

RIP THIS PAGE OUT

For a moment let's take the bait and accept claims that print is dead. That we live in post-print culture. And that the Internet is your one-stop resource for all the information, entertainment, and social engagement that you'll ever need. Goodbye magazines, goodbye books, and—especially—goodbye zines.

By this logic, *Razorcake* is defying the odds, baffling cultural scientists and crumbling their theories because *Razorcake* continues to be printed. It might possibly be front page news, if news outlets still used actual pages. Either way, it's unexplainable.

Now back to reality. We can explain why *Razorcake* is still in print. It's not a miracle, but it definitely *is* defying the odds. And to those really paying attention; each new issue *is* kind of a small historical event.

But the true rice and beans of it is that every issue (like the very one you're currently holding in your hands) is one massive group effort. And not just by the extensive roster of Team Razorcake, but by the generosity and faith of all our subscribers, donors, and advertisers. You are all apart of this.

Without everyone involved, this entire undertaking would come to a screeching and abrupt halt. What the "print-is-dead"ists don't understand is that people still believe in print—and people still want it to exist—so they support it where they can. And when people actually care about it: it can and does survive. Here's the proof.

If you wish to donate through the mail, please rip this page out and send it to:

Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.
Attn: Nonprofit Manager
PO Box 42129
Los Angeles, CA 90042

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

EMAIL: _____

DONATION
AMOUNT: _____

Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc., a California not-for-profit corporation, is registered as a charitable organization with the State of California's Secretary of State, and has been granted official tax exempt status (section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code) from the United States IRS. Our tax ID number is 05-0599768.
Your gift is tax deductible to the full extent provided by law.

SUBSCRIBE AND HELP KEEP RAZORCAKE IN BUSINESS

RAZORCAKE

We Do Our Part

www.razorcake.org

Subscription rates for a one year, six-issue subscription:
U.S. – bulk: \$16.50 • U.S. – 1st class, in envelope: \$22.50
Prisoners: \$22.50 • Canada: \$25.00 • Mexico: \$33.00
Anywhere else: \$50.00
(U.S. funds: checks, cash, or money order)

Name _____ Email _____

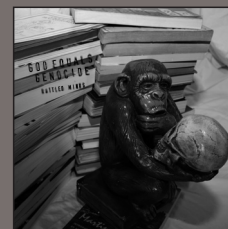
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

U.S. subscribers (sorry world, int'l postage sucks) will receive either
God Equals Genocide, *Rattled Minds* (Ghostbot), or
Spontaneous Disgust, *I Shot Clinton: June '93 to October '98 Anthology 2.5 x CD*.

Although it never hurts to circle one, we can't promise what you'll get.

Return this with your payment to: Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042
If you want your subscription to start with an issue other than #70, please indicate what number.



RAZORCAKE

NEW SHIRT DESIGN!

YR NOT
ALONE

[HTTP://WWW.RAZORCAKE.ORG/STORE/YR-NOT-ALONE-RAZORCAKE-SHIRT](http://www.razorcake.org/store/yr-not-alone-razorcake-shirt)

Particles of Faith

My Uncle Mike passed away. It wasn't unexpected, but it was sudden and immensely sad. About seven months before his death, he wasn't feeling well and looked jaundiced. The doctor had good news and bad news. The bad news was that Uncle Mike had pancreatic cancer. The "good" news was that the doctor suspected that Uncle Mike had the cancer for ten years; it was slow-growing and there was a better-than-average chance of beating it. Uncle Mike agreed to chemo, took twelve rounds of it in six months, and at the end of the regimen, was given a green light. It looked like the cancer was in remission.

Long story short, in 1980—the day Mount St. Helens erupted—my Mom, Dad, brother, and I moved to Boulder City, Nevada from Melbourne, Australia. It was largely because Uncle Mike and his family lived there. I don't come from a large family. I come from a close one. Uncle Mike was a nuclear physicist. He never retired. He was at work two weeks before he died, and he still made regular visits with his sister, my Mom and his adopted "brother," my Dad. Dad would give Uncle Mike hair cuts. Uncle Mike would bring six packs. No one ever said no to dessert or whipped cream.

I'm named after my Uncle Mike. His name is my two middle names. It's sort of like I have a maiden name, another family name. When my great-grandfather immigrated to the United States from Poland, he signed his name with an X. This family name is, in a lot of ways, fiction because it's written so many different ways in official documents. My great-grandfather worked in the steel mills of Buffalo, New York. He shoved coal into furnaces.

Uncle Mike was an intense guy, but he had a great sense of humor and wasn't above enabling victimless truancy. In high school,

he wrote me doctor's notices so I could skip classes. I didn't abuse the privilege and the school never figured out that he was a doctor of physics, not medicine. Throughout junior high and high school, I won several science fairs. I tackled subjects like erosion, heat retention, and probability. Uncle Mike wasn't impressed. It wasn't scientific enough for him. Fair enough. He earned a PhD in physics with a slide rule.

Uncle Mike was a really smart guy. He saw things that weren't there. He understood the nature of space. In 1989, the year I graduated high school, he bought me a zip drive. I thanked him, but didn't understand it. Why would I want all that extra empty space in a computer? It made no sense. Uncle Mike saw several steps ahead.

I inherited Uncle Mike's fashion sense. And by fashion, I mean that the day before a hat or a pair of shoes completely disintegrates is its best day. Sweat stains are a hat's badge of honor. In honor of Uncle Mike pushing the boundaries in social situations with questionable attire, such as cutoff shorts, I didn't tuck my shirt in when I gave my eulogy at his memorial (but it didn't have any stains or holes. It wasn't wrinkled).

I've been working on a novel for a long time. Several months back, I wrote, "Hey, Uncle Mike, can we see atoms? His answer: "Todd, define 'see.'"" Then he sent me pages and pages of reference material that I barely understood.

That stuck with me. Uncle Mike's gone. He died at seventy-three. One month after the "all clear" diagnosis, the cancer metastasized, flooded his body. Uncle Mike refused to be kept alive solely by machines.

Yet, he's here. I see him when others may just see empty space.

—Todd Taylor

Razorcake
PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042
razorcake.org
gorskypress.com
facebook.com/razorcake
twitter.com/razorcakegorsky
youtube.com/RazorcakeGorsky
razorcake.tumblr.com
razorcake-records.bandcamp.com

Cover by Kiyoshi Nakazawa,
luckynakazawa.com
Based on photos by Patrick Houdek
flickr.com/msig


ADVERTISING / CONTRIBUTOR DEADLINE ISSUE #70

August 1st, 2012
Visit razorcake.org
Click "Ads" for rates and details.
Ad rates start at \$40.

"It's not about one kind of performance (winning/losing); it's about another kind of performance (coming through slaughter with grace)."

—David Shields, *Black Planet*

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Uncle Mike and Bowie the Cat. It's also a celebration of the marriages of Samantha Beerhouse and Mark McBride and Josh Brown and Dalyn Luedtke.



Let's hope all this early imprinting doesn't backfire.

World, say hello to Dillinger Clash Pedler, born December 19, 2011

Son to longtime Razorcake supporters Stefan and Kristen Pedler

"I love the Ram Ones, too."

THANK YOU: "Think you can put a dancing unicorn in there? With lazars and rainbows coming out of its nostrils? Or just a bunch of rifles?" Thanks to Kiyoshi Nakazawa for not listening to any of our illustration suggestions and trusting his bamboo kung-fu pen and ink fighting style for another fantastic cover; "I don't want the world. Just your half," thanks to Brad Beshaw for his illo. in Sean's column; That fourth leg is kicking some dog's ass right now thanks to Craig Horky for his illo. in Jim's column; "Nihilists? Say what you like about the tenets of National Socialism, Dude, at least it's an ethos," thanks to Steve Larder for his illo. in Amy's column; It's a treasure chest of profanity thanks to Nation Of Amanda for her illo. in Dale's column; Circle of life (or sploosh-blort, same difference) thanks to Alex Barrett for his illo. in Norb's column; Moustache tug, puzzle piece thanks to Bill Pinkel for his illo. in Gary's column; Cupcakes totally love drinking beer, it's true thanks to Jackie Rusted for her illo. in the Chicken's column; It's about forty "You know what I mean"s lighter and it's, you know what I mean? thanks to Marcos Siref for his Ghostface Killah illo with Nardwuar; Let's make this clear. Don Bolles was never in the Consumers thanks to Ryan Leach, Martha Mota, and Larry Hardy for all of their interviewing, wrangling, and photographic help in the Consumers interview; A one man band, humble about his talent, tries to wiggle away from any sort of hubris thanks to Kevin Dunn, Lorena Rush, and Adrian Chi for all their help on the So Cow interview; Probably the best advice about not how to stop an industrial pizza dough mixer we've ever seen in print thanks to Annie My Fist, Megan Pants, Danny Segura, Josh Rosa, Donna Ramone, Patrick Houdek, and Cesar Macias for all of their Team Razorcake help with the Canadian Rifle interview; Three out of four interviews this issue feature dudes with beards. Weren't there beards back in '70s punk, too? thanks to Ryan Leach, Renate Winter, and Lauren Measure for their help with the John Wesley Coleman interview; Postage is continually more prohibitive. Digital music's caterwauling over all other formats. Yep. I saw the news, too, but our analog buckets of review material continueth to floweth over in cornopial abundance thanks to the following record, zine, book, and video reviewers: Ryan Horky, Sean Koepenick, Norb, Nighthawk, Chris Terry, Billups Allen, Joe Evans III, Sal Lucci, Megan Pants, Paul J. Comeau, Bryan Static, Dave Williams, Mark Twistworthy, Mike Frame, Kurt Morris, Juan Espinosa, Ty Stranglehold, Matt Average, Jimmy Alvarado, MP Johnson, Matthew, Vincent, Ian Wise, Art Ettinger, Garrett Barnwell, Kristen K., Kevin Dunn, Bovitus, Dave Brainwreck, James Meier, Steve Hart, and Katie Dunn; The following people have physically helped us the last two months—everything from proofreading to Photoshop help to Filemaker disentanglement to distro help and beyond: Candice Tobin, Kari Hamaoka, Chris Baxter, Josh Rosa, John Barlog, Malcolm McLaren, PJ Fancher, Joe Dana, Juan Espinosa, Aaron Kovacs, Nicole Macias, Julia Smut, Jenn Witte, George Lopez, Donna Ramone, Tim Burket, Toby Tober, Marty Ploy, Christina Zamora, Mary-Clare Stevens, Samantha Beerhouse, Rene Navarro, Adrian Salas, Derek Whipple, Danny Segura, Matthew Hart, Matt Foster, and El Diablo.

BAD ACTOR-NO DONUT



TOYS THAT KILL

Famby 42 LP/CD
The Citizen Abortion LP (repress!)

TREASURE FLEET

Cocamotion LP

Summer Vacation

Condition LP

TAPANTHER

Beets, Limes and Rice LP/CD

LANDLORD

Beneath The Wheel LP

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

TO CANDYLAND

Knows Your Sins LP/CD
Bird Roughs LP/CD

LENGUAS LARGAS

S/T LP

ARRIVALS

Volatile Molotov LP/CD
Marvels of Industry LP/CD

Go to store.recessrecords.com for mailorder
Recess POB 1666 San Pedro, CA 90733
WWW.RECESSRECORDS.COM



OUT NOW:

THE DOPAMINES *Vices* CD/LP
THE MANIX *Neighborhood Wildlife* CD/LP
WEEKEND DADS s/t 7"
CITY MOUSE s/t 7"
THE COPYRIGHTS *North Sentinel Island* LP
THE COPYRIGHTS *Crutches* 7"
THE MAXIES *Going Clubbin'* 7"
MALL'D TO DEATH *The Process Of Reaching Out* 7"
CRUSADES *The Sun Is Down And The Night Is Riding In* CD/LP
THE CREEPS *Lakeside Cabin* LP
THE CREDENTIALS *Goocher* LP
GATEWAY DISTRICT *Perfect's Gonna Fail* CD/LP
STONED AT HEART *Party Tracks vol.1* CD

COMING SOON:

THE COPYRIGHTS *Shit's Fucked* CD/Double LP
THE MAXIES *Greenland Is Melting* CD/LP
SASS DRAGONS *New Kids On The Bong* LP
LIPSTICK HOMICIDE / THE TURKLETONS split 7"
THE BROKEDOWNS / VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL split 7"
MEAN JEANS / UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND split 7"
CITY MOUSE *Jerk Store Magazine* Postcard Single
CRUSADES *Parables* 7"

THE DOPAMINES

SHIT'S FUCKED



BRAND NEW ALBUM!
LP & CD OUT NOW!



www.itsaliverecords.com | facebook.com/itsaliverecords
itsaliverecords.bandcamp.com | www.thedopamines.net
Distributed Worldwide by No Idea Records | www.noidearecords.com

RAZORCAKE

Issue #69 August / September 2012

PO Box 42129

Los Angeles, CA 90042

razorcake.org

WE DO OUR PART

COLUMNS

- 6 Sean Carswell *A Monkey to Ride the Dog*
- 8 Jim Ruland *Lazy Mick*
- 10 Amy Adoyzie *Monster of Fun*
- 12 Liz Prince *I Don't Want to Grow Up*
- 13 Art Fuentes *Chico Simio*
- 14 Designated Dale *I'm Against It*
- 16 Rev. Nørb *Power Pop Police*
- 18 Gary Hornberger *Squeeze My Horn*
- 20 Rhythm Chicken *Dinghole Reports*
- 23 Ben Snakepit *Snakepit*
- 25 Kiyoshi Nakazawa *Won Ton Not Now*
- 26 Dan Monick *Photo Page*
- 27 Adrian Chi *Bite the Cactus*
- 28 Rachel Murray Framingheddu *Photo Page*
- 29 Shanty Cheryl *Photo Page*
- 30 Nardwuar The Human Serviette *Who Are You?*
- 33 Mitch Clem *My Stupid Life*

FEATURES

- 34 *The Consumers* by Ryan Leach
- 46 *So Cow* by Kevin Dunn
- 56 *Canadian Rifle* by Todd Taylor
- 68 *John Wesley Coleman* by Ryan Leach

FAVORITES AND REVIEWS

- 76 Top 5s *Toys That Kill* Fable 42 LP...
- 78 Record *This band sounds like they should exclusively play basements. That's a compliment...*
- 104 Zine *It's a writing prompt for smug, insufferable pun users...*
- 109 Book *He makes a valiant attempt to keep all the cerebral wankery that comes with most philosophical discussions at bay ...*
- 112 Video *Hapless adventures in dating only make him hate himself more and more...*

Razorcake/ Gorsky, Inc. Board of Directors are: Todd Taylor, Sean Carswell, Dan Clarke, Katy Spining, Leo Emil Tober III, Catherine Casada Hornberger, and Daryl Gussin.

This issue of Razorcake and razorcake.org were put together by: Todd Taylor, Daryl Gussin, Sean Carswell, Skinny Dan, Katy Spining, James Hernandez, Candice Tobin, Kari Hamanaka, Chris Baxter, Josh Rosa, John Barlog, Malcolm McLaren, PJ Fancher, Joe Dana, Juan Espinosa, Aaron Kovacs, Nicole Macias, Julia Smut, Jenn Witte, George Lopez, Donna Ramone, Tim Burket, Toby Tober, Marty Ploy, Christina Zamora, Mary-Clare Stevens, Samantha Beerhouse, Rene Navarro, Adrian Salas, Derek Whipple, Danny Segura, Matthew Hart, Matt Foster, and El Diabolo.

Want to distribute Razorcake? Email us via the "distro" link on the razorcake.org

Razorcake is bi-monthly. Yearly subscriptions (six issues) are \$16.50 bulk rate or \$22.50 first class mail. Plus you get some free gooch. These prices are only valid for people who live in the U.S. and are not in prison. Issues and subs are more for everyone else (because we have to pay more in postage). Visit razorcake.org for a price. Prisoners may receive free single issues of *Razorcake* via Prison Lit. Project, c/o Bound Together Books, 1369 Haight St., SF, CA 94117 or Books to Prisoners, 92 Pike St., Box A, Seattle, WA 98101 (who don't ship to CA prisons).

"This is the kind of thing people told each other. When people spoke about their dreams or ambitions, someone would inevitably tell them to do something different. It was our own regrets, reflected in our advice to others." —Mickey Hess, *The Nostalgia Echo*



Moving? Have a subscription to Razorcake? Please do us both a favor and contact us before you move. Bulk mail doesn't forward and we won't resend the issue.

Individual opinions expressed within are not necessarily those of Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.



This issue of *Razorcake* is made possible in part by grants from the City of Los Angeles, Department of Cultural Affairs and is supported by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors through the Los Angeles Arts Commission.



A MONKEY TO RIDE THE DOG

SEAN CARSWELL

“Was this geeky kid same geeky guy writing this column? You bet.”

Same Thing We Do Everyday:

Try to Take Over the World

The Beatles song “Back in the USSR” played over the speakers at a gas station. I was susceptible to it. Maybe because the car stereo was broken and we were taking this trip without tunes. I can usually block out the music in public places. Even when I can’t, I keep certain catchy songs in my mind. This way, if I hear something I don’t like, I play the catchy song I do like in my head and get the other one out of it. It’s a good trick for fighting the tyranny of store stereos. But my defenses were down. “Back in the USSR” rode an earwig into my brain and got stuck on repeat there.

I’m not a Beatles fan. I could live a happy life without ever hearing another Beatles song. I doubt that I’ve ever listened to them voluntarily, though I know all the words to dozens of their songs. My parents were big Beatles fans. They played the hell out of a two-volume *Greatest Hits* album. They had it on eight-track and because it was a double album, I spent much of the early eighties hearing all sixteen tracks of this collection. “Back in the USSR” was on it. Hearing it again after years of avoidance and getting it stuck in my head, sent my mind down a long-abandoned neural trail to a memory from another world.

Somewhere around 1981, I was in an elementary school program called “Gifted.” It was set up for kids who did well on an “intelligence” test. I put gifted and intelligence in quotes because something had to be wrong with that test. Only white kids tested into Gifted. Originally, only white boys tested in. After one year, a couple of girls passed the test and joined us. We boys were not happy about this development, especially considering the cootie epidemic that had run rampant through our elementary school for years. We became more accepting of the girls, though, as we got older and closer to puberty. Even though more than a third of the students at my elementary school were African American, no black kids were deemed gifted. This suggests to me that either there were no intelligent black kids at my elementary school or that the intelligence test was designed to privilege the experience of one race of kids while denying the experience of another race. You pick which option aligns more with your world view.

We gifted kids were bussed to another school on Fridays. We took a variety of classes there. The class sizes were smaller. We got to choose what we studied. We were taught by teachers who had worked their way into the Gifted program, who had paid their dues and won their awards and earned a spot teaching a small group of motivated, studious, well-behaved kids. It was the best part of the week for us.

In 1981, I signed up for a Gifted course called “World War.” It was mostly a geography class. Our teacher explained on the first day that we would form groups of four. Each group would create its own country. We’d name our country, decide who in the group held which office, amass points based on the work we did over the course of the semester, and, at the end of the semester, battle other countries with our points. Whichever group won those battles ruled the world. I teamed up with three other white boys and ran for president of our little country. I won for a couple of reasons. Maybe the biggest reason was that I was the only kid in the class who had to learn how to fight growing up, so while I certainly wasn’t the toughest kid in my elementary school, I was the toughest kid on the Gifted bus.

I know that being the toughest kid in Gifted is like being the smartest kid in the dumb class. Fuck it. I got to be president, anyway.

We wanted to name our country the USSR. Not because we were budding Bolsheviks. Because we grew up near Kennedy Space Center during the Cold War. For us, USSR would stand for the United States Space Race. We were reclaiming USSR for ourselves, for America. Our teacher—whose name wasn’t Mrs. Arrien, but I’m going to call her that because it sounds just right if you read it out loud—told us we couldn’t do it. We dropped the “States” and became the United Space Race. One of us got cracking on the logo immediately.

Since it was essentially a geography class, our country earned points by doing projects on foreign countries. We’d have to write reports on where other countries were, how they made their money, who their leaders were, what their culture was like, and things like that. Luckily, we had one boy in our group who was really into that kind of thing. For some reason, he loved to write and research things. While most of the group

goofed off in the library, this one kid actually read all about different countries and wrote a bunch of reports. He didn’t just use the encyclopedia, either. He asked the librarian for help and found a bunch of books. He read them and took notes. He wrote stories set in those countries for extra credit. Mrs. Arrien also gave him props because he was the only kid in the class who could answer the question, “What are the customs of Germany?” correctly. The rest of the class had just assumed that Mrs. Arrien had forgotten the “e” on costumes. They talked about lederhosen and shit.

Now, was this geeky kid who did all the work for the USSR the same geeky guy writing this column?

You bet.

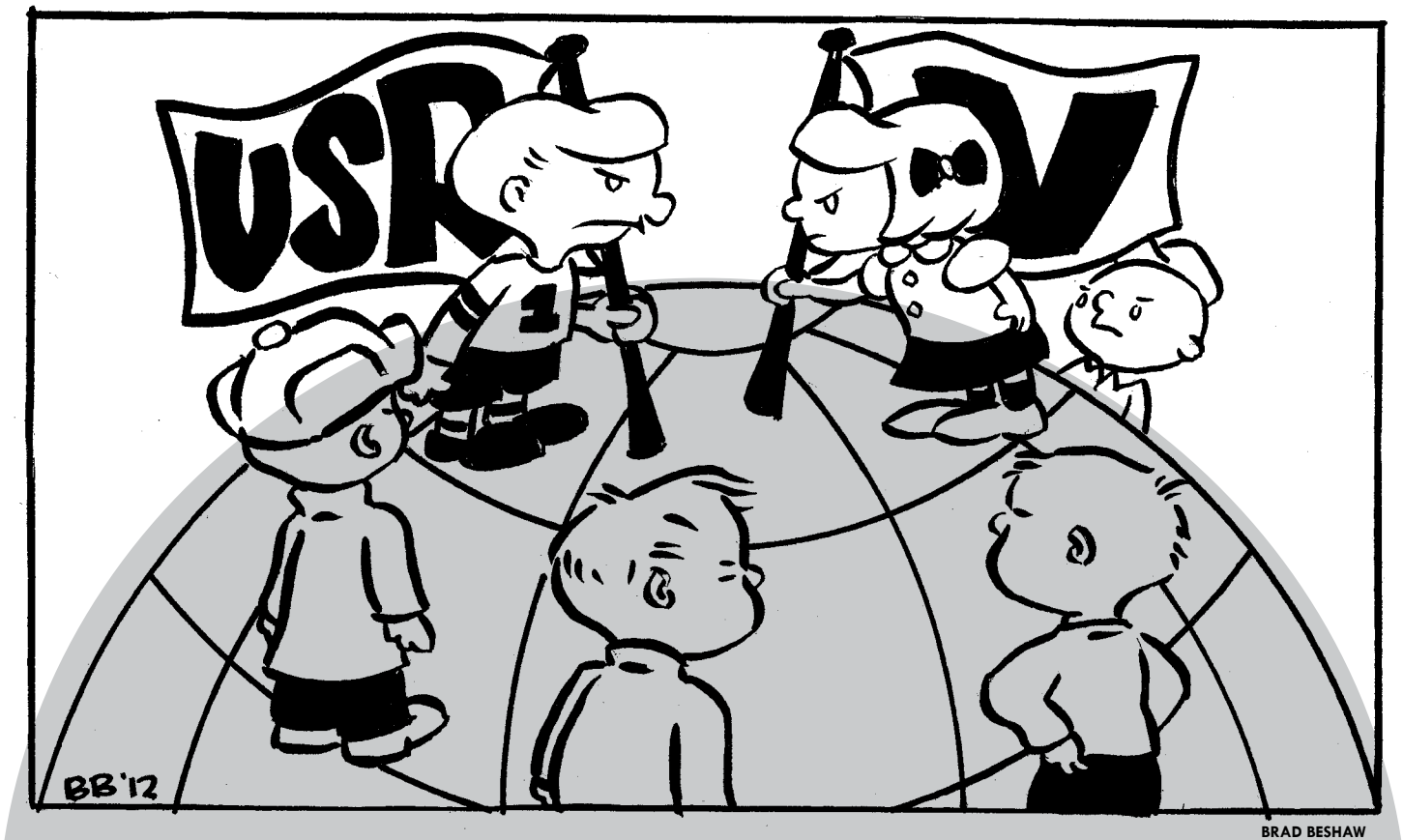
I’m still fascinated by geography. I often read books in translation, study the news of the world, and embarrass my wife when she introduces me to her Bulgarian friend and I start talking about Hristo Stoichkov and my desire to travel to Sofia someday. I can even tell you the names of the leaders of faraway, exotic places like Canada. It’s the Right Honourable Pierre Trudeau, right?

So anyway, as president of the USSR, I pooled all my brainiac strength. Our country amassed a point arsenal that was nearly enough to overpower all the other groups in class at once. The day came for our world war—the whole point of the class. Mrs. Arrien explained the rules. Two countries would face off. Each country would bring enough points to the battle to win. Whichever country had the most points won the battle and kept all their points. Whichever country lost had to sit quietly and sulk like a bunch of losers. The residents of the USSR were cocky. We knew we had way more points than the other groups. We brought all our points to the first battle. The other country, the Jedi, were quaking in their boots. We knew we’d destroy them because they weren’t even smart enough to name themselves something cooler, like the Rebel Alliance or something. We laid our heavy load of points down on the table and said, “Bring it on.”

Mrs. Arrien asked us if we were sure we wanted to do that.

As President of the USSR, I said, “Of course.”

Mrs. Arrien said, “Countries can form



They instilled in me an ideology of tyranny and white supremacy before I was old enough to do much critical thinking.

alliances. They can team up, pool their points, and defeat more powerful countries. You know that, don't you?"

No. We did not know that.

And now it was too late to change. All of the other countries had seen how many points we had. It was almost, but not quite, three times as many points as the other countries had. So the Jedi teamed up with the Islanders (named after Merritt Island, the town we all lived in) and Vader (named after the disposition of their evil leader). They found enough points to beat us. The USSR, my presidency, ended there. My other group mates cursed me. The failure was all my fault. I pointed out to them that I was the one who earned all the points, anyway. "Fat lot of good they did us," someone said. I was sunk.

Angela Whitman, the president of Vader, outplayed the other two countries. While they were pooling their points, she casually asked each group how many points they each had. The other kids hadn't quite figured out that the key to winning the game was to not let anyone know how many points you had. They spilled the beans to Angela. After the three of them defeated the USSR, Angela allied Vader with

the weakest country (the Islanders). Together, they took over Jedi. As soon as they did, Vader turned on the Islanders and crushed them. For the rest of that class period, Angela Whitman ruled the world.

I sat in the corner and wore a funny hat. Maybe not literally, but that's the way I remember it.

A few decades later, driving north up Highway 101 with "Back in the USSR" lodged in my brain the way a torn fingernail gets lodged between your teeth, I thought back to my old presidency. I'd like to say that Angela Whitman went on to become the corporate raider that World War taught her to be, but she didn't. She got pregnant the summer after high school. Last I heard, she was still a stay-at-home mom. I didn't use her real name in this story because I didn't want anyone looking her up on Facebook and seeing the pictures of her youngest daughter graduating from high school. At least that's what I assume you'd see. I don't have a Facebook account. I can't see who from my childhood got fat, who hates their job and always posts that it's humpday on

Wednesdays, who's divorced and trolling, or who "likes" what. I'm in contact enough to know, though, that no one from the old, Gifted days amounted to much. Our training in taking over the world never really panned out. Just as, fifteen years ago, I came to terms with the fact that I'll never be a professional athlete, I can now come to terms with the fact that I'm too old to start on a path toward dictatorship and world domination. It's okay. I wouldn't want to be a pro athlete or a tyrant. I'm okay being who I am.

I wonder, though, about the long-term effects of my upbringing. Obviously, classes like World War and programs like Gifted taught some troubling values to me as a little kid. They instilled in me an ideology of tyranny and white supremacy before I was old enough to do much critical thinking. My defenses were down. I wonder how much of that ideology is still stuck in my mind like a silly Beatles song.

And, because my childhood wasn't unique for a kid in America, I wonder how much the ideologies are stuck in all of our minds.

—Sean Carswell





LAZY MICK

JIM RULAND

**"The universe
wants cats in
my life."**

Cat Sitting in Hollywood

I see his face on TV. I hear his voice on the radio. He's in the papers. He's on billboards. The old face of the L.A. Lakers is the new face of the L.A. Dodgers. Magic Earvin Johnson is everywhere.

But mostly, he's at my new gym: the Sherman Oaks Magic Johnson Sport 24-Hour Fitness at the Sherman Oaks Galleria. Lifting weights. Spinning basketballs. Delivering words of wisdom. They've got pictures of his greasy mug plastered all over the facility.

I spend a lot of time at the Sherman Oaks Magic Johnson Sport 24-Hour Fitness. Since I don't have a place to live here in L.A., this is where I take showers in the morning after my workout. If I don't work out, I don't shower. It's a pretty good incentive to go to the gym.

He keeps popping up in new places. I'll be walking up the stairs between levels, pleasantly lightheaded and fatigued, and there's Earvin's giant fleshy face, looking like he's sitting for a sculpture. I imagine a gargantuan granite replica of his head installed at Rushmore.

"You're the only one who can make a difference. Whatever your dream is, go for it."

Okay, so Earvin is no Dali Lama but I find his words strangely inspiring. Not so much in a push yourself to the limit kind of way. I'm pretty lazy at the gym. I sit on the exercise bike and read or watch TV while I haphazardly crank the pedals. I'll get down on an exercise mat to do some sit-ups and just lie there staring at the ceiling, listening to music.

Earvin doesn't inspire me to make the most of my workout, but he motivates me to write. In the context of my art, his simple message feels like a bullet in the brain. I'm the only one who can write this column/story/article/proposal/memoir/novel. No one else is going to do it for me. Well, no shit, but he's right. It's up to me.

It's strange being back in L.A.

I came back to take a job. I wasn't sure if I was going to like it so I decided not to look for a place to live. Not right away. Not yet. I very uncharacteristically decided to wing it, go with the flow. The results have been amazing.

About a month before I moved back, I bumped into a friend of a friend at the Buzzcocks show at the Belly Up in Solano Beach. Within minutes he offered me a place to stay. He was going to be working in San Diego and invited me to crash at his house in Los Feliz. A very nice guest cottage two blocks from my favorite bookstore.

Obviously, the gods want me here. Who am I to interfere with their plans?

A few weeks later at the LA Times Festival of Books I told every L.A. writer I knew my plans. A friend asked me if I'd take care of her cats when she travels to China later this summer.

"Sure," I said. "Anytime."

"How about next week?"

"I'll be there."

While I was taking care of Turkiss and Hopper, I posted an update on Facebook. "Cat sitting in Hollywood."

That got me another cat-sitting gig. This time in Silver Lake.

I've been here ten days and have stayed in four different places and looked after three different cats. I try to be a considerate houseguest. I don't take showers or cook meals. I clean up after myself and use my own pillow. I don't even bring my suitcase inside. I keep it in the car and sort out the clothes I'm going to wear that day on the roof of the parking structure at the Sherman Oaks Galleria.

When Friday rolls around, I drive back to my wife and family in San Diego where everything is as normal as can be. I sleep in my own bed, take showers in my own bathroom, and cook my own food in my own kitchen. Then comes Monday and it's back to my vagabond existence in L.A.

It's teaching me to plan ahead, to travel light, to adapt to new situations. It's been five years since I left L.A. Long enough for lots of things to change. They're widening the 405, building million dollar lofts in Atwater Village, and giving Hollywood another corporate facelift.

I've noticed that people use their car horns more often, especially at intersections, when people are fucking around with their smart phones while waiting for the light to turn green. The light changes and a cacophony of car horns erupt. It's like they expect you not to be paying attention.

My biggest concern with returning to L.A. was the traffic. After five years of living in a city where you can actually use the freeways and work in a rural outpost of the county where there's no traffic to speak of, I was worried it might get to me.

But being a gypsy has freed me from the bondage of the commute. I don't keep track of how long it takes to get places because it's always changing. I'm driving down different streets, going different places, traveling to different parts of the city. I have no routine.

Aside from work in the morning, I don't have anywhere to go or anyplace to be. The cats don't care when I come and go just so long as I feed them. It's not patience. It's antipathy, which is an essential feline quality to have on a clogged freeway.

The cats are rubbing off on me. Is it possible I'm becoming... a cat person?

I was listening to a podcast recently and heard the writer Tom Bissell talk about the late David Foster Wallace's ability to transform "the act of noticing into a narrative."

That's how I feel these days as I putter around town, making new discoveries, noticing new things.

I'll be driving somewhere and ease into a familiar scene without realizing it. The way the road cuts through the hills or is framed by not-so-distant mountains will trigger a memory. The ghosts of commutes past. I'll wonder how many vehicles ago that was. Marvel at the unknowableness of the future.

But it's not all a wankfest down nostalgia lane. There are so many new things to notice. You can see so much more when the streets are all strangled and you're not in any kind of hurry.

For instance, I knew that Bette Davis had christened Fountain as the unofficial Hollywood expressway during an appearance on Johnny Carson, but I didn't know there was a mural commemorating the event at Franklin and Fountain.

I'd somehow never seen the freaktastic blue façade of the Scientology Building looming like some cheap art deco monument to *The Fountainhead*.



CRAIG HORKY

I am the
god damned
cat whisperer.

I should
print up
business cards.

I never knew how beautiful the skyline looks at sunset as you drop into Hollywood from the east.

And then there are all the things to see in the places where I'm staying, things it's perhaps not prudent to write about. For instance, one friend keeps a shrine of Dodger bobble heads in his kitchen. Another sleeps under Star Wars sheets. Yet another has a three-legged cat.

Imagine that: a three-legged cat.

Right now, as I write this, I'm cat sitting in Silver Lake with Scout, who prefers not to be in the same room that I'm in, which I completely respect.

As it turns out, I'm quite good with cats. I used to be allergic to them, but not anymore. It's like the universe wants cats in my life.

When I walk into an apartment for the first time without the owner, it's important to use the cat's name.

"Hello, Scout," I say.

"Hopper," (that would be the three-legged critter) "I'm home."

I say familiar phrases like "cat food" and "yummy yummy." I try to say things that put them at ease.

"You're the only one who can make a difference, Turk."

"Whatever your dreams are, Scout, go for it."

I am the god damned cat whisperer. I should print up business cards.

Jim Ruland

Cat Sitter, Professional Noticer, Vagabond

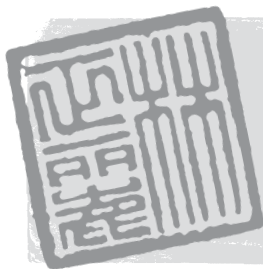
It's late May and I'm just about booked through early July when I take off for Europe for a few weeks. But my schedule opens up when I return to L.A. in August, in case you're interested.

I will happily watch your pets and help maximize their potential while you are away. It doesn't matter where you live just as long as you live in L.A. I promise I won't use up all the toilet paper or eat all your food or write about the weird things I find in your house or apartment or bungalow, but I promise to write something good. I won't look in the medicine cabinet. I won't turn on your television or log on to your computer. All I need is a place where I can rest my head, read a book, listen to Vin Scully call the Dodgers game.

How long can I keep this up? I don't know. Is this sustainable? Of course it isn't. But it feels good to be adrift in the land of make believe.

L.A. is magic. Magic is everywhere.

—Jim Ruland



MONSTER OF FUN

AMY ADYDZIE

**"I'm too
down to not
even believe
in nothing."**

Moldy Yogurt and Tiny Anvils

There are no mincing words: my depression and PTSD (post traumatic stress disorder) have totes got the best of me. It's like an unrelenting schoolyard bully, pinning me down on the grass field and ruining recess for me, seemingly forever.

Even though I've recently been laid off (aka canned under some fucked-up circumstances) from a job I had been planning on quitting anyway, it's given me an abundance of time to ponder how and why I feel and that is probably not very helpful. Time can be the enemy when you are short on it or have too much of it; it's this intangible thing that moves without consideration of how anyone feels.

I had health insurance not that long ago and was able to try to process all the mindfuckery that's ricocheting inside my skull with a counselor. But nowadays, alls I got is a dog. Jack listens but not very well. I catch him looking around the room or he'll just get up and walk away for no good reason. I suppose he's allowed to do that because I'm not paying him sixty dollars an hour, but I feed him for chrissakes. You'd think he could just pretend to care.

I've been reading a lot—well, a lot for me. You would be surprised how much working a forty-plus hour a week zaps your enjoyment of reading because you just wanna not work for your entertainment, and reading is work because you've been reading seventeen thousand emails about inconsequential details while you were sitting at your desk. I've been reading, maxing out my library card, and racking up late fees. I read the entire *Hunger Games* series and I unapologetically loved it. I found myself not wanting it to end—a young adult science fiction novel, mind you—and the first of the genre I've ever read.

I blame the depression.

This sweltering deep pit inside of me, filled with moldy yogurt and tiny anvils. There are times where I'm so completely uninterested in existing that nihilism sounds like too much work—I'm too down to not even believe in nothing. There's nothing to escape it. I don't drink or smoke because even drowning my sorrows through self-medication doesn't sound promising.

I'm in the middle of reading the memoir of comedian Sarah Silverman, *The Bedwetter: Stories of Courage, Redemption, and Pee*, where she described having to articulate her depression when she was younger and she said that it felt like being homesick, but you're home.

So, where else are you supposed to go?

Jack and I took a lot of walks for the first month. We discovered many Portland parks I had never been to, nor did I know existed in the years I've lived here. Jack loved it, getting to sniff new dirt and pee over dozens of other dogs' pee. He chased squirrels up trees and they perched on tall branches, taunting Jack with their small beady brown eyes. I sat on warm grass, scribbling in vain in my journal in hopes that something insightful would come out on the other side of my pen.

Jack never caught a squirrel and I didn't write an epiphany.

Although I reveled in being free from the confines of office hours and stale air, all of the new walks and park paths always brought us back to a spot where we began.

In the second month, I found solace in sleeping. I would wake up late. My bladder was my alarm clock, forcing me up to take my late-morning piss. After a breakfast of sugary cereal or a mug of instant oatmeal, I would tidy the living room, wash dishes, make the bed, and take Jack around a couple blocks. A few hours into the day, I would find myself exhausted from being awake and would lay down on a couch with Jack sidled up against me. I would sleep through entire afternoons, the sun arching its way across the sky. Some days I slept until the sun set. Surprisingly, it didn't keep me up all night. At about two AM, I would crawl into bed and sidle up against the boyfriend and fall asleep as if I hadn't slept the majority of the day away already.

I would wake up, another day, and just as tired.

And this past month, I've been reading a lot more. Immersing myself in other people's worlds so I don't have to dwell so much on what's going on in my own. The moments in between the pages of hardcover books have helped to alleviate the awful feelings, though

I wish those words could do more for me. I wished that within the rows of library shelves, that I could easily do a catalog search for a book that would stop this.

Instead, I found a list of recommended readings called "If you liked *The Hunger Games*, you might like these..." I put a half dozen books on hold, all set in the near future, mostly featuring young female protagonists who are fighters.

We've taken trips to the coast, to a cabin, to California. The long drives were small respites with new scenery. Jack nipped at the waves from the Pacific and the water lapping at the edge of Crescent Lake in central Oregon. I took in endless horizons and trees that were more than five times as old as me. I napped or thought about things outside of what had been plaguing me. But, eventually, we would have to hit the road to return home where the homesickness awaited me.

Every other day, I go for a run. Three and a half miles at the gym, while watching television on a small screen attached to the treadmill. I watch a lot of reality TV, singing and dancing competitions, news magazine shows about unsolved murders, and even a few NBA playoff games. I'm too much of an allergy-ridden klutz for whom running outside is a hazard, and besides, I enjoy not having to think while I force my body to exert, to run out all of this bundled energy. Aside from sex, running reminds me of my body and is momentarily empowering.

But still, I remain in place, feet moving below and not going forward.

But where would I go forward to, anyway?

I had devoted the last decade to building the foundation to work toward the greater good, to do work with purpose. I figured that I would be happily slumming it out in non-profit organizations for the entirety of my adult life, living out the dream for transformation and social justice. Then slowly, like the way our skin builds calluses, layer by layer, I felt my cynicism thickening. The cynicism wasn't from fighting external forces like



STEVE LARDER

It pains me to admit, but social justice non-profits can be just as fucked up as the culture they are trying to change.

I understand that there is enormous positive work being done, that incremental progressive changes are being instituted—but at what cost?

homophobic, racist, and misogynistic groups or anti-immigration policies perpetuated by elected officials. It grew from within, from how we conducted ourselves and treated one another within the movement.

I heard over and over again, from folks who had been deeply entrenched in activism and social justice work, “Non-profits are fucked up.”

Full stop.

No further clarification needed.

It pains me to admit, but social justice non-profits can be just as fucked up as the culture they are trying to change. I understand that there is enormous positive work being done, that incremental progressive changes are being instituted—

but at what cost? For my own sanity, I don’t have the strength within me to charge against it. To have to say to myself in the mirror each morning, as I look at my tired eyes and furrowed brow, “You can deal with the bullshit bureaucracy, the blinding egos, the frustration of compromising within the system. You will purposefully forget how you are underpaid, undervalued, and made to feel expendable in an economy dearth of employment. You have your values—in the end your personal integrity is all that matters—and they will move you forward to do your good work.” That’s too much pep talk to survive a day.

I am crestfallen and heartbroken. Forced to my knees in the wake of understanding

that the very purpose—seemingly harmless, altruistic mission—I had assigned myself is untrue to me.

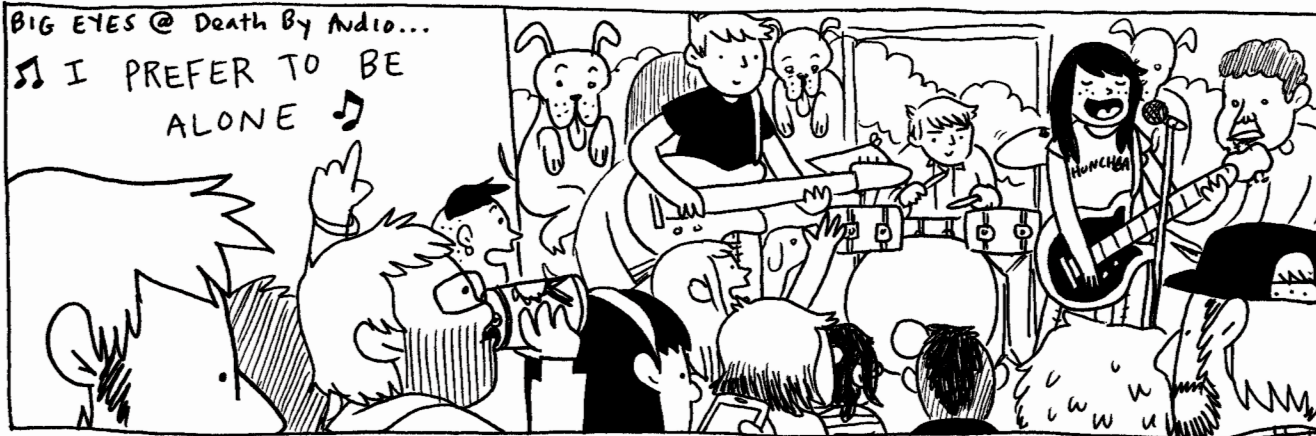
I am homesick for me, for the naive young woman who wanted to fight. Truth is, I know she’s gone, swallowed up by time and evolution. And the trouble is that I don’t know what she has become and where she is going with her heavy heart and foggy vision.

Together we sit, waiting for home to return.

—Amy Adoyzie
amyadoyzie.com

BIG EYES @ Death By Audio...

♪ I PREFER TO BE ALONE ♪



Goddamn, this band really speaks to me

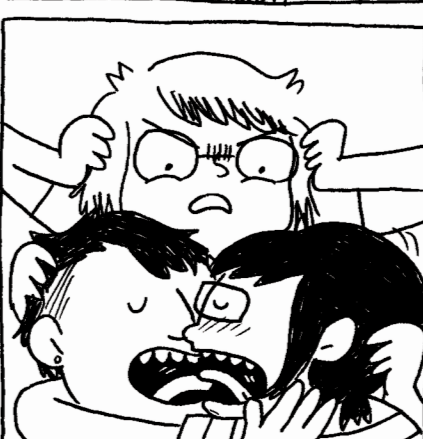
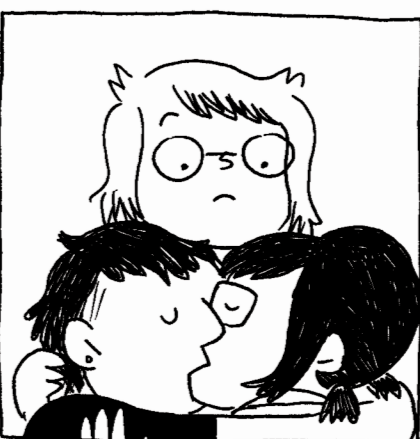
BE ALONE, YEAH



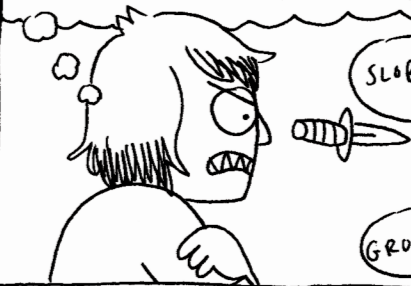
It's like Kate can reach into my mind and tell exactly what I'm thinking



That's what I love about punk music: you can have an intimate experience being alone in a room full of people



Or, if you're an asshole, you can have an intimate experience directly in front of the stage and force everyone to participate by proxy.



SLOBBER

GROPE



♪ I PREFER TO BE ALONE ♪

FONDLE



CHICO SIMIO NO. 32

"YE OLDE BARD,
RETARD"

• ART •

PEOPLE SOMETIMES
ASK ME, "ART, WHY
IS IT THAT YOU
DRAW?" SO AS I
LOOK UP FROM MY
DRAWING OF THE
GREAT QUICK-DRAW
MCGRAW, I REPLY...



'TWOULD BE EASIER TO ASK THE
SONGBIRD WHY IT IS IT SINGS.
WHY THE FISH SWIMS, WHY THE
DOG BARKS, WHY THE HONEY-
BEE DOES STING.

GO ASK THE DESERT WHY IT'S
HOT OR ASK THE SEA WHY IT IS
WET. WHY THE MOON RISES IN
THE NIGHT, AND WHY THE SUN
DOES ALWAYS SET.

"AH!" THEY ANSWER,
"NOW I SEE! IT'S
JUST SOMETHING YOU
MUST DO!"

I ANSWER "NO, IT'S
JUST THAT IT'S SUCH
FUN TO DRAW SOME
STINKY POO."

AND IF I MADE YOU LAUGH WITH THIS,
THAT IS ACTUALLY WHY I DRAW.





**“Sorry, Ma,
you know I
love you.”**

Laughs in the Garage

Been thinking about my father, Richard, quite often these past few months. I don't know if it's because of the ten-year mark of his passing that's coming up this June, or what's been happening these past ten years as to why he's been in my thoughts so much. Probably a little bit of each, as well as some other deaths hitting pretty close to home the last two months. There are a good handful of people who read this magazine who knew my father and would tell you he was quite a character—at the very least—and that his loud, bellowing laugh was more contagious than a germ-encrusted kid oozing with pink eye. He was *always* down for a good laugh. The more dark and bent the humor was, the more he'd get a kick outta it. Foul was his forté.

It makes perfect sense as to how my own sense of humor was influentially shaped and developed, for as long as I can remember, much to my mother's dismay for many years (sorry, Ma, you know I love you). He was a loud and opinionated dude, especially when it came to honest, hard-working people unjustly getting the shit-end of the stick. My old man (like most people) wasn't without his flaws, those which need not be aired here, but are duly noted for the record.

He was a gnarly disciplinarian when the situation called for it. He didn't put up with any lying, smart-assing, or unruly behavior one bit from any of us three kids back then—be it at home or out in public. He and my Ma were the law. There was no “trying to reason with you” or “Now, Dale, what did we say before we came in here?” crapola coming out of his mouth. No, you'd get *the look*, and you hopefully had the sense (or attention span) to knock it off. And if you were that retarded to continue on with your shenanigans post-*the look*, you were even that much more fucked.

If it was at home, you'd get your licks immediately, all the way down the hall and into the respective bedroom. But, if this happened out in public? Holy Christ, that was even scarier. The offending party would get their arm silently squeezed like a wad of Play-Doh while he stared right through the back of your head. This was a sign of greater things to come once you got home, kind of like that gnawing, pit-of-your-stomach suspense you experience watching a horror film. Some people always thought my father's science of discipline was a tad extreme, or that it “scared us into being

good.” You know what? Because of him (and just as equally in part due to my mother's own set of disciplinary techniques, bless her caring heart), all three of us siblings ended up doing pretty damn well in life. I was never once scared of my father, but of the wrath that could rain down on my head because I was acting like a complete punk ass? You bet your ass I was, and more times than one, it was well-deserved. I learned way early on in life that you don't lie or lip off to either of your folks, and that went as well for those older than me.

Both my parents started early on with us three about the value of money. One of the cooler, more responsible things my father ingrained into me since I was a small fry was being self-supportive, or as he so eloquently put it, “*You gotta learn to take care of your shit when you get older. You can't expect to let someone else carry your ass in life. Doesn't work that way.*” I can vividly recall him telling me when I was in elementary school that, “One day you're gonna want to buy a car. When you start working a little later on down the line, you're going to see that things, like owning a car, are going to cost you some cash.” I remember saying to myself, “Why would I worry about that now? That's, like, *years* from now!” It all started coming very clear to me when I started my first job at Gemco (Heh, any of ya remember Gemco? Half department store/half grocery store?) when I was fifteen and a half, the legal age for minors to work in California in 1985. After my first coupla paychecks, I had the realization that my folks weren't at all being dicks about me getting a job. They were just being sincere in their efforts about teaching us the value of a buck, something that's stuck with me to this day. For that, I'll always be grateful.

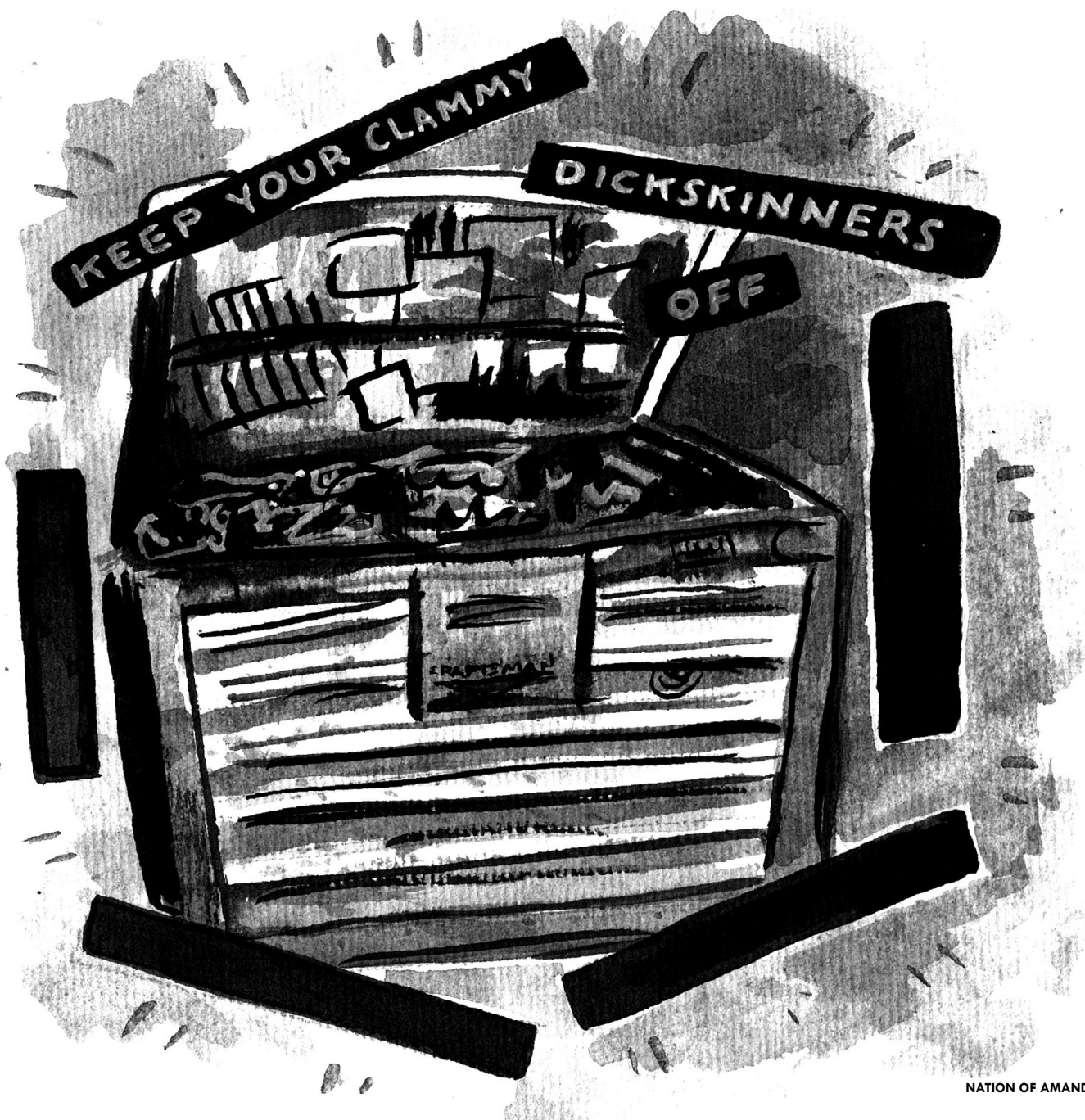
When I was in the seventh grade, my folks saw that I was pretty serious about getting my drumming on after a couple of years in music class at school, so my dad and I would scope out the music gear classifieds in the *Recycler* paper (pre-Craigslist, mind you) and trek all over L.A. to various places to help find me a used starter kit. After a couple of months, we found a pretty nifty silver crème Maxwin five-piece that some Tommy Chong lookalike was trying to unload for \$150.00. Score! (Maxwin was Pearl's low-end series, as was CB-700 was to Rogers. Sorry, drum geek stuff I had to add. Rhythm Chicken will

appreciate this.) I played the hell out of that kit, dragging it all over to backyard parties and initial bar gigs in a 1976 puke green Mustang II with a white vinyl top (!) that I lucked out buying from an original owner around a year after I got outta high school. I was soon itching to take the plunge on a new kit, harping that it's taking forever to save up. I'll never forget what my dad told me in the kitchen one afternoon while bending his ear about it: “Y'know, just because you go and get yourself a new set-up doesn't make you Gene Krupa.” Big band humor, folks. Look it up.

After a few years outta high school, I got a pretty damn good steady job. I was fortunate enough to buy a new truck. I eventually socked away enough extra scratch soon after, intent as all hell on buying my first new drum kit—a set of black Ludwigs that would inevitably replace the old silver Maxwin tubs. (Tony G, you still hanging on to those? I want that Paiste 505 setup back!) Ripping into a rehearsal set with 'em for the first time back then was all the more sweet knowing that they were completely bought on my dime. Still wail the piss out of those black beauties to this day, in fact.

Shortly after, I moved out on my own. All that sound advice my folks had offered unto my fat head over my snot-nosed years was put to good use and I was doing all right. Some years later, my dad finally ended up taking his retirement from behind the eighteen wheeler for Safeway, the grocery company he pretty much worked for his entire life. Within two years after hanging it up, he was diagnosed with esophageal cancer, and, upon closer inspection by the doctors, he found out that the shit had jumped all over his liver. He succumbed to that bastard disease nine months after he was diagnosed. One of the weirdest things he'd tell me was that when he was going through his chemo treatments, he'd often run into Todd Agajanian, one of my oldest childhood friends who was battling leukemia at the time (see my column in *Razorcake* #16). Todd would tell me that even though they were both hanging out and “getting poisoned” (as he put it), they were both still cracking each other up. I can't begin to explain how friggin' badly I miss the both of 'em.

It often bums me out that my father never got to meet my wife Yvonne or the rest of her family, as I didn't start going out with



NATION OF AMANDA

The offending party would get their arm silently squeezed like a wad of Play-Doh while he stared right through the back of your head.

her until a little over a year after he passed. My father often comes up in conversation when I'm talking with Hector, my father-in-law, and he always tells me that just from the stories he hears from Yvonne or me about my father, that "The both of us would've gotten along just fine." Hector was very similar in his responsibility and child rearing ways, too. I love Yvonne's folks and the rest of my extended familia to pieces.

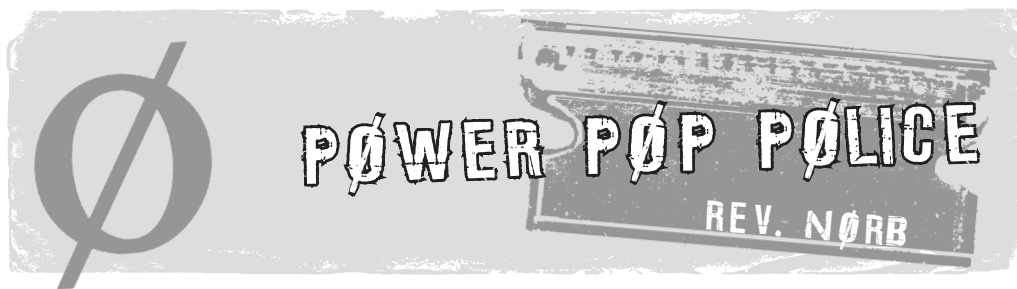
I always think about the talks I had with my father when I'd stop by in the afternoon on the way home after my shift, whether it was to talk about what was happening with him and my Ma, or just shoot the shit out in the garage and have some laughs.

My dad had an old tackle box sitting under the workbench that he had for years, and I remember quite a few years ago noticing that there was an old, orange Dyno tape label

(the OG kind where you turn the dial to the desired letter/number and click down hard) stuck on top of the box that read: "KEEP YOUR CLAMMY DICKSKINNERS OFF."

Yeah, no shortage of laughs in that garage.

I'm Against It,
—Designated Dale
designateddale@yahoo.com



**“Thirty years
older, zero
years wiser.”**

So Long, and Thanks for All the Jif

Mrs. Farrell passed away last Sunday, a day which began—I believe—with me seated on the toilet in a Turner Hall restroom just after midnight, a supper of Schlitz and limes blasting forth from my anal sphincter in an acrid torrent of one-way Milwaukee brimstone. Simultaneous with this violent effusion of butt goo was a fourthmeal—and, for all I could remember, fifth-, sixth- and seventhmeal—also of Schlitz and limes—pouring spastically from my drooling gob onto the carefully burnished tile of the restroom floor. Vomirreha at its finest; a simulcast disaster. I don’t imagine my puke/crap multitasking had much to do with Mrs. Farrell’s demise; she’d been in pretty rough shape for a number of years and it was clearly her time to shuffle off the mortal whatzit; besides, I’d puked and shit enough at the Farrell household that, by now, I’d imagine she’d be used to it. Mrs. Farrell was the mother of my childhood friend and former bandmate Gary, whom I’d known since kindergarten, and with whom I’d been in Suburban Mutilation back in the bald and angry days of the early ‘80s. We practiced in her basement, and in her garage, as well as my family’s basement and garage. In 1984, when we were all shipping off to college or the military or the post office or whatever it is kids did back then, we recorded one album, in our lone studio jaunt. Ringing up a profligate eighty-six dollars worth of studio time, the record was called “The Opera Ain’t Over Til the Fat Lady Sings,” and sold at the brisk average clip of approximately 90.9 copies a year for the next eleven years, until the entire run of a thousand was finally extinguished in the mid-‘90s. Our cultural claim to fame was that Sticky covered one of our songs. Our secondary cultural claim to fame was that a small photo of us appears in the second edition of *American Hardcore*, with me, in all my seventeen-year-old glory, singing into a microphone craftily fitted with an old sweatsock as protection against lethal shock. Were one to take *American Hardcore*’s brief blurb on the Milwaukee scene at face value ((not recommended)), the casual reader might come away with the impression that Suburban Mutilation were the #3 band in the Milwaukee hardcore scene, with the Clitboys ((*THE CLITBOYS??!!*)) coming in at #2, Die Kreuzen being the inarguable granddaddies of us all. As everyone ((or, apparently, *almost* everyone)) knows, the Milwaukee Hardcore Hierarchy clearly and obviously went Die

Kreuzen-Sacred Order-Clitboys, not Die Kreuzen-Clitboys-S.U.M. We lived two hours north in Green Bay, and surely didn’t rank any higher than fourth, if that. I bring this up, lest we forget—with the phrase “lest we forget” cleverly tying into the exciting backstory of why I am starting May 27th off puking on a floor: For the last seven or eight hours, I have been drinking at a Milwaukee mega-reunion show called “Lest We Forget,” itself named after a Facebook group dedicated to remembering dead homies of the Milwaukee scene. It was fun, like being at a big wedding reception for geriatric punks, with four-dollar 16 oz. cans of Schlitz ((but free limes)). I think I’ve just seen the Lubricants. If not, then it was just some random guy in leather pants and a Fear t-shirt standing in front of a background that said “Lubricants.” Something like that. I can’t really remember. Vomirreha makes approximators of us all. I’ve also apparently just met Bobby Steele, although, the next morning, all I will really remember saying to him is “*NINE TOES LATER!!! NINE TOES LATER!!!*” Hmm, Bobby Steele was in the Misfits when they recorded “Last Caress”—didn’t that have a line about killing someone’s mother? Could my Bobby Steele Experience be at the root of Mrs. Farrell’s passing? Actually, check that—it was *RAPING* someone’s mother and killing someone’s *BABY*, that’s what it was. Either way, I wouldn’t imagine even the Savage Young Bobby Steele would be enough to kill Mrs. Farrell; if having Suburban Mutilation frolicking about her garage ((often underneath several dozen of her husband’s drying muskrat pelts, hung inside-out from the rafters to dry)) didn’t do the job in the ‘80s, it’s not likely a chance run-in with an ex-Misfit would pull her pin, although I can’t imagine she’d have been fond of “Last Caress.” She liked Cat Stevens and Kenny Rogers & The First Edition. One of my favorite routines was when “Ruby, Don’t Take Your Love to Town” came on the cassette player in the Farrell family Maverick. In the song, Kenny Rogers portrays a Nam vet who got his nuts shot off and can’t fuck his wife properly, thus spurring her to canoodle with the boys down at the bar on Saturday nights, much to his lasting chagrin. As Kenny Rogers, voice cracking with emotion, solemnly intoned, “*She leaving now, ‘cause I can hear the slamming of the door...*” I’d punctuate his utterance with a

deadpan “*SLAM!*” in as deeply dramatic a voice as I could muster. Kenny would then complete his tortured thought: “*...the way I know I’ve heard it slam a hundred times before,*” at which point I discharged my God-given duties as Annoying Neighbor Kid by further accentuating the drama and yelling “*SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!*” until either Mrs. Farrell hit me, I ran out of breath, or I had yelled “*SLAM!*” a hundred times. I’d do it every damn time the song came on. It never got old ((well, for me. Not sure about her)). No, I can’t imagine a little vomit and puke and “Last Caress” could’ve done in Mrs. Farrell, if S.U.M. in the garage and little Norbert in the back seat yelling “*SLAM!*” times a hundred during the emotional apex of Kenny Rogers’ most melodramatic number didn’t do it already ((although it should be noted that Mrs. Farrell absolutely *LOATHED* the song “Oh Bondage Up Yours” by X-Ray Spex, to the point where even if we were in the other room listening to it at a comparatively modest volume, she’d be hollering at us from the kitchen to turn off that godawful racket, et. al. [[each mom has that one song that sends her screaming over the edge: With Mrs. Farrell, it was “Oh Bondage, Up Yours;” our drummer Queeve’s mom could not abide “Young and Dumb” by the Rubber City Rebels. My friend Cindy’s mom—a plump, old-school hairstylist who used the word “youse” without irony—absolutely could not fucking stand “Yeah Yeah” by the Revillos, even though we would play other shit like “Forward to Death” by the Dead Kennedys in her van just to try and piss her off, with little effect. My own mother wasn’t real keen on “Code Blue” by TSOL; something about the line “*I wanna fuck, I wanna fuck the dead*” seemed to put her on edge. Can’t imagine why]])). I mean, heck, when our original drummer Perry got killed in mid-December ‘82—creating not only a rather sizable primary problem of “now we don’t have a drummer,” but also a less-acute ((but still sizable)) problem of “now we have no one in the band who owns a car that isn’t a pile of scrap metal and have no way to get to our New Year’s Eve gig in Milwaukee”—Mr. & Mrs. Farrell actually drove us the two hours down to Milwaukee and stayed in a hotel for New Year’s so we could play Niko’s with Die Kreuzen/Sacred Order/Mecht Mensch/Imminent Attack/Clitboys/Tense Experts/et. al. ((ordinarily, they would not



ALEX BARRETT

I'm a man who's well aware of his limitations!
Responsibility is my bread!
Moderation is my butter!

have been so indulgent, but they felt bad for us on account of that whole drummer-getting-killed business, so we skated by on the sympathy vote)). I mean, hell, they dropped us off at the Norman Apartments in downtown Milwaukee that night—where the Die Kreuzen/Sacred Order guys lived—the building later immortalized in the song “International House of Death” by Sacred Order. Come to think of it, Sacred Order played that song earlier in the evening, when I was still able to jump around in the crowd and gesticulate frantically, with my Schlitz-and-lime still on an inward-bound trajectory. They were great ((I was in Sacred Order for one practice a few years ago. Ask me about it sometime)). They were followed by Die Kreuzen, who were also great ((gratuitous grandpa mosh pit notwithstanding)). Die Kreuzen got us our first gig in Milwaukee. We were in high school and thought it must be terribly odd to be twenty years old like they were. As I sit with my head between my legs, thirty years older, zero years wiser, it still seems odd to be twenty years old like they were, though for entirely different

reasons. But, yeah: Mrs. Farrell’s seen all this shit ((no pun intended)) before. *KINDLY MOVE ALONG, MRS. FARRELL. NOTHING NEW TO SEE HERE.* Mrs. Farrell wouldn’t’ve found the dual-ended condition my condition was in to be particularly noteworthy, let alone fatality-inducing. The true cause of death can be pieced together via studious perusal of the completed eBay auctions for the day of her death—May 27th, 2012. Interested parties may perform a search for the string “Suburban Mutilation” on eBay’s completed listings for that day, and take note that a copy of Suburban Mutilation’s glorious “The Opera Ain’t Over Til the Fat Lady Sings” LP—listed as “suburban mutilation LP poison idea minor threat negative approach ((sic)) die kreuzen” and the very same album of which it took me eleven years to get rid of a thousand copies, at five-fifty postpaid—sold for the mind-bendingly princely sum of \$58.77, American. Plus four dollars postage. One can only conclude that the shock of this ridiculousness proved too much for Mrs. Farrell’s frail form to bear, and thus smote, she straightaway ascended to the Pearly Gates, Oblivion, or

Krishnaloka, as provided for by law. Clearly, then, the night’s reckless Schlitz-and-lime guzzling could NOT have been to blame for my dual exhausts splattering their pungent payload across various ceramic surfaces! *I’m a man who’s well aware of his limitations! Responsibility is my bread! Moderation is my butter!* it was some manner of action-at-a-distance that laid me low at Turner Hall, stemming from me realizing that I’d have \$58,770 ((plus four thousand bucks postage)) if I’d have just SAT ON THOSE THOUSAND FRICKING ALBUMS FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, THEN SOLD THEM. One must admit, the prospect of whizzing away a small fortune in hardcore albums at \$3.50 wholesale is enough to have ANYONE shitting in a pile of puke. In any event, farewell, Mrs. Farrell. It’s probably for the best that you were cremated, as I couldn’t’ve resisted yelling “SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!” a hundred times in a row one last time when your coffin lid closed.

Love
 —Nørbert



SQUEEZE MY HORN

GARY HORNBERGER

"We waited until he rebooted and said the word."

Re-Boot

I need to start things off with a big hooray to me. I just finished my third AA degree and it was a semester of "what the fuck?" Hopefully this degree pays off. Now all I have to do is send in the check and I will be a licensed speech language pathology assistant. This was a grueling semester filled with high hopes, big let downs, and occasional verbal spars with the instructor to get the boat sailing again. Two of the courses were internships, where I was placed in a school setting. The first was in an elementary school, which was straight forward and not a problem. The second was an adult setting, which could be a hospital or a high school. On my third try, I got a high school in Mission Viejo—just a little drive from the house.

Working in the elementary school was easy-going and fun. The high school was a little shocking at first. I was doing most of my time in a "severe autistic" class. The first kid I worked with was heavily medicated because he's a giant of a kid. He slept most of the time but they woke him up for me. When he stood up, we looked eye to eye. And the kid was thick. "Uh oh!" I thought. "Seventy hours of this?"

Actually, the experience was great for me. I learned how to do speech with a population of individuals that vary so much in severity that techniques must be modified from student to student. Patience is so frickin' critical when the most important part of therapy is just trying to get the kid to stay focused. In some instances, it's like a cop trying to get a drunk to follow his finger. Imagine me with an iPad, moving it up and down to get a kid to focus on what we're doing. I also learned some dodge ball techniques because, at a moment's notice, this one kid would try to grab my moustache. Like a hawk, I was! Initially, I was a little shocked by the way the students were treated in this classroom, but after a week I got the big picture. With autistic kids there needs to be structure because things can go wrong quick.

At first, I thought the instructors had a good gig going. They would periodically send a student to scan the campus trash for recyclables, which they would bring back by the bucket-load. Since schools are on the healthy kick, most of the stuff was plastic water bottles. I was told that the cans and bottles were turned in. When the class would go out on trips, they would spend the money made recycling on treats and food, depending on where they were going and

how long the trip was. They were pulling several large plastic bags a day. I hope those kids got steak dinners. There was also a coffee shop where the kids would deliver coffee to faculty for a fee. More money for the trips. After a while, all this made sense—to keep these kids occupied—but it still seemed to be a lot of cash.

Doing speech with these young adults was completely different than the work I did at the elementary school. Kids at the elementary level were trying to catch up to age norms, things like making correct sounds. At the high school, we were trying for focus and semantics. We had one kid who would giggle uncontrollably, but when he focused he could read very well. I was curious to how and when he learned to read because in a half hour setting, he giggled for twenty minutes.

Then there was the big kid who could pick an item out of a field of three and pronounce the item, but then it was like a computer rebooting. The kid froze and his face glazed over. We waited until he rebooted and said the word. Each day would be the same routine with the hope that something would stick.

Some of the higher functioning kids would go to classes (math, photo, and art). Walking the campus with these kids, I was surprised to see the rest of the students in the school seemed to be very tolerant of these kids, though I overheard some stories of isolated incidents happening.

The pathologist I worked with was rapid-fire and took no bullshit. At first, I thought she was a little flighty, but then I found out how much this woman had on her plate. She worked at the high school, the elementary school, and the junior high school all along the same road. She demanded that the kids focus and never gave them a chance to lapse out of the task at hand.

The most interesting question posed to me from both pathologists I worked under was, "Are you sure you want to get into this work?" I found out later that their jobs carry an ass load of paperwork that keeps them away from the actual therapy part of the job. I told them, "At this point it, it's way too late to jump ship."

I'm a step away from getting back into the work force. In a future issue of this magazine, don't be surprised if you hear me ranting about my quest to become a full-fledged pathologist. Hey face it, at some point we all want to direct traffic.

EPIC TALES OF THE MUNDANE #7

By Brad Dwyer, \$2.00 U.S.

The title on this one is spot on! It's amazing how little things in our lives can be looked at under a microscope and actually seem like they're being looked at through a telescope. This book is so straight to the point that some of the panels make me feel like I'm looking in a mirror. The trivial things—like mood swings or our dealings with our environment are all in this tiny black and white book. My favorite panel is titled "What I'll say next time" and it says what we all feel and never really act on. I also like the final story which highlights that exact moment in time when we go from a shy wallpaper to fuck you all. This book is a comic that showcases all that we are. (Black Marker Comics, blackmarkercomics.com)

BRAIN FOOD #2

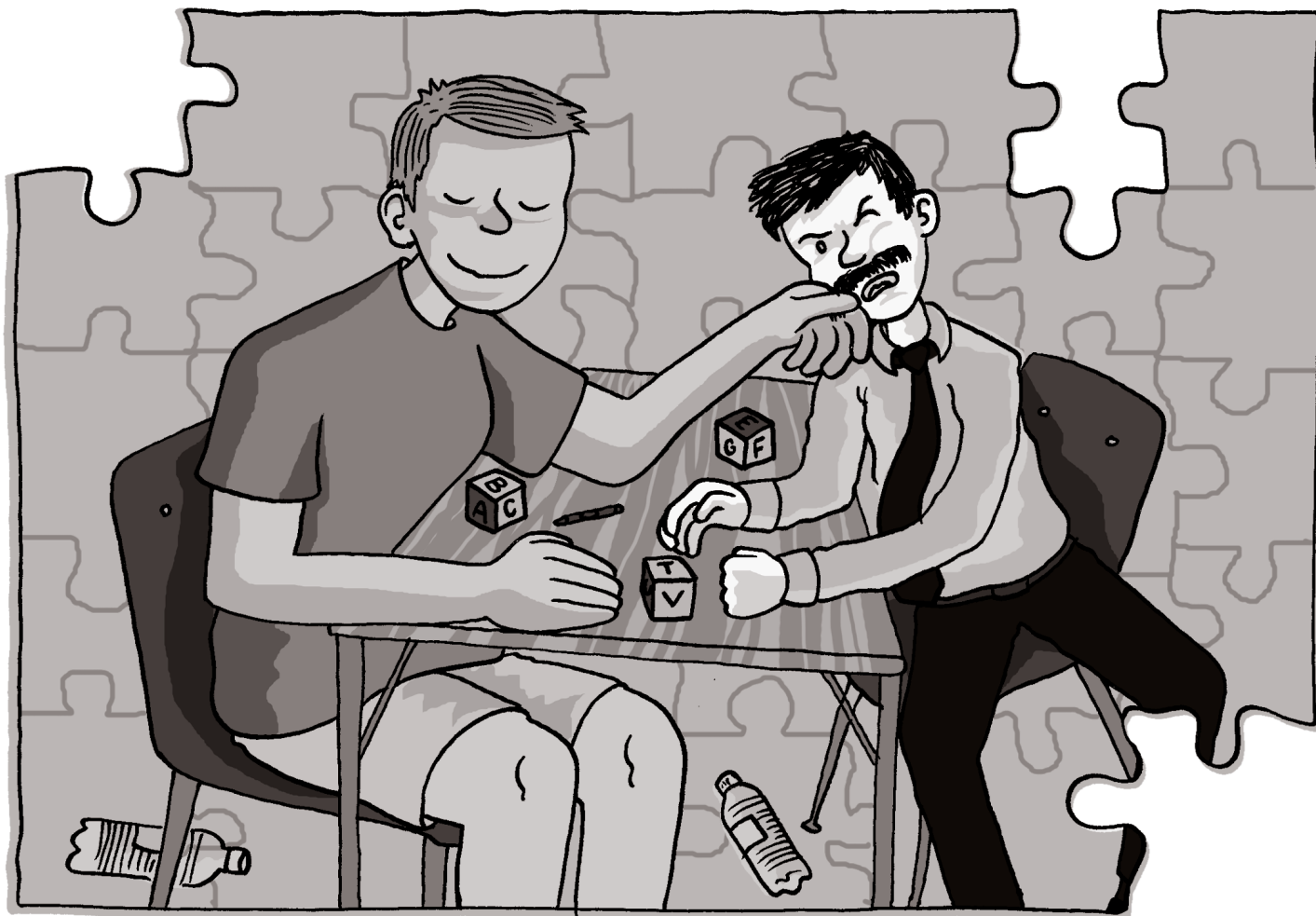
By Mike, 50 cents U.S.

Somewhere in my reading I was displaced in time. I've read *Brain Food* before and this seems like the point where our porn-making zombie friends meet. I have to say this one is a bit long in the tooth. We find the threesome meeting in a bar and discussing their unemployment status. That is all short and to the point. There is a slight bit of tease for the next book at the end, but that's all. Somewhere I'm going to have to back catalog and get the storyline down. As for now, all I can tell you is go find the original stories at the great price of 50 cents. (PO Box 7246, Minneapolis, MN 55407, Brainfood.TheComicsSeries.com, miketoft@usiwireless.com,)

PREVAILING NONSENSE #4

By Yannsfart, \$?

This book is very disturbing on so many levels. It's very much like reading the ravings of a crazy person. Where do I start? Is it with the toddler who is so angry at his parents that on wash day he pees in the wash—in fact he starves himself of water so that his pee is dark and stinks—or is it the end panel where a dog tells you how bad he is but that he loves you. A very small amount of this book is deep enough to make one think. The rest of the book leaves in doubt whether it's comical or maniacal. Handle this one with care. (yannsfart@yahoo.com)



BILL PINKEL

**At a moment's notice,
this one kid would try to grab
my moustache.
Like a hawk, I was!**

EVERYTHING DIES #7

By Brian Brown, \$5.00 U.S.

This one is a little twist on the Noah's Ark story. This book is visually cool yet sparse with text. It is always fun to read stories on the creation of earth and the universe. Throw in some mystic gods that actually get along and, wow, you've got a story. The difference between this story and the one in the bible is that there are four angry gods and the character in the ark is the only surviving member of the race. He is promoted to god standing at the end. However, there are some loose ends—like what happens to the animals and the earth? This book is a fun twist on the angry god thing. It ends with a funny thought—which I'll leave out of this review—for the reader to pick up on. (Microcosm Publishing, 419 S. 44th St. #1, Philadelphia, PA 19104, brianbrown@gmail.com)

NO ONE WILL SYNDICATE ME

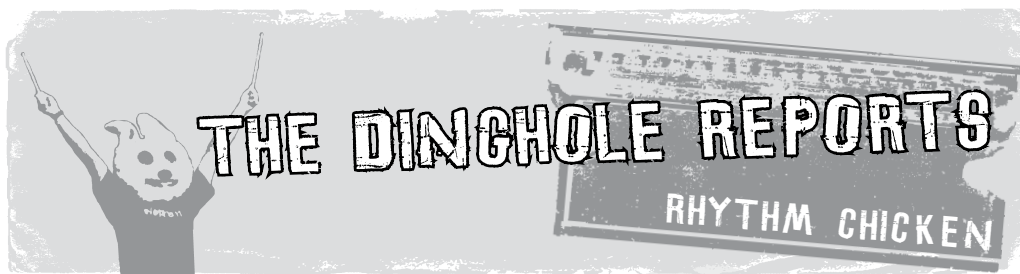
By Josh Sanchez, \$3.00 U.S.

Xerox and staples is how I describe this little book. Five outcasts live together to make ends meet. The book starts with several rejection letters from syndication companies who feel that the high jinx of a very modern group of individuals is too outlandish for their readers. The book is about a group of punky kids—all with special abilities—who band together in a rental house. It reads like a kid-friendly version of the movie *Suburbia* where the five characters flop in a house, listening to records and working on bikes. I enjoyed this one because it's written with humor rather than trying to make the characters always in trouble and strung out. It's a great and funny look at how some realistic counterculture groups interact. (Josh Sanchez, PO Box 7525, Ann Arbor, MI 48107)

PORK#5

Free at newsstands or subscriptions at website *Pork* was sent to me by the Slow Poisoner to showcase his advice column. This newspaper/magazine is a treasure vault of rock'n'roll, weirdo art, and bad ideas. It states that on the cover. In pushing its pages I found even our own man Nardwuar is nestled inside. This pulp is cool. It features reviews, counter culture toys, and, yes, comics, which I'm happy to say showcase my favorite Poisoner ink of Ogner Stump. One can turn to the back and order buttons, shirts, comics, and stickers. *Pork* is kind of the *Ripley's Believe It Or Not* of the rock'n'roll world. Thanks for the find, Poisoner! (PO Box 12044, Eugene, OR 97440, porkmagazine.bigcartel.com, sean@internetpork.com)

—Gary Hornberger



“This was the exact opposite of Top 40. This was perfect.”

The Crosses, The Intersections

I was in seventh grade when a friend told me to listen to 91.5 FM on Thursday nights after nine PM. It was the local college radio station in 1983. The DJ was Rick Counihan and he played all sorts of punk rock till late into the night. I had never heard much beyond the Clash or Sex Pistols at that point. What I heard totally blew me away. It was crazy, intense, exciting, and smart music. I started taping his shows so I could listen to this music all week long. I accumulated many piles of radio show cassettes. When I ran out of blank tapes, I would take my older brother's old rock tapes, cover the little anti-record holes in the corners, and record over those as well. Before I ever bought my first punk record, I had amassed piles and piles of these tapes. I listened to them almost constantly.

I spent many, many days riding my skateboard around the neighborhood carrying my little Sears boombox. I would push down the streets blaring this crazy music and I felt pretty darn cool. I would meet up with friends, set down the blaring boombox, and we would putz around doing skate tricks to Black Flag, Plain Wrap, Toxic Reasons, Channel 3, and countless others. By the end of a long day of skating to this new punk rock, the batteries would get low and the music would slow down. We would laugh and pretend to skate in slow-motion. Many summer nights were spent getting bruised, bloodied, and scraped up while skating to the punk rock.

There was one Thursday night when Rick played a large set of songs all by local groups. This absolutely *amazed* me. *Local* groups? I always just assumed that recorded music was all made in Hollywood or New York. These bands were from Wisconsin! Many were actually from *Green Bay*! Though it sounds kinda dorky to say this now, this totally blew my mind. Where and how did they record? Where did they get their instruments? Where did they get the money for these instruments? Where did they perform? How did they write or think up these songs? Did they take music lessons for this crazy kind of music? I was twelve years old. I really just didn't know.

Many of these songs by the local groups are still completely ingrained into my permanent memory. The Art Thieves. The Tyrants. Suburban Mutilation. Cut Throat. Depo Provera. Who were these people? Green Bay is not that big of a city. Maybe I actually saw these guys in the mall and didn't know it? Their music was creative, crazy, abrasive,

rockin', and just damn good. Until the age of twelve, I guess I just assumed any band from Wisconsin just *couldn't* be good. I soon learned this to be false. These songs were great, and they were created *in Wisconsin*. To me, this was just a tremendous discovery. I started feeling some sort of local pride.

Then I heard it, the song. This song had me absolutely transfixed. I had never heard a song like that before. The music pretty much ripped my face off in the best possible way. The drumbeat was all crazy, sort of all over the place. The guitar sounded like it was frantically drilling into my brain. The bass had a very distinct big tugboat sound that just punched me in the face before scrambling it like a blender. And the singer? Good lord, his voice was the eeriest, screechiest—and by far the scariest—thing I'd ever heard.

This song pretty much reached out of my little boombox, grabbed my neck, and repeatedly smeared my face on the pavement. This was a *local* band??? The song was called “Live Wire.” The band had a strange name: Die Kreuzen.

I wasn't quite sure what Die Kreuzen meant. My twelve year old mind had trouble looking at those letters and not thinking something punk rock like, “Yeah, die cruisin'!” Two years later I asked my German teacher, Herr Larson, what Die Kruezen meant. He replied, “Why do so many people ask me that?” I did some research and found out it means *the crosses* or *the intersections*. This didn't help me. The band intrigued me immensely, but it raised many questions. Over the years, I've found the answers to some of these questions. However, almost thirty years later now, I still put on their self-titled album and wonder just how on earth they created these songs. They were just amazing.

I remember opening up a new *Thrasher* magazine once and there was Die Kreuzen! A band from *Wisconsin*! This seemed so huge and cool to me. They got coverage in national magazines and they were from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They were a local band, yet they were known out there in the rest of the country. I felt they really did the impossible and put Wisconsin on the map.

I will never forget seeing them for the first time. It was at the VFW hall in downtown Green Bay. They were just blazing hot. The Green Bay punks went crazy for them. I just stood there and watched the live performance of those songs burn into my brain, not quite believing what I was seeing. It was truly

amazing. I was floored. The music was crazy weird. The band looked bizarre and somewhat mismatched. This was the exact opposite of Top 40. This was perfect.

Over the years, I was lucky enough to see them quite a few times, through all their different-sounding albums. I saw them again at the VFW. I saw them at ABC Boxing. I saw them open up for Hüsker Dü at the Riverside Ballroom. I saw them in Milwaukee a few times, the last of which at the UWM Ballroom, was touted as their last show. They played to a packed ballroom and were just as excellent as the first time I saw them. I felt pretty lucky to have seen their last show, enjoying every second of every song.

In my later years attending UW-Green Bay, my friend/cousin Dancin' Dan Marcelle would haunt the university halls with me, looking for trouble. We happened upon the small, empty Christie Theater in the union. After discovering that the microphone was left on, Dan picked it up and screamed a long blood-curdling screech, very amplified and distorted in the empty theater. We took turns doing our best “Danny Die Kreuzen” into the mic. Many times during the remainder of our UWGB tenure, we would take the edge off our college woes by paying a visit to, as we called it, the “Danny Die Kreuzen Theater.” The ear-piercing screams would rattle the entire union, but we somehow *never* got into trouble!

Move forward about twenty years. All of Wisconsin was frantically chattering for months about the long-awaited Die Kreuzen reunion show! It seemed too good to be true. I soon found out the date, May 26. It was too good to be true. That was the Saturday of Memorial Day weekend, the one-year anniversary of my soup shop opening. I had already ordered my anniversary cupcakes and everything. I was trapped in the clutches of being a business owner in a very tourism-based economic region. There was really no reasonably conceivable way for me to make the show. I was stuck in self-made anniversary trap, surrounded by tourists. Crap.

In a strange coincidence, Dancin' Dan Marcelle—whom I hadn't seen in like six years—arrived at my soup shop on its anniversary! Towards the end of the day, we downed cupcakes with Polish beers. I then brought up to Dan the sad news of how we were missing the Die Kreuzen reunion. He cocked his head back and let out a shrill heart-stopping scream! We dinked our beer



JACKIE RUSTED

The batteries would get low and the music would slow down. We would laugh and pretend to skate in slow-motion.

cans and paid tribute to "Danny Die Kreuzen Theater." The next morning, while posting the day's soup menu on my Facebook page, I scrolled down the page and noticed how every two posts were photos, videos, or comments about how great the reunion show was. Damn.

**Dinghole Report #125:
Unwelcome Ruckus at the
Crunchy Frog!
(Rhythm Chicken sighting
#pi times infinity plus two)**

It was an off night at Green Bay's Crunchy Frog, a counter-culture drinking establishment indicative of the neighborhood's character. I had had a few drinks and decided to bring in the ruckus. Ruckus O'Reily and I carried in the Chickenkit and caught the eye of the

bartender. He motioned to the bouncer to intercept. The bouncer said, "We have no bands tonight. What do you think you are doing?" I continued setting up the drums while blurting out, "Don't worry about it." The bouncer continued protesting till I had everything assembled and pulled on the head. The rhythm ruckus did flow, fans were made, and drums got wrestled. The bartender bought a few rounds of drinks. Fun was had.

**Dinghole Report #126:
Unwelcome Ruckus
at Burnheart's!
(Rhythm Chicken sighting
#pi times infinity plus three)**

It was an off night at Milwaukee's Burnheart's, a counter-culture drinking establishment indicative of the

neighborhood's character. I had had a few drinks and decided to bring in the ruckus. Mr. Brailmeyer and I carried in the Chickenkit and caught the eye of the bartender. She motioned to the bouncer to intercept. The bouncer said, "We don't *have* bands here. What do you think you are doing?" I continued setting up the drums while blurting out, "Don't worry about it." The bouncer continued protesting till I had everything assembled and pulled on the head. The rhythm ruckus did flow, fans were made, and drums got wrestled. The bartender bought a few rounds of drinks. Fun was had.

—Rhythm Chicken
rhythmchicken@hotmail.com

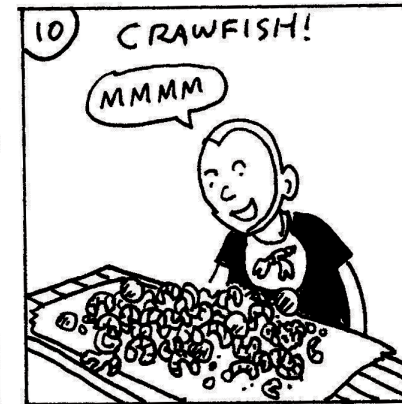
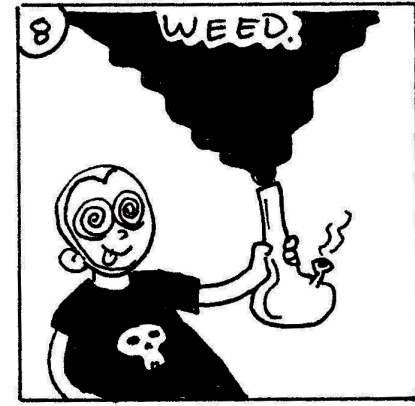
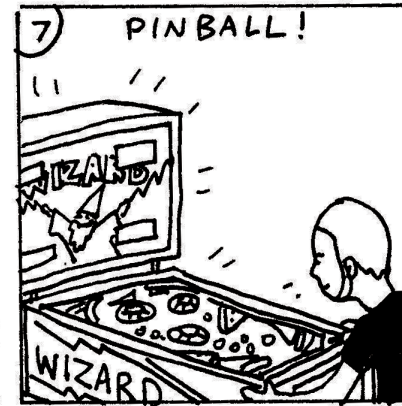
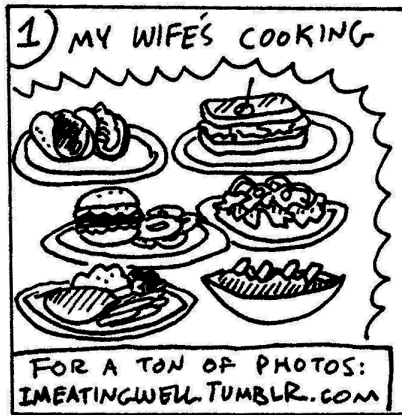
**THE MARKED MEN • THE BANANAS
CHIXDIGGIT • MEAN JEANS • FLESHIES
THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB • SASS DRAGONS
TOYS THAT KILL • TILTWHEEL • CHEAP GIRLS
KYLE KINANE • THE CRIMINALS • SHELLSHAG
UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND
CHINESE TELEPHONES • MIND SPIDERS**

**AMERICAN LIES • THE BERTOS
BESIDE MYSELF • BIG EYES
BOBBY JOE EBOLA & THE
CHILDREN MACNUGGITS
DAN PADILLA • DIVERS
GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE
BOMBON • BONSAI • BUST!
BUMBKLAATT • CROW BAIT
DUDES NIGHT • FRENCH EXIT
HORROR SQUAD • HOUSE BOAT
GREAT APES • THE HADDONFIELDS
MASKED INTRUDER • PUSSY-COW
JOYCE MANOR • THE LAST YEARS
LENGUAS LARGAS • LOW CULTURE
LIPSTICK HOMICIDE • THE MAXIES
MADISON BLOODBATH • MUHAMADALI
NATO COLES & THE BLUE DIAMOND BAND
NEIGHBORHOOD BRATS • RAD COMPANY
OCCULT DETECTIVE CLUB • SIREN SONGS
RATIONAL ANTHEM • RUMSPRINGER
SHARK PANTS • SHORT ATTENTION
THE SLOW DEATH • THE STRAIT A'S
SOMETHING FIERCE • STREET EATERS
SUMMER VACATION • USED KIDS
THE UNLOVABLES • WHITE NIGHT
VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL
WORTHWHILE WAY
TOO MANY DAVES
TURKISH TECHNO
TREASURE FLEET**



**3-DAY PASS = \$40 / 21+
WWW.AWESOMEFEST666.COM**

TEN THINGS THAT I LOVE



VINYL PRESSING

300 7"s - Black \$668

300 7"s - Stock or Random Mix Color \$711

Includes Master Lacquers Flat Cut, Masters Shipping,
Plating, 4-5 Tests, B&W Center Art, White Paper Sleeves

500 7"s - 400 Black, 100 Color \$720

500 12"s - 400 Black, 100 Color \$1129

500 10"s - 400 Black, 100 Color \$1179

Includes Master Lacquers Flat Cut, Masters Shipping,
Plating, 4 Tests, 2-Color Center Art, White Paper Sleeves

Digital Downloads!!!

500 Codes = \$30

1000 Codes = \$55

Quality Vinyl
& CD Mastering



Lucky Lacquers

6907 University Ave #224

Middleton, WI 53562

(206) 497-3006

orders@luckylacquers.com

Email for Order Forms



For a better cut, use Lucky for CD and Vinyl Pre-mastering
Recent Jobs include The Spits, Margin Mouth, Jay Reatard, Truth Dealer, The Black Lips,
Cycotic Youth, Turkish Techno, Earthmen & Strangers, Dharma, The Apers, Destruction Unit,
Underground Railroad To Candyland, The Arrivals, Leatherface, The Sainte Catherine's, Indecision,
Bodyjar, Night Birds, The Transgressions, Hummingbird of Death, Titanarium, Executioner,
The Reactions, VOM, Bad Religion, R17, The Minutemen, Hunx and His Punx, Bobby Joe Ebola and
The Children McNuggets, Rattus, Holocaust, Trench Rot, Something Fierce, The Angry Snowmen! ...

www.luckylacquers.com

WOLF DOG RECORDS



6907 University Ave #224

Middleton, WI 53562

(206) 497-3006

Make checks to Lucky Lacquers

Or, Add 5% to Paypal paypal@wolfdogrecords.us

The Spits - 19 Million AC EP CD LP - \$16 - PPD - Clear Vinyl - Ltd Ed.
500 / 50 random color covers X - SOLD OUT

The Vaccines - Debut Vinyl Release - \$16 PPD - OUT NOW!!! - Ltd
Ed. 700 / giant poster / cover + booklet! 200 random w/ screen print flats + 500
transparent random w/ black traces + jaceks

The Pulses - 10 Song Demo CD EP LP - \$16 PPD - Ltd Ed. 80 -
random color covers / matching vinyl + 300 White Vinyl

Turkish Techno Double 7" - 300 each - \$4 each PPD \$7 as a pair!

Turkish Techno LP - 150 Pink custom covers & 400 Orange

Agent 86 12" EP + Third Rail Delivery 7" EP - OUT SOON!!!



Turkish Techno Double 7"



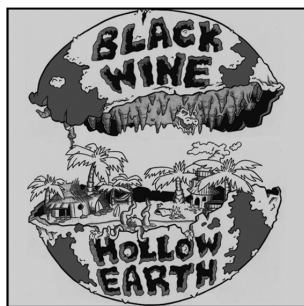
The Vaccines LP



"PAST DUE"

Turkish Techno LP

OUT NOW ON DON GIOVANNI RECORDS:



BLACK WINE
"HOLLOW EARTH" LP



PLASTIC CROSS
"GRAYSCALE RAINBOWS" LP



SCREAMING FEMALES
"UGLY" CD/2xLP



HILLY EYE
"JACOB'S LADDER" 7"

ALSO AVAILABLE: records from Waxahatchee, Big Eyes, Noun, The Ergs!, For Science, Nuclear
Santa Claust, Shellshag, The Measure (SA), The Steinways, Laura Stevenson and The Cans, and more.

COMING SOON: debut albums from Secret Police and Loose Ends

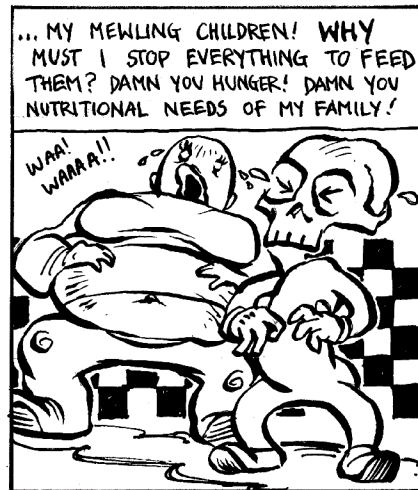
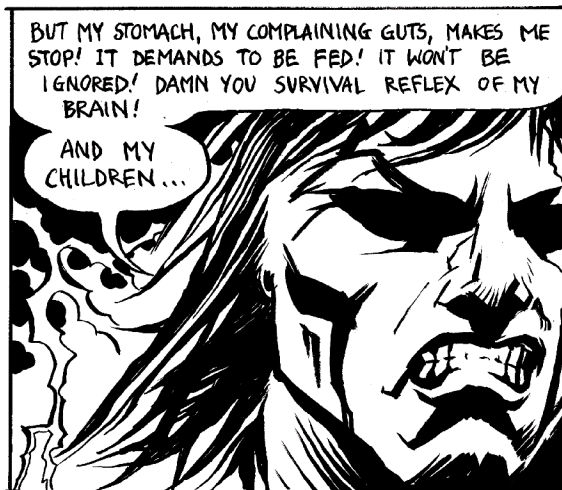
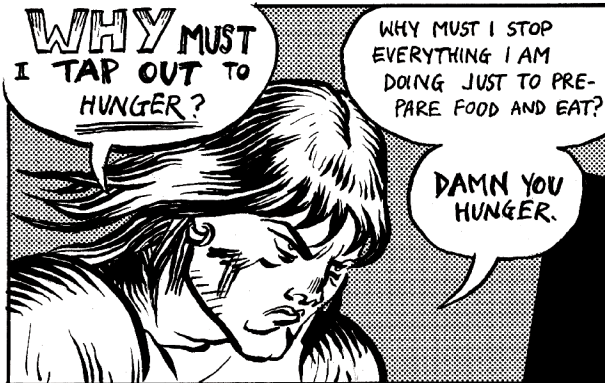
Don Giovanni Records

P.O. BOX 628 / KINGSTON, NJ 08528. DISTRIBUTED BY NO IDEA. <http://www.dongiovannirecords.com>

WON TON NOT NOW

APPETITE FOR DISTRACTION

BY LUCKY NAKAZAWA





Dan Monick's Photo Page

Marshmallows and Whiskey, Somis, CA 05/12/12

Bite the Cactus BY ADRIAN CHI

ON TOUR WITH GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE - 3 STATES, 7 CITIES, 8 NIGHTS AND 20 AWESOME BANDS...THESE ARE THE BANDS.





Rachel Murray Framingheddu's Photo Page

A young pregnant woman leads her group of Native American dancers as they march alongside thousands through the streets of downtown Los Angeles, CA for the annual May Day march for rights on April 29, 2012.



Shanty Cheryl's Photo Page

Screaming Females at The Center for the Arts, Eagle Rock

DOOT
DOOLA
DOOT
DOO...

DOOT
DOO!

WHO ARE YOU?

"Food is food, you know. Noodles is noodles, so we do what we do."

Nardwuar vs. Ghostface The Human Serviette Killah

Nardwuar: Who are you?

Ghostface: Ghostface Killah, Wu-Tang Clan.

Nardwuar: What can you tell the people about these Staten Island MCs, the Force MDs?

[Nardwuar shows LP]

Ghostface: Legends! These is legends! These is legends! Before they was the Force MDs, they was the Force MCs. And they was battling, like crews, like Cold Crush, you know what I mean. Groups that was around back then. You know what I mean, this is when, we was on—they had tapes before DVDs, CDs and all the stuff like that—when they was really going to the big park, plugging in your equipment inside the park with the speakers and the DJ, with the mixer, the echo chamber, the strobe lights and all the stuff like that, really doing it in the park when they were the Force MCs. And they always knew how to sing, a lot of them. So they started, you know, I guess when they become, after that era, when they started singing, I think they changed to the Force MDs because you still couldn't be the Force MCs when you're singing, you know what I mean?

Nardwuar: I heard they got signed after singing on the Staten Island Ferry. Did you ever sing on the Staten Island ferry with Wu-Tang?

Ghostface: Never did that. They paved the way for us on Staten Island and I had them on a few of my records: "The Soul Controller" and "Daytona 500." It's like, yo, these guys right here, they've got tears. Love is a house. They would have been—took New Edition's spot in *Krush Groove*, when that movie came out—but you know how the politics be and stuff like that, so they didn't really get the whatchamacallit. But, whoever's from back then, they know about the Force MDs.

Nardwuar: What about the UMCs, Ghostface Killah, another Staten Island crew?

[Nardwuar shows another LP]

Ghostface: Um, these guys. This is my man Haas, right here. I grew up with him. We lived in the same building. But, yeah, when I was out of state, doing my thing, they came through and it was like "wow" and my man. I was happy for him because this is one of my guys I really played football with—touch football, tag football, whatever, stick ball and all that stuff like that. But to see them go ahead and make it—he was the one who produced "Apollo Kids" for me off *Supreme Clientele*. So, you know, it's all love. It's all good.

Nardwuar: Just curious there Ghostface, do you ever still eat instant Ramen with Louis Rich luncheon meat?

Ghostface: Louis Rich? Nah, see that was in my book [*The World According to Pretty Toney*]. I just said, "You could probably put it in there like that," you know what I mean. But they took it too far and had the shit looking real disgusting and shit. But I'm just saying though, yeah, we all eat Roman noodles. Whatever the case may be when you are on a bus, you can just go ahead and crunch it up and get some hot water and you know, do what they do, or even if you are at home. We still got hood characteristics in us. The hood; it's never going nowhere, you know what I mean? That's what it is. Food is food, you know. Noodles is noodles, so we do what we do.

Nardwuar: And I'm taking you away now from some tiramisu. Thank you for doing this interview because you are missing your tiramisu right now, aren't you?

Ghostface: Yeah, I mean it's all good. I just wanted to taste it to see how—it looked that good, so I just took a little swipe of it—and took it down real quick.

Nardwuar: Ghostface Killah, I have a quote for you. "Under my wing like Sanford and ...

Ghostface: "Son."

Nardwuar: *Sanford and Son*.

[Nardwuar shows LP]

Ghostface: Oh, okay. Yeah, this is legendary. I like a lot of old black TV shows and stuff like that. It was kinda fun watching; growing up with *Soul Train* and *Carwash*, *What's Happening*, and things in that nature—stuff like that. So, yeah, this is classic right here. Masta Killa did a track; from the beginning it's "doon, doon, doon, doon." RZA took the sample and they came and had a record all dirty and I was wondering so I asked him, "Why you didn't put me on it because this is me, and I belong on that." Yeah *Sanford and Son*. Rest in peace the Redd Foxx. Legendary, all legendary, so it's good.

Nardwuar: Chubb Rock, as well, Mr. Chubb Rock. He's underappreciated isn't he, Chubb Rock?

[Nardwuar shows LP]

Ghostface: Yeah, Chubb Rock is a lyricist. He's definitely underappreciated. He knew how to put his words together. He had big words, too. His voice was like "da, da, da, da, da," and now they Biggie. Back then,

his voice was—he had that nice voice—but Chubb Rock, definitely is, underrated. He just got busy, he got busy. He just got busy, yo. He was a lyricist, though. This is all my history, man. You're pulling out all my history. So, of course, I always take from them because that's all I know, so I take the sample. I do what I do, and it comes out how it comes out. B. All respect, there's all respect. All respect.

Nardwuar: Ghostface, I have another gift for you—the *Three the Hard Way* soundtrack.

[Nardwuar gives LP]

Ghostface: Yeah, man, these is like—they are incredible man. Like I told you, this is my life. This is what I grew up off of, and ...

Nardwuar: When did you first get into kung fu movies? How did you get into kung fu movies? How?

Ghostface: It was like, by like seven, eight, nine years old. Bruce Lee was the first one, and going to the centre when I was little, going to watch the karate movies and *Enter the Dragon*, and this and that and the third, and it just kicked over, and Jim Kelly was in there, featured in one of them, and that was it. That's what put me on to Jim Kelly.

Nardwuar: Was there going to be a connection to *Wu Massacre*. Weren't you going to call Wu Massacre three the hard way or something?

Ghostface: Yeah, but—yeah we were going to call it *Three the Hard Way*. Me Rae(kwon) and Meth (Method Man), but Meth didn't want the name like that so we changed the name.

Nardwuar: What do you think about people like MF Doom and how they have disguises and stuff, like you are quite into disguises yourself, aren't you? The Ghostface.

Ghostface: Yeah, I've been the Ghostface. I'm still the Ghostface. Whatever you think that you take on is you. Doom took on the mask thing—all right, so that's Doom. It fits him, and you know he's dope, and that's just what it is.

Nardwuar: Regarding your mask, didn't you sometimes wear like pantyhose over your face and stuff like that? Was that actually you?

Ghostface: Or stocking caps. I wore masks. I wore turbans, I did. I had my fair share of covering my face.

Nardwuar: Did you have stand-ins at all, like was it always you in the photo shoots



MARCOS SIREF

Nardwuar: Sanford and Son.

Ghostface: Oh, okay.
Yeah, this is legendary.

or could it have been somebody else in the photo shoot?

Ghostface: No, that was me.

Nardwuar: How can we prove right now it's the real Ghostface Killah we are speaking to right now?

Ghostface: How could you prove? How you could prove who I am right now? [laughs] I don't know man, watch the show tonight, B., and then you know my voice. I'm here, man. I'm here but I'm not here because you all

think on a different wavelength to me. I don't think like how you think. So I could be here, but be out there, and that's the real ghost.

Nardwuar: Ghostface, lastly here, thanks for speaking to me, Nardwuar the Human Serviette. Doesn't merlot sometimes need more grapes?

Ghostface: Merlot! I'm not really a wine drinker. I'd rather taste some Grey Goose and Red Bull over the merlot. Every time I drink wine I get headaches from it—probably

because it's too sweet, I'm not sure—but I'll leave that for the ladies.

Nardwuar: Well, thanks very much Ghostface Killah. Keep on rockin' in the free world and doot doola doot doot...

Ghostface: Doot doot.

To hear and see this interview visit nardwuar.com





PUNKNEWS.ORG

ORANGE
AMPLIFICATION



LAGWAGON
FROM ASHES
RISE
STREETLIGHT
MANIFESTO
NAKED
RAYGUN
NEGATIVE
APPROACH



ANTI-FLAG
7 SECONDS
FRANK
TURNER
GOOD
RIDDANCE
BARONESS
F.Y.P. BRAID

A Wilhelm Scream / Algernon Cadwallader / Andrew Jackson Jihad / Broadway Calls / Cheap Girls / Cadillac Blindsides (Reunion) / Cobra Skulls / Coliseum / Dead to Me / Dear Landlord / Dopamines / Ensign / Flatliners / Good Luck / Lemuria / Look Mexico / No Trigger / Off With Their Heads / Polar Bear Club / Red Fang / RVIVR / Shook Ones / The Swellers / Teenage Bottlerocket / Tim Barry / Torche / Valient Thorr / Iron Chic / Mustard Plug / Make Do and Mend / Toys That Kill / Underground Railroad to Candyland / We Are The Union / The Soviettes / Titus Andronicus / Menzingers / The Front Bottoms / La Dispute / Joyce Manor

1994! / Asshole Parade / Banner Pilot / Blacklist Royals / Heartsounds / Bridge and Tunnel / Franz Nicolay / Grabass Charlestons / Into It. Over It. / Junius / Max Levine Ensemble / Comadre / Mikey Erg / Mixtapes Night Birds / Nothington / Red City Radio / Restorations / Shellshag / The Sidekicks / Dan Vapid and the Cheats / Larry and His Flask / Pianos Become The Teeth / Burning Love / New Bruises / Stoned at Heart / Waster Young Turks / Possessed by Paul James / The Criminals / Sonic Avenues / The Bomb / Ninja Gun / Laura Stevenson and the Cans / Tiltwheel / Ampere / Spanish Gamble / Whiskey & Co. / Kevin Seconds / David Liebe Hart Band / Tim Version / Horace Pinker

After the Fall / Antillectual / Arms Aloft / Arteries / Creepoid / Crusades / Big Eyes / Black God / Brokedowns / Capsule / Carpenter / The Catalyst / City Mouse / Dikembe / Direct Hit / Elway / Enabler / The Fake Boys / The Future Now / Gateway District / Glocca Morra / Go Rydell / Great Cynics / Heartwell / The Holy Mess / House Boat / How Dare You / Junior Battles / Kite Party / Koji (Full Band) / Leagues Apart / Red Collar / Luther / Masked Intruder / Mockingbird Wish Me Luck / PJ Bond / Post Teens / Reverse the Curse / Run Forever / Seahaven / Senders / Shores / Sister Kisser / Slow Death / The Snips / Soul Control / Spraynard / Static Radio / Stay Ahead of the Weather / Too Many Daves / Vacation Bible School / We Were Skeletons / Weak Teeth / The WILD / Worn In Red / Coffee Project / Sundials / Army of Ponch / Nato Coles and the Blue Diamond Band / Calculator / You Blew It! / Pretty Boy Thorston and the Falling Angles / Billy Wallace / Little League / American War / Hold Tight / Code Orange Kids / One Win Choice / Waxahatchee / Jus' Folks / Nightmares For A Week / Averkiou / Former Thieves / -Cop Problem / -No More / The Great Explainer

AND MORE!

OCTOBER 26TH, 27TH, 28TH 2012
GAINESVILLE, FL

250+ BANDS | 11 VENUES | 3 DAYS

TheFestFL.com

SIDEONE DUMMY

CKE

Bands on Budget

solid

imPint

I'M WITH THE BAND

CHRISSE SCELSI

***jakprints**

shopadiacast

STEREO KILLER

RAZORCAKE

ROCKET FUEL

JUMP START

ROCK PUNK SKA INDIE

WARRIOR

ROCK PUNK SKA INDIE

ROCK PUNK SKA INDIE

ROCK PUNK SKA INDIE

ROCK PUNK SKA INDIE



CONSUME



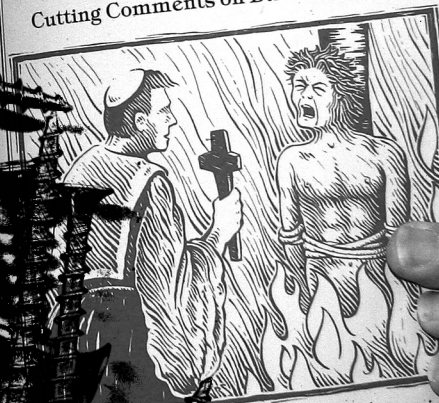
\$14.95

The Heretic's Handbook

The Heretic's Handbook of Quotations

(Expanded Edition)

Cutting Comments on Burning Issues



Charles Bufe
Editor

"This book is a far-reaching collection of timeless, provocative, politically astute quotations from a wide range of sources, and more."

— Z Magazine

ners

Arizona's first punk band

Interview by Ryan Leach

Archival newspaper photos
courtesy of Larry Hardy

Live and current photos
by Martha Mota

Layout by Todd Taylor

THE CONSUMERS WAS THE FIRST ARIZONA PUNK BAND. THAT DISTINCTION ALONE MAKES THE GROUP'S STORY AN INTERESTING ONE, BUT THERE IS A LOT MORE TO THIS BAND'S INCREDIBLE STORY.

The Consumers formed in Phoenix in 1977 with David Wiley (vocals), Paul Cutler (guitar), Greg Jones (guitar), Mikey Borens (bass), and Jim (surname unknown, drums). The Consumers faced incredible hardships in Phoenix. Top 40 bands playing middle-of-the-road rock covers were the order of the day. The Consumers didn't play covers. The group was an erudite punk rock band, well versed in avant-garde music and art. At best, after a good gig, The Consumers were quickly shown the club's door. At worst, violence would break out. Paul Cutler had a knife pulled on him at one show. After hashing it out in Phoenix for about a year (Cutler estimates they played twenty shows there), the group relocated to Los Angeles, but not before The Consumers cut an album's worth of tracks with Paul Cutler's friend Joey Dears.

All My Friends Are Dead wouldn't exist without Joey Dears. The Consumers' sole album—posthumously released in 1995—was recorded using studio time Dears had accumulated as a perk for working at a Phoenix studio. The Consumers had only eight hours to record eleven tracks. Luckily, Joey Dears was a skilled engineer. The

fidelity of *All My Friends Are Dead* bears witness to his ability. More importantly, the record captures just how amazing The Consumers were.

In David Wiley, The Consumers had a fierce vocalist. Wiley's performance was a byproduct of the psychogeography of Phoenix—alienated and frustrated, he sang with total conviction. Paul Cutler was (and still is) one of the great guitarists of American punk rock. He remains underappreciated. Like Cutler, bassist Mikey Borens was an accomplished musician before punk hit. His playing on *All My Friends Are Dead* is both skillful and innovative. Not much is known about The Consumers' other guitarist, Greg Jones.

There were no lead or rhythm guitar designations in The Consumers. Paul Cutler remembers Jones having a "choppier, more percussive" rhythm guitar style than him. Even less is known about the band's original drummer, Jim. He was with the Consumers during their days in Phoenix—played amazingly on the Joey Dears session—and then left the group to drum in a more lucrative Emerson, Lake and Palmer cover band. Of the six people who participated in the *All My Friends Are Dead* recording session, only Mikey Borens and Paul Cutler are living.

In early '78, the Consumers (with Johnny Precious taking Jim's place on drums) relocated to Los Angeles. They hit it off with the Pasadena Mafia (a tag name for Pasadena groups The Los Angeles Free Music Society and B People). The reception from the Los Angeles punk rock crowd was more of a cool welcome.

The Consumers got into a notorious scuffle with Kim Fowley's entourage at The Whisky. Early plans for a Dangerhouse single never materialized. The Consumers came to an end when Greg Jones decided to move back to Phoenix in late '78.

For many years, the Consumers remained a rumor—a notorious band from Phoenix that raised hell in Arizona and Los Angeles and then disappeared. Fortunately, the Consumers received much of the recognition they deserved with the release of *All My Friends Are Dead*.

In 1995 Larry Hardy, head honcho of In The Red Records, was convinced the Joey Dears recording session needed to be released. Hardy, a fan of 45 Grave and *Autopsy* (1987)—a posthumously released 45 Grave album that contained several re-recorded Consumers

tracks—asked Paul Cutler and Mikey Borens if they'd be interested in finally releasing *All My Friends Are Dead*. Cutler and Borens agreed. One thousand copies were pressed on vinyl in 1995.

In 2001, a CD reissue was released. By 2012, original LP pressings of *All My Friends Are Dead* were going for sizeable amounts on Ebay, prompting Hardy to reissue the album again on vinyl. This latest go around includes a gatefold, chock full of rare photos and clippings from the band's days in Phoenix and Los Angeles.

Listening to *All My Friends Are Dead* for the first time rekindled my interest in punk rock. The sincerity of the band and the acute intelligence and work that went into the arrangements and lyrics were conspicuous right away. The Consumers recorded a seminal moment that remains timeless. Thankfully, with this third pressing, *All My Friends Are Dead* appears to be receiving its rightful recognition as one of the high-water marks of punk rock.

Interviewed

Mikey Borens: *Consumers*, 1977-1978; *US Navy (AKA "The Missing Years")* 1979-1983; *The Romans*, 1982-1983; *Cathedral Of Tears*, 1983-1984; *Twisted Roots*, 1983; *45 Grave*, 1982-1984; *Chris Cacavas and Junkyard Love*, 1991-1993; *Musical drifter*, 1994-present (hill and folk music)

Paul Cutler: *Consumers*, 1977-1978; *Vox Pop*, 1979-1981; *45 Grave*, 1980-1990 (performed very sporadically after Cutler joined *The Dream Syndicate*); *Dream Syndicate*, 1986-1991; *International Metal Supply* 2002-2004

Larry Hardy: Head honcho of *In The Red Records*, 1991-present

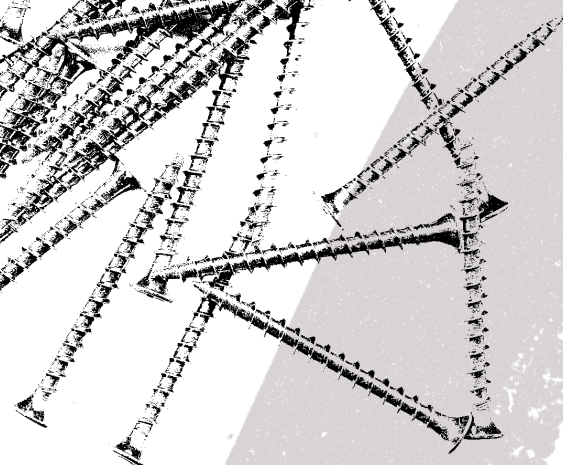
Referenced

Jim: *Consumers*, 1977; *Emerson, Lake and Palmer* cover band, 1977; date of death unknown

Greg Jones: *Consumers*, 1977-1978; date of death unknown

Johnny Precious: *The Liars*, 1977; *Consumers*, 1978; *Killer Pussy*; passed away in 1983

David Wiley: *Consumers*, 1977-1978; *Human Hands*, 1979-1981; passed away in 1986



GROWING UP IN PHOENIX AND FORMING THE CONSUMERS

Ryan: Were you both from Phoenix?

Paul: Everybody except David Wiley was from Phoenix. David moved to Phoenix from Ohio.

Mikey: Paul and I went to the same high school and church.

Ryan: So you and Paul knew each other growing up?

Mikey: Not really.

Paul: I'm a little bit older than Mikey. Greg Jones, the other guitarist, also went to our church. That's how I knew him.

Ryan: Most of the information I've obtained on the Consumers comes from Brendan Mullen's liner notes to *All My Friends Are Dead*. He mentions you guys being into Henry Cow and Robert Wyatt. That struck me as being really advanced for your time and place.

Paul: That's true in my case. When *Spiders from Mars* came out, I stopped listening to rock. I figured it was finally the triumph of form over substance. I started listening to jazz and eventually reached the periphery of jazz—Cecil Taylor, Art Ensemble Of Chicago, and Sun Ra. From there I moved to avant-garde classical music—Kagel, Stockhausen, and John Cage. The first Virgin Records releases in America—Robert Wyatt, Gong, and Henry Cow—had a huge influence on me. Those records were extremely avant-garde. They were the first domestic releases that Virgin did in America and they all came out at once. I worked at a record store at the time. Those Virgin releases influenced a lot of people. David Wiley was the same as me. We were coming from an avant-garde background. I didn't start listening to rock again until Roxy Music.

Ryan: Roxy Music was a life preserver for a lot of rock fans in the mid-'70s.

Paul: I related to Eno. Roxy Music was a pop band but also arty.

Mikey: You have to place that in the context of being in Arizona at that time. We grew up in a guitar-dueling society. At that point, you had to be a great player. You'd go to these desert parties and play your guitar riffs. So when Paul went out on a limb by listening to avant-garde music, he really alienated himself from a lot of people.

Ryan: When Malcolm McLaren booked The Sex Pistols, he had them play a bunch

of random cities. One of the worst receptions they got was in Texas. They played there in early '78, just after you recorded your demos. It's easy to forget how hostile people were to punk back then, especially in the South.

Paul: We were already done performing in Phoenix when they came through Texas. It was the same for us, though. I had a knife pulled on me. Being the first punk band in Phoenix was very rough.

Mikey: It made us aggressive. We were used to protecting ourselves. We were punk in a very '50s way. Rebel rousers.

Paul: If you grow up in Phoenix, there's no getting around the redneck elements of the place.

Ryan: What were you listening to, Mikey?

Mikey: I liked art rock. I was a little bit of the opposite of Paul because I was playing in Top 40 bands. But I was always the guy who didn't fit in with everybody. I liked The New York Dolls, Eno, and The Velvet Underground. Nevertheless, I was always in these stupid bands playing the pop hits of the day. Paul and I were introduced by one of the guys we both knew who was playing in a Top 40 band. He thought Paul and I were incredibly weird and that it'd be a funny joke on everybody for us to meet. It was, in a way. [laughs] We've been friends ever since. We met in '76.

Ryan: I've gathered that the nucleus of the Consumers was Paul Cutler, Mikey Borens, and David Wiley. Was Greg Jones part of it as well?

Mikey: Absolutely.

Paul: Greg was totally a part of it.

Ryan: Do you have an approximate date on when the Consumers actually came together?

Paul: We formed in 1977. But I have no specific dates. The last member to join us was our drummer.

Ryan: I have him listed on the album as just "Jim."

Paul: We don't remember his last name.

Mikey: He passed away. We couldn't really find out what happened to him.

Ryan: Did he leave the Consumers recording session to play in a covers band?

Paul: No. He didn't actually leave right then. He did a little later to join an Emerson, Lake and Palmer covers band with a laser light show.

Ryan: [laughs] That goes back to what you both were saying about the Consumers being the polar opposite of the Phoenix norm.

Mikey: After Jim left...

Paul: We were punks.

Mikey: ...and we weren't going back to mainstream music. That was just who we were.

RECORDING WITH JOEY DEARS

Ryan: Your friend Joey Dears accumulated eight hours of free studio time as a perk for working at the studio. He used that to record you guys, correct?

Mikey: Yeah.

Ryan: You really banged out all those tracks in eight hours?

Paul: Oh, yeah.

Ryan: Incredible. Your playing is so tight.

Paul: We were good musicians.

Mikey: That came from living in Arizona in the '70s. You really learned your instruments back then. If you played guitar, you really learned how to play guitar well.

Ryan: After listening to *All My Friends Are Dead* the first couple of times, two things became apparent to me—that your influences were top notch and that your musicianship was at a high level.

Paul: The musicianship was at a high level for a punk rock band. Phoenix was a place that was so fucking boring for young people that you'd play guitar in your bedroom for hours, every single day.

Mikey: I started doing that when I was fourteen years old.

Paul: I did the same. I was playing in my room everyday for ten years before we started the Consumers.

Ryan: The caliber of your guitar playing is pretty well known, Paul. Your bass playing is incredible, Mikey. On "Ballad of the Son of Sam" you play these unbelievably fast bass fills on the breaks. That's hard to do. They work so well.

Mikey: The funny thing about that—we insisted on all downstrokes. We wanted that mandolin picking. It was all straight down picking.

Ryan: That's so fast.

Mikey: Yeah.

Paul: It's ridiculous. I can't even do it now.

Mikey: I tried. I can't.

Paul: That's how the music sounded best. Greg and I played all down strokes.

Mikey: On Paul's homemade amplifier.

Ryan: What are your memories of the late Greg Jones's guitar playing?

Mikey: My impression of Greg was that he was a very careful guitar player. Great, great timing and he always knew what he was going to do. He did circular things that used to boggle my mind—simple arpeggios played at breakneck speed. A very technical musician.

Ryan: If you listen to early punk singles, they're usually pretty rough sounding. The fidelity of *All My Friends Are Dead* is striking. It's clear someone knew what they were doing—especially taking into consideration the short recording time.

Paul: Joey knew what he was doing. For one thing, we used the studio's drum kit so there wasn't all this time spent setting up drums and getting a drum sound. That takes the longest and it was already done. Both Greg Jones and I used these Heathkit amplifiers that we built ourselves. You could buy them through a mailorder and then solder them together.

Mikey: I was using a Sunn Coliseum head and a Kustom tuck-and-roll sparkle cabinet.

Paul: Joey worked at that studio for a while and had recorded a lot of people. He also knew music. Nevertheless, Joey had no idea what we were going to do. [laughs] Joey Dears was my guitar mentor. He was the one who taught me what it takes to get good at guitar. Dedication. Joey was from my neighborhood. He was a fantastic guitarist. Unfortunately, Joey never left Phoenix. He ended up just joining cover bands. Joey's playing went downhill. He was copying other



Consumers, (L-R David, Mikey at the Whisky, 1978) | MARTHA MOTA

Playing in Phoenix wasn't much fun. We opened up for The Rocky Horror Picture Show and EVERYONE THREW THEIR POPCORN AT US BEFORE THE MOVIE EVEN STARTED. That's how it was.

Arizona State University's paper, *State Press*, coverage of The Consumers.

Page 8 State Press February 22, 1978



★ ★ ★ ★ ★
★ KITCHIE'S ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
★
★ **DOUBLE** ★
★ **SCOOP** ★
★ **SUNDAE** ★



Two punk rock fanatics dance to the music of the Consumers. Besides choking fellow punk rockers, a few fans attacked group members when they came off the stage.

Punk Rock

Continued from page 1



... but the thing I like about The Consumers is that in the same way that The Pistols or The Clash are about England, The Consumers are about Phoenix and if Phoenix is about anything, it's about America and if America is about anything, it's about consumers, so there you are ...





people's style and that's something you can't get away with forever. He became a drinker. He's now dead.

Mikey: The recording session was effortless. I remember going in there and just punching it out.

Paul: All the songs were one take. Maybe two on a couple of them. It was just, "Bam! Here you go." [laughs]

Mikey: We came back an hour later and did some background noises.

Ryan: So there was a little period set aside for overdubs?

Mikey: Yeah.

Paul: We probably mixed it right after that.

Mikey: But it's a two-track.

Paul: It's a two-track. The settings were probably the same on all of the songs. A total of twelve hours were spent on that record, from start to finish.

Ryan: Was Joey sympathetic to punk rock and what you guys were doing?

Paul: I don't think he was for it or against it. We were really close, old friends. He was going along with whatever I brought in. That's the reason we were offered the studio time to record the songs. Joey knew I had started a band. That's how it happened.

PLAYING IN PHOENIX AND CONSUMERS FLYERS

Paul: Back then in Phoenix, the only way you could play on a professional level was to be in a covers band. That was it. You could play country, funk, or the new disco stuff coming in—but the only way you could make a living was to be in a covers band. When the Consumers started playing clubs, we'd have to play three or four sets because that was what people were used to. We had enough songs for two sets, and then we'd repeat songs for our third and fourth set.

Mikey: Live, we'd sometimes play the songs on the Consumers record three times in a single night. It really toughened us up and made us good.

Ryan: Do you have a rough estimate on how many shows you played in Phoenix?

Paul: That's a tough one. Twenty tops. We got out of there pretty quick.

Mikey: Once the band started clicking, we decided to move.

Paul: Playing in Phoenix wasn't much fun. We opened up for *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and everyone threw their popcorn at

us before the movie even started. That's how it was.

Ryan: One of your flyers mentions you opening up for a John Waters film.

Mikey: That was a mess.

Paul: That was for *Desperate Living* at Neeb Hall, which is the performance venue at Arizona State University. David had made this big, pink cake. He had put a firecracker in it and during the performance he lit it. It exploded all over the people on stage and in the audience. [laughs]

Ryan: [laughs] That's so cool!

Mikey: The people didn't like it and neither did Neeb Hall. I was doing their ads at the time and that came to an end after David blew up the cake. I was a student at Arizona State University.

Paul: Mikey is a very talented visual artist.

Ryan: Were you creating some of the Consumers' flyers as well, Mikey?

Mikey: I did some of them. There was a lot of collaborative work going on with those flyers, too. That was what was so fun about the Consumers. People would chip in on a lot of stuff. The flyers that were more sort of straight graphics were the ones I was doing on my own.

Paul: Mikey also did the cover for *All My Friends Are Dead*.

Ryan: One of your flyers really caught my attention. It's the one influenced by Guy Debord's *The Society of the Spectacle*. Did you come up with that one, Mikey?

Mikey: *The Sound of Sam* one?

Ryan: Yeah.

Mikey: No. That was David and Paul.

Paul: David and I came up with that one. It wasn't that long after Berkowitz. We also had a song with the opening lyrics, "We're taking orders from our neighbor's dog." [laughs]

Mikey: We'd put those flyers up months before we played and they were everywhere. They were up in classrooms at different colleges. They'd be up really high, tucked away in corners. I remember we were flipping through the newspaper and going through the personals. We came across an ad that said, "Sound of Sam, call me!" It was such a guerilla-style tactic used to get things rolling for us.

Paul: When David and I made flyers, we'd just take old school graphics and paste them up.

Mikey: That's another good point about all of us. We all had a background in art. We loved art.

Paul: I took art history in college. In addition to avant-garde music, we were of course influenced by Dadaism and Surrealism.

Ryan: Guy Debord's work didn't really connect with the punk rock crowd until Greil Marcus's book *Lipstick Traces* came out in the late '80s. The Situationists and *The Society of the Spectacle* were much more esoteric back in '77. Your flyer really impressed me.

Paul: When we got to Los Angeles, there weren't tons of people with avant-garde backgrounds. We did have some compatriots, though.

Mikey: There was a certain amount of ridicule against us from the "real punks" in town because of our knowledge of art.

Paul: That's true.

Mikey: I remember handing out a flyer to someone and they said to me, "Oh! Somebody went to art school." They said it in a very derisive manner. They didn't like it.

Ryan: They displayed anti-intellectualism toward your band.

Paul: Yeah.

ALL MY FRIENDS ARE DEAD

Ryan: Larry [Hardy] told me there's a funny and somewhat sadistic story behind "Teen Love Song."

Mikey: David was gay. We just had fun with "Teen Love Song." It was this riff on classic doo-wop love songs. What's funny is David just snarls his way through it.

Ryan: He sings it with total aplomb!

Mikey: [laughs] Yeah. It was an in-joke with all of us: "Let's get David to sing a song about taking a girl to a drive-in movie." We played with people's conceptions of punk rock.

Paul: We were anti-punk rock at the same time. When we got to Los Angeles, we felt the punk scene was a little formulaic. We thought, "Fuck that." We used to blast Donna Summer at The Canterbury because people were like, "Disco sucks, man."

Ryan: [laughs] That's pretty rad.

Mikey: Giorgio Moroder was a genius.

Ryan: He was. Punk became codified by '78. You mentioned earlier how those Virgin Records releases left a huge impression on you, Paul. But it wasn't safe to like that stuff until about '81—when post punk was at its peak.

Mikey: You're right. When we started the Consumers, there were very narrow confines of what music you listened to. If you were a rock guy, you listened to rock music and your friends did too. That's what brought us together. We had different interests.

Ryan: The visceral anger of *All My Friends Are Dead* is striking.

Paul: We were angry people.

Mikey: I think so.

Paul: I'm still angry today—but not nearly as much. Phoenix offered *nothing* to young people back then. Our reaction to the place was, "Fuck all of it."

Mikey: It was a violent and narrow-minded place.

Paul: I was raised on hardcore Mormonism. Mikey was, too, but not as extreme.

Mikey: So was Greg.

Paul: Greg was, too. Getting out of Mormonism—our reactions were, "What the fuck just happened to us?" I didn't leave it until I was fourteen. The song "Punk Church" is about that. The great thing about the song is—I was living with this girl who came across the lyrics. She said, "How could you write something like this about me?" [laughs] I told her, "It's not about you. Believe me." There was a lot of aggression. I came from a very closed-in background. I never fit in anywhere. Not even in grade school. We were surrounded by jocks who loved to beat us up.

Mikey: Luckily, you played guitar. They'd leave you alone a little bit because of that.

Paul: Not in my case. I had long hair. I

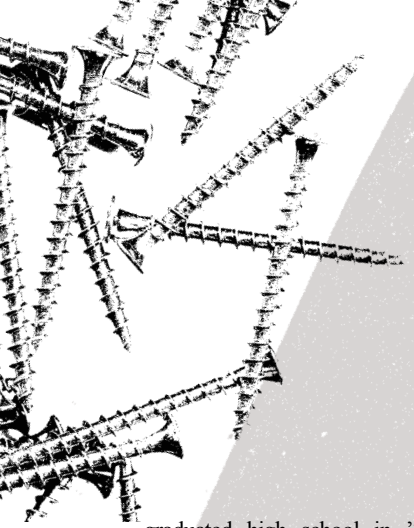


Consumers, (L-R David, Mikey, Greg at the Whisky, 1978, as members of Middle Class look on) | MARTHA MOTA

David had made this big, pink cake. He had put a firecracker in it and during the performance he lit it. IT EXPLODED ALL OVER THE PEOPLE ON STAGE AND IN THE AUDIENCE.



POTTER & POTTER ©
PAT. NO. 3,267,420



graduated high school in '71. The football players and their crowd used to actually spit on me. Phoenix was really polarized. I had some friends, but we were the smart, little guys. If you grow up hardcore in something like Mormonism and you leave it, you have no road map. You've been programmed with this roadmap. When you deny it, everything is gone.

Mikey: Especially if you're sensitive and artistic, which we were. It might have hurt us a little more than someone else who was unwilling to look at themselves and the world around them.

Paul: That's true.

Mikey: And we were looking at the world around us and it affected us. The song "Anti Anti Anti" was a result of that.

Paul: I almost got drafted into Vietnam. Jesus Christ. My lottery number was two. They were pulling numbers on who went by birthday. They were taking everyone down to two hundred. The year that I would have gone, Gerald Ford ended the draft, so I didn't have to deal with it. But I had friends who went.

Ryan: "Dream Hits" is probably the most negative song on the album. I experience cognitive dissonance when I listen to it. It seems obvious that you care about the world around you, but are so angry at your own surroundings that you don't want to hear about it.

Paul: Didn't you come up with "Dream Hits," Mikey?

Mikey: I did. I came up with the lyrics. You wrote the music, Paul. But then I came up with the most positive one ["Teen Love Song"] on the flipside of that.

MOVING TO LOS ANGELES

Ryan: You moved up to Los Angeles and got Johnny Precious on drums.

Mikey: Johnny was a Phoenix guy.

Paul: Johnny was from Phoenix and had played in a group called The Liars with Don Bolles. We want to make one point abundantly clear. Don likes to imply that he was a part of the Consumers. He wasn't in any way, shape, or form. Again, Don was never in the Consumers. If he says he has tapes of the Consumers, they were probably stolen.

Mikey: Johnny Precious was a friend of Don's who was in cover bands with him. Don was a very good singer in cover bands. And Johnny was the drummer for different Top 40, we'll-play-your-high-school-type bands.

Ryan: Did you have any contacts in the scene up here?

Paul: David came first. Somehow he had made friends with the Pasadena Mafia. The Pasadena Mafia was made up of groups like The Los Angeles Free Music Society and B People. Human Hands, too. We called them the Pasadena Mafia, which is ironic because they were the nicest people you could have ever met.

Mikey: Very art-damaged kids.

Paul: Yeah. They were some avant-garde compatriots. They were coming from that background.

Mikey: I'd like to add that David was such a nice guy. He had a great personality. Everyone really liked him. He made friends easily and fast. He paved the way for us to come out to L.A. He was here already. He talked me into coming out to Los Angeles.

Ryan: The Consumers had run its course in Phoenix. You actually broke up. So it was David who convinced you to keep the project going out in Los Angeles?

Paul: Yes, but we're talking about a very short time.

Mikey: Maybe two weeks. It didn't take a lot of convincing to move out of Phoenix.

Paul: Mikey and I drove out to Los Angeles in my '69 Chevy Imperial. We arrived at the Canterbury. I'll never forget this—I arrived in a Grateful Dead T-shirt. I think David had rounded up all the punks to meet us. They looked at me and went, "What the fuck?"

THE CANTERBURY

Mikey: We moved into the Canterbury. We all shared a studio apartment at first.

Ryan: So it was Greg, Paul, Mikey, and David all in one studio apartment?

Mikey: At Don Bolles' studio. We'd stay at other people's places occasionally. But, for the most part, it was just all of us at Don's apartment causing trouble.

Paul: The Canterbury was a sick apartment complex. There were a bunch of punks there. But there were also a bunch of street-level people who lived there—primarily black guys—who'd smoke angel dust down in the basement. They had a freaky band that I'll never forget. They'd be just totally dusted up. You'd go out on Hollywood Boulevard and they'd be out there begging for money, pretending they were Vietnam War veterans.

Mikey: Hollywood was a very different town back then. It was right at the cusp of it being at its worst point. There were prostitutes, drug dealers, and scam artists everywhere. Hollywood and Highland was a big corner for prostitution. I spent a lot of time there—hanging out and watching stuff go down. I didn't have money to do anything else.

Paul: I loved it. Coming from a little white suburb in Phoenix, it was great.

SHOWS IN L.A. AND DANGERHOUSE

Ryan: How long were you guys active in Los Angeles before the band imploded?

Paul: I think we lasted nearly a year in L.A. Greg quit. Greg decided he was done

with Los Angeles. I actually moved back to Phoenix for a year after he left and then came back to L.A. in '79. Once Greg left, that was it. The band fell apart. David was starting to play with Juan Gomez of the Pasadena boys. They eventually formed Human Hands.

Ryan: Was there ever any talk with Dangerhouse about releasing some of the tracks off of the Joey Dears recording?

Paul: I used to bug Black Randy and David Brown. We had come just as Dangerhouse was running out of money or something. And Black Randy was becoming a terrible dope fiend. I remember him telling me, "I'd give the whole record company away for a spoonful of dope." I'm like, "Okay! Let's get one right now." [laughs] Then Dangerhouse got desperate and put out what I consider their worst release—*Yes L.A.* It was in response to *No New York*. I was embarrassed. I just thought, "Really?"

Mikey: We didn't get on that compilation. But even if we did, we still would have been outsiders. We were "The Cactus Heads." A lot of people didn't accept us as being part of their scene. We were really angry—but at the same time—goofy guys.

Paul: We played a show at the Whisky and David brought a fake gun that he had stolen—it looked just like a real .45. He was sticking it in his mouth like he was going to blow his head off. These punk rockers just moved back, recoiling in horror. Another time, we had prearranged to have this fight between me and David. The roadie came out and tied David up with guitar cables. A scuffle started and somehow—I think it was me—I pushed David over and his front tooth went through his lip. He's bleeding. People were horrified, backing up and saying, "Oh my God!"

Mikey: We started doing some strange things on stage. One night at the Whisky we had a big show. We brought a television on stage and it was just Johnny on stage with the television on, reading a newspaper. And he didn't do anything.

Ryan: Was there any camaraderie between the Consumers and the Los Angeles punk bands?

Mikey: I didn't feel any.

Paul: I didn't, either. We all knew everybody because the scene was so small. But David was the social butterfly in the group.

Mikey: I'd rather stay in my room and draw pictures and read novels than hang out with the punks.

Paul: Yeah. The rest of the group was not all that social. I didn't go to shows often. When I first got to Los Angeles, I did. But after a short while I just stopped. I wasn't into it.

Mikey: I didn't like pogoing and I didn't like the spitting crap.

Ryan: Had Greg not left and had you gotten some support—say from a Dangerhouse release—would the Consumers have lasted longer?

Paul: To be honest, we had found out that Johnny Precious was a terrible drummer. [laughs]

Mikey: That was sad. I had some issues with Paul over that. The rest of the group wanted



CONSUMERS:



Surviving a drummer's death
After a 1.5 month disappearance

LIVE AT THE ZOO! \$1.00
1724 E. McDowell

Sunday Jan. 29
8 to 11 pm.



plus EXTERMINATORS

Consumers, (Top L-R Paul, David | Bottom L-R Mikey, Greg at the Whisky, 1978 | MARTHA MOTA

Paul: I
ALMOST GOT
DRAFTED INTO
VIETNAM.
Jesus Christ.



Kowtown Custom GREASERAMA 2012 NOSTALGIA AND HOMEBUILT RODS, KUSTOMS, 'CYCLES'

Live music, cult movies on the
bigscreen, handbuilt trophies,
kustom culture art show

September 1st and 2nd
noon until midnight

Pre '65
No high tech
street rods
or unfinished
high tech
street rods

No silly
modern wheels
No billet
No 'dubs'



Special "No Gas"
alternative power section
Pre party Friday night
© The Record Bar KCMO

At the Blvd. Drive In
1051 Merriam Lane KCKS

GREASERAMA.COM

Los Punk Rods
P.O. Box 2614
Shawnee Mission,
KS 66201

THE MIDWEST'S ORIGINAL PUNK ROCK CAR SHOW!

Sometimes it's just as bad to be ahead of the curve as behind it. THE CONSUMERS NEVER GOT THE CURVE CORRECT.



The Consumers, State Press

to replace him and I had some Phoenix loyalty. I didn't want to replace Johnny. But then, years later, I heard a tape of some tracks we had recorded with Johnny and another friend from Phoenix. Paul was right and I was absolutely wrong. Johnny was terrible.

Paul: Jim, the first drummer, he was phenomenal. If you listen to the speed he was playing at—and then he's putting things in there.

Mikey: Yeah.

Paul: He was an amazing drummer and Mikey was a phenomenal bass player. I'm so proud of all of the stuff we played on that record.

Ryan: In all aspects, the Consumers was a band slightly ahead of its time.

Mikey: Paul said something before—sometimes it's just as bad to be ahead of the curve as behind it. The Consumers never got the curve correct.

POST CONSUMERS/45 GRAVE'S AUTOPSY

Mikey: Right after the Consumers, I joined the Navy without telling anyone.

Paul: Mikey was just gone.

Mikey: I disappeared off of the face of the earth. I didn't even tell my girlfriend, who I was living with at the time.

Paul: I didn't find out what happened to him for a long time.

Ryan: You didn't contact anyone while you were away?

Mikey: I didn't want to. My family didn't know where I was.

Ryan: I imagine they must have put out bulletins trying to find you.

Mikey: Nope. No one did.

Paul: It was a surprise, but not a big surprise.

Mikey: "Mikey disappeared. Oh well." Three years after the Consumers broke up, I moved back to Hollywood. I ran into Don Bolles, of all people.

Paul: The first band I put together when I got back to Los Angeles in '79 was Vox Pop. Anyone could play in Vox Pop. That was a great band because we never all got together to rehearse at the same time. We didn't care. But it got me back to California. I got a job as the sound man at the Hong Kong Café. I worked there the best year it was open.

Ryan: Incredible.

Paul: The Germs and Black Flag were playing there.

Ryan: That was the period where they were filming the *Decline of Western Civilization* movie (late '79/early '80).

Paul: Yeah. That was filmed near the end of my time at the Hong Kong. I mixed Black Flag and Red Cross's first L.A. show. X, The Go Go's, and Fear—the list goes on and on. After the Masque closed down, the Hong Kong was one of the prime places for punk rock in Los Angeles.

Ryan: You were doing a lot of production work, too. You recorded the first Dream Syndicate EP that Steve Wynn self-released.

Paul: I was. I was recording a lot of stuff.

Ryan: When you formed 45 Grave, you performed and recorded a lot of the Consumers' songs.

Paul: That's true.

Ryan: Did you record and perform those songs as a way to get 45 Grave going?

Paul: Not at all. 45 Grave did not start by playing Consumers songs. It started by playing "Riboflavin-flavored, Non-carbonated, Polyunsaturated Blood." That was the first thing. The other early songs I wrote were "Black Cross" and "Wax." That's how the band started. We ended up doing Consumers songs because Don Bolles was in the band and Rob Graves. Rob's from Detroit but had moved out to Phoenix because Don played Rob the Consumers over the telephone and Rob loved it. We knew Rob in Phoenix. I've known Don a long time. Don and Rob were well-versed in the Consumers, so it was logical that we'd cover some of the songs. But it was not done at all to document the songs.

Ryan: Rob's one of my favorite bassists. I love his bass playing.

Paul: He was a great player.

Ryan: The *Autopsy* album with the Consumers tracks came out in '87. 45 Grave became active again after the release.

Paul: No. We did a couple of reunion shows. When Rob died, we played one show with Mikey—he played bass—and we gave all of the money to Rob's parents. That was it for 45 Grave. I had joined Dream Syndicate. You might be thinking that 45 Grave continued for longer than it did after the release of *Autopsy* because one of the reunion shows was recorded and released as the *Only the Good Die Young* record.

ALL MY FRIENDS ARE DEAD GETS RELEASED (1995)

Ryan: Where did you first hear the Consumers demo that would turn into *All My Friends Are Dead*?

Larry Hardy: I first heard the tracks at Mary Simms's house (AKA, Dinah Cancer, singer of 45 Grave). My friend Rick and I were coming up from Orange County, where we lived, to Los Angeles to see 45 Grave. Before the show—I think it was at the Whisky—we stopped at Mary's house for a get together. Everyone was drinking. Paul Cutler, Don Bolles, and Rob Ritter (bassist of 45 Grave) were sitting around, playing cassettes of things they were involved in. I heard a bunch of Vox Pop recordings. I'm not sure if they even had anything out yet. Then they threw in the Consumers tape. It made my ears perk up.

This was well before *Sleep in Safety* (1983). I want to say I first heard the Consumers demo in the summer of 1981. I knew a number of the songs from seeing 45 Grave, but I had no idea who the band was until I asked them. I just figured one of them had been in it. I thought the Consumers did a better job with those songs than 45 Grave did. A few years later, my friend Rick ended up moving in with Paul Cutler. He told me that Paul had a bunch of tapes of live shows and unreleased recordings. I asked him to dub me a tape of the Consumers demos I had heard at Mary's house. He did. I still have the same tape.

Prior to starting In The Red, I had told other people with labels about the unreleased Consumers album. I remember when Long Gone John started Sympathy (for the Record Industry), I had told him about it. I told him it was a record he should release, but he wasn't interested. My friend Bill Bartell from the band White Flag had a label called Gasatanka. Bill was friends with the people from 45 Grave. He was familiar with the Consumers and even he didn't want to put it out. Bill didn't think anyone would buy it because no one knew about the Consumers. They were a defunct group with hardly any documentation and they never released anything. When I finally got into a position where I could release the demo, I got in touch with Paul Cutler and asked him if he wanted to put it out. He was into it.

**The
Happiest
Place
On
Earth**

LAS VEGAS
4640 Paradise Rd

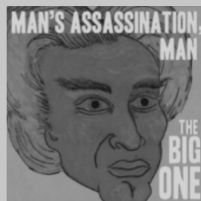
NEW YORK
14 Avenue A

**DOUBLE
DOWN
SALOON**

doubledownsaloon.com



GHOSTBOT RECORDS



Man's Assassination, Man
"The Big One" LP
Ltd 250 Black Vinyl
Los Angeles 4-piece
features members of
Mae Shi, Residual Echoes,
Of Aire & Devon Williams
Too bad this great group
broke up last year, bomp



Pangea "Killer Dreams"
4-song 7" EP
2nd & Last Pressing
Los Angeles Garagey Junk
Songs about your life
which includes dayboozie,
love, black wizards &
uh, drinking!!!



God Equals Genocide
"Rattled Minds" CD
Ltd 330 Copies
Suburban Excommunicates
Features members of
Spokenest, Cheeto Champ,
Pangea, Bird Strike, Hotel
La Rut & many more
Free GEG button while
they last!!!



www.ghostbotrecords.bigcartel.com



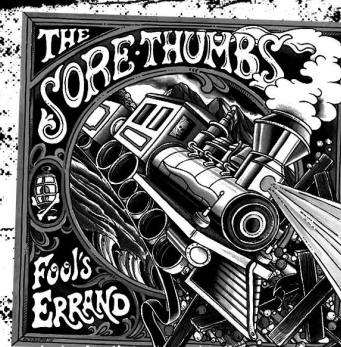
PIRATES PRESS RECORDS
3 NEW RELEASES AVAILABLE NOW!



HARRINGTON SAINTS
"PRIDE & TRADITION" CD/LP/DD



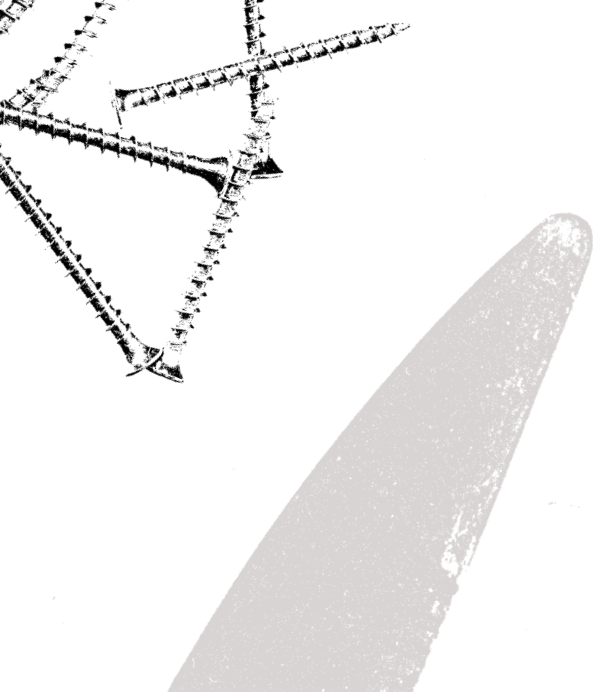
DOWNTOWN STRUTS
"VICTORIA!" CD/LP/DD



THE SORE THUMBS
"FOOL'S ERRAND" LP/DD

WE ALSO CARRY TITLES BY COCK SPARRER, RANCID, SYDNEY DUCKS, INFA-RIOT, NOIISE. THE JONS, OPPOSITION RISING, DETOURNEMENT, OFF WITH THEIR HEADS, BOOZE & GLORY, AND MUCH MORE.

VISIT US ONLINE AT WWW.PIRATESPRESSRECORDS.COM



The Consumers, *Slash* | photographer unknown

IF YOU GROW UP HARDCORE IN SOMETHING LIKE MORMONISM AND YOU LEAVE IT, YOU HAVE NO ROAD MAP. You've been programmed with this roadmap. When you deny it, everything is gone.

Ryan: Were you surprised to hear from Larry Hardy inquiring about the Consumers album? You had recorded the tracks nearly eighteen years before.

Paul: I was pleasantly pleased. After getting to know Larry, and seeing how he's dealt with it, Mikey and I are really happy.

Mikey: When he first released it, I didn't even have a tape of the album.

Paul: I had the master tape all along, but I had no way to play it. It was a two-track.

Ryan: I heard that when you first went to transfer the tape over, you hadn't baked it. The first song was almost destroyed.

Paul: It did eat the tape. It was shredding oxide like you cannot believe. But the guy he had hired knew what was going on and said, "Nope. We've got to bake this thing."

Mikey: We didn't have the technology back then to release this material. Larry helped save it. I'm really thankful for what he's done.

Ryan: I know David Wiley passed away in 1986. Did Joey Dears or Greg Jones live long enough to see the first release?

Mikey: Unfortunately not. None of them did.

CD REISSUE (2001)

Ryan: You did a vinyl release and then a CD release a few years later, correct?

Larry: Yeah. I released the LP in 1995. We pressed one thousand copies. It sold out about a year or two later. In 2001, I re-mastered it for CD. Unfortunately, it was not a good re-mastering job. It was way too hot. I regret that. At first I thought it was cool. When Paul Cutler heard it, he immediately said, "No. It's way too loud. But we'll just let it go." I wish I would have listened to him.

When I released the CD in 2001, I got Brendan Mullen to write the piece that's on the inner sleeve. When I had put it out originally, Paul gave me the cover artwork Mikey did, and Paul kind of liked the fact that the front and back of the LP didn't tell you much. Usually, an archival release of a band will give you its story and important dates. But the original vinyl pressing of *All My Friends Are Dead* didn't tell you much. The original pressing was sort of an abstract release with almost no information. It was kind of cool. People did say to me, "I wish there was more of a story to go along with this release." There was some speculation that the LP wasn't actually an old recording. It's cool that there's proof now—Brendan's liner notes and the *Slash* write-up—that the band actually did exist.

VINYL REISSUE (2012)

Paul: Larry put so much work into this last packaging. I didn't have any flyers or clippings to give him. He put them all together.

Mikey: I had a few things I gave to Larry, but he found the rest of the stuff.

Ryan: Over the years, you've collected newspaper clippings and show flyers which show up in the new gatefold reissue. Were people sending you these things over the years?

Larry: Yeah. Other punk collectors got a hold of me. There's a guy named Antonio Aguirre—he's a big a punk collector—he had some Consumers flyers. He scanned them and sent them to me. David Wiley, the singer of the Consumers, had written a letter to my friend Tom Recchion. The letter was written on the back of a Consumers flyer.

Tom gave it to me to use. When I approached the Consumers about the current reissue, they had come across a few clippings over the years as well. That's where all the stuff that appears in the gatefold came from.

Mikey: Seeing the clippings was great. I was like, "Where in the hell did that come from?" on a couple of things.

Paul: I hadn't seen the *Sound of Sam* flyer in so long.

Ryan: On historical merit alone, *All My Friends Are Dead* would've been a great release. What gets me about the LP is just how amazing the music is—how a demo so incredible could be left unreleased for so long. It's a lost gem. The music is timeless. There's a real vitality to the Consumers' music.

Larry: I agree. It is kind of timeless. They recorded the music in the last month of 1977. It's pretty agro sounding. Not that there weren't other bands releasing stuff that tough sounding, but comparing it to the first Germs single—it's pretty incredible. The lyrics are timeless. They're just angry. There's nothing really topical about the lyrics. They weren't political. They didn't really have a message like the Dils. I'm really proud of *All My Friends Are Dead*. I think it's one of the coolest things I've done.

Mikey: The Consumers was a neat band that got a lot of people together. Paul has been my friend ever since.

Paul: I met Mikey when he was eighteen years old. I've known him ever since—thirty-five years now.

Mikey: The Consumers was also a stepping stone to other projects we did over the years...

SO COW



Brian Kelly is one of those understated rock dudes: soft-spoken, self-deprecating, a touch shy, and always wearing nerdy glasses that have a tendency to break. But don't be fooled. Brian is one of the catchiest and most prolific songwriters stumbling around the face of the earth today. With his frenetic guitar playing and insanely poppy hooks, he may be Ireland's worst kept musical secret: a pop punk powerhouse playing under the name So Cow.

Originally from Tuam Ireland, Brian began recording and releasing songs as So Cow while living and teaching in South Korea. (The name comes from an inspired translation mistake by one of his Korean students.) As a one-man band, he self-released a slew of singles and the full-lengths *These Truly Are End Times* (2007) and *I'm Siding with My Captors* (2008) before Tic Tac Totally released *So Cow* (2009) and *Meaningless Friendly* (2010). He garnered a considerable international fanbase after several U.S. tours and a short stint playing

with NoBunny. Now based in Galway, So Cow has become a full three-piece band (with Jonny White on bass and Peter O Shea on drums). The transition from playing with backing tracks to having a full band has transformed So Cow into a blistering hotrod with the potential for global domination. Think of a Go-Betweens chassis with an engine by the Minutemen, and retrofitted with turbo boosters from the Soft Boys and the Nerves.

While I was living in Galway during the second half of 2011, Brian and I would often meet for pints and craic (good conversation). Eventually and inevitably, the tape recorder came out. The following interview is cobbled together from several informal conversations, the bulk taking place with a very hungover Brian following a beer-soaked So Cow meeting in which they planned their next album and set of singles. In between pints and a veggie Full-Irish breakfast, we talked about the transition to a full band, bottle-wielding, coke-fueled fans, writing age-appropriate lyrics, and annoying teenagers.

Interview with Brian Kelly of So Cow by Kevin Dunn
Photos by Loreana Rush and courtesy of the band
Layout by Daryl with help from Adrian Chi

Kevin: So, can you talk about yesterday's So Cow meeting? What was discussed and decided, or at least what you remember of it.

Brian: I remember most of it. Just plans for next year, which I think will include singles. Hopefully some split singles. I think what we're going to do is make a list of pretty much everyone we know who puts stuff out, just have a notebook full of people and get in contact with them and just go, "Here, what do you reckon?" This year, I'd love to be a prolific three-piece again, where it's just singles all the time.

Kevin: What's the background of So Cow? How did you start recording and releasing music?

Brian: The background would involve buying a four-track with my brother when I was fourteen and recording on that for about five or six years with no level of seriousness whatsoever. I was buying all these computer magazines, and you get these free "record your own music" programs. I was messing around with that. Just basically anything where I could, on the cheap, make music.

Then So Cow came around when I'd learned the drums. I could play three instruments—guitar, bass, drums—to a certain level. Then it was like, "Well, if I just overdub them myself, I'd be a band." I could do it all on my own. I didn't have to go forming a band and everything that comes along with that.

Kevin: You began recording as So Cow when you were actually in Korea. What were you doing in Korea?

Brian: Went over after I graduated with a journalism degree, which I wasn't much good at. I had a TEFL teaching certificate that I got over the course of a month. At the time, everyone in Ireland, all my mates, were putting down deposits on houses. I was like, "Uhhh. Okay. I don't think I'm doing that." I wanted to travel but didn't want to go backpacking or any of that shite. Knew a couple of people in Korea who were like, "Yeah, it's awesome. Come over." So that was that.

Kevin: Were you ever playing music out, or just hunkered down in your bedroom hovel on the computer?

Brian: No, I never stood on a stage in any serious way. Went to a few open mics in Korea and just played acoustic guitar, bits of songs. Playing live didn't really happen until the second or third year in Korea, where I played So Cow gigs. I got ridiculous amounts of vacations, so I'd come home often, and play backing tape shows, where I'd just record the drums and the bass, and then I'd just play along. I started to do that a lot.

Kevin: What was your first proper recording and release as So Cow?

Brian: There's a label here in Galway called Rusted Rail, which is—actually for the entirety except what they put out by me—folk and psyche folk and experimental music. I knew the guy, Keith, who runs it. He's just like, "Yeah, if you've got twenty-one minutes worth of material, send it over." I did, and that is still available. I've met a few people

on my travels who are like, "Oh, I have that." I just crease up and cringe, because it's nine different music styles. It's a bit of a disaster, all over the fucking place, so I don't really count that.

Kevin: The first full-length release is the *Siding with My Captors*, right?

Brian: It was *These Truly Are End Times*, which was a seventeen-song CD and that was early 2007. I remember because I made a mistake and put 2006 on it instead of 2007 in the details. I was over in Korea where printing stuff is really cheap. The only way I could do it really was to print up five hundred CDs, do the packaging myself, and just send them out to people; mostly back home in Ireland. I could've just made it in Ireland—that would've been a lot easier—because I spent a shitload on postage. It was like, "Buy it, and I'll absorb all the postage costs." I was selling it for a tenner, and sending it back to Ireland was about seven Euros.

It was just kind of ridiculous. I was doing it for the joy of it, and going to the post office once every three days. Korean post office workers wondering what the hell I'm doing sending small packages, exactly the same size, about two or three every three days, back to the same country. Sometimes England, the odd one to Sweden. Then *Siding with My Captors* was the second CD that I put out myself.

Kevin: The So Cow self-titled release was in 2009 and at that point you were on Tic Tac Totally. How did that happen?

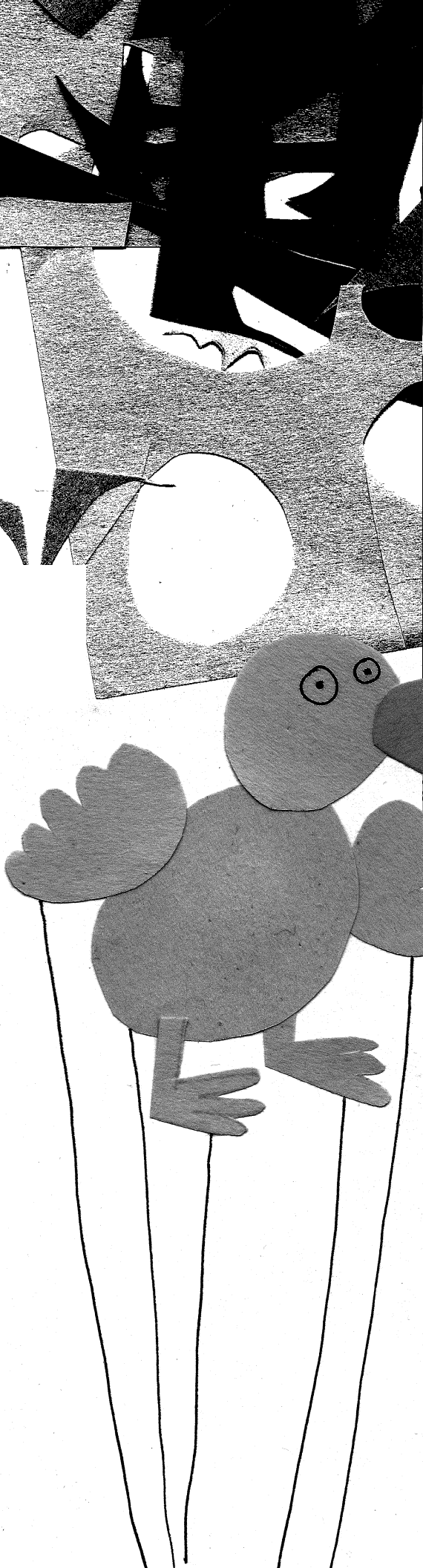
Brian: [Matt Clark] heard *I'm Siding with My Captors* and sent me an email saying, "I'd like to put that out." I said, "Grand. That would be great, but there's some other songs, like another CD as well." I sent him that too. Not every song on *I'm Siding with My Captors* is gold, so we just took the best of both the CDs and left the crap where it belonged. It's all very well putting the occasional bit of junk on a CD. But, in Ireland or Korea, there's no vinyl pressing plants in either country, so somebody's offering to do this in the U.S.? Fantastic. I'd better just make sure I don't mess up and put some shite on there. But I think I did anyway. There's one or two tracks on that first Tic Tac Totally LP, where it's like...ugh. If you were to play them in front of me, I'd make my excuses and walk away, come back in about seven minutes and just be like, "Are you done? Thanks" ... Oh, bad timing. My food has just arrived. [To the server] Thank you very much.

Woman: You're welcome.

Brian: Wow. Any chomping noises, that's me chewing. This diet's going to have to go out the window for a day.

Kevin: You said that Tic Tac Totally sent you an email. Were you shopping around, looking for a record label?

Brian: No, not at all. I don't think I've ever shopped for a record label. I might do, soon, see what happens. But, at the time, this was when MySpace was the primary social networking website of choice. All of these people would send me an email just going, "Hey, what do you think of me releasing



this?" I would just "Yeah." "Grand, off you go. Let me know when it's done."

I was very hands-off. "Off you pop." But I've changed my tune a bit now. I don't regret any of those releases or anything, but probably now I'm a bit more... selective.

That's the danger of being selective—I feel like nothing is getting done now. I know more than one example of bands that work for about a year and a half on their debut four-track EP and then never do anything again because the experience of making sure that thing was absolutely perfect just completely deadened them.

I'm glad that I went through a period of throwing out every single thing I recorded. Just going, "Here you go." I'd finish a recording, and then within five minutes it was online on MySpace, just going, "Hey, here you go. Here's a thing. Here's me hitting a snare with a sock full of snooker balls, and it's looped." [laughs]

Kevin: That reminds me of Gaz Le Rock of Retarded Cop, who just constantly is posting videos and cranks things out.

Brian: He's fantastic. It's hit after hit. I can't imagine him putting something up and just being like, "Oh, that's junk, he needs

to stop." He obviously spends a bit of time on it, thinks it through, then goes straight to the point where it's like, "Well, I know for absolute certain that this is awesome." Then it goes out. He should be confident in his own abilities, because he's awesome.

Kevin: Yeah, he is. Great lyricist, too. So I'll use that as a segue to a question about your inspiration for songs: "100 Helens" and "Shackleton." Are these autobiographical lyrically?

Brian: I don't know. I'm not a big fan of lyrics because if I'm going to write lyrics, then I want them to be a bit more than, say, "I am tired, I want to sleep, I'm going to wake up." I'm just not very good at lyrics, I've realized.

Kevin: I disagree strongly.

Brian: No, I find it difficult. I don't get as much satisfaction from writing lyrics as I do writing music. I could write music all day, but with lyrics it is: "Oh, balls. I have to start having thoughts now, and reactions, and I have to consider things."

Kevin: I'm floored by that response, because I think of you as such a great wordsmith. "Shackleton" has some of the best lyrics for a song that I can think of in the last decade. It's just a brilliant story.



LOREANA RUSH

Brian: Well, thank you, but it doesn't come easy. I don't just put pen to paper and go, "Mm. A-ha. Here we go." More and more, it's become a bit of a battle to actually put down something. But I've written eighty songs. They've all got lyrics and I'm happy with most of them. There's a few stinkers. But it doesn't come easy.

Kevin: I guess I shouldn't be surprised, but I am. The song "To Do List," is a great love song that seems to have just flown out effortlessly.

Brian: Well, that's odd, because that's the first song I ever wrote, and that was when I was... sixteen? Seventeen? Maybe eighteen. Yeah. That was the first one I wrote. It's the whole thing when you're young and you're not even really thinking about it, that's when you're productive. "To Do List" probably took five minutes.

Now, I don't write the same as before. What am I writing songs about? That's where Pete Townsend starting going fucking off-book. "Yeah, I'm going to write a rock opera about a deaf, dumb, and blind kid who plays pinball really well." Really? Have you covered every other topic? Is that all you can think of to get your lyrical juices flowing? I think about writing lyrics more than I think

The first two LPs, it's noticeable that any fast song is only about forty-eight seconds long because I'd just end up wanting to vomit on the snare just because I was having a fit.

about writing lyrics, if you know what I mean. I think about how to do it more than I think about doing it.

Kevin: That has to be challenging: shifting to writing lyrics from a different, older mindframe.

Brian: Well, yes. Lyrically, the personal pronoun is always in the song. So if it's going to be "I" or "me," it makes sense to accurately reflect the picture on the inlay card or the back of the record. Again, this could change. Probably the next album will all be full of songs about milkshakes and how much I like them. Clearly, if you look at the picture at the back, you see a dude who's fighting against the gym. So maybe an album about milkshakes might make sense. It just makes sense that lyrics should be or could be age-appropriate.

Kevin: I remember when we were talking earlier, I mentioned Kevin of Seven Seconds and one of his solo songs about how his mattress gives him backaches and bad dreams—which as a fifteen-year-old, I'd have no connection to, but now it speaks to me profoundly.

Brian: Any lyrics I've written recently, the theme seems to be, "Well, that's not happening anymore" or "I'm not going to be nineteen again." Wasted youth might be the theme. So I'm still droning on about being a teenager, but it's more from the perspective of, "Well, that's done."

Kevin: Do you feel that's done?

Brian: Oh, yes. It has to be done. I'm really looking forward to turning thirty because at least then it's just happened. This year, though, it's weighing on me, turning thirty. I'd much rather be thirty-one, so then it feels like I'm at the start of something, not coming to the end of something. Then again, I look around and most people I know in their twenties are idiots, so... Including me.

Kevin: This from the guy who spent last night going back and forth on a bus getting sick in the toilet.

Brian: Yes. That was horrible. And I haven't done that in a while. It's just exciting: the three of us—me, Jonny, and Peter—haven't met up together for five or six weeks. So, a few pints turns into talking about recording, and getting really excited, and getting more beers to celebrate the points we've made.

Kevin: Do you have a lot of songs that you guys have been working on that haven't been recorded yet?

Brian: Yes, there's about forty, fifty songs or song ideas. There's quite a big backlog there. Thank God. I like the idea of renting a house in the middle of Connemara, in the middle of nowhere, and bringing all our stuff there. I'm banning alcohol on that trip.

Kevin: How realistic is that?

Brian: Not at all [laughing]. But to just sit there for three or four days in a house with no distractions, and to just write twelve, thirteen, fourteen songs, or finish them, and then off we go, tour. [pause, moans] Sorry. This food is so good. There was a point this morning I never thought I'd eat again. [laughs, chewing] Oh, God above! This feels great. This feels good.

Kevin: You lost your rock and roll legs. [holding up Brian's Gene Simmons's autobiography] Gene Simmons would be disappointed in you.

Brian: Gene Simmons never drank. He just had thousands of... liaisons.

Kevin: [reading from Gene Simmons's autobiography] "To date I have had about 4,600 liaisons." And yourself? Have you broken 1,000 as a rock star?

Brian: Well, that'd be about 1,600 [laughs]. I want that out there. I want that information circulating... But back to lyrics. If you don't really care about lyrics, not many people do, you could sing anything. You could sing the alphabet. But, if I'm going to be singing the words in public, in front of people, every night, then I'd better be happy enough with the lyrics. I can't go out there and sing anything that will make me kind of embarrassed, or feel like a bit of a tit. Oh, God! I suppose it is about honesty. Or at least seeming to be honest [laughs]. It's about lying...

Kevin: Lying well.

Brian: Yeah, exactly. It's about lying in a very convincing way. "Age-appropriate" sounds like the most bizarre phrase, but it's the more suitable one. If somebody told me, "There's two albums out. One is by an eighteen-year-old who's written a lot of songs about what it's like to be eighteen. The other is by a thirty-two-year-old writing an album about what it's like to be thirty-two."

Of course I'd always go, "Okay, right, give me that thirty-two-year-old album," because at thirty-two you're guaranteed a bit more disappointment. You're guaranteed a lot of looking back, anger, and things like that, which is way more convincing than from an eighteen-year-old who could be all of those things. But it's like, "Oh, just fucking grow up, would you?"

And I find that's a big change in my life, because I just have no time for teenagers... Actually, that'd be a good name of the album, *No Time for Teenagers*. Because I just have no time for any of their concerns. I wonder if I'd stand by that statement in a non-hungover mood?

Kevin: As a one-man band, you toured a lot. You toured the United States.

Brian: Only once as a one-man band. In the middle of that, I hooked up with Nobunny and played guitar for them for half of that. Then I opened up, played first with backing tapes. Then the four times after that, it's been with the various incarnations of the band, all of which involved Jonny White on bass.

Kevin: Why did you decide to become a full band? How did you get those guys?

Brian: I have a friend called Bushy, who plays guitar, and he was like, "Just, please. You need a real drummer." So he learned drums in order to do it. Because the backing tape shows...well I could understand why people would just be annoyed by the whole thing.

I recall Jonny being one of those people who was annoyed by it. The first time Jonny saw a So Cow backing tape show, he was, in his own words, just disgusted. He said that it was just shit. But he's in the band now, so... [laughs] But I played shows with Bushy and his mate, Ross, on bass. It was like, "Oh wow, it's much better playing with a band." At the time, it was like, "No, no, no. I should be on my own. I'll do my own thing and be in complete control of it, and I'm only answerable to myself," all this kind of stuff. But then, it was like, "Okay. Maybe grow up a little and [laughs] not be as either possessive or just hell-bent on being responsible for every single instrument."

Kevin: Jonny seems like an institutional force in his own right. How did you hook up with Jonny? Did he force himself on you and say, "Look, you need a bass player."

Brian: No, no, not at all. It was the opposite. When I came back from Korea in 2008, I was going to play a release party type thing for the *I'm Siding with My Captors* CD. Ross had to pull out two days before the show. I could have easily just not done it. But for some reason, I was just like, "We need to find another bass player." Instead of what would have made more sense, which would have been, "I'll just cancel it. Fuck it. We'll do it again sometime." We just asked around to everyone we knew. Then we rang Jonny. He was in bed, and I was like, "Here, can you play bass?" He said, "No." I said, "Well, you play guitar." "Yeah." "Do you think you could learn this entire album and a few other songs?" I think he learned something like

fifteen songs in two days, just to play that show. He was woken from a nap, and found himself in a band that he's been in since. [laughter]

Kevin: How has being in a full band changed the music writing?

Brian: It's definitely changing on the next one. I guess the idea starts with me having an idea. Then the three of us just kind of go, "Listen, dude, this is bad." Then we agree on something.

There's something about being in a band that I just wasn't really keen on. [laughs] Maybe I just thought it was too much effort. Too much: "Well, what do you think?" "Well, what do you think?" "Well, what do you think?" Whereas I'd just be like, "Fuck it, I'm doing it this way." Which isn't a good way to think. I had it in the back of my head that being a band could be weird or awkward. But it's grand.

Kevin: The last So Cow full-length was *Meaningless Friendly*. Was that just you?

Brian: Yeah. All of the recordings up to this point have just been me, and all the recordings from this point will be the band.

Kevin: I've been in Ireland a few months now and it seems to me it's one small island, with limited venues to play. How does that affect you?

Brian: You don't play very often. There are only seven cities in the country. Four of them have venues that you could probably visit once a month without outstaying your welcome.

When we're fully active, we play Galway maybe once a month or something like that. We try and get to Dublin as often. There's a lot of music happening. But you eventually find yourself—if you want to tour a lot—you have to go to the U.K. or Europe or the U.S. The U.S. is a country where you could pretty much just keep going forever, just in a loop of visiting places every six weeks if you weren't all that bothered about not seeing friends and family. It just strikes me that it's that massive that you could just keep going around forever. There are enough cities. Whereas here, Thursday to Sunday and you've played.

Also, it's raining a lot and fucking hell to transport an amp from the back of a car. In the six seconds that you're bringing the amp into the venue it's probably just going to get fucking pissed wet. Then plug it in and it blows up. Geographically and weather-wise this country is not kind to musicians.

Kevin: Yet it's got a really rich musical tradition, both in Ireland and in Galway. There are so many musicians here, so many musical scenes in Galway.

Brian: There's definitely a lot going on. Galway has always had a lot of people doing stuff. I think in the past it's been more people talking about doing stuff. I think more and more it's people doing stuff. Of course, there's a gulf of difference between the two of them.

I think it's always big enough to have a lot of things going on, but small enough where you'll probably pop along, because it's not



going to be massively expensive. I don't do that as much, because I'm increasingly fond of sleep and not leaving the house.

Kevin: Do you consider yourself in the Irish music tradition, or do you think in terms of pop punk music?

Brian: This is not to sound flippant, but I see myself as someone playing music. To be honest, I got into this when I was over in Korea, so I'm probably more influenced by getting up every morning and eating kimbaek for breakfast or something like that. It isn't to say that Korea's responsible.

Trying to give Irish bands I like, I really like The Undertones. I like them, and I think I play music that sounds round about—in the general area of what they do—and very often, once or twice, have probably ripped them off.

I like the Kinks, I like the Nerves. The Nerves came to me by somebody going, "Hey, you sound like the Nerves," and me going, "Who?" A lot of the inspiration comes from, say, people going, "Yeah, you sound like this band," and me going, "I have no idea who they are." Then I go and listen to them,

**It's about
lying in a very
convincing
way.**



and I like them. Then I become inspired by them. That's the ultimate example, where I'm apparently inspired by them and then I find out who they are. I think if there's one band, up until now, it's the Television Personalities. That's the kind of music I want to write.

Kevin: It's funny how you told me the new stuff is faster and harder, because when Jonny and I get together, the two bands that we bond over are the Minutemen and McClusky, which are much faster and harder than your early recordings.

Brian: The Minutemen, definitely. I like McClusky. I'm definitely into McClusky Does Dallas. Does Dallas? Do Dallas? I don't know what form the auxiliary verb takes there. I guess they do, so forget all this. But yeah, I think they're much more of an influence on Jonny than they would be on me. Where I think the Minutemen is probably the one band that all three of us are like, "Yeah, if we could just sound like the Minutemen." Not like, "let's rip them off," but if we recorded something that we felt was one-tenth as good as a Minutemen song, we'd be happy.

Kevin: Is that harder, faster sound because Jonny and Peter are now in the band?

Brian: Yeah. It's basically because I know four drumbeats and I can play at two tempos, which is medium and slightly faster than medium, but I get tired. I don't have the lungs to be a drummer. The first two LPs, it's noticeable that any fast song is only about forty-eight seconds long because I'd just end up wanting to vomit on the snare just because I was having a fit. Whereas with the three of us, it's just like, "Oh, hang on, we can be as fast as we want. Oh, shit, if the three of us are playing, we can do anything now." I don't know why that was such a revelation to me.

Kevin: Because I'm looking at Gene Simmons' autobiography here, I have to ask: any crazy stories? Any humorous anecdotes to share?

Brian: I'm the worst with anecdotes when it comes to having things to go, "This was the craziest things ever."

Kevin: When you were doing cocaine off the backside of a prostitute in San Antonio?

Brian: Yet to happen. Never been in San



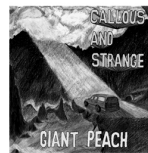
D.R.I.
 BROKEN BONES
 THE FACTION
 HEAD ON COLLISION
 RAW POWER
 THE MOTHERFUCKERS
 VERBAL ABUSE.

BEER CITY
 RECORDS
 MILWAUKEE, WI U.S.A.

available at finer record stores,
 online and on itunes

WWW.BEERCITYRECORDS.COM

Life On An Island



GIANT PEACH

CALLOUS AND STRANGE
 (4-SONG 7")
 SPLIT WITH ROK
 LOK RECORDS



FOR SERIOUS THIS TIME

(DEBUT 12") SPLIT WITH DEAD BROKE RECORDS



Fuzzy Bell

Cardinal Grand Cross

(FULL-LENGTH CD FROM IRELAND'S FINEST)



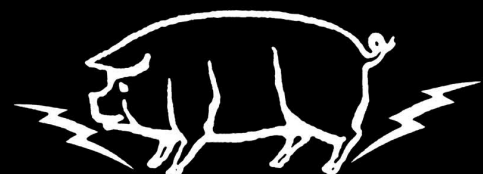
Life On An Island
 COMPILATION
 # 3

(1 HOUR LONG,
 NEW/UNRELEASED STUFF
 FROM 19 BANDS!)

COMING SOON: RELEASES BY NUDE BEACH, HAIRCUT, ASTRAL GLOB,
 SCREEN HOUSE MUSIC, GREG BAKER, LUKE HOLSTEIN, MIKE NAIDAU...

WWW.LIFEONANISLANDRECORDS.ORG
 DIY MUSIC FROM NORTHPORT, NEW YORK

MONEY IS STUPID.



**PYGMY
 RECORDS**
PYGMYRECORDS.COM

Available Now



PRO01 BEN TRICKEY
 COLD WIND 7"



PRO02 TIGER! TIGER!
 AMNESIAC'S DREAM 7"



PRO03 BEN TRICKEY
 OPEN THE SKY 7"

Summer 2012



PRO04 WYMYNS PRYSYN
 WASTE YOUR LIFE 7"



LOREANA RUSH

**I could write music all day, but with lyrics it is:
"Oh, balls. I have to start having thoughts now, and
reactions, and I have to consider things."**

Antonio. Everything else was correct. I've just never been to San Antonio.

Kevin: [laughs]

Brian: But the Nobunny tour was great. Because I'd never met them at all. I just arrived in San Francisco and met them in a car park, shook their hands, and off we went. It's just odd meeting people and then being with them for eleven days and never seeing them again since. That was great. Hang on, I do remember a rabbit biting my nose. But that's not the kind of anecdote you want. I remember waking up in an apartment in Seattle. I was sleeping on the floor. There was just a rabbit, there two inches from my face, looking at me really curiously. And he just lunged forward and bit me on the nose.

Kevin: Was that when you were with Nobunny?

Brian: Yes, which was odd, considering it was a rabbit. Actually, I've never put the two of those together. This guy in Cleveland tried to stab me on the first trip. It was a weird night, because earlier on that night, some guy who was clearly a Scottish Unionist kept calling me Mickey MacMickMick and being full on about the current status of Northern Ireland, and stuff like that.

This guy leapt to my defense. Later, there were about four or five people hanging out and the other people made their way elsewhere, until I realized that I was alone in a room with this guy. He was between me and the door.

That's when he started talking about how he needed to kill his mother, because his mother had planted the seed inside him that made him evil. He was going to have to kill his mother, before his mother killed him. I listened to it for about a half an hour. I got up to leave, but he got up and said "Stay, stay, stay," and then smashed a bottle of Budweiser and held it at me. I was like, "I'm staying, I'm staying, I'm staying." Then he was poking me with the bottle. [laughter] I remember going, "This would be a terrible way to die." [laughter]. There's no defending

INDEPENDENT MANUFACTURING FOR THE INDEPENDENT COMMUNITY.

POSTERS

**500 FULL COLOR
11X17 POSTERS**

\$250*

includes plates & shipping
no extra charges

**1000 FULL COLOR
11X17 POSTERS**

\$325*

includes plates & shipping
no extra charges



CDs



1000 CDs

complete with 4/1 - 4 panel folder and tray
up to 3 colors on disc face
packaged and shrink wrapped

\$925*

plus overs and shipping



1000 BULK CDs

price includes:
up to 3 colors on disc face,
glass mastering and shipping

\$495*

no extra charges

LP JACKETS



500 FULL COLOR

\$575*

1000 FULL COLOR

695*

price includes shipping to one location.

* CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE FOR UPDATED PRICES & MONTHLY SPECIALS!

imprint
indie printing

3449 TECHNOLOGY DRIVE, STE. 212
NORTH VENICE, FLORIDA 34275
PHONE: 941.484.5151
INTERNET: WWW.ILOVEIMPRINT.COM
EMAIL: INFO@ILOVEIMPRINT.COM

MANUFACTURING QUALITY GOODS FOR YOUR BAND SINCE 1994

KILLING CALIFORNIA

NO PENTAGRAMS NO CROSSES

"AN INVENTIVE, ORIGINAL
AND INCREDIBLY INFECTIOUS
METAL FED PUNK ROCK
ENGINE OF SONIC DESTRUCTION!"
-MASS MOVEMENT MAGAZINE

Available on 12" LIMITED BEER SPLATTERED VINYL,
CD, & DIGITAL DOWNLOAD

www.BASEMENTRECORDS.COM



DEAD BROKE REKERS **OUT NOW!**

STEVE ADAMYK BAND-SIT LP/UNFUN CAROLINE
T'EP/AWFUL MAN-TWAITING FOR THE
TANKS...T'EP/SIREN SONGS-DEMO
TAPE/LOW CULTURE-T'EP/4WAY
SPLIT 7 VOL.3 (BECAUSE, GLEAM GARDEN,
YOUR PEST BAND & BROWN TROUT)/SLOANE
PETERSON-WHY GO OUT? LP/SHANG-A-
LANG WAITING FOR THE END T'EP

COMING SOON!:
SISTER KISSER / RUMSPRINGER-
SPLIT 7 / DEEP POCKETS / MAKE
IT RAIN-SPLIT 7 / WEIRD FANTASY
BAND-IN THE
DARK T'EP

DEAD BROKE REKERS
139 HUBER AVE.
HOLBROOK, NY 11741

DEAD BROKE REKERS

this. People would be saying, "Did you hear Brian Kelly died? Oh yeah. Well he was in a shitty apartment in Cleveland on day three of his first-ever music tour and got stabbed in the neck with a broken bottle of Budweiser by a schizophrenic." Nothing good about that. No good in that at all.

Kevin: How did you get out of that?

Brian: I waited it out until he went to the bathroom, and then I fled. [laughter] ...I don't know. We get drunk every now and again, but that's the extent of it. We get offered drugs a lot. It's always the creepiest thing, but some guy will come up, "Hey that was a really good show, that was a really good show, that was awesome. I really enjoyed it. Do you guys do coke?" "No." "Oh, okay. It was a really good show. I gotta go." [laughter] That happens a lot, where I feel like I'm embarrassing them. [laughter]

Kevin: So what are your favorite shows that you played?

Brian: There's a few shows we played in Tuam that have just been mental. There's a place called the Woolstore that was just insane. It is actually an old wool store and there's no heating in there. It's just like a long room with stone walls and there's a little raised platform. It was just chaos. PA's were going to fall over on top of people. People just went absolutely fucking mental. They were all sixteen, seventeen, eighteen-year-olds. I don't mind teenagers when they're in the crowd. They're fine then. They just irritate me in every other way. [laughter] That was just fucking great. People were getting hurt. It was fantastic. It was wonderful. [laughs]

Kevin: Because there's three of you now. That changes the dynamics of thinking about what you want as a group. I guess the

question is simply this: how do you define success as the band, and has it changed now that you've got Jonny and Peter?

Brian: Oh, to record and publish a really good album on a label we like, and to play shows to a lot of people on the same bill as bands we like. That might be the most literal answer you might have ever gotten. But that's probably exactly it. I don't think any of us are going to be putting down any deposits on houses from this or appearing on BBC4 documentaries in twenty-five years' time talking about early century Irish guitar music and its place in history. But I think, just you know, recording songs we like, making albums we like, putting it out on labels we like, play with bands we like and, hopefully, to be playing shows to people who like us. Fuck, I've been way too literal in this interview.



I remember going, "This would be a terrible way to die."



canadian

CANADIAN RIFLE IS A BAD-LUCK THREE PIECE DIY PUNK BAND FROM CHICAGO. If *Razorcake* the zine was a band, there's a high probability we'd be reincarnated as Canadian Rifle. There's nothing particularly zingy about the band. There's no easy-to-slap-on tagline. No preformed holes to insert media hooks. They're punk. They've been around for a bit. They write and play really, really good songs.

We admire in others what we see in ourselves. Or hope to see in ourselves. Or wish we were capable of.

Canadian Rifle is truthful. A lot of life is pretty sucky. Bad shit happens all the time: broken bones, unreturned security deposits, miscommunications, "I'll answer that by drinking a lot." You have to swallow and gargle a lot of shit. But, if you take the long view—two of the three guys in Canadian Rifle are now their own bosses—and front load playing DIY punk ahead of a "career," ahead of "making it," ahead of the suburb-as-pornography elements of the American Dream, you, too, in five to ten years, play to fifteen largely disinterested punks in a basement. If you're lucky, you won't get shocked by a shorting-out wire when you sing. Forget about recouping costs.

It's not a pretty way to live and it's not recommended for those with over-inflated egos and expectations. But it's addictive. It's like if "no future" lasted a really, really long time and didn't have a publicist. That's what Canadian Rifle sounds like.

Canadian Rifle is a really, really good punk band.

Todd: Tell people a little back story about Canadian Rifle.

Jake: We're from Chicago, Illinois. The band formed, I guess seriously, in February of 2007.

Todd: That'll be five years.

Jake: We've always been based out of Chicago. We started out as a four piece. We're a three piece now. We've had a few lineup changes. Tim and I have been in the band the whole time. We've toured Europe, we've toured Canada, we've toured the States multiple times. At this point, we have an LP, three 7"s, a split 7" with American Cheeseburger, two tapes, and...a banner [laughs]. That's a brief history I would guess.

Todd: And you're Josh?

Josh: Yeah, I'm the newest member of the band.

Todd: Why are you the Senator?

Josh: What?

Todd: The Senator.

Josh: The Senator? Oh! The Senator!

Tim: I thought it sounded good with his last name.

Josh: Tim gave me that name.

Tim: There was no reason. I didn't even tell him I was going to do that.

Tim: I put that on the Facebook page when I made it 'cause I thought it sounded funny. I wanted to see how long it would take him to notice. It was like a couple days.

Josh: It was pretty instantaneous.



Todd: So no reason you're the Senator?

Josh: Oh no reason, not at all.

Todd: It sounds good, it sounds official. You should be the guy collecting the money.

Josh: [laughs]

Tim: We always try to make a new member feel special.

Todd: The honeymoon period.

Jake: 'Cause there's been so many [laughs], we'll see how long it's going to last.

Todd: Why the name Canadian Rifle?

Jake: Our first and original member, Brian who now plays guitar in Manipulation, was in Chronic Seizure. He came up with the name

Canadian Rifle



Tim: Bass (pictured Doug Ward) | **Jake:** Guitar and vocals | **Josh:** Drums
Interview by Todd Taylor | Help by Annie My Fist and Megan Pants
Transcription by Danny Segura and Josh Roša
Photos by Donna Ramone, Patrick Houdek, and Cesar Macias

when we started the band. I guess it just had to do with northern ruggedness, I guess?

Tim: Whatever that means. [laughs]

Jake: It also came from a Mountain Goats song called “Japanese Rifle.”

Tim: I never heard that part before.

Jake: Well, you say that every time [laughs]. We like the way it sounded and stuck with it.

Todd: This is just me as a person who does word associations. I thought of Michael Moore for two reasons. One, *Canadian Bacon* was John Candy’s last movie, and then he did *Bowling for Columbine* which was like, “the Canadians are all right with their rifles.”

Jake: Yeah, it’s like they bear way more arms and there’s way less crimes.

Todd: They actually want to go hunt, instead of hunting people.

Josh: It’s like a tool for them, not necessarily a weapon.

Jake: I’ve explained it like that before to people. Canada has so many more weapons—you know the people, the public—and there’s just like almost zero crime. The United States is not even close to the same amount of weapons and there’s crime out the... wazoo, obviously.

Todd: We can say it’s rampant [laughs]. It’s an epidemic.

The truth isn’t makeup and a nice suit. The truth is the disease inside of you. {LAUGHTER}

Jake: It is.

Todd: You all have been in bands for a while. Jake you were in Ambition Mission, Rustweiler.

Jake: ...Fourth Rotor, and, about two years ago, I was briefly in This My Fist when Annie and Seth moved to Chicago. It started with Rustweiler, then Ambition Mission, Fourth Rotor, and Canadian Rifle.

Todd: And Tim, you were in Lone Wolf and Cub? Is that correct?

Tim: Yeah.

Todd: And Josh, you were in Sea Of Shit.

Josh: Yeah, still am.

Todd: What turned Canadian Rifle into, as you’ve said, “Bummers, Downers, and Bad Times”? [laughter] The reason I ask about the previous bands is that Fourth Rotor really pushed on the positivity of things. I remember there was association with an Underdog Records and doing things collectively, that type of thing. Was there a transition time for you?

Jake: Not really. You’re even witnessing it now. It’s just bad luck. It just constantly happens. I guess a lot of tours; we’ve just had some kind of dark nights.

Tim: We talk about the “Canadian Rifle curse” a lot.

Josh: It came up today.

Todd: How did it come up today?

Jake: Doug Ward, who is filling in for these shows. He woke up two days ago and couldn’t feel his right hand, right after we taught him the whole set. [laughter]

Jake: Right now, he’s at a massage therapist.

Tim: Getting it worked on.

Jake: So we can play these shows. On the tours we’ve just had, we’ve just dumped a lot of money into the van.

Tim: Well that’s not special, but it doesn’t help.

Jake: I’ve gone on a lot of benders that haven’t turned out so well. [laughter]

Todd: Those usually solve world peace...



Which side are you on? Grow/Inspire (see photo above) or No dreams, No goals? (opposite page)

Cesar Macias

Jake: Every time I think it's a sure thing and it never works out. We've spent a lot of band money getting fucked up and stuff like that. We're not proud of it. It just kind of snowballs you know?

Tim: There's also been tours—because of something out of our control—series of shows just fall apart. We had to do a whole tour with another drummer that really didn't work out. It didn't represent who we were. That any point we couldn't have backed out of. It just seems like every time we are starting to get somewhere, we're back to the beginning. But I also don't expect it to be any different than that. [laughter]

Todd: So Josh, how do you feel about getting into the band like that?

Josh: I've known both of these guys for a really long time and I'm not unaware of how bad things can get.

Todd: They didn't try to up-sell it? [laughter]

Josh: I've been on tours before too and I've experienced bad stuff. I was stranded in Idaho for almost a week and you don't want to be stranded in Idaho for almost a week. So I understand that bad things happen, but at the same time, the reason that I even want to be a part of the band anyways is because I

enjoy what they're doing.

Jake: Lyrically—and maybe the sound—and a lot of stuff we talk about is depressing or dark, but, I have fun doing it [laughter]. But I also wouldn't want it to be any other way. I would feel silly singing about, "Let's all get together and make it happen." I don't want to express those things musically. I would say I never felt a transition. I was a pretty negative person, even with Fourth Rotor. The band worked well—even the collective stuff that we did, we made things happen—as any hard-working band should do. Didn't really have a whole lot to do with a message or anything. It's just like, "This is how we can get things done ourselves. If we want to do something, we have to do it ourselves" mentality. Even though I wrote some of the Fourth Rotor lyrics, I feel they are in the grey. They are not positive or not negative, a take-it-as-it-suits-to-you kind of thing.

Todd: I can think of—we were talking about Ryan Young, Off With Their Heads before the interview—who works at a really good nuts and bolts level. But if you listen to the lyrics, you're like, "I don't want to hang out with that guy." [laughter]

Jake: But he's not like that as a person.

Todd: No, not at all. You're occupying two different spaces kind of thing.

Jake: That's where a lot of different kind of expression comes from: the bad feelings you have or the negativity you have. That's a lot of the stuff you want to get out and that's where the release comes from.

Tim: When people see the banner, "no goals, no dreams": "What does that mean? I don't believe that, what's your problem?" I always say, "Do you think I'd be two thousand miles away from my house, playing to fifteen people in your basement if this was meant to be taken at face value?" [laughter]

Jake: There is a sense of humor about it as well. There is sarcasm and, obviously, if we didn't have any goals, we wouldn't be sitting here. We wouldn't have rented a car.

Todd: What is the purpose of that? Why not have something a bit more grey when you do that? I'm thinking of, I heard this the other day, "Expectations breed resentment."





It's almost sort of sick. Touring with a DIY band is uncomfortable, it's mostly doing nothing. I don't know what else I want to do, though.

[laughter] Much like Bukowski with "Don't try." I guess it's the point that people expect too much. There is a negativity to idealism—that people try for so much so soon and it breaks. You never see those people again. Or they are the ones pointing fingers at everybody else saying you should do this or you should do that. You said the right thing, the thing I was hoping for. You're giving the inverse.

Jake: Yeah.

Todd: Getting to zero is sometimes a great thing to do. [laughter]

Jake: It's a hard lesson to learn when you do a band. Especially a small band, a DIY band, where you have to make things happen, if you want them to happen. You don't have a whole lot of support, you know what I mean? It's just...fuck, I lost my train of thought. [laughter]

Tim: You have to create it for yourself and not expect that you're going to succeed, necessarily. You could want to, but if you expect that you deserve to or anything like that,

then like you said, it's just going to turn into resentment.

Jake: It's a rough lesson that I've learned; is that you can't expect anything. When you do something you feel real positive about then you want what's after that. I've really tried to focus on just living in the moment, like this was a cool thing, this is what you wanted. As you continue to tour and make music and continue to age, you realize that things just are what they are. We're not climbing and trying to get to the top of anything.

Josh: There is no top.

Todd: You're on a hike. [laughter]

Jake: This is the reality of it. This is what it is like to be in a small punk band and tour around. This is what happens and this is what you should expect.

Tim: People that don't understand that are the people who go on one tour and don't ever do it again. People who do understand that—it's almost sort of sick. Touring with a DIY band is uncomfortable, it's mostly doing nothing. I don't know what else I want to do, though.

Jake: It's almost like another addiction. Once you get really into it and once you're home for a while, you have to go on tour. Whether it goes good or bad, even if you

book a tour that you know is not going to be so hot. We're addicted to it. We have to go play some shows to feel normal again.

Todd: This is actually very life reaffirming right now, because people look at success and equate it with money. For me, success is hanging out in my basement talking to people who I enjoy, and their music, and in some way try to preserve some of it.

Tim: It can be a lot of things, but it's definitely never money. [laughter]

Jake: You need to have money, but if that is involved in the goals in any way, then you're going to fail. We don't quote, unquote make money. Our tours sort of pay for themselves. The money we do make obviously is spent somewhere before, on T-shirts, records, or van repair.

Tim: We don't even keep track of it anymore.

Jake: There's just not enough of it there.

Tim: I don't really want to know.

Jake: Even with all that, I feel like it's been alright. To be able to tour and have it pay for itself and sell records, play good shows, we've done alright for what it is.

Todd: I see this also kind of like a fungus. We deal with the internet a lot, just as an entity, as Razorcake. Things are so quickly



Patrick Houdek

assessed: how many people have gone to this site, how many people have looked at that video. I think we work really well as mold and fungus. You never know how someone is going to react to something. It may dawn on them a year from now or you may talk to somebody and hand them a zine. Then their nephew or son or daughter picks up something and says, "This is really great." You could never trace it. That's how I grew up with punk, because in the '80s there was nothing and you're in the middle of nowhere and everybody hated you. [laughter]

Jake: And it was super special to find something.

Todd: Yeah.

Jake: And dangerous.

Todd: The danger is still there, but it comes in different ways. Speaking of that, what are your guys' day jobs to support this glorious habit?

Tim: I recently opened a pizzeria with a friend of mine and two of my buddies, one who owns a couple bars in Chicago. So I own a pizza restaurant and work there, all the time. I'm there; well I haven't been cause...

Todd: Yeah, let's talk about your mitt. [Tim is wearing a cast and splint on his hand.]

Tim: The place is called Dante's Pizzeria. We've only been open six months. Some of the equipment we bought we knew was only going to last a little while. One of those things was the dough mixer. It was too small, it kept breaking, and we kept repairing it. This most recent time it broke, I had to call Josh. Josh is a manager at a different pizzeria called Santullo's, where I used to be the general manager.

Josh: He got me my job there. I worked for Tim.

Tim: I had to be sending employees or go

myself to his shop to make dough to bring to my own. One of these days, someone made seventy-five pounds of pizza dough—which is a day and a half worth of dough—and fucked it up. I couldn't use any of it. I discovered this on Sunday night at like eight PM. It was a terrible time to do that. I had to take my last two bags of flour over to his restaurant to make dough real fast, and bring it back. When I was finishing the second batch, I turned the machine off and reached in to feel it. It was about to stop and the arm pinned my hand against the wall of the bowl. The dough was still in there and I couldn't pull it out. I had to turn the machine back on to free my hand and it broke the two middle metacarpal bones in my right hand.

Todd: Oh, my goodness.

Tim: I was in the basement by myself. I put fifty pounds of dough into a garbage bag and carried it up the stairs into my car and drove it back to my restaurant before I went to the emergency room.

Todd: Holy shit! [laughter]

Tim: Which was stupid, but it only seemed like the only logical thing to do. I also remember thinking when I heard the bones break, the first thing I thought was, "I just broke the machine." 'Cause if I thought my hand was broken, I couldn't...

Todd: You would have frozen up right?

Tim: Yeah. Then I had to have surgery. I have two metal pins in my hand that are actually sticking out of the skin because they will eventually be removed. I can show you if you want?

Todd: I would love to. I did something very similar to my ankle. Did you get any bad

Yelp reviews that day; that the dough tasted a little fleshy?

Tim: Fortunately, there was no blood in it.

Todd: Oh, good.

Tim: I didn't actually break the skin. It just puffed up my hand to like the size of a softball. I don't think they actually used that dough anyway. We wound up having to be closed for about twenty-four hours. It was a big deal. Now I can't work until they take out the pins because I can't really do anything there except run the register.

Todd: Yeah, you could be a manager with just one hand.

Tim: Until the point it gets so busy that I'm just in the way. But the restaurant is going really well.

Todd: Congratulations.

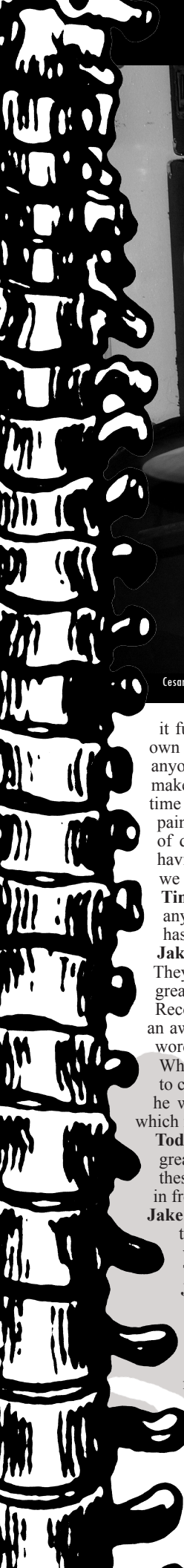
Tim: I've always wanted to have my own business, so that I could do this whenever I wanted. That business also isn't about making money, it is entirely about allowing me to do this. And if it makes money, that's great.

Todd: Do you take making pizza seriously?

Tim: I do, yeah. Very.

Todd: Jake, what do you do?

Jake: For about fifteen years, I've had my own house painting company. When I was younger, I knew that I was going to be touring. I worked for some painters and carpenters straight out of high school. I started to get some side work, and then I just decided to do



Cesar Macias

it full-on. It was so I could have my own schedule and not have to work for anyone. Take off when I need to and make money when I need to. I take time off when I need to tour. The house painting company has put thousands of dollars into the band. Without us having our day jobs, there's no way we could do this shit, unfortunately.

Tim: All the money that we use for anything comes from us. No one else has given us anything.

Jake: Our labels are cool to us. They're small DIY labels. They're great; they do a great job. Residue Records is great to work with. He does an awesome job distro-ing, getting the word out. He'll help us with anything.

When we left on tour, he even told me to call him if we break down and said he would help as much as he could, which is great, for such a small label.

Todd: Jordan (Residue Records) is great. But, it's not gonna pay for these extravagant lifestyles that I see in front of me. [laughter]

Jake: [laughing] Exactly. So, between tours, we work our asses off. Then we record and travel.

Tim: And repeat.

Jake: It's nice that we're self-employed and able to do this. Like, when Tim and I hooked up, to have that vision together.

Tim: We've had issues with members in the past. They saw work as a way more important thing. Like, "The first thing

in my life is my job," where I think it is important to have a job that you like, that you can survive on, but that's not the most important thing that you do. I think it's actually unhealthy to think that way. We've lost members because of that thought process.

Todd: How about you, Senator?

Josh: I just work at that pizza place. I help run it. The reason I work there, like they were saying; they want to be able to leave whenever they want, so do I. That place kind of helps out with that. I help run it with a couple friends of mine. It works out good.

Jake: He basically has Tim's old job. When we start touring heavily, it just works out. It's nice and smooth.

Josh: When I have to go, I have to go. That's it.

Todd: I want to do a pizza thing really quick. When you're in Chicago, is it called a "Chicago pizza," or is there no such thing as a Chicago pizza?

Tim: A Chicago style pizza is deep-dish, with the cheese underneath the sauce. That's the traditional Chicago style. But, you can get any kind of pizza. Both of the places that we work at are intentionally New York style.

Todd: Floppy?

Tim: Foldable. That's because there aren't a lot of good slice places in Chicago, where you can get a slice and eat it while you are walking away. Or eat it there real quick. Most of those places have a frozen pizza in a hot box, and they'll give it to you. That's it.

Todd: Disgraceful!

Tim: I agree. I mean, I'll eat that if I'm hung over, alone, on a Sunday. And, I'll eat the whole thing.

Todd: On your European tour, is it true that you guys wandered into an insane asylum or a sanitarium?

Jake: We didn't go inside. We didn't know.

Todd: Just roaming the grounds?

Jake: It was like a park, outside of a mental hospital. It was in Brighton, I believe.

Tim: We were there for a long time. We thought it was funny that no one asked us who we were or told us to leave. [laughter]

Jake: People were pretty much living in this park, and then we realized that it was part of this mental hospital.

Todd: Did you hang out? Did you have some good conversations?

Jake: Uh, we were fucked up, man.

Tim: It was one of those benders.

Jake: We were on LSD.

Tim: We were coming down from acid and we were drinking a bunch of cider, which we shouldn't have been drinking. But no one said anything about that.

Todd: Were they doing anything cool, like playing croquet?

Jake: They were just asking us for lighters and shit like that.

Tim: A lot of people were writing in notebooks.

Todd: Journaling.

Jake: There wasn't a whole lot of conversation.

Tim: We were sitting in silence, staring.

Jake: This was at, like, nine in the morning. We hadn't really slept or anything. It was ridiculous.

Tim: It was a mistake. It was funny. It was kind of a bad time.

Jake: We were really down on that tour because we had a fill-in drummer. Great guy, but it wasn't really working out musically.

Tim: I remember staying at this kid's house,

and he was like, "My roommate sells acid." And I was like, "I want that. Because I want to get out of here." [laughter]

Todd: What do you want people to walk away with when they listen to your record or see you play? What's the desired result?

Jake: I would want them to relate, musically. To like how it sounds, for starters. Then, if they're into it, I'd like them to feel like they're not alone. Like, they're not the only ones struggling. I guess to be a bright spot in someone's fucked up life; they can relate to our records.

Tim: I agree with that. I don't know if there's really much more to it.

Jake: I've always understood punk music to gravitate towards troubled youth or troubled individuals. That's how I found it. And, uh, unfortunately I've stayed into it as a lifestyle. Because I don't see another option. [laughter] I'd like a listener to feel good from something that we're making out of our downess.

Todd: I can think of other artists—not necessarily punk artists, when I was growing up—The Smiths were huge. Not happy at all.

Jake: They're just miserable.

Todd: Right. But, the counterpoint is really happy guitars. Or more energetic music. That type of thing.

Jake: Yeah. We try to have some bittersweet stuff going on, and some melodic stuff going on in the songs. We don't want it to be too heavy or too poppy or anything. We kind of want it to be middle-of-the-road, for people who are into punk in general. Not hardcore. Not pop punk. Just a punk rock band.

Tim: I think the melodic side of it, and the dark lyrics, the juxtaposition is just interesting. I like music that has that. That sort of...

Jake: Bi-polarness.

Tim: Almost, yeah. I just think it's more interesting. It's like: "Why is it like this?" It makes me want to listen to it more and pay closer attention.

Todd: I think if you have dark and light, you have contrast. Things become more focused that way, too. Some people have great political bands because they are political people. Some people are amazing partiers and they have amazing party bands. If that's what they do in their time when they're not on stage, I'm all for it.

Tim: I agree with that. Dishonesty, putting on a show, I can spot that instantly. It annoys me. It's getting to the point where it puts me in a bad mood.

Jake: When we play, we're definitely not like, characters, you know?

Todd: You're not zipping up your punk suit?

Jake: No. This is who we are. This is how we live. This is what we do in Chicago when we get together. When we have practice after work, I put the guitar in the truck. When I'm done painting, I go to practice. It's just part of our daily lives.

Todd: Are you guys all Chicago natives?

All: Yes.

Todd: Was there somebody in Chicago who you looked up to as a musician when you were growing up—even just musically,

if you didn't know them as a person? My understanding of Chicago is that it breeds in isolation, and there is a tension keeping it there. You're one of the largest cities in basically a landlocked place. You might have more exposure to musicians that way. In Los Angeles or New York, people can hide all over the place.

Jake: Musically, when I was a kid in the late '80s, early '90s, I know this guy's got a really goofy rep now, but I was really into Screeching Weasel. They were an underground, unique band then. And the lyrics were also. I could relate to them. They were troubled lyrics. I don't know if I could relate to them now. I don't listen to it anymore. When I was in my youth, as far as Chicago punk goes, I totally related to a lot of that. The *Boogada* LP, *My Brain Hurts*, all that shit. When I was running away from home, or fighting with my father, that's what I would crank in my room. As far as Chicago goes.

Todd: I totally agree with keeping things in amber, too. A certain place and a certain time. No offense to the Dead Kennedys, I can't tell you the last time I listened to them—but, growing up—very influential to me.

Jake: Growing up, I loved them, too. I know they aren't from Chicago. But it was Screeching Weasel for me, above Naked Raygun and all the others.

Tim: I agree with that entirely. I'm five years younger than Jake, maybe four. The first bands I started, I was trying to sound like that.

Jake: They were throwing real punk shows. There was a possibility of something going terribly wrong at the show, like cops coming. I saw part of the attraction to punk as that something could go wrong. It's an illegal show.

Tim: It's not a \$10,000 guarantee.

Josh: I don't know about anymore, but I was always the biggest Smoking Popes fan.

Todd: Did you ever get to meet those guys personally?

Josh: I actually most recently met Eli Caterer, who plays in a friends band called Treasure Fleet. He's a really nice guy.

Todd: Oh, he plays with Isaac (Thotz of The Arrivals).

Jake: We just played with them not so long ago. He's the only one of those guys that I've ever met.

Josh: Super nice dude.

Todd: Jake, do you write all the lyrics?

Jake: Yeah.

Todd: Can you cite one positive lyric out of your body of work? I'm not poking fun or anything. I listened to everything in the last couple of days. This is pretty unequivocal [reading lyrics]: "all good things leave / all bad things stay and multiply." [Laughter. Continues reading lyrics.] "The body is a temple / the human is vile." [more laughter] Those are pretty unequivocal, you know?

Jake: Is there a positive lyric? To me, they're kind of all positive. Things are what they are. It's not like a good or bad. "Cinder Block," which I guess is still somewhat negative, but it's more about all of the urban sprawl that's happening in the city of Chicago, where really beautiful parts of the city are getting torn down, and

these pre-fab, super shithole condos are being put up.

Tim: We have two songs about that, actually.

Jake: What's the other one?

Tim: The one on the new 7". The newest—I don't remember the name of it. "Historic Landmark"?

Jake: No. That one is about a building that's still there.

Tim: Well, that's positive.

Jake: Yeah. So it's about how these condos that are being made on the super cheap are being sold for three to four hundred thousand dollars to people who are being transplanted for a job or who have just had a family and are under this delusion that these are nice places. The construction companies are dressing them up and talking them up, saying they're five minutes from downtown, which is true, but it's five minutes away in one of the shittiest parts of the country. I guess that's not positive, but it's not like an inner turmoil thing, you know?

Todd: What I get from your lyrics is that there are hidden positives, in that, if you didn't believe in even the structure of nice communities and good housing before all this new stuff came in, you wouldn't care.

Jake: That even ties in to what I do for work. I work in a lot of old buildings and I've painted a lot of these new condos, too. That's where I started thinking about all this stuff. It was through painting, through the difference between working for a family who loves their old home that was built in the '30s and being hired by some shthead contractor to spray a bunch of buildings for as cheap as I can so they can sell them for god knows how much to some poor family who doesn't even know they're in a shitty neighborhood.

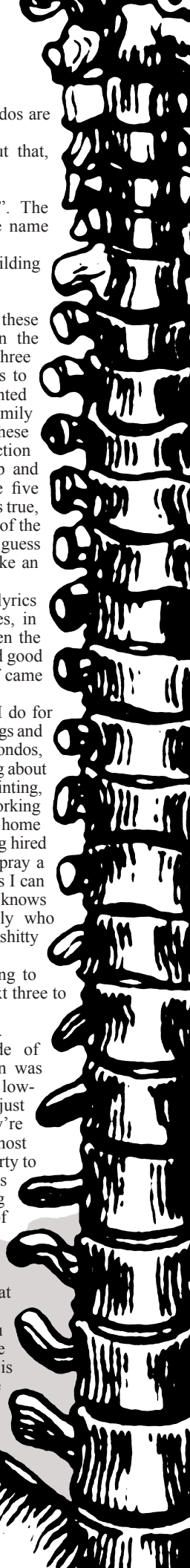
Todd: And chances are it's going to get foreclosed on them in the next three to four years anyway.

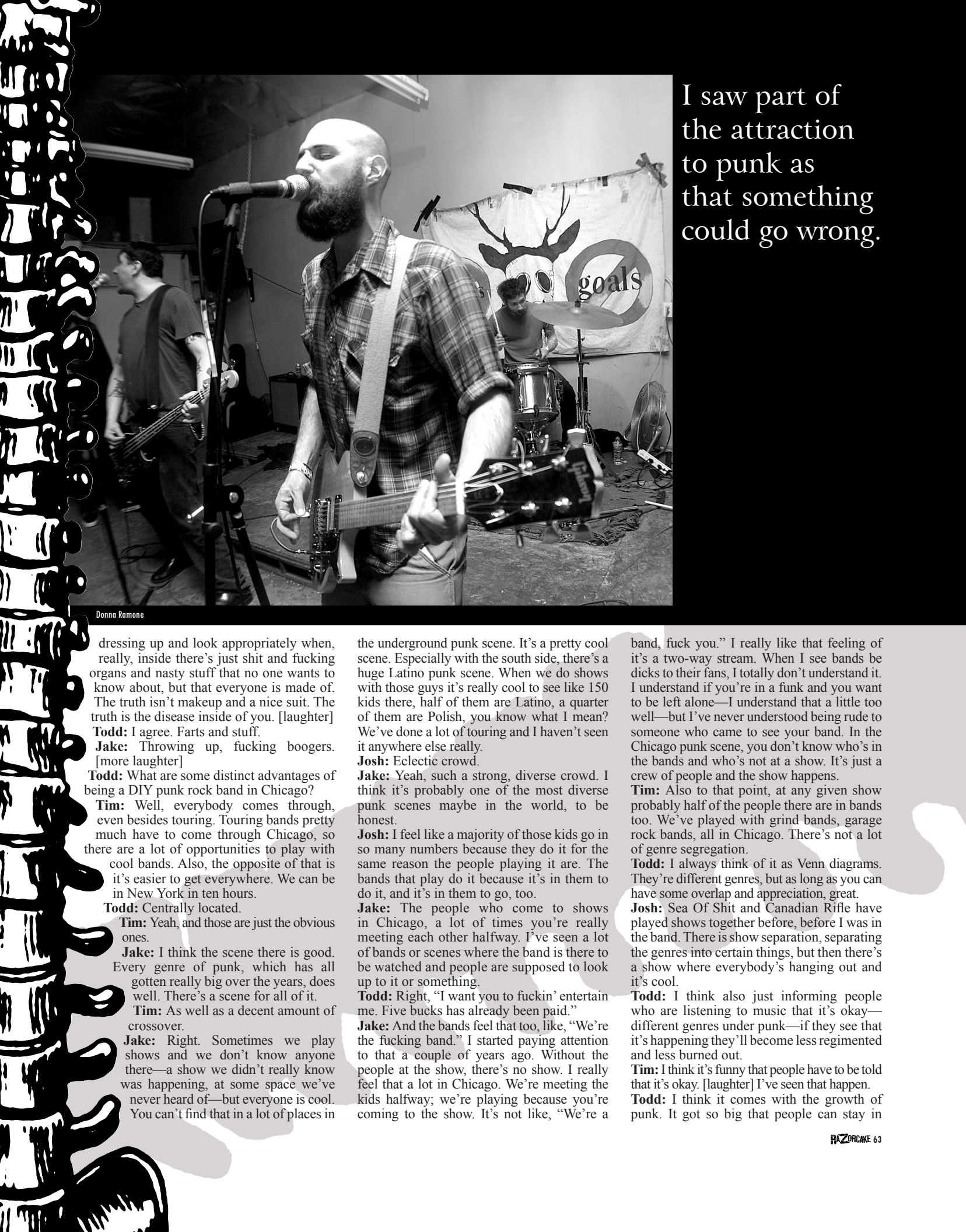
Jake: And it's going to fall apart.

Todd: My parents live outside of Las Vegas, where the expansion was incredible. It almost looked like low-level bombers came by and just dropped those subdivisions. They're so close together and look almost identical. Right now, there are thirty to forty thousand empty homes in Las Vegas alone. But the underlying thing is: you expect more out of human beings.

Tim: Well you can't be disappointed or depressed if there wasn't something better at one point.

Jake: Yeah. So the lyrics you mentioned, I guess they are somewhat negative. Multiply is about not breeding, and "the body's a temple" is about how much effort people put into





Donna Ramone

I saw part of
the attraction
to punk as
that something
could go wrong.

dressing up and look appropriately when, really, inside there's just shit and fucking organs and nasty stuff that no one wants to know about, but that everyone is made of. The truth isn't makeup and a nice suit. The truth is the disease inside of you. [laughter]

Todd: I agree. Farts and stuff.

Jake: Throwing up, fucking boogers. [more laughter]

Todd: What are some distinct advantages of being a DIY punk rock band in Chicago?

Tim: Well, everybody comes through, even besides touring. Touring bands pretty much have to come through Chicago, so there are a lot of opportunities to play with cool bands. Also, the opposite of that is it's easier to get everywhere. We can be in New York in ten hours.

Todd: Centrally located.

Tim: Yeah, and those are just the obvious ones.

Jake: I think the scene there is good. Every genre of punk, which has all gotten really big over the years, does well. There's a scene for all of it.

Tim: As well as a decent amount of crossover.

Jake: Right. Sometimes we play shows and we don't know anyone there—a show we didn't really know was happening, at some space we've never heard of—but everyone is cool. You can't find that in a lot of places in

the underground punk scene. It's a pretty cool scene. Especially with the south side, there's a huge Latino punk scene. When we do shows with those guys it's really cool to see like 150 kids there, half of them are Latino, a quarter of them are Polish, you know what I mean? We've done a lot of touring and I haven't seen it anywhere else really.

Josh: Eclectic crowd.

Jake: Yeah, such a strong, diverse crowd. I think it's probably one of the most diverse punk scenes maybe in the world, to be honest.

Josh: I feel like a majority of those kids go in so many numbers because they do it for the same reason the people playing it are. The bands that play do it because it's in them to do it, and it's in them to go, too.

Jake: The people who come to shows in Chicago, a lot of times you're really meeting each other halfway. I've seen a lot of bands or scenes where the band is there to be watched and people are supposed to look up to it or something.

Todd: Right, "I want you to fuckin' entertain me. Five bucks has already been paid."

Jake: And the bands feel that too, like, "We're the fucking band." I started paying attention to that a couple of years ago. Without the people at the show, there's no show. I really feel that a lot in Chicago. We're meeting the kids halfway; we're playing because you're coming to the show. It's not like, "We're a

band, fuck you." I really like that feeling of it's a two-way stream. When I see bands be dicks to their fans, I totally don't understand it. I understand if you're in a funk and you want to be left alone—I understand that a little too well—but I've never understood being rude to someone who came to see your band. In the Chicago punk scene, you don't know who's in the bands and who's not at a show. It's just a crew of people and the show happens.

Tim: Also to that point, at any given show probably half of the people there are in bands too. We've played with grind bands, garage rock bands, all in Chicago. There's not a lot of genre segregation.

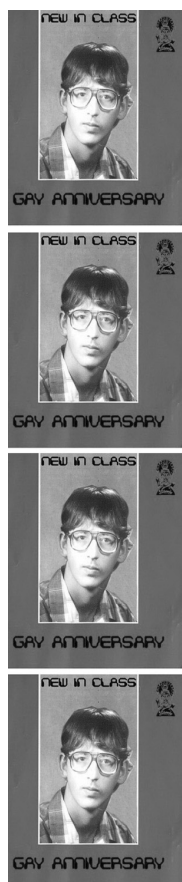
Todd: I always think of it as Venn diagrams. They're different genres, but as long as you can have some overlap and appreciation, great.

Josh: Sea Of Shit and Canadian Rifle have played shows together before, before I was in the band. There is show separation, separating the genres into certain things, but then there's a show where everybody's hanging out and it's cool.

Todd: I think also just informing people who are listening to music that it's okay—different genres under punk—if they see that it's happening they'll become less regimented and less burned out.

Tim: I think it's funny that people have to be told that it's okay. [laughter] I've seen that happen.

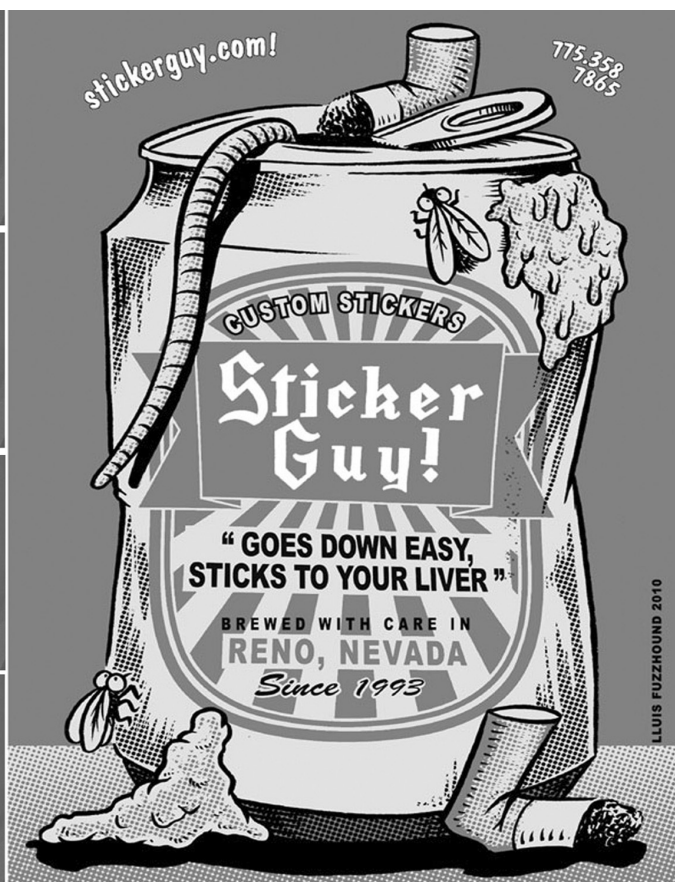
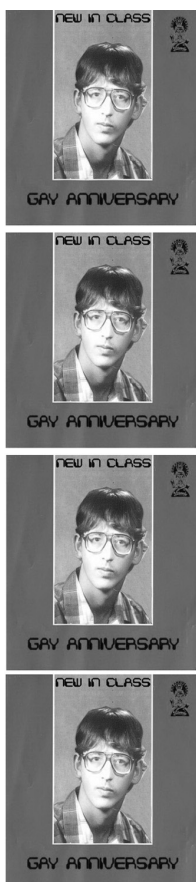
Todd: I think it comes with the growth of punk. It got so big that people can stay in



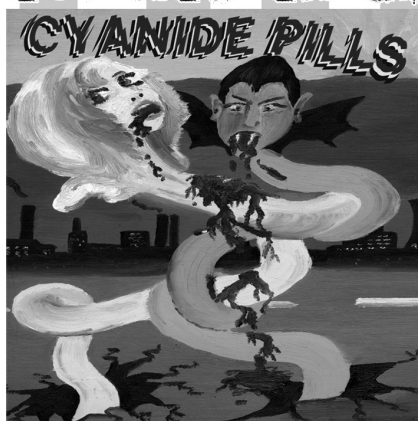
TWISTED & EVIL FUTURE PUNK FROM ANCIENT ATHENS GREECE! 10" WAX OUT NOW FROM

Slovenly
RECORDINGS

PLUS TONS MORE
CRUDDY SHIT AT
www.slovenly.com



OUT NOW ON DAMAGED GOODS RECORDS



CYANIDE PILLS - DEBUT ALBUM
(DAMGOOD356)
LIMITED WHITE VINYL LP, CD & DOWNLOAD



RECORDS & TEA

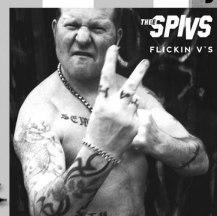
THE CHEFS
RECORDS & TEA: THE BEST OF THE CHEFS
(DAMGOOD388)
CD & DOWNLOAD

THEE HEADCOATS
KNIGHTS OF THE BASKERVILLES
(DAMGOOD381LP)
&
THE KIDS ARE ALL SQUARE
(DAMGOOD380LP)

LIMITED LP
MAIL ORDER COLOUR
VINYL EXCLUSIVE
& DOWNLOADS



BILLY CHYLDISH & SEXTON MING
DUNG BEETLE ROLLS AGAIN
(DAMGOOD387)
LIMITED LP & DIGI



THEE SPIVS
NEW SINGLE 'FLICKIN' V's
7" ONLY
(DAMGOOD401)

HAVE A LOOK AT OUR NEW E-BAY SHOP, LOTS OF EXCLUSIVE END OF LINE ITEMS
PLUS RARITIES GOING UP ALL THE TIME AS AUCTIONS & BUY IT NOWS.

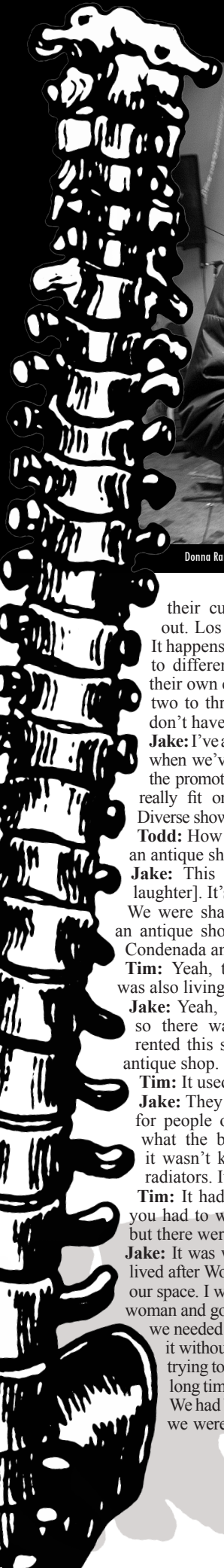
<http://stores.ebay.co.uk/DAMAGED-GOODS-RECORDS>

AND IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL AT THE DAMAGED GOODS WEBSITE SHOP TOO

<http://www.DAMAGEDGOODS.CO.UK>

DISTRIBUTED BY CARGO UK & GERMANY / RED EYE USA OR CONTACT US DIRECT
AT INFO@DAMAGEDGOODS.CO.UK FOR WHOLESALE LISTS, TERMS ETC

www.DAMAGEDGOODS.CO.UK



Donna Ramone

Hey man, what's up with that cast? Pizza.

I was in the basement by myself. I put fifty pounds of dough into a garbage bag and carried it up the stairs into my car and drove it back to my restaurant before I went to the emergency room.

their cubby holes and never come out. Los Angeles is a weird creature. It happens a lot here. People will not go to different shows because they have their own community that has the same two to three hundred people and they don't have to get out of it.

Jake: I've always been really disappointed when we've asked to get on a show and the promoter's like, "I don't think would really fit on this show." What is that? Diverse shows are great, I really prefer it.

Todd: How were you guys kicked out of an antique shop? [laughter]

Jake: This fucking wacky lady [more laughter]. It's not as exciting as it sounds. We were sharing a practice space above an antique shop. We were sharing it with Condenada and Chronic Seizure, right?

Tim: Yeah, the drummer of Condenada was also living there.

Jake: Yeah, she was living in this space, so there was like canned food... We rented this space, and it was above this antique shop.

Tim: It used to be a transient hotel.

Jake: They were little kitchenette rooms for people out of World War II. That's what the building was originally. But it wasn't kept up. It had old cast iron radiators. It was awesome.

Tim: It had this beautiful marble lobby you had to walk through to get up there, but there were no lights, so it was dark.

Jake: It was where a lot of vets, I believe, lived after World War II. So, I went and got our space. I was the one who dealt with this woman and got us in there. I got the key and we needed to sign a lease but couldn't do it without the owner being there. I was trying to hook up to sign this lease for a long time, but it just wasn't happening. We had been in there for a few months, we were paying, and I thought it was

fine. This incident happened where a lamp fell from the ceiling of the antique shop. This place was full, it was like a sardine can of antiques, and there were lights hanging from the ceiling. So as we're practicing a fucking chandelier falls. [laughter]

Tim: Which we didn't know about.

Jake: So we rode out to go play a show. We come back at like two in the morning to load our shit back into the space up two flights of stairs, and we're padlocked out of our space.

Todd: Classy.

Tim: No message. No phone call, nothing.

Jake: We didn't know about the lamp yet. So I call, and the woman says we never signed a lease. I tell her I've been trying to sign a lease with her all the time and figured it was fine because you're getting your rent. It's a practice space, it's not like it's an apartment or anything. She brings up the lamp, and I'm like, "With all due respect, why do you rent to bands? That was your idea. We didn't break in and force you to let us practice there."

Tim: She thought we were louder than every other band in there.

Jake: Well, we probably were. So, we go back and forth on the phone and I ask to sign a lease but she says no, we're kicked out. I didn't know what to say, "You had no problem cashing my checks every month, so I didn't think there was an issue." So we meet up with her to get our stuff out. She's an old woman, probably in her late sixties and I can tell she's freaked out a little bit. Luckily, she brought her husband to make sure everything goes smooth. We didn't say a word to her. We just got our shit and left. We got locked out and kicked out of the antique store.

Tim: But we didn't pay for the lamp.

Jake: Oh, no we did. When I asked for our deposit back she just said, "the lamp."

Tim: This whole thing took like a month for it to all work out.

Todd: That's kind of punk rock.

Jake: Yeah, I'm sure it was us for being a punk band. [laughter]

Todd: It's still dangerous, they're still scared of you, but they're sixty-five years old now. So, Tim, do you have an instructional tattoo on your wrist?

Tim: Oh yeah, a suitcase that says, "Never forget."

Todd: Why does it say, "Never forget?"

Jake: Well, there are a few incidents.

Todd: Alright, 9/11, number one. Go ahead.

Tim: Yeah, God bless. Was that a briefcase? [laughter] On September 11, 2001 I left a briefcase...

Todd: Been looking for it ever since...

Tim: ...at work and I had to go back and get it later. Really, we had this briefcase that all of our pedals and cables were in. I had forgotten it multiple times, but the worst was we played at Fest a few years ago and I left it on the stage. You know, you have to turn over really fast and then party the whole weekend.

Jake: You pissed me off during that Fest. You were in such bad shape. You left the fucking briefcase right on the stage.

Tim: I left it right on the stage. Someone from The Brokedowns found it, fortunately, and brought it back to us like a month later.

Todd: Another benefit of being a Chicago band right there.

Tim: Yeah, the show we played that day was with like five Chicago bands on it. So I got the tattoo.

Jake: But that wasn't the only time. I think it happened two or three times before you got the tattoo. And it happened again even after you got it.

Tim: It did happen one more time.

Todd: But you're against handcuffing it to yourself?

Jake: I don't know how this happened, but somehow it's all his fault. [laughter]

Todd: Now it's your cross to bear.

Tim: I accept that. I don't agree that it's my

WWW.VOODOORHYTHM.COM



MENIC - RAILROAD BLUES ANTHOLOGY
LP/CD
FOLK BLUES FROM A TWISTED
FUCKED UP SOUL WITH LOVE



THE MONSTERS - POP UP YOURS - LP/CD
A GARAGE PUNK AND TRASH MASSACRE
LIKE NEVER BEFORE HEARD - 110-DB AND
ALMOST NO INTELLECTUAL LYRICS... THIS IS
AS STUPID PUNK ROCK HAS TO BE



HANK HAIN - BLACKOUT - LP/CD
FROM LONDON ENGLAND COMES THIS TRASHED
OUT ONE MAN BAND - A MIX OF HAWKWIND
HANK WILLIAMS AND THE GORIES AND GG ALLIN
BUT IN A PSYCHEDELIC GARAGE TRASH PUNK WAY

VOODOO RHYTHM
WWW.VOODOORHYTHM.COM



DIE ZORROS - FUTURE - LP/CD
ONE OF THE WORST BANDS EVER - MAKE THE
SHAGS SOUND LIKE MOZART - MIX UP ENGELBERT
HUMPERDINCK WITH DEVO AND A CHILDREN BEATLES COVER
BAND ON ACT

VINYL, CD'S, PATCHES, T-SHIRTS
RECORD BAGS, GUITAR PICKS
KEY CAPS, GIRLIE BAGS, BELT BUCKLE
HATCH PRINT POSTER, BOLO TIE

ORDER TODAY

VOODOO RHYTHM SUPER FOOL COLLEGE JACKET



MANY DIFFERENT MODELS GALS/BOYS

**T-SHIRTS
TOO**

we deliver shops and all other garage and record needs direct
write us: order@voodoorhythm.com
**SUPPORT YOUR
LOCAL RECORD SHOP**

SUBWASTE BROKEN MACHINE

ELEVEN KNOCK 'EM DEAD TRACKS IN STORES NOW

FOR FANS OF:
ONE MAN ARMY, BOMBSHELL ROCKS, STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

Free Poster, Patch, & Button
with order while supplies last only at Interpunk.com

ALSO AVAILABLE AT WARBIRO ENTERTAINMENT:



KARBOMB
"NOSE BEFORE TOES"



HARBOUR EIGHTY ONE
"SELF TITLED"



AMERICAN WEREWOLVES
"WANDERERS FOREVER"

WWW.MYSPACE.COM/SUBWASTE
WWW.WARBIROENTERTAINMENT.COM

WARBIRO
ENTERTAINMENT



**3 DAYS
OF
DIY MUSIC**
FEATURING
**DAN DEACON
TORCHE
HARKONEN**

X6GA 89.9 WANTAGE USA
**AUGUST
16-18 2012**
MISSOULA, MONTANA

TONS
OF
BANDS
TONS
OF
FUN!

DETAILS PASSES AND SCHEDULE AT TOTALFEST.ORG

IRON LUNG BROKEN WATER LECHEROUS GAZE KOWLOON WALLED CITY THE PHARMACY GUANTANAMO BAYWATCH PINS OF LIGHT TACOCAT
BIG EYES WALLS HEAVY TIMES UNNATURAL HELPERS DIKES OF HOLLAND SANDRIDER CRIMINAL CODE ROOMRUNNER WIZARD RIFLE
BRAIN TUMORS THE BUGS ROCK N ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS GAY WITCH ABORTION WHITE WALLS LOZEN TV GHOST BUILDINGS DREAMDECAY
SEDAN BIG FICTION THE FUNERAL & THE TWILIGHT COUSINS THE BE HELDS NO FI SOUL REBELLION MJOJNIRDXP ABE COLEY THE BEST
WESTERNS BACON & EGG THE INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOYS KING ELEPHANT THE MAGPIES NEEDLECRAFT SHANE HICKEY VTO AND MORE!

Not to sound like a hippie, but the human is vile.

fault, but I accept that it's my fault.

Jake: You understand it has become that. That's just the way it is.

Tim: I know. Since then, I left it on a stage again and I had to go back and get it. So it didn't really work. It works like ninety-nine percent of the time. Because it's definitely the tattoo that's doing it. Otherwise, I would never remember it.

Jake: Well, we have it with us now at least.

Tim: Not actually in California. We have a different briefcase with us. There's been a few generations.

Todd: So let's talk about the record cover for a second.

Tim: The LP (*Visibility Zero*)? Obviously... [laughter]

Todd: Was it something that you commissioned? Or was it an existing image from Mary Ellen Croteau?

Jake: Yeah, I don't know a whole lot about her. It was this painting hung in this gay bar by my house. It's the closest bar to my house and everyone is way friendlier there than a lot of bars. So I would hang out there and I was always really fond of that painting.

Tim: The owner had a bunch of paintings. She was a collector.

Jake: Yeah, it's like a year-round exhibit pretty much, of photos and paintings. It's a pretty cool place. I was always totally into that painting. We were recording the LP and it just hit me that that was what I wanted the cover to be.

Tim: I was initially one hundred percent against it. But I came around to it. I couldn't explain why.

Jake: Well, it's a little awkward, you know?

Todd: Totally awkward. I found out just the other day—I can't believe I'm saying this—but I always thought she had a very pronounced vagina, but it's a dude.

Jake: You obviously haven't seen a lot of little boys' penises. [laughter] So, the band agreed that this would be the cover. We already had the name *Visibility Zero*.

Todd: Real quickly, why not "Zero Visibility" instead of "Visibility Zero"?

Jake: We just liked the ring to it, I guess. So, I did some research on what I had to do to use the painting. The woman who owns the bar, she owns all these paintings. I approached her and explained I wanted to use that painting as a record cover and that it's not like real money or anything. She was really cool about it, but I had to ask her about the fact that she wasn't the artist. She said she owns the painting so she could do whatever she wants with it.

Todd: Right, she can control the image of the painting.

Jake: She said she was really supportive of local artists and willing to help us out. So she said we could use it, but for some reason I had super paranoia about it, thinking she had set us up. I started going in there almost every day asking her over and over again. She just kept saying she didn't care. I looked up the artist. She's an older feminist lesbian painter. I thought that was cool, so we used it. We had Sharon Mooney, who's a really good photographer, come in and set up all her lights and she took that photo for us. I credited the artist and gave the bar owner a copy. The next time I was in there she told me she loved the record, but I don't think she really listened to it.

Todd: It's respectfully reproduced. You didn't fuck it up or scratch her eyeballs out.

Jake: No, but when I gave her the record I was really nervous. I gave her colored vinyl. [laughter]

Tim: We should get that back. [more laughter]

Jake: There's been a little bit of controversy about it. I've seen a couple things that say it's a sexist cover, stuff like that. The rule book for the punk scene is just fucking out of control. One woman was telling me how she thought it was sexist, so I asked her if she had looked up the artist. I mean, that's all I have to say.

Todd: Yeah, she (Mary Ellen Croteau) is pretty heavy-duty. I visited her site. It's really good stuff.

Jake: I did too, she's cool, man. I would love to meet her, but, you know, I was kind of afraid to. [laughter]

Tim: One conversation you had that I overheard, was when we were in England and someone said to you that the record cover makes them uncomfortable. You said, "Good."

Todd: Well, that's much better than "I really want to beat off to it."

Jake: It's true. That's why I wanted to use it. It's supposed to be awkward and a little uncomfortable, but it's a great record cover.

Todd: It's kind of funny because the naked baby is tweaking the mom's nipple, giving a peace sign.

Jake: I really liked it and I thought it went along well with the name of the record. Like, "What the fuck is going on?" [laughter]

Todd: Absolutely.

Tim: You see a lot of punk record covers that look the same, or you sort of know what to expect, and this is definitely not that.

Jake: When I read reviews, they said the record art is so weird, but if it had a fucking skeleton with army gear on and baby parts being blown to pieces, no problem. Cool cover.

Todd: I think it was a brave choice. Alright, so this is the last question I have. Why is the elk in a gasmask (Canadian Rifle's logo)?

Tim: It's a deer, actually.

Todd: Sorry, I knew I would get that part wrong.

Tim: I remember the first time the image was ever produced.

Jake: It was on the bottle of uh...

Tim: A Cazadores tequila bottle.

Todd: Oh yeah, but it doesn't have a gasmask.

Jake: No. Our friend Todd, who I don't really know anymore, unfortunately, who was the original bassist of This Is My Fist in Oakland... we were getting fucked up and he took the bottle and drew a gasmask on the deer. Then Al (Burian) was in the band, and he designed it. I really liked the symbol of it. It's more of just another overpopulation statement about how humanity is fucking tearing up the earth. It's about where we're headed, a place that's supposed to be left alone but isn't.

Todd: Poisoned, polluted.

Jake: Yeah, not to sound like a hippie but I totally believe that...

Todd: Oh, you don't sound like hippie.

Jake: Good. [laughter] "Not to sound like a hippie, but the human is vile." [more laughter] No, but I believe that the earth should never have been touched and that humanity is a terrible sickness, a plague on the earth, just a cold that the earth will shake off. To earth, it's just a blink of an eye. So that's kind of what the deer with the gasmask has to do with.

Tim: I think that's obvious, too. Look outside for a few minutes or turn on a TV for a second and you can tell that.

Jake: Yeah, earthquakes and natural disasters. That's the earth saying, "Fucking leave me alone." Coughing up a loogie.

Tim: That's just what it is. I don't think that's good or bad. It's just what it is.

Jake: The whole band has it as a tattoo.

Tim: That's how we knew Josh was going to last.

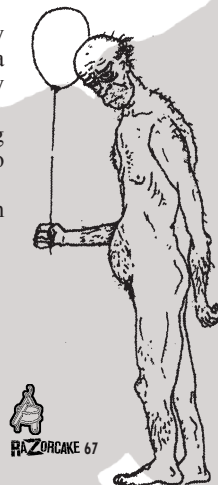
Josh: They were afraid I wasn't going to last in the band until I actually got it, so one day I just went and got it after one of our tours.

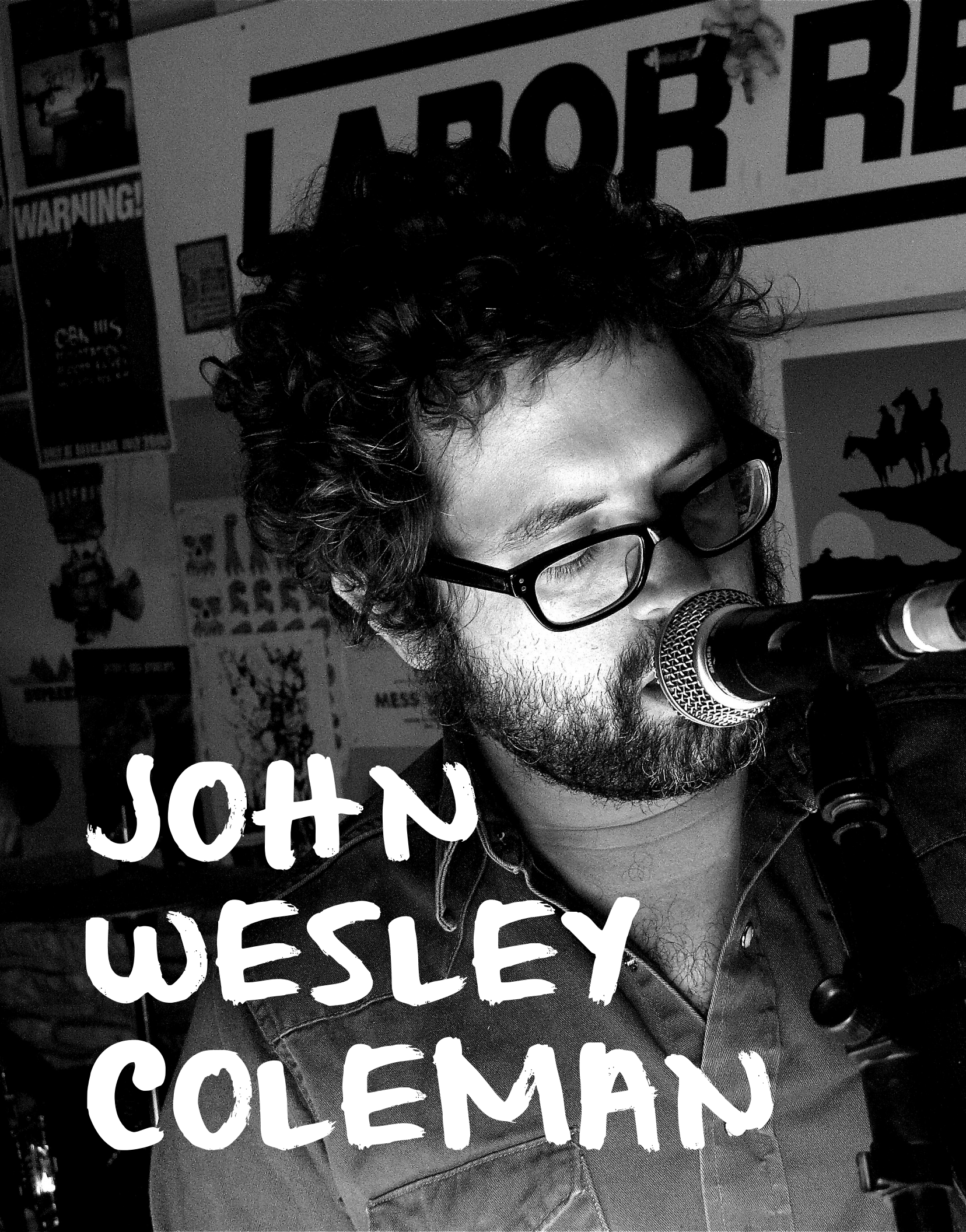
Todd: My wife was the same way until I got a tattoo. I can't wear a ring, so I got MC tattooed on my wrist.

Jake: Yeah, that's my wedding ring too. Just gotta get the wife to get it now. [laughter]

Todd: Well thank you very much for coming in, I really appreciate it.

All: Thanks for having us.





JOHN
WESLEY
COLEMAN



INTERVIEW BY RYAN LEACH

PHOTOS BY RENATE WINTER

LAYOUT BY LAUREN MEASURE

John Wesley Coleman III is a self-taught songwriter, filmmaker, and writer hailing from Austin, Texas.

Coleman is originally from Irving, Texas and spent a lot of time skateboarding and listening to punk rock as a kid. After playing in a few obscure bands, Wes formed the well-received Golden Boys with Matthew Hoopengardner and James Arthur in 2003. Coleman also began recording and performing material under his own name around that same time. In 2008 Wes released *Steal My Mind* on Certified PR. The record was rightfully recognized as an incredible piece of psych rock. Coleman began putting out records with greater frequency following the album's well-deserved acclaim. He has since released material on Goner, Boom Chick, and Monofonus Press.

All of Coleman's songs bear his idiosyncratic stamp. They're playful and lo-fi. Occasionally, Coleman writes about completely unorthodox subjects—like basketball and filmmaker Giuseppe Andrews. He's written a novella about Jim Morrison (if he were alive today) and appeared in a remake of the film *Slacker*. Coleman seems to move on impulse; his lack of inhibition and creativity are remarkable. His uniqueness is refreshing, especially in these incredibly stifling times. All of Wes' work comes highly recommend—both the solo stuff and Golden Boys LPs.

Ryan: You and I have something in common: We both grew up skateboarding.

Wes: Yeah.

Ryan: Music and skateboarding were intertwined for me.

Wes: I learned about the SST catalog through skateboarding. My interest in music grew from there. My dad, brother, and I built a ramp in my backyard. I'd make mixtapes off of the music I'd record from the radio. We'd listen to Bad Brains and The Minutemen while skating. Skate videos were informative as well. Mike Vallely skated to Dinosaur Jr.'s "Freak Scene." I remember thinking that the song was cool, so I checked out Dinosaur Jr. That got me into Homestead Records. I'd watch H-Street's videos over and over again. The music was incredible and they would edit the skating well to it.

Ryan: Everyone wanted to skate like Matt Hensley after watching those H-Street videos.

Wes: No shit! I would try to rip Hensley off. And the music selection was incredible—everything from Credence to Kirk And The Jerks.

Ryan: *Wheels of Fire* had my favorite soundtrack.

Wes: Yeah. I wish we could have made mixtapes off of the soundtracks to skate videos. I started skating in third or fourth grade. That's all I wanted to do. Then you start shredding on guitar, smoking cigarettes, drinking beer, and seeing chicks—that's when skating slows down a little bit.

Ryan: Do you still skate?

Wes: I occasionally do. My knees are starting to hurt, but I'm trying to get on a new program. I cut my hair and shaved recently and I saw my face. It's getting fatter. I've just been drinking too much beer from playing shows. I'm always on my feet, though. Skateboarding is fun and great exercise. I might film a video where I just skate in it.

When they opened up the Jeff Phillips skatepark, I won an Alva Team T-shirt. My brother won a Jeff Phillips autographed skateboard. (Note: In the mid- to late-'80s, Texas had a legendary skate scene. The late Jeff Phillips was one of its biggest names and greatest talents.)

Ryan: Jeff Phillips was the man. He had the best board control and he was a big guy, too. Total powerhouse skateboarder.

Wes: I would watch Jeff Phillips skate barefoot. He'd skate with a cigarette in his hand, shredding around like nobody's business. Mike Crum would be around, too.

Ryan: I heard that Jeff Phillips would win contests after drinking a whole container of boxed wine.

Wes: Yeah. I remember one of my first club shows; Mike Crum came up to me and said, "Hey, you play guitar well." I was just soloing the whole time because that's what I felt like doing. I was freaking out because Crum and his friends were there. The guys from Emo's have been trying to get me to skate more. It's cool because they're all in their late thirties. Skate or die! [laughs] I love skateboarding.



Ryan: Are you from Denton, Texas originally?

Wes: I'm actually from Irving, Texas. It's the original home of the Dallas Cowboys. It's the largest suburb of Dallas. I moved to Denton later on and lived there for four years. Denton to Dallas is a thirty-minute drive. Eventually, I moved to Dallas. There was a really good punk rock scene there in the '90s. It's actually got a really good scene going right now. Denton was a cool place. You could walk around and drink. There's a jazz school in Denton. You can get a jazz kid in your band and turn him on to punk rock: "Ever heard of Flipper?" Eventually they'd get so into punk rock. They'd drop out of school.

Ryan: You came up on my radar with The Golden Boys. What were you doing before then?

Wes: I've been in bands since I was young. I was in a bunch of bands that no one has really heard of. I would play house shows. I would try to play punk. It wouldn't sound punk. Same with hardcore and country. I kept trying to do different bands and songs. I had two early bands—one was called Grasshopper and the other was called Antiques. The Antiques released a 45. We put it out ourselves. It was really poppy sounding. I was into early Lookout! Records at the time.

The first time I went on tour was in 1996 with the Antiques. We made it up to Northern

California and played at Gilman Street. We broke up when we got back to Texas. Everyone seemed to be into Spiritualized then. I quit playing music for a while. I started getting into films and went to film school. Eventually, I went to open mic nights and started making up shit. For two years I did open mics. I'd get different people together to back me up.

After a while, I got a band that was awesome. We were playing in Denton. We were all into Bruce Springsteen and The Flying Burrito Brothers. It was great to find those guys because everyone else seemed to be really into punk or spacerock shit. I'd play Flying Burrito Brothers-style music but influenced by punk rock, if you get what I'm saying.

Ryan: Yeah. All the people who surrounded Gram Parsons were players. They could handle their instruments really well.

Wes: Totally. We played for a couple of years under my name—John Wesley Coleman. It consisted of other guys who wrote songs, like my friend Andy Lane Cox. The group all wanted to move to Austin to make it big. I was like, "Fuck that." I had three good jobs in Denton. We were doing well there and in Dallas.

My friend Brian Schmitz was down here. He was playing with James Arthur in Feast Of Snakes. James said, "If you come down to Spring Branch, (Texas) I'll give you some

I'M TRYING TO GET ON A NEW PROGRAM. I CUT MY HAIR AND SHAVED RECENTLY AND I SAW MY FACE. IT'S GETTING FATTER.

work and we can play guitars.” So I moved down. Everyone who ended up wanting to move to Austin just stayed in Denton; I was the only one who ended up moving. I was just couch surfing a lot.

We were playing and jamming, recording on a four-track. We were also partying pretty hard. Eventually, we formed The Golden Boys. It was me, James, and Matthew Hoopengardner. Eventually, Nay Nay (Nathan Arbietman) and Brian Schmitz joined up. We played our first show at Taco Land in San Antonio. It was just crazy.

Ryan: With James Arthur learning drums.

Wes: Exactly. A lot of people would ask James, “Why don’t you play guitar?” And James would say, “Fuck it. I want to play drums.”

Ryan: Golden Boys hit pretty hard. Hook Or Crook started at the same time. You played Goner Fest Two. Things were happening. After having played in bands for so long, it must have felt nice to get some recognition.

Wes: It was. My first trip to Los Angeles was with The Golden Boys. That was about eight years ago. It was crazy. I was in the back of the van as James was driving us through the desert. James said, “Hey, let’s pull over for a piss break.” I was drinking whiskey. I got up to get out of the van and I fell out—while we were still moving. As I was falling, I grabbed onto the handle. My feet were dragging. Luckily, I ended up rolling onto the sand. I broke the door handle off.

When we got to Los Angeles, I was bloody and hung over. My glasses were taped up. That was the beginning of the trip. We stayed at Larry Hardy’s house. We ended up going to Seattle and back. Everywhere we went, people came out and we partied. I saw a lot of good bands. Met a lot of great people I’m still friends with now.

I kept doing solo stuff on the side when The Golden Boys weren’t busy. I toured with The Barbaras just as they were forming. They were helping me out by playing with me. I put out a (self-titled) single on Boom Chick. I met the Brimstone Howl kids. I just kept meeting people and staying in touch with them. Being in Austin, we have South By Southwest. You meet people everywhere and then they come through Austin. You help them out here and then they owe you a “help-me-out coupon” down the road. I met Timmy Vulgar that way.

Ryan: It’s like the old Black Flag/SST connections in the ‘80s.

Wes: Yeah. Playing with James in The Golden Boys was great. We were putting out records right away.

Ryan: Did you end up re-recording any of the solo material you cut early on in Denton?

Wes: Some stuff. I was recording songs with Nay Nay. “Friday Night” was a song I recorded back then that appeared on the first Golden Boys record. We sped it up. Originally it was slower, had a Clash feel to it. I do a lot of major to minor chord changes. It’s easier for me to sing that way.

Ryan: Gene Clark would mix a lot of random minor chords in with his songs.

Wes: Yeah. I like his stuff. *Roadmaster* is a great record. I had so many four-track recordings. My girlfriend and I always live in small houses. It got to the point where I stuck all of my tapes into the kitchen cabinets. It was funny. From 1999 ’til 2004, I was giving away CDs of songs I had compiled. Eventually, a local label (Monofonus) said, “Hey, let’s put this stuff out professionally.” So we did. We attached a poetry book to the CD.

Ryan: That was the *American Trashcan* (2008) release, correct?

Wes: Yeah. *American Trashcan* was just a compilation. It was a case of songwriting ADD. I’d write a song and then I’d get tired of it immediately. Some songs I hold on to longer. I’ve had another case of that lately. In the last year and a half I think I’ve recorded about six albums.

Ryan: When you released *Steal My Mind* (2010) on Certified PR, that seemed to be the album that clicked with a lot of people.

Wes: That was a good one. I got lucky with that one. *Steal My Mind* opened up doors for me. Goner paid more attention to me. Goner bought the digital rights to it. They might repress the record on vinyl.

Ryan: People have likened your songwriting and voice to Lou Reed’s. I see a lot of late ‘70s Alex Chilton in there, too. That was the period where Chilton was improvising and going with first takes a lot of the time. That aspect—the immediacy and spontaneity—of both your work and Chilton’s really appeals to me.

Wes: I’m aware of that. I’m off and on with Chilton. I just started listening to the album *Dusted in Memphis*.



Ryan: That one’s amazing. It has a silk-screened album cover.

Wes: I just downloaded it illegally. I constantly listen to new music. I’ve actually been listening to metal a lot lately because I want to try to play guitar differently. I’ve recorded in studios before, and while I like every method of recording, my favorite kind is just doing it quickly myself. It’s a lot like taking a Polaroid. That’s it. It’s not fake. If it feels right, great. I sometimes record a song and rerecord it five years later. It’ll sound different. I don’t really follow any rules. I do make up stuff as I’m going along.

When I record, I have a sequence. I know exactly how the songs are going to fit and which ones are going on side A and side B. I usually try to figure out if I’m going to party on one side or the other. I play with different people and that makes it fun. Sometimes I record absolutely sober, other times I’m out of my head. I like both methods. The Lou Reed thing comes from the nasally voice. I listened to Lou Reed like crazy in junior high. I bought a Lou Reed tape at an antique store. I didn’t know much about it when I got



WHILE I LIKE EVERY METHOD OF RECORDING,
MY FAVORITE KIND IS JUST DOING IT QUICKLY
MYSELF. IT'S A LOT LIKE TAKING
A POLAROID. THAT'S IT. IT'S NOT FAKE.
IF IT FEELS RIGHT, GREAT.

GROWING UP PUNK ROCK, THERE WERE TWO RULES: YOU DON'T LIKE METAL AND YOU DON'T LIKE THE DOORS.

it, but I liked it immediately. I like Reed's delivery a lot.

Ryan: The subject matter for some of your songs is really unorthodox. And that's one of the things I admire about your work. A lot of people have inhibitions about writing songs that are outside of the norm. People hold themselves back, but with you it seems that if something grabs your fancy—be it poetry, writing a book or creating a song about basketball—you roll with it.

Wes: Thanks. When I recorded *Bad Lady Goes to Jail* (2010) I had lost my license and I wasn't supposed to be driving. I eventually got it back. Orville came over to my pizza shop, Salvation Pizza. He told me I should record my new record at his house. Orville's house is a fifteen-minute walk from mine. Throughout the summer I would go to his house and record with whomever was hanging out. Someone would play bass. We'd run through a song twice and then record it. I'd have like two lines for a song and I'd just make the rest up. Orville played on that record. Matt Hammer from the Strange Boys did, too. I play punk rock largely because I'm not a good guitar player. I'm getting better. I bang on guitar. I grew up watching Greg Ginn play and he'd just attack his guitar.

I owe a lot of people for all their help, like Dean Beadles from the Apeshits. He's on two of my records—*Little Miss Keith Richards* and *Personality Pancake* (2011). Orville played on that, too. A lot of these guys would meet through playing together on my albums.

Ryan: You have a tendency to ask people on your songs to hook you up. On *Personality Pancake* you give a shout out to Giuseppe Andrews. I see a similarity in Giuseppe's approach to filmmaking and your approach to music.

Wes: Yeah. I kept seeing (Giuseppe Andrews' films) *Touch Me in the Morning* and *Trailer Town* on the shelf at the video store. I saw them for a solid year. I'd pick them up, look at them, but then I'd always put them back. I was a fan of Troma. I was a big Troma nerd in the '90s. (Troma released many of Giuseppe's films.) Nevertheless, I didn't pick up Giuseppe's films because I didn't think they'd be any good. I hadn't seen his bigger-budget films like *Detroit Rock City* or *Cabin Fever*. I didn't know anything about the guy.

My buddy at the video store kept telling me I'd like Giuseppe's films. So one day I said, "Fuck it. I'll finally rent one." I watched *Touch Me in the Morning* and I

thought it was really, really good. I felt that his approach to filmmaking was similar to my approach to music. He keeps doing it—he keeps making movies.

Although I asked to be in one of his movies in that song ("If Giuseppe Andrews Hears This Song, Tell Him to Give Me a Call and Let's Party"), it's probably something I don't want to do. I'd probably die of a heart attack from smoking crack. Crazy shit. But there's a playful and funny sensibility to his films. A lot of the paintings I make are crude, but I'm not sleazy. I ended up watching some of his Hollywood movies later on and he's pretty funny in them.

Ryan: Has he given you a call yet?

Wes: No. I don't expect him to. For me, asking him to give me a call was like those old soul dudes giving shout outs. I like underground rap for that reason.

Ryan: It's a lot like the Arthur Conley song "Sweet Soul Music." It's one big shout out to Otis Redding, James Brown, and the other soul giants.

Wes: That song is really cool. It's just all shout outs. I listened to Biz Markie just the other day. On this one record he starts off with a five-minute shout out. Then the music finally begins. If Giuseppe calls me, it'd be cool. We could party. Have a barbecue.

Ryan: You were in a remake of the film *Slacker*. How did that come about?

Wes: It was all chance. Orville recorded my friend R.T.'s band Light Me Up. I was at home really sick, hung over. I definitely didn't feel like going anywhere that day. But then R.T. from Light Me Up texted me: "These recordings that Orville did came out really well. I want you to hear them." I asked him what he was doing. He said he was at a *Slacker* audition. I told him if the people behind the film needed some music, to hit me up. It turns out the audition was near my house and R.T. was reading for a part.

The director (Karen Skloss) asked R.T. something and my name came up. She knew who I was and said I should come on down to read. So he calls me right back and tells me to try out for this part. I said, "Fuck, man, I'm really sick but I'll show up anyway." I went over, winged it. I auditioned two more times and ended up getting the part. It was a month-long process of rehearsing and memorizing the lines. They allowed me to rewrite some of the lines. I had to learn a seven-minute dialogue. When we started filming, it was over one hundred degrees out. It was one day of shooting that lasted eight hours.

I met a lot of really nice people. I became friends with the director, Karen. I met her boyfriend Boo Tonne. They have a band called Black Forest Fire. We've been hanging out since the shoot. I play shows with their band. Karen worked as an editor on the Townes Van Zandt documentary. The *Slacker* remake got me into movies again. I got a new computer and iMovie. I started going to the community theatre near my house. I took this monologue class. Every Saturday I'd hang out with these moms and a couple of dudes and learn how to act. They keep using a film still of me to promote the *Slacker* remake. It was used in the *New York Times*. It was crazy. I only went to the premiere. I haven't seen it since. I have a five-minute part in the movie.

Ryan: That's cool. I haven't seen it. To my knowledge it's not really available yet.

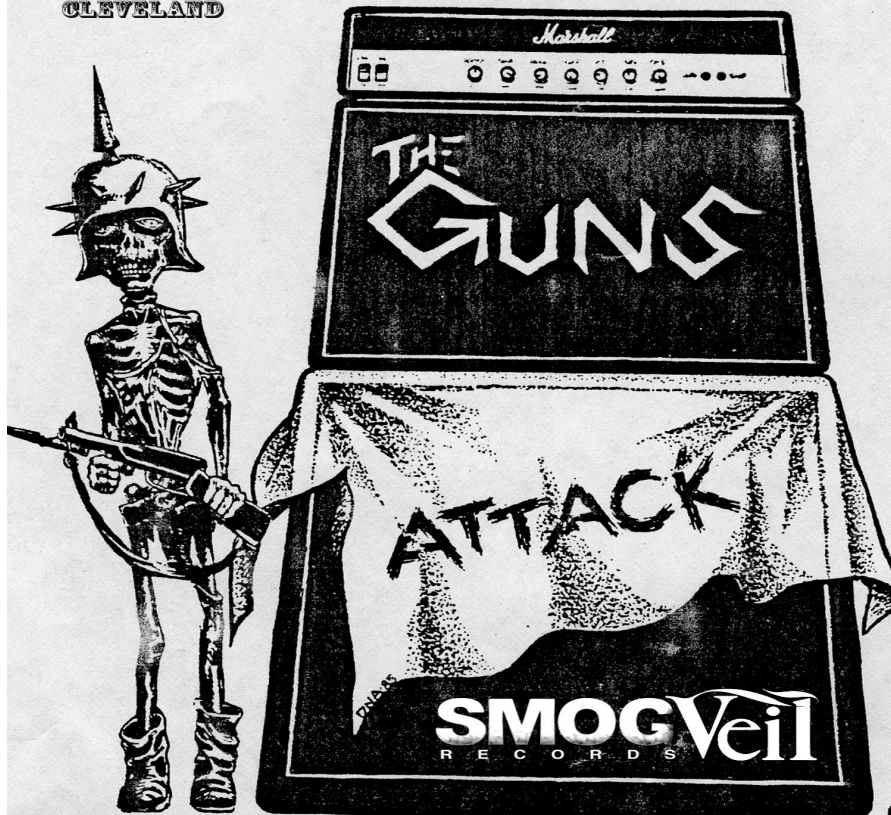
Wes: Yeah. They're showing it soon at South By Southwest. Eventually, there will be a DVD release. It's a bunch of local people reenacting the original film but updating it. I got to meet a lot of people out of it. I play Teresa's role in the film (originally played by Teresa Taylor). She's the girl on the poster. She was the Butthole Surfers' first drummer.

Ryan: What inspired you to write a book about Jim Morrison if he were alive today?

Wes: I like to write. I was shooting for a novella—at least one-hundred pages long. Talking with you now, I'm really thinking about why I wrote it for the first time. I wanted to come up with something that would make me laugh and was totally ridiculous. When I got back from a tour, I kept telling people in Texas that there was a restaurant on the West Coast called Mr. Bacon. Mr. Bacon just sells bacon products: bacon salad, bacon tacos with bacon shells. So this fictitious grease pit called Mr. Bacon was on my mind.

I also started buying Doors records again. No one I knew liked The Doors. Growing up punk rock, there were two rules: you don't like metal and you don't like The Doors. As a kid, my neighbors had Doors records, so I would hear them. I saw the movie and read the book (*No One Here Gets Out Alive*) as a kid. I bought (The Doors' record) *Soft Parade* because I liked one song on it. I started liking more of the songs as time went on. Greg Ashley was over at my house and saw a Doors record. He said, "Let's put that on." Timmy Vulgar was listening to the Doors, too. I would stay up and get really stoned and drunk and listen to The Doors. I'd also watch live footage of The Doors on YouTube.

43 SONG DOUBLE LP RETROSPECTIVE OUT NOW
STUDIO/LIVE/REHEARSAL 1963-1966
CLEVELAND



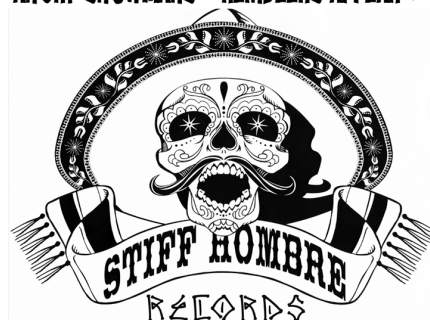
X-MAS IN JULY!

STILL AVAILABLE:

ANGRY SNOWMANS - SELF TITLED CD
ANGRY SNOWMANS - WHAT WE DO IS FESTIVE LP
THE HOOSEGOW- THREE RULES CD

COMING UP:

AK-47(CANADA) - 7"
THE HOOSEGOW - TABLOID SHOOTER 7"
ANGRY SNOWMANS - REINDEERS APPEAR 7"



67 SIMS AVE. VICTORIA BC, CANADA V8Z 1J9
STIFFHOMBRECORDS@GMAIL.COM

WWW.ON THE REAL RECORDS.COM



AVAILABLE NOW:
DUDES NIGHT/HORROR SQUAD SPLIT 7"
FRENCH EXIT/SIGNALS MIDWEST SPLIT 7"
ADDER "NO BABIES PLEASE" EP

12TH & G COMPILATION

FEATURING TRACKS FROM
DEAD TO ME • TURKISH TECHNO •
SUMMER VACATION • FRENCH EXIT • & MORE

twitter.com/ontherealrecs

FEROCIOUS FUCKING TEETH

"Making enough noise to be heard easily within a 4
state radius and playing music that runs the gamut
from slow melodic drone of Earth to the breakneck
speed and big riffs of Buzzo*ven this is a band to
watch for sure." - Wailingcity.com



more info: safetymeeting.net distro thru Traffic Entertainment

I eventually made up a story where Jim Morrison starts and promotes the Mr. Bacon fast food chain in California. At this late point in his life, the members of The Doors try to get him back in the band but he'll have nothing to do with them. The book ends with Morrison going on the Jimmy Fallon show and jamming with The Roots. It turns out really bad. In the book I only refer to Jim Morrison as "Jim." I never use his last name. I tied in events that happened in his days with the Doors. If Giuseppe Andrews wants to turn my book into a movie, that'd be awesome. I hadn't thought about that! The book is called *Jim Now*.

Ryan: You've got tons of stuff coming out. You've got a record called *Trans Am Summer Blues* that hasn't been released and the new Goner album (*The Last Donkey Show*).

Wes: *Trans Am Summer Blues* will come out this summer. I want to space out the releases a little more. *Nightmare on Silly Street* just came out. The back of the cover is in 3D. I have a song about GG Allin running for president. I also have a song about psychiatry and cops buying blow. There's a Golden Boys record coming out soon. We're touring this summer.

As far as the solo stuff, I have a new band. I'm recording stuff with them right now. The guys I was playing with before are just too busy with other groups. I'm playing with my friend Yamal (Said). He's on keys and guitar. My friend Julia (Hungerford), from Knoxville, Tennessee, she's playing drums and has been in the punk scene for awhile. Geena (Spigarelli) is playing bass and knows how to record. She's really nice. Jamey Maness is playing pedal steel. The new people I'm playing with are great. I want to get out and tour with this new band; I want people to see them. Hopefully we'll be able to do something with Greg Ashley and Timmy Vulgar. We've just got to wait for the right moment.



I HAVE A SONG ABOUT GG ALLIN RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT. I ALSO HAVE A SONG ABOUT PSY(HIATRY AND COPS BUYING BLOW.

TOP FIVES

RAZORCAKE

Aphid Peewit

- Friends Of Dorothy, *No Sex on Paul Fashion Street 7"*
- *Ecology of Mind: A Daughter's Portrait of Gregory Bateson* DVD
- OFF!, Self-titled CD
- *Eagleheart: Season One* DVD
- *Realms of the Unreal: The Mystery of Henry Darger* DVD

Art Ettinger

- Toys That Kill, *Fambly 42 LP*
- The McShitz, Self-titled LP
- J Church, *Four-Track Demos* Cassette
- Killer Of Sheep, *Out of Time 7"*
- Treasure Fleet, *Cocamotion* LP

Candice Tobin

1. Toys That Kill, *Fambly 42*
2. *I Pee in Pools*, Recess Records Compilation
3. Journey to the Center of Hawkthorne (fan-made video game based on the Community episode)
4. Sju Svåra År, *Storma Varje Hjärta*
5. This space intentionally left blank

Chad Williams

1. Tragedy, *Darker Days Ahead* LP
2. OFF!, Self-titled LP (believe the hype)
3. The Bodies, live at Punk Rock Bowling
4. Black Breath, *Sentenced to Life* LP
5. Big Eyes, *Back from the Moon 7"*

Chris Mason

1. Terrible Feelings, *Shadows* LP
2. Treasure Fleet, *Cocamotion* LP
3. Hickey, *Various States of Disrepair 2 x LP*
4. Toys that Kill, *Fambly 42 LP*
5. Big Eyes, *Back from the Moon 7"*

Chris Terry

1. Parlor, *Life Stays Great 7"*
2. Killer Mike, *R.A.P. Music* LP
3. Big Eyes, live and *Back from the Moon 7"*
4. Chromatics, *Kill for Love* LP
5. Mavis Staples, live at my MFA graduation ceremony

Craig Horky

1. Shelly Crawford. Good luck in Florida. You've always got a home back in Lansing.
2. The Fencemen, *Times Are Alright*
3. Progress of Design screenprinters
4. House Boat, *21st Century Breakroom*
5. Simon Garfield's *Just My Type* (book)

Craven Rock

1. *Another Country* by James Baldwin (book)
2. *Awesome Future* by Robnoxious (zine)
3. *Entropy* by Peregrine (zine)
4. Why Are We Building Such A Big Ship, Anonymous Choir, Black Sheep Ensemble, Shredding The Velvet, Earl Haggard, Kin4life, Tina And Her Pony, North America, Joey Molinaro at a place in Nashville
5. P.S. Eliot, *Introverted Romance in Our Troubled Minds*

Daryl Gussin

- Toys That Kill, *Fambly 42 LP*
- Treasure Fleet, *Cocamotion* LP
- Criminal Code, *Cold Thoughts* LP

Dave Williams

Top 5 Sets at Ottawa Explosion Weekend 2012

1. Lipstick Homicide (Kate also gets "Most Perfect Hair on Earth")
2. Statues (Last show ever... *sniff*)
3. Low Culture (1 < 3 Chris Mason)
4. METZ
5. The Visitors (Maybe their best set yet)

Garrett Barnwell

1. Mean Jeans, *On Mars* CD
2. Toys That Kill, *Fambly 42* CD
3. Sunday Valley, *To the Wind and on to Heaven* digital download album
4. El Pathos, *Hate & Love* CD
5. The New Criminals, *Crime Always Pays* CD

Jennifer Federico

- Top 5 Records That I Currently Wish Were on This Newfangled Ipod Thing Someone Gave Me*
- The Arrivals, *Marvels of Industry*
 - Johnny Thunders, *L.A.M.F.*
 - Future Virgins, *Western Problems*
 - Marked Men, *Fix My Brain*
 - Poison Idea, *Pick Your King*

Jennifer Whiteford

Top 5 Books I've Read So Far in 2012

1. *Cleveland* by Harvey Pekar
2. *Are You My Mother?* by Alison Bechdel
3. *The Vegan Pregnancy Survival Guide* by Sayward Rebhal
4. *The Disenchantments* by Nina LaCour
5. *A Jane Austen Education* by William Deresiewicz

Jimmy Alvarado

- Top 5 Things Recently Read/Heard*
- Blu & Exile, *Below the Heavens* CD
 - Mau Maus, *Scorched Earth Policies* CD

- Dashiell Hammett, *The Maltese Falcon* (book)
- Riistetyt, *Valtion Vankina* LP
- Einstürzende Neubauten, *Drawings of Patient O.T.* LP

Joe Dana

1. Dwarves and Municipal Waste at Punk Rock Bowling in Las Vegas.
2. Dead To Me at VLHS One Year Anniversary Show.
3. Heckling Vince Neil at his free concert on Fremont Street in Vegas.
4. Devo at the Hollywood Park Race Track.
5. DJing the third-to-last Brian Abbot-hosted Angry Hour at La Cita with Ranae.

Juan Espinosa

1. Double Negative, *Hits 7"* and live at BIP
2. The Ropes, *Demo 2 7"*
3. Tenement, *Napalm Dream* (not *Napalm Death* or *Napalm Beach*) LP
4. Odd Future, *The OF Tape Vol. 2*, 2 x LP
5. The Los Angeles Dodgers best record in all of baseball! Suck it, everyone else!

Ken Dirtnap

- feedtime box set
- White Lung, *Sorry* LP
- Ghostwriter, *Prayin' All The Time* LP
- Freedom Club tape
- King Tuff LP

Kurt Morris

1. Cadence Weapon, *Hope in Dirt City*
2. Sigur Ros, *Valtari*
3. Sun Kil Moon, *Among the Leaves*
4. The Ramones, *Rocket to Russia*
5. The Ramones, *Leave Home*

Lauren Measure

Top 5 Bands I Can't Wait to See This Summer

1. Smart Cops
2. Wild Flag
3. Now People
4. The Dopamines
5. Guided By Voices

FamBLY

Mark Twistworthy

1. Terry Malts, *Killing Time* LP
2. Toys That Kill, *Fambly 42* LP
3. Lungfish, *A.C.R. 1999* CD
4. Coffin Pricks, *Group Home Haircut 7"*
5. Flesh Lights, *Too Big to Fail 2 x 7"*

Marty Ploy

- Toys That Kill, *Fambly 42* LP
- Superchunk, *This Summer 7"*
- Dopamines, *Vices* LP
- God Equals Genocide, *Rattled Minds* LP
- Erica Freas, *Belly* CD-R

Matt Average

- Crossed Stitched Eyes, *Decomposition* CD
- Frenzy, *Noizey Trouble* EP
- Eddie Brock, *Brand New Day* EP
- Neutron Rats, *Feral Dogs* EP
- Vivisektio, *Naamiaset* CD

Matthew Hart

*Top 5 Oi! Songs with Blood in the Title**

1. Criminal Class, "Blood on the Streets"
 2. Angelic Upstarts, "Blood on the Terraces"
 3. 4 Skins, "Bread or Blood"
 4. The Business, "Blood Ties"
 5. The Templars, "Waiting for the Blood to Flow"
- *The Blood get an honorable mention

Mike Bruno

1. Hickey, *Various States of Disrepair 2 x LP*
2. Toys That Kill, *Fambly 42* LP
3. Gentleman Jesse, *Leaving Atlanta* LP
4. Tommy Stinson, *One Man Mutiny* LP
5. Ty Segall, *Spiders 7"*

Mike Frame

1. Hangmen, *East of Western*
2. Municipal Waste, *The Fatal Feast*
3. Sugar, *Copper Blue*
4. Shadows Fall, *Fire from the Sky*
5. Girls Got Rhythm Festival, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Mitch Clem

- Horror/Sci-Fi Books I've Enjoyed Recently*
1. *House of Leaves* by Mark Z. Danielewski
 2. *The Postmortal* by Drew Magary

3. *Heart Shaped Box* by Joe Hill
4. *The Reapers Are the Angels* by Alden Bell
5. *Hitchers* by Will McIntosh

**Naked Rob
Terrible Tuesday
Radio Show, SFC**

1. Pins Of Light, *II* LP (SFC metal/punk/prog)
2. White Lung, *Sorry* LP (Canadian punk rock)
3. Killing California, *No Pentagrams No Crosses* LP (SoCal punk R'N'R)
4. No Statik, *Everywhere You Aren't Looking* LP (Bay Area hardcore)
5. Revilers, *Revilers* LP (Boston punk)

Nighthawk

- Buying my Dad a chain saw for Father's Day
- Lipstick Homicide / Billy Raygun, split 12"
- Cheers
- Joey Ramone, *Don't Worry About Me* CD
- Quantum Leap

Rev. Norb

- Fliptops, *Are Still a Band* LP
- Manxx, The, *Messin' Around b/w Hard Lessons* 45
- Dan Vapid And The Cheats, Self-titled LP
- Sugar Stems, *Like I Do* b/w *Never Been In Love* 45
- Kung Fu Monkeys, *Son Of...The Incredible Strange Case of the Mysterious Mystery* 45

Paul Comeau

1. La Armada, Self-titled LP
2. Violent Future, Demo Cassette
3. Mean Man's Dream, Demo Cassette
4. Whore Paint, *Menarchy 7"*
5. Penny Winblood, Self-titled CD

Rene Navarro

1. Joy Division, *Unknown Pleasures* LP
2. Rolling Stones, *Between the Buttons* LP
3. *Pasazer Fanzine #28/29* (I have no idea what any of it says, but I've spent hours staring at it regardless)
4. Samurai Champloo (It's on Youtube)
5. Severed Head Of State, *Power Hazard* LP

Replay Dave

- Treasure Fleet, *Cocamotion* LP
- Dopamines, *Vices* LP
- Post Teens, *The Heat 7"*
- Hot Water Music, *Exister* LP
- Mean Jeans, *On Mars* LP

Ryan Horky

1. House Boat, *21st Century Breakroom* LP
2. Too Many Daves, *Weekend at Dave's* LP
3. CREEM, Self-titled LP
4. Mixtapes, *Somewhere in Trinsic 7"*
5. Japandroids, *Celebration Rock* LP

Ryan Leach

- Top 5 Early/Mid '80s L.A. Albums*
1. Gun Club, *Miami*
 2. Dream Syndicate, *The Days of Wine and Roses*
 3. Rain Parade, *Emergency Third Rail Power Trip*
 4. Opal, *Opal Early Recordings*
 5. Tex And The Horseheads, *Life's So Cool*

Sal Lucci

1. The Hussy 7"
2. The Hollows, *XOXO 7"*
3. Nobunny, *The Maximum Rock'n'Roll EP 7"*
4. King Tuff, Self-titled LP
5. Ike Turner, *Real Gone Rocket / Down And Out* LPs

Sean Koepenick

Top 5 Dischord Records Bands I Would Like to See Reunite for One Show. But I Know Never Will.

1. Embrace
2. Soulside
3. Three
4. Ignition
5. Severin

Shanty Cheryl

1. Toys That Kill, *Fambly 42*
2. God Equals Genocide, *Rattled Minds*
3. Treasure Fleet, *Cocamotion*
4. Summer Vacation, *Condition*
5. Everything Liz Prince does (she's a genius)

Steve Hart

1. Tragedy, *Darker Days Ahead*
2. The Cult, *Choice of Weapon*
3. Dirk Hayhurst, *Out of My League* (book)
4. Red House Painters, "I'm Sorry"
5. Otis Redding

Tim Brooks

- Rival Mob, *Mob Justice* tape
- No Tolerance, live at Chaos In Tejas
- Hex Dispensers, live at Chaos in Tejas
- CREEM 12"
- Vaaska, *Condenado 7"*

Toby Tober

Top 5 Movies I Have Recently Enjoyed

1. *Special When Lit: A Pinball Documentary*
2. *Shame*
3. *Snow On Tha Bluff*
4. *Cabin in the Woods*
5. *Dear Zachary: A Letter to a Son About His Father*

Todd Taylor

- Toys That Kill, *Fambly 42* LP
- *The Nostalgia Echo* (book), Mickey Hess
- Treasure Fleet, *Cocamotion* LP
- Alice Bag, *Violence Girl 7"* EP
- RVIVR, *The Joester Sessions '08-'11* LP
- Vanna Inget, *Jag Ska Fly Tills Jar Hittar Hem 7"* EP
- Sick Sick Birds, *Gates of Home* LP

Tommy Vandervort

1. The Slow Death, Dan Padilla at The Blue Star
2. Toys That Kill, *Fambly 42* LP
3. Sass Dragons, Dopamines at The Subterranean
4. Upcoming Refused, Off! at The Congress
5. Angry Hour at La Cita

Ty Stranglehold

1. Riverboat Gamblers, *The Wolf You Feed*
2. Toys That Kill, *Fambly 42*
3. OFF!, Self-titled
4. Forbidden Dimension, *The Golden Age of Lasers*
5. Hex Dispensers, *Parallel 7"*

Xtina Zamora

1. Masked Intruder, *First Offense* EP
2. Siren Songs, demo
3. Shellshag, *Fuck Society Vol. 1* LP
4. No//Sé, demo
5. Doing two crazy, hilarious, and drunken podcasts with Todd, Matt Phuzz, and Donna B.



86ERS: *Carry the Fire*
(Discography 1999-2011): CD

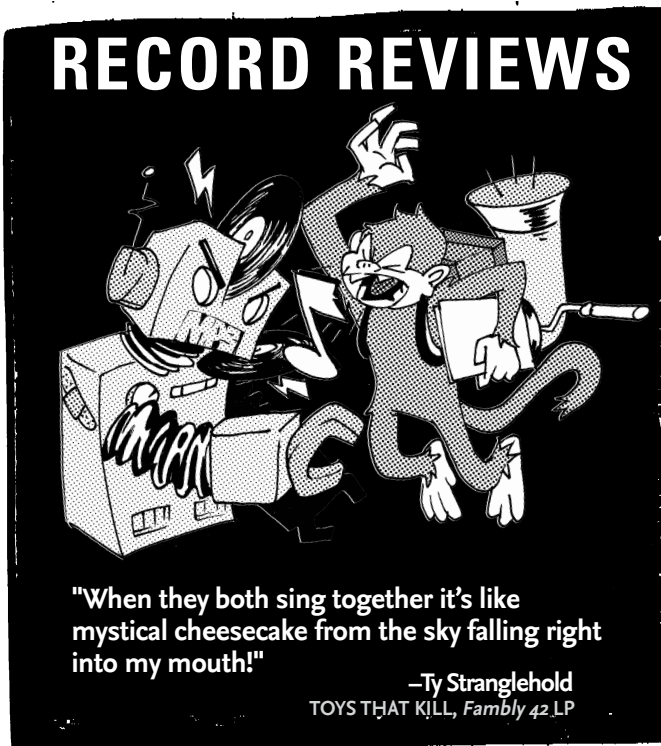
Here we have the twelve-year anthology of rough and tumble punk band out of Portland, Oregon. Mid to fast tempo gruff punk about drinking and how shitty it is out there. And more drinking. For boozers of the highest order, they can write a great song. This is really good stuff. I guess it is inevitable that I compare them to another Portland band. The *biggest* Portland band. I don't throw Poison Idea comparisons around lightly, but these guys tread the same territory and hold up fine. Not as good (not many are), but definitely good enough to keep on the lookout for more. —Ty Stranglehold (The 86ers)

AGATHA: Self-titled: 12" EP

I'm not of the belief that political conviction is absent from the punk community any more now than it has always been. That doesn't give apathy a free pass, but I also don't disregard the countless bands who continue to write meaningful, insightful music. With crystal clear perfection, Agatha fit into my mindset of contemporary, infuriated, passionate, and knowledgeable bands using punk as a release and as a platform to express radical ideas accompanied by inventive musicianship. A main difference with Agatha is that the lyric sheet not only provides the lyrics and song explanations, but some autobiographical context that give each track even more power. In terms of dynamic, hardcore punk; the four parts of this band are doing their each individual task perfectly. The reliable, driving rhythm section, the wild guitar stylings, three different vocalists with very different voices melding together, and the lyrical content. They're fucking pissed, and they explain why. —Daryl (Rumbletowne)

ALICE BAG: *Violence Girl*: 7" EP

I'm much more fond of looking at music as a continuum instead of isolated times and places. Instructive history shouldn't be the trivia and artifact. That way, as a listener, I can actively participate, draw from my own experiences and enjoy music—even if it was released years ago—as a living, instructive thing. Alice Bag could have easily been solely a significant, static jewel in the crown of first wave L.A. punk and called it a day. Instead, she continues to make art through today and this 7" is a nice reminder of that, culling songs from five bands that Alice actively participated in: Bags, Castration Squad (live), Stay At Home Bomb, Goddess 13, and Choluta. The music Alice plays just isn't one thing. It's punk, goth, rootsy and mellow, angry, funny, violent, and tender. And that way, we all win when Alice uses this refracting jewel of her



talent and perseverance, lighting up and crystallizing great music for three decades. An excellent short collection of songs by a fantastically talented lady. —Todd (Artifix)

AMERICAN LIES: *Listen, That's Disco!*: 12" EP

This record has six songs on it and they're all really good. The songs are also all on side one. Side two has no songs on it, but it does have a sweet image of two dudes who look like they're out of *Saturday Night Fever*, disco dancing with Stormtrooper helmets on. The track listing is also there, on top of grooveless vinyl. Everyone in this band is talented as hell. The songs are all very catchy, and they pretty much draw you inside of them. Listening to this, I feel like I'm in the same room with the band. Honest and real lyrics are sung through strong vocals that make it easy to understand where the songwriter is coming from. Songs about questioning your existence and growing old, but not wanting to let go of your youth. Good stuff. —Nighthawk (Muy Autentico Records, americanlies.bandcamp.com)

AVENGERS: Self-titled: 2 x CD

Double disc collection, both remastered and sounding crisp and punchy. Expanded liner notes and pictures make this upgrade totally worth it. I won't give

you a history lesson on the band here. If you don't know who they are, I'm going to send Steve Jones over to your house to "kick down the doors!" Furthermore, if you don't get a chill down your spine when you crank songs like "We Are the One" and "Cheap Tragedies" up to ten, then you should check your pulse. The band is still going strong today (with a modified lineup), so buy this directly off their site and you will be one happy camper. —Sean Koopenick (Water)

AVERKIOU: *The New Imperative*: 7"

I have no idea what the name of this band means, but they are undeniably catchy. Averkiou play soft and fuzzy indie pop, with subdued vocals, including lots of layered backing vocals. Up-tempo drumming and riffs spiced up with lots of guitar and bass effects are what give Averkiou their sound, leaving plenty of room in all the layers of sound they create for strong hooks that keep your attention focused on the music. This is normally not my kind of music, but I found it enjoyable nonetheless. —Paul J. Comeau (Sound Study, averkiou@gmail.com)

AYBAT HALLAR: *Something Nice*: CD

This is brilliant in that each song is incrementally worse than the one before. The first and best, "Half Alive," is a rocking number about zombie sex featuring some bizarre demon-possessed

vocals. The next couple can accurately be described as good. Then the tunes dip into acceptable range before plunging into cracking vocals, out-of-sync instruments, ballads about being a superhero and going back in time to win over an ex-lover, and choruses of "Fuck the people." If you can make it to the last song, the inappropriately titled "Something Nice," in which the band seems unaware of the difference between vampires and zombies and throws in a weird bouncy pseudo ska rhythm to accompany endless repetitions of the "You're so young and fresh" chorus—and you're not undead yourself; you have passed one hell of an endurance test. —MP Johnson (OSK, oskrecords.com / Rumble Fish, rumblefish.ru)

BACKSLIDER: *Maladapted*: 7"

Warning: If you eat a bunch of cupcakes and listen to this record, you better give yourself a lot of space or something is going to get smashed. For this reason only, it's good that these six songs of powerviolence perfection clock in at only a couple minutes. You probably want to keep your walls. —MP Johnson (Psychocontrol, psychocontrol.com / To Live A Lie, tolivealie.com)

BAD ASSETS: *The Spirit of Detroit*: CD

It's not every day that a new band emerges with Oxblood as its main influence. But that's easily the best comparison for this hard, super-catchy Detroit oi band. The vocals have that lovable, food-in-the-mouth quality to them that gets me every time. The lyrics take the traditional working class themes found on countless prior oi albums, but with a focus on current economic and social issues, adding genuineness not always found on oi or street punk releases. U.S. oi developed its own hardcore-influenced feel over the years, and Bad Assets borrows from that tradition. The production quality is especially studied, mixed with way less treble than albums from other punk subgenres. Anyone into skin sounds will get super excited by this totally kick ass new group. Bad Assets are anything but bad. —Art Ettinger (United Riot, angelfire.com/indie/unitedriotrecords)

BALLANTYNES, THE: "The Message" b/w "The Railtown Abbey": 7"

This single seems to be going for a funkier, Northern Soul-type sound. There are male and female vocals that go well together. The performances are A-OK, but there is such a thick layer of reverb over the whole thing there is not much attack. Do I hear keyboard and xylophone? I like what I think is going on, but I can't fully make it out. "The Railtown Abbey" comes across as having

RAZORCAKE RECORD REVIEW GUIDELINES AND FAQs

• The address to send all review material is Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042. You may address it to specific reviewers. Just make sure they're active.

• Full album art is required for a review. Pre-releases go into the trash. Don't treat us like second-rate citizens. We're all volunteers here.

• Are you really sending us a download card or a link to review? Seriously? That's weak. Many of our contributors don't have fancy computers. Nope, we won't review 'em.

• You're sending us a CD-R of a piece of vinyl you're releasing to cut on costs? Please don't pull that stunt with us. We know mail's expensive, but we send full copies of the zine as a thanks to all who send us material to review (if your address is provided).

• It is very important to put a postal address on each and every piece of music sent in. Many packages get separated and given to different reviewers.

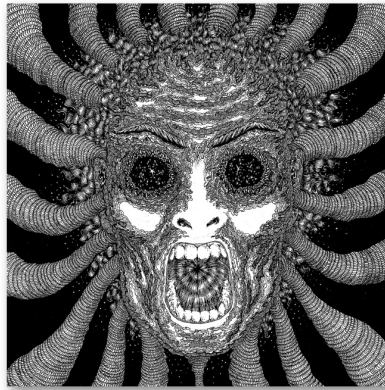
• Over a decade of music reviews can be found at razorcake.org. Use our handy "search" function on the site to see if your music has been reviewed. Tight.

• Reviews may take six months. Be patient. We're bi-monthly and have reviewers worldwide.

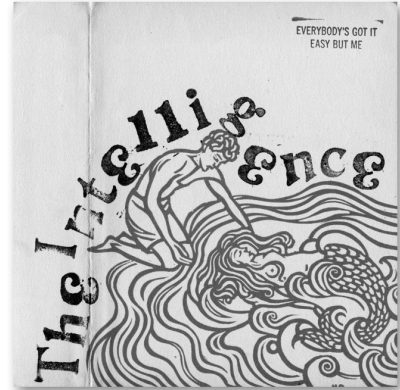
...out now on IN THE RED



TIMMY'S ORGANISM
Raw Sewage Roq
LP/CD



TY SEGALL BAND
Slaughterhouse
LP/CD



THE INTELLIGENCE
Everybody's Got It Easy But Me
LP/CD



www.intheredrecords.com

FRED WELSH 3215-11

KISS OF DEATH

NEW BRUISES "Chock Full Of Misery" LP
MAYFLOWER / JEFF ROWE "Split" 7" ~ BIG MIKE "Sometime, Somewhere" 7"
CRIMINAL CULTURE / RUBRICS "Split" 7" ~ BANGERS "Good Livin'" 7"



FRED WELSH 3215-15

Still Available
HOUSEBOAT "Thorns Of Life" LP ~ THE SLOW DEATH "Born Ugly Got Worse" LP
STATIC RADIO NJ "We Are All Beasts" LP ~ SENDERS "Lucidity / Lividity" LP ~ TIMESHARES "Bearable" LP
THE SLOW DEATH / SSSNAKES "Split" 7" ~ VULTURES UNITED "To Live & Die" 7" ~ THE FUTURE NOW "S/T" 7"

Coming Soon
ARMS ALOFT "Saw Dust City" LP ~ PINK MINK 7"

WHOLESALE & DISTRIBUTION WORLDWIDE THROUGH NO IDEA RECORDS | KISS OF DEATH RECORDS | PO BOX 75550 | TAMPA, FL 33675 | KISSOFDEATHRECORDS.COM



a lot of energy that just can't seem to bust out of the mire of a murky recording. It's a good song. I would take a guess that the band sounds better live. —Billups Allen (La-Ti-Da, latidarecords.com)

BAND IN HEAVEN, THE: Self-titled: 7" EP
Dreamy, lysergic-drenched drone rock. While minimalistic in structure, the four tracks here are remarkably diverse in approach, with one that sounds like someone's jamming along on a sitar. —Jimmy Alvarado (Hozac, hozarecords.com)

BEAVERS, THE: Don't Go Away: 7"
I get a new Beavers 45 every seven years or so, whether I need it or not. While these three songs are a much more sixties-ish squall than the garage punk'n'roll to which my Beaver-consuming palate has been accustomed, all Beavers is good Beavers, with the organ adding an air of chronological mystery to the proceedings, and the "just press record" production quality of it all maintaining a passable air of a great lost reel-to-reel tape recording of an out-of-season cyclone at whatever the Dutch equivalent of the Star Club would be, likely with a goat on the roof. "Baaa" it today. Wait, that's a sheep sound, not a goat sound. Well, they make different noises in the Netherlands. **BEST SONG:** "Down And Out" **BEST SONG TITLE:** "Some Other Time" **FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT:** The Dutch don't capitalize the names of the months. —Rev. Nørð (High School Refuse, rinsma.home.xs4all.nl/hsr)

BIG EYES: "Back from the Moon" b/w "I Don't Care About Friday Night": 7"

What's not to like? Powerful vocals (some gravel, some honey, lots of heat), hooks aplenty, melodies locked tight. If this were the '60s, think Sugar Pie Desanto. If this were late '70s, think Joan Jett. If this were the '90s, think Muffs. If this were the 2010's, think Full Of Fancy and you understand the socio-political ramifications of this evening's entertainment. I also surmise that Big Eyes appreciate the scaffolding the Replacements made for future bands to play on top of. I understand the nature of a two-song single. Direct, best-foot-forward. I'm cool with that. The entire enterprise watersheds around Kate's voice and lyrics. Part of me wishes it didn't, that some free radicals were zinging around, that there was an added dimension, because I want Big Eyes to break an almost seamless mold, to free a monster I hear lurking underneath the surface. But that might just be me. —Todd (Grave Mistake)

BIG HANDS: Self-titled: 7" EP

Whoa, here's a surprise. The lyrics seemed kinda dumb ("Zombie Jesus," really?) at first glance, but I think these dudes don't really speak English. Their label is Swedish, near as I can tell. (The website ain't in English, anyhow.) So we'll forgive some corny phrases here and there. This is pretty rippin' d-beat/hardcore type stuff. Seems about as angry and pissed as you'd want music like this to be. —Ryan Horky (Gaphals, gaphals666.wordpress.com)

BITPART: Where We Are: LP

Alternating between male and female vocals, Bitpart play matured, indie-inspired punk. Bass-heavy with deceptively intricate guitar riffs. Varying tempos and levels of aggression, mixed with consistently intriguing song structures and pure DIY righteousness. When not found in their native city of Paris, France, they can often be found in the Pacific Northwest. Particularly Seattle and Olympia, where this LP was recorded by Rumbletowne Records staple, Joey Seward. —Daryl (Corn Dog / Zone Onze / Et Mon Cul C'est du Tofu / Weewee / Gâteau Blaster)

BLACK GOD: II: 7"

Growing up, I was never a huge fan of Rob Pennington's voice. I always kinda lumped Endpoint and By The Grace Of God in with Brother's Keeper, Absolution, and other "weird, high voice" hardcore bands that I pretty much wrote off as "not tough enough" and likely resumed listening to Crown Of Thornz or 25 Ta Life. However, when the first Black Cross record dropped, I was somewhat compelled to check it out, being a fan of Ryan Patterson's "heavy Wipers" style, and I was sold right from the get go. Pennington's voice seemed more at home to me in a more brooding, Sage-inspired setting. Black God certainly picks up where Black Cross left off, and it's quite safe to say that if you dug the first incarnation, you'll dig this one as well. With more of a nod to the Dischord bands of the '90s than Black Cross, Black God is elaborating

on its predecessor's sound in a great way, and *II* is an even better record than the terrific debut EP. Awesome. —Dave Williams (No Idea, noidearecords.com)

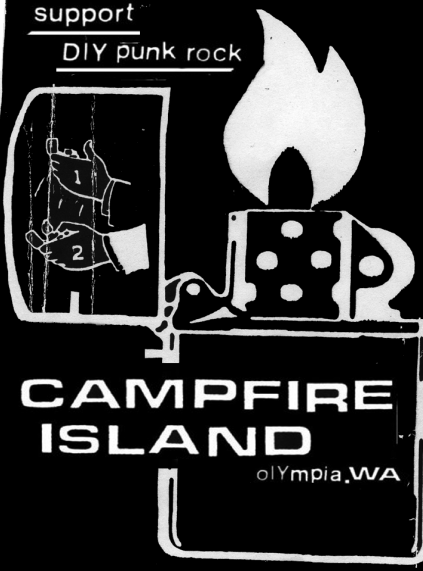
BLANK FIGHT, THE: House Band Feud: LP

Blank Fight was a band that featured Aaron Cometbus and Rymodee (from TBIAPB fame). The only thing I had heard of this band was "This Bike + This Guitar" because of the CD version of the *Down in Front* comp. That number was a Cometbus-styled scrappy pop punk bit with something of proto-folk punk coloring it in. I recalled liking the song and wishing that I hadn't missed out on this album when it was on CD at the time, but it has been a few years since I had heard it. I was expecting not to give two shits about it and want to take it off half way through the first side. Much to my surprise, I enjoyed the hell out of this. The whole LP strayed not far (if at all) from the sound of the song on the *DiF* comp but never got tiring. A definite surprise and another nice reissue from Silver Sprocket. —Vincent (Silver Sprocket)

BLOCKSHOT: Envision: CD

This foursome out of Bonn, Germany bring a new face to riot grrrl garage pop. Some might suspect their second full length to throw up shades of Sleater K. and Lesbians On Ecstasy, and while it does, Blockshot goes further. Blending pogo pop harmonization, women's rights, and a knack for progressive song structures, "I Don't Wanna Play"

support
DIY punk rock



CAMPFIRE ISLAND
olympia, WA

punk, post-punk and hardcore
on the radio
every Saturday
10pm - midnight (pacific)

interviews, photos, playlists &
downloads online

Torture Pop, Murder Rock
Out Now!!



L'Assassins 7"



Bird Sounds 7"



Adam Widener 7"

Distro/Mallorden: Windian Records,
Punk n Junk, PTrash (Europe)
Hyper Enough (Japan)



www.bigactionrecords.net

collision course records

CHECK OUT
COLLISIONCOURSERECORDS.COM

We got a bunch of cool stuff in our distro;

the ABOUT BLANKS 12 boring blasts LP	SHARP OBJECTS s/t LP
TONGAN DEATH GRIP chula vista LP	FEAR OF LIPSTICK seasons LP
the SORE THUMBES fools errand LP listen up LP	MANIKINS lie, cheat & steal LP crocodiles LP
GLOWKIT s/t LP	OUTTACONTROLLER don't play dumb LP
MODERN ACTION s/t LP (repress)	STATUES aux LP
OUT SOON; THROTTLE discharge LP relapse LP	the BRAGGING LADS half empty LP
LETHAL OVERDOSE s/t LP	the EJECTOR SEATS say sorry LP

We'll be adding stuff all the time, some old, some new like:- CARBONAS, the VICIOUS, SHITTY LIMITS, OVERNIGHT LOWS, NIGHTBIRDS...and I even dug up some ORPHANS lps that I should get soon!

CCR P.O. BOX 865, HERMOSA BEACH,
CA, 90254

brought me back to early PJ Harvey, circa *Rid of Me*, with its minimalist, jangly guitar-to-fuzz transition while "A is for Anarchy" kicks off with a souped-up "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" melody. For those old school riot grrrls and those in training. Recommended. —Kristen K. (F-Spin, contact@f-spin.de)

BLOODY GEARS: *Frozen Rain: 7"*

Released two years after their first EP, Boston's Bloody Gears finally returns with another record. I was hoping for a full-length, but this three-song single is another super cool release. Dark, brooding punk doesn't always work, but Bloody Gears has a flavor all its own. There's a pinch of 1980s Euro-pop-ness and even a little bit of Pegboy hidden under it all, making for an interesting, instantly grabbing sound. The vocals are probably not for everyone, but that's true of a lot of great vocalists. It's time for Bloody Gears to put out a damn LP already! —Art Ettinger (Grave Mistake)

BLUES PATROL: ...but I Gotta: 7"

The title tune consists of a drum going thud-thud and a guy saying variants of the same sentence over and over while a sorta blues organ is buried in the background. The flip ditches the vocals altogether and opts instead for a thud-thud drum and organ playing the same simple riff over and over again. This is either a work of genius or one of those records that makes you think, "Fuck, it must be nice to have the kind of disposable income that allows to press up stuff like this on wax." I ain't quite

decided yet, myself. —Jimmy Alvarado (Hot & Ready, hotandreadyrecords@gmail.com)

BUMS, THE: *Do It All Night: 7"*

Expected DOA, got a one-drummer Dirtbombs plus a weird sax like on that second Damned album. Needless to say, my party snacks were completely out of date and no one appreciated the flannel on the dancing girls. I don't own enough classic rock albums to tell you who the guitarist is playing like, but i'm certain that whomever he is, the fucker must be considered a soul-haver of some sort. Whatever genre this is, i'm pretty sure that the part where the singer starts laughing like the Joker redefines it. Word, surely. BEST SONG: "Do It All Night" BEST SONG TITLE: "Man Of This Town" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: "AARDMAN" is etched into the run-off grooves in very small letters. —Rev. Nørh (Big Nose)

BURNING BRIDGES: Self-titled: 7"

This band sounds like they should exclusively play basements. That's a compliment. While the drums and bass keep you moving, the guitar plays some very melodic leads. The throaty lyrics are pretty serious, covering subjects such as genocide and animal liberation. A brief explanation of each song is included also, in case you can't figure out what the lyrics mean. This band is very DIY and they make sure to let you know it. Just in case you forgot about that whole thing. They even have a song about one of their cats, Simba. Included in the lyric sheet

are extensive lists of rape crisis hotlines and crisis and suicide prevention hotlines from around the world. Very informative. —Nighthawk (Solidarity Recordings, solidarityrecordings.com)

CANADIAN RIFLE: *Untitled: Cassette*

Three-song tour tape. "Withdraw" is the Rifle you know and love, melodic punk so scratchy, gruff and mud puddle moody it'll blow your speakers. Then there's a punked-up cover of Springsteen's "I'm Goin' Down" and an instrumental jam that sounds like the riff a band would play to get the audience's attention before starting their set. Note: If Canadian Rifle comes to your town, call out some Springsteen songs. They did a whole set last Halloween. —Chris Terry (Downward Spiral Series, comedyjoketime@gmail.com)

CARCINOGENZ: Self-titled: 7" EP

Raw as fuck recording (sounds like it was recorded in a room covered in pie tins) of an equally raw hardcore band. They've been kind enough to include a little booklet so's one can get the full measure of lyrics soaked in that special kind of vitriol that makes PC punkers go apeshit in *MRR*'s letters section. —Jimmy Alvarado (Going Underground)

CATHETER / MASSGRAVE: *Split: 10"*

I'm confused about what this record actually is. It came with no info, but I've been told it was a repress. I've heard both of these bands, but was not aware of the existence of this split until it showed up on my front porch, so I don't know

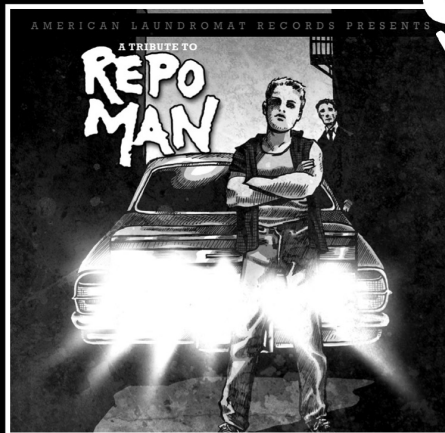
if these are old recordings or new ones. I don't remember Catheter sounding so much like a death metal band. The feel of the music is grind and there's still a lot that reminds me of Neanderthal, but there are a lot of atonal, very death-inspired riffs that take over some of the songs. I'm not complaining, as everything is tight as hell and the production sounds huge. Massgrave have a lot more punk overtones and sound more like straight forward, old school grind. Their side of the split is also well produced; everything is leveled out well. Both bands hold their own and this is a fantastic grind record, I just wish there was any sort of information or liner notes to accompany this thing. —Ian Wise (To Live A Lie, tolivealie.com)

CAUSE FOR ALARM: Self-titled: 7"

Also referred to as the *Anthology 7"*, this is Cause For Alarm's first release, repressed for Record Store Day on vinyl by Victory Records for the first time in years. Hardcore punk with fast and super catchy riffs, as well as great vocals by Keith Burkhardt (the only permanent member of the band through their tumultuous two-decade existence), this 7" has everything a fan of hardcore punk will love. If you've never heard this, get to your local record store and hope they still have a copy, or find it on CD. It's required listening. —Paul J. Comeau (Victory)

CHEAP ART: *Cheap Art E.P.: Cassette*
I love the resurgence of cassette releases, especially from new bands. Cheap Art

Let's GO do some CRimes



The original Repo Man soundtrack celebrated the southern California punk movement of the late 70's/early 80's, featuring bands like Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Suicidal Tendencies, Iggy Pop and others. We're tributing this awesome soundtrack with some of our favorite indie artists covering those classic punk tracks.

PRE-ORDER NOW AT
WWW.ALR-MUSIC.COM

THOSE DARLINS COVER **IGGY POP** POLAR BEAR CLUB COVER **BLACK FLAG**
AMANDA PALMER COVERS **SUICIDAL TENDENCIES** MATTHEW SWEET COVERS **THE PLUGZ**
MIKE WATT COVERS **FEAR** BLACK FRANCIS COVERS **THE PLUGZ** AND MANY MORE...

**AMERICAN
LAUNDROMAT
RECORDS**

for more great releases, reliable mail order, free streaming radio, exclusive releases, 7" vinyl, and official merchandise visit **www.ALR-Music.com**

is a powerviolence outfit from Atlanta that put out this incredible ten-song tape after a mere four months of existence. Listening to great newbies on cassette isn't a novel concept to anyone who got into punk in the '80s or '90s, but the NYHC demos I picked up at shows as a kid almost always paled in comparison to tapes like this. Also available as a digital download, someday this will get pressed onto vinyl for the hordes of fans Cheap Art is soon to gain. This is ultra-inspired, leap-out-of-your-seat hardcore at its best. This reviewer named Art is dead serious about how fucking great Cheap Art is. —Art Ettinger (Cheap Art, cheapart.bandcamp.com)

CHIEF FUZZER:

Transcendental Road Blues: 7"

Three songs of heavy rock from this Texas band with a little stoner rock, a little blues, and some boogie rock in the mix. I like to call this kind of music "two beer buzz rock." Pretty good when you're out drinking and seeing bands, but not necessarily the most compelling sound on record. —Mike Frame (Saustex, saustexmedia.com)

CHILDREN OF GOD: **Victimized: Flexi 7"**

One track of heavy powerviolence-y grind riffs and blast beats that rips from start to finish. I had not heard of Children Of God before, but they're definitely a band I'll have on my radar in the future. My only complaint is that while the flexi-format was kind of a cool gimmick, I really wanted more than only one track. —Paul J. Comeau (A389)

CHUMPS: **Self-titled: LP**

Chumps play fuzzed-out rock with pop sensibilities. Riffs are catchy while maintaining a weird edginess to them. I detect a bit of grunge influence hiding in here, which, combined with the fuzziness, makes me think of the early '90s. Vocals are sung-shouted, but never screamed, with lyrics which read like crazed beat poetry mixed with punk nihilism. The weirdness of this band is just right to get those with more discerning taste interested, but their songs are just polished enough to have a bit of commercial appeal. It's not my favorite release from Forge Records, but it's still worth checking out. —Paul J. Comeau (Forge, chumpsmofo@gmail.com)

COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION:

Discography: LP

I'll begin this by saying that Left For Dead was one of the most important bands in my young life, and that Chris Colohan's vocal style, lyrics, and overall approach in those early years left an indelible mark on me. For those who don't know, CTO was one of Colohan's many late '90s/early '00s bands, and while not sounding terribly unlike Left For Dead or The Swarm, CTO ramped up the Euro metal influence and brought a more chaotic vibe to the table. This record combines the band's *Brain Surgery for Beginners* EP, the split with They Live, and demo tracks. Remastered, repackaged, and finally seeing the slick release it deserves, thanks to the always classy gentleman that is Dom at A389. Essential shit. —Dave Williams (A389)

COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION:

Discography: LP

Step back a little over ten years ago and marvel at how fast time moves and consider all the changes. Formed in 1998, this Canadian gang of thrashers (members of the Swarm One Blood, etc.) put out a demo, and two EPs (one a split with They Live) in the early part of this century. Their style was a mix of hardcore punk with some metallic elements (especially in the guitar riffs and some solos). A mix of Born Against, powerviolence and Y2K thrash, which was when these guys formed. The songs are fast, well executed, and the lyrics are sarcastic, but with a point, often critiquing the punk scene, as well as the insecurities and absurdity of society at large. The structure and riffs in "4 Alarm Fire..." is insane; a lot of near tech metal riffs, and there's a crunching main riff that makes the song awesome. Comes on red vinyl and packaged in a gatefold cover with liner notes, as well as a separate lyric sheet. —M.Avrq (A389)

CRASH BANG BOOM: **Self-titled: 7"EP**

Addiction's a bitch. Getting old sucks. Alcohol and Adderall is a combo that'll get you into some fuzzy situations, naked, on your back, staring at the sun next to someone you don't recognize. It's both sad and beautiful. Hey, at least you're not a robot. This 7" is a rally against the numbing effect of physical labor jobs, the limitations of weekends and binging to make up for lost time. Tall boys—life plan? Redemption and maintenance? Or just unromantic

liver damage? Check back in another decade. Sing this plaintively, through burlap, with electric snake guitars and creaking floor boards. Think DIY Tampa—Tim Version, Watson, Dukes, Vag. Jr. Sort of like the dark side of the moon to Too Many Daves, if that makes any sort of sense. Existential dude crisis. —Todd (ADD)

CREATURES: **Vesuvius: LP**

Louder than hell metal from this outfit. They sound influenced more by bands like Converge, Integrity, and Sepultura than Maiden or Priest. The songs are relatively quick, rife with breakdowns, pummeling percussion, a few tech guitar bits here and there, and the vocals sound like they were recorded incredibly loud. The music is a dense wall of sound that is near impenetrable. My one real complaint with this record is the vocals tend to override everything and also cover a lot of the really powerful parts of the songs, instead of standing back for a moment and letting the music do its thing. I can imagine their live sets are pretty powerful. These guys definitely have the chops and they show it well. I must commend them for not getting all noodley or overly tech in their playing. The power is in the straight-forward delivery, and they know it and show it. Yup... —M.Avrq (Twelve Gauge, tgrex.com)

CREEPOID: **Horse Heaven: LP**

Slow jams have their place. Creeppoid provides a soundtrack to the comedown.

D.R.I.
BROKEN BONES
THE FACTION
HEAD ON COLLISION
RAW POWER
THE MOTHERFUCKERS
VERBAL ABUSE.

BEER CITY
RECORDS
MILWAUKEE, WI U.S.A.

available at finer record stores,
online and on itunes

WWW.BEERCITYRECORDS.COM

EAGER BEAVER RECORDS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE WILD / WORTHWHILE WAY SPLIT 7"

COMING SOON:
MODERN GOODDAYS "Self Titled" (7)
THE SLOW DEATH / WORTHWHILE WAY "Split" (7)
WORTHWHILE WAY "Love Is All" (CD)
ARMS ALOFT "Sawdust City" (CD)

<http://eagerbeaver-shop-pro.jp/>
<http://eagerbeaverrecords.tumblr.com/>
<http://www.facebook.com/eagerbeaverrecords>

STILL AVAILABLE
CROW BAIT - Three Tickle Guys (7)
V.A. - Benefit Compilation (CD)
RATIONS - How Much Land Does A Man Need (7)
THE SLOW DEATH - Born Ugly Got Worse (CD)
TOO MANY DAVES - Dawn Of The Daves (7)
RUN, FOREVER - A Few Good Things (7)
THE MAGNIFICENT - Bad Lucky (12)

EAGER BEAVER

As someone who drinks an irresponsible amount of caffeine on a daily basis, I'm often looking for something mellow and depressing to wallow in while my next cup brews. Sparse acoustic tracks with half mumbled melodies and bass-heavy interludes help to bring you down. There are some guitar-heavy "jam" parts that set the mood for the next spacey acoustic track. Some albums are like onesie pajamas; you can just crawl in them and nod off. I mean that in the best way. —Matthew (No Idea)

CRIMSON SCARLET: *Sanctuary*: 7"

Deathrock is exploding in popularity, and Crimson Scarlet is one of the best bands pulling off the sound. Dark, ethereal riffs with lots of guitar wankery, chunky bass, and dynamic female vocals which are sung and not screamed made this record a winner for me. The title track is a solid intro to the band, but I found the B-side track, "Two Kinds of Red," to have stronger hooks and be a more catchy song overall. This two-song single definitely leaves the listener wanting more, so, hopefully, it won't be too long before Crimson Scarlet satisfies that desire. —Paul J. Comeau (Cool Summer, crimsonscarletsb@gmail.com)

CROSS STITCHED EYES: *Decomposition*: CD

Either this album is really good, or I just live a pathetic existence since listening to this is one of my high points of the day. I listen to this just about every day lately. I like to think it's because this album is really good. Great, in fact. It's heavy and

dark like Amebix, but then you have some of the death rock elements like Killing Joke in there as well. The songs have an equally strong melody and the ability to pummel. "Existence" is by far the standout track among a sterling set of songs. It's the guitar that comes in between verses that sends it over. The dark mood coupled with the lyrics is perfect. They never really tip over into thrash. They keep it to a mainly mid-tempo pace, building and keeping the tension, releasing through crashing guitar riffs and thundering percussion. The vocals are gravelly, but intelligible, and the words are delivered with conviction. This will more than likely get lumped in with the anarcho/crust punk thing, but the truth is, while they have those traits, Cross Stitched Eyes are headed into more expansive realms. Seriously, one of the best albums of the year. —M.Avrq (Alternative Tentacles)

CYCLOPS: *"Eye Can't Take It" b/w "Goblins Part 1": 7"*

Three songs from a slammin' three-chord punk duo. "Eye Can't Take It" and "Eye Like It Cuz It's Cool" are break-neck movers that don't slow down to check for spelling. "Goblins Part 1" is an extended bit of chaotic noise. Good snotty vocals from both members. Nice bit of wax. Keeper. —Billups Allen (Bachelor)

CYMEON X: *Pokonac Samego Siebie*: LP

I tend to be put off by straight-edge hardcore. Mainly because I'm a bitter

middle-aged man who has moved beyond the realm of all that straight-edge focuses on. Don't give a fuck if someone drinks, don't give a fuck about how dedicated to the core they are, because I know they will be long gone in five years time, tops. Basically, my problems and concerns are a lot more complex than they were when I was in high school. But then there are a small number of bands under the sXe umbrella who are pretty good. Poison Planet from Chicago immediately come to mind, and then there's Cymeon X from Poland. For the most part, they stick to the usual formula of what it means to be edge, their love of hardcore, and dealing with the betrayal of being human. Their Inside Out cover is not all that raging. But they do sing about animal rights (a bit oversimplified, but it's a step in the right direction)—which is something that has fallen out of discussion in today's hardcore scene—and the songs about inner turmoil are more interesting than usual. Style-wise, they, again, are pretty much tied to the formula, with a definite NYHC influence in the rhythm section. Again, nothing new or earth shattering, but they play with conviction. Their originals are dynamic and packed with energy, which are the reasons I keep coming back to this time and again. —M.Avrq (Pasazer, pasazer.pl)

DAN RUSSELL: *Self-titled*: LP

Weird, wild stuff, as Paul Schaeffer might say. This is a posthumous collection of Mr. Russell's output from 1983-1999. He was apparently quite an underground legend in Flint, MI, though I'm only

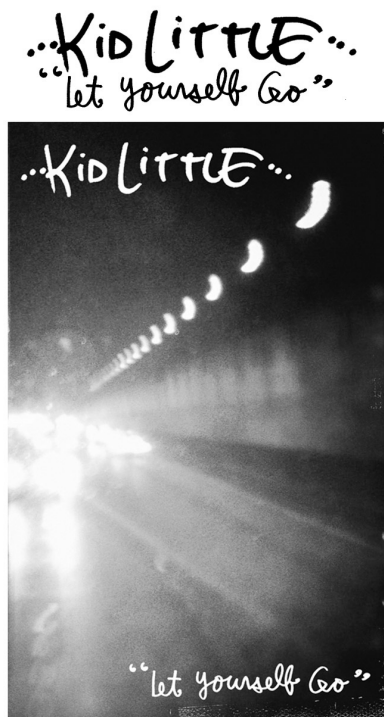
vaguely aware of him. I've heard his name connected with Ben Hamper's, as I suppose anyone from Flint worth their salt would be. I'm sure this wasn't what he was goin' for at all, but I definitely hear some Minutemen/NoMeansNo weirdness in here. There's even a little Nugent in the guitars, but you can't avoid that being from Michigan. (We don't even consider it a bad thing up here—that's how far gone we are...) This is demented, vaguely scuzzed-out rock and roll trash from what sounds like a real wildman, most of it recorded in his bedroom with various bands. It's totally worth checking out, and is a nice reminder that we haven't even tapped the surface of all the weirdoes out there making music. —Ryan Horky (Aggravation Overdose)

DEAD LAZLO'S PLACE: *Growing Old Disgracefully*: CD

Four-man punk band from Hollywood that brings it hard on this record. They all have nicknames too, which is cool. In the tradition of The Clash and Living Color, they also have their own theme song on this one—"Lazlo for Life." I won't even knock them for nicking a Chris Mars song title, "Horseshoes and Hand Grenades." Strangely, there is another song here called "Ghettoblaster," yet their model is not pictured in the liner notes. Nice work and I'm up for the next round, dudes! —Sean Koepnick (Self-released)

DEATH CRISIS / DIATRIBE: *Split*: EP

Glad to see there's a new record from San Diego's finest, Death Crisis. This one does not disappoint. May be their



9 SONG CASSETTE
KID KEVIN FROM KILLER DREAMER
WITH FRIENDS HELPING FROM
KILLER DREAMER, URTC, SEXY,
TOYS THAT KILL, JUS' FOLKS,
PTERODACDUDES, DANGER STRANGERS
BURGER
WWW.CALIMUCHO.NET
WWW.BURGERRECORDS.ORG
WWW.KIDLITTLE.BANDCAMP.COM
WWW.4SRPMPRECORDS.BIGCARTEL.COM

<p>DICKS Kill From The Heart CD, Vinyl & Digital</p>	<p>DICKS These People CD, Vinyl & Digital</p>	<p>DEAD ENDING S/T 12" EP Vinyl & Digital</p>
<p>KYLESA To Walk A Middle Course ONLY ON VINYL!</p>	<p>KYLESA Time Will Fuse Its Worth ONLY ON VINYL!</p>	<p>VICTIMS FAMILY Have A Nice Day 7" Vinyl & Digital</p>
<p>ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES RECORDS PO BOX 419092 • SF, CA 94141 • USA www.alternativetentacles.com</p>		

best yet. Three songs of straight-forward hardcore punk going fast to just a little less fast. Alberto's vocals sound in fine form with their delivery of lyrics that are rooted in frustration and rejection. This isn't some hipster pose; this is the real deal kind of stuff. The music's tough and burly without being macho shit. It's music fueled by anger and disgust by a group of guys who won't get soft as they get older. Right on! The song "Comfort Shelter Lies" is one of the best songs about relationships I've ever heard. On the other side of this record are two tracks from the long-running Diatribe. I must confess, despite seeing their name in fanzines for a hundred years, I've never listened to them until now. Musically, they don't stand out much, but the lyrics covering patriotism and those who should know better turning right wing are pretty good. But it's the Death Crisis songs that I keep going back to. —M.Avg (To Old To Die, facebook.com/deathcrisis)

DESOLATE VOID:

Northern Aggression: 7"

Andy Howard, Desolate Void's singer, was the first guy I ever saw wearing an Eyehategod shirt. I swear he came out of the womb with that sucker on. I couldn't even get away with wearing White Zombie and Tool shirts to school without teachers freaking out on me. I doubt they ever said shit to Andy about his Eyehategod shirt. Maybe they were scared of him. If they heard this record, they would be. This is the sound of people who have had metal in their veins since birth, who have let it fester

and rot inside until it pours out of their mouths and instruments like black bile, melting everything in its path. You are in its path. —MP Johnson (Crimes Against Humanity, cahrecords.com)

DEVOUT: Self-titled: 7" EP

Three blasts of short, speedy hardcore and a fourth track that sounds like some sorta thrash mini-opera, all with strangled, gurgly vocals. —Jimmy Alvarado (Hold Tight!)

DEZERTER: *Jeszcze Żywy Człowiek*: LP

I would venture to guess that the average contemporary punker under the age of, oh, thirty or so would have one pisser of a time fathoming just how fuckin' hard it was to be openly active in the punk thing during the 1980s. Sure, some places it's still a bit rough to walk around with "fuck" written on yer shirt, and no, this is not some "when I was a youngster" diatribe, so you can unbunch your undies now. Merely sayin' sometimes it was fuckin' *hard* and varying levels of dangerous back then to be a punk, even in freewheeling, "liberal" places like Los Angeles, New York and so on. Lotta fighting, violence, police harassment, assholes on the hunt for mohawked freaks, catcalls, and, on occasion, some serious beat downs were the order of the day, often for no more than having the temerity to have your hair cut a certain way, the shirt you were wearing, or even the color and cut of your Levis. Now, imagine if you will, not only dealing with all the usual bullshit, but to do so under the constant

scrutiny and threat of reprisal from a totalitarian regime. Dezterter was a punk/hardcore band raising hell in fuggin' 1980s Soviet-controlled Poland, an existence that no doubt required a level of dedication and huevos of steel that most punks dealing with shit in 1980s United States or England likely couldn't have fathomed. Throughout that period, they were hassled for their name (they originally went under the name SS-20 after the Soviet missiles aimed at points West until the government decided no, that name wasn't a good one for a band to have), hassled with authorities over "controversial" lyrics and had to keep modifying their name on gig flyers to keep one step ahead of the powers that be. Somehow, though, they still managed to become quite popular in Poland, released a few records (one of which, 1987's *Underground out of Poland*, managed to be released in the United States by *Maximumrocknroll* and is considered one of Poland's most crucial musical releases), and play to large festivals. The recording presented on this double LP, parts of which were originally released on a cassette of the same name and on *Underground out of Poland*, is of a live performance at the 1984 installment of the Jarocin Festival in front of some 20,000 people. True to form, their set courted controversy and, according to the liner notes, included some drama over the band's concern for the safety of the crowd, something the event's organizers apparently weren't interested in concerning themselves with. The sound quality is mostly

straight off the board, with occasional bits from a crowd recording to fill in the gaps, the performance is strong, and the historical significance of this recording is off the charts; a crucial document of a time when being a "punk" was a wee bit more of an act of civil defiance than it is now, where too many bands are more interested in units shifted, popularity polls, and figuring out which major label to ink a deal with than they are about being aware of what's going on in their world and what can be done about it. For the record, Dezterter remains an active band, with releases spotting the past three decades, and I'm willing to bet you've better odds of getting hit by a meteor than they have of ever becoming Disney Radio's latest punk-fop darlings and yes, that's *exactly* how it should be. —Jimmy Alvarado (Pasazer)

DIRTY SLITS: *Fringe Class*: CDEP

A few songs worth of thrashy, yell-y, borderline sloppy fast punk, kind of like really early I Farm. I'd be able to get into it if it weren't for all the toilet language that I'm too embarrassed to repeat, or don't understand. —Joe Evans III (Willoughby)

DISCO LEPERS: *Club Sarcoma 18-30*: LP

Another full length dose of trebly, snotty punk rock mayhem from these obnoxious louts with a singer who sounds like he's taken third place in an Eric Cartman sound-alike contest. With song titles like "100 Hep C Trannies in the Public Pool," "The Government Took My Virginity," and "Teenage Menopause,"

NEW!

SHATTERED BADGE "FIRST OFFENSE"



SHATTERED BADGE DEBUT ALBUM
ON 180 GRAM VINYL
CD INCLUDED WITH FULL LP

MAIL ORDER
\$10 POSTAGE PAID

ALSO AVAILABLE NARDCORE 30 YEARS LATER



180 GRAM MULTI-COLORED VINYL GATE-FOLD JACKET 20 BANDS 20 SONGS
FEATURING DR. KNOW, ILL REPUTE & THE LAST PRIORITY. ALSO INCLUDES CD WITH 36 SONGS, 28 PAGE FANZINE WITH LYRICS, BAND PAGES AND MORE...

MAIL ORDER
\$15 POSTAGE PAID



AVAILABLE AT INDEPENDENT RECORD STORES EVERYWHERE

INTERPUNK.COM NARDCORE805.COM NOIDEARECORDS.COM & BURNINGTREEREORDS.COM

BURNING TREE RECORDS 1053 1/2 RIVERSIDE DR. SUITE 247 NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA 91602

WWW.NARDCORE805.COM

WWW.BURNINGTREEREORDS.COM

you can bet you're not gonna get MDC/ Crass-styled proselytizing about the sorry state of the planet, but then again, do you really want that from a band called Disco Lepers? –Jimmy Alvarado (Pure Punk, purepunk.it)

DISCONNECTS, THE / CRAZY AND THE BRAINS: Split: 7"

The Disconnects deal out three solid rock blasts of punk 'n' roll. Driving guitars and snotty vocals. Way fast and well done. Crazy And The Brains also have three solid punkers, including a cover of The Ramones' "Oh Oh I Love Her So." The only difference is Crazy And The Brains carry their melodies with a xylophone. "A xylophone?" you ask. Yes, a xylophone. And it endures well beyond the novelty. Really good instrumentation. Score one for originality. It just works. Great record all the way through. Worth whatever people are paying for seven inches these days. –Billups Allen (Baldy Longhair)

DIVERS: "Glass Chimes" b/w "Montrose": 7"

First vinyl outing by some ex-Drunken Boat gentlemen playing poignant and heartwarming punk ala *Mush*, meeting the undeniable energy of a truly powerful live band. The A side is a duet with Erica "Yeaahhhh!" Freas of RVIVR, and the B side is an endearing tribute to Jamie Ewing packed with hat tips to specific highlights from the Bent Outta Shape catalog. This record doesn't stand a chance against the dangers of frequent re-listening. –Daryl (Rumbletowne)

DOPESTROKE: EFL4ZKNUP: CDEP

Melodic hardcore founded on taut gang vocals and crackling percussion barrels forth from this foursome out of Philly. Slated to play at Philly Punx Picnic, the city's annual DIY festival, Dopestroke is quickly gaining attention for their celebrated drug use and "fuck the police" tude. No fluorescent energy drinks for these guys, cocaine and hallucinogens are their bread and butter. "We Get High" is my fave of the five tracks as they wax poetic on chemical enhancements with tight lyrics and guitar strokes to match. A force to be reckoned with. Recommended. –Kristen K. (Eaglebauer Enterprises, mpurchla@yahoo.com)

DRUG PROBLEM: Self-titled: LP

This is a proper vinyl issue of a tape this New Zealand band released in 2009. When it was given to me, I was told it was "like a more extreme Dystopia," and while they are missing key components of the comparison (the guitar tone, etc.), the feel of the music reminds me a lot of the first time I heard Dystopia. The bulk of the record is a lurching, lumbering mess; slow but moving ahead with an energy that makes it feel like it might just fall over on top of itself. The fast parts are interspersed at irregular intervals, and don't do much to relieve the tension. Listening to this album actually hurts, it makes me feel claustrophobic. This is the soundtrack to waking up every day and having to work a job you hate because you have to survive, and wondering if the tradeoff

is even worth it. This band broke up in 2010, so I feel like this record is probably flying below the radar in the U.S., but if sludge or powerviolence is your thing, this record is more than worth the effort of tracking down. –Ian Wise (Diseased Audio, diseasedaudio.blogspot.com)

DYKEMANN FAMILY: Self-titled: 7"EP

Break out the pomade and creepers; this is old timey garage from Croatia served up with a side of surf and rockabilly. Perfectly pitched screams and howls the likes of Frank Black, punctuate this American '60s style rock'n'roll with influences by The Cramps and The Dead Boys. Right out the gate, "Wasted Boy" goes headlong into a frothy four-four rhythm and holds steady throughout the four new songs. If this doesn't make you move, you ain't got ears. Recommended. –Kristen K. (Disco-Lite, discolite@gmail.com)

EDDIE BROCK: Brand New Day: EP

These fuckers crush all that get in their path; hardcore in the vein of Infest and Crossed Out, with a heavier-than-hell low end that just decimates. Distortion that tears holes into the air, a vocalist who has a deep, throaty, abrasive growl spitting out words that are near blind with rage like no other, and percussion that cracks skulls. The songs are dense and create a massive wall of sound that is imposing enough to clear a room of the timid. Great stuff! I thought their split with Lapse was pretty good, and they're even better here. –M.Avg (A389)

EL PATHOS: Hate & Love: CD

These Austin, Texas dudes bring a refreshing cocktail of some '60s psych punk and Iggy-style rock to the table while managing to not sound like either. El Pathos is a punk rock supergroup of sorts, as the rhythm section is being held down by Buxf Parrot and Pat Doyle of the legendary Dicks and Offenders respectively. Pedigree aside, this disc kills it in a totally unexpected way. Every song has its own identity and vocalist David Duett has a strong enough presence to keep it all together. This disc hasn't left my rotation since I got it. Totally worth seeking out. –Garrett Barnwell (Sautext Media, sautextmedia.com)

ELSINORES, THE:

No Love Lost: Cassette

Last time I heard this band, I wouldn't have compared them to the Denton crop of garage punk bands (I don't know why, but the guy singer's voice specifically reminds me a little bit of the dudes from Occult Detective Club). Either way, their quality has not dropped on this tape and The Elsinores are still producing a great brand of lo-fi pop songs. Sugar in the songwriting, dirt in the production: what a beautiful recipe. –Bryan Static (Karmic Swamp, karmicswamp.org)

ELVIS CHRIST: "Rock & Roll Savior" b/w "Wild at Heart": 7"

Bands with Elvis, Hitler, or Christ incorporated into the name generally get an admittedly unfair strike from me. That sort of egregious name-dropping brings to

Dott "Button"

4 song debut EP
shiny, harmony-drenched
garage pop from Ireland
only \$5 ppd
from



www.GirthRecords.com

A.D.D. RECORDS

SHIT CREEK "psychic hospital" ep - UNFUN / MUHAMMAD ALI split 7"
CRASHBANGBOOM cd/ep - TOO MANY DAVES "dawn of the daves" ep
PRETTY BOY THORSON & LIL HAPPINESS "i can't get high" ep - DECKER "rekced" lp
NATO COLES & THE BLUE DIAMOND BAND "play loud" ep - CROW BAIT "three tickle guys" ep
KING FRIDAY "everything is not okay" lp - SHIT CREEK "lust for brains" ep
PRETTY BOY THORSON "let's go home" cd - DUDE JAMS "how to abuse everything" lp



coming soon:

PRETTY BOY THORSON "take it easy" lp
WORTHWHILE WAY "love is all" cd/lp
PRETTY BOY THORSON & LIL HAPPINESS
"i ain't gonna beg" ep
Nato Coles / Your Pest Band split 7"

ADDRECS.COM

stream or download all new releases at:
addrecords.bandcamp.com
also available at - itunes - noidearecords.com
interpunk.com - kisssofdeathrecords.com
deadbrokerekords.com - dirtcultrecords.com



mind the “Jesus Was a Cunt” shirt, which I feel reflects poorly on agnostics more than it serves to freak out the squares. Anyway, “Rock & Roll Savior” won me over right away. It’s a solid fifties rocker with a punky tempo and Hunx-esque vocals. Moves and grooves. Good one. Screw me. What’s in a name, anyway? –Billups Allen (1-2-3-4 Go!)

FAT HISTORY MONTH:

Fucking Despair: LP

I think of slowcore indie rock as drowning in its own self-seriousness, but Boston two-piece Fat History Month make it unique by injecting their songs with pitch black humor. I call them “Smartass Slint.” Their squalls of backwards-sounding guitar go on for ninety seconds or eleven minutes, and have titles like “You Can Pick Your Nose, You Can Pick Your Friends Nose, But You Cant Escape Your Horrible Family.” This band is the friend who you love for their biting jokes, and when they do something horrible to themselves you feel bad for laughing through their cries for help. –Chris Terry (Sophomore Lounge, sophomorelounge.com)

FORBIDDEN DIMENSION:

The Golden Age of Lasers: LP

Like an ancient television set collecting dust in the attic that suddenly clicks on, through the static comes a transmission from elsewhere. A ghoulish host brings a cavalcade of short stories. Horror, science fiction, and all manners of the macabre are covered. Musical tales of wolves, witches, and Tor Johnson that

fall in place somewhere between The Mummies and Motörhead—or maybe the Damned and the MC5—or maybe all of them thrown in a Necronomicon-induced vortex. In reality, Forbidden Dimension hails from the frozen tundra of Calgary, Alberta. First reanimated in the late ‘80s, the band has been popping out of crypts from time to time over the last twenty-plus years to inject us with the best in Canadian creep rock. *The Golden Age of Lasers* has the band on point, as usual. There is a little more ‘70s rock swagger thrown into the mix compared to earlier releases but it all seems to work. The album is solid as a whole, but my favorites here are “Tor Johnson Mask,” “Eine Kleine Frostmusik,” and the record’s closer, “Lillydale Orphanage.” Press this puppy in purple marbled wax and wrap it in the always amazing artwork of TomB (the alter ego of front man Jackson Phibes), and call it a classic! A must for lovers of Misfits and Hex Dispensers.—Ty Stranglehold (Saved By Vinyl, savedbyvinyl.com)

FROZEN TEENS: Self-titled: LP

Sometimes sad and mopey, sometimes possessed and bouncy, always unequivocally melodic. Frozen Teens create songs that feel like naturally intricate webs pulling influences from some of the roughest and toughest scrappers, as well as poppy pretty boys in matching outfits that their manager picked out for them. Midwestern, desperate power pop; land-locked and frozen in. The only viable escape is being as tuneful as possible. At which

Frozen Teens have definitely succeeded, and in the process have written an album that would easily appeal to patrons of both Goner and Recess Records. –Daryl (Maule By Tigers / Do You Hear We)

FUNFUNS, THE: Self-titled: 12" EP

As the name alludes to, this is poppy stuff. But, fortunately, it’s not some saccharine shit that insults your intelligence. More somewhere between early punk and power pop. They have a keyboard that gives them a new wave aspect, but I doubt they were rocking the skinny ties and pinstripe shirts. “Wait Forever” is maybe my favorite song on here. It has a simple chorus that burrows into your brain, but the delivery and the tone of the song are what will have you coming back. It’s the type of song you throw on the end of the summer mix tape or CD-R. The song, “Everybody Likes You (I Don’t)” delivers on the promise of the title.

With a title like that, it better be punk. It’s the most direct song on here. The speed is turned up a smidge, it’s a little agitated in delivery, but they keep all their pop sensibilities intact. Recorded back in 2008, and finally seeing the light of day, members have moved on to other bands like the Zebrassiers. A mere three hundred of these exist. Whoa! –M.Avr (P. Trash, ptrashrecords.com)


GENTLEMAN JESSE:

Leaving Atlanta: CD

Finally! The follow-up to *Introducing!* At least that was my feeling when I first got this. I wasn’t quite too sure what to

expect when I put this on. I knew that I was definitely in for some good power pop, but I didn’t know how good. 2008’s *Introducing* was nothing less than excellent (admittedly, it took me a while to come around...). About the time I started listening to the first LP nonstop, I started reading about how a new one was coming. Then a 7" that would put most power poppers to shame came out on Douchemaster, yet it failed to leave any sort of lasting impression. With still no word of when what is now *Leaving Atlanta* was coming out (at least none that I could see), Hozac issued a GJ 7" that was every bit as good as the first record; it really got my hopes up for this album. So, you see, I was a bit uncertain what was gonna happen when I put this one on. I listened openly with a touch of apprehension. Sonically, this is a really lovely recording. No doubt. The instrumentation is all that I could hope for, and the vocals are on point. However, lyrically, it just hasn’t clicked with me just yet. While *Introducing* had a real sense of desperation, of simultaneously being both hopeful and hopeless, *Leaving* can come across as whiny at times. I truly believe that the apprehension I went into this album with made me look for something, but I’m still not certain whether what I found is actually there. That said, I think you should check this record out if you had a love of the first LP. It is still better than the gross majority of power pop I have heard lately, and probably better than whatever you’ve been hearing recently. –Vincent (Douchemaster)

TILTWHEEL, THE MAGNIFICENT, UNFUN, EXIT CONDITION, LOW CULTURE, SHANG-A-LANG, RATIONS SHIT CREEK, DISCHARGE, OFF WITH THEIR HEADS, THE YOUNG LEAVES, BANGERS, WHAT-A-NIGHTS, NOISE BY NUMBERS, CROW BAIT.




DRUNKEN SAILOR RECORDS

PICK UP THE EURO EXCLUSIVE, BLUE VINYL TOYS THAT KILL - FAMBLEY 42 LP


STUFF COMING FROM TOYS THAT KILL, FUTURE VIRGINS, VACATION GET 'DRUNKEN SAILOR STUFF IN THE 'US FROM DIRT CULT

WWW.DRUNKENSAILORRECORDS.CO.UK
WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/DRUNKENSAILORRECORDS
TWITTER.COM/DRUNKENSAILOR71





CASSETTE DECK

THE BOKEDOWNS/WIDE ANGLES SPLIT 7"
 BRICKFIGHT/BOXSLEDDER SPLIT 7"
 JAR'D LOOSE "Goes to Purgatory" LP



"SCORPINS"

cassettedeckmedia.net
cassettedeckmedia@gmail.com

2012

OUT NOW:
 GRAVE043: BAD ADVICE "Do Not Resuscitate" 7"
 GRAVE051: SECTARIAN VIOLENCE "S/T" 7"
 GRAVE052: BLOODY GEARS "Frozen Rain" 7"
 GRAVE053: BIG EYES "Back From The Moon" 7"

OUT LATER:
 SCHOOL JERES "S/T" LP
 NIGHT BIRDS "Fresh Kills Vol. 1" LP
 96 MENTALITY "Gain! Madness Part" LP
 THE THUMBS "All Lesser Devils" LP

... AND MORE TBA

MAILORDER: WWW.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM
 FULLY STOCKED DISTRO/WEBSTORE

GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM
FACEBOOK.COM/GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS

QUESTIONS? GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS AT GMAIL DOT COM

GRAVE MISTAKE
 RECORDS
 P.O. BOX 12482 RICHMOND, VA 23241
WWW.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM

GIT SOME: Self-titled: 7"

This 7" offers up three tracks of noisy and distorted rock'n'roll: catchy riffs—with just the right amount of guitar wankery—and sung/yelled vocals. Side A features two short rippers in "Exhaustion=Feracity," and "Wipe the Brain." While Git Some are good when they tear through riffs like demons, the real gem for me was the slow burner "Accountability Starts with Me," on the B-side. Here, the band gets slower, heavier, and a bit more lumbering with their riffs. It allows room for a more expansive sound. The sticker on the cover says that Git Some Features two members of Planes Mistaken For Stars, but this 7" is so good I think we can forgive them for past sins. It's a follow up to their 2010 LP *Loose Control*, and highly recommended. —Paul J. Comeau (Alternative Tentacles)

GOLDEN BOYS, THE: *Dirty Fingernails*: LP

Dirty Fingernails is the fifth LP from this Austin TX quintet, and honestly I think it's really the first record of theirs that truly feels like a conceived *album* rather than just a collection of songs. While the Golden Boys roots are in wild and raucous garage rock, this album is largely full of anthemic hits that are guaranteed to stick in your head for days. This record presents them as kind of like a less refined, more musically raw answer to modern garage rock elder statesmen Reigning Sound, while at the same time giving a nod to the hooky pop of Elvis Costello And The Attractions.

While songs like "California," the title track "Dirty Fingernails," and the re-recorded version of "Older Than You" are all standouts (although the slightly heavier, original version of "Older Than You" from the *Casual Victim* Pile compilation is even better), my favorite track is the closing track "We Are Young." *Dirty Fingernails* is easily on my top five records of 2012 so far, and I predict it's there to stay. It's an instant classic and gets my highest recommendation. —Mark Twistworthy (12XU, info@12xu.net)

GRANDMA'S BOYFRIEND: Self-titled: 7"

This is chock full of sappy songs of unrequited love and/or murder! Musically, they sound like a less punk version of the Groovie Ghoulies mixed with a super power pop version of The Ramones. They blaze through six catchy tracks here, most of which are barely over a minute long. I liked this quite a bit. —Mark Twistworthy (Log Lady, theeloglady@gmail.com)

HAWKS AND DOVES: *Year One*: CD

Full length album featuring members of Planes Mistaken For Stars and Hot Water Music. This sounds like pure alt radio 1997 to me, with hints of later Helmet, the Toadies, and Pond or similar grunge/post grunge type of sound. —Mike Frame (No Idea, noidearecords.com)

HIGH DIVE: Self-titled: CD

I ain't exactly the world's biggest Defiance, OH fan or anything, (Ryan

Woods is in both groups) so I wasn't expecting too much from this, but I gotta say I'm pleasantly surprised. This is catchy, jangly punk from Bloomington that focuses mainly on LGBT issues with a smattering of general "what does it all mean" type lyrics. The singer kinda sounds like Matt Tobey. (Mostly because neither one is necessarily gifted with an amazing singing voice but they just go for it and make it work for them anyway, though they occasionally use similar melodies, too.) High Dive isn't exactly reinventing the wheel here, but there's a lot to enjoy if you take the time to let the songs sink in. This one's a grower. —Ryan Horky (No Idea)

HUSSY, THE: *Stab Me*: 7"

Where was this band when I had the misfortune of living in Madison, WI for three years? This insane Madison two-piece with a strange sound and neat-o male/female vocals is prolifically releasing a lot of material of a fairly diverse variety, but all firmly planted in the scummiest underbelly of garage punk. The four songs included here are very, very catchy. I'd rather see them team up with at least another bandmate or two, but who am I to step on their toes? The title song is also on their latest LP and they even put together a wacky video for it that is well worth looking up online. Zany, goofy, and a shitload of fun, The Hussy takes all pretension out of the garage punk scene and stabs it in the face. —Art Ettinger (Eradicator, eradicatordrecords.bigcartel.com)

IMAGES: *Thought Patterns*: EP

Images are situated betwixt power pop and poppy punk in the vein of Undertones and Buzzcocks. The songs are upbeat and never stop. Everything is up front and right there in your face. They keep it simple and to the point, which give the songs that extra punch. "Caught Me Off Guard" is definitely the stand out here. Mix up some early Descendents with the Buzzcocks and pour some syrup on that. It's poppier than hell, and like anything sugary, you keep on wanting more. I have made the motion that this is *thee* official song of the summer, along with limeade being the official beverage of summer 2012. —M.Avrq (Water Under The Bridge, waterunderthebridgerecords.com / 45RPM, calimuchocom)

JOINT D: *Strike Gently*: LP

Formerly Joint Damage and sued by Joint Damage™ (the insert includes a copy of the cease-and-desist. Nice touch.), it's spearheaded by Nick of Logic Problem and Brain F# (pronounced "flannel": that # sign comes in handy). Brain F# is a nice vista to look at Joint D#. Two steps back and it sounds like a belt sander, which works as an effective exfoliant for prying parents and thin-skinned rock rap hip hoppers who played the Dunkin' Donuts Stadium in Rhode Island. But up close, the DNA's tightly wound double helixes of melodies and a virtual who's who of start-naming-your-favorite-Japanese-and-Scandi-hardcore bands. And when I start having discussions with myself of, "Who put Stalin into my Gauze? Who Terveet Kädet'd my Hjertestop?" Out

GONER



MIDNITE SNAXXX "YOU KILL ME" 7"
NEW POWERFUL POP FROM QUEENS OF THE WEST COAST
SCENE- RENEE, DULCINEA, AND TINA BOOM BOOM

BARBARAS LP
ex-BOSTON CHINKS, pre-MAGIC KIDS,
RECORDED BY JAY REATARD



MEMPHIS COMPILATION LP
NEW SOUNDS FROM THE LAND WHERE TIME
GOT DRUNK & CRUNK



GONERFEST NINE



SEPTEMBER 27-30, 2012
MEMPHIS, TN

GONER MAILORDER HAS BEEN STOCKING THE NEWEST, BEST, MOST CRUCIAL RELEASES SINCE 1993. OVER 20,000 ORDERS FILLED!
HOZAC, IN THE RED, CASTLEFACE, SACRED BONES, SUB POP, BURGER, DISCHORD, 1234GO, WINDIAN, CAPTURED TRACKS, SLUMBERLAND, DRAG CITY, FLYING NUN, TIC TAC TOTALLY, RED LOUNGE, SS, 12XU, TROUBLE IN MIND, LAST LAUGH, FAT POSSUM, SILTBREEZE & TONS MORE

GONER-RECORDS.COM

INOCULATORS



www.inoculators.com
www.myspace.com/inoculators

of North Carolina? Of course it makes sense that Daniel of Sorry State had his hand putting this out. Of course it's pitch perfect world-is-local, local-is-world hardcore hardcore (hardcore without foot-long goatees, basketball jerseys, or a silly dude who goes by "Ballz" in the band). "Defect Defect doppelgangers?" I ask myself. Who cares? It rules and sure as fuck isn't the clowns in Joint Damage™. Chalk this up as Nikola Tesla approved. It's got magnetic flux density through the roof. —Todd (Sorry State)

KEVLAR BIKINI: *Explodisiac*: CD

Great name and they are from Croatia, to boot. Metal that kicks your head in until you say "thank you." With song titles like "Supersized Buttcake" and "Urinea," you know that you are in for a pummeling. I want to get one of those boomboxes guys. Can you mail me one? —Sean Koeppenick (Self-released)

KIDS OF ZOO: *Self-titled*: LP

Just when you think you have these Australian skronkers pegged as the less jazz-flecked cousins of early-period Saccharine Trust, they drop into the deep end of the pool and swim out to edgier, dissonant, and darker waters. At turns hypnotic, moody, heavy, and always noisy as hell, this is one folks are gonna be searching out in future times. Apparently limited to three hundred copies, so act fast, suckas. —Jimmy Alvarado (Adagio 830)

KING FRIDAY: *Everything Is Not Okay*: LP

This shit is fucking awesome. Mr. Disorder is at it again with yet another

great release under the belt of his label, ADD. If you don't know about these guys yet, something must be wrong with you. I'm still pissed I missed them at Fest last year. I was exhausted from celebrating the Cardinals winning the World Series, and didn't quite make it 'til 1 AM. I know, I'm a pussy. Anyway, these songs are all great. Musically and lyrically. A good mix of punk and rock'n'roll. You can hear the South come out of these songs at times. And that's a good thing. The singer sounds like he's an awesome dude who has problems just like me and you. And he's not sure what to make of some of them, but he sounds like he would be a good friend to have. This band is definitely in that category of hearing them for the first time and being pissed off that you hadn't heard them sooner. And yes, that is a category. —Nighthawk (ADD)

KOHOSH: *Survival Guide*: 12"

Five songs of melodic anarcho metal with cello and punk vocals. There's a lot to like here, from the personal lyrics to the epic songwriting, but a couple things made me wince: The cello is ever-so-slightly out of tune and gives the music a disorienting wobbly quality, and punk vocals over harmonic metal guitars make a song sound like NOFX. So, I'd be wrapped up in a fantasy of galloping along on a horse, beheading capitalists, when suddenly the dream would shift and I'd be fourteen, in gigantic purple jean shorts, doing pressure flips off curbs. Oh, and yes, this will go down in history as "The Record with the Drawing

of the Kid with the Dreadlock Rattail on the Cover." —Chris Terry (Cut The Cord That..., ctct-records.tumblr.com)

KUNG FU MONKEYS: *Son Of...The Incredibly Strange Case of the Mysterious Mystery: 7"*

I do believe that whatever loose screws have been rattling around in James Cahill's noggin for the last fifteen years have finally vibrated themselves free: "The songs on this ep rehearse two versions of the same event: The young and charming Heloise appealing to the vegetal queen of the underworld to spare humanity from the apocalypse, for which the disappearance of the North American honey bee is taken to be an ominous portent. We hope you can dig it!" This ep is also a sequel to an ep which has not been released yet, which is itself a sequel to the song "Heloise's Epiphany," a Kung Fu Monkeys bonus track recorded by the "psychedelic pop group" The Peppermint Engine, who were, themselves, the Kung Fu Monkeys in...uh...disguise. Right then. Speaking in a more brusquely quantitative manner, "Persephone Please" is a fey bit of Sunshine Pop falling somewhere between "Emily Small" by the Picadilly Line and "Sunshine Girl" by The Parade, which I'm sure means a lot to a lot of people. "A Nudie Suit Made of Bees" is more like a falsettoed elf singing poet karaoke to "Throwaway Style" by the Exploding Hearts. Needless to say, all of Earth breathlessly awaits the prequel! BEST SONG: "Persephone Please" BEST SONG TITLE: "A Nudie Suit Made Of Bees" FANTASTIC

AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: The lyrics to "Persephone Please" make reference to an "alter"—not "altar"—boy. COULD THIS BE THE CLUE PERSEPHONE SO DESPERATELY SEEKS? —Rev. Norb (Surfin' K)

LA ARMADA: *Self-titled*: LP

"Latino Hardcore Fury" is La Armada's slogan, and it describes them perfectly. Absorbing various elements of hardcore, grindcore, powerviolence, d-beat, and crust, La Armada distills these influences down into a potent elixir of face-melting fury. Blistering dual-guitar shredding, thundering drums, and snarled Spanish-language vocals come together on one of the most intense slabs of vinyl you'll hear this year. In addition to a screen-printed poster insert with track listings and album credits, a printed lyric sheet is provided with lyrics in the original Spanish and translations in English. I really dig the sharp political lyrics and the pull-no-punches method of their delivery. La Armada's past recordings were all excellent, but on this LP, they capture the essence of their live experience and achieve a new level of greatness. It's easily a contender for album of the year and is mandatory listening. —Paul J. Comeau (Fat Sandwich, armadahardcore@gmail.com)

LET THE WORLD DIE:


At the Road of Ruin: CD-R

Black metal-grind-ska. Well, it had to happen sooner or later. —Jimmy Alvarado



OUT NOW

COME ON DIE YOUNG "S/T" 7" EP
SEAS WILL RISE "DISEASE IS OUR REFRAIN" LP
RAW NERVES / ACTS OF SEDITION SPLIT 7"
COME ON DIE YOUNG "WEIGHTS AND MEASURES" 12"



HALO OF FLIES

OUT NOW:

NORTHLESS / LIGHT BEARER split LP

MASAKARI / GRIN AND BEAR IT split 5"

ENABLER all hail the void LP

NEGATIVE STANDARDS

'I-V' 10inch

ENTH/AMAROK split LP

MOMENTUM

whetting occam's razor LP

—DISTRIBUTED BY EBULLITION, REVELATION, DEATHWISH, ROBOTIC EMPIRE, and more.—

HUGE DISTRO AT THE WEBSITE.

halooffliesrecords.com

**DISTROS, STORES, AND LABELS
GET IN TOUCH FOR WHOLESALE
AND TRADES**

halooffliesrcds@hotmail.com

**SUPPORT DIY. PUT YOUR MONEY
WHERE YOUR FUCKING MOUTH IS.**



The Uncool Danceband

Don't Ask Me To Dance LP
Limited Vinyl version includes bonus track!!

Distributed by:

INCOGNITO RECORDS

www.incognitorecords.de
P.O. Box 670111 • 10207 Berlin
Order fanzine-styled mailorder list from:
incognito@incognitorecords.de

Mailorder for '77-Punk, Powerpop, Classics, Re-Issues.

Always the latest releases of:
**1977 • Detour • Euthanasie
Last Laugh • Rave Up • Rerun
Sing Sing ...**

LET'S PLAY GOD / BEAR PROOF SUIT:
Split: CD-R

While it's technically a split, it's a pretty straight musical line. Bear Proof Suit was a pretty rad hardcore/metal/punk band from Milwaukee who called it quits a while back. Their half is a sort of swan song, with a few final songs, plus a live radio set. Meanwhile, Let's Play God is Ryan from Bear Proof Suit's new band. It's a gradual progression in what's mostly more of the same, except that same thing is good, so that's fine. —Joe Evans III (Self-released)

LOVE BELOW, THE:
Every Tongue Shall Caress: LP

This record is a constantly changing, surprising, and evolving rotation of sounds. The songs are some bastard mix of punk and sludge, and the two sounds play off of each other at the same time rather than taking turns to force an eclectic sound. There are equal parts Born Against, His Hero Is Gone, Floor, and even some Dropdead-esque riffs for good measure, but it doesn't sound like piles of sounds thrown together. It's all very well thought out and the songs are structured with creativity and precision. The time changes are spot-on and legitimately catch me off guard, making for an interesting listen over and over again. I like that the vocals are on the higher end and sound a little out of place, considering how heavy the band is. —Ian Wise (A389)

LOW CULTURE: Self-titled: 7"
Chris and Joe of the recently disbanded

Shang-A-Lang match up with two other Las Cruces musicians. The goal: to form a new group to fill the hole created by S-A-L's recent disbanding. After years and years of home recording Chris finally hands the controls over to someone else, and what do you know, it's got a crisp and deep sound that a lot of people complained was missing from S-A-L records. And while it may please people who weren't into the lo-fi, home recording thing, it's far from over-produced or all too clean sounding. This record sounds healthy and fresh, energized by new beginnings and possibilities they create. —Daryl (Dirt Cult / Rad Girlfriend / Drunken Sailor / Dead Broke)

MAGRUDERGRIND: Crusher: 10"

I forced myself years back to abstain from using the word "classic" in describing a record. I've slipped a few times here and there, but I made damn sure that the record in question had a good chance of standing the test of time: did it contribute to the genre? Did it do this, did it do that? A whole battery of tests are now applied before I bring that "c" word descriptive out of my safety deposit box. Well, I'm pulling that word, classic, out and waving it around for this record. This is what grindcore should be. Full-on wall of distortion, chaos running wild, and intense as it fucking gets. The playing is super tight and they hit hard and fast every song. "Cognition" on the B side is their longest song and they shift back and forth from pummeling tempos to something a bit more spacious and pensive. They nearly tread into sludge

but smartly opt to keep it just this side of it. The piece at the end of "Heaviest Bombing" reminds me of West Bay hardcore/powerviolence/grindcore like Plutocracy, and No Less. Not one bad song on this record. I predict that in the next ten years some middle-aged dude will be on some elite message board and start some thread about how awesome this record is, followed by a bunch of posts agreeing, until some weed who forgot his depression meds chimes in that his turd grind band was superior, shifting the discussion in another direction. But until that day, crank this fucker up nice and loud. —M.Avrq (To Live A Lie, tolivealie.com)

MALE BONDAGE: Self-titled: 7" EP

Braced myself for some dopey, good-natured hardcore stuff based on the band name, cover art, and song titles like "Violent Cravings" and "Bondage Men," but no, the music's pretty sophisticated, with guitars that aren't afraid to stray off and do their own thang. Not a thrash beat to be found. Been a good spell since this sub-sub-style was de rigueur, so it actually feels a bit fresh-air. —Jimmy Alvarado (Sleepwalk, sleepwalkrecordings.com)

MALL WALKERS: Out of the Malls and into the Streets: Cassette

I'll complain about cassette tapes until the cows come home, but even I'll admit that garage rock is the perfect fit for those misfit toys. Mall Walkers offer us a brand of shouty garage rock a la Rocket From The Crypt, The Stooges, and Eddy Current

Suppression Ring. Rock and roll like this is so unpretentious, it's impressive. No frills, no bells, no whistles, just rock'n'fucking roll. Solid. —Bryan Static (Drug Party, drugparty.org)

MAU MAUS, THE:
Scorched Earth Policies: CD

Formed from the ashes of legendary Los Angeles glam rock band Berlin Brats, the Mau Maus have proven to be one of punk rock's more tenacious groups, with lineups having existed in five different decades now—and yet despite forming in 1977—prior to this CD, the only legitimate recordings one could find were two tracks featured on the second *Hell Comes to Your House* compilation. In an effort to both clear the vaults and make up for lost time, this features six tracks recorded in 1983 and produced by Doors guitarist Robbie Krieger (who also lays down a barnburner solo on one track), plus eight tracks of more recent vintage that meld fairly seamlessly with the earlier tunes, making this the definitive showcase for this band's take on punk rock: one part Dolls, one part Stones, mix in a whole lotta attitude 'n' hostility and set the whole fuckin' thing ablaze. An all-around swell collection complete with extensive liner notes, pics, and some of the finest punk rockin' you're likely ever gonna come across. —Jimmy Alvarado (Ratchet Blade)

MEAN JEANS: On Mars: LP

Who saw this coming? The Mean Jeans second LP is a concept rock opera pitting the tenets of a nihilistic dystopia against

MAMMOTH SOUND
MASTERING
FLAT RATES PPD
7": \$40 PER SIDE
LP: \$100 PER SIDE
CD EP: \$150
CD FULL LENGTH: \$200
PROUD TO HAVE COMPLETED PROJECTS FOR ARTISTS INCLUDING

CVS **VOLTR** **DEEP SLEEP** **SADELOVAL**
THE Huxtables **BIG EYES** **WASTED TIME** **MDX** **CAPITALIST CASUALTIES**
GOVERNMENT WARNING **SEASICK** **culo** **ALJERTESTOP**
DIRECT CONTROL **FYFAN** **THEE** **TOTAL** **NOOTHGRUSH**
CLOAK **CHEITO** **ABUSE** **COKE BUST**
DAGGER **CHAMP** **AXIS** **MAGRUDERGRIND** **CANNIBALS**
NO FRIENDS **AUTIST/C** **SEEN** **AMDI** **CRISP**
ANNIHILATION TIME **YOUTH** **RED** **CHILL** **PETERSENS ARME**

CALL / EMAIL FOR QUOTE
WWW.MAMMOTHSOUNDMASTERING.COM
(831) 566-5381

New Release
THE HITCHHIKERS
7" LIMITED PRESS
THE HITCHHIKERS
ORANGE FIGHT RECORDS
NEW 3 SONG ROCK N ROLL BURNER
WWW.ORANGEFIGHT.COM

the *Fountainhead's* solipsistic self-justifications! Just fuckin' with you; this isn't Rush. The Mean Jeans time travel to perpetual adolescence. They travel in a wood panel '70s Country Squire station wagon of the mind. Inside, it's adorned with Billy Dee Williams and Billy Ocean posters and life-slogans ("Works Every Time" / "Get out of My Dreams and into My Car,"). I love the mongoloid-haiku lyrics. You try being this stupid without permanent brain damage or devolving into late-Queers—"My Cunt's a Cunt"ville before casting any stones. So if you've ever peed just a little in your pants while watching *Alf*, poured out the first sips to the dearly departed Joey, believe that the world can be solved by playing video games—only in arcades (and bigger troubles need life-sized joysticks for resolution a-la *Joysticks*)—that mini-bikes and toobin' a river make more sense than mortgages and "showing up on time," the Means Jeans'll match your inseam. Like $138 + 420 = \text{Keanu}$. Differences from the first LP? The forlorn, ballad-y almost misty-eyed counterpoint to the Ramones' "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend" is the fuck you, you fucking robot "Don't Stop Partying." Almost makes me want to cry. And wish my tears were gin. And then I'd drink my sorrows away. Thank you, Mean Jeans. Thank you. —Todd (Dirtnap)

MEMORIALS, THE: *Delirium: CD*

When talking about creative endeavors, knowing how to do something—for example play an instrument or sing—can be a bit dicey. On the one hand, one

wants to be proficient enough to be able to deftly execute whatever it is you're doing. On the other hand, knowing too much or how to do something too well can also hamper one's ability to create without having everything instead drown in technique, form, and all sorts of other shiny doohickeys. It's clear pretty much from the first note that the two folks responsible for this are more than equipped and capable of playing instruments well—both are Berklee College of Music graduates and at least one has been in a band many folks know by name, at the very least. The performances here are damned good. The problem, however, is that many different ideas—jazz, punk, funk, R&B, and plain cerebral noodling—are thrown at the listener with no cohesion or solid foundation on which to lay it all. Many good ideas are tossed out into the ether, but one is not well matched with the next and built on a song structure that can hold it all together. Crunching that many disparate influences is not impossible—Butthole Surfers, Fishbone, Big Boys, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Slits, The Pop Group and many others have made some interesting racket along the same path—but it does take considerably more work to pull it off than just knowing how to play really goddamned good. A lot here hints at potential greatness, but the best plan would be to regroup and start simple with a few good ideas for whole songs and then run 'em through the filter. —Jimmy Alvarado (Bloodthirsty Unicorn)

MERCHANDISE: *Children of Desire: LP*

This record plays as if it were written, recorded, and developed strictly for the mid-'80s: back when popular music was actually good. It should go without saying, but mainstream modern pop is just plain awful. Not one single artist or band is doing anything worth a shit. Actual talent seems to have skipped several eras (Auto tune? Whatever happened to singing because you can?). Leave it to two Floridian twenty-somethings to fuse the aesthetic of minimalist post punk and new wave with the emotional crooning of Morrissey to remind us of a time when this sort of music was vibrant and innovative. Talent can't be bought. It isn't something you sign up for. Merchandise are absolute geniuses and make songwriting seem easy. —Juan Espinosa (Katorga Works, katorgaworks.bigcartel.com)

MIKEY ERG / ALEX KERNS: *Split: 7"*

I picked up this 7" after seeing The Pine Hill Haints, Dan Webb And The Spiders, and Mikey Erg in a warehouse space in Allston, MA. I haven't found many house/warehouse shows since moving to Portland, ME, so it was a welcome change. There's something that can't be matched by walking into a room so humid and sweaty that you can actually taste the stank. I love it. Mikey: Two strong cuts from him. Pop-fueled with a big pump of adrenaline. One original, one cover. If you like anything with the word Erg, you'll like this. Alex: So monotonous and flat it sounds like he may have been more

bored to record this than I am to listen to it. —Megan (Asian Man)

MIKEY ERG: *Fucifier: 7" flexi*

Mikey Erg doing hardcore. Surprising? Well, not really, especially if you're nerdy enough to have gotten copies of the Ergs' early stuff. It's a fun disc to throw on every now and again, which is exactly what flexi discs are for anyway (I think my only other flexi is Billy And The Boingers "U Stink (but I Love U)," which, come to think of it, makes for a pretty great duo). —Megan (John Wilkes Booth, johnwilkesboothrecords.com)

MIND SPIDERS: *Meltdown: LP*

Expectations can be venomous, especially when they're self-applied. Mark Ryan is serious about his music. He's also very humble about it. For shit's sake—let's be honest—he could not play another note in his life and a wide swath of people'll give him kudos for being in the Marked Men. What's horrifying is putting yourself out for public consumption while not retreading the same territory or recycling riffs. There's an entire industry—the music industry—built on the precept of "give the people what they want." *Meltdown* is Mark's second full-length outing as the Mind Spiders, and, as a collection, his strongest set of songs. They're cohesive, escape-hatch hermetically sealed, and describe another world. (The title track—the last one on the album—took some getting used to, but then the Can / Kraftwerk synapses fired in my brain and I'm enjoying the way it folds the record up.) I'm sure



NO MORE ON LA ESCALERA
WWW.LAESCALERARECORDS.COM
SEATTLE, WA BASED PUNK/THRASH BAND
RANDOM ORBITS ALB UM
"HEART ATTACKS"
AVAILABLE ON CLEAR, RED AND WHITE VINYL

BLACK & RED EYE



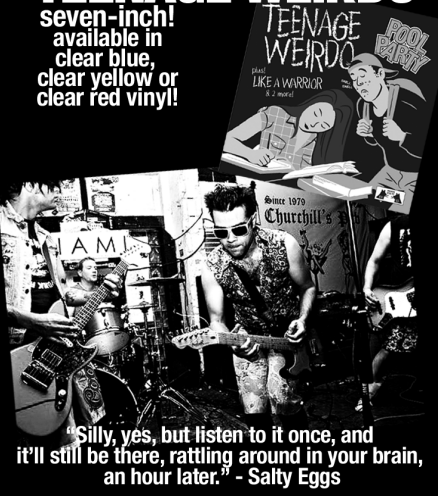
artwork, prints & zines
available online
blackandredeye.bigcartel.com

blackandredeye.com

NEW! FROM MOOSTER RECORDS

POOL PARTY "TEENAGE WEIRDO"

seven-inch!
available in
clear blue,
clear yellow or
clear red vinyl!



moosterrecords.tk • moosterrecords@gmail.com
facebook.com/poolpartywut



releases from Mooster coming soon:
Hopewrecker, The Demerits, Brandon Harrod, The Ueckers

Mind Spiders will be lumped into garage rock and top-downists will compare Mark to Jay Reatard (RIP). Go ahead, it's not completely off-range, but Mind Spiders is a different species, a separate string theory. That said, *Meltdown* is also gargantuanly filmic in quality, like it's a soundtrack of isolation and far distances. It's creeping. It's paranoid. It feels limitless like outer space, with dangers ranging from microbic infections, to radiation poisoning, to old-fashioned going batshit crazy. Think *Omega Man*, *The Andromeda Strain*, and, especially, *Moon*. I don't say this lightly: this record's brilliant. —Todd (Dirtnap)

MORONS, THE: *Discography: Cassette*

For a second due to the cover art, I was expecting a weird, shitty Ramones cover band, but then I noticed that they were from Chattanooga, and thought, "No way. I refuse to believe it." Then when I put it on, it's all late '90s thrashy pop punk (since it's a discography, I imagine a good chunk of it's actually from a while ago). Nice. —Joe Evans III (Once Tender, oncetenderrecords.blogspot.com)

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE & THE EVAPORATORS: *Busy Doing Nothing*: LP + calendar

Didn't quite know whether or not to file this under the "various artists" tag or to identify as I have here, but, either way, what you're getting here is Nardwuar and his cohorts the Evaporators sharing wax space with a number of higher-profile buddies—Andrew WK, Kate Nash, Franz Ferdinand, The Cribs, Fuad & the

Fezztones, Jill Barber, Sage Francis, and Megan Barnes, respectively—singin' Evaporators originals and choice covers originally by some of Canada's great underground bands of yore: Pointed Sticks, Cub, The Dishrags. True to form, the resulting album is rife with a sense of playful fun, catchy pop tunes, and even Nardwuar interviewin' Franz Ferdinand to round things out. The piece de resistance, though, is the accompanying calendar, chock full of choice photos—courtesy of photographer extraordinaire Bev Davies—of the Cramps, Gun Club, Social Distortion, Adolescents, PIL, Iggy Pop, and others. —Jimmy Alvarado (Mint)

NEEDLES/PINS: *12:34: LP and Getting On Home: 7"*

I'm curious to know whether people who don't know Needles/Pins vocalist/guitarist/songwriter Adam "Solly" Solomonian are able to recognize what an incredible student of a huge array of genres he is. Having seen Solly jamming on Westerberg and/or bluegrass tunes in his living room, fronting long-gone Ottawa darlings The Transit, or playing in the (now deceased) hardcore band Miles Between Us, when I sift through Needles/Pins' songs, I'm catching glimpses of all of these elements, strung together in ridiculously catchy, dancey, "garage"-y pop songs. This LP and 7" were written and recorded not too far apart from each other, and they're very much of the same ilk: picture something between mid-period Replacements, *Selling the Sizzle*-era Smugglers, The Hives' "incredibly famous for a minute"

stint, and '70s/'80s Canadian power pop punk (Pointed Sticks/Teenage Head) and you'd be close. So insanely good. —Dave Williams (Mammoth Cave / La-Ti-Da, mammothcaverecording.com, latidarecords.com)

NERVOUS CURTAINS: *Fake Infinity*: LP

Horrible shit. Poppy synth that makes stuff like Cold Cave sound edgy. This is rife with pretentious lyrics, dull songs, and the rest. Someone call the EPA and alert them that another waste of petroleum has been dumped into our environment. They can either stop it at the record label or head to any record shop dollar bin. —M.Avrg (Latest Flame, latestflame.com)

NICE FACE: *Horizon Fire*: CD

Synth-driven punk slotted somewhere between Devo and Fast Forward, with varying results. I have to confess, it took repeated listens to slightly warm to this album. The majority of the songs lean toward the poppier side, and then there's a slow, dancey type song like "Asymptotes II" that brings to mind Beautiful Skin and !!! Songs like "You're So Dramatic" have a snotty and hyper energy that is parallel to what is traditionally referred to as "KBD" punk, and it's nice to hear this style executed in a less traditional manner. I find myself preferring the darker side on here, with the instrumental "March of the Cosmic Men," the aforementioned "Asymptotes II," and "Shaman" with its shimmering guitar and lurking rhythm. The one thing this album has a problem with is establishing a mood

and keeping it. One moment it's dark and sort of creepy, then suddenly it's bright, loud, and poppy. Paced properly, such a style can be successful. But when it's as manic as this, it's kind of hard to fully get into and enjoy any nuances in the music. —M.Avrg (Hozac, hozacrecords.com)

NO MORE ART: *"Peripeteia" b/w "Evil Eye": 7"*

No More Art might be from Hamburg, Germany, but they sound like they're from L.A. circa 1980. Very pretty female vocals are the driving force here, with a super punchy, almost tinny background behind it. This single is a total charmer. The vocals are going to lead to a lot of X comparisons, but it's more like a female-fronted, European version of Adolescents. No More Art has this record and other recordings available free of charge on their site, but don't be a dick. Buy the vinyl! —Art Ettinger (New Dark Age, newdarkagerecords.bigcartel.com)

NO POWER: *No Axis*: EP

Super f'n blown-out stuff here. It's as though they hit the studio and cranked everything up as loud as it could go. If you like White Guit, Yodokai, and bands of that nature, then you'll like No Power. Distortion forever. It sounds like the guitars are being played and played with jagged shards of metal, whereas the vocals are recorded in a large, empty warehouse (such as the song "Soundwave"), and the drums are akin to small explosions just powerful enough blow out chunks of wall and pavement. The sound is pushed into the red and hurled at a reckless speed

HEY PUNKS!

QUIT BEING A LAZY FUCK AND SUBMIT TO MRR.
SCENE REPORTS, INTERVIEWS, GUEST COLUMNS, LETTERS...
WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON
IN YOUR TOWN, BARRIO, HOOD, ETC... NETA?
LET THE WORLD KNOW WHAT YOU THINK AT
MRR@MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM



This Fall on Ripping Records



RunAmucks
"Deficit of Dreams" LP



LHS/ Round Eye "Full Circle" 12"
Featuring Greg Ginn

runnamucks.com/rippingrecords.html

that eventually collects and washes out into a void. Passive listens and all you're going to hear is a wall of white noise. But if you take the time, you'll hear the song underneath, revealing its changes along with the percussion and low end that give it all definition. Ears are ringing! -M.Avr (Self Aware, selfawarerecords.com, Inkblot, sam@inkblotrecords.net)

NOBUNNY:

The Maximum Rock'n'Roll EP: 7"

A record taking the piss out of *Maximum Rock'n'Roll* in 2012? Perhaps it would be timelier if this EP was poking fun at Terminal Boredom. Now those cats are some kind of uptight! Mr. Nobunny makes his punkiest record yet, making me think of when The Queers took a break from their Ramones worship and re-visited their harsher roots. Then I think about a discussion I had with a friend who said Nobunny is the last of the Budget Rockers and I said Nobunny is actually pop punk. Discuss on, Termbo. -Sal Lucci (Goner)

NOISE BY NUMBERS / THE MAGNIFICENT: Split: 7" EP

Noise by Numbers: Some wicked good pop punk here, all Hüsker sheen and Replacements hooks slathered over some well-structured and catchy-as-hell tunes. Truly surprised this band ain't all over the radio. The Magnificent: I wouldn't lay any money down, but I'm pretty sure these are different versions of a couple of songs that appeared on their most recent long player. No matter, as the tunes on their own are two more great examples

of what these guys do best, namely crank out memorable, anthemic punk tunes that skirt the fine line between pop punk and more oi-influenced "street" fare. Kick ass split, this one. -Jimmy Alvarado (Solidarity, solidarityrecordings.com)

NOMAD: Self-titled: 7" EP

No fibbin', first words out of my mouth soon as this got goin': "Holy shit." From what I can gather, these kids hail from NY, but the song titles appear Japanese and they sound like Discharge as interpreted by Disorder, equaling one helluva glorious racket bein' made here. Dunno if I'd be so quick to dump 'em into the "dis-core" pile, but this is definitely prime fodder for permanently fucking up your hearing. -Jimmy Alvarado (Katorga Works)

NORMALS, THE:

Vacation to Nowhere: CD

Vacation to Nowhere is one of those enigmatic lost albums by an unknown band that makes punk rock so much fun. During their short career, The Normals officially released one seven-inch. Both of the songs on the single made the cut on volumes ten and seventeen of the legendary *Killed by Death* series. An album's worth of material was recorded in 1979 before the great crash when record executives realized there was no money in punk and the term power pop was being delegated to describing Rick Springfield's output. The album has languished, released many years later in a limited pressing. It has likely been passed around more than that, but Last

Laugh Records has pressed a definitive document of the band that includes the two songs from the single, the album that never was, and a DVD of a live performance from 1980 that shows a fresh-faced band playing to a hometown crowd pumped with the knowledge that they were destined to go on rocking forever. You probably already know if this is something that would interest you, but I will elaborate by saying that this CD contains a solid block of high-energy power pop with catchy choruses. The vocals are delivered with a bit of Joey Ramone-itis. I would say I could live without the DVD, but its inclusion does not seem to affect the price of the package and the CD cover claims the footage was recovered at a garage sale. So I say thumbs up; I love a good story. This isn't one of those albums being released because we are running out of old. This is way essential. -Billups Allen (Last Laugh)

OFF!: Self-titled: LP

Keith Morris is still an angry, angry man. OFF! return with a new LP worth of material that is here to remind us that there was a time when hardcore wasn't synonymous with metal riffs and basketball jerseys. This band is the perfect storm to pull this off. Every note played somehow matches the anger and urgency in Morris's voice. Sure, there will always be detractors saying that this is a rehash of the glory days, but to that I've got to say that of all the guys who can claim to be there in the beginning, none of them are doing anything as

good as this. Keep getting it out Keith, keep spitting your venom in the world's face. -Ty Stranglehold (Vice)

OSK: Wretched Existence / Bleak Future 2007-2010: CD

My appreciation for the lion's share of grindcore withered away relatively quickly, mainly due to the fact that so much of it was so poorly recorded and comprised of limited variations on the same template, resulting in entire slabs of wax with thirty-five tracks of the same cats playing as fast as possible while some other cat yowls in exactly the same fashion track after track. Very small doses and I'm down with it; any longer, it all becomes a faceless blur, and I want a bit more from any extended listening experience. Though much of what's here falls well within the borders of "boogadaboogadaROOOOARRRR" land, they have enough sense to change things up frequently enough so that individual songs and ideas can be discerned. The fact that it's recorded cleanly enough to make out what the fuck's going on just pushes it over into the "worth a listen" territory. -Jimmy Alvarado (To Live A Lie, tolivealie.com)

PAPER BAGS: II: 7"

Four great blasts of snotty punk rock. I'd expect nothing less from No Front Teeth. A ripping cover of The Tragics "Mommie I'm a Misfit" and a singalong reminiscent of something from Peter And The Test Tube Babies. I'm sold. Now I have to go back and find their first single. -Ty Stranglehold (No Front Teeth)



lostcatrecords.org

Wild Assumptions- Run Like You 7"
 Crow Bait- Three Tickle Guys 7"
 Rations- How Much Land Does A Man Need? 7"
 Street Eaters/Severance Package split 7"
 Masked Intruder/Turkletons split 7"
 Daniel James Gang- Nothing I Can Do 7"
 Smooth Brain- Fleas 7"
 Thanks- Demos tape/CD




SIOUXGUITARS.COM

**IF YOU WANT TO IMPRESS
 A LEGEND, YOU NEED TO
 KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
 TALKING ABOUT, AND
 WE'RE TALKING TONE.**



**OUT NOW ON
 NO FRONT TEETH
 RECORDS**

THE GAGGERS - PSYCHOSOMATIC 7"
 SECOND PRESS

PISS N BLOOD - F.T.W. CD

CRAZY SQUEEZE - GIMME A KISS 7"
 SECOND PRESS

PAPER BAGS 7"

COMING SOON

MES MISTRESS 7"

RICKY C QUARTET 7"

START - DEBUT 7"

NOW IN 3D 7"

NO TOMORROW BOYS 7"

BRANDY ROW 7"

**PLUS
 LOADS
 MORE
 SHIT**



NOFRONTTEETH.NET

PARLOR: *Life Stays Great: 7"*

Parlor are a paradox. Parlor play with spastic energy, but are stop-on-a-dime tight. Parlor incorporate the tropes of surf and '60s garage into their sound, but come off totally original. Parlor make technical parts sound simple. Parlor make weird song structures come off as pop hits. Parlor's record turns itself over and when it starts again, the songs sound new. —Chris Terry (Let's Pretend/Houseplant)

PAT TODD & THE RANK OUTSIDERS: *Don't Worry 'bout Me Baby: 7"*

As can be expected from the former lead singer of the late, great Lazy Cowgirls, this thing just oozes swagger. The title track is a thick slice of bluesy rock with enough swing in its giddyup to satisfy any fan of Thunders-derived rock/punk, while the flip, "Idle Time," is a country-inflected acoustic ditty that showcases Mr. Todd's rootsy foundation. Good stuff all the way 'round. —Jimmy Alvarado (Cutthroat)

PENNY WINBLOOD: *Self-titled: CD*

Six years in the making, (recorded back in 2006!), Penny Winblood's self-titled album was well worth the wait. This guitar/drummer duo churns out a storm of fuzzy, abrasive noise rock/post-hardcore that I was in love with from the first track. Sudden changes, from mellow riffs and soft fuzz to raging and blazing riffs, kept me rocking hard throughout. Dual female/male vocals, both alternating between singing and shouting, fit perfectly with the back

and forth of the intensity present in the music. Highly recommended. —Paul J. Comeau (Forge)

PICK YOUR SIDE: *Let Me Show You How Democracy Works: LP*

As mentioned in my Countdown To Oblivion review, Left For Dead was pivotal in my hardcore youth, as was Hamilton, Ontario's Chokehold, both of which featured known troublemaker Jeff Beckman on guitar. A few years back, Beckman became somewhat infamous in the underground hardcore scene fronting the band Haymaker, whose live antics were more-often-than-not described as violent, dangerous, and totally furious. Pick Your Side is Beckman's new-ish project, and with his very distinct "high growl" vocal style and fast, simple, brutal hardcore base, Haymaker comparisons are both inevitable and accurate. But I'm not complaining. Vicious hardcore with venomous lyrics that still seem so right out of Hamilton to me. That city just breeds rage, no doubt. —Dave Williams (A389)

PINS OF LIGHT: *//: CD*

Imagine Lemmy from Motörhead fronting a new band that was influenced by Motörhead and more recent bands like Comets On Fire, Fu Manchu, Hellacopters, and the sort. Guitar rock without the theatrics of the past. The music is hard-driving, propelled by a drummer that hits hard, fast, and precise. For the most part, the songs are straight to the point, but on "Sound & Pressure" they go off into a more prog psych realm— a long buildup from rumbling

drums, the bass keeps the tension, and the guitar melts and reforms at varying intervals. The song ends up being more of a jam, and while I do like it, I was hoping they would go even further into the psych side of things. Overall, this album is pretty good, but I think they could do better by adding a little more distortion and putting some dirt in the sound. —M.Avrq (Alternative Tentacles)

POISON IDEA: *Pick Your King: 7" EP*

TKO Records celebrates another record store day with another amazing Poison Idea reissue. This time we have the *Pick Your King* EP pressed on clear vinyl. Chances are that if you are reading this magazine, you know the importance of this band, this record in particular. It doesn't get much better than this. Essential hardcore. I can't wait until the next PI reissue! —Ty Stranglehold (TKO)

POISON PLANET: *Boycott Everything: LP*

This previously came out on 7" in Europe, and the domestic version was cut onto a one-sided LP. From a sonic standpoint, this band almost seems to have skipped the last twenty-five years of hardcore. The band's sound is culled from the whole gamut of '80s hardcore. The guitar frills on "Liquor Flesh Trade" are from Dead Kennedys, and the breakdown on "Tidal Leveling" is from Black Flag; but a ton of other influences come up, from Project X to Articles Of Faith. This is music by hardcore nerds, for hardcore nerds. The politics are the driving force behind the band, and the expanded format works better aesthetically for the visual aspect

of the release. The cover art does look better on a larger format, and the reading materials are handy in the 12" spread. —Ian Wise (Not Normal, notnormaltapes.blogspot.com)

POLICE BASTARD / WAR//PLAGUE: *Attrition: Split LP*

Both bands are on the political thrash/crust tip, with lyrics about genetic engineering, religion, etc. War//Plague is the more metal influenced of the two, with chugga-chugga riffage, grandiose arrangements, and an apocalyptic bent to the whole proceedings, while Police Bastard are more straightforward, and even offer up Rudimentary Peni and Mob covers. —Jimmy Alvarado (Profane Existence)

POPPETS: *"1+1=2" b/w "Poolside Fun at Michaels": 7"*

One of my professors had a story he quoted a few times about a friend who told him "only trust rock'n'roll from Scandinavia." I have no idea why this statement is so accurate, but it holds true under a variety of testing. Sweden's Poppets hold up the tradition pretty well, I say. Within this debut single, we have poppy garage punk somewhere between the likes of King Tuff and Japanther. The same pop sensibilities that showed themselves in the solo Jay Reatard albums are also front and center, although their mechanical steadiness is made by an actual machine. A drum machine! How novel! For a debut single, this is incredibly promising. I have high hopes. —Bryan Static (Windian)

PETERWALKEE RECORDS
COMING JUNE 2012
SOKEA PISTE - AJATUS KARKAA 12" LP
DEBUT US PRESSING OF THIS FANTASTIC FINNISH PUNK LP

OUT NOW!
THE FIGGS
THE DAY GRAVITY STOPPED
BRAND NEW 20 SONG DOUBLE 12" LP
LIMITED PRESALE PACKAGE AVAILABLE APRIL 10 2012
REGULAR DOUBLE LP AVAILABLE APRIL 17 2012
CHECK WEBSITE FOR MORE DETAILS!

THE FIGGS LIVE AT THE HURRICANE LP
LIMITED TO 100 COPIES, LIVE LP PACKAGE,
SILK SCREENED ARTWORK, BONUS CD, TSHIRT & MORE!
ALMOST GONE! ACT FAST!
-ALSO COMING SOON-
CHRON TURBINE SKULL NECKLACE FOR YOU LP
DISTORTED HEAVINESS FROM NYC
EX RYE COALITION

SOKEA PISTE - OIRE 7"
MEMBERS OF KYKKOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO & MANIFESTO JUKEBOX
THE FIGGS - SUCKING IN STEREO 12" LP
FIRST PRESSING! ALMOST SOLD OUT! GET IT NOW!

LIEUTENANT- S/T LP LESS THAN 25 COPIES LEFT!!
KITTY LITTLE/SCIENTIFIC MAPS SPLIT 7"
THE FIGGS - CASINO HAYES 7"
SPREAD EM' PIZZA CRISIS 7"
DEAD UNICORN - YELLOWSTONE SUPERVOLCANO CD

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON UPCOMING RELEASES
PRICING, MAIL ORDER AND SHIPPING
CHECK OUT:
WWW.PETERWALKEE.RECORDS.COM

**MICROCOSM PUBLISHING**
NEW BOOKS TO POUNCE ON!

**UNINSINKABLE**
How to build Plywood Pontoons & Longtail Motor Boats Out of Scrap, is both the story of his trip down the Missouri River on a homemade boat and how to do so yourself! **\$7.95**

**BAREFOOT & IN THE KITCHEN**
Ashley's book has 88 delicious recipes including: a basic white sauce, seitan, mac'n'cheese, brussel sprouts, cornbread, cookies, stuffed shells, dirty rice, and "Cinnamon Buns of Doom." **\$8.95**

**MARK TWAIN WAS RIGHT**
Charting the 2001 Cincinnati Riots, this comic is an engaging work of journalism—tracing the riot's genesis from the senseless police killing to the man's funeral and all in between. A powerful perspective. **\$8.95**

**ACTION!**
Have you ever wanted to make your own movies? How to create eye-pleasing compositions and how to record crystal clear sounds. A do-it-yourself guide for all ages. **\$11.95**

**MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM**—has a wide variety of other things!

POPULATION: *Artifacts*: 7" EP

Contrary to what is apparently popular belief, and all too often seems common practice in the modern era, punks in the earliest periods didn't limit their exposure and efforts to these preconceived, rigid pigeonholes—and those who did usually moved on in short order to whatever next bullshit trend was just up the road. Doesn't take much searchin' to find flyers or adverts with what would today be inconceivable gig lineups: a Black Flag, Social Distortion, and Top Jimmy & The Rhythm Pigs bill was just as prone to occur as the bassist for über-thrashers Wasted Youth moonlighting with tribal desert-tinged artpunk merchants Savage Republic. Those with any sense knew, and know, to expand their tastes, not be afraid to step outside of their comfort zones and strive to find new ways to raise a ruckus. What you have here is some Chicago hardcore cats doin' just that, in this case tradin' in 1-2-1-2 hyper-speed drum beats for loping bass lines and more atmospheric climes. Their influences are right up front—post-punk, early U.S. death rock, U.K. goth, Sisters of Mercy, Joy Division—but they deliver three solid tunes that stand on their own merits, retaining some punk edge amidst slower, dance-friendly beats that don't rely on barre chord barrages. This is a great opening salvo as far as debut releases go, and here's hoping a full-length isn't too far off in the distance. —Jimmy Alvarado (BLVD)

POW WOWS: *Nightmare Soda*: CD

Sloppy, plodding garage rock with a bit of indie-tinge to make it a wee bit more annoying than the rest of the pack. —Jimmy Alvarado (Get Hip)

PREVENGE / DIG IT UP: *Split*: 7"

Prevenge: Gruff, D4-ish punk from Canada. "Buried Alive" is the jam on this side. Ultimately, there's nothing to really set these dudes apart from the legion of folks rockin' this style but they're totally solid in what they do. Dig It Up: Kinda more hardcorish, with guitar solos and pretty rad hollerin' vocals. Bet they'd be fun live. My only complaint with them is the songs seem to drag on a little long. The cover art for this 7" looks great and the booklet is really well done, too. Apparently, there's a limited amount on white vinyl, but folks've probably already snatched those bad boys up. —Ryan Horky (Pavones, pavonesrecords.bandcamp.com)

RAD COMPANY / DISCRETIONS:

I Won't Be Home for New Years: 7"

Rad Company: Rad Company plays that style of Screeching Weasel pop punk that everyone loves. Gritty, quick, but with those pop sensibilities that drive the kids wild. Hot off the heels of their split LP with Ex-Boyfriends, Rad Company are still churning out a consistent repertoire of dirty punk anthems. Discretions: Running the gambit from dirty pop punk to powerviolence to skate rock, Discretions are a bit less produced than their splitmates. Their songs can shift tempos at a drop of hat, resulting in

songs that have qualities not unlike an opera. Unpredictable in a good way. —Bryan Static (Rad Girlfriend)

RIPE, THE: *Into Your Ears*: CD

It'd be easy to just write these kids off for wearing their influences on their sleeves—things start off on a sixties fuzz vibe, then stretch out to include some unabashed Love worship, appropriated snatches of Abba choruses and whispers of Undertones anthems, bits of Beatles 'n' Monkees, power pop, Creedence riffing and spaghetti-western tinged indie rock mix-n-matched in gleeful abandon—but the resulting tunes somehow work so well on their own terms that they manage to make all the wanton plundering irrelevant. The vibe is fairly laid back throughout. They sound like they buy wholly into what they're doing, and they do it all quite well. —Jimmy Alvarado (Get Hip)

RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS:

Feed the Wolf: LP

If I've learned one thing from the Riverboat Gamblers over the years, it's that they are a constantly evolving band. No two records sound exactly alike. When I reviewed their previous LP *Underneath the Owl* in these pages, I was put out a bit by the departure from *To the Confusion of Our Enemies*. As time passed, I came to love that record as much as I do the rest. This time I was ready for change, and some change there is. *Feed the Wolf* seems to bridge the gap well between *Owl* and their last release, the *Smash/Grab* EP. Incredibly catchy and beautiful

all the while swinging some seriously rocking guitar. The lyrics, as always, are quick-witted and somewhat sad, yet I always find myself singing along with a smile on my face. This record is another jewel in a crown that the Gamblers have built from kicking ass and working hard. It will be playing loud around here for a long time! G.F.F.G. —Ty Stranglehold (Volcom Entertainment)

ROACH MOTEL: *It's Lonely at the Top*: LP

Roach Motel is the best known of the punk/hardcore bands to hail from Florida, a band whose guitarist George Tabb would go on to make a few waves via his column in *Maximum Rockroll*, and purveyors of some of the finest, funniest thrash around circa 1982-'84. The tracks from both their classic EPs and the *We Can't Help It If We're from Florida* compilation can be found here, along with some live tracks and recordings for a full length that apparently never saw the light of day, plus liner notes and pics for those who like a little readin' material whilst noise mongering. With songs addressing such heady subjects as politically astute canine pals, assorted alcoholic beverages, drug-ingesting parents, and calling for the annihilation of certain prominent pop culture icons, you know the twenty-one tracks here are stuff for the ages. —Jimmy Alvarado (Florida's Dying)

ROCK THE LIGHT:

Giving Up Never Felt So Good: LP

The third full length from Sacramento's cockrock darlings is crammed with thick, meaty, fuzzed-out chords. After more

WWW.RADGIRLFRIENDRECORDS.BIGCARTEL.COM
2981 MEADOW PARK DR. DAYTON OH 45440
SEND US YOUR DEMOS

RAD GIRLFRIEND



RECORDS DAYTON OHIO, U.S.A.

AVAILABLE NOW
PRETTY BOY THORSON
AND THE FALLING ANGELS

(GONNA MISS ME 7")
MASKED INTRUDER/THE TURKLETONS

(SPLIT 7")
PIZZA HI-FIVE/POWERCUP

(SPLIT 10")
ASTRO FANG

(FLESH HAND 7")
LOW CULTURE

(S/T 7")
FAT STUPIDS

(S/T 7")
THE CREDENTIALS/STEELHORSE

(SPLIT 7")
AND MANY OTHER FINE TITLES!
NEXT: WHITE FLAG/THE SHOPLIFTERS, ROB THE BANK,
THE RAGING NATHANS, RAD COMPANY/TIGHT BROS.

Mystery Room

M A S T E R I N G

Mastering for digital distribution
and 24-bit pre-mastering optimized for vinyl,
featuring a versatile analog / digital hybrid studio.

mysteryroommastering.com

recent clients:

SubPop Records
Asian Man Records
Fat Wreck Chords
Recess Records
Dusty Medical Records

Dan Vapid & the Cheats
Tenement
Smoking Popes
Jetty Boys
Screeching Weasel

than six years since their latest release and the addition of a new band member, RTL's sound has matured. Flavors of KISS and Zeppelin shine through with a range pulling heavily from '70s and early '80s-era stadium rock as heard in "Ishtar," to a smoothed-out, languid ballad with "Mouth in Hand." Meant to be played loud, this is just in time for summer. Points also for becoming my favorite album cover this year: some dude sitting in a hotel room wearing a quasi-Star Wars Storm Trooper outfit — gotta love it. Recommended. —Kristen K. (Sacramento, sacramaniacs.com)

ROGUE NATIONS, THE: *Regi Mentle Rides Again: 7" EP*

Regi Mentle was/is an old L.A. punk in tight with the Germs and their "Circle One" of close pals/fans. He's been on a very long federally-mandated vacation stay for the past thirty years, and during that time has continued to compose art, poetry, and prose. Chris from The Rogue Nations apparently struck up a friendship with Regi, who provided Chris and his fellow Rogue Nations some lyrical fodder with which to work. Through Chris's voicebox, Regi addresses—via the resulting six songs here—a wide spread of subjects: self-loathing, the frustration of incarceration, winos on wheels, even being fucked by Dracula. It's set to the tunesmithing of a band that succeeds in keeping the feel, and, on occasion, the twisted humor, of early L.A. punk intact. This may not be, according to the lyric sheet, Rogue Nations' regular sound, but it's one they

do well here, which, coming from an old L.A. punk, is no faint praise. —Jimmy Alvarado (Rogue Nations)

RVIVR: *The Joester Sessions '08-'11: LP*

Three previous vinyls—*Dirty Water*, *Life Moves*, and *Derailer*—are corralled onto a long player, with the addition of a new song, "Elizabethan Collar." I like to think of 7"s like kittens. They're fun to play with, but they're a lot of work. LPs are cats. You can let them be for a bit, have them go on adventures without constant attention. Gives you time to reflect on both the songs and what's going on in your own life. Time to stew. RVIVR's powerful. There's no denying they're passionate, seething, opinionated, and savagely determined. They're melodic. Their delivery is nice and raw; blood-filled. It's great to hear people believing so hard in what they do and be able to translate that into meaningful songs. When this record spun, I sat down with the lyrics again. This isn't wide-eyed idealism. It's deep scars. Lost friends. The world's far too often flawed and broken, nasty and shallow. And those are all reasons to be more resilient bastards. Otherwise, the banks, cops, organized religion, "community planners" and all the nasty "isms" win. Lifelong DIY punk is a faith-based enterprise that we all pay using a currency more precious than money. RVIVR is one of its most compelling working examples of what good can come of all this; that flowers can grow in the cracks of concrete. I'm on board. They still give me occasional chills. —Todd (Rumbletowne)

SABERTOOTH:

Making Light of a Shitty Situation: LP

I'm not sure why, but listening to this makes me think of the '90s and early 2000s. Poppy punk with a hint of melodic hardcore from Calgary. I think it's the raw Kid Dynamite-esque vocals and the hint of hardcore rage mixed in with the pop hooks in the riffs that made me dig this. If you like your punk melodic but with screamy vocals, this is definitely something you'll dig. —Paul J. Comeau (Sabertooth)

SECTARIAN VIOLENCE: *Self-titled: 7" EP*

Gruff, sinewy hardcore very much in the Negative Approach/Out Cold end of the pool. Tunes are tight, topical, and packin' all the requisite thud. —Jimmy Alvarado (Grave Mistake)

SHARP OBJECTS: *Self-titled: LP*

And the hits just keep on a-comin' from Modern Action. There's maybe a wee bit darker tone to the overall sound than on previous Sharp Object releases, but these cats are still dishing out some tasty and insanely catchy tunes that recall the best of California's thud punk glory days while not sounding a bit like some mothball-laden rehash bullshit. Plop this puppy on and don't be surprised if you find you've already pretty much trashed your immediate area by the middle of the first tune. Fuck yeah, this is recommended. —Jimmy Alvarado (Modern Action)

SHORES: *To Volstead: CD/LP*

The nod that Shores gives to bands such as (early) Pedro The Lion, Codeine, and

Bedhead is unmistakable. The ten songs coming in at forty-one minutes are tried and true slowcore and while that may be unusual for an album on No Idea, the sound does not stray far from the path that the genre has set out to define. A lot of this type of music had its run through the '90s and early '00s, so it's interesting to hear a band taking up the sound as we make our way into the second decade of this century. While Shores plays competently, one thing I always enjoyed about slowcore was that some of the bands seemed capable of the occasional explosion and breakout with their sound. I'm not hearing much (if any) of that on *To Volstead*. Instead, this is an album of music played competently, but without anything to cause it to stand out from the crowd of other slowcore bands that have predated it in decades past. —Kurt Morris (No Idea)

SICK SICK BIRDS: *Gates of Home: LP*

What if The Cure were from Baltimore? What if Robert Smith sang almost-short-story songs about isolation, the etherality of cultural status? What if songs were jotted with a marker, waiting for a bus instead of melancholic bubbles of smoke? Not to overstate the origami, but the folds in the paper are this: take punk and figure out how to age gracefully, how to not sound like a joke, a disaster, or shame. Make it a cool design. It may not change the world, but it takes ordinary materials, crafts them carefully, and aesthetically reshapes how we regard them. *Gates of Home* is a more complex response than a total divorce from the

COFFEE ADDICT RECORDS PRESENTS



BRAND NEW FULL LENGTH CD!!!

UK / EURO DISTRO THRU CODE 7

AVAILABLE IN NORTH AMERICA
FROM THETHINGZ.BANDCAMP.COM
CDBABY AND
SELECT RECORD STORES

"MORE FUN THAN A BARREL OF
ROBOT MONKEYS!!!"

CONSUME™

TRUST

WWW.TRUST-ZINE.DE

We like to meet people/ that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in an underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

CONSUME™

TRUST

WWW.TRUST-ZINE.DE

We like to meet people/ that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in an underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

TOR JOHNSON RECORDS
more records, tapes,
cds, shirts, videos,
zines, posters, etc.
available online
www.torjohnsonrecords.com

previous music made by Mike Hall (The Thumbs) or complete suburban/"I have a kid" amnesia when the "real world" gives punks their mid-life crises. The respect-worthy answer is *Gates of Home*. It's a revisitation to melodies with serrated edges. It's not glued-up-mohawk circle-pit punk. It's not sweater-pill fluff indie. It's, thankfully, in-between the two and simultaneously far from both. My only complaint? Some of the songs sound too similar to one another. I think a little more adventure would pay big dividends. —Todd (Toxic Pop)

SICKOIDS: Self-titled: LP

You want to know how I can tell a record is good? When I shake my head in disbelief and look towards my turntable from where I'm sitting, as if to say, "Fuck you for being so good!" This sort of feeling I was not expecting. I'd only heard of Sickoids in passing and decided I'd ignore the band with the goofy name. Big mistake: from this Philly three-piece, this is seriously some of the best hardcore I have heard in quite some time. The first song violently grabs you by the collar and continues to pummel you for a full length's worth of untouchable manic hardcore flawlessly executed in the great tradition of modern Midwest and East Coast heroes such as Manipulation and Double Negative. Can't say enough good things about this record: go find, now! —Juan Espinosa (Residue)

SIDEKICKS, THE: Awkward Breeds: CD

Oh shit, have The Sidekicks gone alternative? Fuck yeah. I mean, it's still

very much The Sidekicks, who used to be just slightly folk-rock-playing kids. I mean, it's not it's drastically different, but there's a slow evolution to it compared to some of their earlier stuff. For example, the whole thing starts with a mess of feedback and the singer is kind of starting to sing like he's in Weezer (who I'm normally not into, but it doesn't bother me here). I'm into it. —Joe Evans III (Red Scare)

SIDETRACKED: Wrench: Cassette

Loud-as-fuck, thrashing-mad power violence recorded in what sounds like a bathroom stall or storage shed. Seriously, the recording is raw as all hell but it works out quite well when the audio damage is done. Crossed Out/No Comment-style insanity captured on a cassette that has the same amount of space on it as a cassette. Would have worked better as a one-sided 7", but I suppose tapes are much cheaper to manufacture these days. —Juan Espinosa (To Live A Lie, myspace.com/sidetrackedhc)

SLICES: Still Cruising: LP

Must confess, I have purposely avoided listening to this band for the past few years due to all the hype. All too often, the hyped bands I've heard in recent times have been pretty underwhelming. While I'm definitely not a frothing-at-the-mouth convert, this album is pretty good. Somewhere between hardcore punk and noisy rock (Am Rep and late '80s Touch & Go). Instead of allowing themselves to stand in one place as the world keeps moving forward, I hear

a band that is decidedly taking some chances and messing with a tried and true formula. The results aren't always good, but when they hit they hit. When they fall short, they're still better off than playing it safe. I like the juxtaposition of "Human Resources" and "Why Do You Make Yourself So Sad," from noisy and disjointed music to something slightly more straightforward (there is that break in the middle that gets slightly abrasive, then comes the tweaked guitar solo). Chaos reigns supreme here and it sounds like every song is on the verge of coming apart in one avalanche of sound. I find myself preferring their more stretched-out songs like "Horserace" over the short and brutal blasts that are placed here and there. "Classtime" is a total rager with near rapid fire delivery. My only real complaint here is the pacing is sometimes off, like with the aforementioned "Classtime" followed by "All My Life." They're both good songs, but you go from one rager that is not too short, then into something a bit more down and slower. So the mood is manic. Had "Classtime" followed something like "Hurt on the Job" then was followed by "Mustard," then closing out with "All My Life," it might have more flow, and I wouldn't have written this ridiculous sentence. Other than that, get this. —M.Avrq (Iron Lung, lifeironlungdeath.blogspot.com)

SORCERESS:

Cum in My Kitchen: 7" single

Definitely influenced by '70s proto punk, and while that's a much used and abused

genre, Sorceress do a pretty damn good job of making it sound fresh and alive. They throw in some glam rock influences for that extra zing. Doing so raises the songs head and shoulders above the groping bands who think they're the next Heartbreakers. The title track is fuggin' great. I think it's the straightforward drumming that makes it work. Could be the riff? Maybe a combo of both. But gawddamn, this song is a cooker. The structure is simple and they repeat the lyrics over and over, working up the frenzy with each pass. So damn good. I felt a little lost when it was over. Like, "Hey, come back. We're just getting started here!" The flipside, "Young, Doomed & Fine" shifts down in mood to something like a Sunday morning hangover balm. The sort of music you put on to slowly ease yourself into the day. The delivery is all swagger and bluesy. I hear a bit of T-Rex just underneath the surface. I like the changeup at the end, as it picks up the pace and gives the songs a bit more life. You would be very wise to grab this record from the bins the next time you're at your local record peddler. —M.Avrq (Put a!, putarecords@gmail.com, putarecords.com)

SPITS, THE: Erste Deutsche Original Aufnahme! :12"

The Spits are one of those bands that never do what you expect (unless you expect them to self title each new LP, I suppose). Weird costumes. Weird show antics. A goddamn children's book and record set! Well, in honor of their current European tour, they've done it

Rainy Road Records

Omaha, NE

Available for Pre-Order NOW!

***Limited to 200 Copies + Screen-Printed Covers.

***Pre-Order includes immediate download of the entire album.



This disgusting slab is dripping with scab picked riffs, slut skutt grooves, and melodic howls that are more infectious than a ten dollar hooker... this record stabbed my turntable and shot up with the needle. Now my whole record collection has AIDS.
—Wayne Pain (ex-Fag Cop)

Also available from Rainy Road Records:

Baby Tears - *Homeless Corpse 7"*

Snake Island! - *Self-Titled cassette*

Peace of Shit - *Business As Usual cassette*

The Shanks - *I'd Fuck Me cassette*

Brimstone Howl - *Singles Collection cassette*

Arsene Obscene - *RVB cassette*



www.rainyroadrecords.com

Out Now!

ALSO AVAILABLE:

SOLID DECLINE/ RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA - split LP
DAYLIGHT ROBBERY- Though the Confusion LP
SACRED SHOCK- You're Not With Us LP
DIVINE RIGHT- Pray For Me EP
DAYLIGHT ROBBERY- Red Tape EP
DAYLIGHT ROBBERY- Washtenaw EP
PEDESTRIANS- Killing Season EP
NO SLOGAN- Aversion Therapy LP
CANADIAN RIFLE- Facts EP
OTTAWA- reissue 12" LP
HERDS- Michigan" EP

www.residue-records.com
wholesale: residuerecords@gmail.com

again. Four classic Spits songs sung in German by none other than King Kahn. Let's just say that the music of The Spits lends itself very well to being sung in German. Perfectly, in fact. You might ask yourself, "That sounds like a great seven inch," but you'd be wrong because it's a twelve inch—a beautiful red and black splatter slab housed in an amazing gatefold sleeve. Overkill you say? That's The Spits alright. —Ty Stranglehold (Red Lounge)

STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB: *Haunted EP: 7"*

DC's Stop Worrying And Love The Bomb have awesome dual male/female vocals and are an ideal example of a mainline, straightforward formula working incredibly well. A lot of male/female vocal bands suffer from one singer outshining the other, but both voices here are similarly snotty, complementing one another nicely. Maybe I'm a softie, but it's records like this one that make me want to go out and shake negative scenesters who think that there isn't amazing music being created today. Even the most jaded listener would have to concede how darn energetic and magical this 7" is. We're talking pure punk perfection here. —Art Ettinger (Big Neck)

SUFFERING MIND / PROTESTANT: *Split: 6" EP*

I have a few odd size records, like the 5", or the 10" and 8", and most of them are pretty disposable—more about the novelty of size than the actual music. Not the case here! This six inch is

a crusher! Protestant don't disappoint and just get better and better with each new release. Their two songs here are definitely some of their best material. They open up, go for it, and cause a lot of damage in the short amount of time allowed for the format. Heavy and fast, with a good dose of low end, the sinister atmosphere doesn't bog down the delivery. These two songs have a way of working themselves into your memory with only a couple listens. I just know I'm going to be mentally referencing "No Peace" sometime in the next week, "Dig deep! Dig deep!" Suffering Mind are more on the grind side, with the pummeling percussion and abrasive dual attack of guitars and vocals (one high, the other throaty and gurgly). I've set my standards for grind incredibly high in recent years due to the sheer amount of shit bands playing this style. Suffering Mind definitely stands out above the pack and should appeal to anyone who likes music that is a bit heavy and, well, brutal. Their two tracks go by in a blur, but it's a damn nice blur. —M.Avg (Halo Of Flies, halooffliesrecords.com, To Live A Lie, tolivealie.com)

SYNTHETIC ID: *Self-titled: 7"*

Synthetic ID sound like Greg Sage, D. Boone, and Colin Newman fabricating the house band for the International Space Station. Or better yet, spending three days in close quarters on an uncharted trek to the Sea of Tranquility. Anxious paranoia dripping from the walls. It's jerky, derailed, and draws heavily from early post-punk, but

chugs along at a classic punk tempo, blasting out totally agitated lyrics the whole time. Space madness? Or just a need to escape the surface of this planet, even if it just be through the act of playing two minute punk jams? Either way, it's exciting and different. —Daryl (Satellite Visions, crucialvibe@gmail.com / Cut the Cord That..., etcet-records.tumblr.com)

TENEMENT / CHEEKY:

"Blast Exhaust" / "So Bored": Split: 7"

Cheeky: Now why did you have to go and break up? There's a nice bit of see-sawing on these two songs between more dissonant, throat-chopping hardcore directness ("your shit sucks") and tones of the more aching punk-with-melody variety (Bananas, not managers, publicists, and Pro-Tooled hair gel). A punk gang with lots of heart? That's what I think. Tenement: Disarmingly confident in exploration, Tenement's an exciting progression in this post-Ergs! world. The ability to pull simultaneously from punk's deep heritage and make it sound like it never had a care in the world, that they're kids with their arms out a van window on a summer's night—that's a thing of beauty. I have a deep love for Midwestern punk—Dü, 'Mats, ChiTels, D4—and if Tenement stays together as a band and keeps releasing records, they'll be no mere blip on a radar, but a rock in the stream that other bands flow around. Two excellent songs on their side. —Todd (Let's Pretend / No Brakes)

THETAN:

Welcome to Whine Country: 7" EP

Down-tuned grind stuffed with lots o' wham-bang, screamin' 'n' carryin' on. —Jimmy Alvarado (Anti-Corp)

TIM BARRY: *40 Miler: 12" EP*

Formerly of Avail, Barry has turned from hardcore to country punk. Festooned with harmonica and tambourine solos, the title of his latest solo effort on ivory and gold vinyl alludes to a freight train rider who prefers short rides close to home. Living in a shack in the backyard of his girlfriend's house, Barry laments over hipsters at designer markets, train hopping, and hobos. And booze; can't forget booze. Barry's lyrics leave a poetic sting as heard in "Wezeltown" and "Bankers Dilemma," signifying he hasn't lost any of the piss and vinegar from his Avail days. Julie Karr, a fellow Richmond, VA singer/songwriter, shares vocals with Tim in "Adele and Hell," a bluesy break-up to make-up duet. If folk punk is yer thing, you best pick this up. Recommended. —Kristen K. (Chunksaah)

TIMMY'S ORGANISM / JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN III: *Split: 7"*

Timmy's Organism: Starts off with a bit of psychedelic delay-drenched guitar, then cashes that in for a trashy rock stomper. John Wesley Coleman III: A potent slice of '60s-influenced minor chord pop. —Jimmy Alvarado (Goner)

STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB: *Haunted EP: 7"*

ALGATHA 5" LP

DIVERS 7" (EX-DRUNKEN BOAT)

DOLJAW "SLOW TO BUILD" LP

SHARK PACT "DITCHES" LP

RVIVR "PESTER SESSIONS" COLLECTION LP

LPs - \$13.00 7" - \$7.00

INCLUDES SHIPPING IN USA EMAIL FOR INT'L SHIPPING

MONEY ORDER TO "EMCA PREAS" OR CONCEALED CASH

PO BOX 403 OLYMPIA WA 98507

PINKS @ RUMBLETOWNE.COM

WWW.RUMBLETOWNE.COM

FREE DOWNLOADS FLICKR (P. 50416, 102)

NEW RVIVR LP IN 2012!

SPACECASE RECORDS

OUT NOW ELECTRIC BLOOD

"SINGLE: 2011"

COMING SOON

ALICIA TROUT / JAMES ARTHUR'S MANHUNT

SPLIT 7"

MORE AT

JWW.SPACECASE RECORDS.COM

FOR THE KIDS
FUCK THE PIGS

SACRED PLAGUE RECORDS

VINYL - CASSETTE - CD - LABEL/DISTRO

SP-017: Uncurbed / Warvictims split LP: FINALLY, the Uncurbed / Warvictims split is available in the US. 2 sides of early 80's style HC w/ epic Swedish execution. HC / PUNK / DBEAT / CRUST! Limited to 100 clear blue splatter vinyl, and 400 black.

SP-016: Krang 'Sounds of Death' LP CHI-STENCHCORE!!

SP-015: Black Hole of Calcutta "s/t" LP CHICO, CA-HEAVY HC

SP-012: Jesus or Genome 'The Veil is Lifting' 7"

SP-011: Sunshine SS 'Teen Choices' 7" OLD SKEWL 80s HC

JESUS OR GENOME

SUNSHINE SS

WWW.SACREDPLAGUE.COM
SACREDPLAGUE@GMAIL.COM
PORTLAND, OREGON, USA

TIMMY'S ORGANISM:

Scum Revolution: 7"

The A-side here, "Scum Revolution," sounds like it crawled outta the same sludgy, slimy pit where the Stooges previously plucked perennial faves like "I Wanna Be Your Dog" and "1969." Definitely the kinda tune that makes you feel like you need a shower after a couple o' listens. The flip, "When the Bottles Break," is an acoustic number, decidedly tamer than its companion, but is somehow unsettling in its own right. —Jimmy Alvarado (Hozac)

TNPah: *Reborn Chaos*: CD

Wow, this is terrible. Overly technical metal that noodles and noodles into oblivion. As the disc goes from song to song, my attention span wanders over everything from what is Eva Green starring in these days, to checking social networking statuses, only to realize this album is still going... Whew! Someone open a window. This stinks! —M.Avrq (Tnpah, wod-prods@mail.ru)

TOYS THAT KILL: *Fambly 42*: LP

I really like food metaphors. That's probably because I like food a lot. Well, I know for a fact that once you find a restaurant that makes your favorite dish, you like to go back. Sometimes the chef, being an artist, will change things up a bit. If the chef is any good, you will be opened up to some amazing new flavors and if not, you're pissed. Toys That Kill are master chefs. This record is the aural equivalent of a culinary masterpiece. My first thought was, "It sounds a lot

more like Underground Railroad To Candyland than the last one" but why wouldn't it? Three quarters of the band are in URTC and this is the first TTK record that they've recorded at their own Clown Sound studio. The next thought was, "That's rad!" On repeated listens (of which there has been many), the magic of Toys That Kill took over: the seemingly random yet important lyrics, every little underlying sound and voice that is there on purpose. It all fits together in a way that only these four guys could pull off. I especially love how the record is paced. Todd sings then suddenly there is Sean, right when you're looking for him. And when they both sing together it's like mystical cheesecake from the sky falling right into my mouth! As I flip the record again, I can only hope they don't take as long a break as last time. —Ty Stranglehold (Recess)

TOYS THAT KILL: *Fambly 42*: LP

This record is so ridiculously TTK and still so breathtakingly original. It's like in the last six years they uncovered another level of what it means to be Toys That Kill. And within the level they found the ability to be both harder and softer than they had on previous records. The ability to get even weirder, but never straying too far that it would seem unnatural. In the context of the last five years, *Fambly 42* fits in perfectly with albums like *New Animals*, *CIVIL WAR*, and *The High Hate Us*. Sometimes a great record can take awhile. There's no rush, because in the end these records will be remembered for a long time. —Daryl (Recess)

TOYS THAT KILL: *Fambly 42*: LP

Twelve years ago (damn near the day, even), I first heard TTK. My tastes were strongly rooted in meathead-y ECHC, oi, and street punk at the time, but new friends all had a burned copy of the yet-to-be-released *Citizen Abortion* playing nonstop, and I was quickly hooked. There was something there that I never found in F.Y.P., something less silly, but still refusing to be too serious. Since then, I've seen them potentially hundreds of times and picked up every release. For the most part, every show is better than the last, and each record has topped itself, but in a slow grow. When the clear green vinyl (yeah, nerds, go get it) first hit the table, I liked it. Liked, not loved. Within a day, it was beyond a craving. I couldn't get enough. I was seriously reading liner notes from other TTK albums while listening to *Fambly 42* because I wanted to have it even more. I don't know if it's in the recording (it's a little rougher—they recorded it in Todd Conge's Clown Sound studio themselves instead of at Sweatbox as the previous albums) or just a hint of a different approach, or (ugh) growth, but there is something here that's pure fucking magic. If it's left the record player, it hasn't been for long, and I don't anticipate that changing any time soon. Easily a Top Ten of the Year already. —Megan (Recess)

TOYS THAT KILL: *Fambly 42*: LP

Okay, I see there are several other reviews for this record in this issue. They explain the sound, so if you'll indulge me, I want to step back and offer a larger view. Let's

unpack what DIY punk can mean on its best days. 1) DIY punk is some of the best music in the world. Ever. TTK is an excellent example of workable, long-term DIY punk on a sustainable level. I'm not here to sell you a bandwagon to jump on. (There is no bandwagon.) 2) Real bands are made up of human beings, not heroes. Heroes are for political manipulation, television dramas, and the history of civilization. TTK, however, are all extremely talented musicians. I've seen them so many times, that, often, I'll just watch one of them the entire set and still not understand how the fuck they do what they do. 3) There's something wicked about hearing a brand new song—"Oh, that sounds like TTK"—and then having the song surprise you, having the song show new depths. On one hand, you know what you're getting. On the other hand, it's a new revelation, an organic growth, a new light in the color spectrum. How often does that happen? And their songs have legs. *The Citizen Abortion's* over ten years old now. It's now on automatic recall for me, like *The Big Lebowski*. 4) Repeat this a couple of times: "Don't take great local bands for granted. Don't take great local bands for granted." Unequivocally, TTK's one of L.A.'s best punk rock bands. 5) The road to true democracy is paved by imperfect democracies existing in tyrannical times. TTK—partially via Recess also—operates like the life of the band depends on controlling its music, from recording, to distribution, to touring. They're buying in (the initial dividends are always smaller) instead of

WGOT -LP
COMMUNITY RADIO
FROM GAINESVILLE FL
WE DO OUR PART TOO
STREAMING LIVE AT WGOT.ORG

WHITE MURDER
SAFETY IN NUMBERS 7" OUT NOW
WHITEMURDER.BANDCAMP.COM
FACEBOOK.COM/TWOREDSTARS

M.O.T.O. CLASSICS REBORN!
OUT NOW!
BOLT! LP
Remastered vinyl issue of cassette album from 1986!
E PLURIBUS M.O.T.O. LP
19th ANNIVERSARY EDITION!
Remastered vinyl issue of cassette album from 1993!
...plus other high quality reissues and archival releases of '70s-'80s Punk and Low-Rent Rock from the likes of VOM, Reactors (TX), BOB, Manic Depressives, Welders, Retros, Gruberger Brothers, raymilland and more!
...and our St. Louis only label
Rerun Records BDR RECORDS
Info and Orders: RerunRecordsSTL.com

selling out. Let's talk about bands like this more instead of the all-too-regular, all-too-predictable next wave of bands that're going to be seduced by "increased exposure" via corporate fucklords. 6) Although it's been six years since the last full-length, *Shanked!*—don't forget their split LP with Grabass, URTC, and Stoned At Heart—it was worth every second of waiting. Instant gratification doesn't build lighthouses. *Fambly 42* is a beacon of light for punk rock in 2012. It's not going to be outshone by ten other records this year and it's gonna help a bunch of people with tons of shit in their lives from crashing onto dark rocks. Mark it, dude. The power of DIY punk. —Todd (Recess)

TRANZMITORS: "I See the Writing on the Wall" b/w "Dream Our Dreams Away": 7"

When you live with four distinct seasons, you crave music differently. Those first warm days, driving with the windows down, call for nothing other than power pop to me (though the hoards of cars blaring Sublime probably beg to differ). The Exploding Hearts have been in my CD player for no less than two weeks and then this beautiful slab of clear blue vinyl shows up on my doorstep. Jeffy McCloy is one of my favorite current vocalists, going from the crooning of Dave Vanian/Doug Burns to snarls to staccato, seamlessly. This is a good a place as any to start with Tranzmitors because, honestly, it's all fuckin' stellar. If this hasn't sold out already, it will. —Megan (React, itstimetoreact.com)

TREASURE FLEET: *Cocamotion*: LP

Isaac Thotz is one of a small handful of musicians I'm willing to follow anywhere. He's musically much smarter than me. He's here to reveal and share, not pretend, pout, and approximate. (See modern day corporate-backed, energy-drink-stupid-car "garage rock" for the latter.) Razorcake readers are probably most familiar with Isaac as one of the singers/guitarists of the Arrivals. Treasure Fleet's done all the heavy lifting and dusty-fingered, shit-listening, vinyl flipping through hidden gems of the '60s. Dude, I'm not even going to pretend I like the Beatles. I'm motherfuckin' choosy with the Pink Floyd / Kinks / Animals / Zombies catalogs—all signposts for Treasure Fleet. Yet, I openly embrace and totally dig this record. How? Distillery. Isaac took out the self-indulgent wank, the boring bits, the failed experiments, the major label softening and compromises. *Cocamotion* isn't a nostalgic highjack or a thin stylistic exercise. I know Isaac's a hard-working, music-loving, punk and punk-friendly musician who's completely at odds with modern popular music—how it's made, how it's consumed. What to do? Reach back in time; renovate, rebuild, reconfigure, and reoccupy that space. Inspired. —Todd (Recess)

TROPIEZO / VIVISICK: *Split: 7" EP*

Tropiezo: Is it even remotely possible these cats are capable of a crappy tune? If so, they've yet to serve one up thus far. Five more tracks here of fast, ridiculously tight thrash. That these cats are not

worldwide superstars is criminal; that they continue here with what has to be one of the longest streaks of consistently killer hardcore is a treat. Vivisick: They handle their side of the wax slab quite adeptly, with crazed Japanese thrash that could also easily hold its own against bands like Stalin and Gauze had they their own Wayback Machine, and yet tempers what could be an onslaught of primal scream-fueled anger with a sense of humor. Helluva split here, I gotta say. —Jimmy Alvarado (Discos de Hoy)

TUS IDOLOS: *Un Gusto: 7"*

Tus Idolos describe themselves as "jean jacket rock 'n' roll" and I think it fits them perfectly. Garage-y punk 'n' roll from Puerto Rico, the jams Tus Idolos kick out are catchy, with great hooks and vocals worthy of epic singalongs. Lyrics are all in Spanish, so I don't know what they mean, but I was able to follow along with the lyric sheet in hand while rocking out. My one complaint about this 7" is how the mix of the recording makes the entire band sound echo-y and distant, like listening to them from outside a venue. A better mix would do the band justice, but as it stands, I'm definitely digging it. —Paul J. Comeau (Discos De Hoy, discoshoy@yahoo.com)

UNCIVIL, THE: *Fred's Liquor: 7"*

So much booze. My leathery liver shuddered just looking at the sleeve on this single. The music is steeped in alcohol as well. Mid-tempo scuzz punk not unlike Dayglo Abortions. Rounded out with a mediocre cover of Skrewdriver's

"I Don't Like You," it isn't really all that memorable. —Ty Stranglehold (The Uncivil, theuncivil.com)

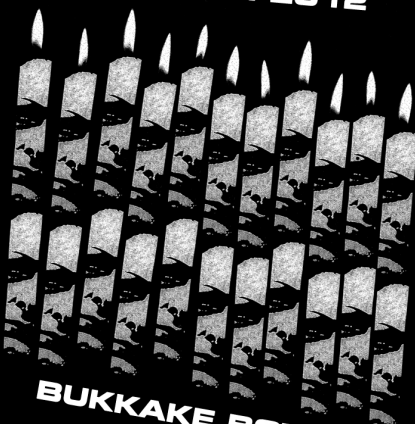
UNDERLINGS, THE: *Vice Squad: 7"*

The A-side is an unexpectedly jaunty number about applying to join the vice squad that wouldn't've sounded out of place on any of those late '70s/early '80s UK mod/power pop compilations of a few years ago on Captain Mod or Captain Power Pop or whatever-the-hell Records. As such, I think it'd sound pretty cool bookended between "Can We Go Dancing" by the Amber Squad and "Sema4 Messages" by Sema 4 ((or something)), but I'm not sure it really bangs me over the head as a standout standalone A-side—it's decent, but not exceptional. On the flip, "Second Best" goes off in an almost Humpers-like direction, although the rhythm of the vocals in the bits with no drums remind me of Bob Seger in "Get Out Of Denver" and maybe I shouldn't've told anybody that. Slightly rougher vocals on "Black & White" would allow it to pass as hardcore in perhaps the TMA mold, circa 1984. This band is not entirely uninteresting! Huzzah! BEST SONG: "Vice Squad" BEST SONG TITLE: "Black & White" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Cover art contains the first drawing I've ever seen of the Dictators' "Manifest Destiny" album. —Rev. Nørð (Meth Bog)

UNFUN / MUHAMMAD ALI: *Split: 7"*

This is a pretty evenly matched split. Unfun kick it off by doing what they

**SORRY STATE RECORDS
SUMMER 2012**



**BUKKAKE BOYS
S/T LP
WHATEVER BRAINS
2nd LP
DOUBLE NEGATIVE
HITS EP
STILL HOT: JOINT D* LP,
STRIPMINES LP, PURE SCUM
DEMO TAPE, UX VILEHEADS:
HC XI LP, SHITTY LIMITS:
SPECULATE//ACCUMULATE LP**

www.sorrystaterecords.com

**HOSEHEAD RECORDS
PRESENTS:**



SAM COFFEY & THE IRON LUNGS

ALL TO MYSELF 7"


**3 COUNTRY PUNK TRACKS FROM
WATERLOO, ONTARIO'S FINEST BAND!
THEIR FIRST EVER VINYL RELEASE!**

**LIMITED TO 300 COPIES!
FIRST 50 COPIES WITH LIMITED
SCREEN PRINTED COVERS!**


**AVAILABLE NOW THROUGH
WWW.HOSEHEADRECORDS.BIGCARTEL.COM**

Inside at the Cinch, a local watering hole at Florin and
Dorset Ave. north of Hwy 101

FLESH LIGHTS



**New DOUBLE 7 inch from the
Fleishlights**



**super secret records
www.supersecretrecords.com**

do best: fuzzed-out tunes that harken back to a day when we would call them "emo" and it wouldn't be a bad thing. Wearing your heart on your sleeve via Jawbreaker, Leatherface, or Tiltwheel. You're reading *Razorcake*; I don't need to explain this any further. Short version: Another damn fine couple of tracks. This is my first exposure to Muhammad Ali. I like this a lot. Not so fuzzy, and a little more tuneful, these songs really want me to go check out some more from them. The two bands really sound good together. —Ty Stranglehold (A.D.D.)

UNSANE: *Wreck: CD*

Unlike some who have trod the same loud, sludgy terra, Unsane maximize the vitriolic hammer blows they pass off as "songs" by keeping things simple: come up with a riff, decide whether the rhythm will approximate trudging through molasses or tar, crank everything up to full volume, and start bludgeoning. They retain that formula here, dropping nine new vitriolic, occasionally bluesy, sonic assaults and a surprisingly faithful cover of Flipper's "Ha Ha Ha." Twenty-four years, seven albums, a few lineup changes, one near fatal ass-whoopin', one hiatus, and these guys still crank out some of the most caustic brand of rock music you're likely to find. —Jimmy Alvarado (Alternative Tentacles)

USELESS EATERS: *The Moves: 7" EP*

Four tracks of simple punk rock tunesmithin'. Sounds like some long lost Killed By Death geek's wet

dream, which I reckon is the point. —Jimmy Alvarado (Jolly Dream, jollydreamrecords@gmail.com)

VANNA INGET: *Jag Ska Fly Till Jag Hittar Hem: 7" EP*

I know I'm in the minority when I say that I thoroughly enjoy listening to punk bands in their non-English tongues. (Not having English translations doesn't bother me at all.) I liken it to foreign and silent movies. With silent movies, you watch them differently, pay attention to other details. One of the senses is limited; the others sharpen. Sweden's Vanna Inget punch my ticket. Wonderful female-fronted melodic punk in line with Masshysteri and Knugen Faller (Ny Vag dripping all over the place, but not from Umea as far as I can tell.) Karolina has a wonderful roll of her r's and spectacular enunciation, the band is mid-tempo, and wound tight, like how I imagine Blondie if they were more punk and less disco. Vanna Inget establishes a space, a mood, and constant force that's not gnarly, but tight and on pressure points. Nice. What's potentially lost as a non-Swedish understander-er? Singing along. I think I can rightly assume they're not racist, homophobic, sexist, or classist and here's what I've poorly patched together. The band's name means "No Tank." I think it's less war tank, more of like a cistern, but could be wrong. Tankless? The song titles translate to: "I Will Fly Until I Find Home," "Spit in the Wind," "Distress," and "Our Dreams Are Dead." Oooh, yeah. Add that to your English-Swedish of Volvo, Ikea, meatballs, and women's

volleyball team. —Todd (Erste Theke Tonträger, erstetheketontraeger.blogspot.com, Vaukajott@gmx.de)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

A Tale of Rotten Orange: 2 x LP

In the beginning, so many of my favorite bands came from Southern California—Adolescents, Dickies, Black Flag, and Descendents among many others. They shaped a huge part of my life. Somewhere along the line, punk rock from the region became "So-Cal" and was synonymous with big shorts and chain wallets. Some of it was good, but not a lot. I had to search out labels like Hostage and TKO to get my California punk fix. Those labels put out some amazing compilation records showcasing bands from all over the region that were out there ripping it up. This compilation is a fine addition to the tradition. Orange Fight has released a thirty-nine (!) song double LP worth of the best of the best that Orange County has to offer. There is a healthy dose of the stalwarts (Smogtown, The Crowd, Broken Bottles, Bonecrusher, and The Stitches) and some newer stuff (The Junk, Crazy Squeeze, Disguster, Druglords Of The Avenues, and The Piss Pops). It all works and is a compilation that I'll listen to over and over, just like *Tower 13* or *The Hostage Situation*. I'll also be on the lookout for records from most of these bands. Mission accomplished! —Ty Stranglehold (Orange Fight)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Best of Unsound Bands (1983-85): LP

Unsound was a short-lived label outta

Long Island that unleashed some swell hardcore and other assorted noise circa the period that's identified in the title. Collected here are tracks by Insanity Defense and Satan's Cheerleaders (two different bands sharing pretty much the same members meting out a sorta yin-yang selection of thrash stuff), Fatal Vision (more thrash-o-rama for ye), SFN (aka Stands for Nothing, who are of a more melodic bent, and even occasionally hinting at what would later become known as "alternative rock"), and the Glenheads (a one-man noise mongering feast). Fans of obscure '80s hardcore, or just hardcore in general, will likely poop their pampers over this. —Jimmy Alvarado (Welfare)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Bloodstains across Philadelphia: LP

While the album title is a bit disingenuous, especially if one is fooled into thinkin' this is another addition to the infamous *Bloodstains Across...* bootleg series, this is a healthy overview of the state of Philly's hardcore scene circa 2010-11. Bucket Flush, Jenkem, Gash (not to be confused with the old Australian band of the same name), Dry Feet, Ballistik, and a number of others dig into the various shades and hues of the hardcore genre, thrashin' and screechin' and whoopin' it up like it was 1982 or something. Lotta good tunes here if this is yer genre of choice, but my personal fave comes from No Coffins, whose "Lazy" sounds a bit like the Groinoids. —Jimmy Alvarado (Eaglebauer Enterprises)

FINALLY CASHING IN ON DUBSTEP



MASKED INTRUDER

MASKED INTRUDER "S/T"

CD/LP

ALSO NEW SHIT FROM ELWAY, DAN ANDRIANO & BRENDAN KELLY, NOTHINGTON, AND MORE! VISIT US ONLINE AT WWW.REDESCARE.NET




THE HOLY MESS

THE HOLY MESS "CANDE RU LAS DEGAS"

CD/LP

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *To Live A Lie Sampler 2011: Cassette*

It is currently 2012 and we are well into the fourth, fifth, and maybe even sixth waves of thrash, grindcore, and powerviolence. So many of the record labels that blazed the trail are sadly no longer with us: Slap A Ham is long gone. Sound Pollution called it a day a few years ago. 625 is not as active as it once was. To Live A Lie comes to the rescue and flexes their tuneless thrash muscle with this sampler featuring twenty-six tracks from as many bands, all representing the previously mentioned hardcore subcategories. But just like with any label and genre, some bands are destined to stand out more than others. On this cassette, the fist pumpers come from bands such as Sick/Tired, Shitstorm, XBrainiax, Sidetracked, Mehkago N.T., and Pretty Little Flower. Even some of the godfathers are represented, such as the legendary Capitalist Casualties and Asshole Parade. There are even some bands that exhibit unconventional (yet effective) approaches: Sissy Spacek and Suffering Luna, for example. The rest just don't really stack up. I would get into exactly who and why, but I'll spare myself the hate mail and just say that even though those bands didn't do it for me, I still respect the fact that they are passionate about a style of music that is seen as tacky and tired to some of the hardcore elite and unlistenable to many others punks. After all, believe me or not, this music is also quite near and dear to me. Download code included as well as one of those "QR" code scan things for

those of you who do everything but have sex with your phones. —Juan Espinosa (To Live A Lie, tolivealie.com)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Welcome to Minneapolis: 7"*

This is a six-band compilation of heavy, basement-dwelling punks from Minneapolis. Lots of leather and spikes and seething anger. My favorites here are Ponx Attax and Favela Rising. The only band I really couldn't get into was Kontrasekt. The record also features pictures of shows and all the bands by local photographer Adam Degross. Nice shots, for sure. It makes me feel good to know this stuff is happening all over the place! —Ty Stranglehold (Profane Existence)

VOID: *Sessions 1981-83: LP*

If you don't know Void, you don't know hardcore punk. One of the first bands released by now legendary Dischord Records on the *Flex Your Head* compilation, Void were more weird and chaotic than some of their other DC contemporaries. Abrupt tempo changes and sudden new sonic directions typified their songs, which channeled youthful rebellion, political awareness, and a bit of jaded nihilism into minute-and-a-half blasts of wonderful noise. The *Sessions* LP brings to light their never-before-released early recordings, along with outtakes from their recording sessions for their split with The Faith, and a few live tracks. This is required listening for all fans of hardcore punk. I can't recommend it enough. —Paul J. Comeau (Dischord)

WALLRIDES: *EP: 7"*

I think this Swedish band was custom built for my enjoyment. Early '80s style hardcore all about skateboarding. The eight songs on this single fly by fast and another run is mandatory. I want more and I want it now! —Ty Stranglehold (Batshit Records, badshit@live.com)

WARRIOR KIDS: *Les Enfants de L'Espoir: LP*

This is a reissue of this French oi band's first album to celebrate the band's thirtieth anniversary. The music's true to form, with clean-channel electric guitar, vaguely tuggish vocals, and tunes that are rudimentary yet oddly poppy. Though I dunno for sure if they were an influence or not, but one can definitely draw a direct line between these kids and later bands treading the same water, like the Templars. Nice bit o' history, this. —Jimmy Alvarado (Katorga Works)

WHITE FACES: *Self-titled: LP*

Poppy garage rock with a dose of the Hearbreakers that has its moments. There are some decent songs on here, like "Disconnected" and "Nots," that have the urgency of a good punk rock song, along with "Ain't Havin' Me" and "I'm Your Creep," but then there's are lots of bleh songs, which the make up the majority of this album. —M.Avr (Windian)

WILD ASSUMPTIONS: *"Run Like You" b/w "Roots": 7"*

In the vigorous, energetic, thoughtful vein of Songs For Moms and

Bitchin', two songs of redemption and reclamation, of identity and self-respect. I'm inventing a new genre: memoir punk. After listening to this several times, you start hearing life stories in poetic verses. Entirely likable and enjoyable. Features Megan March of the Street Eaters. She's got such a great voice. —Todd (Plan-It-X / Lost Cat / Sweethearts With Slingshots, sweetheartswithslingshots.bandcamp.com / wildassumptions@gmail.com)

ZOLTARS, THE: *Should I Try Once More?: LP*

I've noticed an influx of folksy bands with bastardized '50s song structures coming out recently. I'm not sure I totally get what's coming down the pike, but I like that it seems to be a different take on a tired structure. This Zoltars record is the better end of what I have been hearing. The heavy reverb on the guitar and tambourine bring to mind a blasé version of a minimalist shoegazer band. The occasionally overdriven vocals and sort-of-bored, matter-of-fact delivery cause me to think of the Urinals on the wrong speed. Many of the songs contain a clear narrative. There is something oddly compelling about the late night possibilities of this trio. The repetitive riffs in the song "Indian Princess" become eerily maddening. There are moments listening to Ricky Nelson when you forget that you are listening to a teen idol and something scary is evoked. If that makes any sense, you might like this record. —Billups Allen (Sundae, sundaearecords.com)

17,785 more record reviews
can be read on razorcake.org



www.J4F.dk

Offenders, Plague, Pusrad, RF7, Stark Raving Mad, Verbal Abuse

Brand New Debut 7" EP From Los Angeles's Blood Buddies!



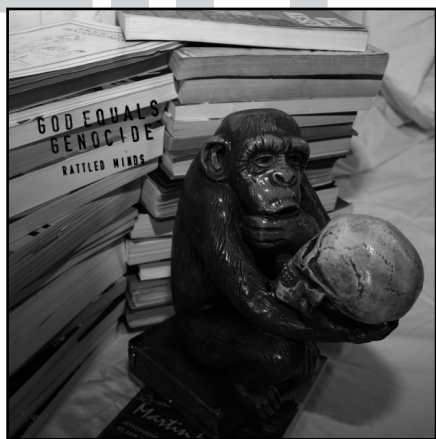
Blood Buddies is a mercurial two-piece punk band from Los Angeles.

With just guitar and drums they produce a soundtrack befitting a wizard battle. Managing both clarity and weight in their dark and driving style, they know when to slow things down and when to break it open.

Direct and angry, the vocals scream with haunting melodies and pensive retreats to head banging choruses. They'll pull you out of the Bronze Age and show you how to forge steel.



<http://www.razorcake.org/razorcake-records>



STILL AVAILABLE: GEG LP, Summer Vacation LP, Crusades LP, Young Offenders 7", Hex Dispensers 7", Dan Padilla LP, Pine Hill Haints 7", and more.

DISTRIBUTED BY NO IDEA



CONTACT ADDRESSES

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue
or recently posted on razorcake.org.



- **12XU**, 3005 South Lamar, D109-403, Austin, TX 78704
- **4SRPM**, PO Box 282, San Pedro, CA 90733
- **86ers**, The, c/o Rodrigo, 5705 NE 31st, Portland, OR 97211
- **A389**, PO Box 12058, Baltimore, MD 21281
- **ADD**, 812 E. Ida St., Tampa, FL 33603
- **Alternative Tentacles**, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141
- **Anchor Brain Headquarters**, PO Box 603012, Providence, RI 02906
- **Anti-Corp**, PO Box 190339, Nashville, TN 37219-0339
- **Artifex**, PO Box 64, Moreno Valley, CA 92556-0641
- **Asian Man**, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030
- **Bachelor**, 5421 Adnet 186, Austria
- **Baldy Longhair**, PO Box 1853, Rahway, NJ 07065
- **Basement**, PO Box 511, La Habra, CA 90633
- **Bersicker** c/o Stephen Frame, 1 Dulas Close, Didcot, Oxon, OX11 7UA, UK
- **Big Neck**, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20165
- **BLVD**, PO Box 471761, Chicago, IL 60647
- **Brindart**, 1159 Midpine Ave., San Jose, CA 95122
- **Burger**, 645 S. State College Blvd. #A, Fullerton, CA 92831
- **C.A.H.**, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702-1421
- **Chunksaah**, PO Box 977, Asbury Park, NJ 07712
- **Clean Plate**, PO Box 9461, North Amherst, MA 01059
- **Contra**, Dresdener Strasse 4004808, Wurzen, Germany
- **Cool Summer**, 112 E. Cota St., Apt. A, Santa Barbara, CA 93103
- **Corn Dog**, c/o Eric Bricka & Julie Appéré, 165 rue Ordener, 75018 Paris, France
- **Crimes Against Humanity**, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702
- **Cutthroat**, 5711 Hoover St., Houston, TX 77092
- **Dead Broke**, 139 Huber Ave., Holbrook, NY 11741
- **Dirt Cult**, 713 Stagecoach Dr., Las Cruces, NM 88011
- **Dirtnap**, 3840 SE Gladstone, Portland, OR 97202
- **Dirty Knobby**, PO Box 17902, Seattle, WA 98127
- **Dischord**, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC 20007

- **Distort Reality**, 4003 N. Albina Ave., Portland, OR 97227
- **Do You Hear We**, PO Box 6037, Chattanooga, TN 37401
- **Douchemaster**, PO Box 5209, Atlanta, GA 31107
- **Drunken Sailor**, 9 Lorien Close, Leek, Staffs, ST138NY, U.K.
- **Eager Beaver**, 16-2 Higashibun Inoshiri Wakimachi Mima-City Tokushima, 779-3602 Japan
- **Eaglebauer Enterprises**, 216 Buckingham Pl. # 2, Philadelphia, PA 19104
- **Eradicator**, 522 W. 4th St., Bloomington, IN 47404
- **Exotic Fever**, 2021 Frankford Ave. 2nd Floor, Philadelphia, PA 19125
- **Fat Sandwich**, PO Box 770784, Memphis, TN 38177
- **Fat Wreck Chords**, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119
- **Florida's Dying**, 2436 E. Robinson St., Orlando, FL 32803
- **Forge**, 178 Walworth St., Unit 3R, Brooklyn, NY 11205
- **F-Spin**, Nordstr. 65a, D-53111, Germany
- **Get Hip**, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317
- **Going Underground**, 1822 G St., Bakersfield, CA 93301
- **Goner**, 2152 Young Ave., Memphis, TN 38104
- **Grave Mistake**, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241
- **Halo Of Flies**, c/o Cory von Bohlen, 3444 N. Bremen St., Milwaukee, WI 53212
- **High School Refuse**, Berlageweg 12, 9731 LN Groningen, The Netherlands
- **Hold Tight!**, 103 W. South Ave., Tampa, FL 33603
- **Houseplant**, PO Box 3382, Bloomington, IN 47402
- **Hovercraft**, 300 NW 8th, #401, Portland, OR 97209
- **Iron Lung**, PO Box 95521, Seattle, WA 98145
- **John Wilkes Booth**, 373 S. Willow St., Suite 138, Manchester, NH
- **Katorga Works**, 538 Johnson Ave., #203, Brooklyn, NY 11237
- **Last Laugh**, 313 President St. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11231
- **Latest Flame**, 1017 E Lyon, Milwaukee, WI 53202
- **Let's Play God**, 2648 N. Richards St., Milwaukee, WI 53212

- **Let's Pretend**, PO Box 1663, Bloomington, IN 47402
- **Log Lady**, 3758 24th St., SF, CA 94114
- **Lost Cat**, PO Box 2121, St. Cloud, MN 56302
- **Mauled By Tigers**, 701 Snow St., Chattanooga, TN 37405
- **Meth Bog**, c/o J. Forbes, 515 Silva Ave., Eureka, CA 95503
- **Mint**, PO Box 3613, Vancouver BC, Canada V6B 3Y6
- **Modern Action**, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476
- **Muy Autentico**, 2998 Wendell Way, Riverside, CA 92507
- **Night Fighter**, PO Box 160, Clawson, MI 48017
- **No Breaks**, 184 Rogers St. NE, Ste. 301, Atlanta, GA 30317
- **No Front Teeth**, PO Box 27070, London N2 QZP, England
- **No Idea**, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604
- **Once Tender**, #2 1103 Highland Dr., Chattanooga, TN 37405
- **OSK**, PO Box 64, 109147, Moscow, Russia
- **P. Trash**, c/o Peter Eichorn, Augustastraße 4, 33649 Bielefeld, Germany
- **Pasazer**, PO Box 42, 39-201 Debica 3, Poland
- **Plan-It X**, PO Box 2312, Bloomington, IN 47402
- **Profane Existence**, PO Box 18051, MPLS, MN 55418
- **Protagonist Music**, PO Box 64574, Tucson, AZ 85728
- **Pure Punk**, C.P. 214, 43100, Parma, Italy
- **Rad Girlfriend**, 2981 Meadow Park Dr., Dayton, OH 45440
- **Ratchet Blade**, PO Box 26966, LA, CA 90026
- **React**, 22961 Triton Way #D, Laguna Hills, CA 92653
- **Recess**, PO Box 1666, San Pedro, CA 90733
- **Red Lounge**, Im Speitel 1, 76229 Karlsruhe, Germany
- **Red Scare**, PO Box 13285, Chicago, IL 60613
- **Repressed Issues**, 6127 Beacon Ave. S, Seattle, WA 98108
- **Residue**, 2023 W. Estes Ave., Chicago, IL 60645
- **Rotten To The Core**, 2180 Channel Dr., Ventura, CA 93001
- **Rumble Fish**, PO Box 69, 124482, Moscow, Russia
- **Rumbletowne**, PO Box 663, Olympia, WA 98507

- **Sabertooth**, 524 Markerville Rd. NE, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2E 5X2
- **Saustex**, PO Box 691356, San Antonio, TX 78269
- **Scumbros**, 2013 Brent Valley Rd., Holland, OH 43528
- **Self Aware**, c/o Joshua Robbins, 4901 Cedar Forest Dr., Charlotte, NC 28226
- **Seven Records Ltd.**, 97 Parkfields Rd., Bridgend, CF31 4BL, UK
- **Silver Sprocket**, 1057 Valencia St., SF, CA 94110
- **Solidarity**, 1358 E. San Antonio St., San Jose, CA 95116
- **Sophomore Lounge**, PO Box 8, Jeffersonville, IN 47131
- **Sorry State**, 401-A Hillsborough Rd., Carrboro, NC 27510
- **Sound Study**, 1932 NE 9th St., Gainesville, FL 32609
- **TKO**, 18948 Brookhurst St., Fountain Valley, CA 92708
- **To Live A Lie**, 2825 Van Dyke Ave., Raleigh, NC 27607-7021
- **Triple-B** / Sam Yarmuth, 23 Bay State Rd. Apt. 2, Boston, MA 02215
- **United Riot**, 4072 Westmeadow Dr. Apt. 107, Colorado Springs, CO 80906
- **Urban Scandal**, 424 Jones St. #107, SF, CA 94102
- **Volcom**, 1740 Monrovia Ave., Costa Mesa, CA 92627
- **Warbird**, 165 Courtland St., Suite A-213, Atlanta, GA 30303
- **Wasted State**, 191 Easter Rd., 3fl, Edinburgh, EH6 8LF, U.K.
- **Water Under The Bridge**, PO Box 1794, San Pedro, CA 90733
- **Water**, 101 Glacier Point, Suite C, San Rafael, CA 94901
- **Weewee**, c/o David S., 25 rue Goudouli, 31240 St. Jean, France
- **Welfare**, 58 River St., Haverhill, MA 01832
- **Willoughby**, 3308 Gillespie Rd., Binghamton, NY 13903
- **Windian**, 1849 Calvert St. NW, Washington, DC 20009
- **Wolverine**, Im Huckinger Kamp 43A, 47259 Duisburg, Germany
- **WTII**, PO Box 13495, Chicago, IL 60613
- **X!**, 264 Holbrik St., Detroit, MI 48202

ZINE REVIEWS

Send all zines for review to:
Razorcake
PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042
Please include a postal
address (that's how we trade),
the number of pages, the price,
and whether or not you accept trades.



**"I was left wanting
him to review
everything. His
lunch. His town.
His parents."**

—Craven Rock
THE STOWAWAYS #6

AND FROM THEIR HEARTS GROW GARDENS,

8 1/2" x 5", copied, 23 pgs.
This is a collection of short, descriptive prose pieces compiled from the message board Consummating.com. Each piece details what famous writers' and artists' gardens would look like. Basically, it's a writing prompt for smug, insufferable pun users. I bet they just love puns. Some of these excerpts are kind of cute but it's an inside joke from the internet. —Katie Dunne (1631 NE Broadway Suite @ 254 Portland, OR 97232)

BACKWAVES, 4" x 4", copied, 16 pgs.
I can't handle how funny this zine is. Alanna reviews a few of Richard Simmons' *Sweatin' to the Oldies* tapes, complete with sections like "Richard's Outfit," "Best Lines," and "Sweat-a-bility." In the re-reads I go straight for the Best Lines. My favorite is "LET THAT FAT JUST WANDER OFF!" from *STTO* #4. Even though I haven't seen the tapes, I can just picture them so perfectly. That's probably because the all-caps quotes from Richard really set the scene. I like how she gets into what extras are doing/wearing and the details about the sets. Also: Dolphin Shorts. (Alanna Yaraskavitch, puker.nation@live.com) —Katie Dunne

BIG HANDS #9, \$2,
8 1/2" x 5 1/2" printed, 72 pgs.
Big Hands is a zine packed with words and almost looks like a mini-book. With zines like this, where I've never met the author, don't know anything about him, reading their personal musings on a variety of subjects often makes me feel like a voyeur. I tend to look for something in the writing that I can relate to, something that makes me like the author. The first thing I read in this issue was the review of *Cometbus*, a lodestone in this kind of zine. After that, I dove into an article about Greensboro, North Carolina, which was terrifying and interesting at the same time. *Big Hands* is well written, with articles and stories that are informative and expose the

underbelly of society. I dig this zine. —Steve Hart (Aaron Lake Smith, 1104 Imperial Rd., Cary, NC 27511)

BITE THE CACTUS #5 and BITE THE CACTUS: GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE: RATTLED MINDS TOUR 2012: \$1 ea., 4 1/4" x 5 1/2", photocopied, 15 pgs.

Bite the Cactus is a mini-comic penned by Adrian Chi. Adrian's storytelling is akin to the cacti and succulents she admires. Her drawings are sparse and direct, but bloom under harsh conditions. #5 is the darkest *BTC* yet and I think, as a continuum of her work, shows depth and shadow to what is usually a very uplifting comic. But what hasn't changed is Adrian's honesty. She has to walk the very uncomfortable tightrope of connecting with distant family while also confronting their racism. She also deals with mental illness in others while questioning her own sanity. Adrian never pretends to have all the answers, yet she never claims to be a victim. It's such a refreshing approach to a comic; that human balance; that darkness and light; droughts and downpours. The GEG tour comic reads like a postcard of the best-case scenario of a purely DIY, non-douchey punk band's trip up and down the West Coast, 2012. Always worth hunting down and reading. Shobo punk! —Todd (bitethecactus@gmail.com)

CATHERINETTE: REIMAGINING SPINSTERHOOD FOR THE 21ST CENTURY: HARLOTS AND HOMEBODIES: \$2, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", photocopied, 17 pgs.

Frank sexuality is a tough gig in zines. You want to believe that your readers are potential friends and allies, not predators and creeps. (An unaffiliated email address today was yesterday's PO Box.) *Catherinette* takes a playful eighteenth century tone, flipping back and forth from harlotry (sans the rampant risk of syphilis), and being a sexual homebody (cats, organization, carefully considered clothing choices). Hats off to Severity Chaste and her alter ego

Red Velvet for reclaiming the banner of sexual freedom and a woman's freedom of choice. I'm all for it. Here's to hoping people find happiness, regardless of sexual orientation, sexual preferences, and proclivities. Get weird. Be safe. Filter your email. Bring back super-elaborate headwear. —Todd (catherinettezine@gmail.com)

DIURNAL MAMMALS OF

THE MOJAVE, \$2, 4 1/4" x 6 1/4", color
cardstock cover, photocopied, 17 pgs.
A quick, elegant zine that highlights the enormous chops of science illustrator Andrea Lofthouse Quesada. (Her fur-rendering is fabulous. Word on the street is that her spider genitalia renderings are second-to-none.) This is a quick zine that highlights the animal inhabitants of the tough-ass Southwestern United States, an area I grew up in. Each animal gets a short anecdotal story, a more formal blurb from the Smithsonian, and an illustration. Two things I learned: One, rabbits use their ears to help cool themselves down. Two, fuck the Smithsonian for not having the burro listed in their database. Species-ists! Track this one down for the illustrations; keep it because it reminds us that zines will never be just about one thing, and that the best ones are always guided by enthusiasm. —Todd (andrealofthouse, andrea.q.lofthouse@gmail.com)

DOING IT YOURSELF IN STUMPTOWN \$5, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", printed, 44 pgs.

This is a resource guide to print shops, paper supply companies, classes, bookstores, libraries, and publishers. This is an obvious labor of love and is laid out really well. I haven't been to Portland in fourteen years or so, and I find it amazing that there are so many resources for publishing in one smallish big city. I enjoyed reading this, even knowing that I'll probably never get a chance to visit most of the places mentioned in this guidebook. —Steve Hart (Streetcar Press, 1631 NE Broadway, Suite 254, Portland, OR 97232)

EARTH FIRST! \$6.50, 2011/2012, 8 1/2" x 11", newsprint, 64 pgs.

I knew Earth First as an environmental organization and didn't realize they also had a magazine. I enjoyed the article, "Wolf Wars." I had a grindcore band in the early '90s called Gitcheegoomie. My bandmates often asked me what I was singing about and I replied, "Wolves." I've been interested in the plight of wolves for a long time and this article didn't let me down. There is another good article on the energy consumption required by the Internet. I wasn't moved much by the poetry submissions, but the article on the merging of the Occupy Movement and the Deep Green Resistance movement was inspiring. —Steve Hart (Earth First! Journal, PO Box 964, Lake Worth, FL 33460)

FLUKE #10

Fluke is one of the most consistent zines that I've read in the past few years (although it has been around for quite some time). One of the strengths of *Fluke* is an engaging interview with a band that I've never heard of. This issue has interviews with Mystic Knights Of The Cobra, Emily's Army and Burt Taggart from a band called the Big Cats. There is also an interview with Anna Joy Springer which works in conjunction with a review of her new book. Issue #10 also has some articles about people's experience with zines and punk in the early days and an article on Alice Bag. *Fluke* never disappoints. —Steve Hart (PO Box 24957, Tempe, AZ 85285)

GROWING THINGS: A GUIDE FOR BEGINNING GARDENERS,

\$3, 1/2 letter sized, photocopied, 40 pgs.
This is a genuine effort to put together the one zine anybody should need to get started gardening. The authors are not trying to be anything but perfectly clear and honest, which I appreciate, but it can end up giving the writing a very mom-ly tone. That is my only complaint, that this zine is too careful—to the point of feeling like an underestimation of the reader—but I think it is well intended. The articles

are really wonderful, covering a broad range of topics without missing any crucial information. I would not hesitate to share this with anybody looking for good advice in the garden (especially to somebody who may be overwhelmed by gardening books—these guys have read them all and sorted through the bull for you). A new favorite. —Bovitus (Ms. Valerie, Park Distro, PO Box 2645, Olympia, WA 98507)

MAXIMUM ROCK'N'ROLL #348, \$4, full size, newsprint, 164 pgs. As always, *MRR* contains endlessly entertaining stories and reviews in the columns section. This issue features NASA Space Universe, Defy, Crimson

I think I appreciate this conceptually more than I do its actual execution, which I found sort of ho-hum. There are occasional glimpses of humor, and the guy has a good head about it all. I'm glad he's the sort of weirdo who would do something like this, and I hope he finds more good ideas to follow to their conclusion (even though he didn't finish the fucking book series!). —Dave Brainwreck (pschwartz0919@gmail.com)

ONE-BREAD SANDWICH #1, \$?, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", copied, 12 pgs. Maybe it's just because I review zines here, but I see more and more cool little local interview fanzines these days. The

likely to fall apart in my bag. —Joe Evans III (onebreadzine@gmail.com)

PENNY DREADFUL, THE #9, American Edition, 1/2 letter sized, photocopied, free. Literary zine out of Cork, Ireland claiming to be "As American as borscht, vodka and communism." This particular edition was littered across Los Angeles early this Spring, but shouldn't be hard to come by. I believe you can write to the editors to request a supplement. It is worth your time and their effort. Nothing jaw-dropping or life-changing, but a solid exploration in creative writing with promising future editions. —Bovitus (The.P.Dreadful@gmail.com)

what happens then and I'll happily read what you come up with. —Todd (no address listed)

PROOF I EXIST #15, \$3, 4" x 5 1/2", photocopied, 56 pgs. *Proof I Exist* is a personal zine about the joys and trials of Billy's life. He starts out describing sleep deprivation problems at his job (he's a dealer at a casino) and then moves on to write about his dog getting sick. Kind of a slow start, yet the simple and engaging writing eventually sucked me into the author's life. The best parts were about realizing that he's in love with someone just after moving thousands of miles away from them. Loses points for talking about crushes. Talking about

"Then I pick up something like this and I'm fascinated and bummed out at the same time because this shouldn't be something novel. This zine rules and I have a crush on it."

—Katie Dunne | *SPIDDER #16*

Scarlet, Disorder, Lebakko, and a really rad two part interview between Lorna Donley of Da! and Hether Fortune of Wax Idols. They talk about family, the past, influences, feeling isolated as a woman in punk, comic books, and H.P. Lovecraft. —Katie Dunne (PO Box 460760 SF, CA 94146, mrr@maximumrocknroll.com)

NO WAR BUT THE CLASS WAR, \$3, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", photocopied, 21 pgs. A collection of libertarian anti-militarism writings and propaganda from 1896 to our current "war on terror." There are writings from imprisoned anarchists, soldiers, Ghandi, and more. Definitely a great insight into anti-militarism of the past, this collection shows how little war and capitalism have changed over the past century. There are fifteen entries overall, plus an introduction, so it is a short read, but one I would advise everyone to read if they come across it. —James Meier (Kate Sharpley Library, BM Hurricane, London WCIN 3XX, UK / PO Box 820, 2425 Channing Way, Berkeley, CA 94704)

NUMBER FOUR PRIVET DRIVE, \$?, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", 28 pgs. After being incessantly compared to Harry Potter when he moves under the stairwell of a punk house, this guy sets out to read the whole series. What follows is a brief snapshot of his life from when he starts the first book until he stops reading the series. I love the idea behind this. The book journey not only gives it some narrative focus, but also a chance for some book talk (which I am a sucker for, especially in zines).

layout is often hastily done. The whole thing often marks the creator as someone with an unflagging enthusiasm for DIY punk rock but without much practice putting out a zine. Which is fucking awesome! I hope this "trend" continues ad infinitum until every town has so many interview zines that you won't be able to see a band play their first show without already knowing who their influences are and what their craziest party story is. But in that projected fanzine utopia of mine, there are a few stand-out mags where the interviewers mesh that peculiar drive with a strong sense of personality, resulting in great interviews. This zine is almost one of those—most times I am bored by interviews because it seems like the questions are being spit out of a computer. But this guy obviously has a strong, distinct personality—I just wish the questions, as always, were more original. In this issue he interviews Porkeria and Rad Company. That equation—one local band and one from away—will be continued in future issues, and I am excited to see what happens with the next ones. —Dave Brainwreck (onebreadzine@gmail.com)

ONE-BREAD SANDWICH #1, \$?, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", copied, 12 pgs. New zine. Judging by Spam being included on the cover drawing of a food tray, I guessed this was from Hawaii, but I think it's actually out of Texas. It's a pretty quick read, with two band interviews (one local, one not local). Not bad, though my one complaint is that it's just single half sheets of paper, with one staple in the corner; lo-fi, sure, but it's not that hard to figure out how to lay out full pieces of paper, and that'll make it way less

PILT DOWNLOAD #3: JUNIOR CAREERS, \$?, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", photocopied, 28 pgs. Kelly writes about his adventures selling candy door to door out of a dude's van in his early teen years. The characters are palpable and the never-ending dread that he'll never actually make enough money to keep any in his pocket after paying back the boss for all the candy he eats is hilariously devastating. —Katie Dunne (Kelly Dessaint, PO Box 86714, LA, CA 90086, kellydessaint.com)

POSER, \$?, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", photocopied, 10 pgs. *Poser* is a dense and woozy short zine that often has the stylistic feeling of reading placards at The Museum of Jurassic Technology. The writing is very internal, interior, almost brainwave. My patience for "difficult fiction" (Joyce, Pynchon, Proust) all hinges on that there better be a fuckin' payoff somewhere in there or I'm callin' bullshit. Thankfully, here there is. *Poser* excels at being almost Polaroid-snapshot in quality; each piece develops its own image. The style fits in both the realms of sudden fiction and prose poetry. Evocative flashes and impressions follow the hazy-then-clear-then-hazy brain of the protagonist. The narrative is more orbital and recursive, not linear, so more snow starts sticking on the ground at the end. There's also a tension between sincerity and self-acknowledged pretention. It's here where I think *Poser* can improve. Instead of casually casting so many culturally-heavy seeds, chose one or two and have them reverberate throughout each piece to unpack and romance them a little bit longer. See

crushes in a zine is like putting drums in a bluegrass band or wearing a beret to a poetry reading—both of which suck for different reasons. Pretty good, nonetheless. —Craven Rock (Billy, 107 B Camino del Pueblo, Bernalillo, NM 87004, iknowbilly@gmail.com)

RADVOCATE, THE #5, \$2, photocopied, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", 44 pgs. Eclectic, submission-driven zine with a short story about a romance with a hippie stripper, a section of a European skateboard tour diary, an essay about separation of church and state, an interview with California hip-hop group Zoo Krew, plus poetry, artwork, and photos. High quality and homespun. —Chris Terry (3245 University Ave., Ste. 1430, San Diego, CA 92104)

SEVEN SEXUAL THINGS THAT EVERYONE FAILED TO MENTION, 5" x 4" copied, 24 pgs. The writer shares insights about sex that she's painstakingly learned during a life of sexual repression. It's a short and sad zine, though she gives a little, tiny bit of hope about the future, based on the premise that at least she's aware there's more about life to learn. —Katie Dunne (Leah Scotia Thomas, lthomas@unm.edu)

SHORT, FAST AND LOUD #25, 8 1/4" x 10", photocopied, 55 pgs. Mostly reviews of hardcore records, but with some columns and interviews with Yacopsae and Suffering Mind. I appreciated, but was saddened, by the column by Shiggy, a Japanese punk, on the state of Japan after the earthquake. —Craven Rock (sixweeksrecords@comcast.net)

OUT NOW! TRAN/MITORS new single:

Concrete Depression
A Little Bit Closer



order now from



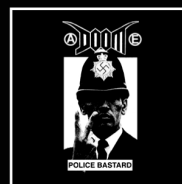
LATIDARECORDS.COM
LATIDARECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM

ON TOUR! THE BALLANTYNES dates:

07/21 - VANCOUVER
Khatsahlano Festival - w/ Dead Ghosts
07/21 - VANCOUVER
The Astoria - w/ The Trazmitors,
The React! & The Radii
07/26 - SEATTLE - Funhouse - w/ Sick Secrets,
Shiva Trash & Electric Healing Sound
07/27 - PORTLAND - East End, w/ Youth Bitch
07/28 - SACRAMENTO - Luigi's Fungarden,
w/ BOATS!
07/29 - BERKELEY - KALX FM (Radio Show)
07/31 - S.F. - w/ The Primitive Hearts
08/01 - SANTA CRUZ - The Catalyst,
w/ Inciters and The Wild Ones
08/02 - L.A. Down & Out - w/Prima Donna
08/03 - L.A. The Redwood - w/Clorox Girls
08/04 - S.F. The Hemlock - w/Midnight Snaxx
08/05 - EUREKA - The Red Fox Tavern

PROFANE EXISTENCE

MAKING PUNK A THREAT AGAIN!
(one record at a time...)



DOOM
Police Bastard 7"
Classic band! Classic record! You shouldn't need a description. Now back in print with the original cover art.



DEVIATED INSTINCT
Liberty Crawl... LP
This is a new studio album by one of England's most historic and legendary crust bands! Killer songs. Killer production. Includes download with bonus trax.



OILTANKER / NO TOMORROW
Split LP
These two bands mix Scandinavian hc, Japanese punk, classic d-beat, and vicious, metallic-minded crust. This is a powerhouse of an album! First press on color vinyl.



APPALACHIAN TERROR UNIT
Armageddon Won't Be Brought By Gods... 7"
ATU belt out a thunderous chorus of eco-awareness and chastisement for mankind's destructive ways!



APPALACHIAN TERROR UNIT
Black Sands 7"
Disgusted by the gulf oil spill & under the influence of ANTI-SECT & NAUSEA, these are their heaviest & most well thought-out tracks to date.



IN DEFENCE
Don't Know to How To Breakdance LP
Reissue of their debut LP plus bonus tracks. Includes "No War But Star Wars", "All Hail The Taco Avenger" and more. On splatter vinyl.



DRESDEN
Extinguish the Cross 7"
A follow up to their mighty debut LP, now with 50% more epic crust in each song!! Mastered by Brad of FROM ASHES RISE. Cover art by Jeremy Clark.



VIA P.E. Presents...
Welcome to Minneapolis 7"
Six of the Twin Cities most active underground bands. New trax by KONTRASEKT, VARIX, IN DEFENCE & more. Includes a poster sleeve and color wax.

Get these titles and more from:
PROFANEEXISTENCE.COM

Shake! PRESENTS... records.

DURBAN POISON / BOTOX RATS split 7"
(XSR-011 / NFTR-114)



200 black wax



100 red wax

MASCARA NITES / THE POOR CHOICES split 7"
(XSR-012 / NFTR-113)



150 black wax | 100 orange/black swirly wax



THE POOR CHOICES / DURBAN POISON split 7"
(XSR-013)



200 regular cover (green)
100 limited (metallic purple)
all on licorice black wax

NEW FOR SUMMER 2012!!
woot!

YouTube channel:
'shakerecs'

www.experienceshake.com



"...metal-on-metal sounding guitars, alien invasion keyboards, and a pummeling, thunderous rhythm section whose lock-step syncopation anchors the seeming chaos churning above. 15 years ago, every other band sounded like this, and 90% of them weren't nearly as good..." **Big Takeover**

Out Now



"Fake Infinity" is a coldly beautiful recording, with melodies built upon organic and often perfectly-chosen discordant piano notes that give the songs their humanity. It's the electronics and primal rhythms that bring the dread and intense feeling of alienation. The formula works; Nervous Curtains have created a sound that is truly unique and unlike anything being made at the moment. **Stripwax**

latestflame.com

Distributed by Burnside



SMOG CITY #3, \$5 U.S. (\$6 Can./Mex.), 10" x 6", photocopied and die-cut, 40-47 pgs. *Smog City* #3 contains three works of fiction and a number of vintage-looking, fake advertisements for creepy things like leg sores and bad parenting. The general tone is noir, with overtones of Hitchcock. The layout is beautiful, replete with half pages and cutouts, which remind me of thriller paperback covers from the '80s. Unfortunately, the writing does not live up to the look. Overwrought, awkward, and tedious, I couldn't finish any of the stories. Bummer. —Bovitus (Mulnix, PO Box 29753, LA, CA, 90027)

STOWAWAYS, THE #5, Full-size, copied, 17 pgs. The layout for this is pretty goofy: full size and stapled in the corners. But it fits the feeling of the zine: youthful, raw, and full of excitement about music. It's filled with local show reviews, a tour journal, and an interview with Creatures. I'd say it's worth it if you want to feel all warm and fuzzy about DIY music. The writer's voice is disarming and lovable. —Katie Dunne (The Stowaways, 5082 Wendover Rd., Yorba Linda, CA 92886)

singer-songwriter project and it's good. —Craven Rock (The Stowaways, 5082 Wendover Rd., Yorba Linda, CA 92886, romancandlesmusic@gmail.com)

STOWAWAYS, THE #7, \$1, 8 1/2" x 11", 20 pgs. Sloppy cut-and-paste fanzine out of Yorba Linda, California. This thing comes out like, every two months or something, which I totally admire. This issue doesn't break any new ground—show, record, and zine reviews, an interview with the band Merry Christmas. I think that's fine, but I wish it did more with all this

if the only thing you did today was breathe." It may sound corny, but this unpretentious, quiet zine has been a tremendous help with me dealing with two recent deaths. This morning, I went on a bike ride and got a flat. Instead of pulling in black clouds above my head, I took the opportunity to take my time on the walk home and look at stuff that's usually a blur when I'm pedaling. I enjoyed my walk. It's the small, powerful reminders that can help days seem less miserable and more manageable. Thanks for putting this out. —Todd (yumisakugawa@gmail.com)

"My patience for 'difficult fiction' all hinges on that there better be a fuckin' payoff somewhere in there or I'm callin' bullshit."

—Todd | *POSER*

SPARE CHANGE #22, \$2, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", photocopied, 32 pgs. Eight pages of this are journal entries about eating different kinds of salads. There's also a conspiracy theory about Elvis, Danzig, and Jim Morrison being Highlanders (i.e., immortals). Basically, the only part of this where I didn't have to fight my eyes from rolling back in my head was the Judgment Day 2011 RIP shout-out to the late, great Macho-Man Randy Savage. Buy this if you like nonsense. —Katie Dunne (Rev. Thomas L. Foote, PO Box 6023, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

SPIDDER #16, 8 1/2" x 5", copied, 24 pgs. A collection of short prose pieces arranged together that elicit an intuitive kind of fascination/curiosity. The pieces draw a lot from the writer's surroundings, and that's mostly the South. It feels familiar when Jamie writes, "the locals don't read" and other things like a most-loved bum, and Really Loud Hamburgers, and a sense of physical space, of movement and pace, because the South is where I'm from. Sometimes (most of the time) I feel like the South has this albatross around its neck, like it hurts itself for no reason in so many ways. One of these ways is the stifling cynicism and lack of support for writers. Then I pick up something like this and I'm fascinated and bummed out at the same time because this shouldn't be something novel. Anyway, this zine rules and I have a crush on it. It's funny and touching and cool and I could read it over and over again. —Katie Dunne (Jamie, 1925 Hwy 69, South Savannah, TN 38372)

STOWAWAYS, THE #6, 8 1/2" x 11", photocopied, 8 pgs. Christopher, fold your zine! You've already been scolded for this in this very publication! You have no excuse! First of all, a stapled, 8 1/2" x 11" zine consisting of six pieces of paper is easily destroyed in the mail, in a backpack or just about anywhere. On top of that, there's enough content here for several more pages of a half-size zine, making for a more attractive, less thrown-together-looking, thinly-spread package. Aside from the aforementioned annoyance, I'm a fan of *The Stowaways*. There's a certain charm and love of life to Christopher's writing. My favorite part is the show reviews, where he manages to talk about *anything* but the band that played, focusing, instead, on human interactions and hanging out that happens as a result. His reviews of stuff like records and zines are really fun and awesome to read; I can't explain how or why, they just are. He's just got a certain breezy, carefree style of writing. I was left wanting him to review *everything*. His lunch. His town. His parents. His shoes... well, all right, that's enough. I just wish it were longer because I really liked it. That's all. His band interview, however, was a poor way to translate his passion. He comes off like a star-struck fanboy. He's super excited about the band, Moses Campbell, but the questions are about boring shit like where they recorded their album. He needs to step up his game in this area or cut the interviewing out altogether. Otherwise, totally recommended. So, order this zine and hope it holds up in the mail. While you're at it, get the Roman Candles tape. It's this guy's

stuff. The Merry Christmas interview seems specifically designed to bore the shit out of anyone who isn't a rabid fan/personal acquaintance. The reviews are pretty good, and if you're coming to this looking for perspectives on music and zines then that may be what wins you over. For me, it was the badass fan letter from a prisoner in the back, brimming with humor and punk. —Dave Brainwreck (The Stowaways, 5082 Wendover Rd., Yorba Linda, CA 92886)

SUBJECT #2, \$3, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", photocopied, 24 pgs. Here's a skinnier zine that has interviews with GG King, 8 Lines, Foreign Objects, and the Mallwalkers with a screen printed cover on thick cardstock. It looks like it was written on a computer, printed out and pasted on a background; similar to what I used to do with my old zine (sans computer). This layout style can be interesting at times, but on a few pages, the spiral background was too dominating and I had a hard time following the text. Maybe I'm just getting old and my eyesight is bad. —Steve Hart (23 Manchester Pl., Buffalo, NY 14213)

THERE IS NO RIGHT WAY TO MEDITATE, \$2, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", photocopied, hard stock cover, 32 pgs. I try not to be a negative person. I also try not to hide from my problems and troubles. I picked this zine up at the Mini Comic-Con at the Center For The Arts Eagle Rock. There *Is No Right Way to Meditate* is a charming, helpful, and useful zine that outlines simple steps to embrace the good and let go of the bad. As the opening page recommends, "Sometimes it's okay

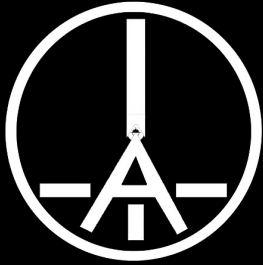
TNS RECORDS FANZINE #13, Free, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", 72 pgs. For some irrational reason, I assumed this was going to suck. Don't ask me why. Maybe it was the cheesy cover? Anyway, this is pretty rad. I know that a lot of great record labels have grown out of zines (Lookout, No Idea, etc.) but this seems to be a fanzine put together by a record label and representing a solid Manchester punk community. The layout doesn't speak to me, smacking of crisp, uninventive computer design as it does, but I'll forgive that given how much work it must be running a record label, radio station, and distro on top of putting out a zine. The bulk of this is columns and interviews, both of which I found very well done. What an impressive thing this *TNS* is! I'll probably not seek this zine out again, but I'm glad it found me. —Dave Brainwreck (andy@tnsrecords.co.uk, tnsrecords.co.uk)

WOMAN GOT ME DRINKING: PILTDOWNLAD #2, 4" x 5 1/2", photocopied, 39 pgs. Tales of drunkenness and raging in New Orleans, superbly written with just the right amount of self-effacing humor. I'm well aware you've probably read your share of stories of punks getting drunk and raising hell, but trust me, this kid's got the writing chops to rise above. It's also beautifully illustrated. Get this and not something that sucks. —Craven Rock (Kelly Dessaint, PO Box 86714, LA, CA 90086, piltdownlad@gmail.com)



1,796 more zine reviews
can be found at razorcake.org
RAZORCAKE 107

DIRT CULT RECORDS



AUTONOMY
THE ART OF WORK IN
THE AGE OF DIGITAL
REPRODUCTION LP

MUHAMMADALI - S/T LP
SUNDOWNERS - S/T 7"
LOW CULTURE - S/T 7"

www.dirtcultrecords.com



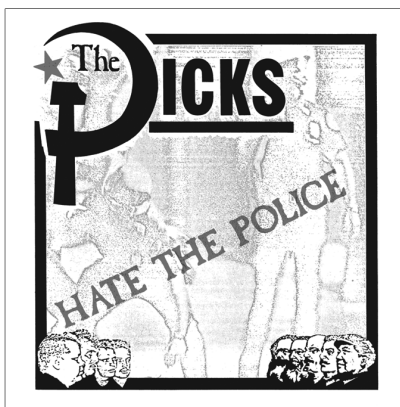
**Won Ton Not Now, Drunken Master Zine,
Art, Comics, Illustration, Apparel**

www.LuckyNakazawa.com

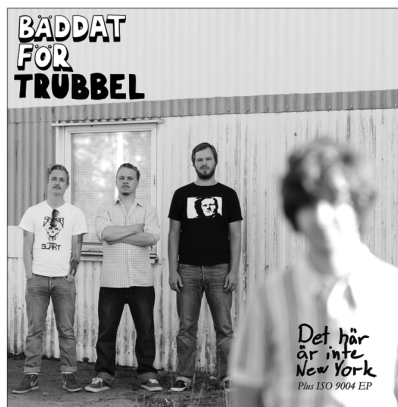
www.LuckyNakazawa.Etsy.com

@LuckyNakazawa

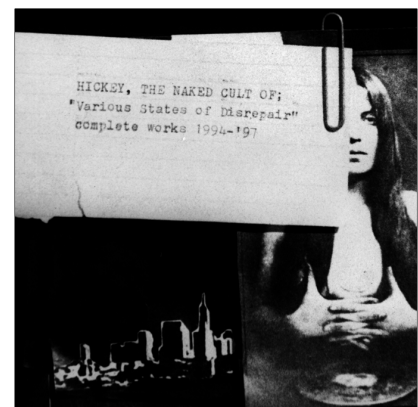
OUT NOW ON 1-2-3-4 GO! RECORDS!



THE DICKS
"HATE THE POLICE" 7"



BADDAT FOR TRUBBEL
"DET HAR AR INTE
NEW YORK + ISO 9004" LP



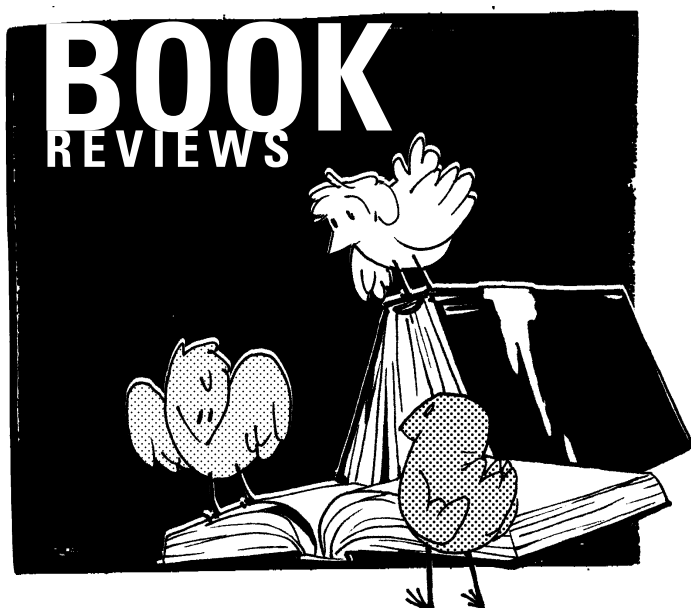
HICKEY
"VARIOUS STATES OF DISREPAIR"
2XLP

COMING SOON ON 1-2-3-4 GO! RECORDS!

F.U.2. "PUNK ROCK" LP, SHANNON & THE CLAMS "OZMA" 7", LENZ "WAYS TO END A DAY" LP, UZI RASH "CORELESS ROLL CAN LINER" LP
HUFF STUFF MAGAZINE 7", HUMAN WASTE "TURBULANCE" 7", TRASHIES 12" AND PROBABLY A LOT MORE....

WANT TO MAIL ORDER THESE FINE ITEMS? GO TO OUR WEBSITE AT WWW.1234GORECORDS.COM. WANT TO GET THESE FER YER STORE OR DISTRO?
HIT UP OUR DISTRIBUTOR DIRECTLY AT WWW.NOIDEARECORDS.COM. IS YOUR LOCAL STORE TOTALLY BLOWING IT BY NOT CARRYING THIS STUFF?
TELL THEM TO STOP BEING A RUBE, GET ON THE DAMN TROLLEY AND ORDER THIS STUFF ALREADY! IT'S AVAILABLE DIRECTLY FROM NO IDEA, REVOLVER
CARROT TOP, EBULLITION AND A BUNCH OF OTHER PLACES TOO!





Cambodian Grrrl: Self-Publishing in Phnom Penh

By Anne Elizabeth Moore

In 2007, Anne Elizabeth Moore travelled to Cambodia to live in an all-female college dormitory and teach first generation female students about self-publishing and zine-making. This little book is a result of her time there: part memoir, part investigative journalism. But there is so much more going on within these ninety-six pages. For example, Moore grapples with the horrors of the Khmer Rouge's genocidal rule as well as most Cambodians'

better than any scholarly work ever could. What she accomplishes in less than a hundred pages is stunning, as she deftly and intelligently weaves together women's rights, globalization, democracy, corruption, genocide, ethics, and self-empowerment. Moore's writing voice is humorous and compelling, especially as she never casts herself as an authority of anything, but honestly shares her own doubts and self-criticisms. But, most importantly, she uses this book to amplify the voices of the young women at the center of this project. Make no mistake, this book is DIY punk put into action. I'd never be so pretentious to call a book "vital," but I suspect you'll end up buying and giving away several copies of this book after you read it yourself. It is that good and that important. —Kevin Dunn (Cantankerous Titles. 2011. 96 pages. \$7.95)

Demanding the Impossible: A History of Anarchism

By Peter Marshall, 818 pgs.

I'll start right off the bat here with this: I am by no stretch of the imagination a scholar when it comes to anarchist thought. Granted, I'm no stranger to the subject and I consider myself sympathetic to (or at least willing to ponder) its core tenets, but the last time I read Bakunin, Kropotkin, or Proudhon with any level of deep analysis was more than twenty-five years ago and haven't much kept abreast of all the latest goings-on since, black-clad protest-attending rapsclallions notwithstanding. Not that I'm averse to reading tomes about various political theories, it's just that to get a well-rounded overview of the subject requires selecting, reading, and deciphering lots of books by lots of different dead folks and, like I said at the outset, I'm no scholar on the subject.

What makes a book like *Demanding the Impossible: A History of Anarchism* to the average punter interested in the subject is that it tries its damndest to be a one-stop place to get a fairly holistic overview of not only "anarchism" but also the labyrinth of sub-pigeonholes that have sprung up over the decades—like "punk" and its voluminous substrata of genres—from anarcho-capitalism to anarcho-primitivism and various angles in between. Sandwiched between its covers are discussions of a number of different

"I wouldn't call him *the* voice of my generation. I wouldn't call anyone that. But Bucky Sinister is a voice that my generation needs."

—Sean Carswell, *Time Bomb Snooze Alarm*

active unwillingness to deal with this sordid chapter of their recent history. Moore does an excellent job reflecting on why the students she befriends have little-to-no knowledge of the events that scar their society. And she does so with thoughtfulness, compassion, and humility. Indeed, there is not an ounce of the self-righteous paternalism that often accompanies travelogues like this.

But, then again, this is not your usual travelogue. Moore uproots herself in order to spend a semester teaching a group of total strangers halfway around the world the importance of zine-making, a medium the students have absolutely no conception of before she arrives. The ideas of self-publishing and DIY cultural production are almost unknown in Cambodia, especially given its history of government repression and violent social engineering. But informed by her riot grrrl-roots, Moore understands that impoverished first generation female university students are ideal agents of change. These young women are interested in social justice and equality (and giggling and dancing). You want a revolution girl style now? What better place to start than in the Harpswell Dormitory for University Women in Cambodia?

Moore's DIY credentials are impressive. She was co-editor of the now-defunct *Punk Planet*, author of several books including the essential *Unmarketable: Brandalism, Copyfighting, Mocketing and the Erosion of Integrity*, as well as *Hey Kidz, Buy This Book: A Radical Primer on Corporate and Governmental Propaganda and Artistic Activism for Short People* and *The Manifesti of Radical Literature*. And in the spirit of full transparency, Moore is also a friend of mine. I'm even mentioned at the end of the book when she puts a handful of American zine-makers into contact with her Cambodian students. But I would be singing the praises of this book regardless.

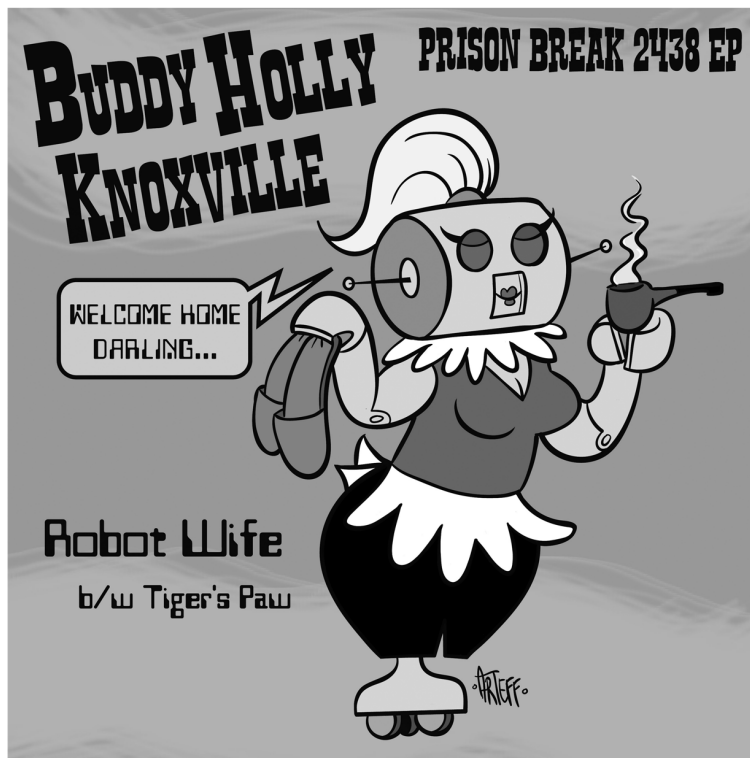
Moore is one of the sharpest thinker and cultural critics bouncing around the globe today. In a few short paragraphs, she can explain the political significance of photocopying and distributing your thoughts far

viewpoints within anarchist thought, with whole sections covering basic anarchist theory, historical precursors to anarchism, overviews of "classic anarchist thinkers (Godwin, Stirner, Proudhon, Bakunin, Kropotkin, Reclus, Malatesta, Tolstoy, Goldman. and, interestingly, Gandhi, among others), anarchist uprisings in various parts of the world, modern takes on anarchism, and "The Legacy of Anarchism," respectively.

Marshall is largely successful in providing equal time to anarchism's different strains and approaches. He makes a valiant attempt to keep all the cerebral wankery that comes with most philosophical discussions at bay and recounts the basic arguments, counter-arguments and counter-counter-arguments as concisely and comprehensibly as possible, with the most interesting bits (for me, anyway) being the "anarchist" leanings of folks that predate proper anarchist theory—Taoism, Buddhism, Christianity, the Greeks, the Middle Ages and so on. Some on both sides of religious viewpoints may argue the validity of assertions that strains of anarchist thought run through religious systems, but it nonetheless makes for interesting alternate interpretations of the teachings of Lao Tzu or St. Augustine. Marshall is also not afraid to include discussions on some of the darker thought processes of some of its adherents, like the anti-Semitism of Bakunin and a few of his peers.

Keep in mind, however, this isn't some kind of light, beach-friendly summer reading. Weighing in at a hefty eight hundred-plus pages, it is cursed with a font so tiny that it will likely trigger horrifying memories for those once foolhardy enough to have attempted reading *Flipside's* record review section way back when. Additionally, despite all attempts at making the concepts concise and easily digestible as possible, this is some heady stuff requiring both the reader's ability to think, to reason, and to question on their own, skills that are too often in short supply these days. The best approach is probably to take it in bits and fits instead of devouring it all in one sitting to prevent full brain overload.

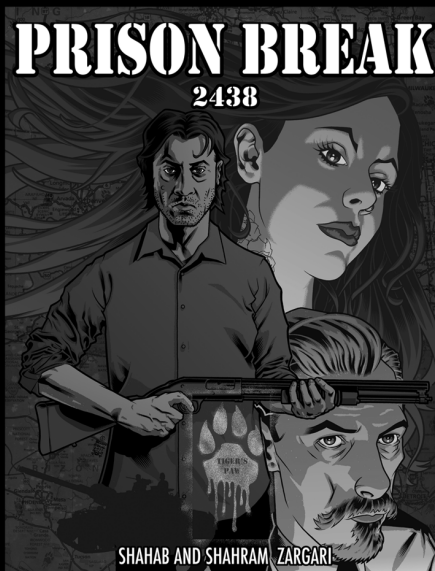
**CRAZY
50s
COVER
SONGS!**



**FREE
EP
OUT NOW**

GCRECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM

OUT NOW!



WWW.PRISONBREAK2438.COM

**"At its core, (the novel) Prison Break 2438 is an action drama.
There's intrigue, a little romance, plenty of double-agents,
and lots and lots of gunplay throughout.
In that regard, the story was a blast and loaded with momentum!"
-RAZORCAKE #67 April/May 2012**

I imagine that, like your average “best of” record, those with much more knowledge of the subject will find much here to be rehash, and will even likely find some things they deem to be wrong, utter bullshit, or whatever, and I wouldn’t be surprised in the least. More power to ‘em, I ain’t that guy. What knowledge I’ve managed to retain on the subject after a quarter century rang accurate with what’s here, and what may be inaccurate, those interested in delving deeper into the subject will likely suss out on their own.

What can’t be denied is that Marshall has done a lot of heavy lifting here to provide a scholarly, yet accessible look into a subject long misunderstood, maligned, and misrepresented by those who purport to serve the best interests of general public. What’s here may not change your mind about anarchism, but it does provide enough information to make a relatively informed decision whether or not it floats your boat, and ain’t that the point of a democracy? —Jimmy Alvarado (PM Press, PO Box 23912, Oakland, CA 94623)

Time Bomb Snooze Alarm

By Bucky Sinister, 91 pgs.

I remember the day Charles Bukowski died. I was living in a region of Atlanta called Little Five Points. This was before the Little Five Point crackhouses were purchased by lawyers and renovated, but after poor white kids like me had moved in and paved the way for the wealthier white adults who would drive up rents and take more of our money than the junkies ever did when they broke in through the bathroom window. It was a time when a lot of writers, artists, musicians, and the like still lived there. Bukowski’s death at the time was earth-shattering. Residents put together a fairly spontaneous tribute for the guy. For what seemed like days (but may have only been one), people hung out in the square reading poetry—Bukowski’s or their own—telling stories, drinking forties, playing music, mourning the loss.

When Kurt Cobain died a month later, it was anticlimactic. I bring this up not to romanticize the time (which I surely just did), but to point out how long ago that was. Almost twenty years! Bukowski came out with his last good book in 1986. That was a year before Fugazi played their first show. This is serious shit to consider. The poor and disaffected—not to mention the drunk and melancholic—kids who lean toward the artistic need a new poet to scream their bittersweet pain and love. Bukowski is too old, too mean-spirited, too selfish, too misogynistic to carry that torch anymore.

It’s time to replace him with Bucky Sinister. The *San Francisco Chronicle* once called Bucky Sinister, “A modern day Bukowski with blue hair,” and I started this review with talk of Bukowski, but I want to make this clear: Bucky Sinister takes his poetry in whole new directions. Granted, there’s the alcoholism. And, like Bukowski, the poems are written in simple language. They tell seemingly simple stories in an accessible way. They also move beyond the simple and show us something pure, something deep about ourselves. Unlike Bukowski, Bucky Sinister expands his poetry beyond the simple story of a self-indulgent drunk.

Particularly in this new collection, Bucky Sinister’s poems tell the stories of gutter punks and San Quentin inmates and meth dealers and doomed *Wizard of Oz* Dorothies in Doc Martens. He retains the same type of intense self-examination that makes his last two collections (*Whiskey & Robots* and *All Blacked Out and Nowhere to Go*) so honest. In this collection, he expands that examination to the people around him, people he seems to love deeply and ambivalently. His insights into a subculture that I know well, that I live in most of the time, makes him a significant voice of this time and place.

I wouldn’t call him *the* voice of my generation. I wouldn’t call anyone that. But Bucky Sinister is a voice that my generation needs. There are a couple of poems in here, specifically “Trust Is a Luxury” and “How I Made a Mortgage Loan Officer Cry or a Brief Recap of the Last 15 Years,” that speak so directly to my life that, when I first read them, I literally stopped people who were near me and made them listen to me read passages. I wasn’t doing this to random strangers, but I wouldn’t mind doing that. There are several more poems that speak beautifully about the lives of people I know, even though Bucky wasn’t writing about those specific people.

Most importantly, what Bucky Sinister has done in *Time Bomb Snooze Alarm* is find a way to grow as a poet without relying too much on the stories of his drunken exploits or giving up any of the beautiful and heartbreaking honesty that made his earlier collections so powerful. I’m not just recommending this book. I’m telling you to fill your bookshelves with all of Bucky Sinister books. Use the titles of those books as names for your band. Tattoo lines from his poems on your forearms. Carry the books around with you in your pocket or backpack or purse. Reread them when you have a few minutes to spare.

—Sean Carswell (Write Bloody, writebloody.com)



To read 385 more independent book reviews, visit razorcake.org



CHECK OUT THESE RAD LA ESCALERA BANDS:
**RANDOM ORBITS, BASTARDS OF YOUNG
 SUCCESS, THE DAMAGE DONE, PROSTHETIC ARMS
 BESIDE MYSELF, KNOW YOUR SAINTS, THE MIGHTY FINE
 THE MARSUPIALS, OTRO, A SCRIBE AMIDST LIONS**

WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/LAESCALERARECORDS
LAESCALERARECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM

toxic pop records

making pop a threat again

THE CAPITALIST KIDS

The Capitalist Kids
 Lessons on Love,
 Sharing, and Hygiene
 12" LP
OUT NOW!

[classic MTX-style
 pop-punk with songs
 about more than just
 girls!]

Lessons on Love, Sharing, and Hygiene

In Between
 So Steady
 7" EP
OUT NOW!

[post-hardcore a la Texas
 Is the Reason, Lifetime,
 and Silent Majority.]

in between

SO STEADY

www.toxicpoprecords.com



New Low: DVD

New Low is the tale of Wendell, an aimless twenty-something experiencing an existential crisis while looking for love—or something close to it at least. Adam Bowers wrote, directed, produced, edited, and also stars in this hilariously witty movie dealing with the limits of self-improvement. Wendell is a likeable, Woody Allen-style neurotic whose hapless adventures in dating only make him hate himself more and more. Whether he's dating Vicky, a dumpster diving artist/alcoholic, or Joanna, a bespectacled activist who's out his league, he can't seem to stop sabotaging himself.

Filed around Gainesville, FL, *New Low* falls in the long line of romantic comedies dealing with self analysis and discovery. Similar to Noah Baumbach's '95 *Kicking and Screaming* in its use of relationships to explore the feeling of stagnation in college-aged antiheroes, *New Low* gets at some truth between its slapstick humor and self-deprecating jokes.

The film begins with Wendell asking his best friend, Dave, to break up with his girlfriend for him. They go out to a bar to celebrate and Wendell flirts

and flails with the bartender, Vicky. The two quickly develop a relationship based upon their mutual interest in floundering through life. When he's not writing jokes for Dave's standup, he's working at the local video store. It's here that Wendell meets Joanna, a Food Not Bombs volunteer who recognizes the potential hidden under his skinny, apathetic frame. While he has thrifty, drunken fun with Vicky, he discovers that Joanna's influence is helping him become a better person: a person with some self-respect. He begins dating Joanna and starts to volunteer with her at community gardens and Food Not Bombs. Still, there is a struggle between who he wants to be and who he actually is. This is the central theme of the movie: Do people really change? And if so, how responsible/necessary are other people for that change?

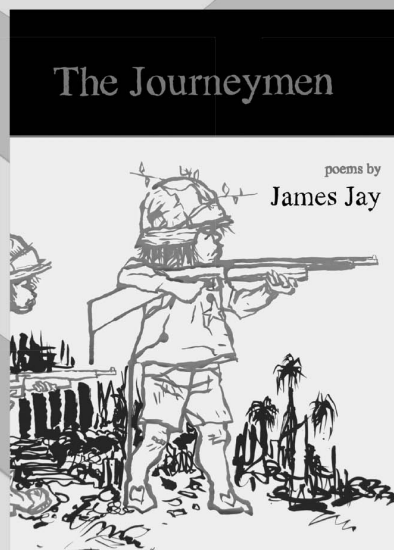
Proudly filmed for under \$2,000 dollars, Bowers utilizes minimal sets and a direct style to create a believable world. The dialogue-heavy script seems like it would be just as much fun to read as it was to watch unfold. At times, the clever banter comes across as slightly awkward, but the jokes are strong enough to distract from any failing in the delivery. There are many memorable one-liners, such as, "I just wish I was attractive enough to be in a relationship based entirely on looks." Wendell's neurotic insecurities and relentless self-abuse are portrayed by Bowers with a deadpan tone and physical clumsiness. You can tell he's pulling from a rich pool of personal experiences at being the awkward person at the party. All of this is set to a soundtrack of bands—Billy Reese Peters, Radon, Andrew Jackson Jihad, and Paul Baribeau. Even though it was filmed in the Spanish moss-covered Gainesville, it could easily take place in any other American college town. The characters and settings are relatable to the non-ambitious, bike riding adults found in bars and dumpsters across America.

Overall, the low budget and amateur acting give *New Low* an authenticity often lost in movies of its genre. And even though it's in a well-worn groove of cinema, Bowers is able to step outside of it at times and show us something new or poke fun at the clichés. The editing is just as clever as the script and takes advantage of the film's simplicity to create some really memorable and endearing scenes. While I was watching it, one of my roommates wandered into the living room during the middle of the movie and started laughing immediately. That's always a good sign. —Matthew Hart (Newlowmovie.com)



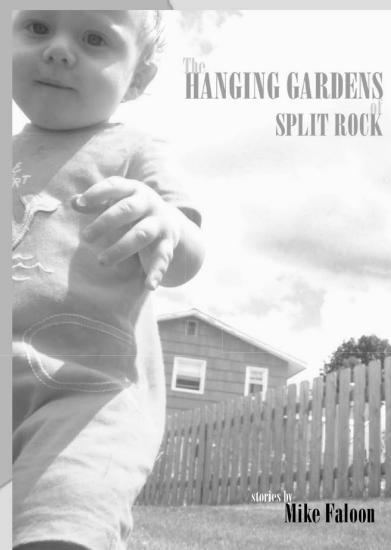
To read 208 more independent video reviews, visit razorcake.org

New Books from **GORSKY PRESS**



The Journeymen by James Jay

Only **\$6** ppd.
(if you order directly from Gorsky)



The Hanging Gardens of Split Rock by Mike Faloon

Gorsky Press, PO Box 42024, LA, CA 90024

WWW.GORSKYPRESS.COM