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BIG WHEEL
MAGAZINE



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THU SEP 8

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BLACK PODE
PHANTOMS

THE HOWLERS

SANDBOX BULLIES

FRI SEP 9

DEEDS OF FURY

ODD'S NIGHTMARE

SALVATION DENIED
Dark Haven

SAT SEP 10

Throwdown

REMEMBERING NEVER
THE AGONY SCENE
PUNISHMENT MIKOTO

SUN SEP 11

Throwdown

REMEMBERING NEVER
THE AGONY SCENE
PUNISHMENT COLD WAR

TUE SEP 13

SHATTERED REALM

SKARE TACTIC
suffocate faster
BLOOD STANDS STILL
EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF

THU SEP 15

Burden of Guilt
THROUGH WITH IT
TWISTED FATE
THE UNKNOWN
AB-E-TWAR

FRI SEP 16

ANGRY SAMOANS
WRECKING CREW

gesta gits

SAINT MARY The Bonzos

SAT/SUN SEP 17/18

NEWAGE

COMING OF AGE

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 17TH

OUTSPOKEN

A CHORUS OF
DISAPPROVAL
COUNTDOWN
TO LIFE

RED TAPE
WALK
PROUD

HELLFIRE TRIPPER

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 18TH

MEAN SEASON

COUNTERTAIL up front

A18

COLLATERAL DAMAGE

aftermath
of a tantrum
ANGELS DIE

MON SEP 19

SCARS OF TOMORROW



STILL REMAINS

the ACACIA strain

ON BROKEN WINGS
the final burden

TUE SEP 20

SWARM OF THE LOTUS

BLOODINN

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

THU SEP 22

ION/DISSONANCE
THROUGH THE EYES
OF THE DEAD

The red death
SUMMERS END
THE FUNERAL PYRE
UNDERNEATH THE GUN

FRI SEP 23

MADBALL

WALLS OF JERICHO
MISERY SIGNALS
FULL BLOWN CHAOS

SAT SEP 24

THE UNSEEN

A GLOBAL THREAT
CAREER SOLDIERS
Time Again

FRI SEP 30

DIVISION CLOTHING PRESENTS
NEVER TEARS
DIVIDE THE DAY
holloway
COERCE
SCREAMS OF SERENITY

SAT OCT 1

No Bragging Rights
SHALINTE CLAIR
HIT THE SWITCH
HYACINTH
THE IGNORANT
ECHOES OF EDEN

SUN OCT 2

SX10
Awful Bliss
ON SACRED GROUNDS

MON OCT 3

THE QUEERS
THE INDEPENDENTS
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

FRI OCT 7

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Issue #1 September 2005

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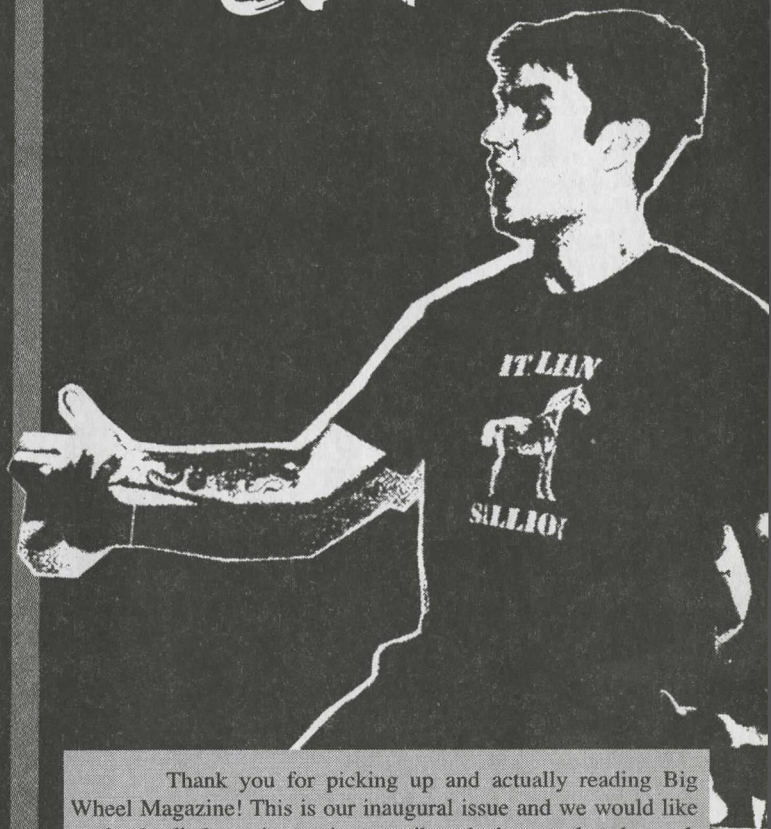
Nolan Johns **Team Goon** and Germs story and photos:
courtesy of

*****The written opinions expressed in Big Wheel
do not necessarily reflect that of the staff. *****

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THE EDITOR



Thank you for picking up and actually reading Big Wheel Magazine! This is our inaugural issue and we would like to thank all the writers who contributed, the people who took chances and bought ads, the labels, bands, skaters and artists who make publications like this possible, and you the reader for checking us out. What we want to do here at Big Wheel is cover as much underground music, skating, art and forum as we can. Please feel free to contact us regarding anything: content, writing, reviews, blah.

This publication comes to you via three dudes in a garage with some computers. Jobs were quit, bongos were hit, and burritos were consumed in order to make this mag possible. Thin Lizzy was played frequently. Tom used Myspace against me several times. Rafe proved to be an awesome boss, or bawseome as we refer to it. I miss morning traffic like Anna Nicole misses her late husband.

No jokes aside. We hope Big Wheel finds its way to a bathroom near you. This magazine may have been a ploy to get the Against Me! before it's release date. For all I know I may have hidden agendas lurking somewhere, unbeknownst to everyone except God and Phil Lynott. Whatever it is my mission is I'm sure I will somehow fuck it up.

If you don't like something in the mag, let us know. One up us and write something better. We prefer funny stuff known to induce shitting ones self therefore serving some purpose in our "peruse while you poop" publication.

So yeah, I edited this magazine, and wrote too many stories and reviews. Spread thin like margarine. We'll stick around a while. Again thanks again to the people who have helped. It's late. My video games miss me.

- Joey

SHOWS

Sept 3 • \$8.00 Cover 4yr/any show! • DR KNOW
The Dysfunctionals 11pm • Justified Anger 10.15 • Johnny
Cheapo 9.30 • The Misfortunes 8.45 • American Plague 8pm

Sept 5 • Metal Mondays Every Monday Night! No Cover!
www.anarchymetalmonday.com for up to date listings!

Sept 6 • The Creature From The Sleepy Lagoon 11pm
The Bitter Start 10.30pm • Miel 9.45pm • Bandpax 9pm

Sept 7 • Domestic Imports 11.15pm • The Unspoken 666 10.30pm
Cringe 9.45pm • The Upshots 9pm • Foul Play 8.15pm

Sept 8 • Vaeda 12.00 • Apalacia 11.15pm • Shitting Glitter 10.30pm
Kingshead 9.45pm • Frisky Jones 9pm

Sept 9 • Vaeda 12.00 • Apalacia 11.15pm • Shitting Glitter 10.30pm
Kingshead 9.45pm • Frisky Jones 9pm

Sept 10 • \$10.00 cover 4yr any/cd release show! Free CDS and
much more! • Hellbound Hayride • Groovy Rednecks • Viernes 13

Sept 11 • The Vibrators \$10 cover • Cell Block 5 9pm • The Generators 8pm • The Deep Eynde 7pm • Piss Ant 6pm • Blockage 5pm
Glass Heroes 4pm • Bobot Adrenaline 3pm • Bang Sugar Bang 2pm

Sept 13 • Blues Night! Every Tuesday in Sept and on! TJR 10pm.
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Sept 14 • The Tombstones Psychobilly from Texas! \$6
The Devil Bats • Demonikat • Underdog Story 9pm

Sept 15 • Natural Cause 11.30 pm • The Livingstons 10.45pm
Deviant Minds 10 pm • Devlin Murphy and The Sinex 915pm

Sept 16 • Poop Feat Rick Agnew! • Deadbeat Sinatra and more!

Sept 17 • Plan 9, The Stone Cutters and more! \$10

Sept 18 • Reggae Night with Just Us. Spliff Decision, and more!

Sept 21 • Condemption 11.30pm • Igor Specter 10.45pm
The Nixon Years 10pm • Matt Jones 9.15pm

Sept 22 • The Verb - Surf Band from Seattle! • Blooddrive 11pm
The Lady 9pm

Sept 23 • Codependants • The Wrecked 10pm

Sept 24 • Dxlx \$10 , Anniversary and CD Release show!
w/ SideKick - Free CDS and MORE!

Sept 25 • The Slingshots 11.15pm • J Page 10.30pm
Left Out 9.45pm • Teenage Love dolls 9pm • Sonic Syndrome 8pm

Sept 26 • Metal Mondays • Every Monday ! No Cover!
www.anarchymetalmonday.com for up to date listings.

Sept 28 • Sugarpuss 12 • The Dead Betties 11.15
Junkload 10.30m • Worm 9.45 • The Love Dolls 9pm

Sept 29 • Fill n The Blanks 10.45pm • Sans Sobriety 10pm
The Epidemics 9pm

Sept 30 • Ballentine 11pm • The Pristines 9pm.

Oct 2 • The Queers Blockage • The Ladykillers and more! \$8.00 cover

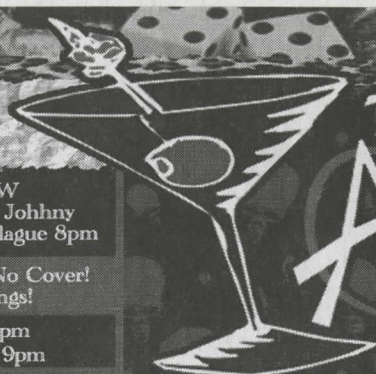
Oct 3 • Michael Graves of the Misfits \$8 • Rosemarys Billygoat
Dead by Day • Devil Bats

Oct 7 • Wasted USA Kick off show! with MDC

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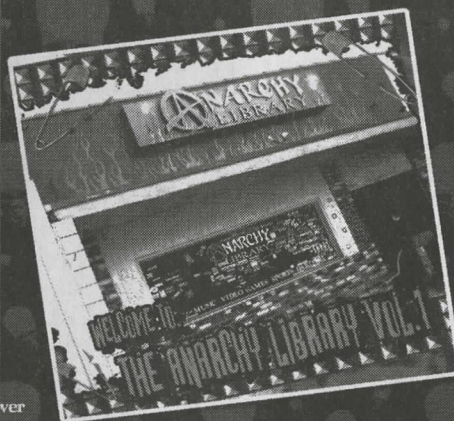
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SEPTEMBER, 2005

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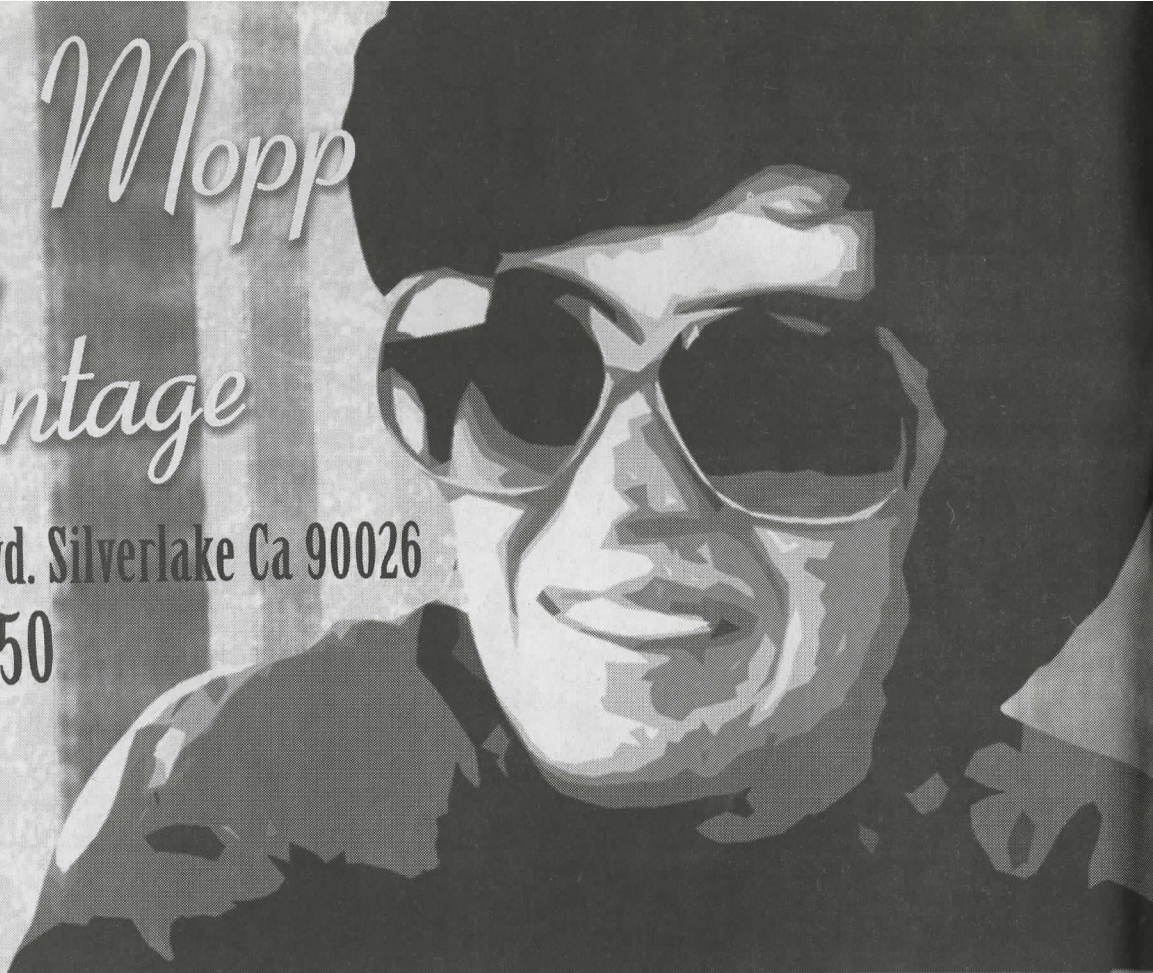
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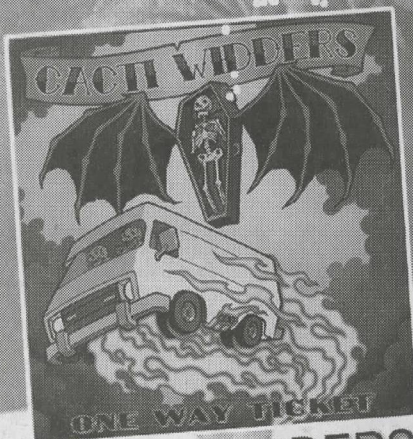
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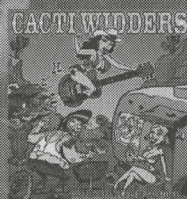
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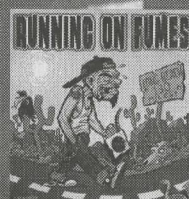


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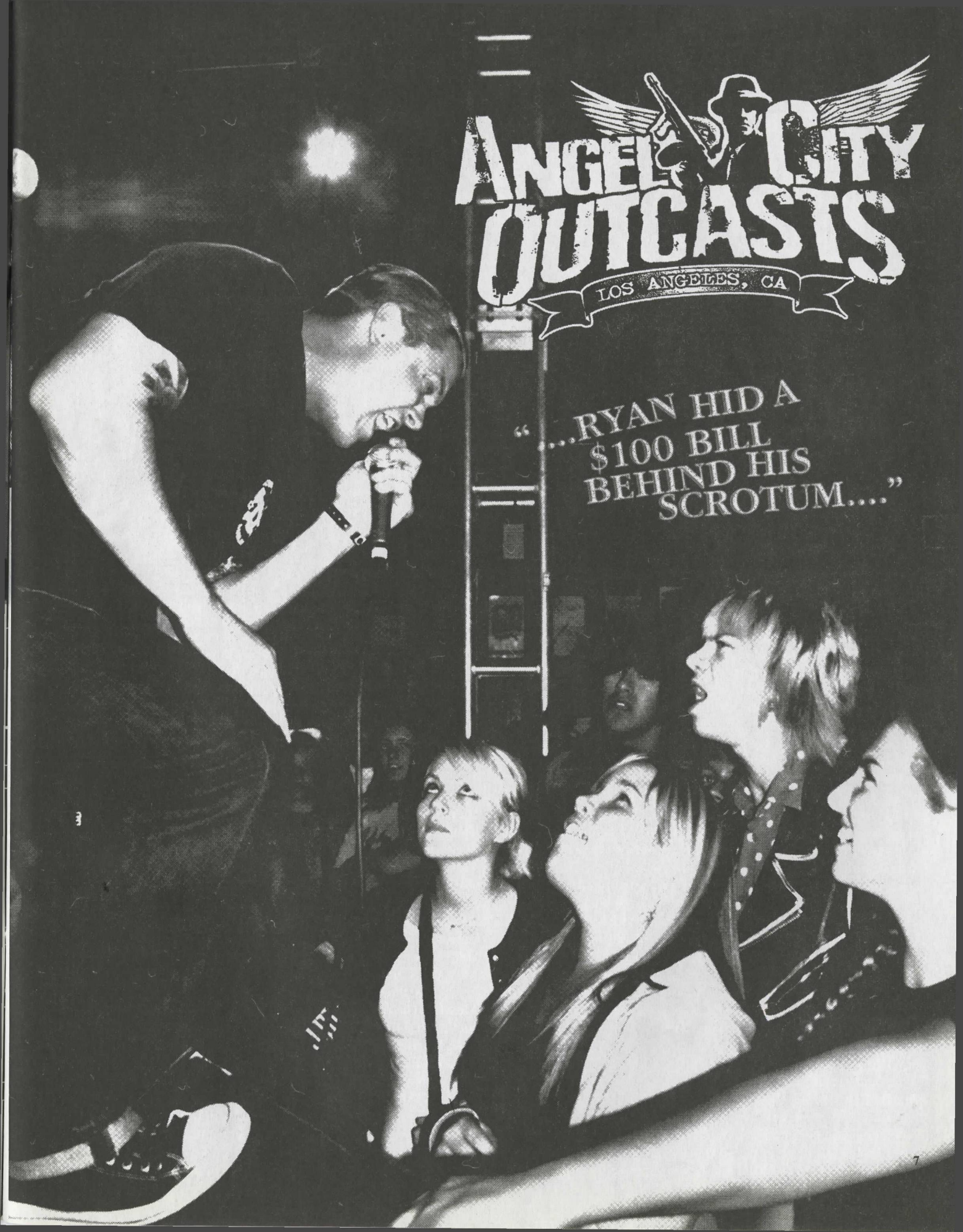
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ANGEL CITY OUTCASTS

LOS ANGELES, CA

“...RYAN HID A
\$100 BILL
BEHIND HIS
SCROTUM...”



So many anti-Los Angeles songs have been written, mostly by bands outside of L.A. who pass through and fall victim to traffic jams and millions of assholes. I can't argue with them. For the most part, that's all Los Angeles has to offer on the surface. But dig a little a deeper and you'll find some people out here with heart, passion, and a strong diy work ethic. Angel City Outcasts, a five piece of hard rocking guys, reside in the San Fernando Valley, and play music in the vein of their mission; to get rocked while you're rocking! Fast unrelenting 4/4 back beats driving a never ending guitar solo layered with binding bass lines and vocals getting your ass to move is the ACO forte. I've had the pleasure to see these guys more than I can remember. ACO are a band who throw great house party shows, hook up out of town bands with places to stay, share their musical talents by filling in for other bands, and are busy as fuck. They are just finishing up a summer full of touring in support of their album *Let It Ride*. The tour's second half has been with the Adolescents, the Briggs, and DEK. They have their first headlining show at the Knitting Factory 8/28 and they are getting ready to go on the road with The Old Skars and Upstarts Tour. Then they head out to Europe with the Kings of Nutthin in November and hope to record a new album early 2006. They stopped by Big Wheel's sometime corporate office, part time studio, and full time garage for some words.

Joey Big Wheel: What about Bob?

Tak: Great movie!

Alex B: Bob's fixing the van with his step dad Dave the certified mechanic.

Joey: Have you ever had to bail Ryan out of Jail?

Ryan: We had to buy our way out of jail. In TJ.

Alex B: We all got arrested for being supposedly drunk in the

streets and they put us in the cop cars, 5 people in each backseat, all crammed up. They take us down like three blocks into this shady neighborhood. They were like 'let's do this the friendly way.'

Tak: They said 'rather than go into the station to see the judge and pay eighty bucks a person', complete bullshit. They shook us down for \$250.

Alex: We're in Mexico and our fucking van is down the street. We just wanted to get the fuck out of there.

Tak: Ryan hid a \$100 dollar bill behind his scrotum.

Ryan: Yes I did.

Joey: Briefs? Boxer Briefs?

Ryan: No, I just straighten my legs and clench. And then I spent (the money) in Mexico.

Alex B: After that, we played the show. They didn't have enough money to give us our guarantee, and they paid us in pesos. This dude from Riverside, he drove all the way from Riverside, smashed his knee cap. He did a back flip off the stage and landed on his knee.

Tak: Alex (Z.) fucking put together an emergency thing.....

Alex Z: A brace.

Tak:with a t-shirt and some other shit.

Alex B: The dude was so thankful. Alex is like his hero.

Joey: Eh, I dislocated my knee once and...

Tak: No this wasn't dislocated, it was fucking snappity dude.

Alex Z: Four places

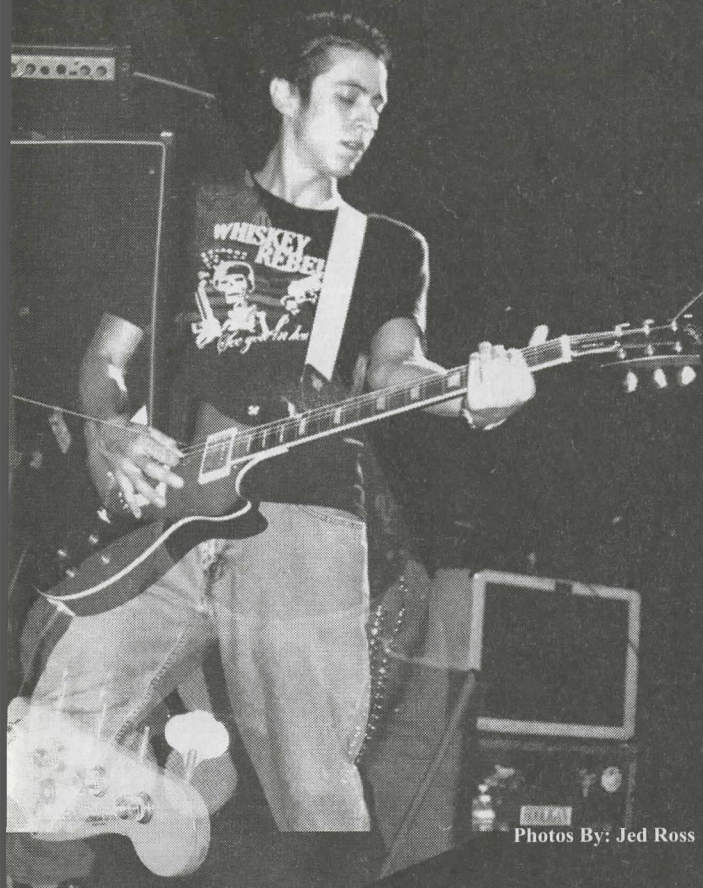
Tak: This was gnarlslicious, dude. Gnarlus Bronson

Alex B: This was Gnarly and the Chocolate Factory.

Tak: This was Gnarly Chaplin. Gnarlus in Charge!

Joey: Did you guys go to a TJ pharmacy and get pills for the knee-dude?

Alex Z: No, what happened was he was in the ground so I dragged



Photos By: Jed Ross

him out and people were trying to yank on his leg-

Alex B: - and yank his pockets.

Alex Z: They're pulling on his leg and I'm like 'no its broken' so I find a little board and break it in half and support his knee (gestures with his hands), tie it up and put him in a cab to take him to the border. He made it to the hospitable.

Tak: He was at that party two weeks ago.

Joey: The dude in the crutches!

Alex B: That was the dude. He's a super fan.

Tak: His favorite bands are ACO and 311.

Alex B: Ryan and Tak got stranded out on a boat in Austin in the middle of the night.

Ryan: I drove a ski boat and crashed landed into a marshland. We were stranded for five hours.

Joey: With cocktails?

Ryan: We killed the beer in like ten minutes and then proceeded to drink really cheap hot vodka. The good part is when you puke you just puke right off the boat.

Alex B: All the meanwhile the rest of us are racing golf carts getting

wasted.

Alex Z: In the Marina.

Joey: So uh.....

Alex B: (Taking initiative) So we got the European Tour coming out. We're working on our new record and we're playing the Wasted Festival.

Tak: We got a split coming out with Bad Reaction on North East Records. We got a song coming out on the new Old Scars and Upstarts comp.

Alex B: You know what's cool - at the end of the Old Skars and Upstarts Tour and before the Wasted Festival, Duane Peters and Cory Parks are getting married in Vegas and we'll be playing their reception party.

Joey: Damn!

Tak: And we're gonna be on TV! October 14th we are going to be on G4 TV, *Attack of the Show*. It's a video game channel. The show is filmed live at like 4:30, or something. Watch us fuck it up!

Joey: Anything else?

Ryan: Thanks to the old guy in Memphis who gave us pizza.

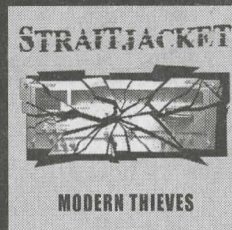
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GRAVEST HITS!

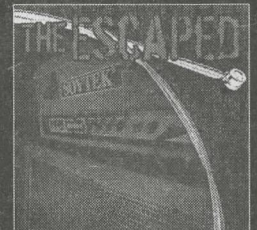


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KENNEDY



BY BEN PRINGLE

Ok, let's get this straight. There's this guy Jack Kennedy, who we all just call Kennedy. He has a band called Kennedy. Kennedy the band rocks. Kennedy the band makes you get up and dance. Kennedy the band is saving the future of society through Beer and Les Pauls. Everyone loves Kennedy the band. Most people like Kennedy the man. Those who don't are just jealous. A few years ago Kennedy the band played all the regular Silverlake haunts. These days Kennedy the band has no time for playing every week at the Silverlake Lounge, because they are doing cooler things like working with producers in England, playing shows in NYC, and working on a new rock-n-roll/dance-music hybrid that will make the girls cry and the guys wanna quit their own bands and be roadies for Kennedy. We caught up with (Jack) Kennedy and Yves Leleviere to find out exactly what's been going on.

BW: The last time I saw you guys, you were a three piece rock band. What's the line-up like now?

Kennedy: Me on bass and vocals, Yves on guitar, and now we have Byron Reynolds from the band Possum Dixon on drums,

and Bobby Keys on keyboards.

BW: You've added keyboards. What's that about?

Kennedy: The show is definitely turning away from straight rock n roll into more of a hybrid with dance stuff. So he plays a little bit of piano and synths and also runs the backing tracks for the dance music through my iPod. It's like Justin Timberlake meets Led Zeppelin.

BW: So how is this gonna work into your next record?

Kennedy: We have a lot of material, there's probably about 25 little dance tracks and 30 rock tracks and we're trying to figure out the best record to put together that's a hybrid of the two. Our last record, *Pink Afros*, had some of this dance music stuff on it. It starts out with full on Euro-dance music at first and then moves back into the classic Kennedy wackiness.

BW: I heard something about *Pink Afros* coming out, but I never knew if it actually came out or not.

Kennedy: Yeah, that's how big that release was! The day the record came back from the pressing plant, the label was like "oh, we don't have any distribution." But you can get it at Sea Level Records in Echo Park. There's a video on it with us playing with Jon Brion on tubular bells.

BW: Speaking of rad musician/songwriter/producer guys, you just did some songs with Gregg Alexander from that band The New Radicals. How did that come about?

Kennedy: About a year ago I was putting together a horn section and I gave this girl a CD and she played it in her coffee shop in Santa Monica and Gregg heard it, and liked it, and got my phone number. When he called I didn't really know who he was, I mean I remember The New Radicals, but when he said his name I didn't know. Anyway, he really liked the material, so he flew the band out to London, and we recorded in a studio called Mayfair. They did a lot of classic Brit-Pop records there. And we worked with this engineer George Shilling, who worked with Primal Scream, My Bloody Valentine, and Blur and he did that Soup Dragons song "I'm free." So we basically had this full on drunken rock -n- roll time with him and Gregg.

BW: He seems like a really gnarly musician. The New Radicals single did really well, and then he just said forget it, and didn't want to be the pop star guy anymore, and just produced records.

Kennedy: Yeah he wrote and produced that Michelle Branch/Santana song "The Game of Love." And he's produced a lot of big records in Europe that I hadn't heard of over here but that sold like 5 million records or something.

BW: How hands on was he with the production side of doing your recordings?

Kennedy: He had some suggestions like making some sections longer or shorter, but for the most part the songs were already there. But he was real meticulous about getting the sounds right. He would tell George, "We really need the vocals to sound like a hit record." (laughing)

Yves: Yeah, "more of the rock, and less of the shit." But he was really enthusiastic!

Kennedy: Yeah, he was the kind of guy that we would go have a six pack before we'd go into the studio, you know. He was total rock n roll. We had to keep up with him. I don't know exactly what happened, but at some point I just came out of the studio at like 6 in the morning, and there was this smashed gold Pink Floyd record on the floor, and Yves was standing there with Gregg, and Yves had this frightened look on his face like "oh God, what's gonna happen."

Yves: He was trying to convince me that we had one more take in us. He was doing his best cheerleading bit, and it involved smashing "Wish you were here" on the ground. It worked. He was all about making the important stuff happen. He would send the runner to the hotel to order a ton of Grolsch through room service, and bring it back to the studio.

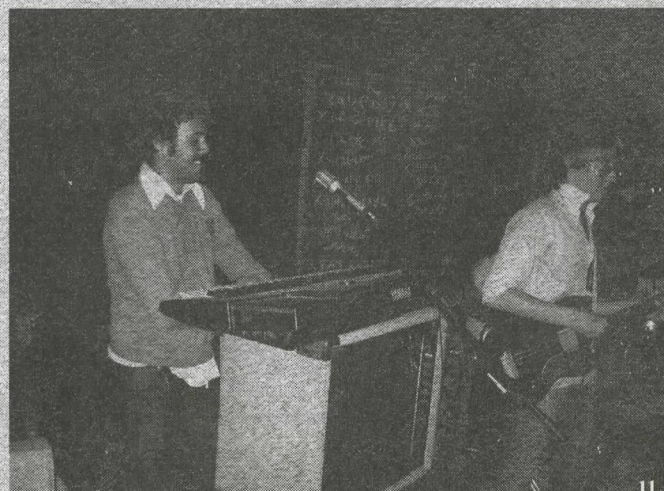
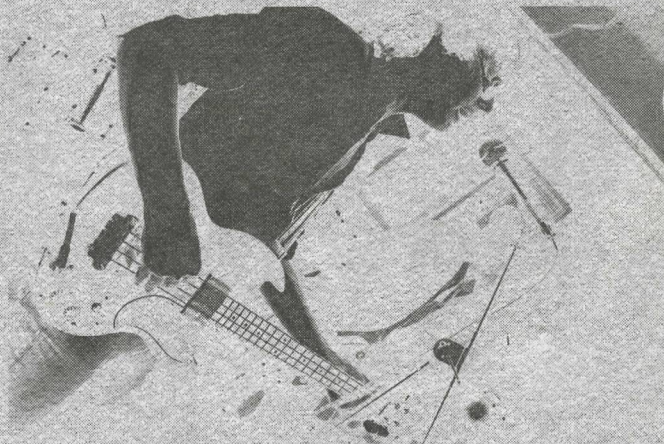
Kennedy: He also got Yves to stay longer than he was planning.

Yves: Yeah, he convinced me to stay around for a month. I even blew off a court date here in LA, and so I was on the phone trying to postpone the date, and they were like "that's no excuse."

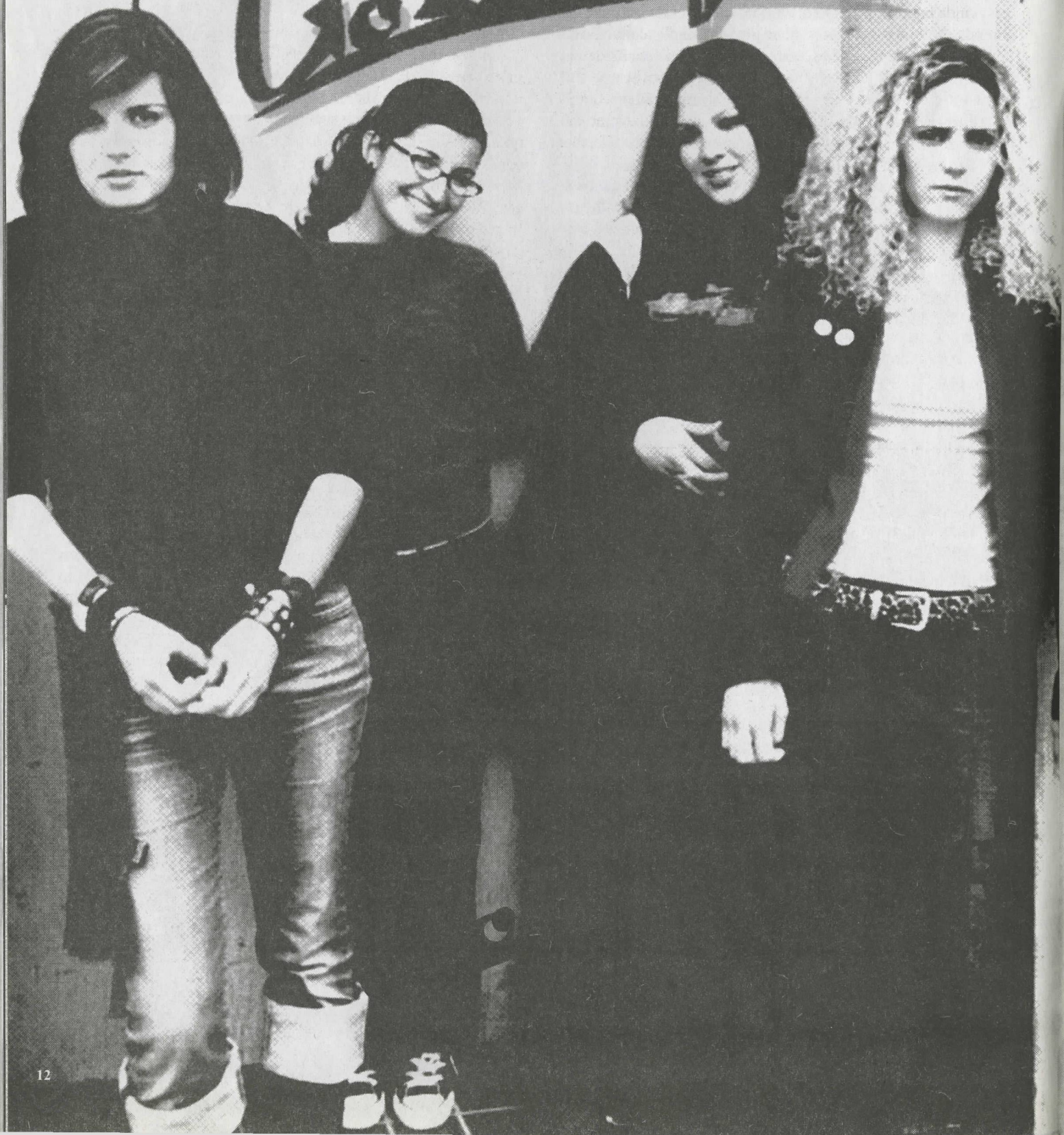
BW: "But I'm making a rock record in London"

Yves: Yeah, I'm saving the future of society through Beer and Les Pauls.

www.kisforkennedy.com



Go Betty Go



It was the year of the new millennium when a Los Angeles garage gave birth to a musical creation unlike any that came before it. The creation: a fun, raw, in your face, pop-punk sensation that calls themselves Go Betty Go. This melodic cocktail-- with two parts punk, one part rock, and a splash of Latin energy-- has a little something for everyone's musical pallet.

They came together in 2000. Sisters, Nicolette (vox) and Axia Vilar (drums), were introduced to Betty Cisneros (guitar) and Michelle Rangel (bass) through mutual friends. "It just kinda happened" explains Axia. "We just met Betty through friends. It coulda been any other guy. It wasn't planned out or anything." After the group formed it was a quick consideration to name the girls "Go Betty Go" after their singer Betty. "She's just really stubborn... when ever it was time for her to start a song it was always 'Go Betty, C'mon'... It was just something we were always saying and it just stuck around." Nonetheless, naming the band was just a petty hurdle in the band's career.

Their style is a collection of influences, diverse yet independently contributed by each member. "It is a lot of unfinished individual ideas. It becomes collaboration. In the end it's a song that's made by the four of us". Eclectic musical inspirations like hip hop, classic rock, Brit pop and garage punk clarified each girl's individualism and gave the band a broader outlook on their own music. "Somehow we just meet in the middle and do what we do."

Planning to never use the "chick band gimmick" to get them ahead, the girls focused on using their diverse inspirations and passions for their own tunes to quickly obtain local gigs. "Our first show was actually at a ten year olds' birthday party [laughs] and we had a good time." House parties, community centers and local hot spots were soon to follow on the band's agenda. Five shows a week quickly became common for the girls. "Things weren't easy but we knew how much work we put into it was what kind of outcome we were gonna get. You always have to work hard for what you want." After breaking the ice with the local public, new venues began to open up for the girls. It was hard work, determination, focus and respect for each other that plowed Go Betty Go into a world of larger opportunities.

One of the more fundamental opportunities was their offer to be signed onto SideOneDummy Records. It was the band's perseverance in conjunction with the advantage of being signed to a label that boosted public demand for the band. After only a little over a year on the label, Go Betty Go has played shows with Bad Religion, written a song for the Fantastic Four video game, finished their second Warped tour and has been heard on various television shows and commercials. "It's kinda crazy because you'll be watching something and you'll hear a song and its like, whoa that's my song!"

Though they have come a long way and have no complaints, Go Betty Go has now felt the reality of life as touring musicians. "We started touring March of 2004, so we've been touring a good year and a half... there are some venues that treat you really nice but the worst is when you show up and there's no one really there and it smells. But there are some good ones and some bad ones. It comes with the job." After last year's Warped Tour, the girls were acquainted with punk divinities Bad Religion and got a chance to carve up the stage with them in a few consecutive shows. "They're a legendary band and it was just really exciting. It's always cool to share a stage with a band that you really like." Now at the tail end of their second Warped Tour, the girls have become accustomed to life on the road. "It's a hard tour to be on. Last time we did it in a van so it was really tough. We're lucky enough to have an R.V this year... We can come-back after playing, relax and turn on the AC. It makes everything a little bit saner." Being able to make a living playing along-side bands that they love and respect is compensation for the dedication the girls have to their craft. The one thing that they would change: "... it has got to be not having a washing machine. Like, right now all our clothes are dirty."

The most exciting aspect of Go Betty Go's career right now is their new album "Nothing is More" which is hitting shelves on September 13th. "On the new record a lot of the songs are more stories... entertaining and fun." Not deviating far from the sound of their five song EP, "Worst Enemy," the new album is supplemented by new sounds, new stories and a little bit more Spanish verbiage. "It just kind of came naturally to have some





stuff in Spanish, it wasn't thought out. It's kinda the whole way our band is. Nothing's really thought out. It just naturally came out that way." A product of six months of intense studio time, the record launches within the next month. "Now that it is finished we're happy with the work that we've done. It's a good feeling... it's something that we're really happy about... the songs are more mature... more structured. We have a slow song on the new record which we'd thought we'd never do... one of the songs has an accordion. We would have never thought we'd have an accordion in one of our songs. There's just lots of things [in this album] that before we were scared to try." The girls bear no fear now as their fans await the anticipated twelve track CD.

All in all, Go Betty Go is a continually rising success. "We just wanna get out there and have people enjoy themselves. This is what we do, we're a rock band in the end, and we're here to play for kids and have people come out to our show. This is why we're here and it's what we love." The band is inspirational and their music is influential. Raw, real and rocking--these girls are on a straight shot to the top. What do we have to say about it? Go Betty Go!

By: Sarah Castro

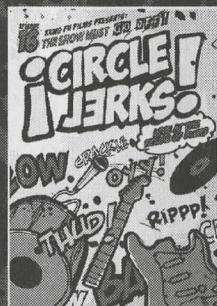
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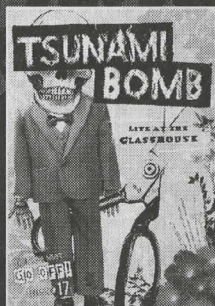
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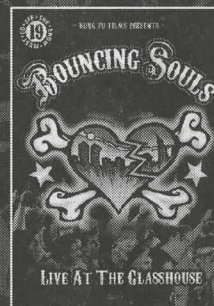
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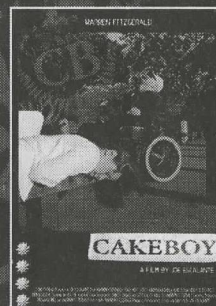


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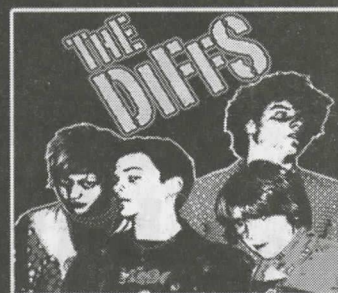
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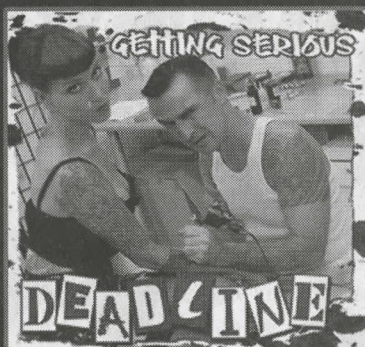
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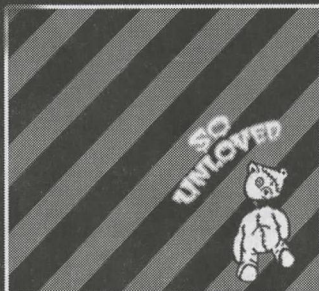
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Thwak
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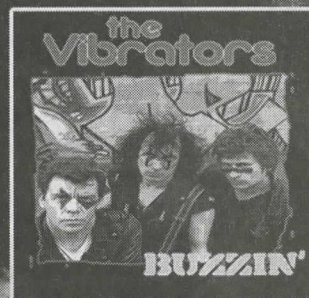


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GRABASS CHARLESTONS



Grabass Charlestons are a good-time band, in the truest sense of the words. They are not rock stars, and they probably never will be. And they are pretty damn OK with that, if the truth be told. They are three guys in a comfortable college town, living a lifestyle that affords them the very convenient luxury of occasionally piling in to a rickety ass old van and driving around the country, throwing down on some good old rock and roll, and giving rise to feats of mayhem whenever the mood strikes them, which, to their credit, is often. Whether fueled by beer, boredom, or just the kind of obsession with having a good time that is all too often forgotten about in rock and roll these days, the Grabass Charlestons have managed to provide themselves with a soundtrack to their own personal philosophy: Fuck it, let's rock.

I managed to wrangle up a brief phone interview with all three of these troublemakers at the same time. Replay Dave is the little guy with the big ass bass who used to dress like a leprechaun when he got drunk, PJ is the guy swinging the guitar around like it's a handful of snakes who is actually a computer genius during the day, and Will is the big voice behind the drum kit, roaring and rumbling and just generally beating the shit out of things, who can cook a mean fuckin' cheesburger. The interview itself probably didn't go as well as it could have...I was exhausted after a full day of taking shit from people in suits, and they seemed slightly ill-at-ease with the prospect of trying to explain themselves to a speaker phone. I hope they will accept what I have to say about them as an apology for my lack of derring-do on the phone. Worst case scenario, I'll just ply them with beer at some point, until we are all arm in arm, swinging and singing along with whatever the hell is playing on the radio at that moment...

Grabass, it is important to note, is not in this for the money. I know, I know...lots of bands say that on their way up, when their manager is usually one of their girlfriends and there are no sponsors asking them to hawk something. But I have a sneaking suspicion... fuck that, a fervent belief, that if some big company decided that Grabass was "the next big thing", they would all chuckle to themselves and take turns farting into the phone before hanging up. Not because they are averse to making a few bucks for themselves, but because they are the kind of guys that would see right through the seductive promise papery layer of bullshit holding it all together. They would see the ridiculousness of the thing in an instant, and promptly laugh their whole asses off. These are three men who traffic in the

absurd, the overblown, the needless and the unwarranted: because those are the key ingredients in a damn good time.

(From my dealings in the music business, as well as the fact that I'm really just a drooling fanboy at heart, I've seen a lot of bands onstage and off. I've seen bands rock out with their cocks out (figuratively and literally) and then continue the mayhem well into the night, and I've seen bands put on an incredible show, and then storm offstage, shoving fans out of the way, and disappear on to their tour bus with nary a glance back. And that kind of shit isn't limited to just bigger bands, sadly enough. Grabass will always be the former, not the latter. I wish I could high-five them every few minutes. Forever.)

When asked about the money, and if there is any to be had with a group like this, the band has a pretty hellaciously realistic view on the matter. I asked them about this taboo subject not because I was trying to find out how much they make, but because they are a relatively low-profile band with two full-length albums that tours pretty regularly. This is an accomplishment that is often overlooked, and not terribly easy to pull off. Dave is pretty direct about it, saying "We make enough to keep the ball rolling. We've set ourselves up to have the freedom to tour, and that's really enough for us. Honestly, we've surpassed any expectations for Grabass that I ever had. We've toured more, lasted longer, have had more fun than I thought possible. To me, that means we're successful." There are lots of bands out there that share this sentiment, but few that are so honest and earnest about it. Face it...that kind of thing falling out of most people's mouths sounds like exactly what you are *supposed* to say. But with Grabass, you just know it's the truth. And therein lay their charm. Well, and also when you hear Will say things like: "If you were a band like us, and you toured for the money, you'd be mighty fucked. Mighty fucked indeed."

I can't help but chuckle. Having just spent a few days in Los Angeles recently, watching \$200 haircuts walking down the street, talking to managers on cell phones, this sort of attitude makes me realize why, in spite of the weather and the killbillies and the mosquitoes as big as my thunderous moose-cock, on some level I am proud to be from Florida. For as much bullshit as there is floating around that state, it's more intelligent citizens have a real knack for stepping around it. I guess when you have to worry about hurricanes throwing your house into the next neighborhood, it becomes a little difficult to harbor delusions of grandeur.

Really, the only member of the band with an agenda is Replay Dave. And it's not even all of him...just his ass. "Sometimes,



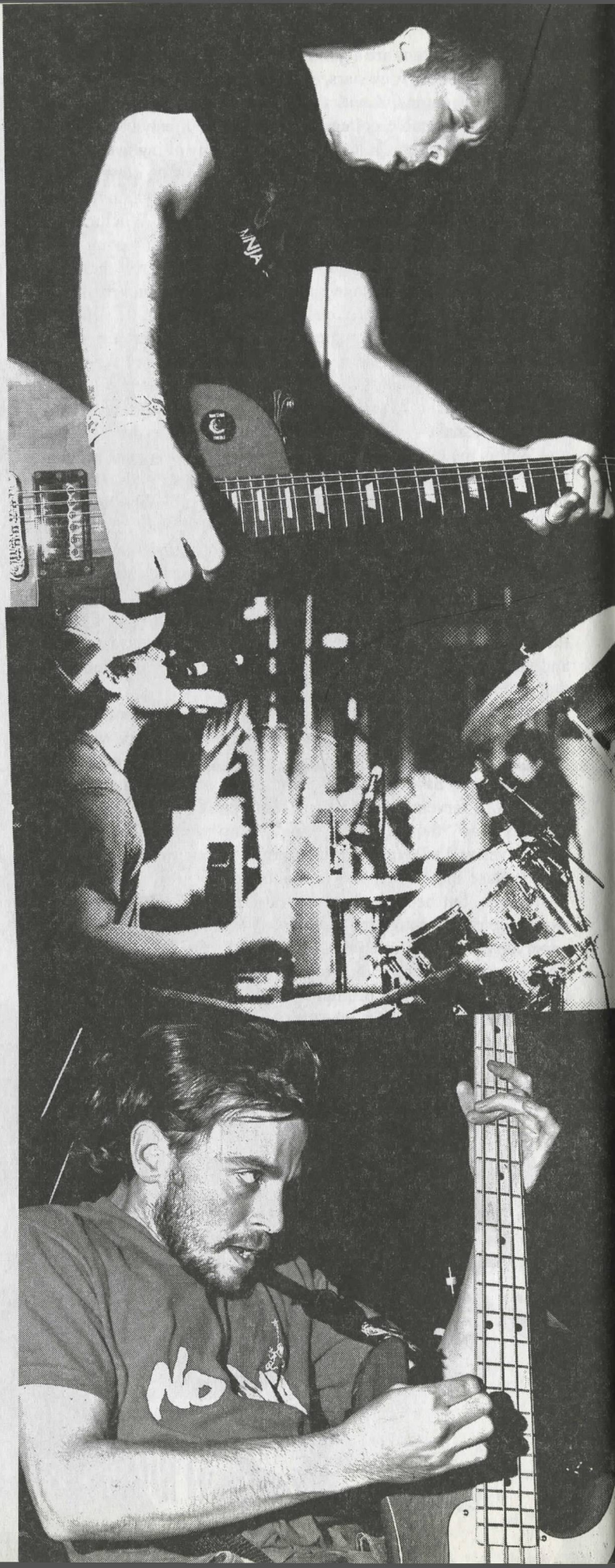
GRABASS CHARLESTONS

it just goes off. I don't know why. It just does," says Will. "Yeah," replies Dave, "my ass...it's got an agenda. A mind of its own. It never tells me...it just goes off sometimes." From the faint laughs echoing through my phone, I can tell that this is their comfort zone, this is their element. Interview? Whatever man; let's talk about Dave's ass. But the thing that distances Grabass from the legions of snotty assholes that pull shit like that during interviews is that Grabass isn't doing it to blow you off...it's an invitation to join the ride. They're in this to have a good time, and if you aren't...well, you missed the boat, kiddo.

Their second full-length album, "Ask Mark Twain", covers everything from information on how line-chefs can really fuck up your food to the poetry of Mark Twain to the realization that they accidentally co-opted a song by The Arrivals, complete with sincere apology and the offer to "share in the cast fortunes that result from this record". The bass lines are steady and solid, something that I always look for...truthfully because it gives me something to nitpick if they aren't. The drums are a relentless force, coupled with Will's gravelly barking, that kinda grab you by the nuts and swing you around like that scene in the beginning of *Jaws* when the shark gets that girl and you see her flailing around in the water while that big-ass shark just heads off to wherever it's heading off. My only gripe, musically, are the guitars. And it's not even the guitar parts, it's really just the tone. I've never heard anyone so effectively suck the thickness out of a Les Paul like PJ does...I have no idea what kind of rig he's using, but when I think "Les Paul" I think "boulder", and somehow he's got his set up to sound like a Danelectro with a sinus infection. If twangy guitars are your thing, you are going to roll back in a big chair with a cold beer and love every second of it. Not really my bag, though. But hell, I don't think it even matters to be honest. Grabass sounds exactly like they should; they are a rough, road-worn, raucous gang of miscreants who are hell-bent on dragging you along to their good time. And fucking hell if we don't need a lot more bands like 'em! I raise my half-full glass to these fellows and salute them heartily with a tear in my eye and bellyful of fire...may the good times roll on and the party last forever!

All hail Grabass, all hail them indeed.
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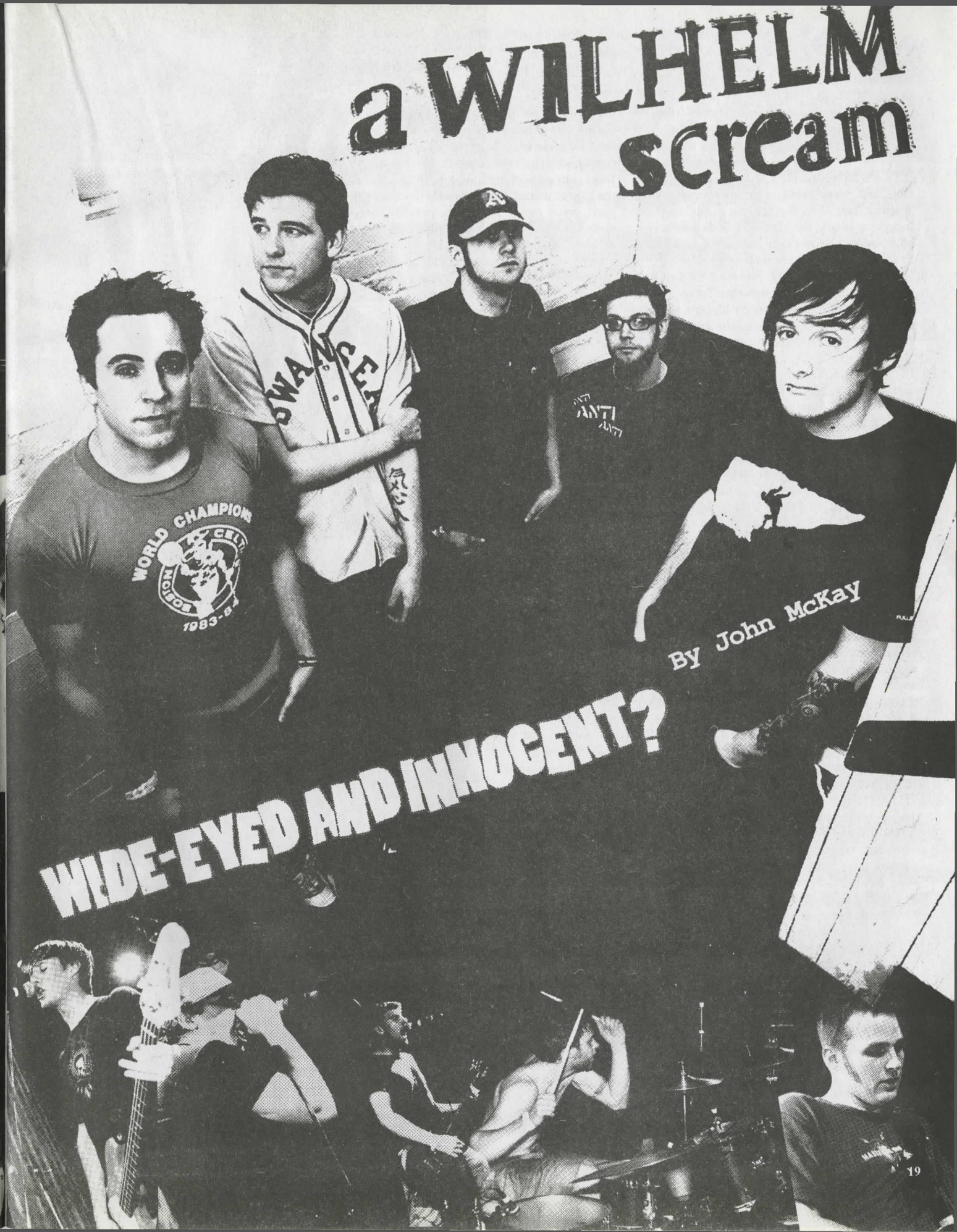
By: Steve Brown



a WILHELM scream

By John McKay

WIDE-EYED AND INNOCENT?



When A Wilhelm Scream seared through the scene in 2004 with the jarring Mute Print, there was little doubt that this was a mature ensemble that, according to William Blake (a band fave) have not only lived in the world of experience, but have made them rather comfortable.

This comfort has yielded sweet fruit for A Wilhelm Scream, as they have landed coveted fall tours alongside idols Pennywise and Strung Out, and were regulars at this year's Vans Warped Tour. With Ruiner, the bands' inspired follow-up in tow, the band now finds themselves being adored by not only legions of fans, but a slew of young bands, as well.

Optimistic about the future of the fast and melodic, guitarist and songwriter Trevor Reilly is holding out hope for bands like his to keep pushing themselves and avoid the pitfalls of laziness that generally accompany comfort.

BIG WHEEL: One thing I read from you about your album is that the title Ruiner refers to what happens when someone picks up an instrument or whatever, and their appreciation for simply enjoying music gets ruined, so to speak.

TREVOR REILLY: That was kind of an example. The album is not really about one particular thing, especially not about music in general or being jaded or anything. That was sort of like one example I gave the guy interviewing me because it was the best way I could describe it. The word ruined comes up a lot of the songs and I kind of felt it was more relating to William Blake's Songs of Innocence & of Experience, which is what I based the song William Blake Overdrive (from Mute Print) off of. Basically you kind of start off as sort of wide-eyed and innocent and at some point something clicks and then you do not look at things the same way anymore, and you lost that innocence and are in the world of experience. That's the long-winded way of explaining it.

BW: Another thing I read is that you wanted to essentially make this album a better version of Mute Print.

TR: Actually, I'm really happy with this record. This is coming off of a record Mute Print that I really still enjoy and am very proud of. I think everyone, especially when you first start out as a band, (you have the mentality that) the next song has to be better than the song you made before it. It's kind of like, we still have that feeling of wow, our new record has to be way better than our old record, you know? I mean, not in any way like, we didn't like what was on that record because like I said, I am very proud of Mute Print. I still love listening to it. You know how some people are embarrassed (of their older material) and say, "Oh, you know, there are some things on that record that I really wish I could have done differently or better". I don't have any feelings that way at all about Mute Print. I think Mute Print came out exactly the best that is possibly could be and I don't have regrets about any facet of it whatsoever. It comes from the idea that when you make a new record, it should be bigger and better. You should go balls-out on everything.

BW: You generally pen most of the band's songs, but on this album you also assume lead vocal duties on "In Vino Veritas II". How did that come about?

TR: Maybe someday we will release early demos of some of these songs in some capacity, but if you listen to our really early demos for the Mute Print record and for this record and any other record, the songs always start off with me singing. In the case of the Ruiner record, (I sang) pretty much all the parts, pretty much. Then Nuno puts his pretty voice on it and adds his own little inflections and his take on the material. Basically all the songs start with me singing leads, and then everyone adds their own flavor, musically, to it. "In Vino Veritas II", in the demos, I sang all the parts and it had a really creepy vibe to it. Nuno did try adding some singing parts to it, but at the end of the day it was, "you know what?

We love it the way it is. Instead of getting on a song just to be on it, let's j u s t m a k e it as c r e e p y a n d c o o l of a song as it can be, and that is kind of where we are at with that song.

BW: This year's Warped Tour is about as divisive and diverse as ever, and your sound sort of fits that bill, too. Have you had any problems at all fitting in or finding a niche on this tour, amongst the old-school and newer-school fan bases?

TR: I agree, to an extent, but at the same time, listening to our band and listening to our fast material...you see the tours we have coming up with Strung Out and Pennywise?

BW: Yeah.

TR: You can tell that that is where our roots are, listening to that thrash and listening to the fast stuff, a lot more than, say, indie-rock and stuff, which you can see elements of in our music, for sure.



Go Betty Go



PHOTO by LISA JOHNSON

NOTHING IS MORE

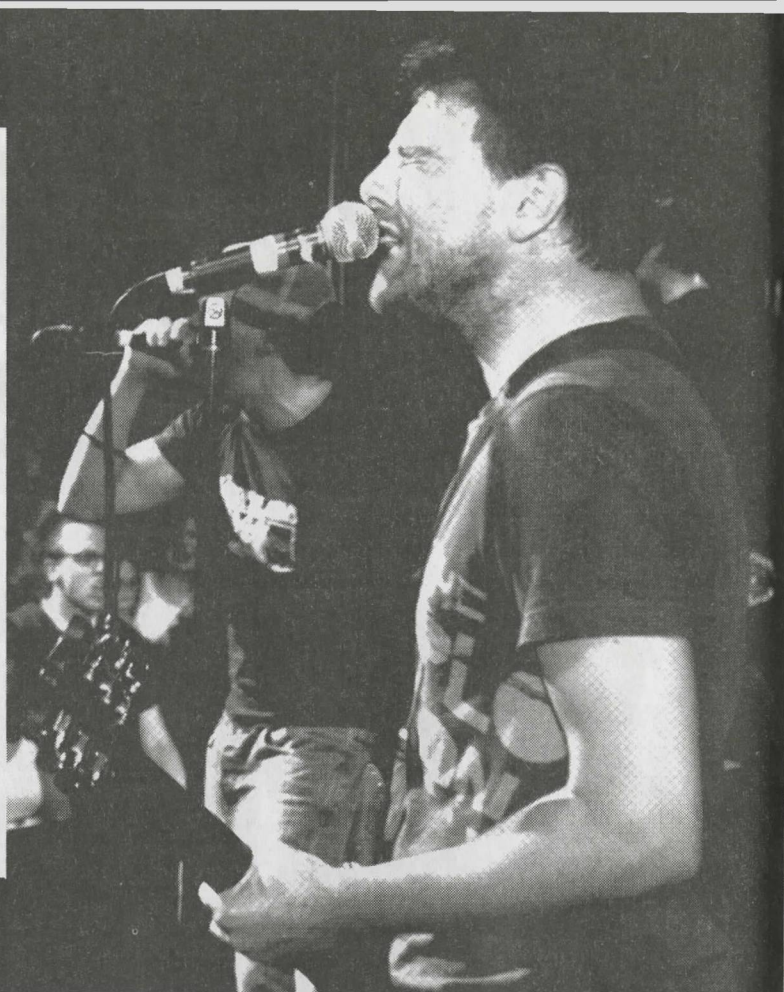
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But that's just because we listen to so many different types of music. It's all about taking our roots and pushing them as far as you can while keeping your identity. That is what we always try to do. I think that is how genres die, when people stop pushing themselves and bands sort of get comfortable and, I don't want to say take risks, because a lot of times saying taking risks with an album doesn't mean you are doing anything new. For some bands, taking risks might be adding a Radiohead element to their song, but that's not taking risks. Radiohead does that. To me, taking risks is, "Okay, we did a solo at this speed on our last record. Let's try something really risky, let's do that three times as fast on the new album."

BW: You mentioned that your roots were with the Pennywise and Strung Out era of bands, and now you are touring with each of them. You recently went out for several dates on the Ernie Ball Stage at Warped Tour, where you performed alongside a lot of younger bands, many of whom looked up to your band a lot. How does it feel being the band that is being admired now, versus the other way around?

TR: That affects me in a way that, it's not even about ego. The feeling I get isn't a big-headed feeling at all, its like, "Cool, man!" because they are really, really awesome at what they do. I think they are awesome musicians and I wish I was that good at their age. If I could help out at all, I would, to make sure that kick-ass bands keep pushing themselves. I think bands like The Swellers and Much the Same, they're part of the future for our sound. I think it is only a matter of time before the fast, melodic stuff comes back in a big way.



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The punk rock scene has a slew of well-meaning, do-it-yourselfers. It also has, for better or for worse, a slew of upstart labels run by such people who rarely make it past their first release. For Virgil Dickerson, however, success can be found in the indie rock community, and an upstart label can make it well past their first release and even reach the ten-year mark, as Dickerson's Suburban Home Records & Distro has this year. Ten years hasn't come easily for someone who initially earned a degree in Microbiology. Last year the label had a near-fallout due to qualms with their distributor. However, having made a good amount of friends over its duration, Suburban Home was able to pick up the pieces and come out as strong as ever for their decade milestone.

Big Wheel: This year you celebrate ten years of Suburban Home Records/Distro. What does ten years mean for you, personally? Is another ten years out of the question?

Virgil: The first ten years mean more to me than you could imagine. I still can't believe it; I remember starting Suburban Home and never in my wildest dreams would I imagine that I would be 1.) doing this for a living and 2.) doing it for over 10 years. Another ten years? That is a tough question. It is harder than ever to sell records and with that said, I have no idea what the future holds. I would love to do it for another ten years, but only time will tell.

BW: It obviously takes a great deal of work to run such a large ship. How do you find/recruit team members to keep Suburban Home afloat?

Virgil: We are lucky to have the people who work for us. Many of our employees started out as interns working an unpaid internship. The music industry is such a labor of love and when someone interns and gives it their all that shows me that they truly care about Suburban Home.

BW: Last year there was a bit of a scare within the Suburban Home HQ, that the company was in danger of going under. How did everyone come together and rise above this near-demise?

Virgil: We had a near-financial disaster related to our biggest distributor and more returns than we knew what to do with. We had a really tough time and it was only when we sent out an email asking for help that people from all over the world helped out. I still can't believe it. We got support locally and internationally and the revenue generated during this time helped us to keep afloat while things got better. The community aspect of punk rock is what drew me to it in the first place and that is what helped us.

BW: What are five essential Suburban Home releases?

Virgil: The Gamits' *Antidote*, Stereotyperider's *Same Chords*, Laymen Terms' *Drive to Nowhere*, Love Me Destroyer's *Black Heart Affair*, and Adventures of Jet's *Muscle*.

BW: Since 1995, a bevy of new labels have sprung up all over the place, so it is hard to have any unique name branding. What would you tell someone who was thinking of starting a label from scratch today?

Virgil: Wow, that is a good question. I would say, don't start one! If that person still wanted to start a label, I would advise them to do the label for the love of the music and not to become rich and famous. It is such a difficult time to sell records and those who will continue to survive are the ones who do it for the right reasons. Also, just because a certain sound is popular, does not mean that you have to put out bands of that genre. If you follow your heart and put out records you truly love, fans will find your label interesting. The world does not need another screamo label!

BW: Did you have any reservations about investing in such a high-demand business?

Virgil: I started the label as a hobby and only as it slowly grew did we ever consider doing it full time. Running an independent label is a risky venture and if I had started the label in 2005 and not 1995, I don't know that we would have lasted.

BW: You obviously work with a lot of labels who come from similar backgrounds via Suburban Home distro. What sort of glaring mistakes do you notice that other young labels may make due to inexperience and other factors?

Virgil: I think a lot of labels release records from bands without getting a commitment from the band to work and tour. Unless the band tours and really supports their album, it isn't going to sell. Just because a label releases an album doesn't mean that people are going to buy it and actually the opposite is more likely to happen. Only when the band and the label work hard, does the release sell.

Suburban Home has a ten-year celebration planned for Sept. 24, consisting of a punk rock flea market, beer, a Pinhead Circus reunion, and appearances by Fear Before the March of Flames, Irradio and more. The label also recently inked Ghost Buffalo who, Dickerson claims could end up as one of the most essential releases of the next ten years.

By John McKay



It's the little things.

I'm trying to start off this story about Indie 103.1. Its 2:00 am., with a few hours till deadline and I'm fading fast. Then I get a little push, the Ramones come through the speakers, "I Wanna be Your Boyfriend." And I remember why I liked this station so much: They play a lot of punk rock. They play a lot of music that rival stations just don't play. When Indie began its air play in the late part of 2003 they didn't have many deejays and hardly any commercials. You'd hear a Frank Sinatra song, and then an older Beastie Boys song into a Clash song. The play lists tripped me out. It was like a college radio station in L.A., and it was good! Then all these crazy dudes were hired on as deejays: Steve Jones from the Sex Pistols, Henry Rollins, Dave Navarro, it was something new. A lot of people were bummed on the name of the station being called Indie and having an affiliation with Clear Channel, even though all Clear Channel did was buy ad space and resell it. That agreement ceased several months ago because Clear Channel had too many hands in the L.A. radio franchise, but no changes have occurred program wise at Indie. They still have musician deejays playing good music while bringing a bit of dignity back to rock and roll radio personalities. As our music listening avenues empty out into highways and archaic mediums begin to eat digital dust, the voice of free rock radio rings true at Indie 103.1

Now the station has a squad of characters to pick tunes, take requests, and even give advice to its listeners. There's a little something for everyone here. The Crystal Method has a show, Native Wayne Jobson hosts a Reggae Smoke-In, there's even a country program called Watusi Rodeo with Doc Holiday; along with many others that you can find on their website, where they display their play lists. These guys don't hide shit. Three of Indie's programs stick out and give 103.1 an identity completely unlike the competition. The hosts of these shows, two Joes and a Dicky, took time to speak about their roles at Indie 103.1.



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WITH JOE ESCALANTE, ESQ.

AN INTERVIEW WITH JOE ESCALANTE

Joe Escalante, Vandals bassist and Kung Fu Records owner, hosts Barely Legal, a one hour show that airs Fridays 11:00 am to 12:00 pm. This show differs from others on Indie being that no music is played; rather, Joe gives free legal advice. Instead of calling a lawyer and spending a shit load of money, or any money for that matter, to get sound entertainment legal advice you can call the dude from the Vandals. Barely Legal's 8/19/05 broadcast started off with a story involving Sony BMG and a New York radio station implicated in a payola bust. He talked about the scheming ways in which major record labels bribe corporate radio stations to get their bands played. Essentially that's payola, it's the money game in the music industry, and it fucking sucks. The more the public is aware of these things and try taking action against shit like this, the more these corporate fucks will have to change their ways. Money equals power; and big companies wheel and deal as long as no one makes a fuss. Joe can arm you with information that will prepare you for handling your legalities in the entertainment field. He has the creds and his manor is honest and playful. I called his show seeking advice on handling a matter with my own band's publishing, got through the phone lines and got guidance over the air. For free!

Big Wheel: How did the show come about?

Joe Escalante: I had the idea in my head for a long time. After a couple of meetings with Michael Steel, about music in general, it seemed like he would be receptive to the concept. I was so impressed by him and I felt so comfortable. I thought he would get it. At a meeting, I just said 'I've got a crazy idea,' totally off the subject of whatever else we were talking about and he just said, "fantastic, when can you start?" I'm just a big fan of talk

radio. Before Indie started, I listened to only talk radio. There weren't any music stations in L.A. that I felt like listening to, I just couldn't stand them. So as I'm listening to talk radio it's like listening to music. If you like music you think, "oh I'd like to do this, what can I do? I play piano, ok, maybe I'll play keyboards in a band." It's kind of like that. I was such a fan of talk radio that I thought, "What can I do in talk radio? Well, I have this body of experience in entertainment law, which goes from music, to television, film, literary stuff, extreme sports," and I just started thinking 'well that's what I could do.' It was really cool of Indie to not only accept the idea that this had never been done before, but to let someone with no experience give it a shot. They trust me 100%.

BW: Do you have guests? I heard Jon Cryer a few weeks ago and not too many since.

Joe: Regarding guests, we are still going to have guests when it makes a lot of sense. I want to focus on the show's core. The core of the show is giving people advice they aren't going to hear anywhere else and at least they aren't going to have to pay for it. I'm getting so many calls now, I just want to get to them all. I'd rather build on word of mouth than stunting the show with guests.

BW: Does TK do the boards for Barely Legal.

Joe: Yeah, he's the greatest. He's been a supporter since the beginning, he just wanted to be a part of it. He comes in early Friday so he can help me with the show.

BW: Anything else?

Joe: The most thrilling thing about all of it is that, at the end of the show, I get to pass the mic off to Steve Jones. Something I never thought I'd be doing. Bands like the Sex Pistols changed my life, and to be able to pass the mic to Steve Jones--that's worth everything right there.



AN INTERVIEW WITH JOE SIB

It's Thursday night. I'm 15 years old and getting all my stupid homework done, trying to figure out what kind of debauchery to get myself into on Friday night. I click on my radio and what do I hear? Circle Jerks! Black Flag! The Soviettes! The Zero Boys! Bouncing Souls! What the fuck? What year is it? Where am I? Then a voice comes through the speakers, speaking in a thick, dude dialect only audible to those ears so attuned to said language. It's Joe Sib, co-owner of Side One Dummy and host of the 2 hour homage to punk rock music known as Complete Control. The year is 2005, and to tell the truth I've been 15 for 10 years. (Actually, ten and a half!) Where am I? Anywhere in Los Angeles that gets a good signal from Indie 103.1

Joe spins an awesome variety spanning four decades of punk rock and has a great time doing it. He's a pretty animated guy, being fueled by his love of music, making this Thursday night show a blast to listen to. TK deejays from 3pm to 6pm, Mon.-Fri., and from 3pm to 8pm, Tues. thru Fri., he stays late to do the boards for Complete Control. TK does a shit load at Indie 103.1, like engineer for several of Indie's extensive personalities. I got a chance to see Joe and TK in action, take a few pics and pry a bit into how this show came about. To start with, Joe became familiar with Indie when they started playing Side One Dummy bands. Joe did some investigating and found the program director Michael Steel, with whom he became acquainted. They started working with each other, putting on shows in L.A. that reflected the play lists that Indie was broadcasting.

Big Wheel: How did Complete Control come about?

Joe: It was real simple, I just called up Michael on a Sunday afternoon

and I said 'hey Michael, I got an idea for a show.' He's like 'what do you wanna do?' And I said 'I think you need a punk rock show.' And this is before Indie had anything to do with punk rock, just Jonesy's Jukebox was on there at that point. Michael asked me what I had in mind for the show, and I told him 'just a program that kind of outlines what's going on in L.A., have some guests, play some new songs, play some old songs.' He was like 'sounds like a good idea, you want to start Thursday?' The rest is history. I've been doing it for over a year now, and I love it, and that's basically how it all came about.

BW: What kind of role does TK play in the show?

Joe: TK and I were just put together. There was never anything like a plan, and it was great because I just started my show and needed someone to run the board. TK and I met, and he said he would do the show with me. He stays late on Thursday, we've been doing it together for over a year. He's just a really good guy. TK is the life-blood of the station. He does so much work, along with everyone else at Indie. He's there every day. He wears so many hats there, it's hard to keep track.

BW: Is there any purpose for the show?

Joe: This show can be the meeting spot to find out what's going on, show-wise, for the weekend. When a guest is on, maybe promoting a new record, we hope that after the two hours on-air someone who's never listened to the show leaves having heard some new bands they haven't heard yet, or an old band they never knew about. I get so many emails from so many people that are like "I never knew who the Rezillos were, or 999, or a new band like the Soviettes." It's always cool to turn people on to new music.





MIGHTY MORNING SHOW

AN INTERVIEW WITH DICKY BARRETT

Dicky Barrett has worn many hats. He's been the enigmatic front man for the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, he is the announcer for the Jimmy Kimmel show, and above all he's just a super cool guy. If you've ever met Dicky, then

you'd know he's unabashed and honest. He's a real person and he's now the host and morning personality on Indie's 103.1 Mighty Morning Show. Unpretentious and entertaining, the Mighty Morning show offers the best local, too early for the day, radio format I've ever encountered. Whether it's Tattoo Tuesday with Mike McColgan from the Street Dogs getting a Joe Strummer portrait done on the air, or Angelo from Fishbone poetically breaking down the evil monster music industry to size, or Doug Benson just stoned making me crack up-- this show brings happiness to hangovers and relief to morning allergies!

Big Wheel: How did you get the show?

Dicky: When I first moved here it kind of coincided. I decided that I didn't want to tour as much as the Bosstones had been touring and I wanted to try something else. When I turned forty I said to myself 'if I'm going to do anything else...' Well, you know forty feels a little different than forty five, and I think we could have probably done the band for five or ten years more but I didn't want to wait any longer.

BW: How did you get started with Indie?

Dicky: I liked the way it sounded, I liked everything they were presenting to me. The kind of station they were creating was right up my alley. So I started doing the "punk rock minute" just to keep my hand in it and involved. And once I got comfortable with the announcing, or as comfortable as I'm ever going to get, I said alright, I'll try the morning show.

Dicky: I think for the most part that what the world thinks of Hollywood and Southern California, and what it actually really is, are two entirely different things. The rest are real people living real lives, who look at the kinds of movie and celebrity stuff from the other side. Just like the rest of the country, most of the people that live here are on the outside of that stuff. Those are the people that I'm trying to reach. I don't care if the Hilton sisters, or Brad and Jen, or Angelina or whoever he's banging, are listen to this. I'm not trying to broadcast to that part of this part of the country. See I'm never going to fuck either one of the Hilton sisters. But if I had the opportunity...(laughs)...the point I'm making is.....

BW: How did your ska show go the other day?

Dicky: Crazy. I did a So Cal ska show, so I limited myself in that way. Joe Gittleman (Bosstones bassist) said that it might have been a little bit better if I just did a "ska" show. And then, you know, I play a lot of Southern Californian punk. I think they are great bands, and I'm talking about the Adolescents, Agent Orange, Circle Jerks, and Angry Samoans. It wasn't just part of the soundtrack to my life, they've got really great songs and great music. And Billy Zoom who was in today, from X, never got the kind of recognition, or accolades he/they deserved. And they were the biggest of them all. So I'm kind of looking back and feeling like I've got some sort of mission. That all of this stuff that...like the Burning Sensations. I just love them and man, they just never got their due. There are just so many of those bands. When I go back in history, I don't just go for the hits. I go for the unknown bands, like the Yachts. There are two things I'd like to say about doing this job: 1) I thought it was going to be easy. 2) I thought it was going to be boring. I found out it is actually tough fun. And that's what it's been. I love it. Don't tell my bosses, but I don't want to stop.

BW: How's working with the Mighty Morning Team?

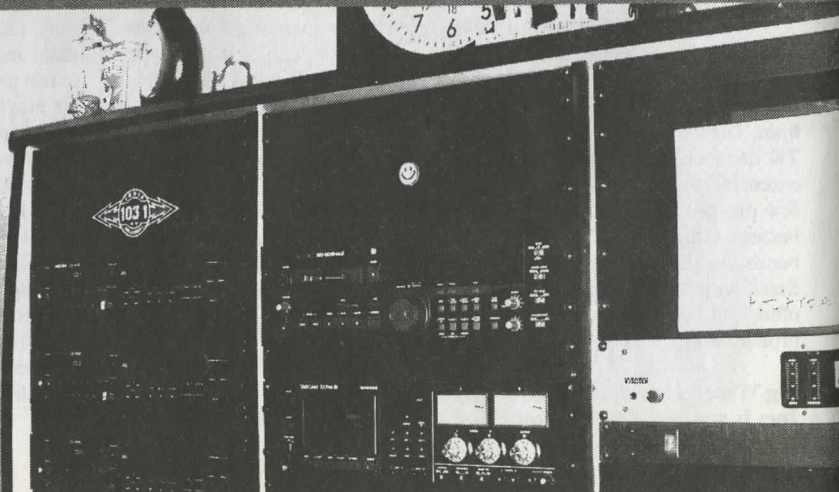
Dicky: Awesome. They are a great team. Chuck, Liz and Stacy are all awesome, just really good people. Really smart. We don't have the money that other stations have. When I say other stations I think you know who I'm talking about. So it's a limited budget and limited tools, and limited guests. KROQ's signal, with KROQ's history, that's where people go to do interviews and to talk. They have a lot more going for them then we do. So, the four of us have to really buckle down and fight against that. I think were delivering a really good product, I hate to call it that. But that goes across the board for the entire station. I think this station started out as one thing and became....good. It started out just sick of the bullshit, and now it's a good station. Good music.

BW: Besides Angelo and Doug Benson, who are some of your favorite guests?

Dicky: I enjoy having Super Dave Osborne on. He calls me everyday. He wants everyone on my show to be funny. He probably called today and said (in a Super Dave voice), "I don't know who Billy Zoom is, but get him off the air! I don't care, he's not funny. He's just not fucking funny. Nobody cares".

BW: Any guests you want to get that you haven't had on yet?

Dicky: It's weird, the guests that I want... well, two guests I'm going for right now that I can't seem to nail down are Stuttering John Melendez and Danny Bonaducci.

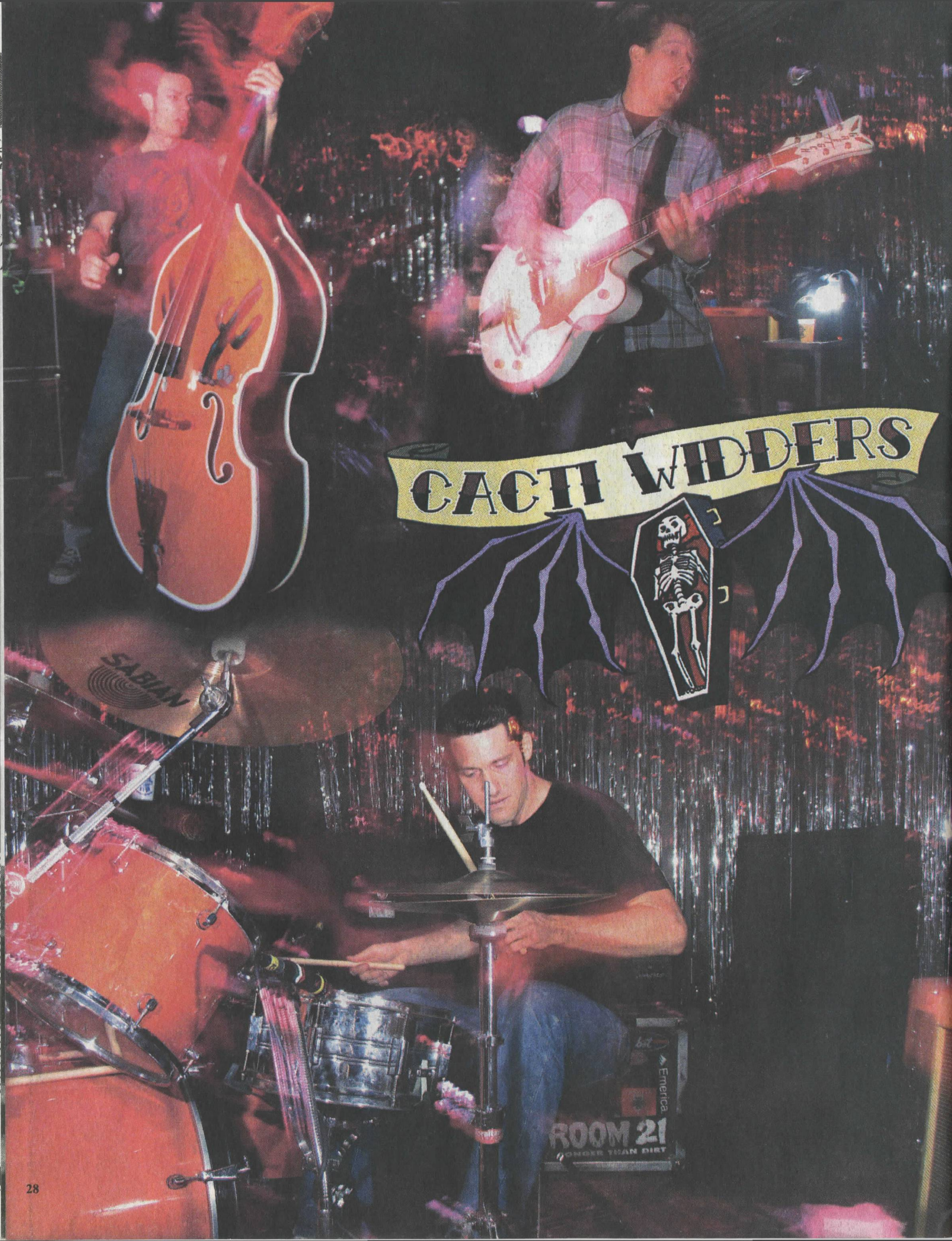


CACTI WIDDERS

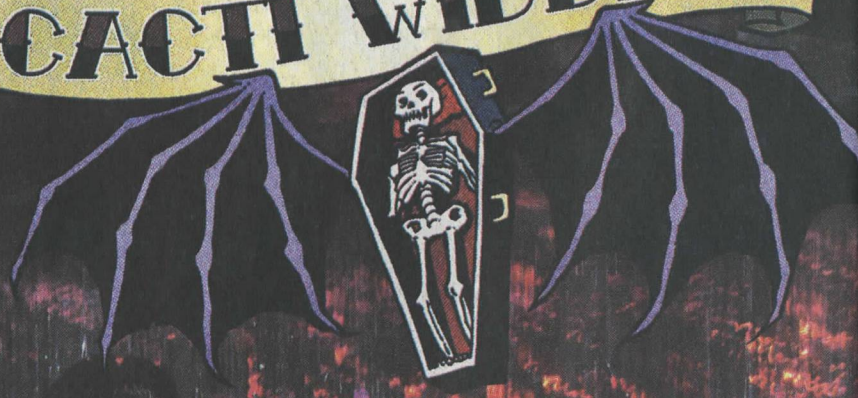


PICTURES BY: TED TERREBONNE

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CACTI WIDDERS



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Not too many people say rock and roll these days in reference to a band. The attempt to reinvent the wheel has been made time and time again, creating words to bastardize what is essentially bastard music. Without subgenres, weird monikers and frilly gimmicks, the Cacti Widders enter the picture. Whatever the case may be, rock'n'roll is alive and well and it comes in the form of the Cacti Widders, a three piece from Visalia, where it's a hundred degrees everyday and you feel like you're trapped in a puckered asshole.

I was able to talk to Tom Knox, drummer of the Cacti Widders and former pro skater. Tom was teaching that guy named Hawk, who everyone thinks is the shit, when little Hawk was still in diapers. Maybe not in diapers but you get the idea. Not to worry though this article will be strictly about the Cacti Widders and not about Tom's old days when he was riding the bowl.

The skate scene did teach Tom a few things about having a band. "I was my own manager back then when I had to set up demos and shit. It helped me in booking shows because all promoters are cut out of the same mold." Would Tom rather skate and tour or be in a band and tour? Without any hesitation Tom answers with, "Band and tour." At this stage of Tom's life the band is easier on his body. "When the band first started I tried not to use that I was a pro skater but then I thought about it and said fuck it. If it opens up doors toward getting our music out and heard then I'll use it."

The Cacti Widders are rock'n'roll. There, I finally got to the point and said it. And you only listen to rock'n'roll one way: Loud, full blast, so that your dad can pound on the walls with a broom and tell you to turn that fucking music down. Tom is also accompanied by J.D., a fucking guitar virtuoso that can play the country ballad or the five minute surf rock song, with Ryan on stand up bass. These guys rip it in the Rev vein, but have a real punk sensibility. Brian Setzer influenced J.D. has a very unique voice that makes the sauce. Ryan provides solid foundation bass lines for J.D.'s wild fretted rides as well as a bass to stand on.

The scene in Visalia is a little disappointing though. "It's really nonexistent. There are one or two live venues and those really aren't that great. Plus, most of the valley scene is copying what's popular out there. There's nothing worse than seeing 50 of the same bands with the same three riffs and the same playlist." This also makes it hard for the Widders to play any shows with any other bands. "We have a great following out here in the valley but most of the shows we play are by ourselves. It's important for us to be our own band and have our own sound. All these bands are so limited, there's really no variation and that's sad."

A Cacti Widders show is unlike many of the shows that today's bands play. It is high energy and impressive. They actually get the crowd moving at their shows. "Everyone is having a good time playing their instrument. We play our hearts out. I would say we practice the same way we play because we love playing live. The crowd sees that we're into it and I think that rubs off."

The Widders' new album, "One Way Ticket," is bound to get you moving. The rockabilly, surf, and punk influences bleed through this album, allowing the Cacti Widders to have a sound that they can call their own. This isn't some manufactured, assembly line, style of music. "We changed up this album a little bit with slide guitar and an acoustic. This is the best produced album. We took a little more time in the studio. I want to call this a progression and I want to progress on every album."

Tom has been playing drums ever since he can remember. "There was always a drum set in my house. My dad played drums in a jazz band. It's the only instrument I played consistently." Tom cites John Bonham, Chuck Biscuits and Scott Churilla as his drummers of choice. "Bonham was the first heavy rock drummer and he wasn't flashy. When the time called for it he just played a simple beat and wouldn't put in these complicated fills like most guys do today. The best songs just have a drum beat."

The Cacti Widders are on Fallen Angel Records, a small independent label. "We have complete control over our production in terms of art work and all that shit. I think that's why a lot of people stay with small labels. Seth just wants us playing music and getting out there for people to see us." Tom doesn't have a favorite venue or city in particular. "Hollywood sucks, the venues don't pay you shit. Spike's in Rosemead is an awesome place to play. A lot of people don't know that the best places to play are holes in the wall. All I need is a place with a good vibe and a good scene where the people are excited about the music."

In closing, the Cacti Widders are a rock'n'roll band. Could you want anything else at this time in your life when everything else sounds the same? Wouldn't you want to get yelled at by your dad for listening to music about drugs, alcohol, and death instead of not getting yelled at all for listening to songs about girls that really don't like you? All Tom wants is people coming to the shows. "Don't not come to our show because we're this or that type of band, we've got all these influences and all you need is to give us a chance" requests Tom. Come on, give rock'n'roll one more chance.



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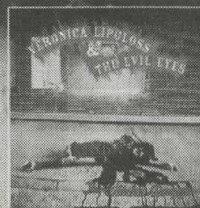
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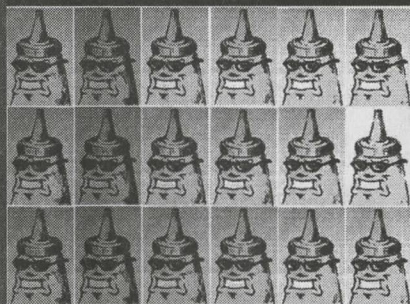


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Power Chord Academy

I quit my day job. That's the first rule I broke. There are rules. Well, people keep telling me how the world works and that there are things you have to do. I call those rules. Don't quit your day job, right? That's a rule. Don't quit your shitty paying, your just to get by day job. So I got this offer to work at band camp for three weeks in San Diego. A friend of mine who used to play in a band worked last year at the camp and again this year. He called my whole band and asked if we were interested in being camp counselors at a rock and roll band camp. I was the only one with an expendable disposition and I ditched L.A. for three weeks. It was a way out of my day job. I traded day job and misery for kids and music.

The camp is called Power Chord Academy. The campers range in ages from 12 to 18. As a counselor, I have the responsibility to be their producer, as well as the dude in charge of supervision. Essentially, I'm a producer/manager and a counselor. The campers arrive on a Sunday. They rent and/or bring their own equipment. Each band had an average of 6 campers. Lots of guitar players. Power Chord places the kids into bands that have similar tastes and levels of experience. Furniture is rearranged in dorm suites converted into "jam spaces".

Most campers stay for a one week session, few stay for two. With the exception of two nights off a week, I'm always on call.

The schedule is pretty intense: The campers wake up at 7:15, then do roll call, then a jam session, then a seminar, then a jam session, then lunch, then a jam session, then a seminar, then a jam session, then dinner, then a seminar, then some kind of activity, then sleep at 10:30. Once the campers are introduced to their band mates and are set up in their jam rooms, they have to write an original song. I had two bands every week, and it's my job to make sure they write an original song from start to finish. Once they have that, they record the song in a theatre on campus at SDSU. (San Diego State University) Then, 1171 Productions, a video company that shoots professional music videos comes in and films each band. There is a Friday night concert where the bands showcase their songs live while the other bands serve as an audience. The video production crew films this as well. The last day of camp is Saturday, where the parents come and check out what their kids have been doing all week. Then the campers go home.

Power Chord Academy has been around for 7 years. Owner Bryan started Power Chord because he "felt there were a significant amount of bands with a ton of unanswered questions and no real direction. I felt PCA could be a highly educational experience plus a ton of fun, which turned out to be a very accurate description of the program". I agree. If I had an experience like this when I was 15, I might be successful in the music business.

Make no mistakes, this job was physically and emotionally debilitating. I speak for myself but I doubt the other staff members would disagree. The kid's best interests and well being are pretty central, and they have to be. Parents are leaving their kids with us, so we got to be on it. Rules for staff members include no touching campers in any way, no drugs, no drinking or no smoking in front of the kids, no being drunk, promptness and protocol conduct punishable by pay doc. Don't fuck around.

During the gnarliest work schedule my world has ever seen I was able to see Tiltwheel twice, a Grabass Charlestons, Soviettes, Vena Cava, Altaira show and Dillinger Four. The D4 show was a benefit for a local pirate radio station, and was their first So Cal show since 2002. Everyone is drinking themselves retarded in an alley with the arguably best punk rock band in the world about to take the stage to raise cash to get a pirate radio station back in action because the FCC are after

them, and here I am regretting not smuggling at least a few kids to see what rock and roll is all about. After the show I waited the night out a bit and ate a burrito to wrestle the beer within me. I killed buzz with time and ventured back to band camp.

I did the barely sleep shuffle that next day when I bid the first wave of campers farewell. I did this two more weeks. All the campers had a blast, as did I. The first week seemed like a year. Their parents watched the shows and took them home. These kids made me feel like a natural fifteen year old again. There were kids from Japan, several kids from international schools, lots of suburban kids, all with musical aspirations. Some kids had some real problems, and I hope if anything they saw that music can be an avenue to take you're your worries to and get it all out. The councilors were there because they loved music and made it their life, and that was my conveyance above all. I just wish they could have seen those shows, to get a glimpse at bands that will probably never see huge success, but mean the world to few. At the end of the day, you got to rock. Do what you gotta do. Play music. Quit your job. Break the rules.

This one time at band camp, I conducted a financial pitfalls seminar. It was surreal.....

By: Joey



AGAINST ME!

When a music lover finds something worthy of being deemed "their new favorite band" it is an Earth shattering moment. I'll always remember the first time I ever heard the Misfits, the Ramones, the Clash, and Guns N' Roses. There have been others but those mentioned really stuck around for quite a long time (still are sticking around, actually). The first time I heard Against Me! I put my plans for the evening on hold, went straight to the record store, and bought both their albums and 2 eps. Basically, since that day I've either been listening to Against Me! or talking about Against Me! Recently I had the great pleasure of talking to Against Me! For those unfamiliar, here are some broad history strokes. Against Me! began as Tom Gabel (vocals, guitar) playing solo around Gainesville, Florida back in 97. A full band was formed, a few line-up changes occurred, a bunch of friends more or less lived in a van touring constantly. They put out one great album on No Idea Records "Reinventing Axl Rose" and then they put out another great album on Fat "The Eternal Cowboy". More and more kids started to care. Sharks started swimming. Next thing you know Against Me! was being wined and dined and offered million dollar advances to sign to a major label. They took their free drinks and free baseball tickets (and "lots of free cds" as Tom pointed out to me) and told the big boys to go screw. (The major label courting is very well documented in their dvd "We're Never Going Home" on Fat).

Now that the new guys are brought up to speed and the old guys are bored silly I'll tell you about what the band is up to now. The new Against Me! album is about to come out on Fat and, if there's any justice in the world, the band will be a household name. I had

the fortune of hearing the record, "Searching For A Former Clarity", a few months early. As a fan and as a guy that said, "I told you so" I can't wait. Most of all, as a person that has to live in society, I'm excited. We need Against Me! and right fucking now. They could really change things. Perhaps not the world but maybe the way the radio sounds. (Please God, let them change the way the radio sounds.) Tom Gabel's a smart kid. I think he realizes this but is very careful when choosing his words. "There are a lot of great bands out there. I really like a lot of the bands that we tour with like This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, or World/Inferno Friendship Society, or Lucero." My reaction was, "I know Tom but, of all those bands you mentioned, I can only imagine Against Me! being on the radio anytime soon." Tom simply replied, "Yeah, I guess we just have more pop sensibilities."

That is the brilliant thing about speaking with Tom. He feels just like the old friend you'd expect him to feel like even though he kept saying he was sorry he felt so out of it. They had just got off tour and returned home that morning. He's thoughtful and careful about what he says but at the same time completely honest and open. He said many things that would possibly, wrongfully upset many of his fans but, to his credit, does not underestimate the intelligence of his admirers. Unlike Tom, I do underestimate the intelligence of his admirers, so there are a lot of things that shall remain between myself and the tape. To anyone that thinks my assessment is unfair just get online. I don't know that I've ever seen a band as highly scrutinized as Against Me! They're still relatively underground and the backlash began long ago. Their every move is reported and judged by others



photo: by Bryan Wynne

that have nothing better to do than get on the internet and report and judge. Tom seems to take this in stride. "Yeah, we've noticed." Later he explained, "If you were in a band and everyone thought everything you did was great, how boring would that be?" That response was specific to the fact that this summer they (gasp!) opened two stadium shows for Green Day and Jimmy Eat World. Tom went on, "I know the show is expensive but nobody is making you go. We got asked to play two shows as guests and we said yes." The criticism is such that way before promotional copies of the new album had been sent out lyrics were already appearing online and being picked over. I won't elaborate and add to the problem but there is at least one song that will ruin more than a few preconceived notions. But, that's the thing about favorite bands, isn't it? Mike Ness may have written the soundtrack to your life but, then you go see Social Distortion, and maybe you meet him. He's not the way you imagined him to be, and he says something, and none of those songs ever sound exactly the same again. What's the better alternative? Should an artist give less of their self? Should Against Me! never again make any religious references because by simply using the words "Jesus" or "God" (or "anarchist" for that matter) people will tune out, and only notice that word, and begin making assumptions? (Should Bob Dylan have not used the word "nigger" in Hurricane? I'm pretty sure he's not a racist.) I could tell Tom has faced this before. "It's all because in punk rock you're expected to be an atheist and that's it. I was raised Catholic and for a little while my mom made me go to church and it's something I think about." I will say this about Searching For A Former Clarity, its long. The new album is about as long as their previous two combined. So as the boys continue to "reinvent Axl Rose" you could say this is their Use Your Illusion (except there's no dramatic downfall in quality from their past work). I asked Tom if he suddenly had more to say or if there was another explanation for the length, not that I was complaining. "I rented a house in Gainesville and it was the first time I had ever lived alone. Every night the band would get together and write. I quit drinking or using any drugs and just wrote and tried not to over analyze or over edit too much. When a song was complete we'd move on. When it came time to pick which songs were going on the record we just used them all." It was probably the exact same thinking (except for the quitting substances) that led to both Use Your Illusions. Thankfully, this time we have better results. At this point I have to apologize as my Against Me! story is coming off as an Against Me! album review. I'm sorry but I'm just excited. The real treat is the fact that a new album does not just mean new material but a new tour. If you've never seen the band live you're depriving yourself. Every person there will be yelling every word to every song. Fists will be pumped in the air and the floor will be a sea of kids dancing their asses off. Unlike many shows, all of this occurs without the usual stupid, macho, bravado. Yet, at the same time, it lacks the self-righteousness and self-consciousness that allows for too many scenesters and too few good times. Imagine if Andrew WK was about something. Granted, this could all change. A band doesn't get to pick their audience. I'm sure from one end the more meat-headed will start to emerge and from the other the notebook alterna-kids will appear. This is all the more reason to jump aboard right now. Against Me! are on their way up. The rooms they play will continue to grow as will their catalog of tunes. If you get aboard now you can still catch them in relatively small clubs (except when they're opening for Green Day) and they're all but guaranteed to play all your favorites. Buy an Against Me! record. It doesn't matter which one. You'll be back buying the others right away. Go see them play and scream until you're coughing up blood. It's the dawning of a new era. Against Me! is my new favorite band.

By Mel Gragirena



photo: by Bryan Wynch

AGAINST ME!





photo: by Bryan Wynacht

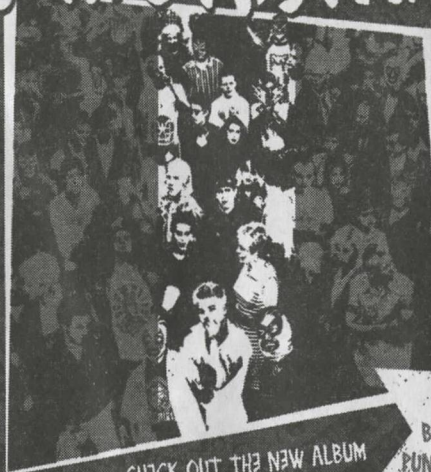
Editors note: We needed a few more words on Against Me!, so here are a few of my sentiments regarding this band. I try not to overanalyze these things like its philosophy class study time, but that's how I roll in the praising of bands. If I relate to the lyrics and the music sounds good, than I record it in my head. Then I get drunk and think about it too much. I'm not here to stroke anyone. I was turned onto Against Me! by a good friend who urged me to buy their records, not burn them. Through Against Me! I have discovered No Idea Records and the slew of bands that are involved with said label.

I've had the pleasure of seeing these guys in the hometown of Gainesville, as well as Los Angeles, San Diego, Berkeley and San Francisco. A few years back when they were touring with the Grabass Charlesotns, Lucero and Mike Park, I followed the tour like it was a fucking Greatful Dead tour. I learned that every band was paid equally and admissions were kept as low as they could go. Being the fan boy I am I always saying hi to the Against Me! dudes when I see them. They are always extremely cool and take my overbearing admiration in stride. I met Against Me! in a parking lot behind a club in Gainesville at the 2003 Fest. I had recently become fan. I didn't know too much

about them except they were a popular very well respected underground band and I thought their music was groundbreaking. While taking notes I asked the question of what it was like to be in an underground band becoming better known, taking their stage show from packed basement shows to selling out venues and now talking to people like me about things like this. They gave it straight, acknowledging that once you hit the basement ceiling it's time to go to up stairs. They take it as it comes. They do what they do, and we are here to be left in awe.

I'm on the same page as Mel as far as sharing the opinion that this band is the most important band around right now. Their new album, which I reviewed (slurp), hits a little to close to home on a few songs, namely How Low and Problems. Finally a stroke for myself, relating Against Me! to who else but Me! That's what it comes down to, how this music affects me. This is music is the brutal honesty that people, and more specifically as rock n roll affectionate people, lack. Honesty is such a lonely word; as popular as the plague. Billy Joel meets Against Me! We need to be reminded of the hypocrisies in hiprocksenes. Play the game like a scrimmage, fuck the image. Oh, and Warren is definitely the cute one.

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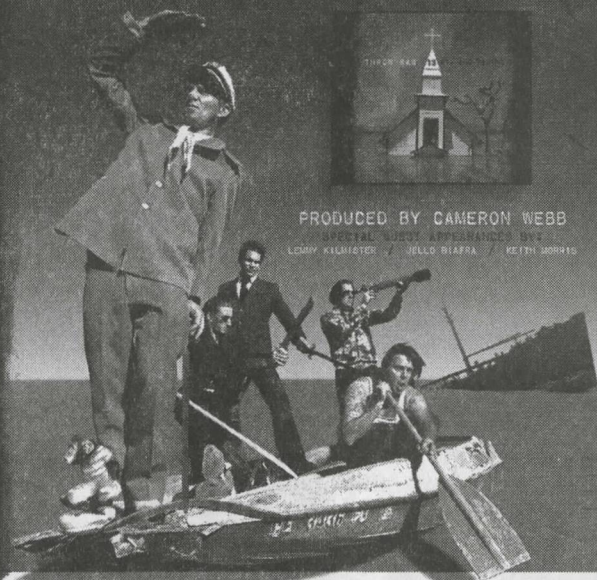


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Livin' The Life

**NOLAN
JOHNSON**


PHOTOS AND STORY BY
Team Goon



Nolan started skating when he was seven years old. He would skate in the driveway with his dad, a life long skate punk, whose habits had a large impact on Nolan. Nolan's originally from Washington State. He lived there when there were only a few parks in the whole state. One of them was just a little ways away from his house in Bremerton Washington at the YMCA. It was a free park with a few quarter pipes and a pyramid, nothing too special, but a great place to get his skate legs. At first he would go to that skate park with his dad and rollerblade. It was not until his dad asked him if he wanted to ride a skate board that he decided to try it out, and the first thing he did was roll down the pyramid. His dad then taught him to do fakies and to kickturn on the quarter pipes. From that point on they would go to the skatepark every day and Nolan would just roll around doing kickturns on everything.

When he was 9 years old they started building skate parks all over the place up in Washington. Many of the skaters all over the country regard the skate parks that dot the landscape in the states of Washington and Oregon as some of the gnarliest parks ever built. When he was 9 years old, his family moved to Poulsbo and Nolan found himself skating the Poulsbo skate park all the time. He practically lived at the park. The park had a 6 foot that went up to a vert, a 5 foot half pipe with hips for frontside and backside moves with a little pyramid that he would ollie. By this time he was dropping in and doing early-grabs all over anything with a transition. In the summer, when Nolan turned 10 years old, he began doing road trips to skate the parks in Oregon; that included the seriously sick Chehalem Skate Park in Newberg, Oregon, the Aumsville skate park and sometimes the Burnside park located under the Burnside Bridge in Portland. It was at the Sequim skate park where he first tried to do a Japan Air off a launch ramp. He then took that same trick to the Poulsbo skate park. It was there that that he really got this trick down and added it to his 'bag of tricks'. From then on he would just try things to see if he could actually land them. By the time he was 11 years old, he could roll in boneless and 50-50 grind everything in front of his trucks.

The path that Nolan has been on has not been without his fair share of getting served up good. "When I was eleven I was invited to a birthday party at the Port Orchard. And the night before I was invited to a sleep-over at a friend's house. Everybody stayed up late and I tried to get some rest, but every time I fell asleep I would wake up because people were messing with me. The next day I was really tired and I could barely skate. I went to do a nose stall revert, the trick I had just learned, and I just fell straight to my face and chipped my two front teeth out. Then I was awake and I could skate. I just kept skating till my dad picked me up." He continued on with some other stories of getting hagged. "When I was 12, I would go to the Rain City skate park to skate a big 11 1/2 foot vert ramp almost every weekend. I had just learned to axle stall into 50-50s. I was dropping in to do a 50-50 to a frontside air, then a backside air. When I did the 50-50 I was thinking about my next two tricks too much and I quickly turned in, over rotated and fell 11 feet to the flat bottom of the ramp, on my shoulder. I couldn't feel anything. I tried to get up, but it really hurt. I was driven to the hospital by my dad where they said that I had broken my arm. They cut off my elbow pad and took me to another room. They said that they were going to give me some drugs so I wouldn't remember what they were gonna do to me. I don't remember any thing from the rest of that night. It ended up that I broke my arm right by my shoulder and it broke all the way off and pushed up. So, what they did was pull it back down, put it in place and put me in a sling. It hurt for about a month, then after 3 months I could skate again. I chipped out some more teeth when I was 14 while skating the vert ramp at the Vans skate park in Orange. My wheels were really worn. I needed some new ones and so this guy offered me some that were really hard; which equals slippery on that vert ramp. I was



frontside airing the channel all day until I got those wheels. I was going for the same air over the channel and landed a little weird and fell on my face, again, chipping out all four of my front teeth. It was funny, there was a contest in the street course that day and I was doing sweepers in front of the judges showing off my bloody missing teeth."

Nolan got into punk rock by way of his dad. Dad was always playing all kinds of punk stuff, but Nolan hadn't made the punk rock skateboarding connection until he was ten. At that time Nolan was listening to the US BOMBS to no end. By the time he was 11, he was branching out and listening to Operation Ivy, The Misfits, Black Flag and Stiff Little Fingers, to name a few. His first gig was the "Hey Punk" festival they used to hold every year in Seattle. At that show he saw, US BOMBS and The Faction. He soon found himself skating alongside Duane Peters, but he was too afraid to get up and talk to him. Later in the afternoon, he saw Duane crack his head open. After seeing that, he went over to buy a US BOMBS t-shirt. The guitarist from the band was over there and Nolan told him that he saw Duane crack his head open, to which he replied, "he already cracked his head open, ohh man". After that show, he made it an annual event that he would attend.

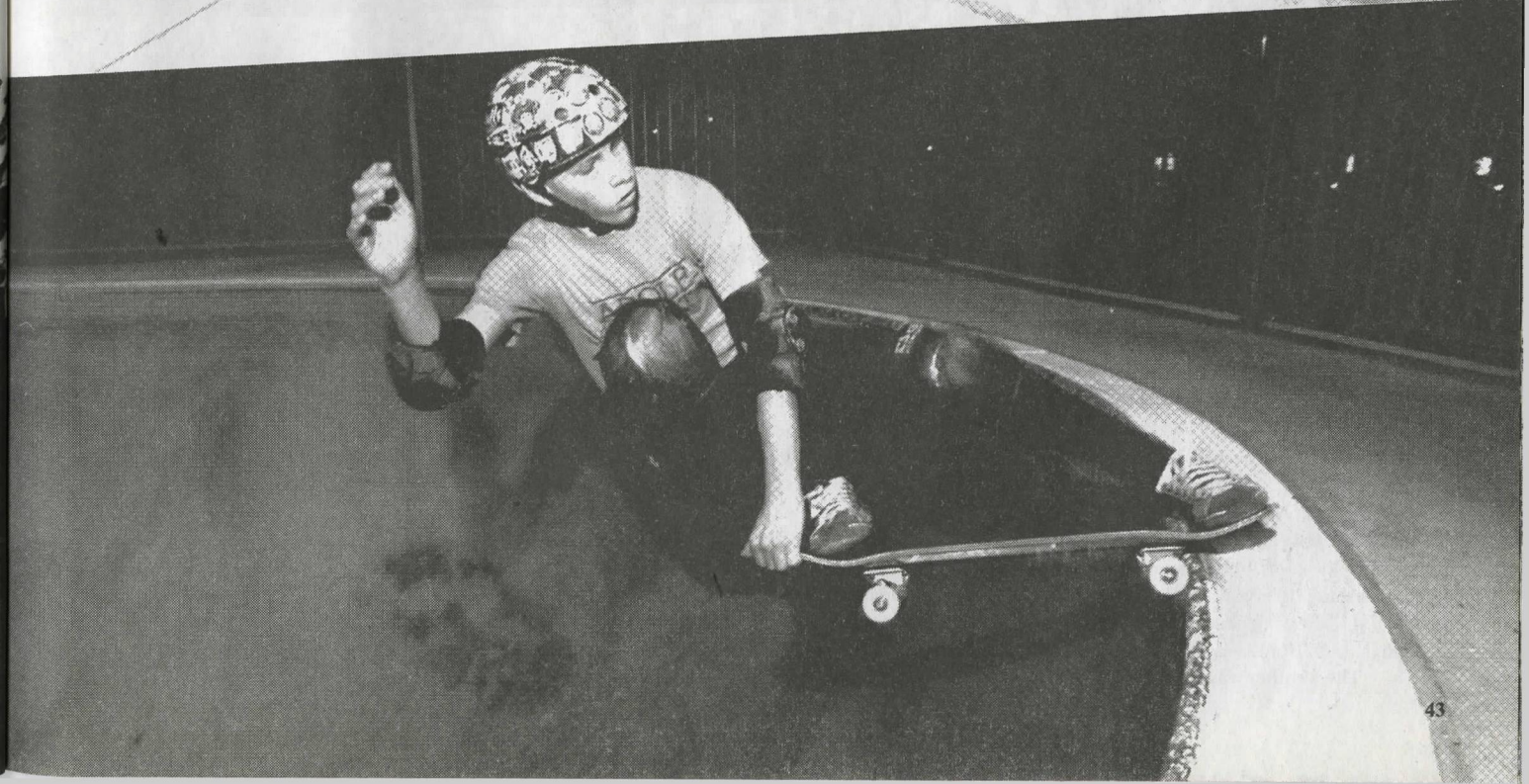
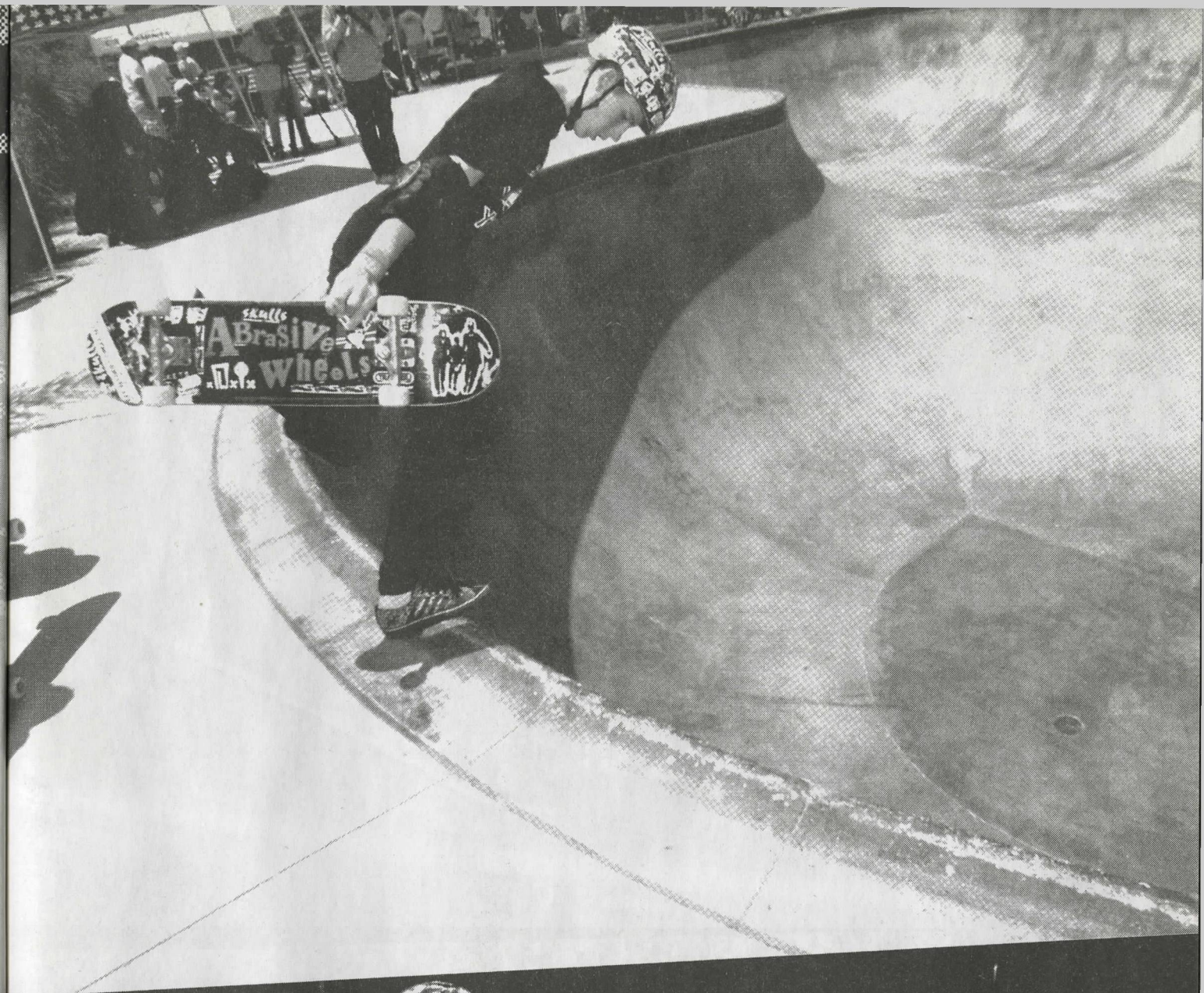
Now at 16, Nolan can be found at various skate parks throughout southern California, as well as a bunch of punk shows. Some of the tops on his list of session spots are the Encinitas YMCA that he skates with his team mate Kevin Staab, the pipe at Upland, Etnies skate park in Lake Forest and the Glendale skate park. One of his favorite places to see gigs are at The Showcase Theatre. If you ever want to hook up and skate, or know of a good backyard pool, Nolan can be found on **My Space** at: www.myspace.com/nolanprs

Nolan's sponsors are: Punk Rock Skateboards, Tracker Trucks, Rock'n Ron's ROCKET bearings, Cowboy Punk Wheels, Madrid Flypaper and A-42 Clothing.

CONTEST RESULTS:

Silverdale, Washington contest: 8th
Silverdale, Washington contest: 1st
Silverdale, Washington contest: 2nd
Silverdale, Washington contest: 1st
Port Orchard, Washington contest: 3rd
Aumsville, Oregon contest: 1st
Newburg, Oregon contest: 3rd
Kingston, Washington contest: 1st
Medford, Oregon contest: 1st
Claremont Mesa YMCA contest: 3rd
Claremont Mesa YMCA -California State Games contest: 1st

(Check out Skate-park guides for those states at www.concretedisciples.com)





Duane Peters

SOUL BOWL

huntington beach ca -august 2005

Photos and Story By:

Team Goon

This year's Soul Bowl event, put on by World Cup Skateboarding, went off quite nicely and took place on the sand on the south side of the Huntington Beach pier. 2005 marks the first year of the team challenge format. Each team was made up of eight skaters who were picked by last year's winners. Every team included ladies, young guns, masters, and grandmasters. They all competed against each other in different heats. The winning team was to be awarded \$1,000... not collectively, but to EACH team member! Once again, Dave Duncan, the voice of skateboarding, did a kick-ass job of announcing the blow by blow action in the bowl. Full on punk rock aggression ruled the loud speakers around the bowl with the blaring sounds of Black Flag, Youth Brigade, DEVO, Agent Orange, Dead Kennedys, U.S. Bombs, & Social Distortion, to name a few.

The weather was your typical, perfect So Cal summer beach

atmosphere-- complete with plenty of sunshine, girls, ocean breezes, girls, food, girls, and refreshments. Highlights included Duane Peters pulling off some insane moves; including an Indy air off of the extension, his signature laybacks, & slides. He took a few slams, banged up his shoulder, & lost some skin. But, he always gets right back up for more. Jake Piasecki delivered his usual energy ridden runs in the bowl that lasted a long time. The man is truly driven to skate, and to skate hard. Blasting huge variations of airs everywhere. Ben Schroeder was rolling in and out of the bowl at his usual mach speeds. Representing Gringo Skateboards was Henry Guerterez from Virginia, Todd Chasen and Ken Fillon from Texas. Kevin Staab was doing his characteristic insane, high airs that always entertain. Another rad aspect was watching Steve Schnee popping out of the bowl and pulling some Ho-Ho's on the deck, then going right back



Kevin Staab



Rob Aliagam



Jeff Grosso



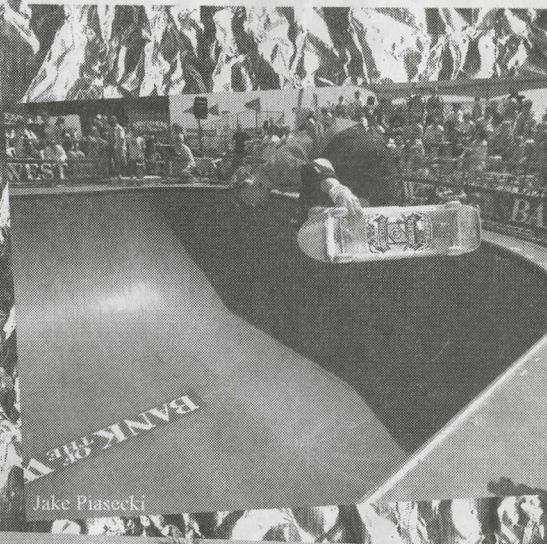
Mikie Alba



Duane Peters and Christian Fletcher

in the bowl. During one of them, one of his fellow competitors actually switched Steve's board for another and he successfully dropped back in.

At one point, Dave Duncan made an announcement offering Tony Magnusson a one dollar bill if he could pull off a 540 air over Mickey Alba. After several attempts, Tony was the lucky winner of a one dollar bill. During the event on Sunday, five random competitors were skating the bowl at the same time and they all went into inverts (handplants). Pretty friggin' RAD! After all of the points were tallied up, Team Dove ended up claiming the first place money. The total purse for this year's event was \$19,200. I'd like to have been able to report on how the ladies did, but since the parking situation was the equivalent of a backed up toilet full of sewer pickles, I missed seeing any of them skate. But from what we've heard, they all ripped pretty hard. Other than having to park in the next county, I had a good time watching some skateboard history go down right before my eyes. Thankfully we had some skateboards with us, so we were able to make those miles back & forth to the car a little shorter. To view results go to: www.wcsk8.com



Jake Piasecki



Kevin Staab, Brandon Cruz and Christian Hosoi



TIM BURKERT

He's Tim Burkert, who the hell are you? Tim Burkert—who proclaims his role as a loveable skateboarder, bathroom destroyer, and prank caller—is 23 years old and was raised in Chino, CA. He resides in Fontana, CA. and has been skating for nearly two decades. He plays bass in a punk rock band called Running on Fumes, and is also a gang leader for the infamous “MLC” (Mustacheos Locos Crew). One of Tim's fun little projects that he's best known for are drawing mustaches on magazines, posters, stickers, etc... If there is a face, the MLC will 'stache it. I also feel it is important to mention his love of convenience food. Anything from a Jack Link's beef and cheese duos, to Reynaldo's spicy burritos, to a Chihuahua hot dog with a Gatorade can serve as a hearty breakfast for him, any day of the week.

Q: What is your full name?

A: Timothy James Burkert

Q: Where are you from?

A: I grew up in Chino, CA. and recently relocated to Fontana, CA.

Q: Fontana huh? How's that neighborhood?

A: It's cool. There's a KFC on the corner that is still a Kentucky Fried Chicken. It sure as shit ain't kitchen fresh. Its Fontucky fried.

Q: Who are your sponsors?

A: My sponsors are Utility Board Shop and Leticia at Consolidated sends me boards.

Q: What are your days spent doing?

A: I work in a skate shop so most of my time is spent skating, gluing change to the sidewalk outside, or drawing mustaches on our display posters. I also play bass in a band called Running on Fumes.

Q: What kind of music do you guys play?

A: We play punk rock music the way we wanna play it.

Q: Who are some of your music influences?

A: Our influences are bands like Rancid, The Descendents, Screeching Weasel... things of that nature.

Q: Who are some of your influences in skateboarding?

A: I started skating around the time Animal Chin came out. So, the Bones Brigade for sure, Mike Carroll, Mark Gonzales. Every other summer while I was growing up I'd stay with my cousins in Visalia. It was rad because I'd see guys like Karma and Tom Knox skating at Redwood. I look up to those guys a lot.

Q: I know you like to skate at Chaffey High School in Ontario a lot. Why do you love that spot so much?

A: The layout of the place is perfect for skating. For years we were allowed to skate there every single day of the week. And we did, I can guarantee you that. We had one of the best spots to skate at in California, anytime we wanted. I also met some of my best friends while skating there. It became like a second home for us. Over the past couple of years, the scene there has kinda petered out.



Q: I heard there were some BMX clowns who fucked up the spot and brought some drama, is that correct?

A: Yeah, those fucking pegs can do as much damage to a block in one hour as a skateboard will do in ten years. There were always fights and there was a lot of bad blood between the skaters and the BMX dudes. It got to the point where there would be like 30 skaters and 30 bikers just ready to go at it. I shit you not. Then one of the bikers decided to take a sledge hammer to the blocks, making them un-rideable for anyone. It was a shame to see Chaffey get shut down like that, as opposed to using something like skatestoppers. At least you can knock those off. I have a collection of them at home.

Q: The X Games are going on right now. What's your take on that shit?

A: I guess the good thing about it is that it can give kids inspiration to get out there and ride a skateboard. I find the X Games extremely corny myself. I prefer to support contests and events that are run by actual skaters instead of a bunch of kooks like the X Games. A lot of the major companies involved don't understand or even care that skateboarding is a subculture, they just see it as something to profit from. Having worked in a small skate shop for years, I've seen how shit like that can hurt our industry.

Q: What are some of your favorite things to hate-on in skateboarding?

A: I guess I hate-on the fact that skate pogs never came out. During those two months pogs were hot on the street, I'd have loved to have a Simon Woodstock slammer.

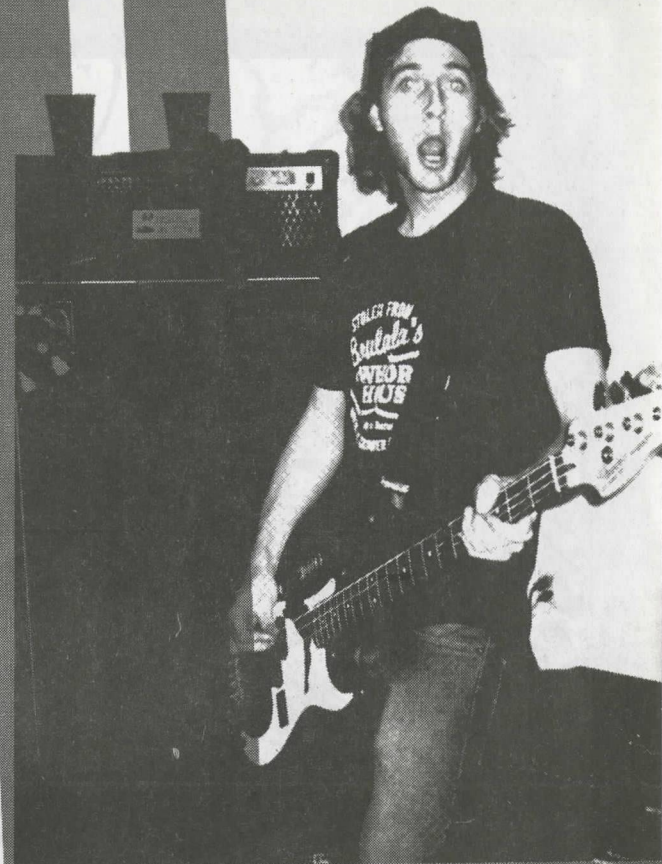
Q: Pogs or hate, I don't know which is worse...

A: Hey, I'm down with anything designed to encourage the youth of America to gamble.

Q: Fuckin-A right. Is there anyone you'd like to thank?

A: I'd like to say thanks to my family, my girl Donna, Utility, Consolidated, Seth, Rafe, Joey, Willy and my friend Jeremy who helped make all of this possible. Thanks.

By: Will



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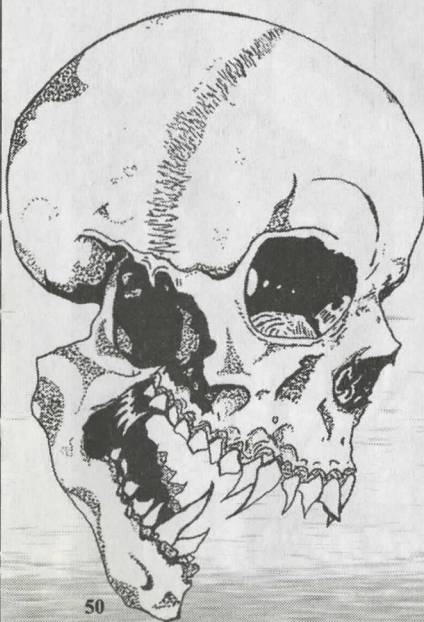
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story by **Annie DeTemple**

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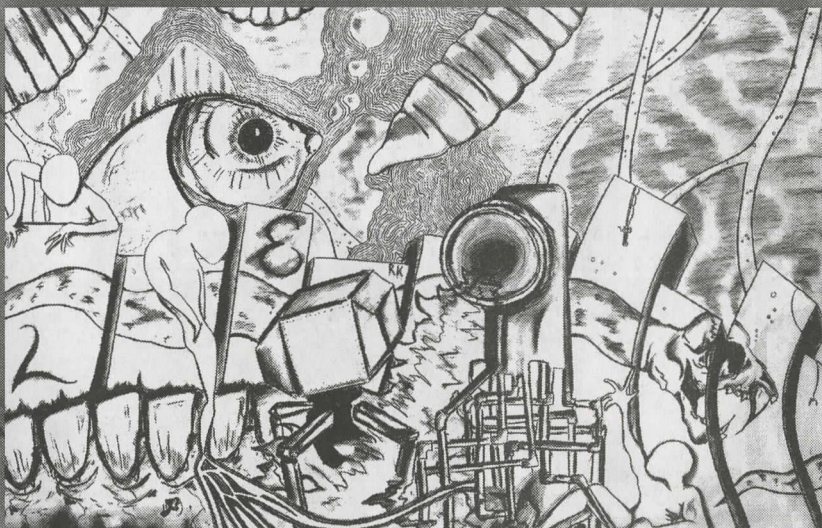
I met Chris when he was a freshman in high school. Back then he was just another one of my little sister's punk friends. Now at the age of 17, I see Chris as more than just some teenage rocker from the valley. He's an amazing artist. In December 2004 I saw some of his work for the first time and was blown away. When I sat down with him for this interview I didn't really know what to expect. I wasn't expecting him to tell me that he's only been drawing and painting for a year! Or, that the art teacher at his high school had to convince him to sign up for an Advanced Placement (AP) Art class. I figured he had been painting since he was fairly young. That's how awesome his work is! Maybe that's what I like so much about his art. There seems to be something fresh... something untamed. Most of his drawings are like intricate sketches with embedded detail and character. His style is something unique, and from the variety of work I've seen, he definitely seems to have a knack for pleasing the eye. The formal elements of art are definitely apparent; areas such as size variation, composition and even

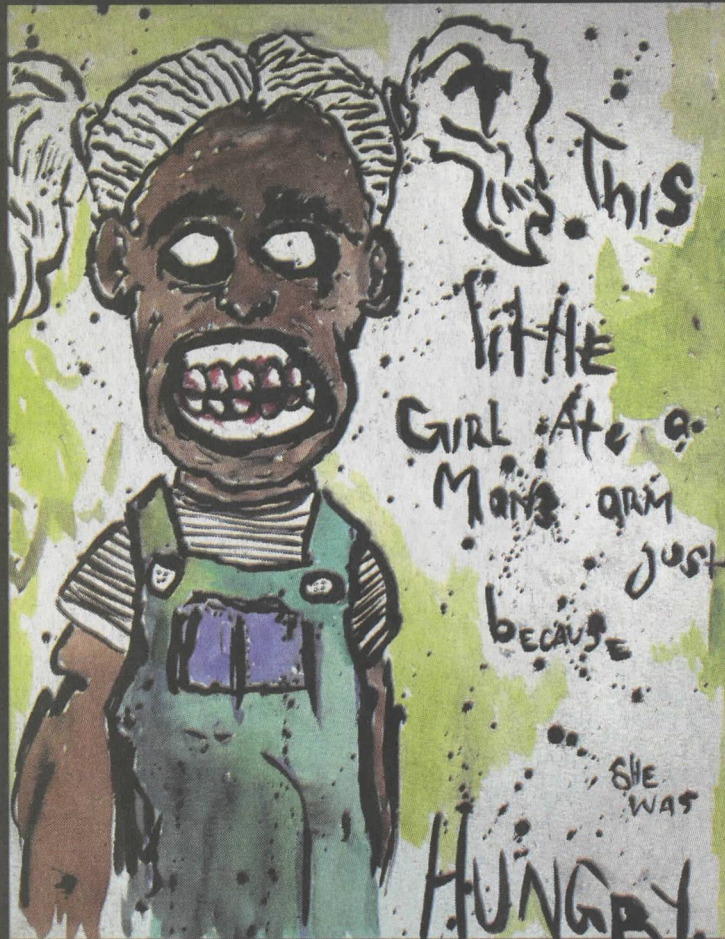
some advanced aspects such as color. Maybe this comes from the past year he's spent in an AP art class. Speaking of class, Chris told me he was the only student in his AP art class to receive a passing score on the portfolio test this year.

A lot of his work is black and white. His favorite medium is pen & ink on canvas paper. Many of his pieces that I like are color, but he explained to me that sometimes a drawing only needs two tones. "I really like the simplicity of pen and ink. I can draw some big ol' skull in one corner with lots of detail and then just put a few marks on the rest of the page and it'll look pretty cool."

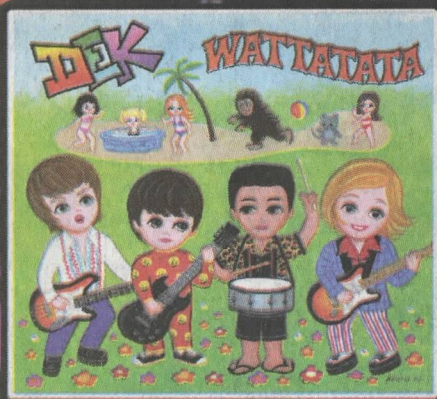
But visual art isn't the only thing that interests Chris. He's been playing the bass for about 3 years. "I've been in a ton of bands. But currently I'm in a band called Big Byron and the Troublemakers. Right now we're playing a lot of cover songs and we're working on some original stuff too."

I went to see his band, Big Byron and the Troublemakers play for the first time about a month

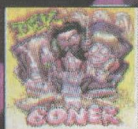




DEK WATTATATA

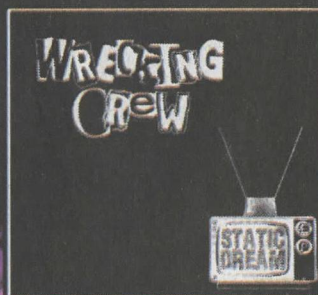


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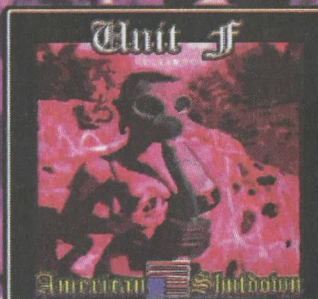
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Photo: Teamgoon.com

ago. They played at the Cobalt Café. Lots of their friends came out to support them. I was impressed with Chris' bass playing. He's a really technical player and uses a really unique finger style of playing. He has been influenced by Les Claypool of Primus, which is one of his favorite bands. Chris is the bands front man and does most of the talking and singing. Most of the covers they play are, you guessed it, Primus. While I was sitting with him for this interview, his phone rang; on the other end was his friend Aaron who just bought him a tape of Primus videos. Chris' face lit up when he found out.

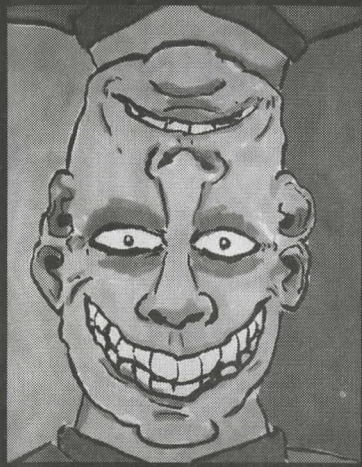
To go along with his love of music, he has a part time job working with my Dad, Michael DeTemple at DeTemple Guitars, a business that hand crafts custom guitars and basses. Kenly told me about some of the things he does in the shop. "Mostly, I sand guitar bodies. There are so many bodies to sand."

As it turns out, I'm not the only one that has taken an interest

in young Chris' work. I spoke with Michael DeTemple who told me that Chris is a really talented kid and that he has learned a lot over the past year. Michael has even asked Chris to start doing some custom artwork on the guitar and bass bodies in the near future.

As our time together was winding down, Chris walked into the living room and picked up an old Ventura bass that was lying on the couch; he sat and played it while I asked him about his plans for the future. "I'm thinking of looking into the Art Institute, but right now I'm not too sure"

We talked about what his next project might be. "I want to paint my bedroom either green or red, but probably green. Then leave a big white area on one wall and paint a mural." I'm willing to bet that all his friends are going to want a Chris Kenly mural in their rooms once they see the final product.



AGAINST ME!

SEARCHING FOR A FORMER CLARITY

Their new record in stores September 6th on CD & LP

Photo by Bryan Wynaeth

www.againstme.net • www.fatwreck.com

DEEPER UNDERGROUND?

BY MARCUS SOLOMAN

Welcome to the first issue of BIG WHEEL MAGAZINE! I consider myself very fortunate to have been asked to do a monthly column for a magazine that is devoted to REAL punk rock and REAL skateboarding. I have been told that Big Wheel will not waste ink and space on namby-pamby, corporate-produced, poseurcore that claims to be punk rock, nor will it spotlight the trend-flipping, fashion conscious pretty boys who think skateboarding is a fashion show. No, the magazine in your hands is intended to be the genuine article, true to the attitudes and philosophies that define and drive both the punk and skate worlds. Time will tell if the mag will hold true to this ethos, but at least we are off to a good start, so let's take some time to look at where we are today in order to determine where we are going.

First of all, realize that the most hearty and unique things grow and thrive in the cracks, the shadows, and deep beneath the surface. In the shallow realms you have things like algae, brine shrimp, and emo. Explore the depths and you will find things like brilliantly fluorescent jellyfish, species of life nobody has ever seen before, The Damned, and Stink Eye. Both punk rock and skateboarding have already begun the process of emerging from the darkness into the light of popular culture, but that does NOT mean that everything claiming to be authentic is the real deal.

The youth of today is bombarded with many relentless advertising campaigns intended to capitalize on the highly lucrative market of "extreme sports" and "extreme music." The result is a lot of misguided kids go to the mall and buy whatever cookie cutter off shoot of what punk is, because the media told them it was punk rock, or you have poseurs who can't wait to get the new McDonalds skateboard because they simply don't know any better. (No shit...McD's is going to manufacture a pile of dung...I mean skateboards.) Now don't get me wrong, there's nothing wrong with making a bunch of money—I am a small businessman myself—but to deliberately mislead people is a form of theft. Another interesting aspect of this phenomenon is how musicians in bands like (place your favorite TRL spunk rock band) actually think they ARE punk rock, so we can't really blame them because they have been deceived themselves. Using that as a case in point, we can see that the corporate juggernaut is so powerful that it can actually take over the mind of talented individuals and cause them to confuse pop music with punk rock. Simply put, most people listen with their EYES instead of their EARS. Just because you wear a cowboy hat does not mean you are a cowboy, and by the same token, just because a band looks punk, does not mean it is. Punk rock is like Zen; you can't exactly say what it is, you can easily say what it is not. I have respect for anyone who has the skill to play a musical instrument, or has enough ability to get

some media coverage in the skateboarding world, but please don't tell me you have a tiger when you own a cuddly kitten.

Always remember that poseurs have potential, and it was the corporate controlled, shallow society that indirectly created punk rock and skateboarding in the first place. Disgusted musicians were driven underground and therefore rediscovered how to create intense music for the self that was its own reward. In other words, people like Joey Ramone and Billy Bones gave a huge middle finger to "normal society", and reinvented/created the raging musical beast within. This beast grew to become a self-sustaining punk rock community that now has to consciously and continuously resist being eaten by the corporate monster. Skateboarding is the bastard sport that grew from the earlier bastard known as surfing. Early surfers were considered stoner outcasts, and early skaters were considered punks in both the literal and figurative sense. Again, back to the major point of this article: The strongest and most creatively unique things exist on the fringe. It was a collective and conscious decision by those involved to reject many of the rules and expectations of popular culture, and the journey continues to this day.

I clearly and fondly remember how my miserable existence was saved by both skateboarding and punk rock. As a teen-ager in the late '70s, I was both bored and annoyed by almost everything around me. My stepfather was a violent, abusive, asshole and I honestly wanted to die. But my whole world changed with one visit to Paramount skate park. There, I discovered an entirely new world that empowered and inspired me. I remember how this weird-looking punk rock kid rolled up and said "Hi!" I was not used to kindness from a stranger, and I was simply amazed when he then rolled into a huge, deep pool as he kept on going. He did a backside air on the opposite wall and then did an invert right in front of me...it seemed like magic! I soon noticed this exciting, unique, and diverse sound coming from the skate park P.A. system. My friends told me that it was punk rock and "It sucks!" but I loved it. I knew from that point forward I was going to face my fears and I no longer cared about trying to fit in. As I grew in my skateboarding ability, so too did my self-esteem and I rejoiced in my bold strangeness. And that is my message to you today. Rejoice in your bold strangeness, face your fears, conquer your obstacles, and realize that the most rebellious thing you can ever do is to cast off the shallow indoctrination of "normal society," and simply be yourself. The only true revolution takes place in the individual mind. Where do we go from here? Deeper underground. Faster downhill. Higher off the ramp. Weirder and louder with the music, and forward into this unknown, never ending world that CANNOT be bought or sold.

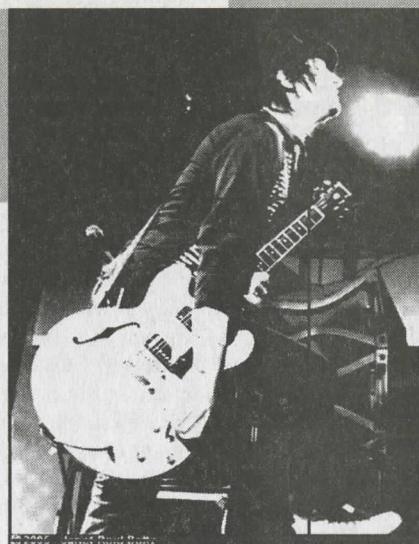
Abolish I-was-there-back-in-the-day-ism!

As much as I celebrate and even fetishize punk rock history, it bums me out when all the old original players give themselves pats on their own backs for how revolutionary and visionary they all were; especially when they take cheap shots at modern bands that have achieved commercial success and acclaim. All the dialogue and fuss is so silly and it only makes me lose respect for all these musicians from the legendary bands I've grown up loving and cherishing, when they reveal themselves to be bitter old whiners spouting off about how the old days were so much better. I knew I shouldn't have had so much coffee before that IFC documentary on the history of punk came on, oh well here goes. The heart of rock n roll beats in the young and restless. The old are free to sing along, but if their version of rock n roll's legacy going to be oppressive and overshadow the growth of new things then they should be chopped down and cut into wood to make new guitars with; if these sacred cows, who haven't produced any milk worth drinking in nearly 30 years and are all fat from royalty checks from the re-mastered re-re-re-releases of their old records and ticket-stubs from their reunion tours that they sold to my generation, then they need to be put out to pasture. Yes, the Buzzcocks were great, so was the Who before them, and so was Green Day after them, and the Strokes after them, it's all good; Fuck age-ism, and I-was-there-back-in-the-day-ism, I'm sick of people beating their chests about how legit they were 'cause they never got paid; it's the natural cycle of things; one generation paves the way for the next and each time it gets a little more organized and informed; inevitably, someone eventually gets the elusive pay day, lucky for them! Innocence is precious but it's always fleeting, so enjoy garage bands and basement shows and the primal scream of a brand new band out to make their mark while it lasts. Also appreciate those that have come before; taking history is as important as making history! Realize that music doesn't have to draw enemy lines and take sides; the culture war is just like any other manufactured war, it's a way to divide and conquer and stimulate some economy somewhere that fills someone else's pockets and leaves you standing there with a "hey wait a minute!" stumped look on your face and nothing in your pockets but your clenched hands. Don't surrender to art-class-ism! Listen to whatever grabs you, gets you off and makes you remember what it feels like to be alive.

To the old timers: Let's face it, fame and fortune is nice work if you can get it. If nothing else, then entering the historical relevance, retro-active fame/acclaim sweepstakes is at least gonna make you a cool dad. I'd be hard pressed to imagine that Iggy Pop didn't have designs on becoming the next Jim Morrison in his day, or that the Ramones would have turned down being as big as Led Zeppelin; or that many of the pre-90's punk bands wouldn't have jumped at the chance to be on MTV if MTV would've have given them the invitation (with the exception of our beloved NOFX who pleaded with MTV to stop playing their video; how rad is that!). Even still, I'm selfishly glad these artists remained our "little secrets" and stayed close to the pavement. You have to read between the lines with this stuff and preclude that people who do something, want it to get off the ground to some extent. Because it's dressed down or raw and innocent doesn't necessarily mean that it's

pure and free of pretension or higher aspiration; and that's totally fine and okay. For example, that girl Kelly Clarkson wanted to be a superstar; so instead of playing basement shows, she trains and goes on American Idol, then goes on to make pop records that people buy; it's uncomplicated, she's following the necessary steps laid down by her pop forbearers to become a pop star; and it worked! This is no different than what most 'punk' bands did; try to follow and then update those that came before and hope that by the process of happy accidents and band chemistry that you stumble on a new strain of it (Nirvana). It's true that a lot of these 'heroes' had the guts to stand up and say "fuck you!", and they did; but then it dilutes the threat of "fuck you" and it becomes trite and a cliché. There will always be people who want to hear love songs, who want something escapist to dance to and forget about their problems and day-to-day; just like there will always be people who want to rally behind the power of 'fuck you' and rebellion; so much so, in fact, that rebellion and 'fuck you' has been co-opted and bottled into a easily and safely attainable commodity available at the mall; It's not a statement to dress "punk" when you bought your wardrobe at the alternative society store across from the Sharper Image and PF Changs at some boring mall. Hell, at least when I was growing up you had to order it through the mail, or go to the bad part of town to find it (there I go now being "that guy"!). The point is who fucking cares? Just because you like one band doesn't mean you have to look like them and listen to only their acolytes; use your influences don't be your influences. Because Fugazi chose to conduct themselves in a strict hard-lined way, doesn't mean you are a fraud and a bad person if you don't copy them; if anything you'd be a fraud to blindly follow them just to prove your fan hood; why not take what it is from them and any artist that which truly resonates to you and apply it to your own situation or use it to spark new ideas. I'm sure that the guys in Mars Volta drew confidence out of Johnny Rotten's move after the break up the much hyped and beloved Pistols at their peak only to go form a way more esoteric and outre band (PIL); when they bailed on At the Drive In as they were poised for a breakthrough; it's that spirit of doing what you want to do when you want and engaging people to come with you on it that is way more bold and worthy of praise than just doing something outrageous for the sake of getting attention. Sid Vicious is a legend for being a caricature of himself, Kurt Cobain is a legend for being himself; they both became poster-boys for their respective generations and both died prematurely; smack addicts who captured our imaginations; anti-heros; fuck you heros, who seemed to have the "don't follow me I'm lost too" slogan tattooed on their backs which people refused to acknowledge. Jackets of leather, second hand sweaters, or whatever. Anyway, I've already gone on about this to the point of proving my own point that it just doesn't matter. I'm gonna go listen to the Replacements and drink a beer.

Surrender,



SHUT UP & SAY SOMETHING

WHO ARE YOU TO ACCUSE ME?

BY PHILIPPE DUHART

Two things. 1) Arnold Schwarzenegger, like his predecessor, is the political equivalent of a prostitute. 2) I blame you, the reader, for everything that has happened since the creation of the word 'Governator.'

It wasn't so long ago that the chattering classes proclaimed that the ascendancy of Arnold Schwarzenegger as California's governor heralded some sort of hundred year GOP *Reich* in our beloved state. These same people—populating the world of talk radio, cable babble shows, and fishwrap editorial pages—assumed resolutely that America would enthusiastically amend the constitution in order that Herr Schwarzenegger should follow the glorious reign of George II.

These are the same people who simply cannot account for the about-face of the Californian electorate, who stammer in search of some rationalization for the possibility that Schwarzenegger may not even run for a second term.

What is explicitly denied in this debate is that which implicitly is behind Schwarzenegger's career as a celebrity *cum* politician—the logic of symbolism.

Both the celebrity and the political worlds rely on the production of symbols. Celebrities are symbols incarnate—their fame is a result manufacturing and presentation in line with the mood of the public. Take the action hero craze of the 1980s. Hollywood responded to the social promptings of the Reagan Era. After over a decade of angst and the cult of the anti-hero (Travis Bickle meet Jimmy Carter) the people wanted a return to moral absolutes and larger-than-life symbolism. Reagan redefined America as an evangelically belligerent nation of cowboy-missionaries. So Hollywood duly responded—and *voilà!* the action hero, a man of the moral clarity which allows one to kill guerillas/contras/terrorists indiscriminately, if only qualified by a one-liner. Schwarzenegger soon emerged as the symbolic counterpart of Reagan's geopolitics.

How times have changed. By the late 1990s, poor Arnie was being muscled out of his hero status by such pussy weaklings as Keanu Reeves. But fortunately for Arnold, the political scene had reverted back to the glory days of the 1980s. Allow for some illegal grid manipulation by Texas energy-mongers, the political aspirations of a group of anti-tax crusaders, and the complete incompetence of the reigning political party. Add a strong dose of California's celebrity-lust and the fawning of the national media and you get—THE GOVERNATOR.

Schwarzenegger manipulated his way into office with a pre-constructed set of political symbols as an incorruptible (i.e. rich) outsider and a well-known public persona, which he so shamelessly exploited. The guy was elected on a platform of hackneyed film clichés and the worst one-liners in history without the benefit of a Clint Eastwoodesque delivery.

But the Republican Establishment forgot to account for two things: 1) the logic of politics is governed by a very specific set of symbols which are completely unrelated to those of the movie world; and 2) the only thing we like more than celebrities is hating celebrities and delighting in their fall from grace.

As the punditry lined up to fellate the Governor and the California GOP dusted off their plans for a free-market *putsch*, Herr Schwarzenegger's Teddy Roosevelt-lite persona started to crumble. It's alright to attack Democrats as the source of all our ills—not even Democrats like elected Democrats—but once you start 'kicking butt' on nurses and teachers, well, the next thing you know 34% approval rating and you're dropping hints that your wife won't let you run for Governor again.

Were I an advisor to the Governor, besides having him legalize weed and obtaining state subsidies for my panda-smuggling outfit, I would have likely warned him against defining 'special interests' solely as unions representing teachers, nurses, cops, and firefighters. Here is that other set of symbols I mentioned. It turns out that the public actually values working men and women over shitty actors who got rich abusing steroids and starring in Republican-approved nationalist propaganda. You see, the thing is, they contribute to society by working real jobs while you, while you no longer make terrible movies.

That whole \$13-million-over-five-years-from-*Flex*-magazine-whose-main-source-of-ad-revenue-is-nutritional-supplement-companies-whose-profits-could've-been-threatened-by-a-bill-calling-for-regulation-of-this-industry-but-fortunately-you-vetoed-it-in-the-spirit-of-non-partisanship-in-this-bullshit-year-of-reform affair did some damage to your straight-talking image. It could also have to do with the fact that the same electorate who turned on Gray Davis for his incessant fundraising are staring to wonder if you're some sort of overpriced male escort, given that for \$100,000 Joe Californian can sit in the luxury box with you at a Rolling Stones show. For a guy who sold himself on being independently wealthy and psychotic in your hate of special interest groups, you have managed to find time in your hectic schedule of 'pumping-up Sacramento/castrating economic girly-men' in order prostitute yourself to real estate, financial interests, and insurance companies.

But, in the end, Schwarzenegger's downfall can be blamed on his failure to appreciate the fact that his acting chops had always been found wanting. Republicans failed to realize that Californians will march in lockstep with the national GOP. And the lack of public's interest in this Special Election called by the Governor is exceeded only by their growing dislike for a man who publicly belittles nurses and teachers.

Afterwards, the chattering classes will have moved onto another set of bullshit observations—we're winning the war in Iraq or privatization will cure cancer. And the public will believe for a while and then act as if they never did in the first place.



PAYDAY WHISKEY

WHO'S HIDING THE IRISH, TRANNY HOOKERS?

BY BRIAN STANNARD

I'm a social worker in San Francisco's Skid Row neighborhood better known as The Tenderloin. It's hard not to laugh at the name, *The Tenderloin*, since a better moniker might be The Crack Enema-o-in. A friend of mine visiting from Pennsylvania once marveled that, "Christ, even the pigeons in San Francisco seem jankier than most." Being a social worker in the Tenderloin has its privileges: I've met Jackie Onassis' bastard love child (keep this on the down low as the CIA's following him), I've had my ass affectionately described as a 'crime scene' by a 6'3, sixty-three year-old drag queen, and I've chilled out The Mad Dog of Ellis Street (a story for another time). Needless to say, I pop gallows humor in the morning rather than vitamins.

One of my homeless clients who gasped and wept through the final strangulation throes of AIDS told me that, "Dying's not the hard part, the hard part's the living that occurs during the dying."

This specific interaction was the last stop before a complete nervous breakdown on my part. Empathy is a blessing and a curse. Although this client's comment brought forth painful insight to the human condition, it nonetheless exposed spot-on truths. Kind of like Bukowski's observation that, "If you want to find out who your friends are, get yourself a jail sentence."

As the barnacles of my nervous breakdown clamped down upon my ass I discovered another truth: The Internet doesn't give a shit if you've been drinking. Flashback about fifteen years ago to Pre-Internet technology. Anyone staggering into a travel agency while wearing nothing but cum-stained boxers and a fistful of angry juice, all the while ranting and raving about the indignity of a world where expensive bombs drop on starving people, would have won themselves a trip to the Fontana Drunk Tank. But with new Internet technology, the aforementioned person (in this particular case the writer of this article) winds up in... Dublin, Ireland!

Every seasoned drinker has their first-thing-in-the-morning checklist. First and foremost is ascertaining just where in the fuck am I? A very close second deals with finding the locale of the wallet and assessing its weight. Once these Darwinian imperatives are taken care of, lesser issues of damage control become significant: did I offend anyone last night? Did I stick my dick somewhere where it wasn't supposed to go? And lastly, why is my computer on and blinking?

After a particularly heart-breaking day at work in The Tenderloin, I woke up on my floor the following morning with a message from my electron-charged computer screen which told me that apparently I had bought a plane ticket to Dublin, Ireland a few hours prior. "Can't argue with inanimate objects," I thought. At least they don't call the cops on me.

So, in a few weeks I was doing my melanin-challenged version of Alex Haley's "Roots." Side-note: I'm sure there's a fancier, more multi-syllabic term for the particular branch of anthropology or sociology that I'm about to bring up, but in laymen's terms, I'm thoroughly fascinated by what makes a certain geographical area fucked up. Take Oklahoma City. Never met anyone from Oklahoma City that I didn't like, but of all the places to bomb, why Oklahoma City? Jesus H-Christ, the town needs a step-up, not a fertilizer fucking bomb.

All that said; I freaked out upon arriving in Dublin. Despite the fact that few of the streets meet at

right angles, everything seemed to be put together. Everyone was friendly and, despite some legendary heroin problem that I had earlier read about, the only needle in Dublin that I saw was a gargantuan spike statue in the middle of town affectionately known as The Stiletto in the Ghetto. Maybe working in the Tenderloin all these years skewed my sense of up and down.

Ireland is beautiful, magnificent, and full of history. I appreciated these attributes. Nonetheless, I was crawling out of my skin while I was there, and I couldn't figure out why. It wasn't until I got to Northern Ireland that I figured it out; I feel more comfortable in fucked up situations.

Aesthetically speaking, Northern Ireland is similar to The Republic of Ireland (Northern Ireland is considered part of the UK). In both places it's very green. It would be like Studio City forming a separate country from Tarzana despite the shared strip mall aesthetic. The main difference, from what my tourist ass could tell, between Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland is that in certain pubs in Northern Ireland there are banners hanging over the bar announcing, "We're not bigots, we just fucking hate you."

I couldn't figure out what the hell was going on in Northern Ireland, but for reasons that were mainly for the worse, I found it to be pretty intriguing. It's the only place I've been where there are murals on the side of elementary schools advocating the use of violence. And at this time in the early 21st Century, Northern Ireland is in a state of relative calm and peace compared to the bomb-ridden 1970s.

Similar to the post-Cold war Soviet Union, an IRA Mafia driven by money rather than political/religious/humanitarian motivations seems to be running the show. That being stated, I have no regard for my own kneecaps and/or mortality, fuck it. When I got back to San Francisco the IRA announced a major cease-fire. The way I heard the announcement it sounded more like, "Major bombing operations are over, and cigarette smuggling will proceed as normal." Cigarettes seem to be the foundation of every revolution, look at our own fucking country, ha ha.

Jerry Springer Wrap-up-- I've been to New Zealand too, which is one of the most put together places in the world. Sky-high suicide rate. Humanity thrives on conflict. When things get too easy, we reach for the barbiturates and vodka. Advice for the youngsters: keep the fires burning beneath your asses. Contentment is the garlic-strewn stake into our vampire heart.



...the Gspot...

By: B.M. Franklin

Disclaimer: I can not be held responsible what you are about to read. Enter at your own risk. Knock twice. Ask for Larry. Don't look him in the eye, enter below.

The Road To Excess Is A Mess

Everyone is addicted to something. Whether it be exercise, religion, TV, cigarettes, gambling or the needle – everyone's got something they rely on for a rush or for hope or whatever you need to call it to get through the day. But if your thing is drugs – that'll bring you down in a different way than going straight to hell in your mama's church. **Because drugs are meant strictly for fun. It's drug addicts that give drugs a bad name... Drugs aren't bad! Doing drugs all the time is bad!** That's why you have to space that shit out. You don't want to do it everyday – not only will you need more a day in time, but you also won't be getting the maximal high you would if you did it sometimes. I'm not promoting that you do drugs, I'm promoting moderation. Moderation is the key to life. You can do most anything in moderation and be okay. It's people who go overboard chasing what used to be that don't realize it ain't gonna be anymore. So go smoke a joint. In moderation.

Never Say Never?

What if we're all waiting for something better? What if it's not a matter of "if," but "when?" You say you're happy in your relationship – but what if someone better came along and fell in your lap? What's better, you ask? I don't know... whatever you perceive as better – thinner, prettier, richer, whatever your thing is – just fucking better. Would you leave your partner? For those of you who have looked lust in the eye and have told them, "I can't – I'm with someone," I salute you. You've passed. But if you've never had to turn to the object of your desire and tell them to take a hike – you don't know what you'd truly do. People say, "I'd never do this, or that or stay with a person who treated me like such. But the truth is, you don't know what the fuck you'd do until you're in the middle of doing it. You don't know how low you'd stoop, or to what extent you'd go to. If you could be that certain about anything, life would be too easy. So take your head out of your ass and realize you don't know everything.

Oute Me

I've never been into fighting other girls, but some women deserve to be slapped. Even if you're not a fighter, we've all wanted to beat the bitch down who's on our guy's lap when we get back from the bathroom. Some of us have the courage. The rest of us fume silently...

"I will beat a bitch's ass." I don't play that disrespectful ho shit. I have very little respect for those kinds of women. And if I catch you with my man, disrespecting, I will beat your ass." -Kimora Lee Simmons
Amen from us chickens!

Mirror, Mirror On The Wall...

We all judge on appearance – case closed. We all size people up, as they do us. Now in the end, we all know the right thing to do is to like someone no matter what they look like. Good people like people based on character and personality.

Lesson number one – that's bullshit. We can't help being drawn to attractive people just like we can't help being drawn to the finer things in life. So know this – the way you look will say more than you think. If you "look the part," you're in. But if you don't, you'll work twice as hard in life and in your career to win people over. Good looking people have it easy. They don't need to be the most talented guy in the room to be the boss. Average people that excel are true heroes. Their personality conquered over looks. And speaking of people who've made it because their looks...

Fuck Her!

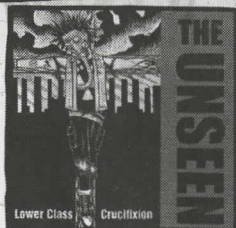
You know, a part of me wants to take the high road with Paris Hilton -- she's rich and gorgeous and of course it's all about her and screw all of you -- she's just living her life. But I can't help but hate her. She brings out the worst in all of us. She's as repulsive as she is beautiful. We all can't help but look at her. And it disappoints me we're all so weak. Studies have shown babies tend to react more positively to pretty people compared to ugly people... You'd think we would have all grown wiser, instead of still buying into the hype. Paris Hilton would be nothing if we didn't care so much about her. We're the ones who make her larger than life. We're all so fucking stupid.

Just a thought...



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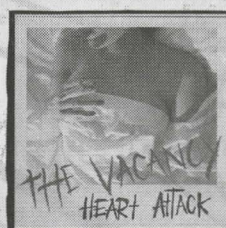
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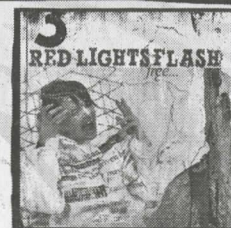
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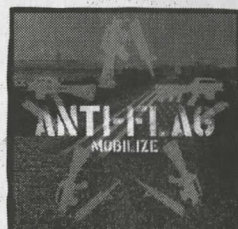
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Heart Attack CD



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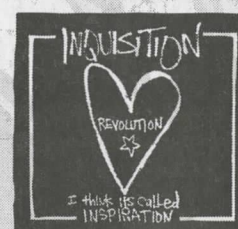
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Mobilize CD and LP



ANTI-FLAG
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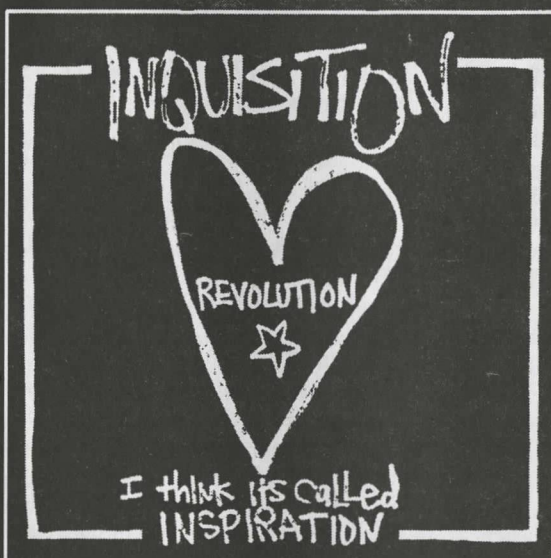


ANTI-FLAG
Death Of A Nation DVD



INQUISITION
Revolution, I Think It's
Called Inspiration

The re-issue of "Revolution, I Think It's Called Inspiration" by INQUISITION (featuring members of Strike Anywhere, Ann Beretta, and River City High) hits stores this fall. A-FRECORDS.COM IS FULLY REDESIGNED AND RELAUNCHED WITH ALL NEW FEATURES INCLUDING AN MP3 STORE WITH OUT-OF-PRINT, RARE, AND UNRELEASED TRACKS!!!



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THE UNSEEN
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CD and LP



THE VACANCY
Heart Attack CD

INQUISITION

"Revolution... I think its called Inspiration"
(featuring members of Strike Anywhere, Ann Beretta, and River City High)

A band like Inquisition made a dent in the underground punk community in their heyday, when they should have been a full blown car crash. -Tim Barry (AVAIL)

Very few things will leave as lasting an impression on me as the first chord of the first song I heard by them.
-Jason Black (HOT WATER MUSIC)

Inquisition had it all, the energy, the desperation, political lyrics, it was all there and it got me so psyched. -Tim (ENSIGN)

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UNDER THE HOUSE & DRINKING

All right, check it out: You're about to start taking the word of this disgruntled, close-minded, ALCOHOLIC, hip-hop saturated, sneaker addict as the one and only, all knowing, end all, be all of "rap" music, opinions and information. That being said--let me tell you that this shit is getting out of control.

Me? I was born in the late 70's, which made me the prime audience for what many claim to be the "golden age" of hip-hop. I mean Fuck... Wu tang? The Alkaholiks? Hieroglyphics? Mobb deep?!!!! Tribe? De la Soul!!!!!!!!!!!! The Beastie Boys!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Fu-Shnickens!!!!!! Freestyle Fellowship!!!!!!!!!! Ice Cube!!!!!!!!!!!! Gang Starr!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Kool g Rap!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Aaaaaauuugggghhhhhhh!

What the fuck happened to the shit that I grew up on? Thank god for mixed tape djs that have the balls to bring back the Classics.

That's the only way that these new jacks, who only listen to the radio station their older cousin plays in the car, can be exposed to what is really real. What more can I say?

Meanwhile, these days we got the fuckin' youngsters who rock shirts that are way to big for their stupid goddamn skinny-ass bodies. Hats that cover their ears and nothing but Air Force 1's 24/7; they've been made into walking talking clones of what T.R.L. poisoned their brains with; they are the image of what hip hop has come to be. IT MAKES ME SICK!!!!!!

I spend my days stuck in a jail cell that the rest of the world thinks is a hip-hop record store. In fact, it's the only "respectable" one in the San Fernando Valley, but that doesn't say much. Sometimes dealing with hip-hop cats is really fuckin' aggravating. Be it the dude who wants to talk to me too much, for too long, about asinine crap, or the person I greet at the door that looks at me weird and doesn't say shit. The general consensus is that the majority of us aren't exactly the sharpest tools in the shed. This sucks for me-- seeing as I'm trying to prove to you (the reader) that I AM on the level and not just some fucking asshole trying to spread some disease or "make rap music" into a household name by ejaculating it in your unknowing, unsuspecting daughter-- or something.

So... "How's the current state of hip-hop Mike?" "...hell if I know. That's like asking me how many six year olds I could beat up; or who would win in a two on two, no holds-barred, knife fight in Costa Rica: Itchy and Stimpny or Scratchy and Ren..." I JUST DON'T KNOW!

Hip-hop is like any addiction really; once you got it...it's in you, and it's not going anywhere! After you start practicing it, even as a novice, you have it in your veins.

And then what can you do? Ignore it? That compares to G.G. Allen not liking to hurl poop at people in a drug induced stupor.

To the know-nothings: the majority of people who know anything about this culture think of it in roughly 4 Elements. There's the deejay, the emcee, the b-boy and the graffiti writer a.k.a. the black

sheep of hip-hop.

Skating- there are roughly two types of skateboarders: the "oui" and the "yo". Lately, I've been seeing the "oui's" taking over my blocks as the "yo's" are starting to disappear. It's like I want to find a 24-year-old guy schooling the shit out of people, rockin' a goddamn LRG t-shirt and some size 42 Dickies next Tuesday. I loved skating....!?!?! Back when I was INSANE... it really pisses me off when these sludge fuckin' fudge fuckers claim to know some shit, they think they know some shit about, when they really don't know shit for shit.

I'm not questioning anybody's upbringing. You are born, you learn, you live and you try to thrive. There has got to be something said about the 13 year olds who hang out in alleys biting each other while applying mascara, AND the how-ever-old idiots standing on the corner of hothead and idiot with their pants sagged below their balls.

Fuck all of us.

Sneakers- I know people who will wake up at five o'clock in the fucking morning to stand in line to get the "spitfire, star-eye, porpoise-fin leather, neo-Jedi, space dunks with the all conquering intergalactic laces and extra kung fu grip". I love kicks. But I'm NOT DOING THAT SHIT FOR DICK. For some reason there is some kind of a sneaker fetish within the confines of the hip hop community. Spike lee buys six pairs of the same shoe every time just so he can have that shoe for the rest of his life. That's some crazy shit; you know what I'm sayin'?

Dee-Jaying- this is my contribution. It is a mere donation to this thing that I feel as if I am a part of. You are always your worst critic. I think, quite frankly, that I suck....Friends say you're dope...you think you suck. It is natural. THAT SHIT IS FUCKIN FRUSTRATING THOUGH....

I break records... I yell ... I kick shit.IIIIII...I realize that

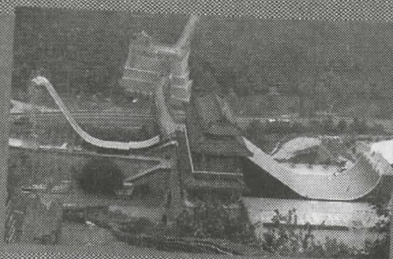
I'm just drunk and it'll all be o.k.....Tomorrow.

Closing thoughts?--I must apologize. There are no actual facts or anything of significance to any body, except for me, in this article. But alas, this is our first meeting, one meeting out of the plethora of meetings to come.

Tune in next time and the many times after, as we delve into current events, interviews, reviews, and a bunch of other crap that probably doesn't mean shit to you but is worth checking into anyway. On top of that--I write this shit and you don't, so fuck off.

Bottles empty gotta go...

By: Mike Strauss



JUMP!!

DANNY WAY CLEARS THE GAP BETWEEN CHINA & U.S. YOUTH

Have you seen the incredible videos circulating the Internet of extreme skater Danny Way's insane 61 foot leap over the Great Wall of China? Impressive stunt no doubt, but was there more to it than meets the eye? What these videos fail to capture is that this event had a profound impact on the youth of China as they find themselves struggling against an increasingly oppressive government robbing them of their right to freedom. Danny Way's jump over a wall designed to keep foreign influence out of China has more political significance than you're likely to hear about on ESPN.

In front of Chinese dignitaries, members of the world community, and the international media, Southern California's own skateboarding legend Danny Way became the first person in the world to jump over the Great Wall of China. Clad in his protective pads and armed with only a skateboard, Danny descended a 99 foot tall roll in platform and launched 60 feet over the 3000 year old Ju Yong Guan Gate near the city of Beijing on July 9th 2005. He completed five consecutive jumps that day, the last three of which he not only cleared the distance but also pulled off mind-boggling 360 degree spins while airing over the Great Wall. The crowd stood quietly bewildered as he flew across the gap at nearly 50 miles per hour.

Danny Way was not the first person to conceive of making such a shocking jump. In October 2002 a Chinese man, Wang Jia Xiong, attempted to launch himself over a portion of the Great Wall using a mountain bike. After speeding down an 11 foot high runway he ascended into the air, lost his grip on the bike's handles, and landed on the ground with such force that his skull was completely shattered. He died several hours later in a nearby hospital.

Danny understood the risk involved in performing such a dangerous stunt. He is no stranger to injuries himself having broken his neck during a surfing accident in 1994. After enduring several surgeries and months of rehabilitation he came back onto the skating scene in force in 1997 to perform one of skate boarding's most famous stunts in which he dropped into a half-pipe from a helicopter. Surpassing a stunt like this presents a huge challenge, but Danny Way has always pushed the envelope to take skateboarding to new heights and makes even the most impossible stunts become a reality.

In front anxious eye's of the world, this top-notch American skateboarder soared over a 3000 year old portion of the Great Wall of China carrying with him all of the culture and values that are unique to skateboarding for the youth of China, eager for reform in their own country, to see. This event, if nothing else, nourished the Chinese youth's growing desire to reach outside their borders and develop their individuality and self-expression in the face of an increasingly authoritative government bent on destroying their creative spirit and taking away their human dignity.

Danny Way demonstrates that he personally understands the political significance of exposing the Chinese people to the culture of skateboarding in his own words during a question and answer session posted on his website: www.dannydoeschina.com. In this Q & A session, Danny says, "Due to the Chinese growing desire to reach outside of their own borders, this is a perfect time and opportunity to positively influence the youth of China and help develop their growing interests in western cultures and activities". He then goes on to say, "Although it isn't

a team sport, skateboarding uniquely brings out a person's creativity and I hope that the people of China use skateboarding as a tool to distinguish their own individuality and self-expression, just as I have been able to"

Skateboarding has always represented youth culture's struggle for identity and individuality in the face of oppression. Many people over the world are seeing that skateboarding is not only sport, but a way of life and a unique culture embracing freedom and the rights of the individual. In the early 1990's we all stood together when skateboarders were repeatedly harassed and judged by those ignorant of our values. The camaraderie skateboarding has now grown to represent gives us a way to cope with the harsh realities of the modern world. We constantly fight back against those who forget that the United States is a free society. It is no surprise the Chinese people have embraced skateboarding and the culture surrounded by it.

When skateboarding was first gaining prominence and recognition from the American public, the Chinese youth were fighting for recognition of their own views in what later became known as the Tian An Men Square massacre. You no doubt have an image burned in your mind of the Beijing University student who later became known as the "Unknown Rebel" standing in front of a row of tanks trying to block them from entering the area where a peaceful protest was occurring against the policies of the oppressive communist regime. These young students wanted to have a voice in a country that refused to embrace the democratic reforms and surge of freedom spreading across the world. How did the Chinese government respond to this petition for reform by its own citizens? By sending in soldiers from the People's "Liberation" Army to run them down with tanks and shoot them in the back as they fled in fear. This is a bloody chapter in the history of China and one that will not soon be forgotten.

In today's China we're continuing to see strict limits placed on the rights of the people and severe controls of what they are allowed to see, hear, think, and say. The Chinese government has one of the most sophisticated systems in the world to control the use of the Internet and has repeatedly arrested, fined, and jailed those who attempt to publish magazines not sponsored by the communist owned media. In the early 1990's an art designer identified as Jin was imprisoned for 18 months just for publishing a human rights magazine. The youth of China are now looking to the Western world and our youth culture as a model to emulate. The American skateboarding community must support this growing generation of Chinese youth who dare to challenge the oppression of their government as they struggle for their freedom.

Danny Way is probably the most worthy representative to bring these principles across the Pacific Ocean. At the young age of 11 he won the first skateboarding competition he ever entered and soon afterwards turned pro for H-Street. Danny later left to become co-founder of Plan B skateboards in 1991. He is the only skater to have ever been bestowed with Thrasher magazine's skater of the year award two times, both in 1991 and 2004, and he continues to be an ambassador of the skateboarding community to the entire world. On July 9th 2005 Danny Way soared over the Great Wall of China and created the cultural bridge the Chinese youth need to make their way into the future, free to choose their own destiny.

By: Shawn Stalter

PART OF THE PROBLEM



I'm positively giddy over my first column for the soon-to-be-renamed-as-soon-as-Empire-Toys'-lawyers-see-it, Big Wheel Magazine! I suppose an introduction is in order.

I'm Smitty. I'm from Boston. I am aging at an alarming rate. I'm a Gemini. I run BlankTV.com with my wife and some friends. My first show was Token Entry & Dag Nasty at T.T. the Bear's in 1987. I'm an aggravatingly inconsistent bowler.

My assignment for this premiere issue was a vague "We need 900 words." I probably should have asked if they had anything specific in mind. Being that this is a punk rock magazine, I suspect I should be writing about punk rock. But now that I think about it I suppose they could have wanted me to write about some of my other passions, like pornography or drugs.

I could write about politics, and no matter what I write, there's a 100% chance that 50% of the people who read it will be pissed and call for Homeland Security to crawl up my ass with a microscope looking for jihadists or WMDs.

Religion is usually a great topic, but since I believe that participants in organized religion suffer from a kind of mental illness, we'd never hit 900 words.

I feel a certain responsibility to my audience to educate, enlighten and entertain. So maybe we should get that out of the way.

Educate: Los Angeles has a population of 3.6 million people.

Enlighten: You are bound only by the limits of your imagination.

Entertain: Try taking a joke that everyone knows and inserting a new punch line. So you'd say, "What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs in the ocean?" Your friends will all roll their eyes and say, "Bob." Then you say, "No, his name was Richard Haskell. He was my cousin. He drowned." Try it yourself. Let me know the results.

Work might be a good topic for the column, especially because I'm sitting at work right now, fighting a world-class hangover and desperately avoiding my current projects. Fuck it. Work it is.

I'm an asset manager for a company that is conspiring to put pornography on your cell phone. Well, that makes it sound a little more sinister than it actually is. They will not be putting porn onto unsuspecting handheld electronics. They will be making porn available for the porn-inclined to put on their own phones.

My job is to wrangle up all the porn: organize it, catalog

it, rate it, tag it, label it and file it. That is why as I'm typing this I have to keep stopping to make furtive glances around the room to make sure nobody is watching me.

That's right. My sordid career path has led me to the kind of job where if I'm *NOT* looking at pornography on my computer, it means I'm fucking off. I bitch about it, and I even have moments where I think I might hate my job. Then I think about ditch digging or accounting or something and realize that getting paid to watch porn all day is really a pretty good gig.

For one thing, people are always interested in what you do when you work in porn. Like if you're at a bar and there's a Senator, an astronaut and a porn guy, the porn guy has the floor. 'Fuck outer space. Tell us about Jenna Jameson!' The notoriety aspect of it is pretty appealing. There's also a certain 'outlaw' allure to working in an industry that the United States Department of Justice is trying to shut down. Admittedly, that's kinda cool.

When I first got to LA, I got a job as an editor for Hustler Magazine. I had my own office in Larry Flynt's Death Star on Wilshire and my desk was a naked chick with a slab of glass on her back. Okay, that last bit's not true, but it is how most people envision a porn empire. Hustler was staffed almost entirely with punk rock folks back then, some deliberately bringing shame to their families with the job. Those were heady days.

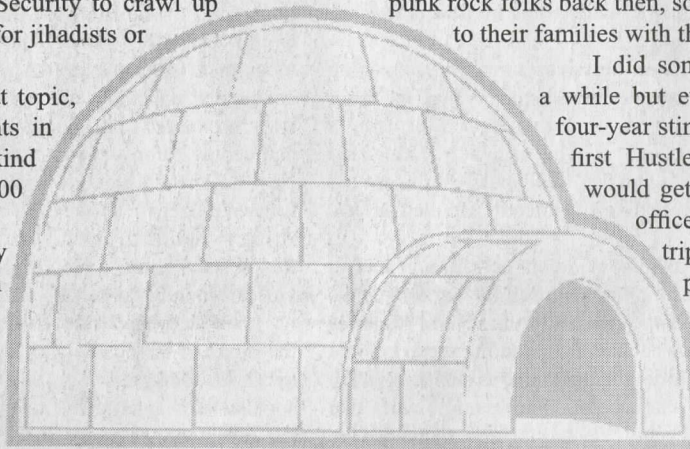
I did some dot com stuff after that for a while but eventually found myself with a four-year stint as a producer at Playboy. Yep, first Hustler, then Playboy. If Penthouse would get off their ass and get their LA office opened up, I could achieve the triple threat and retire, much to my parent's delight.

These days I'm doing things like building asset management spreadsheets and contemplating the fact that once every phone in the US becomes porn-enabled,

(expected by year's end or so), then every bathroom, every subway platform, every shady tree becomes suspect. Every place that you could possibly be alone will be inundated with DNA. I suggest buying stock in disinfectants and Handi Wipes® pronto.

Another cool thing about working in porn is never having to shop for gifts. Every holiday season sees my wife and me handing out DVDs and vibrators like very naughty Santas. Merry Christmas! Go fuck yourself. Nothing says 'Happy Birthday' like *Whorlental Sex Academy 4*.

It's not all handjobs and gumdrops. Working in porn does indeed have its drawbacks. The main one is that I now fantasize exclusively about big, overly dressed chicks...like Eskimo women...all covered up in parkas and boots, not an inch of skin showing for fear of frostbite or seal attack. Oh yeah. Forbidden Eskimo lust...Yeah, that's probably a pretty good place to stop.



SIN PALABRAS

BY RAY RAY

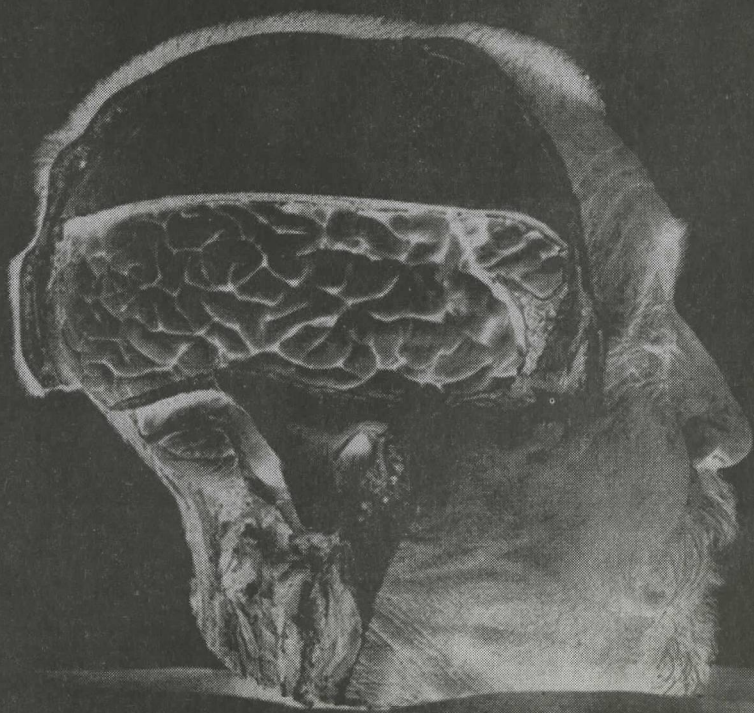
I wasn't sure where to start with this column. I had thought about the tired yet still current topics of racism, religion and politics. Women's rights are still assaulted, "righteous" fanatics still try to dictate what their God has dictated otherwise, and bigots still feel the need to attack others for their skin color, something no one, except Michael Jackson, can choose to decide. All of this starts, ends and is all encompassed by one thing: people. More specifically in this particular column are people involved with the underground. The one thing I am tired of when it comes to people in the underground is the lack of responsibility. I don't care if you listen to punk, metal, hardcore or what the fuck ever. The reality is that if even half of the people involved took the time to be responsible for their own shit and lived up to their word we wouldn't have most of the shit talking, fuck you/fuck me, and more, bullshit. Yes, the system DOES hate you for being different. In fact they utterly loathe you for disturbing their established order but that in no way, shape or form means anyone wants to hear you cry about it nor does it mean you or I, can use it as a CONTINUOUS excuse. You chose to live the life you do for whatever reason so accepting the responsibility might be a good idea if you don't want to be a 5 years old forever.

In my quest to learn to undo what was done by social conditioning, I was recommended a book by a very good friend called "The Four Agreements" by Don Miguel Ruiz, a Toltec Master. The four agreements are very simple:

1. Be Impeccable with Your Word: Speak with integrity. Say only what you mean. Avoid using the word to speak against yourself or to gossip about others. Use the power of your word in the direction of truth and love.
2. Don't Take Anything Personally: Nothing others do is because of you. What others say and do is a projection of their own reality, their own dream. When you are immune to the opinions and actions of others, you won't be the victim of needless suffering.
3. Don't Make Assumptions: Find the courage to ask questions and to express what you really want. Communicate with others as clearly as you can to avoid misunderstandings, sadness, and drama. With just this one agreement, you can completely transform your life.
4. Always Do Your Best: Your best is going to change from moment to moment; it will be different when you are healthy as opposed to sick. Under any circumstance, simply do your best, and you will avoid self-judgment, self-abuse, and regret.

I'll admit that it took me a LONG time to understand where my responsibility began and ended for me and it didn't happen overnight, nor was it very easy. In some ways it's still an ongoing process, but the reality for me is that the energy spent towards whining and bitching is better put towards initiating the change around me. As anyone has found out when being honest and taking responsibility for their actions, it sometimes leaves you burned, assed out and generally fucked sometimes. So why do it? Everyone has their own reasons. For me the reasons are too many to list but one part of me feels that some of my responsibility is to have what solidarity I can with the Underground (and I don't mean the snob filled brit-pop club). It may sound like hippy bullshit or just bullshit period but the reality is that when it comes to Us vs. Them, would you rather have the solidarity of your brothers and sisters or just be another tyrant with a bad case of Bonaparte Syndrome that claims they're a socialist and fucks over people they call friends?

Big ups in no particular order, to The Church of the 8th Day (<http://www.churchofthe8thday.com>), Kara, Dan Dismal (my Daggas brother in arms), Queen Dudicles Rex, Big Poppa Rafe, who I must apologize too many times over for sending this in so late, the nameless heroes of the world and of course the letters B, D, R, R and the number 23.



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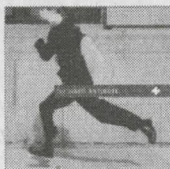
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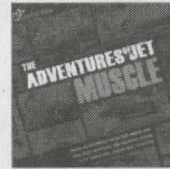
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"Drive to nowhere"



Love Me Destroyer
"Black Heart Affair"



Stereotyperider
"Same Chords,
Same Songs..."



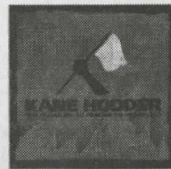
The Adventures of Jet
"Muscle"



Fear Before the March of Flames
"Art Damage"
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Zella Mayzell
"The Murder, Porn,
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CONCENTRATION CRAMP

BY JESSIE HALL

"Hey," the fat old fucker in the cowboy hat yelled at me, "Don't give me any attitude, I asked you a question."

This summer I worked crew for the Warped Tour for the first time. If you are local crew this is how it works: most guys come on at 6:30 am and work four hours, setting up the tents, the side stages, speakers, etc... a few guys (and girls) stay on all day and do the change out between bands. Then at around six the whole local crew comes back on to do the four hour out. If you live in Long Beach like me and you're working split shift in Pomona there's not much to do but hang out backstage, walk around and see bands, and maybe go to Taco Bell if you want to deal with the hassle of getting back in.

If you're working a stage you have to sit through every band that plays there, and this year, believe me, it was bad. Band after band, noodling around on the same note, swinging their long hair and screaming. Then, worst of all, every single fucking band had to break into vocal harmonies. They tell me it's called "Screamo." And I thought I hated Pop Punk.

It's even worse on split shift, because there's nothing to do. At Pomona I walked around and checked out some of the band's I was curious about, one or two of which were actually pretty good, but after a few hours I'd had it. It was hot and I was tired, so I went behind one of the main stages to hang out in the shade away from the crowds. As it turns out, I picked the wrong one. The Transplants and the Offspring were up, and tension was starting to build. Around the corner by the front of the stage a girl was lying on a speaker case having an asthma attack, surrounded by medics. Backstage crowds of people with wristbands glanced from face to face, trying to catch a glimpse of the "Punk Rock" rockstars. Two hot little chicks, vaginas covered with tiny patches of denim underneath studded belts looked around for Travis what's his name from Fontana. I started to hear that word a lot. Travis, that is, not Fontana. "Oh my god, Travis is so hot!" "Hey Travis, take my band's CD! Take my band's CD! Travis! Hey, will you give it to him? Give him my CD! Travis!"

It was hot and crowded. For the first time, a big fat forty-year-old guy in a straw cowboy hat was smugly blocking the ramp up to the truck connected to the side stage. I assumed he must be some Warped Tour official I hadn't seen before, or maybe the Transplants tour manager, but he was only in charge of the Fairplex security. Hot shit. He obviously was feeling pretty good about himself, and wanted everyone to know that he personally was going to insure that no-one got too close to Travis. Travis! TRAVIS!!!

Now if you are working you have to go onto the truck, because that's where they keep the water. It's not a big deal because

everyone behind the stage has theoretically already been screened. You're either on the full tour with an all access pass, local crew, or a guest, clearly marked.

Suddenly I notice this asshole start sweating people who were on the tour, which is stupid, but I thought: "OK, this guy didn't see their passes, they're on their belts.

Mine is on my shirt, there's no way he can miss it," and I started up the ramp.

"Who are you with?" He shifted his weight and tried to look hard.

"I'm just getting a water," I told him, walking past him onto the truck and over to the cooler.

"That's not what I asked you." He was starting to get aggressive with me, which is not the way to go.

"I'm fucking local crew," I said pointing to the bright blue pass on the chest of my black Kraut Shirt.

Now he was pissed. Didn't I know that I was in the presence of the Royalty of the touring "Punk Rock" circus? He'd make sure that everyone knew that he was there to protect them. He was the Head of Security at the Pomona Fairplex and Speedway, and demanded the proper respect. What if I tried to touch TRAVIS?

"There is eight hundred guys with those." Yelled the cowboy king of the Fairplex unarmed security.

I was done. I wanted to tell him there were twenty of us, and yes, we were all fucking working, and we all needed to drink water. I wanted to tell him that I could care less about anyone who got rich and famous off of punk rock, and that to me they weren't worth anything compared to the fourteen or fifteen friends of mine that had died for it over the last sixteen years. I wanted to say a lot of things, but I just tuned out the rest of his tirade and walked past him off of the truck and over to my friends backstage. What would be the point? This guy didn't care; he was a security guard and an asshole. The Warped Tour didn't care, it seems like they've dropped even the pretext of being a punk rock tour. The artists don't care; if they were ever in the real punk scene they know that this isn't it. I stood there backstage and drank my "Warped Tour 2005 Mosh Water" sponsored by Monster Beverages, Inc. The girl and the medics were gone. The Transplants were coming on in ten minutes, and there were new girls looking for TRAVIS. I saw the old drummer for my band, the drum tech for the Offspring, come back from loading something onto the truck and walk up to a girl standing a few feet away.

"Who the fuck is that guy in the cowboy hat? That dude's a fucking asshole."



WHAT WE DO IS SECRET

A story about darby crash and the germs



Team Goon was invited out to the shooting of this film by the producers as observers / reporters to be a third party to report back to the scene on what is going on with the film. This film has been kicked around going back some 10 years with director/writer Rodger Grossman, so this is not some Johnny come lately type film. Over a year ago while visiting with Darby's mom at her house in LA, she told us that the movie was actually going to happen and they had already begun at that time doing prep work, so naturally we were excited to hear this.

The first day of shooting that we attended was the re-creation of the Cherrywood Studio scene from the 1980 film "The Decline of The Western Civilization", where The Germs perform the song "Manimal". Our first reaction to actor Shane West, who plays the part of Darby Crash in the movie, was wholly shit! He was certainly not a Darby dead ringer, however, they had him made up with the tattoo, gave him Darby hair, messed his teeth up like Darby's by way of some sort of dental procedure, and his overall demeanor made him very believable. On set were original Germs members Pat Smear, Don Bolles and Lorna Doom overseeing the film to make this whole thing as real as possible. All the extras for the film were made up of punks from all over southern California and other far away parts in contrasts to using the typically Hollywood extras pool. Before the filming got under way, the production crew planned for a bit of live entertainment before he filming would start with a couple local bands that included The Diff's. They held drawings for stuff as well that included DVDs, CD's and even a Germs skate deck.

Another day that we went they were re-creating a show at The Fleetwood playing the song "Shutdown".

A very true to the period scene involves someone throwing a bottle at the actor playing Darby. After the bottle hits him in the head, the crowd then surges forward and 2 fights break out. One night of the filming that we could never forget was the filming that took place at SIR on Sunset Blvd in Hollywood on a Friday. When we first got there, we met an old school punk that had a mohawk. He was pretty cool and we talked a bit. When the crew started shooting scenes, this dude jumped into unpaid consultant mode and

started schooling the crew on what the correct era moves was for 1980. As the night went on, we quickly figured out that the "Diet Pepsi" bottle didn't have what was stated on the label and it was pretty flammable from all the alcohol in the drink. He was yelling and just having some punk rock hi-jinx. The next thing we saw was a guy come up and warn the old punk to chill out. Neither of them was about to back down, so it got a little ugly. The old punk got literally dragged out of the set.

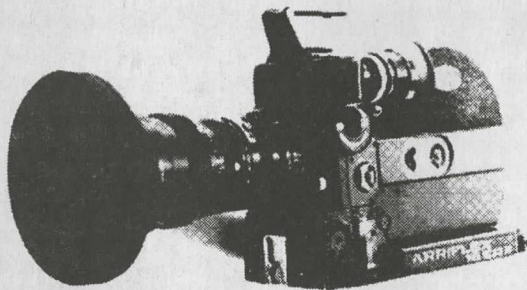
So the filming proceeds and now the actor band members are on stage and were doing more true to life scene shots. The room's dark except for the stage and the crowd. Then we feel someone brush by us, we look up and couldn't believe our eyes. The dude that got thrown out somehow got back onto the set. This time, he was holding the "Germs Shoot Today" sign that was out front. His blood was smeared on the top of the sign as well. Once the crew realized that he was back, the shooting stopped and the lights

came back on. WOW! What a scene! Several huge dudes piled on him and took him down again. Once again, he was drug out. He was pounding hard on the steel door and yelling stuff, it was wild. Later a bunch of cops came and took him away.

We were invited to the wrap up party for the Germs movie that just concluded filming. Pretty much it was cast and crew, along with assorted people connected to the film....we were glad that we were considered assorted. After being out at the X-Games all day we could not wait to split to go to this party. Open bar....yee haww.... and the Germs played. It was Pat, Lorna and Don along with Shane West the guy who plays Darby in the movie. Shane did a GREAT job on vocals....seriously blown away. We found this performance to be EXCELLENT! If they were to take this line up and play around, we are sure that there would continue to be a large audience for it. Great set list was put together, Media Blitz, Manimal, My Tunnel, Shutdown, Lexicon Devil, Sex Boy, and even Forming...holly shit were were dying....plus a bunch of other songs.

We are of the opinion that this film will be very good and will serve as a history lesson for punks out there that did not live the punk scene back then as well as stoke out the ones who remember that period in Los Angeles. To stay up to date with the film just go to: <http://www.myspace.com/germsmovie>

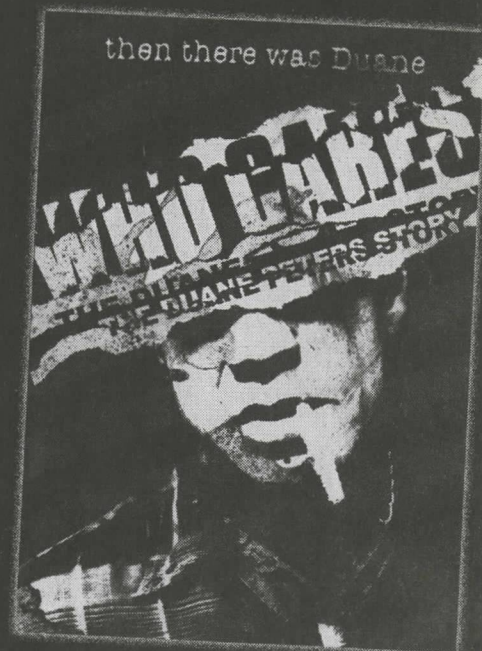
By: Team Goon



DVD REVIEWS

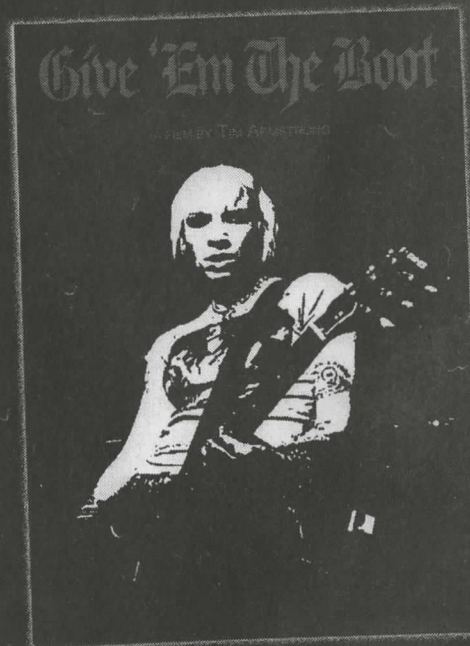
Who Cares- The Duane Peters Story Black Label

You know that anytime the words punk-rock and skateboarding come up in a conversation, the name Duane Peters is not too far behind. A new DVD just came out that chronicles the life and times of one of skateboarding and punk rock's biggest poster boys. We had the opportunity to see this video throughout its production and its various edits; it has come a long way. The first time we saw it was at a Black Label Skateboards party back in September of 2003, and were blown away by the rough edit. Needless to say, the folks at Black Label have been working on this one for a long time. The DVD takes you through each stage of his journey: from the time that he was a kid, to when he got into skateboarding, how punk rock was put into the mix, the contests, the substance abuse and the recovery. When you watch this flick you cannot help but wonder how the hell this guy managed to stay alive. There is excellent rare footage of Duane at Big O, Skate City and Upland Skatepark, from back in the day. Throughout the video, there are interviews by people who knew Duane best, including his mom. In the DVD you actually see the turning point in which Duane leaves his substance abuse behind after the death of his good friend and band mate, Chuck Briggs. The film details how Duane turned it all around and returned to skateboarding: the thing that brought him the most happiness in life. There is plenty of footage of US BOMBS as well as an unreleased Hunns video. The soundtrack keeps the pace of the video moving with music by Black Flag, The Crowd, X, Bad Religion and even one of Duane first bands, Political Crap, amongst others. The bonus footage labeled as the "bloopers" was just as entertaining as the film, a total crack up--the parts with Mike Lohrman of The Stitches are a riot. The video is an hour and 10 minutes of pure entertainment. This video will not disappoint, so look for it at a skate shop or record store near you. By Team Goon



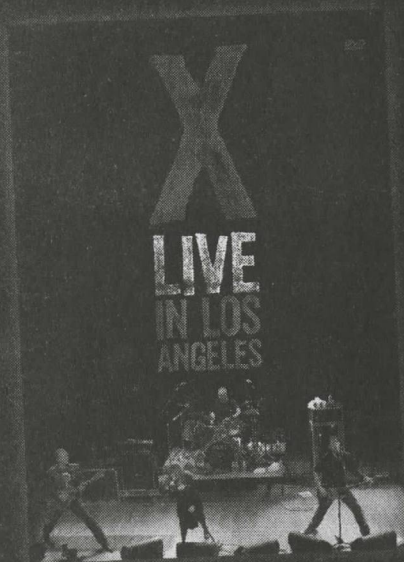
Give 'Em the Boot A Film By Tim Armstrong/Hellcat

This disc contains all unreleased live performances and behind the scenes footage featuring the roster of Hellcat bands. If you haven't had the opportunity to see your favorite Hellcat bands live, or you're just too damn lazy, now here's your chance. This DVD wastes no time taking you to center stage, around the world, venue by venue, chapter by chapter, showing you glimpses of each band's performances. Highlights include footage of the late Joe Strummer and the Mescaleros, who always put on an amazing show to say the very least. Vic Ruggiero and The Slackers who have proven time and time again that rocksteady and ska music are very much alive and breathing. From their 1998 release, "The Question," The Slackers break into "And I Wonder," quite possibly their best song on the album. They definitely saved the best for last--following a ton of awesome performances were Lars Frederiksen and the Bastards. LFATB takes the stage at Los Angeles' own Troubadour and performs the cut off their debut album titled "Skunx." As far as I'm concerned, LFATB is one of the best new punk bands today, PERIOD. With relentless touring to promote their new album "Viking," produced by label mogul Tim Armstrong, LFATB show no signs of slowing down anytime soon. The only thing that I didn't quite get, out of all the features on the DVD, was a behind the scenes look into the world of Hellcat Records and the man who created it, Tim Armstrong. However, there was a ton of really cool Rancid footage with Matt Freeman destroying the bass, as usual. I was hoping to get a closer look into how it all came together for the man who has single-handedly turned himself into a household name. Between Rancid, The Transplants, and producing a majority of the projects on his label, Tim Armstrong is a busy man to say the very least. I was hoping to scratch the surface a bit more than this DVD allowed and get inside the head of the mastermind who created the Hellcat world that we live in. Great footage, great music, and great DVD. S. Hum



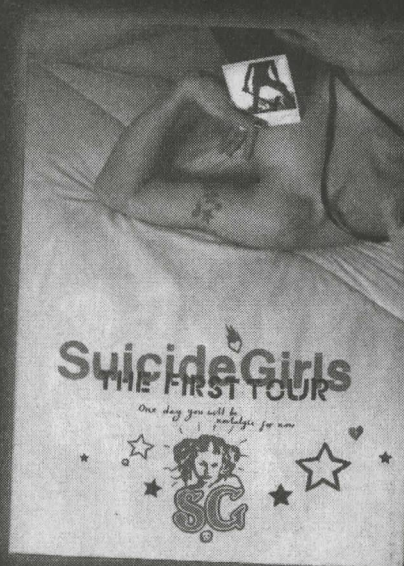
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X - Live in Los Angeles Shout!Factory



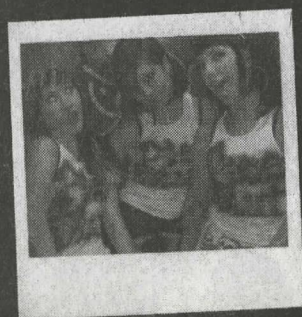
I'm not going to lie... I've been a big time X fan since I first heard them in 1980 on So Cal radio. So, if you feel that my opinion on this seems a bit biased, you're absolutely correct. Having said that, I was honored to have received a copy of the new "X Live In Los Angeles" DVD for my birthday. The show was recorded live at the House Of Blues in Los Angeles, California on November 26th and 27th of 2004. As to be expected, X not only delivers their expected, knock-out performance, but the filming quality of this DVD is off of the charts. Exene's and Doe's classic harmonizing is pure poetry and in the typical X signature fashion. The manner in which the show was recorded is so incredible and true to form that it actually feels like you're there, at the location, watching X perform. I've seen plenty of videos and DVDs of bands over the years, but I have to rate this one a very strong 10 in the film/image department. The cameras captured just the right amount of color(s) from the stage lights, the band members are lit right, and with the random angles and crowd shots, it all adds up to an impressive show to view. What's even better is the fact that the editors didn't feel the need to only show 1.5 seconds of one shot and then jump to the next one. Like, if you watch how most of the new crime series' are edited... I just can't watch them due to the rapid fire shot to shot from hell. I suppose that's what Hollywood assumes that most of us want to see...WRONG! At least not me. With this X DVD, the images flow just like one would naturally move their eyes around while watching a live show.

Bonus features include Exene and John Doe doing acoustic duets of "See How We Are" and "True Love." There's also a gallery of Billy Zoom's photography. I feel that even in 10 or 20 years from now, X and this DVD will still be enjoyed. Their music and their shows are timeless. Everyone should see an X show at least once in their lifetime, if you can't make it to the show, at the very least... obtain this DVD... You won't be let down. SumDumSurfer of Team Goon



Suicide Girls The First Tour DVD Epitaph

So I'm having a bit of a Spinal Tap miscommunication with myself on this one. The nagging "sexist" shit in my brain versus "what's wrong with being sexy?" More than just girls-gone-wild with tattoos or a playmate questionnaire, this documentary follows the Girls on a path of sinful pleasures across the country. No guys, no rules, no hang ups. Each girl is featured with an interview, stage performance and a photo shoot. If you are thinking of picking this up for the sole purpose of punching the clown, you're going to have to be quick on the draw with the chapter button. I give these chicks a high, hard one for their honesty, all around hotness, and the opportunity for us to see more than just their goodies. Pick this up and watch it with your girlfriend. It is slumber party, fantasy fabulous. I only wish that I was with them playing truth or dare and skinny dipping right now. Gingervitus



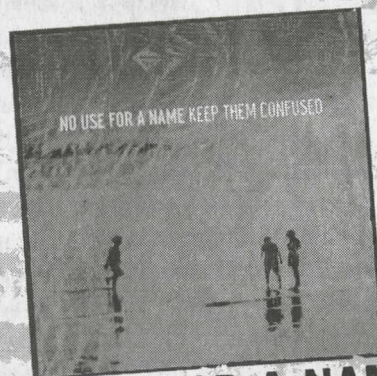
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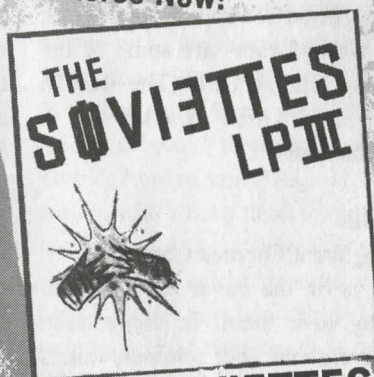


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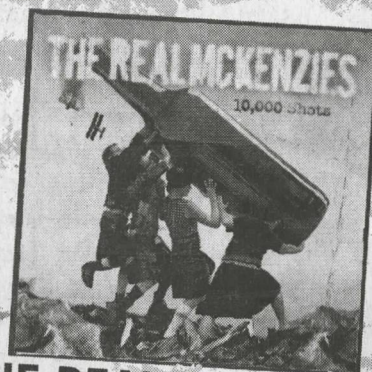
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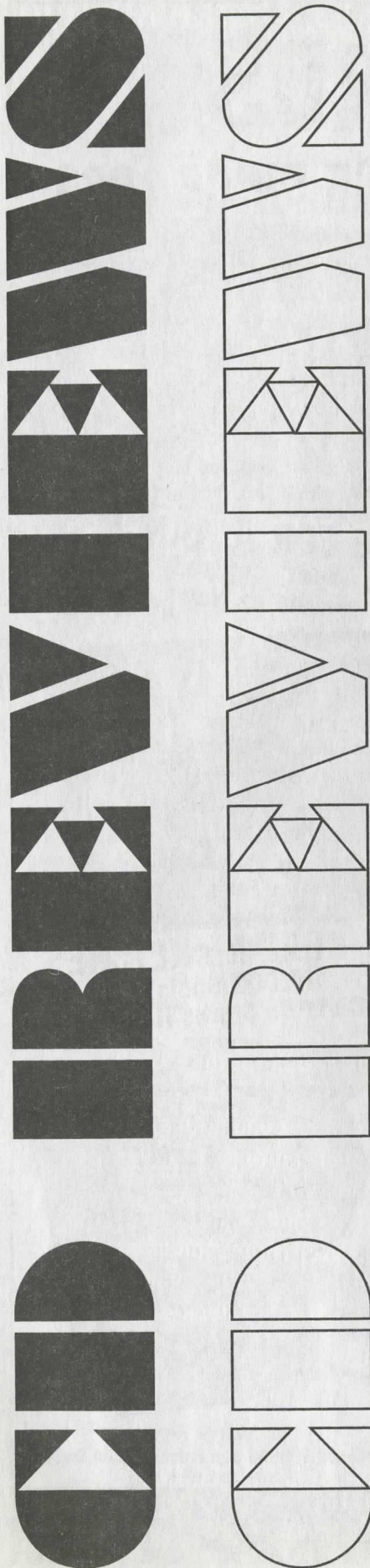


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A Taste for Murder

"Italian Girls (The Best in the World)"

Shortly after the first track kicked off Avenged Sevenfold came to mind. So either you're super stoked on that comparison or super bummed. I personally don't care for the A7X sound, however in the past they did get my pick of the month so go figure. A Taste For Murder has a metal/new school punk sound and again, the production is solid as a fucking rock. Don't get me wrong, I'm not gonna dog these dudes out because I don't think it's the next best thing, fuck that! The only thing that I feel that the band is lacking is some serious lead guitar shredding. Don't get me wrong, there is some peppered throughout this production. I just feel that it would take the band to the next level if there was more of it. "Gone Hollywood", "Ripples To Waves", and "Bad News Bears" are some of the highlights on "Italian Girls (The Best In The World)" has to offer. *S. Hum*

Hopeless Records

Against Me!

"Searching for a Former Clarity"

This band is on the cover for a reason. We fucking love them. In comparison to previous Against Me! releases, this is a more mature effort. As infectious as it is unpredictable, the notch is up. The production has complemented the ever improving song writing talents of Tom Gabel, and one can only wonder how such a loose bunch of dudes can play so tight. Politically poetic pact with balls intact emotion, *Searching for a Former Clarity* lays down the folk, the honest, the rock, and the roll. I hope it gets as good a reception as *As the Eternal Cowboy* with the direction of their latest effort, if not a better one. This is *real* punk rock, this album has meaning. It transcends mohawkie visions of a punk rock strip mall tease world where.....Woops! Too deep! Sinking fast! Drowning in a pool of praising criticism! Quick, buy this album before I get drunk, talk about it too much and ruin it for us all. *Joey*

Fat Wreck Chords

Amber Pacific

"The Possibility and the Promise"

Chicks will love this, a TRL friendly quintet that with sensitive and insightful lyrics. You don't really notice at first, but Jesus is definitely their co-pilot. Not to say this is a bad thing, their approach isn't a turn off the way those TV compilations are. They accentuate the positive and negative and don't attempt brow beating the listener with scripture. Don't be afraid, this isn't Creed. It is pretty impressive. I didn't expect the maturity. The strings were a cool surprise. Listen to this after someone sporting Paul Frank dumps your ass. *Gingervitus*

Hopeless Records

Assholeparade

"Say Goodbye"

Fifteen songs in twelve-point-five minutes. Holy fucking hell, do you need this album! Ever been hit by a car? Shot at? Stabbed? This is the soundtrack for every shitty moment of brutality you've ever witnessed. This is hardcore thrash at its goddamn finest! Hearing this makes me want to walk the streets, hammer in one hand and a chainsaw in the other, just destroying every fucking thing I can find. Albums like this make me want to find my ex-wife and let her know exactly how I feel about the fact that she's a money-grubbing whore. Fuck. I love thrash.

Throwmonkey

No Idea Records

Bad Reaction

Demo

OK, why would someone be stupid enough to do a review on a demo CD? Well, we were out a show and this band Bad Reaction was playing, the show they put on was richer. After the show we asked if they had any CD's we could buy, the singer Kash said no and gave us all he had, a demo. This 6 song "demo" was packed with some of the most in your face punk rock and totally matched the performance we saw. Strong bass riffs, great un-complicated guitar work backed up by beats that reinforce the vocal tenacity of the Kash's voice. The music is a perfect sound track to have at

a skate session or to destroy someone's house to. At the end of the song Vice is a phone message from a pissed off neighbor who called the bass player's house and threatened to call the cops over the loud music...it was funny to hear the whiney bitch cry. This was just a demo, so we would expect the actual recording to step it up even more. This a band on the move—watch for them. **Team Goon**

Baroness

"Second"

I don't care who you have to kill to get this album, commence with the slaughter! This EP, the follow-up to "First" (sense a pattern?) just completely fucking owns all. Thick, sludgy, Southern metal of the sort that makes you want to drink molasses and fuck someone hard and loud. Only three songs, but the album is over 20 minutes long. And every song is epic. And I mean seriously fucking EPIC. Goddamn. METAL! FUCKING HELL YES METAL!!! MORE MORE MORE MORE!!! Norway can kiss my ass, 'cause these boys from Georgia just schooled those viking bitches. All of 'em.

Throwmonkey

Hyperrealist Records

Bent Outta Shape

"Stray Dog Town" LP

Stroke Fest 2005 continues. New York's Bent Outta Shape got a groovy thing going on. "Stray Dog Town" is a raw romantic intoxicated album comprised of many rock and roll elements. It's got real dirty guitars and strong rhythm section with enough production to get the point across. The vocals are rough and melodic. It all comes together and rocks. Cool piece of vinyl, hand written style lyric booklet. Buy this from Recess Records. It costs as much as a beer in a Hollywood bar does.

Joey

Recess Records

Die Young

"Mars Returns"

This is some heavy shit. Die Young are a heavy tight-punk-crusty-mont-metal extravaganza who sound a world better here as opposed to their first release. Very diy packaged with an awesome poster/

lyric sheet. Great tunes and super tight musicianship. The metal parts remind me of old Metalica and Slayer, with a Rudimentary Peni vocal rhythm. Vocalist Chris Gultch uses a couple of voices. At times he has a very straight atonal rhythmic pattern, others are a high pitch demonic chant. The album is consistently thrashing and abrasive. Eight songs in under thirteen minutes. I can't wait to see a live show. For contact check out chrisgultch.tripod.com. **Joey**

D.I.Y.F.S. Records

The Grabass Charelstons

"Ask Mark Twain"

The Grabass Charlestons' *Ask Mark Twain* has every element of a great album. The songs make you think till you drink till you sink in the drunk thunk sunk sink. Awesome artwork and layout. Grabass, definitely one of my favorite bands, were turned on to me thru a network of dudes. This album continues the adventures of Will, Dave and Pj on their quest through time and space. Reprising their roles as Dub T, Replay, and Peej, our heroes find a dude who's been dead for 100 years yet more relevant now than ever, jerk off in some mayo, celebrate summer, drink a few million beers, do drugs and end up on planes, and then laugh at themselves. It's a great story, and all true. Listening to this record in a hot San Fernando Valley apartment, drunk as fuck, swimming in sweat and bong water is far from Gainesville, but it will do. Buy this record directly from No Idea. Get drunk with your best friends and hi five it up. Best dudes ever.....**Joey**

No Idea Records

Inquisition

"Revolution-I Think It's Called Inspiration"

This band is credited with influencing a lot of bands of today, and with good reason. This compilation of previously released hard to find material is now released on A-F Records. Highly recommended for Strike Anywhere fans (this is Thomas's first band) but more so for anyone into punk rock. Political and high energized is this 14 track 42 minute disc.

There are a few mellow acoustic moments

that give short respite to the intense melodic punk. This is the shit that lights fires under people's asses. Don't fart.

Joey

A-F Records

The Holy Mountain

"Entrails"

What is this!? Metal? Hardcore? Really long thrash? Grindcore? I can't keep up with all the names and shit these days. What I can keep up with is "fucking good" and this album damn sure falls into that category. The Holy Mountain, named for quite possibly the single most fucked up art film ever, tear shit up with near-religious fervor on this breakneck masterpiece. Bang your motherfucking head, kids. Put away that shit you bought at Hot Topic and let The Holy Mountain show you how it's done, you little bitches! You cannot fuck with this band. Oh no.

Throwmonkey

No Idea Records

HorrorPops

"Bring It On"

The first track "Freaks in Uniforms" starts off strong, the cheerleader back ups a promising beginning. I settle in to hear some upright bass skills, scratchy vocals and graveyard psychobilly. Alas, my grave was robbed. Aside from track 9, "Walk Like a Zombie" with guest back ups from Mr. Brett, I'm disappointed. Generic shtick of girl loves boy, boy dropkicks girl, girl hates boy lyrics and no loyalty to a particular sound loses my short attention span. Every time I thought they had me, there was something in that got in the way. This band doesn't suck but they're not for me. Fortunately for them, Tim Armstrong's opinion is worth more than mine. **Gingervitus**

Hellcat Records

Lucero

"No Body's Darlings"

This record is great! The first time I heard Lucero was when Lucero was on tour with Against Me! They impressed me with there last record "That Much Further West," but "No Body's Darlings" is just as rockin', if not more so. Ben Nicoles, singer and guitar player, puts his

throat and vocal chords to work with his rough, scruffy vocal slurs and twangy guitar riffs which carry Lucero's songs and when you least expect it, BAM!! gut quenching guitar solo that rocks the songs! The drums on this record sound awesome, but what doesn't. Call this music folk, country, rock, or punk, it's great. If you like "Nobody's Darlings" check out there other records. *Alan*

No Idea

Nural

"The Weight of the World"

From the artwork and the lyrical content of Nural's "The Weight Of The World" I gather that they are a Christian influenced band. Musically Nural is well rehearsed, the recording and mastering are nothing short of top notch, and it is a solid production through and through. A little too mainstream and commercial sounding for this reviewer's particular taste. Not metal, punk, or emo just a little bit of all of the above and not exactly my cup of tea. *S. Hum*

Hopeless Records

Orange

"Welcome to the World of Orange"

I'm not sure if the world of Orange is somewhere behind the Hollywood sign or across the pond, but they sure think Mexicans are cool. If you don't read the liner notes, recall living under your parents control and like your punk rock coca cola style, try this out. They play and it sounds like a lucky push. I detect some *Billie Joe* channeling in the vocals, which to me is always excellent. The lyrics reflect their age and influence, so I see the potential for growth. If they follow in the footsteps of their predecessors you may see Orange on MTV2 at three o'clock in the morning once

they get their pubes. *Gingervitus*

Epitaph

Pennywise

"The Fuse"

Fletcher and the crew are back with another release that lives up to true Pennywise tradition. 15 new tracks and

nearly 45 minutes of blistering punk rock that we've come to know. The Hermosa based quartet delivers the typical chainsaw guitars and precision drumming as heard in "Yell Out" and it continues through the rest of "The Fuse". Sonically, this album is as good, if not better than the Pennywise that we've heard in the past. Pennywise sticks to what has worked for them since 1988, and they are not trying to re-invent the wheel of punk rock. They are addressing the conflicts and news in 2005 with subtle changes from what we've heard from the band in past albums. Pennywise shows us why they remain top sellers on Epitaph and can sell out 14 thousand seats at the Long Beach Arena, because they *are* that good. *S. Hum*

Epitaph

Phenomenauts

"Re-Entry"

The Phenomenauts caught me off guard to say the very least. I have heard of the band prior to getting their CD to review and even saw them on the cover of Zero Magazine a few months back, but man they're out there! "Re-Entry" is their latest release and it combines a mixture of influences from several different genres that span over several decades. Imagine a surfed out rock-a-billy sounding Devo, pretty wild huh?

Don't be fooled the Phenomenauts have produced a solid recording and the musicianship is up to par as well. Notable tracks on "Re-Entry" include "I am Robot", "Space Flight" and "Composite Synthesizer". Phenomenauts are definitely out of this world. *S. Hum*

Springman Records

Rumbleseat

"...is dead."

Rumbleseat started as two friends in a basement with a couple of broke-ass guitars and a four track. The songs were never meant for anything, it was just a way to kill some time. Luckily, the songs got heard, ended up on a few 7" records, and have now reached a full-blown compact disc. The tragedy of this

album full of acoustic glory is that there won't be anymore from these guys. It's a time capsule, a brief moment, and now that all have gone their ways that moment is gone. Ragged, raw, glorious, touching, and true...Rumbleseat will be missed.

Throwmonkey

No Idea Records

Screeching Weasel

"Kill The Musicians"

This was one of the re-releases that I was really looking forward to getting my hands on to review. Shortly after I put this disc into my CD player I became aware that there was some early SW material dating back as far as 1989. As I quickly pulled out the liner notes this is how it read "...all the badly recorded B-sides, quickly forgotten EP's, half written compilation tracks..." all of which I cannot argue with. Boogadaboogadaboogada is a must have, that album kicks ass. The musicianship and low budget production are identical to any early punk album, and the message that SW conveys is as careless and fun as always. Unless you are a die-hard fan, I think you will be happier listening to all of the SW albums previously released by the band. *S. Hum*

Asian Man Records

The Soviettes

"LP III"

This record is awesome fast fun punk that covers a lot of territory but doesn't lose you during the trip. Highly recommended for the ADD generation. Tons of hooky as fuck tunes. The vocals jump around; sometimes melodic and sweet, other times jelly and narrative. It's well sequenced with awesome production. The album has the Fat sound with the fervor of older Lookout! bands or riot grrl type shit. Like if the Flipsides and Bikini Kill had an orgy with the Minneapolis Quartet..... Fuck that nerdy description. It's just good! Get it, see them, rock on. *Joey*

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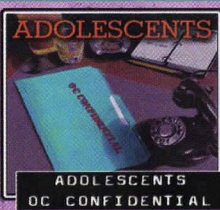
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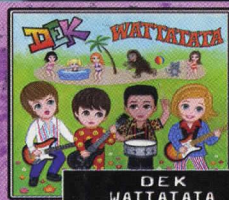


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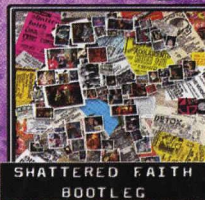
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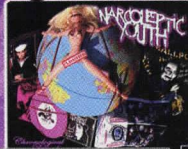
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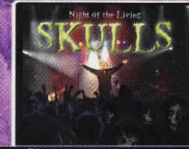
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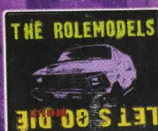
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NIGHT OF THE LIVING SKULLS



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