

GENETIC DISORDER

#18

\$3

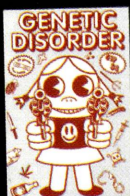


This issue includes:

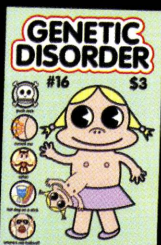
- ★ *Rockin', Rollin' Dick Murphy*
- ★ *Loser's Guide to San Diego*
- ★ *Eric Rife's Shutterpunk*
- ★ *Duke Cunningham*
- ★ *Early Punk Fliers*
- ★ *Dine and Dash*
- ★ *Dead Guy*



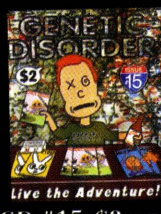
Back Issues & Other stuff



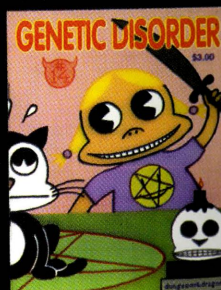
GD #17 \$4 ppd



GD #16 \$4 ppd



GD #15 \$3 ppd



GD #14 \$4 ppd

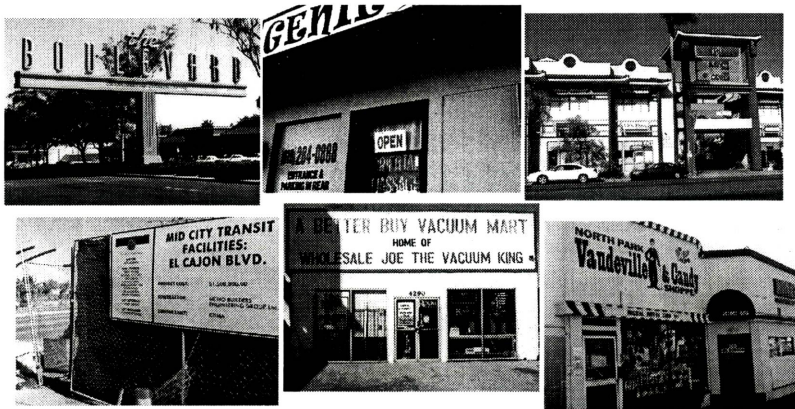
Order online with PayPal Issues 9-13, stickers and pins also available



Genetic Disorder

PO Box 15237 San Diego, CA 92175

www.geneticdisorder.net



El Cajon Boulevard

While San Diego's forecast has been looking especially gloomy over the past three years, I'm proud to say things have returned to somewhat normal for Genetic Disorder, which basically translates to that I've got my life back in order. I no longer sleep on a floor, my records are out of storage, my bicycle is tuned up and I'm signed up for health care.

But while I was growing out of what my friends called my "shitbag stage," the politicians and city powers have completely ground down the gears that run this city.

Over the past two years, San Diego's pension debt has crept near the \$2 billion mark, we've voted for mayor three times (with the incumbent Dick Murphy winning on a technicality when Donna Frye actually had approximately 5,500 more votes. Then Murphy called it quits

GENETIC DISORDER: Larry

COVER: Peter Huestis

PHOTOGRAPHER: Eric Rife

COPY EDITING: Steph Ashmore

CONTRIBUTORS: Jimmy the Worm, Bill Clare, Frank Melendez, Dan Murphy, Dave Ramsey, Clayton Armstrong, Jesse Gonzalez and Paul Hansen

COMPUTER ASSISTANCE: Chris Kohler, Phil Flood, Rob Welkner, Virgil Porter, Dave Ramsey and Nate Peacher

THANKS: Vaughn and Custom Printing Services, Virgil Porter, Jon Moore, Todd Harmon, Zach Connolly, Ray Kamb, Meghan Smith, Carl Schneider and JoAnna

CASBAH

EST.

1989



SAN DIEGO, CA



San Diego River, Mission Valley

only months later after Time Magazine named him one of America's worst mayors). Then the feds sent a local congressman to prison for more than eight years in one of the biggest bribery scandals in U.S. history and two city councilmen were convicted a bribery scandal involving shady characters from Las Vegas and a Kearny Mesa strip club.

Add the fact that there's no money to fix potholes, upgrade the sewer system (as mandated by a court order), or keep rec centers and libraries open for regular hours.

And then Rocket From the Crypt broke up on Halloween.

San Diego is about two weeks from crumbling into one of those post-apocalyptic movies like "Mad Max" or "The Omega Man," but I'm proud to say the rock'n'roll, weather and Mexican food is still great, and that's why I love it here.

Let's just hope the skyrocketing property values don't force the clubs and bars to shut up or shut down.

With the city so broke, I think it's time to rise up and take advantage of the situation.

For the first time in a long time, anyone with a telephone can set up

a show somewhere on El Cajon Boulevard or 30th Street.

It also used to be impossible to keep an all-ages place open, but now there's a variety of stable, all-ages venues having shows regularly.

Maybe it's because the police department is also claiming poverty (I never thought I'd have something in common with the cops) and is too broke to bother with loud music or parties.

So let's make the best with what we got. Since the cops can't afford to bother with misdemeanors, now's the perfect time to throw a backyard barbeque with a band, hold an art show in an alley or run for City Council. Just be sure to invite me to all three.

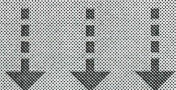
In the meantime, I promise to pick up the pace on my publishing schedule and continue to keep you entertained and educated on what's going on in crime, politics, music and cheap entertainment (that means beer) in America's Finest City.

LARRY

★ FLAPPING JET RECORDS ★

NEW RED ONIONS 7" OUT NOW!

FREE TVH CD BELOW...
A GENETIC DISORDER EXCLUSIVE!
FEATURING MEMBERS OF CRIME
AND CRUCIFIX



tvh



Johnny strike
apostles-
CRIME

on lisbon street

True Crime in San Diego

The following illustrations are depictions of media reports issued by the San Diego Police Department



DAN MURPHY

Incident Number Time Beat
47121 **1752** **437**

Watch Commander
SGT. BOB DARE

Location: **400 So. MEADOWBROOK DR.**

Neighborhood: **BAY TERRACES**

Type: **ILLCIT NARCOTICS LAB**

Synopsis:

A 23-year-old male called for medical assistance when his improvised attempt at manufacturing narcotics resulted in a small explosion causing his face and eyes to be sprayed with chemicals and glass. The male was transported to a local hospital for treatment of his injuries. There was no fire and the chemicals used did not pose a danger to the surrounding area. The Narcotics unit is handling the investigation.

Discovering new music has never been easier.



New releases available now or soon from:

**THE JAI-ALAI SAVANT
GOGOGO AIRHEART
DMONSTRATIONS
AN ALBATROSS
YEAR FUTURE
400 BLOWS
WITH LOVE
& COAXIAL**

Available online from all the usual sources.
Free MP3's at goldstandardlabs.com





CLAYTON ARMSTRONG

Incident Number Time Beat
02146 **2115** **839**

Watch Commander
SGT. NEMETZ

Location: **3605 UNIVERSITY AVE.**

Neighborhood: **CHEROKEE POINT**

Type: **STABBING**

Synopsis:

Three O/M's 20's have been having an ongoing feud with the W/M clerk 20's who works at Cory's Liquor at the listed location. Tonight they entered the store and a fight started. One of the suspects pulled out a knife and slashed the clerk on the ear causing a minor injury. The suspects fled the scene on foot. One of them was taken into custody near the scene. The other two are still outstanding. The victim was treated at the scene. Mid-City Division is handling.

★ DEKLINE™

When no one is watching

DEALERS CALL 800.886.9386



STYLE:

CAPTAIN

Color: White/Grey
Striped Canvas

ENTER A DESIGNER NAME TODAY
DEKLINE.COM
DEKLINE.COM
DEKLINE.COM

ENJOY THE RIDE



Incident Number Time Beat
11297 **0354** **625**

Watch Commander
SGT. TOM

Location: **4███ TEXAS ST.**

Neighborhood: **NORTH PARK**

Type: **ASSAULT**

Synopsis:

A 21-year-old white male was drinking at Scolari's Bar, 3900 30th St. He met two white females there, one named "Krista." They left the bar together and returned to his residence to continue to socialize. The two females decided to leave, and an argument ensued over some unknown matter. One of the females stabs/cuts the male victim on both sides of his neck causing a six-inch-laceration and puncturing both carotid arteries. Medics rushed the victim to the hospital for treatment. The females fled the scene and the motive is unknown for the attack. Western division is handling the incident.

San Diego Police Department

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

CONTACT: Lieutenant Kevin

Rooney

Date: June 22, 2005 (Wednesday)

Homicide Unit

Time: 1300 Hours

(619) 531-2425

POLICE INVESTIGATE INCIDENT IN UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS

San Diego Police Homicide Unit detectives are investigating the circumstances surrounding a gathering on Sunday (June 19, 2005) during which a female injected silicone into five people, resulting in critical injuries to two.

On Tuesday, June 21, the San Diego Gay and Lesbian Center notified the police department that two transgender females were in critical condition at a local hospital after attending a "silicone party" on Florida Street. While at the party, the victims and three other transgender females paid a woman to inject silicone into their buttocks, hips, cheeks, and lips. The procedures were voluntary and were intended to enhance the victims' physiques.

Several hours later, two of the customers became ill, and when they experienced breathing problems, a friend called for paramedics. The victims were transported to a trauma center, where they are both in critical condition and on life support. It is not known if the victims will survive.

Homicide Team I has identified the suspect who injected the silicone. She is believed to be an unlicensed medical practitioner who lives in a suburb of Los Angeles. The suspect has not yet been located.

There is a possibility that the same suspect also injected several other people with silicone during the past weekend. Detectives would like to interview these people as well and ask that they call the Homicide Unit at (619) 531-2293.

###



DAVE RAMSEY



out now:

EARTHLESS

"SONIC PRAYER" 12"/c.d.

SPACEHORSE 12"/c.d.

soon:
EARTHLESS 7"

gravity p.o. box 81332
san diego, ca 92138
gravityrec.com

prices: 7"s are \$3.50 postpaid in the u.s.
12"s are \$8 postpaid in the u.s.
c.d.'s are \$10 postpaid in the u.s.
dvd/vhs' are \$12 postpaid in the u.s.

also:

- heroin 7"
- lava 7"
- antioch arrow 12" e.p.
- born against/ u.o.a. - split 7"
- unwound 7"
- heroin 12"
- antioch arrow "in love with jetts" 12" l.p.
- angel hair 7"
- angel hair "pregnant with the senior class" c.d.
- klikatat ikatowi "orchestrated..." l.p./c.d.
- heroin c.d. (all their songs)
- men's recovery project "normal man" 7" e.p.
- man is the bastard "thoughtless" c.d.
- a day called zero 12"/c.d.
- vss 7"
- klikatat ikatowi "live" c.d.

- evergreen "these last days" 7"
- antioch arrow c.d. (both 12"s)
- three mile pilot 12" e.p./c.d.
- klikatat ikatowi "river of souls" 12" e.p./c.d.
- crom tech 12" e.p./c.d.
- black dice 7"
- the rapture "mirror" 12"/c.d.
- gravity 37 comp video/c.d. with the makeup,
m.r.p., crom tech, monorchid.
- the spaceworm c.d.
- sea of tombs 12" l.p./c.d.
- get hustle 7"
- tristeza "mania phase" 12"/c.d.
- tristeza "espuma" 12"/c.d.
- gravity video 2 dvd/vhs/c.d. with the locust,
the rapture, tristeza,
the black heart procession,
mens recovery project, sea of tombs.



FRANK MELENDEZ

Incident Number
31200

Time
1057

Beat
625

Watch Commander
SGT. TOM

Location: **2927 UNIVERSITY AVE.**

Neighborhood: **NORTH PARK**

Type: **BANK ROBBERY - UNION BANK**

Synopsis:

A 27 year-old B/F entered the Union Bank and presented a demand note to the teller demanding cash. The teller hands over the cash to the suspect, who then exits the bank. A bank security guard followed the suspect outside, confronted the suspect and took her into custody without incident. This particular suspect was responsible for at least six other robbery cases. The suspect had a rather unique tattoo on her arm stating, "I Am That Bitch." Robbery responded and is handling the investigation.

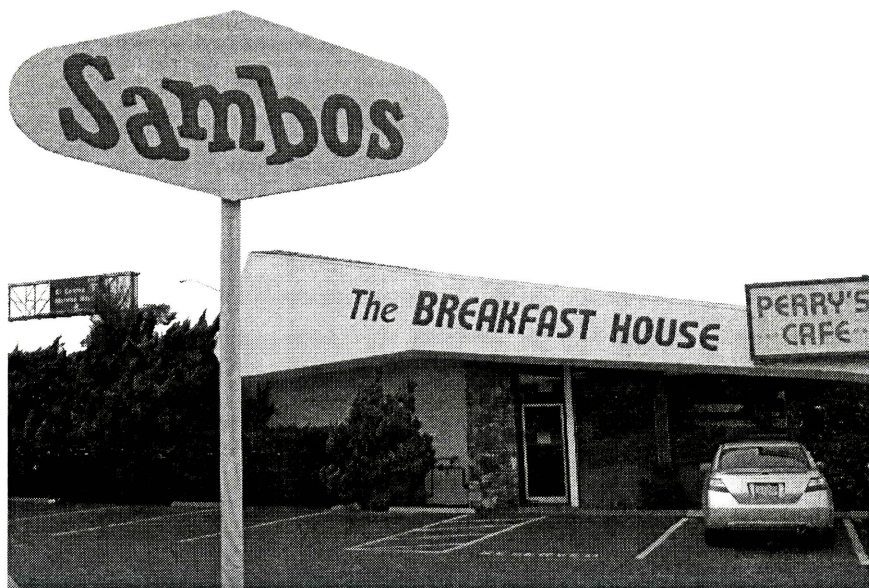


PRESENTS PRINCESS
CD OUT NOW!!
on On/On Switch
www.ononswitch.com

BAT FLESH

WORLD TOUR AND NEW ALBUM
MAY '06!!

PRESENTS PRINCESS
LP OUT NOW!!
on RawDeluxe Records
www.theerawdeluxe.com



Sambo's Restaurant
Spots #59 — 63

Photo by Eric Rife

Loser's Guide to San Diego

Getting site specific in America's Finest city

When does sitting down for a stack of pancakes and a cup of coffee become a hate crime?

When you order it at Sambo's.

The once-popular restaurant chain has been largely forgotten outside of its birthplace in Santa Barbara, but San Diego was once home to five Sambo's. The diner was known for its 10¢ bottomless mugs of hot coffee, 45¢ short stacks and mascot, Little Black Sambo.

In today's culture, the idea of naming a restaurant after a racial epithet with a matching mascot would seem

about the dumbest marking plan ever conceived. Although America was still racially segregated when it opened on June 17, 1957, Sambo's origins — both name and mascot — are fairly innocent.

The first Sambo's opened across from the ocean at 216 West Cabrillo Blvd. in Santa Barbara. Owners Sam Battistone, who also co-owned the Utah Jazz from 1979 to 1985, and Newell "Bo" Bonette, christened their new place with amalgam of their two first names — and Sambo's Restaurant was born.

But what about the mascot, Little



Black Sambo?

The Sambo character was taken from "The Story of Little Black Sambo," written in 1899 by Scottish author Helen Bannerman. The story is about a boy in India whose new clothes are stolen by mean tigers. The tigers fight over his clothes and then start chasing each other around a tree, running so fast they eventually turn to butter.

Sambo collects the butter and takes it home to eat on pancakes.

Sam and Bo thought the story would be a fun way to market the restaurant's popular breakfast menu, so they tweaked the ending of the story so that Sambo and the tigers go to the restaurant to enjoy a big stack of pancakes. As a matter of fact, "...Sambo ate a hundred and sixty-nine because he was so-o-o-o-o-o hungry."

During the diner's heyday, there were more than 1,200 Sambo's franchises across the nation, including one on Imperial Avenue in El Centro.

The five in San Diego were located at:

- 4871 North Harbor Drive
- 4610 Pacific Hwy.

- 7398 Clairemont Mesa Blvd.
- 10430 Friars Rd.
- 4370 W. San Ysidro Blvd.

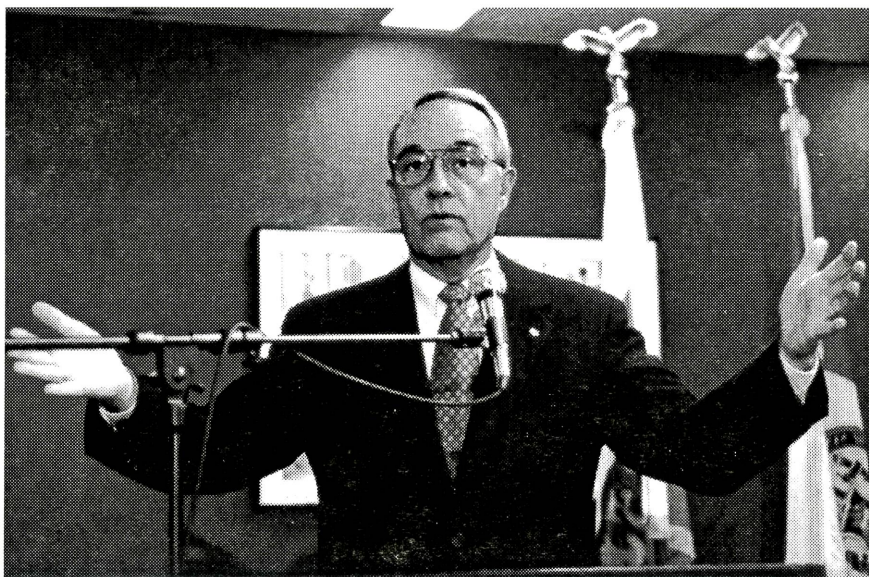
While the last Sambo's in San Diego closed in 1984, one local restaurant owner unknowingly followed in Sam and Bo's naive footsteps when he tried to open a restaurant in the Gaslamp in 1992 called Injun Joe's.

The original owner, Marcus Demian, who is part Yakima Indian, was known to friends as Injun Joe and thought it would make a great name for a bar in the heart of downtown.

After a vocal protest by Native Americans and civic leaders (who were in the middle of turning downtown from an open-air drug and prostitution market into the overpriced restaurant/shopping district that it is today), Demian gave in and changed the name to Buffalo Joe's and took down the neon Injun Joe's sign from the window. It too went out of business a couple of years ago and is now known as the 5th Quarter nightclub, located on the corner of Fifth and Market.



Dick Murphy knows how to rock



"I cut a ribbon this long."

Prior to the November 2004 elections, I sat down for an interview with then-Mayor Dick Murphy for a story I was writing about the three-way race for mayor between Murphy, Councilwoman Donna Frye and County Supervisor Ron Roberts.

Murphy's press officer gave me 30 minutes with the him, so we met on the 8th floor of the Civic Center, where I tore through the tough questions about the pension crisis and the other difficult decisions San Diego continues to face. After half an hour, Murphy's publicist and plain-clothes police body guards tapped on the door and popped their heads in saying it was time to go. I was able to fire off one last question before they made me leave.

Had the city known what I was about to find out, the election — and the future of San Diego as we know it — may have been altered in ways beyond imagination.



DICK MURPHY
MAYOR

April 27, 2005

City Clerk
City of San Diego
202 C Street
San Diego, California 92101

Dear Mr. Abdelnour:

I hereby resign as Mayor of San Diego effective July 15, 2005. It has been a distinct privilege and honor to serve as Mayor of this great city for the last four-and-one-half years.

Best regards,

DICK MURPHY
Mayor
City of San Diego

cc: City Councilmembers
City Manager
Larry Genetic Disorder

CITY ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, 202 C STREET, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92101 (619) 534-6200

**Larry: What kind of music do you listen to?
What are your favorite bands?**

Dick Murphy: I will tell you, one of my high school classmates is in the band Chicago (Murphy is from Chicago). I went to school with Walt Parazaidar (saxophone). I knew him, but he was-

n't a close friend. He was two years behind me in high school, but we were in the same high school cross country team together, so I knew him.

I'll tell you this story, and this will partly answer your question. When I ran for office in 2000, there was a KPBS show called "The Lounge." They had us on the air and they had

OUT NOW ON DIRTNAP RECORDS



RETURNABLES - S/T CD-EP

benefit for the john glick memorial fund

THE MIND CONTROLS - S/T LP/CD

1st 150 LP's on gold vinyl, mailorder only.

**RIVER CITY TANLINES - ALL 7 INCHES PLUS 2
MORE**

singles comp

NEXT: Modern Machines - Take It, Somebody CD,
Beat Beat Beat CD, High Tension Wires LP/CD

DIRTNAP RECORDS

WWW.DIRTNAPRECS.COM

1000's more titles, new and used, available at www.greennoiserecords.com



Former mayor Dick Murphy (left) shows off one haul from an afternoon of collecting aluminum cans in Pacific Beach. Now that Murphy is no longer burdened with running the city, he is doing his part to raise money by recycling to help bring down the nearly \$2 billion pension deficit.

us pick our five favorite songs of all time. This will tell you where I'm at. I did things a little bit differently. I picked my favorite song from each decade — from the '50s to the '60s, '70s, '80s and '90s. It shows you where I was at during various stages of my life.

Some of these songs you might not know because you weren't born yet. In the '50s, I was in grade school, so my favorite song I picked from the '50s was "Peggy Sue" by Buddy Holly. It's a great dance tune. From the '60s — and now I'm in college — so my favorite song is "Blowin' in the Wind" by Bob Dylan. Not the Peter, Paul and Mary version, but the original version by Bob Dylan, who wrote that song. My favorite song from the '70s was "Peaceful Easy Feeling" by the Eagles. The Eagles had a lot of great songs in the '70s. That era for me was being the young, married type. My favorite song from the '80s was "My Hometown" by Bruce Springsteen. I don't like all of Bruce Springsteen's stuff, but I like a lot of his stuff. My

favorite song from the '90s, and it's a song that you probably don't know, was "A Long December" by Counting Crows.

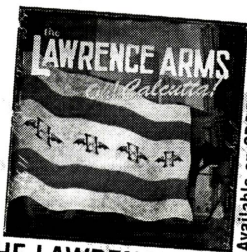
I was actually at their concert at Humphrey's two years ago with my daughter. What you would see is that my favorite types of music crosses three different areas. It would cross into traditional rock, it would cross in to country and it would cross into some folk music. A lot of those songs, you can kinda see how they all come from my favorite genres of my favorite music.

I must say that since being mayor I spend a lot less time listening to music. Now I spend most of my time in the car (the mayor is assigned a driver) reading instead of listening to the radio a lot more of the time. But I have three children that are all interested in music, so as I got older I was influenced by what they liked. So I've listened to groups that I would have not listened to. Groups from the '90s such as R.E.M.



FAT WRECK CHORDS

KILLING PUNK ROCK SINCE 1990



Available on CD/LP

THE LAWRENCE ARMS
"Oh! Calcutta!"
 In Stores March 7th!



Available on CD-EP

NOFX
"Never Trust A Hippy"
 In Stores March 14th!
 Six song EP featuring four
 exclusive tracks and two
 from the upcoming full-length
"Wolves In Wolves' Clothing"
 In Stores April 18th!



Available on CD/LP

THE LOVED ONES
"Keep Your Heart"
 In Stores February 21st!



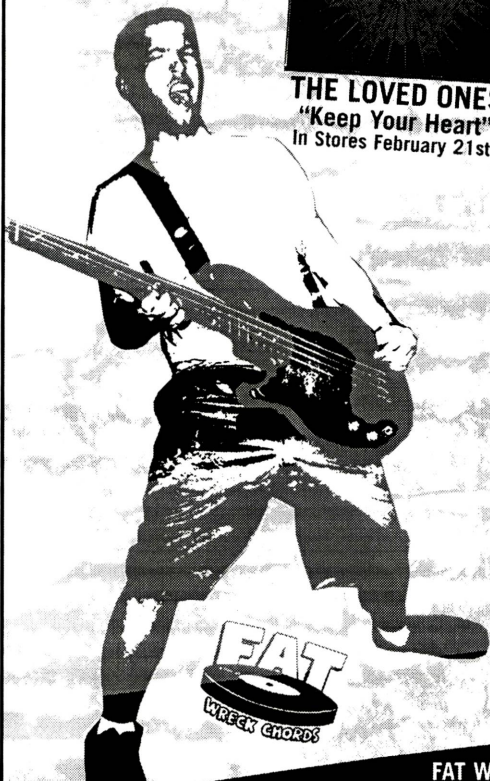
Available on CD/LP

LOVE EQUALS DEATH
"Nightmerica"
 In Stores March 21st!



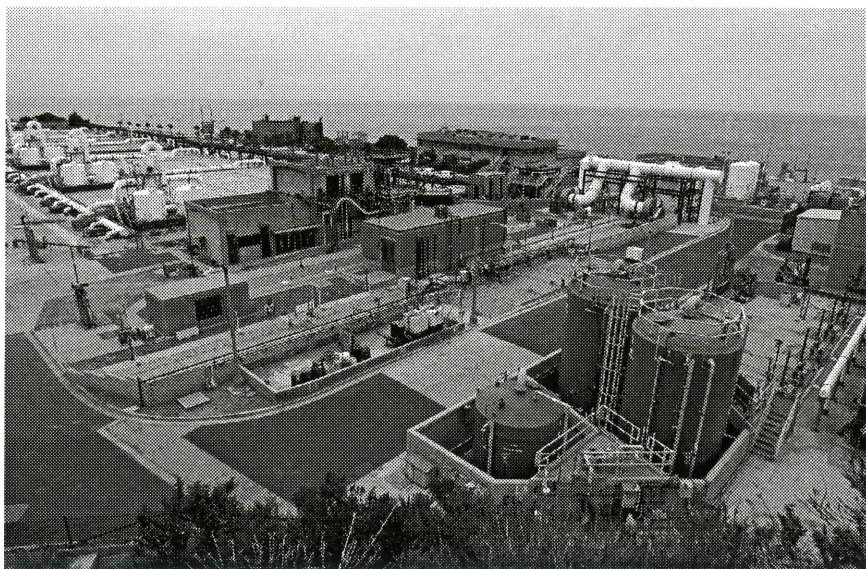
Available on CD/LP

THE SAINTE CATHERINES
"Dancing For Decadence"
 In Stores March 21st!



FAT WRECK CHORDS

PO Box 193690 San Francisco, CA 94119 • www.fatwreck.com



Photos by Paul Hansen

With its scenic view from the cliffs of the Point Loma peninsula, the Point Loma Wastewater Treatment Plant processes approximately 180 million gallons of sewage generated by more than 2 million people around San Diego County each day.

Royal Flush

San Diego's sewer system at a glance

Every time a faucet is turned on in North Park, a toilet is flushed in Clairemont or a bath is run in City Heights, an intricate process begins that involves a network of 2,897 miles of pipe throughout San Diego County that converge near the tip of the Point Loma peninsula.

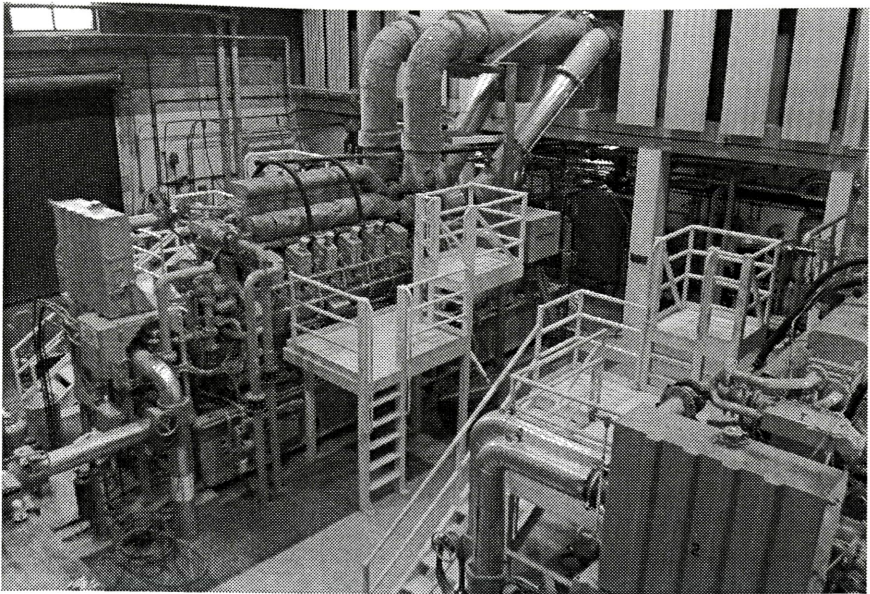
Facing the Pacific Ocean, the Point Loma Wastewater Treatment Plant (PLWTP) is responsible for processing and treating everything that is flushed into the city's sewer system from Del Mar to the north, south all the way to the Mexican border and as far east as Alpine.

According to Michael Scahill, supervising public information officer

for the San Diego Metropolitan Wastewater Department, that translates to 180 million gallons of wastewater per day generated within a 450-square mile area inhabited by more than 2 million people.

The wastewater's route to Point Loma is fairly direct. About 90 pumps stationed throughout the network move wastewater from around San Diego County to two main sewer lines — one running underneath San Diego Bay and a second that loosely follows Rosecrans Street before they converge and let gravity take over, dropping down the cliff through a 9-foot 4-inch diameter pipe and into the treatment plant.

The wastewater, known as influent,



The PLWTP houses two large engines powered by the methane gas generated by the breakdown of organic materials in the facility's digestion tanks. The plant generates almost double the energy needed to power it.

first enters an odor-controlled system where a bleach solution scrubs the foul odor from the air, then releases the gas through a carbon filter to further trap the smell.

The water then passes through a duct with large screens that act like rakes to capture large solids such as toys, pieces of wood and vegetable matter, known as rags.

"We've found a lot of strange things in the screen," Scahill said. "We've found jewelry, body parts — but the strangest thing we've found was the front end of a VW Bug at Pump Station 2 on Harbor Drive. How they got that thing into the sewer, we don't know."

After the large materials are removed, the wastewater flows into grit-removal tanks where the water sits for about 30 minutes, allowing solid particles, such as sand, coffee grounds and egg shells, to settle to the bottom before it is removed from the water.

The solids collected in the grit-removal tanks are then trucked to the Miramar Landfill for disposal, according to Scahill.

The wastewater now moves into 12 sedimentation tanks, each capable of holding 1.2 million gallons of liquid, and sits for three days.

Organic polymers are added to the water, which help the organic waste settle to the bottom while the "scum" — mostly cooking oil and grease — rises to the top. After the grease and organic solids separate, the scum is skimmed from the surface and trucked to Arizona, where it is partially recycled for use in cleaning up petroleum spills.

The organic materials, or sludge, are then pumped into one of eight digestion tanks where the sludge is heated at 98.8 degrees for 16 days to help with a bacterial digestion process that removes the water and reduces the volume of the solid waste.

As the sludge breaks down, it pro-

duces methane gas, which is piped out of the tank and used to fuel two giant diesel engines about the size of a large bulldozer and power the plant.

"The plant uses 2.2 megawatts per hour and we're able to produce 4 megawatts of power per hour," Scahill said. "The extra energy is sold back to the power grid, which offsets the cost of power at our other facilities. The plant is 100 percent self-sufficient when it comes to energy use.

Once the sludge has been naturally broken down, it is piped 17 miles to the Metro Biosolids Center (MBC) in Kearny Mesa for further processing.

"The end result is a liquid with the same characteristics as India ink," Scahill said.

Before the MBC began operating in 1998, the sludge was piped to Fiesta Island in Mission Bay where it was spread out to dry in the open air.

Back at PLWTP, the water is filtered one last time, with 85 percent of the organic solids now removed. In the final step of the treatment process, the wastewater, now called "effluent," passes through a turbine, generating hydroelectric power as it drops 90 feet down the Point Loma cliffs through the outfall pipe. The outfall pipe carries the effluent 4 1/2 miles out and 320 feet below the surface of the Pacific Ocean, where it is finally discharged.

Since the plant was built in 1963, PLWTP has continued to update the facilities and treatment process as technology improves. Although the city received a waiver in 1995 that allowed for the exemption of a secondary treatment process, the waiver was later challenged in court by a coalition of environmental groups.

Both sides eventually settled, agreeing to examine the possibilities of expanded treatment. In early 2004, the plant began operating a small secondary treatment facility on its grounds.

"It's sort of a three-pronged settlement," said Bruce Resnik, executive director of San Diego Baykeeper. "We're working with the city to implement a pilot program to look at secondary treatment technology to examine the feasibility of doing full secondary treatment at Point Loma."

The second component of the settlement is to dramatically upgrade the water monitoring system.

"This includes a lot of special studies to look at things like viruses and those type of things that we're not currently doing to get a better sense of the impacts of the Point Loma facility," Resnik said.

The last component is to study water reclamation and reuse options in San Diego to help promote water conservation and reuse of recycled water, he said.

But ultimately, the responsibility of keeping the ocean clean is up to the individual. Scahill said the most important things residents should do is conserve water. The average San Diegan uses 88 gallons of water for combined indoor and outdoor use. Residents also need to be careful not to rinse or flush items, namely grease, down in to the city's sewer system.

Resnik agreed

"By and large, people need to comply with common sense," Resnik said. "You shouldn't be dumping waste down a toilet that isn't sewage. Most chemicals should go to Miramar Landfill and be properly disposed of. People throw a lot of things down the toilet — pharmaceuticals and all those types of things — and it ends up in the ocean.

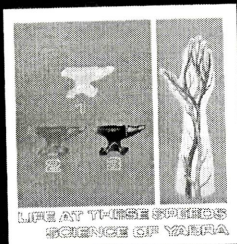
While the PLWTP does treat everything that goes through the system, it can't neutralize everything, he said.

"While we think we have these great treatment systems, we're not catching a lot of this stuff," Resnik said. "That's what individual people can do to help."



the
latest
from:

ACCIDENT PRONE



life at these speeds /
science of yabra - split LP
\$10ppd



watch it burn /
altaira - split 7"
\$4ppd



cattle decapitation
"human jerky" pic. LP
hand-numbered,
limited to 1500 copies
\$12ppd

huge distro update including:
dan padilla/chinese telephones,
pink razors, moonshine, nux vomica,
bent outta shape, tiltWheel, razorcake,
straight edge kegger, phobia, pg99,
old man gloom, red sparowes, grails, kayo dot,
pig destroyer, magrudergrind, necrophagist,
i-object, and tons more...

accident prone
po box 15087
portland, OR 97293
accidentprone.com





"Give 'em hell, Duke!"

Photo by Eric Rife

Genetic Disorder takes on Duke Cunningham

Five months before Randy "Duke" Cunningham — San Diego's Vietnam Navy fighter ace pilot-turned-congressman — cried in front of television cameras after admitting to accepting bribes worth more than \$2.5 million in cash and prizes, he stood defiant and proclaimed, "I would never put the interests of a friend or contractor above the interests of my country. I trust the facts will bear out this truth over time."

Well, the blubbing crook admitted in November 2005 that the facts were he evaded taxes and squeezed contractors for more than a million in cash and mortgage payments, along with a leather sofa, a sleigh-style bed, an antique toilet, dresser, a Rolls Royce, boat repairs and slip fees, a discounted 1999 Suburban, jewelry, Persian rugs, antique furniture and more.

But it isn't the first time Duke has shrunk in shame and embarrassment.

I caught up with Duke during an election night at Golden Hall when he was out greeting supporters and con-

stituents. I worked my way through the crowd the same way I would at the Ken Club or Casbah until I was standing right in front of him.

I stuck out my hand and said, "Duke, I just want to say that me and my supporters are behind you 100 percent. Give 'em hell, Duke."

The same man who once challenged a congressman to a fistfight and yelled "Fuck you," at a 74-year-old cancer patient, backed away at the sight of me.

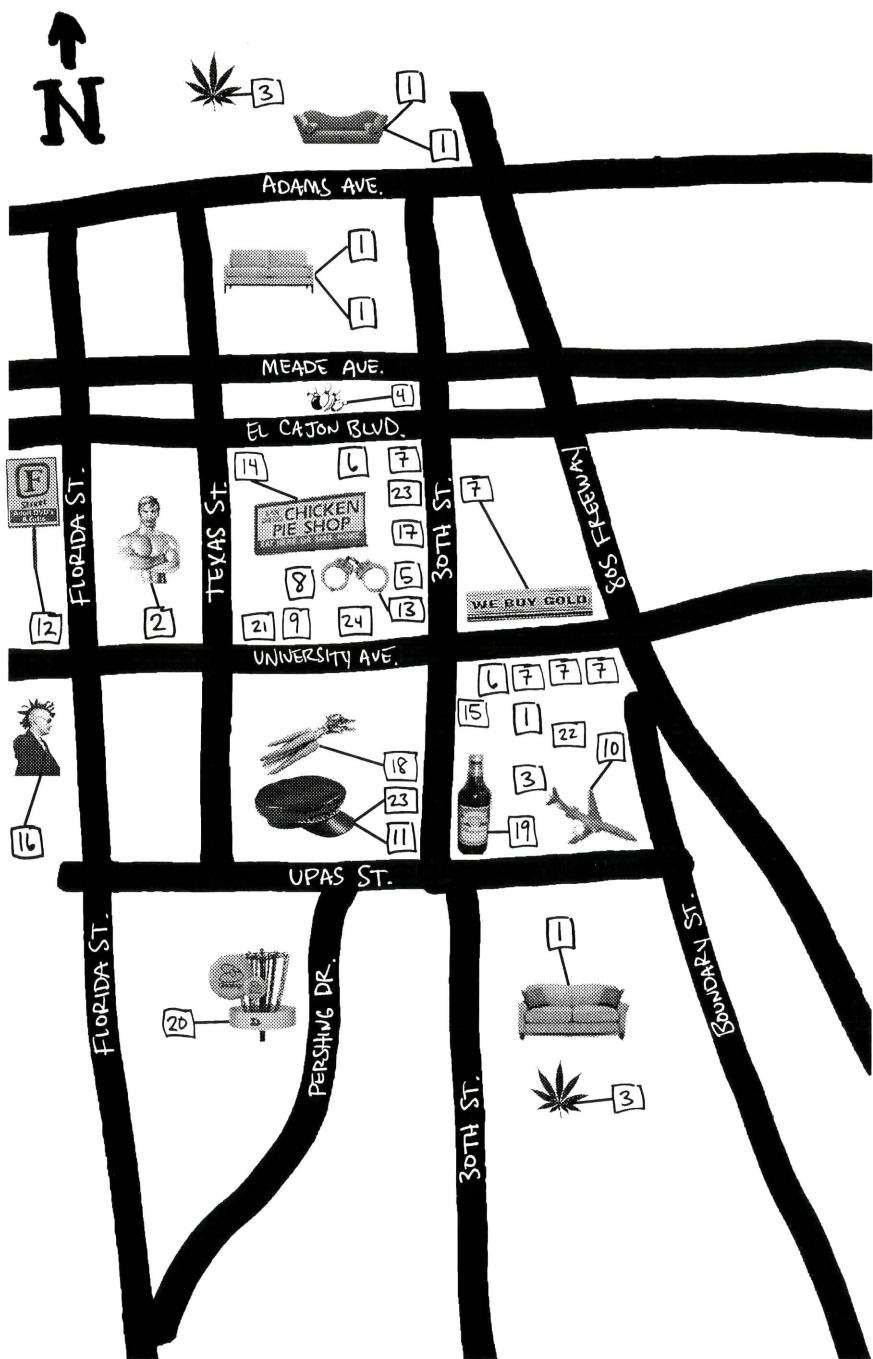
Maybe it was because I looked out of place in a beat-up T-shirt and jeans among the crowd of conservative business suits, modest dresses and scrubbed kids.

But at least I wasn't lying — I really did support him a few years later when he announced that he was resigning on his way to jail.

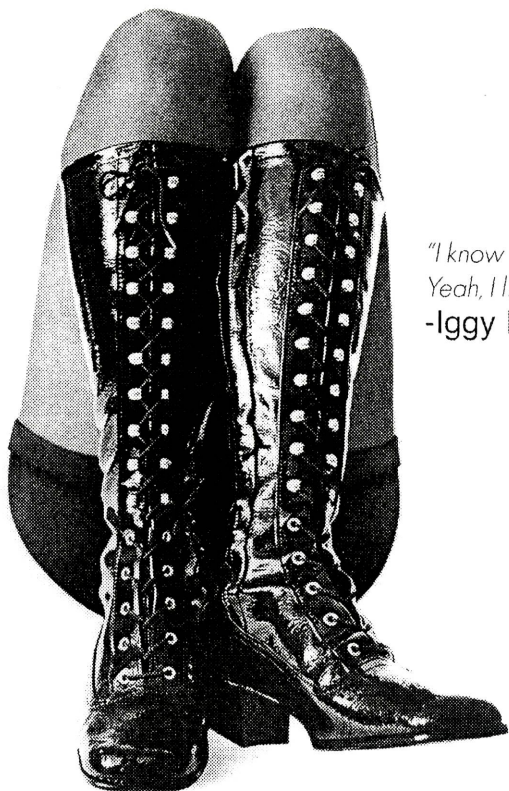
Unfortunately for Duke, the feds gave him hell right back, and he'll be spending the next eight years and four months in prison.

North Park Rules

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 CRASHED ON THE COUCH | 13 HASSLED BY THE COPS |
| 2 MUSTANG SPA
& BATHHOUSE | 14 CHICKEN PIE SHOP |
| 3 DEALERS | 15 SHOOTERZ |
| 4 (FORMERLY)
AZTEC BOWL | 16 PARTIED W/ THE SPITS |
| 5 SCOLARI'S | 17 SPLIT MY HEAD OPEN |
| 6 THRIFT STORE | 18 FREE HOT CARROTS |
| 7 PAWN SHOP | 19 CHEAP 40'S |
| 8 NORTH PARK
LIONS CLUB | 20 FRISBEE GUYS |
| 9 (FORMERLY) PALISADE'S | 21 (FORMERLY) GRANNIE'S |
| 10 PSA FLIGHT 182
CRASH SITE | 22 LIBRARY |
| 11 (FORMERLY) WOLF'S
LEATHER BAR | 23 LEATHER SHOP |
| 12 F-STREET | 24 OFF THE RECORD |
| | 25 GOT LAID |



there is a difference...



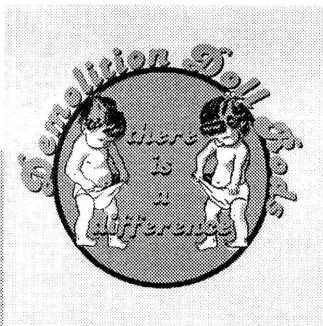
"I know the Doll Rods!
Yeah, I like them."
-Iggy Pop

out 4-18-06

Demolition Doll Rods

There is a Difference

LP/CD

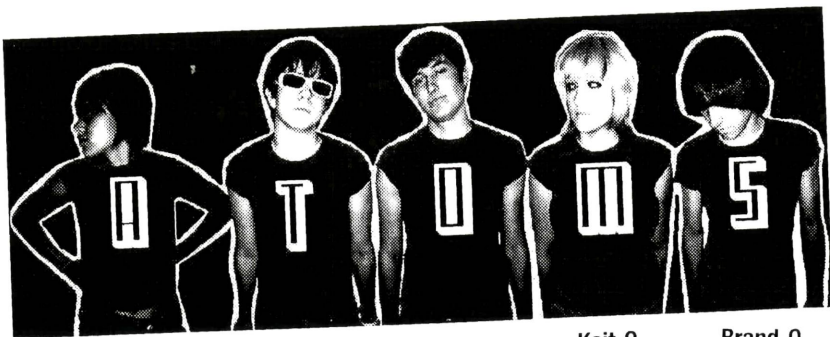


coming soon:
new LP from the
Marked Men
5-16-06

Swami Records
P.O. Box 620428
San Diego, CA 92162

www.swamirecords.com





Christy Beats
Drums

Joey
Lead Vocals
Guitar / Keys

Dee
Guitar / Vocals

Kait-O
Keys
Tambourine

Brand-O
Bass

Chula Vista's Atoms crawled out of the garage nearly two years ago to become everyone's favorite underage kids at the bar.

While none of the five members can legally buy beer just yet, they're easy to catch showing the adults how punky new wave sounds at any of the clubs on the El Cajon Boulevard business loop.

Interview by LARRY and JIMMY

Live photos by ERIC RIFE

Atoms have progressed quickly. How did everything get started?

Joey: It all started when me and Derrick were in the middle of our senior year in high school. We knew we wanted to start a band, but he didn't have a guitar so we borrowed my dad's and I said, "I guess I'll play keyboards" because I had an old keyboard that my mom gave me like two years back. We wanted to start a band after hearing bands like Devo and the Dickies. We just thought those bands sounded cool and we learned their songs. We thought, "Oh, we can do this too." We recruited our friend Alfonso from this other band and he played bass. Then our other friend Nicole played keyboards as well. She took over on keyboards, but I programmed the drums. I used drums on the keyboard and then programmed them from my computer and burned them on to a CD so when we played live, we'd take a boom box and plug it into a P.A. and that would be our playback drums.

How many shows did you play with a drum machine?

Joey: A lot. I'm gonna say we used it for a year.

Where were you playing shows?

Joey: It was just parties. I think we played Hot Monkey Love, a coffee house on Broadway, downtown/Golden Hill. We'd play cafes, but that was fine with us because we were still embarrassed by the drum machine. We didn't really want to venture out that much. We were just trying to get this thing going. We always imagined in our minds that someone would see us live that was a drummer and would think, 'Oh, I could do this. I could be the drummer for these guys.' They would dig us and be turned on to be our drummer. That took a long time.



(To Christy) So how did you become the drummer?

Christy: Well, just friends. I didn't know these guys until last year. It's been a little more than a year since I've known them. And just the friends I hung out with in high school, not so much punk rock, I was more into, like, indie music in high school, like, 10th, 11th grade and stuff, so I would go to a lot of shows and I started playing the drums in 10th grade when I started going to shows and stuff, and I was just, like, "Wow, this is exciting!"

This is three years ago?

Christy: Yeah, but then I stopped playing for, like...awhile. Like, eight months or something.

Why?

Christy: Because...well, because I was in this thing, I was running for this thing called Guam Queen, 'cause I'm Guamanian.

Did you know how to play your instruments when you started Atoms?

Joey: I knew how to play power chords and Derrick didn't know how to play at all. We used my dad's old electric guitar that he wasn't using. It's an old Les Paul or something, and I taught Derrick sort of, but I didn't really know what I was doing either. I just connected the keys on the keyboard to the power chords that we were playing on the guitar.

So your dad plays guitar?

Joey: No, he doesn't play guitar at all. He used to fix them up and stuff. He's an electrician.

So you were listening to punk and new wave in middle school?

Joey: Uh, yeah, well...

Christy: His mom's a punk rocker.

Joey: Yeah, my parents are kinda like punk rockers. They named me Joey Ramone.

No shit?!? **Joey:** Yeah. Ramone is my middle name. On my birth certificate it says Joey Ramone Ugalde.

Obviously your parents must be Ramones fans.

Joey: Oh, yeah. Big time.

Did they turn you on to rock'n'roll?

Joey: Always. My dad was a big record collector. When I was in elementary school, I went through all his records. That's how I got turned on to this sort of new wave, punk rock music.

I would imagine he would have a copy of "The Incredible Shrinking Dickies" or...

Joey: He had "Dawn of the Dickies" and all his Devo albums and Devo videos. I used to watch those. I guess I got inspired a long time ago but never did anything until I was in high school.

Did you feel pressured into having to like your parents' punk records? Did you ever want to rebel like when a kids rebel against conservative parents? Think about it: Now that punk rock is middle aged and parents are giving their kids mohawks and dressing them in Social Distortion shirts, you would think someone growing up around punk would say, "Fuck that, I'm going to church!"

Joey: I know! Yeah! Exactly. You would think that, but no, not at all. I guess I wasn't a rebellious child.

What was the first concert you went to?

Joey: It was 1984 when I was in my mom's womb. I was born in 1985, but when I was in my mom's womb in 1984, my parents followed Oingo Boingo up the West Coast for about 14 shows. No joke. My mom didn't tell me about it until a couple of years ago. I mentioned, "God, I wish I could have seen Oingo Boingo." She said, "Well, you've seen them 14 times in 1984 when you were in my womb."

You mean you felt them 14 times.

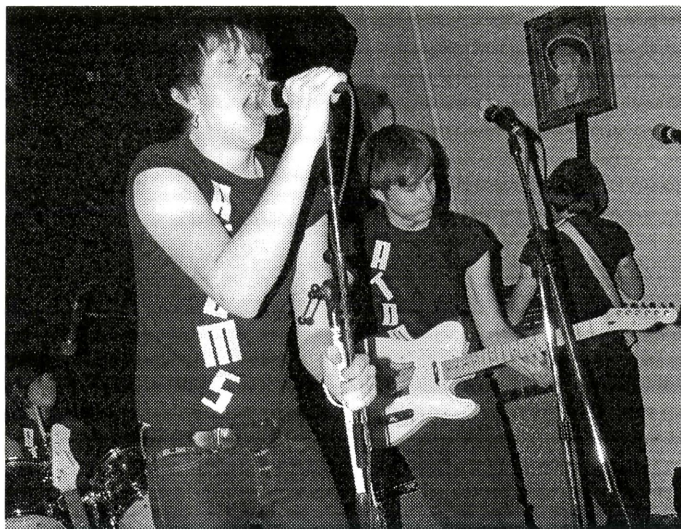
Joey: Yeah, I felt their vibrations.

What was the first concert they really took you to?

Joey: It was probably Oingo Boingo again when they did their farewell tour. My dad took me and my sister on a Halloween night. It was raining a lot so we were wearing trashbags and I remember being super scared because everyone there had their faces painted like a skull. I was pretty frightened.

Yeah, they do that annual Dead Man's Party Halloween celebration. Where was the show?

Joey: Uh, the Open Air Theater (SDSU)? Possibly.



What about your first show that you took the initiative to go see?

Joey: Uh, I'm embarrassed. Okay, listen, I went to shows with my parents, but my parents never wanted me to go to shows alone. My parents were still kinda strict. I never went to shows in middle school. I think the first I went to, I think I was a sophomore or freshman in high school. It was Toxic Narcotic.

Kaitlin: Baw haw haw haw.

Joey: Shut up. Okay, I was sorta into the spikes-on-your-leather-jacket punk rock, except I had a pleather jacket because leather's not cool. It was a big, total crusty show. The gutter punks had silverware hanging from their belts. That's the silverware they would use to eat from trashcans. So I went to that show and I was turned off by that music. That was my first show.

What was the show where you thought, "This is my music"?

Joey: That was gonna be back when I was in high school, again. It was months after the other show. It was Agent Orange at the Epicenter. That's where I got inspired to play a lot of the guitar stuff that I play. Derrick plays more of the distortion punk rock stuff and I come in with the single string, Dick Dale sorta surf thing. When I saw Agent Orange, I thought, "Oh, wow, I like the way that guitar sounds. I want to mimic that."

It's obvious everyone in the band loves Devo to death. How did you meet Mark Mothersbaugh of Devo and convince him to invite you and Kaitlin in for a private concert?

Joey: I wanted to meet Devo [before the show], and I was imagining meeting the band and having the Devo say, "Oh, we can get you in backstage and hear the sound from the side of the stage," or something since it was 21 and up. Atoms have played enough shows where I know if they don't have a license they're going to be strict as fuck on that. I was hoping they could possibly get me backstage so I could hear the sound from there.

How did you get inside?

Joey: Kaitlin works at a gym right down the street from the House of Blues. I talked to Kaitlin the night before at a party and said, “I think that would be kinda cool if I went to work with you.” She would get off of work at 4 p.m. “Since we’re gonna be there together and no one else is there on Sundays, I’ll just hang out with you at work from 9 a.m. until 4 p.m. and then we can go to the show together and try to get in.” I wake up the next day after dancing all night and was wasted. I’m super hungover and super sore. Kaitlin calls and asks, “So you still want to go?” She kinda forced me. I didn’t really want to. I wanted to lay in bed for eternity because I was so fucking tired. She got me up and we went to her work. I cruised over to the House of Blues while she was working and would ask the security guards, “Hey, is Devo here? Have they shown up yet?” I never really got a reply. I was thinking, “This sucks. What am I doing?” Kaitlin got off of work at 4 p.m. and we go back and ask the security guards again. They didn’t really give us a good answer so I thought we would kill some time by walking over to Borders and look at some books. We come back in an hour and we’re standing out front for about 10 minutes and I’m feeling like shit, thinking, “I can’t believe I went through this whole day hungover sitting at Kaitlin’s work.” All of a sudden, Kaitlin peers over to her right and just says, “Oh my god,” and she can’t say anything else. Then I look over her shoulder, and walking towards us in these huge, metallic glasses is Mark Mothersbaugh. You could see him coming at you a mile away. He is so weird looking. He is so odd. All of sudden, the whole day was worth it.

I ran up to him, “Hey, Mark,” and he suddenly gets kinda nervous. “Hey, Mark, my name is Joey and I’m a really big fan of your music and I’m in a band and we’re influenced by you guys.”

He says, “Uh, I hope that’s a good thing.”

“Yeah, yeah! We even do a cover of ‘Pink Pussycat.’”

Kaitlin had a bunch of demos in her purse, so I told her to give him some demos and a press kit. He looked at it and said, “Oh, cool, I’ll have something to listen to tonight.”

I shook his hand and explained there’s five of us — two girls, three guys — and we’re all under 21 and we play punk rock new wave music, and then he pops the question: “So are you gonna go to the show tonight?” and as soon as he said that he realizes, “Oh, you just told me you’re under 21.”

We put on our sad faces and told him we were just happy to hear the sound from outside and how we were just gonna hang out on the street on all night.

“Well, you know what? Let me try to get you in for the sound check.”

Mark goes inside and me and Kaitlin are just thinking, “That was so worth it. Screw my hangover. I feel great right now.” I just met one of my favorite songwriters of all time and I’m so stoked, and we might get in to the sound check. This is insanity. We’re waiting there about 15 minutes and finally, this guy, Michael Pilmer that runs the Web site, www.devo-obsesso.com — I recognized him because I’ve gone on the site, which is linked off the Club Devo site — he comes out, and he’s sort of their tour manager, jack of all trades kinda guy. He comes out and I think, “Oh my God, he’s totally coming over here.” He looks at the security guard and says, “These two are friends of Mark’s and I need to get them into the sound check. I know they’re under 21, so is there any kind of pass I need to get them?” This is really happening. The security says, “You’re gonna have to check with Dave,” who is some big guy. “Okay, we’ll I’ve been looking for Dave for 15 minutes, you find him.”

GONER RECORDS

**IF THE KIDS
DON'T HATE IT
IT AIN'T
ROCK N ROLL!**



brand new!
LEATHER UPPERS
bright lights lp/cd
Well-groomed Canucks return!



JAY REATARD
hammer i miss you 7"ep
Jay's softer side?



REIGNING SOUND
live at goner records lp
Amazing live show, great sound!



HARLAN T BOBO
too much love lp/cd
Memphis shattered-heart pop



KING LOUIE ONE MAN BAND
chinese crawfish lp/cd
King of the swamp boogie beat! Authentic Katrina victim!

KING KHAN & BBQ SHOW cd
Digital only for best record of 2005!



KNAUGHTY KNIGHTS 7" ep
Jack Yarber + Rich Crook = Memphis garage pop genius!

DUTCH MASTERS 7"ep
Eric O punk rock quartet debut!



**JOHNNY VOMIT
& THE DRY HEAVES 7"ep**
Jack Yarber, Jimbo Mathus, and JOHNNY VOMIT!

REATARDS
teenage hate lp
Jay's first- back in print!



rock n roll mailorder, label, & record shoppe!

2152 young ave memphis, TN 38104
www.goner-records.com

Michael Pilmer says, “Devo is ready to do their sound check and they’re waiting for me to get these kids in because Mark’s friends with them and they’re just waiting for them to come in.”

Now we’re thinking it’s not gonna happen because they have to do their sound check and we’re still waiting on this guy. The security guard says, “You guys just go.”

Oh, my gosh! We walk through the little corridor, go in, open the door and now we’re in the balcony, front row and there’s no one else in there except Devo’s sound guys and Devo on the stage. I look back and Michael Pilmer — literally points his finger at the band, like, “You can go now.”

So they were waiting on you the whole time.

Joey: Then they kick into “That’s Good,” and Kaitlin has tears coming out her eyes. She’s crying and I’m thinking, “I want to take advantage of this. Should I get up and dance? No, no, no, it’s gonna freak them out. They want to do a good sound check so I’m just gonna bop in my seat.” The sound is so loud and coming right at us. Mark is totally performing even though it’s just a sound check, as if there’s an audience there. It was really cool. And Jerry has this huge contraption around him. This huge claw...

I heard he came out like Hannibal Leichter strapped in the gurney.

Joey: Yes. Exactly. Thank you. Put that in there. It was a huge contraption with a claw that holds him in place with lights on it. He looks all pissed off, and we’re thinking, “Is he pissed off because he doesn’t want anyone at his sound check and Mark didn’t tell anyone?” Everyone is looking at us like “Who the fuck are these kids?” Mark is looking at us and just having a good time. They run through their 20 minute sound check and they play “Uncontrollable Urge,” “Satisfaction,” “Freedom of Choice,” “Wiggley World” for a little bit and Bob started playing the keyboard part on “Penetration in the Centerfold,” a really old B-side, and Josh Freeze, their drummer for this tour, started playing with Bob, but they don’t play that song live, so I thought that was cool. Wow, that’s an obscure song.

In the middle of them doing songs, they had a little break and we’re still sitting there. The Dave guy — the big shot — finally shows up and comes over to us and says, “What are you kids doing here? Are you with someone?”

Uh.... He looks down at the sound guy who says, “No, they’re not with me.”

I tell him, “We’re with Mark. We’re friends with Mark,” and he shouts down there, “Hey, Mark, are these your friends?”

Mark says, “Yeah, yeah.”

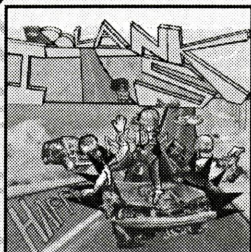
Whoa, so I give Mark the thumbs up, who replies, “Get outta here, you pesky kids.”

They play a couple more songs and then Michael Pilmer taps us on the shoulder and tells us we have to go outside now.

We get outside — cell phone! Let’s call everyone!

When we were leaving out of there, Jerry looks over at Mark and asks, “Who were those guys?” Mark is standing in front of his microphone and the P.A. is still on and says, “Uh, they’re the Atoms, man, they’re a band.”





Blanks Its - Happy Accidents

"...Mangled two finger chords...and a high-strung backbeat... Think of them as if the Urinals at their most agitated writing songs they'd like to hear the Monkees cove..." - *Smashing Transistors*

Dark Skies - s/t

...stomp and twist their throttling, heavy soul stylings through channels of Groundhogs and the MC5 - but burgeon in the hydroponic northwest heat of Dead Moon and the Wipers.

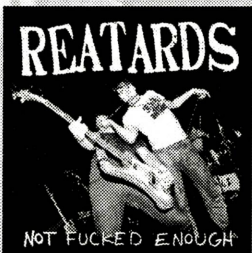
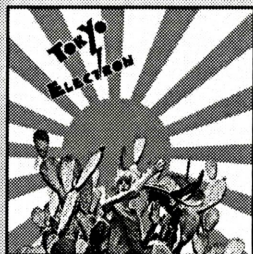


Original Three - Been Dealt a Losin Hand

Lead by Ian of the Black lips the Original Three play down tempo garage punk. Recorded by Alicja Trout (Lost Sounds/MouseRocket) with a guest appearance by Jay Reatard (Reatards/Lost Sounds)

Tokyo Electron - s/t

This record is chock full of that blown out trash punk sound that Ryan (Reatards, Digital Leather) has perfected over the years. TE has quickly turned into one of his best and most sought out bands to date



Reatards - Not Fucked Enough

Here we have more tasty vintage recordings to complement last years "Bedroom Disasters". This was the record they started recording as thier second full length release. Recorded on a broken 4 track this was scrapped when a new lineup was realized.

www.EmptyRecords.com
PO Box 12301 Portland, OR 97212





FRANK MELENDEZ

Dine & Dash

True stories from the people who take your orders, cook and serve your food

By **BILL CLARE**

I started working at Woodstock's Pizza in the College Area as a cook while going to SDSU, only to wind up a manager after I graduated five years later.

When I first started there, Woodstock's had a birthday program, where if you came in on your

birthday, we would reduce your bill by the percent value of your age. If you turned 25, it was 25 percent off. Hit the half-century mark, and we'd knock 50 percent off your tab.

I had been working there about a month when these two regulars came in on a busy Friday night,

pushing an old man in a wheelchair strapped to an oxygen tank.

These guys were in their 40s and obviously not college kids. They would come in all the time and just drink. It's cheap to drink there, so we had everyone from the neighborhood coming in for the 32-ounce Monster Beer happy hour special for \$2.

I'm behind the register and the guys come up, "Hey, how ya doin'?" It's this guy's birthday. He turned 79 today."

We set them up in a corner at a long table. My boss told us, "Anything these guys order, just put it on the tab."

I wish the guy, Archie, a happy birthday, and they order a few pizzas, some beers and start drinking. Pretty soon, more and more people show up. It's to the point where we have a line out the door. The guys are pointing to people in line saying, "They're with us," or "They're in the party." Pretty soon it was standing room only and everyone is ordering on this 79-year-old guy's tab.

It was chaos. We had pizzas coming out of the oven and we're screaming, "Who had a large fuckin' Hawaiian?" But everyone is drinking and talking.

As for Archie, they just kinda wheeled him into a corner. I don't even think he could eat pizza and he wasn't drinking either. They had a few gifts for him and someone would lean in to talk to him every once in a while. I don't even know if anyone in the party even knew who the old man was.

The whole time this is going on, the phone is ringing for pickup and delivery orders. We get so busy that we had to call the prep guy back in just to make sure we had enough dough. His job is to show up at 5 a.m. and make 50 pound dough balls, which we break off for pies.

It's a tough job and takes a while because you have to wait for the dough to rise. So the last thing he wants to do is come back in at 8 p.m. and start making more dough.

The whole idea of the birthday discount was that a family would come in — maybe 10, 20 at most — get their discount, have a good time and *leave*.

But these guys were just getting started.

After the party passes the three-hour mark, we thought it was going to die down. Instead, everyone starts ordering again — only this time they're ordering pizzas to go.

That's when my boss started getting pissed off, but he's thinking, "We'll at least get a decent tip out of all of this."

After three hours of this, things are slowing down and the guys finally come up to pay their tab. They rang up more than \$1,000 in food. My boss is still smiling, thinking that they were going to tip us out because they know we were losing money on the deal. The bill drops down to about \$300 and we cut the beer tab in half. Even with the discount, they still drank \$500 in beer.

"We had a great time. That was awesome," one of the guys says, and then they just walked out the door with out tipping a single dollar.

And no one in their party put any money in the tip jar during the night. They had taken over the whole restaurant and the tip jar was still empty when they finally cleared out.

Fast forward one year. These guys actually had the nerve to wheel Archie back in for his 80th birthday and an 80 percent discount.

It was the same thing all over again: The phones are ringing off the hook, there are too many people ordering, too many pies coming out of the oven and Archie is wheeled into the corner again and not looking good.

They also tried to order pizzas to go when we shut them down.

When it came time to ring up the bill, we cut another \$1,000 tab down to a couple of hundred dollars. The guys paid, and then tried to walk out again.

My boss grabbed them and told them, "Fuck that! My crew worked really hard for you and you had a good time and were here for a few hours. So why don't you show us some gratitude," and pointed to the tip jar.

"Oh, we collected from everyone and this is all we got."

"What?!? You just got 80 percent off all your food!"

The guy opens up his wallet, throws a twenty in the jar and bolts for the door.

For a while, we had fliers inside the restaurant promoting the birthday discount with a picture of Archie saying, "Hey everyone, it's

Archie's 79th birthday."

They took the picture when he first came in, so the photo had six people crowded around this guy in a wheelchair who looked happy. Customers would see it and say, "Wow, that looks like a great time."

But every time I walked in and saw that picture, I got pissed and would mutter, "You fucker, I fuckin' hate you." The worst part was those two guys would come in during the week for their beers trying to be cool with me when I couldn't stand them.

After the second birthday, they stopped coming in as often, but between the 79th and 80th birthday party, they would come in all the time to get their happy hour beers. I would get so pissed whenever they came in.

They may have been total dorks, but they were smart enough to hook up a deal.



Out of Order Records

P.O. Box 72775 / Davis, CA 95617
www.outoforderrecords.com

Dissimilars

"Jimmy's Room" Tinch



Mailorder

Spits, Shop Fronts,
Anteenagers MC,
Lost Sounds,
Battleship, Kidnappers,
Minds, Parkinsons,
Henry Fiat's Open
Sore, Panics,
Real Losers & more...

Shutter punk

Photography by Eric Rife



The Spits
The Casbah



**Col. J.D. Wilkes
Th' Legendary Shack Shakers
Brick By Brick**



New Releases available on
MORTVILLE RECORDS

BAD RACKETS



MR0031

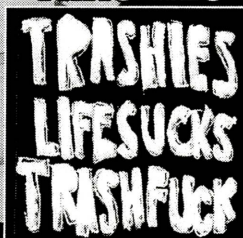
"Full On Blown Apart"
Garage/Pop - Punk Rock
from Austin!

2 New full length CD's



Each CD \$10.00 PPD USA

TRASHIES



MR0032

"Life Sucks Trash Fuck"
North West Trash Core
from Seattle!

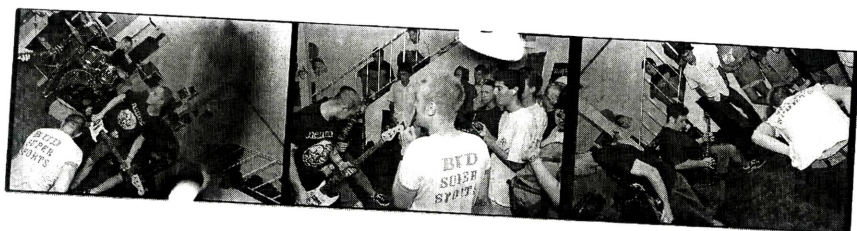
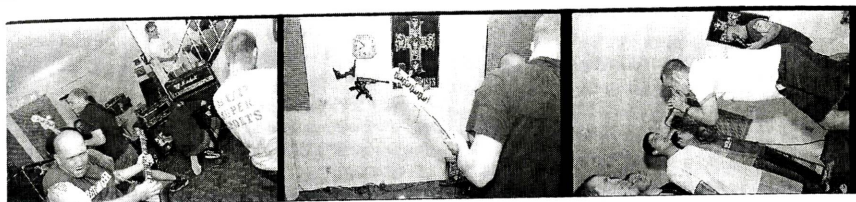
Disto by Road to Ruin www.MortvilleRecords.com PO BOX 4263 Austin, Texas 78765 USA



Deadguy



Wren's
house,
1996



photos by Larry

GD 47

ALL I WANTED WAS A PEPSI!



TOYS THAT KILL

SHANKED! LP/CD Out in May!

CONTROL THE SUN

LP (PIC DISC) / CD

THE CITIZEN ABORTION
LP/CD

**MODERN
MACHINES**

TAKE IT, SOMEBODY LP Out In May!
TACO BLESSING 12"/CD

F.X.P.

III

5 YEAR PLAN LP/CD Out in May!

DANCE MY DUNCE LP/CD

TOILET KIDS BREAD LP/CD

MY MAN GRUMPY LP/CD

TOYS THAT KILL LP/CD

DWARVES 

FREE COCAINE 2xLP/CD

LICK IT 2xLP/CD

I WAS A MURDER JUNKIE

THE LAST DAYS OF GG ALLIN

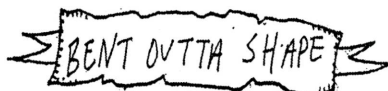
by evan cohen book w/cd

SWING DING A MIGOS

KINGS OF CULO LP/CD

SHARK PANTS

porno snakehead LP/CD

 BENT OUTTA SHAPE

STRAY DOG TOWN LP/CD



the
Bananas

FORBIDDEN FRUIT LP

A SLIPPERY SUBJECT &
NAUTICAL ROCK n ROLL LP's SOON!

ALL PRICES POSTPAID IN USA

CD / LP PIC DISK / 2xLP=\$10

7"=\$3 Book w/cd=\$15 LP=\$8

WWW.RECESSRECORDS.COM

RECESS P.O.B 1666 SAN PEDRO, CA 90733





RIP RKL

Jason Sears, vocalist for RKL — like many other punk rockers before him — died a prematurely battling long-term drug addiction.

Unlike Dee Ramone, Will Shatter and GG Allin, Jason, 38, didn't die from a hot shot of heroin. In a strange twist of fate, he died Jan. 31, 2006 while undergoing an experimental treatment for his addiction.

He had checked himself into the Ibogaine Association clinic in Tijuana, where patients pay \$4,000 to ingest ibogaine — a hallucinogenic derived from the rootbark of the West African Tabernanthe iboga plant.

Proponents of ibogaine treatments believe a dose of the drug can greatly reduce the agony of withdrawal while helping stop the physical craving.

He died almost 20 hours after taking ibogaine. His cause of death was listed as pulmonary thrombosis, which is when a blood clot travels to a lung. (The death rate is 30 percent when undetected and seems to be most common in bedridden patients following a major operation.) He was also suffering from serious skin abscesses and infection.

Surprisingly, Jason's death made the national news, not because of music and the records RKL put out, but because of bad timing.

Dr. Martin Luther King's widow, Coretta Scott King, died at an alternative medical clinic in Rosarito, Mexico, which is approximately 15 miles south of Tijuana, the same day. She was suffering from advanced ovarian cancer and a stroke.

Her death at a clinic run by an



American convicted of selling quack cures for cancer, received attention from both the Mexican and U.S. authorities and was shut down in February.

The Ibogaine Association continues to its addiction treatment.

In the published stories about Jason's death, it mentioned how big of an influence RKL had in California's punk scene.

I interviewed RKL's drummer Bommer in the early '90s when Slang (which was basically RKL with Bommer singing instead of drumming) played in San Diego. He ranted about RKL's place in SoCal punk history and how NOFX rode their coattails in Germany following RKL German tour (which produced the "Double Live in Berlin" LP) saying, "Every NOFX flier on that tour said 'Friends of RKL' above their name."

I saw RKL in 1987 right after "Rocknroll Nightmare" was released and they were in their prime.

They headlined a packed bill with

Funeral March, P.O.W., Manifest Destiny and Agnostic Front at a union building in triangle in the middle 805, 15 and 94 freeways.

The sold out show was packed so tight in the windowless building, promoter Scott Bartoloni, who was 15 or 16 at the time, had to open the emergency exits to let fresh air in. The cold air instantly condensed and dripped from the ceiling when it hit the tropical air inside.

The action started before the band could even plug in their guitars. As RKL dragged their equipment on stage, a skinhead started yelling at guitarist Chris Rest. Before the skin could finish his sentence, guitarist Barry Ward, wearing a pair of Doc Martin boots, runs up and kicked the skin in the face full force, then grabbed the microphone and said "If you fuck with one of us, you're gonna fuck with all of us."

The skinhead backed off, the lights dropped and the band kicked into "Scab on My Brain." Jason headbanged



through every song, Bomer pounded the drums in his boxers, and bassist Little Joe played all those hyper riffs with his fingers while Chris and Barry switched off between rhythm and lead guitars for a set filled with material from "It's a Beautiful Feeling," "Keep Laughing" and "Rocknroll Nightmare."

RKL has remained one of my favorite California hardcore bands since. The obituary writers were right when they said RKL had a big influence on our scene.

Chris from Jon Cougar Concentration

Camp said JCCC might not have ever got off the ground if it wasn't for RKL.

"[One time when RKL stayed at my house] Joey the bass player and Clint (JCCC guitarist) took a manhole cover and threw it through the window of a music store and grabbed a bunch of guitars and that's how we formed JCCC."

Jason and Bomer are now both gone, but their sound will live on — like the sound of a manhole cover smashing through a plate glass window.

www.littledevilbuttons.com

Little Devil Buttons



***full color buttons and bottle
openers for your band, label, business***

Sizes available:

1 inch (2.54cm)

1 1/4 inch (3.175cm)

2 1/4 inch (5.715cm)

2 1/4" Keyring Bottle Openers

- no set up fees***
- fast turnaround***
- photo quality***

ORDER NOW 619.464.3915

little devil buttons po box 1581 la mesa, ca 91944-1581

Music Reviews



Reviews by Larry and Jimmy

THE BASEBALL FURIES - "All-American Psycho" CD

I told my friend Craig I was reviewing this and how much I liked it, and he told me how he made me a tape of some of their stuff years ago and I never listened to it. As if you didn't have enough reason not to emulate me, don't be a douchebag and not listen to the Baseball Furies when given the chance. This album rocks right off the bat and well into the ninth inning, the kinda punk your mom used to get drunk to when she was pregnant with you. These guys have earned their "Warriors" name with the big, fuzzy bass and distorto vocals. (JIMMY)

www.bignecrecords.com

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

COACHWHIPS - "Peanut Butter and Jelly Live at the Ginger Minge" CD

Coachwhips put their spell on me bad from the first time I heard them. They showed me that lo-fi could really be done on the cheap. They blow most bands away with less gear than any band I've seen before. Their songs are simple two-chord masterpieces with vocalist/guitarist John Dwyer slurring or screaming some undecipherable line over a snare beat. They follow the same formula on each of their releases, and for good reason: it works. Unfortunately, it looks like "Peanut Butter..." is their final release, which makes it a must-have, of course. (LARRY)

www.narnackrecords.com

Narnack Records, 381 Broadway 4th Fl. #3, New York, NY 10013

KILL THE HIPPIES - "Erectospective" CD

Lets start with the name, Kill the Hippies: It's perfect! Like San Francisco's skaterock band Free Beer, Kill the Hippies looks fucking rad on fliers. Although they're from Kent, OH, the best songs on this 77-song, double CD sound like they should have been a on European "Killed by Death" LP. With 14 or so years worth of music this discography compilation varies from early '80s hardcore (I'd go as far as even saying Nardcore) to '70s Rezillios-styled punk (bass player PP Envy splits the vocals about 30/70 with guitarist Morte Treehorn) to 1-2-3-4 hardcore to early-European '70s punk. Considering there's three hours of music on this release, it's a good variety of styles that helps keep it from being overwhelming considering the huge amount of music on this thing. (LARRY)

www.rocnrollpurgatory.com

Rock-n-roll Purgatory, PO Box 771153, Lakewood, OH 44107

Newsdesk.org's

News You Might Have Missed

HISTORY & MISSION

News You Might Have Missed has published continuously since February 2002, and remains one of the best nonpartisan sources for important but underreported news from around the world.

Each week, **News You Might Have Missed** gathers important stories from around the world that have been underplayed or overlooked, delivering news, perspectives and analysis you otherwise might have missed.

Newsdesk.org and **News You Might Have Missed** are commercial-free, and available at no charge. Sign up for the **NYMHM** newsletter at <http://www.newsdesk.org/nyhm/>

We welcome any tax-deductible contributions!

"EPA chief turns coal lobbyist" Chicago Tribune, February 9, 2006 • "Unions around world to protest Iran's treatment of bus workers" Washington Post, February 15, 2006 • "Iran strives to stifle independent trade union movement" Eurasianet.org, February 7, 2006 • "Iraq loses millions of dollars to oil smugglers" NewKerala.com (India), February 9, 2006 • "NYU grad student strike rages on" Harvard Crimson, February 1, 2006 • "The Net effect of neutrality" MIT Technology Review, February 10, 2006 • "'Gitmo' protestors queried by Treasury" UPI, February 7, 2006 • "Arnall confirmed as US Ambassador to Netherlands" • Expatica, February 10, 2006 "Exciting time' for H-bomb scientists" • ANG Newspapers, February 6, 2006 • "Too little is known about firms with nuclear ties, critics say" Globe and Mail (Canada), February 8, 2006 • "After the Prophet storm it's Durga in booze ad" CNN-IBN (India), February 14, 2006 • "Rubbish-pickers see red as Mexico goes green" Reuters, February 9, 2006 • "Sweden plans to be world's first oil-free economy" Guardian (U.K.), February 8, 2006 • "Ecuador pushing for 'fairer' share of oil windfall" Mercopress (Uruguay), February 9, 2006 • "Sea turns toxic, fishermen protest" CNN-IBN (India), February 8, 2006 • "Smelter city families face removal" The Australian, February 9, 2006 • "In New York, more waste, more worries" Bergen County Record (NJ), February 10, 2006 • "Howard Dean lied to gay Democrats" Washington Blade, February 10, 2006 • "A wake for an Indian warrior" Rocky Mountain News, January 21, 2006 • "Gov't eager to 'delay Timor independence'" Australian Associated Press, February 1, 2006 • "Bush 'tried to lure Saddam into war using UN aircraft'" Times Online (U.K.), February 3, 2006 • "EPA panel blasts air-rule changes" Sacramento Bee, February 4, 2006 • "Out of jail, into the Army" Salon.com, February 2, 2006 • "Reservist, 32, sues Army to leave service" Boston Globe, February 2, 2006 • "Casualty figures are 'wrong', admits Reid" The Scotsman, January 31, 2006 • "Stop-loss used to retain 50,000 U.S. troops" Christian Science Monitor, January 31, 2006 • "Maliens reject GM crops as attack on their way of life" Independent (U.K.), January 31, 2006 • "Greenpeace

NARDWUAR
THE HUMAN SERVIETTE
**"Doot Doola Doot Doo...
Doot Doo!" DVD**

Five-and-a-half hours of anybody is just too much. I love Nardwuar, but I can't even take 5 1/2 hours of myself. The first hour's pretty good with Nardwuar interrogating the likes of Gene Simmons, Michael Moore, and Blur (who, it should come as no surprise, are a buncha cocksuckers). I fast-forwarded through most of the second hour, as it was solely dedicated to Nardwuar tracking down Snoop Dogg ala "Roger and Me," but just seemed like a lotta filler to me — Nard hanging around in his hotel room for hours; will he get to interview Snoop for a third time? The suspense is killing me, and by suspense, I mean boredom. But I'm gonna keep this. It'll be like a bathroom book: I'll pop the second disc in the player when I've got a few minutes to kill while I eat a Cup O' Noodles or something and watch the unedited versions of the interviews in the first disc. There's also a neat booklet included with more interviews, including one with David Cross. (JIMMY)

www.alternativetentacles.com
Alternative Tentacles
PO Box 419092
San Francisco, CA 94141

KNIGHTS OF THE NEW CRUSADE
"Knight Beat" CD

This record kicks off with the garage rock equivalent of the Geto Boys' "We Can't Be Stopped," giving a big shout out to the New Testament and telling modern day Christians where the kingdom the Knights are coming from. I get the joke, I think their gimmick is hilarious — Crusades-era Christian lyrics sung over garage rock performed by a bunch of dudes dressed in chain mail. The music is top notch '60s garage combined with reverb-drenched surf rock, but the Christian skits opening about a third of the tracks kinda throws a wet blanket on the music, like when your mom walks in the room and starts talking about your grandma when you're trying to watch a movie. Still, you know this is going to fun live, especially if they actually play Christian venues. If so, will someone try to book them a show at Shadow Mountain Community Church out in East County? (LARRY)

www.alternativetentacles.com
Alternative Tentacles
PO Box 419092
San Francisco, CA 94141

REATARDS - "Not Fucked Enough" CD

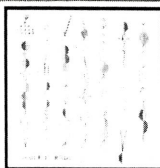
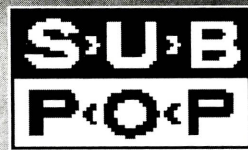
Rock'n'roll is at a better place because someone had the insight to save all those old Reatards tapes that Jay recorded during the band's formative and early years. His last two full-length Reatards releases, "Not Fucked Enough" and "Bedroom Disasters" are made up of singles, demos and unreleased stuff that is now impossible to find. Of course both releases are mandatory. Jay, Ryan and all the other 'Tards really rejuvenated the garage scene with primal energy combined with great songwriting. A band this good doesn't come around but once every seven or eight years, so it only makes sense that there is so much turmoil surrounding them. Now that they're playing again, lets hope that they put together a full-length of new stuff. (LARRY)

www.emptyrecords.com
Empty Records, PO Box 12301, Portland, OR 97212

THE FUTURE IS ALREADY SUPER RAD

And, we here at Sub Pop Records are becoming increasingly aware of this. That's why we're pretending to understand more and more new technology with each passing day. Whether it's "Podcasting," "Blogs," "ringing noises for cell phones that sound just like actual songs (or words, or farts!)," or even "The Interweb," we are 100% committed to the appearance of full comprehension and occasional use.

Just remember: even here in the future, we'd really like to sell you something. That's a promise.



WOLF PARADE
Apologies To
The Queen Mary
CD/LP sp655

MUDHONEY
Under A Billion Suns
CD/LP sp700



BAND OF HORSES
*Everything
All The Time*
CD/LP sp690

KELLEY STOLTZ
Below The Branches
CD / LP sp674



Don't forget also not to miss
these recent Sub Pop releases
from:



Mudhoney
Chad VanGaalen
Holopaw
Kinski
Fruit Bats
and Sleater-Kinney!

Plus, we sell t-shirts and posters
and other junk!



info@subpop.com

<http://www.subpop.com>

Podfisting Our Way to
Your Blog, or Whatever



RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS

"To the Confusion of Our Enemies CD

I badmouthed my beloved Riverboat Gamblers after the first couple of listens, but I apologized soon after. "To the Confusion..." is so — how do I describe it — uh, produced, I really thought they went for the commercial route. Maybe it's because punk is so commercial now. While the stuff you hear on the radio is punctuated with gimmicky hooks and paint-by-numbers songwriting, the Gamblers put out a something of a rarity these days — a release where every song stands on its own with no filler. There is one exception, and it's a big one — the goddamn "Unicorn" song. Man, what a buzzkill in the middle of a great release. Guys, save the inside jokes for the insiders and give us more "On Again Off Again" instead. (LARRY)

www.volcoment.com

Volcom Entertainment

1740 Monrovia, Costa Mesa, CA 92627

TOKYO ELECTRON

s/t CD

Ryan Rousseau's rock'n'roll resume lists the Wongs and the Reatards, so is it any wonder that this sounds like something the Oblivions might have released on Crypt Records? This 12-song release is relentless from start to finish, only taking a breather on "I'm Worthy" so the mysterious Dickless Torso can play a sexy organ solo. Arrgh, it's been hard to listen to anything else. It's been getting non-stop play while I rant and rave to everyone connected to this zine about how Tokyo Electron is best thing happening in Arizona. (Swing Ding Amigos, Shark Pants, Knock Out Pills, Cuntifers, FANSS - you know I love you too.) (LARRY)

www.emptyrecords.com

Empty Records

PO Box 12301, Portland, OR 97212

YE OLDE BUTTFUCK

"How to Get to Heaven from Chattanooga, Tennessee" 7 inch

The band name alone gets these guys reviewed. It's sloppy, but it's actually probably more drunk. The back-ups are fun, giving this record a sing-along quality, which is good for road trips. It's hard to come up with a comparison. Jawbreaker keeps coming to mind, but more stripped down, and all the better for it. Plus you can't go wrong with a cover of the Stones' "Dead Flowers." (JIMMY)

Shut Up! Records, PO Box 1671, Oakland, CA 94604

SULTANS

"Shipwrecked" CD

Sultans are hands down my favorite local band. Since John Reis is the main songwriter, there's going to be a spillover with the comparisons to the Rocket From the Crypt. But something about the simple, heart-felt tunes definitely puts the Sultans in their own category. Yes, it's familiar, but totally different at the same time. "Please Don't Leave me on the Highway" is probably the best example, but "Walk of Shame," with its keyboard hook and its "This town ain't big enough for my big mouth" line, makes it my fave. With this second full-length release, I get the feeling that John sets a goal with a topic in mind, then sits down and writes a record, the same way that some guy might put down his bong one afternoon and decides to get in shape and run in the upcoming local marathon — and then does it and acts like it was no big deal. (LARRY)

www.swamirecords.com

Swami Records

PO Box 620428, San Diego, CA 92162

THE TRASHIES

"Life Sucks Trash Fuck" CD

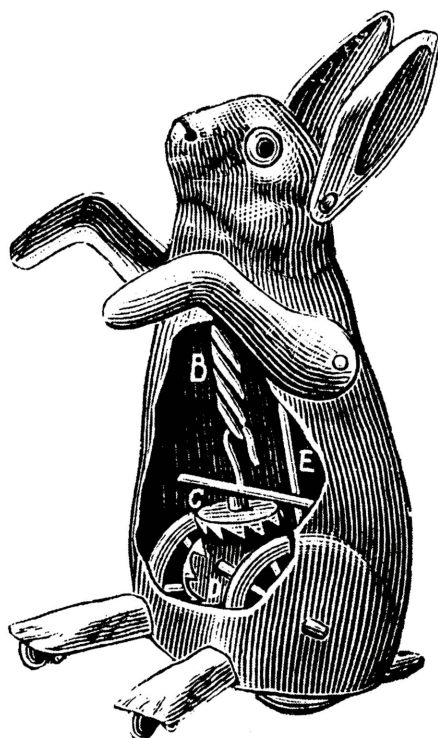
The Trashies just plain rule. The chorus to every song is a punch line — "(Write a) Bad Check," "I'm High, So What?" and "Sweat Pants Boner." But the Trashies ain't a joke band. Every song is a clap-your-hands-and-sing-along three-chord anthem. The Spits created a crop of bands, like the Trashies and the Imperial Valley's Slab City, that followed in their lead by chucking a \$20 keyboard in the middle of a bunch of outcasts and somehow they write the most simple Ramones-inspired punk songs that you'll ever hear. (LARRY)

www.mortvillerecords.com

Mortville Records

PO Box 4263, Austin, TX 78765

LOVE BUNNI PRESS



publishers of
affordable paperbacks and zines

available now: "blister packs" 23 short stories, \$13 ppd
coming in march: "the dead beat"

2622 Princeton Road
Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44118
www.lovebunnypress.com
rjxp@yahoo.com

In Print

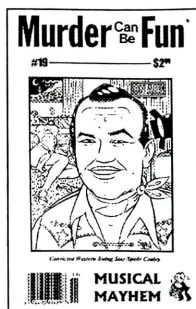
Murder Can Be Fun #19

\$3, 48 pages

PO Box 640111, San Francisco, CA 94164

JohnMarr1@yahoo.com

The fact that John Marr returned to publishing one of the best and most unique fanzines of the 1990s is such a blessing — especially for readers interested in stories about the horrible things seemingly normal people sometimes do to each other and themselves. Marr builds each issue around a theme, and this time he covers musicians. The main feature is dedicated to Donell “Spade” Cooley, the self-proclaimed “King of Western Swing.” Even without the gruesome ending of Spade stomping his wife to death in front of their 14-year-old daughter, his biography is a great tale of a musician rising above his humble roots to become a popular L.A. band leader before his life fell apart. Other stories include the tale of Bernadette Whelan and how she was crushed to death by a crowd of teenyboppers at a 1974 David Cassidy concert, the suicides of The Band’s keyboardist Richard Manuel and jazz trombonist Frank Rosolino. There are also a ton of shorts on notable musicians and their cause of death along with a compilation of anti-rock’n’roll books from the 1980s. Welcome back, MCBF!



Razorcake #31

\$4, 116 Pages

PO Box 42129, Los Angeles, CA 90042

www.razorcake.org

I've said it before, and I'd like to point it out again: Razorcake publishes the most entertaining and informative band interviews of any zines out there. The interviewers are always prepared and knowledgeable about the bands they're interviewing and able to pull great anecdotes from their subjects. Even if you don't like a particular band's music, an appearance in Razorcake always translates into something interesting, hilarious and sometimes even educational and inspiring. Razorcake follows the format familiar with bigger fanzines: columns, interviews, comics, stand-alone photos and tons of reviews, with each issue maintaining a consistent level of quality writing. The latest issue features Dead Moon, Regulations, Hell Billys and Guilty Hearts. I'd also like to point out Razorcake's San Diego connections. In Denise Orton's recap of the Las Vegas Punk Rock Bowling Tournament, special attention was paid to our local mustache crew, including a shirtless group shot. You go, Bearpaw!



STICKER GUY!



**STILL THE CHEAPEST
VINYL STICKERS** AS LOW AS
\$20.00 postpaid!
SINCE 1993

www.stickerguy.com

PO BOX 204 / RENO, NV 89504 / USA / 775.358.7865 / info@stickerguy.com

R.I.P. JOEY JOHNNY DEEDEE

Scam #5

\$5, 72 pages

PO Box 40272, San Francisco, CA 94140

Even though only five issues have been published in 12 or so years, Scam remains one of the best punk zines created. There's enough content in each issue to fill a book, and publisher Erick Lyle (he shed his Iggy Scam moniker a while ago) captures the various populist movements he submerges himself into: graffiti, anti-war, helping the homeless and local politics. It's Erick's personal take and hands-on involvement that makes Scam such a great read. Anyone can rant and rave, but Erick goes out and helps set up squats for shows, reworks billboards with anti-consumer messages and more. This issue is dense with photos, illustrations, small type and handwritten stories. There isn't enough space for a complete list of contents, such as organizing "Joey Ramone Day" where Erick and some friends tried to hitch a ride to a little town called Rockaway Beach eight miles south of San Francisco.



924 Gilman — The Story So Far...

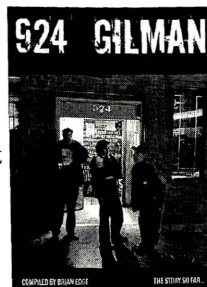
Compiled by Brian Edge

\$20, 418 pages

Maximum Rocknroll,

PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146

Putting on shows is a nightmare of a thankless job and anyone who's in a band should be forced to do it at least once. Organizers have to deal with neighbors, cops, landlords, drunken idiots, egotistical musicians and every other nightmare personality types just so three or four crummy bands can blow out your eardrums and then bitch about how they weren't paid enough. This enormous book chronicles the birth of Berkeley's world famous, volunteer-run Gilman Street in 1986 and it's life up to 2003. The book is jammed with photos, first-person accounts from the people who ran the place during its different eras, news clippings public documents and an extensive, chronological list of the shows. The contents are both inspiring and tiring. Inspiring because the place only got off the ground and survived this long because people were willing to work long and hard just so there was a space for punk shows, and tiring because of the constant threat of closing while petty people look for any excuse to tear things down. And you wonder why it's so hard to not only open venues, but keep them viable while being under the constant threat of being shut. No matter, this book does a great job of documenting the Bay Area's punk/hardcore scene and the mayhem that went along with it.



The End

TIM MAZE PRESENTS...

BROKEN BONES

WITH FROM ENGLAND

BATTALION OF SAINTS

FROM POMONA CA.

JUSTICE LEAGUE

S.O. LOCALS

DIATRIBE



HALL

JAN. 12 1985 FAIRMOUNT



CUSTOM PRINTING SERVICES



BUSINESS CARDS

- BUSINESS CARD SIZE 3.5" X 2"
- FULL COLOR FRONTSIDE, BLACK&WHITE BACK SIDE
- 15 PT HEAVY WEIGHT CARD STOCK

*PRICE INCLUDES FILM OUTPUT & ULTRA DIAMOND UV GLOSS COATING

2500	\$149
5000	\$249
10000	\$349

POST CARDS

- POSTCARD SIZE 4.25" X 5.5"
- FULL COLOR FRONTSIDE, BLACK&WHITE BACK SIDE
- 15 PT HEAVY WEIGHT CARD STOCK

*PRICE INCLUDES FILM OUTPUT & ULTRA DIAMOND UV GLOSS COATING

2500	\$249
5000	\$349
10000	\$549



POSTERS

- POSTER SIZE 12" X 18"
- FULL COLOR FRONTSIDE
- 100LB POSTER STOCK*PRICE INCLUDES FILM OUTPUT & STANDARD GLOSS

1000	\$599
2500	\$749

1033 CUDAHY PLACE STE A • SAN DIEGO, CA 92110 • CUSTOM@ADNC.COM
PHONE: (619) 275.0293 FAX: (619) 275.3405 • PRESS ROCKIN SINCE 1990

VISIT OUR WEBSITE! WWW.4COLORCARD.COM

RESTAURANT

which include include:
* 'Rollin' Dick Murphy
* Eric Rife's Guide to San Diego
* Duke Cunningham
* Early Punk Queens
* Dine and Dash
* Dead Guy

