

DISPOSABLE UNDERGROUND

championing the
musically jaded
for over nine years

NEWSLETTER
ISSUE 24

D.U. NEWSLETTER BY RICHARD JOHNSON UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED. CONTRIBUTORS: R. MASON, MARK SLOAN, JAKE CREGGER. ENJOY.
PMB #570 • 21010 SOUTHBANK ST • STERLING VA 20165 • USA

If the Dillinger Escape Plan is the most well-manicured band in hardcore, then certainly the best-dressed band is Cattle Press. I've been listening to Cattle Press for years, so I was delighted when Eddie, founding member and guitar player, agreed to be interviewed. The band is a crushing mix of hardcore, rhythmic grooves, tortured vocals and varied tempo destruction. Cattle Press has toured the States with Today is the Day and Dissoassociate, as well as Candiria and the Dillinger Escape Plan, and has an album on Hydra Head called Hordes to Abolish the Divine. Recently they've signed with Earache.

D.U.: Cattle Press' lyrics have long dealt with the so to speak spiritual and/or contemplative side. There are many bands that at least touch on those types of general subjects, but it's perhaps safe to say that only 1% of them actually believe and practice what they're talking about. At the risk of getting too personal, is Cattle Press a spiritual or religious band?



Eddie (front) and Harley
courtesy Ralphyyboy

his or her present state to one created by the listening experience. Question and experience: that is our religion. There isn't a single book that I have read that I can say I agree with entirely. Not one. The same can be said about anybody. So how can one bow before one god and one book? With faith, an act of cowardice and conformity. Governments and religion go hand in hand. They work together and are inseparable. Question the question. So we can say we celebrate the spirit and the mind; the essence of our totality or spirit and the reaction to this totality or mind. The spirit can be an amalgamation of our organs, skin and bone, thus creating a reaction into a form we call our mind. So I could say we sing to ourselves, a celebration of the flesh and the end result of our bodies evolving for billions of years. It is through this evolution that man has drastically separated himself from what was his ecosystem, hence him thinking he is above everything placed in this earth and in our universe. Here is the paradox which governs our universe. It allows us to survive and it is this dominance on this earth that will eventually lead to our demise. Every dynasty has crumbled. We raise our chalices to both our rise and fall.

While lyrics are of course interpretive in different ways to different people, is it safe to say that Cattle Press' lyrical direction over the years has in part been inspired by a personal backlash against Christianity?

In order for something to begin, something must end. We, under these present conditions, have been force fed rhetoric which says everything that is instinctual and natural should be controlled and suppressed. This gospel also blames women, bringers of life, for our mortality, and denies them priesthood. Obviously I am speaking of the dreadful Christian power which is literally peppered into every facet of our lives. We believe that Christian ethics and customs should be destroyed and denied. On the same hand, we do not agree with a good

CATTLE PRESS

Eddie: Cattle Press has always dedicated itself to the lost arts of self realization and empowerment. It has become a method of teaching us individuality about discipline, transcendence and release. Paying homage to what we could never understand and at the same time acknowledging the power of science—the true occult. It is through this study of a thesis and its anti-thesis do we come up with something altogether different but not entirely new. Joseph Campbell said artists and musicians are the creators of the new myths, hereby creating in a sense its own religions. The song becoming a myth, combined with the listener's experiences to base his interpretations of the music, creating a sort of out of the body experience. One transcending

amount of the so-called "Occult" community. Magic exists on all levels, for every action must be preceded by another, and has nothing to do with hocus-pocus shit. "Occult" is of or relating to supernatural agencies, their effects and knowledge of them. So since the dawn of this movement of those seeking something other than what was handed to them by tradition, it has always

been about finding answers to questions we all have asked in one way or another. Magic is the mother of science. The golden dawn spoke of quantum mechanics long before it was "discovered" and documented by modern scientists. A lot of these so-called "Occultists" or devil worshippers have no clue about what any of the icons or belief systems they wear so proudly on their sleeves, or if they do know a bit of history they miss the whole point altogether. Fuck all of this dark and evil shit. The real evil is people wearing crosses in honor of their messiah's suffering and not really paying attention to what he said. And no one can even come to any agreement on what he said anyway.

On the new album, Joey sings a few songs and shares vocals with Matt on others. Is this because these are older songs that don't sound right with your new singer, with all due respect to him, or is there another reason?

Eddie: It all derived from my decision not to sing anymore. We got Matt to replace my vocals while letting Joe sing his songs. We are kind of like the Beatles: we each sing our own tunes. So basically Matt sang on my tunes except for "The Gift," in which I share vocal duties with Joe, and the last track, "All Of the Way Down," which was me entirely. Matt had just joined the group while we were recording. If he could have learned both of those songs, I would have rathered not sing at all.

The band's lineup for a certain amount of time in the past has had two guitarists, a bass player and a drummer, with the guitarists sharing vocals. Joe moved over to bass at some point and instead of getting another guitar player, you got a singer instead. Would you agree the biggest affect this has had is in the live setting, or are there other differences?

For the past three years, the Cattle Press has withstood countless lineup changes due to the fact that cats simply don't want to tour, period. So the crazy changes in instrumentation have been as a result of necessity. No matter what comes in our way, the Press must continue. But when Joe switched over to bass, I couldn't think of one person who could pull off doubling my guitar parts. I mean, there are players out there that I cannot fuck with ...

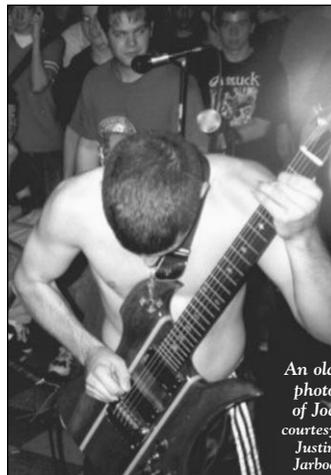
How much of a metalhead audience does Cattle Press have?

Surprisingly enough, we have done very well with the few metal shows we have played. I could count the death metal shows we have played and that is why we will have to go out with some metal groups in the future, first being Morbid Angel. We have been talking to their management lately since Joe has been cool with those guys for years. Everytime we play, the cats wearing unreadable death metal logo t-shirts always dig us. Our style has kind of

fucked us: metal cats think we are too hardcore and hardcore cats think we are too metal. Go figure. But in many ways this is a good thing. Devoid of a single path.

The newest album has a very loose feel in places, almost to the point of seeming improvisational. How much are these parts worked out in advance, if at all, and how close to the recorded version do you try to come on stage?

The record was recorded 98% live. Joe and Donato, the old drummer, were in one room while I watched them in a separate room. Besides the vocals and a doubled guitar, everything was recorded at once. Steve Evetts, our producer, felt that jazzy, loose feel of everyone feeding off one another; he decided even when the drums were tight, everybody had to be on. We could have overdubbed like crazy, but we didn't. The middle of "Before the Shrine" has a few bars that were written on the spot. "And the Sea" has drum parts that always changed and were completely improvised. That is why the guitar parts had to be so simple,



An old
photo
of Joe
courtesy
Justin
Jarboe

because in the live setting I improvise along with the drums. "All of the Way Down," which at the end we go nuts for about eight minutes, all of it was written on the spot, including my second guitar which was nailed on the first take. The almost hidden track 13, "The Continuum," was also improvised, recorded after mixing the whole record. Joe and me each grabbed an acoustic guitar and Donato hit random shit. There was a few times live which we went ballistic with the improv, but it went over too many heads. We will always experiment

and try new shit without alienating our crowd.

How are bandmembers who are leaving the group treated, as far as severance for their time and effort put into the band during their inclusion, and does this depend on whether they quit or are "fired"?

The Cattle Press is a totality, an army. If you are not in the band, you ain't getting paid besides gettin' a few copies of the shit you played on. The money we make goes back into the band. Only on a few occasions have we gone home with loot for ourselves. We are cool with most of the old members, no bad feelings for the most part. We had serious beef with our old singer, Lino, who is in Hemlock now, but now he is one of my roommates, so you can say that beef has been squashed.

Are newer bandmembers sort of handled as "hired guns," as the core of the band, at least from the songwriting standpoint, seems to be you and Joe?

No way. The core of the group has consisted of those who are dedicated to our cause: the rock! At the end of the day, we love music and love to meet beautiful women and cool cats who dig this shit as much as we do. In the past I wrote most of the shit, but now our singer is also a drummer who plays guitar. Our new shit so far has been completely a group effort, everybody putting in a part here or a part there. For the first time in this group's existence, everybody has had important input in composing, arranging and lyrics. In the past I or Joe would have a complete idea and this gave the individuals space to put their own trademark shit in there. We are excited as hell, for the new stuff is both primitive and complex. Fast shit as well as real, real slow shit. Variety is the key. ■

DISPOSABLE MUSIC REVIEWS

Abscess Tormented (Deathvomit)

I liked the last Abscess record on Relapse better, but this one is really cool because there's a lot of elements of later Autopsy in it. I used to love Autopsy. The new album is really a cross between the two bands in sound. I enjoyed listening to the cd a great deal. Abscess has a breath of new life in it—for a while there I didn't know if we were to hear from them again. It's good to hear that they're back.

Anteus Cut Your Flesh and Worship Satan (Necropolis)

An album title like this gets straight to the point, doesn't it? Evidently licensed from Baphomet Records, this record is a compilation of various recordings from the band. Anteus from France falls all over itself trying to be the most obnoxious shit ever. They don't reach even Beherit level in that regard, but they are adequately old school black metal in that they are not very good musicians or composers, and are relying on attitude rather than substance to get by. Even though by my standards that makes them a horrible band just on principle, that sort of attitude is kind of endearing to be honest, and early black metal fans may enjoy this.

Babylon Whores Errata Stigmata (Necropolis)

This is a cd single with tracks taken from the *King Fear* album. It has two non-lp remixes and a video on it. It's good shit: goth rock that reminds me a lot of Hybernoid. Finland's Babylon Whores has a great, dark hook, good vocals and hypnotic guitars. Chuffed!

Blockheads From Womb ... To Genocide (Bones Brigade)

I'll be blunt. This album really didn't do it for me. When you add up the poor band name, poor production and the uninnovative music, it's hard to give this cd higher than a 5 out of 10. I am not saying this release is all bad. I must admit I did enjoy certain vocal arrangements and the heavy-ass breakdown on track—oh crap, I forgot, the entire cd is one track! This could work if you are Mortii or Tribes of Neurot, but when the sleeve has 27 songs listed I want to be able to skip around—12:38 into the cd, there is a very memorable breakdown including lots of auxiliary drums, congas, etc. Moments like that and others including the use of a digeridoo and spastic vocals were the better aspects of this record. The lyrical content mainly relates to the loss of true animal instincts/qualities by becoming civilized. I thought that was interesting, but not enough for me to fall in love with this band. In the end if you love some raw grind and you also like *Roots*-era Selpultura then grab this record. Personally I guess I'm not enough of a grindholler to get it. (review by Jake)

Bones Brigade, Rue de Crecy, 62140 Brevillers, France

Cathedral Endtyme (Earache)

The new Cathedral album is hard to deny. The press was true: they're back to the old doom sound, at least in part. They're sidestepping the goofy material this time around to a large degree which works well with this material. *Endtyme* is dark, heavy as fuck and reliant on Sabbath as usual. They've used some interesting sounds on the new record to spice things up as well. They haven't topped *The Carnival Bizarre* yet, but *Endtyme* is a strong record.

Children of Bodom Follow the Reaper (Nuclear Blast)

Eurometal with keyboards like this really pisses me off. Bands like Children of Bodom have no concept of restraint, as it figures into maintaining complementary balance on a record. The myopic synth player sounds like he has an inferiority complex, overcompensating for a need to compete with the guitarists by apeing guitar solos, which sounds like John Tesh on crack after listening to too many Paula Abdul records. About five percent of the time this guy does a good job of staying in the background and backing up the melodies, and the other ninety-five percent fighting with the singer and lead guitarist for the spotlight. Besides this wretched, tasteless musical performance, the singer sounds like he'd be better suited for a black metal band and the rest of the group seems to have an identity crisis. They don't have a clear direction compositionally and fall back on stupid puns in their song titles. Avoid at all costs.

Cock and Ball Torture/Libido Airbag split cd (Bones Brigade)

The sublimely named Cock & Ball Torture deliver fairly run of the mill goregrind, enjoyable if you're a fan of the genre but certainly nothing too terribly unique. *Libido Airbag* (my fave band name since *Anal Getaway*) certainly raise the stakes in the unique department, employing a drum machine to complement their goofy goregrind style (similar to Krytosexual Cankroid, but better recorded). Overall, a pretty enjoyable split put out by the always impressive Bones Brigade. (see *Blockheads* review for address) (by Mason)

Decapitated Winds of Creation (Wicked World)

These strapping young Poles know how to kick out some death metal. Apparently the man

behind Vader has taken these kids under his wing and helped them get their shit together, and the result is impressive. They try to mix shit up with their song arrangements and accents, and I appreciate that. I'm trying to be objective here, because I don't like this kind of death metal, which to me sounds like a bunch of riffs pointlessly strung together with cheesy Suffocation/Cannibal Corpse blast beats on the drums and a singer going "blurgh" over the top, but having said all that, for this style, Decapitated is talented—they sound just as good as a band twice their age and experience.

Deceased Up The Tombstones!!! Live 2000 (Thrash Corner)

Maybe I'm not the most objective person to review this cd. I was at the show from which this recording was taken. So it's very interesting for me to hear how the record turned out. With the exception of the band's first album, all their releases are represented here. There's even a song from Deceased's first demo, and to top it off a Saxon cover. Excellent and still raw production help capture the energy of the performance. The growls from the audience, the irrepressible King and his between-song rants, the metal riffs churned out by the band ... it's all here. Buy or die.

PO Box 577, Las Piedras PR 00771

Destruction All Hell Breaks Loose (Nuclear Blast)

Boy, was I happy when I got this fucker in the mail. What a great record; a triumphant return for this German band. I remember back in the *Mad Butcher/Infernal Overkill* days this band would scare the shit out of me. Maybe I wasn't ready for Destruction—I was too young and too innocent. But now they are back and they're taking no shit from anyone. Recorded at The Abyss with Peter Tagtgren, *All Hell Breaks Loose* has the classic Destruction feel with a contemporary sound. Schmier and Mike return with a new drummer, and the band busts out fast and furious thrash with songs tackling such diverse subjects as death, bloodshed, lies, Satan, and yes, destruction. There's even a cover of "Whiplash" included.



Dissecting Table Into the Light (Crowd Control Activities)

This record hardly sounds like it came from the same guy that was responsible for the *Human Breeding* record. It's a lot more pummelling, thanks to the drum machine, and a lot less subtle. It doesn't back off too frequently and seems more rudimentary, less developed, even though the recording dates of these two records are only a year apart. Don't get me wrong: it's still good. It's still not something you can relax too. It's still something you should buy.

Dreams of Damnation Let the Violence Begin (Necropolis)

After a promising old school thrash start, the cd falls short in the vocal department. I had high expectations when I saw that Jim Durkin, who unceremoniously quit Dark Angel after their second album, was the leader of the band. Anyway, the band doesn't sound ready to record a full length, seemingly barely rising above demo-level expertise. Maybe the producer didn't capture the band's capabilities in the studio, maybe the recording was rushed, I don't know. Put it this way: there's unrealized potential here.

40 Grit Heads (Metal Blade)

These guys have made, speaking strictly of production, a great sounding record. They play a melodic side of Korn-influenced style, without the hip hop elements. The lyrics are personal and introspective, and the singer is being tuneful and not screaming and growling like other bands of this type. I can tell they're going for something a little left of center, but they're not going out on a limb enough to make this interesting to listen to. They're at least trying, though.

Garden Of Shadows Oracle Moon (Earache)

I first heard this band's music when I saw them as one of the local openers for Cannibal Corpse, and I was very impressed. I've heard their name before in local circles. As far as I know this is a young band, but they sound totally professional, and looked the same on stage. Live and on record in places they reminded me of The Gathering (always a plus in my book). They are one of those progressive metal bands that pile on tons of melodic guitars, double bass drums out the wazoo, and tastefully restrained keyboards, not to mention the well-placed blast beats and the acoustic guitar bits, "epic" being one of the adjectives often applied to a result of this kind. Unlike myself, the friends I was with at the gig couldn't get into them because of the vocals, which were straight-up newer death metal style, and they are harder to digest on record, perhaps because they seemed more appropriate in the high energy of the live setting. On album the death grunts in a lot of places wrecked the atmosphere created by the rest of the band. I can't suggest a vocal style that would suit the band better, but death metal isn't it. Other listeners may have no problem with this mix, but regrettably for me I can't deal and won't spin this disc again.

In Aeternum The Pestilent Plague (Necropolis)

Yet another Swedish band. This one has that death metal/black metal mix, a band that sports bullet belts, spikes and chains and that plays suitably blistering metal with lots of blasts and screams and growls. There's some bits of the less technical side of Destruction in their sound, too. Their Abyss studio production is real good, but they held back from making it sound great to give it that old black metal sauce. To sum up: these guys rule!

Lamb of God New American Gospel (Metal Blade)

Formerly Burn The Priest (a much better band name), L.O.G.'s debut on a big label is something I've been looking forward to hearing. They're a good band, keeping interest with their odd-time riffs and aggressive vocals. They are heavily influenced by Meshuggah but not as insane with the arrangements and drums. The lyrics are persuasive, too. I also like the impressive packaging this cd comes in. With the type of band this is, which doesn't move around that much in the tempo department, sticking to the slower end of the spectrum much of the time, and relying on pummeling grooves, they're not one to get me to go back for repeated listens, but I still recommend it to others.

Linea 77 *Too Much Happiness ... Makes Kids Paranoid* (Earache)

Having a liberal review policy like this zine does mean often you have to listen to garbage like Linea 77. I hate the new school rap-metal derivative plague that is so infectious today. I can't think of one band that is ripping off Korn but is doing something interesting or a little original with it. These Italians are no exception.

Lizzy Borden *Deal with the Devil* (Metal Blade)

It's amazing how many old bands are getting back together. What's more amazing is that for



the most part it's bands who no one really gave a fuck about in the first place. I guess Lizzy Borden was fairly notorious back in the old Metal Blade days, releasing a few really good records before making a couple of fairly stinky, overblown ones. Now he's back, with Joey Vera and a whole bunch of other talented guys in tow,

and as a result, *Deal with the Devil* is a pretty good record. Lizzy's vocals haven't changed at all, and it's obvious he's trying to pick up where he left off. He does a more than adequate job of it. Solid production and great cover art to boot. If you've got a taste for old school metal, this might do the trick. (by Mason)

Maze of Torment *Death Strikes* (Necropolis)

These Swedes have a retro deathrash (there's a phrase I haven't used in a long time!) thing going on. They take a lot from old Kreator and *Hell Awaits*-era Slayer, and their songs deal with bloodshed, sex, murder and, of course, Satan. Good stuff all the way down to the Sunlight production! The singer reminds me of someone but for the life of me I can't figure out who.

Mint 400 *Intercomfort* (Vile Beat)

This is a mix bag between noisy psychedelic mood music, Oasis-type Brit pop but more raw, and Unsane style hi-octane rock. This is a good band. I like their toe-tapping, upbeat obnoxious stuff the best, but all of it is powerful and dripping with emotion. Their slow, dark songs put me in a sour mood very effectively. The Stateside version of this cd has some bonus tracks.

Vile Beat, PO Box 42462, Washington DC 20015, USA

ML8R Records Update

Guardian *The Yellow and Black Attack is Back*

Philadelphia 2000 album

Bride *Silence is Madness*

Occasionally, when flipping through the black metal section at Tower just to laugh at the fat Europeans in clown makeup, I begin to wonder what exactly drives them to hate Christianity so much. Well, now I know. ML8R has for some incomprehensible reason invested quite a bit of time, money, and care into reissuing a handful of records that were pretty fucking god-awful in the first place. Before you assume I'm attacking this shit because it's Christian, let me say I'm not. I have no problem with Christianity, and in fact, I really like Believer, and have been fortunate enough to witness them live on a couple of occasions. Guardian, on the other hand, dedicated an entire record to Stryper covers. Just the idea that there's actually someone out there who finds this idea appealing (other than for comedic value) makes my balls shrink. Philadelphia (nice name) sounds like Anglo-metal underachievers Demon, if Demon was white trash losers who liked blowing up rats with C4 in the Winn Dixie parking lot. Bride is an interesting band because they apparently put most of their creative energies into coming up with highly improbable hair weaves, possibly as a tactic to confuse non-Christians. It worked on me; I was so busy trying to figure out the bass player's hair that I never got around to listening to the cd. These are all completely fucking horrible and retarded examples of how bad Christian metal is. If I were Jesus, I'd be fucking pissed. (by Mason)

Morbid Angel *Gateways to Annihilation* (Earache)

Gateways to Annihilation (G.T.A) marks the sixth official non-live, non-demo recording from the world's most persistent death metal machine. This record marks a noticeable departure from the band's previous songwriting style; the music has taken a more churning, rhythmic direction compared with material from *Domination* or *Formulas Fatal to the Flesh*. Rest assured, G.T.A. lacks neither aggression nor dimension. Plenty of blast beats and insanely fast double-kick drum passages still abound, as well as the trademark bombastic lyrics and abundant guitar solos. Fortunately, bassist/vocalist Steve Tucker has opted to omit the ancient Babylonian lyrical texts, which made an abysmal and retarded appearance on the previous album. The record was produced and engineered under the watchful eye of Jim Morris of Morrisound infamy. As dated as the "Florida Sound" may be, the only real production flaw I found was the miserable snare drum sound, which resembles a Casio drum sample running on half power. Special note must be made of the absolutely atrocious album packaging. I'm sure there is some knavery afoot here; the liner notes credit the wretched crayon drawings which adorn the insert and cover to none other than the mighty Dan Seagrave, death metal artist extraordinaire, whose extensive illustrative work has been proudly displayed by the likes of Gorguts, Hypocrisy, Entombed and others. I applaud Morbid Angel's sense of humor in including artwork so clearly generated by a Wesley Willis protege and billing it as a Seagrave masterpiece. Bear in mind the criticisms here are minor; G.T.A. is a great record, my favorite by Morbid Angel since *Covenant*. Some crusty old grind dorks (I won't mention Richard here) expressed disappointment with the slower tempo of the record, which is a fair assessment. Personally, I find the change refreshing and don't think that ANY band, including Morbid Angel, will ever be able to repeat the glory of *Altars of Madness* or *Blessed Are the Sick*. At any rate, even a lackluster Morbid Angel record far surpasses 99.9% of the abominable shit on the market masquerading as death metal. (by Mark

N.Y.C. 2000 demo

There's a somewhat later Prong influence here except this band is less aggressive. They've got some electronic jams going on, which is fine, but they're too lukewarm in the delivery of their semi-metalcore songs to make it all work. I get the impression that these guys are trying to be tough. They're failing. At least they're trying to do something different. PO Box 16841, N Hollywood CA 91615-6841, USA

Opprobrium *Discerning Forces* (Nuclear Blast)

Remember Incubus? No, the death metal Incubus, of course! This is Incubus with a different name. I was never very familiar so I can't compare, but this record is totally killer, raw, OTT death metal. The band never lets up for one second on the aggression. The guitarists are in your face ... I can imagine the axe-slinger playing these songs with clenched teeth because they're so metal. To be honest, I have to say some of the songs drag on a bit—Opprobrium is best when they're playing fast, which I wish happened more often on this record. But anyway, this cd sounds like it could have come out 10 years ago, which is a good thing in my book.

Pig Destroyer *38 Counts of Battery* (Relapse)

When you buy this record, which quite frankly you WILL be buying, grab some plastic gloves and a mop on the way home, because this cd will crush your head into a shapeless mass of mucus and pus (this is a good thing when dealing with METAL). This discography cd covers most of Pig Destroyer's fun-filled releases, most of which I hadn't ever had a chance to get my metal-loving mitts on before. It's an interesting release because you can see how this three man demolition unit has musically grown while at the same time still has kept the PD vibe going throughout their career. So next time you wake up in a cold sweat, covered in someone else's urine and puke, and you need to hear some Pig Destroyer, simply reach for your newly acquired *38 Counts of Battery* and rest easy, you bastard. (by Jake)

Pignation *You Would Hate to Know* (Shing D.I.Y. Industries)

Making another appearance in these pages is Pignation, and they're getting better as a band! They've improved instrumentally and compositionally. They're very grindy and very crusty, the way Polish bands are known for, mixing in sudden shifts between blasts and slow, heavy parts. The sound quality is appropriately rough but thankfully better than their demo tape and vinyl appearance. Pignation still has their sense of humor in their choice of samples as well, and they've added new elements to their sound which again is an improvement. Write the label at Konopnickiej 13/36, 38-300 Gorlice, Poland.

Primal Fear *Nuclear Fire* (Nuclear Blast)

There's more and more straight-up Eurometal these days and Primal Fear is no exception. With songs like "Living for Metal," "Back From Hell" and "Bleed For Me," you know these guys play up-tempo metal with lots of double bass, melody and guitar hooks to spare. The singer reminds me of Blacky Lawless slightly; he's got quite a set of pipes on him in any case. One of several high points is the full speed ahead tune "Fight the Fire." Featuring Gamma Ray and Sinner members, this record is a barrel of fun.

Rotten Sound *Still Psycho* (Death Vomit)

This Finnish cd doesn't even clock in at the 20 minute mark, but it's still worth your money because it's awesome. There's some new school hardcore parts that aren't particularly complicated which is a good thing. Rotten Sound has a lot of metal in them but they don't slow down often; instead they keep going back to the only tempo that matters: grind. They've come a long way from their first 7" and it's only an improvement.

Serpent Obscene 2000 album (Necropolis)

More Swedish death! These guys are all about fire, evil, blood and the like. They have touches of 90s death thrash and also bust out some blast beats, as most contemporary bands of this type do, here and there. Lots of riffs with the snare leading the beat, fast riffs most of the time, and rapid fire, raspy vocals. These guys have their schtick down pat. I've heard this stuff done before, and done better, but still, this record is obviously a strong effort.

Sinergy *To Hell and Back* (Nuclear Blast)

Awright, some balls-out metal! This is no-bullshit melodic metal with some great guitar work and some burnin' vocals, the latter definitely being one of the highlights. The guitarists are again very impressive, delivering dazzling fretwork but not over your head at all, the vocalist has a lot of range and power, the drums fit the riffs very well, and even the bass player has a good style. You don't hear this type of stuff all that often these days because it hasn't been in fashion for a real long time. Very good!

Sin Noisy Pipes *Lovely Noises* (KOCH)

This is going to sound stupid, but I'd like this record if it was better. Sin has a lot of good ideas and creates a suitably dark mood with their gothy electronic type sound, but they don't reach the mark for me. I skipped around the disc trying to find something that made me want to stick around and listen more, but they didn't give me enough to do that.

Sinner *The End of Sanctuary* (Nuclear Blast)

If you're unfamiliar with Sinner, it's probably because most of their lps have never made it to U.S. shores. It's a shame because we've been missing out on some top of the line power metal. Generally, "German power metal" conjures up images of guys in fluffy pirate shirts using falsettos guaranteed to reduce one's sperm count, but such is not the case here. These guys are firmly entrenched in the Judas Priest style of go for the throat riffing and song arrangement that dispose of the unneeded prog noodling that makes Gamma Ray such a fucking bore. When I got this cd to review, I listened to it for about three weeks straight, and I haven't done that with a metal album since *Painkiller*. *The End of Sanctuary* is probably the best straight-up metal record I've heard in the past two or three years. Buy it! (by Mason)

Skyclad *Folkémón* (Nuclear Blast)

My first reaction to this record was: Just when I thought Pan-Thy-Monium was the worst joke band in metal, second only to Gwar, along comes Skyclad. Lyrics like "We're all hooked up to the vast karmic internet/The truth is we share the same service provider" is why I felt that way. I couldn't take this band seriously, and I figured they're not funny enough to be entertaining. I have to admit, though, that this record grew on me as each track played. I'm surprised I like this, but I do. Only one of the good things about this record is the lavish packaging. The mix of folk and metal, also, is adventurous and I give them credit for trying something different and surviving as long as they have. They're successful at bridging the canyon-size gap between the

two musical styles. Check into these guys if you want to give them a chance.

The Worst Five Minutes Of Your Life demo

Short and sweet, hence the band name. While the five minutes that I listened to this tape were no comparison to a five minute late night run-in at an assumed empty public bathroom, the 300 seconds were still pretty rough. If you're into Spazz and alot of that fast crazy powerviolence hardcore/grind stuff with a hint of doomy metal, you'll dig this ex-Army of Darkness band. It's short, very aggressive, with some totally off the ball vocals. Don't step over your dying grandmother to get this, but if you have some extra bucks and a hankerin' to get pummed, write to them. (by Jake)
Mike, PO Box 8344, Burlington VT 05402-8344

To/Die/For All Eternity (Nuclear Blast)

I'm surprised I'm digging this, but I am. A lot. These Finnish gothmetal guys know how to lay down a melancholy hook and bring you in with it. We've got keyboards, drums courtesy of the guy from Sinergy, and guitar solos. I'll be honest, I wasn't looking forward to hearing this cd because the band looks like a bunch of cheeseballs, but fuck, this cd hasn't left my stereo since I finally put it on. The bottom line is, this band sounds like Depeche Mode if they played metal, and I know that sounds awful, but it works. To/Die/For rules.

Total Fucking Destruction Version 2.0

Where do I start? This demo is good for a laugh. By that I mean it has an air about it that it's just for fun and not to be taken too seriously. From the "fuck it" playing style and intentionally abominable production to the silly lyrics such as "Kill the jocks and eat their brains" and "How many starving children / Could be fed for the price of one drum set?", you can't expect a grind masterpiece, but that's okay. Write to these road dogs and get this cd.
#3 Bethel Chruh Rd, Dillsburg PA 17019, USA

V/A Fistful of Rock N' Roll Volumes 1-4 (Tee Pee)

If you're under the impression that the only "real" rock 'n' roll worth listening to these days is coming out of Scandinavia, you'd do well to check out these comps. Since there are simply too many good bands here to mention, I'll just say that the quality of these comps, from liner notes to cover art to track selection, are absolutely top-knotch and worth your dime, lovingly put together by Sal from Electric Frankenstein. Before you drop your hard-earned cash on the next Hellacopters record, consider giving one of these a go. I've personally been unable to stop spinning these since getting them for review, and I'm crossing my fingers I'll get the rest of the series soon! (by Mason)

V/A Gateway To Hell 2 (Dwell)

I'm not a fan of tribute records, that trendy phenomenon where a bunch of bands record covers of one band. They usually involve bands who have no business recording a song by the featured band, who are there only because they sell records or because they are on the label releasing the tribute. I tried to put a tribute together once and I'm glad it fell apart and never came out. But Dwell Records is one of those rare labels that knows how to put together a good compilation. This "Tribute to Slayer" has by my count 10 good tracks on a 15 track cd, which is a good number for this sort of thing. Standouts are Angelcorpse, Hate, Incantation, Nocturne and The Chasm, with Abigor and Mystifier turning in very interpretive yet good Slayer covers. Most of the bands insert blast beats into their covers and the smart ones make this common idea a brief one. The two worst, most wretched covers are by Perverseraph and Messe Noir. Their songs made me puke. But again, the strong tracks make this cd worthwhile.

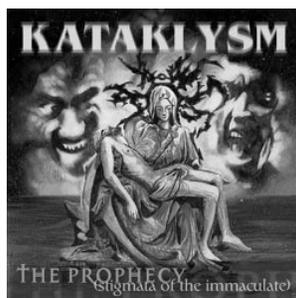
DISPOSABLE CONCERT REVIEWS

Dismember, Kataklysm, Krisiun, Shadows Fall, Inhumane

Jaxx, Springfield VA

Inhumane, formerly Dirge, a local band, and then Shadows Fall, which is part of this tour package that hit Jaxx, opened the show. Krisiun was met with devil horns and cheers from the audience when they hit the stage. They played hard and the frontman worked the crowd to keep them engaged, but I found them quite boring. Their songs basically consisted of two sections that are only distinguishable by their corresponding drum beats: a) their grind blast parts, and b) their fast double bass parts. Once in a while they'd play a midtempo double bass part, and each song had a "fast for the sake of fast" guitar solo over one of these sections. I really don't see why these guys are getting so popular besides the fact that they're fast and "brutal" and from Brazil.

Kataklysm seemed like they had something to prove on stage, and I venture that they wanted to show that they are back with just as much validity after their latest round of lineup changes (and



less than favorably received last album, at least in some circles) in which their much ballyhooed singer was ousted. All I can say is that they rocked. The band is somewhat sloppy on stage in contrast to other grind bands like Krisiun, and surprisingly enough, the drummer didn't trigger his set (to ensure that his drum hits had the same full volume no matter what he was playing) like Krisiun and most other "professional" grind bands do. They mix up their songs with unusual arrangements and odd pairings of guitar riffs and drum beats. I was very impressed with their no-nonsense, no-dressing up approach to their music, and there were more than a few die hard Kataklysm fans up in the front. They are back on the Nuclear Blast label and their new album, *The Prophecy (Stigmata of the Immaculate)*, is much tighter and punchier than some of their older material and is back to their old grind metal style, but more controlled than their earlier records. The songs have more thought put into the arrangements, which are less chaotic than in the past but still have plenty of surprises, and the production is top notch. There's also a lot of catchy hooks and discernable riffs, which is an improvement.

Dismember totally blew me away. I don't remember them being this good the last time they toured the states. They played a full set composed of plenty of tracks from their various albums, going all the way back to their first one and also *Massive Killing Capacity*, *Indecent and Obscene*, *Death Metal* and of course the new album. They were very together, very professional, and were obviously having a very good time playing. The slightly toasted singer was a riot with his cheesy introductions, such as "This song is dedicated to all the fine females here tonight", which he offered for their song

"Skin Her Alive", and "Are you ready to die tonight? First you have to 'Bleed for Me!'" Rock.

Lords of Acid, DJ! Acurcrack

9:30 Club, Washington DC

Boy, did I have fun at this show. Both bands on the bill were entertaining, and so were the flamboyant and drunk lesbians rubbing up against each other in front of me, both the cute ones and the other ones who were wider than they were tall.

DJ! Acurcrack opened and the two man group laid down some techno that I found quite appealing. It was slow and trancy at first and gradually built up to a fevered pitch. Little by little they won the crowd over as a small percentage of those attending, more and more as their set went on, were moving to the music. I detected hints of later era Scorn, The Crystal Method, and Prodigy in their sound, but they also had their own thing going on. They were bouncing around, triggering samples, playing riffs off their turntable, pounding the keyboards, and screaming into the mic. A good set.

Soon after the Lords of Acid hit the stage running. I didn't know quite what to expect, but they rocked. In support of their new album, *Farstucker*, the Lords belted out tune after tune, some off the new one of course, which I was half happy with. I like the trippier, dancier material on the new one better than the more verse-chorus, basic songs. Anyway, the band played on, barely letting the audience catch its breath, flashing depraved images on a screen above and behind them, while various people came on stage to be tied up, cuffed, and/or whipped. The singer changed outfits at least three times, each one more delectable than the last, all the while telling the crowd to show her their tits and that she likes fucking, among other niceties. She had the crowd pumped up and eating out of her hand. I could hardly bear it, she was so good. What a great time I had.

U.D.O., Raven, Deceased, H-Hour

Jaxx, Springfield VA

This was a gig that I've been looking forward to for some time. There was excitement in the air for most of the night, as metalheads prepared for the headliners by drinking beer and getting pumped up through the support bands' sets.

H-Hour opened the show and was kind of naive in terms of knowing what metal is, at least the brand that they were supporting, and what fans of that kind of music are looking for in a metal band. The group seemed to have only a very rudimentary grasp of the heavy metal sound, and had an earlier Soundgarden influence. They seemed hesitant to play their instruments hard. Maybe if they immerse themselves in records by bands such as those who were later on the bill, they could take some good clues.

Deceased was next, and anyone who reads this zine on a semi-regular basis knows that we love Deceased. They metalized all who were paying attention without mercy. They covered all the bases with their set, even playing two, count 'em, two covers (Maiden and Saxon), and went so far as to throw in a song from their first demo which they recorded over 10 years ago. They were applauded by the crowd. The drummer threw his drum sticks into the crowd at the end of the set, and, thinking better of it, threw out his snare drum and stand for good measure.

Raven played next, and I have to admit that I wasn't looking forward to their set. I always thought they were a bunch of cheeseballs, but hell, I have to hand it to them - they rocked. They played a few songs off their new album which is out on Metal Blade Records, as well as some old stuff, and got the crowd pumping fists and singing along to their songs. I heard that the brothers Gallagher moved to my old town from England so they could play with their drummer more easily and more cheaply, which blew my mind. But I was more shocked by the fucked up basses the singer was playing, going from a seven string bass to a fucking twelve string if you can believe that. Now it was time for U.D.O., led by Udo Dirkschneider (see interview last issue). The band has a large number of albums under its belt and played many of those songs, and since he and one of the guitar players were in Accept, they dedicated a large chunk of the set to Accept songs as well. They ended their set with a powerhouse list of Accept and U.D.O. songs which drove the crowd totally apeshit; I was surprised how nuts the audience was going. They played pretty much everything I wanted them to, and my only disappointment was the absence of "Friends Will Be Friends" off the new album. They relied heavily on crowd participation on the choruses, and even got everyone to hum along to the guitar melodies. I was decimated by U.D.O., that's all I can say.

DISPOSABLE OPINION

Leave Me the Fuck Alone by Mason

My nightmare realized: I'm trapped at the bar in a tiny club dangerously overrun with 16 year old Vulcan bike messengers, the dead gaze of unfeeling eyes leering behind countless pairs of Buddy Holly glasses. The congestion of bodies around my chair swells, a clear and hostile attempt to infect me with dread eмо coolities. I'm surrounded and, feeling like a rabbit under Ted Nugent's porch, turned to my only available means of obliterating my terrible self-awareness: I wove down a bartender (who looks uncannily like an extra from *Gummo*) for a gin & tonic. The first group on tonight's bill walks onto the stage and it's trouble right off the bat as the singer kicks into a self-pity rap so painfully earnest it makes the Kids of Widney High sound like Jedi Masters of lyrical irony. This poor sap is so into his trip that he's literally screaming at the audience to shut up so he can finish his greuling, pedantic stabs at disenchanted white boy kvetching before the "band" goes into another ill-conceived shitstorm, painting my unappreciative eardrums with an ugly hue of bad Jenny Piccolo meets VSS on cheap speed. So I sit on my embittered yet highly amused ass, sipping on my tonic & tonic (watering down drinks should be a prosecutable offense, dammit!) while these black clad, tone deaf pansies shriek like fruit bats long past their welcome, finally being sent off to their Joy Division records and self-mutilation by an alarmingly appreciative audience (again, the Spock Rock contingency is in full effect). Soon thereafter, due to an ever-growing crowd, shitty drunks and a throbbing migraine (thanks to Mr. Badditude shouting his wealth of teenage wisdom directly into my ear, me being seated next to a PA speaker), I'm wasting no time trying to blow this popsicle stand, reminding myself that life is indeed too fucking short to waste watching shitty bands. Sad thing is, I remember when going to shows was fun for me, and when I enjoyed being around other people kind of like me (total freaks, acquaintances, friends). Now I feel more out of place in a room full of "punks" than I do at my stupid desk job or at the mall. Most of the music kinda sucks, the juvenile debauchery is boring, and small talk has never been my cup of tea. I'm not sure if the make-up of the scene has changed that drastically or if I've just gotten anti-social and intolerant over the past few years. I'd rather spare myself the drama and listen to the bands' records in the comfort of my own bedroom, hanging out with my cats, than be around drunk/strung out douchebags and high school kids. Either way, I have officially lost touch with punk rock.

D.U.