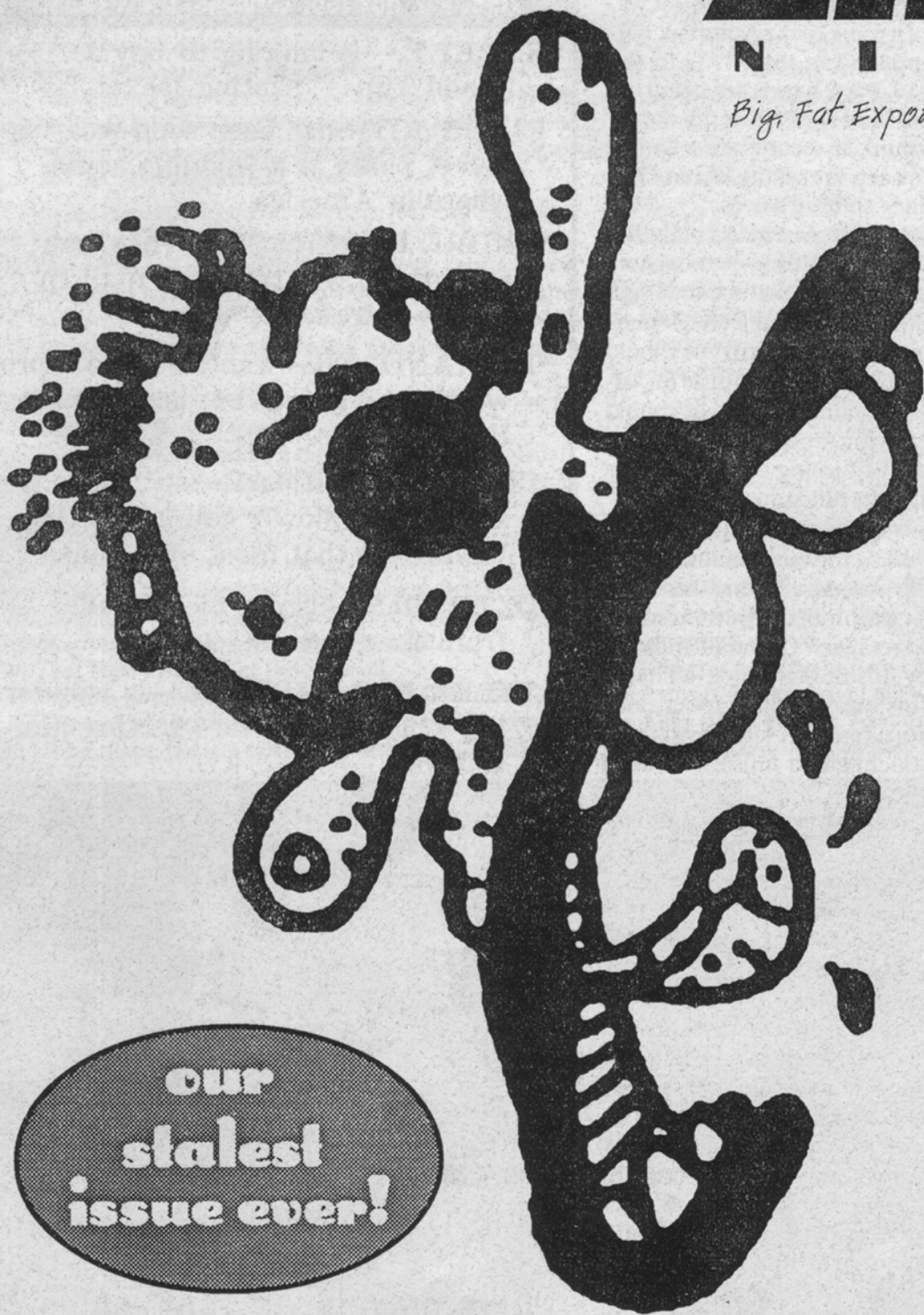


ZINE

N I N E

Big Fat Export Edition - \$2



An
overly long
rehash of
the
squabble
between
Messrs.
Biafra,
Yohannon,
Crawford,
Weasel,
and
Livermore.

our
stalest
issue ever!

Boys Will Be Boys...

*THE CRABS*SICKO*TOP TEN ALBUMS OF 1994*

Sells like Teen Spirit.

Hey, happy 1995, y'all. If you haven't figured it out yet, this country is in the midst of a punk rock revolution, bigger than anything that happened in the 1970's in the United States by a factor of 10. Punk bands are being *actively pursued* by record labels and signing on the dotted line. What's more, punk and punkish records are selling at retail and tours by major punk acts are selling lots and lots of tickets. There's lots of money shifting hands...

With this success has come controversy. Actually, the controversy has always been there—it has just become more shrill as the stakes have raised. Should bands sign with affiliates of the six multinational media conglomerates that dominate the recorded music industry or should they struggle to make a living by producing music for "alternative" record companies? Or, more extremely, should one be attempting to make a living producing and selling music at all—or does the act of turning punk art into a commodity inherently destroy its fundamental essence?

Should alternative labels make use of distribution channels owned and operated by the multinational communications oligopoly, in the process allowing these corporations to extract a substantial profit on the transaction when the goods are resold to retailers? Or should indie labels sell their wares directly to stores and non-affiliated sub-distributors—even if this means selling fewer units of merchandise, which in turn makes it less possible for bands to make a living producing their music outside of the conventional channels?

A wide range of perspectives have emerged to resolve these and similar economic and ethical dilemmas, ranging from a willingness to unabashedly collaborate with the multinational entertainment conglomerates to a desire to build an alternative universe founded upon extreme autarky. The views on these issues are not just wide-ranging, but they are held passionately and stated violently. (There's too much polemic and not enough discourse for my own taste, but nobody ever asked me, I reckon.)

This issue may be the most boring thing you've ever laid eyes on, dominated as it is by an exhaustive and exhausting review of case of Biafra, Yohannon, *et. al.*, doubtlessly the most noisy and public portion of this ongoing debate within the punk rock community. I hope that you read through it and familiarize yourselves with the issues at hand—these matters remain of central importance. If you do take the time to get into the story, the issues at hand, and the personalities involved, you just might find the experience emotionally riveting and intellectually stimulating, rather like a good novel or a well-written soap.

On the other hand, you may decide that all this is nothing more than the public ravings of a bunch of shrieking children, raging at one another over false issues that are truly rooted in jealousy and hurt feelings.

Whatever.

—T.C.

the **ZINE** team:

can use your interviews, articles, comments, and record reviews. Please drop us a line!
ZINE, P.O. Box 136, Corvallis, OR 97339.

KELLY E.—is looking to buy a "Good Times" skating jacket.

CHRIS JOY—has been seen wearing velvet pants at a wedding somewhere in America.

ANDRÉ PROCHASKA—has wah-wah pedal, will travel. E-mail th' boy at djdre@aol.com

T. CHANDLER—wanted to be a pro whiffleball player but couldn't hit Uncle Charlie.

PETER F. NORMAL—still likes free stuff but is slowly coming to the realization that most of it sucks.

DZTN HRN—listens to the radio from time to time.

TYLER R. CAMPBELL—is wondering what the hell he's getting himself into.

ARNÉ CHERKOSS—likes to travel light, 'cept for his bowling ball.

THE SUEÑO KING—is starting a new religion based on the premise that Kurt Bloch is God.

AND A BIG THANK YOU to all the hipsters who sent in their Top 10 lists for publication in this issue!!!

Here's a tip—

**"Quit smoking, eat your vegetables,
and read Maximum RockNRoll
every month.
It's good for you."**

Totally SICKO

Yowza. Got the Sicko interview in the mail today. That's the good news. Bad news is that it came on a microcassette, untranscribed. Problem 1: I don't own a microcassette player. Problem 2: I'm out of beer. Looked like a rough night ahead. Then I remembered that the telephone answering machine uses microcassette. One problem down... And Cub's open all night, who knows, this may work out in the end.

*This interview with Sicko was conducted in June of 1994 by The Sueño King, surfin' San Diego dude and publisher of **Ten Drink Minimum**. It was stolen from him fair and square, so he gets the Z. Demy (D) and Ean (E) were the Sickos sober enough to answer questions; Josh was on the floor in the other room, um, sleeping. Straight edge they're not, we know that much.*

Roll 'em, Mr. Panasonic Easa-Phone...

E: We did the whole record in four days, four and a half days.

Z: **Four days? That's pretty good.**

E: We were in one day and then Kurt [Bloch, Fastback guru, producer] had to leave on personal business. So Conrad and Scott McCoy helped us record for half a day and then we went back in for two and a half more days like a month later.

Z: **Kurt seemed to be all over your material, like he really felt it was great.**

E: If he likes your band he'll do recording for small bands. Otherwise he costs a lot of money. But he gave us a super good deal—like a crazy good deal.

Lots of drink-induced free associated rambling here about the wonders of a largely unknown punk rock band touring the glorious midwest. Horror stories about 26 hour drives across Iowa to play an empty room and such. Talk about really bad, room-clearing metal bands gives way to a discussion of tattoos, which in turn brings up, you guessed it...

D: That Henry Rollins, he pisses me off.

Z: **Do you guys hate Henry Rollins? I hate the guy. I've got notoriety in the press, I hate the clown.**

E: He's a clown, but you can't deny the fact that he did some

cool punk rock stuff.

Z: **Oh, I don't know. Black Flag kind of blew after he got in there, I thought. Damaged!?!**

E: Uht-oh, everybody heard you talking about *Damaged*...

Z: **I hate Henry Rollins. Everything associated with that guy...**

E: I love that record.

D: I liked the Black Flag from before Henry got in there. They've reissued all that old stuff with like 30 songs on a CD... There were like four singers before Henry Rollins.

E: It was cool, I really liked it. But I just thought that *Damaged* was like so good.

D: Uhhgh, Henry Rollins...

And so the drunken analysis of Black Flag continues.

Z: **What do you guys think of Pavement?**

D: I don't know, I really kind of liked them when they first came out.

Z: **Did you get *Slanted and Enchanted*?**

D: Actually the first thing I got was *Demolition Plot*...

Z: **They did a couple 7-inches, didn't they?**

D: Yeah, it was called *Demolition Plot J-9* or *J-7* or something



EEEEW! MORE SICKO STUFF!

like that... It was really just like noisy shit. And *Slanted* was okay.

Z: I don't know, ever since that they're just the biggest hyped band in America and I could care less.

E: I bought that *Slanted and Enchanted* record because Denny told me to, and I ended up selling it to him because I hated it so much.

Z: Just terrible...

D: I don't know. Way hyped, but...

Z: They're from Stockton...

(No, Californians do not see themselves as one big family. The North dislikes the South, the South dislikes the North, and everybody looks down their nose at the valley. Stockton is in the valley.)

D: If you like pop, tuneful...

Z: If you like sloppy, totally loose, shitty pop...

(T.D. and I had this discussion once. I kinda like Pavement, even the new stuff, and he thinks they've become steadily worse over time...)

D: If you've ever heard *Demolition Plot*, whatever the fuck it's name is, it's just noise. It's ridiculous that they got hyped after putting out something like that.

Z: They're on Atlantic... They're on MTV and shit, dude. They've been hyped for like three years.

E: They played a place in Seattle called The Off Ramp, a real frat club. They sold it up. They played two sets that night. They sold out the first set, then they cleared everybody out and sold out the second one. They walked out of there with like ten grand.

(I doubt it.)

Z: I started seeing them in all these magazines and I was like "what the fuck is the deal with these guys?" They played in Berkeley one night, I went and saw them because I had heard all this shit, they're from Stockton, and I went and saw them and they were like the worst band I had ever seen in my life.

(Sorta the way I felt about Treepeople. Talk about shitty, overrated bands. Anyway, The King is rolling now, going off about some horrible corporate music mag in San Diego. Definitely a grumpy dude after my own heart. Oh, yeah, back to the interview.)

Z: Isn't it hard for you to tour, being from Seattle? It's like a major thing for you to come down the coast, it's not like a five hour jaunt from San Francisco...

(Unless, of course, you stop and play Corvallis on the way...)

E: The whole thing, having a job, having a place that I pay rent on and all that, makes it difficult, yeah.

(More talk about bands.)

Z: J Church has really taken off. I'm not into them at all.

D: Have they taken off?

Z: Kind of, down here. A lot of people buy their 7-inches. They've put out a ton.

D: I've got just about everything they've ever done. I've got their albums, too. They've got a brand new album out now. Yeah, I love J Church. Cringer.

Z: What's Lance [Hahn, J Church guitarist] doing these days, anyway? Just bumming around?

D: I don't know. Just doing J Church.

Z: Is that his only entity—is he working, do you know?

E: He works at MRR, too.

D: Yeah, but they don't pay you for MRR.

E: Zine shitworkers!

Z: Back to Sicko...

D: We recorded the last one in October, November. We started the project in October. By the time we toured on it—May. That was a fucked up project though, it shouldn't have taken that long. In the first place it should have been done in October. And then we should have been touring like two months after it came out.

(So what else are you gonna talk about with a band from Seattle. How about that dreaded Seattle Sound, "grunge"?)

E: It's like the resurgence of heavy metal, called "grunge." [A couple of years ago] it was all over the place. Today that's not true, maybe we'll find a cool pop band from the Northwest. But at that time the point was just to say, "Hey, here we are and this is what we're doing."

(Some choice words from Sicko about the "old" and "jaded" (former?) publisher of The Rocket, the main Seattle music mag. Unfortunately I couldn't hear everything on the tape, doubtlessly a lucky break for th' dudes, seeing as they were touted hard and given the cover in January.)

E: He's like "these guys claim that they're Pop and Punk and they're not Grunge and Metal—but those are just bullshit fashion statements." It's like, what the fuck, fashion statements?!? What do I know about fashion statements? My mom buys me clothes from J. Crew for Christmas and that's what I wear. It doesn't have anything to do with fashion! What's fashion—having the right haircut or having the right earrings or something? I play music THAT SOUNDS LIKE THIS. Many other people play music that sounds like this. That's just music. It's got nothing to do with fucking fashion! That's exactly what's wrong with the whole "grunge" thing. It's like some asshole comes on with a nosering and baggy pants and a flannel on and he's "Grunge." That's why guys were in a "grunge" band—because it was in fashion. That's the point. That's what's wrong with the whole music thing—when people associate something with what you look like or what you dress like. And *The Rocket* made that completely obvious with their stupid article.

Z: Let's talk about the name Sicko. I was working for my dad today and he was asking me about the band I was going to see and he said, "Oooo, Sicko!?" and I said, "No, Dad, it's not like you think!" Did you pick an ironic name on purpose, just because you're a total pop band?

E: Actually the reason that the name is Sicko is because a friend of ours named Kathy, her thing for a while was to call everyone "sicko," as in "you sicko!" So it was either that or Lawnmower or something.

END

A QUICKIE SICKOGRAPHY

- 1) Split 7" with Mr. T Experience [Top Drawer] A \$50+ item...
- 2) Self-titled 7" on Empty Records
- 3) You Can Feel The Love in This Room full-length on Empty Records
- 4) Demo tape 1991-1993 [Top Drawer] Unreleased songs produced by the King of Pop, Kurt Bloch
- 5) Track on Viva La Vinyl compilation [Deadbeat/Campground Records]

catching crabs

Zine got a promo recently that included a bunch of xeroxed clips of reviews. One was straight out of **Sassy** magazine and was headlined "Cute Band Alert." Gol, they weren't half as cute as Eugene' popsters **The Crabs**.

INTERVIEW WITH THE CRABS

L=LISA, J=JOHN, Z=ZINE [Chris Joy & Kelly E.]

Z: How, when, and where did The Crabs form?

J: Lisa's garage, two years ago, and what was the other question?

Z: How? [laughter]

J: It was almost two years ago, two years ago December [that is, December 1992]. I wanted to make this tape called *Christmas with The Crabs*, it was all instrumental music and Lisa had drums in her garage.

L: That I was just learning to play.

J: It was really cold.

L: It was very cold.

J: It was like 30 degrees out. And we rocked it. The neighbors came over and complained.

L: We moved the drums shortly thereafter.

J: What a wimp!

L: Well, originally you wanted to have a band called The Crabs so you play drums.

J: No, uh, yeah, I did have a band called The Crabs with this guy, Brian Elliot, who was in Gravel, but he demanded to play drums and hogged them. The bastard! And so I

came down and hoped I could reform it. But Lisa hogged the drums again. [laughter]

L: They were my drums.

Z: So you learned how to play guitar?

J: I already knew.

L: He knew. He's much more skilled at it.

J: Not true. Next question.

Z: You guys were at the recent Yo Yo a Go Go festival in Olympia. What was the most memorable thing from that?

L: Of the shows, I really liked Girl Trouble. I'd never seen them before and from the get-go I was rockin' in the aisles.

J: I loved Girl Trouble. I loved it when they were shakin' and shimmying, and I really liked Crayon a lot. It was their last show.

Z: It was?

Lisa the drummer from Cub comes over and some witty chit-chat ensues with regards to a drum stool. Banter banter...

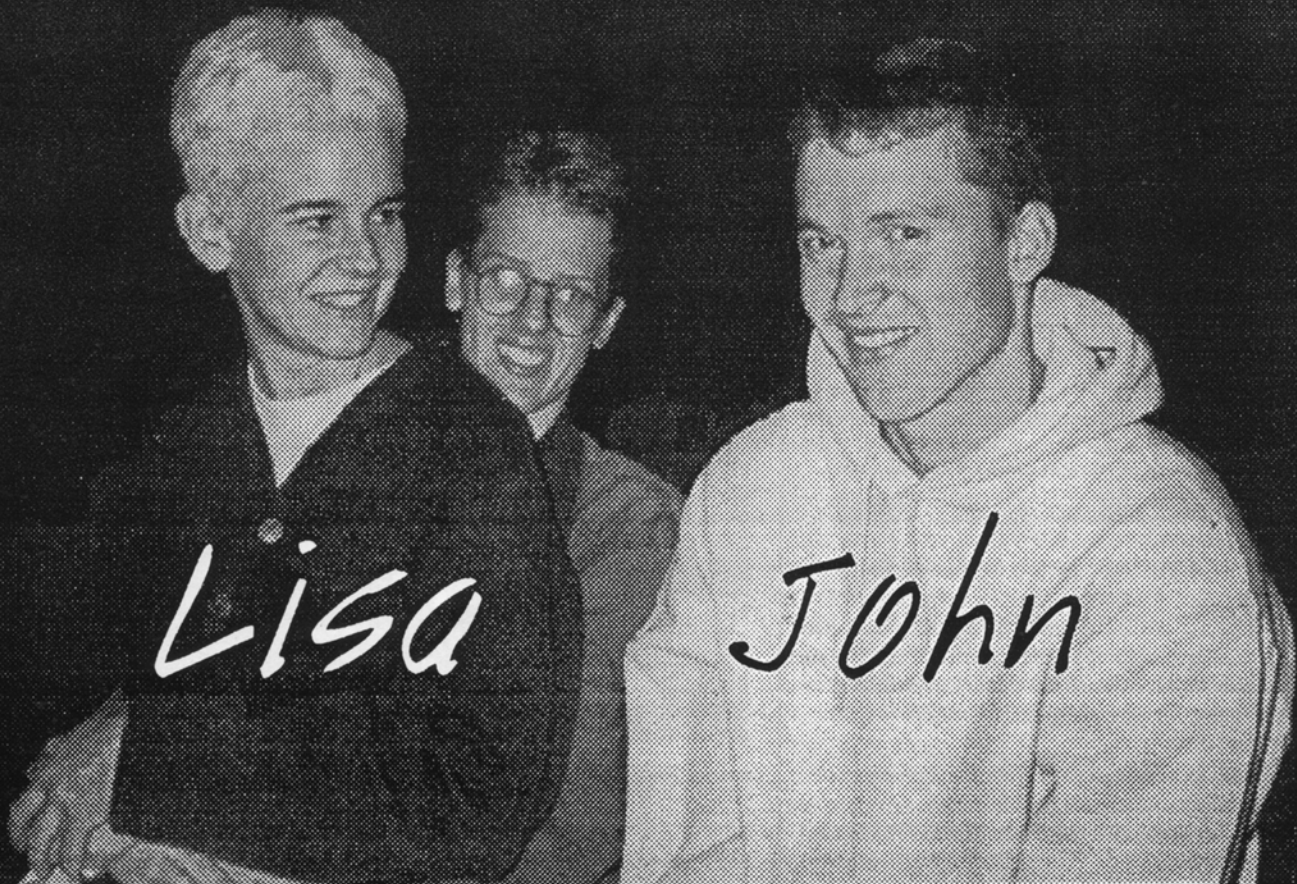
L: What else from Yo-Yo? We slept in a tent in someone's back yard...

Lisa from Cub: Liquored up 24 hours a day!

L: Yeah, that too.

J: No, but Don Blair from Some Velvet Sidewalk was so

t h e c r a b s



liquored up that he chased us up Capitol Way with like a 60 pound pack on his back and he was faster than us all. That was the highlight, Don Blair liquored up. And then Dave Grohl [*he of Nirvana fame*] use our cymbal and kicked it. [*ooo's and aaa's from all*]

L: Oh, yeah, that's right.

J: But Jeff from Crayon got the best deal because Grohl used his whole set. He's never going to wash that set again.

L: I also remember The Ricketts' fans. We were standing in line behind them to get tickets so we witnessed the whole food fight, eating food out of the dumpster, which was pretty revolting. Then came the food fight—you could just see trouble coming a mile away...

J: Unless you were a Ricketts fan.

L: Unless you were a Ricketts fan. Duh. And then the big window broke. And then the really funny part, I thought, was that immediately they went to five different corners and kind of went [*Lisa begins whistling inconspicuously, guiltily rolling her eyes upwards*]

J: Obviously they had been fucking up most of their lives and knew how to get by it pretty well.

Z: **What are some of the influences or inspirations you've had?**

L: I could tell you what I like. I don't think of our music in relation to other people's music. I just don't compare it that way. I like The Smiths, Barry White, K Records bands. I love Cub, I love Heavens to Betsy, like The Spinanes. I like Lois. We just saw Heavenly the other night and they were really great. I love Crayon, Teenage Fanclub...

J: My favorite band when I was in high school was The Jam and so I guess that was the last band I'd really call an influence, 'cause now I just write a song.

L: I like Elvis Costello, too.

J: Yeah, we just produce our music in a vacuum.

Z: **Were you going to add a third member?**

J: Well, the story is that if we both didn't have full-time jobs that made us work a lot of overtime we would do more rehearsing. With two people it's really easy 'cause we've been playing for a while and it's quite simple to do things and fuck them up, which we do. But with a third person it was a little harder to practice and to get comfortable.

L: Yeah, with a third person it felt more like a group, more legitimate...

J: Which we try to avoid.

L: We like to be illegitimate. I guess I kind of expected more of us at that point. When I get caught up with expecting it takes some of the fun out of it.

J: So we just have guest stars.

L: Plus, it's fun to have friends come and play with us.

J: Sometimes we'll ask someone from the audience that we don't know to come and play or someone we know and don't know that they can play. So next time we'll ask you to play.

L: Yeah, Chris.

Z: **Okay, so when's the album coming out?**

J: We have a single coming out in the next couple of months on this new label called Soda Girl and we're going to do a CD and vinyl, prob-

ably in the spring. Probably March or April.

L: I think that's an optimistic March or April. Sometime next year.

END



The Crabs

A Discography

- 1) 4 Song self-titled EP on (K Records/Knw-Yr-Own, 1993)
- 2) Sore b/w Sea Hag + The Itch (K Records/Knw-Yr-Own, 1994)
- 3) Alien Girl b/w Giant Squid + Swallow the Sea (Soda Girl, 1994) with Ryder Green on Bass
- 4) track on *Periscope* compilation (Yo-Yo Recordings, 1994)



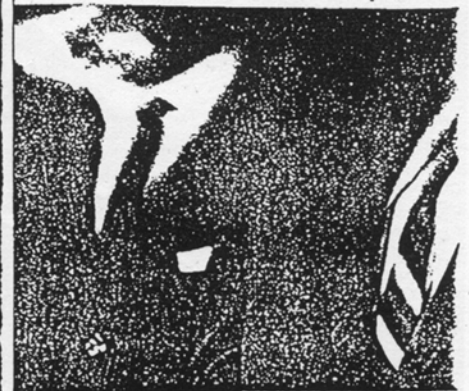
DAN MENCHE + nepenthe
split 7



DAN MENCHE + nepenthe
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1994 Punk Rock Soap Opera of the Year

Jello, Tim, John, Ben, & Larry

A sordid tale of violence, paranoia, misunderstanding, cattiness, and obstinence

DRAMATUS PERSONAE

JELLO BIAFRA—(née Eric Boucher). Supremo of *Alternative Tentacles Records*, one of the primary labels distributed by Mordam Records. Former lead singer of *Dead Kennedys*, one of the most influential punk bands of the early 1980's. His stomping in the summer of 1994 brought this frenzy to fruition.

TIM YOHANNON—Grand old man of punk. Supremo of *Maximum RockNRoll*, the only zine that matters. Uncompromising adherent of the radical punk ethic of total disengagement from the established music industry.

JOHN CRAWFORD—(aka Baboon Dooley). DIY syndicated cartoonist, only human whose very name has been banned from the pages of *Maximum RockNRoll*. The young Crawford was apparently mean and surly to Yohannon in the early '80s.

BEN WEASEL—(née Foster). Crabby punk rock musician from Chicago. Among the most influential punkers of the 1990s. Author of a widely read column in *Maximum RockNRoll*. Longtime foe of Jello Biafra.

LAWRENCE LIVERMORE—(née Larry Hayes). Associate Grand old man of punk. Supremo of *Lookout! Records*, one of the primary labels distributed by Mordam Records. Broke with *Maximum RockNRoll* to join the upstart punkzine *Punk Planet*.

Since I did the selection and editing of documents, I'll identify my own biases. I think Jello Biafra is a self-centered prick with a tin ear, see Tim Yohannon as the Robespierre of American punk rock and find myself tending steadily more towards a Jacobin perspective, think that John Crawford is a cool person albeit misguided on matters of major label infiltration, think that Ben Weasel is the most important musician going, and appreciate Larry Livermore as an honest fellow. See, I'm mostly easy to get along with... I've tried to be fair to Mr. Boucher. —T.C.

Episode 1: A Difference Between Friends (from an interview in *Flipside*)

Flipside: What started the animosity between *Alternative Tentacles* and *MRR*?

Jello: It was the Mordam convention in August of [1993]. We were discussing, or debating why we should or should not distribute through Caroline [owned by record industry giant EMI]. Tim [Yohannon] was extremely against using them. He wanted a unanimous agreement and the only people who would openly disagree with his position were me and Lawrence Livermore of *Lookout!* I said...the old Wobbly axiom of using the enemies' tools against them (*sic.*); such as using a corporate distributor to get records into smaller towns and stores you couldn't get them into otherwise. So people might blunder into them, and discover there is a real alternative to what major labels and "Grunge Incorporated" call "Alternative™," that there is more to rebellion than Alice in Chains or Pearl Jam. It might even open up some eyes about major labels. I know what it's like to grow up isolated in a town where independent underground music was unheard of... Everyone's got to start somewhere.

Ironically, I am probably one of the few people left in this town who has as little good to say about major labels as Tim does. But Tim framed it in a very black and white way. He said to distribute a record to Caroline is the same as signing on the dotted-line with Warner Bros. or Sony. I strongly disagree with that. Mordam sells our stuff to many distributors and stores besides Caroline. It's not as if somebody at Capitol or Virgin is taking a major label share of the profit from the record, they do not tell me what to do with my sound or my lyrics or my life, they can't put Tipper-stickers on my records, or anything like that... To me, we are sneaking something through their channels that if they owned us outright, they wouldn't allow to exist...

But basically, Tim quickly turned it into a thing of "if you don't agree with me 100%, then you are part of the enemy and you are politically incorrect and are a sell-out capitalist pig." That's way too black and white for me. I am very uncomfortable with fundamentalism. I will not take orders from him.

A few months later, Tim walked into the AT office and told Greg from now on we were supposed to "tailor our ads" to what he felt was "punk." If he likes it, it's punk; if he doesn't like it, it's not punk. That's the political façade he used here. His idea of "tailoring" our ads was to forbid us from advertising anybody but DOA. No Means No is banned, Neurosis is banned, Grotus is banned, I'm banned, and Alice Donut he said was "on the fence." ...When I objected to Tim, he told me I was taking it personally. His reply was that it was his magazine to do what he wants with. Smaller labels were being quietly kicked out of the magazine too. We were the first ones who cried wolf...

Another thing that I should mention here is, after I argued with Tim on the phone, he agreed that he wouldn't take it personally if I made fun of his attitude over this. So, as a joke I made a handful of T-shirts saying "Banned from *Maximum Rock N Roll*" and gave them away. A lot of people wanted them, far more than I ever expected, including staff/volunteers who wore them into the *MRR* house. Mind you, the joke was directed at a policy, not a person.

Flipside: What kind of effect do you see this having on the scene.

Jello: A more and more inward subculture preaching only to the converted. And right at a time when poets, rappers, and even metal bands who send us demos from remote, rural areas are all angry about the same things going wrong in our world... An opportunity to communicate to powerful, new voices is being lost. Tim has a valid point that it's his magazine and he wants to cover what he likes and there is so many records and bands coming out now that there is no room for all of them anyway. ...What I should have suggested is that *MRR* remain the community voice...and then maybe Tim and the fundamentalists then go start another magazine under *MRR*'s umbrella, and make it more restrictive and take more pot shots at politically and musically incorrect underground figures. They could even call it *Uncle Tim's Cabin*. (*Flipside* #91)

Episode 2: Uncle Yo's Spin On Mr. Biafra *(from a letter to Flipside)*

...At the Mordam meeting..., I was indeed put off by the "business over principle" attitude of most of the participants, and very much would've liked to have seen Mordam—as a group—divorce itself from the major label-owned distributors. When it became apparent that Alternative Tentacles and Look-out would resist such a move (and being the largest entities within Mordam, they could effectively block any such collective action), I left feeling disillusioned at what I felt was a very hypocritical stance. ...I had expected more from the two most "political" labels within Mordam, feeling that the rationalizations for "using the enemy against himself" were not very clever disguises for maintaining a standard of living—liberalism at its worst.

A few months after that, I took the unilateral action of telling Mordam to no longer sell *MRR* to [EMI-owned] Caroline and [Sony-owned] Relativity, and that was the end of that for me. It would've been a significant action if we had done it all together, but barring that, I made my decision based on my own feelings of integrity. Sure I lost respect for you and Lawrence at that meeting, but there is a difference between that and "being enemies." I can be friends or friendly with people I disagree with, and continued to feel (and still do) that we have more in common than not...

Several months after that second convention, I decided to make some changes at *MRR* about what musical areas we were going to cover—both because it was no longer physically possible to thoroughly review and advertise everything that purported to be "underground," and because I had lost interest in all but the most basic or raw punk rock. I told all our advertisers of this, asking them to limit their ads to what we would be covering (as was always our policy)... Most everybody understood and complied, some were unhappy about it, and a couple decided to cease advertising altogether.

Episode 3: Jello's Leg Is Broken *(as reported by MRR Supremo Tim Yohannon)*

...The crowd was apparently unsettled and somewhat surly at times, and some roughness and tension surfaced at various points throughout the show. Late in the show, the security people were absorbed in dealing with an ongoing soap opera that threatened to erupt into violence, featuring an acid casualty and a disgruntled band that had been banned from Gilman.

While the flailers were being dragged outside, some guys inside were continuing their relentless charge around the pit, bumping into people that didn't care to be smashed. Most witnesses have said they were annoying, but not necessarily out-of-control. At some point late in the show, one of the guys, named Cretin, apparently smashed into Jello Biafra, knocking him against a chair, and one or another of the thrashers, Spider or Sphincter, then rolled over his legs, causing extensive damage to his knee and leg.

Cretin claims he tried to help Biafra up and went on his merry, oblivious way. Tall Tim, the sound man, helped Jello off to the side as the guys in question kept crashing into other people and Jello some more. Jello felt that he was singled out by these guys, and Richard the Roadie reported that the guys in question definitely knew that Jello was there that night. But stupid pit bruising were being equally meted out to everybody in range. And other witnesses have said that the contact didn't seem as serious as it later became known.

Power to them. What happened with A.T., though, was completely off the wall. I told Greg Werckman (the guy at A.T. who really does all the work) that we would be reviewing some of the label's stuff, other releases we wouldn't, and some would be on a case-by-case basis. He said he'd prefer to do no ads at all under those circumstances, but the final decision would be up to you. No problem. But the next thing I heard was that you announced to him that you and I were no longer friends, and further, that we were now enemies.

Huh? Say what? After 17 years we're no longer friends because of an ad policy? I called you up at that point... You seemed to take this policy as a personal attack on you because we weren't going to review your latest release with Mojo Nixon. I was dumbfounded at the egocentricity of such a perspective, as though we had created this whole policy that was going to affect hundreds of people just so we could get at you somehow.... You then said you were going to make fun of this. Whatever. A few weeks later, I find out that NoMeansNo had been told by you that they've been "banned" from *MRR*, and you personally had t-shirts printed up saying "Banned from Maximum RocknRoll" and had them wear them on stage. I began getting calls from people all over the country and got letters from around the world asking if *MRR* "banned" A.T., as you had written or called them about it. If A.T. decides not to put out a record by some band...that is not "banning." This is your choice on how to run your label. I might disagree with you, but it is not the basis for accusing you of "banning" or "censoring," nor is it the basis for breaking off a friendship. But apparently that is how you saw it, which I think is pretty fucking self-centered and immature. And I definitely think that characterizing it as "banning" was at best a misrepresentation and at worst a lie....

(Flipside #92)

If the initial contact was possibly the bi-product of overzealous pit action, the later thrashing was certainly not an accident. After Tall Tim helped Jello off the floor and away from the range of the thrashers, he went outside to get the security people back inside. At this point, Jello says he motioned for Cretin to come over to him and then explained that he was going to have to go to the hospital and wanted his ID so he could send him the bill. He says Cretin laughed at him, so Jello grabbed him by his collar but his leg went out and he fell to the ground. Next thing he knew he was being kicked in the head by Cretin while being held down by several others, and people were yelling, "rich rock star" and "sellout." His hair was being pulled as well. At that point, members of the thinned audience (the music was over by now) pulled everybody apart and the group of assailants went outside when they heard the cops had been called.

Reports from people who talked to Cretin and his friends (Spinker, Spider, and Little John) say that Cretin was indeed thrashing around in the pit but that he wasn't the one who did the initial damage (Spider says he was pushed and fell over Jello's legs). They report that Jello later yelled towards Cretin, calling him "asshole" and telling him to come over because he needed his ID to get money for his hospital costs. Jello then either grabbed Cretin or hit him as he was walking

away, throwing him against the chair/bench mentioned earlier, and then fell on top of Cretin, grabbing his hair. They also say that Jello wouldn't let go and his friends came over and stopped Jello from biting Cretin. In "stopping Jello," blows were thrown to Jello's head and leg, and one guy may or may not have used brass knuckles, which he later ditched outside in bushes...

Jello was then taken to the hospital where it was determined that ligaments had separated from the bone, with a bone piece following, and his lower leg bone was broken. Because of the extensive swelling, he couldn't be operated on immediately, but that he would require expensive surgery (5 figures,

according to Jello) and may not be able to bend the knee properly again...

Jello has told Gilman he wants the real names of the accused to pursue both criminal and civil cases. He would much prefer to sue them (or their parents, if they have money or insurance) to recoup costs. He has Blue Cross, but doesn't want to have a doctor picked for him, and if he picks his own, then he'd have to pay out-of-pocket for the surgery. But even if he used his insurance, that company would probably try to sue either the guys, their parents, or Gilman itself... and if it's the latter, Gilman would either lose its liability coverage or have its rates skyrocket—either scenario would probably close the club, which Jello wants to avoid... (MRR #134)

Episode 4: "Cretin" Responds *(a letter to Maximum RockNRoll)*

First of all, let it be known that I was there; in fact I am "Cretin"—the same Cretin as discussed and photographed...

I do wish to commend MRR for reporting the incident as objectively as possible, considering I was and am still unavailable for direct contact...

Now as for Jello-Call the Pigs-Biafra, who gets no sympathy whatsoever, I wish I had been the one who supposedly kicked him in the head repeatedly, broken his knee, and yelled "rich rock-star sell out," but I was not. And if Jello-Call the Pigs-Biafra was not such a lying, self-centered, hypocritical asshole, then he would have remembered me correctly as the person trying to help him up. Besides, truth is, I didn't even know who he was until he showed me thanks for my offered help by pulling me to the ground and ripping my shirt.

Granted I had been drinking beer before and during the show and was carelessly bumping into people in the pit, I had not acted outwardly or overly aggressive to anyone in particular until after I had already been singled out, accused and physically attacked.

I was not going to allow myself to be forcefully held by a bunch of "punk rockers" until the pigs arrived, and until Jello-Call the Pigs-Biafra was allowed to call his lawyer and press assault charges. After all, who are they going to believe, one who had ran for mayor, has a lawyer and many "followers," or a homeless squatter?

Though I do remember falling on top of someone, I did not whatsoever single anyone out or intentionally attack, or kick anyone in the head—all of which I was so falsely accused.

„After I found out what the fuck had happened, why people I didn't even know were tackling me down, and after I had escaped to the outside of Gilman, I was confronted by [Gilman Security]. I agreed with them that I should not yet leave the scene, but I should talk with Jello-Call the Pigs-Biafra in an attempt to make amends. Well, I tried... "I want your I.D.! I'm pressing assault charges! Don't let him leave! I'm calling my lawyer! Don't let him leave!"—and that was his response" Fuck that shit!..." (MRR #137)

Episode 5: An Alternative View *(from an unpublished interview with Tilt)*

ZINE: Gilman has been in the news recently with The Jello Thing. Do you have a view on what happened there? You hear a lot of different things... Tim Yo basically says that the pit got a little bit out of hand and there was some contact made and shit happened and Jello got hurt. And Jello talks like it was a stomping and that some nazi assholes put the hit on him for being a quote-unquote "rock star." I'm just curious if you've been following that sordid little affair...

Jeffrey Bischoff: I wasn't there but I've definitely been following it. I've been reading the letters, I've been reading the press releases from Alternative Tentacles and from *Maximum Rock'n'Roll*, blahblahblah. In reality: excuse me, it's a punk show. Jello, if anybody, knows that if you're standing near the pit you've gotta watch out. Whether they stomped him or not, afterwards when he decided he wanted restitution for getting hurt, that basically just put Gilman at jeopardy. That's the bottom line, that's what I see. Gilman is going to be at jeopardy because of their insurance company. At the same time, violence should not be tolerated.

Cinder Block: I don't think he's going after Gilman, is

he?

J: He's already brought it up, it's out of his hands now. It's in the hands of an insurance company... Basically, people think too much. Some people are like, "Oh, it's all Tim Yo's fault," and others are like "Well, it's the major labels—they're the evil ones." I don't know... People need to just fucking chill, man, it's just fucking punk rock and people do their own thing. That's what punk is anyway—making your own choices. It's not about blindly following because someone says something...

C: They're both old hippies anyway! No, strike that!

ZINE: Leave that! [laughter]

J: No, definitely, it's true!

Vince Camacho: It's not like it was an organization of educated people who were beating up Jello to make a statement about his business ethics in the underground scene. That's what *Spin* makes it out to be. It was just a bunch of lunkhead crusties who wanted to kick someone's head in and knew how to pronounce a couple of one syllable words, like "sell-out." If that's impressive enough to attract the attention of every major newspaper and music journal in America, then we all have our heads up our collective asses. (Aug. 5, 1994)

THIS PIECE IS WAY TOO FUCKING LONG, ISN'T IT???

Episode 6: Jello's Hurt Feelings, Part I *(from an interview with Flipside)*

Flipside: What was *MRR*'s reaction to what happened?

Jello: On the surface, concerned and supportive. Again, I stress that *MRR* are decent human beings, but someone couldn't resist some mudslinging on the front cover with a cheap shot Nancy Kerrigan joke. I hope, at least, they think about the way they target particular people and witch hunt them, whether or not these are the most important enemies worth fighting. If you go on and on, carelessly printing rumors you hear about somebody and slanting things to paint an ugly picture for the reader, this is your target, this person has it coming, et cetera, this person can have shit coming down on them once it gets into the rumor mill. I have no idea if the people who actually did it even know how to read, so it's not fair and ridiculous to blame *MRR* directly. But for creating the atmosphere that I am a rich rock star who deserves what they get, I think they are front and center in spreading those kinds of lies; in particular, Tim Yohannan and Ben Weasel.

It's rarely big lies, just a series of little, catty ones designed to tilt people's perception in a certain direction, and maybe let the rumor mill do the rest. Again, most people at *MRR* don't stoop to this, it's just that there is a clique inside it, who has not only grown very fundamentalist, but are also in a very Joe McCarthy frame of mind right now. I never would have thought it would come to the point where Tim himself would figure it's okay to be malicious about somebody, if you want to fuck them up. I never thought I'd see somebody from our side use Lee Atwater-Republican smear tactics; I say you are this, therefore you are, and I'll repeat it again and again until people believe it, and I dare you to prove me wrong....

Flipside: What about the fake ad that was printed (*in Maximum RockNRoll*)?

Jello: It was done by Tim without the staff to get back at my T-shirts. But this time, it wasn't a joke.

Flipside: Tell me about its content.

Jello: "This is our last ad in *MRR* because they have decided that they don't want to review every one of our re-

leases, no matter how shitty, and have asked us to tailor our ads towards their area of coverage. So what if this policy is being applied to everybody else's ads? We are special. This is a clear case of censorship, and we are the experts on the subject. Just because we never complained when other people couldn't get ads or reviews in *MRR* for political reasons (believe me, that's false) just because they were racist, or sexist, or fascist; that doesn't negate the fact that we at *Alternative Tentacles* are now being censored and discriminated against on musical grounds, and is now officially wrong. We are even going to restart the No More Censorship Defense Fund to deal with this! (Again, not true.) But you will still be able to find out about all our releases in most of the big, glossy music industry magazines. (This is absolutely ridiculous. The only magazine we occasionally run ads in is *Alternative Press*, once or twice a year. *Spin* gave us a full page ad as a favor clear back in '87 or '88, but that was the only one. So again, I think that's an outright lie.) We will still be able to get our releases into big-time chains and malls because we are distributed to *Caroline and Relativity* (we were out of *Relativity* by then) even though they are in league with *EMI* and *Sony*, and some of those mega-corporations that our mentor, Jello, always slags. Good bye."

Getting back at me for the T-shirts was fair game. Lying was not.

Flipside: What about the accusations of you "selling out"?

Jello: A few people at *MRR* have been twisting facts and half-truths to paint that picture for years. Ben Weasel has lied and twisted facts repeatedly in his columns. ...Ben Weasel implied that No More Censorship was created specifically to boost me, and claimed that *Alternative Tentacles* said that. ...[T]he key No More Censorship volunteers were furious that *MRR* was pissing all over a year and a half of hard, nerve-shattering work, and they sent letters. None of them were ever printed. Tim told me, "Oh, gee, all of those letters must have gotten lost." (*Flipside* #91)

Episode 7: Jello's Hurt Feelings, Part II *(from an interview in BAM)*

BAM: Have you recently sat back and wondered why some people use your name to rally against? Why are people you once stood with now standing against you?

Jello: I'm an easy target; I'm visible. If we're going to jump to Gilman, the whole "smash-up-my-body-because-I'm-a-sell-out" never would've happened if I really *did* sell out [and] sign with a major label, hang out with nothing but other entertainment stars, and insulate myself from the underground world. Going to music biz showcases and hanging out with the glitterati—that lifestyle makes me sick. I have friends in that world, but it's not really my world. I found that out for good during the *Frankenchrist* trial when I had to spend three to five solid weeks in LA and realized this was not for me.

BAM: You mean the glitz, fluffly Hollywood-spotlight stuff?

Jello: Well not only that, but thinking, "Hey, if I just aimed myself a certain way with my future music, I might get to have one of those houses in the Hollywood Hills, too. It's so close, yet so far away. Maybe if I just did these few little things..." I headed up to San Francisco, slapping my face, yelling, "Wait a minute. What the hell's wrong with me? This isn't me!"...

BAM: So why are you getting your leg stamped on?

Why are people yelling "rich sellout rock star" at you?

Jello: You can't pin it on any one person. There are people in this area who have gone out of their way to paint a picture of me that isn't true with a series of little lies—one here, one there—which paint the impression that something really is there. A lot of people assume that if somebody owns a house, then they must've paid the full price for the house on the spot. They don't do their math.

BAM: To a lot of people, what happened at Gilman Street was a bad-luck accident—that you got bagged by some stupid jerks who felt like making a name for themselves in five minutes by kicking your ass. And to think anything else is sheer paranoia at work.

Jello: The time the guy snapped my knee was the third time he'd thrown me into the furniture. The second time, I was afraid it was going to snap, but I couldn't talk to him because he was spinning around in the pit again. Call it an accident if you want, but it was an accident that should never have happened if the guy in question had not been so violent in the pit and not been out to hurt people. He was throwing other people besides me into that table, including women a foot shorter

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than him.... This is not some innocent, homeless peace-punk. This is a thug!

After he and I went down on the floor, some of his friends held my arms behind my back, kicked me in the head from both sides, and then he stood up, cocked his foot back, and aimed for my eye, barely missing. I asked the guy for his name because I didn't want to have to bring the cops into it, and I know Gilman's nearly been closed in the past because of spoiled brats who were asked to calm down, didn't, broke their arms and had their rich daddy sue the club. This is not what I want to have happen. Gilman is a good place; I've been going there for eight years and nothing like this ever happened. ... losing Gilman would be a fatal blow to a lot of young bands who can't play anywhere else. Gilman should not have to pay for this, and neither should I. The fuckers who did it should be the ones paying for it. ...

BAM: Let's get back to *Maximum Rock'n'Roll*...

Jello: There's this powerful clique inside it who've become bitter, vengeful, conservative, and dishonest. It's important to make clear that it's overall a very good magazine...

I had totally disagreed with Tim Yohannon over distribution practices within the Mordam distribution co-op at the annual convention. The issue was whether to carry on going through Caroline as one of the distributors.... My attitude is this: I came from a town that, at the time I left, was a musical dump—a cultural desert. In order to get my stuff to places like that, you have to use every avenue you can. I don't think it's a bad thing to use that system to get AT's music, my music, and my words into chain stores so that somebody who goes through

the bins will stumble into my stuff and realize that Alice in Chains is not what alternative is all about!... It's a very elitist attitude to say "AT and Mordam should only sell to cool stores that we like that happen to be located in big cities and college towns which can sustain these stores." Not every place has those. It's a horrendously elitist attitude from people who, as far as I'm concerned, are out of touch with their peers and their roots....

BAM: Despite everything, will there ever be a time when you'll look at *MRR* and say, "You know what? You guys can think what you want. I don't care anymore. It's OK. I'm happy..."

Jello: The only reason they've gone after me is because that's what I've done in the past.... In the case of this particular clique, in what is otherwise a good magazine...[a]nybody who gets too successful should be torpedoed because, if they got this far then there must be something wrong with them. If they're even one increment from Fugazi, there must be a reason to attack them....

You can't get people interested in radical thought and fighting against multi-nationals controlling our lives by coming on like a bunch of grumpy old hermit crabs preaching obedience! It just doesn't work! Punk fundamentalism isn't punk. Part of the reason all this infighting bothers me is that, unlike Ben Weasel and the others who say they don't give a shit about punk anymore, I do. It's a big part of my hear and soul. It's my music. It's what saved me from the oblivion of winding up either dead or some bitter pot-head in some tract home in Colorado.

(**BAM #439**)

Episode 8: Ben Weasel Weighs In *(from an article in *Panic Button*)*

[A few months before the August 1993 meeting of the Mordam syndicate where the argument over whether to use corporate-affiliated distributors emerged] I wrote the "Business of Punk" article for *Maximum*. I discussed issues ranging from distribution to promoting gigs. I interviewed over twenty people and transcribed roughly five hours of tape. A few people who were quoted in the article were upset about the way in which they were portrayed. They wrote letters to *Maximum* (which were printed) and had their say.

While talking with Greg Werckman, the manager at Alternative Tentacles, I asked him about the No More Censorship Defense Fund, an organization which was created in response to Biafra's legal troubles concerning an H.R. Giger poster contained in a copy of a Dead Kennedys album. The NMCDF was run in close conjunction with A.T. Its volunteers raised a great deal of money to help pay the legal expenses of Biafra and his co-defendants. After the case was dismissed, the NMCDF sputtered and finally came to a stop. I asked Werckman if the NMCDF had financially supported or attempted to help raise money for artists in similar situations as Biafra; the NMCDF had claimed to be about artists' rights, not solely about Biafra's rights....

The NMCDF was in reality the Jello Biafra Defense Fund. That didn't bother me. What bothered me was that once again, Biafra was running a scam, the likes of which he drones on and on about in his lengthy lectures when perpetuated by our evil government....

Nowhere in [his *Flipside*] interview does Biafra ever come out and claim that the NMCDF *wasn't* more than his personal defense fund. He offers not a single example of a person or organization that the NMCDF has helped out financially. And

it's true, I got my information from Greg at A.T. And while some NMCDF volunteers were pissed (and by the way, their letters WERE printed in *MRR*), Biafra's stretching it when he claims that their anger was directed at *MRR*. It was directed at ME, as it should've been; I was the one who wrote the article they disagreed with, not Tim and not anyone else at *MRR*....

After Biafra got his knee smashed at Gilman this summer, I called Alternative Tentacles to offer my sympathy to Biafra, despite our differences. I also questioned Greg about the rumors I'd heard that Jello was blaming me and Tim for creating the climate that led to his beating. Greg told me that he had heard nothing of the sort, that as far as he knew, Biafra hadn't mentioned me at all. In actuality, Biafra DOES blame Tim and me for his beating, which is ludicrous. Did the neanderthals who beat up Biafra read one of my columns from two years ago (which is roughly around the time I got tired of taking Biafra to task in my column for being a phony sonofabitch) and quote from it whilst pounding him, as Biafra initially reported? Uh, gee, what do you think....

The reason Biafra got beat up was because he happened to be at a show which was also being attended by some boneheads who apparently don't understand that just because someone is wealthy, that doesn't mean they deserve to get beat up. After my own experiences with people picking fights with me and giving shit to me at gigs, I can empathize with him. But the fact is, these people's ideals are their own. Even if they took everything I'd ever said about Biafra as the gospel truth, how would that change the fact that they're stupid, violent fuckheads of the sort that have been around since civilization began?

(**Panic Button #9**)

Episode 9: Tim Yo On Jello, Part II *(from a letter to Flipside)*

...By going public like that, you opened a new phase of confrontation. Prior to that, I had not mentioned one word in *MRR* about anything relating to A.T. or Lookout vis a vis the Mordam conventions, preferring to view those disagreements as us still having more in common than not. OK Jello, you always advocate people doing pranks, and if your [T-shirt] prank involved a complete misrepresentation of reality, I could do an over-the-top prank too. So I put a phony A.T. ad in *MRR* that made fun of the logic at work there. Even Steven. Apparently not, a case of dishing it out but not being able to take it. When I saw you at a show, you barely grunted in response to my greeting. Communication breakdown.

When you got your leg broken at Gilman, a very sad situation, I immediately heard from people all over that you blamed *MRR* for this (including a call from MTV News about it). Again, nothing directly from you, just second hand shit. And again, I took the initiative in communicating with you, writing you a note saying that I heard about your leg, heard you blamed *MRR*, and just said that I was very sad about what happened. Again, no response, but more second hand gossip. And that's where it sits.

If you think *MRR* set the atmosphere for being attacked by crusties, you're stark raving mad.... People have been bopping you over the head with bottles or calling you sell-out for well over 10 years now (remember MDC, Jello?)....

I still think there's a lot of good things you do (both appar-

ent and little known), and I also think you're liable for criticism, as am I. But there is a difference between being critical and being enemies.... In your situation, you have plenty of reason to be paranoid, both because of your notoriety and because you have been stabbed in the back by many bands and individuals over the years that you helped out.... But this is not one of those backstab cases, and you might someday want to take a good, hard look at just how you set yourself up for getting kicked in the nuts. I do think that you have isolated yourself in many ways, and have grown more and more paranoid. Maybe it's your way of verifying that the world is indeed fucked, by insuring that things fall apart or turn out for the worst. As we both know and have experienced, as one gets older, there is an almost natural tendency towards withdrawing—which is doubly fucked in your case because you have always been a social spazz, even more so than me. You overcompensate for that shyness by letting people treat you as the bee's knees, responding in monologues that are based on your fame rather than with real give and take. You're not necessarily an egotist, but I do think your personality has been warped by the fame and that has caused you even more communication problems, which I think is the real issue here....

You're basically a good person and I hope you can get yourself organized. Meanwhile though, stop taking your shit out on other people and accept your responsibility in failing to communicate constructively in these matters. Get well.

(Flipside #92)

Episode 10: Crawford Has His, um, Gloat *(from a letter to Lookout! zine)*

You see, life can be good. It's Sunday morning, I'm surrounded by newspapers, hot coffee, a cat, the world is asleep and I am not thinking about my job. I should finish *The Haldeman Diaries* today, a book I've found endlessly fascinating. Droll subplot, Nixon's growing realization that the militant antiwar left, rather than something to be feared, could be exploited to further his political ends as both an example of evil for the citizens and as a strawman to be dismembered for their pleasure and electoral appreciation. Anybody with the desire to remember 1972 and McGovern, well, you get the point. I think it could be argued that the Republican Party has been running against such things with some success ever since. If there was no NEA, would Jesse Helms have had to invent one? Funny how to this very day most folks' conception of the American Left is of a narcissistic twit with a bad haircut and a big mouth.

Speaking of which, let's discuss Jello Biafra... As a name figure he could very well be effective in airing some of the grievances against our beloved leader, Chairman Yo. (*Tim Yohannan of Maximum Rocknroll*) The fact that he's made the effort to get himself on the cover of both *Flipside* and *BAM*, not to mention the as yet unpublished exposé in *Spin*, speaks well of the strength of his resolve. He's calling in all of his markers for this one, and not since the unfortunate incident with the asshole poster have we seen such selfless dedication to the cause of free speech. However, I must ask, is it a coincidence that in both of these cases his involvement was/is both personal and financial? Does opportunism play a role? Is this a Career Move?

Your point regarding a "united front" is a good one. I'm very impressed by what you are doing. I never realized until now how many people, and more often than not the best sorts of people, look to you for guidance and insight. To be politi-

cally effective, particularly in colorful underground settings (filled as they are with cranky and obsessed individuals) you must be subtle. You have that gift while Yohannan has, somewhere along the line, lost it. Among other things.

Anyway, to the point. I am not asking you to agree with me on any of this, merely that you consider my personal perspective. This is an exciting moment for me, and the ironies are exquisite. Jello Biafra's defense of art, music, freedom of speech and expression, has always been rather selective at best, while his defense of *MRR* and Tim Yohannan has been, shall we say, rather broad and tragically generous? When I put out *All The Drugs You Can Eat*, a blunt instrument that I actually thought, being rather green and full of myself at the time, I could use to blow Yohannan out of the water (I sort of did, if only for a brief moment or two), Jello, who to this day I feel couldn't have read this "zine full of lies" (his words) and to had to have received his information secondhand, was Tim's most effective, active and blindly loyal defender.

I could almost tell what cities the Dead Kennedys had visited that year by the origin of the letters I received from aggrieved punk fannies upset that I had been so disingenuous and mean in attacking so selfless and caring an individual as Tim Yohannan. As we know, I was eventually blackballed and, let's face it, if it wasn't for the lonely support of *Al Flipside*, I'd probably have vanished from the scene by 1987. So anyway, back to the long awaited point, as the years tripped merrily by, did Jello Biafra ever deign to speak up about the various Yohannan shenanigans against truth, justice, and the punk rock way? Nope. Tim's now celebrated tendencies toward intolerance and censorship, tendencies that I gamely tried to spell out in *All The Drugs You Can Eat* years before, were never once contested by this fellow who so sanctimo-

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nously posits himself as the champion of free speech and the enemy of all who dare to attack it.

And the sweet irony of it all is that the very things that he either turned a blind eye to, or perhaps even found to be to his liking, eventually came after him. And only then did he speak out. I believe that he is now getting everything he deserves, sans the beating, of course. The very forces he worked so hard to help to set in motion have now returned to consume

him. Events have proven me right and it's time to clear my name. And while I enjoy the spectacle of Jello Biafra speaking out against Tim Yohannon albeit a decade or so late, I really don't see how it's anywhere near enough to let him off the hook. He serves best as an example of the fate that awaits those who live their lives foolishly. That is, a damn fine cartoon character. (Lookout #40)

Episode 11: Livermore Gets The Final Word *(from an interview with Zine)*

ZINE: There's been great disagreement within the punk rock community about what the role of Mordam should be with respect to distribution. Mordam is a major distributor for a number of labels, basically it sells wholesale directly to record stores and to other distributors. There has been a considerable discussion about what other distributors should be allowed to buy products, specifically whether purchases should be allowed by major-label affiliated distributors such as Caroline and RED.

LARRY LIVERMORE: First of all, I disagree a little with the idea that there's been "a great deal" of discussion. Very few people—I shouldn't say "very few," I don't want to diminish your own interest in the subject—but it's not something that comes up with us that much, people don't ask us that often. It's basically a Tim Yohannon issue. And Brian Zero, that fellow that wrote the long article in *MRR* last year. There's another fellow of all the labels at Mordam, Mr. McCracken of Kirbdog, that really pushed the issue. But I don't think it's a burning controversy at least on the level that Tim would like it to be.

I think you also touched on what maybe the determining factor for me in the decision when you say "who should be allowed to buy." I don't think there should be any harsh restrictions on who should be able to buy things. If Caroline were our distributor in the sense they had power over us—for example, many quasi-independent labels are bankrolled by Caroline and then distributed exclusively through them. Caroline thus has power over them to say "we don't like that record so you can't put it out" or "we're not going to sell it for you"—that's something I would never accept. But as it is now it's really no different than somebody walking into a store and saying "I want to buy that record." They could be the worst person in the world but are you in the position to go into all the record stores and make sure that every customer who buys your record is of sufficient moral character or punk enough? You could say that I'm obfuscating a little bit because obviously someone who buys 10,000 records at a time isn't the same as a mean kid who buys one record, but the principle is the same, the only effect that they have is choosing whether or not to buy our records.

Mordam also offers those records direct to stores, nobody has to buy from Caroline. They can get them direct from the source.

Z: If I can be The Yo's advocate here: if you didn't sell to these secondary distributors, the stores would have to go to Mordam directly...

LL: No, that's not necessarily true, there are many other distributors, Dutch East being one... I'm not really up on my distributors. At our last convention I believe the statistic was that about 50 or 60% of Mordam's stuff went to distributors and the rest to stores. They were steadily increasing the percentage that went direct to stores and that's a Mordam goal. At that time Caroline was buying—I don't want to make a mis-

take here—it was either 10 or 20% of the sales of Mordam.

I don't have a black-or-white, right-or-wrong position on this issue and this is what I've said all along at the Mordam meetings all along when we've discussed it. It's not something that I'm completely happy about. But I wouldn't be completely happy with the alternative either. I have a dual responsibility: I have to crusade for justice and the American Way and I have to sell at least enough records that the bands feel like they're getting good treatment. Somewhere in between there is where I have to come down.

Tim Yohannon is coming from an entirely different philosophy. At least his stated philosophy is that people should not make a living from punk rock music. He makes his living from working for a defense contractor, but that's all right because it's not punk rock music. I'm not qualified to make his decisions for him either. He works for the University of California, Lawrence Berkeley laboratories, which develops nuclear weapons... So he's very secure. In his world, people should work corporate jobs and then give their labor to the punk scene afterwards. I think he's very detached from reality in that sense—for most people working corporate jobs means \$4.25 an hour, which is merely enough to live on.

Z: That's the whole story behind the rash of major label signings, I think. Even though the bands are not making a whole lot of money by signing, it gives the bands a chance to quit their day jobs and that might have a certain appeal at a certain stage in a band's career...

LL: We've given a number of bands and other people a chance to make a decent living doing what could loosely be called "punk stuff"—not just the musicians, but the people who work at Lookout!, the people who screen the T-shirts, the people who print the record covers at Punks With Presses—all this is a thriving sub-economy now. It's not just a bunch of rhetoric and little spoiled kids playing revolution games. It's a society which sustains itself. Tim's world doesn't offer that. It's "go get a job and then come to work for me for free afterwards." I just don't think that's realistic.

I don't think that he does it because he's dishonest, I've had this argument personally with him, he just doesn't comprehend what it's like for an average young person to have to make a living because he has a very cushy position. He makes enough money off of the university to pay his basic expenses, he gets a lot more of his lifestyle subsidized by *MRR*, in total it's a very plush lifestyle, plusher than mine. He's got a nice big house. *MRR* pays for his car, his computers, his records, all of that stuff. I don't want to sound like I'm being vindictive but I think that lately he's taken a very vindictive turn towards us, saying that something is wrong with us because we've made a living from music. I don't think he's in a position to criticize people for [wanting] security. It's just his dealings with major corporations—*i.e.* tobacco companies, gasoline companies—isn't tied to music and ours is. If he wants to subsi-

CONTINUED

dize us and only put out "pure" music, he knows our address and where to send the check. But he hasn't offered that. I'm sorry if that sounds a little bit testy, but if you read what he's written just lately you'll see why.

He plays with words in a fairly mean spirited and not particularly honest way. I thought he did that to Jello Biafra when he made his crack about Jello living in "a half million dollar mansion in San Francisco." That, I'm sure, appealed to the

kind of kids who beat him up for being a "rock star." It's like, "oh, yeah, let's get the rich asshole in the half million dollar mansion" because in a lot of America a half million dollars would buy you a mansion. Tim Yohannon lives in San Francisco and he knows that that's not the case—a half million dollars will buy you a nice middle class house. Tim's too smart to use words like that and to not be aware of their impact....

(January 13, 1995)

It'd be swell if all these kiddies would just get along, but I'm not holding my breath for an end to the civil wars in either Yugoslavia or California. Here's how I see it: Biafra was the biggest star of American punk during the period 1979 to 1985 or so. Not exactly the golden years of the genre, to say the least, but that's neither here nor there. Punk has changed and Biafra today holds a greatly exaggerated opinion of his relevance to the music world of the middle '90s. Like too many musicians, he's jealous and insecure.

Biafra's memory is very selective. I remember him loudly singing the praises of Big Black before a crowd during his first spoken word tour in the middle '80s. Now he talks like Big Black leader Steve Albini and Ben Weasel were at that very time slagging Great Stars like himself to advance their own careers. So I don't have a great deal of faith in Biafra's memory or motives when he stirs the shit now. Exactly who is making the career move by slagging anything that moves in 1994-95? Or is it just paranoia???

Biafra's resentment towards Tim Yohannon revolves around Yo Chi Minh's tightening of his publication's area of coverage in the past year. A torrent of musics calling themselves "punk" have emerged of late, and Yo is well within his rights as a publisher to declare some of these forms outside of the scope of his magazine. *Every single music magazine in the world does the same*, in their own way. You won't see anything by G.G. Allin reviewed in *Zine* for example—EVER. Or The Melvins. It is only with great gnashing of teeth that an interview with Karp will run. Anyway, Biafra has spent the last decade running away from punk rock towards spoken word and contree ponk and now deeply resents having the most important punk rock information vehicle cut him off for having made this decision. Waaah! Biafra wants press in *Maxi*? He should start a punk band! He's wasted ten years already! (Incidentally, blaming anyone but the dipshits who did the act for the Biafra stomping is *complete* bullshit, sorta like blaming the President for the crime rate in Cleveland.)

Yohannon dishes out a harsh perspective and takes a lot of grief for it. I agree with Larry Livermore that he holds some fairly slimey, corporate smelling labels (like Epitaph) to a different standard than he does those from his own Mordam "family." This is regrettable. But rather than simply lightening up on the marketing positions of Alternative Tentacles and Lookout!, I wish he would also lower the boom to some extent on Epitaph. Epitaph is gonna sell out like Sub Pop really soon and Mr. Bad Religion guy is gonna be a multi-millionaire. Good for him. This doesn't change the fact that the label will in the process sell its signed bands up the river. Life may prove me wrong here, but I smelled the Sub Pop-Warner deal coming a couple years ago and I get the same exact stench from Epitaph. The only issue would seem to be how many zeros are on the check.

Livermore feels really pressed. His band is outside *MRR*'s current area of coverage AND he is taking heat from Yohannon for continuing the Mordam status quo of supplying corporate distributors with product. But he is also within his rights for standing up for the position of unlimited distribution, as is Biafra, no matter how shortsighted this decision may be. Yo should be disciplined enough to submit to the will of the majority on this issue and drop the matter. His continued fighting over an issue already lost is one of the primary forces keeping this ugly little soap opera alive. Larry is a good person and I respect him a lot.

As for John Crawford, I don't know what kind of cheap shots he may have taken at Yohannon in the past, but I do know that banning the mere mention of someone's name—as in editing out all references to that person in material submitted by others—is an extremely dangerous trend. Crawford provides a useful source of criticism from outside, and I believe that it is only criticism and self-criticism that keeps the train on the tracks. Yohannon may not like Crawford, as is his right, but he shouldn't try to put every mention of him down the memory hole. The current ban of Crawford is a *very* unhealthy situation.

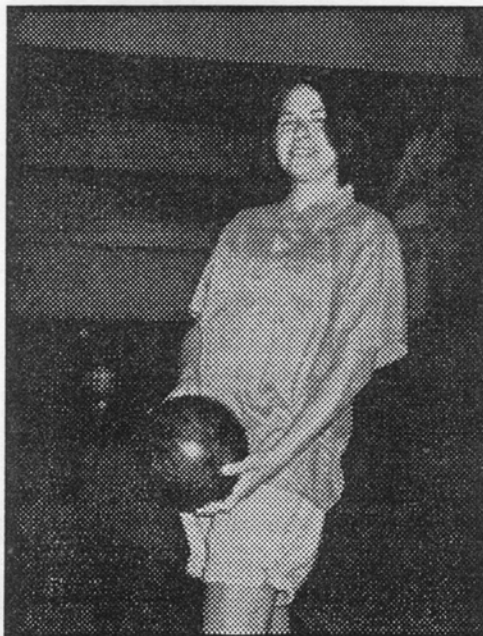
Ben Weasel seems to have an insecure streak to him. I suspect that if the two stopped slagging each other off and Ben got to know Jello better, they might even get to be friends. I don't mean this as an insult. No fucking duh that NMCDF was the Biafra Defense Fund. I wasn't confused about the issue, Ben, and I can't imagine that you were either. Biafra clearly loves to posture and make himself feel important and the whole porno poster situation was moronic, but who really cares ten years later? Ancient history. His defense fund wasn't a "scam," it was just a sidebar to a stupid diversion that ended up killing an important punk rock band. But I have to ask: why is this matter still coming up?

—T. Chandler

This was inspired by the annual "TOP TEN" survey published in BAM magazine every year. BAM always ask a bunch of big industry dildoes what was the best album and usually winds up with Guns and Roses at number one, or something like that. Good idea though.

We decided to poll a few people who we were convinced knew their heads from their butts. Some didn't respond to the questionnaire, and we didn't manage to contact a few people who probably shoulda been asked if we were going to do this up right. Overall we were delighted with the response, though. Thanks to all!!!

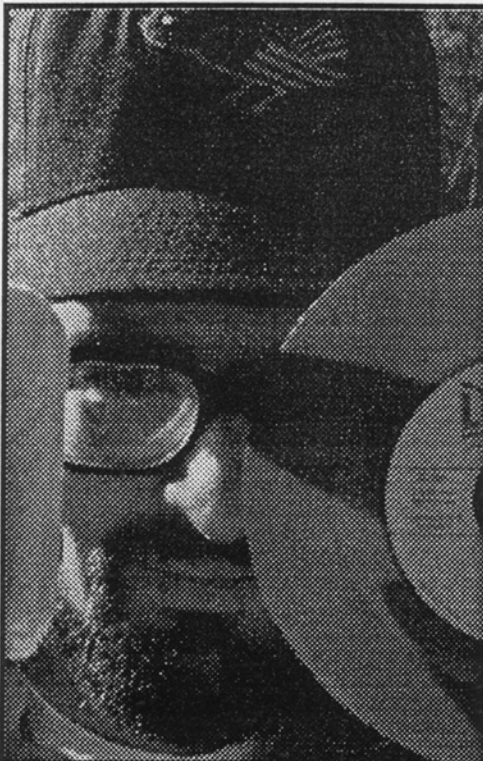
Those who returned their surveys are listed at random. Don't look for significance in the running order, there is none.



KELLY E. (Portland, OR)

**Obscure Fanzine Editor; Grumpy Dude;
Master of Science; Fine Role Model For Children.**

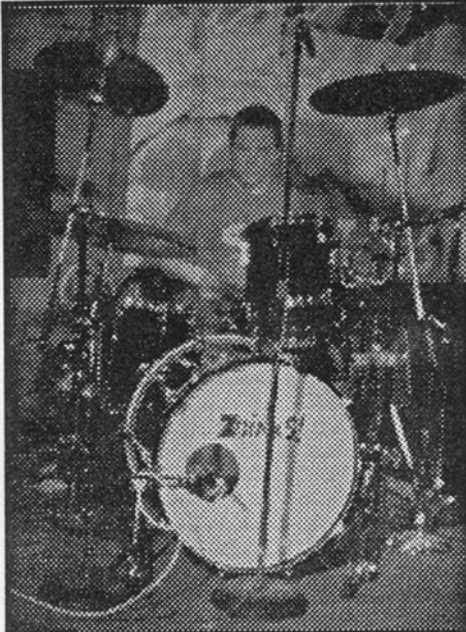
1. HEAVENS TO BETSY *Calculated* [Kill Rock Stars]
2. ELLIOTT SMITH *Roman Candle* [Cavity Search]
3. HEAVENLY *The Decline and Fall of* [K Records]
4. VERSUS *The Stars are Insane* [Teenbeat]
5. JAWBREAKER *24 Hour Revenge Therapy* [Tupelo-Communion]
6. KARP *Mustaches Wild* [K Records]
7. GODHEADSILO *The Scientific Supercake LP* [Kill Rock Stars]
8. VARIOUS ARTISTS *Periscope* [Yo Yo Recordings]
9. SLANT 6 *Soda Pop Rip Off* [Dischord]
10. THE CANNANES *Short Poppy Syndrome* [Ajax]



T. CHANDLER (Corvallis, OR)

**Obscure Fanzine Publisher; Grumpy Dude; Shoe Flogger;
Wants to discover the next Boris the Sprinkler.**

1. JAWBREAKER *24 Hour Revenge Therapy* [Tupelo-Communion]
"Schwarzenbach's a poet who don't know it."
2. GREEN DAY *Dookie* [Reprise/Warner Bros.]
"Don't begrudge them the fame or the money, they've earned it."
3. SCREECHING WEASEL *How to Make Enemies...* [Lookout!]
"Ben Weasel may not be God, but they're dearly close friends."
4. J CHURCH *Prophylaxis* [Allied Recordings]
"Master tunesmiths drop the big one. Very, very solid."
5. SICKO *You Can Feel The Love In This Room* [Empty]
"Best album out of the Pacific Northwest this year. Sorry, Olympia fans."
6. PINK LINCOLNS *Suck And Bloat* [Stiff Pole]
"Johnny Rotten lives."
7. SUGAR *File Under Easy Listening* [Rykodisc]
"Not Bob's best, but better than most by mere mortals."
8. THE QUEERS *Beat Off* [Lookout!]
"Surfy sneering snarls & sickly sweet sappy syrup—sensational!!!"
9. THE DICKIES *Idjit Savant* [Triple X]
"Hey, if I played it 20 times over a two week period, I must have liked it..."
10. VARIOUS ARTISTS *Punk USA* [Lookout!]
"I don't even like comps, but this one educated me—that's all I can say."

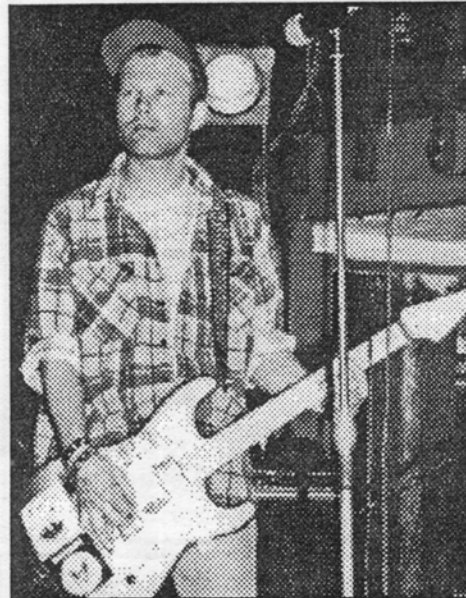


BOB CONRAD (Reno, NV)

**Drummer for ZOINKS!; Grumpy Dude;
Editor of Second Guess zine.**

- A. SICKO *You Can Feel The Love In This Room* [Empty]
- B. JAWBREAKER *24 Hour Revenge Therapy* [Tupelo-Communion]
- C. THE QUEERS *Beat Off* [Lookout!]
- D. DOWN BY LAW *Punkrockacademyfightsong* [Epitaph]
- E. DANIEL JOHNSTON "Happy Time" 7" [Seed Records]
- F. LYNARDS INNARDS "Your Ass Is Grass" 7" [What Else Records]
- G. M-BLANKET "Seen It Coming" 7" [Slow to Burn]
- H. FACE TO FACE "Disconnected" 7" [Fat Wreck Chords]
- I. SCREECHING WEASEL *How to Make Enemies...* [Lookout!]
- J. 5'10"/KEVIN SECONDS *Rodney, Reggie, Emily* [Cargo]

"Not in a definite order. Thanks for including me in the Top 10 survey (even though I despise those things on the Internet). Tour plans are up in the air but probably in May or after with another Dr. Strange band. 7" out in a month, full-length out in April, hopefully."



JOE QUEER (North Hampton, NH)

**Guitarist and vocalist for THE QUEERS; Grumpy Dude;
World Famous Restaurateur.**

- 1. RANCID *Let's Go* [Epitaph]
- 2. SCREECHING WEASEL *How to Make Enemies...* [Lookout!]
- 3. RED #9 "Mary" 7" [Farmhouse]
- 4. PINK LINCOLNS *Suck and Bloat* [Stiff Pole]
- 5. I LOVE RICH *Delilah is a Lesbian* cassette
- 6. VARIOUS ARTISTS *Punk USA* [Lookout!]
- 7. PARASITES *Pair* [Shredder]
- 8. THE NOBODYS "Teen Drag Queen" 7" [Off Key Records]
- 9. BUGLITE "I See You" 7" [Creep Records]
- 10. TEEN IDOLS "Nightmares" 7" [House of Pain Records]

"Sorry but I don't really have a top 10 list. I hate most of the shit that comes out today. Love, Joe Queer."



ROBERT CHRISTIE (Eugene, OR)

**Drummer for OSWALD FIVE-O; Non-Grumpy Dude;
America's Favorite Record Store Dude.**

- 1. SOME VELVET SIDEWALK *Avalanche*

"For years Al has been one of America's most riveting performers. Up 'til now this has never been reflected in his live or recorded work."

- 2. SINATRA & QUINTET *Live In Paris*
- 3. DUB NARCOTIC "Fuck Shit Up" 7"
- 4. THE SPINANES *Manos* "Record isn't great, but still the best band in Oregon."
- 5. MIKE JOHNSON *Where Am I?* "Gloomy Gus gets a record."
- 6. DEAD MOON "I don't know what it's called, but I'm sure it was good."
- 7. THE CRABS "Sore" 7" "Love it."
- 8. HEAVENS TO BETSY *Calculated*
- 9. TEAM DRESCH *self-titled* 7"

"RECORDS I LISTENED TO IN 1994—Ike Hayes: Hot Buttered Soul; Sammy Davis/Buddy Rich: Sound of '66; all Curtis Mayfield; Nat Cole four disc set; Waylon Jennings: Tulsa; pre-1970 Willie Nelson; Sinatra: She Shot Me Down; James Brown: Big Payback; Whispers; Dramatics; Stylistics; Rites of Spring LP.

The only album I bought manufactured in 1994 was the Sinatra, but I did like all those I listed and I own most of them."



KARIN GEMBUS (San Francisco, CA)
Guitarist for SPITBOY; Non-Grumpy dude;
Mordam Records Sales Dude; Maximum R&R Reviewer.

1. JAWBREAKER *24 Hour Revenge Therapy* [Tupelo-Communion]
2. CITIZEN FISH *Flinch* [Blurg]
3. SHELLAC *At Action Park* [Touch & Go]
4. DOG FACED HERMANS *Those Deep Buds* [Alternative Tentacles]
5. HEAVENS TO BETSY *Calculated* [Kill Rock Stars]
6. RODAN *Rusty* [1/4 Stick]
7. THE MAKERS *Devil's Nine Questions 10"* [Estrus]
8. HOOVER *The Lurid Traversal of Route 7* [Dischord]
9. J CHURCH *Prophylaxis* [Allied Recordings]
10. HUGGY BEAR *Weaponry Listens to Love* [Kill Rock Stars/Wiija]

"K-A-R-I-N—no 'E'."

Lance didn't send in a photo and I couldn't find one anywhere. Hmm. Well, I guess I'll just fill the space with a piece of J Church trivia... I just learned from my God-Figure that J CHURCH is the name of a San Francisco cable car route.

Said God-Figure didn't have a camera with him to capture the moment, which sorta calls into question his infallibility.
-T.C.

LANCE HAHN (San Francisco, CA)
Vocalist and Guitarist for J CHURCH;
Maximum R&R Reviewer.

1. SUGAR *File Under Easy Listening*
2. SUPERCHUNK *Foolish*
3. JAWBREAKER *24 Hour Revenge Therapy*
4. WAX *Who Is Next? 7"*
5. HEAVENLY *The Decline and Fall of*
6. ARCHERS OF LOAF *Icky Mettle*
7. MORRISSEY *The More You Ignore Me*
8. TEAM DRESCH *7"*
9. HUGGY BEAR *Weaponry Listens to Love*
10. VERSUS *The Stars Are Insane*




LOIS MAFFEO (Olympia, WA)
Vocalist and Guitarist for THE LOIS; Non-Grumpy Dude;
Love Rock Revolutionary.

1. THE LATIN PLAYBOYS *self-titled* [Slash/Warner Bros.]
"Koo koo production. Poetic and tough."
2. LYNC *These Are Not Fall Colors* [K Records]
"Cutest band in the world. R.I.P."
3. BUILT TO SPILL *There's Nothing Wrong With Love* [Up]
"The closest I'll come to smoking pot."
4. BECK *One Foot In The Grave* [K Records]
"A collect call from the angels."
5. VARIOUS ARTISTS *Periscope* [Yo Yo Recordings]
"Faves: Tummy Ache, Love As Laughter, Long Hing Legs."
6. HEAVENLY *The Decline and Fall of* [K Records]
"Heavenly by name, heavenly by nature."
7. KARP *Mustaches Wild* [K Records]
"Thank God High School still sucks."
8. SOME VELVET SIDEWALK *Whirlpool* [K Records]
"Future legends."
9. CONTAINÉ *I Want It All* [Enchenté]
"Truly elegant. Just what the world needs."
10. HALO BENDERS *God Don't Make No Junk* [K Records]
"Better than cheese and chutney."

ROSE MELBERG (Portland, OR)

**Guitarist and vocalist for THE SOFTIES and GO SAILOR;
Formerly of TIGER TRAP; Non-Grumpy Dude.**

- 
1. ALLEN CLAPP *One Hundred Percent Chance of Rain* [Bus Stop Label]
 2. ELIOTT SMITH *Roman Candle* [Cavity Search]
 3. BOYRACER *More Songs About Frustration and Self-Hate* [Slumberland]
 4. HEAVENLY *The Decline and Fall of Heavenly* [K Records]
 5. THE HALO BENDERS *God Don't Make No Junk* [K Records]
 6. THE SAN FRANCISCO SEALS *Nowhere* [Matador/WEA]
 7. HENRY'S DRESS *self-titled 10"* [Slumberland]
 8. BECK *One Foot in the Grave* [K Records]
 9. THE BARTLEBEES *Finally We Did It* [Little Teddy]
 10. The new NOTHING PAINTED BLUE album which I only have on tape so I can't remember what it's called.

"Sorry it's so lame but I didn't actually get many new records this year. Most of my favorite records are old or 7 inches. I would probably include the new *Wedding Present* record but I don't have it yet so I can't put it down on my list. I like lots of records that came out in late 1993 like Yo Lo Tengo's *Painful*, the last Karl Hendricks Trio record, and the *Small Factory Album* but I guess those don't count either. So send me a zine if you can and definitely keep in touch. It's nice to meet other people here in Oregon now that I live here. Take care, Rose Melberg."

REBECCA GATES (Portland, OR)

**Guitarist and vocalist for THE SPINANES;
My Money Is On "Non-Grumpy Dude."**

First 10 that come to mind are (No Order):

- 
- A. AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB *San Francisco* [Reprise/Warner Bros.]
 - B. PIZZICATO 5 *Made In USA* [Matador/Atlantic]
 - C. ELIOTT SMITH *Roman Candle* [Cavity Search]
 - D. DENISON KIMBALL TRIO *Walls In The City* [Skin Graft]
 - E. THE HALOBENDERS *God Don't Make No Junk* [K Records]
 - F. RED RED MEAT *Jimmywine Majestic* [Sub Pop]
 - G. LUSCIOUS JACKSON *Natural Ingredients* [Grand Royal]
 - H. TEAM DRESCH *Personal Best* [Candy Ass/Chainsaw] *
 - I. SATAN'S PILGRIMS *cassette* [Cavity Search]
 - J. STEREO LAB *Mars Audiac Quintet* [Elektra/Warner Bros.]

* actually released in January of 1995.

RAY LUJAN (San Francisco, CA)

**Bassist for THE PARASITES;
Columnist and Record Reviewer for Maximum RockNRoll.**

- 
1. MARY LOU LORD *Real* [Deep Music]
 2. THE FIGGS *Low Fi at Society High* [Imago]
 3. VARIOUS ARTISTS *Shreds Volume 1: The Best of American Underground Rock 1993* [Shredder]
 4. FACE TO FACE *Over It* [Victory]
 5. VERSUS *The Stars Are Insane* [Teenbeat]
 6. RANCID *Let's Go* [Epitaph]
 7. WESTON *A Real Life Story...* [Gern Blanton]
 8. GREEN DAY *Dookie* [Reprise/Warner Bros.]
 9. ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT *All Systems Go* [Cargo]
 10. NOFX *Punk In Drublic* [Epitaph]



CHRIS JOY (Portland, OR)

**Record Reviewer for an Obscure Fanzine;
Non-Grumpy Dude.**

1. GODHEADSILO *The Scientific Supercake LP* [Kill Rock Stars]
2. KARP *Mustaches Wild* [K Records]
there's a tie for the big number three slot!
3. SOME VELVET SIDEWALK *Whirlpool* [K Records]
3. ELLIOTT SMITH *Roman Candle* [Cavity Search]
5. HEAVENLY *The Decline and Fall of* [K Records]
6. LUSTMORD *The Place Where the Black Stars Hang* [Side Effects]
7. VARIOUS ARTISTS *Periscope* [Yo Yo Recordings]
8. VERSUS *The Stars Are Insane* [Teen Beat]
9. ASMUS TIETCHENS/ARCANE DEVICE *Dbl. Fdbk* [Dark Vinyl]
10. DANIEL MENCHE *Static Burn* [Soleilmoon]



J. HELL (Portland, OR)

**Ex-Guitarist and vocalist for TRAILER QUEEN;
Supreme Being of Oregon Record Retailing.**

1. ZOOM *Helium Octipede*
2. FLYING SAUCER ATTACK *Saucers Over Vegas*
3. UNDERWORLD *Dubno Bass*
4. ELLIOTT SMITH *Roman Candle*
5. A SMALL GOOD THING *Slim Westerns*
6. OASIS *Definitely Maybe*
7. LUSTMORD *The Place Where The Black Stars Hang*
8. GUIDED BY VOICES *Bee Thousand*
9. SHINJUKU THIEF *Witch Hammer*
10. HOLE *Live Through This*



PETE NORMAL (Portland, OR)

**Bassist and vocalist for PAT OLSEN'S BIONIC DROP;
Ex-Guitarist for LAZYBOY & Ex-Drummer for BUTCH LUCKY.**

1. THE GITS *Enter: The Conquering Chicken* [Broken Rekids & C/Z]
2. MOSS IISLE *cassette* (*This hasn't actually been released, but it should be.*)
3. JAWBREAKER *24 Hour Revenge Therapy* [Tupelo/Communion]
4. TEAM DRESCH *self-titled 7"* [Kill Rock Stars]
5. ELVIS COSTELLO *Brutal Youth* [Warner Bros.]
6. VARIOUS ARTISTS "Damned For All Time" 7" [National Dust]
- 7A. QUEEN MAB *self-titled 7"* [Judgementil]
- 7B. MUKILTEO FAIRIES "Special Rights" 7" [Kill Rock Stars]
8. BUTTAFUCCO/SPOILED BRATS *split 7"* [Maximum RockNRoll]
9. DANCING FRENCH LIBERALS OF '48 *self-titled 7"* [Broken Rekids]
10. ECONOCHRIST "Skewed" 7" [Ebullition]

"Most of my favorite 'albums' are actually 7",s, because I'm too poor to buy anything else."



JOHN CRAWFORD (Beverly Hills, CA)
DIY Syndicated DIY Cartoonist; Grumpy Dude;
RED Distribution Sales Dude.

1. NORMAN NARDINI *It's Alive*
2. A.C. *Everyone Should Be Killed*
3. GARY YOUNG *Plantman*
4. JACK LOGAN *Bulk*
5. THE FALL *Middle Class Revolt*
6. MERZBOW *Venerology*
7. KILLDOZER *Uncompromising War on Art under the Dictatorship of the Proletariat*
8. PISS FACTORY *I Melt*
9. POLITIKILL INCORRECT *In The Land of the Gluttonous Pigs*
10. KIM FOWLEY *The Rubbertown Freaks*

"The Crawford correct take on the label controversy is: don't mention them! The idea that some labels are more moral than others is puerile horseshit, a total fool's game. Love, John."



BEN WEASEL (Chicago, IL)
Guitarist and vocalist for The Riverdales; Grumpy Dude;
Maximum RnR columnist; Editor of Panic Button zine.

1. JAWBREAKER *24 Hour Revenge Therapy* [Tupelo-Communion]
"One of the few bands I can relate to lyrically."
2. FASTBACKS *Answer the Phone, Dummy* [Sub-Pop/Warner Bros.]
"Their best album in years."
3. MR. T EXPERIENCE *Our Bodies, Our Selves* [Lookout!]
"There is no better lyricist in punk than Dr. Frank."
4. GREEN DAY *Dookie* [Reprise/Warner Bros.]
"Their major label debut is their best album yet."
5. THE BARRACUDAS *Drop Out With...* [Bomp!]
"Classic British surf/pop-punk from '82. My new band is covering 'I Can't Pretend'."
6. THE UNDERTONES *Self-titled* [Dojo]
"Another classic pop-punk band, re-released on 10" vinyl along with 3 of their other albums. This one is the first and best..."
7. THE QUEERS *Beat Off* [Lookout!]
"The snottiest, punkiest, catchiest band in the land."
8. DICK DALE *Unknown Territory* [Hightone]
"Pulp Fiction' should finally get Dale the recognition he deserves. Ballsy, well produced surf instrumentals with only one or two weak tracks."
9. TONY BENNETT *The Christmas Album—Snowfall* [Columbia/Sony]
"Tony Bennett reigns supreme—kicks the shit out of Sinatra's pretentious 'duets.' The best crooner of the century—his music transcends generational partisanship and is just plain cool."
10. JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEATS *Pure and Simple* [Blackheart/Warner's]
"Joan Jett is the Johnny Ramone of mainstream rock. This album is not her best—she's a little too influenced by Bikini Kill—but the ballads are outstanding and 'Spinster' is a great no apologies Jett classic. Despite the absence of any bonafide, upbeat, rock'n'roll numbers, Joan's still pissed, still cool, and still the undisputed Queen of Rock'n'Roll."

Watch for Chandler's new Corvallis record label!

Coming in late March...

This is
**Mutant
Pop**

MP-01 UNDERHAND "Desire" b/w "Believe In Me"
Green Day on amphetamines after spending 36
straight hours listening to Hüsker Dü records...

MP-02 ROUND NINE EP

East Bay sound happy ska-punk from Corvallis' own!



BLAKE SCHWARZENBACH (S.F., CA)

**Guitarist and vocalist for JAWBREAKER;
Non-Grumpy Dude.**

1. NIRVANA *In Utero* [DGC]
2. UNWOUND *New Plastic Ideas* [Kill Rock Stars]
3. SEBADOH *Bakesale* [Sub Pop/Warner Bros.]
4. VERSUS *The Stars Are Insane* [Teen Beat]
5. SEAM *The Problem With Me* [Touch and Go]
6. SMOG *Julius Caesar* [Drag City]
7. JAWBOX *For Your Own Special Sweetheart* [Atlantic]
8. FLYING SAUCER ATTACK *self-titled* [VHF]
9. GUIDED BY VOICES *Bee Thousand* [Scat]
10. GREEN DAY *Dookie* [Reprise/Warner Bros.]

"I feel I should qualify my list with a few comments. ONE: I'm sure I didn't hear a lot of great records due to...uh...hermeticism. And TWO: Some albums on my list are probably from '93, but I discovered them in '94 or they continue to blow my mind through said year. Finally, THREE: Thank you for asking, I don't know what I'm doing, but thanks. ♥ Blake"

CORIN TUCKER (Olympia, WA)

**Guitarist and vocalist for SLEATER-KINNEY;
Former guitarist and vocalist for HEAVENS TO BETSY.**

*"hi this is corin tucker. sorry it's taken me so long to get back to you. i've been out of the country for three months. um, your January issue is probably already out, and i'm not really together enough to have a top ten list. here are some of my favorite records i've been listening to this year: versus **let's electrify** and new one. sea hags—**beastie**. they're australian! loretta lynn—**coal miner's daughter**. also driving a lot in 1994 makes me pick pearl jam as driving tunes.*

heavens to betsy broke up. it's shitty i've just been telling people.

*mostly i've been working on my fanzine **channel seven** for issue #2. also!!! i'm in this other band called sleater-kinney and our records are totally my favorite for 1994! we have a single on villa villa kula in n.y. and are also on the vvk compilation. oh i forgot there's this record out by The Fakes on Chainsaw that just came out that has some really good pieces on it. also the new Team Dresch record on Chainsaw/Candy Ass.*

ok. good luck with the zine. corin"

ANDRÉ PROGHASKA (Corvallis, OR)

**Ska reviewer for an obscure fanzine; Non-Grumpy Dude;
Editor of *Ska Beat*; Snappy dresser.**

1. V/A *We Don't Skare—A Modern Ska Compilation* [Le Silence De La Rue]
Too cool, lots of great cuts by lots of great bands. A must for any ska fan!
2. SPRING HEELED JACK *Connecticut Ska* [We're Jacked]
Good energy and a great debut by a fine band. Keep a look for them.
3. THE TOASTERS *Skaboom!* [Moon Records]
Ok, ok, technically it's a release—but I loved hearing this album for the first time in 1994.
4. THE SKUNKS *Mixed Nuts* [Moon Records]
Cool, wacky, DiscoPolkaSka. This one spent a lot of time in the player.
5. THE BUSTERS *Sexy Money and '94er Hits* [Weserlabel]
I only have the EP, but based on that, the whole album makes it.
6. VARIOUS ARTISTS *Skarmageddon* [Moon Records]
A must have for Ska Fanatics! Two CDs and too many bands to mention.
7. THE TOASTERS *Dub 56* [Moon Records]
Recognized by many Skaheads as the best by these guys in a long time.
8. THE SKATALITES *Hi-Bop Ska* [Shanachie]
What else can I say that hasn't been said about this band? The real stuff.
9. MEPHISKAPHELES *God Bless Satan* [Moon Records]
Aptly billed as "Satanic Ska." Skankin' with an evil twist.
10. THE EXCEPTIONS *No Shoes, No Shirt, No Exceptions* [Icon Records]
Based mostly on one cut that I can't get out of my head—"I Hate Mornings."





REV. NØRB (Green Bay, WI)

Vocalist for BORIS THE SPRINKLER; Non-Grumpy Dude; Maximum RnR columnist; Editor of Sic Teen zine.

1. LEE HARVEY OSWALD BAND *A Taste of Prison* [Touch & Go]
"I'm a martian war machine / I'm a psychedelic dream / I'm a liquid, I'm a gas / Kiss my psychedelic ass."
2. RIPOFFS *Got A Record* [Rip Off]
"I'm pushin' / You're steerin' / I'm losin' / My hearin' / I turned off / The motor / Because of / Your Odor."
3. SCREECHING WEASEL *How to Make Enemies...* [Lookout!]
"Degenerate, Degenerate, Degenerate—Yeah Yeah."
4. FASTBACKS *Answer the Phone, Dummy* [Sub-Pop/Warner Bros.]
"I need some hot coffee."
5. DEVIL DOGS *Stereo Drive* [1+2 Records]
"Hey, it's the Devil Dogs, ain't it???"
6. THE QUEERS *Beat Off* [Lookout!]
"Drop the attitude fucker / Drop the attitude dude / Drop the attitude fucker / Fuckers drop the attitude."
7. TEENGENERATE *Savage 10"* [Sympathy for the Record Industry]
"Kind of undersized for an album, but '94's punk harvest wasn't as bountiful as '93's."
8. THE FIGGS *Lo-Fi at Society High* [Imago]
"An anti-social lesbian told me you were dumb."
9. HUMBERS *Journey to the Center of Your Wallet* [Sympathy...]
"Hey, it's the Humbers, ain't it???"
10. SHELLAC *At Action Park* [Touch & Go]
"After more than a decade of critical ambience, i have finally come to the hard-fought conclusion that i admire and respect Steve Albini simply because he's smarter than me. Er, smarter than i."



XTINE (Portland, OR)

Ex-Guitarist for TRAILER QUEEN; Dunno if she's Grumpy; Wears very attractive sunglasses, though.

1. GRABBERS *Way It Is*
2. BESERK *self-titled*
3. LUBRICATED GOAT *Forces You Don't Understand*
4. HOLE *Live Through This*
5. HITECHNOLOGY SUICIDE *Paint It Black Sabbath 7"*
6. SLUG *Out Sound*
7. CRUNT *self-titled*
8. VARIOUS ARTISTS *Johnny Hanson's Puck Rock, Vol. 1*
9. REVOLTING COCKS *Cracking Up CDEP*
10. COP SHOOT COP *Release*

It's kind of silly to think that a set of subjective lists from a diverse sample of people is sufficient to determine the "best" album of the year. But then again, we did try to mix it up a bit—girls and boys, Oregonians and non-Oregonians, people in the orbit of Olympia/Portland and those in the orbit of the California bay area... So who's to say that this isn't the Most Totally Correct list on earth? So, just in case you're interested and too lazy to count yourself, here are the recurring titles...

MENTIONED 7 TIMES

JAWBREAKER *24 Hour Revenge Therapy*

MENTIONED 5 TIMES

ELLIOTT SMITH *Roman Candle*

MENTIONED 4 TIMES

GREEN DAY *Dookie*

HEAVENLY *The Decline and Fall of...*

THE QUEERS *Beat Off*

TEAM DRESCH *self-titled 7"*

(an amazing total, given that this was a survey of albums!)

MENTIONED 3 TIMES

THE HALOBENDERS *God Don't Make No Junk*

HEAVENS TO BETSY *Calculated*

KARP *Mustaches Wild*

SCREECHING WEASEL *How to Make Enemies and Irritate People*

VERSUS *The Stars are Insane*

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Periscope*

That's 11, plus one 7" EP. Close enough for rock and roll, so the saying goes. Thanks again to everyone for responding. See ya next year!

END

BUY SOME RECORDS.



Hey, I've already got one for my 1995 Top Ten list! This is just so fucking hot—world class pop-punk from Finland, released by Gamma Man Steve from San Diego. It doesn't sound like Rancid or Green Day or The Queers or Screaming Weasel or J Church or Jawbreaker or anything from Olympia. What other primary flavors of mutant pop are there? I dunno. All I know is that **THIS RIPS.**

Dang, I'm gonna run out and get a Hitmen 3 tattoo pretty quick if I don't get this raving under control... This album has got **THE VERY BEST** 90 second cover of Wire's "12XU"—you'll be leaping around starting a pit in the living room, I guarantee it.

The lyrics are in English, by the way. Twenty-seven flaming tracks, no losers. A wonderful, wonderful album, worth about double the ten bucks it'll cost ya. Postpaid from NKVD Records, P.O. Box 60369, San Diego, CA 92166. Do it now, punkers! —T.C.

**NKVD
RECORDS**

EVERREADY Kalifornia 7" [Liquid Meat]

I was initially tempted to dismiss this San Diego band as just another generic California pop-punk incarnation but repeated playings have changed my mind—it sounds too good!

This is Everready's third single and I'm wondering how this band has been ignored for so long up here in the Northwest. Perhaps we're too "grunge" oriented, you tell me.

Anyway, Everready is NOT Green Day, let's make that perfectly clear. I'm not tellin' ya it's totally without influences, it's the East Bay sound, but this is a really cool, original EP. If you like the melodic, mid-tempo punk bands typical of California, then you'll like Everready. Hell, you might even love 'em! Bonus points for the environmentally-aware lyrics—AND it'll make ya hop around in frantic fashion... Punk Rok!

Three dollars to Liquid Meat Records, P.O. Box 460692, Escondido, CA 92046. —DZTN



More fine product off of the Screaming Weasel branch of the punk rock tree. Four plums produced by Nikki Parasite—classic East Bay sound, zinging highspeed acidpop with harmonies. Two thumbs up, bay-beee!

Three bills in an envelope to Shredder Records, 75 Plum Tree Lane #3, San Rafael, CA 94901. —T.C.

POND

Whatever the hell the new album is called, my advance copy was marked T.B.A.

Every bit as overrated as Heatmiser. —T.C.



P O N D

"Moth" b/w "You Don't Quite Get It Do You But You're Thinking Hard" 7"

[Sub Pop/Warner Bros.]

This single is a pretty good buy, with "Moth" being the coolest track of the two. If you're an avid listener of KBVR like me, you've most likely heard it, they play it constantly. Normal Pond stuff, melodic with an upbeat tempo—but not too fast, mind you. The flipside is a bit of a disappointment, real slow and perhaps a little too long, tolerable but BORING.

Are these guys punk? I dunno, I think it's more of a "Portland Sound," kind of a grunge/punk mix. Pretty sensational stuff. —DZTN

J A Y H A W K E R self-titled 7"

[Excursion/Dutch East]

I guess this band broke up a few months ago and it's too bad because this is great. Totally powerful, raw, depressing... well, it's



really intense. Later Born Against and Neurosis both come to mind when I listen to this, but this single definitely stands on its own.

The band says they recorded this in their kitchen, but it actually sounds good. Crazy alternating vocal effects. Sometimes the singer sounds like he's gonna cry and though that often would bug me, it works well here.

Excursion, P.O. Box 20224, Seattle, WA 98102. —P.E.N.

VARIOUS ARTISTS**Free Aspirin and Tender Sympathy****[Behemoth]**

I go to Las Vegas for nearly two weeks a year on business and I can tell you this with God-like authority: LAS VEGAS SUCKS! This pile of shit CD subtitled "The Las Vegas Underground" did absolutely nothing to dissuade me.

Vermin from Venus: cock rock metal slime. **Scrubs:** more cheesy metallic riffs, complete with rock star screaming. **A Lesser Dog:** will be given the benefit of the doubt and called classic rock. **Under My Skin:** particularly idiotic classic rock. **Cries and Whispers:** lame overproduced dreck. And so on and so on and so on and so on. *Gag. Blech. Puke.*

Exactly one song even remotely approaches punk rock—a kind of catchy new wave song by a band called **Knuckle Sandwich**. But by track 10 I'm not in a very happy mood. Glad this was a freebie, I won't feel so bad using it as a coaster..

Drawing on the cover of a band with shirts reading "SEX PISTOLS," "RAMONES," and the Circle A logo. Bullshit! False advertising! Nothing in Vegas is what it seems, that's rule number one... This CD is utter shit. (What a surprise...) —T.C.

CORDUROY

Jan Michael Vincent 7" [Broken Rekids]

There are two songs on this single. Side A starts with just vocals but then guitar, bass, and drums kick in with a bit of distortion. Side B is a slower tune with just male vocals and guitar. Decent songs, but nothing too inspiring.

Broken Rekids, P.O. Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94106. —Kelly E.

**CORDUROY**

"Overhauls" b/w "GE" [Insignificant Records]

We could fill up this entire review section every month covering stuff by bay area pop-punk bands, I swear to God. Corduroy is another. I don't know much about them, to tell the truth—three records and I don't have a clue about who they are and what they're about. I guess you could draw a bad inference from that sentence.

If I went out of my way to be positive about this band, I'd point out that they mix tempos and sound levels well—Corduroy plays both very softly and VERY LOUDLY and they're thus an interesting listening experience. If I went out of my way to slag this band, I'd say that the A-side vocals sound way too "rock star" and that the B-side is too drawn out, artsy and hookless. Noise, in other words...

But Corduroy doesn't make me wanna either sing their praises or curse them. I guess you could draw a bad inference from that sentence.

Three dollars postpaid from Insignificant Records, P.O. Box 0960, San Francisco, CA 94128. —T.C.

SUPERNOVA Costa Mesa Hates Me 7"

More wacky pop-punk from this trio of "space aliens" who reside in California.

On bubblegum pink vinyl. Go see 'em live and check out their groovy space suits.

Tres Hombres Musica
5126 Clareton St. no. 120
Agoura Hills, CA 91301

—C.J.

MDC/**CAPITALIST CASUALTIES**

Liberty Gone split 7" [Slap A Ham]

A decent EP dedicated to Food Not Bombs, which is a really cool organization that is constantly fucked with by the police for feeding the homeless. The production on the MDC side is terrible. The vocals are way too loud and the rest of the instruments sound muddy, which doesn't help their standard not-too-interesting hardcore fare. The music definitely lacks the intensity of MDC's earliest stuff, but the lyrics are pretty good. The first song is about Food Not Bombs and the second is a wacky number called "Nazis Shouldn't Drive," referring to dead bonehead Ian Stuart, who was the frontman for Skrewdriver. They also tell a story on the lyric sheet about when they played that song to a bunch of nazis in Portland.

The Capitalist Casualties side is a bit better, playing five superfast, brutal hardcore songs with some angst ridden vocals. The lyrics deal with greed, war, the government, and the scene. Nothing particularly interesting, but not to be disregarded by any means.

Three dollars to Slap A Ham, P.O. Box 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142. -P.F.N.

THE CHUBBIES

SPLIT 7" with THE PHUZZ

SHE'S YOUR DAUGHTER, SAM EP

KANTZALIS
records

I honestly believe that the last couple years have been the greatest period in the history of American punk rock music. You might think I'm deluded or at least wildly optimistic, but I really believe that time will prove me right. It's gonna be people catching on to flippin' awesome bands like The Chubbies that'll tip the scales.

Who!?! The Chubbies, man, that Southern California electrobuzz superpop hipster trio on that funky DIY label. It doesn't matter that they used Dung Heap Studios or that the band uses retardedly bad photos on their sleeves, 'cause lead singer Jeannette and her '62 Gretsch sound so cool that they could make a medley of Melvins songs a pleasure. A distinctive, jangly, squeaky, little sound—sorta like if Missing Persons really were a New Wave band. Fuckin' amazing shit.

Five bucks gets ya both, take a chance. Kantzalis, 1034 W "I" St. #173, Ontario, CA 91762. —TC



T H E C H U B B I E S

COUCH

This Life's EP



I grew up in Eureka, a touristy mill town on the northern California coast. I lived there from second grade until the middle of my junior year in high school, my formative years. I still wear the official uniform: boxer shorts, Levi 501s, t-shirts, and flannels. Eureka wasn't a bad place, a little bit like Albany, I suppose, and I still get back there to visit my friends from time to time. So it goes without saying that I've been paying close attention to the fact that Lookout Records guru Larry Livermore has "discovered" Eureka—celebrating the town in his fiction, putting a photo of one of the local pulp mills on The Potatomen's new album cover, and cranking out this new record by a Eureka band. (Personal to LL: Shit, who cares about pulp mills? I grew up in the shadow of a fucking nuclear power plant, my grade school was half a mile away. *That's* what you should have shot—an image from the playground, over the highway, with the PG&E stack in the background. Good effort, though.)

Oh, yeah, I'm reviewing a record. Couch is good, very good: kinda arty and noisy but still having their feet planted firmly enough on the planet to cover "Girl Rhumba" by Wire and to do an interesting and entertaining instrumental. Point of reference is The Pixies, methinks. The vocals are highly distorted but the recording is of quality. This is not a botch job in any sense. Travis Day would like this one and you probably would, too.

Underhand is the best band from Eureka, but Couch is good, too. Buy this. Three bucks from Lookout Records, P.O. Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712. —T.C.

Punky Rockit Freckle Fade Cream 7"

[Atomic Fireball]

This is the first release from Punky Rockit, a Portland trio (now a foursome). They alternate between male and female vocals backed by fast-paced punk rock music. There are 5 songs on this 7", my faves being "Blondie" because of the female vocals (Ali should sing more often) and "Running Out" which has a bit of a Smiths cover, which in itself makes the 7" worth owning.

Atomic Fireball Records, 2011 NE 47th, Portland, OR 97213. —K.E.

Schwartzenegger

The Way Things Are... And Other Stories

This should be a lot better than it is, considering that it's Steve Ignorant's (ex-Crass, Conflict) latest project and that their first ep on Allied was pretty decent. However, this cd has the feel of a rock opera (and I think it's supposed to be that way). They've thrown in keyboards along with more story telling. It's not horrible, but it's not really my cup of tea.

Allied Recordings, P.O. Box 460683, San Francisco, CA 94146. —K.E.

NEW BOMB TURKS Information Highway Revisited

[Crypt/Matador/Atlantic/Warner Bros.]

I'm not worthy of reviewing this one. Every song is a winner. Hands down the way '90s punk should be. This flat out rocks harder than nearly anything will in '95. I can't believe these guys are on MTV. Best Matador-distributed product there will ever be. Amen.

This band was way overhyped two years ago, but they have now really come up with the goods. This is better than their first LP and all of their singles combined, except perhaps "Summer Romance." Eric Davidson is hands down the best vocalist in the states right now and turns an already great band into an excellent band. Other than the cheesy dialogue inside, you can't go wrong with this, even if Crypt is now distributed by Atlantic.

—Sueño King



The Fakes

Real Action

[Chainsaw]

The Fakes consist of Rachel Carns (Kicking Giant) on drums, Tim Green (ex-Nation of Ulysses) on guitar/synthesizer/drums/words/voice, Kathlee Hanna (Bikini Kill) on recorder/bass/words/voice, drums and occasional others (Sue Fox, Tae Wor Yu, Angie, Billie Strain, and Phyllis). Needless to say, this is an amazing lineup and the outcome is great. This cd is very diverse, with some spoken word pieces that are intense and occasionally hard to listen to (but don't let that stop you). At times the songs are punk-rockin', and other times they're mellow. Plus there are a few songs that are almost Ween-like except for the lyrics. All in all, it's a very bizarre mixture, but one that works.

Chainsaw, P.O. Box 42600, Portland, OR 97242.

—K.E.

ZOINKS!

Soap Factory 7" [Dr. Strange]



Reno's Zoinks! is back with yet another EP, their first with Dr. Strange Records, a mid-sized punk label distributed nationwide by Mordam. The band's biggest weaknesses (weak production and overlong songs) have been addressed here, with the title track tipping the scales at just 2:23. Vocalist Zac can still sing, the band can still play, songs are big-hooks-and-smart-lyrics, all the good stuff...

Strongest of the three songs is on the flip, "Last Song for Barbie." Another solid outing by a great band. At your local record shop or direct from Dr. Strange Records, P.O. Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701. —T.C.



The third single from this Eugene duo—no, wait, this time they're a trio, with Ryder Green added on bass. Didn't last long (see interview), but they still sound great as a duo. John sings on two songs, Lisa adding duet vocals on one. The third song is an instrumental. Still waiting for the yet-to-be-released album.

Soda Girl Records, P.O. Box 10771, Eugene, OR 97440. —C.J.

THE DERELICTS

Going out of Style 1986-1990



THE DERELICTS WERE A SEATTLE DRUNK-AND-PUNK-AS-FUCK BAND THAT WERE AROUND IN THE LATE 80'S. THEY WERE OBNOXIOUS AND SO WAS THEIR MUSIC. ONE OF MY FAVORITE DERELICTS SONGS WAS A FRANTIX COVER THAT THEY DID CALLED "MY DAD'S A FUCKIN' ALCOHOLIC." WELL, EMPTY RECORDS WAS KIND ENOUGH TO RE-RELEASE ALMOST A FULL HOUR'S WORTH OF THEIR RECORDINGS ON CD, WHICH INCLUDES THE FRANTIX COVER AS WELL AS 28 OTHER PUNK-ROCKIN' TUNES. THIS CD BRINGS BACK GREAT MEMORIES OF MY DAYS IN SEATTLE, HANGING OUT AT TAVERNS LIKE THE CENTRAL AND THE SQUID ROW (RIP) AND WATCHING A LOT OF GREAT BANDS, MANY OF WHOM I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER. EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE DERELICTS BACK IN THE 80'S, IF YOU LIKE HEAVILY BEER-INFLUENCED, PUNK ROCK MUSIC, YOU OUGHT TO PICK THIS GEM UP.

EMPTY RECORDS, PO BOX 12034, SEATTLE, WA 9810.

—K.E.



J Church *My Favorite Place 7"*

J Church is one of the best bands going. Guitarist Lance Hahn has that rarest of abilities, the capability of producing both smart lyrics and great hooks. There just aren't many bands like that in the world, lamentably. J Church and fellow Mission District residents Jawbreaker are alike in that regard, although no one could possibly mistake Hahn's voice for Schwartzbach's. Both groups are awesome.

One of Lance Hahn's idiosyncracies is what seems to be a burning desire to put out a barrage of records on a variety of different labels. During its brief life, J Church has already released a total of 12 singles, something like that, not counting vinyl variations and placed a slew of stuff on comp albums, tracks which have been reassembled into 3 full lengths and a couple CDEPs. Keeping up with Lance, Gardner, and Wade is a real challenge for even dedicated collector scum and you choose to accept this mission, all the best.

Honey Bear Records is a label owned by Lance Hahn and his significant other, Missy Lavallee. This is the label's second J Church release and almost shockingly features a slick two-color pic sleeve: most J Church sleeves have a patented and trademarked stark black-and-white layout, usually working class folks doin' working class things or political people being political. The A-side features a terrific original song, introspective and poetic—with guitars. I repeat that J Church is a very great band. A Duran Duran cover song, "Planet Earth," takes up most of the flip. That one leaves me cold, but I was fortunately old enough never to have had a Duran Duran phase, so maybe I'm missing something. A weak acoustic throwaway, lunder a minute long, closes out the record.

Get yours for \$3.25 from Honey Bear Records, P.O. Box 460346, San Francisco, CA 94146. This band sells some records in the bay area, so don't delay or your collecting challenge will be even tougher. —T.C.

NEPENTHE/DAN MENCHE SPLIT EP

The packaging alone is reason enough to buy this single. A clear vinyl record in a slightly see-through vellum sleeve (just enough to see the credits inside the record). Nepenthe makes a soothing noiscape that you can fall asleep to. An unconventional piece using a conventional means to create.

Dan Menche's piece is harsher, not grating on your system, yet intense. Sounds like little bugs eating into your brain. This is a pressing limited to only 300 copies, so be sure to get yourself a copy if you can find it.

Elysiasm Records, 21 SE 24th Avenue, Portland, OR 97214. —C.J & K.E.

ELMER/LIZARDS split 7"

"Mocked by the press! Vilified by the critics! But loved by the masses! Elmer will survive!!" Yessir, they shorely will. Corvallis' favorite punkin' bumpkins are back with their second split 7, this time paired with a goofy and entertaining Sacramento pop-punk band with vocals that sound like Biafra on the wrong speed. But you don't care about Lizards, do ya? You all'd r'ather be a hearin' 'bout how our hometown pards James, Jimmy, Johnny, and Job are makin' out in the big city of Portlandia...

Elmer gives us two tracks here, leading off with "Creature of Habit," their golden oldie about a nun from hell. The song starts purty slow and ends up purty fast and sorta encapsulates what the band is about—punked-out hokum hillbilly riffs with doofus lyrics. Their side ends with their cover of The Man in Black's "San Quentin," complete with an ending they ripped off from some stadium rock song or another. This one is played a bit too slow and straight to qualify as authentic Elmer product if you ask me, but I don't drink 'shine or eat Ephedrine, so what do I know? I am certain of this: Elmer is a comical band. Don't miss 'em when they come to town sometime this spring. Turgid Records, P.O. Box 304, Sacramento, CA 95812. —T.C.





**No
Taang
for
Ted**

I've had words on this band for quite some time. They've got

catchy, cool little tunes —19 of 'em!—on this, their first CD. I'd call them a more upbeat XTC? They've got a few riffs that remind me of long-time Corvallis band, Magick Circle, but not quite so folky. It's just great self-produced guitar pop. And though I hate to borrow from a "press kit" - this time, a band actually summed themselves up pretty well, by calling their music, "a varied mess of alterna-bop 'n pop tunes". I agree, get this.

Clay Henry, P.O. Box 1862, Tucker, GA, 30085 or Email "tedlee123@aol.com" for availability. —André

KPANTS

Charmless [Grinning Idiot]

Very nice production here, another fine product of Tony Proveaux's ProArts Studio in Eugene. Local bands should check him out instead of instantly heading for studios to the north...

Kpants just might be the next Nirvana. Not likely, but that's certainly what they're shooting for. Powerchords and vacuous lyrics, fine Modern Rock product for college radio, I suppose. Four minute songs and ballads and all sorts of wonderfully delightful rocker things. 'Tain't punk. I can just see the frat boys shoving people from behind, er, *moshing* to the inspirational sounds of this appropriately named album... Kstupid and kpretentious. —T.C.

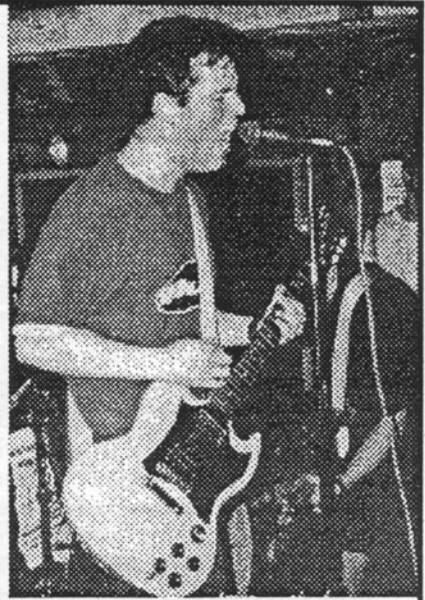
HUTCH

"The Last Cold I'll Ever Catch" 7"
[Excursion/Dutch East]

Damn, I like this band a lot. One of the best Oregon bands going, absolutely no doubt... Hutch used to be called Rake. They did one single and it was good, but the lawyers came and scared them away—other bands had used the name Rake before. Time for a name change. So now they've got a second single under their collective belts, even though it's the first single with the name "Hutch" on the sleeve. It's great, too, incidentally.

This is tuneful straight-on punk rock with vocals sung hard by Bret Van Horn, a bright guy and Big Dog in the making who lives in Gresham. Point of reference here is Lazyboy. That means it's good. My secret wish for 1995 is for Pete Normal and Mr. Bret to get together and make a record—they're clearly members of the same *karass* and I'm sure that their collaboration wouldn't wind up being hokey shit like Pete Krebs and Elliot Whathisname's wanky, wimpy atrocity of a seven-inch...

I'm gonna say "buy this" and you're gonna ignore me and then I'm gonna say "BUY THIS!!!" and maybe you'll stop nodding off into space for a moment and notice that the name of the band is HUTCH and that they are from OREGON and that they FUCKING ROCK and that they HAVE A SINGLE and it costs THREE DOLLARS and you can get it by taking THREE DOLLARS out of your POCKET or your WALLET or PURSE and putting it in an ENVELOPE and mailing it to EXCURSION, P.O. Box 20224, Seattle, WA 98102. This band needs to play Corvallis—soon! —T.C.



Mecca Normal *Sitting on Snaps* [Matador/Warner Bros.]

This band really knows how to create music that sends chills up my spine. Combine Jean Smith's incredible vocals with David Lester's guitar stylings, and you've got a great record every time. *Sitting on Snaps* has eleven songs on it, which total 35 minutes of musical bliss. My favorite tracks are "Only Heat" and "Frozen Rain," but every track on this CD is good. —K.E.



THE McCRACKENS *What Comes First*

Upon listening to this, five influences came out- Cheap Trick, The Plimsouls, The Ramones, The Knack, and Big Drill Car, all with Screaching Weasel-type whiny leads here and there. These guys are destined for the Pop Hall of Fame if their future releases are this strong.

I'm not going to get too excited, the last time I did that with a band I later discovered that they were a metal band two years previously and are now touring with The Beastie Boys. But these Canadian chimps rock and have put out a very strong selection of tuneage with more melodies and hooks than most bands of today. Rumor has it they play in chicken suits. All the better, I think I've found a new favorite band.

Some of the songs are even too poppy for me, but with repeated listenings, I'm ready to roadie for them. Nearly every song is a winner and it's out on a great label to boot. A+.

Shredder Records, 75 Plum Tree Lane #3, San Rafael, CA 94109. Available at record stores through Mordam. -SUEÑO KING

I had serious trouble keeping a focus just to review this. I mean this is Mac Davis / Jimmy Buffet / Joe Jackson thrown in a blender. Maybe it was the fact that the New Bomb Turke LP just finished playing, but The Potatomen really let me down. With the Lookout! showrunners at the helm, I think more could've been done. Lyrics on "Punk Rock Boy" are excellent and the musicianship is great, but I think Livermore would've had to look hard to find a label to put this boring shit out. Music to sip iced tea to. Period. Maybe I just don't get it. On Lookout!, of course. —Sueño King

MORAL CRUX

Greatest Hits CD

I Was a Teenage Teenager LP



MONITOR

I remember having friends who were into this band back in '89 and I know they were around a few years before that, but I couldn't really remember what they sounded like. This record (the CD and the LP versions have different titles) mixes old style punk like the Ramones and The Buzzcocks with a sort of early '80s So. Cal. pop punk sound. The music is pretty good and the band tries to make a few admirable statements in the lyrics, but the production is kinda weak, which keeps this from being something I would listen to a lot.

Monitor Records, P.O. Box 4906, Berkeley, CA 94704. —P.F.N.

WOOLLY MAMMOTH

Sparkle EP

Three chord melodic "Punk" Rock (mostly Rock) with the vocals satisfying the hook criteria. The vocals are reminiscent of Green Day. While Woolly Mammoth is a great band to see live, this EP lags and comes off about as exciting as plain yogurt.

Suggestion: Play this EP at 45 rpm for an exciting, poppy, East Bay, Crimpshrinish sound. The only bad part of this suggestion are the resulting Chipmunk vocals.

Woolly Mammoth, 1006 Fulton Avenue, Sunnyvale, CA 94089. \$2.50 postpaid. —A.C.

NEW BAD THINGS
Serious Cat 7"

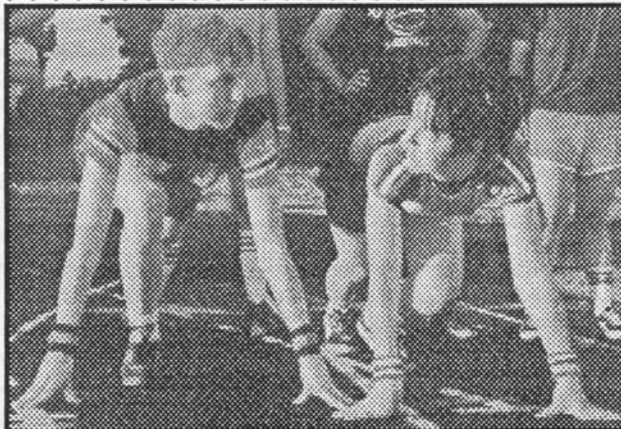
PORTLAND'S OWN AT THEIR FINEST. "SERIOUS CAT" IS A NICE MELLOW TUNE, "PRODUCT" GETS YOU BOUNCING AROUND THE ROOM, AND THE NEW VERSION OF "I SUCK" IS REALLY GREAT. DON'T BUY IT JUST BECAUSE THERE'S A NEW VERSION OF "I SUCK" THOUGH, BECAUSE THE OTHER SONGS ARE JUST AS SPIFFY.

STICKY RECORDS, 32 MARINE CLOSE, LEIGH-ON-SEA, ESSEX, SS9 2RE, UK. —C.J.

My Favorite Martian

"When The Anger's Too Strong" 7"

Ok, Kurt Bloch fans, get your money out. This 3 track single features Kurt and bruddah Al, along with drummer Nate. Not as good as The Fastbacks, better than Young Fresh Fellows. Best track is a cover of a song by Greg Sage and The Wipers. Another solid effort by The Kurt. Three dollars from Bongload Records, P.O. Box 931538, Hollywood, CA 90093. —T.C.



**TEAM
DRESCH
PERSONAL
BEST**

Chainsaw/Candy Ass

Finally, Team Dresch has released their debut album. I've been waiting for this one for awhile. So, why is it that I'm having such a hard time reviewing it? Maybe it's the fact that before I'd heard the CD I saw the review of it in *Spin* (they gave it the green light), which left me feeling quite a bit uneasy. Ok, it's a great record with a great line-up (except that Marcy has recently left the band). I guess what makes me uneasy about *Personal Best* is that I can easily understand why *Spin* gave it the good review. This is a record that any MTV-alterno-hipster could love. And now we can all get into an argument about 'mainstream' vs. 'indie' and how our 'scene' is being co-opted (or how it doesn't make a darn bit of difference anyway). And besides, Candy-Ass and Chainsaw are indie labels anyway. So what is my problem??? Maybe it's just that the record is a little too polished, but then again their shows at La Luna have been the same way. Oh well, whatever.

Chainsaw/Candy-Ass. At your favorite record store or ten bucks postpaid from 1000 Flowers, 251 SW Madison, Corvallis, OR 97333. —K.E.

SEBADOH BAKESALE (SUB POP/WARNER BROS.)

The Sub Pop propaganda machine really kicked out the jams on this one, posters everywhere. It's not bad stuff, vaguely punk flavored rock in the same vein as Hazel. When all is said and done, this is a lyrics band rather than a hooks band, a fact which is neither good nor bad in and of itself, just a fact. The guitars have an edge to them, but the tempos are too slow for this to hold much interest for me. DC sound on sedatives. Zzzzzzzzzzz... —T.C.



FREE KITTEN

"OH, BONDAGE, UP YOURS!"

7" PICTURE DISC

This is a Sonic Youth collectible, featuring Kim Gordon. It sucks. The A-side is an X-Ray Spex cover song which lacks originality and pales in comparison to the 1977 original. The B-side is nothing but about a minute and a half of the word "FUCK!" being gratingly shrieked.

I never did like Sonic Youth... —T.C.



ELLIOTT SMITH AND PETE KREBS

Self-Titled 7"

[SLO-MO]

Elliott Smith (Heatmiser) and Pete Krebs (Hazel) have recorded two songs, one written by Pete and one by Elliott, on which they both sing, play acoustic guitar, cymbals, drum, piano, harmonica and assorted household objects. Both Pete and Elliott have great vocals and song-writing abilities. These songs would be wonderful except for the instances where they're singing together. Somehow the combination of their vocals doesn't quite work. Otherwise this record would be excellent.

Slo Mo, P.O. Box 40724, Portland, OR 97240.

-K.E.

GO SAILOR *Fine Day for Sailing 7"*

A SAN FRANCISCO TRIO, EXCEPT FOR ROSE (THE SOFTIES), WHO LIVES IN PORTLAND. FOUR SKIPPY POP SONGS ABOUT LOVE AND RELATIONSHIPS. GROOVY. THIS IS THE FIRST YO-YO 7" ON PRETTY GREEN-BLUE VINYL. GO BUY IT SO PAT CAN PUT OUT MORE GREAT SINGLES. YO-YO RECORDINGS, P.O. BOX 10081, OLYMPIA, WA 98502.

-C.J.



Our Band Could Be Your Life:

a tribute to D Boon and the Minutemen

Thirty-three different bands contribute Minutemen covers, including Hazel, Oswald 5-0, Crackerbash, Strawman, Jawbox, Unwound, Kaia, Thurston Moore, Lou Barlow... You get the idea, it's quite an impressive list. Well, like most compilations, this has its ups and downs. On the "ups" side I would list Unwound, Crackerbash, Dos (Mike Watt and Kira both contributing vocals and bass) and Kaia. The "downs" would definitely include Free Kitten and Meat Puppets. There are also about 8 minutes from interviews with D Boon and Mike Watt, as well as a brief live performance. All in all, this isn't a bad compilation, but I'd rather listen to the Minutemen themselves.

Little Brother, PO Box 3224, Eugene, OR 97403. **-K.E.**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

This is Berkeley, Not the West Bay 2x7"

[Zafio Records]

This entire package, from the cover to the contents, are a total rip off of yesteryear's "This is Boston, Not L.A." release. An overall horrible record that is about 10 years past its prime. **Black Fork** plays bland three chord punk with whiney female vocals. They sound like a mid-'80s punk band, Red Scare or something. No frills. **Dead and Gone** puts forward a horrible recording that sounds like they'd be more at home with the Death Metal crowd. Overly distorted guitar, very muddy. **AFI** has typical mid-'80s HC sound with crowd chanting lyrics. "I hate you"—how punk. Nothing special here. **Screw 32** is the best band on this EP. Still more mid-'80s HC with some decent vocals and backups. No hooks, however. You most likely wouldn't walk away whistling this one.

-A.C.

VELVEETACORE ALERT!

GUNS N' WANKERS *self-titled*



I have such an aversion to *that sound* that I had a hard time getting the shrink wrap off of this one, it having a Fat Wreck Chords label on it and all. I mean, I don't have anything against 'em personally, other than the fact that their singles are 4 bills by mail instead of 3 and that every record I've ever heard on the label sounds like warmed over and inferior edition of NO FX...

This proves to be the American edition of an album released by a UK band on a UK label. I got my hopes up for a couple minutes—maybe this would be different! But alas, it is, um *that sound* again. You know: really, really, really polished production, digitally recorded in a 148 track studio over a 6 year period by 4 engineers. Fast guitars playing power chords with creepily perfect background vocals, probably about 6 vocal tracks layered on in the mix. If the major labels weren't so incompetent they would have invented this sound ten years ago.

This is "punk rock" for frat boy jocks to duck their shoulders to and smash people in the pit. No passion, no discernable point, no rough edges. It's all perfectly sanitized for the American consumer who drinks Budweiser beer and Folger's coffee—with sugar.

I hope Mike sells lots of records and makes lots of money, just like Epitaph, 'cuz I think he's probably a nice enough guy and better him than Warner Bros. I'm not kidding. But I drink Saxer stout and take my coffee fresh-ground, strong, and black. This is Velveetacore™ pseudopunk and it sucks bigtime. **-T.C.**

FITZ OF DEPRESSION

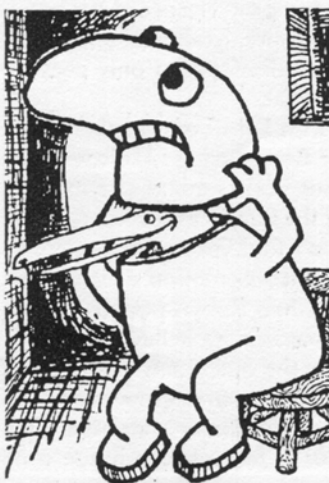
"Lie" b/w "Glad All Over" 7"



Catchy punk rock from Olympia. The A-side is straight-on punk rock, while the flip features a poppy cover song. I like it! Too bad they played the juice bar in Corvallis on a school night...

-DZIN

The Cannanes 7"



The Cannanes are a foursome from Australia who produce somewhat-simplistic, but superb, poppy tunes. They alternate between male and female vocals and have a standard line-up with occasional horns thrown-in. There are three songs on this single, one of which is a loungey tune sung in German. Start with this single and if you like it be sure to check out their full-length 'Short Poppy Syndrome' which was released on Ajax over the summer.

Little Teddy Recordings, Schifferlstrasse 1, 80687 München, GERMANY. **-K.E.**

SHOW REVIEWS

SUPPORT LIVE MUSIC—GET OUT AND GO!

FAR/DOLLAR NINETY-NINE/LEWIS
DEC. 2, 1994 JACKSON ST. JUICEBAR, COR

In my experience, there are two Northwest bands whose performances can drive your mind, body, and heart into the ground with the fierce intensity of a tornado plaguing Auntie Em's farm. Seeing the first—Portland's self-proclaimed "greatest band in the world," **Dead Moon**—will usually require a lengthy drive to Satyricon or La Luna in the city. However, band number two, **Far**, frequents Corvallis regularly and promises a loud, fun-filled, and emotional evening for the whole family.

I had to haul ass to finish work on Thursday night to get over to the Juice Bar to see the show. Fortunately (or not) I was able to hear the last couple **Lewis** songs. I was generally unimpressed and rather bored with their tunes. Musically their melodies were neatly arranged and mathematically quite pleasing to the ear, following **Mozart**. Unfortunately, emotion and honesty seemed to be lacking or false. I don't know, maybe it was me. The first thing I saw when I walked in the door was a bassist with a funny-looking hat bouncing around the stage and a singer moaning and clutching a microphone like a pacifier. Was it or was it not **Pearl Jam** doing an unannounced gig in disguise? You decide. Didn't fool me.

It's a shame that this was **Dollar Ninety-Nine's** last show. The band showed real improvement since the last time I saw them at Beaverpalooza—their set was much more together and they had grown tighter as a band. The best part was their guitars. They were goddamn loud. The 99ers screamed at the top of their lungs through the mics and still were not sufficiently heard over the guitars. Most of their songs were based on instrumentation though, so the thundering guitars over the vocals didn't affect the quality of the show too much. Anyway, there was promise in this band so let's hope some of these guys go on to do other stuff for us.

Far, a Sacramento band, has a rapidly growing fan base in Corvallis which welcomes their return every few months. More and more Far t-shirts and stickers are surfacing around town. My roommate has almost as much Far paraphernalia lying around our apartment as my boomer-Deadhead father has skulls, roses, and live tapes. Far is difficult to describe, perhaps akin to **Tool** with their quiet, tension building harmonies followed by bursts of rage and frustration. The difference lies in the intelligence of the lyrics and song-writing. Tool's gross-out artwork, lyrics, and image appeals to the Beavis and Butthead in all of us but only goes so deep. Give Tool a brain and you get Far.

You can't help falling in love with Far if you see them live. Picture Adam Sandler as a **Beastie Boy**, playing a **Helmet** tune and you've got guitarist Shaun Lopez. His guitar playing has steadily improved with everything the band has recorded—\$40 for ten bands at Lollapalooza won't find you a more talented musician than he. Lopez's chords shout out emotion, a dichotomy of anger and passion. Drummer Chris Robyn pounds his set steadily, sporting a huge smile. He seems like a helluva guy. Bassist John Guttenberger is apparently the quiet man of the band but his sometimes mellow and sometimes harsh grooves provide a strong foundation. Then there's vocalist Jonah Matranga. This guy is so intense live that you actually feel his pain inside your

body. Guess what? It hurts. "Time is wasted when we feel no pain," he intones.

Far opened with two new songs. The first was mellow and actually stayed that way throughout, the stress level building steadily but never exploding as it would in most Far songs. Beautiful! The next song, entitled "The Boxer," was different. It maintained high energy all the way through and climaxed as Jonah rampaged, growled a countdown, and finally shouted "Knock-out!" Every Far fan in the crowd immediately took the song as their own. The remainder of the show consisted of familiar songs from their last two releases, including "Less," "Seasick," and "The Ballad of Simon and Constance," along with a few new songs. The band says they are not quite sure yet what to do with the new material.

Far introduced a new song that was written for a friend who committed suicide. It was very emotional, I could have sworn I saw a tear drip from Jonah's face. Next he dedicated the song "Girl" to a fan who I've seen at a couple shows, always in front and always singing every lyric. Right on! She knows Far rips. The song is one of betrayal and abuse and never fails to tear at your gut with remorse and regret.

The band closed with an untitled song that didn't really have any words to it either. Jonah offered the audience the challenge to come up with lyrics and a title and to send it to them. Guitarist Shaun turned to drummer Chris and told him to "just keep playing until Jonah turns around and looks really pissed." And so it was.

—Tyler R. Campbell

POTATOMEN/ROUND 9/ROCKERBANDS
JAN. 13, 1995 JACKSON ST. JUICEBAR, COR

WRITE YOUR OWN ZINE SHOW REVIEW!

It was a dark and stormy night. The show surprisingly opened with **Round Nine** who **A) TALKED B) WEASELED** their way onto the bill at the last minute due to the fact that **A) LARRY AND PATRICK FROM LOOKOUT! RECORDS WERE IN THE ROOM B) THEY NEEDED MONEY FOR FOOD AND HOPED PEOPLE WOULD THROW CHANGE INTO A GUITAR CASE FOR THEM WHILE THEY WERE PLAYING.** They were **A) GREAT B) TIRESOME**, as usual. They are definitely getting **A) BETTER B) WORSE** and it's time for them to **A) MAKE A RECORD B) BREAK UP** soon.

Next up was a **A) NASEATING ASSORTMENT OF COCK ROCK WANNABES B) REALLY COOL BAND, DUDE**, called **Spunk**. They played **A) THREE B) NINE C) ELEVEN** times longer than they needed to and bored the **A) HECK B) HELL C) LIVING SHIT** out of the crowd. I wish they would just **A) MOVE TO LOS ANGELES B) SIGN A DEAL WITH SONY AND GO ON TOUR** so that we won't have to suffer again.

The Potatomen came on third, thank God. This Lookout Records house band is fronted by Lawrence Livermore, a **A) 47 B) 87 C) 325** year old **A) WUNDERKIND B) HIPPIE C) \$500,000 MANSION-DWELLING RICH SELL-OUT ROCK STAR** and they really **A) RULED B) WERE STRANGE AND INTERESTING C) SUCKED BIGTIME**. Their music isn't punk, it's warmed over **A) FIFTIES MUSIC B) SIXTIES FOLK MUSIC C) COUNTRY MUSIC D) ALL OF THE ABOVE**. It was **A) TERRIFIC B) NASEATING** stuff. The crowd of about 75 seemed to **A) LOVE B) LIKE C) HATE** them. They have a new album out now, by the way.

Incidentally, the four or five **A) PRICKS B) BUTT-WIPES C) BRAINDEAD JOCKS** who were running into people from behind with their arms extended need to learn how to fucking mosh properly. They really came off as a bunch of **A) THOUGHTLESS IDIOTS B) USE-LESSTWITS** and their stupidity is going to get somebody hurt if it isn't stopped. Clip and save: Don't hit people from behind, don't hit people

who don't wanna mosh, keep your fucking elbows down, don't extend your arms pushing people across the room, stop moving if someone falls to the floor and help them up. Duh. A proper pit involves a lot of bouncing and bumping and a little pushing. It's not about trying to hurt people. Duh.

Finally, **Thunder Jelly** told everyone to clear the front of the stage so they could load their **A) MORONIC B) ROCKIN'** mountain of **A) SHIT B) EQUIPMENT** on stage. Most of the crowd wisely went home before these **A) PRETENTIOUS WANKERS B) REALLY ROCKIN' DUDES** started their set, which lasted **A) THREE B) NINE C) ELEVEN** times longer than it needed to.

By the way, didja check out the autographed glossy photo Thunder Jelly left on the juicebar's kitchen counter? One of the superstars even signed as "Gene Simmons," har har, what a character! Sheeeeeeit, what a bunch of **A) SELF-IMPORTANT NO-HOPE DIPSHITS WHO SHOULD DO THE RIGHT THING AND DRINK A HALF-GALLON BOTTLE OF JACK DANIELS, MAKE LOUD WHOOPING NOISES, AND GO FOR A SWIM IN THE OCEAN B) ROCKIN' RIGHTEOUS DUDES.**

The end. [YOUR INITIALS HERE]

—T.C.

COMING TO CORVALLIS

APRIL 13

ZOINKS!

Jackson St. Juicebar

t h e b u z z

God, I've been so hyper lately that I've been driving my wife ape fucking shit. Doin' *Zine*, doin' a wholesale record distribution called 1000 Flowers, doin' a record label called Mutant Pop, jamming with some people, helping with the indie buying at Happy Trails... That's just my hobby stuff—trying to have a life, too. Oh, yeah, and I'm trying to assemble a database encompassing every single record review published in *Maximum RockNRoll* in 1994. I've got 10 1/2 months in the can, but I was pushing for January 1 on that project and it keeps sliding back. Ugh. Jeez, I'm a whiner, huh?

Okay, let's talk music stuff. **The Juicebar** needs your continued support! They are going through a bit of personnel turmoil and the next few months are going to be make or break, if you ask me. **WE NEED THIS PLACE!** When there's a punk show, get out there and support it! Don't pike at the door, pay the full price and don't try to weasel them out of their three dollars. And try and buy a cup of coffee or something when you go.

Uncle Bert is about ready to do another record or two. We await his return to vinyl-dom with baited breath. Look for something by **Arcweld** sometime fairly soon.

The great LC of **Maurice** zine is gonna do a compilation tape of Corvallis music. Rumor is that it will be a freebie with a forthcoming issue. I've heard that **Raised by Yaks** is gonna be on it, as will **Dead Like Elvis**—who totally fucking rock, by the way. Don't be surprised if you see them surface on Mutant Pop #3. And they're gonna set the world on fire, mark my words. "I Want To Be A Blonde" is a pop-punk classic!

Mutant Pop #1 will be **Underhand**, who most recently played in support of **Bionic Drop** and **Dumgut** (R.I.P.). I've got an interview in the can for **MRR**, should be four pages long when it's finished. Their tape, recorded with Lastra in PDX absolutely KILLS. It's being mastered in California as this is written. World Class. I'm hyped... —T.C.

From Finland...



Hitmen 3

From Australia...



Exploding White Mice

From San Diego...



The Gamma Men

NKVD RECORDS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Distributed by 1000 Flowers
251 SW Madison, Corvallis 97333



Here's what the critics are saying about us...

"Nothing earth shattering here..."



-Page Turner MRR

"Stale."



-Missy LaVallee MRR

"Kinda boring...murky halftones."



-Bob C. Second Guess

"Mostly for Oregonians, I reckon."



-Jux MRR

Dang, they're all right!

Oh, yeah, we'll be taking ads from labels now—we wanna pump up the press run and get more out in Portland and Salem and Eugene. Rather than hittin' up The Kids for a buck a shot, we decided we'd rather take your money. They'd rather buy records than zines anyway. Camera ready or not, either way... Please write for our bloated ad rates.

Failing that, be sure to keep us abreast of your new releases. Get us on your promo list, it's the only way we have of keeping on top of the new, fresh, and wonderful. But do keep 'em if all you're doing is stupid sexist shit or generic hardcore. Thanks, bye.

—ZINE

ZINE

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