

UpYours! Maandelijks Tijdschrift van Bang Zoom Noise Prod. vzw
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Afgiftekantoor Kortrijk X
vu Bram Coemna

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Colofon: **UPYOURS**

**Is het tijdschrift van The Pit's/
Bang Zoom Noise prod. vzw;
met info over komende
activiteiten en ander
belangwekkends.**

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**shitworkers:
Bowy, Bram,?.**

**Gedrukt op 300
exemplaren.**

**Gratis bij het Pit's-Lid-
maatschap.**

**Whanx! Het Ministerie van
de Vlaamse Gemeenschap**

**Volgende verschijning:
Real Soon....**

Redax:

te ver uit het centrum liggen te dicht bij de rest de drempel is te hoog jullie doen teveel af en toe zit daar wel iets goed tussen maar we zien het niet we weten het niet we hebben het eigenlijk niet door we verstaan jullie niet goed we snappen niet hoe jullie dat doen en de buren, de buren! hoeveel is dat in euro maar jullie hebben een reputatie mee dat is niet zo best die van den hoek weeral ambras het is hier altijd zo luid hoe jullie daar niet doof van worden wat zegt u we moeten iets doen voor de scene en jullie staan niet open genoeg maar we zijn veel te alternatief en te weinig alternatief en de mensen worden bekeken en er komen geen vrouwen en daarom komen we ook niet en kennen jullie geen andere muziek het trekt allemaal op niets we willen eigenlijk wel komen spelen 10.000 bfr hoeveel is dat in euro iets minder als ons lief binnen mag mogen er ook metalbands kan ik op de guestlist ik ben héééél belangrijk kijk eens hoe belangrijk ik heb een agenda ik moet wel eens zien of ik dan een gaatje heb ik moet toch met de bands kunnen praten zo hoor ik dingen dat is belangrijk voor de contacten het is te hopen of werden we niet doof het is te hopen we doen het toch voor de muziek lang leve de muziieeeeek en we zijn de melk vergeten en het is en blijft een vies vuil smerig kot

De enige onvoorwaardelijke keuze die hierbij wordt gemaakt is die van The Pit's.
(Bram)

WELCOME TO THE SHITTY PIT'S BAR!

Welcome to The Shitty Pit's-Bar ...
I don't have that much comment since the whole lot of the anniversary-weekend is hassled and thoroughly commented in a preview further down this UpYours! Go and read it. I'll stick to easy promises such as a Bang Zoom Noise honchos claim and unhealthy eager for crupted music-makers, be it in whatever kind of music. Some of them we have already confirmed for the next couple of months. See below for earspankin' year '02.
(Bram)

Calendar:

Bang Zoom Noise Prod. 13th anniversary!

Sun. 02 dec.: **Monster DVD** (jap) noise-trio with Zeni Geva's KK Null (on drums)!

Tue. 04 dec.: **Deadbolt** (usa) voodoo-noised psychobilly

Wen. 05 dec.: **Lunar** (cro)

Fri. 07 dec.: **Giraffe Men** (d) & **Low Point Drains** (nl)

Sat. 08 dec.: **King Khan and His Sensational Shrines** (d) & **Minimal Squad of Teenage Monsters Circus** (f)

Sun. 09 dec.: 14h: record-fair

20h: entertainment of some sort of total twisted rock'n roll indulged and maybe a harp-on all just to make you drink a couple of beers on our 13th survival on these yet sacred Bang Zoom Noise grounds.

Wen. 19 dec.: **Blood on The Saddle** (usa) & **Catacombs** (b)

Antiseen Live at The Pit's... .. het is een belangrijk jaar geweest.

fuck speedbuggy, gedaan met puberale muziek nu behoort ik tot de culturele elite, vaarwel, hou u goed, blijf maar steken in jullie kinderlijk niveau, salut hellian, kom maar eens terug als je jazz kan spelen, echten met veel solo's en een groot ego, en ik wil veel geld, al wat ik doe is toch goed, en sigaren uit cuba, in cafés, waar ze schaken en de problematiek van de wereld aan kaarten, en mij superieur voelen en de coördinatoren van de plaatsen waar ik speel lastig vallen, ze tergen, hen broodjes doen halen en dan warm eten willen in de plaats, en dan zeggen dat het slecht was, en hem koffie doen halen, hem en weer doen lopen hen de schuld geven van alles, hem verplichten te dansen voor mij op tafel met zijn broek af, en schaterlachen, zodat iedereen mij hoort en ziet, ik behoort niet meer tot jullie vulgair aftands clubje, ik ben hogerop geraakt, ik mag dt fouten schrijven en ze dichtelijke vrijheid noemen, ik laat anderen mijn gat likken, ik nodig jullie uit zagezegd om ook eens deel te nemen en op het moment dat jullie denken we hebben ze stamp ik jullie in de stront en vindt het nog leuk ook.....

zonet ontslagen, baas mail gelezen, tot vanavond, zat aan den toog en ik schrijf alles op de poef en dan 'k zit toch in't bestuur ik doe wat ik wil, bij deze antiseen moet al niet meer afkomen

Earspankin' 02

Montesas (d) (9/2) 60s rock'n roll of Marcel Bontempi and the Montesas' fame

Sleppers (f) & **Blutch** (b) frenchies unsane-noised drench

Antiseen (19/3) an essential harbour for Boys from Brutalsville

Outcold (usa) (16/4)

Mud City Manglers (usa)

Little Records Review: Guitarfucker (ch), **Serge and Babe** (usa) & **Sunday Ada** (usa) (10/5)

Arab On Radar (usa) & **Kid Commando** (sw) (31/5) freaked crazed and paranoid noise...

Hasil Adkins (usa), **King Khan and His**

Sensational Shrines (d) & **Dead Brothers** (ch)

Yeehaw is the word...

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

Live at The Pit's, on 19th of December...

Since almost none of you felt inspired to visit the Speedbuggy USA concert here at The Pit's, I think it might be helpful to point out some smaller directions for a concert with the same dusty trail left behind. Though! Do not forget! This is Blood on the Saddle. Founded on Hollywood grounds by guitarist from former punksquad Dead Hippie, Greg Davis. Being the very first idea of mixing swamp blues and American roots-music into the punktradition. This he worked out in a band called Gun Club. But it was not until he met Anette Zalinskaskas, of a then totally unknown girlband The Bangles, that he could go for his untamed blend of crooked country and polka hillybilly with genuine punk. Cowpunk for the fuckin' very first time. They have not hit European soil since a couple of years for another tour, so be sure you'll capture them live at The Pit's and they'll whip your ears off with their crooktown country cowpunk in a perfect Johnny Cash, Hank Williams and Bonanza blend.

(Bram)

A weekend of shitty, cranked down & fucked up, but highly appreciated, rock'n roll:

Bang Zoom Noise 13th Anniversary

2001 has not only been the 13th year of Pit's-fame and fortune, it's been yet another year rising above the shit which was heading our way. By fighting a losing battle for over almost 13 years we've proved many folks out there more than once DEAD WRONG. 2001 was also the year The Pit's was honoured with bucks from the government. Since every current, goddamn jack-in-the-politicians-box seems to find hidden treasures and wants to spread these around ASAP, why shouldn't The Pit's benefit from it as well. Things went a little more harder than this, but that 's known to the few folk who worked their asses off to eventually get the money inside The Pits. Another -and to me- major important thing is The Pit's got itself mentioned in an ANTISEEN-tune. So what!? Yeah, but the boys from Brutalsville seem to still recall their visit at the Pits back in 199. What I'm trying to get inside your shrunken, stupid head is we here at The Pit's have at least a couple of reasons to celebrate. And that's what we're bound to do from dec. 4th till dec. 9th. A potential overkill? No worries, mate; we've been there already and done THAT with suave!!

Fun starts out with a huge big hitter. For the very first time in Europe and every garage-r'n'roll addicts wet dream -at least if he/she has some guts- I'm talking about San Diego's finest, Deadbolt or as they like to be referred to, 'the most scariest band in the world'. Whether the whole upheaval around Deadbolt is a well thought-over gimmick or dreadful reality or the endresult of serious braindamage, the only thing one can be sure of is Deadbolt is everything from garagerawk'n'roll over to surf'n' rumble and backwards. How many members the Deadbolt European 'Hitsquad' will eventually count is till this date unsure. Same goes if they will carry their instruments or the whole backcatalog of Balck&Decker tools. The few folks who were lucky enough to witness Deadbolt live where fortunate enough to life to tell or were too drunk to recall the hellish trip they'd been through. Be prepared for anything on Tuesday 4th of December for these Voodootruckers will leave no chance open to let us audience experience their wicked, loathsome, creepy, twisted, spooky and harmful world of fear, violence and death. If Q. Tarantino had been aware of Deadbolt he'd picked them to provide the ultimate Pulp Fiction-soundtrack.



On to Friday Dec. 7th: the actual start of the Anniversary weekend. Bands scheduled on this evenings bill are two yet unrevealed European acts doing things with a basic punk instinct and approach, but both tackling different angles. From Holland hails a basic two piece, which called themselves, Low Point Drains. Judging from their coördinates they hail from a place -actually- called HELL! Both guys share the same love and addiction for raw 60s r'n'roll and extreme lo-fi trash. Endresult which up till now has been captured on a couple of demotapes is a mutated mixture of JSBE, The Gories, Bassholes, Oblivians and Pussy Galore. With their drums and guitar line-up the comparisons towards local Dutch masters of lo-fi, Lo-Lite and Dexter, are besides flattering also inevitable. So be there on time, otherwise you'll bump in

while the next combo, The Giraffe Men from Germany are actually at it! These dudes were highly recommended by the German Dirk of former DogFood5-fame as just about wacko and crazy enough to be featured on a Pit's-anniversary weekend. At least some dude who knows the specific characteristics of our venue. The Giraffe Men takes the wylde, topnotch, snotty and trashy garagerawk from The Mummies and take it out on stirred and shaken stroll with Hasil Adkins and Jack Starr (or in other words the main inspirations of The Monsters). Need we say more, maybe something like they look trashy even with the silly mammal outfits; they even sound trashy and do act like that aswell. Seems they hardly ever manage to hold quiet for one moment while playing live and if I'm correct that's the whole basic idea behind The Pit's-feast!!

Saturday Dec. 8th gives The Pits the opportunity to welcome a set of folks who've been on the Pit's-stage before and who've since then become pretty close friends. First off is what we commonly call 'The Bordeaux'-posse or for those unfamiliar, the The Minimal Squad of Teenage Monsters Circus. A rather long name for a group of music addicts joined together in their shared love for crazed surf'n' garage and likewise vintage & trash exploits. Behind the curtains of this 'Circus' are the punked up garage trasholla of The Magnetix, the vibrant, revved up, twisted organdrenched rock'n'rolla of Frédovitch, the nitro burnin' actionpacked rumblefest of Los Mutantes, the classic lowdown of 77-punk drowned and cheap liquor and speed of Heroes-X and to finish things of the speedkings of surforomatic instro rumble and blazin thunder Stef & Arno. For those who've allready seen them: enough said,

for those yet unaware grab the compilation 7" by the Minimal Squad or even better, buy it when you've experienced this live at The Pit's! Red wine, pastis and no sleep till the morning light, that how r'n'roll action in Bordeaux is lived! Grab a bite of this and taste it NOW! Hired as the head-entertainer of this full blast punkrawk'n'roll party no one else than ex-Spaceshit and the nowadays reincarnation of James Brown-meets-Little Richard, Mr. King Khan was given the honors to tear the 'Shitty' Pitsbar through a set of classic blaxploitation 60s&70s music. Backed by a bunch of hardworking musicians K. Khan delivers a steamin' & boiling live-set that'll make you wet your pants without a slight sense of embarrassment. 60s soul, 70s funk, 'Savage Kicks' and 'Desperate r'n'r's King Khan and His Sensational Shrines are always willing to whip it on any of us in the greedy crowd. Be there and shake that butt from the first note till the last chord. I wonder who'll take it upon him/her to take the steamin' party further through the nite after K. Khan is finished. Thee Mighty Innovator??? Come, see, be astonished and LEARN!



Sunday 9th of Dec.: 3rd day in a row and judging from past anniversaries not that many tend to be able to make it for the record sale and swap which goes on during the afternoon. Lots of black, strong coffee works and saving some bucks before entering the Pit's-feast is another advice to take in consideration. So at least you'll have some money both for records and for the coffee. Not only is this record happening the essential meet for a bunch of Pits affiliated recordfreaks and junks, but there's always something to find or to grab. Usually after the record meet there's the evening show, which is still in the works except for the first ever première of HARP-ON.

This being the yet mysterious, novelty act of this anniversary weekend, which has a huge challenging factor hidden inside, but is also gifted with enough nutty, crazed out no-nonsense gutso attitude to make it worth staying. Maybe a final closing act is still in the pipeline, but that's only up to the master of ceremony, Bram himself. Anyway whether you're from Rotterdam, Bordeaux, Lille, Ertvelde, Emelgem, Aalbeke, Tournai, Kontich, Gent or where-the-hell-ever we need to see your ever lovin', smiling face in our 'LUCKY 13'-bar on any of the above mentioned dates. No escape, daddy-O!

Bowy



Been some time since I came to do reviews of my favourite format: 7" s, that is! So we try rushing in on lost time and why not take off with some 'classic' **Kangaroo** materials. For those still unfamiliar with the Kangaroo recipe : loud, fast and fuckin' proud! "Painless" is the sort of final, post mortem release by **Dead Nation**, a tough as spiky nails hardcore unit from New Jersey. Despite the title this bunch of razorcutting shrapnels are harmful and tearing any unskilled listeners ear open till it bleeds. It's a fine collection of speedin', sheer terror rage belted out in utter angst and anger. Dead Nation sounds like a rancid mixture of early Poison Idea, Jerry's Kids mangled through the likes of Struggle, Fear Itself and Kraut. Dead Nation ain't no longer, but "Painless" is a reminder, which you won't easily forget about! Japan hardcore is basically fitting right up the Kanagaroo-alley. But still it took some time until the first Japan band was released on this Dutch label. With "Fuck Taste", the second release by **Deride**, not only a statement is made as towards an often misused criteria of liking a bands musical outcome or not; but also a hot power piece of upfront and confronting hardcore blast is nailed down. Deride delivers hardcore in a plain, straightforward and pretty basic way it was meant to be : fast as hell, mad and furious as boiling saké and in yer face as you'd never ever experienced before. The only disadvantage being the whole lot is over and done with before you know it, but then again there's that strong urge to start it all over again. Guess that's

called instant addiction or something similar! Yet another piece of wax which slaps you in the face with huge force and fierce brutality is Australians 'new hope for the doomed' **A.V.O.**, or in other words: Apprehended Violence Order. This NewSouthWales outfit features Rocks drummer Bibs on drums and seems to be a new safe haven for a bunch of longtime scenesters. Allthrough the 14 (!) rapidfire salvos on "Solutions" AVO slashes and bashes themselves a landmine mark of excessive power and raging anger filled with stinging hatred. These guys are hardcore trash in a MadMax-version, which makes you think of Negative FX-The Meatmen on a ToeToToe joyride. Whether they speed through their very own songs or attack 80s US legends like White Cross, they remain mad as hell and punk as FUCK and I'm sure that's the thing which put them on the Kangaroo rooster. In case you're not convinced an want to take things less drastically you can taste what Kangaroo is all about with yet another compilation. "Skulls" is a compilation 12 tracks by 11 bands from Holland (Yawp!, Milkman and Seein' Red), the US (Outcold, The Neighbours –both very well known and highly appreciated amongst loyal Pitsers-, Tear It Up), Japan (Real Shit and Rawride) and Australia (Creeping Jesus and A.V.O.); all very much representing the general Kangaroo kind of extreme hardcore punk. Full frontal combatready onslaught tracks that'll make your ears pop and split your skull open as they come unannounced on their kamaikaze mission to haunt and cause mayhem in your otherwise steady, quiet life. Was initially meant to be a free giveaway during the past European tour of The Neighbours, but does also serve as a fine introduction to the Kangaroo-sound.

Also from Holland comes **dB's Records**, the label which took off as the outlet for Mot Squad and has evolved into a pretty neat safe haven for a bunch of distorted rawkin' punk and garage units. **The Stoned** are the most explicit 60s trashed and crashed beat and garagepunks. Their 14 track "Paint It Black Writer" is fully rooted in the 60s garagebeat and brightens things up with occasional late 70s punk antics and some well-dosed psychedelia. The recording is kept basic, which suits the overall sound very well. It's trashy in a yet sensitive, but still wicked way. **Beef Wellington** is a UK two-piece around former Armitage Shank, Ben Hocken. Beef Wellingtons "That's Me/Never Go There Again" on

dB's Records was a hell of a surprise due to its primal scorch and its noisy uppercut impact. Think of The Country Teasers, any Sexton Ming outburst and The Reatards all wrenched up, screwed and disabused in their childhood years. It's a fine example of basic, primitive, crude and harsh stripped down R&B. Despite the highly needed strong nerves you'll get a fine adrenalin rush out of this! Something to keep an eye out for. **The Stiletos** have had the chance to release already a 7" with 4 tracks and a 10" ("DamnBabyPussyYeah") on dB's Records. This new Dutch band come on strong with an epic of punktrashrawk with a mighty Crypt-angle. Dangerous, mean, vicious and threatening they way punkrawk was intended and set out to be. The Stiletos come out as a mutated baby of The Oblivians, Pussy Galore and The Pagans with slight injection of early Cheater Slicks thrown in for fulltime joy. Whether it be the 4 track on the 7" or the over-the-top blistering version of "LongTall sally" or the rest of the remaining 9 tracks on "DamnBabyPussyYeah" the Stiletos maintain that overall make-you-feel-good sentiment. They're loud, raw and eager to raise hell, but they're groovy and rockin' all over. In other words they're ready to lay down the basic facts at The Pits-stage!!

"The Great Escape" 7ep by **Dutchbad** was passed on to me by their guitarist at the Apers 5th anniversary show especially to put this band as the next Rotterdam unit on the infamous Pit's-stage in Kortrijk. Although this band was introduced to me as a overall cool hardcore punk bunch a rundown on these 5 tracks delivers a wider perspective. It's short, fast, straightforward punk running on hardcore fuel but there's a drive to it that grabs my twisted rockin' germs. Maybe it's the in between mugging and joking around that does the trick, there's some funny added spoken word stuff, which I've become a sucker for. I really love folks sharing an equal amount of twisted humour and so does Dutchbad it seems. So I guess I like it then, well in fact I do and since this female bunch going by the name of The Riplets has also sought to obtained their spot on the Pit's stage why shouldn't both forced be joined!

Another intrested little piece of vinyl wax is the split 7" by the Italians of **The Willy Wonkas** and the Californian brats, **The B-Sides**. A split done by an Italian label Pappa&Ciccia Records from San Rocco al Ponte; but it'll be sufficient to say I grabbed

it out of the Stardumb bins! So hassle Stephan how to get it and not me! Cuz it sure is worth having, especially for all you recent Queers folks. **The B-Sides** are just about one of those unit who manage to mix the mongotype teenpunk from the early Queers with enough Angry Samoans to get it all delivered at a ravishing Zeke-speed. For example when I put the needle down at what I thought was the intro I was already half into the second track. And as I was reading through UpYours! (the Pit's related zine and newsletter) I found myself only 15 lines further to hear the final chord of the B-Sides final track. As to The Willy Wonkas their 2 contributions are a tad bit more up my alley and way better than the bands live appearance a couple of months back. Punkrawk without needless stressing on the bad 'ROCK' type clichés, in other words they way it should be done!!

My main option for this time was to give exposure to mainly 7s, but with "Fuel For Life" the 3rd album by **The Turbo A.C.'s** we'll make an exception. The Turbo A.C.'s are 3, NYC-based, dudes with Anglo-Italian roots and could have only been raised in Brooklyn. Much to my surprise this album, produced by R. Miret of Agnostic Front, nails down a sound that leaves only one option: digging from the first guitarwang on. Have cruisin' through the whole lot of tunes I can only beat my stubborn head for not giving the previous albums a try. This

is high-octane, greaser punk'n'roll from the top level, contagious to get you tapping along, singalong or blasting this lot out loud while cruising town impressing eager chicks. The Turbo A.C.'s not only look like they're the older nephews of Jerry H., they got the same cool allover, but it also becomes them as natural. Imagine what a fine dose of Devil Dog songwriting, tight and cathic Misfits vocals, a profound almost surfstyle guitarwang and a energetic rootsy punkbeat can evolve into; you should get damn near to the Turbo A.C.'s sound, something like 'Dick Dale meets Motorhead'. This fine posse is pretty soon on European stages and if you not there, you're fucked!

Another item which I finally obtained was "The Essential Fucked Up Blues" lp/cd by **The Immortal Lee County Killers** on the nowdays hard-to-find Estrus Records. I was already longtime searching for this debut release by this Alabama 2-some, but after seeing them perform live at the Las Vegas Shakedown I had to get me their material. These reunited bastard sons of Jerry Lee, John Lee, HoundDog T., Robert J and T-Model Ford may hail from the guitar empowered Quadrajets, but dig here deep into their roots. They managed to tear up one hell of a house by rebuilding early electrified Chicago blues, twisting over the swampy Delta blues, bashing out the essential ingredients from the FatPossum winners and nail it down on a solid base



of MC5-meets-Blue Cheer rockin' riffs and hooks. It's pretty hard to imagine only two dudes signed for the whole lot, but due to specific use of amps and guitarequipment the overall onslaught butchery is evoked. Yip we're dealing with a basic guitar – drum line-up here, but what an outcome this represents. It's nothing less than the album title predicts it's damright 'The Essential Fucked Up Blues': stripped down, primal, stompin', shoutin', squealing, hurting and all maximized into a charged up demolition stockcar engine ready to explode any minute. Wanna ttry imagining what these guys sound like live, read last issues report on their appearance at The LV Shakedown and dream on! ILCK: explicitly not for lame-ass sissies!

With their self-released cd "Faites Vos Jeux" our local female 3-piece **The Lovehandles** present their first full release. Local female stands for the greater Kortrijk-area, if I may say so, but these chichas tend to create more havoc in the Lowlands as they do more gig in Holland than overhere. One gets nine tracks with a renewed version of the previous appeared "Negative Power" at the end of the cd. The Lovehandles have found themselves a sound which mixes Naked Raygun, Pegboy with The Delta 5 and The AuPairs. Vocals and bass are upfront backed up with a forcefull guitarcrunch and solid drumparts, while the average drive is midtempo with occasional inside tackling. Maybe you folks abroad might miss out on this so you better try getting in touch through Lovehandles@yucom.be if you like to hear the ladies adaptation of "Criminal" (as done by Texas garagepunks The Motards). Another much welcomed Belgian bands, who recently managed to release some tracks is the "Punk Rock Show" 7" by **The Bad Preachers**. This set of greaseballs from the Brussels region have been around over ages, have been screwed over by a whole bunch of labels and had to wait until a small Norwegian label, Dull City Records showed interest and finally didn't screw up. What to expect is judging from the title pretty obvious. They output live up to its title: motorpunkrock in a Cosmic Psychos, Motorhead, Turbo A.C.'s kinda way, with enough balls to fill both hands. Worth anyone's interest if you're in need of a decent dose of punkroots to get your adrenaline rising.

As for **The Clone Defects**, a wild, out-of-control set of youngsters from Detroit what they belt out on their 7" on Tom Perkins Records is a unique blend

of outrageous, socially unacceptable, danger spewing and breathtaking punk. Based on an overdose of influences drained from all those obscure late 77punk compilations The Clone Defects distracted a sound which is harsh, crude and raw. The final mix was done by Ghetto Recorders wizzard, Jim Diamond, who knows the tricks when an unpolished, rough and primal cut needs to be laid down in all its bare nakedness. Both "Cheetah Eyes" and "Bottled Woman" are kick ass tunes who wouldn't fall out between bands like The Weirdos, The Pagans or The Gizmos. There's already another Clone Defects 7" around and maybe the band could have already called it quits; but it's never too late to catch up on them. Let's head for Japan for a few exciting 7"s. First the first 7" by –judging from the labels own promo- 'Japan's Phenomenal r'n'r combo **The Gas 3!** "Meet The Gas 3!" seems to be the bands first output on a label from Tokyo called Skippy Records. On this recording, which dates already back to 1997 you get 3 snappy, short cuts of primitive punk with enough R'n'Roll injections to get the ball rolling. As if Supercharger got teamed up with the Angry Samoans, which makes a fine selection of primal cuts rawkin' punky attacks to get you off your socks.

Those around in the early 80s when the second wave of UK punk was at it full blossom might remember Southports **Blitzkrieg**, a band that has a set of 7" out on NoFuture Records. The same Blitzkrieg, who called it first quits in late 1983, but reformed in a somewhat original line-up in the beginning of 1991 to end pretty soon in '92. With only one remaining member, Spike the band took of for a 'Fighting On The Beaches-tour of California' in 2000. At the same time 45 Revolutions, the label of Chett Wright (Adolf & The PissArtists), decided to re-issue the classic "The Future Must Be Ours" lp. Blitzkrieg were at their time one of hardest working bands touring their asses off all over the UK with the blend of pure revived UK early 80s spikes&studs streetpunk in the likes of One Way System, Blitz, UK Subs and Disorder. Maybe the die-hard folk were waiting for this current release, but I wouldn't put it as an essential must have. It reflects an era, which nowadays gets way more well deserved attention by the fully blossoming current wave of streetpunk acts, instead of keep on milking an allmost dead cow. Bowly.

Halloween Blast

Or a five day stay in the capital of The Minimal Squad of Teenage Monsters, the City of Bordeaux...

It must have been arranged in just a couple of days but all of sudden I found myself in Lille, France, at six in the morning, ready and settled for ten hours of road. Heading: Bordeaux. Ten hours on French roads, with Mimine, a sleep-drugged cat almost under my armpits. Poor thing. Reason? None particular, but the Halloween Blast, smaller version of the Christmas Blast Festival which we attended already twice with some Pit's-habitués should for sure be one of them. This Halloween thing was supposed to be a rehearsal for the Christmas Blast in a new location, called CAT, in the middle of the Bordeaux-harbour. Didn't know they had one, actually. In attempt of some fast acclimatisation on arrival we went out onto the Place Saint-Michel, the place on which awfully lot of the ongoings seem to be centered around la Flèche.

Somewhere at eight we set off for the CAT in harbour-district. Which looked deserted. Old warehouses, and nothing but old warehouses. Nearest sign of life seemed to be some sort of stripjoint, which was already quite a distance. Didn't endeavour the walk though. The porter stopped us when we arrived at CAT-gates, an old, iron barred thing. We were too early. Some lobby-work from my local guides did the trick and they have us passed. Entered on a gloomy court in between several store-places. Great entrance-location for a Halloween Blast. Being a bit too early gave us some time to wander about the place. A wide and high room with capacity for a few hundreds of people. The evening started with some locals of ska-pop acting, of which I have never remembered the name, not that they

were that bad. Never was my cup of tea, this ska-thing. Went outside to lumber on the old factory court, maybe to fool myself with some indulged Indian summer idea, when the Groovie Ghoulies arrived, they came from the funfair in town. They really enjoyed it, they said, while I waited for one of the things I really came for: Frédovitch. Already knew that he was assisted by a drummer of Sleepers-breeding. Their set blasted even more then I ever could figure out in advance. This one extra man gives Frédovitch himself armpit to embrace, threaten and hassle and blast the whole of his organ. Making his cha cha rock'n roll-exotica only the more out of control that only at some instants you got a little while to regret the one-man craze of Frédovitch doing this all by himself.

Next up where the Groovie Ghoulies who set of with an amazing set of non-stop pop-punk delish. They sounded different as in The Pit's nevertheless great show. Till some local drenched himself on stage, and felt pretty at ease up there. They had to drag him of, but he succeeded in unplugging the bass-amp. And he came again, and again, and again. Made Kepi kick and yell him of the stage, using awfully lot of fucks for someone who ealier that night told about the crêpes he went for at the funfair. Too bad they could not blast through, it would have made a superb concert, this Groovie Ghoulies show...

No smoke, nor flames or burning crosses when Zodiac Killers entered this stage. Heard from someone that their cross was stolen on tour. Greg Lowry still seemed pretty pissed about it, but I could not but think how some people still know how to cut the crap very short. The rest of the concert appeared to me as about the same as when I saw them in Lille a couple of weeks before. Too much hasardious crap-talk in between their songs to make this a hitter. I pretty much had things for the night, since a cup of a carefully imported bottle of Bols really knocked me out, caused me a huge eager to get some sleep. Maybe that's why I had to drag myself through the very last band of this evening, of which I also forgot the name, but it was some ska-like thing in the clean-cut way I don't like them to play it. No offence taken. But again, not my favourite thing. Went out on the court again, which had something bizarre over it at this time of the night, people sitting all around. Maybe half of them drunk. Or half-drunk. Took a first nights rest in the car,

with some others, until we went off for some real sleep, at six in the morning, again.

'The feast of the new wine', as they call it. Antiques-shopstands on the streets, roasted chestnuts and bourru, or something in that respect, which is the very first wine that comes out of the presses. Looks like apple-juice, a bit turbid. Tastes good, a bit bitter and sourish. But a nice feast that gives. And huge plans to climb the 'Dune de Pyla' the next day. This picture itself like some huge, very huge, dune in between the Atlantic and a pineforest. 117 metres, but steep, very steep. On top, a great view over the basin and the Atlantic. Spent the day at the coast. The weather was fine. And we all had some genuine tourist-feel about the day. The more since we heard a couple of days before that The Fleshtones would hit Bordeaux that night. This was the first time I would see this band. Not so for the majority of people in this place, a new venue even a bit further out of town than the CAT is, with lights that pop on when you enter the toiletrooms. Done that a couple of times, just to check. Stupid idea, it's a loosing battle. Missed a major lot of the opening band in doing so. But then again, Fleshtones was what we wanted to see. It almost sounds like a huge stereotyped thing to say, but these guys rocked. In all of it's good and bad respects. From the first tune till the very last they got these frenchies from the first row till the very back of the place into a shakin' pack of I don't know whats. Seems that one

has to take the ultimate rock'n roll tricks as part of the deal.

Tuesday, and the very last in Bordeaux for this trip. Dinner on the terrace at Café La Fleche on Place St. Michel makes a good start for a last guided walk through the city of Bordeaux before we went over to the very last concert of this visit. Our hosts had already eaged about me from the first plannings on to stay and see the Beach Bitches. This concert was at Le Local, a smaller venue in the trainstation neighbourhood. Nice building from the outside. With a wide entrance. The concertplace itself is long with a nice capacity for audiences. And surprisingly good beer on tap. Toilets in the CBGB's way, in the corner behind the stage. In other words a damn fine place to get another hint on the south of France rock'n roll ongoings. A local oldschoool hardcore band opened up, not without merit, but they couldn't whip the audience that apparently all of them waited with some eager to see the Beach Bitches. Right they are. And thanx to the people who made me stay. Since this band, from Perpignan-origin was pretty much of the most pleasant surprise of all the things I saw in this short stay. C'est ça du garage! Furious garagerock'n roll in a greased 60s James Brown goes along the punk-way. Righteous rock'n roll charism!

Thanx to the fine Girondais François, Valérie, Christine and entire The Minimal Squad for hosting, guiding and other fun.
(Bram)



13th anniversary of The Pit's/Bang Zoom Noise

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zondag 2 december: (20h30)

Monster DVD (jap) noise-threesome with Zeni Geva's KK Null and Boredoms-members

dinsdag 4 december: (20h30)

Deadbolt (usa) trucker inspired voodoo pleasures

woensdag 5 december: (20h30)

Lunar (cro) damn fine subtely noised must be post-something

vrijdag 7 december: (20h00)

The Giraffe Men (d) screaming wild 60s punk garage trash like Mummies meets Monsters & **Low Point Drains** (nl) twosome with Bantam Rooster, Gories and Oblivians-styled rock'n roll

zaterdag 8 december: (20h00)

King Khan and His Sensational Shrines (d) soulfull 60s jungle r&b, with members of Spaceshits, Dog Food Five, The Curtis Mayfield Band & Ike and Tina! & **The Minimal Squad of Teenage Monsters Circus** (f) surfin' garage and vintage trash exploits...

zondag 9 december: 14h00: Platenbeurs...

20h00: **Harp On**

woensdag 19 december: (20h00)

Blood On The Saddle (usa) cowpunk & **Catacombo** (b)