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FREE
TO A GOOD HOME

BROKE

IN KOREA



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Broke in Korea

Issue 6

This zine is published once in a blue moon. Wait, how many times is there a blue moon? Better make that once every two blue moons, just to be on the safe side.

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This zine was designed using a pirated copy of Adobe InDesign CS. What are you gonna do about it? Huh? Huh? Put the phone down. Nobody will help you.

Broke in Korea congratulates Burke and his wife Nahyun and their pet duck on their new marriage.



Letter from the Editor

Three landmark events prompted this latest issue of Broke.

First, the departure of Jesse leaves us barren and whiny. That makes this the second issue in a row dedicated to a long-term for-eigner leaving Korea.

Next, we have the upcoming Demerit tour. This is a big investment on the part of Nevin, who'll be bringing the band from China for two shows in Seoul. Unfortunately Nevin didn't have the time to write anything for this issue, but he has an excuse. Unlike a certain king of hell...

Third, this issue is released one week after Burke's brief return to Korea and his marriage. I thought it would be nice to have a wedding photo in here for them.

Kudos to Paul and Tel who turned in two great articles early. Also to Verv as always, my space-filler.

Jon Twitch

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So Long Jesse

Jon Twitch

The problem with foreigners in the Korean punk scene is that most don't stay in Korea very long. Case in point, we had Jesse, a helpful little guy who put his heart into convincing people to come to shows, bringing foreign bands here, and running the shows themselves. Since 2005 we got too used to his helping presence, and now he's gone and left us. He was too modest to do an interview, but I forced answers out of him anyway.

Broke: Why did you leave us?

Jesse: I'm in the military and I travel around quite a bit. As much fun as Korea is, it's not my home.

Broke: What will we do without you?

Jesse: Nothing. Society as we know it will come to a screeching halt. But whatever you do, don't watch the movie "Speed Racer." Its a god awful movie. I went to the theater today and left 15 minutes into it. Actually, we snuck into "Forgetting Sarah Marshall" and I thought that movie was awesome. But be warned: Jason Segal's junk appears in a few more scenes than I care to mention.

Broke: Tell us about the first time you tried to find Skunk.

Jesse: Two days after arriving in Korea, my buddy Josh asked me if I wanted to go to a punk show. He met me at the hotel I was staying at, and after unsuccessfully trying to ask the taxi driver to take us to Skunk Hell, we opted to take the subway using the directions he got from brokeinkorea.tk. The directions called for us to make a left at a building undergoing construction, which is exactly what we did. Unfortunately for us, it was the wrong building under construction. After walking around for an hour we went to a sleazy bar in Itaewon. It was my first and last time drinking in Itaewon.

Broke: What is your favourite memory of the punk scene in Korea?

Jesse: That's a toughie. My favorite memories were when everything was new to me. I miss seeing the bands in Korea for the first time and having an oh ye! hot dog across

the street from Skunk. Actually I hated that place until they closed. They used honey mustard which is just disgusting. I guess that's not the answer to your question but I don't have a favorite.

Broke: What are some of the ways you contributed to the punk scene?

Jesse: I went to shows and consumed alcoholic beverages. I deserve a medal. Or a wooden ship wheel that is broken in a few places. By the way: Jeff if you're reading this, I'll get you my address ASAP.

Broke: Do you get involved with punk scenes in other cities where you live, such as your hometown, or any other places you've been stationed?

Jesse: My hometown is LA, which is massive, ungrateful, and not in any way a place worth contributing to. While I was there I was on a couple street teams for some bands, but to be honest I was too lazy to do anything. When I lived in North Carolina, my buddy and I did a few charity shows but there were a number of legal hurdles for setting up shows and it was really expensive to do.

Broke: What does the future hold for Jesse?

Jesse: I imagine you'll find me in Jamaica making tie-dye T-shirts and recycling cans for a living. But only if this Air Force gig doesn't work out.

Broke: Will you ever come back to Korea?

Jesse: I'd certainly like to, but that's difficult. When I travel to foreign lands (excluding the middle east), I'm automatically in a vacation mindset. I don't focus on school and career goals the way I should. This was a problem for me while I was in Korea. I could get stationed there again but that's a bit more down the road than I'm prepared to plan for. I'm sure I'll see my friends again one way or the other, and if you're in South Carolina, feel free to stop by. And if you do, bring me some clean socks—I sure could use 'em.

Do you think you have what it takes to be the next Jesse? It's time to get off your ass and start helping out with shows.

Drinking Season Begins

Verv Heavenking
23 May 2008

Each year I mark June to October as my professional drinking season where I accomplish some very serious tasks. I have set aside some goals for myself for this season:

- 4 hours, 2 liters of hard liquor.
- 6 hours, 6 bottles of soju.
- 2 hours, 21 beers.
- 12 hours, 8 vomits.
- 72 hours intoxicated the entire time.
- 3 sessions where 'purple eyes' are reached.
- 5 yellow bile vomits
- 1 black bile vomit
- 1 simultaneous shit & vomit.

A man is nothing without goals.

I am also introducing the following cool, new drinking moves:

The Bird Shot: (chew up live octopus in your mouth and take a doubleshot of soju and spit the contents into that of another persons mouth like a mother bird feeding a baby bird, and the other person swallows).

—The Wild, Wild Russian: Spin around in a circle and let people hand you shots of vodka. You cannot stop spinning until you have taken at least six shots.

—The One-Legged Retard: You must hit your chest with your hand and hop on one leg until you chug a beer/soju.

—The Corpus Christi: in the 'Body Of Christ' you must consume an entire bottle of wine in 7 minutes while eating bread.

—The Whiskey Dick: You must consume an entire bottle of whiskey during one sexual intercourse and coincide your ejaculation with the finishing of the bottle.

—The Breast Feeder: You must chug a bottle of beer while your lips and/or tongue are making contact with a nipple (third nipples do not count, nor do animal nipples).

—The Crab Shot: This is purely stylistic -- it is lining up shots of alcohol and downing them with alternating hands using chopsticks to take them.

—The Pyramid: You must form a human pyramid of a minimum of five people and no one can get out of the pyramid until the person on top finishes the bottle of soju.

—The Lyndie England: Attach a dog leash to another person who is nude and laugh at them while you quietly drink a beer.

—The Palestinian: You must chug a bottle of beer and then set off a bomb strapped to your chest.

—The Israeli: You must chug a beer while blowing up various homes from a helicopter that you believe contain top Palestinian leaders (and possibly their families).

—The Old Glory: 50 shots of beer and 13 shots of whiskey.

—The Shots Of Faith: You must open your mouth and close your eyes and take a secret, predetermined amount of shots and kinds as they are given to you, not stopping until you are told.



Drinking too much puts a smile on Verv's face—well, head.

—The Gokkun: Yogurt alcohol is poured into your mouth which you must taste and show to the others then spit back into a cup. Later it is all consumed in one-shot.

—The Dentist: A person must keep their mouth open the entire time while the others pour the prescribed amount of shots into the persons mouth. They are not even allowed to close their mouth to swallow.

—The Weight Lifter: You must hold another person, either in bench press or squat formation, and consume an entire bottle of something while holding them.

—The Leap Frogger: A group of people have to continue leapfrogging until they have all consumed their bottles of soju.

—The Octopus: You must do 8 shots of soju, each with a piece of octopus tentacle in it, in under 1 minute.

—The Rodney King: You must finish a bottle of soju while people kick you harshly. They do not stop until you finish it.

I also have some ideas for games involving jump ropes, dog muzzles and bukkake films.

I have an official drinking team member. She is Japanese and weighs in at about 45 kilograms (somewhere around 100 pounds I think). She keeps up with me well.

We would like to enter official competitions against other boy/girl teams.

We are down for most rules

but we would like to avoid rules that involve maximizing speed of the contest but rather we are down for continuous contests (e.g. 1 shot every 10 minutes until someone taps out sounds like a good standard).

Another cool thing: we will be recording our best antics and showing the world exactly what Neo-Barbarians do. These are meant to be funny due to the sheer depth of depravity and savagery. We hope to have a 20/80 ratio (20 percent will find an amount of comedy; 80 percent will find embarrassment and disgust that they are members of the same species of us).

Cool.

And remember: You can only push your body to the limits that you know. No one should drink more than they can handle and should always accompany it with water.

I have a 'force vomit' and 'water' policy; when I am too drunk to function I force vomit, and I also drink water throughout the night. I do everything 100% safe. I never drink alone -- I only drink in the company of distinguished human beings who are not quite as irresponsible as myself.

It's all fun and games and the only idiots who die are trying to impress someone. I am more impressed by your vomit than by your bloated corpse.

Puke & Rally.

Vomiti et perservero.

Ska According to Skasucks

Jon Twitch
Jungy Rotten

I was eager to interview Skasucks, Korea's most hard-working ska-punk band. Despite a few misunderstandings, my questions were answered by Jinseok, the band's singer/sax player. Jinseok is one of the busiest people at Skunk, not only leading his own band but also working the venue's sound boards and promoting his own series of concerts, "New Generation of Ska." Recently his band was joined by keyboardist Beomju, Korea's undisputed number one rude boy. Between the two of them, they are best qualified to speculate on the future of ska in this country. Broke: Why did you choose the name Ska Sucks?

Jinsuk: First you got our band name wrong - Our name is SKASUCKS. It doesn't mean "ska sucks," it's just our name is "SKASUCKS." In the beginning we wanted to be a ska band different from other authentic ska bands, ska-punk bands, and ska-core bands. Not because we reject those bands, but we just wanted to do our own music.

The first members of SKASUCKS liked many kinds of music like pop-punk, electronica, hardcore punk, and LA metal, so we were thinking "Let's just squeeze everything we want into ska," and "We are a ska band but not a ska band." When we listened to "Ska Sucks" covered by Against All Authority, we said "Oh, this is it, this is obviously insulting ska but the lyrics really don't insult it." We were so inspired to name ourselves "SKASUCKS."

Beomju: It's just totally nonsense and funny because it doesn't make any sense. Broke: How did you first become interested in ska music? What are your favourite bands?

Jinsuk: I first got into ska thanks to Crying Nut, No Brain, and early Lazybone.

Once I went to old Drug to see Crying Nut and Lazybone was playing. I thought that that weird rhythm was fascinating, and they introduced themselves as a ska-punk band, so I came back home and did some research, and found Sublime and Rancid. Since then, I got to listen to ska.

My favourite bands are so many, from the Specials and Operation Ivy, to Jimmy Cliff, the Aggrolites, Slackers, the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, the English Beat, Madness, Chinkies.

Not only talking about ska and reggae, I could go on for a day listing bands like Rancid, Social Distortion, Galaxy Express, Suck Stuff, Cock Sparrer, Buddy Holly, Beatles, and Ennio Morricone.

Beomju: I had a friend in high school who knew a lot about music and he introduced me to ska. The best band is of course



the Specials!

Broke: Most ska-punk bands aren't interested in the roots of ska or reggae, but on your myspace page you list some very traditional bands, from the Slackers to the Upsetters. Are traditional ska and reggae music an influence for your band? Jinsuk: I don't like this question. If I speak English well I would ask you if you're snubbing us.

First, we are not a ska-punk band. We are SKASUCKS.

We respect and are influenced by not only authentic ska like Skatalites, Prince Buster, and Rico, as well as two-tone bands like the Specials, Madness, Bad Manners, as well as reggae bands like Bob Marley, Symarip, Upsetters.

But does it mean we should be like those bands if we respect and listen to them? I'm wondering why you're asking this. To me, you seem to snub SKASUCKS and people who like us. I want you to hear a part of our lyrics, from our song "New Generation of Ska," "You must remember our sounds. We are SKASUCKS, We are new generation of SKA." Ha ha, I'm ruder than you.

Beomju: Ska Sucks is basically ska-punk but my favourite genre is late '70s two-tone ska, and Ska Sucks fits it very well too. We are going to do lots of songs like that too. Definitely a lot different from the early days.

Broke: Beomju, when did you join Ska Sucks and why did you decide to join?

Beomju: I joined the band in early 2008. I suggested before I went to the army that we should form a two-tone ska band unlike predictable Korean ska music. Then, while I was in the army, my friend Yu Jinseok jumped in and made a ska band which was SKA SUCKS.

Broke: You play keyboard. How does that change the sound of the band?

Beomju: Organ adds more interesting factors and deepens emotions and gives more

weight. And the instrument is too heavy.

Broke: The only pure ska band in Korea is Kingston Rudieska, but I don't think they've ever played a show with Ska Sucks. What do you think of them?

Jinsuk: I don't know. I asked them to play in our "New Generation of Ska" concert that I've promoted a few times, but never got to do it together. I don't know why.

Beomju: They are snubbing us because we are young, ha ha. Just kidding, we never had any contact with them yet. I know old Kingston Rudieska members very well, but after they changed members I only know trombonist Choi Cheolwook and drummer Yu Sonhwa. We play in different venues and hardly meet each other.

Broke: What about Number 1 Korean? Do you get any support from them?

Jinsuk: They are my favourite guys, my favourite band. Not much to talk about, they just have different taste in music and performance. We did many shows together. How should I answer this kind of question?

Broke: You've put on a lot of "New Generation of Ska" concerts, but usually most of the bands are not ska or even ska-punk. Korea definitely needs more ska music. What kind of ska bands would you like to see in the future?

Beomju: Korea doesn't have many ska bands, and "New Generation of Ska" is like a small festival, and you don't have to be ska, just mix up and have fun with other bands. I like two-tone so I want to see more two-tone bands.

Jinsuk: Most ska-punk bands that ever existed in this country played in the show, and as guests punk or garage bands played, such as Royal Winks, who gave a really good performance covering "Skinhead Moonstomp."

Egg Scramble, Burning Hepburn, Copy Machine, No.1 Korean, and Tobacco Juice are ska-punk bands favoured by

many people.

Some ska-punk band in the making will be in the lineup of the next show. The only self-claimed ska band who's never been in this show is Kingston Rudieska. Hmm.

I prepared hard for every show.

I saw many people who saw the show and said "I love ska!" "I want to wear a suit!" and actually showed up in a suit at a show. And every time it is successful.

I always feel that Korea has many ska bands. Doesn't matter if it's ska-punk, ska-core, authentic ska, two-tone ska, skinhead reggae. The more the merrier.

Beomju: Everyone has their own colour which is good, and I hope people get more knowledge about ska and reggae from them.

Broke: If you could play a concert with any other ska band in the world, which band would you choose?

Beomju: LA AGGROLITES!!

Broke: 밴드이름을 스카색스로 정한건 무었때문인가요

Beomju: 그냥 완전 뉀센스고 재미있다고생각해요^^ 말도안돼잔마요ㅎ

Jinsuk: 일단 저희 밴드이름을 잘못 알고 계시는군요 저희는 SKASUCKS입니다.

스카가 색이라는 의미가 아니라 그냥 저희는 SKASUCKS입니다

처음에 많은 어텐틱 스카밴드나 스카펑크밴드 혹은 스카코어밴드들과 뭔가 다른 스카밴드가 되고 싶었습니다.

그 밴드들을 부정한다는 의미가 아니라 그냥 저희가 하고 싶은 음악을 하고 싶었던거죠.

스카색스 초창기 멤버들은 펌프크, 일렉트로닉, 하드코어펑크, LA메탈들을 좋아하는, 정말 다양한 음악을 좋아하는 사람들이 만든 스카밴드였죠.

그래서 '그냥 하고 싶은거 다 섞어서 스카에 꾸겨 넣어보자', '우리 스카펑크지만 스카밴드가 아니라'라는 생각을 가지고 있던 도중

Against All Authority가 커버한 Ska Sucks를 듣고 '오 이거다, 이거 분명 제목은 스카를 욕하는 데 가사는 스카를 욕하는게 아니

야'라는데

감명을 받고 그 자리에서 우리 'SKASUCKS다'라고 정해 버린겁니다.

Broke: 어떻게 스카음악에 흥미를 갖게 됐었나요? 좋아하는밴드는? Jinsuk: 제가 스카음악에 흥미를 갖게 된건 크라이닝, 노브레인, 초창기의 레이저본때문입니다.

크라이닝을 보러 구드럭에 갔는데 레이저본이 공연을 하고 있었습니다.

그때 그 희안한 리듬이 신기하다고 생각했고 그들이 자신들은 스카펑크밴드라고 했습니다.

그래서 집에서 이래저래 알아보고 하다가 Sublime과 Rancid를 알게 됐고 그 뒤로 계속 스카를 듣게 되었습니다.

좋아하는 밴드는 the Specials와 Operation Ivy를 시작으로 Jimmy Cliff, the Aggrolites, Slackers, Mighty Mighty Bosstones, the English Beat, Madness, Chinkies등 셀수도 없을만큼 많습니다.

스카나 레게가 아닌 다른 밴드까지 치면 Rancid, Social Distortion, Galaxy Express, Suck Stuff, Cock Sparrer, Buddy Holly, Beatles, Ennio Morricone등 너무 많아서 하루 종일 얘기해도 끝이 안날겁니다.

Beomju: 고등학교때 음악을 많이 알던 친구가 있었는데 그 친구가 스카라는 장르의 음악을 알려준뒤로부터 계속 스카음악을 듣게됐었죠. 최고의 밴드는 역시 스페셜즈!

Broke: 대부분의 스카코어밴드는 스카나 레게의 기원은 잘모르는데 마이스페이스에보면 슬래커스나 업세터스같은 트래디셔널 밴드가 있던데 트래디셔널 밴드가 스카색스에 영향을 주는게 있나요

Jinsuk: 이 질문은 왠지 기분이 나빠지는 질문이군요. 제가 영어만 잘한다면 저희를 무시하는거냐고 마구 따지고 싶어질 정도로요.

일단 저희는 스카펑크밴드가 아닙니다. SKASUCKS입니다.

Skatalites를 시작으로 Prince Buster, Rico등 authentic 스카는 물론이고 The Specials, Madness, Bad Manners등 2-tone밴드들, Bob Marley, Symarip, Upsetters등의 레게밴드 모두 저희는 존경하고 있고 영향을 받고 있습니다.

하지만 우리가 그들을 존경하고 그들을 주로 듣는다고 꼭 그 밴드들과 닮아야 합니까?

이 질문의 의도가 궁금해 지는군요.

제가 듣기엔 SKASUCKS와 저희를 좋아하시는 분들 자체를 무시하는투로 밖에 들리지 않는군요

저희 노래중에 'New Generation of SKA'라는 곡 한부분의 가사를 알려드리고 싶군요

'You must remember our sounds. We are SKASUCKS, We are new generation of SKA'

건방집니다. 하하.

I'm ruder than you.

Beomju: 스카색스가 따지고보면 스카펑크지만 제가 좋아하는 장르는 70년대 후반의 투톤스카인데 거기에도 잘 어울린다고 생각해요.

앞으로 그런 곡들을 작업할생각이구요. 밴드 초기때와 지금은 확실히 다른느낌이있죠

Broke: 순스카음악을하는밴드는 오직 킹스턴 밖에 있는데 스카색스와 공연을한적은 없더군요 그 Continued next page...

Ska Sucks (continued)
 것에 대해 어떻게 생각하나요?
 Jinsuk: 그걸 잘 모르겠네요. 제가 주최하는 'New Generation of SKA'에 출연해 달라고 몇번을 얘기 했습니다. 근데 아직도 한번도 같이 하지 못했네요 왜 일까요?
 Beomju: 저희가 어리다고 무시하는거죠^^ 농담이고 딱히 접촉이 없었던거 같아요. 오래전 킹스턴 멤버들은 잘 알고있는데 멤버가 많이 바뀌되로는 최철욱씨나(트럼본) 유선화씨(드럼)밖에 친분이 없어요. 주 무대가 서로 다르니 만날 수가 없는거죠^^
 Broke: 넘버원 코리아안은?

Jinsuk: 제가 정말 좋아하는 형들이고, 정말 좋아하던 밴드였습니다.
 별다른 할애긴 없고 음악적 성향과 공연 성향이 많이 틀린 밴드입니다.
 공연은 여러번 같이 얘기 했고, 음 무슨 대답을 해야하는겁니까 이런 물음엔?
 Broke: 뉴제너레이션 공연을 많이 주최했었는데 대부분의 스카나 스카펑크도 아닌 밴드더군요. 한국은 스카음악 이 더 필요한거 같습니다. 어떤 종류의 밴드가 추후에 생겨났으면 좋겠습니까?
 Beomju: 한국의 특성상 스카밴드

드가가많은데 "New Generation of Ska"공연의 작은 페스티벌같은것이고 스카가 아니어도 다른 믹스가 잘 되는 밴드들과 파티를하는거죠^^ 제가 투본을 좋아하니가 투톤밴드가 더생겼으면 좋겠네요.
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Korea Receives One Big Demerit

Tour Preview
 Jon Twitch
 Since the beginning of time, or at least the millennium, the Korean punk scene has been fixated on the Japanese punk scene. However, the Japanese punk scene is well connected with the rest of Asia, while over here they are the only scene we have a strong connection with. It's surprising, considering how close we are to Beijing, and how cheap it is to travel to China. The Korean punk scene needs to make friends with Chinese punk, and the boys of Demerit might be just what we need.

Demerit should be familiar to some people here, since they toured China with Suck Stuff and MR27 in 2006. Originally from Qingdao, they moved to Beijing to be closer to the center of the scene. Since their formation in 2004, they've risen to the front of the Chinese punk scene, touring all over the country and opening for numerous foreign bands.

What can we expect from this Chinese streetpunk band? An energetic couple of shows to say the least. Demerit are known for their well-written songs with high energy levels full of the spirit of punk. Maybe some of the Korean bands who've been around twice as long will learn a few things from them. Let's hope this is the start of a long relationship of collaboration and mutual support. But it will take your help.

Captain Kirk of the USS Bootbois

Jon Twitch

With the recent ongoing loss of foreign Korean punk long-termers—Paul from Suck Stuff, Joey from Rux, Burke from MR27, and Sean from Join the Circle—it seems like foreign involvement in the punk scene is at an all-time low, at least on the intra-band level. That's why I was glad to hear Captain Bootbois picked up a Canadian drummer. It's time to find out who this Kirk character really is.

Broke: What is a bootboi, anyway?

Kirk: Well to be honest my background on the term or the name Bootboi is rather limited. But to my knowledge the boi part evolves the word Oi!, a form of working-class street-punk rock music. Now the Boot part I am guessing and this is a total shot I the dark that it is the music is very in-your-face heavy and to the point like a boot to the face... ha-ha so taking that into account once you take the two shove a B in there you have a guy or in this case guys that play hard-hitting punk-slash-metal-core in a very in-your-face kind of way.

Broke: Tell us how you joined Captain Bootbois.

Kirk: Well I spent the better part of a year just looking around enjoying the sights and sounds of South Korea. And a friend of mine introduced me to the Broke in Korea website and the calendar of events so I joined the message board to see what else was going down in the city.

One day while looking for where I could find a music store I came across and ad for this band "Captain Bootbois" and they were looking for a drummer. I replied and within a few days Donghyun contacted me. He then sent me some mp3s to check out and after spending a week listening to the songs I went and tried out. The jam went really well—mind you I was away from the kit for a few months and was as rusty as one could be—at least that is the way I felt. Donghyun and the boys were pleased with my performance and asked me to join. So with a round of beers and soju I was in.

Broke: Where are you from, and what kind of projects have you been involved with back home?

Kirk: Well my hometown is a little town in Nova Scotia, Canada called East Chzzetcook just 45 mins outside of Halifax. Where I spent the best part of the past ten years playing with and touring with bands as a sound engineer and a free-lance drummer. My first band I played with was a group by the name of Odium, which was a thrash metal band. I played with them from the age of 16 years old. We landed some TV interviews and some radio play during the 5 years we were



together. After that I played for a group called Julia's Rain which was a soft rock band with a female vocalist. I was with them for about 2 years. After that I spent a few years touring working with artist like, you will laugh at some of these hahaha. Nick Carter of the Backstreet boys when he did his solo works, the Crash test Dummies, 50 cent, Motocore, Slayer, Nickelback, and the Tragically Hip. After some time of travel I joined a group called CP&D short for Chaos Panic & Disorder we played for 2 years until my leave over 14 months ago.

Broke: Captain Bootbois has come a long way from when they first started, from typical Asian skinhead band to hardcore. Do you think your addition to the group has changed them even more?

Kirk: I think it has actually. The guys themselves are fantastic—they have taken me in and not only given me a home but they are very open to new ideas and new approaches. We all have different backgrounds in music—likes, dislikes and playing styles. Since my involvement I feel the Bois have taken a shift to the heavier side of things adding more speed and some more crunch to the sound. I mean every band changes in time—some evolve and well others devolve ha-ha. Ultimately I really don't feel my style has drastically changed the music or the style but I do feel it has given the music a little heavier feel.

Broke: It seems like you're from more of a metal background. Is there much of a difference between metal and hardcore?

Kirk: That is a good question.

Humm see there are so many labels nowadays for the types of music—thrash metal, death metal, metalcore, hardcore, metal, goth, and emo just to name a few. It is really hard to throw a real label on the type of music it is. For me personally I never placed a name to the kind of music it is, for me if I like it I like it and if I don't I just don't. Mind you it has to be really shitty for me to say what is this?? But to answer your question I think—and others can disagree with me—the meaning of hardcore if you look it up is: Having an extreme dedication to a certain activity, diehard. I think that hardcore has always had a real I got a fuckin message in your face more aggressive than metal. Whereas metal even though heavy in nature can be just about anything, some songs with meaning and other well just being songs, whereas hardcore music always seems to me has heartfelt meanings and messages in most if not all cases.

Broke: How do you like being involved in Korean underground music? Is it just like being involved back home, or is it a totally unique experience?

Kirk: I love it. Actually I really love this country and the underground is fantastic. It has the same feeling of brother- and sisterhood as the scene back home to a degree but it is a closer weaved net. There are no attitudes—it is all about the music and being a part of it. The people here in this country get it and the bands and other people in the underground here make it so easy to feel like family from the moment that you walk in the door. Back home the underground is not so un-

derground as it was ten years ago. It felt like it took a leap out of the basement and said "hey how ya doing" to university radio and such nowadays. But here in Korea it feels like the underground is still underground. In its self it is a unique experience and a fantastic one at that.

Broke: Do you hang out with your band mates and other people in the scene much? Do you feel like you're part of a group?

Kirk: Ahh now see this is a hard one for me to answer and a little embarrassing for me on my part cause I suck at hanging out I really do remember when I said I was not much of a social ite. Well this is where it kicks me in the ass ha-ha. First off I do feel like I am part of the group—there is no question in that. The guys in the band have opened their arms to me as well as the boys at GMC and have treated me like gold from day one, always worried about my health and happiness. I do spend some time with the guys after shows but we usually all have work the next day so the time we spend is short. I really need to work on that one. Know of a job that has less than 50 hours a week? Hahaha. I really need to nail this playing stuff down full time...

Broke: Have you been getting any attention from people in other countries for your work in Captain Bootbois?

Kirk: Actually I have had a lot of attention. Back in Feb I went back home to Canada for the East Coast Music awards to work and be a part of the events. Having met up with old friends, other musicians and such, their curiosity of South

Korea, Korea in general and this band was huge. They all had no idea what kind of scene was and is over here. I mean there are so many fantastic bands here that I have had the absolute pleasure to see and play on the same stage. I have had a few radio interviews since my trip there and back with stations from Canada them requesting CDs of other bands including Captain Bootbois. Honestly Canada well North America needs to have an Asian Invasion and see that not only Europe has some kickass bands, Korea has a vast amount of talent I would represent in my home country any day. I have had contact with other friends and industry friends in the USA as well. The response has been quite surprising to be honest with you.

Broke: What are your plans for the foreseeable future? Stay in Korea with the Bootbois or move on at some point?

Kirk: Ah the foreseeable future... A bowel movement no sorry could not resist. Hum it is hard to say really. As I mentioned earlier I love it here, I really do: the music, the food the people, I feel very at home with the Bootbois—they are a blast to play with and hang with (when we do or rather when I do). As far as the band goes I would like to stay as long as they will have me. And staying in Korea is not that hard of a choice to make. I have made some really good friends here in and out of the scene. Maybe if I find myself a nice lady to settled down with hum humm (personal plug hahaha) Right now at this point and juncture of my life I am content, happy and very thankful for everything.

Hell on Earth in Busan

The Geeks
Gwamegi
Things We Say
Lazarus Vendetta
Join The Circle
Derrick
To My Last Breath
Busan, Moo-Monk
Show review
May 3
Tel

I've been in Korea for nine months now, and in that time I've yet to check out a show outside of Hongdae, which is pretty ridiculous considering I don't even live in Seoul. When Kiseok told me that the Geeks were playing a show in Busan in May, it sounded like a great time to break that run, and when I learned that Things We Say were also involved my decision was made on the spot. A chance to go to Busan again... and the Geeks are Korea's biggest hardcore band, so surely a trip to Busan would pull out all the local kids and it'd be a well-attended show with a great atmosphere... right?

Well, half-right, anyway. I hadn't realised just how sparse the scene is outside of Seoul... and Busan's kids seem to have somewhat different tastes to those in Seoul. If you're reading this, you'll probably have a pretty decent idea of how big a crowd The Geeks and Things We Say can draw in Hongdae... well, in Busan, I'd estimate that there were 30-40 people there, and that's including band members. The lineup was a pleasant surprise, too... I'd never heard any of the Busan bands before and was pleasantly surprised by what I heard.

The show kicked off with To My Last Breath. It's always a little weird seeing live bands who don't have a full lineup; TMLB consist of just a vocalist and two guitarists. The demo sleeve says that the vocalist is also the drummer, so I guess the drums were a recording; I'm not enough of a head to tell

if the bass was the same or if one of the guitars was going through a bass amp or whatever. Either way, it meant a somewhat bizarre live show with not a great deal of movement. Musically, I enjoyed their brand of death metal with a little hardcore influence, and the locals seemed to get into it.

Next up was Derrick. Not a DJ, as I'd assumed, but a band: death metal once again, this time without any notable hardcore influences. They opened with a cover of Lunatic Of God's "Creation by Deicide" which was, honestly, a bit of a mess—the sound was all over the place and at times the band seemed to all be playing different songs. Fortunately, it got better for the band's own material; I never thought I'd get so much enjoyment from a band with such a ludicrous name. It's a shame they closed with another cover. "Holy Wars... The Punishment Due" by Megadeth is a pretty weird choice of song for a death metal band anyway, and they didn't do a very good job of it... I know that song like the back of my hand, and I recognised maybe a quarter of their version.

Time for the first Seoul band to take the stage. Join The Circle was a bit of a strange band to follow two death metal bands, but I was ready for something a little less intense. I'll have to admit I'm not too familiar with their material, but they played a great set and the Busan kids seemed to really dig it despite the complete lack of blastbeats.

From this point, we were alternating between Seoul bands and Busan bands, and Busan's response to Join The Circle was Lazarus Vendetta. I was stood next to the vocalist of To My Last Breath, and I asked him what style Lazarus Vendetta played. His response? "Hell." Yeah, he was pretty much right. Ever since I got



Photo courtesy of Kevin Redherring.

to Korea, I've been hoping to find a proper grindcore band. Finally, my mission is complete. Lazarus Vendetta are fucking insane. Short, fast and loud, which is just how I like it. The vocalist is inhuman, belting out grunts and squeals and half the time managing to sound like a tortured frog or some shit. I love this band. They even put crosses in the two most important boxes for being a grindcore band. Ripping off the intro riff from "Reek Of Putrefaction" by Carcass? Check. Napalm Death cover? Check. They closed with a great version of Scum. Repeat: I love this band. At this point in the evening, I'm starting to wonder wistfully why Busan is hogging all the heavy shit.

Seoul followed up with Things We Say, who opened with a new song. Anyone who knows me knows how much I fucking love this band, and they were as great as usual. Unfortunately, damn near all the locals were outside doing fuck knows what, so they were playing to

about 12 people, most of who were members of the travelling Townhall Records crew – a damn shame, because it really was a killer performance.

The final Busan band was Gwamegi. A little calmer than Lazarus Vendetta, but still a lot noisier than the Seoul bands playing—I don't know if this is representative of the Busan scene as a whole, or if it's just the Twenty Four Crew bands, but it meant a strange clash of styles which, I must say, I was highly appreciative of. Gwamegi mix their grindcore with some metalcore influence... maybe more like a hurricane than a whirlwind. Two vocalists, which is always a good thing in my book. Another great performance, and another band I'm glad I crossed paths with.

The night was closed out by the Geeks. The local kids were all inside this time, and everyone really got into the Geeks' set. Kiseok really got into it too—at times it was almost as if he was having a seizure and at one point I thought he was

going to cut the set short by destroying the drumkit. There was a worrying stoppage as one of the guys who travelled down with them dove headfirst onto the concrete floor, but fortunately he remained conscious and kept all his blood... though I expect he's probably still got a hell of a headache. The Geeks finished their set and everyone in attendance got on stage for a big group photo. As I've noted, there was a pretty big difference in styles between the Busan bands and the Seoul bands, but the display of camaraderie was spectacular and there was a great deal of mutual respect going on. The impression I was given of the Busan scene was overwhelmingly positive, and the people I talked to were incredibly friendly. Definitely a journey I need to make again at some point, even if only for Lazarus Vendetta...! I'm hoping to see some Twenty Four Crew bands make the return trip at some point in the not-too-distant future.



Get Liquored up Praha Style

Restaurant Review
Jon Twitch

If you like beer, Korea is not the best country in Asia for you. In fact, it's one of the worst. Wait, let's clarify that. South Korea makes lousy beer. North Korea's Taedonggang Beer has a pleasant organic taste. Japan learnt about brewing beer from their German allies during World War II, and China benefited from Nazi knowledge too when Heineken brewers set up shop in Tsingtao. South Korea, on the other hand, learnt about beer from the Americans, bringers of such low-quality beers as Budweiser and Coors. As such, it's hard finding a beer in this country made in European tradition.

And then I found Castle Praha, a Czech-themed mi-

crobrewery with locations in Gangnam and Hongdae. The Gangnam location is decorated nicely with a decent Viennese beer hall atmosphere. It's a little like a cafeteria with more private booths along the walls, and you can see the big shiny tanks where all the beer is made. But the Hongdae location is far more spectacular. Located right next to Club DGBD, it's in the basement of an amazing building that resembles a gothic church. I'm still not sure whether it's a restored church, or the building was made specifically for the microbrewery. The main floor is a cafeteria, with the bar itself down on the two fantastic sub-levels that feel like the inside of a real European castle, with all sorts of Viennese things on the walls.

They even have metal swords, so if you get in a bar fight you can really wreck some fools.

Castle Praha offers three microbrewed beers, a light Pilsner, a red Granat, and a black Dunkel. Each beer has its own merit, and if you can't decide, you can order their Meter of Beers—a ten-beer sampler that will assure you have trouble walking up the stairs on the way out. There is also a food menu and while the sausages come highly recommended, it is on the expensive side. However, unlike the majority of Korean bars, you aren't required to order food; you can just go in and get a beer. So ultimately, you're not paying for food you don't want, so while the beer is more expensive than normal, you're getting a good deal.

Head Art

Don't Pass Out

Jon Twitch

It's become somewhat of a tradition here, when you pass out, you wake up with stuff written on you in permanent marker. It's especially devastating on skinheads whose hair is cropped short enough to afford writing on the scalp.

Let's look at some of this art that we've created over the years.

Top left: The tradition began in 2006 in Bubblekiss when Paul marked up an Australian punk and gave her half a Pringles moustache.

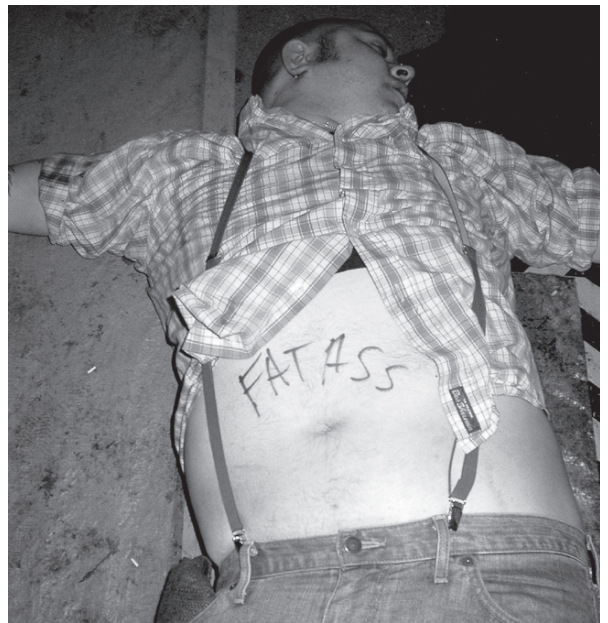
Middle left: A few weeks later in Bubblekiss, I gave Jay a Hitler moustache and wrote "I love Jon" on his cheek." He didn't realise until he went to the washroom.

Bottom left: When an unnamed Korean skinhead passed out in a soju tent, a face appeared on the back of his head, which has become my trademark.

Top right: Never Daniel passed out in the park and woke up a black man.

Middle right: My friend Marc passed out at the Korea/Japan Oi Festival in Tokyo in 2005. Later that night he was arrested and the police documented all his "tattoos."

Bottom right: Marc got his revenge when he came to Seoul on a night that Brokey winner for best drinking partner, Verv, passed out.



Soldiering, Suicide, and Sixteen Sutures

Paul Brickey

While I was in Basic Combat Training at Fort Leonard Wood I had a habit of standing out. During the first week myself and 3 others were called into the Drill Sergeant's office. I had a very familiar feeling around my eyes and in the back of my throat and, like a smell that brings you back to a time and place long ago and far away, that very feeling brought me back to innumeral trips to the principal's office when I was a kid.

We were called into the office which was decorated with stuffed bass and captured Iraqi flags. On the Drill Sergeant's desk were photos of himself and his squad in Iraq.

"Privates, do you know why we called you in here today?"

"No Drill Sergeant," we yelled in unison. In that small room it seemed like overkill to me.

"Because privates, you 4 have stood out to us as potential leaders."

I had a shot of pride and fear run through me. I had no idea if we were being complimented or spoken down to yet.

"You have shown us something... I don't know what it is, maybe you take charge naturally or maybe you're just a smart ass or maybe we see that the other privates look up to you but something stands out."

I wanted to look at the 3 others that were there right next to me but I didn't dare move from my position of parade rest and thinking that the Drill had mixed me up with someone else.

"I am making you 4 squad leaders. Here's a roster of your squad. Carry on."

"Yes Drill Sergeant!" We made a sharp about face and moved out as they say, with a sense of purpose.

Being a squad leader had little to do with leadership. But it did come with some benefits. I was moved to a two-man room near the Drill Sergeant's office. My roommate was a fat useless piece of shit named M____. M had been moved in in the hope that I would have impact on him. That would turn out to be true. They had no clue how much impact I would have on him.

M was, as they say, ate up. He constantly had uniform deficiencies. He had problems passing his PT test. His locker was never straight and his bunk was always loose due to the fact that he would sit on it to put on his boots in the morning. Despite these things he wanted to go Airborne, Ranger, Special Forces, all that high-speed shit. Between myself and the DSs the guy was shot down dozens of times daily.

Further into the cycle we would get into prank wars. The day of a 15-kilometer ruck sack march he had filled my boots with a mix of toothpaste and shaving cream. I painted his nails in his sleep (which, as I expected, he didn't notice. The guy almost never washed his chubby clumsy hands). Myself and others would



assault him with wet towels at 1am. He would switch my name tape with someone else's before formations.

One day, a slow day, a Sunday, I was folding laundry. I had to hurry because we had a formation coming up for chow. I had only sheets on my bed because we turned in our blankets that day for cleaning. M came in and saw that his bunk had been sat on. He'd sat on it himself but he must have forgotten.

He calmly and coolly walked over to my bunk which was about 4 feet away and ripped the sheets off my bed.

"Motherfucker, what the fuck are you doing!" I said to him.

"You fucked up my shit!" He yelled back to me.

"Bullshit motherfucker, I haven't touched your shit all day!" Which was true, I had plans later for him that night that involved a spare mattress I got and some duct tape.

I began to make my bunk again and noticed brown streaks all over the stark white sheets.

I turned to him and said "Hey fatfuck, you got chocolate on my fucking sheets! Where in the fuck did you get some chocolate?"

I got nothing but a blank look. I smelled the sheets to confirm that it was chocolate and recoiled.

"It's fucking shit! You fat motherfucker! You have shit all over your hands!"

Sure enough, at the ends of his chubby little hands, at the tips of his chewed nails was shit. Shit, as in feces.

By this time about 5 or 6 other privates gathered around our door to watch. Our fights had become a source of entertainment for the bay.

"It's not shit!"

"Yes it is, smell it!"

"No, it's not shit!"

"You fucking moron! How the fuck did you manage to get shit all over your hands! I know that

you have trouble grasping the notion of wiping your ass but fuck man, most kids can fucking do it!"

Another squad leader across the hall came over to smell that it was shit but he hardly had to. The entire room smelled of shit. Half of the platoon had come over to watch and laugh at M. Laughing at M was somewhat of a normalcy.

M ran out of the room. By this time we had to run downstairs for formation.

I was standing out there in the freezing cold waiting for the DS's to come march us the 100 yards to chow. I was fiddling with something in my pocket and noticed I didn't have my keys to my locker. If I left my locker unsecured the DSs would have a ball fucking it up.

Fuck. I gotta run back up and make sure that I locked it up. I broke ranks and ran up the flight of stairs to 3rd platoon's area. I was running down the hall when I saw M stumble out of the bathroom. I nearly ran him over and I saw that he was clutching his arm and crying.

I stopped and froze. He was laying in the middle of the hall and there was a rapidly growing puddle of blood forming around him.

I tried to pick him up but he slipped out of my arms. Blood in generous amounts leaves a sickening smell and is actually quite slick. I was sliding around trying to pick up the 240-pound M who had gone nearly completely limp. I saw that his arm was slashed open so I ran to my room and grabbed my towel. I pressed it against his spurting arm and yelled for the Drill Sergeant.

I attempted again to pick him up while keeping pressure on the wound. I heard footsteps coming toward me and it was 3 other privates. All of us had just 10 minutes ago laughed at M but now we were carrying his limp

bloody body downstairs to the Drill Sergeant's office.

The DS met us halfway and ran down to call an ambulance. We sat M down on a couch and I held his arm above his head. The DS told the other privates to move out and go to chow but I had to stay.

The thoughts that ran through my mind were a mix of guilt and worry. I pictured myself before a board of officers explaining why I had driven a soldier that was entrusted to me to suicide.

M started to come around. He woke up as if he was very very tired and didn't know why I was on top of him and why I was covered in blood. When I saw his eyes open I felt as if a huge weight had been taken off of my back. I fully thought I had killed him.

The Drill Sergeant saw him and said "You fucking sally! Do you have the slightest clue how much paperwork I have to do now just because you couldn't take a fucking joke?"

M blinked and tears flowed out.

"Brickey, let me see his arm."

I lifted the towel away. The bleeding had stopped for the most part. There was a series of gaping slashes about 3 inches long about half way down his forearm. His lower lip was trembling and tears were being squeezed out between fat pale eyelids.

"M, you never could get a fucking thing right. You could fuck up a wet dream. You didn't even cut it right," said the Drill Sergeant while on the phone to the MPs.

"Brickey, grab one other private and stand fast."

I ran out to the formation. I must have been a sight. I was covered head to toe in blood and yelling for PFC C. He was a former paramedic and there was no one better. He ran up to the office and the MPs pulled up.

They walked into the office and I was fully expecting to be cuffed and taken away. They asked me what had happened and I told them as best as I could.

The ambulance pulled up and we walked M over to it. We passed the entire formation as they were marching. I could feel hundreds of pairs of eyes on us as we walked across the icy sidewalk to the waiting ambulance. The EMTs came out and helped us into the back. M was fully aware by now and didn't say a word to anyone.

The next few hours were pretty uneventful. M had his arm sewed up and we watched. We talked and he seemed to feel better. I was a wreck. I had resigned myself to the idea that I would be arrested and my military career would be over.

The First Sergeant came and picked us up. He was a very vicious man with round glasses that always seemed to catch the light in such a way that when you looked at his eyes all you got was blank white disks instead. His tone of voice was always that of barely suppressed anger. He pulled me off to the side.

"Pvt Brickey, how are you doing?"

"Fine First Sergeant," I lied. I was stunned not so much about the events of the past few hours but that he had a hint of compassion in his voice.

"You understand that we know what happened and it's not your fault."

"Yes First Sergeant." I lied again not sure where we were going. I think anyway. I'm not sure how much thinking I was doing at the time.

"OK. Some people just can't take it. If he thought it was bad here he would have a seriously hard time when he got to his regular unit. I've been in this rodeo for 27 years now and I can tell you that I've seen hundreds of guys like M. They're no good in battle."

"Roger First Sergeant."

He laid a heavy hand on my shoulder. "Do you understand that you'll be alright?"

"Courage and fidelity First Sergeant."

He smiled at my useage of the 10th Infantry regiment's motto.

"Courage and fidelity Private." He turned and spit. "Go get your battle buddies and let's get back to the company."

The next few weeks were slow. M sat around getting fatter. He couldn't train. He attempted suicide once more before he left Fort Leonard Wood. I was the one that had to pack his bags and we shook him down for blades. He shuffled around the Fort with no shoelaces and was assigned shitty details. I again was the one that stopped him from killing himself. He was sent home 3 days later.

I joined the army to be a Combat Medic. I wanted to save lives. I had no idea that the first life I would save would happen before I even completed Basic Training.

The Second Annual

Well, now that 2007 is dead and cold in the grave, it's time for the Second Annual Brokey Awards. Nominations were accepted on the Broke in Korea message board in December and the official ballot was published in *Broke #5*, released early January 2008. Things have changed fast since then, so it's important to remember that these winners are for the year 2007.

Just like last year, I have the power to nominate, but I have no voting power, except in the case of a tie.

Some categories have been added, and others dropped, depending on nominations and also relevance.

BEST PUNK BAND Suck Stuff

For the second year in a row, Suck Stuff takes this award. What separates these guys from their peers is their musical diversity; over a relatively short history, they've been through many shattering membership changes, made many successful experiments, and always emerged a great band. With the departure of guitarist Paul, the band is reinventing itself yet again with an all-Korean lineup.

BEST HARDCORE BAND The Geeks

These straight-edgers knock out last year's winners 13 Steps with a respectable lead in the votes. In 2007 hardcore was dominated by this quartet of teetotalers, who stepped to the forefront of promoting shows and bringing foreign bands. The Geeks have become one of Korea's irreplaceable bands.

BEST OTHER BAND The Moonshiners

In this diverse new category that catches everything not explicitly punk or hardcore, the Moonshiners stood up as the favourite, demonstrating that Korea can't get enough of that vintage rock and roll sound. And nobody can do it as well as the Moonshiners.

BEST NEW BAND Kickscotch

This was a close category, with votes split evenly across all bands. However, Kickscotch emerged the clear winner, one of Korea's new

girl-fronted punk bands.

BEST VENUE Skunk Hell

Last year Skunk was ineligible for this category because they had an unfair advantage; I decided to make them eligible this year because the playing field was more level. Well, apparently not that much more level. Skunk dominated this category with more than double the votes of the runner-up, DGBD.

It's filthy, it has shitty equipment, and it's uncomfortable. Still, Skunk Hell remains the favourite venue.

BEST LABEL Skunk Label

Skunk takes the best label category this year, despite increasingly stiff competition from Townhall Records and Dope.

BEST FOREIGN TOUR

The Slackers remain the best band I've seen live, and their two-day tour of Seoul was a highlight of the year, packing both DGBD and Skunk Hell. It's especially hard bringing ska bands to this country due to their extra large roster, but this tour went down with very few problems.

BEST PROMOTER Jesse Borisoff

This category was practically made for Jesse, who won the vote in a majestic victory. With strong foreign connections and a major presence on MySpace with his Korean Punk/Hardcore page, Jesse has been the man behind the curtain for many shows and tours. From his work on charity shows like Beat the Cold and Toys for Tots to his hand in bringing the Queers and MxPx, he has been an essential cog in the Korean punk machine.

Too many shows in this country are booked, and then little to no effort goes into promoting them. We need more people like Jesse around.

Honourable Mention: Kiseok of the Geeks, who has put his neck on the line more times than anyone else to bring foreign bands to this country.

BEST SONGWRITER Yu Chulhwan, Suck Stuff

For the second year in a row, Chulhwan of Suck Stuff takes this category. With Paul out of the picture, Chulhwan is once again the principal songwriting force in his band, so this was an easy category for him.

BEST SINGER

Won Jonghee, Rux

Yet another two-time winner, Jonghee conquered this category thanks to his charismatic stage presence. I'm not saying he's the best singer around, but he's the one who will put a song in your head that you won't forget.

BEST GUITARIST BEST FOREIGN MUSICIAN Paul, Suck Stuff

Paul raked in the wins again this year, for what may be the last time. His guitar has a voice as distinct as his own rasp, making him the Johnny Cash or Joe Strummer of the Korean punk scene.

Honourable Mention: Burke of MR27, a very talented guitarist who brought his own project to fruition after his departure from the country, releasing his CD from New York.

BEST BASSIST

Ju-hyun, Galaxy Express

Brokey voters can't get enough of Galaxy Express, particularly their decorated bassist Ju-hyun. This guy has started more Korean punk bands than you've heard of, from Rux and Captain Bootbois to Ghetto Bombs and Galaxy Express. Will he stay with his current bands, or will he keep inventing?

BEST DRUMMER

Yu Sonhwa/ Michelle (Kingston Rudieska/ BBLT)

Certainly the best known drummer, she's played in so many bands of so many genres that pretty well everyone knows her. At her peak, she was in six bands at once, but now she's down to a measly two bands which keep her busy.

BEST FEMALE MUSICIAN This Category is Sexist

More people voted against this category than for any of the other candidates, so there is no human winner this year. Apparently it's sexist to recognise people for being female and good



Best Other Band—Not punk, not hardcore, all moonshine.



Best Foreign Tour meets Best Mosher



Best Female Musician—Sorry, honey, no prize for you, because it was voted sexist. Now bake my cookies!

Brokey Awards 2007

at music. Yet for some reason, there were no calls that the “Best Foreign Musician” category is racist. Funny how that works.

BEST SHOW

Toys for Tots

The most recent of the Paul/Jesse/Anthony charity shows, this charity show was the latest success with an eclectic list of Korean and foreigner bands. Plus, it was for a good cause, and the charity donation was handled safely and well, delivering the donations right where they were needed.

BEST ALBUM

Suck Stuff – Rough Times Ahead

Paul’s final album with the band, this CD has a somewhat more sad mood than the previous Suck Stuff albums. Paul’s voice and songwriting reached a new level of maturity, delivering haunting songs like the title track and “Where I Belong.” Suck Stuff has a lot more albums promised to Dope Records, so it’s good to know this isn’t the last we’ll hear from them.

SADDEST GOODBYE

Paul, Suck Stuff

The year 2007 saw a lot of the main Korean punk foreign alumni packing up and leaving. The majority has spoken, and we miss Paul, who left us as dramatically as he met us. After announcing his engagement to his girlfriend Yumi, he signed up for the US army and left for basic training stateside, leaving us all wondering where life will take him next.

MOST IRREPLACEABLE FOREIGNER

Jesse

Yeah, if Jesse were to leave us, we’d be fucked—wait, now we are genuinely fucked.

BEST RECORD STORE

Hyang Records

Impossible to find, but well-stocked with Korean punk releases both new and old, you can’t beat Hyang Records, not even with Soulseek.

BEST SCENE-RELATED SITE

Broke in Korea board

Not a very active message board, but Broke in Korea is where you can go to learn what the punk

scene is like. Complete with slow-moving boards, belligerent political rants, and filthy, filthy links, Broke is an entertaining place to drop by every day. Well, week.

Honourable Mention: Korean Punk/Hardcore MySpace page. As far as concert info goes, you can’t beat the Korean Punk/Hardcore page. Now in the hands of Diane after Jesse’s 2008 departure, this Fox-News-Corporation-controlled page has done more for publicity than all the other nominees.

BEST DRESSED

Aaron

This year’s winner is Aaron, that Australian who’s never seen without his fedora hat and leather and metal bits. Aaron is one of those guys who makes an effort of dressing up without looking like he spent a bunch of money on designer punk crap.

BEST MOSHER

Never Daniel

Never Daniel wins again despite some tough competition from skank-master BJ. There’s not a pit that can scare this guy away.

BEST ENGINEER

Without any other nominees, Lorne won best sound engineer for 2007, a position he’s held for a while now at DGBD. With the best equipment, the best stage setup, and the best lighting, he’ll be hard to beat without blowing a lot of money.

BEST VEGAN

Aaron

This guy sticks to a strict diet of cruelty-free foods, without any of the holier-than-thou attitude common among so many vegans.

Honourable Mention: Vega, who despite the fact that he is a carnivore, is kind of a vegan. You can’t spell vegan without Vega.

SKINHEAD OF THE YEAR
Yeongssoon, Attacking Forces

After returning from the army and starting up his band again, Yeongssoon singlehandedly reminded us what being a skinhead in Korea is all about. When all his peers are getting into metal and dressing in baggy clothes, Yeongssoon keeps the boots and jeans

and fronts Korea’s last remaining official skinhead band.

BEST DRINKING PARTNER

Verv

It’s no coincidence that Korea’s worst drinker was voted best drinking partner of 2007. Yes, the man who runs his mouth, starts fights, pisses people off, says incredibly awful shit that ruins friendships, barfs, cuts himself, and passes out, has won this category. I guess it just shows that everyone loves an entertaining drinker. And if you ever have a drink with him, you’ll never forget Verv either—even if he doesn’t remember who you are.

BEST DRINK

Coca-Cola

Haven’t any of you people ever heard of ulcerative colitis? This high-in-caffeine beverage wins out over alcohol this year, despite the fact that its heavy sugar molecules are like depth charges for your colon. On the bright side, nothing fizzes quite like a freshly-opened Coke, and you can mix it with nearly every type of hard liquor, from soju to vodka.

BEST PLACE TO SPEND THE NIGHT

BEST PLACE TO DRINK

Hongdae Playground

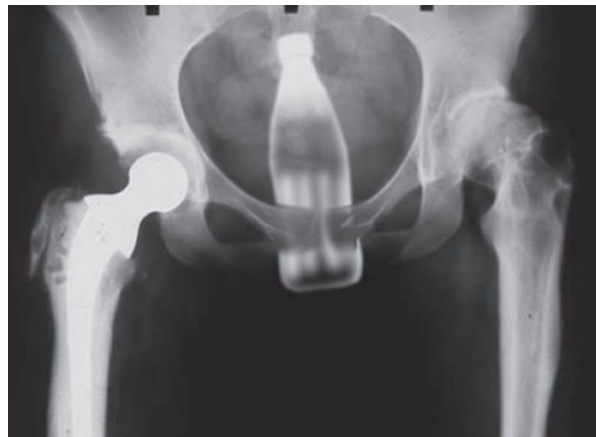
It’s only good in the summer, but there’s nothing better than staying all night in the park. There are plenty of decent places to sleep too, as long as you don’t mind the noise. Hongdae Playground was punk territory until it was renovated a few years ago, and now despite the invasion of an arts market in the daytime, it’s still a decent place to meet up and hang out at night.

Honourable Mention (to spend the night): wandering around until the trains start. There’s a lot to see in Seoul, and if you have the time to wander aimlessly you’ll always find something amazing.

Honourable Mention (to drink): outside Skunk. With no bar to speak of, if you want a drink in Skunk you have to go across the street to the 7/11. There’s always a large gathering of people outside who are too lazy to go in, and just want to socialise out front.



Best Place to Drink/Best Place to Spend the Night—The sunrise always looks best when you’ve been speeling in the playground.



Best Drink—Open wide for Coca Cola.



Best Drinking Partner—Verv gets a new tattoo.

Voyage to



Jon Twitch

What better way to give your friend a sendoff than to take him on a trip to an abandoned amusement park? That was my plan as the end of Jesse's Korea tenure approached (if you don't know what I'm talking about, turn to page 3).

Planning for the trip turned into a catastrofuck as we had no way of knowing how many people would be showing up. A lot of people wanted to go, but surely some of them would sleep in, be too hungover, or just forget.

On the morning of the trip, there were 13 of us departing from Seoul. Many people hadn't gone to sleep last night, deciding it they were more likely to catch the train if they stay up all night, than go to sleep early and wake up in time. Surprisingly, it worked, although half of our group were zombies. The furthest gone was Hong9 (top left), who was alternating between babbling incoherently and challenging everyone to a fight.

The whole time, I was under the stress of making sure we reached our destination promptly. I'd been saying I wouldn't relax until we were at the amusement park and I was looking at the squirrel roller-coaster. After one train trip, one long wait in Busan, one ferry ride (middle left), one long wait for a bus, one short bus trip, and a desperate search for a hotel, I scrambled up the mountain with my friend Tel (bottom left) and fellow urban explorer Will toward our destination. Finally, I made it to the squirrel roller-coaster.

Not all the group made it up. Some people didn't want to climb all the way to the top of the mountain and just stayed around the base. Others waited behind and made it up long after our first groups arrived.

In the park, I found it almost as I had left it last time. We ran around, looking at every ride, and knowing we had the park to ourselves with no lines (and no electricity). Later we were joined by another foreigner and his two young sons who wanted to practice shooting their realistic-looking airsoft guns. Imagine having a dad who would take you somewhere as cool as this. Not even the masturbating squirrel roller-coaster (below).



Okpo Land



Saturday night, the members of our group dropped off one-by-one, until there were only five of us left—me, Will, Aaron, Carsten, and Tel. Around 2am we climbed up to Okpo Land again and drank on the spinning rocket ride (bottom left), each one of us taking turns giving it a push. We contemplated sleeping in the park, but common sense eventually prevailed, with the knowledge that we had a long journey back the next day. Tel and Aaron ended up walking directly to the ferry terminal, arriving early in the morning with no sleep. Keep in mind that Tel hadn't slept the previous night either. The rest of us went back to the hotel for a proper sleep.

On Sunday, most of the group headed back early, catching an early morning ferry. I stuck with Will and Diane, and we went on a tour of the abandoned landmarks of Busan.

Our first stop was Samseong Theatre, famous for being the setting of a scene in the Korean blockbuster "Chin Goo." Living up to the crude pun in its name, the now dilapidated theatre is a gay cruising spot (top right). They show several x-rated films every day, but we didn't go into the theatre. We just walked around in the back halls and marvelled at the fascinating structure. Up on the roof, I walked in on two middle-aged gay Korean men having a grope. One of them was sitting in a chair, and the other was standing between his legs, and they were feeling each other up. I got out of there and went straight out the front door.

Next after a long walk we visited Bae Jung Elementary School (right, below), a private school that closed in 2002 after new competition moved into the area. It had been left to rot, still filled with trophies, scientific equipment, and even some dangerous chemicals.

That night, I was glad we splurged for KTX tickets as we were rushed back to Seoul at 300 kilometers per hour.



Up on the Cross



Reggae and Ska

Jon Twitch
What is "skinhead music?" You'll get a different answer depending on who you ask. To some it's classic British oi, to others it's white power Rock Against Communism music, to many Americans it's hardcore, and to still more it's reggae and ska. However skinheads may disagree about these genres, it's best to know the basics of all four. Of all those musical styles, it's reggae and ska that are the least represented in Korea.

You already know the whole story anyway--when the first skinheads began shaving their heads, they mainly listened to reggae. There have been many changes in culture since then, so nowadays the overused term "traditional" is used to describe skinheads who listen to reggae, as they are influenced by the earliest skinheads rather than incarnations that came later. A lot of the time it's shoved in your face as "proof" that skinheads aren't like they're portrayed in the media, but some of us just like our reggae and ska.

In the interest of provid-



ing everyone with some basic information, this is my guide to reggae and ska through the ages. Of course there are a few omissions that are not quite relevant to skinheads and punks, such as dancehall, skapunk, and lover's rock, but who cares.

Calypso/Mento

Before ska, Caribbeans performed acoustic folk music with lyrics characterised by thinly veiled sexual metaphors. The Jamaicans made mento, while

the more popular calypso music was from Trinidad and Tobago, where the Spanish influence was stronger. The best calypsonians could improvise lyrics as they sang, similar to modern-day freestyle rappers. Both calypsonians and mento singers pushed the boundaries of free speech, challenging the government, imperialism, and sexual taboos.

You might know: Harry Belafonte
My top three musicians: Mighty Terror, Lord Invader, Noel Anthony
Song to look up: Baldhead Growler - The Sausage
Compilation to look up: Kings of Calypso

Bluebeat/Ska

Ska came about in the late '50s, a combination of Caribbean mento and calypso with American R&B and jazz. It was the dominant musical genre of Jamaica in the first half of the '60s.

Jamaicans were heavily influenced by foreign movies, which is evident in their choice of songs, from the Skatalites' cover of the theme to Guns of Navarone, to Desmond Dekker's song "007 (Shanty Town)." Influenced by gangster movies, and Jamaicans began to dress in sharp suits, thin ties, and hats, becoming known as rude boys. Ska music as well as rude



boy culture was mirrored in Britain with the mods.

You might know: Robert Marley, Peter McIntosh, and Neville Livingston--the Wailing Rudeboys (later renamed Bob Marley and the Wailers)

My top three musicians: Prince Buster, Derrick Morgan, Justin Hinds
Song to look up: Skatalites - Guns of Navarone
Compilation to look up: Trojan Ska Box Set

Rocksteady

Ska was replaced briefly by rocksteady, which was the main musical style in the summer of 1967. The name comes from a song by Alton Ellis, "Rock Steady," and is characterised by a slower beat. Rocksteady was favoured over ska because it was easier to dance to in the hot Jamaican summer. It quickly evolved into reggae, leaving a disappointingly small library of songs.

You might know: (Toots and) the Maytals
My top three musicians: Alton Ellis, Phyllis Dillon, Clancy Eccles
Song to look up: Hopeton Lewis - Boom Shacka Lacka
Compilation to look up: Treasure Isle Showtime

Skinhead Reggae

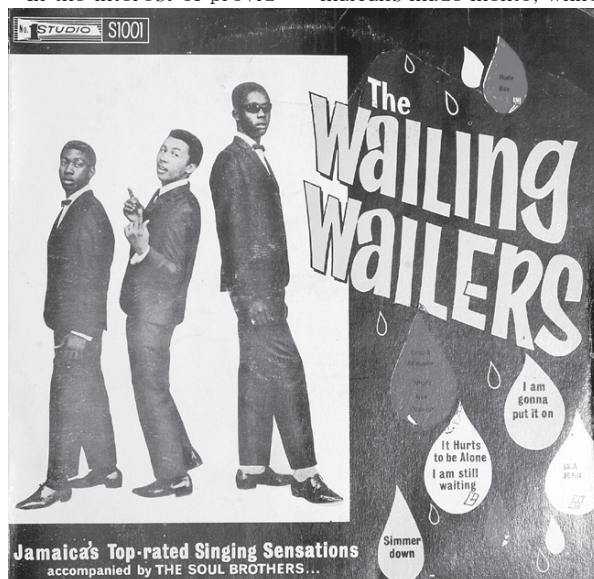
Of course the term "skinhead reggae" wasn't coined

until decades later, but early reggae from 1967 up to the early '70s is most strongly associated with skinheads. Confusingly, skinhead reggae predates the more famous roots reggae, which is what most people think of when they think about reggae music.

As reggae music was produced in Jamaica, it found its way slowly to England, often by banana boat. British people such as Judge Dread visited the docks to buy the latest reggae releases. Also, immigration from Jamaica to England was increasing, and as the Jamaican rude boys mixed with British mods, skinheads were born.

Most bands labeled as "skinhead reggae" were not skinheads, although they often wrote songs for skinheads and acknowledge them in a lot of their songs. All they knew that these kids across the ocean were buying their records like mad. Many Jamaican immigrants declared themselves skinheads, most notably Roy Ellis of Symarip and Laurel Aitken.

Skinhead reggae can be distinguished by its de-emphasis on vocals. Often it was just a drunk Jamai-



Bob Marley (middle) had a much different look in his ska days.



Early Jamaica music was heavily influenced by foreign films.

can onstage hollering at the crowd. Popular ska singer Laurel Aitken recorded under the guise "King Horror," where he would holler out nonsequiturs like "Loch Ness Monster!" or "This is Dracula, prince of darkness!" The keyboard also was influential on the sound.

You might know: Desmond Dekker

My top three musicians: Derrick Morgan, King Horror/Laurel Aitken, Lloyd Charmers

Song to look up: Symarip - Skinhead Moonstomp
Compilation to look up: Dancehall '69

Judge Dread

The Judge gets his own entry, partly because he falls outside the other categories, and partly because he deserves it, and best represents the mixture of black and white culture.

Taking his name from a Prince Buster song, Judge Dread released his debut single in 1972, "Big Six," in reference to another Prince Buster

song, "Big Five." The song was a huge hit in the UK, despite getting no radio airplay due to its vulgar lyrics. Despite the fact that every single Judge Dread song was banned from the radio, he became the UK's second most prolific reggae recording artist, behind only Bob Marley. When he first performed in Jamaica, the rude boys were surprised that he was white.

In the early '70s Judge Dread kept skinhead reggae alive. While most skinheads were moving on, he released the album "Last of the Skinheads."

Judge Dread kept recording until 1998, when he died of a heart attack on stage. The ambulance broke down on the way, and a gang of punks and skinheads pushed it the rest of the way to the hospital, causing many bystanders to call the police to report it being stolen.

Three song recommendations: "Bring Back the Skins," "Molly,"

Dub/DJ Reggae/Punky Reggae

Over in Jamaica, reggae evolved past its skinhead audience, and Jamaicans began experimenting with drugs and Rastafarianism. The rhythms of reggae became more complex, unconventional instruments were used, and lyrics became more political.

For a few years reggae musicians struggled for an audience, but in the late '70s they took hold in Britain again, this time with a new counterculture called punks. At the time, there were no punk albums recorded, so DJs would play the latest reggae and dub songs. Dub has often been referred to as the soundtrack for the birth of punk. The British punks particularly loved the DJ style of reggae, where a DJ would sing or toast overtop of an older record, remixing it and inserting his own words.

The reggae sound was hugely influential with many punk bands, particularly the Clash, who covered many reggae songs, such as "Police and Thieves" by Junior Murvin and "Revolution Rock" by Danny Ray, as well as some original songs like "White Man in Hammersmith Palais."

You might know: Jimmy Cliff

My top three musicians: Big Youth, Scotty, Dillinger
Song to look up: Bob Marley - "Punky Reggae Party"
Compilation to look up: Punky Reggae Party

Two-Tone Ska

It didn't take long before the UK punk scene began making its own ska. Two-tone, as it was called, was a dialogue between British white youth and Jamaican music. Many of the two-tone musicians had grown up in the '60s listening to early ska and reggae, and some had older brothers who were skinheads or mods or rude boys.

The mixture of cultures created a unique sound, although the bands tended to borrow excessively from their influences. The Specials had many hits that were covers from earlier Jamaican musicians, such



Hepcat broke up when ska went out of fashion, but came back several years later.

as "Monkey Man" by Toots and the Maytals and "A Message to You Rudy" by Dandy Livingston. Madness, who took their name from a Prince Buster song, reached number 2 in the UK charts with "One Step Beyond," another Prince Buster song. In fact, they dedicated one song to their inspiration, "The Prince," in which they convinced Prince Buster to come out of retirement.

Most of the two-tone bands experimented with sound until they were no longer identifiable as ska. Many of the original bands are back, including the Specials, Madness, the Beat, Bad Manners, and the Selecter, now dedicated more to the ska sound. You might know: Specials

My top three musicians: Madness, Bad Manners, Bodysnatchers
Song to look up: Bodysnatchers - 007 (Shanty Town)
Compilation to look up: Ska Wars

Third-Wave Ska

While the mainstream media was enjoying a brief love of ska-punk, the underground ska scene was fighting for recognition all across North America. It began with the Toasters, a New York band, who created the label Moon Records. The sound spread across the US and Canada, and by the mid '90s every city had a few ska bands.

After the public became tired of the ska-punk gimmick, there wasn't enough interest

left to support the major North American ska labels, leading to the end of Moon Ska Records in New York and the selling of Stomp Records in Canada.

You might know: the Toasters
My top three musicians: the Slackers, Skavovvie and the Epitones, Radiation Kings
Song to look up: Scofflaws - Nude Beach
Compilation to look up: All-Skandian Club volumes 1-3

Ska/Reggae Revival

After the ska-punk fad died, there was a shift toward older influences. Bands moved as far away from the ska-punk sound as possible, exploring the roots of reggae and ska. You can hear more niche sounds, such as the Aggrolites' take on the skinhead reggae era, or calypso by Lord Mike and his Dirty Calypsonians. In Korea we have Kingston Rudieska who take their influence directly from the early days of ska. Also, there are still bands around from earlier eras stretching all the way back to the roots of Jamaican music.

There was a bit of damage control to do after ska-punk had tainted the public's impression of ska-punk, but fortunately most ska-punk fans moved on to whatever the next lame fad was.

You might know: the Aggrolites

My top three musicians: Chris Murray, Specials, Operators 780
Song to look up: Dr Ring Ding - Changed
Compilation to look up: United Colors of Ska

- ANSWERS TO
CROSSWORD
ACROSS
1 TWO
4 BAG
7 GFY
10 DEAF
11 OIL
12 TOWN
14 NAVARONE
16 ARCS
17 ARE
18 OTTER
20 EAU
21 GOB
22 ASS
24 USER
27 OIBROKER
32 ETNA
33 IRE
34 NINE
35 RUDIESKA
37 INDO
38 ELM
39 THC
41 ERA
43 OPINE
46 SDF
49 GIVE
51 ANIMATOR
53 GOOK
54 ICK
55 DEPO
56 TRE
57 RAS
58 OWE
DOWN
1 TEAR
2 WAVE
3 OFA
4 BOOTBOIS
5 AINT
6 GLEE
7 GTA
8 FORESKIN
9 YWCA
10 DNA
13 NSU
15 ROO
19 RAR
21 GRAIL
23 SONIC
24 UER
25 STU
26 ENDEAVOR
28 IRK
29 BEATNIKS
30 END
31 REO
36 EMO
40 HEM
41 EGG
42 RIOT
44 PAIR
45 INCA
46 STEW
47 DOPE
48 FRO
50 EKE
52 ADO



Madness's first album was a dedication to Prince Buster.

At The Movies with Heavenking

Because Chris Hellking failed to submit his articles in time for the deadline, the space intended for him is now being used for some of Verv's stuff. Let this be a lesson to you: if you don't hand in your article on time, you are morally responsible for whatever sick shit is printed in its place.

Dog Porn Adventure

Verv Heavenking
9 November 2007

One of Korea's older surviving punk bands, Burning Hepburn began in 2000. It's not surprising if you've never heard of them. After they completed their two years in the military, they relocated to Daejeon and took on the name The Great Van until recently. Now they are signed to Dope Records and full-length releases are expected. For now, all we have are four songs.

Musically, they share Crying Nut's affinity for unconventional instruments like the har-

monica, although their songs are nowhere near as energetic. They remind me of Cock Rash-er, another band that has been quiet lately.

These four songs give us a taste of their future full-length album(s), although none of the songs particularly stands out over the others. Also, all the lyrics are in Korean, which is a brave thing to do, although sort of dull for foreigners who don't understand the lyrics. This is a band that needs to play a lot more live shows in order to figure out which direction they want to go in.

Iranian Film & Religious Works

Verv Heavenking
22 August 2007

It is a shame to say that there is a lacking in film that touches on the issue of God and God in our lives, especially in Western cinema. However, Abbas Kiarostami fills he gap.

I have seen two films that are about life and God and about the mistakes that we make as human beings, how God is in our lives and how God protects us in a sense.

The films are by a Muslim, and though I am not a Muslim and have no interest in Islamic theology I can say that they are more about God and there is no mention of really overbearing theological ideas. There is no real mention of Mohammed even, but only of what we have in this life and how God works in our lives.

The most important is called The Color Of Paradise made by Majid Majidi in Iran. It is about a blind boy who is sent away from home to attend a school for the blind; his father is very unloving and his

mother dies of natural causes. He is left with nobody and his father even tries to get rid of him. It is a painfully beautiful film about acceptance and life; there is a point in the film where the blind boy speaks of his blindness as a gift from God and I think it is one of the most overwhelming moments in cinema that I have ever seen.

The second film is entitled The Taste Of Cherry also by Abbas Kiarostami. It is about a man who is convinced that he wants to die but he cannot do it alone. He approaches different people in the film asking for an assisted suicide. The conversations that he has are amazing and I was utterly shocked that I could see a movie so amazing that was shot so well.

Another amazing film by Kiarostami deals with redemption; it is entitled Close Up and I cannot say anything more about this film without ruining it, but if you enjoy very independent feeling films you would enjoy this.

ridiculous film about sex slaves

Verv Heavenking

1 June 2007

This strikes home with me:

For some men it's a dream come true, but the subject's no fantasy. Milla Jovovich will be sold for sex in in the new movie 'Welcome to America,' a drama/thriller about the very real sex slave trade.

The Hollywood Reporter says Jovovich will star alongside Kevin Kline in the Lions Gate film. Kline will play a Texas cop who finds out that he may have had a 13-year-old daughter who was sold as a sex slave years ago. He goes looking for her, and in the course of his investigation encounters a young Mexican boy whose sister has also been taken and forced into the slave trade. Together they go on a hunt to save his sister, and Milla plays a Russian sex slave who befriends the girl they're looking for. Jovovich's character believes she's coming to America to be a nanny, but instead ends up a sex slave in Mexico.



A ridiculous film...

They portray the sex industry as exactly what it is not: people sold into it.

Very rarely are the prostitutes 'sex slaves,' the overwhelming majority of the time they are perfectly normal humans who chose good, cheap money in the pleasure of others as opposed to being a wage slave. Sex is their liberation.

It merely upsets people that they have made the choice and the only way that people can sympathize with them is by portraying prostitution as an extreme minority unjustly enslaved!

They came here thinking they would be nannies...

They were beaten and sold...

They are desperate drug ad-

dicts.

In reality, it is normal people who know they can make more money in fifteen minutes than you can make in 5 hours.

The average Thai prostitute makes as much money as the average Thai woman with a four-year college degree.

People think foreign born prostitutes were cheated and lied to to come to their nation... In reality, it would be the equivalent of someone making \$40 a day scrubbing dishes and waiting tables but being told they can make \$120 in 30 minutes in a Soapland in South Korea or \$2-300 in Japan.

The West does not understand prostitution and in their attempts to understand it they look only to the most extreme

and absurd scenarios surrounding prostitution. They have no real idea what it is about.

Frankly, it is an offensive and dangerous misunderstanding that keeps prostitution criminal and steps on the toes of everybody.

I can hear the legions of soccer moms and yuppies bemoaning prostitution and sex slavery, I can see the moronic retard Angelina Jolie crying on 60 minutes about Russian prostitutes and their predicament...

I will laugh until my belly hurts.

Right now, chances are, Asian businessmen are paying three times what these girls make a day in their home country for an hour of work and they act like it is the girls who are being exploited.

Movies that were ruined for you

Verv Heavenking
22 August 2007

I have a good friend, a close friend, even, that has ruined two different films for me by telling me the endings.

He ruined:

Christmas In August

Harry Potter (the first one)

I have also had over the years the following films ruined for me:

Lord Of The Rings III

Silence Of The Lambs

& that film that is about the man that can think X-amount of time ahead and predict the future (I have not bothered to see it).

& that film about the soccer playing brothers where one goes on to make it big...

I literally do not even know the titles of those two films but drunk people

told me about them, rambling about how the movie was pretty good and in the end...

I am always careful to not betray the endings of films and I even put a lot of thought into how I can describe movies without telling even anything in the middle. I am so picky that I want to know NOTHING about the movie.

Here is also the most INTERESTING RUINED FILM scenario ever:

++++++
SPOILER AHEAD IF YOU EVER INTEND TO WATCH POOR QUALITY LATE 1990S KOREAN CINEMA
++++++

I watched the preview for the Korean film Anarchists and I saw in it 5 or 6 people die in the minute long

version of the preview... I thought it was just an action film preview showing what will come in the film, all this violence.

I then laughed my ass off being that within the first ten minutes of the film these people are introduced as the main characters!

I LITERALLY JUST WATCHED THEM DIE A MINUTE EARLIER IN THE PREVIEW ON THE DVD, and I then spent

THE NEXT 2 HOURS OF MY LIFE WATCHING THE MOMENTS LEADING UP TO THEIR NOW PREDICTABLE VIOLENT DEATHS!

It was mind blowing.

It was vaguely artistic to see the path it took to their ends... But at the same time... I was a little annoyed that the official film trailer included spoilers.

Good Film, Bad Film

TeaHead Skin Head

Poetry by Verv Heavenking
4 January 2008

Drinking Chinese tea out of cups, out of cups, out of cups!

Poured in with Boi Tea, made for health of men and of women, made for health of the Comrades of Mao Tse-tung and the comrades of Mo Tze.

Mo Tze Mo Tze Mo Tze, you believed we were all good and all worth a poem and all worth a gander from your eyes,

smiling with eyes that were almost closed. Your lips with many wrinkles because you smiled so hard your muscles made marks.

Mo Tze Mo Tze Mo Tze, no one understands but you and I in a moment of existentialism:

You and the other person who will one day Know: it was never about anything but us having a laugh regardless of how we was.

No anger, just peace.

They say that when you are in the bathroom and you ate 2 pounds of Indian food you can feel peace exactly in the bowels.

At first there is a vibration in this bag inside of you, nd you feel the proper outline against your pelvuc muscles,

then an outpour.

SCHOOOWSH!

a splash in a toilet that even hits your ass and you laugh, laugh, laugh!!!

That was a good meal, a good shit, and Mo Tze laughs and laughs and laughs with you.

Beauty made ugliness and ugliness made in this round-about way a reason to live.

Part II

Mo Tze Mo Tze Mo Tze, sitting in the river valley, you know the Mekong. You know the Yang Tze. You almost knew the Ganges.

You knew the life streams of Asia and if you were, oh, If you were in Europe, we'd call you "Danube, Thames, Volga."

Sitting in the valley, cross legged and unapproached.

You waited for a lover that would never come.

you were an orphan that only knew a strange repsect from an afar. Intimacy was never your strong point.

W

Mo Tze Mo Tze Mo Tze, accept my apology that when you said to your girl:

"Come to me, come to me, I need you, I need you"

that she never came to you.

Because if I were her I would have come no matter how thin or fat your body.

Mo Tze Mo Tze Mo Tze, a thousand poems throughout the years.

That's not enough for you but it should help.

Sincerely:

Tea (drinking) Head, Skin (bald) Head.

Verv Heavenking
9 November 2007

I was watching the Wesley Snipes piece of shit called The Contractor and I was spurred to have an internal discussion during the film on what constitutes good films and bad films; I had seen a film immediately prior to which was not all that different in plot (Shooter) yet was infinitely superior...

I would like to share with you my ideas on what makes films good and what makes them bad. First:

Lack of Specialization, Lack of Detail

In The Contractor, just like in other shitty films like Spiderman, Superman, Bourne Identity, James Bond, The Matrix, Men In Black, Hannibal: Rising, Blade, Die Hard or xXx we are dealing with main characters that kick so much ass it is ridiculous. They are snipers, small arms experts, can manufacture explosives, do high speed chases -- for fucks sake, they are expert swordsmen and anything that the situation needs. In some of these, they literally have supernatural powers that are virtually unlimited.

Come on ,isn't fucking enough that these guys are Vampires and immortal? Once upon a time Vampires were ugly, could not go into the daylight, could be killed by wooden stakes and silver objects and could be warded off with garlic (Nosferatu); now we have these new laws where they can go outside if they have enough sunscreen and we have fucking half-breed vampires that get the best of both worlds. Talk about G-A-Y.

Plus, every vampire ever is suddenly attractive, aristocratic and gets more pussy than Bel, Biv & Davo .

Naturally, no one really knows exactly what being a Spiderman entails, but one would assume it would be something like being able to manufacture web and crawl up things in a weird fashion; but that isn't good enough... You need to be able to fly from building to building like some kind of God and shoot web like a MoFo (however, I have never seen a spider swinging from webs like Tarzan from tree to tree nor shooting giant web from dozens of meter away like we shoot rifles). Do not even get me started on Superman--the guy basically does anything.

In good action films sure the main character is very talented (Shooter, Once Upon A Time In China, Perfume, IIs, Ichi The Killer[i]) but it is both detailed and measurable. In Shooter the maximum capability of him as a sniper

is spelled out in the beginning. In Once Upon A Time In China it is blatantly admitted that martial arts cannot defeat firearms. In Perfume the guy can smell on a supernatural level but it is not as if the guy can suddenly smell someone's bad intentions. In IIs the evil enemy is neither immortal nor using supernatural qualities. Even in a dark film like Ichi The Killer the personality excesses of Ichi and Kakiyara are like handicaps to their capabilities.

Lack Of Character Development

In bad films we are supposed to just instinctively side with the main character who appears good. For whatever reason, it should be enough that Wesley Snipes is shooting a dude in the back of the head. He doesn't need to prove he is the good guy, he just is. We can learn about why he is a good guy later.

Furthermore, no one is ever a member of a specific terrorist organization with a specific goal. They are just terrorists. Their allegiance is irrelevant. We merely need to accept that they are evil and go on. Rocky I through III was decent enough for multi-dimensionality but I still think the greatest one-sided portrayal is how Ivan Draco's wife is a cold hearted bitch and while Apollo Cree dies Draco is all like, "If he dies... He dies. I have no feelings."

Come on, I know you are a cold hearted Soviet son of a bitch but what kind of competitive athlete would ever say that (minus that football player in the seventies who crippled the guy from the neck down, I have never heard of such an instance).

In good films we get to know the character and even mundane details about them (their dog, their old friends, their background) and they aren't even necessarily perfect people (like an alcoholic in Man On Fire or an anti-social hermit in Shooter or a doopey goon like in the Rocky series).

Furthermore, in great films the opposing characters are not even necessarily pure evil but rather just a part of a messed up structure. The main villain in Apocalypse is a loving father with a sense of justice towards even the slaves he captures. In Silence Of The LambsBuffalo Bill is completely wrong for being a serial killer but at the same time it is clear that he is unquestionably psychotic and has intense emotional disturbances.

In the best films the very line of good and evil is endlessly questioned and prodded. In Letters From Iwo Jima

we see the multiple sides and personalities making up both the Japanese and American psyche. In Taxi Driver the pimp is certainly a bad guy but at the same time it is not exaggerated nor does it result in him being portrayed as always a stern, unhappy jerk.

In Ikiru Mr. Watanabe is not fighting evil people but a weak, corrupt system. The people who are doing evil are doing it only for the most base desires for money.

Some of the greatest films ever are ones which attempt to show the beauty in people that have done things that are perceived as wrong (Failan, The Godfather, Scarface, Cool Hand Luke, Europa Europa, Nappen Namja, The Great Santini). Some of the greatest films ever are about failures (Le Trou, Taxi Driver, Skins, Stand By Me, Once Were Warriors).

But one thing is certain: the only good films without proper character development have been pornos (Asian Street Hookers 16, Faces Loaded, White Suburban Basement Orgy, Samurai Suck Sluts, Queen Of The Semen II).

Exoticism

The hallmark of a bad film is token minority groups to add a little color (literally and figuratively). We must randomly insert an Asian chick into post-WWII France (Hannibal Rising) and an elite scientist is going to speak ebionics (Deep Blue Sea) and no movie is complete without a random white guy (Anarchists, Salaam Bombay). We also cannot tell the story of Robin Hood unless there is a black Berber or Moor in 14th century England (Robin Hood).

The worse is when we are supposed to learn the great majesty of the Japanese culture... But we need a white guy to relate to, so we have a white dude become a Samurai (Last Samurai). We would all like to be wild Plains Indians as long as we can maintain our complexion (Dances With Wolves) and even though we all want to be Ninjas, we would like to stay white, thank you very much (3 Ninjas). It would also be far too weird if we were actually profiling Idi Amin and didn't have a friendly vanilla face to relate to and compare our ideas off of (Last King Of Scotland).

The only good looks at the exotic are ones that truly involve solely the exotic. Films like Tecumseh, Apocalypse and I Will Fight No More are excellent examples of views of native culture that does not succumb to random insertions of white people for us to relate to.

Dramatic, Over The Top Fighting

I think people do not understand that it is dramatic enough that Travis Bickle is gunning down an apartment full of pimps (Taxi Driver) or that Jimmy Conway is smacking the shit out of a dude in the face in the white suburban driveway across from his in-laws (Goodfellas).

Certainly, there is a time for accompanying music and a time for a long, drawn out battle (e.g. Glory) but the most sobering and shocking moments in film often involve a total lack of accompaniment. Just because the fight takes 20 minutes and you have dramatic music attached does not mean it is now better.

Furthermore, Sharks are incapable of growling at you (Jaws).

Sometimes no one needs to be doing bizarre Brazilian kicks or spend half an hour staring down a scope to shoot someone in the head.

Fucking Stupid, Weird Shit For The Sake Of It

Donnie Darko was so fucking bad. That is the alternative name for this section.

So something about space travel and a giant rabbit occasionally appears... And a dude is a phony? What? OK?

Sixth Sense shocks everybody because... ZOMG... It turns out that... Fucking stupid.

Stranger Than Paradise... Come on you fuck, is that really good? A hot Eastern European cousin who plays a stupid song all the time while two guys gamble a lot? And want to see her? Why don't you film it in black and white and suddenly end the film reasonlessly... Oh wait, you did, cunt.

Last Temptation Of Christ... What if Jesus... Didn't... really.... Die on the Cross... oh boy. Profoundly fucking stupid. You really got me with that one, Marty.

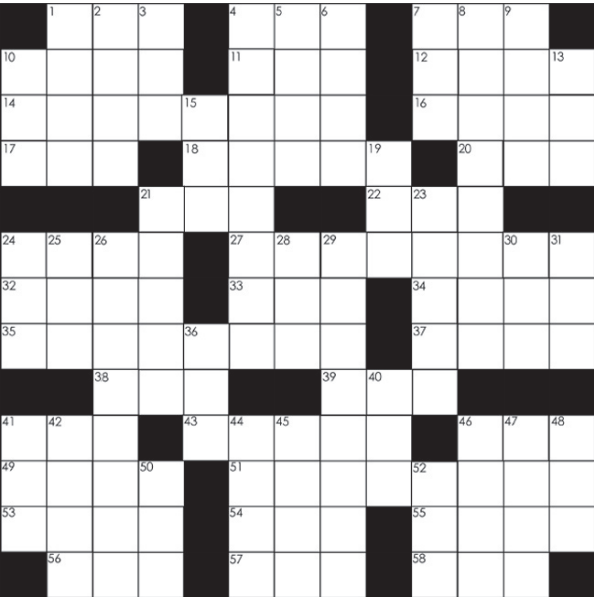
More examples, please see Human Stain, Notre Musique and every single film ever made by this cunt rag:



It is ironic that people like me pay hundreds of dollars a year to masturbate at artwork and somehow this douche ends up with a lot of our money.

Broke Crossword

by Jon Twitch



- ACROSS
- 1 ____-tone ska

4 Purse

7 Go Fuck Yourself on WWW

10 Hard of hearing

11 Petroleum

12 Dirty Old ____

14 Guns of ____

16 Curves

17 There you ____

18 Freshwater mammal

20 ____ de toilette

21 Phlegm

22 Butt

24 Person who uses computers or drugs

27 Former Korean skin-head band

32 Sicilian volcano

33 Anger

34 Korean metal/hardcore band ____sin

35 Korean ska band Kings-ton ____

37 Korean word for India

38 Dutch ____ Disease

39 Active ingredient in marijuana

41 Epoch

43 State an opinion

46 Macross ship ____ One

49 ____ it up

51 Korean hardcore band Re-____

53 Slang for Korean

54 Yuck

55 Birth control ____ Pro-vera

56 Green Day “Cool” drummer

57 Batman villain Al Ghul

58 The O in IOU
- DOWN

1 Rip

2 Third-____ ska

3 Dawning ____ New Era (two words)

4 Korean bands Captain or Anthem

5 I ____ Be Controlled

6 Satisfaction

7 Video game franchise including San Andreas and Vice City

8 Circumcision removes this

9 Christian group

10 Genes

13 Non-Specific Urethritis

15 Winnie the Pooh kangaroo

19 RAC enemy

21 Monty Python and the Holy ____

23 Sega hedgehog

24 Urban exploration website

25 Disco Simpsons character

26 NASA space shuttle

28 Irritate

29 ‘50s US subculture kids

30 Terminate

31 ____ Speedwagon

36 Crybaby genre

40 Sew

41 Korean band ____ Scramble

42 What Chinese Olympic fans do

44 Couple

45 South American empire

46 Similar to soup

47 Korean record company

48 African hairdo

50 To ____ out a living

52 Much ____ About Nothing



THE BIMONTHLY BOOT FUCK

Jon Twitch

This bootfucking is courtesy of the World Design Capital Project. Each year they choose a city to be the World Design Capital of the year. This year it's Torino, and in 2010 it's going to be Seoul. Unless they have secret news that Seoul will be bombed flat by 2010, I don't see how that is possible.

Seoul was chosen unanimously by a panel of five retards who've obviously never stepped foot on the peninsula. No, I'm not saying Seoul doesn't have some interesting buildings, but it's hard to find them in the sea of identical white highrise apartments. Which, I might add, due to their bright colour, will be in serious need of a repainting

May 24, 2008
Jon Twitch

You don't believe in horoscopes? Well fuck you! Horoscopes believe in you. They just aren't very good at predictions. Or compatibility. Or pretty well anything other than extremely generalised statements. With that in mind, here are some extremely generalised statements for you.

—Aries (Mar 21 – Apr 20)”: Aries is widely thought to be compatible with Sagittarius and Leo. Did you ever notice that these things never say what you should do if you meet another Aries? That's because there can be only one. Kill, preferably by beheading.

—Taurus (Apr 21 – May 21): You are feeling depressed and old because you just had your birthday.

—Gemini (May 22 – June 21): You are in a good mood, because your birthday is coming up.

—Cancer (June 22 – July 22): You know what kills cancer? Radiation. Avoid lethal doses of radiation at all costs.

—Leo (July 23 – August 21): Leo's

by 2010. Seriously, sometimes this city makes me feel sick when I look out the window and the horizon is blocked out on all sides by these mass-produced eyesores, which incorporate absolutely no elements of Korean traditional design.

Meanwhile, the city is touting a few token architectural projects, such as the giant green vagina in Dongdaemoon, otherwise known as the Dongdaemoon Design Plaza (or DDP). With plans to build it on the site of the former Dongdaemoon Baseball Stadium and Stadium, this project would not be possible if Seoul City had not hired 500 goons to beat the shit out of the flea market vendors. The vendors were refusing to leave, as former Mayor Lee Myungbag

ideal careers are English teacher, musician, or soldier. If you are not one of these, you have been led astray. Pick up a guitar, join the army, or forge a counterfeit BA. It's time to answer your true calling.

—Virgo (August 22 – September 23): You really badly need to get laid. Use it or lose it, freak. If you reach your 30th birthday without changing astrological signs, I recommend hiring a hooker. Just make sure she's not a Cancer. Note: if you're a girl, this is especially urgent. You wouldn't want to get thrown down a volcano, would you?

—Libra (September 24 – October 23): You are excited about the US election, and you hope that either Hillary or Obama get elected. Oh wait, that's Liberal. Never mind, sorry.

—Scorpio (October 24 – November 22): We have the same sign. I'm feeling pretty good, so that means things look good for you. Although you are pretty stressed out on putting together your zine,

had given them his word they could set up shop in there indefinitely, as he had previously evicted them from their original venues to make Cheonggyecheon. The new mayor, Oh Se-hoon, who is highly praised for this World Design Capital title, is responsible for dressing up these goons and sending them in to bust some skulls. Let's hope this skullfuck doesn't get elected for his vanity projects too.

And let's hope that this World Design Capital organisation got a nice big fat bribe from the municipal government to overlook the shitty architecture, numerous structural collapses, and regular violation of human rights that are integral in the World Design Capital 2010's urban renewal process.

Broke.

—Sagittarius (November 23 – December 22): You like things that are good, but you dislike things that are bad. Except sometimes when they happen to other people.

—Capricorn (December 23 – January 20): Your life sucks. You know why? Your birthday is too close after Christmas, so you never get enough presents. Who's going to buy you a birthday present when the excitement of Christmas has come and gone? Poor bastard.

—Aquarius (January 21 – February 19): Aquariuses (or Aquarii) are said to be individualistic, trend-setting, and free-spirited. Do all of these things describe you? If not, it's not my fault. Time to throw out all personality traits that have made you what you are and do what this column says.

—Pisces (February 20 – March 20): It is nine months to your birthday. You know what that means, don't you? Your parents humped around this time of year to conceive you.

Broke Horoscope

Burning Hepburn

Punk Rock Radio EP
Jon Twitch

One of Korea's older surviving punk bands, Burning Hepburn began in 2000. It's not surprising if you've never heard of them. After they completed their two years in the military, they relocated to Daejeon and took on the name The Great Van until recently. Now they are signed to Dope Records and full-length releases are expected. For now, all we have are four songs.

Musically, they share Crying Nut's affinity for unconventional instruments like the harmonica, although their songs are nowhere near as energetic. They remind me of Cock Rasher, another band that has been quiet lately.

These four songs give us a taste of their future full-length album(s), although none of the songs particularly stands out over the others. Also, all the lyrics are in Korean, which is a brave thing to do, although sort of dull for foreigners who don't understand the lyrics. This is a band that needs to play a lot more live shows in order to figure out which direction they want to go in.

Couch/Spiky Brats

Split CD
Punk Around the Clock
Jon Twitch

It's always great to see Korea's more veteran bands putting out releases. This split album is the first release of either band since Couch's singer and the Brats' bassist were released from jail almost two years ago.

I've always preferred Couch rather than the Spiky Brats. Their songs are composed better and there's more talent in the instruments. However, on this album Spiky Brats emerges as the better recording band. Their energy is better captured in the recording and they sound better than I remember their live show being.

What does come through on this short album is both bands' individual styles. Some of the songs really characterise each band's style, "Friendship '02" for Spiky Brats where Jae-seok's voice is at its finest, and "On the Street" for Couch with its easy-to-follow melody. This is what you get when two seasoned bands put their best three feet forward.

The only cover on the album is by Couch, "Blind Justice" by the Business, a song that's been the highlight of their shows for me for the past while.

My only complaint about the album is that it's too short. Oh yeah, and that it's impossible to get your hands on one if you missed the CD release show. Also, the liner notes look like they were written by a nine-year-old and proofread by an eight-year-old. But hell, I can't complain about liner notes—I bootlegged this album off Chris Hellking.

Slackers

Self Medication
Indication Records
Jon Twitch

It always takes time to properly absorb a new Slackers album. I'm still getting used to last year's Boss Harmony Sessions, which at first I passed on, but now I think contains some of my favourite Slackers songs. So which are the stand-out tracks on this album? I don't want you to wait another year for me to decide. What do you like about the Slackers? Their comfortable rhythms that break the rigid style most modern ska bands fall prey to? Their profound lyrics touching on politics and romance, sometimes at the same time? The accented rasp of Vic or soulful belting of Glen's voice?

One thing's for sure: the Slackers have a good rhythm going. This CD seems more laid-back than the previous ones, and while some of the songs have a faster beat, none of them are energetic to the level of, say, "International War Criminal." Some songs have a noticeable Beatles flavour, most notably on "Stars" which sounds like it was written listening to "Strawberry Fields Forever," and "Don't Have To," which is dubbed almost all the way through with the sound of screaming fans.

Like their previous albums, this one gets better with the more you listen.

Hellking

Skull Moon Records
Jon Twitch

Name every subgenre of punk that you possibly can. Okay, now double it. You might have enough for one of Hellking's songs. The first song, appropriately titled "Chaotic Mind," starts on a metal riff before switching to a more standard punk sound you'd expect from a band like Gukdo, and then just when you think you've figured it out, it turns into a ska song. After that song the genre jumps are less extreme, happening between songs rather than during songs.

Normally I don't like bands that jump genres but Hellking goes beyond that. The album reminds me of WarioWare, Inc: Mega Microgame\$! for the Gameboy Advance, where you play a series of mini-games that change every few seconds. Hellking has mastered it all, and just as importantly, he's backed by musicians who can keep up with him.

Although this album was made in the US, there are many nods to the Korean punk scene, including covers of Gukdo and Suck Stuff. The vocals in both songs could easily be mistaken for the original singers, right down to Paul and Chulhwan's multilingual back-and-forth in "Why Do We have to Respect Him?"

I can tell that I missed out when Hellking put on one show in Korea this spring. This album is the next best thing to a mix tape: I'm interested to see if he sticks with the WarioWare style or chooses to settle on a single genre.

Kingston Rudieska

Skafiction
Rudie System
Jon Twitch

Let me start by mentioning these guys are one of my favourite bands on the peninsula and I've been waiting for a full-length release from them for years.

Korea's only authentic traditional ska band, these guys fill an important niche here. However, they have fallen into a common trap for ska bands trying to stay true to the roots—in their attempt to slow it down, go back to the roots, inject a little soul, they seem to have lost some of that treasured soul. This album, while technically flawless, sounds like something you'd listen to in a fancy restaurant. Their live show has gone the same way, aimed more at pleasing the masses than adding to ska history. It seems like they've strayed too far from the underground, instead playing only for their growing fan club.

All the songs on the album are Kingston Rudieska originals, which was a mistake because my favourite songs of theirs are the less original ones, such as the Guns of Navarone theme and "Skaloween," which has that great riff from the Skadows' "Monster Reggae." I was also hoping to see some guest vocals by Jang-goon. The best songs on the album are the first two, "Skafiction" and "My Cotton Candy," mainly because you'll be impressed with the quality, and it won't have faded into the background yet.

Kingston Rudieska needs to get away from their fan club and start playing in front of discriminating listeners, or this is the best we'll ever get out of them.

Attacking Forces

Beer, Blood and Boots
MF Crew
Jon Twitch

It seems like all of a sudden the skinhead scene has become extinct in Korea. Dirty Small Town and Blood Pledge are gone, and Captain Bootbois is following Samchung into the metal scene (I don't even have to mention that Oi! Broker is long long gone). It was like all the Korean skinheads were disappearing and moving on. That is, until Park Yeongsoon escaped the army and reformed Attacking Forces. Skinheads are back, and you can find them in Cheongju.

Three years in the making, this album was delayed when lead singer Park did his mandatory army service, leaving the tracks half-complete. Finally they're being released on an eight-song album. Joined by guest vocalists from Dirty Small Town, Blood Pledge, and Captain Bootbois, this album is a reunion of the drifting apart Korean skinhead family. And, it's a celebration of a style we haven't heard enough of lately.

Foreign listeners might be intimidated by the mostly Korean lyrics, but the catchy melodies and enthusiastic songs more than make up for that. You can't not enjoy "King of the Street" and "Beer, Blood, and Boots" for their pace, which reminds me of some of the best Couch songs. They also slow things down on "We Stand Proud Today," an acoustic number that proves the band knows more than one tempo. This unpretentious, balls-out collection proves that pop-punk isn't the only subgenre that can have catchy songs.

On Ska and Reggae

Verv Heavenking
18 April 2008

The only reason why ska (and reggae for that matter) were ever cool is because they were Jamaican.

Dude, it's corny fifties and sixties music from Jamaica...

It reminds me of corny fifties and sixties Polka. Ska is Caribbean polka.

If they were the first world country we'd have craploads of suburban Bajans and Bahamans and Cubans talking about how much they love Joey Miskulin, Frankie Yankovic and the beloved Dick Suhay. The music is pretty good and it has a similar beat and a similar feel.

Conversation:

"Oh dude we got to make a Polka-Punk band, you know, with the accordions and the double-drum hits in our tempo like a real Polka band but with punk!"

"Oh yeah dude I am a traditional skinhead and like, it's not about black power or anything, it's about goddamned cool, old American and East European dudes dancing in circles and doing the chicken dance and stuff. All the original skins wore cool Lederhosen or frilly cowboy jackets and they were even WHITE. You can't be racist and be a skinhead."

"Man, you are not American, stop saying 'Fellahs' and 'Barrels of Fun' like you're from Cleveland or something. I hate it when Caribbeans try to talk like they are from Bismarck or Minneapolis or something."

Ska is Jamaican Polka. Reggae is Jamaican country music.

OK?



An amusing poster for a restaurant downtown, which seems to be telling people that they too can end up meat on a plate if they're just ambitious. It may be plagiarising the No Brain album "Boys, Be Ambitious." Or maybe No Brain already spent all of Lee Myungbag's money and decided to sell what was left of their good name to a small barbecue restaurant.

Interview with a Superhero

Interview with a Superhero
Jon Dunbar

Not many people have ever met a superhero face-to-face, but we all somehow know how one should act. The superhero archetype was introduced early last century, when comic book artists brought to life the world of caped vigilantes with high-tech gadgets and spunky kid sidekicks; and the formula has hardly been tampered with in the last 70 years. There have been breakthroughs over the decades, where a handful of visionaries used the so-called spandex genre in a realistic and socially conscious way: most notably Stan Lee's Spider-Man and X-Men, both of which used superheroism as a metaphor for teen angst, as well as more grown-up examples like Alan Moore's Watchmen and Frank Miller's The Dark Knight Returns. All of these stories took the socially implausible world of superheroes and tried to bring it into the real world, but none of the story creators had even seen a superhero. I have. It was an awkward awakening, after reading all sorts of stories about the spandex-clad boy scouts of the sky and the square-jawed super-spies who fight Nazis in all parts of the world, to meet one in real life. There was a superhero at my high school. Like characters in a comic story, our fates were tied together: he was the enigmatic superhero, and I was the eager reporter searching for a good story to publish. My search to discover why he acted the way he did, which was enunciated in a series of personal interviews, led me past the absurdities of his behaviour and introduced the uncompromising strength of mind with which he faced a world of hatred every single day, and the responsive unresponsiveness of a system incapable of caring for a person who dressed up as a superhero.

Like the superheroes of lore created by experimental therapies and secret drugs (Captain America and Hourman, to name a few), Powerman's origin story (because all superheroes have an origin story) involves a mind- and body-altering drug treatment: Ritalin, in combination with a few other drugs used to treat Attention Deficit Hyperactive Disorder. Before he was Powerman, he was Matthew Al-

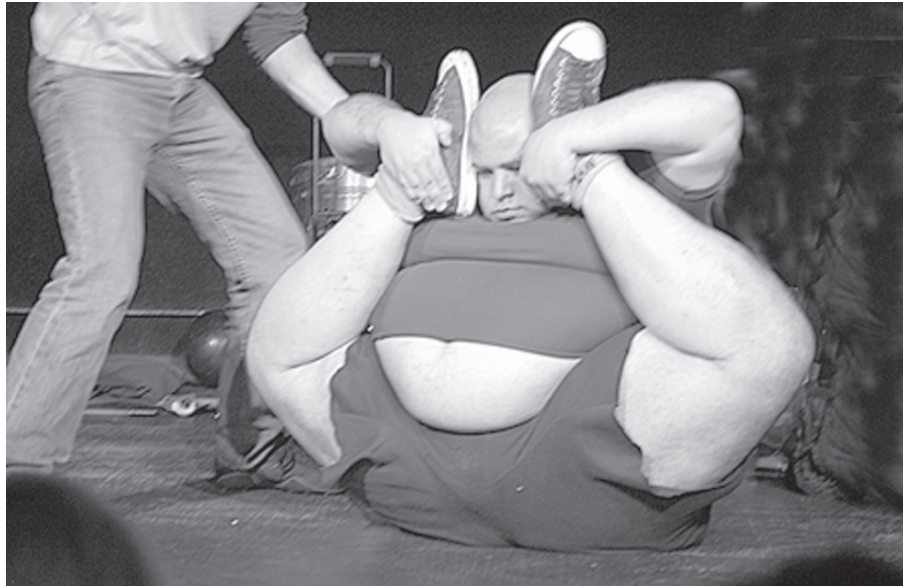


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laedine, a prodigy student suffering from ADHD, obesity, a speech impediment, and a daily regime of bullying. Far from being a mild-mannered young man, Matthew was known for his violent temper, making him a popular target for taunting and harassment. Not the sort of behaviour one would expect from a superhero. The name Powerman first came around when he was kicked out of his welding class, and with nothing else to do, he wandered the school halls and made people pay homage to his welding gloves. That was how it began.

I first heard of Powerman's patrols of Jasper Place High School partway into the first semester of 1995, when I was in Grade 11. He paraded around with a black cape, asbestos gloves, and a red hockey helmet, and a network of students quickly formed to report Powerman sightings. When Powerman approached, I suddenly felt like the people in comic books who exclaim "Look! Up in the sky..." Of course, Powerman didn't fly, but there were stories of his attempts to do so (it was surprising he never seriously hurt himself). Most of the time, a Powerman sighting involved watching the tubby kid charge through the hallway at an awkwardly slow and strained pace, occasionally handing out photocopies of his face and hands. During lunchtime, he sat in the

cafeteria by himself, where he ate a home-packed lunch carried in three hefty grocery bags, and held a sign inviting girls to sit with him. Occasionally, he appeared in the students' lounge, where he would read children's stories to the students sitting there. Powerman news was a hot commodity among my friends, so I decided to approach him and write an interview.

After one of his children's story sessions, I met Powerman for the first time, and forst walked the world in the guise of a journalist. I asked him if he would do an interview with me, and he asked, "Is this for the student newspaper?" I decided it was worth a try to bring the article to Rebel Rouser, the high school newspaper; that instant, my answer to that single question determined where my life would take me for the next several years. I arranged to meet him at 3:00pm, the end of the day on the last day before Christmas break, in the Students' Council office, and despite the fact that he walks quite slowly, and that he must have left class early to get the timing right, he showed up exactly five seconds after the bell rang. All I had in mind was getting some quotes from him onto paper and laughing over them with friends, but already the idea seemed much bigger than that.

During the interview, I dis-

covered the cliché that behind Powerman's madness was method. As well as producing an endless spray of non-sequiturs, Powerman also revealed his friendly, intelligent side. I asked him a few goofy questions, and he gave me the goofy answers I wanted: he claimed he had superpowers, but that his contract prevented him from revealing them. I kept a requisite straight face, and I laughed appreciatively at his jokes. He asked me if I ever had the urge to stand on a table and shout "I'm a haemophilic" (then he demonstrated), and he explained that he did whatever he wanted, and enjoyed the attention. When asked why he became a superhero, he gave a number of reasons: "TV ... The fact that before I did this I got beat up all the time ... The fact that girls talk to me now ... The fact that I had no friends before." Clearly, Powerman was at least partially nuts, further indicated by his screaming of random words from time to time, but unlike a person suffering from Tourette's Syndrome, he controlled his shouting, in both timing and content.

Although it didn't surprise me that Powerman had created his superhero identity in response to endless bullying, I was surprised to learn that the bullying had almost totally ceased after he put on the cape and gloves. His new persona was less prone to being humili-

ated, as he now controlled the humiliation. Thus, people no longer picked on him, because it was suddenly more interesting to watch him pretend to crush someone with his super-vision. In effect, Powerman had found a non-violent escape from bullying. People who used to pick on him now laughed and cheered him on when he waddled past on his patrols.

As everyone connected to the superhero in comics, I had a deep, searing secret: I remembered him from junior high, and I was one of the kids who laughed at him. My first memory of him was from Halloween when he was wearing a Dracula costume - with the cape that would soon become part of his Powerman outfit - and I made fun of his large chest. But during the interview, he didn't appear to remember me; maybe there were too many faces for him to remember all of us. Whether or not he knew who I was, I now had this interview, living proof of his lunacy. While reciting it at a party, I suddenly became ashamed of how I had used him for laughter, and how I was still using him, so I decided to stop treating him as a joke, and treat him as a real person, although a strange and amusing one.

Powerman deserved to be more than a village idiot, and I had the resources to get his story out. When school started again in January, I decided to take his interview to Rebel Rouser, an eight-page monthly student newspaper. It was well received by the editorial board, an informal student organisation, but the faculty advisor later cut it from the paper with regret. He said the administration was afraid that Powerman would use the interview as an excuse to act out; they wanted a complete ban on any official mention of the name Powerman.

Just as most superheroes aren't welcomed by mainstream society, the teachers at Jasper Place reinforced this superhero cliché. They saw Powerman as a threat to the school's social order, and he was threatened with expulsion every day, and regularly suspended from school. Over the following months, Powerman began spreading word about "Power Day," which he never explained, but the school counsellor coerced him into cancelling it. Maybe

the teachers were terrified that he would do something dangerous, as if he could find his way to some place worse than where he used to go every day before he was Powerman. By trying to squelch Powerman's games at every opportunity, they provided him with the adversarial force necessary for his identity. However, none of the teachers imagined that Powerman would eventually start to bore students: as the months passed, the student body grew tired of Powerman's perpetual antics. At that point, maybe he could have given up and gone back to a normal life better than the one he had before, but he chose to refine his act and find new ways to hold an audience.

Like Powerman, I too adapted to the demands of the student body as an audience, through my work with various school publications, and I began experimenting with new ways to send a message to students. After having the interview banned from Rebel Runes (the school literary magazine) and the yearbook, I became an editor for both publications, as well as continuing at Rebel Rouser. Powerman's story didn't stop there, even after three dead ends and several months: the interview was as unwilling to roll over and accept judgement as Powerman himself. I used my newfound influence in the various editorial boards to pitch the interview again, but I decided to write a second draft: this time I wanted to reveal the real Powerman to the students of Jasper Place.

In the second interview, I uncovered Powerman's secret identity; I learned that his superhero persona was the surface of a complex identity crafted by a lifetime of torment and abandonment that went beyond the school walls. I discovered that he wasn't really Matthew; his real name was Kamal Alaeddine, and that he had changed it when he switched from elementary school to junior high. Although he said that other students teased him for his name, he finally changed it because it reminded him of his Lebanese father. His father left him and his mother at the request of his family in Lebanon, in favour of an arranged marriage; Powerman said he heard at a very young age that his father's fam-

ily wanted him to leave them poor and alone in Canada. He told me about ADHD, and about his series of treatments and drugs, which caused his obesity and lisp. He told me how bullying was all he had socially known before he became a superhero, and that he went from being beaten every day to never at all. It was easier to face the taunts of his peers as Powerman, rather than as Kamal the fatherless child, or Matt the overweight spazz.

Powerman lived for attention, whether it be from revealing his innermost secrets to me, or from shouting out at inappropriate times. "Any publicity is good publicity," he told me. "Even when somebody sees me walking down the hall in my outfit and says 'Did you see that freak Powerman?' that's good publicity." He loved the attention from making people pay homage to his gloves, because while they were laughing at him, they weren't beating him up. It was more than fear of pain, though; Powerman wanted people to see his pain and acknowledge the damage they had caused him.

The faculty considered my second interview dangerous to the atmosphere of the school, and it was banned like the first, again leaving Powerman's story, a steadily deepening one, untold.

If Powerman had an arch-nemesis, he, she, it, or they would have a name like Authority-Man or The Counsellor. Powerman told me about the scads of teachers who wanted to reform him, but he didn't trust them, because he thought they only wanted credit for fixing a broken machine into a functioning part of society. He talked about teachers who whispered encouragements in his ear, telling him he could do well in school if he tried, and then threatened to expel him if he didn't stop wearing the costume. Powerman still wore the cape, but he traded the helmet for a more comfortable prism-vision visor he bought at a novelty store. Threats didn't stop him, and nobody was willing to expel a student over a silly costume, so he finished his diploma still wearing the outfit. At his convocation he wasn't allowed to walk across the stage and shake the principal's

hand, because teachers thought he might use the opportunity to act out. Despite this official erasure, he bested the Alberta education system, escaping with his identity and dignity intact, which was more than he had when he started.

Maybe Powerman's greatest superpower was his willingness for martyrdom. He was acting out against a system designed to shuffly people like him into low-paying factory jobs and obscurity upon graduation. He was consciously making himself an example of everything he suffered. His acting out was not a cry for help: he was bringing attention to himself, so that when he did eventually become lost somewhere in the system (which he believed was inevitable), people wouldn't forget him easily.

Now, more than ten years later, Powerman no longer wears the cape and gloves, but he now calls himself Malkav Powermann, and the fire he once believed he could shoot from his retinas still burns brightly in his eyes. After bouncing between temp jobs for several years, he struck out in the street performer scene, where he was billed as the world's largest contortionist. In 2004 he joined the Jim Rose Circus, a famous contemporary freak show, and in October he joined them on tour in Europe. In 2007, he was elected "funniest working man" in my hometown. Just this week, on May 20, 2008, he appeared on the Tonight Show with Jay Leno in the "Does this Impress Ed Asner?" segment (he did impress Ed Asner).

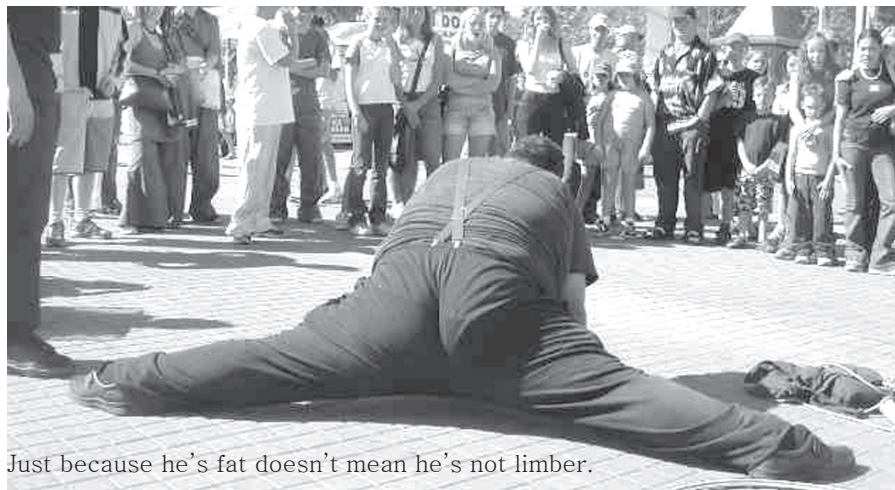
And you can thank him for this zine that you hold in your hands. As well as pushing me to stand up as a writer, he showed me that the problems of the world can't be cured by statistics, political amendments, and drug prescriptions. I watched him stand up to more pressures and hardships than I thought the human mind could endure, and he laughed. Like most good superheroes, Powerman discovered that through self-transformation, he abandoned the past. Just as Powerman once replaced Matt, and Matt once replaced Kamal, he is now known around the world as Malkav Powermann, street performer and freak.



Powermann honed his skill at the Edmonton Fringe Festival every summer.



Lunch in my apartment with the giant bear.



Just because he's fat doesn't mean he's not limber.



Powermann appeared on The Tonight Show with Jay Leno on 20 May 2008 to impress Ed Asner.

GET THE MONKS' CLOTHES

Fiction Corner
Verv
31 July 2006

Dedicated to: John Sheek, who smiled slightly as I told him the premise of my story, looked slightly confused, and then agree'd to get drunk with me after work.

My flashlight danced off of jagged rocks as I craned my neck to see a few more inches beyond my feet; I was hoping to see what, exactly, was about five to ten meters below me and if I could ease myself down there. Water was splashing over from the small stream, my thigh was getting progressively wet. I felt the warm body of my friend behind me.

"Here, take the flashlight and see if we can get down there," I said, "I think this will save us time."

Lee Yongjun and myself had been traveling in the forest for the better half of an hour on a mission we had planned for the last month. We were going to steal from a Buddhist monastery. We had always wanted to dress up like monks for Halloween, or even on a rainy day, and being skin-heads we were already bald and fit the right description. The problem was that we did not know where we could get real monk clothes -- monk beeds, check; a hollowed out gourd to hit with a stick? Check, you can get those to practice your chanting... But the only place you can get the gray robes of a monk is, well, at a monastery.

"I don't see anything... Let's just go our usual route," I knew we should not deviate after we had traced the path through the hills to the monastery a few days prior. It was a rough path -- too much of that dharma and have not, want not bullshit got on their brains so they thought it was cool to live somewhere where we had to walk for a few miles over rocks and up the foot-hills. My clothes were now wet as we began walking. I had already decided that I would put on the monk's clothes immediately -- not only had I desired to wear some homemade clothes, but these Levi 501s were soaked.

We walked a few more minutes -- I looked at my



watch, 2 AM. These guys would be getting up at four or five to meditate or chant or prostrate themselves in front of a statue in search of answers concerning suffering & penis size, why things have to die and why they didn't have enough money to go to college. They might complain a lot and see the world for a bad place, but they would never expect to wake up without clothes -- who steals from a monk? I smiled to myself and thought of Yongjun and I. We had done low things in our lives, but this was a new low -- stealing from a fucking aesthetic with a vow of poverty. I remembered the time that we spiked Jongmin's sister's drink so she passed out and we took turns with her, now that was pretty low (and even criminal) but I think that there is a certain poetry to stealing from a monk, far more than boffing a passed out chick.

A few twigs were breaking -- I was disappointed we weren't more silent, but it made no difference. Monks do not have pets and I doubt they could hear us a few hundred meters out, stepping on a few sticks. I fantasized we were sneaking up on a North Korean guardpost and about to kick off the reunification (or whatever it would be), but a bunch of 40 to 60 year old men chanting in the woods is less dramatic.

We chose this specific night so we could see the little temple under the moonlight; a very small pagoda stood next to a house made of paper

where we knew 3 to 5 old monks lived, next to this rice paddy that they tended daily, chanted at, hoped at, wanted at, desired at, but secretly pretended they did not. The old fuckers just wake up and chant all day, every day, and now they are going to do it naked and I would be drinking and smoking dressed as a monk this 31 October -- I laughed to myself. There is no greater justice than for a man who has nothing to have what he has taken away, and for a man who has everything to receive more -- it is inscribed in the cosmos. I think these monks knew this, and somewhere deep down as they woke with their anteaters on their thighs, wanting a little warmth from the October morning, would have to freeze a bit longer.

If you are such a Buddhist, why even want clothes? I almost laughed aloud as we got closer and closer, it was too much to see the features of the pagoda outside their little temple and their fat, gold Buddha sitting, elevated on a platform in a little hut off from their Monk-house. They get up and praise a statue made of gold while hating the riches of the world.

One of these monks was a snorer -- I was relieved, to hear him stop snoring would be our signal to start running. I do not know why, precisely, we would run -- we were the ones with the telephones that call police officers, and they were the ones who had nothing but the clothes we were about

to steal.

Yongjun turned and looked at me; we had killed our flashlights a while back and now he placed a single finger over his lips before he entered their house on his hands and knees. I had to cover my mouth to keep from laughing. Their temple smelt like the incense that was burning... I wish I knew the names of smells better. After a few moments a neat, small stack of gray robes plopped down beside me. A few moments later another and then another, then Yongjun looked out at me.

"Let's change into these... And leave them our clothes," Yongjun laughed.

"Hahaha yeah but let's get going..."

We started walking away and Yongjun tripped, stumbling forward slightly he dragged a foot that scraped loudly up against a rock. Suddenly the snoring stopped and we looked at each other motionless. A man cleared his throat and then we smiled at each other very wide, toothy grins -- we began walking by raising our feet up in high, comical, cartoonish tip-toes that made me think of Disney films.

Suddenly my laughing was interrupted by a sharp scream. Yongjun fell to the ground and began writhing. I backed away and started breathing heavy and I heard a rumbling coming from the monk's house.

"Snake, snake, snake!" Yongjun shouted and grabbed down at his foot as another sharp scream came through the air. I started

breathing heavy and began muttering curses. What fucking idiot wears shorts out to the mountains in October? What kind of skinhead wears shorts... I felt almost bad that my thoughts were so superficial in a moment of terror, shouldn't I be thinking something more profound? Shouldn't I be struck with the meaning of life?

"What, what, what!" A monk yelled as they began pouring out of the house. The cat was out of the bag and I reached for my flashlight, dropping the clothes and shining it on my friend, and yelling snake. A brown snake sure enough was just slithering off towards the mountains behind us. A torrent of curse words began pouring out of my mouth as I stood staring at four naked monks with three pairs of their clothes scattered around me, all of them just as bald as me and just as concerned, looking on in shock.

In shame, I wanted to explain myself, but they began looking at Yongjun's bites and talking about treatment.

"Shouldn't we suck it out?"

"What herbs do we need?"

"Do we have a bandage?"

They paid no attention to me, one monk ran back to the hut to fetch whatever he would, I backed up slowly from the scene, my light shining on them. Yongjun was more calm, and none of the monks paid me any attention.

Minutes passed as I watched the orchestra unfold. Still, no questions, no looks; chattering amongst themselves about the wound one massaged the leg above the wound while another bandaged it tightly.

"We need to get him out of here," the oldest monk said.

"Yes, yes, let's get our clothes on and get out of here." One of the monks looked at me for a second as he took both stacks of clothes laying at my feet. I was dumbfounded and overcome for a few moments as I watched them dress and bring Yongjun to his feet. Yongjun rested an arm on each shoulder -- he was now just as silent as

me, he had a very ungrateful and angry look on his face, slightly annoyed by pain but not enough to conceal his anger. He looked ready to explode as these monks carried him.

We walked over the rough hills in this bizarre formation: a monk in front holding the legs up around his waist, Yongjun with both his arms putting all his weight on the shoulders of two tall, healthy 40-something monks holding him up, as the oldest monk walked behind him carrying a small basket of herbs and a gourd of water. I walked a few paces behind the last monk, wanting to be invisible and to somehow fade into the mountains, become part of this nature rather than wait for what came next.

I walked silently looking at the ground, the monks became silent. Occasionally Yongjun would whince and they would ask him if he was okay. My life was adjusting itself into a weird perspective. Part of me wanted to admit my wrong, to accuse these monks of being the real wrong-doers by not selling their gray robes on every street corner or putting their temples so close to hospitals. Part of me wanted to re-evaluate where I stood and just why, on Earth, I was trying to steal from men with vows of poverty. They served the ideals of the sacred heart of Buddha Amida, and I served the high priorities of my liver & penis.

An hour passed before we made it to a small street. The monks did not ask if I had a phone but instinctively traveled down the road with the intent to find a taxi. I hoped we'd never find a taxi and that I could spend the rest of my days wandering this Earth with a silent and angry Yongjun being carried by three monks while I walk, head hung, brooding over the situation. I preferred to broad as an anonymous figure for as long as possible on this, before it would be published in the paper that WON JEONGSU and LEE YONGJUN were planning on stealing the clothes of monks living in an isolated temple when they were attacked by a noble serpent who protected these monks from crime much the same way as the Cobra extended his hood to protect him from rain.

Before I knew it I was in a brightly lit hospital looking at my boots. The monks had explained they found



us hiking near their temple when he was bit, and omitted the details of us running off with their clothes. They explained it matter of factly and took great pains in the details: they touched Yongjun's shoulder, he was still burning with anger, comforting him, speaking kindly of him:

"He is a real soldier, not crying out except for when he was bit -- a silent warrior!"

"He is very brave!"

The head monk had a small smirk on his face. I looked up towards them and the old fellow looked back at me, his smirk was one of comedy and not of righteous vindication when he remarked:

"It is at least good to see boys in the wilderness hiking for pleasure at any hour of the night while their peers are smoking and drinking in clubs, looking for the pleasures of the world."

All of the monks nodded with eerily natural smiles.

I looked away suddenly and wanted to laugh and vomit at the same time. Yongjun even smirked at the monk's wit. It was nearing five AM on a friday and Yongjun's mother was notified and coming as fast as she could, in a few hours she would be gossiping to my mother. She knew who we were and knew that if we were out in the middle of the woods it would be for no good reason. By noon my mother would search my room for some kind of herb, asking other mothers if there is a new kind of drug you can grow in the mountains.

I looked back at Yongjun and we made eye contact; he shook his head and we both knew that in roughly 12 hours we would be sitting in a bar, his foot bandaged and probably breaking his doctor's orders by drinking, both looking at each other this same way, dumbfounded.

We were 23, living with our mothers, and inca-

pable of properly stealing a monk's robes, and being wittily insulted by fucking aesthetics in a hospital room. Over the years we may grow apart but I will never forget the ridiculousness and a new found respect I suddenly had for the monks in their mountain temples.

Honestly, I wanted to go back to that temple another night and burn it to the ground with the monks in it; I wanted to finally get those robes and spend this Halloween as a bald monk, and if I could I would see if we could get Jongmin's sister drunk again and take pictures of us fucking her in monk clothes.

I rubbed my bald head, stressed out. Suddenly a hand was on my own and I looked up to see a middle-aged monk with deep-set eyes, skinny as a skeleton looking at me with a surprised smile.

"You guys are pretty nuts trying to steal our clothes like that... I do not know

why you want them but that was some crazy stuff..." He laughed for a moment and kept looking into my eyes. I managed a polite nod, not as amused as he. We were silent for a while.

"Well... I guess you expect me to say something Buddhist, but I am all tapped out. There is nothing to say to people who try to steal your clothes... The general premise is that our clothes are so lame that no one wants to steal them... We have nothing so we will never be victimized by thieves... But... I am just confused." He laughed to himself. "I would ask you but..."

"We wanted them for Halloween," I frankly remarked. He chuckled. I chuckled. Yongjun still looked bitter as three smiling monks stood around him chattering under the bright lights.

"Well... Live long and prosper." The monk tapped my shoulder, went over to the others and they talked for a bit. Soon they left and the doctor provided some sort of instructions to Yongjun.

"I'm leaving." I said. Yongjun nodded. I left. By now it was a rainy. I lit a cigarette. I walked slowly in a morning drizzle running my hand over random objects on the streets.

Life is like trying to steal a monk's clothes. Monks clothes are so simple, so gray and normal, something that once you have them you wear them once, enjoy them for an hour or two then want to change into something else, and forget about. But it is hard to get these clothes -- they don't sell monk clothes on the streets, you can't get them just anywhere, you can only get them from a monk, and when you do, a fucking snake bites you.

A monk was on his deathbed once, and he was asked, "What instructions do you leave for us?" The old man looked at them in the eye and said:

"Go to the door and touch the doorknob."

He then died.

It was at that point that I knew at a later date I would go by myself to that temple without the extra baggage and steal two pairs of their clothes once a year for the rest of my life so I could wear them around for a few glorious hours, touching people's doorknobs and smoking cigarettes, drinking liquor, and pissing on doorsteps.

HONGDAE FROM ORBIT

Everyone always needs a good map of Hongdae to get around. Well, there's nothing better than satellite imagery courtesy of Google Earth. I have neglected to highlight any landmarks so I don't accidentally obscure something you want. The

best way to find your way around is to look for the major intersections. Sinchon Rotary is a five-way beast in the upper-right. Follow it west and then around a southward curve to Hongdae Station intersection, a modest four-way. Also, Hapjeong

is noticeable in the lower left. You can find Hongik University right in the middle of the image, that collection of stark white buildings. To its immediate right is Wowsan. It really looks different when you see it all from this perspective.

