

# A.D.D.

#14

attention deficit disorder

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charelstons

fest I/  
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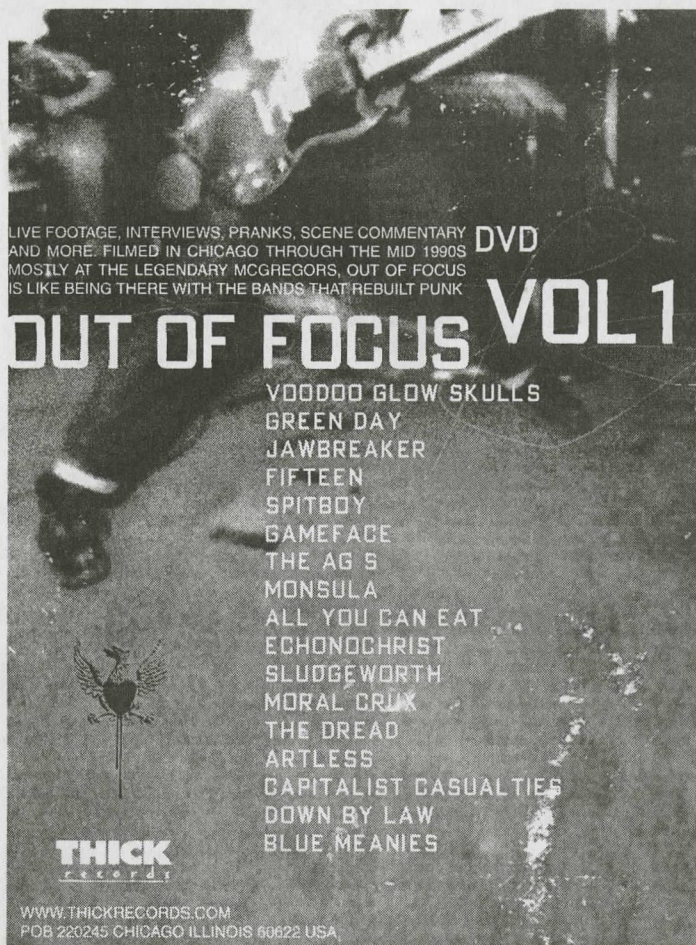
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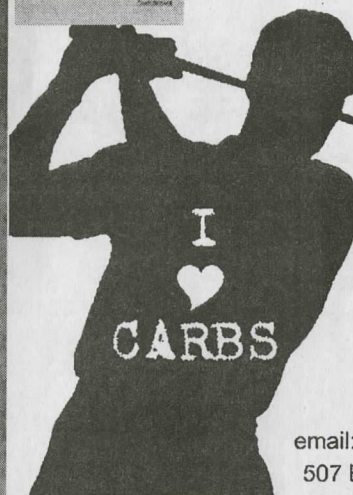
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### Staff:

#### Editor/Layout

Dave Disorder

#### Text Editor

Space Girl Shayna

#### Advertising

Prentice Murphy

#### Writers

Russ Van Cleave  
Scott Keene  
Eric Grant  
Scott Laval

#### Reviews

Hellgrinder, Mount Lushmore, Sir Drinks  
Alot, General Zod, Charles Nelson Reilly,  
COCKroach, Mr. Negativity

#### Email

Email addresses for entire staff available  
at addzine.com (Please feel free to post  
your disapproval)

#### Thanks

Duke Boys, Tim Version, Davey & Mark  
Shitwheel, Tony (FEST!), Jimmy Jason, Joe  
Paez, Ali Furfel, Clairmel, all the Tampa  
folk, Grabass Charelstons, Against Me,  
family, supporters, advertisers, bowling  
night, 12 packs of the Beast, and anyone  
else I have forgotten. Drink up! -Dave D.

## Attention Deficit Disorder Issue #14 Summer 2004

Time waits for no man, especially the slack ass editor of this particular magazine. I've been sitting on most of this dated material for over a year now and the entire creative process has just dragged on like a bad Jerry Bruckheimer movie. Usually I'm full of excuses as to why I couldn't be more punctual with my publishing schedule but this time I'm chalking it up to laziness and lack of inspiration. Oddly enough, I'm pleased with the end result, barring any fuck ups from the printer. They've done good work so far except for issue #10 where they printed the CD booklet backwards. But I digress. The material this issue is more personal as I attempted to publish content other than the usual band interviews and music reviews you've come to expect.

Russ from Tim Version did a ten page tour journal of Japan that goes above and beyond the typical, "We were in Tokyo last night. The show rocked," kinda shite. If it weren't for Russ contributing this great piece, I would have had to print like three more lame ass interviews with washed up bands. He also gave me a great article on work that I posted on the website. Thanks Russ. I wrote an article this issue about my experiences at Fest II in Gainesville last fall, and even though I 'm not the most articulate writer on the planet I think it's honest and entertaining. Which leads me to this shameless plug... "Go to Fest III in Gainesville this October and bring lots of beer."

By the time this issue hits the streets, the new web site, addzine.com, should be up and running. It was created by Scott Keene, master programmer and contributor to the zine. I'm excited about this site and I think it will be the

best means to keep all the material current and relevant. There, you will find all the recent interviews over the past year that didn't make this issue. Also, if you're wondering why your band's release wasn't reviewed in this issue I will have all of the releases that didn't make it to print posted on the site. My plan is to update the site weekly with new articles, reviews and interviews. There's also a forum where everyone can express their displeasure. I'm hoping the ability to access outside opinions will expand our horizons more. It will also give us some funny shit to laugh at.

With the web site taking over the bulk of the content I will be changing the format and printing schedule of the magazine. Starting next issue, A.D.D. will switch to a 32 page newsprint format. I'm lightening the page load and dropping the glossy cover to increase the press run to 10,000. Lowering the page count and decreasing the content will make it possible for me to print the zine quarterly and give it out FREE of charge. That's right, nobody likes to pay for fanzines, and you won't have to pay for ADD ever again. That is, unless you attempt to obtain a copy through the mail. Mail orders and subscriptions will be \$2.00 per issue due to postage costs.

These are my plans for the future of the magazine as long as I can somehow keep it on schedule without falling off track. It remains to be seen. If I do, however, fall flat on my face, I'm sure I'll have plenty of lame excuses as to why my plan didn't work, and you can read about them in the next issue of the zine sometime in the year 2006. If I do somehow make it all work, you'll see the next issue in October -Disorder

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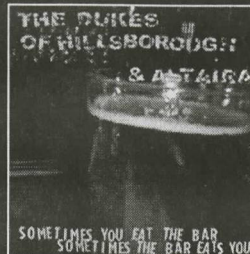
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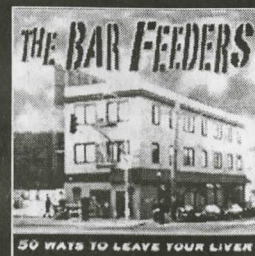
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# The Tim Version

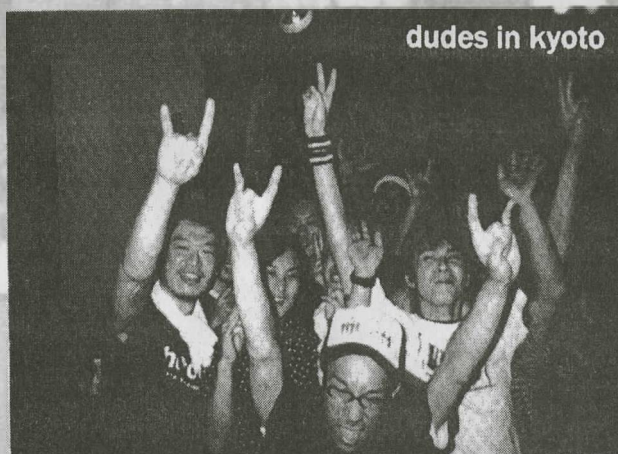
Japan Tour 2003 by Russ Van Cleave



Basically, we're the luckiest sons-a-bitches ever. That was the standard response I gave to, "How'd you guys hook that up," and all other inquiries as to how The Tim Version, of all the bands on God's green earth, got the opportunity to tour Japan. It's the truth, though. We are lucky sons-a-bitches and that's the reason we got to go. That and a man named Yoichi Eimori, the proprietor of long time Japanese DIY label, Snuffy Smiles Records. Some of the more "industry-minded" people, at the mention of Yoichi and Snuffy Smiles, would make mental note of the name. "Oh, Yoichi, huh? Snuffy Smiles? Two F's?" As if Yoichi was some sort of venture capitalist in the "business" of bringing bands over to tour Japan so he could grow incredibly wealthy from the profits. On the way out to California, someone even told us that Japan was a "huge market" and we could be "really big" over there without having hardly any following in the states (ironically, we played her hometown that night for three people). But, seriously, fuck all that! Japan! Yoichi could have been a half-man, half-talking-tree-frog with a wicked crack habit for all we knew. We didn't care. All we knew was that someone in Japan who ran a label and booked shows was interested in having us come over there to play. To four dudes who had hardly ever left the southeast US, let alone visited another country before they played in a rock band, this was a big deal.

As fortune would have it, record labels, in my opinion, don't get much better than Snuffy Smiles. I'm not talking shit here just because the man helped us out, either. I'll back it up. DIY labels like Allied, No Idea, Plan-It-X, This Here, Burrito Records, ADD, Dischord and a ton of others do (or did) things, in my opinion, for the right reasons. From what I've seen, music is the bottom line with these people. Movin' units and all that is secondary. If you can keep your ears above water long enough to hear something you think everyone else needs to hear, then, by God, spit out another record. Snuffy Smiles is no different with regard to that philosophy and, for years, has documented some of the best underground rock bands that Japan has had to offer: The Urchin, Screaming Fat Rat, 8 Roof, Navel, Minority Blues Band, Zero Fast, Three Minute Movie, I Excuse, the list goes on and on. What's more, Yoichi would offer other bands he was into, outside of Japan, the opportunity to release a split 7" with one of the Japanese bands to provide a means to spread the musical wealth on both sides of the pond. Furthermore, this connection would open up a subsequent door of opportunity allowing bands to set up tours of Japan via Yoichi. If you think you can set up a tour in another country where you don't know anyone and can't speak the language, you're welcome to try, but I don't think you would get very far. That being said, Yoichi became an essential catalyst in allowing underground rock'n'roll shows in Japan featuring the likes of Tiltwheel, Dillinger Four, The Thumbs, The 'Tone, J Church and Hot Water Music to ever happen.

So, the long and short of it is this: Yoichi offered us an chance to release a split 7" on his label with an amazing Japanese band called Baggage, which we did. Yoichi then offered to set up a tour for us over there. Of course, there was never really any speculation as to whether or not we were going to go through with it. At the mention of a chance to



dudes in kyoto

tour Japan, we immediately set out looking for cheap plane tickets out of California and started discussing tour plans with the Grabass Charlesons (which is another story altogether) to get us out there and back.

The whole month long trip was a blast, probably the best time I've ever had in my life. And the crowning jewel of the whole shebang was Japan. You hear a lot of stupid school yard bullshit, see a lot of movies and are exposed to a lot of stereotypical, preconceived notions from peers and people in the media about Japan. I'd like to

say that I'm immune to everything I've been exposed to and am able to form completely independent opinions of other cultures based on my own personal experience, but I'd be lying. Some of the bullshit sticks and the most anyone can do is give it as little weight as possible and approach every new situation with an open mind. I tried to learn what I could, read a book on the history of Japan, looked through a couple travel books Scott picked up, but, you can only get so much from books. That being said, there were still many expectations I had built up about the country that ranged anywhere from "slightly off" to "completely wrong". For one, they teach English in school there, so everybody speaks pretty good English, right? Wrong. English (much like Japanese) is not only a hard fuckin' language to learn, but it was developed completely independent of, not only Japanese language, but Japanese culture. Some of the basic sounds that are intrinsic to all your Latin-based languages, don't even exist in Japanese. Hell, Japan didn't even allow Westerners on the island until the mid-19th century. The extent of most of Japan's citizens' conversational English is along the lines of, "My name is...." and, "How old are you?" Second, I figured, like most ignorant, Euro-centric Westerners, that western culture has had such a dominant influence over there that, you know, everybody probably eats hamburgers and they probably don't bow anymore all that much except in traditional circles, etc. Once again, totally, totally wrong. Of course, I could go on and on about the differences between here and there, but this is a tour journal after all, so we might as well get on with it. Things pick up here in Los Angeles, California at Todd Razorcake's apartment, the morning after an all night rock'n'roll party with us, Grabass, Tiltwheel, Billy Reese Peters and The Ends.

## 7.09.03 Travel Date

Todd had the good sense to get us to LAX on time. If it weren't for Todd, we probably wouldn't have made it to Japan. When I was awoken, at 9:00 AM or so, PJ and Aaron were still drinking. It was either Aaron or PJ who was on the steps outside Todd's apartment waving at the little kids going to school and talking nonsense to Megan (another Razorcake-er). I can't really remember the details though, because I was still drunk. We took long enough gathering our belongings to see Aaron pass out. PJ opened another beer and got ready to pass out, but I managed to keep him up long enough to split it with me.

I rode with our luggage in the back of Todd's pickup truck out



to the airport. We arrived at LAX, thanked Todd, said good bye and ambled inside to find out what we needed to do to get out of town. Our combined international travel experience amounted to Canada, Mexico and one trip to Costa Rica, so there was quite a learning curve associated with this process. As we walked in the lobby, we saw a familiar lookin' crew of dudes packing up drum equipment that just so happened to be the band Strike Anywhere. The singer recognized Mike and vice versa (his old band played with Strike Anywhere once) and, almost simultaneously, both parties asked what the other was doing there. Of all the strange coincidences, it just so happened Strike Anywhere was on their way to Japan as well. Of course, they were on a later flight because and they had arrived at the airport on time. I was wasted (still) and thought that was the "craziest thing in the world" and kept saying so in the rather obnoxious-drunk-guy-manner, much to the dismay of the present party. I remember telling them to meet us all in a bar upstairs that we never went to. Of course, in retrospect, I certainly wouldn't have taken me seriously, so I'm sure they didn't.

We did all the required airport things, got through security, boarded the plane and settled into our seats to prepare for the 13-hour flight.

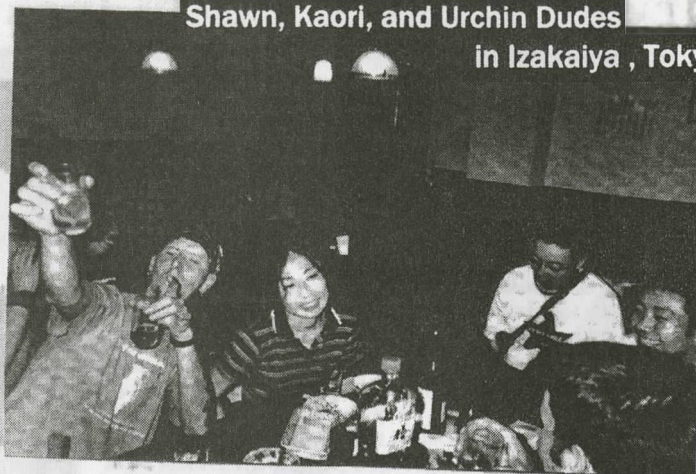
#### 7.10.03 Travel Date

This was sorta weird. The sun never went down and it was the next day. We crossed over the international dateline while watching "Bringin' Down The House" starring Steve Martin and Queen Latifah. I sobered up and got sick (possibly because of the movie). We were allowed free drinks on the flight, but the stewardesses were really stingy with the booze and it became more trouble than it was worth to get a drink. I tried to read and sleep, finding it difficult to accomplish either.

Eventually, the plane touched down at Narita International Airport in Tokyo, Japan and we made our way to customs. We were all a little concerned about getting through customs. Yoichi told us to make sure to tell customs we had enough money for 11 days - even if we didn't. He also gave us his roommate's name and address, and told us to say that we would be staying there while in Japan. We'd heard many a horror story about how tough customs was in Japan. "If they think you are in a band they'll send you back to the states." "If you brought any merchandise they'll confiscate it." And so on. So, I was sorta nervous about making it through the gate. However, once we got through okay, the fact that we were in another country halfway around the world set in and I kinda freaked out. I mean, none of us ever really thought that we'd be standing in an airport in Tokyo, Japan waiting for the dude who was gonna take us on tour around the country.

We sat in the lobby and waited. Eventually, we spotted a guy wearing one of the Tim Version jackets we had sent over here. We got his

## Shawn, Kaori, and Urchin Dudes in Izakaiya, Tokyo



attention and, sure enough, it turned out to be none other than Yoichi Elmori, himself. Yoichi got us out of the airport and down to the rail station to wait on the train bound for Yokohama. We stood there about 30 seconds before Yoichi asked us if we wanted some beers. We bought some Japanese beer from a little stand called "Let's Kiosk" and drank while we waited. (It is perfectly legal to drink, pretty much anywhere at anytime in Japan.) 45 minutes off a plane from L.A. and here we are drinkin' brews in Tokyo, Japan with Yoichi! I couldn't really wrap my head around the experience (nor could any of us really) and spent the next eleven days trying to do so.

The train rolled up and we boarded with our luggage. It was about an hour to Yokohama, so I just sat and observed the scenery for the duration of the trip. I noticed that almost every person who got on the train would sit down and pass out almost immediately. It was almost like they had "off" switches. They would hit the seat and just slump over dead until their stop was up. I also got my first look at the Japanese countryside, which was obviously a significant contrast to the sort of thing you'd see in the US with regard to the architecture of the houses and whatnot.

We made it to Yokohama and, as we made our way through the station, I was amazed at how quiet it was. There were people everywhere, but no one really talked any more or any louder than was necessary. They just sorta made their way from A to B to the soundtrack of footsteps and little else. It was really strange given that, in NY or Boston, you would have had to shout to hear yourself over this many people crammed into one area.

Outside the station we met up with Haga. Haga is the bass player for an amazing band called Zero Fast and an all around good dude. Haga helped us load our luggage into his van. Right away, we realized that this wasn't going to work too well. Japanese vans are a lot smaller than your standard American van for a number of reasons. First off, the average Japanese person is a good bit smaller than the average American and secondly, they don't haul around half as much stupid shit as we do, so they don't need all the superfluous cargo space that comes standard in most American vans. Yoichi already had a few things (which amounted to not much) in the van in preparation for the tour, and there were a couple amp heads and guitars loaded also. We, being the idiots that we are, brought backpacks, sleeping bags, camera bags, extra clothes, pillows, kitchen sinks, etc. and suffered on the ride from the station to Haga's apartment.

Yoichi made some food while Haga entertained us with records, beer and whiskey. Before long, Haga and Yoichi's friends, Aiko and Taisho, showed up and we all made attempts at communication despite the language barrier. Around this time, we also learned how to say "Cheers!" in Japanese (Kanpai!) and "show me your tits" (o pai ma tis te), certainly practical language for any world traveler to learn. The reader can clearly discern that the consumed alcohol was setting in for the latter lesson.

Haga had an extra room in his apartment for guests and, since I hadn't slept for a good while, I figured it best to bed down for the

## Yoichi and dudes enjoy first beers on Japanese soil





night.

7.11.03 Park Square Sendai, Japan Baggage, Deeds Not Words, This Play, Zero Fast

Around 5:30 AM, I had my first experience with jet lag when I found myself wide awake and unable to go back to sleep. Despite the futility of the situation, I laid on my back for a couple more long hours until Yoichi came in to wake everyone up.

Sendai was a few hours away and we had to be there at 2:00 or 3:00 for sound check, so Yoichi wanted to try and get going by 9:00 or so. These were unusual circumstances for us (sound checks, waking up early, responsibility), but this was, apparently, all routine for the Japanese dudes. After the luggage debacle from the previous evening, group consensus was that it would be best for everyone to bring only the bare minimum of what would be needed. I left Haga's place with a camera, pillow and backpack to carry clothes, books, CDs, etc.

We went down to the street below Haga's apartment and walked to a corner store to pick up a little something for breakfast. Yet another amazing thing about Japan is that you can buy sushi, tempura and noodles made ready to eat in convenience stores. Not only that, but it's pretty cheap (about \$3 or \$4 US) and it tastes pretty damn good. Another interesting thing to note about shopping at retail establishments is the overall disposition of the employees. As soon as you walk into a store, the clerk will usually say, "arigato gozaimasu" (thank you very much) before telling you about the quality and freshness of everything...basically advertising...regardless of whether or not you're some dumb hick from the US who can't understand a lick of Japanese. Compared to my experiences with most of the surly convenience store clerks in the US, it was definitely something to get used to. I settled on some tempura for breakfast. We all dined before loading into Haga's van (the rest of Zero Fast...Yas, Hide and Taisho...traveled in Taisho's car) and set off for Sendai.

After getting stuck in Yokohama/Tokyo traffic and pressing on for about another hour or so we stopped at, for lack of a better term, a Japanese truck stop. I really don't know if that's what it's called, but it was set up like a regular 'merican truck stop, except that they sold noodles and had beautiful, clean restrooms. This particular truck stop was called "Hello Square". (I found out later that "Hello Square" was actually a chain of truck stops). I bought a salmon rice ball for brunch and everyone else who was eating ate noodles before we hit the road again.

It was a cloudy and drizzly, although pretty drive and a few hours later we reached the suburbs of Sendai and stopped in at a noodle house for lunch. Once again, the food was way cheap (I ate a full meal for probably \$3) and the tea was free. Awesome. Taisho was dressed as a sumo wrestler (I'm not sure exactly why, but I think he lost a bet with Yoichi

and Haga) and I noticed that people would look at him like he was a celebrity while the company he kept laughed about it. Taisho seemed to have a good sense of humor about everything though.

Sound checks are a rare occurrence for us. When we tour the US, we generally show up to the club, bar or living room we're playing in around 8:00 or 9:00 PM and set everything up right before we play. For better or for worse, sound checks be damned. So, I'm not really sure what the contributing factors were, but at the sound check in Sendai, we played, well, really, really bad. I mean embarrassingly bad. In fact, it was probably the worst we had played, if not ever, than in a long, long time. My guitar strap came undone, we forgot entire parts of songs, we were not together, out-of-tune, etc. You name it. We did it. I felt really bad about it, but I guess shit happens. All we could do was make sure we weren't monumentally horrible that night.

There were a couple hours until the show started, so we all wandered around Sendai for a bit. It was amazing to notice how the community in Sendai (and most other cities) was engineered. Absolutely nothing was done half-assed. Everything was incredibly well put together and nothing was sacrificed in its making. It was also interesting to note, that every square inch of space was utilized and nothing went to waste (this was especially obvious in Tokyo). There was also a beautiful park right next to the venue (hence the name Park Square) and I was absolutely floored by its aesthetic appeal. There were fountains and statues and the upkeep on it was top-notch. I have yet to see a city park in the US of a similar caliber. In the next several days, I came to find this work ethic reflected in almost everything the Japanese made or did (including the bands!) and, judging from that, it is certainly no wonder that the country has enjoyed the economic, technological and cultural success it has maintained throughout the past century. About this time, I also happened to notice that every third Japanese girl was incredibly gorgeous.

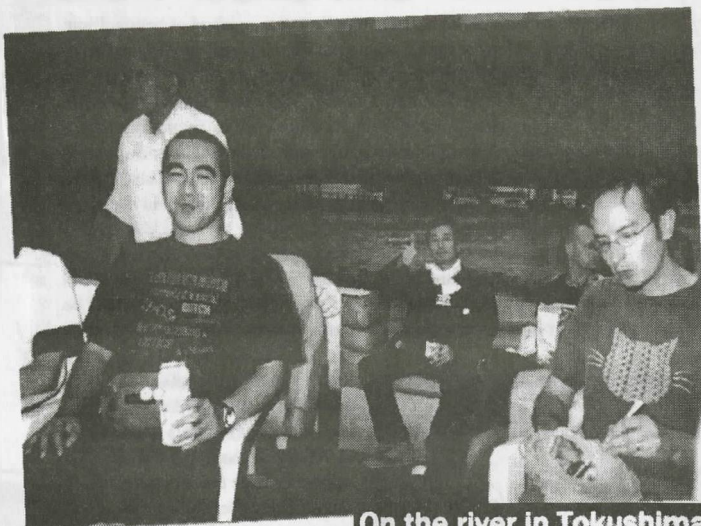
I was also amazed that about 70 people had paid, what in America would be \$20 (most shows in Japan are pretty expensive), to see us play. In fact, I had no idea we would be headlining the show until I saw the flyer. That's not to say that the other bands that played that night - Zero Fast, Baggage, This Play and Deeds Not Words - weren't great. In fact, they were better than we were, which made the experience all the stranger. For comparison, in our hometown, we can draw a reasonable crowd of maybe 20 to 30 people if we promote a show fairly well and charge no more than \$5 at the door. Usually, a few of our good friends show up who know some of the words to the songs and know how most of 'em go. When we play outside of Tampa, if the attendance hits double digits, then it is a "well-attended" show. So, we're lucky if we play for more than 20 people at any given show while on a tour. In Sendai, Japan (which is probably about as far away as you can get from Tampa), 70 people (who had never seen us before) turned up and a good handful of those people knew some of the songs without even speaking decent English. None of us could really understand how this had come to happen, but, obviously, we were all totally stoked. We played better than we did at sound check, but far from good. My mind was kinda blown from the whole situation, which didn't help any. I'm sure it sounds stupid trying to explain it back in plain old English, but it really was an amazing experience.

After the show, we walked around and met some people (and even signed a couple things if you can believe that). We also met a dude who was from Oregon and lived in Japan teaching English. We talked to him about living there and what he thought of it and he asked us about our trip and customs and then asked us if we had heard about Strike Anywhere. He explained that customs had held them up, then refused them entry into the country and that it looked as though their tour would fall through. Of course, it made us feel pretty fuckin' lucky, but it was also a bummer. Considering our reception, I could only imagine the type of response they would've gotten. We eventually got our shit together and headed over to Akira's house, a friend of Yoichi. Akira's apartment was incredibly small compared to your average American apartment. It had a hallway, a bathroom, a kitchenette area, a downstairs room about the size of an average bedroom which was, presumably a living room area, a steep staircase and an upstairs room half that size of the downstairs room. Akira offered us the options of sleeping



Mike Paul with his brother from another mother,  
Champ (Bass Player from I Excuse)





**On the river in Tokushima**

downstairs or drinking upstairs. I stayed up for a couple drinks, but jet lag is a bitch. After talking with Yoichi for a bit about his experiences touring Japan, I went downstairs, arranged my Motorhead shirt and pillow on the hardwood floor in a manner that best resembled a bed and went to sleep.

#### 7.12.03 Nile Studio Niigata Ojiya, Japan Zero Fast & More

I woke up, again, remarkably early in the morning and looked around the room at the eight people sleeping in Akira's living room and hallway. Taisho was passed out in the hallway with his head next to the bathroom door still decked out in his sumo outfit. Zero Fast and Akira had gone to the izakaya (a Japanese-style bar/restaurant) the night before and had, apparently, gotten pretty wasted. Everyone woke up around 7:00 to a parking guy/police officer honking his horn. Some of the Zero Fast dudes went to check things out. They were apparently informed that one of the cars was illegally parked and would be towed (or whatever it is they do to cars over there) if it wasn't moved. After that, the toilet flooded and some crazy old Japanese lady came over from next door to yell at us about it. Yoichi decided that since everyone was up already, we'd might as well hit the road. We thanked Akira for everything and took off for the train station to pick up Mura (who would be doing some of the driving duties for the next several days) before making our way to Ojiya, a small town on the northwestern side of the island. The drive was incredible. All my life, I had heard about how crowded Japan was, but once you get out of the city, that just isn't the case. The countryside is beautiful and sparsely populated. The drive took us through (literally, there were a lot of tunnels on these drives) some amazing mountain scenery. It was like driving in Hawaii (or what I would imagine Hawaii would look like). In the valleys, there were small towns and villages with fertile land full of rice fields that had probably been settled hundreds of years ago for just that purpose. We got to the venue in Ojiya pretty early in the day. The venue was actually a basement below some sort of shop or store along one of the main streets. We met the guys who ran it. They were older guys that had all sorts of video and audio equipment (way more than would normally be necessary for any typical show) and offered bands places to play, presumably, so they would have something to record and produce with all of it. At least, that's the impression I got. Before the show we had a few beers outside with the guys in Zero Fast and tried to get some more language lessons from them. The subtleties of the Japanese language are really confusing. The slightest mispronunciation renders you completely meaningless. Of course, in America, we have a redneck president who can mispronounce words like "nuclear" and still make himself understood all too well. With these guys, I tried to explain how excited I was to visit Kyoto. Of course, I pronounced Kyoto (kie-o-toe) instead of the proper pronunciation (kyo-toe) and they had no idea what I was talking

about. Our performance was a vast improvement over the previous night and we even got a request from Mura (it's easy to impress us, all you have to do is know the name of one of our songs). After the show we hung around a bit and socialized as best we could. I tried to talk to two absolutely beautiful girls who had no idea what I was talking about. Taisho would write down things for me to say to them and they would just look at each other and giggle when I tried to pronounce whatever it was I was saying. They gave me a flyer for something that had absolutely no English on it anywhere and said good bye. I still really don't what the flyer was for (Yoichi said it was for some kind of show), but since two pretty girls gave it to me, I decided to keep it. When everyone was ready, we packed up and headed to Suguru's house. Suguru plays in a band called Spraypaint, who unfortunately didn't get to play that night since one of their band members was out of town, and was kind enough to put us up for the night. The place we stayed was actually Suguru's parents' house. It was a pretty amazing and very elegant place. All the floors were made of hardwood and the decorations were sparse yet tasteful. Much like everything else in Japan, everything was carefully engineered and designed so that, regardless of how much space is available, no more is used than is ever needed. Of course, in every place we stayed, you always removed your shoes and left them at the stoop before entering and the first order of business was usually to show you where you would be sleeping (the hospitality in this country puts southern hospitality to shame). We were all still pretty tired from the flight over, but we managed to stay up long enough to hang out with Suguru and get introduced to shochu, a popular, and pretty strong, alcoholic beverage. I tried to carry on a conversation with Mura using a notebook and a pen to communicate. It was really difficult, but, I think, fairly productive.

#### 7.13.03 East Kyoto, Japan Evomom, I Excuse, Minority Blues Band, Zero Fast

It's hard to explain what exactly the differences are between here and there. Everything is generally pretty much the same, but the details of every situation become drastically different so much so that you feel helplessly lost in every situation. The values and beliefs of a culture, that was developed completely independent of western culture, are interwoven into all you see and hear and make every little experience a unique one. One of the first things we did on this morning was get gas and it was nothing short of wild. First off, the gas station attendants wear uniforms. I don't mean some crappy work shirt with a "Bubba" name patch and mustard stains, I mean UNIFORMS. Full on, pants, cap, shirts tucked in and everything, and they are stoked to see you pull up. They guide your car into place and welcome you to the station. They pull the gasoline pump down from the ceiling (there aren't any self-serve gas pumps there that I saw), fill up your car, check your oil, empty your ash tray and add an air freshener to it and about a million other things with haste and a smile. It's really bizarre. It was also strange to notice that the gas stations never really sold much other than gas and a few other auto accessories. If you wanted a drink you had to go to the snack store. If you wanted film you had to go to a camera store. There weren't any all-purpose stores or giant super Wal-Mart stores taking up valuable real estate and ruining the countryside scenery, which was a relief. The Japanese seemed to specialize in one thing, which made sense, since the idea of quality being such a high priority seems inherent to their culture.

During the drive to Kyoto, I decided to start a little cheat sheet of words native to the country (I highly recommend this practice if ever you visit a country that, in the words of Davey Tiltwheel, don't speak no 'merican). I would just write down the word or phrase and the general meaning next to it. That way, I figured I could order a beer, find a bathroom or ask a girl to marry me without too much assistance from our hosts. The drive was beautiful and it took us along the western coast overlooking the Sea of Japan. There were a couple of old shrines and some beautiful scenery in this mountainous terrain. Despite the cloudy weather, it was still an amazing drive.

Before Edo was renamed Tokyo (meaning Eastern Capital) in 1846, Kyoto had been the reigning capital of Japan for a long, long time.



It is, by far, the oldest city I have ever visited, and is definitely one of the coolest. There are so many shrines and ancient history built into the city that the allied forces in WWII weren't allowed to do bombing runs against military targets in Kyoto for fear of accidentally destroying some amazing piece of Japanese history. When you actually walk through the streets of Kyoto, it's easy to believe. You can't throw a rock without hitting something of religious, cultural or historical significance. For these reasons and more, I was really looking forward to visiting Kyoto.

By the time we got there, the cloudy weather had turned into a steady drizzle. I had been bugging Yoichi as to whether or not we would get to visit anything of historical or cultural significance on our trip. He would say, "yes," but with the sort of haste that lead me to believe I was just being shut up. (Yoichi's all business on tour and maintains a remarkable focus on the task at hand.) So, I was pretty surprised when we stopped at the Meiji shrine in Kyoto.

The Meiji shrine was built to pay homage to the last emperor to rule Japan before Tokyo became the new capitol. The shrine itself is one of the largest and most beautiful in Japan and definitely stood out as a highlight of our trip. We wandered around for awhile and played tourist before Yoichi decided we needed to get to the venue.

By the time we got to the venue it was pouring down rain. We had to park a little ways away and walk. Since we're slow we ended up falling behind and got lost, and subsequently, had to stand on the corner under an awning for fifteen minutes before Yoichi finally found us. We got to the venue and met a couple of the people from I Excuse and from Minority Blues Band, both of whom would be playing that night. After that, Mura took us around Kyoto to do a little bit of souvenir and food shopping. The rain and all the streets and shops in the alleyways made it look a lot like the beginning of "Big Trouble In Little China". I bought some sumo wrestler postcards and a couple of other cheap trinkets for my friends and family back home before we found a really cheap place to eat.

The food wasn't as good as some of the other places we'd eaten, but you still got a salad, miso soup, rice and an entrée for about \$2.50. Scott and I also got raw eggs with our meals. We didn't know what to do with them really, so they just sat in front of us until we were done eating. I offered mine to Mura. He politely declined, and when I asked him if I was supposed to eat it raw, he explained that I was supposed to put it on my entrée and rice when I got them. Apparently, one would usually do such a thing and the heat from the food would cook the egg. Nothing spells "dumb American tourist" much like the guy who freaks out the natives by offering them raw eggs to eat.

Yoichi explained that the beer at the venue might be expensive so we decided to get something to drink before the show started. We did just that from a beer vending machine (possibly the greatest invention ever). Beer vending machines were outlawed in Japan shortly before our visit, but a few still existed here and there. Apparently, underage kids were buying beer from the vending machines (if you can imagine that) so

the Japanese government decided to disallow this method of beer selling.

The show that night was one of the better ones, with regard to performance, during our time in Japan. Not only that, but tonight was also the first time we got to see I Excuse and Minority Blues Band, who are both two of the best bands that Japan has to offer. Evonmon played first and they were incredible as well. We were all particularly impressed with Yumi, the drummer for MBB, who is the smallest and sweetest looking, girl you'd ever meet in your life, but plays drums like the world is ending in five minutes.

After the show, we said goodbye to Zero Fast since this was our last show with them until Yokohama. We took everything we had from Haga's van and loaded it into one of the two other vans we'd be traveling in for the next couple days. I told Yoichi I wanted to ride in the van that had shochu. He said there would probably be shochu in both vans. He was right. We left Kyoto that night for George's (bass player in MBB...apparently, "George" is also a Japanese name) place outside Tokushima. Before leaving town, we stopped by Gon's (singer and guitar player for I Excuse) to get a couple things. While we were there, he gave me a picture of Jimmy the Truth (bass player from Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission) passed out in his apartment with writing all over him. He also brought another bottle of shochu to share with us during the drive, upon which I became very drunk.

I passed out before long in the van and woke up when we arrived at some sort of weird building/compound that was George's place. We all followed the beeline upstairs to a room that was full of pillows and had some blankets all over the floor. ZZZZZZZZZZZ.

7.14.03 Jitter Bug Tokushima, Japan Hush Puppy, I Excuse, Minority Blues Band

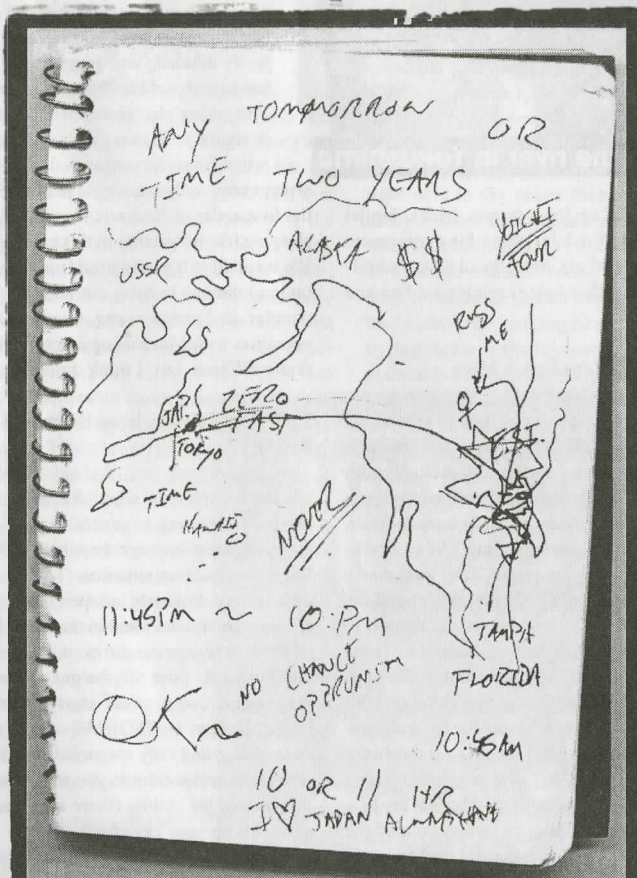
When I woke up and went downstairs in the late morning, I found Spalding, Tomo and a couple others throwing a baseball, playing table tennis and drinking beer. I'm not sure what the story was with the place that George lived in, but it was sort of like a hotel that was under-

going renovations. There was a bar and a garden as well as a huge kitchen and several rooms for guests to stay in.

I had a quick shower before the subject of lunch was brought up. Most everyone went with Yoichi to get a quick bite to eat before heading off to the studio to finish mixing the new I Excuse record. George and Champ (bassist for I Excuse), took us to an all-you-can-eat Japanese BBQ (yakuniku).

The way Japanese BBQ works is like this: you go in, take your shoes off, grab as much uncooked meat, fish, vegetables, weird looking chicken nugget things and white rice as you want, sit down at the table which has a grill in the center, cook your little bits of food, dip in yakiniku sauce, eat, and repeat until you are stupid full of food. All for \$5.00. Genius.

After our wonderful Japanese BBQ experience, we went to the studio to meet up with everyone else before the show. We got there sort of early, so I spent a little bit of time listening to the mixes for the



(Exhibit A) Evidence of a drunk conversation with Mura



new I Excuse record.

Again, we arrived at the venue (the Tokushima Jitterbug) pretty damn early, met Hushpuppy and "young Spalding" (named so presumably because he looked like Spalding's guitar player and singer for MBB's younger brother) took care of sound check, and ended up with a few hours to kill. Yoichi led us down to the river that runs through downtown Tokushima and we all hung out by the river and had a few beers. Before long Yoichi said he may be able to get us a free boat ride and, sure enough, 30 minutes later we were on a pontoon type boat cruising down the salt water river that runs through Tokushima, beer and sushi in hand. Just below the surface of the saltwater river, there were jellyfish making for an interesting and scenic ride. We rode about a mile or so out and then back again, thanked the guy with the boat and headed back to the venue to get ready for the show.

The show, once again, was well-attended and a lot of fun. I felt pretty ridiculous about having two bands as badass as Minority Blues Band and I Excuse open for us and, in my opinion, it should have been the other way around. Nonetheless, every night, the folks who showed up would stick around and wait for us to play. Of course, usually, no one waited any longer than they expected to wait. I had noticed that all the shows started at the time stated on the flyer and ended at a reasonable time in the evening. Nobody played any longer than was expected of them and, since everyone shared most of the house equipment (all the venues or livehouses, as they call them, have their own drum set and cabinets) no one had to take forever and a day to set everything up. It was weird and encouraging. It was like they weren't rock star assholes or something. Almost like they were playing music for fun and not to "make it" so they could blow their quarterly royalty check from Victory Records on cocaine. What's more, nobody complained (at least in a language I could understand) or pouted about their time slot and were more than happy just to help everyone else out in putting on a good show. This, of course, was a stark contrast to what we were used to dealing with (and even expected) in other countries we'd played.

(NOTE: It should be brought to the reader's attention that we've only played in two countries and we're from the United States. It should also be brought to the reader's attention that this is an article about touring Japan. I will leave the reader to her/his own devices, at this point, so that she/he may read between the lines here.) It was really strange that these guys were a bunch of fuck-ups (no offense guys), like us, yet were so much more responsible and enthusiastic about their craft than most "professionals" in the States.

Afterwards, we packed up and headed back to George's place to drink and socialize. Scott and myself tried to show the Japanese dudes homestarrunner.com. Specifically the "Hey Steve" segment, but they didn't get it and we looked like idiots. Then, for a change of pace, I got drunk and went to sleep.

7.15.03 Salon Kitty Matsuyama, Japan Big Hand Family, Minority Blues

Band, Reflection In The Mirror

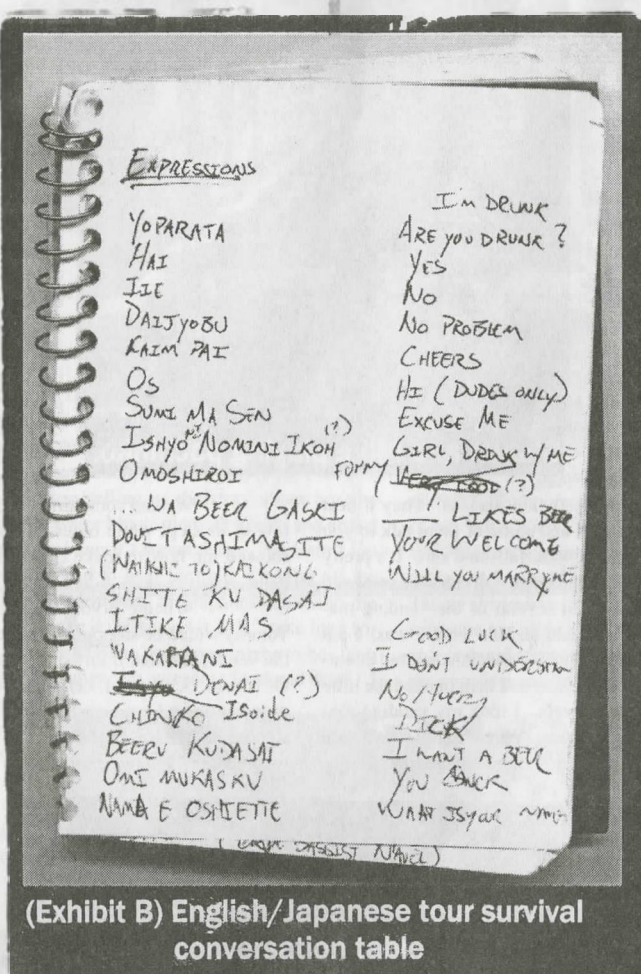
Yoichi got everyone up fairly early so that we could make it to the Salon Kitty Livehouse in Matsuyama at a reasonable time. Salon Kitty was a pretty big place with a really expensive sound system and a full-on fucking backstage dressing room area. It was fuckin' wild. We had some time to kill after set up, so Mura took us to a mall-type area near the venue to do some looking around. At least that's what it looked like to me. It was a string of storefronts set up between two buildings with a roof over the alley and the area under the roof that looked just like a mall. Scott and myself attempted to do some record shopping at a pretty rad place called "More Music". It was sort of hard because all the CDs had Japanese written on the spines. I found a couple cool records and Scott

found some things to sell on eBay. Once again, it was amazing to note the subtle differences between here and there. "More Music" looked like your typical record store, but there were these little differences that made it so much more amazing than your typical record store...like the Clash section. It was stocked full of everything you've every heard by The Clash and then some. Bootlegs, reissues, import releases, domestic releases. You name it, they had it. And The Band (y'know, like "Up On Cripple Creek", The Band). Everything... Ev-er-y-thing. It was like that with so many other groups and types of music as well. Later on, in Tokyo, we went to a record store that had an entire floor of the seven-story shop dedicated to Latin and Brazilian jazz. It was just amazing. Almost every musical act or movement that I've always thought was just absolutely legendary and essential, yet remained totally underrated and unrecognized in the US, the Japanese were ravenous about. It was nice to discover a place in the world where the mainstream musical mentality extended beyond what happened to be playing that week over the FM.

The show that night was with another great band called Reflection in the Mirror, Minority Blues Band and, probably, I swear to God, the best NY hardcore style band I've ever seen called, Big

Hand Family. They were fuckin, amazing. They were like the yakuza with guitars and drums. Speaking of yakuza, one of the dudes in Big Hand Family even had this amazing yakuza-style tattoo on his back. It was a koi fish mural in black ink that covered his entire back that, he claimed, was inked by hand. It was remarkable. The dudes in BHF were fuckin' cool as all hell and gave us some shochu, a demo CD and a video of one of their live shows.

Unfortunately, this was our last show with Minority Blues Band, so afterwards, we all hung around outside and goofed around, took pictures and said good bye before we packed up. I was trying to play George Jones for Spalding when Yoichi gave the word that it was time to get going. We had to split up into two parties so that everyone would have a place to stay, one bound for Spalding's place and the other for Yumi's. I was starting to feel sorta sick and Yumi's crew seemed to be interested in the quiet evening, so I went with them. Yumi made every-



(Exhibit B) English/Japanese tour survival conversation table



## SAFETY for YOU

one some amazing curry food. To thank her, I spilled beer on her carpet. Since I was, clearly, now a complete jackass and also felt pretty sick, I turned in for the night.

7.16.03 Kieth Flack Fukuoka, Japan Arc Lights, Pear Of The West, Practice

I woke up feeling pretty good which was a relief. To get to Fukuoka, we needed to catch a ferry from one island to another, therefore Yoichi got us wrangled and out the door pretty quick. We said good bye to Yumi and George, went by Spalding's to pick up Shawn and Mike and made for the ferry. Despite Tomo and Yoichi's best efforts, we missed the ferry by about five minutes and had to wait an hour for the next one. Fortunately, it was a beautiful day and sitting out by the boat dock was certainly not a bad way to kill an hour. Eventually, our boat came in and we rode with the van onto the ferry and into the little parking area. Once again, it was a beautiful day and the ferry ride was an enjoyable experience. But then again, I'm pretty easy to please. When the ferry came to the other shore, it was still a good haul to Fukuoka. We made a stop at another truck/rest stop area and I decided to get a quick snack from a vending machine.

The vending machines in Japan are pretty fuckin' badass. They'll heat your food for and/or keep your drink cold and some of them talk to you and have little TV screens with footage of waterfalls and shit. It's pretty wild. I was feeling particularly brave that day, so I decided to go ahead and purchase something that I had seen in several of the vending machines and looked pretty tasty, although I had no idea what it was. I put my yen in the slot and made the selection and the machine started counting down the time until my food would be ready and then opened the little door so I could get my nice, warm whatever. I took my vending machine bounty back to the van and started eating. When Yoichi showed up I asked him what it was. He looked at it and promptly responded, "octopus pancake". No shit. Them li'l buggers were pretty damn good, but I never would've figured that one out on my own.

We eventually got to Keith Flack, the venue in Fukuoka, and got everything inside and ready. We met the dudes in Arc Lights, Pear Of The West (there was actually a young lady who sang for this fine band) and Practice who were playing that night. They were funny guys. I would try to kinda say something in Japanese and they would all kinda make fun of me, but it was all in good fun, I think. Anyways, we also met a couple of other American dudes, one who was teaching English in

Fukuoka, Jake, and Matt, who was his brother and just happened to be visiting from Alabama. They were super nice fellas and we kinda shared our experiences about being over there. Matt had never heard us before and asked where we were from and where else we were playing, aside from Japan. I gave him the details of our US tour of awesomeness with



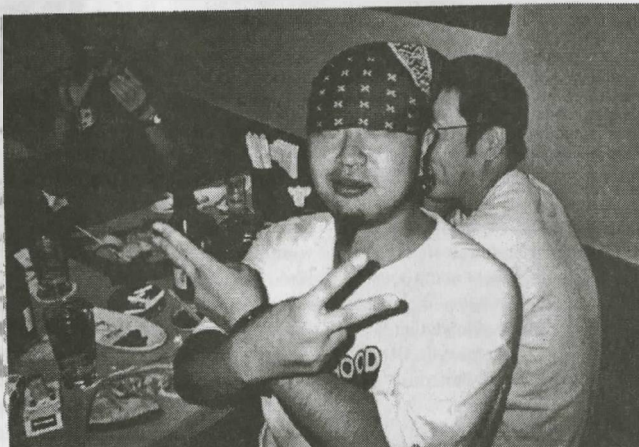
Shawn and Mike playing pachinko.

We had some time to kill before pressing on to Nagoya, so a few of us slept while others showered, socialized, etc. Tommy's wife showed me how to make rice balls. I'm not very good at making rice balls.

When everyone was ready to go, Yoichi explained to us that Tommy would be stopping by a record store in Nagoya before heading to the venue, and that if any of us wanted to go with him, it would be OK. Of course, Scott and I, being the record nerds that we are, jumped at the proposition and got into Tommy's van. The record store was called the Record Shop Answer and was a pretty amazing DIY, mom-and-pop style record store. I made conversation as best I could with the dude who ran

the place. He asked us where we were from and I told him, to which he responded, "Oh! Tampa, FL? Do you know Bob Suren, Sound Idea Distribution?" Of course, being an infrequent, although grateful customer of Bob's shop in Brandon, FL, this blew my mind wide open. I mean, I knew Bob has been a pretty heavy distributor for a lot of shit that doesn't get carried anywhere else, but one of the last things I expected was to have someone in Nagoya, Japan ask me about Bob Suren! We continued with our shopping agenda and I picked up "The Trojan Story Vol. II", a vinyl box set of some late 60's and early 70's reggae before we had to get on to the venue, Huck Finn.

Before the show, we met up with a girl named Aiko who had emailed Scott and was looking forward to coming to our show. She had actually brought us gifts (I got a toy sushi set) and took pictures of us with her wristwatch. It was all "James Bond" and shit. She even had a picture of Joe Strummer in her watch, which I thought was pretty cool. After everything was set up, we couldn't find



Taisho doing his best Mike Muir impression



much else to do before the show other than make trips back and forth between the grocery store and the venue to buy beer and snacks, so we asked Aiko if she would take us to a pachinko parlor. She laughed, but agreed to take us to one, although she had never played before herself.

Pachinko is a sorta gambling/pinball game that's very popular in Japan. It's illegal to gamble, but what you can do is play pachinko and win these little silver balls. Then, this other little store around the corner will "buy" the little silver balls from you...basically, a big loophole that gets around the whole illegal gambling thing. Anyways, the game itself is remarkably confusing. It was sort of like playing that game, plinko, but with a slot machine built into it, a female voice that you can't understand and some crazy Japanese arcade music. After one of the most confusing half hours of my life, I had lost 2000 yen and decided I'd had enough. Scott says he sorta figured it out, but he's a lying son-of-a-bitch, now isn't he?

I can't say that we played our best show that night. I broke two strings and we had a bunch of other minor fuck-ups, but it was still good times. Tommy's band, Navel, was fuckin' awesome and Practice kicked out the fuckin' jams for the second night in a row. The Last Last One was pretty damn amazing in their own right from what I remember.

After the show, we did the usual song & dance...pack up, hang out, talk to pretty Japanese girls, etc. Tosh, the bass player for Practice, was a funny motherfucker. He was telling us the story about how he drove the van for the tour that Hot Water Music did with Yoichi and ended up getting in a wreck. I know that doesn't sound funny, but I ain't too good of a writer so you probably had to hear him tell it. After all the business at hand was finished, we went with the Japanese dudes to the izikaiya. This was our first trip to the izikaiya and it didn't take long for me to figure out that the izikaiya is a fuckin' awesome place to be. You basically sit around a big table, socialize, eat awesome food and drink. I highly recommend this experience. In fact, we recommended it to ourselves every night for the rest of our time in Japan.

7.18.03 Bar Gig Yokohama  
Motomachi, Japan The Urchin,  
Zero Fast

The drive back up into Yokohama took us along the east coast of Japan and, once again, despite the overcast weather, was amazing. We drove, for a good stretch, right along the Pacific Ocean before stopping at another rest area type place for noodles. The stop had a staircase that one could climb up to the roof. Yoichi said that on a clear day you could look out along the coast and see Mt. Fuji (this, of course, explained the staircase). Unfortunately, it was just too overcast and foggy to get a view of the mountain, but the view along the coast and into the surrounding mountains was still pretty scenic. There was plenty of time to kill after our arrival into Yokohama, so Tomo parked the van near downtown Yokohama and Yoichi sent us off in a few different directions with a time to be back. Scott and I, of course,

optioned to visit a record store. I suppose it is a chain because there was another that we visited the next day in Tokyo) in downtown Yokohama called Disk Union. On the TVs in the store, they were showing concert footage of a Strike Anywhere performance and I, once again, could only

imagine what sort of response they would've received had they been allowed into the country. After picking up a couple cheap CDs (some early Bowie from 1966 and some Willie Alexander) and droppin' a deuce in the weird Japanese record store bathroom (most shitters in Japan are set into the floor such that one must squat over the hole to perform the bodily function in question), it was time to get back.

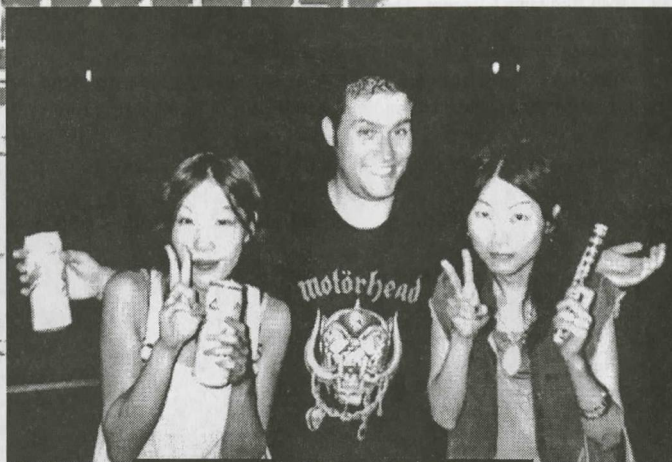
We were all looking forward to this show quite a bit, not only because Zero Fast was playing, but because this was our only show with The Urchin, a band we've all been into for a while. The venue was really small, but it was probably one of the coolest

places we played while we were over there. It was nothing more than a small bar on the third story of a building in downtown Yokohama. The guy who ran it was, obviously, way into rock 'n' roll and had all sorts of memorabilia and records from a ton of great bands plastered around the bar. He even had the Beach Boys' "Pet Sounds" playing when we walked in, which is a surefire way to make me happy. We helped out moving the tables and chairs and setting up the PA and the equipment for the show.

Zero Fast was, once again, amazing and The Urchin exceeded all my expectations for being total badass rock 'n' rollers. We played one of our better shows this night as well, but still, it was just god damn near impossible to not be humbled by Zero Fast and The Urchin. After everything was wrapped up and packed up, we headed off to an izakaiya where Taisho showed us his best Mike Muir impression. I suppose I should also relay the anecdote wherein the author ate a raw horse. When you sit down at a restaurant, bar or izakaiya you pretty much have to put your faith in the people who can read the menu. The way most of the izakaiyas work

is that you are required to order a few appetizers off of the menu. Of course, the Japanese people eat a few things that the average American might find, well, weird. But, hey, I'm an open-minded guy and I'll give anything a shot. So a few of the appetizers came out and, in order to gain the full cultural experience of the situation, I went ahead and tried everything at the table and asked a few questions about what I was eating. When we got to the dish with the raw thinly sliced red meat, I asked Taisho what this was. His response, "horse," pronounced with a thick Japanese accent didn't immediately set in, and for a second, I thought it was a Japanese word. Then, I thought to myself, "horse"

and said, "you mean like..." and made the galloping motion and mimicked the characteristic whinny that your average horse will make. Taisho said, "hai" and shook his head so I responded, "well, hell, you guys eat it and you're still alive." Thusly, it was settled and I was in hand, er, chopsticks with a little bit of the garnish provided, actually pretty good. Kinda like deer meat, but raw. I'm not saying I'd



What's up with my bald spot



Scott poses with our indescribably awesome flyer



order it of my own free will, but it really wasn't an unpleasant experience. The shochu and whiskey bottles made their rounds at the table and things start to get pretty hazy after that.

7.19.03 Jam Tokyo Shinjyuku, Japan Baggage, I Excuse, Three Minute Movie

I woke up on the floor of Haga's apartment pretty early for whatever reason. I was still a little bit drunk, so I figured another beer would set me right...indicators of alcoholism be damned. When everyone else was finally up and moving about, we went to a noodle house that Aiko worked in and had a couple more beers and some noodles for breakfast. After that we said good bye to Aiko and left Yokohama for Tokyo.

Even though we had landed in Tokyo a few days earlier, we boarded a train for Yokohama immediately, so this was the first time we really got to see the city itself. Of course, it was amazing. Tokyo is one of the largest and most technologically advanced cities in the world and everywhere you look there is a picture from something you'd seen in a movie, book or magazine.

The show was at a club called Jam and looked to be a pretty amazing time with Baggage, I Excuse and Three Minute Movie all on the bill. We got to the club and took care of everything we needed to do including sound check. We also met Yoichi's friend Kaori who spoke really good English and also played in a cool band called The Happening. Since Yoichi would be mastering the new I Excuse CD that night we would be hanging out and staying with her and Hisashi, the singer for Three Minute Movie.

After we were done with sound check, Tomo came into club with a hat he'd bought and gave it to me as a gift. I asked him where he got it and he wouldn't say. I told him that was rather "clandestine" of him. Then I remembered we were in Japan and realized he had no idea what I just said to him.

The show was amazing. Baggage and I Excuse were both incredible. Three Minute Movie gave us beer and was also incredible. It certainly wasn't our best performance but we had a great time and I, at this point, was able to introduce us and sorta say a couple other things to everyone in Japanese. What's more is there were a good 250 people in attendance which is probably one of the biggest shows we've ever played (and it was in fucking Japan no less!).

After everything was over with, we did the usual routine of packing up and talking to people before Yoichi and I Excuse had to go off to master the new record. This left us in the capable hands of Kaori. Her and her friend Lumi, Hisashi and (I think) Masa and Big from The Urchin took us out to the izakaiya where the drinks flowed freely. Before long we were all pretty god damned drunk. Of course, this didn't stop us from continuing to consume alcohol. I think Masa and Big wised up and headed back to their respective homes while the rest of us decided to find out what else Tokyo had to offer. We walked around in this market-type alley area and met these two dudes from Australia, Mark

and Mark. I'm not sure when it was, but I think we decided that, at some point in the evening, we needed to go to a karaoke bar. Sure enough, before long, we ended up in one. Japanese karaoke bars are a little different than the conventional American ones. The basic concept is the same. You go hang out with a bunch of friends and do a bad job singing over your favorite pop hits. But, instead of having one karaoke machine for the entire bar, the Japanese designate separate booths, each with their own karaoke machine, that each party can go into and get down with. What's more is that there is no one else in the booth and they will bring you whatever you want to drink (in fact, I think the place we went to

required that each party purchase at least one bottle of something) for the time you are there. So, naturally, we decided we needed, at least, one bottle. I have no idea what I sang to. I know I did a KISS song and a Beach Boys song, but I'll be damned if I remember anything about it. Hisashi kept picking songs and people kept singing and drinking. It was actually a fuckin' blast. So much fun, in fact, that Shawn was really getting into it and, at one point, decided he would stand up on the table and grab onto a bar from the ceiling in an attempt to act out some part of a song. What's more Shawn decided he would hang onto the bar, only it wasn't a bar...it was a fluorescent light bulb

tube. Of course, by the time that was realized, it was much to late and Shawn, tube and all came down on the table and drinks, bulb and Shawn went every which direction. I'm actually amazed no one was hurt, but it was decided it was probably time to get going. So, we left the karaoke bar, wasted, just in time for dawn. I'm not sure how people were reacting to us, but I know that one or more of us was yelling at people for being up so early in the morning. "What are you doin' up?! Go to sleep!"...etc. Who knows? Somehow we made it back to Hisashi and Kaori's apartment. Hisashi later told Yoichi that his experience that night made him want to get a regular job and start hanging out with "normal" people.

7.20.03 Tokyo Lame Gig Contest, Blotto

I woke up on the hardwood floor of Hisashi and Kaori's apartment when Yoichi came to get us for the show. He said that Hisashi would be heading down later and I could stay here and sleep if I wanted to. Considering the affliction that currently faced me was one of the worst hangovers I'd ever had, the idea of sleeping in seemed like

a pretty excellent one. Eventually, after a little more rest, Hisashi was ready to head to the show.

This show was set up at the last minute, which in Japan means only about three or four weeks in advance (most shows are set up several months in advance). We were idiots about giving Yoichi the dates we could tour. It basically amounted to us having an extra day to kill before we had to leave for California. So, Yoichi, being the resourceful man he is, was able to set up this show at a practice space with Mura's band Blotto.

I was feeling remarkably crappy on the way to the show and Hisashi was kind enough to get me some juice from a vending machine in hopes that my hangover would subside. Of course it didn't and I continued to feel worse. We got to the practice space and made our way



Taisho's sumo wrestling outfit, Tim Version, I Excuse, & MBB



Zero Fast



down to where there were a good number of people milling about waiting for Blotto to start up. I was still pretty amazed at the turnout. This was supposed to be sorta the "secret" show and there were still a good 50 people who came out. I tried both coffee and water to set myself straight, but neither one was working and I was still a little drunk to boot. When Blotto started playing, I tried a little beer to see if the hair of the dog that bit me would do the trick. I was really impressed with Blotto. They all seemed a bit younger, but they were badass...I'm actually still waitin' on Mura to send me a CD. Despite the beer, the coffee, the water and the rock stylings of Blotto, I was still feelin' shitty and knew it was just a matter of time before I was gonna throw up.

I set up everything with the trash can close by just in case, and sure enough, a few moments into the first song, I yakked into the trash can. But you can't really stop in the middle of a song, y'know? So we just kept right on goin', and when we were done I looked around at all the laughing people, smiled sheepishly, apologized as best I could and then, politely asked for some water.

We pressed on and even played "Another Beer In The Fridge" for Mura who had managed to get an acoustic guitar for us to use. When things were winding down, we asked Yoichi how much time we had left. Yoichi indicated we had time for a couple songs so we decided to play the songs from the split 7" with Baggage, but played 'em in reverse order, so "Pave the Bay" would be last. I was feelin' better since I had thrown up, but far from cured, and sure enough, the excessive intake of alcohol from the evening prior yet again reared its ugly head. This time, however, when it came, right at the end of the last song, I wasn't ready. Out came beer, coffee, water and stomach juices all over the floor, the equipment and Scott's leg. I got a little bit of it in the trash can and nothing electrical got damaged, but I still felt pretty fuckin', stupid. "Hey thanks a lot everyone! This tour has been amazing! This is our last song and now I'm gonna throw up all over everything!" Way to go, America. I did the best I could to clean up without being a nuisance, but people insisted on helping me for whatever reason and I just tried to make up for my abominable level of disgusting-ness.

Regardless of the mishaps, everything was still pretty fun and I find it amusing that the last thing the Tim Version publicly did in Japan was to play a song and puke all over everything at the end of it. Yoichi jokingly stated that it was his favorite show and some kid told Shawn it was the best show he'd ever seen in his life. I know there's a videotape of it out there and hopefully someday I'll be able to get a copy of it.

After the show, we went out for pizza. It's hard to explain how amazing it was to have pizza after eating noodles, fish and rice for nine days. The food in Japan was unbelievable, probably the best food I've ever had in my life, but after a while you just really want any kind of sandwich, some fries and a large fuckin' soft drink. The pizzas in Japan are a little different than your standard American pizza...toppings can include potatoes and salmon eggs, but they were still really good. When we finally got to Yoichi's apartment, I took the one of the most glorious showers I've ever taken in my life and started gathering everything up for the flight back to LA. We really didn't make any wild plans for the

evening, especially considering the night before pretty much laid all of us to complete waste. Nonetheless, Yoichi was planning on going to the izakaiya with Gon for some food and drinks, so we bucked-up for one more evening. The izakaiya was the izakaiya and we all left with a full stomach and a healthy alcohol buzz. It was actually really relaxing and it was a great way for Yoichi to sort of wind things down. We picked up a few beers on the way back and Gon was kind enough to buy me a bottle of shochu which he made me promise not to drink until we got back to

the States. Tomo and Champ woke up when we got back to Yoichi's place, so we all hung out for a little bit more and talked about many things, including Iron Chef, before each of turned in for the evening. Shawn and Mike went to sleep last and kept Champ awake singing stupid songs.

7.21.03 Travel Date

It was a sad morning when we had to get up and say good bye to everyone. But, we did it and got in the van so Tomo and Yoichi could escort us to the train that would take us back to the airport. It was a real bummer leaving those guys behind. They were (and still are) rad dudes

who are interested in nothing more than hanging out and playin' rock music for their buddies. It was nice to know that there were like-minded people in a country halfway around the world that had the same idea of "fun" as we did.

So we said good bye and hopped the train back to the airport. Aside from being stopped by customs for wearing an Urchin shirt that had a picture of a hand grenade, watching a really weird commercial for Detroit (the ad slogan was, "It's New!") and suffering through another round of god-awful in-flight movies, there were very few eventful occurrences on our return trip. Before long, we arrived in the loud, sweaty and miserable environment that is LAX which has got to be the worst way to come back to the US. Hell, LA, as far as I'm concerned, is a fuckin' shithole and has got to be the worst city to come back into the US by.

We stood outside LAX and waited for the van. It was about 10:00 AM on the same day we left Tokyo. This was weird because we left Tokyo at 3:00 PM. This stands as the only time I have ever traveled backwards in time. While we were waiting, a lady walked up and said, "Are you guys The Tim Version?" We suspiciously answered her question. She went on to explain that she was PJ's Mom and that she just wanted to have us tell him that she had to catch an earlier flight and that she wouldn't be able to have lunch with him. "Okay." Things were getting weirder. Apparently, she was visiting family in LA, had to leave the day we got back and just happened to run into us at the airport. If I don't see someone I know the next time I go to LAX, I'm going to be disappointed. Eventually, PJ and Mike Collins showed up in the van.

"How was it?"

"Fuckin' amazing."

"You guys need to go anywhere before we meet up with everyone in San Bernadino?"

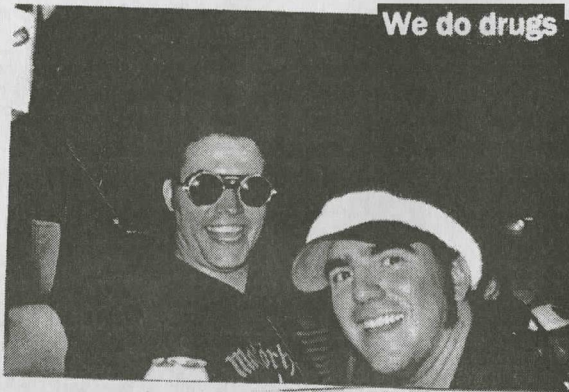
"Yea, the fuckin' In-And-Out Burger."

Peej even took a burger for us.

## Yumi (MBB) and her fucking badass drumming, note the foot.



## We do drugs



Liquor House  
Mini

ADD. 13



# AGAINST ME!



An interview with Tom Gabel vocalist/guitarist for the band AGAINST ME!  
by Dave Disorder

**Dave:** What was the first song you ever wrote?

**Tom:** First Against Me! song or the first song ever?

**Dave:** First song ever.

**Tom:** I don't even think it had a name. It was totally bad. It was in, like, the fucking fifth grade.

**Dave:** What was the first Against Me! song?

**Tom:** I don't even remember the name at this point. I did a ten song demo tape first that I only made twenty copies of... It was horrible. All the songs were really bad. I wrote it in like a week. I don't even remember what the songs were about.

**Dave:** How did you evolve from a solo project into a four piece band?

**Tom:** It's kind of weird because I did the ten song demo tape and didn't intend to do anything with it. I was playing in another band at the time and it just kind of kept going. I did it more at first to try and get over my fear of playing alone, to get up in front of people and perform. Then my other band broke up and I just started playing with more people. I find it's fun to play with more people, so it just sort of kept going. First I started playing with Kevin who played drums, then James on guitar and Dustin on bass. Then Kevin and Dustin quit and Warren and Andrew came along.

**Dave:** When you recorded "Reinventing Axel Rose" did you ever think that it would generate the notoriety and immense underground fan base that the band has attained?

**Tom:** Not at all, no. We were really unhappy with the way it came out, too. We had two days in the studio and the first day we came in and played every song way too fast. We totally panicked. So, the next day we had to come in and redo everything. We were unhappy with the way we recorded it. It was rushed and we just thought, fuck it. I liked it for what it was eventually but never expected anything to happen with it. I mean, at this point we've sold like twenty thousand copies of it. It's insane.



**Dave:** Why did you record "As the Eternal Cowboy" at Ardent studios in Memphis as opposed to someplace in your hometown of Gainesville?

**Tom:** We wanted to specifically record all analog. So we started looking into our options and we had a little money to work with from Fat. We basically just flipped through our record collection, and we're all big Replacements fans, and that's where "Pleased To Meet Me" was recorded, so we looked into it and it was still open. We also looked at Steve Albini's studio, and they were pretty comparative in price, but since we're from the South and so is Ardent... Also, Rob McGregor, who recorded Reinventing Axl Rose, we brought him along and he basically recorded this record but it was at someone else's studio. We gave him free reign, gave him the choice of studio, if he thought it was a good idea, it was up to him. He thought it would be awesome and he wanted to go there and have the experience of working with the studio, too.

**Dave:** What kind of experience was recording the new record compared to the time you recorded "Reinventing Axel Rose"?

**Tom:** We had more time. We recorded tracks for eight days and we mixed for three days. That made it more relaxed and laid back. We didn't have to rush. I think it was just enough time and not too much time. If we had too much time we could have started dicking around and noodling around and adding stuff. I mean, we basically went in and knocked the drum tracks out in one day. We only did single guitar tracks. We didn't double up anything. The vocals are what take the most time because I have a hard time doing vocals. I find it easier to voice while playing guitar and singing, as opposed to just singing alone. I blow it out really quickly. I smoke, but when we go into record I stop smoking and that seems to fuck up my voice even more. It makes me really phlegmy and it just tears me up. I should just keep smoking.

**Dave:** Have the expectations of the band changed since then?

**Tom:** We just want to keep playing. Same goals.

**Dave:** Who were some of the record labels that pursued you to sign with them and who, or what, made you decide to go with Fat Wreck Chords for the new record?

**Tom:** We all listen to varied stuff. It's rare that we agree on something to listen to but we listen to a lot of Clash and Bay Area pop punk and early 80's peace punk and stuff like that. I got into the Minneapolis bunch and just, like, a wide variety of stuff, you know, like even Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson. Just a wide variety of stuff.

**Dave:** I was reading the bio sheet that came with my promo copy of the CD and it said you were leftists. Does that mean that no one in the band is an ambi-turner?

**Tom:** James is an ambi-turner. I bet you didn't think I knew what a (phonetically) ugoogally was. (laughs) That's a good movie you know. I saw it (Zoolander) in the theater three times. I laughed so fucking hard. It's so good. Especially the scene where they're having the gasoline fight. Orange mocha frappuccino!

**Dave:** What do they mean by leftists? What kind of leftist views do you have?

**Tom:** I don't know, I consider myself an anarchist. I don't speak for anyone else. It's not like James or Warren are republicans or anything like that. I think everyone is fairly liberal minded. Not everyone in the band considers themselves an anarchist.

**Dave:** Have you performed any acts of anarchy?

**Tom:** (exasperated laughter) Yes, we practice anarchy all the time.

**Dave:** Have your strong opinions ever gotten you into an intense situation?

**Tom:** I think I'm just political. I'm opinionated and loud mouthed and kind of annoying sometimes. It's gotten us into our fair share of fights. So, sure.

**Dave:** Give me an example.

**Tom:** On this past tour, most recently, we were in Canada and we were hanging out in the club after the show. The promoter said we could hang out and drink. It was Halloween so we hung out and drank and drank. They were playing this horrible music so I went into the D.J. booth and said, "You should play something good. You should play the new Outkast." He said, "No, I'm going to play this,"

*I'm opinionated and loud mouthed and kind of annoying sometimes.  
It's gotten us into our fair share of fights.*

**Tom:** Before even Axl was out, A-F Records (Anti-Flag) wanted to sign us. We talked to a lot of people and we were planning on going with No Idea for the second one. Fat just wanted to do a seven inch and we asked if they wanted to do a full length because we didn't want to do a seven inch at the time. We weren't necessarily shopping around at the time but we had labels approach us. Island Records has talked to us and there have been other labels who have talked to us, but I grew up listening to Fat bands and it was just one of those things. We thought it would be kind of neat to say we did that once.

**Dave:** It seems like you have a broad range of influences in your music. Who are some of the bands or people that have influenced you?





and it was White Zombie. I said, "That Sucks! White Zombie fucking sucks. What year are you living in?" The other guy in the booth was like, "Outkast is gay." So, I got into an argument with him about whether or not that statement was cool and whether or not they were a band. So, the whole thing resolved into this overblown fist fight, street brawl. That was a strong opinion. I really think Outkast is good.

**Dave:** Way to represent the dirty South. Do you find a lot of people misinterpreting your lyrics or are most people right on?

**Tom:** Yeah, totally.

**Dave:** Misinterpreting?

**Tom:** Yeah.

**Dave:** Can you give me an example?

**Tom:** We're not supposed to read our own message board but we do. It's like a guilty pleasure because we go on there and people write the most ridiculous stuff. We played at this show in Detroit a couple of weeks ago. I said something during one of the songs. The song is "Those Anarcho Punks Are Mysterious...". The last line is, "Do you really fucking get it," and then it goes, "No." Someone said, "Do you really fucking get it," and I threw in an, "I don't think you really do," and then said, "No." It was like one hundred kids posting on the website about how fucked up it was that I said that. As if I was talking specifically to them, pointing at them. It's supposed to be

metaphoric, not specifically talking to you when I say it. I don't think with every song people get specifically what they are about.

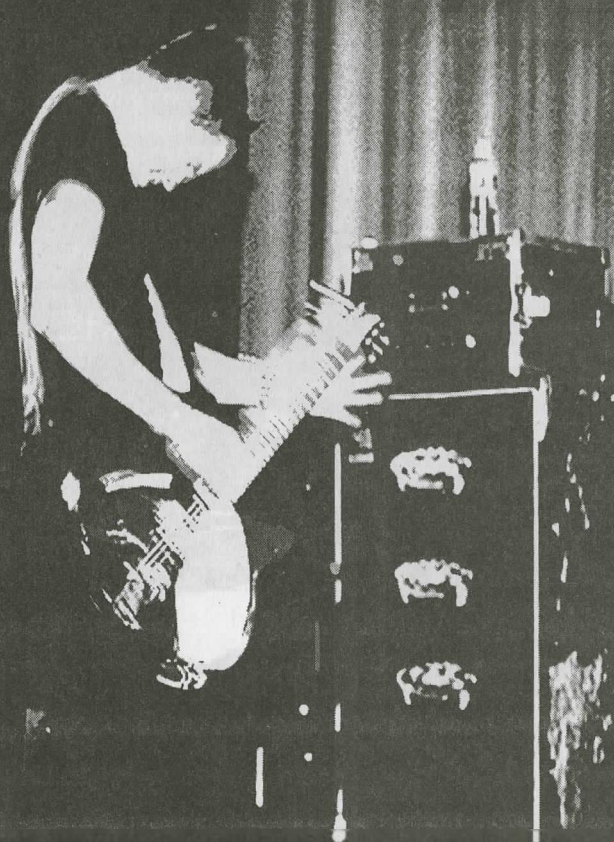
**Dave:** At most of your shows the crowd sings along with the lyrics... Have you ever heard someone singing the wrong words to your songs?

**Tom:** Fucking Andrew, one time we caught him singing the wrong lyrics. It's funny. I'll hear Brian, who's on tour with us, he'll tell us how he was watching the crowd and some kids are just moving their mouths and he says they don't know what they're fucking singing. (We have a good laugh) Yeah, totally. It's funny to watch. It's hard when you're playing shows like this because when the lights are shining right on you, you can't see shit. I can't tell what the fuck is going on out there.

**Dave:** It seems like the new album is more personal than it is political. Is that accurate?

**Tom:** Yeah, I think in some ways I was trying to shy away from being political because it's one of the most important things, and misinterpreting lyrics and things like that. There's kind of a mistrust at this point for kids who are just going to pigeonhole themselves into a song. Like a song, it will have to have the word anarchy in it to be a good song. I just think if that's what makes the song good, that sucks. If I've got to subscribe to some fucking sect of a subculture in order to have a relevant song, that's not good. I think saying something is political is a really weird term, too. What does that mean? There's politics to friendship, there's politics to drinking a beer, there's

It's funny, I'll hear Brian, who's on tour with us, he'll tell us how he was watching the crowd and some kids are just moving their mouths and he says they don't know what they're fucking singing.



politics to everything in life. Saying that something is political doesn't say whether or not the politics are good to it, and it doesn't mean anything. I think some of the songs on the record are about relationships and specifically a relationship ending and I think there are politics to that. I think there's politics to the way you treat your sexual partner. I think there's nothing less valid or relevant in the world today than that.

**Dave:** Everything is negotiation. Getting what you need out of things.

**Tom:** I mean, also the way you can affect change. There's nothing more civil than just being nice to people. I think that's a really political thing in your daily life. It's a really easy way to affect change in the world is just to be fucking cool.

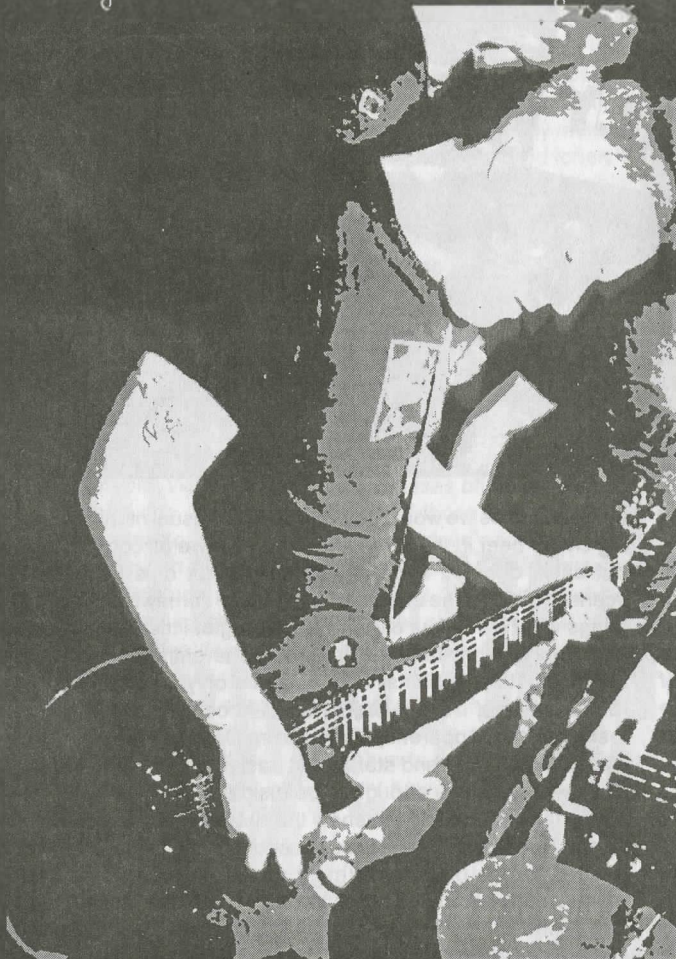
**Dave:** Would you ever feel responsible if somebody did something wrong because they were listening to one of your songs?

**Tom:** I think I would. Yeah. I've never had any instances like that. I don't know out of any of my songs what people could take from that and go out and do. It's weird even having people at this point, with the whole Fat Records thing, coming back and throwing your own fucking lyrics at you. I wrote the song. What, are you telling me what it's about? Why are you throwing it back in my face? I knew what I was talking about. It's a weird thing being in that position and having people be able to judge you like that. Just having yourself opened up.

**Dave:** Do you find yourself drinking more often when you're on tour?



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**Tom:** (a couple of brief chuckles) Yeah. (more laughter) It's fucking ridiculous. I was thinking about it a couple of days ago. We've been on tour since October 10th now and every night we've been fucked up beyond belief. You're talking about a month and a half straight of every night getting fucking blitzed.

**Dave:** You start to not even get a hangover anymore.

**Tom:** Yeah, at some point it tolls. I'm just waiting for my body to fall apart. This environment is very encouraging to that because you're going to shows where everyone is drinking and you're getting free beer. What are you gonna do? You're going to hang out with people. You're not going to be like, I'm going to go and read a book tonight, guys. Andrew is on antibiotics right now and he can't drink for the rest of the tour. I think, fuck the antibiotics, he should just drink the sickness out of him.

**Dave:** What kind of strange situations have you found yourself in while out on the road?

**Tom:** That fight in Canada was a strange situation. We got our tires

slashed in Long Island on this last tour. That was pretty strange.

**Dave:** Do you know why?

**Tom:** Because we sold out. (laughs) On this last tour we were playing in Ashville, North Carolina and we were supposed to do two shows in one day. We were going to do an acoustic in a store and the other one was a normal show later on. We were on our way and a tire on the trailer blew out. We didn't have a jack for it so we were fucked. We were trying to hail down cars to give us some help with a jack. We didn't have a spare, technically, but we did have a spare that was bald we could throw on for a couple of miles. We ended up having to load out the whole trailer so we could lift it up. So we all lifted up the trailer and one of us changed out the tire really quickly. We got the spare on it and it got us far enough to a Wal-Mart Supercenter where we could get the tire changed. They were like, it's going to be like a two hour wait. So we're walking around the Wal-Mart killing time and over the loud speaker we hear, "All Wal-Mart employees, code blue. Please evacuate the building." It was a fucking bomb threat. So we had to evacuate the building, and we sat for five hours in the fucking grass outside the Wal-Mart Supercenter because our van was inside the fucking place. They're running the bomb dogs around, and I guess the bomb dogs can only work for fifteen minutes at a time and then they have to take a break. That was a weird situation. The whole time they're walking the bomb dogs around our van, and we had, like, pot and stuff in there.

**Dave:** Lucky for you guys they were trained to smell bombs and not dope.

**Tom:** Yeah.

**Dave:** It's kind of hard to top that story, so we'll end this with one last question. How long do you see this band being together, and do you all plan on playing music and writing songs for the rest of your lives?

**Tom:** As far as the band being together, as long as it's fun and everybody is into it. I know that's a really cliché answer that everyone gives. But as long as we're into it and everybody is having a good time, even if at the time you realize you're not having a good time and everyone is not willing to end it. I'm sure it will fucking self-implode. I mean, I plan on playing music for the rest of my life. At this point, I don't have many other options.

**Dave:** Do you see yourself one day being an old man sitting on your porch playing songs?

**Tom:** I'd like to. I mean, hopefully I'll live that long. The rest of my life, however long that may be.



# GAINESVILLE FL. FEST 2 DRUNK & ORDERLY

BY DAVE DISORDER

As I look at my pictures from the Fest, I realize that even though it was the greatest rock and roll weekend of my life, I didn't bother to take one picture of a live band. Hardcore fans proclaim it's all about the music and I agree that it's an integral part of the equation. The music is what brings us all together and gives us a common ground. It's inspirational. It's a soundtrack for the lifestyle, and without the bands to go see I would have never met all of the interesting characters along the way. The same characters who occupy my entire reel of some one hundred-odd pictures from the weekend of the Fest 2 in Gainesville. The greatest rock and roll weekend of my life.

## THURSDAY: DAY ONE (TOUCH DOWN TAMPA BAY!)

The fest was scheduled for Friday and Saturday night in Gainesville but it started for me on Thursday when I arrived home from work to find Davey Tiltwheel on my front porch drinking beer and smoking cigarettes. He and the rest of the Tiltwheel crew (Bob, Paul, who they insisted I call "Boy Band", Brook, and Linay) caught the red eye from San Diego. And while the others were sleeping peacefully at various locales somewhere inside my house, Davey and his bloodshot eyes were still wide awake and loaded. I rounded up Davey and the girls and we headed out to the grocery store in search of supplies for a BBQ that would take place before the night's show with Tiltwheel, Tim Version and the Dukes of Hillsborough. One thing prominent in every festival situation, or any situation, for that matter, taking place in Florida, is that you must have lots of beer and lots of BBQ. While checking out, Davey tried to pull a fast one on the cashier by putting all of the twelve packs on the lower shelf of the cart, in hopes of her not noticing. We were busted by the bag boy and the beer would have to be purchased this time. A couple more of Davey's friends (a girl who I knew only as Pile, and her boyfriend Dan) arrived from New York in time for the festivities. Before the show, some of the Tim Version and Duke boys dropped in for the BBQ. I put Shawn from Tim Version on grill detail and he managed to burn the living hell out of just about everything. We had plenty of beer to wash down the charcoaled meat, so it provided enough sustenance for the journey to St. Pete.

I'll spare the rocking details of the show and just say that in

between bands we would commence to our usual ritual of drinking cheap beer in the alley. After the show we all congregated out back, drinking and causing somewhat of a belligerent scene. This was the cue to take the party somewhere else as things were a little out of hand. Speaking of little things, Russ from Tim Version stumbled around incoherently with his penis hanging out of his pants. This would be only the first of many random acts of male nudity that would occur throughout the fest weekend. Apparently, Travis from Dukes of Hillsborough was doing naked hand stands out back earlier in the evening and I was fortunate enough to be inside at the time. After the penis party we decided to show the out-of-towners some real classy Tampa night life, so we packed into the Dukes van and headed to one of Tampa's most world renowned establishments, a titty bar called Mons Venus. I'm not the titty bar kind of guy and I've actually only been to about three or four in my lifetime but Tampa is known as the titty bar capital of the US of A, and it is quite the spectacle to behold. Also, when you have a character as boisterous as Davey Tiltwheel with you, you're just dying to see what he's going to say or do when you introduce him into a new ecosystem.

We pulled into a parking space by the front door and there were some good ol' boys hanging out front who found our motley bunch pretty amusing. What really confused them is that we brought three women with us to a titty bar. They couldn't comprehend that we were only frequenting the establishment for the pure amusement of it all and not to get laid. So me and Pile decided to be the ones to go inside and try to negotiate a group rate for all of us while the others hung outside and bullshitted with the local rednecks. We only had about thirty dollars collectively and they were charging twenty bucks a head for entrance. The girl at the door was a real hard ass and she wasn't budging an inch on the cover charge as we tried to sweet talk her with our story, which was true by the way, of how everyone was from out of town on tour and had no real money. She wasn't buying it so we did the only thing we could do and that was drive across the street to 2001, the lesser of the two titty bars, which was another staple of our fair community. I went inside and tried to negotiate our way in when I was redirected to a guido-like individual who was hanging out front

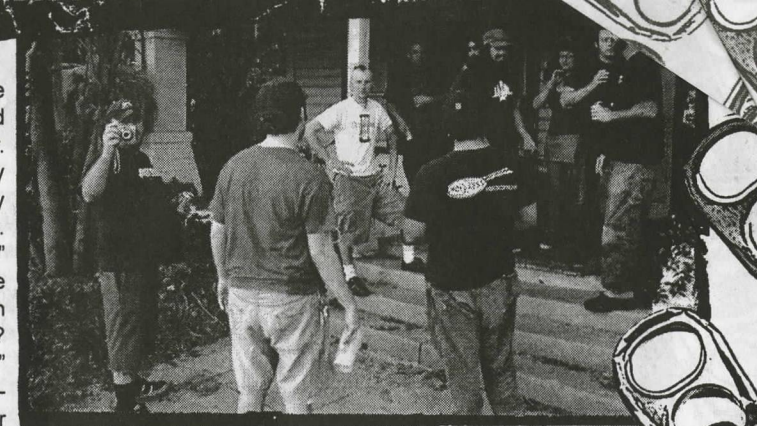
in the parking lot. He was a large stubble bearded Italian wearing a silk shirt and fancy dress shoes. I managed to plead our case and he was cool enough to let all eight of us in for the low price of twenty dollars.

Inside the titty bar we all stuck out like a bunch of sore swollen thumbs. One of the dancers came up and touched me on the knee and I told her that it was going to cost her. She didn't seem amused as she then decided to give Davey Tiltwheel a whirl. Before she even got close to him, in a burly growl, he yelled out, "What do you want? I ain't got any money. You're just coming up to me because I look fat and lonely!" She just smiled and made her way on to the next eligible wallet. Then, moments later, another girl started to approach Davey and the same scenario played out. "What do you want? You just think I want a titty dance because I'm fat? Go Away." We found this pretty amusing and we started to laugh at everything that was going down. By this time the rest of our group was uneasy and made their way back to the Dukes van. As the girls were dancing on the pole they were showing a hockey game on the widescreen television over the stage. We started hooting and hollering, "Go Avalanche," and other such cheers, directed at the hockey game, in a vain attempt at being stupid. We were laughing our asses off at our own stupidity and one of the dancers, one of those that Davey had yelled at, was on the stage and assumed we were laughing at her because in the middle of her pole dance she decided to stop dancing and start yelling at Davey. "Fuck you asshole," she screamed hoisting up the finger and storming off the stage. That's when we decided we'd had enough of this kind of fun and it was time to call it a night. We headed back to the van and everyone was accounted for, except Pile who was smoking cigarettes out back with some dude in a Firebird. Davey rounded her up and we said goodbye to the titty bar scene. It was now time to head back to my house and drink until we passed out.

## FRIDAY: DAY TWO (GAINESVILLE BOUND)

The next morning, or I should say afternoon, was pretty casual. Some people sat on the porch smoking and drinking while others laid around inside watching television and reading books. Except, of course, for Paul (Boy Band), who pretty

## A.D.D. HEADQUARTERS



much slept every waking moment he wasn't playing bass in Tiltwheel. Later that evening the crew started arriving at my house. First, Shawn from Tim Version showed up with Mark Shitwheel, and later the Dukes, Wookie, and the rest of Tim Version arrived. The last people to show up were the rest of the San Diego folks who flew in that day, including J. from Altaira, Alicia, and Shore Leave Sean. We took a few group photos on my porch and then hit the road for Gainesville.

The drive was pretty painless, because we were drinking, and we all arrived at Market Street at approximately ten o'clock that evening. Everyone was bullshitting in the parking lot and pissing behind dumpsters. I made my way inside so I could see Against Me, who were just taking the stage. I never did get a glimpse of the band because Market Street is a shotgun building with a really tightly cramped area around the stage. A stage that was washed away by a sea of flailing limbs and screaming sixteen-year-olds. The band sounded great. I just squeezed into a small corner with my beer and enjoyed the sounds while kids on the verge of passing out pushed their way in and out of the crowd. After Against Me played we hung out by the bar and celebrated with friends and acquaintances who were scattered about the bar area. I took some pictures and just enjoyed the friendly atmosphere. Hot Water Music were playing in the background and they were to be the last band at Market Street that night.

Travis Duke and a couple of the dudes were headed to Common Grounds to do some more drinking so we tagged along with them when me and Shayna decided to stop at the infamous Gainesville Lodge, our sleazy motel, and pick up a room before they were all gone. We secured a place to crash and then headed down to Common Grounds for some more festivities. Members of our party were dispersed about the facility. Some people were drinking twelve packs in the alley in front of the building, while others were inside doing more drinking and watching the rock show. We decided to go inside and check out some of the bands. Black Cougar Shock Unit were in the middle of their set and then Strike Force Diablo played. After SFD we decided to go outside and hang with the crew while True North were setting up. Once we stepped outside I was totally in my element. There was more of a party outside than there was in the venue. Twelve packs were all over the place and cheap beer was flowing like a mighty river. People

## DAVEY AND WOOKIE AT MARKET STREET

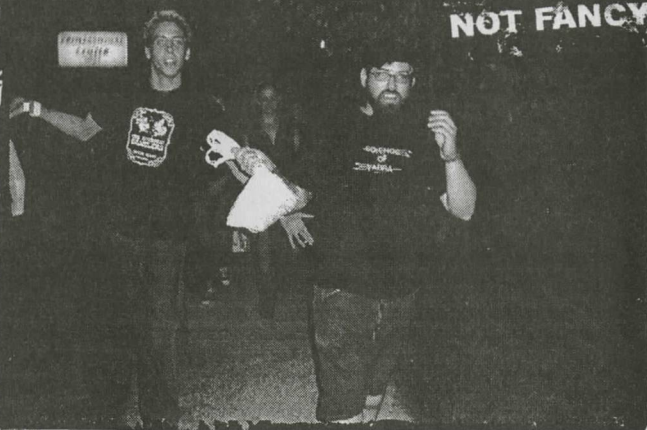




**SIDEWALK IS FOR REGULAR**

**WALKIN'**

**NOT FANCY WALKIN'**



were congregated in droves. They were talking, joking around, and just having an all around good time. The good time was eventually brought to a halt by club security who decided to take back the alley. We were all informed to stop drinking outside and either come in the club or evacuate the premises. There was no need to fear though because a house party was within walking distance and our right to drink ourselves incoherent could not be halted.

We stopped at the convenience store across the street from Common Grounds and reloaded our beer supply. The same convenience store I purchase malted beverages from just about every time I go to Gainesville and I can't recount the numerous times I've pissed behind their dumpster. After the grab and go, our drunken caravan swaggered down the street for many blocks in anticipation of more drunken shenanigans. I was walking in front and I remember looking back and seeing all my equally drunken comrades trying to keep the pace. Without breaking stride, I walked backwards and took a picture of this bizarre phenomenon, and all that I could think of was a quote from old-man Jasper on the Simpsons where he says, "Sidewalk's for regular walkin' not fancy walkin'". After many blocks of stumbling and bumbling, we pulled up to the street where the festivities were taking place. The whole front lawn was littered with people from the Fest. I remember that the house was decorated for Halloween and looked pretty damn cool. Inside there were a bunch of people doing Karaoke. "Pour Some Sugar On Me" never sounded so good and terrible. I walked around the front lawn and took pictures of everyone including a choice set of Replay Dave from Grabass Charelstons in mid-pass out mode. Mark Shitwheel wanted me to take pictures of him with foxy women but I just couldn't find myself to being the photo pimp. He would have to commit the moment to memory or find some other poor sap to placate his ego. I did notice when looking over my pictures that there is always some random individual who was accidentally framed in the shot, and it's usually some strange looking dude with a confused look on his face like, "What the fuck are you taking my picture for," or, "Who the hell is this asshole taking my picture?". I don't know, I just found that amusing for some reason. I didn't want the night to end but I wasn't in the mood for passing out on someone's lawn either, so Shayna and I de-

cided to walk back to the lodge and call it a night. The cool thing about Gainesville is that it's a small town and it's very much like a grid, making it virtually impossible to get lost, and yet somehow we found ourselves lost in the streets of Gainesville. It was about five in the morning and it felt like we'd been walking for hours. I just tried to find a familiar landmark

or street to get my bearings. We finally somehow found our way back to Market Street and only a few short blocks from the motel. We got to our room and I flipped on the tube. I remember it was an old episode of Saturday Night Live circa something like 1982. Jamie Lee Curtis was the host and the musical guest was The Fix who played their one and only hit song "One Thing Leads To Another". It would provide ample entertainment while we waited in anticipation for the pizza from Five Star we'd ordered. Five Star is open practically all night and it's right around the corner from the motel. These would be the first of many slices of Five Star pizza I would consume throughout the next couple of days.

### **SATURDAY: DAY THREE (BOOZE, BBQ, BEARDED WOMEN, & PEE SHOES)**

We were all supposed to meet back up at a BBQ we had heard about the night before. A couple of the girls and Bob Tiltwheel had a room at the lodge a couple of doors down from us and we popped in and said hello before making our way down to the Future House where the BBQ was taking place. On the way down we dropped some magazines and stickers off at Wayward Council, a great little indy record shop. We browsed for a bit and bought a couple of zines and books. It was scorching hot outside, the kind of heat that makes you sweat from just standing still. I couldn't wait to get to the BBQ, grab some grub, and find a shady bush to hide under. When we arrived at the BBQ there was music and plenty of beer but I was a little disappointed to see that there was nothing cooking on the grill. Without charred flesh, it's pretty much a gathering and not a BBQ. I found a couple of the Duke Boys and Tim Version, who were already getting loaded, hanging out, and I decided to see what was up. Nobody seemed to know about the food situation and I was too hungry to wait and see if anything transpired. So Shayna and I walked up the street to Taco Bell to scarf down a couple of burritos. After some much needed fuel we headed back to the gathering to find some dude cooking hot dogs and hamburgers. It was a BBQ. I had to laugh, and by that time my appetite had shifted to that of the malted beverage. It was time for the consumption of alcohol to commence.

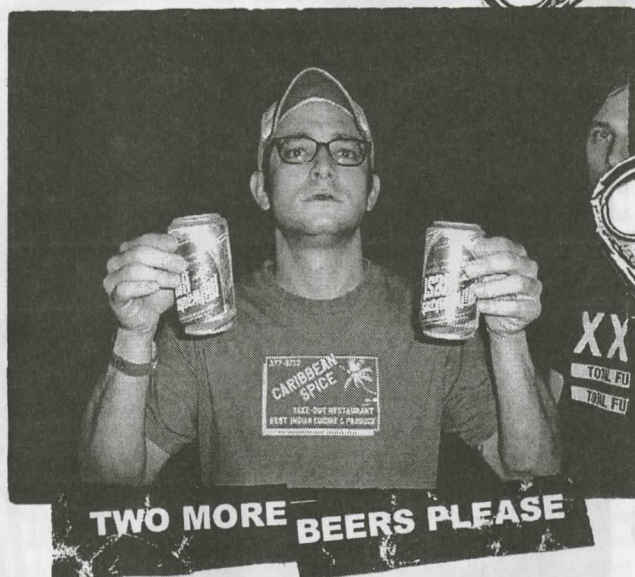
I saw some girls at the BBQ walking around with fake beards and wondered if it was some kind of weird feminist statement or something. Mike from Tim Version informed me that an acoustic band called Hair Beard Combo had just played. It really didn't answer my question and I still didn't know if they were actually in the band or just some groupies. At that point some guy with an acoustic guitar was playing Radon songs while the Dukes were handing out their new beer cozies with the catch slogan "Putting the Rough in Hillsborough". More and more of our friends started to arrive and the only one missing was the infamous Davey Tiltwheel. The Dukes had a football in their van and they decided to break it out for a leisurely game of catch. I played one-handed because I refused to put down my beer. Brook had a better throw than most of the dudes



and I could tell some of them felt a little demoralized by her rocket arm. After a while, we had to step over to the curb because Travis had returned with the Dukes van and one Mr. Davey Tiltwheel. He looked like he had not slept in days and he smelled like a chimney in a brewery. But Davey fit right in with the locals who, from what I can tell, are either afraid of water or don't own a bar of soap. I'm not trying to insult the fine folks of Gainesville about their hygiene. It's just fucking true that most of the people I've run into up there smell like dirty hippies. Who knows, maybe I'm stuck up but you won't find me entering a contest to see who can go the longest without taking a shower. Davey had no problem immersing himself into the mode of drinking. We all sat on the curb across the street from the BBQ while the sun set in the background.

I was having so much fun relaxing at the BBQ that I didn't want to leave but it was almost time for the show at Side Bar to start, and more than half of the people who were with us were playing on the bill so we blazed a trail. While walking back I took a picture of a stencil someone spray-painted on the sidewalk. It was a picture of George W. Bush with the caption, "Bush is a Dickhead," and it also had a comic bubble over his head that said, "Wow! I really am a dickhead." Me, Shayna, and Davey stopped off at the convenience store once again, while the others kept on their way. Inside, Davey and I saw this mall gangster chick shoplifting candy. We paid for our stuff and headed out front where Davey confronted the girl about her thievery. He befriended her and the next thing I knew he was grabbing the furry pimp hat off of her head and asking to try it on. He stuck it on his greasy head and started adjusting it with a slight tilt. He thought he was the shit and to me he looked like Sam Kinison without the trench coat. It was fucking hilarious and the girl found it amusing that Davey was posing for pictures with her hat. I showed him how they came out and he thought that he looked pretty damn sexy. This was one of my favorite moments of the weekend. I love the times when we would get sidetracked and have some bizarre incident with a stranger or group of strangers. These are just the kinds of events I commit to memory more than a rock show.

We stopped off at our room at the Gainesville Lodge (which was right around the corner from the venue) before the show so I could grab some free merch to give out. Davey was plopped in front of the television bitching about how he would rather watch Enough with Jennifer Lopez than play a show with Tiltwheel. We finally arrived at the venue just in time for the show where we met up with my friend, Joe, from Tampa, who had arrived, and the rest of the lunatics. The Y was the first band to play and they were a prelude to what would be one of the best of a fucking rocking show. The bill that night included Stress Face, North Lincoln, Billy Reese Peters, Grabass Charelstons, Tim Version, The Dukes of Hillsborough, and the mighty Tiltwheel who ended the night with a shirts off party. In between bands, Mark tried to get us to drink this whiskey. I think it was called Sailor Jerry. He showed us a tattoo on his wrist of the Sailor Jerry logo and told us a story of its origin. The story about his Salilor Jerry tattoo was enough to convince me to take a swig from his bottle of swill. It wasn't without its charm. After the show we all stood out front and heckled people who were standing in line for some swanky night club across the street. We chanted aloud many slogans from our inside jokes that were concocted over the past couple of days. I would elaborate on this but, more often than not, inside jokes are only funny to the people involved. Hence, the term, "inside

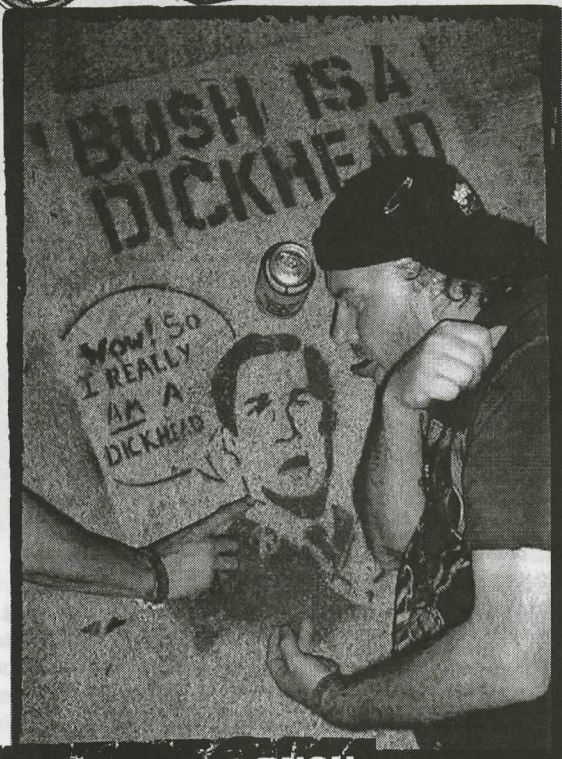


joke." Davey and Mark Shitwheel walked across the street to the front of the line to try and talk their way in the club but it was not to be had. There were delivery boys from Five Star walking around the street selling pizzas. Me and Travis from Dukes decided to buy a pie and suck down a couple of piping hot slices. We were wasted and pizza sauce was all over our faces and hands, making us look more pathetic than we already did. The venue had run its course and it was time to see what was next.

There were a couple of parties in progress and we decided on one that was taking place at the Army of Ponch house. So we all loaded in the Dukes van and made our way. For some reason this guy from the show had hitched a ride with us and nobody could figure out how he'd snuck his way into the van. I remember the guy from the show that night. He was pushing people around, in a bad way, and found himself in many confrontations throughout the night including one with me. We stopped at a convenience store for beer and everyone was back in the van except this dude who was still inside looking around. I lobbied to leave him in the dust and others quickly joined my rallying cry but Phil from the Dukes, affectionately referred to as The Bus because of his willingness to always drive, was not leaving a man behind. Fuck, I really wanted to see the look on this wanker's face when we ditched him but it was not going to happen. We were stuck with him. We pulled up to the house and parked next to the Tim Version van. Mike and Russ from Tim Version, and Aaron from Billy Reese Peters were hanging out by the van playing this song that was perhaps the most ridiculous, yet hilarious, thing I had ever heard. It was a hip hop song that said nothing more than "ass" and "titties". "Ass...titties...ass...titties... Ass, ass, titties, titties, ass, ass, titties, titties... Ass...and titties." Davey and the rest of those guys danced around to "Ass and Titties" while I sat on the hood of the van taking pictures of their antics. During the middle of their routine the cops showed up and told everyone to move the party inside. This would be the end to the "Ass and Titties" dancers for the night but not for the duration of the weekend.

Inside the Ponch house there were many individuals partaking in the ritual of getting loaded. The coffee table was stacked high with Five Star boxes and there was this really





## SUCKIN' UP TO BUSH

awesome dog sitting in front of the table begging for pizza. His name was Mr. Miyagi and he was a half Boxer, half American Bulldog mix. I attained this information from one of the kind hosts of the party. I was intrigued by Miyagi since I have two American Bulldogs of my own. I took some pictures of him and also managed to get my hands on, yet, more Five Star Pizza. In the backyard they had a half pipe and there were some people attempting to skate in the dark. Travis, from the Dukes, tried his skills out on the ramp. Back home in Tampa he's a proud member of M.A.S.C. (Middle-Aged Skateboarding Crew) and he tried to represent us with his best intentions but he found out the hard way that skateboarding drunk and in the dark is not as easy as it would seem. By the time we were ready to leave, Phil was asleep in the van and the only people left from our group at the party were me, Travis, Shayna, and Joe, so we decided to wake up the Bus and head back to the lodge.

When we returned to our room at the infamous Gainesville Lodge, Phil and Joe staked out a couple of spots on the floor to set up camp. After setting up shop, Joe set out to try and procure yet even more Five Star pizza. He returned shortly thereafter with one large meat-lover's pizza. We were all pretty hungry so we clogged our arteries with about four or five different kinds of animals. It was fucking nasty and I finally had more than my share of Five Star Pizza for the weekend. Outside I could still hear some rowdiness. Travis was hanging outside the girls' room with Pile and they were just goofing around so I decided to go and see what was up. There was a room next to them with some people who were still awake. The door was wide open and Travis had a hilarious premise in mind. He decided he was going to crash their party by doing a naked cartwheel (more random male nudity) into the unsus-

pecting stranger's room. I thought he was just talking shit but he stripped down and cartwheeled his way right in there. I heard some screams and quite a bit of laughter. Travis emerged from their room and put his clothes back on. Shortly after, this dude came out holding his member (yet even more cock) and insisted on peeing on Travis. The guy couldn't even muster up a drop of urine, and Travis tried to escape his clutches, but the guy kept following him. He had one hand on his cock and he was holding onto Travis' wrist with his other hand. Travis tried to shake him by climbing up the stairs and down the hallway of the motel. I remember the guy saying, "I always wanted to do this to someone." Fortunately for Travis, the guy was too pee shy to complete his sick fantasy of urinating on another dude. It was a strange scene and I went back to the room to huddle up the troops for a possible ass kicking mission. We're not tough guys, but when things go astray we are more than prepared to take care of ourselves and our friends. Me, Joe and Phil stood in the doorway of our room just to make sure that Travis stayed out of harm's way. We were hoping things would just work themselves out so we wouldn't have to pummel this dude and pretty much ruin a violence-free weekend. Eventually the two were separated by Tony, the fine young man responsible for organizing the fest. It seems Tony was hanging out in the room Travis did the naked cartwheel into, and it turned out that the guy who couldn't pull the trigger was some dude from the band Mastodon. The only reason he ever agreed to let go of Travis was because Tony negotiated a deal that would allow this sick individual access to urinate on Tony's shoe. Hats off to Tony for being a true diplomat.

I had my share of entertainment for the night so I informed Travis that we were going to pass out and that the door would be cracked if he wanted to crash out in our room. I passed out to some Looney Toons, and about an hour later I heard Joe yelling at some stranger who was standing in our doorway. The stranger in question was trying to steal my camera that was sitting on the table, the same camera that contained all the priceless photos from the fest, and Joe caught him in the act. I immediately jumped out of bed and made a bee line right to the door. We scared him off with some belligerence and decided to lock up since Travis had obviously either crashed out in the van or the girls' room. About ten minutes later there was a knock at the door. I thought it might be Travis but it was the same asshole who tried to steal my camera and he had returned with a friend who was possibly there to help him take advantage of us in our weakened condition. At this point, I'd had more than enough bullshit for the day and I shouted through the door, "Don't make us fucking come out there and beat the shit out of you, fuckers." It was more than an ample warning and we were left to sleep in peace.

## SUNDAY: DAY FOUR (ASS AND TITTIES ROUND II)

We checked out of the lodge around noon. Travis was going to take the van and go search for the others. Phil decided to hitch a ride with Shayna and I back to Tampa to avoid the search party. The ride back wasn't too terrible. We dropped Phil off at his place and I decided to go home and get some rest before the show that night. I knew I would be alone since the rest of the group were going to J. from Altaira's parent house to watch the Buccaneers game. I can't remember who dropped him off but Mark was the only other member from the group who ended up at my house. We just laid around all day and recovered from the previous few days of boozing.



Everybody started showing up around six or seven that evening to get ready for the show in Ybor City that night. Tim Version, The Dukes, North Lincoln, and Tiltwheel were playing at the Green Room. They had \$1.00 Pabst Blue Ribbons, and the Dukes used their share of the earnings to buy a few twelve packs from the bar and disperse them throughout the venue. By the end of the night we had cleaned the entire bar out of PBR. It was another awesome show and it was a great send off for Tiltwheel who were headed back to San Diego in the morning. I invited everyone back to my house to party. Everyone accepted the invite except North Lincoln who were going to try and head back to Michigan. Davey and I stopped off at the convenience store across the street from my house. We each grabbed a couple of twelve packs and Davey also insisted on grabbing himself a quart of malt liquor. He was trying to negotiate carrying all of his items when the quart slipped through his hands and smashed all over the floor. We started laughing uncontrollably while the clerk swore at us in Arabic then in English. "Get out of my store, get out of my store now." We left but not until after we purchased the beer.

When we arrived at my house people were already hanging around outside drinking and smoking. Mike had the Tim Version van out front and he started to play "Ass and Titties" again. Mark, Davey and Mike started dancing around to, "Ass, titties, ass and titties, ass, ass, titties, titties, ass and titties." Davey and Mark were dry humping each other from behind and pretending to smack each other's asses. They had their shirts off and Davey's beer gutt was in full effect. He paraded that thing around like a badge of honor. In the middle of their routine Mark noticed a prostitute (I live in a really urban part of Tampa) hanging out on the street corner. He decided to go down to the corner and see if he could get her to come over to the house and dance to "Ass and Titties" with us. She turned out to be a he and he wasn't about to come down to the house and dance with some crazy white boys. He did, however, let me take a picture of him with Mark, arm in arm. Now there's something to show the grand kids.

After "Ass and Titties", round 2, Mark and I decided to go back to the same convenience store Davey and I had just been booted from to pick up some smokes. On the way over we thought of about ten different band names. Now, at the time, we thought they were some of the best names anyone has ever come up with in the history of music, but I'll get to that later. He picked up his death sticks and I picked up death in a plastic wrapper (a gas station frozen hamburger and, for some reason...beer goggles, it looked really good to me). When we returned, the party was finally breaking down. Most everyone was hanging around inside watching videos and babbling incoherently. I microwaved my nasty ass hamburger. It looked like a lump of dog shit but it didn't stop me from eating the whole fucking thing. Shortly afterwards, I passed out on the hardwood floor until Mark woke me up and said, "You live here. What the fuck are you doing sleeping on the floor?" Indeed. I then headed to bed to sleep off what would be my last hang-over of the weekend.

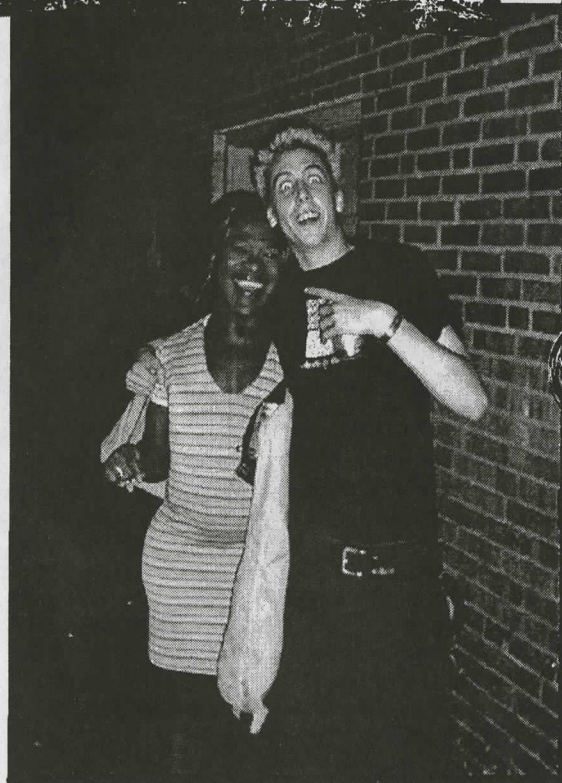
#### MONDAY: DAY FIVE (GET THE FUCK OUT)

I woke up that morning to find Davey still awake. We was watching "I Love Lucy" on Nickelodeon. He was telling me how all the Mexicans in San Diego watch "I Love Lucy" and Manic Hispanic were right on the money with their song "Mexican Society". Others were starting to rise from the dead, ex-

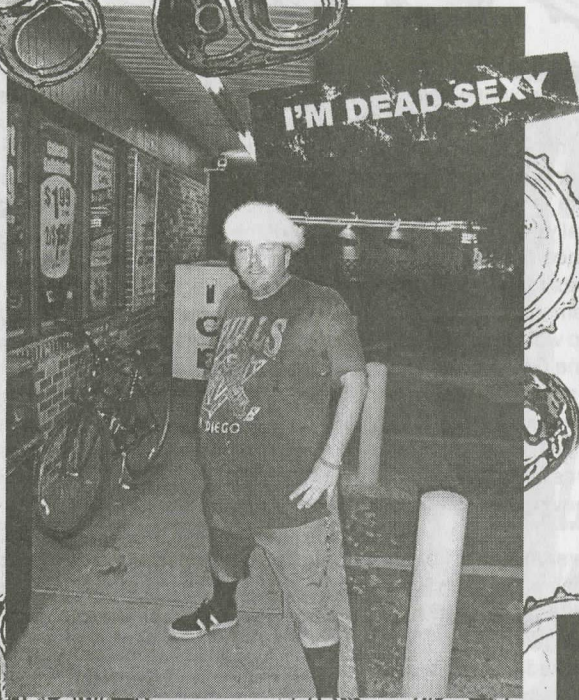
cept Boy Band who, as I said before, virtually slept every minute that he wasn't playing bass for Tiltwheel. He liked his sleep and Bob Tiltwheel liked to sit on the porch reading books while drinking beer and smoking cigarettes. Bob was an interesting guy and it was good to finally meet him. I've seen Tiltwheel like twenty or thirty times, and even though Bob is the originally drummer who plays on all of the recordings, he has never once been on any of the recent tours. It's always Mark who was there that time to hang out. Speaking of Mark, we tried to remember all of the awesome band names that we had come up with the night before and neither one of us could remember one God damned thing. I still to this day can't think of one, yet I somehow remember almost every other incident from that weekend, even though I was fucking hammered more often than not. "Hammered" is actually an understatement. My head was bumping, and even though it was sad that everyone was leaving that afternoon, I needed to recover.

Travis arrived with the Dukes van, which was to be everyone's shuttle to the airport. To me, Travis was the iron man of the fest. Everywhere I went he was still partying his ass off. I think only Davey rivaled him for lack of sleep and consumption of drugs and alcohol. They were like two pillars of fucked-up-ed-ness. It was a testament to all who bore witness. We all said our goodbyes and everybody loaded into the van. I hated to see them leave. I knew once that van headed off down the street it would be the end to truly one of the best weekends I had ever spent in my life. It was like we had all gone into battle together in a war against normal everyday society. I sometimes think that without moments like these, life would be terribly boring and uneventful. Without these people, I would have never had the greatest rock and roll weekend of my life.

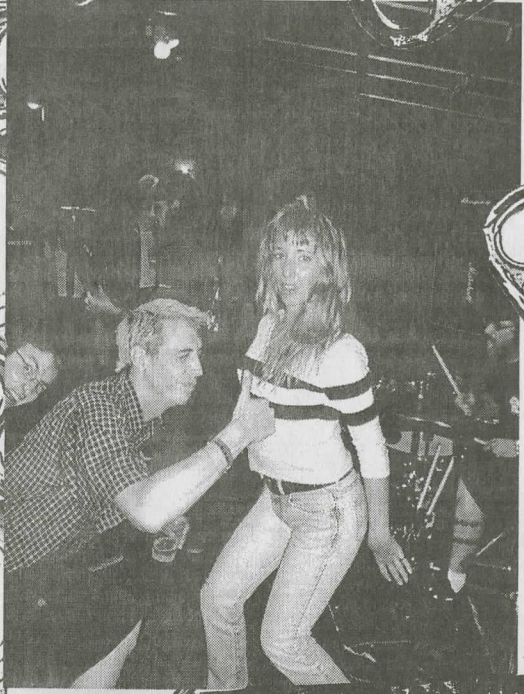
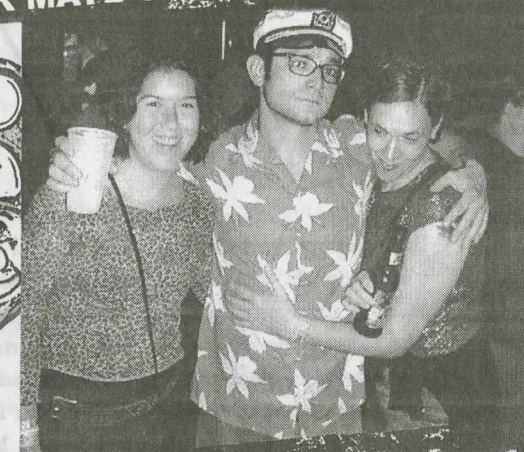
**SHE'S A DUDE AND SO IS HE**



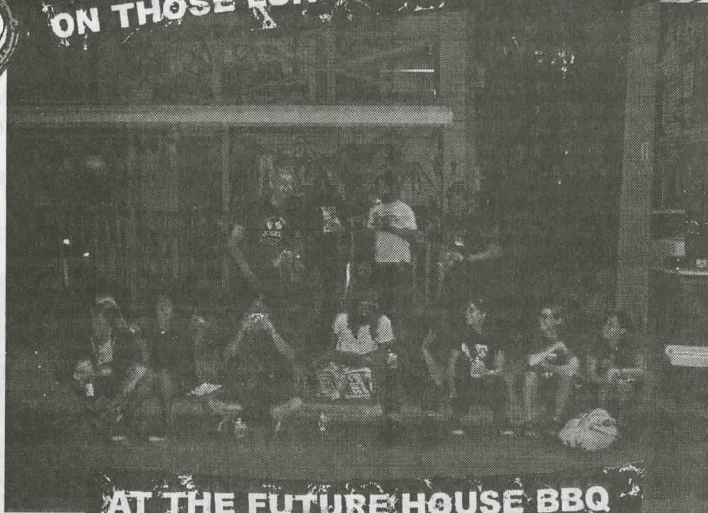




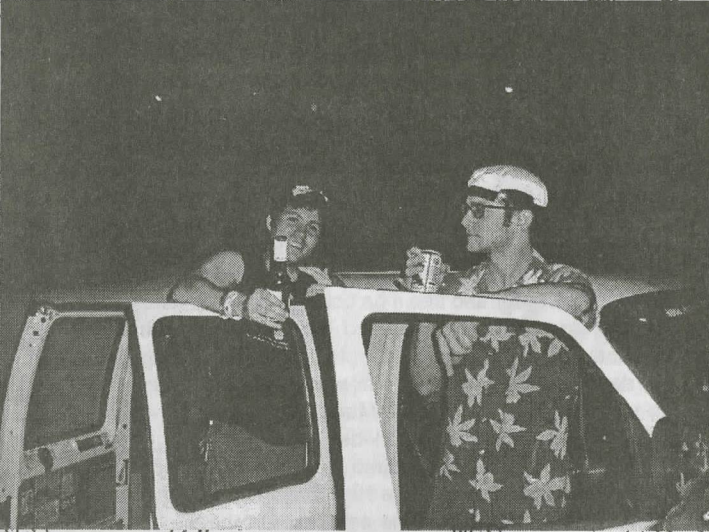
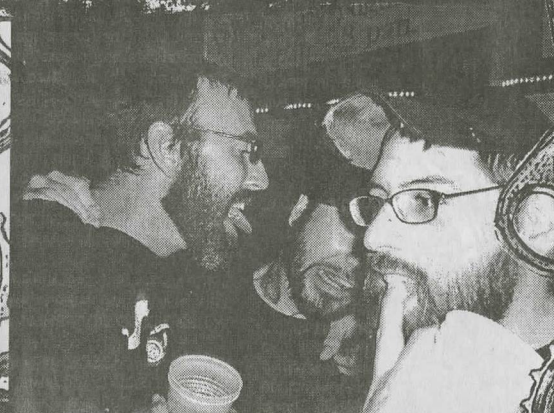
ARRR MATE THIS WILL SERVE ME WELL



ON THOSE LONELY NIGHTS AT SEA



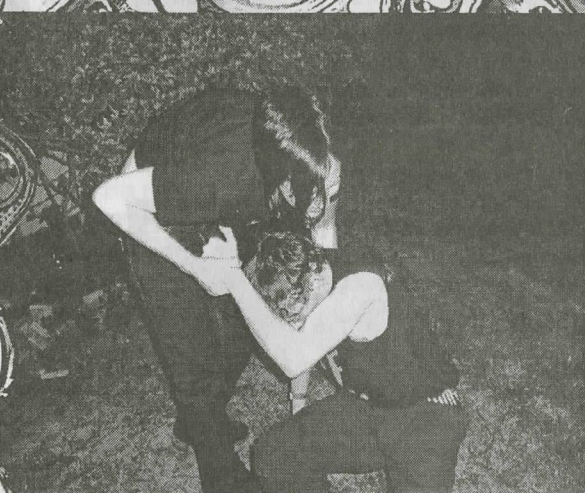
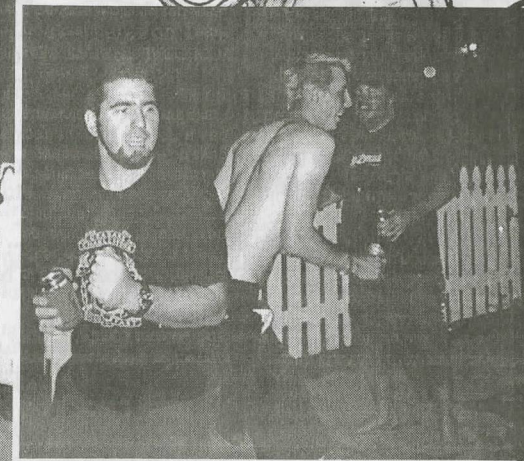
THE FIRST & ONLY DUKES FAN



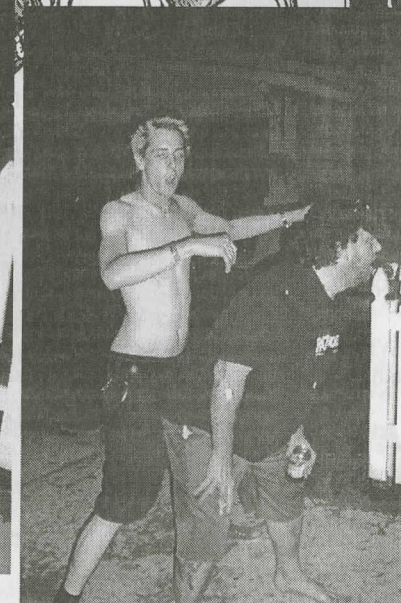
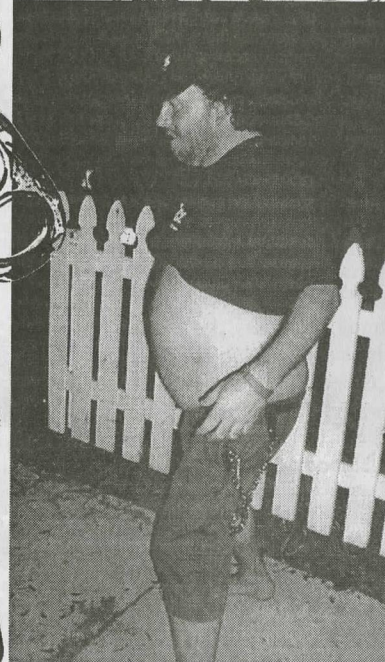
ASS & TITTIES I



ASS & TITTIES II



REPLAYED OUT





# GRABASS CHARELSTONS



**Disorder:** Which one of you is the hunky one, who's the shy one and who's the rebel who can't be tamed?

**Dave:** Why do you gotta try to split us up into three different entities?

**Disorder:** Marketing purposes. It helps you sell more units.

**Will:** I don't know how to answer a question like that.

**Dave:** Depends on what time of day it is.

**PJ:** I might be the shy one.

**Will:** I think Dave is the Hunky one and I'm the motherfucking rebel who can't be motherfucking tamed.

**Dave:** I'm the chunky one because I weigh three hundred pounds...on Jupiter. Three hundred Jupiter pounds coming at ya.

**Disorder:** When and why did this band come into being?

**Will:** We started like three years ago.

**PJ:** October, 2000.

**Will:** October, 2000. It kind of started as just sort of a fuck around, kind of joke. Me

It's pretty damn easy to be biased towards your friends' accomplishments. That being said, it was pretty damn easy for me to like the CDR of demo songs under the moniker, "Grabass Charlestons," that PJ handed me a few years back. After listening to it a few dozen times, I, were it not for the lack of credibility stemming from my personal associations with the members of said band, would've openly and honestly ranked them amongst one of the finer bands this great state had to offer. (I did anyway, but who cares?) In the time since then, they've gone on to release a split LP with Billy Reese Peters, an amazing full-length record ("The Greatest Story Ever Hula'd") and have, yet another, remarkable full-length album on the way. Their song crafting and performance skills have also earned them the opportunity to tour all over Europe and the US with bands such as Ann Beretta, Against Me!, The Lawrence Arms, Dillinger Four and Toys That Kill - further reinforcement of my original opinions of their music. So, without blowin' any more smoke up their asses, we'll get on to the interview that myself and Dave Disorder conducted with PJ, Will and Dave - The Grabass Charlestons.

and Dave used to be in a band called the Lexingtons and I just really wanted to play with Dave again. We just wanted to play some kind of sloppy Stooge-esque kind of rock shit, Just for fun, just to get drunk. It kind of turned into something else though. Hence, the name Grabass Charelstons. It was kind of like a joke. We didn't expect anyone to ever take us seriously, which I guess we still don't.

**Russ:** Nobody does.

**Will:** You'd be surprised, man.

**Disorder:** Who came up with the name and what is the purpose of it other than the title?

**PJ:** Will came up with it, just wasted at

Market Street one night. He screamed it in my face.

**Dave:** Then he screamed it in my face. Dave, we're starting a band. It's called the Grabass Charelstons. I said, "I'm in."

**Will:** I just thought it sounded funny. It kind of rolls off your tongue. At the time I was really into the word "grabass" because the word grabass is pretty funny.

**Dave:** Notice all the laughter when he said that.

**Will:** It connotes a little homosexuality, a little fun time, which is good, you know. Charelstons... I was born in Charelston, West Virginia, so that just kind of came to me. "Charelston" is also that funny dance.

**Dave:** If you put the Charelston into historical context most people couldn't handle it.

**Russ:** The adults, the establishment, they were frowning on that left and right.

**Disorder:** Wasn't the Charelston born in Carolina?

**Will:** I don't know. I don't think too deep into these things. It's good that other people do.

**Russ:** My mom doesn't like your band.

**Dave:** Sorry, Mrs. Van Cleave.



**Disorder:** Is there anything you want to say to Russ's mom about that?

**Will:** I understand.

**PJ:** We apologize.

**Will:** I understand how one wouldn't like the band name.

**PJ:** You haven't even told your mom the band name.

**Will:** Yeah, my mom doesn't know. My mom thinks we're the Charelstons. Which is nice because she birthed me in Charelston, West Virginia.

**Disorder:** How many places have you guys been banned from playing?

**Will:** I don't think we've ever been banned from any place as the Grabass Charelstons.

**PJ:** We helped take away the free beer from this place (New World Brewery, Tampa).

**Disorder:** I heard there was an incident here one time. Is there any truth to that?

**PJ:** Oh yeah, it was Grabass, Billy Reese Peters, and P.B.R. Street Gang from Gainesville, and the Tim Version.







**Russ:** Blaine, The Mono.

**PJ:** Oh yeah, Blaine, The Mono... And how much total beer did we drink?

**Russ:** The bar lost money on the free beer.

**PJ:** We drank a lot.

**Will:** We drank like \$600 worth of beer. Well, that's what I hear. I don't know anything

**dave:** I went walking where maybe I shouldn't have been walking. Then I decided to use the road as a pillow.

about it.

**Russ:** It's kind of an urban legend.

**Will:** But the fact is we're here tonight getting free beer, so obviously it couldn't have been that bad.

**Disorder:** Dave, I heard you had a little run-in with the law on the last tour?

**Dave:** It happens. Sometimes you're going to wake up still wasted and you're going to be staring at a cop on the road in the middle of Texas.

**Disorder:** So, what exactly happened?

**Dave:** That... (laughs)

**Will:** The jury is still out on that one.

**Dave:** The specifics are like the cloud that exists in my memory. Um, yeah, I got wasted. I let my guard down a little bit, and I went walking where maybe I shouldn't have been walking. Then I

decided to use the road as a pillow.

**Russ:** Last thing I remember is you went to go look for firewood.

**PJ:** That's when he came back full of cactus thorns.

**Dave:** Oh, I found firewood.

**Disorder:** What's the strangest predicament you've found yourself in waking up from a long night on tour?

**Dave:** For the record?

**Disorder:** Yeah

**Dave:** The jail story is pretty good. I'll go with that one. Well, there was a time in Chico, California when I woke up in a chair on a porch as everyone else was walking up and I thought I was still partying. That was kind of weird.

**Will:** I woke up one time to Dave urinating on me.

**PJ:** Really? I didn't know that.

**Will:** That is, definitely, officially, the weirdest predicament I ever woke up in. I woke up in jail and shit like that, but, like, waking up to being splattered in pee and seeing Dave swaying around like, "OH NO!" That was in San Diego.

**Dave:** That wasn't weird to me because that wasn't in my memory. I woke up somewhere friendly.

**Will:** The funny thing is, I got up because I had pee all over me and you went and slept exactly where I was sleeping. You were like, all right, he's outta the way. He just laid down all comfortable on a mattress and shit. Thank God Davey (Tilthweel) has the world famous small pool of small pool, hardcore. So I was able to wash up, freshen up...after being pissed on.

**PJ:** I guess the weirdest thing I ever woke up to was, we stayed in this kind of squat apartment in Tennessee one time. For some reason, I forgot where the bathroom was when I woke up in this drunken stupor and I ended up pissing in the stairwell in front of a glass door with like a city street walking by me. Everybody was just, like, watching me piss on this glass door. I don't know why I did it. The bathroom was right down the hall.

**Disorder:** Do you feel like your time on the road is like one long bender?

**Will:** It kind of ends up being that way. I don't really intend for it to be that way.

**Dave:** When I'm on a bender it's normally with a purpose, and when you're on the road, your purpose isn't the actual internal bender you're putting yourself through, it's more for producing rock.

**Will:** Yeah, the bender is just sort of a, it's not really a bender, it's more like cir-

cumstantial drinking.

**PJ:** We usually go with bands who are our friends, too, so you're with your best buddies every night in a different town.

**Disorder:** Is it more like a holiday than a tour?

**PJ:** It can be like that.

**Will:** Hopefully it's that way. I've been on tours where I wasn't totally stoked to be on tour and it's a lot better when it's always a party. When it's like a holiday.

**PJ:** The Grabass has always had a great time on tour.

**Disorder:** So, that was with different bands?

**Will:** Uh, yeah.

**Disorder:** What band in particular?

**Will:** We don't need to go there.

**Russ:** Beware of the watchful eye of the media.

**Will:** Yeah, talk to the hand.

**Disorder:** When and where did you record your new album?

**Dave:** Recorded with Rob McGregor.

**PJ:** We started in November, a little December, a little January, and then a little bit of April. 2002-2003.

**Dave:** November to April with Mr. Rob McGregor at Goldentone Studios.

**Will:** It was a total of maybe five to six days.

**Disorder:** How would you rate your new release amongst the other stuff that you've done so far?

**PJ:** That one thing that we did...

**Disorder:** So, all that you've done prior to this was the split with Billy Reese Peters?

**Will:** it's not really a bender, it's more like circumstantial drinking.

**PJ:** There's a label in Seattle called 1234 Go Records and he did an acoustic compilation that we are on.

**Will:** As well as a bunch of other kick ass bands.

**Disorder:** Why the Greatest Story Ever Hula'd?

**Will:** Again, it just sounds really funny. It just kind of rolls off the tongue... It's a Troy McClure movie. It's from the Simpsons.

**Disorder:** Really, I never caught that one. My favorite is "Christmas Ape Goes To Summer Camp".

**PJ:** It's funny because, for a while, I think you and me both thought of hula hooping, and then one day we sat around and we realized that it was actually like hula dancing. We thought it had to do with hula hoops.

**Dave:** That was the first concept in my mind. It makes more sense as hula dancing.

**Disorder:** If it's going to make

sense, that's what I would go with.

**Will:** Starring Troy McClure...

**Russ:** This one is for Dave. Can you recommend mixing whiskey with cacti?

**Dave:** Well, first you want to leave the cacti out of the equation. Then you're good to go.

**Will:** Plus, I know I don't have that much experience with cacti. But I have noticed that there are several different kind of cacti and the cacti in Texas is not the kind that you want to find yourself laying in. Dave can give you a first hand account of that.

**Dave:** See, I've known Russ for years and he always brings up this six-hour period of our mutual existence that is funny or perhaps spellbinding storywise and, uh, I don't mind going there. But what about all the fun times, all the sunshine and roses?

**Russ:** I'm a pretty negative guy.

**Will:** No you're not, Russ.

**PJ:** Remember that time you threw up in the van?

**Russ:** That was pretty sweet.

**PJ:** You've thrown up in this van twice with us. You've thrown up twice.

**Russ:** I've thrown up in this van many





# ANTI-FLAG

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times.

**PJ:** Well, with the Grabass Charelstons, twice.

**Russ:** I fell asleep with my head out the door.

**Will:** Remember that time we drank like 80 gallons of Aftershock?

**Russ:** P.J., when was the last time you shoved somebody down while they were taking a piss?

**PJ:** It would have to be that night. Got Russ with his pants around his ankles. He fell to the ground, unable to get up and peeing on himself.

**Russ:** When's the last time you were at a booty club listening to Van Halen?

**PJ:** Um, I don't remember.

**Russ:** It was that night.

**PJ:** We didn't go to a titty bar that night.

**Will:** I don't remember being there.

**Russ:** It was a club. It was, like, the "Loose Caboose" or some shit.

**Dave:** "The Keg" is the booty club. I dragged you there to listen to Van Halen and then Ottis Redding at the Loose Caboose.

**Disorder:** Is it true you guys brought your dogs on tour?

**PJ:** None of us actually owns a dog.

**Dave:** With that, you're speaking of other dogs who happened to roll up with us. You gotta understand that when the Grabass Charelstons leave the state there's like this huge snowball of awesomeness. It's a magnet that attracts itself and gets bigger and bigger.

**Will:** Our entourage doesn't consist of human beings. We're not afraid to bring some K-9's along.

**Dave:** We're pretty much like the Thanksgiving Day parade. We've got the big balloon people. We've got Snoopy fighting the Red Baron, walking down Main Street.

**Will:** We got floats made of rare flowers.

**Dave:** Sometimes there's dogs involved.

**Will:** Well, one time.

**Dave:** Yeah, that one time.

**Russ:** Have you gotten any tattoos done at Sweet Tatts?

**Will:** I hear Sweet Tatts is bad as fuck.

**Dave:** I keep trying to find them, but I call there and they won't tell me where it is.

**PJ:** Not this week...

**Russ:** Have you ever been on [officialwildman.org](http://officialwildman.org)? Have you ever been on the internet?

**Dave:** I went to the internet once and, again, they wouldn't tell me where they were. I called 'em.

**Russ:** Have you ever been to, like, Internet, California, man?

**Will:** You ever met the internet?

**Russ:** Will, you do most of the lyrics right?

**Will:** I write the lyrics, yes.

**Russ:** What sort of literary influences do you draw your lyrical prowess from?

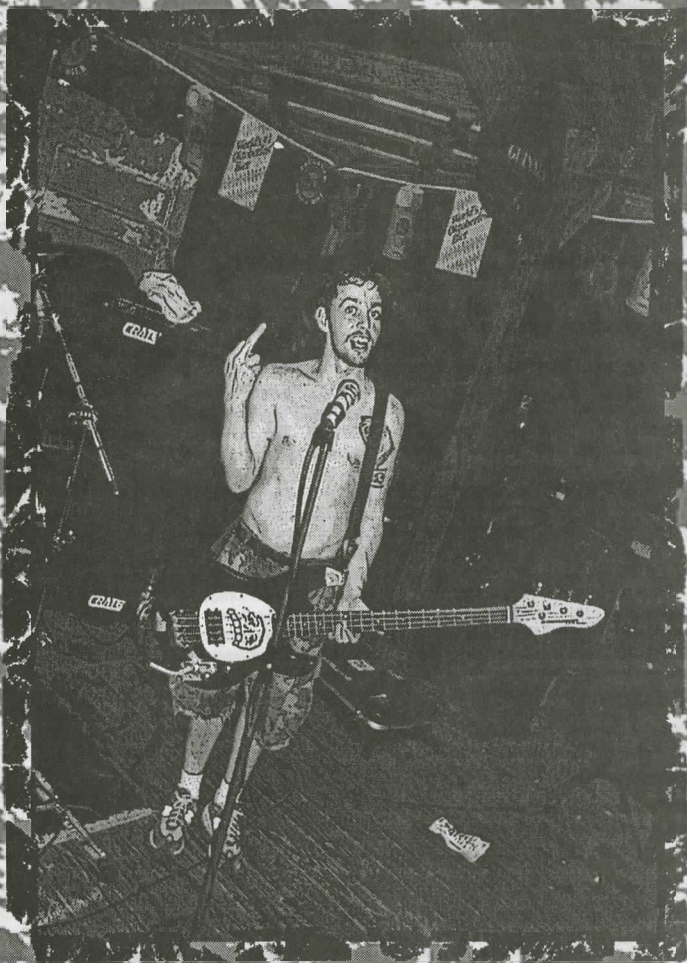
**PJ:** Mark Twain.

**Will:** I tend to lift a lot of lyrics from other shit, you know. One of the newer songs is actually a piece by Mark Twain. Bits and pieces of a poem. But, I don't know, like anyone else, I hear shit and read shit. It's not like I read a Bukowski novel and said, "I'm going to write that kind of lyrics."

**Russ:** You don't really write love stories or love songs. Everything you write is pretty pissed.

**PJ:** There's a new song that's kind of about girls and girlfriends.

**Will:** It's like a tribute to all the women in my life. The girls that I love now and will always love. All the kick-ass, sexy, beautiful, powerful, wonderful women that I'm graced to be associated with. I don't know... Like, people have asked me that question. "What's the deal with the new kind of depressing lyrics?" I'm just like, I don't know, sometimes the world is just kind of depressing. I call them as I see them. I try to anyway.





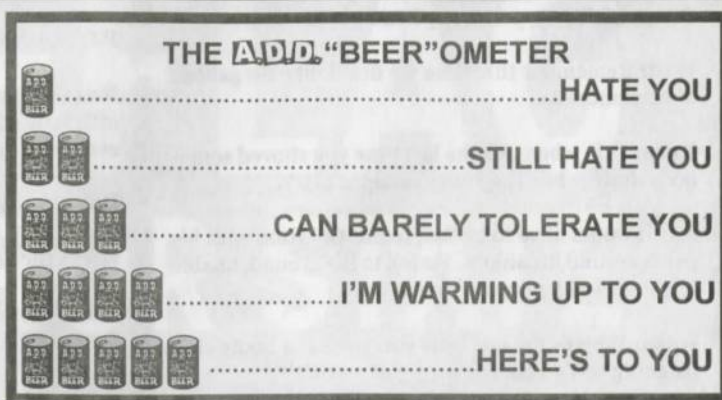
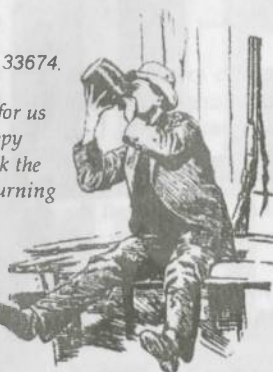
# "SHIT WE'VE HEARD"

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## "YOU HATE US, WE HATE YOU"

Mount Lushmore, Sir Drinks Alot, Mr. Negativity, General Zod and the Laser Beam, COCKroach, Hellgrinder, Charles Nelson Reilly,



**A.18 "Forever After Nothing" CD (Victory)**  
Rocking Hardcore, kind of like Kill The Messenger without the vicious intensity and just not as good. Not much else to say, except that they are obsessed with suicide and it's probably all because of a girl or group of girls. -Hellgrinder

**ACCEPTANCE "Black Lines To Battlefields" CD (The Militia Group)**  
Cute name. This is piss-poor post-Hardcore drivel. Sing-songy, wishy-washy fucking Christ-driven shit goblins made this bastardization of mid-late 90s Hardcore/Rock trash (think Chamberlain, Ashes, etc). I bet drinking is a sin in their book, but that's okay. I couldn't fucking even make it to cracking a beer open before this thing hit the wall. -Hellgrinder (0)

**ADOLF & THE PISS ARTISTS "Hate Generator" CD (TKO)**  
Great collection of stuff here from the legendary APA. This isn't your average group of Punks and Skins, these guys are fucking seething with venom and you can just feel it. When they play, they bring all out attack, and the hate oozes through the sound. No frills? Shit, APA doesn't know how to not destroy you, so they have no idea what a frill even is. Embrace them or get the fuck out of the way. -Hellgrinder

**AGAINST ME! "As The Eternal Cowboy" CD (Fat Wreck Chords)**  
We here at ADD are never in a rush to put out an issue so by the time this hits the streets most of you will be tired of hearing about the new Against Me! album. You will have read the many rave reviews this album garnered and they're well warranted. To put it simply, this is one Hell of a recording. I listened to it ad nauseam for weeks until I was forced to shelf it in fear of growing sick of it. I was obsessed. When I sat down at my computer trying to somehow write a review that will give this its just due, I couldn't think. So I grabbed my copy of "As The Eternal Cowboy", blew off the dust and popped it in for another listen. I was instantly taken back. Against Me! are just one of those bands that know what good song writing is all about. There's no mistaking who's blaring out of your speakers because they have an awe inspiring style that's so distinct, so emotional, and so damn intense it hurts. Unlike "Reinventing Axl Rose" their triumphant debut, which was thrown together quickly, the band spent many an hour up at Ardent Studios

perfecting this recording and it paid off in the end. -Mount Lushmore

**AGAINST ME! "The Disco Before The Breakdown" CD EP (No Idea)**  
Three tracks from the rest of the country's new favorite Gainesville band. Catchy, energetic, influential, and all-out superb punk rock that mixes a wide variety of sounds, including folk, country, blues, and rock. These guys do it all and somehow even manage to use a horn section on track three and not make me sick to my stomach. -Sir Drinks Alot

**A GLOBAL THREAT "Earache/Pass the time" CD EP (Rodent Popsicle Records)**  
Blast beats galore around this way to short musical journey. I think of Crispus Attucks, and I know I use them to compare a lot of bands to, but they rock and so does A Global Threat, so there, I know AGT just played with F Minus last month but I missed them. But if you still have a chance to see them when they come to your town, I would highly recommend it. -COCKroach

**ALLERGIC TO BULLSHIT "You And Me, This Is What We're For And What We're For Is What We'll Get" 7 inch (Left Off The Dial)**  
I can say without reservation that I have never heard any band that sounds like A2B. It doesn't seem so much that the case is they're breaking the rules of conventional song writing, as it is they just flat out don't care about 'em. And that's a good thing! Cinque (formerly of Hello Shitty People), Iggy Scams (of Onion Flavored Rings fame) and Greg (who's probably played with somebody I've never heard of before) lay down some amazing noisy rock music, that's just bizarre enough to keep things interesting without attracting the art students. Ivy has one of the most badass voices I've heard in long time and the Bobby "Blue" Bland cover puts everything over the top. -General Zod and the Laser Beam

**ALL OR NOTHING H.C. "Search for the Strength" CD (On the Rag Records)**  
Generic punk with a hot fuckin' blonde chick singer. Musically they don't give me a chubby. But that hot blonde does. She even sings this great line that goes, "You'll come to all my shows, we'll fuck like we are in porno." So...blondie...you playing Tampa anytime soon? -COCKroach

## AMAZOMBIES "Bitches & Stitches" CD (Go Kart)

The title of this CD is pretty sophomoric for a female fronted band and the black and white image of the girl cupping her tits really doesn't help matters any. Musically, though, this is reasonably satisfying. Kind of rudimentary but not Peni. Your basic sing along punk with better than average vocals. It's good for what it is but there's no distinction from the flock of bands who sound comparable. -Mount Lushmore

## AMERICAN DREAM "Punk Will Rise Again" CD (Mugshot)

Punk will rise again, eh? Whatever. If these guys are carrying the banner, Punk ain't going anywhere, friend. Mediocre Pop-Punk that seems to aspire to mediocrity. They are trying to be edgy, but I don't think they are fooling anyone. -Hellgrinder (0)

## ANBERLIN "Blueprints For The Black Market" CD (Tooth and Nail)

These guys were too busy working with their stylist to concentrate on making music. The crotch down shot of the band walking that graces the cover of this CD looks like an advertisement for Dockers. But the inlay is even more hilarious because they ditched the lyrics in favor of head shots. Head shots! If only their music sounded as good as they look. -Mr. Negativity (0)

## ANTI ANTI "Hooray For Everything" CD (Fast)

It seems everybody these days has a Simpsons reference as their CD title. Man, that show has a profound influence in our culture. Well, this band to me sounds like Bouncing Souls meets Bad Religion. Fast, fun, and catchy but not very original. Possibly playing at Warped Tour near you someday.

## ANTI-FLAG "The Terror State" CD (Fat)

The only band with a schtick I've ever liked is Gwar. Not for their musicianship itself, which kinda blows, but for their insane and twisted live show. With that being said, Anti-Flag has a schtick, "hate the government." It's a great time for doing so and STILL this band never inspires me in any way whatsoever. Musically they seem to cling to whatever trend the genre is riding at the time and the lyrics are so dumbed down that even Homer Simpson could pump his fist with rage. I don't want to insult the entire youth of

America but this could be the reason the crowd at an Anti-Flag show is generally between the ages of 12 and 18. I guess that's the way to do it. Brain wash 'em while they're young and impressionable. Dude, like, George Bush totally sucks. -Mount Lushmore (0)

## ANTISEEN "Honour Among Thieves" CD (TKO Records)

Re-release of the first classic Antiseen LP. Plus three bonus tracks. Great songs like "Lil Sister", "Queen City Stomp", and "Wifebeater". You can't go wrong with this Raw as hell. If you're waiting for the next cute band from Gainesville this probably isn't for you. Everything Antiseen has ever put out is always first class. This thing cooks. -Jimbo Bloodbath

## ANTISEEN "Noise for the Sake of Noise" CD (TKO)

Another re-release with some demo stuff and live stuff thrown in for good measure. Includes a booklet with dozens of pictures and a great insightful yet informative summary of the band and their dozens of releases. -COCKroach

## ANTISEEN "Southern Hostility" CD (TKO Records)

This is a reissue probably three times over. This three chord southern powerhouse just celebrated their twenty year anniversary. If you haven't heard of Antiseen by now it is never too late to get into them. Their songs celebrate wrestling, guns, and violence. At times Jeff Clayton's vocals have a slight blues feel to them. This is one of the meanest and rawest records out. The drunker you get the better this record sounds. I give Antiseen five beers, but in my opinion they're worth a twelve pack. My name is Jimbo and you can believe what I say. Antiseen are the true kings of punk. -Jimbo Bloodbath

## ANY LAST WORDS 7 inch (Havoc)

Hardcore that's convincing and hard hitting at times, although it goes where many others have gone before. -Sir Drinks Alot

## A PLANET FOR TEXAS "Sprechen Sie Rock" CD (Diaphragm Records)

I thought I remembered liking their last release...wow...because this one kind of makes me chuckle. There is something quite laughable (at least to me anyway) about a



pop punk band singing a song about skinheads. Whatever... Try again. -COCKroach

**ARCADE INFERNO/THE ROGUE SET "Tonight St. Pete Burns" CD (Network Of Friends)**

Two of St. Petersburg, FL's finest groups of rock dudes team up on this fine split here. Arcade Inferno is an intense rock duo that kicks out some short and sweet rock 'n' roll that borrows generously inspired bits from wonderful acts like The Stooges, The Candy Snatchers and Cheap Trick, all the while providing a good dose of pop sensibility to keep things interesting. The Rogue Set pulls off the badass pop-but-not-stupid punk style that immediately brings to mind the works of Dillinger Four, American Steel and those sly sons-a-bitches from Gainesville, Against Mel. The rough recording might scare a few people, but in my world, we like to call that "character." Considering that this is, I'm pretty sure, the debut release from both of these young bands, it's really hard to ask for much more than what ya got here. -General Zod and the Laser Beam

**ARMY OF PONCH "Verses The Curse" CD EP (Sabot)**

One beer per song. Cheers! -RDOR

**ASTRID OTTO "S/T" CD (No Idea)**

Sloppy female fronted punk rock from Aaron Cometbus and crew. Kind of reminiscent of the early Lookout bands from the Can of Pork gate fold twelve inch. So terrible it's good and terrible. -Mr. Negativity

**AUGUST PREMIER "Fireworks and Alcohol" CD (Fueled By Ramen)**

I had high aspirations for this CD after I read the title but it seems I was deceived in the grand scheme of things. Hopes for tales of drinking and blowing shit up were dashed by prepubescent refuse. Teenagers are insecure and horny. We get it already. Sing about something else for Christ's sake or I'll be forced to storm into the Hot Topic blazing a hail of shrapnel. -Mr. Negativity (0)

**BADLANDS "Hands of Time" CD (GMM)**

No, this is not the 90s Cock Rock band, this is an impressive Rock/Oil outfit from the Netherlands. These guys play pure stripped-down Pub Rock (real Oil in other words) more so than they do modern Street Rock, but they are markedly better than one might be led to believe. The song writing skills here are obvious, with an emphasis on vocal melody that many other street rockers can't seem to get right. The vocals shine overall, with the singer sporting a kind of detached, apathetic tone that creates tension with the highly melodic voice. Badlands is far better than your average Punk or Oil band, that much is certain. What remains to be seen is whether anyone notices. Here's to hoping that they do. -Hellgrinder

**BANNER, THE "Posthumous" CD (Black-out!)**

Good solid Hardcore with Metal moments and some Deadguy-style leads woven within. A proper amount of heavy crunch, speed, breakdowns and melody. Can't think of anything bad to say, so I'll just give it a thumbs up and a recommendation to Hardcore fans. -Hellgrinder

**BASSHOLES "Out In The Treetops" 7 Inch (Dead Canary)**

A solid double seven inch release of good ol' fashioned underproduced garage rock

that makes me want to drink and smoke. The singer kind of sounds like he's sucking on helium, and I don't mind because it adds to the whole weirdo David Lynch vibe this record gives off. Stooges and Who covers, as well. -Sir Drinks Alot

**BAYSIDE/NAME TAKEN CD (Dying Wish)**

Maybe it's the whine in the vocalists' voices but I get the feeling Bayside and Name Taken are following that blueprint laid down by Alkaline Trio. Only problem is they lack that edginess and genuine emotion you get from a band like Alkaline Trio. It's just too calculated and downright pathetic lyrically. Suicidal whining about being infatuated with women who won't give them the time of day. Grief stricken song titles like "Loveless Wrist", "Write Back", "You Do It So Well", and "Cold And Blue And Lifeless". Somebody get these kids some Prozac and please snatch their guitars away and give them a good John Belushi "Animal House" style smashing session. -Mount Lushmore

**BELOVED (US) "Failure On" CD (Solid State)**

This has the standard whiny guy singing with the melodic yet lamenting guitar lines, which is, of course, offset with the chugging guitar and the guy who does death metal screams so that when "the kids" hear the screamy part they'll all say, "All right! Here comes the screaming part that they and about 900,000 other bands are gettin' ready to do for the 974th time! Oh man, I'm really gonna mosh it up this time!" Which might be all right if it was even only the fourth or fifth time that one had heard the exact same thing. But since it's not and ends up becoming yet another below-average clone of the same damn thing, it all becomes such a parody of itself that one tires to hear the anthematic cries of the suburban teenage struggle against their parents, Satan or the security guard who won't let them skate in the mall parking lot. -General Zod and the Laser Beam

**BLACK CROSS "Art Offensive" (Equal Vision)**

Formerly known as Black Widows, this band was the most pleasant surprise of all the reviews in this issue. As soon as the opening title track started, I felt at once familiar with them, yet it sounded totally fresh and new. Upon inspection I realized who the singer was (Rob Pennington, former vocalist of Louisville HC band Endpoint as well as Resurrection) and that explained some of the familiarity. I suppose. BC is like mid-90s Louisville Hardcore run through late 80s DC post-Hardcore on its way up to New York circa 82-88. Despite all of the familiar elements, the sound is highly original and has immediate impact. The energy level is swarming, the music is flawlessly executed even though it is somewhat technical and far removed from basic, and the lyrics are just brilliant. Certainly one of the most creative and interesting Hardcore bands to hit the scene in a fair number of years. -Hellgrinder

**BLACKTOP CADENCE, THE "Chemistry For Changing Times" CD (No Idea)**

An album that has been out of print for a few years until recently when No Idea repackaged it with a whole new layout and remastered recording. The band has two members of Hot Water Music, Guitarist Chris Wolard and drummer George Rebelo, and this band has a lot of similarities. Only Blacktop Cadence are more laid back in their approach because instead of going from quiet to ex-

plosive this hovers more around the quiet side of things. Not to say that it doesn't rock, which it certainly does. They have their share of tension but overall it's more subdued than HWM. Good feeling sorry for yourself music that's perhaps best suited for sitting on the porch getting drunk. Sir Drinks Alot

**BLIND PIGS "S/T" CD (SWEET FURY)**

South American punks with a style similar to bands like Rancid or maybe "Liberal Animation" era NOFX. Some of the songs are in English and others are in the band's native tongue but the overall tone is pretty standard as far as this style of punk rock goes. I didn't hate this by any means but I didn't fall in love with it either. Decent. -Sir Drinks Alot

**BLUE RIBBON REVENGE CD (Demo)**

Hhhhhhey Willbur, it's an emo band fronted by Mister Ed the talking horse. I hope that's not too cryptic of a back referencing because this is the famous Mister Ed incarnate. -Mount Lushmore (0)

**BLUE SKY MILE "S/T" (OHEV)**

I know there's some band(s) (Elliot, Braid, The Get Up Kids, etc.) out there that these guys love that I just don't listen to much. I also know that it must be the same band(s) that thousands of other bands love as well, because there are thousands of other bands that sound just like this. I don't want that to come across in a mean-spirited way. These guys do a good job at what they do and EVERYBODY rips off someone. There really is some cool interplaying guitar work here and the songs are decent enough, but there is just nothing unique about this record. If they wanna be famous (and I'm not saying that's the case), then they're trekking down the right path (the play-what's-safe-and-easy-for-people-to-like-path), but fuck that. You shouldn't be playing music to get famous and you're a damn fool if you think it's gonna work. I guess all I'm saying is that every song writing-musician-type out there should just, once in her or his life, at least try to sound like The Carter Family or Booker T & The MGs and see what happens. -General Zod and the Laser Beam

**BODIES, THE "Firepower Is Our Business" CD (TKO)**

Looks like TKO went out and got themselves their own version of Youth Brigade. But what is the deal with the football player eye makeup? Cut that shit out. You look retarded. You sound good, you just look stupid. -COCKroach

**BOILS, THE "Pride and Persecution" CD (TKO)**

Stripped down no fucking around hardcore punk that's chock full of piss and vinegar. The Boils have been doing it this way for quite some time now and if you're familiar with their style then you should know that their music is straightforward, fast, and burly. You'll find no smoke and mirrors here. -Mount Lushmore

**BORN DEAD "Our Darkest Fears Now Haunt Us" CD (Prank)**

Unapologetically Crust Punk, though a bit more nasty sounding than the rest. Predictable, but that is fine with me when it's done right. -Hellgrinder

**BREAKING PANGAEA "Phoenix" CD (Equal Vision)**

Am I taking crazy pills or do all these bands download lyrics from the same website? Ah,

the international language, it is a quandary. Perhaps there are no answers to be found and all we're left with are these songs. Songs that are nothing more than a cunning ruse to covet the opposite sex. Far be it from me to get in the way of someone trying to work an angle. Too bad you're spending all your time trying to get laid as opposed to writing some decent music. -Sir Drinks Alot (0)

**BRAVESAINTSATURN "The Light Of Things Hoped For..." CD (Tooth and Nail)**

The chorus rings out "Doo Doo Doo" and I concur. -Mount Lushmore (0)

**BRAVES, THE "That's The Hot Part" CD (Arms Reach Recordings)**

The Modest Mouse-esque periods irritated me but the mid-era-Lemonheads-via-Chapel-Hill sounding stuff was all right with me. -Charles Nelson Reilly

**BRAZIL "Dasein" CD (Fearless)**

Zzzzzzz...zzzzzzzzzz...snort...zz...Oh right...the review. C'mon folks! Y'all can do better than this! Same ol' generic ninth generation rehashed whiny "emo" you've heard from every third band that's played the Vans (TM) Warped Tour. At least, they're not Coheed & Cambria, but they're treading on thin ice. (Pssst! I think Fearless Records wants your money! Shhhhh!) -General Zod and the Laser Beam

**BROKEN BOTTLES "Not Pretty" CD (Finger)**

The singer for this band wears more eyeliner than Mike Ness. Is this a mere coincidence or is it because Broken Bottles also hail from Orange County and have cultivated a sound similar to Social Distortion musically? It's solid punk rock with tight hooks and catchy riffs. I just can't stomach the asinine lyrics and sinus inflected vocals. The vocalist sounds like he's pinching his nostrils shut while he's singing. It's fucking annoying. "Here, kitty kitty kitty. This is Rock and Roll cat killer city." Whatever, dude. "I'm in a porn with Kelly Osbourne." Kind of funny at first but less and less funny with each repeat of the chorus. So, once again, good music is taken down a peg by bad vocals and even worse lyrics. -Sir Drinks Alot

**BROTHERHOOD OF LAZY AMERICAN WORKERS "Surf Lake Erie" CD (Sinkclub Entertainment)**

I'm assuming this is a joke band. (If not, it's a damn shame.) These guys are like Crucial Youth, Grudge or No Redeeming Social Value, but from a Working Class/Skinhead angle. The only problem is that it's not funny. -Hellgrinder

**BUZZCOCKS "Buzzcocks" (Merge Records) CD**

For those of you who don't know, the Buzzcocks were one of the first punk bands to burst on the scene along with the Clash and the Sex Pistols. They use a lot of harmony in their songs and are catchy as fuck. They don't experiment with their sound too much, so if you've heard one record by them, you pretty much know what to expect. Every record has a few memorable songs. I like this a lot but if you are new to this band, look for a record called "Singles". -COCKroach

**CASUALTIES, THE "On The Front Line" CD (Side One Dummy)**

Something has always felt a little wrong about The Casualties to me. Maybe it's because they are always decked out to the



nines in the Punk uniform, or maybe it's just their affiliations. Either way, I can't shake the feeling that I've seen and heard it all before. Love em, hate em, or just ignore them like me. It's easy. Whatever, your choice. - Hellgrinder ☹☹

**COHEED & CAMBRIA "In Keeping Secrets Of Silent Earth: 3" CD (Equal Vision)**  
I'm really gonna miss this CD when I sell it to the record store. Not because it's good... oh no. It's horrendous. It's one of the worst CDs I've heard in a long time. In fact, I can't even remember the last time I heard so much effort put into something that sucked so bad (although it was probably during the late 1980's). I am going to miss this CD for the pure comedic value it would provide for myself and those whom I play it for. As for the review of where it went wrong (I wouldn't ever slag something this bad without saying why it sucks), I don't even know where to start. The fact that these boring fucking songs are too damn long (9:39 is the longest, most are around 5:30)? The fact that they incorporate every damn "emo" cliché in the known universe and even include clichés from other musical "sub-rock" genres? The fact that they actually use the Beatles-coined-non-sensical term, "goo-goo-kachoo" in a song? The fact that there are songs entitled "The Camper Velorum" parts I, II & III? The fact that there is a credit for "Additional Keyboards"? The lyrics? OK. I'll start there. Get this: "The comlink's lost it's frequency and I feel that we're coming home short." What? How about: "Dear my friends, in the time we spent forever after and beyond this, when will our nightmare ever end?" Huh! The song from which that master stanza was taken from is followed with a note: "(These lyrics are part of a story and should not be taken literally)." Dude, we have no idea what you're even talking about. Of course, this sort of hack-job-tortured-high-school-english-student-third-rate-Led-Zepplin-drive could only appear within the confines of... yep... you guessed it... a concept album. I don't know what sort of fantasy role-playing D20 game they were involved with when they developed this "concept," but they apparently took the game a tad too seriously. The music sounds like Queensryche and At The Drive In collaborated with producers Bob Rock and Mutt Lang. Don't get me wrong. I love ATDI (and I even have a soft spot for Queensryche) but that was because they had some passion and drive to their music. Is this supposed to "rock me"? "Jet City Woman" rocks way more than this crap. This has all the artistic energy of Spaghetti-O's (TM) and handles like a shopping cart. If this is what's hip then stop the cool car and let me off next to the cardboard cutout of Mussolini. It'd probably be better to be seen hangin' out with him than to tell people I've been listening to these guys. "NOTE: With the blessing of Dave Disorder, I have taken it upon myself to share this comedic value with the enlightened reader and have provided others with the opportunity to submit their own unique written reviews of Combine & Embryo's remarkably pretentious masterpiece, "In Keeping The Secrets Of Silent Earth: 3." I know this is a lot of effort to put into such a meaningless practice as reviewing music, but this CD really does represent all that is wrong with today's so-called "rock" music, and it's also kinda enjoyable to make fun of. -General Zod and the Laser Beam (0)

**COHEED & CAMBRIA "In Keeping Secrets Of Silent Earth: 3" CD (Equal Vision)**  
It sounds like Manowar had some kids... The

kids decided to start an "emo" band... They wrote shitty songs with crappy lyrics and then had Gandalf translate them. Painful. - Charles Nelson Reilly (0)

**COHEED & CAMBRIA "In Keeping Secrets Of Silent Earth: 3" CD (Equal Vision)**  
When I sat down to listen to this CD... nay... to experience this adventure entitled, "In Keeping Secrets Of Silent Earth: 3", I realized that they should have kept it a secret. -Mike (0)

**COHEED & CAMBRIA "In Keeping Secrets Of Silent Earth: 3" CD (Equal Vision)**  
I can't believe they didn't thank Thor in the liner notes. This raises the bar on "sucks." Shawn 813-232-3896. -Kick Ass For the Lord (0)

**COHEED & CAMBRIA "In Keeping Secrets Of Silent Earth: 3" CD (Equal Vision)**  
This isn't very good. These guys should do somethin' else like become male nurses or something. -Travis (0)

**CONTROL, THE "Glasseye" CD (Go Kart)**  
Fast, melodic Hardcore that doesn't waste time getting emo. Good, but still lacking anything that stands out and makes me want to hear it again. -Hellgrinder ☹☹

**COST, THE "Chimera" CD (Lookout)**  
Who's Lookout's layout designer, Rorshach? Christ, the layout for this CD is so poorly printed you can't even read the lyrics. Which leads me to this question... "Why fucking bother?" When I listen to this band I hear a fleeting attempt at capturing that Unsane meets Drive Like Jehu dissonant sound. It's all over the map and I'm easily lost when it takes so fucking long to travel from point A to point B. None too captivating. -Mount Lushmore ☹☹

**CRESTFALLEN "S/T" CD (Robotic Empire)**  
More shitty Spazz/Death-Core. Detuned "mayhem", with dual vox that both sound like shit. Sleep fast approaches. -Hellgrinder (0)

**CRIMES OF THE CONSPIRACY "When You Get This, Burn It" 7inch (Pop Riot)**  
They say title dictates behavior, and if this is the case I advise you to take this band's advice. -Mr. Negativity (0)

**DARLINGTON "Louder Than Morrissey" CD (End)**  
Screeching Weasel clone #95730782098 - Mount Lushmore ☹

**DARYLS, THE "Beer Fueled Mayhem" CD (Terminal Street)**  
Screechingqueerweasel. -Mount Lushmore ☹

**DAYCARE SWINDLERS "Heathen Radio" CD (Go-Kart)**  
I would have to go with a mediocre punk band in the vein of H20 with a Youth Brigade cover song and that would pretty much sum it up. -COCKroach ☹☹

**DEAD HEROES "Let It Ride" CD (Cargo)**  
Fast Punk, kind of "Dis" style and a little crusty, but more mid-tempo rockouts than the rest. Not too bad, not too great. -Hellgrinder ☹☹

**DEADSURE "From Your Head To Your Sacrum" CD EP (No Idea)**  
Ryan Scott, former front man from Sparkmarker, heads up this new band. Ironically it was the vocals that immediately did

this one in for me and the music didn't help matters either. Deadsure has a sound that treads along the same lines as other No Idea bands like True North and Twelve Hour Turn without doing anything to put their own spin on it. -Sir Drinks Alot ☹☹

**THE DESCENDENTS "Cool To Be You" CD (Fat)**  
One of the few punk rock bands that get better with age. "Cool To Be You" is the band's first recording in like eight years, and somehow they have re-energized their trademark sound by making it even more intense than it's ever been. The musicianship on this recording is just suburb. Karl's thumping bass lines, Bill's crashing drums, Stephen's hooky guitar riffs, and the on-point delivery of Milo's vocals. The Descendents just make a connection with me in the sense that, lyrically, they can put things into perspective without sounding preachy or self-righteous. It's their ability to relate to a situation in an honest and endearing manner. It's refreshing to hear genuine music in a scene that's full of image conscientious fashion fodder. The original kings of pop punk reign supreme. -Mount Lushmore ☹☹☹☹

**DEVINE, KEVIN "Make The Clocks Move" CD (Triple Crown)**  
Acoustic type singer song writer stuff that ain't as good as the likes of Aimee Mann or anything, but falls far, far short of being near as bad as Dashboard Confessional. Although this has a little more of a "down home" feel than the aforementioned, it still comes across as being very "New York coffee shop." Although I take issue with the way it was recorded, the music & lyrics themselves are pretty decent. -General Zod and the Laser Beam ☹☹☹

**DIRTY WATER "S/T" CD (Street Anthem)**  
For the record, this band was sort of a re-grouped version of The Ducky Boys, and since this recording has broken up due to an official Ducky Boys reformation. That said, Dirty Water plays a Rock Punk style very much like the Ducky Boys, with some Bluesy Rock and Springsteen-like touches introduced into the sound. Even though it's only 7 songs, I really like this record. It was exactly what I would have expected to hear out of a grown up Ducky Boys. I keep feeling let down that DW broke up, but I can't imagine the new Ducky Boys material being too far removed from this. -Hellgrinder ☹☹☹☹

**THE DISTRACTION 7 inch (Radio Blast)**  
There's no doubt that I don't dislike this, kind of sounds like the Stitches, but I won't be itching to play it again. -Sir Drinks Alot ☹☹

**DOGWOOD "Seismic" CD (Tooth and Nail)**  
Hey Dogwood, Fat Mike wants his DNA back. -Mount Lushmore (0)

**DOWN BY LAW "Windwardtides andwaywardalls" CD (Union Label)**  
Recorded right here in my hometown of Brandon (home of SFU, Obituary, Murder-Suicide Pact, So Far No Good) is GL studios, ran and operated by PH guru, Sam, and he brought his bigger band DBL here and recorded a killer record. I must admit that the last few DBL records didn't blow me away but this one has helped them re-stake their claim as one of the better punk bands out there. It rocks. Plus that tribute to AC/DC... Who knew? Get this and see what all the fuss is about. You will, or I'll help them, "Put the boots in." -COCKroach ☹☹☹☹

**THE EAST BAY CHASERS "It Came From The East Bay" 7 inch (Five & Dime)**  
It's fine by me to name your band after a geographical location like Asia, Boston or Kansas, but for some reason the theory is immediately disqualified if it's East Bay. Perhaps this is because it's the so-called mecca of punk, and by naming your band after that particular region you are name dropping for the sake of being hip. Why not just the Chasers? -Mount Lushmore (disqualified from achieving inebriation)

**EFFECTION, THE "Soundtrack To A Moment" CD (Adeline Records)**  
If Green Day were less punk and unabashed pop, it might sound like this. I can totally see how this ended up on Billie Joe's Adeline Records. It's no big mystery that he's a big fan of pop music. I never got to hear The Knack record that came out a few years ago, but this is what I'd imagine it sounded like. - Charles Nelson Reilly ☹☹☹

**ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN MEETS EL NADA "Electric Frankenstein Meets El Nada" Split CD (Finger)**  
This split is all right... pretty much exactly what you'd expect out of both bands... the blazing, straight ahead, Motorhead/Ramones style rock 'n' roll that they are known for. So if you are a fan of these bands, have at it. -General Zod and the Laser Beam ☹☹☹

**EL NADA "Nothing For Nobody" CD (Finger)**  
Suicidal Tendencies-sounding punk that's rudimentary at best. The subject matter revolves around drinking, working, whores, surfing, skating, cops, pornos, homeless people, and the gratuitous use of the word fuck. In the liner notes it says, "Watch out for us in a town near you. We'll steal your girlfriend and your booze!" I believe it was Aristotle, or possibly Plato, who first spoke of stealing girlfriends and booze. Capital ideal. -Mount Lushmore ☹☹

**ENABLERS, THE "Sweet Fuck All" CD (Newest Industry)**  
"Sweet Fuck All" is some sweet, sweet rock 'n' roll featuring one time Fay Wray members Rob Coe and Dan Bonebreak (there's even a rerecording of "High & Outside" on here.) Since Fay Wray is a personal favorite of this reviewer, it's sort of difficult for me to not be biased about this CD. Nonetheless, Fay Wray, despite their all but nonexistent following outside of Alachua County, did produce some of the best music that FL has ever had to offer. Those times have come and gone now and Rob and Dan are in California (for some reason) don't The Enablers thing with Addison (who I'm pretty sure was in Quilt) and Jordan. And this, my friends, is a good thing. If you're looking for a point-blank description of what this EP sounds like and you don't know who Fay Wray is, you first need to put down the magazine and go order both the Fay Wray CDs from No Idea, wait for them to arrive, drink a 12-pack of beer whilst you listen to them at full volume and destroy your meager possessions and belongings. I'll wait here while you do that. Done? OK. Imagine a slightly subdued Fay Wray with shades of The Replacements and Bruce Springsteen and you got yourself The Enablers. No shit. It's goddamn good. - General Zod and the Laser Beam ☹☹☹☹☹

**ENDLESS "Decade of Obscurity" CD (Da Core)**



NYHC, pure and simple - nothing more, nothing less. The only thing that sets them apart from the rest is the fact they have a singer who has a screech rather than a growl. - Hellgrinder ☹☹

**ENDS, THE "Sorry...XOXOXO" CD (Pelado Records)**

What you got here is some pretty damn good punk/rock'n'roll a la The Rezillos, SLF and The Saints with a bit of the Sex Pistols and the NY Dolls thrown in for good measure. Very Stiff Little Fingers/Beltones sounding vocals along with some top-notch song writing. You'll definitely wanna check this out if any of the above bands mean anything to you and yer looking for those sounds in the modern age. -General Zod and the Laser Beam ☹☹☹☹

**ENEMIES, THE "Seize the Day" CD (Lookout Records)**

I remember a split with Pitch Black I liked but the more I listen to this full length, the more I think of Green Day when they were on Lookout before they sold out and put a zillion videos on MTV. Very catchy boy likes girl pop punk. This is getting out of hand. - COCKroach ☹☹

**ENSIGN "Love The Music, Hate The Kids" CD (Blackout!)**

I have to say that I hate when bands do all-covers recordings. I can't help but feeling a little ripped off, regardless of how good the music is. The same applies here, and I've never cared much for Ensign anyway, so I can't say much about it. I would have given it 0 Beers, but there were two things that redeemed it, each earning 1 beer. First, the title is brilliant. 1 Beer. Second, the song selection is outstanding - Bad Brains, Dag Nasty, Sick of it All, Negative Approach, Killing Time, Underdog, Infest, Insted, The Replacements (to name a few). 1 Beer. This CD would be cool if it were instrumental. That way, at least we could all do Karaoke with it. -Hellgrinder ☹☹

**THE ESCAPE ENGINE "Celebrity Role Model" CD (Fidelity)**

This is the third band I've listened to tonight, that "wishes" they were At The Drive In. I've listened to three bands. -RDOR (0)

**EVEN IN BLACKOUTS "Myths & Imaginary Magicians" (Hope and Nothings) CD**

Well, after Screeching Weasel played their last show, Mr. John Jughead went out and formed an acoustic band with some friends of his. Now, before you write it off as shit, let me tell you, it's way better than you can ever imagine. Good clean tones, well structured song writing, and a chick singer make for a solid punk rock acoustic CD. They even do some classic punk covers including Jughead's old band and Operation Ivy. Rock on. -COCKroach ☹☹☹☹

**EXPLODING HEARTS, THE "Guitar Romantic" CD (Dirtnap)**

I think most of the people familiar with this band are aware of the tragic accident that claimed the lives of three of the four members of this promising young band. They were full of talent and this album has superior song writing that almost seems timeless in a sense. I think the Exploding Hearts' youth, charisma, and ability to write catchy pop songs would have propelled them into Green Day status as far as fame is considered. This is by far one of the best albums I've heard in years and I just wonder what could have been. -Mount Lushmore ☹☹☹☹

**FACE FIRST 7 inch "Ignorant Assholes" (Rat Town)**

Just like emo and pop punk bands whine about not getting laid, Face First do the same, only in a belligerent and masochistic manner. "It's just in your nature to be a whore and want to fuck everybody else but me... I'll get more pussy." Let me also note the blatant homophobia, "How can you stand to fuck that thing. You must be gay. You'd have to be to sing along with boyface's melody." Way to spread the hate. -Sir Drinks Alot (0)

**FAILURE FACE "Complete Failure" CD (Burrito)**

When shit-hits-the-fan hardcore is what you gotta listen to, for me, it has never gotten much better than Failure Face. These guys are easily one of the best bands to come out of the Tampa Bay area. Hell, they're one of the best bands to come out of FL and that puts them in good company as far as I'm concerned. So, as you may have guessed, Complete Failure is everything this amazing band ever recorded and even includes a live set from last year's Burrito Fest in Brandon. Sadly, the Failure Face show at the Burrito Fest was a one-off reunion show (their only one since the band officially broke up in 1996), so, for all intents and purposes, Failure Face is a defunct band. But, fret not gentle readers, as Bob Suren and company were kind enough to leave us this amazing CD as testimony. -General Zod and the Laser Beam ☹☹☹☹

**FALLOUT PROJECT, THE "Architecture Breeds Rust" CD (Dare To Care)**

Metal-Core band that is more Core than Metal, but somehow manages to not sound contrived or typical either way. A lot of the stuff here is mid-paced chunky riffing that doesn't do anything astounding musically, but it does create a mood of tension and release as it is blended with long, quite acoustic passages. Even though these guys are not the best musicians, I can tell that they are very creative and that they have some great songs waiting to come through. The acoustic (actually clean-tone electric guitar to be accurate) parts seem to hint at some Jazz influences, and it is obvious that they are aiming for greater things musically. With some time, these guys could be dangerous. -Hellgrinder ☹☹☹

**FIGURE FOUR "Suffering The Loss" CD (Solid State)**

Heavy, fast/mosh Hardcore that stays mostly in the Metal-Core realm. Good at what they are doing, but what they are doing is not very original. -Hellgrinder ☹☹

**FIFTH HOUR HERO "Scattered Sentences" CD (No Idea)**

The first comparison this band will generate is the fact that Genevieve's vocals are frighteningly similar to Allison from Discount. Musically the lines between the two bands blur together as well with an overall melodic and poppy feel. Lyrically though Fifth Hour Hero are superior because there's more of a human element, a sense of dissatisfaction, and anger at times. Perhaps something Discount could never quite muster and Fifth Hour Hero have plenty of emotion to disperse. -Sir Drinks Alot ☹☹☹☹

**FIFTH HOUR HERO "You Hurt My Business And My Reputation Too" CD (No Idea)**

Heard this band on the Gunmoll split and thought they were pretty good. Guy/girl al-

ternating vocals with the feel of Hot Water Music meets Discount. A good sense of melody, rhythm, and an overall feel for song writing. Nothing that you haven't heard before but good none the less. -Mount Lushmore ☹☹☹

**FLAT STANLEY "Album Cover" CD (Amp)**

This band is from near by St. Petersburg and I've seen them live countless times and I have to say that they're a great live band. However, this is the only recording I've managed to listen to and even though it doesn't capture the energy of their live performance it's pretty good. If you're into that late eighties early nineties not quite hardcore, not quite pop punk rock this is right up your alley. -Mount Lushmore ☹☹☹

**FM KNIVES "Useless & Modern" CD (Broken Rekids)**

God Damn, the resurgence of 77" is operating in full effect and the FM Knives are carrying the torch with precision. I've heard the comparison to the Buzzcocks and the Jam thrown about in reviews of this band and it's definitely justifiable but not defining of their sound. There's much more going on than just a bastard of a clone because the music sounds modern while retaining a timeless feel in the recording. I can't descriptively do this CD justice with my conventional reviewer jargon. You just have to give this band a listen to experience the true sonic pleasure this induces to your auditory canals. -Mount Lushmore ☹☹☹☹

**FORGOTTEN, THE "Control Me" CD (BYO)**

I swear this and the Bodies should switch labels but then again maybe it is a good idea. The Forgotten are one of those drunk punk bands that TKO has a lot of. Not as good as some other ones I've heard but they don't suck ass. From the cover it looks like Wally from the Exploited and Mike Murr of Suicidal Tendencies are in the band but obviously they were their influences on their sleeves. -COCKroach ☹☹☹

**FORGOTTEN, THE "Out of Print" CD (BYO)**

A collection of Forgotten material that, as the title says, is now out of print. Really, this contains most of their best material, and exhibits The Forgotten at their best. Melodic and catchy, but raw and unrefined. Their newer stuff has a more polished sound, and I have to say that I like the stuff on here a bit more. If you like modern Street Rock, you owe it to yourself to pick this record up. -Hellgrinder ☹☹☹☹

**FORM OF ROCKET "Lumber" CD (Some Records)**

I swore this was going to be the disc I was gonna love out of the stack of discs I received. Check out the song titles: "Sack Of Smashed Assholes", "I Would Sell You For Crack", "The Positive Power Of Negative Thinking"... These song titles are gems! And the disc... Well, it's not bad. Bizarre music that's pretty interesting. Lyrics ain't too shabby. After a while, the barking vocals kinda get annoying, though. It may be up your alley if yer looking for something kinda like Combat Wounded Veteran, but not quite as scary. -Charles Nelson Reilly ☹☹

**FREYA "As The Last 8 Drains" CD (Victory)**

Boy, Victory really doesn't give a shit about quality, eh? Not that they ever have, but at

this point I think Victory and Tooth & Nail are in a race to see who can put out the widest range of bullshit. What Freya brings to the table is Metal-Core that is borderline Nu-Metal, and that is not good. The only thing that stands out here is how lame the vocals are. -Hellgrinder (0)

**FRIENDLY FIRE "Initiative" CD (Blackout! Records/Temple)**

This is sort of a Hardcore version of the new Thrash Metal sound that is very trendy right now. I wouldn't call Friendly Fire a knock-off, though, as it obviously comes from a more HC angle and has enough energy and aggression to really set themselves apart from the pack who are on In Flames' dick. -Hellgrinder ☹☹☹

**FURTHERMORE "Sheandi" CD (Tooth & Nail)**

Jesus fucking Christ. First off - this is a PA-THE-TIC attempt by a Punk label (Tooth and Nail) to cash in on "underground" Hip-Hop. It fails. Second - this guy sucks. He sounds like a white, wannabe Aceyalone or Del Tha Funky Homosapien. Horrible. I can't even think of an appropriate adjective for how awful this sounds. -Hellgrinder (0)

**GC5 "Kisses From Hanoi/Horseshoes & Handgrenades" CD (Thick)**

Solid politically charged punk rock from Ohio with the stylings of early Rancid and "Do or Die" era Dropkick Murphys. Perhaps the comparison is due to both records being produced by Ryan Foltz of the Murphys. "Horseshoes" is an import from Ireland that was previously unavailable in the states and "Kisses from Hanoi" originally on defunct Outsider Records was out of print until now. Both records are a few years old but like all good music it stands the test of time. -Mount Lushmore ☹☹☹☹

**GFK "In Defence of Politics" CD (New Horizon)**

Very average political Death-Core, complete with song lyric explanations and dissertations. Yawn. -Hellgrinder ☹

**THE GIBBONS 7 inch (Salinas)**

It's good to see young bands doing it the right way and releasing something on seven inch vinyl. The Gibbons have a nasally poppy punk feel with a hint of politics thrown into the lyrical mix. Better than the typical fluff young bands have been churning out although far from compelling. There is promise here though, and with a little time to grow these dudes might mature into something worthwhile. -Mount Lushmore ☹☹

**GODS AMONG MEN "Got Bricks?" CD (Self-Released)**

Incoherent Spazz-Core mixed with eerie vocal passages that are way too out of place to work effectively (not to mention that it just sounds like shit). I'm not positive, but I think they wanted to have a violin player but didn't know any, so they cheated and used a keyboard violin sound throughout the production. Just my theory. In any case, it does nothing to salvage the train wreck. -Hellgrinder (0)

**GRABASS CHARELSTONS, THE "The Greatest Story Ever Hula'd" CD (No Idea)**

This is probably the cheesiest way to start a review ever, but fuck it. This album speaks to me. I swear to all hell I live out verses of these songs everyday and observe or feel the exact same fucked up things. Nonetheless, the poetic (although still honest and di-





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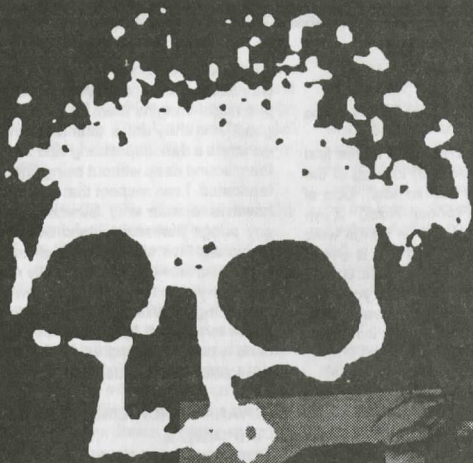


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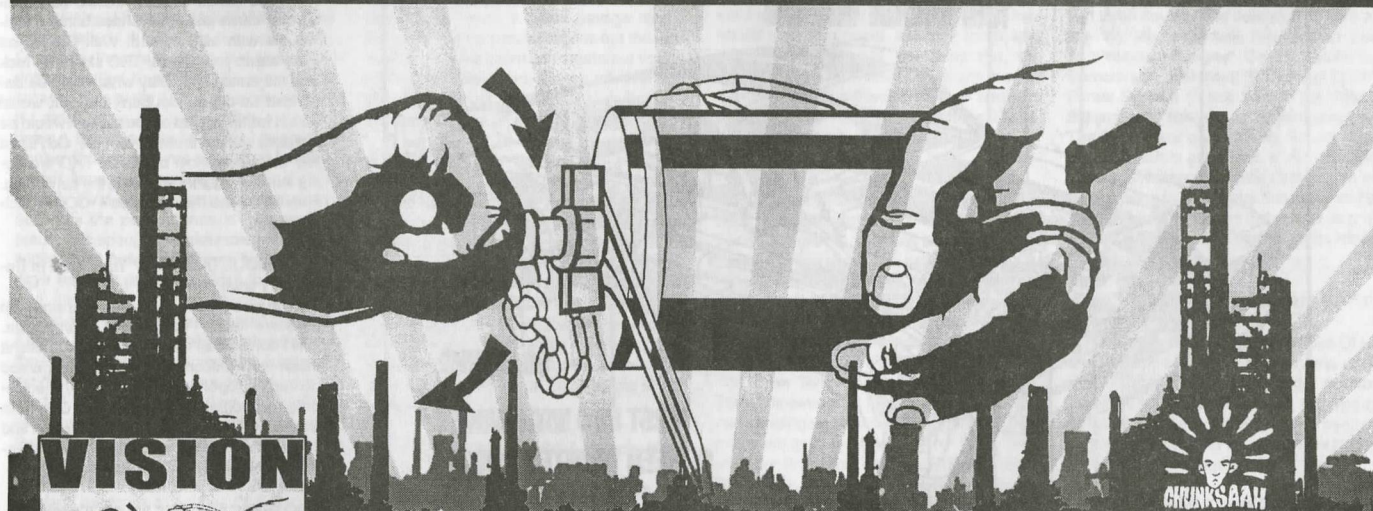
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rect) way these experiences are presented here is so badass that it makes it hard to believe they came from the stupid letter writing pen of somebody you hang out with all the time. It just seems like it should come from some other fancy pants brain. Sorta like if you'd been hanging out with Orson Welles for a few years and then one night, while drinkin' whiskey and doin' blow, he turns and says, "Oh yeah... I did that whole 'Citizen Kane' thing." (Well, not that extreme, but you get the picture.) Well anyways, this may be the worst review I've ever written, but that doesn't change the fact that this album is pretty fuckin' essential so go buy it. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [REDACTED]

**GRABASS CHARELSTONS "The Greatest Story Ever Hula'd" CD (No Idea)**

The Grabass Charelstons are one of those bands that will never get their just deserve because they're just too damn good for any accolades from this pitiful cesspool of a music industry. The Charelstons possess that rare combination of upbeat rhythms coupled with bitter depressing slices of reality in the realm of lyrics. This is something that holds weight because the knack for writing a catchy song and still having something reflective to say is a lost art form in today's world of poster rock clowns. Fortunately a band like this grabs convention by the balls and kicks it's sorry ass in the dirt. Then while it's on the ground they step on it a few times for good measure. It's sheer brilliance. I must also note that good taste is evident when you cover Tom Waits and have an obscure Simpsons reference as your album title. -Mount Lushmore [REDACTED]

**GRAIN USA 7 inch (Disposable Revolution)**

Somebody want to tell me why a band would put the same two songs on the A side and B side? Once was enough. -Mr. Negativity (0)

**GRANDADDY "Sumday" CD (V2)**

Some records are for driving fast, some are for road trips... This one is great if you plan on running a tube from your exhaust to the interior and hope you give out before the CD ends. -Charles Nelson Reilly (0)

**GUFF "Engine Trouble" CD (Go-Kart)**

I was a little apprehensive about reviewing this CD. The dudes in Guff are super rad guys. Really friendly, good people. Unfortunately, I can't say that I've ever really been into what they do - that being the really, really poppy, super catchy and fast pop/punk love songs a la Lagwagon, Big Wigs, early Blink-182, etc. Therefore, I was really not looking forward to giving a less than spectacular review to some nice guys that I just happen to have a difference of opinion with when it comes to music. The good news, though, is that I don't have to because this album is so well done that if you like that sort of thing you're a fool for not checking this CD out. The performances on this CD (much like Guff's live show) are remarkably tight and the lyrics (most are about relationships, but there is some diversity here) are about as Beach-Boys-sweet as you can get. When a band releases a CD that draws praise, despite the reviewer's general distaste for the genre, you can bet that it's probably pretty good. And I'm willing to state that it's the case here. -General Zod and the La-

ser Beam [REDACTED]

**GUFF "The Guff Is A Disaster" CD EP (Go Kart)**

Musically, it's like No Use For A Name and that sort, but when you start looking at the lyrics, it grates on the human soul. Lots of "You", "Me" and "I" Pronoun Rock. It irritates the fuck out of me when bands write all of their songs like this and this is one of 'em. It's a shame because the music is well-executed, it's just that if you found your little sister listening to this EP, you'd walk in the room, pop the CD out, and break it in half. -Charles Nelson Reilly [REDACTED]

**GUNFIGHTER "The Serpent's Serenade" CD (Cargo Music)**

I have absolutely no recollection of listening to this CD the first time... and I wasn't drunk. I think it's just that type of CD. Y'know... the type where after you listen to it, you don't remember anything about it. That's not bad. In fact, that can be nice because it would be like hearing a new CD every time you listen to it. As for the sound, well, Gunfighter is a side project of Molly McGuire if that means anything to you (it doesn't mean much to me). So I'll just wrap things up by describing it as pretty mid-tempo dark sounding rock that borders on metal in places and sounds like you might hear it on the radio, but doesn't get played there. It's not bad enough to offend me, but it's not good enough for me to care much about. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [REDACTED]

**GUNMOLL "Board Of Rejection" CD (No Idea)**

Gunmoll to me sound like Tiltwheel trying to play Jawbreaker songs. With that being said you might imagine them being pretty damn good, and they are a talented band. They generate a dark depressing vibe that makes them sound deep without being contrived or fabricated. I can respect that quality but I do however wonder why Gunmoll don't have any songs that really stand out. It's good music but their style lends itself to blurring together a little too much to really reach out and bust you in the chops. I do however like more songs on this album than anything else I have ever heard by them and as long as a band is constantly upgrading their music it's admirable. -Mount Lushmore [REDACTED]

**GUYANA PUNCH LINE "Direkt Aktion" CD (Prank)**

These guys are so clever. On their cd it says "If you buy this record the terrorist will win". Ha/Ha... I like GPL because they mix politics and, like Propagandhi, they know what they are talking about. They research their shit and get their facts straight and don't just say some shit to try and be cool. And you can't understand a word of it because it is full of some serious blast beats. Right on. -COCKroach [REDACTED]

**HEATSEEKERS, THE "In praise of " CD (OHEV Records)**

Punk rock featuring Chuck Loose. In the vein of Gaza Strippers, Electric Frankenstein, Social Distortion, etc. -COCKroach [REDACTED]

**HELICOPTER HELICOPTER "Wild Dogs With X-Ray Eyes" CD (Initial)**

Pretty standard guitar pop that falls somewhere between Hum and Superdrag. While not necessarily as good as either of those bands, Helicopter Helicopter does manage to pull off a pretty decent performance on this here CD. So, if you can get enough mid-tempo-ed guitar pop, check 'em out. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [REDACTED]

**HOLLYWOOD HATE "Product of our environment" CD (TKO)**

From the ashes of such classic bands as Verbal Abuse and Total Chaos come 5 individuals with silly names. Well Hollywood Hate aren't your typical TKO skinhead rock and roll band. They play what could be described as old school punk but that would sound rather played out because it would be a typical cop out answer from me. So I'll just say that while most bands on TKO are doing the Oi thing, HH are doing the punk thing. How'd you like those apples? -COCKroach [REDACTED]

**HOLY MOUNTAIN, THE "Your Face In Decline" 7 inch (No Idea)**

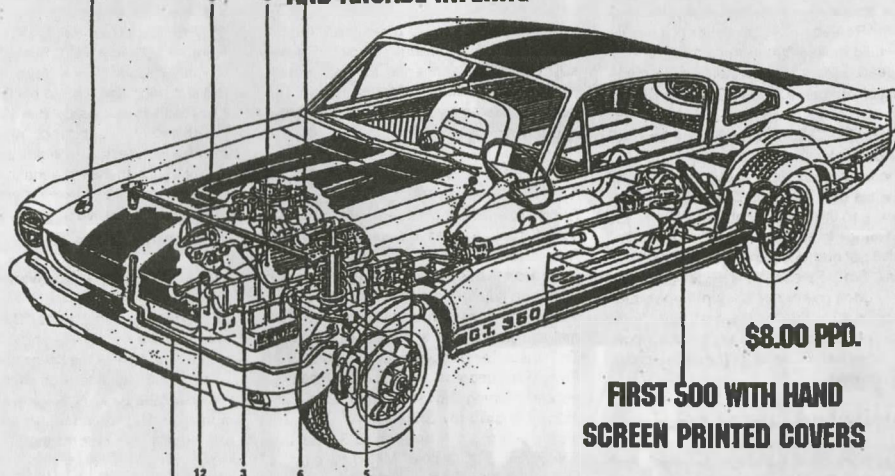
Probably some of the best straight-up hardcore music I've heard in a long while. And I don't mean that stupid, macho bullshit mosh-fest hardcore that attracts every breed of drooling, open-mouth-breathing, knuckle-dragging troglodyte that gets their CDs from Best Buy. This is good, smart, intelligent and hard fuckin' rockin' shit. Get down. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [REDACTED]

**HOOTEN3CAR "S/T" 2 x CD (Crackle)**

I've heard many a good thing about this, now sadly defunct, British rock band and I can say that all of it was true and then some. These guys not only borrowed equally from the Leatherface, Dag Nasty (not just because of the "Under Your Influence" cover) and Big Drill Car schools of rock'n'roll, but managed to pull off the song writing that makes/made those bands so great. Based on that sort of

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logic, it should come as no surprise that this full two-CD discography of yet another great unsung band of the 90's elicits such a high recommendation. That being said, go get one. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**HORDDICHUCK "We Get Beat Up" CD (Redundant Audio International)**

Boy Sets Fire and a ton of other crappy bands wish they could pull this sort of thing off half as well these guys do. Intense, dark, short songs that rock with that artistic edge the packs 'em in like nobody's business. Good lyrics, pretty damn badass vocal deliveries and aesthetically pleasing slightly-rough-around-the-edges recordings and performances from these TX fellers. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**HOT SIX, THE "New Blue" CD (Breaker Breaker Audio Recording Company)**

Imagine Fugazi and any average garage rock sounding band interchanging members and you're getting close to what The Hot Six sounds like. Pretty rockin' (although slightly generic at times) music with a singer that sounds a lot like Guy Picciotto. I, personally, could really do without the keyboards and the ring modulator, but my quibbles aside, a decent little EP. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**HUNTINGTONS "S/T" CD (Fast)**

Screaching Weasel clone # 3257648489 - Mount Lushmore [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**HYPATIA/ROBOATTACK 7 inch (SoFo)**

Two bands that sound like they're beating each other up in a small broom closet. -Mr. Negativity (0)

**HYPATIA "We Move At Light Speed" 7 inch (Square of Opposition)**

Emo-corny. Mr. Negativity (0)

**I EXCUSE "Burn The Empty To The Ash" CD (Snuffy Smiles Records/Newest Industry)**

Since this album was just reissued by Newest Industry in England, I felt that it would be appropriate to include my two cents here. Of course, there is a reason that Newest Industry decided to reissue this record. The reason? It's a pretty fuckin' awesome record. If I didn't know any better, after a cursory listen I would swear to fuckin' Allah that Frankie Stubbs was not only writing songs for this band, but also playing guitar on this record. First off, the songs are that good, secondly the performance is intense and passionate enough to make most of the sorry sacks of shit that pass for "punk bands" these days wet their pants and slash their wrists. And, thirdly, I haven't heard guitar work like this on anything other than a Leatherface or Frankie Stubbs-related album. You know, all those awesome little arpeggiated harmonic sounds and lush guitar chords that permeate his work. But, for all their Leatherface influences, there's more to I Excuse than that. They draw from bands as close to their homes in Kyoto, Japan as Tokyo's The Urchin and from as far away as the classic Chicago hardcore of Articles Of Faith (that was an easy one for me to pick because there is a cover of "What We Want Is Free" on this release). In short, if you're reading THIS magazine, you should probably get a hold of this record. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**I EXCUSE "Burn The Empty To The Ash" CD (Snuffy Smiles)**

This first release might very well make them the best current punk band from the Far East. Great musicianship, with the raw intensity of the Thumbs and the expert riffing of Leatherface. The vocals are a bit more hardcore than either of the aforementioned bands, and the lead singer might very well be the king of the shredded voice box style, because half the time I'm not sure if he's singing in English or Japanese. I do know it sounds fucking ace and that's all that matters. -Mount Lushmore [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**I EXCUSE "...Is Dead" CD (Snuffy Smiles)**

Another heaping helping of Japan's best punk rock band. On "...Is Dead" I Excuse have jacked up the intensity with an even more manic pace than "Burn The Empty To The Ash". All the great Leatherface, Naked Raygun stylings are still in place but they've upped the anti with more influences seeping into what was already diversified punk rock. This is, without a doubt, their best effort to date. -Mount Lushmore [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**I FARM "Is Lying To Be Popular" CD (Go Kart)**

Almost thought it was another Nation of Ulysses-style band, but I quickly changed my view once it started playing. These guys are hard to classify, but I'd say they are like a heavier Hunger Farm or old D.C. band (much heavier). Certainly more fierce and intense than said influences, like a DC band that was raised on Metal and Hardcore. Very weird, but very engaging at the same time. A nice surprise. -Hellgrinder [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**INDEPENDENTS, THE "Full Moon Arise" CD (Fast)**

Ska-zzig or the Ska-fits, if you will. Oddly enough, I like it, and there's a bonus CD-Rom, too, kiddies. -Mount Lushmore [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**INFERNAL "Infernal" CD (Crook'd Records)**

This 6 song EP of blitzkrieg riffs and pounding drums is the mastermind of the late Josh Sweeny. It features Ronnie Galletti (a.k.a. Nasty Ronnie) of Nasty Savage on vocals. If you've ever heard a Nasty Savage record before, throw your expectations out the window, for Ronnie growls and spits out vocals that would make Chris Barnes roll over and play dead. This is some brutal stuff. For fans of Assuck or Anal Cunt. -COCKroach [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**INFLUENTS, THE "Some Of The Young" CD (Adeline)**

I've heard a good deal about the Influents for a while now and, this being my first real exposure to the band, I gotta say "Some Of The Young" is a purty damn good listen. They've got one foot in the mid-era Replacements ("Tim", "Pleased To Meet Me") and the other in good power pop (Sloan, Superdrag, Cheap Trick), all the while managing their Berkeley roots in order to smear the whole thing together. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**INTERNATIONAL ROBOT 7 inch (Pop Riot)**

Garage punk that's full of catchy riffage and guitar solos. The singer reminds me of Frank Black from the Pixies so naturally I took a liking to this band. -Mount Lushmore [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**JOE STRUMMER & THE MESCALEROS "Streetcore" CD (Helicat)**

Strummer's last work and recordings before his untimely death. Hearing this CD makes his passing all the more sad. This is the best stuff he had done since "London Calling", in

my opinion. He was certainly more mature, and that is evident, but he never lost his gift of capturing pieces of existence in his songs, which is something that this collection captures more than any of his other endeavors. "Coma Girl", "Get Down Moses", "Long Shadow", "Burnin' Streets" and his rendition of Bob Marley's "Redemption Song" are all quintessential Joe Strummer. If you thought his career ended with The Clash, make sure to run your ass out to the record store and at least pick this one up. You owe it to Joe, if not yourself. -Hellgrinder [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] (poured out on the curb)

**THE KICKZ "One Day" 7 inch (Mortville)**

One original track and a lackluster cover of the Replacements' "Don't Ask Why". I'm a big Replacements fan so I never think covers really do any justice to the originals. Although the original track "One Day" is energetic and full of hooks, their sound is reminiscent of the brit punk bands of the late seventies and early eighties. Nothing unique but very engaging nonetheless. -Sir Drinks Alot [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**KILL ALLEN WRENCH "Full Metal Messiah" CD (Devil Vision)**

The 2nd release from Satan himself. No really, I've seen this band live twice and Allen wears horns on his head and drinks blood out of a chalice. If that isn't metal, then I don't know what the fuck is. Musically this picks up where "My bitch is a Junkie" left off with better song titles: "White Trash Trailer Man", "Dial Satan", or "Spotlight on the Pussy". Punk fuckin' rock. The cool thing (at least to me) is that I interviewed Al one night and he sampled it on the hidden track. Rock on. -COCKroach [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**KILLING TREE, THE "Bury Me At Makeout Creek" CD EP (Government Music)**

Bury you where? Jesus, could you be a little more disgustingly emo about naming the album? Fuck. Anyway, what we have here is some melodic Emo Metal-Core, accompanied by the usual suspects (clean/whiney vocals, chunky metallic riffs giving way to emo squealing). In spots they are more rockin' than their peers, and their songs are longer than most. But other than that, it's fairly run-of-the-mill stuff. I noticed a very slight Deadguy influence to their metallic parts. Only 4 songs... Why is this a CD? I don't understand you punks these days. -Hellgrinder [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**KILL YOUR IDOLS/CRIME IN STEREO Split CD (Blackout!)**

Excellent split CD between two bands with complimentary styles. KYI have been around for some time and, while I haven't exactly been a fan to this point, the two originals contained on this disk are the best I have heard from them. These two songs are heavy, fast, melodic and angry, a perfect combination. The Sheer Terror cover ("Time Don't Heal A Thing") is awesome, rocking true to the original and bringing back some memories. It also made me grab my Sheer Terror CDs. This was my first time hearing CIS and they floored me. This is how "Melodic Hardcore" should be done. Fast and rocking, with solid riffs and sing-alongs that aren't predictable, topped off with well written lyrics. They even pull off clean vocal parts without sounding lame (a lost art, it seems)! Strictly for CIS alone, this CD is highly recommended. -Hellgrinder [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**KUTLESS "Self Titled" CD (Tooth and Nail)**

I don't know if I'd name my band after an Oldsmobile. Then again, I don't think I would aspire to sound like Creed either. -Mount Lushmore (0)

**LEATHERFACE "Dog Disco" CD (BYO)**

I borrowed this from Dave D and I have yet to give it back to him, so that should be some indication of the quality of this record. Unfortunately, since I've had this thing on loan so long, the task of reviewing a record that I can say nothing else about other than, "It's Leatherface," has been delegated to yours truly. Seriously, it's a great album, full of exactly what you'd expect from this amazing group. Quality song writing, carved and painted from thick, intricate guitar work and FNWS's Lemmy-esque, melodic vocals. While I can't recommend this album over Mush, I can say that if you are unfamiliar with this band, or Horsebox was your first exposure and was, consequently, disappointing, then Dog Disco (despite the stupid album title and horrible cover art) is where you should start. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**LIMECELL "It's Gonna Get Ugly" CD (TKO)**

Gritty and rowdy Street Punk, very similar to The Wretched Ones. No surprises musically but these are solid songs played well. -Hellgrinder [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**LITTLE KILLERS, THE "S/T" CD (Crypt)**

Pretty damn straight-up rock'n'roll from this NJ trio. Sort of an early Replacements, Humpers, New York Dolls stew cookin' here with some pretty good songs to boot. It sounds lazy and sloppy, in a good way, like they're stoned or something. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**LOCAL H "No Fun" CD EP (Thick)**

I got to see these guys right before their first full-length came out and was just blown away by how much of a fucking racket that two guys could make. It seems a bit more common now, but this was nearly ten years ago. "No Fun" is a decent EP of three originals and three covers. The best stuff on here are the originals, especially their stab at Bush on "President Forever". Covers include The Ramones ("I Just Want Something To Do"), Primal Scream ("Fuck Yeah, That Wide... Brilliant song title, not so brilliant song) and The Godfathers' classic "Birth, School, Work, Death" which is good rock 'n' roll education for new listeners. I wouldn't say it's an essential piece to their collection, but there's a good chance you'll like it if you've dug everything else they've done. -Charles Nelson Reilly [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**LOVE OF LIFE, THE "Watashi Wa" CD (Tooth and Nail)**

I wasn't really sure whether The Love Of Life was the title of the CD or the name of the band. I don't have the press sheet anymore either, so if I fucked it up then I apologize. However the band is the one who needs to apologize for making music this boring and uninspired. -Mr. Negativity (0)

**LOWER MERIAN 7 inch (Chicxulub)**

Hot Water Emo Music. Mr. Negativity (0)

**LUCERO "That Much Further West" CD (Tiger Style)**

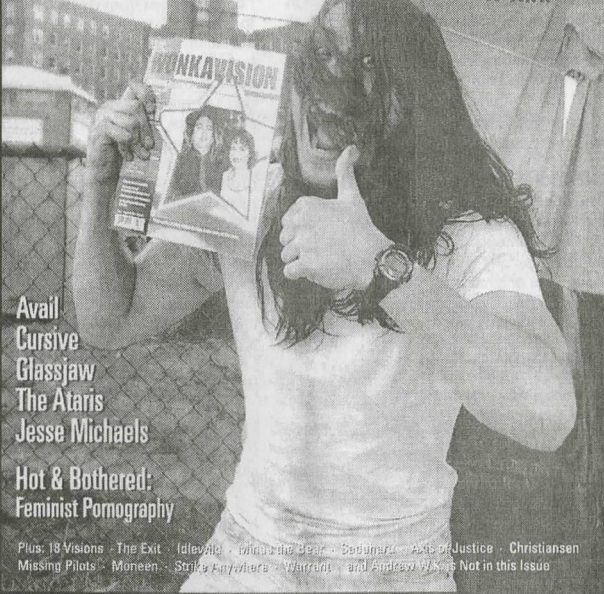
If one were to draw a straight line between Uncle Tupelo and Jawbreaker's "Dear You", it would no doubt pass through Lucero. A very sweet sounding spin filled with excellent song writing and the same sort of mel-



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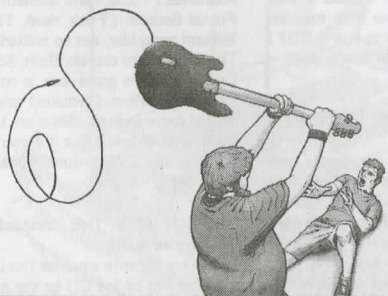
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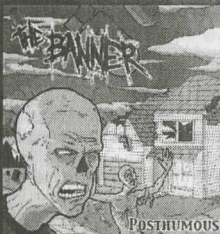


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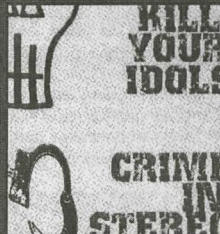
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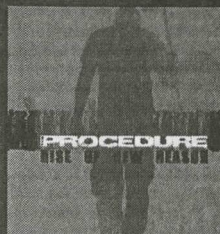
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ancholy feel that pours from a Whiskeytown record. In my humble opinion, one of the best records of the last year. -General Zod and the Laser Beam ☹☹

**MANIC HISPANIC "The Menudo Incident" CD (BYO)**

I bought this CD back in '96 but it seems BYO has re-released it for your listening pleasure. I consider Manic Hispanic the Weird Al's of punk rock. They cover songs like Garageland by the Clash and turn it into Barrio Land with a humorous touch. It kind of seems like a gimmick, and it probably is, but you gotta love people who can poke fun at their own culture. Out of all the stuff I've heard from Manic Hispanic this is my favorite recording, maybe for nostalgia's sake, and I one would recommend picking up. -Sir Drinks Alot ☹☹☹☹

**MANIC HISPANIC "MiJo Goes To Jr. College" CD (BYO)**

The homies are back to poke fun at Mexican society by covering some of your favorite punk tunes and turning them into tales of the barrio. This time they take on NOFX's "The Brews" with "Cruise", The Ramones' "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker" with "Creaper Is a Lowrider", and "The KKK Took My Baby Away" with "The INS Took My Novia Away". You also get "Drinking About My Baby" with "Trippin On Mi Ruc", "Johnny's Got A Problem" with "My Homeboy Is A Joto" and the list goes on. You'd think by now the novelty would have worn thin, but they're good musicians, and somehow I always enjoy the humor. Of course, I didn't have to go to the store and drop fifteen bucks on their CD either. -Sir Drinks Alot ☹☹☹

**ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES "Take A Break" CD (Fat Wreck Chords)**

This go around, the Gimme Gimmes attempt to give respect to some of their favorite black recording artists. An interesting batch of tunes that commemorate and poke fun at such classics as "Hello", "Ain't No Sunshine", "Natural Women", "Isn't She Lovely" and several more. As always, the songs are amazingly well played and carried out with a fun loving approach. You know it never gets old. I see the stupid cover with them break dancing and I want to make fun of them but I just can't do it because I always end up liking the music. Damn them silly bastards. -Sir Drinks Alot ☹☹☹

**THE METHADONES "Career Objective" CD (Thick)**

The Methadones are one of those bands filled with ex-members (Screaching Weasel, Sludgeworth, The Riverdales) of several other bands. It is also one of the many numerous bands that have been recorded by Mass Giorgini (Queers, Teen Idols, Screaching Weasel, Everready, etc, etc) at Sonic Iguana Studios. Quite a resume and somehow they manage to rock in the same fashion most of the aforementioned bands carry out. It's your standard pop punk fare, fueled by catchy riffing, sing along choruses and a fast pace. This functions because the rock influence overshadows the pop punk tendencies. -Sir Drinks Alot ☹☹☹

**MILLOY/THE LEIF ERICSSON Split CD (Crackle)**

Man, the artwork for this CD looks exactly like the stuff Sinclair does for the Hot Water Music cover art. It's such a blatant rip that I wouldn't be able to live with myself if I were the artist. First up, Milloy have cultivated a Leatherface meets Hot Water Music (coinci-

dence?) sound with the vocal patterns leaning more towards Samiam. They don't sound exactly like any of the aforementioned bands though, so it's justified. The Leif Ericsson may have a bad name but they do win out as the superior band on this split. They remind me of one of my favorite bands from over the pond, Snuff. Maybe it's the vocalist, maybe it's the catchiness of the song writing, or just the overall poppy feel to the music. Either way, they are a band I would like to hear more from, and their side of the split has earned this release an extra beer. -Sir Drinks Alot ☹☹☹

**MILWAUKEES, THE "This Is A Stickup" CD (Boss Tuneage)**

More lamenting music. Whatever you think emo sounds like, probably sounds like this. It's not really bad. In fact, these guys are better than the 5 other bands playing this same style that I've reviewed this week. It's just that there's so much of it. -General Zod and the Laser Beam ☹☹☹

**MINDS, THE "Plastic Girls" CD (Dirtnap)**

Yet another awesome wave punk band arises from the Northwest scene. Like the Epoxies the Minds are proficient at writing catchy songs full of hooks and melodies that seep into your skull. I was kind of disappointed with the lack of a lyric sheet but, from what I can gather, I'm not missing out on anything too profound, with song titles like "Smash Smash Smash", which is a great song by the way. -Mount Lushmore ☹☹☹☹

**MINORITY BLUES BAND "Capitalized Suffering" CD (Snuffy Smiles)**

For all the intensity of their Japanese contemporaries, I Excuse, Minority Blues Band seems to focus their energy on providing the world with songs that borrow from the subdued and introspective rock music of bands like Jawbreaker and Peter Cortner-era Dag Nasty. That's not to say this CD won't force you to pound on the steering wheel of your car in time to Yumi's up-tempo drum beats. But, hey, fuck it dude. This shit is awesome. This is MBB's second full-length CD and it stands up pretty good against their totally amazing first record. Therefore, it should come as no surprise that Minority Blues Band is one of the best bands out of Japan these days. And, if you're familiar with the high quantity of great underground Japanese rock music, you'll know that puts 'em high up on a list of total badasses. -General Zod and the Laser Beam ☹☹☹☹

**MOONEY SUZUKI, THE "Electric Sweat" CD (Columbia)**

I was surprised to find that I enjoy this CD a good deal. Not necessarily because it's on Columbia (although that was a big red flag for me for reasons we won't go into here), but because I heard the album they put out before this and didn't dig it much. But, this one here is really good. It's just a straight up, no frills, rock'n'roll record a la the Flamin' Groovies and The MC5. I know a lot of people attempt that shit, but these guys do it and it works. -General Zod and the Laser Beam ☹☹☹☹

**MOTORHEAD "Special Edition EP" DVD (Classic Pictures)**

Okay, this is weird. It has 3, I guess, videos, although it says German TV appearances, including one with Girlschool. Then it has the same 3 performances available as pop up videos. Okay, then it has some jukebox thing with shit like Big Country, Edgar Winter, Leon Russell, and a few other strange people. I

totally don't get why this is on here, really. Why they put shit other than Motorhead on here is beyond me. Weak. -COCKroach ☹☹☹ (because of the Motorhead stuff)

**MUMBLER "The Winter Of Discontent" 7 Inch (Sallinas)**

Mediocre pop punk that draws comparison to about a million other bands who beat this dead horse in the early nineties. Totally flaccid and uninspiring. -Sir Drinks Alot ☹

**NASTY SAVAGE "Wage of Mayhem" CD (Crook'd Records)**

Well, Nasty Savage was from my home town of Brandon and had a huge following from the mid-80's to early 90's when they broke up. We still get a few reunion shows about every 5 years or so. Anyway, the boys decided to release the 1st demo on CD with 2 brand spanking new tracks, and it rocks as hard as it did the first time around. I was actually over at Ben's house earlier today and he played me 12 new Nasty Savage tracks, so expect new material soon. -COCKroach ☹☹☹☹

**NERF HERDER "My EP" CD (Honest Dons)**

Nerf Herder proclaim, "I've Got A Boner For X-mas" and "Fight For Your Right To Masturbate", but it just doesn't measure up. They end up coming off premature. What I'm trying to say is, it's hard to bang your head to something this soft and limp. -Mount Lushmore (0)

**NETWORK, THE "Money Money 2020" CD/DVD (Adeline)**

Green Day don wrestling masks and stockings to try and create some mystique, even though it's painfully obvious who is behind the ridiculous head gear. It does make them more attractive, however. This package comes with two disks including a CD full of songs and a DVD with video versions of several of the tracks from the CD. The first time I played the CD I was not at all interested in hearing their off-kilter brand of new wave punk. Then I decided to slap on the DVD for a good laugh and I found myself engrossed in the audio visual version of this material. It tied everything together and made me appreciate the artistic effort and underlying humor. Now I even listen to the CD without the aid of the DVD and I find myself singing these songs over and over in my head. "Hungry, hungry models on the runway..." -Sir Drinks Alot ☹☹☹

**NEW MEXICAN DISASTER SQUAD "Abrasive Repulsive Disorder" CD (Breaker Breaker)**

Old school punk out of Orlando. I saw these guys open for Strike Anywhere and they blew me away. Just peep these lyrics from their song "1983": "How come all the bands forget the days when music was a threat? Why can't it be 1983?" Fuck yeah. Punk used to be dangerous. Now it's sold at the mall. Do yourself a favor and seek out NMDS and live dangerously. -COCKroach ☹☹☹

**OFF WITH THEIR HEADS 7 Inch (self released)**

When your song titles are "I Hope You Die" and "Fine Tuning The Bender" you can't be all that bad. With that being said, OWTB kind of reminds me of Hot Water Music meets Sebadoh. They add organ and piano to the mix, and instead of sounding out of place it blends nicely. It took a couple of listens for me to enjoy this record. At first I was ready to dismiss this as more emo trash, but even-

tually it seeped in and started to grow on me. -Mount Lushmore ☹☹☹

**ONE STEP SHIFT "Chemical Burn" 7 Inch (Broke in Oakland)**

Emo-bore. -Mr. Negativity 0

**ORANGES BAND, THE "All Around" CD (Lookout)**

I preferred this release to the EP, "On TV" (reviewed below), but the main concept of that review still holds true. Not bad, but not my thing. I guess I'd just rather be listening to Sloan or The Smiths. -General Zod and the Laser Beam ☹☹☹

**ORANGES BAND, THE "On TV" CD (Lookout)**

More quirky garage pop from Lookout. But it ain't the garage pop like Question Mark & The Mysterians, it's that "yeah-we-like-the-Beach-Boys-but-we-still-listen-to-the-Velvet-Underground" ethereal garage pop. The main dude who sings and plays guitar in this band is a cool guy who filled in for The Thumbs on "Last Match" and did a couple tours with them, but I just ain't too, too into this here The Oranges Band, mostly because it's just not my thing. However, the lyrics are cool and the music is all right, so if you are into bands like The Washdown, Built To Spill and The White Stripes, The Oranges Band will probably have something for you. -General Zod and the Laser Beam ☹☹☹

**PAPER DOLL "Sink Or Swim" CD EP (Rosewater)**

The CD title is also the name of a drunk's favorite drink special. At sink or swim night you belly up to the bar for one flat rate and consume as much alcohol as your liver can handle. Unless, of course, the bar runs out of supplies and you're forced to commandeer a vehicle and drive around in search of another open liquor lounge or convenience store. Then the aftermath morning comes and you find yourself in bed next to some strange person you don't even recognize. Well, this CD is more like a Shirley Temple. -Mount Lushmore (0)

**PEPPERMINTS, THE "Sweet Tooth Abortion" CD (Pandacide)**

Good glavin, my ears are about to hemorrhage from this cruel and unusual sonic torture. It's sad and alarming. This woman's voice is about as annoying as someone screaming into your ear while you're fast asleep. I would wager to say that a pack of tone deaf chimps beating on pots and pans are a bit more musical than this threesome of invalids. -Mount Lushmore (0)

**PISTOL GRIP "Another Round" CD (BYO)**

Pistol Grip plays your basic, standard-issue street punk rock'n'roll a la Sham 69, The Business, Tanka Ray and countless others. While there certainly isn't anything bad about this record, there also isn't really anything on it that makes it really good either. Nonetheless, if you dig the whole street punk thing, you'll probably be into this. -General Zod and the Laser Beam ☹☹☹

**PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS "Spearheading The Sin Movement" CD (No Idea)**

An aggressive outing for PMFS on this 3 song EP. If you're a fan you'll enjoy it. If you're not familiar, this'd probably be a good place to start if you dig Small Brown Bike, Fugazi, Hot Water Music, etc. -General Zod and the Laser Beam ☹☹☹

**PROCEDURE, THE "Rise of New Reason"**







Ramones undertones." After listening to this CD several times I still kind of stand by that assessment. They haven't broken down any musical barricades by blending pop and punk music. It's been done to death. What works for them, and other bands who are adept at this formula, is the fact that they know how to play their instruments and are capable of writing good songs with infectious hooks and catchy melodies. It's really that simple. - Mount Lushmore [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**SOVIETTES, THE "LP II" CD (ADELINE)**  
Well, you really can't accuse this band of being lazy. The Sovietettes crank out releases more proficiently than a sweat shop of small children making sneakers. I've only listened to this one a few times, so of course I'm partial to the first LP (refer to review directly above for further detail). I know after a few more plays this one will grow on me like a festering fungus. Then again, maybe it won't. For now, the jury is still out on this one. I'll get back to you with the verdict -Mount Lushmore [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**SPITAFIELD "The Cloak & Dagger Club" CD EP (The Sinister Label)**  
It just takes some time...a little bit, a little bit of whiny cries... Sell the disc for a buck or maybe just a dime...and everything, everything will be all right, all right. All right? - Charles Nelson Reilly (0)

**SPITS, THE "S/T" CD (Dritnap)**  
The Spits do an impressive job at taking a generic playing out style and morphing it into their own brand of punk weirdness. A justifiable comparison might be along the lines of your typical Ramones influenced band combined with elements of Devo. I'm no Spits expert by any means. This is the first release I've heard, and from what I'm told by the so-called experts of punk rock, this is the consensus: least favorite Spits recording at this point and time. Which basically means it's time for me to run out to Vinyl Fever and hunt down their back catalog. -Mount Lushmore [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**STARLITS, THE CDR (Peephole)**  
Female fronted punk with more of an emphasis on rock and roll. This three song demo CD was recorded at Sonic Iguala by Mass Giorgini of Squirtgun and Screeching Weasel. Indiana is quite a long way for a band from St. Petersburg, Florida to travel to record three songs, but whatever makes your boat float. Actually it's a good recording, but the band themselves are trying a bit hard at emulating the whole Ramones leather jacket punk look. Remember, ladies, I live in Florida and I know it's too fucking hot to ever be leather jacket weather. So my advice is to spend more time writing songs and less time trying to cultivate an image that's been overdone to death. -Sir Drinks Alot [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**STAYNLESS "Old Salt" 7 Inch (Soul Is Cheap)**  
Two songs recorded in 1999 that remind me of the style of hardcore similar to True North and Army Of Ponch. Not bad enough to make me want to leave it out in the sun or use it as a projectile, but not good enough to make me want to play it ever again. -Sir Drinks Alot [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**STEREOTYPERIDER "Under The Influence" CD (Suburban Home)**  
First off, let me say that this band has good taste in music. The Cure, Archers Of Loaf, Fugazi, The Pixies, Seaweed, Descendents and Quicksand are all good fucking bands

in my book. With that being said, I would never in my right mind try to reproduce anything any of the aforementioned bands have recorded and expect to do them justice. I really enjoyed the last album they put out on SH but I can't justify liking this recording. These are poor renditions at best. One beer for the sick layout, for charity's sake. -Mount Lushmore [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**STREET DOGS "Savin Hill" CD (Crosscheck)**  
This new Boston Punk band features Mike McColgan, the original vocalist for Dropkick Murphys, so the comparisons are bound to fly, but the only similarity between the two is McColgan himself. Discarding the Irish music, Street Dogs instead demonstrate a flair for melodic Punk mixed with pure American Rock 'N Roll. A breath of fresh air in today's scene, these guys shed all pretense and just play gutsy rock with honest passion. The musicians stand head and shoulders above their peers, and McColgan's vocal range has expanded greatly since his early DKM days, allowing him to pull off more interesting things like the choruses to "Cutdown on the 12th" and "Star". Simply put, this record just kicks ass from start to finish and deserves your attention. -Hellgrinder [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**STRYCHNINE "Oakland Stadtmusikanten 'Live' In Bremen, Germany" CD (TKO)**  
Live set from Oakland's Strychnine. I'm not a huge fan of live albums, so I'll just say that the sound quality is pretty good on this. If you like them and like live albums, go for it. Otherwise, you might look into anything else by them! -Hellgrinder [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**STUNT MONKEY "Self Titled" CD (Transmission)**  
I guess when you're called Stunt Monkey it's hard to come up with anything more brilliant for the title of your CD. Of course, there's no denying the cliché cover collaboration of a jacked up muscle car driven by a manic stunt monkey, garnishing an eight ball gearshift and a chick who resembles Bettie Page. I hate to judge a book by its cover, but somehow I knew the music would follow suit. -Sir Drinks Alot (0)

**SULLEN "Paint The Moon" CD (Thick)**  
If Mudhoney and Sonic Youth had gotten together to make a record in the late 80's it'd probably sound something like this. These fine St. Louis folk rock some sweet and fuzzy tunes, a la the previously mentioned bands and others from the time period. A refreshing spin, considering that every third CD we get sounds like Thursday. Of course, the cheap sons-a-bitches at Southern Distribution and/or Thick Records just sent this shitty promo copy with no liner notes and three songs missing, so you guys can suck it. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**SQUIRTGUN "Fade To Bright" CD (Honest Don's)**  
The only Squirtgun song I really loved was "Social", and I think that was because it was the opening theme for Kevin Smith's "Mallrats". Nothing else has ever really lived up to that one for me. The band features Mass Giorgini of the famed Sonic Iguala Studios. He's had his hands in the punk rock cookie jar for some time now, producing several well known bands, including Screeching Weasel. To me, Squirtgun sounds like a poppier, more upbeat version of Screeching Weasel. They are good musicians, but for some reason all of their songs sound the same. Pretty boring for the most part. -Mount

Lushmore [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**TANGIERS "Hot New Spirits" CD (Sonic Unyon)**  
These guys are 77 style, maybe even pre-77 style, power pop. Kind of like the Vibrators mixed with the Stranglers...punk pop with keyboards. I still can't decide if I hate this or not, but at times it is fairly convincing. -Hellgrinder [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**TEEN IDOLS "Nothing To Prove" CD (Fueled By Ramen)**  
Teen Idols follow in the footsteps of bands like Screeching Weasel and the Queers. They have cultivated a brand of pop punk that's really simple and easy to follow. It's a little too sugarcoated. It's a little too easy on the ears. Sure, you can sing along to it, and it's fun sometimes, but it never really breaks out of the same old mold, which makes it stale and boring. There's no denying that they're good at what they do. I'm just not moved by it in any way. -Sir Drinks Alot [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**TEEN IDOLS/SQUIRTGUN Split CD (Asian Man)**  
Four lousy songs, and every one of them are blah. Pop goes the Screeching Weasel. -Mr Negativity (0)

**TEEN SENSATION, THE "Glasses" (Whoa Oh)**  
Whoah oh, oh, this blows. -Mount Lushmore (0)

**TEAR IT UP "Taking You Down With Me" CD (Havoc)**  
Now we're talking! Ferocious Hardcore, fast and hateful and snarling at you fucks. Vocals that chastise you. These guys remind me of Failure Face slightly, thought they throw in some rocking riffs that you wouldn't expect from them. These change-up riffs only add to the impact of their wallop. Put it in and get your ass kicked. You probably need it. -Hellgrinder [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**TED LEO/PHARMACISTS "Hearts Of Oak" CD (Lookout! Records)**  
So I guess there's a big stink about these guys (or is it this guy). Ted Leo has some "cred" from playing in bands like Chisel, Animal Crackers and Citizens Arrest. That's cool... I don't have a problem with that. What I do have a problem with is that these guys are referred to as "Ted Leo & The Pharmacists". I mean, that's not really a bad move... You've got Elvis Costello & The Attractions, Graham Parker & The Rumour, Hootie & The... D'oh! Upon this premise, though, I understand that there is one Ted Leo and a backing band known as The Pharmacists. When you look at the book, however, the first person listed in The Pharmacists is Ted Leo. So, what the fuck? Was Elvis in the Attractions? No! Was Graham in the Rumour (or the Figgs)? No! So, why isn't it just the Pharmacists?!? Does this guy really need to have his ego stroked by having his name listed separately from his hired hands? You're either in the band or you're not... You can't be both! Ya ain't Iggy, so shut it. Despite my pre-disposed notions, the CD ain't all bad. The music is kinda interesting and the lyrics aren't boring. The overused falsetto is a bit tedious, but it wasn't utterly painful to listen to. I still don't get what all the fuss is about, though. Go figure. -Charles Nelson Reilly [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB/CARRIE NATIONS 7 Inch (Plan it-X)**  
Two of the best bands around each provide two great songs on this split 7". Although, I

think that the best material by these fine folk is found on their respective full-lengths, it doesn't mean that this little record is any less recommended. If you've never heard either band then, well, that's a big bummer and this record would be a good place to start. The always amazing TBIAPB sounds like what they is, a bunch of badass SE rockers who tried to start a country band. Carrie Nations is just a flat-out ass-kicking pop-rock outfit from Athens, GA. Both bands bring their idealism and DIY/punk ethos and attitudes into the mix. Their obvious belief and enthusiasm for what they do comes through in their music and puts them heads and shoulders above most anything you'll hear these days. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB/THE DEVIL IS ELECTRIC "We Do Our Dishes" 7 Inch (Risk)**  
While I haven't always been the biggest fan of The Devil is Electric, I will openly admit that this puts them in a new and positive light for me. Mostly because "The Devil And My Family" and "Just Doing My Job" are two totally amazing songs. It's not often you come across a seven inch record with even one song as good as either of those. When you consider you get another three songs from Pensacola's finest, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb on side A, it's not hard to choose between the measly 3 bucks you were gonna waste on another beer and this record. Besides, you should probably just carry a flask of whiskey around with you. It's cheaper and you can spend more money on records. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**THOSE UNKNOWN "Scraps" CD (TKO)**  
Great collection of miscellaneous material from this seminal Oil outfit. The material here ranges from 1991-1997, so it is a decent overview of their career for the uninitiated. -Hellgrinder [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**TOMMY & THE TERRORS "13 The Hard Way" CD (Rodent Popsicle)**  
Another great Boston band. TNT are a rowdy ass bunch of Punks that play straightforward Hardcore Punk, period. This is the way Hardcore used to be done, with a distinctly Boston edge to it. Fast and furious Punk rock revved up and full of aggressive energy. The feeling this band gives you is similar to being punched in the face for fun by your best friend. -Hellgrinder [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**TOXIC NARCOTIC "89-99" CD (Rodent Popsicle)**  
Collection of tracks that were recorded in 1999. Toxic Narcotic played classic Boston HC...raw, fast and gritty Punk with lots of aggression and "fuck you". These guys had an absolute brutal delivery, and this recording conveys that perfectly. It even sounds like an eruption. Essential for BHC fans. -Hellgrinder [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

**TRAVOLTAS "Travolta's Party" CD (Knock Knock)**  
This is a pretty clever idea. A whole album of acoustical performances recorded live at a "Travolta's Party." You may recall another clever, little band that pulled this stunt off in the mid 60's called The Beach Boys. I may be a little biased here in that I am a huge Beach Boys fan, but it's such a good idea, that I'm actually surprised it doesn't happen more often. The Travoltas follow suit in fine fashion and give nods to their influential predecessors, with sweet vocal harmonies, acoustic arrangements, a couple Beach Boys covers and even a parody of the al-



burn art for good measure. The crowd (and the subsequent noise) is kept to a minimum, but the occasional beer bottle clinking and audience participation makes for an authentic listen. Good times. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ]

#### TURBO ACS "Damnation Overdrive" CD (Blackout!)

The Turbo Air Conditioners are better looking than I am and therefore probably get laid all the more often. They're all about cars, women and being bad. They say "baby" a lot. If you aren't hindered by an excessively large IQ and have a tattoo of a skeleton driving a muscle car, you'll probably be all over this shit. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ]

#### TYRADES "S/T" CD (Broken)

Punks have never been known for their musicianship or ability to sing (Jeff Ott), but usually I find something to justify their inadequacies. In the case of the Tyrades I will give it to them for attempting something that's not typical, possibly because they don't know how to fucking play, and that's where I draw the line. Musically they're far too repetitive and sloppy for my tastes. The lead vocals are downright annoying and the backing vocals are about as corny sounding as that doofus from the B52's. This nonsense just grates on my fucking last nerve and if that's what they set out to accomplish congratu-fucking-lations... You suck. -Mount Lushmore (0)

#### ULTIMATE FAKEBOOK "Before We Spark" CD EP (Initial Records)

There's always been a soft-spot in my heart for well-made power-pop. Knowing my history, some people have told me that I'd probably like this band, and I don't hate 'em, but something just doesn't rub me the right way with these guys. I don't know what it is, but I start thinking that maybe they're huge Third Eye Blind fans or something. I doubt it, but there's something that doesn't sound genuine and I'm gonna just leave it at that. -Charles Nelson Reilly [ ]

#### VA "Frank Forever" LP (Burn Brandon)

There are two reasons why it's really hard for me to not be biased about this record. First of all, the idea is so fucking brilliant, yet so simple, that it blows my mind that it isn't done all the time by small groups of people all over the world. It works like this: 1) a fanzine community based out of Brandon, FL, a musically rich suburb of Tampa, decides to raise money through a series of benefit shows, 2) with the money raised they get together and decide on a format for a record they would like to release, showcasing the music of the area, 3) they give the records away to anyone who wants them...for FREE, 4) repeat. It does not get any more grass-roots-rock 'n' roll than that. Hell, it doesn't even get any more grass-roots-music than that. I mean, that's doing everything for the right reasons, as far as I'm concerned. Music for music's sake. And yet, here the rest of the world is trying to SELL records like a bunch of suckers. The second reason I'm biased is a bit more personal in that the concept of the record is meant as a lasting tribute to a friend of mine, Frank Vagnozzi, who passed away last year. Hell, Frank was such a great guy it was hard to find someone in the bay area who wasn't his friend. His band, the Reckless Deerhunters, featured on the first cuts of this LP, were a longtime mainstay of the bay area music scene and my band played some of our earliest shows with

them. They were always fun. There was never any of that bickering about money or slot times that you ran into with so many of the assholes who were hell-bent on "making it" around here. It was just good time rock 'n' roll for your friends. And, as far as I'm concerned, there is no better way to pay tribute to him than releasing a compilation LP of just that: good time rock 'n' roll, for your friends, by your friends. The LP itself features tracks from the Deerhunters, John Madden & The Electric Condoms, Lawnmowers Gone Awry (a personal favorite of this reviewer), the Dancing Lepers and XXXXX. I'm admittedly not much of an active participant in the Brandon music scene, but I am a big fan of music, especially honest music that is released mostly as a means of documenting a scene or movement (i.e. Dischord, Trojan, Stax, Alan Lomax's field recordings, early No Idea, etc.) and this falls nothing short of that. So I'm left with no other options than to give this five beers and drink one more in memory of Frank. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ]

#### VA "Boxcars On 1st: Vol. 1" CD (No Label)

Why has the American south and the Midwest produced some of the best music the US has to offer? Because people there are honest, they suffer and they don't have much else to do. Why is that still the case? Because nothing much ever changes. What we got here is a fine compilation of bands from the great state of Alabama. I could rattle off a bunch of names, but you've never heard of 'em and you'd probably just do best to email farmcore@email.com and get your own copy. I got mine for free somehow when I was drunk. Good luck to you. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ]

#### VA "I Hope The End Is Always The Beginning" CD (Snuffy Smile)

I don't know why there are so many amazing bands from Japan. It's gotta be something they put in the water, or maybe it's the soju. Whatever it is, this comp showcases the best of 'em: I Excuse, The Urchin, Minority Blues Band, Three Minute Movie, Life Indicator, Evomom, Zero Fast, the list goes on and on. There really ain't a clunker on this comp and it's been a long, long time since I've been able to say that about a compilation CD. Each band provides two songs, one original and one cover. The covers include versions of songs by Chelsea, The Big Boys, Snuff, Crimpshrine, The Vapors and many more. I don't really know what else to say, other than this comp will open up a whole new world of amazing bands to you, and that you should get yer grubby little hands on one now! -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ]

#### VAGIANTS, THE "Short And Hard" CD (Sinkclub)

Wow! This was a nice surprise. Straight-up, low-fi, no frills rock'n'roll, with AC/DC stop-start riffs and some soulful female vocals. Very reminiscent of the Bell-Rays, but with less MC5 and more of the "Nuge". The songs are well-written and funny in a New York Dolls kinda way. Definitely recommended. I don't know what else to say other than, if you're not sold by now, then you're hopeless. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ]

#### VAGINA SORE JR. "Strikes And Gutters" (CDR)

Every so often you find a band that can take a style of music and strip it down into it's

simplest form without coming off as generic. Vagina Sore play straight foward power pop punk that is full of catchy hooks and memorable choruses. Lyrically it's relatable to many situations I've found myself in, such as the regret of late night drinking binges, "I told you, I swear that I would never drink like that again... I promise you. I've rolled strikes and gutters. I've learned from rocket scientists and stupid motherfuckers." It's no coincidence that alcohol and fists tend to go hand in hand, so don't find it surprising that you might get into a fight while trying to score more booze in the package store of your local neighborhood saloon. I've been there too. I know that there's a character behind all these tales of anger, infidelity, and distant memories of the good of days. Yeah, this band seem to know what it is like to be old and punk. -Mount Lushmore [ ]

#### VERBAL ASSAULT "Volume One : The Masses and Learn" CD (Mendit)

Finally, "Learn" is reborn on CD! If you don't know who Verbal Assault was, I won't bother describing how they were one of the best Hardcore bands ever, being one of the first bands to introduce melody and genuine musical skill into HC. I won't bother mentioning how they influenced a whole generation of bands like Quicksand and all of their clones. I won't... Well, you get the picture. Verbal Assault's classic masterpiece second album "Trial" has been available on CD for a long time now, but "Learn" was the first and was never available until now, bundled together with their first demo recording. The material here shows VA at their earliest, before they became the juggernaut that they would evolve into. Still, "Learn" is a classic in it's own right and I'm excited to finally see this. Thanks, Mendit! -Hellgrinder [ ]

#### VICTIMS/FROM ASHES RISE Split CD (Havoc)

Both bands play heavy, no-frills Hardcore much like the Prank Records cast of characters. From Ashes Rise is just a bit heavier than the rest, though, and very intense. They stand a shoulder length above their Swedish counterparts Victims, but both are certainly pulling their weight here. Well worth your time if you like the style. -Hellgrinder [ ]

#### VORTIS "God Won't Bless America" CD (Thick)

I really don't know what to make of this. It's definitely different. I mean, I sorta like the idea of college professors starting a sorta progressive/rap/reggae/rock band (not that Fred Durst crap you hear on the radio... I mean like angry Last Poets rap). And I like the fact that the guitarist's name is listed as G. Haad. And, for the most part, I agree with, or at least identify with, the political stances they're taking here. But this is weird. And not weird in a "wow-far-out-man" sorta way. And it's sloppy. But not in a "holy-shit-they're-fuckin'-wasted" sloppy. And the singer/rapsmith sounds angry, but it's more of a "weird-al-yankovic-missing-the-bus-wearing-long-underwear-and-a-funny-hat" angry. Jesus... I just don't have anything else to say about it. Do your thing, man! Good luck! -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ]

#### WANTED DEAD "Repercussions" CD (Chunksaah records)

I would have to say, a violent vulgar version of H2O, because the singer sounds just like that H2O guy, but their songs are definitely more intense and obscene, which kinda

makes me like them, although I don't give a fuck about H2O. -COCKroach [ ]

#### WATERDOWN "The Flies You Have On Me" CD (Victory)

What an ironic name choice. Watered down like bad orange drink. And much like the orange drink, it's not bad enough to offend you, but it's not good enough to take another sip. -DRRR (0)

#### WHISKEY & CO. "S/T" CD (No Idea)

I'm not embarrassed to admit that I listen to a lot of country music. That being said, I feel that I've got a pretty good bullshit detector for all that. Most of what comes out of Nashville these days gets filed under "Bullshit". This fine CD is far from it. And let me tell you fine folks that it is a sad, sad world we live in where the great American legacy that is country music, by and large, has been whittled down to shit like Garth Brooks and Shania Twain, while a whole slew of great song writers and artists who have carried on the spirit of Jimmie Rodgers, The Louvin Brothers and Merle Haggard go largely unnoticed by mainstream America. Of course, these people include the likes of, Gram Parsons, The Flatlanders, Doug Sahm, Uncle Tupelo and many, many more. That being said, you can go ahead and add Whiskey & Co. to the list. What this lacks in technical proficiency (give 'em a break - they're from Gainesville), is made up in sheer honesty. Songs about drinking, heartache, the bullshit of the work-a-day life-style, drugs... All of these are themes of country music heritage and the working class (yes... even the drugs). What's more is that most of these guys are also in a badass Gainesville rock'n'roll band called PBR Street Gang. In fact, the last song is a country version of one of their own. So, if you're some tough guy ignoramus that thinks "country sucks", I feel sorry for you and would encourage you to get a hold of this CD, in hopes that you may change your mind. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ]

#### WORLD LEADER PRETEND "Fit For Faded" CD (Renaissance)

World Leader Pretend has accomplished the rare feat of sculpting a rather unique sound without sounding overly pretentious and contrived in the process. While it's obvious that they're all huge Jeff Buckley and Radiohead fans, there also seems to be some early 80's post-punk and Flaming Lips inspired music with some Beck-ish/Dust Brothers production on it (which puts me at a loss as to why they sent their CD to this magazine). The vocals seem to be delivered with an approach that combines Shudder To Think and Alice in Chains. That may sound a bit strange, but it works pretty well. As is a common pitfall with many bands who break out of the standard molds, I can't say that every song on here floats my boat. But one can't deny the overall quality of the record. -General Zod and the Laser Beam [ ]

#### WRETCHED ONES, THE "Less Is More" CD (TKO)

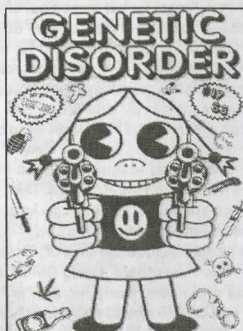
Ya gotta love The Wretched Ones. Pure gritty, raucous, drunken Punk Rock 'N Roll with a blue collar work ethic. All of their material is solid, and they refuse to cater to trends. They've been pounding it out and pounding them down for quite some time now, and they truly are the kings of Street Punk. -Hellgrinder [ ]





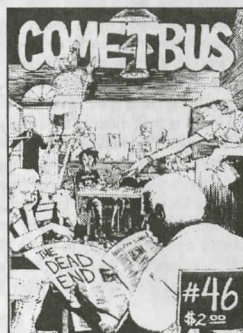
#### ARTCORE #20

I've seen this zine a couple of time before. It's put together by Welly of the group Four Letter Word. I meant to say, "The group formerly known as Four Letter Word." They had to change their name because some boy band with the same name sued them for the rights to the moniker. What a bite in the ass. This zine is actually pretty cool. It's purely dedicated to punk music, with a nice mix of new and old with pieces on Mad Parade, Black Flag, Dr. Know, Strung Up, Terminus, Stiff Little Fingers and more. The layout is rad because it's all decked out with killer comic book styled art and old flyers spread throughout. The review section is standard but, then again, it's pretty hard to pass up free music. (\$4.00 1 Aberdulais RD. Gabalfa Cardiff CF14 2PH Wales U.K.)



#### BORN TO ROCK by Todd Taylor

Todd Taylor is the co-creator of Razorcake zine and this book is a collection of his interviews and essays. Todd seems dedicated to making punk rock his life. He has a greater love for the music and lifestyle than I could ever attain. Quite honestly, I despise ninety percent of mankind, and it usually goes the same for me as far as punks are concerned. They're usually too wrapped up with how they look and are perceived. When you do stumble across that meaningful band or event in your life, it's worth putting up with all the bullshit. There are those special moments in time when you discover diamonds in the rough, bands or people who make it all worthwhile, and I think Todd captures that spirit in his writing. His taste in music is similar to mine in some aspects, so I was actually impressed with the list of great interviews like Tiltwheel, The Thumbs, Dillinger Four, Toys That Kill, Kid Dynamite, Strike Anywhere, Hot Water Music and more. (\$13.95 Gorsky Press P.O. 42024 LA, CA 90042)



#### COMETBUS #46

This issue of Cometbus was dedicated to a case study of the people who work at a collective known as the Dead End Cafe. Aaron interviews each member of the collective about their history and involvement in the cafe. At first, I thought, how can I find any interest in reading about this place I've never been and these people who I don't know. Why the fuck should I care? Then, as I read on, I began to understand and sympathize with every employee's motivation behind the collective. Aaron also avoids being generic by changing the line of questioning for each person he interviews, almost as if he's catering to each individual's personality. In the end, this issue offers plenty of insight into the history of the establishment and the people who are a part of it. (\$2.00 P.O. Box 4726 Berkely, CA. 947040)



#### EVERYTHING FALLS APART #2-4

A small photocopied zine from Leeds with the meat of it being interviews and reviews. Issue features an interview with Manifesto Jukebox and Daniel from Deep Fry Bonanza web zine. There's also some interesting writing about patriotism and politics. Issue three features interviews with I Excuse, Dina & others. Issue four has an interview with ADD records' own Altaira, and also Driveway Speeding. A good zine overall. (willfallsapaart@hotmail.com P.O. Box 215 Leeds UK LS26 0WP)



#### FLOW CHRONICLES, THE by Urban Hermit

I wasn't very into this book when I started reading it, but eventually I began to see Hermit's perspective. She's a young girl who's trying to, "figure it all out," through constant soul searching. She immerses herself in hippie culture even though she despises their stereotypical ways. After constantly being bothered and fucked over by these types she eventually ends up realizing that she doesn't want to be associated with being an Earth mamma. After several days into a rainbow gathering she hacks off her dreads only to later have a gay barbershop cultivate the chopped up remains into a flatop, when she finally comes to terms with her sexuality

and decides to come out of the closet as a lesbian. The writing is off the cuff and very tongue in cheek as she continually meets and interacts with all sorts of suspicious characters in several uncompromising situations. The constant references to rave music tend to wear, but the creativity and entertaining stories more than make up for all the bad music and hip cultural references. (\$8.00 Microcosm Publishing P.O. Box 14332 Portland, OR 97293)

#### GENETIC DISORDER #17

Last issue, I wrote a huge review for Genetic Disorder #16 expressing my love for this zine and the antics of its creator Larry. I still feel the same way about Genetic Disorder but issue #17 doesn't quite live up to its predecessor. This issue is a bit lighter in content, and there seems to be a band interview and more music reviews than normal. There's even a reprint from issue #14 of a brochure geared to advise parents about the dangers of Youth Subcultures. It was funny the first time but I guess Larry thought he could milk it for another round, in case he's conjured up some new readers since it was first run. Pretty lame, Larry. Some of the best content this issue is based around his hometown San Diego, like the, "Loser's Guide to San Diego," which features the sporting goods store where the Menendez brothers purchased the two 12-gauge Mossberg shotguns they used to blow away their parents. I also enjoyed to documented account of 15 local shootings by the San Diego police department that included a map, complete with numbered check points of each locale. Nice touch. In my favorite piece, Larry picked up a self-test from the National Council on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence titled, "What Are the Signs of Alcoholism," and filled it out. It's just so simplistic in its beauty. Are you in more of a hurry to get your first drink of the day than you used to be? "I'm unemployed. I'm not in a hurry to do anything." Magical. (\$3 P.O. Box 1537 San Diego, CA 92175 www.geneticdisorder.net)

#### HAGL #30

This is a zine from over the pond that's celebrating its 20th anniversary in print. The creator is a man after my own heart because he's not afraid to honestly express his disgust for the current state of music and the world in general. He lashes out about his native Great Britain and the Prime Minister with the same disgust we have for George W. Dipshit and the US government. He's also not afraid to stick bars in the ass of the music world by using such colorful phrases like, "music to gobble cocks by," to describe the plethora of shite he and the rest of us zine editors must endure. Only problem, most posturing zine editors endorse same said shite for fear of losing ad dollars or free CD's. They are referred to as the, "arse lickers." I suppose most people love to hate this zine and that's what I like about it. Most zine editors are ego-starved individuals who want their opinions to be held sacred, and this guy could give a fuck less. Even the artwork and header on the cover would keep most PCer's from opening this rag. It's a shield with a hair clipper, a beer, a boot, and a pair of tits with the caption, "Get some oil in yer life... ..Don't be scared of the wife." The kind of material most individuals would see as not suitable for print, even though most things suitable for print are contrived and boring. I personally found the articles the most amusing, but this issue also has interviews with Oi Polloi, TV Smith, Intensive Care, and Superyob. It's worth checking out because the overall perspective is much different than something you would find at your local Borders or Barnes and Noble. (\$4.00 air/\$3.00 surface Rosehill 20 new Front St. Tanfield Lea, Stanley, Co. Durham DH9 9LY, UK)

#### JADED IN CHICAGO #15

This punk zine features interviews with Bad Religion, Alkaline Trio, The Arrivals, and a local band called Duval. There are a good amount of columns and features on other local bands, labels, and individuals from the Chicago scene. It also comes with a sampler CD from the Sinister label, based out of the area. (\$2.00 P.O. Box 330 Western Springs, IL 60558 www.jadedinchicago.com)



# JERSEY BEAT #74

You have to give it to a zine that can last for 74 issues and still be going strong. Jersey Beat features all kinds of different formats of music and is basically crammed full of interviews and reviews. This issue is about the size of a small phonebook and it has interviews with Dirt Bike Annie, Circle Jerks, Saves the Day (YUCK!), the Ergs, Brand New, Escape Engine, Paul Bearer, and more. Plus, you get a few columns and a ton of music reviews. (\$3.00 418 Gregory Ave. Weehawken, NJ 07086 [www.jerseybeat.com](http://www.jerseybeat.com))

# JOSH/HOLE #1

What we have here is a collaboration between Sink Hole zine and Josh Sullivan, who is a comic artist. The zine portion has interviews with the Virus, Darkest Hour, and the Ataris (Ughh!). I liked this part of the zine despite the fact that the Ataris are shite. As far as the comics go, I would advise Josh to go out and buy himself a sense of humor and some art lessons. (\$1.00 Josh Sullivan P.O. Box 773 ST. Petersburg, FL. 33731 Sink Hole 2105 19th St. West Bradenton, FL. 34205)

# M.R.R. #248

Most poeple either love MRR or hate it to death. Even the content it has raises debate in some sense or other, except the record reviews which are total garbage, and that makes it justifiable in my eyes. There's always a heaping amount of unknown bands interviewed, which is noble since they could just cop out and talk to the same ten bands everyone else does. This issue has interviews with Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Find Him and Kill Him, Face Up To It, the Lids and more. The columns are always enjoyable because there's always someone I agree with wholeheartedly and there's always someone who is fucking clueless and jaded that I end up hating. It's a good thing because there are too many one sided zines out there. Plus, there's a lot of history here. In fact, the article on MRR radio actually enlightened me to many things I never knew about the whole MRR operation. (\$4.00 P.O. Box 460760 San Francisco, CA 94146-0760 [www.maxinumrocknroll.com](http://www.maxinumrocknroll.com))

# PUNCH & PIE A Short Story Anthology

A collection of short stories put together by the fine folks at Razorcake zine. The book contains fifteen short stories by fifteen different authors with their own distinct style of writing. As you might imagine, the stories vary from slightly amusing fodder to well plotted out yarns. My favorite of the bunch would have to be Sean Carswell's piece that was based on a real incident in the Florida State Capitol Building where a man broke in and took the building hostage in exchange for a list of demands that included pizza, beer, donuts, and the opportunity to speak with Jello Biafra, Ice Cube and Timothy Leary. There's also some other amusing tales about a redneck who eats chicken gizzards, a guy who gets his suped up riding mower stuck in a tree, a group of obsessive High School sports fans, and a girl who reluctantly attends a bachelorette party. (\$7.95 Gorsky Press P.O. 42024 LA, CA90042)

# RAZORCAKE #16-17

Issue #16 has a cover that resembles the old "Tales From the Crypt" comics, and it features an interview with ADD Records' very own Tim Version. There are also features on the Soviettes, Tim Kerr, FM Knives, Exploding Hearts, Protect Pac, and Boyskout. Let's also not forget columns from dudes like Nardwuar (who interviews Margaret Cho), Reverend Norb, Sean Carswell, the Rhythm Chicken and the rest of the bunch. Issue #17 features an interview with the very kickass Grabass Charelstons, Antiseen, the Red Onions, and the Immortal Lee County Killers. There's also a great piece on the late Wesley Willis, Nardwuar interviews the guy from the Flaming Lips, and the usual batch of entertaining columns from the cast. Plus, the standard reviews of music, zines, and literature. (\$3.00 P.O. Box 42129 Los Angeles, CA 90042 [www.razorcake.com](http://www.razorcake.com))

# ROCK-N-ROLL PURGATORY #12

A zine featuring lots of Rockabilly and underground Rock-n-Roli acts. It's your standard fare, complete with interviews, show reviews, music reviews and a couple filler parts. This issue has

interviews with Throwrag, The Donnetes, Hillbilly Werewolf, Legendary Hucklebucks, Satans Teardrops, Trailer Bride, and Cash O'Reilly. If you're not a big fan of Rockabilly, I would recommend avoiding this here zine. (no price, no address [www.rocknrollpurgatory.com](http://www.rocknrollpurgatory.com))

# SINK HOLE #11

A small, half-sized zine that is really light in content. There's an interview with Lower Class Brats, the Unseen, and a short fiction piece. That's all, folks. I wish there were a little more to read. Nice layout, though. (\$1.00 2105 19th St. West Bradenton, FL. 34205 [www.geocities.com/sinkholezine](http://www.geocities.com/sinkholezine))

# SNAKE PIT, THE BOOK by Ben Snake Pit

This book chronicles every day in the writer's life from 2001 to 2003 through a series of three panel comics. Ben has a way of making the endless monotony of drinking, getting stoned, going to shows, and playing in bands seem all too familiar. When I read this, I could identify with many of his feelings and situations. In fact, I know some of same shit has happened to me countless times over, like the rotating of roomates, jobs, and the endless nights of going to lame parties. Most of us are never happy with our station in life, but somehow we find a way to entertain and enjoy ourselves, even though we're unsatisfied deep down inside. It's human nature and I think Ben has a poetic way of displaying the unrest in the mundane routine of everyday existence. (\$12.00 Gorsky Press P.O. 42024 LA, CA 90042)

# SUBURBAN VOICE #46

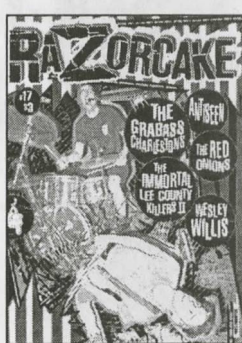
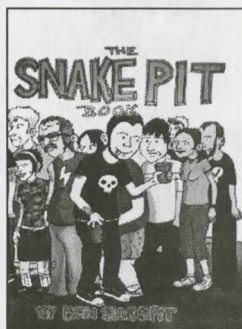
This is the 20th anniversary issue of the zine that started out as Suburban Punk back in the day. You have to admire Al's love for the music and dedication to putting out a great product with very little to no profit involved. It's a testament to his fortitude. This issue was 19 months in the making and it was well worth the wait. Although there's a huge amount of show, music, and zine reviews due to this, and most of them are outdated, it still makes for good reading. And most zines, ADD especially, have a bunch of dated material. This issue features interviews with Holding On, Cut the Shit, Balance of Terror, Amdi Petersons Arme, the Pist, Rambo, Vitamin X, and more. The issue is rounded out by columns, including a nice little rant by Al with a blurb on Joe Strummer's passing. (\$3.00 P.O. Box 2746 Lynn, MA 01903-2746)

# THINGS ARE MEANINGLESS by Al Burián

As the title would indicate, this comic is a tale of an apathetic slacker who likes to drown himself in his own cynicism, Buddy Bradley style. The artwork lacks any real creativity but the poorly drawn images suit the writer's autobiographic tales of futility. When reading this, I couldn't help but think that I have met many people who are just like Al, people who move around from town to town trying to find their niche through their geographic location without realizing that their own demotivation is what's really holding them back from achieving any kind of happiness. Most people would dislike the depressing nature of this comic and not find the humor in it, but I understand Al's plight perfectly. If you can't find meaning in something then what's the point? Why bother if it's all just a bunch of bullshit? I used to live by this credo until I realized that talking myself out of doing anything had made my life stagnant and meaningless. Hence, the befitting title of this opus. (\$7.00 Microcosm Publishing P.O. Box 14332 Portland, OR 97293)

# TOILET PAPER #7

This is a half-sized photocopied zine from Germany. It's mostly music coverage but there are also some biographies of famous people like Ann Peebles, Nina Somone, Melissa Jane York, Billy Jean King, Gertrude Stein, and a few others. The interviews include Tribute To Nothing, Lagwagon, Strike Anywhere, and an article on Kevin Devine. The zine is rounded out with a fiction piece and some record reviews. All in all, a pretty decent read. (no price Joh. kohlmann Str. 8 53913 Swisttal Germany)





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