

**Mutant
Pop
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ROUND NINE

tilt SODA JERK

baiting the chimps

LETTERS

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Dear T.C.—

Sorry to hear about *Zine* folding; and disappointed to hear of your decision to replace it with something of narrower focus. The old *Zine* served, I thought, quite a good purpose: it documented the diverse underground music scene in print, and its widening circulation helped publicize that scene. With the shortage of venues, and with the audience split (by drinking age, and further divided into High School, College, Townie, and Post-College groups, to say nothing of clique divisions), having a magazine that dealt with pop-punk and hardcore and noise and experimental rock helped unify things, helped inform people of music outside their social circle.

I wish, in fact, you had broadened *Zine's* coverage: this town possesses quite an active folk scene, and the kind of original, non-standards, improvised-without-a-net jazz played at Java Rama has no weekly venue closer than the Bay Area or Vancouver, BC. Just mentioning these, while still emphasizing rock, would have helped. Nothing will really replace *Zine*—*Spongey Monkey* will come out of Portland, not here, and *Maurice* has minuscule distribution.

Also: I believe that your definition of Punk sets overly tight limits. [**Punk (n.)—an aggressive form of rock and roll music marked by a distinctive style of abrupt guitar riffing, stripped down instrumentation, brief song structures and musical sets, and a general lack of extended solos.**] What of seminal artists such as Television (the first C.B.G.B. band, with Neil Young-like extended guitar solos), The Clash (two- and three-record sets, experiments with dub), Black Flag (more guitar solos, plus spoken word), The Minutemen (shortened '70s hard-rock)? What of New Wave, which drew as much from

the David Bowie-Roxy Music school of art-rock as from punk, but which shared venues, record labels, influences, band members, and fans with early punk? What of proto-punks like The MC-5, The Stooges, and the Velvets and their experiments with extended jazz or noise improvisation? What of Julyan's Tremolo-fests with The Miscreants? I suppose you can cut the definition down to "The Ramones, The Buzzcocks, and anybody that sounds like 'em," but that gets awfully limited, and it excludes one of the most vital elements of punk—its protean ability to borrow from and incorporate other genres.

While The Ramones gave rock back to amateurs and no one can take that from them, in the twenty-plus years since they appeared other easy-to-play approaches have arisen—R.E.M.'s suspended arpeggios, Sonic Youth's textures, and more. Punk should not become as rigid as hardcore, should not turn into a type of social music whose audiences won't tolerate artists pushing beyond expectations. If the magazines that cover it and knit the scene together adopt a definition so exclusive just to separate real punks from careerists like Pearl Jam, it could.

Therefore, I offer a counter-definition: **Punk (n.)—Rock in a hurry.** This includes your definition and suggests most of punk's distinctive features, but does not restrict itself with specifics. It implies the brusque, direct economy of expression, the unsentimental toughness, the preference for simplicity; it incorporates the "skip the buildup, cut to the chase, say it loud and mean it!" aesthetic. While not ruling out exploration and development, it demands purpose and energy, rejects meandering. It has no time for rock-star attitudes. At the same time, it stays open-ended.

While I agree with your definition as a starting point, as "roots," I don't believe that punk music has to stay "pure," must not have a sense of adventure or other influences. I see it more as a concept, a way of thinking and working, rather than as a small genre, and a concept whose definition should err on the side of inclusiveness. Early punk rumbled with energy, burst with intoxicated freedom, precisely because it had no boundaries, because the punks of the time saw

infinite possibilities in their brutally honest music. Yes, they started where you said they did. But they extended that music in all directions, and didn't waste much time ostracizing one another. They just tried to live what they though punk consisted of. They didn't re-define it to exclude whole sub-groups.

Here, I believe, lies the strongest objection to *Maximum RockRoll's* reduction of coverage and to yours: in a scene already so split into quarreling factions, casting people out and telling them "your tastes don't belong" does no service to anyone, only divides people further. For *MRR*, a national magazine that unifies punkdom, that prints worldwide scene reports, that allows punks too far-flung to share a beer to share ideas, such a move amounts to a shirking of journalistic responsibility, to the behavior of a photocopied rant-zine rather than the powerful force it has become. Even before this, its narrow coverage drew many objections. Now the cowpunks know how the jazzcores, the metal-hawks, the speedfolkies felt all along—left out by their own kind. As an appreciable part of the glue that binds a subculture, *MRR* no longer belongs just to Tim Yohannon. It belongs to all punks.

In fairness, I need to bring up another reason for those objections to *MRR's* area-of-coverage policy—many musicians have now lost their access to the *MRR* publicity machine and the *MRR* audience (or never had it) and feel a bit resentful. I suspect that Larry Livermore (leader of the *very* countrified Potatomen) feels this way. As a member of Raised by Yaks, an often punk-sounding band with extensive jazz, classical, and art-rock influences, I might know how he feels. Getting back to my earlier definition of "Punk," if The Clash sound like The Stones-in-a-hurry, The Buzzcocks like The Kinks-in-a-hurry, The Ramones like Sixties-One-Hit-Wonders-in-a-hurry, The Dead Kennedys like Zappa-in-a-hurry, and The Miscreants like Crazy Horse-in-a-hurry, then our band sounds like King Crimson-in-a-hurry.

Back in *Zine* #8 you gave us the cover story (and I thank you for that). Nowadays, however, our music may fall entirely outside the scope of *Mutant Pop*. "Sour Grapes," you might say. Yet, although we've never enjoyed or really

tried for huge popularity, I can hear a certain influence in some of the other bands in town, a realization that complexity does not necessarily suck, that used well and thoughtfully, it can add drama, add emotional color, and cost very little in power. And you *like* those other bands.

In a small way, your decision to only cover the music you like, and others' objections to this, mirrors the Yohannon-Biafra controversy. Yohannon appears, from his actions, to see himself as keeping the flame of Punk populism alight, as a guardian of the concept that everyone's an artist, that the people must lead and the bands as institutions follow. His decisive coverage shrink, his allowing known bullies to hang out at Gilman Street, look like the decisions of a man who aggressively rejects the concept of leadership, the onus that with success he has also earned responsibilities.

Meanwhile Jello's work with the DKs and Alternative Tentacles (one of the important punk bands and labels) has made him a figure and theoretician of equal consequence—one who stresses independent thought and activism, and who signs wildly diverse acts, from No Means No (Rush/Jack Bruce-in-a-hurry) to the Beatnigs (early live-band rappers). Two opposing visions of punk: purist populism versus politicized diversity. Or: does Punk need a restricting, simplified definition to keep it in a state so basic that any beginner can play it well, or can those who stick with it and grow onward still belong to the club? Where does the line get drawn? What will you print?

In your own magazine, you have the right to draw any line anywhere you damn well please. I would never deny that, and don't expect this to change your mind. You seem to have a vision of *Mutant Pop* becoming to pop-punk what *MRR* has become to hardcore, and I can certainly appreciate such an ambition, though I don't agree with it. While *MRR*'s tight policy and resulting strong identity perhaps contributed to its success, its coverage of the trunk and the roots of punk at the expense of the branches may have stifled the music as much as helped—as you know, most growth occurs out at branch-tips, while a trunk consists primarily of dead wood. I don't think the world needs another magazine covering only the basics (if a slightly different version of them). However, the southern valley, the Eugene-Corvallis-Albany-Salem area, does need a good underground-rock magazine, and *Zine* could have, and started

to, become that.

I liked *Zine* and I admired the way you printed stories on, supported, and saw value in music you didn't always listen to yourself. I don't advocate or at all believe that you should abandon punk and cover everything indiscriminately—on that road lies pointlessness. I do think that you could have emphasized and kept your commitment to punk and its audience, yet dealt with other artists as well, ones who produce the sort of passionate, uncompromisingly independent, high-energy music that should earn them a connection with the punk audience—whatever their genre. But you decided not to. The demise of *Zine* and the loss of what it could have grown into saddens me. I think you made a mistake.

Sincerely,

John Hagelbarger/Raised by Yaks
Corvallis, OR

Dear John—

Thank you for an intelligent and thoughtful letter. You raise a number of interesting and important issues, and I'll try and take them all on, beginning from the top.

Zine did initially attempt to build a unified and diverse local music scene. This remains a noble objective, it's just that I have limited time and resources and there are other things that need to be done more, in my opinion. My primary loyalty is to a genre of music called punk rock and to the entire matrix of political and social values which have historically been highly correlated with that musical form. I want to produce a publication that is important to others who are travelling the same path, I want to produce a publication that helps in some small way to help build and unite a regional network of scenes that support punk bands and live punk rock music. I simply have no interest contributing time and effort to producing a publication that flacks for every shitty band that comes down the pipe from Olympia or Portland.

I believe that you are wrong to dismiss *Maurice* zine for its small circulation. Ditto for *Frog God*. Rather, it would be far better for you to contribute time and money to those publications, helping to build 'em into a literary vehicles capable of advancing the objective of a united local scene. The forums are there, write for 'em, support 'em with your money, help 'em to grow in both qualitative and quantitative terms. Putting fanzines out takes a great deal of time, energy, and money, as you are doubtlessly aware. One person can make a difference, and I urge you to get involved.

Now let's talk about punk rock. I stand by my definition; it may not be flawless, but it is very close to the mark indeed. Punk rock is a TYPE OF

MUSIC. It is not an attitude, although far be it from me to neuter the ideological component associated with that musical form. Indeed, the reason punk rock music is important is because of its ideological component—the DIY ethic of cooperation, distrust of media and political elites, the core component of egalitarianism, the sense that personal participation can be and is meaningful. And punk rock sounds cool, too, let's not forget that!

There are many people who scoff at the notion that punk rock is important. John Crawford, for one, is a leading exponent of the theory that punk is nothing but libido and merchandising, that Youth Rebellion is a phase of the life process, and Punk Rock is nothing more than a product to be marketed to kiddies in their rebellious years. That's really cynical, if you ask me, but at least he's honest. This is precisely the perspective that Warner Brothers and the other fat guys are taking to this punk rock thing. "Here, you snot-nosed kids, this is Green Day. Aren't they snotty? Cute too, in a snotty kinda way! Your parents will hate them!!! Thanks for the fifty million bucks." So it goes.

I've been around long enough to know that for the majority of the audience at any given show in any given town on any given night, they're probably right. In fact, I don't give a flying fuck if for 90% of the audience punk rock is nothing more than The Adolescent Flavor of The Day, a chance to get out and pick up cute guys or chicks or whatever they're trying to pick up. 'Cause the other 10% are gonna have their lives changed forever by punk, even if they go on to live seemingly mundane daily existences. And when the barricades go up some day—and they will go up, let there be no mistake about that, although it may not happen for another fifty years or more—I know who's gonna be manning them. It's gonna be the rebellious adolescent kids of the day and the so-called adults who have managed to absorb and retain the values of participation, cooperation, and utter distrust of powerful elites.

THAT'S why punk rock is important in the long run. Take that, Crawford!

That's the ideological component. But there is also the musical component, that's important, too. I like punk rock. I really, really like it. I want to do a publication that promotes the stuff that I like, so that more bands play it and people turn out to see it, and thus there are more good things to listen to, more shows to see. Let's forget the proto-punks. Punk rock really emerged in England. It got big fast in the UK in 1976 and 1977. By 1980 or so, it was essentially dead over there. The important UK bands—let's use The Clash as an example, since you brought them up—"extended that music in all directions." They "grew onward" and winded up producing records that sucked. The power, passion, and revolutionary energy of *The Clash* and

Give 'Em Enough Rope gave way to the bloated, sedentary, pretentious meanderings of **Sandinista**, truly a Biafran monument to excess with its idiotic shrieking folksingers, wanky violin bits, lousy tuneless dub, and other assorted excrement. **Sandinista** would have made a damned fine 12" EP, but it was a triple album that was bequeathed upon us, the fans. God, that record still pisses me off...

Here's another classic example: Gang of Four. I defy you to crank **Entertainment!** (1979) and then crank **Hard** (1983) and then tell me in what way the band "grew onward" and how the latter exceeds the importance of the first. It's a piece of shit, John, with four minute songs and drum machines. Artsy, pretentious, wanky shit. And I could list a dozen other important bands that "grew onward" in a similar manner.

All the great UK bands, the bands I cut my teeth on, every single fucking one, disintegrated like this or broke up. So if you find my chirping about bands producing artsy fartsy bullshit instead of the energetic rock and roll they are capable of to be annoying, dismiss it as a product of my own adolescent traumas...

I don't accept your equation of punk rock with "the amateurs" in the slightest. Such words imply extreme musical proficiency and complexity of musical form are superior in essence to minimalism and spartan form. Such an ideology may possibly hold true for classical music, where virtuosos practice their archaic instruments ad nauseum before publicly reciting their appointed lines, but is utterly alien to the spirit of rock and roll, a music which is much more about **feeling and experiencing** than **viewing**.

You're right in saying that I want to cover the basics, the trunk of the tree, rather than the branches. Everyone knows that millable timber comes from the stem of the tree, while the hacked off branches are piled in a heap and burned as waste. That's a bit mean, perhaps, but at least as fitting a metaphor as your own "most growth occurs out at branch-tips, while a trunk consists primarily of dead wood." In reality 95% of every genre of music is utter crap, except for Country Western, in which case the percentage of useless vomit rises to 100%. I wanna help music fans find the 5% and ditching the lame Olympia pop, posing metalheads, talentless HC bands, and assorted cockrock wankers is a good start. If I ever run out of bands that pass muster, I'll let you know. Rather than being the small, isolated genre that you imply, there are hundreds and hundreds of bands out there, playing punk rock in a broad range of styles. There's room in the tent for punky garage bands like **The Miscreants**, punky surf bands like **Beatnik Termites**, punky ska bands like **Round Nine**, and even DK-influenced punky experimental bands such as your own.

Which is not to say I'm a fan of eclecticism. I'll leave that to Biafra, who remains in large measure responsible for the shitty mess that was American punk rock in the middle-1980s through his bizarre mishandling of the roster of his own label. Biafra seems to have no discernable taste in music whatsoever, and nothing will shake me of this view. I don't really know of any indispensable Alternative Tentacles albums, other than **Fresh Fruit...** and **Frankenchrist**. Aw, **The Hanson Brothers** thing is pretty damned good, too. But shit, you give me 100 rolls of the dice and I'll roll "7" more times than that...

I don't have any pretenses of competing with **MRR**, which remains the most important punk rock publication in the world today. I just wanna supplement it and help toss snow onto the avalanche that it has created. If there were no Tim Yohannon, I'd be tapping my toe to the latest R.E.M. album right now, of that I'm sure.

There is value in all serious (and seriously goofy!) music. I just don't wanna bust my hump flacking for most of it.

Thanks again for writing and please do keep reading this thing.

—T.C.

Hello—

You seem to have a pretty cool magazine going there--except for one MAJOR flaw...your incessant slagging of the Melvins and Karp...you even compare them in issue #9 to GG Allin!!!!!!!!!! What in the Hell is wrong with the Melvins? It's not as though they are just a lame heavy metal/heshier/butt-rock band—but do in fact have a long punk rock past. They've been around for 13 or 14 years and have a lot to do with the creation of a burgeoning NW music scene, and I'm not just talking "grunge". The Melvins have paid some serious dues and despite finally signing to a major label still aren't getting any respect from the industry--so why does the Indy/underground scene need to rip on them, too? I saw the Melvins in Eugene at the WOW Hall in February of 1993. They played an hour and a half long set (that was by the way only six songs), took a fifteen minute break, and came out and played for another hour, and there were only about 100 people at that show--that's punk!!!!!! And as for Karp, in issue #9, their new album gets mentioned 3 times in different people's top ten lists. Including by Lois who's a fucking FOLK singer!!!!!!!!!!

Gabe McBride
Salem, OR

Hi, Gabe!

Well, the question of whether punk is a noun or an adjective is certainly long running and I doubt that either of us is going to make too much headway convincing the other. It's a question of how one views the world, I suppose.

Certainly, if punk is nothing more than an attitude or an approach to music, Karp and the Melvins would score big points. I was especially impressed with Karp in that respect--they acted like a "punk" band on stage, they just played repulsive metal-riff gunk, that's all. I saw The Melvins on a big stage during the last Nirvana tour and thus don't have much of a read on them there, but I know that many people are favorably impressed with their integrity and attitude.

Those bands are UNDERGROUND, yeah. And I'll give ya the word ALTERNATIVE. But they aren't punk rock--which is a concrete form of music (like SURF, BLUEGRASS, and COUNTRY/WESTERN are forms of music).

What is PUNK? "Brash, aggressively delivered, loud rock and roll featuring a distinctive form of guitar riffing, short songs and short sets, and minimal soloing." That's getting pretty close to a correct definition of Punk (n.).

There are obviously a variety of sub-forms of the genre of music known as punk, some of which I like (the various flavors of pop-punk and '77-style) and some of which I don't (hardcore). I list the epigones of NOFX and Bad Religion as one of the distinct sub-forms that I dislike (I call it "Velveetacore" because it's really slick, really cheesy, and has no nutritional value... More precisely, it's a form of slickly-polished metal-punk fusion music favored by greasy frat boys that don't have the slightest clue about punk history, punk culture, punk ethics, that just wanna get drunk and hit somebody in the pit...).

So what do I like? I like classic '77-style (Clash, Chelsea, Moral Crux, Pistols, etc.). I like pop-punk in its various flavors, running the gamut from Green Day to Jawbreaker to Screeching Weasel. I like the distinctive "D.C. Sound," best represented by Fugazi, deriving from the first Gang of Four album in the final analysis... I don't care much for the "Seattle Sound" stuff (Mudhoney, Nirvana, et. al.) but I do believe that Nirvana has to be given a great deal of credit as one of the most important punk bands of the 1990s from a historical perspective...

The polished SoCal "Velveetacore" sound is one that I definitely don't like and I don't pretend to have any knowlege whatsoever about the various strands of hardcore, none of which I care for.

The Melvins and Karp are outside of the pale. Underground Metal bands, let's call 'em that.

Well, that's my position. Nope, I didn't convince you. Oh, well.

All the best, timbo



Round Nine

Round Nine hail from Corvallis, Oregon and play an energetic and ska-laced variety of East Bay Sound pop-punk. If that sounds like a verbose way of saying that "they sound quite a bit like Operation Ivy," so be it. At the time of this interview, Round Nine was drummer Josh, guitarists Gabe and Todd, and bassist Ryan. They all sing, too, talented lads all. Interviewed by T. Chandler, photos by Andre Prochaska.

MP: Hello, Round Nine. Hmm, that sounds like a golf term. Is Round Nine a golf name?

In Unison: Yeah!

G: Totally and completely golf.

MP: And you play totally and completely "Ska-Punk." Would that be an accurate description of your sound?

G: Well, kinda the golf version. *(laughter)*

T: We started out with more straight-forward kind of punk and the ska hooks came later. The ska thing sort of caught on. We don't really think of ourselves as a ska band...

MP: You don't wear black and white checks...

T: No. And we don't roll our pants up to our knees either...

MP: So how did the ska-influences come about?

J: I really like playing ska. I want to be in an all-ska band with horns and shit.

MP: Really?

J: Yeah, it's really fun. I'd like to be in a band where everyone could jump at the same time and stuff. *(laughter)*

MP: And rock their horns back and forth in time?

J: Yeah, basically... *(laughter)*

MP: Do the words "Operation Ivy" mean anything to you guys?

R: Not a thing! *(laughter)*

MP: They ripped you off, right? voices: Bastards! Assholes!!!

MP: So who listened to that shit first? I assume that Op Ivy is the closest point of reference to Round Nine's sound, a handle that would make sense to anybody that hasn't heard you play before...

J: Yeah, that seems to be what people are saying..

T: I know I gave you a dub of Op Ivy, Josh...

MP: So Todd started it.

R: Operation Ivy was definitely the first punk band I was into.

MP: How long ago was this, now?

R: I was fifteen. Three years ago.

MP: Well, since you guys are all world renowned Op Ivy experts, you must have some interesting and insightful opinions about Rancid...

T: They rock. The first album is a lot better than the second (*Let's Go*). The first album is totally amazing, I think it's really complete. The first 7" on Lookout! is totally rad, too. But from then on it sorta went downhill.

MP: And then when they put like fifty songs on an album it starts to get a little tiresome, too...

T: All the guitar work got a little bit weak on the last album, as compared to the first one.

MP: What about politics? The first song on your new five-track EP has got a political element to it, I suppose, being about a skinhead and his "64-hole Doc Marten shoes." I'm curious if you guys are political to any extent...

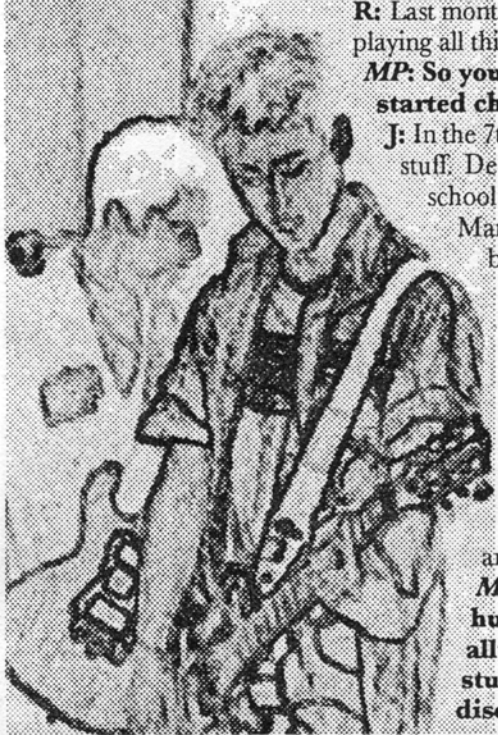
T: Were really not much of a political band, that was just something that was pissing me off when I wrote it, I guess. That whole skinhead-racist thing. But I wouldn't call us a political band at all. Not really.

MP: Have you had trouble with skinheads in your past? Have they been mean to you and called you things? *(laughter)*

G: They make fun of my African heritage! *(laughter)*

T: No, it's just about the skinheads you see at shows that like to run into everyone and beat people up and stuff. That kind of thing.

MP: This is something that I've wondered about, and I really don't have a good theory: Why does punk rock seem to be "white music," so to speak? Why are very few blacks in punk rock bands,



R: Last month—when I realized that's what I was playing all this time... *(laughter)*

MP: So you cut your hair, got a tattoo, and started chain-smoking...

J: In the 7th grade I listened to The Misfits and stuff. Dead Kennedys. When I got to high school I got some music from Todd and Maria and started listening to other stuff besides the really old punk...

T: I basically started out listening with the whole East Bay kind of thing, that's what I started listening to. My first punk band that I really liked was Operation Ivy. Fifteen. I was listening to Rancid right when it came out, I was really stoked on that. As far as punk music goes it started with the whole East Bay thing and kind of when out from there.

MP: Interesting... You're the first human I've found into who actually cut their teeth on the East Bay stuff. Which label was it that you discovered first?

T: Lookout! Records.

MP: Hmm. Lookout! was undeniably a very hot label for a while with a whole bunch of really classic pop-punk coming out. Lately I've been hearing more mixed reviews about them. Do you think that there's been any sort of deterioration of Lookout's quality? For example, do you find that they're getting spread out too thinly, covering too many different kinds of sounds? Or in your view has Lookout! remained pretty consistent to their sound?

T: I think it's been pretty consistent. I'm totally stoked to hear the new Downfall. I think it's still pretty good, still the strongest label by far.

J: I don't know, I haven't heard much of the new stuff. I listen to Crimpshrine and Operation Ivy.

G: Yeah, there's nothing that's really cool, nothing that's really new anymore.

T: I agree, there's not too many bands that I get really stoked on like all the classics yet. There aren't any real standout bands that I see that are coming out on Lookout!. But the Screeching Weasel releases are really good. But that's even a dead thing now. The future will tell, I guess.

J: Fifteen was good until their last album.

MP: The last Fifteen album sucks?

J: The music is good. I think that he just got old...

MP: Maybe they need to change the name of the band to "Twenty-Three" or something...

J: All the lyrics on the first album were totally rad and stuff but...

T: It just seems to totally follow The Formula, I guess, the formula of his old stuff but it didn't have any of the life. Which is kind of how I see some of the new Rancid album, too.

G: Overproduction kind of does that...

T: Yeah but what I think happened was they knew they had something good but they just took that formula and just used it over again. But it just doesn't have what it had. It's totally sad. That's definitely what happened to the new Fifteen album. The new Rancid album is good, it's not just as good as the debut.

MP: Well, we've covered who you were and who you are, but not who you are becoming. What do you hope to accomplish with the band?

R: Punk rock stardom! *(laughter)*

J: The oxymoron. I just hope we can break even on the seven inch and stuff and keep going and I hope we can put more records out. My dream is to live off of playing music.

MP: I want to go back to the oxymoron—what exactly is "punk rock stardom?" **(Jump to page 22)**

why do there seem to be very few blacks among punk rock fans? I mean, I realize that it's hard to notice in Oregon, it being something of a lilly-white population to start with, but even in cities with mixed cultural elements the punk rock fans seem to be overwhelmingly white. Do you guys have any theories about that?

G: Blacks created the blues and jazz and everything pretty much developed from those two forms of music. But of late black musicians seem to have concentrated more on vocals and left their instruments behind. There's not as much concern with instruments as with singing or rapping.

T: Rap is interesting culturally. Punk is that same kind of cultural thing for whites.

MP: You see a parallel between rap and punk, then?

T: I see definite similarities between say Gangsta Rap and Punk as underground music. At least the way punk used to be, obviously it's not underground music now. It's just a cultural kind of thing.

MP: I've always found that to be kind of interesting, especially when you consider that a big majority of punk bands are not only non-racist but are outright anti-racists. It's just kind of interesting.

G: It's just a matter of different cultures. People are more comfortable hanging out with others who are like themselves.

MP: How did you guys get into punk rock?

R: I have no idea. It just overtook me. I couldn't hold it back. *(laughter)*

MP: When was this?

J: Last month! *(laughter)*





TILT



It is no secret that the San Francisco bay area is swarming with great punk rock bands. One of the area's treasures is Tilt, a four-piece unit hailing from the East Side. Fronted by Cinder Block, one of the most magnetic female fronts since Exene Cervenka, the band includes Jeffery Bischoff on guitar and Vince Camacho on drums. The group first released a 7" EP late in 1992 on Lawrence Livermore's Lookout! label, followed in 1993 by an album, *Play Cell*. Now Tilt has reached a crossroads with a change of record labels and the addition of bassist Gabe Meline to replace ex-Chrimpshiner Pete Rypins.

This interview was initially conducted with a view to getting it placed in *Maximum Rockroll*. But MRR already had one from them in print, so it wound up sitting around looking for a home. At long last, here's the interview with Tilt.

M-POP: Jeffery, you and Cinder look like a couple of Three-Ohs with a story. So let's hear how you got into punk ...

JEFFERY: I took off from the home front when I was 15 and moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan. That's where it happened for me. Bands like Destroy All Monsters, which was Ron Ashton from the Stooges; The Cult Heroes, which was a Detroit punk band; and Sonics Rendezvous Band, which was Fred Sonics Smith from the MC5—in the late '70s they were doing the punk thing as well. We would get bands like The Heartbreakers and The Dead Boys, or The Necros would come up from Ohio.

CINDER: I'm from Lincoln, Nebraska. In the early '80s I was depressed about a failed romance and confused by a new one. I let a car full of teenage boys pick me up. We smoked pot and listened to the tape deck, which was blaring X, Dead Kennedys, and Black Flag. Until then the punkest thing I had ever listened to was The Ramones. It takes about two years longer for cool things to hit Nebraska than the rest of the country. Anyway, that's what got me interested in the whole early Los Angeles punk scene, which in turn led to a lot of other things.

M-Pop: What was the first punk band you ever saw?

J: Probably The Cult Heroes playing at the Ann Arbor Art Festival. That was the first punk band, they basically did it in for me. I was already buying punk records, but they were on stage live. What really hit it for me was when they did a cover of "The Stray Cat Blues," the Rolling Stones song. They covered that and totally destroyed it and it was great.

M-Pop: Gotta see it live to really understand it, I think...

J: Yeah, definitely.



M-Pop: Let's jump to the present... You were with Lookout! Records and now you're not. I'm curious about that. If you read Ben Weasel's column in *Maxi*, Lookout! would seem to be quite the thing, with 60% of the net going back to the bands, something like that...

J: Basically, Sony offered us a lot more money... [laughter]

C: And we told them to go fuck themselves!

J: Seriously, Fat Mike from NOFX wanted to put out our first record. We're an indie band at this stage of the game and we figured we'd go with Fat Wreck Chords for the second album. All this 60/40 stuff is fine and good if you're Screeching Weasel and sell 60,000 records or however many they sell, I don't know, but that's not where our motivation was. Our motivation was just putting out a record with someone who was really into us. Not that Lookout wasn't... The new deal is a one-off—no multi-record contracts or anything, we're free to do what we want.



VINCE: We were doing something Lookout didn't like, but as far as I'm concerned, it was none of Lookout's business.

M-Pop: What was that?

V: We were basically entertaining other people's offers. We agreed to do one record with Lookout! and then after that they wanted to do two more records and we didn't want to do that. They got upset and we got upset and everybody was upset. They found out we were talking with other people...

J: ...Because we told them ahead of time.

C: For me personally, *Play Cell* could have been a record I was

proud of, but it wasn't because of the production on it. It was crappy. I don't want super-slick production, but I want production that will do justice to the song writing. I don't care if it sounds fuzzy or distorted as long as the main passion of the song is there. I just would like to put out something as an artist that will do justice to my work and my compatriots' work. I want something that sounds good that I can be proud of. I'm not worried about sales, I'm not worried about promotions so much—although it would be nice to have a couple of ads here and there...

"Don't worry, we're not going to sound like NOFX or Face to Face. It seems that Fat has a definite sound and we don't really fit in, but the relationship is working out well so far."
—Gabe

M-Pop: It seems that Fat Wreck Chords does do a pretty good job of promotions, considering their size...

J: I agree, but our main consideration in making the move was the fact that Mike likes Tilt and we like Mike.

GABE: Don't worry, we're not going to sound like NOFX or Face to Face. It seems that Fat has a definite sound and we don't really fit in, but the relationship is working out well so far.

M-Pop: Your bass player, Pete Rypins, is gone now—you have a line-up change. Do you want to talk about that?

V: Pete has always emulated Michael Jordan and he wanted to go out on top like Jordan...

J: Actually, Pete's getting married next summer and needed more time in his life and couldn't be on the road as much as we're planning to be on the road. He has a priority in making that part of his life happen instead of spending time in a van with a bunch of dirty clothes.

C: I'm going to be a bridesmaid in Pete's wedding. Can you see me in pink taffeta?

J: I'm going to make his wedding cake.

G: Basically, this band wouldn't have been possible without Pete and I'm always going to feel like I've got big shoes to fill. Pete was a great influence on me, both back in Crimpshrine and also hearing how his bass work changed with Tilt.

M-Pop: So how do you find a new bass player when you're Tilt? Do you take out an ad in *BAM* like "Strawman Needs New Drummer?"

C: You've gotta pull from ranks, you can't take out an ad.

J: I fell in love with Gabe about a year and a half ago when he sent me a piano version of "Addiction," a song that was on our first 7", for Christmas. He did the melody line and the bass line on piano and we got it in the mail the day before Christmas. We put it on Christmas morning and it sounded just like a Christmas carol. That's when I was sold.

C: His other band, Ground Round is pretty good, too. They're from Santa Rosa.

G: I'm still in Ground Round and Tilt won't affect that—it's something I've poured my heart into for 2 and a half years.

J: Gabe was our first choice and he said "Yes" immediately,

without question. I second guessed him, I said, "Are you sure, do you want to think about this?" and he said, "No way, I'll be down tomorrow to practice."

C: He's the best bass player I can think of...

J: Plus he knew all of our songs, he'd seen about 30 of our shows before he joined the group.

G: Spending time with Tilt beforehand helped. We got to know one another as really good friends. We knew that we clicked as people and bang, it turned out that we clicked musically, too.

M-Pop: 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...

J: 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, vio-

lence should not be tolerated.

C: 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..

"That's what punk is anyway—making your own choices. It's not about blindly following because someone says something."

—Jeffery

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

M-Pop: Leave that! [laughter]

J: No, definitely, it's true!

G: 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.

(CONTINUES ON PAGE 22)



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SODA ~~Coca-Cola~~ JERK

HOW SODA JERK SAVED OUR LIVES INTERVIEWED BY HUTCH

Never mind the fact that Soda Jerk are quite possibly my favorite band in the whole world right now. And it has nothing to do with the fact that Sara Steen and Olivia Mendez (drums/vocals and vocals, respectively) saved our lives when our van broke down on the way to Eugene one wet, winter night.

Soda Jerk just plain rocks.

Ranging in ages from 17 to 26, they play poppy-punk tunes with an infectiously, hook-laden Superchunk dual-guitar sound and thoroughly enticing female vocals (not to mention they do the coolest cover of "Metro" by Berlin this side of the Atlantic). Soda Jerk is one of those bands that will end up being your spring soundtrack. And, as we spoke with them it became increasingly evident as to how much they really do love each other.

"Kevin and Chris suck my ass collectively," rang out Sara, who happens to be the ex-drummer for Eugene cuddle-punks, Bicker.

Guitarists, Kevin Walters and Chris Metler, California natives (but we won't hold that against them), stake their fame in the fact that they were extras in the River Phoenix film, "Dog Fight."

"We were extras," explained Kevin, "we played hippies, they dressed us up with beads..."

As I chimed in my disbelief, Sara was quick to jump to her bandmates' defense. "We saw it, it was right when River Phoenix

was getting off the bus. Kevin was macking on some chick and Chris was just standing there."

"We both had really long hair at the time," confirms Kevin.

Either way, long hair; actors or not, Kevin and Chris don't have the savant wiles that Olivia procures in the mystical field of astrology. At the tender age of 17 (don't kill me for that Olivia), she can guess your sign in one or two tries -and, no, it's *not* a cheap pick-up ploy. As Olivia belts out the rising signs and various other details about people in the room, Kevin explains her knack for the stars.

"Like the second day I met Olivia, she guessed like all of my roommates' signs, on the first try. Three or four of them."

Sara had a little less luck, as a contradiction of the great friendship they seem to have now, it just may not have started that way.

"When I first met Olivia, she was sitting on the steps here (The Monkeyhouse) and she asked me what my birthday was. And then she wouldn't talk to me for like a good month."

"It's because you were an asshole to me," Olivia breaks in.

"I was not, you were an asshole to me!"

"I was making conversation..."

"You had a fuckin' attitude! Fuck you!"

As a mixture of laughter and shock erupted around the room, it slowly became obvious that this was all in good nature. Trying desperately to make sense of the situation, I attempted to paraphrase and asked them if they really didn't hit it off right away. Olivia broke character for a moment to try and save their relationship, "No we did, she's lying."

"I hated you. Fuck you."

John Dresdner, the bass player for Soda Jerk and ex-bass player for Bicker, was the resident smart-ass of the band for this interview (It must be explained that John is really a great guy, but it was late and spirits were goofy). When the question was asked as to when Soda Jerk would play in Portland, John belted out bitterly, "When you sing surf tunes out your butt." Just a sample of

PHOTOS BY BRET VAN HORN



the many sides of John, he rounds out the five-sided persona of Soda Jerk with a crafty left hook to the face.

"You see, our real band name is Bitch Control. The only way we could do it... is if we have girls in the band. That's the only way we could pull it off," says John, deadpan.

As for the future, Soda Jerk will have lost their drummer to an all-girl college by the time this hits print. Needless to say they will be going through a hell of a time to find a replacement that could ever live up to Sara.

"They're gonna stay together and I'm gonna read about them and they're gonna be big rockstars," said the ever-so-humble Sara.

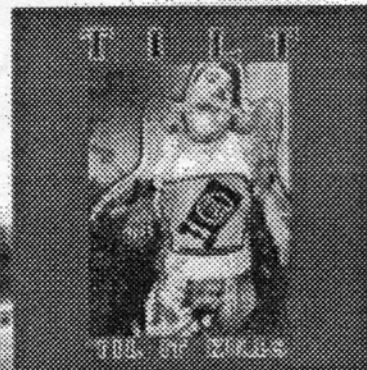
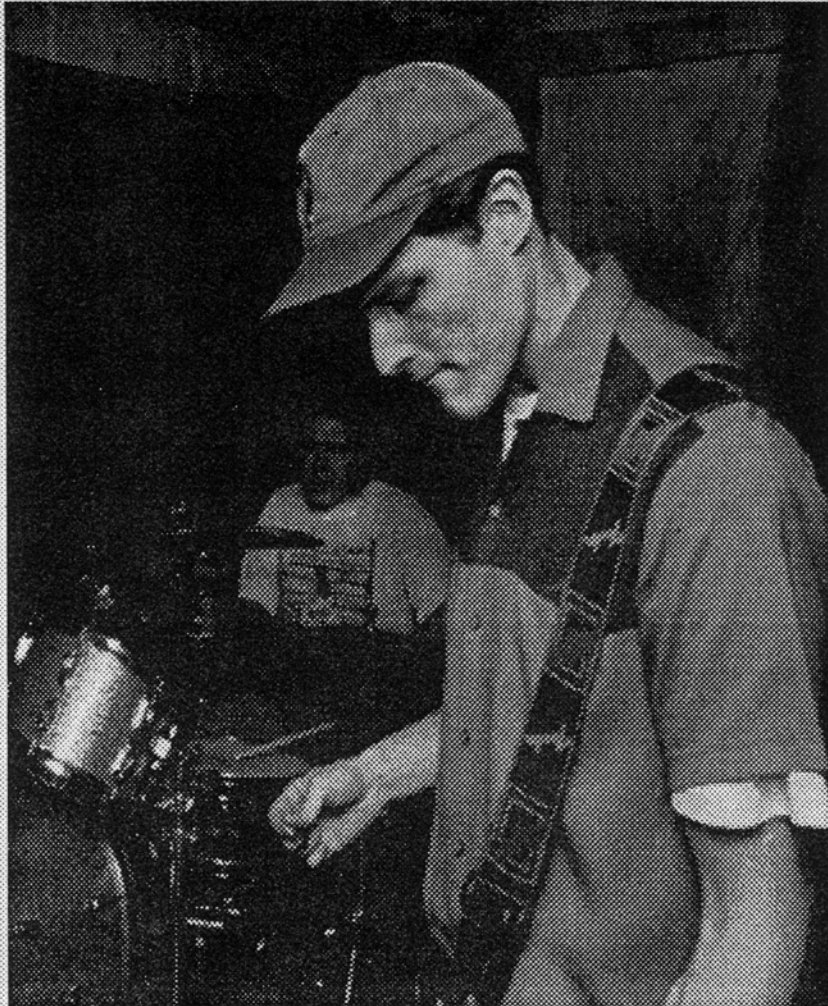
They have a bitchin' demo recorded at Portland's Smegma, which they plan to release themselves (among the interest of a few local labels) on a 7" this summer.

Don't be deceived by the attitudes of Soda Jerk, they play seriously sweet and moody pop-punk, accented by their across the board, wonderful personalities. Soda Jerk is quite possibly the nicest band in the world. Besides, who knows, according to Olivia, Sara may be back soon.

"She's gonna be back within a few months... she's lived at her parents house for almost 22 years."

Soda Jerk, P.O. Box 10771, Eugene, OR 97440.

—Bret Van Horn



T I L T

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Never Argue with an Idiot...

(People might not know who is who!)

I grew up in Eureka, California, a smallish town on the North Coast of California. The weather there is a lot like Oregon, the people are a lot like Oregonians. There are differences, too, obviously—Eureka has sales tax, liquor in grocery stores, self-serve gas stations, a big park full of redwood trees, and a zoo.

The Eureka zoo was one of those crummy old little zoos that are mercifully heading into extinction these days—cages that were too small, animals with too little habitat and insufficient sensory stimulation. Big metal bars emphasized the tight enclosures. It may be better now, I don't know, this was twenty years ago or more. One thing I still recall quite clearly was one of the two chimpanzees who lived out their lives at the Eureka Zoo, an old fellow named Bill. I don't know if living in cramped quarters for two decades made Bill crazy or whether Bill wasn't a saner when he first got chucked in the place, but the fact remains that by the time I was visiting the zoo Old Bill was a couple bananas short of a bunch. Everybody knew it. Even though the signs clearly warned against teasing the monkeys, the mean kids used to provoke Bill nevertheless. They'd throw pinecones and stuff at Old Bill, tease him with food, make aggressive noises and taunt him in an effort to make him go, well, ape shit. (In actual fact, sometimes when Bill went ape shit, he used to throw ape shit, but we won't get into that...) The kids would be mean, Old Bill would go crazy, and the kids would be entertained.

To my credit, when I was a kid I never used to tease Old Bill.

But I'm sad to say that I've taken to teasing the monkeys in my middle age. I know, I know, it's a character flaw, and I really shouldn't. The monkeys can't help the way they are. I should seek more wholesome forms of entertainment elsewhere, not be so ready to taunt them and laugh. But god damn it, it's just so fun watching the chimps shriek and leap about their cages, dipping their fingers in whatever foul essences are at hand and hurling them randomly in a vain effort to assuage the grim reality of their dreary existences.

—T. Chandler

Subj: ICONS MUST BE SMASHED

95-04-06 21:38:09 EDT

From: MutantPop

Hey all you misguided AT worshippers, be sure to catch Brian Zero's column in the April MAXIMUM (#143 for those of you keeping score at home).

Biafra sucks. Nuff sed.

timbo

Subj: Re:ICONS MUST BE SMASHED

95-04-07 14:50:24 EDT

From: Alt tent

hey mutant pop...don't beleive everything you read. the column of which you speak is written by a jealous loser trying to get his cool cred in the punk community. instead of confronting biafra on issues that bother him he writes this cool little column. if any of you facist spineless punks that think it is cool to bash biafra had an ounce of integrity you would call us here at the office and explain your accusations instead of hiding behind a magazine or a computer. if you feel thatthe biggest problem to address in the punk community is the validity of jello biafra then you my friend are a moron.

Subj: Re:ICONS MUST BE SMASHED

95-04-25 19:41:51 EDT

From: ShoeDogger

>>if any of you facist spineless punks that think it is cool to bash biafra had an ounce of integrity you would call us here at the office and explain your accusations instead of hiding behind a magazine or a computer. if you feel thatthe biggest problem to address in the punk community is the validity of jello biafra then you my friend are a moron.

Keep it private, in other words, so that no one hears. Ooo, very brave. Kiss off, mate, you know where I live.

Tim Davenport

(T. Chandler)

ZINE

Date: Thu, Apr 27, 1995 2:00 PM EDT

From: Alt tent

Subj: ha ha

To: ShoeDogger

still hiding? thought so. i do not know how to reach you. how about your phone number or address? how old are you? 10-12? come on big man.

Hi Guy Who Does All The Work—

Give me a break. I've got Alt Tent Int on my fucking zine mailing list, if you don't like what I write, send a letter explaining in what way I'm wrong. I'll print it. If you don't like my posts, top them. If you can't kick my ass in a fifteen on one pillow fight in your folder, you have no future as a polemicist.

I've got no need or desire to waste time talking to you or anybody on the phone. You remind me of the pinheads that call to dispute letters to the editor in the newspaper. Every fucking time... Instead of putting THEIR names on the line in public standing up for what they believe in, they use the obnoxious behind the scenes phone call and demonstrate what kind of idiots they are.

If you don't like something—use the same medium and dispute it. Don't HIDE behind a behind the scenes phone call. Fuck you. If you really insist on the opportunity, it's (503) 745-7862, but I suggest you don't.

And you already have the god damned address: P.O. Box 136, Corvallis, OR 97339.

As for my age, the Biafriot has me by 2, you do the math.

Anybody that has been subjected to a full three hours of America's favorite performance artist live in concert can never have the slightest iota of doubt about MEGALOMANIA. Add a heapin' helping of paranoia to that and mix vigorously. The only human in the western hemisphere more long-winded and boring is Castro. And don't take that as a red-baiting jab, take it as gospel truth.

From "My Payola" at the Bammies to BAM cover boy slugging people for no good reason. Wonderful example of the man at top form...

Also: see the big fat key on either side of the board with the word SHIFT written on it? When it is depressed simultaneously with the striking of another key it creates capital letters, which add a certain panache at the start of sentences. You might try and use this function of the keyboard once in a while. God knows your content is lacking so you might as well try for a couple style points at a minimum.

Destroy all icons.

timbo
MutantPop

Date: Thu, May 4, 1995 1:37 PM EDT
From: Alt tent
To: ShoeDogger

hey douchebag, i guess i knew what kind of spineless moron you are. you really lack the talent of making a point. i will call you so you can't avoid me behind the pacifier....your computer. if anyone can explain to me logically that jello is a bad person, i will listen, however when someone goes on the computer to try to

raise hell without substantiating any logical complaint, and without the conviction to call and explain oneself, then that person gets no respect. please tell me what is like going through life as a spineless MORON.(hey that shift button really works) hey is green day a sellout? does nin rule? i know your type.

Hiya Mr. Literature—

Oh, you are so brave, using a telephone and all. Gosh. Be forewarned, you won't get logical discourse if you call, you'll get verbal. And best of all, you get to pay for it. And oh, the prospect of your call is SO TERRIFYING... Would you like my work number, too? And my mommy's number so you can tell on me???

Asshole!!! You found your life's calling working for Biafra and AT..

1) Biafra has been a complete buttwipe for the last year slugging off on Weasel and Yohannon due to jealousy in the case of the former and pique in the case of the latter. If he took the effort to form a punk rock band and made actual punk rock records he wouldn't have either "problem," but far be it from me to point out the obvious to Omniscient Leaders and Great Artists such as him...

2) No, Green Day is not a "sellout." Signing to WEA was an unfortunate choice, and playing at Woodstock was an error. I'm actually not nearly as "fundamentalist" on the major label issue as you imagine... They have behaved well with regard to Look-out, which is the important thing, from my perspective...

3) Never heard NIN, but they probably suck. Lots of bands I've never heard, actually.

Destroy All Icons.

timbo

Date: Mon, May 8, 1995 3:33 PM EDT
From: Alt tent
To: ShoeDogger

hey dumb fuck send me the phone number of your parents. if you have a problem with my career decision kiss my ass. at least i have a job you shit-eating waste of life. once again you make statements without any factual backup. how was green days decision on wea unfortunate? is that what they are saying? maybe you know something they don't. hahaha! why did jello have a bad year? as a matter of fact he had one of the most productive years of his life. so sorry he didn't conform to your punk guidelines. by the way the DK's are never reforming and neither is minor threat or black flag so you might as well die you closed minded fool. you should try nin they are very good. enough for today pissant. as always if you ever get facts please feel free to call or hide behind your keyboard. one last thing do you have any idea why jello might disagree with weasel or yohannon. no i should have known you did check both sides of either of the incidents.

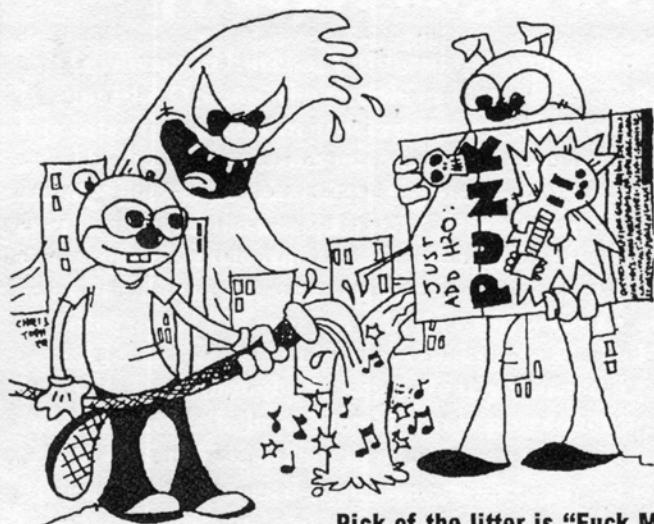
Scary old Greg Werckman never did call.

Buy some records.

VARIOUS ARTISTS WATER MUSIC

Last year Ben Weasel put together a killer compilation called Punk USA for Lookout! Records. It was an amazing piece of stuff, featuring some of the best punk bands going. This year's model is entitled Water Music, and it has been assembled by Jason of Just Add Water Records, a new label in South Carolina.

Many of the same bands that made the Lookout comp so phenomenally good are back again with a second dose, most notably The Queers, Beatnik Termites, and Pink Lincolns. Other toothy pop-punk has been added to the assortment, with standout tracks by Boris the Sprinkler, Slinky, Scooby Don't, not to mention a fine little obscene ditty by Nobodys.



Pick of the litter is "Fuck Madonna" by Pink Lincolns. Have some lyrics: "Fuck Madonna, she's passé / down with disco cabaret / Fuck Madonna, she's a snob / she can't get a real job / Fuck Madonna and her dancers / they're just swishy little prancers / Fuck Madonna, she's not pretty / and her music's really shitty." Great singalong chorus, too, "Fuck Madonna Fuck Madonna Fuck Madonna Fuck Madonna Fuck Madonna Fuck Madonna Fuck Madonna Fuck Madonna..." Something like that.

One of the best albums of 1995. Just Add Water Records, P.O. Box 16328, Spartanburg, SC 29316.

—T.C.



SINKHOLE

"Donkey" 7"

[ringing ear]

These guys are pretty cool, nothing new—straight-ahead poppy stuff. "Donkey" could be a No. 1 hit now that MTV is the center of coolness for your average know-nothing—if they could get ahold of it, that is. I loved the song personally and the stab at Lewis "Rocket From The Crypt" Largent was great in the second song. "Mr. San Diego" bugs the shit out of me also. The Eddie Money song was cool, too, I used to love that car racing video he had back in '83—classic early '80's material right up there with "Domo Arigato Mr. Robato."

I liked this one, I bet their new CD on Dr. Strange Records is great, too.

Three dollars postpaid from 1000 Flowers, 251 SW Madison, Corvallis, OR 97333.

—Sueño King

NoUseForAName

¡Leche con Carne!

No use for this band.

¡Esta me da ganas de vomitar! —T.C.



Thin White Rope Spoor: A Compilation [Frontier Records]

As this CD begins with a radio interview stating that, "Our next guests have been slowly climbing through California's alternative scene for the last eight years," it is soon evident as to just why it has taken eight years for Thin White Rope to get any notoriety. It just goes to prove that if you play something long enough, sooner or later, somebody is bound to like it. In this case, Thin White Rope is an unfortunate by-product of this theory.

—Gabe

RICE

Fuck You, This is Rice



Fuck this, Rice sucks.

What a waste of a CD. The music mixes metal-punk, grindcore, and emo, with horns thrown in for more annoyance. All of the lyrics are about the importance of rice. Wow. For a bonus, there are quotes from a bunch of people I guess I'm supposed to think are cool, talking about how cool Rice is. The only good one is from Larry Livermore, who says "Why are we putting out a Rice record?"

Good question.

Sure, this is like a joke or something, but jokes are supposed to be funny.

—P.F.N.



First of all this album comes out sounding wimpy and over-produced sometimes and watered down and sparse at others—not a good way to make an album. The band tries at some points to get kinda surfy and only wind up sounding like warmed over Moody Blues. They seem to be influenced by half-ass hippy groups and Cruz Record bands like ALL. One word of advice guys: lose the acoustic guitars.... and then lose the electric ones, too, and go get a real job because you have no future in music. I really, really hate this. Onset Records.

—Gabe

BETTIE SERVEERT

Lamprey



Relatively boring ethnically flavored college guitar rock from Europe only slightly redeemed by the fact that the female lead singer neither yodels nor barks like that obnoxious chick from The Cranberries.

—Gabe



AVAIL

DIXIE [Lookout! Records]

Yeah! This kicks ass!

At first I figured I would hate Avail, only because their name was printed over the entire front and back cover of my least favorite zine, *HeartattaCk*. Luckily, I was totally surprised. Avail play intense melodic hardcore with varying tempos, very much like Fuel. The major differences between the two bands is that Fuel had catchier riffs and better lyrics, but Avail are way more in-your-face, musically, and they are talented enough to smoothly go back and forth from punchy punk to psychedelic folk in the same song.

For a bonus, they do a not-totally-serious version of Mellencamp's "Pink Houses." Did I mention this kicks ass? Eight dollars by mail from Lookout! Records, P.O. Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712.

—P.F.N.

FLOP

World of Today CD
Seattle band, newly kicked off Sony. Their return to indieland is a good one. Worth owning.
Zippy FBX flavored pop-punk. tc

VARIOUS ARTISTS VIVA LA VINYL LP

Twelve inch vinyl is deader than Great Grandma's Edison Cylinders and Old Uncle Harvey's 78s. Pass it on.

This starts with some rotten hardcore puke, 3 heaves of it. It finally scores a point with track 4, a song by an Ohio band called **Whatever...** Then **Trusty** hammers out a decent but pointlessly straight cover of "Magical Mystery Tour" by some English fellows. **J Church** and **Tilt** finish side one, the best saved for last, etc... Both of these bay area bands are very cool indeed, although the J Church duplicates an album track and the Tilt song is tuneless.

Side 2 sucks up to track 5, when an Op Ivy-influenced band called **Non-sense** finally scores another point with an original punk noise—really different muffled guitars. **Jon Cougar Concentration Camp** is a rocking band that turns in a good piece of snotty, nasally stuff that gets the blood moving. I like these California kiddies immensely and hope they play Corvallis soon. Then more crap, before **Fighting Cause** belts out a tuneful gem called "My Crime." (Sounds like a bunch of vegan sXe weirdos, huh? Nope.) Under the old Best For Last theory, this eclectic gramophone recording wraps up with a great track by Seattle's **Sicko**, a bosshipsterfunky pop-punk band. Yaaay, Sicko!

The four good songs on side 2 could have made a killer EP, but alas. Get this or save yer six bucks and buy a couple singles, either way. Dead Beat Records, P.O. Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078.

—T.C.

Conquistadors "Land of the Lost" 7"

The Conquistadors kind of rock, like the way mid-period Descendents did, and I mean that in the highest possible form of praise. Focusing on endless poppy hooks, while still keeping plenty of an edge to still qualify as a cool punk band, Conquistadors are one of those bands to watch out for. I love this! And yes, they really do a cover of "The Land of the Lost" theme song, but you have to buy this to find out how cool it is.

\$3 PPD to Noise Patch Records, P.O. Box 1646, Redondo Beach, CA 90278.

—Gabe

Rusty Nails Sludge split 7"

At first, Rusty Nails starts off as a dead ringer for a scary, punk rock incarnation of Dio, but thankfully, they make their way into a somewhat catchy upbeat number with too many guitar tricks for it's own good. Sludge plays an old-school hardcore/crusty punk attack complete with gloom and doom lyrics.

Club Grotesque Records, dist. by 1000 Flowers, 251 SW Madison, Corvallis, OR 97333.

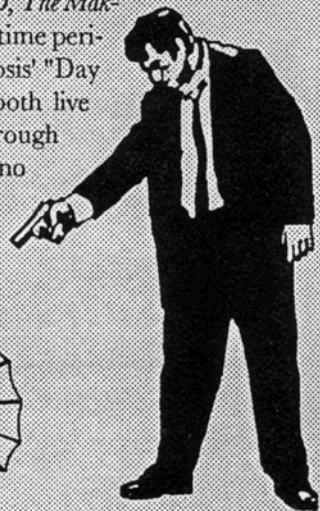
—BRET V.

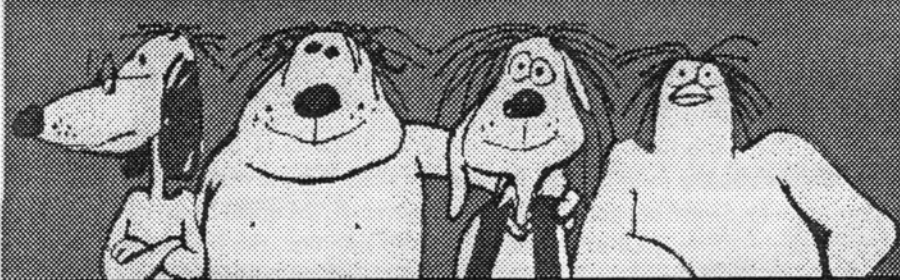
The Making of ALLIED RECORDINGS One, Two, Three

This is yet another winning compilation of musical genius brought to us by the master of graphic design-damage himself, John Yates. Proving to be a comprehensive anthology of Allied releases previously unavailable on CD, *The Making of Allied...* is as varied as the many time periods it emulates. Opening with Neurosis' "Day of the Lords" and "The Choice" (both live tracks), *The Making of Allied* blows through several tracks (count 'em, 22) with no respect for those of us who don't have enough time to sit through all 70-or-so minutes at once. Graced with the music of Phleg Camp, NoMeansNo, Strawman, Jonestown, Sleeper, and the all too cool Lazyboy, *The Making of Allied* was destined to be a classic before it was ever even conceived. I guess that's what John Yates gets for having the unfortunate propensity to kick ass on a re-occurring basis.

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

—Bret V.





Skimmer BETTER THAN BEING ALONE

I don't wanna sound chauvinistic, but I haven't found an English punk rock record that has turned my crank in YEARS. I cut my teeth on '77-style Britpunk, so I certainly don't have any bias against pommie music, none at all. There just hasn't been much around to get me interested and I really don't know why...

Now hear this: 1) There is a cool new English pop-punk label called Crackle! Records. 2) Their second release by a band called Skimmer is a masterpiece.

This four track EP has got every possible thing you could want in a punk rock record — speed, energy, great harmonies, short song structures, good tunes... The label likens this band to The Parasites and I can't disagree. The Parasites have been putting out some pretty great stuff of late and this is fantastic, too, wall-to-wall five-star mutant pop. I dug it enough to chase it down and distribute it, which means I was in a frenzy... Take a hint...

\$4 by mail from 1000 Flowers, 251 SW Madison, Corvallis, OR 97333.

—T. Chandler



**BUG-
JUICE**
¿Qué
Va?



Imagine if every member of Dag Nasty was Brian Baker, kinda like on that last Dag Nasty album—you know, the one that really sucked? Okay, now give them some weird fascination for artsy changes and a weak wanna-be-Slint or Bitch Magnet-feel. Yeah, that's what this sounds like. This is the kind of band that would bore the hell out of me live and play for hours on end.

Ringing Ear, 9 Maplecrest, Newmarket, NH 03857. —BVH



VAPID PANIC WEASEL

RIVERDALES

Oh, you can't fool me. This is a three piece version of Screeching Weasel with a new name. Dry your eyes, SW fans, and get out your money. "Fun Tonight" is the first of two singles put out by Lookout! in conjunction with the release of the band's "first" album. (Debut album? Har!)

There are exactly two differences between the Riverdales and Screeching Weasel. 1) Danny Vapid handles the lead vocals on about a third of the songs, including the flipside of this single. 2) The new singles have sleeves that conform with the sacred ROZEK RULE (as endorsed by Mutant Pop Records): "BAND PHOTO ON THE FRONT OF THE SLEEVE ALWAYS." Speaking of Rev. Nørð, he does a cameo spot as a DJ on the A-side here. Absolutely perfect casting...

Mandatory purchase, folks.

—T.C.

SCREECHING WEASEL



Kill the Musicians

This is officially the final chapter in the Screeching Weasel saga, and a phenomenal finale it is. A blazing collection of singles tracks, comp tracks, and rarities. This includes a handful of cuts from the Ramones LP (so that's clearly not gonna be reissued) and a batch of live cuts (so Lookout! seemingly won't be doing their first ever live LP). That makes this the end of the line, fans. One of the best albums of the year by one of the best punk bands of all time. Buy it NOW. —T.C.

QUEERS



The word "masterpiece" is overused in the English language, no doubt. I'm gonna use it here anyway, because this single is, in fact, a true masterpiece. Tunes so catchy that my wife has not once but twice busted into my hog's den to find out if there was a new Ramones album out... My wife HATES punk rock, mind you, but this stuff is so damned wonderful that even she's on the hook...

This is just so cool... Forget The Ramones, they haven't done diddley for ten years. This is the shit, the pure, distilled essence of pop music mainlined into your veins by a veteran punk rock band from exotic New Hampshire. Kudos to Chicago engineering genius Mass Giordini (bassist for The Potatomen, incidentally), who fully shares responsibility with Joe Queer for this, the finest Look-out! product since Screeching Weasel's *Anthem for a New Tomorrow*. Oh, yeah, Mass engineered that one, too...

Three dollars from Lookout! Records, P.O. Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712.
—T. Chandler

The Hi-Fives WELCOME TO MY MIND

You may have heard of The Ne'er Do Wells, a sorta goofy, dopey, surfy pop-punk group originally hailing from Arcata, CA. They wear white shirts and ties on stage and are a hellalotta garagey fun. This CD is more of the same, with a new band name. Fast, jangly, funny, good. Superior to the first record. On Lookout! —T.C.

THE SHAME IDOLS I Got Time

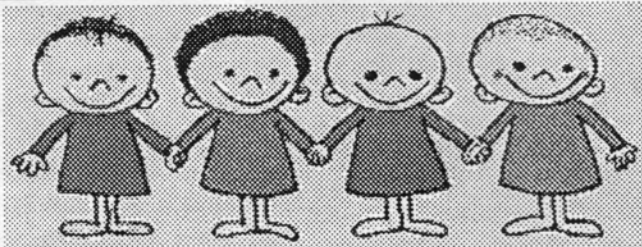
[Frontier]

I popped the CD into the machine and told my wife that the group was from Birmingham, Alabama. "It's from Frontier Records and these guys have tons of good influences," I told her. She got all excited and asked if they sounded more like Kenny Rogers or Garth Brooks. Obviously, our musical tastes differ a wee bit! When I told her that it was more like Cheap Trick meets Cheap Trick, she answered that I would be more than welcome to play it when she wasn't at home. Oh, well.

Shame Idols are really good, no matter what my wife says. They have a great mix of vocal harmony and driving power guitars. Fast power pop! The first four tracks alone, including title track "I Got Time," make this album well worth searching out. Unfortunately, too much of a good thing sometimes makes for a belly ache, this would have been a better listen if it had 11 or 12 cuts instead of 15.

At 15 tracks, this feels like the Lorna Bobbit story stretched out to fill a two hour TV drama. The great thing about CDs, though, is that there is no plot to miss and you can edit the story to your liking—you can cut to the chase, or chase to the cut, as the case may be.

This one's worth it. CD out now. Play it at your wife.
—Joe Sicks Paxx



CHOPPER

Said and Done EP



There's good music in England these days?

I knew there was a scene over there besides those flammers "Suede." This is probably just one of the bands in Leeds that are good. This single reminds me of early Everready and some early East Bay bands. Really basic mid-tempo pop with Peter Brady type vocals. They may not be the leaders of a new British Invasion, but I'd put 'em up if they played down here. I loved the bass line in "Twister" and "Linzi's Ceiling" is a good one also.

Worth getting your hands on.

English import, four dollars postpaid from 1000 Flowers, 251 SW Madison, Corvallis, OR 97333.
—Sueño King

Sidekick Kato "Des Plaines" 7"

A bizarre mix of good, old-fashioned, D.C. influenced emo-core with a kick of that crappy imitation stuff that's so popular these days. The up side: Melodic tinges of Rites of Spring and Admiral can be picked out. The down side? A little too hardcore for its own good. When this 7" wants to rock, it does so very well, but sometimes it tries too hard to fit into a mold that just isn't there. Not bad.

Three bucks or so: Dyslexic/Meatguy Records-1342 Algonquin RD, Des Plaines 60016.
—BVH

**BON COUGAR CON-
GENERATION CASH**
"Back in the Day 7"

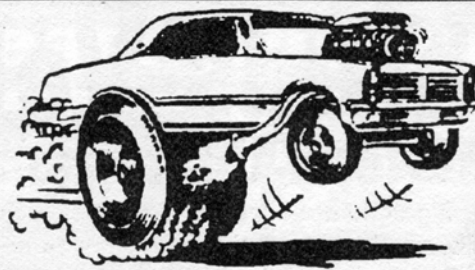


Missing Records

P.O. Box 710456, Santee, CA 92072

The thing about bands with names this cool is they just about always suck, so I was pretty damn happy when I heard this—great punk tunes! T. Chandler should definitely have a copy of this. [It rocks. —T.C.] The two best songs are "Girl From Myass" and the instrumental "Surf Song." Great buncha snot-nosed punk rock with a picture of the Nuclear Tits a la the Descendents "Kid's on Coffee" on the back.

—Gabe



SCRATCH BONGOWAX *Surfin' Turd 7"*

NOT SURF!!! This is a punk rock single and it's a damned good one to boot. Four blazing tracks with the highlight being a Pink Lincolns-like snot-punk ditty called "(I Want A) Girl That Puts Out." Um, not your most sensitive piece of songwriting but it is one of the best rippin' punkers of the year and ya gotta give 'em big points for that. Won't be covered by Bikini Kill, but I bet this one will go down in the annals as an ultra-groovy song to be done again someday...

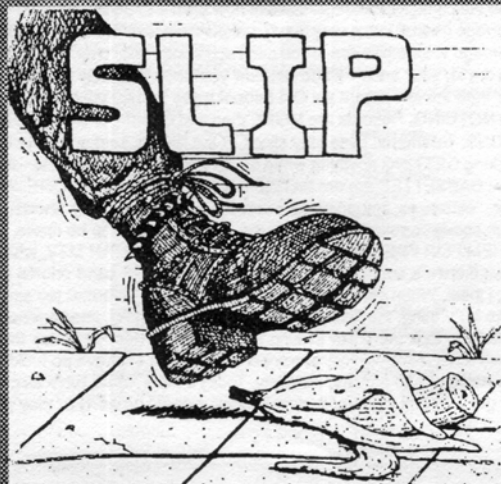
BUY NOW!!! Dionysus Records, P.O. Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507. Record stores can get 'em from Mordam. —T.C.

THE VINDICTIVES

alarm clocks

Lookout! Records

This single is weak. The Vindictives are from Chicago and are one of the best punk bands going, but this one just plain misses the mark. The A-side is fair, the flip WAY slow and timid. Their forthcoming album will be better, no doubt. —T.C.



Sounds of the City 7"

I was scared this at first because the band members in the photo on the back look like a bunch of boneheads—but it's OK. Back in '87 or '88 I had one of those *Thrasher Magazine* Skate Rock compilations this sounds like a lot of that stuff so my liking this stuff probably has quite a bit to do with that. Decent mid-tempo punk rock with the emphasis on "rock."

Lithuanian Snake Dance Records, P.O. Box 10121, San Jose, CA 95157. —Gabe

EVERREADY
Reinheitsgebot

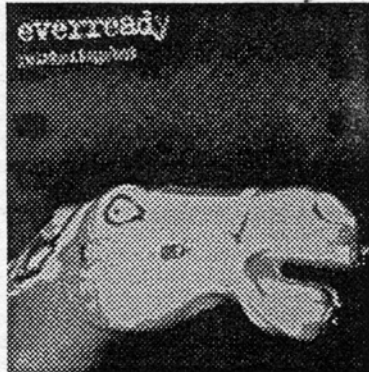
Everready is a Southern California punk band that cranks out amazingly catchy poppy hooks and sings with an English accent. I happen to believe that punk rock is nothing more than the most intense, full-throttle form of pop music and that it's supposed to have a vaguely British flavor. So I think this is one of the best fucking albums of the year—it logically follows.

Oh, but you've never seen an Everready video on MTV... They can't be that cool! Gosh, and the name of the album is a big long German word, the name of the national beer purity law... "Ooo, I'm such a little sheep I could never take a chance on something as risky as this..."

Duh. This is a great CD and it's on one of the coolest hipster labels on the planet to boot. A year ago nobody had heard of this Reno band called Zoinks! and now the momentum is building and people are catching on and they're taking off. Same deal here, awesome band just getting ready to launch into orbit. Here's the address: Liquid Meat Records, P.O. Box 460692, Escondido, CA 92046.



Liquid Meat



Shreds-Vol. 2

American Underground '94

If you dig little obscure bands but don't own a turntable, you really need to check out the Shreds series, sets of the "best" 20 underground songs of each year. The 1993 edition came out very late in '94 and was one of the top two or three comps of the year. The 1994 edition, out early this year, isn't quite as strong, but still essential stuff unless you're a vinyl junkie with a big record collection...

Six truly exceptional tracks: Cub "Your Bed," The Fondled "Never Be Your Girl," Beatnik Termites "9:15," Red Number Nine "Indifferent," Woolly Mammoth "Dog Park," and The Phuzz "Pop Song." Five losers (including a surf song—blech!) and the rest are in the middle somewhere...

Shredder Records is doing this series, an East Bay sound label distributed by Mordam. Record stores should be stocking this—if they aren't ask 'em why not. Or you can always get 'em for \$10 or so straight from the source: Shredder, 75 Plum Tree Lane #3, San Rafael, CA 94901. —T.C.



ZOINKS! BAD MOVE, SPACE CADET

Grumpy Bob sent me a tape of this album before it was released. I had it cranking in my oink of a car when I was driving Travis O. and Josh E. from here to there. "Who's this?" Travis asked. "Zoinks!" I answered, "their debut album." "Sounds like a cross between Green Day and Bad Religion," he replied.

Couldn't have said it better myself. A little too SoCal for my taste but it still gets the big "thumb's up." Good! Dr. Strange Records. —T.C.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT, SWIPED FROM REV. NØRB...

Listen up, dildos. From this moment onwards, (SIC) TEEN will only deign to review records (or CDs—we're not fussy or anything) that have a picture of the band on the front cover. I am SICK unto DEATH of seeing all these fag-ass album covers with chicks' navels and little kids' weiners and sad old men sitting on park benches and tricycles and train tracks and all that other fucked-up New School post-punk quasi-artsy optical emo bullshit, I WANT TO SEE A PICTURE OF THE FUCKING PEOPLE WHO ARE MAKING THE MUSIC when I buy a record. Preferably standing in front of a brick wall or on a fire escape or something, as the Good Lord intended them to do. The RAMONES put themselves on the front cover of their first album, so did the CLASH. So did the JAM. So did the DAMNED. So did GENERATION X, BUZZCOCKS, SAINTS, 999, STRANGLERS (ugly fags, but still), X-RAY SPEX, BOYS, DEAD BOYS, SHAM 69, LURKERS, DICKIES, REPLACEMENTS, CHEAP TRICK, ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE, BEATLES, STONES, and WHO. I would like to think that says it all, but I'll continue: Most of Today's Now Youth—the folks who are just TOO fucking COOL to put their faces on the fronts of their records like we crusty old prospector types still persist in doing—maintain that the "music" should "stand alone," and that the compulsion to smack one's ugly mug across the front of one's releases is an atavistic, neanderthal, ego-stroking instinct that we "Old School" (I hate that term but, blinded by rage, I'm using it sheerly out of convenience) punker types picked up via our proximity to the Dinosaur/Classic/Arena Rock Generation whose clutches we barely escaped. Their lot, of course, has overcome this bad habit—they were brought up on Barney or something, they're well-developed, productive members of society—they don't NEED to stick their faces on their records to feel like worthy human beings. Gee, maybe so—but I notice NONE OF THESE LITTLE FUCKERS ARE REAL SHY ABOUT STICKING THEIR FACES IN FRONT OF THE VIDEO CAMERA when it's time to court fucking MTV. The album jacket USED to be the primary way that bands expressed and propagated their image (and, regardless of how drab and anonymous these emo pukers attempt to pass themselves off as, THEY ARE PROJECTING AN IMAGE. Everybody projects an image (retinal at the very least), unless they're invisible for a day). Today's Now Youth have put an end to that—nowadays, bands express and propagate their image primarily through videos ('course, if you can't schmooze your way onto MTV, your fans've gotta come out to a live show and pay more money if they wanna concoct a strong optical image fire for your band—kinda like how you hadda actually attend live AWA wrestling cards if you expected to see the REAL matches). The reason this is fucked—apart, of course, from the low regard we Old School types traditionally have held rock video in—is that it TAKES AWAY one of the most vital secondary aspects of records, and replaces it with NOTHING. Records are MORE than just music—or at least they were—or at least they SHOULD be. They're not just prerecorded musical entertainment formats, they're ICONS. Talismans. Little bitty slices of the band's soul and psyche, yours for a nominal fee. WHY DO YOU THINK OLD PEOPLE HATE CASSETTES SO BAD? 'Cuz we ain't fucking GETTING anything when we buy 'em except for music—but we could buy our own blank tape, dub a copy of a friend's album, and own the music for a fraction of the price! CASSETTES are not SATISFYING to us. We want MORE. We want a slab of the band's fucking SOUL. We want to purchase their fucking IMAGE along with their music, 'cause, as any primitive worth his guava bean jelly knows, a photograph is a piece of soul (however, due to a math error, most modern primitives believe that a photograph needs to subtract soul from the subject in order to be made. In reality, it creates additional soul. Please make a note of it). We're taking bits of our souls AND OFFERING THEM FOR FREE TO THE GREAT CORP'RIT SATAN MTV, which the people who buy their records must pay an additional fee for. This fucking DISGUSTS me. You don't think there's a connection between the absence of band photos on records and the rise to power of Music Television? Well, when did MTV first grace us with its presence? 1981, I think. When did the sales of cassettes—i.e., "a format too small to contain a visually satisfying front cover"—first surpass vinyl sales? 1982. The more rock fans bought into the MTV thing, the less weight album covers swung, image-wise—up until it got to the point it is today, with album covers being shrunken and shrivelled and atrophied and made to look more like fucking 90's designer Kleenex boxes than anything having to do with a BAND. Every record you buy without a picture of the band on the front is more rock & roll power willfully surrendered to MTV. I will have no fucking part of this... KEEP THE FUCKING IMAGE ON THE RECORD COVER, WHERE IT BELONGS. Under the guise of self-effacing modesty, Today's Now Youth have sicked abominations such as SEAWEEED videos on the world (GOD! LOOK at that grinning ape!), and they will either get their shit together and make their records properly or they will GET FUCKED. Thank you.

—Rev. Nørb

THANKS

GABE NEOCON (SALEM, OR)
SUENO KING (SAN DIEGO, CA)
PETE F. NORMAL (PORTLAND, OR)
DZTN HRN (PHILOMATH, OR)
BRET VAN HORN (GRESHAM, OR)
JOE SICKS PAXX (LEBANON, OR)
ANDRE PROCHASKA (CORVALLIS, OR)

THIS IS
MUTANT POP
FANZINE
ISSUE 10.

PUBLISHED
MAY 13, 1995.

NEXT ISSUE
IN A COUPLE MONTHS.

7-inch singles—\$3 each postpaid



'68 COMEBACK
AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY
AUTOCLOVE
BEAT HAPPENING
BEAT HAPPENING
BEATNIK TERMITES
BECK
BINGO MUTT
BLOOD SAUSAGE
BORIS THE SPRINKLER
BORIS THE SPRINKLER
BRIEF WEEDS
BRIEF WEEDS
BUTT TRUMPET
CALAMITY JANE
CANNANES
CANNANES
CHUBBIES, THE
CHUCKLEHEAD
CHUMLEY
COCKPIT
CONQUISTADORS
CONTROL FREAK
CRABS, THE
CRYIN' OUT LOUDS
DANGEROUS PENGUINS
DOG POUND
DRAG KING
DUB NARCOTIC SS
DUB NARCOTIC SS
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DUB NARCOTIC SS
DUCK HUNT
ELMER/LIZARDS
EVERREADY
FACE TO FACE/HORACE PINKER
FIENDZ
FIG DISH
FIGHTING CAUSE
FITZ OF DEPRESSION
FITZ OF DEPRESSION
FLATHEAD
FOR SALE
FUCKBOYZ
FUGAZI
GALAXY OF MAILBOX WHORES
GAS-O-LENE/BOB
GERN BLANSTON
GERN BLANSTON
GIRL TROUBLE
GOMEZ
GOMEZ
GOOD RIDDANCE
GRAVEL
GREEN, THE
GROUND ROUND
HEADCOATS, THEE
HEATMISER
HOG WILD
HONEYBUNCH
HUDSON
HURL
INLAND EMPERORS
JAWBOX
KICKING GIANT
LAZYBOY/LOW RENT SOULS

Do The Rub
Above the Law
Go Far EP
Look Around
Nancy Sin
Ode to Susie and Joey
It's All In Your Mind
The Meanest Man EP
Denis Lavant
Grilled Cheese
Male Model
A Very Generous Portrait
Songs of Innocence...
The Grindcore Song +3
Say It Little Girl
No-One EP
Frightening Thing
She's Your Daughter, Sam
self-titled EP
The All-Right Single
Hair of the Dog
Land of the Lost
Emmas Thread
Sore
w/THE MOTARDS
Ingolstadt
Junkyard
self-titled EP
Dub Narcotic
Booty Run
Bite
Industrial Breakdown
Holiday
split EP
Kalifornia
split EP
Everybody's Favorite
Nimble
Deadtown
Lie
Crank Shaft
Whisper
Bargain EP
...Vs. The Hawaiian Mafia
3 Songs
Speed Racer
split
w/.30-06 split
#9/Bennie and the Jets
Old Time Religion
self-titled EP
w/ALL YOU CAN EAT
Gidget
Yesterday
self-titled EP
Painting Vulgar Dreams
Shouldn't Happen to a Dog
Sleeping Pill
Country Thangs
Count Your Blessings
Out of Gas
Madison Earful
Hey, Hey Blake Pirtle
Ones and Zeros
She's Real
split EP

C H E C K T H I S S T U F F O U T !

MAN 'TEE' MANS
MAN OR ASTROMAN?
MCTELLS, THE
MECCA NORMAL
MECCA NORMAL
METAL MIKE
MIKE REP
MISERY INDEX
MISERY INDEX/PRIM. TRIBES
NO COMMENT
ONE EYED KINGS
OSWALD FIVE-O
OSWALD FIVE-O
OSWALD FIVE-O
OVARIAN TROLLEY
PANSY DIVISION
PARASITES
PHUZZ, THE
PHUZZ, THE/CHUBBIES
PIGPEN
PINHEAD GUNPOWDER
PINK LINCOLNS
PINK LINCOLNS
PLAID RETINA
PLAYGROUND
PROPELLER
RAIL
REFUZORS
ROBYN HITCHCOCK
ROUND NINE
RUSTY NAILS/SLUDGE
SEAWEED
SHAVEN, THE
SINKHOLE
SIREN
SLANT 6
SOME VELVET SIDEWALK
SOME VELVET SIDEWALK
SOME VELVET SIDEWALK
SPINANES, THE
SPINANES, THE
STINK/BUILDING CLUB
STINKERBELL
SUGAR SHACK
TEENGENERATE
THATCHER ON ACID
TIGER TRAP
TILTWHEEL
TOTEMPOLE
TOTFINDER
TRAVIS
TUNSTIN GAT
UNDERHAND
V/A
V/A
V/A
VERSUS
VITAPUP
VIX KRATER, THE
WAYDOWNS, THE
WELL FED SMILE
YOUTH GONE MAD
YUMMY
ZOINKSI
ZOINKSI
ZOINKSI/NARCISSISTIC FREDS

Seventeen
Captain Holojoy's Space...
Clean
Forlorn
Rose
London Boys
Heroes and Idols
Power of 3
split
self-titled EP
Most Favorite Tune EP
A Love Supreme
Eraser
Heavy Shoes
Serenity
Jackson
Something to Hold Onto
This Punk Called Rock
split EP
Kind of Dead
Trundle & Spring
Sumo Fumes
Sumo Fumes 2
What I Can't Have
Slide
self-titled EP
Rolling Little Joe
Think I Lost My Faith
I Something You
self-titled EP
split
Deertrap
self-titled EP
Donkey EP
In the Absence of the Sacred
What Kind Of Monster...
I Know
Pumpkin Patch
Free From It
Suffice
Rummy
split EP
Death and Blood +2
Over and Glad
Car Crazy!...Speed Crazy!...
Yo-Yo Man
Supercrush
Why?
Baby Robs Banks
Sno-Cones
self-titled EP
self-titled EP
Desire
Poison 13 Tribute
Human Polity
Behind The Redwood Curtain
Frog
Syphilis
Underground
self-titled
w/AMERICAN PSYCHO BAND
Why is is Still Hard? EP
Do Your Fix
Dump-Eye
Sapsucker Sluggo
split EP

CASH,
CHECKS,
OR
MONEY
ORDERS TO:

1000 FLOWERS

CHECKS
MUST
CLEAR
BEFORE
SHIPPING!

251 SW MADISON CORVALLIS, OR 97333

Round Nine Interview Continues...

R: Just that. Nobody exactly knows. *(laughter)*

MP: Don't hedge! What is it? What do you hope to achieve or accomplish by being a "punk rock star?" Fame? Fortune? Lots of girls???

R: Yeah, fame and fortune. And playing with Weezer would be cool. *(laughter)*

MP: Do you guys have any touring plans in the works?

G: We want to, that's about it.

J: Yeah. We tried it last year and it was really bad.

T: We tried going down to California but we forgot to set up shows and stuff so we just kind of hung out for a week and then came back.

R: I think at this point it would be kind of neat to get enough money for gas, to have it so that it doesn't just suck up money. Just to be able to come out even and play music and have fun.

MP: Now it's time for my favorite part of the interview, the part where you get to ask each other whatever you want. The ultimate in softball.

G: I'll ask Ryan whether peanut butter had anything to do with his enlightenment to punk rock a month ago... *(laughter)*

R: Totally. Punk rock is just like peanut butter—it's just raw.

MP: I couldn't agree more. And the real question is whether you like it extra creamy or chunky? *(laughter)*

R: I like it chunky.

MP: Okay, Ryan, your turn. Ask somebody something.

R: Josh, what do you think about the Corvallis punk scene?

J: Well, I don't think the so-called scene people really like us at all, because they never go to our shows. I don't know, I think it's really bad because of that.

MP: Not a very close-knit scene, in other words...

J: We're kind of our own scene here, putting on shows for ourselves, us and Dead Like Elvis. It seems like most of our fans are a lot younger. I guess that makes sense, I guess that people have a hard time getting into a band that's younger than they are. The whole punk scene that existed when Lazyboy was around here is having a hard time right now. There are no older bands playing anymore.

MP: No kidding. I wrote a scene report for *Punk Planet* a while back and by the time they printed it something like 5 of the 7 bands I mentioned had broken up or moved... You guys are the Grand Old Men of Corvallis punk at this point, I think, unless the Miscreants happen to reform. That's a scary thought! *(laughter)*

J: I don't think we're ready for that!

T: There's kind of a new scene forming, with bands like us and Dead Like Elvis playing live at the Jackson Street Juicebar. There's a lot of the younger kids coming down—that's kinda cool in a way. It was unexpected. It's kind of a new scene.

MP: Well, I'd be remiss if I didn't ask about Shandi. Your band used to be called Shandi. Who or what was Shandi?

J: She was in my English class.

MP: ...And you were trying to pick her up and you thought that your best strategy would be to name your band after her...

J: It didn't really work though... *(laughter)*

MP: Bummer. Did she hate your band?

J: She was a cheerleader.

T: This part of the interview is going to send us back to when we were hated by everyone.

R: That's why a lot of people hated us, actually, because they found out that we were named after a cheerleader...

G: ...And we asked them, "Do you know her?" and they'd say

"no but I heard this and that" and say somebody's name who they heard about her from. And we'd go to that person and they would talk shit and it ended up that they didn't know her either. It turned out she was a really nice girl. But people didn't like her and by association we were a "bad band."

T: We were considered a bad band until recently when some people decided that we were all right.

MP: So why did you change your band's name? Did you change it just because people didn't like a cheerleader?

T: No.

G: Sure we did!

J: Okay, let's say "yes." *(laughter)*

G: We just totally caved in and wimped out!

MP: So you decided to name yourself after a popular sport that people enjoy playing for fun... *(laughter)*

R: Men in their mid-forties...

MP: That's what you're shooting for, so you chose a nice, positive name golf name...

G: We wanted to attract the middle-aged men...

MP: I would have named my band "NFL Football" if it were my call... *(laughter)*

G: We're going for more of an upper-class clientele! *(laughter)*

MP: I'll close with a stupid question. I see an old Partridge family paperback on the coffee table here and I want to know which of the Partridges was your favorite and why?

G: Now that was a classic family—actually, we got a lot of our influence from them.

J: I've never seen the Partridge Family...

MP: No way! I can't believe that, that's a lie...

J: I'm too young

MP: No. I don't believe it.

J: I swear, I've never seen it!

MP: How depressing. That is sad. Really, really sad. I'm gonna go kill myself now...

End

TILT interview concludes...

M-Pop: What's the coolest zine in the USA right now?

J: *Hickey*, out of San Jose.

M-Pop: Awww, I was trying to bait you into choosing between *Maximum Rock'n'Roll*, *Punk Planet*, and *Heart Attack*, the two new national zines that have recently started in response to the line that *Maximum* was allegedly taking...

J: I'm a faithful reader of *Maximum*. I read it because basically it's more of a trade magazine than a fan magazine. I don't really read the articles or the columnists much—sometimes I read the interviews. But I read the ads and the advertising in the back.

M-Pop: And letters to the editor and record reviews...

J: Yeah, record reviews...

C: I've been disillusioned with zines in general lately and have been gravitating more toward comics, because zines are sort of editorial and I like to see pictures along with editorial stuff, you know?

G: Most of the best zines have nothing to do with punk rock. Punk is boring as hell to read about. I do a zine about Santa Rosa politics and history, for chrissakes!

M-Pop: I should close with an off the wall question... Any thoughts about frozen yogurt?

C: I don't like it, it's too cold going in! *[laughter]*

M-Pop: That one's a keeper. Thanks guys.

End

the buzz

Man, am I embarrassed. Last issue I went off on how great Corvallis, Oregon's Miscreants are --which is true--but then I wrote about how they needed to reform and go to "a good studio" because "the cassette they contributed" to Maurice zine's compilation tape "didn't due them justice."

Well, duh, I finally took the comp tape out of my car and put it on the stereo at home. Much to my chagrin, the recording proved to be FINE, done in a studio. The guitars were distorted ON PURPOSE. I mean, they're really, really, really fuzzed out--sounding just like too much volume blowing right through a cassette recorder with no limiter. Ya gotta give me that much. But I was totally wrong by implying that the recording itself sucked. Apologies to those rightfully offended, if offended they were... Foot now removed from mouth.

Speaking of The Miscreants, saw 'em at a house party in early April. I think it was early April anyway... The complete, full, authentic original lineup, with Liam on drums and Haakon on bass. Fred has moved to Portland, truly marking the end of an era in Corvallis music, and officially the band is back together. Here's hoping...

Also saw The Awful Bros. at said house party, first time I've seen them.

ARCWELD has a 7" in the works with Salem's Schizophonic Records. Watch for it. They've also got some spiff shirts for sale in hipster record stores around the area.

REVOLUTION ONE has changed their name. First public gig was played as FIVE STRIPPERS, but there's been a name switch to FLOPPY. Actually, my own first choice was SPECIAL GUESTS so that whenever we'd play a gig we could put "and SPECIAL GUESTS" on the poster... Dumb joke, I know, but I like dumb jokes, thus the name FIVE STRIPPERS! which is another good one for posters.

New record store alert: watch for Andre's Records in the base-

ment of the old Penny's building. Dre will specialize in blues and cool jazz, but will also have some alternative stuff to tickle your tastebuds, so be sure to stop by and check him out.

New Corvallis zines abound. Bagging in ZINE and thereby creating a vacuum is shaping up as one of the best moves ever made on behalf of Corvallis music, so leave me alone. First off, there's FROG GOD--a truly local, DIY, hipster cool-o newsletter put out by the mysterious Frogs, R. and C. They've got the right idea, small and frequent. The only way to really keep up with upcoming shows and such is with something that comes out every two or three weeks, four at the outside. Bi-monthly zines DO NOT CUT IT and that's just one more reason that ZINE didn't.

FROG GOD is a freebie and if you don't start reading it, I'm gonna cry.

Zine number two is DZTN HRN's new thing called STUK IN A RUT. Just picked up number one at HERO HERO and really liked it. A music zine, complete with interviews with Zoinks! and Jawbreaker. Some good questions were asked, too, informative

stuff. Check it out.

Zine number three is the Happy Trails house zine. Title unknown as of this writing, issue date is forthcoming. Mr. Hagelbarger tells me that he'll be writing for them, which is a good thing. Dave R. of the Eugene office is the motive force behind that and the Corvallis scene is clearly the target audience.

Actually, here's a true story: when I was first scrambling around trying to find people to help out with the publication that became known as ZINE, I first went to Happy Trails and asked 'em what they thought about a "Happy Trails Zine." Doug didn't really wanna go for it, but he referred me to lc and lc referred me to Travis Day. Now Happy Trails and lc are both doing Corvallis zines of their own and I'm not. Ironic, no?

Zine number four, certainly not the least, is the amazing MAURICE zine, by lc and T. Day.

And I'm not even mentioning the literary zine TWISTED NIPPLES or the humor zine CLOWN-HUNTER.

So get reading, dudes, you're falling behind. And I am hereby off the fucking hook for changing the orientation of this publication. And with that, I bid you adieu. -T.C.

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