

genetic disorder

issue number twelve \$2.00

true crime in san diego

brenda spencer:

two killed, nine wounded

buck-o-nine
crown down
down's family
entrust
ghoulspoon
hate head
jackseptic
luper
the neighbors
pico de gallo
spill
sprung monkey
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Hesh One

The Brenda Spencer
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ment should be included with the ad. We
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Deadline for Issue #13
is October 31, 1994!

genetic disorder

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Steve Finch passed out after throwing up. Photo: Larry

Genetic Disorder

GD is published approximately every four months. The press run is currently at 4000 copies per issue.

Credits

Larry wrote everything without a by-line. Ion Moe shot the Loser Guide and cover photos. Jim took all other photos. Everything else is credited with the writer or photographer's name.

Subscribe

Subscriptions are \$6 for four issues. Subscribers receive their copies first class and often receive freebies like records, stickers, and patches. Please specify which issue you would like your subscription to start with. All subscribers received a Scheming Intelligentsia EP with this issue.

How to Obtain Copies of Genetic Disorder

If you live in San Diego, you can pick up copies at select record stores around town for free, but copies are limited. For mail orders, the price is \$2 per issue, plus four 29¢ stamps for postage. Issues 8-11 are still available at discounted prices.

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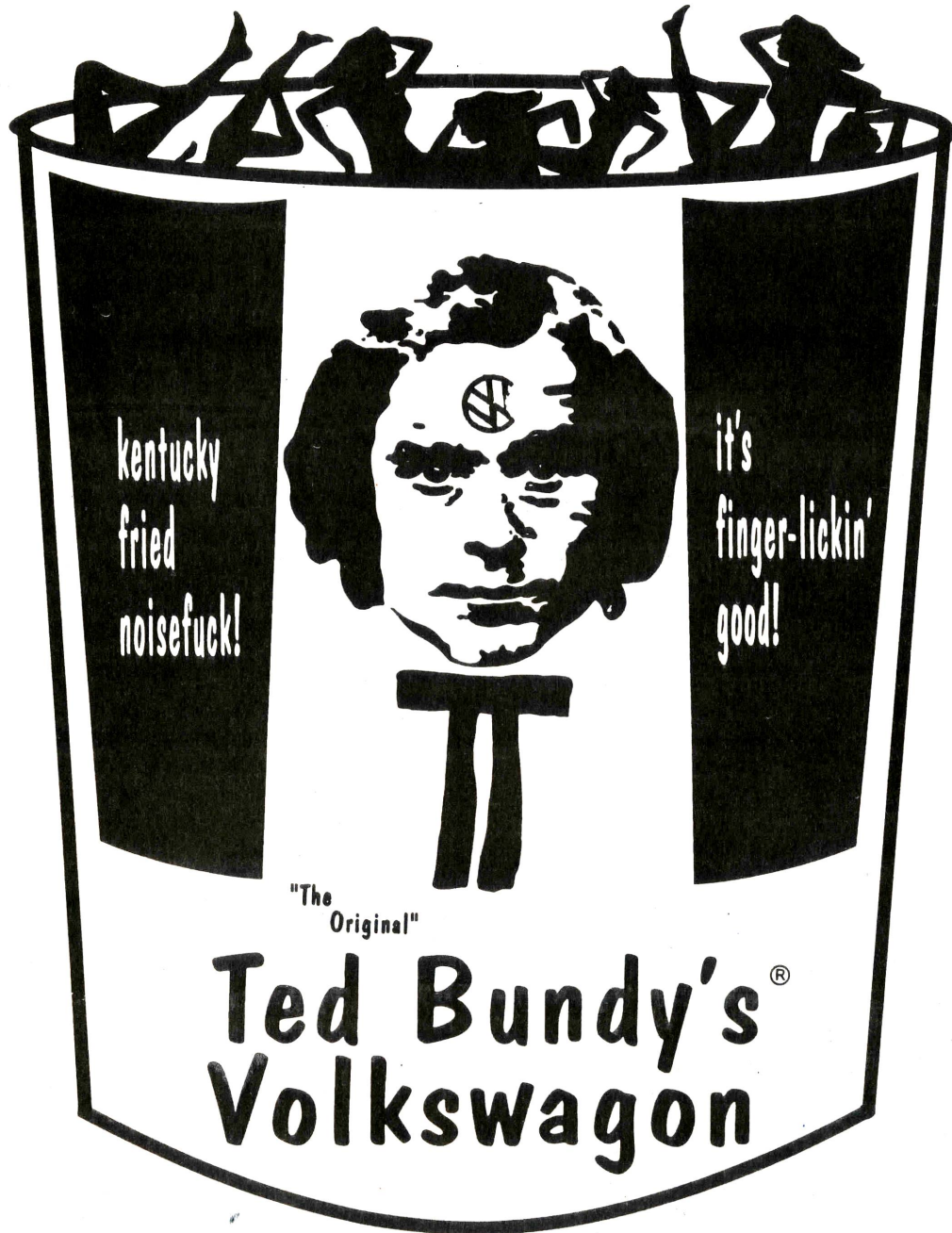
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---genetic disorder #11

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Larry+Editorial=Laritorial



Hello, readers, this is the page dedicated to you, and I'm going to fill you in on all of the behind-the-scenes happenings with Genetic Disorder. I guess I should apologize for being late with this issue, but I'm going to fall back on every zine person's excuse: I'm busy. I'm not lucky enough to live off GD, thank God, so I must work a regular job to survive, plus I have other important obligations that take time away from GD, such as watching kung fu movies, riding my bike around town late at night, reading, or hanging out with Sarah, Steve, Jim, Jon, Shane, Mark, Rob, Ray, and everyone else. In other words, I do have a life outside this fanzine. Hey, if it isn't already obvious, GD is about having as much fun as possible. Part of that fun is the zine itself, but I won't allow it to take up all of my time. Write a letter to your Grandma and tell her how much you love her.

There have been numerous changes with GD's format. The most obvious is the lack of band interviews. After interviewing bands for six years for both fanzines and newspapers, I've found out that it's really hard to do anything original and/or interesting. After reading *Maximum Rockroll* and *Flipside* for years, I've found band interviews to be really redundant. If I'm not reading band interviews in other fanzines, why would anyone want to read mine? I haven't given up band interviews completely, I'm simply taking a break. Most of your (and my) favorite bands will make cameo appearances in future issues, but we won't be using the Q&A format. Boring. Every one of you should write a letter to your favorite band and tell them to talk about something interesting whenever they are interviewed, even if it means lying.

Now on to the technical stuff. With each issue, starting with #8, GD has increased it's number of pages. This issue jumped 24 pages, and I've tried to take care of the photo problem, so Jim Thompson's photos should look better than ever. Jim rules. I spend a

Larry Harmon

A BANDLEADER OF
MUNICH, GERMANY,
FOR YEARS DRANK
40 QUARTS OF BEER A DAY

lot of money on beer for Jim, so you better tucking appreciate him. Write him a letter and tell him how much you love him if you don't like your Grandma.

I also doubled the press run from two-to four-thousand copies. Now most of you San Diego kids will be able to find copies around town.

I'm proud to say I've been able to make all of these changes without having to gouge anyone in the eye or sell my soul to the music industry. It takes more work, but you feel better in the end, believe me.

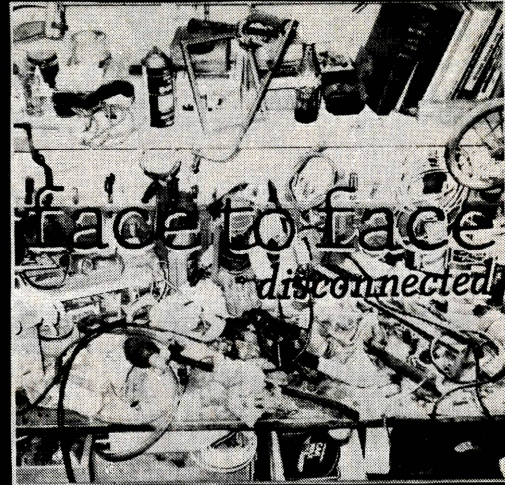
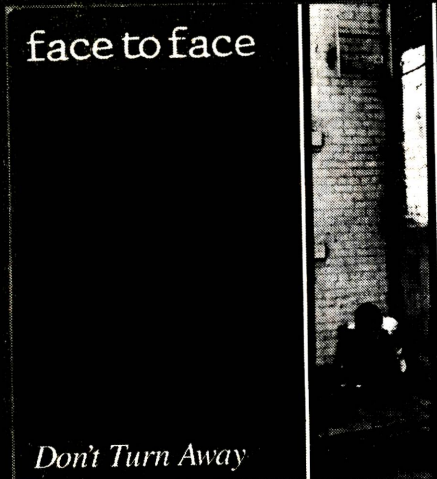
By the way, I still do trades with other zines, both single and multiple issues for distribution. And don't forget about the personal loser's tour of San Diego. You provide the car, and I'll provide the sights.

I sincerely hope you liked the theme. I wrote the entire issue in two weeks, no lie, and now I need some sleep. Look for a new issue in the fall.

Over and out. Larry

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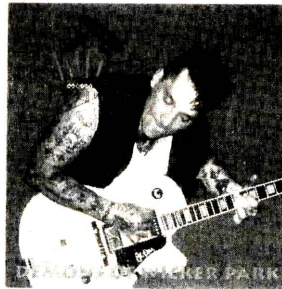
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true crime in san diego

one shot in the abdomen and then run over. a family is axed to death. an ex-husband and his new bride are shot while sleeping, both are dead. another panicked and fired five bullets into a policeman. these are homicides, mass murders, self-defense killings, and serial murders. it's not the deaths that grabbed the public's attention, but the circumstances and reasons surrounding each of these cases. most will remember the crimes, but not the names. here are their names.

Craig Peyer

John Wayne Gacy was successful a hunter by impersonating an officer. Due to the fear of resisting arrest (either being charged or being beaten), or simply having some sort of respect for the law, your average Joe can sometimes be an easy target.

Craig Peyer didn't have to bother with impersonating anyone. Peyer was a CHP officer with a bad habit of occasionally pulling women over down a remote dead-end on Mercy Rd. off of Interstate 15. Instead of having "long and strange conversations" with Cara Knott, 20, as he had done with other women he had pulled over on the desolate stretch of road, he strangled her and threw her body from a bridge on Dec. 27, 1986.

Peyer's case made international headlines. The cop who murdered while on duty.

Peyer's first trial ended with a 7-5 split jury, in favor of conviction. A different prosecutor learned from the mistakes of his predecessor and tightened his case against Peyer during the second trial. He was able to convict him on first degree murder. Craig Peyer is the first CHP officer ever convicted of murder.

Although Peyer was found guilty, one outstanding piece of evidence was left out during the second trial. After Knott's murder, Peyer had scratches on his face, which prosecutors said were from fingernails - Knott's fingernails - scratching Peyer's face as he was strangling her. Peyer said he slipped in gravel while pumping gas and fell against a fence, but there was a problem with his alibi.

"There was six to eight feet of gravel and another nine or so feet of concrete from where Peyer was pumping gas to the fence. So unless he got to the fence by flying to it, there is no way he could have gotten there," first-trial jurist George Boutell said. Boutell voted to convict Peyer.

It was a tearful day in the downtown courtroom when Peyer was sentenced. He broke down for the first time in two years after two murder trials. Judge Richard Huffman was brought to tears before handing Peyer 25 years to life.

Huffman slammed the CHP during the sentencing for not following up on complaints from women after Peyer led them down Mercy Rd. late at night. If the CHP had followed up on these complaints, Cara Knott might be alive today, he said.

One woman called the CHP one month before Knott was killed to report that her daughter, Leslie Kurtz, was taken

down Mercy Rd. There was no follow-up by the CHP. Seven testified that they were led down Mercy Rd. by the officer.

At the time there was speculation that the CHP was protecting one of their own. The CHP did launch their own investigation once the allegation was made that Peyer murdered Knott and fired him three months later. A high-ranking CHP officer summed it up to me recently. "We simply don't have the manpower to investigate every single call we get. It is simply impossible."

Cara Knott's parents did sue the state, claiming the CHP was liable for her death. A jury awarded the family \$7.5 million, but didn't find the CHP negligent, which means the family will have to collect their money from Peyer. Good luck, because Peyer's last reported job was repairing televisions at California Men's Colony, a medium-security prison, at San Luis Obispo.

Peyer will be eligible for parole on Jan. 2, 2003.

Daniel Alstadt

IT WAS AFTER MIDNIGHT FEB. 21, 1975 WHEN DANIEL ALSTADT, THEN 18, CAME HOME AND FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON, CHOPPED UP HIS MOTHER, FATHER, AND OLDER SISTER WITH HIS SCOUT AX. HIS YOUNGER BROTHER SURVIVED BUT WAS LEFT PARALYZED. ALSTADT, A STRAIGHT-A STUDENT AT PATRICK HENRY HIGH SCHOOL AND EAGLE SCOUT, THEN TRIED TO BURN DOWN THEIR SAN CARLOS HOUSE.

HE WAS CONVICTED OF THE FIRST-DEGREE MURDER OF HIS FATHER AND NOT GUILTY OF THE OTHER THREE BY REASON OF INSANITY. HE IS SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE.

Sagon Penn

The case of Sagon Penn could best be described as Rodney King turned inside out.

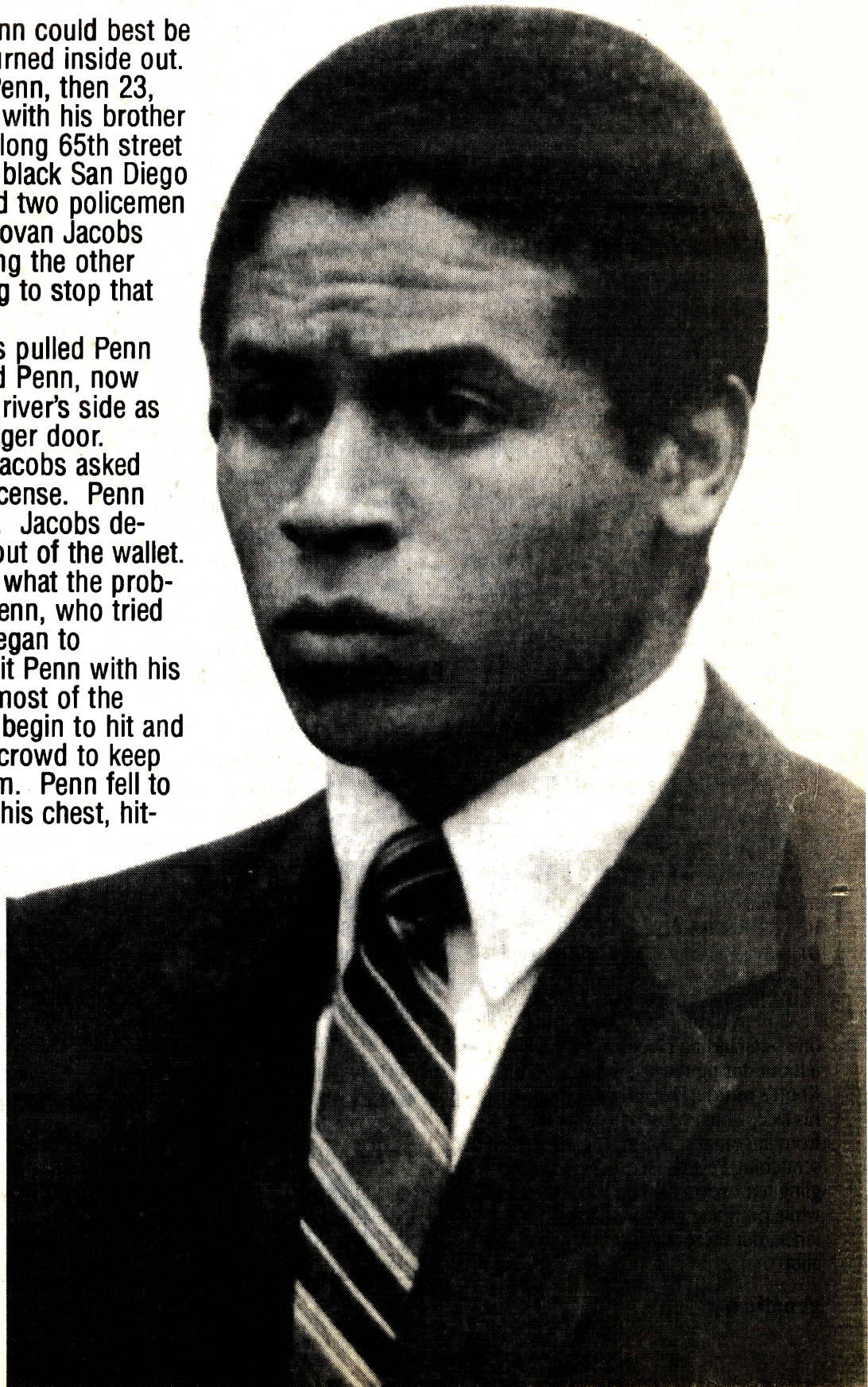
On March 31, 1985, Penn, then 23, was driving a pick-up truck with his brother and few others in the back along 65th street in Encanto, a predominantly black San Diego neighborhood. As he passed two policemen in separate cars, Officer Donovan Jacobs flipped a U-turn while radioing the other officer, Tom Riggs, "I'm gong to stop that truckload of Crips."

The two police officers pulled Penn over, and Jacobs approached Penn, now outside the truck, from the driver's side as Riggs stood near the passenger door.

"What's up, Blood?" Jacobs asked before asking Penn for his license. Penn handed him his entire wallet. Jacobs demanded he take his license out of the wallet. Penn handed it back, asking what the problem was. Jacobs grabbed Penn, who tried to back away, and the two began to struggle. Jacobs began to hit Penn with his baton, but he was blocking most of the blows with his arms. Riggs begin to hit and kick Penn, and swing at the crowd to keep them from closing in on them. Penn fell to the ground. Jacobs was on his chest, hitting nim with his fists. Riggs kicked and hit him with his baton.

Penn was able to grab Jacobs' .38 and fired the first shot into his neck. The crowd panicked, believing the cops had killed Penn. In a taped 911 call, Penn's brother was heard screaming, "They're shootin' my brother."

The second shot ripped through the sole of one of Riggs' boots. The



third hit Riggs' thigh, and the fourth hit his abdomen, severing his abdominal aorta. Penn jumped up and fired two more shots into Riggs' patrol car, wounding Sarah Pina-Ruiz, a civilian participating in a police ride-along. It would come out later that Pina-Ruiz was a "police groupie," with hints of her having an affair with Riggs. Both of them were married.

Penn then grabbed Riggs' gun and jumped in Jacobs' car. Penn had to maneuver the car around several obstacles to get away, during which he ran over the body of Tom Riggs. Police sirens were screaming through the Encanto neighborhood.

Penn turned himself in approximately 30 minutes later. One cop dead, another cop and a civilian wounded. The case instantly polarized San Diego. He was a vicious cop killer. He was a victim of police brutality and Jacobs' gun was his only means of survival.

Everything that is evil about the police came out during this case and subsequent trials. Following the shooting, the police set up "mini martial law" in the neighborhood, ordering people out of their homes. Police destroyed their notes from interviews with witnesses, paraphrasing their quotes, which some later said they never told police what they put in their reports. Evidence regarding Jacobs' attitude toward minorities was withheld until it was too late to present it. The evidence

was a police academy transcript from 1978 documenting a "counseling session" after a class titled "Protecting Rights and Dignity." It was reported Jacobs apparently felt it was all right to use "professional profanity" and derogatory slurs toward minorities. An academic supervisor warned Jacobs that "unless you show some considerable change or at least some more consideration for others and can change your behavior...we don't want you because you are going to do nothing but create problems for yourself, for the public and for the department."

Penn's defense was self-defense. It was the state's burden to prove otherwise. The jury acquitted of the murder and voluntary manslaughter of Riggs and the assaults on Jacobs and Pina-Ruiz. The district attorney announced plans for a second trial with different charges.

The second case had the same weakness as the first. The prosecution's main witnesses, Jacobs and Pina-Ruiz, contradicted themselves and told conflicting stories. Penn's attorney was also successful in demonstrating the police "code of silence," and asserted that Jacobs was a bigot and a liar.

On June 10, 1987, for the second time, Sagon Penn was found not guilty. After deliberating for one month, they found Penn not guilty of voluntary manslaughter and deadlocked 11-1 in favor of acquittal for involuntary manslaughter in the death of

Riggs. He was found not guilty of attempted voluntary manslaughter for the shooting of Jacobs. He was also found not guilty of attempted murder and attempted voluntary manslaughter of Pina-Ruiz. The jury either found him not guilty or deadlocked in favor of acquittal on the assault charges.

District Attorney Ed Miller quietly dropped the rest of the charges against Penn, making him a free man.

But the case didn't disappear. After the trial, Judge J. Morgan Lester blasted the San Diego Police Department. He said it was obvious excessive force was used and that police lied on the witness stand and tampered with evidence. Supporters of Penn also claimed police officers were harassing them, especially former cop Nathaniel Jordan who testified Jacobs' once called him "a nigger." Michael Riggs, brother of Tom Riggs, also spoke out, blaming his brother's death on Jacobs. The Riggs family supported the prosecution and Jacobs during both trials, but Michael was mad that, in his opinion, Jacobs, not only caused the death, but used his brother as a scapegoat. Jacobs first claimed Riggs fought with Penn first when Jacobs actually began the fight, causing Riggs to get involved in his mistake.

After the trial, Penn changed his name and went into hiding. He changed his name and stayed in the area. Penn had other run-ins with police following his acquittal.

When James Buquet walked into the El Cajon Family Fitness Center, rather than pump iron, he had people eat lead.

Buquet, a 19-year-old Grossmont College student from Alpine was depressed over a knee injury that prevented him from his regular workout at the health club. He vented his frustration by killing Laxmi Patel, 19; Helen-Mary Spatz, 36; Charles "Brad" Tucker, 37; Rebecca Negrete, 31; and then himself with a shotgun he bought in a pawn shop a month before. His Oct. 14, 1993 mass murder would be followed two weeks later across town by a second El Cajon mass murder when Gordon Neumann fires off more than 25 rounds from his apartment window, killing two and wounding four before killing himself.

A lawyer speaking for the family said Buquet had undergone arthroscopic knee surgery a few weeks before the killings and, after finding out that he would need further operations, fell into a deep depression.

Buquet, who had a history of drug problems, outlined his shooting spree one month before in his junior college creative-writing class. His story described a heavily armed man entering a public place and executing 15 to 20 men, women, and children. His short story ended with the killer putting the gun in front of his mouth and firing, watching the hammer hit then watching the bullet enter his mouth, where he felt it hit the back of his throat.

He dropped out of the class before turning the paper in, so the instructor never had a chance to grade it.

James Buquet

No one knows what made Gordon Neumann, 62, better known as "Igor" to neighborhood children, fire over 25 rounds from his El Cajon apartment, killing two and injuring five others on Oct. 30, 1993.

He then lit his apartment on fire and killed himself. His body was burned beyond recognition. Stock-piled ammunition continued to go off for an hour after the blaze was set.

Neumann lived in the Key Largo Apartment on 3801 N. Mollison as a recluse. He rarely spoke to any of his neighbors.

"I saw him once when I was out walking. I smiled up at him, and he just made a bad face at me," 11-year-old Key Largo resident Denice Morales said. "He seemed real mean to me, and I was just trying to be nice to him."

Neumann's shooting sent the whole neighborhood running. He was firing at people walking down the street, children playing nearby, and just about anything else that moved. He killed Jessica Ruehl, 9, and Virginia Eash, 46. He also wounded Mary Gaugh, 33, the mother of Jessica Ruehl; Alana Nguyen, 12; Daniel Imbimbo, 2, who was shot in the right eye and abdomen; Anthony Mendez, 9; and an unidentified 14 year-old.

Although police secured the area, keeping out the looky-loos and protecting further residents from being shot, they never fired one round. They kept busy using their squad cars as ambulances and covering the firefighters who were busy putting out the apartment fire and rescuing people from their second-story apartments.

Gordon Neumann

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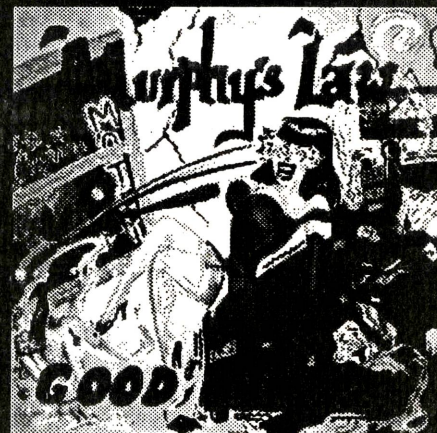
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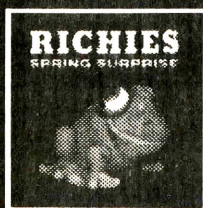
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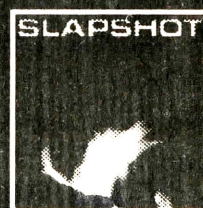
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Brenda Spencer

If Brenda Spencer, immortalized by a horrible song by the Boomtown Rats, didn't like Mondays, one has to wonder what she thought of working holidays. She said it was her hatred of Mondays that caused her to open fire on a San Carlos Elementary school on Jan. 29, 1979 at approximately 8:30 a.m. as the children were leaving the playground for class. With a new .22 rifle she received as a Christmas gift a month before, she shot and killed principal Burton Wragg, 53, and head janitor, Mike Suchar, 56, who ran to help Wagg. Eight children and one police officer were wounded. She was 16 at the time.

Police rushed into the neighborhood, driving a garbage truck in between her home on Lake Atlin Ave. and Cleveland Elementary School to block her line of fire. Police surrounded the neighborhood and talked Brenda into surrendering after six-and-a-half hours of negotiation. There were approximately 40 spent .22 casings in her home.

It was also during this time a reporter was able to get Brenda on the phone using a crisscross directory, a phone book available to journalists that lists phone numbers by their address. It was then she told the reporter, "I don't like Mondays. This livens up the day."

She pleaded guilty to the two murders and assault with a deadly weapon and was sentenced to 25 years to life Oct. 1979.

In a statement after her Jan. 21, 1993 parole hearing, at which she was turned down, Brenda, now 30, spoke out against her conviction. For the first time, she claimed she was under the influence of alcohol and PCP, which led her to believe she was being attacked. She also claimed that police, prosecutors, and her defense attorney manipulated evidence, including a drug test at the time that was returned as negative. She also said she believed some of the wounded children might have been shot by police and she was given mind altering drugs for two years after her arrest. She said it wasn't until a few months before the 1993 hearing that she realized that she pleaded guilty to first degree murder.

"People who saw me said I was a zombie (during her court hearings). I said what they told me to say, I did what they told me to do."

Brenda, honey, everyone was stoned during the '70s.

Another interesting part of the Brenda Spencer story is that her father, Wallace, still lives in the Lake Atline Ave. home across from the elementary school, which is now the San Diego Hebrew Day School, and is married to Brenda's former cellmate when she was in juvenile hall.

Spencer will be eligible for parole again in 1996

After San Diego's most notorious serial killer was sentenced to death Nov. 5, 1993, Cleophus Prince, better known as the Clairemont Killer, was allowed to address the court.

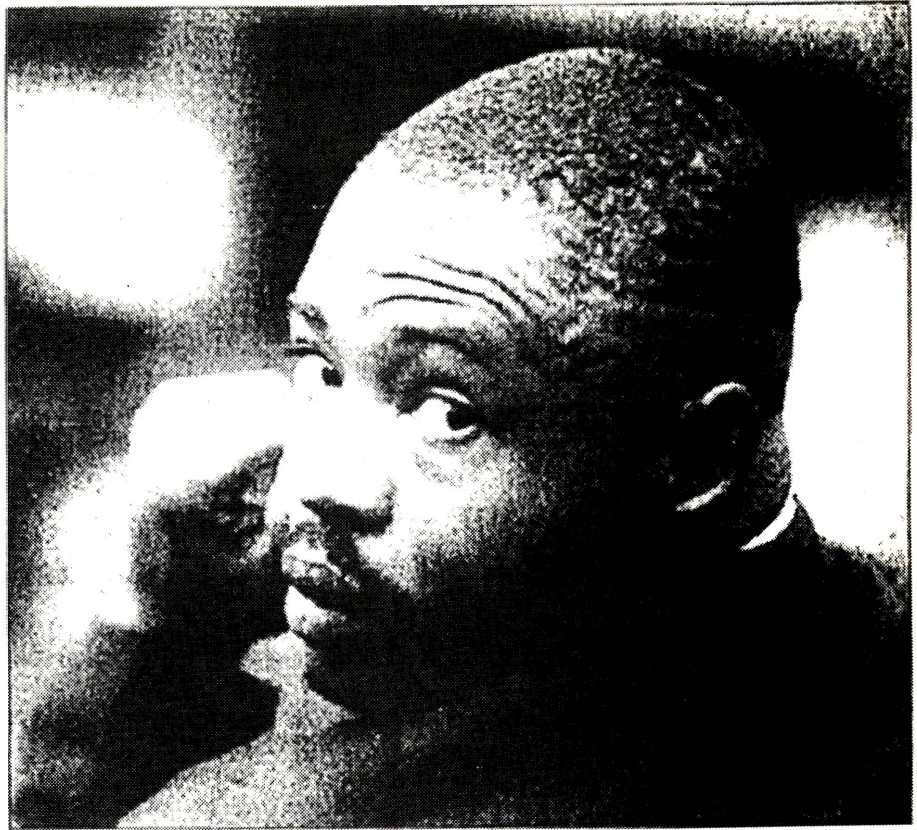
"I did not kill any y'all daughters," he said.

Four months earlier Prince, 26, was found guilty of six 1990 murders. He was convicted of the Jan. 12, 1990 murder of Tiffany Schultz, 20; the Feb. 16, 1990 rape and killing of Janene Weinhold, 21; the April 3, 1990 killing of Holly Tarr; the May 21, 1990 murder of Elissa Keller, 38; and the Sept. 13, 1990 killings of Pamela Clark, 42, and her daughter, Amber, 18.

S c h u l t z ,
W e i n h o l d , and
T a r r were all
stabbed to
death in apart-
ments near

Prince's Clairemont apartment, hence dubbing the murderer the Clairemont Killer. Tarr had only been in town a few days from Michigan to visit her brother before she was murdered.

Keller was stabbed dozens of times in her East San Diego apartment at 52nd St. and Orange Ave. after Prince had moved into her neighborhood two weeks before. The manager of the Buena Vista Apartments in Clairemont where Prince lived said he moved out because police were harassing him because he fit the Clairemont Killer's description. Prince stabbed the two Clark women after Pamela returned from a Family Fitness Center Prince
genetic 12



Cleophus Prince

was often seen.

The murders terrorized the city through his ability to slip in and out of the victim's home without being noticed. It sparked the largest San Diego police investigation to date, costing approximately \$1 million.

All of Prince's victims were women, all loosely fitting the same description: long, dark hair, thin, and liked to stay in shape. The fact that the victims liked to work out was what helped capture Prince. He became the prime suspect after he was arrested in Feb. 1991 for breaking into the home of a Scripps Ranch woman after following her home from a fitness center. He was

arrested in Birmingham, Ala. and transferred to San Diego for trial.

Despite the former Navy mechanic's claim of innocence, the prosecution was able to prove his guilt through genetic fingerprinting, statements he made to friends, and jewelry stolen from the murder victims that was later found in his possession. Prince also gave stolen jewelry from the victims to his girlfriend.

The prosecution also hinted at sexual deviance because Prince also had a habit of burglarizing women's homes only to go through their underwear drawer but leave everything else untouched.

John Merlin Taylor, 52, was different than other postal employees that get the

couldn't make him mad," co-worker Johnny Sims said after the killings.

postal killing two years before where a postal employee killed 14 co-workers and

wounded six before killing himself. Experts speculated

John Taylor

itch to go on a workplace shooting spree. He never mentioned the Apocalypse or used the phrase "biblical proportions." He didn't wear camouflage on his days off. Nor did he collect weapons. By everyone's account, he was a nice guy, happy with his life.

There were the speculations after he killed his wife Elizabeth on Aug. 10, 1989, then dressed in his Cliff Claven outfit and drove to work at 7:30 a.m. to shoot and kill co-workers Ronald Williams, 56, and Richard Berni, 38. He wounded another postal employee, Paul De Risi, before turning the .22 on himself at the Orange Glen Post Office at 1770 E. Valley Parkway in Escondido.

"I'd never have dreamed. Not Johnny Taylor. Everybody liked him. Nobody would say anything bad about him. He was happy-go-lucky, always joking around. You

Psychiatrists guessed that it was his family life that pushed Taylor over the edge. There were reports that the two weren't getting along and he was upset at his wife's overspending. His first wife also reported a dark side when she divorced him in 1975. She alleged that he was extremely violent and drank excessively.

Although Taylor seemed to enjoy his work and his co-workers, he joked with others at the office two days before the killings about an Oklahoma

that this may have given Taylor the idea to go to work with guns blazing.

Another employee, Roger Hutchingson, who realized what was happening probably saved the lives of others in the building. He screamed, "Everybody get out. Clear the building. This is for real!" Everyone screamed and began to run. Hutchingson started to follow Taylor and was going to try to take him down, but Taylor took care of himself before he had the chance.

Robert Alton Harris

Robert Alton Harris is best known for dying. He was the first person to be executed in California in 25 years, the 502nd person to be executed by the state. He was pronounced dead at 6:21 a.m., April 21, 1992. His final statement was, "You can be a king or a street-sweeper, but everybody dances with the Grim Reaper," a line from "Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey." Such a witty one,

that Robert Harris.

Harris was on California's death row for 14 years following his conviction of murdering two teens on July 5, 1978. Harris and his brother were at a Jack In The Box in Mira Mesa looking for a car to steal to use in a bank robbery later in the afternoon. John Mayeski and Michael Baker, both 16, had just picked up their order when Harris slid into their back seat with a pistol. He ordered them to drive to a remote area near Miramar Dam, where he let them go, then hunted them down.

An even eerier part of the story was Baker's father, now a San Diego police detective, was one of the arresting officers. At the time he didn't realize he had just arrested his son's killer, or this story might have ended on the same day.

Harris last day was a long one. He was strapped in chair at 3:49 a.m., ready to die. Two minutes later, a phone rang. Ten minutes later he was released from the chair, allowed to live for another two hours. He was strapped back in at 6:01 a.m. and the cyanide gas began to rise from his chair. He took great gulps of air and inhaled the gas quickly. It was Robert's turn to dance.

James

JAMES HUBERTY WASN'T HUNGRY WHEN HE STROLLED INTO THE MCDONALD'S IN SAN YSIDRO JULY 18, 1984 ARMED WITH A BROWNING AUTOMATIC PISTOL, A 12 GAUGE SHOT GUN, AND A 9 MM UZI SEMIAUTOMATIC. BEFORE HE LEFT HIS SAN YSIDRO APARTMENT THAT AFTERNOON, HE TOLD HIS WIFE HE WAS GOING OUT TO "HUNT FOR HUMANS."

HE ARRIVED AT 522 W. SAN YSIDRO BLVD. AT 4 P.M., FIRED A COUPLE OF ROUNDS INTO THE CEILING, THEN CASUALLY WALKED AROUND THE RESTAURANT SHOOTING HIS VICTIMS. SURVIVORS REPORTED THAT HE KILLED ALL OF HIS

VICTIMS WITHIN 10 MINUTES OF ENTERING THE RESTAURANT. HIS BIG MAC ATTACK WAS FINISHED AT 5:17 P.M. WHEN A SINGLE BULLET FROM A SWAT SHARPSHOOTER RIPPED THROUGH HIS CHEST, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY. HE KILLED 21 PEOPLE, THE YOUNGEST 8 MONTHS, AND THE OLDEST 74. SOME DID SURVIVE BY FAKING DEATH FOR AN HOUR AND A HALF AFTER BEING WOUNDED OR HIDING IN A DOWNSTAIRS BROOM CLOSET. WHEN RESCUE WORKERS ENTERED THE BUILDING, THEY FOUND BODIES SLUMPED IN AND UNDER BOOTHS AND THE STENCH OF BURNT HAMBURGERS.

A HUGE PUBLIC OUTCRY AS TO THE WAY THE POLICE HANDLED THE SITUATION

Huberty

FOLLOWED. IT TOOK ONE HOUR AND 17 MINUTES BEFORE HUBERTY WAS "SUBDUED."

EVERYONE WANTED TO KNOW WHAT TOOK SO LONG.

POLICE ACTUALLY ARRIVED ALMOST AS SOON AS IT STARTED. THE FIRST OFFICERS WERE ON THE SCENE IN FOUR MINUTES. HUBERTY FIRED A FEW ROUNDS AT THE OFFICERS, WHO RESPONDED WITH SHOTS OF THEIR OWN. A SWAT ALERT WAS ISSUED 10 MINUTES AFTER THE KILLING BEGAN. AT 4:19, THE RESTAURANT WAS SURROUNDED, BUT THE POLICE STILL NEEDED A DESCRIPTION OF THEIR SUSPECT. SWAT TOOK OVER AT 4:45 AND BEGAN TO SET UP THE SHARPSHOOTERS. A WEIRD TWIST TO THIS WAS THE SNIPERS RECEIVED A "GREEN LIGHT" TO KILL HUBERTY, ONLY TO HAVE THEN-SWAT COMMANDER JERRY SANDERS, NOW CHIEF OF THE SAN DIEGO POLICE DEPARTMENT, RESCIND THE ORDER, AS HE WAS DRIVING TOWARD THE SCENE FROM A RECEPTION IN MISSION VALLEY. ONCE HE ARRIVED, HE GAVE ROOFTOP SNIPERS THE GO-AHEAD. HUBERTY WAS DEAD FOUR MINUTES LATER.

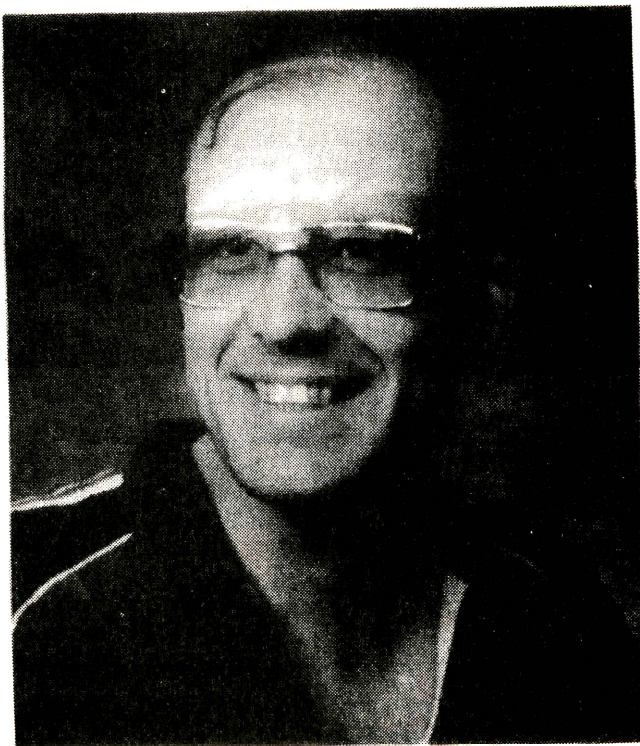
NO ONE IS SURE WHAT MADE HUBERTY SNAP. HE FIT ALL OF THE USUAL TRAITS OF AN AVERAGE NOBODY. THE UNEMPLOYED SECURITY GUARD DRIFTED THROUGH VARIOUS JOBS, RAISING TWO KIDS WITH HIS WIFE ETNA. SHE LATER SAID HE TRIED TO GET COUNSELING THE DAY BEFORE, BUT TOLD THE CLERK IT WAS NOT AN EMERGENCY. HE LATER TOLD HIS WIFE, "SOCIETY HAD THEIR CHANCE." AN AUTOPSY PERFORMED SHOWED HE WASN'T UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOL OR ANY DRUGS AND WASN'T SUFFERING FROM ANY BIOLOGICAL ABNORMALITY, SUCH AS A BRAIN TUMOR. THERE WAS SPECULATION THAT HUBERTY WAS A RACIST WITH A DEEP HATRED FOR HISPANICS; HENCE THE SAN YSIDRO McDONALD'S, WHICH IS JUST A HEARTBEAT FROM THE US/MEXICAN BORDER.

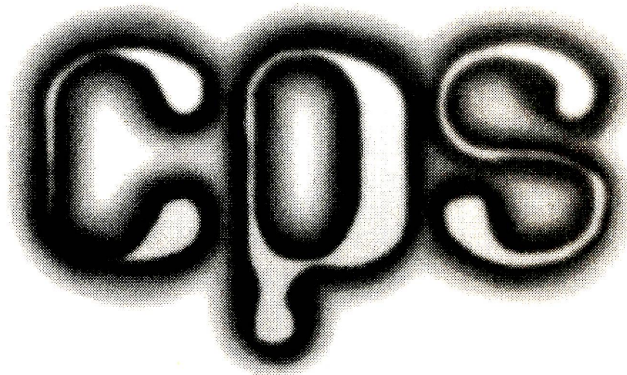
FOLLOWING THE MASSACRE THE McDONALD'S WAS DESTROYED AND A MEMORIAL PUT UP IN ITS PLACE. A SECOND McDONALD'S WAS BUILT ACROSS FROM THE TROLLEY STOP AT THE BORDER ON THE 700 BLOCK OF SAN YSIDRO BLVD. TOURISTS OFTEN POINT AT THE GOLDEN ARCHES THINKING THAT'S WHERE THE RAMPAGE TOOK PLACE.

THERE WERE ALSO PLANS TO MAKE A MADE-FOR-TV MOVIE, BUT THE PUBLIC OUTRAGE

SCARED THE PRODUCTION COMPANIES AWAY. HUBERTY HAS ALSO BECOME PART OF SAN DIEGO'S URBAN FOLKLORE. JUST ABOUT EVERYONE WHO REMEMBERS THE MASS MURDER SEEMS TO KNOW SOMEONE WHO EITHER WAS WALKING OUT THE DOOR AS HE ENTERED, OR WAS ON THEIR WAY TO BUY A HAPPY MEAL WHEN SHOOTING BEGAN. IF THAT WERE TRUE, THE TOTAL BODY COUNT WOULD HAVE BEEN CLOSER TO SAN DIEGO'S POPULATION OF OVER 1 MILLION.

(WRITTEN BY JOHN CHILSON AND LARRY)





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Betty Broderick

Despite being cheated on, and later divorced, it's really hard to feel sorry for Betty Broderick. Not that her husband Dan didn't ever provoke her, but she brought a lot of her problems on herself before murdering Dan and his new wife Linda at approximately 5 a.m., Nov. 5, 1989 while they slept.

Betty said her original plan was to go to Dan and Linda's and kill herself in front of them. She said the only reason she brought a gun along was to keep them as a captive audience before she was supposed to swallow a bullet.

"I brought the gun with me initially in order to make them have to talk to me. If they said they were calling the police I'd say, 'No, you're not.' If he wouldn't deal with me, give me the kids, I was just going to kill myself," she said in court.

She walked into their bedroom and fired five shots from her .38. Three of the five hollow-point bullets hit their mark. One hit Linda Kolkena Broderick in the chest, killing her instantly. Dan's lethal wound was from a bullet shot into his back that penetrated a lung. He died a few minutes later trying to reach the phone on the night stand that Betty had ripped out of the wall after the shooting. She surrendered to police twelve hours later.

This crime stood out in San Diego from other domestic disputes that lead to murder because of the couple's social standings. Dan was a millionaire medical malpractice attorney and Betty was considered an area socialite. Both played out their stories to the local press, and Betty told her story over and over again to the national media, including Oprah Winfrey and 20/20 after the murder. Dan's story was that the marriage was over and they did not get along. Betty's story was one of abuse and abandonment.

The two didn't begin at the same level where it ended. Dan and Betty were married in April 1969 and got off to a rough start. Betty worked to support the family while Dan attended school. It was a tough time, but it looked like all of the hard work would eventually pay off after Dan graduated from Harvard law school and they moved to San Diego where Dan was hired at the prestigious Gray, Cary, Ames & Frye partnership.

Dan worked 14-hour days and quickly climbed the corporate ladder. He eventually left the firm to open his own practice, while both began to indulge themselves in custom made clothes and other expensive gifts. Although the family had the means to buy anything

through a mid-life crisis. He complained about their new house and how their friends were boring. He complained about Betty's looks. It was during this time Dan hired Linda Kolkena in 1983, paying her a suspicious \$30,000 as a receptionist.

All of the signs were there. There were reported sightings of Dan and Linda together outside of the office. Dan was working longer hours than ever, spending as much time away from home as possible. He continued to deny Betty's accusations.



they wanted, including a house on Coral Reef Ave. near Mt. Soledad in La Jolla, some of the most expensive real estate in the county, the marriage was still rough. The two fought, both getting physical and sometimes destroying things.

After 14 years of marriage, Dan began to go

On Feb. 28, 1985, three months after his 40th birthday, Dan came home to announce he "needed more space." He left Betty and their four children, driving away in his new red Corvette.

After Dan left, Betty began to plot her revenge. She dropped off her kids, one by one, for Dan to look after.

"I'm leaving. Your dad's not go-

ing to get away with this...Let him try to deal with four kids," she told her children. Later she would continue to insist that Dan "stole" her children, but at the same time she would admit that she dropped them off at his house, despite the children's protests. They eventually decided they wanted to stay with their father.

Kim, oldest of the Broderick children, later testified in court "at first, Dad figured that she was going to come take us back. He had no idea what to do with us, and then, gradually, he got very good at it."

This upset Betty even more, and turned into Dan's most powerful weapon. She would go on occasional rampages, vandalizing his home. Both sides gave the other nicknames when speaking about each other to the children. Dan was now referred to as "fuckhead," and Linda was the "cunt." Dan and Linda returned the favor by labeling Betty "The Beast."

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Dan still controlled Betty's finances even after he filed for divorce. Betty didn't work and he was giving her over \$9,000 a month. Because of Betty's actions, he had a restraining order filed against her, but it still wasn't stopping her. He began to use his money to try to control her actions and language. She was repeatedly calling his house and leaving threatening messages.

"I wrote her a letter and I said, 'Look, if you don't stop harassing me, I'm going to withhold \$200 for every obscene word you use, \$500 every time you come into my house, and \$1000 every time you take the kids away without telling me in advance,'" Dan told a local reporter.

Betty's behavior continued to lead toward the murder. After Betty moved out of the Coral Reef house, she unsuccessfully tried to set it on fire. She followed up by driving to Dan's new home on Cypress Ave. in North Park and ramming her van into his front door. Betty was arrested and hospitalized for observation for three days.

Once the divorce was final, it got worse. The children were already being used as pawns in the divorce, and Betty was now calling the younger children Danny 10, and Rhett, 7 in 1986, telling them to call Linda "cunt." Dan began recording her conversations with the children. Betty is heard telling Rhett during Thanksgiving that she wishes he could be with her for dinner because "you don't belong in the slums with a cunt." She also told him she was going to have the cops "beat the shit out of him. I'll bring the TV cameras with me."

"Maybe you're not dead physically, but you're dead emotionally. Your father is a cold-hearted bastard who's fucking the

office cunt." She finished the conversation with "he's killing you. What kind of parent is that? A very bad one. Go beat up daddy.

In 1987, Betty went back to court. She had supported him during the rough times, and now that he was earning so much money (he earned 1.2 million in 1986), she felt she was entitled to have his earnings. Fair enough. She was awarded \$16,000 a month in alimony - \$192,000 a year, but she said she needed \$25,000 to survive.

After being limited to \$16,000 a month, Betty was living a tough life; so tough in fact, she began to pack heat.

Once Dan and Linda were married (Dan hired guards to make sure Betty didn't show up and try to kill him on his wedding day), Betty became worse. More threats, more obscene messages, and more destruction. Her rampage finally ended with Dan and Linda's murder.

Betty's first trial ended in mistrial after deadlocking, 10-2 in favor of second degree murder. The two dissenting jurors said they could not accept anything higher than voluntary manslaughter.

The second trial was different. It took three days for the jury to deliberate and find her guilty of two counts of second degree murder. In Feb. 1992, she was given the maximum term of 15 years to life for each murder to be served consecutively, plus two years for the possession of a gun. She will have to serve at least 18 years before the possibility of parole

ENDNOTE - A made for TV movie about Betty Broderick was aired in March 1992, starring Meredith Baxter ("Family Ties") as Betty.

Charles

Before a police officer is allowed to protect and serve, they must go through rigorous training and schooling. Charles Tyberg took a short cut.

Tyberg, 16 at the time, dressed up in his father's sheriff uniform and took his patrol car out for a joyride on Feb. 20, 1983, with the idea of pulling over motorists and robbing them. While parked in Marion Bear Park in San Clemente Canyon, an officer saw Tyberg's car, assumed it was being driven by a fellow officer, and pulled up along side to probably chat.

Tyberg became spooked, fired six shots from his dad's .357 Magnum, five of them hitting and killing San Diego police officer Kirk Johnson, 26.

Police were completely baffled by Johnson's murder and launched one of the biggest manhunts in San Diego history. Twenty seven officers were spending 16 hours a day, and there was still no suspect and no motive. Police finally had their big

break five weeks later when Michael Holar, 19 at the time, told his father during an argument about how he, along with another teenager Todd Boyce, were with Tyberg when he shot the cop.

The case had so much publicity in San Diego that Tyberg's trial was moved north to Orange County in Oct. 1983. The trial lasted three days and the jury deliberated for seven hours before he was found guilty of first-degree murder.

Most thought that Tyberg would be spending most of the rest of his life behind bars. Instead, things got weirder.

Three years after he was sentenced, an appeals court overturned the conviction because the two police detectives who interrogated Tyberg after his arrest were "too nice" to him. The court said, "We find defendant's confession was induced by improper

psychological pressure and persuasions applied by the police and particularly by their promise to help Charles. We concluded the

defendant's confession was involuntary as matter of law and its admission into evidence requires reversible error."

What exactly did Det. Ron Newman do during the interview? Newman told him, "I would like us to become friends. We're here to help ya, and I mean, we're trying to understand how this thing happened."

Police have coerced and beat confessions from suspects, but being friendly to obtain a confession was just too much. The appeals court went as far as saying he "set up" Tyberg. You just can't trust the police sometimes.

Four years after the killing, Tyberg, through a plea bargain, pleaded guilty to second degree murder and received a lesser sentence of 15 years to life, with two years added because he used a gun in his crime.

He was 19 days away from his 21st birthday.

Tyberg



Mark "Gator" Anthony

Mark "Gator" Anthony had everything. He was making \$100,000 by the time he was 17 as a professional skateboarder, he was touring the world skating and surfing, he had a beautiful girlfriend. He was Southern California.

He threw it all away for God by raping, then murdering, his ex-girlfriend's best friend, a 21-year-old named Jessica Bergsten.

Gator was living in Carlsbad, a beach community 20 miles north of San Diego, with his model girlfriend from Arizona, Brandi McClain. They were inseparable. When Gator was in Tom Petty's video for the song "Free Fallin'," so was Brandi. And when Gator partied, Brandi partied, every single night.

"We would get high every night," Brandi said. "We wouldn't do coke every night, but we'd do bong hits, we'd go to the Sands Bar at the end of his street and get *fucked up*. Then we'd hang out in his Jacuzzi, get drunk off our asses, and go in and have wild sex all night."

Gator's partying eventually caught up with him while on tour in Germany. He was fucked up and tried to climb into the hotel through a second story-window. He landed on a wrought-iron fence and skewered his face and neck. He was so drunk he doesn't remember the fall.

It was during his stay in the hospital that Gator became born again. It didn't matter where he was - the beach, McGill's skatepark, 7-11 - he would preach to everyone about his "secret friend" named Jesus.

As anyone who has attended a college or university in San Diego and been accosted by the Christians, being born again means going to these meetings about 50 times a week. He used to try to drag Brandi along with him to these meetings, but she wasn't ready to change. Gator had seen the light, but his light was different than Brandi's. Hers burned the weed in the bong.

"We literally had sex five times a day, we were so in love. Then he met Augie (the preacher who "saved" him) and started saying, 'We can't have sex anymore unless we get married.' And I'm like, 'Wait a minute. We've been going our for four years, having *mad sex* for four years, and we can't have sex anymore. I can't deal with this. Later.' " She moved out of Gator's beach condo and in with her mother who had recently moved to San Diego.

Gator did what almost any loving Christian does to something they can't control: they harass it. He began to leave threatening messages on her answering machine, and broke into her house and took everything back he ever gave her.

They did try to reconcile their differences over dinner one night, which foreshadowed what Gator was capable of.

"He was driving out in the middle of this nowhere road out where my parents live when he turned to me with this really scary, serious look in his eye. His voice got all deep and, you know, he sounded like the devil. He says, "You know what? I should take you out to the desert right now, I should drive you out right in the middle of the night and beat the shit out of you and leave you there. And I would get away with it, because everybody would know that you deserved it." "

Brandi was crying and begging to go home, reminding him that her parents knew she was with him. He did eventually take her home. She moved to New York and didn't leave a forwarding address.

Brandi's best friend, Jessica, came to town a few weeks later and called Gator, asking him to show her around town. On Wednesday, March 20, 1991, the two of them had lunch together and returned to Gator's to watch videos and drink a little wine. When it was time for Jessica to leave, Gator made up an excuse to run out to his car. When he came in, Jessica had her back to him and he hit her two or three times on the head with his steering-wheel lock. Gator carried Jessica upstairs bleeding and unconscious where he tied her to his bed and raped her for two or three hours.

Jessica was conscious during this time, begging and screaming for him to stop. To shut her up, he stuffed her in his surf bag and strangled her. He then loaded her up in his trunk and drove out to the Imperial Valley and buried her in a shallow grave in the desert.

On the drive back home, he threw the evidence, her clothing and The Club, out of the window, rented a steam cleaner, and removed the blood from his carpet.

Gator had gotten away with murder, but his conscience ate at him for almost two months. Gator finally broke down and told his minister, Augie, about the murder. It was Augie who convinced him to turn himself in for a murder the police didn't even know about.

"I said to him, 'Mark, you don't need a lawyer. You don't need innocent-until-proven-guilt. What do you need a lawyer for, if you answer to a higher power? If a person is accountable to God, then he's accountable to society - the Bible says that.' "

The next day Gator led homicide detectives to a grave near Ocotillo where Jessica's badly decomposed body was buried almost a month before.

Gator had confessed to the rape and murder of Jessica Bersten, but once he was assigned John Jimenez as a public defender, his story changed. Jimenez was quick to scream that his confession was invalid because Constantino had no right to turn him in. Second, he couldn't be charged with rape because Jessica's body had decomposed, which destroyed any physical signs of rape. Third, Jimenez said it was Jessica's fault. He called her a slut and said he was doing it with every member of the University of Arizona basketball team.

Jimenez probably wonders why people hate lawyers. Unfortunately, it's not a crime to be a piece of shit.

Gator plea bargained for first-degree murder rather than face the death penalty due to the special circumstances charge, which could have either brought him the death penalty or life without parole.

On March 6, 1992, Mark "Gator" Anthony was sentenced to six years for rape, and 25 years to life for murder, to be served consecutively.

His sentencing played as top story for all of San Diego's television news. Gator apologized for his "carelessness," but never came out and admitted his guilt. In an interview with *The Reader*, Gator said she died mysteriously during rough sex when he put his hand over her mouth to quiet her because he heard children coming towards his door. He admitted hitting her in the head with the Club, but said it was part of their rough, S&M, but in the end, it was pornography to blame.

When Jessica's father addressed the court, the deputies moved in between the two, knowing Bergsten would have attacked Gator if he had the chance.

"We couldn't say good-bye to Jessica because that filth left her with nothing but a piece of skin, left her for the coyotes and the goddamned birds to eat her," he said, slamming his hand on the table to emphasize his anger.

He will not be eligible for parole until 2010.

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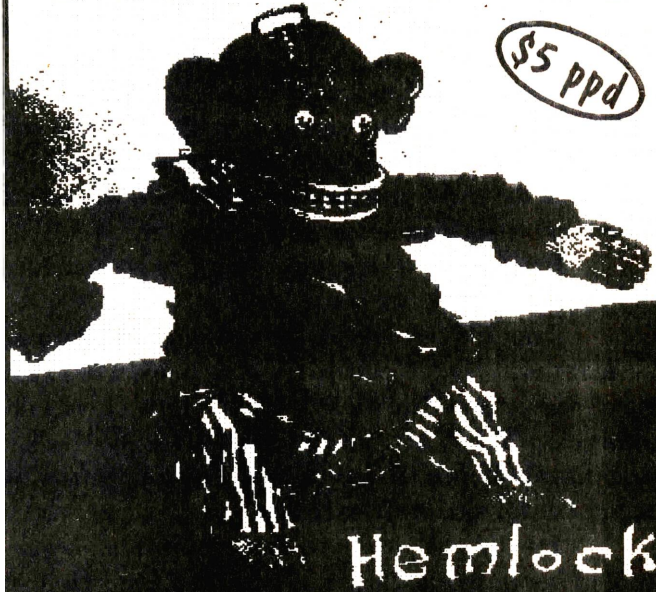
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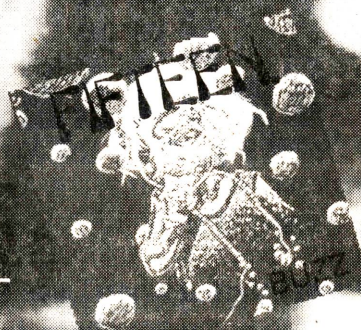
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Confessions of a Criminal

Larry finally comes clean and admits to everything

My career as a criminal started when I was five and ended when I was 13.

Whenever my parents took me anywhere, I usually came home with something completely worthless stuffed in my pocket. Anything that caught my eye - neat, shiny nails, loose marbles on the toy rack at Safeway, a single piece of hard candy. Once I remember waiting in the middle of a maze of office desks while my mom shopped at an office supply store. As I waited, I noticed each desk had a set of keys dangling from a lock on the main drawer. While mom shopped for pens and hanging files, I walked around locking the desks and sticking the keys in my pocket. Not only was shoplifting career taking off, but my career as a prankster was also beginning.

I did run into problems when I was stealing. I wasn't worried about getting in trouble, but every time I took something I was flooded with enormous amounts of guilt I felt afterwards. I just couldn't keep anything that I took. Most everything I pilfered, with the exception of the Star Trek phaser, was thrown over my fence in the alley as soon as I took it out of my pocket.

My young career took a break after my mom found my pants pockets filled with red oil paint that I stole from an art store. She made me take my pants off so she could wash out the paint *and* whip me with my dad's belt. She couldn't get the paint out and I felt terrible every time I wore them.

I ended my retirement for one day when I was in the seventh grade. Me and a bunch of friends, Robert, Ethriam, Gavin, Gillie, Bill, and a couple others, were riding our bikes around the neighborhood and we stopped at Deluxe Liquor to buy sodas. We were sitting outside when this guy came out and handed us a *Playboy*. We were excited that someone would be so cool to us, but at the same time we were bummed that he didn't give us something else. As seventh grade boys, we knew that *Playboy* only has three photo spreads an issue. It took us about five minutes to flip through it. Someone said he wished it was a *Hustler*, *Oui* (he pronounced it "oohh-we"), or *Penthouse*. Me, wanting to show off to my friends, told them I would get them one.

I already knew the technique of stealing magazines. A friend named Brad in the sixth grade taught me. He always had the coolest porno stash of anyone, and he stole every one. He used to go to a bookstore near his house wearing pants and a baggy shirt. Brad said he would browse the comic books and as soon as the clerk turned around, he would stuff a magazine or two down his pants and leave. It was simple.

I walked in and stood next to the video games, pretending I was about to play, and the clerk was restocking a shelf. I put the *Playboy* back on the rack and stuffed a *Penthouse* under my shirt and walked out with a big grin. As far as I was concerned, it wasn't even stealing. I was merely replacing something with something similar.

After goofing off the rest of the afternoon, we decided it would be fun to camp out in Robert's backyard. His parents let him do whatever he wanted, so we made plans to egg the cars and houses of our enemies later that night.

We collected the necessary eggs and toilet paper from our houses, but it was still too early to do anything. We were too excited to sit around in Robert's backyard, so I suggested we go back to

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Deluxe Liquors for another magazine. The plan was everyone would wait outside and Ethriam and I would go inside, Ethriam working as a lookout. We walked in and began to scout the place out. Our cover was we wanted to play video games, but two high schoolers had quarters lined up on the machines. The magazine rack was next to Berserk ("Intruder Alert! Intruder Alert!") so we stood watching the tall lanky guy kill robots. As soon as the clerk turned her back, I stuffed a *Hustler* under my shirt. The two high school kids saw me and gave us the nod of approval. Wow, approval from older, cool kids.

Ethriam and I walked out and I handed the mag to Gillie and went back for my bike. When I walked back by the store window, I saw the two high schoolers pointing me out to the clerk before running for the door.

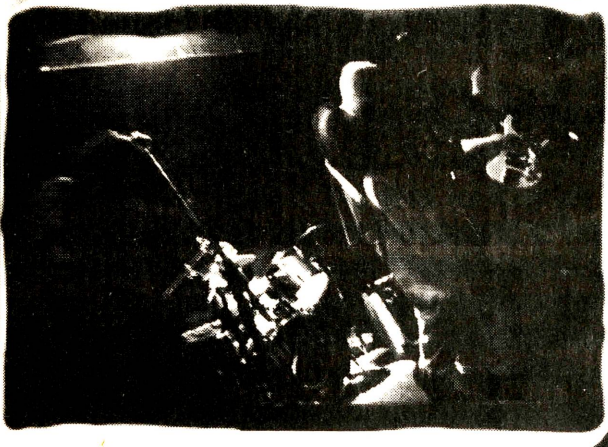
My friends took off and I was scrambling to get away on my bike. I had to maneuver around a corner with slick tile. The lanky one caught up with me as I headed for the dirt lot, freedom. He grabbed my shirt and tried to jerk me off my bike. He didn't pull me off, but he knocked me off balance. Just when I was about to crash, I pushed off the ground and popped back up, and peddled away.

We met back up at Robert's house and everyone was excited and chattering about the chase. I was shaking. The thought of getting busted for stealing a porno mag almost made me sick. I wanted to immediately go home, but I knew my friends would have called me a wuss. The longer I stayed at Robert's, I knew cops would have a better chance of closing in on us. I knew the lady at Deluxe Liquor called the cops, and an interstate APB was going over the wire for a red-headed fugitive with a newly discovered sex drive. I made up a lame excuse like I had stomach cramps and went home.

After my near capture, it was six months before I would ride my bike in front of Deluxe Liquor even though I had to ride six blocks out of my way to go to and from school every day. From now on out, I swore I would always pay for my pornography.

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For once I am not joking

Someone died wearing a Genetic Disorder T-shirt and the coroner asked me to help find the identity

I didn't want to call these people back immediately. It was the middle of a weekday in February and I was trying to keep my phone bill down. My mom had called me saying someone called the house looking for me and left a number and asked that I call back ASAP. My mom led me to believe that someone was trying to track someone down through me, probably trying to get the phone number of a mutual friend. It was my little brother who spoke with the person, and he didn't bother to write down the name, only the phone number.

Forget it. If they want to talk to me so bad, they'll call back.

Well, that lasted about 20 minutes before curiosity got the best of me. I told myself I would wait until after 5 p.m. when the rates were cheaper.

"Harris County Medical Examiner's Office," a woman's voice informed me of who I was calling.

"Hi, I don't know who to speak with, but someone called me in California wanting to speak with me. My name is Larry Harmon."

"Just a minute." I hold for five minutes before a man picked up the phone. "Hello."

"Hi, someone called my parents home looking to speak with me. I'm returning a phone call but I don't know who wanted to speak with me."

"This is Larry Harmon from El Centro?"

"Well, yeah, sort of. I actually live in San Diego."

"Okay, Mr. Harmon, what we have is an unidentified male, approximately 18-25 years old, approximately 150 lbs. Wait a minute, I can't read this person's notes. I'm not the investigator of this case. Let me take down your phone number and I'll have the investigator working on this case call you back when he returns on Monday."

Wait a minute. This guy told me he has an unidentified body, which for some unexplained reason the medical examiners in Houston, TX thinks I can identify it, and they want me to wait three days. Who do I know that lives in Texas? One or two people maybe. I called one who lives in Austin. He answered and confirmed he was alive and well. Now I was dying to know what was going on.

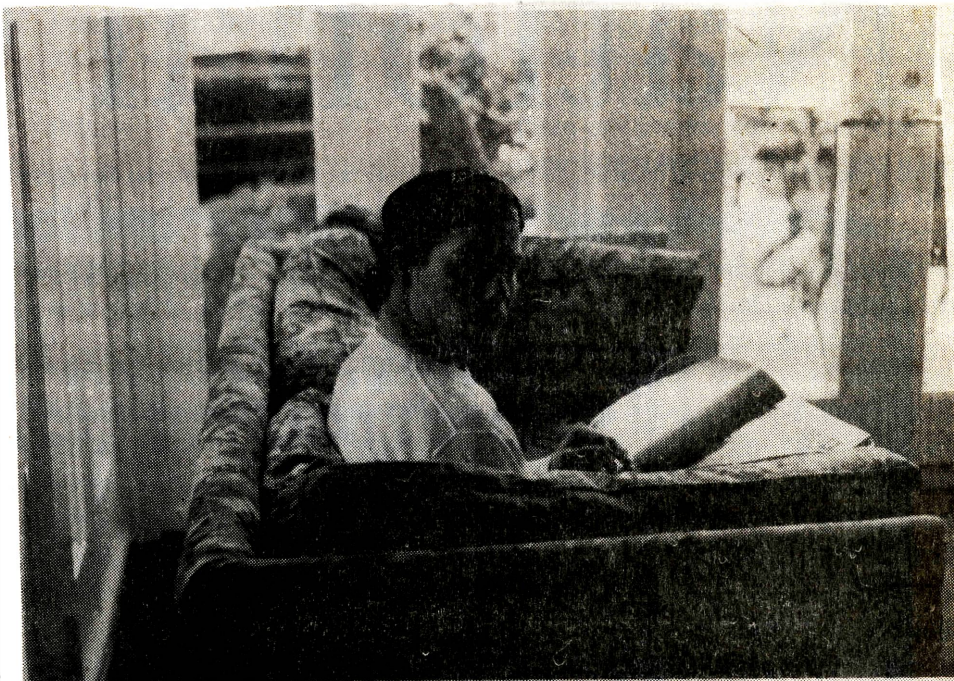
Monday finally came and Dr. Richard Perry called back and gave me the news. Houston authorities found an unidentified male, dead of a cocaine overdose. He was clean cut, had several, what appeared to be, homemade tattoos, and he was wearing a Genetic Disorder T-shirt. Did I have any idea who this is? None.

I told him I would dig through my box of mail and see if there were any orders for shirts from Texas. He said he would keep in touch.

While I was busy tracking down who ordered shirts from me, word started getting around town of a dead kid wearing a GD shirt. Perry had called Off the Record where I told him they sell my shirts, and asked the employees if they might have any idea of who the John Doe was. I was really surprised when I came home from an out-of-town trip to find three messages from friends asking me if I saw a copy of Friday's (March 4, 1994) *San Diego Union-Tribune*, which featured a short piece on the John Doe.

After tracking down any possible leads, I gave up, figuring whoever was lying in the Houston morgue in one of my shirts must have bought it at Off The Record.

It was during this time a reporter for *The Reader*, San Diego's weekly newspaper, was working on a story about area



Jaime "Lips" Kolowitz

fanzines. He contacted me and we discussed the what happened in Houston. When the story appeared, I was surprised to find out how much the reporter used the "dead kid angle." He interviewed Perry, and listed the identifying marks.

It was *The Reader* story that led to the person being ID'd. His name is Jamie "Lips" Kolowitz, 22, from Mesa, AZ. I had known Lips through Ed McMurray (occasionally *GD* contributor and cover model for *GD* #9). Whenever I visited Ed in Mesa, Lips and Ed's other friends were always hanging out. The last time I was there was March '93, and that's when I sold Lips the shirt. He had turned into a crystal meth freak since the last time I saw him. Ed was having a party, and Lips was talking nonstop and wouldn't stop moving, showing off his new pistol.

Great, the guy who was most spun at the party was waving around a gun. He was friendly, but had an evil look in his eyes. The look that if someone said the wrong thing to him, he would explode. Before he left that night, a friend of his told him he should get off the crystal, but he only repeated he stopped several months ago, then left.

The road to actually identify Lips was a strange one, crisscrossing between California and Arizona. Ed moved to San Jose last summer, but his sister lives in San Diego. When *The Reader* story came out, Ed's sister sent him a copy to read. Ed recognized the tattoos the reporter mentioned in his story. He called Lips' father in Mesa and asked him when was the last time he saw his son.

He disappeared four months ago. His family had been looking for him in Houston but hadn't had any luck. Ed told his dad he thought Lips was dead and read some of the excerpts from the story.

Lips' roommate in Houston, Richard Torrez, said Jamie was missing from their house three days before he was found underneath the overpass a couple of blocks from where they lived. Richard thinks Jamie committed suicide. He said he was having some personal problems and had tried twice before, both times with drugs.

"I called all of the hospitals and the morgue and filed a formal missing persons report in April. If he wasn't wearing one of your shirts, he'd probably still be laying in the morgue," he said

genetic

The Loser's Guide to National City

This is the fifth installment of an ongoing series featuring the lowlights of various San Diego neighborhoods, communities, and suburbs.



The Mile of Cars, National City Blvd.

Story by Larry

Photos by Ion Moe

John Belushi, dressed as a killer bee, once said in a tough Hispanic accent, "I'm from National City, California." He wanted you to know it was a tough town.

When an entire city is tagged with label of being a "bad neighborhood" by the rest of the county, putting together a Loser's Guide would seem to be easy. It isn't. Murders become run of the mill. Gang fights, beatings, and robberies become as common as taking a breath of air. Reading about parents beating infants to death is similar to watching a Cheers re-run that you've seen too many times before.

National City's identity is a mixed one. The city is locked between the San Diego Bay, Chula Vista, San Diego, and unincorporated areas of the county. It is somewhat of a border town, located approximately eight miles north of Mexico. The population break-down is 72 percent Hispanic, nine percent Asian/Pacific Islander, four percent African-American. The remaining 15 percent is made up of everything else, including white folk. It's waterfront along the San Diego Bay is an industrial park that borders a navy base rather than a tourist spot similar to Mission Bay a few miles to the north.

And of course, The Mile of Cars, stretching down National City Blvd., is the city's main artery, near Interstate 5. This is what brings most visitors to Nasty City/National Shitty, looking for a deal on a new or used car, but there is more to the town. Here is where to find it.

genetic 28

Bars - Between 1940 until the late '70s was the heyday for drinking in this town. National City sported more bars per block than any other city in the county. One of the more famous NC bars was The Westerner, a popular place for the Navy hayseeds. It was also popular with all of our favorite country and western singers. Whenever Johnny Cash was in town, he always stopped by The Westerner, which was torn down to make way for a Radisson Hotel (700 National City Blvd.).

The Navy population probably accounted for the high number of drinking spots, which included at least one topless bar, the '66 Club. The influx of Southeast Asians and Pacific Islanders also brought about a number of Asian Bars, like the Geisha Girl, or Lourdes, located at the corner of 11th and National City Blvd., a nice cozy place to stop by and get your ass kicked.

Although it's undergone several changes over the years, the Pink Pig (2305 Highland Ave.) is one of the few bars left over from the glory years. It was one of the original shit-kicker bars, but now it's a self-proclaimed "B-Bar," whatever the hell that is.

Cops - It doesn't matter how you feel about the police - it's a bad sign when a city, especially National City, is laying off part of its police force.

The city used to be a dumping ground for San Diego cops. SDPD brass would send them down to Natural Shitty to whip them into shape. Not all of them made the cut, like the graveyard cop who had a thing for doing big fat lines of coke on the table at Denny's in plain view in 1987.

Times have changed in the past few years, where now the cops are fleeing the National City force

because of budget cuts, choosing job security of policing either San Diego or its suburbs.

The city was facing a \$2 million budget gap in March 1993. To close the gap, the city laid off 10 of its 71 cops in July 1993, only to rehire them one month later after reducing their salary and benefits, giving it the lowest paid police force in San Diego. Two of the laid-off officers decided not to come back, and five whose jobs were not in jeopardy also left for other police agencies.

Morale was at an all time low. "It's very low," an anonymous cop said to the *San Diego Union-Tribune*. "We were stretched thin before, now we're stretched even more. It can't get much worse around here."

Well, at least the cruising problem was solved.

Chuck's Books - Loser tourists



lost a great landmark when city hall was finally able to shut down pornographic book/video/theater Chuck's Book down in '92 after a lengthy battle that lasted over seven years. It just goes to show that the male libido is just as strong as the law.

Since the store opened, the city was constantly on the offensive. They tried to shut down Chuck's for zoning violations, violating city municipal law, creating a nuisance, selling child pornography, and anything else they could get to stick. Yet, Chuck's was usually able to squeak by through appeals court.

•In 1987 National City tried to close the store charging that it violated city municipal codes and constituted a common law and statutory nuisance. An appeals court reversed a lower court's ruling to temporarily close Chuck's.

•June 1988, owner Steven Wiener was sentenced to 30 days in jail and fined \$1,000 for operating illegal viewing booths. He was charged because the booths had private doors. Following the sentencing, Wiener had the doors removed, but the layout still allowed privacy in the booths. He appealed the sentence, but still served the 30 days in a work-furlough program with three years probation.

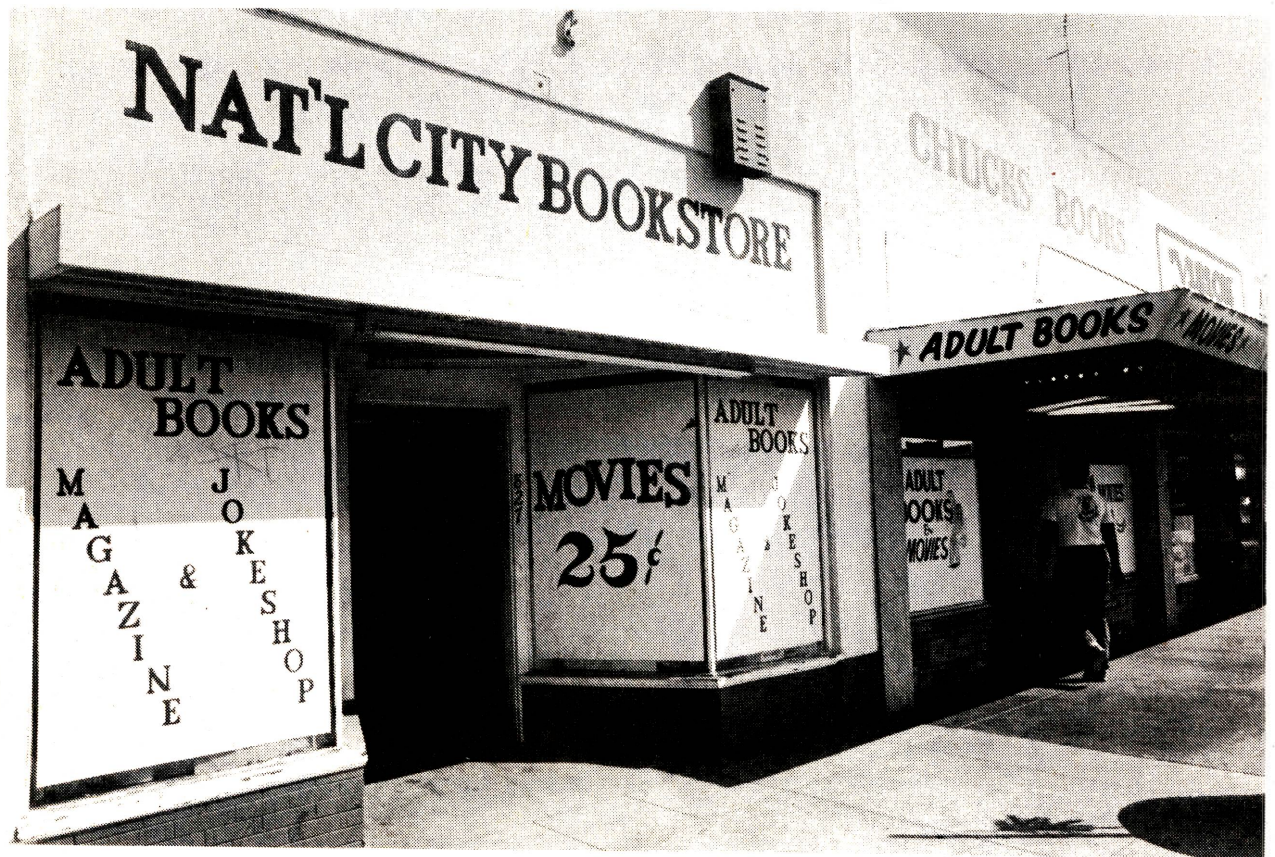
•Dec. 1988, the city cited Chuck's for approximately 30 criminal fire, building, and safety code violations. Mayor George Waters said, "Some activities are supposed to be taking place there that are not...within the law," after the charges were filed. Hmmmm. Waters might have been referring to the "glory holes," a place where men would stick their penis through a hole in the

wall and someone on the other side would go to work. Life was so much simpler in the '80s.

Some of the charges included not having any exit signs, lack of a proper business license, and the aisles were too narrow. The charges ended with a six month county jail sentence and a \$4,600 fine.

•May 1991, Chuck's Books reopened after being closed for 18 months following a federal court ruling that it was a public nuisance and violated a city ordinance regarding the location of adult bookstores. It was able to reopen after an appeals court reversed the decision of federal court.

The appeals court said the National City ordinance was unconstitutional because it made it nearly impossible for an adult bookstore to operate in the city. The law prohib-



ited businesses from operating within 1,500 feet of schools or parks, or within 1,000 feet of homes.

•Feb. 1992, federal, state, and county investigators combined forces to raid Wiener's bookstores for illegal pornographic magazines and videos after illegal pornography involving children and torture allegedly began to show up in the county. It was somewhat strange that if they were raiding the stores for child pornography, they didn't present any evidence to the public of having purchased any. Oh, well, that's never stopped a good investigation.

The raid included officers from the state Department of Justice, the IRS, U.S. Customs, and the San Diego Police Department. A sheriff's spokesman said they were specifically searching for tapes "upon which illegal acts are committed." Following the raid, authorities were going to treat themselves by viewing all of the magazines and videos for those "illegal acts." Sounds like a bachelor party.

•Sept. 1992, sheriff's vice squad arrested Wiener, his father, Donald Wiener, 63, and five store clerks from Wiener's adult bookstore, charged with conspiring to distribute *obscene* (not pornographic, there is a big difference in the eyes of the law) material in violation of state standards for pornographic merchandise. This came about after a 15-month investigation following the Feb. raid of Wiener's bookstores, home, and a storage shed.

Prior to this arrest, Wiener hired a high-powered attorney to fight any charges the city threw at him. So far Wiener was beating National City at their game of hardball. The two clashed all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, but everyone knows that you can't fight city hall.

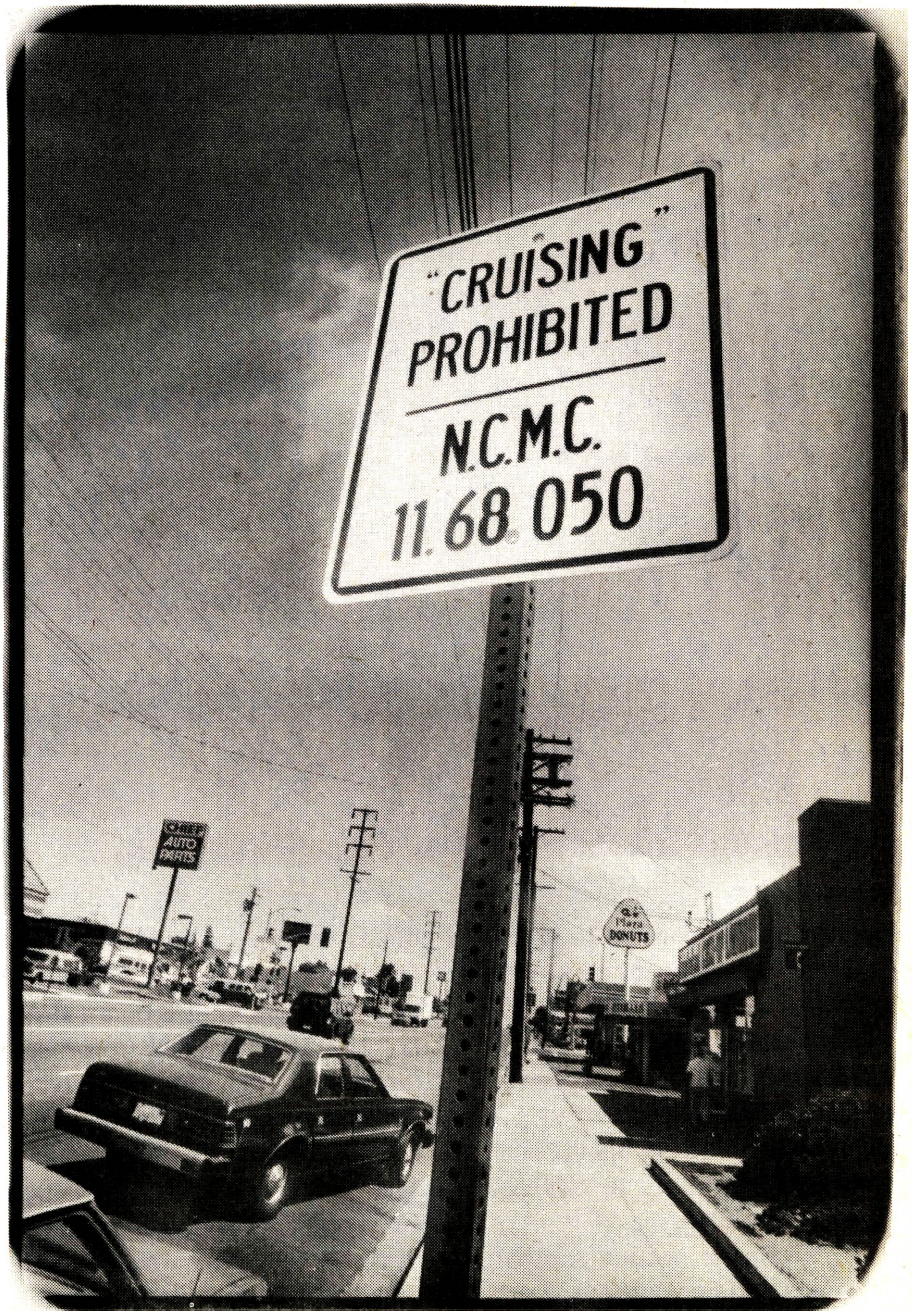
The words "Chuck's Books" is still legible on the building after

being painted over when it was closed down.

Highland Ave. - Cruising is about as American as it gets. To cruise one needs an American car, which uses an overabundance of a somewhat expensive nonrenewable resource which is one of our worst environmental pollutants. And it's these industries, the automobile makers and the oil drillers, that are the foundation of our economy. On April 5,

1992, the antithesis to July Fourth, the city council banned cruising on Highland Ave., banning everything American. Why didn't they come out and say they wanted to replace the lowriders with Soviet tanks?

Cruising on Highland Ave. has been a big National City pastime since the '50s. The heyday of cruising on Highland was in the late '70s when up to 5000 people in 2000 classy tricked out and vintage American cars would slow traffic to gridlock





by cruising from dusk to 2 a.m. at five m.p.h. It died out in the early-to mid-'80s, and resurfaced about the time lowered trucks became popular. With the rise in popularity came the rise of crime, graffiti, litter, and congestion. Businesses along Highland began to complain constantly to city politicians and police.

After a media campaign, warnings, and sign postings, the road-

blocks were set up on April 5, to stop the cruising menace, defined by the city as driving past a police checkpoint more than once in the same direction during a four-hour period. Anyone caught passing through the checkpoint would be fined up to \$100. That night, police did not ticket a single person for cruising, although three people were arrested and 59 others cited for vehicle violations at

the checkpoints.

The police tried different approaches to stop cruising before the city council passed the ordinance. Side streets were blocked off, sometimes diverting traffic into residential neighborhoods. Lowrider cars were ticketed because they didn't meet state safety regulations because they often lacked shock absorbers and carried about 500 pounds of batteries in the trunk. Cops were issuing warnings for the first stop, a ticket with the second, and an impound with the third.

After the anti-cruising law took place, it actually slowed down for a year. Once the police stopped putting up the checkpoints, the cruisers have come back. Instead of Friday and Saturday being the big cruising nights, now it's Sunday from sunset to midnight. Police still throw the roadblock up occasionally when traffic is heavy because of the speed bump scrapers.

When in the area, be sure to look for a primed black '67 Ford Mustang with *Black Market* stickers in the back window cruising when the cops aren't out. The driver who wears the cowboy hat will race ya for the pink slip.

Nelco Oil Refinery - This National City 10 acre lot located on McKinley Ave. in the industrial section of town near the waterfront was declared a "disaster" area by the Environmental Protection Agency in April 1993. The cleanup cost taxpayers approximately \$1 million after the lot was abandoned by owners Roger and Steven Humphreys, who declared bankruptcy in 1990. It was the heavy winter rains that caused the waste to seep from 500 or so rusty oil drums into storm drains and empty into the San Diego Bay and it's been speculated that the hazardous material might actually improve the water

quality of the sludgy bay.

The federal government was trying to sell the land, but it's undetermined whether they have been successful or not. If they haven't, look for a new elementary school, low-income housing project, or park to replace the leaky drums in the near future.

Navy Base - San Diego is a Navy town, and it just so happens that the Navy owns most of the land around San Diego Bay, including part of National City's western waterfront. Of course, where there's a base, there's Swabbies.

Navy guys aren't hard to spot. Short buzz cuts, shirts tucked into acid washed jeans, driving around on either a crotch rocket motorcycle a la Top Gun, or a new domestic Trans Am or similar big sports cars. They've come to live the Southern California dream of densely populated shitty apartment living and being hounded by creditors.

These guys are often targeted for beatings and robberies because, well, because they're Navy guys. Most of them are arrogant ("Fuck you, I fought in Desert Storm."), naive/stupid ("I'm a small, skinny white kid from a small, inbred white community in the midwest who just got paid. I think I'll go down to the seedy bar frequented by murderers and thieves and have a drink"), or a deadly combination of both.

And what's a Navy guy with free room and board who is new to the area supposed to do with all of the extra cash? If they don't put 10 percent down to overextend their credit, they like to visit neighborhood prostitutes. Where do you find prostitutes in National City? Read on.

Prostitutes - National City's hookers have a lot of competition from the

prostitutes on the other side of the San Diego city border, but there are enough Navy guys to go around, and this is one of the few services they can't buy with credit. Most of them can be found between First and Eight Streets on National City Blvd.

The quality is definitely on the low end of the scale, and you can usually bargain with them. The negotiation follows a direct relationship between the dollar value of sex and the number of teeth the woman

(and sometimes man) has. A prostitute with a full set of chompers might run you \$35 at the first of the month when the swabbies get paid.

Pussycat Theater - Trying to find a place where a person can watch pornography on a large screen with the company of others is getting harder and harder in San Diego. There are only handful left in the county, including National City's very own Pussycat Theater. Located at 930



National City Blvd. in the century old building which is part of a historical monument. It's also across the street from the former Chuck's Books, which was part of the reason it was closed down. National City ordinances prevent adult oriented business from being within 1,500 feet of one another.

Outside the theater, a grand marquee advertises "Always 3 X Rated Films" and movie posters proudly display the best thing porno movies: the movie parody titles. "Beverly Hills Cox," "Funky Brewster," "8 to 4."

Currently playing at the Pussycat is a triple feature with "Girls of Hooterville Pt. VII," "Buck Naked in the 21st Century," and "Cheerleader Nurses." The theater is open from 10 a.m. to 2 a.m., and the concession stand is stocked with all of your favorite munchies.

Santa Fe Motel - Nothing too special about this place located at 2135 National City Blvd., except for the fact the a Mormon cultist-turned-murderer was captured here. Jeffrey Lundgren, now 44, was captured while using the pay phone outside the motel when David Koresh was still a chump playing guitar doing it with the female members of his flock.

Lundgren, along with his wife, Alice, 43 and their son Damon, 24, were arrested Jan. 7, 1990 and extradited to Ohio, where they were convicted of the execution of a family of five who belong to Lundgren's sect. Lundgren was convicted on five counts of aggravated murder and kidnapped. He is now on Ohio's death row.

Lundgren ordered the 1988 sacrifice of Dennis Avery, 49, his wife Cheryl, 42, and their three daughters: Trina, 15; Rebecca, 13; and Karen, 7. Each had their hands bound and their eyes and

mouths covered with duct tape. Each was shot at least twice. The deaths were to serve as a "cleansing" which would allow the group to find their promised land.

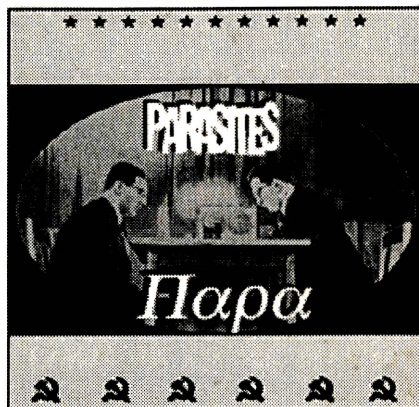
The family was buried in a shallow grave in the barn at the 15 acre farm in outside Kirkland, Ohio, where Lundgren and approximately two dozen followers lived. Investigators believe the family was murdered because they were the least committed of the group.

After the killings the group scattered until Lundgren was captured in National City. Authorities speculated that he was planning to re-establish his cult in Mexico.

Lundgren belonged to the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which broke away from the original Mormon Church in the 1840s over a leader-

ship dispute. The Reorganized Church of LDS, headquartered in Kirkland, Ohio, is the smaller of the two with a approximately 260,000 members world wide.

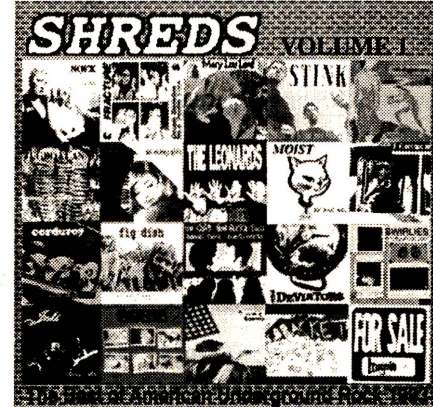
He was a lay minister for the church, but was kicked out after church leaders accused him of espousing radical doctrine. He moved with his followers to the farm, where he was referred to as "prophet," and did what they were told. They studied the Bible by day and practiced military maneuvers at night. Followers cut all family ties and signed their paychecks over to Lundgren, all because he promised he would lead them to the promised land, which was more than likely a dirt field in Mexico. He received his divine inspiration by "dividing the Bible," where lines are read out of order to gain new meanings.



PARASITES "Pair" CD

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Let's Go to Prom!

Okay, you want to go to prom, but there is so much hassle with trying to make everything go right that you want to give up. After worrying about the tickets, dinner reservations, the dress, your hair, you might as forget it. It would be much easier to stay home and listen to Green Day.

What's even tougher than finding a dress that fits *and* looks good is finding the right guy to ask (C'mon, it is the '90s, girls can ask guys out). Most high school boys are too caught up in beer/pot, their car, Mortal Combat, their record collection, and everything else except for you. Their maturity usually ranges from blowing snot out of their noses by hold-

ing a finger over one nostril to laughing like Beavis and Butt-Head. Remember, your parents are going to cherish the photo from that night forever, so do you really want that photo to be some dope that you asked out because he "skates rad"?

Stop worrying about what to wear, who to ask, and how to fix your hair. Larry from Genetic Disorder fanzine is offering his services as a prom escort for this season. He's mature, he's funny, he has a full tank of gas, and he doesn't have a curfew.

The only thing you need to do is **send a postcard to**



Hi, I'm Larry. Sure, I'd love to meet your parents.

the Genetic Disorder address telling him when and where. Be sure to include your phone number and which San Diego County high school you attend. This isn't limited to only one lucky winner. Prom season in San Diego County lasts for several weeks, so he will be able to attend more than one prom. If interested, don't delay because Larry has plans to make the memories last a lifetime. Some of the conversations he has prepared for the evening include:

"Man, my friend Steve goes through so much toilet paper, you would think the guy eats eight pounds of sausage a day."

"Well, MY favorite

Burt Reynolds' movie was 'Smokey and the Bandit,' although 'Hooper' runs a close second with 'Cannonball Run' placing a tight third."

"Isn't that cool when that guy makes lemon pepper pasta, only to blow the crowd away with chocolate pasta?"

"Mr. T is going to make a comeback. You mark my words, he's gonna be big again."

And if you act now, he'll throw in Steve for free in case you have a friend that also needs a date.

genetic disorder, po box 151362, san diego, ca 92175

This has been another contest brought to you by those wacky GD guys. This is not a joke. Larry will go to prom with you.

I never thought anyone would respond to this flier. The suit is ugly, the flower looks more appropriate for a funeral, and I'm holding a 32 oz. can of Miller with my left hand, Buttafucco style. Every high school girl's dream. Besides, no one ever responds to GD contests. No one got the mutant boy tattooed on their body. No one tried to identify the bellies with the riot grrl slogans. Why would anyone want a complete stranger to take them to a dance our culture considers one of the most important nights in our entire lives.

So you can understand my surprise when I found a letter addressed to the zine with the return address listed as "2 Hot Chickies (Prom Princesses), Somewhere in Coronado."

The letter read:

Hey Bay-bee. I read your letter at Off the Record - it looks enticing. I would love it if you and your friend Steve would escort my friend Leana and I to our Coronado High prom. It would be a wonderful fest - kinda like 90210. My name is Kirstin and I'm 17 years of age. Here is a brief description of me and Leana (see drawings). Our prom is on May 29. Call me soon at (her phone number). Are you a smooth dresser? Tuxes are bland. Kirstin"

It took me three days to get up the nerve to call. I

remember asking her a couple of times if she was serious about going. I also told her if she ever wanted to back out, it wouldn't hurt my feelings. was almost discouraging her from going to the dance with me.

I also informed her that I didn't have a second guy to go. In the flier I advertised that I would throw Steve in as a second date. When I told him that someone actually wrote and wanted to go with us, he started with his usual, "Cool, we'll get all fucked up..." "Uh, maybe next time, Steve."

Before I called Kirstin on the phone, I "volunteered" Shane to go as the second guy. He never actually said he wanted to go, but I didn't bother listening to his answer. I told Kirstin we should meet first to get to know each other, and also to make sure she really wanted to go through with this.

We met at Shane's work downtown a few days later. I got there 30 minutes



before Kirstin and Leana were supposed to arrive. Shane was already drunk. He had been sipping on a gallon of wine he stole earlier that day. We were tossing around ideas about what we should do that night. It felt sort of awkward when they first arrived. It was somewhat tense, but things began to lighten up once we started making our plans. Shane has a friend who is a manager at a Round Table pizza who could hook us up with a free dinner, and I knew Jim could probably scam us a few tokens for pinball at his work.

Kirstin dropped a bomb on us when she told us the tickets would be \$30. If

Shane and I actually had to pay for dinner and entertainment, the only thing we probably could have offered them would be Pop-Tarts and tap water under the stars. The funny thing about this was I'm the kind of guy that will try to find every opportunity to sneak into a \$5 punk rock show, and I was going to hand over thirty big ones to listen to a crappy DJ play the worst radio friendly R&B. I had to keep telling myself "You're a celebrity, going to prom is my way of giving back to the community. I'm doing it for the kids." Larry who?

Shane saved my grocery money by suggesting we sell a bunch of review CDs to pay for our share of the night. "Uh, sorry Mr. Capitol Records, I just don't have the time to listen to the bag of promo CDs you sent for review. Besides, I think one of the other reviewers probably stole them. Maybe next time."

There were a few minor obstacles before Shane and I could go. We both had to come up with fake ID's showing we were under 21 (Coronado High doesn't allow anyone over 21 go because they can buy alcohol for the kids). We also had to find sporty threads for the dance. The first major



Left to right: No One In Particular, Kirstin, Eric from the Claw, and Leana

problem came up a week away from the dance. Leana's mom wouldn't let her go to the dance.

"Did she find out that she was going with a stranger who's out of high school?" I asked Kirstin.

"I don't know why," Kirstin said. "Her mom is weird. I've tried everything. Crying, telling her that we've already spent the money for the tickets, everything."

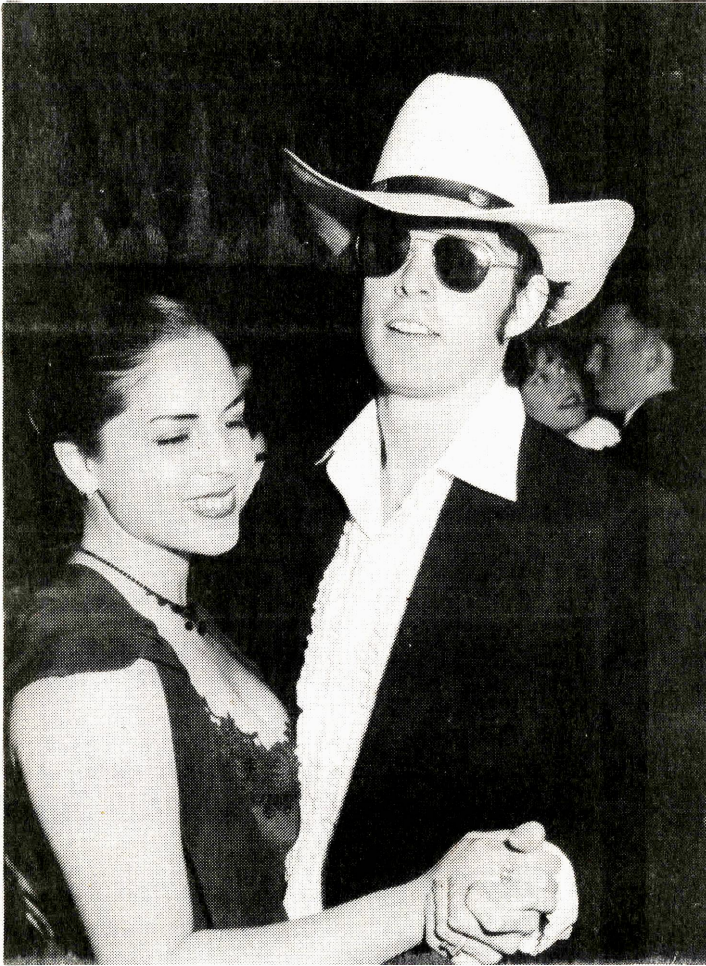
The real reason Leana's mom wasn't going to let her go was because she thought Leana was going to prom with a girl. Once she found out that she had a date with a guy, everything was fine.

As soon as that problem was solved, an even bigger one popped up. Two

days before the prom, Shane had to back out.

"Larry, I'm sorry, but one of my friends who lives in San Francisco just called to say he has a rare blood infection. He said the doctor gave him a week to live and he called and said he wanted to see me in case he does die. I'm really sorry. I was looking forward to going, but I can't."

Two days away and everything was falling apart. They wanted me to find another person, I had a busy weekend planned and there would be no way I could find a second guy. First of all I had a wedding to go on Saturday, the day before the dance, followed by a costume/moving out/birthday party for Mark of Camp-ground Records.



May 29, the day of the prom was a long one. I was graduating from San Diego State University and had to spend the rest of the day with my family. After the ceremony sunburned, I was able to ditch my family to get some sleep, but when my mom pressured me into making plans later that evening, I broke down and told them that was I was going to a high school prom later that night, further convincing my parents that they gave birth to a weirdo, but my dad asked for a flier so he could show everyone at work what his

panic attack hit me. "What the fuck am I doing? I don't know these people, I can't dance, I don't have any money to pay for anything (wait a minute, I have graduation money - thanks, Grandma), the principal is going to know that I'm over 21. I'm going to look like a dork." and so on until I stopped hyperventilating.

I shaved, noticing a sunburned ring around my forehead from wearing my graduation cap, but not noticing the fact that I had cut my neck and was bleeding profusely over the collar of my

oldest son does for fun..

I woke up about 4:30. I was supposed to be in Coronado at five. Anyone who knows me, knows five means six. While I was in the shower, that's when the

peach embroidered shirt.

I called to check in with Leana and Kirstin before I left. They were still busy getting ready, and they had found another date for Leana. She was bringing Eric from the Claw.

It's approximately a 20-minute drive from my East San Diego apartment to Coronado Island, which was just long enough for me to have another panic attack. I'm always nervous when I meet girls' parents. I can feel the father's eyes burning into me as he looks me up and down, wondering if I'm good enough to spend all of my money on his daughter.

As I walked up to the house, I saw four or five people and assumed two were her parents.

Stay calm, you said you'd meet her parents on the flier. They have proof.

The group started chuckling as I walked up to the porch. Before I get up to the door, her mom said, "You must be Larry."

"Do you like my suit? Kirstin picked it out."

"Well, that explains it."

I didn't feel the evil eye from her dad, and he actually seem amused by the whole idea. I still felt the need to reassure him, something to the effect of, "Sir, I promise I won't touch your daughter." He was actually friendly, unlike most fathers I've met in similar situations, and broke



the ice before I did something dumb.

"You're going to be the luckiest guy there. Who else gets to take two girls out on a date at the same time?" he asked.

"Uh, I don't know, Wilt Chamberlain?"

Too late. My smart ass mode kicked in before my brain could check what my mouth just said. They got the joke and laughed.

Kirstin and Leana came out of the house, looking damn sharp, rescuing me from saying anything really stupid. Kirstin was wearing a power blue dress, matching my blue checkered jacket and blue pants, with

her hair poofed out. Leana was wearing a long, but somewhat low-cut red dress, with her long hair done up in a Princess Leah sort of bun on the back of her head. I gave Kirstin a plastic flower I stole from a cheap floral arrangement from my uncle's wedding the night before, which I didn't even attempt to pin on her dress because I knew I would have stabbed her.

The three of us looked like thrift store mannequins as we pile in my car to go pick up Leana's date. I was still lamenting the fact that Shane couldn't go and I was going to be the odd man out since the girls were both

friends with Eric from the Claw. It's hard to make small talk with three strangers for an entire night.

I knew we were in for a wild night when I saw his outfit. He was dressed to kill. Black suit, white ruffle shirt with an open collar, boots, black cowboy hat, aviator shades, and a Virgin Mary and Jesus platter moonlighting as a belt buckle. He looked like every ass-kickin' evil guy from every Chuck Norris movie.

Now it was back to my side of town. We stopped for greasy Chinese take-out near my apartment and ate dinner in a small park on Catocin St. I wanted to eat here



because it looks like such a rad place to drink 40s at night without being bothered. Today six of the homeless men in my neighborhood upstaged us by having a party of their own. One approached us for money for food; instead, Kirstin offered him food. He got kinda mad and refused, so I didn't bother trying to barter an egg roll for a can of Milwaukee's Best.

After dinner, we headed to Bullwinkle's in El Cajon where Jim works. The plan was to scam as many free tokens, and maybe a go-cart ride, and have Jim take pictures. He snapped a few photos of us playing pinball before 3000 Little Leaguers started going berserk and he had to get back to work.

As we headed for the dance at the Catamaran Hotel in Pacific Beach, Leana mentioned that she was kinda seeing someone, and he was mad that she didn't take him. She also informed us that he might show up drunk and try to get tough. I wasn't worried, because Eric from the Claw was dressed to fuck shit up. Speaking of Eric from

the Claw, he's also known as Eric Kivlen, the bassist from the Eric Kivlen Band. That made things a little easier on us, since we have mutual friends and something to talk about.

It was weird seeing all of the beautiful children stepping out of limos in front of the hotel. Where do these kids get their money? The principal greeted the four of us, pulling Eric from the Claw and me close to smell for alcohol while shaking our hands. Kirstin introduced her under 21 friends, Justin Peterson (me) and Christopher Rovadgria (Eric from the Claw).

The dance was filled with beautifully dressed boys in tuxes and girls in sequined dresses, with the exception of three freaks dressed in goofier clothes than me. Upstaged for the second time in one night. These guys actually made the dance bearable. Two of the three resembled Screech from "Saved by the Bell," and all of them ran around, jumping like David Lee Roth, and being general annoyances. I recognized one of the Screeches and the other guy from the Drive Like Jehu show at Off the Record. It turned out that both of them are in a punk band called Senior Citizen BBQ, and read *GD*. They kept bugging me about what I thought of the Bulge 7" I reviewed in #11, but didn't seem to know much about Ron Jeremy



when I asked them about him. I can't remember if I told them to ask their parents who Ron Jeremy is.

The dance was the low point of the evening. The music was the worse R&B dance pop mixed with AC/DC and Jimmy Buffet, although the DJ did play "Welcome to Paradise" by Green Day without a request.

Somewhere between "Freak Me" and Ace of Base I remembered that this was a dance, meaning I was going to have to dance, and that I can't dance. Every time Kirstin dragged me on the floor, I stepped on her feet and managed to throw her into other couples making lame attempts to spin and dip. I kept repeating, "I don't need alcohol to have a good time. I don't need alcohol to have a good time."

The dance finished uneventfully around midnight. I was hoping that one of the Screeches was going to steal a beautiful sequined girl from a jealous jock, causing a rumble with Eric from the Claw coming to his rescue with bicycle chains swinging. Instead, people filed out back

into limos, apparently to play it straight and go to the sanctioned After Prom at Coronado High instead of going to a hotel to either smoke pot and drink themselves silly or fuck each other's brains out (Kirstin informed me that most American girls loose their virginity on prom night. Think about it, Brenda and Brandon did it on prom night on "90210").

The four of us had bigger and better plans. I bought two blocks of ice and headed to the grassy hills of Presido Park next to the San Diego Mission. We were going ice blocking - sliding down a hill while sitting on a wet block of ice. Being the role model that I am, we worked out a fake story in case the cops caught us. It's illegal in Presido Park because some idiot hit a tree and broke his neck or something.

Eric from the Claw demonstrated the proper techniques and made the first run. The four of us slipped and sledged and got wet and muddy in our prom outfits, racing down the hill avoiding trees and sprinklers. Leana didn't have much of a dress left after an hour of ice blocking.

When you're wet and cold, it's time to call it a night. The girls still wanted to do something, so I tried to sneak them into the Velvet Lounge without any luck. Instead we opted for coffee and gin rummy at the Gaus House until 2:30 a.m.

I had Kirstin and Leana back in Coronado before 3 a.m. The night ended with a friendly good-bye. I drove over the bridge from Coronado back to the mainland wondering if I had any beer left in the fridge.

MUSIC REVIEWS

REVIEW POLICY: WE REVIEW WHAT WE WANT. WE DO REVIEW MAJOR LABEL RELEASES, BUT OUR PREFERENCE IS FOR INDEPENDENT MUSIC. WE DO REVIEW DEMO TAPES, BUT UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES WILL WE REVIEW ADVANCE CASSETTES. IT'S EITHER VINYL OR CDS. WE WON'T RETURN PHONE CALLS INQUIRING WHETHER OR NOT WE RECEIVED YOUR PACKAGE. SORRY, BUT IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE. MY MONITOR IS MAKING ME BLIND.

Agnew, Rikk - Turtle CD

Simply put, this album blows suburban mall rats who spend their days ditching fifth period social studies to piss in fountains and steal pennies from MDA donation jars. Right now, there's only one word that comes to mind when listening to Mr. Agnew's latest solo effort: retirement. Face facts sheekie — you're over the hill and accelerating. Please do those of us who remember bands like the Adolescents and D.I. fondly a favor and quit now. Please? Is that too much to ask? Am I being selfish simply because I don't want to hear you do another song like "Cannon," or team up with Tom Araya again? Come on Rikk, if I want to hear "Braineaters," I can pull out my copy of "Walk Among Us". I don't need to listen to your imitations. Since you covered the Kinks song of the same name, I'll echo a sentiment expressed on this pathetic piece of shit: give the people what they want. **QUIT WHILE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!** (SCOTT)
Triple XXX Records, PO Box 862529, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529

Arcwelder - Xerxes

Just because Arcwelder is a trio from Minneapolis and creates melodic, punk-influenced music doesn't mean they're at all like another three-piece unit from Minneapolis. Arcwelder buries pop hooks under grinding layers of riffs and power chords. Although I hoped "Freebird" was a reworking of the old Skynyrd song, it's actually a nifty little instrumental. "Let Down" and "Change" are among the swell tracks on this 12 song disc, and are great, hummable tunes that would seem ideal for pogoing. (SCOTT)
Touch and Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL, 60625

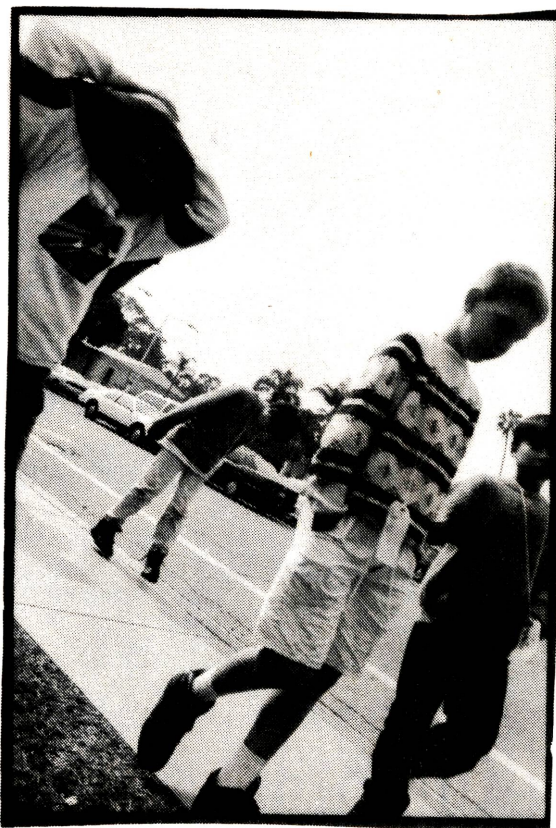
Bad Livers - Horses In The Mines

This is truly classic stuff — bluegrass on a label best known for bands like Pegboy, the Rollins Band and Mule. Grant point, there's a lot more bluegrass here than punk, but this still rocks. Tracks like "Where They Do Not Know My Name" and "Clawhammer Fish" kick up more of a fuss than that there "alternative" music the young'uns seem to listen to so much, and it doesn't sound like this trio bothers with electric instruments. As for people who had a hand in the record, do the names Paul Leary and Steve Albini sound familiar? Hmmm? These boys even thank the Central Texas Bluegrass Association. There's definitely some weird cross-breeding going on here, but don't worry about it. It's a shame this doesn't have a few more songs on it, but they did toss in an awesome tune titled "Blue Ridge Express" so it balances out. Once you get this, be sure to seek out "Delusions of Banjeur" and the single with their cover of "Lust For Life," which are both well worth the time. (SCOTT)
Quarterstick Records, PO Box 25342, Chicago, IL

60625

Beastie Boys - III Communication Double LP

The Beastie Boys continue their hybrid lifestyle of amalgamating styles with "III Communication." Instead of recreating themselves again, the Beastie Boys continue to build on the sounds of "Check Your Head."



Beastie Boys

They've got the spaced-out funk jams ("Eugene's Lament" has some crazy, Middle Eastern violin shit), some hardcore early '80s style, and some fresh rhymes. Q-Tip lends the abstract on a cut and MCA lays down some of the best bass lines that hip hop has ever had the pleasure of claiming. No matter what type of music you like, there has got to be at least one song on this album that will thoroughly impress you, if not two. (SHANE)
Grand Royal, PO Box 26689, Los Angeles, CA 90026

Bedhead - WhatFunLifeWas CD

This is mellow. Galaxie 500 comes to mind, and does the Velvet Underground except that Bedhead doesn't seem to be able to hold my attention as long as those two bands. Mellow enough to be good, but boring enough

to be bad. After the first couple of songs, the entire album just sorta blends into a single long minimalist mood. No high points, no low points, just there. (SHANE)

Trance Syndicate, PO Box 49771, Austin, TX 78765

Black Train Jack - No Reward CD

I had this dream the other night that I was hanging around out front of Hilly's place in New York when these four semi-scruffy punks showed up (no, not the Ramones! Wrong decade!) humming "Afternoon Delight." Anyway, Hilly gives these guys a matinee show, and next thing you know, they're ripping out the drum intro to "Run to the Hills"! So this quartet pounds out a set of tuneful punk rock, not especially original, but good, solid sing-along material suitable for crooning in the shower when you're sure you're alone. When I woke up, I pulled out Black Train Jack's *No Reward*, and spent about twenty minutes listening to it with a pleasant smile on my face. One minor beef: My copy sounds like some kind soul cleaned it with a Brillo pad, thus rendering Black Train Jack's rather astounding cover of Bob Marley's "One Love" scratchy, and somewhat lacking in the pristine sonic qualities that would ensure my full enjoyment. It doesn't matter though. That cover is still cooler than fuck, although all things considered, "Leapfrog" and "The Newest One," being speedy, melodic songs, are probably better suited to display the band's talent. (SCOTT)

Roadrunner Records, 225 Lafayette St. #407, New York, NY, 10012

Blasting All Rotten Fuckers - Ignorance, Chaos, Suicide CD

Never have I heard anything that took me by such surprise. How I hate to give juice to anything on Cargo Records, but this is crazy. Death metal, crust and grindcore fans take note. This is fast, crazy, intense, complex and will get your adrenaline pumping. You have to sit through this record completely before its brilliance actually makes an impression on you. It has the same demanding urgency as ABC Diablo, but includes the metal devastation of Napalm Death and Atrocity. The song "Nail Biting Tale" is oddly reeking of Rudimentary Peni. Godlike. Go get this now! (BOB)

Earache

Blood From The Soul - To Spite The Gland That Breeds CD

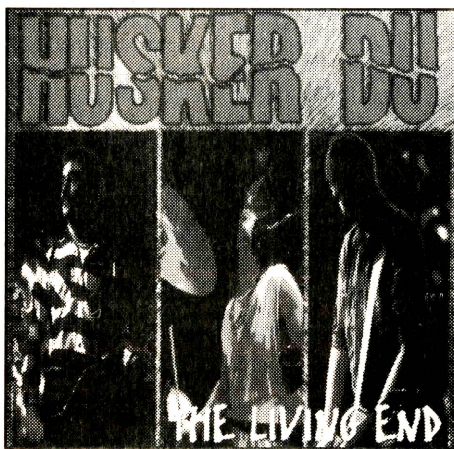
Total background music. Another release by dirtheads that make their money by playing in some other metal band. This isn't as bad as some "project" bands, but it will have you bored quick enough. Light industrial metal. (BOB)

Earache

Do you remember?

Light a candle by your shrine and recall your favorite Hüsker Dü moment. Then write it down and send it to us. If your entry strikes us as one of the more charming, shocking or allegorical to the time, you will win: A rare, lovely, *autographed* (by Bob, Grant and Greg) Tour Program from the "legendary" 1987 Tour. Which reminds us

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Send your entry to:
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P.O. Box 6868-DU
Burbank, California 91505
Attn: Customer Relations

Deadline for all entries: July 30, 1994.
Winners will be notified by mail.
Offer good while supplies last.

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The Bollweevils - Chicago 7"

Why haven't I listened to these guys before? This single releases the band's energy through the grooves, up through the needle, and out of my speakers. Rhythm Collision, Face to Face, etc., it's all here, but these guys play faster. Grab a copy now. (LARRY)
Dr. Strange, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701

Brainiac - Smack Bunny Baby CD

A valiant effort by four musicians who know a thing or two about sonic messiness, and how to use it to your advantage. On this album, the parts don't always fit together as well as they could. Square pegs jam into round holes only when the biggest hammer is used. When you use a small hammer, it just keeps bouncing off the peg, hitting you in the eye. Brainiac should be heavily bruised by now, wearing cucumbers like badges.

OK, enough of that lofty shit, here goes: it's more of that Pixies-influenced, Sonic Youth-y noise-swirl. The "songs", per se, fall flat more often than not. The creativity is definitely there; oddball guitar pops and tweaks, pained vocal rants. Nothing groundbreaking, surely ground-bruising. (KEVIN)
Grass Records, PO Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800

Bratmobile - The Read Janelle 12" EP

I can't believe how much came from so little. The guitar has little distortion, if any, and is played like a bass half the time; the drums are mostly high hat, snare, and bass. No solos, no leads, and no bass. Yet, they still delivered the energy with catchy short choruses, '70s punk style rather than jangle pop. I liked this release tons more than their full-length. With their album, I found myself burning out after eight songs, but I can't

get enough of these six songs. (LARRY)
Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State St. #418, Olympia, WA 98501

Bring Back Dad - Crinoline Dress 7"

I'm not really into this, but it's not bad or anything. The music is mostly bland slow groove '80s retro. One song beckons the Cure and they all have a Lou Reed feel. The vocalist has a pretty unattractive moan, made up by the imaginative additions of the guitar. If you like college rock ... (BOB)
Resin Records, 2300 B Central SE #198, Albuquerque, NM 87106

Bum/Smugglers - Tattoo Dave split 7"

Devoting the A-side to covers of DMZ's "Lift Up Your Hood" and the Boys' "Kiss Like A Nun," the true gem on this 7" is the sassy, thrashy, seriously raw cover of "Hang Fire" by the Rolling Stones. It's a fairly faithful rendition, although it's a bit faster and much sloppier. Obligatory name drop: renowned knob-jobbers Kurt Bloch and Conrad Uno produced this. (SCOTT)
Top Drawer Records, 1912 Franklin Ave. East, Seattle, WA 98102-3613

Buzzov-en - Unwilling to Explain 7"

Three songs. Samples. Good samples used as intros where they have cool stuff about Satan and the cops. Two speedy, ugly distorted, scratchy, pissed off, thrashy numbers. One big ugly, heavy, mush march off pain and anger. Hide the scissors. (JIM)
Allied Recordings, PO Box 460683, San Francisco, CA 94146

Cactus Nerve Thang - Sloth

This isn't exactly a bad record, but it certainly isn't a good one. The first song, "Overcoat Sadness," sounds

fine while it's on, but after that it's a morass of mediocre indie-rock clichés and one more reason Grass might want to mow its roster. It's not that Cactus Nerve Thing sucks, it's just that this music is boring, regardless of how much screaming or noise they pile on in a futile effort to make it sound cool. Sure, Cactus Nerve Thing plays monster riffs that might appeal to longhairs who still rock out to Ted Nugent and Night Ranger, but if you don't fit that description, look somewhere else for your next rock 'n' roll kick. (SCOTT)
Grass Records, PO Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800

Capitol Punishment - Messiah Complex CD

Capitol Punishment has a distinct sound. Instead of using power chords, Dale and Jocelyn use "walking" riffs: it's still straightforward, but something different at the same time. These two have kept the band together for quite a few years despite the music chairs that has gone on with other band members. As a matter of fact, two different people split the vocals on this release, which I felt hurt this release. If I were going to recommend a Capitol Punishment album to a new listener, it would probably be any of their albums except for this one. (LARRY)
We Bite America, PO Box 10172, Chicago, IL 60610

Cavity - Built for the Human Race 7"


For some reason I was expecting a noise band; instead, I got a powerful dose of good ol' straight ahead punk, sort of like Tilt, sort of like early 7 Seconds with quiet leads, but with less melody and more riffing. Decent. (LARRY)
Black Plastic Records, PO Box 480832, Denver, CO 80248

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These guys remind of the band the Fumes whose cassette we reviewed a couple issues back. The music is pretty typical punk. Decent, ya know? But the lyrics are totally negative and wonderful to hear. Songs like "I Don't Appreciate Nothing," "Never Got A Spanking" and "Find The Good And Hack It" would make great companions to Fumes songs on a split 7". Maybe they should both get in touch. (BOB)

235 Horizon #1, Venice, CA 90291

Cows - Cow Island b/w Chicken Rhythm 7"

"Cow Island" is a scorcher. It starts out slow with a weird guitar sound, then kicks in. Bam! It's in your face, knocking your teeth out and replacing them with dentures. "Chicken Rhythm" is a slow cow-poke number with Shannon squawking "fuck off" like a chicken the entire song. I love this. (LARRY) Amphetamine Reptile, 2645 First Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55408

Crankcase - Capitol Hill Murder Suicide Pact b/w Riverbed 7"

Arrrgh. I hate acoustic guitar intros. If they could cut the fat from their music, they would probably be another run of the mill indie rock bands. But they didn't, so they're an awful run of the mill indie rock band. I couldn't bring myself to listen to side two, so don't bother writing a letter saying I didn't listen to your record. Save yourself the stamp, because you're right. (LARRY)

Static Records, PO Box 40236, Philadelphia, PA 19106

Crop Dogs - The First Mission 7"

Fucking awful! Stay away! (BOB) Round Flat Recordings, 63 Lennox Ave., Buffalo, NY 14226

Crunt - CD

Loads of screaming, yipping, and general yelling from these indie-rock vets. With Babes In Toyland's Kat Bjelland relegated to bass (punk equivalent of playing right field), their debut is a very guitar-oriented affair. Said guitar is a very down-southern sounding sturm-und-twang, a la Jesus Lizard. The bass is waaaaayyyy down in the mix. Perhaps to mask the playing, or just to showcase the guitar in a '70s production style. With some strong bass lines, this album could have been a lot better. The songs seem rush-written. That's not to say that they were written by Rush, but that the band quickly formed, quickly threw together a batch of riffs, and quickly recorded this album. There's some quality in the brew, it's just not as good as it should be. A longer gestation period would've perhaps added a companion riff to the very one-trick pony that is "Swine", a song with a killer main riff, but nowhere to go. The rest is pretty much the same. Not bad, just not great. (KEVIN) Trance Syndicate, PO Box 49771, Austin, TX 78765

Dahl, Jeff - Wasted Remains of a Disturbing Childhood

So Dahl's lyrics aren't particularly intelligent. So most of them are barely one step removed from "I wanna rock and roll all night/ And party every day." What do you think this is, the Dylan Thomas Poetry Appreciation Circle? Ignore the words and let the healing power of his

riffs flow through your chakras to realign your higher self. Speed, power, punk rock. A manifesto for the 1990s. Note the special guest Dave Smalley on "Positive!" Oh, and be sure to check out the killer cover of the Stooges' "1969." As for the rest of the tracks, "She's So

so well that maybe the bands should merge and change their names to The New Devil Bomb Dogs, and start releasing shitloads of EPs with the same energy. It would make the world a much better place. (LARRY) *Helter Skelter, P. le delle Provincie, 8, 00162 Rome, Italy*



COWS

Cool" is fun, "The View From The Gutter" and "So Boring" are quick, up-tempo ditties that registered 7.2 on the Richter Scale at CalPoly, and "Wasted Remains" and "Across Southern Plains" are both atypical acoustic numbers that stand out from the electric fare on the rest of the album. (SCOTT)

Triple XXX Records, PO Box 862529, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529

Dazzling Killmen - Force Of Collapse CD

Angst-ridden, high energy, lung scrapin' sounds from this band. Sounds sorta like something that you find on AmRep. The artwork is cool; bones, teeth, fuzzy photos, surgical illustrations. Hard, dark and noisy to bring out the beast in you. (SHANE)

Skin Graft, PO Box, 257546, Chicago, IL 60625

Dead Silence - Freedom 7"

3 songs, I've heard one of them before though ... they seem to put this song "Hope" on every comp. I've seen them on. However, it's a really good punk rock song. In fact, the whole 7" is good, political punk. It's lively, it's kooky, it's punky. (FREUD)

Dead Silence, PO Box 7206, Boulder, CO 80306

Devil Dogs - Saturday Night Fever CD

Devil Dogs are full-bore shit talkin' punk 'n' roll beer spillin' heroes. These fuckers are so obnoxious that you gotta love 'em, if not for the fact that they use guitar shuffles plentiful and tastefully. Yeah, whatta ya want from me? Rock out or don't. (LARRY)

Sympathy for the Music Industry, 4901 Virginia St., Long Beach, CA 90805

Devil Dogs/New Bomb Turks - split 7"

Each band covers a song by the other band, Devil Dogs doing "Tattooed Apathetic Boys," and the Turks play a combined versions of "Rock City USA," "Action," and "Backstage," (which is a cover the Devil Dogs play), and unless you've heard the songs before, you couldn't tell it's three songs' rolled into one. All of the songs are firecracker punk 'n' roll. Both bands cover each other

Disgust - Brutality of War CD

It looks like Discharge. It sounds like Discharge. The lyrics read as Discharge lyrics did. It rules. I loved Discharge, now I can love Disgust. I have never heard one band recreate the sound of another band so perfectly. This is going to be my most listened to record of 1994 without a doubt. Crust. (BOB)

Earache

Distorted Pony - Instant Winner

Imagine: You're trapped in LA gridlock. The freeways are nothing more than twisted masses of rebar and concrete after the latest wave of disasters. Some arrogant CalTrans worker is holding up traffic for no apparent reason. The road ahead is empty for at least a mile. It's just another public servant, stuck in a thankless job, taking

their revenge on hapless commuters. As you sit there, you flip through a pile of cassettes in the back seat. There's an unlabeled one. Out of idle curiosity, you pop it in the player. It comes on slow, like good morphine. But when it hits ... it knocks you flat out. That's just about the effect Distorted Pony induces. They're louder than the Blitzkrieg and form a thunderous roar of guitars, distortion and six-string mayhem rolling across the land like the shock waves following the detonation of a nuclear warhead, knocking everything down and burning organic materials into ashen outlines on the ground. Slow, pulverizing waves of white heat roll over the rivulets in the surface of the goddamn highway stretching in front of you like a boring morning at work. So what is there to do? Nothing, except get really pissed off and spontaneously combust. (SCOTT)

Trance Syndicate, PO Box 49771, Austin TX, 78765

Doc Hopper - Aloha CD

They are another band that sound like ALL to me. (SHANE)

Ringier Ear Records, 9 Maplecrest, New Market, NH

Down By Law - punkrockacademyfightsong CD

Although Dave Smalley may not exactly be the primary punk rock god, he is certainly one of the ranking and influential deities in the pantheon. Consider his past work with DYS, Dag Nasty and ALL. Since those early days with DYS, Smalley has matured both as a musician and vocalist, while maintaining the youthful, optimistic vocals that characterize his work. One major development with this album, the third in Down By Law's discography, is that Down By Law is finally a band, rather than continuing to borrow members from other groups such as the Chemical People. The songwriting is up to par with Smalley's previous work, as is the music. Of course, that means Down By Law's brand of hopeful and emotional punk is still light years beyond most contemporaries. It reminds me of Woody Guthrie's attitudes about music — to wit, why create something that simply makes people feel worse? Why create something with no positive effect? Apparently, the

members of Down By Law asked themselves similar questions and decided to offer uplifting music rather than more depressing dirge rock. They also throw in a nifty cover of the Proclaimers' "500 Miles." Thanks guys. (SCOTT)

Epitaph, 6201 Sunset Blvd. Suite #111 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028

Downset - Anger b/w Ritual 7"

These guys are cool. Sure, they've got that hip-hop flavored punk groove thang shakin' and they spend a lot of time ranting about social injustice. They also kick ass. Rey Oropeza screams about racism, rape and a whole passel of other problems on this single. Yep, this is definitely P.C. territory but it's very well-done. No complaints here. Not only is the music thoroughly rockin', the single is on blue vinyl. (SCOTT)

Theologian Records, 120 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach, CA 90254

The Drags - The Exciting Sounds of... 7"

Pretty cool twangy neo-'60s garage music. The guitars are all presence and no bottom with the distortion being generated by guitars on 10. Like any garage record, there are the necessary amounts of "Whaaa!!!" screams. Horror flick spy life watch out for the blob or watch Andy Griffith on prime time. Good. (BOB)

Resin Records, 2300 B Central SE #198, Albuquerque, NM 87106

Drop Dead - 7"

Besides coming with pages of lyrics, literature, pictures and a fold out poster, there is also the record itself in the bag somewhere. And on that record is some brutal ass crust and grind a la Seige. I didn't think that just because

they are named after a Seige song that they would sound so much like them, but hell if they don't. The lyrics challenge capitalism, factory farming, authority, and all that mainstream crap. They don't come much better than this. (BOB)

Selfless Records, 2157 Pueblo, Garland, TX 75040

Face to Face/Horace Pinker - split 7"

Two great bands each contribute two songs for this release. Face to Face follow through with one original that rocks just as hard as anything the band has ever released, and they cover Violent Femmes' "Blister in the Sun," which is okay. Horace Pinker's first song, "Letter Never Sent," sounds like a melodic Screeching Weasel song, and they threw in "See Right Through" from their "Power Tools" album. All of you fuckheads that got rid of their turntables better run down to Circuit City and buy a new one. (LARRY)

Rhetoric Records, PO Box 82, Madison, WI 53701

Failure - Magnified CD

If this were any worse, you wouldn't be reading this because I wouldn't have written a damn thing about it. It's just your everyday "heavy" guitar rock that seems to have captured the rather unimaginative minds of a host of marginally talented musicians. Guess it's either this or keep the job at the car wash, eh boys? All things considered, if I had the choice of playing in this band or doing the wash and wax gig, I'd probably pick toweling off windshields. (SCOTT)

Slash

The Fells - Amped 10"

On the spine of the cover it said, "File Under: Punk Rock." A better place to put it would be lo-fi garage rock.

They keep the music simple, loud, and fun. Analog rules. (LARRY)

Westworld, PO Box 43787, Tucson, AZ 85733

Fisk, Steve - Over And Through The Night CD

Push the little daisies and make 'em come up! Between the samples and random art damage, these 19 cuts just bother and annoy. This isn't even worth further discussion. (SCOTT)

K Records, PO Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507

Flag of Democracy - Schneller! CD

There are few bands whose catalog I'll hunt for, and from the first time I heard "The Family Knows" on the "Another Shot for Bracken" comp., I've tracked down every F.O.D. release. It's been about three years since the band has released any new material, so I'm led to believe that "Schneller" is the last we'll hear from this thrashy three piece. On this disc, we've got all the hits from one EP and three LPs recorded live in Germany. The band always had a "live" sound, even when in the studio, so you're not asking yourself "where is the overdub?" when listening to this. The only question I have about this release how does Jim keep from losing his voice after screaming all of these songs? I've gone hoarse more than a couple of times trying to sing along with F.O.D. in my car. (LARRY)

Bitz Core, Postfach 304107, D-20324, Hamburg, Germany

Flake - 7"

Side A is a bar chord jam that is pretty catchy and light. Close to Humidifier. Side B is more like college power pop which includes quiet jangly parts and short bursts of cutting guitar. Nothing really puts this thing into



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motion. A shitty recording would have been better. (BOB)
Resin Records, 2300 B Central SE #198, Albuquerque, NM 87106

Footstone - Mountain Man b/w Belly 7"

A nifty bit of melodic music falling somewhere between pop-core and something close to more traditional punk but falling just a bit shy. This doesn't mean this single falls short of pleasing; quite the contrary. It's chock full of tasty riffs, youthful vocals, your recommended daily allowance of power chords and it's delicious *and* nutritious to boot! The vinyl even stays crispy in milk as a special bonus! (SCOTT)
Dromedary Records, 508 Circle Dr., Lodi, NJ 07644

Forbidden Dimension - Dial 'M' For Monster b/w Hand of Glory 7"

Garage punk lives! Forbidden Dimension offers up two sides of short fast ravers sure to keep toes tapping 'til dawn hits. Sure, it's nothing new. If you've heard the Sonics, this is just more of the same, but what the hell more do you want? Blood? (SCOTT)
Fistpuppet, 3058 N. Clybourne Ave., Chicago, IL 60618

The Forbidden Dimension - Sin Gallery CD

Holy screaming surfing skulls! The Forbidden Dimension offers up 20 garage punk and rockabilly tunes with an attitude lifted from the Misfits and Cramps and a revved-up sound borrowed from the Sonics and the Troggs. "Shrunken Heads" borrows the riff from "Attitude" and its subject from "Skulls," but these fuzzed-out riffs are so much fun, it's easy to overlook. And with lyrics about "horror highways" and "corpses coast to coast," you know you're in for a good time. Here's a tip for a successful Halloween party: put this on and turn it up. Before you know it, everyone in the house will be twisting to the floor and doing the Pony. (SCOTT)
Cargo Records, 3058 N. Clybourne Ave., Chicago, IL 60618

Friction - Blurred in Six LP

This sounds more Jawbreaker than fluf, which is really cool, because although I like fluf, I like Jawbreaker even more. The guitar player plays a lot of droning chords while the bassist lays down a rhythm and the drummer pounds away *and* sings. Best of all, all nine songs are winners. (LARRY)
Allied Recordings, PO Box 460683, San Francisco, CA 94146

Gastr Del Sol - Crookt, Crackt, or Fly CD

Given that David Grubbs did time in Squirrel Bait, Bitch Magnet and Bastro, you'd probably expect weirded-out noise and ambient sound sufficient to blow the mind of most any alterna-grommet. Let's just say this isn't likely to make it into rotation at any commercial "alternative" station in your lifetime. That's okay though. These unsettling sonic experiments are a little too disturbing for consumption by masses accustomed to hearing Pearl Jam, Nirvana and Smashing Pumpkins four times an hour. Fine by me. Maybe Gastr won't sell 7,000,000 albums. They'll probably be lucky to sell 10,000, but people who enjoy hellishly dysfunctional music will love it. (SCOTT)

genetic 48

Drag City, PO Box 476867, Chicago, IL 60647

Glazed Baby - Squeeze the Tail, Suck the Head 7"

"Under Nancy's Boot" is a cool noisy post hardcore song with a White Zombie riff running through most of it. "Rebecca" is more of a Drive Like Jehu monster.



GodHeadSilo

Noise freaks pay attention. (LARRY)
Allied Recordings, PO Box 460683, San Francisco, CA 94146

GodHeadSilo - The Scientific Supercake LP

One drum set, one bass, one hundred effects, samples and fuck it all up. All out jammin' tunes of noise that ends with a half hour of volcanic eruption. (JIM)
Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State #418, Olympia, WA 98506

Granfalloon Bus - Coffee Girl b/w Sip Away

Have you ever had a crush on the girl at the coffee shop? Granfalloon Bus has come up with the song that perfectly describes this modern cultural phenomenon. It has traces of Flaming Lips genius and is catchy as hell. "Sip Away" is sung by Steve, the bass player, and is a slow, melancholy song that speaks of drinking in Germany in 1903. Since this single was released, Todd Costanza has become the sole original member from the Granfalloon Bus that at one time resided in San Diego. No Andy, Shawn or Jaime. Strange. (SHANE)
Hairy Records, PO Box 170301, San Francisco, CA 94117

G-Whiz/Six - split 7"

Since "Run" is on G-Whiz's full-length (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) and "Catch-up" isn't an especially catchy tune, you don't need to get this. Six's side is just boring and easy to ignore. (SCOTT)
Medical Records, 61 E. Columbus Ste. 102, Phoenix AZ, 85012

G-Whiz - Hook

If anyone is doing better pop-core, someone had better tell me, and quick. G-Whiz has its roots in the Descendants/ALL school of punk rock and probably counts bands like Parasites, Face to Face and Green Day among its contemporaries, all of which means if you like any of those bands, you'll probably enjoy these hooks, if you'll pardon the pun. The songs are about feeling lonely,

being in love with someone who doesn't know or doesn't care. You get the idea. Maybe someday they'll cover the Descendants' "Clean Sheets" or "Cheer" on a tribute compilation or 7". G-Whiz might be the only band without Milo Aukerman on its roster that could perform those songs without embarrassing themselves. (SCOTT)

Medical Records, 61 E. Columbus Ste. 102, Phoenix AZ, 85012

Hammerhead - Into the Vortex

This is the sound of isolation. Slow, heavy guitars. Distorted bass. Angry and tense vocals. Just when you think the weight of this band is going to cause it to collapse, it lurches forward, sputtering with distant feedback and a sense of loneliness in Interloper's voice. Hammerhead is not for the weak. (LARRY)

Amphetamine Reptile, 2645 First Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55408

The Handsome Family/Larry Cash, Jr. - split 7"

The Handsome Family and Larry Cash, Jr. duke it out for your attention when it comes to playing this. Do you want to listen to the

clean garage rock with a slight Midwest twang of the Handsome Family or the smooth calming emetic (that's emetic, not energetic) punk of Larry Cash, Jr. You might want to listen to it a couple of more times before you make your decision. (LARRY)
Snap! Crackle! Punk!, PO Box 14561, Chicago, IL 60614

Heavenly - P.U.N.K. Girl 5 song CD

There's only one problem with this: it's too short. These five songs last just over 14 minutes, but what a 14 minutes it is! Heavenly's gorgeous indie-pop seems bright and sunny, but the lyrics hint at darker topics. Touches of heartbreak, regret, bitterness, anger and rage seethe below the surface of these bubbly melodies, which is a little misleading and very ironic. After all, music that sounds so happy normally doesn't touch on subjects like these. (SCOTT)
K Records, PO Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507

Heavens to Betsy - Calculated LP

Way fucking rad garage punk. The instruments sound kinda shitty, but they have a handle on their playing, which is split between two people. They've also got their songwriting under control, turning out upbeat songs with loud quivering vocals, or slow, moody songs with soft hushed vocals. Another winner from the Kill Rock Stars basement punk roster. (LARRY)
Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State St. #418, Olympia, WA 98501

Hi Fi and the Roadburners - Demons of Wicker Park 7"

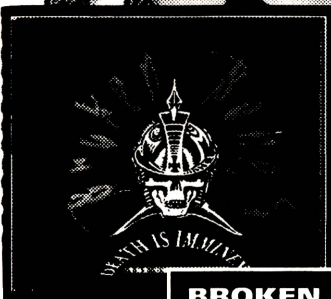
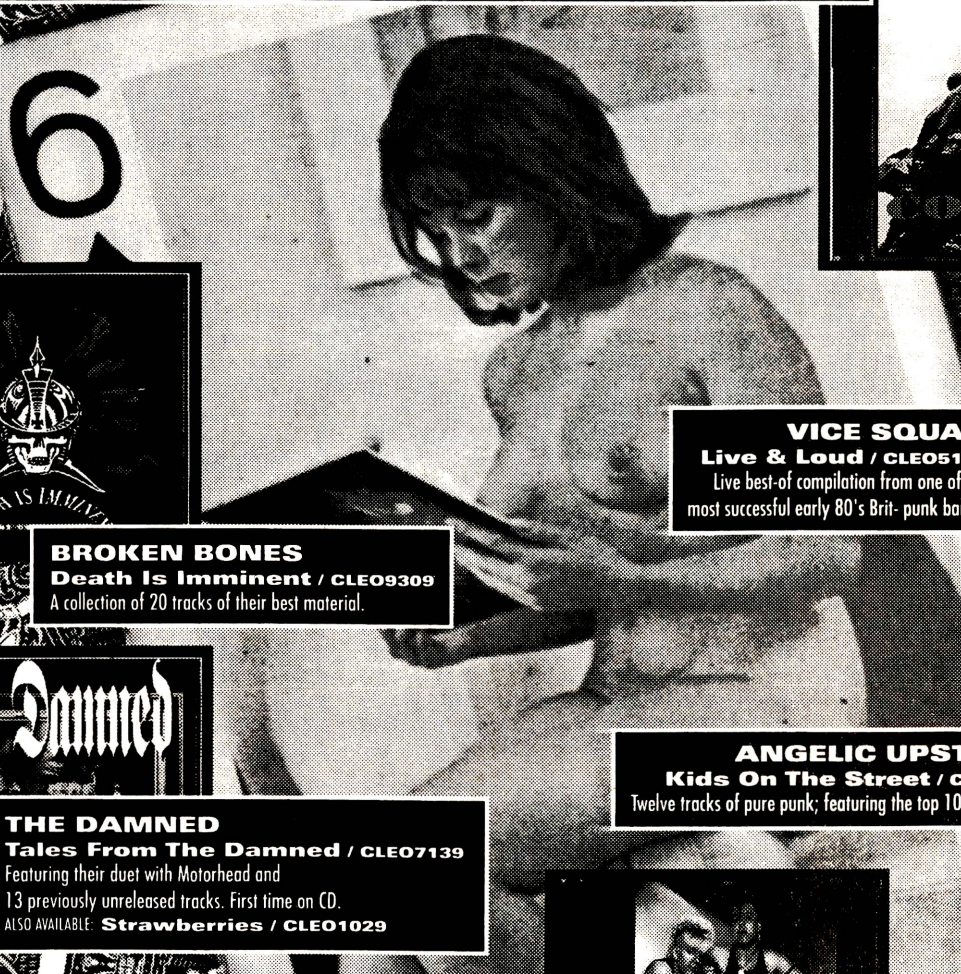
What we have here is a group of fun-lovin' rockabilly cats playing a couple of big tunes. The sax adds to the sound, but the vocalist has a nasal twang that sounds sort of strange on a couple of parts. What really shocked me was the label this was on - Victory Records. Victory has done all straight edge releases, and I get kinda stoked when people mix things up and give people a

HEY PUNK - HERE'S A SIXER FOR YA FROM

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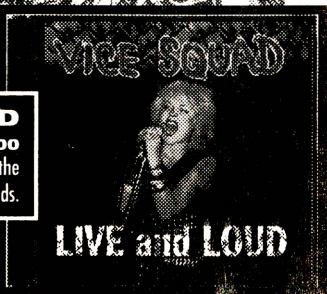
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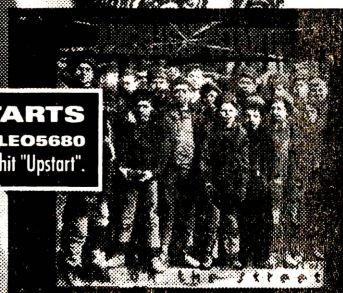
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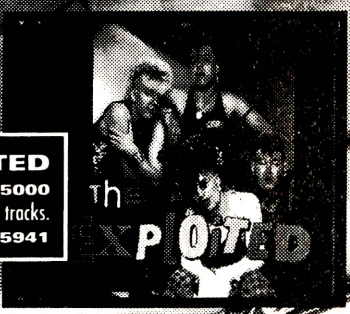


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chance to do something like a rockabilly release on a straight edge label. (LARRY)
Victory Records, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614

Horace Pinker - Power Tools

Finally, a full length release by Horace Pinker. After a couple of years of almost nonstop touring, the band has really tightened up, and it shows on this release. Most of the songs have been previously released, but now they have the production value. The band races through 14 tracks, both and new, including their cover of "My Lips are Sealed," slowing down only for melodies or quick song breaks. Horace Pinker hasn't let me down yet. In case you missed out on any of their previous releases, or just go rabid over bands like Monsula or Fuel, you'll want to get this. (LARRY)

Justice Records, PO Box 960369, Houston, TX 77098-0369

Hurting Buckaroos - 3 Stories cassette

Terrible. I'd rather listen to Whitney Houston. Why would someone send *GD* raver shit? Do they read the zine? (BOB)
NYC Sewer System

Intensive Care Unit - "Play Dead" b/w "Ludicrous" 7"

Hey Larry, this thing skips like a three or four kids playing Double Dutch. I couldn't really listen to the tunes, but I'll do the best I can. Just one question: What kind of a label sends product for review that skips this badly? Anyway, in the 30-40 odd seconds of this release that were audible, this sounded perfectly miserable. The production, something I don't normally care about, was bad enough to single out for special treatment. This is barely understandable. Yeah, distortion is neat and keen, but it's damn near impossible to tell what instruments the band is playing. This is noisy, but in this case, that adjective which often seems so promising and sounds like a recommendation, is nothing more than a warning. This just sucks. It's on clear vinyl though, so at least it'll look cool when I nail it to my wall. (SCOTT)

Radical Records, 77 Bleecker St. Suite #C221, New York, NY 10012

J Church - Prophylaxis CD

This album is one of the many reasons every person in the world should listen to punk rock. It hasn't left my CD player since I got it, and it's spent quite a bit of time spinning under the laser beams, if you know what I mean. For the most part, it's uptempo and poppy, although some of the songs (such as "Lucidity" and "Marge Schott") have a more reflective mood. Now I really need to find a copy of "Quetzalcoatl." (SCOTT)
Allied Recordings, PO Box 460683, San Francisco, CA 94146

Jawbox - For Your Own Special Sweetheart CD

Sure this is dissonant and noisy. Sure it sounds like a bunch of kids found some of Tar's rusty old detuned guitars and started bashing away. If you've heard Jawbox before, you know all these things. But Jawbox buries gorgeous little melodies underneath the noise, especially on tracks like "Savory" and "Green Glass." Sure, you can talk all you want about how Jawbox left Dischord, but what you should talk about is the music and truth be told, although Sweetheart may not be the orgasmic slab of aluminum some people were hoping for, it isn't bad at all. (SCOTT)
Atlantic Records

Joyride - Another Month Of Sundays CD

Pop music is an infection. Once a melody pops into your head, you can't shake it. What's worse, you start coming up with them one on top of another, until your

head is completely clouded with hummable ditties. This is clearly the malady which haunts Joyride. They've got that sugary, three-chord sing-along down pat. When they aren't sounding like Social Distortion, they're copping a Clash riff ("Running Away" is a melodic ringer for "Stay Free"). This probably sounds like a negative review. It isn't meant to be. This is good pop action by some guys who know how to do it right. Besides, "Stay Free" was a shitty tune anyway. Their take on it is much better. (KEVIN)
Dr. Dream Records, 841 W. Collins, Orange, CA 92667

Karp - I'm Done b/w Blublud 7"

It's loud, grinding and oppressive. You'll find screaming noise and maybe even a subversive plot to destroy corporate rock buried in this carved spiral. However, trying to find backward masking on this is a pain in the ass so I wasn't able to find out if there were any references to Warner Brothers or Sony Music. Just because I didn't find much worth listening to doesn't mean you won't, so check it out if you want, even though I wouldn't waste my money on it. (SCOTT)
Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State St. #418, Olympia, WA 98501

Killdozer - Uncompromising War On Art Under The Dictatorship Of The Proletariat CD

Side of infected beef slab whomped across your face while you're watching a particularly kitschy version of 1974 American Bandstand, with a copy of either "Dr. Strangelove..." or "Triumph Of The Will" in the Sanyo VCR. Killdozer finally has come back to show the posers how it be done. It's about damned time. Michael Gerald's throat somehow made it through the whole album (the CD comes with the nifty "Burl" EP tacked on), a minor miracle considering how long he's been at it. These cats have expanded their range to encompass all three ranges of slowness: trudge, trudgier, and trudgiest. Perhaps I'm not clear about this - their new album kicks ass by the ton. They are trying to play through the walls of the studio on this one. They succeed further than any cliché could describe. Check out this snappy line from the first single, "The Pig Was Cool:" "...we were at the Journey show/The first three songs we were hanging low/Then the band played 'Wheel In The Sky'/Me and my babe started getting high/The dude next to me said

'gimme a hit'/So I passed him a joint I already lit/When I saw his badge I thought 'this is it'/But he just said to me 'Man, this is good shit.' " Do you dig? Yep, another pounding Midwestern band with a great sense of humor. "Working Hard, Or Hardly Working" is my favorite. Flipper-esque in it's simplicity, it churns out The Saints' "Know Your Product" main riff for about six and a half minutes, free-verse rant inclusive. I'm stunned. I'm bludgeoned. (KEVIN)
Touch & Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625

Lagwagon - Trashed LP

I really thought I was playing this on the wrong speed. The vocalist has a somewhat low voice, and combined with his singing style, I was momentarily confused. But after a couple of listens and a couple of beers, this release started to grow on me. The guitars really made this stand out. They use semi-metal leads and frantic bridges, which break up the normal four chord formula. Right on punkness. By the way, not that it matters, but the cover is really ugly. (LARRY)

Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 460144, San Francisco, CA 94146

Lawnmower Death - Billy CD

I had remembered L.D. as death/grind, hadn't I? On this release they do something closer to party rock. Most of this release is silly and uninteresting, but there are some poppier punk parts that shred pretty hard. Just giving recognition to a band named Lawnmower Death is hard to do. (BOB)
Earache

Lee Harvey Oswald Band - A Taste Of Prison CD

Man, this is badly recorded. It's a glam-ish punk riff onslaught, with melodic (and sometimes Peter Murphy-ish) vocals and chainsaw guitars. It's quick, dopey, and I don't think they're that serious. "Mama's All Right" is a very Didjits sounding rocker. I mean extremely Didjits-like, which is cool with me. Their very noisy, distorted version of "Locomotion" is pure rawk genius. I'll own up: I can't get a good read on these guys. The cover depicts a naked, supposedly dead, girl with a rubber strap around her arm. But the really shocking photos are of the band. These boys are butt-ugly! They are, in their own words, "The Bowels Of Rock N' Roll." But I

Miscellaneous Reviews

Bruce Lee: The Man, The Myth - This biography was filmed in the late '70s a few years after the Master's death. I actually liked this better than *Dragon*, simply because it was more realistic, and the kung fu action is straight outta any *Lee* flick. The movie follows Bruce from Hong Kong to Seattle to San Francisco and back to Hong Kong, kicking ass the whole way. The movie subtly points out that Bruce never started any trouble, but he always finished it. If someone talked shit, made fun of his style, or thought they could whip his ass, Bruce beat the shit out of him. He kicked ass on Thai boxers, black belt Mafioso, and karate masters, whom he considered inferior to kung fu masters. Most important, he was always smiling. The real shocker of the movie was the ending. Bruce is carted away to a hospital by ambulance, then the film shows actual footage from his funeral, and goes on to dispel the myths about his death. The rumors include he was told by a Kung Fu master to become a recluse for 10 years (returning in 1983) and being stabbed by Triads.

Summit Entertainment

The (new) Casbah's Restroom - Call me uptight, but I don't like my hips touching another guy's hips when I have to throw a whiz. Hey, there's one toilet and a urinal, but barely enough room for one guy, let alone two. All of you ex-cons that are used to taking a dump in front of the whole prison, give the rest of us a break and wait your turn instead of barging when a guy needs some privacy.

gotta admit, this shit ROCKS! (KEVIN)
Touch & Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago IL 60625

Load - 7"

Load is fast and pissed off. "Pastor's Day" smokes. The singer (screamer) rattles off in a series of statements, commands and insults in a fucked up voice that seemed pretty non-related and random to me ("Go to hell, supersonic motherfucker, and Johnny Appleseed"). I haven't heard hardcore - I mean *hardcore* - that caught my attention for some time now and Load did just that. (SHANE)

Faceless Wreckers, 7231 Cleveland St., Hollywood, FL 333024

Lois - Strumpet CD

"Strumpet" contains songs with a slightly melancholy edge from one of the best damn singer-songwriters around. This album is just brimming with a deliciously jangly pop sensibility. Although all these tracks are wonderful, the best song on here is the upbeat "Strumpet," which features lines like "I might be a social disease but I can't be caught." As a special bonus, Codeine bassist Stephen Immerwahr pops up on a few of these tracks. (SCOTT)

K Records, PO Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507

Lyres - Some Lyres CD

Must be a Stones fixation or something. First Burn and the Smugglers covered "Hang Fire," now the Lyres borrow the "Some Girls" album cover for the artwork on this retrospective. Oh well. These 12 cuts are ripped from 1960's garage rock and soul music, sounding like various (and often somewhat legendary) bands over the course of this release. This definitely isn't anything new and it isn't especially good. Unless you're a fan of the band or enjoy '60s trash rock, you don't need this. (SCOTT)

Taangl Records, PO Box 51, Auburndale, MA 02166

The Melces - Words b/w One Hand 7"

Why this band is so popular I have yet to find out. Maybe

they know the right people in the scene or maybe they are outstanding live, but judging from this single, all I hear is unoriginal and predictable three chord polished punk rock. They own a Ramones album and wrote their



Neurosis

own words to put on top. (SHANE)

Word of Mouth Records, PO Box 25656, Los Angeles, CA 90025

Milkmine - Braille CD

I could write this review in two words, Beavis: screaming noise. After several listens, I still haven't figured out if I like this, but unless you're into dirge rock or the Trance Syndicate label, don't even consider it. However, I'm pretty sure Helmet wishes they could sound like this. (SCOTT)

Choke Inc., 1376 W. Grand, Chicago, IL 60622

Milkmoney - 7"

Slow droning indie pop with strained female vocals. I can imagine watching this band playing at the Casbah with the crowd really getting into their sound, waiting for them to explode, but it never quite happens. Waiting for something, a scream, a guitar blast, anything, and they keep listening, hypnotized, waiting to be brought back, but they're too far involved in the sound to come back. (LARRY)

Plumb Records, 1085 Commonwealth Ave. #215, Boston, MA 02215

Morsel - Noise Floor CD

Although it's more tuneful than Milkmine, this is still pretty noisy and can be more annoying than a bunch of gnats in your face. Even though I wish they hadn't included their terribly bothersome vocal effects, this isn't too bad. (SCOTT)

Choke Inc., 1376 W. Grand, Chicago, IL 60622

Murphy's Law - Good For Now 5 song CD

This is the perfect dosage of Murphy's Law. There always seems to be a lot of filler songs on their albums, and with an EP, a band should be smart enough to only record their better songs. They did put on filler song on this, "Little Pin Eyes," which is the only downer on this release, but it's easily skipped over with a CD player. Otherwise, we have three upbeat and way fun punk tunes, including a remake of "Crucial BBQ" from their first album, and a reggae song ("Blazing Chalice" !!!) that is just a good as any reggae song Bad Brains ever wrote. (LARRY)

We Bite America, PO Box 10172, Chicago, IL 60610

Naked Aggression - Plastic World 7"

If you've never heard these lovely people, imagine if a high school punk band from LA in 1983 sang about politics and was amazingly tight. This 7" has unreal production too. Brush yer teeth, scream "Smash da State!" (FREUD)

Mighty Records, 6607 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90028

The New Bomb Turks - Drunk on Cock

It's not very often that a band can take the standard 4/4 punk format and make it sound exciting. I don't know how they do it, but the New Bomb Turks have continually cranked out a shitload of louder, faster, and shorter punk tunes and it doesn't look like they'll be slowing down anytime soon. This release goes best with cheap beer, and actually lasts long enough to finish a beer. Oh, yeah, I also wanted to mention that they do a Queens cover that most of you have ever heard of, but every person that has ever reviewed this release likes to refer to. (LARRY)

Engine, PO Box 1575, Peter Stuy. Stn., New York, NY 10009

Neurosis - Enemy of the Sun LP

Can't really review this without saying their last album, "Souls at Zero," totally ruled. It is the soundtrack to the apocalypse. Huge, dark, gloomy epics that let you know it's all coming down, and baby, you're right in the middle of it. "Enemy of the Sun" sounds like songs that didn't

The Casbah, 2501 Kettner Blvd., San Diego, CA

Crabs - I've never had crabs, but I'll ever do. Ed's dad taught me how to get rid of them when I was in the eighth grade. He told me the way to get rid of crabs is to shave a line, he called it a "fire line" in the middle of your public hairs. Pour rubbing alcohol on your pubes and let it soak in, then set it on fire. The crabs will run into the shaved area and will burn to death. I don't think Ed's dad like me very much when I was in the eighth grade.

Your groin

Dope, Guns and Destroying your Video Deck #3 - I haven't seen any of the other AmRep videos, so I don't know if any of them have story lines, but this one basically mocks MTV. Our host, Dr. Sphincter, leads us through "The Real Rural World," featuring real trailer park trash (as opposed to white trash actors), "Free Your Mind," a Minneapolis winter "Beach Party," and of course, AmRep TV news. Is it funny? Yeah, the same kinda funny when porno stars try to act before they take off their clothes. Now on to the bands. We have Boss Hog, Guzzard, two by Cows, Melvins, Chokebore, Today is the Day, Hammerhead (live for "Plugged Up!"), Janitor Joe, Cosmic Psychos, and Helmet. I guess the concept worked on me, because I'm going to buy records by about half of these bands now that I've watched this a couple of times

Amphetamine Reptile, 2645 First Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408

continued on page 54

make it onto "Souls at Zero." Sounds like they should have made "Souls at Zero" a double album. Then it really would have been an epic. Heavy duty stuff. Are you lost? (JIM)

Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141

NOFX - Punk in Drublic CD

Hey, it's NOFX, so you know it's going to be good. People who have been listening to the band will probably be disappointed a bit because not every single song rocks up to the standards the band has set for themselves. NOFX is always right on musically, and they take a few different paths to get to their punk rock/lounge core destination, but some of the songs didn't have the special something needed to make this album a classic like their first two Epitaph releases. Trademark NOFX is still here with "Jeff Wears Birkenstocks," "The Brews," and "Don't Call Me White." I still this album my highest recommendation. (LARRY)

Epitaph, 6201 Sunset Blvd. Suite 111, Hollywood, CA 90028

The Offspring - Smash CD

What can I say about the Offspring that hasn't been said before? They play great OC hardcore, with great hooks and vocals? No, I think I've read that about the band somewhere else. The entire album is great from start to finish? I think I wrote that about another one of their albums in a past listen. Their catchy choruses make you want to sing along after one issue? Someone mentioned that to me somewhere else. I can say that I really enjoyed this album and The Offspring are a fun band to listen to. They also did a cover of Didjits' "Killboy Powerhead" which should have been left alone, but at

least it shows they have great taste in music. (LARRY)
Epitaph, 6201 Sunset Blvd. Suite 111, Hollywood, CA 90028

Parasites - Punch Lines CD

Am I the only person who gets a rapid heart beat when I drink Mountain Dew? This album gave me a similar reaction. The songs are way too high in their sugar content, which I know gives me a stomachache and is bad for my teeth, yet I couldn't turn it off. Songs like "Young and Stupid" and "Crazy" have enough punch to make listen me through the sugar-coated love songs even though I know I don't particularly like them. I guess you could say that I'm addicted to caffeine. (LARRY)

Shredder Records, 75 Plum Tree Lane #3, San Rafael, CA 94901

Patient 29 - cassette

This is a quality package. Lyrics and three-color fold-out cover. Nine older style hardcore songs that have a DC. feel. The sing-alongs that exist all over this tape really make it go. Makes me feel real good. Youthful. (BOB)

PO Box 2354, Capistrano Beach, CA 92624

Pecker Tracks - Kamode Kamotion 7"

This is so shitty it's actually listenable, which is weird because I receive so much music that sounds okay, but to have to listen to it is like having fillings drilled without Novocain. Maybe it's the quick soundbites from "Fast Times at Ridgemont High." I'm a sucker for anything from that movie. Maybe it's the stupid lyrics that somehow make sense in a stoner sort of way. I might listen to this one more time before filing it away, but if

I ever have the chance of seeing Pecker Tracks live, I'm there. (LARRY)

Depression Records, PO Box 219, Battle Creek, MI 49016

Pink Lincolns - Sumo Fumes 7"

Somehow this 7" ended up in the back of my stack of stuff to review. Since I've started playing it, it hasn't left my turntable. All three songs, two covers and one original, are a treat to listen to from start to finish. Pink Lincolns do a mighty fine job covering "Oh! Bondage Up Yours" by X Ray Specs, and "I Got You," a new wave song by Split Enz that has a catchy chorus. My favorite song was the original, which ends way too soon. Damn. It's got everything a punk song should. Catchy lyrics, hooks, singing, everything. (LARRY)

Stiff Pole Records, PO Box 20721, St. Petersburg, FL 33742

Praxis - Sacrifist CD

This is the second release by this project that was conceived and constructed by Bill Laswell. John Zorn, Buckethead, Bootsy Collins, Blind Idiot God, Yamatsuka Eye, Mick Harris and Bernie Worrell supply the music for this industrial-strength, noise, groove, Insane bastard. This shit is fast, hard and nasty. Some call it speed metal, others say it's jazz. I haven't a clue, but it keeps me awake and I love it. (SHANE)

Subharmonic, 180 Varick St., New York, NY 10014

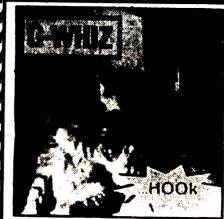
Radon - 7"

Oooh, ahhh ... yes, this is indeed music to do personal hygiene to. It's so bouncy and energetic. Kinda an old record already though, this is the fifth pressing. Rock out to the title track. Doesn't make much sense, but

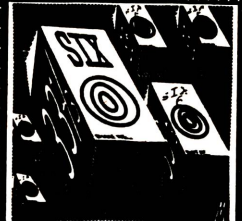
LARRY
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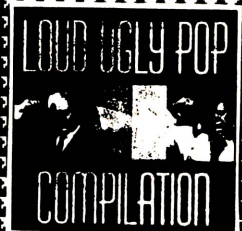
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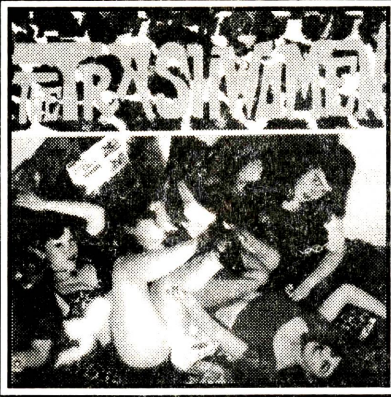


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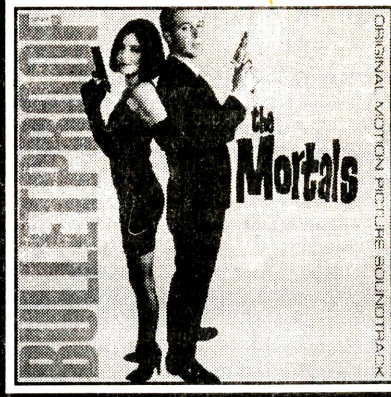
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neither does brushing your hair which is fun too. I like it. (FREUD)

No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604

Rancid - Radio Radio Radio 7/Let's Go CD

Rancid picked up the ball where their first album left off. First we have the "Radio Radio Radio" EP on Fat Wreck Chords that rocks from start to finish, including the cover of Blitz's "Someone's Gunna Die." The first time I played this, I must have picked the needle up and started the record over at least ten times. It is definitely one of the best punk rock singles that I've heard in the last five years. The EP warmed me up for their second full length on Epitaph. This 24 track CD, or double 10" set, kicks out the jams. It's got more of an Oi/UK, punk influence than their first release. No one can say, "Yeah, sounds like their first one." Essential. (LARRY)
Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 460144, San Francisco, CA 94146
Epitaph Records, 6201 Sunset Blvd. Ste. 111, Hollywood, CA 90028

Red Fish - A Broken Light 7"

Mostly this is melodic punk that has a very SoCal personality. The type of thing that would become huge and I wouldn't understand why. Some of the slow parts are refined metal riffs, but those are minimal. Reminds me of Mission Beach. (BOB)

Fearless Records, 20710 Manhattan Pl., Suite #132, Torrance, CA 90501

Rhythm Collision - The Girl with the Purple Hair 7"

Rhythm Collision throw together a early style punk sound with the energy of today's pop punk. Other Rhythm Collision releases have real clean sound, but this one is way "punk" (read: tin analog) which, combined with the artwork, makes a complete package (the cover features a punk tough with a safety pin through her cheek). It wins in every department. (LARRY)

Stiff Pole Records, PO Box 20721, St. Petersburg, FL 33742

Rodan - Rusty CD

So, what's with them Kentuckians, anyway? It's a beautiful, lush green state. It's the nation's baseball bat capital. And yet they spit out simmering vitriol-based bands like Slint and Rodan. Funny thing is, not unlike Slint, the chaos, anarchy, and volume on "Rusty" is encapsulated in a beautiful sonic slur of nuance, soft-edged attack, and/or a general assurance that no matter how harsh they can sound, you'll feel bathed in the silky miasma afterwards. Lots of unison bark/ranting makes this a San Diego-friendly album. It's very waltzy. Somewhere, someone is planning their wedding reception around this band. Add in the harmelodic guitars, the soft production, and the fact that most of the songs clock in at more than seven minutes, and what you have is a positive kick in the head for 43 minutes.

Touch & Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago IL 60625

Schlepprock - Hide and Seek CD

I like what these guys are doing. They are a SoCal hardcore band, 100 percent, sounding something like a Pennywise with MIA thrown in for a calming effect. But, what makes me like this CD is the theme that runs through most of the lyrics. A lot of the songs are about being a kid and the shit that you do in every day life. I especially related to "Ten Speed," which is about a neighbor personality that everyone probably refers to as "the guy on the ten speed." There are three people in

genetic 54

my neighborhood that song could be about. (LARRY)
Last Resort Records, PO Box 2986, Covina, CA 91722

Sicko - You Can Feel The Love In This Room

Melodic pop-punk music. No comparisons necessary. If you like pop-punk, you'll buy this. If you don't, stop reading now. These moody, reflective tunes express regret, hope and the like. They even throw in a cover of "Closer To Fine." Of course, in true punk fashion there's



Slapshot

an extra song on the album, so buy the vinyl. (SCOTT)
eMPTy Records, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102

Scorn - Colussus CD

Sometimes being a reviewer can be a test of strength. I was weak. I couldn't listen to this dirthead side project all the way through. I loved the first Scorn release. This is different. I'm not even sure how to classify this musically. Boring. (BOB)

Earache Records,

Second Skin - Into Whole cassette

Some of this is really rocking metal jams that are enjoyable. The guitar has a great sound, but the singer sucks. He ruins this whole tape. He should rant fast and crazily and then this would rule. Very macho. (BOB)
138 Putnam St., Providence, RI 02909

Slapshot - Live at SO36 CD

Although I'll give these guys credit for the amount of power they emitted with this live recording, having to listening to it on CD was a downer. Slapshot always played simplistic hardcore with a metallic edge, but on this live recording, they are too metal. For new listeners, I would recommend picking up either of their studio albums, whose tracks make up this live album, before tasting this release. If you're already a fan of the band, go ahead and give it a try. (LARRY)

We Bite America, PO Box 10172, Chicago, IL 60610-0172

Sleep - Sleeps Holy Mountain CD

Sleep transcribes the holy tablets of the Black Sabbath grail. Sleep has taken every precaution to preserve the integrity of the legendary "lost" Black Sabbath album. They've used the most modern equipment known to man, in their interpretation of the warehouse super find of the century. With the aid of the "Power Amulet," Sleep is able to make an ungodly, thunderously huge sound that was previously though impossible to be comprehended by humans. (JIM)

Earache

Sleeper - Splinter 7"

Melodic music on the edge of being hard but yet with harmonizing vocals. I love some parts but others are just college rock. Overall, it's catchy and sympathetic sounding, but not something I'd rush to the store to buy. (FREUD)
Allied, PO Box 460683, San Francisco, CA 94146

Slow Loris - CD

This EP proves that sometimes you *can* tell a book by its cover. The cover in question: a muddled green water color depiction of a bar/lounge area, kind of "old-jazz" era style. In the upper-left corner, muted letters spelling the band name. Relatively small type, no serifs. The music: at first, slow. Slower than geriatric snot, but twice as interesting. The first tune deals with three distinct passages: slow, building, and climaxing. Tune two is less premeditated, yet slightly more Canadian sounding. Trust me, that *does* make sense. Since there are only four tunes here, I'll just say song three is a good "piece", and number four is merely a "piece", if you know what I mean. It's an exploration of how big a studio can be when you remove all the instruments from it. Nice. (KEVIN)

Cargo Records, 7036 Blvd. St. Laurent, Montreal, PQ H2S 3E2, Canada

Snapcase - Lookingglasself LP

I can feel the vocalist's aorta artery exploding, spraying the rest of the band, while they continue to power on with their two ton riffs. They probably wouldn't bother to wipe the blood off because they wouldn't want to lose their timing. These guys play heavy fucking core, barely breaking mid tempo. The guitar riff are chopped up, showing off a Helmet influence with a groove added, yet they still keep their hardcore background. (LARRY)
Victory Records, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614

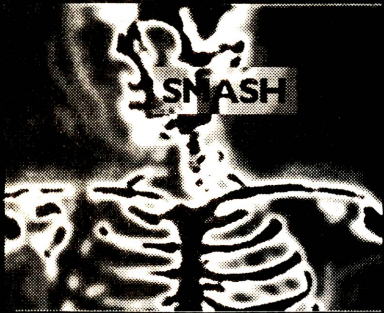
Speed Luxury - CD

Y'know, there are only so many things that can be said about pop bands. Pretty much all possibilities have been exhausted. All that's left are comparisons. Plimsouls comes to mind. Very Peter Case sounding. But the lead song "Wound Up" is better than anything Case ever wrote. Cool major-to-minor hooks with okay lyrics. The rest of the album just lays there, waiting for something different to happen. For the most, it doesn't. The problem is, lead vocalist Ross Danielson can't carry the whole band by himself; and that's a shame. (KEVIN)
Egg Records, PO Box 30253, Indianapolis, IN 46230

Spitboy - Mi Cuerpo Es Mio 7"

More angry, destructive, feminist punk from the Bay Area. This is one of my favorite records right now. If you've never heard their other stuff, this would be a

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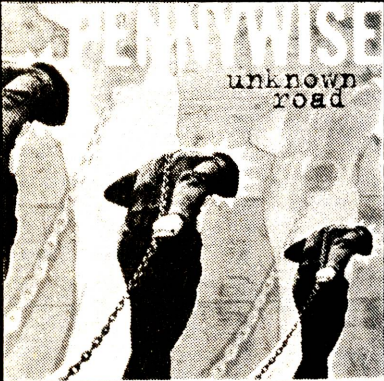
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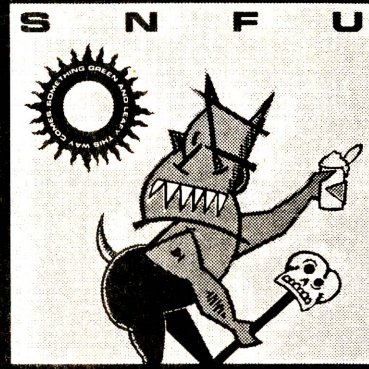
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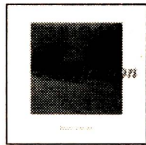


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good way to get acquainted with them. I could chop wood to this little ditty. (FREUD)
Allied, PO Box 460683, San Francisco, CA 94146

Spoke - All We Need of Hell CD

Yes. Mid-tempo melody emo-core with each singer doubling up the vocals, giving it a Bob Mould sort of drone, with an almost unrecognizable cover of Minor Threat's "Salad Days" to boot. I like this. A lot. (LARRY)
Kung Fu Zombie, 525, NW 19th Lane, Gainesville, FL 32609

Spurge - Time is Wasted b/w Hing

The second single by these Montana boys has two songs that would shine like the sun on a hot summer day if it weren't for the weak production. The rhythm section is ever so tight at times it seems unbelievable. The drum beat for "Hing" sounds like it's at 45 even though it's only 33 and it stays solid. "Times Is Wasted" makes you sway to the laid back yet powerful sounds of boredom. They are supposed to be releasing a CD very soon and it should be very good as long as they keep an ear on that production and mix. (SHANE)
Bingo Lady Records, PO Box 81004, Billings, MT 59108

Stanford Prison Experiment - CD

I like everything about this CD - the name, the music, the artwork and photography in the booklet. It's all good. Stanford Prison Experiment delivers solid driving rock that is tight and powerful. They do a Minutemen cover, they've got a super fat kick drum sound, and you can bounce along with the beat. Did I say anything about that drum sound? Damn. I find myself humming their melodies at the Swap Meet on Sundays. (SHANE)
World Domination, PO Box 8097 Universal City Station, N. Hollywood, CA 91608

Strung Out - 7"

Did you know how most pop-punk is 75 percent metal? I'm talking Everready, Face to Face, etc.? Well, Strung Out is 75 percent punk instead and the 25 percent pop is made up of killer sing-along parts and simple but catchy guitar parts. Kind of reminds me of early Gil from Japan. Too short. (BOB)
Megalomania Records, 4470-107 Sunset Blvd., Suite #295, Hollywood, CA 90027

Superchunk - Foolish CD

If Superchunk were fishermen (and fisherwomen) they would be as famous as Jacques Cousteau because they've got so many hooks and catches. I know, bad analogy, but this CD is infectious which is standard fare for Superchunk CDs. From opening dream track "Like A Fool" that slowly wakes, the album progresses with every song being the perfect stepping stone for the next. Sing along. (SHANE)
Merge Records, PO Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

Supersuckers - La Mano Cornuda

When I was a kid growing up in El Centro, CA. my genetic 56

friend's dad used to tell me about the wild jackalopes that lived out in the desert. "They might look cute, but those mean sonsabitches will attack in packs if cornered." Since then, I used to keep an eye out for the horned rabbits when we used to ride dirt bikes. As I got older, jackalopes went the way of Santa Claus, the Easter

might look like the trucker that ran you off the road, but they rock like a motherfucker. These guys have a fuck you attitude with witty lyrics and beat up Gibson guitars strained to kick out the jams. Essential. (LARRY)
Sub Pop, PO Box 20645, Seattle, WA 98102



Supersuckers

Bunny, and the Tooth Fairy, until I listened to this album. Right there on the inside of the jewel box is a picture of a jackalope! They are real. The surprise wore off quickly because I got too caught up in the music. These guys

Aid. (SHANE)
Doctor Dream Records, 841 W. Collins, Orange, CA 92666

Third Stone - The Stuff cassette

On tour now with Danzig and Burning Hands. (BOB)
Hammerhead Records

Tiger Trap - CD

How many different ways can one person say that an album contains beautiful jangle-pop without saying the same thing? That's about what I thought. Okay, so let's just say this: Tiger Trap is a daisy of a band, all flowery and happy, even though some of these songs are somewhat sad. The point is that this music is mostly upbeat, energetic and cheerful pop. What else do you want? (SCOTT)
K Records, PO Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507

Tiny Lights - Milky Juicy CD

This CD has got flavor. Tiny Lights use electric violin, trumpet, sax, clarinet, cello, electric piano, mandolin and flute to compile the sweet, happy, funky sounds that give this album its density. This is what pop radio should sound like if people had any sort of clue at all. Play it on a summer day with a glass of Kool-

Dumpsters - The smelliest dumpster in San Diego has to be the one behind College Restaurant located at 67th St. and El Cajon Blvd. I ride by this brown beast on my bike everyday to work or when I go buy beer at College Liquor. I've never seen anyone check it for cans or try to dumpster dive food out of it, and my guess is probably because of the rancid smell. The restaurant keeps their grease trap next to it and regularly empty it into the dumpster. Check it out on a warm afternoon.
College Restaurant, 6695 El Cajon Blvd., San Diego

Faque Burger - This is a favorite of vegetarians and carnivores alike. For \$1.49 you get a huge soy burger with all the trimmings. Romaine lettuce even! Because of the owner's religious beliefs, it closes Friday at sundown and opens at sunset on Saturday (figure out which religion yourself, dorks). It's a favorite late night stop for punks after Saturday shows because it's open until 2 a.m.
Faque Burger, 6109 University Ave., San Diego

Grannie's Paradise Lounge - This is an old man bar owned by Chris from faux pas and his soon-to-be wife Lana. Both are friends to all. One afternoon Shane and I stopped by to say hi, and that hello lasted eight hours. The beer was cold and the people were nice. The bartender was extra nice by putting up with me calling her a different name every time I spoke to her. Melissa, Melante, Margaret. Damn, I still can't remember.
Grannie's Paradise Lounge, 2516 University, San Diego

Today is The Day - Supernova CD

Today is the Day is interesting. At first I thought more noise from AmRep, which it is, but Today is the Day is a lot more. They use samples extremely well and creatively, and the mix on the album is so good it fucks with your head big time. They're not just abrasive noise in your face, Today is the Day crawls with sharp nails throughout your brain and head. Lots o' distortion on the vocals and some of the guitar sounds are really strange. Tis very good. (SHANE)
Amphetamine Reptile, 2645 First Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408

Total Chaos - Pledge of Defiance CD

Total Chaos play Brit-influenced hardcore the same way the Exploited and Discharge did in '82. Is that a fake accent I heard? A one hundred percent crust band, so if you're still lamenting over the break up of all your favorite punk bands, here you go. (LARRY)
Epitaph, 6201 Sunset Blvd. Suite 111, Hollywood, CA 90028

Totempole - cassette

In a way, it beckons NY. Dolls or Hanoi Rocks except for the fact that Totempole rock out and those two don't. Crispy guitar and melodramatic vocals with songs mentioning Richard Hell. I usually hate this type of stuff. The song "Viking Queen" is so sweet. Yes! Rock on. (BOB)
417 S. Montesuma Way, W. Covina, CA 91791

Toxic Narcotic - New Ways To Create Waste 7"

I'll admit, if I was stuck on an island with only one record to have from now until I die, I would probably choose a metal record. Manowar or Hrax or something, 'cause I'm just a stupid dirthead at heart. So when we receive power metal records like this, which no one else here at Genetic will touch, I rejoice. The drums are huge, the

vocals are wicked, and the average IQ. of the guys in this band is probably pretty low. I'll, without a doubt, listen to this record 500 times before 1995. (BOB)
Rodent Popsicle Records, PO Box 335, Newton Ctr., MA 02159



Total Chaos

Transgressor - Morbid Brochus 7"

If you like death metal or grind then you'll love this. They are skinny little Japanese guys dressed in leather and bullet belts. Vocalist sounds like Godzilla to me. The cool thing is that this record was released by a record label in Colombia, South America. Lyric sample: "Twisting minds, grinding dead n' souls without cease/ No gasping, terrorize!" Yeah man, like whatever. (BOB)
Symphonies of Death Records, A.A. 21057 - Cali, Colombia (South America)

Transmisia - Dumbshow CD

Finally, some Eastern Europe tekno-angst-musik from some people who really have something to scream about. This is the first music I've ever heard that was recorded in Croatia, and whether these guys are from there, Italy (their address), or the U.S. (their record label), they still had to record there, which is scary enough for me. To get straight to the point, this is the same stuff that Re-Constriction has been releasing for a while. It's your basic guitar/bass/drums+machinery group, playing that Big Black/Arsenal fast, hard and choppy noise. I'm digging it. I'm digging it quite a bit. "Embargo Lady" is not just a cool title, it rips and grooves. (KEVIN)
Invisible, PO Box 16008, Chicago, IL 06016

Trenchmouth - Inside the Future CD

Trenchmouth keeps an eye on the revolution. The entire CD is laden with percussion and heavy rhythms. No Means No and Fugazi come to mind as for similar musical styles. Trenchmouth uses bad ass bass lines, cutting guitars,

anger and lyrics that urge us to uprising. If you can see Trenchmouth live I highly recommend it. (SHANE)
Skenel PO Box 4522, St. Paul, MN 55104

V/A - The Best of American Underground Rock 1993 CD

Shredder Records isn't trying to be pretentious by claiming to release a CD compilation of the best songs from '93. Instead it's 20 songs of the label's favorite 7" tracks from that year (read: all of these songs were previously released on 7" vinyl). Judging from Shredder's previous releases, it shouldn't be hard to imagine what kind of music they enjoy. It's mostly indie pop and popcore punk. In order of appearance, the bands are For Sale, Corduroy, Swirlies, Parasites, Moist, The Odd Numbers, Mary Lou Lord, Karl Hendricks Trio, NOFX, Fig Dish, Prisonsake, Tugboat Annie, Stink, The Leonards, Jolt, The Deviators, J Church, Fracture, Bracket, and The Mr. T Experience. It's a great way to sample music without having to spend \$30 for 10 EPs. Let's hope they continue with this idea for at least a few more years. (LARRY)
Shredder Records, 75 Plum Tree Lane #3, San Rafael, CA 94401

V/A - Burnt ... Yeah! Volume 2 7"

This record reminds me of when I used to walk around on Central in Albuquerque just fucking around before going to work as a dishwasher at the Frontier. Human Stew is a band I saw open for Tar in '92. Glad they're still around. The song here is heavy, slowed down Slayer-type stuff that has been transformed into sludge. The singer sucks. Treadmill was a band I never got to see. Now I'm glad that I missed them. Clown is fucking killer. Just imagine an upbeat punk band named Clown-whistle, fireworks, machine guns, and air raid sirens sampled throughout the song. Killer! Buttfull of Blues do a Cows-like cover of my favorite Howlin' Wolf song, "Evil." (BOB)

Resin Records, 2300 B Central SE #198, Albuquerque,

Joe n' Andy's Bar - Best fucking jukebox in La Mesa. No, make that San Diego.
Joe n' Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, CA

Nerf Yards Darts (New and Improved) - These things suck. You couldn't kill a house cat, let alone a neighbor kid with the new soft plastic tip. Wouldn't it figure that some stupid kid would try to catch one with his head instead of letting it land in the grass. All it takes is one person to ruin the fun for all others. Try to find a way to fill the tips with metal, then wash 'em sudafed down with a can of King Cobra, and have some fun.
Toys R Us

Vans High Tops - This has to be the most functional shoe in the punk scene today. They're relatively inexpensive, especially if you can find a Vans store that sells seconds, and they offer more support and comfort than Chuck Taylor's. The designers have kept the same basic form for approximately 20 years, but occasionally put out of line of some butt ugly color with stripes. Stay with the solid cool colors with white soles and you can't lose. The only drawback is you have to break them in slowly by only wearing them a couple hours a day until they've loosened up. Until the shoes are broken in, the outside seam has a tendency of rubbing your small toe to a bloody stump. So don't wear them for eight hours the first day.

NM 87106

V/A - Clusterfuck '93 CD

Taking the name of the CD from a tour that these three bands did together in 1993, Clusterfuck is an AmRep feast for the ears. Guzzard punches their songs with tight hooks and changes and never lack in the full-on frontal assault. Today is the Day have three abrasive cuts and a strange song titled "Pipedream Zero" that uses samples of babies crying and women in the midst of doing something pleasurable. Chokebore round off the CD with their twisted musical vision. The song "29 Mile Wind" is a lyrical story that speaks directly to your imagination about pain and other disturbing figures. All three bands have at least one unreleased song in their roster, and the rest of the songs give a good sampling about what the band is about. (SHANE)
Amphetamine Reptile, 2645 First Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408

V/A - From Fire To Rust 7"

Powertrip is hardcore ska along the lines of Skankin' Pickle or Op. Ivy. A little funk break too. Platypus Scourge is Stickdog doing "Tunnel of Love," or close. I like it. Crop Dogs are boring alternative-rock-punk stuff. Rail has crispy, effected guitar over pounding drums. Kind of catchy pop punk, but mostly slow. Vocals leave a lot to be desired. Side one is worth it. Good package. (BOB)
Round Flat Recordings, 63 Lennox Ave., Buffalo, NY 14226

V/A - From Fire To Rust 7"

Um, sez here, "1492-1992 celebrating 500 years of exploitation." Maybe I'm dense, but none of these songs are about that at all. Isn't it '94? Oh well. Power Trip is ska nouveau and okay for that. You can't lump all these bands together, though, they're all so dissimilar.

Cropdogs do a song I'll never listen to again. "Trial" by Rail is okay and so is the Platapus Scourge song but none of them really catch my attention. (FREUD)
Round Flat Recordings, 63 Lennox Ave., Buffalo, NY 14226

V/A - Kochi City Hardcore 7"

Another addition to the MCR Records focus on the music of Japanese cities. This may be the best one yet. Side one features Disclose, who sound just like 1980 Discharge. They even do a cover of an old Discharge classic. I'm totally into this Discharge revival thing. Side two features Insane Youth doing a Discharge sound similar to the "Hear Nothing ..." LP. The lyrics are all about acting completely chaotic and living life to the extreme. Fucking great record. (BOB)
MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto 624, Japan.

V/A - International Hip Swing CD

This is an awesome compilation of 7" singles available on K Records, including the retro-rock of Some Velvet Sidewalk, the garage punk of Thee Headcoats, Lois Maffeo's acoustic stylings, Gravel's melodic guitar riffs, Tiger Trap's summery indie-pop and more. The roster alone is enough to make this collection a requirement for any pop music fan. Here's a few more bands on this: Mecca Normal, Heavenly, Beat Happening, Unrest, the Cannanes and Seaweed. Virtually all of these songs hit the spot and leave the listener in a delirious sugar coma from drinking in too much pop. (SCOTT)
K Records, PO Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507

V/A - Pulled From The Wreckage CD

Warning! Knee-jerk reaction follows:
That's it! This entire label sucks! This compilation is proof positive that Grass Records sucks so wildly that paving over it would be a fucking fantastic idea. Sure,

it might be nice to save Barnyard Slut (they did cover a Juice Newton tune after all) but by track 8, every band is expendable. Twitch's "Locomotive God" is enough to spare them from the concrete mixer. And sure, the Edsel tracks sound nice, but I've heard the album and it blows as well! Mousetrap? Just listen to them. I didn't even bother to listen to those Cactus Nerve Thang songs again. So: I propose we drive to New York with a train of Asplundh equipment and get to work. The sooner we hit the road, the sooner we'll be done. I, for one, am packed and ready to go. (Knee jerk reaction ends.) After reviewing these comments, I will allow for the possibility that this may not be as bad as I first thought. It's possible this compilation might have some redeeming quality. However, I can't bring myself to listen to this pathetic piece of shit again to try to find it. Three times is enough. Caveat emptor. (SCOTT)
Grass Records, PO Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800

V/A - Rocky Mountain Arsenal: A Colorado Punk Comp. 7"

Cavity (not FL. Cavity) bust a song reminiscent of early 80's LA bands. Catchy and fun, dye your hair to this record. Dead Silence do their song "Hope" again with different production. Angel Hair is a band you should really check out, this is a pretty good modern punk song that's designed to make you want to eat cereal. I want to eat yucky blue cereal and sing along with my mouth full. The last song is by Bunny Genghis complete with a sound clip about them killing a chicken, real cool guys. Well, it's a song that would be good to lick ashtrays to, yum. Lose the double bass. (FREUD)
Rocky Mountain Arsenal, PO Box 480832, Denver, CO 80248

V/A - Rocky Mountain Arsenal 7"

I ordered this because I thought Cavity from Florida was

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Cavity. Oops! This Cavity sucks. But wait. I wanted to hear a Dead Silence song besides "Hope" that I heard on the comp. LP *MRR* put out. What do you know, "Hope" is the song on this record too (different recording). Still a good song. Angel Hair is mid-tempo punk that is aware of metal. Short, good. Bunny Genghis is a little overblown mental for fun. I liked their song the most. it's not a fabulous record but it is good, plus there's a sticker and a booklet-like cover. Lotsa heart. (BOB)
Rocky Mountain Arsenal, PO Box 480832, Denver, CO 80248

Victims Family - Headache Remedy LP

"Wait a minute, what was that?" I must have asked myself that question at least once during every track. Victims Family throws their songs around and mixes them up to keep them from sounding alike. And because of their musical talent, I've always been scared that Victims Family would go overboard with their song writing and become consumed to be constantly different and turn into some lame progressive punk rock. Nothing to fear, their hybrid style that it still somewhat undefinable is still fresh and fun to listen to. I'm even going to say that "Headache Remedy" is better than "White Bread Blues." How about them apples? (LARRY)
Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141

Urge Overkill - Saturation

Urge Overkill is too swank to be believed — intensely fashionable, as rockin' as the San Andreas. They even elevate previously lame forms of transportation to the pinnacle of coolness, if only due to the presence of Blackie, Nash and King. Imagine those three riding the bus, and you will understand. Need I mention that Nash Kato is the keenest of them all, wielding an edge sharper than a samurai's katana? We should all consider our-

selves multiply blessed that this trio enlivens our existence. Even more so, we are fortunate that this trio has again graced our lives with tunes to make our otherwise dull lives a never-ending party that everyone wants to attend. What's almost harder to believe than the preceding statements is that the Urge managed to put out an album on Geffen that is better than any previous releases. (SCOTT)
Geffen

Voodoo Glow Skulls - Who is, This is?

Take away the horn section, and the Voodoo Glow Skulls would sound like a heavy duty hardcore outfit. Give them back the horn section and they explode. The horns smooth things out with a touch of ska, taking away the emphasis from power chords. It's a perfect mix for the attitude the band is trying to portray. Goofing off, complete lack of maturity, and an overall sense of having fun at any cost. It's all here, and in all the right amounts. Who else could make you actually happy to hear Ozzy? Why, the Voodoo Glow Skulls, of course. (LARRY)
Dr. Strange, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701

Walking Seeds - Rollin' Machine b/w Playboy Stomp 7"

Howlin' fuzz punk heaven. Back to the Stooges, garage bands from then 'til doomsday and after, provided the fallout leaves enough people alive to listen. Scientists have determined that these two songs may induce spontaneous dance seizures in 75 percent of the population. Good thing only you and I know about it, huh? (SCOTT)
Fistpuppet, 3058 N. Clybourne Ave., Chicago, IL 60618

With Authority - 7"

Not many bands are playing thrashcore today. Most have moved on to pure metal or a metal-hip hop-groove

sound. With Authority have been around for a few years with a billion line up changes, but they still play the type of music that makes people mosh. Quick, heavy, and simple guitar, bass, and vocals. This is for music fans who are still into the heavier stuff that was coming out of NYC in '88. (LARRY)
Peer Pressura Productions, 4023 Lucerne Dr., Huntsville, AL 35802

The Wrens - Silver CD

Here's a neat experiment for you science-minded audiophiles: take any album by The Pixies, such as "Doolittle," and listen to simultaneously with Smashing Pumpkins "Siamese Dream". Not only should you notice a logical progression of similarities between the two bands, but you'll soon realize that a percentage of today's most popular MTV alterna-pop is being produced by bands whom count them both as influence. This band is the (im)perfect synthesis of the two. They combine elements of the two bands without separating the wheat from the chaff beforehand. Luckily for them, The Pixies chaff was still better than most groups' wheat. Don't take this the wrong way. This is fine music. Twisted melodies, bad-edit drop-ins (for effect), short pop-samplers, a very fine package indeed. It doesn't lack for power, speed, or beauty in the least. They even have a song named after me ("Kevin's Hell"). The only way that this album falters is in it's length (almost 70 minutes). For the most part, it excels; but NO ONE can sustain good pop bitchiness for that long. Not even the Buzzcocks. (KEVIN)
Grass Records, PO Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800

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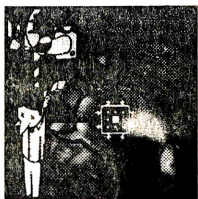
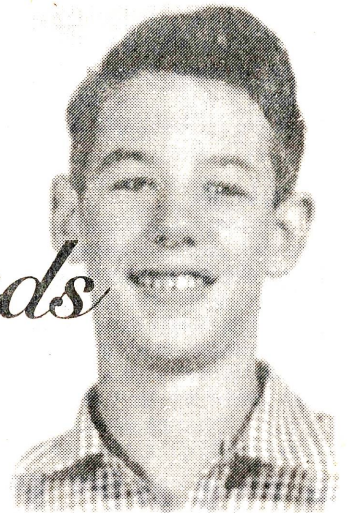
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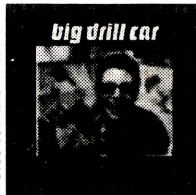


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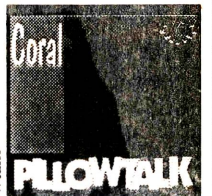
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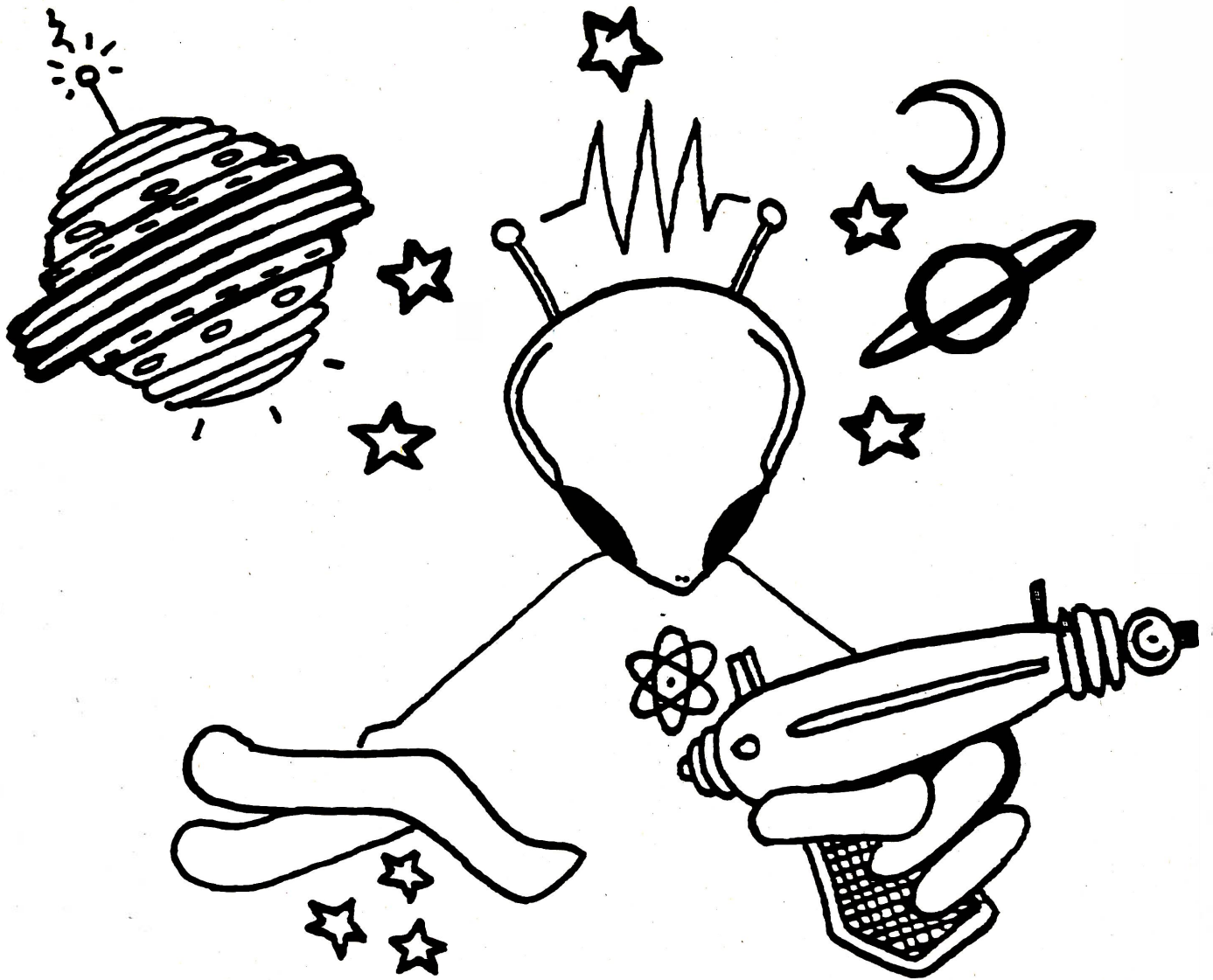
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All About Chad/The Laurens - split 7"

"Paint Peel" by All About Chad is a delicately drifting pop song that leaves chords lingering in the air after the song is over. The Laurens offer two more lifting pop songs in a similar vein as All About Chad. Pure afternoon delight. (SCOTT)

Silver Girl Records, PO Box 161024, San Diego, CA 92176

Amenity - Forward Into The Past CD

Without too much of an editorial on Amenity, let me just point out that if you ever wondered where a lot of South County bands got their inspiration, this is probably it. If you missed out on their stuff in the late '80s, this is your chance to possess it! 21 punk rock songs from Chula Vista. (FREUD)

Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912

aMinature - Depth 5 Rate 6

I didn't care for "Plexiwatt" AT ALL, which is why I'm pleasantly surprised at how much better "Depth 5 Rate 6" sounds. Sure, some reviewer-type yahoos have tried to drop every hip reference point to come down the pike in the last 20 years to describe this stuff. What matters is that it's good. "Featurist," "Weepo," "Showdowned" and "Zero In Trust" are probably the best songs on here, but all of these tracks are good material, although not necessarily the stuff of legend. Who woulda thunk that Colin from the El Cajon branch of Tower Records would wind up as a rock star! (SCOTT)

Restless Records

Baboon - 7"

Guitar-driven yelp-core. Listening to the vocalist howl his way through this emotive blend of punk rock, melody and noise is worth the price in and of itself. It's definitely cathartic and more than a little fun. (SCOTT)

Silver Girl Records, PO Box 161024, San Diego, CA 92176

Big Drill Car - No Worse for the Wear CD

I want to go on the record as saying that I do not hate Big Drill Car. The vocals are really infectious and the music is always clean and catchy. What usually drives me away from this band is the feeling I get when trying to listen to one of their albums in its entirety. It's like trying to drink a can of frozen orange juice concentrate without adding water. A drop is sweet, but drink a mouthful and you'll make yourself sick. Big Drill Car is pop-punk concentrate. Not that I would want them to water down their sound, but they could use something to distract from the "niceness" that the band has. I guess as this style of music comes to be accepted more and more, listeners are demanding this kind of band and this type of sound. If it's what you want, all the more power to you. Another strange thing that happened

while listening to this record was I found myself repeating, "Ya know, I haven't listened to any of my Descendents albums in a long time." (LARRY)
Headhunter Records 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432

Chicken Farm 7"

It's HC and how! For some reason, it really reminds



Chicken Farm

me of Black Flag, which simply goes to say it's fast, pissed-off HC that breaks no new ground. But the point of hardcore isn't whether it's innovative. About the only consideration that comes into play is the quality of the music in question, and Chicken Farm barely warrants second thoughts. Buy it, listen to it and have no regrets. (SCOTT)
Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912

Crade - Self-titled cassette

Whoa! These local boys reveal the rockist tendencies of some as-yet-unsigned bands who gig around town on a regular basis. I don't like to use the "g" word, even when it's especially applicable as it is in this case. There's some nice riffage here and there, but the edgy vocals remind me of various CBGB's

house bands, circa 1976. The combination of the nervous, twitching singing and the would-be monster power chords just doesn't mix well. I imagine these boys might get a nice reception if they played parties for flanneled high school students. (SCOTT)

No address listed

Cranial Vacancy/Faux Pas - split 7"

Cranial Vacancy's "Scamming On Black's Beach Women" is an amusing ode to that strip of sand by the same name. Their second song on this slab o' vinyl, "Polka Spot," stays crunchy in milk and could easily ignite a mosh pit at a Shriners' convention. Then there's Faux Pas' side, featuring jazz/metal/punk/thrash/whatever. The nice thing about Faux Pas' songs is that you can always go back to Cranial Vacancy. (SCOTT)

Amigo Records, PO Box 720862, San Diego, CA 92172

Creedle/Deadbolt - Trip 3 7"

The third installment of the live at the Casbah 7" recordings is right on the money. It stands out because both bands are so different, yet both are creepy in their own way. Creedle is into serial killers, Deadbolt is into '50s styled horror. As for their sound, Creedle sounds exactly like Creedle and Deadbolt sounds exactly like Deadbolt. Creedle is so spaced out, making them really hard to describe. Stop starts with snare attacks, quiet with bursts of loudness, loudness with bursts of quiet. I really dig Devon's vocals. He sounds really screechy, but isn't annoying. They use weird samples, a sax, Devon's voice and your conventional instruments. Deadbolt can't stand warm beer. Makes them fucking puke, ya know. Deadbolt continues to sound like Deadbolt - that is, surf rhythms soaked in reverb with haunting vocals. (LARRY)

Trademark, PO Box 16224, San Diego, CA 92176

Cringer - Greatest Hits Vol 1 CD

25 songs that will take you back to a simpler time around the turn of the last decade when pop punk was something people weren't afraid to say they listened to. I can't listen to this all the way through, it's too much, but regardless of me, you know you want to buy all this stuff, so go ahead. (FREUD)
Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912

Crossed Out/Drop Dead - split 5"

Besides getting the fucking record to play without the needle lifting, it's fully fucking outright 100 percent demolition. Crossed Out has a nastier recording and are more bass heavy. Even though the bassist is a wannabe pussy. Drop Dead smoke. A grind/crust

genetic

fiesta. (BOB)
Selfless Records, 2157 Pueblo, Garland, TX 75040

Dead and Gone - 7"

Burly, sad music that reminds me a lot of Detroit or Gary, IN. I just keep listening to it over and over again. This EP is made up of two songs from their demo and two newer ones. This is by far one of the most negative bands I've ever heard. Most bands who have real negative messages seem to be kidding, but they're not, and they're right. "We'll never break free/We'll never see." Furthermore, the music is good, reminiscent of a modern-styled Negative Approach, whom the band has covered before. This is completely amazing and you're a fool if you don't get it. (FREUD)
Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912

Dead Silence - Unlearning CD

Fuck, this is a truly massive undertaking of total fucking punk that reminds me in attitude of Crass but more melodic and less chaotic. A real bargain if you've got a CD player. Belligerent political punk, wunderbar. (FREUD)
Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912

The Downs Family - Falling Down Drunk b/w Finegan's Wake 7"

It's not very often that I get a release that is actually fun to listen to. I'm talking about toe tappin', whistlin' along kind of fun. We're talking about the kind of fun you have when you have a room full of friends and more imported beer than you can drink.

The Downs Family are about fun, Irish drinking songs with a "fuck it attitude" backed up with a penny whistle, accordion, acoustic guitars, and a banjo. A much needed breath of fresh air. (LARRY)
Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912

Drive Like Jehu - Yank Crime

The second full-length release by this local favorite, and it's been a long wait. This album is still top form Jehu, but it lacks the explosiveness of their first album. With this release, the band has slowed down, but not toned down. Songs like "Golden Brown," "Here Comes the Rome Plows," and "New Math" is the Drive Like Jehu I love, but I have a hard time making it through the nine-minute guitar tinkering of half the CD. It's still a great album, and Rick's vocals are still fantastic, and I sincerely hope they don't wait as long to release another album or EP. (LARRY)
Atlantic

Flg Dish - Nimble b/w Bury Me 7"

Side one, ho hum, another poppy punk indie rock release. Didn't I hear a song just like it on the past 30 records I just finished playing? The side two song, "Bury Me," is a little bit better. At least it has a catchy chorus. Maybe there is some hope for this release. Wait a minute...the singer is finishing the song with a high pitched voice. Big negative. Game over. (LARRY)
Liquid Meat, PO Box 460692, Escondido, CA 92046

fluf - Sheela Na Gig/Song In D 7"

O., Jonny and Miles dust off a P.J. Harvey track and an Overwhelming Colorfast tune for this 7". Mid-

tempo punk fun for all. \$2.99 I don't regret spending. (SCOTT)
Goldenrod Records, 4186A Sorrento Valley Blvd., San Diego, CA 92121

fluf - Home Improvements

Although this doesn't have quite as many hooks as "Mangravy" did and the punk-to-pop" ratio leans more heavily to the former than the latter on this album, fluf still makes great music. It may take a few listens for the new album to start revealing the melodies holding these songs together, but it's well worth the effort. When fluf kicks into high gear, as they do on "Sticky Bun," "Rooked" and "Snapper" to name just a few songs, then almost no one can touch them. And on "Mark Andrea," it even sounds like they toss in a little country and western via their distorted pop. So if you don't like fluf's blend of pop, punk and whatever else they feel like throwing in at the moment, that's your prerogative. Just be aware you're missing some of the best damn music to come out of any city at any time. And if you decide to get this, buy vinyl. The album has an extra song that I can't listen to. Why? 'Cause I've got it on CD. (SCOTT)
Headhunter Records, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432

Gamma Men - Driving Music CD

With a bit more time, a few more chords and a better sense of melody, the Gamma Men could become a great punk band. While this sounds punk, the lyrics are often trite (aren't there enough songs about movie star presidents?) and after a few songs, the riffs begin to sound the same. They also sound like

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similar punk riffs from 1977 to the present, but imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. This album isn't a complete wash though, because the Gamma Men show their potential and where they have the capability of going. Now if only they'd hurry up and get there. (SCOTT)
 NKVD Records, 5310 Bragg St., San Diego, CA 92122

Ghoulspoon - To Serve Man CD
 Bob should have had this for review. This is pure metal, suitable for inclusion on some lame K-Tel compilation (call it "Molten Rock" for lack of a better name) which would simultaneously resurrect Triumph, Girlschool and Cinderella while ending the career of every other band on it. After listening to this, I had a noticeably decreased tolerance for guitar solos. (SCOTT)
 Insomniac Records, PO Box 90410, San Diego, CA 92169

Heavy Vegetable - The Amazing Undersea Adventures of Aquakitty and Friends
 Larry gave me this CD without a cover, so all I know about it is the band name (because he told me). It is what I needed. Heavy Vegetable play short songs that are everything from beautiful statements to fast aggressive releases. There are female harmonies and the CD reminds me of the way that the Donald Wilson CD changes rapidly yet smoothly from one style to the next. I've been playing this for everyone that comes in my room, only I wish I had the cover so that I could know something about the band. (SHANE)
 Headhunter

Hemlock - Dry Socket 5 song CD
 This is going to sound strange to those of you who live outside of San Diego. Hemlock sounds very "North County," and I have no idea which part of the county these guys live in. It's a soft-hard edge. Or is that hard-soft edge? It's subtle aggressiveness. Hemlock has a bent style of fills and twisty riffing with a mix of mellow and garbled vocals. The fold up CD and the hard-to-follow lyrics add to the listening experience. (LARRY)
 Liquid Meat, PO Box 460692, Escondido, CA 92046

Jack Septic - Tales of the Alaskan Fisherman cassette
 Soundgarden rehash. If you think Seattle should have stuck to grinding coffee beans, don't buy this. The liner notes look very nice. (SCOTT)
 Delux Records, PO Box 3782, San Diego, CA 92163

Jon Cougar Concentration Camp - Back in The Day 7"
 if you were to mate the Wretched Ones with Everready it would probably sound just like this. The guitar is so bitchin' and makes me feel so good! Melodic old style punk. (BOB)
 Missing Records, PO Box 710456, Santee, CA 92072

Julla - 3 Year Old Child b/w In A Song 7"
 Since I gave these guys an uncomfortable review of their tape I think they just decided not to send us a copy of this. But because I have a warped interest in these guys, I went out and bought this myself. By the way, it's cheaper than most singles, but boy is it bare. Not only do you get no color art or picture or

anything, but you don't even get any black - it's just plain fucking white. Anyway, "In A Song" starts off with acoustic crap (obviously they didn't heed my instructions) then pretty much rocks from then on. "3 Year Old Child" takes up my time. There's some metallic riffin' going on here. That's cool. I wish the singer would just scream hysterically through the whole record. I'd dig that. Too many of those cheesy quiet parts. 60/40. (BOB)
 River's End, 9525 Mission Gorge Rd. #81, Santee, CA 92071

The Laurels - Toothless b/w Motormouth 7"
 This 7" is better than the Stigmata A Go Go record reviewed elsewhere in this issue, but it's still noisy pop music. That isn't necessarily a bad thing and, like the Stigmata 7", the melodies and harmonies on this 7" redeem its flaws. Not a bad effort at all. (SCOTT)
 Silver Girl Records, PO Box 161024, San Diego, CA 92176

Martensville - Universal Daycare
 What the fuck is this shit? Frankly, it sounds like two guys with way too much time on their hands who have access to a recording studio. It's plodding, dark, brooding, industrial and without any redeeming value. It sounds like someone stripped Godflesh's melodies and removed Throbbing Gristle's sense of humor and stuck the remaining collective musical talent (or to be more specific, lack thereof) in a blender. If this is the crap Vinyl Communications is devoting their time to, it's a sad day in San Diego. (SCOTT)
 Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista

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Morning Glories - CD

Is it possible that a Chula Vista can travel to England, play with a one-hit-wonder anglo-pop band, move to NYC, and still produce music that doesn't sound affected by the diversity? Why, yes, it is. Christian Gibbs is a damned talented young gent. His songs blend a history of catchy pop songwriting into every phrase. Nothing gets lost in the mix. Power, passion, angst, guitar/bass interplay - it's all there in spades. In some ways, their tunes match head-to-head with Love Battery. But instead of Rob Nine's snarling barbiturate-whine, Gibbs punches each note with subtle texture. The music pulses and surges: never maxing out, and never losing pace. My favorites on this record are the very hummable "Cowboy Song," and "Coming Down." Make sure you pick this up. Seriously. (KEVIN)
Headhunter, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117

The Neighbors - cassette

Wow! This band kinda rules. This has to be the best recording released by a San Diego band in years. I'm really surprised. How could anyone not like this? Scorching and relentless punk/hardcore with totally right-on lyrics. Where the fuck have I been? The song "Sometimes" is killer! "Of all the things that make me feel like shit/ Women and sex are at the top of my list." (BOB)
Deluxe Records, PO Box 3782, San Diego, CA 92163

No Knife - Seven Inches 7"

Since I have no TV and only listen to sports radio I have no way to tell if this is trendy music or what. I

bought it because my old sexual partner Mitch Wilson is in the band. The music is San Diego friendly, if you know what I mean, though it doesn't seem to be begging for major label attention. It comes across as smooth and relaxing without lacking strength. Some of the guitar parts are really nice. Also, the fact that the songs are long is actually good because it gives you time to just get in the groove of each song. I find it interesting that a big portion of the song "Habit" sounds a lot like the title track of the English Dogs' "Where Legend Began" LP. I know what Mitch is a huge English Dogs fan. Great record. (BOB)
Goldenrod Records, 4186 A Sorrento Valley Blvd. San Diego, CA 92121

No Knife/Tanner - split 7"

This is the one millionth release by Goldenrod Records this year, in case you haven't noticed. I'm glad to see so many selfish bands in San Diego nowadays. More folks are doing what they like instead of what other people like or want them to play. So in the aftermath of major labels feasting on the hopes and naivet of San Diego scenesters, bands return to the realities of just fucking playing. Both bands on this are great. My girlfriend might like No Knife a little more than I do, but considering who is in the band I'm not surprised. A great sampler. (BOB)
Goldenrod Records, 4186 A Sorrento Valley Blvd. San Diego, CA 92121

Radio Wendy - Live at the Casbah 7"

Decent sound quality, lots of hooks, unintelligible vocals. It's an adequate release, but it still needed something to stand apart from everything else San

Diego has offered over the past two years.
Goldenrod Records, 4186 A Sorrento Valley Blvd. San Diego, CA 92121

Rocket From The Crypt - All Systems Go CD

Scott wrote this really long review of this CD, and while reading it, I kept asking myself, "Why doesn't he just get to the point?" Well, the point is RFTC released a truckload of EPs, most of which are good some are bad, and all of them are rare. If you missed any of them, you can buy this for around \$11, instead of paying \$25 for the RFTC/Deadbolt split seven inch alone. You should know what the band sounds like by now. (LARRY)
Headhunter, 4901 Morena Blvd., #906, San Diego, CA 92117

rust - CD EP

I hate ambivalence. That's part of the reason I hate this review and i've barely started it. rust makes alienated guitar rock that isn't too shabby, they put on good shows, they're from San Diego. Although I don't know him, when I've seen John at shows, he has always been cordial. But even with all that, this release isn't particularly noteworthy. It just exists. That's part of the reason why it's hard to write this, because this doesn't measure up to the band's potential. Oh sure, it hints at it in places, most notably the choruses of "Pills" and "Some Days Never Come," but on the whole, Wharton Tiers' production job is too sterile and makes these songs sound strangely antiseptic. The music sounds nowhere near as rich as it does in a live environment. In fact, rust might have been better off recording their debut at Westbeach or Doubletime. What's more (and this where I begin to feel sorry for



the band), this is likely to be overlooked in the ocean of guitar rock that's already seeping under the door like raw sewage. With any luck, rust will record their forthcoming full-length with a producer better suited for their music (please, NOT Steve Albini) and catch the raw edge their songs have when played live. (SCOTT) *Atlantic*

The Shambles - "She's Used To Playing With Fire" b/w "Louise" 7"

Although this is technically a 45, it sounds pretty damn cool at 33 rpm. The first song brought back memories of the Dave Clark Five and the like, while the flip side ... well, it skipped too badly to listen to. What little I could hear of it sounded pretty damn cool though. Brilliant, British Invasion-style pop music. Check it out, and hope you have better luck than I did. (SCOTT)

Prospective Records, Box 6425, Minneapolis, MN 55406

Stigmata A Go Go - 7"

Grinding pop music in the New York noise punk vein. It isn't bad - in fact it can be quite melodic at times - but it isn't especially noteworthy. If you like this type of music and have a few bucks to spare, pick it up. (SCOTT)

Silver Girl Records, PO Box 161024, San Diego, CA 92176

Swivelneck - Contactor CD

Between the space aliens, that Mormon temple thing off I-5, the public transportation system in San Diego and the pay phones, there's enough material to keep these guys writing songs for at least two more albums. Given Headhunter's track record of later, the odds are good that at least one of those will be released by a major label. "Dysfunctional Superhero," "Choda" and "Girffriendly" are flat-out barn burners, while the rest of the album settles into a disturbing groove practically guaranteed to fill your nights with cold sweat and vivid hallucinations. (SCOTT) *Headhunter Records, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432*

Swivelneck - Contactor CD

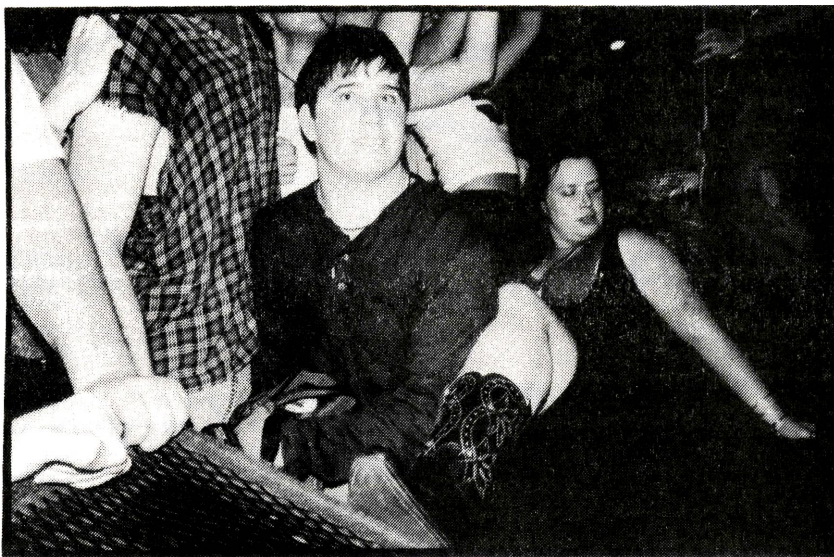
San Diego has a thriving music sitch. It's no secret. Everyone in the world is hep to our "next SeattleAthensMinneapolis (Salton City-Larry)Austin" status by now. But there is a list of individuals whom have been overlooked for far too long as integral spices in the flavor of the SD. roux. This list includes:

- 1) Tim Ellison.
- 2) Bart Mendoza.
- 3) Jon Gire.
- 4) Donnie Darque.
- 5) Tony Davis.

This last guy, Mr. Davis, was leader North County's pop-geniuses White Glove Test. They tested a few waters, recorded two albums, did some touring, y'know, the usual rock shtick. Anyway, he's currently

fronting Swivelneck. Their new album is a fucking excellent record. Hints of RFTC, R.E.M., and several

Three Mile Pilot - The Chief Assassin to the Sinister CD



fluf

other acronymic outfits make for a cohesive batch of catchy ditties which have been plaguing the shit out of my subconscious since I first picked it up. This is by far, the best thing Headhunter has done in quite some time. The songs "Junebugs" and "Flypaper" bore their stingers into your spine with cool guitar hooks from Lane Miller. Loose, with arguable mistakes left in. Charming. Very sparse, eerie production. I'm not giving out any more information. Just make sure you don't pass this up. (KEVIN) *Headhunter, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117*

Tanner - Guard Dog 7"

I have to get this out of the way first. Tanner is Fishwife without Ryan. Guitarist Gar sings now. Although there are some similarities in the music (how couldn't there be), Tanner is a different band. The music is unconventional punk. When I was expecting the band to break out in a typical four chord punk riff, they would continue to crank out some weird, but pounding, sounds, laying vocals where the guitar riffs allow Gar to sing. Yes, it's good. Very good. (LARRY) *Standard Recordings, 3770 Tansy St. Dept. SR, San Diego, CA 92121*

Three Mile Pilot - The Chief Assassin to the Sinister CD

If you find one of these on Cargo/Headhunter, grab it. This local trio just went to DGC and scuttlebutt has it that only 2,000 of these CDs were pressed. This time around, Pilot adds guitar and a cyberpunk sensibility. Of course it's awesome. These boys have a musical Midas touch. It sounds cold and alien, but at the same time it seems to be a call to arms and back to humanity, a retreat from the technological front to regroup, reload and reify. So what the hell are you waiting for? Time's a wastin' and those copies on Headhunter are getting scarce. (SCOTT) *Headhunter Records, 901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432*

The second CD by Three Mile Pilot takes off where the first one left off. The bass and drums are still the main musical diet, but this time there is guitar added for texture and flavor. I don't really "understand" the lyrics that are presented; I feel them. The words are images that swirl and hide around the music. I find it amazing that at the length of the songs (mostly 6-10 minutes), that they are so memorable without being repetitious. The title track is an unsettling number with its haunting piano part. Three Mile Pilot has created their own style of music, following no one and probably leading some future musical happening. (SHANE) *Headhunter Records, 901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432*

Three Mile Pilot - Circumcised b/w Nissun die cut single

This is a super cool single. It is die cut into a triangular shape from a three point propeller that is on the picture disc. "Circumcised" is a song from "The Chief Assassin To The Sinister." "Nissun" is a sparse feeling. There are samples that are from an airport tower or something and the music weaves in and out of this. It is sure to be a collector's item if you care, but you should get it just for the song and package. (SHANE) *Headhunter*

Tit Wrench — OK You Homos, Out Of The Car CD

If you liked Tit Wrench's industrial noise on their other releases, you'll probably dig this one. This CD is more than 70 minutes long, with 99 tracks. Yep, these boys are screwin' around with the limits of CD technology, and my player don't like it, nosireebob. Enough redneckisms, 'cause people like that should be spayed. It's uptempo industrial-core, and shouldn't be missed. So go get it already! (SCOTT) *Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912*

Tina, Age 13 - The Minimalist Art Damage Years 7"

The title says it all. Three guys making structured noise with fuzzy vocals recorded live in a basement. (LARRY) *Goldenrod Records, 4186-A Sorrento Valley Blvd., San Diego, CA 92121*

Uncle Joe's Big Ol' Driver - CD

All hyperbole aside, I doubt we're going to hear a better record this year. This is one of THOSE albums, the kind that make people forget minor inconveniences like speed limits, work and everyday life. It might be just a tad too early to call Uncle Joe's full-length debut transcendent, but when the "alternative" uprising of the 1990's finally takes over the planet, Dave Jass will probably be crowned king and Andrew McKeag will probably be given his own Guinness

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brewery. This blend of four-on-the-floor classic rock and resurrected punk is beautiful, simply beautiful. In a way, it's too bad Uncle Joe's wasn't around in 1973 or so. They would have fit right in with the James Gang, the Outlaws, probably even the Allmans. However, they're here now and that's what matters. Now go hop in your car and cruise around while listening to "Possible Driving Song." You'll thank yourself for it. (SCOTT)
Headhunter Records, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432

V/A Ripped Up And So Sedated 7" comp.
 Balance's "Stood Still" is easily the best song on this compilation, even though they sound uncannily like Slap Of Reality (gee, maybe because Frank Lacatena and Joe Kiser from Slap of Reality are in this band?). Of course, if you don't enjoy melodic punk rock, you'll probably hate it. Eggbound's "Ampersand" is also fairly melodic, but has a funk-ed-up edge. Then there's the flip side with 16 Volt and Pain Emission, two "digi-core" bands. Let me share something with you — I don't like "digi-core." It's a stupid name for a style of music, and tacking that label on any band's work is, at best, a disservice. With that said, unless you enjoy industrial music, you probably won't like these tracks. So get this thing for the first two songs and leave the flip side pure and pristine. (SCOTT)
Re-Constriction, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432

V/A - Volume CD
 This compilation features Hemlock, Ashes/Dust,

Everready, Boilermaker, Tiltwheel and Unleaded. I was really anxious to hear this. Hemlock is great live. They're pretty good on this too. They are aggressive punky grunge that doesn't rely on stadium rockin' guitars to move it. Ashes/Dust is a fucking waste of space. Everready is alright. After the last 7" they can only get worse. They should retire now. Unleaded is proof that this pop-punk thing has had it and that style is without any real fuel anymore. Tiltwheel surprised me with some fucking pretty up tempo stuff that is hard and catchy. Boilermaker is rad! Slow and brooding with a ton of talent. Unlike any other band I've heard. 50/50, but buy it for Boilermaker alone. (BOB)
Liquid Meat Records, PO Box 460692, Escondido, CA 92046

Whack! self-titled cassette
 Bootsy! Yeah! Wait a minute, this doesn't have Bootsy on it. This doesn't even have Flea on it. I suppose it says something about Whack! that N.W.A., Mother Love Bone and Bad Religion posters are in the background of the band photo, while one of the members wears a Helicopter shirt. It's vaguely funky, owing quite a bit to the funk-punk thing. As such things go, it isn't too bad, but in the spectrum of what you must own and what you can do without, this is far closer to the latter than the former. (SCOTT)
Delux Records, PO Box 3782, San Diego, CA 92163


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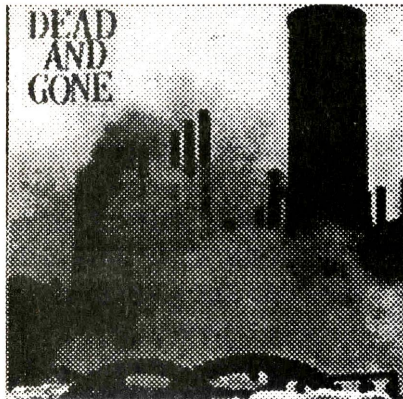


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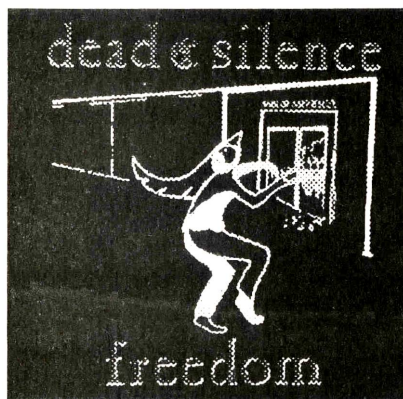
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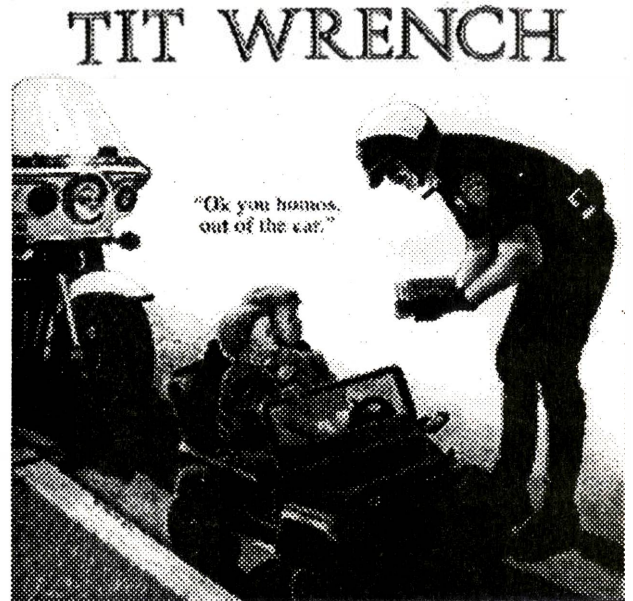
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DEAD AND GONE
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Zine Angst

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Of all of the fanzines I've collected over the years, I've been reading *Maximum Rockroll* the longest. For those of us who grew up in small towns with no outlets to anything going on in the world of underground music, zines, and culture, *MRR* probably kept a lot of people from going crazy. But over the past few years, *MRR* has slowly begun to crush itself with its own weight. The letter sections, scene reports, and band interviews have become sterile after reading it for so many years. All of the changes the zine has been going through recently, mainly only accepting ads for and reviewing "punk" releases, seem to alienate many of its long-time readers.

But then *MRR* puts theme issues (queer, sex, body modification, work) together and I'm reminded why I started reading it in the first place. The recent "major label" theme issue, number 133, July 1994, gave a wake up call to any bands that are thinking about jumping on to a major label. Steve Albini and Bobby S. Fred of *Bobby is Fred* zine/Word of Mouth label both wrote excellent stories giving readers the inside scoop on the big boys. Albini showed exactly how much money a band who goes major would make, along with everyone connected to the band. In the example Albini used, the record company made \$710,000, the producer made \$90,000, the manager made \$51,000, the studio made \$51,000, the previous label made \$50,000, the agent made \$7,500, the lawyer made \$12,000 - and each member of the band made \$4,031.25. This should be mandatory reading for every band who plays at the Casbah.

Bobby S. Fred exposed the faux indies - small labels started by

major labels for the sole purpose of gaining "street credibility" and snatching bands for a relatively cheap price - but balanced the story with the benefits a band might have by signing to a farm team rather than go directly to the majors. What made me laugh about his story was he used San Diego band Inch to demonstrate how fake indies work. (Inch is on Seed Records, which is a subsidiary of Atlantic Records) titled "Anatomy of a Scam."

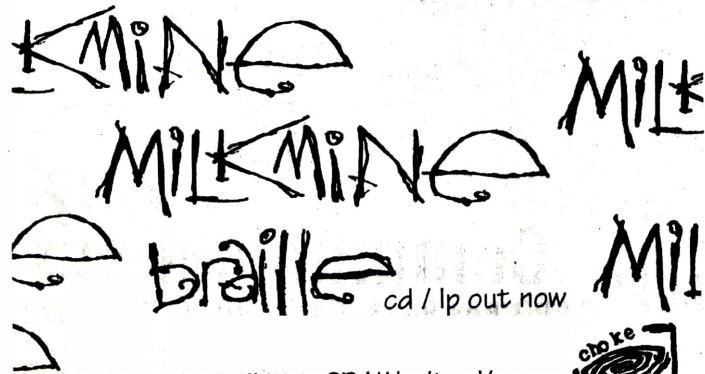
It just goes to show, when *MRR* tries, they can seriously fuck up the program. (*Maximum Rockroll*, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760) (*Bobby is Fred*, PO Box 25656, Los Angeles, CA 90025)

Speaking of scams, Iggy finally found the time between hopping trains, shoplifting food, and setting up squats to put out a second issue of *Scam*. His zine reads more like a diary than your typical fanzine. Everything about *Scam* has humor fused with Iggy's personal outlook on life. I really hate to mention *Cometbus*, but Aaron and Iggy are both great story tellers, and if you like one, you'll like the other. This issue is thicker than the first one, and it's totally fuckin' puke. Send Iggy a buck (or two if you can spare it, 'cause it's worth about \$5). (*Scam*, 2629 19th St. San Francisco, CA 94110)

Every so often I get a postage-paid package from some politician from Florida running for office with a copy of *El Zine De Eugene* stuffed inside. Number 10 is the "Eighties" issue with a tribute to that decade. He prints questions he would like to ask Dee Snider of Twisted Sister, Eugene comics, more comics from Baby Sue comic/zine, and childhood stories. Always a pleasure to read. (*El Zine de Eugene*, c/o Noah Vail, 6800 SW 40



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Lately when I have a chance, I've been spending my time pouring through the stacks of used books at thrift stores looking for true crime books and sci-fi novels with cool cover art. I'm already a nut about John Marr's *Murder Can Be Fun* fanzine, but you can imagine my excitement when I saw that he dedicated an entire issue to "Obscure Crime Books." Mr. Marr runs down his best and worst of obscure crimes and the books written about them, telling the grisly tales with his tongue planted firmly in his cheek. San Diegans should be on the lookout for the next issue of *MCBF* where Marr will focus on zoo deaths. If you've heard of any stories of Joan Embery's cougars mauling anyone, be sure to drop him a line. (*Murder Can Be Fun*, PO Box 640111, San Francisco, CA 94109)

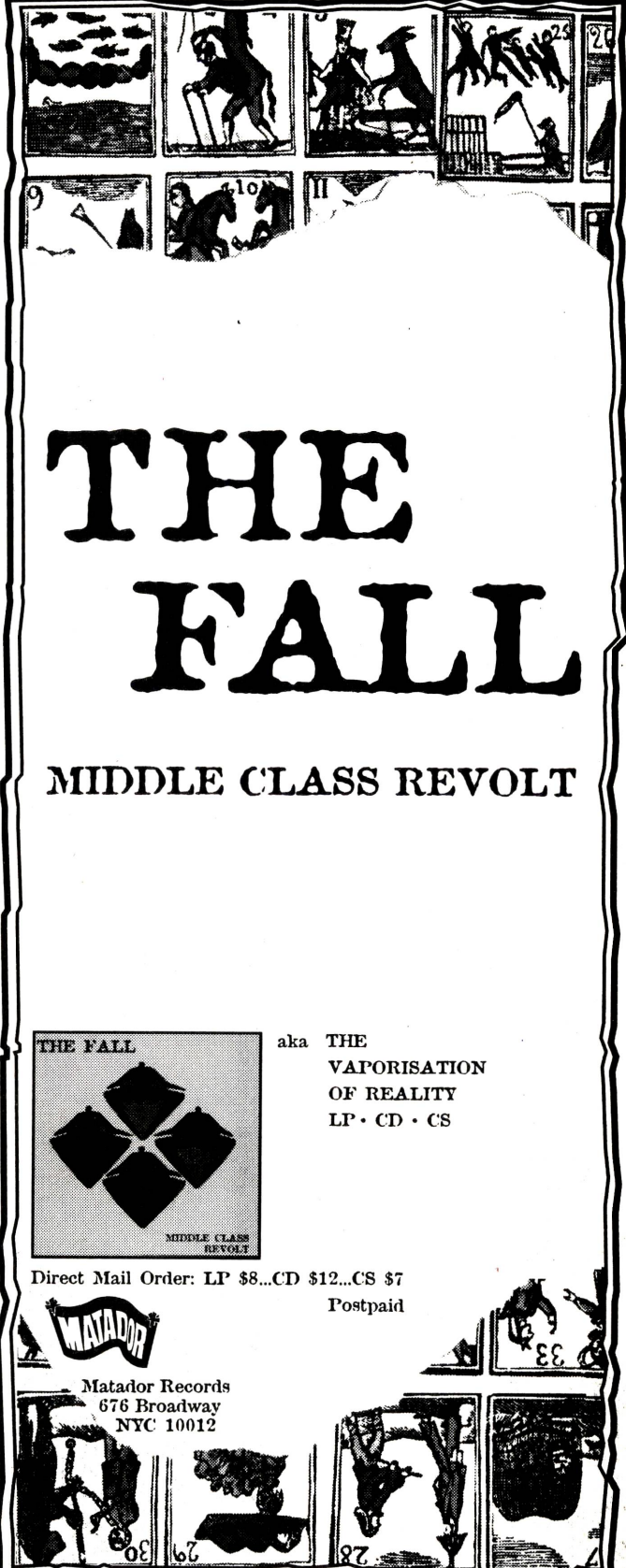
Another true crime treat is *Evil® - The Newsletter for True Crime Book Fanatics*. After seeing issue number five, I realized how far I have to go to become a true crime book collector. *Evil®* has grown from four to eight pages and has a regular publishing schedule. Besides book reviews, Dan Kelly also runs down recent crime incidents and writes one column called "Screams from the Editor." This issue also had an interview with Michael Newton, author of "Hunting Humans." (*Evil®*, PO Box 476641, Chicago, IL 60647)

My employer recently hooked up to America Online, and the first day I cruised the info highway, I found an entire folder dedicated to a group of people putting together a new zine. The folder was titled "*Punk Planet - It's a zine*". That afternoon, I read every listing, and ironically enough, the listing for that day was something to the effect of "we're done!" Too bad, I could have told them everything they had been writing about for months in one day (in case you've never met a zine editor in person, we love to whine about all of the pitfalls we've hit and give advice on how to avoid them). The zine itself is bursting with enthusiasm. Issue number one has a few scene reports, columns by staffers, and punk rock kingpins Larry Livermore, Jim Testa, and Kent McClard. They interviewed Samiam and Matt from Gravity Records, and wrote a couple stories. Throw in record and zine reviews and you've got yourself a punk zine. Picture a small version of *MRR* with a happy-go-lucky attitude. (*Punk Planet*, PO Box 1711, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

When people think of music zines, the first two zines that come to mind are *MRR* and *Flipside*. I've been reading *Flipside* just as long as I've read *MRR*, and I've felt that it's been following a similar path; that is, lacking something fresh. I still have some incurable compulsive behavior that forces me to buy every issue, but I'm always somewhat let down. After so many years of publishing, *Flipside* has fallen into a rut: letters, poetry, band interviews, columns, reviews, and classifieds. Although I must admit it's hard to match the enthusiasm about music that the *Flipside* staff has, it's gotten somewhat stale. The addition of "Cooking with the Jolly Roger" was a step in the right direction, but it wasn't enough to make me excited to read an entire issue like I am when the new, say, *Answer ME!* or *Cometbus* is out. Oh, well, at least they changed the name of Ted's column from "San Diego Shit" to "Inebria-Ted." (*Flipside*, PO Box 60790, Pasadena, CA 91116)

Although it's not a comparison, it's almost hard not to talk about *Fiz* when talking about *Flipside*. Both have an unlimited amount of enthusiasm for music, and even though both are national publications, they are still very LA. Unlike *Flipside*, *Fiz* has a silly feel to it, mostly because of the use of pastel colors, which makes you want to give Wendy, Dave, Cathy, and Vivian a big hug after reading an issue. I'm still blown away by how quickly the zine has grown. *Fiz* somehow comes across as eternally adolescent but caring at the same time. (*Fiz*, PO Box 67E10, Los Angeles, CA 90067)

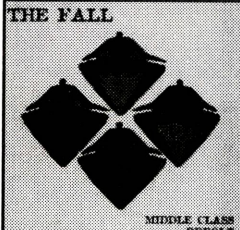
When I was younger, I used to get excited when I saw a new issue of *Suburban Voice* on the zine rack at Off the Record. Al always interviewed my favorite bands and he started to include a free 7" with each record. A bargain at \$2.50. Well, Al kinda disappeared for a couple of years, then suddenly resurfaced by cranking out two issues, both with a free record. After reading both issues, I found out why I never really missed *Suburban Voice* during Al's two-year hiatus. Back in '87, there weren't too many people publishing quality punk zines, but now they're a dime a dozen. *SV* hasn't progressed at all. It consists of interviews, zine, record and live



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reviews, columns, and Boston news. I'm sorry, but I need more. It's still a bargain at \$3.50 (*Suburban Voice*, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903)

If you're even bothering to read this column, you should already have the latest issue of *Factsheet Five*. I've actually heard people whine about how much better they liked the zine when Gunderloy used to publish it because he reviewed so much more stuff. I say shut the fuck up and start your own zine. A must for any zine enthusiast. For some strange reason, I wish Seth would publish cover photo info a la *MRR*. And in case you're new to this whole "zine revolution," *Factsheet Five* basically reviews every zine that gets sent to them, making this essential for people who enjoy reading and publishing fanzines. (*Factsheet Five*, PO Box 170099, San Francisco, CA 94117-0099)

I guess I can use *Factsheet Five* to transition into *Angry Thoreauan* because of the small amount of bad blood between the zines. Head person Rev. Randy Tin-Ear started a feud with Seth not too long ago for categorizing *AT* as a review zine. You can't blame Seth for the mistake because Randy does review a boatload of stuff, but it's still a punk zine, first and foremost. Recent issues have a new columns section with a wide variety of stuff, and the stories have carried it away from the "review zine" tag. Randy travels to San Diego from Orange County approximately every two months to litter our stores with his zine. Every time I see a new issue, I get a shock similar to suddenly remembering you forgot to take your birth control pill. "Oh, shit, I might be in trouble." (*Angry Thoreauan*, PO Box 2246, Anaheim, CA 92814)

It takes more than Pagemaker or Quark Express to make a zine. I much rather read a hand scrawled story about a UFO abduction than a G. Marcus rant about the NYC noise scene forming a socialized health care system in the US based on the song "Rudi Can't Fail" by the Clash. Boring. I also rather read the latest issue of *Calico* any day. Rachel is running the show alone now, and this issue packed a grrl powered wallop with two anorexic/bulimia awareness stories and the new "Dear Boy" column (Question - Dear Boy, If I hang around with a gay person, am I gay too? Answer- Everyone's at least a little gay). This issue is the Sassy issue, and, yes, I

know *Ben is Dead* beat her to it, but what the fuck were you doing when you were 15? (*Calico*, 44 Manomet St., Brockton, MA 02401)

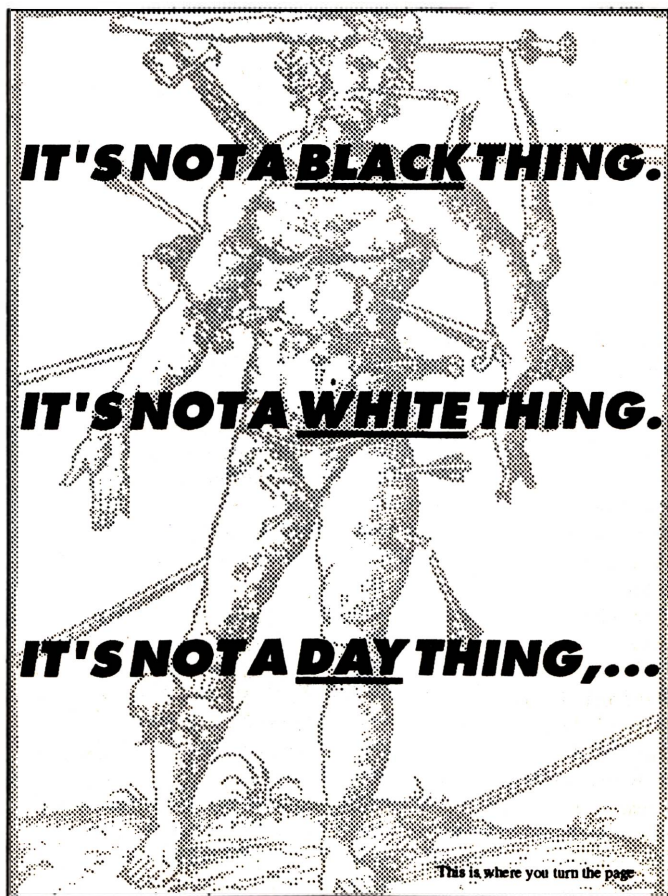
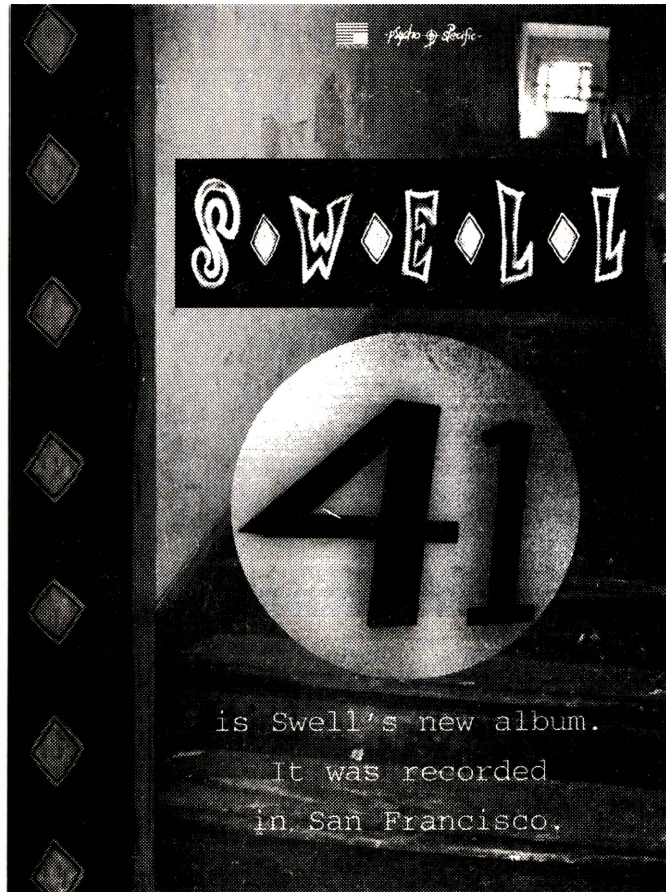
New Zines

There's been quite a few zines that have been around for a while that have recently found their way onto my desk for the first time. *Tales of Blarg* is one of those zines that is going to be lumped with *Cometbus*, which is worth about 50 bonus points. Issue #6 is sorta the travel issue. *Blarg* zine person Olga Snodgrass wrote about her hitchhiking trips and adventures about living in squats. Ben Weasel contributed a Screeching Weasel tour story about not receiving a wake up call. This is definitely one of the better personal zines I've seen in a while. (*Tales of Blarg*, PO Box 4047, Berkeley, CA 94704)

Another zine that I've come across recently was *Yakuza*. I grabbed a copy of issue #5 through some weird store scam that I'll never reveal (don't worry, the zine got paid). I enjoyed the interviews with Geoff from *No Duh* zine and Lisa Carver of *Rollerderby* zine. The visit to Philadelphia's Mutter Museum, a forensic museum, made me put Philly down as one of the cities to visit during my lifetime. Don't worry, *Yakuza* still has the staple of music and zine reviews. It's worth the price alone because it's from Delaware. (*Yakuza*, PO Box 26039, Wilmington, DE 19899)

I came across *Blue Persuasion* in the pornography section at Tower while setting up a photo shoot for *The Reader*. There it was in all its color photocopy glory next to *Big Ass*. There are lots of reproduced nudie photos, an occasional dirty comic or topless woman, but this is nothing close to being *Hustler*, so I can't figure out why it's in the 18+ section. Aaron packs each issue with tons of shit from our crass American culture. The highlight of number four was the interview with Rudy Ray Moore, better known as Dolemite. Yowza! (*Blue Persuasion*, 603 E. Main #2, Lexington, KY 40508)

As for new music zines that have caught my eye, *Thicker* is the sharpest. Beautiful cover by everyone's friends, Punks with Presses, and



decent layouts to match. Interviews with Shellac, Superchunk, Kustomized, and Ken Chambers (ex-Moving Targets), with a free Ken Chambers 7" to boot. Plus they threw in comics and reviews. (*Thicker*, PO Box 881983, San Francisco, CA 94188-1983)

When I first saw a copy of issue number two of *Insight*, I was expecting a sort of *Your Flesh*, Junior. I was disappointed when I started flipping through it. Badly scanned photos and mediocre writing and interviews (although I did laugh when I read the aMiniature interview where John Lee called Scheming Intelligentsia a "back yard label" with a hint of contempt). A lot of money went into this zine; let's hope it gets better. It definitely will be a zine to watch for if it does. (*Insight*, PO Box 51592, Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

There are so many music zines out now, it's great when you see a new one doing something, not only original, but funny also. *You Bet Your Sweet Ass I'm a Turtle* has everything. A Neurosis European sore diary, they call up Jennifer Finch from L7 while she's in the process of mailing out Christmas cards and try to annoy her (she's actually a good sport), reprints from a notebook and a diary someone found on the street, and, best of all, a real life STAR FUCKER tells of his liaison with Dom Deluise. It's a great story, but it seems just too weird to be true. You'll have to read it yourself and make up your own mind. (*You Bet Your Sweet Ass I'm a Turtle*, 2864 A 24th St., San Francisco, CA 94110)

Local Flavor

There has been a steady number of zines in San Diego lately, but most of them are hard to find because the people putting them together can only photocopy small press runs.

Schlock - The Review/Journal of Low-Brow Video Culture seems to change formats every issue. John was switching back and forth between half and full size photocopies, until he decided he wanted to go with a newsletter format. With issue number eight, he found a way to go newsprint, so hopefully John will be able to distribute a sizable number of his zine around town. Each issue features reviews of B movies from the '60s, '70s, and the '80s, reviews of records John bought at local thrift stores, and zine reviews. Each issue also features a main story on page one with a movie theme or some other low-brow theme. This time around there was a profile on Sue Lyon, the star of Stanley Kubrick's "Lolita." (*Schlock*, 3841 Fourth Ave. #192, San Diego, CA 92103)

I really don't know how to describe *Taggerzine* except to say that it doesn't deal with graffiti. Dan is really into grassroots community well-being. His latest is the "Paul Weinman" issue (I can hear you groaning all the way out here). Actually it's not that bad. You actually get to read about the man who makes those damn White Boy books. (*Taggerzine*, PO Box 632952, San Diego, CA 92163)

GD staffer Bob Thompson Dave Quinn from Tiltwheel/Liquid Meat got together to put together *Disinformation*, which is dedicated to Discharge and any band whose name starts with Dis-. They interviewed Discordance Axis and Dispatior, and review a bunch of records by Disbands like Disarm, Disaffect, and Disgust. What a great idea. (*Disinformation*, 2602, Old Spanish Trail, Escondido, CA 92025)

Bob wasn't the only GD person to give zine publishing a try. Scott recently published his first issue of *Sick to Move*, with interviews with Superchunk and Pegboy, with tons of reviews, a short story, and one editorial. He's already contributing to approximately three or so other zines around the country, so he might as well be publishing his own. (*Sick to Move*, PO Box 712471, Santee, CA 92072)

Hey, let's not forget about Jim's zine *Taste Like Chicken*, my favorite local zine. Jim has published four issues so far, but has a hard time keeping copies around. Each issue has listings by Jim, with his feelings about various topics. I'd give you an example if I hadn't given away my only copy of #4, so you'll have to believe me when I tell you it's funny. (*Taste Like Chicken*, 10027 Beck Dr., Santee, CA 92071)

Most of you in San Diego who have any scene history were probably surprised to see a new issue of *Black Market* last February. *Black Market* was the zine of San Diego in the '80s, so Carl and the rest of the guys have paid their dues. With issue number 11 they made the transition from

zine to magazine and are covering more metal than punk. They're still doing the comics and horror stuff, and the art is still just as gory. Issue #12 is out now with a great cover by Peter Bagge. Interviews include Chris Gore of *Film Threat*, NoMeansNo, Bill Paxton (Chet from "Weird Science"). Hey, Carl, we'll see who has #13 out on the streets first. (*Black Market*, 405 W. Washington St. #405, San Diego, CA 92103)

A couple of fanzines that definitely fall into the "punk" category, but don't cover music, are *Acid Youth* and *Outhouse*. *Acid Youth* is a South Bay zine filled with short rants by editor Mike (this guy's signature is so bad, I call him something different every time because his name is illegible). He's cranked out four issues in about four months, but is probably going to call it quits soon. He has definitely had it with the bullshit that is involved with trying to be part of a scene. Send him your favorite story about Mario "Slater" Lopez. (*Acid Youth*, PO Box 1216, Bonita, CA 91908)

I'm really having a hard time trying to describe issue number three of *Outhouse*. I've only seen one copy, which consisted of short editorials, comics, one band interview, a couple of show reviews, a couple of pages of zine reviews, and bad poetry. It's still free, so send a couple of stamps for a copy. (*Outhouse*, PO Box 1040, La Mesa, CA 91944)

Xenon is a personal zine of sorts from Chula Vista. I found the "To Prom or Not to Prom" story by staffer Rudy-Girl the most interesting, especially since Monet the Editress even set me up as her prom date without either Rudy-Girl or me knowing what the hell was going on. It's rare when someone plays a good joke on me, and it was good for quite a few laughs for both Rudy-Girl and I. Send a couple of stamps for an issue. (*Xenon*, 161 Via de Laurencio, Chula Vista, CA 91910)

Zine editors, write to Genetic Disorder for trades and possible distribution.

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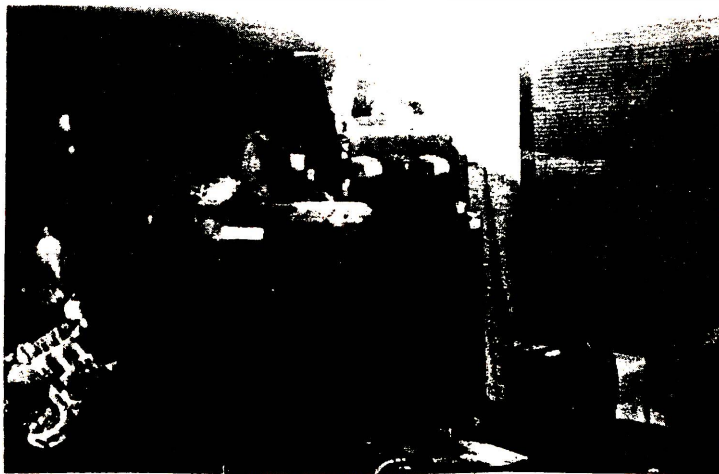
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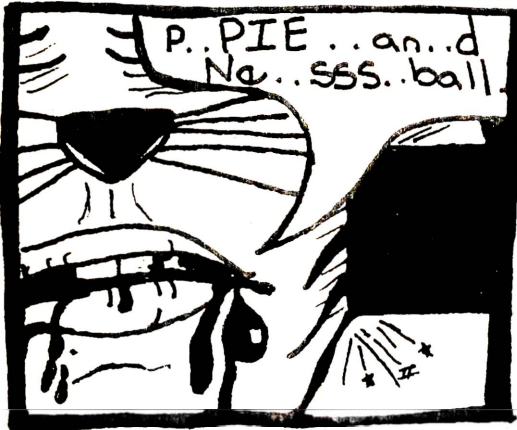
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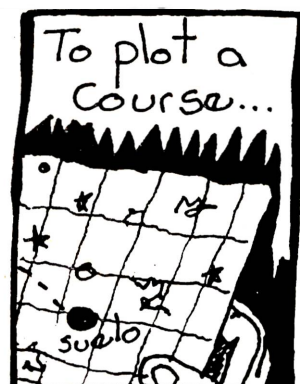
BY SHANE DELEON

We return to our story with the Queen of the Galaxy using some rather unorthodox techniques to acquire information regarding a fat cat. Remember the Queen has a neurological parasite on her feet commanding her what to do. ★★★★★★★★





As the wounded sex kitten slumps to the ground, the Queen approaches the bartender with less violent, but just as persuasive tactics. She loosens her shirt, orders a hard drink, and starts asking questions about where she might find Pie and Nessball. 

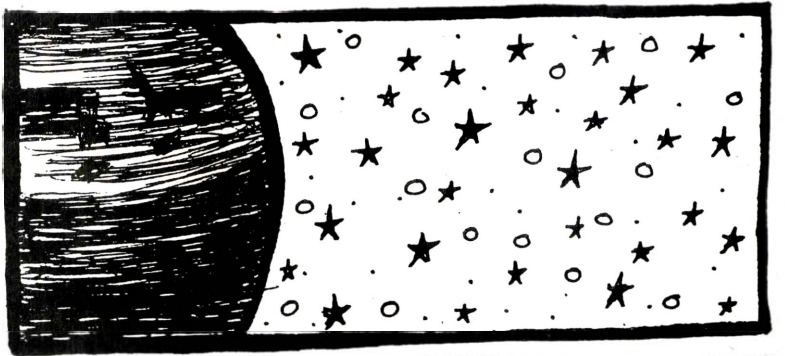
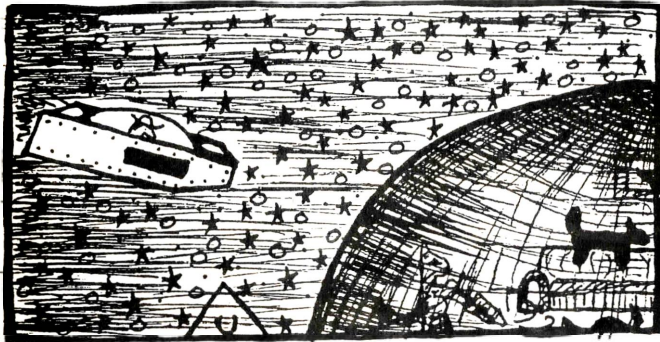


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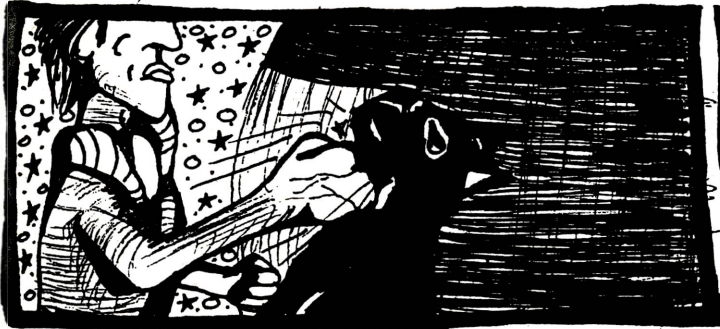
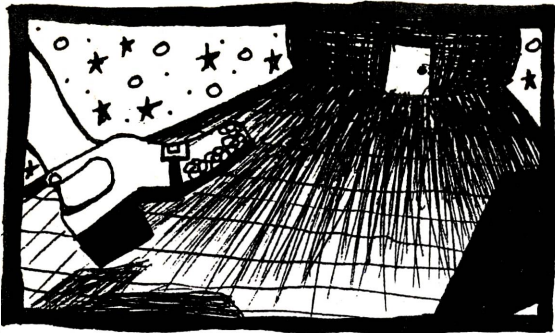
Hazel, Pie, and Nessball continue battling stowaway fleas.



There were 10, but 6 have fallen prey to various flea toxins. Nessball continues battling a flea, while Hazel helps Pie try to kill the remaining 3 that are crawling across Pie's body.



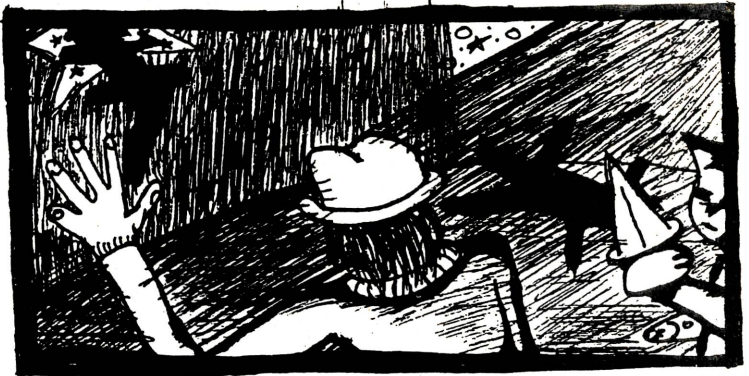
After travelling a long distance in a short time, the Queen finds her self at her destination. The fleas are all but exterminated so the three cat warriors turn their attention to the spacecraft landing on their pad. The Queen and the shoes know Hazel is near.



As Pie opens the door, The Queen gives her a hard uppercut to the mandible, knocking Pie unconscious. Hazel scrambles for a weapon while Nessball attacks the Queen with her claws.



It is futile, The Queen is on a mission.



Hazel attacks.



The Queen counters

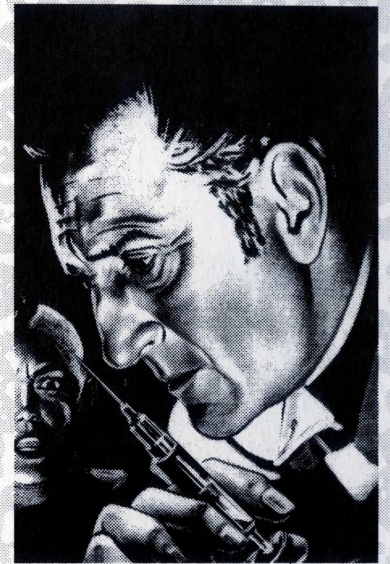


Oh, Fat Hazel, Prepare to die!
and steals Hazel's knife.

Will Hazel be murdered? Will the Queen slice open that fat belly? Tune in next time to another exciting episode of Catafalque, and find out what's happening on the edge of the galaxy. ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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