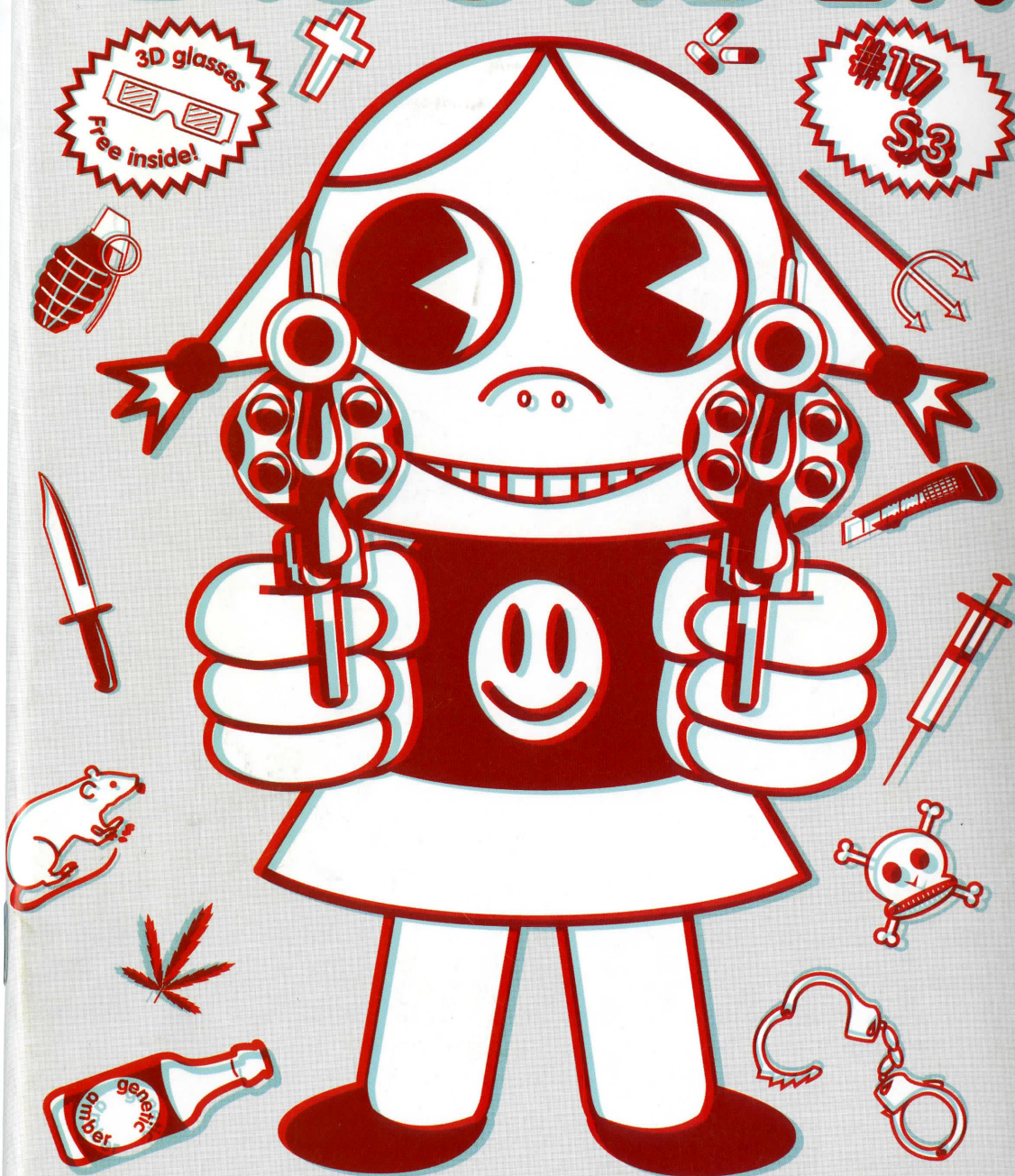
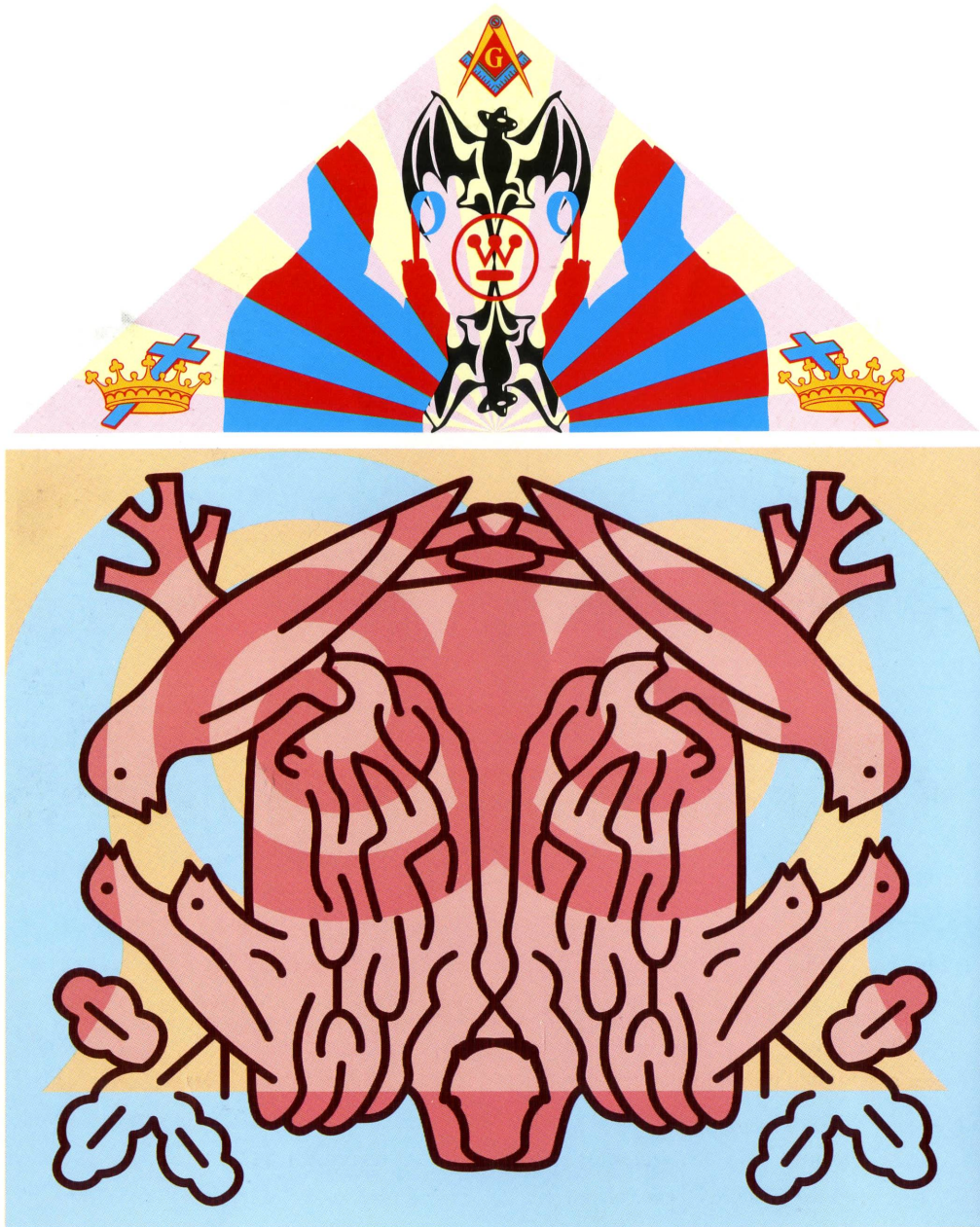


GENETIC DISORDER





PETER HUESTIS

PAINTER/ILLUSTRATOR

peteykins666@hotmail.com

genetic disorder

po box 15237 san diego, ca 92175

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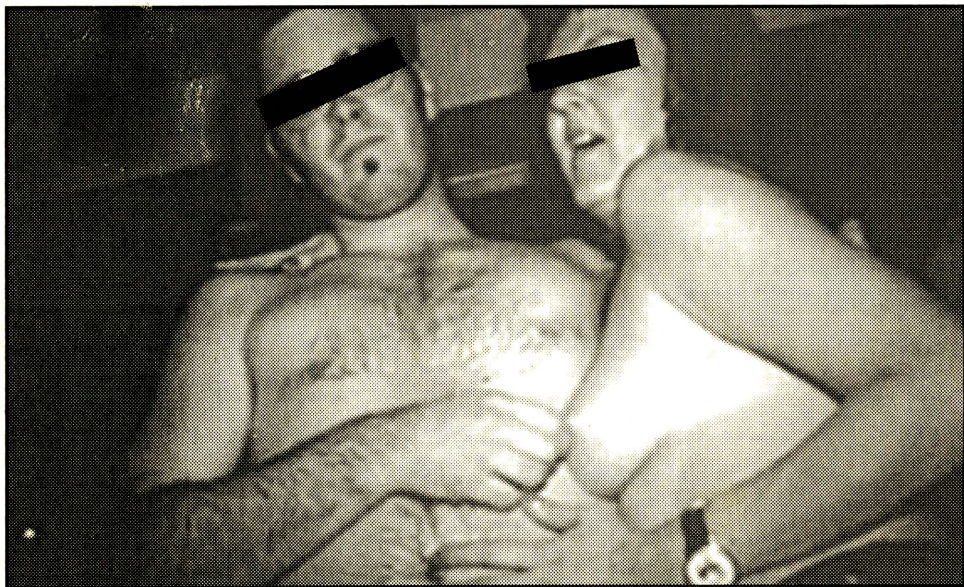


Photo by Ray Potes

Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap at a Leucadia Topless Party

Everything has crumbled around me and I couldn't be happier. I whistled Hüsker Dü songs while packing up my office after losing my soul-sucking writing job. I cracked a beer and blasted the Didjits after being evicted – if you're getting kicked out of a house, who cares how loud the stereo is, right? When my unemployment checks ran out, I called my mom and told her I loved her – and meant it – especially after she loaned me enough cash to pay my car insurance along with keeping me fed and buzzed for a month. Then I made a toast to Glenn Danzig with a 99-cent 24-ounce can of Pabst when I sold a Misfits record for \$417 on eBay so I could pay her back, and leave me with \$17 for the

STORIES AND LAYOUT: Larry

COVER: Peter Huestis

CONTRIBUTORS: Zach Connolly, Brian Davis, Phil Flood, Jeff Fox, Toddy Genetic, Eric Rife, Virgil Porter, Chris Kohler, Rob Welkner, Sam Atakra

EDITING: Stephanie Ashmore, Lorena California

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next month.

But the highlight of my last year was walking off a job for the first time in my life. After turning in my last timecard and getting paid in cash, of course, I told the foreman I would see him on Monday, silently swearing as I walked out the door to never come back.

I ain't saying I'm never gonna break that promise, but it's been a lot of Mondays since.

Getting back to the eviction, for the first time in my adult life, I was the happy resident of a house that I was actually proud to show off. My entire record collection was on display, along with my fortune-teller table and Church of Satan poster. Just ask some of the bands that crashed there – The Weird Lovemakers, The Catheters, Gaza Strippers, The Ritchie Whites and plenty of others.

Ironically, the reason for the eviction was due to The Locust throwing a moving out party. With GoGoGo Airheart and The Locust blasting through the front yard and my fireworks exploding in the backyard, it was just a matter of time before the cops showed up. The police quickly broke up their party, and like a trail of ants, the crowd moved single file across Golden Hill to my house in South Park.

The cops returned at 4 a.m. The landlord showed up at 7 p.m.

Now a year later, most of what I own is locked in a storage unit in Calexico, CA, with the exception of my sleeping bag and a small crate of records.

As far as how I continue to stumble my way into homelessness and financial ruin, I guess my problem boils down to one simple fact: when every single day feels like a

Saturday night, I seem to have too many opportunities to get into trouble.

How do I wind up in so many fucked up situations? Maybe it's because of my big mouth. Then again, maybe it's because I have this seedy, twitchy look combined with the fact that I'm always on the prowl to get something for nothing.

Hell, even my car looks sketchy.

Although my hi-jinx could only be classified as misdemeanors by a prosecuting attorney, I still seem to be a magnet for the authorities. Visiting Mexico, driving to Los Angeles, or a return trip from El Centro to San Diego always seems to turn into an ordeal with me on the side of the road trying to explain my situation to the cops or border patrol as they're tearing apart my car.

And everyone wonders why I prefer to walk everywhere.

But even worse than the cops is the trouble I get into with my friends.

To those friends – and they all know who they are – I would like to make a very public apology. I would sincerely like to apologize for breaking one or more of the following: your window, your front door, your teeth, your coffee maker, your heart, your car, your fence, your keg tap, your band, your shower door, your lease, your marriage, your faith, your bong, your furniture and anything else I may have smashed over the past few months.

I hope the next year is just as fun.

— LARRY



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ROCKERS ROLLED OFF TO JAIL AS COPS QUIET CLUB CROWD

Eight people, including two members of the rock band Johnny Thunders and the Heart Breakers, were arrested early today when a crowd that was gathered outside of a Clairemont nightclub became unruly, police said.

Police last night were called to the Bacchanal, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., four times beginning at 10 p.m. to quiet the crowd, according to police spokesman Bill Robinson.

During the final response, soon after the club closed at 2 a.m., police encountered a rowdy crowd of about 50 people on the street in front of the club, Robinson said.

The crowd was ordered to disperse, he said, and when it did not, the arrests were made.

As officers arrested the leader of the rock group, Robinson said, officers were chided with chants of "You can't arrest him, he's Johnny Thunders." But they did, Robinson said.

John Anthony Genzale, 28, of New York, whose stage name is Johnny Thunders, was arrested on suspicion of being under the influence of cocaine. He is being held in jail on \$1,000 bail.

Another band member, Louis A. Scorgia, 25, also of New York, was arrested on suspicion of possession of cocaine. His bail has been set at \$2,000.

Two other adults and four juveniles were also arrested, Robinson said.

Robinson said about five officers were needed to break up the gathering, but after the arrests were made, others in the crowd left without incident.





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Boxed in on three sides, the neighborhood of Kearny Mesa is defined by its boundaries of Claremont Mesa Blvd. and the 163 and 805 Freeways. The area is mostly made up of commercial warehouses and small, boxy retail centers, along with a large percentage of San Diego's strip clubs.

Located near the heart of Kearny Mesa is the Big 5 Sporting Goods.

There is nothing spectacular about the sporting goods store itself, but if you wind your way through the fishing rods and over to the gun counter, you will be standing at the same counter that Erik and Lyle

Menendez stood in front of when they bought two Mossberg 12-gauge shotguns on August 18, 1989.

Two days later, the brothers crept into their parents' mansion at 722 North Elm Drive in Beverly Hills and unloaded six shots each into Jose and Kitty Menendez as they dozed on their couch with the television on. Jose died almost instantly, but Kitty was able to try to run before she was knocked to the ground by multiple shotgun blasts. The only problem was she wasn't dead. The brothers had to run to their parked car and reload, only with birdshot

instead of buckshot this time.

Lyle placed the shotgun against his mothers left cheek and fired.



The killings were unnecessarily savage. The brothers had even gone as far as shooting both parents in the left knee to mislead the police into thinking the murders were a mob hit connected with one of Jose's business deals. The idea wasn't so far fetched since during the investigation, detectives discovered that Jose had made numerous enemies with his aggressive and abusive business practices over the years. Some of the people Jose stepped on in his climb to the top were known to have Mafia ties.

Following Lyle and Erik's arrests, it's no surprise that their two subsequent trials instantly turned the brothers into media-made celebrities. In the early '90s, the number of media outlets exploded, and each new channel and news program were rushing to be the first to release the details about Lyle and Erik's overprivileged lives.

The trial itself was as entertaining as anything else on TV – outspoken defense attorney Leslie Abramson stabbing push pins into photos of Erik's face to describe the abuse he suffered from his father, Lyle crying on the stand as he described having to perform oral sex on his father and the playback of the tearful and dramatic 911 call of the brothers reporting their parents' murder.

With the sensational and constant coverage, it's no wonder the Menendez brothers became the subject matter of talk show hosts' punch lines, sitcom one-liners, two made-for-TV movies and a parody of the

infamous 911 call in the movie "The Cable Guy."

But it was the facts about the Menendez brothers' lives before the murders that was even more interesting to America. As the trials dragged on, we were given a peek into the dirty laundry of a Beverly Hills family who had everything.

The list is long: Kitty tearing off Lyle's hairpiece during an argument; Erik's questionable sexuality; Lyle and Erik's involvement in a small string of home robberies; Jose paying a girlfriend of Lyle's \$100,000 to have an abortion; and the wild post-murder spending sprees (Lyle spent over \$90,000 within two months,).

But the one of the most shocking details was the fact that Lyle joked about wearing his father's shoes at his burial in Princeton, NJ. During the limo ride following the memorial service, Lyle asked his father's former secretary of 14 years, "Hey, Marzi, who said I couldn't fill my father's shoes?"

"Make your own tracks in life. Don't try to fill his shoes," she responded.

He then stuck out his foot, showing off a loafer.

"You don't understand. These are my father's shoes," Lyle smirked back at her.



As for Jose sexually abusing the brothers (defense attorneys often referred to Lyle and Erik as "the boys" although they were 21 and 19 at the time of the murders), it was apparent that it was simply a story made up as part of their defense.

Yes, Jose was an overbearing bastard of a father, raising his children as if he was a Caesar and it was their destiny to carry on

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Erik and Lyle Menendez

his bloodline, but there was never any evidence that he sexually abused them as children.

Apparently Jose trained them only too well. Looking to take over his empire, Jose Menendez was assassinated without remorse by his sons. Lyle actually bragged that Jose would actually be proud of his sons for their ability to pull off the perfect crime.

As for the empire, Lyle wrongly assumed it was valued at \$90 million, when in reality, the Menendez estate was valued at \$14 million, leaving each brother around \$2 million after taxes. But after their wild

spending spree, bad business deals and then the years of attorney fees, there wasn't much left over for the prison commissary.

After two trials that lasted over seven years, the brothers were found guilty of killing their parents and sentenced to life in state prison for a murder plan that started in Kearny Mesa.



Lyle now lives at the California Correctional Institute near Tehachapi, and Erik resides at California State Prison near Sacramento.

POPULAR Shapes

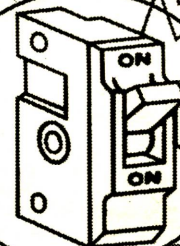
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Youth SubCultures

"Youth Sub Cultures" was originally printed in *Genetic Disorder #14*. After I spent a grueling year's worth of research on Satanic Ritual Abuse, a friend from El Centro casually mentioned he had a really cool brochure that was designed for parents to teach them about the various youth sub-cultures their children may belong to. He was nice enough to give it to me (thanks again, Danny!) and it's one of my all time cherished punk items, even though it has more to do with metal than punk.

As to the brochure's origins, Danny said he received it while working as a reporter for the Imperial Valley College *Access*. Apparently the speaker handed them out at the end of the lecture. Whether or not the speaker was the author, I don't know. But one thing is certain, whomever wrote the pamphlet was obviously living in San Diego at the time.

As far as reprinting it, I did it for three reasons. The first is to show an example of how when it comes to the pundits and politicians screaming about the terrible messages being spread through video games, movies, television and music, nothing has changed since I first fell in love with the Scorpions in the sixth grade. And we all know this shit goes all the way back to Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis and Elvis.

The second reason is the images from from this pamphlet along with a bunch of other images from *GD #14* had been "borrowed" by several zines and a Los Angeles clothing company whose owner actually had the nuts to tell me his graphic designer created the images himself. After Kenny from the Neighbors threatened to kick some ass, they shipped me a box of clothing and a couple of skateboards, along with printing my ordering information above their address in a full page ad in *Thrasher* as a formal apology. I sold the clothes for \$100 at a skate shop in Ocean Beach, kept \$60 and gave Kenny \$40. I must have received at least 40 orders from the *Thrasher* ad from kids thinking they were ordering a clothing/skate catalog. I hope their parents didn't get too pissed after I cashed their checks and mailed them my Satanic zine.

The third reason why I wanted to reprint the "Youth Sub Cultures" brochure is for those of you who missed it the first time around. Now you too, can enjoy the absurdity of "Youth Sub Cultures" in its original format, typos and all.



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CULTURES

Maybe Plato's mother hated the music her son liked, and worried about the influence the lutists were having on him and his friends. Certainly in this century, parents didn't much approve of the Goodman's and the Dorsey's of the 30's and 40's. And when Sinatra came along, the swooning, school-skipping girls were a source of concern to their parents and teachers.

Then came Elvis, and the Beatles, and another generation of parents and kids who didn't see eye to eye on what constituted music. Is today's parental and police worry about the rock and roll music of the 70's and 80's just another manifestation of the generations looking at things differently?

No, it is not. Think of the lyrics of an earlier day: "You are the promised kiss of Springtime which makes the lonely Winter seem long....." Compare that with the lyric from the punk album by the Dead Kennedys' "I Kill Children":

God told me to skin you alive.
I kill children. I love to see them die.
I kill children and make their mamas cry.
Crush them under my car,
I want to hear them scream.
Feed them poisoned candy
To spoil their Halloween.

Or try these lyrics from several years ago, Iron Maiden's "The Number of the Beast":

666, the number of the Beast,
666, the one for you and me.
I am coming back, I will return,
And I'll possess your body
And I'll make you burn.
I have the fire, I have the force,
I have the power to make my evil take its course.

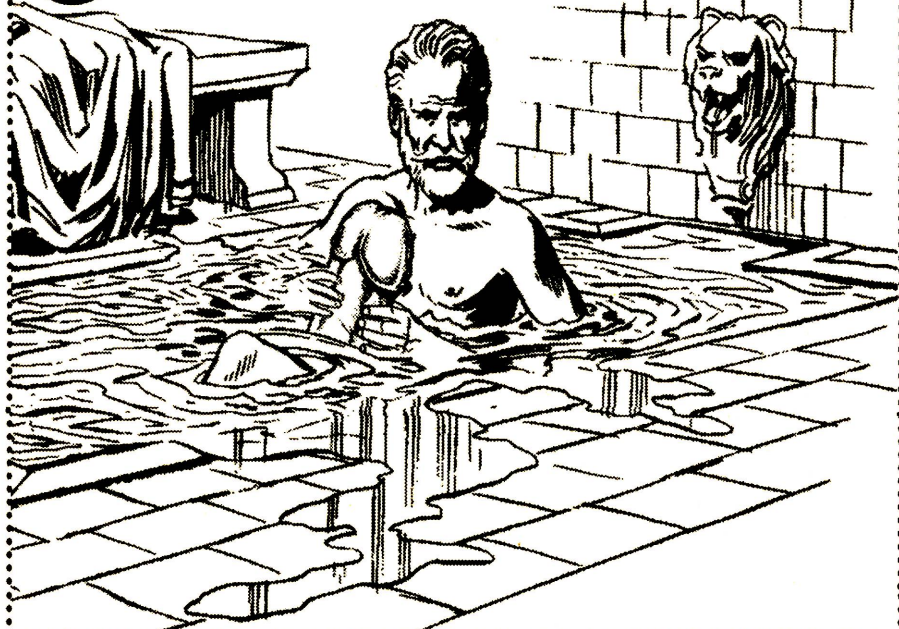
Why should parents, schools, police agencies, or anyone else, care what kinds of music the youngsters like, defend, and absorb? No matter how bizarre, can it possibly be a real problem?

Most police officers are themselves parents, so of course they care about what influences their children outside the home. In addition, their professional lives bring them into contact with the overdosed, the damaged, the "out-of-control" kids, the psychotic, and the criminal. They must deal with illegal drug use and sales, the underage youngster using alcohol, the thefts which pay for drugs. They are forced to take the reports, and do the follow-ups, on runaways and truants, those who are victims and perpetrators of assaults, and assaults with deadly weapons.

How can a teacher provide an education when great numbers of pupils are too stoned to learn? How can parents provide the love and guidance so critical to the success of a family when one or more children have introduced pain and chaos into the family through drug abuse? There is an almost measurable connection between the music and the illegal and destructive behavior it engenders.



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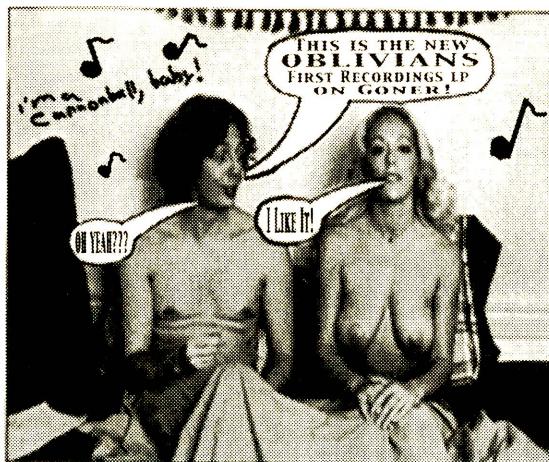
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Many young people are deeply "into" music, and take it very seriously. Seriously enough so that if Pete classifies himself as a "Heavy Metalist", and all the action that it implies, he will have no use for Joe, whose taste is "New Wave". Joe's behavior and substance abuse are different from Pete's. Upon occasion, these disputes go beyond ignoring each other, and can break out into pitched battles. Many injuries and an occasional death have been the results of these battles.

It is hard to ignore the music the kids listen to. It screams from their cars, it ricochets off the walls of their rooms, it makes 100-foot tall banks of speakers tremble at live concerts. Incredible proportions of teen allowances go for records and tapes. The clothes of the youths, their hairdos, jewelry and makeup, and their choices of drugs are all massively influenced by their music, and their musical idols. Aiding them every step of the way is the music industry, radio and television stations, Madison Avenue, and the garment industry. They cater to the kids who are spending the money.

How do you know if you have one or more of these hard-core fans living under your roof? How can you tell if there is a problem brewing, or if this is "just another phase in growing up"? Some of the outward symptoms are hard to miss - the loudness of the music, the strange garb and hairdos. But let's look at the way the young people identify themselves. Bear in mind, though, that a given youngster can change his taste in music gradually or overnight. That not every kid who dresses a certain way, or who spends his waking hours with a particular kind of music necessarily follows the patterns in all his activities. Many of the youngsters do not classify themselves in the following categories, though when pressed, may admit to an affiliation.

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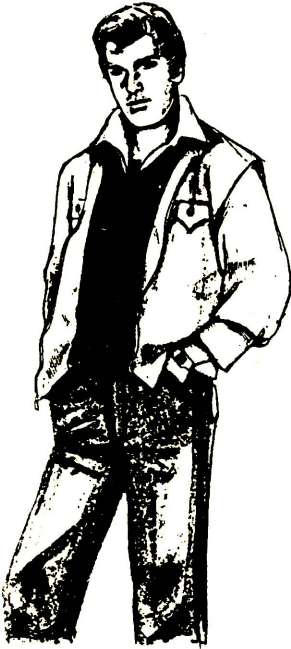
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MODS



Mods are drawn to music in three basic categories: Pre-1967 (James Brown, the Motown groups); "ska" music, played by modern groups (fast rhythms, hyper beat, a touch of reggae, and a heavy English accent - Boy George and the Culture Club, Bad Manners, Selector, English Beat, etc.); and psychedelic music, left over from the late 60's, with lyrics based on love, anti-war, peace and brotherhood (music is tinny and has a droning sound).

Mods are for the most part normal teens with a good attitude. The use of wine and marijuana is comparatively light. Their sexual activities are confined to those within their own group, and are "conventional". They love music, staying out late, and "having fun". They are peace oriented, which is why they have so much trouble with Rockers. Locally, they listen to radio stations 91X FM and KS103 FM.

NEW WAVE

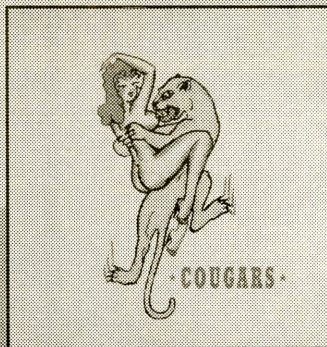
In musical tastes and behavior, the New Wavers are similar to the Mods. However, they may be younger, perhaps beginning in junior high school. They are trendy, grabbing onto new clothing styles as they appear.

Both Mods and New Wavers dress up to enhance their appearance. However, they like to be recognized by their makeup and unconventional clothing.

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NEW ROMANTICS (Nuros)

This music derives from the psychedelic. It is slow and drug related, with a steady beat and much synthesizers. Words are easy to understand, and some music is without lyrics. They also like reggae, and some Nuros also identify with punk music. This group also listens to radio stations 91X FM, and KS103 FM. Their clothing runs to either tight or baggy pants and studded belts. Some prefer torn and out-of-date clothing purchased at thrift stores. Hair is likely to be bleached or dyed. Boys may have short hair, girls may wear their hair long in front, short in back, and swept to one side. They frequently use and display Jakarta and clove cigarettes.

These youngsters are pretty passive. Moderate to heavy alcohol abuse, marijuana and "crystal" methamphetamines are their drugs of choice. Nuros and punks will dress down to enhance their overall appearance.





the casbah

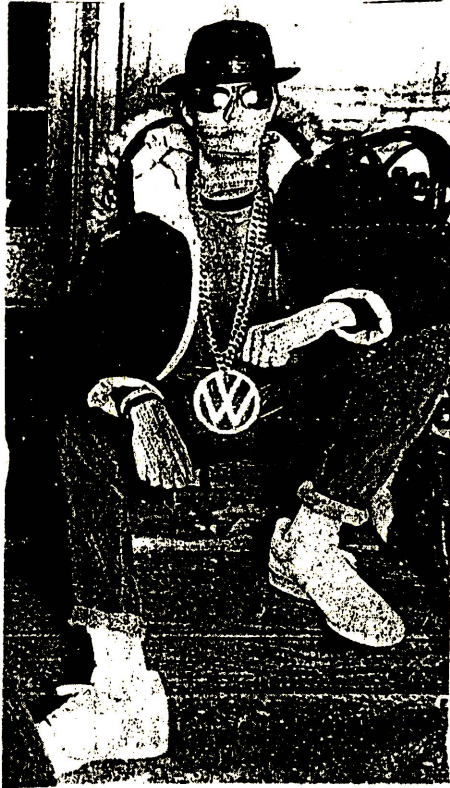
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PUNKS

Punk music is unbelievably loud, sounding much like rock, but less musical. Lyrics are shouts and screams about such things as sex, drugs, rape, murder, anarchy, war and chaos. Favorite musical groups are the Dead Kennedys', Generation X, Battalion of Saints, DOA, and Charged GBH (Great Bodily Harm). Other teens would describe Punk music as a bunch of musicians badly abusing their instruments.

These kids dress in shreds of material, safety pins, combat boots, engineer boots, and dog chains. They are involved in self-mutilation, for example, the safety pins in ears, noses, and cheeks. They are destructive, and are usually angry. They hate everyone, even other Punks, and especially authority. Their hairstyles are colorful and outrageous. Drug use is heavy, and includes alcohol, marijuana, speed, cocaine and, if they can afford it, heroin.





SOUL

There are several types of music that these teens listen too: Soul, scratch, and rap which is played on 92.5 FM. Music groups include, Run DMC, FAT BOYS, Beastly Boys, Grandmaster Flash, Cool & The Gang, etc. The music is fun, fast and energetic. Soul is multi-cultural and often tells a story. Dress is Levis (various colors), baggy and pin stripe pants, girls wear solid color dresses and tight pants. Dress shirts, large baggy solid color sweaters, starter jackets, old leather jackets, sport coats and lots of gold necklaces, bracelets and rings. Tennis shoes with colored laces not tied (Puma, Niki, Adidas, Fila) and multi-colored pumps. Hair is short, processed and combed back. Corduroy hats with name brands (Puma, etc.), gang names or their own names. Hat is tilted slightly to the side and back on the head.

HEAVY METALISTS

This category covers a wide age range, perhaps from eight to 24. Currently it is probably the largest group in most schools. They listen to today's bands and their taste runs to Judas Priest, Motley Crue, Van Halen, KISS, and Ratt.

Their clothing tends to emulate the garb of their musical idols: black parachute pants or dark blue levis, tee-shirts with pictures and names of musical groups, plaid shirts, and white, black, or red tennis shoes. Hair is usually shoulder length and unstyled. Girls may wear large earrings, sometimes looking somewhat like fish lures. Boys tend to wear a single earring. Little makeup is worn.

They are heavy drug users, with pot being the favorite, but including hard liquor, crystal, and the older ones add cocaine to the list. Many are not motivated to do much of anything constructive. They get their drug money from thefts, and from dealing in drugs themselves.



ROCKERS

Rockers are more involved in the music itself than with the drug culture. They tend to dress in the same manner as the Heavy Metalists, but are neater and cleaner. They are basically pretty normal kids. Their favorite artists are Van Halen, Ozzie Osbourne, and Led Zeppelin.



STONERS

The name says it all. They try to stay stoned all the time, using mostly pot, but with the addition of hard liquor and beer. They "just gotta be laid back" to listen to their music. They, too, dress much like the Heavy Metalists, but are not as neat or clean. They favor all-black outfits, broken only by the band logo tee-shirts. Many of them look stoned, even when they are not currently under the influence. Their minds seem to work very slowly. Some of the earrings feature skulls and upside-down Christian crosses.



BLACK METALISTS

With music by Christian Death, Merciful Fate, Venom, and Slayer, this music and the kids are heavily influenced by Satan. They can resemble in appearance the Heavy Metalists or Stoners, but their choices of jewelry can often indicate the difference. They wear skulls, pentagrams, upside-down crosses, and the Satanic "S" (looks like a lightning bolt). They are almost totally alienated from anything "establishment", most particularly anything Christian. They have a fervent dislike of authority, have a great tendency toward violence, much of it directed to their immediate families. The more they are under the influence of the Black Arts (Satanism), the more difficult they become to communicate with.

OCTOBER ALLIED



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IN SUMMARY

As in generations past, the youth have rebelled against its adults. This rebellion is healthy. However, today's youth has taken on a form of rebellion that has undermined traditional family standards, leading to mind destroying pastimes such as drug addiction and Satanism. A great many of our youth will reach the end of their schooling early, having learned little and unable to enter the adult world of responsibility.

The time has come to take this compulsive and total immersion in music seriously. It is time for adults to learn what the funny clothing, the blaring music, and the weird hairdos mean. Adults must realize that this immersion can have a lasting effect on an entire generation of kids.



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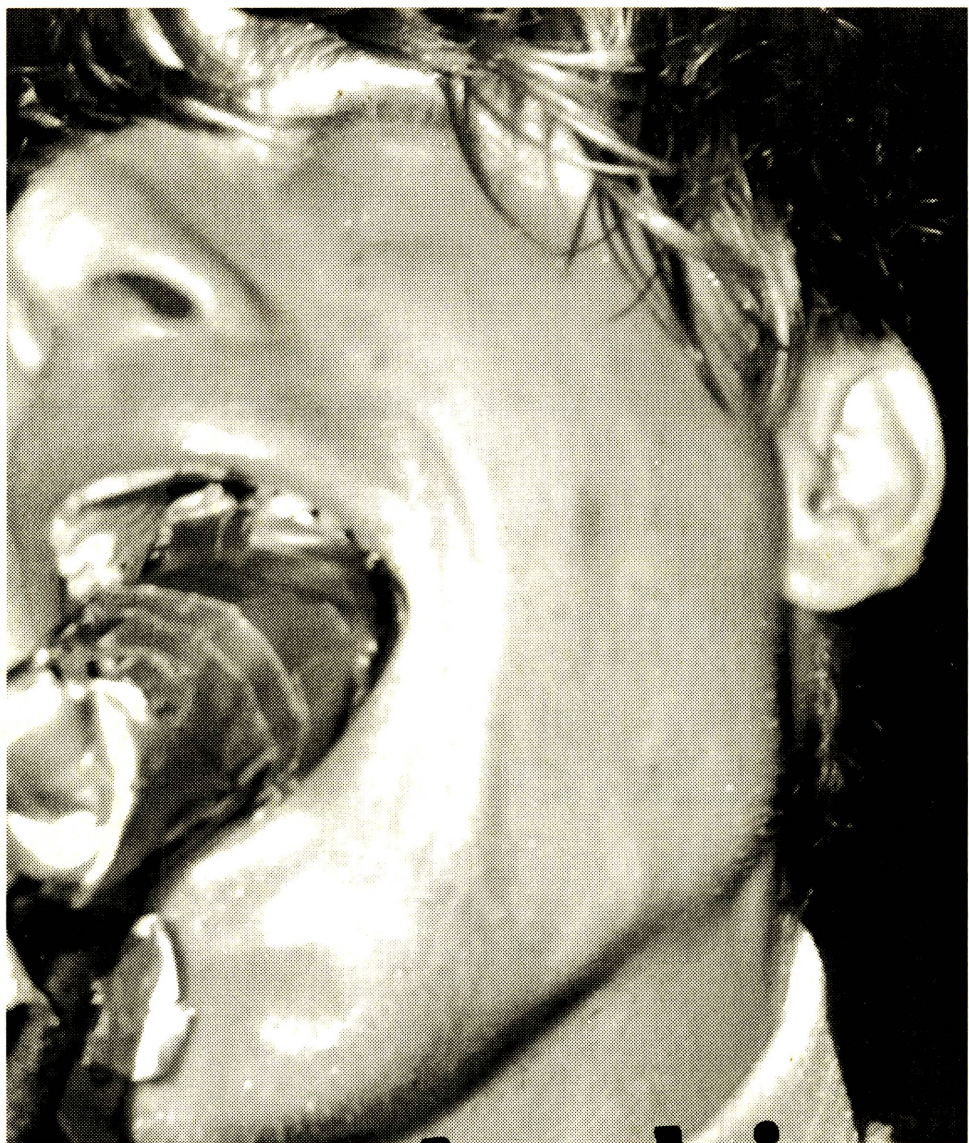
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Coachwhips

The Minutemen sang about jamming econo 20 years ago, but I saw it first hand when San Francisco's Coachwhips made a brief stop at Scolari's Office in the heart of San Diego's North Park.

Touring in a four-door Volvo sedan and playing with nothing more than two small, one-speaker guitar amps, a keyboard that could fit in your back pocket and a scaled down drumset, the three band members burned a hole through the roof - and they did it all by using less electricity than your average household blender.



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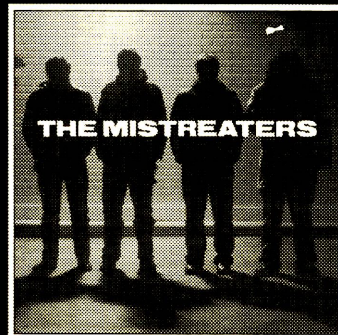
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JOHN DWYER
Guitar, Vocals



VAL TRONIC
Keyboard, Maracas



JOHN HARLOW
Drums

Describe the equipment you use and the sounds you get from it?

DWYER – I use an amp that's Music Man RD 112. It's the same one that Val Tronic uses. It cost me \$200 and I've put over \$600 of work in it because it keeps frying out. I sing and play guitar through it. It sounds like distorted crap, but in a really great, fun way. I have a good time.

VAL – I use a Casio keyboard and it's very small.

HARLOW – I use a floor tom and a snare and a cymbal. The floor kinda goes "bump," and the cymbal goes "crash" and the snare goes "smack."

Are you preachers of the gospel of minimalist rock? Because I've heard rumors that you guys can play shows using only one electrical outlet.

DWYER – All we have to do is plug one amp in and those amps also have an outlet on the back, so we can plug the other amp into it. So it's just a one-outlet band. We don't need a PA or anything like that.

Give us some details about heisting electric power for shows.

DWYER – We've played at bus stops and done shows off little tiny generators. We've played shows in bathrooms and swagged the power. But I think it's the bus stops that are the best ones. Those are pretty hot. The bus stops (in San Francisco) have outlets.

(While on tour) have you ever just set up shows on the spot?

DWYER – We've actually discussed doing it on the road, but everything usually works out and we end up getting shows. Maybe we'll play at a hotel this week. That would be funny.

What's the worst show you've ever played?

DWYER – We were just talking about it.

Where was it?

HARLOW – It could have been Bellingham. In Bellingham they kinda expect you to play on a stage and we never play on a stage. They were kinda bummed out that we were taking away their floor space.

DWYER – It was completely panicked with people who were wicked psyched so it looked liked it was gonna be...

Wait, you're from San Francisco, aren't you supposed to say hella?

DWYER – I'm actually from the East Coast, but I'm switching over to hella after this trip, so I'm trying to get it out as much as possible.

HARLOW – Once we cross over the Mississippi, we go with hella.

DWYER – We sort of cross reference to bum everyone out and it's working on you right now. You'll be saying wicked after a couple more beers tonight, Chris Elliot.

Out of the three of you, if one were most likely to become a cop, one was most likely to become a middle class American, and one was most likely to become a convict, who would be which and why?

DWYER – I think I would become the cop because I think assholes always end up becoming the cop. You would think maybe right off the bat I would be the convict, you know, where they go to interview the neighbor and they always say, "But they were so nice. I can't believe they stabbed all those babies." I think Val might end up in jail. It's a real toss up. Then Harlow might end up becoming the daddy because he's already doing the domestic thing a little bit. He squeezed out a couple of puppies with MaryAnn. MaryAnn unfortunately couldn't be here with us, so Val is substituting for her. MaryAnn is the one who actually plays on the records, but she's not here right now. Only in spirit. Actually we have her in the trunk.

Do you all agree with his assessment?

VAL AND HARLOW – Yeah.

Have any of you ever been to jail?

DWYER – I spent time in a holding cell for a couple of days in Rhode Island. I got arrested for laughing at a cop in Rhode Island on the Fourth of July. I got to watch the fireworks display through a fog glassed bullet-proof window in Providence.

HARLOW – I've visited a jail. I've only been when visiting.

DWYER – Visiting? Who was it? Your mom or your dad?

HARLOW – I was just visiting, "that guy."

DWYER – Oh, oh, yeah, we can't say anything about him. Actually, (whispering) it was Val Tronic who was in jail.

Were you guys in the city during the huge protest prior to the invasion of Iraq? Did any of you get swept up and thrown in the pokey?

DWYER – I was at the protests. It was actually pretty easy to avoid being arrested unless you wanted to make a statement by clogging up the system. My roommate was arrested, actually, I think they arrested him for being an idiot, not for actually being at the protest.

HARLOW – They were doing IQ tests.

DWYER – Yeah, they were doing IQ tests, like "Follow directions very carefully. Don't do questions 1-3," and question number one was "Don't punch holes in the paper," and he was stabbing holes in the paper, so they took him down.

HARLOW – I got clubbed.

Where at?

VAL – Between the third and fourth rib.

DWYER – In the ass.

Did it kinda motivate you?



HARLOW – I was just riding by on a bike and they clubbed me.

DWYER – It was because they recognized him.

On the flipside, have any of you ever had to call the cops?

DWYER – I almost had to call the cops on my ex-girlfriend but she stopped doing what she was doing when I finally told her, "Jesus, are you gonna make me call the cops for the first time in my life?" That's a true story.

VAL – No.

HARLOW – No, I've never had to call the cops.

Do you ever get mail from prisoners?

DWYER – Harlow does, but it has nothing to do with the band I think.

While touring, do you try to make a point to see the sights, visit lost relatives, or is it more like, "Let's hit the town and get the fuck outta here."

DWYER – Most of the time were hitting the town and getting the fuck outta here. Occasionally we'll hit a thrift store, but it's pretty rare that we'll have time to visit the Chilosa Canyons in Texas.

VAL – We made time for X-Men today.

DWYER – Yeah, went to X-Men 2 today. We'll



plug that like a fucker. I drank like five Cokes....

You drank five \$4 sodas when you could have smuggled in a six pack of malt liquor for four bucks?!?

DWYER – It's true, it's true, I smuggled in malt liquor but I drank it in the bathroom right towards the end.

VAL – But it was hard to find the bathroom.

DWYER – The bathrooms were totally non-existent. I had to take a shit in the theater next door to the one that we were in.

Where exactly is the liquor store pictured on the cover of your record "Get Yer Body Next Ta Mine" and who should the fans ask for when they want to take a picture with your cover model?

DWYER – That would be Mohammed Jr.

Not Senior?

DWYER – No, his father works there too, and he's also a photogenic motherfucker. So either way, But if they want the actual guy, that would be Mohammed Jr. The store is on the corner of Haight and Steiner in the Lower Height in San Francisco. It's called O'Looney's Liquors. It's actually famous. It's been on other random record sorta things. They provide a lot of alcohol to a lot of people.

As far as being able to utilize so much with so little, inspire the kids and tell them what they need to do to get their shit in gear.

DWYER – Find amps that are small and loud as opposed to buying humungous gear. There is stuff out there. Fender Twins are good small amps. Figure out alternative ways to not having a PA set up and make your drummer fucking strip down. He doesn't need a China cymbal or a double bass. But it also varies on what kinda music you're playing. I've seen people playing through boom boxes on the street and it kicked ass. Keep it simple.

What have you been listening to and reading in the car?

DWYER – What have we been listening to? We listened to the A-Frames today. We listen to some old-timey stuff. Some old ska from like 1963 or something.

What! No Spits?!?

DWYER – The Spits we have not rocked in the car yet. We listed to some Church Police, an old school San Francisco band that kicks ass. Val's been doing the reading.

VAL – I've been reading "Valley of the Dolls," and "Brothel." It's a story about the women of the Mustang Ranch. Harlow's been reading H.P. Lovecraft.

HARLOW – Yeah, I've haven't really got around to reading H.P. Lovecraft.

VAL – He put the book in his pocket.

DWYER – He's been reading through osmosis.

Okay, there's four people in the car. Who has a job?

DWYER – Not me.

HARLOW – Not me.

VAL – I work.

You already know my answer. Okay is anyone else on food stamps?

DWYER – I actually tried to get on food stamps, but I was too lazy to make it down for the appointment, but I'm gonna work on it when I get back.

HARLOW – I was denied food stamps because I was already on food stamps last year. I would have to do workfare.

Okay, two more questions. What state do the Simpsons live in?



BangBang

A map locator of the 15 shootings by the San Diego Police Department for the year 2002.
(stories begin on next page)

Bang Bang

① JANUARY 3 HILLCREST

Mark Anthony Nolte, 43, was shot and wounded by two San Diego Police officers in a Hillcrest parking garage on Fourth Avenue just south of Washington Street. Nolte, a parolee with a long rap sheet, was visiting a doctor for treatment for a mental illness. During his doctor visit, Nolte became violent. After trashing a bathroom and spraying people with a fire extinguisher, he threatened three people with a four-inch knife he was carrying.

When confronted by the two officers, Nolte screamed that he would kill the two cops. Officer Gerry Gapusan then released his police dog. The dog took Nolte down to the ground, but Nolte was able to get up on his feet still holding the knife. Gapusan fired four shots, wounding Nolte in the arm, jaw and upper torso.

② FEBRUARY 28 PACIFIC BEACH

Officer Scott Holstag pulled over Gary Scott Martin, near a construction site on DeSoto Street in Pacific Beach to question him. During questioning, Holstag believed that Martin, a parolee, was under the influence of methamphetamine, and after another officer arrived, they asked to search his car. Martin then began to rummage through

the center console and Holstag told him to show his hands. Martin spun out of the car towards Holstag, who then fired one shot that hit the car door.

The second officer ran to the car, grabbed Martin's left hand and ordered him to show his right hand. As Martin reached for something in the car, Holstag fired two more shots, hitting Martin in the shoulder and back.

Martin, 39, died at the hospital.

Autopsy tests showed that he was under the influence of methamphetamine.

No weapons were found in his car.

③ MARCH 12 SPORTS ARENA/POINT LOMA

Police found James Olsen, a 44-year-old mentally ill transient masturbating under the Sports Arena Bridge on a bike path near West Mission Bay Drive and Interstate 8.

When Officer Bruce Debord confronted Olsen, he pulled up his pants and tried to walk away. The two began to struggle and Olsen grabbed a large rock. Debord tried pepper spray and a cardiod restraint, but still could not take Olsen into custody.

While two bicyclists rode past the con-

frontation, Officer Debord moved himself between Olsen and the bike riders as Olsen raised the rock above his head in a threatening motion.

Debord fired three shots, hitting and killing Olsen.

Following his death, it was discovered Olsen, who suffers from schizophrenia, was missing from Jamestown, NY and had not been taking his medication.

4

MARCH 22
SPORTS ARENA/LOMA PORTAL

Fourteen hours after being released from a county psychiatric hospital, police shot and killed 24-year-old Alejandro Jimenez when he apparently threatened the employees at the See's Candies on Rosecrans Street in Loma Portal.

Six officers tried to arrest Jimenez using batons and pepper spray, but he continued to fight them off. Grabbing two shopping carts – one in each hand – he swung them at the officers, and then ran to the nearby Burger King.

Jimenez then broke out the glass doors of the fast food restaurant before punching a cop in the face. A number of officers tried baton blows, nunchakus, a taser and four shots from a beanbag shotgun, but Jimenez was still able to grab an officer's baton and hit him in the elbow. Then Jimenez picked up and aimed an unloaded beanbag shotgun at the police. Seven officers fired 39 rounds, hitting him 31 times.

5

MARCH 27
PALM CITY

Officer John Maud said he became

suspicious when Lazard Sustaita, 22, began to nervously glance at him while he was crossing a street near South Bay Motors in Palm City. Believing Sustaita might be a gang member, Maud stopped him for questioning. When Maud attempted to search Sustaita, he jumped into some bushes and drew a loaded gun and pointed it at Maud.

Maud fired two shots, hitting Sustaita once in the back, paralyzing him.

6

APRIL 8
ENCANTO

Officer David Cupples tried to pull over Casimir Lashaine Palmer, 22, for speeding at 1:23 a.m. downtown at Market Street. Palmer refused to stop and drove east onto the 94 Freeway. Near the Federal Boulevard exit, Palmer hit another car before fleeing across the east and west lanes of the freeway, yelling the whole time that he had a gun.

As Cupples approached, Palmer reached into his waistband and then raised his right arm as if pointing a gun at the officer. Cupples fired twice, hitting Palmer once and wounding him in the mouth.

Palmer later tested positive for methamphetamine, morphine and opiates, along with a .24 blood-alcohol level.

Palmer was unarmed.

7

MAY 4
MOUNTAIN VIEW

Police had been searching for Javier Guerrero, 19, in connection with a fatal shooting on April 27, 2002, in Shelltown. Officers Andrew Fellows and Michael Swanson tried to stop Guerrero on this day,

but he ignored the officers, walking towards them while reaching into waist-band.

Fellows fired two shots, and Swanson shot twice, wounding Guerrero in the mouth, chest and wrist.

The object Guerrero was reaching for turned out to be pliers.

8

MAY 19
OTAY MESA WEST

Witness said Leon Anthony Morgan, 35, was acting strange, placing chunks of rocks on the floorboards of his daughter's car before hitting his father-in-law in the head with a rock and demanding he be called "God Almighty."

When Officer Michael Lazere arrived, Morgan said that the cop would have to shoot him. He then charged at Lazere armed with a brick.

Lazere fired nine rounds, hitting Morgan with eight and killing him.

9

MAY 29
LA MESA

At 6:04 p.m., police received calls of gunfire at the La Paz apartments in University City. With a description of the shooter and her car, police began following Carol Ann Rucker, 51, from University City, south down the 805 freeway to Interstate 8 to La Mesa. In an apparent failed murder-suicide, Rucker shot and wounded her boyfriend and tried to shoot herself, but apparently the gun jammed.

Once she arrived at the Parkway Pointe condo complex off Parkway Drive, police ordered Rucker to drop her gun. She

refused and Officers Aaron Harwick, Jeffrey Wuehler, Richard Perkins and Gerry Gupusan opened fire, shooting and wounded Rucker.

After the shooting, Rucker asked the officers, "Why can't you just let me die? Let me die," and "Why can't you guys be better shots?"

10

MAY 29
CITY HEIGHTS

Officer Dana Taylor witnessed a driver running a stop sign and attempted to pull over the driver, Michale Shawn Kyle.

Kyle, 22, drove off but came to a stop after hitting two parked cars. When Taylor stepped out of her patrol car, Kyle came at her with a 10-inch butcher knife. Taylor yelled for him to drop the knife before she fired five shots and killed Kyle.

The day before the shooting, Kyle had been admitted to the county psychiatric hospital after trying to kill himself. He was also on probation for child molestation.

11

JUNE 2
MISSION VALLEY WEST

San Diego's annual Rock 'n' Roll Marathon cuts all the way through the East Village, north to Pacific Beach, east to Clairmont, and then heads south through Linda Vista to Mission Valley West before the course finishes south at the Marine Recruits Depot.

Police had the route blocked off, so when Raymond Moreau, 45, driving naked, drove through the police barricades on Friars Road and hit an officer with his SUV, Officers Christopher Knighten, Michael

Webb and Scott McLellan fired 22 rounds.

Moreau only suffered a superficial wound to his left shoulder. After the shooting, it was determined that Moreau was psychotic.

12 SEPTEMBER 18 OAK PARK

Police were called to Dane Lersch's home after his roommate called to say that Lersch, 39, had overdosed on prescription medication and alcohol. When two officers arrived, Lersch ran into his back yard. When the two officers, along with a sergeant who later arrived, approached Lersch, he threw a cordless phone at them.

While one officer left to grab a beanbag shotgun, Lersch grabbed a hedge trimmer, raised it over his head and approached the officers. Sgt. Randall Eichmann fired once and wounded Lersch.

13 OCTOBER 9 ROLANDO/LA MESA

Huynh Thai Luu, 21, led police on a high speed chase after police saw him firing a shotgun near the police training site in Chollas View. The chase came to an end when Luu rammed a patrol car at the intersection of 70th Street and University Avenue.

After hitting the cruiser, Luu climbed out of the window, and with his feet still in the car, fired several shots at the surrounding police with a shotgun.

Police from San Diego, La Mesa and National City all returned fired and killed Luu. Officer Greg Hill was grazed from one of Luu's shots and a La Mesa Police

Officer was hurt when Luu rammed his patrol car.

14 OCTOBER 30 DOWNTOWN

Victor Bravo, 52, was sitting on the sidewalk at Market Street near Sixth Avenue when Officer Joseph Steffen approached and asked if Bravo needed any help. Bravo jumped up and pulled a gun from his waistband.

Officer Steffen drew his gun and shot Bravo once in the shoulder.

The gun Bravo was carrying was a plastic toy gun replica.

15 DECEMBER 15 PACIFIC BEACH

Police received a 911 call from a woman at a Missouri Street apartment saying her boyfriend had hit her.

Officer Timothy Peterson arrived at approximately 4:30 a.m. and first spoke to the woman before speaking to her boyfriend, Lance Warner.

Peterson ordered Warner, 32, to show his hands. Warner then picked up a knife and threatened to kill Peterson and a second officer. They backed out of the apartment and when Warner charged, Peterson fired one shot and wounded Warner in the shoulder.





Take Back the Alley

Booze, Rats and Barbed Wire

**Surviving Horizontal Action's
Chicago Rock'n'Roll Blackout**

**by
Zach Connolly**

If your favorite band has ever passed through San Diego without stopping on their way to Phoenix, Tucson or LA, you can blame it on the famous "San Diego Glide."

Anyone who's ever spent more than two hours in San Diego knows the feeling of the "Glide." It's that little voice in the back of peoples' heads that says, "Why go see bands play when we can just go to the bar and act cool?" or "Video games are more fun than really breaking shit," or "Instead of making something happen here, let's just go to the beach and check out the chicks."

Blame it on great year-round weather or the close proximity to good drugs, but you know it's a lazy town when your weed connection won't even call you back.

With this in mind, it's no surprise good bands choose to skip right past America's Finest City while on tour.

So imagine my surprise when I found out that the Spits were gonna make it all the way down to San Diego from Seattle. Unlike The Motards, The Devil Dogs and too many other now-legendary bands that played to empty clubs here, the Spits were guaranteed a sold out show 'cause they were opening up for Rocket From The Crypt on the last date of their US tour. I was so excited that I cashed my unemployment check and bought a bunch of \$15 plus \$2 service fee tickets at Off the Record for me and my friends. I wanted to make sure that all of us would get to see the Spits without risking the show selling out to RFTC's fans before we could get in. Now we were guaranteed a good show in San Diego.

Or so we thought.



The night of the show arrived and we started the evening out in our usual fashion: we bought a bunch of cheap beer and hung out on the hill behind the Casbah to warm up for the evening and watch the planes fly in. Around 10:30 p.m., we sent someone down to check what time the Spits would be playing. To our horror, we found out that the Spits had cancelled. RFTC was going on as scheduled, but without the Spits. What the fuck?

I've spent enough time and money at the Casbah for the door guys to know us, so they were cool enough to show us some sympathy for our situation and bought our tickets back. I

had to eat the \$2 service fee, of course. There are times when I don't have \$2 for a whole week, but it was a small price to pay to see your favorite band. That is, if they play! Fuck.

Well, if the Spits weren't gonna come see me, I was gonna go see them.



It was soon after their cancellation when I found out about the *Horizontal Action* Rock 'n' Roll Blackout in Chicago. *Horizontal Action* zine has been putting on the three-day Rock 'n' Roll Blackout for the last three years now, and this year the Spits were headlining the show.

As timing would have it, I got a call from my friend Mikey who lived in Chicago, inviting me out for a stay. He lived in a warehouse just outside of downtown Chicago, complete with a motorcycle shop and a 1/4 pipe. Now I had a place to stay, so the only thing needed was a way to get my ass out there.

As I started to make my plans to get out of San Diego, my ex-roommate, Ernie (AKA the Wolfman) said he wanted to go out there as well. Ernie is a video geek and is always video taping shows and making his own movies and shit, so he called up the guys at *Horizontal Action* and scammed a pass to the Blackout in exchange for shooting video footage of the event.

With Ernie's free tickets to the show, a place to stay, a ride to LAX with Larry, everything was starting to work out - only problem was neither of us had any money for plane tickets.

Ernie asked his mom to loan him the dough to buy his ticket (way to go mom!) and I begged, borrowed, stole and scammed enough cash to pay for mine.

With a combined total of \$80 in our pockets and a small stack of skateboard decks to sell, we were set to go. As an ex- team manager for a skateboard company, I've been all over the country - enough to know that it's better to drive around Utah than through it - but this was my first time to Chicago.

Elevated trains, huge brick buildings, hot dog stands and freaky weather, Chicago was an interesting change of scenery from the Southern Californian pink stucco nightmare that I call home.

The coolest thing about going to a city that you've never been to before is exploring it. We

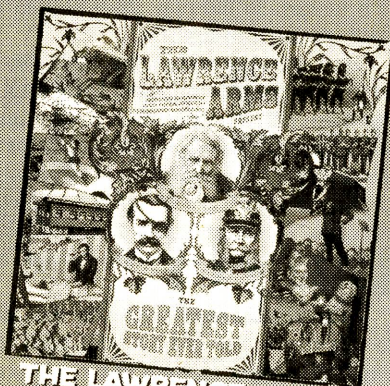
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arrived at O'Hare airport with a few days to spare, but Mikey had to work, so we were on our own to skate around and see what Chicago was all about. We picked up a train schedule, made a list of stuff we wanted to see and were off.

This is how the Spits' "Take Back the Alley" became our theme song for the trip. Chicago is filled with crazy back alleys and side streets, and being the types to take the road less traveled, the Wolfman and I were constantly dodging down alleys to pound beers.

That's what you do when you're on vacation, right? You drink. If you go to the beach, you drink. If you go fishing, you drink. If you go visit the in-laws, you drink. Well, we went to the Midwest and we drank. One of our first discoveries was a liquor store near the skate shop in Wicker Park that sold six packs of Hamm's for only \$2.29! Being that we flew across the country with \$40 each, these little guys were, ahem, right up our alley.

We did this all week. Skate around for a while, drink a beer in the alley. Check out a record shop, drink a beer in the alley. Go to a museum, drink a beer in the alley. Go to a bar, drink a beer in the alley. And every time we'd cut behind a building, me and Ernie would start singing "Take back the alley, take back the alley...."

By the time we left town five days later, we had Mikey,

who'd never even heard the song before, singing along with us. "Take back the alley, take back the alley...."

During this time I got real good at pounding a beer in two gulps. Sometimes you've gotta get 'em down in a hurry, especially with the possibility of Chicago's Finest always lurking around the corner.

We killed time for the couple of days before the Blackout by just roaming around town, drinking beers, eating hot dogs and riding the trains.

We checked out the Chicago skatepark, only it was too cold and windy to skate. Whaddaya expect? This is the Windy City, right? No problem, we had a bottle of Jim Beam on top of our standard sixer, as well as half a bottle of Vicodin. No icy wind is gonna bother me today.

Even with our reasonable beer budget (around \$7.50 a day each), our money was still going quick. That's why I brought the skateboard decks. Only suckers buy decks at full retail. So before I lost my job, I grabbed a couple stacks of decks to ride and help supplement my-soon-to-be nonexistent income. Mikey has a friend who owns a skate shop in Wicker Park and she was cool enough to buy some of the decks off me. Another friend was more than happy to trade me a deck for a sack of weed.

Yeah, Chicago! Way to look out for a guy.



The first night of the show finally arrived and I was already feeling worn



down from all the skating and walking around. Still, I was ready. This year's Blackout was at a place called the Subterranean. It was a strange three story club just off the train stop on a weird corner. There was an alley directly behind the club and a couple of liquor stores nearby. Perfect. Now, we've already gone over the fact that we didn't have any money, right? Well, by the time the Blackout rolled around, we were really low on cash. We were broke and needed to get drunk. Our only option for the night was to find a cheap six-pack and take back the alley.

We found the \$3 Pabst six pack special at one of the seedier liquor stores in the neighborhood. When you do the beer math, it was easy to see that 50 cents for 12 ounces of beer sure beats the \$2 for 10 ounces of warm beer they were selling inside.



The line-up for the first night was the Functional Blackouts, A Feast of Snakes, the Black Lips and the Lost Sounds.

I'd never heard the Functional Blackouts or A Feast of Snakes and I think I might have heard a couple of Black Lips songs before that night on a mix tape a friend left in my car, but people leave a lot of things in my car, so who knows?

I'd been a fan of Jay Reatard's stuff for some time and already had a couple of Lost Sounds LPs. I caught them when they came to San Diego with about 10 other people and was ready to see them again, but the rest of the bands performing the first night were new to me.

The Functional Blackouts were a local band and took the stage first. They kicked out a killer set that made me feel like I was back in '81. Fast and spastic guitar licks, an energetic front man and some cool backup vocals made for a real good start and a real good time. The drummer ended up being the MC for the whole Blackout. I'm not sure if he announced his own band since I was outside drinking in the alley. A Feast of Snakes was up next on the list. This shit was a mix of trashy, fuzzed out guitars with bluesy slide leads and heavy bass that reminded me of the Oblivions on speed. So far, I was having a great time but was getting thirsty, so it was back to the alley.

Seeing the Black Lips set was like watching a pro wrestling match. The whole band was jumping around and running into each other like crazy. They were falling down all over the place

and at one point it looked like they were dog-piling something or someone. I saw one of them punch another in the back in the middle of a song and one of them did a flying dropkick right into one of their guitars while the guy was playing it! All the screaming, yelling, banging drums and frontal nudity made this the craziest set of the night.

In between sets we were out in the alley using the finest public restrooms the city of Chicago had to offer - brick walls and dumpsters - and pounding down beers. While I was pissing on a dumpster, I saw a huge rat scurry past me carrying a whole hot dog bun. Apparently, the Wolfman and I weren't the only ones living on hot dogs in Chicago.

The Lost Sounds were last on the bill for the night, and they were fucking hot. Jay and Alicja are the new Sonny and Cher. I love them. Jay started out on guitar and Alicja was on keyboard. Then, they switched around and Jay played keyboard while Alicja took over the guitar. Alicja can really play and her little fingers made her hands look like nimble spiders climbing a web while they ran up and down the fret board. Very sexy. After a while, Jay and Alicja both played the keyboards and Jonas (normally playing bass) took over the guitar. The mix of guitar and keyboard along with Alicja's singing and Jay's screaming is just fucking great. I don't know how else to describe it.

After the show, we caught a ride back to Mikey's place with Punk Rock Patty. She was cool and it only took her 30 minutes to remember where she parked. It was raining and it was hard for her to see. I'm sure it had nothing to do with how much she drank that night. A few more beers later, I fell asleep to the ringing sound in my ears.



The next evening, we found ourselves back at the Subterranean for another night of Blackout. Armed with a six-pack each and some earplugs, we were ready for action.

This night the line-up was the Hot Machines, the Hard Feelings from Austin, TX, the Little Killers, the Hunches, and the self-proclaimed "Kings of Basement Rock" - the Penetrators. Okay, these are the Penetrators from Syracuse, NY, nor are they to be confused with the Penetrators from San Diego.

The Hot Machines were another local band

and opened the second night. I've heard them referred to as the Lukewarm Machines, but I thought they were pretty hot. Two guitars (one male and one female) and no bass is always cool with me. The female guitar player looked like Little Orphan Annie with a Rickenbacker. I thought they had a cool sound and I really dug their set.

The Hard Feelings played next. These guys tore shit up. Real rock'n'roll played fast and loud. Front man, John Schooley really knows that slide guitar. They were everything I'd expect from a three piece garage rock'n'roll band from Texas. Yee fucking haww!

The Little Killers were next. They were another three piece unit that rocked. What is it about a three piece band that makes 'em killer? I don't know, but the Little Killers were pretty killer. Their combination of female bass and male guitar/vocals rock'n'roll definitely worked for me.

The Hunches were up next and they were fucking wild. Their singer had tampons and maxi-pads safety pinned all over him, going nuts and having a good time. It's what this shit is all about and I was having fun, that's for sure.

The only

thing that sucked was having to wait until a band was done playing to go have a beer. I ended up breaking down and buying a couple of warm \$2 Pabsts inside the club so I could survive the Hunches rock'n'roll holocaust. As soon as they were done, it was back to the alley.

The Penetrators have been around for a long fucking time and their line-up has really changed over the years. Actually, Jack, the singer, and Spike, the lead guitarist, are the only ones left from the original band. For their backing band, they had John Schooley and the Hard Feelings filling in as their rhythm section for the rest of the night.

Spike had worked with the Hard Feelings before, even recording a 2x7" together called Spike and the Hard Feelings. They played a few songs from that release during the Penetrators set, but mostly they kicked out all the Penetrators' hits. Jack and Spike may look older these days but they're still young at heart. You could tell by watching them play their classic "Teenage Lifestyle." It's pretty cool watching a couple of guys in their 40s singing about teenage lifestyles. The Penetrators went through their set like they never stopped playing, and the crowd was loving it too. Jack passed the



Lost Sounds

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mic around and let everyone sing along. At the end of it all, I don't think there was one person not smiling.

Being a Penetrators fan for years, I tried to catch up with Spike and Jack after the show, but somehow I lost them.

Everything is pretty fuzzy after that – too many pain killers and trips to the alley. I do remember puking in a cab on the way back to Mikey's house. I also remember not paying for the cab.



After five days of booze, pills and life in the Windy City, I was worried that I wouldn't make it through the last night of the Blackout. The Spits were headlining, which was the whole reason for the trip, so I started drinking off the hangover and headed over to the show.

The line-up for the night was the Tyrades (another local band), The FM Knives, the A-Frames, the Clone Defects and the Spits. The Tryades were pretty hot that night. Their singer is one good looking lady who knows how to belt out those lyrics. Their set was full of rocking energy, but it got cut short. The bass player was jumping around and obviously having a good time when he jumped backwards into the crowd.

As he flew through the air, it was as if Moses was hanging out in the middle of the crowd at the Subterranean, drinking booze and decided to part the seas. The crowd split in two just as the bassist leaped off the stage. He landed with a thud, flat on his back in the middle of the floor. Apparently, his bass smashed him in the head, because when he jumped back on stage, blood was pouring down his face. He finished the song then threw his bass down and ran off stage toward the restroom. There's no need to apologize for the short set because everybody knows blood equals punk.

The FM Knives played a cool set. I'd never heard them before

that night and I thought their Buzzcocks style of punk was right on. After the FM Knives, the A-Frames were next. I'd never heard them before that night, but to tell the truth, I wasn't really impressed at all. They were too spastic and twangy for my taste. We used their set as an opportunity to head back to the liquor store for some more beer.

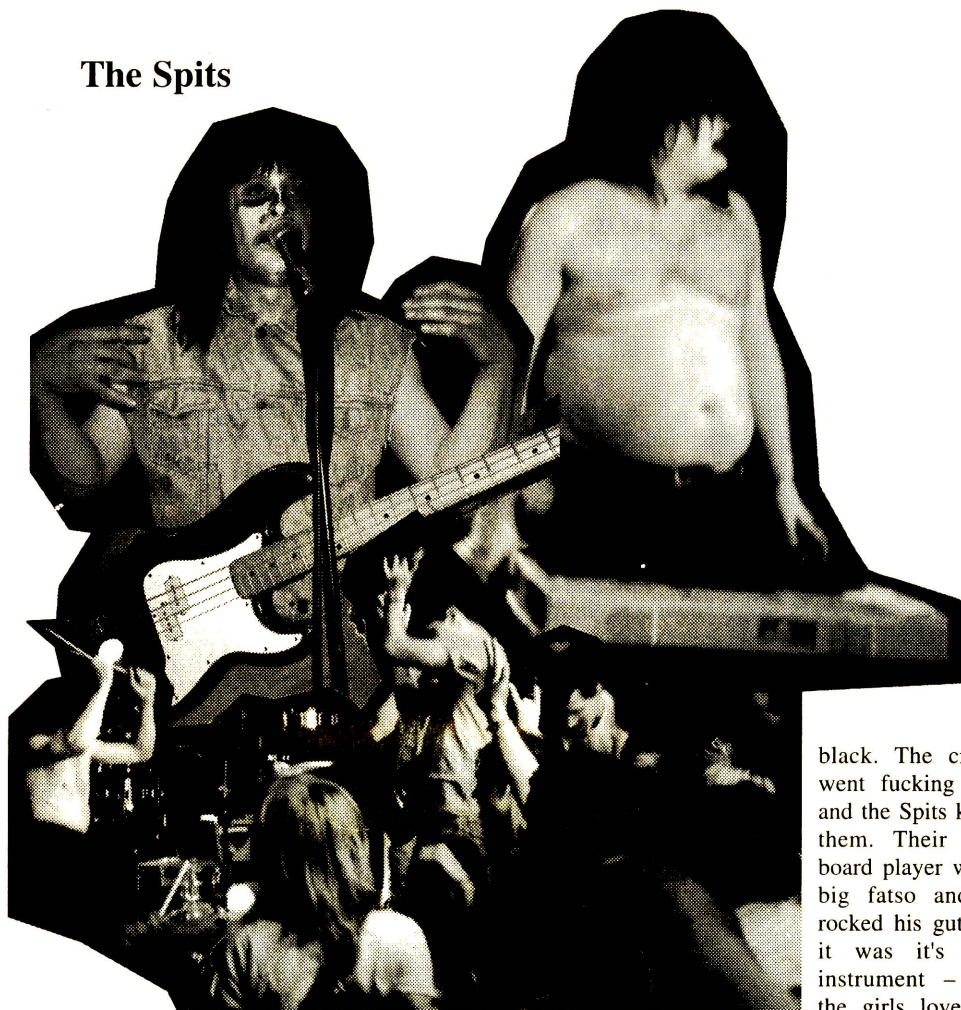
The Clone Defects were next and were the opposite of the A-Frames. They were loud, fast and fucking punk. Great tunes and a good stage show. The singer looked kinda like Cheetah Chrome. He played guitar and sang, tearing through their set like a punk rock star. At one point he had his guitar duct taped to him. I guess he didn't have a strap. Fuck it. There's nothing much punker than duct tape, except for maybe blood and moustaches. Or maybe blood in your mustache.

After the Clone Defects, it was back to the alley to rest up and get liquored up before the Spits went on. The moment of truth was at hand and we had to make sure we were in the right state of mind. Pound 'em down, boys, because



The Penetrators

The Spits



black. The crowd went fucking nuts and the Spits killed them. Their keyboard player was a big fatso and he rocked his gut like it was it's own instrument – and the girls loved it!

the Spits are next.

We got back into the club and the MCs (one of the *Horizontal Action* guys and Functional Blackouts' drummer) were up on stage. One was repeating "Tell you what, we'll work something out. We'll be there in twenty," over and over again. He must have said it 50 times. The crowd was getting annoyed with this and started throwing shit at him. Ice cubes, water, cups, cups full of beer whizzed through the air. Someone in the crowd chucked an empty whiskey bottle that flew mere inches from his head. It would have been instant horizontal action if that bottle had connected.

Finally, "Ladies and gentlemen, the worlds first and only punk rock band – the Spits!" The Spits took the stage dressed in sleeveless denim vests, Nikki Sixx wigs and their faces painted

They were pawing at that gut like he was Buddha incarnate!

In between songs, we kept screaming "Take back the alley! Take back the alley!" but they never played it. That would have been the head on the beer for my trip.

Well, my head went flat, but nonetheless, the Spits were worth flying across the country. As they continued to burn through their set, the house lights came on. Apparently, the club was trying to tell everyone that the show was over. Playing dumb (hey, they were the Spits - it wasn't hard to do) they kept playing and the crowd kept going wild. One guy even got completely naked and jumped up on stage. They left him there and finished their set.

After they were finished playing, I rushed to get to the Spits' merch table to get a shirt with

my last few bucks, but I was escorted, in a not-so-nice way, out of the club by the Subterranean staff. Was the club pissed that the Spits didn't stop playing when they turned on the lights? I hope so. After six days of Chicago and three nights of Blackout, we were way too tired to try and track down the after party. We took the train back to Mikey's place and passed out.

The next day we took the train to the airport and flew back to LAX. Larry pulls up to a red curb to pick us up in the Spotty Nissan and we immediately got hassled by the cops.

"What color is this curb?!?" the cop yelled.

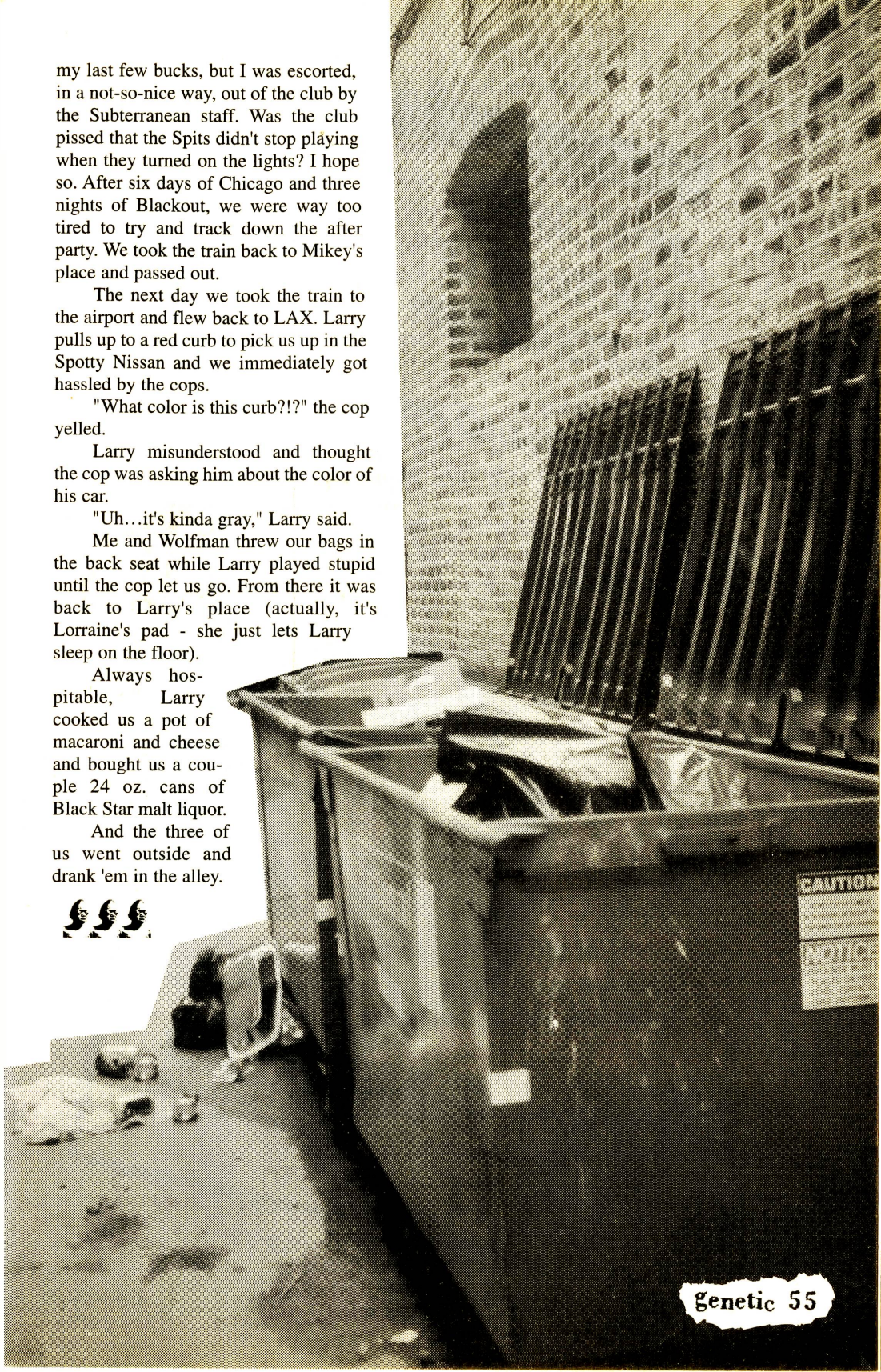
Larry misunderstood and thought the cop was asking him about the color of his car.

"Uh...it's kinda gray," Larry said.

Me and Wolfman threw our bags in the back seat while Larry played stupid until the cop let us go. From there it was back to Larry's place (actually, it's Lorraine's pad - she just lets Larry sleep on the floor).

Always hospitable, Larry cooked us a pot of macaroni and cheese and bought us a couple 24 oz. cans of Black Star malt liquor.

And the three of us went outside and drank 'em in the alley.



WHAT ARE THE SIGNS OF ALCOHOLISM?

THE NCADD SELF-TEST



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What are the Signs of Alcoholism?

Here is a self-test to help you review the role alcohol plays in your life. These questions incorporate many of the common symptoms of alcoholism. This test is intended to help you determine if you or someone you know needs to find out more about alcoholism; it is not intended to be used to establish the diagnosis of alcoholism.

1. Do you ever drink heavily when you are disappointed, under pressure or have had a quarrel with someone?

YES, I DO DRINK HEAVILY WHEN UNDER PRESSURE, ESP. DURING JOB INTERVIEWS, BEFORE BEING BAPTISED, BEING RELEASED FROM JAIL, ETC.

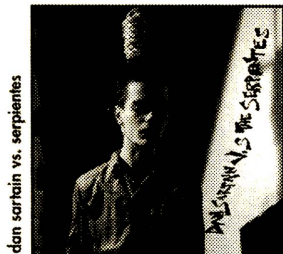
2. Can you handle more alcohol now than when you first started to drink?

OF COURSE! I CAN DRINK WAY MORE NOW THAN WHEN I WAS 12-YEARS-OLD.

3. Have you ever been unable to remember part of the previous evening, even though your friends say you didn't pass out?

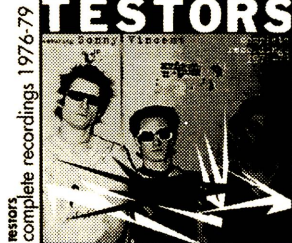
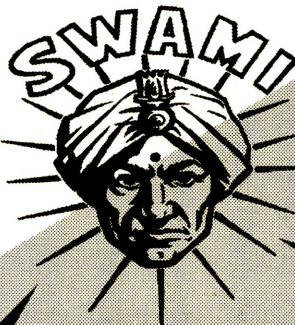
YES. EVERYTIME I SING KARAOKE. IF I EVER FIND OUT WHO SIGNED ME UP TO SING "A VIEW TO A KILL" BY DURAN DURAN - I'M GONNA KILL THEM!

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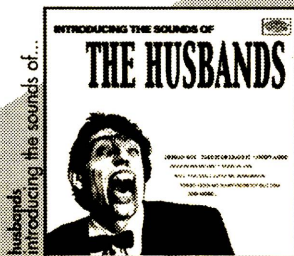


dan sartain vs. serpientes

out now!!!



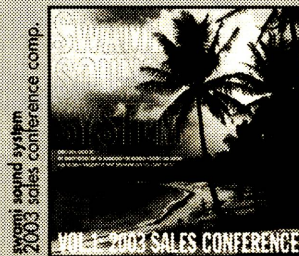
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4. When drinking with other people, do you try to have a few extra drinks when others won't know about it?

YES, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S ON THEIR TAB.

5. Do you sometimes feel uncomfortable if alcohol is not available?

YEAH, AND THAT'S WHY I DON'T LIVE IN UTAH OR NEW ENGLAND.

6. Are you in more of a hurry to get your first drink of the day than you used to be?

I'M UNEMPLOYED. I'M NOT IN A HURRY TO DO ANYTHING.

7. Do you sometimes feel a little guilty about your drinking?

I FELT A LITTLE GUILTY FOR DRINKING SIMON'S LAST BEER THE OTHER NIGHT, BUT AFTER DRINKING IT DOWN, THE GUILT QUICKLY DISAPPEARED.

8. Has a family member or close friend ever expressed concern or complained about your drinking?

MY FAMILY TENDS TO COMPLAIN MORE ABOUT MY HAIRCUTS. MY MOM SAID THAT AS LONG AS I LOOK PRESENTABLE, I CAN STAY AS LOADED AS I WANT.

9. Have you been having more memory "blackouts" recently?

I WOULDN'T SAY I'M HAVING MORE "BLACKOUTS" EXCEPT WHEN I SNORT OXYCONTIN AFTER THREE 40 OZ'S OF KING COBRA - AND THEN IT'S LIGHTS OUT FOR LARRY.

10. Do you often want to continue drinking after your friends say they've had enough?

YES. AND MY FRIENDS ARE PUSSIES.

11. Do you usually have a reason for the occasions when you drink heavily?

WELL, EVERY DAY IS A NEW DAY.

12. When you're sober, do you sometimes regret things you did or said while drinking?

WHO HASN'T REGRETTED SAYING
"I LOVE YOU" AT LEAST ONCE?

13. Have you tried switching brands or drinks, or following different plans to control your drinking?

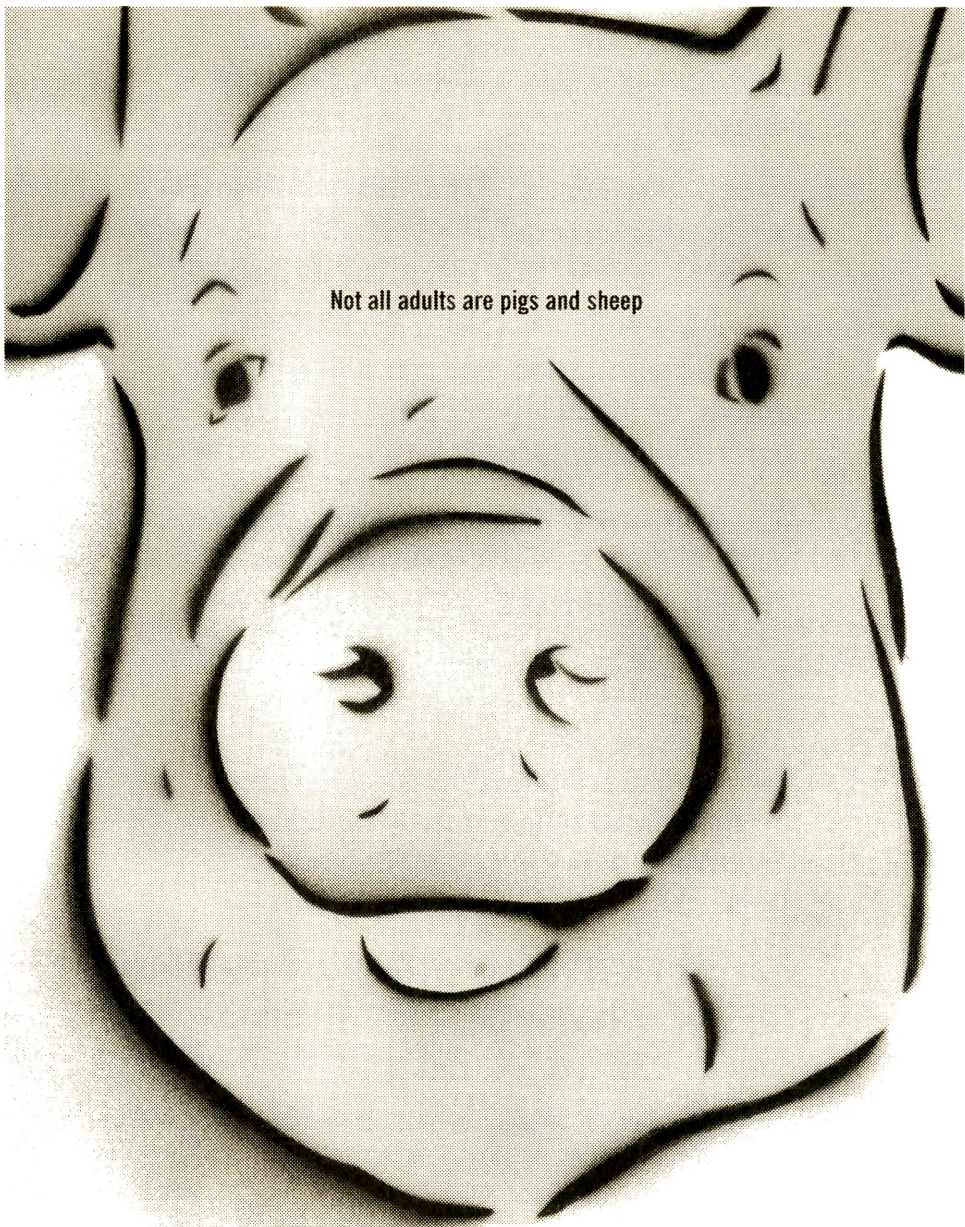
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I RECENTLY
SWITCHED FROM GUINNESS TO
MILLER HIGH LIFE, BUT IT WAS
FOR STRICTLY FINANCIAL REASONS.

14. Have you sometimes failed to keep promises you made to yourself about controlling or cutting down on your drinking?

NO, BUT I DO MAKE PROMISES
TO MYSELF ABOUT TRYING TO
WAKE UP EARLIER, SHAVING MORE
OFTEN, SAVING UP FOR A BUS
PASS, ETC.

15. Have you ever had a DWI (driving while intoxicated) or DUI (driving under the influence of alcohol) violation, or any other legal problem related to your drinking?

NOT IN THIS COUNTRY.



Not all adults are pigs and sheep

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16. Do you try to avoid family or close friends while you are drinking?

ONLY DURING CHRISTMAS AND THANKSGIVING.

17. Are you having more financial, work, school and/or family problems as a result of your drinking?

NO, MY DRINKING HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH MY MULTITUDE OF FINANCIAL, WORK, SCHOOL AND FAMILY PROBLEMS.

18. Has your physician ever advised you to cut down on your drinking?

MAYBE IF I HAD HEALTH CARE.

19. Do you eat very little or irregularly during the periods when you are drinking?

WHEN YOU HAVE \$3 TO YOUR NAME, SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO MAKE A CHOICE BETWEEN FOOD AND BEER.

20. Do you sometimes have the "shakes" in the morning and find that it helps to have a "little" drink, tranquilizer or medication of some kind?

I FIND IT HELPS WHEN I HAVE A "BIG" DRINK COMBINED WITH BOTH TRANQUILIZERS AND MEDICATION.

21. Have you recently noticed that you can't drink as much as you used to?

WHAT THE FUCK?!? QUESTION #2 ASKS IF I CAN HANDLE MORE BOOZE AND NOW YOU'RE ASKING IF I CAN'T HANDLE MY LIQUOR. THIS QUIZ DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. I NEED A DRINK.

22. Do you sometimes stay drunk for several days at a time?

I'M NOT REALLY SURE. THE DAYS TEND TO BLUR.

23. After periods of drinking do you sometimes see or hear things that aren't there?

DO YOU MEAN THAT LITTLE VOICE THAT SAYS THINGS LIKE, "GET A JOB," OR "CUT YOUR HAIR"? I JUST TURN UP THE STEREO AND IT DISAPPEARS.

24. Have you ever gone to anyone for help about your drinking?

I WENT TO ZACH, BUT THE SELFISH BASTARD WOULDN'T HELP ME OUT BY LOANING ME THE \$1.24 I NEEDED FOR A 24 OZ. CAN OF STEEL RESERVE.

25. Do you ever feel depressed or anxious before, during or after periods of heavy drinking?

HELL NO! I'M HAVING TOO MUCH FUN PARTYING TO BE DEPRESSED.

26. Have any of your blood relatives ever had a problem with alcohol?

ONCE ON A FISHING TRIP TO THE SALTON SEA, MY DAD TOLD ME TO NEVER DRINK BEFORE NOON. THEN HE ASKED ME WHAT TIME IT WAS IN NEW YORK CITY. WHEN I ANSWERED, "TWELVE O'CLOCK," HE MADE ME FETCH HIM A BEER. HE SAID, "AS LONG AS IT'S 12 P.M. SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD, YOU'LL HAVE NO PROBLEMS IN LIFE."



"Goodnight, Fresno!"



Anyone who knows me will confirm the fact that after three high cans, I'm more entertaining than half of your record collection. So like so many bands with so many shitty releases, Zach and I took the *Genetic Disorder* fanzine show on the road. We loaded up the trunk with a couple hundred copies of zines, hit the stage, got paid and got laid.

Cool kids: Jon Moore, David Hayes, Meghan, Cat, Blake, Kristy, Virgil Porter and the Jays, Rick Rebel and his roommates.

Photos: Zach, Larry, Steph, Eric Rife, Chris Kohler, Sam Atakra, etc.

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Record Reviews

EVIL ARMY – CONQUER HUMAN LIFE 7"

This four song seven inch is a burner. Each side has one '80s style hardcore tune and one SOD/DRI crossover rager complete with double bass drums. The lyrics are typical of the genre: references to movies "Friday the 13th" and "Taxi Driver," to just plain, ol' fucking shit up.

Contaminated Records, PO Box 41953, Memphis, TN 38174

THE FITTS 7"

MOUSEROCKET 7"

The mastermind behind the music for both the Fitts and Mouserocket is Alicja from the Lost Sounds. Although both bands are completely separate from the Lost Sounds, Alicja is still Alicja. So we've got here are two intense rock'n'roll records with Alicja's haunting sweet and sour vocals and a slash and burn guitar sound. The Fitts record, with it's big nod to Mötley Crüe's "Too Fast for Love" cover art, is straight ahead garage punk with their simple use of guitar, bass, drums and vocals. Mouserocket is a more moody with it's almost gothic sound. Covering the Damned's "Alone Again Or" just reinforces the spookiness. Both of these records belong right next to your Reatards and Lost Sounds LPs.

Big Neck Records, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195

Wrecked Em Wreckords, PO Box 240701, Memphis, TN 38124

DIGITAL LEATHER LP

This is the follow up to last year's "Death of Real" CD from The Screamers-worshipping duo known as Digital Leather. Between the two guys in the band, their resume includes The Reatards, Wongs and Dickless Torso. Using two keyboards and a drum machine, they've created their own brand of new wave noise punk that is, again, heavily influenced by The Screamers. - TODDY

I Don't Feel A Thing, PO Box 858, Tempe, AZ 85280

THE LOCUST – UNTITLED 7"

During the late '80s/early '90s gold rush of Misfits bootlegs, someone released a bootleg LP of a live Misfits set of mostly songs from "Walk Among Us." The record received a favorable review in a MRR and quickly sold out. After the bootlegger sold off all the copies, he wrote a letter to MRR, filling everyone in on the prank - his Misfits bootleg wasn't a live show. Instead, it was a tape recording of him and his friends getting loaded and singing along with a Misfits record on his stereo! I thought it was one of the greatest punk rock hoaxes of all time. "What does that have to do with the Locust?" you ask. To listen to this Locust bootleg, you would assume that the six tracks on this one-sided seven inch were a bunch of experimental vocal outtakes without any background music. In reality, it's just three and a half minutes of an exotic bird squawking. From what I was told, the guy who released this just sampled some sounds from some beat up sounds-from-the-jungle record he found a thrift store. Now, that's funny!

NO ADDRESS

THE KNOCKOUT PILLS – S/T CD

I've been some wild times with these guys, but now that I think about it, they usually were the sane ones. It was me who insisted on riding my bike home from the party, crashing and splitting my head open when Jason was staying at my house. I was the one who begged Travis for pills and nearly OD in his living room. It was Gerard who let me into his house after I spent a hot, Arizona afternoon sleeping in his bushes after getting out of jail. Lucky for Matt he hasn't known me that long. Most of the songs on the Knock Out Pills debut were floating around in MP3 form for the past year, so I was familiar with at least half of the tracks on this long-awaited record. Despite the multitude of stuff these guys listen to, their duel guitar, duel vocal attack is a straight up rock'n'roll sound with one foot firmly planted in punk and the other in garage rock. But where these guys really shine is on the stage. With Jason jumping around and Travis mugging it up, you'll always get your \$4 worth in fun.

**Dead Beat Records, PO Box 283,
Los Angeles, CA 90078**

DIRTBOMBS – DANGEROUS MAGICAL NOISE CD

With probably the coolest guitar fuzz I've ever heard and the sexiest vocals this side of everywhere, The Dirtbombs are the perfect combination of soul and garage rock. Should you make out or dance when listening to this? The ladies screaming on the opening track can't make up their minds either. Hands down, this is the best release I've heard all year.

**In The Red Records, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles,
CA 90050**

V/A DRINKING ABOUT SONGS 2XLP

It's only fitting that I review this record with approximately 60 ounces of Busch Beer in me. "Drinking About Songs" is the fourth release in David Hayes' drinking-themed vinyl compilations. The latest in the series has 35 tunes about boozing on two pieces of colored wax. As for the bands, this is how comp records used to be before labels started using compilations as marketing tools. The styles of the bands are all over the map, but you can group them into one of four categories: punk, rocknroll, thrash and punk-influenced bluegrass. And like most compilations, some of the bands are great, some are okay and a couple of them blow, but one thing is certain – they all love drinking...well, except for Your Mother.

**Too Many Records, PO Box 11928,
Portland, OR 97211**

THE PONYS – SO SENTIMENTAL 7" & WICKED CITY 7"

The five songs on these two records have a cool, mid-pace Wipers vibe with their jangly guitars, tense vocals and nice, simple melodies. Good stuff.

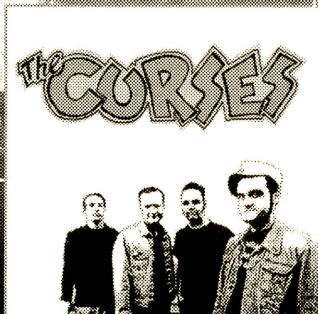
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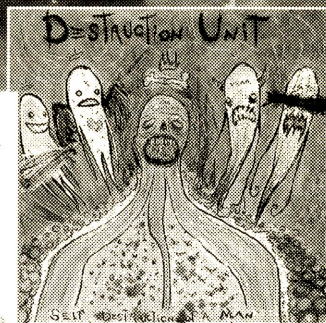
SOLGER



Solger
Codex 1980 LP/CD
Seminal Seattle HardCore from
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Photo by Eric Rife

New Bomb Turks

NEW BOMB TURKS – SWITCHBLADE TONGUES, BUTTERKNIFE BRAINS CD

After 10 years and probably over 100 releases under their black leather belts, the Turks called it quits, only to spend the last year collecting an album's worth of B-sides and unreleased tracks for this unexpected record. Although there isn't the cohesiveness as with their "proper" records (this is sort of a "Big Combo 2"), every track on this release is just as energetic and enthusiastic as anything else they've ever done. And I think that's why they've remained my all-time favorite band over the past 10 years. Along with the original songs found on this posthumous release, they also threw in a few covers by Gaunt, Devil Dogs, Aerosmith and a couple of others. Another great release by one of the most important bands of the last decade.

Gearhead Records, PO Box 421219, San Francisco, CA 94142

TYRADES – S/T LP

Whoa! After three singles, the Tyrades finally released a full length. It's nine magnificent songs of pure, snotty in your face garage rock. Think of The Piranhas without the keyboards and a female singer. The LP even comes with a stencil so you can spray paint their name on your new denim jacket. - TODDY

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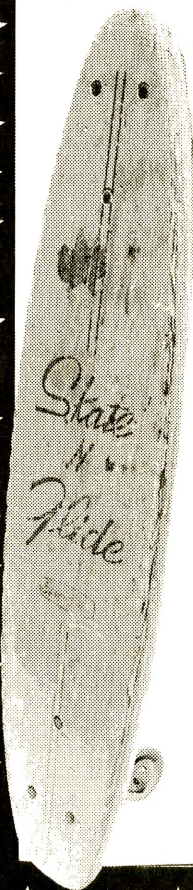
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THE RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS – SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT LP

The Riverboat Gamblers serve up a fist full of bare knuckle punk right to the solar plexus. Coming from the heart of Texas, the list of influences is endless but the final result is 12 smoking songs and one reverb-drenched country-flavored ditty to wind down to. Each tune has a truckload of back ups (one of the best songs is titled "Ooh Yeah") that have you singing along after one listen. Although I heard them a couple of times, I didn't become a full convert until I caught them live. I was instantly hooked. Their high energy show was just as exciting as seeing The Motards, New Bomb Turks, or Oblivions for the first time. Hopefully these kids will be around for a while.

Gearhead Records, PO Box 421219, San Francisco, CA 94142

SWEET JAPANESE AMERICAN PRINCESS – VIRGIN VIBE CD

With the almost indecipherable lyrics and the lo-fi garage rock sound, Sweet JAP follow in footsteps of other great Japanese garage punk bands such as Teengenerate, but even more so, The The Registrators. The sounds are bouncy and if their English was any better, the songs would suffer. This is the type of high energy garage punk that I live for.

Big Neck Records, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195

THE LITTLE KILLERS – S/T LP

You know a record is going to be good if it's from the fist band Crypt Records has signed in five years. The 12-song debut from Brooklyn's Little Killers is an amazing release and receiving non-stop play at the Arizona Genetic Disorder office. They've been compared to both Heartbreakers and the Saints with their classic '70s garage rock. - TODDY

**Crypt Records, 3 Reading Ave.,
Frenchtown, NJ 08825**

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT – 666 7"

What better way to celebrate your six-hundred-and-sixty-sixth release than with two new Rocket from the Crypt songs. And that's exactly what Sympathy for the Record Industry did. RFTC outdoes themselves again with "On the Prowl" and a rocking "Come On," which sounds like it could have come right off of "Live at Camp X-Ray." It's everything you've come to know and expect from Rocket, so not much else can be said that hasn't been said before - TODDY

**Sympathy For the Record Industry,
4450 California Place #303, Long
Beach, CA 90807**

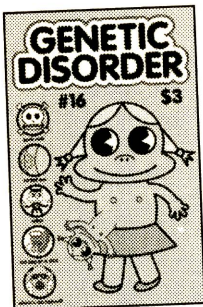
SOLGER - CODEX 1980 CD

It's still impossible to gauge the immediate impact Black Flag left on thousands of kids across the US, but following the wake, kids everywhere started picking up microphones and guitars and starting their own bands. The four kids of Solger lasted only six months and any more would have probably spelled disaster. In that short period of time, they recorded a handful of furious blasts of rudimentary, but intense punk, that left a lasting impact on Seattle's early underground scene. The nihilistic lyrics about nuclear war and fighting against the cops are just the things you'd expect a 16-year-old to rally against in 1980. I'm sure it took more time digging through shoeboxes in their basements looking for the old tapes then it did to actually record these 16 tracks 23 years ago, but they did find an unreleased 4-track recording, a live recording of Solger's last show, and the original seven inch tracks mastered straight from their vinyl.

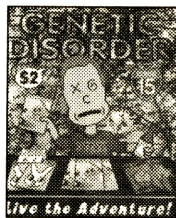
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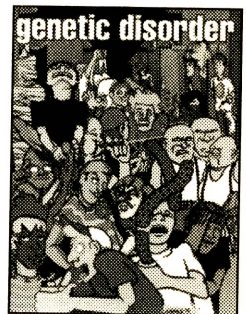
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Zines

UGZ #14 - \$2 ppd

UGZ primarily focuses on East Bay's punk scene, and does a great job with balancing the old and the new. The content is a good mixture of interviews, photo collages, profiles and reviews, making this one of the better and most interesting music zines I've got my hands on in a while.

The most entertaining story is the interview with Jon Sumrall from Econocrist. They covered everything - growing up in Arkansas in the early '80s, the Bay Area scene throughout the '90s and the current state of punk.

The brief history of the Weather Underground and the short interview with San Diego's Chris BCT was a cool blast from the past. Ian from Jewdriver also does his part to piss off the Nazis.

PMB #419, 1442A Walnut St., Berkeley, CA 94709

World Famous Crazy Wild #1-2

I really dig zines that try to get you off your ass and out exploring. **WFCW** is basically a fanzine guide book of Catsy and Tammy Tonic's favorite places in whatever city they're covering. Issue #1 focuses on Memphis while issue #2 is all about LA.

I followed their bar guide for a couple of cheap nights out on the town in LA, and spent an afternoon wandering around the Hollywood Forever Cemetery looking for famous corpses, but without any luck. It was fun and free, nonetheless.

email wfcwmag@yahoo.com for ordering information

I'm Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck #5 - \$4 ppd

Your typical punk house has a fairly predictable lifespan. They start out on a high note with bands starting up in the garage or basement, silkscreening and zine production happening in the living room and huge feasts being cooked in the kitchen. Over time, the plumbing backs up, the utilities go unpaid and the junkies slowly take over the bathroom, and the whole time the landlord is usually trying to raise your rent.

The latest installment of **I'm Johnny...** is Andy's story about surviving nine years in a punk house. Of course, the housemates suffered all of the usual problems with the plumbing, junkies and landlords, but the house always prevailed. Roommates move in and out of the house like characters walking through a scene in a movie, they turned their basement into a club and the cops and landlord make the occasional appearance to add conflict to the story. Despite the inevitable eviction and eventual leveling of their house, they still triumph in the end.

After reading a slew of bad personal zines over the past year only reinforced the fact that **I'm Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck** is one of the best first-person zines around.

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more zines...

Rocktober #35 - \$5 ppd

The cover says "Comics Galore Issue," but inside you'll find more about rock'n'roll history. Editor Jake Austin is somehow able to dig up anecdotes on musical notables Louis Prima and Keely Smith, Bill Haley, the Yardbirds and a chronicle of cyberpunk rock from the '60s to the present. Also included are interviews with Snoop Dogg (by Narduar!!!) and Rudy Ray Moore. The latest issue winds things down with about 250 book and music reviews.

1507 E. 53rd St. #617, Chicago, IL 60615

Scam - 1991 - 2001 Ten Year Pack

Iggy started out in Florida and has hitchhiked, hopped trains and toured his way across the US before landing a semi-permanent residence in San Francisco. At least that's where the story ends with this huge package of zines. Along with the copies of **Scam** #1-4, you also get a copy of **949 Market**, which is the story of how a bunch of kids took over a huge building on Market in SF. The zine documents the short period of time the squat existed, starting with how they broke in and then turned it into a short-lived community center/cafe before the cops came and shut it down. The issue begins with the end - that is, Iggy interviewing the construction workers who arrive to "fix" the building after they were thrown out. At 80 pages, there are tons of stories and interviews documenting the building's two month rise and fall.

But the real fun is re-reading the old issues of **Scam**. For those of you who missed picking up individual copies of **Scam**, now is your chance to get your hands on this hard to find zine. Re-reading these issues brought back a flood of memories of all the tricks I learned from those first two issues - reusing stamps and pre-paid envelopes for postage, stealing and re-selling CDs to buy food, and other petty crimes to survive.

But with Iggy, his stealing and vandalism is something closer to community activism. **Scam** documents all of the things he's done to improve his neighborhood through vandalism and dumpster diving. He's fought an invasion against army of Miami yuppies set on gentrification. He's fed the homeless with day-old bagels and homemade soup. And he's supported his music scene by setting up dozens of illegal shows.

This is what a true zine is all about.

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