

DISPOSABLE UNDERGROUND

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“GRIND YOUR FUCKING FACE IN” was the name of the festival that took place at The Talking Head in Baltimore, Maryland. It was only one night and only six bands, but it had something of the air of an event that was more than just another show.

By the time we got there, Medic had already played and the bass player was loading his gear in his vehicle outside the club. They presumably played songs from their CD, *Greetings And Amputations*, and their split 7” with Triac.

Touring in support of *Buried In The Front Yard*, Rumpelstiltskin Grinder from Pennsylvania played thrash metal through and through. The riffs were technical and the band struck poses the way a proper thrash band should, and the singer never got out of character, asking the crowd, “having a good time tonight?!” and so on in the way that most bands that play this style of music stopped doing many years ago. Rumpelstiltskin Grinder was a lot of fun, concerned itself with putting on a performance, and didn’t let up for one minute.

Total Fucking Destruction is also from Pennsylvania and they sounded like their band name on stage. Their set was actually one of the best I’ve seen of them, even with fatigue (or the effects of weed) evident on their faces and the handicap of a fill in at one of the guitar spots accomplished by one of the axe slingers for Rumpelstiltskin Grinder, who also handled backups. It didn’t seem to be a problem at all, however. Bandleader and drummer/vocalist Rich Hoak said that night during loadout that the point of the band, or one of them, anyway, was to

write simple riffs that anybody could play. This was one of the US dates the band was playing before they went to Europe to promote *Total Fucking Destruction: Compact Disc Version 1.0*.

Next, Triac played a hurried set after believing they would have to cancel because of their van not starting. The equipment laden vehicle started after all, the result of a battery jump and a few swift kicks, and with its arrival at the club the band threw their equipment on stage and rocked. They’ve been playing one offs and weekend tours in support of their split 7” EP with Medic and their CD, *Dead House Dreaming*. Basically Triac played

their grindcore with lots of absurdly catchy riffs frantically, with the singer at one point belting out a verse or two from the floor in the company of the crowd surfers and slam dancers, and from the stage kept up front and handed out wisecracks in between songs.

Misery Index took the stage amid excitement and proceeded to rip through numbers from *Retaliate* and their latest, *Dissent*. Misery Index performed grindcore but, as with each band that night, not in the same way as any of the other bands. Their take was a mix with death metal of the highest caliber. The band had energy to spare and performed well, putting on a rousing, crowd pumping set. Well seasoned and solid as a rock.

Finally the behemoth that is Swarm Of The Lotus came on.

Playing several songs from their second album, *The Sirens Of Silence*, as well as some from their first, *When White Becomes Black*, Swarm played one of the most pissed off sets from them I’ve seen. They were coming off like they had something to prove, but that seems to come easily for the band as Swarm has its own sound and at the same time is terribly heavy and extreme. With triple vocals, 7-string axes, 5-string bass, and double kick drums Swarm made sure the audience left happy.

Things were getting out of hand at a few points in the pit during the set, with one of the guys from Medic trying to calm down what he called “pool hall” behavior. Swarm’s singer paused inbetween songs to remind the audience that everyone was there to have a good time.

More live photos from “Grind Your Fucking



TOTAL FUCKING DESTRUCTION



MISERY INDEX



TRIAC



SWARM OF THE LOTUS



DATING in the SWEDISH METAL SCENE

by Parastoo Zeraat

PREVIOUS TO HER LIVING in Sweden for six months, Parastoo lived and worked in Washington DC. She returned to the States in 2005 temporarily to iron out her residency status with Swedish immigration, but she didn't leave Sweden before increasing her contacts in the metal scene there, already a friend of members of one well known Gothenburgian band. Aside from taking advantage of her stay by catching bands such as Entombed and Grave live and attending the Sweden Rock festival, she came away with more than one story to tell. Here Parastoo graciously describes situations one finds one's self in when attempting to navigate dating in that land inside the Arctic Circle, the captivating Swedish metal scene.

I always thought the ritual of dating was awkward—meeting people at bars or shows, exchanging phone numbers, the wait before the first call. But meeting people and dating in a culture other than your own can be absolutely confusing.

I wasn't going there to actively pick anyone up, or get picked up, but it just happens when you're out and not visibly attached to someone else. Especially in Sweden, with a population of only nine million people in the entire country, fresh meat is a rare and coveted commodity. I got very mixed results at a bar, club, or show. Half the time I felt like Swedish guys were totally turned off by me: too foreign, too dark, too short, whatever. The other half the time I felt like some novelty must-have state-of-the-art gadget that just got introduced at Geek Con: oohs and aahs and lots of swarming and pointing. Of course, they could have been pointing and oohing and aahing 'cause they were turned off, too.

In any case, most of the guys I met in friendly situations seemed relatively normal. I would see those same guys, however, completely transformed in a club or bar setting. Before my eyes they would turn into animals, asserting their sexual prowess—or lack thereof, for I hear that most Swedish guys are oblivious when it comes to pleasuring the opposite sex. Basically a quick hello, and then a "your place or mine, baby?" and off you go, hand-in-hand, for a quick wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am. But, you might wonder, does it actually work on the women there? The answer is a resounding "yes!" The women also have the same nonchalant attitude as the men.

As if Swedish men aren't unique enough however, Swedish metal musicians are a breed of their own, seemingly slick, sly and oh-so-charming, these guys seemed to have no problem taking their time, probably because they had about eight other chicks on the side giving it to them already. We all know how most

"LG from Entombed and a bunch of the old punk scum came by drinking beer and being their normal obnoxious wonderful selves and this girl from the US I can't remember the name of - who apparently shreds on guitar - was there and we kept bitching at each other whether Dave Mustaine was a whining tramp or not. We concluded he was, but also that he is a great artist no matter what"
From Peter Dolving of The Haunted's 2005 winter European tour report, Stockholm, Sweden.
Source: www.the-haunted.com.

musicians can be, of course, always looking to get laid. In Swedish culture somehow it seems that all guys can play that role without being reprimanded. For them, it's more a conquest of which they often can be proud than a genuine interest: "Let's see who gets to bang the new girl first." Be ready to be added to the ever-growing list of reserve booty when the next new girl comes along.

And with touring musicians, the next new girl isn't far behind. The competition in this category is fierce, and Swedish women are no slackers when it comes to the glamor department (I won't comment on their low mental capacity). The latest trends, beauty techniques and embarrassing sacrifices, a la Brazilian bikini wax, money, time, and pain are no object to these women. Natural beauties beware.

But groupies or non-groupies, it all seems the same in the end. They're all just vying for the same piece of Swedish metal ass. One thing I did notice, though, is that the girls don't seem as bent on hanging on to that piece of ass like us Americans are. It's every American groupie's dream to be picked up by a member of Blink-182 for a one-night stand and then be proposed to the morning after, but Swedish groupies don't seem to have that attachment. Sex is sex, a notch is a notch, and that's that. Women are often as proud of their conquests as the men.

Since sex is so casual and girls just come and go in Swedish musician's lives, it's not uncommon to be set up with your ex's, or not so ex's friend or bandmate or roommate. Be prepared to be passed around like a blunt at a Bob Marley concert.

Foreigners are rare in Swedish metal, but we're not non-existent. We seem to be accepted relatively well, though there's a high cross

section of Swedish society that's very anti-foreigner (true in every culture but Swedes aren't very interested in hiding it). It's only natural that this percolates down into Swedish metal society. I myself have only gotten one such vibe in the metal community during the time I was there, and it wasn't even significant enough to note. As everywhere around the world I've been, metallers are a tight-knit community based around the music, and we leave the rest of the baggage at home. Hallelujah!

Back living in Sweden, Parastoo, when not going out to eat or listening to *Unleashed* and *At The Gates*, works as a web guru. Get in touch with her at www.parastoo-zeraat.com. ■



PARASTOO, WHO APPARENTLY SHREDS ON GUITAR.

photo: Jason Huuto

BURNNT BY THE SUN

HAILING FROM KEANSBURG, NEW JERSEY, *Burnt By The Sun* went on tour in Iceland in February of this year. While there were no Björk sightings reported, Excerpts from the tour journal filed by bass player Ted Patterson follow.

Wednesday, 08:00 New Jersey time

I have to get up because something happened with yesterday's van pick up. I got to bed around 04:30 and I am dead. Ralph picked me up and we go to Red Bank to the car rental place on time and we get the van. Then I have to run around for the rest of the morning finishing up all the home things that need to be done. Shower, dress, 45 minutes behind schedule, "T4" [Teddy's child] is screaming; he does not want me to leave. I feel like a dick for leaving. Kiss the wife and kid and run out the door to pick up Ralph, Johnny [Adubato, guitar] and Aaron [Wolff, from The End, tour vocals].

I finally get everyone and get to Brandon [Thomas, drums]'s and get to slam

a few beers while packing up the merch and the van. Slam a RedBull to get the speedball going. Johnny and Brandon share some morning "salad" and we are off to BWI airport. I decided to let Ralph drive because we are about an hour behind schedule and 80-plus MPH is okay with me right now. Next stop BWI and then the bar.

Get to the airport with plenty of time to spare thanks to Ralph's driving. Check in, customs, full cavity searches, and we are in! Get over to the terminal bar and start paying way too much for drinks! Brandon and Aaron found a way to get free drinks, besides all the other people just buying us drink for some reason. They just waited for the bar guy to leave his station, which he did often, and they helped themselves to whatever was in the cooler. Get on the flight, fall asleep immediately after take off, got woken up for food and pass back out after eating. When we wake back up we are landing. Easy flight!

Thursday, 07:00 Icelandic time

A day later. Got the rental cars and went and dropped off our stuff, then we make our way to the radio show. Brandon found beer. The radio guys were cool, asked us some question on American



BRANDON AND JOHNNY

foreign policy, 9/11, things like that, and it was done. After the radio show, we grabbed some food and crashed. Funny thing, they actually let me drive in this country.

It's cold, wet, and snowy. It's still dark but everything looks amazing. It is a really beautiful country. Driving from the airport to the city, it looked like some ancient land, open areas with volcanic rocks, covered with green moss. There is an amazing lack of trees. Giant mountains and glaciers. You almost feel like you have stepped back in time.



First Show: Youth Center, Reykjavik

Sound check. Everything was bouncing all around the room. Everyone is asking Brandon, "Where's Dave?" The pizza is better than most of the shit we get in the States. No alcohol, all ages. After this I think it's time to try the national beer, Viking, in the big gold can! One bottle of Jameson's killed already. Open bands were cool. This is the time we actually got to meet everyone involved in bring us over.

We made our way into Reykjavik after dropping off the equipment and we hit Bar 11. We all drank the local Icelandic pilsner; it was 500 ISK, almost \$10 a beer! We all hung and drank for three or four hours. Shit stays open *late* here. The bar is pretty cool; a small, odd shaped building, it was two stories. This part of the city has an old European feel to it, yet modern in some aspect. I am really digging it.

Friday

Funny thing is that all the hot water the residences use comes from the earth. For cooking, showering, heating the house, there are no hot water heaters. It smells a little like sulfur, but you can take a hot shower forever and you get used to the smell.

So, I just walked up to the back of the house we are staying at and *wow!* The view is insane. You see the city sitting below the mountains with the ice caps. It looks like a postcard.

Going into Reykjavik to look around; awesome city. We ate some fish and

chips that were incredibly delicious. Bought some souvenirs for the family back home. Reykjavik is a cool place. It has an old European feel, small streets and little shops everywhere.

Second Show: The Dillon, Reykjavik

We load into Dillon, a small little bar, rigged up sound system, playing on the floor. This is going to be a fun show. Momentum just did a sound check and holy shit, this band is *good*. Death metal a la Relapse style. The bastards back at the home office need to hear this band. Drinking Viking, 500 ISK—worth it! This is where the journal gets a little hazy: there is some random scribbling; I have no idea what I wrote. But I do remember. After the show, which went extremely well—there were easily 100-plus people here; I don't know how they all fit—the party started. The owner of the Dillon grabbed Brandon and Johnny and pulled them into some back room. Offering them a bottle of something, he says, "Drink." They slug off the bottle and he says, "No, no, drink!" Brandon obliges and slams down half the liter and passes it to Johnny who proceeds to kill it, while the owner is telling them how happy he was we came to play and how everything went extremely well.

Made our way all around Reykjavik, drinking. We make our way back to Bar 11 after the Dillon closes. Somehow we find out our tour guide is intoxicated; we find her in 11. Some giant drunken Danish prick grabs me and tries to throw me on the floor. I follow him upstairs, back down stairs and out into the street. Confrontation. I am screaming in this giant's face, almost poking him in the eye; he is yelling Danish at me. The next thing I know there are five of these fuckers around me. Brandon and Ralph intervene. Some Icelandic mafia guy steps in, makes all the Danish apologize to us, in English, and then apologizes for them again. He says, "If you have any more trouble tell them you know me," but I can't remember his name at this point.

We go down to the square, Ralph, Brandon, and myself. For some reason Brandon is *destroyed*. I get him a pita and when I hand it to him the look of utter repulsion comes across his face: "This is the most disgusting thing I have ever seen in my life. You want me to eat *this*?" I almost pissed right there. I run back, order a *meat only!* The guy thinks I'm nuts. Apparently while I was gone, Johnny made it to the square, Brandon fell down the *huge* stairs there, and possibly chipped a tooth, and I missed it! I feed Brandon Thomas, and we make our way back to 11 after trying unsuccessfully to use a public phone, the only one that I have seen in Iceland I might add.

We round everyone up and somehow Aaron is driving the other car. Ralph is driving also because I am sure I cannot at this time. Aaron speeds off, we follow, and we proceed to fly down narrow one way streets the *wrong way*. Everyone screaming "*no, no*" in our car as he *again* turns onto a one way the wrong way. As if he could hear us. Somehow we make it back to where we are staying alive and not arrested. What a night; it was great. We made it back about 6 AM.

Saturday: Sight Seeing

First we drove out to see Strokkur, the Geyser, Southern Iceland. It seems you must be smart enough to not get killed in Iceland, because there are no guardrails, fences, anything, blocking access to these things. So, of course, I got kind of close. It was really amazing watching how these things work. The sound of the boiling water shooting out was enough to make you jump if you were not ready for it.

We are now on our way to Gullfoss, and I thought the geyser was dangerous. The whole path leading to the edge of the falls was completely covered in ice.



AARON AND TEDDY photos courtesy Ted Patterson

Almost everyone fell at least once and Ralph almost went down the mountain and into the ravine filled with freezing, running water. This kind of stuff really makes tour worth it. It is a great opportunity to get out and be able to see this stuff. Almost always, in the US, you're in and out of a place so quick, you see nothing. Making time for excursions like this really makes it all worth it.

Third Show: US Military Base

We travel out to the base, or "Little America" as the locals call it. After signing

in, we are off to the club. This place is like its own little city. It's *huge*. The club is a top of the line nightclub. Wendy's tasted the best it ever has and I got a BMT from Subway to go! As we are checking the merch and equipment Johnny realizes his pedal board is missing. After a few phone calls it is located at Dillon. It seems no one in Iceland really steals anything because the country is so small that eventually you would be caught. After I spend some time mocking Johnny for a while I realize my bass is missing! We figure it's at the club too and he is off with J.C. to retrieve the forgotten equipment.

Chthonic is getting ready to play. Merch is set, and beer is free! There sure is a hell of a lot of people here. Chthonic does their set twice (it's two songs) because Johnny is not back yet. Nice to handle the good old USD again. Working in fish gets harder as you drink more. The show went really well. It was truly an honor to be able to play on base for our troops and finally be able to give something back to the people that put their lives on the line for all of us back home each and every day.

After the set, we hang at the bar and drink some more; we decided to go into Keflavik. My car is second and I can see the guard giving Jason a little bit of a hard time. He finally lets them through and I pull up. I go to hand him the base pass and he exclaims, "What is this!" like he doesn't know what the pass is we are supposed to return upon exiting the base. I think, "I'm in for it now." So this guard keeps drilling me: "You drink?" Me, "No." Him, "You drink?" Me, "No." Him, "You drink?" Me, "No." Finally he steps back and says, "Shut off the car and step out." *Fuck!* He tells me to follow him into the guard shack the whole time accusing me of drinking; I keep telling no. This bastard then whips out a breathalyzer! He makes me blow in this thing three times without resetting the machine, yelling the whole time, "*Blow, blow more*" and guess what, *bam!* I pass! Suck it, fucker! Don't know how I passed but after that he let us all through without any issues.

We get into Keflavik and go to Paddy's, an Irish bar! *Cool!* We're there for about an hour and the joint closes. So the US guys take us down the street to another bar, Traffic, a dance club. Brandon is not happy. We finally talk him into going in.

Apparently it is okay to smash beer bottles on the street here, which Johnny took to new limits in his intoxicated state [after 20 or 30 minutes at the bar]. He even got Aaron, who was pretty lit up, to partake in this new past time,

except Aaron decided to go for distance with his smash fest launching his bottle 30 feet down the street.



We decided to call it a night because we all wanted to hit the Blue Lagoon before our flight out tomorrow, and it's already 6 AM again.

Sunday: Our Last Day In Iceland

We get up kind of early, get all our things together, pack the cars, and we are off to the Blue Lagoon. This place is in the middle of nowhere. We arrive, pay, and are in the hot spring. It's really weird. The water is milky blue and if your hand is more than three inches below the surface, you can't see it. We make our way outside and this thing is huge! At some parts of the lagoon it is extremely hot; you could cook in these sections, I kid you not.

There is also a waterfall massage that beats the shit out of you pretty good but afterwards you feel wonderful. It sure fixed my neck. We hang for about an hour and 45 minutes and then hit the shower and then the gift shop for some goodies for the misses. We are down to two and a half hours before departure. The US guys suggest a local burger joint for lunch before we head to the airport and we go for it. The place looked like something out of a midwestern town in the US.

We arrive at the airport with little over an hour to spare before boarding. We say our goodbyes and thanks and enter customs. We do the currency exchange, which I always feel I am getting screwed on, and get on the plane with no time to spare.

So, I asked John, would he consider bringing his family to Iceland for vacation; he said yes. This is a place for people to come and appreciate nature; the landscape is unique and beautiful. The people we met, the places we were shown, and the shows we played all kicked major ass. I could not have hand picked a better bunch of people to share this time with, especially my band mates, Aaron, and my father. Standing on that waterfall, watching the geyser explode, smashing bottles in the street, and drinking beer while in a moving car: unbelievable. I really don't think anything could have went better.

All the bands that played: Jericho Fever, Brothers Majere, Fighting Shit, Severed Crotch, Chthonic, Myra, Terminal Wreckage, and Momentum.

Since their tour *Burnt By The Sun* completed their lineup, and then reunited with their old lineup to record another album. Read up on that and check up on Teddy at www.burntbythesun.com or www.myspace.com/burntbythesun. ■

DISPOSABLE MUSIC REVIEWS

Adorior/Witchmaster split LP

AGONIA

This record is complete fire, if only for the Adorior side! The five piece from Sussex, England start things off right, with two blazing songs of absurd, grinding death metal. Clocking in at just over twelve minutes, it's a fevered assault that few in their genre can match these days. Singer Melissa Hastings spits pure venom on these tracks, and I love it. I'd gladly drink the menstrual blood from the unholy snatch of this metal demon! Lyrically, she sticks to topics like Satan, war and random violence, which I have no problem with at all. The band backs it all up with a tourmiquet-tight performance. There's nothing left to say, but "Hail Adorior!" The slightly lesser Witchmaster offers five tracks of aggressive black metal that does little to excite me. Perhaps it's the poor recording. Nonetheless, they did their best at trying to tear a new asshole into the listener, so good for them. Well, like I said, side A is worth every penny, and with a nice packaging job, I recommend picking this one up if you can.

www.agonia.com (by Adam)

Beyond Description A Road To A Brilliant Future

C.A.H.

Regular readers of *D.U.* should recognize this band name. There's some old school crispy guitar tones employed by these long standing Japanese crust/thrash freakaholics. The lyrics are brief political critiques but sometimes have a hopeful outlook as well as suggesting that we as a society have to change things. The songs here don't even crack the 2 1/2 minute mark and are fast! The band hardly gives the listener a chance to catch a breath before starting another crust attack with call and response back up vocals. Beyond Description isn't the kind of band to make changes in its sound, but is consistent in putting out solid records one after another with no signs of giving up.

www.cahrecords.com

Charger/Birds Of Paradise split CD

CALCULATED RISK

I'm surprised at the musical turn Charger has taken here with their track (one per band), since as far as I know these Brits are known for being both a hardcore band with blasts as well as a catchy mid-paced bruiser rock band. Unfortunately that type of material is

superior to what Charger is doing on this split. It's quite doomy, like Winter without the Celtic Frost rubbing off, and like the standard American southern rock swagger that's employed by most doom bands these days. But there is some atmosphere that when it appears is the high point of the track, mostly provided by the subtle (in these passages) guitars. I should say, however, if you are into long ass distorted vocal doom, though, Charger delivers. Birds Of Paradise are much more of a mixed bag, and therefore more enjoyable, with their song taking a few different turns, going from distorted and loud to quiet and subdued, but still moving at a steady pace. The band throws in some different effects and instruments to spice up some of the riffs. They're the more exciting band because of the wealth of good ideas found in this track. There's about 19 minutes of music here so you'll get your money's worth.

www.calculated-risk.co.uk

Collapsar 2005 album

ESCAPE ARTIST

All this jazzy, angular, talent-spewing, instrumental math-metal is getting pretty tiresome. If I wanted math, I wouldn't have dropped out of fucking elementary school. If I may indulge myself, this is the last review I'm writing for this installment of *D.U.* and the needle on my jadedness meter is approaching an unfriendly level. Remember Suzukiton last issue? Similar deal, but much longer, much more involved and completely devoid of ballbusting metal riffs. Again, I'll harken to Dysrhythmia and The Fucking Champs. But, see, I think I like those bands a tad more, especially The Fucking Champs. Though impressive in its own right, Louisiana's Collapsar basically just jumps from one wanky-sounding thing to the next, constantly shifting time signatures and developing textural interplay between the instruments. If that's your cup of tea then you will surely relish this fine example of the style. A definite highlight of the album is the brilliantly titled "King Kong Died for Your Sins," what with its sheer Voivodness and mournful voice-simulator outro. That leads me to what I ultimately liked best about this disc: the squeezed, whammy pedal-enhanced guitar melodies and the ambient bits with moog and even a theremin(!) If you own or have access to a theremin, you are truly special. Otherwise, my patience for Collapsar's incessant abstraction wanes.

www.escapeartistrecords.com (by Lenny)

Debris, Inc. 2005 album

RISE ABOVE/CANDLELIGHT

Fuck me. This disc rules. It's punk as fuck L.A. hard rock sprawled out over a flea-ridden couch like only a drunken 50-something Dave Chandler could sweat from his aging pores with the medicinal assistance of Trouble's Ron Holzner on bass. The feedback moans in vein-popping agony, the guitar sounds as gritty as sandpaper on your balls, and the throbbing bass is loud enough to hear over the pack of Harleys revving in your front yard. These righteous songs take you on a spaced-out trip from sleepy cannabis haze to alcohol-fueled rage with Ramones-like catchiness one moment and the palpable discomfort and plodding pace of the best Vitis songs the next. I really thought Wino was keepin' it real with his godlike The Hidden Hand, and then I heard this fuckin' shit! This shit scrawls faded tattoos on your forearms and makes you smell like a barroom full of cigarettes. These guys don't give a fuck, with wandering bass solos all over the place and searing wah-wah guitar leads that crash and cry and scream like a head full of bad memories. Fuck! These are the best lyrics ever, with a chorus that will have you chanting "I don't!—listen!—you're full of shit!" over and over again. You'll wanna stand up, drop an "I don't giv-a mutha-fuck!" one-liner, guzzle some Old Crow from the bottle and kick in the nearest TV screen! When the disc is finished, you'll feel like you just got out of a three-year stint at Chino for cocaine possession. I'm telling you, this shit is that real. But if you haven't already paid your dues, muthafucka, you was born too late. (by Lenny)

End Of Level Boss Prologue

EXILE ON MAINSTREAM

Whew. Okay, this sorta sounds at times like Soundgarden's *Badmotorfinger* on one of those fat shake diets. The singer is just grating my nerves. I don't know what to call this except I have this sneaking feeling that I might bring this record to a party to see what happens when I put it on. This is bad, and the artwork is terrible. (by Mike)

Five.Bolt.Main Venting

ROCK RIDGE MUSIC

At first these guys give the impression of being of the same stripe as, say, Scars Of Life (see below), but as the songs pass it's clear that Five.Bolt.Main has something slightly more than that going on with its sound. Besides the standard nu-metal posturing—and that's what it sounds like: pre-packaged angst for the teens to supposedly relate to—and the standard modern rock radio sound, basically the same thing as Scars Of Life and all other bands of the type, there's some grunge influence, perhaps a little Soundgarden specifically, and Tool has definitely rubbed off on these guys, around the *Underflow* era, give or take. Sadly these influences are just sprinklings on the same old stale cake.



FIVE.BOLT.MAIN courtesy Rock Ridge

Human Incineration 2005 demo

The first thing I can say about these Ohio maniacs is their production has improved over their first demo, and so has the instrumentality. Next, the music has become significantly slower, at least if my recollection of the material on their first release is accurate. These guys are into guitar crunching, higher end growls, mid paced grooves, and sinister overtones. It sounds like the guitar is out of tune, or is out of tune with the bass ... it adds a sort of sewer quality to the already muddy recording, like these guys must be singing about something pointedly unpleasant. On the plus side the band has strong opinions about the state of their music scene and seem passionate about what they are doing. While I don't think they have gotten to where they need to go with their death metal music, they are on the road of improvement which is a positive thing. It might be a good idea to keep up on their progress. humanincineration8.cjb.net

Kult Of Azazel The World, The Flesh, And The Devil

ARCTIC/CRAH

I just don't get the black metal thing. Somebody please explain it to me. I mean, I'm all about some screaming vocals and some blasting drums, but black metal riffs always have this mock epic, homoerotic gladiator movie feel to them. To be fair, this album isn't a total loss. Some of the slower tracks are actually pretty interesting, but they are the exception to the rule. The first song is called "The World Is Full Of Violence." No shit, Sherlock. Thanks for the news flash. Everything about this style—the imagery, the sound, the corpsepaint, all of it—is fucking played out. It was played out six years ago. Please stop. (by JR)

Light Pupil Dilate Cascades

VERT

A very impressive debut full length CD. The band piles on the riffs and throws them start-stop and streaming at you like punches in the face. The drums kick you when you're down. The vocals are dynamic and strong. The songs cover plenty of territory, feature memorable sections that want you to go back and listen to them again



LIGHT PUPIL DILATE courtesy www.lightpupildilate.com

even before the record's over, and each musician plays his part to make the songs work. There are no slackers here that simply "hold it down." Light Pupil Dilate also effectively creates atmosphere, whether with soundscapes or with different parts of their songs. Some of the tunes have something that's a little hard to pin down, sort of a post hardcore feel, while still having an edge. Even the packaging has lots of taste. You could do a lot worse than getting in touch with these Atlantans and ordering their record. www.lightpupildilate.com

Minsk Out Of A Center Which Is Neither Dead Nor Alive AT A LOSS

I'll quote Blake on the first thing he said when we arrived in Europe together: "Not impressed." The lyrics tell me nothing. It sounds like a caffiene free, watered down Neurosis. There's more soul on the barcode of a Swans CD than the music on this album. (by Mike)

New Dead Radio Avalon Bridge Will Burn

MEDIASKARE

You know how sometimes you'll throw on a record and even though it's really heavy and fast, it just sits there and stares blankly at you like the weird fat kid in chemistry class? Well, this record is the opposite of that. This record moves. It drives hard and fast and drags your bloody carcass behind it. It grooves like old Helmet, screams like Refused, and rocks like Black Flag. Even the feedback is great. New Dead Radio has got the goods. Check 'em out. (by JR)

Origin Echoes Of Decimation

RELAPSE

I don't listen to stuff like this and if I do I like it to sound a lot more raw. Origin play grinding metal, sometimes lingering into death metal. Most of the songs sound alike; not a lot of dynamic in the sound or tones of the record. Triggered drums, which I hate, guitar sweeps, terribly unimaginative artwork, bad lyrics. There's talent in this band's ability to play well, but this is pretty unremarkable music—there's really nothing that sets this apart. I know some people will like this, but I don't. (by Mike)

Parabellum Stainless

NEW SOUTH METAL

The problem I have with southern doom, or any doom rock or metal that tries to sound like it's from the south of the States, is that to me it all sounds the same. There's nothing shocking or new about it at all, just like death metal. Parabellum's album has mediocre production standards which might have been purposeful, and besides tracks such as "Locust Dreams In Potters Field" or "Murder, Lust, Suicide" where they stretch their sound a little bit, they're delivering more of the same too. And since doom songs are supposed to be long for some reason, the songs are repetitive as well as the lyrics, going over similar themes repeatedly. By someone else's standards, this might well be a fine album and I could be completely wrong in my description, I should mention, but for my part I haven't heard more than one or two doom bands recently that have made me sit up and take notice and Parabellum unfortunately is no exception. www.geocities.com/nsmrecords

Quell One Man's Struggle With The English Language

GOODFELLOW

What does North Carolina's Quell sound like? Spaztic and technical, with an undaunted and undifferentiated screaming dude trapped inside claustrophobic start/stop rhythms that keep things tense until the contemplative, quieter moments spring up. These post-metal guys love their guitars: pseudo-time signatures, dueling scale runs with odd harmonization, dissonance—you know the deal. At least there's no awful clean singing. Of course, by that I mean any clean singing at all. Musically, I enjoyed the subtle instrumental sections, especially with piano, and that kind of lonely, unspecified melancholy that lingers nearby. But what I liked best about this release is the packaging: you know those public information brochures you get on airplanes and shit? With drawings of people involved in emergency situations and what to do if the shit hits the fan? Well, they spoof it. Been done, right? See, Quell's take is interesting because they're not intended to be funny. Instead, they attach abstract ideas and commentary on human nature to these depictions of really terrible things happening. It's thought-provoking and unsettling, so thumbs up. www.goodfellowrecords.com (by Lenny)

Ramesses We Will Lead You To Glorious Times

DARK REIGN

I'm calling their bluff on the title of this record. It led me to bedtime. The first riff lasts for at least eight minutes; I had to skip the rest of track one. The rest of the CD is more of the same. There's really not much to say about this release since nothing much changes music wise. On the plus side, apparently there's some ex-members of some other band in this band, and I say that's great. And there is a tank on the cover of the record. And this band is named after an obscure brand of condoms, so that's pretty cool. Boy, Eyehategod sure did pave the way for a lot of shit. (by Blake)

Scars Of Life What We Reflect

ROCK RIDGE

The formula of these Floridians is to play modern rock that you hear on the radio with a healthy dash of nu

metal. I can't draw any band references for comparison's sake because all those types of bands within each scene sound so alike that it's very difficult to tell them apart. Scars Of Life has the standard teen angst and depression thing going on ("Alone Inside," "Watch Me Drown," "Bullet With Your Name") and the expected song structures of yelled vocals versus melodic vocals and distorted, crunchy guitars versus clean guitars (in both cases they switch back and forth depending on whether it's a verse or a chorus). Basically Scars Of Life want to be a tough nu metal band but want wide radio play at the same time and so are entertainingly bland so as to appeal to most people, minus those with a discerning ear for music.

www.rockridgemusic.com

Sunn Black One

SOUTHERN LORD

I was thinking, "Right on, Southern Lord put this out." Well, see, I know a lot of people are hip on this band right now, but I will never get that hour of time I invested in this garbage back, and that hurts. A lot of things can be done in an hour and it's how I choose to spend that time that defines the quality of life I live. I can get more out of one hour of life by being stuck in traffic on I-95, watching a high school band whose instruments are way out of tune, sitting at the Buffalo Wing Factory, or listening to the House Of Pain 7" on Sub Pop 50 times on the wrong speed than by listening to this record again, all of which, I might add, are more evil than listening to some shitstick in a coffin screaming into a microphone. Fuck you and your Druid outfits, Sunn. Actually, I like the outfits, so just fuck you, Sunn. (by Mike)

Thrones Day Late, Dollar Short

SOUTHERN LORD

19 tracks of some fucked up shit. It's amazing how much one man can do with a mic, an Ironbird bass, a drum machine, and a keyboard—not to mention all the effects and so on. This is a collection of various tracks from 1994 to 2001. These include covers from Ultravox, Residents, Rush, and Blue Oyster Cult, and some of the Thrones songs are unreleased. There's some brief liner notes and some sort of interest in bunny rabbits in the sleeve. The music ranges from absurdly heavy to absurdly mellow and melancholy. It's great, but not for everybody.

Toadliqour The Hortator's Lament

SOUTHERN LORD

Now this is something I can sink my teeth into. I must admit I've been into Toadliqour long before reviewing this disc from 2003. I caught wind of them when I heard that someone from Behead The Prophet/NLSL played with them. This disc here is essentially everything the band ever recorded. I can't say enough about my liking for this band. They play extremely dirty/raw/visceral doom music, somewhere in the vein of bands like Noothgrush and Eyehategod, but dare I say nastier, the way I prefer to hear it. Vocals that sound like they were recorded at the bottom of a dark, wet hole, distortion that cracks and buzzes through my speakers, songs that plod and hammer like raw meat smacking raw meat. More music needs to be this mean. A must have for fans of the slow and heavy. (by Mike)

The Unheard Of The Struggle

SOUTHERN LORD

No metal/hardcore/jazz crossovers here; just straight up hard rock with just a dash of late '80s glam (in their sound, not their image). Think Tesla without the chops. There's even the obligatory sensitive ballad, a la "Silent Lucidity." This doesn't make me wanna jam #2 pencils in my ears or anything, but there's nothing much here to get excited about, which is why The Unheard Of will likely remain just that.

www.theunheardof.com (by JR)

Urgehal Through The Thick Fog Till Death

SOUTHERN LORD

The artwork for this album is so absurd that I'm not sure if this band is a "real" black metal band, or a parody of a black metal band. Then you throw the record on and you

—LOCAL REVIEWS A grouping of the local bands (from Maryland, Virginia, and Washington DC) for this issue—

Dactyl Transvestitute EP

The first thing that's noticeable about this release from Maryland's Dactyl is the package. They've done a nice job of setting it apart from the rest of the CD-Rs you see in the distro bin at a show, and on a budget at that. But this does not take away from the music. The band is still young, and seems to get more confident in the live setting as time goes on, but they already have their own ideas about the music they're writing. I don't know how to describe them except to say they're a rock band that doesn't rock especially hard or loud—they're not that kind of rock band—but they have a lot of emotion (not emo, thank goodness) and passion, although they haven't quite figured out how to fully tap into it yet. But I think they will. One criticism I will give them is that dynamic in the vocal department will go a long way to helping the song's punches connect. Oh, and it's limited to 100, so move your ass.

www.dactyl.dactyl.com

Disease Called Man Demo

If you want crust, you got it. I can almost see the empty Heinekens on top of the half stacks while listening to these Marylanders play. There's plenty of Discharge or influence from whatever bands Discharge influenced, two vocalists, and a little Slayer rubbing off, I'd say, and some blasts too. The band attempts to change the mood a little with some clean guitar on songs such as "Silence Consent" and "Endless" and that's a welcome although small twist. Given of course the band looks like every other band of this genre, they do what little they can to try and sound different: it's evident that they're taking baby steps towards their own sound, and I'm backing those moves 100 percent.

resistoureexistence@yahoo.com

realize that they're probably dead serious. This is what I like to refer to as a genre album, meaning these guys look and sound like a million bands who look and sound like a specific band (speaking of which, can somebody please gather up all these awful Dillinger Escape Plan rip offs and shove them in front of a subway train?). Sure, I've heard worse ... much worse ... but there's just no excuse for this sort of shit, and shame on you, Southern Lord. I hold you guys to a higher standard than this silliness. I mean, there's dog shit, and then there's fake dog shit. Excuse me, I'm gonna go kill myself now. (by JR)

V:28 SoulSaviour

VENDLUS

Sterility is the word here, with electronic backdrops and keyboard flourishes imparting a sense of bleak wonderment. A few of the guitar riffs on this album sound like simplified approximations of Slayer riffs. Not that I'm complaining about that, though. This is mid-tempo black metal with a passable melodic sense, your average black metal vocals, and a strong affinity for digital manipulation. One song even dares to jump into a full-on dance part that sounds like the shit people would be getting down to in some suave, nihilo-European dance club in a mid '90s action movie—no breakbeats, just straight pumping techno. Actually, a lot of this stuff has a vaguely cinematic quality to it. The lyrics and visuals describe a uranium-enriched environment where radioactive decay has cleansed the world of all life, like disinfectant on a toilet bowl. The only things left are empty apartment complexes and leering billboards with softcore photos of women dressed like nurses. These guys are good enough, but I wouldn't feel too compelled to seek them out in the future.

www.vendlus.com (by Lenny)

Withered Memento Mori

LIFEFORCE

Atlanta, Georgia does it again. I guess you could classify these guys as a cross between death and doom metal. There's some blast beats in places, and lots of fast parts (the record features several different tempos), lots of guitar harmonies, death metal vocals, and also slow, heavy riffs. The recording is dirty but audible, and the music and especially the lyrics are rather depressing. I mean, look at these song titles! "Within Your Grief" and "The Fear And Pain That Cripples Me" are just two of the seven tracks here. The packaging is very nice—killer artwork and artful layout. Songs from their demo (reviewed in issue #31) appear here again with the album's better production. Live Withered are a force to be reckoned with too, pummeling the listener with emotion and passion from the stage. All in all, this is a grim, lying in a gutter beyond the fence of a graveyard clutching an empty bottle about to get run over by a car kind of record.

www.lifeforce-america.com

Wojciech Sedimente

SELFMADEGOD

Germany knows its grindcore apparently. They're keeping the listener on his/her toes by throwing around a lot of high-end chords over the fast parts and blasts and tossing in some His Hero Is Gone catchiness. There's also some traditional elements for the purists: low vocals, d-beats, skulls on the album cover. These guys are also hardcore because their lyrics are in German. Wojciech can hang with the best of 'em. I wonder if they hang out with Japanese Kamphörspiele?

www.selfmadegod.com ■



WITHERED courtesy
www.withered.net

The Expanded Form Better Left Forgotten

These guys have that MTV2 type of metal/hardcore going on their new album. There's grindcore to be found here, but also raspy, screamed vocals, modern hard rock vocals, and metalcore breakdowns and twin guitar heavy metal harmonies. It's a pretty standard mix these days. It seems that lots of bands have their grindcore parts in order to compete or to seem contemporary. Anyway, they're talented at playing this type of music, but it's rigidly by the numbers and terribly unoriginal.

www.theexpandedform.com

Recourse Weakening The Structure

THIS DARK REIGN

Another death metal band that, for whatever reason, thinks it is equally a hardcore group. But Recourse's grasp of hardcore seems unfortunately limited to playing the occasional groove or chunky breakdown and posturing in bulky clothing and stocking caps during summertime (see tree full of healthy leaves in the background of the liner photo for evidence). To their credit, Maryland's own Recourse is a solid act and some of their lyrics seem to convey that they suspect America has been hoodwinked by the current presidential administration—hell you say?! Though nothing displayed here is too memorable or intense, or inspiring, they do let loose some USA thrash-influenced, controlled death metal with heavy churning moments and tempos that typically alternate between mid-paced with doublebass rolls and up-tempo with on- and off-beat snare pounding. Everything about this band's sound is firmly rooted in the well-trodden East Coast thrash/death metal scene. And if you find that interesting, you could do worse than download an mp3 of these guys. (by Lenny) ■

DUNE in the SCENE

OKAY, HERE'S THE PROBLEM. There's way too many bands, some of them shitty, who want to score instant scene points by referencing *Dune*, a continuing series of science fiction books dating back to the '60s that spawned a movie and a mini-series for television for those unfamiliar, in their songs, album names, or band monikers. Now, to be perfectly fair one can't know the true motivations of bands, whether they're jumping on a trend with a particular action or whether they do it because it's honestly where they want to go and what they want to do, regardless of scene points. Let the who is without ill-gotten scene points cast the first stone.

At any rate, the earliest example of a band using *Dune* I can find is Fear Factory's *Fear Is The Mindkiller* EP. "Fear is the mindkiller" is a phrase appearing often in the *Dune* books, and is a line from the "litany against fear" that some characters in the books would recite when they were afraid of getting a pasting. This record came out in 1993 and as an aside is probably the best thing that band ever released because it's all remixes.

Both Harkonen, a hardcore/rock band, and Dune, a techno band, formed in 1995. With the former, Harkonen is the name of a family line from the books, although the band altered the spelling. The first release of the band Stillsuit was in 1995 as well. "Stillsuits" were these outfits in the books that the inhabitants of this planet called Arrakis (more on that later), named Fremen (and them too), wore, in addition to other people.

Then there's the hardcore band Kwisatz Haderach and the techno band Arrakis, the latter of whom released an album called *The Spice*. The "Kwisatz Haderach" was, according to the books, a being whom these people called the Bene Gesserit (we'll come back to them in a minute) were trying to create. The spice was something with which pretty much every character in the books was obsessed.

And then there was a British hardcore/grind record label called Deathstill, also the name of a device that the Fremen employed. They used it for sort of the same reason they used stillsuits.

This awful metalcore band (they're awful because they played metalcore, by the way) called Shai Hulud came out with their first album in 1997. They took their name from these giant worms that were connected to the spice mentioned earlier that were found on Arrakis, as the books tell it.

1997 was also the year that Jamiroquai released their *Travelling Without Moving* album. Jamiroquai was slightly different because they turned to David Lynch's film adaptation of *Dune*, as the phrase "travelling without moving" figures more prominently there.

Weirding Way, a grindcore band, formed in 2000. Their name refers to a technique in which the Bene Gesserit engaged in the books. In Lynch's movie the term took on a different meaning.

And in 2001 Sayyadina, also of the grindcore style, formed. A "Sayyadina" was sort of a priestess that was part of the Fremen society.

There's probably a ton of other bands that are doing the same thing, because they see other bands doing it, (a), or because they love the books and want to incorporate them into their band somehow, (b). Despite what I said above I'm going to err on the side of (b) and call it a stupid trend of which I hope we've seen the last. ■



FROM DAVID LYNCH'S *DUNE* courtesy www.duneinfo.com

THE DREAM IS DEAD from Indianapolis, USA has a new album out called *Hail The New Pawn* on Escape Artist. Let's

THE DREAM IS DEAD

dive right in and let Clark, the vocalist, tell us first about his band's sound.

"I do always try to describe us as a grindy hardcore band in interviews, though not because I have anything at all against the label of 'grind,' but because I think the content of the lyrics makes us more of a grind band in the punk/hardcore tradition a la bands like No Comment, Drop Dead, et cetera, more than your traditional metal grind band that tends to lean lyrically more often towards gore grind. I just think when you say that we play hardcore with grind parts then it more accurately describes where we are coming from as a band. Being on a label like Escape Artist that tends to market to the metal spectrum more than the punk spectrum, I kind of think just saying 'grind' might lend the wrong impression, but I suppose the label is more accurate as a one word description than anything else. The rest of the guys in the band would probably disagree, but if there is any label I try to avoid, it is 'metallic hardcore' because that immediately conjures forth images of metalcore which we try to avoid at all costs. We just don't have much to do with that scene, musically or lyrically. Our older material with the former lineup tended to be a lot more stripped down and punk as well—a lot fewer blast beats—so we are just used to describing ourselves as a hardcore band. It is the label that is most comfortable."

Speaking more specifically about the band's new album, Clark says, "All of our newer stuff is definitely much faster; a lot more grind parts. The band is so much more confident as a whole, plus the lineup changed through slow attrition so that everyone that is in the band now is kind of on the same page as to what we want to be doing."

Clark continues on the subject of the new album's material. "I'd say that the music and the lyrics mutually complement one another ... I know that the guys in the band set personal goals for themselves to make each song better than the last. We definitely aren't the type of band that will change a part in a song because it's too hard to play. All the guys are always pushing themselves to be



THE DREAM IS DEAD photo: Bob Peele



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There'd been controversy regarding El Duce's statements in the documentary *Kurt & Courtney*, the claim that Courtney Love offered him money to kill Kurt Cobain.

It's a riot, but anybody that knew Duce would know he is the worst possible choice to be a hitman for various reasons. Basically he was too drunk to shoot straight.

There was talk that El Duce was involved with the Aryan Right. Was there any truth to this?

He would *seig heil* up a storm if they gave him some free beer and shit. That's about it. He would agree with anybody on anything as long as there was booze for him.

Check out *The Mentors* at www.churchofelduce.com and www.web2000.com/heathen. ■

the internet finally caught up with us. Then it doesn't help that most of the people that still do give a damn usually aren't people that I find it to be much fun to hang out with. I do try to make a conscious effort with our serious songs, though, to take things beyond anarcho-punk 101. If I'm going to write about globalism for example, I'm going to write a song about it in a specific context, for example the indigenous struggle of the O'dham people on the border of Mexico. I don't want to just write a song about the nebulous 'system.'

"I think we also do a good job as a band about being willing to play outside of our comfort zone. Some crust bands for example will only play crusty type shows or some straight edge bands only want to tour with other straight edge bands. Boring. We went from a west coast tour with an anarcho-punk band like Resistant Culture straight into a three week tour with bands like Byzantine, Halo of Locusts, who basically play to your straightforward metal crowd. We went from playing to dreadlocked crust lords in a basement on one tour to rocking out to a sea of Lamb of God and Slipknot shirts every night on the next. It's impossible to say that you are preaching to the converted when you are playing a biker bar in West Virginia."

Check out Clark's band and find more information at www.thedreamisdead.com. ■

the MENTORS

THESE SELF-PROCLAIMED "rape rock" players have a new album called *Over The Top* after a long absence. For those unfamiliar, The Mentors and the singer El Duce (Eldon Hoke) have been delighting and infuriating audiences with their classic metal riffs and absurdly tongue in cheek sexist (just the tip of the iceberg) lyrics since they formed in 1977 in Seattle. *D.U.* alum Mason conducted an email interview with bassist Dr. Heathen Scum, far from a rock superstar, who still works a day job ("Rock don't pay much money, man. But it's fun."), back in 2000 and it's past time to dust it off for an airing in this fine publication.

D.U.: Was it a conscious decision to write "offensive" lyrics to get notority?

Dr. Scum: No, that is a natural thing the band came up with. It wasn't really planned out. We were just being ourselves and having fun doing it.

Did you or any of the band ever feel reluctant about using any particular lyrics or dealing with certain subject matter, for example "Sleep Bandits" which basically seemed to be about rape?

Yeah, well, to a point some of it went a little over the top, but that's art. Just because you sing about it don't mean you do it or want other people to do it. Listen to "Midnight Rambler" by the Rolling Stones.

If you didn't see your release reviewed in this issue, it's because (a) I didn't want to review it, or (b) it didn't make it this issue and will (hopefully) appear next time. Thank you for your patience. "Disposable Underground" by Richard Johnson unless otherwise noted. 2005.

Contributors this issue: JR Hayes, Lenny Likas, Blake Midget, Adam Perry, Mike Taylor. Also I forgot to mention last issue that #32 was the second music review catch up issue. The first one of that kind was #16. 2006 will be the 15th year of Disposable Underground.

—Richard, editor

Please check the website for a gallery of live photos and free downloads of back issues at www.disposableunderground.com. ■