLACK CAT MUSIC: *The Only Thing We'll Ever Be Is All Alone*: CD

Beak sounding rock/punk with some pretty well-written lyrics. Despite the somber tone of much of the music, it still has a catchy quality that keeps your interest piqued. As much as I really liked the music, though, the singer's voice really grated on my nerves. Occasionally too much whine and not enough balls comin' outta those pipes, know what I mean? A very reserved recommendation from this camp. -Jimmy Alvarado (Cheetah's)

BLACK HALOS, THE: *The Violent Years*: LP

Fuck me in new ways, get me blind by an undiagnosed STD, and paint a smiley face on my ass, this is a pleasant disease. What Turbonegro did

with AC/DC and Kiss, The Black Halos are doing to Cheap Trick, plus some. Waaay-too-catchy songs. Sleeper holds of hooks, the type that show up in your dreams; huge. Super slithery. Perfect backup vocals. It's rock, but it's honed and precise and nimble, leaving the cliches stapled outside the studio along with any and all unnecessary guitar solos. I liked their first LP okey doke, but it never had that whisper of "play me because you can't put me down." This does. The lead vocals sound less strangled and more whiskey and honey. Vicious and sweet. As a whole, they sound like a band leaving their influences just that; spring boards to lean rock'n'roll. A mean and tuneful animal. It's been said that the world works in circles, that we all return to the beginning point. But the Black Halos further prove that the world - and its music - is a screw. It goes circular, but at an angle, and the harder you press, the deeper it gets. Be happy that the spirit of Chuck Berry ain't dead. Remember, it probably wasn't Reagan who made punk so great. It was disco (fill in techno or boy bands at your leisure), which we're getting plenty of clogging up the airwaves. -Todd (Sub Pop)

BLACKLUNG PATRIOTS:
Come to Senses; CDEP

This is melodic emotings of sonic energy that discreetly crept upon me and then passionately pounced into my ears like the Second Coming of Christ almighty! The four splendiferous slices of slightly emo-ish musical magnificence contained herein are meticulously pieced together in a melodiously swirling mishmash of pure pleasurable fury that's monumentally concluded before you can even open up and say "Aaaaaah." It's an audial equivalent of the dawning sun's brilliantly bursting shower of radiant light... frenetically full of life, hope, and youthful effervescence! - Roger Moser, Jr. (Blacklung Patriots)

BLUELINE MEDIC: A Working Title in Green; CD

Punk is like a potato: dirty, ugly and yummy. Say you thought you could improve upon the potato, so you carved it into the shape of a handsome man, painted it pretty colors, and dressed it up in a nice pair of slacks. Then you wrote some poetry for it. Guess what: you ruined it. Now it looks stupid and you can't eat it. It's limp and unfortunately won't even pass for art. This CD has "Pay no more than \$8.99" printed on the tray card, but anyone who would pay ANYTHING for these four songs is a penis. -Cuss Baxter (Fueled by Ramen)

BODIES, THE:
Brandnewsongs; 7"

I often sit and wonder what would have happened to the Bouncing Souls if they didn't start treading water in the songwriting department a couple years back. Abe's voice reminds me

of 'em. I wonder what would happen if the Crowd got into a time warp dealie and were transmigrated to Northern California in the '00s. Then rubbed raw against concrete. I no longer have to wonder. When I saw these guys, they were so fucked up, I really think they were all playing a different song at the same time for about a minute, then they gave up. Such endearing behavior always puts a check mark and smiley face near your name in my book. I bet, to woo the ladies, they line up all the chunks from their puke and spell out the girl's name before falling back into the splooge. Three short, effective, and catchy splashes in bright green vinyl. Hostage Records' only non-SoCal band. Good stuff. -Todd (Hostage)

BOUNCING SOULS: How I Spent My Summer Vacation; CD

Jeez, the last thing I heard from these guys was "The Good, the Bad and the Argyle." Well, they've benefited well from Epitaph's inflated recording budget, but their quality of songs hasn't bettered over the years. They take stabs at the stereotypical terrace chant sing-along sound that so many of the label's other bands fail at, and they end up sounding just as hollow and unmotivated as all the others. Worst of all, there's no standout song, like "Quotes from Our Favorite 80s Movies" on "Argyle," unless you count "True Believers," which is such a rip off of the Ramones' "Bonzo Goes to Bitburg" that you can't help but feel embarrassed for them. While I can't say this is the worst thing I've ever heard in my life, it wasn't too impressive, either. -Jimmy Alvarado (Epitaph)

BRATMOBILE:
Ladies, Women, and Girls; CD

It's about time I got this record! I waited seven years for Bratmobile to put out a new record and it took me over a year to finally buy it. OK, so it came out last year, but I have a tight budget and I want to review it, damnit! This album is great. At first it was kinda weird for me. I felt like, rather than being one big group of riot grrrls hangin' out, it's now more like hangin' out in your room while eavesdropping on your older sisters hanging out and being riot grrrls. On second listen, I was right back on my feet jumping up and down like a pig-tailed 15yr. old. Bratmobile has kinda - not so much matured - as they did fill out into their womanly shape and sound. I could safely say they sound a little more Lookout recordsy, but the combination has proved itself to be rewarding. Thank you Bratmobile for coming back and giving me a voice to listen to. I missed you. - Harmonie (Lookout!)

BRIEFS, THE: C'mon Squash Me Like a Bug b/w Benny's Got a Cigarette; 7"

Lyricaly, the Briefs work along the lines of the best of country music

(Hank Sr., Cash). No fancy words. No difficult concepts. Just stripped down glimpses into life. Simple stuff, but very far from easy to pull off without sounding like a fucking idiot. They've got dumbsmart nailed. And bouncing. You can't help but wanna jump around when you listen to them. Musically, they're like top-notch drugs and alcohol - pure and distilled, they squeeze out the best sweat of bands I love (Rezillos, Zero Boys, early Damned, Undertones), sieve it thorough a sweaty, frayed tube socks, and they wrap it around notes of their own. It sounds classic without choking on dust balls. Yeah. Fuck, yeah. Grade A punk rock. -Todd (Sub Pop)

CALEXICO: *Even My Sure Things Fall Through*: CD

I was initially scared of this disc because I'd heard that they were part of some new vanguard in country music. You couldn't tell from this disc, though. Sounds like Roby Robertson and Leonard Cohen took off into the Arizona desert for 40 days and wrote the soundtrack for the third installment of Robert Rodriguez' "Mariachi" trilogy while they were out there. It's different, but good. -Jimmy Alvarado (Quarterstick)

CHRONICS, *THE: Soulshaker*: CD

Aaah, I've just painlessly died and gone to psychosonic garagerock heaven! The Chronics rumble, roar, and robustly growl with a sinister ear-buzzin' onslaught of gritty and grimy

Nuggets-style sounds that unexpectedly punched me smackdab in the middle of my rosy-red nose and effortlessly laid me out like a mother-fucker! This is the inimitable balls-out equivalent and cacophonously crazed counterpoint to The Yardbirds, The Who, The Animals, The Troggs, The Standells, and The Sonics in all of their wildly demented, overly distorted, belligerently bad-ass glory: soulful and blue-eyed, sexually-charged king-of-the-jungle vocals that'll cause the lil' ladies to uncontrollably wet their frilly lil' panties; fuzzy and fleshy, mean and nasty swirling guitar savagery; spirited lightning-flash streaks of electric organ terror; wild-eyed sulfate-huffin' Keith Moon-inspired drumming madness; and violent brain-rattlin' eruptions of volcanic cranked-to-the-max bass. Hell yeh, it's pure primitive rock'n'roll ferocity like this that motivated Satan to fall from the graces of Heaven, that inspired Jesus to walk on water, that makes the A-bomb sound like a baby bumblebee's buzz, that creates an unquenchable thirst within me for all things dark, decadent, and drunkenly debauched. Hhhmmm, I just can't control myself... I'm shakin' all over, 'cause I've got a bad case of The Chronics. Nothing else compares (or even comes close)! -Roger Moser, Jr. (an embarrassing endnote of sorts: after finishing this review, I exhilaratedly listened to this life-altering release for another two hours... just sittin' on the

sofa, mesmerized and tantalized, heartily guzzlin' can after can of ice cold brew. At one point, I joyously leapt to my feet and spastically played the ol' air guitar along with the addictively intoxicatin' sounds contained herein... unfortunately, at the very moment I chose to madly leap about and jam with The Chronics, my brother just happened to be peering through the window... it seems he had continuously rang the doorbell, but I didn't hear him due to the excessively loud volume I was crankin' The Chronics. Although he got a hearty chuckle due to my juvenilistic antics, and I was blushin' beyond belief, at least he brought more beer!) -Roger Moser Jr. (Bad Afro)

CITIZEN FISH: *Life Size*: CD

You see all the new generation punk kids with their Subhumans patches on their sweat jackets? I guess all the new kids have to show off their punk points by what patches they have. What in the hell happened to people drawing on their leather jackets? There is so much new music that comes out all the time to over focus on the past. Why not support 3/4 of the Subhumans and enjoy something new? Dick and company tour relentlessly and continue to record for the masses. By luck, the mass media hype of ska has died down to those who actually perform the genre with originality and excitement. As is their formula, they play a blend of punk ska that is unmatched. For some rea-

son, I got the same excitement that I got when I got the Culture Shock (same band, different guitarist) demo. It is refreshing and fun while still having their trademark intelligent lyrics. If you haven't heard them before, where in the fuck have you been? I personally have eight different releases that they have produced, not counting this release, and I think I'm missing some. Great songs and great music as a whole make for a great release. I shouldn't have to explain this for anyone with any knowledge of this band. I personally like this. I'm also really happy that they have licensed this release to Honest Don's instead of Lookout. -Donofthedeath (Honest Don's)

CLASS ASSASSINS, *THE*:

***Self-titled*: 7"**

I got two releases from my good old buddy Derek, who puts out Soap and Spikes Zine and Records. The Class Assassins are a Toronto, Canada street punk band that he said he liked so much when he saw them live that he decided to put his fortunes in a bind and release their 7". I say good job, well done. These guys can compete and conquer against many of the generic street punk bands that are currently out there. The melodies are there with strong background vocals. The band produces good boot-stomping songs and the singer doesn't sound like he has smoked five packs of cigarettes to have his voice ready to fit a formula. Hope this release

brings them attention so they can further reach an audience that surely would appreciate them. - Donofthedeath (Soap and Spikes)

COME ONS, THE:

Tougher Than Elton John: CD

I am such a starry-eyed-in-love Screeching Weasel fan that the only reason Sean won't let me have them play at our wedding (well, besides the obvious, of course) is he knows I will ditch him and run off with Ben Weasel instead. Todd will tell you that my obsessiveness goes so far as to possess me to keep the band's black and white press release photos in picture frames around my house, like they just happen to be people I know, like friends or family. Then, too, I am such a die-hard fan that I'm willing to overlook Ben's erroneous ways, his poorly calculated choices, his past lapse in good judgment, and I will just pretend that "Emo" (the album) does not exist. That said, you will understand why I feel like I have met kindred souls in the Come On's and their self-released CD, "Tougher Than Elton John." You might say they sound like just another band who wants to emulate Screeching Weasel; you might say their new CD reflects exactly the same kind of pop punk style that Weasel made popular. I don't care. For these guys, it's a compliment. Because unlike all those other bands, the Come Ons are more of a testament to Weasel's amazing influence: these guys embody

Weasel. Plus, everyone knows the drummer plays an integral role in a band; he controls the speed, the tempo - pretty much the direction the song is taking. This guy who plays drums for the Come Ons is so amazingly fast and so fucking gifted that he could make Dan Panic look bad. But anyway, even if you don't believe me, go see them play live. They rock. I'm even thinking about maybe asking them to come play at my wedding. -Trixie (The Come Ons)

CRISPUS ATTUCKS: *Red Black Blood Attack: CD*

Listening to Crispus Attucks is a fight between melody and power on a diving board. They're springing around on a narrow, yet flexible, genre of music that's so easy to fall off from into the deep end. Luckily, their chops are honed, their blasts short, and their delivery punishing without being pseudo-toughguy schlock. If I was a gambling man, I'd wager to bet they've got Pegboy, Articles of Faith, N.O.T.A., Black Flag, Kid Dynamite and The Zero Boys in their collections. No nonsense, back to basics, new blood hardcore that makes me want to sing along. -Todd (Soda Jerk)

DEAD MAN'S CHOIR:

Out with the Trash: CD

These deviant rock'n'roll hellions savagely thrash, wail, and plunder their way through an ear-bruising assortment of gritty bowery-style sonic decadence that's cacophonously com-

parable to a murderously rampaging skin-carving streetfight free-for-all between the Dead Boys, New York Dolls, and early '70s-era Rolling Stones. Hell yeh, the spit-tossin' vocals are razor-slashed and snotty... the rampantly searing guitars electrically resurrect the pockmarked and scarred ghost of Johnny Thunders like Frankenstein's brain-damaged monster (man oh man, this is some of the most goddamn amazing and energetically fiery guitar-playin' that's ever accosted my ears!)... the bass and drums violently battle it out in an ass-whuppin' whirlwind maelstrom of flesh-shreddin' turbulence... and an occasional napalm-propelled harmonica barbarically blares throughout it all. Now my ears are uncontrollably smokin' like a motherfucker (gee, thanks for the third-degree burns to my eardrums, D.M.C.!)... this is the ultimate havoc-inflicting aural experience, hands down and bar none! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Know)

DEADLY SNAKES, THE: *I'm Not Your Solider Anymore: CD*

These Deadly Snakes are downtrodden yet optimistic. "By the time I'm gone, you'll be twice as dead as me..." Sheesh, that's a statement every burnt ex-lover can look forward to. "I'm Not Your Solider," their second full length, displays their broad range of influences from countrified, electrified, rhythmic blues to Kinks-influenced sways, back down to drunken honky tonk angst rock. This album

separates these gentlemen from the boys still floundering in the cesspool of tired, ordinary garage rock'n'roll. The Snakes wear their dripping, bleeding hearts proudly on their sleeves and transform a shitty day - aw heck, their shitty lives - into a 14 track CD of pure emotional rescue in the form of a three-and-a-half minute song. Greg Cartwright is at the helm producing as well as balladeering these diamond-hard cuts much along the lines of what he had begun with the Compulsive Gamblers and his presence resonates throughout. If you've been around the block more than once and still love to hate it, this album is for you. -Miss Namella "I'm So Tired of it All" Kim (In The Red)

DICKIES, THE: *All this and Puppet Stew: CD*

Waiting for a new Dickies album is like going to a doctor's office. You sit and wait and wait and wait and, just when you've just about given up hope, here it comes bounding down the hall. Your attention now full upon what's before you, fear starts taking center stage. What if it's going to hurt in ways that you never thought possible? It has been a long time since you've been in this room, and you no longer remember whether it was painful the last time you were here. You plop the needle (or laser) down and, lo and behold, it isn't anywhere near as bad as you feared. You remember this feeling well. Everything's gonna be just fine.

Doctors Leonard and Stan have given you just the right amount of what you need to get you through the next ten years before you find yourself in this place again. The Dickies still rule. - Jimmy Alvarado (Fat)

DICKIES, THE: *All this and Puppet Stew*: CD

The long-awaited Dickies record on Fat Wreck Chords! I heard this was recorded and done almost two years ago and is just coming out. Another story I heard was Stan Lee never heard of Fat when Fat Mike approached him about putting this out. He and the band must be happy now, since I think XXX Records and A&M didn't do them justice and Fat will take care of them well. I am so happy that this is in my hands. I can't believe they have been around so long. I can't remember the exact year these guys started but I think it was around 1976 - 1978. They have been pumping out the music for all these years. You get 13 tracks of pop magic which includes the tracks on the "My Pop The Cop" 7" that was put out, I think, about three years ago. The Fat production is here with their brand of melodic bliss and their trademark silly lyrics. I'm so ecstatic that this is playing on my CD player. I have talked to others who have gotten it and we are in agreement that this is another great release. Imitators beware, the Dickies are alive and kicking. From start to finish this is one of the best releases of the year.

It's so much fun that my hair is standing on end and a permanent smile grows while I have this cranking on my stereo. Can't wait to see them again at the Holidays in the Sun festival in San Francisco in August. - Donofthedeath (Fat)

DIOS HASTIO/ THE FUTURES: *Split 7" EP*

Dios: Hyped-up Peruvian hardcore that has just the right elements to keep things interesting, yet not so much that you end up feeling bludgeoned into numbness. Real good stuff. Futures: Sweet Jesus, I'm glad I listened to the other side first, 'cause this side is mind-blowing. Take the force of Assfort, mix in a little of Bulimia Banquet's quirkiness (hey, it was the only reference I could think of that fit!), add some razors and broken glass for texture and voila! Some primo, grade-A chaos to make your heart warm and your ears bleed. - Jimmy Alvarado (Answer)

DIRT BIKE ANNIE: *Sweatin' to the Oldies*: CD

"Sweatin' to the Oldies" has all the factors I like in a live album. I like the band. I like their happy, poppy songs. The male/female vocals go together well. The energy level in this album is way up, and though the songs seem faster than on their records, all the songs on this album are tight. And the band is definitely having a good time. It's fun to listen to them get winded at the end of the album. It's fun that,

despite how winded they are, they still want to play two more goofy songs. So I like all of those things. The between song banter bugs me, especially when it launches into a "Happy Happy Birthday" song, but the between song banter on all live albums bugs me after a few listens. I wish that all live albums would tack the complete album minus the banter on the end of the CD as a hidden track or something. But I don't know why I'm bitching. "Sweatin' to the Oldies" only costs four bucks and it's thirteen songs and it solves a big problem in my life (my girlfriend stole my copy of DBA's first album "Hit the Rock." I can't ask for it back without completely destroying my tough guy punk rock cred, but I really want to hear it). -Sean (Mutant Pop)

DIRTBOMBS, THE: *Ultragliding in Black*: CD

Thick modern soul via Detroit, when the mood you're in is silky, fithy, and swingin'. The lineage: Curtis Mayfield, Barry White, and Marvin Gaye - all of whom they cover. It's got the right swagger, the right heart, the right licks, the right licking, the right harmonies, and the honey in the right places. All with grit. ("Underdog" could fit perfectly in the original "Shaft.") The band's centered around Mick Collins (ex-Gories, ex-Blacktop, ex-King Sound Quartet, currently also in The Screws), and the sound's knob polished into perfection by Jim Diamond. I say buy this for

fuckin', especially if your lady or man don't dig the punk when you're gettin' the sweat on. -Todd (In the Red)

DISCORDANCE AXIS / CORRUPTED / 324: *Three Way Split*: CD

I'm am so grateful that Tadoshi from HG Fact is doing what he is doing. I am also glad that he is supporting this here zine. This latest release is up there with the many great releases this label has put out. Great packaging and high quality production (I'm getting too old for the xerox covers that looks like my baby niece would have drawn). Discordance Axis start off with their trademark guitar and drums barrage of manic rage that comes and goes so quickly that it feels like you were mugged in 20 seconds. They follow with an instrumental track that is almost ambient with mellow tones to lightly stimulate your senses. The infamous Corrupted from Japan follow next and play a little shorter than they must be accustomed to. They also offer two tracks of their pure sludge sung in Spanish. You should get their full length. It's so painful and hard to listen to. It's two tracks on two CDs. I hear that they are the winners of the unofficial longest song. Topping off this release with three songs is 324. If you never heard of them before, I, and many, believe that they are very similar to the '80s grindcore band Terrorizer. Pummeling and energized grind thrash that is not easy on the ears but full of energy that makes you want

you to crash your car while in a state of rage. -Donofthedeath (HG Fact)

ENDLESS: *With Everything Against Us*; CD

Tough guy hardcore. It's really telling that they cover a Twisted Sister song, seeing as they sound about as dangerous as that long gone cartoon of a band ever did. Might I suggest a Quiet Riot cover for your next release? How about Great White, Dokken or Def Leppard? Especially funny is the song lyric "I can't sell out 'cause I'm down for life" and under the "special thanx" section of the booklet are logos for five music instrument corporations. Hard-fucking-core indeed. -Jimmy Alvarado (Da Core)

EX MODELS:

***Other Mathematics*; CD**

A while back I got the "Demonstration" CD EP from these guys. I figured that, judging by the mannequin on the cover, I was gonna be underwhelmed by some lame, poppy techno crap "played" by guys who wore a lot of black nail polish, similarly hued dresses, and had a passing interest in Aleister Crowley. What I got was eight or nine minutes of some of the best art damaged punk I'd heard in years, shit that skirted a fine line between early Devo, New York's "No Wave" scene and a Scratch Acid, fueled with enough aggression and brevity of song length to satisfy any Circle Jerks fan. This

disc contains most, if not all, of the songs from that EP plus a bunch more in the same vein, resulting in 24 minutes of hellacious auditory bliss. It's rare that I get truly excited about a disc anymore and this piece of processed plastic is more than deserving. Highly, highly recommended. - Jimmy Alvarado (Ace Fu)

FALL SILENT:

***Six Years in the Desert*; CD**

A goofy picture of an abandoned "Little House on the Prairie" is on the cover. There's a picture of the band in cowboy hats in time period dress - the type that you see families having the picture taken at some mall attraction - on the back. What kind of kooks are these guys? I did not know what to expect. No indication of what was in store when looking at the packaging. I sprayed a sloppy shit all over the inside of my shorts when the first track came on. How embarrassing to have to hose off my shorts because the chunks were clinging to the inside. What came thrusting out was a tornado mix of precise speed metal mixed in with a chaos mix of anger. The singer reminded me of a mix of Springa from SSD and Spike from DRI. Hey, two Initial bands in one comment! These guys have their metal chops down, and not like all these neu-metal bands that I see on MTV-X. More traditional in the licks. They seem to want to be complicated and at the same time pull forth a rage that catches the attention of this lis-

tener. Their punk roots show in their covers of Black Flag and 7 Seconds. Their campiness shows in their cover of Pat Benatar and the theme song from Sesame Street. This was a treat - like having your first wet dream and realizing that you didn't pee in your sleep. -Donofthedeath (Revelation)

FARTZ, THE: *What's in a Name...?* CD

I don't get it. They just released a discography no more than two years ago and it's still available. Now they release this, which consists of re-recorded 15 tracks, versions of all but two of them were on the other disc and one of those two is a Motorhead cover. They sound as swell as they ever did, but what's the point? They add nothing new to the songs. After the long silence at the end of the last track, we're treated to the whole thing all over again. Fuck, "Buried Alive" isn't even on this. -Jimmy Alvarado (Alternative Tentacles)

FILTHY SKANKS, THE: *Bigger Than the Beatles*; CD

Hot damn indeed, this is filthy, vile, obnoxious, and outrageously impure scum-rock perversity at its most brain-bashin' best (equal parts belligerent bone-fracturin' punk and mayhemetic metal meatiness)! The blazin' firestorm of sick and twisted songs contained herein rowdily run rife with demon-possessed rabid-dog vocals, big, beefy guitar riffs that murderously grind into the gut like a

fully revved rust-encrusted chainsaw, thundering torrents of earthquake-rumblin' bass ballsiness, and a spine-crackin' assault of dinosaur-stomp drum boomings. Yep, The Filthy Skanks raucously roar through a fast-as-fuck assortment of frenetic tit-twistin' tunes about wrestling, rock-'n-roll, poontang, and the big bad devil himself... and they effortlessly flail through an oddball array of cacophonously crazed covers of The Misfits' "I Turned into a Martian," Johnny Cash's "I've Been Everywhere" and "San Quentin," and the Ramones' "Havana Affair" and "Endless Vacation" (my all-time fave Ramones ditty, as a matter of factual insignificance!). Whoooooogggy, after a brew-drenched afternoon of endlessly replayin' this diabolically deranged disc, my ears are now a mangled mass of smoldering flesh! I've sold my soul to The Filthy Skanks, and I couldn't be happier! - Roger Moser, Jr. (The Filthy Skanks)

FLIPPER: *Blow'n Chunks*; CD

Originally released on cassette only in 1984, this is a document of sorts of what a Flipper gig was like back before Will Shatter pulled a Sid Vicious/Darby Crash and died a very hippie death. 'Twas a pity to see Willie go, too, 'cause Flipper was one of punk rock's truly original outfits, intentionally placing themselves in stark contrast to whatever was popular in punk at the time. While the "hardcore" groups of the day played

short, fast bursts while waxing poetic with the political rhetoric, Flipper's songs were simplistic, messy, drunken, dirge-like noise fests that went on and on and on and on and on and seemed like their only purpose was to annoy the hell out of almost anybody within hearing distance. Yet a method could be detected underneath the madness by anyone who happened to pay attention long enough. Their lyrics were often frighteningly well-written considering the characters responsible for them, and their live sets were funny as hell to watch, especially if you happened to take a friend who'd never heard them before. Much of the between song banter is sorely missing from this recording, as is their "hit" song "Sex Bomb," but the performance of the songs themselves is pretty good and the whole thing is about as entertaining as it was back when this originally came out. After a day filled with listening to a bunch of third-rate cookie-cutter hard-core/popcore/pick-your-core bands this afternoon, this was a very welcome change of pace, and it was nice to be reminded of how fun one of my favorite bands of all time were. - Jimmy Alvarado (ROIR)

GASOLINE: *Fake to Fame*: CD

This is completely different from most of what I listen to, but I really like it. And I'm not just saying that because of the sexy picture of a naked lady on the cover. Gasoline is

a Japanese band, and much like their predecessors, the Mad 3 and Guitar Wolf (at least I assume Gasoline came along after those bands, but I don't know), Gasoline has a way of merging an eclectic bunch of musical styles into a cohesive song. Songs can move seamlessly from very clean rockabilly to trashy R&B to noisy garage rock to growling blues. "Fake to Fame" is one of those releases, too, that you have to listen to as a whole album. Any single song seems just like a piece of a larger work - good on its own, but easier to understand if you can see the whole picture. The vocals sound almost like a crazy guy singing karaoke to an Aretha Franklin song, but paired with the rest of the songs, the vocals become more like another instrument, a noise to fill in a space, secondary to everything else that's going on. In the middle of the album is one painful jazzy song, but other than that, Gasoline has won me over. - Sean (Estrus)

GAZPACHO: *The Demo/98: 7" EP*

Although they don't really sound like them, they remind me a little of Uniform Choice, which I guess means they remind me a little of Minor Threat. Hardcore with a slight metal sound in the guitar work that's pretty good overall, but just doesn't seem to have enough "oomph" to take me over the top. I'd really like to hear what they've done lately, though. -Jimmy Alvarado (Headline)

GEARS, THE:

***Rockin' at Ground Zero*: CD**

Dionysus reissued this album over a year ago, but since they were nice enough to send it to me and because it's such a good album, I figured I'd review it. This is a reissue of the Gears 1979 album, "Rockin' at Ground Zero," plus their "Let's Go to the Beach" EP. The original is a great album. The Gears played a twisted kind of sixties, Southern California rock'n'roll, kind of like a greaser Clash before The Clash went disco. You can hear the hot rods in the parking lot and bounce along with Axxel G Reese's singing and feel like dancing and even get invited to dance with "Don't Be Afraid to Pogo." You can also hear very clearly who dominated the Cramps stereo before the Cramps started a band of their own, or who X started out ripping off. I guess it's always this way, but I still get surprised when I think of bands like the Cramps and X garnering all the praise for being punk visionaries while listening to the Gears and seeing where that vision came from. And, unlike a lot of old punk reissues, the Gears really could play and still sound cool in 2001. I'm just stoked to have this on CD. -Sean (Dionysus)

GENERATORS, THE: *Tyranny*: CD

This is a swift aural kick in the head that's all-at-once melodious, may-hemic, and maniacally frenetic! It's sizzlin' bad-to-the-bone streetpunk

belligerence... anarchic, nihilistic, and insurgently addictive... harmonious, harried, and relentlessly hard-hitting! The Generators sonically careen all over the fuckin' place while bombastically beltin' out a blistering blitzkrieg of ferociously wild ear-scorchin' intensity. I swear on vicious Sidney's syringe-strewn gravesite (if he actually had one, of course) that the skull-pummeling punkrock mini-riots contained herein sound uncannily like a violently blended maelstrom of the early Who (strange but true!), The Clash, UK Subs (especially them!), a smidgen minuscule amount of Minor Threat, New Model Army, Leatherface, a bit of early Rancid, and bastardized bucketloads of U.S. Bombs. This ruthlessly raging disc is where the next/new generation of chaos-inspired punkrock revolt begins... join forces with The Generators, or surrender all hope and meekly die! - Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

GENERATORZ, THE: *Straight Outta Sin City*: CD

This is the insurgent riot-incitin' sound of brick-tossin' streetpunk brazenness... angry, unrelenting, and aggressively in-your-face! The Generatorz mayhemically mix "old school" insolence with a blazin' bit of oi confrontationalism and sonically set the entire world aflame with their seditious skull-fracturin' songs about social class struggles, hellish junkie life, bein' down-and-out in the city

slums, suicide, frustration, touring, punk and oi unity, and revolution in the streets. The vocals are passionate, vigorous, and downright piss-inspiring (both the big bad manly bulldog growlings and the brightly upbeat sweet'n'coy lil' girl wailings); the guitars furiously flare and flame like fiery conflagrations of flesh-scorchin' ferocity; the bass and drums ballistically bounce all over the fuckin' place in a brutish display of warrioristic wildness. Oi, oi, oi... The Generatorz are the aurally rebellious revolutionaries of today's disaffected youth... give 'em a listen, and you'll be tossin' molotov cocktails at fascist authoritarian assholes in no time at all! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Mad Butcher)

GO GO'S, THE:

God Bless the Go Go's: CD

Did you know Belinda Carlisle was a one time Germs member? One old school punk point for you. Once a fixture in the LA punk scene, the Go Go's became multi-platinum superstars and broke up. I know Belinda had her solo career. Charlotte Caffey did a great side project in a band called the Graces, married one of the brothers in Redd Kross and played with Belinda on her first record. Kathy Valentine had a bunch of bands that played around and I had read a review saying she loved Fabulous Disaster. I'm not sure what everybody else was up to. But what a treat for me to hear that they got back in the studio to do another record. I caught their first reunion tour and was in absolute bliss. They must have felt a kinship and decided why not give it another go. The first single, "Unforgiven," was written by Billy Joe from the exiled punk band Green Day. He sure knows how to write a catchy song. That track is the strongest of the bunch. The rest of the release is standard fare by Go Go's standards. Plenty of melody and pop magic. Not as good as their first singles and album, but it is an enjoyable listen. For you female pop geeks like me. If you liked them before, you should still like them now. -Donofthedeath (Beyond Music)

Gob: The Kill Yourself Commandment: LP

Not the Gob from Canada, this is the terrifying Gob from Reno - the dangerous, post-hardcore one. The only kind of headbanging they care to induce is the kind that involves jail cell walls. When you buy this, pick up some morphine on the way home. -Cuss Baxter (Satan's Pimp)

GOOD RIDDANCE: Symptoms of a Leveling Spirit: CD

Another great release recorded at the Blasting Room by the guys in All. If you enjoyed "Operation Phoenix," you will like this one. The production is dead-on and is a steam roller waiting to flatten you with its sheer power. This is their fifth full length and they seem to keep their momentum moving forward. Musically, they

have always stayed within their formula and put out a great combination of good music. With their releases, I usually like the release as a whole instead of liking certain tracks. They play with the tempos from track to track to keep my attention there. As is the case on this release, I like their variety of slow songs with melody and their pumped numbers that I'm starting to hear more and more elements of Black Flag meets Blast. The lyrics are a thinking man's look inside personal demons, pet peeves, and modern day injustices. What more can you ask for? I know when I saw this in my mailbox, I was in for a long term treat. By the way, my wife love these guys and she doesn't listen to that much punk anymore. So there. -Donofthedeath (Fat)

GREEN FLEM & THE NASTY MAG-GOTS: Nasty Hits 1989-1998: CD

This band has anime girls for their art work. Absolutely horrible. The distortion pedal must be ran over by a semi truck to assure swift destruction. They also have a wah-wah pedal. It's fucking dreadful. Black Flag meets uh, Phish or some shit. How do people like this honestly think they have the right to release music? -Sarah Stierch

GUYANA PUNCH LINE:

Irritainment: CD

Am I seeing a trend or are we experiencing a convergence? I'd be remiss to not mention that they're in the same razor-in-the-ice cream powerviolence treat/threat as The Locust. Blur rhythms. Shoutin' and hollerin' fuse into the occasional sound scapes and bubbling brooks. Imagine Spazz occasionally pissing into Hawkwind's mouths. This is the resultant gleek into Born Against's urine sample with a definite '00 slant to the nth degree. Or just imagine your ears getting rubbed into the asphalt. Not to sell them short, these mo'fucks is witty in their own right. Start with their song titles: "Home Fucking Is Killing Prostitution" and "Tears on the Backpack." Hell yeah. The song, "Skate the State" claims it "does not discriminate against inline skates." They've got their own philosophy - Smashism - mapped out in detail. They've got their own catchy slogan: "Songs to Disturb the Comfortable, Songs to Comfort the Disturbed." Every nook and cranny of the their CD booklet is jam-packed with quotes - from William Blake to Antonin Artaud and fact checkin' Foucault, and all of this culminates in an idea on how to make punk rock take over electronic music as the youth rebellion of choice. Nude dance pits, then nude fuck pits. It's that type of forward thinking we need. Noisy, smart. -Todd (Prank)

HOT WATER MUSIC:

A Flight and a Crash: CD

The first ten plus listens, my chin was getting a lot of scratching. I let it. There have been HWM albums that

take some time to gear into. Many of those have turned out to be my favorites. The biggest leaps to this from "No Division"? No immediate "us against them" anthems. Less screaming and gruff yelps. Fewer change-off vocal volleys between Chuck and Chris. The lyrics are getting less site specific (say, like Gorilla Biscuits) and more open to interpretation (like Fugazi, but a little more focused. For example: "oh, but fucker, yeah, you'll get yours"). Then it took me by surprise. I was humming the line, "who are we but savages hooked on accessories" out from nowhere. I found the instrument melody to "A Clear Line" strung through my head when I was taking a shower, rinsing me along with my soap. I began to enjoy what I suspect was evidence of a larger recording budget. All the little cycling sound effects. The bell sounds. The embedded voice tracks. I heard the texture they added to the songs instead of being annoyed that I wasn't getting exactly what I was expecting; which was HWM's past. Fifty listens in, "A Flight and a Crash" doesn't only stand with my favorite HWM albums, it quite possibly stands at a larger musical crossroads. They've stretched the fire of hardcore into the smoldering embers of emotion and didn't puss or art or tinker themselves out. They didn't give me what I wanted, necessarily. They gave me what I needed. Which is the album they needed to make, not the one I expected to hear. Excellent. -Todd (Epitaph)

HUDSON FALCONS: For Those Whose Hearts and Souls Are True: CD

"No, but it's good." That's usually how I finish telling people what the Hudson Falcons sound like. I usually say, "It's street punk with a Bruce Springsteen influence." Then, I look at a face (it doesn't matter which face) twisting into a wince, and I say, "No, but it's good." I'll be the first to admit that I don't like the Boss one bit, and sometimes I chuckle to myself when I see HF guitarists Mark Linsky and Chris Lynn pulling their best E Street Band pose, but you can't fuck with the songs. They're catchy, rocking working class anthems. And unlike the scores of guys who've never held a job singing songs about the working class, for whatever reason, I believe it when I hear it from the Hudson Falcons. It's like when someone injures himself, you can hear it in his scream. He may have been screaming all day about shit and you didn't pay attention at all, but when someone screams out of real pain, you recognize that pitch in his scream. The Hudson Falcons have that pitch to their screams. But it's good. Oh, except for the ballad. No punk rock band should ever do a ballad ever. It sucks. -Sean (GMM)

IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS, THE: The Essential Fucked Up Blues: CD

Never heard of em, went to see Bob Log III, and these guys were playing when we walked in. Beat me unmercifully senseless with my own affinity for what happens when punk gets busy with the blues. (Bob Log III was great, but they made him look like Tiny Fuckin' Tim). (Made Jon Spencer's Blues Explosion sound like Tiny Tim with a bottle of Wild Turkey). A duo (guitarist Cheetah was in the Quadrajets, drummer The Boss was in Sphamm), the ILCKs prove - PROVE! - (if Jucifer did not (but they did)), you don't need a bass player to rock like a fuckin' earthquake. No two ways about it: three great big guitar amps, three piece drumkit, three tons of ESSENTIAL FUCKED UP BLUES! -Cuss Baxter (Estrus)

INFAMALDE: Bad Labels Can Destroy the Best of Men: CD EP

Infamalde unleash an intricate and complex audial attack of fiery rage somewhat similar, but vaguely comparable, in sonic style, structure, and content to Fugazi in varying degrees of abstruse intensity. The songs are technically well-structured and energetically impassioned in delivery... ambitiously alternating between frenzied mercurial madness and calm mellow moroseness. After numerous attentive listens, Infamalde have left me deeply pondering the flurried brevity of my very own aimless existence... ah hell, nothin' another iced-down 6-pack can't cure! So if you'll excuse me, I now intend to get thoroughly sloshed on another round of foamy brewed beverages and the addictively ingratiating sounds of Infamalde... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Infamalde)

INSANE'N THE BRAIN:

Mizubukurentamashii: 7" EP

Really wonderful fold-out die cut cover on this eclectic (Japan = natch), but mostly heavy thrash, record player record. -Cuss Baxter (Answer)

INTENSITY: The Ruins of our Future: CD

They certainly live up to their band name. I expected bad poseur straight edge metal from a band with a handle like that, but no, instead we get tight, quick-paced hardcore with lotsa chord changes. There's a little bit o' metal in their sound, but it's complimentary rather than detrimental in this case. Thumbs up. -Jimmy Alvarado (Bad Taste)

JOAN OF ARC: How Can Any Thing So Little Be Any More: CD EP

Indeed, I am currently feverishly scratchin' my head in a semi-soused state of perplexed bewilderment... this is a loosely disjointed soundscape of 21st-century Syd Barrett-type mind distortions... freaky, fragmented, and beyond fucked-up. Joan Of Arc uniquely create electronic emissions of warped weirdness, feedback-laden wild wonderment, and acoustic sugar-soft swaths of

sound that can't be specifically categorized, so I won't even attempt such a maddening endeavor... I'll just call it an audial diatribe of the crazed and demented, a sonic holocaust in varying degrees of infinite insanity. I dunno... now I just wanna dribble beer down my chin and stuporishly stare out the window at the wildly swaying leaf-heavy trees. Damn, who hung the sky upside-down?! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Jade Tree)

JONES STREET BOYS:

Self-titled: CD-R

I recently had the perverse pleasure of wickedly witnessing the rowdily roarin' punkrock wrath of the Jones Street Boys live, loud, and full of unrelenting, skull-walloping fury here in Longmoo of Hades, and I was so overwhelmingly wide-eyed and impressed with their sonically scorchin' set (which included raucously loud renditions of the Ramones' "The KKK Took My Baby Away," Johnny Cash's "Folsom Prison Blues," and Fear's "I Love Livin' in the City") that I shamelessly pleaded with their larger-than-life vocalist to generously give me this here fine-shined sparkling platter of robustly pristine cowpoke punk (indeed, I would've gladly paid for it no matter the cost, but I'd already gluttonously depleted all of my monetary funds on several containers of cold frothy mind-debilitating beverages... drunkenly keepin' my priorities straight, don't ya know!). Like their frenetically fierce stage presence, the Jones Street Boys on CD assuredly do not disappoint in the very least... it's audial lawlessness at its most smokin', sizzlin', gritty, greasy, and savage: gruff whiskey-gargle gravelgut vocals, blazin' buzz-saw guitar struttings, a big bad bass rocketing and rumbling like there ain't no end to tomorrow, and stompin', bone-crushin' whirlwind drumming madness! These are the true sounds of wayward unruliness, disorderly decadence, and debauched drunken recklessness... this is the nihilistic soundtrack for a forgotten generation of rebelrousin' ruffians runnin' wild and belligerent in the crumblin' streets of Yourtown, USA... this is punkrock as it is and always should be; all else miserably fails in comparison. -Roger Moser, Jr. (Joey Essex)

JUNO: A Future Lived in Past Tense: CD

More overblown, post-Sonic Youth/My Bloody Valentine drivel to bore you all to tears. Please line up to the left for the razors with which to cut your wrists. -Jimmy Alvarado (De Soto)

KING BROTHERS:

Self-titled: CD

To say I was awaiting the coming of this album would be an understatement. I was fiending for this album, complete with physical symptoms, even before it landed

in my filthy little hands. Nishinomiya's King Brothers spank the crap out of their instruments with wild abandon, leaving your rock-'n'-roll heiny begging for another round of red-ass beatings. This three-piece has built up quite a reputation for themselves as far as wild rock stories go. Let's see, they played with brown paper bags over their heads (hey, that's the premise of my all time favorite porno movie, how about that!), they have been banned from almost every single club in Osaka, they are under-aged, they are party extremists, and the list goes on. Are they legends in the making? Well, hell. Premature? Yes! The drummer Jun has that early Makers sound down with quick rapid fire beats. Marya, the guitarist, crunches away with slight Detroit influence infused with a good sense of power mod timing. Laying down a second guitar assault is Keizo who brings some great melodic riffs to even it all out. Notice, no bassist - what the fuck? OK, that's cool, I guess. So they sing mostly in Japanese - but who cares? This is a fine example of the phrase, "It's not what you say, it's how you say it." These guys say it with a capital, "UGH!" P.S. their first song is "Oh Shit." The second song is "Yakekuso," which literally means, "fried shit." They definitely have some fecal fixation which is A-OK in my book. Long live poo! -Miss Namella "Kuso Kurogae" Kim (In The Red)

KING ERNEST:

Blues Got Soul: CD

King Ernest and his blazin' backing band perfectly blend a spiritually compelling musical collage of blues, soul, and gospel-tinged textures of Stax-style sounds into an ear-inspiring swirl of pure genuine audial joy. The vocals sparkle and shine with spirited soulful sprinklings of the hallowed styles of Percy Sledge, Otis Redding, Al Green, and even an occasional flashy shriek of James Brown-like godliness... the infectiously eminent instrumentation robustly rolls along with a big ballsy brass horn section, lightly floatin' holyrollin' church organ, jumpin' jukejoint piano jauntiness, toe-tappin' hardwood-floor drum strollings, softly stutterin' bass struttings, and B.B. King-inspired string-bendin' inflections of fiery guitar licks... and add some groovin' urban Four Tops/Temptations-style background vocals for full heartfelt aural effect. Damn, man, this divinely distinguished disc stirred my senses, shook my soul, and overwhelmingly moved me like no other! Sadly, King Ernest died in a car wreck early last year, but he left one helluva legacy in his brightly shimmering musical elegance. Yep, he's surely tearin' up the skies at this very moment in the afterlife with his pristine and powerful emotion-laden voice... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Fat Possum)

KLASSE KRIMINALE: Are You

Living or Just Surviving?: CD

Mid-tempo terrace chants from this long running Italian skinhead outfit. It could be me, but I hear a bit more "pop" in their sound than I remember their previous releases having. The lyrics are pretty insightful. -Jimmy Alvarado (Mad Butcher)

KNOXVILLE GIRLS:

In a Paper Suit: CD

No, not literally a paper suit like Issey Miyake circa 1983. Knoxville Girls are the oily, shitcan-kicked cowblues-rock tritecta of a crazy little art form called "music." Do you ever feel like this whole stupid fuckin' thing called life is finally alright as you speed down the highway in the middle of the California desert with all your friends passed out, 5 o'clock in the morning? You're cranked up on a week's paycheck's worth of good blow, reminiscing about the people who fucked you and left you behind while chain smoking Saratoga cigarettes and taking liberal sips of some cheap beer in a can. What's the band you wanna hear on that car stereo of yours that has auto-reverse but doesn't play the other side on the right speed? This scenario would not be complete without a truck stop meal and Knoxville Girls blaring out of the car with the windows completely down. This is a five man powerhouse collective of veterans who need no introduction in this game; Jerry Teel, Bob Bert, Jack Martin, Kid Congo Powers and Barry London - some of the projects that these gentlemen have been involved with at one point or another include Sonic Youth, Honeymoon Killers, The Cramps, Gun Club, Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds, Chrome Cranks, and Pussy Galore. This album is the must-have release of 2001. Excellent Hank Williams, Hasil Adkins and The Shangri-La's covers. -Miss Namella J. Kim (In The Red)

LARS FREDERIKSEN AND THE BASTARDS: Self-titled: CD

Of course, it's Lars Frederiksen of Rancid... of course, it's pure gut-pummeling punkrock restlessness... of course, I wouldn't have it any other way! The relentlessly frenzied aural adrenaline-rush rowdiness of such songs as "Dead American," "Six Foot Five," "Army of Zombies," "Anti-Social," "Leavin' Here," and "Vietnam" caused me to feverishly guzzle my very last beer, jubilantly leap from the couch, rabidly run rampant and wild throughout the house, violently slamdance with a towering heavy hardwood bookshelf, briefly pause to punch numerous holes in the wall with my forehead, spastically scurry out the front door and into the street, plow headfirst into the first SUV that crosses my path, crazily jump onto its hood, and then proceed to viciously kick in the windshield ala Gary Oldman in "Sid & Nancy"... as the bewildered driver of the now severely damaged vehicle springs from it and escapes to parts unknown,

I plop to the pavement and wearily sigh. Damn, I'm bloodied, bruised, and cross-eyed tired... but you can bet your sweet bippies I'll heartily listen to this chaos-fuelled disc again tomorrow and every fuckin' day thereafter! Hey, Lars, you gonna pay my astronomically outrageous medical expenses or what?! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Hellcat)

LEFT OUT: 25 Cent Serenade: CD

Here we have an ear-dazzlin' disc palpitatingly packed with super-distorted pop-punk joviality... upbeat, energetic, melodic, and frenetically youthful... an enthusiastically inspiring and dynamically frisky sonic noggin-thumper, for the most part. I do, however, have a couple of cantankerous complaints to voice: an overwhelming majority of the vocals tend to be too damn annoyingly whiney, verging on emo boo-hoo crybabyish bilge... the guitars furiously wail, but they're buried way deep down too low in the mix... the hippie-drippy acoustic ditty (inappropriately titled "Not An Acoustic Song") irritatingly interrupts the rapidfire flow of the rest of this captivating collection. All in all though, Left Out sonically pack one helluva walloping punch, and that's just what these tired old ears need the most... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Plan-It-X)

LEGENDARY INVISIBLE MEN, THE: Come Get Some: CD

Off come the bandages, down comes the hair, out come musical sideburns of fuzz and psychedelia. Sheesh, I don't think every song on this shiny little thing - as opposed to their last album - is about pot (although they do thank Ricardo Mondobong). '60s garage rock's the taking off point. Attitude's the delivery mode. I can't help thinking that I hear a spice between the Sonics and Mudhoney, where the rhythm's always kept in check and the songs are given plenty of spine with deft use of organ, yet the guitars gnarl and are flipped onto attack mode. Good stuff. If the guys in the Mummies aren't dead, I'd pay to see a battle royale or at least a tag team matchup. -Todd (Dionysus)

LOT SIX, THE: The Code Mode: CD

Am I a bastard for just living? Am I wasting precious air? Am I worthless? I feel good after a good dinner and a couple of beers. So why the fuck do I have to listen to this? I'm glad when they created the play button, they created the button that says stop. You fucks got a bad roll. You got me. I don't like you nor your brand of Sonic Youth music. The only good thing I'm getting out of this experience is I got another jewel case. So there! -Donofthedeath (Espo)

LOVEJUNK: Tribulations: CD

Here are some guys who can mix it up. Driving melodic songs that pound out one minute and go catchy in another. As I read, I see that they formed in the early '90s and have

been struggling like many a band. The guitars screech with a distorted blare while maintaining a sense of melody. The vocalist has a scary resemblance in delivery to Tom Petty. It's not over-produced and has a particular rawness that is a tradition of Crackle Records. If you like a more of a rock sound that pounds with melody, you should seek this out. I read again that they wear their influences on their shoulders. The Replacements, Ramones, Husker Du, Descendents, Weezer and early Soul Asylum are referenced. Now, be an individual, and decide if you are going to look for this. -Donofthedeat (Crackle)

MAD CADDIES:

Rockin' the Plank: CD

Everything in my being is screaming to slag this off as a total piece of shit, but I just can't bring myself to do it. Don't get me wrong, I hate it, but it's still kinda fun to listen to, particularly "Mary Melody" and "All American Badass." Jeez, I haven't felt this confused about entertainment since that summer I wasted watching "Eddie and the Cruisers" 42 times on HBO. -Jimmy Alvarado (Fat)

MIGALA: *Arde: CD*

Their story goes something like this: a group of "non-musicians" get together "to make classic songs with an uncanny atmosphere." Their 1997 debut, "Diciembre 3AM," garnishes much acclaim in their native Spain.

By 1998, the sextet's second release established the band across the European continent. They opened for the Magnetic Fields, Smog and Piano Magic; performed as Will Oldham's band for the artists' last tour of Spain; and caught the attention of former Belle and Sebastian conspirator and Looper mastermind, Stuart David, who, in turn, makes Migala fans out of the people at Sub Pop. Thus, came Migala's U.S. debut. Originally released on Christmas Eve, 2000 by Acuarela Discos, "Arde" ("it burns"), is nothing if not an eclectic release. "Primera Parada," the album's opening track, with its subtle surf guitars and gentle clash of symbols, rolls across the speakers like a tide slowly rising. Migala then moves into "El Caballo Del Malo," which is more-than-slightly reminiscent of old Western movies with gusts of electronic noise blowing between guitars like a tumbleweed rolling between the man in white and the man in black. "Times of Disaster" mixes a hushed, but slightly gravely and heavily accented, voice and somber beats with samples that could have very well been lifted from Red Asphalt and what seems to be a frantic conversation between a man and a woman in Spanish. On "La Espera," the band utilizes a string section to create the sort of heartbreakingly romantic feel that one might find on a Tindersticks' album. Despite the variety of sounds represented on this album, Migala maintains a sense of

continuity throughout the course of "Arde." Each track fits together so that, when listening to the album as a whole, listeners may forget where track three ends and track four begins, which makes it great for late night listening. -Liz O. (Sub Pop)

MOLEHILL: *Thousand Mile Regret: 12" EP*

Absolutely unbeatable medicine for that jones you get between EyeHateGod records. Two songs in ten minutes of it. Packaging's kinda fucked up; looks like it was supposed to be a 7" until someone realized the break between songs was in the wrong place, so they did a 12" with the same thing on both sides. But if this one don't put a load in your skivvies (front or back, your choice), I'll eat my pencil collection. -Cuss Baxter (Satan's Pimp/Boredom Noise)

MULLENS, THE:

Tough to Tell: CD

These maddaddy musical miscreants kick out the jams and then some with high-energy rock'n'roll intensity ala The Rolling Stones (before they became biliously boring old farts wrapped in a repetitiously nonfunctioning swirl of chord progression redundancy), the New York Dolls, and The Damned (pre-goth glam glumness). Yep, The Mullens effortlessly epitomize beer-guzzlin' bar-room-brawlin' rock'n'roll robustness at its blisterin' ball-bustin' best (as it

should be!): wild, carefree, steady, fast, loud, belligerent, and fun! Pouty, flirtatiously sinful vocals, stylishly cool Johnny Thunders-knuckle-dustin'-Keith Richards guitar-slingin' swagger, and a juicy, stomping, nicely well-rounded rhythm section of earth-crumblin' fury all make "Tough to Tell" an irresistible ear-scorching platter of rock'n'roll crunch well worth your undivided aural attention. I religiously recommend it! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Get Hip)

MXPX: *The Renaissance EP: CD*

Oh, Mother of God, what have they sent me? Aren't these the guys that were on that Christian label Tooth & Nail? Then they jumped ship to a major and denied being a Christian band? Now, in my Fat Wreck package I pull this shit out. I am hard-headed in many ways and I don't even want to listen to this shit. I have my personal hard-line rules and religion has always bugged me. Especially Christianity as a whole. I hate that religion is infiltrating youth culture to replenish their brainwashed group. Let others tell you if they like this because I won't even give this shit a chance. -Donofthedeat (Fat)

MXPX: *The Renaissance EP: CD*

Let me first say that I am by no means a Christian. I am probably the furthest thing from one. With that said, the first thing I thought when I received this to review was to use the CD as a flying guillotine to control the stray

cat population in my apartment complex. Contrary to that first impulse, I decided to pull myself away from internet porn and listen to this with an open mind and try to develop an unbiased opinion on it. The music on this CD has that run of the mill poppy punk sound to it. Nothing new. Just very bland and uneventful. It reminds me of the so-called-punk bands the 10-12 year-old girls in elementary school are listening to on the radio. You know who they are. The lyrical themes are along the lines of self empowerment, doing what is "right" and treating everyone equally no matter their differences (insert vomit sound here). The band seems to try to mask their religious intent, opting to use terms like "something in the back of my mind," "whom do we really serve" and "fix your heart and your mind will follow" instead of actually blurting out "JESUS CHRIST." I guess they figure the little girls that listen to them won't figure this out. After listening to all nine songs of this drivel, I quickly went back to the porn on the internet to get this out of my mind. I then recalled what my first impulse was when I received this CD. "Here kitty kitty." -Toby Tober (Fat)

N.O.T.A.: *Live at the Crystal Pistol*: CD

Goddamit, if this recently revived live None Of The Above demo (it came out originally in 1983 as a cassette) doesn't sound as good as when

I first heard their "Moscow" 7" (and the title song's on here). In many, many ways they're in the same breath as Really Red, The Offenders, Die Kruezen, and Husker Du. Hard but not stupid. Noisy but not devoid of melody. Political, to be sure, but not locked or suffocating, not overwhelmingly didactic. That they did this in Tulsa, Oklahoma in the early '80s makes it all the more impressive. The sound ain't bad. It's remastered off a four track. It's slightly muffled, but there's no squealing, few drop outs, and most importantly, the energy charges right out of the speakers, like you're in the middle of a cowboy bar and Reagan's the president. Now, if Rabid Cat or Unclean Records would just make the studio recordings available again, that would be fine thing, indeed. -Todd (Prank)

NO MOTIV:

***Diagram for Healing*: CD**

Todd, you bastard! You know I have a deep-seated loathing for "modern" pop punk and emo, yet you give me this. Now I find myself perched on a rather precarious fence. It embodies much of what I hate about the genre(s), primarily its wimpiness, but goddamn if I don't find myself listening to it over and over again. These are some really, really good songs here, rich in hooks and catchy sing-alongs that in no way resemble "oi oi" chants or youth crew anthems. It's like hearing the spirit of Husker Du (one of my all-time favorite bands)

filtered through some Fat band I loathe. Fuck, I feel like a diabetic sitting in a dark room gleefully bingeing on mocha almond fudge ice cream with crushed peanut butter cups mixed in, fully aware of the detrimental effect it will have on me but not being able to help myself. There's no lyric sheet. I bet the lyrics suck, right? There just has to be something tangibly wrong with this. Ugh, I'll feel dirty. I'll have you know I'm gonna have a hard time sleeping tonight. Fuck. -Jimmy Alvarado (Vagrant)

NORTH SIDE KINGS: *This Thing of Ours*: CD

Three goombah wannabes (goombannabes? Sing: "I'm a teenage goombannabe.") from Arizona lay down some fine old school hawdcare that sounds great, but all the mafia reference brings to mind the line, "In a real Fourth Reich you'd be the first to go." I mean, there's a song on here about people who drive poorly, and they call themselves "capos" in the credits. They do rock, though, and support some good causes, including a diabetes fund and Help the Bay, and I bet they cook good. -Cuss Baxter (Thorp)

NOW TIME DELEGATION, THE: *Watch for Today*: CD

Between the guitar handlement of Tim Kerr and the magic singing pipes inside Lisa Kekaula (BellRays), one stands a pretty slim chance of being

able to go wrong, assuming one is comfortable with a bluesy, soulful, organ-rich collection like this. About half originals and half covers (mostly by bands I don't know anything about), there's nothing particularly frantic or dramatic, just good old rhythm and blues (and organ). -Cuss Baxter (In The Red)

OHNO EXPRESS / SOON: *Split*: CD

Ohno Express features former members of Hooton 3 Car and some Servo members. Soon hail from Tokyo, Japan and formed by a former member of the band Blew. Enough of the facts and let's go the important: my opinion. I personally like Soon better than Ohno Express. The music is raw and melodic. The fact is that Soon has a female singer and Ohno Express didn't grip me as much as Soon. Soon really didn't get my gonads all twisted like I was hoping for. More garage-like than maybe I would have preferred. I usually like most of what I hear from Japan. I'm biased that way. Maybe on another day I would appreciate this more, but I just did not connect. -Donofthedeath (Crackle)

OPPRESSED, THE: *Oi Singles & Rarities*: CD

"Oi! Singles and Rarities" opens up with the song "White Flag" and finishes up some twenty-eight songs later with "Living with Unemployment." In between is pretty much everything the band ever released on Eps and splits. Though

most of my favorite Oppressed stuff came off of "OI! OI! Music," their ten or so EP's are a great way to chart the band's political views as well their growth. From the played-to-death pub cover songs to one of my personal favorites "Do Anything You Wanna Do," this comp has got it all from one of the greatest oi bands around. - Southern Fried Keith (Captain Oi!)

PEACOCKS, THE: *Angel*: CD

The Peacocks robustly blast through thick chunky slabs of unruly punkish rockabilly belligerence on this here skull-skewering platter of sonic stir fry! Hot damn daddy, it's all-at-once smooth, suave, raucous, cacophonous, and killer-cool! These swag-gerin' spark-sizzlin' songs are aurally reminiscent of Social Distortion, The Screaming Blue Messiahs, Southern Backtones, Johnny Cash, and the devil-in-hell himself... and they salaciously conjure degenerate images of souped-up pavement-shreddin' '57 Chevys, switchblade-slashin' alleyway scuffles in the dead darkness of a crime-ridden metropolitan night, flamin' snake-eyed dice, grease-saturated brylcreem-encrusted ducktail coiffs, chug-a-chuggin' freight-train solitude along a vast moonlit sprawl of American "wild west" desert, Lady Luck lasciviously struttin' her stuff buck-ass naked and all in your face, pin-up girl tattoos, lawlessness, sin, decadence, debauchery, and rock-'n'roll rebellion. Hell yeh, The Peacocks maliciously make Swiss

cheese outta my ears, and I'm cretinously cravin' more, motherfuckers, more! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Asian Man)

**PENNYWISE:
Land of the Free: CD**

These guys are a real dividing line for a lot a people. Sure, they sound a lot like classic Bad Religion. Sure, they've got some of the most abhorrent fans in the world who'll beat one another senseless before Fletcher plugs in his guitar. Sure, they helped spearhead super clean, huge punk production that many claim to be the harbinger of "real punk's" death. I can see all that. But there are two real personal reasons I like Pennywise. First off, one summer I lived in a car. It was a big car with lots of room. It had a tape deck. I had about ten tapes. One was "Unknown Road." I must've listened to it 300 times in three months. I'd often just have it in for days on auto repeat. It was much better than the radio. Pennywise is seamless, much in the same way Funeral Oration is, except Jim's voice isn't as high. Second off, for reasons I can't explain, I can write really, really well when I have these guys on the stereo. It probably has to do with their seamlessness that does a good job of drowning out the sound of the neighbors fighting or kids crying. It's a solid record, right in line with "Straight Ahead" and "Full Circle." If you've heard 'em in the last five or six years, no surprises on this one, which

is both a strength and a detriment. Solid. -Todd (Epitaph)

PIMPS, THE: *Wicca Chicka*: EP

A most enjoyable single from a most promising band. Tight lyrics, sloppy music - just the right garage punk rock blend. This single is for you if your name is Steve, Mike, Dave, Tom, or Chris (that alone should be about 3,000 guys in our readership.) - Namella "The Census" Kim (Rapid Pulse)

PINHEAD CIRCUS: *The Black Power of Romance*: CD

There's something tricky about Pinhead Circus. Their songs have a way of creeping into my brain. More than once, I've been singing along with a Pinhead Circus song and someone has walked into the room and said, "What are you listening to?" and I was stumped. I'll wake up in the morning with a Pinhead Circus riff on auto-repeat in my head and I can't, for the life of me, place the song. Then, gradually, the album grows on me. It reaches high rotation and I have to be careful not to play it too often. It's strange. "The Black Power of Romance," like all their other albums, filled me with apathy at first, then wiggled itself up there with my favorite albums. I think it has something to do with the way that Pinhead Circus can put together a song that sounds like no other band, but is vaguely recognizable pieces - a riff that almost sounds like Good

Riddance, a tempo change that's almost like Tiltwheel, drums filling in like Youth Brigade, and so on. Which isn't to say that they're completely referential. They're not. They're a pretty original band that write solid, catchy songs. You just have to give them a few listens to creep up on you. -Sean (BYO)

PISTOL GRIP: *The Shots from the Kalico Rose*: CD

I had an idea what these guys were going to sound like when I saw their name listed on the line-up for the Holidays in the Sun festival. What I didn't expect was great, melodic arrangements of their brand of street punk. They show that they have chops and offer a little more than the standard formula that you hear these days from bands of this genre. Good background vocals on the "ooohhsss" on the choruses that are in key. The guitars are in sync and have a punch that sometimes get lost in recording. The bass sounds almost happy and is tied in with the drums to mix it all together. The vocalist has a strong voice and can actually sing. Nothing more annoying to me is listening to a street punk band with a singer that can't sing in key. I haven't been listening to street punk that much lately, but this is a pleasant surprise. A good listen to shake a beer at. - Donofthedeath (BYO)

**PLEASURE FOREVER:
Self-titled: CD**

Andrew Rothbard. Josh Hughes. David Clifford. Two-thirds of this San Francisco-based trio initially impacted independent music as The VSS in 1995. With one full-length ("Nervous Circuits") and a handful of singles, split albums, etc., The VSS were part of an early wave of keyboard-heavy art rock. Theirs was music for kids who liked Joy Division and Gang of Four, but never really went goth. After an abrupt split in 1997, The VSS reformed as Slaves, an equally dark experience in rock music. Which bring us to Pleasure Forever, the trio's most recent moniker, and its self-titled, Sub Pop debut. From the heavy swirl of keyboards that mark "Goodnight," Pleasure Forever opens like some Baz Luhrmann fantasy of 1920's Berlin invaded by the Birthday Party with Ray Manzarak on keyboards. As the album progresses, Pleasure Forever's post-punk cabaret swells to fierce proportions, marked by the industrial-tinted chant of "rise, rise, rise" on "Meet Me in Eternity," before moving towards a more guitar-driven path. With the album's eight minute, forty-two second climax, "Magnus Opus," Pleasure Forever channels the spirits of rock music's darkest spirits from Black Sabbath to Bauhaus without ever really sounding like anyone other than Pleasure Forever. -Liz O. (Sub Pop)

POLYSICS:

Hey Bob My Friend: CD

Close your eyes. Now picture Servotron as a three-piece Japanese group who develop this weird kink in their music after one too many Melt Banana listening sessions. Thank God that I didn't go with my initial gut instinct and pass this one up, 'cause this is gonna get a lot of airplay in my house, boyo. Frighteningly good. -Jimmy Alvarado (Asian Man)

RAISED FIST: Ignoring the Guidelines: CD

I was working at trying to find a clever way to say they suck when I learned from the webpage that their name is taken from a Rage Against the Machine song. Think Rage meets Pantera. I think they're ignoring the wrong guidelines. -Cuss Baxter (Burning Heart/Epitaph)

REJX: 300 Orchard Place: CD

The wave of NOFX knock-off bands has definitely subsided, which is cool. It also gives me a chance to relax when I see a band spell their name like REJX and when the first three chords sound like Eric Melvin played them. I can suspend judgement for long enough to figure out if there's something more to the album. And there is something more to this debut CD by the REJX. They're not knocking-off "Punk in Drublic" or any of the more recent NOFX albums. At first, it reminds me of "S&M Airlines." The more I listen to it, though, it actually reminds me of RKL - the band that

NOFX wanted to be in the beginning. It's good stuff. Not great, but not easy to dismiss. It's fast and angry and sincere and sometimes funny and easy to sing along to. I'd definitely like to see what these guys grow into. -Sean (Uprising!)

RICHMOND SLUTS, THE:

Self-titled: CD

The cover art for this San Francisco band's debut bears a striking resemblance to the poster art for the movie "Almost Famous." I've been assured that it's all a coincidence but, just the same, it's an interesting contrast. The Sluts' cover is darker and sexier compared to the wholesome image of Goldie Hawn's daughter who appears to have a school girl's crush on rock rather than a true lust for life. But I digress. Richmond Sluts mix '60s garage with Stooges and New York Dolls on this album's worth of sex-obsessed rock tunes. They can sound like the Fuzztones on "Service for the Sick" and the N.Y. Dolls on "City Girls" but the album somehow manages to stay cohesive. It's good, dirty rock'n'roll. -Bob Cantu (Disaster)

RIZZO: Phoning It In: CD

Just when I thought the sound of Los Angeles was dead to my ears, I heard the delightful voices of Rizzo. Actually, I don't know for sure that they are from LA, but they are on Sympathy, which is good enough for me. These girls are great. If Josie and the Pussycats existed today, they would sound pretty gosh darn close to Rizzo. I can hear some Sissybar in there somewhere as well, especially in their "Raspberry Beret" cover. They cover "Raspberry Beret," for goodness sakes! How cool is that? -Harmonee (Sympathy)

RUTH'S HAT: Sloppy Poppy Punk Band: 7" EP

Dumb (and not even particularly sloppy - that would've helped) poppy punk band who charm me very slightly until they get to the Archies "Sugar Sugar," at which point I jam two pencils or pens into my eardrums. It came with a sticker and a button. -Cuss Baxter (They Still Make Records)

SCARED OF CHAKA: Crossing with Switchblades: CD

Of course I'm gonna give this a good review. I'm a huge fan of this band. I don't understand why little girls don't run screaming after Dave and Ron and why every skater in middle America doesn't have a Scared of Chaka sticker on his deck. I don't understand why Scared of Chaka's fame hasn't risen to the point where Chuck Berry is forced to open for them, then, upon hearing what Dave has done to the traditional Chuck Berry riff, Chuck Berry dies just so he can start rolling in his grave. That's how much I like this band - I'm willing to sacrifice Chuck Berry to the altar of rock'n'roll for Scared of Chaka. And am I disappointed with

"Crossing Switchblades" because they actually slow the tempo on a couple of songs? Am I cursing them for going to a "big" label like Hopeless and playing the Troubadour? Fuck no. I'm just keeping this CD in high rotation and getting ready to bore legions of new SOC fans with my "I knew them when" speeches. -Sean (Hopeless)

SCOTT DUNBAR:

From Lake Mary: CD

This is mud-swirled Mississippi-swamp blues that colorfully conjures Delta South images of catfish and cane-poles, alligators lazily baskin' on steamin' slices of sunbaked sandbars along the river's mosquito-infested edge, dragonflies precariously buzzin' through the thick'n'heavy mugginess of summer's late-afternoon air, an effervescent flurry of lightning bugs delicately illuminating the hushed solitude of dusk, a lovelorn whippoorwill sweetly crooning a passionate heart-stirring song in the distant calm of late evening's darkness, and a lantern-lit breeze-swept scenario of drinkin' home-brewed hooch and smokin' a corncob pipe while sittin' on the stoop of a bayou shack's front porch and reverently absorb'n' the surrounding sights and sounds. Mr. Dunbar's garbled grandpappy scarecrow vocals, frenzied smokestack sizzlings of down-home'n'charming guitar pickins, and bootheel-tappin' feverish zeal cause my ears to broadly smile and brightly glow forevermore. Man, this moves me every which way possible... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Fat Possum)

SHINS, THE:

Oh, Inverted World: CD

Having grouped together in Albuquerque, NM in 1992, the members of The Shins have spent the past nine years recording ten records and touring with the likes of Modest Mouse and Califone. Oh, and they changed their name a few times as well. Previously known as Flake and Flakemusic, the Shins formed in 1997 - same members, just with different instruments and a different vision. Oh, "Inverted World" is the Shins' second full length release and their first for Sub Pop. From the moment James Mercer's slightly high pitched, though never whiny or squeaky, vocals break through on "Caring is Creepy," this reviewer was hooked. The lyrics may not be readily apparent, but the vocal melody is immediate. With a sweet pop sound that never leaves a pixie stick aftertaste, "Oh, Inverted World" can't help but bring to mind the likes of XTC. Songs like "Know Your Onion," "Girl Inform Me," and "New Slang" (for which there is a video) feature those steady toe-tapping beats and infectious melodies that made Andy Partridge an intellectual pop hero two decades ago. Hmm... maybe the press release was on to something when referring to the Shins as "the Miracle of the Great Southwest." -Liz O. (Sub

Pop)

SICK ON THE BUS: Punk Police/Suck On...: 2X CD

Two old records from an English band I've never heard before. They remind me of all those English bands that used to come over every summer and play the Olympic Auditorium way back when. Both discs have a crusty edge to them and the lyrics ain't exactly Longfellow, but there is a catchiness and likeable quality to their songs. -Jimmy Alvarado (Go Kart)

SMOGTOWN:

domesticviolenceland: CDEP

Smogtown continues to blow me away. They're like surgeons who can cut the cancer that is the suburbs out of us, hold it up and show us what a gross, mutated tumor it really is, then put it back in our body and say, "Think about that." And not just lyrically - though the lyrics are pretty insightful. The music is so rich and textured and rocking that it feels like a tumor growing in your gut. It's disturbingly amazing. This release is just a three song EP, with one song that'll be on their upcoming album and two songs that you can't get anywhere else. It's only seven minutes long, so I have a hard time not listening to it twice in a row every time I play it. And that just makes the tumor grow bigger. -Sean (Disaster)

SNUFF: Blue Gravy: CD

Could not wait to toss this baby in my CD player to get to their undeniable brand of pop secretions. I popped out the CD magazine out of the back of my truck and pulled out that shitty CD that I got for review and threw it aside. I think that shitty CD is still floating around underneath a seat. I slipped that baby into the magazine and jumped into the truck to hear the new Snuff! Bam, like a boot to the head, the first track starts playing. My enthusiasm drops to an all-time low. I had the same look when the Jehovah's Witness showed up at my door when I was expecting a friend I hadn't seen in awhile. What the fuck is this? The opening track, "Slipt," is so flat that it barely reaches any level of excitement. It felt forced and the band sounded like they didn't even enjoy recording it. I can't believe this is the opening track! You have to go in with force on the opening track. Now, track 1 is the throwaway that I have been skipping over. Things go back to normal on track 2 - 7 where you get four new songs and two new versions of previously released songs. At the end you get, as filler, two live tracks. I like the studio versions, personally. Live stuff usually doesn't have the presence and the sonic energy that the studio can create. Overall, not their best but enough to tide me over until their next full length. They are still one of the best. No one as of yet has captured their style and magic. -Donofthedeat (Fat)

SON OF SAM:

Songs from the Earth: CD

All on one disc, you get Davey Havoc from AFI, Todd Youth and Steve Zing from Samhain and London May who played drums for Danzig. I also heard from many that Danzig is on this but is unlisted. You can hear his trademark howls in the background. A treat for many of the Misfits and Samhain fans out there. If you have seen Davey lately sporting his devil lock, you know this must have been a dream project for him. AFI have been displaying a lot of Misfits overtones in their music lately. They also did a Misfits cover on one of their 7"s. What you get here is a band that if Danzig was fronting this himself would be identified as Samhain or modern day Misfits. Not like those current goofballs that call themselves the Misfits these days with their stupid dolls, comics and bad releases. If you hated the latest Danzig record and the current Misfits stuff, you would totally be pleased with this. Thanks Dexter. -Donofthedeath (Nitro)

**SPECIAL DUTIES /
VIOLENT SOCIETY: *Split 7"***

Here is the second latest release from my moneybags friend, Derek of the infamous Soap and Spikes Empire. He snags not one but two superstar bands for one of his releases. His left testicle must be made of gold. He had a release with One Way System and now he has Special Duties and Violent Society on one release. The

cover is glossy and in full color and can almost compete with the latest Britney Spears or Backstreet Boys release. If I ever save up some money, I need to see what hot digs this man who presides over a punk rock empire is living in. Oh shit, glossy insert too. Now he is trying to spoil the punk rock consumer. A little info of the bands that I can muster up: Special Duties first got things going in the early '80s in the UK and have reformed recently to keep the old school spirit alive. They perform two great tracks, one being a cover of the Adverts "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" that is as competent as the original. Violent Society started around 1990, or at least put out their first release that year according to their website. They give you three songs that include one cover of Special Duties' "Violent Society." The best release - by far - as in bands and packaging from this old man who refuses to give up on the original punk spirit. -Donofthedeath (Soap and Spikes)

STAMPIN' GROUND: *Carved from Empty Words: CD*

Intelligent, thought-provoking lyrics. Too bad they waste them on jacked, sub-par Slayer riffs. -Jimmy Alvarado (Thorpe)

STAR PATROL: *Step To This: CD*

This band bases themselves on the video game of the same name. That's all I have to say. -Sarah Stierch

STARVATIONS, THE: *A Blackout to Remember: CD*

The number of greaser/rocker/maximum rockabilly bands I currently know and like are few: Throw Rag, Blazing Haley, The Masons, and The Cramps are about all I can come up with. Add in The Starvations. It's hard to sound so believably desperate yet pull it all together in a collection of twelve songs without once falling into a cliché pothole of flaming dice, beating off to Mopar, or Betty Page-oholics. There's an almost painful hollow feeling - and a hollow-body sound - that permeates the whole record, which makes it all the more catchy and distinctive. It's undeniably well played. Standout tracks are "Queen Bee's Lament," (with "swollen livers and eviction eyes") and ("I'm burning down the") "Church of the Doublecross." The entire CD also has an unaffected, eerie American gothic (as in the unexplainable and forlorn like Edgar Allan Poe, not spooky pancake makeup) feel. I look forward to more. An unexpected surprise. -Todd (Revenge)

SUPERSIFT:

Pair-A-Dice Casino: CD

Supersift have cacophonously created a meaty and meritorious punkrock masterpiece that thunderously thumps me upside the head and then steadily stomps all over my ruthlessly abused eardrums. The high-energy instrumentation is tight, concise, and rabidly upbeat... the vocals chaotic-

ly careen between poppy schoolboy sweetness and manly gravel-throated burliness... the lyrics are hellaciously humorous and sarcastically witty, rowdily referring to the most deliciously titillating aspects of life like beer, cars, bowling, punkrock, porno, and the frivolity of apathy. Man, these raucously crazed Canucks are highly skilled manufacturers of sizzlin' sonic sassiness, and I'm damn well impressed beyond belief! Thanks to Supersift, my ears are as content as they'll ever be... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Hourglass)

**THIS BIKE IS A PIPEBOMB:
Dance Party with...: CD**

Makes me want to build a porch so I can stomp on it while drinking from a jug. Saw these guys live, and I think they were touring in a beat-to-shit taxi. Wife and husband duo manning the vocal duties and two of the instruments, if I'm not mistaking, and they sung towards one another, framing the drummer. Fuckin' downhome, fun, and modern hillbilly, but not hokey nor disingenuous. Modern touchstones would be Rumbleseat; reveling in punk ethics, not punk restrictions. The lyrics are a perfect fit. They're sometimes romantic, ("yer beautiful and I've got a stupid haircut"), sometimes defiant (calling for an opening of arms from the Black Panther Party), and always encouraging ("steal back from the government"/"go around naked one day"). It's all very country-wise good

advice with hints of bluegrass and the feeling you get around an open fire, hanging out with friends, and someone whips out a guitar and you thank them with a flask instead of beating them with their instrument. -Todd (\$5 ppd. from Plan-It-X)

THUMBS, THE: *Last Match*: CD

Bands like the Thumbs are the reason why I should never start a record label. I'd hear their music, get all excited about signing them, help them put out an album that's incredible, then scratch my head, baffled by why the Thumbs wallow in obscurity while bands with half their talent, passion, and drive become huge. So here's another Thumbs album. It's fucking great. The songs have the ability to build and create tension and diffuse tension and explode in two minutes. Then, you add the vocals, which alternate between the guitarist and the bassist, who both sound like a bulldog - short and compact and powerful and ugly as hell in an attractive way. On top of that are fairly abstract but intelligent lyrics that justify the out-of-key screaming. So now I'm curious. The first Thumbs album didn't bring them fame. Maybe because it was on a tiny label and, though the songs are great, the recording of them isn't. The second Thumbs album didn't see them selling out shows, even though it was on a bigger label (Soda Jerk) and the recording sounds pretty damn good and the songs are even better. And now they're on Adeline,

Billy Joe from Green Day's label. Ads for this album are popping up everywhere, and it's their best release yet. What will become of the Thumbs? Because it's not that I want them to be so big that I have to drive to Hollywood to see them play. I don't. I'm just hoping the years of steady touring pay off for them at least to the point where they can justify staying together as a band and keep putting out albums like this one. -Sean (Adeline)

TRAVOLTAS: *Teenbeat*: CD

1. I like Weezer. 2. I hate just about every band that reminds me of Weezer. Whether or not they are TRYING to be Weezer, I can't help assuming they are. 3. Someone less jaded than me might like this poppy, slightly heavy, vocally harmonic pretender, but all that studying is lost on me. 4. I really hope they're not "the biggest thing in the Netherlands". -Cuss Baxter (Coldfront)

TRUST FUND BABIES: 3 *song* 7"

If you look closely at the cover, the guy on the far right is clutching a 40 oz. of Mongoose malt liquor. This is significant. Mongoose, "the beer that bites back," is the Canadian response to King Cobra, one of the finest, best selling malt liquors in America. As part of my diligent research to get in the right frame of mind for the Trust Fund Babies (ripped to the tits), I bought a can after breakfast. Even on the label it says: "Warning: Because

this beer contains nearly twice as much alcohol as regular beers, we advise that this beer be consumed in moderation!" Same goes for the TFBs. Dirty, sloppy, better-with-beer punk that's got similar alcoholic motivation to The Loudmouths and The Motards. When the mood grabs me, they hit the spot dead-on. Snappy 7". -Todd (Rapid Pulse)

TSOL: *Anticop* b/w *White American*: 7"

It's a split decision at the record stores I frequent. Is it TSOL Jack or Joykiller Jack or Tender Fury Jack? Some fans from "way back when" don't seem to be stoked on Jack's voice but give Ron Emory and Mike Roche the thumbs up. Why? At times, Jack's a tad overblown (or spooky or cheesy, depending on who's casting adjectives). To me, it sounds like he's in "The Rocky Horror Picture Show." So, I popped back on TSOL's 12" self-titled EP from '81. Yup. Jack's more of an opera singer now. In fact, on the 12", he basically talks his way through. It's the classic quandary - do you want your favorites to progress beyond making the same album again and again (which TSOL could never be correctly accused of), or do you slag them when they zag when you expect them to zig? I like both songs. They're both very, very far from being shitty, and it's hard to deny instrumentation both burns and builds at the same time. That's a mighty difficult thing to do. Ultimate likeability

all hinges on if you mind an affected voice instead of a more direct vocal delivery. I'm fine with it. I like this 7" and I like the new album. -Todd (Nitro)

TSOL: *Disappear*: CD

To hear that one of the bands from my childhood was going to be putting out a new release was exciting for me. Like a spoiled child, I kept asking the Razorcake staff if the new TSOL had come in. Once it finally came in, they were nice enough to give it to me for review. If you know anything about TSOL, they progressively changed their sound on every record. During that period of the first self titled 12", "Dance with Me" LP, "Weathered Statues" 7" and "Beneath the Shadows" LP, I saw them so much during those years that I could grow and evolve with their change in sounds. I still put those records on to this day and enjoy them. They went rock in the Guns and Roses way after Jack Grisham and Todd Barnes left the band and suddenly disappeared. The original members did some reunion shows in the '90s under the LOST title because of name ownership issues. In between the "Beneath the Shadows" LP and this one, I won't count the rock records, Jack Grisham was in: Cathedral of Tears, Tender Fury and the Joykiller. Also in that time period, Todd Barnes the original drummer died of causes I can't currently remember. As for this record, it's hard to judge for me. Ron Emory's

trademark guitar sound is here. Jack is Jack on vocals and Ron is Ron on bass. Maybe my expectations were a little too high. I like it but I do not love it. To me this sounds like Joykiller Jr. I listen to it constantly but it has not completely won me over. Who knows, maybe in time. - Donofthedeath (Nitro)

U.S. BOMBS: *Back at the Laundromat*: CD

I couldn't imagine this would be a good album. Duane Peters had just put out two really cool albums with the Hunns in less than a year, and I couldn't imagine him being prolific enough to be able to put anything into a new Bombs album. I was dead wrong. I forgot about the rest of the band. I forgot that the U.S. Bombs aren't a one man show. Kerry Martinez is one of the best guitarists in punk rock. He's like the old, crusty guy you see at the skate park who drops into the bowl and pulls off mind-blowing tricks with seemingly less effort than he puts into tying his shoes. But it's not about the tricks. Kerry is all style. He's not showing off. He's looking at the bowl and figuring out how to carve it. He's guitar equivalent to Duane's skating, I guess. Then, you back these two up with Chip on drums and Wade on bass, driving the song into a swirling pit, and "Back to the Laundromat" is every bit as good as "Garibaldi Guard" and the rest of the albums. The best compliment I can pay this

album, though, is this: I saw these guys about a month ago. They played mostly their newer stuff. The whole crowd seemed to scream along with every song, and even though I went in hoping to hear a bunch of old songs, I wasn't disappointed. I left thinking, shit, I'd already seen them play the old songs years ago. I'm stoked I could see them play new ones. -Sean (Hellcat)

USELESS ID: *Bad Story, Happy Ending*: CD

Back in the mid-90's, Jimmy Alvarado and I stumbled upon a huge brick of C4. That's plastic explosives. Imagine our joy when we blew up all the NOFX cloning factories world wide. Many a high five was had. We whooped, we hollered like we thought we were really saving the world. In our joy, we overlooked a band we didn't consider a sleeper threat. Lagwagon. Discuss amongst yourselves if you think that one Lagwagon is OK. Two Lagwagons is very, very far from fine. Useless ID, you suck so much Lagwagon load, I'm sure you'll be huge. Boy band punk. Yuck-o. My ears feel dirty, like they've been listening to old people fuck. -Todd (Kung-Fu)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Hangin' from the Devil's Tree*: CD

It's what I'd imagined Your Flesh Fanzine (established, 1981, still defiantly independent) would sound like if it came as an audio collection. Of

all the songs I knew prior, they're all alternate takes, which is nice. Mirroring Peter Davis' tastes that lick the musical wound from dirty rock-'n'-roll all the way to art damage (heavy damage, heavy art), he's got the entire spectrum representing. Proceeds go to a good cause and his name is Peter Davis. Beware: if you can't tolerate arty rock, this won't make you happy. Thurston Moore: no longer a mere youth, a man, mild mania, and an acoustic guitar. Lifter Puller: an echo remix of "Math is Money" off of the so great they had to break up in obscurity album "Fiestas: Fiascos." Turbonegro: "Good Head," indeed. Hole in the ground. Erection. Long live the denim devils. The devils are dead. New Bomb Turks: unplugged, piano-aggressive wail of "Spanish Fly" (aka the "Candle in the Broken Wind" mix). Goatsnake: Woo. Stoner rock. Kyuss the sky. Slaves: droning, keyboarding antipop with handclaps. I think they're now called Pleasure Forever. Electric Airlines: "Stull"-era Urge Overkill-ish; satiny, stained male vocals and easy jangle backup. Eyesinweasel: Indie rock that doesn't suck. Rare breeding of melody and adept use of the anti-whine filter. Bardo Pond: four bong hits, handkerchiefs of ether, and think they're the modern Rick Wakeman from the perspective of the pan flute. Michael Gerald (ex-Killdozer): reads from a fish and game pamphlet backed by a Tiajuana brass loop (Remember, heavy art,

heavy damage). Woulda loved a remix of the Killdozer/Alice Donut junket into that song from the hippie film, "Hair." Supersuckers: You know, I'm glad at how semi-popular these guys have remained. Popular enough not to get other jobs, but still unknown enough to play all the dives. Keeps the rock honest. Thinking Fellers Union Local #282: They do John Cage proud. Indeterminancy: you are what slakes you. The Vandermark 5 with Wolter Wierbos: No. Squeaky intergalactic balloon music sucks circus clown anus, all eight minutes, fifty-seven seconds of it. Monster Magnet: Isn't one of them wearing a codpiece now? That puts them in the arena with WASP and Cameo. Song's gritty and sounds recorded from the bathroom next door. Cobra Verde: They provide the title track. It's a happy, peppy, and a fun little song. Sun City Girls: would go well with that Warhol film that's eight hours long of people sleeping. Rocket From the Crypt: Bless 'em and their matching outfits. They sound more Jehu-y than RFTC-y but that's OK because they share the same Speedo. Bluebird: The LA one. Hummy, fuzzy, with little bits of crunch on the edges. The Bellrays: live from a local dive, Al's Bar. If Lou Rawls took estrogen shots and binged out on the MC5. Lisa's got hot damn pipes. -Todd (Your Flesh)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Is It... Dead? CD

Northwest powerviolence in its variegated forms. Lots of screaming. Lots of herking and jerking rhythms, where the vocals seem tend to be slower than the music. Some, "hey, that's my scrotum in that tractor gear" vocals and esoteric topics of discourse, such as Teen Cthulhu, who release this head-scratching gem: "in this world without unicorns, we live in a world of electric light." Personal faves, Bloodhag, pay homage to Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. ("simple, perfect text, unblemished by excess"). With Botch's "Hutton's Great Heat Engine," I read along to the song, and couldn't make out a single blooming word, but they made me think of the pain I get from listening to later Melvins. Raft of Dead Monkeys win best band name. Imagine an electric knife's serrating a vocalists' throat. That's Akimbo, one of three bands with a song over four minutes long on this CD. There's a band name here that looks like a vehicle identification number. It's long. Even if I typed it, you wouldn't remember it. Naha's kraut rock, like Can - synthesizers, off-timing, and clinically fucked. Rounding out the lineup are: Homo Eradicus, Hollywood Mike Miranda, Old Rawler, and Hexadecimal. All in all, angry, angry stuff that makes me feel like punishing small cats, well, at least yell at them really loud and call them pussies and stuff. -Todd (Sub Pop, Crash Rawk, Rock'n'role Play)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Killed by Crackle: CD

A great sampler comp from Crackle that is the rawer label version of Fat/Honest Don's. Many bands to choose from if you are into more of the melodic stuff. My favorite, by far, on this is Servo. They're a female-led band that creates a sweetness and ambience when you listen. Many other bands include Skimmer, Sicko, Broccoli, Crocodile God, Soon, Chopper, Dillinger Four, Skimmer, J Church and others. I'm a firm believer of purchasing comps to get a test drive before purchasing. -Donfthedeath (Crackle)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Not So Quiet on the Coldfront: CD

Label sampler with something like 23 bands (28 songs) of whom precisely four do not sound exactly like all the rest: Vindictives, Wesley Willis (good one about mullets), Marshall Artist (75% Fastbacks), and Broken (ex-Pist). The balance of the thing is smelly, emotive pop slush. -Cuss Baxter (Coldfront)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Your Machinery Is Too Much for Me: 7"

Geykido Comet put out some pretty interesting comps. This one has four bands on it. The first one, Intro5pect, play political, ska-tinged hardcore. It's better than you'd think. The second band is No Erasers Allowed. They have play noisy a instrumental song. It's better than you'd think. The

third is Kill the Scientist. They're even noisier, somewhat digital, and they do a lot of screaming. It's not better than you'd think, but I can sit through it to get to the next song. The fourth band is ESL. They play sloppy pop punk that reminds me of some of the stuff off the Adolescents blue album sometimes. I like it. Like the GC comp I reviewed in the last issue of Razorcake, this one comes with a pretty interesting piece written by Jeff from Geykido Comet, explaining his politics of punk record pressing. -Sean (Geykido Comet)

VARUKERS:

How Do You Sleep? CD

The first track, appropriately titled "How Do You Sleep," opens up with an intro that builds and builds. Holding you in suspense and wondering whether or not the band will still produce with the same energy, the intro reaches its climax and explodes with full force, sending glass shards and nail tips spraying from your speakers, tearing apart everything within a twenty-yard radius. Not for a moment do the Varukers let up. Twelve angry, drunken, pissed off, punk rock songs that seem to get better one after the next. Not since "Bloodsuckers" have I heard it this good. -Southern Fried Keith (Go Kart)

VILENTLY ILL: One-sided EP (1999): 7" EP

If I'm not mistaken, this was made by

one man, a guitar and a drum machine. You get four hardcore songs aren't too bad musically, but the lyrics sure weren't nothing to write home about. -Jimmy Alvarado (Knot)

VOIDS/ NARCOLEPTIC YOUTH: Split 7"

Voids: Straight-ahead, blister-tipped, socially conscious dueling female and male vocal hardcore that's catchy as all hell. Adri's voice has the qualities of Crass's Eve Libertine; a trilling, sweet-edged razor that can both wail and cut. Chris provides the grumble shout counterpoint. The music itself's got the old/new feel where it retains the spilling urgency of early '80s hardcore (like Negative Approach) yet has the layers of fast, almost blurring, complexity of thrash experts DS-13 and the "man, I wanna listen to that again"-ness of Kid Dynamite. Fast and crunchy and good. Narcoleptic Youth: Like an unwashed, dented Nova with greasy windows, nothing makes them particularly memorable - lyrically, vocally, or musically. Middle fast. Standard beats and riffs. -Todd (Straight Jacket)

WEEZER: Self-titled: CD

Ahhh... my favorite nerd is back and his glasses are thicker than ever. With the exception of Matt Sharp, the band that gave me a good excuse to drink juice boxes and wear v-neck sweaters has returned. More fuzz, more frolic, and an anthem for teenage pot heads.

It is so very hard for me to completely express in words how much I love this band. Great song writing, perfect levels, all the right sounds touching all of my right places. Nerdy boys rock. -Harmonee (Geffen)

WEIRD LOVEMAKERS, THE: *Must Die*; CD

I'm not the only one around Razorcake HQ who's a fan of the Weird Lovemakers. Several contributors sing the praises of these guys. I'm just the only one who reviews the WLM's albums because I go to the post office everyday and I know what comes in before anyone else does and I'm selfish when it comes to the Weird Lovemakers. So I snatched up "Must Die" and have been listening to it incessantly. It's like being a little kid and watching the first episode of the "A-Team" - full of explosions and impossible stunts and welding torches and big, powerful, destructive machines made from the most unlikely crap you can find in the garage. It's not like an "A-Team" episode, though, in the sense that it's completely devoid of bad acting, and the writing on "Must Die" is actually pretty good. This album was originally scheduled to be released in June. Now it's been pushed back to August. I'd suggest sending advance orders in to Empty just to pressure them

to release this four-headed punk rock monster as soon as possible. -Sean (Empty)

WELT: *Brand New Day*; CD
Social Distortion, anyone? Somedays, I listen to this and I can't stand it. Other days, I really like this. More of a modern rock sound with a country blues vibe laced in the background. Polished and professional. Mixed emotions permeate my mind. It's one of those like it or not releases depending on what mood you are in. I did really like their previous CD that I got, titled "Broke Down," and the "Lame" 7". Demote me to a person who can not make up his mind. -Donofthedeath (BYO)

WHITE STRIPES: *White Blood Cells*; CD

I haven't had a favorite band in a long time, but gosh darnit, this band takes the cake (razorcake that is...). Ever since I watched Meg White pounding on those drums, my heartbeats became just as strong, and I've never seen a guitar come alive the way it does while Jack White strums his strong fingers across every inch of its neck. Not to mention all the above-mentioned is achieved while wearing very constricting (and revealing) clothing. If you are familiar with the White Stripes, then you will come to

recognize this album as the perfect blend of their first self-titled album (This album is heavy guitar fuzz playing some rockin' blues) and their second, "De Stijl" (A softer record containing more ballads and acoustic guitar). My favorite song is "Fell in Love with a Girl." Its catchy chorus and steady rhythm make me wanna get up and dance. This extremely talented (and sexy) duo deserve all the attention they have attracted. -Harmonee (Sympathy)

ZENI GEVA: *10000 Light Years*; CD

Eight earhole-eating extravaganzas from KK and his cacophonous cohorts. Delightfully disjointed drum rhythms ride roughshod 'round grave and gutwrenching guitar goodness and vocal violence. This majestic mayhem meanders maliciously through a miasma of metal monkeyshines, mister. -Cuss Baxter, Jr. (Neurot Recordings)



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11. **Shock**, "This Generation's on Vacation" (bootleg)
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13. **Various Artists**, "Unquestionably Late for the Trend" (EV)
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18. **Les Sexareenos**, "Can You Do the Nose Moustache?" (Telstar)
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5. **Toilet Boys/American Heartbreak**, split (Coldfront)
6. **Bodies**, "3Brandnewsongs" (Hostage)
7. **International Noise Conspiracy**, "Smash It Up" (Stereodrive)
8. **Peepshows**, "Meet the Peepshows" (Glazed)
9. **The Flakes**, "Bip Bam Boom" (Just Add Water)
10. **Clone Defects**, "Bottled Woman" (Tom Perkins)
11. **Supersuckers**, "Can Pipe" (Aces & Eights)
12. **Guitar Wolf/Shutdown 66**, split (Corduroy)
13. **The Catheters**, self-titled (Kapow)
14. **The Hives**, "Hate to Say I Told You So" (Gearhead)
15. **Bombshell Rocks**, "Radio Control" (Stereodrive)
16. **Rocket From The Crypt**, "Dancing Birds" (Glazed)
17. **Locust**, "Flight of the Wounded Locust" (GSL)
18. **Hookers**, "Black Magic Stallion" (Devil Doll)
19. **The Lewd**, self-titled (702)
20. **The Gee Strings**, "Bad Reputation" (Stereodrive)

Contact Addresses

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue
or posted on www.razorcake.com in the last two months

- **21-Guns**, <www.angelfire.com/tx4/21guns>
- **Ace Fu**, PO Box 3388, Hoboken, NJ 07030
- **Adeline**, 5337 College Ave. #318, Oakland, CA 94618
- **Alternative Tentacles**, PO Box 419091, SF, CA 94141-9092
- **Anechoic**, 22-55 Crescent St. #00, Long Island City, NY 11105; <<http://www.anechoicrecordings.com>>
- **Answer**, Hase Bld No. 2 B1, 5-49, Osu 3 Naka-Ku Nagoya City, Aichi 660, Japan
- **Antiseen**, PO Box 4905, Rock Hill, SC 29732; <www.antiseen.com>
- **Apparatus Engine**, PO Box 768, Downingtown, PA 19335; <apparatusengine@yahoo.com>
- **Asian Man**, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030-5585
- **Bad Afro**, Post Restante, Frederiksberg Alle 6 DK-1820 Frederiksberg C, Denmark
- **Bad Taste**, St. Soderg. 38, 222 23 Lund, Sweden
- **Balls**, 1513 East Highland, Phoenix, AZ 85014
- **The Bananas**, c/o Secret Center, 1008 10th St. #277, Sacramento, CA 95814
- **Blacklung Patriots**, c/o Richard Crenwelge, 112 West Avenue #144, San Marcos, TX 78666; <<http://www.blacklungpatriots.com>>
- **The Bodies**, PO Box 1452 Sonoma, CA 95476
- **Boredom Noise**, PO Box 11351, Oakland, CA 94611
- **Break-Up!**, PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215
- **BYO**, PO Box 67A64, LA, CA 90067
- **Captain Oil**, PO Box 501, High Wycomb, Bucks HP10 8QA, England; <www.captainoi.com>
- **Chainsaw**, PO Box 1151, Olympia, WA 98507-1151
- **Cheetah's**, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704
- **The Chronics**; <thechronics@usa.net>
- **Coldfront**, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707; <www.coldfrontrecords.com>
- **The Come Ons**; <<http://punkmusic.comeons.com>>
- **Crackle**, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, England
- **Creep**, PMB 220, 252 E. Market St., West Chester, PA 19382; <www.creeprecords.com>
- **Da Core**, 347 Grove Street, McKees Rocks, PA 15136
- **De Soto**, PO Box 60932, WDC 20039; <www.desotorecords.com>
- **Dead Man's Choir**, PO Box 1950, Burbank, CA 91507
- **Derozer**; <www.derozer.com>
- **Devil in the Woods**, PO Box 579168, Modesto, CA 95357
- **Dionysus**, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507; <www.dionysusrecords.com>
- **Disaster**, PO Box 7712, Burbank, CA 91510
- **Dischord**, 3819 Beecher Street, WDC 20007; <www.dischord.com>
- **Ditchdiggin**, 106 Horaney St., Longview, TX 75601; <www.angelfire.com/tx2/ditchdiggin>
- **Emperor Jones**, PO Box 49771, Austin, TX 78765
- **Empty**, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102; <www.emptyrecords.com>
- **Epitaph/Hellcat**, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026
- **Espo**, PO Box 63, Allston, MA 02134
- **Estrus**, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227; <www.estrus.com>
- **Fat Possum**, PO Box 1923, Oxford, MS 38655; <www.fatpossum.com>
- **Fat**, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119
- **The Filthy Skanks**, c/o Johnny T Entertainment, 4709 N. O'Connor Rd. #3019, Irving, TX 75062; <www.thefilthyskanks.com>
- **Foodchain**, 8490 Sunset Blvd. - Ste. 504, West Hollywood, CA 90069
- **Fueled by Ramen**, PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604; <www.fueledbyramen.com>
- **Galaxy**, 17048 Baltar St., Van Nuys, CA 91406
- **Gearhead**, PO Box 421219, SF, CA 94124; <www.gearheadmagazine.com>
- **The Generatorz**; <<http://thegeneratorz.mutimania.com>>
- **Get Hip**, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317; <<http://www.gethip.com>>
- **Geykido Comet**, PO Box 3743, Laguna Hills, CA 92654
- **GMM**, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333
- **Go Kart/High Speed**, PO Box 20, Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012
- **Gore Gore Girls**, PO Box 44434, Detroit, MI 48244
- **Hairy Back Melodies**, PO Box 799, Enfield, CT 06083
- **Headline**, 7708 Melrose Ave., LA, CA 90046
- **The Hellcopters**; <www.hellcopters.com>
- **HG Fact**, 105 Nakano Shinbashi-M, 2-7-15 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013, Japan
- **Honest Don's**, PO Box 192027, SF, CA 94119-2027
- **Hopeless**, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409
- **Hostage**, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615; <www.hostagerecords.net>
- **Hourglass**, #223, 440-10816 Macleod Trail S., Calgary, Alberta, T2J 5N8, Canada; <www.hourglassrecords.com>
- **House Of Rock**, 3rd Linja 21 c 63.00530 Helsinki, Finland
- **The IFB**, 4424 St. Clair Ave. w/n., Ft. Myers, FL 33903
- **In The Red**, 118 Magnolia Blvd., PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506
- **Industrial Strength**, 2824 Regatta Blvd., Richmond, CA 94804
- **Infamalde**, 1250 Yeomans Rd. #13106, Abilene, TX 79602; <grummage@excite.com>
- **The Invisible Men**; <www.theinvisiblemen.com>
- **Jade Tree**, 2310 Kennwynn Rd., Wilmington, DE 19810; <jadetree.com>
- **JJ Nobody**, PO Box 1015, Colorado Springs, CO 80901
- **Joey Essex**, PO Box 918, Oak Grove, LA 71263; <ali_hijazi@hotmail.com>
- **Knot**, PO Box 501, South Haven, MI 49090-0501
- **Know**, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809; <www.knowrecords.com>
- **KOB**, Via N. Mazza 65/B, 37129 Verona, Italy; <kob@bbk.org>
- **Kosher**, 311 Ming St., Warrensburg, MO 64093
- **Kung Fu**, PO Box 38009, Hollywood, CA 90038; <www.kungfurecords.com>
- **Left Out**, 1015 Kelleys Ridge Rd., New Albany, IN 47150; <leftout138@yahoo.com>
- **Lookout!**, 3264 Adeline St., Berkley, CA 94703
- **Mad Butcher**, Bergfeldstr.3, 34289 Zierenberg, Germany
- **Migala**; <www.migala.net>
- **Mint**, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC, V6B 3Y6, Canada
- **The Mullens**, 1559 San Saba Dr., Dallas, TX 75218
- **Mutant Pop**, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330
- **Neurot**, PO Box 410209, SF, CA 94141; <www.neurotrecording.com>
- **Nitro**, 7071 Warner Ave F, PMB 736, Huntington Beach, CA 92647
- **No Respect**, c/o Gotmarstrabe 9, 37073 Göttingen, Germany; <<http://www.puk.de/norespect/>>
- **The Peacocks**, PO Box 154, 8042 Zurich, Switzerland
- **Plan-It-X**, 5810 W. Willis Rd., Georgetown, IN 47122-9117; <<http://go.to/planitx>>
- **Pleasure Forever**; <www.pleasureforever.com>
- **Prank**, PO Box 410892, SF 94141-0892
- **Puppy Vs. Dyslexia**, 812 W. 3rd St., Bloomington, IN 47404; <<http://www.angelfire.com/punk2/pvd>>
- **Quarterstick**, PO Box 25342, Chicago, IL 60625
- **Rapid Pulse**, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460
- **Recess**; <www.recessrecords.com>
- **Revelation**, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232
- **Revenge**, 423 Bryson Springs, Costa Mesa, CA 92627
- **ROIR**, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, NY, NY 11012
- **Satan's Pimp**, PO Box 13141, Reno, NV 89507
- **Soap and Spikes**, 561 Brant St., PO Box 85021, Burlington, Ontario, Canada L7R-4K3
- **Soda Jerk**, PO Box 4056, Boulder, CO 80306; <www.sodajerkrecords.com>
- **Straight Jacket**, PO Box 136, Fullerton, CA 92836-0136
- **Sub Pop**, PO Box 20645, Seattle, WA 98102; <www.subpop.com>
- **Supersift**; <www.supersiftsucks.com>
- **They Still Make Records**, 1349 W. Taylor 3R, Chicago, IL 60607; <<http://home.earthlink.net/~theystill>>
- **Thorp**, PO Box 2007, Upper Darby, PA 19082; <www.thorprecords.com>
- **TKO**, 4104 24th Street #103, SF, CA 94114; <www.tkorecords.com>
- **Transparent**, 6759 Transparent Dr., Clarkston, MI 48346
- **Uprising!**, PO Box 2251, Monroe, MI 48161
- **Your Flesh**, PO Box 25764, Chicago, IL 60625-0764



Send all zines for review to Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042. Please include a contact address, the number of pages, the price, and whether or not you accept trades.



AMERICA? #8, probably \$1, 4 1/4 x 5 1/2, copied, 48 pgs.

Travis Fristoe, the guy who puts out *America?*, has a very natural way of writing. He manages to set up a scene, develop a character, create some action and sometimes dialogue, and make you think about some deeper idea, and he does it all in one or two paragraphs. He's often melancholy, but unlike most writers of melancholy, personal zines, Travis has a way of not bumming me out. I find that, after reading several pages of one of his zines, I start noticing the little details that he would notice in his stories, or I start wondering about different issues as Travis would see them. Then, I have to stop reading his zine for a little bit, give him time to creep out of my brain, then get back to *America?* This issue, like the previous issues I've read, deals largely with alienation in a college town, being a punk rocker after thirty, and the politics of our corporate society. If you feel like chilling out and thinking deeply, *America?* is highly recommended. -Sean (Travis Fristoe, PO Box 13077, Gainesville, FL 32604)

BABYSUE, Vol. 8, Issue 1, \$3.50, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, 32 pgs.

I don't care who you are, *Babysue* will offend you. If both organizations knew about it, I bet both the NAACP and the Klan would condemn it. It's actually pretty impressive the lengths *Babysue* will go to to make sure everyone has something to get pissed off about. I actually kind of like it. I laugh a lot. I just don't like to admit that in writing. This issue is like most issues of *Babysue* - it has the Black Ladies comic, the *Babysue* comic, Homo Jokes, Women Jokes, goofy articles that quickly degenerate, like Why Do People Compete?, and a bunch of comics that explain why people in general are assholes. If you believe in tolerance, *Babysue* is a good place to test your resolve. Now that I've been reading *Babysue* for years, the shock value has worn off. I find I'm laughing less, and, as I start to understand a few of the deeper issues imbedded in all the anger, I'm starting to feel kind of bad for the guy who puts it out. It can't be healthy to harbor so much resentment. But, if you're unlike me and can avoid psychoanalyzing this zine, it's a good place to get pissed off and laugh. -Sean (*Babysue*, PO Box 33369, Decatur, GA 30033)

CASHIERS DU CINEMART #11, \$3.00, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, glossy cover, 100 pgs.

This settles it. I'm now going to have to hunt down a cool video store that's full of the little independent films that are covered in magazines like *Cinemad*, *Micro-Film*, and *Cashiers du Cinemart*. All three zines do a great job of getting me very excited about movies I have no intention of seeing. All three make me wonder if, deep down inside, I'd rather spend three bucks to read a hundred pages about tons of movies instead of spending three bucks renting just one movie. Anyway, this issue of *Cashiers du Cinemart* is pretty old. My guess (based on both the content and the price sticker on the cover) is that this magazine had been returned by a distributor, then sent to me for review. I don't care. It's still pretty cool. This issue has first person columns by indie-film-makers, an article about how a Richard Stark novel (*Point Blank* - a great old pulp crime book) was made into three and a half films, an interview with a woman who wrote a novel about her experiences as a dominatrix, and pages and pages of indie movie stuff. It's a pretty diverse zine, big enough to fit in articles for people who aren't film buffs and still cover an amazing amount of movies. Good stuff. -Sean (*Cashiers du Cinemart*, PO Box 2401, Riverview, MI 48192)

CAUSTIC TRUTHS #78, \$2.95, 8 1/2 x 11, glossy, 50 pgs.

Caustic Truths is a long running punk zine from Canada. This issue has interviews with both Jello Biafra and East Bay Ray of the Dead Kennedys - separate interviews, of course - in an attempt to get to the bottom of their lawsuit. It's pretty interesting to see how divergent each guy's point of view is, but seen together, I think you can get a pretty good idea of what went down between the former members of the Dead Kennedys and their label, Alternative Tentacles. Also in this issue is an article about how to get free long distance through the internet, several different bands tell sad stories about touring, a shoplifter teaches you the tricks of the trade, and there are tons of record reviews.

-Sean (*Caustic Truths*, PO Box 92548, 152 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont., Canada M5A 2KO)

FILM GEEK #5, 1 lousy buck, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied, 28 pgs.

I love it when I get a zine like this - a tiny, photocopied, perpetually late, stapled-in-a-bedroom kind of zine about a few people in Oklahoma's passion for B-movies. I love it especially when the writing in the zine is this good. In this issue, editor Alan Fare (who does

most of the writing) writes a cool article about punk rock movies, revisiting "Another State of Mind," "Suburbia," and others almost twenty years after they came out. He also does an interview with himself (well, he claims his dog did it. Who am I to question?) that's surprisingly funny, mostly because he comes across as a jaded old punk in the interview, and the rest of the zine (most of which he put together) is so enthusiastic. He's definitely got a subtle sense of humor, but once you start catching the jokes, they're pretty funny. *Film Geek* also has a fair amount of zine and book reviews. On the whole, though, it's mostly about crazy movies that Blockbuster will never carry. -Sean (*Film Geek*, PO Box 501113, Tulsa, OK 74150)

GLUE May/June 2001, \$3.50, 8 1/2 x 11, glossy, 74 pgs.

Though I'm not a fan of "style and action in Los Angeles," which is what *Glue* describes itself as being all about, I read every page of this zine and decided that, if the writing is good enough, I'll read about anything. *Glue* is pretty interesting - it's what all those check-out counter magazines should be. There are tons of big, pretty pictures of not necessarily pretty people and attractive layouts. There are interviews with bands like Betty Blowtorch and Inger Lorre, blurbs on Sympathy for the Record Industry and Renae from On the Rag Records, a pretty funny column about a drag queen's love of Eminem, bits of politics, fashion, and movies, and even a nice mention of a new LA punk zine called Razorcake. And even if they hadn't said nice things about Razorcake, I would've liked *Glue*. It's a cool magazine. -Sean (*Glue*, PO Box 27067, LA, CA 90027)

MOTION SICKNESS #11,

I think it's free, 8 1/2 x 11, offset newsprint, 80 pgs.

Motion Sickness really sucked me in. I put it through the record review test: reading reviews of records I have and seeing if I agree with the reviewers. I did. Then, I checked out the interviews of bands/people I like. This issue had really cool interviews with D4, Empty Records, Steve Soto of the Adolescents, and Carrie McNinch of the Assassin & the Whiner zine. Then, I read a bitter but funny article on restaurant etiquette which brought back a bunch of memories of working in restaurants. At this point, I was enjoying the zine to the point that I was ready to read the intense, academic essay towards the end called American

Gendercide, which examines the ways in which all people are trapped by the rigid, unnatural definitions of their respective genders. I was blown away. I keep thinking about that essay. Holding its conclusions up against my own observations and gaining more understanding of the politics of gender. This made me a fan of *Motion Sickness*. Then, I read the columns and, though a couple of the columns were kind of weak, I found a lot of interesting reading in that section, too. Very cool. I'm looking forward to the next issue. -Sean (Motion Sickness, PO Box 24277, St. Louis, MO 63130)

PROFANE EXISTENCE #39, free, 11 x 17,

offset newsprint, 20 pgs.

It looks like *Profane Existence* is back publishing regularly. This issue has interviews with Tragedy, Shit List, and Hate to State. There's also a scene report from the Phillipines, a couple of articles on the state of anarchism in the twenty-first century, and several columns. It's a very serious and articulate zine. *Profane Existence* definitely wears their left-wing politics on their sleeve. Which is fine. I tend to agree with their politics more often than not. I just

wish that the overall tone would lighten up a bit. Chances are, the only people who pick up a zine like *PE* pick it up because they're already predisposed to agree with the politics. So when *PE* preaches to the choir, they should probably be a little more careful to avoid preaching in scolding and condescending tones. At least I don't like being scolded and condescended when I read a newsprint punk rock zine. And I'm not saying that that's all *PE* does. There's a lot of good stuff here, too. But *PE* can be so condescending that, sometimes when I read it, I feel like I'm at a Fifteen show looking for the exits. -Sean (Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

TIGHT PANTS #8, three stamps, 8 1/2 X 5 1/2, copied, 56 pgs.

Tight Pants Girl is exactly what's great about the underground. Madeline is funny, articulate, enthusiastic, and perfectly spastic. Then it got a little weird. Sean and I started making a little shrine. At the core were the mostly-dust remnants from several boxes Frosted Mini Wheats that would usually throw away. We mixed the wheat dust with whole milk, packed it hard (that shit's cement), and started shaping it. We half chewed

Golden Grahams. Viola, hair. We fashioned her torso, legs, and out of modern Kix (with a little cheating with rubber cement). The 1/3 life size Madeline shrine was almost complete. Then it descended on us like a leprechaun to the end of the rainbow. We removed all the marshmallow bits out of seven boxes of Lucky Charms and covered her mini-body with it. Madeline's rad. Our fascination with how cool her zine is... well, that isn't so healthy. -Todd

SWANKHOLE #4, \$1.00, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied, 20 pgs.

Swankhole is one guy's photocopied labor of love. It took him two years to put this together. In that time, half the bands interviewed (well, one of the two bands interviewed) broke up and half of the venues covered in the live reviews (well, again, one of two) have closed. But don't let that discourage you. Zines don't have to be up-to-the-minute. Hell, they shouldn't be. Especially DIY stepchildren like this one. Joe does a lot of stimulating things with glue and scissors laying this sucker out, and there are some cool thoughts/stories in these pages. At the end of the zine are Cliff's Notes to the Vietnam War. It's pretty

interesting. I dug this zine.

-Sean (Joe Carey, 6 Belden Rd., Carmel, NY 10512)

WONKA VISION #13, free, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, glossy cover, 60 pgs.

On three separate occasions, I saw the cover to this zine in my review stack, thought to myself, I haven't read this yet, then flipped through it and realized I had read it. The same article grabbed me all three times. It was about a woman who sticks hooks in her back and hangs from the ceiling as a way of reaching spiritual enlightenment. Pretty cool article. The woman does an excellent job of articulating her point of view. Other than that, this zine has interviews with the Alkaline Trio, Jurassic 5, and Wesley Willis, among others. The interviews are okay. The letters page is funny and completely fake. There's a lot of emo stuff here. The editor even quotes Jawbreaker (but from a song on their crappy album, "Dear You") on the editorial page. It's not bad. Obviously, a lot of work went into this zine and the person/people who put it together are very passionate about it, so I don't want to knock it. It's just not my thing. -Sean (Wonka Vision, 670 Inca St. Suite B-1, Denver, CO 80204)

RICH MACKIN HAS A NEW BOOK COMING OUT THIS FALL:



Dear Mr. Mackin...
THE BEST OF RICH'S LETTERS AND ESSAYS

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WACKY PACKAGES GALLERY

Paul Argyropoulos

Published by Phil Carpenter 8 1/2" X 11" softcover 128 pages; ISBN 0-9705144-0-9

Contact : <wackypackagesgallery.com>

Remember Wacky Packages, those colorful packs of stickers that were spoofs on everything from grocery store items - Hawaiian Punks (Hawaiian Punch) and Baby Runt Candy (Baby Ruth), to popular magazines - Playboy (Playboy) and Jerk In Jail (Jack 'N Jill), to toys - Shot Wheels (Hot Wheels) and Stinkertoy (Tinkertoy). These damn things kept me fascinated as a kid, especially with how much detail was put into each sticker's artwork. And that pink stick of awful fricking gum that was like chomping into slice of baking powder. Heh. Years later, I'm surprised to see just how big a deal with collectors Wacky Packages have become, which is clearly obvious after taking a look at this book. (I recently saw a complete first set of cards from 1967 go for roughly \$11,000. Crazy insane.)

After reading this beast, I'm convinced that it's become quite an overwhelming hobby to those who are serious about grabbing up as much of this childhood nostalgia as they can. To say that this book is quite an extensive resource on Wacky Packages stickers and related merchandise would be an understatement. To say that it is *the* resource is more like it. I had no idea how many series of these stickers were actually produced until I started looking at the full color pictures of all the actual stickers themselves here... that's right, *every single one of them, baby*. Unbelievable, but true. And the pics are of a good size, as well. NOT the tiny, itty-bitsy, fucking annoying, break-out-the-reading-glasses size like a lot of other collectable-type books pass off, ya know?

Besides the pics of stickers, there are pics of *all* the other related Wacky Packages merch, like some *original* artwork (rough drafts, too), uncut sheets of stickers, store display boxes, sticker package wrappers, cloth patches, temporary tattoos, pogs, and a *shitload* of other related goods. But it gets a *whole* lot better. In the few beginning pages of the book, there is a through history of the Wacky Packs phenomenon, including its inception, the original artwork paintings, and how they came to pass (1967 to 1994!). The ongoing pages continue with chronologically listing each series, complete with all the variations and recalls. There's even a section on pricing all the different stickers, as well as *all* the other Wacky Packages-related items. What I like about this section is that Paul emphasizes that his price guide section isn't *the* price guide- that the items are worth whatever you pay for them and you should always use discretion, being that the marketplace for Wacky Packages has become increasingly aggressive and political (please refer to my column in this issue for the special coverage on some of these certain types of collectors). In the back, there is an alphabetic listing for all the stickers and series # for easy referencing. An incredible abundance of other knowledge is also packed in this book, too. Hats off to both Paul and Phil for a very good job here. I heard that this volume of info was years in the making. Well worth the wait. Whether you use to buy these stickers as a kid at your neighborhood liquor store and then stashed 'em away in the closet years ago, or you happen to belong to a circle of hardcore Wacky Pack collectors, this book will be enjoyed on ANY level, regardless of the reader's knowledge on this often forgotten, but always remembered subject. Definitely and *highly* recommended. -Designated Dale



One day, I told Sean, "Hey, put a shirt on, I'm eating."
He shrugged. "Don't have any more."

Then we thought, "I bet there's other half-naked people out there."

We're no marketing geniuses.

Here's what we've got: the official, "I called the cops... on the Rhythm Chicken and he's still playing in my bathroom!" shirt. It's one-sided, white, with black lettering.

The other's 2-sided, black, with the Razorcake logo on the front and "Because Spin Magazine couldn't find their ass if you hung a bell on it." written on the back, on top of the Razorcake icon.

Please specify: M, L, or XL



t-shirts \$10, ppd. ea. USA
PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042

Order quickly or Sean's gonna start wearin' 'em and stretching out the little ones.

RAZZORCAKE

RAZZORCAKE



issue number three

fanzine * webzine

DUANE PETERS

Duane Peters



The

WEIRD LOVEMAKERS

Weird Lovemakers

TADPOLE

Tadpole

A HISTORY OF

A History of

East LA Punk

DAGONS

The Dragons

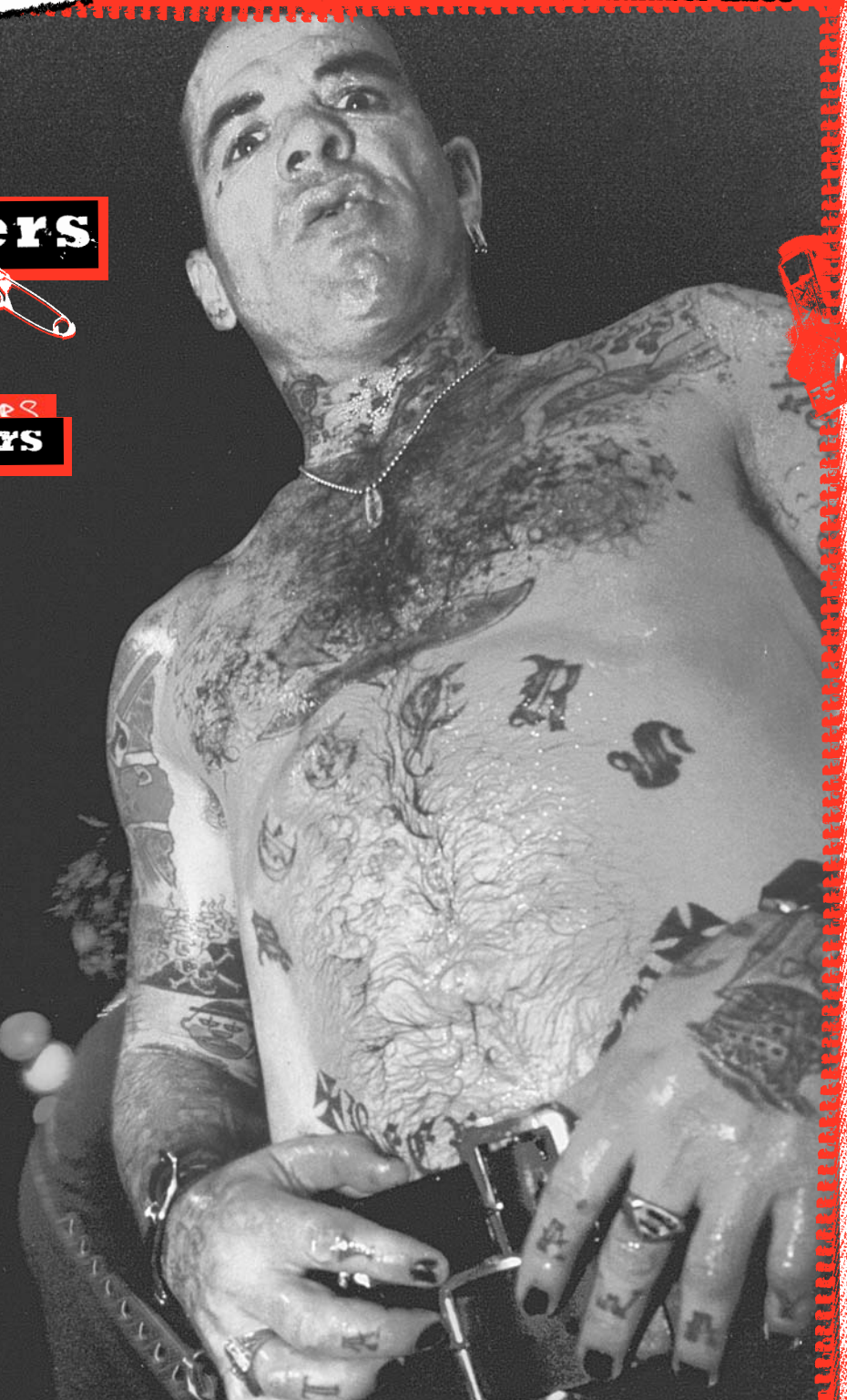
FRIENDS FOREVER

Friends Forever

(the documentary)

Aug/Sept 2001

\$3



RAZORCAKE

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

Sean <sean@razorcake.com>
Todd <retodded@razorcake.com>
Rich Mackin <richmackin@richmackin.org>
Nardwuar <nardwuar@nardwuar.com>
Designated Dale <RamonesNYC1974@aol.com>
Rhythm Chicken <rhythmchicken@hotmail.com>
Everyone else can be reached c/o Razorcake.

AD DEADLINE FOR ISSUE #3

August 1, 2001

EMAIL OR MAIL US FOR THE RATES

AD SIZES

Full page, 7.5 inches wide, 10 inches tall.
Half page, 7.5 inches wide, 5 inches tall.
Quarter page, 3.75 inches wide, 5 inches tall.
Sixth page, 2.5 inches wide, 5 inches tall.

*Covers are already taken in perpetuity (forever), but if you put in a request, we'll put you on the list.

*Please make all checks out to Razorcake.

ADVERTISING STIPULATIONS

- *All ads are black and white. There are no immediate plans for color insides.
- *Make ads the right size and orientation. If ads are the wrong size, they won't run or we'll chop 'em up with scissors to fit.
- *We will not accept electronic ad files. Hard copy only.
- *Send good laser prints for the ads. Use solely black ink on all art. Do not output your ad on a bubble jet printer even if it looks black and white. It will reproduce like complete shit when it goes to an offset printer.
- *Only for full-page ads, we'll accept film. Positive stats, RRED (right-reading, emulsion side down) only.
- *All photos must be halftoned using a 85 LPI (85 line screen).
- *If you feel the need for us to invoice you, understand that your ad won't run until we have the cash on hand, so make those arrangements before the ad deadline.
- *If any of this is fuzzy, don't hesitate to contact us. We'll explain it.

Thank you list: Huge thanks to Julia Smut for help with the cover and for the photoshop lessons, and to Art for the really cool comic. Regular, heartfelt thanks to Jason WeirdLovemaker for the pictures and the porn; to Dave Gillanders for leading us to Jungle Bowl; to Kat Jetson, Jen Hitchcock, Bob Cantu, and Liz O. for the interviews; to Jimmy Alvarado for the East LA article; to Donofthedeat, RumbleStripper, Southern Fried Keith, and Designated Dale, for coming to our magazine stuffing party (which we know is a euphemism for sweatshop labor); to Harmoniee for her help with the baby-tees and the punk rock girl page; to Felizon Vidar for all her editorial help; to Sara Islett for letting us use that picture of her; to Money

I was at the PO a few days ago when Gil the incredibly friendly postal worker asked me, "When should I take my next vacation day?" When he saw I was confused, he added, "Don't you have another magazine coming out soon?"

I smiled, thinking, now I know what he's talking about. He's dreading the day when Todd and I show up with boxes full of two thousand magazines that we're sending out to distributors. Actually, he's dreading when he has to carry those boxes from the front counter to the back of the PO. And my heart sunk a little. How could I tell him that the boxes would be even heavier this time because we added another eight pages? Should I tell him how stoked I am about this issue? I mean, I've read through it three times already, not because I had to, but because I wanted to. I wanted to release this issue early because I was so excited about the content that I couldn't wait for someone else to read it. Our contributors gave us so much good shit that we had to add another eight pages, and even so, we had to boot about four pages of record reviews and the whole video reviews section over to the web. And in the end, I got what I've always wanted - a zine that I can endorse (even if I don't necessarily agree with) every single page of.

A fat lot of good this does Gil, though, when he has to tote those extra heavy boxes to the back of the PO. Sorry, man. Advil's on me.

-Sean

Oh, and in response to all the people who keep asking me why the Rhythm Chicken wears a bunny head, all I can say is, what the fuck are you talking about?

*This is Handsome Henry,
Matt Average and Erin's kid and
Razorcake's mascot.*

This is Henry's top 5:

1. Bert & Ernie "Greatest Hits" (quiet and enjoying the drive)
2. His mom singing "Hickory Dickory Dock" (calms him when he's frustrated)
3. Zero Boys "Vicious Circle" CD (smiles the whole time)
4. Bad Brains "Black Dots" CD (same reaction as with the Zero Boys)
5. Void - anything (he started to cry when he heard the Faith side!)



and Nancy for getting us drunk; to Laurie Pike for proof reading; to Brian Chaser for steering us to some very helpful websites; to Sarah Stierch, Namella "Smackdown" Kim, and Cuss Baxter for the reviews; and to all the hard-working postal workers at our local substation. Say hey to our newest reviewer, Toby Tober.

Cover picture of Duane Peters by Todd

Issue #3, August/Sept. 2001

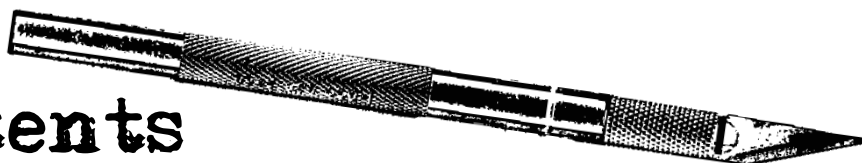
RAZORCAKE

Cutting. Tasty.



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

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Razorcake, the zine and website, is put together by Skinny Dan, Sean Carswell, Katy Spining, and Todd Taylor. Dave Guthrie made the logos.

Razorcake is bi-monthly. Issues are \$3.00 ppd. in the U.S.

Yearly subscriptions (six issues) are \$15.00. Plus you get some free shit.



Money

Pog Mo Thon



Ever since I blindsided a temp in the break room, I've been on a roll. Last Monday I had my first double sack day of the year. Those account people are total wussies.

New Year's Resolutions: A Mid-Year Report

Resolution: Wear lederhosen to a show.

Results: None, but it's early yet.

Comments: The only stipulation I have put on myself with this one is that wearing them in October or to an Oktoberfest event doesn't count. I'm thinking a wedding, preferably this summer. Maybe Warped Tour. Nothing says punk rock like leather shorts from the Old Country. Preferably green. But where does one get lederhosen? eBay?

Resolution: Catch some major air in the snowboard park.

Results: None.

Comments: This resolution is the result of nearly separating my shoulder last season on a jump. Total wipeout on the ice. This season I bought a new board but only went a few times and didn't even get close to a park. Just the opposite. I went on a tree run and buried myself in the deep snow. Had to click out and hike to the trail, huffing and puffing through chest-high snow. It was late afternoon and getting cold and dark. I could see the trail, but it seemed to take an eternity to reach it. Took a break and almost nodded off. Came to the conclusion that I'm no Ernest Shackleton. Went back a few weeks later and kicked its ass, but I've got my work cut out for me this Christmas.

Resolution: Avoid getting so drunk I get arrested, get in a fight or soil myself.

Result: Total failure.

Comments: I don't know why I even bother to put this one on the list anymore.

Hint: ass patty.

Resolution: Get more sacks.

Result: Vastly improved.

Comments: My sack total is way, way up this year. I'm talking off the charts. Ever since I blindsided a temp in the break room, I've been on a roll. Last

Monday I had my first double sack day of the year. Those account people are total wussies. Still, my footwork could be better coming off the edge. Definite room for improvement here.

Resolution: Get in shape.

Results: Complete success, provided of course, the shape in question is a beer barrel.

Comments: On the upside, I just received a lifetime achievement award from the nice people at Frito Lay.

Resolution: Inspire a punk rock song.

Results: No luck so far.

Comments: Ever since hearing the Bouncing Soul's "Lamar Vannoy" I've wanted to inspire a band to write a punk rock song about me, but so far it just hasn't happened. It's not that I'm not wild and crazy anymore; I mean my library books are soooo overdue it's sick. Perhaps the sight of me making an ass of myself in my lederhosen will inspire someone.



Resolution: Fuck a porn star.

Results: Nightly.

Comments: Thank god for Spank-O-Vision.

Resolution: Get out of the country.

Results: Going to France.

Comments: I'm actually pretty excited about this. My girlfriend thinks I'm going to museums and stuff. Fuck that. I'm not going to Morrison's grave either. I want to sit in cafes and be rude and confrontational to the waiters, who I'm told are rude and confrontational. Do they have punk rock in France? Anyone ever been to France? Send me your ideas for things to do. Also, how to say fuck off in French.

Resolution: Go back in time.

Results: Partial.

Comments: I went to the Rainbow Room. Man, that was wiggly. It was like drinking Jack and doing meth and waking up inside the GNR "Sweet Child of Mine" video. I'm talking total Alice in Hesherland experience here. I walked around in a daze asking people what year it was.

Resolution: Shoot a man in Reno just to watch him die.

Results: Seriously thinking about it.

Comments: I think listening to old Christ on a Crutch is taking an edge off my desire to kill a man (although I'm certainly not opposed to killing a woman or

rabid dog, if the situation warrants it, or even a crazed armadillo just so long as the actual dying part made for compelling action and held my interest) in Reno just to watch him die but I'm not giving up my Christ on a Crutch CD. No. Of course, I've never been to Reno and I'm sure there are plenty of interesting things to do in Reno other than shoot people just to watch them die. In fact, the whole "just to watch him die" bit is suggestive of a state of intense ennui, a weariness with the world that can only be abated by doing something radically different and new simply for the sake of entertainment, and I don't think such boredom is possible for people who have never been to Reno before and sampled its many charms. I've checked with the Chamber of Commerce web site and not only is "kill a man" not listed in their not-so comprehensive list of things to do in Reno, but there are so many things going on that it seems highly unlikely that a weekend visitor would run out of things to do there. There's picnics, amateur art shows, street fairs and arts and crafts out the ass. Moving to Reno, however, is out of the question. So I'm kind of in a dilemma. However, if Bob Costas shows up, let me know. I'll be on the next flight out and whack that little fucker before you can say "Michael Jordan knob slobber." I wonder, is there a "just to watch him die" defense?

Note to self: e-mail attorney.

Resolution: Return library books on time.

Results: What overdue library books?

Comments: Jesus! What is it with you people, prying into my life like this? Get off my back already!

-Money





THE MAN WITH A
FIST ONLY A MOTHER
COULD LOVE!

BEEZLE IN PAYBACK'S A BINGE

ART: 06/01



breep
breep
breep
breep

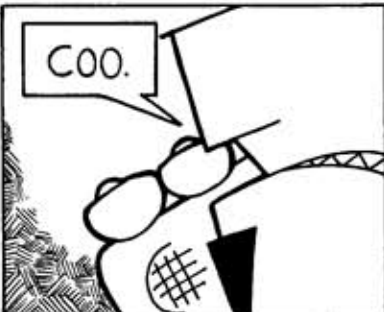


PICK-UP
OR
DELIVERY?

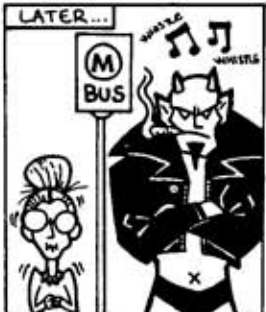
DELIVERY.

I HAVE
A JOB
FOR YOU.

SHOOT



COO.



LATER...

(M)
BUS



GRAB!!



I'M GONNA
WASTE 'ER!!

SOB



HOLD IT RIGHT
THERE, VILLAIN!

COO.



NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!

I KNEW
YOU'D SHOW.

EAT
ME!

WELL I
NEVER!



SEE HERE
EVIL DOER...

CUT THA BULLSHIZ.
DO YOU REMEMBER
SARA LEE?



YEA, I
THOT SO.



REMEMBER... SARA'S
APARTMENT CAUGHT FIRE.



AND WHAT WERE YOU
DOING THAT MORNING?



THE CEILING COLLAPSED...
NO ONE COULD GET TO HER...



BUT YOU DID...
YOU SAVED "HER"...



PROBLEM IS YOU WERE SO WIRED
THAT YOU SAVED ONE OF HER DOLLS...



AND LEFT
SARA TO DIE
IN THE FIRE.



BUT YOU WERE
ACQUITTED... GOOD
LAWYER.



THAT WAS 3 YEARS
AGO... I'M CLEAN NOW.

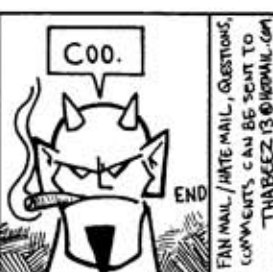
I HAVE A DELIVERY
FOR YOU FROM
SARA'S PARENTS.



METRO CITY HERO, SUPER
GUN WAS FOUND DEAD
THIS MORNING OF AN
APPARENT DRUG OVERDOSE...



CLICK



COO.

END

FAN MAIL / RATE MAIL, QUESTIONS,
COMMENTS CAN BE SENT TO
THABEEZ13@HOTMAIL.COM



Hair-Brained Scheme Addict

These multinational conglomerates own the schoolbooks, the music, the television, the news media, the movies, the phones, the booze (fuel for the revolution) and even the water supply!

Babbling Prologue for a History of the Future

A few months back I had the opportunity to leave my job at a local blues/white reggae club in Pacific Beach, CA a bit earlier than usual. I decided it was way too early to head home so I moseyed on over to another club where '80s crossover heroes D.R.I. were playing with a band I really love called 8 Bucks Experiment. I was too late to hear the mighty 8 Bucks, but I was just in time to see D.R.I. finish their first song. I figured it was worth sticking around for a laugh. Fellow meathead heroes, S.O.D., had played just two weeks before that. I worked the monitor board for that show and saw three people with one eye that night. I thought it was pretty hilarious that the door count that night was 340 people yet there were only 677 eyeballs in the building.

So I'm watching D.R.I. and I'm watching the crowd and I'm really getting annoyed. It's the same reason I stopped paying attention to them after "Dealing With It" came out. Their lyrics were great but the crowd didn't hear anything but the speed of the music. The crowd is running in circles and a few of the bald ones look as if they are trying to hail a cab right there in the club. My mind was racing. Would they play it? Would they actually play that fucking song? Their signature song that appeared on three different records? That genius little ditty that every songwriter has slapped their head time and time again because THEY didn't write it? That simple one line that seemed to sum up every other punk rock song from 1980-1988? If you don't know what I'm talking about I'll reprint the lyrics here:

"Reaganomics killing me, Reaganomics killing you"

The crowd went nuts. I went nuts. It was 1987 all over again; this little nightclub had transformed into a time machine. The Budweiser and bonghit-soaked crowd singing in enthusiastic unison got me to thinking. Growing up, much of my fears

came from seeing daily images of ICBM's being paraded down streets paved with the uniformed and the flag wavers. The U.S. would do it; the soviets would do it. The missiles would get bigger and bigger and the parades would be more grandiose. It was a daily scene straight out of "Beneath the Planet of the Apes." They'd always seem to cut to either Reagan or Brezhnev getting teary eyed as those missiles passed them by.

The Pathetic History Lesson

This little episode really got me to thinking about what punks have got to sing about now. We don't live in fear of annihilation anymore. We aren't told daily that our nations have the power to blow up the world thirty times over. Sure, there are social problems like homelessness, starvation and gender phobias but none of those really project to our minds a non-future of a planet literally shattered and sent into darkness. The cold war is over and I no longer stay up all night fearing that tomorrow we'll all be shadows burned into the pavement.

While the cold war withered during the Bush administration, a new menace appeared. As Bush dismantled the military and the contractors' unemployment was at an all time high, America needed jobs and Bill Clinton was the solution. We saw the rise of the dot.com industry. HTML replaced ICBM as the household anagram.

The dot.com and the rise of the Internet became big money. This bottomless trunk of information does everything from inter-personal communications to media storage and distribution. Music, movies, instant news, images and literary works are prominent features of the Internet. About three years ago, super bowl commercials switched from razors and beer to dot.com companies offering "solutions," whatever that means. Media, instead of military contracts, feeds families now.

The pre dot.com media companies saw the potential goldmine in advertising their products on the net, be it movies, television or

music. People were spending more time on their computers and far less time reading People and watching "must see TV." How were the major media companies going to penetrate the computer screens to tell the world to put down their mouses and pick up their remotes? For the most part, they couldn't. It was time to buy into the new technology and reap the rewards.

The Players

The most famous of these mergers is the AOL/TimeWarner alliance, the world's largest media company owning the world's largest Internet provider. One can log onto AOL and find adverts and links to websites promoting their magazines that cover websites. They can find information about movies like "You've Got Mail," an update of the movie "Shop Around The Corner," where Meg Ryan and Tom Hanks trade email over AOL. One very interesting piece of promotional/memorabilia is a "You've Got Mail" 3" CD-ROM containing the software needed to hook up to AOL and a link to the online website and a movie trailer. Few realize how truly revolutionary this little marketing gem is, bridging the gap between media and the Internet. A child born in the '90s could grow up watching Cartoon Network, graduate into Batman Comics, get a subscription to *Sports Illustrated*, call MoviePhone to find out where to take his date to see the new John Travolta movie, route his band's tour using Mapquest, get signed to Elektra Records, read where to invest the money he made by reading *Fortune* magazine and in his old age watch that John Travolta Movie again on Turner Classic Movies. AOL/Time Warner would profit from the entire lifespan of this child.

Programmers from Fraunhofer Gesellschaft whom created standards for the Motion Picture Experts Group were toying around with a way to compress music files and came up with something called MP3. Previously, near-CD quality music was stored in .wav files. A three-minute song could be

between 40 and 60 megabytes in size. At 33.6 and 56k modem speeds it would take hours to download a single file. MP3 compresses music into sizes closer to 3 megs. Servers could store millions of MP3 files. A home user could store hundreds of MP3s on the newest and cheapest media storage device available, the CD-Recordable.

Shawn Fanning was 19 years old when he created a simple yet powerful program that could bridge the gap between Internet users to trade MP3 files. He called it Napster. Napster doesn't store music on a server. It's more like a glorified chat room client. Users can trade MP3 files they store on their own computers. They can also chat in real time while trading files.

MP3.Com was the brainchild of Michael Robertson. The advances in home recording meant that for a few hundred bucks anyone could record their own original music. People compressed their music into MP3 format and posted the results on their own personal website. MP3.Com was created as the place where independent artists could store their music and information about their band as well as check the progress of their music as people downloaded the songs. This frightens those who are in the business of recording, distributing, manufacturing and selling music. No one really needed a major record contract to get his or her music heard by the rest of the world. Punks, of course, knew this all along and this independence fueled the punk/diy subculture for over 20 years - first out of necessity, and then out of spite, for those who had the power and unethical ways of exploiting that power.

At first, MP3.com stayed afloat with banner advertising but soon the novelty caught on. Artists like Alanis Morissette and David Bowie were singing the praises of MP3. Alanis Morissette was offered 660,000 shares of stock at 33 cents a share as an incentive to join a fledgling MP3.com sponsored tour. When MP3.Com went public, Alanis became a millionaire. She

had already sold 19 million albums, and now her thumbs up support of MP3.Com gave her and the new company credibility.

The novelty of major artists releasing music first on the net was very popular. Everyone who could afford a monthly net bill was now "in the know" and the envy of the average record buyers. This sort of user-ego fueled Napster's popularity. That and the outrageous prices of compact discs. The vast amount of information available on the net and the drastic price drop in CD-R technology may have also helped Napster's popularity. Now everyone had access to the big industry secret that a CD cost 60 cents to make, sold for 15-18 bucks, out of which the artists who created the music were getting about a dollar for each sale. Why should a college student take an 18 dollar chance that the album they buy isn't going to be as good as the song they heard on the radio? Napster allowed people to listen first, then decide later.

This is a problem for those who sell music to the masses. It was only a matter of time before the majors saw the shiny new bike called MP3 and wanted it for themselves.

MP3.com made a fatal mistake when they allowed users to store their own store-bought music on their servers. MyMP3.Com gave users a small plot of land on their servers to homestead music and create sort of an online mix tape for listening to while surfing. The music was only uploadable and accessible by inserting the original CD in one's CD-ROM drive. The serial number on the original disc was the key that unlocked the users stored music. MP3.Com was sued and lost. As MP3.Com lay bleeding, but not quite dead, one particularly nasty vulture came swooping overhead.

French media giant Vivendi Universal - one of the victors in the lawsuit against MP3.com - and Napster made MP3.com's weary stockholders an offer they couldn't

refuse. The deal is in the final stages as I write this. Vivendi is a French-based telecommunications company who owns Europe's largest Internet and cellular company (Vodafone/Airtouch) as well as Europe's largest cable provider (Studio Canal). They own Usfilter, America's largest private water supplier. They also dabble in waste management. So do the Sopranos.

Vivendi purchased Seagram's last June for 34 billion dollars. Seagram's had acquired Universal the previous year. Vivendi/Universal also owns Emusic and is working deals with Sony to create a new entertainment division on the net. Emusic is a pay service that charges 2.99 to download a single MP3 file. Many companies from Sony to Epitaph to independent labels like Cool Guy also used Emusic to distribute their songs in electronic format. Just days after announcing the bid for MP3.Com, Vivendi announced it was going after Houghton Mifflin,

America's largest textbook publisher.

The Paranoid Rant

So we're coming to the end of this concise history lesson. I didn't get into too many specifics because I'm saving those for future columns. Next issue we're going to take a look at a vision of the future which not be very pleasant. Two major corporations, who are now unbound by international law for the most part, are going head to head to win the hearts and minds of the people. These multinational conglomerates own the school-books, the music, the television, the news media, the movies, the phones, the booze (fuel for the revolution) and even the water supply!

Fear them brothers and sisters for they are the new dark lords of the empire.

And here comes the real bad news. They own Razorcake.

- Davey Tiltwheel



Davey Tiltwheel

DAVEY TILTWHEEL

BOB TILTWHEEL

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A RAZORCAKE FILMS PRODUCTION



Designated Dale

I'm Against It



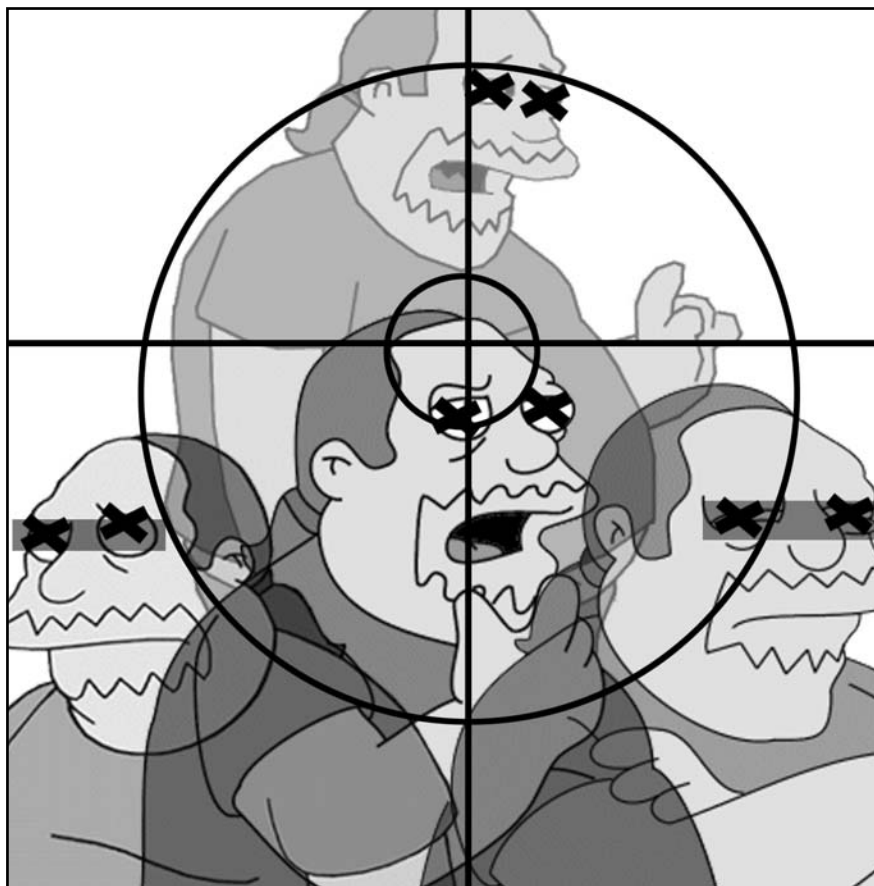
*If some of ya are in doubt, let me just quickly state that, no,
I don't get some ejaculatory charge if*

*I have more Ramones LPs or 7"s than someone else-it ain't gonna kill me because I don't have
some Dutch or Japanese pressing of some record or 7", fer chrissakes.*

Designated Dale

I'd feel like a tool if I didn't start off this column by pointing out that although it's been more than a coupla months, the recent passing of Joey Ramone is still rippling throughout all of the music communities, large and small. It's a damn shame that someone from a band - a band who once again helped place the U.S. on the rock and roll map - is suddenly recognized now for their massive impact all because one of their members is gone. That gets under my skin; "Really burns my shit," as my father once exclaimed long ago. But instead of harboring seething hate while observing all the "new-found fans" these days, I'll just remind myself to what all I had to say in Joey's obituary last issue. I hope many, if not all, of you true fans felt the same while reading it.

One point that I brought up last issue, while discussing the trials and tribulations of music box sets, was that there is a distinct difference between scumbag collectors, and collectors who are fans. I had also added that that was a whole other column, and ya know what? After seeing and hearing what I have since the last issue of Razorcake, I think I'd like to have a talk about this interesting subject, fucking touch on it, if you will. All of us enjoy one thing or another in our lives, some of these things we like a whole lot more than others. And people who really favor something, be it music, movies, sports, whatever, tend to gain a relatively small to an extremely large collection of items related to that most-



Worst column, ever!

loved thing in their life; mine being Ramones-related treasures, for example. Now, keep in mind that there are quite a number of reasons why some people, even fans, amass museum-sized collections of whatever gets their goat. Some creeps do it to get some unnatural satisfaction of having more stuff than the next fan, some people do it because they are heavily obsessed and are out of their tree - Cuckoo-Cuckoo! (completists, for example) - some fuckheads do it all for the money (these people are the scumbag collectors mentioned earlier - we'll get to them in a bit) and some people

like myself do it because they simply are fans, pure and simple. If some of ya are in doubt, let me just quickly state that, no, I don't get some ejaculatory charge if I have more Ramones LPs or 7"s than someone else - it ain't gonna kill me because I don't have some Dutch or Japanese pressing of some record or 7", fer chrissakes. No, I don't violently awake in the middle of the night wondering if and when I can ever get my twitching hands on a "Leave Home" pen knife/letter opener while I bite my fingernails down to my knuckles, sweating out the dilemma - the world will go on

if I don't have it, believe it or not. And, no, I don't gather up Ramones swag to turn around and seriously rape someone outta their money for it. To hell with that mentality. I think I'm like most fans who have herded up their Ramones collection over the years for the proud fact that we unconditionally dig 'em, no more, no less. Period. Color me fanboy, if you will, 'cause I proudly fucking am. I'll even go out of my way to search for things that other 'Mones fans get a sweet tooth for, 'cause I really do enjoy helping out other fans - especially fans who have good intentions - but you can never be 100% sure. It's part of the game in the world of collecting. I've actually been fortunate enough to come in contact with some far older fans of the band, and they've helped me out tremendously with my collection. Bless 'em. On the same hand, I've also had the unfortunate experience of people commenting things like, "Wow, I bet you're sure glad that you bought all of that Ramones stuff all these years, 'cause now it's worth even more 'cause Joey died!"

Since Joey took off to R'N'R heaven this past April, I've been telling these fucking people who "enlighten" me with this, "Look, the ton of Ramones memorabilia I've acquired over the years is still worth the same to me as much as the day I bought it.

Fuck the monetary value - I'm well aware of that - but it has nothing to do with my personal value - the fan value. I have never really sold anything and I still ain't selling a god damn thing. Get it? I kinda hate to get rude with these pricks making their thoughtless comments to me like this, but I guess it's par

for the course as it is with all the other countless musicians who have passed on and left behind the eventual feeding frenzy that all the pus-gutted, money-grubbing, opportunist, cocksucker collectors just can't wait to prey on. They thrive on these feeding frenzies.

Yes, you guessed right, these are the scumbag collectors I'd mentioned to you earlier. I'm constantly reminded of these motherfucks every time that the Comic Book Guy appears on "The Simpsons," ready to do whatever it takes to rake in that last damn dollar while sitting on his doublewide ass in his comic and collectable shop, stuffing that fat face of his with greasy drive-thru. Those of you who are familiar with the Comic Book Guy know, even though he's quite hilarious, that the stereotype of him that's portrayed on the show often hits the nail right on the head when having to come face to face with these bloodsuckers in real life, right down to the balding head complete with ponytail. Yikes. The relentless rectums such as these have no problem whatsoever saying anything to anyone to make the all-mighty sale, be it lying to some unaware new collector (mostly kids, in this case) or trying to blow smoke up some experienced fan's ass (in which most cases fans can smell a mile away). I actually like to listen to all the different spiels that these vampires try and coax a purchase out of me with while I pretend to justify buying their outrageously-priced goods, especially at record shows. I swear to Christ that sometimes you can feel them gaze at you like a fuckin' zombie and then catch a glimpse of 'em on the brink of drooling as you stand there holding their collectable, "preciou\$ cargo." It can be comical at times like this when you tell 'em, "No thanks" and walk away, leaving them with register drawer blueballs.

Here's a nice example - I was at a record show a few years back and was at one of the seller's tables examining a live bootleg 12". Now, I pretty much had a very close idea of what this LP was worth, so after filtering out the "Hey bro!" and the always-handly "Ramones fan! Right on, bro!" from this guy's running mouth, I was ready to talk some frickin' turkey with him...

"You take ten bucks for this?" I asked our trusty fiend, knowing that fifteen dollars was a bit steep for this particular record.

"Ahhh, no, I can't go below 15 for that, 'cause that's a tough one to come by, bro."

A tough one to come by. Bro. In this case, I happened to honestly know it wasn't. We can already see with Mr. Greedypants here that if

anyone wants to buy anything worth collecting from him, it's more than likely going to be "tough to come by, bro." I decide to humor this bunghole and play along to his fucking game of charades.

"Really?" I say. "15 dollars, huh? Hmmm..." I say, feigning deep thought, as I start flipping the record over, back and forth, as our friend the baboon tosses his poker face out the window while his gawking mug transforms into that gaze/drooling mode I talked about a few sentences ago.

"I just picked it up a couple days ago. It's probably gonna be gone by this afternoon," he says.

Sure it will, if you sucker some unsuspecting victim by this afternoon. "Well, all I got is ten, man," I told him, knowing well that he knows I have more in my pockets, watching the irritation in his face grow slowly.

"Okay", he blurts impatiently, "I'll give it to you for twelve."

"All I have is ten," I reply, holding my ground to see if he doesn't pull a temper tantrum, almost laughing to myself.

"Okay, GOD! - Eleven bucks! That's it!" he snaps back at me, his pissed-off voice starting to get higher and higher.

"Sorry," I say quietly, as I start to put the record back into his crate.

"YOU'RE GONNA WALK AWAY FROM THIS RECORD FOR A LOUSY DOLLAR?" he exclaims, quite loudly, trying to embarrass me into the purchase, knowing that the other customers are looking over in our direction. Too bad our con man doesn't know me that well. I don't embarrass that easy. He thinks he's gonna pull a goddamn lesson of principles on ol' Dale today. Ain't happening. No fucking dice. I pull the record back out of the crate and turn to him, looking at the dumbass, shit-eating grin on his stupid, unshowered face.

I hand the record over to this weasel, him thinking I caved in and intend to finally buy it, and I proceed to yell, "Eat it for a lousy dollar, then!" as I walked away, leaving him holding the record in one hand and the other with his thumb up his ass, all the while the surrounding people watching this scenario explode into laughter and mocking cackles. Tee hee. Fuck him.

Or how 'bout the swindlers who come running after you (literally) after you've walked away, ready to bargain with you after the fact. I actually asked one of these sprinting desperate dildos at a record show, "What do you want? An autograph?" after he caught up to me. He didn't seem to find my comment funny, for some reason. In

fact, he must of been related to the shyster I just talked about earlier who tried to embarrass me for one friggin' dollar, except I think this guy's reason for chasing me down was for two or three extra bucks that I refused to fork over. I told him that I changed my mind and to forget about it - I didn't feel like walking back to his table. And he didn't find that comment funny, either, but I did. FUCK HIM, TOO.

I look at it like this - if the two jerkasses I experienced above want to act like snakeoil salesmen and play their fucking shell games with potential customers, I'll continue to cruelly toy with all these turds with legs to remind them that there are those of us who are wise to Mr. Feces and find his shitty doings unacceptable. There are those of us who seem to be more sensitive to the scent of shit than others. Some can even catch a whiff of it a mile away. Don't be afraid to sniff out these logs that lie. It's a stinky thing to deal with, but it's a good sense to have, especially if you can turn the tables on these piles and send 'em flushing down the drain. I'm not saying to being overly suspicious, but smell what's going on around you, ya know?

Keep in mind, that I am in no way speaking of the humane shop owners who are more than willing to deal with you to come to a fair

compromise for an asking price of some item you are lusting for, as well as having a shop full of reasonably priced stock, too. People with shops like this really do exist, if you're lucky enough to find them. When you do find these types of shopowners, you should be willing to pay the average going price, give or take a few bucks, for whatever special item you are trying to purchase from him/her. Remember, there are regular folks such as these who are trying to make an honest living like every one of us Joe Blows. Trying to take ridiculous advantage of these nice peeps classifies you as much a five-star asshole as the typical scumbag collector I mentioned earlier, not to mention the karma waiting to bite you in the ass tenfold.

If you have a close-knit circle of good friends who are into the same things that you enjoy or collect, chances are that one of them can point ya in the right direction of someone who you can do some honest business with, for whatever you happen to be looking for. If you do happen to stumble upon a real-life Comic Book Guy type (and you will, sooner or later), tell the rotund, re-sale robber, I'M AGAINST IT!

-Designated Dale

<RamonesNYC1974@aol.com>

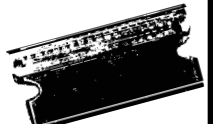


Designated Dale



Felizón Vidad

Shark Bait



The minorities shuffled off somewhere, invisible, nonexistent. Looking for the slightest recognition of themselves between the covers of their schoolbooks and coming up empty-handed.

Why Teachers Go Postal: Part II of the Postal Series

the scene: an atypical period in my classroom at the local middle school where I draw a paycheck

"Okay. Let's go over the homework from last night," I tell my eighth graders. It's the first period of the day, and most of them still have sleep crust in the corner of their eyes. "Go ahead and exchange your paper with somebody."

I start handing out red pens. It helps to give each kid a red pen. That's when they actually start to care about looking at the assignment. They'll start crossing out wrong answers with a vengeance, marking Xs all over the page, wielding power like junior militant red-pen-happy English teachers. Sometimes they get so carried away that they're marking the right answers wrong and leaving the wrong answers right. Like I said: junior militant red-pen-happy English teachers.

"What homework?" Ty demands.

"The one I gave you yesterday," I say pleasantly, handing out red pens, all the while thinking, god-damn-it, has it only been three minutes since the bell?

"Oh." He shrugs. "Oh, well. I guess I forgot. Give me the F." He slides down in his seat, unconcerned and prepared to do absolutely nothing for the remainder of the period, which is fifty-five more minutes.

He's set the tone for class. Other kids start chiming in: "Yeah, I don't got mine either." "I can't find mine." "What homework?" "Oh, well. Just give me the F."

Luckily, it's not everybody. The ones who have done their homework are getting impatient. They look at me and roll their eyes. I would like to roll my eyes back and make an equally disgusted face, but I'm the only grown-up in the room. Somebody comments, "Too bad for you then." Someone else gives me permission to begin: "All right, Ms. Vidad, you can start."

The homework is

a simple worksheet that involves the use of the words "rise," "raise," "sit," and "set." The idea behind the assignment is this: the two pairs of words are often confused for each other. So, according to the directions, the students must first choose which of the four will correctly complete the sentence and then determine the proper tense of the verb. For instance, if the sentence is written in past tense ("Yesterday, I ____ in my old seat"), the students should realize the correct choice is "sit" and then change the word to read "sat." Simple enough-- you would think. Or hope. It's a fill-in-the-blank workbook exercise that modern teaching methodology frowns upon. Supposedly, we're past the days of workbooks and fill-in-the-blank sentences, beyond busy seatwork that results in piles of papers you toss into the trash when your students aren't looking, beyond the stories of Dick and Jane and briefcase-toting fathers who go to work while mothers in aprons and pearls stay home to keep house. We're more advanced now... in the-

ory. That's what they'll have you believe, if you don't stop to think about how modern teaching methodology doesn't take into account the reality of teaching situations like mine-- like the fact that after a few years in this business, I'm not so blinded by sheer dedication that, on top of the forty hours worth of work that I'm forced to do every week that has nothing to do with teaching, I'll lovingly and painstakingly develop creative, objectives-laden, standards-driven assignments; xerox, distribute, explain, and assign them; and then try to change the world and make a difference, save the lost souls, when kids like Ty could clearly give a shit. Nope. Just give me the blackline master to run off copies with, and I'll do it ten minutes before the first period that I teach. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Back to the scene at hand.

"Number one," I read out. "I sat and waited for my dinner."

Instant pandemonium. Shouting, yelling out of turn, angry protests, and not a single hand waving in the

air for permission to speak. All of a sudden my students are wide awake and hollering. "Hold on, hold on! What did she say? Where you getting sat from? You didn't tell us about no sat! What you mean, sat?" It's as if they have become one voice, and I am now very aware of the fact that I am indeed the only grown-up in the room. I didn't see this coming.

This time I don't resist the urge to get smart with them. I look around at the unfolding riot and give them the lofty sweep. "Did I stutter? Sat. That's what I said. I sat and waited for my dinner."

Wrong move to start cracking wise. Jessica picks up on it immediately and throws attitude right back at me. "Well, you don't need to get smart. You didn't tell us to use no sat. You told us, use sit and set, but you didn't say no sat."

"No," I say carefully, "I told you to use the words that the worksheet gives you: raise, rise, sit, and set--"

"--but you didn't tell us to use no sat!"

The rest of them parrot the sen-



Felizón Vidad

timent with words to a similar effect, but all I'm hearing is, "Yeah, yeah! Yeah, yeah!"

I try to take a deep breath without letting them notice it. I try reason. "Does it make sense to say, 'I sit and waited for my dinner'?"

"Yes," they all say stubbornly. "That's what I put."

"Number two," I say.

"Wait, wait!" They all start screaming again. "What about number one? Mark it wrong?"

Someone else says, "You better not be marking mine wrong! She didn't tell us to use no sat! I ain't marking wrong!"

"Listen," I tell them. "If you'd read the directions, you would have known that you should have used sat."

"No, no!" This is logic they don't want to hear. "You didn't tell us read no directions!"

Why, of course. I see. It is my fault that they didn't read the directions.

Jessica holds up her paper and shakes it at me. "You told us sit, set, raise, rise. That's what it say on this paper."

"Yes," I say, "but it also says on the paper that you should read the directions..."

Erica interrupts and waves me off like she's dismissing an insignificant fly. "All right, okay, whatever! You made a mistake, let's move on."

"Yeah, yeah, let's just get on with it!"

The class is grumpy with me for wasting their valuable time.

"All right," I say. Count to ten. "All right all right all right all right. Skip over that one. Let's look at number two. Number two." I straighten up, give myself a mental shake. " 'The sun rose in the east...' "

I'm sure the teachers down the hall hear the screeching that immediately follows this one. "What?!! 'Rose'? What 'rose'? You didn't say nothing about no *rose*!"

I try to explain. "The past tense of 'rise' is 'rose'. If you read this sentence, you'll see that it's in the past tense, so it should be 'rose', not 'rise'. You don't say, the sun rise in the east..."

"That's what I say! The sunrise in the east!"

Red pens are waving around furiously; a revolt is threatening to break out.

"Yeah! The sun *rise* in the east!"

"Nnnoooo," I say slowly, "the sun *rose* in the east."

It makes perfect sense to me, but how do you explain that to a bunch of skeptics? Or at least to a bunch of kids who know how to make the gangster signs for "east-side" and "westside," but who

have no clue when it comes to a sense of direction and who couldn't find their way north out of a paper bag, much less navigate their way through life?

How do you start explaining the answers?

Ty snorts. For a kid who didn't do the homework, he suddenly has a lot to say. "Rose! What 'rose'? 'The sun rose in the east.' That don't even sound right! 'Rose'-- that's a flower!"

It hasn't even been fifteen minutes, I'm sure. It hasn't even been five. Yet I feel like I've been standing up here for a million years, my life slowly passing before my eyes. Doom. I realize the futility of the situation. These kids don't read; they don't speak this grammar. It will never sound right to them. It comes from a far-away, detached world; a foreign, separate language that doesn't recognize their tongues or their minds; an archaic age that doesn't acknowledge the forces that shape these children's experiences. It goes back to a time-- and even earlier -- when workbooks were fill-in-the-blank and, to look at the illustrations, you would think the entire world consisted only of a population of white people. Happy nuclear families: Dick and Jane playing with their dog Spot, pulling him around in a cute little red wagon; Mother vacuuming in heels, a roast warming in the oven; everyone awaiting Father's return. The minorities shuffled off somewhere, invisible, nonexistent. Looking for the slightest recognition of themselves between the covers of their schoolbooks and coming up empty-handed. Fated.

The room has quieted down; all eyes are on me. I'm the only grown-up in the room.

And I'm just a kid like the rest of them.

I don't know what to say anymore.

Tina speaks. She's from the Virgin Islands and her accent is thick and strong. She expresses what the class is thinking, yet I can't help being amazed at how succinctly she puts it.

"We *black*, Ms. Vidad. This the way we talk."

The class is satisfied with this answer. This is what they want to tell me, this is what they are teaching me.

Oh.

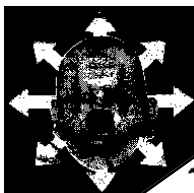
Oh, well.

Give me the F.

And fill in the blank.

-Felizon Vidad





Rich Mackin

The Twisted Balloon



...the waitress was hip with many weird earrings but not so punk you didn't want her touching your food.

Rich Mackin

I go on weird dates. One girl asked me out to donate platelets (part of the blood needed for cancer patients) with her, and we sat and held hands while blood was removed from our bodies and filtered into a machine that filtered out the platelets and returned the rest into our respective bodies.

Recently, I went to protest the FTAA (This is the Free Trade Area of the Americas - AKA NAFTA on Steroids.) while most of my friends were going to Quebec, where the Summit of the Americas was taking place to discuss this. I was going to Buffalo because I was asked to give a speech/ performance at the fundraiser and rally. Wow. How did I get to be a speaker? Buffalo was devastated by NAFTA, and is also on the border of Canada, so it made sense to have a border action somewhere that was very sympathetic.

I brought a date, of course. "Hey, you're kinda cute, want to go protest corporate rule with me?"

I will call my date B. Partially because her name is hard to type, partially to protect the innocent and/or guilty. We left Boston in the afternoon and headed west. It's pretty much a straight line. We would have made the trip, stops included, in 8 hours were it not that our directions brought us to the wrong St. James Place, and we had to call Marc and get real directions, which set us back an extra hour.

Marc Moscado is a fine, fine man. I first learned of him via his old zine Generation Latex. I met him last year on tour, him having set up the show. He runs a magazine and art/ activism group called Go Guerilla! He founded Buffalo's critical mass. My friend Emily in NC has a picture of him pretending to hump a fiberglass cow, which is weird since I didn't know they knew each other. It's funny, since if you just read some of the stuff he does, you wouldn't picture an inoffensive guy who looks like a big kid in glasses and a buzzcut. He pretty much either set up or helped set up everything going on this weekend.

Brief hellos with Marc and Christina, (his good

friend and Go Guerilla partner who now can be found in Chicago) Christy (sp?) the roommate, and Paul the guy who made the brilliant all-in-one activist flier for the weekend (he had everything from safety tips to vegetarian restaurants to your rights to a map on it), and we went to bed. Bed, in this case, being a long but very thin couch. Luckily, B and I cuddle well, and soon found ourselves fast asleep. We woke up on our own with no idea of the time. Marc and Christina were just getting up and were in no hurry to start the day, so B and I went to Plano's for breakfast. Previously I had eaten Buffalo breakfasts at Plate-Oh's for reasons that should be obvious to anyone who knows me. Plano's indeed was the better place. They even have a local business manifesto on the menu; the waitress was hip with many weird earrings but not so punk you didn't want her touching your food. We had pancakes and such breakfast food. It was good and cheap and fun.

Returning to Marc's house, we helped paint and make giant puppets for Sunday. We left at about 3:30 to attend the Media Training workshop. I had attended one of these before the inauguration this year, but wound up liking this one better. It was actually taught by Marc's upstairs neighbors. Buffalo is very ripe with small world syndrome. We ate Food Not Bombs veggie burgers and PBJ and met many cool people. We stayed for a portion of the non-violence training workshop at which I learned that B had quite an activist history. I knew she was an activist, but didn't know how hard core she was.

We left the nonviolence training midway. I actually preferred a similar workshop I had taken months before in New Hampshire. That one was taught by my friend Sean, who impressed the hell out of me at the UMass debates by kneeling in prayer in front of a phalanx of cops about to engage some protesters. This one was taught by two soft spoken women (a bit too soft spoken for public addressing, I think) who made a point to ask if any

women had comments first. The first time they did this was understandable since men had piped up the most, but after a while it was annoying. It seemed less about gender equity or even making sure the soft-spoken minority was heard, it seemed more like favoritism. B actually seemed far more annoyed than I was.

Next stop was the fundraising show, which was, for some reason, at a brewpub that was rented out (there were free spaces in Buffalo, I knew for a fact, and they would let under 21 kids in). At first, nobody came. Our friend Josh did a cool noise act, I read, and there were a few music acts - a guy with a weird glove synthesizer thing and Grand Buffet - a cool white boy hip hop act. One act was a puppet show involving talking dumpsters and cell phones using both conventional and shadow puppets. It was really cool. Not long after I read, the crowd tripled or so-poor timing-seemed everyone wanted to see the actual band band. Everyone loved my stickers. I sold enough books to consider buying a beer, and then found out I could drink for free as a performer. That was nice, especially given the high quality beer they brewed. It was probably a good thing it took me a while to find out that all my drinks were free.

It was partly cloudy and somewhat warm at Marc's house. It was overcast and cold where the action was. Really cold. I passed out ginger (makes you feel warm) candy and B and I sat in the back of the U-Haul that brought the props. The fog was so thick you couldn't see 100 feet. It was like this for an hour, and nobody was around. I wanted to do something, but it was a case that it would be harder for anyone to explain what was needed to be done than do anything.

B later mentioned, regarding the ginger candy, that many people were giving out free stuff all day. It was pretty cool. People had bubbles, noisemakers, food, and were all giving it free to strangers. It was beautiful.

Before long (it just seemed long since it was cold and we were

early) it warmed up and the fog lifted. A number of speakers and musical acts soon gave way to the bulk of the crowd going through the fence (which oddly, involved mostly going through a tennis court). Ironically, the "unsafe civil disobedience zone" was a street lined with suburban houses.

Buffalo Food Not Bombs had more veggie burgers and delicious pasta. So much really good free food everywhere I went. I grabbed some for B and myself and headed for the bridge. The protesters were scattered around and on the bridge, which was blocked off by a line of cops in gas masks and full riot gear. I was a bit scared, but as a whole, it was a happy mood - people played drums, blew bubbles and held puppets. After a while, the skinny artist with a puppet versus the big guys in armor dynamic was too silly and someone started the chant "Take off the riot gear, we don't see no riot here!"

I guess a plan was that on a certain phrase, those who wanted to rush the border would, while the rest of us fell back. I am not sure exactly how it panned out, but one guy got arrested. It was agreed that the rest of us wouldn't leave the bridge until he was released. It worked.

Everyone left when he was released, to march to City Hall. We banded together and grabbed whatever signs and puppets hadn't been brought to the bridge. B and I joined up with the Garbage Liberation Front - a pro-recycling, anti-litter, pro-dumpster diving, anti-convenience capitalism group that was involved with the puppet show last night. They would spread out from the march to clean up the side streets of trash. I later ran into several of these people in Pittsburgh, and saw evidence of a few in Milwaukee. They are my new heroes.

It was funny to watch the locals watch crusty punks from out of town pick up garbage.

By four-ish, B and I had to ditch the march and drive home in order to get there any time reasonable enough to make work the next day

(I was leaving for tour in four days and couldn't miss work).

I came home expecting an empty house and sitting down to email people about my exciting day. Jeff (Hall, singer of Disaster Strikes) and Martha were both home from Quebec already, both sick from tear gas. Jeff has asthma and was easily affected. Martha was targeted for being a medic, and so her glasses were knocked off, and she was gassed enough so that she was red and puffy looking with a constant cough. I merely saw riot cops, she had them pointing guns in her back. Damn, I had a vacation in comparison. (I mean it was a date, after all.)

Martha was in bad shape for a while. She coughed like an elderly smoker for weeks.

Since I also write for a Boston free weekly (The Weekly Dig) I used this opportunity to do an article about this all. I mean, my "protest" activity essentially was a BBQ in the park. I wanted to do something that would have a bit more impact.

Most people didn't seem to know much about the FTAA at all, and all they saw from mainstream media was cops fighting protesters. This was a chance to get a personal story into a mixed audience. Most people could give a damn about free trade - but targeting medics? Secret meetings? Teargassing civilians?

"I went to Quebec to provide medical support to the thirty thousand people who converged on the city to protest the FTAA," she started the interview. After attending media training workshops - common in the days before a major protest action - she had her sound bites down. It was weird interviewing someone about something I knew about as much about. I felt like I was asking redundant questions, but I needed to present her thoughts.

In her words, the FTAA is dangerous because it "allows corporate interests to be placed before human interests... privatization of education and prisons, use of genetically modified foods, a forced end of the production of generic AIDS drugs for infected people in poor and developing countries." In short, it allows corporations to enjoy freedom to exploit; "Free trade agreements undermine nations' sovereignty by allowing their laws to be declared 'unfair barriers to trade': an illegal infringement on a corporation's 'right to profit.' The agreements are made in semi-secret meetings by cryptically appointed trade ministers. When was the last time you saw 'trade minister' on your local ballot?"

I loved that last line. I got lots of

feedback about it.

It was funny; I got serious journalistic integrity for an interview that was basically Instant Messaging one of my closer friends. Here is the rest of the article...

"Planning to go to the FTAA

I joined up with the Garbage Liberation Front-a pro-recycling, anti-litter, pro-dumpster diving, anti-convenience capitalism group that was involved with the puppet show last night. They would spread out from the march to clean up the side streets of trash. They are my new heroes.

protests since she first learned of them, Martha decided to go as a medic after attending a basic medical training seminar. 'It was a way that I felt I could make a real contribution up there, more so than if I was just another voice in the crowd.' Already trained in conventional first aid and CPR, Martha quickly found that protest first aid differs greatly.

"We were in the middle of a crowd inside a cloud of teargas," she said. 'As I understand it, police in the U.S. have allowed medics to help the injured, since we help protesters, but don't actually protest. The thinking behind that is that we can do our jobs better if the police see us as neutral... In Quebec however, we were targeted. We had teargas canisters shot directly at us while treating people, and at one point, a team of riot police entered the alleyway next to our clinic. We were using this space for chemical weapons detoxification and to treat (serious) injuries... The police

came into the alley with their face shields down, grenade launchers drawn and pointing at us. They grabbed us and ordered us out of the alley, even as we were explaining in English and French that we were medics, and that we had injured people who needed care.'

"In response, the police took many of the medical supplies, did rough pat downs and removed tear gas protection. (Many came with gas masks, others wore goggles and bandanas soaked with vinegar over their faces.) They pointed the teargas launchers and rubber bullet guns at us and told us to walk.

"Another clinic was set up. There was a steady stream of patients, mostly teargas, but also many injuries from rubber bullets and police batons. Locals seemed to account for many of those in need of treatment - including children and even infants exposed to tear gas.

"Lots of asthma attacks from gas.' Martha keeps mentioning, 'For teargas exposure, we get the victim to fresh air, flush their eyes with water and then put in a soothing solution of diluted liquid antacid, then rinse their mouth with the same. For skin irritation due to gas, we use a treatment called 'MOFIBA,' mineral oil followed immedi-

ately by alcohol; mineral oil attaches itself to the oil base of chemical weapons, and is wiped off with gauze saturated in rubbing alcohol.

"Describing it as 'the scariest, most intense, most inspiring experience of (her) life,' she recalls the aftermath. 'My eyes were red for days. I had blisters on my face; my skin was stiff for two days. I freaked out when people would slam car doors or seeing overhead shadows for about two weeks' (things that reminded her of tear gas canisters being shot). As of the May 12 interview, she was still coughing.

"She ended our talk on an ironic note, 'The use of so much teargas is what disrupted the meetings - the police did a great job of doing what the protesters had come to do!'"

The article and accompanying image got its own page. It got a lot of attention from a lot of people who expected to pick up a paper just to see the listings.

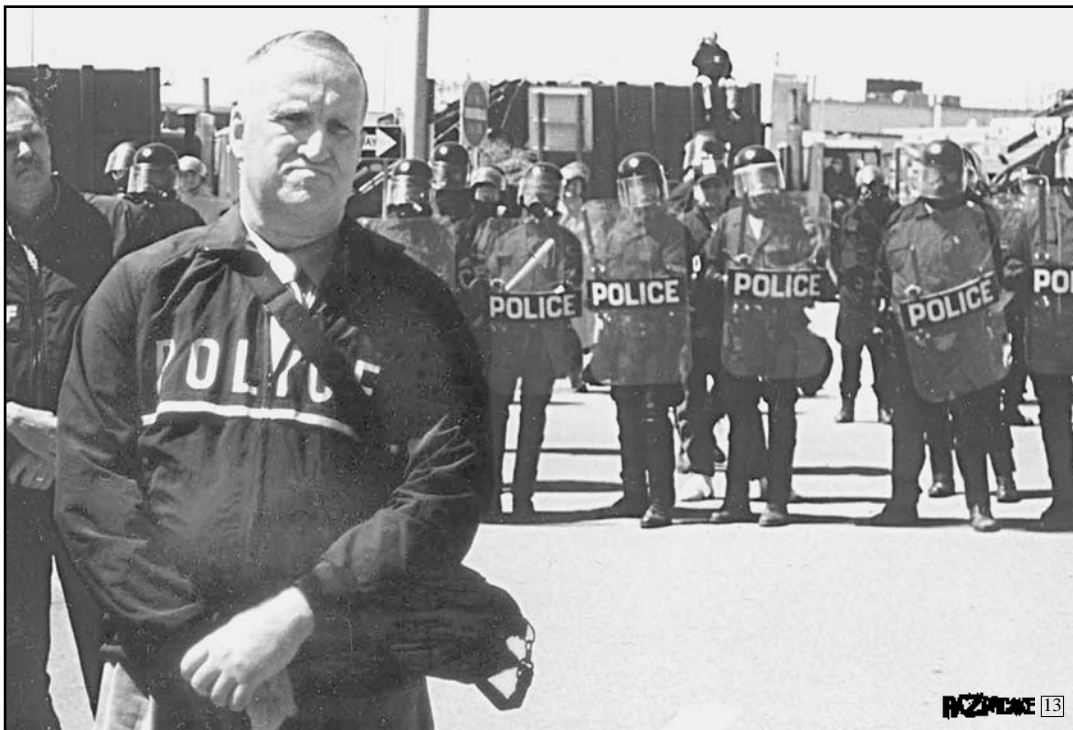
Meanwhile, the worst aftermath I experienced was, well, in protests it's a good idea to write anything you need - like legal team phone numbers - down on your arm or leg with permanent marker. I had the legal number and Marc's phone on my arm. I got horribly sunburned. Like lobster red - since I was dressed for cold and it got hot and sunny and I removed my sweatshirt and nobody had sunblock - so I was beet red except for a perfect white duo of phone numbers readable on my arm.

You can still see the light spot today.

-Rich Mackin



Rich Mackin





Nardwuar

Who Are You?



NARDWUAR VERSUS THOR

Nardwuar: Oh my god it's Thor!

Thor: How are you doing?

Thor: Hail, Nardwuar, Rock Warrior!

Nardwuar: Now, Thor, what exactly is Thor? What is Thor?

Thor: Thor is thunderous music. Thor... is... me, Thor.

Nardwuar: Thor!

Thor: That's correct.

Nardwuar: Thor, you were one of the first to merge weightlifting and rock'n'roll. Please explain.

Thor: Alright. It goes way back to the early '70s. I was a great admirer of Black Sabbath and Led Zeppelin, and when I used to train at Broadway Gym down the street here in Vancouver, I used to listen to Black Sabbath and Led Zeppelin, and used to pump up, man! That got me psyched up, so when I got psyched up, I said to myself, Well, why not combine rock with music, and wrestling, and thunderous music, and...

Nardwuar: Body building! I mean, this is no small feat; you were Mr. USA and Mr. Canada?!

Thor: That's right. Mr. USA and Mr. Canada and also Teenage Mr. Canada and I competed against Louie Ferrigno in Mr. Universe.

Nardwuar: You were taught by Doug Hepburn. Who is Doug Hepburn?

Thor: Alright, Doug Hepburn, in fact, we had offices

Thor: You know a lot about my checkered past!

Nardwuar: Well, you ARE the Thunder God, Thor!



"Yes...I still blow up and explode hot water bottles, I bend steel bars, have bricks smashed on my chest, what have you."

just a block away from here, on Broadway, and Doug Hepburn at one time was the world's strongest man. He was one of Vancouver's greatest sons.

Nardwuar: Which you emulated!

Thor: That's right, and he showed me how to do a lot of strength feats and I incorporated them into my show. The thing is I was always into Kiss and Alice Cooper so I said, why not put strength feats and other special effects into the show which goes along with heavy rock music which I'm into? I came up with the name Thor because it's, uh, you know, like thunder rock, thunderous music.

Nardwuar: You are the God of Thunder!

Thor: I don't, uh, say that I'm a god. What I'm saying is...

Nardwuar: The Thunder God!

Thor: [laughs]

Nardwuar: You are Thor!

Thor: The band is called... Thor!

Nardwuar: Now those muscles, Thor, what exactly was Body Rock and Three Hat Productions here in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada where you began Thor?

Thor: [laughs] Okay, Body Rock was actually the first name before Thor. Uh, and also we played shows with a group called, well, they're now called Trooper, but they were called Applejack then, so everybody changes their name a lit-

tle bit, right, but as far as Three Hats Productions, they were out of Toronto. And they were an affiliate of RCA Records, so we signed with Three Hats first, the production company, and then thus we went on to RCA for our first album, "Keep the Dogs Away." Rrrrr!

Nardwuar: Rrrrr!

Thor: Rrrrr! [looking at Nardwuar's hat] Hey, Scottie!

Nardwuar: Thor, you have one of the wildest, the greatest, stage shows on earth, don't you?

Thor: I feel it is one of the wildest and greatest stage shows and that includes Kiss, Alice Cooper, Nine Inch Nails, or what have you out there.

Nardwuar: Take us back right now to the mid-'80s. you're still playing, you're going to be playing actually tonight as well. Take us back to the mid-'80s. What happened onstage there? You rode onstage on a chariot. Ben Hur's chariot?

Thor: That's right. Charlton Heston used that chariot in the movie "Ben Hur"... I rode onstage with a chariot. We had incredible rock music. And at that time we had Mike Appel as the manager and he was, as you know, Bruce Springsteen's manager before that, so he helped put this whole wild show together and it was just way out there!

Nardwuar: Well, specifically Thor, don't belittle yourself, this stage show you had: water bottles, snakes, you bending steel, lifting people - please explain - Dobermans! What's going on?!

Thor: How did you know about the snakes?

Nardwuar: I don't know. Just the snakes! Tell people a little bit about the Thor stage show, the '80s Thor stage show.

Thor: All right. This is the - this is not just the '80s Thor stage show - but it went all through the '90s and now into the new millennium. What we have basically is, as I said before, heavy rock music and I've got to do something. When people come and pay their price down on a ticket, right, they want to see a show and I fully believe in a show all the way, so when you go out there, you've got to give it everything you've got, so I've got lightning shields that shoot lightning, I've got beautiful girls on stage, I have...

Nardwuar: Do you have hot water bottles? Do you still blow up the hot water bottle, Thor?

Thor: Yes, just to prove a point that I can still do it, I still blow up and explode hot water bottles, I bend steel bars, have bricks smashed on my chest, what have you.

Nardwuar: Do you lift people with your neck? You lift people with your neck?

Thor: I did do that, but one time I tried to lift up a 400 pound person, and rolled off the stage with them. So I don't that one so much anymore.

Nardwuar: What about rocks and stuff? Aren't there like rocks that are smashed against your chest by like the Magic Hammer?

Thor: That's [laughs]... you...

Nardwuar: The Mystic Hammer!

Thor: You know a lot about my checked past!

Nardwuar: Well you ARE the Thunder God, Thor!

Thor: All right. Yes I do. Yes I have bricks smashed off my chest with a pneumatic drill and also sledge hammers. And I bend steel!

Nardwuar: Who was Cherry Bomb and Pantera?

Thor: Okay, uh, Cherry Bomb was in the '80s show, this very voluptuous woman, she was before

pened with the horse. That's why I don't have them on stage anymore.

Nardwuar: Yeah, like tonight. What are people going to see tonight? I was just wondering. I guess they're not going to see the horses. What exactly are they going to see tonight, Thor? What are you going to be wearing? Will we see any chest hair tonight at all, Thor?

Thor: Uh, a few might sprout out there a little, you know, when I take the armor off.

Nardwuar: You have a gold plated breast plate?

Thor: I have all sorts of them. I have black, gold, silver. I have a whole wardrobe.

Nardwuar: What are some of your favorite ones?

Thor: Uh, one of my favorites is this Roman chest plate with this weird Phantom of the Opera face on it. So I may bring that out

*Nardwuar: Do you lift people with your neck?
You lift people with your neck?*

*Thor: I did do that, but one time I tried to lift up a
400 pound person, and rolled off the stage with them.
So I don't that one so much anymore.*

Xena, and she was called in England to have the "biggest bristols in rock!"

Nardwuar: Baboom!

Thor: Yes, vavoom!

Nardwuar: And you are Thor. Blowing up water bottles and such, were there any problems? I understand there have been some bloopers or unfortunate incidences like some of the water bottle getting lodged into your throat? Has there been anything like that?

Thor: Uh, that happened when I tried to blow up a truck tire. The truck tire air came back into me - you see, I tried to get my tongue into the hole, right? Which I try to get a lot of practice on at, and the truck tire air came back in and almost killed me, right? But I've had a lot of problems. I've stepped into live flash pods and almost got electrocuted. Things happen on stage, right?

Nardwuar: What about having dogs on stage? Like Dobermans? What's the deal on that? Dobermans! Like, did you step in any.... nggggeuughh!

Thor: That happened. It also happened one time when I had the horse drawing the chariot.

Nardwuar: The horse?!

Thor: That's correct. We had a horse on stage drawing the chariot and he did his job on stage and I proceeded to slip in it, so, you know, things happen on stage. And it happened with dogs and it hap-

tonight.

Nardwuar: [Nardwuar points to Thor's stage "stuff"] Now, what are the props you have there? What are those things? Please explain. What are these?

Thor: Oh, this is my trusty axe for chopping heads.

Nardwuar: This is Thor, of course. You are Thor, Thunder God!

Thor: And this is the Hammer of Thor! Behold the Hammer!

Nardwuar: [Nardwuar further inspects Thor's Hammer] Now this thing, is this like the official Thor Thing? Like, is this the official Thor stuff?

Thor: I also have an array of hammers! This is my stone hammer. I have a bronze hammer, a metal hammer, a whole wardrobe full. All different attire.

Nardwuar: Thor, are you still Britain's most popular heavy metal act?

Thor: No I'm not. You know, you're up there for a while, then you go down...

Nardwuar: Don't say that Thor!

Thor: [laughs] I think they still like me in England. In fact, we're looking forward to going back there soon.

Nardwuar: How did you become Britain's heavy metal star? How did Thor become Britain's heavy metal star?

Thor: Well, we, uh, had to do a number on Wasp, Twisted Sister, you know, a few of the other bands

there. We just sort went into the store and broke all their records and put our records into stores. No, actually we had a couple of hits with "Thunder in the Tundra" and "Let the Blood Run Red" which is - what is great about the pop music scene in Britain where you can have a lot of diversity - where you can have a really heavy song and then you can have a pop tune up on the charts. Well anyhow, we were up there and the radio stations went, "Let the Blood Run Red," what is this?" They didn't know what it was, but, hey, it hit. It went to #1.

Nardwuar: The charts! Like you made it to the charts in England! You're from Canada. Let's not forget you're from Canada, Thor!

Thor: Well, I wrote "Thunder in the Tundra" which also was #1 in the rock charts over Van Halen, over Wasp, over Twisted Sister, and I wrote that while I was on the train, going through a snow storm from Prince George to Prince Rupert.

Nardwuar: Canada rules!

Thor: You got that right! Canada!

Nardwuar: Did you ever go to Frank's Funny Farm while in England?

Thor: You're right! I went to Frank's Funny Farm. How did you know about that?

Nardwuar: What is Frank's Funny Farm, Thor?

Thor: Frank's Funny Farm was a fantastic place in England and all the major rock stars used to go there and drink and after the shows and I saw Jimmy Page one time. He was in the corner there, had a little bit too much, and you never know who you...

Nardwuar: What about Girlschool? Didn't you party with Girlschool?

Thor: I sure did party with Girlschool, and many other female rock acts.

Nardwuar: Thor, you were Mr. USA and Mr. Canada but you've also done some male stripping too, Thor. "Red Hot and Blue" in Las Vegas. Full nudie action, Thor, for the Thor fans?

Thor: Yes, but I always included rock. [laughs]

Nardwuar: But what happened there! Please! Please this is interesting! First a nudie musical. Stripping in Vegas? Please explain!

Thor: Yes, yes, okay, but it was just basically showing a little buttocks. But the gladiators of old always showed their buttocks in battle.

Nardwuar: Do a lot of weightlifters, I mean not yourself of course, have small...

Thor: No, they don't call me the Thunder God for nothing, or Thor's Hammer, you know.



Nardwuar: Do a lot of weightlifters, I mean not yourself of course, have small...

Thor: No, they don't call me the Thunder God for nothing, or Thor's Hammer, you know... I stand erect.

Nardwuar: Baboom! And you are Thor! Thunder God, Thor! Thor! Yeah! You've done a few movies.

Thor: [Thor holds up his hammer. No not his "real" hammer!] I stand erect.

Nardwuar: You've done a few movies.

Thor: I've done a few movies.

Nardwuar: Please tell us about those movies.

Thor: All right. They're fun movies. I produced and had the pleasure of starring in a movie with Adam "Batman" West, uh Tia Carrera...

Nardwuar: What movie was that? "Zombie Nightmare"?

Thor: "Zombie Nightmare."

Nardwuar: Tell us a bit about that. You are chasing Tia Carrera!

Thor: Yeah! Hot tamale. Yeah, no. I had a wonderful time in that movie. I basically play a character called Tony Washington who gets run down by a car driven by a group of weird thugs. I proceed to come back as a zombie and kill them all off.

Nardwuar: What other movies have you done? A Roger Corman

movie, "Recruits"?

Thor: That's right. "Recruits," with Lolita Davidovitch. It was produced by Roger Corman.

Nardwuar: Thor, you also did "Rock'n'Roll Nightmare."

Thor: That was another nightmare. Yeah, I produced it.

Nardwuar: Now, in that movie you fight puppets. You were battling puppets at the end there.

Thor: You weren't supposed to notice they were puppets. They were supposed to be real monsters.

Nardwuar: Okay, you were battling monsters at the end.

Thor: Yes. Beelzebub himself.

Nardwuar: Thor! You are the Thunder God, a heavy metal king, but you have a lot of punk roots. Please explain. Punk roots!

Thor: Actually, Thor started out as a punk band. Uh, back in the last '70s we were in Toronto and New York and hanging out with Debbie Harry and the Ramones and, uh, so we go back that far and I was influenced by all those.

Nardwuar: And recently you were invited to play 25th anniversary of Punk Magazine in New York. Like

that is a real great feat!

Thor: Oh, man, I mean, well, John Holmstrom and I, you know, we've been friends for a long time. He's a legend...

Nardwuar: He's Punk Magazine!

Thor: Punk Magazine! He's the guy really who got the word out about what's the scene in New York, about Blondie and Lou Reed and David Johansen and the New York Dolls.

Nardwuar: Thor, has there ever been any competition with Thor? I mean, your show is amazing! There was the band Manowar. Did they ever pose a problem?

Thor: Manowar was a cover band. When we played at the 25th anniversary of Punk Magazine at CBGB's I saw Ross the Boss there. He played with the Dictators, one of my favorite bands. Ross was also in Manowar. But I must say, we [Thor] had a great time on stage and, uh, it was great to see him again, but we blew him away!

Nardwuar: What about Wasp? I heard you had a fight with Wasp once, Thor. I mean, you were the toughest, you are the meanest.

Wasp, tell me about that!

Thor: That's right. They had the song "F Like the Beast." We had "Thunder in the Tundra." We were jamming up the charts and then we did a concert at the Lyceum in England with Wasp and they were arguing about stage props and they said we couldn't have the pillars and I said, "You guys can't have the buzz saw!" And so Blackie Lawless and I got into a little entanglement.

Nardwuar: You started it all, didn't you? Did you start all the dog thing? Like there's Snoop Doggy Dogg, there's your song "Keep the Dogs Away," and now there's "Who Let the Dogs Out?" Rrrroor! Rrrroooooorrr! What do you feel about that, Thor?

Thor: Well it's interesting enough even though they are a Jamaican group (Baha Men), the guy who wrote "Who Let the Dogs Out?" was from Oshawa, Ontario, so I'll let you be the judge of that.

Nardwuar: Do you have any dogs?

Thor: I have a few dogs, yes.

Nardwuar: What type of dogs?

Thor: I have a Rottweiler and a Doberman.

Nardwuar: Well, thanks very much for your time, Thor. I really appreciate it. But I gotta ask you one thing: Where's the hair?

Thor: Well we're in new times. This is a new vibe. A new feel. Gone are the long blonde locks. Because that's old hat. We're in a new millennium. The style of the rock star today is short hair, a goatee.

Nardwuar: No, no, no! I want to get you to get those back from the Rock'n'Roll Hall of Fame! Where are the Thor locks?

Thor: The Thor locks have been lopped off, man.

Nardwuar: Thank you very much Thor. Anything else you would like to add to the people out there?

Thor: Hey, keep rockin'!

Nardwuar: And doot doola doot doo...

Thor: To you!

Nardwuar: Actually Thor. Doot doola doot doo...

Thor: Behold the axe! [holds up axe]

Nardwuar: Actually, Doot doola doot doo...

Thor: Behold the hammer! [holds up hammer]

Nardwuar: Actually, doot doola doot doo...

Thor: Mask? [holds up mask]

Nardwuar: Actually, doot doola doot doo...

Thor: Dunt dunt.

Visit Thor's Official Website at: <http://www.thorkorr.com>

For more interviews check out <http://www.nardwuar.com>



Meow Mix



Headbangers in gas masks is hardly a description that pops into mind when someone says they are going to a magic show.



There are plenty of ideas that surround the term magician. Bunnies in hats, ladies with saws in their bellies, a red and black cape. The list goes on. Headbangers in gas masks is hardly a description that pops into mind when someone says they are going to a magic show. I first met Truly about two years ago when we worked together at the shittiest costume house in LA, Glendale Costumes. Ever since she mentioned she was a magician's assistant, I often wondered how this intricately dark and complex girl fit into the formula that I established to be magic. After an introduction to her partners Gary and his wife Renee, the traditional ideas of magic quickly went up in flames and vanished into thin air only to re-appear in front of me as an intense new form of entertainment and oddity. The four of us hung out in Little Tokyo for a few hours, ate sushi, took pictures and talked about their particular style of "image manipulation."

Gary: I've got a few like that. The problem is development is very expensive and time consuming. We've just now gotten to a place that is comfortable to start the developmental process.

Harmonee: So what I've noticed is that you are in the area of expansion. You have found what works for you and you want to go past that. Is that about right?

Gary: Yeah, that's a good way of

explained who he was and that he needed an assistant and I said, "Sure." I've never been asked to be a magicians assistant, I've never known anyone who was one, and it sounded like fun, so I figured it I'd give it a try.

Gary: We worked in the garage for the most part. I worked with Truly during the day and Renee at night perfecting what I thought, for that time, to be the perfect show.

at and love and Truly's interest lie more in heavy metal like Rammstein and Marilyn Manson and her style of dancing is reflective of that.

Truly: When I first met Gary, we immediately became friends. He is very comfortable to be around. Once he got to know me he knew that I had this psychotic other side and I wasn't the most family show oriented.



Harmonee: What do you go through to put together the types of steps needed to make an illusion?

Renee: You have to go to a lot of magic shows to find out which ones you want to buy. Then, you have to save up for them, routine them, find the proper music...

Harmonee: So it takes a lot of research. Much like trying an instrument to find out which one sounds the best.

Renee: It's an investment. You have to know that when you spend this \$5,000 or \$10,000 on a particular illusion that you know you want it and that you are going to use it for a long time. It's like buying a car.

Gary: So, we went to the Magic Castle and all these different places and kept watching not so much for the routine, but what trick looks cool. What is it that we want to do. Do we want to play guitar? Do we want to play bass? What's fun for us? We called around and got some cheap illusions.

Harmonee: Do you ever think of illusions off the top

putting it. We are definitely in the contender area now and that's really fun. People are starting to really become interested in what we are doing.

Harmonee: Truly, what did you think when Gary asked you to work with him?

Truly: Well, I knew Renee from "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat." (Renee was a singer and Truly a dancer) but I didn't really know who her husband was and I never got to see him when he would come and perform (sometimes Gary would do his magic for the cast) so, I just got a phone call out of the blue. He

Truly: Except for maybe a little choreography for the opening piece, I wasn't really contributing creatively to the show very much at that point. Gary had his show, he had his music and the order of everything, so I was pretty much filling in the blanks.

Harmonee: How would you compare your first show that you did together with the shows that you are doing now?

Gary: To sum that up would be to say more of what Truly's got me into. My interests were '80s music. I dressed in ties. I was a lot more conservative. It was more of a family show that everyone could look

Harmonee: [evil voice] You have your darker side.

Truly: Yeah. I don't think I was trying to change him or anything, but I don't really know how exposing you to my music and fashion came about.

Gary: I know how it happened. I was at a video tape store and this guy said he owned some clubs and he asked me if I would perform in them. It turned out to be Club Axis, and I'm not really a club goer, or at least wasn't really at that time.

Harmonee: And, of course, Truly is.

Gary: So I asked Truly if she could help me and she said, "Yeah, I go to

these clubs all the time. I can help you out with the feel for that." So we went down together to the club and we started producing things. There were really no wrong answers at this point. We just started to stretch everything as far as we wanted and go crazy. In short, we produced a show for Club Axis (and a new form of entertainment). It was a hit. We used their dancers in the club and go-go stages for the illusions and their lights and we put on a really great show. After the show we looked at the little pieces (like costumes) and Truly suggested we incorporate these little bits into the family show to spice it up a bit. Give it a little flavor.

Truly: Axis, by default, defined for us what kind of a project we wanted to create that we really felt confident about. It was a very gradual transition. In my approach to him, I have always respected it as it's his business and it's his show and I'm just throwing ideas out there. I thought it was just really unfair for me to have all these really bizarre ideas about the magic show and not suggest them to him. I never wanted him to feel like I'm trying to take over. I'm just happy to be working with him and I'm happy to be involved, but I wondered if in some ways I could expose him to other worlds, so to speak.

I remember playing Marilyn Manson's "Dope Hat" for him and it's sort this creepy, circusy Willy Wonka video and he didn't like it.

Gary: And Rob Zombie

Truly: I played him Prodigy, and I tried to play him the less scary versions of these bands I was into and songs I thought would be kinda cool. He listened patiently and kindly but he wasn't at a point where he was interested in changing his show around. The interest had to come from within him. I gradually started to see him get interested in the music and then I showed him the Marilyn Manson videos, and all the visuals, and they are orgasmic the way he is such a genius and an artist. I said, "This is what inspires me. These videos and this man inspires me beyond all end." We watched them and we started talking about the ideas and the feelings and the images and it started to just open up our heads.

Gary: One of my reasons for my negativity was from the standpoint of making money. This is not mainstream. It will not sell mainstream and I really need to make some money to keep this project going. What really brought things together was working in Japan. I needed some music for some things and we did pick out some techno. Prodigy.

Truly: Our Sub-Trunk routine was done to "Spybreak" by Propellerheads and I burned him a



copy of "Mezzanine" (Massive Attack). And then came the glasses. I was like, "Why don't you put on the glasses and just look like..."

Harmonee: This creepy bug guy.

Truly: Yeah! [girly giggles]. A detached, robotic strange guy. With the rope routine... that's my favorite routine that he does because that's my favorite song off the album. I thought it was really coincidental that he wound up using that one.

Gary: 'Cause I picked it before you knew.

Truly: And then with the glasses (buggy) and the coat (long army trench) and his hair (platinum spikes) all these gradual mutations that started to happen with his image and the hauntingness of the whole piece. The way he manipulates those ropes, especially right in front of your eyes. It's one of my favorite pieces.

Harmonee: So it was a rather random transition. It just kind of came together naturally.

Gary: Yeah I never thought it would come to this.

Truly: But he doesn't do anything unless his heart is in it. I wouldn't force anything on him that he really didn't believe in, because people can tell when you are just going through the motions.

Harmonee: Did you notice any type of direct impact after the show? Were you like, "This feels a little more comfortable, this is a little more fun?"

Gary: It got a lot more fun.

Truly: You could see all the wheels turning in there. You could see the big ship changing directions.

Harmonee: Do you have a lot of creative freedom?

Truly: Yeah, but not music wise, and music is very important to both

of us. As a dancer, if I go to a dance club and they're playing a song that I fucking love, I'm gonna go ape shit, and your gonna see some stuff you've never seen before. If they're playing a song I don't like, I'm gonna be doing one move the whole time, and I'm gonna be really bored.

Harmonee: It's about feeling, and different songs make you feel different things.

Truly: Although it's different with magic. Sometimes they will give you music that you'll have to work with, but your adrenaline and your love of it and all the other elements make things come together.

Gary: Well, something that Truly will do is if there is a piece of music that she does not like or isn't inspired by, she will create to a piece that she is inspired by and then transfer it to that other piece.

Truly: That's actually what we did for that piece you saw for Michael Jackson for Club Rage. We choreographed in the back yard listening to a KMFDM song. You'll notice that after the few opening moves, it doesn't really have any actual beats. It's just a sequence of moves.

Harmonee: (The Michael Jackson song in reference is "Do You Wanna Be Startin Somethin" done in the '80s, but this version had an 11 minute '90s remix. Yikes.) I was surprised to see from the video that this went over as well as it did.

Gary: No one was more surprised than us. We thought it was going to be eye candy. People dancing, maybe glancing over but it became real apparent after every illusion that we needed some bows.

Harmonee: For people to know that the illusion was over?

Gary: People actually stopped

dancing and were cheering us on.

Harmonee: The combination of illusions/magic at dance clubs seems like it shouldn't be all that new of a concept, seeing as how they work so well together.

Truly: We'd like it to happen more often. This is something that the public would really dig. I would sure love to go to a dance club knowing that throughout the night there were going to be some magic illusions and it's more for your money. It makes for a more interesting evening.

Harmonee: It makes for the true definition of entertainment. You want to go out and have fun, but you want to have veritable exchanges with different things. Kinda like how some clubs will have go-go dancers or a glam rock slide show.

Gary: It's almost taking go-go dancing to the next level. With Club Rage, Paul, the promoter likes magic because he sees what it does for his club and he knows the value of giving people something back.

Harmonee: And you're kind of introducing magic to a whole different crowd. I used to see magic shows at the library every Sunday when I would go to get books for that week. I wouldn't expect to go to a dance club now that I'm 22 years old and see illusions.

Truly: What you said there is the perfect example of where magic is evolving to now. The three of us here are so many types of shows. We're like the chameleons of magic. We're never dressed the same or doing the same things for different crowds. With each and every project that comes up we have to look at the circumstances we have within to

work. What kind of crowd is it? What should we be wearing? What kind of music can we use? What kind of choreography should we have? Everything from way out there - fetish and vinyl - to way suggestive and way sexy to way conservative, really pleasant, kinda cheesy and anything in the spectrum in between. Every time somebody says the word magician, you think of some cheesy guy in a tuxedo pulling a rabbit out of a hat. Everybody loves it and it's really fun, but it's been done before. It's the classic image.

Gary: What she came up with is the title Image Manipulation. The performance art.

Truly: When it comes to this particular stuff, we need to just stop calling ourselves magicians so people don't get this pre-conceived notion of smiling assistant and stuff.

Harmonee: But that's also something that's familiar, because that's an image you've had in your conscience your whole life. This makes the image entirely new

which keeps it exciting and inquisitive.

Gary: It makes it really exciting for us too. You listen to music. Well, it's like a really good remix of your favorite song. My influences are Rammstein and Manson. The Rammstein of magic is where we'd like to go. That really broad sense of entertainment.

Harmonee: Yeah, it's weird about Rammstein. I was never drawn to them as a band, and you didn't like them either when you first heard them, but once you see a show of yours, it starts to put together the music with the vision. It makes more sense that way. It's the true idea of entertainment. That's how concerts were back in the '70s. You'd go to a concert, but it would be a spectacle. Look at KISS! It was a performance. It was costumes. It was fire. It was rock and fucking roll! All these elements come together, you use all of your senses, and that's truly what made the performance so great. It's a creative formula, and that's how I see your

style of magic. So, what would be your ideal show?

Gary and Truly: Lots of fire!

Renee: Lots of black lights.

Gary: Using the performance art and magic together... and lots of fire!

Harmonee: So it's a rock concert!

Gary: We're just frustrated rock stars.

Truly: Yeah, wannabe rock stars.

Wanna be rock stars or not, this interview helped to open my eyes towards the world of magic and illusions, a concept that has always seemed rather childish and dull. After viewing only a few short minutes of footage from Gary and Truly's latest performance at Club Rage, I began to understand where their image was coming from and I know now where real magic is headed. For more information regarding booking or upcoming performances, you can contact Gary via e-mail at:

<thelaramores@earthlink.net>

-Harmonee



*As a dancer, if I go to a dance club and they're playing a song
that I fucking love, I'm gonna go ape shit,
and your gonna see some stuff you've never seen before.*

-Truly





Spin is so much part of the establishment that it becomes ludicrous when the magazine covers a true alternative of a vibrant punk rock community.

WHY SPIN MAGAZINE CAN SUCK MY ASS

Funny enough, it all started to bubble like once-dormant magma with the band 311 headlining the 2001 Warped Tour. I have a bland disdain for 311. It's nothing like wishing they'd die or anything. They're just distantly annoying. I was talking to my friend, Nancy. Before she started dating Money (not the currency, the Razorcake contributor), she was a big 311 fan. I feel bad now, but I laughed at her. I was a dick. I could blame it on drinking, but I wasn't all the way through my first Bloody Mary.

Spin had put me in a bad mood and the thing that nailed my scrotum to the splintery bench of music journalism was their so-piss-poor-it-ain't-even-funny list of "50 most essential punk records."

She defended herself. "I grew up in the middle of Florida. 311 was the best thing on the radio."

I retorted, "But there's so much great underground music. You don't have to listen to the radio. I grew up in a small town in the middle of a desert."

"Yeah," she said, "but what if you don't know about the underground? What if you never hear about it?"

She was right. Why the hell was I mounting my high and mighty Steed of Independent Music and looking down on her musical taste? Hell, I really like Nancy. She's such a good person that if she doesn't disarm you within a minute with her unmistakable honesty and genuine niceness, you've got a serious personality flaw.

"If you're so pissed," she said, "why don't you write *Spin* so people can find out about it?"

I ruminated. Ever since my letter writing campaign to *Rolling Stone* back in the late eighties netted zero editorial response, I lost that interest. But I couldn't get over it. Why did a list of the essential punk rock albums in a super-glossy magazine get my scrote in a such a painful predicament? Why couldn't I get over it?

The crux of the reason: *Spin* does a shitty job of admitting that punk's this very alive thing that won't sit well in a glass case and has a tendency to attack, especially when it's declared dead once again.

Today, whenever you read this, is punk's newest day of resurrection. *Spin's* clueless to this.

This part is a fantasy re-creation with real parts. It's an allegory.

It is called,

LET'S TIE A YELLOW RIBBON AROUND THE NECKS OF THE MOTHERFUCKERS LIVING FOR THE GIVING IN (1)

You and your pals are hanging out. There's a couple kegs (one of root beer for the sober folk and straight edgers). There's a band. They're punk rock. It's fun. You jump around. You have a good time. Years have passed like this. You go to record stores and see bands at clubs, in back yards, in parks. You've seen a lot of the same people for years. You buy their records. You read their zines. You've stop counting how many shows you've gone to, how many records are in your front room, ready to get tickled by the record player's needle.

One day, a bunch of people you've never met show up to a show. No big deal. They've got

lights and cameras and tape recorders. For clarity, we will call them The Tourists. They look a little off, kind of like a person who can't high-five quite right or who has their mom neatly stitch a new Crass patch onto their freshly bought jeans or they say "right off" instead of "right on." No biggie. At least they're at a good show. No need to be a pud about it. The only thing that's really weird is that they've got these blinders on, like the ones that horses wear in parades so they don't freak out from too much visual information and trample a kid with a balloon.

Then a bunch of older people show up, which is fine, but every one of their sentences begins with, "back in the day," and you haven't seen them in years. You start to think, "What about today?" But it's all good. The music's still great.

The Tourists ignore the assembled group of folks who are there for a show - one of thousands going on that week across the United States - and they start talking to the older folks about punk rock. The older folks talk, mostly, in the past tense. You turn around. It's Exene Cervenkov(a) of X (you know, the lady who had a comeback with Auntie Christ and scored a sweet deal with getting a song on the "G.I. Jane" soundtrack. (2) You tune in.

"There are people who still believe in the spirit of punk and live that lifestyle, but it's only a re-creation," Exene starts to yell as the band starts rumbling. "There was a different social and political climate then, and if you're playing punk music now, you're playing something that somebody else invented. I don't know if that constitutes the same kind of spirit. I'm not being cynical, but I can't think

of anything really new in music. I'd hate to be 15 right now." A young lady with an Artimus Pile t-shirt sneers at Exene. (Exene's quotes are a direct reprint, *Spin*, p. 100) The Tourists nod knowingly, not acknowledging that Ray Manzarek of the Doors walks by and rubs Exene's elbow. Ray and Exene know each other. He not only produced several of X's albums, he tickled the organ for 'em on a couple songs. The ghosts of Chuck Berry and Link Wray float by, their spirit channeled through X's guitarist, Billy Zoom's strings.

X is a great band, worthy of respect, but they didn't invent a brand new form of music nor did they kill it when they broke up for the first time in 1987. Nothing so dramatic. Exene headed to Idaho and wrote a bunch of poetry. It may be difficult for her ego to sustain; but the fact is that punk rock never died. Never took a vacation. Never went away. Punk rock only dies in people - when they walk away from it. The interviewing Tourist holding the microphone and nods knowingly. Exene continues, "Kids don't know their history." (3)

The band starts to roar. Kids of all ages are jumping around. The band are a quartet of fat Midwestern guys. They have no idea that Exene just accused them of being a bunch of rehashing poser fucks.

"Move with the rogue set, choking out the radio, a thousand voices booming out in stereo," the crowd screams along. The sweat-drenched bassist drops his pants, gets naked, and starts chasing the audience. It's a dilly of a good time.

In the grand scheme of things, the band's brand of "now" punk is as far from X's "then" punk as X

FOOTNOTES:

1. Most of these section headers are yonked from Dillinger Four. It's amazing how versatile their song titles are.

2. Exene - "It's actually a good movie, so watch it." Rounding out the soundtrack are Bad Company and Three Dog Night. It's also been reported that X's reformation was spawned in a large part to do a

TV commercial for "The X Files." Punk!

3. Punk history like X's song, "Wild Thing '94," on the classic "Major League II" soundtrack. {Please read with irony.}

4. Spheeris gets a lot of press for being one of the spokespeople for punk. Even though she's not in the *Spin* article, she's on the DVD outtakes on the "Filth and the Fury."

was from rockabilly and acoustic guitars. Exene makes no effort to qualify that punk's a progression. It's points on an ever-evolving line, not of a bunch of miscellaneous pieces of old beef jerky that can be resuscitated when convenient. Nobody can own the whole cow, although a lot of people try to convince you that they do. Her blinders of "only one time, only one place, only some bands" work too well for the people who admire her.

No lights turn toward the band or the crowd going apeshit. It's background noise to their serious musical-historical enterprise. The Tourists patiently wait for their second interviewee. Penelope Spheeris doesn't show on time. They have to swat away a couple of folks asking if they'd like to read their zine. Huffy, the lady with the scuffless spikey pyramid belt and a Ministry pin on her lapel snaps, "We're doing this piece on the 'Five Essential Now-Defunct Zines,' not your shitty little rag." Before Al Quint can choke her with 19 years of *Suburban Voice's* excellence, before blows are exchanged, Penelope runs up, screaming that someone's selling bootleg copies of "Decline of Western Civilization" at the video store across the street. And that she needs some help. It seems that Ms. Spheeris, who directed the last "Little Rascals" remake, is feeling the scrapes and hunger pangs of artistic integrity. Luckily, a scrap of paper falls from her pants as she hustles by. It's a news clip from The Onion. "I tried so hard to do other kinds of movies after 'Wayne's World' but I couldn't. So I said, 'Fuck it. Let's take the money.'" (4)

This tiny band - you may have heard of them - The Damned plug in next. The Tourists are unimpressed and ignore them, waiting for a guy who runs a museum and a guy who ran a punk club over 22 years ago. They start talking about their favorite sound track and compilation albums. "Was there," one says to the other, "any punk rock in the late '80s, early '90s, before Nirvana?" They all squint real hard, like their slitted vision would provide some hidden answer. "Fugazi," one says and smiles real big. Two of them high five awkwardly. One hits another on the forehead. It's the sound of one hand clapping.

Seeing as that no one else is available for comment and since the club was getting packed and starting to smell like the punk perfume of spilt beer and the essence of yellowed t-shirt arm pit sweat, one Tourist looks at another. "Let's steal the keg. That's punk." They look over at the huge bald guy with razor-thin suspenders dispensing



What I'm contending is that punk is a very large, very dynamic, very real, current, and continuous subculture and that Spin couldn't hit it with a bazooka inside a port-a-potty.

from the tap. Even from across the crowded room, they can see "s-t-a-y a-w-a-y" tattooed on his knuckles. Their bravado shrinks. "Better yet," another chimes in, "let's steal their microphones." Delighted eyes sparkle. Under the rule of helping carry gear in, three small boxes are stolen, effectively taking away the voice of a band. They feel an adrenal rush and want to celebrate.

With a, "I think that's all we can get tonight. Let's go catch Rage at the amphitheater," the Tourists agree it's the best idea of the night, round up, and head out.

BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND SPENDING LIFE IGNORING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

OK, that was a loosely-veiled attack on *Spin Magazine's* "25 Years of Punk" issue, released May, 2001. On one hand, they go really far out of their way to make most punk purely a history issue. There is no attempt to say that there are any still-existing fanzines worthy of mention (Take this as a nod to *Suburban Voice*, *Your Flesh*, *MRR*,

and *Jersey Beat* - agree with them or not, you can't dispute they've all existed for a long, long time.). There are huge lapses in *Spin's* selections. At the root is this really basic question: Why does *Spin* care about punk rock after essentially ignoring it for so long, unless it becomes a huge seller? Why come to a culture that's very much alive, ignore most of its most active, knowledgeable, and long-time participants, and then attempt in print to come across to a wider audience as experts on the subject? That's something tourists with megaphones do. And this isn't solely an arbitrary attack on *Spin*, but I can give two fucks if *CosmoGirl* puts Blink 182 on their cover (the main text on the cover being, "Get Sexy, Shiny Hair"). That's a different universe; an alien culture full of adolescent mid-drifts, makeup application tips, and hunkability quotients. But, when *Spin* - a magazine that swears up and down it's about music (but you have to have a full 25 pages of ads - almost none of them music ads) before any content - and that's the masthead) - and they hold up what they say is a mirror to

punk rock. It's nothing more than a punched out window. Also, keep in mind, in this, although I'll name a bunch of bands and labels, I'm not specifically stating that if just one - or several - were added to the list, this would all change. What I'm contending is that punk is a very large, very dynamic, very real, current, and continuous subculture and that *Spin* couldn't hit it with a bazooka inside a port-a-potty.

It doesn't surprise me that *Spin* sucks. Shit, I didn't even buy the issue I'm citing from. But to be so far off the mark?

IS THIS A QUESTION OF WHAT FELL OR A STATEMENT OF WHAT SELLS?

Name the first thing that pops into your head that ties these records together: Public Enemy's "It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back," Rage Against the Machine's "The Battle for Los Angeles," and Nirvana's "In Utero." I can think of a lot of similarities - they're all on major labels (Sony and Universal), they're all immensely popular bands, they're all part of the intentionally loosely defined rebel rock (black, white, Hispanic). All well and good. Go have your shows in a stadium. Hoot and holler and sell some merchandise. Fuck The Man! (But have The Man set up the show, provide security, make tickets available only through credit cards, and charge for parking.)

Well, according to *Spin*, out of all the punk rock records that have been made - ever - the three aforementioned albums belong in the pantheon. It's a shame that any of those albums are on there. Not only because their negligible punkitude, but because of their inclusion, some no-brainers were excluded.

Everyone should have a No Brainer List. Here's mine. Dead Boys, "Young, Loud, and Snotty," The Damned's "Machine Gun Etiquette," The Adolescents' self-titled, Stiff Little Fingers' "Inflammable Material," Social Distortion's "Mommy's Little Monster," The Circle Jerks "Group Sex," and Smogtown's "Fuhrers of the New Wave." (Keep in mind, that there is no *one* list of Top 50 Punk Albums. It doesn't exist.)

I got to thinking about it more. Designated Dale, Sean, Sara, and I made a quick list of 75 more bands that *Spin* didn't mention just to see how hard a list would be. I tried to understand where *Spin* was coming from. My girlfriend helped out. (She reminds me that I'm in the unique music bubble of being a punk lover with plenty of access to many, many bands.) Her statement was simple and wise. **RAZORCAKE** 23



Then sweat-drenched bassist drops his pants, gets naked, and starts chasing the audience. It's a dilly of a good time.

"They've got to mention albums that you could possibly go out and buy." Agreed. If you make a list of super-rarities, that's about as smart as an all-mime radio station. No one could hear what you're talking about.

On the purchase-ability tip, *Spin* did well. Forty-seven of the albums they list are pretty easy to get. In an interesting wrinkle that I didn't expect, of the three albums on the list that are out of print, only one is due to the record company sliding into oblivion: Pussy Galore's "Groovy Hate Fuck" (on Shove Records, UK). Two other titles are in limbo, not because of any sort of obscurity quotient, but because of majors shuffling around and not getting their back catalogs sorted out while they're moving millions of Britney Spears albums. Being so, X's "Los Angeles" and The Raincoats' self-titled are lost in the majors shuffle. We'll get back to this in a bit.

Another thing that bothers me is why do stories about punk rock in the popular press have to be a.) it's dead (or we killed it) or b.) it was better before and we grew out of it? "Move along. Get over it"? According to the *Spin* list, only eight essential new punk rock albums were released since 1989 (5): Nirvana, Fugazi, Boredoms, Green Day, Rancid, Sleater Kinney, Bikini Kill, and Rage

Against the Machine (6) I guess I can be somewhat thankful they're not pumping Hole.

HONEY, I SHIT THE HOT TUB

What the fuck, Todd, it's all perspective. We can't all have the same tastes, even in micro-genres like blurcore powerviolence from states starting with an "N" or South Sweden sludgecore. Agreed. I'm not a big fan of crusty peace punk. That's a bias. Conflict never upturned my hair. I understand that, but I could easily make a top fifty list of punk bands starting with letters of the alphabet or albums I like on rainy days, or the top fifty albums to listen to after the death of a small, furry animal (Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission), the top pop punk band from every state in the nation (The Lillingtons have Wyoming, hands down.), or the top bands to be hunted down by the FBI because of their t-shirt designs (Candy Snatchers). There's so much to choose from and the list changes all the time. And there is such a wide, wide array of independent sources of all colors and shapes and punk focuses to chose from.

So I tried for a bit longer to put myself in *Spin*'s shoes. Don't make the list too esoteric. Throw in some ringers to piss off people (because

that's punk. How cute.) They list Public Enemy, based on the annoying loophole, "it's punk not to be punk," but how many rap fans would be stoked to have Minor Threat in their Top 50 list (7)? It'd be a joke. Anyhow, they've got to ease their readership (and themselves) into punk rock, pretend they've been down with the sound of the underground since the bomb blast in the '70s, then sift through the charred remains like a group of illuminated cultural anthropologists with bad teeth and smarmy vocabulary.

What follows is not a conspiracy theory. It is a re-evaluation of verifiable facts. I am not contending that the major labels are trying to "infiltrate the scene" or even that all bands that are on majors are evil (hate the government, not the soldiers). I just want to show, as a case study, that *Spin* is so much part of the establishment that it becomes ludicrous when the magazine covers a true alternative of a vibrant punk rock community that spans the world that keeps buying into itself and keeps on plugging away. *Spin*'s list is nothing more than Tourists visiting the darker and sweatier recesses of rock, taking some nifty and some iffy souvenirs, getting out before sundown, and ignoring the fact that there are literally thousands of punk labels, zines, and bands in existence today

that whoop some serious ass.

This is also where I'm coming from and this is where they can snap my argument in half like a Kit Kat bar: I think that punk rock stands in direct opposition to the standards and practices of the music industry as a whole. *Spin* may not share this opinion. In fact, they don't. They mainly think that punk's a bad attitude, funny haircut, and a creative license to piss folks off. I believe punk's not only a sound, but alternative way of living, of conducting business. Sure, I may be naïve and altruistic, but I've also been this way for the last sixteen years. I'm also 29. It's not a shiny, new thing to me. I do not live with my parents, don't sponge off my girlfriend, and I do not have a trust fund. I am not in school. (No offense to folks who fit the previous criteria, but those are the quickest accusations I face.)

Just to get this out of the way, too, I think that all attempts at defining punk are flawed, at best. Sure, I'll joke about it. (For instance, one basic assumption I have is that punk's against the mainstream. By definition, Grammy-winner Rage Against the Machine {Best Metal Performance, 1996} proclaim to be alternative to a mainstream and wade in the middle of that mainstream. It don't make sense, you double-speaking goobers.) But what punk has been most adept at doing is avoiding every trap, cage, and platitude that's been set upon it. In doing so, it exists, thrives, and remains a real force.

MATH THAT DOESN'T INVOLVE MR. EPP AND THE CALCULATIONS (8)

Let's take a look at the labels given credit for releasing these records on the Essential Top 50 list. There's obvious biggies like Sire, CBS, Warner Bros., Island, MCA, EMI, and Virgin. On the surface, it looks like a generous label dispersion - some are majors, most look like indies. It's generally agreed that when the first wave of punk rock splashed into the public's ears, the majors played a large part in it. The Clash, the Sex Pistols, The Ramones, The Vibrators (not on their list), The Damned (not on their list), The Rezillos (not on their list) and The Dickies (not on their list) were all signed.

Doing the math, *Spin* listed 33 different labels in parenthesis right below the band's name and title. (9)

But when the bullshit detector is waved around like a divining rod, the official multi-national punk rock score card, configured from *Spin*'s list:

AOL Time Warner: 12

EMI: 4
BMG: 3
Sony: 3
Universal: 8

Total punk rock albums now controlled by majors: 29

This is where *Spin* functions as a filter for the majors and gives them a break - intentional or not. In the parenthesis where *Spin* lists the label responsible for releasing the records, they're devious. Kleenex/Liliput is the only band that has a record listed as a re-issue. Technically, it is one of many records re-issued. Open deceit can be found when you realize that The Dead Kennedy's first album initially was released on IRS (owned by EMI), but then was purchased by Alternative Tentacles. (10)

Spin has tacit knowledge that while listing a company such as Blank as the record company that originally released Pere Ubu's "The Modern Dance," it's not technically a re-issue because it had always been on a major. What *Spin* doesn't mention is that Blank was a record company specifically created for Pere Ubu's debut album under Mercury Records, now owned by Universal. In attempts to be obscure and spread little-known label names (not little labels), they're feeding into the exact same system that brings you the diarrhea feedbag of Backstreet Boys. At its most benign, it's super-sloppy musical journalism. At worst, it's intentional deception. (11)

So, when the five of the majors are amassed through their trickle down, twelve different independent labels remain standing who haven't sold all of their licensing rights (12). This parses the number of different labels down to seventeen, almost exactly half the original number.

I won't and can't discount those independent labels. Some kick some serious ass for punk rock.

During the '80s, SST had their shit wired tight - I've got nary a problem with The Descendents, Black Flag, or The Minutemen being on the list. SST deserves the recognition they got. But I've got a serious fucking problem with the fact that AOL Time Warner owns almost one in four of the bands listed and that major corporations yanked almost sixty percent of the total punk rock on their list.

WATER! PUNK!

Here's a real abbreviated lesson in music corporations. As of late May, 2001, there are five major music corporations in the United States. They control 50 percent of *all* the music made. 1.) AOL Time Warner is the behemoth product of the 2001 marriage of America Online with media titan Time Warner. 2.) EMI markets its music through Capitol, Chrysalis, and Virgin. It is also the world's largest music publisher, controlling more than one million copyrights. (European regulators blocked EMI's merger attempt with AOL Time Warner.) 3.) Bertelsmann (otherwise known as BMG) is home to more than 200 record labels in 54 countries and is the fastest growing music publishing company today. 4.) Under Sony's direct control are Columbia, Epic, Legacy and the Columbia House record club (a 50/50 joint venture with AOL Time Warner.) 5.) In 2000 Vivendi acquired Canada's Seagram, owner of Universal Music. It is also the world's number one water distributor with 100 million customers worldwide. Vivendi Universal was spawned.

Some of you might think I'm exaggerating a tad when it comes to the sheer volume of punk rock that is released. I'm quite aware that just because a label's put out a lot of

bands, that doesn't mean that any of them are classics and that different folks have different ideas of what is or isn't punk. So I did a short survey. Late in the afternoon, I emailed 20 independent record companies, all of them still very active except Frontier. In the middle of the next day, I checked my email. I asked a simple question: how many records have you released? For brevity, here are the numbers of the first eleven that responded.

Sympathy For the Record Industry: 620, plus or minus.
Frontier: 74, 25 still in print.
Estrus: 82 LPs, (20 10"s, 161 7"s)
Lookout: 270
Very Small Records: 68
BYO: 76
Beer City: 119
Fat/Honest Don's: 150
No Idea: 105 (13)
Slap a Ham: 59
(I actually just looked at their site.)
Alternative Tentacles: 264

What's conspicuous is that not only were one or two of these labels nowhere to be found on *Spin*'s Top 50 list - *not a single of these releases from any of these labels were included*. Batting zero out of 1,838. Why don't Turbonegro, The Adolescents, The Motards, Teengenerate, Operation Ivy, Spazz, Swingin' Utters, U.S. Bombs, Youth Brigade, Schlong, the Dicks, or Panthro U.K. United 13 get a single nod?

HOW COULD THIS BE PART OF ANY GREATER PLAN?

Part of me is sad that *Spin* posits what they did as punk rock. I think back to Nancy and other people who like what they hear seeping out of the underground but don't have full access to it yet. Their source is

Spin and *Spin* dishes 60% of their material right back into the mainstream. There's no whisper of how great The Zero Boys "Vicious Circle" is, no leads to a band like N.O.T.A. or Naked Raygun or Dillinger Four or Leatherface or Articles of Faith or Masters of the Obvious. No mention of labels like Dangerhouse or Posh Boy, just a poorly assembled list of bands by self-appointed experts who probably spend more time programming their palm pilots than letting the vinyl spin and smiling at the speakers, thinking, "Fuck, this song is great."

Part of me is glad *Spin* is a bunch of hapless dorks. It's not just that they missed a couple real simple bands which would behoove them to include on a musical list. They missed the entire point. Punk rock's not solely a museum piece, not a "Where Are They Now?" segment, not a bunch of major label obscurities.

Past rebellions look quaint, especially when their long-ago self-appointed generals and poets have waved their white flags, claimed not only the war was lost, but was killed by what they created and assured us that no one could dig it out of its grave, ignoring the fact that punk's all about the fucked up genetics in-between musical notes.

Punk continues to be the resurrection of ideas planted, yielding fucked and brilliant new fruit that could never be imagined.

Some people never get that.

-Retodd

(Due to space considerations, the fully annotated listing of who owns what on *Spin*'s list is on <www.razorcake.com>.)



FOOTNOTES, CONTINUED:

5. Half of the time span of the life of their version of punk.
6. Grammy winners, last year's *Spin*'s Band of the Year.
7. In this vein, you could place Anal Cunt's mock Top 40 soft rock opus "Picnic of Love" somewhere in the Muzak/ Kenny G. Top 50.
8. To immitate *Spin* even further, I'll plaster a drop quote in the middle of something that doesn't mention the band quoted. The title of their piece on LA punk is "Sit On My Face, Stevie Nicks." It's typed across the Germs' Darby Crash's chest. It's not a Germs song. No where in the article are The Rotters given credit for penning the Fleetwood-offending ditty (the b-side is "Amputee"). My piece doesn't mention Mark Arm, who was in Mr. Epp and would go on to Mudhoney....
9. Some releases are co-released (Public Image Limited's "Metal Box/Second Edition" is released by Virgin U.K. and Island.).
10. It was released by Cherry Red in the U.K. It went Gold there.
11. On an associated note, Antilles is the label credited with The Slits' "Cut," and the "No New York" compilation. Antilles has always been a "sub label" of Island, which is now owned by Universal.
12. Kill Rock Stars, Dischord, SST, Rykodisc, ROIR, Epitaph, Touch and Go, Sub Pop (12b), Shimmy Disc, K, New Cog, and Shove.
- 12.b. "Ay yi yi - the old Warner Question! Here's the deal: Sub Pop is 49% owned by Warner and when that deal went down years back, the owners of the company got a pretty penny. That being said, we currently

have no association with Warner. We get nothing from them and we give nothing to them. I have never spoken with anyone at Warner and get none of the Warner family perks (see my paycheck!). But, if I guess that fact is that we are partially owned by Warner. The only things that we get from Warner are: a.) manufacturing from their plant with great rates and b.) the option of wea distribution, which we never take because they'd never know what to do with our records - they'd all end up being returned." -Steve Manning, Sub Pop

13. "Well, on the magical 'No Idea list' at the office, we are up to NIR-117 on the 'coming soon' list. This does not include a few things that *will* happen^(13b), but have not happened yet. I think that we actually *made* about 105 things so far, not counting six zines and a few 'we just helped and did not put a No Idea number on it' things. Even more scary when you consider that several are LP and CD, effectively adding that much *more* work to the mix. Yikes! I had many conflicted feelings when we hit #100. I wanted to start the system over again... like go back to B-001 and B-002 instead of 101 102, etc. But we stayed in the 'normal' system. So many labels go to shit once they cross #100. Too much stuff, people start to care less... etc. I hope we avoid all that! Take carrot!" -Var, No Idea.

13.b. "Like another True North record, for example. They recorded five songs... they may just wait and write five more over the next six months and do another LP... or maybe a 10" sooner with just the five... who knows? And Dillinger Four, of course."



...his intricately crafted style couldn't even be duplicated by God himself on a good day.

WILL THE REAL KING OF ROCK'N'ROLL PLEASE STAND UP AND SHAKE YOUR STUFF?!

(The Final Installment)

Whoooooodoggy, I sho 'nuff opened a bulgin' ready-to-burst can of worms in my inebriated attempt to irreverently dethrone Elvis "Hounddog Daddy" Presley as the hip-thrustin' long-reigning "King of Rock'N'Roll" in my incoherently crazed column for RAZORCAKE #2! While diligently seeking a raucously worthy replacement for such a time-honored and truly reverential bestowment, I realized more than once that I'm knowingly entering a highly debatable and argumentative arena of contention that ten different people will have 100 different opinions to eagerly express (again, let me vehemently state the obvious: I am in no way whatsoever the end-all-be-all authority on rock'n'roll's loud and proud progenitors from days of yore... as usual, I'm just insolently espousin' a rollickin' plethora of my brew-slated opinions for nobody in particular, although I certainly hope some of you will actively seek the numerous readily available releases by the ear-blisterin' big daddies of r'n'r decadence that I fervently recommend at the end of this rowdy lil' rant.). Indeed, I warily went into this particular column with insurmountable trepidation, but I wholeheartedly felt compelled to embark on such an opinionated endeavor because I'm sick to death of Elvis routinely being dubbed "The King of Rock'N'Roll" (no intentional offense to the man or the myth... again, I thoroughly enjoy his early aural output before he became a clownish rhinestone-studded performing parody and drug-addled cartoonish self-caricature, but there are so many other notable rockin' cats that literally gave the Big El a run for his fame and fortune during the indescribably eclectic era of rock's formative years in the 1950s.). Unfortunately, ironic life-altering circumstances beyond most of their control kept all of my notable

nominees for the royal r'n'r crown from attaining the noteworthy recognition that they so assuredly deserve: Carl Perkins' debilitating skull-crackin' shoulder-breakin' car wreck at the peak of his career in 1956; Bo Diddley bein' "black" and lyrically too threatening (although I'm sure the color of his skin was more of an insulting affront to "white" society than his outrageously wild lyrical prowess); Jerry Lee Lewis's sizzlin' sexually suggestive stage presence and his scandalous "shameful" dalliances in socially unacceptable sinful behavior; and, of course, the sudden untimely deaths of Ritchie Valens (dead at 17... plane crash in February 1959) and Eddie Cochran (the forever reigning crown prince of rock'n'roll, I do damn well declare... dead at 21... a car wreck in April of 1960). And now, without any further intoxicated ado, I will feverishly finish my so-called "King of Rock'N'Roll Countdown", so grab ya an ice cold brew, get all nice and comfy, and crank-up a whoppin' wallop of tit-twistin' rock'n'roll rambunctiousness ala anything rowdily released pre-1959...

The Top Ten Contenders For The Royal Rock'N'Roll Crown Part Two (Sonically Ferocious Finalists 6-10)

6) **Bill Haley...** Throughout the past several years, so-called highly learned musicologists have often asserted that Bill Haley And His Comets were the first to bombastically bring the percussive ear-rumblin' sounds of rock'n'roll into mainstream society's morally bland realization (due in no small part to the frenzied chart-toppin' success of his "(We're Gonna) Rock Around The Clock" which rocketed across the airwaves about the same time Elvis was spastically shakin' his stuff at Sun Studio in 1954-55 and certainly long before that greasy-haired scruff in Memphis had a hit of his very own!). Yeh, ol' blazin' Bill and crew ferociously fused swingin' bigband bop with rotundly swaggerin' rock'n'roll raunchiness

that was all-at-once suave, smooth, jaunty, prancin', struttin', and riproarin' wild (meanin' a minimal of offense, the jive-wailin' hepcat wannabees of today like Brian Setzer's Orchestra and Big Bad Voodoo Daddy ain't got nothin' on Bill Haley And His Comets)! Every time my ears are sonically slapped silly by the spirited soul-stirrin' splendor of "(We're Gonna) Rock Around The Clock", "Thirteen Women", "Shake, Rattle And Roll", "Birth Of The Boogie", "Two Hound Dogs", "R-O-C-K", "Rock-A-Beatin' Boogie", "See You Later Alligator", "Hot Dog Buddy Buddy" ("Danced last night... and the night before... if I live to see tomorrow, I'm gonna dance some more... I'm a-rockin', rockin' on down the line!"), and "Rip It Up", I'm maniacally motivated to cut loose, go berserk, and kick-up the dirt on the carpet with foam-in-at-the-mouth foot-shufflin' frenzy! With a wildly curlin' strand of hair precariously droopin' across his forehead and a personable non-threatening stage presence, Bill Haley's effervescent flirtation with fame and fortune was relatively short-lived (after an initial burst of unprecedented success, he was soon relegated to schmaltzy oldies-oriented touring festivals)... unfortunately, ol' sock-hoppin' Haley died in relative obscurity several years ago without ever really receivin' the rightful recognition he so richly deserved... pity, too, 'cause he was one of the first to perfectly blend the rock with the roll.

7) **Little Richard...** He's an outrageously flamboyant piano-pummelling madman who shrieks, growls, grunts, and shamelessly struts his stuff like a primitive jungle-dwellin' tribal warrior on a crazed, cross-eyed rampage! He's pretentiously colorful, ostentatiously flashy, and notoriously outspoken, and he's certainly one of the most enigmatic and stunning entertainers of all time. In an era when most recording artists were required/encouraged to record mass-produced melodies of corporate music publishing companies,

Little Richard was one of the first to pen, compose, and record his own material on his own terms (a feisty lil' musical maverick, he was!)... these self-penned explosions of sound include such forever endearing timeless classics as "Tutti Frutti" (the definitive rock'n'roll howler, I must saucily surmise!), "Long Tall Sally", "Ooh! My Soul", "Slippin' And Slidin'", "Jenny Jenny", "Keep A Knockin'", and "Lucille". It seems at one time or another that every rock'n'roll icon worth their weight in gold records has covered a Little Richard number (including some of his more radio-accessible contemporaries like Elvis, Eddie Cochran, and Ritchie Valens!). Although the proper recognition he damn well definitely deserves has continuously eluded him during the past several years (probably mostly due to his overly theatrical "queerness", bein' an outspoken openly proud black entertainer in a white man's bland business world, and the constant soul-stretching struggle of feverishly playin' the devil's music while fervently maintaining his faith as a devoted disciple of the Lord), Little Richard has poignantly persevered, and he's still to this day tearin' it up on brightly lit stages everywhere... dazzlin', mesmerizin', and tantallizin' his audiences as always!

8) **Buddy Holly...** He was lean, clean, pristine, and musically super-sharp keen... he could robustly rock as savagely as a rabid long-fanged beast and then smoothly croon his way through a lushly orchestrated rainbow-swirl of heavenly flutterings. Buddy Holly was an innovative originator, an inventive maestro supreme, and one of the most extraordinarily exceptional musicians, composers, and producers in the music world's entire eclectic history... his inimitable musical accomplishments were many; his intricately crafted style couldn't even be duplicated by God himself on a good day; his fiery passionate flair for perfectly capturing the feverish frenzied energy and sometimes soothing soul-stirring effervescence of rock'n'roll is



The ghosts of Gene Vincent (left) and Buddy Holly (right) jamming with the Selby Tigers.

unequivocally unmatched to this very day! "Rave On" raucously roars, majestically soars, and tumultuously trembles with a skull-fracturing wallop of topsy-turvy tenacity... "I'm Looking For Someone To Love" is aurally the end-all-be-all for me with its catchy rollickin' punchiness and shimmering lightning-flash exuberance (gawddamn, this song uncontrollably moves me like no other!)... "True Love Ways" is a sparkling moonlit magical moment where music spreads its brightly colored lightly feathered wings and softly soars through the breeze-strewn clouds of sweet-spirited heavenly resplendence. Yes, indeed, Buddy Holly charismatically stretched the creative limits of primitive recording procedures during that time (he was one of the first to extensively incorporate multi-tracking dubbing techniques to his artistically skilled advantage in the studio... Eddie Cochran was another who frequently delved in such uncommon audial antics during the technologically inferior era of the 1950s!), and he ingeniously accomplished it all on his very own non-negotiable terms. Sadly, Buddy didn't live long enough to realize how drastically he transformed the future of rock-'n'roll and what an indelible impact he has had on musicians to this very day... he died at the youthfully bright-eyed age of 22 in a history-altering plane crash in February of 1959... they say things haven't been the same since.

9) Chuck Berry... Man, mere mortal words can't adequately describe this legendary godlike guitar-slingin' duckwalkin' cooler-than-fuck catdaddy! Lyrically, he's rock-

'n'roll's wryly observant equivalent of Mark Twain (all-at-once poetic, descriptive, humorous, speculative, articulate, adventurous, and sassily smart'n'savvy!)... musically, he's the devilishly inspirational heart-beatin' embodiment of rock'n'roll (raucous, over-amped, boisterous, proud, and loud... just the way Satan intended it!). His grandiloquently giddy guitar progressions are addictively awe-inspiring, youthfully ageless, and eternally classic (bombastically beefy riffs that're fat, frenzied, fun, and ferociously full of life!). Chuck Berry is rock'n'roll, and there's nothin' more to it, by golly gosh... such toe-tappin' spine-twistin' booty-bumpin' tunes as "Maybellene", "Thirty Days", "Downbound Train", "Roll Over Beethoven", "Too Much Monkey Business", "Oh Baby Doll", "Sweet Little Sixteen", "Johnny B. Goode", "Around And Around", and "Carol" have hypnotically awed, inspired, and titillated many an aspiring rocker during the past four-and-a-half decades (but not one of 'em has ever even come close to duplicatin' the fullforce rock'n'roll fury and unattainable flair for originality that is Mr. Chuck B.!). Through the years, he's tirelessly endured flagrant racist harassment, trumped-up bullshit charges of "transporting a minor across state lines", and a tumultuous bout of "tax evasion" conflicts with Uncle Sham and his imbecilically useless IRS sidekicks, but Chuck Berry's obstinately held his head high, and he's still rockin' 'em like crazy. I'd almost certainly reverently cast my vote for chug-a-luggin' Chuck as the almighty all-powerful "King of Rock'N'Roll", but there's...

10) Gene Vincent... Only one word is necessary to vividly characterize the man and descriptively capture the maddog masculinity of his music: SAVAGE!!! He was (and always will be) the physical, musical, and spiritual essence of rock-'n'roll: his blackleather-clad demon hellhound stage presence was a visually disturbing display of untamed animalistic fury with fiery wildly leering eyes, a greased-back tangled mane of uncontrollably erratic hair, and a fiendishly sinister bundle of body spasms firmly anchored to the violently vibrating stage by his braced severely crippled left leg... his sultry stutterin' prowlin'-cat vocals aggressively added robustly bulgin' bucketloads of beastly liveliness to an ear-siz-zlin' assortment of rebelrousin' rockers about chicks, hotrods, and the wickedly wild world of lawless teen-aged decadence... and his rabidly spirited rebellious badboy attitude and gutsy flagrant disregard for conventional societal moral standards characteristically cast the mold of bein' bad-ass and uniquely individualistic in the prudishly straight-laced and naively innocent world of the 1950s. Gene Vincent rocked, wailed, hollered, and vigorously shouted his way through such feverishly ragin' sonic nuggets as "Be-Bop-A-Lula", "Who Slapped John" (maniacally spastic and fantastically frenzied beyond belief... one of my all-time fave rock'n'roll rave-ups!), "Jump Back, Honey, Jump Back", "Bop Street", "Jumps, Giggles & Shouts", "Cruisin'", "Hold Me, Hug Me, Rock Me", "B-I-Bickey-Bi, Bo-Bo-Go" (a raucously crazed noggin'-knockin' number that

always gets my feet a-jumpin'!), and "Dance To The Bop". Yep, if ever a "King of Rock'N'Roll" were to be publicly crowned, Gene Vincent is the one most deserving of such a highly revered royal bestowment... he personified, embodied, and defined the ruggedly rowdy sonic core of rock'n'roll and all of its rampageous anti-social misfit attitude... and he indelibly impacted rock's entire future more than he's ever been accredited for doin' so. Unfortunately, he died of cirrhosis of the liver and severe stomach hemorrhaging due to chronic alcoholism at age 36 in 1971. Some say he was well past his prime at the time of his death, a washed-up old has-been who was rapidly headin' into the darkly swirling abyss of ominous obscurity... maybe so, but during his brief splendiferously shinin' day in the sun, he zealously shook the woolly-bully world of rock'n'roll and took it for a whirlwind of a ride from which it still hasn't fully recovered. Gene was the craziest, coolest cat to ever put the bop to the rock and mayhemically mix it up like a madman possessed... no other rock'n'roll icon from the deviantly formative days of yore has inspired and impressed me like the irresistibly supernatural Gene. Amen, abeer, and abop-pin'-burp!

So there ya have the semi-ramblin' ornately worded coronation of my dubious choice for "The King of Rock'N'Roll". Again, it's just my humbly espoused opinion, and it assuredly does not reflect the illustrious highly learned sentiments of the ingeniously esteemed editors of this here lil' ol' rag, **RAZORCAKE** [27]

so please don't bombard them with an overwhelming array of penned points-of-view angrily expressing your dismay, outrage, and/or your utter inalienable right to heartily disagree with my loose-lipped assessment of the royal r'n'r dilemma (Todd and Sean are both beyond busy 36 hours a day, 19 days a week!). Interestingly enough, sensible Sean recently emailed me and graciously offered his profoundly informed opinion on this maddening musical matter... although, I wholeheartedly agree with his preeminent preference of Willie "Hoochie Coochie Man" Dixon for the gold'n'platinum king-of-all-rockers crown, I personally consider ol' wild Willie to be a formidable blues master who indelibly inspired many a sonically trailblazin' hellcat with his proficiently spectacular tune-smithing abilities (a little known fact for all you trivia hounds out there: Mr. Dixon played stand-up bass on most of Chuck Berry's early audial output, so put that in your corn-cob pipe and smoke it for a while!). But if I were to bring Willie into the fragmented fray, then I'd certainly feel compelled to hand the crown to Howlin' Wolf... afterall, he's God, the Devil, and every demonically possessed psycho-spirit in between (ol' Sam "Sun

Studio" Phillips said it best about the Wolf's music, "This is where the soul of man never dies." I do damn well definitely agree!). And what about Muddy Waters?!? Or, especially, Robert Johnson (he inspired it all and then some)?!? Yep, it'd be an epic endeavor indeed to thoroughly trace and credit the entire tangled maze of rock'n'roll's illustriously regal (or, more likely, ragtag) progenitors from day one (I'm sure it'd ultimately go back to some wild-eyed loin-clothed tribesman rhythmatically bangin' a couple of rocks on a log waaay off in the snake-infested boonies of deepest darkest Africa... quite amazing what the passages of time and technology have wrought, huh?!?). Anyway, besides Robert Johnson, Howlin' Wolf, Willie Dixon, and Muddy Waters, other notable inspirational forefathers of rock'n'roll worthy of mention include Hank Williams, Fats Domino, Rufus Thomas, Johnny Cash, early Ike Turner (pre-Tina, of course!), Larry Williams, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Billy Lee Riley, Hasil Adkins, and Dale Hawkins (I religiously recommend 'em all!).

I know you're probably vigorously scratchin' your flea-infested (or freshly shampooed, if the case

may be) noggin at this very moment and befuddledly wondering just what's the motherfuckin' relevance of all this aimlessly meandering rock'n'roll psychobabble in a predominantly punk-oriented indie magazine! Well, in a roundabout way, the rebelliously spirited originators of rock'n'roll I've been so fervently praisin' are the frenetically primitive forebearers of spastice punkrock ferocity as we know it today... musically, stylistically, and in all-out belligerent attitude! When I sometimes play a couple of Muddy Waters tunes on the jukebox at my favorite watering-hole here in Hellville, a good friend of mine inevitably grumbles and moans, "Ah, fuck that blues shit, man... we need to hear some Blitz." So here's a thought-provoking point to ponder: without that "blues shit", there would have never been rock'n'roll (no Elvis, no Eddie Cochran, no Chuck Berry, no nothin'!)... and without those blues-inspired rockin' cats, there'd be no New York Dolls, no Ramones, no Sex Pistols, no Blitz (no punkrock whatsoever... hell, there'd be no Oi either, which is all systematically based on derivative over-amped fast-as-fuck Chuck Berry riffs anyway!). And here's another cacophonously colorful comparison, if you will: such inde-

pendently owned and operated labels as Chess, Sun, and Del-Fi were the Bomp, Epitaph, Fat, and TKO of their day. Ironic, relative, and historically relevant, indeed...

It basically boils down to this: then as now, rock'n'roll's all about bein' yourself, listenin' to whatever gets your feet a-feverishly stompin', and absorb in' it all without ever losing perspective of who you are or what you most firmly believe in... rock'n'roll is outrageous, expressive, loud, belligerent, ballsy, and full of flamboyance, fierceness, and anti-traditional attitude. Like ol' big-dog Elvis once so devilishly intoned, "If you're lookin' for trouble, you came to the right place...". I think the holy hip-swivellin' sideburned one was onto somethin' there...

-Roger Moser, Jr.

(An alcohol-saturated afterthought of sorts: for those of you salaciously seekin' a crown-jewelled "Queen of Rock'N'Roll", that'd assuredly be none other than the ultra-flashy sweet-cheeked Little Richard... "Oooh, hush your mouth, child!")

For a full list of Roger's recommended recordings and reading fodder, check out www.razorcake.com.





Gary Hornberger

Squeeze My Horn

...this lady must be calling me a lair, and I'm a fairy that can make that yogurt appear and disappear.

"When in Rome do as the Romans." What the hell does this mean? Well, in today's society I think it means "Me now." Seriously, we live in the Me Now society! If one of those Romans gets your stuff, you're screwed so you need to be like them and disregard all manner of courtesy and fight for first place, right? Weren't the Romans big on games? Ok, look, I'm a little bent because I work in customer service and it seems I've got slave status and my only vent is to go in the back room and curse under my breath, because you know what cursing out loud will get you. You want examples? All right.

Designated Dale comes in to drop a line and asks as I'm filling the shelf. "Hey, does anyone ever reach in front of you to get something like you're not there?"

I tell him to give me ten minutes, but hell, it doesn't even take two minutes and sure as shitting here comes the large, smelly lady just a-reachin' across my shoulder to grab some high fat content drink like I'm not even there, not even "excuse me." Gotta get a good one!

Another example - working from behind the milk, a lady asked for a certain kind of yogurt that I know has been discontinued for about six months, and I tell her this. Her response is "I just got it here last week."

I'm thinking, unless last week this was a Ralph's, this lady must be calling me a lair, and I'm a fairy that can make that yogurt appear and disappear. I'm not a lying fairy. All day long I get this: glaring looks, rolling eyes, some even get down right nasty. Society wants its dinner and damn you to hell if they don't get it. When I was a kid (and I hope this doesn't date me),

we were told to respect elders, say "yes sir"/ "yes miss," and be polite. I'm sorry, but those ideals get you last place nowadays. Kids today have got it easy because of all this crap. I see all these kids getting rides to and from school and making a scene in the store if they don't get their fat little hands on some

Now I feel better, let's move on.

During the week of April I was able to go to the comic show at the Shrine Auditorium in LA. See, I was still on disability and that's the only way I get Sundays off. So I take my nephew with me on a quest to find some indies to review. As we pull up the guy in the lot says,

the reviews. So I'm thinking the days a bust, right, when I come around the corner and spot this older gentleman sitting behind a small table with photos of Doctor Zaius. How cool. The guy who played Doctor Zaius and no one is even interested. So I go up to him ask for an autograph and we start talking Planet of the Apes. His name is Booth Colman and we start discussing the new movie which he informs me doesn't even contain his character. Seemed strange to me, too. How do you remake a science fiction classic and omit arguably the greatest character? Well, I don't know and neither did Mr. Coleman. How cool is that? Hanging out with Doctor Zaius.

That's the most of the last two months to report. Nothing else except the rare round of golf for me and the "we'll pay for you to come play in our tournament Tiger Woods," but, hey, I believe that was last month's gripe, so onto the comic reviews.

THE 7 GUYS OF JUSTICE

#6, False Idol Studios, \$2.00
It seems that every comic I'm finding lately has a rag tag bunch of superheros up against a rag tag bunch of supervillains that seems to run along the workings of Flaming Carrot, The Mystery Men, and the Tick. Most are easy to follow

since they follow the aforementioned comic titles. So if someone is going the route of the superhero group in the humorous light then they'd better do something different or put in a twist or something. So it was with much apprehension that I picked Seven Guys. If it turned out to be a trash liner comic at least I only paid two bucks for it. Pleasant surprise! This comic kicks goofy super group ass. The storyline is hysterical, the characters are original, and this one just lights my comedic fire. Most of the story is

*This comic kicks
goofy super group ass.*



*To Dale
with Best Wishes
Booth Colman
"Dr. Zaius"*



*A Planet of the Apes quandry:
How do you remake a science
fiction classic and omit
arguably the greatest
character?*

sweets. If I'd a done that, my face would have been pinched so hard I could have blown smoke rings for a week, and I would've got the ruler across my ass when I got home.

Whose fault is it? The parents. Because they think that everyone is out to get that precious little bastard/ bitch kid of theirs. "My kids better than yours," so I'm going to protect my investment. Yeah, that's it. The Me Now people need to protect their investments because the rest of the populace can only see you if you're on the highest rung.

"It's full. Try around the corner." So I end up parking two blocks away, but I didn't have to pay. We get in and let me tell you this wasn't a comic show. It was a porn show - DVD, video and magazine - it was all here, man, and you know what? I can't look at any of it because I've got a twelve-year-old who will rat me out just for looking.

Anyway, I'm looking for indies, right, and in this whole big show I only find one. Luckily, the guys who did it were there and gave me the lowdown on everything. It's in

told from the narration of the one person in the group that defies the group's name: Nightie Knight, a female. OK, look. Seven guys. She's a girl. Make sense now. So somewhere in the first five copies of this comic, one of the members split because of the inability to get along with the others and now in this issue they're on a door-to-door drive to replace him. Talk about a recruiting nightmare. Remember in "Mystery Men" (the movie) where the guys wouldn't let PeeWee, I mean The Spleen, in the group? Well imagine that but the other way around. No one wants to join the team. The first guy they ask is the foil devil, a guy who is drawn as the outline of a devil with photo crumpled foil inside the lines. So everyone is split into teams, except for Nightie Knight who we basically follow around as she mixes it up with a drunken superhero wannabe with a big smiley face head, appropriately named Mr. Happy Jetpack. Drunk guys in costume crack me up. Try this dialog on, between Nightie, Mr. Happy and a bum.

Nightie: Uh, Mr. Jetpack, I don't think your current state qualifies you to join anything.

Bum: You could join AA.

Mr. Jetpack: An you could shut the hell up, old man!!!

Think about it and it will make you laugh. There is also this pissed-off monkey guy in the group that comes up with some one line zingers, too. I've got to tell you that between the actual storyline, the characters personality flaws, and the way the heroes describe each other, I was laughing out loud. Of course, I was alone in the house, but it was out loud. I'm going to have to drop these guys at False Idol studios a line and see if I can get my mitts on the first five in the series to catch up with what's going on. I'm telling you readers, this one's not for collecting, it's for reading, so belly up to the trough and get a snout-full. (False Idol Studios, 12520 SW Gem Lane, #804 Beaverton, OR 97005.)

CANVAS

#1, Black Velvet Studios, \$2.95

This is the one I told you I picked up at the Shrine comic show. Yes, the one and only brand spanking new, fresh, and hot indie comic in the whole show. Of course, if you want something to fly, push it yourself, and that is exactly what these three artist/writers were doing. They probably thought I was giving them a line of shit when I told them

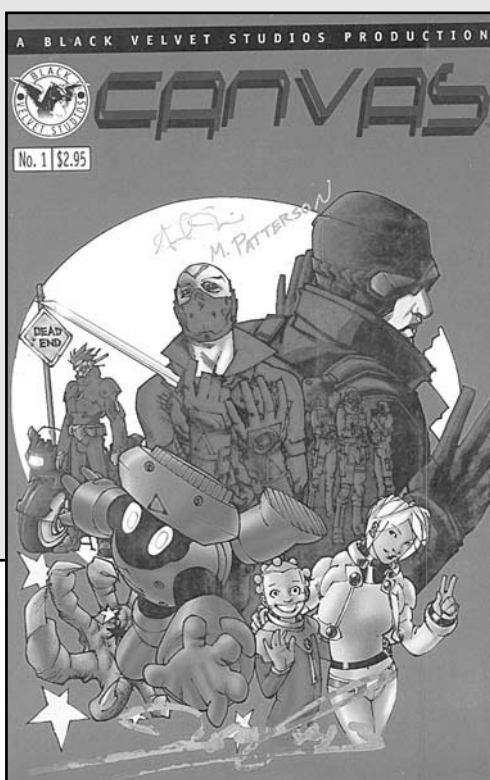
that I review comics for this music zine run by these tyrants who always want my stuff in by a certain time, and by the hands on my wall clock I have six hours to make it. That's sarcasm. Those guys aren't tyrants. They just keep me in line by beating me with whiffle ball bats. Enough! This comic is basically a collection of five short stories: past, future, future, future, and future. We'll start with the first, "Citizen," which is drawn kind of like Trencher, if any of you remember that one. It's set in the forties during the Nazi infiltration, but is set on the eastern seaboard. We find a character kind of like The Shadow but without the hat, spying on a Jewish man whom he claims

pires. This one just plain leaves you hanging. Next up; "The intergalactic misadventures of Maizy Martin." This one has cool art, and, well, that is it. There's no dialog. We just follow this futuristic taxi driver as she picks up fares, buys dinner, and takes care of unwanted solicitors. Next up is "VOX." It's about a karaoke-loving bounty hunter and his absent-minded day at the coffee shop with a friend. This one lacks any power, so you might want to skip it. Lastly, there's "Backspace." In a really strange way I like this one. Remember that movie "The Thing"? Well, imagine all the ship and characters could shape shift like that and you've got this story. Sort of a cosmic Alice in

a good one. Let me just say that when I see a comic with a pure white cover and small black bold that just says COMIC BOOK and #2 \$1.95, I figure this one is either just plain stupid or brilliantly funny. It was the later. The people at Comic Conspiracy really know where to find these comic writers. This one starts off real serious, yet something tells me just by the fact that they refer to "The City" that this is going to become humorous. It starts out with this guy in a black trench coat ripping a kid off by selling him a non-mint comic. Then we're whisked off to a news conference with the Corporation, where they announce that through a loophole that their computer software

which is in every computer, that consumers will have to purchase a one-time code or people won't be able to use their computers. It seems this has angered our main character who is in the audience and has found his Gameboy locked up. At this point, he goes after the speaker and his bodyguards. Stepping into the men's room he reappears in tights and cape, to a roar of laughter from the two bodyguards. Why, you may ask. Because he's wearing his underwear backwards so as to hide the seams, which infuriates the hero into a big ole ass whooping on the two. The two get away, followed by the man in tights riding a skateboard. After another

comic ripoff from the man in black (no, not Johnny Cash), we find our hero climbing into a room filled with all kinds of arcade games. One of the body guards stumbles in and our hero threatens to do more bodily harm if he doesn't tell him who the CEO is. Well, you guessed it. It's the guy in black who turns out to be a kid using the scams of the comic book industry to obtain all the wealth in the world. So our hero makes a wager. If he can beat the kid at any video game, he will go live with his parents and give up control of all the world's computers. Of course, he wins and rides off to do whatever superheros do. Sound boring? Well, I don't think so. I've left out some utility belt tightening dialog that will have you busting your comic book-loving belly and some art that ties the dialog up nicely. Look for this one. It's not hard to miss. It's the one in a plain white wrapper. (Comics Conspiracy Publications, 115-A East Fremont Ave, Sunnyvale, CA, 94087, <www.comicsconspiracy.com>)



#2
\$1.95

COMIC BOOK

Wonderland. This ship shows up, kind of fish looking, claiming it has a package for Mr. Stinky Foot, transforms into a Voltron thing with a baby face, and then gets pissed and transforms into this big claw and teeth thing, which goes on a dismemberment rampage chasing this little guy into another web site where he meets this cheese-looking guy who goes from nice to ugly quick and introduces the little guy to another big claw thing. Wew, out of breath. Don't know where you can find this one, but if you can it's got the potential for some great solo careers. (Black Velvet Studios, 2390 Crenshaw Blvd., PMB #514 Torrance, CA 90501, <www.blackvelvetstudios.com>)

GENERIC COMIC BOOK #2

Comics Conspiracy, \$1.95 U.S. These guys sent me a great comic called Paratroop, or at least as I recall that was the name. It was filled with hot chicks, aliens, some mental patients, and a guy who could set himself on fire. That was

INBRED PICNIC

#5, \$1.00 or trade

Inbred Picnic is one of those small black and whites that gives you that Stuart Smalley high on pot feeling. It's almost obvious that some of these stories are taken from personal experience. The first story, "The Canal," is about these, well, seventies, OP-wearing, feathered hair, pot-smoking castoffs and the evil wrongdoings seventies, OP-wearing, feathered hair, pot-smoking castoffs do. It all takes place in a flood canal, hence the title, and first they spray paint the cement then some skate kid comes up and defaces their defacings, which in turn prompts them to break bottles in the canal so the skater kids can't ride. Two days later, they return to find a message that tells them to fight like real men and come back Friday. They'll be waiting with knives. Friday night shows each kid at home and in the last frame there's the spot at the canal with nobody around. What a bunch of pussies. Then there's the story, "Dang Me," which shows a couple on the bleachers meeting, then they kiss, then she dies in his arms and all he can do is call "Mommy." A little morbid, but kind of funny. Finally, "Good While it Lasted," which is just a bunch of shit and



I'm not even going to comment on it. I love small comics. They review fast. (Inbred Comics, c/o JB Thomas, PO Box 163463, Sacramento CA 95816)

MY NEW FIGHTING TECHNIQUE IS UNSTOPPABLE

????, ??, ???

I received this back when we were working under a different name and I thought it so ridiculous that I

my new fighting
technique is
unstoppable

by david rees

never gave it another look, but since I've been having trouble finding anything to review I pulled it out of hiding. Good thing I didn't throw it away. This comic makes so much fun of karate that by the end you think you've just seen "Enter the Dragon" sixty odd times. This comic is so simple that this is what makes it funny. It has that Sunday comic strip flare where every page is a one shot deal. And there is basically nothing but karate guys in textbook poses telling each other about their techniques and how they're going to kick each others ass. The top student is Karate Snoopy who kicks everyone's ass. Then there's Normal Man, See-Through Motherfucker, The Fingerprint Fighters and The

Circulatory System. All these guys talk how they're going to beat each other up and send one another to the hospital. After twenty pages this makes you a little giggly. You feel like you can actually hear the bad dubbing. Then, right in the middle, the author puts in one page that has absolutely nothing to do with karate, fighting, or anything else. It has this guy screaming for his straw hat because he's going on a big date. The other guy, smartly called Gary, tells him to come to his room to see what he's done with it, and in the last frame we see the guy with a chimney of bricks on his head with the subtitle stating "A lesson from the three little pigs." I've got to tell you, if you remember the guys in high school who were taking karate, kung fu, or ping pong and remember how frickin' stupid they sounded when discussing their macho misadventures, you're going to laugh, cry, and reminisce about those jerks and about how their lives have been captured in the pages of a comic book. The only way, I guess, you can get this is from this guy's website, so here it is. (<davidrees@mail.com> Sorry that's all I've got.)

-Gary Hornberger



Gary Hornberger



The Dinghole Reports



They both woke up in the Tippecanoe County drunk tank with some Purdue kids busted for drunk driving, Otto the bus driver who got busted with a pipe, and a stainless steel toilet.

The Dinghole Reports
by the Rhythm Chicken
(Commentary by Francis
Funyuns)
[Edited by Dr. Sicnarf]

Is everybody ready?

(And how! -F.F.)

Sicnarf?

[Ready as I'll ever be. -Dr. S.]

"
--{fill in your response here}"

OK, then, on the count of three it's
stretch city.....
1, 2, 3, STRETCH!

(MMMMMMMMMYEEEEAAAR-
RGH! -F.F.)

[OOOOOOOOOH, OOOOOOHY-
OOOAAA! -Dr. S.]

"
--{once again, your blissfully
painful response}"

That's it! Go! Go! Go! SS
S S S S S S T R E T C H !
NNNNNNNNYEEEEAAH!
{pant, pant, pant} Alright folks.
What did you fit in your dingholes
this time? Funyuns?

(I finally got my cordless phone up
there! Somebody call me, quick! -
F.F.)

[Mmmf, gmmmf, Mmmmf! -
Dr. S.]

Holy radioactive birdseed!
Sicnarf actually fit his whole head
into his dinghole! Mighty impres-
sive, Doctor, but if everyone will
look over here, you will notice that
I, the Rhythm Chicken, have once
again retained the belt of dinghole
stretchin' champion! Within the
confines of my dinger, I have man-
aged to cram one entire regulation
size.....oh, I'll get to that later.
We've got more cop

tales to tend to!

**Dinghole Report #7: Ruckus in
the Nick of Time**
(Rhythm Chicken sighting #43)

It was a Friday evening of rock
titans at Green Bay's Concert Cafe.
The New Bomb Turks AND the
Supersuckers graced the same stage
in one night, and with these two
bands and the Speakeasy Tavern
right next door it was a surefire
recipe for boundless high-octane
ruckus! This is what made it such a
painful decision for me to skip the
show. I was offered a ticket for that
night's preseason Packer game
against the Denver Broncos in
Madison, their first match up since
the highly rigged Super Bowl
XXXII. Bass genius Ric Sixx and I
braved the three hour drive in a
treacherous thunderstorm to see the
Packers execute flawless holy retal-
iation against those goat-fuckin'
Broncos! Mere words cannot
describe the stadium-wide mosh-
ruckus that accompanied the Packer
victory. This mass has ended. You
may go now in RUCKUS! Later, I was
told that news of the Packer win made
it to the Supersuckers during their
set and they made a 21 guitar salute
to the Pack. Them 'suckers got class!
Anyway, I surpassed every speed
limit I could to zoom Ric home to
Appleton and then get myself to
Green Bay by the 2:30 bartime. As
I pulled into the parking lot across
from the tavern I saw the first few
drunks getting kicked out. I made it
in the nick of time! Within 30 sec-
onds the chickenkit was together,
the head went on, and the opening
drumroll began. Just then, various
members of the Turks and the
'suckers staggered out of the bar
with their entourage and the usual
Green Bay cretins. Pabst was in the
air! Some were hootin' and hol-
lerin'. Some were taking polaroids.
Some were dancing and throwing
money. A good ol' fashioned ruckus
was had by all. The drunken bar-
time Chicken jamboree lasted about
five minutes until the evil agents
of anti-ruckus pulled up.

They didn't quite understand why
someone was playing a drumset on
the sidewalk wearing a chicken
head with a bunch of drunk cow-
boys dancing around him and tak-
ing photos. After some authorita-
tive scolding and some retaliatory
clucking, the show was over. Once
again, the cops received plenty of
boos from the peanut gallery. Eddie
Spaghetti got a quick polaroid
taken with the Chicken and then
slapped a \$5 in my wing and said,
"Fuckin' WILD, man!" I packed
away the chickenkit and began ask-
ing around for a can of Blatz. Cops
- 2, Chicken - 2.
buck buck buck...

(Hey Chicken. Where was
Timebomb Tom during all of this? -
F.F.)

Well,.....funny you should
ask.....uh, sources told me that he
was locked up inside the Concert
Cafe with a friendly female. I guess
the Rhythm Chicken's opening
drumroll occurred shortly after
Tom started applying oral tech-
niques to her dingbox. The Rhythm
rumble startled her and she yelled,
"What the hell is THAT?" Then
Timebomb calmly lifted his head
from home plate and said, "Oh,
that's just the Rhythm Chicken,"
and then sat back down for dinner.
Cops - 2, Chicken - 2, Timebomb
Tom - 2. Buckaw! coo coo coo...

[Seems like a case of cunnilingus
interruptus, Mr. Chicken.
-Dr. S.]

(Indeed! -F.F.)

<p>RHYTHM CHICKEN HERALD</p> <p>RCH</p>	<p>FRANCIS FUNYUNS SEX SCANDAL</p> <p>Insiders claim his dinghole lacks elasticity pg. 12</p>
<p>Flapping Feathers at the Fuzz Can Authorities control this chicken?</p>	
<p>Above: Heather from the Teen Idols shows her support.</p>	

Dinghole Report #8: Ruckus at the Red Barn

(Rhythm Chicken sighting #49)

It was the day after I returned from my first Minnesota tour with a case of Grain Belt, St. Paul's Pabst-equivalent. My landlord, Ruckus Thomas, and I were loafing around sucking Belts 'til a short afternoon tour of Door County seemed like a great idea. The unintentional last gig of the tour was in the parking lot in front of the Red Barn antique shop in Ephraim, WI. It was a seemingly calm environment, but one should never underestimate the power of ruckus! Soon, Chicken rhythms filled the air. Traffic on Hwy. 42 slowed to a halt and carhorns joined the soundscape. Diners at the Summer Kitchen across the street watched in bewilderment and applauded soon after. The show ended peacefully and my landlord helped me throw the chickenkit into my trunk. As we were pulling away, a Door County squad car pulled into the lot. After a few questions to the spectators, the copper pulled me over about a mile up the road. As the officer walked up to my side of the car, Ruckus Thomas was trying to kick all the empty Grain Belt cans under his passenger seat! Once again, I thought this was the end. The man in blue leans into my window and asks, "So why are you **DOING** this?" I gave him a few generic comments about boredom and conformity. He started asking other normal questions and attempted to smell my breath while I answered. About three more times in the inquiry he came back with, "but I just don't understand **WHY** you **DO** this." The officer ended the conversation with, "Well, I can't really do anything because I'm not sure if you've done anything wrong. Just don't play in front of the Red Barn anymore, OK?" That was it. Ruckus Thomas and I went home to count our eggs and suck gallons of Blatz out of the Kegerator to get our hearts beating again. Cops - 2, Chicken - 3. Buckaw! Buck buck buckaw!

[You walk a fine line, Mr. Chicken. -Dr. S.]

(I think you're just a lucky drunk! -F.F.)

YOU are calling ME a drunk? OK, Francis, let's talk about the Indiana tour!

(But.....but..... -F.F.)

Dinghole Report #9: Plucked at Purdue

(Rhythm Chicken sighting #99)

The Lord Kveldulfr (a grizzly Green Bay alumnus) found himself schoolin' at Purdue in the geographically challenged community of Lafayette, IN. Appalled at their general lack of liver capacity, he took it upon himself to throw the first (and last) "Wisconsin vs. Indiana Battle of the Livers." Captain Foolhardy and I picked up three Pabst 40 ouncers and two bottles of Roundy's gin (much along the lines of Walgreen's gin!). We had the ammo and the drive through Chicago had us all angered up for battle. Soon after our arrival, Kveldulfr, Foolhardy, and I, being the only Wisconsin gladiators, decided to give ourselves a head start and downed the 40s with a couple snooks of the good bad gin. The pump was primed. Commence Chicken assault! The Chicken set up on State and Northwestern, kitty-corner from Von's Records. The Chicken then broke his Indiana hymen with a thunderous set of booze-soaked rhythms! Some cars and trucks slowed down. Pedestrians turned and walked the other way. The only applause was from the other Wisconsinites. It was as if the boilermakers had never seen a drumming chicken before. Oh well. It was a show, nonetheless. Meanwhile, back at Kveldulfr's nest the battle had begun. More and more members of Purdue's English department trickled into the trenches and joined the fight. Towards the end of the glorious battle, Lord Kveldulfr cheer-

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s'ed his gin bottle with some Purdue kid's Coors bottle to the extent of sending shards of glass and blood all over his living room. We decided it was a good time to leave the fight behind us and stagger down to the Knickerbocker for peace talks. Well, our very own Francis Funyuns was the first one out the door. He was also the first one laying out in the middle of South Street throwing empty beer cans at cars! Kveldulfr was attempting to pull him out of the road when the Lafayette fuzz pulled up (not to be confused with the Phuzz). Within minutes they were both cuffed and stuffed with the charge of public drunkenness. This had us Wisconsinites baffled. Back home, the cops will simply steer you into the nearest corner tavern so they can go deal with REAL criminals (not to be confused with the Criminals). They both woke up in the Tippecanoe County drunk tank with some Purdue kids busted for drunk driving, Otto the bus driver who got busted with a pipe, and a stainless steel toilet. Kveldulfr, having an Indiana address, was eventually released. Funyuns, however, being an out-of-stater, had to soak in the tank for 13 hours until Eric the Tattooist was able to post the \$100 bail. We quietly drove back to

Wisconsin, tails between our legs. Indiana - 1, Wisconsin - 0. Shameful.

[Excuse me, Mr. Chicken, but I thought this was supposed to be about YOU vs. the cops. -Dr. S.]

Yeah, well fuck that! Now it's me vs. Funyuns! Where'd he go anyway?

[It looks like he's slithered off. Say, what WAS it that you fit into your dinghole, anyway? -Dr. S.]

In a minute..... Remember, I'm still taking complaints at rhythmchicken@hotmail.com. Sign up to receive "Follow that Bird" (the 1st pseudo-official Rhythm Chicken newsletter). Plus the new t-shirts should be out by now. Nest time I'll tell you how performing in parades is more punk than playing basements and VFWs!

Now, if you'll look deep into my dinghole you'll see I've managed to fit an entire....

--- phone rings in other room ---

(AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! -F.F.)

-Rhythm Chicken



RAZORCAKE 35

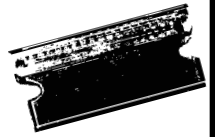


Rhythm Chicken



Sean Carswell

A Monkey to Ride the Dog



Then, I thought of my hometown, which isn't a small town. Just a small-minded one.

Sitting in the Waiting Room

I've always wanted to spend a few days by myself in a really small town in the middle of nowhere, where I know absolutely no one. When my truck's transmission blew outside of Winfield, Alabama, I finally got my chance.

It was about nine-thirty at night and I'd been driving through back roads of Alabama for about an hour and a half. As I got farther away from Birmingham, the roads got less crowded, the forest around me grew more dense, and each town I passed seemed a little smaller than the one before it. It was kind of eerie - deep south after dark and all. I had a Dillinger Four album in the stereo, though, and that seemed to ward off evil spirits. I turned it up until the speakers rattled the door and screamed along and scared off the ghosts of the south and everything seemed right. The deep south seemed to be mine for the first five songs. Then, I heard one of the songs grind like I'd never heard it do before and my truck popped out of fifth gear. Luckily, I'd just hit the smallest of the towns that line State Road 78. I pulled into a gas station, popped the hood of my car, looked around, looked under the car, scratched my head, decided that the whole problem was a figment of my imagination, and that the best way to fix it was to ignore it and keep driving. When I put the truck in first gear, I heard it grind and pop again, but this time the radio was off. The problem wasn't in my head and I couldn't blame it on D4. Fuck, I thought, why do the worst things always happen during the best albums? I tried second gear, and it worked fine. Third gear worked, too. I drove about a mile across the tiny Alabama town and found the Rainbow Hotel before I could try fourth gear.

Obviously, the problem was my transmission. I knew this. I knew that I couldn't ignore it and hope it would go away. I knew I couldn't drive with it until I got some place where I knew someone - I was on my way west to California and my closest friends were

several hundred miles back east, in Atlanta. I knew, basically, that I was going to spend a few days in that town and leave most of my money there and there was nothing I could do about it. So why fight it, right? It's like Ghost Dog says, if you're hit with a sudden rainstorm, the best thing to do is resolve yourself to getting wet.

The next morning, I talked to the guy who ran the hotel and he recommended a transmission guy on the other side of town. "Sorry, I don't know anyone closer than that," the motel guy told me. "I'd hate for you to drive all that way."

"That's okay," I said, because I knew it was only two miles to the other side of town.

I called the mechanic. He told me to bring my truck down to see if it really was the transmission. I knew it was. He knew it was. There are no simple transmission problems. Either you have gears to turn

mechanic who went to work in the morning with nothing to work on unless a stranger with a bum tranny limped into town. Still, it hurt. He also gave me an estimate that was less than I expected. Still, that hurt, too. Then, he apologized for making me drive all the way across town just for him to tell me that.

"That's okay," I said. Then, since I had all day with nothing to do, I asked him, "What is there to do in this town?"

"Nothing," he said. "Relax."

I went back to my hotel room to feel sorry for myself.

Feeling sorry for myself was boring, though, so I tried to convince myself that a few days in Winfield was exactly what I wanted, that I'd always wanted it, in fact. I tried to pull the old Jedi mind trick, wave my hand across my face and say, "These *are* the droids you're looking for," and find a millennium falcon in this backwoods

behind the hotel, but they seemed to spend all their time watching TV in the hotel living room. As I headed out of my room to check out the town, I waved to the guy who ran the hotel. "Where are you off to in such a hurry?" he asked. I realized I wasn't off to anywhere, really, and sat down to chat with him. He asked me about my truck and where I was from and where I was going and what I did for a living and things like that. I answered all his questions, but when I tried to ask him something about himself, he said, "Well, I don't want to keep you any longer."

I took the hint, but since I still didn't know what to do with myself, I asked, "What is there to do in this town?"

"Nothing," he said. "Relax."

There must be something, I thought. This is a hotel. People must come through this town and stay here on purpose. What do they



the axles of your car or you don't. Still, I drove it down and he took a look at it and he said, "Yep. We're gonna have to rebuild it. Can't do it 'til tomorrow." Which was fair enough. I couldn't expect him to stop everything he was doing to focus on a stranger's truck, and I wouldn't have wanted to go to a

spaceport. And the strange thing was, I did. In a manner of speaking, anyway.

The hotel was essentially a six bedroom house. Every room had a bed and a dresser and a TV. There were two communal bathrooms, a kitchen, and a living room. I think the proprietors lived in the house

do? So I asked, "What do most of the people who stay here do?"

"Visit folks in the hospital," he said.

It didn't make any sense to me until I walked outside and saw a hospital directly across the street. I wasn't about to visit anyone in there, so I walked downhill for

about a half a mile and hit the downtown area.

The downtown was only a couple of blocks, all old brick buildings in pretty good shape, but not in a renovated-to-have-a-quaint-downtown-shopping-area way. The downtown clearly had been the only place to buy any goods for a long time. There was a bank and a hardware store and a drug store and a bunch of empty shops. Not completely empty shops. Most of them still had shelves in them, or desks, or cash registers, or scattered pieces of merchandise that would never sell. Most of them had rental signs saying, "This building is not empty. It's full of opportunity." No one walked around downtown but me.

Railroad tracks bordered downtown to the south. Four different trains came through over the course of an hour. None stopped. None even slowed down. They just charged through with their whistles hollering. There were a bunch of warehouses along the tracks, but no one seemed to be working in any of them. No one seemed to be around at all. Plenty of cars rolled down State Road 78, which bordered downtown to the north, but, like the trains, none of them seemed to stop. The traffic was mostly just eighteen wheelers cutting across from Interstate 40 to Interstate 20, just like I'd been doing. There was something weird about this town. Something had happened. Something had changed.

I kept wandering around, determined to find some people. I finally reached a diner that had "Bringing back the rock'n'roll" painted on its front window and actual people inside and forty-fives hanging from the ceiling and pictures of Elvis and Marilyn Monroe on the wall. I went inside and ordered some grub and asked the lady behind the counter, "If you only had two days to see this town, what would you do?"

"Nothing," she said. "Relax."

I couldn't take it. There had to be something to do. There had to be someone cool to meet or somewhere cool to go. It was just a matter of finding it. After lunch, I walked up and down every street I could find. I smiled and made eye contact with everyone on the street. I looked everywhere I could for some kids skating or shooting hoops or something. I listened for music from passing cars or houses I passed. My head started to get really cold, so I went into a dollar store and bought a stocking cap and tried to spark up a conversation with two different employees. I went into a grocery store and chatted with the

guy behind the counter for ten minutes. I paced around downtown until I started feeling like I might get arrested for vagrancy, then went back to the hotel. For the rest of the night, I read and watched TV and wrote two sad letters to my girlfriend and did nothing. But I didn't relax.

The next day, I drove my truck down to the mechanic's shop. They took out my transmission and went to work on it. My plan was to drive the truck to the shop and walk back

semble and reassemble that massive, complex, intricate piece of machinery and make it seem so simple. As I was watching him, the owner of the shop walked through the waiting room, said hello to me, grabbed something from behind the counter, and left. It's funny, I thought, that they'll let me sit here and watch them work on my car. I thought the first rule of auto mechanics was to never let the customer see you work. These guys, though, had invited me back into



to the hotel room, but it started to rain before I started to walk, and it was about thirty-five degrees outside, so I decided to hang out and wait. It rained through one-hundred and fifty pages of a Raymond Chandler novel and three zines. And it kept raining. I hoped it would get a little colder and turn the rain to snow, which I could walk in. I read two *Field and Streams* and a *Popular Science*. And it kept raining. With nothing left to read and no TV to watch and no one to talk to and nowhere to go, I just watched the mechanic rebuild my transmission. I watched him take every piece off individually. I watched him clean each piece thoroughly with a wire brush, disas-

the shop a few times. They showed me my transmission and explained to me how they'd fix it. They even showed me the transmission they were taking apart to rebuild mine. I thought about all of this and thought, could you imagine AAMCO doing that?

And that's when it struck me. This wasn't AAMCO. The owner's last name was on the sign out front. His home phone number was listed in the phone book right above the number for his shop. I started to piece together the day before. When I'd gone into the grocery store earlier, it was Ivey's Market and the guy I chatted with was named Ivey. The dollar store I'd gone into wasn't a Dollar General.

It was Paul's Dollar Store, or something like that. The diner was Burgers-n-More, not Denny's and, in fact, I didn't see a McDonalds, Burger King, Taco Bell, or any fast food joint at all. As my mind traveled back up and down the two mile stretch of Winfield, Alabama, I realized that I hadn't seen one single chain or franchise store. Even the banks were community banks. Even the gas station I stopped in that first night had someone's last name on the glowing sign. Every establishment I could think of was locally owned. Almost all the money spent in Winfield stayed in Winfield.

Then, I thought of my hometown, which isn't a small town. Just a small-minded one. There's one spot in my hometown where, on one side of the main street, within a half mile, there is an Applebee's, a Steak-n-Shake, a Hooters, a Barnes & Noble, a Toys-R-Us, a Blockbuster, a Smoothie King, a Burger King, a Chili's, and an Office Depot. Across the street is a Walgreen's, a First Union, a Firestone Tires, an Outback, an AMC Theaters, and a mall. And if there is any major chain that didn't make it into that square half mile, you could go a half mile in either direction (between the Wal-Mart and the Bank of America) and find it. And none of it was there ten years ago. A town that was once cool and had an identity of its own, where people had a chance to own their own business and know that, when they purchased something, the money went to their neighbors, has been completely taken over by national and multinational corporations. I hate it. If my parents didn't live there, I'd never go there again. It's become a generic town. The main road of that town is exactly like Route 66 in Flagstaff and some street I drove down in Vegas and most places in the US right now. There's a good chance that you could read that description of my hometown and wonder if you're from the same place.

But there I was, in the middle of nowhere Alabama, and I finally found a place without a McDonalds. Fucking-A. I watched that guy fix my transmission and watched the rain fall on the red Alabama clay that streaked the hills and I thought, damn, I like this place. I thought about Azreal from the movie *Dogma*, who'd rather wipe out existence than exist in hell. I wondered, would I rather live in a town with nothing to do but nothing I hate, or would I rather live in a city filled

with a thousand choices of things to do, but nowhere to put your money besides Bank of America? Then I started to daydream. Could I actually move to a town like Winfield? Would it be so bad? Maybe I could open a punk club in one of the stores or warehouses downtown - rent had to be cheap and there was no one around to complain about the noise. Kids around there had to be bored and full of angst. They could probably help me convince the city council to build a skate park. Then, if I could just somehow convince my girlfriend to move there, I'd have all I needed right there in the hills and forests of Winfield. And if I really needed a city that badly, I could always drive the two hours southeast to Birmingham or the two hours northwest to Tupelo, Mississippi. How bad could it be?

Then, I listened to myself for a second and had to look at my reflection in the window, just to make sure it was really me having these thoughts.

About that time, another guy came into the waiting room. His transmission had just gone out on him. He'd gotten a tow to the shop and was waiting for his daughter to pick him up. I noticed he didn't have a southern accent and asked him why not and this entitled me,

apparently, to his life story. Which was fine with me. I had time to listen.

He told me that he'd moved down from Michigan in the seventies. He'd worked in the auto industry in Detroit until the auto industry there went into a slump. After Ford laid him off, he found a job in a plant in Winfield manufacturing some kind of part for some piece of heavy machinery. After twenty-five years, he retired and was now doing nothing. Relaxing. He seemed pretty satisfied.

I asked him if he'd been in a union while he worked at the plant. He told me that he'd been an administrator, so he didn't need to be in a union. "But you shouldn't knock unions," he said, even though I wasn't knocking them, and he'd probably never met anyone more pro-union than me. "Even when you're not in it, the union makes everyone's life a little better," he said. And with that, the old guy made a friend.

We talked more and he told me that the unions couldn't save Winfield, that there was a 3M plant north of town that was moving most of its manufacturing to Mexico. The plant where he'd worked had already pretty much downsized itself into oblivion. It was kind of like Michael Moore's

Flint or seventies Detroit all over again. I asked if that was why all the stores downtown had closed. "No," he said. "That happened when the Wal-Mart opened up in Guin, about ten miles up the road."

"That's too bad," I said.

"Nah. I like Wal-Mart," he said.

"You don't have to run around so much. You can get everything in one place." And with that, he almost lost a friend.

I wanted to explain to him about Wal-Mart, how Wal-Mart uses all its money and lobbyists and senators to push through NAFTA and support the domination of the WTO so that Wal-Mart could get all its shit from sweatshops. And, by doing that, they bypass the cost of labor, more or less, and take away jobs that would've stayed in America. Then, they lower their prices only enough to run the independents out of business. This creates the monopoly which allows them to raise the prices again. I wanted to explain that Wal-Mart was exactly the kind of business that paved the road that his old manufacturing plant took to Mexico. That Wal-Mart is exactly the kind of thing that killed my hometown and would kill Winfield. The more I thought about it, though, the more futile it seemed to explain this to him. It would be like

trying to get a guy dying of emphysema to quit smoking when you know that he smoked the cigarette that killed him a long time ago.

It took another day for the mechanic to finish rebuilding my transmission. He cut me a good deal even though he had nothing to gain by it, and I felt relieved that, if the transmission had to die, it died where it did. I drove northwest out of Winfield, towards Tupelo and Memphis and the rest of middle America. Before I'd gotten a mile north of the motel, I passed a dozen fast food joints and assorted national chains. The Dillinger Four album had picked up where it left off when the tranny had dropped, though, so I turned it up until it shook the doors, and I screamed along and hoped it would scare off big business. And though I left most of my money and three days of my life in Winfield, I felt kind of good. Because even though it's a place I could never live in - and don't even want to visit again - it was still really cool to be in a town that was poor and forgotten enough that big business wouldn't touch it, but not so poor and forgotten that they couldn't just do nothing and relax.

-Sean Carswell



TadPole

Interview by Kat Jetson

and Jen Hitchcock



Live Phos by to Kat

Polaroids by Tadpole



Blending captivating lyrics, soaring vocals and a steady pummeling of ferocious drumming, crunching guitar and a heartbeat bass, Tadpole are a super-charged dynamo bowling over every kingpin on the block. Unfortunately, or rather fortunately, due to a tape recorder mishap that Kat refuses to talk about, as well as a dusty ol' interview conducted by Jen a couple of band members ago, this will be our third attempt at getting the word of Tadpole out to the people. But alas, success was finally met after interviewing this eclectic bunch of personalities over pasta, beer and talk of the infamous "Whirlpool and Tidy Bowl Man."

Jen: Do you know that there's a New Zealand band with the same name?

All: Yes.

Jen: [sounding defeated] OK.

[We all laugh and think, "Great start."]

Dvin: Well, wait. I downloaded some of their songs on Napster.

Jen: You did? What's it like?

Dvin: [said quite thankfully] It's not us.

Scotty: It'd be scary if it were.

Jen: How does it differ?

Mia: [to Dvin] Kinda hip hoppy?

Dvin: No, they weren't hip hoppy.

Jen: How does it differ?

Dvin: I don't remember. It scared me so much I just stopped.

Kat: It's impossible to do a search for Tadpole and come up with your band. You get like one million two hundred sixty-five thousand hits.

Mia: It's one of those words.

Jen: You get all the science things.

Kat: Amphibians.

Jen: Not that we searched or anything.

Mia: [sarcastically] I never ever, ever do. You have to just combine it with other things.

Kat: Tadpole and...

Jen: LA or something.

Kat: [Tadpole and] Mia.

Mia: Yeah.

Kat: Have you ever done a search for yourself?

Mia: Sure, I do it all the time.

Kat: Every day.

[laughter]

Jen: I do. I'm in about a million band bios.

Kat: [speaking to Jen] I've done searches for you before.

Jen: [caught] I've done some for you, too.

Mia: [directed to Jen and myself] How do you define your style as a writer?

Jen: Crappy.

Kat: Off the cuff.

Kat: How did you come up with the name for your record label?

Mia: After we recorded it, it was like July 4th, and we sat around Jeffrey's house (x-Tadpole guitarist,) after we watched the fireworks, and we just kept saying words. And then it become really ridiculous and mundane. Lawn chair. Lawn Chair Records. And then a bug flew by. Flying Bug Records! That one kinda stuck. It had a ring to it. But then we got the logo and it gelled.

Jen: I know, the logo's cute.

Kat: It is. Little buzz.

Mia: The lines were Dvin's idea. The buzz lines I call them.

Kat: So are you gonna put anything else out on that label? Your release says like, Flying Bug Records 4, and that's a joke, right?

Mia: 7.

Kat: Right, FB 7.

Mia: Yeah. It just had a ring to it.

Jen: That's so cool. Other people will be like, "I gotta find the other six releases."

Mia: We're only gonna do 7. We're starting at 7 and going back.

Scotty: Just try and find FB 1.

Mia: I wouldn't mind doing a single or something. Don't have the cash flow to spend on anybody else right now.

Dvin: Well, we might put out the next Le Tigre, but I don't know if I want to spend

any money on them.

Jen: I was gonna put out the next Le Tigre.

Mia: They thought our four-track recording machine was a little too high-tech for them. They didn't want to overproduce it.

Kat: This past weekend Jen was telling me "drunk stories," and it was really funny, so I wanted to know your best drunk story.

Mia: How much tape you got here?

Scotty: Just drunk?

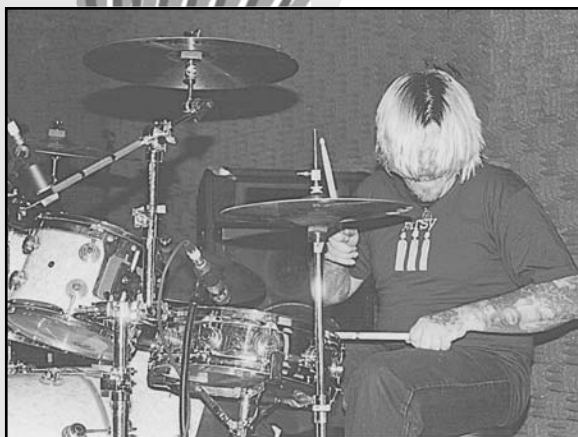
Jen: Just fucked up.

Mia: Can you say that in this magazine?

Kat: It's *Razorcake*. I think you can.

Mia: Our motto at Flying Bug Records is, "Get buzzed."

Scotty: Cramps, New Year's Eve. A couple of years ago, I think. I remember coming home being really hungry and I woke up



and there was a half-eaten sub in the refrigerator and it all came back to me in a wave of what happened. I had no money, I knew that, but I was getting paid that day, and I remember calling Pink Dot because they take checks.

[lots of laughter]

And I kinda remember standing out in my street because my place is a little hard to find, in my slippers and sweat pants, with a check, looking for the Pink Dot guy. But I didn't remember any of that until the next morning when I woke up and saw the half-eaten sandwich.

Jen: Pink Dot. The Savior.

Scotty: It's not Pink Dot anymore.

Mia: It's PD Quick.

Scotty: Whatever. I'm not ordering that. Even if I've had a bunch of pills and alcohol.

Dvin: And their new signs are really ugly.

Scotty: My friend used to work for Pink Dot during the fall of heavy metal. And he told me he delivered to, what's the guitarist in Poison?

Dvin: C.C. DeVille.

Scotty: He delivered to C.C. DeVille and he was all fat and drunk and inebriated, hanging out in the Jacuzzi, and he said he was screaming at him, "I used to be skinny and rich, now I'm faaat."

Kat: Drunk story #2.

Dvin: Uh, it's not exactly a drunk story. I was maybe 15, and a couple of my friends were sleeping over. We waited until my parents were asleep and we started doing tequila shots. It was only me and one of my friends because the other one had gone to sleep. So we're doing six or seven shots and we were doing them so quick that I wasn't even drunk at that point yet. So it's like the seventh shot enters my mouth and my other friend wakes up and she just made a really funny face when she woke up, she's like, "What are you guys doin'?" and the tequila went shooting out my nose.

Everyone: Owww!

Dvin: And I felt like someone had a *blowtorch* to my face. It felt like fire. It was all fire and I couldn't breathe so I was totally heaving on nothing. I had to run across the room to the nearest faucet and splash water in my face and some of it went down, and as soon as it did, I puked all over my bathroom. My own bathroom. And you're not supposed to puke in your own bathroom, you're supposed to puke in someone else's bathroom.

Mia: I'm trying to think which one I should tell. I have an epic one, but that would take a while. It's got lots of people and personalities and rock stars, and there's three acts to it.

Kat: I don't think I get that many pages.

Mia: I'll just tell the other one. I wasn't even 21. Somebody would buy the booze. There'd be a bunch of us from work, we'd all get off from Carl's Jr. and go drink too much. They were playing quarters and this other guy that I worked with was there and



All I saw was these colored pretty dots. I had been playing with my puke and he was passed out under the toilet at the same time. Mia

they had a bottle of Beefeaters' gin. So we started having a drinking contest and I just got really wasted and blacked out. He got sick and I got sick, too. All I know is I blacked out and woke up on this lawn chair thing outside looking at the concrete floor.

Jen: With lines from the lawn chair [on your face].

[uproarious laughter from us all]

Mia: I'm sure. The next day I go into work and everybody's calling me "Whirlpool."

Dvin: Oh my. Oh dear.

Mia: And they were calling the other guy "The Tidy Bowl Man."

Jen: And you had no idea why?

Mia: I had *no* idea why. All I knew is that I had this vision. You know how there's like snow on the TV and all those pixels. And I was like "Wow, look at that." So apparently I had gotten sick and I was playing with it. [insane laughter and gross out now]

Mia: All I saw was these colored pretty dots. And I had been playing with it and he was passed out under the toilet at the same time.

Jen: I just love that you had a name and you had no idea why.

Scotty: Damn, that's gotta be the name of the next CD.

Jen: "Whirlpool and Tidy Bowl Man."

Kat: Would you endorse a product?

Mia: Of course I would!

Kat: What product would you all endorse? Kim Shattuck from the Muffs did it and she said it paid off all her debt.

Mia: It is hard when you are in that position to say no because that wouldn't be such a hard product to endorse, because I like that product.

Dvin: [to Mia] What product?

Kat: Frutopia.

Mia: But then again, you never know what opportunity is going to come up and if you should just go for it or not. But I don't really like the idea of endorsing something I don't like. I used to feel that way about music in movies, but then I got over it. It is just music in a movie. What is the big deal?

Kat: Now everything is "Music inspired by the movie." They're not even soundtracks any more.

Dvin: Breeders did the Gap.

Mia: We could do the Gap.

Scotty: I ain't dancing around in no khakis. I ain't doing it.

Dvin: Luscious Jackson didn't have to dance around. They were pretty good.

Scotty: They kind of grooved a little bit.

Dvin: Actually, I already contributed to endorsing a product. I contributed to the Gap because Jill played my bass in the last ad.

Jen: Really?

Kat: Your bass was played by Cuniff?

Dvin: Tamala (from Longstocking, Automaticans, Barbara Please Attack, etc.) was working on that ad and called me up at the last minute and said that they didn't have any equipment and could she use my bass. But anyway, to get back to the question...I'll endorse any product because look at Moby.

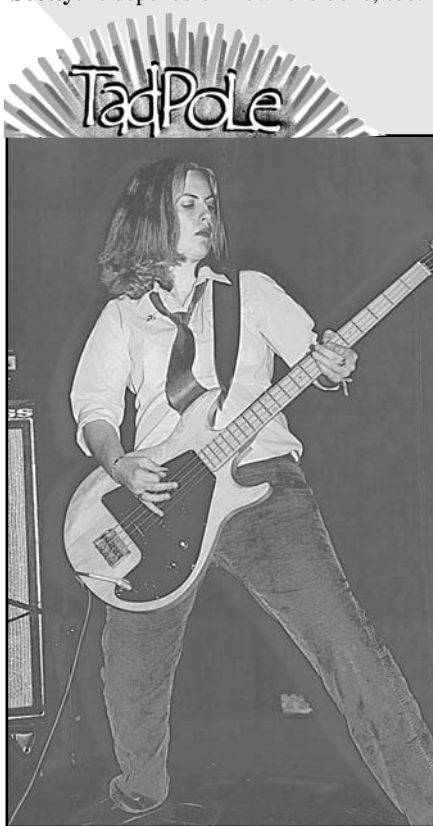
He was nothing until he was in every car ad!

Mia: And Air.

Kat: Air, yeah they have a lot.

Mia: That is perfect hair product music.

Scotty: It depends on how it is done, too. I



thought that the Sting one for Jaguar was kind of ridiculous.

Dvin: He is ridiculous.

Jen: Yeah! He is *in* it.

Mia: That is why he is ridiculous. It didn't work because he made a video of it.

Scotty: I don't think I would want to be in it.

Kat: OK, you know about how Van Halen requested no brown M&Ms in their dressing room? What would Tadpole require in their dressing room?

Scotty: Patricia Arquette.

[everyone laughs]

Kat: It would be like, "We need Patricia now! Scotty is waiting!"

Scotty: Tadpole will not go on until she comes back here and shows us some damn dancing!

Jen: Tadpole needs no brown M&Ms and Patricia Arquette.

Dvin: We'd need Diet Coke.

Scotty: And rainbow cookies, imported from New York.

Mia: I don't know what to say. I can't top Patricia Arquette.

Jen: Who would you get to play you in "Tadpole: The Movie"?

Mia: Lili Taylor.

Jen: That would be great casting! Unlike Holly Hunter as Billie Jean King.

Mia: In a weekly show?

Kat: No, it is a TV movie that is out now. Can you imagine a weekly show? "Billie kisses a girl," next week: "Billie kisses a girl," and then the following week, "Billie kisses another girl."

Mia: "Billie gets in a fight with Anita Bryant."

Jen: "Billie beats some guy in tennis."

Kat: "Billie kisses a girl."

Dvin: Whoever plays me has to take a lot of time to get to know me, so I would pick Angelina Jolie. We'd have to spend some quality time, and get to know one another. [laughter]

Kat: No Angelina, this is how I kiss! This is how I kiss! Let's do it again.

Scotty: With me, there's want, and what probably would happen. Want, I would say somebody like Johnny Depp or Benicio Del Toro. But realistically, and I've been told this more than once, if you were ever to see me with my glasses, it would probably be Jonathan Lipnicki. You know that little kid in Jerry McGuire.

Kat: I don't want to ask any more questions. The rest are so serious.

Mia: Whatever! Let's hear it!

Jen: OK. Do you write the lyrics before or after you watch Dvin and Angelina Jolie in the shower?

[laughter]

Jen: No really, what is your whole writing process? Do the lyrics inspire the music or does the music inspire the lyrics?

Mia: Usually it all goes together. There is a mood to the song and I have an idea or an emotion that I'm trying to get out - or sometimes it's just a riff and we'll make up some words, and we'll go from there. A lot of times it kind of happens all at once.

Kat: Do you feel that there is a local scene in LA?

Mia: I think that there are many different little local scenes. Sometimes they cross over a little bit into the other ones but I don't see it as a whole scene. There are too many different things going on.

Kat: I feel that there is. There is a group of local musicians that sort of play together.

Mia: To me they seem like smaller circles then they were ten years ago.

Jen: Everything is so spread out. It also doesn't seem like there are as many clubs either.

Scotty: I don't really think that there is a scene. I'd like to think there is, but it isn't like it used to be. Jabberjaw - that was a scene.

Kat: We don't have any more questions.

Mia: There were more questions last time!

Kat: Any last words?

Mia: I have to pee.



TEENAGE ALCOHOLICS: PUNK ROCK IN EAST LOS ANGELES

BY JIMMY ALVARADO

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF JASON
"BOOMER" ESCOVEDO



PROLOGUE

We get to the gig around 9:30 p.m. We had walked, a pack of 12 or 13 kids with spiked hair, faded denim jackets covered in a chaotic splash of color and band logos, and assorted cases of beer in tow, more than a mile through neighborhoods often hostile to people like us. We pay \$3 just to stand in a backyard filled to capacity, get drunk and raise a little hell as our friends line up in varying band formations every half hour or so and tear through their sets, their efforts lit by a single lamp strategically placed on the makeshift stage at the back wall of the house. After a little searching through the yard, we find the other heads from the neighborhood, who had come to the gig in two car-loads, in the far corner with a keg between them.

"We" are collectively the punks from City Terrace, but we are by no means alone in the backyard. Kids from Montebello, Huntington Park, Alhambra, El Sereno, Monterey Park and other areas have also come out tonight to see the Stains, who are rumored to be making a very rare appearance. I make my way through the crowd, can of Bud in hand, place my very scrawny self squarely in front of the stage and begin heckling the members of Side Effects, who were friends from Whittier.

"You guys are too stupid to play and your drummer is a gimp," I shout at them through the din of tuning instruments. Behind me, another critic chimes in with "Go back to Whittier you has-been scumbags."

Their singer smiles. "Glad to see you guys, too," he deadpans into the microphone. Their drummer four-clicks and, as the band begins their first song, the backyard erupts into the sea of ritualized violence that we call dancing. Many fall to the ground, but are quickly picked up by watchful friends and relatives. Somewhere in the middle of the set, I make my way back toward the keg, parched, sweaty and loving every minute of the night. Two bands later, my brother informs me that he has talked one of the bands into lending us their equipment and that we will be playing after Anti-Social, who are currently onstage. We find Scott, our singer, and make our way back toward the stage.

Anti-Social finishes up and we tune up the borrowed instruments. We're ready. Scott introduces us as "just another band from East LA" and we begin our set in a hail of reciprocated insults from the members of Side Effects and a shower of wasted beer.

EAST LOS ANGELES: A PRIMER

"We're the ones that have been neglected/Conformity never accepted..." Black Jax

East Los Angeles has always been sort of the bastard child of Los Angeles "proper," which extends from the bridges that cross the Los Angeles River to the Pacific Ocean (officially, the eastern border of Los Angeles City is Indiana Street, which is in the heart of "East Los," but, except for the LAPD, few Angelenos seem to acknowledge this fact). Everything on the other side of the river, pretty much since the beginning of the last century, has been viewed by the population on the west side as either squalid, dangerous or simply someplace decent people would not be caught dead in, day or night. As a result, vast amounts of people on the west side of Los Angeles have, in their entire lives, never set foot in East Los Angeles. Conversely, much of the population on the east side of the river has regularly made trips over the bridges, serving as a source of cheap

labor for the city's businesses and more affluent residents.

Contrary to popular belief, East Los Angeles has never been a solely Mexican area. Granted, East LA is considered the largest Mexican city outside of Mexico, but, in addition to the Mexicans who have lived in the area, much of LA's Japanese, Italian, Chinese, Russian, Central American, Black and Jewish populations have also called parts of East LA home through the years. In fact, Los Angeles' noted "Fairfax District" was the result of the area's Jews moving from Boyle Heights following the influx of other minority groups into the area. The more inquisitive reader can find out more about the area's history in the book *East Los Angeles: Anatomy of a Barrio*, by Ricardo Romo.

To this day, the general attitude of West Siders toward East LA seems to be that, aside from "safe" areas like Pasadena and San Marino, it simply doesn't exist. Fodor's tourist guides that do mention the outlying areas warn their buyers to avoid dangerous areas like East and South Central Los Angeles, especially at night. When referring to the "east side," local publications like the *LA Weekly* and the *New Times* are actually referring to Silverlake, which is still on the "west side." There is some truth to the belief that places like East and South Central Los Angeles can be risky areas on occasion, but they are no more hazardous than more celebrated tourist traps, like Hollywood Boulevard or the Venice Boardwalk.

While it is easy to blame the rest of the county's aversion to East Los Angeles on the ominous spectre of racism, and its origins were no doubt based on the white population's fear of its minority neighbors rising up and killing them in their sleep, I think that it has since mutated into something less sinister over the course of generations. Gone are the days when the Mexican population, not allowed on the beaches, instead took their families to water-filled rock quarries and aqueducts with names like Marrano Beach and Sleepy Lagoon, but the aversion on the part of much of the rest of the county is still very much alive. While most of the County's constituency probably forgot long ago why East LA was originally such a bad place to be, they have nevertheless retained the fear that was the end product of the racism.

As a result, the efforts of Eastside artists, from painters to writers, actors to musicians, are rarely recognized. For every Los Lobos, Anthony Quinn or Vicky Carr, there are a hundred Ruben & the Jets, Mestizo, Con Safos, and so on. Many bands found it nearly impossible to play outside of the neighborhoods and, as far as playing a coveted club date in, say, Hollywood - forget about it.

This bias is equally true of the Los Angeles punk scene. Most, if not all, of the LA bands that the average punker has heard of are from Hollywood, Orange County or the South Bay. East LA punk bands had a hard time getting gigs with their west side counterparts in the early days and, come to think of it, that hasn't really changed much, either. East LA bands are still seen as somehow less "real" and are often dismissed as "taco punk" or with some other stupid slight. For example, a recent review of the local band Union 13 in another magazine consisted of the reviewer trying to figure out how a punk band from LA could exist without his knowing it, followed by a dismissal of them as some sort of made-up group that Brett Gurewitz concocted to cash in on the "Spanish rock" craze sweeping the nation. In actuality, the group had been recording demos and slugging it out in East Los' backyard party scene years before the release of their first album. Early bands that did regularly get shows outside of East Los Angeles and released vinyl were often tied in some way to "movers and shakers" within the "real" LA punk scene. For example, East LA group the Brat's debut EP, "Attitudes," was released on Tito Larriva's (of the Hollywood band the Plugz) Fatima label. The record's lyric sheet was handwritten by X's Exene Cervenka.

Even worse, East LA music historians themselves are equally culpable for slighting the work of the area's punk and underground bands. Every few years, some Chicano musicologist or music historian-cum-Tower Records employee will try to put out the "definitive" history of the East Los Angeles music scene. For the most part, their efforts are commendable, but, for some reason, once they get to the section covering the East LA punk and underground scene, their work suddenly gets anemic. The two bands most often mentioned are the Brat and Los Illegals, and according to many of these books, that's the alpha and omega of East LA's punk scene. Nothing before, after or in between. If they do attempt to mention any other "East LA" punk bands, they find bands with ethnic names or members from other areas and try to lump them in with the others (e.g. the persistent tendency to place the Chula Vista Chicano punk band the Zeros in with their East LA counterparts; the reference to Econochrist alter ego Chicano Christ in the book *Land of a Thousand Dances*).

Despite efforts by others to prove otherwise, East LA has long been home to a large, vibrant punk and underground music scene, one as diverse and exciting as any of Los Angeles' more celebrated scenes, and it has somehow prospered despite virtually no radio airplay, precious few recorded works, almost no labels and a few short-lived clubs. Like many of its more famous counterparts, the East LA scene was comprised of many smaller scenes that freely intermingled with each other. Although elitism and infighting between bands, fans and scenesters were often in abundance, they rarely impeded the basic tenet of the efforts of those involved, which was to have as much fun as possible by any means necessary.

What follows is in no way an attempt to serve as a document of every punk band that has plugged in and made noise in a garage east of the LA River, nor is it to serve as some sort of "definitive history of a scene." Rather, look at this long block of lettering as an introduction to a scene that was and is populated by a whole host of denizens that I'm willing to bet most reading this have never heard of.

The "family tree" that accompanies this article began as a request by Retodd to map out the bands I have been a part of over the years as a starting point for a larger tree that will hopefully include as many East LA bands as possible. There are tons of other bands I had hoped to include in this text, as well as on the family tree, but due to friends who have disappeared through that vortex called time, those who have died, those afflicted with terminal flakiness or just a general lack of interest on the part of those I called to participate, I was unable to make it any more detailed. Anyone from the area reading this who has been or is in a band and is interested in being included on the tree are encouraged to contact this magazine.

Due to the dearth of related material on the subject, much of the information here comes from at least 20 years worth of memories spanning hundreds of parties, gigs and fights in assorted backyards, clubs, rented halls, living rooms and other subterranean hellholes where one finds all the fun stuff going on. While it is true that I have played in many bands over the course of the last 20 years, the intent of this article is not an arrogant attempt to highlight my personal efforts as a musician. I know full well that my efforts are no more (or less) important than those of others. The problem is that punk was and is a hands-on type of subculture, where everybody involved plays an active part and, as a result, much of the history of punk in East LA and my own personal history are interrelated.

The reader will note that Los Illegals and the Brat are not represented here. This is in no way an attempt to dismiss or disrespect their efforts, but, to be honest, they've been the primary focus of all things "punk" in East LA and both have had more than their share of days in the sun. Now it's someone else's turn.

The first time I remember seeing the phrase "punk rock" was in a

A BRIEF PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF EAST LA PUNK LIFE

1980 issue of *Creem*. I had bought the magazine because of articles on the Pretenders and Devo, who at the time had replaced my prior fascination with Kiss and other related hard rock bands. The classified ads in the back of the magazine had repeated references to punk rock T-shirts, sunglasses and even an ad for a "punk rock," which was a variation on the ridiculous pet rock craze that swept the United States in the late 1970s.

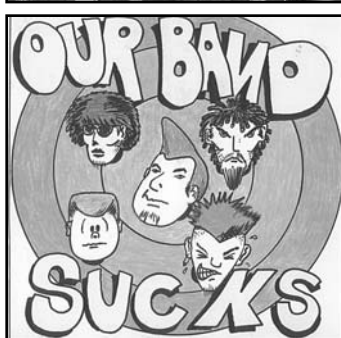
I went to an "alternative" school (as in an "alternative form of education," according to the hippies that founded the school in the '70s) in Highland Park. Like many of the kids who attended this school, my younger brother and I were bused there from where we lived, which was an area of East LA called City Terrace. Through some of the other kids in school, I soon learned of punk and a whole world of bands I had no idea existed. Bands with strange names like the Weirdos, Germs, Go-Gos, Flesh Eaters and Black Flag. I also learned of a radio station with some DJ named Rodney who regularly played these bands. My brother and I began listening to Rodney's show every Saturday and Sunday night.

The first "band" I ever saw was the Alperheads, a joke band named after a classmate who was one of the editors of *Ink Disease* fanzine. The bass player for the Alperheads was Shane White, who later became a member of the Rip Offs. If memory serves, the band practiced their three-song set only once, the night before their gig, and they played only that one show, which took place in our school's recreation room. As they crooned the mantra "We are young, we are bold, we are Alperheads/Nobody loves us but our mothers" to the three half-learned chords that made up the music, I couldn't help but think that they were the worst band I had ever heard. Two of their friends, who had snuck onto the campus just to see them, began pogoing, bouncing up and down to the beat, laughing the whole time.

I didn't begin wearing many of the stereotypical punk accoutrements until a couple of years later, but I did begin my involvement in the scene not long after that show in the rec room. Although neither of us knew how to play an instrument, my brother and I started our first band sometime in the summer of 1981. My gear consisted of an acoustic guitar and, in order to make it "electric," I took a tape recorder microphone, wrapped it in toilet paper, plugged it into an old movie projector, and then shoved the mic into the sound hole of the guitar. The sound that resulted, besides the incessant feedback, was similar to two trains colliding in the middle of an earthquake. My brother screamed at the top of his lungs. We made tapes and gave them to friends. It was fun. A couple of years later, we borrowed some real equipment from an aunt, talked a schoolmate (a Chinese girl who had no apparent sense of rhythm) into playing drums and played Dollar Night at the Cathay de Grande in Hollywood with Mad Parade, the Membranes and the Steps. I also began writing for friends' fanzines, not to mention frequent failed attempts at starting my own.

My brother and I soon learned that being a punk in East LA was no spring walk in the park. More often than not, it involved suffering through cat-calls, incessant hassling from parent, police and principal alike, running from people bent on

our destruction, fighting, beatings, concussions and bleeding. Soon enough, though, we found other punks in the neighborhood and we all began hanging out together and going to shows. Together,



BANDS GOT PAID, EITHER
WITH MONEY OR LOTS OF
FREE BEER. FEW COMPLAINED
ABOUT THIS ARRANGEMENT.

we all started bands, supported each others' efforts, wrote for each others' magazines, ingested staggering amounts of illicit substances and beverages that would've made Nancy Reagan squirm, and put on our own shows.

THE WRITTEN WORD

Of the many fanzines that popped up over the years, the two that are best known by punks outside the East LA area are *Ink Disease* and *Pure Filth*. Both were very influential, outspoken and sometimes brutally honest in their likes and dislikes. Both were often painfully funny to read. Both also had more than their share of both worshippers and enemies.

For the majority of its existence, *Ink Disease* was headed by the duo of Thomas Siegal and Steve Alper. It was based in the Mount Washington area of Northeast LA. Although the majority of its coverage was more national in scope, the occasional feature could be found on their friends' bands, like Armistice and Truce. In its early stages, *Ink Disease* was similar in style to many other fanzines of the time, with chaotic layouts, poorly reproduced photos, and the like. In addition to interviews with bands and record reviews, one could find reviews of old movies that were playing at Pasadena's Rialto Theatre, copy clipped out of various newspapers, "The Adventures of Punk and Pop" comics and Brady Rifkin's bumper sticker reviews. As it gained popularity (at one point rivaling *Flipside*), its layouts and text became more coherent and the general vibe of the fanzine became considerably more focused. *Ink Disease* continued into the 1990s, but it began reaching the newsstands only sporadically, first seemingly at quarterly intervals, then almost annually, and it finally disappeared.

Pure Filth was an entirely different beast. The brainchild of Shane White, Ralph Balcarcel and the enigmatic Carl Bellows, *Pure Filth* was unashamedly regional, outspoken to the point of insulting even their friends, elitist, crude and funny as hell. The only thing truly painstakingly laid out was usually the cover, which featured women whom the editors deemed sexy. Past that, though, the reader was left to his/her own devices to figure out what was going on. Following an entirely handwritten first issue, the magazine's text was typeset on an old typewriter with missing keys, laid out in whatever direction seemed interesting and then Xeroxed en masse. The bands interviewed were usually unknown, and the interviews themselves often quickly degenerated into recordings of situations having nothing to do with the bands' music. Typical questions ran along the lines of, "Some people get up at the crack of dawn. Whose crack do you get up to?" As for as the magazine's other contents, the reader could wade through Ralph's semi-autobiographical "Adventures of the Hookermeister," "On Skinheads," a list of their friends who either were or would soon be suffering from male pattern baldness; a sometimes painfully personal gossip section; diatribes on how *Flipside* and punk rock in general sucked; reviews of literally anything; and assorted toilet humor comics. When Ralph, Shane and his brother Jason packed up their band and moved up to the Bay Area, they took *Pure Filth* with them and continued to put out issues until it became a little more popular than they were comfortable with, at which time they packed it in and Shane began writing reviews for *Maximum Rockroll*.

There were, of course, a great many other fanzines from East Los Angeles, including *Multiplication of the Typical Joe*, *Outcry*, *Local Anesthetic* and *Thrasher's Digest*. Most of them started out strong and then sort of petered out after a few issues. All of them, however, were essential in helping to inform those few readers outside the area of what was going on in the neighborhoods.

BACKYARD SHENANIGANS

Although there was the occasional punk club in East Los Angeles, most were short-lived. The club that survived the longest was the Vex, which was forced to move around the area for various reasons and was eventually closed after someone was stabbed. This lack of a steady club scene in the area, not to mention the virtual impossibility of a band obtaining a slot at any of Hollywood's clubs, led to the rise of the backyard party.

The mechanics were simple: Find someone with parents who were either gullible or out of town, make flyers, pass them out at the Olympic Auditorium, Fenders Ballroom and anywhere else you could, show up at the house with a couple of kegs of beer, play, dance, fight, leave when the cops crashed the party and find someplace else to finish the beer, usually an alley close to home. For three bucks or

less, one could see, depending on when and if the cops showed up, anywhere from one to eight bands play.

A steady network of backyards began to build, places with names like Bird and Cornwell, First and Velasco, Beastie's Pad, Boo-Boo's House, Joe's Pit, Flipper's Pad and the Dustbowl (so named because a stifling cloud of dirt would rise every time a slam pit started). Soon one could find a place to go on any given day of the weekend. Many of the places lasted years and the parties themselves were usually wild, drunken, sometimes violent affairs. Most, if not all, of the bands got paid, either with money or lots of free beer. Few complained about this arrangement.

SHUT UP AND PLAY

As with any other scene, East LA bands were plentiful and usually short-lived. Some were brilliant, others were, to be as polite as possible, absolutely terrible, but all were respected and encouraged to make as much noise as possible. The bands were also very incestuous, and it wasn't uncommon for one person to be in four or five different bands at the same time with three other people, each of them in the same predicament.

Few of the bands went into a proper studio and even fewer ever released a proper record. Most instead made demo cassettes on either a four-track recorder or a ghetto blaster, copied them onto cheap tapes and passed them out to friends or sold them. A handful of other would-be music moguls sometimes took these demos, picked a few songs from each tape, recorded them onto other cheap cassettes and passed them off as compilations.

The following is an *incomplete* list and brief descriptions of some East LA-area bands active from 1981-1990. Please note the emphasis on incomplete.

I SOON LEARNED THAT BEING A
PUNK IN EAST LA WAS NO SPRING
WALK IN THE PARK.

A.D. Do - An early to mid-'80s Highland Park group, this band included Benny Siegal and Morgan Hunt, both of whom were responsible for *Multiplication of the Typical Joe* fanzine. Inspired by the same sense of humor that permeated their fanzine, their early recordings were of a "fun" nature, but as the influence of DC hardcore bands like Minor Threat and Faith became more prevalent, they developed a harder edge. Aside from a few garage demos, their only other known appearance was on the "Flex Your Mom" compilation cassette, of which there were only 30 or so "legitimate" copies. Morgan moved to Humboldt county, where he is now a member of the band Letterbomb.

Anti-Social - Originally a non-band that would get their name on flyers and then not show up to play, "because we're anti-social." Heavily influenced by Bad Religion before it became fashionable, the band was started by guitarist Manny and his brother Charlie after Manny quit Copulation. They released a couple of demos and garnered a pretty sizable following before throwing in the towel. Manny later formed the Deutschmen, Revolution 9 and played for a time in Media Blitz.

Armistice - One of LA's early "peace punk" bands. Taking many of their political cues from Crass, Crucifix and the like, they tried to get LA's notoriously apathetic punk scene to care about *something*. Noteworthy members included drummers Aaron (of kiddie punk band Mad Society), Sard (later in Black Jax) and guitarist Ivan Morely (later of Iconoclast). The only recordings I know of was a live demo recorded at Roxanne's Club and some tracks on the "Rock for the People of Highland Park" compilation cassette.

Black Jax - The best thing ever to come out of Monterey Park. Their sound was a mixture of English punk rock circa 1977 and early '80s Orange County hardcore, and they didn't have a bad song in their set. Singer Pogo commanded the stage like a pro, emoting every line while bouncing across every inch of the stage. The band officially broke up in 1986, but they have reunited occasionally over the years, and Pogo fronted an all-new lineup in the mid '90s. A collection of two old demos by this band was recently legitimately released on disc by Wankin' Stiph records.

Bloodcum - Two of the members of this band were related to members of speedmetal band Slayer, so they were often facetiously referred to as the "Slayer Brother Band." Their dedication to playing shows was the stuff of legend. Bassist Robert Tovar once had his legs broken by

neighborhood gang members, but he still continued to play shows despite the obvious difficulties of standing in two casts. The early work of this Huntington Park band was hardcore at its most aggressive and, although they later introduced more of a metal influence into their sound, they managed to retain their punk edge. In addition to some demos, Bloodcum released a couple of 12-inch EPs on Wild Rag records. Robert Tovar is now a guitarist in Blues Experiment and two of the other members were last rumored to be playing in an industrial metal band with Gabriel from Our Band Sucks.

C.O. (Conscientious Objector) - An ultra-hardcore thrash band featuring the infamous Batman on vocals. Their sets often sounded like a roar of noise with only brief stops to let the audience know that they were beginning a new song. C.O., to my knowledge, only recorded one demo and rumor has it that Batman has become pastor at a Christian church after years of living a very dangerous life.

Chainsaw Blues/the Fingers - The *Pure Filth* house band(s). Chainsaw Blues was originally a punk rock alter ego of sorts to the band La Triste, but following the departure of Craig Tyron, the inclusion of Plain Agony singer Tito Lopez and Shane's introduction to Billy Childish records, the band rapidly became a force unto itself. After a year or so, the personnel shuffled, Brady Rifkin was given vocal duties and the band was re-christened The Fingers. Later, Brady was booted out, bassist Ralph became the singer and Becky Minjarez took up bass chores. When Becky quit to become a mom, the Fingers became a three-piece unit. After gaining considerable popularity outside of East LA, the band moved to San Francisco and promptly broke up. Shane and Jason joined the Rip Offs and the rest, as they say, is history. Chainsaw Blues' recorded output consists of one demo and a 7-inch EP. The Fingers released at least three 7-inch EPs.

Circle One - One of East LA's best-known, best-documented and most controversial groups. Singer John Macias was a very charismatic figure in the LA punk scene whose love for Jesus, outspokenness, hatred of police and unflagging dedication to hardcore both rubbed more than a few people the wrong way and attracted a rabid following/gang, known as the "Family." Their music, with its frenetic beats and John's meticulous efforts to actually sing, was undeniably powerful. Circle One's vinyl appearances are many. The most recent release is "Are You Afraid?" on Grand Theft Audio, which couples their first album with live tracks, various demos and compilation cuts. Guitarist Mike Vallejo has since been in seemingly nearly every hardcore band from LA to Oxnard and various other members have been in Fluf, Fifi and Corpus Delecti. John, sadly, was shot to death by police on Santa Monica Pier in the early 1990s.

Crankshaft - Another well-known group led by the legendary Leno Lousy. Leno's decidedly non-PC lyrical content (odes to "new wave homos," armies of the dead and raping girl scouts) no doubt caused many an eyebrow to raise (not to mention destruction of punk records by irate parents), but their metal-tinged hardcore was top-notch. Most of the band's vinyl output consists of tracks on various Mystic Records comps, three cuts on Smoke 7's "Sudden Death" compilation and a host of demos. Rumor has it that Leno is doing a long prison stretch these days. It is not known what happened to rest of the original members.

Dog's Breakfast - An early "bedroom" group consisting of Jim Vavrik, Shane and Jason White. They recorded one known demo, which dances a fine line between early punk rock minimalism and flat-out noise. Three tracks from the demo, "V.D. in Your Eye," "Destroy" and "The Children Don't Play" appeared on the "Flex Your Mom" cassette compilation.

FCDN Tormentor - From Highland Park circa the mid-1980s, these guys were early purveyors of what would become known as black metal. The "FCDN," placed at the beginning of their name to differentiate them from another band with the same name, stood for "Fuckin' Catastrophic Destructive Noise," and the description definitely fit. Their sound was loud, fast and featured the same strangled-cat vocals still popular today. They put out at least one demo and rumor has it that they still play shows occasionally. Drummer Raul went on to play in No Comment and is now drummer for Blues Experiment.

Fish Head - Formed in the late '80s/early '90s, Fish Head married the death rock of bands like the Bauhaus to blues and hardcore punk and came up with a sound all their own. Song subjects ranged from Manson-esque fantasies to hanging hippies to telling a girl's parents in gory detail what sex with their daughter was like. They quickly began to garner notoriety outside of the neighborhood, but after drummer Randy Rodarte moved to Berkeley, attempts to keep the momentum going with a new drummer failed and they called it quits. The band



John Fish Head. Photo by Pio Flores.

recorded one demo, and a live cassette recorded at a 4th of July party exists, and that's pretty much their recorded output. A single was allegedly scheduled to be recorded by the Plugz' Tito Larriva and released on Flipside Records, but nothing ever came of it. Randy went on to drum in the Tumors for a time, and continues to this day as one of the only original members left in the band Ollin. Bassist Ralph was last seen booking punk shows at the Tropico Club in East LA. Guitarist Joey is lost in the void. Later drummer Guy still jams with his brother on occasion. Singer John is married and has two kids.

Fuckin' Assholes - The fact that none of the members of this band could really play their instruments didn't stop them from playing many a backyard show. Their sets usually consisted of singer Chris screaming about being a teenage alcoholic or repeating the phrase "You're just a caca head" repeatedly while the rest of the band flailed on their instruments in wild abandon. After a while, one of the members would walk off mid-set to get a beer and someone from the crowd would go up and play. The band recorded two known demos. Most of the members eventually learned to play and went on to Butt Acne, Peace Pill and Fish Head.

Hawaii's Hardcore - From the ashes of No Mind Asylum came this, Highland Park's premier straight edge band, although few (if any) of their songs had anything to do with straight edge. The members performed in Hawaiian shirts and had crossed palm trees drawn onto their hands instead of the stereotypical "X." Song subjects ranged from biographies of horny old movie stars to hating peace punks to loving Madonna. One demo was recorded and tracks from it were released on the "Rock for the People of Highland Park" and "Flex Your Mom" compilation cassettes. Shane White and Craig Tyron went on to an incarnation of Laughing Matter. Guitarist Steve Stewart moved to Spokane. Singer Joe Henderson went on to write for *Flipside* and, according to popular rumor, is now some sort of right-wing gun freak.

HCOT/Copulation LA - Without a doubt, one of East LA's best hardcore bands. The name Hot Cum on Tongue was shortened to HCOT and then to Copulation. When the band found out there was a band in Sweden or somewhere with the same name, they added "LA" to avoid potential confusion. Bassist/singer Johnny "Boots" Rodriguez and drummer Frank, along with a revolving door of guitarists, laid out some solid songs that came an went in a blur of anger and desperation. After Frank eventually left the band, Boots tried to keep the band going, but it eventually sputtered out and he joined the Thrusters, Plain Agony and a later incarnation of the Black Jax. The band recorded numerous demos and were scheduled to have some tracks on the "Flex Your Burrito" cassette comp, which was allegedly never

completed. Two Copulation tracks, "Tina Tina (renamed "Baby")" and "What a Drag," were "liberated" by the band Anti-Social and recorded for their first demo, much to the consternation of Boots.

Human Retch/Six Gun Justice/Butt Acne - The first foray into the world of music that I and my brother made, Human Retch was the name that we gave the unskilled noise that we created. Following the inclusion of the tone-deaf drummer, we changed the name to Six Gun Justice and survived two shows. Aside from the show at the Cathay de Grande, Six Gun Justice's only other live performance was at a very small slumber party for seventh-grade girls. We got paid a bowl of spaghetti each for that show. After another name change, this time to Butt Acne, the band went through a succession of lineups before finally settling on my brother John on drums, Scott from the Fuckin' Assholes on bass and myself on guitar. This lineup lasted into the 1990s when performances became fewer and Scott moved to Berkeley for a time. Aside from a legion of demo tapes, the most recent from 1998, Butt Acne's only "official" output was one side of a split cassette with Venice's Voice of Authority, which was released by a Chicago tape label in the mid-'80s. The band members that floated through Butt Acne went on to join such bands as Fish Head, Tumors, Peace Pill, Ollin and Mad Parade.

Insurrected State/No Church on Sunday - Insurrected State was fronted by Sergio, a man who frequently tested the boundaries of how much alcohol a person was capable of drinking. Oftentimes he would pass out cold in the middle of a set with the band still raging on behind his inert body. The sound of the band itself was a sort of marriage of the primal approach of bands like Crass and the Mexican hardcore of bands like Atoxxxico and Solucion Mortal. Once Sergio was out, the band recruited Art Muñoz to handle vocal duties, developed a stronger political bent to their lyrics, changed their name to No Church on Sunday and became much more charismatic and inspiring. Numerous demos were recorded by the band. Following the band's breakup, guitarist Julio formed Golpe de Estado, which put out a couple of EPs. Art is married with kids, but still finds time to go to gigs regularly and has played bass in numerous bands, including Ollin, Bad Chile and Tumors. One of No Church on Sunday's numerous drummers moved up north and joined some really popular Gilman Street hardcore band. I have no idea what happened to Sergio.

Loli & the Chones - Originally called Los Firmazos, Loli & the Chones were initially heavily influenced by Billy Childish and the same '60s lo-fi rock bands that played such a prominent part in the sound of bands like Fingers. Unlike the Fingers, however, Loli & the Chones charged their sound with the aggression of bands like Black Flag, resulting in spurts of bile and venom that rarely lasted longer than their intros. Their sets were often intense affairs, one of the more notable occurring at a Hollywood club in the late '90s, where their bassist accidentally split his finger and tried to continue playing with blood flowing freely from the wound, down his bass and onto the stage. To date, Loli & the Chones have released two singles and two albums. They have as of late gone underground and it is not known whether they are still together.

Malignance/The Rise and Fall - Another hyper-speed hardcore band, Malignance hailed from the El Sereno area. Their initial demos consisted of short bursts of speed and power chords. Coupled with their singer's obsession with a girl that refused to date him, the band's songs were long on ill-natured humor and short on time. Following the name change to The Rise and Fall, their songs became longer, more metallic in sound and the lyrics became more serious. Not long after, they disappeared and the whereabouts of the members is not known.

Misled - Taking their musical cues from hardcore bands like Agnostic Front, Boyle Heights' Misled was like a well-placed kick to the face, being strangled by someone's beefy hand, or being run over repeatedly by a tank. They blazed their way through two explosive demos, numerous gigs and promptly broke up. George, their drummer, joined with the guitarist in an incarnation of the Thrusters and is now a member of Media Blitz.

Moral Decay - One of the area's formative hardcore bands. Though it is not known whether they would consider themselves an East LA band, they did in fact come from the area and had a profound influence on many of the bands that followed. Active in the very early '80s, Moral Decay played a tight, quick brand of hardcore that was popular at the time but is rarely

heard these days. In addition to a few demos, Moral Decay was featured on the Smoke 7 Records "Sudden Death" compilation. Members of Moral Decay went on to join a variety of bands, including the Angry Samoans, Black Jax, Crankshaft, and UXA.

Our Band Sucks - El Monte's OBS forged a name for themselves in the late '80s and early '90s by showering stages across the county with popcorn, Silly String, shaving cream and beer. Their shows often resembled riots, although no one ever got hurt and no one was particularly angry about anything. They sounded like the bastard children of nerd punks like the Dickies and muscle-headed jock-core like Black Flag, and their preference of playing onstage in diapers, muu-muus, sun bonnets and Elvis costumes rankled more than a few clubgoers, who often showed their appreciation by throwing whatever was handy. For their efforts, OBS found themselves banned from quite a few clubs, most notably the Coconut Teaszer, who forbade the band from ever playing there again following a show in which an overzealous fan covered the band, stage, monitor, microphone and PA tower alike with nearly a case worth of shaving cream. The band released one 12-inch EP on Nemesis Records, and three or four demos. There were also stories of an offer by a then-newly established Fat Records to release a full-length, but nothing apparently came of it. The band still occasionally reforms, fights and promptly breaks up every couple of years or so.

Peace Pill - After leaving Butt Acne, Scott Rodarte and his twin brother Randy recruited local fixtures Beate and Jerry to take on vocal and guitar duties, respectively. Taking their name from an old hippie slang term for PCP, the band initially sounded like many of their hardcore contemporaries. Over time, their songs began leaning more towards Social Distortion-influenced rock-punk. Although their faster songs were played with less frequency, older songs like "Rude Boy Go Home" and "Reggae Lay" remained in the set throughout the band's existence. Peace Pill recorded one demo. Following the dissolution of the band, Scott moved to Berkeley for a few years, Randy went on to drum for Fish Head before also moving to Berkeley and Jerry joined the roots-rock band The Glasspacks. When the twins moved back to East LA, Beate joined them for a time in the band Ollin.

Rejected - The brainchild of L7/Superheroines roadie and San Bernardino expatriate Matt Wingrove, the Rejected provided contrast to the decidedly leftist hardcore scene around them by infusing their thrash beats with lyrics singing the glories of being a Young Republican and blowing up Iran, as well as singing the praises of Matt's favorite bands and generally giving the finger to whoever happened to be listening. The number of times they played live can be counted on one hand and they only managed to record one garage demo, but they left a lasting impression. After a couple of years in the 'hood, Matt moved back to San Bernardino. Singer Nancy "Manson" Mancias moved to Minneapolis in the early '90s and has not been heard from since. Guitarist Yogi Fuentes still plays his guitar and can be found drinking beer at Al's Bar in Downtown LA on any given weekend.

Riot in Progress/A.N.U.S./No Mind Asylum - Following the dissolution of the Dog's Breakfast, Shane White and Jim Vavrik took a stab at a more traditional hardcore punk sound, the result being Riot in

Jerry and Beate of Peace Pill. Photo by Becky Minjarez.



Progress. They recruited Luis Zomorano (whose prior claim to fame was that he was allegedly one of the few people in the area who ever got to see the Germs perform live) to sing and a former member of local band Laughing Matter, Craig Tyron, to drum and began wreaking aural havoc at classmates' parties and Detox's infamous "shithouse." At one particularly memorable party, as the band played in the house's living room by candlelight, Luis took one of the candles, set a long piece of cloth tied to his arm on fire, and continued singing as the flame slowly crept up his arm. Not long after, Jim was booted out of the band, replaced by Bill Atheist, the name was changed to A.N.U.S. (short for "A New Underground Sound") and then to No Mind Asylum. More chaos and vandalism ensued at parties (including an incident in which someone spiked all the beverages in the house with coffee grounds, decorated the bathroom with shaving cream and toothpaste, put the homeowner's records in all the wrong covers and pissed into the blowdryer), appearances on the "Rock for the People of Highland Park" and "Flex Your Mom" compilations and then the band fell apart. Shane and Craig went on to form Hawaii's Hardcore and La Triste, Luis went into the roofing business and Bill supposedly went back to playing in the band the Atheists.

Side Effects/American Side Effects/Last Round Up - The pride of the 1980s Whittier scene. They sounded like a straight-edge hardcore band, but they actually drank so much that winos would hang their heads in shame. Their shows were like an M-80 going off in the middle of church: a sudden shock, a creeping sense of familiarity and an adrenaline rush that sent bodies gleefully careening off one another. After hearing that there was another band with the same name in England, they added "American" to their moniker, and then later changed the whole thing to Last Round Up. Although they never released a legitimate album, demos of varying quality exist. Numerous members went on to either join or establish other notable bands, including the Rigs, Christian Death and San Francisco's Oppressed Logic.

Stains - The finest purveyors of the punishing sound force that most of us in bands hoped we could come close to achieving. That they were labelmates with the mighty Black Flag was no mistake, as the Stains were one of the few bands who were easily capable of matching and, occasionally, transcending that band's sheer power and intensity. In an apocryphal quote usually attributed to Black Flag's bassist Chuck Dukowski, the reason that the Stains were signed to the band's SST label was because "they were better than us." Sadly, their long out-of-print 12-inch EP was their only release, but there has been at least one "European pressing" (read: bootleg) of it, and there have been rumors that it might be released again, along with an unreleased demo tacked on for good measure. Following the original dissolution of the band in the '80s, singer Rudy went on to front the band Corpse, second bassist Cesar (the first being the infamous Jesse Fixx) joined DC3 with Black Flag's Dez Cadena, guitarist Robert went on to do something else and their drummer Gilbert apparently "died," only to miraculously resurrect in the late 1990s and pen the text for the East LA section of the book *Fucked Up and Photocopied*. The Stains reformed many times in various incarnations throughout the '90s, the most recent lineup featuring Jody Hill and Mike Vallejo of Circle One and Rick of Tongue.

Thrusters - A great pop punk band, but more in the Adolescents-meet-TSOL-meet-Sex Pistols vein than the modern bastardization of the term. Bassist and chief songwriter "Mousie" had a enough of a knack for marrying a strong hook to sheer hardcore intensity that members of more straight hardcore bands like Copulation, C.O., Butt Acne and Mised were glad to fill vacated positions in the band's ranks and consider themselves part of the Thrusters legacy over the years. Being left-handed, Mousie would sit on the floor in front of his amp playing his bass upside down as someone held a loose mic in front of his face, completely unafraid of the imminent danger of his being trampled to death by errant dancers slamming no more than three feet away. As with so many other worthy bands in the area, the Thrusters have never released a record, but they are well documented by many great demos and are still sporadically active to this day.

Undertakers - Another often under-appreciated early East LA punk band, the Undertakers successfully bridged the rapidly widening chasm between new wave bands like Los Illegals and the punk of the Stains and Circle One. They were on many a bill at the Vex club and much was written about them, yet they never released anything on Tito Larriva's Fatima label like the Brat, nor were they ever signed to a major label, like Los Illegals. They did record an album, one that accurately illustrates their diversity and their accomplished sense of tough-edged pop, but, due to legal problems with a former manager, it remains unreleased

almost 20 years after it was recorded, although one of its tracks, "Master Race," does appear on Grand Theft Audio's "All for One, One for All" compilation. Tracy Scull went on to Peace Corpse, Insulin Reaction, Knucklebone and was most recently in Tracy and the Skulls. After the breakup of the Undertakers, guitarist Tony Fingers formed Play Dead years later, changed the name to Media Blitz and, after numerous singles, compilation contributions and demos, continues to play under that banner to this day.

THE FUTURE LOOKS BRIGHT AHEAD

Many years have passed since most of the bands listed above have graced a stage, backyard, living room or garage, but their collective demise in no way equated to a death knell for East Los Angeles punk rock. As with the punk scene as a whole, much has changed in the neighborhoods, some good and some bad, yet the scene still continues to thrive in backyards and one-off clubs across the area. Bands like Moral Decay, the Undertakers, Black Jax, Strength in Numbers and Violent Children have since been replaced by Subsistencia, Teenage Rage, Union 13, Marble, Tezacrifico, Los Kung Fu Monkeys, Los Villains and a host of others just as brilliant, horrible, fast, slow, funny, angry and dedicated as their predecessors. A backyard party can still be found going on nearly every weekend, someone's always releasing their band's latest recorded work or a compilation, and fanzines, like *Sal Si Puedes* and *Real Boss Hoss*, still continually pop up with the same amount of unreliable regularity as those that came before them. And through it all, one can see the same optimism, the same unflagging loyalty, the same need to be heard in the new bands and scenssters that fueled the generations that preceded them.

Which is not to say that all of the old-school punkers gave up on the whole thing, got married, had kids and bought SUVs. Surely, some of us did exactly that. Some of us also continue to play in punk bands. Some of us took our punk influences, coupled it with traditional rhythms and radical Chicano politics and created a new scene out of the old in bands with names like Ozomatli, Blues Experiment, Yeska, Aztlan Underground, Ollin, Quinto Soul, Quetzal, and Little Man and the Giants. Some of us became household names. Some of us are dead, either through our own stupidity or the unfortunate luck of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Some of us still keep ourselves immersed in the scene by writing for fanzines or going to shows. Yet, no matter where we are and what we've done with ourselves we're all still here, still listening to what gets us off, be it grindcore, gamelan or Swedish disco, and still very proud of the little bit of canvas we painted on a larger punk rock tapestry.

EPILOGUE

We make it through five minutes of our set (roughly 12 songs for us) before someone rushes up and tells us to cut the noise because the cops are outside the gate. We make it halfway through the next song before the plug gets pulled on us.

I strain to look over the back fence and see that the street is rapidly filling up with police cars and the cops themselves are going into their trunks, pulling out their riot helmets and preparing themselves for a little rocknrolling of their own. Over by the gate, the owner of the house is trying to calm the cop in charge, who seems to be completely disinterested in what the woman has to say. Things are going to get pretty ugly very soon.

We leave the stage, give the other band back their instruments and make our way back to where the heads have situated themselves around the keg. A heated discussion ensues about exactly who is taking the keg and where it will end up. Once that has been determined, we make our way to the gate as the cops begin lining up in formation and people in the backyard begin singing "Happy birthday to you/Happy birthday to you/Happy birthday dear PIG/Happy birthday to you" at the top of their lungs.

We all become part of the sea of people scrambling out of the backyard, pile into various cars and head for an alley off of City Terrace Drive, where we will finish off the keg, fight with each other, play cards, lament the fact that the Stains didn't play, listen to Johnny Boots as he tells of being kicked in the neck by a cop for holding a candy bar in a threatening manner as he left the party, and raise hell until the sun comes up as the strains of Agent Orange or Flux of Pink Indians blare through the beat up stereo perched on the hood of a nearby car. Next weekend, we'll be doing the same thing.





THE DAGONS



The Dagens moved to Los Angeles this past summer when their home in San Francisco was infested with New Age clones that were created by pods from outer space.

At least that's what they claim. In any case, SF's loss is LA's gain. The Dagens' sound is a moody blend of garage, rock and punk that is difficult to label but is infectious as all get out. (I catch myself humming "He Went into Space" at least a few times a day.) Singer Karie Jacobson, in addition to being a skilled guitarist and inspired lyricist, possesses a sweetly ethereal voice that plays well against the tense percussion of her partner Drew Kowalski. Karie played bass as well on their latest CD, "Make Us Old," but with the addition of new bassist Derek, the Dagens currently rock harder live than they do on record.

Interview & Photos by Bob Cantu

Bob: The song "Changeling" has the lyrics about stealing a baby from its bed and replacing it with one made of snow. Where is that from?

Karie: The snow baby part is from a children's book I read a long time ago.

Drew: The woman who wrote the book was influenced by the folklore of the area.

Karie: A lot of times children's stories are a lot more scary than stories that are scary on purpose.

But the rest of the song isn't really influenced by the book.

Bob: Explain this method you have for coming up with songs in your sleep?

Karie: I got all intrigued because I read about other people who have come up with ideas in dreams and that's something that I've always done. Most of my songs are usually

written right after I wake up... either I'll wake up with a melody in my head, just going along to whatever dream I happened to be having or I'll actually dream a song. I read this whole article about people who come up with ideas in dreams like Robert Louis Stevenson. He got very calculated about using his dreams for ideas. He would think really hard about the idea for several days and then he would just dream it. Like for Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde he thought "I want to write this story about man's dual nature..." But he didn't have a metaphor for it at all and then he had this whole dream where he takes the potion and turns into Mr. Hyde and everything. I always thought that was really neat that he actually set out to do that.

Bob: And you actually come up with melodies?

Karie: That's actually mostly what I come up with are melodies. The lyrics describe scenes that happen in the dreams. I don't actually dream the words themselves, usually. Although sometimes I do. "He Went Into Space", I dreamed the whole thing. The words anyway. Drew wrote the melody.

Bob: Do you ever come up with a song that isn't quite right and so then you go back to sleep to fix it?

Karie: Yeah. Especially lately.

Bob: At what point to you present the song to the band?

Karie: Once the guitar and vocals are finished.

Drew: We don't have a set way of doing it. We write songs all different ways. Usually it seems like after we get the singing and guitar done then we'll put the drums on. Bass usually comes last. The bass is kind of like the link between the guitar and the drums in the way we arrange stuff.

Bob: Does Derek write his own bass parts?

Derek: They already have them written. Which is fine by me. It's less work for me. In my other band, for four years they would come up with their parts and I'd run a bass line over it. But I have no problem doing it this way. I'll take the trade off of coming up with my own stuff for being able to play this.

Bob: Have all the recordings that you've done been D.I.Y.?

Karie: No, actually. Only the last CD. The seven inch was recorded live.

Drew: The vocals were live. A lot of people have assumed that we did over dubs but it was completely live. I love that record. It sounds like it was recorded in a different era.

Karie: We started recording ourselves because we recorded our first CD and we really weren't happy with the actual recording quality. I really like the songs on that album but I can't stand the way it was recorded. It's not that it's bad. It's just not what we like in recordings. I can't even stand to listen to it now. Drew was just like, the only way we're going to get this done is if we do it ourselves and just learn how to record. So he taught himself how to record on 8 track.

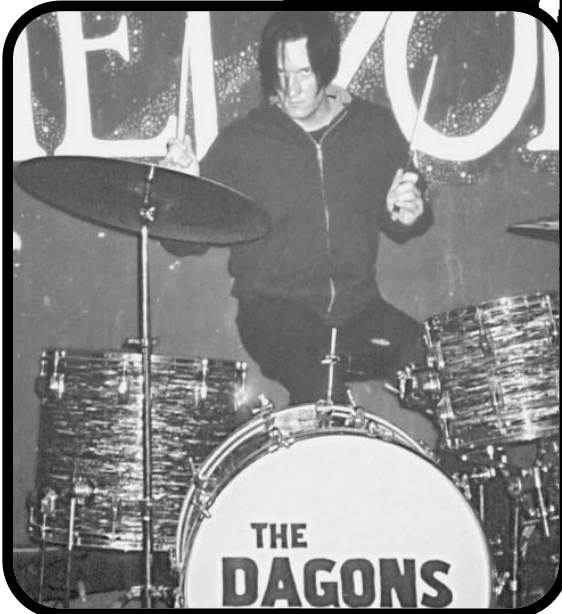
Drew: But I'd been messing around with home recordings on 8 track with really primitive equipment since I was about fourteen. I understood basic concepts. I just needed to take some time to experiment and try things.

Bob: Where was "Make Us Old" recorded?

Drew: In the basement of a house in San Francisco. I utilized the space to get natural reverb. I didn't put microphones right underneath each of the drums. They were miked from a distance. My goal was to make it sound like you were hearing the band in the room through a pair of headphones.

Bob: Ever think of re-recording "The Other Ending"?

Drew: I have thought about it but I feel like we did that already.



would be better to just record our new songs.

Bob: A lot of the songs from that CD sound so great live.

Karie: The CD sounds wishy-washy.

Drew: We rock way harder live. But how much better is it to get a CD of a band and you like it but then you see them live and they rock even harder?

Karie: But the recording should be good too.

Drew: I think it's good, but...

Karie: It doesn't sound like us. It sounds like a different band.

Bob: What is the song "Bulgarian Wolf" about?

Karie: It's from a nightmare that Drew had. In his dream there was this ghostly woman hovering over him and she was saying "Now dream this..." and music was playing. It was actually a song in the dream. So I thought we should really write that song.

Drew: So I wrote all the music.

Bob: And you're pretty sure it was just a dream? (laughter)

Drew: No, I'm not sure. It was one of those dreams where it's taking place in your room in the dark as if you were just getting out of bed. So, I don't know...

Karie: So I wrote the verse and tried to capture that mood.

Bob: When did you first realize that you wanted to play in a rock band?

Drew: I must have been somewhere between the age of seven and nine. I actually started playing drums around nine on a toy drum set.

Bob: You taught yourself to play?

Drew: Yeah, I was playing along to records that I liked. It was sort of a fantasy of mine to envision myself on stage when I'd practice my drums. But I was playing piano earlier than that for about two years. My mom played piano and that was the only instrument we had in the house. I didn't know which instruments were used in rock. I didn't know that it was an electric guitar that made my favorite part of it.



THE DAGONS

So I tried to do stuff like that on the piano and then at some point I realized that this instrument can't make that sound and I got the drums.

Karie: I was excited when he told me that he learned to play on a Muppet drum kit! When I was a little kid I saw "The Muppet Movie" and Animal plays the drums. I thought he was the ultimate drummer!

Drew: Yeah, there was picture of him on the kit. But at the same time I built a guitar out of plywood. And I had actually figured out how to make a pick up out of a little tiny speaker and to make the magnet in it work like a microphone. I had figured it all out. I had nails up at the top and nails down here and I tied fishing string. I now know that it would have worked if I had used metal strings to pick up the fishing line. I mean, it wouldn't have been a guitar. It would have been something atonal. Since that didn't work, drums ended up being my first real instrument.

Bob: A Muppet drum kit?

Drew: Yeah, and I actually made a little band with friends of mine in the neighborhood. It was a Kiss tribute band. It was called Hug.

Bob: And you could play an entire set of Kiss covers?

Drew: Yeah. We played Kiss Alive I.

Karie: My family is really musical, my grandma plays the accordion, grandpa played saxophone and my dad played guitar. My dad used to sing me to sleep every night when I stayed over at his house with all these really cool Sun House songs. I would always sing with him and stuff but as far as starting a rock band, when I first discovered that rock 'n roll was my favorite thing, I didn't really think that I had it in me to write a song. I wrote some songs and they were okay but I always felt like I was missing some ingredient that you needed to write good songs. My dad died when I was eighteen and it was in a really sudden and horrific, gory way. I was really close to him. I remember standing in this hospital room with blood covering the walls and thinking there has to be a payoff after this and the payoff is I'm going to be able to write good songs. I think you have to take risks and put your mind out there and let go of some control to write good songs. After that I felt like, well, I've certainly seen worse now and I wasn't afraid of stuff like that anymore. It took me about three years to write a good song after that, but I was determined.

Derek: I didn't decide, "Hey, I want

t o
be in a
rock band."

I never thought about playing in a band until I was nineteen and I saw a band that showed me that you can use music in that way. With pure emotion and everything. I went out the next day and bought an instrument. That was it. I think my main influence by bands is not so much the music but how they approach it. That it's



very real and very emotional and how a band makes you feel not the actual music itself. I can see a band and the music might be good but if there's nothing behind it... They could be playing the right chords, singing the right melodies but... it ain't there. That's what attracted me to this band. I listened to the CD and listened to the first ten seconds of the first three songs and that was it. That's when I stopped trying out with other bands and stuff.

Bob: I was talking to Nick Scott of

Project K while you were playing recently and he said he can almost hear keyboards -or where there should

be keyboards- in some of your songs. Have you ever thought about adding keyboards?

Karie: No!

Bob: Not even on recordings?

Derek: We have a couple of songs that are almost all organ and drums...

Karie: But organ is different than keyboards. Nick just wants us to be Death Rock.

Derek: Well he can buy a keyboard and play along to the songs on the CD.

Karie: Organ is a rock instrument. I like organ because it's really insane sounding. Really fuzzy, almost distorted sound and it's a really thunderous, pounding church organ sound. We have two songs on each of our CDs that are almost all organ. But we like a stripped down sound. We like to keep things pretty simple.

Derek: I don't think a keyboard would enhance the songs anyway.

Bob: If you could be any supernatural creature, what would you be?

Derek: A vampire because you could exist and people wouldn't that's what you were.

Karie: So you'd be a parasitical asshole that feeds off others? I'd rather be a werewolf.

Derek: But you can't be a werewolf and walk around and have people not know.

Karie: But you can't walk around in daylight.

Derek: I don't walk around in daylight anyway!

Karie: But I won't walk around the city, I'll run through the jungle as a werewolf.

Derek: That's what I mean, you're limited. As a vampire you can go anywhere and no one will know.

Drew: They'd notice that you don't cast a reflection.

Derek: People are so involved with themselves they wouldn't notice. But they would notice a big monster walking down the street.

Karie: Derek can be a vampire, I'll be a werewolf and Drew can be Frankenstein.

Drew: I like Frankenstein. Aside from the alienation thing I have a lot in common with his style.

Karie: He enjoys simple things in life.

Drew: Yeah, you know, food, good! Smoke, good!

Derek: Arrugh!

*The Dagon's can be reached at Dead Sea
Captain Records, 4470 Sunset Blvd. #163,
Los Angeles, CA 90027 or
The_Dagon's@yahoo.com*



FRIENDS FOREVER

THE DOCUMENTARY FILM



"WE'RE LIKE POLISHED TURD - GOD'S VERSION OF ROCK AND ROLL. WE CONJURE UP SPIRITS. IT IS GOING TO BE TERRIBLE."



INTERVIEW BY LIZ O.

As the lights lower at the Smell in downtown Los Angeles and Ben Wolfinsohn's documentary begins to play, it is apparent that Friends Forever are neither a band on the run nor in the making. They are just Josh (bass, vocals) and Nate (drums, vocals) clanking away on their respective instruments, backs turned toward the camera.

Angry neighbors scream, "You can't do this! People live here!" Nate humbly replies, "All right. Sorry." Friends Forever aren't two guys jamming in a garage or backyard. They are two guys playing a set - complete with elaborate costumes, thick clouds of man-made fog and pulsating lights - inside Josh's van.

More interesting than the concept of two guys performing inside a big orange van, are the members of Friends Forever themselves. Says Bret Berg, "The KXLU [88.9, Los Angeles] show was the very first night that I met Nate and Josh, and that show was unusual for them, since it didn't involve the van. I had no idea that they even played out of the van until a few weeks later, when a friend of mine mentioned how they were going to set up in the Smell (inside the van while inside the venue, another unusual set up for them).

"My first impression of the band was 'Holy fuck. I've never seen anything like this before!'... I then thought 'I will follow them to the ends of the earth if all their shows are this insane.'"

Bret may not have

made good on his promise to follow Nate and Josh to "the ends of the earth," but filmmaker Ben Wolfinsohn did. Upon his return, Ben, Bret and Debby Wolfinsohn spent three months sifting through footage of the excursion. Then end result is a feature-length documentary that follows Friends Forever as they wreak havoc on unsuspecting neighborhoods, receive advice from a mustached stagehand and look for the perfect parking spot.

On one particular Wednesday night at KXLU's homebase in Westchester, CA, Ben and Bret took the time to recall their experience with Friends Forever.

Ben: The first time I saw Friends Forever they were playing at KXLU. Actually, I missed the show. I came right at the end and security almost wouldn't let me in the building because there was smoke pouring out of the windows from the 4th floor. I finally kind of worked my way upstairs and I realized that it looked like they burned down the building.

Bret: They had smoke machines, light machines, fog machines, everything. It set the alarm off and then the fire crews were here and all these emergency crews were here. They thought that there was a fire. The funny thing about it was, when they asked them why they did it, they said that they didn't want the one person that was there to be bored.

Ben: At that time I didn't even know what they did, I just knew that they went to such an elaborate length to please one person. Then, a couple months later I went to a show and I saw them in the parking lot and

they were very upset that they had to go inside the venue to play. I was confused because everyone was going to see [them] play and [they] were going to go inside to play, so what was wrong with that? They said, "Well, we want to play in our car." I noticed that they had an actual drum set in their car. I was pretty amazed that they wanted to play in their car. I thought that this might make an interesting documentary. I thought that this was about a five-minute documentary about two guys that play rock in their car and they're called Friends Forever. Then I met them and I learned that they were even more interesting than the concept of the band itself.

Bret: The concept of the band itself could be hokey if done by the wrong people, but Nate and Josh are the two most right people on the face of the earth to do this. If you just listen to a tape of their music, the whole element of the band that comes together to form Friends Forever isn't apparent. They are one of those bands where the live performance is so essential that, without it, the music doesn't even sound like it's being played by them. They're one of those bands like Black Dice or !!! or Locust, where you really need to see them.

Ben: It's a combination of lights, lasers, smoke, bubbles, costumes, PCP rock signs and whatever they have in their car at that hour to put on this ten to fifteen minute show that they do. They usually do it for free, too, for a couple of reasons. One is that they don't want people to have to pay to see their music because they just want to do it for free. They also worry that they wouldn't want anyone to lose their money if they didn't like the show, which goes along with the movie. Nate told me that he saw part of the movie and he told the other member, Josh,

that he had to go to the hospital. I asked why and [Nate] said, "I feel that, after watching the movie, not only have I ruined your life-the director-but I feel like I am ruining the life of everyone who has to watch the film."

Bret: I remember that we were editing and it took us about three months to do the majority of the editing at Ben's house. Ben happened to be talking to Nate on the phone one night and, at that point, I had just been in front of footage for so long that I felt like he was still in Los Angeles with us, even though he was back in Denver. I said to him, "Man, it just feels like you're here since we've been working with footage of you for so long." He said, "Man, next time I see you, I'm going to have to pay you back somehow because I've just wasted three months of your life." I thought, "No, no, no, Nate, it's been so fun working with you even though you're not here." He was just so self-deprecating the whole time. But that's Nate. That's just his sense of humor.

Liz: So how did five or ten minutes turn into a full-length documentary?

Ben: Originally, when I was thinking that it was going to be a five or ten minute film, I wasn't even sure if I was going to do it. I think that the way that documentaries, or, I would assume that the way that documentaries go is that you start filming it and, once you get caught up in it, you realize that there is something there. I mean, you really don't realize, or I didn't realize what was there until closer to the end. The more I filmed them, the more I spent time with them, the more I realized that there was something here that could be interesting. I ended up shooting about 60 hours of film over a period of eight months. I lived with them in their car for a month. We filmed everywhere from New York to Rhode Island, to Los Angeles to San Francisco to Oregon to Washington.

Bret: All of the cool places that I never got

**NO MATTER WHERE
THEY GO, THEY STILL
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THEY GET YELLED AT
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INSULTED.**

to go to because I didn't actually have the balls to go on tour with them like you did.

Liz: What was it like to be on tour with them?

Ben: It was pretty fun. If you watch the movie, it's pretty disturbing, or at least some people think it is, how horribly smelly it appears to be. They have three dogs-two guys, three dogs and two cars. There is also a light person that travels with them.

Bret: We use the phrase "light girl."

Ben: At one point we were in Portland, Oregon. There is a place called the Burnside Bridge, which is a skatepark underneath a bridge where a lot of homeless kids built this skate park where you could skate for free. [Friends Forever] played there and, as they were leaving, these two kids, who looked like they were nine or ten years old, were screaming at Josh as we were pulling out and he pulled over and for five minutes these kids were just cursing and cursing at Josh. They just called him every bad word about how they sucked and they hated them and they are the worse band ever and why would they come and play. I missed it for the film. I don't even know if I would have put it in, but it was just kind of funny that, no matter where they go, they still get cursed at. They get yelled at and they get insulted. I mean, a lot of people enjoy it and are amazed by them. No matter what, though, you still get the people that hate them.

Liz: What's going on with the film now?

Ben: When I finished the movie I said that

if people actually liked it, I would like to get it distributed because, if people like it, it would be great for them to see the movie. We had a couple of screenings with bands that went really well. We had one screening in Los Angeles where we had a band open up for the movie and close for the movie. We sold out the screening. Everyone really loved it and we just packed every person we could in there. Then we had a screening at the Madison

Wisconsin Film Festival and that totally sold out as well. People were laughing so much that I was worried that they weren't going to get to hear the whole movie. I get emails everyday from people who went to the screenings and really liked it. It seems like, the more it places it plays the more people hear about it and want to see it. It's an amazing response for us. It would be great to have someone distribute it. I think that the only problem is that there is not a linear plot and it's a documentary, so distribution companies might not know what to do with it or how to handle it. I definitely think that there is a crowd for it. I definitely think that a lot of people that leave the show really like it. So, right now, we're just going ahead and doing screenings.

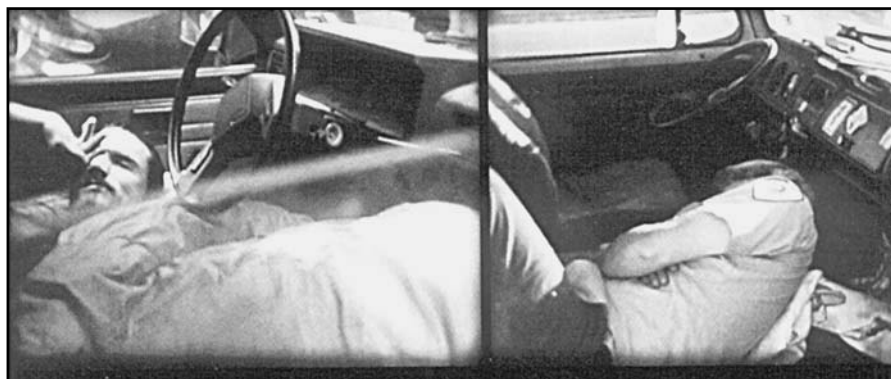
One possibility, too, is going on tour with two bands and screen the movie that way. We also thought about going on tour with Friends Forever and screening the movie with them, but we went to Sundance - we didn't get in we just went there and they went to play a show and promote the movie - and people were getting arrested in the streets for handing out flyers. Other people were getting arrested for just talking about films on the street. They were just ignoring First Amendment rights. I guess that the town isn't all that it's cracked up to be. So, I guess that they played a show with the doors and windows closed for about five minutes. That actually went pretty well. I

FRIENDS FOREVER IS A ROCK BAND.

FRIENDS FOREVER IS ALSO A MOVIE.



I FEEL THAT, AFTER WATCHING THE MOVIE, NOT ONLY HAVE I RUINED YOUR LIFE - THE DIRECTOR - BUT I FEEL LIKE I AM RUINING THE LIFE OF EVERYONE WHO HAS TO WATCH THE FILM.



think it turned out that it looked more like they were doing this for a movie, which is disappointing. I think I realized that maybe the band shouldn't play with the movie because, no longer are they playing free fun shows for people, but they are playing a show to promote my movie. Granted, I did a documentary about them, but, still, it's kind of weird. So, we thought that maybe it's better if the band doesn't promote the film. Also, the band's engine blew up, so now they can't drive the car. Also, they are trying to put out 300 albums in one year, that's their goal right now, so they're busy as well.

Bret: I thought that they were trying to record 300 albums.

Ben: They are trying to master 300 albums in one year. Whatever that means.

Bret: I happened to be up in Park City for the whole Sundance/Slamdance thing for a completely unrelated story. But, I did catch Friends Forever play outside of Slamdance's headquarters in 15-degree weather, probably one of the brutally coldest shows they have ever played. It was so amazing. My toes were frostbitten because I didn't wear boots. I was just wearing shoes.

Ben: Well, this one show that they played at Sundance, it was at a party, and it was so cold that I realized why Friends Forever doesn't play in the winter. It's too cold to stand outside and watch someone play in their car. In the winter, they have all of their side projects, like a band called Black Jew that's like a noise band that they are in. They have other projects as well, which is nice for the movie because there is so much music to use. They have so many different side projects that they do for music that it was great. I had such an exorbitant amount of music to use for the movie. As you watch the movie, all of the different sounds and pieces that come through are them. Almost all of it. It's interesting, though, because people will ask after the movie "What do they sound like?" and the whole time they

were listening to them. In the movie, again, it's only 10% about the music and 90% about them.

I didn't want to make a band movie because I think that people don't want to go see band movies unless it's a band that they know about. I probably wouldn't want to go see a band movie unless it was a band that I knew about. I wanted to stay away from making a band movie and I wanted to stay away from letting people know that it was a band movie. I just think that there are more interesting things that we could expose.

Liz: Was there anything that you missed shooting?

Ben: When you're shooting a documentary, you try to shoot as much as you can, but there is always something that you will miss. As far as the set up that we had, we had two digital video cameras, a surveillance camera and a Super 8 camera. So, I always tried to have something running as much as I could because the best moments are when the camera isn't running or when people don't know. There was one show that I missed. It was in San Diego. I guess that night, while a church was burning down, Josh got punched in the face because his dog wasn't on a leash while they found a different girl to do lights and that girl OD'ed and died while the cops almost put the van in the river. I missed all that. It would have been great for the movie, but you know, you can only get as much as you can.

The more you film, the better. Maybe I should have filmed for a year.

Bret: That was an initial fear throughout the first cuts of the film. We didn't know if we had enough to make a good story. So then Ben went back to Denver a couple of times to get more stuff. Even up until our first showings of the almost-finished product to people, we just didn't know if we had shot enough. Ben just didn't know if he was going to have to go and shoot more stuff.

Ben: It's always hard because you always want to go back and get these certain items that you're missing, but you just can't go back and get them. So, I would come back and we would look at the new footage and it would be...

Bret: Crap

Ben: It would be crap. You can't just go and say I have one more week and I'm going to shoot everything that I need and pull a documentary off like that.

Brett: I remember a couple of your half-baked plans to stage incidents in order to get them all pissed off.

Ben: These are two of the nicest guys that I have ever met in my entire life and the problem with that is that people don't want to watch these nice guys all day long. It's not as interesting as pissed off, angry people. So I wanted to piss the people off. So, one time I actually I missed Josh get a flat tire and almost tipped the van over and all of these bad things happened and I missed it. I was like, "I guess I could just flatten their tires. I could just put holes in their tires."

Bret: And I said that Nate would probably kill you with a crowbar.

Ben: Nah, he would probably be happy because it would be for the movie. I actually asked him and he said, "That would be great because it would be for the movie."



I WANTED TO STAY AWAY FROM MAKING A BAND MOVIE... I JUST THINK THAT THERE ARE MORE INTERESTING THINGS THAT WE COULD EXPOSE.



DUANE PETERS

Interview and pictures by Todd

Duane Peters is the lead singer of both the U.S. Bombs and Duane Peters and the Hunns. He's also a professional skater for Beer City. He's 40. By all standards, he's one indestructible motherfucker who should be very, very dead by now.

A lot of people in rock pretend to be a threat. It helps sell records. Sure, with the proper lighting, they can look scary or demented. Sure, they may be insufferable pricks who thrash hotel rooms, get arrested once or twice, or get their Masters degrees in Assholeishness. But a true rock threat? Folks like Marilyn Manson, Eminem, and Billy Idol are pussies. True threats to this nation's youth don't have movie star girlfriends, don't get Grammys, usually don't have a great set of teeth. This one doesn't even have clean underwear.

Enter the Master of Disaster, Duane Peters, in the dirty deep end of sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll. It's been said that his influence on skating is as huge Orville and Wilbur Wright's was to flight. Slash and burn, coping-dusting, pool-defying mayhem. He's forgotten all of the tricks he's invented. He's also forgotten all of the bands he's been in. Amongst what he does remember is that he was once fired by his used car salesman dad for shooting speed into his neck during business hours. And that he robbed a 7-11. Twice. In one day. Without completely realizing it.

In the meantime, he's maintained founder and godfather status of the person who connected the positive and negative battery terminals of skateboarding and punk rock, electrocuted a lot of people in the process - including himself - and doesn't look like he's going to let go any time soon.

I caught up to a very talkative, extremely nice, and sober Duane and his long-time girlfriend Trish.

I had a fun time.

Todd: Did you ever get your high school diploma?

Duane: No. I quit at the end of the ninth grade. I made it almost to the end. I went to sixteen elementary schools, including middle schools, three high schools with the continuation school at the end. The last two weeks is when I quit. There was a guitar-player hippie teacher with his feet up on the table. Everyone was smoking and hanging out. I skated there, sat down for an hour, and left. Nobody noticed. I came back four or five days later, did the same thing, and just went, "fuck it," and skated all day.

Todd: What was the band that most influenced you to cut your hair in 1978?

Lakewood were cutting their hair. Pat Brown (Immortalized by the Vandals in "The Legend of Pat Brown") was one of them. He was skating. Todd Barnes (TSOL's original drummer) was one of them. Then there was a scene up north. All of the Alotaflex guys had cut their hair and they were heavy hippies and they got really cool spiked hair. It was a heavy time. I lost every fucking friend I had except the guy who had his hair cut with me. He ended up being my first bass player and a very good friend. Chris Barclay. You left your house and you went to war. Bikers, everything. I started cutting other kids' hair at Big-O Skatepark a year and a half later.

Todd: Did you ever serve any time

Skateboarding and punk rock are the key to having a good day. Get all your shit out. Almost spiritual, like in an angry way.



Duane: Then I cut my hair from The Pistols. It was all OK with The Ramones. I had a candy-striped jacket, pogoing, got a thin tie. We were all crazy, wearin' 'em, walking around the streets. Me and my friend Barclay. We had a homosexual friend we were really proud of. One of the loons. Bobby Shannon. I heard the Pistols. It'd already been out for awhile. I finally got my hands on an LP, played it at a friend's house, then I took it home. And I didn't leave my house for three days, I swear to God. I sat there listening to it over and over and drank, sat there listening to it, smoked some weed. I knew I had to cut my hair. I had to make a commitment. There was a really heavy Huntington contingency going on. The Crowd's parties were starting right then. Then I went up to a skate contest up in Winchester and the guys in

in jail?

Duane: Yeah, a lot of county time. I spent most of my twenties going in and out. I did a lot of 30, 60, and 90 days. I had 180 days, but did 104 days, something like that. I got thrown in LA County for 54 days one time from a skate contest. I showed up really loaded. Tony Hawk's dad - that's why I had a big thing with him.

Todd: Why'd he get you arrested?

Duane: At Carson. I did three days. I'd never seen "Colors" before, the movie. '86 or something. I'd been in a bathroom, shooting up every day. I was trying really hard to get off dope and the only time I could clean up was going to jail. That was the whole issue. Whoever I was hanging out with at the time, it was like, "When are you going to jail?" I'd try to give them my last bit of dope money and that would be my big

promise. "I'll go turn myself in." I'd always had warrants. I was on methadone at that time. Three years already at 80 milligrams - now the state's at 120. That's how I kicked methadone. But I hated him, man. It was the hardest 54. A guy got butt-fucked. It was my first experience with The Crips and The Bloods. When I left Carson, I guess I was with one of them - The Crips or The Bloods

of the bus closed?" They closed the thing. There's a guard guy here and they let one of the other gangs in and these guys were on top of each other, fuckin' hatred. I had no idea of what was going on. I sat there like I see it every day. My insides were completely shattered. Then I thought I was black when I got out of there. 'Cause I had to go to Orange



- I don't know. And I sat down and they have a cage in-between, in the bus, in the very middle. And you sat down, right in front of the cage. My nerves were shot. It was three days without my fucking dose. It was Memorial weekend or something. You sat on a curb in the county jail. There were no provisions at all. It was horrible and it was stinky, packed, and then we got to the bus, and the next thing I know, "Why is half

County from there; expedited. So, we're on an LA County bus and I was really fucked up in the head, 'cause I didn't sleep for thirty-three days. Twenty-three hour lockdown with three black guys that were trying to teach me how to meditate. One guy had one arm.

And I jumped down the stairs there to try to get some sort of medication. Head first, jumped into

the bars. Had them yell, "Man down!" Drew blood, spit everywhere. I dove down the stairs. They just laughed at me. They tied me up, threw me in the infirmary for eight hours, then they wheel chaired me back. Everyone gave me a hand clap. Then I had to hock my shoes for ten Kool cigarettes. Finally got some money before I lost my shoes. If you lose your shoes, you're fucked. You're a bitch. I got mugged in front of my cell by the trustees. Threw my money to my guys. It was the smartest thing I did. I got beat down. They got ten bucks out of me. And then when I got to Orange County, I was like, "Yo got butter on yo pancakes?" I thought I was this black guy. "Yo, baby," talking to my girlfriend. She'd be like, "What's wrong with you?" 'Cause I was a Mexican the other times, when I was copping dope. I used to tell myself, "Why do I talk Mexican every time I'm copping dope? Stop doing that." [In Mexican-tinged accent] "Pacito, can I get skunky picante?"

Todd: Previous jobs. Who did you roadie for?

Duane: I got asked to road manage Face To Face once but I didn't know what I was going to do. Goldenvoice gave me a biscuit. (Duane-speak for a favor.) 'Cause I was doing all of these shit jobs. I worked at a rehearsal hall. I didn't get my first job until I was thirty. I was just a bum. I'll be forty in a month. I just roadied for Goldenvoice - sound and lights. I've worked at Vinyl Solution. I worked at a rehearsal hall that we used to play in and do movie extras, skate boarding, and keep my band together.

Todd: Did you ever work with you Dad as a used car salesman?

Duane: Up in Sacramento. Yeah. And down in San Diego. Got kicked out because I was shooting coke in the bathroom. He made me the manager. He wanted me to work there so bad. I couldn't even write up a contract. And I was shaking because I'd always be shooting up coke in the bathroom. He thought I was really nervous. That's how I'd play it off. "Dad, could you just take this contract?" "OK, take it easy." Then I got caught. He came in when I had a bloody neck. I wasn't good. I was twenty-two and he wouldn't have nothing to do with me no more. He tried to give me a biscuit, but I didn't want that. These guys were all professional liars. I could never do anything right. I was like, "Dad, why don't you just try fixing the cars and then it would be easier to sell?" He'd say, "That's condensation," "That's a two dollar part," "You want me to fix it? It's going to cost ten dollars." I'd be, "Have some of this fucking stuff work so I don't always have to have a story." He'd be "That's not a good salesman." My dad's been selling used cars all his life. He's a wreck.

Todd: Is he still?

Duane: Yeah. He's still doing it.

Todd: The teeth. How did you lose your front teeth?

Duane: The first time, micro-

phone. Then I got a fake one when I was a kid, probably about eighteen. When I was in Political Crap. I lost another one in the U.S. Bombs. And then I got punched. Some big guy who just got out of prison. He was just speeded out. I didn't do nothing.

Trish: You were yelling to Baldy.

Duane: I was yelling to my roadie. He thought I was yelling at him. I'm just walking, "Baldy, take something, blah, blah, blah..." This guy thought I was talking to him. Big guy. One punch. It wasn't even loose. Took it right out. God, well, that saved me a hundred bucks.

Trish: And when we ran after him to his car, he pulled out a gun.

Duane: A bunch of people. I was, "Yeah, that guy. That was weird." And someone said, "Let's get him." We all started running, aaaahhhh. He opens his door and has a gun. Fuck that. I didn't even care anyway... I just pulled out two more teeth in Germany. A back molar. I'm going to try and get some teeth down the road here.

Todd: I've read that once you got sober, you were going to get a couple of silver ones, which would definitely up your pirate quotient.

Duane: That's what I wanted - a whole rack of silver teeth, like Jaws in "007." But she doesn't really... she wants to get married.

Trish: One would be all right, but not a whole rack.

Todd: What do you have buried in your back yard right now?

Duane: You know the answer. In my back yard now, I don't have nothing buried, but you're talking about the fuck doll, right?

Todd: Yeah.

Duane: That was about seven houses and apartments ago. I buried it, stabbed it, got strung out on it. I had a horrible girlfriend that wouldn't fuck me because I had all these jobs. She was a suit and she would still make me take her out to dinner and shit. And then I'd get home at three in the morning and I'd have to be up at seven. Most of the time I was like that. And I'd want to fuck, you know? It was like, snooty bitch. We had two bedrooms. I'd go to my punk room and I had a fuck doll, all tattooed up with a short dress

and I never really thought of fucking one.

Trish: [laughs nervously]

Duane: But I'd go in that room and beat off, then come back to bed because it was too much of a hassle to romance this thing, you know what I mean? It was a lot of work. So there I was, whacking off in my punk room and I look up and there's the fuck doll. I went, "It's a fuck doll. You fuck it. I'm fucking this thing." And I went to the bathroom, got some vaseline, stuck it in the puss, and starting fucking it.



Trish: [groans]

Duane: The next thing you know, I got strung out on fucking this thing. It was amazing. I was like, "Hey." [grins] So there I am on this doll, fucking it and choking it, making the ass get harder. I had to stop. I'd unflate it. We were going to move and I didn't want her to know, 'cause she was so weird that she'd act like I was cheating on her. I couldn't even have any mags. She was a freak and I was scared I was going to get caught with her. So I took the air. "I can't fuck this thing anymore. I'm going to get busted." I stuck it into my closet. And I'd be out on the porch, bored. I'd be like, "Fuck, I wonder how long it is to blow that thing up." That's when I knew I had a problem. I'd be out on the porch blowing this thing up. It took about eighteen minutes. Then I'd take her in the room, fuck it, and then I ended up stabbing it, burying it. It's still there, I'm sure. Haven't fucked one since. It's been about four or five years.

Todd: Where are you now in your sobriety?

Duane: Six and a half months now. I had about seven months. I've been struggling

with sobriety for about twelve years and then I just gave up on it about three years ago. Three years back from that, I figured I can't do it, I can't get it. I'm a loser. The demoralization. I went, "Fuck it."

When Chuck (first U.S. Bombs guitarist) died, I was hanging out with him. 'Cause he called me. We didn't talk for a year. When he had AIDS, he didn't let anyone know. And he found out and pretty much just hung out with his girlfriend. Me and Chuck and his girlfriend Donna, and

Trish, we were like Ricky, Fred, Lucy, and Ethel. We were very close. They'd fly out to see us. Me and Chuck were roommates in the band. When he left The U.S. Bombs, it was a big blowout. And he was just sick all the time. I'd call all the time and maybe once every three months he'd talk to his mom and he'd always be sick. Then, finally, I got a call from his mom, "Chuck wants to see you. He's at the hospital." I dropped everything, went down there, saw him. "Hey Chuck, what are you doing?" "Oh, just sitting here, dying of AIDS." Total sense of humor, but he looked totally thin. It was really good to have my friend back. So I sat down. "Bullshit.

Where's you cop shades?" He'd been with his mom and his girlfriend, so surrounded by women, he lost all of his style. "I'm fucking turning into a geek," he said. I said, "I'm fucking getting your creepers, getting you some CDs, I've got some killer new videos." We started hanging out every day. I'd get him Jamba Juice. I'd walk him around in the wheelchair in the yard, sneak a cigarette out for him 'cause his mom didn't want him smoking no more. I was feeding him. Then I got him a bootleg Bombs shirt from Cleveland. It was so great. We were best friends. Then he was going to join the band for this record. We were exercising. He was going to get better. It was the biggest roller coaster. And then something else would go out. His liver, this, that, and the other. And then I had to go to Germany. When I said goodbye to him, I had a feeling that that was it. And when I was in Europe, Chip's daughter died, we got our van broken into, stolen everything - money, my passport, my plane ticket - you name it. None of us could fly back. We wanted to end the fucking tour. I wanted to come home and go to Chuck's funeral. They're Germans. They all just

turned us down. Chip can only go back because of a death in the family.

Todd: What happened to Chip's daughter?

Duane: She was born with a really rare disease. There were only two hundred cases ever documented. She was mentally and physically disabled from birth. It was his only daughter. She had already way, way outlived her life expectancy.

Trish: She wasn't supposed to live at all.

Duane: It just kind of hit him for a loop 'cause they didn't expect it at all. They had a nurse over there and it just happened. It was heavy. Everybody went into deep depression. I had seven months. I threw it away in Amsterdam. My whole world's crumbling. I went to a bar and got some orange skunk.

We had a show at

a festival with Slayer, Buzzcocks, 40,000 people and this German van driver as our drummer. And all these people are dead. And then they're sneaking me into other countries because my passport's gone. So I could go to prison. It says right there that "The U.S. Embassy will not help you" if you do these things and these are the things I'm doing. Fucking sure enough. It was a dramatic nightmare.

So I got home, locked myself up in a room for four months, and then decided I'm tired of being depressed, opened the curtains one day, went "You know what? I'm going to do it this time. I'm fucking over it. I'm going to do it for Chuck." I saw "Shawshank Redemption," where it says, "get busy living or get busy dying." I fucking totally held that in. You know what, that's so fucking right. What am I doing? I'm over this. I'm not dying. So let's get busy. That's when I started writing. Skating. This is the first time I'm going to Europe and not fucking up. I don't feel like I'm missing nothing. Something weird's happening. I'm going with it.

Todd: You picked up the name "Master of Disaster" as a skater.

Duane: Yeah, when I was a kid. D. David Morin (at the time, the Associate Producer of Skateboarder Magazine) gave me that name during a contest in Marina Del Rey.

Todd: Why?

Duane: Because I used to cause a lot of shit at the contests. I was always getting chased by somebody. The Hobie team was actually pretty rad when I got on it. Eddie Elguera was the good guy, but me and Darrell Miller would start shit with everybody. We were pissing on George Orton (the first skateboarder in history to do an aerial) - who was his buddy? Some other jock-y guy. On the overhang of the hotel, we'd knock late at night. We'd get all drunk

and think of things to do and knock on their door. We'd see them lifting weights and shit. And they'd come out, "Who the fuck? Huh?" And we'd been up on the roof, going "Yeahh." Then they came out one time. "We're going to kill you." It was like the third time. We both started pissing on them. And then we had to hide all night long because they were going to kill us.

I had a seizure on a motorcycle one time. I was doing all of this bad coke... and I just missed a freeway pole. My bike got totaled. I went into some bushes, woke up in an ambulance...

Big guys. Then when we got the Santa Cruz team later, me, Olson, and Alva, and then Orton was our whipping boy. It was pretty cool.

Todd: Is that where the name for your record company, Disaster Records, came from?

Duane: Yeah.

Todd: Name some bands you've been in besides The U.S. Bombs, Duane Peters and the Hunns, Political Crap, The Sharkx, and The Mess.

Duane: The Mess, Santa Ana, 1986. Not Mess, from Texas. Probably about fifteen other bands. Horrible bands. I used to join a band to stay in their garage. I went through a period where I built studios and I just got good at grabbing junk plywood and nailing them together. I'm not no carpenter at all, but I actually could build those pretty good and get the carpet. I was a good little thief. I was in a bunch of bands. I don't really know any of their names. I just went from band to band that would last a month or two, and it'd be embarrassing, and I'd steal all of their equipment and run and hide. I moved all over the state.

One of the bands I was in after Political Crap with some guys from The Rayons was called File 17. We supported the Misfits at the Cuckoos Nest there first time thru O.C. in '80 or '81 and one of 'em asked if he could borrow my mikes that I just bought. I was young and weirdly had my own mikes. I would never let anyone use 'em and no one had seen these monsters before and they scared the shit out of me. I said yes, "Of course!" Gave him the mikes. My band was like, "You pussy!" Jerry smashed one of my mikes the second song with the end of his bat bass and it went flying! My band goes, "What are you gonna do about that?" I go, "Absolutely nothing!" I had never seen a band like that they were so fucking pissed, huge,

and on fire. It was a great show. There were probably 35 people there. File 17 got a full page in Slash from that show. The Bombs supported the Misfits a couple of years ago in London and in Switzerland. It was my birthday at the Swiss show and me and Jerry smoked some homegrown Swiss bud that would blow away any of our so-called chronic and I mentioned that show

and we had a great laugh because he said that so many thousands of people over the years say they were at that show and it's amazing how empty it was. He gave me a pair of Misfit sweats for the mike! And had a great show.

I had a band called Firesports in San Francisco in 1984. We actually got signed.

We started shooting up

in front of the guys from the studio who were signing our shit. That was Michael Belfer. He was in it from the Sleeper with Ricky Sleeper (also Toiling Midgets).

Trish: The band Cracker.

Duane: Yeah, he ended up in that. Anyways. He's been doing a lot of weird stuff up there. Arty stuff. Make sure - I never was in Cracker. Never even heard it. Make that much clear.

Todd: Why have there been so many band member changes in The Hunns already? Isn't the eyepatch drummer out now, too?

Duane: No, he's in. It was questionable but he's good. We had a talk with him. I want a guy who's not all fucking lazy on the road. Mark's ("Anarchy" Lee - {ex-Humpers, ex-Crowd}) the only one out. We've got Bill from The Authority. He's working out really good. I want to do some good, double vocal stuff because he's a singer. He's gotten really good over the years and I've known him for a long time. When we brought him out there, some drunk guy was trying to hold me hostage. I was running away from him and Bill just comes in [makes a smacking sound] - just like a dog. I just pointed. Fucking took the guy out. He went over the barricade. Bleeding at the head. I was like, "This guy rules." The Bombs went through a lot of members, but it was mostly to get going on the road. Reynolds is still on methadone. It's hard to tour around that.

Todd: Who's been your longest band com-patriot?

Duane: Kerri, by far. Plus, I've known him for twenty-three years. When he was in the first Shattered Faith, Political Crap and Shattered Faith used to play together. And we used to fight side by side. We took out this place in Pomona. Later on, they reaped the benefits. They jumped me, kicked the fuck out of me at Godzillas. But, yeah, me and Kerri go way back.

Todd: You guys are on the same comp with The Cheifs. "Who Cares?"

Duane: Right.

Todd: What's the main difference between The U.S. Bombs and The Hunns?

Duane: Everyone in the Hunns is actually in California. I just wanted to play the clubs again. Kerri lives in New York, everyone's doing side stuff now. It's good for the band. It makes us get along good. Chip's going to drum, I think, in One Man Army. He's going to do their new record. Kerri's going to do some side thing with some gnarly guy in New York...

Todd: [being a wise-ass] Cracker?

Duane: I don't know who he is. Then I can be home and I have a label. It's pretty cool.

Todd: Do your bands get along?

Duane: I think so. From afar, probably. I don't think they're fighting over me or nothing.

Todd: Why is it Duane Peters and the Hunns as opposed to just being The Hunns?

Duane: Well, Patrick (who runs Disaster along with Duane) suggested that I do that. He goes, "Do you want to sell records? Nobody's gonna know who The Hunns is." I wanted to call it The Hunns. I was totally down with that. Mark Lee wanted to call it The Hunns. We got in a big argument over it. Then Shane McGowan and the Popes. He was my hero before he did The Dropkick Murphys thing. [laughter]

Todd: The slur-along.

Duane: Yeah, fuckin' OK. But anyway... I don't care. It's ego, anyway.

Duane: That's why I put the Hunns together. To do a single 'cause I was so emotionally torn up. I'd got kicked out of the Bombs, I just got sent home. The whole Unity Tour didn't want nothing to do with me. "Nobody wants you on this bus!" I was a nightmare. I was at war with that whole tour the whole time. They thought I was going to be at the next gig. I packed my shit. I was going to work for a German family and work my way back to the States. I was so fucked up. But I had enough money on me to just get back to the States. When I got back, she (Trish) had my bags by the door. She didn't want me around. She wanted me to quit drinking. I'm a fucking nightmare.

Trish: I stood back at the airport to see if he was drunk and I watched him come off because I was going to leave if he was.

Duane: I went to one of those sober places with all of these musicians

and I was like, "I wanna write a song about my chick. It'll give me something to do in the studio," and all these guys started intervening and going, "Fuck, let's put a band together." It turned into an album and I wrote the song, with the guitar. The Bombs never let me write (the music to) a song. "I wanna play this," and they're "cool," and they're saying yes to everything. "I want to do one more. Here's another one that I've been fucking around with." God, I talk too much.

Todd: Here's a record question. Where do

never know.

Todd: I'm assuming that you have two "n"s on the Hunns because of the Huns from Texas?

Duane: Rob was like, "I think there was a Hunns," and Mark was like, "Yeah, but I think did just a single." Then I went down to Vinyl Solution, saw they did that live record. I liked the name so much, let's just put another "n" on it. Budda bing, done deal.

Todd: Do you know what happened to the lead singer of the Huns, Phil Tolstead (Who once went to jail for kissing a cop)?

Duane: Nope.

Todd: He's an evangelical minister. Someone told me he was on the 700 Club a couple of times... How did the U.S. Bombs end up as the house band on a comedy show?

Duane: They called us. We had no idea. We were in Georgia on tour and we got a phone call. We were beat up. Nancy Severinsen - Doc Severinsen's daughter - she was in charge of the music and saw our record, "War Birth," and she turned it over and saw the picture. She said [in Hollywood voice] "Very apocalyptic. That's going to be the theme of the new show. Find these guys." Wade goes, "Hey, we're going home for four days. We're going to be on Comedy Central." We had to jump some tour we were on, said we'll meet you in four cities. Me and Chuck were going, "Why would we be on Comedy Central? It's not that fucking hard to figure out. They want to fucking laugh at us, but let's do it 'cause we'll get to see our chicks. Let 'em laugh. How much are they payin'?" Seven grand. We had to pay for our own tickets. That was \$3,500 and the other \$3,500 to get even on our merch.

We met that Jim Brewer guy. He was so fucking cool. I was shaking like a motherfucker when we showed up. We were so beat up and I had to get a bottle really bad. And they were doing sound checks. I first met Jim Brewer at

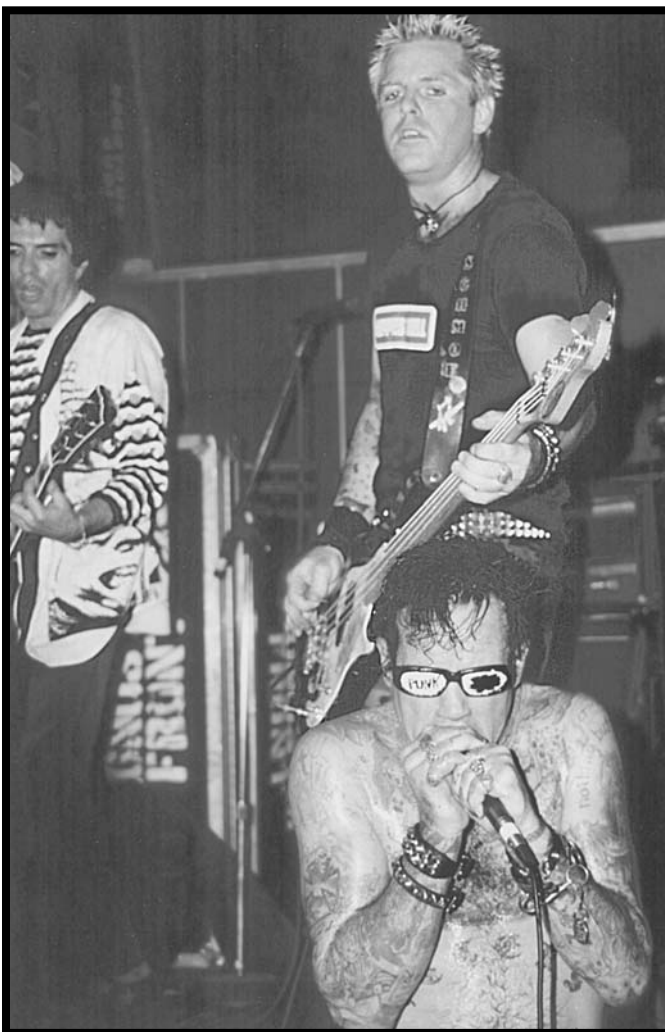
the crap table. He goes, "How're you doing, buddy?" and I go, "Doin' a lot better now" and I had my Captain's bottle. And he said, "Me too," and he had a bottle of Jack Daniels. Talkin' up a storm. Kooky comedians, they're just like us. They thought all the other guys were geeks. It was really cool. Everybody was really hammered.

Todd: Who is David Allan Grier?

Duane: The black guy from "DAG." He had his own sitcom.

Trish: He's a huge "In Living Color" guy. Kind of like a "Mad TV" kind of like thing.

Todd: You did some stuff for him, too?



you file it? "D" for Duane, "P" for Peters or "H" for Hunns?

Duane: All of those and I've seen it under "U" - U.S. Bombs, too.

Todd: The Swingin' Utters used to be Johnny Peebucks and the Swingin' Utters and they couldn't find their records, even though sometimes it was in the store.

Duane: I think I'm going to keep it that way, but it might turn into The Hunns. I change my mind fifty times a day. It's horrible to write a record with me. Every song changes a million times, right down to the last thing. The title, everything, so you

Duane: Yeah. I think Tim (Lint) from Hellcat (and Rancid) set it up. That was a quick \$1,500 in the pocket. It was cool. What's that lady's name?

Trish: Delta Burke.

Duane: She was in it.

Todd: Is there any truth to the rumor that Epitaph tried to get you killed by having you play Yugoslavia?

Duane: We thought that, definitely.

Todd: When people were being taken hostage and they didn't give you the courtesy to tell you not to be there...

Duane: Nobody told us a thing. When we were getting out of there, Slapshot was like, "You guys went in and played?" We got held at the Slovenian border eight hours and they took Chip to jail. He'd never been to jail his whole life and he had a bottle of penicillin with two valiums in it. His wife put it in there, "In case he gets sleepy." And he didn't even know. I came back from the duty free with a carton of smokes and went "Oh fuck." It was like National Geographic, when they have the guns. They were taking him away. "Why couldn't they take a roadie?" I thought they were going to execute him. "How am I going to get a drummer?" That's what I was thinkin'. "Somebody more expendable, please." Then we got back to the next country to where you're free - or somewhat - and they pulled out all of the U.S. bands. "We're going to bomb that place." That's why those countries really hated us. We had "U.S. Bombs" all over our gear. We were standing in a cavity search for fucking hours, going, "They're going to ream us. Get ready. Pucker up." That's where the conspiracy theory came. "The label. They want us fucking dead." We were laughing at that.

Trish: But they made it out.

Duane: Yeah.

Todd: [to Trish] What does Duane smell like?

Trish: Good.

Todd: Does he?

Trish: Even if he doesn't take a shower for a week.

Todd: That's love.

Duane: She loves me. I'll never find another one like her. Even my band guys go, "How does she fuckin' do it?" I won't wash my long underwear. There's shit stains along the back...

Trish: Oh, honey...

Duane: When everyone else does laundry on the road, I won't. My chick'll wash 'em when I get home. "You're kidding me." Eh, she loves me. Go figure.

Todd: One thing I've noticed about you, is that you're a style person. The style of the music is definitely '77 punk, but it's not just a copy of it. It's taking the spirit of it and exploring it. Like your skating.

Duane: As far as skating, I made up a lot of tricks. And I used to skate 14 hours a day. Skating saved my life and got me out of a lot of trouble. I got in a lot of trouble with skating anyway. My whole trip is that I

wanted to die without learning any other tricks, but I'll learn a trick every couple years now. It's a little one - like invert roll-in reverts. I used to do those in the clover, but now I can do them on vert, no matter how big. I can still do my old tricks. I still have a good array of shit that keeps me happy. I don't want to go to a gym.

Skateboarding and punk rock are the key to having a good day. Get all your shit out. Almost spiritual, like in an angry way. When ever I get bundled up, she says, "Go skate. I'll take care of this, that, and the other." I'll come back the happiest fucking little kid. If you get to go to the punk rock show, or play, it's double what I love. I did so much time on junk that all that stuff I used to be shooting up in bathrooms, sitting there or wherever I ended up - in ditches, getting stabbed - so many times low guy at the hospital, getting abscesses cut out. All that shit was gone. It was never going to come back. You get brain dead. Water in the brain. I used to beat myself up. "Can I even skate any more?" Then you get thrown in jail. It's been a long, weird, learning life. That's the style I like. I don't see any rule

**The whole Unity Tour
didn't want nothing to
do with me.**

book.

Todd: We go skating a lot now and it's great to see old-style skaters skating ditches and banks. It sounds cheesy, but it's very soulful.

Trish: It's better.

Duane: I can't remember this kid's name. I can never remember it, but he's a top half pipe skater. This kid didn't know what to do in a full pipe. This guy could barely hit vert. He was totally mind blown and there was a little rough spot at the bottom. Olson would have laughed at him. Olson's like, "Kick flip now, you little fucker!" When you throw these guys in a pool, they're straight up and down, ready to flip, no style at all, and it's like, "Come on, do you know how to carve?" It's amazing.

Todd: What do you account for the number one reason that you're still alive today? You've been through so much shit, you've broken so many bones...

Duane: Every day I wake up, I'm stoked, dude. It's a good day, you know what I mean? Sun's up. My life used to be so full of trauma. Every day something would happen that was life-threatening. I lost track of everything. Seven motorcycles. All totaled. Over seventy miles-per-hour, without helmets, back in the non-helmet days. DOA several times. I had a seizure on a motorcycle one time. Riding with Mike Lohrman

(The Stitches). They lost me. I had a really embarrassing Yamaha and him and this other guy on their Triumphs would always be a half a mile ahead and I was all strung out. I was doing all of this bad coke or something and I just had a seizure and I guess I just missed a freeway pole. My bike got totaled. I went into some bushes, woke up in an ambulance,

Mike and all those guys are staring, going, "Fuck, man."... I don't know, but I'm grateful.

Todd: Do you even need glasses?

Duane: No. Perfect sight. I don't get it.

Todd: You fucker.

Duane: I've got plenty of flaws, plenty of scars.

Todd: When was the day you realized, "Duane, going to a party, knocking on the door, punching the guy who opens the door, and trying to take on the whole party" wasn't such a good idea?

Duane: I've done that several times. I got everyone to stair dive up in San Jose at some guy's house that everybody knows, but I can't think of his name. But I got all of these guys to stair dive. I did all of the stairs in America and Chuck put me into retirement. I was like Evil Knevil. I would run - I did Maritime Hall, Coney Island High - dive, flip, and keep going. I'd slam into doors. I could barely walk. Every day I had a cane. Horrible shit. I did that then all these chicks were mad at me. All these guys broke their arms and shit. I was the last guy left with a big bottle of whisky.

We were standing in their living room. "Have you ever seen someone do this?" It was one of those old glass-plate doors with the old windows, and just smashed my whole face into it. Did my "Here's Johnny" thing. Half of my nose was left on the thing. My lip was cut completely the other way. [Duane pauses to point out the scars on his face.] I used to take parties on. It had to be ten people or more. Ask Mike Lohrman. He used to have to pick me up. I used to yell at him. "Why don't you help me?" He'd wait until after the beating and then he'd take me back home. I used to hate him for that.

Todd: Did you really rob the same 7-11 twice without realizing it?

Duane: Yeah. And I ended up on the TV up in Sacramento. We dumped a guy out of a truck. We had to leave town.

Todd: How did you no know it was the same 7-11?

Duane: I was with Pat Stratford from Tales of Terror. We were hanging out every day and we were bored. We had such a blast. We ended up doing liquor store runs all of the time. We'd rip off Vivarin, take a bunch of those, and then go into the liquor store, and it was somebody's turn, and somebody drives, and I just got a 502 (a DUI), but it was my turn to drive, and I'd rather drive than run right then. We got a case, went down the street, not even a mile away, sat in the back of the truck, the four

of us, and drank it and then went back to the 7-11, "We'll just go get another one." We're just - you know - drunk. Went into the same place. They're completely on to us. The 7-11 worker jumped into the back of the truck. Two of the guys stayed behind. This guy, Mike McCorkendale up there, they had this knock-down, drag-out fight. I guess the guy was hanging by the fingertips and he kicked him. I pulled over down the street. I didn't want to get a 502. I heard a thump, and that's when I took off. "What happened?" Then I didn't believe him. Stole a bottle of vodka 'cause I was like, "This is really fucked up if that guy got dumped." I was going along at 50-60 miles per hour. A 7-11 worker? Oh my god. So, yeah, it really happened.

Todd: So, was the guy all right?

Duane: He ended up living. Everything went fine. I don't talk about that shit much. I didn't kick him out. I was just driving.

Todd: You have a boy named Chelsea, is that correct?

Duane: One named Chelsea and one named Schulyer.

Todd: No offense, but isn't that like naming a boy Sue?

Duane: Yeah, kinda. I guess. I was really strung out, but I named him after the Chelsea Hotel and at the time I didn't know any kids named Chelsea.

Todd: But that guy Clinton comes along and gives his daughter the same name.

Duane: I thought it was a really cool name. The band, Chelsea. A cool kid. Schulyer. Very German. He went through a little period - his middle name's Dylan - "Dad I want to go by Dylan." He tried for six months but it didn't fly.

Trish: He's just like him, too. My God. Exactly.

Duane: Pretty cool. Real good skater. He got kicked out of his older brother's band. He's a drummer. They're doing Corrupted Youth in Parker, Arizona.

Todd: What's a skill that you're really, really good at but you'd never want to do again?

Duane: Years ago, me and Darrell Miller in Cherry Hill, put on a pair of roller skates each and when the place was closed, and we could both do it right away. We were getting backside airs, the third time trying, back and forth. I think I could have been a good roller skater. I used to do roller derby as a kid, on the block.

Todd: What percentage of your liver is currently working?

Duane: They say ten percent, but that's all you need to live. Your liver is supposed to be susceptible to things that you give it, but it leaks really bad. When I drink, it burns. The last ten years, every time I drink, especially playing, it burns because it doesn't filter. It goes right to the bloodstream and goes to my inner skin or whatever's

underneath the skin, and my blood's boiling when I'm drinking. I don't know if it'll get better or not, but I'm going with it.

Todd: Number of times you've re-broken the same bone?

Duane: Sixteen times. My collarbone. Both



of them.

Todd: Number of DUIs?

Duane: Six or seven, total. I just got one when we were doing "The World" record. It was horrible. Five grand. Bunch of classes.

Todd: Number of cars you've wrecked?

Duane: Fourteen that I've counted since I was about thirty-two. I don't think I've been in any since then. Fourteen that I've totaled. I've been in many more.

Todd: Number of cars that you owned that your friends wrecked?

Duane: Two or three. We used to get each other back.

Todd: Didn't you shit on someone's face because of one?

Duane: Barclay... yeah, yeah. In the early, early days we were fucked up. We were like brothers. I'd get in a wreck, he'd would get in a wreck, and it was my turn. You know what I mean? We did that for awhile. We

had some heavy wreck.

The last time I broke my nose, Chip, my drummer - in London - his birthday's June 11th. Mine's June 12th and we passed the buck with shots. He's an inbred, so he's shooting bourbon. We lined up six of them - for the month of June - and I lined up six Jaegermeisters. "Go!" It's twelve o'clock. "Now it's my birthday." "What's you want?" he's all hammered Southern guy. "Break my fucking nose!" He goes boom. On the perfect break on the side of my face. I went, "no." It was really bad.

I'd done two weeks in the hospital before, with tubes to breathe and everything and looked at my face. It was like a faucet. So I went out to the van, "Now or never." Boxers do this. They have to. I totally cranked - I did my own nose job. All the bones, totally hammered, you could hear it like popcorn, backed and forthed it. I had it looking straighter than now, but two nights later, I jumped in the crowd like an idiot and they kinda fucked it up more, but it's still pretty good.

Todd: Number of dead guys you've found at the bottom of a pool?

Duane: Never. Kerri found a dead guy. We used to break into rentals in Newport Beach and there was a dead guy in the bedroom and we left him in there and drank in another room.

Todd: Did you drink his liquor?

Duane: The guy had no liquor. He was just a bum laying in there. He was completely dead.

Todd: What's the number of stories you jumped out of a parking garage to avoid the police?

Duane: Four. And I thought it was two stories. My knee went completely the other way. Hyperextension. Really, really bad. It was the most pain - it took me three years to get that thing healed.

Todd: What's the largest dollar amount of drugs that you've put in your body at one time?

Duane: Probably about two or three hundred bucks, at one shot. When I had a really bad habit, I used to do about five hundred bucks a day, coke and dope. I've OD'd. I've never really intentionally tried to kill myself ever, but I thought I was going to be a dealer one time when I was living in San Francisco. We made a big run to San Jose and came back with all of this gnarly Persian and I shot way too much and my habit was really huge. That's what saved my life is that I had a really big habit. It was pretty pure. There was two times I was DOA officially. Used to get ambulances at my house all the time. They all knew me. I owed ambulance companies in Orange County for a couple years.

Todd: Duane-speak. What's a "verifag"?

Duane: A "veribot," a Veriflex rider. (Veriflex was a skateboard company that isn't very well respected. Maybe it has

something to do that the company also makes yo-yos and trampolines. -Todd)

Todd: What's "simplicity"?

Duane: Something's that simple, I don't know. I'd have to know what I was saying. I mix my words up all the time. The band knows that.

Todd: What are "tinker toy people"?

Duane: Tonka toy people? Robots, basically, probably.

Todd: "Stub people"?

Duane: What was I talking about?

Todd: You were talking about the how few disabled skaters you see nowadays.

Duane: The guys with no legs. They used to skate at Lakewood. "What the fuck?" There they go and they'd be fucking riding the half pipe, using their hands, "Hey, 'scuse me." Those guys were hot. There was like three of them, every day at the skate park.

Todd: What's a "beat hammer"?

Duane: That must have been awhile ago. Working 9 to 5 or construction and hating their lives. Broken capillaries and kids and nothing but bills.

Todd: How's riding for Beer City?

Duane: Really good. They pay me every month. Mike Beer is true to his shit. He's sending me to Australia. I'm 40 years old, I'm still getting paid to skate. He doesn't really ask much of me other than to have new graphics a couple times a year. I skate all the time on the road when I'm sober. I just skated a bunch in Europe. Did some German sports channel thing with a downhill skier guy, doing this show. Weird shit. It's really cool.

Todd: Have you been pro the whole time or have their been gaps?

Duane: I think I've been pro the whole time. Even when I was strung out, I rode of Circle A, Skull. Think picked me up. Chuck Holtz would make a board for me when I was in-between. I always had a board and always had something going. Independent - because I was one of their first riders - used to give me money. Santa Cruz. I never went more than two years without riding. When I did my knee is the longest. I just started drinking like mad. Started drumming in a band called the Teddy Boys up in Sacramento. We were very Clash. We were a three piece.

It just sounded wrong. It was made after the Teds in London. It sounded really rockabilly.

Todd: Not to sound like a commercial, but how is Duane Peters like Independent Trucks?

Duane: Original.

Todd: The design hasn't changed in twenty years.

Duane: I'll go with that.

Todd: What was your first tattoo?

Duane: "Peters" across my stomach. I wasn't going to get one. I got one way late, like '88. From going to jail. Me and

Chuck went to parish prison. We got thrown in there for two days and the band had to pay to get us out. That was the oldest, gnarly prison. I think I thought I was Mexican at the time. Got my two kids here, my girl. Then I met Art and Steve Godoy (identical twin tattooists) when I climbed out of the ditch in 1992, they started Scratch Pad [points to chest]. I figured get a lot or keep none.

Todd: Why did you say that Tony Hawk probably did some really good shit in his last life to get the biscuits he gets because he's a horrible looking skater?

Duane: Oh, he is.

Todd: What percentage of your liver is currently working?

Duane: They say ten percent, but that's all you need to live.

Todd: Explain that to somebody who doesn't know much about skating.

Duane: Well, I've seen him ever since he was a little geek kid with his dad hanging on the fence - no disrespect to his dad any more. I'm over all that shit. I used to tell his dad, "Go get a job." We were all dysfunctional kids. We didn't like seeing some dad caring about his kid.

Todd: Just like soccer moms.

Duane: Yeah. "Go buddy, go in there." And he was padded from toe to fucking head. He was one of those annoying, skinny kids that you looked like you could see their veins. Skin's transparent. Can't help but want to punch him. But he was too little to punch. I couldn't believe that he became what he did. I was getting a Slurpee one day. That's when it first started really hitting me. "You've got to be kidding me. This guy's every where now." I'm way over it. More power to him. I figured he did a lot of good things because he's a kook. He's done a lot for skating, so whatever. I used to get pissed about The Loop thing and everything else.

Todd: You did The Loop in '78.

Duane: Yeah. I think it's been done backside, forward. A few guys have done it now. They all did it with the same dimensions that I made. Fourteen feet, which I'd made after the Baldy pipeline and a Hot Wheels track. They came up to me when I was sixteen, sitting on a beach, because I was riding for Rad Ramp and there was a show called Skateboard Mania and it was going to do all these gnarly things. Sid and Marty Kroft Productions was backing it. It was going to go on the road. We did Seland Arena, The Forum, The Long Beach Arena, and then it closed. Three nights at

The Forum. When I broke my collarbone I was very hammered and I was trying to teach Tony Gitone because he was a good-looking guy, a big muscle guy. He was the star of the show. They ended having Skitch Hitchcock double for him with the track. They wouldn't let me near it when I broke my collarbone. I came back two weeks later with my brace on, doing fakies. "Get that fucking nut off the fucking track." They wouldn't even let me on it. I wanted to do successions. Nobody made that big of a deal out of it at all. I was embarrassed of it because when I started showing up at contests after that show folded, I had to make

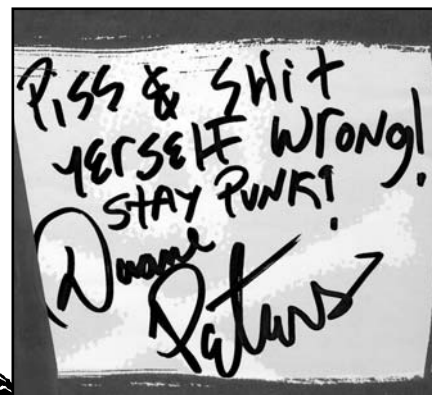
some money. I was already blowing away a lot of guys. It was like music - you're not getting the coverage because you're not the guy. I was, "That's the guy that did The Loop. He can't do nothing else." I was skating better than Weed. I was on Hobie and they would all focus on Mike Weed when we'd be in the van and Jeff Ruis was the team photographer and I'd be blowing that guy away doing all kinds of tricks. That guy had two or three tricks that were nothing, but they would focus on him. Ruis finally started shooting

me.

I went through a hard time to win my first one. I should have won contests way before Whittier. I used to have issues. "Now, this guy's won a contest before me because I broke my elbows, both of them, at Del Mar during the bank slalom because I got hammered the night before and didn't tighten my trucks at all. I just showed up, they called my name. I was just trying to get overall points. I was ripping the pool way more than Eddie. I was going to win. My trucks gapped. I went boom, I mean hard. I was riding the train home the next day, got home. Got a phone call. "Eddie won."

Todd: Have you ever lined up the sponsors to do the jump over the thirty-six cars?

Duane: Years ago, when I was going to kill myself. All I wanted to do was get enough money for a lot of dope, some sort of way to jump a bunch of cars, and end my life that way. I could never see landing it, but I would have tried. I thought nobody knew about that. That's hot.



Revealing every intimate
detail that nice people
only whisper about!

THE WEIRD LOVEMAKERS

Interview by Sean Carswell

I know you've never heard of the Weird Lovemakers. It's okay. Most people haven't. I talk to music fanatics all the time - people who work at record labels or work in record stores or put together punk rock zines or write for this one - and they always ask me, "Who have you been listening to lately?" I always say, "The Weird Lovemakers, man. They're fucking great." And all the music fanatics, invariably, pause while they try to decide whether or not they're going to lose punk rock points by admitting it, but they finally decide to come clean and say, "I've never heard of them." It's okay. That's the beauty of underground music. At any given moment, there are a dozen bands out there who none of us have heard of and who are fucking great and we're just waiting to discover them. I lucked into a Weird Lovemakers live album, "Bigger Than a Cookie, Better Than a Cake," about eight months ago. It was exactly the kind of album I love - songs that sound trashy but are really well-constructed and vocals that sound so

wild and reckless that they hide the incredibly lucid lyrics underneath. Since then, it's grown like a virus inside of me. I listened to the live album until I realized I was obsessed, then started hunting down their earlier releases like their first Empty Records album, "Flu Shot" and the incredible split seven inch "Four Fiends Who Pose as Friends" [with the US Impossibles on Star Time Records]. I waited for, then snatched up their collection of unreleased rarities, "Back 20" and they're newest album on Empty, "Must Die." I started hanging around their web site [www.weirdlovemakers.com] too often. Finally, I found myself in Tucson and hunted these guys down. We hung out for a couple of hours chatting about punk rock, pornography [guitarist Jason Willis works for an internet porn company], drug use, and pop culture. After I typed up that conversation, I realized two things. First, you have to read this interview because the Weird Lovemakers just might be the best band you've never heard of, and second, after you read this, you will hate me because my obsession is contagious.

Weird Lovemakers are:

Hector Jaime: bass, vocals

Greg Petix: guitar, vocals

Jason Willis: guitar, vocals

Gerard Schumacher: drums

Sean: What are you guys thinking? I listen to your music and it sometimes sounds like four guys are playing four songs individually, but when you put them all together, it works as one song. Where does that come from?

Greg: Improv jazz? [laughs] I thought we were all playing the same thing, weren't we?

Jason: I don't know. Are you talking about the disparate kind of stylistic influences?

Sean: Exactly.

Jason: Then that's a product of the no-veto rule. We all write songs.

Greg: You know how a lot of bands will have the one guy who writes everything? I've been in bands like that. We all have, probably. So we have a no-veto rule. If somebody wants to play something, we'll play it. When we first started out, the first month Hector was in the band, he wrote this norteno song which I imagine a lot of punk bands would've been like, "It's too weird."

Jason: I hated it for a while. And yet, I continued to play it, night after night.

Greg: And I have a doo-wop song on the "Back 20" album.

Jason: I hate that song.

Greg: A lot of people do. I just had to get it out of me. It's my Sha-na-na.

Gerard: Well, from the drummer's point of view, I feel like the songs are hard. That's why. It's difficult music to play.

Jason: We all bring a lot of stuff to the table, too. I mean, every band does, but our record collections are all pretty different. Like, if you listen to a comp tape that any one of us makes to listen to in the van, there's gonna be new wave stuff, regular old punk stuff, show tunes. I like a lot of dub. Gerard likes a lot of ska. So somehow a lot of that stuff makes it into our songs. We're definitely four different guys writing stuff.

Sean: Do you guys ever fight about the music?

Greg: The music we write, yeah, I guess we argue about it. But I think in a way, the no-veto is what keeps us from arguing so much. I've been in bands where there's one guy who's like, "We're not gonna play that." And that leads to huge arguments, like, "Fuck you, I want to play this song."

Gerard: I feel like our arguments are pretty productive in that things never get stagnant. We do work through them.

Jason: I think the arguments have diminished, too. If you listen to the early stuff, it's definitely like, here's the new wave song, and here's the '77 Brit punk song. Now there's an overall sound that we have. I mean, there are still some oddball tunes.

A lot of them are on the "Back 20" album. That's definitely the weirdo album. We did a bunch of stuff that we wouldn't include on a straight rock album.

Gerard: Yeah, that's our oddball album.

Greg: But the things we do argue about are really retarded. The biggest arguments we've ever had - I think one of them was about three being the magic number. One of them was about the definition of the word scatological. We were in the studio...

Jason: [laughs] We wasted an hour...

Greg: We were arguing for about an hour over this. Getting really heated. Probably more heated than any time we ever argued about the band.

Sean: So what is the definition of the word scatological?

Jason: Greg was right.

Greg: We both understood what it was, but let's not get into it again. I'll cry. (scatological: preoccupied with excrement or obscenity)

Sean: So you guys are all, what, early twenties, right?

Greg: Yeah, right.

Sean: What keeps you charged about being in a punk band after the age of thirty?

Greg: I don't know. It's fun.

Jason: It's just, punk rock is great. Honestly, it is. It still sounds great. Even if it's the most regressive music there is, it totally still resonates for me when I hear it.

Gerard: I feel the same way. Even though I like to listen to a real broad range of musical styles, nothing else is fun to play except punk rock.

Greg: Even if I loved other music more than punk, I wouldn't want to have to play it. I love Tom Waits, you know, pretty music like that, but I'd hate to be on stage doing a five minute pretty song.

She wanted us to be a band in the movie. It was gonna be called "Big Tit Mosh Pit."

Jason: If a song of ours is over three minutes, we're all like, "Jesus, can't you just cut this song in half?" It's funny, we're all conditioned to cram a song into a minute, a minute and a half. It's got everything in it - verses and choruses, you know. It's just energetic music. And we're all hyper guys, too.

Gerard: We're all neurotic.

Jason: Gerard teaches kids, and they all hate punk rock. He plays it and they all think it's crap.

Sean: How old are the kids you teach?

Gerard: Ninth grade.

Sean: Really? And they hate punk rock?

Gerard: There's always a number of kids who like punk rock, but true punk rock still isn't mainstream in that, there'll be a ton of kids who like Blink 182. But I put on a Motards album and the kids just could not handle it. All the Blink 182 fans ran screaming.

Greg: So do you get the impression that, when you play punk rock, they don't like it because they think it's too... well, they don't think it's too jarring and loud, do they?

Gerard: They do. They think it's harsh, dissident, jarring, angry music.

Jason: And this is something they don't like?

Gerard: They still like the pretty vocal



Gerard. Photo by Dan Hoffman.

I really want us to play at one of these things so that we could be hated.

melodies, because, you know, Blink 182 still has pretty singing over the top.

Greg: I think they like the crisp production, which the Motards don't have.

Gerard: Yeah. They really like well-recorded things. They don't get lo-fi or low budget production. But I suppose you have to go through that before you can look for something more.

Sean: Do you guys have any connection with the Motards?

Greg: We played with them a few times, and they're really nice guys. One of the first times we played with them, we went out to Austin, and they really made a good impression on us because they gave us all the money even though nobody was there to see us. Everybody was there to see them. The place was packed. They were the hometown heroes. Nobody even knew who we were. They were just like, "When are the Motards coming on?" And it was like three hundred and eighty dollars. Probably more than we'd ever made. And they gave it all to us so we could drive home.

Jason: And that fucked us up until... It continues to fuck us up because every time we play with an out of town band, we give them all the money. There's always one guy who brings it up. "Remember that fucking Motards show?" We've never made any money locally since then. [this leads into a long conversation about the Motards. Then we return to the interview with...]

Sean: How's the smut business, Jason?

Jason: The smut business is great. It really is. It's a cool job. I mean, I just got into it because I was doing graphic design stuff, and I like smut. I like porn. It's cool. And I get to travel all around, learn tons of cool new stuff. I'm in a fucking porn film.

Sean: Doing what?

Jason: Fully clothed. It was shot at our offices where we do all the internet stuff, and they made use of all of our things. I play a computer technician who comes in and tells this woman who's just finished doing an online masturbation chat that, as a result of her amazing masturbation, she's clogged all the lines. We're going to have to shut down the whole system.

You know, that kind of bull shit. And it was fucking hilarious because this gal, she's pretty cool. SaRenna Lee. She's like a Marilyn Monroe with really big boobs. She was in some Playboy

breasted women. It's totally not my thing.

Gerard: When's it come out?

Jason: It's out now. I can show you a copy.

Gerard: I'd like to see that.

Jason: I used to have links to porn sites on the Weird Lovemakers web site, but Gerard's students were giving him a hard time about it, so I took them off.

Greg: I don't think they were. I think Gerard just didn't like it.

Gerard: No. When this one kid would come into my classroom and say, "So, Mr. Schu, tell us about Boobsville." I'd just be like, okay, that link is going. That's the end of Boobsville on our web site.

Jason: It's pretty funny, though, because there's supposed to be this whole porn/rock connection. I saw the special on VH-1 or MTV or whatever. I've met a couple of these people. I've seen the bands play at the porn conventions, and they fucking suck. They're so bad. They're the crappiest bar rock bands covering current rock sounds. I really want us to play at one of these things so that we could be hated.

Gerard: So that we could clear the room.

Jason: The gal who directed the one I'm in wanted us to be in a movie. I don't know if she's still gonna do anything. She wanted us to be a band in the movie. It was gonna be called "Big Tit Mosh Pit." She was gonna write some script like a Quincy episode involving punk rock and big tits.

Gerard: That would be so amazing.

Sean: What about the movie, "The Pornographer"? You guys had a song in that, right?

Greg: Yeah.

Sean: What's the movie about and how did you get hooked up with it?

Greg: Through Hector. It's about a guy who likes pornography and is convinced he can do it better. He's kind of like this lonely loser who can't get a girl so he makes his own movies and it gives him focus. The weird thing about it is, I didn't know we were in this movie. My friend had to review it. He's a local film critic and he got a videotape to review for this film festival. I saw it with him and I didn't hear our song at all. It was so annoying because that would've been such a dream of mine to be watching a movie and hear a Weird Lovemakers song in it.

Sean: So your song's not in it?

Greg: No, it's in it. I just somehow didn't hear it. It's in a party scene or something.

Jason: He goes to a guy's house and the guy's playing it. It's only for ten seconds or something. We signed away our rights for, like, two bucks.



Hector and Jason. Photo by Mike Plante

thing that Russ Meyer hosted. Anyway, she had to be told how to masturbate for this scene. She's like, "I don't know how to fake this." And the director is just like, "You're a porn actress. You can't fake an orgasm?" It was really weird. Totally surreal. And I've got it all on tape. All of the outtakes. I'm wearing an Empty Records shirt and I stuck Weird Lovemakers posters in it and a Fells record. And there's a character in it called the Weird Lovemaker. He's the one who's making her do her whole masturbation thing. The gal who directed it works with me and really likes our band. So she has SaRenna saying, "The Weird Lovemaker is back on line. Oh, the Weird Lovemaker is telling me to do all these curious things." It's great. And in one other scene, Lisa Lipps comes in and gives me a massage. Kisses me.

Greg: And his girlfriend is cool with this.

Jason: Well, if you saw Lisa Lipps, she's no competition for anybody. She's a nice gal, just kind of a leathery exterior, roomy interior.

Sean: The Cadillac of porn stars.

Jason: Yeah. It was cool. Total fluke.

Sean: What's the name of the movie?

Jason: It's called "A Return to Boobsville.com." It's made by this company and their whole fetish is insanely huge

Gerard: You know, I never cashed that check.

Jason: It's like a total anti-pornography flick. There was a big gala opening for it here because the guy who did it used to live in Tucson. There was a Tucson film festival and this was one of the movies. Hector and I went to go see it. And the guy who's in it, what's his name?

Greg: The guy from "Body Double" is in it. Craig Wasson.

Jason: Yeah, and he gave this big speech about pornography - "It's a killer, folks."

Sean: But he's only been in two films and they're both about pornography.

Jason: Exactly. That's what I was thinking. Who the fuck is he fooling? Then I bumped into him on the way to the bathroom and he's like, "Excuse me, brother." He called me brother twice in this two second exchange. But it was pretty funny.

Sean: What were the two songs that were in the movie?

Jason: It was something off the first album and something off the second. I think it was "Jetboy Helena" and maybe..

Greg: Was it "Teenage Porn Addict"?

Jason: I don't know. You'd think it would be "Teenage Porn Addict." I really don't remember.

Sean: As long as we're talking about movies, tell me about the movie "The Weird Lovemakers" that you got the band's name from.

Greg: You know, I've never seen it. I had the preview. I lived in Chicago with Gerard. We were roommates in '91. And I got one of those goofy "hot, exciting movies of the fifties" videos that was just trailers. And we thought The Weird Lovemakers trailer was really funny. I taped it and put it on this audio fanzine I had at the time. Then, we played in Chicago once. Me and Gerard and this other guy - Dave Riley from Big Black. He played with us for one show. For one night. He was a real fucked up guy. And we called ourselves The Weird Lovemakers. But it wasn't really a band. Then, years later we actually started playing for real. We had all these other names. Then, when Jason joined, we picked the Weird Lovemakers. But I've never seen the movie. It's just a badly dubbed fifties movie made in Japan.

Sean: All right. I'll ask one more question about movies, then I promise we can talk more about music. Jason, I understand you read a lot of history on pornography.

Jason: Yeah. I like a lot of books on sexuality. But just any kind of pop culture stuff,

and pornography just seems like one of those shadow mediums. I think, honestly, that you can tell a lot about a culture through its pornography. It's the shadow side of the culture. Like Germans are so fastidious, and then their porn is just so fucked up. It's like shitting and eating shit and dwarves in leather gear. And of course there's all this power/subjugation stuff. The whole repressed nazi stuff that you're not allowed to deal with over there. And then Japan has practically no rape. Rapes are super-prosecuted. And their pornography is all underage schoolgirl stuff...

Greg: And getting raped. It's not like a seduction. The girl the whole time is crying, saying, "Please stop."

Jason: Right. It's full-on bad news. And the same thing with the French. It's all defilement. And American stuff is all excess. It's just funny. It's really weird.

Greg: My theory is that, just like in Victorian England where they got really nasty after being so repressed, I noticed that, ever since the big anti-child pornography thing on the internet, that basically pedophilia is so mainstream now. It's huge. I just saw in a fashion magazine, there's a fourteen year-old model. She's the daugh-

*She built a fence around her backyard.
I think she was afraid of me.*



Greg's tattoo. Photo by Sean Carswell

ter of Nastassja Kinski, and she's completely looking like she's twenty in all these sexy poses. And it's in Vogue or something. And Maxim. Maxim's woman of the year one year was a sixteen year-old girl. And she's

just like all the other girls in Maxim - really salaciously posed. And then you have Brittany Spears, obviously.

Jason: "American Beauty." That girl in "American Beauty" was sixteen. Conrad Hall - the cinematographer for that - said so. Mike Plante (editor of Cinemad, a highly recommended independent movie zine) did an interview with him. But she's topless and those are her sixteen year old breasts. It's a shot that could've easily been faked because there's that window break. But it wasn't faked. Just a straight shot. How the hell is that not being prosecuted under child pornography laws?

Greg: I think you can say it's not in the prurient interests.

Jason: No, because technically, even if it's a ninety-one year-old woman and you say she's sixteen, stick her in pigtails or something, you can prosecute. And the whole prurient interest thing deals with community standards, which are completely fucked now.

Sean: Are you a college graduate, Jason?

Jason: No. I'm the only one in the band who's not.

Gerard: And he's the highest paid one of all of us.

Jason: I went to art school but I didn't graduate. I have a year to go.

Sean: What did you get your degree in, Gerard?

Gerard: Education and Interdisciplinary Studies. I'm a Humanities teacher now. We're starting World War One tomorrow. I want to teach a lesson in punk rock to my Humanities class when we get that far.

Jason: Do you think you'll be like one of those horrible old baby boomer teachers who shoved the sixties down our throat in high school? "We stopped a war!" you know. Gerard's gonna be like, "We did it ourselves. No major label interest."

Gerard: There's a teacher at our school who has an acoustic guitar in his room and every now and then, he'll break out the acoustic guitar and play James Taylor and Jim Croce songs. And he sings the lyrics to his kids, too.

Jason: What was that film with Michelle Pfeiffer where she got the ghetto kids in love with Bob Dylan?

Greg: "Dangerous Minds."

Jason: Right. Can you imagine those kids really connecting with Bob Dylan?

Greg: "Down in the basement/ Mixing up Medicine" (lyrics from a Bob Dylan's song "Subterranean Homesick Blues").

Sean: So are you gonna bring your drums into class and play drums for

the kids?

Greg: Gerard can play guitar better than me and Jason. Gerard played bass for years in a band called the Lonely Trojans.

Gerard: Greg was a drummer for years.

Sean: Why'd you guys decide to switch?

Gerard: It happened by accident.

Greg: I hated drums. I played drums from when I was fifteen until I was twenty-six. I ditched it because I wanted to write songs.

Gerard: I was twenty-five when I first played the drums, really.

Jason: I was twenty-four when I first learned to play the guitar.

Gerard: Hector's a phenomenal guitarist, and he's on bass. I'm a better bass player than I am a drummer, but I'm on drums. Jason's a better cocksucker, but he's on guitar.

Jason: That's right. I'm not better at anything than I am at guitar. I'm just not very good. [laughs]

Sean: You're a college graduate, too, Greg? What'd you get your degree in?

Greg: Creative Writing with a History minor.

Sean: Is it doing you a lot of good?

Greg: Oh yeah. I write lyrics. It, uh, it was just the easiest way to get out of college. I wanted to get a degree for my parents' benefit. Creative Writing was really, really easy. I had teachers who were just like, "Write a poem every week." And that's all you'd have to do. I didn't even go to the library for the last two years of my college education. I didn't have to study once. I just wrote shit. You should tell your readers, "If you want to get out of college quick, become a Creative Writing major."

Jason: A lot of those stories Greg wrote have turned into Weird Lovemakers songs.

Greg: Yeah. I cannibalized almost everything. Because I had a comic strip (Swonk). I used some things that were stories adapted from poems made into a comic, then made into a Weird Lovemakers song.

Gerard: Now you just have to break into movies.

Jason: No. Broadway.

Greg: That's my dream. To do a musical.

Sean: Let me ask some questions about the between song banter on your live album. Jason, what's your fascination with sake?

Jason: I don't even really like sake that much. Greg likes sake.

Greg: When we went on tour, we discovered - we don't have these in Tucson - bars that just serve wine and beer. And in that situation, sake's one of the

best things you can get. It's pretty strong. So when we get free drinks, that's all we get. We drink sake because it's the closest thing to hard liquor.

Jason: You know, that night, we'd all gotten pretty fucked up before the show. There are several points on that album where I pull my guitar chord out of the amp. The Kent 3 guys got us pretty drunk. We went to their house beforehand. They got Hector high. Then people did buy me a bunch of liquor.

Sean: At the end of that album, you say, "Stick around for Bell and Steel Wool." Did it make you feel a little weird to record a live album when you're the opening band?

Gerard: We didn't know we were recording an album.

Greg: I did. The sound guy told me, but he was just like, "Oh, we're recording. We'll send you a copy." That's all he told me. Then, I guess Blake [from Empty records] just liked it. He called us up and said, "I want to put this out." Me and Gerard didn't want to do it. I personally hate live albums. Even bands I love, I never want to hear their live albums. Hector and Jason wanted to put it out. So, because of the no-veto rule, we put it out.

Jason: It's my favorite thing we've done

Sean: Why do you guys say that you're from Albuquerque, New Mexico on that album?

Jason: Because the sound guy said that. It happened a bunch of times throughout the tour. For some reason, people just get Albuquerque and Tucson confused.

Gerard: They just think, southwest. It's all the same. Something with peyote and a coyote. Tucson. Albuquerque.

Jason: The turquoise and silver towns. Actually, when we were doing that, I was like, "Maybe we should take this off the album, guys, because people are going to be confused." I was totally outvoted.

Sean: Where's the no-veto?

Jason: Exactly. And then there's the part where we stop for like a minute. There's a minute of silence. But the decision was made to keep it as is. No overdubs. No changes in the mix.

Gerard: We didn't edit it. We were lucky in that we were in the middle of a tour and well-rehearsed.

Sean: One more question about the live album. Who's the coolest neighbor you ever had?

Greg: This girl Fen. She used to live next door, and she moved to Seattle. She was there at that show.

Jason: That was her favorite song.

Greg: I was giving her props, as I like to say. A shout out.

Sean: Does the hippie girl still live next door?

Greg: I don't know. It's weird. I never see her. I saw her once. I don't know if she lives there or not. She built a fence around her backyard. I think she was afraid of me.

Sean: What can you guys tell me about pirate radio?

Greg: It's good.

Gerard: You should come down tomorrow night, if you're going to be in town. We all do shows on Tuesday nights. Petix at six, Jason at seven-thirty, and I'm on at nine o'clock.

Sean: What do you do? Do you read news or play music?

Greg: We just play music. We used to have a phone line but we kept getting caught. We've gotten shut down twice and had four locations.

Gerard: We're gonna confiscate some kid's cell phone tomorrow and take it down to the show, give out his phone number so the cops can call him.

Greg: We've been going for about three years now. We took maybe a year off if you add up all the time we've been shut down.

Sean: How'd you get started with it?

Greg: This guy in town is a genius. He designs microchips. I've known this guy for probably fifteen years. Ten years ago, he told me he was into this idea of pirate radio. His first plan, before he realized it was feasible, he was going to string it through the trolley lines on Fourth Avenue.



Greg. Photo by Andy Harris

until "Must Die." I like that one a lot. The studio albums we put out are cool, but they definitely sound like studio records, but the live album is what we really sound like. Just a live rock band.

He was going to actually hook the radio station up through the trolley lines so that area would get a huge signal. Then he finally did it. He called that guy, that guru from Radio Free Berkeley, the guy who will, for like a hundred dollars, send you all the start-up stuff. He talked to the guy from Berkeley and the guy helped him out. So then he started it up. He doesn't even have a show. It's just that him and his wife like doing it a lot. He let's anyone do it who wants to.

Jason: He used to be in a punk band in Tucson a long time ago. The Johnnys.

Sean: Do you want me to leave that out of the interview so the FCC can't trace him?

Greg: No. It's fine.

Gerard: I could just see the FCC digging through punk rock archives.

Jason: [mocking the FCC] The Johnnys! They were named after a restaurant that Chrissy Hynde worked at for five days when she lived in Tucson in 1975!

Greg: Really?

Jason: Yeah. It's a Denny's now.

Sean: How did the FCC bust you?

Greg: Well, once they found the antenna. And once it was weird. Everyone suspects someone must've told them because they sent a letter to this guy's house basically saying, "We know something's going on" and then... it was kind of nebulous. But they didn't just track us through the signal. I don't know why they didn't just do that.

Sean: How do you know they didn't track you through the signal?

Jason: Well, because the first time, the name on the warrant was wrong. It was the first name of the guy who was doing it but the last name of a local scenester. So it was a cross-pollination that obviously would've happened through word of mouth. At that time, we had a phone number. We had a PO box. There was a lot of traceable stuff, but they didn't know any of that.

The most recent one was kind of weird because we actually were tipped off to it beforehand. So we shut up shop and moved it. And there isn't an FCC office in Arizona. They made a trip to come in and bust us. They had a warrant and everything, so they were all pissed off. And at the time, there was another pseudo pirate radio station in town. The FCC went to these guys, who were fairly open about what they were doing. They were a right-wing crank station.

Gerard: They were called Rebel Radio.

Jason: Right. And they were going to keep going until the election.

Greg: Did they get shut down?

Jason: No, because the FCC didn't have a warrant for them. They had a warrant for us. And Rebel Radio was like, "You don't have a warrant for us? Fuck off." So the FCC basically came to town, found nothing there, and got told to fuck off. After that, the thought was that they were gonna be really pissed off and totally nail us, but nothing happened.

Gerard: Is Rebel Radio still broadcasting?



Jason: No. God, man, they played the worst shit. There was some song [Jason singing a folk song] "Twelve dead in Waco." It was pretty great, actually, because it was so weird.

Gerard: The radio station was at my house at one point, but my neighbors started calling the cops because they thought it was a drug house. The local news ran a spot "How to spot a drug house in your neighborhood." And I guess my house fit the profile. Weeds in the front yard. Lots of comings and goings at strange hours of the day and night. You know.

Sean: So what happened when the police came by?

Gerard: They didn't come to my house. They knocked on some of my neighbors' doors and started asking questions about what the neighbors had seen at my house. I'm friends with one of the neighbors, and he came up and said, "By the way, some federal policemen were asking questions about your house. You'd better move the radio station." And we said, "Okay."

Jason: We were shut down for a while after that while we looked for a new place.

Gerard: We were shut down for about six months, then. That was the longest we'd been shut down.

Sean: Jason, you wrote a story for your web site about smoking pot with the guy from Nazareth. Any other stories about drug use with minor celebrities?

Jason: I dropped acid and went to see the Laughing Hyenas once and that was an incredibly fucked up evening. I tried to write a thing about that, because we met up with the band afterwards...

Sean: And they were more fucked up than you?

Jason: They were crazy. That bass player looked like a leprechaun, and he was also tripping, which made it extra weird. And there was Brannon (John Brannon, lead singer of the Laughing Hyenas, Negative Approach, and Easy Action). He was doing smack in the other room. And before the show, someone had been playing Negative Approach at the show, and he was lip-synching to it. It was kind of freaking me out because I was a big Negative Approach fan. And he was kind of making fun of it, stomping around. It was almost too much. That night, we went dumpster diving and found a huge bouquet of roses and we're like, "Let's give these to the Laughing Hyenas." So we go over there where they're staying and they're all playing with this snake. Somebody had a snake at the house and the owner of the snake is like, "Can you guys put the snake back in his cage." And Brannon said, "No man, I have to see if he'll bite me because I'm a sinner." It was just a completely horrific kind of night.

Gerard: I smoked bong with Mike Watt, but that's not that rare of a thing.



PUNK ROCK GIRL

Punk rock is here to stay! Here are three new introductions to our punk-rock girls page. Going to shows was always fun and exciting as a teenager. "Do it while you're young," my Dad would proclaim. I could never imagine growing out of punk rock. These girls have been involved since the get-go!

Question: But these girls don't look punk rock?! Let's remember what we are here for. Fishnets, chokers, steel toe boots... What's involved is feeling, not fashion.

Take note: What we have here are simply three really cool girls. It's not always the obnoxious 18-year-old in the front row yelling obscenities who's the only one having fun. The love for the music is expressed in many ways varying from person to person. As long as the music stays strong onstage, the passion to hear it will live on in our heads.

-Harmonee



Teresa- frequented the Masque and Fenders, summer of '83!



Stf- "you'll see me at a show, on a bustle with a beer in one hand and a camera in the other."



Sarah- volunteers at a pit bull rescue. Washes doggies to the sounds of Swingin' Utters and Apocalypse Hoboken.

21-GUNS: *Not So Bad*: *CDEP*

These brazen young whippersnappers ferociously unleash a chaos-charged cacophony of aggressively snotty (and slightly poppy) punkrock fury that inspires me to spastically hop around the room like a rabid amphetamine-tweaked kangaroo! The explosive rapidfire bombardments of songs are short, brisk, lightning-fast, and frenetically pleasing to the ears... somewhat similar to the anarchic audial disorder of Anti-Flag and a shreddin' bit of Shattered Faith. 21-Guns proficiently possess all of the required sonic attributes that mayhemically make this a perfect collection of pure gut-pummeling punkrock rowdiness: insolently taunting phlegm-spittin' vocals, fiery woodshop-saw guitar riffs, brain-rattlin' freight-train bass rumblings, and overheated machine-gun staccato bursts of embittered drumming madness. Hell yeh, let's hear more of it, boys... -Roger Moser, Jr. (21-Guns)

ANTI-FLAG:

Underground Network: *CD*

Impressed by their track on the latest Fat Wreck comp., I went out and bought their release. I know these guys have put out numerous releases but I thought they were a hype band. Sometimes when I hear too much about a band, I will pass on them. I almost missed out. Well my foot is in my mouth. These guys wear their politics on their shoulders and I feel their passion. In the early-to-mid 80's, I was into many political bands. As time went on, it seemed that many world issues that were going on were being sung less and less by bands of the moment. More and more you were listening to bands singing about personal issues. The politics were not heavily addressed. These guys are a breath of fresh air. I know when I was young, a lot of anarchist bands from the past introduced me to things like injustices from around the world, vivisection, vegetarianism and many other issues. Kids need to hear from people who they relate with to get some information that modern media will not disclose. Bands many times spark new ideas that people can investigate for themselves and create activism. Music-wise, they are a step above many of the generic street punk bands of the current norm. They have musicianship, great writing skills, and are able to throw out their beliefs. An important band that hopefully will make the current generation of kids aware and independently think for themselves. -Donofthedeath (Fat)

ANTISEEN: *The Boys from Brutalsville*: *CD*

This is a thundering cannonball's roar of redneck punkrock ferocity that caused me to frightfully shiver, nervously chew my fingernails, and then profusely poop my pants... yep, it's that damn intimidating... rude, rowdy, crude, and trashy as fuck! Envision, if you will, a scumrock Motorhead as a lawless bunch of wild-



Critics are like eunuchs at a gang bang.
-George Burns

eyed whiskey-guzzlin' Southern good ol' boys on a sonically murderous shotgun-blastin' rampage... yeeeee-motherfuckin'-haw, that's the musically criminal miscreance of Antiseen! Son of a bitch, these hell-raisin' white-trash hedonists sound as if they piss napalm and shit chunky shards of fiery smokin' shrapnel on a daily basis! Absolutely terrorizing, but in the best way imaginable! -Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

BALLS: *Gotta Have 'Em*: *CD*

Back in the late '70s Tom Petty wrote this song for Stevie Nicks called "I Need to Know" but her "wow, that's, like, a hummer" hippie delivery was so unconvincing that he took the song back. Tricie Kiss gets it right, though, on Balls cover of that song. On the other end of the spectrum they also cover "Whole Lotta Rosie" by AC/DC. The nine originals on this self-released effort by a three guys and a chick singer punk group from Arizona are pretty ballsy, too. -Bob Cantu (Balls)

BANANAS, THE:

A Slippery Subject: *CD*

The Bananas are sonically similar to a ferociously flamin' firestorm of The Dead Milkmen, Descendents, Doggy Style, Germs, and a psychotically crazed Thelonious Monster... they loudly blend an upbeat and addictive melange of wondrous musical weirdness that's all-at-once melodic, poppy, punky, funky, and pure... spastic, manic, snotty, and chaotically all over the fuckin' place... wildly primal, feverishly unrelenting, and goshdarned energetically frenzied! This is the sort of audial nastiness that should be routinely blasted at daycare centers everywhere, 'cause it's so damn bratty, clownish, and jubilantly hyperactive... yep, it playfully tugs at

my inner ears, goofily slaps me upside the head, and then teasingly pulls me back for more. So I recommend this deliciously delightful disc profusely: get "A Slippery Subject" by The Bananas as soon as humanly possible... it'll drive ya ape and make a monkey outta you in no time at all! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Plan-It-X)

BEAUTY PILL: *The Cigarette Girl from the Future*: *CD*

One would think with a release on deSoto/Dischord Records you'd know what you're getting yourself into. It's either a band that sounds like Fugazi (i.e., bass heavy, guitar-driven rock with terse vocals) or a band that sounds like Jawbox (i.e., a band that sounds like Fugazi.) But this release is a very different. Not that there's anything wrong with the two above-mentioned bands, this is really just a pleasant surprise. "The Cigarette Girl from the Future" is a lounge-y, go-go, hand-clapping romp that's eerily reminiscent of the B-52's "Girl from Ipanema Goes to Greenland," complete with quirky lyrics, see-saw boy/girl vocals, a French horn, and even a chicken shaker! This 5 song EP as a whole is quite the melodic gem, with a vast range of instrumentation. They lose me a little with the experimental keyboard noodlings of "Bone White Crown Victoria," but they've intrigued me enough to remember their name and check out future recordings. That in and of itself deserves a wink and a "Job well done," handshake from Kat. -Kat Jetson (De Soto/Dischord)

BEAUTYS, THE:

Thing of Beauty: *CD*

On their third CD release this Fort Wayne, Indiana trio bring us more mid-western tales of drunkenness and cruelty you can pogo to. As usual for

this bunch, the titles say it all with modern punk masterpieces like "Hello Floor," "What Drugs?" and "All Fucked Down." Chica Baby has evolved into a really great punk rock singer/guitarist and her rhythm section is equal to the task. Thing of beauty, indeed. -Bob Cantu (Cheetah's)

BEAUTYS, THE:

Thing of Beauty: *CD*

You have to love an album that starts with the line "Jesus hates you." The Beautys are so much more than that, though. Chica Baby has one of those all-too-rare-in-punk-rock voices that's tuneful and clear and would be kind of pretty if you didn't get the feeling that she'd kick your ass for calling her voice pretty. The same goes for her guitar - clean licks reminiscent of Buddy Holly and Link Wray that sound almost pretty while they kick your ass. The song-writing is tough and sometimes funny. The rhythm section is solid. The album even has two pretty cool instrumental songs. As a whole, the Beautys are still playing exactly the kind of rock-'n'roll songs they started out playing in their first album, "Liquor Pig." They're just getting better at it. -Sean (Cheetah's)

BETTY BLOWTORCH:

Are You Man Enough: *CD*

This full-length contains re-recorded songs from their self-released effort and some new ones. I've always said that Betty Blowtorch are an L7 for the new millennium but that might be selling them short since they've done a lot more than just cop L7's moves. Like L7, B.B. infuse hard rock structure with punk rock attitude and the result is head-bangin' fun. But songs like "Love/Hate" and "I'm Ugly and I Don't Know Why" come from the heart and that's not easy to pull off in a genre that is mostly pose and 'tude, so I give credit where credit's due. This album proves that B.B.'s music rocks hard without their trademark on-stage pyrotechnics. -Bob Cantu (Foodchain)

BLACK CAT MUSIC: *The Only Thing We'll Ever Be Is All Alone*: *CD*

Beak sounding rock/punk with some pretty well-written lyrics. Despite the somber tone of much of the music, it still has a catchy quality that keeps your interest piqued. As much as I really liked the music, though, the singer's voice really grated on my nerves. Occasionally too much whine and not enough balls comin' outta those pipes, know what I mean? A very reserved recommendation from this camp. -Jimmy Alvarado (Cheetah's)

BLACK HALOS, THE: *The Violent Years*: *LP*

Fuck me in new ways, get me blind by an undiagnosed STD, and paint a smiley face on my ass, this is a pleasant disease. What Turbonegro did

with AC/DC and Kiss, The Black Halos are doing to Cheap Trick, plus some. Waaay-too-catchy songs. Sleeper holds of hooks, the type that show up in your dreams; huge. Super slithery. Perfect backup vocals. It's rock, but it's honed and precise and nimble, leaving the cliches stapled outside the studio along with any and all unnecessary guitar solos. I liked their first LP okey doke, but it never had that whisper of "play me because you can't put me down." This does. The lead vocals sound less strangled and more whiskey and honey. Vicious and sweet. As a whole, they sound like a band leaving their influences just that; spring boards to lean rock'n'roll. A mean and tuneful animal. It's been said that the world works in circles, that we all return to the beginning point. But the Black Halos further prove that the world - and its music - is a screw. It goes circular, but at an angle, and the harder you press, the deeper it gets. Be happy that the spirit of Chuck Berry ain't dead. Remember, it probably wasn't Reagan who made punk so great. It was disco (fill in techno or boy bands at your leisure), which we're getting plenty of clogging up the airwaves. -Todd (Sub Pop)

BLACKLUNG PATRIOTS:
Come to Senses; CDEP

This is melodic emotings of sonic energy that discreetly crept upon me and then passionately pounced into my ears like the Second Coming of Christ almighty! The four splendiferous slices of slightly emo-ish musical magnificence contained herein are meticulously pieced together in a melodiously swirling mishmash of pure pleasurable fury that's monumentally concluded before you can even open up and say "Aaaaaah." It's an audial equivalent of the dawning sun's brilliantly bursting shower of radiant light... frenetically full of life, hope, and youthful effervescence! - Roger Moser, Jr. (Blacklung Patriots)

BLUELINE MEDIC: A Working Title in Green; CD

Punk is like a potato: dirty, ugly and yummy. Say you thought you could improve upon the potato, so you carved it into the shape of a handsome man, painted it pretty colors, and dressed it up in a nice pair of slacks. Then you wrote some poetry for it. Guess what: you ruined it. Now it looks stupid and you can't eat it. It's limp and unfortunately won't even pass for art. This CD has "Pay no more than \$8.99" printed on the tray card, but anyone who would pay ANYTHING for these four songs is a penis. -Cuss Baxter (Fueled by Ramen)

BODIES, THE:
3Brandnewsongs; 7"

I often sit and wonder what would have happened to the Bouncing Souls if they didn't start treading water in the songwriting department a couple years back. Abe's voice reminds me

of 'em. I wonder what would happen if the Crowd got into a time warp dealie and were transmigrated to Northern California in the '00s. Then rubbed raw against concrete. I no longer have to wonder. When I saw these guys, they were so fucked up, I really think they were all playing a different song at the same time for about a minute, then they gave up. Such endearing behavior always puts a check mark and smiley face near your name in my book. I bet, to woo the ladies, they line up all the chunks from their puke and spell out the girl's name before falling back into the splooge. Three short, effective, and catchy splashes in bright green vinyl. Hostage Records' only non-SoCal band. Good stuff. -Todd (Hostage)

BOUNCING SOULS: How I Spent My Summer Vacation; CD

Jeez, the last thing I heard from these guys was "The Good, the Bad and the Argyle." Well, they've benefited well from Epitaph's inflated recording budget, but their quality of songs hasn't bettered over the years. They take stabs at the stereotypical terrace chant sing-along sound that so many of the label's other bands fail at, and they end up sounding just as hollow and unmotivated as all the others. Worst of all, there's no standout song, like "Quotes from Our Favorite 80s Movies" on "Argyle," unless you count "True Believers," which is such a rip off of the Ramones' "Bonzo Goes to Bitburg" that you can't help but feel embarrassed for them. While I can't say this is the worst thing I've ever heard in my life, it wasn't too impressive, either. -Jimmy Alvarado (Epitaph)

BRATMOBILE:
Ladies, Women, and Girls; CD

It's about time I got this record! I waited seven years for Bratmobile to put out a new record and it took me over a year to finally buy it. OK, so it came out last year, but I have a tight budget and I want to review it, damnit! This album is great. At first it was kinda weird for me. I felt like, rather than being one big group of riot grrrls hangin' out, it's now more like hangin' out in your room while eavesdropping on your older sisters hanging out and being riot grrrls. On second listen, I was right back on my feet jumping up and down like a pig-tailed 15yr. old. Bratmobile has kinda - not so much matured - as they did fill out into their womanly shape and sound. I could safely say they sound a little more Lookout recordsy, but the combination has proved itself to be rewarding. Thank you Bratmobile for coming back and giving me a voice to listen to. I missed you. - Harmonie (Lookout!)

BRIEFS, THE: C'mon Squash Me Like a Bug b/w Benny's Got a Cigarette; 7"

Lyricaly, the Briefs work along the lines of the best of country music

(Hank Sr., Cash). No fancy words. No difficult concepts. Just stripped down glimpses into life. Simple stuff, but very far from easy to pull off without sounding like a fucking idiot. They've got dumbsmart nailed. And bouncing. You can't help but wanna jump around when you listen to them. Musically, they're like top-notch drugs and alcohol - pure and distilled, they squeeze out the best sweat of bands I love (Rezillos, Zero Boys, early Damned, Undertones), sieve it thorough a sweaty, frayed tube socks, and they wrap it around notes of their own. It sounds classic without choking on dust balls. Yeah. Fuck, yeah. Grade A punk rock. -Todd (Sub Pop)

CALEXICO: *Even My Sure Things Fall Through*: CD

I was initially scared of this disc because I'd heard that they were part of some new vanguard in country music. You couldn't tell from this disc, though. Sounds like Roby Robertson and Leonard Cohen took off into the Arizona desert for 40 days and wrote the soundtrack for the third installment of Robert Rodriguez' "Mariachi" trilogy while they were out there. It's different, but good. -Jimmy Alvarado (Quarterstick)

CHRONICS, *THE: Soulshaker*: CD

Aaah, I've just painlessly died and gone to psychosonic garagerock heaven! The Chronics rumble, roar, and robustly growl with a sinister ear-buzzin' onslaught of gritty and grimy

Nuggets-style sounds that unexpectedly punched me smackdab in the middle of my rosy-red nose and effortlessly laid me out like a mother-fucker! This is the inimitable balls-out equivalent and cacophonously crazed counterpoint to The Yardbirds, The Who, The Animals, The Troggs, The Standells, and The Sonics in all of their wildly demented, overly distorted, belligerently bad-ass glory: soulful and blue-eyed, sexually-charged king-of-the-jungle vocals that'll cause the lil' ladies to uncontrollably wet their frilly lil' panties; fuzzy and fleshy, mean and nasty swirling guitar savagery; spirited lightning-flash streaks of electric organ terror; wild-eyed sulfate-huffin' Keith Moon-inspired drumming madness; and violent brain-rattlin' eruptions of volcanic cranked-to-the-max bass. Hell yeh, it's pure primitive rock'n'roll ferocity like this that motivated Satan to fall from the graces of Heaven, that inspired Jesus to walk on water, that makes the A-bomb sound like a baby bumblebee's buzz, that creates an unquenchable thirst within me for all things dark, decadent, and drunkenly debauched. Hhhmmm, I just can't control myself... I'm shakin' all over, 'cause I've got a bad case of The Chronics. Nothing else compares (or even comes close)! -Roger Moser, Jr. (an embarrassing endnote of sorts: after finishing this review, I exhilaratedly listened to this life-altering release for another two hours... just sittin' on the

sofa, mesmerized and tantalized, heartily guzzlin' can after can of ice cold brew. At one point, I joyously leapt to my feet and spastically played the ol' air guitar along with the addictively intoxicatin' sounds contained herein... unfortunately, at the very moment I chose to madly leap about and jam with The Chronics, my brother just happened to be peering through the window... it seems he had continuously rang the doorbell, but I didn't hear him due to the excessively loud volume I was crankin' The Chronics. Although he got a hearty chuckle due to my juvenilistic antics, and I was blushin' beyond belief, at least he brought more beer!) -Roger Moser Jr. (Bad Afro)

CITIZEN FISH: *Life Size*: CD

You see all the new generation punk kids with their Subhumans patches on their sweat jackets? I guess all the new kids have to show off their punk points by what patches they have. What in the hell happened to people drawing on their leather jackets? There is so much new music that comes out all the time to over focus on the past. Why not support 3/4 of the Subhumans and enjoy something new? Dick and company tour relentlessly and continue to record for the masses. By luck, the mass media hype of ska has died down to those who actually perform the genre with originality and excitement. As is their formula, they play a blend of punk ska that is unmatched. For some rea-

son, I got the same excitement that I got when I got the Culture Shock (same band, different guitarist) demo. It is refreshing and fun while still having their trademark intelligent lyrics. If you haven't heard them before, where in the fuck have you been? I personally have eight different releases that they have produced, not counting this release, and I think I'm missing some. Great songs and great music as a whole make for a great release. I shouldn't have to explain this for anyone with any knowledge of this band. I personally like this. I'm also really happy that they have licensed this release to Honest Don's instead of Lookout. -Donofthedeath (Honest Don's)

CLASS ASSASSINS, *THE*:

***Self-titled*: 7"**

I got two releases from my good old buddy Derek, who puts out Soap and Spikes Zine and Records. The Class Assassins are a Toronto, Canada street punk band that he said he liked so much when he saw them live that he decided to put his fortunes in a bind and release their 7". I say good job, well done. These guys can compete and conquer against many of the generic street punk bands that are currently out there. The melodies are there with strong background vocals. The band produces good boot-stomping songs and the singer doesn't sound like he has smoked five packs of cigarettes to have his voice ready to fit a formula. Hope this release

brings them attention so they can further reach an audience that surely would appreciate them. - Donofthedeath (Soap and Spikes)

COME ONS, THE:

Tougher Than Elton John: CD

I am such a starry-eyed-in-love Screeching Weasel fan that the only reason Sean won't let me have them play at our wedding (well, besides the obvious, of course) is he knows I will ditch him and run off with Ben Weasel instead. Todd will tell you that my obsessiveness goes so far as to possess me to keep the band's black and white press release photos in picture frames around my house, like they just happen to be people I know, like friends or family. Then, too, I am such a die-hard fan that I'm willing to overlook Ben's erroneous ways, his poorly calculated choices, his past lapse in good judgment, and I will just pretend that "Emo" (the album) does not exist. That said, you will understand why I feel like I have met kindred souls in the Come On's and their self-released CD, "Tougher Than Elton John." You might say they sound like just another band who wants to emulate Screeching Weasel; you might say their new CD reflects exactly the same kind of pop punk style that Weasel made popular. I don't care. For these guys, it's a compliment. Because unlike all those other bands, the Come Ons are more of a testament to Weasel's amazing influence: these guys embody

Weasel. Plus, everyone knows the drummer plays an integral role in a band; he controls the speed, the tempo - pretty much the direction the song is taking. This guy who plays drums for the Come Ons is so amazingly fast and so fucking gifted that he could make Dan Panic look bad. But anyway, even if you don't believe me, go see them play live. They rock. I'm even thinking about maybe asking them to come play at my wedding. -Trixie (The Come Ons)

CRISPUS ATTUCKS: *Red Black Blood Attack: CD*

Listening to Crispus Attucks is a fight between melody and power on a diving board. They're springing around on a narrow, yet flexible, genre of music that's so easy to fall off from into the deep end. Luckily, their chops are honed, their blasts short, and their delivery punishing without being pseudo-toughguy schlock. If I was a gambling man, I'd wager to bet they've got Pegboy, Articles of Faith, N.O.T.A., Black Flag, Kid Dynamite and The Zero Boys in their collections. No nonsense, back to basics, new blood hardcore that makes me want to sing along. -Todd (Soda Jerk)

DEAD MAN'S CHOIR:

Out with the Trash: CD

These deviant rock'n'roll hellions savagely thrash, wail, and plunder their way through an ear-bruising assortment of gritty bowery-style sonic decadence that's cacophonously com-

parable to a murderously rampaging skin-carving streetfight free-for-all between the Dead Boys, New York Dolls, and early '70s-era Rolling Stones. Hell yeh, the spit-tossin' vocals are razor-slashed and snotty... the rampantly searing guitars electrically resurrect the pockmarked and scarred ghost of Johnny Thunders like Frankenstein's brain-damaged monster (man oh man, this is some of the most goddamn amazing and energetically fiery guitar-playin' that's ever accosted my ears!)... the bass and drums violently battle it out in an ass-whuppin' whirlwind maelstrom of flesh-shreddin' turbulence... and an occasional napalm-propelled harmonica barbarically blares throughout it all. Now my ears are uncontrollably smokin' like a motherfucker (gee, thanks for the third-degree burns to my eardrums, D.M.C.!)... this is the ultimate havoc-inflicting aural experience, hands down and bar none! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Know)

DEADLY SNAKES, THE: *I'm Not Your Solider Anymore: CD*

These Deadly Snakes are downtrodden yet optimistic. "By the time I'm gone, you'll be twice as dead as me..." Sheesh, that's a statement every burnt ex-lover can look forward to. "I'm Not Your Solider," their second full length, displays their broad range of influences from countrified, electrified, rhythmic blues to Kinks-influenced sways, back down to drunken honky tonk angst rock. This album

separates these gentlemen from the boys still floundering in the cesspool of tired, ordinary garage rock'n'roll. The Snakes wear their dripping, bleeding hearts proudly on their sleeves and transform a shitty day - aw heck, their shitty lives - into a 14 track CD of pure emotional rescue in the form of a three-and-a-half minute song. Greg Cartwright is at the helm producing as well as balladeering these diamond-hard cuts much along the lines of what he had begun with the Compulsive Gamblers and his presence resonates throughout. If you've been around the block more than once and still love to hate it, this album is for you. -Miss Namella "I'm So Tired of it All" Kim (In The Red)

DICKIES, THE: *All this and Puppet Stew: CD*

Waiting for a new Dickies album is like going to a doctor's office. You sit and wait and wait and wait and, just when you've just about given up hope, here it comes bounding down the hall. Your attention now full upon what's before you, fear starts taking center stage. What if it's going to hurt in ways that you never thought possible? It has been a long time since you've been in this room, and you no longer remember whether it was painful the last time you were here. You plop the needle (or laser) down and, lo and behold, it isn't anywhere near as bad as you feared. You remember this feeling well. Everything's gonna be just fine.

Doctors Leonard and Stan have given you just the right amount of what you need to get you through the next ten years before you find yourself in this place again. The Dickies still rule. - Jimmy Alvarado (Fat)

DICKIES, THE: *All this and Puppet Stew*: CD

The long-awaited Dickies record on Fat Wreck Chords! I heard this was recorded and done almost two years ago and is just coming out. Another story I heard was Stan Lee never heard of Fat when Fat Mike approached him about putting this out. He and the band must be happy now, since I think XXX Records and A&M didn't do them justice and Fat will take care of them well. I am so happy that this is in my hands. I can't believe they have been around so long. I can't remember the exact year these guys started but I think it was around 1976 - 1978. They have been pumping out the music for all these years. You get 13 tracks of pop magic which includes the tracks on the "My Pop The Cop" 7" that was put out, I think, about three years ago. The Fat production is here with their brand of melodic bliss and their trademark silly lyrics. I'm so ecstatic that this is playing on my CD player. I have talked to others who have gotten it and we are in agreement that this is another great release. Imitators beware, the Dickies are alive and kicking. From start to finish this is one of the best releases of the year.

It's so much fun that my hair is standing on end and a permanent smile grows while I have this cranking on my stereo. Can't wait to see them again at the Holidays in the Sun festival in San Francisco in August. - Donofthedeath (Fat)

DIOS HASTIO/ THE FUTURES: *Split 7" EP*

Dios: Hyped-up Peruvian hardcore that has just the right elements to keep things interesting, yet not so much that you end up feeling bludgeoned into numbness. Real good stuff. Futures: Sweet Jesus, I'm glad I listened to the other side first, 'cause this side is mind-blowing. Take the force of Assfort, mix in a little of Bulimia Banquet's quirkiness (hey, it was the only reference I could think of that fit!), add some razors and broken glass for texture and voila! Some primo, grade-A chaos to make your heart warm and your ears bleed. - Jimmy Alvarado (Answer)

DIRT BIKE ANNIE: *Sweatin' to the Oldies*: CD

"Sweatin' to the Oldies" has all the factors I like in a live album. I like the band. I like their happy, poppy songs. The male/female vocals go together well. The energy level in this album is way up, and though the songs seem faster than on their records, all the songs on this album are tight. And the band is definitely having a good time. It's fun to listen to them get winded at the end of the album. It's fun that,

despite how winded they are, they still want to play two more goofy songs. So I like all of those things. The between song banter bugs me, especially when it launches into a "Happy Happy Birthday" song, but the between song banter on all live albums bugs me after a few listens. I wish that all live albums would tack the complete album minus the banter on the end of the CD as a hidden track or something. But I don't know why I'm bitching. "Sweatin' to the Oldies" only costs four bucks and it's thirteen songs and it solves a big problem in my life (my girlfriend stole my copy of DBA's first album "Hit the Rock." I can't ask for it back without completely destroying my tough guy punk rock cred, but I really want to hear it). -Sean (Mutant Pop)

DIRTBOMBS, THE: *Ultragliding in Black*: CD

Thick modern soul via Detroit, when the mood you're in is silky, fithy, and swingin'. The lineage: Curtis Mayfield, Barry White, and Marvin Gaye - all of whom they cover. It's got the right swagger, the right heart, the right licks, the right licking, the right harmonies, and the honey in the right places. All with grit. ("Underdog" could fit perfectly in the original "Shaft.") The band's centered around Mick Collins (ex-Gories, ex-Blacktop, ex- King Sound Quartet, currently also in The Screws), and the sound's knob polished into perfection by Jim Diamond. I say buy this for

fuckin', especially if your lady or man don't dig the punk when you're gettin' the sweat on. -Todd (In the Red)

DISCORDANCE AXIS / CORRUPTED / 324: *Three Way Split*: CD

I'm am so grateful that Tadoshi from HG Fact is doing what he is doing. I am also glad that he is supporting this here zine. This latest release is up there with the many great releases this label has put out. Great packaging and high quality production (I'm getting too old for the xerox covers that looks like my baby niece would have drawn). Discordance Axis start off with their trademark guitar and drums barrage of manic rage that comes and goes so quickly that it feels like you were mugged in 20 seconds. They follow with an instrumental track that is almost ambient with mellow tones to lightly stimulate your senses. The infamous Corrupted from Japan follow next and play a little shorter than they must be accustomed to. They also offer two tracks of their pure sludge sung in Spanish. You should get their full length. It's so painful and hard to listen to. It's two tracks on two CDs. I hear that they are the winners of the unofficial longest song. Topping off this release with three songs is 324. If you never heard of them before, I, and many, believe that they are very similar to the '80s grindcore band Terrorizer. Pummeling and energized grind thrash that is not easy on the ears but full of energy that makes you want

you to crash your car while in a state of rage. -Donofthedeath (HG Fact)

ENDLESS: *With Everything Against Us*; CD

Tough guy hardcore. It's really telling that they cover a Twisted Sister song, seeing as they sound about as dangerous as that long gone cartoon of a band ever did. Might I suggest a Quiet Riot cover for your next release? How about Great White, Dokken or Def Leppard? Especially funny is the song lyric "I can't sell out 'cause I'm down for life" and under the "special thanx" section of the booklet are logos for five music instrument corporations. Hard-fucking-core indeed. -Jimmy Alvarado (Da Core)

EX MODELS:

***Other Mathematics*; CD**

A while back I got the "Demonstration" CD EP from these guys. I figured that, judging by the mannequin on the cover, I was gonna be underwhelmed by some lame, poppy techno crap "played" by guys who wore a lot of black nail polish, similarly hued dresses, and had a passing interest in Aleister Crowley. What I got was eight or nine minutes of some of the best art damaged punk I'd heard in years, shit that skirted a fine line between early Devo, New York's "No Wave" scene and a Scratch Acid, fueled with enough aggression and brevity of song length to satisfy any Circle Jerks fan. This

disc contains most, if not all, of the songs from that EP plus a bunch more in the same vein, resulting in 24 minutes of hellacious auditory bliss. It's rare that I get truly excited about a disc anymore and this piece of processed plastic is more than deserving. Highly, highly recommended. - Jimmy Alvarado (Ace Fu)

FALL SILENT:

***Six Years in the Desert*; CD**

A goofy picture of an abandoned "Little House on the Prairie" is on the cover. There's a picture of the band in cowboy hats in time period dress - the type that you see families having the picture taken at some mall attraction - on the back. What kind of kooks are these guys? I did not know what to expect. No indication of what was in store when looking at the packaging. I sprayed a sloppy shit all over the inside of my shorts when the first track came on. How embarrassing to have to hose off my shorts because the chunks were clinging to the inside. What came thrusting out was a tornado mix of precise speed metal mixed in with a chaos mix of anger. The singer reminded me of a mix of Springa from SSD and Spike from DRI. Hey, two Initial bands in one comment! These guys have their metal chops down, and not like all these neu-metal bands that I see on MTV-X. More traditional in the licks. They seem to want to be complicated and at the same time pull forth a rage that catches the attention of this lis-

tener. Their punk roots show in their covers of Black Flag and 7 Seconds. Their campiness shows in their cover of Pat Benatar and the theme song from Sesame Street. This was a treat - like having your first wet dream and realizing that you didn't pee in your sleep. -Donofthedeath (Revelation)

FARTZ, THE: *What's in a Name...?* CD

I don't get it. They just released a discography no more than two years ago and it's still available. Now they release this, which consists of re-recorded 15 tracks, versions of all but two of them were on the other disc and one of those two is a Motorhead cover. They sound as swell as they ever did, but what's the point? They add nothing new to the songs. After the long silence at the end of the last track, we're treated to the whole thing all over again. Fuck, "Buried Alive" isn't even on this. -Jimmy Alvarado (Alternative Tentacles)

FILTHY SKANKS, THE: *Bigger Than the Beatles*; CD

Hot damn indeed, this is filthy, vile, obnoxious, and outrageously impure scum-rock perversity at its most brain-bashin' best (equal parts belligerent bone-fracturin' punk and mayhemetic metal meatiness)! The blazin' firestorm of sick and twisted songs contained herein rowdily run rife with demon-possessed rabid-dog vocals, big, beefy guitar riffs that murderously grind into the gut like a

fully revved rust-encrusted chainsaw, thundering torrents of earthquake-rumblin' bass ballsiness, and a spine-crackin' assault of dinosaur-stomp drum boomings. Yep, The Filthy Skanks raucously roar through a fast-as-fuck assortment of frenetic tit-twistin' tunes about wrestling, rock-'n-roll, poontang, and the big bad devil himself... and they effortlessly flail through an oddball array of cacophonously crazed covers of The Misfits' "I Turned into a Martian," Johnny Cash's "I've Been Everywhere" and "San Quentin," and the Ramones' "Havana Affair" and "Endless Vacation" (my all-time fave Ramones ditty, as a matter of factual insignificance!). Whoooooodygy, after a brew-drenched afternoon of endlessly replayin' this diabolically deranged disc, my ears are now a mangled mass of smoldering flesh! I've sold my soul to The Filthy Skanks, and I couldn't be happier! - Roger Moser, Jr. (The Filthy Skanks)

FLIPPER: *Blow'n Chunks*; CD

Originally released on cassette only in 1984, this is a document of sorts of what a Flipper gig was like back before Will Shatter pulled a Sid Vicious/Darby Crash and died a very hippie death. 'Twas a pity to see Willie go, too, 'cause Flipper was one of punk rock's truly original outfits, intentionally placing themselves in stark contrast to whatever was popular in punk at the time. While the "hardcore" groups of the day played

short, fast bursts while waxing poetic with the political rhetoric, Flipper's songs were simplistic, messy, drunken, dirge-like noise fests that went on and on and on and on and on and seemed like their only purpose was to annoy the hell out of almost anybody within hearing distance. Yet a method could be detected underneath the madness by anyone who happened to pay attention long enough. Their lyrics were often frighteningly well-written considering the characters responsible for them, and their live sets were funny as hell to watch, especially if you happened to take a friend who'd never heard them before. Much of the between song banter is sorely missing from this recording, as is their "hit" song "Sex Bomb," but the performance of the songs themselves is pretty good and the whole thing is about as entertaining as it was back when this originally came out. After a day filled with listening to a bunch of third-rate cookie-cutter hard-core/popcore/pick-your-core bands this afternoon, this was a very welcome change of pace, and it was nice to be reminded of how fun one of my favorite bands of all time were. - Jimmy Alvarado (ROIR)

GASOLINE: *Fake to Fame*: CD

This is completely different from most of what I listen to, but I really like it. And I'm not just saying that because of the sexy picture of a naked lady on the cover. Gasoline is

a Japanese band, and much like their predecessors, the Mad 3 and Guitar Wolf (at least I assume Gasoline came along after those bands, but I don't know), Gasoline has a way of merging an eclectic bunch of musical styles into a cohesive song. Songs can move seamlessly from very clean rockabilly to trashy R&B to noisy garage rock to growling blues. "Fake to Fame" is one of those releases, too, that you have to listen to as a whole album. Any single song seems just like a piece of a larger work - good on its own, but easier to understand if you can see the whole picture. The vocals sound almost like a crazy guy singing karaoke to an Aretha Franklin song, but paired with the rest of the songs, the vocals become more like another instrument, a noise to fill in a space, secondary to everything else that's going on. In the middle of the album is one painful jazzy song, but other than that, Gasoline has won me over. - Sean (Estrus)

GAZPACHO: *The Demo/98: 7" EP*

Although they don't really sound like them, they remind me a little of Uniform Choice, which I guess means they remind me a little of Minor Threat. Hardcore with a slight metal sound in the guitar work that's pretty good overall, but just doesn't seem to have enough "oomph" to take me over the top. I'd really like to hear what they've done lately, though. -Jimmy Alvarado (Headline)

GEARS, THE:

***Rockin' at Ground Zero*: CD**

Dionysus reissued this album over a year ago, but since they were nice enough to send it to me and because it's such a good album, I figured I'd review it. This is a reissue of the Gears 1979 album, "Rockin' at Ground Zero," plus their "Let's Go to the Beach" EP. The original is a great album. The Gears played a twisted kind of sixties, Southern California rock'n'roll, kind of like a greaser Clash before The Clash went disco. You can hear the hot rods in the parking lot and bounce along with Axxel G Reese's singing and feel like dancing and even get invited to dance with "Don't Be Afraid to Pogo." You can also hear very clearly who dominated the Cramps stereo before the Cramps started a band of their own, or who X started out ripping off. I guess it's always this way, but I still get surprised when I think of bands like the Cramps and X garnering all the praise for being punk visionaries while listening to the Gears and seeing where that vision came from. And, unlike a lot of old punk reissues, the Gears really could play and still sound cool in 2001. I'm just stoked to have this on CD. -Sean (Dionysus)

GENERATORS, THE: *Tyranny*: CD

This is a swift aural kick in the head that's all-at-once melodious, may-hemic, and maniacally frenetic! It's sizzlin' bad-to-the-bone streetpunk

belligerence... anarchic, nihilistic, and insurgently addictive... harmonious, harried, and relentlessly hard-hitting! The Generators sonically careen all over the fuckin' place while bombastically beltin' out a blistering blitzkrieg of ferociously wild ear-scorchin' intensity. I swear on vicious Sidney's syringe-strewn gravesite (if he actually had one, of course) that the skull-pummeling punkrock mini-riots contained herein sound uncannily like a violently blended maelstrom of the early Who (strange but true!), The Clash, UK Subs (especially them!), a smidgen minuscule amount of Minor Threat, New Model Army, Leatherface, a bit of early Rancid, and bastardized bucketloads of U.S. Bombs. This ruthlessly raging disc is where the next/new generation of chaos-inspired punkrock revolt begins... join forces with The Generators, or surrender all hope and meekly die! - Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

GENERATORZ, THE: *Straight Outta Sin City*: CD

This is the insurgent riot-incitin' sound of brick-tossin' streetpunk brazenness... angry, unrelenting, and aggressively in-your-face! The Generatorz mayhemically mix "old school" insolence with a blazin' bit of oi confrontationalism and sonically set the entire world aflame with their seditious skull-fracturin' songs about social class struggles, hellish junkie life, bein' down-and-out in the city

slums, suicide, frustration, touring, punk and oi unity, and revolution in the streets. The vocals are passionate, vigorous, and downright piss-inspiring (both the big bad manly bulldog growlings and the brightly upbeat sweet'n'coy lil' girl wailings); the guitars furiously flare and flame like fiery conflagrations of flesh-scorchin' ferocity; the bass and drums ballistically bounce all over the fuckin' place in a brutish display of warrioristic wildness. Oi, oi, oi... The Generatorz are the aurally rebellious revolutionaries of today's disaffected youth... give 'em a listen, and you'll be tossin' molotov cocktails at fascist authoritarian assholes in no time at all! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Mad Butcher)

GO GO'S, THE:

God Bless the Go Go's: CD

Did you know Belinda Carlisle was a one time Germs member? One old school punk point for you. Once a fixture in the LA punk scene, the Go Go's became multi-platinum superstars and broke up. I know Belinda had her solo career. Charlotte Caffey did a great side project in a band called the Graces, married one of the brothers in Redd Kross and played with Belinda on her first record. Kathy Valentine had a bunch of bands that played around and I had read a review saying she loved Fabulous Disaster. I'm not sure what everybody else was up to. But what a treat for me to hear that they got back in the studio to do another record. I caught their first reunion tour and was in absolute bliss. They must have felt a kinship and decided why not give it another go. The first single, "Unforgiven," was written by Billy Joe from the exiled punk band Green Day. He sure knows how to write a catchy song. That track is the strongest of the bunch. The rest of the release is standard fare by Go Go's standards. Plenty of melody and pop magic. Not as good as their first singles and album, but it is an enjoyable listen. For you female pop geeks like me. If you liked them before, you should still like them now. -Donofthedeath (Beyond Music)

GOB: The Kill Yourself Commandment: LP

Not the Gob from Canada, this is the terrifying Gob from Reno - the dangerous, post-hardcore one. The only kind of headbanging they care to induce is the kind that involves jail cell walls. When you buy this, pick up some morphine on the way home. -Cuss Baxter (Satan's Pimp)

GOOD RIDDANCE: Symptoms of a Leveling Spirit: CD

Another great release recorded at the Blasting Room by the guys in All. If you enjoyed "Operation Phoenix," you will like this one. The production is dead-on and is a steam roller waiting to flatten you with its sheer power. This is their fifth full length and they seem to keep their momentum moving forward. Musically, they

have always stayed within their formula and put out a great combination of good music. With their releases, I usually like the release as a whole instead of liking certain tracks. They play with the tempos from track to track to keep my attention there. As is the case on this release, I like their variety of slow songs with melody and their pumped numbers that I'm starting to hear more and more elements of Black Flag meets Blast. The lyrics are a thinking man's look inside personal demons, pet peeves, and modern day injustices. What more can you ask for? I know when I saw this in my mailbox, I was in for a long term treat. By the way, my wife love these guys and she doesn't listen to that much punk anymore. So there. -Donofthedeath (Fat)

GREEN FLEM & THE NASTY MAGGOTS: Nasty Hits 1989-1998: CD

This band has anime girls for their art work. Absolutely horrible. The distortion pedal must be ran over by a semi truck to assure swift destruction. They also have a wah-wah pedal. It's fucking dreadful. Black Flag meets uh, Phish or some shit. How do people like this honestly think they have the right to release music? -Sarah Stierch

GUYANA PUNCH LINE:

Irritainment: CD

Am I seeing a trend or are we experiencing a convergence? I'd be remiss to not mention that they're in the same razor-in-the-ice cream powerviolence treat/threat as The Locust. Blur rhythms. Shoutin' and hollerin' fuse into the occasional sound scapes and bubbling brooks. Imagine Spazz occasionally pissing into Hawkwind's mouths. This is the resultant gleek into Born Against's urine sample with a definite '00 slant to the nth degree. Or just imagine your ears getting rubbed into the asphalt. Not to sell them short, these mo'fucks is witty in their own right. Start with their song titles: "Home Fucking Is Killing Prostitution" and "Tears on the Backpack." Hell yeah. The song, "Skate the State" claims it "does not discriminate against inline skates." They've got their own philosophy - Smashism - mapped out in detail. They've got their own catchy slogan: "Songs to Disturb the Comfortable, Songs to Comfort the Disturbed." Every nook and cranny of the their CD booklet is jam-packed with quotes - from William Blake to Antonin Artaud and fact checkin' Foucault, and all of this culminates in an idea on how to make punk rock take over electronic music as the youth rebellion of choice. Nude dance pits, then nude fuck pits. It's that type of forward thinking we need. Noisy, smart. -Todd (Prank)

HOT WATER MUSIC:

A Flight and a Crash: CD

The first ten plus listens, my chin was getting a lot of scratching. I let it. There have been HWM albums that

take some time to gear into. Many of those have turned out to be my favorites. The biggest leaps to this from "No Division"? No immediate "us against them" anthems. Less screaming and gruff yelps. Fewer change-off vocal volleys between Chuck and Chris. The lyrics are getting less site specific (say, like Gorilla Biscuits) and more open to interpretation (like Fugazi, but a little more focused. For example: "oh, but fucker, yeah, you'll get yours"). Then it took me by surprise. I was humming the line, "who are we but savages hooked on accessories" out from nowhere. I found the instrument melody to "A Clear Line" strung through my head when I was taking a shower, rinsing me along with my soap. I began to enjoy what I suspect was evidence of a larger recording budget. All the little cycling sound effects. The bell sounds. The embedded voice tracks. I heard the texture they added to the songs instead of being annoyed that I wasn't getting exactly what I was expecting; which was HWM's past. Fifty listens in, "A Flight and a Crash" doesn't only stand with my favorite HWM albums, it quite possibly stands at a larger musical crossroads. They've stretched the fire of hardcore into the smoldering embers of emotion and didn't puss or art or tinker themselves out. They didn't give me what I wanted, necessarily. They gave me what I needed. Which is the album they needed to make, not the one I expected to hear. Excellent. -Todd (Epitaph)

HUDSON FALCONS: For Those Whose Hearts and Souls Are True: CD

"No, but it's good." That's usually how I finish telling people what the Hudson Falcons sound like. I usually say, "It's street punk with a Bruce Springsteen influence." Then, I look at a face (it doesn't matter which face) twisting into a wince, and I say, "No, but it's good." I'll be the first to admit that I don't like the Boss one bit, and sometimes I chuckle to myself when I see HF guitarists Mark Linsky and Chris Lynn pulling their best E Street Band pose, but you can't fuck with the songs. They're catchy, rocking working class anthems. And unlike the scores of guys who've never held a job singing songs about the working class, for whatever reason, I believe it when I hear it from the Hudson Falcons. It's like when someone injures himself, you can hear it in his scream. He may have been screaming all day about shit and you didn't pay attention at all, but when someone screams out of real pain, you recognize that pitch in his scream. The Hudson Falcons have that pitch to their screams. But it's good. Oh, except for the ballad. No punk rock band should ever do a ballad ever. It sucks. -Sean (GMM)

IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS, THE: The Essential Fucked Up Blues: CD

Never heard of em, went to see Bob Log III, and these guys were playing when we walked in. Beat me unmercifully senseless with my own affinity for what happens when punk gets busy with the blues. (Bob Log III was great, but they made him look like Tiny Fuckin' Tim). (Made Jon Spencer's Blues Explosion sound like Tiny Tim with a bottle of Wild Turkey). A duo (guitarist Cheetah was in the Quadrajets, drummer The Boss was in Sphamm), the ILCKs prove - PROVE! - (if Jucifer did not (but they did)), you don't need a bass player to rock like a fuckin' earthquake. No two ways about it: three great big guitar amps, three piece drumkit, three tons of ESSENTIAL FUCKED UP BLUES! -Cuss Baxter (Estrus)

INFAMALDE: Bad Labels Can Destroy the Best of Men: CD EP

Infamalde unleash an intricate and complex audial attack of fiery rage somewhat similar, but vaguely comparable, in sonic style, structure, and content to Fugazi in varying degrees of abstruse intensity. The songs are technically well-structured and energetically impassioned in delivery... ambitiously alternating between frenzied mercurial madness and calm mellow moroseness. After numerous attentive listens, Infamalde have left me deeply pondering the flurried brevity of my very own aimless existence... ah hell, nothin' another iced-down 6-pack can't cure! So if you'll excuse me, I now intend to get thoroughly sloshed on another round of foamy brewed beverages and the addictively ingratiating sounds of Infamalde... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Infamalde)

INSANE'N THE BRAIN:

Mizubukurentamashii: 7" EP

Really wonderful fold-out die cut cover on this eclectic (Japan = natch), but mostly heavy thrash, record player record. -Cuss Baxter (Answer)

INTENSITY: The Ruins of our Future: CD

They certainly live up to their band name. I expected bad poseur straight edge metal from a band with a handle like that, but no, instead we get tight, quick-paced hardcore with lotsa chord changes. There's a little bit o' metal in their sound, but it's complimentary rather than detrimental in this case. Thumbs up. -Jimmy Alvarado (Bad Taste)

JOAN OF ARC: How Can Any Thing So Little Be Any More: CD EP

Indeed, I am currently feverishly scratchin' my head in a semi-soused state of perplexed bewilderment... this is a loosely disjointed soundscape of 21st-century Syd Barrett-type mind distortions... freaky, fragmented, and beyond fucked-up. Joan Of Arc uniquely create electronic emissions of warped weirdness, feedback-laden wild wonderment, and acoustic sugar-soft swaths of

sound that can't be specifically categorized, so I won't even attempt such a maddening endeavor... I'll just call it an audial diatribe of the crazed and demented, a sonic holocaust in varying degrees of infinite insanity. I dunno... now I just wanna dribble beer down my chin and stuporishly stare out the window at the wildly swaying leaf-heavy trees. Damn, who hung the sky upside-down?! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Jade Tree)

JONES STREET BOYS:

Self-titled: CD-R

I recently had the perverse pleasure of wickedly witnessing the rowdily roarin' punkrock wrath of the Jones Street Boys live, loud, and full of unrelenting, skull-walloping fury here in Longmoo of Hades, and I was so overwhelmingly wide-eyed and impressed with their sonically scorchin' set (which included raucously loud renditions of the Ramones' "The KKK Took My Baby Away," Johnny Cash's "Folsom Prison Blues," and Fear's "I Love Livin' in the City") that I shamelessly pleaded with their larger-than-life vocalist to generously give me this here fine-shined sparkling platter of robustly pristine cowpoke punk (indeed, I would've gladly paid for it no matter the cost, but I'd already gluttonously depleted all of my monetary funds on several containers of cold frothy mind-debilitating beverages... drunkenly keepin' my priorities straight, don't ya know!). Like their frenetically fierce stage presence, the Jones Street Boys on CD assuredly do not disappoint in the very least... it's audial lawlessness at its most smokin', sizzlin', gritty, greasy, and savage: gruff whiskey-gargle gravelgut vocals, blazin' buzzsaw guitar struttings, a big bad bass rocketing and rumbling like there ain't no end to tomorrow, and stompin', bone-crushin' whirlwind drumming madness! These are the true sounds of wayward unruliness, disorderly decadence, and debauched drunken recklessness... this is the nihilistic soundtrack for a forgotten generation of rebelrousin' ruffians runnin' wild and belligerent in the crumblin' streets of Yourtown, USA... this is punkrock as it is and always should be; all else miserably fails in comparison. -Roger Moser, Jr. (Joey Essex)

JUNO: A Future Lived in Past Tense: CD

More overblown, post-Sonic Youth/My Bloody Valentine drivel to bore you all to tears. Please line up to the left for the razors with which to cut your wrists. -Jimmy Alvarado (De Soto)

KING BROTHERS:

Self-titled: CD

To say I was awaiting the coming of this album would be an understatement. I was fiending for this album, complete with physical symptoms, even before it landed

in my filthy little hands. Nishinomiya's King Brothers spank the crap out of their instruments with wild abandon, leaving your rock-'n'-roll heiny begging for another round of red-ass beatings. This three-piece has built up quite a reputation for themselves as far as wild rock stories go. Let's see, they played with brown paper bags over their heads (hey, that's the premise of my all time favorite porno movie, how about that!), they have been banned from almost every single club in Osaka, they are under-aged, they are party extremists, and the list goes on. Are they legends in the making? Well, hell. Premature? Yes! The drummer Jun has that early Makers sound down with quick rapid fire beats. Marya, the guitarist, crunches away with slight Detroit influence infused with a good sense of power mod timing. Laying down a second guitar assault is Keizo who brings some great melodic riffs to even it all out. Notice, no bassist - what the fuck? OK, that's cool, I guess. So they sing mostly in Japanese - but who cares? This is a fine example of the phrase, "It's not what you say, it's how you say it." These guys say it with a capital, "UGH!" P.S. their first song is "Oh Shit." The second song is "Yakekuso," which literally means, "fried shit." They definitely have some fecal fixation which is A-OK in my book. Long live poo! -Miss Namella "Kuso Kurogae" Kim (In The Red)

KING ERNEST:

Blues Got Soul: CD

King Ernest and his blazin' backing band perfectly blend a spiritually compelling musical collage of blues, soul, and gospel-tinged textures of Stax-style sounds into an ear-inspiring swirl of pure genuine audial joy. The vocals sparkle and shine with spirited soulful sprinklings of the hallowed styles of Percy Sledge, Otis Redding, Al Green, and even an occasional flashy shriek of James Brown-like godliness... the infectiously eminent instrumentation robustly rolls along with a big ballsy brass horn section, lightly floatin' holyrollin' church organ, jumpin' jukejoint piano jauntiness, toe-tappin' hardwood-floor drum strollings, softly stutterin' bass struttings, and B.B. King-inspired string-bendin' inflections of fiery guitar licks... and add some groovin' urban Four Tops/Temptations-style background vocals for full heartfelt aural effect. Damn, man, this divinely distinguished disc stirred my senses, shook my soul, and overwhelmingly moved me like no other! Sadly, King Ernest died in a car wreck early last year, but he left one helluva legacy in his brightly shimmering musical elegance. Yep, he's surely tearin' up the skies at this very moment in the afterlife with his pristine and powerful emotion-laden voice... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Fat Possum)

KLASSE KRIMINALE: Are You

Living or Just Surviving?: CD

Mid-tempo terrace chants from this long running Italian skinhead outfit. It could be me, but I hear a bit more "pop" in their sound than I remember their previous releases having. The lyrics are pretty insightful. -Jimmy Alvarado (Mad Butcher)

KNOXVILLE GIRLS:

In a Paper Suit: CD

No, not literally a paper suit like Issey Miyake circa 1983. Knoxville Girls are the oily, shitcan-kicked cowblues-rock tritecta of a crazy little art form called "music." Do you ever feel like this whole stupid fuckin' thing called life is finally alright as you speed down the highway in the middle of the California desert with all your friends passed out, 5 o'clock in the morning? You're cranked up on a week's paycheck's worth of good blow, reminiscing about the people who fucked you and left you behind while chain smoking Saratoga cigarettes and taking liberal sips of some cheap beer in a can. What's the band you wanna hear on that car stereo of yours that has auto-reverse but doesn't play the other side on the right speed? This scenario would not be complete without a truck stop meal and Knoxville Girls blaring out of the car with the windows completely down. This is a five man powerhouse collective of veterans who need no introduction in this game; Jerry Teel, Bob Bert, Jack Martin, Kid Congo Powers and Barry London - some of the projects that these gentlemen have been involved with at one point or another include Sonic Youth, Honeymoon Killers, The Cramps, Gun Club, Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds, Chrome Cranks, and Pussy Galore. This album is the must-have release of 2001. Excellent Hank Williams, Hasil Adkins and The Shangri-La's covers. -Miss Namella J. Kim (In The Red)

LARS FREDERIKSEN AND THE BASTARDS: Self-titled: CD

Of course, it's Lars Frederiksen of Rancid... of course, it's pure gut-pummeling punkrock restlessness... of course, I wouldn't have it any other way! The relentlessly frenzied aural adrenaline-rush rowdiness of such songs as "Dead American," "Six Foot Five," "Army of Zombies," "Anti-Social," "Leavin' Here," and "Vietnam" caused me to feverishly guzzle my very last beer, jubilantly leap from the couch, rabidly run rampant and wild throughout the house, violently slamdance with a towering heavy hardwood bookshelf, briefly pause to punch numerous holes in the wall with my forehead, spastically scurry out the front door and into the street, plow headfirst into the first SUV that crosses my path, crazily jump onto its hood, and then proceed to viciously kick in the windshield ala Gary Oldman in "Sid & Nancy"... as the bewildered driver of the now severely damaged vehicle springs from it and escapes to parts unknown,

I plop to the pavement and wearily sigh. Damn, I'm bloodied, bruised, and cross-eyed tired... but you can bet your sweet bippies I'll heartily listen to this chaos-fuelled disc again tomorrow and every fuckin' day thereafter! Hey, Lars, you gonna pay my astronomically outrageous medical expenses or what?! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Hellcat)

LEFT OUT: 25 Cent Serenade: CD

Here we have an ear-dazzlin' disc palpitatingly packed with super-distorted pop-punk joviality... upbeat, energetic, melodic, and frenetically youthful... an enthusiastically inspiring and dynamically frisky sonic noggin-thumper, for the most part. I do, however, have a couple of cantankerous complaints to voice: an overwhelming majority of the vocals tend to be too damn annoyingly whiney, verging on emo boo-hoo crybabyish bilge... the guitars furiously wail, but they're buried way deep down too low in the mix... the hippie-drippy acoustic ditty (inappropriately titled "Not An Acoustic Song") irritatingly interrupts the rapidfire flow of the rest of this captivating collection. All in all though, Left Out sonically pack one helluva walloping punch, and that's just what these tired old ears need the most... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Plan-It-X)

LEGENDARY INVISIBLE MEN, THE: Come Get Some: CD

Off come the bandages, down comes the hair, out come musical sideburns of fuzz and psychedelia. Sheesh, I don't think every song on this shiny little thing - as opposed to their last album - is about pot (although they do thank Ricardo Mondobong). '60s garage rock's the taking off point. Attitude's the delivery mode. I can't help thinking that I hear a spice between the Sonics and Mudhoney, where the rhythm's always kept in check and the songs are given plenty of spine with deft use of organ, yet the guitars gnarl and are flipped onto attack mode. Good stuff. If the guys in the Mummies aren't dead, I'd pay to see a battle royale or at least a tag team matchup. -Todd (Dionysus)

LOT SIX, THE: The Code Mode: CD

Am I a bastard for just living? Am I wasting precious air? Am I worthless? I feel good after a good dinner and a couple of beers. So why the fuck do I have to listen to this? I'm glad when they created the play button, they created the button that says stop. You fucks got a bad roll. You got me. I don't like you nor your brand of Sonic Youth music. The only good thing I'm getting out of this experience is I got another jewel case. So there! -Donofthedeath (Espo)

LOVEJUNK: Tribulations: CD

Here are some guys who can mix it up. Driving melodic songs that pound out one minute and go catchy in another. As I read, I see that they formed in the early '90s and have

been struggling like many a band. The guitars screech with a distorted blare while maintaining a sense of melody. The vocalist has a scary resemblance in delivery to Tom Petty. It's not over-produced and has a particular rawness that is a tradition of Crackle Records. If you like a more of a rock sound that pounds with melody, you should seek this out. I read again that they wear their influences on their shoulders. The Replacements, Ramones, Husker Du, Descendents, Weezer and early Soul Asylum are referenced. Now, be an individual, and decide if you are going to look for this. -Donofthedeath (Crackle)

MAD CADDIES:

Rockin' the Plank: CD

Everything in my being is screaming to slag this off as a total piece of shit, but I just can't bring myself to do it. Don't get me wrong, I hate it, but it's still kinda fun to listen to, particularly "Mary Melody" and "All American Badass." Jeez, I haven't felt this confused about entertainment since that summer I wasted watching "Eddie and the Cruisers" 42 times on HBO. -Jimmy Alvarado (Fat)

MIGALA: *Arde: CD*

Their story goes something like this: a group of "non-musicians" get together "to make classic songs with an uncanny atmosphere." Their 1997 debut, "Diciembre 3AM," garnishes much acclaim in their native Spain.

By 1998, the sextet's second release established the band across the European continent. They opened for the Magnetic Fields, Smog and Piano Magic; performed as Will Oldham's band for the artists' last tour of Spain; and caught the attention of former Belle and Sebastian conspirator and Looper mastermind, Stuart David, who, in turn, makes Migala fans out of the people at Sub Pop. Thus, came Migala's U.S. debut. Originally released on Christmas Eve, 2000 by Acuarela Discos, "Arde" ("it burns"), is nothing if not an eclectic release. "Primera Parada," the album's opening track, with its subtle surf guitars and gentle clash of symbols, rolls across the speakers like a tide slowly rising. Migala then moves into "El Caballo Del Malo," which is more-than-slightly reminiscent of old Western movies with gusts of electronic noise blowing between guitars like a tumbleweed rolling between the man in white and the man in black. "Times of Disaster" mixes a hushed, but slightly gravely and heavily accented, voice and somber beats with samples that could have very well been lifted from Red Asphalt and what seems to be a frantic conversation between a man and a woman in Spanish. On "La Espera," the band utilizes a string section to create the sort of heartbreakingly romantic feel that one might find on a Tindersticks' album. Despite the variety of sounds represented on this album, Migala maintains a sense of

continuity throughout the course of "Arde." Each track fits together so that, when listening to the album as a whole, listeners may forget where track three ends and track four begins, which makes it great for late night listening. -Liz O. (Sub Pop)

MOLEHILL: *Thousand Mile Regret: 12" EP*

Absolutely unbeatable medicine for that jones you get between EyeHateGod records. Two songs in ten minutes of it. Packaging's kinda fucked up; looks like it was supposed to be a 7" until someone realized the break between songs was in the wrong place, so they did a 12" with the same thing on both sides. But if this one don't put a load in your skivvies (front or back, your choice), I'll eat my pencil collection. -Cuss Baxter (Satan's Pimp/Boredom Noise)

MULLENS, THE:

Tough to Tell: CD

These maddaddy musical miscreants kick out the jams and then some with high-energy rock'n'roll intensity ala The Rolling Stones (before they became biliously boring old farts wrapped in a repetitiously nonfunctioning swirl of chord progression redundancy), the New York Dolls, and The Damned (pre-goth glam glumness). Yep, The Mullens effortlessly epitomize beer-guzzlin' bar-room-brawlin' rock'n'roll robustness at its blisterin' ball-bustin' best (as it

should be!): wild, carefree, steady, fast, loud, belligerent, and fun! Pouty, flirtatiously sinful vocals, stylishly cool Johnny Thunders-knuckle-dustin'-Keith Richards guitar-slingin' swagger, and a juicy, stomping, nicely well-rounded rhythm section of earth-crumblin' fury all make "Tough to Tell" an irresistible ear-scorching platter of rock'n'roll crunch well worth your undivided aural attention. I religiously recommend it! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Get Hip)

MXPX: *The Renaissance EP: CD*

Oh, Mother of God, what have they sent me? Aren't these the guys that were on that Christian label Tooth & Nail? Then they jumped ship to a major and denied being a Christian band? Now, in my Fat Wreck package I pull this shit out. I am hard-headed in many ways and I don't even want to listen to this shit. I have my personal hard-line rules and religion has always bugged me. Especially Christianity as a whole. I hate that religion is infiltrating youth culture to replenish their brainwashed group. Let others tell you if they like this because I won't even give this shit a chance. -Donofthedeath (Fat)

MXPX: *The Renaissance EP: CD*

Let me first say that I am by no means a Christian. I am probably the furthest thing from one. With that said, the first thing I thought when I received this to review was to use the CD as a flying guillotine to control the stray

cat population in my apartment complex. Contrary to that first impulse, I decided to pull myself away from internet porn and listen to this with an open mind and try to develop an unbiased opinion on it. The music on this CD has that run of the mill poppy punk sound to it. Nothing new. Just very bland and uneventful. It reminds me of the so-called-punk bands the 10-12 year-old girls in elementary school are listening to on the radio. You know who they are. The lyrical themes are along the lines of self empowerment, doing what is "right" and treating everyone equally no matter their differences (insert vomit sound here). The band seems to try to mask their religious intent, opting to use terms like "something in the back of my mind," "whom do we really serve" and "fix your heart and your mind will follow" instead of actually blurting out "JESUS CHRIST." I guess they figure the little girls that listen to them won't figure this out. After listening to all nine songs of this drivel, I quickly went back to the porn on the internet to get this out of my mind. I then recalled what my first impulse was when I received this CD. "Here kitty kitty." -Toby Tober (Fat)

N.O.T.A.: *Live at the Crystal Pistol*: CD

Goddamit, if this recently revived live None Of The Above demo (it came out originally in 1983 as a cassette) doesn't sound as good as when

I first heard their "Moscow" 7" (and the title song's on here). In many, many ways they're in the same breath as Really Red, The Offenders, Die Kruezen, and Husker Du. Hard but not stupid. Noisy but not devoid of melody. Political, to be sure, but not locked or suffocating, not overwhelmingly didactic. That they did this in Tulsa, Oklahoma in the early '80s makes it all the more impressive. The sound ain't bad. It's remastered off a four track. It's slightly muffled, but there's no squealing, few drop outs, and most importantly, the energy charges right out of the speakers, like you're in the middle of a cowboy bar and Reagan's the president. Now, if Rabid Cat or Unclean Records would just make the studio recordings available again, that would be fine thing, indeed. -Todd (Prank)

NO MOTIV:

***Diagram for Healing*: CD**

Todd, you bastard! You know I have a deep-seated loathing for "modern" pop punk and emo, yet you give me this. Now I find myself perched on a rather precarious fence. It embodies much of what I hate about the genre(s), primarily its wimpiness, but goddamn if I don't find myself listening to it over and over again. These are some really, really good songs here, rich in hooks and catchy sing-alongs that in no way resemble "oi oi" chants or youth crew anthems. It's like hearing the spirit of Husker Du (one of my all-time favorite bands)

filtered through some Fat band I loathe. Fuck, I feel like a diabetic sitting in a dark room gleefully bingeing on mocha almond fudge ice cream with crushed peanut butter cups mixed in, fully aware of the detrimental effect it will have on me but not being able to help myself. There's no lyric sheet. I bet the lyrics suck, right? There just has to be something tangibly wrong with this. Ugh, I'll feel dirty. I'll have you know I'm gonna have a hard time sleeping tonight. Fuck. -Jimmy Alvarado (Vagrant)

NORTH SIDE KINGS: *This Thing of Ours*: CD

Three goombah wannabes (goombannabes? Sing: "I'm a teenage goombannabe.") from Arizona lay down some fine old school hawdcare that sounds great, but all the mafia reference brings to mind the line, "In a real Fourth Reich you'd be the first to go." I mean, there's a song on here about people who drive poorly, and they call themselves "capos" in the credits. They do rock, though, and support some good causes, including a diabetes fund and Help the Bay, and I bet they cook good. -Cuss Baxter (Thorp)

NOW TIME DELEGATION, THE: *Watch for Today*: CD

Between the guitar handlement of Tim Kerr and the magic singing pipes inside Lisa Kekaula (BellRays), one stands a pretty slim chance of being

able to go wrong, assuming one is comfortable with a bluesy, soulful, organ-rich collection like this. About half originals and half covers (mostly by bands I don't know anything about), there's nothing particularly frantic or dramatic, just good old rhythm and blues (and organ). -Cuss Baxter (In The Red)

OHNO EXPRESS / SOON: *Split*: CD

Ohno Express features former members of Hooton 3 Car and some Servo members. Soon hail from Tokyo, Japan and formed by a former member of the band Blew. Enough of the facts and let's go the important: my opinion. I personally like Soon better than Ohno Express. The music is raw and melodic. The fact is that Soon has a female singer and Ohno Express didn't grip me as much as Soon. Soon really didn't get my gonads all twisted like I was hoping for. More garage-like than maybe I would have preferred. I usually like most of what I hear from Japan. I'm biased that way. Maybe on another day I would appreciate this more, but I just did not connect. -Donofthedeath (Crackle)

OPPRESSED, THE: *Oi Singles & Rarities*: CD

"Oi! Singles and Rarities" opens up with the song "White Flag" and finishes up some twenty-eight songs later with "Living with Unemployment." In between is pretty much everything the band ever released on Eps and splits. Though

most of my favorite Oppressed stuff came off of "OI! OI! Music," their ten or so EP's are a great way to chart the band's political views as well their growth. From the played-to-death pub cover songs to one of my personal favorites "Do Anything You Wanna Do," this comp has got it all from one of the greatest oi bands around. - Southern Fried Keith (Captain Oi!)

PEACOCKS, THE: *Angel*: CD

The Peacocks robustly blast through thick chunky slabs of unruly punkish rockabilly belligerence on this here skull-skewering platter of sonic stir fry! Hot damn daddy, it's all-at-once smooth, suave, raucous, cacophonous, and killer-cool! These swag-gerin' spark-sizzlin' songs are aurally reminiscent of Social Distortion, The Screaming Blue Messiahs, Southern Backtones, Johnny Cash, and the devil-in-hell himself... and they salaciously conjure degenerate images of souped-up pavement-shreddin' '57 Chevys, switchblade-slashin' alleyway scuffles in the dead darkness of a crime-ridden metropolitan night, flamin' snake-eyed dice, grease-saturated brylcreem-encrusted ducktail coiffs, chug-a-chuggin' freight-train solitude along a vast moonlit sprawl of American "wild west" desert, Lady Luck lasciviously struttin' her stuff buck-ass naked and all in your face, pin-up girl tattoos, lawlessness, sin, decadence, debauchery, and rock-'n'roll rebellion. Hell yeh, The Peacocks maliciously make Swiss

cheese outta my ears, and I'm cretinously cravin' more, motherfuckers, more! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Asian Man)

PENNYWISE:

***Land of the Free*: CD**

These guys are a real dividing line for a lot a people. Sure, they sound a lot like classic Bad Religion. Sure, they've got some of the most abhorrent fans in the world who'll beat one another senseless before Fletcher plugs in his guitar. Sure, they helped spearhead super clean, huge punk production that many claim to be the harbinger of "real punk's" death. I can see all that. But there are two real personal reasons I like Pennywise. First off, one summer I lived in a car. It was a big car with lots of room. It had a tape deck. I had about ten tapes. One was "Unknown Road." I must've listened to it 300 times in three months. I'd often just have it in for days on auto repeat. It was much better than the radio. Pennywise is seamless, much in the same way Funeral Oration is, except Jim's voice isn't as high. Second off, for reasons I can't explain, I can write really, really well when I have these guys on the stereo. It probably has to do with their seamlessness that does a good job of drowning out the sound of the neighbors fighting or kids crying. It's a solid record, right in line with "Straight Ahead" and "Full Circle." If you've heard 'em in the last five or six years, no surprises on this one, which

is both a strength and a detriment. Solid. -Todd (Epitaph)

PIMPS, THE: *Wicca Chicka*: EP

A most enjoyable single from a most promising band. Tight lyrics, sloppy music - just the right garage punk rock blend. This single is for you if your name is Steve, Mike, Dave, Tom, or Chris (that alone should be about 3,000 guys in our readership.) - Namella "The Census" Kim (Rapid Pulse)

PINHEAD CIRCUS: *The Black Power of Romance*: CD

There's something tricky about Pinhead Circus. Their songs have a way of creeping into my brain. More than once, I've been singing along with a Pinhead Circus song and someone has walked into the room and said, "What are you listening to?" and I was stumped. I'll wake up in the morning with a Pinhead Circus riff on auto-repeat in my head and I can't, for the life of me, place the song. Then, gradually, the album grows on me. It reaches high rotation and I have to be careful not to play it too often. It's strange. "The Black Power of Romance," like all their other albums, filled me with apathy at first, then wiggled itself up there with my favorite albums. I think it has something to do with the way that Pinhead Circus can put together a song that sounds like no other band, but is vaguely recognizable pieces - a riff that almost sounds like Good

Riddance, a tempo change that's almost like Tiltwheel, drums filling in like Youth Brigade, and so on. Which isn't to say that they're completely referential. They're not. They're a pretty original band that write solid, catchy songs. You just have to give them a few listens to creep up on you. -Sean (BYO)

PISTOL GRIP: *The Shots from the Kalico Rose*: CD

I had an idea what these guys were going to sound like when I saw their name listed on the line-up for the Holidays in the Sun festival. What I didn't expect was great, melodic arrangements of their brand of street punk. They show that they have chops and offer a little more than the standard formula that you hear these days from bands of this genre. Good background vocals on the "ooohhsss" on the choruses that are in key. The guitars are in sync and have a punch that sometimes get lost in recording. The bass sounds almost happy and is tied in with the drums to mix it all together. The vocalist has a strong voice and can actually sing. Nothing more annoying to me is listening to a street punk band with a singer that can't sing in key. I haven't been listening to street punk that much lately, but this is a pleasant surprise. A good listen to shake a beer at. - Donofthedeath (BYO)

PLEASURE FOREVER:

***Self-titled* CD**

Andrew Rothbard. Josh Hughes. David Clifford. Two-thirds of this San Francisco-based trio initially impacted independent music as The VSS in 1995. With one full-length ("Nervous Circuits") and a handful of singles, split albums, etc., The VSS were part of an early wave of keyboard-heavy art rock. Theirs was music for kids who liked Joy Division and Gang of Four, but never really went goth. After an abrupt split in 1997, The VSS reformed as Slaves, an equally dark experience in rock music. Which bring us to Pleasure Forever, the trio's most recent moniker, and its self-titled, Sub Pop debut. From the heavy swirl of keyboards that mark "Goodnight," Pleasure Forever opens like some Baz Luhrmann fantasy of 1920's Berlin invaded by the Birthday Party with Ray Manzarak on keyboards. As the album progresses, Pleasure Forever's post-punk cabaret swells to fierce proportions, marked by the industrial-tinted chant of "rise, rise, rise" on "Meet Me in Eternity," before moving towards a more guitar-driven path. With the album's eight minute, forty-two second climax, "Magnus Opus," Pleasure Forever channels the spirits of rock music's darkest spirits from Black Sabbath to Bauhaus without ever really sounding like anyone other than Pleasure Forever. -Liz O. (Sub Pop)

POLYSICS:

Hey Bob My Friend: CD

Close your eyes. Now picture Servotron as a three-piece Japanese group who develop this weird kink in their music after one too many Melt Banana listening sessions. Thank God that I didn't go with my initial gut instinct and pass this one up, 'cause this is gonna get a lot of airplay in my house, boyo. Frighteningly good. -Jimmy Alvarado (Asian Man)

RAISED FIST: Ignoring the Guidelines: CD

I was working at trying to find a clever way to say they suck when I learned from the webpage that their name is taken from a Rage Against the Machine song. Think Rage meets Pantera. I think they're ignoring the wrong guidelines. -Cuss Baxter (Burning Heart/Epitaph)

REJX: 300 Orchard Place: CD

The wave of NOFX knock-off bands has definitely subsided, which is cool. It also gives me a chance to relax when I see a band spell their name like REJX and when the first three chords sound like Eric Melvin played them. I can suspend judgement for long enough to figure out if there's something more to the album. And there is something more to this debut CD by the REJX. They're not knocking-off "Punk in Drublic" or any of the more recent NOFX albums. At first, it reminds me of "S&M Airlines." The more I listen to it, though, it actually reminds me of RKL - the band that

NOFX wanted to be in the beginning. It's good stuff. Not great, but not easy to dismiss. It's fast and angry and sincere and sometimes funny and easy to sing along to. I'd definitely like to see what these guys grow into. -Sean (Uprising!)

RICHMOND SLUTS, THE:

Self-titled: CD

The cover art for this San Francisco band's debut bears a striking resemblance to the poster art for the movie "Almost Famous." I've been assured that it's all a coincidence but, just the same, it's an interesting contrast. The Sluts' cover is darker and sexier compared to the wholesome image of Goldie Hawn's daughter who appears to have a school girl's crush on rock rather than a true lust for life. But I digress. Richmond Sluts mix '60s garage with Stooges and New York Dolls on this album's worth of sex-obsessed rock tunes. They can sound like the Fuzztones on "Service for the Sick" and the N.Y. Dolls on "City Girls" but the album somehow manages to stay cohesive. It's good, dirty rock'n'roll. -Bob Cantu (Disaster)

RIZZO: Phoning It In: CD

Just when I thought the sound of Los Angeles was dead to my ears, I heard the delightful voices of Rizzo. Actually, I don't know for sure that they are from LA, but they are on Sympathy, which is good enough for me. These girls are great. If Josie and the Pussycats existed today, they would sound pretty gosh darn close to Rizzo. I can hear some Sissybar in there somewhere as well, especially in their "Raspberry Beret" cover. They cover "Raspberry Beret," for goodness sakes! How cool is that? -Harmonee (Sympathy)

RUTH'S HAT: Sloppy Poppy Punk Band: 7" EP

Dumb (and not even particularly sloppy - that would've helped) poppy punk band who charm me very slightly until they get to the Archies "Sugar Sugar," at which point I jam two pencils or pens into my eardrums. It came with a sticker and a button. -Cuss Baxter (They Still Make Records)

SCARED OF CHAKA: Crossing with Switchblades: CD

Of course I'm gonna give this a good review. I'm a huge fan of this band. I don't understand why little girls don't run screaming after Dave and Ron and why every skater in middle America doesn't have a Scared of Chaka sticker on his deck. I don't understand why Scared of Chaka's fame hasn't risen to the point where Chuck Berry is forced to open for them, then, upon hearing what Dave has done to the traditional Chuck Berry riff, Chuck Berry dies just so he can start rolling in his grave. That's how much I like this band - I'm willing to sacrifice Chuck Berry to the altar of rock'n'roll for Scared of Chaka. And am I disappointed with

"Crossing Switchblades" because they actually slow the tempo on a couple of songs? Am I cursing them for going to a "big" label like Hopeless and playing the Troubadour? Fuck no. I'm just keeping this CD in high rotation and getting ready to bore legions of new SOC fans with my "I knew them when" speeches. -Sean (Hopeless)

SCOTT DUNBAR:

From Lake Mary: CD

This is mud-swirled Mississippi-swamp blues that colorfully conjures Delta South images of catfish and cane-poles, alligators lazily baskin' on steamin' slices of sunbaked sandbars along the river's mosquito-infested edge, dragonflies precariously buzzin' through the thick'n'heavy mugginess of summer's late-afternoon air, an effervescent flurry of lightning bugs delicately illuminating the hushed solitude of dusk, a lovelorn whippoorwill sweetly crooning a passionate heart-stirring song in the distant calm of late evening's darkness, and a lantern-lit breeze-swept scenario of drinkin' home-brewed hooch and smokin' a corncob pipe while sittin' on the stoop of a bayou shack's front porch and reverently absorbin' the surrounding sights and sounds. Mr. Dunbar's garbled grandpappy scarecrow vocals, frenzied smokestack sizzlings of down-home'n'charming guitar pickins, and bootheel-tappin' feverish zeal cause my ears to broadly smile and brightly glow forevermore. Man, this moves me every which way possible... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Fat Possum)

SHINS, THE:

Oh, Inverted World: CD

Having grouped together in Albuquerque, NM in 1992, the members of The Shins have spent the past nine years recording ten records and touring with the likes of Modest Mouse and Califone. Oh, and they changed their name a few times as well. Previously known as Flake and Flakemusic, the Shins formed in 1997 - same members, just with different instruments and a different vision. Oh, "Inverted World" is the Shins' second full length release and their first for Sub Pop. From the moment James Mercer's slightly high pitched, though never whiny or squeaky, vocals break through on "Caring is Creepy," this reviewer was hooked. The lyrics may not be readily apparent, but the vocal melody is immediate. With a sweet pop sound that never leaves a pixie stick aftertaste, "Oh, Inverted World" can't help but bring to mind the likes of XTC. Songs like "Know Your Onion," "Girl Inform Me," and "New Slang" (for which there is a video) feature those steady toe-tapping beats and infectious melodies that made Andy Partridge an intellectual pop hero two decades ago. Hmm... maybe the press release was on to something when referring to the Shins as "the Miracle of the Great Southwest." -Liz O. (Sub

Pop)

SICK ON THE BUS: Punk Police/Suck On...: 2X CD

Two old records from an English band I've never heard before. They remind me of all those English bands that used to come over every summer and play the Olympic Auditorium way back when. Both discs have a crusty edge to them and the lyrics ain't exactly Longfellow, but there is a catchiness and likeable quality to their songs. -Jimmy Alvarado (Go Kart)

SMOGTOWN:

domesticviolenceland: CDEP

Smogtown continues to blow me away. They're like surgeons who can cut the cancer that is the suburbs out of us, hold it up and show us what a gross, mutated tumor it really is, then put it back in our body and say, "Think about that." And not just lyrically - though the lyrics are pretty insightful. The music is so rich and textured and rocking that it feels like a tumor growing in your gut. It's disturbingly amazing. This release is just a three song EP, with one song that'll be on their upcoming album and two songs that you can't get anywhere else. It's only seven minutes long, so I have a hard time not listening to it twice in a row every time I play it. And that just makes the tumor grow bigger. -Sean (Disaster)

SNUFF: Blue Gravy: CD

Could not wait to toss this baby in my CD player to get to their undeniable brand of pop secretions. I popped out the CD magazine out of the back of my truck and pulled out that shitty CD that I got for review and threw it aside. I think that shitty CD is still floating around underneath a seat. I slipped that baby into the magazine and jumped into the truck to hear the new Snuff! Bam, like a boot to the head, the first track starts playing. My enthusiasm drops to an all-time low. I had the same look when the Jehovah's Witness showed up at my door when I was expecting a friend I hadn't seen in awhile. What the fuck is this? The opening track, "Slipt," is so flat that it barely reaches any level of excitement. It felt forced and the band sounded like they didn't even enjoy recording it. I can't believe this is the opening track! You have to go in with force on the opening track. Now, track 1 is the throwaway that I have been skipping over. Things go back to normal on track 2 - 7 where you get four new songs and two new versions of previously released songs. At the end you get, as filler, two live tracks. I like the studio versions, personally. Live stuff usually doesn't have the presence and the sonic energy that the studio can create. Overall, not their best but enough to tide me over until their next full length. They are still one of the best. No one as of yet has captured their style and magic. -Donofthedeat (Fat)

SON OF SAM:

Songs from the Earth: CD

All on one disc, you get Davey Havoc from AFI, Todd Youth and Steve Zing from Samhain and London May who played drums for Danzig. I also heard from many that Danzig is on this but is unlisted. You can hear his trademark howls in the background. A treat for many of the Misfits and Samhain fans out there. If you have seen Davey lately sporting his devil lock, you know this must have been a dream project for him. AFI have been displaying a lot of Misfits overtones in their music lately. They also did a Misfits cover on one of their 7"s. What you get here is a band that if Danzig was fronting this himself would be identified as Samhain or modern day Misfits. Not like those current goofballs that call themselves the Misfits these days with their stupid dolls, comics and bad releases. If you hated the latest Danzig record and the current Misfits stuff, you would totally be pleased with this. Thanks Dexter. -Donofthedeath (Nitro)

**SPECIAL DUTIES /
VIOLENT SOCIETY: *Split 7"***

Here is the second latest release from my moneybags friend, Derek of the infamous Soap and Spikes Empire. He snags not one but two superstar bands for one of his releases. His left testicle must be made of gold. He had a release with One Way System and now he has Special Duties and Violent Society on one release. The

cover is glossy and in full color and can almost compete with the latest Britney Spears or Backstreet Boys release. If I ever save up some money, I need to see what hot digs this man who presides over a punk rock empire is living in. Oh shit, glossy insert too. Now he is trying to spoil the punk rock consumer. A little info of the bands that I can muster up: Special Duties first got things going in the early '80s in the UK and have reformed recently to keep the old school spirit alive. They perform two great tracks, one being a cover of the Adverts "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" that is as competent as the original. Violent Society started around 1990, or at least put out their first release that year according to their website. They give you three songs that include one cover of Special Duties' "Violent Society." The best release - by far - as in bands and packaging from this old man who refuses to give up on the original punk spirit. -Donofthedeath (Soap and Spikes)

STAMPIN' GROUND: *Carved from Empty Words: CD*

Intelligent, thought-provoking lyrics. Too bad they waste them on jacked, sub-par Slayer riffs. -Jimmy Alvarado (Thorpe)

STAR PATROL: *Step To This: CD*
This band bases themselves on the video game of the same name. That's all I have to say. -Sarah Stierch

STARVATIONS, THE: *A Blackout to Remember: CD*

The number of greaser/rocker/maximum rockabilly bands I currently know and like are few: Throw Rag, Blazing Haley, The Masons, and The Cramps are about all I can come up with. Add in The Starvations. It's hard to sound so believably desperate yet pull it all together in a collection of twelve songs without once falling into a cliché pothole of flaming dice, beating off to Mopar, or Betty Page-oholics. There's an almost painful hollow feeling - and a hollow-body sound - that permeates the whole record, which makes it all the more catchy and distinctive. It's undeniably well played. Standout tracks are "Queen Bee's Lament," (with "swollen livers and eviction eyes") and ("I'm burning down the") "Church of the Doublecross." The entire CD also has an unaffected, eerie American gothic (as in the unexplainable and forlorn like Edgar Allan Poe, not spooky pancake makeup) feel. I look forward to more. An unexpected surprise. -Todd (Revenge)

SUPERSIFT:

Pair-A-Dice Casino: CD

Supersift have cacophonously created a meaty and meritorious punkrock masterpiece that thunderously thumps me upside the head and then steadily stomps all over my ruthlessly abused eardrums. The high-energy instrumentation is tight, concise, and rabidly upbeat... the vocals chaotic-

ly careen between poppy schoolboy sweetness and manly gravel-throated burliness... the lyrics are hellaciously humorous and sarcastically witty, rowdily referring to the most deliciously titillating aspects of life like beer, cars, bowling, punkrock, porno, and the frivolity of apathy. Man, these raucously crazed Canucks are highly skilled manufacturers of sizzlin' sonic sassiness, and I'm damn well impressed beyond belief! Thanks to Supersift, my ears are as content as they'll ever be... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Hourglass)

**THIS BIKE IS A PIPEBOMB:
*Dance Party with...: CD***

Makes me want to build a porch so I can stomp on it while drinking from a jug. Saw these guys live, and I think they were touring in a beat-to-shit taxi. Wife and husband duo manning the vocal duties and two of the instruments, if I'm not mistaking, and they sung towards one another, framing the drummer. Fuckin' downhome, fun, and modern hillbilly, but not hokey nor disingenuous. Modern touchstones would be Rumbleseat; reveling in punk ethics, not punk restrictions. The lyrics are a perfect fit. They're sometimes romantic, ("yer beautiful and I've got a stupid haircut"), sometimes defiant (calling for an opening of arms from the Black Panther Party), and always encouraging ("steal back from the government"/"go around naked one day"). It's all very country-wise good

advice with hints of bluegrass and the feeling you get around an open fire, hanging out with friends, and someone whips out a guitar and you thank them with a flask instead of beating them with their instrument. -Todd (\$5 ppd. from Plan-It-X)

THUMBS, THE: *Last Match*: CD

Bands like the Thumbs are the reason why I should never start a record label. I'd hear their music, get all excited about signing them, help them put out an album that's incredible, then scratch my head, baffled by why the Thumbs wallow in obscurity while bands with half their talent, passion, and drive become huge. So here's another Thumbs album. It's fucking great. The songs have the ability to build and create tension and diffuse tension and explode in two minutes. Then, you add the vocals, which alternate between the guitarist and the bassist, who both sound like a bulldog - short and compact and powerful and ugly as hell in an attractive way. On top of that are fairly abstract but intelligent lyrics that justify the out-of-key screaming. So now I'm curious. The first Thumbs album didn't bring them fame. Maybe because it was on a tiny label and, though the songs are great, the recording of them isn't. The second Thumbs album didn't see them selling out shows, even though it was on a bigger label (Soda Jerk) and the recording sounds pretty damn good and the songs are even better. And now they're on Adeline,

Billy Joe from Green Day's label. Ads for this album are popping up everywhere, and it's their best release yet. What will become of the Thumbs? Because it's not that I want them to be so big that I have to drive to Hollywood to see them play. I don't. I'm just hoping the years of steady touring pay off for them at least to the point where they can justify staying together as a band and keep putting out albums like this one. -Sean (Adeline)

TRAVOLTAS: *Teenbeat*: CD

1. I like Weezer. 2. I hate just about every band that reminds me of Weezer. Whether or not they are TRYING to be Weezer, I can't help assuming they are. 3. Someone less jaded than me might like this poppy, slightly heavy, vocally harmonic pretender, but all that studying is lost on me. 4. I really hope they're not "the biggest thing in the Netherlands". -Cuss Baxter (Coldfront)

TRUST FUND BABIES: *3 song 7"*

If you look closely at the cover, the guy on the far right is clutching a 40 oz. of Mongoose malt liquor. This is significant. Mongoose, "the beer that bites back," is the Canadian response to King Cobra, one of the finest, best selling malt liquors in America. As part of my diligent research to get in the right frame of mind for the Trust Fund Babies (ripped to the tits), I bought a can after breakfast. Even on the label it says: "Warning: Because

this beer contains nearly twice as much alcohol as regular beers, we advise that this beer be consumed in moderation!" Same goes for the TFBs. Dirty, sloppy, better-with-beer punk that's got similar alcoholic motivation to The Loudmouths and The Motards. When the mood grabs me, they hit the spot dead-on. Snappy 7". -Todd (Rapid Pulse)

TSOL: *Anticop b/w White American*: 7"

It's a split decision at the record stores I frequent. Is it TSOL Jack or Joykiller Jack or Tender Fury Jack? Some fans from "way back when" don't seem to be stoked on Jack's voice but give Ron Emory and Mike Roche the thumbs up. Why? At times, Jack's a tad overblown (or spooky or cheesy, depending on who's casting adjectives). To me, it sounds like he's in "The Rocky Horror Picture Show." So, I popped back on TSOL's 12" self-titled EP from '81. Yup. Jack's more of an opera singer now. In fact, on the 12", he basically talks his way through. It's the classic quandary - do you want your favorites to progress beyond making the same album again and again (which TSOL could never be correctly accused of), or do you slag them when they zag when you expect them to zig? I like both songs. They're both very, very far from being shitty, and it's hard to deny instrumentation both burns and builds at the same time. That's a mighty difficult thing to do. Ultimate likeability

all hinges on if you mind an affected voice instead of a more direct vocal delivery. I'm fine with it. I like this 7" and I like the new album. -Todd (Nitro)

TSOL: *Disappear*: CD

To hear that one of the bands from my childhood was going to be putting out a new release was exciting for me. Like a spoiled child, I kept asking the Razorcake staff if the new TSOL had come in. Once it finally came in, they were nice enough to give it to me for review. If you know anything about TSOL, they progressively changed their sound on every record. During that period of the first self titled 12", "Dance with Me" LP, "Weathered Statues" 7" and "Beneath the Shadows" LP, I saw them so much during those years that I could grow and evolve with their change in sounds. I still put those records on to this day and enjoy them. They went rock in the Guns and Roses way after Jack Grisham and Todd Barnes left the band and suddenly disappeared. The original members did some reunion shows in the '90s under the LOST title because of name ownership issues. In between the "Beneath the Shadows" LP and this one, I won't count the rock records, Jack Grisham was in: Cathedral of Tears, Tender Fury and the Joykiller. Also in that time period, Todd Barnes the original drummer died of causes I can't currently remember. As for this record, it's hard to judge for me. Ron Emory's

trademark guitar sound is here. Jack is Jack on vocals and Ron is Ron on bass. Maybe my expectations were a little too high. I like it but I do not love it. To me this sounds like Joykiller Jr. I listen to it constantly but it has not completely won me over. Who knows, maybe in time. - Donofthedeath (Nitro)

U.S. BOMBS: *Back at the Laundromat*: CD

I couldn't imagine this would be a good album. Duane Peters had just put out two really cool albums with the Hunns in less than a year, and I couldn't imagine him being prolific enough to be able to put anything into a new Bombs album. I was dead wrong. I forgot about the rest of the band. I forgot that the U.S. Bombs aren't a one man show. Kerry Martinez is one of the best guitarists in punk rock. He's like the old, crusty guy you see at the skate park who drops into the bowl and pulls off mind-blowing tricks with seemingly less effort than he puts into tying his shoes. But it's not about the tricks. Kerry is all style. He's not showing off. He's looking at the bowl and figuring out how to carve it. He's guitar equivalent to Duane's skating, I guess. Then, you back these two up with Chip on drums and Wade on bass, driving the song into a swirling pit, and "Back to the Laundromat" is every bit as good as "Garibaldi Guard" and the rest of the albums. The best compliment I can pay this

album, though, is this: I saw these guys about a month ago. They played mostly their newer stuff. The whole crowd seemed to scream along with every song, and even though I went in hoping to hear a bunch of old songs, I wasn't disappointed. I left thinking, shit, I'd already seen them play the old songs years ago. I'm stoked I could see them play new ones. -Sean (Hellcat)

USELESS ID: *Bad Story, Happy Ending*: CD

Back in the mid-90's, Jimmy Alvarado and I stumbled upon a huge brick of C4. That's plastic explosives. Imagine our joy when we blew up all the NOFX cloning factories world wide. Many a high five was had. We whooped, we hollered like we thought we were really saving the world. In our joy, we overlooked a band we didn't consider a sleeper threat. Lagwagon. Discuss amongst yourselves if you think that one Lagwagon is OK. Two Lagwagons is very, very far from fine. Useless ID, you suck so much Lagwagon load, I'm sure you'll be huge. Boy band punk. Yuck-o. My ears feel dirty, like they've been listening to old people fuck. -Todd (Kung-Fu)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Hangin' from the Devil's Tree*: CD

It's what I'd imagined Your Flesh Fanzine (established, 1981, still defiantly independent) would sound like if it came as an audio collection. Of

all the songs I knew prior, they're all alternate takes, which is nice. Mirroring Peter Davis' tastes that lick the musical wound from dirty rock-'n'-roll all the way to art damage (heavy damage, heavy art), he's got the entire spectrum representing. Proceeds go to a good cause and his name is Peter Davis. Beware: if you can't tolerate arty rock, this won't make you happy. Thurston Moore: no longer a mere youth, a man, mild mania, and an acoustic guitar. Lifter Puller: an echo remix of "Math is Money" off of the so great they had to break up in obscurity album "Fiestas: Fiascos." Turbonegro: "Good Head," indeed. Hole in the ground. Erection. Long live the denim devils. The devils are dead. New Bomb Turks: unplugged, piano-aggressive wail of "Spanish Fly" (aka the "Candle in the Broken Wind" mix). Goatsnake: Woo. Stoner rock. Kyuss the sky. Slaves: droning, keyboarding antipop with handclaps. I think they're now called Pleasure Forever. Electric Airlines: "Stull"-era Urge Overkill-ish; satiny, stained male vocals and easy jangle backup. Eyesinweasel: Indie rock that doesn't suck. Rare breeding of melody and adept use of the anti-whine filter. Bardo Pond: four bong hits, handkerchiefs of ether, and think they're the modern Rick Wakeman from the perspective of the pan flute. Michael Gerald (ex-Killdozer): reads from a fish and game pamphlet backed by a Tiajuana brass loop (Remember, heavy art,

heavy damage). Woulda loved a remix of the Killdozer/Alice Donut junket into that song from the hippie film, "Hair." Supersuckers: You know, I'm glad at how semi-popular these guys have remained. Popular enough not to get other jobs, but still unknown enough to play all the dives. Keeps the rock honest. Thinking Fellers Union Local #282: They do John Cage proud. Indeterminancy: you are what slakes you. The Vandermark 5 with Wolter Wierbos: No. Squeaky intergalactic balloon music sucks circus clown anus, all eight minutes, fifty-seven seconds of it. Monster Magnet: Isn't one of them wearing a codpiece now? That puts them in the arena with WASP and Cameo. Song's gritty and sounds recorded from the bathroom next door. Cobra Verde: They provide the title track. It's a happy, peppy, and a fun little song. Sun City Girls: would go well with that Warhol film that's eight hours long of people sleeping. Rocket From the Crypt: Bless 'em and their matching outfits. They sound more Jehu-y than RFTC-y but that's OK because they share the same Speedo. Bluebird: The LA one. Hummy, fuzzy, with little bits of crunch on the edges. The Bellrays: live from a local dive, Al's Bar. If Lou Rawls took estrogen shots and binged out on the MC5. Lisa's got hot damn pipes. -Todd (Your Flesh)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Is It... Dead? CD

Northwest powerviolence in its variegated forms. Lots of screaming. Lots of herking and jerking rhythms, where the vocals seem tend to be slower than the music. Some, "hey, that's my scrotum in that tractor gear" vocals and esoteric topics of discourse, such as Teen Cthulhu, who release this head-scratching gem: "in this world without unicorns, we live in a world of electric light." Personal faves, Bloodhag, pay homage to Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. ("simple, perfect text, unblemished by excess"). With Botch's "Hutton's Great Heat Engine," I read along to the song, and couldn't make out a single blooming word, but they made me think of the pain I get from listening to later Melvins. Raft of Dead Monkeys win best band name. Imagine an electric knife's serrating a vocalists' throat. That's Akimbo, one of three bands with a song over four minutes long on this CD. There's a band name here that looks like a vehicle identification number. It's long. Even if I typed it, you wouldn't remember it. Naha's kraut rock, like Can - synthesizers, off-timing, and clinically fucked. Rounding out the lineup are: Homo Eradicus, Hollywood Mike Miranda, Old Rawler, and Hexadecimal. All in all, angry, angry stuff that makes me feel like punishing small cats, well, at least yell at them really loud and call them pussies and stuff. -Todd (Sub Pop, Crash Rawk, Rock'n'role Play)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Killed by Crackle: CD

A great sampler comp from Crackle that is the rawer label version of Fat/Honest Don's. Many bands to choose from if you are into more of the melodic stuff. My favorite, by far, on this is Servo. They're a female-led band that creates a sweetness and ambience when you listen. Many other bands include Skimmer, Sicko, Broccoli, Crocodile God, Soon, Chopper, Dillinger Four, Skimmer, J Church and others. I'm a firm believer of purchasing comps to get a test drive before purchasing. -Donfthedeath (Crackle)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Not So Quiet on the Coldfront: CD

Label sampler with something like 23 bands (28 songs) of whom precisely four do not sound exactly like all the rest: Vindictives, Wesley Willis (good one about mullets), Marshall Artist (75% Fastbacks), and Broken (ex-Pist). The balance of the thing is smelly, emotive pop slush. -Cuss Baxter (Coldfront)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Your Machinery Is Too Much for Me: 7"

Geykido Comet put out some pretty interesting comps. This one has four bands on it. The first one, Intro5pect, play political, ska-tinged hardcore. It's better than you'd think. The second band is No Erasers Allowed. They have play noisy a instrumental song. It's better than you'd think. The

third is Kill the Scientist. They're even noisier, somewhat digital, and they do a lot of screaming. It's not better than you'd think, but I can sit through it to get to the next song. The fourth band is ESL. They play sloppy pop punk that reminds me of some of the stuff off the Adolescents blue album sometimes. I like it. Like the GC comp I reviewed in the last issue of Razorcake, this one comes with a pretty interesting piece written by Jeff from Geykido Comet, explaining his politics of punk record pressing. -Sean (Geykido Comet)

VARUKERS:

How Do You Sleep? CD

The first track, appropriately titled "How Do You Sleep," opens up with an intro that builds and builds. Holding you in suspense and wondering whether or not the band will still produce with the same energy, the intro reaches its climax and explodes with full force, sending glass shards and nail tips spraying from your speakers, tearing apart everything within a twenty-yard radius. Not for a moment do the Varukers let up. Twelve angry, drunken, pissed off, punk rock songs that seem to get better one after the next. Not since "Bloodsuckers" have I heard it this good. -Southern Fried Keith (Go Kart)

VILENTLY ILL: One-sided EP (1999): 7" EP

If I'm not mistaken, this was made by

one man, a guitar and a drum machine. You get four hardcore songs aren't too bad musically, but the lyrics sure weren't nothing to write home about. -Jimmy Alvarado (Knot)

VOIDS/ NARCOLEPTIC YOUTH: Split 7"

Voids: Straight-ahead, blister-tipped, socially conscious dueling female and male vocal hardcore that's catchy as all hell. Adri's voice has the qualities of Crass's Eve Libertine; a trilling, sweet-edged razor that can both wail and cut. Chris provides the grumble shout counterpoint. The music itself's got the old/new feel where it retains the spilling urgency of early '80s hardcore (like Negative Approach) yet has the layers of fast, almost blurring, complexity of thrash experts DS-13 and the "man, I wanna listen to that again"-ness of Kid Dynamite. Fast and crunchy and good. Narcoleptic Youth: Like an unwashed, dented Nova with greasy windows, nothing makes them particularly memorable - lyrically, vocally, or musically. Middle fast. Standard beats and riffs. -Todd (Straight Jacket)

WEEZER: Self-titled: CD

Ahhh... my favorite nerd is back and his glasses are thicker than ever. With the exception of Matt Sharp, the band that gave me a good excuse to drink juice boxes and wear v-neck sweaters has returned. More fuzz, more frolic, and an anthem for teenage pot heads.

It is so very hard for me to completely express in words how much I love this band. Great song writing, perfect levels, all the right sounds touching all of my right places. Nerdy boys rock. -Harmonee (Geffen)

WEIRD LOVEMAKERS, THE: *Must Die*; CD

I'm not the only one around Razorcake HQ who's a fan of the Weird Lovemakers. Several contributors sing the praises of these guys. I'm just the only one who reviews the WLM's albums because I go to the post office everyday and I know what comes in before anyone else does and I'm selfish when it comes to the Weird Lovemakers. So I snatched up "Must Die" and have been listening to it incessantly. It's like being a little kid and watching the first episode of the "A-Team" - full of explosions and impossible stunts and welding torches and big, powerful, destructive machines made from the most unlikely crap you can find in the garage. It's not like an "A-Team" episode, though, in the sense that it's completely devoid of bad acting, and the writing on "Must Die" is actually pretty good. This album was originally scheduled to be released in June. Now it's been pushed back to August. I'd suggest sending advance orders in to Empty just to pressure them

to release this four-headed punk rock monster as soon as possible. -Sean (Empty)

WELT: *Brand New Day*; CD
Social Distortion, anyone? Somedays, I listen to this and I can't stand it. Other days, I really like this. More of a modern rock sound with a country blues vibe laced in the background. Polished and professional. Mixed emotions permeate my mind. It's one of those like it or not releases depending on what mood you are in. I did really like their previous CD that I got, titled "Broke Down," and the "Lame" 7". Demote me to a person who can not make up his mind. -Donofthedeath (BYO)

WHITE STRIPES: *White Blood Cells*; CD

I haven't had a favorite band in a long time, but gosh darnit, this band takes the cake (razorcake that is...). Ever since I watched Meg White pounding on those drums, my heartbeats became just as strong, and I've never seen a guitar come alive the way it does while Jack White strums his strong fingers across every inch of its neck. Not to mention all the above-mentioned is achieved while wearing very constricting (and revealing) clothing. If you are familiar with the White Stripes, then you will come to

recognize this album as the perfect blend of their first self-titled album (This album is heavy guitar fuzz playing some rockin' blues) and their second, "De Stijl" (A softer record containing more ballads and acoustic guitar). My favorite song is "Fell in Love with a Girl." Its catchy chorus and steady rhythm make me wanna get up and dance. This extremely talented (and sexy) duo deserve all the attention they have attracted. -Harmonee (Sympathy)

ZENI GEVA: *10000 Light Years*; CD

Eight earhole-eating extravaganzas from KK and his cacophonous cohorts. Delightfully disjointed drum rhythms ride roughshod 'round grave and gutwrenching guitar goodness and vocal violence. This majestic mayhem meanders maliciously through a miasma of metal monkeyshines, mister. -Cuss Baxter, Jr. (Neurot Recordings)



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8. **Peepshows**, "Meet the Peepshows" (Glazed)
9. **The Flakes**, "Bip Bam Boom" (Just Add Water)
10. **Clone Defects**, "Bottled Woman" (Tom Perkins)
11. **Supersuckers**, "Can Pipe" (Aces & Eights)
12. **Guitar Wolf/Shutdown 66**, split (Corduroy)
13. **The Catheters**, self-titled (Kapow)
14. **The Hives**, "Hate to Say I Told You So" (Gearhead)
15. **Bombshell Rocks**, "Radio Control" (Stereodrive)
16. **Rocket From The Crypt**, "Dancing Birds" (Glazed)
17. **Locust**, "Flight of the Wounded Locust" (GSL)
18. **Hookers**, "Black Magic Stallion" (Devil Doll)
19. **The Lewd**, self-titled (702)
20. **The Gee Strings**, "Bad Reputation" (Stereodrive)

Contact Addresses

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue
or posted on www.razorcake.com in the last two months

- **21-Guns**, <www.angelfire.com/tx4/21guns>
- **Ace Fu**, PO Box 3388, Hoboken, NJ 07030
- **Adeline**, 5337 College Ave. #318, Oakland, CA 94618
- **Alternative Tentacles**, PO Box 419091, SF, CA 94141-9092
- **Anechoic**, 22-55 Crescent St. #00, Long Island City, NY 11105; <<http://www.anechoicrecordings.com>>
- **Answer**, Hase Bld No. 2 B1, 5-49, Osu 3 Naka-Ku Nagoya City, Aichi 660, Japan
- **Antiseen**, PO Box 4905, Rock Hill, SC 29732; <www.antiseen.com>
- **Apparatus Engine**, PO Box 768, Downingtown, PA 19335; <apparatusengine@yahoo.com>
- **Asian Man**, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030-5585
- **Bad Afro**, Post Restante, Frederiksberg Alle 6 DK-1820 Frederiksberg C, Denmark
- **Bad Taste**, St. Soderg. 38, 222 23 Lund, Sweden
- **Balls**, 1513 East Highland, Phoenix, AZ 85014
- **The Bananas**, c/o Secret Center, 1008 10th St. #277, Sacramento, CA 95814
- **Blacklung Patriots**, c/o Richard Crenwelge, 112 West Avenue #144, San Marcos, TX 78666; <<http://www.blacklungpatriots.com>>
- **The Bodies**, PO Box 1452 Sonoma, CA 95476
- **Boredom Noise**, PO Box 11351, Oakland, CA 94611
- **Break-Up!**, PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215
- **BYO**, PO Box 67A64, LA, CA 90067
- **Captain Oil**, PO Box 501, High Wycomb, Bucks HP10 8QA, England; <www.captainoi.com>
- **Chainsaw**, PO Box 1151, Olympia, WA 98507-1151
- **Cheetah's**, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704
- **The Chronics**; <thechronics@usa.net>
- **Coldfront**, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707; <www.coldfrontrecords.com>
- **The Come Ons**; <<http://punkmusic.comeons>>
- **Crackle**, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, England
- **Creep**, PMB 220, 252 E. Market St., West Chester, PA 19382; <www.creeprecords.com>
- **Da Core**, 347 Grove Street, McKees Rocks, PA 15136
- **De Soto**, PO Box 60932, WDC 20039; <www.desotorecords.com>
- **Dead Man's Choir**, PO Box 1950, Burbank, CA 91507
- **Derozer**; <www.derozer.com>
- **Devil in the Woods**, PO Box 579168, Modesto, CA 95357
- **Dionysus**, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507; <www.dionysusrecords.com>
- **Disaster**, PO Box 7712, Burbank, CA 91510
- **Dischord**, 3819 Beecher Street, WDC 20007; <www.dischord.com>
- **Ditchdiggin**, 106 Horaney St., Longview, TX 75601; <www.angelfire.com/tx2/ditchdiggin>
- **Emperor Jones**, PO Box 49771, Austin, TX 78765
- **Empty**, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102; <www.emptyrecords.com>
- **Epitaph/Hellcat**, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026
- **Espo**, PO Box 63, Allston, MA 02134
- **Estrus**, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227; <www.estrus.com>
- **Fat Possum**, PO Box 1923, Oxford, MS 38655; <www.fatpossum.com>
- **Fat**, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119
- **The Filthy Skanks**, c/o Johnny T Entertainment, 4709 N. O'Connor Rd. #3019, Irving, TX 75062; <www.thefilthyskanks.com>
- **Foodchain**, 8490 Sunset Blvd. - Ste. 504, West Hollywood, CA 90069
- **Fueled by Ramen**, PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604; <www.fueledbyramen.com>
- **Galaxy**, 17048 Baltar St., Van Nuys, CA 91406
- **Gearhead**, PO Box 421219, SF, CA 94124; <www.gearheadmagazine.com>
- **The Generatorz**; <<http://thegeneratorz.mutimania.com>>
- **Get Hip**, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317; <<http://www.gethip.com>>
- **Geykido Comet**, PO Box 3743, Laguna Hills, CA 92654
- **GMM**, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333
- **Go Kart/High Speed**, PO Box 20, Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012
- **Gore Gore Girls**, PO Box 44434, Detroit, MI 48244
- **Hairy Back Melodies**, PO Box 799, Enfield, CT 06083
- **Headline**, 7708 Melrose Ave., LA, CA 90046
- **The Hellcopters**; <www.hellcopters.com>
- **HG Fact**, 105 Nakano Shinbashi-M, 2-7-15 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013, Japan
- **Honest Don's**, PO Box 192027, SF, CA 94119-2027
- **Hopeless**, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409
- **Hostage**, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615; <www.hostagerecords.net>
- **Hourglass**, #223, 440-10816 Macleod Trail S., Calgary, Alberta, T2J 5N8, Canada; <www.hourglassrecords.com>
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- **Industrial Strength**, 2824 Regatta Blvd., Richmond, CA 94804
- **Infamalde**, 1250 Yeomans Rd. #13106, Abilene, TX 79602; <grummage@excite.com>
- **The Invisible Men**; <www.theinvisiblemen.com>
- **Jade Tree**, 2310 Kennwynn Rd., Wilmington, DE 19810; <jadetree.com>
- **JJ Nobody**, PO Box 1015, Colorado Springs, CO 80901
- **Joey Essex**, PO Box 918, Oak Grove, LA 71263; <ali_hijazi@hotmail.com>
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- **Kosher**, 311 Ming St., Warrensburg, MO 64093
- **Kung Fu**, PO Box 38009, Hollywood, CA 90038; <www.kungfurecords.com>
- **Left Out**, 1015 Kelleys Ridge Rd., New Albany, IN 47150; <leftout138@yahoo.com>
- **Lookout!**, 3264 Adeline St., Berkley, CA 94703
- **Mad Butcher**, Bergfeldstr.3, 34289 Zierenberg, Germany
- **Migala**; <www.migala.net>
- **Mint**, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC, V6B 3Y6, Canada
- **The Mullens**, 1559 San Saba Dr., Dallas, TX 75218
- **Mutant Pop**, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330
- **Neurot**, PO Box 410209, SF, CA 94141; <www.neurotrecording.com>
- **Nitro**, 7071 Warner Ave F, PMB 736, Huntington Beach, CA 92647
- **No Respect**, c/o Gotmarstrabe 9, 37073 Göttingen, Germany; <<http://www.puk.de/norespect>>
- **The Peacocks**, PO Box 154, 8042 Zurich, Switzerland
- **Plan-It-X**, 5810 W. Willis Rd., Georgetown, IN 47122-9117; <<http://go.to/planitx>>
- **Pleasure Forever**; <www.pleasureforever.com>
- **Prank**, PO Box 410892, SF 94141-0892
- **Puppy Vs. Dyslexia**, 812 W. 3rd St., Bloomington, IN 47404; <<http://www.angelfire.com/punk2/pvd>>
- **Quarterstick**, PO Box 25342, Chicago, IL 60625
- **Rapid Pulse**, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460
- **Recess**; <www.recessrecords.com>
- **Revelation**, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232
- **Revenge**, 423 Bryson Springs, Costa Mesa, CA 92627
- **ROIR**, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, NY, NY 11012
- **Satan's Pimp**, PO Box 13141, Reno, NV 89507
- **Soap and Spikes**, 561 Brant St., PO Box 85021, Burlington, Ontario, Canada L7R-4K3
- **Soda Jerk**, PO Box 4056, Boulder, CO 80306; <www.sodajerkerrecords.com>
- **Straight Jacket**, PO Box 136, Fullerton, CA 92836-0136
- **Sub Pop**, PO Box 20645, Seattle, WA 98102; <www.subpop.com>
- **Supersift**; <www.supersiftsucks.com>
- **They Still Make Records**, 1349 W. Taylor 3R, Chicago, IL 60607; <<http://home.earthlink.net/~theystill>>
- **Thorp**, PO Box 2007, Upper Darby, PA 19082; <www.thorprecords.com>
- **TKO**, 4104 24th Street #103, SF, CA 94114; <www.tkorecords.com>
- **Transparent**, 6759 Transparent Dr., Clarkston, MI 48346
- **Uprising!**, PO Box 2251, Monroe, MI 48161
- **Your Flesh**, PO Box 25764, Chicago, IL 60625-0764



Send all zines for review to Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042. Please include a contact address, the number of pages, the price, and whether or not you accept trades.



AMERICA? #8, probably \$1, 4 1/4 x 5 1/2, copied, 48 pgs.

Travis Fristoe, the guy who puts out *America?*, has a very natural way of writing. He manages to set up a scene, develop a character, create some action and sometimes dialogue, and make you think about some deeper idea, and he does it all in one or two paragraphs. He's often melancholy, but unlike most writers of melancholy, personal zines, Travis has a way of not bumming me out. I find that, after reading several pages of one of his zines, I start noticing the little details that he would notice in his stories, or I start wondering about different issues as Travis would see them. Then, I have to stop reading his zine for a little bit, give him time to creep out of my brain, then get back to *America?* This issue, like the previous issues I've read, deals largely with alienation in a college town, being a punk rocker after thirty, and the politics of our corporate society. If you feel like chilling out and thinking deeply, *America?* is highly recommended. -Sean (Travis Fristoe, PO Box 13077, Gainesville, FL 32604)

BABYSUE, Vol. 8, Issue 1, \$3.50, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, 32 pgs.

I don't care who you are, *Babysue* will offend you. If both organizations knew about it, I bet both the NAACP and the Klan would condemn it. It's actually pretty impressive the lengths *Babysue* will go to to make sure everyone has something to get pissed off about. I actually kind of like it. I laugh a lot. I just don't like to admit that in writing. This issue is like most issues of *Babysue* - it has the Black Ladies comic, the *Babysue* comic, Homo Jokes, Women Jokes, goofy articles that quickly degenerate, like Why Do People Compete?, and a bunch of comics that explain why people in general are assholes. If you believe in tolerance, *Babysue* is a good place to test your resolve. Now that I've been reading *Babysue* for years, the shock value has worn off. I find I'm laughing less, and, as I start to understand a few of the deeper issues imbedded in all the anger, I'm starting to feel kind of bad for the guy who puts it out. It can't be healthy to harbor so much resentment. But, if you're unlike me and can avoid psychoanalyzing this zine, it's a good place to get pissed off and laugh. -Sean (*Babysue*, PO Box 33369, Decatur, GA 30033)

CASHIERS DU CINEMART #11, \$3.00, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, glossy cover, 100 pgs.

This settles it. I'm now going to have to hunt down a cool video store that's full of the little independent films that are covered in magazines like *Cinemad*, *Micro-Film*, and *Cashiers du Cinemart*. All three zines do a great job of getting me very excited about movies I have no intention of seeing. All three make me wonder if, deep down inside, I'd rather spend three bucks to read a hundred pages about tons of movies instead of spending three bucks renting just one movie. Anyway, this issue of *Cashiers du Cinemart* is pretty old. My guess (based on both the content and the price sticker on the cover) is that this magazine had been returned by a distributor, then sent to me for review. I don't care. It's still pretty cool. This issue has first person columns by indie-film-makers, an article about how a Richard Stark novel (*Point Blank* - a great old pulp crime book) was made into three and a half films, an interview with a woman who wrote a novel about her experiences as a dominatrix, and pages and pages of indie movie stuff. It's a pretty diverse zine, big enough to fit in articles for people who aren't film buffs and still cover an amazing amount of movies. Good stuff. -Sean (*Cashiers du Cinemart*, PO Box 2401, Riverview, MI 48192)

CAUSTIC TRUTHS #78, \$2.95, 8 1/2 x 11, glossy, 50 pgs.

Caustic Truths is a long running punk zine from Canada. This issue has interviews with both Jello Biafra and East Bay Ray of the Dead Kennedys - separate interviews, of course - in an attempt to get to the bottom of their lawsuit. It's pretty interesting to see how divergent each guy's point of view is, but seen together, I think you can get a pretty good idea of what went down between the former members of the Dead Kennedys and their label, Alternative Tentacles. Also in this issue is an article about how to get free long distance through the internet, several different bands tell sad stories about touring, a shoplifter teaches you the tricks of the trade, and there are tons of record reviews.

-Sean (*Caustic Truths*, PO Box 92548, 152 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont., Canada M5A 2K0)

FILM GEEK #5, 1 lousy buck, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied, 28 pgs.

I love it when I get a zine like this - a tiny, photocopied, perpetually late, stapled-in-a-bedroom kind of zine about a few people in Oklahoma's passion for B-movies. I love it especially when the writing in the zine is this good. In this issue, editor Alan Fare (who does

most of the writing) writes a cool article about punk rock movies, revisiting "Another State of Mind," "Suburbia," and others almost twenty years after they came out. He also does an interview with himself (well, he claims his dog did it. Who am I to question?) that's surprisingly funny, mostly because he comes across as a jaded old punk in the interview, and the rest of the zine (most of which he put together) is so enthusiastic. He's definitely got a subtle sense of humor, but once you start catching the jokes, they're pretty funny. *Film Geek* also has a fair amount of zine and book reviews. On the whole, though, it's mostly about crazy movies that Blockbuster will never carry. -Sean (*Film Geek*, PO Box 501113, Tulsa, OK 74150)

GLUE May/June 2001, \$3.50, 8 1/2 x 11, glossy, 74 pgs.

Though I'm not a fan of "style and action in Los Angeles," which is what *Glue* describes itself as being all about, I read every page of this zine and decided that, if the writing is good enough, I'll read about anything. *Glue* is pretty interesting - it's what all those check-out counter magazines should be. There are tons of big, pretty pictures of not necessarily pretty people and attractive layouts. There are interviews with bands like Betty Blowtorch and Inger Lorre, blurbs on Sympathy for the Record Industry and Renae from On the Rag Records, a pretty funny column about a drag queen's love of Eminem, bits of politics, fashion, and movies, and even a nice mention of a new LA punk zine called Razorcake. And even if they hadn't said nice things about Razorcake, I would've liked *Glue*. It's a cool magazine. -Sean (*Glue*, PO Box 27067, LA, CA 90027)

MOTION SICKNESS #11,

I think it's free, 8 1/2 x 11, offset newsprint, 80 pgs.

Motion Sickness really sucked me in. I put it through the record review test: reading reviews of records I have and seeing if I agree with the reviewers. I did. Then, I checked out the interviews of bands/people I like. This issue had really cool interviews with D4, Empty Records, Steve Soto of the Adolescents, and Carrie McNinch of the Assassin & the Whiner zine. Then, I read a bitter but funny article on restaurant etiquette which brought back a bunch of memories of working in restaurants. At this point, I was enjoying the zine to the point that I was ready to read the intense, academic essay towards the end called American

Gendercide, which examines the ways in which all people are trapped by the rigid, unnatural definitions of their respective genders. I was blown away. I keep thinking about that essay. Holding its conclusions up against my own observations and gaining more understanding of the politics of gender. This made me a fan of *Motion Sickness*. Then, I read the columns and, though a couple of the columns were kind of weak, I found a lot of interesting reading in that section, too. Very cool. I'm looking forward to the next issue. -Sean (Motion Sickness, PO Box 24277, St. Louis, MO 63130)

PROFANE EXISTENCE #39, free, 11 x 17,

offset newsprint, 20 pgs.

It looks like *Profane Existence* is back publishing regularly. This issue has interviews with Tragedy, Shit List, and Hate to State. There's also a scene report from the Phillipines, a couple of articles on the state of anarchism in the twenty-first century, and several columns. It's a very serious and articulate zine. *Profane Existence* definitely wears their left-wing politics on their sleeve. Which is fine. I tend to agree with their politics more often than not. I just

wish that the overall tone would lighten up a bit. Chances are, the only people who pick up a zine like *PE* pick it up because they're already predisposed to agree with the politics. So when *PE* preaches to the choir, they should probably be a little more careful to avoid preaching in scolding and condescending tones. At least I don't like being scolded and condescended when I read a newsprint punk rock zine. And I'm not saying that that's all *PE* does. There's a lot of good stuff here, too. But *PE* can be so condescending that, sometimes when I read it, I feel like I'm at a Fifteen show looking for the exits. -Sean (Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

TIGHT PANTS #8, three stamps, 8 1/2 X 5 1/2, copied, 56 pgs.

Tight Pants Girl is exactly what's great about the underground. Madeline is funny, articulate, enthusiastic, and perfectly spastic. Then it got a little weird. Sean and I started making a little shrine. At the core were the mostly-dust remnants from several boxes Frosted Mini Wheats that would usually throw away. We mixed the wheat dust with whole milk, packed it hard (that shit's cement), and started shaping it. We half chewed

Golden Grahams. Viola, hair. We fashioned her torso, legs, and out of modern Kix (with a little cheating with rubber cement). The 1/3 life size Madeline shrine was almost complete. Then it descended on us like a leprechaun to the end of the rainbow. We removed all the marshmallow bits out of seven boxes of Lucky Charms and covered her mini-body with it. Madeline's rad. Our fascination with how cool her zine is... well, that isn't so healthy. -Todd

SWANKHOLE #4, \$1.00, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied, 20 pgs.

Swankhole is one guy's photocopied labor of love. It took him two years to put this together. In that time, half the bands interviewed (well, one of the two bands interviewed) broke up and half of the venues covered in the live reviews (well, again, one of two) have closed. But don't let that discourage you. Zines don't have to be up-to-the-minute. Hell, they shouldn't be. Especially DIY stepchildren like this one. Joe does a lot of stimulating things with glue and scissors laying this sucker out, and there are some cool thoughts/stories in these pages. At the end of the zine are Cliff's Notes to the Vietnam War. It's pretty

interesting. I dug this zine.

-Sean (Joe Carey, 6 Belden Rd., Carmel, NY 10512)

WONKA VISION #13, free, 8 1/2 x 11, offset, glossy cover, 60 pgs.

On three separate occasions, I saw the cover to this zine in my review stack, thought to myself, I haven't read this yet, then flipped through it and realized I had read it. The same article grabbed me all three times. It was about a woman who sticks hooks in her back and hangs from the ceiling as a way of reaching spiritual enlightenment. Pretty cool article. The woman does an excellent job of articulating her point of view. Other than that, this zine has interviews with the Alkaline Trio, Jurassic 5, and Wesley Willis, among others. The interviews are okay. The letters page is funny and completely fake. There's a lot of emo stuff here. The editor even quotes Jawbreaker (but from a song on their crappy album, "Dear You") on the editorial page. It's not bad. Obviously, a lot of work went into this zine and the person/people who put it together are very passionate about it, so I don't want to knock it. It's just not my thing. -Sean (Wonka Vision, 670 Inca St. Suite B-1, Denver, CO 80204)

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WACKY PACKAGES GALLERY

Paul Argyropoulos

Published by Phil Carpenter 8 1/2" X 11" softcover 128 pages; ISBN 0-9705144-0-9

Contact : <wackypackagesgallery.com>

Remember Wacky Packages, those colorful packs of stickers that were spoofs on everything from grocery store items - Hawaiian Punks (Hawaiian Punch) and Baby Runt Candy (Baby Ruth), to popular magazines - Playbug (Playboy) and Jerk In Jail (Jack 'N Jill), to toys - Shot Wheels (Hot Wheels) and Stinkertoy (Tinkertoy). These damn things kept me fascinated as a kid, especially with how much detail was put into each sticker's artwork. And that pink stick of awful fricking gum that was like chomping into slice of baking powder. Heh. Years later, I'm surprised to see just how big a deal with collectors Wacky Packages have become, which is clearly obvious after taking a look at this book. (I recently saw a complete first set of cards from 1967 go for roughly \$11,000. Crazy insane.)

After reading this beast, I'm convinced that it's become quite an overwhelming hobby to those who are serious about grabbing up as much of this childhood nostalgia as they can. To say that this book is quite an extensive resource on Wacky Packages stickers and related merchandise would be an understatement. To say that it is *the* resource is more like it. I had no idea how many series of these stickers were actually produced until I started looking at the full color pictures of all the actual stickers themselves here... that's right, *every single one of them, baby*. Unbelievable, but true. And the pics are of a good size, as well. NOT the tiny, itty-bitsy, fucking annoying, break-out-the-reading-glasses size like a lot of other collectable-type books pass off, ya know?

Besides the pics of stickers, there are pics of *all* the other related Wacky Packages merch, like some *original* artwork (rough drafts, too), uncut sheets of stickers, store display boxes, sticker package wrappers, cloth patches, temporary tattoos, pogs, and a *shitload* of other related goods. But it gets a *whole* lot better. In the few beginning pages of the book, there is a through history of the Wacky Packs phenomenon, including its inception, the original artwork paintings, and how they came to pass (1967 to 1994!). The ongoing pages continue with chronologically listing each series, complete with all the variations and recalls. There's even a section on pricing all the different stickers, as well as *all* the other Wacky Packages-related items. What I like about this section is that Paul emphasizes that his price guide section isn't *the* price guide- that the items are worth whatever you pay for them and you should always use discretion, being that the marketplace for Wacky Packages has become increasingly aggressive and political (please refer to my column in this issue for the special coverage on some of these certain types of collectors). In the back, there is an alphabetic listing for all the stickers and series # for easy referencing. An incredible abundance of other knowledge is also packed in this book, too. Hats off to both Paul and Phil for a very good job here. I heard that this volume of info was years in the making. Well worth the wait. Whether you use to buy these stickers as a kid at your neighborhood liquor store and then stashed 'em away in the closet years ago, or you happen to belong to a circle of hardcore Wacky Pack collectors, this book will be enjoyed on ANY level, regardless of the reader's knowledge on this often forgotten, but always remembered subject. Definitely and *highly* recommended. -Designated Dale



One day, I told Sean, "Hey, put a shirt on, I'm eating."
He shrugged. "Don't have any more."

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