

# RAZORCAKE

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YUM



## TOYS THAT KILL

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### ISSUE #7

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440s / CHICKENHAWKS,  
The: *Sumthin' Sleazy*:  
Split CD

Hot damn holy hell, I've done died and gone straight to hedonist heaven where pure skull-crushin' rock-'n-roll primitivity rules supreme, 'cause two of the most outrageously rockin' bands around today aurally strut their stuff on this here killer-crazed disc! The 440s are wilder and more ferocious than ever. It's as if they effortlessly outdo themselves each and every time, soundin' uncannily like a rocket-boosted eighteen-wheeler carryin' a raucously loud cargo of Motorhead, Joan Jett, AC/DC, and The Heartbreakers careening out of control and colliding head-on into a tanker-truck loaded to the gills with highly flammable raw power. Their voluptuously bodacious vocalist, Miss Sparkle Plenty, always without fail gives my ears a full ragin' hard-on that makes me squirm in my seat until I can no longer see straight. Wooo-hooo! And the frenetically untamed instrumentation is nothing less than a world-ending roar of nuclear sonic conflagrations that'd make Satan himself duck and run for cover like a whimpering lil' limp-wristed pantywaist. Yep, The 440s get my motor a-revvin' big time! As usual, The Chickenhawks sonically knock the dookie outta me and set my heart aflame with their sinfully delicious swirl of sultry hell-vixen vocals, greasy slide-guitar grit, and voodoo-laden swampbeat rhythm section. And this is their best stuff yet, I shit you not! Imagine Dinah Cancer frontin' The Cramps if they hailed from the fog-enshrouded murky-watered boonies of the Mississippi Delta. Ooooo-weee, Betsy Badly's seductively tempestuous voice, without a doubt, gets my manhood uncontrollably aroused and my insides all fuzzy and warm! Hell yeh, The 440s and The Chickenhawks sure know how to bring out the lewd and lively pervert in me, that's for sure! This decadently delightful disc has titillated my ears and teased my roguish old lost soul somethin' fierce. It's an absolute auditory wet dream! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Steel Cage)

90 DAY MEN:  
To *Everybody*: CD

To say this sucked would be giving it too much credit. -Jimmy Alvarado (Southern)

ANIMALS WITHIN ANIMALS: *Mono a Mono*: 2xCD

An amazing album! This double CD features a lot of pro-ape ideals. And we all know apes make better lovers. A huge list of



The music is so heavy and delivered with such force that the sound almost takes solid shape.

-Matt Average

music mixing geniuses have contributed to this record, most of them are names you might not recognize - but beware, you soon will. Both CDs feature samples galore - they have a major pro-sample idea as well. The CD claims that 92% of the material on this is "recycled." They even pass out "please sample" and "please remix" stickers in each case. The first track, "Hello," samples every fucking hello you can comprehend in music (from The Doors to Lionel Richie) into one hysterical and awesome song. Then you are thrown into organized chaos - samples of news programs, interviews, music, and beyond. Noise fans, sample fans, fine artists - fucking get this. One of my top releases of cultural onslaught in the world. -Sarah Stierch (Bad Taste)

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE:  
*We Are... the League*: CD

Like a breath of fresh air, the League comes along and clears my head of all the gobshite I've been forcing myself to listen to 'cause I put off reviewing all the "mystery meat" until the last minute. Never quite understood the skinhead fascination with this band. I mean, they look like bikers, complete with full coifs on their noggin! No matter. This, a re-release of their most famous LP coupled with assorted EP tracks, sounds just as blissfully obnoxious as it did when I first heard it years back and, strangely enough, "I Hate People" is still a pretty balls-on accurate anthem for me and how I perceive the world around me. -Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi!)

ARSONS, THE: *Whole Life Crisis*: CD

I know it's probably not their intention, by The Arsons have made one

of the potentially most radio friendly hardcore albums I've heard in a long time. (This is purely hypothetical. The last time I listened to the radio was when "St. Elmo's Fire" was played with regularity.) This is not a slag by a long shot. Actually, it's the album I've been waiting for since the breakup of Kid Dynamite (of whom they have taken many a cue from, which is nothing but good in my book). Sonically, the sound is clean, but the playing still has stick, true punch, and power. And unlike CIV's and H20's attempts to ingratiate themselves to the mainstream by transforming from youth crews to boy bands with tattoos (have you seen the ad for the newest H20? Fruity hair gel extravaganza, with extra pouty lips, my friend). The Arsons are accessible without an obvious compromise. Impressive on many levels - they mix up their tempos, they introduce and play with different guitar tones (there's a nice tinkly blip sound on "Prison Yard" that I swore was a keyboard), they've mastered the power of an anthem (you'll be chanting "let it go," I promise), and their backup vocals are immaculately timed and harmonically in tune. The singer's voice is forceful without sounding like a bulldog with a pair of vice grips clamped on his nuts - so even the ladies can get into it. All this makes for an easy, exciting listen. More than anything, though, they've done the near impossible. They've come up with a new, distinctive sound of their own in a genre that's increasingly difficult to not sound like a current band or stalwart of the past. The even pull a Faith cover ("Say No More") so powerfully, that it fits their sound seamlessly. Look at me, I'm swooning. This has been played a fuckload at HQ and will continue to be. -Todd (Chunksaah)

ASSCHAPEL:  
*Total Worship*: CD

With a name like Asschapel, you're either gonna rock or suck incredibly hard. Luckily, they're pretty good. Mid-tempo hardcore with almost more metal than is good for them, noisy breakdowns and a singer that's sure to develop throat cancer in a year or two if he keeps screamin' like that. Thumbs up. -Jimmy Alvarado (Twitch)

BAD RELIGION: *The Process of Belief*: CD

I waited for awhile to review this because I has a variety of ideas of how the review should be. I had a great idea in using the previous album covers to describe what each song sounded like. I tried but my computer kept crashing. I was going to do a historical, but that is what I used for the last two records. With nothing inspiring, I figured what the hell, this is what I am going to submit. I don't think many have read the previous reviews and it is informative to those not in the know. This release marks twenty years of releasing music as a band. At the beginning, they put out their self-titled 7" and the *How Can Hell Be Any Worse* LP. I'm not sure if they broke up but a few years later, they put a great but unappreciated record titled *Into the Unknown*. Punk credibility was lost. With a new line-up, which included Greg Hetson from the Circle Jerks, they released the *Back from the Known* EP the following year. 1988 came and the essential *Suffer* LP came out to much acclaim and fanfare. They were the shit again in punk circles. I heard a story from Fat Mike of NOFX saying that record changed the direction of his band. The band remained consistent while releasing many records up until the last Epitaph release *Recipe for Hate*. That was a release that Atlantic and Epitaph both put out. After that record, guitarist Mr. Brett quit the band to run Epitaph full time and deal with his own personal demons. A number of records on the major were put out and they finally got out of the contract and returned to Epitaph. Mr. Brett rejoined and re-energized the band by bringing back Epitaph into the band's sound. The entire record is strong from start to finish. The tri-guitar attack of Mr. Brett, Brian Baker and Greg Hetson create a wall of sound that hasn't been achieved by the band up to this point. Jay Bentley ties everything together with his solid bass playing. Newcomer Brooks Wackerman, formerly of Suicidal Tendencies, is one fine drummer. Starting with "Supersonic," "Prove It" and "Can't Stop This," BR rage through

three songs in a matter of four minutes. To catch your breath, they slow things down with the anthemic "Broken." They bring the tempo back up on tracks "Destined for Nothing," "Materialist," "Kyoto Now!" and "Sorrow." Once again, we are allowed to recover by playing my favorite song (my wife's also) "Epiphany." Now it's time to bring things to a close with five punk songs ("Evangeline," "The Defense," "The Lie," "You Don't Belong" and "Bored and Extremely Dangerous") that are trademark to their history. This album is the most balanced record they have released in years. My wife and I have been listening to this for close to a month straight. This is a band that I personally have been listening to for twenty years and are still one of my favorites. There are not enough words that I can use to describe how much I enjoy this.  
-Donofthedeath (Epitaph)

**BELTONES, THE: *Cheap Trinkets*: CD**

This is barn-blazin', barroom-brawlin' punkrock lawlessness at its meanest, leanest, nastiest, and most nefarious. It's incorrigible and ungovernable, packing more of a wallopin' kick than an eight-ounce shot of pure unrefined Irish whiskey straight outta the jug without benefit of a throat-soothing chaser. Cacophonously akin to the Dropkick Murphys, the gruff n' gravelly, ruckus-inciting vocals are vigorously complemented by a full-throttle surge of fiery juggernaut instrumentation that had my feet a-stompin' so fiercely, big ol' jagged chunks of concrete were ricocheting from the floor and careening across the room like sizzlin' shards of shrapnel randomly flyin' all over the fuckin' place. Hell yes indeed, laddy-boy, these insurgent Celtic-influenced punk'n'roll sounds have slapped my rosy-red facial cheeks silly, splintered my spine into numerous fragmented segments of bone, and rowdily ripped me a new backside until I could no longer sit still! Wooohoo, my ears will forever eagerly embrace such belligerent auditory decadence as this! The Beltones are definitely my kinda bottle of aural ale, and I fully intend to continuously crank *Cheap Trinkets* to the max until I'm no longer able to hear myself breathe. -Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

**BLATZ/FILTH: *Shit Split*: Split CD and LP**

Rock and roll! One of the best split LPs of all time, originally on Lookout, re-released by Life is Abuse on both CD and LP for your

consuming and listening pleasure! Classic East Bay madness! Blatz is my favorite of the two - screamy boy and girl vocals. Think X on crack. And then there's Filth. And if Filth isn't punk, then I don't know what is. I have a friend who's mostly into theatre and isn't punk at all, and "Fuk Shit Up" by Blatz is one of his favorite songs of all time! He says he has never heard so much screaming in a two-minute period! The LP is just the *Shit Split*; if you get the CD, you'll also have all the 7"s. You must buy this album! If this were a cereal, it'd be Lucky Charms! Punk rock! -Maddy (Life is Abuse)

**BLUE FLAMES, THE: *Drivin' N' Dyin' in Texas*: CD**

This is primal voodoo-crazed rock'n'roll swagger at its sleaziest, naughtiest, and most outrageously immoral. It's savage and untamed Texas-style psychobilly madness that's as evil, vile, indecent, and debauched as a sweat-soaked free-for-all orgy in Hell but as sensual, sleek, and cool as a leather-jacketed Marlon Brando hoodlum casually struttin' his stuff in the primitive black-and-white world of *The Wild One*. Imagine a sadistic Betty Page goddess lewdly frontin' The Cramps; Johnny Cash as a vampiric leather-clad vixen backed by The Damned if they were a hootin'-and-hollerin' group of rockin' Mississippi Delta swamp-rats; a trashed-out Concrete Blonde thoroughly drenched in cheap booze, sloppy meaningless sex, and other delightfully taboo conjurations of the devil which eventually drain a man's soul dry; or X as a rowdy bunch of musical cattle-rustlin' bandits performin' in a ramshackle saloon along the tumbleweed-strewn streets of Dodge City during a raging apocalyptic dust-storm. Yep, this is rebellious sonic insolence at its loudest, liveliest, and most festive and boisterous! The seductive enchantress vocals are sultry, enticing, and unequivocally sin-inspiring to the point of erotically inducing a concrete-solid erection upon my penis; the dangerous and deadly guitar strafings are a frenetic flurry of conflagrant attitude-driven fury (beyond unbelievably bad-ass!); the bass and drums are an unholy cacophonous union of unbridled barbaric virility. Indeed, taken all together, these are the most sinfully sensational sounds to seduce my ears since my momma squeezed me out like a wet-nosed lil' puppy many, many moons ago! *Drivin' N' Dyin' In Texas* is so aurally thunderous, it knocked a big ol' knot the size of Dallas upon my head and merci-