

ISSUE 10

bROK e

IN KOREA

This issue:
How to
survive in Korea
on a 0-won-a-day
budget ...and more!



Broke in Korea Issue 10

This zine is published whenever the hell I feel like it. Don't like it? Start your own damn zine.

Editor
Jon Twitch

Contributors
Sean Anderson
Chris Hellking
Verv
Shield Maiden
Jeff & Trash Moses
Millie & Buster
and all the bands that
got back to us

Muse
Kim Yuna

Photos
Jon Twitch
Google Image Search
Miru Kim
(without permission)

Layout
Jon Twitch

Contact
jon_dunbar@hotmail.
com

Message Board
<http://brokeinkorea.tk>

Previous issues available for download at daehanmindecline.com

Contributors are
always welcome

This zine was designed using a pirated copy of IndDesign CS. I pledge to donate 10% of Broke's profits to Adobe.

Message from the Editor

This thing started back in early spring 2005. A much younger Jon Twitch and Paul Mutts were unemployed, seeking tolerable jobs in Seoul, and living off their girlfriends as their savings drained. Shortly after the first issue, both of us started working, and *Broke* was a name only. Life was good to us, and the zine continued once or twice a year, when we could make time, usually for special occasions.

This issue was originally conceived based on the upcoming Terror/No Turning Back and Fy Fan shows, but in the end I changed those plans. Now maybe the theme of this issue is once again about being broke in Korea, thanks to new Broke inductee Sean Gwarmonger, who spent ten months in Korea donating his money and time to soju. He lived here that whole time in a state of poverty most *Broke* readers couldn't imagine. Fortunately his return ticket was paid for and he'd put all his money into his hostel so that was paid up, but he struggled to find food and entertain himself on lonely days. One of the few things he could afford was coming online to the Broke message board and posting whatever crossed his mind. Yeah, he annoyed some of us, but it's for people like him—and because of people like him—that this zine and its message board counterpart exist.

And you probably know my life has gone to hell too. I've returned to Hongdae, which now feels like a purgatory haunted by the souls of hipsters and alcoholics. Just kidding, hipsters don't have souls. Every time I walk around Hongdae I feel like the living dead, doomed to roam the brightly lit alleys

for all eternity. That's why I ride my scooter and just plough through the crowds. Anyway, I'm in the area, rediscovering the music scene, and helping out a lot more than I have been for the last few years. It's really not where I want to be with my life, but we're stuck with each other.

This issue might not stack up to the previous one. I don't think I could ever do an issue that good again, mainly because of the choose-your-own-adventure story that ran through the entire issue (by the way, did you manage to discover who wanted Verv killed? It's in one of the endings. Go back and look; I'll wait.).

One problem with this issue is the lack of bilingual articles. I interviewed a bunch of English-speaking musicians, and Chris Hellking interviewed a bunch of Korean ones. Unfortunately we only had time to translate one of the Korean interviews into English, which should be added incentive to study Korean, but probably isn't.

And of course we have the usual fare of Verv's writing, both glorious and awful. On page 15 he takes a shit right in front of you. On page 19 he criticises Kim Yuna and swears his allegiance to Al Qaeda. Then on page 23 he makes a grand meal for your family.

Anyway, if you're still reading this, you're probably as bored with life as I am. Go and look at some of the other pages now. I'll be busy laying them out, editing photos, and trying to come up with witty titles for you.

Jon Twitch

Table of Incontinence

3. Ten Weeks in Korea
3. The Death of Jon Dunbar
4. Fy Fan tour review
5. Terror/NTB tour review
6. Burning Hepburn
7. 13 Steps
8. First Round Heroes
8. Park Hyun
9. ...Whatever That Means
10. Axcutor
11. Miru Kim
12. What the fuck's wrong with my cats?
13. Centerfold
14. Three Annoying Gadgets
14. Top 4 Ripoffs
14. Shopdumping
15. Verv's Shit Page
16. Top 20 Movies
17. People Watching
17. The Long Life Game
18. Crossword
18. Verv's Message To Young Girls
19. Be White
19. a boat without an anchor
20. CD Reviews
21. Bimonthly Bootfuck
22. Ten Weeks in Korea (cont'd)
23. A Meal For You
23. The Penis Weeps W/ Ddeok Jeong

Ten Weeks in Korea

An Actual Account of being Broke in Korea

Sean Anderson

Sean A here. Some of you may know me as "Gwarmonger." I just arrived back in the USA from Korea. I was in Seoul almost the whole summer, June 19th–Aug 31st. Whoa! How did I end up in Korea!? Well, if you would have told me on June 19th, 2008 that a year from now I would be flying across the world towards Korea, I would have laughed and said, "Why the fuck would I be going to Korea?!"

Well, I did go to Korea. No, I was not an English teacher. No, I was not a student. No, not military either. I was maybe the only westerner in Korea that really was just...there. Okay...I DID have one reason to go named Lee Seo-young. It should be noted, before



my departure to Korea, I did as much research as I could to figure out a little bit about this place called Korea. In a random Google search (who knows what I typed in...probably "broke+korea"), I stumbled upon a discussion board called

"Broke in Korea". What a great name I thought, must be some punk rockers. Little did I know that this discussion board would be my internet home while in Korea...and very helpful I might add, and good for making new friends.

Before the end of all the insanity, I would be...well...broke...in Korea, living it!

So! With no job, no school, not very much money and nothing but a vague knowledge of Korean culture and language, and the goal of

experiencing my woman's culture and not dying in the process, I arrived at Incheon airport at 10pm at night, jet lagged, drunk, awake for 30 plus hours and feeling completely fried.

Seo-young met me at the airport of course. Happiness ensued. Off we go on the airport shuttle bus to her mom's condo. At this point, I was experiencing extreme delirium, nothing was real anymore. I felt like Hunter S. Thompson in Las Vegas. The first sight of Korea, riding from the Incheon airport into the depths of Seoul, I was thinking "Hell yeah!" My strength was coming back. Seeing all the mountains and the endless sprawling city was intense.

Continued on page 18.

The Death of Jon Dunbar

Jon Twitch

You know how I know I'll live to an old age? Because every time someone dies young, the people who knew that person talk about how he was "full of life" or "loved being alive." Myself, I'm too terrified of death for my own death to have any ironic meaning. At my funeral people would have to say stuff like "man, that guy must've hated dying" and "at least the waiting's over."

I thought this weekend about how I want to die, and there's one thing

I'm sure: I want to meet it with a camera in my hand. And I want to take a picture at the exact moment of death. It might not be a good shot, maybe of a hospital ceiling, or a slightly blurred street shot that you'd probably dismiss if you didn't know that I was being hit by a bus (probably because I wasn't paying attention because I had my camera out on the road).

Death has been photographed before. Shots of the exact moment of someone's death are quite possible, especially if

you have access to an execution. But never to my knowledge has the photo been taken by the person dying. I don't even want to be in the picture, just have what I'm looking at. Like what if Robert Capa was shot at the exact same time as this anarchist, and what we were looking at here was the last thing Capa ever saw as he was picked off right at the same time.

If you find out I die, make sure that they look on my memory card to see what the last photograph I shot was.



Fy Fan Hits the Shit



Fy Fan Korean Tour
Club Badabie
with Find the Spot, Join the
Circle, and Gesaederi
12 September 2009
Jon Twitch

The original plan was to release this issue at the Fy Fan show on September 12. In fact, 95% of this issue has been sitting in my computer for two weeks following the show. I had an interview to run on this page with vocalist Jona Olander about their Korea/Japan/Australia tour, but then I realised that I knew nothing about the band or what D-beat is (aside from "It's kinda like Discharge"). So in the interest of maintaining Broke's high standards of quality, I decided to turn the article from a preview to a review (for more about Broke's high standards of quality, please refer to page 15, our page dedicated entirely to shit).

Fy Fan had a tour planned to Japan, and promoters in Korea, namely Soeultari DIY, managed to piggyback a weekend in Korea for this Swedish band. Three shows were scheduled, one in Suyuhell, one in Hongdae, and one down in Daegu. Suyuhell is some kind of top-secret punk den way up in Gangbuk-gu which is probably gets more use as a practice room than an actual concert venue. They played with Gesaederi and Find the Spot, no doubt to a packed room full of five people. Their Hongdae show was in Badabie with the same two bands as well as Join the Circle and supposedly Nuclear Rockets from Busan. Then on Sunday they went down to Club Heavy in Daegu with Gesaederi to play with Nuclear Rockets, Sinklair, and Axcutioner.

This show was massively overshadowed by the following week's big Terror/No Turning Back tour, both in terms of promotion and investment (although it should be noted the Fy Fan posters were awesome). That show would make or break the Korean hardcore scene, and this one was just a diversion prior to the big event. Or so I thought while planning this issue.

I advertised the show starting time at 6:30 over the Korean punk Facebook group, and showed up accordingly to find everyone already sitting around out front. In the convenience store to grab a beer, I witnessed a frantic tattooed foreigner trying to extract change from the cashier. This turned out to be Wutzi Feyadeen (real name unknown), one of the organisers of the tour, and he'd just rescued a ton of merch from a taxi.

We had enough time to all get to know each other and engage in underage drinking outside Badabie, because the show didn't start until 8:30. Meanwhile people who'd gotten their information from my Facebook post began complaining to me as if I had something to do with it.

The first band was Find the Spot,

the hardcore band half of whose members are from Chadburger. Unfortunately due to a clusterfuck of disorganisation, Chadburger were left off the bandlist, and I haven't gotten a straight answer of how that happened. Oh well, Find the Spot did what they had to, and started the show with a bang. Probably several bangs from all the collisions in the circle pit. I was a bit distracted throughout their set by crazed fan Ryan Berkebile, who led the most enthusiastic moshers in some kind of glow-pen martial arts demonstration, thus combining Korean hardcore, D-beat, and raves. Fortunately the batteries must have run out early on, because the things disappeared during later sets. The high point is their song ³³»ö'ç, a stirring tribute to Korea's and Seoul's respective top politicians.

The next band was Join the Circle. I admit it's been probably half a year since the last time I saw them, but I wasn't aware vocalist Yong-dre was also playing guitar. It was probably not a good idea because it anchored him to one spot for just about the entire set. Oh well, it ensured he stayed still so I could get some good photos of him. He relied on the audience to supply most of the action for his set.

Gesaederi was the first band of the night whose name was not a command. They're a new band that seems to play thrash/crust music, and had a few familiar musicians on board, including Gun-hee from the old duo Bulgasari and Gunzo from Disfigure Tat-too. Gunhee staggered around the stage with his eyes rolled back in his head, like some kind of crust zombie who won't eat your brains because he's vegan.

It turned out that Nuclear Rockets weren't playing, so right up next was Fy Fan. The show was moving quickly, partly due to short sets, and by now it felt like not even an hour had passed.

Fy Fan kind of exploded into Badabie like one of Verv's infamous vomits, and by now there was so much humidity in the air that everyone inside was coated in sweat. Jona careened around the stage with little concern for his own safety, and for the next 40-60 minutes this wood-panelled basement club was the most dangerous place in the entire Korean peninsula. Also notable was drummer Peter Nilsson's ridiculous porn moustache, and let's not forget all the raw, energetic hardcore punk music. I still don't really know what D-beat is, or how well it describes Fy Fan, just that it has something to do with drums. The length of songs was short but probably still longer than the songs of most other bands that night.

In the end, everyone left feeling like they'd just seen the best show in Korea in a long time. Suddenly it looked like next week's visit from Terror and No Turning Back had a lot to live up to.

CAN YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF AN ENORMOUS DOOR SLAMMING IN THE DEPTHS OF HELL?

Terror Grips Korea

Ssamzie Space
Terror (US) and No Turning
Back (NL)
with No Excuse, Things We
Say, Mahatma, and Geeks
18 September 2009
Jon Twitch

If you've been around Korea since January 2008, you might remember Terror's first visit to Korea. Or if you're like me, maybe alcohol has erased your memories of the night. That show was in Skunk Hell, and I remember it being so hot that my camera lens would keep fogging up (as would my long-term memory).

This time Terror would be playing in the considerably cleaner Ssamzie Space, which could probably hold an equal number of people much more comfortably. But they had a couple other factors in their favour and disfavour. First, the ticket price was 40 000 won, or 33 000 won in advance, which is considerably higher than anything else Korean underground music fans are willing to pay. But they were being joined by No Turning Back, a Dutch band influenced by NYHC who were on a much more extensive tour that included China, Malaysia, Thailand, Singapore, Indonesia, the Philippines, and Israel. Chances are when you are reading this, they are still not back home yet. So yes, the high ticket price is justified by the virtue of having two out-of-country bands on the bill, let alone one of whom was claiming to be the first European hardcore band in Korea (though that hinges on whether you consider Fy Fan hardcore).

Terror was here only for the Friday show, screwing over a lot of people who wanted to see them but worked too late/lived too far away to get there in time, but No Turning Back had a second show on Saturday night at a much more affordable price. They had travelled here on their own money, saving the Korean promoters a fortune which they would need to break even.

The show started with No Excuse, and even though it was still before 8pm on a Friday, there was an impressive turnout. They put on a pretty good show for everyone there early.

Next was Things We Say, a youth crew band that's sometimes difficult to distinguish from the Geeks, although usually nearly as entertaining. This was another good set, with vocalist Victor stomping around on stage and baring his teeth throughout the set. They definitely took the crowd to the next level, with plenty of stage-diving barely an hour after many of us had finished work.

Unfortunately I missed a large amount of Mahatma's set because my camera ran out of batteries, so I rushed home for the replacement (gotta love living near Hongdae). More unfortunately, when I got



there I discovered the bicycle my friend Nik had given me when he left for China had been stolen. I returned to see the last few songs of Mahatma, but I was too pissed off to enjoy them. Mahatma were the odd metal band of the night, specifically thrash metal with inclinations toward death metal. They were good for a diversion, letting the audience enjoy a band in different ways than stage-diving and clumping together for singalong bits.

After Mahatma was No Turn-

ing Back, one of the two overseas acts of the night. No Turning Back are heavily influenced by New York hardcore, and the lead singer even spoke between songs with what sounded like a New York accent. Kind of strange in that there wasn't much uniquely European about them, but in a genre that's basically American, I can't imagine how they could've done it differently. Their music was simple and audience-friendly, the perfect soundtrack to destroying your body after a particularly bru-

tal stagedive. Afterwards, I took a trip backstage to introduce the lead singer to an American soldier who thought he would be her future husband.

Apparently No Turning Back are straight-edge, which is ironic considering the tour was funded by Jaegermeister. Nothing like seeing straight-edge kids scrounging around after the show for posters bearing the slogan "Jaeger Uprising."

Bracketed by the two overseas band were the Geeks, the

lords and saviours of Korea's hardcore scene. Kiseok himself has been involved in bringing over more overseas bands than everyone else, partly because his band's numerous world tours have made him into the ambassador of Korean hardcore. By now the place was packed to the nostrils. I've always noticed that Korean bands and fans have just a little bit more fun when overseas bands are present, and that was in full effect here. Usually the Geeks have to try extra hard to get the audience this involved, and they were doing their best here, ensuring that the members of Terror and No Turning Back will return to their home countries with stories about how energetic the Korean hardcore scene is.

The show concluded with Terror, a hardcore/punk/metalcore band from Los Angeles. Personally, I'd always thought they'd be a better fit with the more tough guy hardcore bands like Samchung, but they clearly have the energy and stage presence of the bands from tonight like the Geeks and Things We Say. They provided plenty of breakdowns and performed several classic hardcore cover songs to give the audience a bit of an education. Vocalist Scott Vogel also regularly pulled fans onstage and encouraged them to stage dive. This meant that everyone had to watch their own heads for fear of being kicked from an odd angle. Unlike the sets by the opening bands, there were several times during Terror's set when the stage was full. At the end of the show, all of the band left the stage except for the drummer, who seemed the most eager to play an encore.

I also went to Spot the next night to see No Turning Back. The show was less crowded, which gave a more intimate atmosphere but really cut down on the stage-diving. Vocalist Martijn had a bit more of a chance to talk between songs, as all Korean bands are prone to, and he forced Kiseok to promise that the Geeks would tour Europe next year. This almost certainly means we'll start getting more hardcore bands coming here from Europe in the future, and that's something to look forward to.

The most memorable performance of the weekend was after the Saturday show, when the No Turning Back members wanted to go to a noraebang. Those of us who went with them got to see Kiseok and No Turning Back singing Bon Jovi and Queen. I had a try at one song, but my microphone was switched off and I didn't know what to do. Fortunately Martijn was singing on the other microphone, so not only did nobody know anything was wrong, but they also thought I was doing a pretty damn good job. Hmm, that gives me an idea.



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Daejeon's Burning

Jon Twitch

Well after several months I finally got a reply from Burning Hepburn. Unfortunately there isn't enough time to translate it into English. So here you go, some content exclusively for those of you who understand the Korean language. Let this be your reward. Note: to further infuriate everyone concerned, the Chinese symbols they used didn't come through. In their place, I've marked an X to show that I don't know what is supposed to really go there. Enjoy.

Broke: 버닝헤븐은 한국 펑크 씬에 남아있는 오래된 밴드 중 하나다. 밴드 히스토리를 부탁합니다.

Burning Hepburn: 버닝헤븐은 2001년, 정확히 말하면 2000년 여름에 결성된 밴드다. 절엔 모든밴드들이 그렇듯이(?) 아닌가) 고등학교 친구들이 인디씬의 펑크밴드들을 보면서 우리도 밴드를 해보자. 뭐 이렇게 시작X고, 멤버도 없어 멤버구하는데만 몇달이 걸렸던 거 같다. 그해 12월 대전에 있는 '퍼지덕'이라는 클럽에서 첫공연을 했고, 그이후로도 흥대공연을 시작할때까지는 퍼지덕 하우스밴드로 계속 공연했다. 2001년 여름쯤에 문화사기단이라는 펑크밴드 유니티에 들어가게되면서 부터 흥대공연을 시작했고, 지방에도 많이 다녔었다. 2002년엔 붉은악마공식앨범에 참가했는데 그게 계기가 되서 대전시티즌 공식밴드로 2004년까지 했었다. 2002년엔 문화사기단이 해체되면서 러스가 운영하던 스킵크레이블로 옮겼고 자체제작 앨범을 발매했다. 2003년엔 드림치는 친구가 군대를 가게되면서 2006년에 내가 제대할때까지 밴드는 쉬고있다가 제대하면서 운송계 도프레이블 김운중사장님을 아는 선배소게로 만나서 도프에 들어오게X다. 도프에서 싱글앨범 'Punkrock Radio'를 작년에 냈고, 지금은 첫 플랫 앨범을 준비중이다.

Broke: 흥대펑크씬에서 오래 활동한 밴드로써 지금까지 씬이 어떻게 변화되었으며, 현재 상황에 대해서는 어떻게 보고 있나?

Burning Hepburn: 솔직히 우리는 대전에 살고있기때문에 흥대씬의 변화를 흥대밴드들만큼 크게 체감하진 못한다.

공연하러갔을때 잠깐씩이지만 느끼는 변화는, 예전보다는 밴드들의 성향이 다양해진거 같다는 느낌을 받는다.

예 전음악색을 그대로 유지해 나가는 밴드들도 있고, 또 새로운 음악을 듣고 나타나는 친구들도 있고.... 어쨌거나 좋은거라고 생각한다. 공연을 보러오는 사람들은 좀더 다양한음악들 사이에 선택의 폭이 넓어진거고, 밴드를 하는 입장에서 여러가지 다른생각이나 다



른성향을 간접적으로 경험할수 있는거지.

그래도 뭔가 이렇게 된다 싶으면 갑자기 그쪽이 폭발하는건 어쩔수 없는거 같다. 그런거에 대해서 부정적이다. 다들 '인디 밴드' 아닌가. 밴드를 해나가면 서의 자연스러운 노선변화나 변신은 멋진거 있다고 생각하지만, 인위적인 변신은 아무리 생각해도 멋이없다. 왜 대형기획사 오디션을 보지않고, 흥대에서 밴드를 만들고 공연을 하고있는지 다시한번 생각해보면 우스운 일인거 같다.

이러거 말고도 항상 흥대가 그랬듯이 밴드들이 너무 빨리 많이 생기고, 또 너무빨리 많이 없어지니까 대전살면서 공연때만 가는입장에선 좀 혼란스럽기도 하다. ㅋㅋ

Broke: 그레이트밴은 무슨밴드였나?(버닝헤븐과 그레이트밴의 상관관계는?)

Burning Hepburn: 그레이트밴은 버닝헤븐의 다른이름이었다. 군대에 있을때 사람들이 팬히 생각이 많아져서 별것도 아닌걸로 몇일씩 생각해버리는데, 어느날 버닝헤븐이라는 이름이 갑자기 맘에 안들었다. 그래서 또 몇일씩 생각해서 그레이트밴으로 하기로 했던거다. 제대하고나서 몇달정도 그레이트밴으로 공연했었지만, 그때도 똑같은 노래에 똑같은 우리였다. 뭐 그레이트밴이랑 버닝헤븐의 차이는 그냥 말 그대로 말, 문자의 차이뿐인거 같

다.그레이트밴으로 하다가 몸에만맞은 옷입은것처럼 불편하기도 하고, 주위사람들도 버닝헤븐이 더 낫다그래서(귀가 좀 얇다.) 다시 버닝헤븐으로 바꿨다. 별로 큰의미는 안됐으면 좋겠다. 이름은 거창한데 내용은 별볼일 없으면 그게더 웃긴거지. 버닝헤븐이라는 이름으로 8년이었고 그레이트밴으로 6개월정도였으니까 버닝헤븐이 더 잘어울리는거 같다. 그게 아니라도 확실히 버닝헤븐쪽이 훨씬 편하다.

Broke: 버닝헤븐은 대전출신 밴드이다. 멤버중 서울서 살았던 사람은 없었나?

Burning Hepburn: 2002년쯤에 몇달정도 서울에있었다. 그이외에 서울에 살았던 사람은 없다. 대전은 서울하고 멀리 있기 때문에 공연을 다닐때나 활동하면서 불편한점은 특별히 없다.

Broke: 한국 펑크씬이 너무 서울에 집중되어있다고 생각합니까? 지방밴드들이 서울을 지향하는것이 좋은현상이라고 보나요? 아니면 지방에서 활동하면서 펑크음악과 저변확대에 기여하는게 나을까요?

Burning Hepburn: 우선 대전에 살고있기 때문에 대전을 위주로... 부산같이 좀 먼 지방은 해당이 안될수도 있겠다. 대전과 서울을 거리만으로 뺀을나누는건 무의미하다고 생각한다.(보는관객들 입장에서)

차로 두시간거리, ktx타면 1시간도 안걸리는 거리에서 인디밴드들한테 관심이 있고, 공연을 보고싶은 매니아라면 서울로 공연보러가는게 그렇게 어려운일은 아닐거라고 생각한다. 근데 어쨌든 그까까운 거리때문에 대전씬이 죽고있는걸수도 있다고 생각한다. 꼭 밴드나 공연 이런게 아니라라도 서울과 지방은 엄청나게 틀리다. 서울에 모든게 집중되었는건 확실히 맞다. 아주 사소한거까지..예를 들면 시내버스만 봐도. ㅋㅋ 그런상황에서 굳이 서울보다 훨씬 열악한 클럽에 이제 갓 만들어진 밴드들 공연 보러올만큼 대전씬을 사랑해주는 사람은 거의 없다. 서울도 별로 유명하지 않은 밴드들이 공연을 하면 클럽이 썰렁한데...대전은 훨씬심하다.

한국이 미국처럼 넓어서 서울에서 공연하는 밴드가 대전에 올라면 한참걸리는 것도 아니고 대전에 사는 밴드가 서울에 가서 공연하는것도 전혀 힘들지않은데 서울에서 활동하는 밴드나 지방에서 활동하는 밴드나 나누는건 의미가 없다고 생각한다. 다만, 지방에서도 새로 생긴밴드들이나 그렇게 유명하지 않은밴드들이 공연을할수있는 클럽과 홍보시스템, 우리들네밴드가 커가는걸 즐겁게 지켜봐줄수 있는 참을성 있는 관객이 많아졌으면 좋겠고, 그게 지금 지방의, 지방밴드들의 숙제인거 같다.

사실 대전의 경우는 문화가 서울에 완전히 종속되었다. 서울에서 인디씬이 폭발하면 대전씬도 커진다. 방송, 공연.... 모든부분에서 대전의 뭔가는 거의 없다. 대전의 어떤인디밴드가 있는지는 몰라도 서울의 유명한밴드가 오면 대전 어떤 공연장도 꽉차지간...

모르겠다. 여러가지로 복잡하다. 우리도 나름대로 어떤식으로 해나가야될지 고민이 많다.

Broke: 서울과 대전중 어디에 사는것이 더 좋다고 생각합니까? 대전과 서울중 어느곳에서 공연을 더 많이하나요?

Burning Hepburn: 대전에 사는게 좋다. 아까도 말했지만 대전에 있어서 불편한점은 아직 없다. 부산처럼 멀지 않으니까. 오히려 부산이나 대구공연갈때는 중간에 있는 대전이 더 편하다.

공연은 서울이 훨씬많다.

Broke: 대전씬에대해 말해주세요, 대전의 좋은 클럽도 있으면 소개시켜주세요.

Burning Hepburn: 클럽은 (인디밴드들의 rock공연을 볼수 있는) budgie live club하고, RS hall (in sky2)이렇게 두개가 있다.

썬.... 대전에도 여러장르의 밴드가 각자 열심히 하고있는걸로 알고있지만,, 우리가 펑크니깐 펑크위주로 이야기를 하자면

일단 정기적으로 열리는 펑크공연은 지금 우리가 기획하고 있는 Deacidy Show가 있다. 한달이나 두달에 한번 주로 RShall에서 하고있다.

여기에 같이하고 있는 대전 펑크밴드 유니티시, 하드코어 밴드 노이자가 있고, 멤버가 없어서 한동안 못했던 플렁치킨스도 지금 멤버를 구해서 합주중이라고 연락받았다. 조만간 같이 할수있을듯...다들 멋진 친구들이다. 벗찌에서도 조만간 꾸준히 할 공연을 기획중이다.

Broke: 클럽 얘기가나온김에, 고잉메리는 어떻게 된건가요?

Burning Hepburn: 고잉메리는 제대하고 멤버들이 같이 만들었던 클럽이다.

하면서 여러가지 어려움도 많았고, 재밌는일도 많았지만 결국엔 그만하게X다.

그때는 클럽보다 밴드를 더 열심히 하고싶었고(우리한테 두개를 동시에 잘할수있는 능력이 부족했었다.) 그래서 그만두게 됐다.

사실 멤버들끼리 하니까 인건비는 안들었지만, ㅋㅋ 그렇다고 우리가 벌여가는 돈도 없었.다.계속 그냥 매달려있었던 거다.

하면서 즐거운 일도 많았고 별로인 일도 많아서 그만둘때 많이 아쉬웠다. 나중에 경제적으로 걱정이 없어진다면(밴드, 클럽 아무걱정안하고 할만큼)

다시 라이프클럽을 차리고 싶다. 그렇게 안된다면 계속 밴드만 열심히 할거다. ㅋ

Hardcore in 13 Easy Steps

Jon Twitch
Chris Hellking

Here you go, more content just for readers of Korean.

Broke: 13 Steps란 이름은 어디에서 유래 되었습니까?

Dokyo: 밴드 결성 초기에는 멋지게 보이고 싶어서, 교수형에 처해져 단상에 오를때 그 계단의 수가 13개여서 그랬다고 말하곤 했지만, 사실 Pantera의 노래 13 steps to nowhere 란 곡에서 따왔습니다. 구라쳐서 죄송합니다.

Broke: 가장 영향력이 컸던 뮤지션은 누구입니까?

Dokyo: 멤버들 4명의 음악 취향은 다 다르지만 공통 분모로서의 뮤지션은 Madball, Sick Of It All, Pantera 정도인것 같습니다.

저희 음악을 들어보신다면 그들의 영향력이 조금씩 들릴거예요.

개인적으로 보컬로서는 Pantera의 보컬 Phil에게서 많은 영향을 받았습니다.

Broke: 가장 좋아하는 13 Steps의 노래는 어떤것이며 이유는 무엇입니까?

Dokyo: 이젠 굉장히 어려운 질문이네요. 저희는 여태껏 50여곡정도를 만들어서 녹음하고 연주도 하곤 했는데요.

그 중 딱 한곡을 고르기란 좀 어렵지만 굳이 하나 들자면, 음.

요즘에는 새 앨범 마지막 곡 'Unsettled'란 곡이 좋아요.

13STEPS 노래중 가장 구성이 화려할 거예요. 아르페지오가 등장하고 심장소리 샘플도 넣고 뒤편대 좀 쟁겼죠.

Broke: 13 Steps의 노래중 가장 좋은 곡은 어떤것입니까? "Existence"에 만족하십니까?

Dokyo: 원문에서 보면 아마 가장 좋은 앨범을 묻는 질문인 것 같은데요.

"Existence"는 13STEPS가 만든 앨범중, 두말할 필요없이 최고의 앨범입니다.

사운드로나, 수록된 곡들로 보나, 앨범아트워크, 부클릿안에 실린 사진 등 정말 감히 완벽한 하드코어 앨범이라고 말하고 싶습니다.

어서 제게 돌을 던지세요!



Broke: 13 Steps는 아직도 청주 밴드입니까 아니면 공식적인 서울 밴드입니까?

Dokyo: 알다시피 제가 서울로 이사를 오면서 청주에 거주하는 멤버는 단 한명도 없습니다. 오히려 4명전원이 서울에서 거주중이지요.

하지만 서울에 살아도 전 여전히 청주사람이구요. 음악도 마찬가지예요. 아무것도 변한 것도 없고, 변할 것도 없습니다.

앞으로도 청주밴드구요. 말하자면 13STEPS는 끝날때까지 청주 하드코어입니다.

Broke: 13 Steps는 오랫동안 활동하여왔습니다. 밴드의 목표가 예전이랑 달라졌습니까 아닌 아직도 같습니까?

Dokyo: 목표가 달라졌다기보다는, 좀 더 구체적으로 만들어졌습니다.

한때는 공연이나 가끔 하면서 스트레스를 해소하는데 목적이 있었다면, 지금은 이왕 하는거 이 바닥에서 최고로 잘 할때까지 해보자는 목표가 생겼습니다. 예전보다 훨씬 많은 연습과 술자리를 가지면서 노력하고 있습니다. 밴드가 생긴

이래 가장 열심히 하며 또 재밌게 하고 있습니다.

Broke: 제 생각으로는 당신의 목소리는 노래를 할 때마다 점점 변해왔습니다. 하지만 저번 앨범에서의 목소리는 어떤때보다 파워풀했습니다. 현재 당신의 성대 상태는 어떤지요? 오랫동안 하드코어 밴드를 해와서 성대에 문제가 생겼습니까?

Dokyo: 목소리톤의 변화는 앨범 마다의 미묘한 음역스타일 차이때문이라고 생각합니다.

사실 저는 목소리 톤이 상당히 낮습니다. I'm Your Man 을 Leonard Cohen 보다 훨씬 낮게 부를 자신이 있거든요!

그래서 예전 13STEPS의 음악, 즉 좀 더 PUNK 뻘이 많이 풍기는 곡들에선 거기에 맞게 하이톤으로 부르려 하다 보니 목에 무리가 가서 성대결절에 걸린 적도 있었습니다.

하지만 최근의 곡들은 이전 곡들에 비해 음이 낮고 굉장히 어둡고 터프해서 녹음과 라이브 때 훨씬 더 편하고 안정감있게 부를수 있었습니다.

게다가 요즘은 자전거를 타다든지 복근 운동을 좀 하

면서 컨디션이 굉장히 좋습니다.

어디서 쫓아 들은 바로는 인간의 근육중에 가장 노화가 느리게 진행되는 곳이 성대라고 하니 앞으로 30~40년정도는 더 해먹을 수 있을 거 같아요. 하하!

Broke: 당신은 오랫동안 한국 하드코어 씬에 있었는데, 한국 하드코어 락 씬이 변하였습니까? 그 변화에 대해서 어떻게 생각하십니까? 청주, 대구, 부산과 같은 서울 외곽 도시에서의 발전은 어떻게 생각하십니까?

Dokyo: 예 많이 변했습니다.

나쁜 점은 같이 행동하던 친구들이 하나 둘씩 사라지기 시작했다는 점이고, 좋은 점은 새로운 피들이 이 씬에 나타나기 시작했는데 그 숫자가 어느때보다도

많은 겁니다. 지금 표면상으로는 부산의 24 Hour Crew외에는 별다른 활동이 없어보이긴 하지만 진정 하드코어를 사랑하며 합주하고 즐기는

친구들이 지금도 그 어딘가에서 열정을 불태우고 있을 거라 믿습니다. 역시 서울 외 지방씬들의 발전이 어느 정도 이루어져야 한국 하드

코어씬이 훨씬 더 간지뻐리겠죠.

Broke: 밴드 음악활동을 안할때는 어떠한 취미 활동을 하고 계십니까?

Dokyo: 저는 3달전 다니던 회사를 그만두고 실업급여를 받으며 놀고 있어요.

공연이나 합주 말고는 UFC같은 MMA경기들을 즐겨 보는 걸 좋아합니다. 일본 버라이어티 프로그램도 찾아보구요.

또 최근에는 자전거를 구입해서 하루에 2~3시간 씩 왕복 40km의 거리를 타고 다닙니다.

귀에는 하드코어뮤직이 흘러나오는 이어폰을 꽂구 차도와 인도를 누비며 질주하는 걸 좋아합니다.

아 그래도 뽀니뽀니해도 최고의 취미는 술마시는거죠. 해해.

Broke: 13 Steps의 미래 목표는 무엇입니까?

Dokyo: 아직 아무것도 확정된것은 없지만, 현재 일본, 호주, 유럽쪽에 새 앨범 라이센스와 투어등의 계획을 타진중에 있습니다.

아무쪼록 이야기가 잘풀려서 해외투어가 가능해졌으면 좋겠네요.

인터뷰 고마워요. 존!

First Round's on You

Jon Twitch

It's not good to get too attached to foreign bands, because sooner or later they'll break your heart. I made that mistake last year with the Tear Jerks, an Irish-style punk band with actual Irish members, and then a month later they broke up when a couple members left. It hurt but maybe we're ready to move on, and who better to move on with than First Round Heroes, formed by John Middlemis, former Tear Jerks guitarist.

The First Round Heroes resemble the Tear Jerks in that their sound is catchy and fun to listen to, but they are grittier and less Irish than their predecessors in large part due to Josh Bernier's vocal style. They still perform one song from the Tear Jerks' setlist, "Poor Ned," a cover of the Australian bush song from Redgum.

But like their predecessor, their music career was off to a shaky start due to the leaving of mem-



bers.

"We had about 3 weeks of downtime, so that was not so horrible," says vocalist Josh.

"It is a big annoyance," says guitarist John, "but it's something you have to deal with when the members are all English teachers from outside Korea."

But the band members plan to

be in Korea for at least the next twelve months, so hopefully there won't be any further problems. Wisely, their replacement bassist is a Korean named Joongmo who has experience playing for Firestorm and one or two other bands.

The foreign members of the band have been in Korea for more

than three years, and John is on his fifth year.

"If we didn't spend 3 years here getting to know the Korean bands and making friends, it could be impossible," says Josh. "If you are not in the scene, it's really hard to get shows. Being a foreigner band can be difficult."

Drummer Craig has a more positive outlook. "I think that if you're good enough and passionate enough, and can prove yourself as writers/artists on stage, then getting into any music scene whether its in Korea, America or the UK, isn't a problem. You just have to continually work hard, pay your dues, and people will come to respect that."

"We have been welcomed warmly by both bands and promoters," says John. "As long as you make friends with the other artists/promoters things will go well. Also, offer other bands shows, practice till you hate the

songs, and perform like you are having a great time."

They have been busy promoting themselves lately, due to a slack in promotion by anyone else. "There is zero promotion aside from an internet flyer," says John. "Now we are trying to find new ways to get the word out."

Of course they're doing it when the Korean punk scene is in a bit of a slump, but they don't let that discourage them. "We certainly hope to kick it in the ass and get it moving again," John says.

"Music scenes/styles/genres change all the time depending on what's in season right now," says Craig. "Music is more in line/tune with fashion these days. However, this doesn't mean a certain style will just disappear. We're confident that our songs and performance will entertain any audience and bring a much needed smile to some of the grim looking emo-rock kids you see around Korea."

From MR27 With Love

Jon Twitch

If you've been around a long time, chances are you've met Burke. Burke arrived in 1999 and saw more development of the Korean punk scene than anyone else. More important, he took a direct role in developing it. Then he left, returned, got married, left, and started releasing solo music online. I thought it was high time to catch up with him and see what's going on.

Broke: Who are you? Why do I know you?

Park Hyun: I was the singer/guitarist for Myeongryeong 27-Ho, otherwise known as MR27 or Command27. I don't really like the English versions of the name, but I always thought the Korean name itself was so cool I didn't want to change it. We were a surf/psychobilly-influenced punk band. I just had a lot of song ideas; Sidney, now of Paryumchiakdan, was the bassist and essentially made it possible to be a band (talk to people, get shows, find a place to practice, etc). Our first drummer was from Blue Punk Bugs, and our second drummer, Kim Ganji, did a bunch of other bands and musical projects.

My first Korean band was a project with Won Jong-hui of Rux, and the original bassist and guitarist of The Rock Tigers. We were called The Koryo Aggro Boys, and only recorded three songs, with the drummer from Jilaltan99 on drums, which wound up as the last tracks on an early Korean punk compilation.

If it sounds like I'm name dropping, it's only to emphasize that in those days (1999-2002) the scene was so small that every band seemed to be comprised of the members of other bands.

Broke: By the way, why do you



go by Park Hyun, and not your regular white-people name?

Park Hyun: Koreans gave me their "English" names all the time, as if I couldn't pronounce their Korean names. Most Koreans, however, cannot pronounce my name. So it should be fine for them to accept my "Korean name" because they can't pronounce my "English name."

You have to admit, it sounds catchy.

Broke: Why did you leave Korea? What are you doing now?

Park Hyun: The problem with living in Korea as a non-Korean is that it's a great place to get started and a horrible place to advance. There really is no meaningful

career path for a foreigner there, and any education you get is really only respected in South Korea itself, and so not worth the time and effort for a non-Korean. I was having fun in bands for so long that I neglected my own education, and for that reason had to return to the States and go back to school—I'm now a second-year law student.

But also, I was fed up with the routine of America-bashing that occurs at regular intervals in Korea. There's plenty about America to criticize, so when I instead hear constant criticism of things people have only made up about America, I have to assume that they're bigots. That bothers me. Since it's not my country, it's misguided for

me to try and change it. Better to go home and try to change the actual problems in my country.

Broke: What kind of music have you been working on these days?

Park Hyun: Not much. I'm very, very busy with school. It used to be easy to watch a movie and strum my guitar until I heard something interesting, but I'm just not in a position to do that anymore.

When I do work on music, though, I prefer shorter, more compact songs. Rock music is very repetitive: it's the intro-verse-bridge-chorus-repeat format. I'd rather just run through that format once and let you hit "repeat" on your mp3 player if you want to keep hearing it.

It's also a problem that I don't have access to a studio, and I don't like to sing. That lead to me using more sound samples, rather than turning down the music and screaming in my apartment until the neighbors report me to the landlord. But that also leads to more experimentation: I can inject my own dialogue into the samples, or re-arrange dialogue to make it sound sleazier.

Broke: Is there anyone else who helps you out with any part of your music?

Park Hyun: No, and that really cuts both ways. You get more freedom to do exactly what you want, but without the constructive criticism to keep you from making a fool of yourself.

Broke: Do you prefer this solo project or is it better working in a band with other musicians?

Park Hyun: Like I said, I like the freedom, but miss the camaraderie. I love listening to my own tracks, because it's exactly the kind of music I like. That also cuts

both ways - I wind up listening to my own stuff so much I forget to go find new stuff. But I like what I make because I make it for me to like.

Broke: Which of your musical accomplishments are you proud-est of?

Park Hyun: I'm glad we went to China. Although technically we were the first Korean punk band to play in Beijing, Suck Stuff really deserves that honor, because they were the ones who initially decided to go on tour, and we were just tagging along (or ahead).

The China tour was really difficult. Actually, it was horrible. But it was also wonderful, fun and groundbreaking. Seoul and Beijing are so close—why shouldn't they know each other?

Broke: What are your future plans/hopes for your music? Or are you going to be a lawyer full-time or something?

Park Hyun: It's very up in the air as to whether I'll be a career lawyer. With a bad economy, every profession in America is hurting, but for a lot of reasons the legal profession is hurting the most. It's not a reflection of my own ability for me to wonder whether there will be any jobs two years from now. When you're screwed, you gotta grin and bear it.

I probably will never be in a band again. I just don't see me having the time or inclination to do it. Playing in bands is a lot of fun, but it's a huge waste of time if you're trying to have a career. And hey, it's not punk to say it, but having a career is more important. You have to justify your existence somehow.

If you can't get enough of Park Hyun, give his online novel a try. www.daddycountry.com

Married to the Band

Jon Twitch

There's already been a bit of coverage of Jeff and Trash's wedding, in the last issue of *Broke*. After the wedding, a particularly religious ceremony, they convened to Spot, where Jeff booked a show with all the closest bands to them, and he even put together his own band for the show. It went down so well that the band became real, like Pinocchio being turned into a real boy by a fairy godmother. But instead of a fairy godmother, this transformation took Hong9, a bassist, and Jeff's rubbish-themed wife. They play melodic punk not too similar with Trash's previous band BB Lucky Town, and so far they have a good short set together mixing originals with covers. They seem to like playing at Rocky Mountain Tavern despite none of the band members being Canadian or even owning a dozen signed Wayne Gretzky jerseys. They're starting to book shows in Hongdae, so let's hope we see a lot more of ...Whatever That Means (yes, the ellipses is part of the name).

Broke: Well we might as well start by asking you the idea behind the name.

Jeff: Before I started ...Whatever That Means, I hadn't played in any bands in Korea, but when Trash and I started talking about having a big punk show after our wedding, I decided there was no way I was gonna help put on a big show with all those great bands and not play. I had a couple songs written and figured I could throw something together as a one-time thing. When we started lining up bands and made the flyer for the show, I still didn't know who I was going to be playing with so the flyer listed all the real bands followed by, "and Jeff...whatever that means" I ended up playing with Honggu, my co-worker Shawn and best man Ric. It was pretty fun, and Honggu and I decided we wanted to keep playing after I got back from the honeymoon. Trash replaced Shawn right after we got back in Korea, and then, since Ric was only here for the wedding, we started looking for a new lead guitar player, and they actually turned out to be pretty scarce. We ended up randomly finding Alex through an ad we placed on Dave's ESL, but it was obvious he would be a good fit pretty quickly, and then we finally had a lineup we could work with.

Broke: Oh dear God no, not a Dave's ESL Cafeian. What's his username?

Jeff: I don't know his username. He just called me when he saw the ad. Don't worry though. Alex isn't the average Dave's user. He doesn't spend all his free time on there complaining about how hard his easy teaching job is. Actually, he's not even an English teacher.



He has a real job working for an international shipping company here in Korea, and when you work at the average, inefficient Korean office, you have a lot of spare time to kill. That's what he was doing when he was looking around on Dave's and saw our ad.

Broke: How do you feel about being in a band with your wife? Would you say it's risky at all?

Jeff: Well, Trash and I aren't the average married couple. By that, I mean that we actually enjoy spending time together. Haha. It also helps that she's outnumbered 3 to 1 by the guys in the band, too so I'm not the only one who picks on her. Plus, Alex tends to know when I want to say something negative to Trash so he tries to do it for me. That helps things working smoothly because then Trash gets annoyed at the guy she's not going home with.

Broke: Tell me about the songs you wrote. How many are your own? Were any of them written for Trash?

Jeff: So far I've been the idea guy for the band. Everything I write is really simple with a few basic power chord progressions and simple melodies. Then I show them to everyone at practice. We

get the basics of it down and start arranging and perfecting it together. Honggu adds accents with the drums. Trash makes up bass lines and solos...so even though I write the songs initially, the final product is something we make together, and I think that's the best way to do it, and like I said before, so far we have six songs completely written and arranged and a few more in the works.

I did write two of them for Trash. The song, "Never be the Same" is about the afternoon Trash called me and said she bought her wedding dress. It was one of those really happy and totally scary moments. I'd had the music for the song for a while and didn't know what to write the words about, but after she called, it all came out pretty quickly. "More Than Ordinary" is the other song I wrote for her. It started as a simple melody in my head during our honeymoon and is about how great our life is together.

Broke: By the way, how do you feel about calling her Trash? Is that how you introduced her to your family? "Mom, Dad, this is Trash."

Jeff: I don't mind calling her Trash. It seems totally normal to me. Sometimes, when we're hav-

ing a really serious talk, I'll call her Jeong-Ah, but for the most part I call her Trash.

My parents, on the other hand, REFUSE to call her Trash. It was actually a touchy subject for a while. My parents are pretty conservative and they were really worried at first when they heard that I was dating a girl named Trash. I told Trash that she needed to tell my parents her real name when I actually introduced her to them (via webcam). This was back when almost nobody knew Trash's real name so it was kind of a big deal to her, but she agreed and won over my parents within days...but even though they love her now and always mispronounce Jeong-Ah, they still refuse to call her Trash.

Broke: For people who are familiar with BBLT, Trash's old band (by the way, are they still active?), how would you compare them to this band?

Jeff: First, while nobody has officially used the words "broke up" for BBLT, they are inactive right now. They're not practicing together and are in other, new bands. As for how we compare with BBLT, we are really different. BBLT was a pretty straight forward pop-punk band. I mean, I think they could be easily com-

pared to bands like Blink-182 or A New Found Glory. Now, I'm sure we'll end up being labeled a pop-punk band, but I would put us in a different category than bands like that. I'd compare us to bands that are melodic but still kind of aggressive like Face to Face, Gob or Social Distortion, and I don't really think of them as "pop-punk" To me, it's just melodic punk...but maybe I'm just grasping at straws because I've never wanted people to say that I'm in a pop-punk band. Haha.

Broke: What are your plans for the band in the near future? Special shows, recordings, etc

Jeff: As of now, we have six songs completely finished and a couple more we're working on. We're just looking to write a few more songs and start playing more shows. Hopefully, people will come, and hopefully, they will like what they hear. I think we'll record an EP within the next year, but I want to have a good set to select songs from and not just have to record everything we have to make an album so it'll be at least a few months until we start moving forward with any real recording. Until then, we'll probably just do a couple, simple, live recordings at practice to have something to put on the website.

Naked in the City

Miru Kim
Naked City Spleen
Art Gallery/Book Review
Jon Twitch

She's naked, she's Korean, and she's an urban explorer. Miru Kim is fairly well known outside of Korea, having exhibited her photos around the world and appeared on Ted.com, but in this country her Korean ethnicity sets up the combustion triangle of success. If you think I sound bitter, let's not forget I didn't mention her celebrity father, Kim Young-ok, AKA Do-ool, one of the nation's leading philosophers.

Okay, let's just get this out of the way, for the point of this review, I'm jealous. I had my own photo exhibition in Space Beam a little less than two months earlier. While I had about 40 photos from around Korea, she had about 40 photos from around the world. While I was out in the ghettos of Incheon, she's in Gallery Hyundai in sparkling Apgujeong. Where I produced Pornotarium, she trotted out Han Dae-soo (though he didn't fucking destroy the place). But hell, this is not a competition.

Miru Kim has a very distinct style of photography. She's in her element deep underground and way up high, in places where I have panic attacks. Her adventures have taken

her to the top of Manhattan Bridge and way down into the catacombs of Paris. And to make her sound just a bit more brave, she takes off all her clothes and poses for photos in these places.

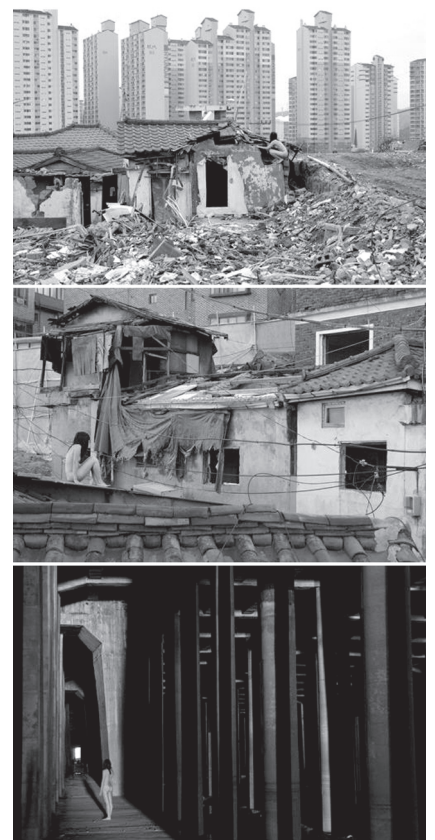
Don't go thinking this is some sort of pornography. Really. I've been sitting here flipping through the pages for 30 minutes now, and I can't even maintain a semi. Her own naked body only serves to accentuate the scale of the places she visits, and accentuates a certain holy-fuckness that she actually had the guts to do this. She never poses erotically, instead usually hitting the timer on her camera and wandering into the field of view. My reaction to her work is usually tainted by technical concerns, with thoughts popping into my head like "I hope she doesn't step on a nail," or "It must really smell bad there right now," or "Dear god, what if somebody comes along now?"

Miru's photo exhibition, and the photos in her portfolio book (available for purchase at 15 000 won), both feature photos from around the world, but I came away with the distinct impression that her French stuff outnumbered everything else. Obviously that's a favourite country for her. She included a few Korean locations, namely Gajwa-dong, Ahyeon-dong, Geumho-dong, and the sewers where

The Host was filmed on location, but their inclusion seems more like it's being nice and letting Korea into the big club of amazing places she's visited. Unlike, say, having an all-Korea gallery of abandoned places which would probably come across as critical of urban renewal in Korea. By globalising her photo selection, Miru highlights deeper themes of decay and entropy, rather than falling into the petty--if lethal--squabbles surrounding Korean urban renewal.

It will be too late by the time you read this to see Miru Kim's exhibition in Gallery Hyundai, but I have a feeling she'll be back. And if you ever get a chance, pick up the portfolio book she released. It has all the same photos from the exhibition along with the very sentimental, poetic descriptions of the places she's visited and disrobed in.

She's hit upon a winning formula here, and I can't help but wonder where she can go next, if her work will be accepted if she does not take off her clothes. She's an artist who delivers a very stylised view of the world, and it remains to be seen if she has any other tricks up her sleeve. But one thing is clear: she's a part of Korean history now, and her Naked City Spleen exhibition is forever.



A Considerably Lesser Exhibition

'Abandoned Places' Magazine Release, Photo Exhibit and Punk/Noise Cabaret
REVIEW
Incheon's Space Beam
6 June 2009
Shield Maiden

One part chronicle of a gutted and rapidly changing city and one part love letter to filth and decay, Jon Dunbar's 'Abandoned Places: Guide To Urban Exploration in Korea' magazine release and photo exhibition arrived as a sort of totem last June, an archival testament to this country's rapid and frightening rate of destruction and change.

Well-received and almost celebrated, the exhibit presented some choice photos of different locations in Seoul and its environs, images of ruined buildings and trashed rooms, of hideous apartment villas towering over empty neighbourhoods, abandoned homes and discarded dreams. A sort of detritus of hope.

There is a power in capturing these photos, a kind of recognition of the broken lives of people caught up in the cruelties of urban renewal and indifferent government. These photos contain ghosts and there are dark suggestions in them.



Other difference: Miru Kim's only appearance in Space Beam was fully clothed.

What felt particularly appropriate about the exhibit was its choice of location, held at the Spacebeam art and community centre, located on Baedari road (known as 'The Mother of Incheon due to its proximity to the city's harbour and its historic role as an important transportation route), at a converted rice wine brewery in the heart

of a decrepit, ramshackle neighbourhood, similar to some of the quasi-tragic examples of dead neighbourhoods documented in the exhibit. (Spacebeam and the Baedari area, by the way, is another community threatened by encroaching urbanization and reckless city planning. A twelve-lane highway planned by the Incheon

City Road Construction Department is scheduled for completion in 2011.)

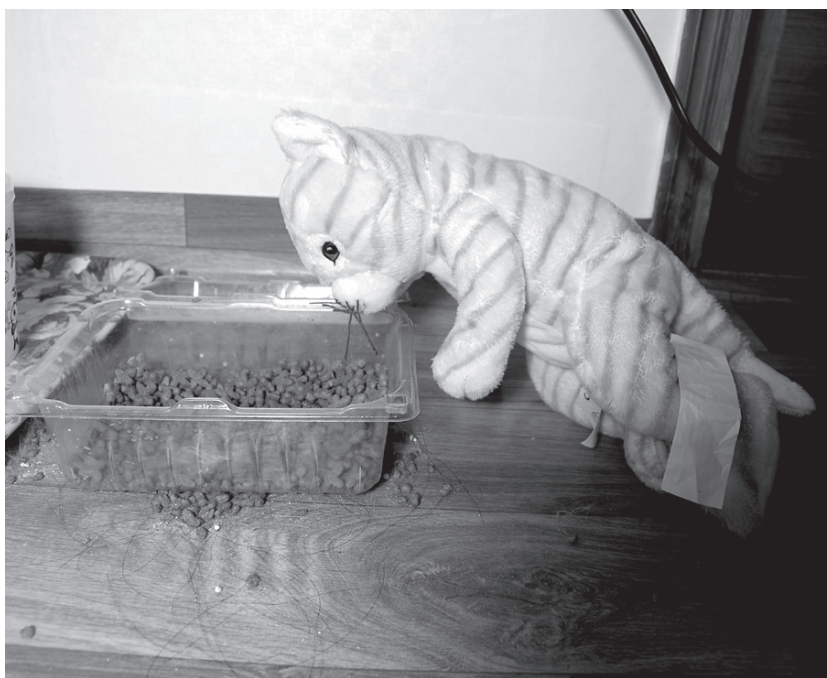
Spacebeam's awesomeness came as a surprise, as it was difficult to anticipate such an excellent location in what is essentially an old slum in western Incheon. Its outstanding quality as a performance venue (the exhibit boasted

performances by the savage Chad-burger, Satan's own Mateo, noise team Master Musik and even a very-special-appearance by the perverse Pornotarium) as well as the service it provides as an art venue and community space in a very poor and disadvantaged part of the city, are a couple of important elements that made it stand out.

It's a memorable building, with balcony seating for observing the performance space and a rustic interior. The neighbours, though baffled by the freaks and noise, seemed to enjoy the event, a few middle-aged women even participating in some of the "slam-dancing." The terrific patio at the back of the 2nd floor allowing the opportunity for civilized conversation in the midst of a punk rock/hardcore/noise show and the well-lit and spacious exhibition area allowed Dunbar's work to stand on its own, an excellent compliment to the character and the history of the building as well as the melancholy last gasps of this neighbourhood in peril.

It was a Saturday afternoon in early summer that brought it All Back Home.

For the gold!



It all started on vacation when out of homesickness I bought these two stuffed cats that coincidentally looked almost identical to my own cats Millie and Buster. Then when I went home, the real cats began behaving oddly toward them. Buster would often attack the Millie toy, abducting it from the bed or the couch. Then I started noticing that the cats began moving their nonliving counterparts over to the food dish, even leaving them face-down (as on the left). Do they think if these toys eat cat food, they'll become real cats? What is going through their minds that makes them do this?

Jon Twitch



Korean punk photography by Jon Dunbar
www.daehanmindecline.com

They say that dying's hard. But this is harder still.

Defecation Skills

Verv

12 March 2007

I have noticed that since I have joined the Army my ability to hold fecal matter inside of my body for long periods of time has become unquestionable. Now it is to the point that I can not only hold it for a long time, but not even notice what would be normal discomfort from it.

You don't need to worry about brave American soldiers shitting themselves in battle or in disgraceful manners. I can guarantee you that in the most intense circumstances I can hold the fecal matter for enough days to eventually find an adequate place to evacuate extreme amounts of feces out of my body.

Shitting has even become a smooth action—I have no pain nor discomfort even with logs that would make homosexual men who routinely take it in the rectal cavity squint and squirm. I attribute this

partly to my balanced diet.

More than this: I have achieved the ability to defecate such vast amounts that I honestly would like to enter a contest involving who can make the largest pile of fecal matter.

I was shocked when I came home from Daejeon yesterday, and I sat down on the toilet and evacuated three days of fecal matter in the course of perhaps 15 seconds. I gave birth to so much feces that it probably was larger than most premature newborns. I thought of putting this series of logs into a hospital blanket, taking it door to door around my barracks, and announce that "It's a boy!"

I admired it for a moment and contemplated taking a picture as proof.

I have also defecated letters -- I have done a lowercase e once, I have done a J several times, I have even done a Q before. I

used to think eventually it would spell something out -- so far the message is along the lines of: "eJcJQ." This gibberish may one day make sense.

I am trying to approach two different feats I have previously seen:

(1) A log of poop so long that the pooper stood up and the log was coming out of the toilet bowl.

(2) A 'brick of shit' style, where the shit becomes so wide it does not fit down the hole of the toilet and has to be physically broken apart to be flushed down.

I have yet to accomplish either, but I am training.

At this rate, I will eventually be able to produce so much bullshit that even liberals would be impressed. It may be difficult, but one day I may be able to even produce enough shit to top what Karl Marx put into 42 volumes of Utopian literature.



Girl's Bathrooms

Verv

29 July 2007

I have been staying with a multitude of friends lately; one of which is a female and one of which lives with his girlfriend... This has resulted in the greatest skin of my life.

There is something beautiful about these shitty, dump apartments that you live in if you are an unemployed pot dealer or a degree-less vagabond making minimum wage yet have half of bath & bodyworks in them.

I was merciful towards Amy, a very old childhood friend; I used appropriate amounts of her amber this-or-that bath wash and lavender shampoo...

But Derek's girlfriend is going to have very little products left. I sampled all of the greatest skin care products in the world and came out smelling like perfumed cotton candy; I used her special sponges for soap application right on the brown eye. I was thinking of waging biological warfare upon her but then I realized I was no longer 17 and that

would just be dastardly. Though I am like an Orc axeman I still have the modicum of polity necessary to overcome base urges.

When I was done, I put on her lady's robe and laughed while Derek smoked pot and I drank screwdriver's from 11 AM until 5 PM, watching Rocky I, II and III. Her bath robe will probably never recover from having a 220 pound skinheads junk in it.

It was less like a bath robe and more like a mini-skirt & chemise. I could not fit. I was lucky to get it over my shoulders.

As Derek's girlfriends associates came in throughout the day to make their purchases they were greeted by white trash derek in his boxers and me in his girlfriends bath robe; empty pizza boxes and beer cans and two huskies trying to hump their legs.

I had eaten Indian food the other day (as I am eating pretty much daily now) and I reckon it will take weeks before the smell of Chicken Tika Masala farts are

washed out of this bath robe.

Oh! The eternal glory of the various bath products...

I have resolved I will buy those soaps that are more like creams; I want to have skin like a virgin princess and smell like the fucking Queen of England.

I cannot wait until one day I can spend most of my days in a 5 sizes too small bath robe, smoking cigarettes and drinking screwdrivers all afternoon, my hairy Wildebeaste legs having been washed with the divine creams of the God and a scent of honeysuckle still in the air; my flower patterned bath robe straining to cover my shoulders, chest and beer belly while my balls feel the sweet breeze of a fan.

I feel like a King of May in these homes.

It is always disappointing to stay over at a house where the only occupants are other Mongoloid barbarian scum-fucks who have one pubic hair bar of soap and an empty bottle of shampoo in their molded, yellowish shower.

Circle Of Dung

Verv

23 July 2007

I had the aisle seat right next to the bathroom; for 10 hours I was the dude who could not sleep due to all of the pissing and shitting that was occurring. The door and the flushing was non-stop for ten hours; nearly everyone pissed or shit at least once, and I saw several people (mostly children and the elderly) who pissed and shit as much as 4 times in the 10 hours (I think one gentleman actually did it five or six).

It occurred to me...

The volume of pissing and shitting in the world is absolutely ridiculous.

You probably shit once a day, and you probably shit out around 10 ounces (or if you are me, you probably shit out nearly a full pound of shit).

Everybody on earth shitting 10 ounces a day... That is 60 billion ounces of shit being produced.

Now think of the cows and all the other ruthlessly shitting animals.

Now think of everybody, everywhere and how they were shitting not just today, but yesterday and the day before etc...

Most matter on Earth is probably converted into shit and re-converted frequently into nutrition.

This is referred to by Disney animators as the tongue-in-cheek "circle of life." It is more like a circle of fucking things shitting, things growing, us eating the things and shitting endlessly.

The miracle of life is so powerful that it even makes shit into nourishment.

That, my friend, is what life is all about.

Recommendations For Public Bathroom Defecation

Verv

A lot of people ask me for advice on a broad range of topics. I have led a very full life and have been able to explore many different social situations. Just last week, my Israeli friend Gilad "War Angel" Givon sent me a message with a sad story. Apparently, Gilad was on a hot date at a restaurant and while defecating in the toilet stall he was letting out a series of short, bursting fart noises ('machine gun farts,' if you will) which caused a commotion in the men's commode. Subsequently, the waiter came out laughing and told the story to another waiter and his hot date overheard this and became embarrassed that it was Gilad.

I want to help Gilad with his problem as I have been in similar situations. In 2005 in San Jose, California I had some enormous defecation issues at the Six Flags

where I was trapped defecating loudly and humiliatingly in a packed bathroom. After that day, I vowed never to be unprepared for these situations and I began coming up with some of the most effective tactics for public bathroom defecation without the humiliation. They are listed below:

(1) When in doubt, wait it out

The safest tactic if you have no recourse is to simply wait for the bathroom to empty out before you begin defecating. However, this poses a problem -- what if you are in between classes and must return, or just on a short 10 minute break? What if it is a constantly busy bathroom? Well, then these methods can be used.

(2) The Rock 'N' Roll

If you gently rock back and forth in the seat it can ease fecal matter out of your rectum without having to use too much pushing,

which also means that you will exponentially decrease the chance of an embarrassing, loud fart noise.

(3) The Divide & Conquer

If you use a 'wide stance' on the toilet seat and make an effort to 'expand your rectum,' using the toilet seat to hold it open, and you combine it with the rock & roll method it is possible to sometimes defecate while barely using any pushing force.

It is a slower, lengthier process that involves 'dividing' your shit into many, smaller segments of the shit, as easing this out is a long-term tactic.

(4) The Diversion

Diversion tactics can work -- flush a toilet, drop your can of Pepsi on the ground; kick out and knock against the stall door while you are shitting can sometimes hide the sound of a fecal fart.

(5) The 'Get A Little Help From

My Friends'

You can develop a code. For instance, if I make a phone call to you and greet you with, "Hi _____, the brown eagle is seeking to land in the pond," you know that I need to have a re-assuring conversation while I defecate in the public bathroom.

They often say a small prayer or recite Robert Frost's poem The Road Less Taken which is inspiring and can help secure me emotionally while I defecate and fart.

(6) Shifting The Blame

Another possible addition to this is to 'shift the blame.' While talking on the cell phone and making fantastic fart noises during your defecation, you can always say loud enough for others in the bathroom to hear, "Yeah, some guy is really farting a lot while he is defecating," but to insure people understand you are sym-

pathetic, you add, "but I understand his predicament and I hope everyone else does as sometimes we all have to fart loudly while we defecate."

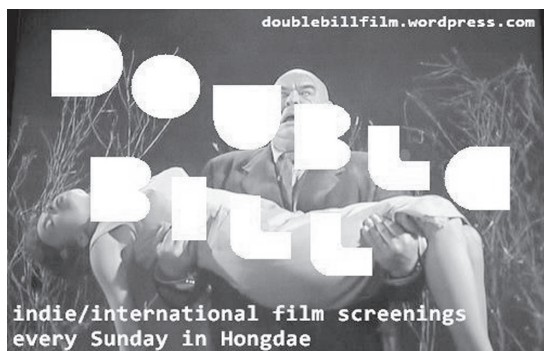
This will not only make people think you are not the one farting, but they will also think that you are a very considerate and insightful man who has a soft spot for people who end up in tricky social situations.

(7) The "Ignorance Is Bliss"

Sometimes all you can do is put your headphones on, turn up the tunes and defecate as thoroughly and quickly as possible. You are not sure whether or not you have made large noises most times, so you do not even know if you should be embarrassed or not.

This is a great tactic to employ time and time again because it develops a certain aloofness that will impress the ladies.

Knock it back! Have another one. Drinking and driving is so much fun



In a city of art theatres without English, Double Bill picks up where Seoul left off. Every Sunday in Hongdae we screen a new double bill of classic, independent and international films. Requests are welcomed.

Here are Double Bill's past films.

Sunday, September 27, 2009

17:00/ The Happiness of the Katakuris/ Japan/ 2001/ dir. Takashi Miike
19:00/ Hare Rama Hare Krishna/ India/ 1971/ dir. Dev Arndt

Sunday, September 20, 2009

17:00/ Homocide/ USA/ 1991/ dir. David Mamet
19:00/ High and Low/ Japan/ 1963/ dir. Akira Kurosawa

Sunday, September 6, 2009

17:00/ The Saddest Music in the World / Canada/ 2003/ dir. Guy Maddin
19:00/ Rebels of the Neon God / Taiwan/ 1992/ dir. Tsai Ming-liang

Sunday, August 30, 2009

17:00/ Women On the Verge of A Nervous Breakdown / Spain/ 1988/ dir. Pedro Almodovar

Sunday, August 9, 2009

17:00/ Spellbound / USA/ 2002/ dir. Jeffrey Blitz/ documentary
19:00/ Memories of Matsuko / Japan/ 2006/ dir. Tetsuya Nakashima

Sunday, August 2, 2009

17:00/ Prize Winners of Seoul Independent Film Festival / South Korea/ 2007
19:00/ Prize Winners of Seoul Independent Film Festival / South Korea/ 2008

Sunday, July 26, 2009

17:00/ Golden Chicken / Hong Kong/ 2002/ dir. Leung Chun "Samson" Chiu
19:00/ The President's Last Bang / South Korea/ 2005/ dir. Im Sang-soo

Sunday, July 19, 2009

17:00/ Citizen Dog / Thailand/ 2004/ dir. Wisit Sasanatieng
19:00/ Some Like It Hot / USA/ 1959/ dir. Billy Wilder

Sunday, July 12, 2009

17:00/ Milyang / South Korea/ 2007/ dir. Lee Chang-dong
19:00/ Stardust Memories / USA/ 1980/ dir. Woody Allen

Sunday, June 28, 2009

17:00/ Pee Wee's Big Adventure / USA/ 1985/ dir. Tim Burton
19:00/ A Chinese Odyssey: Part One / Hong Kong/ 1994/ dir. Jeffrey Lau, starring Stephen Chow

Sunday, June 21, 2009

17:00/ My Winnipeg / Canada/ 2007/ dir. Guy Maddin
19:00/ Madame Freedom / South Korea/ 1956/ dir. Han Hyeong-mo

Sunday, June 14, 2009

17:00/ Sherlock Jr. / USA/ 1924/ dir. Buster Keaton/ length 00:45
18:00/ God of Cookery / Hong Kong/ 1996/ dir. Stephen Chow, Lik-Chi Lee

Sunday, May 31, 2009

17:00/ Lady Vengeance/ South Korea/ 2005/ dir. Park Chan-wook
19:00/ Waltz With Bashir / Israel/ 2008/ dir. Ari Folman

Sunday, May 24, 2009

17:00/ Capturing the Friedmans / USA/ 2003/ dir. Andrew Jarecki
19:00/ Raising Arizona / USA/ 1987/ dir. Coen Brothers

Sunday, May 17, 2009

17:00/ All About My Mother / Spain/ 1999/ dir. Pedro Almodovar
19:00/ Tears of the Black Tiger / Thailand/ 2000/ dir. Wisit Sasanatieng

Sunday, May 10, 2009

17:00/ Breathless / France/ 1950/ dir. Jean-Luc Godard
19:00/ Lust Caution / Taiwan/ 2007/ dir. Ang Lee

Sunday, April 26, 2009

17:00/ Crumb / USA/ 1994/ dir. Terry Zwigoff
19:00/ Dasepo Naughty Girls / South Korea/ 2006/ dir. Lee Je-yong

Sunday, April 19, 2009

17:00/ Gimme Shelter / USA/ 1970/ dir. Maysles Brothers
19:00/ O'Horten / Norway/ 2007/ dir. Bent Hamer

Sunday, April 12, 2009

18:00/ Salesman / USA/ 1968/ dir. Maysles Brothers
20:00/ Memories of Murder / South Korea/ 2003/ dir. Jong Boon-Ho/ English subtitles

Sunday, March 15, 2009

18:00/ Ed Wood / USA/ 1994/ dir. Tim Burton/ Korean subtitles
20:00/ The Good, The Bad, The Weird / South Korea/ 2008/ dir. Kim Ji-Woon/ English subtitles

Top 20 Movies

For the record we all think Dark Knight is the best film ever, with Transformers 2 being the runner up, followed by anything starring Vin Diesel. But we challenged ourselves to figure out other movies that apparently exist.

Verv's List

- (1) Ikiru
- (2) Failan
- (3) The Color Of Paradise
- (4) City Of God
- (5) Seule Contre Tous [Alone Against Everything]
- (6) Le Petit Soldat
- (7) Unknown Pleasures
- (8) Grave Of The Fireflies
- (9) My Life As A Dog
- (0) Ran
- (1) Once Upon A Time In The West
- (2) The Taste Of Cherries
- (3) Zulu
- (4) I Will Fight No More Forever
- (5) Immortal Beloved
- (6) Quadrophenia
- (7) Europa, Europa
- (8) Tuesdays In The Sun
- (9) Godfather II
- (0) Why Has Bodhi-Dharma Left For The East?

Sean Sighborg's List

- Man Bites Dog
- Tekkon Kinkreet
- The Holy Mountain
- Taste of Tea
- recent entry - District 9
- Save the Green Planet
- Oasis (Korean)

Jersey Roberti's List

- Rocky IV
- The Gods Must Be Crazy
- Animal House
- Saturday Night Fever
- Staying Alive
- Rocky II
- Stop or My Mom Will Shoot
- Commando
- Sex is Zero
- Sex is Zero 2
- Innerspace
- Howard the Duck
- Home Alone 4: Lost in Boston
- Arthur
- Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves
- Dirty Dancing
- Roadhouse
- The Ewok Movie
- House Party 2
- Revenge of the Nerds 3

Sean Gwarmonger's List

1. A Boy and His Dog
2. Soylent Green
3. Planet of the Apes (origi-

nal, not the crappy Tim Burton remake)

4. Dr. Strangelove aka How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb
5. One Flew Over a Cuckoo's Nest
6. Citizen Kane
7. Rear Window
8. Vertigo
9. Logan's Run
10. Empire Strikes Back
11. Back to the Future
12. Man Bites Dog
13. Alien 1
14. Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade
15. Chihwaseon
16. Blade Runner
17. Ed Wood
18. Romeo & Juliet (yes the one with Leonardo Dicaprio)
19. Groundhog Day
20. Reservoir Dogs

Jon Twitch's List

1. Sunrise (FW Murnau)
2. Sleeper (Woody Allen)
3. 2001: A Space Odyssey (Stanley Kubrick)
4. The Third Man (starring Orson Welles)
5. On Her Majesty's Secret Service (starring George Lazenby)
6. The Day the Earth Stood Still (starring Michael Rennie)
7. Groove Tube
8. The Dog Who Stopped the War (French-Canadian)
9. Highway 61 (Bruce McDonald)
10. Hard Core Logo (Bruce McDonald)
11. The Chaser (Na Hong-jin)
12. Memories of Murder (Bong Joon-ho)
13. Free Enterprise (starring William Shatner)
14. Night of the Hunter (Robert Mitchum)
15. Catalina Caper (as rendered by MST3k)
16. The Last Supper (featuring Ron Perlman)
17. Idiocracy (Mike Judge)
18. The Party (starring Peter Sellers)
19. Army of Darkness (starring Bruce Campbell)
20. _____ (I'll fill it in later)

People Watching

Dara Aradeel

21 people on the train. 9 of them staring deeply into their cellular devices, as if hoping that such an action would give their meaningless lives some sort of dignified and isolated reason to exist. 5 of them, bad complexions covered with the rice-cake white of the make-up they use to cover their inability to be anything special. 1 of them with a 10 yd stare, probably wondering whether they turned the air-conditioning off in their apartment. 3 of them, old and withered with a face that looks like the single prune that resides in the far-eastern corner, under your stiff couch. 1 of them, nodding off into a dreamless sleep that occurs from the cacophonous lullaby of steel running on steel. 2 of them, donning with a man-purse, battling with their sexual identities as they look at the map above the automatic double doors with a face prettier than mine.

1 of the rice-cake robots cackles, she's conversing with her rice-cake friend next to her. Her bleached hands are covering her deformed aztec-booby-trap teeth whilst she grips onto a pink cellular phone adorned with a despicable little Hello Kitty cellular phone charm. She stops her unnatural pitched cackling to listen to her rice-cake's story about how much she likes the idea of smoking. She has a perpetual expression of confusion on her face, indubitably caused by the fact that her eyes have undergone the ever so popular ssangkapul surgery. I sit here, envying Pierce Brosnan for his license to kill. All I can think about is how I would take a machete to her face and rip it off, pondering the possibility that there exists an actual person be-

neath the rice-cake.

2 of the people that sit to each side of me are staring so intensely at their hand-held televisions that I wonder if therein lies the portal to the fourth dimension and if I should invest in a brick-portal. It's not. The flashing 6x3 inch screen of epilepsy is just a portal to instant-mental-gratification, the mind melting media that has engulfed the television waves in the sky that I live in. I want to take their stupid shit in my hand and beat their faces into a pulp with their portals, it's what they're doing to themselves anyways, I'm just speeding up the process.

The 3 moisture-less prunes are heckling each other about where they're supposed to transfer. 1 walks with a gimp, 1 walks with two hands folded at their back, 1 smells of stale moth-balls. Gimpy is wearing a nameless cap, plaid-patterned shirt and plaid-patterned elastic pants, he's the taciturn teller of to-comes. His pants are pulled up to his protruding belly and gives him an awkward diamond-like shape. Hands is nodding like those bobble-head plastic dashboard-dolls that you try to win from the street prize-machines. His face is like an intricate rivulet system that is going through a drought. I can see the bones and carcasses of dying fish in his rivulets. Moth-balls is a woman, her hair is like the frazzled product of chemical after chemical. Sandals with socks, her legs are hairier than Gimpy's legs. I want to touch her moth-hair legs, I want to plug in a bug-light and see if she'll fry.

This stop is Samgakji, Samgakji. You may exit on the right. You may transfer to line number 4, the light blue line.



The Long Life, High Position Game

Verv

23 May 2009

This is a game I invented out of boredom.

When I read the news and see that someone younger than me has died, I think, "+1 points."

Or whatever number is appropriate for the number of victims.

I feel like, 'Yeah, you died younger than me so I have in some abstract way proven to be a superior lifeform. Good on me.'

I also think of younger people as 'younger, less experienced,' and thus I think, 'Yeah, that is good. I like you where you are. Younger. Less experienced. I have a higher position.'

I see older people and I think, 'Oh jeez, you are older, potentially more experienced. I am below you. -1 on my position.'

However, when old people die, I think '+1 position!' because there are now less people older than me in the world.

I also plan on seeing people who died younger than me in the

afterworld and saying,

"What do you know about life? You died when you were 42. I was 84." But when someone says,

"Well, I died when I was 92." I will say...

"Good point. My position in this afterlife isn't as secure as I thought. I guess I am forced to make best with the age of 84. I will go make fun of people from the Medieval period, now, and their pathetically short lives."

I remember reading about a car accident where 4 teenagers died and I was like...

"Hey, that's four big points..."

I remember reading about all the old people who died in nursing homes during Katrina and I was like...

"Right on. Lots of positions gone up."

When people inform me that their grandparents or parents are dead, I nod and feel satisfied that I do not have to compete for seniority with these people.

Isn't this a fun game?

지랄 리그

Jon Twitch

I just want to fucking play some soccer again. It's been over five years since I moved here, and I've only played one game in that time. Let's just get a bunch of people together sometime and play a fucking game.

I tried to put together a game in spring, but everyone was way too busy, not the least of all me. We need to figure out a field we can play at that's in the area of Hongdae, and we'll all

just show up and kick around a ball. Hungover, drunk, straight-edge, everybody's welcome.

To divide into two teams we'll go by arbitrary shirt colours. White and light colours on one side, black and dark colours on the other side, with anything in between going to the team with fewest members. It's fairer than having captains pick players, and it'll make it easier to identify teammates once we start playing. Plus,

we won't have to go by shirts versus skins and risk being blinded by Verv's smooth, hairless chest.

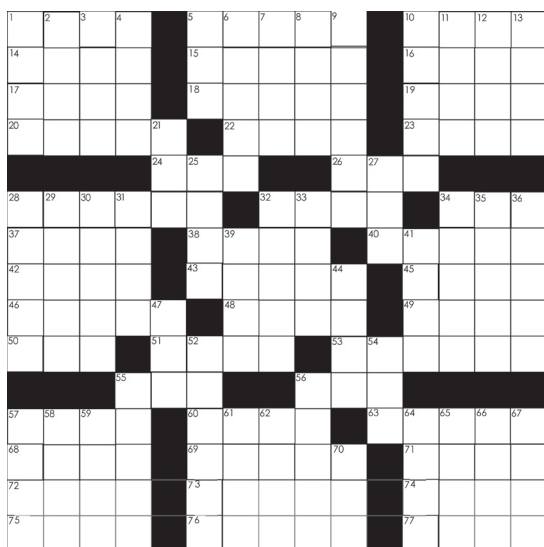
Want to wear cleats and shinpads? I won't stop you, but you might look like kind of a knob.

If you want to get involved, you can join our Facebook group by searching for "Jiral League." Or just e-mail me and let me know you're interested. Let's get this thing going before it's too cold.

Broke Crossword

by Jon Twitch

Written on the bus with Jacob and the Vervonauts



ACROSS

1. Pluton ____
5. Online message
10. Hold down the ____
14. Listen
15. Mecca
16. Zone
17. Painting, music, philosophy
18. River mammal
19. Be the ____
20. Boob tube (2 words)
22. Adult Swim's ____ McGee
23. Korean, to a racist
24. Important PC file
26. Keanu Reeves character
28. Jamaican singer ____ Andy
32. Cell phone IM
34. Fuck ____ Police
37. God's garden
38. ESL teacher employer
40. Germanic stock
42. Mine entrance
43. Belligerent
45. Singer Fitzgerald
46. Wang
48. The Strange ____ of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde
49. Korean indie rock band
50. Opposite of jrs
51. Towelhead
53. Prostitutes
55. Butt
56. Chongshin University Station
57. Beers
60. Australian hoppers
63. Japanese porn star ____ Ran
68. National Socialist
69. Muslim god
71. Great Barrier ____
72. ____ the Explorer
73. J ____ Hoover
74. Jason's ship
75. US airbase in Songtan
76. Tub or vat
77. Opposite of gain

DOWN

1. Pooed
2. Pornotarium bassist
3. Consumes
4. 55 Across, to Britons
5. Whiny music
6. Satanic music
7. Pretends
8. Freezes
9. Voicebox
10. Coen Brothers movie
11. Two-tone cookie
12. Try again
13. Assignment
21. Dongducheon, to USFK
25. Opposite of more
27. Arrival time
28. Piles
29. Weirder
30. Horse steering system
31. SHARP, colloquially
32. Jewish holy bok
33. Limbless fishes
34. Aerosmith singer Steven ____
35. ____ Berry
36. Buttsex scenes
39. Sludge
41. Nevada city
44. Types of wood
47. Jap skinhead nationalists
52. Zionist country
54. Sing with closed lips
55. Oriental
56. Korean toast cafe
57. Hiro's sidekick in Heroes
58. Southeastern Asian country
59. One of the Old Testament books
61. Ye ____
62. Toy Dolls singer
64. BJ
65. Roman emperor or Star Trek villain
66. Pleads
67. Flying saucers
70. Queen Elizabeth's title

Proposed Message To Young Girls

Verv

6 August 2009

Today I was drinking a warm cup of coffee and contemplating my future; I decided that one day I would like to have a family and make them omlets in the morning and curries in the evening, sandwiches at lunch; but I thought...

What values will I teach my children?

I am still not sure what I will teach my sons but it will probably involve basic ideas as might makes right, nerds are faggots, Nu Metal music is cool and if you don't eat meat you are a faggot or some weirdo.

For my daughters, I thought the most perfect thing for them to learn as they grow up can be summarized by what Korean pop culture is currently teaching young girls who comprise their fans. The idea is simple:

- You should be pretty.
- You should be impressed with things that are pretty.
- You should act like a fool frequently because you fall in love, and cannot control yourself or be rational.

It is no wonder the average human being is a fucking retard. These fucks who cannot locate Saudi Arabia on a map and pick their political candidates two weeks before the actual election; the kind of fucks who spend forty years living on this green earth and have never eaten sushi and think Taco Bell is stereotypical Mexican food...The sort of fuckers who look forward to the next Vin Diesel movie.

This is the message they give us from when we are young.

But the only question is: what came first? The idiot, or the idiot message; did we come up with such a ridiculous pop culture and society because we are idiots, or did somehow having these cultural values make us an idiot?

There is only one thing we should do...

We should set aside political and religious differences and we should massacre pop culture.

The people who are responsible for creating something so ridiculous, so stupid, so asinine... With such nefarious intentions as corrupting our children and stealing our money by selling us useless products...

They should be killed. Mercilessly. They should be executed. They should be raped, killed and eaten.

I remember hearing girls complain that they had standards; their parents would not let them pierce their ears or wear loads of make-up or dress like a slut... I remember at the young age also thinking this was simply an example of parental oppression, but now I think that is not so much the case.

Maybe just the parents don't want to see their fucking daughters overvalue their exterior over their interior, and do not want to see them behave like the sluts in the pop music?

The only difference between these pop icon females and a prostitute is that when a prostitute sells her body



she has to fuck and suck, and these girls just sell their body. And a prostitute only corrupts those who pay money for it—the willing members of society. The pop icon female corrupts an entire generation of people who never necessarily wanted to be exposed to such an empty world and be told to consume.

My children will have all of the freedom they desire to do what they want but there will be no pop music in my house.

I would like to point something out: Drowning the Light is a Satanist band; however, they do not encourage people to be materialistic, vain, petty and superficial, nor do they encourage criminal behavior in their lyrics. Seonyo Shidae, Wonder Girls, 50 Cent, etc. all encourage people to be materialistic, vain, petty and superficial; and 50 cent encourages fornication, condones violence and drug use in his music.

By all measures, vanity, fornication, violence and drug use are marks of Satanic behavior that our youth consume daily.

Ironically, self-proclaimed Satanist bands like Drowning the Light have better messages for 8-year-old girls than Seonyo Shidae.

I would be thrilled if my son or daughter at the age of 14 was listening to Bathtub Shitter, Impaled Nazarene, Satan's Elite Kommando, Hate Forest, Absurd, Beherit, etc.

You know... We have to kill pop music. We have to fucking kill it. We have to assassinate them. We have to kill their producers. We have to get our airwaves playing things of value.

And you know: I met a girl who said she did not like music, and hasn't really liked music in the last two years; I realized why... She is only exposed to THIS SHIT. Just thinking about it gets me angry beyond words...

Look, I am with the Taliban on this issue: we need to kill pop stars. I am going to fly to Pakistan to train in Wazhiristan on how to become a terrorist so I can blow these shitbags the fuck up.

I think this roughly once every two weeks: If Osama Bin Laden had orchestrated flying a plane into the Grammys or the Oscars and killed 3000 celebrities and producers, I would have probably joined al-Qaeda the next day.

What would make it double-cool if he had killed all the celebrities: After they were dead, we couldn't have celebrity concerts and banquets to honor the dead celebrities because there wouldn't be enough left.

I contemplated becoming a member of the Paparazzi just so I could annoy, harass and shout abusive things at celebrities all day.

You ruin our society and you are the bane of our existence; go fucking die you son or daughter of a bitch.

Be White a boat without an anchor

Dear Kim Yuna,
I hate your costumes and your figure skates and I hate conspiracy theories about Japan sabotaging you.

You are young, but you still do not have a pair of tits.

You also have a disgusting smile.

You need to put "grow some tits" and "grow an upper lip" on your to-do-list; you need to plastic surgery yourself right now like most of the Korean dames so you can represent your country without being a fugly shit.

Normally it's OK to be ugly but you are a disgusting icon of a sick society and I would love to Tonya Hardin baseball bat your Nancy Kerrigan knee caps.

You make the "short list" of women who disgust me by mere reference to their existence, and you are not even a politician.

Thanks,

Vervington Bear

Verv

Kim Yuna is a famous south Korean figure skater who is constantly lauded for the fact that she is a world class figure skater who happens to be Korean. Outrages occur when she does not take first and conspiracy theorists feed the idea that there is an international pro-Japanese, anti-Korean plot that causes her downfall.

In addition, apparently there is a total ignorance of the meaning of "white" on a broader scale in south Korea... If we want to be white, we have to be like Kim Yuna.

My band will be performing its last concert roughly 5 meters underneath this sign in Seoul's only remaining true punk rock venue.

My band may reform next summer in order to continue "rocking" when our guitarist returns home from Poznan, Poland.

In the meantime your Verv will be forming two bands:

-Black Metal project entitled something like: "Sun-baek-ak" (Pure White Evil) or "Magnani" (Executioner of native Korean fashion characterized by being impoverished butcher of animals normally and wearing traditional style masks and having long hair during executions). Or a name like "Wolfherder" or "Northern Violence."

-Punk/Skinhead project with a name like "Bbargaengi Sanyang-hwae" (Commie Hunting Society) or Seobuk Cheongseonyeonhwae (Seobuk Youth Group named after an anti-Communist proto-fascist organization of Koreans in the Gyeongsang-namdo province in the 1940s/50s famed for their attacks on Leftist demonstrators). It may also simply be called "The Kryptea" which is a reference to the secret society within Sparta which was a form of secret service for the preservation of the Spartan society.

These projects are meant to:

- (1) Promote lo-fi, hard hitting underbelly of rock and roll music that is ignored by the masses.
- (2) Encourage destruction of contemporary values and indolence.
- (3) Eradicate poseurs from within the underground rock and roll culture.
- (4) Destroy vanity.
- (5) Inspire conservatism, militancy and anti-internationalist lines of thought.
- (6) Allow members of the band to have sex more easily with ladies.
- (7) Promote interest in the Korean language and the Korean culture & nation and to stem the tide of Japanese Otaku-ism in favor of Koreanism.
- (8) Potentially, we would like to see more shamanistic practices

and animal sacrifices and higher church attendance.

(9) Prepare the Asian psyche for the advent of Xyzist & Qatzelist lines of thought.

(0) Show people that there are greater threats to their freedom, liberty and way of life than drug use, Islam and homosexuality by making it clear that we are public enemy number one. By promoting this band we will put "crypto-fascist extremism" back on the charts.

It goes without saying that there will be significant contributions to "barbarity, Mongolism, celebrations of Central Asian culture and medievalism."

Here are some proposals for your life:

- (1) Destroy your life for Jesus -- adopt complete poverty, chastity and erase yourself of normal human emotions in favor of universal love.
- (2) Destroy your life for nationalistic interest -- invest your time in the research and uncovering of traditional and ancient lore of your Folkish peoples, and the Folkish peoples of other groups, and to fuse this with the spirit within self for the creation of a neoteric culture which 'destroys postmodernism and opens up a bridge between ancientism and the modern.'

(3) Wipe anus with left hand -- is it really that bad if you run the hand under water before you sleep and when you wake up, is it really that bad if you concentrate on eating with right hand and shaking hands as such?

(4) Study agriculture and ways to bring man closer to nature.

(5) Study French film and existentialism.

(6) Gain 50 kilograms or more, study Sumo wrestling and the art of "Loving without touching, slapping without punching, wrestling without going to the ground."

(7) Learn a foreign line of thought and think in that way.

(8) Buy three one liter bottles, or two 1.5 liter bottles, and spend one week recording the amounts of urine you produce; average it out and discover how much urine passes through your body on average in one year; extrapolate the number to estimate an amount of urine that you will produce in your lifetime and come up with estimations on how much water will pass through your body before you die (find some way to factor in such things as sweat, blood, alcohol exhalations)

(9) Read a book.

(0) Get married. If you are already married, marry one more time and see if you can "juggle the hectic life" of having two spouses.



Verv

19 August 2009

Four years have gone by since I've come to Korea and I think the best metaphor for life here is being a boat without an anchor... You are always moving; everything is always changing; familiarity is nonexistent. There is nothing attaching you to anything, and you have forfeited all sense of roots.

Foreigners always have an odd way of attracting one another -- they often have something inherent about themselves to relate to one another and find themselves pursuing the same goals and facing the same problems. In these lands, one becomes friends with a revolving door of foreigners who are coming and going; I have had countless friends who were friends but for a season. Just today I looked about and realized several people I had spent time intimately with were leaving all within a week of each other due to odd circumstances—when mom is sick, it doesn't mean you're going to be more scarce on the weekends; it means you're going back home. When money runs out, your last choice is to go back to wherever. You cannot dwindle away on any local welfare system. When folks get arrested they seldom go to jail—they go home. And more than that, one does not have any anchor to this nation.

When others go home for the holidays; when others go to see their high school friends; when people finish college and return to their hometowns... It is more clear you are adrift.

I have great Korean friends but at the same time I've never passed through any of the same rites of passage as them and thus have none of the glue that binds them together. I am an unattached friend. A friend of hobbies and interests, seldom a friend of experience.

Always, eternally, everything is changing. I wake up somewhere new, each day, it seems. I cannot anchor myself in a bay of contentedness but rather I must sail somewhere new each day. But it does not upset me. It excites me.

I have a freedom that is ultimate and complete—none has expectations of me and no obligations; I make my life, each day.

By having no attachments I have attained ultimate freedom. By having no anchor, I drift with the seas; happy and carefree.

CD Reviews with Cats

At a recent GMC show, I bought up an assload of CDs that didn't look familiar. Some were recorded back in 2007 but never reviewed in *Broke*. I also stopped by Hyang Music, the closest thing to a good record store in Korea, and picked up a few more albums. Oh yeah, and I specifically sought out a few CD release shows I had no intention of paying the ticket price for.

Then I realised I had no other place to listen to them, so I brought them home and listened to all of them all the way through with my two cats Millie and Buster. Millie only likes bagpipes and Buster only likes music by the short-lived Korean punk band Buster, but I decided their input was equally important to my own so it is recorded in each album review.

13 Steps
Existence
GMC Records
Jon Twitch

I have to admit I wasn't expecting much more from 13 Steps. They hadn't been playing shows as much lately, and it had been over five years since their previous full-length release, which I wasn't a fan of mainly due to the production value which made Dokyo13's voice sound more worn out than the crotch in my lucky underwear. I thought they might fade into obscurity, their best days behind them, like too many other bands these days. Then I fucking listened to their new album, *Existence*. Granted, they've drifted into a lower orbit around Pantera, but this is an album from a hardcore band in their prime. Dokyo's voice sounds better than I remember, and even though the whole band has been pretty well replaced, they're still what 13 Steps should sound like. The songs are all in English, and even though Dokyo didn't want to be interviewed in English for this exact zine, I like the lyrics. It isn't laboured like so many other bands' hardcore end up sounding. Also, it's worth pointing out that the liner notes are pretty cool.

Cats' Reaction: rolling over, staring at me, meowing a lot

MT Brassiere
Cut my Peanut EP (Single??)
independent
Jon Twitch

When I saw these guys play at the second last ever Skunk Hell show (26 December 2008), I knew I was witnessing the future of Korean punk. They were young and clearly still searching for their sound, but they had two clear distinct advantages: a singer with a unique voice and the very memorable song "Cut My Peanut" which is more funny if you don't understand the Korean part (which doesn't seem to have anything to do with circumcision). This EP was released as a "single" of that particular song, and contains three



other worthwhile songs, including some helpful brass provided by Number 1 Korean on track 3. I was expecting to like the single and forget the rest, but my favourite track on the album ended up being the final one, "I saw you for the first time," which felt familiar the first time I heard it. These guys are off to a good start, and they need a label to invest in a full-length by them. They seem to be playing a lot of shows these days, so hopefully they'll build up a setlist worthy of a few releases by the time one of the underground labels gets around to them.

Cats' Reaction: sitting around as usual, some bathing

Rux
The Eternal Kids
Dope Records
Jon Twitch

The more time passes, the more hollow sentiments like "The Eternal Kids" seem. This is not a bad album, and Rux has found a winning formula that will get them through their next contractually obligated albums. This album contains 12 populist punk songs with all the singalong parts we depend on Rux for, as well as enough guest vocalists to put most modern rappers to shame, featuring members of Samchung, Revenge Blossom, Hollow Jan, 13 Steps, No Brain, and Moonshiners, although most of them have minutely small parts. My favourite song is "Last 10 Seconds" for its fast-paced Korean lyrics. The following song, "Boys Be Good" reminds me of "We are the Boys" by Blitz only with a much, much different message. However, it's clear the most memorable song from this album is "On the Edge," which I had to double-check to

make sure it wasn't a cover. Then again, the album's only cover song, "Out of the Blue" by Balzac, is cited on the back cover, but in the booklet it says it's produced, composed, and written by Rux. Oops. I have to admit I question whether Rux still has what it takes to lead the music scene, but they've become comfortable with what they do.

Cats' Reaction: comes out of hiding, jumps up on arm of couch next to me and watches me type review to make sure I say something nice, then chases after invisible bugs on the wall only they can see

99Anger
s/t vol 2
Dada/Sail
Jon Twitch

Not quite hard enough to be hardcore, not quite whiney enough to be emo, 99Anger is one of Korea's oldest underappreciated bands. With a melodic sound, English lyrics composed thoughtfully and rendered intensely, this band is living proof that popular does not equal talented. Probably part of the reason 99Anger hasn't gotten more attention is that they've spent a lot of their time outside of Seoul, even outside of Korea (one unfortunate year in Vancouver). And probably part of the reason they've outlived so many other Korean bands of their age is their ability to age gracefully. Hard to reduce, but easy to digest, this album's centerpiece is "Music Brings Me Here," a robust song that captures everything that's right with Korean underground music. I have to admit the final track "Sick n' Tired" was a bit too much of a downer to leave the album on, but this is a

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Burning Hepburn
Punk Rock Radio
Going Marry/Dope Records
Jon Twitch

Oops, a bit late on the ball for this one. Burning Hepburn has been back for quite a while now, but compared to the other Korean punk bands picked up on Dope, they've been the quietest. Maybe that's because they're from Daejeon, Korea's capital of quiet, which despite their best efforts is in no danger of losing that title. What we get here are four songs that are pleasant, but the Burning Hepburn sound is a good example of what's wrong with a good deal of Korean punk—not quite enough energy. All of these songs could be retooled to give them 200% more intensity, and I don't mean by simply playing them faster or adding distortion. Burning Hepburn is a nonconfrontational sort of band, but they've gone as far as they can on that. Even guest vocals from Jonghee of Rux and Kyungrok of Crying Nut don't help much, although the harmonica on the final song does bear more of their soul than any other part of this album. I'd be really interested in how they play their songs if they think it's the last time. Not saying I want them to break up—not in the least—but it would be nice if their music could live in the moment just a bit more. If they had their instruments set up just when the announcement comes through that the world is going to explode in two minutes and fourteen seconds, would they play their last song exactly as it appears on this album?

Cats' Reaction: trying to sleep

Gogo Star
Last Show
Dada Music
Jon Twitch

I really wasn't sure what to make of this kind of music. What do you call it, electro-pop, disco-rock, or something? It seems a little too genre-y for me. And what's the deal with all the "Star" bands these days? Gogo Star, Film Star, Rookie Dog Staz, Idol Sta... But I'll say this, "Last Show" is an album filled with competent, confident music, whatever it is. I always kind of thought these guys existed thanks to connections with Rux, but their sound seems even more thought out than Rux these days. This still isn't my thing, but it's a well-constructed album full of eleven bold, new songs, and this is probably the sort of thing the Korean music scene needs more of to shake up all subgenres. It's nice to hear more bands that sound totally different from everything else here. This is still a little too hipster-y for me but next time they play, I might just stick around.

Cats' Reaction: holy shit, he is actually nodding his head in time with song 3, "Not Disco But Disco." I thought cats couldn't understand rhythms. Still inactive

great follow-up to their previous, ancient, release, "The Anger and the Sadness."

Cats' Reaction: heavy purring, rubbing face against computer screen, trying to tip over the computer

Kingston Rudieska
Ska Fidelity EP
Mnet
Jon Twitch

How crazy is this? The biggest fan of traditional ska on the whole peninsula panning the first full-length release by the country's only traditional ska band. Well, it happened back when they released "Skafiction," an album that seemed better suited to a four-star restaurant than a ska show. I felt bad, but hell, this zine doesn't exist to promote the Korean underground music scene when it's doing bad. With certainly no input from a foreign-language review in a cheap photocopied zine, Kingston Rudieska then went ahead and put together a fun EP of five songs. They identify the problem in the first track, "Sweet, Sweet Ska Tune," when vocalist Lee Suk Yul identifies their sound as "happy music." Ska is generally unhappy music about suffering, almost as much as its terminally depressed nephew reggae, and this album is like ska combined with a Prozac overdose. Still, the songs are an improvement over their cardiac-arrest-inducing full-length, including a live cover of "Jamaica Ska" by Byron Lee, probably the worst ska bandleader from the '60s, but here it highlights their potential as a live band.

Cats' Reaction: boxing match on top of the dresser, which is what ska is supposed to do to you

though.

49 Morphines
Partial Eclipse
GMC Records
Jon Twitch

This is one band I always thought of when I heard the term emo. Granted, emo has moved on to mean any type of music that shows any trace of emotion, but this band never fails to get an emotional response from me (note: minus 4 oi points). This album contains a surprising amount of instrumentals, which leaves me on edge waiting for the vocals to kick in. When it happens, it's fucking worth it. I'd say this album is an obnoxiously masterful alternation between holding back and going all-out.

Cats' Reaction: fucking staring at me waiting for shit to hit the fan. At the first scream from vocalist Sung Si Young, he begins to savagely lick his balls. Other cat comes out of hiding with bright red ears, meaning she's fucking furious at something or other. Really woke them both the fuck up. Plus they seemed pissed when it ended.

BasementKiller
Pull the Trigger single
featuring Supreme Team,
Crying Nut, Lobotomy, Johnny
Royal
Sail Music
Jon Twitch

I picked this little disc up at Hyang for 6500 won to get a laugh out of it. It sounds like a genre trainwreck with the bodies of hardcore, punk, and hip-hop scattered across the tracks. And while it is somewhat of a train wreck, it's not the catastrophe I imagined. Like Johnny Royal, it combines hardcore and hip-hop without straying too dangerously close to popular rap-rock. The whole thing explores new horizons and simultaneously makes all the right mistakes to give this release the potential camp value it might need to be memorable. Of course this is only a couple of singles remixed several times over ("Pull the Trigger" and "Cold War," but at least it shows the proper spirit of collaboration, which is a bit more than I can say for the GMC Records/ Big Deal Records Judgement Night collaborations.

Cats' Reaction: sitting in defensive posture next to the CD player, looking confused and stand-offish.

National Pigeon Unity
Trash
independent
Jon Twitch

This is one band whose name I've been hearing a lot of lately, but only recently got around to hearing them. On their Myspace these guys describe themselves as "like punk ska hardcore emo garage etc." That's always a warning sign, although these guys don't have any obvious seams in their music. I like this five-song EP a lot more than anything else I've heard from the GMC emo stable bands. I feel like describing these

guys as halfway between 99Anger and 49 Morphines only without the obvious number. In order to distance themselves from these acts, they still need to find something to give themselves a competitive edge, but for now they're off to a good start.

Cats' Reaction: Sitting quietly and obediently, listening carefully

Apollo 18
self-titled
GMC Records
Jon Twitch

When I first heard about Apollo 18, I figured they were another metal band picked up by GMC. First time I saw them, it took a few minutes for me to realise they're something completely different and unique. Off the top of my head I'd say they sometimes resemble a screamo band, sometimes a garage band. This is a band that has layers, and we haven't peeled them all back yet. The album starts with the mostly instrumental "Pause 02" before delving into vocal tracks, a technique also used by 49 Morphines. The first vocal track, "High Stepper," has a good sound I don't feel the rest of the album can top. This album might actually be more instrumental than vocal, which is something you'll have to get used to if you want to like the band. Songs range from hardcore intensity to soft and introspective. One thing though, the mixing seems kind of painful in certain parts of some of the tracks. It has just a hint of nails on a chalkboard or something rattling around, which may be intended or might be totally unnecessary. I'd feel a lot better if this particular album were more digestible. Still, it should be clear that they are innovators and we probably have more albums to look forward to.

Cats' Reaction: vicious fight with lots of hissing and growling, then settling down during the slower songs.

Firestorm
Amigos Para Siempre
GMC Records
Jon Twitch

Firestorm is in an awkward position as label owners and band on said label, like running a label called, say, Skunk, and providing vocals for the flagship band, say, Rux. GMC has been extremely busy this year, and so has Firestorm, but they're like the barber who can't cut his own hair.

Firestorm is distinct for their close relationship with hip-hop music, maybe similar to Johnny Royal but less gimmicky. I was expecting a bit more emphasis on the vocals, but this album has a lot more parts with no vocals than parts with vocals.

Kyono's time in the US didn't give him an edge on the English lyrics, as it doesn't hold up quite as well to 13 Steps and Samchung when they had English lyrics. The lyrics here are a bit more bro-e-y than I'd like, with verses like "B BSL Crew Got ur Back/4 Foreign Kids Love This Shit," in the song "30360," and similar themes visited in the song "Snowballer" that go: "This is for the S Town

Bloods/S Town Bloods got ya mudafucking back." I have to admit I was expecting more lyrically. There's a little too much thug in this thug-core for me.

GMC props up the Korean hardcore music scene, and so does Firestorm, but I get the feeling that Firestorm's purpose is to prop up GMC a little more than GMC's purpose is to prop up Firestorm.

Cats' Reaction: Meowed at me, and when I touched him, he jumped a couple meters

Ninesin
the death, we will face
GMC Records
Jon Twitch

I put on this CD expecting to get fucking floored by some heavy metal riffs. Instead I get treated to this instrumental track "Beyond the Horizon" which starts off sounding like one of Apollo 18's quieter tracks. Then about a minute in the guitars start shredding shit up like it's September 2008 and they're AIG.

Ninesin is a bit different than other GMC bands in that they're a bit more new-school hardcore/metal, and weren't anything different before. Officially they are an edge-metal/vegan sXe hardcore metal band. They are an intense band worth tracking down for a live show, and this CD certainly lets you know what kind of ass-whomping you're in for. This album is recommended for fans of Loyal to the Grave, although with a few extra dedications to Christ.

There's a reason Ninesin is on nearly every GMC show bill, because they're intense, hardworking, and good at it. Another reason this album works is because they keep changing the pace of their songs so you never get too complacent. If you haven't seen them already, start going out, because you've missed a lot.

Cats' Reaction: passive-aggressive napping. But how could anything so cute and fuzzy possibly like this music?

Knockdown
Violence for Violence
GMC Records
Jon Twitch

Knockdown is one band that has probably made a lot of enemies along their way. They espouse, and also live by, a certain type of brotherhood which

is basically gang behaviour, and their motto could very well be "beatdown," both musically and socially. But this is a CD review, not Emily fucking Post.

I honestly can't understand a single word Moock belches out, but I like the sound of its delivery. The funny thing about the album is the periodic interludes written by guest musicians from bands such as My Proof, No Brain, and Vassline which provide a break from the bursting testosterone injection. This album was released way back in 2007 but I'm just hearing it now for the first time. If you like metalcore, this is a good album to listen to. Maybe not Vassline good, but better than a lot of the other bands out there.

Cats' Reaction: looks like he wants to find something high enough to jump off that would kill him. Female cat suddenly becomes extremely affectionate.

Maze
Struggle 4 Yourself
GMC Records
Jon Twitch

So I open up the CD, only to find a free ticket to a show on March 15, 2008 in Skunk Hell. Yeah, shows how backlogged I am on CD reviews.

Maze is heavy on the Cookie Monster vocals. Only now Cookie Monster is off cookies and more into mosh pits. It's hard to call music like this musical, especially so soon after reviewing a Knockdown CD, but these guys make it sound somewhat easier than Knockdown did, which I attribute to production values. Also, the lyrics are somewhat easier to understand, especially the Korean lyrics. An amusing part of this album is the track "Nazi Punk," which begins with a sample of a Hitler speech, and also "War in a Mirror" which samples George W Bush. The song "Sugarcoated," featuring Lee Sungwoo from No Brain, has an interesting back-and-forth lyrical structure that actually sort of restores my faith in No Brain.

Maze has become an essential part of the GMC stable, and this album coated with guest vocals from Vassline, No Brain, Knockdown, Ninesin, and Firestorm shows that they've already been accepted by the other GMC bands. This means of course that

it's your turn to accept Maze into your heart.

Cats' Reaction: very explorative

Lo
Spring
GMC Records
Jon Twitch

Lo is a hardcore/screamo band that's probably best compared to 49 Morphines. While they obviously pale compared to the Morphines, they have a few tricks to get out from under that umbrella. The band members themselves come from 49 Morphines as well as Unroot, which sounds very promising indeed.

This album contains a mere six songs, just enough to leave you siding with the band, and have you wanting more. Their all-English lyrics are intelligent, poetic, and hopefully not the last this band has to offer.

Cats' Reaction: drinking water with her paw. Stop that!

Vicious Glare
Commencement
GMC Records
Jon Twitch

Wow, I just opened up my CD for the first time and discovered it's been signed by the band members! Surely this will fetch a handsome sum on eBay.

Okay, it's next year now, and bidding didn't really work out. Still, the album itself is respectable. This is a melodic hardcore band with influences from Florida bands like Poison the Well, and they are heavy on the vocals. English vocals, by the way. Some bands can do it and some can't. These guys can pull it off. The most memorable song is "Kiss of the Dragon," which contains a very humorous sample from the Jet Li movie of the same name. Also, I'm still in shock from the very uncharacteristic vocal refrain by Trash from BBLT/... Whatever That Means on "Just Can't Do That." Okay, their lyrics probably contain the most verb conjugation errors and double negatives, but that doesn't really matter when the music is good. I would advise the band members not to put their money toward English classes, but toward their next album.

Cats' Reaction: a very victorious bath

THE BIMONTHLY BOOTFUCK

Today we're going to discuss graffiti. Now, I'm not entirely against graffiti—hell, some of my good friends here like to draw on walls that belong to other people. And I've done my complaining about how Hongdae is changing, becoming more gentrified, all around more crappy—and thanks to graffiti artists, it's starting to look like a public washroom stall.

"But it makes everything look better," you might whine. Better to some people, worse to others, and the problem is it costs us money if we want the buildings

to look nice to us. And guess who pays that. Not the graffiti artists. And are they even artists? For every one talented mural, there are 500 DIMZ tags all over the fucking place. Just go away already.

Hongdae went overnight from having very little graffiti to suddenly looking like it was decorated by a four-year-old. Korea has enough urban decay already that we don't need more people pushing it that way using permanent markers and spraypaint. It's already expensive enough for shop-owners to pay rent in Hon-

gdæ that we don't need to make it any worse.

If you're a graffiti artist, do us all a favour and take up a less harmful hobby, like painting on things that you own or have permission for, or freebasing heroin. At the very least, if you must do it, quit thinking of yourself as the Robin Hood of public spaces, robbing from the poor and giving to the cleaning companies.

gag

DIMZ

Aw dammit, someone get the damn turpentine.

Continued from page 3.

That was the beginning. From there, I went to stay in a goshiwon. During the next three or four weeks, everything was very exotic, intriguing, and I would even say rejuvenating. The first goshiwon was really fancy. It was brand new and had actually just opened up the previous day and I was the second person to move in there. The manager was completely neurotic. He posted little signs in English all over the place (specifically for me). Signs like “This emergency flashlight”, “no food trash, manager very tired”, “no shoe in building”, “laundry dry on roof” were placed strategically around the building. One night I came home at 3am, went into the kitchen, filled up my water bottle, then promptly fell on my face (Soju), spilling a little bit of water on the floor in the process. The manager (who had the security cameras rigged up to view in his room) promptly called Seo-young at 3:15am (who I had not been with) and told her to tell me “Be very careful, water on the floor is VERY dangerous.” The next day the manager insisted on showing Seo-young the security video of me falling down, apparently they both laughed at me (I didn’t get to see the video but I am sure it was great). One night I was walking into the building and the manager was outside in a ferocious yelling match with a middle-age-looking couple. I had to walk past as if I was going to the Family Mart, hoping to catch a glimpse of a brawl break out. Returning back towards the building, the manager was in the back of a police car. I never did find out what that was all about. The next month, I moved to a new goshiwon. I couldn’t deal with that guy

Now, maybe around week four or five, I was beginning to realize that I had spent a shitload of money during my first month in Korea. It was time to settle down...so I thought. I was done with the tourist thing for the most part. The next few weeks began a new routine. Seo-young had to start working Mon-Fri, so I didn't have her every day now, and my new friends in Korea all had work or school during the week, so I was usually left to my own devices. But I was a big boy now! I could travel the city all by myself! Wandering, drinking, wandering, eating, wandering, meeting people. I spent many an evening meeting random Koreans outside, and drinking much soju with them. Let me repeat that MUCH SOJU. As a matter of fact, I was starting to get the feeling that soju was very dangerous stuff. The green bottle of death was the name I gave it. On top of that, I was

Well, lemme tell ya, I was broke again in no time flat! A few more days of rice, but there is a higher force at work after all! Several events happened to keep me alive and eating. First event- "Mr. S" (I will use "Mr. S" for legal reasons) from Broke in Korea, who

Hongdae is wild. I like Hongdae. It is great to have a place like the playground where there is no cover charge, and you can sit there and drink all night long and all kinds of unexpected things happen. Hanging out one night with Nik (he was buying my booze, I was completely broke), we watched some art students setting up some kind of laser display for three hours while we wondered WHAT THE FUCK they were doing. In the end, they had a couple of measly lasers shooting around and an amplifier turned up to mind sheering volume that repeatedly played a noise sounding like Mario going down one of those green pipes in the old Nintendo game. This noise went on for so long that both Nik and I were getting violent thoughts about going over to the art students and KILLING THEM. They turned it off just in time to get away with there lives. Later, another group of art students would get attacked. Some other art students would set up these painted Tetris looking blocks (it must have been Nintendo theme night or something) stacked in a big pile. Some punk rockers with leather jackets and spike bracelets on ran over and

"I am," I said as I finish off my last Korean Marlboro, "and soon, I will be going back for more abuse," then off I went to catch my plane to Chicago.

A Meal For You

Verv

31 July 2009

This is a story where I discuss what I would do to make your life better each Friday night at dinner time.

I got your text message at two PM--it was in response to mine:

"Hey its verv want a dinner party?"

You said: "ok 630? :)"

I am smiling and shaking my head, mumbling your name in the check-out line of the supermarket; 'Oh, jeez... Now I got to get more food!' I say aloud; the elderly cashier smiles.

"Going back again, Verv?"

"Yes I am, Mrs. Dietrich!" Mrs. Dietrich laughs in a grandmotherly fashion and I smile boyishly.

"You sure have been cooking for your friends a lot, lately. You must be a good cook."

"Oh, Mrs. Dietrich, I am not that good but... If you want... I can cook for you and Mr. Dietrich sometime?"

"Oh, that would be splendid! Now run along, Verv. You will want to get those groceries so you have time to rub one out before you start cooking!" I laugh once more at Mrs. Dietrich's words and complete my task -- marking off double of whatever was on my shopping list and adding a few extra things for good measure.

I show up to your home driving a large minivan full of groceries; I also have an iPod and a large box of anti-Communist literature and fantasy novels and books of Christian apologetics. I quickly go on and nod to your roommate as I enter.

"Hey it's Verv here I got to get these puppies cooking up if we want to eat before 7:30!"

"Oh, OK!" Your roommate notifies you of my presence and shows me to the kitchen where I begin cooking an assortment of things.

A wide variety of your friends arrive and you play charades in the living room; tantalized by the deep scents of my cooking



you find yourself laughing uproariously while mimicking different animals you think we will eat tonight. Your friend Joshua mimicked a dog when he heard I had just come from Korea, which was in bad taste. He was punished with downcast eyes and snickers for being culturally insensitive.

Your friends encompass a large group of intellectuals, alternative culturalists and adventurers (Elven rangers, Dwarven pikemen, Gnome illusionists).

At 7:20 I come out wearing a "Kiss the Cook" apron, and cleverly scrawled in German "Kuss

dein koch" over the crotch area. I smile and make hand gestures in a non-heterosexual manner.

"OK, everyone, I just cooked up a few dishes that I thought best fit everyone's personalities here so... I am going to bring them out! Hope you like them!" A few people clap their hands a bit, a few just smile wide eyed beneath their heavy prescription indie rock glasses; the Dwarven pikemen pound their cups of ale on the table and make grunts of approval while the Elves look at one another with aloof arrogance that makes the cook dislike them.

Immediately, I come out carrying the first dishes:

Steak and eggs for your papa, homemade Lasagna for your mama, Palak Paneer for your vegetarian friend and Punjabi Khadi for your vegan mate; I bring out some delicious pizza with rings of sweet potato and some spaghetti gratin for YOU.

I bring out a small pot and drop a living octopus in it for your Asian mates; some dumplings covered in soy sauce ont he side and a few spring rolls.

I cooked your younger brother a grilled cheese sandwich and a

cheesey hot dog because he's a picky eater.

I cooked your grandmother some "greens" (LOL? What?) and mashed potatoes with some roast beef and gravy and a turkey leg.

I brought some fried chicken and watermelon for your white, upper middle class snob friends, and some tuna and avocado california rolls for your black, hip hop friends.

I brought a bone for your dog and some milk in a bowl for your cat;

I gave an emotional teenage girl a mix CD full of "my fave songs" and put a herstagram on it.

Lastly, I gave you Penang Gai -- chicken in a nice, deep yellow sauce that I would know was made of something besides the color yellow if I had been an actual cook; you find your meal delightful.

I do not give the Elves any food and ask the Dwarves to back me up if there is a fight.

We have polite discussion and later on your grandmother holds my hand while we talk about traditional, family values and the Bible. She falls asleep at nine and I throw a blanket over here then head out to the pool where the "party" is kicking off.

We drink 40 ozes and discuss politics and philosophy until the fire begins to die out at 4 AM and then alternatively we pass a joint of marijuana until we all fall asleep at 6 AM and are awoken to the sound of morning birds.

The Penis Weeps W/ Ddeok Jeong

Verv

26 May 2009

Ddeok Jeong is a Korean word with simple roots.

'Ddeok' comes from 'Ddeok chi da,' a verb that means "To hit/pound rice cakes." This literally refers to a stage of beating rice into rice cakes but is more often a euphemism for "hitting, smashing, pounding, lovingly inserting penis with severe pumping action into the vaginal pleasure portal." "Jeong" is an emotion. It is the Jeong found in 'gamjeong' (emotion). When you combine 'ddeok' and 'jeong' together you get 'Ddeok jeong' (떡정). This word is so obscene that I have met native Korean 24 year old males that did not know what it was, and

after explaining it to them they began punching tables with their fists in crying fits of laughter. It means, "The emotional memories of pounding the rice cakes of a past lover, and the natural draw you feel for the person."

Of all women I have ever been with... I have the most Ddeok Jeong for Sun Yushu. It's been well over a year. Perhaps it's even been two years. But I had to call her up last night... It was instinctual...

I needed to pound her rice cakes. I desired it. I still do. And I desire only her rice cakes to pound at this moment -- anything else would be boring.

My current woman asked me why I didn't come to school to-

day and I responded rudely and severely to her, forcing her to be polite to me and look and appear lower. Even if she offered me her rice cake I would only pound it half-heartedly and thoughtfully ponder the old smashing of Yushu's rice cake.

I remember when we 69'd she would put her knees on my chest... But it didn't matter, because she weights so little and is Chinese and sucked dick better than a champion of cock mouthery.

Her voice was overpoweringly high pitched and when her rice cake had been pounded to pleasurable stages it was so noisy I often had to cover her mouth for the sake of my own hearing.

The ddeok jeong I harbor for

her is Powerful. I lonely and miserably plea for the presence of her pussy. I want to eat it and not even receive pleasure back, just one more time. It was a sterling vajeen.

I am convinced I should physically attack any man who is with her vajeen and I have reverted to instinctual levels to praise this vaginal zone.

When I called her last night... We talked politely... About nothing...

But... I decided... Mentally...

Either before Friday or Saturday Yaqi is going to be giving me fulfilling sex, or I am going to be drawn so powerfully to the ddeok jeong of Yushu that I will be ultrafucking/smash banging/

whip wapping/constrictually boa constricting her rice cake with my personal, attached-to-body, gives-me-pleasure penis.

I only gave cumshots to the face of this Yushu named woman twice and both times the woman was very comical, feigned freight and avoided my ejaculated personage with great effort.

Next time... Whatever woman it is... She is going to take the cumshot like a porn star. Or we're going to do it again. And again. Until we get it right. Why?

Because I'm a sexist and you have to live with that, you fucking rice cake.

My cock aches and weeps with the Ddeok Jeong for my old flame.



SUPPORT YOUR SCENE!!

A letter to all the young punks:

There was a time when there were new bands almost every weekend in Hongdae. You could never look at a flyer and recognize every band that was playing. It seems like those days are long gone. Most shows include a mix of the same bands you've seen over the past two weeks, and don't get me wrong, I love hardcore, but why doesn't anyone play simple punk rock anymore? So many of us are getting old. It's time for the next generation of kids to start their own bands and start playing shows. Your first lineup, or first band for that matter, might not work out, but keep writing, keep trying new things, talk to local band members and club managers to get some shows, and most importantly, never stop playing.

There are plenty of cheap practice studios around Seoul. Find one, gather your friends, and start contributing to the scene that keeps you entertained every weekend.

"We decided to start our own group because we were bored with everything we heard... We missed music like it used to be." ~Joey Ramone

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"우리가 듣던 모든 게 지겨워졌다. 그래서 우린 우리의 밴드를 만들기로 결심했지... 우리가 즐겨 듣던 그 노래들이 그리웠으니까." -쥬이 라몬

