

## A Note From the Trenches

After releasing a few very thin (on several levels) issues and going for a "stripped-down" approach (read: I'm fed up with the scene and don't want to make the effort anymore), I'm back with a vengeance: my eighteenth issue. It's coming up on six years since I started this zine, and I've decided not to edit my or others' reviews for length anymore, and I've also started to promote the zine again to an extent (it's been about a year and a half since I've promoted it at all). It's not much, this zine, I know, but at least I can say I'm doing something small to help the scene. During the first two or three years I felt, based on feedback I was receiving at the time, that in some way I was affecting the scene, and I want to do that again.

On another personal note, I know what it's like to have your band ripped apart in print, but that only means that I'm unapologetically going to continue to be harsh and candid and above all, honest with my reviews. That said, as always, rock star pigs and white power assholes can fuck off. Richard. ☼

# DISPOSABLE UNDERGROUND

ISSUE XVIII MCMXCVII

*And now for something completely different ...*

*I was actually planning to run another Napalm Death interview this issue, but since I haven't received it yet in the mail, I decided to pull out an old dusty tape that I've been saving for a while but never knew what to do with. It's a recording of an interesting conversation I once had with Jon Clayden of Pitch Shifter fame, backstage at the old 9:30 Club in Washington DC when they were touring with Carcass. Anyway, to start things off I asked him how the tour was going and he replied ...*

I'll tell you a story. The night before I was supposed to fly to America a week early with my manager to do press -- just me, because I write all the lyrics -- we were at a Napalm Death show in London, and there was, I dunno, a thousand people there, and we were stage divin' and slammin' and everything. And our manager got his nose broken; someone kicked him in the face at like two o'clock at night, and my flight was at six. So I had to take him to hospital. When we got to hospital there was a psycho woman in there who'd been havin' a machete fight with her husband. She asked us for a cigarette, and I said, "look, just fuck off, I don't smoke, my friend's just broken his nose, get the fuck away from me." And

she said, "oh, shall I break it again for him?" She tried to hit him in the nose again. Like blood was coming out of his mouth anyway, and the police came and took her away and took statements from us and everything. An' they said, "there's no way your manager's goin' to be able to move, he's gonna have to go an' get a nasal operation under full anesthetic tomorrow mornin'". So I left hospital at four, got a cab at five, met our roadie, got to the airport just in time and left.

When I got to the airport -- we use visuals live, reel projectors -- I had all these big black boxes an' videocassettes, an' they stopped me for two hours at the airport. That was before I got to America, you know what I mean? When I got to America it was like "fuck me!"

An' then, the day before we did the first gig, I was in the New York office [of Earache Records], and I heard that our drummer had been mugged by three guys, one with a gun an' two with clawhammers. They hit him once on the top of his head and once in the back. He got six stitches in each thing. This is before we started tourin'. I was thinkin', "someone is tryin' to tell me somethin'." •

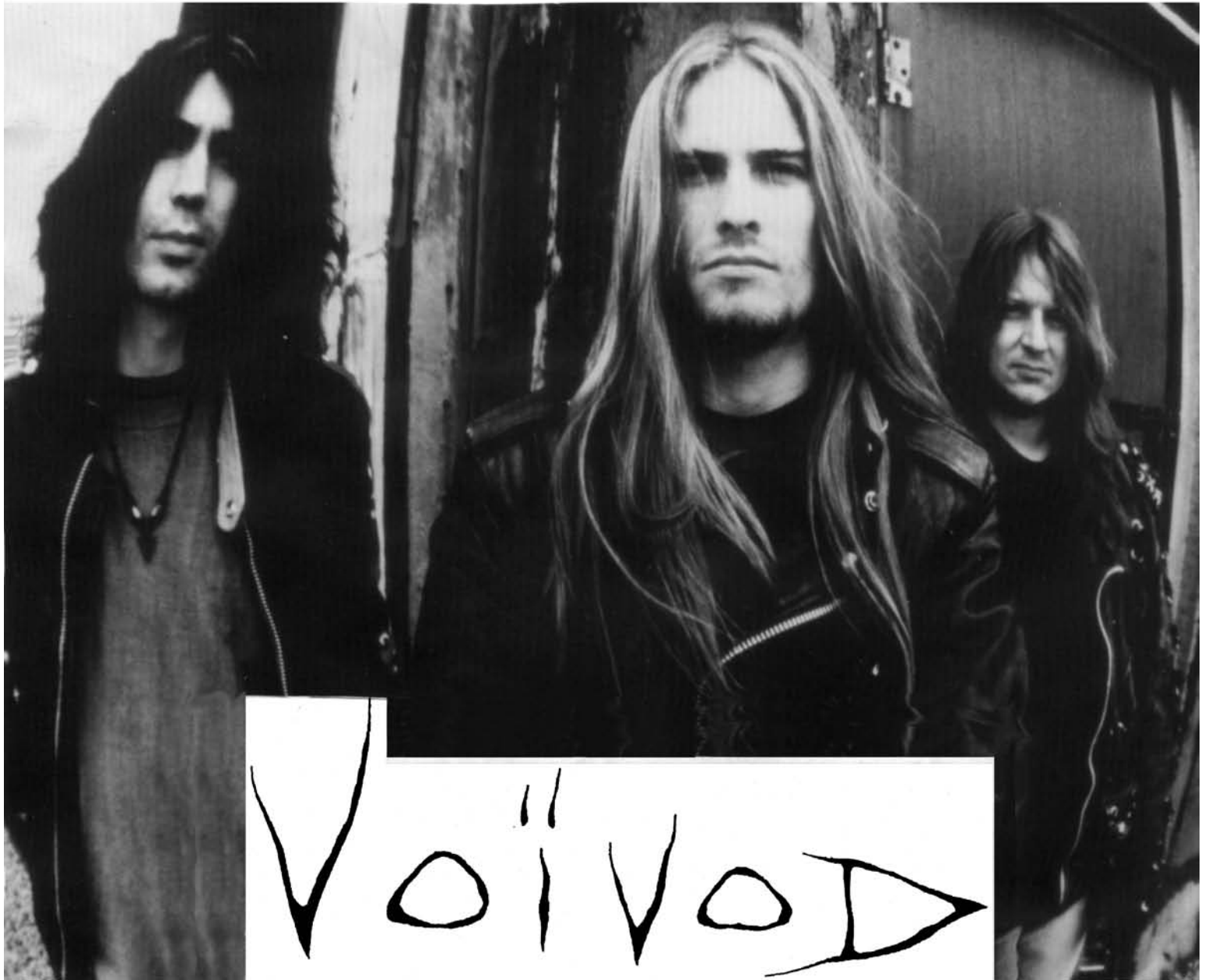
## Voivod and Crisis

Voivod came 'round to Maryland with Crisis (see show review elsewhere), each in support of their respective new albums (*Negatron* and *Deathshead Extermination*), and being the good reporter that I am I bugged them. What follows is the result.

Michel, the drummer of Voivod, tells me the tour is going great. The three band package (the other band, regrettably enough, being Pro-Pain), and everyone is getting along fine. Attendance at gigs admittedly is bigger in Europe, especially the Eastern Block, as compared to the States and Canada, but the new Voivod album has managed to sell between 75 and 100,000 copies, worldwide, a figure with which the famed skins-basher from French Canada seems to be comfortable.

What's more of interest release wise is a planned live LP for '97 that will feature the new lineup's efforts on stage in Holland, Germany, and New York, NY (CBGB's!). We all wait in breathless anticipation.

As for Crisis, the diminutive and feisty Karyn (the singer) shares Michel's assessment of the tour. She tells me that unlike Voivod's label, however, Metal Blade Records is giving Crisis tour support only because the new Crisis album is selling some copies, but that the band is still enjoying the trip. Since Crisis has the first slot on the package every night, they only play a half hour set, which consists of four songs off the current album and two off the first one, but they still give it their all. Quite enjoyable to say the least. •





# CRISIS

**Pro-Pain, Voivod, Crisis, Deadbolt, and Desolate Angel  
@ Warped, Baltimore MD by J.R.**

Although I didn't catch Desolate Angel at this show, I unfortunately saw them play with Overkill a few weeks back, so I'll talk about that set. Despite the exploits of their utterly insane bassist, there wasn't much to enjoy. The only thing worse than bad metal is average metal, which Desolate Angel are. At least bad metal is memorable.

Deadbolt are the kind of band in which the guitarists only need one string and one arm. They played one monotonous chugga-chugga riff after another. These guys sound like Crowbar with no imagination and less saturated fat intake.

Crisis stole the show. I'm not going to say that Karyn Crisis is one of the coolest female vocalists there is -- that is not fair to her. She lays waste to 99% of all vocalists, period. The other thing that impresses me most about this band is that they don't rely on their vocalist to set them apart. They have an all-around original sound, and that in itself makes them enjoyable.

Alright, before I talk about Voivod there are some things that must be said. Some bands can endure line-up changes; Voivod is not one of those

bands. I'm right and you're wrong, so live with it! Anyway, to be fair, this new incarnation of Voivod sounded good live. They played a well-balanced set incorporating their best new songs in with old favorites like "Tribal Convictions" and "Nuclear War". Although quite good, I personally cannot stomach Voivod as a power trio.

Pro-Pain are special to me in that they are the harbingers of an entirely new type of music. I refer to it as shitcore (I love the way that rolls off the tongue). For you beginners, I've included a few hints on how to be a great shitcore band. First, write six thousand heavy (but not *too* heavy, otherwise you might sound good) riffs that don't variate one iota. Arrange the riffs as poorly as possible at a constant mosh tempo. Next, throw some uninspired, gruff NYC style toughguy vocals on top of that for that extra touch of dullness. And third, when playing shitcore live, make sure to look as bored as possible (hint: pretend you're at the dentist's office), and to sound even worse than you do on record. Follow these simple instructions and you, too, faithful reader, can play shitcore just like Pro-Pain. •



*Abscess Seminal Vampires and Maggott Men* (Relapse)

There's not many songs on this record that don't have the words "fuck" or "piss" in them. I love it! I'm wearing a shit eating grin as I play this disc, and I'm hearing the dismembers switch off vocals and instruments on different songs in true Abscess fashion. The sound is awesome, and so is the band. How they'll top this is beyond me.

*Acid Bath Paegan Terrorism Tactics* (Rotten)

A unique band just exploding with ideas. The vocalist owns a very intriguing voice and the band backs him up with lots of great riffs and tasteful instrumentation. A very well rounded record and leagues beyond their first record and half the other shit coming out now. (by J.R.)

Rotten Records, PO Box 2157, Montclair CA 91763-0657

*Almighty Just Add Life* (Castle)

By the time you read this, Almighty will already be in MTV's Buzz Bin, filling the ears of millions of impressionable prepubescent adolescents with mediocre alterna-pap, so they sure as hell don't need my support. Good, I'm free to tell you that this is worthless shit. I'll be glad to pay extra tax dollars if it means these assholes get on the dole and stop torturing my ears. (by Mason)

*Altar Ego Art Displeased*

Not having a tolerance for subtle acoustic intros, I immediately went to track two, only to be greeted by death/thrash metal with Sepultura-esque vocals and chunky groove parts. Nothing especially exciting; well-produced, though. It might've sounded much better eight years ago, but still a nice LP with competent musicianship and adequate heaviness. Not too bad for a shot of straight-up "90's style" metal. (by Mason)

Displeased Records, Veeringstraat 6, NL-1502 NL Zaandam, the Netherlands.

*Anal Cunt I Like it When You Die* (Earache)

Well, I am impressed. AC has gone hardcore. This isn't necessarily *good*, but it's better than the last album in some respects, although along the same lines, such as with the silly songs, screaming, etc. The last one was a little funner to listen to, though. But it's f@#king stupid for AC to censor its song titles, unless those slobes at Earache did it for them!!

*Anathema Eternity* (Fierce/Peaceville)

I'm very impressed with the new LP. Lilted vocals, classical guitars, pianos, even a spoken word section can be found on it. I really like this record a lot. It is in a new direction from *Pentacost III*. It's not as heavy in every way but has a lot more going on and is a lot more of an involved listen. Not to be trifled with if you're in a good mood, however.

*Atrax Morgue Sickness Report* (Release)

The Italian guy behind this noise band is a maniac. The way he records and the equipment he uses make for a very trippy, eerie, throbbing listen. I liked this a lot -- it's different. Great pictures in the CD package to boot.

*Blood Duster Yeast* (Relapse)

Relapse has been kind enough to include both Blood Duster LPs on this disk, namely *Fisting the Dead* and *Yeast*. These guys are out of fucking control! A great sense of humor and a plethora of insane influences mixed into this vomit bag of a CD make for a sick, totally extreme listen. I'm chuffed to death.

*The Bogmen Life Begins at 40 Million* (Arista)

For having weird lyrics, a sense of humor, and unusual inlay ideas, the band isn't very interesting. There's lots of different influences and all, but it don't do nothin' for me.

*Brutal Truth Kill Trend Suicide* (Relapse)

I was a little more prepared to listen to this having heard some of the material live beforehand. They've gone for a deliberately underproduced approach on this slab (a kind way of saying it sounds like shit) as an antithesis to the last album, and sort of sounds like a demo, but it still has more conviction and validity than 90% of the bands out there.

*The CandySnatchers '96 album* (SafeHouse)

If you're stuck in punk rock history, content to ignore the past ten years and lock yourself in the closet with your Dead Boys records and sniff airplane glue, you could buy this, or you could buy a ticket to the twentieth century. (by Mason)

PO Box 5349, West Lebanon NH 03748-5349

*Cathedral Supernatural Birth Machine* (Earache)

I was excited to get the new Cathedral after repeatedly playing *The Carnival Bizarre* in the car.

After finally listening to it, I find another great album of uppity and heavy doom rock from the English quartet, and not a rehash of the above last album either. Sure, they're still ripping off Sabbath and everything, but that's the point, isn't it? Dorrian's vocals have strengthened (though I think he had more range on the last LP) and the lyrics have moved beyond battlefields and witches and so on. A fine effort -- I'm bloody chuffed!

#### Cold Cranking Amps '96 demo

First of all, the singer sounds like a spade Kurt Cobain. And my shit has more variety than these guys do. And I've taken pisses with more spontaneity. It sounds like their moms are holding guns to their heads when they recorded, it's that uninspired. (by J.R.)

Mick Meyers, 1519 North Adams, Mason City IA 50401

#### Cradle of Filth *Dusk and Her Embrace* (Fierce)

At least they're not wearing clown makeup anymore! But no, this is a heavy record that is more, shall we say, classy than the Cacophonous release. The band's stage names and liner notes are quite funny too. One of the guys adopted the name of an 80's progressive band, Orchestral Maneuvers in the Dark. How clueless. Anyway, the record doesn't thrash like the earlier record mentioned above, which is a shame, but its epicness, diversity, and lavish packaging make up for it. CHEERS!

#### Critical Assault *De-Evolution*

The production on this demo is thinner than wet toilet paper. I can't believe how outdated these guys are. If I want bad old metal, I'll pick up Heathen, okay? This tape is derivative of everything terrible about death metal. Exceedingly awful. (by J.R. & Richard)

\$3 US, \$4 elsewhere to Anthony Taylor, PO Box 373, Hampstead NC 28443

#### Dearly Beheaded *Temptation* (Fierce)

The only thing this CD will tempt you to do might be to throw yourself off a twelve story building. Machine Head, Pantera: if you like these bands and appreciate their clones, buy this. The unfortunate tree which was sacrificed to make this zine shouldn't be wasted on this shit. (by Mason)

#### Dystopia One *Attempted Mustache* (Rawkus)

Everything a young boy needs is on this record.

It's easier to get into than the last album, and this time there's a Bryan Adams cover. More new bizarre songs on this slab, none of which are for the closeminded or tasteful.

#### Exhauster *Forget and Dream*

The bandmembers can play alright, and they are proficient at late 80's thrash, and this CD is actually good, and I'm impressed, but it's just that I'm not into this type of material anymore.

\$11 to Benoît Goujon, 4 allée des Horticulteurs, 78000 Versailles, France

#### Exit-13 *Smoking Songs* (Relapse)

Bliss Blood from the Pain Teens makes a delectable appearance on vocals for this release (and so does Dan Lilker [my word!], but with less pleasant results), which sounds like it was recorded in the '30s. There's horns, standup bass, and jazzy guitars and percussion. Oh, and all the songs are about pot. You can't claim to be into weedcore if you don't own this CD.

#### Failure *Fantastic Planet* (Slash)

Another excellent release from this sadly overlooked band. Its consistently strong songwriting talent set them apart from others of their ilk. Failure possesses the one ingredient which separates mainstream alternative from true alternative: vision. And this is why they will most likely never achieve the recognition which they rightfully deserve. (by J.R.)

#### Floodgate *Penalty* (Roadrunner)

It sounds like Soundgarden trying to play hardcore; make that *bad* hardcore. Their singer, ex-Exhorder, is trying to harmonize like Alice in Chains does, and is failing miserably. I'd rather listen to the Yoko Ono box set than spin this disk again. (by J.R. & Richard)

#### Godplow *Soft Formal Static* (Grass)

I'd rather invite a Jehovah's Witness over for dinner than spin this wretched pop drivel. One of the liner photos displays a band member riding a buffalo. I think I'll let you draw your own conclusions on that one ... (by J.R.)

#### Haynes Boys '96 album (Slab)

R.E.M. made millions of dollars off their new record deal. That sum pales in comparison to how much they could make by suing the Haynes Boys. These aren't songs, they're copyright in-

fringements! (by J.R.)

**Helloween *High Live* (Castle)**

A double LP of Helloween's newer material for the most part, and considering how technically stunning this band once was, it's hard not to feel like this is about ten years too late. A must buy for fans of new Helloween, but the rest of us will stick to the *Keepers* records. (by Mason)

**Ho-Hum *Local* (Universal)**

If Jimi Hendrix was the sound of LSD, then Ho-Hum is the sound of NyQuil. This record is just one long sonic bowel movement. Music like this was done was done ten times better by R.E.M. ten years ago. (by J.R.)

**Human Remains *Using Sickness as a Hero* (Relapse)**

All that can be said is that Human Remains, next to Carcass, may be the sickest and next to Voivod the most original band I have ever heard. Their lyric writing skills have improved immensely and even after seeing them live twice I literally have no idea how they play these songs. Incredible. They broke up a while ago and two of the guys are in Discordance Axis, if anybody's interested.

**Human Sector '96 demo #2**

The brave souls from Human Sector have submitted a new demo for review. This band uses plenty of acoustic and keyboard interludes. The

introduction is very nice, and the singer is using a few differing styles. The songs go absolutely nowhere though. Basically I hear no improvement or change from last time, except that the vocals are stronger now.

Gil Zikri, Ropin st 5, Kiriat Nordo, Netanya, Israel

**Knockout *Think it's Time* (Doctor Dream)**

I'm astounded at how these guys manage to cram every single thing I despise about So. Cal. punk onto one CD. But if you like shit -- oops, I mean pop-punk -- then go for it. (by J.R.)

**Living Impaired *World Keeps Spinning* (Cold Earth)**

Making another appearance within these pages is Living Impaired, whose new CD is a sort of compilation of nine songs the band members recorded together. The sound and execution are far from top notch, but I hear some conviction and a harkening back to '80s demo band thrash, which I'm able to enjoy in a nostalgic sense. Catch them on the road and write for more info at 8 Tanglewood Dr #5, Lewiston MA 04240.

**Machine Head *The More Things Change* (Roadrunner)**

A respectful follow-up to their good but dangerously overrated debut album. This will definitely please their fans. As for me, with the exception of a few awe-inspiring riffs, they just don't get my semen swimming. (by J.R.)



H o l l y  
McNarland  
*Sour Pie*  
(Laser)  
Holly is a  
singer/song  
writer in  
t h e  
Jewel/Lisa  
Loeb vein.  
Not really  
my cup of  
tea. If the  
thought of  
a l e s s  
threatening  
PJ Harvey  
appeals to  
you then  
you just



may fill up your diapers over this one. (by J.R.)

*Merzbow Pulse Demon* (Release)

Fuckin' shit! I love this even more than *Venerology*. Merzbow is the best electronic noise group I've yet heard. It's insane that he does all that stuff live in the studio with no overdubs. It must drive my neighbor's dog crazy.

*Morgion Among Majestic Ruin* (Relapse)

I was going to start off this review by commenting on how there's no point in releasing a Morgion record when you already have Mindrot, but after giving this album a fair listen, I must retract that. It's no My Dying Bride or the aforementioned Mindrot or [insert good doom band here], but it is an entertaining listen, and it is heavy in its own right. If you have the disposable income, go for it.

*Morgoth Feel Sorry for the Fanatic* (Century Media)

OK, I know, they felt they did all they could in the death metal genre, and needed to "progress". But why does "progress" always mean watching one of your favorite bands degenerate into total shit? [I've often pondered that myself -- ed.] If you love Morgoth, stay away from this piece of worthless fuck. (by Mason)

*Mortician Hacked Up for Barbecue* (Relapse)

Well, it's time once again to rip Mortician a new one. The boys at Relapse are gluttons for punishment. One of the many reasons I despise this band is that they use the exact same drum machine which I once used, and I therefore can't listen to this record without wincing. Add to that they rerecorded songs from their demo here, which was back when they were good and they had a drummer. A low down dirty shame. The brutal for brutal's sake approach didn't hold water for me back with *House by the Cemetery* and it still doesn't now. 'Til next time ...

Mucas Membrane '96 promo

This definitely reeks of Deicide early on and the drum machine sounds like someone banging a shoe on a coffee table. It's like they're going, "let's have the machine go at three thousand beats per minute because we can!" Not an enthralling listen, but not a boring listen. I like the vocals and the riffs aren't bad either.

Vince Matthews, PO Box 301, Gerrardstown WV 25420

*My Dying Bride Like Gods of the Sun* (Fierce/Peaceville)

A lot more straight doom rock oriented and less "gothic" than the last album, MDB's new effort is also enjoyable because of it. It features among other things heavy riffing you can sink your teeth into and less dominant violins than in the past. This is god!

*Namanax Cascading Waves of Electronic Turbulence* (Release)

There are gods who don't have attention spans of forty seven minutes and seven seconds. That's a piece of work, boy. I feel like I'm being physically assaulted by this CD. It's mildly amusing. (by J.R.)

*Napalm Death/Coalesce split CD* (Earache)

Featuring a great Napalm song taken from the Napalm/At the Gates *Cursed to Tour* sampler CD and a demo song from the *Utopia Banished* record, this would be Barney's last hurrah as he has left for greener pastures (I don't know if Extreme Noise Terror qualifies, but I guess we'll see). As for Coalesce, they're American midpaced hardcore with enough variance and extremity to keep my interest. A good split.

October 31 *Voyage to Infinity*

METAL!!! That's the first thing I can say when I hear this demo. Featuring the drummer of Deceased (who also is the one who put out this thing, on his "Old Metal Records" label, appropriately enough) and some other boys from the local metal brigade, this little gem rocks the house. All the songs are strongly recorded and focus on swinging swords, darkened woods, and hell 'n' death, all a young person wants or needs. And anything that features my birthday is cool in my book. Hail Satan.

5953 N 10th St, Arlington VA 22205

*Overdose Scars* (Fierce)

My comment is, it's heavy, but doesn't go for the jugular. It's somewhat creative and has some tribal stuff. I could get into this if there weren't a thousand other things to buy. It's alright, but kind of annoying [and I hated them live -- ed.]. (by J.R.)

*Papa Brittle Polemic Beat Poetry* (Nettwerk)

Uh ... okay. Monotonous yet interesting, Papa Brittle is a contemporary hip hop meets hard rock

UK beat oriented band, with plenty of samples and loops and so on. It's not bad if you play it loud enough.

Pen Pal *BestBoy* (Evil Teen)

Oh boy, another alterna-wank crew, and guess what? They're from New York City. Hard to believe, isn't it? Anyway, it's one of those bands with plenty of "la la la" vocals and keyboards in the background. They have no balls, but it's good. I know that sounds weird.

The Phoids *Marianne Doesn't Know Yet* (NG)

Once upon a time, the word alternative meant something. Now it means that I've got to sit here at 2 am and listen to some awful hybrid of every wimp rock band you've heard before and wished you hadn't, praying for a quick and painless death. Similar to Wilco. (by Mason)

622 Broadway #3A, New York NY 10012

Pist-On *Number One* (Fierce)

This is basically what Molly Hatchet would sound like after a night of bad acid and too many White Zombie records. If that sounds like fun to you, get help. (by Mason)

Poundcake *Aloha via Satellite* (Q Division)

Music Lesson #1. There are two kinds of bands in this world: a) those with sac, and b) Poundcake. This record is about as exciting as a quadriplegic wrestling match. I pissed away valuable lifeforce reviewing this -- I'm going after their families! (by J.R.)

Pulley *Esteem Driven Engine* (Epitaph)

The first song denounces bands who "cash in". As Alanis Morissette says, isn't it ironic? After I stopped laughing, I actually got into this album of melodic, poppy cashcore. It's got all the typical Epitaph elements, done well, and features your fave entrepreneurs from other Epibands, Ten-FootPole and Face to Face among them. If you have a sense of humor and aren't swamped down in MaximumRockNRoll standards of what is and isn't punk, you'll really enjoy this. (by Mason)

Relapse Records comp. *Spectrum Fest*

Relapse put out a CD compilation called *Spectrum*

*Ale* with an attached offer to get some Relapse beer of all things, and after that pressing ran out, they reversed the cover art, switched all the songs, and called it *Spectrum Fest*. And a great compilation it is, even if you're sober. It includes tracks from Xysma, Lull, Brutal Truth, Exit-13, and more from the Relapse catalog. I, for one, am chuffed.

Samael *Passage* (Century Media)

Moody and yet with not a lot of sac, the new Samael LP features among other things a drum machine and a lot of keyboards. I liked *Ceremony of Opposites* a lot better. They're pulling punches. If Impaled Nazarene is too much for you, pick this up instead. (by J.R. & Richard)

Shredded Corpse *Exhumed and Molested*

Slick packaging and production do not distract away from the fact that these guys are anyband from anywhere. The vocals are the usual 90's style death gurgle and the riffs and drums are the typical 90's death crunch. Having said that, they are very proficient and good at this sort of thing, so if this sounds nice to you, go nuts.

809 Towering Oaks Dr, Jacksonville AR 72076

Stuck Mojo *Pigwalk* (Century Media)

Well, Century Media does it again. Following in the footsteps of Marauder (the most unimaginative metalcore band in recent memory), the latest Stuck Mojo is a full length of rap metal cheesecore. This is just BLAND. They almost make Marauder look good. (by J.R.)

W.A.S.P. *Still Not Black Enough* (Castle)

A completely worthless slab of syphilitic discharge reserved for those with little taste and fewer teeth. What happened to classic WASP? This sounds like a fucking Spinal Tap record. Total shit. (by Mason)

Wonderdrug Records comp. *Take Your Medicine*

A decent compilation from Boston. Scissorfight aren't bad, and Slaughter Shack rocked me ever so slightly ... I don't know if there is anything good enough on here to keep me coming back for more. (by J.R.)

*fin.*



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