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August 2006



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CAPTAIN BRINGDOWN & THE BUZZKILLERS **NOT A CHANCE**

FRI AUG 4

YESTERDAYS RISING
SHADINTECLAIR
COVETTE
LOWER DEANTON **XOVERSA**

SAT AUG 5

AGGROLITES
REZUREX
UNION 13
red store bums
STIFF JIMY & THE VIAGRAS

MON AUG 7

VERSE
HAVE HEART
MASSACHUSETTS STRAIGHT EDGE
SHIPWRECK
FORCE OF CHANGE
SEVEN GENERATIONS
KINGDOM **FLORY**

WED AUG 9

GOLDFISH
DONT BOUNCE
SWEATER CLUB
REINVENTING THE WHEEL
THE CITY BATTLEFIELD

FRI AUG 11

SEVENTH STAR
JESUS WEPT
sleeping HEART ATTACK
giant DEATH COMES FAST

THU AUG 10

SKEPTIX
NEON MANIA
All out attack **SOCIALIZED CRUCIFIXION**

SUN AUG 13

SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN
REBEKA & THE RUDES
HORROR VISION * SIDISTIC
MEMENTO MORI * CIVIL SERPENT
APOCALYPTIC GENOCIDE
CITIZENS ON PATROL * YOUTH
AUTHORITY * LOW DOWN MY
LIFE * OUR LAST REQUIEM
IN DESOLATE SKIES
DEATH OF GRACE

MON AUG 14

WINDS OF PLAGUE
A LOVE ENDS SUICIDE
ANTAGONIST **DRANN** **DEAD BY EXISTENCE**

TUE AUG 15

DEAD HEARTS
ANOTHER BREATH
SET IT STRAIGHT
TIME FOR CHANGE
BROADWAY CALLS
OUR DISCONTENT FUTURE PRIMITIVE

FRI AUG 18

To Something Beautiful
CATHERINE
DEAR LIFE
WRENCHIN THE WORKS
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

SAT AUG 19

ANGRY SAMOANS
DRY **MAN MUD** **Kill**
LADY MIMERS **THE STUFF** **DeVill**
THE ASTOUNDING ROY FORDISONS TUBERCULOSIS BOYS

SUN AUG 20

SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN
FEW THEY VOICE
PADDLE OUT
ABANDON ALL HOPE
BEHIND FALLING
ASHES
S.D.S.P.* THE NOIZE
PLAGUE MARINE
CHRISTGUN
MORE TBA

TUE AUG 22

WEDNESDAY 13
DRENCHED IN BLOOD
KILLING BREED
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

SAT AUG 26

BOOOOO
abuse
EGAS

Three Bad Jacks
THE ROCKETZ
No Dice
THE HELLBLASTERS
THE NATIONAL HOTRODS

SUN AUG 27

Frontline Attack
Drastic Actions
HOME SICK
ABORTIONS
WASTED SOCIETY The Deetrats

THU AUG 31

RESISTANT CULTURE
SIN Remedio
SOCIALIZED CRUCIFIXION
PSYCHOLOGICAL BOMB
A HAPPY DEATH
(EX RESIST AND EXIST)

SAT SEP 2

Spinal Conflict
(cd release show)
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VERMISTICE **DEAD LOCK**

SAT SEP 9

SUICIDE SILENCE
All shall perish
too pure to die
BOUND BLOOD **OBLIGE**

WED SEP 20

THE QUEERS
TOX THAT KILL
THE HARD-ONS
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

THU SEP 21

Dead End
MISERY SIGNALS
DRUG **THE FACELESS**

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 The Irish Brothers 10.00
 The Memphis Murder Men 9.00

Monday Aug 7
 Power Tripp 11.00
 Warner Drive 10.00
 Stoic Frames 9.00

Friday Aug 11
 Groovy Rednecks 12.00
 Old Bull 11.00
 The Irish Brothers 10.00
 The Curibounds 9.00

Thursday Aug 17
 Worm 11.30
 Love Dolls 10.30
 Plastic Bastards 9.30
 Thee Invention 8.30pm

Friday Aug 18
 Smut Peddlers 11.30
 Suicide Dogs (New Zealand) 10.30
 Rebel Society 9.30
 Landfill 8.30pm

Saturday Aug 19
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 The Hellavators 11.30
 The Howlers 10.30
 Zombie City 8.30pm

Thursday Aug 24
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 The Gas Cap Bandits 10.30
 Worm 9.30
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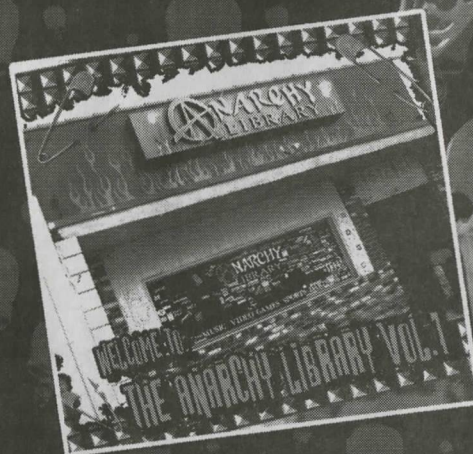
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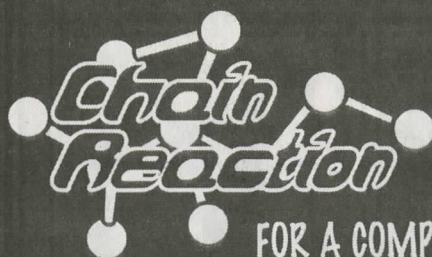
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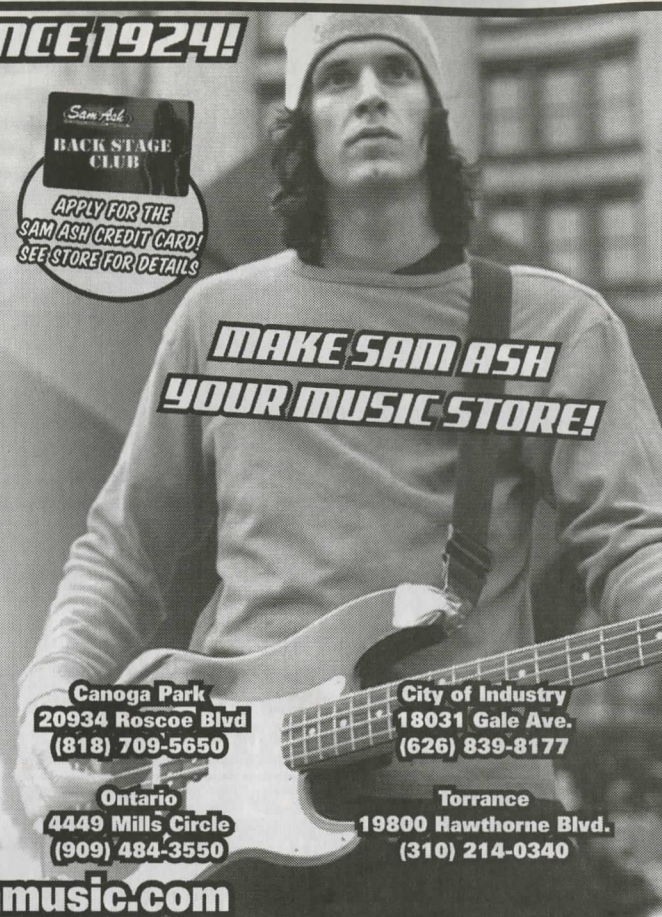
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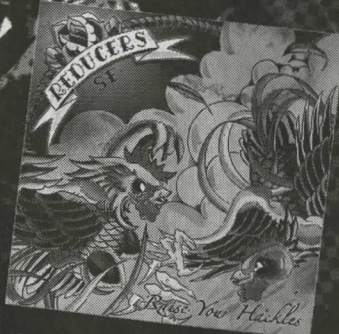
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Issue #12 August 2006

MAGAZINE

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Publisher: Rafe Mordente

Graphics: Sam Yacov, Rafe Mordente, Tom Buckles

Interns: Gina Mendoza

Distribution: Alex Stitch, Jerry IFM, Jeff Magro, Hef Wolf, Level 1, Pirates Press

Special Thanks: Thanks to our amigos who died in the sweltering heat at Warped Tour and passed out these fine magazines. Thanks to Jeff Magro, Donna Ramone, Alex, Jerry, and Megspace.

Writers: Marko 72, Taylor Brittenham, Paddy Cake, The Creep, Joe Dana, Jason Dissent, Phillippe Duhart, Shane Flipside, Briana M Franklin, Al G, Chris Gomez, Daryl Gussin, Jerry IFM, Hollywood Jay, Ian Jones, John McKay, Louis Medrano, Cory Minderhout, Jenny Moncayo, Daniela Montiel, King Nick, Donna Ramone, Jason Rocks, Sarah Seltzer, Mike Senyo, Smitty, Marcus Solomon, Shawn Stern, Violet Venegas

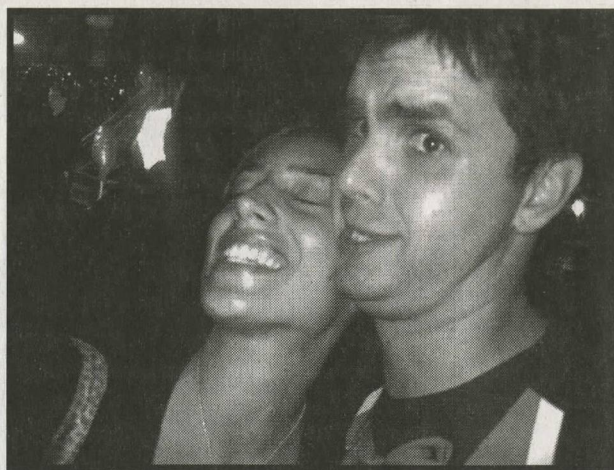
Cover Design: Sam Yacov

Cover Photo by: Brian Archer

Contributing Photographers: Sterling Andrews (Shutterface), Aaron Farley, Cindy Frey, Wendy Lynch, Jay Smiledge (www.skateshooters.com), SumDumSurfer, Team Goon, Todd Taylor, Melinda Torres

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EDITORS LETTER

Our dearly beloved Editor, Mr. Joey Balls, has left his *Big Wheel* comrades for a couple weeks to teach kids how to be rock stars at band camp in New York. I think that *Simpsons* episode where Homer goes to rock n' roll camp and Elvis Costello, the Stones, Lenny Kravitz, and Tom Petty teach Homer and friends how to rock! Joey is like Elvis Costello—except he won't have somebody knocking his glasses off and screaming, "My image"—he is the rock star teaching little folks to be cool. Really though, Joey is a musical prodigy. Get him drunk and put a piano in front of him and see for yourself. The man can play. I hail his musical skills.

Anyways, he's out of town, and we somehow managed to get an issue out with out him. It's good. Read it. Do what you will. And thanks for picking up the zine. You rock.

I'd also like to thank Rafe and Joey for welcoming me and letting me be involved in this wonderful magazine. Thanks.

*Jenny Moncayo

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BIG WHEEL

AUGUST 2006

MAGAZINE

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cheap Sex

SHOW INFO

8/11 @ Chain Reaction
w/The Scarrred, Career Soldiers,
Media Blitz, Blind Abuse



THE VACANCIES

SHOW INFO

8/18 @ Galaxy Theatre
w/The Adolescents, Street Dogs,
Wrecking Crew
8/19 @ SOMA

With a name like Cheap Sex, just about everyone has heard of these guys one time or another. What many may not know is that these guys are talented and put out albums you wish your band could. Big festivals or backyard shows, there is nothing stopping them from beating the shit out of your eardrums. They just released their new album *Written in Blood* and plan to head out on tour with label mates, The Scarrred to support it.

Big Wheel: How did Cheap Sex start out?

Mike Virus: I moved to San Diego from Philadelphia in 2001. I think the first person I met at a show in San Diego was Gabe at an Agent Orange show. I found out he was a drummer and kind of kept that in the back of my mind knowing how hard drummers were to come by. Then I met Derek (original Cheap Sex bassist who is no longer in the band) at a Varukers show, John and I met at another show. Basically Gabe and Derek were friends, and they knew a guitar player named Jordan (also no longer in the band), whom Gabe used to be in a band with, and I met John and we just decided to give it a go and we rented out a rehearsal space and came up with a song pretty fast. We all liked playing together and Cheap Sex was born.

BW: Do you have day jobs or are you living off your music?

Mike: I am a software engineer.

Gabe: [Laughs] I make a living off of it in my mind. In reality, however, I work. I was a plumber but I recently gave up the glamour of that lifestyle to try to make it with web design. Sorry to disappoint those with hopes of being a rock star. If that's your dream, punk rock is the wrong type of music.

Brock: Day jobs unfortunately. I work forty plus hours a week when not on tour.

Phil: I actually have a job as a vendor inside Home Depot. That just means that when the jerk customers go through and put the wrong products in their improper places, I organize it all, blah blah, it's really boring and nothing worth explaining.

BW: What are your feelings about the San Berdo Invasion Riot? Did you/will you play any benefit shows?

Mike: I was there. It was an embarrassment to the punk rock scene and has set the scene back. It was a complete disregard for the property of innocent people. These dipshits will be the first ones to complain when clubs stop wanting to put on punk rock shows. They do not know what it means to work for a living and therefore do not respect property that is not theirs. I saw some kids vandalizing a taco stand, which was most likely owned by an individual family who put their life savings into their business. The cops were fucking awful but so were the punks who did the damage afterwards. Everybody that night was fucking stupid. Did these morons think that by smashing in the windows of restaurants they were getting back at the police?

Phil: I think that the kids acted out the wrong way. These kids think that they're smashing these major evil corporations, but they were smashing these stores that regular people probably put their life savings into. This is not what we're about and I don't want people to think that that is what we're about. If we're asked to play a benefit for the city and the companies that were destroyed, my answer will be yes.

By: Donna Ramone

Here comes The Vacancies from Cleveland Ohio. These guys come forth with their own brand of pop/rock/punk and plan on entertaining you to the max. For nearly eight years The Vacancies have been playing, and they just released their second album, *A Beat Missing or a Silence Added*, on Joan Jett's record label, Blackheart Records. This new record is produced by Joan Jett and Kenny Laguna. That's right ... the Joan Jett. Members of the Cleveland quartet are: Billy Crooked/lead vocals, Michael James/guitar, Bo/bass and backing vocals, and Angelo Merendino/drums. Not only are these dudes on Joan Jett's label, but now they're on tour with the Street Dogs. Things are looking pretty sweet for The Vacancies. Say hello...to Billy Crooked!

BW: How did The Vacancies form?

Billy Crooked: It was 1998 or '99, myself and the guitarist, Michael James got together and started a band, which was an early form of The Vacancies. That evolved into what we are now after a few member changes. We just wanted to put something together based on music that we liked, which is rock'n'roll and punk rock.

BW: What do you want people to get most from your lyrics?

BC: We're blue-collar working guys, and that's pretty much the view point we take. We write about what we see everyday—most of which bothers us. We want to point those things out and give people something to think about—rise against whatever you think is wrong. That's the working side of it. Then there's the things about religion...it's not anti-religion...and we're not telling people what to believe in, we're just saying what we believe in. I'm an agnostic person, and for the most part we're an agnostic

band. We have nothing against religion. If religion makes someone a better person or helps them with their life that's great, but don't tell me I live my life wrong.

BW: The legendary Joan Jett, tell us about her.

BC: Working with Joan Jett has been a dream come true. It's been a rollercoaster of nothing but good times and great experiences. The first time we met her we got to open up for her band close to our hometown. Being able to meet her and have a chance to share a stage with her was an honor. Then to have Joan offer us a chance to do a record on Blackheart Records was just perfect timing. We had all these songs but we needed a label that was going take us little bit further and then she came at us. She said, "I like your tunes, how about put it out on Blackheart?" It was totally awesome.

BW: Ever get to jam with Joan?

BC: We jammed with her a couple times. We did this show in New York at CBGB's with Bad Brains and she got up on stage with us and did a couple of our songs. It was *awesome!* We played at the Knitting Factory in New York and we did "Bad Reputation" with her. She's standing there rocking on her guitar, singing our melodies. It's surreal. We played this sweaty basement one time and she played with us, she's just that cool of a person.

BW: What do you think the music industry is missing right now?

BC: There's a quote I've heard and it pretty much sums it up. I believe it was, "Back in the day what gave a band good credibility was writing a good album. Nowadays what gives you credibility is a hit song." I guess video did kill the radio star.

By: Paddy Cakes

SHOW INFO

8/5 @ El Rio

w/Black Elk, Snitches Get Snitches,
Barfeeders

8/11 @ 924 Gilman

w/Rock N Roll Adventure Kids,
Teenage Harlets, Bugs



This email interview took a long time to finalize due to the fact that John Geek, Fleshies' lead singer, has been on an archeological dig in the Yucatan Peninsula. A lot of people might not know what to expect of Fleshies after reading that last sentence, hell, they're one of my favorite bands but I never even know what to expect. The fact is that Fleshies play a style of punk that you won't be able to buy the costume for at Hot Topic, a style that probably won't be represented on that certain traveling music festival that has become more of a traveling shoe festival. It's a style that's authentic, innovative, and has more to do with the Mothers of Invention than Sham 69. If you are still curious in what this band has to say—keep on reading. If not, try again in three years.

Big Wheel: First of all, I love the new album, the sound quality is amazing and I think it was a very graceful progression from *The Sicilian*, which was great as well. But I'm curious as to how long it actually took to record the new album?

John: Thanks for the comment on the sound quality, we were pretty happy to finally make a record that actually sounds like the band...Not that the other records didn't sound like Fleshies, but *Scrape the Walls* actually comes closer to capturing the dirtiness of what we sound like

live, and the other records have been a bit more "produced" or "big" sounding—*The Sicilian* was the only one to even come close, really. It did take almost a year to record, we started tinkering with the 8-track half-inch in spring 2005 and recorded the songs over and over again, moved the studio to the new warehouse, recorded the songs over and over again, and then spent almost two months into early February 2006 doing overdubs and vocals. This was all on a one-long-day-per-week schedule, of course, except for Hamilton who was engineering the damned thing and working on it all the time.

BW: So you were recording it in your own studio?

John: Yes, we recorded at Sugar Mountain Studios, which is run by Brian Hamilton who happens to be our drummer. He also recorded the first *Sexy 12"*, *Lil' Runt*, *Dory Tourette* and the *Skirtheads*, *The Twots*, *Three Weeks Clean*, and a bunch of other bands. The whole record was done on 8-track half-inch, mixed down to 2-track quarter-inch, and then mastered at Fantasy Studios by George Horn, with Jello Biafra and Hamilton in the room. The finest in 1970's recording technology pushed to the max of audio awesomeness.

BW: In regards to the content, do you feel that this

album does not contain as many political lyrics as the previous two?

John: Oh, they're in there. It just doesn't beat you over the head with it so much. It's more like politically-influenced fantasy vignettes. Primatologists working the White House Press Corps, the Spanish conquest of Mitla (the Mexican 15th-century Mixtec capitol where there was a separation of church and state), Zora Neale Hurston going back in time to kill the infant fascist leader, everyone taking a gay holiday in order to avoid the military, etc.

BW: What do you feel about self-expression in our current political climate, in regards to its function or its importance?

John: Every shitty band has a song about W. Good for them. Obviously, it has worked. I mean, he's not president anymore, right?

BW: What does Steve List think of the album cover?

John: I think he's a little embarrassed by the extent of our love for him.

BW: Were there any other possible candidates for the cover?

John: We did a photo shoot with Steve hailing cabs. We were gonna call it "Man Hailin'."

BW: Alright, last question about the new album, how much did Jello pay you to sing a song in the middle of it?

John: Hopefully, continued leniency for all the money we owe him for advances and records we take from A.T. without paying.

BW: I feel that as a band you are very comfortable with what you sound like, and I would like to know your personal opinion of when you think liking cheesy metal became cool, and who do you think is to blame for that?

John: When was cheesy metal not cool?

BW: What historical figure do you think best portrays Matt (one of Fleshies' guitars players)? And if you have a good enough reason, why do you think so?

John: From now on, Matt will be known as Babe Lincoln.

BW: Why is history so important to society?

John: Am I doing your PoliSci homework for you? Read some Durkheim (any Durkheim), then Michael Taussig's *The Devil and Commodity Fetishism*, then Foucault's *Madness and Civilization* along with *Discipline and Punish*.

BW: How important is history to Fleshies?

John: It was pretty interesting when the Spanish built huge churches on top of secular government buildings during the conquest. It's also kind of interesting how Reagan, Clinton, and Bush have all worked ceaselessly

to dismantle state social security and public welfare apparatuses and handed the reins of public aid to the evangelical mega-churches. But that's just me, and I'm just a big nerd who does archaeology.

BW: What's the single most important historical event (in the history of recorded history) to what Fleshies have become today?

John: Babe Lincoln's penthouse blowjob. Other than that, maybe Ted Pope's series of tape-only albums. Or maybe the release of Hickey's "Various States of Disrepair."

BW: What do you think the band would be, or sound, like if that event never occurred?

John: Barry Manowar.

BW: Other than your hometown of Oakland, California, what is the most crucial city to punk rock in its current state?

John: There are cities other than Oakland? Ok, maybe San Pedro.

BW: What do you think is so crucial about it? What are the bands that inhabit it that do such a stellar job of crucializing it?

John: Toys That Kill, Killer Dreamer, Drinker's Purgatory, Makeout Party, Rolling Blackouts, Lipstick Pickups, The Leeches, Crucial Blast...

BW: So you added another guitar to your lineup and everyone loves it, any more plans for additional instruments?

John: You'll see on the Fleshiedelic album *Faggot Brain*.

BW: What's wrong with the idea of a third guitarist?

John: I hate the thought of all those assholes trying to tune at once.

BW: How many side projects do Fleshies have going on right now, and what are they?

John: I am in Triclops!, Mattowar is in Three Weeks Clean, and Hamilton, Vonnay, and Plaskett are all in Jingletown.

BW: In what ways do side projects help or hinder a band?

John: In this band right now, it'll probably be the only thing that saves it. Or kills it. I dunno. I love these dudes.

BW: In what ways do successful bands possibly hinder side projects?

John: Time is a limited commodity.

BW: John, is arbgabdo some kind of anthropological term that us laymen are unaware of? Are we all stupid? Or do you just listen to too much U2, and have too much fun making up fake words?

John: Blame that one on Mattowar.

By: Daryl Gussin

Photo by Cindy Frey



SHOW INFO

8/31@ The Galaxy
w/ Love Equals Death,
Ellerman, The Cavalry

Death By Stereo is one of those bands that doesn't need much introduction to readers of this highly acclaimed publication. Sometime in a person's life Death By Stereo will make their appearance, and it is then that the timeline of your life is separated into "Before Death By Stereo" and "Post Death By Stereo." My time came in 1998. Previous, I couldn't have come up with an imaginary band name to save my life. Today, I can come up with three right now: "Death By Hotdog," "Death By Squirtgun," and "Death By Skull Fracture Received By A Blow To The Head Using A Baby." I practically owe these men my life for that.

In 1996, Orange County, California, five dudes came together to bring hardcore/punk/metal/the kitchen sink to the masses. Since then, they've put out albums, gone on tours and went through more members than Tara Reid on an off day. If you know what hardcore music is, then you certainly know Death By Stereo. And if you don't know what hardcore music is, you probably still know Death By Stereo.

Big Wheel: How's Death By Stereo going?

Efrem Schulz: Good! We just got home about two weeks ago from Australia. We're kind of winding down right now, and we're about to start writing songs. In August we're going to go to Europe for ten days, then come back and write more songs. We're hoping to record something in the spring.

BW: What's it like to be the last original member of Death By Stereo?

Efrem: Kind of funny, you know? It's kind of cool though, a sense of accomplishment. Danny Palmer has been in the band for fucking so long that it doesn't really feel like I'm the only guy. He's been in the band since '99.

BW: How do you guys persevere through so many lineup changes?

Efrem: I wanted to keep doing it. I never wanted to stop so I fucking just didn't stop.

BW: Is that part of the reason why your sound has changed over the years?

Efrem: I think that we never wanted to repeat ourselves and make the same record twice. The first album is the only one that didn't have anyone else on it, and Dan was on every one since then. All the albums still change but I think all of them all have

a heavier, Dan Palmer influence. And it's definitely gotten heavier just because we like heavy music, and we always have. It was just natural and made sense. It's funny, when bands change people get all mad, but when they don't change people complain about how every record sounds the same. Bands I like that have changed drastically, I'm like, "No, that's fucking cool."

BW: What do you think of the new hardcore, I don't know what it's called now, maybe extremo?

Efrem: I went to the Warped Tour, and I'm so disassociated with so much stuff—I really had never heard or heard of half the bands there. I don't really care for a lot of the things I hear...I like a lot of new music but I'm not hip on what's cool. I don't really know—I just like music. I like the new Himsa record a lot. *Hail Horror*, I think that record's awesome.

BW: Is it true that your mohawk's gone?

Efrem: No. It's there. You know what's funny? When we made our last record, I got a haircut, and, dude, I read about it. All I did was get a haircut. So we went on tour and we were in Florida and saw this guy I know and he was like, "Hey, fuck, I almost didn't come to the show." And I said, "Yeah, no one else came either." And he goes, "Everybody thought you quit." [laughs] No one ever looked at my face. Jesus, I was bored!

BW: The whole world collapses when you don't have a mohawk. So, why do they call you "The Bean"?

Efrem: Because I'm Mexican.

BW: That's all?

Efrem: Yep. I swear to you—people started calling me "Bean," "Beaner," fucking whatever. No one's called me that in a while. It's kind of been tailing off.

BW: I'm gonna start calling you "Bean" then.

Bean: Thanks. People started calling me Efrem again, it's kind of weird. I had the nickname "Fag" for a long time. It's a good one, I loved it. It's totally okay to say fag. I cleared it with gay people. I'm not lying, you can print this, I called gay people and asked them if it was okay. And they said, "Yeah, its fine." So whenever I see one of my gay buddies I say, "Hey, what's up fag?" and he's like, "What's happening?" It's totally okay... It's just like, "What's up mother fucker?" You're not really fucking your mother, but I can call you "mother fucker." I'm sure

at one point in time someone would say, "Oh my god, I do not have sex with my mother," in 1942 or something, but you get past it.

BW: Your creative song titles, heard you get them from someone's dad.

Bean: We got a few from Paul and Jim Miner's dad because he would say all this random shit, and it was awesome. Like "One legged man in an ass-kicking contest" and it was rad. Stuff would fit in certain places, but after that point we had to start thinking of one's of our own. You know what I've been noticing lately? A lot of bands have super long song titles that are goofy and wacky but they're so wacky they're not even funny anymore. I'm thinking about, it might not happen, but for the next record having one word song titles for the entire record. Whoa, an idea just struck me and I can't even tell you.

BW: Why can't you tell me?

Bean: Because you're gonna print it! I just thought of something so sick, and I can't tell you because you'll totally print it and some other band is gonna do it!

BW: What if I promise not to?

Bean: You swear?

BW: I promise on everything. I live close enough to you to where you could find me and kill me.

Bean: Ok, what if CENSORED.

BW: Oh! That is such a good idea!

Bean: I know! Don't ever tell anyone.

BW: Yeah but only Death By Stereo could pull that off. If Hawthorne Heights did it, it would only make them more gay.

Bean: Yeah, what's going on with that?

BW: I don't know. I do CD reviews, and I listen to that shit and I just can't hear anything good.

Bean: Can you use this quote for some new, crappy band? Jim Miner thought of this. Back before we even had this band, he would write reviews for fanzines, we all did. And this is the quote. We need this to live on. You need to say that you'd rather smear dog shit on my face, than listen to their music. Can you use that in a review?

Yes I can. Check out Death By Stereo when they play in So Cal, and check out my reviews.

By: Donna Ramone

Call it luck, charm, or a cat named Cauliflower. The Silversun Pickups are happy making music which, like dolphins, is just so damn likeable. "Even Hitler loved dolphins," muses Bryan Aubert, singer/guitarist for the Los Angeles-based band.

The story of the Silversun Pickups conception reads almost as complicated as an Ikea instruction manual. Brian first met future bandmate Nikki Monninger on a flight to England. "I moved to England for a study abroad program. On the plane I met Nikki. I thought she was kind of cool because she looked really innocent, but she was stealing alcohol bottles from the stewardess' cart." The two became friends and later moved to Silverlake with Bryan's then girlfriend, Elvira Gonzalez. Soon, the trio began jamming, although neither girl had experience with their instruments. But with a little coaching they began building a sound with Nikki on bass and Elvira on drums. "We just sort of played. Not songs, but just little ideas and things." One day the girls presented Bryan with a somewhat absurd idea. "They got it in their heads that it would be funny to send a tape to the CMJ Festival in New York. So we made a tape."

With a name inspired by a local liquor store, the newly dubbed Silversun Pickups recorded a tape using a ghetto blaster, and crafted a bio out of construction paper, which featured a photo and profile of their pet cat, Cauliflower. To their amazement, they were accepted and quickly found themselves in the middle of one of the country's most influential music festivals without a clue, or even a set list.

"We didn't have songs or anything and we got in to this fucking festival. I don't even think

we could get in now." The band was then invited to play at Spaceland, which thrust the band in to the local spotlight. "From that moment on, we've been constantly playing. And that's how it started."

The band settled on its current lineup: Bryan, Nikki, and the addition of Christopher Guanlao on drums, and keyboardist Joe Lester. Dangerbird Records signed the band and released the *Pikul* EP. *Pikul* caught the attention of college radio with tracks, "Kissing Families," and "Comeback Kid," and the EP managed to land on several "Best of..." lists across the country. *Pikul*'s success allowed the band to create a different, yet complimentary, sound for their forthcoming full-length record, *Carnavas*.

"We wanted *Pikul* to sound wooden and organic, and we wanted *Carnavas* to sound metallic and cold. Because *Pikul* did well, we had the liberty." Don't expect any song repeats on *Carnavas*, due out July 25th. "It's such a pet peeve of mine. I don't care if twenty people buy the EP. I don't want them to buy a record that has only four more songs!" The band stood by their word and recorded eleven new tracks including the entrancing opener "Melatonin" and one of the highlights of their live shows, "Lazy Eye."

So, what's next for the Silversun Pickups? "Rock'n'roll for the next fifteen years. Drugs for ten. And then sex till we die. Cause when you're old, sex is awesome." As far as the near future is concerned, Aubert and company will zig-zag the country and maybe a mall gig or two in the middle. "We're going to do a tour like Tiffany did in the Gallerias," explains Bryan. "It's a classic and it hasn't been hit up in a while. Once you get the kids in Van Nuys to dance, you're huge." Especially when you're so damn likeable, like dolphins.



SILVER SUN PICKUPS

SHOW INFO

8/17 @ The Troubadour
w/Great Northern
8/19 @ Fuck Yeah Fest
8/31 @ Popszene

Wrecking Crew is part of a very special group of bands. Not only do they make quality old school music but they're also very young and full of potential. Wrecking Crew reminds me of The Diffz. Kids just wanting to play original punk, no girlfriend gone wrong relationships here, just music.

The band came together in the summer of 2003. In late 2005 they put out their first EP, *Static Dream*, produced by the Adolescents' Derek O'Brien. With a full length coming out soon, this is one band that you should be seeing and looking for their album to drop. Joe, Wrecking Crew's guitarist, was able to talk to me via email and here's how it went.

Big Wheel: What are your influences both musical and literary?

Joe: Lou Reed, Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, Joe Strummer, Kurt Cobain, Bowie, anyone who has made a great impact on rock music. As far as literary goes, I really like William Golding and Kurt Vonnegut.

BW: You've shared the stage with the Angry Samoans and TSOL, what have you learned from playing with these bands?

Joe: This may sound cheesy but we've learned that if you really put your mind to something you can do it. About three years ago none of us would have ever thought we'd make it this far, but now we realize we're just at the beginning. I think everyone has

discovered that music is what we'd all like to be doing ten years from now, whether it's Wrecking Crew or not. We've also learned that Jack Grisham looks hot in a dress.

BW: What made you want to play music?

Joe: It is a great form of expression and we all enjoy writing and playing music together.

BW: What do you think is missing from music today?

Joe: The creative aspect is definitely missing in a lot of bands today.

BW: In May you were on the radio for Complete Control on Indie 103.1, what was it like spinning records with Joe, were you nervous?

Joe: Joe's an awesome guy and we had a really fun time hanging out with him and hope to do it again. We have been on a few different radio shows so we're getting used to it now, but the first few we did we were pretty nervous.

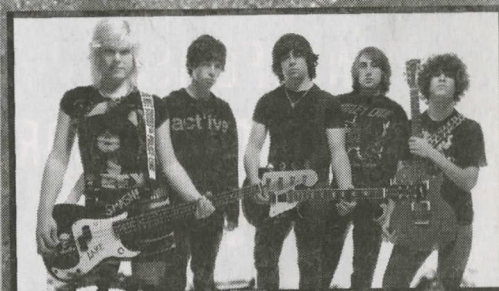
BW: What do you want people to know when they hear Wrecking Crew?

Joe: We just want to play music that people can relate to, whether it is kids or adults. We'd also like to end world hunger and align all the planets.

BW: Where's your favorite place to get a burrito?

Joe: Rico's Taco Shop in Encinitas!

By: Mike Senyo



WRECKING CREW

SHOW INFO

8/15 @ The Attic
8/17 @ El Dorado
8/18 @ Galaxy Theatre
8/19 @ SOMA
w/The Adolescents,
Street Dogs, The Vacancies

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SHOW INFO

**8/22 @ Bottom of the Hill
w/Fabulous Disaster**



Drag the River, a Colorado country music five-piece pigeonholed as "alt country" because they're not radio friendly, is Chad Price (ALL) and Jon Snodgrass (Armchair Martian) sharing lead vocal duties as well as acoustic and electric guitars, JJ Nobody (The Nobodys) on bass, "Spacey" Casey Prestwood (Hot Rod Circuit) on pedal steel and electric lead, and Dave Barker (Love Me Destroyer/Pinhead Circus) on drums and high harmonies. I talked to each of the lead vocalists in Fort Collins, CO via the ever-convenient cellular phone network.

Jon Snodgrass: Hello?

Big Wheel: Hey Jon, this is Nick from *Big Wheel* again.

JS: Hey. Last time I thought you called me from San Diego.

BW: That's just my cell phone, because I'm from San Diego.

JS: Ah I love San Diego.

BW: Yeah?

JS: Yeah that's one of our best favorite most awesome towns, sure.

BW: You're not from there, are you?

JS: No, but my old band Armchair Martians put out records on Headhunter, so I have a relationship with them.

BW: Oh, you know Deadbolt? They're on that label too I think, I like them.

JS: Yeah I know Deadbolt. Yeah, they're good. Hey I got Chad here, you want to talk to him?

BW: Yeah, hey Chad. I've always liked your work with ALL. Is ALL pretty much done, or is everybody just busy?

Chad Price: Just everybody's busy, we've all got other bands. The Blasting Room has just been booked solid. So Bill's just here working on records and what not. But I still see the guys, we live in the same small town. So there's still talk of doing some ALL stuff, but as far as when and what exactly, who knows.

BW: I like the new album a lot, I didn't even realize you were singing on it until I read an article in *AMP* magazine that mentioned Chad Price from ALL, and I thought "I knew I recognized that voice." It's been a while though.

CP: Yeah, it's been three years I guess, since ALL's played.

BW: So do you have a big country music background?

CP: It's kind of what I wanted to do in the first place. I liked everything obviously, and ALL was maybe my favorite band ever, and I just happened to meet the guys. When Scott quit, Bill just called and asked if I wanted to try out and I said, "Yes, [chuckling] yes I do." So that's why I went in that direction. If I wouldn't have got in ALL I probably would have been doing something like Drag twelve or thirteen years ago.

BW: I remember ALL covering Kenny Rogers' hit "Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town." I thought that was a really good cover.

CP: Right, yeah. I totally forgot about that. [chuckling]

BW: So...country's your main thing. What are some of your favorites?

CP: Well back when I was learning to write songs I loved Waylon Jennings and Hank Jr., Merle Haggard, that kind of stuff. I grew up on that stuff. Years later I really got into Dwight Yoakam, and Steve Earle who's still one of my all-time favorites. Then also you know Townes Van Zandt, that kind of thing, Uncle Tupelo. That's all stuff I still listen to.

BW: So back to Jon Snodgrass... your original love of music was also I guess probably the kind of style that you're with today right?

JS: Yeah, pretty much absolutely, the earliest things I remember are Merle Haggard's *Very Very Very Greatest Hits*. That and a lot of Kris Kristofferson. I love Willie Nelson but I kind of got into Willie Nelson a little later. I always liked his songs and stuff but I didn't start buying his albums until I got out of high school. Merle Haggard, that was kind of my favorite. I still like Merle Haggard but he's not my favorite anymore, Willie is. You know those questions people ask like, "Paul Newman or Steve McQueen?" Or "The Ramones or Motorhead?" For me, Willie would beat everyone and I can't even think of anyone to put up next to Willie. That's kind of how I feel about it. The last album I got by him was *Teatro*. Vocally, I'm compared a lot to Bob Mould of Husker Du, who is one of my favorite bands ever. We do have a similar range.

BW: Do you like banjo music? Specifically for your band, would you ever think about putting in some banjo?

JS: I would love it. Whenever Casey [pedal steel guitar] was first talking to us about being in the band, I told him how much I would love to have a guy that just played whatever, you know? Just like had

a bunch of guitars and banjos. He can play anything that's in his hands. We don't own one or know how best to amplify it, I bet we would figure it out if we came across one.

BW: Yeah it's tough live to keep it up with the whole rest of the band.

JS: Right I mean, for some quieter songs I'd be pretty stoked. Cuz we have a lot of songs that sometimes get broken way down. I love the sound of the banjo, it's great. We just haven't pursued really trying to get one. He's really only been in the band for like a year so I didn't really want to throw too many ideas at him. But actually I'm glad that you brought that up because it's time to get back to that.

BW: Ha, I hope he doesn't get pissed at me.

JS: He'll be fine. When we were in Austin at somebody's house who had one, he was playing it all afternoon and he was having a really good time with it and he actually brought it up that he wanted to get one. He's just really deep into that pedal steel. That's just something that...people that do that...it's a breed. You gotta know what you're doing to play that thing, get really deep into it. But I think he might be excited to explore something else.

BW: I like the new album, *It's Crazy*. It's a good album all the way through. I didn't think that it needed banjo to be better, I was just thinking about banjo because I always do. I'm a banjo person to tell you the truth.

JS: Oh awesome, you play the banjo?

BW: I do, and if you do put banjo in I'll just like it even more.

JS: Well, we're also one of those kinds of bands that, next time we're in San Diego or wherever, just bring your banjo up onstage and jam along, that would be cool. We play Valentine's Day every year at this bar of an old friend of ours in Southern California, just kinda said out of nowhere one time that we'd do it for the next eight years. I wasn't really thinking about it, that's a long time to tie up such a big kind of date night in advance, but it's cool, because we like to come to Southern California twice a year, so we always know we'll come out at least once a year for that.

Keep an eye out for Drag the River shows, and if you see one in your area go catch their spirited live renditions of their quality "Country and mid-Western" numbers.

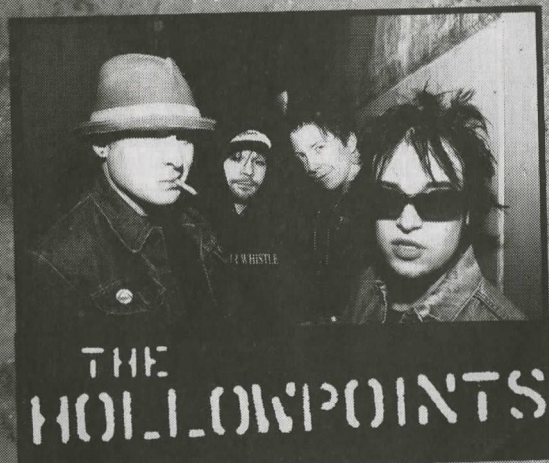
By: King Nick



a WILHELM scream

SHOW INFO

8/12 @ HOBOC
8/13 @ The Catalyst
w/ Lagwagon.
The Lawrence Arms



SHOW INFO

8/2 @ Off Limits
8/3 @ Bottom of the Hill
w/ Amputees
8/5 @ Magoos Pizza
8/6 @ Golden Bull

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. 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.

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: 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 just make it as creepy and cool of a song as it can be, and that is kind of where we are at with that song.

BW: You mentioned that your roots were with the Pennywise and Strung Out era of bands, and now you have played with each of them. You also 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: 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. I think it is only a matter of time before the fast, melodic stuff comes back in a big way.

By: John McKay

This kick ass band is doing what many bands out there should be doing, playing shows left and right and making music that they enjoy playing. Being together for only four years they have already had the chance to play with some pretty big bands. These punk rock deviants make some good music. Everyone should have these guys in there cd player.

BW: Where are you guys from?

Matty: We were all living in small towns in the Northwest playing in different bands. The four of us finally ended up in Seattle and started the lineup as it is today.

BW: How did the band get started?

Matty: Ben and I have been playing in bands together

for almost 15 years. We had a band in High School called St,

À Louis Smiles. Dan, the drummer met up with us after we played as a three piece for most of our existence. Will, the guitar player played in Axes of Evil, friends of ours from Bellingham. He fits the band perfectly and really rounds out the lineup.

BW: What kind of music do you play?

Matty: We all kind of grew up listening to old school punk, so that is the root of our music. We try to write our songs about social and political problems without the preaching.

BW: What bands influence you guys?

Matty: Any band that we think kicks ass live will influence us,

but to name a few: Clash, Ramones, Social

Distortion,

The Briefs, Swingin Utters, GBH, Faith +1, Thin Lizzy,

Us bombs, Boston....

BW: How long have you been a band?

Matty: Four years this time around.

BW: What's a funny story while playing a show?

Matty: The list is long and distinguished: We played a show with

this band Deathlist five. Adam the singer was drunk and obnoxious,

and asked for a beer on stage. Someone gave him a cup of puke, so he stopped the show

and asked whose puke it was. After that he pissed in the cup, and led a countdown from

ten before he drank down the nastiness! We all got kicked out of the bar and went to a

holiday inn. Adam wrapped his shirt around his head, and busted down the door to the

adjoining room. That's where we stayed for the night. True story, suck my nuts Adam!

BW: Any shows coming up?

Matty: We are incredibly busy right now; the best way to find

out about shows is at our webpage www.thehollowpoints.com, or at

www.myspace.com/thehollowpointswa

BW: What are the plans for the future?

Matty: We have been working on a new record, but we really want to keep on the road for the rest of the year, shows have been getting better the longer we stay out here. As I write this, we're on our way to San Francisco to rock the Parkside's socks off!

SHOW INFO

**8/1 @ HOBOC w/
Three Bad Jacks, The Slanderin**
8/2 @ HOBLA
**w/ Big John Bates, Voodoo Dollz,
The Slanderin**
8/3 @ The Pound
**w/ Slanderin, Sic Luv,
Switch Blade Riot,
Johnny Mac and the Cadillacs**
8/4 @ 418 Project



This year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of The Meteors. The one and only kings of psychobilly. What better way to celebrate then with a full USA tour. They will be playing eighteen dates in all. Five in California alone. It's been a long hard road for the trio since their first show at the Sparrow Hawk in north London but they have come out on top. With the soon to be release of P Paul Fenech's (P.P.F., lead vocals and guitar) third solo CD due out in September, I got the honor to sit down with the man him self. We had a few smokes, shared a few laughs and talked about the past, present, and future of The Meteors.

Big Wheel: It's been twenty-five years since you started The Meteors. How do you feel about that?

P.P.F: I love it, in fact the last few years have been the best part. It's gotten bigger, better and more enthusiasm.

BW: You started the band with Nigel Lewis back in 1981. Since then he's gone off to do his own thing. What are your thoughts on his solo work?

P.P.F: It was about twenty years ago when we split. He was a friend of mine. I haven't seen him since then. The reason why we split is because he wanted to go kinda psychedelic and I don't really like '60s music. I love rock'n'roll. He said there was no future in it so we split.

BW: What's your favorite album of yours?

P.P.F: The ones I've been really happy with are Stampede (1984), Madman Roll (1991), and Bastard Sons of a Rock 'N' Roll Devil is a brilliant one, and the last two. They've all got good bits in them but those ones mean a lot to me.

BW: The song "You Ain't Right" is that about Kim Nekroman?

P.P.F: No, it's about all of those bands. It's not to anyone personal. Other wise I would have called it "Fuck You Kim."

BW: Your fans really obsess over your music. How do you feel about them?

P.P.F: We feel kinda like they are the fourth member of the band. Cause what's the use of the band without the fans? Whether people like us for a day or a thousand years, we support them. I'm not really interested in what they do after or before. I don't hate other bands. I just don't care about other bands.

BW: What's in the future for The Meteors? What do you have planned now?

P.P.F: At the moment we are in the middle of our next album. I just finished my solo album which will be out in September its called F Word—I'm also gonna finish my book.

BW: What's the book about?

P.P.F: About things that have happened to us. Were not an ordinary band. The music bit is only a small part of what we do. We are...we're a club. [Laughs] and we are real. This is my clothes. These are my friends. We don't dress up for work. I don't go home and listen to disco. Their's nothing wrong with people like that but we got a saying, "If you're a hooker, say you're a hooker."

BW: How much longer do you see your self playing in The Meteors?

P.P.F: Till I don't feel passionate about it anymore.

BW: What do you do with your time when you're not on tour with The Meteors?

P.P.F: I ride motorbikes, play with my dogs. Loads of other things but I can't tell you. You wouldn't believe me anyways.

BW: Out of all the new psychobilly bands in L.A., which ones do you like?

P.P.F: I really like The Slanderin! I like them because they have an edge and their not copying me. They're making their own part of it. I call that psychobilly. I also like the Barnyard Ballers. First of all their polite, second we talk and we laugh. It's respect.

BW: So who coined the word psychobilly? Johnny Cash once said it in his song, "One Piece at a Time."

P.P.F: I've heard it a few times. When we started I never heard that Johnny Cash song. I've heard it now cause people kept on throwing it in my face. The genre we now know as psychobilly, we started that. I didn't invent the word. Cause before The Meteors there was Goths, mods, skinheads, and teds. There wasn't any ne-rock, neo-psycho country punkabilly fuckin' coffinbilly whatever the fuck it is. We designed an entire new cult.

BW: What was the last show you went to, that you enjoyed?

P.P.F: The last one was Motorhead and before that it

was Johnny Cash.

BW: This might be a sensitive subject but what's the story behind you and Sparky (lead singer from Demented Are Go)?

P.P.F: Fuck him. He started it and I won't ever stop it.

BW: What happened?

P.P.F: He said he wanted to fight so I beat him up. In my heart I don't think I have beat him up enough. He's two-faced. He was at the front of the stage dancing to us. He's arrogant. He came with his band, went to my dressing room and ate my sandwiches. I said, "Hey man, what you doing?" He said, "What you gonna fucking do about it?" So I threw him down the stairs. And I don't think I've thrown him down the stairs enough. And until I do I'll keep on throwing him down the stairs. I don't care about his band. His band is crap. There a pale imitation of what we do. That's the truth. And I can match him pound to pound, album to album, solo to solo.

BW: You've created this whole world called psychobilly. Do you ever get a big head from it?

P.P.F: Yeah, sometimes. I don't walk around going, "Hey look I'm Paul Fench," people might mistake my self confidences for arrogance. I don't hide my feelings. I know we're a good band.

BW: What do you think about the scene out here in L.A.?

P.P.F: The first couple of times we came here there were a few people here and a few people there. I wasn't in a hurry to come back. But the last two times have been great! It's getting more like home.

BW: Do you enjoy playing smaller shows?

P.P.F: We're a three-piece band. I like it being intimate. If the people are standing still and we're all close I can wind them up. It's generated energy.

BW: Is there anything you would like to add to the closing of this interview?

P.P.F: I'm definitely going to throw Sparky down the stairs some more. I think even though he may be actually mummified I'll be able to break Nekroman's nose. Don't listen to the shit they talk about us, come and have a look, think for your self.

By: Violet Venegas

DEATH OR GLORY FEST 2006

Saturday, August 12

7 Seconds
Pressure Point
Hanover Saints
The Generators
Tommy & The Terrors
The Abuse
Strongarm & The Bullies
DCOi!
Los Dryheavers
46 Short
Tommy Gutless
Aces & Eights
Non Existence
Warscrew

Sunday, August 13

The Avengers
Whiskey Rebels
Monster Squad
Angel City Outcasts
The Roustabouts
Suburban Threat
Rosevere
Red Handed
Madhouse Disciples
Revenge
Civet
Call To Arms
Plead The Fifth

Sitting around in the sweltering heat is probably not how you would like to remember the summer of '06. I recommend everyone gets off their asses and goes somewhere new. What better way then to have a little adventure with a road trip? And what better time is there than now (before you won't be able to afford to drive your car to and from the gas station)? This is your pilot speaking, and this month's destination is the Sacramento Valley.

For the second year in a row, Big Chuck, lead singer for the band the Whiskey Rebels, and several others, have put together two days of music and fun for the kids of Northern California. This year they want you to go too.

The event is called the Death or Glory Fest and it is not your typical summer festival. It is better. Taking place once again at Max's Plainfield Station in Woodland, Death or Glory is not about the warped idea of companies holding a marketing convention disguised as a concert. It was instead created by musicians who wanted to bring bands and the Northern California punk scene together for a weekend of fun.

"We just thought it would be good for us to make some noise and have a good time," said Chuck over the phone while his band was on tour last month.

This year the DGF will showcase bands from all over California as well as a few from other states. Some of the groups from Los Angeles who will be tearing it up include Angel City Outcasts, 46 Short, Civet and the Generators. Two big bands who were recently added to the list at the time of our interview are 7 Seconds and the Avengers. "It's really the only all ages show the Avengers will be playing in the foreseeable future," Chuck mentioned.

Last year approximately 400 people showed up for the two day event. This year Chuck is expecting more because there are bigger headliners, but don't worry there is plenty of room for all. Chuck described the venue as a road house eatery. He said it is a bar and restaurant but with a big field in the back with a stage where the bands perform. There is also a patio area where they serve food and drinks. "Last year, one of the things people liked a lot was there was five dollar

pitchers of beer," he said. "So people were buying pitchers and walking around. Everyone pretty much had a blast with that. It's basically like a big outdoor BBQ with two days of bands," Chuck explained.

Like most festivals there will be some booths set up, "but it's not our main focus," Chuck said. "People can rent out a booth if they want to....it does help us to raise money to pay the bands; it also brings different people who do stuff in punk rock together."

The Fest will offer folks who are not from the area a chance to experience Sacramento culture. It has been described as a porch community; a place with working class values and a relaxed atmosphere. "Sacramento has a pretty easy going vibe, and people here really just like to have a good time," Chuck said. "Up here people really get along. Different scenes will intersect....not that other places aren't like that, you know. But I think the show itself has a real NorCal vibe where people like to have a good time and party."

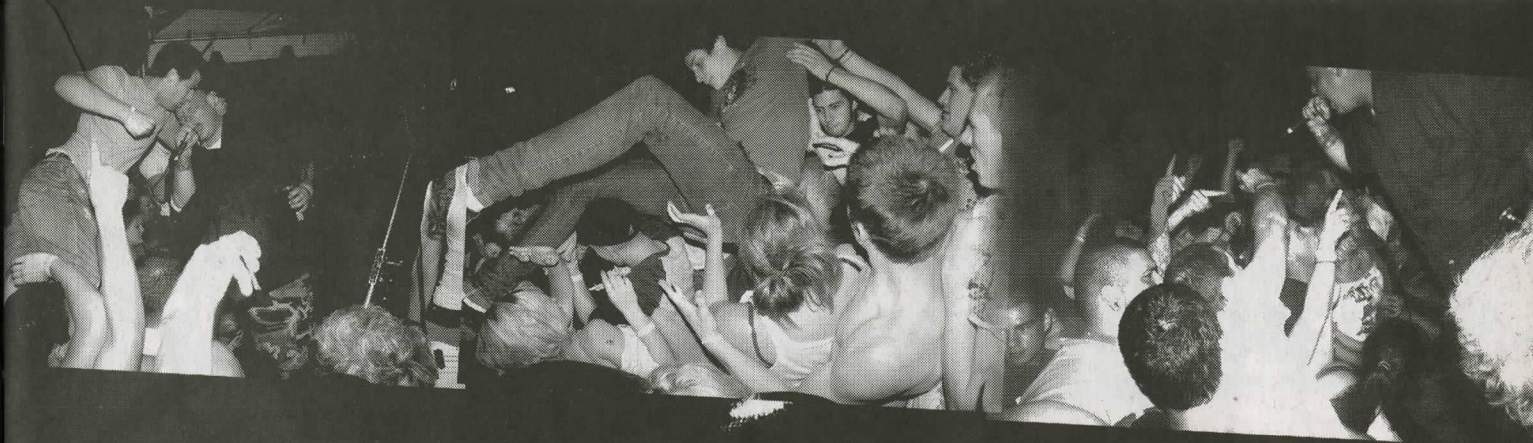
"Everyone that is coming from a different city is going to add to each others style," he added. "I guess everyone that comes to this event knows what the vibe is. It's a time to dance, or drink if you drink, listen to music or whatever. Everyone has a good time here."

Chuck made the Death or Glory Fest sound like it will be the best thing to happen to you all summer. He may just be right, but you will never know unless you go. However, if you cannot make it he said they will be recording it for posterity and probably releasing both years' festivities on DVD. You could either be a part of the fun or watch everything you missed.

If the thought of getting away for a weekend to go hangout in a chill spot, see more than sixteen bands, a barbeque and beer, all coalescing to make what will ultimately be a two day party, then according to Chuck, "If you can't have a good time at Death or Glory you can't have a good time anywhere."

www.myspace.com/deathorgloryfest

By: Jason Rocks

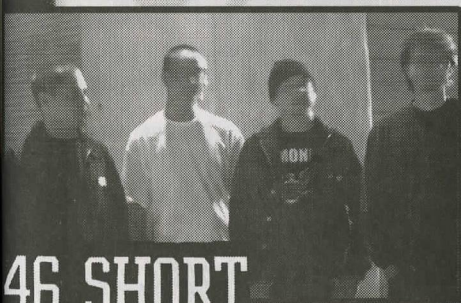


Whiskey Rebels

The Whiskey Rebels, from Sacramento, play a unique brand of punk rock that combines elements of hardcore, punk and oi, with infectious harmonies, grounded with a blue collar sensibility. "I guess it's just a certain kind of music in general," said Chuck, the band's lead singer, in a recent interview. "We mix influences that are melodic with harder influences as well." However their hometown has had the most impact on the group. "To me, being from Sacramento makes us a different band because we're molded by the scene we were formed in," Chuck said. "It is a scene that has a lot of unity. People have been here doing it for a long time. There's a lot of history there. Sac. is a working class place."

Chuck said that if you want to check out the band, the Death or Glory Fest is the best place. "Last year when we played it was just amazing in general. The whole thing was such a blast that you were just real happy to be there and happy to play. For me personally and for people I know, it was the best time that we've ever had."

By Jason Rocks



46 SHORT

These Long Beach, CA punk rock veterans are here to prove substance matters over style. No gimmicks, hairdos or clothing line endorsements are needed to push the bands music. 46 Short deliver straight ahead-ballistic hardcore punk that harkens back to the bands your older brother played while he was skating pools back in 82. 46 Short's dedication to hardcore punk is obvious in every bashed out beat, screamed lyric and sonic chord on their new 13 track CD, *Truth Denied*.

If you love early Black Flag, and Circle Jerks then you will like 46 Short. They play socially conscious, non-racist hardcore punk without the dogma, and "cooler than you" attitudes. Check 'em out when they play the Death or Glory Fest this year! —Courtesy of TKO Records



MONSTER SQUAD

Monster Squad formed in the small town of Vacaville, California, in January of 1997. A bunch of kids with dreams of Mohawks, booze, and good times, these four kids took their band to the next stage and recorded and put out their own music on their label, Strength Through Pain Records. After saturating the northern California scene, the guys toured with fellow spikey-haired punk bands such as Cropknox, The Casualties, and Lower Class Brats. Monster Squad have released records on Rodent Popsicle and Burnt Ramen Records, which then led to their full length debut CD/LP release on Charged Records called *Strength Through Pain*. The band is always playing shows and steadily increasing their fan base. If you like Punkcore and The Casualties style of music, you need to give Monster Squad a whirl. Check them out when they play the Death or Glory Fest this year! —Jenny

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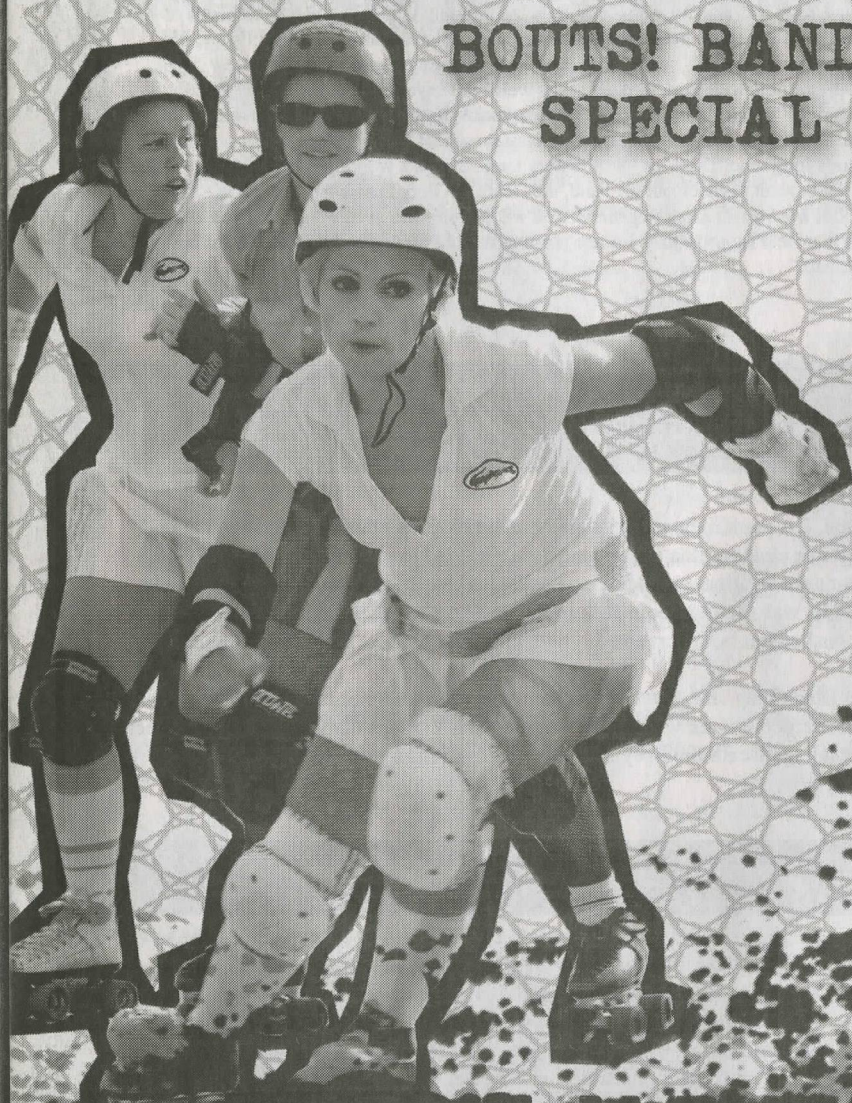
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SHOW INFO

8/12 @ HOBOC
8/13 @ Catalyst
w/Lawrence Arms,
A Wilhelm Scream



Once upon a time, Lagwagon ruled the earth. There was nothing Lagwagon could do that wouldn't be musical gold. Suddenly, there were a slew of bands who sounded exactly like Lagwagon and we ate it up, because even something that's imitating something great, is still remarkably good. Today, that sound has gone underground, but Lagwagon is still the band we all know and love. And the genius is still all around us, just ask Joey Cape.

Big Wheel: Where did all the rumors of the break up come from?

Joey Cape: I think that's just one of those things about being in a band that are inevitable. There will be rumors about your band breaking up all the time and it almost doesn't matter what you do, you could keep touring constantly, putting records out and sooner or later someone's going to start a rumor that you're breaking up. But we did hit a rough spot there, back in '96 to '98, for about three years I think. We had a drummer that left the band and a guitar player that left the band within a year of each other and that's a hard thing to recover from. We were such a family up until that point and then things really started to fall apart and recovering from that took us three or four years. We got new people almost right away but getting the chemistry and the family thing back, definitely takes a while. But now, the other guys have been in the band longer than the original guys were so now, sitting here talking about it, it seems like a different band almost, it's been so long.

BW: What about Me First And The Gimme Gimmes, or Bad Astronaut? Are you still going to do anything with those bands?

Joey: Uh, yeah. Well, I don't know if Bad Astronaut—I'm actually as we speak, I go back into the studio today, we're mixing the last Bad Astronaut record right now, it was a record that I tracked about a year ago or something and I

just haven't really gotten the time to finish it. And the Gimme Gimmes just finished our new record, both are going to be out in the fall. The Gimme Gimmes are going strong, it's a lot of fun, everyone's really into it so I don't see that ending anytime soon. It's just like a holiday to that band. Bad Astronaut, the drummer who I started the band with, who was the original drummer of Lagwagon, (Derrick Plourde) commit suicide last year, so for me that band is over. I'm just trying to finish up the last record that he and I made together and, in my mind, that's it. To me that's fine, I've had too many bands, it's probably a good idea to just stick to two bands. I really enjoyed having Bad Astronaut, and it was a good outlet for me because it's something I had been able to do that I obviously wouldn't have been able to do as Lagwagon. And that's really valuable for a songwriter, for someone who's been playing music as long as I have, I definitely have to find other creative outlets. I love being in Lagwagon, and I love the band but it is less dimensional. We kind of do what we do and the band has a chemistry, and we create this thing we create. It's about five people so you're limited somewhat by that, which is a good thing because that's what punk music should be. It should be about interaction and should be about more than one person. But doing Bad Astronaut was cool for me because I got to do a lot of stuff on my own, I got to be really creative with that. Who knows, maybe I'll keep making records like that, but the band in my mind, Derrick and I started that band together, it was about the two of us and that was an excuse for us to play together again and he was one of my closest friends and I don't see how I could keep doing it without him, I just wouldn't feel right.

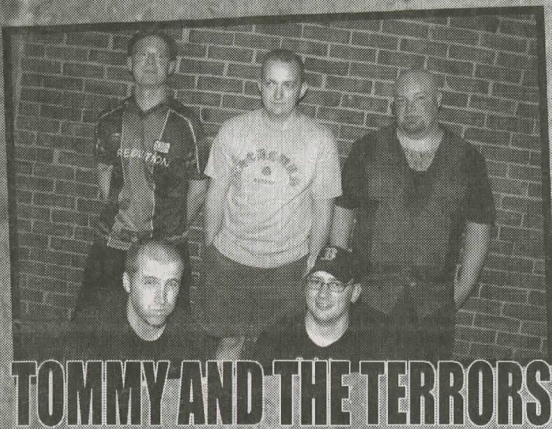
BW: Ten years ago, or whenever, so many bands were at the top of their game, and everything had that similar sound, like Lagwagon. Suddenly now there's been a huge shift and nothing sounds

like that.

Joey: Yeah. It was definitely a kind of a hey day, if you will, for music where we come from and what we were doing. But, that's normal. Actually, it's a relief for me. For a while there I never had any desire want or need to be a popular singer/songwriter. I never got into that whole thing. I like the fact that our band just manages to get by over the years, and I sort of like it that there's a whole new generation of bands doing totally different things and that it didn't get too out of control. And we just have this fan base all over the world that stays the same, and there's something really comforting about that consistency. I don't know. It's great, it allows us to just be who we are and do what we do without it being hindered or compromised by too many outside variables. I've been very happy about how things have gone for us and our world of music, for lack of a better way of saying it. But yeah, there was—I think in the mid-'90s? Is that what you're talking about? It was pretty great. It was cool.... If people just got into one thing and spent their whole lives devoted to that one thing it'd be pretty uninteresting. I think especially with music, or any kind of art, people should always be looking and listening and growing. That's an important part of it. It's important too because bands should be able to do it. A lot of times people crucify bands for change and I think it's kind of sad because they're going to be less honest if they don't change.

Be on the look out for new albums from Me First and Bad Astronaut, as well as Lagwagon with the Lawrence Arms and A Wilhelm Scream on the Back in the USSA Tour. We'll party like it's 1999.

By: Donna Ramone



TOMMY AND THE TERRORS

SHOW INFO

8/9 @ Alex's Bar
w/Shock Nagasaki, The Ignorant
8/10 @ The Tiki Room
w/Strongarm And The Bullies,
Shock Nagasaki, The Ignorant
8/11 @ Orangevale VFW
w/Waste Side Rats, Call To Arms,
Plead The 5th, The Stab-Outs
8/12 @ Death or Glory Fest

If you're the type of individual who likes to lace up your boots, throw back a few ales, put your chin down, elbows up, and launch into the pit full throttle sending some poor bastard out the other side of the circle with a new found medical bill, Tommy And The Terrors is for you. This Guinness swilling five piece out of Boston Mass. delivers straight forward punk meant to get you up and moving. There's no whining nor down time found within their anthems. These self-proclaimed "Mass-Holes" lyrics push on themes that they feel anyone within the underground has felt or could relate to—as well as the bands favorite fast foods. Tommy And The Terrors has been dealing out two-fisted Bostonian street punk since 1998 touring with the likes of Cock Sparrer, Slaughter and The Dogs, Toxic Narcotic, 999, and Dropkick Murphys. I had a chance to correspond with the guys and this is what they had to postulate.

When asked how Matt Kelly (Dropkick Murphys, drummer) came to produce their latest release on T.K.O. Records, *Unleash The Fury*, Tom said: "Lance was able to locate some incriminating photos of Matt in a compromising position with some leprechauns (some say midgets but we all know better). A deal was hammered out and now all our CDs have a giant sticker on them saying: Produced by Matt Kelly of Dropkick Murphys." I was also made privy to the influence Boston has on its resident musicians: "...Besides providing us with fodder to write songs about how Guinness flows out of the fire hydrants and where to get the best Scally cap, living in Boston allows us to write really short songs and be very fearful of tunnels."

A change that the band has noticed within the scene since their formation is the dwindling number of decent venues to play, Lance elaborated: "When I first joined the band around 2000 or so, we played tons of all ages shows. Now I can't even think of the last time we played one. It seems like there are a few places starting to pop up again so hopefully some combination of stupid kids and stupid city officials won't ruin those places as well." O'Brien's in Alliston (basically Boston) is their favorite joint to play. "It's a smaller room that only holds around 75 or 80 people but we usually get a decent turnout and everyone seems to have a good time cutting up and acting the fool," said Lance.

Most members of the band have known each other for fifteen to twenty years, which must make for a solid and unified group, or at least a group of guys who know numerous stories that could thoroughly embarrass one another in any given social situation. In terms of song writing, usually one member brings in a song that is half finished and then it is developed by the band as a whole. The track that reached out and grabbed me by the short and curls from *Unleash The Fury* is "Death To You." Tom explained the song's lyrics: "Quite simply it is a comment on how people will screw you over any chance they get." Lance added: "But that doesn't get in the way of our positive dental outlook."

Lastly, I requested for their best bar room story, Lance obliged: "A guy walks into a bar with jumper cables. The bartender says: 'You can come in, but don't start anything!'"

By: Jason Dissent



the Little Ones

SHOW INFO

8/7 @ Spaceland
8/14 @ Spaceland
8/17 @ Belly Up
w/World Party
8/18 @ The Coach House
8/21 @ Spaceland
8/26 @ Sunset Junction
8/28 @ Spaceland

With the recent release of their first EP, *Sing Song*, the Little Ones have been anything but a little presence on the live music scene in Los Angeles; they will be playing shows throughout Southern California throughout the month of August including a Monday night residency at Spaceland. Brian Reyes, the band's bass player and sometimes additional keyboardist, recently took time out of his increasingly busy schedule to answer some burning questions.

Big Wheel: You recently played some shows in New York, how did that compare to playing in Los Angeles?

Brian: It was actually quite similar to playing here except we were borrowing other band's equipment every night. That seemed to make things a little more uncomfortable for us the first night but as we got into the second and third shows, we began to loosen up and it felt like being on stage at home. We also found that Los Angeles crowds and New York crowds were similar in the way that they got into the music more as the set progressed. This was probably due to the fact that this was the crowd's first time seeing us, which could explain why their feet didn't start shuffling until mid-set.

BW: Your music is upbeat and generally uplifting. What is there to be so happy about?

Brian: There's a lot to be happy about! It's an amazing feeling to be playing in a band that is family first. All of us are interconnected through past musical experiences, school, and family, all dating back many years. So to be together, making fun music that

people enjoy listening to is an indescribable feeling which I guess can be described as... happy!

BW: Tell me about the song writing process you employ.

Brian: It's pretty simple. One of us will come up with an idea and bring it to band practice. Everyone then adds their own part and we basically build up the different elements of a song. Over the course of a few weeks, the parts are solidified and we go out and get burritos and celebrate.

BW: Will you be touring any time soon?

Brian: At the end of July, we'll be heading up the coast to San Francisco and Seattle, the latter of which to play the Capitol Hill Block Party. In August, we have a residency at Spaceland and will be playing some shows in San Diego and San Juan Capistrano. Some pretty exciting stuff!

BW: People are quick to throw out musical comparisons when describing a new band; what are some of your non-musical influences?

Brian: Family plus friends plus poolside BBQ's. Like I said, we're pretty simple.

BW: Last, and perhaps most importantly, which World Cup 2006 player would you be and why?

Brian: We would definitely be Peter Crouch who plays for Manchester United because he looks like a gazelle when he runs. We also noticed the enthusiasm the British show when yelling, "Crouchy!"

By: Daniela Montiel

big wheel
MEDIA



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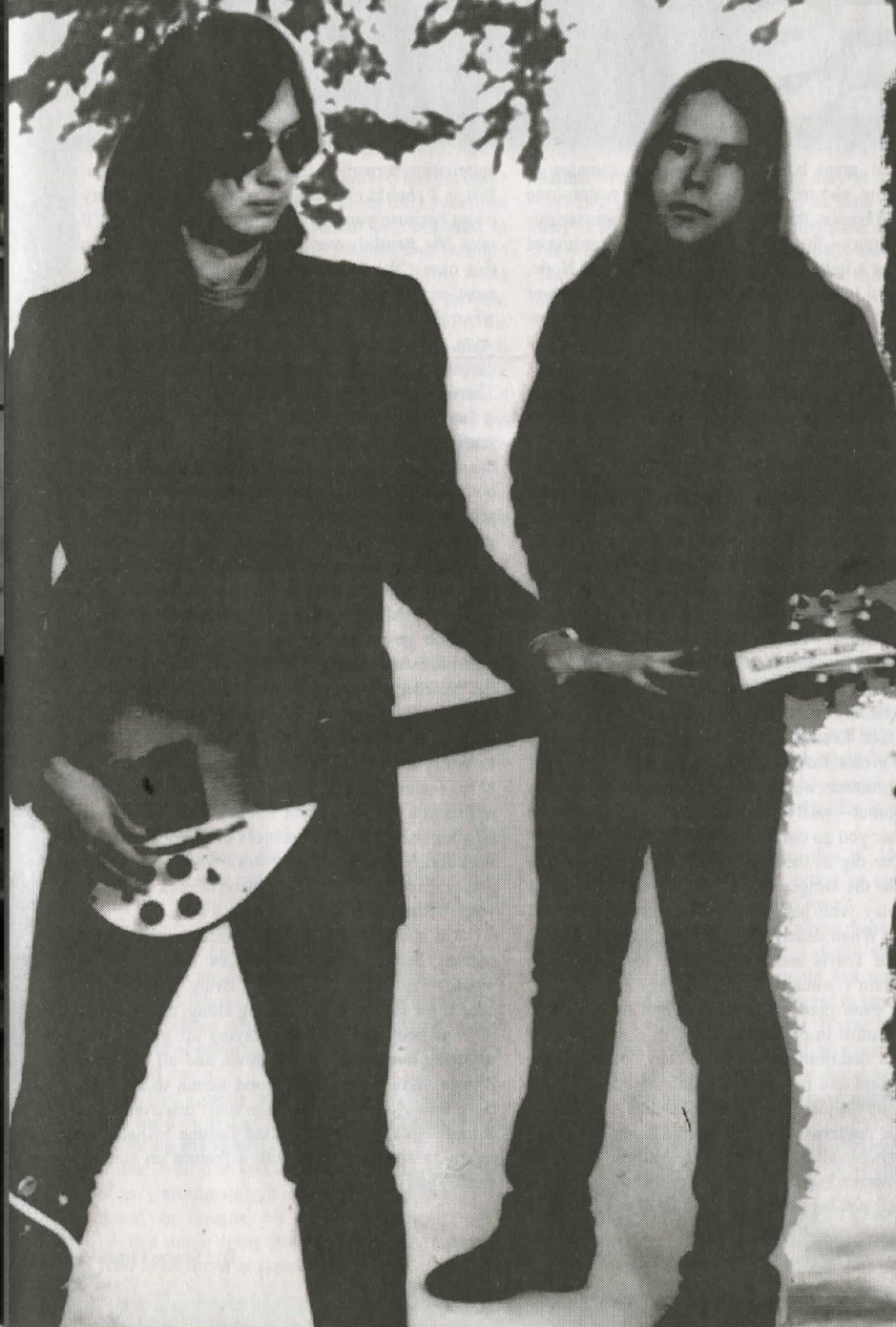
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Photo taken for the upcoming Channel 3
DVD titled: "One more for all my true friends"

RADIO BIRD





Radio Birdman is about as punk rock and DIY as you can get. They were living the do it yourself attitude before punks even had a name for it. The band formed in mid-1974 in Sydney at a time when the music around them seemed to be at a dead end. The scene was lacking any originality, the music driven by conformity with marketing values, drugs, and worn-out post-'60s fashion trends. "Well we didn't really like being labeled as 'punk rock' in the beginning because the way we saw it we were before punk rock. We started in '74 and punk broke in '76 so it was hard to label something before its time. Plus we didn't want to be a part of a trend, to us it was just rock'n'roll music," says Rob Younger, lead singer of Radio Birdman.

"I had been listening to the New York Dolls, and I became inspired and said, 'hey lets start a band.' I really had no interest to be in a band before I discovered the Dolls," says Rob. This combined with Deniz Tek's love for MC5, The Stooges, and Rolling Stones—all bands that he grew up listening to in his home of Ann Arbor, Michigan—came to create such a unique sound that would go on to vastly make Radio Birdman one of the greatest Australian rock'n'roll bands of all time.

In the '70s, the band went practically unrecognized outside of Australia, mainly due to their underground cult sound, which eventually enabled them to sign with a major. In mid-1977 they signed a deal with Seymour Stein, head of Sire Records—also the man responsible for signing The Ramones—after Seymour had seen the band while in Australia where he had originally come to sign The Saints. Unfortunately, soon after Radio Birdman signed with Sire, the label began to have financial problems and the band was dropped from the label before they could even release a record with them. This and a sickness for being around each other eventually led to their break up in 1978.

"I think we originally broke in 1978, because we just simply started to get on each others nerves. At that point we had moved into this tiny little place together in England, and would spend so much time together in a van driving to gigs or what not that we began to piss each other off," says Rob. The band tried for a little while to keep it together and we're able to release one more record called *Living Eyes* before finally breaking up. "We really fucked up! I don't think we really realized what we had going for us, and we're a bit pre-mature about the whole thing. Cause you know getting out of Australia back then to play music was a huge opportunity and we really blew it."

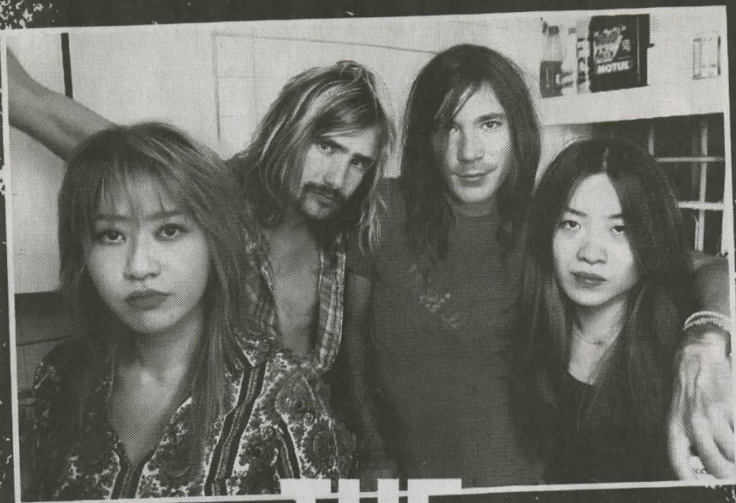
Still, no one in Radio Birdman ever expected that they would influence so many great acts down the road. They are truly a musician's band, and with a little bit of good luck on their side who knows what they could've been back in the '70s, but then again who cares. Cause finally after all these years, they are being noticed and getting much of the respect they rightfully deserve. "I'm flattered when someone covers one of our tunes, and I especially enjoy hearing what people do with it. Cause it can be quite impressive to hear how they rearrange one of your songs and make it their own. Much like the way Devo did with their version of Rolling Stones, 'Satisfaction.' They made it their own tune, and it's completely reinvented." Much the same way bands like The Hellacopters, Candy Snatchers, Gluecifer, and The Bellrays have done with their own versions of classic Radio Birdman songs.

It has been a long time coming for Radio Birdman but finally at the end of this month we will be able to become witness to one of the greatest bands to ever rock the stage at the Wiltern Theatre in Los Angeles. It is going to be an exciting moment and one I am really looking forward to.

By: Louis Medrano

SHOW INFO

8/30 @ The Wiltern
w/ The Bellrays
8/31 @ Great American Music Hall
w/ The Bellrays



THE BINGES

SHOW INFO

8/3 @ Safari Sam's
w/Killola

I think I'm partaking in a small miracle here. A way more important one than finding out that Ann Coulter has a mole shaped like a Hitler moustache; or that a new sect has sprung up to worship an image of Jesus, the carpenter, that appeared on a tortilla on a platter at my favorite taco joint—no—verily this miracle is more apropos of my/your/our/its/status: I rocker, you rocker, we rocker, it's a damned rock mag you are holding in your hand—and take one second to notice the byline cuz some of you kids will recall it from my salad days at *Flipside* zine. But see, that ain't the part that's a miracle—it is no miracle that I have returned to the fanzine trenches to fight the good fight— if anything the miracle is that it took me this long to get off my ass and compose some words for print—but thanks to my new family at *Big Wheel*, I'm back—to tell you about this miracle.

The miracle of finding a band so awesome I can run around like a nutty fan even doing the street team scene (well I would if they gave me a stack of stickers!). Rock'n'roll is teenage music not cuz only teenagers should play and/or listen—but in that it helps one maintain one's teenage priorities—good or bad—you decide. But the miracle? I'm finally gonna spit it out: this fucking awesome band The Binges is literally a fountain of youth. Watch me some time up at the front and tell me I'm not transformed, if not into a younger man at least into a man shamelessly throwing up the horns and screaming for more rock! Yeah, so it is indeed a miracle that in all the months I've been reading *Big Wheel* (I've been back in L.A. since last fall) and with how many shows The Binges have played (a lot), I am the first to get the privilege of featuring them in these pages. Let me tell you, anyone who recalls my *Flipside* interviews knows I like to do 'em long and thorough but for right now let me just describe and introduce these guys to you.

There's the sisters, Mayuko and Tsutzumi, the Okai sisters. For sure anytime you talk about The Binges with someone it is gonna come up—how amazing it is that these two cute Japanese gals are the dynamo that powers this band and the prodigies that have your jaws dropping. There have been

umpteenth great bands with Japanese females in them, but picture this, Tsutzumi, the twenty-two year old bassist, throws her foot out and gets serious like Lemmy—there is no tentative arty accenting of the song a la the clichés of a female bassist. Nope, Tsutzumi is the gal that makes sure the band never goes off the rocks she anchors it to, no matter how heavy it gets or how wild the maelstrom, she has that foot planted and the song powers on and ends with everyone there feeling a warm rock'n'roll rush of camaraderie—a just glad to be there witnessing this type of feeling.

And howzabout Mayuko just being a natural phenomenon—a human eye of the storm. The way I used to describe it was that she knew every riff I'd ever heard, and I've been listening to rock way close to forty years. Then, after interviewing her I found out all she likes to listen to is late '60s and early '70s British blues and acid rock, with the hard rock all the way up thru more modern [ha-ha] bands like Van Halen. She is a total rawker thru and thru—believes in it like a religion and takes power from the old stuff to fuel her guts. To say she is virtuoso is just a fact. To say that she literally can stand up with all the greats: Beck, Clapton, Page, etc. in giving off a performance where the guitar rawks and amazes throughout—well that's my opinion and I bet yours too after you go check 'em out.

Cuz dig it, the sisters ain't the only reason to get into the Binges, not by a long shot. The guys they play with just happen to complete a perfect lineup. When describing their appearance I like to think of Travis and Dylan as the lost generation of Cobain's younger brothers—very grungy—and Travis even goes by Skanky. When he drums he looks almost in pain. Is it a look of constipation—or just determination. Either way, between his expression and the way he holds the sticks he not only gets the job done but he looks like a cartoon—like he deserves to be on Saturday morning TV, entertaining all ages with the friendliest aspect of rock. Want a hug? Go see Skanky. Is he emo? Fuck no! He's just happy to have been there and played in another awesome Binges set.

Singer Dylan has given himself the grungy

appellation/surname of Squatcho. Whatever dude, fact is I should challenge you to a duel at twenty paces because you, my dear sir, are one of the: I'll take *The Beatles* over *The Stones* deluded. But in this case I'll bow to your choice because that is most certainly the part of The Binges one notices when the first (not really released) record is dwelt upon. The songs, the lyrics go beyond any mere cleverness, say like that of an early days Costello. There is wit one wouldn't expect to find over what is hard rock about being a sex drugs rock flag-waving band in the 21st century Hollywood. Dylan has class. He's from Bakersfield, so he grew up with both Buck Owens twang, and the sensibility that produced Korn—Jan Dylan splits the difference and gives you brit pop mixed with Americana—without it even being recognizable as such cuz of the fact those tendencies can be buried beneath the hard, the rock, the punk—you see what I'm getting at here.

You go watch these guys and you become a true believer—so what's one more miracle when the recorded versions bring in the whole other half of your brain: Jan Dylan Squatcho my god old chap, I bow down again to you. You don't need to worry about channeling the Stones when you have enslaved them to your will (witness your acquisition of the perfect lineup) and can devote all your attention to the nuances of the Beatles. Ha! And double Ha. Pretty easy work when your guitar player plays like a whole pantheon of rock gods and your rhythm section never misses a beat.

I'm going to reveal to the world the two catch phrases that animate The Binges: "Well shit, I would!" and "Get 'er done." Bring some vocal chords for shouting and singing along, and the rest of your body for dancing, playing air guitar, and throwing the horns. C'mon down and all hail The Binges. Man I must have good karma to stumble back into Hollywood Babylon and 'discover' The Binges. What propitious good fortune to hail my return to zinedom print with a feature on such a worthy subject.

By: Shane Flipside

SHOW INFO

**8/3 @ Bottom of the Hill
w/ Angry Amputees,
Hollow Points,
Mojo Apostles**



THE SORE THUMBS

Started in 2001, The Sore Thumbs come out of the San Francisco/Oakland area playing truly infectious music. With a style that could be compared to One Man Army, Stiff Little Fingers, and Swingin' Utters, the band maintains their own identity while displaying their love for punk rock with melody, catchy hooks, and a genuine and honest feel to the lyrics, which are topped off with Miles' (guitarist and vocalist) unique raspy vocals. I got to speak with Miles and hear his raspy smoker-like voice and laugh, as we got chatty about the beginnings of the band and some background on some of my favorite songs of theirs.

Big Wheel: How did you guys all meet and decide to make a band together?

Miles: I had met Nick in recording school in San Francisco.

BW: What school did you guys go to?

Miles: It's called CRI. California Recording Institute. We met there in 2001. We kinda just started hanging out. There were only two people who were really interested in the same kind of music, as far as the school went. It was hip hop artists, and random like crazy old dudes who were into crazy metal and shit like that. So we kind automatically hit it off, bullshitting about music, The Cars and all that good stuff. We started riding back together to the East Bay. And one day I was like, "I got some shit, if you want to check it out." And he said, "Yeah, okay." And that was it. We started jamming and we did this three song demo at the school—I think it was his final project. And I played drums on it—we didn't really know anyone else. [Nick] said he knew a guy but hadn't talked to him in awhile. That was Joe. He had played with him previously, back in high school or something. So he randomly called up Joe and that was it.

BW: That's pretty cool. Did you intend on being in a band or was going to school and becoming a recording studio executive your plan?

Miles: Well that was kind of the intention of both of us. Unfortunately, it's kind of hard to do that. We found out. [laughs] It's not like, oh, you can get a job in a studio doing this. It's a real pain in the ass.

BW: Yeah, I can imagine.

Miles: When we started school, they're all yeah, you can get an internship. And as time goes on they're like its kind of hard getting paid. I applied for a couple, but the hours are really odd, and I was on-call, and the hours were kinda shitty, and I wasn't getting paid.

BW: You gotta have a job.

Miles: Yeah, I mean I'm not just like sitting on my parent's money or something. So, that kinda dwindled and faded away. And plus with us starting a band at the same time, it was like a lot of hours were at the same time. So we kinda said fuck it and started playing music.

BW: Okay, what's the story behind the band name?

Miles: [chuckles] Well, it's such a pain coming up with names, you know. We'd sit around and be like, what about this or that and no one could figure it out. And, I guess, Joe and Nick were hanging out and they went to a Warped Tour of some sort and Nick was out of control drunk or something. I guess he was running around BART and shit like that screaming and going nuts. And even at the show like he was standing in the beer line, and he's a short little guy, tatted up, with spiky hair, and he stuck out like a sore thumb, you know. And Joe came up with it; he turned to someone and said, "He sticks out like a sore thumb."

BW: That's awesome. I like that. I like the song, "Listen Up," can you kinda give me more background on the lyrics and the song?

Miles: Yeah, actually when we wrote that song we had played it for quite awhile. I didn't finish the lyrics, we'd play live and I would just make shit up or whatever. And, finally we went to record that album and I wrote out my lyrics. It was basically all the same for the most part, it was just putting it down on paper. It's just about breaking away from the norm and just trying to have a good time basically.

BW: Yeah, it almost seems like its telling people to have a good time while they're at a show, particularly your show almost.

Miles: [chuckles] Yeah, and I think just in general. I kinda talk about—a lot of the inspirations came from playing shows where people just looked

fuckin' bored. And it's like dude, then why did you come out? It's like they're not even interested at all in what's going on. So I was trying to emit, why be so uptight, and I think a lot of that comes from playing up here.

BW: Really?

Miles: To me there are a lot of shows we played where we're just kinda standing there, and people are staring blankly at you. It seems like people just won't listen up. That's what the song is about. For me the chorus is about playing shows. I enjoy it because we all know the rest of the working week sucks ass.

BW: Alright, the song, "Heartbreaks and Razorblades," I love the title of the song, basically what's the song about, I mean it seems like you're talking about hating the city and people stabbing you in the back, what's that whole thing about?

Miles: Oh...

BW: Was that a good day?

Miles: [laughs] That was *not* a good day. We put it on that 7" split with Hit By A Semi. And then we rerecorded it for this album. At any rate, it's definitely a true song. It was written about hard times as far as the way I saw it. Like a lot of those songs, it was really just about living in a small town. That was like not necessarily about San Francisco but where I grew up. Just all the shit that people get wrapped up in, wrap me up in, and I don't want to hear it. It's honest, no bullshit about it.

BW: What's coming up for the band?

Miles: We just did a four day tour kind of thing; we have another one coming up at the end of this month. And, just playing our asses off, just trying to promote this CD as much as we can, and get out there. No huge tours on the horizon, just doing our usual. Hopefully this winter time—we've got a handful of songs all ready that I'm working on—I think this winter when things slow down a little bit we're going to start writing a new album.

By: Jenny Moncayo

Photo by Melinda Torres



Go Betty Go

SHOW INFO

8/8 @ Key Club
8/12 @ DiPiazza's
w/ Some Stars Stare Back
8/15 @ Key Club
8/17 @ Velvet Jones
8/18 @ Rock It Room
w/ The Actual, Takota
8/21 @ Universal City Walk
8/22 @ Key Club
8/29 @ Key Club

They say girls are made of sugar, spice and everything nice. Who's to say that they aren't also be made of some rhythm, soul and rock'n'roll? Well believe it or not this is the case with the quartet of femme fatales that make up the band Go Betty Go.

Though this Los Angeles based pop punk band is able to satisfy your senses, it doesn't mean that they haven't had troubles of their own. "Nicolette and I started the band together with Betty who lived down the street, and Michelle we had met through a friend. That's who we were for five years," Aixa (GBG's drummer) explained. Well five years later, the band suffered the loss of their lead vocalist, Nicolette. Aixa, Nicolette's sister, expelled, "When you're in a band it's like a huge, huge sacrifice, it's your life really. Just because it's all your time and all your energy, you put it all into the band. It's a lot of effort. Unfortunately, after five years, Nicolette just realized that's not her thing."

Precedent to the production of their latest album, *Nothings is More*, they had been touring almost nonstop and it became apparent that something had to change. "So it got to that point where we're touring and she's like I don't want to be here, I want to go home, I want to go home. And it was really frustrating and it was sad." Aixa told me regretfully, "We tried everything we could to get her to stay but in the end we would only be convincing her to stay and she wouldn't be doing what she wanted to."

After the release of the album in September, it was evident that the band's lyrics and musical talent had reached a new echelon from which they seem to only be climbing upwards. Though during its production, the band had sailed into some choppy waters with the members running off in different directions, but by the end of it all, their growth as a band was more apparent than ever. The CD hits you with catchy lyrics and addicting tunes that together give it a mesmerizing sort of quality. So it's quite a

disappointment for the band and fans alike that Nicolette had to go her separate way. "Its sad for all of us, we didn't want to see her go." Aixa divulged to me, "But then again her being our friend and my sister you would never want to have someone who's not enjoying themselves and not happy being there because it's not productive for all of us."

With such headway, the girls however, weren't ready to give up that easily. "We were really upset because the three of us, Betty, Michelle and I, really wanted to keep the band together, to stay together, we wanted to continue playing." So with that, they had a decision to make. Do they breakup or give it another shot? The girls thankfully opted for the latter and began their search to find the new lead vocals for GBG.

And so the auditions ensued with some thirty to forty girls wanting to be part of the dream GBG was making a reality. They soon found out that it wouldn't be an easy position to fill. "We saw a lot of good girls; we saw a lot of like, what the hell? It was fun. It was our own little version of American Idol," Aixa said playfully. They even had some guys express interest and inquire as to whether or not they could audition. "That," Aixa laughed, "would be *too* different."

During the auditions, on that fateful day in March, GBG met Emily Wynne-Hughes. Before she barely began her performance, the girls knew there could be a future with her in the band. "She had this naturally amazing voice, that's what really made us choose her," Aixa told me. So began Emily's career as the new singer for GBG.

When speaking with Emily, I mentioned how I myself find GBG's music comparable to that, ironically, of Betty Blowtorch, an all girls band that just happens to include the name Betty. The minute I mentioned them Emily was ecstatic. "That's so funny that you mention that, Bianca Butthole (Betty Blowtorch's bassist/ lead vocals) is my idol!" Emily said jokingly, "Now let's

hope, that's where the band's similarity ends."

Though she may seem tough, don't let the tattooed nineteen-year-old girl's looks deceive you. With a style all her own, she has a sweet personality to go right along with it. Even before she had jumped on GBG's bandwagon, she experienced people trying to imitate her going so far as to get identical tattoos. "Yeah they say imitation is the highest form of flattery, but it's like I have a completely different look and I want to keep it like that." Hopefully her inspiration doesn't stop at her looks and she'll be able to get a message across in her music as well. "I want to be able to inspire people to not give up, even when it seems like you're going nowhere." Emily said laughing, "I decided to give it a shot and look at me."

Previously, Emily had been in a few bands that hadn't essentially made it. Now that she's been thrown into this already successful band, she says, "I kinda feel like I'm almost cheating." Emily told me, "I have all these friends in bands that are really talented and yet continue to struggle and here I am."

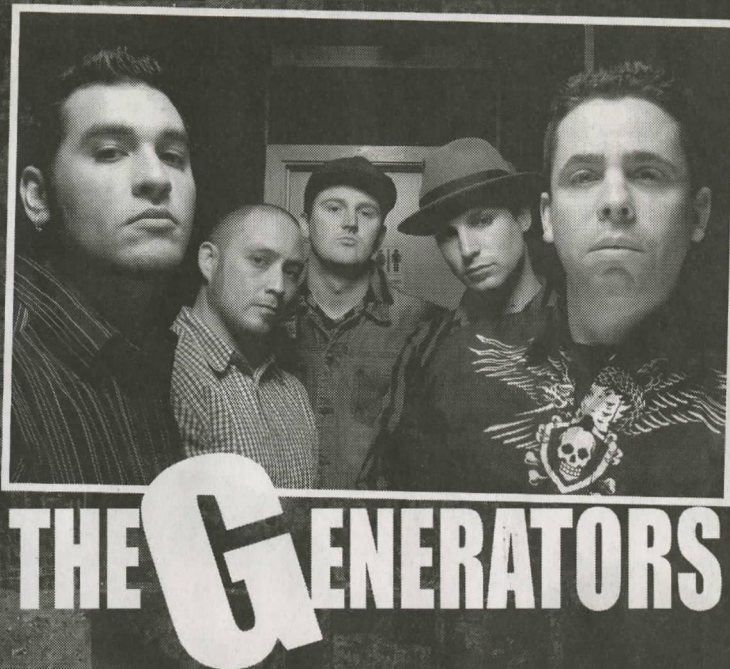
With her being the newest member in the band, she can only anticipate the days ahead of her. She seemed barely able to communicate how truly thankful and blessed she felt. Though there were a few harsh words given from fans of Nicolette's, she says that the majority has so far been very sweet and supportive of her and she only hopes not to disappoint them.

In the days to come, GBG looks hopefully forward to their U.S. tour, the continued support of their fans and in this new period to only continue to grow musically and as a band. "I can't wait until I can look back at all the people who didn't believe in me; that thought I would never make it," Emily said, "and tell them you're not invited to the after party."

By: Sarah Seltzer

SHOW INFO

8/11 @ The Scene
w/ The Checkers,
Dead Beat Sinatra
8/12 @ Death or Glory Festival
8/13 @ Doll Hut
8/20 @ The Vault w/Dr. Know,
Pistol Grip, Smut Peddlers



The Generators have been part of the punk scene for a number of years. Bands come and go as they please but one thing that is certain, you can always find a Generators show. A band staying together since the mid-'80s in the underground music scene is a hard thing to accomplish but The Generators are the paradigm of that philosophy. For a little history, The Generators started after the rock band SchlepROCK broke up. Doug and Ernie started messing around and put a band together that would later become The Generators. Doug was nice enough to talk to me and took time out of his Saturday schedule to give *Big Wheel* an interview.

Doug would describe the influences of the last two Generators albums as early Los Angeles punk. Bands like TSOL, Bad Religion, The Damned and Social Distortion bleed through the latest Generators record, *The Winter of Discontent*. "The last four years we just decided to get back to our roots of where we're from. This record that's coming out, we really don't know how many more we'll make, so we wanted to make music that got me into the scene as sort of a way to pay tribute. My heart has always been in melodic punk and I wanted to share that hoping that I influence kids to get into the same scene."

Doug knew that The Generators were a sure thing when the band got signed in the late '80s with XXX Records, a now defunct label. "At that time XXX was putting out Jane's Addiction and they helped put out *Mommy's Little Monster* so I thought to myself that this type of label wouldn't just sign any band. Plus you know there's that responsibility to the label and to yourself to back the record with tours and so we once again became a part of the machine." Doug did differentiate between playing with The Generators and SchlepROCK. "With The Generators we never wanted to take

it too serious. Ernie and I both lived in a van for ten years and we didn't want to do that to ourselves or our families again."

The Generators are credited as being one of the bands to start a resurrection of the punk scene. "The scene is always changing. At that time people began to call the oi sound as street punk and then that ska wave kind of hit and punk got played out. It just so happened that the Generators fell in line with what was starting out to be a punk scene again but it was so little. I guess you could say that we were one of the bands to kick start that scene again because we got signed to TKO Records. We were the only Los Angeles based band to be signed to TKO. We really believed in the movement."

I asked Doug his thoughts on the current LA scene today and he sees it reverting back to its old ways like when the band started. "Attendance is a bit smaller. There's something missing and I know it's just a popularity thing. This emo scream thing has funneled kids away. There will be another band that will bring back the movement because they have that hit on MTV and then everyone becomes interested again." Doug also saw a positive point to the smaller scene though. "From being an observer you can think it's cooler with an intimate setting and fewer people, you build a relationship there. But from a person who's in a band, the standpoint is you want as many people as possible to hear your music."

Most of The Generators songs explore a darker side of life. Doug talked to me about those themes. "*Excess, Betrayal...And Our Dearly Departed*, there was a lot of death around us while we were making the record. I had lost a child and a friend to an overdose and [the] drummer lost a friend in an accident. It was all of a sudden and at once and I think it brought a lot of creativity out of the band. The *Winter of Discontent* was written after all this

trauma. It's still dark but I think it's optimistic as well. I found my home in writing these songs. I can't sing or write a happy song and when I write about that dark period I feel like I'm relating with a stronger emotional thread. If you want to hear a happy or political song go listen to another band I guess."

I mentioned to Doug the newly found love of dark themed bands and asked how he felt about this new trend. "Some bands take it a little over the top with eyeliner and makeup. I don't think I need to do that because my heart's black and I would much rather talk about it than surround myself in it."

As of late the band has allowed its fans to pick The Generators set list for each of their shows. The band decided to let the fans pick because as Doug put it, "We end up arguing about it. We always know the main five songs to play, the core, but we could never come to a consensus to what else to play. We want to play something that everyone wants."

Does Doug have any plans to play some SchlepROCK songs? "When we first started the band I didn't because I didn't want people to think of the Generators as an extension of SchlepROCK. Maybe one day though we'll throw a few songs in."

The best place to get a burrito, according to Doug, is Pepe's on Valley Boulevard. "There's also that shack where Destroy All Music used to be on Sunset." The shack that Doug is referring to is Tacos Delta on the corner of Sunset and Lucille.

Doug wants people to know that The Generators "put out consistent, truthful music and that we're true to the city. We've been around for a while so we got to be doing something right."

By: Mike Senyo

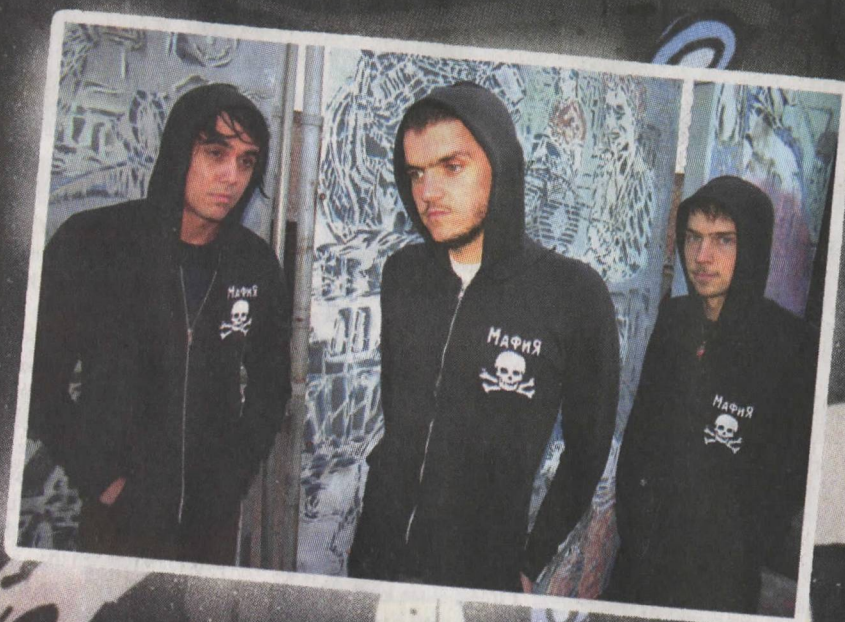
DEAD TO ME



Photo By: Brian Archer

Dead To Me is an exciting new band full of very familiar band members featuring Jack and Brandon of the now defunct One Man Army, and Chicken of Western Addiction. I'm telling you the aftermath of two great bands has never looked so sweet. Upon, first listening to Dead To Me I was very apprehensive as I have always been a huge fan of One Man Army and was very disappointed about the break up. And honestly I didn't think they could ever

be as great as their predecessors, but I must admit I was totally wrong. Dead To Me is on it, and have already shot up to the list of one of my favorite new punk rock bands. From the first listen of their new record *Cuban Ballerina* I was hooked so much that I listened to it over and over again for hours on end. It is such a relief to finally hear a new band using and not abusing their influences and even adding a bit of originality to it—this record has got it all. Below is an interview I did with Chicken the bass player and vocalist for Dead To Me, and I must say it was as pure and true as one could imagine. I've never met Chicken before, but I've



met guys like him and so it was very easy for me to relate to him and his thoughts, I hope you all feel the same way.

Big Wheel: Can you give us a brief history of the band?

Chicken: Well we first started jamming together after I got out of rehab. I really needed something to do to get my mind off of drugs, plus I had written a lot of songs while sitting in rehab and just really wanted to get them out there. So I started off jamming with Brandon and then he suggested we bring in Jack from One Man Army. I was already friends with Jack and One Man Army had just broken up and I've always been a huge fan of Jack's voice so I figured why not? He joined the band and then we picked up my cousin Ian as our drummer.

BW: Do you plan on making *Dead To Me* more of a full time thing?

Chicken: Yes, definitely! This is our number one priority at the moment. It really is our baby and we want to see how far it will take us. At the moment Western

Addiction isn't really doing anything, and as much as I love all those guys, I would have to say that my heart is really in *Dead To Me* right now. Jack is done with One Man Army and so we all agreed that this band would be our full time deal.

BW: Where did the title for the record *Cuban Ballerina* come from?

Chicken: Wow! That's actually a good question, I'm really surprised more people haven't asked me that. It actually came from this film I saw on the Independent Film Channel it was basically about this guy looking for love and he found this girl who happened to be a Cuban ballerina. The girl resisted in the beginning but the guy persisted and never gave up and ended up getting his girl in the end. I guess I just liked the whole concept of the film and the moral of not giving up and thought that it really fit the record and what our band was about.

BW: What was the reasoning for putting the Eldridge Cleaver quote in the booklet?

Chicken: That quote is actually from a book of his called *Soul on Ice*. He wrote it while he was in prison doing time, and it's just something that always kind of stuck with me. I guess it was just a very inspirational message and I thought that it was something everyone

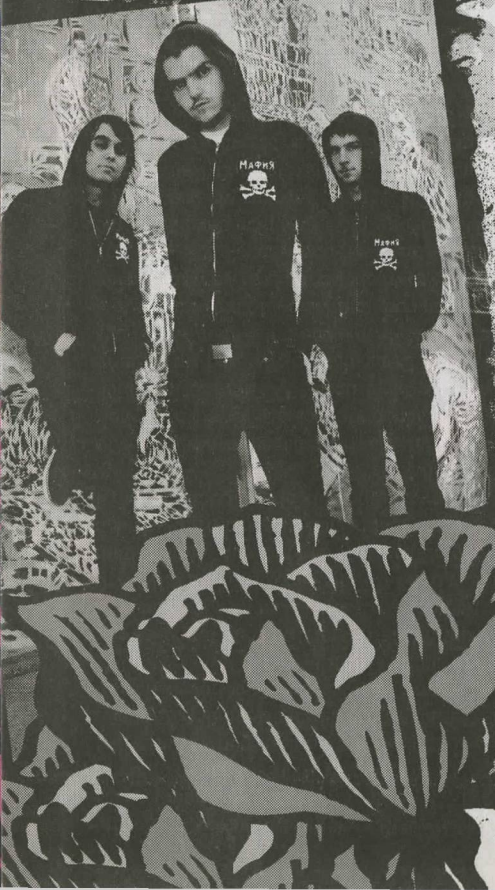
should read, and hopefully they will get the same thing I

got out of it. Basically what Eldridge Cleaver was saying was to never give up your dreams and continually go after them. That's helped me to get through my days of being an addict by just following my dreams and believing in my music.

BW: How did bringing in your cousin Ian as the new drummer come about?

Chicken: Well he's my cousin but he's actually much more like a little brother to me. We've been

DEAD TO ME



inseparable since we were kids, and to be honest when I asked him to play drums for us I didn't even think he'd be interested, because he's such a killer drummer and completely beyond the structure of a punk rock drummer. I guess I just didn't think that playing in a punk band would be challenging enough but he seems to really like it, and we definitely enjoy having such a great drummer in our band.

BW: Dead To Me seems to have a much darker feel to it, then some of your guys' previous bands. Was that what you were originally going for?

Chicken: Well not really, I think that's just how it kind of happened. I don't really think we're a "dark" band, but I guess some of the shit I was dealing with in rehab was pretty dark and maybe that's why it came out the way it did. To be honest though we all really hate all these new "dark" kind of bands that are coming out and we're definitely not trying to fit into that at all. We just go into rehearsal and bring the songs we got and run with them, but we never really plan the end result, it just is what it is.

BW: You mentioned before that leaving rehab was one of the main driving forces for you to start this band. Would you say that it was also a huge influence on your song writing?

Chicken: Oh yeah, definitely. I wrote the majority of my songs while in rehab and a lot of it was just the way I was feeling at the time. It was a sort of diary of my spent time in there. I'm really proud of this record because its like a huge chapter of my life and now I can look back on it and listen to the songs and remind myself that I never want to go back there again.

BW: How long have you worked for Fat? Do you think that really helped in getting your band signed?

Chicken: Well, I'm sure it didn't hurt. Honestly though, they approached us we never approached them, we just started out jamming and having a good time and everyone that works here at Fat are my really good friends. Everyone is honestly like family to me. So when they heard me and Jack had a band together they were excited and would always come to our shows, then one thing lead to another and Fat asked us if they could release our record and of course we said, "Hell Yeah!" It made total sense because we could trust all these people as they've always been there for us as a band and as friends.

BW: "Don't Lie" which is the first track on the new record seems to address the current

problems with the War in Iraq. Is being political in your music something that you guys are very passionate about and can we plan to see more of that in future records?

Chicken: Well everyone in the band is pretty politically motivated but no were not looking to be one of those preachy kind of political bands. We just write what we feel and at the time I was feeling angry when I wrote "Don't Lie", because I was pissed off at the lies our government was feeding us, telling us everything is okay when people are getting their fuckin' legs and shit shot off in another country. I'm sure a lot of people feel that anger, but we're not looking to be one of those retarded bands that says, "fuck the government," because that's just stupid! Its like no shit? That's like telling me the grass is green and the sky is blue. I'm sorry but I need a little more then that, and I think those kind of bands aren't very educated on their facts either. Everyone in Dead To Me is pretty politically aware and are up to date on what's going on in the world and if we write a political song it's going to say much more then just fuck the government!

BW: So I read online that you were named the sexiest Vegetarian by PETA in 2006?

Chicken: [laughs] No I was actually just nominated. I think I lost to Prince or maybe it was Common, I'm not really sure but I hope it was Prince. Cause Prince is way cooler then fucking Common, you know what I mean? I'd be down to lose to Prince any day, that guy is fucking down.

BW: What is your involvement with PETA?

Chicken: I don't actually have any involvement with PETA. I mean I support them and their cause, but I don't really do anything except practice being a vegetarian. Actually, one thing I do have to say about PETA though is that I sometimes think they get carried away and should really choose their battles more wisely, because I can honestly say that they sometimes go overboard with that shit.

BW: So what is Dead To Me's plans now that the record is out?

Chicken: Basically just to tour our ass off. We want to get back on the road and see all of our friends again and play our new stuff to all our fans. We are in the process of tying up our plans for the rest of 2006 and we'll begin touring in the fall, which will hopefully lead to us just being on the road non-stop.

BW: Cool. Well I look forward to seeing you guys in L.A. It's been a great interview and I really wish you guys the best!

Chicken: Thanks man. The same for you, and the magazine too. I love *Big Wheel* it's one of my favorite zines. I've known Rafe and Joey a long time and I was really excited when they started doing this magazine, because its kick ass! So thanks for the support and good luck!☺

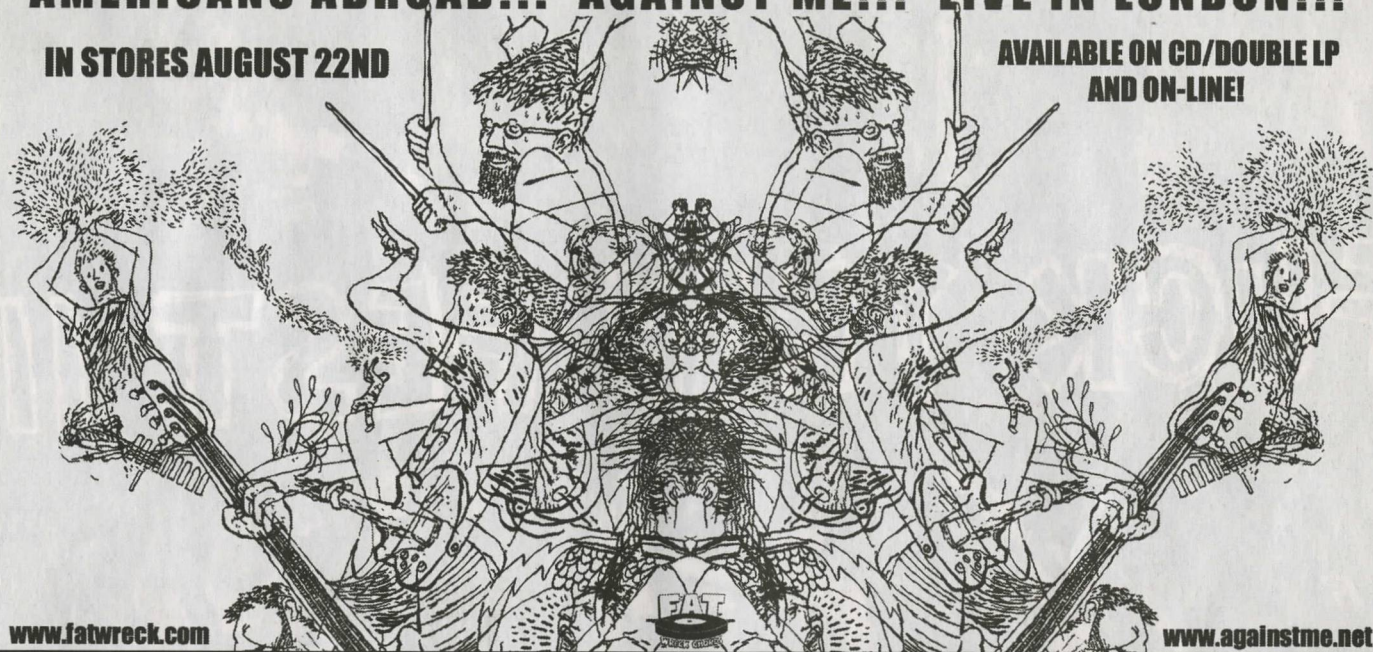
By: Louis Medrano

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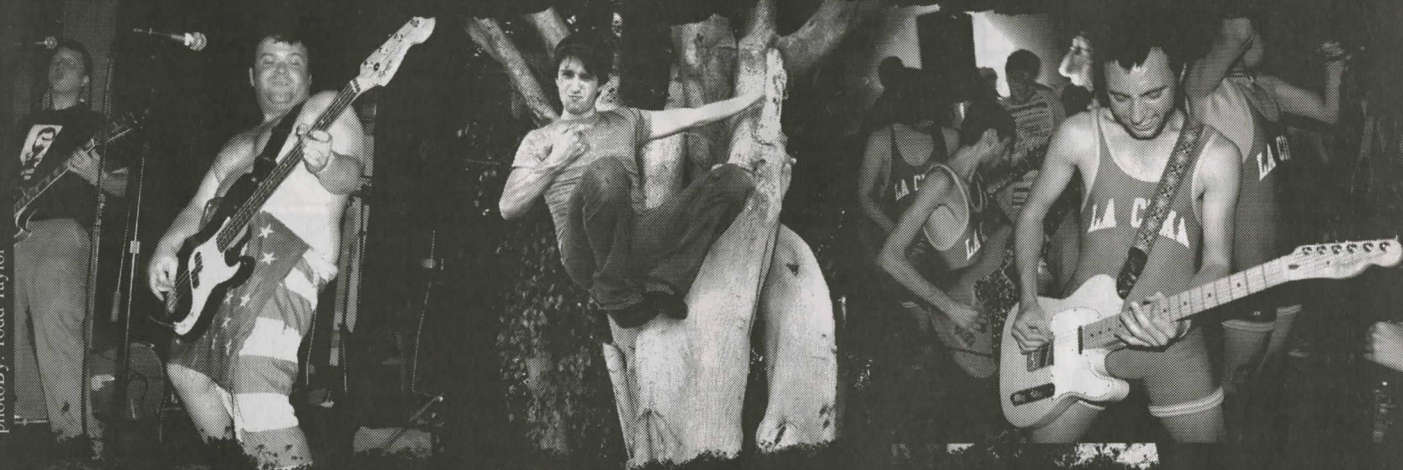
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Photo by Aaron Farley



FUCK YEAH FEST III

photoBy: Todd Taylor



For most, August used to be the saddest part of summer. It is usually the hottest and most unbearable month. The new school year is just around the corner. Kids and college students end up kicking themselves for having squandered most their vacation watching the *Price Is Right* instead of going on some adventure. Some of the best bands in Los Angeles are on huge festival tours. Even if the acts on those tours are good, festival tours usually mean sunburns and expensive water in the middle of nowhere. Have no fear! Summer has not ended just yet. And Fuck Yeah Fest is here to save the day.

Last year, one of the very best parts

of the summer was the Fuck Yeah Fest, which took place in Echo Park. For a small amount of money, patrons were able to catch some amazing bands, view some of the best art in Los Angeles and laugh at some of the finest comedians for two days. The finale was Dillinger Four closing the Fest at the Echo. Dillinger Four hail from Minneapolis and hadn't played Los Angeles in three years. People wondered, "Who did this? Who got them here? Who masterminded this?" The answer was Sean Carlson. This young man in his early twenties was running onto the stage and pouring beers down the throats of members of Dillinger Four while the bassist,

Paddy, covered Motorhead's "Ace of Spades" wearing only an American flag.

This year, Fuck Yeah Fest returns to Los Angeles in August. The Fest will not be in Echo Park this year. It will be in downtown Los Angeles. The legendary Keith Morris, lead singer of the Circle Jerks and original lead singer for Black Flag, will be curator. Keith Morris is not new to Fuck Yeah Fest. He has been involved in the past, once as a spoken word artist and again as DJ.

I picked up Sean and we met Keith at the Silverlake restaurant, Good Microbar and Grill. Sean and Keith spoke with each other with a

FUCK YEAH FEST III

certain sense of familiarity. They had a similar sense of humor. They were both equally passionate about ideas and new music. From just hearing them converse, one would never guess that there is twenty some odd years between them.

We ordered breakfast and after eating we started the interview. As soon as I turned on the tape recorder, Sean and Keith started discussing their preferences in underwear and cracking each other up. Keith and Sean could be a comedic duo. They constantly add to each others jokes and ideas. At one point they went from explaining how people dressed like animals to how Hawaiian luau enthusiasts would get a discount for coming up with an idea that would feature a member of the Locust in a kissing booth. Once the tape started rolling, I hardly had to ask questions.

Big Wheel: There are several street festivals in Southern California. Sunset Junction and San Diego Street Scene come to mind. What makes Fuck Yeah Fest so different?

Sean Carlson: The thing is Fuck Yeah Fest is more intimate. There are smaller bands. Sunset Junction only has larger bands with small openers that play from twelve to three.

Sunset Junction is not really a music festival. It's vendors and everyone in Silverlake getting together and there is no intimacy at all.

Keith Morris: The situation with this Fest is that we're hoping it will have a more party atmosphere.

SC: Like the last two.

KM: The festivals that go on in Southern California. The first one that comes to mind would be Coachella.

SC: It is mind boggling. There are too many bands playing at once. It's so spread out. It's so hot. You can't get alcohol. There's no intimacy level.

It's just the band and the crowd. The crowd [are] like peasants. The bands play and leave immediately. They

don't want to be there. Its fine for what it is but I don't think I could ever go to Coachella again.

KM: And the other thing about the Fuck Yeah Fest is that it's all of our friends. So we get to party with all of our friends.

SC: Exactly. It brings us all together.

KM: No one has a house big enough or a living room party big enough to house 3,000 people.

SC: Last year I went to the liquor store on Sunset and Alvarado. (The Liquor Store Owner) calls me Boss man and he said, "Boss man, I'm out of malt liquor" and he was so happy. The line went all the way to the back of the liquor store. There were 100 kids all hanging outside. He didn't give a fuck! They were drinking Nightrain because they were out of beer. It was great. It was just a party. That's all it is, a big party.

BW: So how did you get the idea for Fuck Yeah Fest?

SC: It was actually in 2003. I was on tour. It was a zine tour (Sean ran a zine called, *Blacklist*), I met up with *Get Zine* in the South and they did this thing called, the Fest, and I got really close to the guy that did the Fest. His name was Tony Wyman, amazing person. He put together this fest in Gainesville with four venues. A kid could walk in and see all these bands...Still when I came back to L.A., I said "L.A. needs this." And when I approached the Echo, they wanted nothing to do with me, I was eighteen years old. They just ignored my calls. Finally I got their attention and I started calling all my friends who were in bands. I got an art gallery and I got stand up comedy because stand up comedy is a realm that is underrated. (We) really mix up the acts. It is important to have diverse acts.

At one point, Sean had to leave the interview to take care of some business. I was going to turn the tape

recorder off but Keith wanted me to keep it on so he could "talk shit about Sean." Keith got really close to the recorder and muttered.

KM: [laughing] That little prick! [He] gets in everybody's business. The people who are putting up the money for this, they are glad I'm involved because I reel him in. He's young and he's so ambitious. He doesn't know how to take no for an answer. There is always an answer for something and we can't do it one way or we'll do it this way or that way. He's a busy body and I appreciate that. A lot of people I associate with, they just aren't motivated....Instead of putting art up on the wall, we're putting music up on the wall. Hopefully what we're doing works out downtown and we can say, "Let's do it again downtown." The city of Los Angeles hopefully will welcome us with open arms because you go to the fashion district on a weekend, there is nothing going on down there. We're hoping the city of Los Angeles will say, "You're welcome to do that, please do that!"

Sean came back and he and Keith told me several stories about debauchery that occurred during past Fuck Yeah Fests. After 150 complaints from the city of Los Angeles and Echo Park, after the public sex in people's backyards, after all the underage drinking, after the flag from Taix restaurant was stolen and a naked man from Minneapolis wiped his ass with it, I had to know—what was the worst thing to ever happen at Fuck Yeah Fest?

KM: The worst thing to ever happen at Fuck Yeah Fest is the fact that Fuck Yeah Fest even happened in the first place.☹

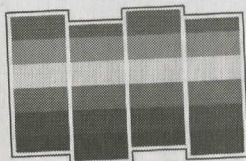
By: Joe Dana

FUCK YEAH FEST III

400 BLOWS

400 Blows are from the east side of Los Angeles. They are Ferdinand, Christian and Skot. In his earlier years, Skot survived a plane crash, reform school and a flirtation with upward mobility, finally to be saved by a single performance by The Cows. He realized that it was his life's calling to sing in a very loud band of his own design. Skot placed an ad in the LA Weekly musicians wanted listing. He found Ferdinand, a Filipino national who had survived his own formative years in a corrugated tin and particle board shack with a dirt floor, in a vicious ghetto of Manila. In his early teens, Ferdie immigrated to Los Angeles, and became a mailman. Not long after joining 400 Blows, he quit his job in order to tour, and cashed out his pension fund to help finance the band. Christian grew up in working class San Pedro listening to bands like Black Flag and the Minutemen. He supports his music habit with a day job editing gay pornography. No one has ever said that 400 Blows are "Okay." They're either loved or hated. What they sound like is all they can sound like: pure honest energy released from these specific bodies and minds.

BLACK FLAG



Singer Liberace Morris and bassist Cher Dykeowski came to California together on Cher's motorcycle from New Hope, PA, where Cher saw something special in Liberace's impromptu solo performance (vocals and piano) of "Nervous Breakdown" at a local bar. Greg Streisand had been working at a flower shop in West Hollywood, CA. One day Robo Simmons came into the shop and there were instant sparks; they began a whirlwind romance. Greg had been turned onto Black Flag by Navy buddies, and anything that turned Greg on turned Robo on too. When they were together they would make creme brulee in the nude and sing "Gimme Gimme Gimme" and "Wasted" to each other. Meanwhile Liberace began dabbling in the local cabaret circuit. In between show tunes and old standards he would slip a Black Flag cover into his set. One night Greg and Robo caught the show and complimented him afterwards. He bought them drinks and introduced them to Cher. Later they all stumbled back to Greg and Robo's apartment and started playing Black Flag covers on pawn shop instruments Greg and Robo had collected. They passed out one by one, and the next morning they decided they would start a band dedicated to their mutually favorite music. -courtesy of www.myspace.com/blackflag



Musically, they're mentioned in the same breath as My Bloody Valentine, The Pixies, Mazzy Star, PJ Harvey, the Beach Boys and Nirvana. Annie's mother and Micah worked together - with Mrs. Hardy always prodding Micah, my daughter is a musician, you should meet her! Meanwhile telling Annie this guy at my work is in a band, you should meet him! Both avoided the proposed meeting, until they actually met one another in 2001 through both of their best friends who just happened to be dating. The formation of what would be Giant Drag came soon after when they decided to record "Who's Crying Now?" by Journey. Of course, now that they were a band, they thought they needed a bass player. One day Micah tried playing bass lines on his Roland SH09 while playing drums. It worked, and they became a three piece; the third member being Micah's left hand.

the adored

The Adored combine elements of discopunk, new wave, and pure power pop to create an intelligent yet catchy, different yet danceable sound. The Adored ooze their influences as they are inspired by bands like The Clash, The Jam, and Blur.

The Adored were born when four best friends and bon vivants joined up to make spiky party music. What came out draws from the more angular elements of early punk and postpunk and the less pompous elements of Britpop. Ryan (vocals) and Nat (drums) met in the mid-90s in NorCal and both played in local punk bands before moving southward. Max (bass) and Drew (guitar) met as students in Boston, studying media, all the while dreaming of a Los Angeles pop life. The four finally came together in L.A. and never looked back. Following a 4-song demo in 2003, the Adored recorded a 5-song EP for V2 Records in fall 2004, with producer Dave Trumfio and a special guest vocalist: friend and mutual fan Pete Shelley (Buzzcocks). Check out their unique and invigorating style at this year's Fuck Yeah Fest. Courtesy of V2 Records (www.us.v2music.com).



Out of the ashes of the Washington, D.C. suburban dude music scene crash the three ladies of Partyline! Armed with politics, punk and a penchant for partying (and sharing phone lines), they party on vigilantly against boredom, the Bush regime and body control! Girls with glasses, they'll squash you like a bug!

Partyline consists of the usual suspects: singer Allison Wolfe (Bratmobile, Cold Cold Hearts, riot grrrl, Ladyfest, etc.), guitarist Angela Melkisetian (Savage Boys & Girls Club, Crucial Defect, Hot Beat, etc.), and drummer Crystal Bradley (The Applicators, Atlanta, etc.). Fusing partying and politics to perfection, Partyline songs nail such hot topics as Ralph Nader ("Unsafe at Any Speed"), brainy broads ("Girls with Glasses"), female trouble ("No Romantic"), and feeling trapped like a bug ("Cicada Summer").

Partyline has rocked steady with the likable likes of the Wrangler Brutes, the Casual Dots, Hello Cuca, the Rah Brats, the Coolies, Hnatiw, Die! Die! Die!, French Toast, Direct from Hollywood Cemetery, Horses, La Mi Vida Violenta, Tuffie, the Pochiticals, Young Sexy Assassins, Big Digits, Amateur Party, American Business Machines, Ho-ag, Hunchback, Anthro Rex, and more. Check 'em out this year at the Fuck Yeah Fest.

THE BRONX

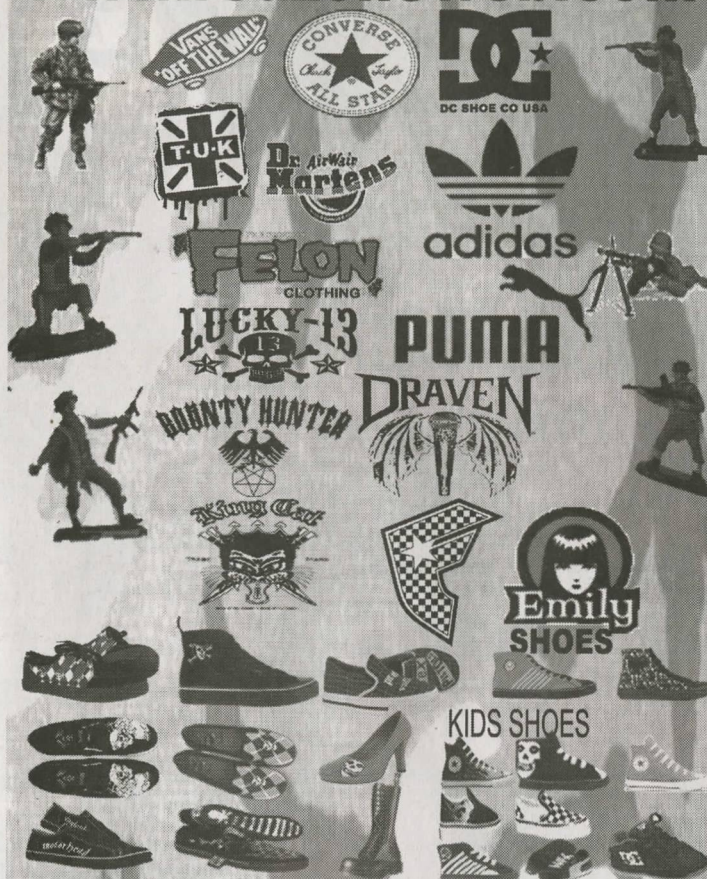
The Bronx ripped onto the music scene at beerbong buzz speed. It seemed instantaneous that they received a major record label deal and hit the road for a slew of tours. They've recorded a soul shattering self titled full length album and a several seven inches. It's been three years since these dudes from the southland started the Bronx and they've already toured the world and sold grips of records. Nothing short of an amazing feat, but that's all regardless to the fact that the Bronx are truly an amazing fucking band. I don't care how they got a record deal and/or the fact that they even have one. When I saw them play at the Doll Hut in Anaheim it came quite apparent that they don't care either.

Matt, used to sing in this band Brotherhood of Death. I saw them play at the Doll Hut (then Linda's) circa 2001. Matt was going fucking off. Hanging from the ceiling, throwing his body around like a rag doll, and totally captivating the audience of dudes. Seeing Matt today in the Bronx isn't any different, there are just a lot of people in the crowd. Matt now fronts one of the best bands I've ever seen period. They are amazing check them out at the Fuck Yeah Fest.

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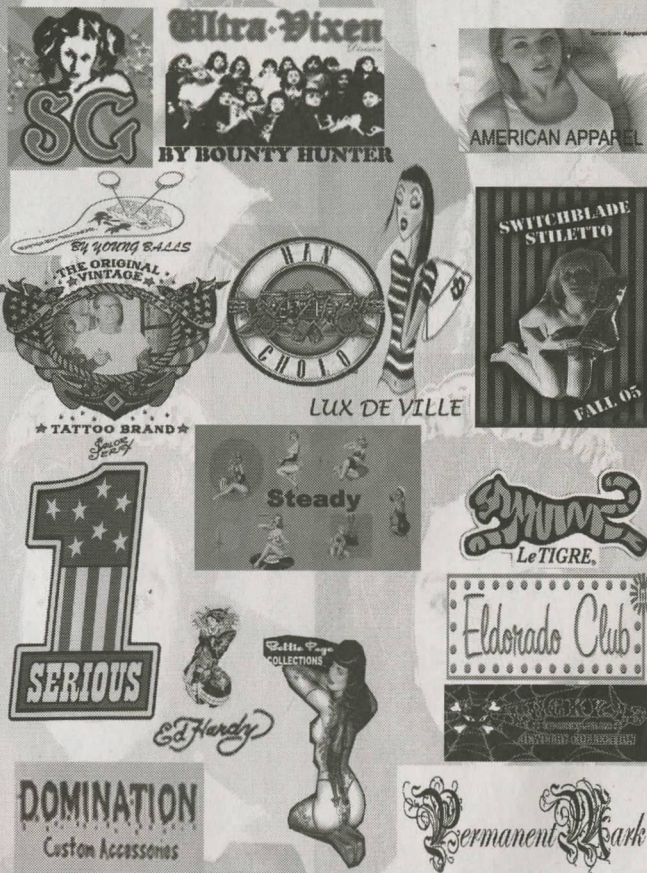
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THE PERTRALS



ce, Secret Secret, tory 9	-Tommy And The Terrors, Strongarm And The Bullies, Shock Nagasaki, The Ignorant @ The Tiki Room 10	Harlets, Bugs @ 924 Gltman -Generators, The Checkers, Dead Beat Sinatra @ The Scene -Tommy And The Terrors, Waste Side Rats, Call To Arms, Plead The 5th, The Stab-Outs, Sewer Rats @ Orangevale VFW 11	-The Matches @ The Alley -Paint The Street White, Betrayl, The Yakuza Slaughter, The Unborn, Turning Robots Into People @ The Cobalt -Cohed and Cambria @ The Glass House -Reeve Oliver, This Holiday Life, Barcelona, Decatree, The New Addiction, Controlling The Famous @ SOMA -Liquits, Los Abandoned @ Knitting Factory -Death or Glory Fest 12
it @ Troubadour escents, Street The Hill HOBSD Spoiled @ on Day @ 16	-Silversun Pickups, Great Northern @ Troubadour -The Vacancies, Adolescents, Street Dogs, Wrecking Crew @ El Dorado -The Little Ones, World Party @ Belly Up -The Living End, The Lashes, I Hate Kate @ HOB -Horse Of Course, Exit Clove, Don Cadora @ Bottom Of The Hill 17	-Mother Jones, Mars Hall @ 14 Below -Devotchka @ Troubadour -4 Anxious Minds, Kill Deville, The White Walls @ Tap Daddy's -Smut Peddlers, Suicide Dogs, Rebel Society, Landfill @ Anarchy Library -Throwdown, Zao, Evergreen Terrace, Sinai Beach @ SOMA -Set Your Goals, The Distance @ Pound SF -Alove For Enemies, Every New Day, Common Yet Forbidden, Imperial @ Modesto Underground -Angry Samoans, Hellfire Trigger, Dirtbag, Spitting On Cops @ Trilogy Theatre -The Vacancies, Adolescents, Street Dogs, Wrecking Crew @ The Galaxy -Go Betty Go @ Rock It Room -Los Lonely Boys @ The Greek Theatre -The Living End, The Lashes, I Hate Kate @ HOBLA -The Little Ones @ Coach House -The UpTones, The Minks, Tried And True @ Bottom Of The Hill 18	-Niko Vega, The Bangkok Five, Un:armed @ Troubadour -Gorilla Biscuits, Comeback Kid, Murphy's Law, Set Your Goals @ The Glass House -Adolescents, Street Dogs, The Vacancies, Wrecking Crew @ SOMA -Hirax, Merciless Death, Devastator, Malicious Assault, Zombie @ Alpine -Cattle Decapitation, With Passion, Deformography, Line Up Your Lies @ Trilogy Theatre -Alove For Enemies, Common Yet Forbidden, Every New Day, Imperial @ Underground -Decrepit Birth, Odious Mortem, Brain Drill, Abhorrence @ 418 Project -Angry Samoans, The Lady Killers, Ryan Mudd & The Stuff, Kill Deville @ Showcase Theatre -The Vandals @ HOB -Nash, The Yakuza Slaughter, Blood Stands Still @ The Cobalt -Fuck Yeah Fest 19
, Every New Day, den, Imperial @ dour ey @ Coors s Bar 23	-UG Man, Charm, Conquest For Death, Life Crisis, Evil Army @ The Jumping Turtle -Alove For Enemies, Every New Day, Common Yet Forbidden, Imperial @ Level 7 -Skye @ Troubadour -All Time Highs, American Heartbreak, Death Valley High @ Bottom Of The Hill -Underminded, Escape The Fate @ SOMA 24	-Frontline Attack, Drastic Actions, Homesick Abortions @ The Allen Turtle -UG Man, Charm, Conquest For Death, Life Crisis, Evil Army @ Long Beach Warehouse -Suicide Silence, All Shall Perish, Light This City, Nights Like These @ SOMA -Lorene Drive @ Trilogy Theatre -Venom, Devil Driver @ HOBLA -TSOL, Black Fag @ Casbah 25	-Capitalist Casualties, 9 Shock Terror, UG Man, Charm, Conquest For Death, Disfear, Deadfall, Strung Up, Warfair, Evil Army, Life Crisis, Noisear, Strong Intention, Conflict Resolution @ The East Los Warehouse -Haste The Day, Scary Kids Scaring Kids, August Burns Red, Inhale Exhale @ Boardwalk -Frontline Attack, Drastic Actions, Homesick Abortions @ The Jumping Turtle -Viva Hate, Mad Marge And The Stone Cutters @ Elks Lodge -The Celestial Matinee @ Que's Riverbottom Bar & Grille -Suicide Silence, All Shall Perish, Light This City, Too Pure To Die @ Alpine -Richie Havens @ Troubadour -Escape The Fate @ The Alley -Cryptic Flood, Asseverating Demise, Black Aria, Fate By Fire, Gatekeeper @ The Cobalt -Dead To Me @ Bottom of the Hill -Sunset Junction 26
drastic Actions, nal Chaos, / Alpine HOC e Pantages 30	-Haste The Day, Scary Kids Scaring Kids, August Burns Red, Inhale Exhale @ Chain Reaction -Death By Stereo @ The Galaxy -Foo Fighters @ The Pantages -Red Hot Chili Peppers, Mars Volta @ The Forum -Silversun Pickups @ Popsene 31		

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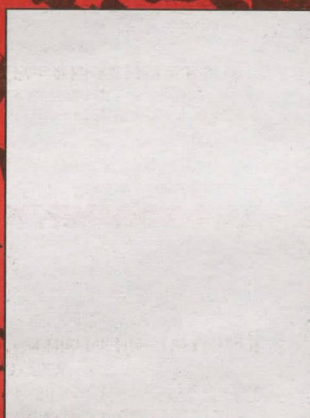
Email: Bigwheelmag@gmail.com

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY



-Panic! At The Disco, The Dresden Dolls, The Hush Sound @ SOMA
-Hit By A Semi, Five Across The Eyes @ The Echo
-Look What I Did, Drop Dead Gorgeous, The Human Abstract, Folly @ The Whiskey
-William Tell, The Hatch, The Waves, 1940 @ Troubadour
-The Meteors, Three Bad Jacks, The Slanderin @ HOBOS
-Peaches, Eagles Of Death Metal @ HOBOS
-The Automatic Music Explosion @ 14 Below
-Everything Must Go, 3 Weeks Clean @ Bottom Of The Hill
-Simple Function, Starting Once Again, A Well Known Secret, Simplistic, InSpain @ The Alley

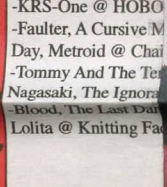
-Dustin Kensrue, Chuc Hansen @ SOMA
-Peaches, Eagles Of Death Metal @ Glass House
-Hot Like A Robot, The Autokinoton, Ricky F
-Showbread, The Final Light Fever @ Chain I
-Himsa, Becoming Th Demiricous, Parkway
-What Made Milwaukee Birdman, Hot Chip @ The Court and Spark, 14 Mission @ Bottom
-The Meteors, Big John Dollz, The Slanderin @ -Panic! At The Disco @ -Hollow Points @ Off

-Himsa, Demiricous, Becoming The Archetype, Parkway Drive @ Avalon
-Verse, Have Heart, Go It Alone, Shipwreck, Ceremony, Future Primitive @ Chain Reaction
-Insolitas, Desacrate @ The Whiskey
-Hollow Points @ Golden Bull
-Left Alone Record Release Show @ Knitting Factory

-Himsa, Becoming The Archetype, Demiricous, Parkway Drive @ Trilogy Theatre
-m e w @ Troubadour
-The Little Ones, New Sense, Sean Na Na @ Spaceland
-Warner Drive, Drown Out The Stars @ Anarchy Library

-The Scene, Gliss @ Troubadour
-Himsa, Becoming The Archetype, Demiricous, Parkway Drive @ The Belmont
-Go Betty Go @ Key Club
-Daybreak Ends, Cota, The Messenger @ The Alley
-Checkpoint Charlie, Lets Go Sailing, Kite Flying Society @ Spaceland

-The Subways @ Tro
-Matsyahu @ The G
-Set It Straight, Cruc Yourself, our Discont
-Furious Styles, Cour Theatre
-Himsa, Becoming th Demiricous, Parkway Pound
-KRS-One @ HOBOS
-Faulter, A Cursive M Day, Metroid @ Chai
-Tommy And The Ter Nagasaki, The Ignora
-Blood, The Last Day Lolita @ Knitting Fa



-Catherine, Dear Life, FATE, This Side Of The Nightmare @ 418 Project
-Gary Jules, Jim Bianco @ Troubadour
-Lagwagon, The Laurence Arms, A Wilhelm Scream @ Catalyst
-Death Cab For Cutie @ The Greek Theatre
-The Pandas, The Soft Explosion, Psychic Drive @ Spaceland
-Floodtide, Belay My Last, Miss Leota, Coldwar, Nevella, This Is The Hospital, Oblidge, Mourn The Fallen, Lust @ The Alley
-The Sheds, Morning Call, Dear Honesty, Transit Front, Dirty Box, Codi Caraco, The Untitled @ The Cobalt
-Coheed and Cambria @ The Glass House
-The Generators @ Doll Hut
-Death or Glory Fest

-Winds Of Plague, A Love Ends Suicide, Antagonist, Tyranny @ Showcase Theatre
-Daggermouth, Broadway Calls, Murder Practice, Changing Face @ Owlmadna's
-Gass, Turkish Rocket, The Ringers, Lustra @ Troubadour
-The Little Ones, The Bird And The Bee @ Spaceland
-Death Cab For Cutie @ The Greek Theatre
-Get Him Eat Him, The Living Blue @ Bottom Of The Hill

-Dead Hearts, Another Breath, Set It Straight, Time For A Change @ Showcase Theatre
-The Vacancies, Adolescents, Street Dogs, Wrecking Crew @ The Attic
-Go Betty Go @ Key Club
-Thirst For Vengeance, Mosquito, Self Defect, Pink Moon @ The Alley
-Bowling For Soup, Lucky Boys Confusion, Punchline, Army Of Freshman @ The Glass House
-The Rentals, The 88, Melee @ HOBOS
-Get Him Eat Him, The Evangelicals @ Spaceland
-The Black Heart Procession, Devils, Castanets @ Knitting Factory

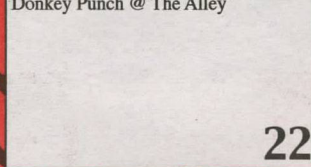
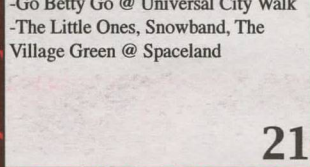
-The 88, Gram Rabl
-The Vacancies, Adolescents, Street Dogs @ Bottom Of
-The Living End @ -Welt, Dirty Tactics, Anarchy Library
-Birdmonster, Divis Spaceland

-Gorilla Biscuits @ Chain Reaction
-Cattle Decapitation, Grave Desecration, Orcus, Departed, Rott @ The Whiskey
-Baby Dee @ Spaceland
-The Generators, Dr. Know, Pistol Grip, Smut Peddlers @ The Vault
-Fuck Yeah Fest

-Gorilla Biscuits, Comeback Kid, Ignite, Killing Flame @ The Glass House
-Big Mess, Bobot Adrenaline @ The Lava Lounge
-French Kicks, Matt & Kim @ Troubadour
-Alove For Enemies, Every New Day, Common Yet Forbidden, Imperial @ Holygrounds
-Go Betty Go @ Universal City Walk
-The Little Ones, Snowband, The Village Green @ Spaceland

-Gorilla Biscuits, Comeback Kid @ SOMA
-Wednesday 13 @ Showcase Theatre
-The Colour @ Troubadour
-Go Betty Go @ Key Club
-Drag The River @ Bottom Of The Hill
-The Dingees, Chase Long Beach, The Guilty Parties, The Un- Fun Side, Not A Chance, Low Budget, Diversion, Donkey Punch @ The Alley

-Alove For Enemies Common Yet Forbidden The Alley
-Goldspot @ Troubadour
-Def Leppard, Joun Amphitheatre
-Black Fag @ Alex

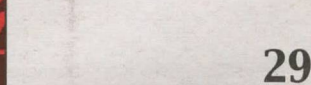
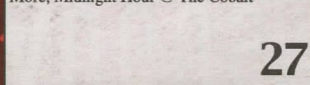


-A Mind Awake @ Dipiazas
-Asshole Parade, Life Crisis, Evil Army, SBV @ Che Café
-Frontline Attack, Drastic Actions, Homesick Abortions @ Showcase Theatre
-Haste The Day, Scary Kids Scaring Kids, August Burns Red, Inhale Exhale @ Key Club
-Little Yellow Perfect, The Welcome Matt, Yousaidaturday, Power Wheel @ Bottom Of The Hill
-Suicide Silence, All Shall Perish, Too Pure To Die, Light This City @ Cedar Center
-Sunny Days Stickman, Sly Walker, Down For The Count, Scenic Attraction, Say No More, Midnight Hour @ The Cobalt

-The Kris Special, Airplanes, Death To Anders @ Mr. T's Bowl
-Haste The Day, Scary Kids Scaring Kids, August Burns Red, Inhale Exhale @ The Cave
-Suicide Silence, All Shall Perish, Too Pure To Die, Light This City @ Jerry's Pizza
-The Little Ones @ Spaceland
-Thin Lizzy @ HOBOS

-Suicide Silence, All Shall Perish, Too Pure To Die, Light This City @ The Belmont
-Go Betty Go @ Key Club
-Run Home Jack, Far From Famous, Strike Twelve, The Outside View, Your Favorite Something, Ever So Good @ The Alley
-Foo Fighters @ The Pantages

-Frontline Attack, D Citizens, Dysfunctional Forgotten Society @ -Thin Lizzy @ HOBOS
-Foo Fighters @ The



THEE

CALENDAR

WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

Black Ragan, Josh

Death Metal @ The

North Atlantic, The
tss @ Che Café
ist, Paulson, Bright
Reaction

Archetype,
Drive @ Boardwalk
Famous, Bobby
Troubadour
The Decoration, The
Of The Hill
n Bates, Voodoo
@ HOBLA
@ The Wiltern
Limits

2

-Xavier Rudd, The Wood Brothers, Ane Brun @ Troubadour
-Buck-O-Nine, Knock-Out, The Guilty Parties, The Shilling, Captain Bringdown and the Buzzkillers, Not A Chance @ Showcase Theatre
-Showbread, The Finalist, Paulson, Bright Light Fever @ The Cave
-Sore Thumbs, Angry Amputees, Hollow Points, Mojo Apostles @ Bottom Of The Hill
-The Binges @ Safari Sam's
-Bloc Party @ The Greek Theatre
-Tricky @ HOBOS
-Pour Habit, Social Concern @ Anarchy Library
-Blackpool Lights, House Of Heroes, Days Away, Aushua, Casket Salesmen @ Chain Reaction
-An Angle, Controlling The Famous, Push To Talk @ The Alley
-Fantasy Farm, Grandview @ The Whiskey
-Forsaken City, Big Mess, Automyn @ The Cobalt
-Yellowcard @ The Wiltern

3

-Bordersnakes, The Quiet @ Troubadour
-Speedbuggy, The Lords Of Altamont, Mad Marge And The Stonecutters, Igor Spector, The Irish Brothers @ Safari Sam's
-Dynasty, Think I Care, Bracewar, Attitude, Kids, Jerez @ The Alley
-Divine Romance, Kingston Falls @ Trilogy Theatre
-Fucked Up, Life Long Tragedy, Deadfall, Set It Straight @ 924 Gilman Street
-Showbread, The Finalist, Paulson, Bright Light Fever @ Modesto Underground
-Himsa, Becoming The Archetype, Demirious, Parkway Drive @ The Glass House
-Berlin @ HOBLA
-Big Bad Voodoo Daddy @ HOBOS
-Magnolia Electric Company, Lady Hawk, The Dying @ Bottom Of The Hill
-Broken Endings, Blood Redemption, Deathscape, Ballroom Fire, Enthal @ Chain Reaction
-Los Creepers, The White Baron, MoFo, The Elm Street Rockers @ Anarchy Library
-Moss, SBNC, Kingsive Operator @ The Whiskey
-One Step Forward, Catch Your Breath, Step It Up, Criminal, Triumph @ The Cobalt

4

-Magnolia Electric Company, Ladyhawk @ The Echo
-The Hangmen, The Irish Brothers, The Memphis Murder Men @ Anarchy Library
-The Agrolites, Rezarex, Red Store Bums @ Showcase Theatre
-The Celestial Matinee, A Girl A Gun A Ghost, Lying Beneath, Serapis, Winslow @ Safari Sam's
-Divine Romance, Sky Bleeds Red @ Level 7
-Maya Over Eyes, FightxEverywhere, Lower It! @ The Cave
-Final Fight, Set It Straight, Life Long Tragedy @ The Gate/The Boiler Room
-Showbread, The Finalist, Paulson, Bright Light Fever @ The Underground Café
-Shipwreck, Have Heart, Verse @ Gilman St.
-Six Organs Of Admittance, City, Leyna Noel @ Bottom Of The Hill
-Himsa, Demirious, Parkway Drive, Hell Promise @ SOMA
-The Imposters, Madigan, Ethanz Ride @ Chain Reaction
-Over It @ The Alley
-Fatal Launch, Betrayal, Four Two Syndrome, Yakuza Slaughter, The Unborn @ The Cobalt
-Fleshies, Black Elk, Snitches Get Snitches, Barfeeders @ El Rio

5

Troubadour
reek Theatre
al Unicorn, Save
ent @ 418 Project
time @ Trilogy

Archetype,
Drive @ The

C
emory, Ronnie
n Reaction
rors, Shock
nt @ Alex's Bar

-Todd Snider, Zach Broocke @ Troubadour
-Bowling For Soup, Lucky Boy's Confusion, Punchline, Army Of Freshman @ HOBOS
-The Skeptix, Neon Maniacs, All Out Attack, Socialized Crucifixion @ Showcase Theatre
-Sublime Remembered @ Trilogy Theatre
-Too Short With Greedy @ HOBLA
-Devastating Karate @ 14 Below
-Motorcycle Boys, The Binges @ Spaceland
-Street Drum Corps, Peachcake, This Way After, Seven Falls @ Chain Reaction
-Truth Awaits, The Sound Of Silence, Myn Life In Red @ The Cobalt

-Seventh Star, Jesus Wept @ Showcase Theatre
-Cheap Sex, The Scared, Media Blitz @ Chain Reaction
-Big Mess, The Breakdowns @ Suzy's
-Groovy Rednecks, Old Bull, The Irish Brothers, The Curbsounds @ Anarchy Library
-The Ignorant, Shock Nagasaki, Fight Back @ Trilogy Theatre
-Bowling For Soup, Punchline, Army Of Freshman, Lucky Boys Confusion @ Troubadour
-Ben Harper & The Innocent Criminals @ The Greek Theatre
-Forever Wings Fold, This Love Machine @ The Alley
-My Ruin, Under The Stone @ The Whiskey
-The Ruse, Barcelona, Kiev, Deccatree @ Spaceland
-The Midas Touch, Slewfoot, Daemos, Discord, Difficult Henry, Caracell @ SOMA
-Blue October @ The Avalon
-Fleshies, Rock N Roll Adventure Kids, Teenage

-Go Betty Go, Valentine, Comprehend, The Skitzos @ Dipiazas
-Fabulous Disaster, Blue Collar Special, Battle Flask @ Anarchy Library
-Lagwagon, The Lawrence Arms, A Wilhelm Scream @ HOBOS
-Airplanes, The Kris Special @ Crosstown Records
-Withdrawal, The Whirling Dervish @ The Rail
-Danny Dean & The Homewreckers @ Sugar's Bikini Bar
-As I Lay Dying, In Flames, Trivium, Cannibal Corpse, GWAR, The Chariot, Through The Eyes Of The Dead, Terror @ Gibson Universal Amphitheatre
-A Wilhelm Scream, The Lawrence Arms, Lagwagon @ HOBOS
-Beneath The Massacre, Sleep Terror @ The Workshop
-Seventh Star, Jesus Wept, Dog & Pony Show, Thine Scabbard @ Adams Hall
-Life Long Tragedy @ Sink
-Never Tears, Divide The Day, Great Scott @ Trilogy Theatre
-Ben Harper & The Innocent Criminals @ The Greek Theatre
-Blue Vault Room, Stolen @ 14 Below
-Griddle, The Plus Ones, Candy From Strangers @ Bottom Of The Hill
-Mellowdrome, Monsters Are Waiting, Jupiter Surprise, Mocks @ Chain Reaction

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Is the world ready for... the return of The Rentals?

Back in a bygone era when hair was teased and shoulders were padded, a wiser man than I looked out on the vast landscape of popular music and said, "It's still rock'n'roll to me." I'm sorry to report that those days are dead. Music now wears more labels than you can shake a stick at. If it's not punk it's pop punk or post punk. If it's not emo it's screamo or melodic hardcore. There's garage rock, hip-hop, country, heavy metal, ska, folk, conscious hip-hop, and for some reason that's beyond me, reggaeton. Music is chopped up into easy to digest snacks and shuffled off to be consumed while some evil bastard smoking a cigar in a skyscraper somewhere is picking out the next big thing and laughing maniacally.

So, what then do you call clever pop songs mixed with moog synthesizers, violins, and distorted guitars?

The Rentals, duh. Didn't you read the headline?

The Rentals came together in 1994 as a side project of then-Weezer bassist Matt Sharp, releasing their first album *Return of the Rental* in 1995. Because of Sharp's commitments to Weezer, the Rentals remained an open ended musical experiment with members rotating in and out as they were available to either record or play live. "We were in a place where there was nothing to do but embrace that revolving door," describes Sharp. "For me, the thing is: take what you have and make the most of that situation, because there are interesting things about doing something where you don't have any set expectations about who needs to be there."

Dividing his time between the two bands eventually got to be too much for Sharp and he left Weezer in 1998. The Rentals' second release, *Seven More Minutes* followed in 1999 and then—not much.

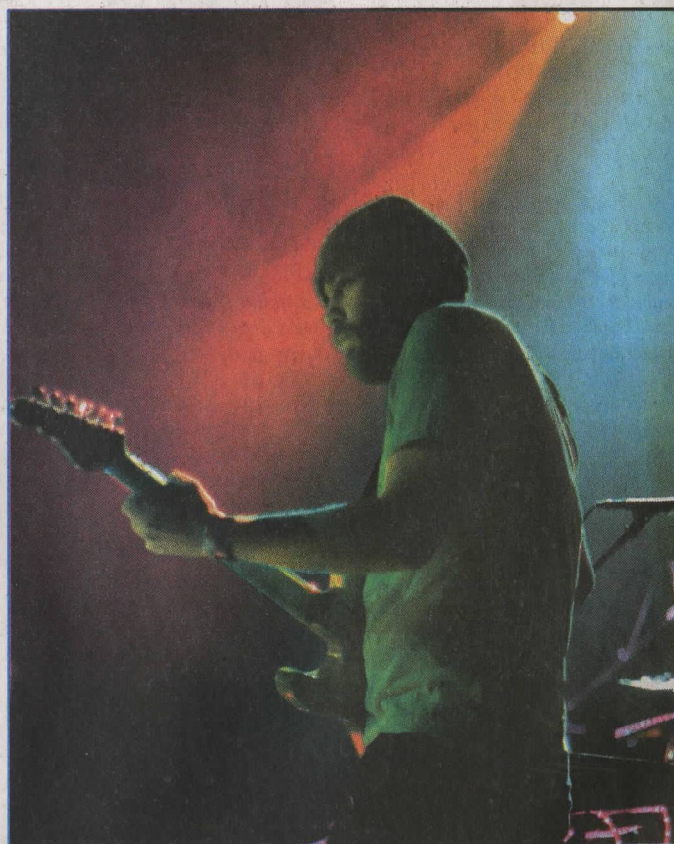
"I struggled with being in Weezer and being in the Rentals at the same time and it got to a point where it really hit a wall and I got sort of leveled by these phobias," recalls Sharp, sitting down with his bandmates a couple of hours before the Rentals are due to take the stage at the Henry Fonda Theater in Los Angeles for the second show of their current tour and their first LA appearance in over a decade.

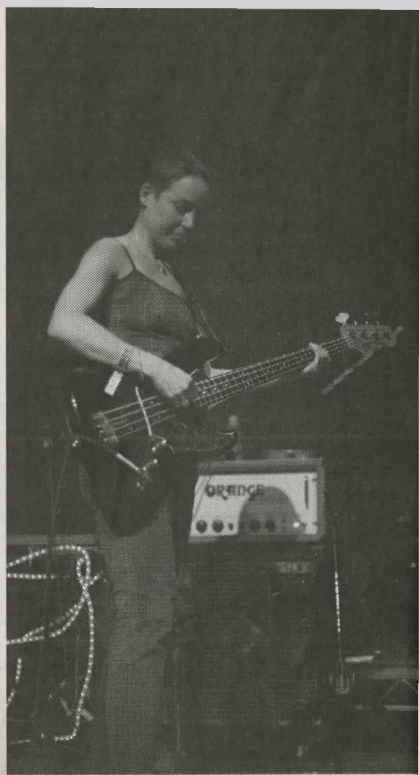
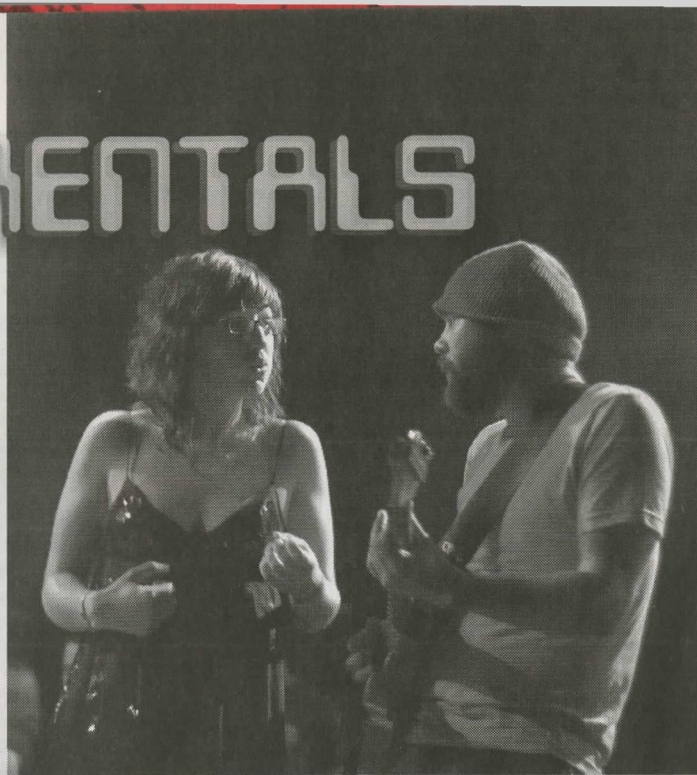
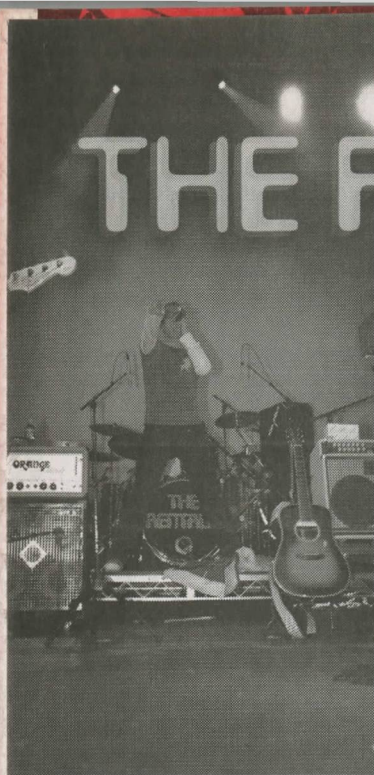
"I had a fear of group environments," continues Sharp. "What it's like to function in a group just from my previous shortcomings with different incarnations of The Rentals and some of my feelings about the way we functioned in Weezer and I had a real phobia about ever approaching being in a band situation."

Deciding he needed some time to himself, Sharp moved into a country home in a small town outside Nashville. "I really disconnected and figured that the best thing to do was just stop working in those types of situations and try to work on myself and figure how to be a better person," explains Sharp. The following years saw Sharp record and release two solo acoustic albums, *Pucketts vs. the Country Boy* (2003) and *Matt Sharp* (2004).

As time passed, Sharp found himself working with musicians again, including the Canadian duo Tegan and Sara. The experience proved to be beneficial for Sharp. "It gave me some sense of hope that you can be in a group and take care of each other because I'd never really experienced that before," he says. His passion for the group experience renewed, Sharp's thoughts turned to The Rentals. "Once we started talking about it behind closed doors there was a lot of excitement and enthusiasm for the idea and that was really something that I hadn't realized had been missing in my life for a long time," he recalls. Still, Sharp was careful not to get his hopes up. After all, wanting to get the band back together and getting the band back together are two completely different things.

It wasn't until Sharp met Sara Radle (formerly of the Texan pop-





punk trio Lucy Loves Schroeder) that he believed reforming The Rentals could be possible. "Prior to meeting Sara the idea had come up and I really thought it was an impossible idea because it's not something... I just didn't really have a lot of hope for that as a life choice or something," says Sharp. "As soon as I met Sara the thought of it became possible." Sharp and Radle began collaborating on songs together and when Sharp brought up the idea of reforming The Rentals with Radle as a member, she accepted.

Radle relocated to Los Angeles and she and Sharp got to work. "Once Sara and I started working together it was more about thinking about what the elements of the music from the first two records that we cared about were and what of those elements were relevant to our lives now," says Sharp. While continuing to work with Radle, Sharp also began recruiting the rest of the band, with a specific purpose in mind. "It just wasn't something that interested me," he explains "to go back and try to repeat what we had done with the first couple of Rentals records, which was basically just embracing this revolving door idea of anyone that's there, that's what it is. If you happened to be in the neighborhood you were gonna be involved somehow."

"There's things that are interesting about it because anything is possible and anything can happen and who knows who could be involved," says Sharp of the band's previous makeup. "But on the other side of it, you don't really have a chance to watch people grow and see how you evolve as a group and those are the things, for me, that were most intriguing. It sounds very parental. I wanted to work through problems and grow together."

"When I first thought about legitimately doing this," continues Sharp, "my thought was to put together a group of people that wanted to be together for a long time and grow together. I'm not particularly interested in anything but that."

Working with Radle, Sharp began breaking down the previous two Rentals albums in order to decide what musical elements to bring back to the group for this round. "The first thing we thought about was the difference between the first two albums," says Sharp. "Rachel's (bassist Rachel Haden) sister played violin on the first album and there's no violins on the second album. That was something that struck me about the first album that was still something that I thought I would like," recalls Sharp.

Radle contacted her friend Lauren Chipman, a classically trained musician who had played with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and was in her senior year at USC. "I don't have a rock background. I'm classically trained," says Chipman who recalls her initial reaction to an e-mail she received from Radle. "I was at a point in my life where my string quartet had broken up and I wasn't really sure what I wanted to do and it was normally something that I wouldn't have given a second look to and kept on going, but I gave Sara a call and me and Matt and her met for the first time."

"We started singing and playing together and it's something that, even though I never would have envisioned it in my future, I love it now and I couldn't imagine doing anything else." Joining The Rentals opened up a new venue for Chipman and exposed her to an audience she might not have otherwise reached: "I like the idea of bringing classical music to the masses," she reveals. "I feel like I can do that through The Rentals."

Also joining the group was Ben Pringle from the band Nerf Herder on the synthesizer and Dan Joeright on drums.

"I met Matt because my roommate was a touring member of The Rentals," says Pringle. "Nick Flowers played drums on the last tour and at some point there was a 'Hey Matt's looking for somebody to do some stuff,' and Nick recommended me and we started playing together a little bit and tried

different things and it evolved into this."

"And now Ben's buried under a sea of analog synthesizers," jokes Sharp.

Joining a band with a catalogue of music already in place could be creatively limiting for new members, but Joeright says that wasn't the case with The Rentals. "I wasn't instructed to listen to or pay much attention to the old stuff and just come in as I am, so to speak and bring whatever influences I wanted to bring," he recalls. "I never felt any kind of restriction to just do the old stuff or things in that particular style. I think all of us at that point were able to come in and play music and bring the elements that we wanted to bring into the project without having The Rentals back catalogue part of the repertoire."

The final person to join the group was Rachel Haden, bassist for the band That Dog, and a member of the original lineup of The Rentals. Haden reveals that she had her own concerns about returning to the group. "Matt was calling me a lot. He was very persistent, and I was in a place...I didn't really know what I wanted to do," explains Haden. "I thought maybe I should just see what this is about and see what will happen. There's a lot of emotion and a lot of past stuff that comes up." After giving the matter some thought, Haden resolved to return to the group she helped give life. "I thought this was a really good opportunity to get back into playing with a band because it's my passion," she says.

The roster now complete, the band began rehearsing and writing new material. "We all started working on new music together and trying to see where it is we want to go musically and now we're in a period where we're all sort of embracing where we came from too," describes Sharp. "A lot of the new music is informed by where we're taking the older songs in a backwards kind of way."

The band now in place, Sharp's concerns turned to making sure it stayed together. "My biggest hope

for us was that we really took our time and were patient about it and put together a group of people that really cares about each other and it functions more as a family," explains Sharp. "Everybody is able to contribute in a really direct way and feel like they have some sense of ownership over the music."

The group took a year to grow together and rehearse before deciding to hit the road. "I wanted to figure out a way for us to become a band," says Sharp. "When Rachel and I came up, she was in That Dog playing once a week and Weezer was playing once a week and you could play locally all the time," he explains. "I don't think we have the opportunity to do that, which is why I think going out on the road will be good for us since we can't play the small clubs and take our time, I figured this would be the best way."

The decision to hit the road meant that The Rentals had some songs to learn. "After we'd been playing for several months together and experimenting and just seeing how everybody gelled and what they were bringing in, it was only after the opportunity to tour came up that we went back and revisited some of the old stuff," says Joeright.

The Rentals played their first show in front of an audience in Solana Beach at the start of July. "After I body slammed Rachel pretty much all the nervousness went away," jokes Sharp about his tension before the show. "I was just so filled with love for everybody that's in this group and just getting to the point where we're actually on stage—for me it was a total explosion of all that love."

"It was the most euphoric adrenaline rush I've ever experienced in my life," he enthuses. "We came out and sang, 'Move On' and as soon as the chorus came in everybody was singing," he recalls. "It was very emotional. That was way beyond my expectations."

"One of the things I wasn't expecting was how great the crowd reaction was," says Radle of her first performance with the group. "People were singing along. You could tell they were enjoying themselves and that made me happy. It made me excited to be a part of this."

"The great thing about this tour is we're gonna engrain what The Rentals were before by doing this old stuff and get that in our head and we're all gonna be able to bring our own interpretation

of what that is," says Pringle. "It's an interesting process because we started by doing new stuff and now we're going back, but going back gives us a sense of history so we can do the new stuff with that in mind."

"It was a challenge for me and to look at what aspects of those first two records still resonated with me," says Sharp. "I think we've done a really great job of finding those things. That first concert we played together as a group is probably my favorite time I've ever been on stage in any capacity."

Sitting with the band, it becomes readily apparent that they have nothing but affection for one another. Jokes and barbs fly back and forth effortlessly between the group, with their camaraderie in full swing. Even this humble reporter wasn't immune to a little ball busting at their hands. I admit that for a while I toyed with the idea of making the headline of this article, "The Rentals: What a Bunch of Assholes!" but in retrospect, who amongst us is above taking a little shit now and then?

It would be easy to think of The Rentals simply as "Matt Sharp's Band," but Sharp would be the first person to dissuade you of that notion. His affection for his bandmates is clear both from how he speaks about them and his interactions with them. When the question comes up about the band's revolving door policy and the possibility of former members returning in the future, Sharp is quick to shoot the idea down.

"That was exciting for me at the time because essentially...it was being on a seesaw. Trying to make it a band but it wasn't really possible because people were committed to other things, but The Rentals have done that," states Sharp. "It really didn't interest me," he says about the idea of past group members returning. "What interests me is what we're doing tonight and what we try to do every day in rehearsals and who we are and what the relationships are like and getting to depend on each other. That's what's important to me."

Of course, this all sounds good on paper. I'm sure the blueprints for the Edsel were fantastic. But as any fan of music knows, the true test of a band is the live show. Moments before the band was due to go on, Sharp could be found bustling about backstage, filled with nervous energy, and nerd specs held firmly in place on his head by a strap. After a quick sound check the curtain rose and one by one members of the band took to the

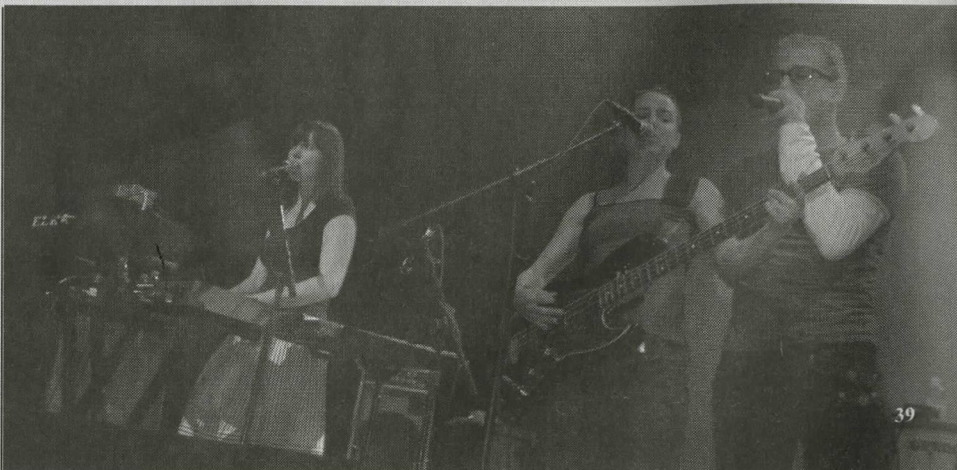
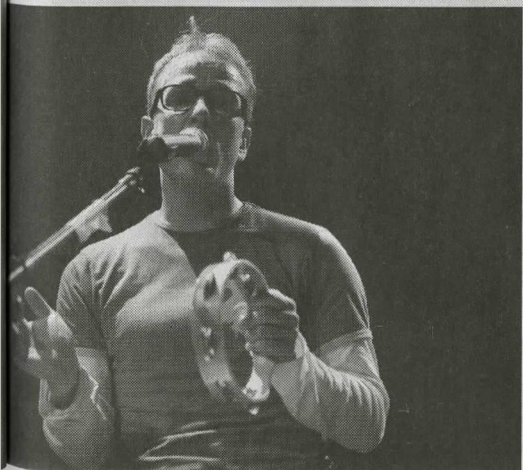
stage, joining in as they played, with Sharp hitting the stage last.

The energy built up in Sharp before the show came out in full force as he leapt about, singing, greeting the audience, and playing numerous instruments. Chipman and Radle stood to either side of the stage providing backing vocals while switching from keyboards, to violins, to acoustic guitars, while Joeright pounded away at the drums. Behind the stacks of synthesizers, Pringle could give the great Viv Savage himself a run for his money, leaping in place and pumping his fist in the air while also taking the time to break out his trombone. All the while Haden remained in the center of the madness, singing and playing bass, a shy smile on her face as if wondering what everyone in the audience was making such a big fuss over. Hugs and smiles abounded between the group as the set progressed, the audience and the band each feeding off the positive energy the other was putting out.

The set list featured a healthy mix of songs from the band's previous two albums as well as a couple of musical breaks, and a cover of Lou Reed's "Walk on the Wild Side" that gave way to the group's infectious hit, "Friends of P." Don't expect to hear any new material this time out. The band's keeping that to themselves for the time being, although there have been rumbles about a new album in 2007. "Once this tour is over, it's back on the new material," says Joeright. "I think it's gonna be more of what we were working on before, which is basically bringing to the table all of the elements we're into."

It all seems promising, doesn't it? What remains to be seen now is where the band goes from here. All indications point toward a bright future for the band, and hopefully they'll be a presence in music for years to come. This incarnation of The Rentals don't plan on going anywhere. Sharp certainly seems to think that will be the case. "To totally rewrite your own history is completely possible," he asserts. "To start out from a place where you're a revolving door type of band to doing what we're trying to do now is completely up to us and if we really believe in it and it's something where we constantly evolve and grow then it can do that. I mean, ELO made some pretty terrible records before they got to where they were going." ●

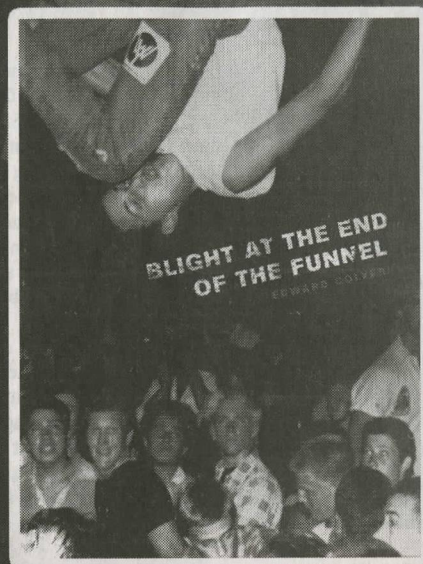
By: Hollywood Jay



PHOTOS BY TEAM GOON

BLIGHT AT THE END OF THE FUNNEL

Edward Colver





Edward Colver, photographer and artist, captured amazing moments in the early days of the Los Angeles punk scene.

Blight at the End of the Funnel, a 200 page book, is the first collection of his art spanning some twenty-eight years of photographic and artistic sculptural works, and what emerges is an explosive and unrestrained social and political statement on American life and subculture. Edward started going to shows from 1978 through 1983, witnessing over 1,000 shows and through it all, captured many of the images that made their way to

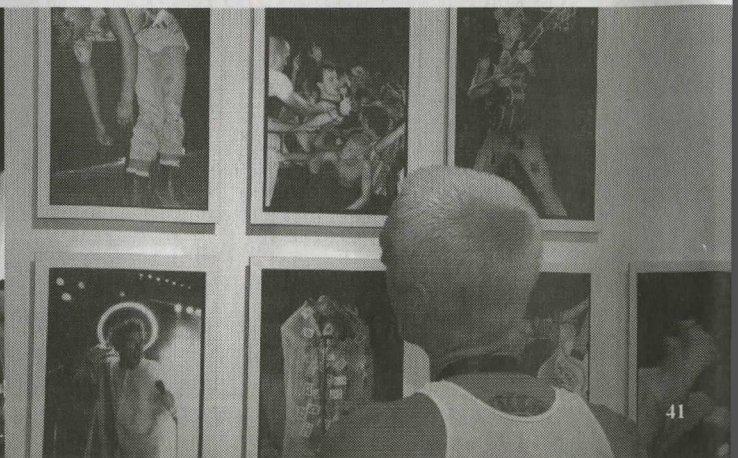
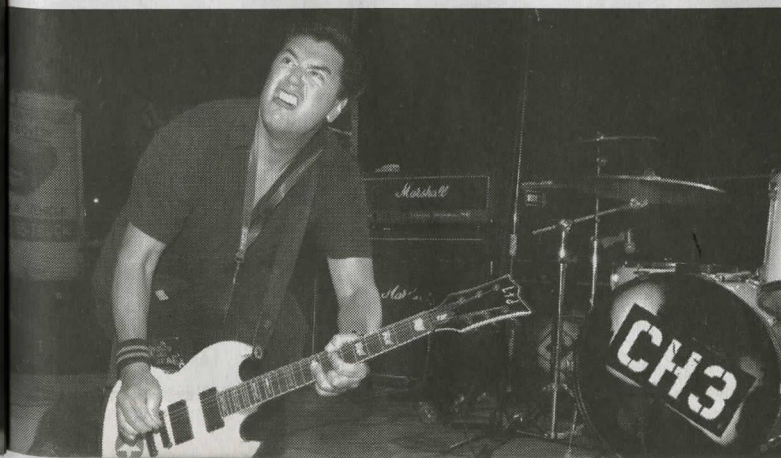
magazines of the day, which are forever immortalized on some seventy plus albums. Records like Dead Kennedys, CH3, Black Flag, 45 Grave, Circle Jerks, Social Distortion, TSOL and Bad Brains are just a few of the places his photographs have appeared. These photos now symbolize an important part of American music. With one of the most iconic images from the *Wasted Youth* album—a guy flipping into the crowd—has forever represented the wild, unrestrained and nihilistic nature of the early days of the Los Angeles punk rock scene.

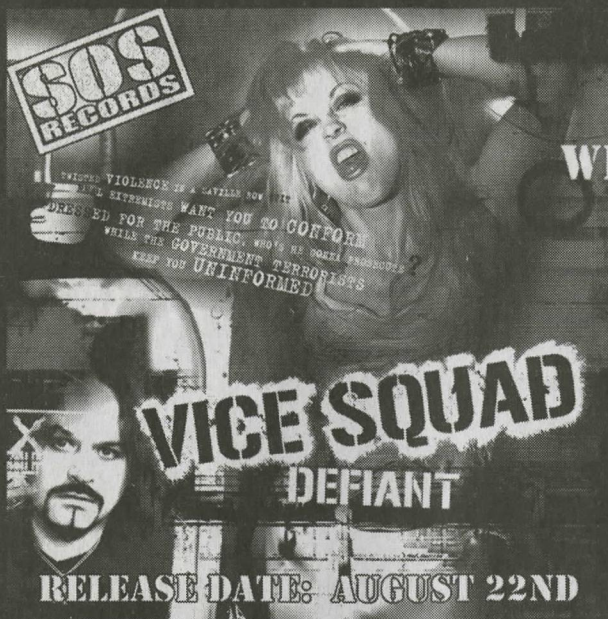
Opening night of the book debut,

July 1st at the Grand Central Art Center in Santa Ana, saw a large crowd from all generations of punks, onlookers and interested parties. ADZ, Flipper, CH3 and DI preformed in celebration at the event.

Edward comments, "This is a small collection of what I've done, none of it in detail."

Installation of his photographs and sculptural works are on view until August 20th at the Grand Central Art Center, Santa Ana. (714-567-7233) The book is available online at: www.teamgoononline.com.





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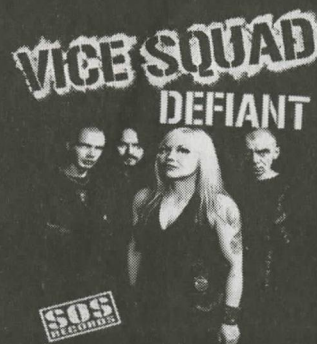
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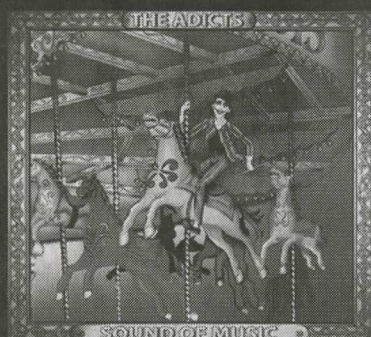
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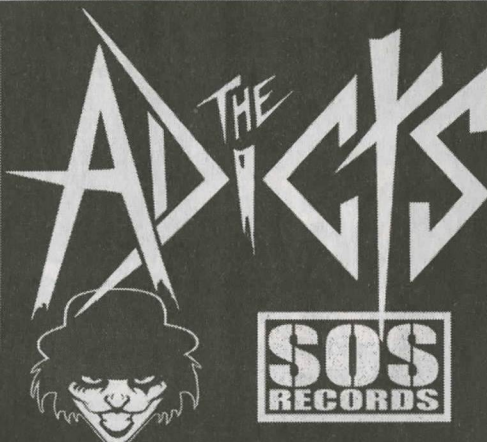


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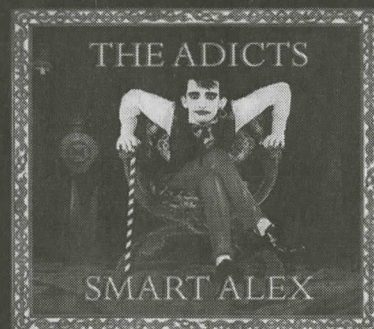
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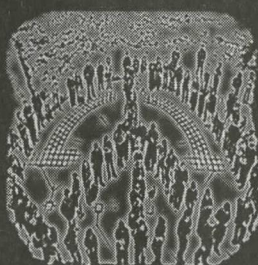


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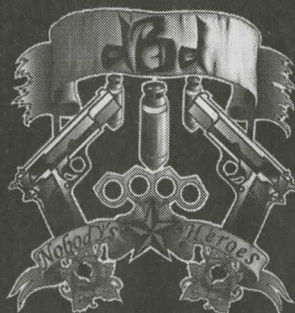
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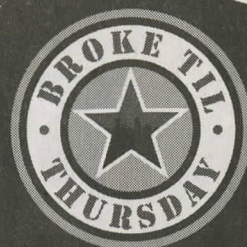
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BIG WHEEL FASHION



An Interview with Mya and Brian Gerard of Paper Doll Productions

Story And Photos By: Chris Gomez

At an early age, Mya was exposed to the skate/punk scene. As a kid she also helped design bridal gowns, which gradually helped her define her kick-ass yet sultry-seductive style. Sewing her own clothes since the age of twelve, Mya started creating clothes with friends and everything was a one-of-a-kind. It was the kind of stuff that would never sell today she says. Living and sewing in Newport Harbor, at the age of fourteen, she started selling to Metal Monster, which later became Electric Chair. She always knew she was going to be a designer. Mya says, "I feel so lucky. I grew up in the right atmosphere with a lot of talented mentors like "John Lucero of Black Label."

Started in 1993, Paper Doll Productions is now fourteen years old. Mya met her match, a great catch, and fellow partner in crime, Brian Gerard, a crazy a crazy Chicago native with an insatiable lust for life. Together they are a dynamic-duo,

a force to be reckoned with, and great people to call friends. They're making a good living doing what they love to do and sticking to their guns.

Mya: My line is always the best when I do it myself. Ninety percent of the samples work I do hands-on with the fabrics. It's fun like that, it makes it a hobby and not just a business—I love what I fucking do! That's why I do it. I don't know any other company where the head designer loves to sew their own samples—that's what separates us from everyone else. I like keeping PDP an underground company. When you get really big you lose the passion that drove you to be there in the first place. Every shmo and joe wears the stuff you can get anywhere, if there's a girl out there wearing Paper Dolls she's probably a cool and cute chick.

Brian: People call us dinosaurs, because every year we keep showing up. They love our clothes and tell us we're survivors.

Big Wheel: And on getting shit done?

Brian: It always gets done and it always kicks ass!

According to owners, Mya and Brian, Paper Doll Production is:

"Paper Doll, it's like peanut butter: smooth, brown, and easy to spread."

"It's a full contact-sport."

"We're like old rockers like Johnny Cash and Keith Richards. This is all we know and we're going to do it till the day we die!"

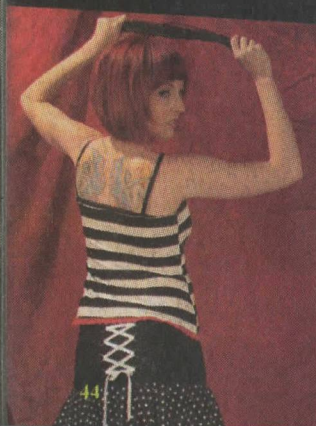
According to owners, Mya and Brian, Paper Doll Production is not:

"I don't ever want to be associated with some conglomerate piece of trash."

"I don't want to ever sell-out."

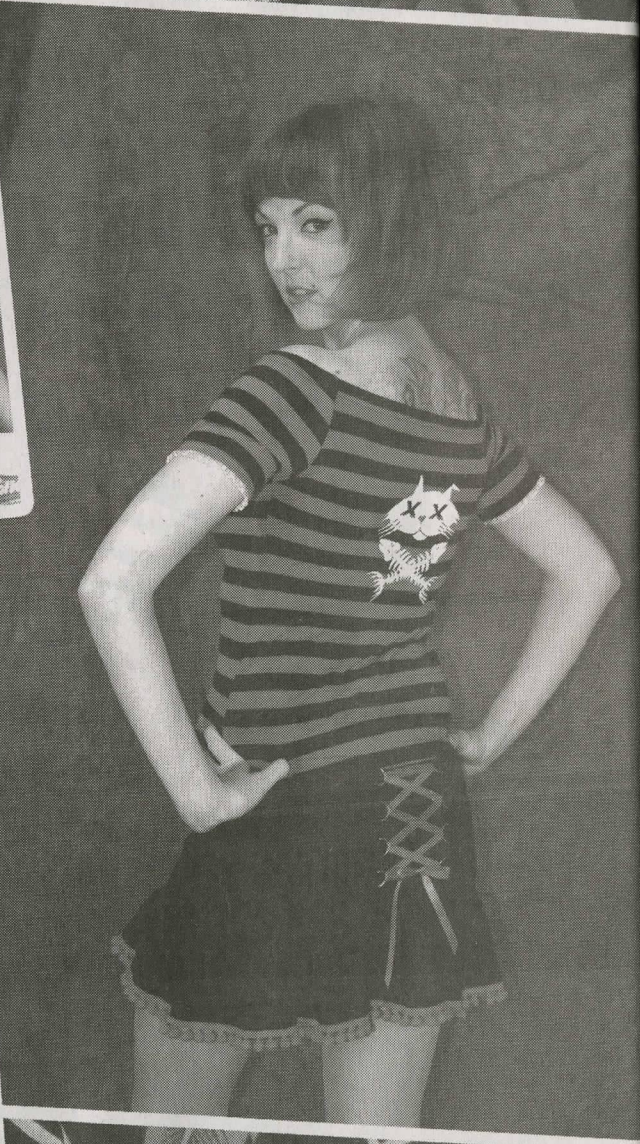
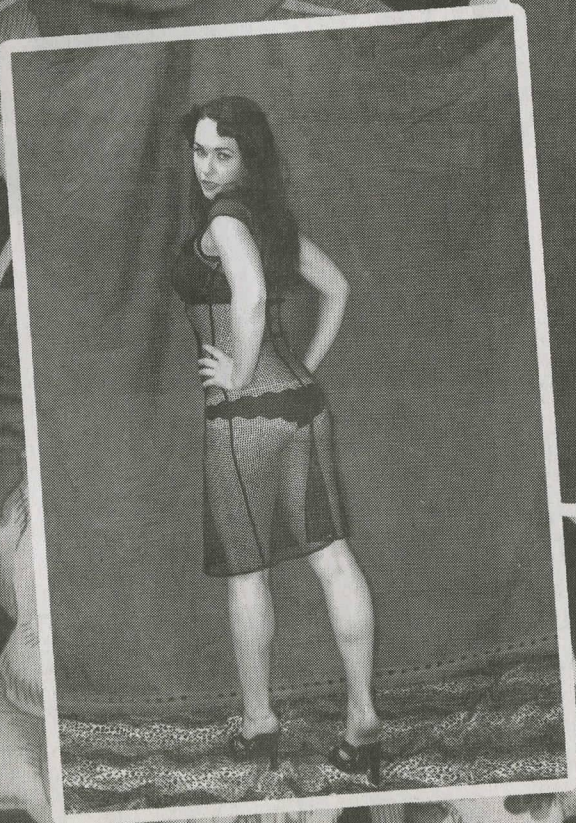
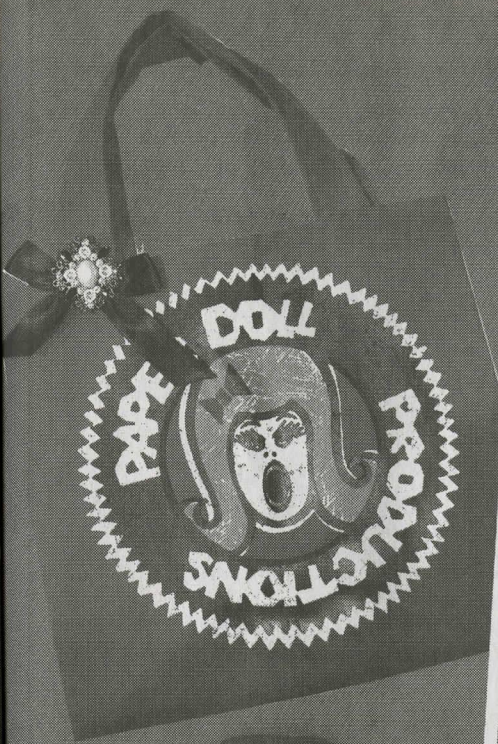
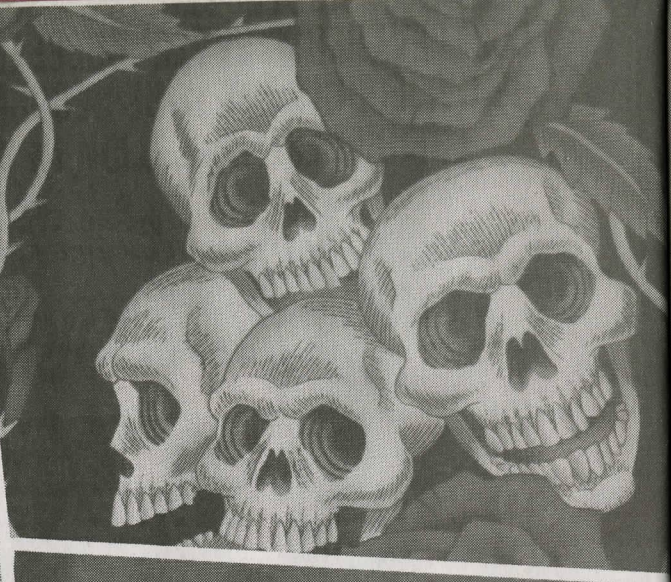
"I don't want it to be so blown-out and obnoxious. I wouldn't buy it if everyone wore it." "Never bought, never sold, often imitated, and never equaled."

Models: Sarah Rogers Hali Boyd & Jacqueline



www.babygirlboutique.com/paperdoll.html





A Rare Interview

Story By Cory Minderhout

Photos By: Jay Smiledge

Eric Grisham is a skateboarding legend, but you would never know it by talking to him. Eric has been ripping on his skateboard since the '80s and isn't slowing down. You probably have never read an Eric Grisham interview before—maybe because one doesn't exist. While other older pros are busy signing deals for their reissue board, or getting constantly interviewed, Eric will be out there skating, not caring if a camera is rolling or not. He just skates...for fun!

BW: Why is it that you don't do interviews?

Eric: Interviews are pointless. Does it really matter what anyone says? But let's start anyway.

BW: Where were you born?

Eric: Santa Monica, California.

BW: How long have you been skating?

Eric: Thirty plus years.

BW: What is your worst injury?

Eric: So far, because I've always worn pads, I've been pretty lucky. I haven't broken any bones, but I did pull a knee ligament last year. I am supposed to have it operated on by Kerlin Jobe Orthopedic Clinic. They specialize in professional sports injuries. When it bothers me enough then I'll have it worked on.

BW: What is your favorite food?

Eric: Mexican and steaks.

BW: What is your favorite Restaurant?

Eric: Tito's Tacos and Johnny Pastrami's, both in Culver City.

BW: Where is your favorite skate spot?

Eric: Currently, it's the local city skate park Pedlow. They just re-opened and now it has a nice peanut bowl. It's about thirteen feet deep with a roll in, but no lights.

BW: What was your favorite skate spot of the '80s?

Eric: Anything that had Vert. Pipeline in Upland was fun. But out of everywhere I've been, Del Mar Skate Ranch really grew on me. Looking back, I guess it's because of the memories.

BW: What is your favorite band?

Eric: I really don't have any favorite anything's. I'm pretty easy going. The new Ashley Simpson is pretty good. For reals though, Social D., The Clash and X.

BW: Who do you admire?

Eric: When I first started skateboarding, it was a way to express yourself; it was never about who you admired. I'd have to say it would probably be Jay Adams because he wasn't an ass like some of the other ones.

BW: Who has influenced you the most?

Eric: Overall, I would have to say Dave Andrecht because back in the day I couldn't do inverters, so I learned the Andrecht instead. And besides he is a good friend.

BW: What do you do when you're not skating?

Eric: Well, I've been together with my wife for twenty-three years. I have two sons, eleven and fourteen. One plays Little League baseball, and the other plays high school baseball. Baseball is a pretty big part of my life. I'm a board member of West Valley Little League Baseball, and I also coach. My boys also do background acting, which takes a lot of time. Besides working full-time in the remote-control industry, I own my own skate shop in Tarzana, California.

BW: What is the story behind Varial?

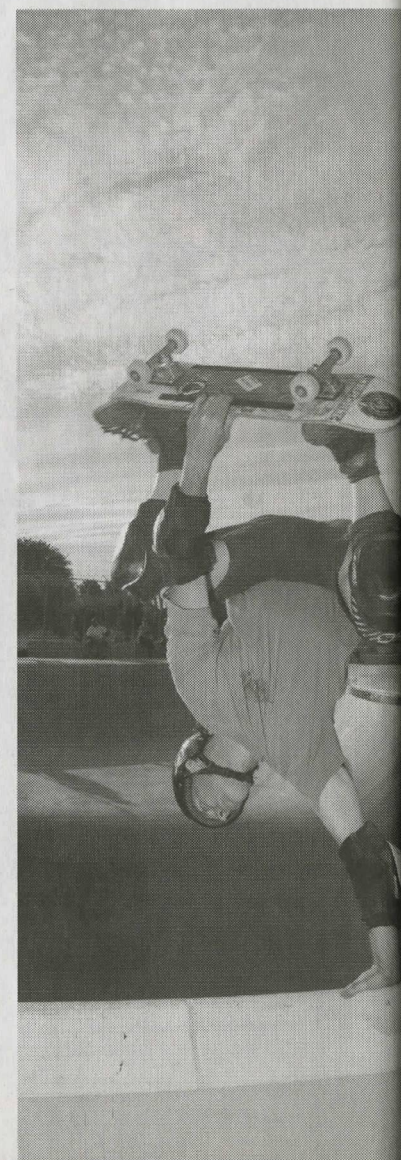
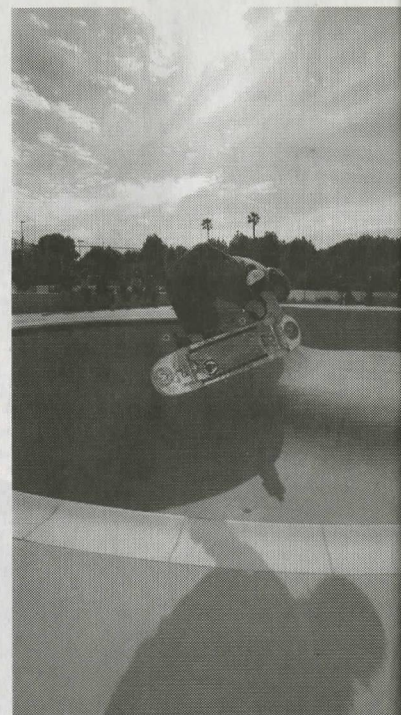
Eric: This question confuses so many people. The truth of it is I used to ride for a company called Variflex. Yes, they were a multi-million dollar, mass marketing company owned by the Losi's. They also had a professional line of skateboards, which were made by the top board manufacturer in Colorado. The Variflex team traveled, did demos all over, and entered contests. At the time, Gil Losi Sr. was also our team manager. He came up with the idea to take the board off your feet and turn it in air then land back on the board. He actually told this to the whole team and we all thought he was crazy. Then I practiced it at my local skate park, "Skater cross" in Reseda, California. This is where I learned them. It was at a contest at Big "O" in Orange, California, where I did a varial across the channel. After I made it in the contest, the varial became well known. The signature name came from a combination of the Variflex name and an arial. Today the name Varial means the process of spinning the board under your feet. It is usually done with many variations.

BW: Since other old pros are coming out with decks, are you ever going to come out with one?

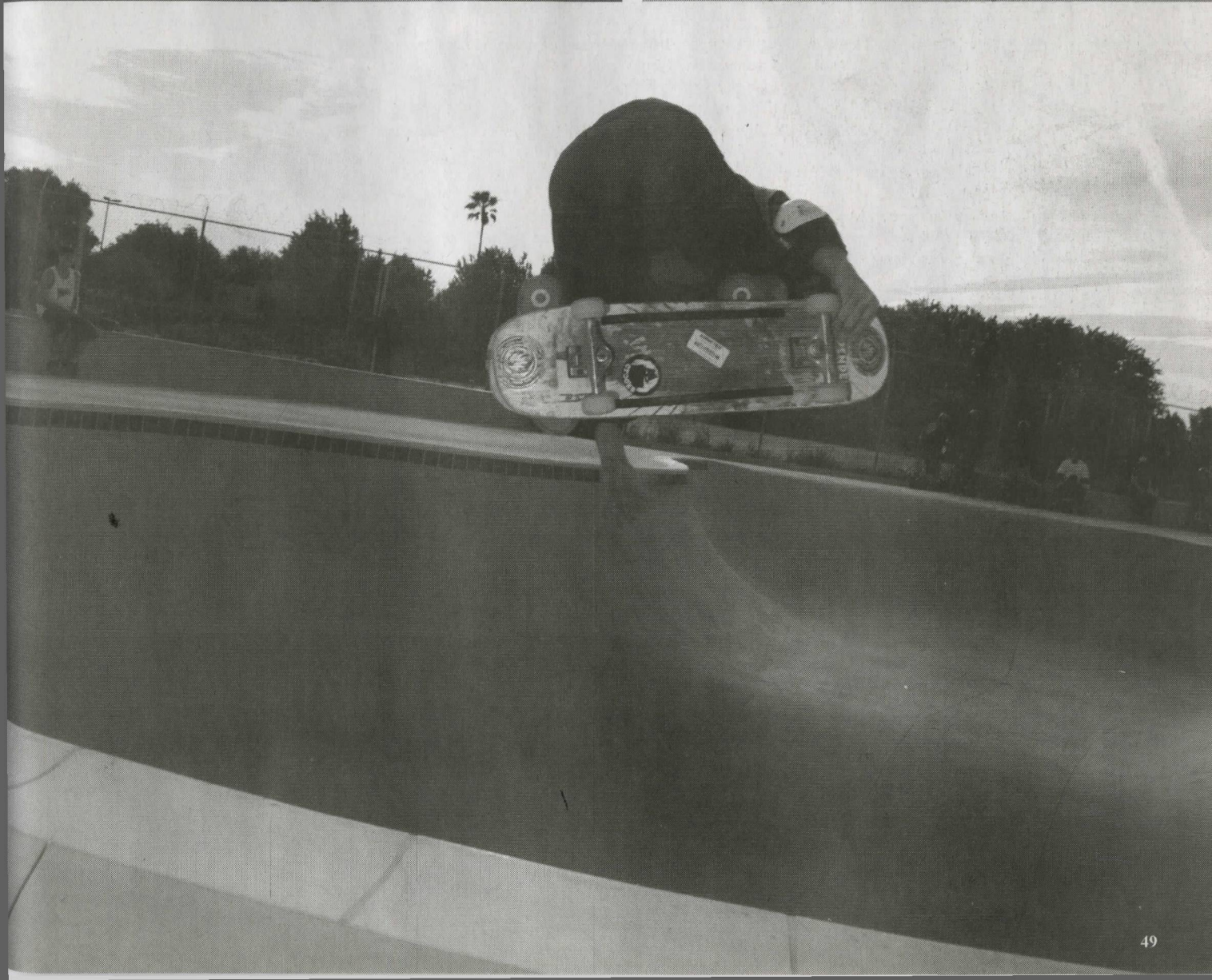
Eric: I've talked to people about it, maybe when the time is right.

BW: Shoutouts?

Eric: For me skateboarding has always been about loving it in its pure form, not because what anyone else thinks or says.●

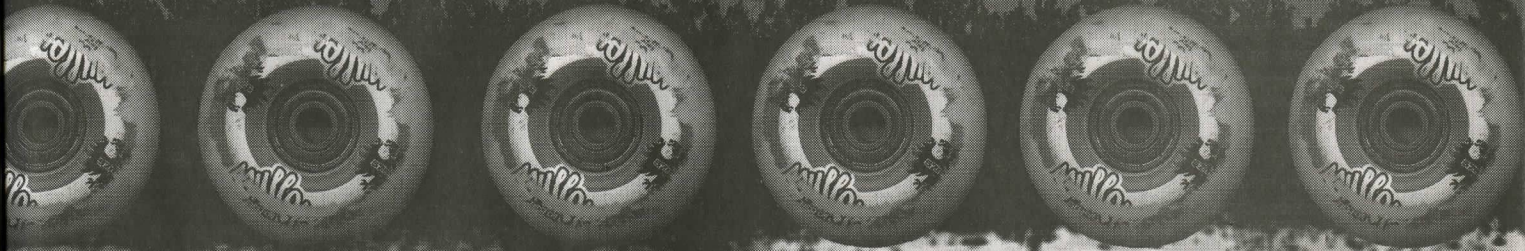


ERIC GRISHAM



Random Sk8 Action!





Seely Delmar at the Glendale skatepark bowl.

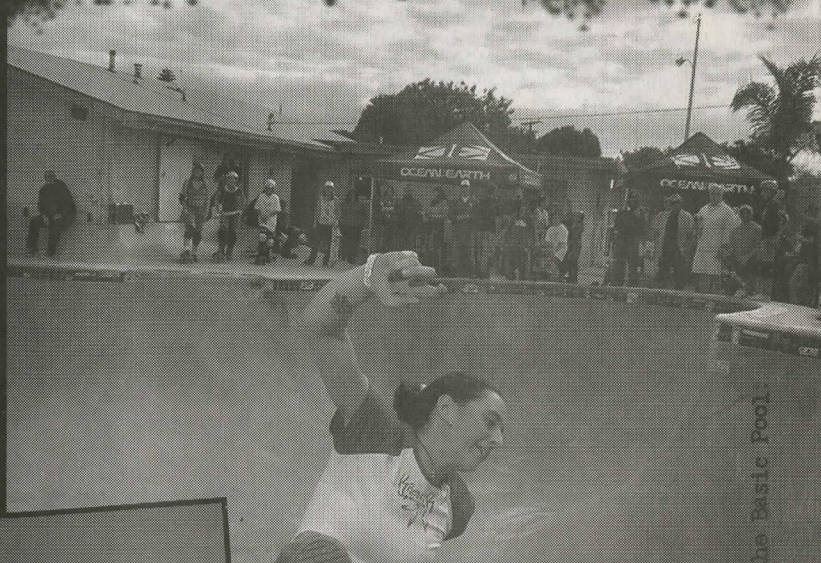
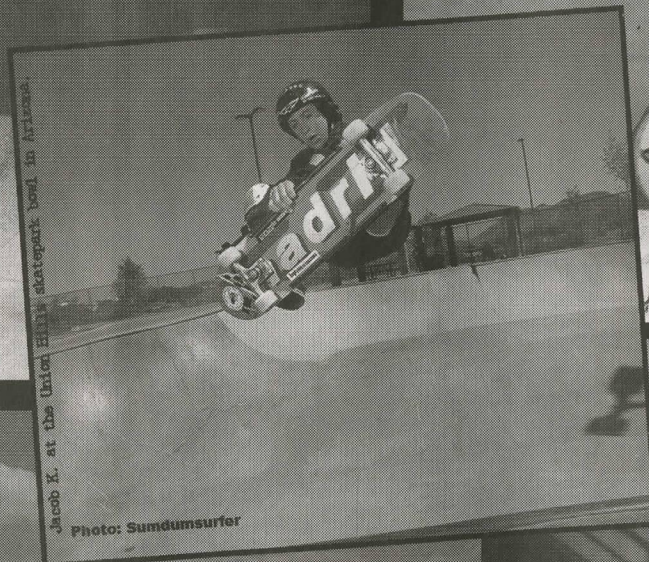


Photo: Cressley

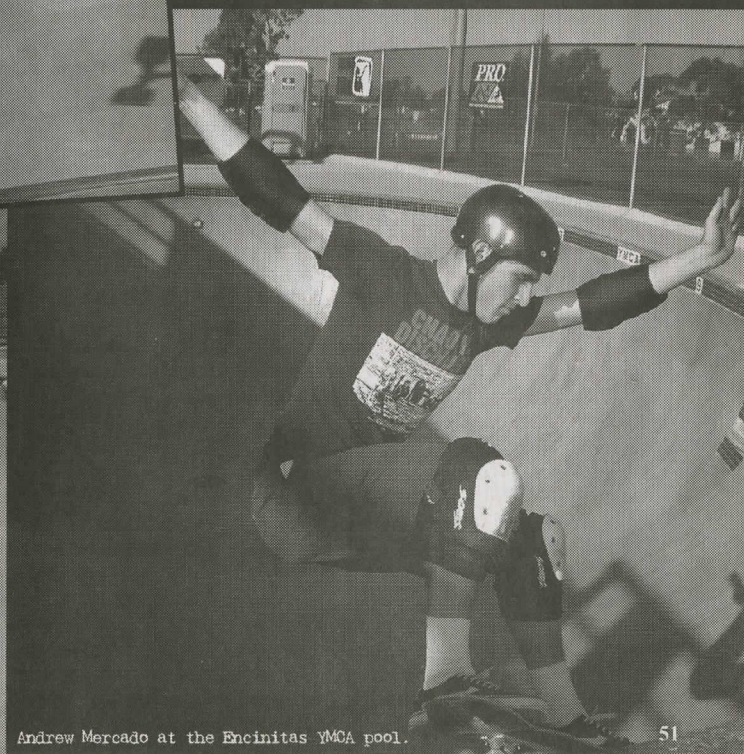


Jacob K. at the Union Hills skatepark bowl in Arizona.

Photo: Sundumsurfer



Raie Hadvina at the Pedlow pool.

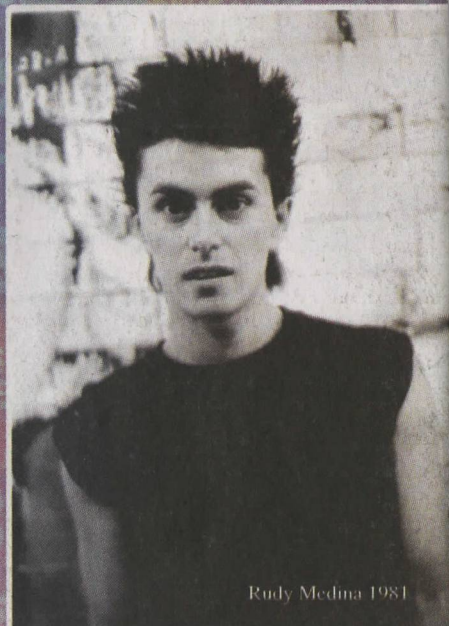
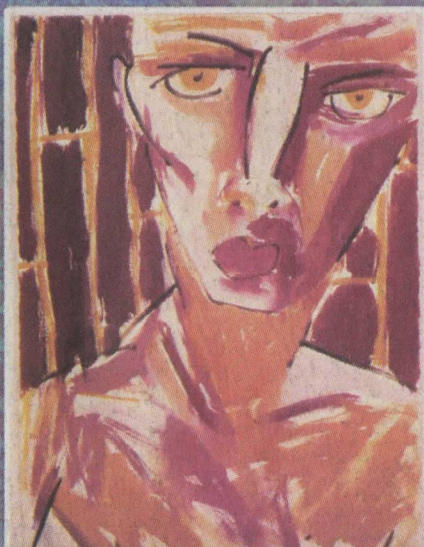
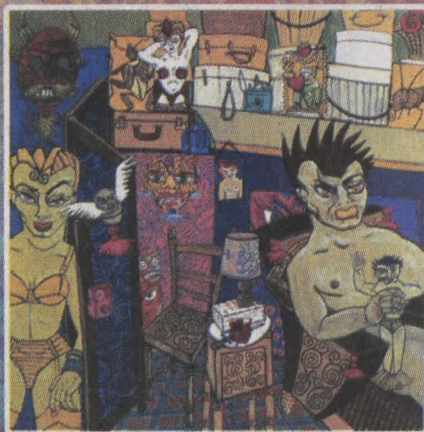
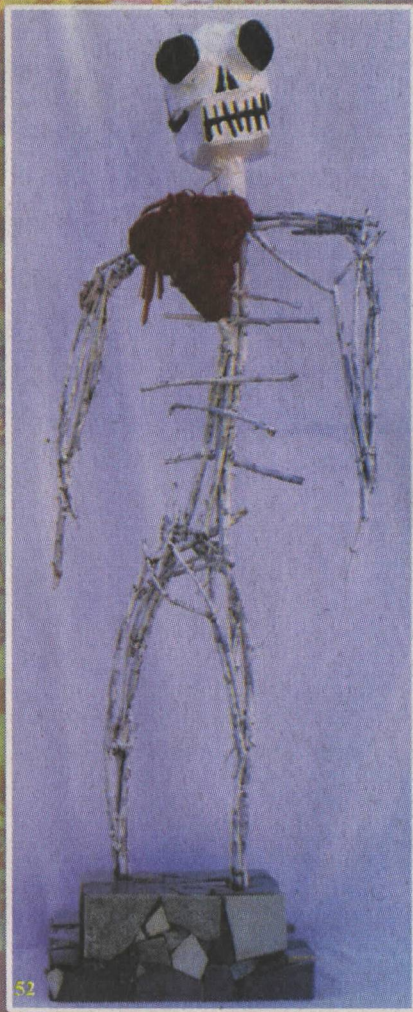


Andrew Mercado at the Encinitas YMCA pool.

BIG WHEEL
ARTIST PROFILE

Diane Gamboa

All Art Copyright of Diane Gamboa



Rudy Medina 1981

On the hottest afternoon the San Fernando Valley has seen this July, I had the amazing opportunity to not only interview famed Chicana artist and East L.A. punk rocker, Diane Gamboa, I also got to witness the old school East L.A. punk band, The Brat, play a show after years of being in hiding at Tia Chucha's Café in San Fernando. Diane is an all-around artist as she paints, draws, works with mixed media, performed in ASCO (a performance art group), creates paper fashions, tattoos, and does photography—and all on her own terms.

As I walked up to the event, which was going to feature Diane's photography of the East L.A. punk scene in the late '70s and early '80s (of bands like The Brat and the Odd Squad), as well as a reading from the authors of the book, *A History of Chicano Rock and Roll*, and performances from The Brat, Los Illegals, and Quetzcal, I saw a petite woman with black hair, tattoos, and red lipstick, sitting outside smoking a cigarette—I walked up to Diane and was greeted with a hug.

I met Diane over a year ago when she came to my college Chicana/o art class to talk to us about her career, her art, and just life in general. For me, it was a big deal to meet someone who I felt a similar connection with, both musically and politically. So, after playing some catch up we got down to business. Forewarning me that we might have to stop and start the interview (which we did) due to set up time and the show starting, we started chatting away about music, being Chicana, and our extreme excitement to see The Brat play.

Big Wheel: How were you introduced to art? I read that you had an art exhibit at age five, how do you get an art exhibit at age five?

Diane: Yeah for me—I think in some cases some people are just—like they say, born with it. I can only claim that because ever since I can remember I was making art. Someone had once told me that I was actually holding and drawing a pencil before I was walking, so that's kind of a trip.

BW: Did you have a family who was into art?

Diane: No, even though a bunch of artists came out of that family, we were not brought up around art. If anything it was extremely chaotic, extremely dysfunctional, I would say a very violent or very hostile environment, which was the neighborhood. And I also learned way later like about schools of art. I think not having access to me was this incredible opportunity, which I didn't recognize back then. But I look at it now as like not having that institutionalized information in me, gave me I think a clearer way of looking at things and not having someone telling me how to look at things, or explaining to me how to view things, or experience things. Even though it was the hard way to go about it like learning lessons about everything, life, even creating art.

BW: Okay, for our readers who don't know what Chicana is, and I know a lot of people have a hard time defining it, in your opinion what does it mean to you?

Diane: Yeah, I guess for me the definition—and like you said it depends on who you talk to, what generation, you got older people who thought it was a real derogatory term. There's a guy, Jose Montoya, who's the father of Richie Montoya, who you might know from Culture Clash and he does this whole break down of Chicano and the meaning of Chicano. And I can only give you his description, which to me is so basic, so simple, and what it is, is a

Mexican born on this side of the border. And that's what I believe also.

BW: Well, how did you get involved in the (Chicana/o) movement and stuff back in the day?

Diane: It wasn't even so much I got involved with the movement; it was more like the movement was all around me. So I couldn't really help for being involved. Basically I was part of the demographic, the generation, the target culture. Even if I tried to ignore it or not, I was involved. And then just being raised—being part of the world as I was. At the time Vietnam was going on and it was like a lot of stuff was going on heavily, wars and all this other stuff going on. I got involved basically by knowing other schoolmates of mine whose brothers and uncles were coming home in body bags. Those days we were literally wearing POW bracelets as kids. And we basically had a harsh slap of I guess reality. We were kinda of basically coerced into dealing with the situation.

BW: Well, how did the whole punk scene evolve in your neighborhood and how do you think the neighborhood reflected in the music, how did it basically become what it is now?

Diane: I think for us, the neighborhood in which I grew up, which was Boyle Heights, which is literally, if you look at the map, it's like the furthest edge of the city on the east side right before it hit the county limit. For me, music had always been a thing, like I had an uncle who had been in a band or backyard parties. Music was always a thing that was just around, just like food, just like art, dance. When I look back at my aunts and uncles they were so koo koo and crazy—and when I look at my mom and her best friend who is Josefina Rojas, who is Cesar Rojas' mother and Cesar's in a band called Los Lobos. So I grew up with those cats.

BW: Yeah.

Diane: So I would slip and slide and mini-bike with Cesar, so we're all very musical. And then as I look back and I see these two locas now hanging out older—just last week I dropped off my mom with Josefina and I look at these chics and they're at the gate and when they scream at each other—I go these are the two original punk rockers. [laughter] And when I look at it, really look at Josefina dressed in layers of plaid and her bras hanging out, and her chi chi's, her makeup, her roots, her crazy hair, her chancas, and my mom still wearing paisley, I go these are the two original fuckin' punk rockers. One my mother and one the mother of Cesar. And when I look back—and that's only from the perspective that I have now. I can appreciate their kookiness.

BW: It seems like the East L.A., the whole punk scene seems so guarded and protected—

Diane: That's one way to look at it, guarded and protected. Or *ignored!* I look at it more like it was ignored and *intentionally* made to disappear.

BW: That's a really good point.

Diane: Yeah, it was all by design, which is the reason why I started documenting the stuff right at the end anyways. Because I knew this period was coming to an end. I knew other photographers—which I won't mention—at the time, they're coming out with their stuff too right now—and they didn't shoot these bands. I actually had other photographers with their cameras out and actually tell me, "I'm not going to waste my time on these"—I'm not even going to say the word.

BW: Wow.

Diane: Yeah, tell me that to my face. And today, now they're saying like oh—shit, I had to deal with all these fuckin' racist mother fuckers.

BW: [Racism] does exist in the whole music spectrum.

Diane: Oh yeah! It's still there. And if anything you people, you're dealing with serious immigration issues. A lot of the same issues we were dealing with. And you'll hear in the lyrics of Theresa Covarrubias (The Brat) and even Angela Vogel (Odd Squad), these lyricists, they're just really amazing. Not only are they songwriters, these women are fuckin' poets.

BW: Yeah.

Diane: It's just like these chics, if you really look at it and break it down they're saying something. And when you hear some of the stuff—like some of The Brat stuff that comes out—even though you hear it twenty-five years later, it's so relevant to today.

BW: Well, how does it feel to be lumped together with all these really cool Chicana artists. And your art, I have to say, is a lot different than a lot of the other stuff. A lot of the stuff taught in classes is protest art and stuff. And you're stuff is different, and it's so cool.

Diane: Yeah, there was a lot of that political art and I never went there because for one, I knew there were a lot of other artists already doing that kind of stuff. So I really didn't need to do that. And then it was also part of a generational thing, like maybe some of those artists were a few years older. I also, of course am female. And even the word Chicano, is like another one. I really hate to go there but I still have issue with it. It's really gender specific.

BW: Yeah.

Diane: And I feel even still using the expression Chicano excluding the Chicana, you know and I try not to go there—I got in a lot of trouble years ago for saying I'm not Chicano.

BW: In trouble by who?

Diane: People, like the community, because I said I'm not Chicano. And they thought "Oh, she's trying to whatever." That's not the point. It's gender specific. I don't have a penis. I'm not a dude. I'm not a *guy*. You know what I mean?

BW: Definitely.

Diane: And they couldn't deal with that. And I find like now, there's still, like the bill tonight its "Chicano rock'n'roll." It's like, let's find a word that's not gender specific and we don't have to go there. But then once again you look around and it's mostly all guys.

BW: Yeah.

Diane: And then what happened is I started getting pigeonholed, and I only got invited if it was Chicano and Chicana exhibition.

BW: Yeah, and that's shitty too.

Diane: That sucks! And then the fact that my work did not fit the stereotype, it wasn't the

howling coyote and the cactus and all that shit, which was big at the time. I wasn't doing that. And it was kind of like—I got it from all ends because I wasn't accepted any place. And that's why I said for me the music is just so cool. Even though I'm here dealing with all this art and all this crap, at least I have this outlet where I can go get crazy with all these fucks at night and just scream and let our shit out.

BW: What is the significance of the site-specific Hit and Run fashion stuff?

Diane: The paper fashions are disposable art—like for me making art, the whole thing of it being so precious...and then the permanence of it, like a piece of art that basically outlives the artist—and this thing of you leave this thing behind and you're so lucky to have people interested in saving your stuff. Well for me the thing with the paper fashion it's taking the opposite perspective and doing something very disposable, very immediate. People are just so used to just disposing of stuff really easily, so it's more a comment and a statement on how easily people dispose of stuff.

BW: Okay, The Pinup Series, when I got to see this art it was a lot different than a lot of the other art that we got to see in our Chicana/o art class—its like tattoos, and of course I remember a lot of penis.

Diane: Yeah, the Pinup Series, it's an ongoing series—that's not complete yet—of 366 ink drawings on vellum. And the reason why I chose 366 is that's the number of days in a leap year, which comes every four years.

BW: Okay.

Diane: So when you think of the term pin up you think 1940 or '50s, you think of the female. And for being a female, heterosexual myself, I enjoy looking at the male figure.

BW: Yeah.

Diane: Yeah, and that's again you get in to this whole conflict, male/female, and I guess I deal with a lot of gender issues, and it's not so much that I choose it, it's in my face if I like it or not. Like when you go to museums or you look at history books, and throughout history there are images of women nude and very rarely do you see a male nude. And you get into that whole sexist thing once again. So I just decided to do a flip on that and do the Pin Ups, which of course are images of men. When I was growing up they would call women an old maid like if you hit a certain age and weren't married with children, so they made this rule, once every four years on the leap year, 366 days, a woman could propose to a man.

BW: Shut up. [laughs]

Diane: Can you believe that? Basically if you hadn't gotten married, you got that one little slide in where you can actually go hunt a guy down and ask him to marry you. And I remember hearing that when I was a kid and thinking what the fuck. So I basically chose the number 366, which is that leap year. So it's

just about me drawing men figures. And some people really respond to it and some people, believe it or not in 2006, still freak out that I draw a penis.

BW: Okay, let's touch upon the photography you did for the punk scene. Why did you decide to take photographs of the punk scene?

Diane: It was like if you were a teenager growing up or in your early twenties, I don't know about you, but at your wits end: is this all there is to life? You're ready to turn into a mass serial killer terrorist or something like that. And then this music thing comes out and you realize there are people like Theresa (The Brat) and Rudy (The Brat) that have this angst, this energy. So I started hanging out with these people, even hanging out I start to get ancy. I don't like to sit around doing nothing. So even though I was at these gigs, there was idle time, and also the camera sort of kept me out of trouble in a way because I had to stay sorta sober to focus. And then I also used it as a tool, I got into every gig, I never paid to get into any club or anything, which is just part of the fun. But I also realized being at all these shows and people started getting play like X and some of these other bands were starting to get recognized and get labels and all these people interested in them. And I noticed this real, and it was real apparent, straight up blatant racism that was going on at the time. And East side bands, and even someone as brilliant as Theresa with a voice that could kick anyone's fuckin' ass. And those were the people that were hot at the time, but the fact that she was a Chicana from East L.A., that already meant that she wouldn't get a deal. And I recognized that other people weren't documenting it and I just really felt as a person, I just felt it was really important to document. And that's when I went out and bought the camera, I was working part time and hanging out full time. So I literally took almost every dollar I made to buy film, to get gas, to go to the shows. Yeah, maybe it was just an intuition that told me that this stuff needs to be recorded and documented. And I'm glad I did. And it was like we all knew each other, not only was it documenting, it wasn't so much like an outsider in, I was so in it. We all knew each other so well. [We were] so comfortable with each other, because we were such little outcasts, it was such a tight knit group.

This August, Diane will have a limited edition silkscreen print titled, "Not So Holy Waters" available for purchase at the art gallery, Tropico de Nopal in Los Angeles. (www.tropicodenopal.com.) Diane is also working on archiving her pieces, getting a website, as well as compiling and writing a book. Stay tuned for more innovative work from Gamboa. ■

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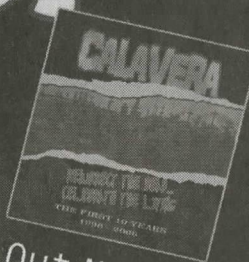


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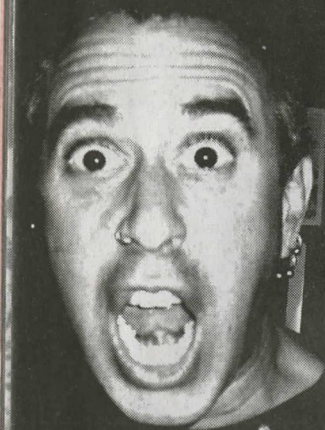
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SAYS
THAT**

Summer, sweltering, greenhouse gas effect summer in L.A. Do you get the discussions with long time residents (I've been living here for 36 years myself) about how our seasons have changed, it's hotter now that it was back "then" and so on? It's humid, it's never humid in California, we live in a semi-desert! Well, we have rain in the summer the past few years from tropical storms, desert flash flooding and lightning starting fires in the inland empire. And yet, our government keeps on insisting that there is not conclusive proof! that the polar icecaps are melting, that the record hurricane seasons of the past several years and the debacle of Katrina are just what, normal? What the hell does this world have to come to for the assholes supposedly running things to actually do their jobs. Last column I wrote a little more about the global "energy peak" and some excerpts from Greg Palasts' latest book, *Armed Madhouse*.

So besides our increasingly messed up environment, what else is going on in the world? Let's see, the World Cup went out with a bang as French soccer superstar Zenadine Zedane took the bait from an Italian player and was thrown out of the finals of a 1-1 tie with Italy with only ten minutes left in regular time when he headbutted the Italian in the chest. And France ended up losing on penalty kicks, Zedane having put them in the lead in the first half with a brilliant penalty kick. Did he lose the game for his country? Perhaps, but we really can't know for sure. What we do know is that Zedane said he was retiring from international play after the World Cup and he lost his cool and got thrown out of finals! Pathetic! Today he was apologizing to the children of the world but explaining that the guy insulted his mother and sister and blah, blah, blah. So what, that's normal in soccer, you talk shit and hope you get the guy to do something to get a foul or even thrown out of the game. Anyone knows this if they play soccer. Zedane is supposed to be the greatest player on his national team, the team captain and leader but he looked like a chump and maybe cost his team the world cup.

Last night was the baseball all star game, I was up in Ventura at the Warped Tour so I missed it. It's nice to go to the yearly "festival" at the Ventura fairgrounds, right by the ocean. Just wish there were some waves. Not much to say about the day, hang out and drink and watch the Bouncing Souls, Joan Jett, Anti-Flag and NOFX. Missed the Casualties who went on practically when the gates were opened. Don't know or care about most of the rest of the bands playing. *ten stages!* Ten and they range from the two big main stages and several smaller but actual stages to a "girls" stage that was a small tent with all girl bands like the Randies playing on the ground. Not exactly what I would consider a optimal situation for a band. Still, it's always nice to see old friends and talk about the world of "music" though of course the festival is less about music than marketing product, well that's what it seems like to me anyways.

Palestinians have kidnapped three Israeli soldiers in the past few days and Israel has retaliated, bombing and invading Lebanon and Gaza. A bombing of a commuter train in India has killed over 300 people and Kashmir rebels seeking independence are suspected. I heard a guy on the PRI radio show, "To The Point" today saying that the reason for this attack and the rioting in France by Muslims some months back was that

the governments of both countries have stopped supporting Iran in it's quest for nuclear "power." North Korea continues testing weapons. Iraq is even closer to civil war today than ever. Wonderful state of the world, is it any wonder oil climbed to \$76 a barrel in the past day or two.

And all the news agencies have done reports in the past 12 hours about the nearly 80,000 potential "terrorists targets" that the homeland security has on a massive list. These include an Amish popcorn store, a petting zoo in Indiana, a kangaroo farm in Tennessee, the state of Nebraska has listed more targets than California and did I mention that these lists were compiled by each state? So, lest we worry about what a mess the world is, here is a recent e-mail I received with a press release from Rahm Emanuel, a congressional representative from Illinois:

- Rep. Rahm Emanuel (D-ILL.) has taken a recent report (http://newsblogs.chicagotribune.com/news_theswamp/2006/07/posted_by_frank.html) on White House salaries and turned it into a sharp stick to poke in Republican eyes.

Here's a press release on Emanuel's House floor speech:

- Emanuel on White House Director of Lessons Learned

WASHINGTON, D.C. - U.S. Representative Rahm Emanuel (D-IL) released the following statement in advance of delivery on the House floor:

"Mr. Speaker, yesterday the President said we continue to be wise about how we spend the people's money.

"Then why are we paying over \$100,000 for a 'White House Director of Lessons Learned'?"

"Maybe I can save the taxpayers \$100,000 by running through a few of the lessons this White House should have learned by now.

"Lesson 1: When the Army Chief of Staff and the Secretary of State say you are going to war without enough troops, you're going to war without enough troops.

"Lesson 2: When 8.8 billion dollars of reconstruction funding disappears from Iraq, and 2 billion dollars disappears from Katrina relief, it's time to demand a little accountability.

"Lesson 3: When you've 'turned the corner' in Iraq more times than Danica Patrick at the Indy 500, it means you are going in circles.

"Lesson 4: When the national weather service tells you a category 5 hurricane is heading for New Orleans, a category 5 hurricane is heading for New Orleans.

"I would also ask the President why we're paying for two 'Ethics Advisors' and a 'Director of Fact Checking.'

"They must be the only people in Washington who get more vacation time than the President.

"Maybe the White House could consolidate these positions into a Director of Irony."

Indeed, Mr. Emanuel makes wonderful commentary regarding the ineptitude of the Bush administration. Yep, we live in fucked up times, no slow news days anymore.

At least its summer, so go to the beach, go to a show, enjoy yourself and be safe. You don't need to be a part of the dismal news these days.

SHUT UP

BY: MARKO 72

& SAY SOMETHING

All the answers:

Life is an open-book test, the answers are all there for the taking, the real challenge is having the confidence and ingenuity to look for them. Sometimes if you just open your eyes and your mind, you find that the answer to what you need is right in front of you. It's amazing how you can gain the most profound insights in life from the most unlikely sources: I recently found a classic example of this in, of all places, the fine print of inside art on the latest Strokes record; there was this factoid about how it took humans something like 15,000 years to discover how to make fire, then we warmed ourselves sitting near it for another 15,000 years eating raw meat, before we figured out that we could use the fire to cook our food! The clues you need are everywhere; mantras read on the back of a box of tea while bored as fuck trying to get over a head cold ("jump and the net will appear"); eavesdropping on some total strangers' conversation having it resonate to your life; love and relationship advice from a few lines of a pop song that you accidentally stumble upon while fiddling with the dial while stuck in traffic.

Just like it's good to question authority and fun to defy stereotypes to fuck with people, it's also a good idea to challenge old sayings like: "youth is wasted on the young" and "if I'd known then what I know now..." and not be another typical statistic. How do you do this? Well, there you are at that old quandary again: how do you get experience without a job, how do you get a job without experience. Again, my advice is to just look around, and utilize the examples that precede you; some of them have even written about their insights and wisdom in books and songs (and kindling-worthy columns like this!). Your life and experiences are unique, so there's no absolutes but you can save a lot of time and anguish if you just look and learn.

Don't beat yourself up over let downs:

There's good in everyone if you look for it (and a lot of bad too, but fuck that fuckin shit, right?). When the going gets tough: move on, forgive yourself, forgive someone else, just try to apply yourself and enjoy life. Melodramatic and sentimental cobwebs are all around don't let their seductive promise of swaddling comfort draw you into their relentless tangle; it'll just waste your time and slow you down.

I am far from where I ultimately would like to be as a person, but I'm constantly learning, growing and trying my best. I have found some scattered success and stability in my career and domestic life, so it might appear that I have things all figured out. The truth

is, I'm as clueless as anyone and I have a lot of work to do as a human being. Don't we all? For better or for worse, but *for now* I am who I am and I never claim to be otherwise. No one can hold me to promises I never made or fail me at games I never agreed to play. I lead an unusual vagabond existence, playing in a traveling band; living in the moment and constantly adapting to new people, places, situations, etc. My friends, family and loved ones choose to accept these factors unconditionally as I do (and would do) for them. At this point in my life a lot of things do have to be one-sided a lot of the time. The "consensus" probably is correct; I probably am a motherfucker to be friends with. I'm never home, I'm always overcommitted or preoccupied, I'm always busy. Above all, when I am home I crave the one thing I never get on the road *solitude and rest*; so yeah it's tricky. Friendships (like plants) do require nurturing, that's why I gravitate towards evergreens and self-sufficient cacti relationships that need minimal watering and detailed attention, and they gravitate towards me. That doesn't mean I don't care, I just can't handle high maintenance. I don't have space in me to harbor or dwell on negative social let downs, I'm sick of disappointment and despair. I'd rather try and focus on people's individuality, wisdom, beauty, grace, love, dignity, humor, integrity and other virtues. I hope this doesn't come off as sounding high and mighty, I'd last ten seconds on a high horse before I'd land face down in the dirt. I'm just shooting in the dark like everyone else.

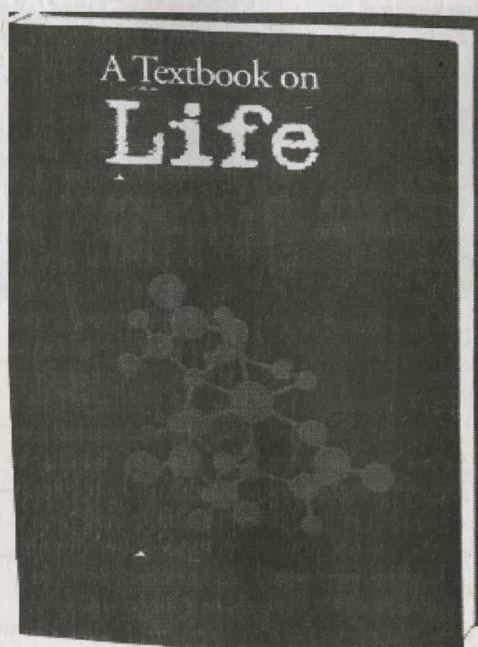
Have another...

I considered sobriety one time, but my sober friends did an intervention and begged me to keep drinking. "Marko, you can handle alcohol, we wish we could 'just

have a glass of wine or crack a beer' but it's all or nothing at all with us; don't do it!" So, I guess for the sake of the sober people in my life wanting to get wasted vicariously through me, I'll continue carrying the torch, or the Molotov cocktail if you will.

On that note I leave you with this quote: "Frank settled down in the Valley, he hung his wild years on a nail that he drove through his wife's forehead..."

-Tom Waits (Franks Wild Years)



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PUNK ROCK SKATEBOARDING

BY MARCUS SOLOMON

Shameless Plugs

Before I get to the “serious” and “deep” stuff, I want to inform the readers about the Team Goon website. The next time you log on, check out: www.teamgoon.com. There’s a very happening message board with gig info, skate content, and miscellaneous punk randomness. This website is also connected to Punk Rock Skateboards, so be sure to also check that out and pick up a bitchen skate setup with your favorite punk band’s logo. Finger Records is also one of my favorites, so dig that mess at: www.fingerrecords.com. That label has a lot of cranking punk rock, including a few up and coming bands comprised of youngsters that keep it real like The Diff’s, Wrecking Crew, DEK, and a bunch of old kids in a band called Adolescents. I also recommend the diverse and free punk rock Internet radio provided by www.interpunk.com. It is a quick and easy download, and you can leave it open and listen to the music while you continue to browse the Web. That site has a ton of punk merchandise as well, but if you are looking for rare and hard-to-find punk stuff, you simply can’t beat Dr. Strange: www.drstrange.com.

Truth, Fear and the Identity of Satan

Truth...what is it? Roman governor Pontius Pilate asked that question when he presided over the trial of Jesus the Christ right before they hung him up to dry. Y’shua (Yuh-shoo-uh)—the actual name of the guy everybody calls Jesus—said: “Whoever loves the truth listens to me.” Cool, Christ was a right-on kind of guy, but it’s too bad that most of his so-called followers have not picked up on most his teachings. For example, I recently saw and heard televangelist Pat Robertson spew some hateful propaganda on his Christian Broadcast Network. He said that the so-called progressives [democrats] have declared war on everything America and Christianity stands for. He said that there was a communist/Marxist plot to overthrow America from within and the democrats are making this happen by means of supporting gay rights, women’s rights, and the separation of church and state. Of course, this is obvious nonsense and I believe Mr. Robertson knows it is not true, but the problem is that millions of his sheep-minded followers believe it to be true. There are a lot of people out there that increase and maintain their hold on money and

power by using fear to control large numbers of people.

If you want to know the truth, then look inside yourself and realize that you already know right from wrong. You do not need anybody to tell you these things, so resist the temptation to turn your mind over to other people who might lead you astray. Look at what is happening around you, think about what has happened and what effects are created. Give all points of view serious consideration and use your own sense of judgment to make an intelligent decision. The reason the world is so messed up is primarily because the majority of this planet’s population have given their minds over to some so-called higher power. Most of the time—but not always—these people in high position are merely liars. I often watch Fox News just to see what they are lying about and to know what the deluded fans of that ilk are absorbing.

Fear is a very powerful weapon. Mr. Pat Robertson and his ally Mr. George W. Bush use it all the time. Most Christian evangelists scare their flocks so they can use that fear of eternal damnation to extort forgiveness money. They fan the flames of guilt in order to keep the gullible money-machines coming back week after week. This is what happens when you renounce your own mind and give into the “faith” of letting someone else think for you. Always remember that fear-based religion worships the god of fear. Genuine spiritual experience creates a sense of personal humility and a desire to help others; anything else is bullshit.

As I have written before, I was once a Samanera Buddhist monk for a short time and I have spent a lot of time in the company of Buddhist monks. They actually told me who Satan is, and it’s not what you think.

The word “Satan” comes from the ancient Sanskrit word “Sat” which means “Truth,” and the negative suffix “an,” which means “not.” The word “Satan” literally translates as “truth-not,” or simply “lie” and/or “liar.” Therefore, Satan is anybody who is a liar. There is no such thing as a monster in a burning cave with a lake of fire and legions of damned souls blazing for all eternity. That crap is a nonsense story made up so the religious leaders could tell everyone “Do as I say, or the devil will get you and torture

you forever. Now give me your mind, your body and your money. If you are not with us then you are for the devil.” Again, those in power often create fear so they can obtain control. The Bush administration does exactly the same thing by stirring up trouble and pumping up the fear-based propaganda so they can scare the hell out of the American population. Bush basically says, “Do as I say or the terrorists will get you. Now give me your mind, body and money. If you are not for me, then you are for the terrorists.” It’s *exactly* the same methodology.

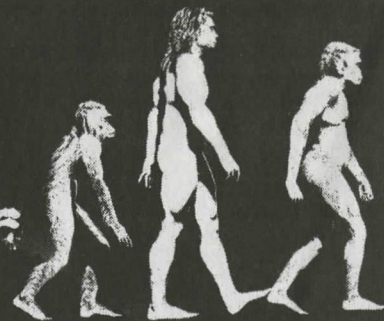
Consider this...in the story about when Christ was being tempted by Satan, the devil told Y’shua that if he, the Christ would call Satan “Lord,” then Y’shua would obtain all the power and glory of every nation on Earth. Knowing that “Satan” means “lie,” we can see that this story is really about Jesus fighting with the temptation to lie for personal gain. Many people have willingly given into the power of lies, and notice that the most powerful world and religious leaders knowingly lie on a daily basis. That is how they got to their positions of power and that is how they maintain their stranglehold on the minds, bodies and the commodities of this planet. Pat Robertson, George W. Bush, Osama bin Laden, Vladimir Putin, are merely people who know how to use deceit and violence in order to achieve their goals. It is not accurate to call them “Satan” per se, unless you understand the word simply means “liar.”

Now you know who Satan is. It is anybody who deliberately lies and/or does bad things. But that’s not all; a person is a duality. Nobody is all good or all bad. You already know right from wrong, so you do not need anybody to tell you. There is no lake of fire. There is no eternal damnation. There is only the human mind, one’s own ability to make conscious decisions, and karma. What is the truth? You already know honesty from falsehood when it leaves your mind and mouth, but it is not so easy to determine the truth when others are trying to influence us. The best you can do is to be very careful when judging the worth of incoming ideas. Omnibus de ubetandum (doubt everything), then decide as best you can. Remember also that choosing nothing is still a choice.

Write to Marcus at: nothingzine@hotmail.com

ILLOGICAL

A COLUMN BY AL G.



Al Over the World

I've been trying my hand at a little travel writing, trying to get someone to foot the bill for my misadventures. I've been through most of the states and seen a lot of Europe touring with a band, and I've seen some of South and Central America doing a bit of research.

But there's one story that I can't really put out there in a medium other than this fine publication your sticky fingers are grasping. And it's all about risk. Well, risk and drugs.

But back to the risks—we've all had ours. For just a brief moment we're overcome by the urge to act not only irrational but in a manner in which consequences could result... bad consequences.

Think about the risks you've taken, the dangers involved, physical or legal. The times you could have been killed, the times you could have hurt someone, or the times you were almost stuffed into a violence-plagued overcrowded Honduran prison.

Goddamn risks.

Central American Anarchaeologists

We had no problem getting the weed *in* to Honduras, you see, so we figured we'd have no problem getting it *out*. Yet there we were, standing on opposite sides of our small Toyota four-door rental car. We were at the border, stopped at a candy-striped traffic barrier with a rope and heavy stone holding it in place.

The road leading into Guatemala from the Mayan ruins of Copán was mostly a sun-baked throat-clogging fine dust—a wonderful, possibly life-saving dust. This road stretched for miles between cliffs, Mayan farmlands and fields, and steep-walled canyons. In order to get through the border you stop, show passports, pay the necessary tolls and taxes, and wait for them to lift the barrier. Then you repeat the process at the next traffic barrier, roughly twenty feet away.

I was a bit surprised when asked to get out of the car since most of these old retired soldier guards really didn't look too enthusiastic. It was oppressively hot at this lonely outpost and when we drove through three days before they hardly raised an eyebrow. I placed my can of soda on the dashboard and made a quick glance to the backseat.

Crap.

My backpack was on top of our pile of travelables. And inside the front pouch was my bathroom kit... and inside the middle pocket of my bathroom kit was a small box of anti-diarrhea meds (hey, it's Latin America), and inside of that was about fifteen fat joints of horrible shwag we purchased in Antigua.

I stood at the border of these two nations, awaiting the guard's orders. I was hoping my horrible Spanish would cause him to lose patience and let us *pasé*...it didn't. I realized that my life could possibly change forever right there; a beat-

up, under-funded, dank Central American border crossing would be my last taste of freedom for who knew how long.

And I read the papers—I've seen plenty of articles on the conditions and mortality rates of Latin American prisons—I don't know how I kept from crying out a loud, "Aaw, shit," or at least doing so in my hiking pants.

No, somehow I kept my *suavéness*. I remained convinced that this man, this man whose language I could only barely understand, would not delve into my shit-pill box.

Then he reached towards my shit-pill box.

The sacred winds of Lago de Atitlán

The *T'zutujil* Maya that live around Lake Atitlán



in the Guatemalan highlands have for centuries honored sacred winds that help them navigate the immense body of water. They call these winds the *X'ochimil*.

Surrounded by giant inactive volcanoes the lake itself is a *caldera*, a volcano cone filled with water. We took a boat across this lake to get to a small village, *Santiago de Atitlán*, to find a shrine to the patron saint *Maximón*.

Every town and community in Guatemala has its own patron saint, but this particular one isn't recognized officially by the church. His blessings and vengeance are sought after by drunks, beggars, addicts, and prostitutes—my kind of saint.

We paid our respects and a few dollars of offerings and left the tiny shack, the smell of incense, booze, and cigarettes following us out to the cobblestone street.

Once again I know what you're thinking: "Al G, you are so vastly intelligent with a sharp wit and the scent of an angel's birthday... why the shit are you telling us this?"

Because even though I'm in no way superstitious or religious—gullible, we'll call it—I can't help

but think that if this little wooden shrine could assist anybody in need at any time for reasons not on the up-and-up, it was my traveling companion and I.

Nerves of steel- cold, stoned, steel

A couple days later, at the Honduran border on the other side of the country, I watched in a helpless stupor as the guard reached toward my bag.

My mind whirled, a thousand panic-stricken thoughts at once. How long would I survive if I bolted into the mountainous brush surrounding us? How long would I survive with a backside full of bullets? How long would I survive in a Honduran prison? Would pinning the blame on my good friend at the other side of the car do me any good? Doubtful. Besides, I had made it clear that it was my luggage by shrieking like a punched little girl when he reached for it.

Then, rattling down the deep road-carved valley, a strong gust of wind seemingly from out of nowhere pushed through the trees, between the creaking weathered shacks, and was upon us from behind. Lasting only a second or two it carried a thick cloud of the road's surface dust with it, forcing it into the car and up into the guard's face, coating his moustache and filling his eyes and half-opened mouth with grit.

He reeled back, spitting out dirt and *expletivos*, and waved his hand back and forth for us to *pasé*. The Guatemalan guards didn't bother to look in the car—they thought the Hondurans did. We paid our entrance fees and taxes and drove on to the interior of the country—sweaty, dusty, and relieved beyond belief. We both thanked the small statue of *Maximón* I purchased at another shrine in his honor in San Andreas Izatapa.

And, if I do accurately recall, we immediately started to, uh, burn some of the evidence just in case.

That's my experience as an international drug smuggling anthropologist. It's a true story and a good one at that. It has suspense, adventure, drugs, and me.

The small statue of *Maximón* is in my living room, seated with a cigarette in his mouth. Whenever I look at him I'm reminded of how damn glad I am to not be rotting in a Honduran prison.

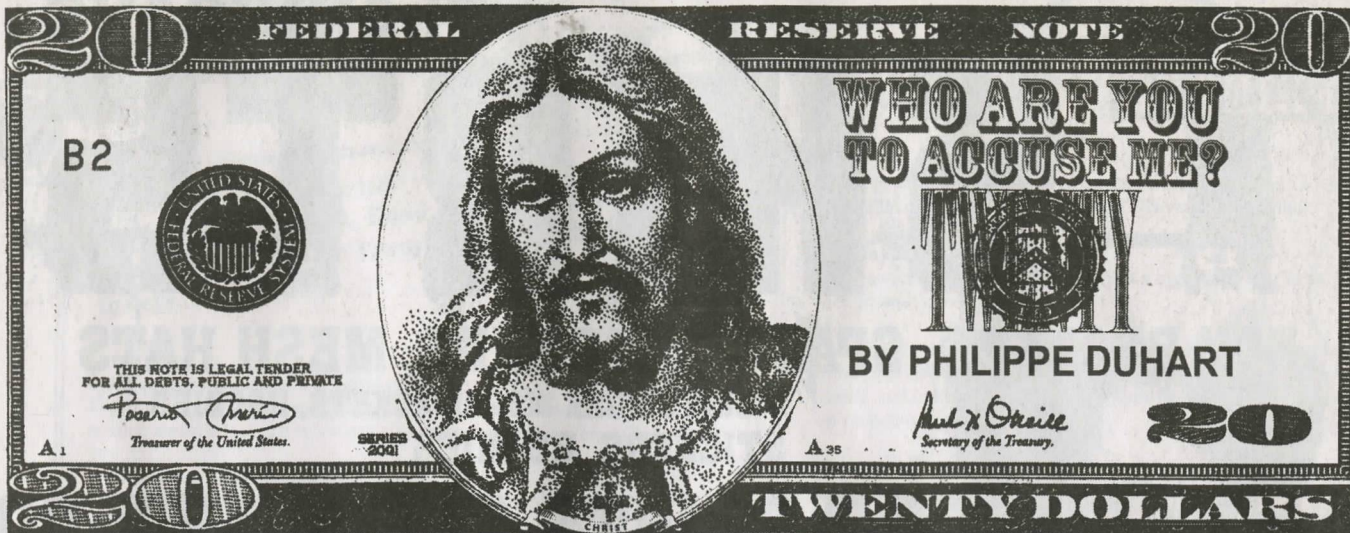
Did he or the *X'ochimil* have anything to do with our safe border crossing? Unlikely. Admittedly it was a pretty stupid and unnecessary risk.

But, hell, we love to take risks, don't we? Comments? Drop me a line at al_g@hotmail.com

Photo caption: *Caretaker and Maximón in the town of Santiago de Atitlán, Guatemala*

Al G, 2001

- Photo by



Newt Gingrich this week called on President Bush to admit that the US is engaged in 'World War III.'

Well, my gentle readers, allow me to pose to you a simple question: What the fuck does it matter what we call it? Will less people be killed if it's a 'world' war and not an 'on terror' war, and will their deaths therefore be justified rather than collateral? They'll still be corpses.

But the oversized bobble-headed Gingrich is not a fool. He's a moron, but not a fool.

Words, comrades. Gingrich is pointing out the defining power of words in electoral politics. Let me digress and wow you with my smarts.

Over the last few years, many old timers on the left have been railing against Republicans for their 'betrayal' of philosophical conservatism. The Republican apparatus, in control of all three branches of government, have forgotten that 'conservatives' are averse to big government, its intrusion into your private life, and its disdain for foreign adventurism. Thus, we got Medicare entitlement, Terri Shiavo, and Iraq.

But politics is a game of position and opposition—defining yourself and your party in terms of its position in opposition to the other guys. This is easily done with vacuous claims of identity which seek to define one's position negatively in relation to the other guy. A conservative, against ideological consistency and necessarily a reactive position, can only exist in vague opposition to something else, against which something equally vague must be conserved. This is the genius of the Republican Putsch.

Conservatives have taken the position of an insurgent in electoral politics since the Goldwater Era. The narrative they've spun is consistent because—despite their bullshit claims to the contrary—they are not the 'party of ideas.' (That's not say the Democrats have ideas—they don't—but that the field of politics is entirely devoid of ideas.) They've managed to define conservative as the opposite of their definition of 'liberal' and then deftly convinced Americans that they are not liberal. 'Not liberal' can only mean conservative.

Democrats are warm-and-fuzzy types, more comfortable at a cocktail party on the Upper East Side, toasting Maya Angelou and sodomizing one another. They're gay is what the Republicans have managed to tacitly say. Do you want to be gay? No. Then vote for the unfortunately-named Dick Santorum.

Conservatism in the Republican Noise Machine meant much more in opposition to liberal than in relation to Conservatism: the ideology. Opposition to something is easy and perfectly attuned with American laziness. Furthermore it's effective. Conservatives get to be bigoted assholes without saying as much because blacks, gays, and too-smart atheists are 'liberal.'

Let's get back to Gingrich. The ratings of FOX News and AM variety call-in shows are inversely proportional to the public's negative perception of the war. Reiterating Bush's words suffers when no one is listening to the horse's mouth any longer. If the public isn't tuning in to the cheerleaders of the war, then they're not likely to vote for the partisan yesmen of the war. Danger! Danger running for office Republican in an election year!

Taking a look over the course, one must take note of words used to articulate the war, to define it as anything but an imperial land grab. Here's a taste of Bushspeak:

The Global War on Terror—Anything Bush wants. Used in conjunction with other words, especially 'protecting.' The WOT has been used to encourage shopping and sell farm bills. But, it is of special importance *vis-à-vis* Iraq and the growth of Executive power.

Commander-in-Chief—Pay no attention to the idiot behind the presidential curtain. During the 2004 election, this term was used *ad nauseum* by the Right. Its primary purpose was to invest Bush-the-Texan-Idiot of the 2000 Election with the sacrality of office and historicity of situation. It's so much easier to trust in the Divine Right of the king rather than in the inbred r-tard who sits atop the throne. By continually defining him as this, the Right successfully managed to get the

public to forget Bush the man and follow Bush the fortunate idiot cum officeholder.

Terrorism/Terrorist—Again, anything Bush wants. Terrorism, as Richard Clarke pointed out, is a tactic and not a movement. However, terrorism holds a rather peculiar place in the modern worldview. 'Terrorist' conflates disparate movements, creating a convenient whole for disparate goals—everything from controlling the flow of oil to Europe and Asia to strengthening the dollar against the euro. It also defines 'us' against 'them', especially in regard to what we do. 'Shock and awe' entails using violence to pacify a population with fear (the *modus operandi* of terrorism). The seemingly indiscriminate bombing campaigns against Shiite neighborhoods ('infrastructure') in Beirut is meant to brutalize a population supportive of Hezbollah as a political movement and network of social service providers. So long as tactics used to terrorize are used against the terrorists they are justified. Who, then, are the terrorists? Not us, therefore them. To oppose this definition is to sympathize with the terrorists.

Democracy—Perhaps the biggest load of bullshit they've shat from their asshole brains. 'Democracy'=subservience to the world order of capitalism, the domain of the pleasing-sounding 'free market.' Although the meaninglessness of this word really came to fruition during the Cold War—think Latin American democracies led by guys called 'Generalissimo'—Operation Iraqi Freedom, we have been repeatedly informed after the WMD rationale fell apart, is about 'spreading democracy.' Yet, Viceroy L. Paul Bremer detailed little in the way of 'democracy' and much in the way of privatizing Iraq. (See Naomi Klein's 'Iraq: Year Zero'.) Iraqis have even got into this game. Ayatollah Sistani, the impetus for actual elections in Iraq, used 'democracy' (and the threat of untold thousands of angry Shia in the streets) as a mechanism by which the religious establishment could take power in Iraq.

Words. They're a funny thing. I'm out of them.

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photo de albert garcia, 2002

Disclaimer: I cannot be held responsible for 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.

Creepy Hot

Some men have the allure of being hot in a creepy sort of way. You'd never marry the guy, but you'd sleep with him and never tell anyone about it later. Here's some classic examples of the creep hot guy...

David Blaine: Man, this guy must be bored! Constantly trying to amuse himself and others with feats unknown to man... The guy is weird in a hot sort of way.

Tom Cruise: He used to be just plain hot, but he's now creepy hot due to his weird coupling with Katie Holmes, their mystery baby that has yet to be seen, and his Scientology views.

Scott Peterson: Murdering aside—the guy is kinda hot.

Simon Cowell: He's creepy in a smarmy sort of way, and his arrogance makes him sort of hot.

Mick Jagger: From his swagger, to those gigantic lips—the guy is creepy sexy.

The Menendez brothers: Never have evil murderous brothers gotten so much female attention in jail.

Charlie Sheen: The hookers... The gambling... The porn... All the while with his palms up!

Under The Same Vein, There's Also...

"Whit Trash Hot"

Kid Rock

Tommy Lee

Eminem

Kevin Federline

"Dorky Hot"

Jim Carrey

David Spade

Owen Wilson

Adam Sandler

You've Gotta Have a Hobby

People always say you've gotta have a hobby or be passionate about something. But what if you don't have a hobby? What if you've got no passion? Why can't *not* being passionate about anything be your hobby? Why can't finding a hobby be your passion? Because, truly, once you do find something to pique your interest, you'll want another challenge, soon after. So when does it stop? When are we satisfied?

I once read that human beings are the only animals on earth that are constantly striving to challenge themselves... Notice athletes want to be singers and singers want to be actors and actors want to be models, etc.? It's because we're never satisfied with what we've got. The more we have, the more we want. Which means we never feel content.

Who Doesn't Say That?

I hate it when girls say when a particular style of clothing becomes trendy, "I was wearing that way before anyone was ever wearing it." Now I can't wear it anymore because it's so trendy." Well, aren't they the mastermind of the fashion world... I'm so sure they made it up all by themselves and were the very, very first human being to wear that particular item of clothing.

You know what I think is trendy? When someone says they were the first to don a certain fashion. Just once I'd like to hear someone

say, "I'm always late getting in on the fashion trend and I love to wear what everybody else is wearing." Now *that's* original.

Bad Boyfriends

There are certain qualities that are just a-big, fat *no* that I can't deal with when it comes to men...

Cheap men—It's just a wimpy, unattractive quality, not to mention embarrassing once others catch on to his frugal ways (like your friends and family). There's just something manly about a guy who isn't a penny-pincher and tips well.

Men who are too feminine—He doesn't have to be a muscle man macho oaf but a guy who cares more about his appearance and fashion sense more than you care about yours is just unappealing. Same goes for the way he talks—he should sound manly—not gay.

Any guy who wants to be an actor—They're usually kind of fem and have a huge ego that needs constant validation, preferably by the sound of applause.

Undependably Stupid

There are two types of people out there—ones that are true to their word, and ones that are full of crap. The best thing you can do for yourself is to know who you're dealing with and put them in one of two categories—"reliable" or "undependable." If you make plans with an "undependable" friend, know that you may be flaked on (and be okay with that—or don't make plans with this person), or you can light a fire under the "undependable" person by calling them two days before your plans to make sure you're still on, then one day before your plans, to "iron out a time" (which is really an excuse to see if you're still on).

But why do we even keep the "undependables" around? Easy—they're usually the most fun to be with.

If Guys Only Knew...

If only guys on the prowl knew that there's a plethora of married women in boring relationships who are just itching for some action. Single guys should be hitting on married women! Married women are jaded, while single women are wide-eyed with hope in a quest to find their one true love, thus turning a hot one-night stand down. Married women only want a hot one-night stand. Note: She has to have been with the guy at least five years and there are those who are blissfully happy, but the odds are in your favor, guys.

Single people are picky. Married people are desperate... for fun and action and the unknown...

Who Knows

People are always trying to deduce if someone is good in bed, but truly—there's no way to tell. You can be with all different types of people and there's that one that surprises you—while there's the inevitable let-down you thought would be a good thing. But one thing is for sure—anyone who is too full of themselves won't be that great a lover. They care too much about themselves to please you.

Think of Paris Hilton... She's that frosting fuck. She makes all the right sounds and does all the right things, but she's a soulless boink. Anyone who saw her sex tape could see she cared more about posing for the camera than getting laid.

Right?

Most women would get upset if someone said they looked like a hooker—but not me! What? I look like a hooker? How? What was I doing? Was it when I was standing like this?

Women just don't know how to take a compliment. Don't think toothless whore in the street—think Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman*.



In case you have not heard, CBGB & OMFUG is officially closing in October of this year, bringing to an end an incredible legacy that will never be duplicated. The club is closing as a result of a bitter dispute between the landlord and CB's, which is a shame because greed has put yet another nail in the coffin of anything cool. One could argue CBGB has not been cool for some time because of the bands playing there yet; the club has never pulled any punches and has always supported local and touring bands. A popular website confirmed reports CBGB is going to move into downtown Las Vegas by next year and if done right, it could be very cool. If it is done wrong, all of the cynics will rejoice in their being right all along.

When I heard there would be some benefit shows last year in order to try and save the club from the greedy landlord, I knew I had to try my best to get there. I got a relatively inexpensive flight on Jet Blue and reserved a room at the Off-Soho Suites (stay there, it's great!) after buying tickets to three shows that sounded appealing to me. I wound up being there on a pretty good weekend and was able to see the Nihilistics, Flipper, The Queers, Anti-Nowhere League, Sham 69, The Radicts and Youth Brigade. I thought it would be cool to see Youth Brigade outside of California or Nevada since those are the only two places I have seen them. The east coast crowd was thrilled to see the brothers Stern playing a memorable set.

I noticed a few more Starbucks open than before, a Whole Foods Market being built on Houston Street, a new movie theater and other things that were not there in the late 1980s-early 1990s that signaled the Lower East Side was going through yet another change which many feel take away from the charm of the area. Rents have soared sky high, which is another reason why CBGB is getting booted. The landlord will either demolish the entire building that also houses the Bowery Residents Association (a homeless shelter) and CB's or just sell to the highest bidder.

The energy in New York is not imaginary, it is real and you have to be there to actually feel it. I was able to find incredible coffee, great pizza and

other things to do all within blocks of the hotel. It was nice to walk everywhere because it seems so close. When you walk anywhere in Los Angeles everything seems so far.

On day two, I woke up somewhat late for me and got ready to explore the Village to find non-Starbucks espresso. I had not eaten anything except for some pizza the night before. Just as I was about three blocks from the hotel, I started to get a feeling in my stomach that made the world come to a complete stop while the most horrific thought when through my head. "Oh my God, I am in New York City and I have to find a bathroom cuz this ain't no gas that's rumbling!" I tried to fight it! Mind over matter! This feeling was going to get the best of me, yeah right. I stopped walking and then became paranoid that everyone in the city could see me and the painful look I had on my face, so I started to look up at the buildings across the street pretending to be interested in their architecture. Needless to say, it looked rather obvious, as I wouldn't move my feet to look at them for fear a true "shart" would happen and well it did!

I had to move fast but I didn't know what to do. If I walked three blocks back to hotel, I would almost definitely have to throw out my clothes because I would have nowhere to wash them. That wouldn't work, so then I thought I could just find a Starbucks and use their bathroom. Well, this one time the closest Starbucks was further from me than the damn hotel. I suddenly realized where I was and then recoiled in horror when I turned to my right and hearing the Halleluiahs Chorus playing in my head staring at the sign above. I was standing right in front of CBGB's, home of the most disgusting bathrooms with no doors on them in the history of the free world! Everything you have heard about these bathrooms is true and you use them at your own risk. Peeing isn't so bad, but I couldn't imagine doing anything else in them without lighting yourself on fire afterwards! It was almost as if Dee Dee Ramone, being the prankster that he was, had pulled a very cruel but funny joke on me.

I accepted my fate and started to walk to the

door like a beaten dog. I am sure they hose it down every night I thought, but the smell is what was going to kill me for sure. Just as I reached the door before having to plead with someone, hopefully Louise who I know, to use the bathroom, I noticed the Gallery next door was open. The Gallery formerly housed the record store but I couldn't remember anything about the bathrooms there, they have a bar, so they have to have a bathroom. In NYC you cannot just walk into a place and ask to use their bathroom, it doesn't work that way. The Gallery had a little retail area, so I pretended to shop while in extraordinary pain all the while not bending down in feel the mighty "shart" would alert everyone in there what I had just done! After about ten painful minutes and a forty-dollar purchase, I asked the guy working there if there was a rest room. He pointed and I was off like a racehorse all the while fearing what was going to be in that bathroom.

Before entering I stood and stared at the door before opening it. What was I going to find in the restroom and in my pants? I wasn't sure which would be worse! I slowly pulled the door open and much to my surprise no one had "hot-boxed" it moments before and it was actually *clean*! Holy shit! The clean bathroom at the soon to be shuttered CBGB is next door in the Gallery! Hot damn! I prepared myself mentally and then was able to quickly take care of business without having my pants touch the floor or the toilet. After a quick clean up on aisle 5 I was out the door, washing up at the common sink shared by the men's and ladies' room and I was off to the coffee shop. My clockwork was off due to the time change and back at the hotel I was able to properly handle things without fearing the condition of the bathroom.

Whenever I think about it, I laugh at my fondest and favorite CBGB's moment that did not even involve seeing band, now how about that!

Until next time-The Creep

Good Bye and Good Luck
This is my final Big Wheel article.

For as long as I can remember, I've done my best to live a principled lifestyle. I've renounced unrestrained capitalism and all of its evils. I've constantly questioned authority in its many forms. I've turned my back to the rampant consumerism that has plagued our culture for nearly a century now. I've lived and played in the oldest, most run down parts of the many cities I've roamed in and out of, avoiding the suburbs and all they represent. I've stood up for those who lacked the voice to stand up for themselves. And it's never been easy.

But that's all going to change.

I quit driving long ago, instead taking public transportation as a means to be more socially responsible. But fuck that. Tomorrow I'm going out and I'm going to buy the biggest, most obnoxious SUV I can find. I want it to burn through more gas than a third-world country.

Once upon a time I quit a good paying job because among our clients were such companies as Halliburton, Los Alamos, and Kellogg Brown & Root. Now I work for a non-profit organization that helps abused children. That was fucking stupid. I'm quitting that job tomorrow and I'm going to find the worst company I can and get a job working on its corporate board, making tons of money screwing the employees and ripping of customers. With any luck, it will be an oil company. That way I can come up with all sorts of great ways to fuck over people in other countries as well.

And what will become of that non-profit company I used to work for? Well, it probably won't be around much longer if I have anything to do with it. You see, once I start making all that cash I'm not going to want to pay any taxes on any of it, so instead I'm going to spend money on the Republican Party. I'm sure soon enough they'll cut funding to the non-profits and those abused children will have to fend for themselves.

I will no longer question the President or his administration (so long as they remain Republicans). From now on what he says goes. If he says Iraq has weapons of mass destruction, then Iraq has fucking weapons of mass destruction. And if they tell me that I should be afraid of a huge bloodthirsty terrorist organization, then by God I will be fucking afraid.

Speaking of God, I will be going back to church. And I'm going to hate whoever the fuck my preacher tells me to. I'm sure that will mean I need to hate faggots and liberals, at the same time forgetting that whole "love thy neighbor" part of the Bible. But Christ knows, it's much easier to hate than it is to be tolerant.

I will no longer watch baseball. Instead I will tell everyone that I think baseball is boring. I will, however, follow football rabidly. I know you're thinking "How are you going to become a huge football fan without being a repressed homosexual?" Well, I'm going to have to develop homosexual tendencies and fiercely stifle them. That will make it so much easier to start hating openly gay people.

For years now I have followed news and politics closely, believing it to be my civic duty to be knowledgeable about

current affairs. Once again, that was a mistake. Why in the world should I care about the news when I trust everything the government says and does? From now on, any time somebody brings up politics or current events, I'm going to call them a juvenile name and quickly change the subject to something mundane. If they persist, I will dumb down the conversation by questioning their patriotism, accusing them of being unsupportive of the troops and loving al Qaeda.

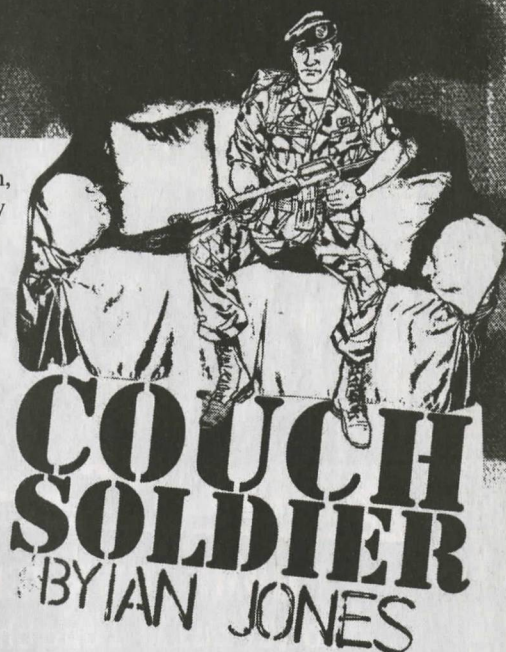
I'm not going to listen to or support independent or experimental music any longer. From now on I'm going to listen to what everyone else is listening to. No, I'm not talking about Social Distortion or Rancid. I'm not even talking about your run of the mill top 40 stuff, because a lot of times some "artsy" song will find its way onto the charts and challenge my thinking. I don't want to have to think any more, so I'm going to listen to bland Nashville-style country music. I hear Billy Ray Cyrus has a new single called "I Want My Mullet Back." That seems like a pretty good place to start.

I'm moving out of the city and going to the suburbs—preferably a gated community where the only minorities I'll have to see are the ones cutting my grass. From behind the seclusion of my new quarters, I will advocate tearing down the old, run down communities I used to haunt. I don't want to see any more culture, just concrete. Why waste all that perfectly good land when you could use it to build strip malls, Wal-Marts, and high income condos? Where are all the low income folks going to live? Who gives a fuck? I don't want to have to see them any more anyway.

Hopefully my new large house in that gated community will be as far away from this leftist wasteland called California as possible. Sure I could move down to San Diego to be amongst my own kind, but I'd still be too close to the scumbags in Los Angeles for my comfort. So eventually I hope to move to Texas, where men are real men, repressed homosexuality and all. Houston looks pretty nice. There aren't too many mom-and-pop stores out there to pollute my eyes, just chain stores and restaurants for miles and miles.

So what will become of the magazine when I'm gone? I could care less. No doubt some other terribly written column will take the place of my usual terribly written column, provided that the editor decides to publish the column while its subject is still relevant. But that's not my problem any more, I'm off to Texas. See ya, suckers!

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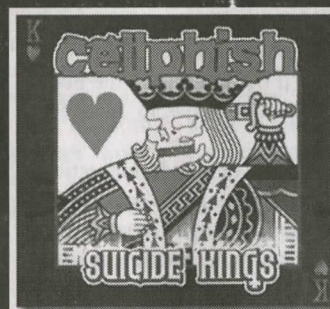
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PART OF THE PROBLEM

BY SMITTY

Fuck! I am in a goddamned jubilant mood, because I finally broke out of my epic extended joblessness period, (the great economic slump of ought-six—as it will henceforth be known), and got a real grown-up job at an ad agency in Beverly Hills.

My boss is cool. The work is cool and my private office is unnervingly cool. The walls are so stark and white that all I can think about is covering them with stickers and flyers so I'll feel more at home.

As an aging punk rock type I have plenty of experience with how much being broke can suck. I'm just glad we've turned the corner, financially speaking and we'll be able to hire back our maids. The place was starting to get messy.

Just how broke was I? I was so broke that my pot guy called just to see if I was okay. I've been nursing a bag of shake so fine you'd be better off snorting it. I scraped my pipe so clean it looks like I had it chromed.

Now I'm driving my shitbox into Beverly Hills every day and seeing how the other half lives. Alright, not other half, the other 1% of ridiculously wealthy douchebags whose heads are all gonna end up on spikes outside their gated communities if the gap between rich and poor keeps increasing at the current rate.

The best part about working on Beverly Drive is seeing all the losers with their Ferraris and Lamborghinis trying to look super cool and unaffected as they grind gears on a \$300,000 car in stop and go traffic.

It's also funny to watch how people behave at a four-way stop in Beverly Hills. It's not easy to drive when right of way is determined by birthright and economic clout.

So I'm watching Tourgasm the other night and I hear that Dane Cook has been named Rolling Stone's Hot

Comic for 2006. Wow, really going out on a limb there, Rolling Stone. Are you sure you can stand by such a bold fucking call? Dane Cook, who has the biggest comedy album of that last twenty-seven years, is Rolling Stone magazine's pick for top comic of '06. On the heels of that earth shaker, Rolling Stone has also named MySpace the best website of '06 and the Sun as the brightest thing in the fucking sky this year. Stay tuned for more pearls of wisdom from Rolling Stone, named by Smitty as top magazine most likely to not recognize a trend until it's over for ought-six.

I just turned thirty-five a couple weeks ago. So you're all in the know. I intend to start lying about my age soon so I can pick up high school girls on MySpace.

Am I alone in cursing the '80s for lack of Internet? Sure, we had better shows and our pants all fit, but really, when you look back, we got royally boned in this hedonistic sex and drugs department. Nowadays the kids can just hop online and find out if anyone else out there wants to be spanked by a chick dressed as a nun while a black guy watches and masturbates with cooking spray, usually just by logging in to: www.spankedbyachickdressedasanunwhileablackguywatchesandmasturbateswithcookingspray.com.

Maybe it's just me, I was raised a little south of Boston in a town nicknamed "the Irish Riviera." It was beautiful, conservative, and Catholic as hell. The town was so damn Irish and small that in order to lose your virginity, you really had to go out and fuck somebody's sister. And just pray it wasn't a Keefe or a Sullivan, a McCormick or a Flynn...cause every one of those girls had at least three brothers, most of whom would be more than happy to toss a suburban skate punk through a fucking wall.

Between the lack of opportunity and the general disinterest on the part of our cadre of female sympathizers, I really kind of gave up hope and began to put most of my efforts into drinking and onanism, which I credit with a strong right arm to this very day. It wasn't like terrifically bleak. There were infrequent dalliances. I almost lost my virginity to a girl we all called "Dent." She had an actual crease in her forehead that no one could explain. She also had a burn on her arm in the perfect shape of the business end of an iron, but we knew we could pin that on her step-dad.

Dent and I discussed my situation and how it should be dealt with. The agreed upon terms were some vodka, some wine coolers and the

next party at the beach house. The beach house was a summer home right on the water owned by a family who never came down from the North Shore. We ended up making friends with the son, Dave, who started coming down every weekend and opening the house up to us, which turned out to be an incredibly bad idea. (Story for another time.)

In typical high school fashion, I confided in one of my best buddies, Jinx, that this was a special occasion and why. And, in typical high school fashion, he mentioned it to Matt, who told Teeth, who told Pete, who told Erik, who Roach, and so on.

Cut to Smitty and lady friend Dent, in a candlelight bedroom overlooking the sea. I had no idea what I was supposed to be doing. Sex-ed back them was: Don't fuck—God will hate you, and Don't fuck—you'll get her pregnant, with a side of Don't fuck—there's a new disease and you'll die. I didn't even have the firmest grasp on the old Tab A and Slot B. My older cousins had shown me a porno once before, but that lady looked especially receptive to some shit I hadn't even heard of.

So we start to get down. It's wall-to-wall awkward kissing and groping, punctuated by stupid fucking questions, like "What are you thinking?" Then, it just starts to click, I'm apparently starting to do something right and she's apparently starting to respond. It's all Barry White time, but with muffled hardcore pumping from downstairs and some animal instinct kicking in.

That's just about when the closet door collapsed and Pete, Jinx and Roach fell into the room, drunk as hell and trippin' balls.

After suitable freak-out time, Dent and I sent the cretins back downstairs. We attempted to reclaim the magic, only to hear an argument coming from the roof outside the window. Apparently we'd taken so long to get to the main event that the guys who were sitting on the roof trying to watch through the window were now playing rock-paper-scissors for who had to go back down and get more beer.

That was about the final straw for Dent. She packed up her 38-D's and hit the road. We never even bothered to give it another try, which wasn't an altogether bad thing. It just meant I had to wait a little longer and give it up to a Hawaiian punk rock stripper, which, now that I think about it, is probably what I would have been looking for online anyway. Go figure.



RECORD REVIEWS

All Time Low

Put Up or Shut Up

This CD review is dedicated to one of the funniest dudes I have ever spoken to, Bean, of Death By Stereo. I have never in my life been more disgusted than right now. All Time Low is not just a completely crap band from who gives a fuck, crying about shit I could care less about. They are a Fall Out Boy cover band. The songs are different, but everything they do sounds just like Fall Out Boy, and this includes, but is by no means limited too, the vocals, guitar riffs, drums, bass, song structure, pauses and key changes. I've heard the two Fall Out Boy songs and I'm sure I know their sound well enough to know this is not a nod to an influence but replication. The poor man's Fall Out Boy. I would rather smear dog shit on my face than listen to this band. Or Fall Out Boy. Or anything that's emo/screamo/extremo/horribly bad.

-Donna Ramone, *Hopeless Records*

Angel City Outcasts

Deadrose Junction

Do you like drinking? Do you have woman troubles? Do you take it upon yourself to beat a fuckface down for being an ass? Do you like rock music so intense and raw it doesn't bother trying to seduce you into giving it a listen, but rather grabs you by the balls for fourteen straight tracks and doesn't let go until its finished? If you answered in the affirmative for any of those questions, hell, if you even answered "no" you should check out Angel City Outcasts because this album was a good time. It's more of a throwback to classic rock with liberal amounts of punk, country and every other genre worth a shit thrown in. May I also point out the sweet piano on track three, "Outcast Rock and Roll", not to mention the superb pre-production and engineering. -

Boyd Wunder *Sailor's Grave*

Black Market Baby

Coulda...Shoulda...Woulda

The title tells you the way it should have been. This band could have, should have and would have been *big*, but for some reason, this groundbreaking and incredible east coast band from the early and mid '80s disappeared before that happened. What we have here is twenty-six great proto-punk songs that were rescued, revived, and a few that have never before seen the light of day. Musically speaking, Black Market Baby was more of a hard rock band, but it was the attitude, the *power* and the overall reckless nature of its presentation that defined this working-man's four piece as one of the genuine founders of punk rock. Now you can find out what inspired the young Ian MacKaye (Minor Threat, Fugazi, etc.) and Henry Rollins (Black Flag, Rollins Band). I also hear a lot of the same spirit as early Circle Jerks and TSOL. Crunchy, tight, addictive, and truly a product of the lower working class, this stuff will wake you up like a punch in the face from a very good friend. My personal favorite is "Downward Christian Soldiers!" -Marcus Solomon *Dr. Strange Records*

Bouncing Souls

The Gold Record

As a seriously dorky and pathetic fan for the Bouncing Souls, I was very nervous to hear this new record. I would say I was nervous because I love this band so much and their last album, *Anchors Aweigh*, didn't do much for me. It just didn't give me the feeling I usually get when I hear the Souls—a carefree attitude, and the world just makes sense. For me the Souls are a band that just clicked for me and ever since then they will hold a special place in my heart. It's funny how certain bands/albums can get you through life. Anyways, this album definitely showcases the band's growth and it has a similar vibe to their last

album. The

vocals are

actually sung

and notes are held,

lots of backup vocals,

and lyrics that touch upon

friends, Jersey, the city, and ladies.

Complete with a song about Sarah

and another about Sheena—S

names must be popular with

them—they also have a song about

Iraq, with the lyrics actually being

a letter from a soldier in Iraq. All

around, I need to give it some more

listens but the song I instantly love

is, "Pizza Song." Either way, still

love the band, and I will rock out

like a geek whenever they play. -

Jenny *Epitaph*

The Casualties

Under Attack

You'll be hard pressed to find a band that is a better example of perfectly meshing hardcore and punk music than The Casualties. Their new album *Under Attack* showcases the band at the top of their game. It's hard and fast and unrelenting, and to properly review it, I'm going to have to subtract myself out of the equation. Because I was fucking into this album, I've got to say. The only thing holding me back from getting a Casualties shirt and following them across the country and getting a restraining order is the hardcore (read: screamed) vocals. It's not my bag, but their sound is popular in the scene (and deservedly so) so I should just shut the hell up. The album was still solid and anyone with even a small interest in punk music will not be able to deny tracks three and four, "The System Failed Us Again" and "We Are The Enemies Of This Society" as modern day punk anthems. -Boyd Wunder *Side One Dummy Records*

Chalkie

Down To One

This band is solid. They have good guitars and drumming, tight musicianship. Nothing really

grabbed my attention

though. If you like bands like Clawhammer, Fugazi and Husker Du these guys should be right up your alley. - Salty Dog

Long Live Crime Records

The City Drive

Always Moving Never Stopping

I've already put in the call to the proper authorities. I know it will be difficult to go about your daily activities, but if we don't, then we will have let The City Drive win. We should have seen it coming. The signs were clear. How could a generation weaned on Blink 182, coupled with a world where tragedy follows tragedy not form a band that is basically like early Blink 182 but more, like, deep with depth and feelings and like, y'know, life experiences. It was really annoying and faux-meaningful and I felt like I deserved a prize for getting through all twelve tracks. I'd rather listen to a CD of Wilford Brimley warning me the perils of *diabetis*, not diabetes, *diabetis*, for an hour than these Precious Moments figurines given life to tell me how much they feel, and like, stuff. -Boyd Wunder *We The People Records*

Dead To Me

Cuban Ballerina

I love this record. I fell in love with it and I fell hard. It's been playing in my car for a month and a half. I even tried to put something else in to wean myself off, but couldn't do it, I put it right back in. I think I might have a serious problem. The band is solid, the songs are amazing, the lyrics are intriguing, and the vocals and melodies are infectious. If you live under a rock, this is Jack from One Man Army's new band. It's nice to have him singing and playing music

again. The combination of him and Chicken (bassist, also in Western Addiction) singing just feels right. And as my el jefe would say, "It's like One Man Army with more balls behind it." As strange as that sounds, I couldn't say it any better. It's got a rougher sound than One Man Army, but it's still disgustingly poppy, angry, and clever all at once. The first song, "Don't Lie" feels poppy and happy and then you realize the lyrics are about kids living in a war zone and Americans selfish mentality—it takes the song to a new level, a good one. "By The Throat" and "Still Heartbeat" are amazing songs and I could listen to them for an hour on repeat. Like I said, I love it. Give it a spin, establish an opinion on it, and we'll talk and/or debate about it. Word. -Jenny

Fat Wreck Chords

Evaline

Postpartum Modesty. A Portrait of Skin

Maverick Records, eh? The label co-founded by Madonna and eventually bought out by Warner Brothers? Hmm...interesting. Let me just start by putting in print that *Big Wheel* should get my insurance because I almost died listening to this. I popped the EP into my car CD player and before I knew it three songs had passed, I had no recollection of driving for the past ten minutes and I almost side-swiped this crazy looking soccer mom in a Hummer. What had just happened? Was the music I was just listening to such meaningless fluff that I zoned out quicker and deeper than I had in high school government class? Yes. In the safety of my own place, I re-played Evaline's debut EP and found it to be the audio equivalent of a horse tranquilizer. It's ambient rock that is so vague and thoughtless it'll make you as weary as Madonna's kooch. Yeah, it's a rough review but I almost died! -Boyd Wunder

Maverick Records

Every Time I Die

Gutter Phenomenon

I had every intention of giving Every Time I Die the worst review ever. I had yet to hear them, but I was pretty sure they were bad and had a sound that when heard could make the majority of people punch

babies. For those not yet aware, I'm an asshole. And I take back anything I may have ever said against these dudes. Why? Oh, because they read *Big Wheel*. I know this because they're holding one in their DVD that comes with this CD (that is actually fairly amusing even by my standards). And they aren't emo, thank god. They're like pop metal, if such a thing exists. It's metal for your mom. It's like Slayer without Satan. Are you picking up what I'm putting down? It kind of reminds me of The Bronx a little. And I love the part in "Bored Stiff" when the singer stops screaming and says, very clearly, "Hey there girls, I'm a cunt!" -Donna Ramone

Ferret Music

Fallopian

Dammit, Eat your Pudding!

First off, I saw these Santa Monica girls at Warped Tour '05 and have seen them play at a mutual friends show a couple of times, so yes, I've been to their shows but have never really stuck around to listen to the entire set. When I first put the CD on I expected an electro/punk band, man *oh* man was I wrong. It sounds like they couldn't take it to the next level. Is it a joke? As an Aquabats fan, I do appreciate silly songs that have no meaning and crazy puns and noises, but Fallopian took this a greater extent. You are in for listening to lyrics that have no meaning or understanding for that matter, instruments that shouldn't be played, and a voice that shouldn't be heard. Sorry girls, I'm just not digging it. And as said on their Myspace, they sound like, "the sound that babies make when they are being boiled alive." -Georginaaa! Avebury

The Knights of the New Crusade

A Challenge to the Cowards of Christendom

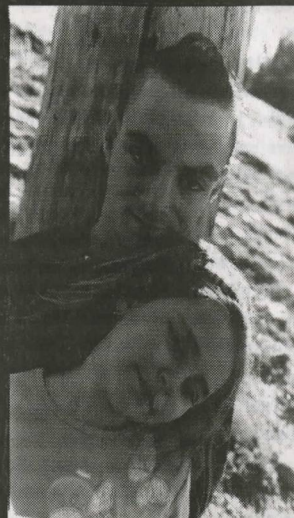
What the fuck? I'm not much of a god person, but Jesus Christ this record fuckin' rocks! I'm not sure what is really going on here. It seems like there's some sort of joke or something going on with this band. All of the songs are about Jesus, god, or what becomes of sinners. It still rocks. The Knights of the New Crusade

IN LOVING MEMORY Daiv Alexander De A'Morelli

April 30, 1980-

June 24, 2006

REST IN PEACE



Devonshire Area detectives are asking for the public's help in locating any witnesses who may have seen the stabbing of a Santa Barbara man on early Saturday morning.

On June 24, 2006, a little after midnight, David Alexander Deamorelli, a 26-year-old resident of Santa Barbara, was found stabbed to death in the 10500 block of Lindley Avenue. Los Angeles Fire Department Paramedics attempted to treat him for multiple stab wounds to the chest. The victim did not respond to treatment and was pronounced dead at the scene.

The suspect or suspects and weapon remain outstanding.

Anyone with information is asked to call Devonshire Homicide Detectives at 818-832-0532, Monday-Friday during business hours or after hours at 877-529-3855. Persons wishing to remain anonymous are encouraged to call.

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turn god into rock like no one can. There's a song titled "Lipstick Lesbian" that's about a chick that makes god cry and the devil proud...and it's a fantastic. I don't agree with most everything on this record, but can't stop listening to it. It's just got a great, raw, garage, punk-rock'n'roll feeling to it that gets you all pumped up. Go god! -Paddy cakes *Alternative Tentacles*

The Last Gang *Self-titled*

The first few times I tried to listen to this, I wasn't really feeling it. It sounded like your run-of-the-mill female-fronted DIY trendy L.A. punk band with competent musicianship. But it has kind of grown on me, since giving it a few listens. Nothing to bang down anyone's door with, but it's not bad. I would compare The Last Gang to the nine-month gestation process. They aren't ready to be born yet, they're still a fetus, they got all the lumps and shapes of a baby, but they aren't quite fully formed yet. It's worth mentioning that this CD says it was recorded

back in 2004, so The Last Gang might well be a full-on toddler at this point, they're probably potty-trained and everything. Which isn't meant to be offensive, because I have come across some steaming shit reviewing albums and I doubt some of those bands would know what to do to if they shit their pants—other than put it out as an EP. -Boyd Wunder *Self-Released*

Left Alone *Dead American Radio*

Alright, i have to admit after their last release and having seen them play live, i was not to impressed. But this, their second release on Hellcat i believe, is an impressive one. Still wearing their influences on their sleeve they seemed to have developed their own sound. A matureing if you will. From the first song i was hooked! The infectious guitar line at the begining got my toes a tapping. My personal fav is "I Hate Emo". Just a fun song. Buy the record and listen to it! -Salty Dog *Hellcat*

The Randies *Saw The Light*

This band automatically blew me away. They really know how to rock. They mix up their style from songs like "Born Again" to "Move On." There is no real way for me to describe other than just saying *they fuckin rock!* There's a slight Horrorpops sound to them as well as a new and improved Vice Squad. Their kick ass drummer, Aaron Polk, who happens to be the only guy in the group really steps it up in "Freezerburn." I can't really say I didn't like any of their songs, they all were different and truly original. By buying this album, you get to rock out with these three talented chicks and one awesome dude, and be ready to get blown away by Sienna's, Laura's, and Laurita's voices! -Georginaaa! *Elicit*

Resistant Culture *Welcome to Reality*

The devil went down to L.A. He was lookin' for a soul to steal. He was in a bind 'cause he was way behind, and he was willin' to make a deal, when he came

across Resistant Culture sawin' on a guitar and playin' it hot. And the devil jumped up on a hickory stump and said, "Band, let me tell you what. I guess you didn't know it but I'm a metal player, too. And if you'd care to take a dare, I'll make a bet with you. Now, you play pretty good metal, guys, but give the devil his due. I'll bet a guitar of gold against your soul, 'cause I think I'm better than you." The band said, "Our name's Resistant Culture, and it might be a sin. But I'll take your bet, you're gonna regret, 'cause we're the best that's ever been." Long story short, Resistant Culture totally beats Satan in a metal contest. Understandable lyrics, heavier than shit, been around a long time, and pissed about the world today. I don't even like metal and I like this. -Donna Ramone *Seventh Generation Records*

Various Artists

Vans Warped Tour 2006 Compilation
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marry them if an ordained minister would do it. Tons of music for little money, you cannot go wrong. Everyone has the love/hate relationship with the Warped Tour, I'm no different, but this comp is great. Fifty-one songs, and twenty of them are winners. And the rest are only fuel to the fire of my hatred, which I also love. Love to hate some of these bands. So it's like Warped Tour without the sun, overpriced beer, or mishaps. Like getting caught in a fire some crusties lit in a circle pit only to narrowly escape and find Chris, the dude who left you to fend for yourself in the fire, sipping ice cold water in the shade and blazing up on Joan Jett's tour bus with Joan Jett and Carmen Electra (who, incidentally, has a weird face but amazing tits). Bastard.

-Donna Ramone *SideOneDummy*

The Weirdos

Live on Radio

Good buddy Mr. Antillon plays the drums on this jewel of ten songs that were recorded at WFMU FM in New Jersey in 2004. Amazingly

clear and well-mixed for a live recording, this CD is not available in stores. You can only get it straight from Frontier Records or directly from the band at the live shows. Sadly absent is founding member Cliff Roman but even so, the guitarwork of fellow originator Dix Denney shines big, strong, and buzzingly wonderful! Punk rock's "The Fisher King" vocalist John Denny's vocals are right up front, the basswork of punkmaster Zander Schloss (Circle Jerks) is a study in underground virtuosity and Sean Antillon's drum skill takes this already lauded band to a higher level. Listen to how Sean sets the steady pace and simple power at the beginning of track two, "Shining Silver Light." You DON'T get "...Neutron Bomb", or "Solitary Confinement", but you DO get "What Will Ya Do?", "Tropical Depression", "The Hideout", "It Means Nothing", "Happy People", "Pagan", "Message From the Underworld", "Destroy All Music", and the toe-tapping punk be-bop ditty "Helium Bar." If you don't nod

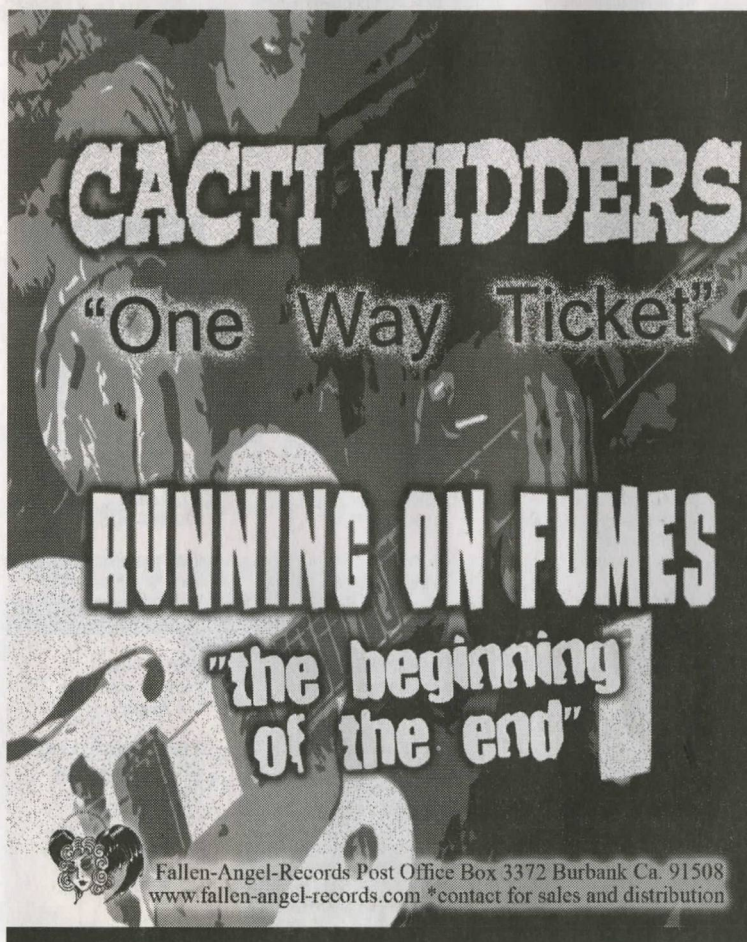
along and tap your feet to this stuff, you must be an absolutely deaf amputee with no sense of vibration. -Marcus Solomon
Frontier Records

The Weirdos

Weird World 1977-1981 Time Capsule vol. 1

Sean Antillon, the current drummer for The Weirdos—and a whole slew of punk bands since the early '80s—just laid two gems on my friend Cathy, and she loaned them to me. The first is the WEIRD WORLD collection which was released some time ago, back in 1991. The reason I am writing about it today is because it is still one of the greatest punk records of all time, and some of you readers are still young, so maybe you have not picked up on this yet. The Weirdos was the first punk band in L.A., and while the music is not "hardcore," this is another one of the extremely WEIRD seeds that germinated into the multifaceted monster that we now call punk. This is extremely talented, carefully arranged, powerful art

madness with equal amounts of nonsense and sharp intellect. This "Message From the Underworld" (track nine), is ominously relevant today. With the current state of world violence, "Fort U.S.A." could easily be the soundtrack to the Bush/Cheney school of foreign policy. "You're never gonna blow away Fort U.S.A.!" The times also still mesh nicely with the anthemic "We Got the Neutron Bomb". Every song on this disc is a classic. Don't dare call yourself a weirdo unless you know "Weird World", "Solitary Confinement", "Fallout", and all the other tunes on this album (14 in all). -Marcus Solomon **Vintage Records**

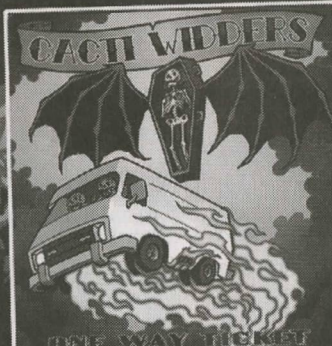
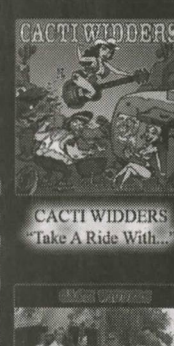
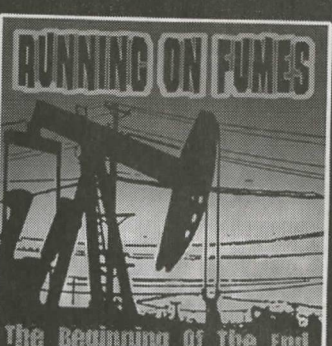
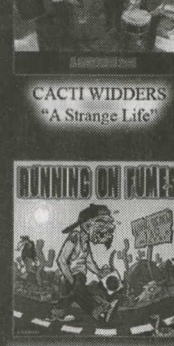


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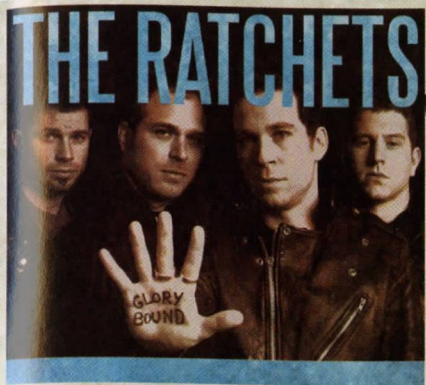
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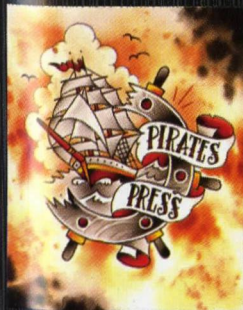
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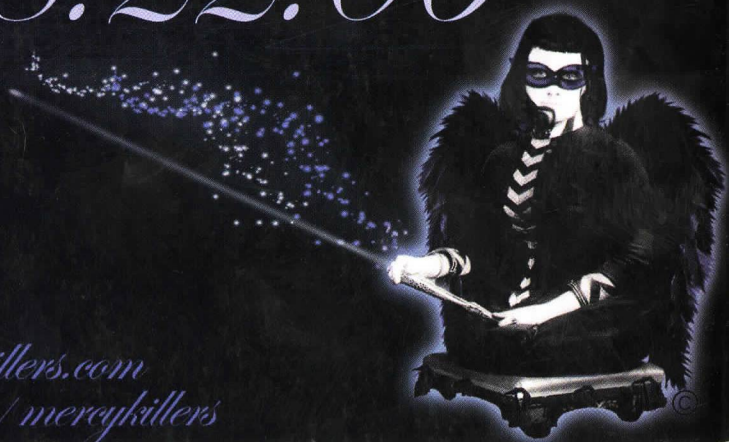
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