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CHOOSE YOUR OWN BROKE IN KOREA



9

and the *Jacob* v *ervon*auts



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Broke in Korea Issue 9

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

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to donate 10% of Broke's
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Letters to the Editor Table of Incontinence

The only letters we received regarding the last issue were from the Suwon municipal government. See what they had to say about the photos of Woncheon Lakeland, the abandoned amusement park.

Greetings,
This is the web service manager of Suwon City Hall in the Republic of Korea.

Suwon City Hall would like to ask you to remove the article "Ghost Rides: Abandoned Parks in South Korea posted on your website (<http://www.darkroastedblend.com>).

After contacting the relevant government ministry, we learned that the park mentioned in the article is scheduled to be developed as a self-supporting new town with general administrative complexes and high-tech industrial sites. To start the foundation work for development, the park was closed in the winter of 2007 and enclosed with fencing in March of 2008 to prevent trespassers and possible accidents. There is even signage warning that "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

At the same time, the restaurant floating on the water is currently in court for compensation matters, and will be removed after the conclusion of the lawsuit.

It appears that the pictures in the article were taken around October this year. If so, it is a clear vio-

lation of our warning (prohibiting any trespassers from entering the area). Since the article and pictures give no description about the area, they can generate misunderstanding and possibly damage the image of Suwon City.

Once again, we ask you to remove the article from your website.

Thank you very much.

Thank you very much for writing. I wish to report the theft of these warning signs you reported were on display in the park, as they clearly were not there when I visited. I had no idea my pictures were good enough to damage your city. Sorry about that.

Hello!

The park of taken picture has been closed since 2007. 10 for our new city development.

We prohibited to go inside for our safe (To notice for Keep out)

Before that our citizen used the park for playing

We worry about misunderstand for the park that is danger and no management in pictures

So we inform for web site that is "<http://www.gwanggyonewtown.or.kr>".

It's not in english web site but this is our future instead of this place.

We will develop like this web site.

Thank you!

Thank you very much for your letter. Please go fuck yourself.

2. Target: Jacob Verville
3. Abandoned Places
4. Master Musik
5. Galaxy Express
6. Paryumchiakdan
8. Mateo
10. ICBM
11. Mike Park
12. Pornotarium Tour Report
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Target: Jacob Verville 2

Play along with the first ever Broke in Korea Choose Your Own Adventure!

You are a cold-blooded assassin. An anonymous client just gave you a contract to travel to Seoul, South Korea to kill a man.

NAME: Jacob Verville
AGE: 24
BIRTHDAY: 17 October 1984
NATIONALITY: US
HOMETOWN: Fargo, ND

ACTIVITIES: alcoholism, vomit, political discussion
KNOWN HANGOUTS: Skunk Hell
POLITICAL VIEWS: very conservative
RELIGION: Lutheran Christian
WEBSITE: www.jmverville.com
CLIENT'S NOTES: No shooting or bombing. It has to look like an accident. Well, shanking's okay I guess.

You've never heard of this turkey before—all you know is he's got to die. You arrive in Seoul on Friday and begin your work. Verville's known

hangout, Skunk Hell, is in a district known as Hongdae. You find out about a punk show happening on Saturday, where Verville is likely to appear. The perfect opportunity for a killing.

Saturday rolls around, and you invest in a pair of steel-toed boots and a leather jacket so you'll fit in. In the pockets you conceal a dagger, switchblade, syringe, and poison. Now to find Verville.

When you arrive at 7pm, the alley in front of Skunk Hell is already filled with Korean and foreign punks

with mohawks, shaved heads, leather jackets, and spikes. Standing in the midst of the crowd is a tall white guy with a bald head, glasses, and a Polish football scarf. It's Verville alright. He kind of meets your eyes and gives you a welcoming look.

It's really not a good idea to talk to the target, but if you walk away now he might get suspicious. Will you go over to him?

Yes. Go to page 3
No. I'll play it low key. Go to page 4

Abandoned Places Photo Exhibition

Photography Exhibition
5-18 June
Space Beam
Incheon
www.spacebeam.net
Jon Twitch
Jungy Rotten

On Saturday, June 6, I invite everyone to Incheon to visit Space Beam, an abandoned factory that has been reclaimed by an art collective. It's the perfect place to display my photos of abandoned places in Korea. Space Beam does a lot to support the arts in Incheon and foster a sense of community in a location that almost disappeared. Come down and see some bands play, and let's all get drunk and think about urbanism. I also hope to finish an official guide to UE in Korea, which will be much higher quality than this rag.

Below is a statement we submitted to Space Beam to get them to accept our proposal. It describes urban exploration and will give you a better idea why I take these photographs.

어린 시절, 우리는 가서는 안될 금지된 장소에 가는 걸 좋아했었습니다. 우리들의 집 근처엔 걸기 좋은 숲이 자리하고 있었습니니다. 수업 시간에 우린 언제나 몰래 빠져나가려고 기를 썼었고, 수업이 끝나거나가 무섭게 빈 복도를 배회하러 달려나갔었고. 그대를 기억하시나요? 그렇다면 당신은 도시 탐험가 (urban explorer) 입니니다.

Urban explorer, 즉 도시 탐험가는 익숙지 않은, 금지된 장소의 매력에 이끌립니다. 대부분의 사람들은 이런 장소들을 추하게 여기고 무시하기 일쑤지만, 우리 도시탐험가들은 그 안에서 아름다움을 봅니다. 일반적으로 도시 탐험가들은 그들이 탐험하는 장소에서의 파괴, 낙서, 절도 행위 등에 반대하며, "가져갈 수 있는 건 (본인이 찍은) 사진 뿐이며, 남길 수 있는 건 오로지 말자국 뿐" 이라는 그들만의 규칙을 준수합니다. 범법행위로 보일 수도 있겠으나, 사실상 도시탐험은 올바른게만 행해진다면 누구에게도 해를 끼치지 않는 행동입니다. 이러한 목적과, 활동내역, 기술, 윤리 등을 전 세계에 걸쳐 퍼져있는 수많은 도시 탐험가들이 함께 공유하고 있습니다.

지구상의 거의 모든 국가에서 도시 탐험가들의 커뮤니티를 찾아볼 수 있습니다. '도시 탐험가'라는 명칭을 처음 붙인 것은 Infiltration이라는 zine (자주 출판물)과 'Access All Areas'를 출간한 바 있는, 캐나다의 Ninjaicious라는 인물이었습니다. 미국의 도시탐험가들이 아기는 Kirk-



brides라는 네트워크는 주로 버려진 정신병원을 탐험하는 그룹입니다. 호주에서 악명(?) 높은 The Cave Clan은 지하 세계를 탐험하는 이들이고요. 최근 들어 도시 탐험은 아시아 내에서도 퍼져나가고 있습니다. 일본에서는 도시탐험이 '廢墟 (Haikyo)'로 알려져 있는데, 이는 본래 폐허를 뜻하는 단어입니다. 또한 일본에선 여러 잡지, 영화 등을 통해 소개됨으로써, 자국 내의 버려졌던 장소들이 재조명되는 기회를 얻기도 합니다. 중국에서도 도시 탐험 사이트에 수많은 회원들이 몰려들어 그들 주변의 버려진 공간들을 전세계에 소개하고 있습니다. 안타깝게도 한국에서는 아직 도시 탐험은 생소한 단어입니다. 그만큼 앞으로 찾아볼 보물들이 더 많이 숨겨져 있다는 뜻이기도 하고요.

변화를 가져오고 싶습니다. 한국에서 도시 탐험과 도시 재개발에 대한 사람들의 관심을 이끌어내기 위해, 저는 스페이스빔 갤러리에 선별된 저의 사진들을 전시하고 싶습니다. 제 희망은 더욱 많은 이들의 참여를 이끌어 내는 것입니다.

반세기에 걸쳐 꾸준히, 또 급속히 진행된 재개발의 결과로 인해, 남한은 수많은 공간들이 버려진 채로 남아 있습니다. 이렇게 폐허가 된 장소들을 탐험하기 위해 철거 현장에 드려온 장막 너머로 숨어들어가거나, 울타리 틈새를 비집고 들어가고, 부서진 거죽자게 더미 위를 오르는 일 따위는 그리 힘들지 않습니다. 이런 현장들의 사진을 찍음으로써, 우리는 이 건물들의 잃어버린 삶을 바라보고, 도시 재개발의 잔혹함을 그려낼 수 있습니다. 이는 대부분의 사람들이 보려 하는 것은 아닐 테지만, 우리는 그들에게 보여주어야

만 합니다.

저는 놀이공원, 군기지 등등, 한국 전역에 걸쳐 있는 수많은 버려진 공간들을 방문해 왔습니다. 그들 중에는 나산백화점처럼 언론의 헤드라인을 장식(자난말 철거현장 붕괴사고로 작업중이던 건설노동자가 사망한 사건이었습니다)하게 된 곳도 포함되어 있습니다. 우연히도 제가 나산백화점에 침입했던 건 붕괴사고가 나기 몇 달 전이었습니다.

최근 많은 이들을 분노케 한 사건의 무대가 된 용산에도 갔었습니다. 온 동네에 걸쳐 그 많은 상점들과 가정들이 문을 닫고, 떠나가거나, 파괴되어진 현장과 철거용역 장대들이 남긴 무시무시한 협박성 낙서들을 보았습니다. 제가 방문한 지 두 달 뒤, 그 곳에서 6명이 목숨을 잃었습니다. 또 저는 철거 전야의 동대문 운동장을 방문해, 강제철거 당하는 상인들의 아픔을 기록했습니다. 저는 스페이스빔에서 이러한 만남들로부터 얻은 이미지들을 공유하고 싶습니다.

첫번째로, 저는 사진들을 전시하고 싶습니다. 그다음 스페이스빔의 지원으로 포토북을 출간하고 싶습니다. 웹사이트나 커뮤니티 등을 만들고 탐험대를 조직해서, 보다 많은 사람들이 적합한 방법으로 도시탐험에 참여하게 되기를 바랍니다.

보다 많은 사람들이 그들 주변의 공간에 관심을 기울이고, 그들이 속한 사회를 끌고있는 호기심으로 탐구하게 되기를 바랍니다.

도시 탐험은 활동이자, 취미이자, 훈련이자, 하나의 미학입니다. 도시탐험은 세상에 대한 시각을 바꾸어주며, 세월이 지남에 따라 도시가 어떻게 나이 먹어가는지에 대해 진실한 이야기를 들려

줄 것입니다.

저는 스페이스빔이 한국 도시탐험의 개척자가 되길 희망합니다.

When you were young, you loved going places you weren't supposed to go. There was a forest near your home you liked to walk through. You got a rush from wandering through the construction site that replaced the forest. During class you were always trying to sneak out, and after class you were always trying to sneak in to roam the empty halls. Remember back then? You were an urban explorer.

Urban explorers are drawn to strange, forbidden places. Most people consider these places ugly, and ignore them, but we find beauty in them. Urban explorers generally obey the rule "take only photos and leave only footprints," opposing vandalism, graffiti, and theft at UE locations. While urban exploration may be considered illegal, it is a harmless activity if done properly. These objectives, activities, techniques, and ethics shared by urban explorers all over the world.

Urban exploration communities are found in nearly every country. The term was invented in Canada by Ninjaicious, who published the zine Infiltration and the book Access All Areas. In the US, urban explorers cherish a network of abandoned mental hospitals known collectively as Kirkbrides. The Cave Clan is famous in Australia for

exploring underground. More recently, urban exploration has spread to Asia.

In Japan, it is called Haikyo, which means abandoned, and it is a major pastime with several magazines and films dedicated to the various abandoned sites of Japan. In China, urban exploration websites have tens of thousands of members. In Korea, urban exploration is unheard of.

I want to change that. In order to draw people's attention to urban exploration and the process of urban renewal in Korea, I want to display a selection of my photographs in the Space Beam art gallery. My hope is to get more people involved.

South Korea has many abandoned locations due to ongoing urban renewal. It is not difficult to slip behind a blanket, squeeze through a fence, and climb over rubble to walk among these abandonments. By taking pictures, we can view the lost life of these buildings and depict the brutality of urban renewal. It's something that most people never see, but the least they can do is look.

I have visited abandoned locations all over Korea, including amusement parks, army bases, and famous sites that have made headlines. I infiltrated Namsan Homeplace months before it collapsed. I visited a Sinyongsan neighbourhood and saw vandalism and graffiti left by gangsters; two months later, six lives were lost in that neighbourhood. I went in both Dongdaemun stadiums on the eve of their destruction and documented the plight of the evicted merchants. I want to share all of the images from these encounters at Space Beam.

First I want to display photos in the photo gallery. Next, I want to publish a photography book with Space Beam's help. I also want to get more people involved, perhaps by creating a website, or a club, or organizing expeditions, to expose more people to urban exploration and teach them the appropriate way to do it respectfully.

Urban exploration is an activity, a hobby, a discipline, and an aesthetic. It changes your perception of the world and lets you see the true story of how cities age. It is not common in Korea, but has a lot to offer. I hope that Space Beam will be a pioneer of Korean urban exploration.

As you approach, Verville is telling a story to a group of rapt listeners. "I heard a rumor that Amy Winehouse will be doing a set with Chadburger," he is saying. "Her and Tel plan on 'switching out' for two songs, Tel sitting down while Amy Winehouse sings Fuck My Boss and Amy Winehouse looking on as Tel croons Back on Black."

Everyone chatters with laughter at this irritatingly private in-joke. You edge your way in closer to your target.

"The project may be called either 'Amy Winehouseburger' or 'Chad

Winehouse.'" Verville continues. "It is also rumored that Amy may arrive at the Pornotarium concert later, whom may do their set under the name Pornhouse. There are other rumors suggesting that Amy will perform with Vicious Housewine Glare, The Tearful Drug Addicted Amy-jerks, Attacking Winehouses or perhaps under the name Amy Geekhouse."

You've elbowed your way in right up to Verville's left side, perfect shanking distance. It is now that he notices you.

"What's your name?" he asks, his

big round eyes coming round to you.

Uh-oh, he's asking questions! You try to remember your cover story. "Uh...Chad," you reply dumbly.

"Is there a chance your last name is Burger?" Verville asks you with a friendly laugh.

"No, it's, uh, Winehouse," you reply.

"Well, Chad Winehouse," Verville booms, "I am Verv. Where are you from?"

The attention of everyone in the circle is on you. "North Dakota," you lie.

Verville opens his mouth and eyes wide. "O-oooooh!" he howls. "Fargo!

That is my hometown. Come, we must drink soju!"

He leads you down the slanted alleyway toward the road. "We must cross the street, Chad Winehouse, to buy our soju from the 7/11!" he announces as if he's narrating an epic poem.

There are only two lanes of traffic, but many cars and buses are passing by. This might be a chance to kill Verville. Want to take it?

Yes. Go to page 5
No, I'll bide my time. Go to page 6

Target: Jacob Verville

3

His Master's Noise

Jon Twitch

I interviewed noise wizard Park Seungjun to find out about the noise music scene in Korea and why anyone would listen to that stuff.

Broke: Let's start with your musical history. What bands have you been in? What bands are you in now?

Seungjun: (모 든 과거가 그렇듯이) 밝힐수 없는 약간의 밴드들이 있고, 플리커 비긴스(The Flicker Begins)라는 실험음악 그룹을 만들었고, 지금은 불길한 저음(Master Musik)이라는 6인조 노이즈 밴드를 하고 있습니다. 그리고 개인적으로도 노이즈 연주를 하고 있습니다.

Seungjun: There are a few bands I can't reveal (just like some of my past). I have formed an experimental musical group called The Flicker Begins, and now I'm in the six-piece noise band Master Musik. I play noise music solo too.

Broke: You used to play more "normal" punk music. Why did you quit that?

Seungjun: 지 금도 물론 펑크 음악은 좋아합니다. 그 당시에는 쓰리 코드(3개의 코드)로 연주하는 걸 좋아했지만, 어느 순간에 흥미를 잃어버렸어요. 같은 코드를 연주한다는 것에 대한 것. 그리고 그 당시에 펑크락 팬진을 낸다음, 그 팬진에 대한 반응이 없었어요. 계속해서 펑크락 공연장을 가는 것에 대해서 약간 지루함을 느꼈습니다. 일종의 생각하던 커뮤니티와는 다른(웃긴 말일수도 있지만) 것을 느껴서 그만두게 된 것 같습니다.

Seungjun: I still like punk music. I used to like playing three chords but I lost my interest in that at some point. I released a punk rock fanzine but there was no response. I felt a little bored with going to punk rock shows. (It might sound funny) I felt the community was quite different than I thought and that's probably why I quit.

Broke: How would you describe your music?

Seungjun: 노 이즈 음악입니다. 사실 다른 친구들과 사람들이(심지어는 가족들까지도) 제가 하는 음악에 대해서 많은 의구심을 가집니다. (가족들은 이게 음악이 아니라고 까지 물어봅니다.) 간단하게 설명하기는 어렵습니다. 노이즈 연주를 시작한후, 저를 비롯한 한국의 노이즈 연주자들은 클럽을 벗어나 갤러리와 여러 공간에서 연주를 해왔습니다. 특히 갤러리에서 연주가 많이 되니 사람들은 이게 미술이거나 퍼포먼스인줄 압니다. 이런 음악이거든요! 음, 사람들이 뭐라고 물어볼때는 이렇게 말합니다. 노이즈 음악입니다. 정말 이해 못하는 사람을 만나면 그냥 이래 버립니다. 파워노이즈!

Seungjun: Noise music. Many people including my friends (even my family) have doubt in my music. (My family even asked me if it is music.) Hard to explain. Noise music artists



in Korea including me have been playing at various places like galleries rather than clubs. Since we have a lot of performances at galleries, people think it's some sort of art performance. This is music! Um, I answer people doubting. It is noise music. I just say to people who really don't get it, POWER NOISE!

Broke: Why would people want to listen to that?

Seungjun: 글 세요, 저 같은 경우에도 몸이 아프거나 멍할때는 노이즈 음악을 듣지 못합니다. 사람들이 각자 필요에 의해서 음악을 듣지 않을까요. 노이즈 음악의 경우는 뭐일까 생각해봅니다. 사실 공연장에 와서 즐기는 음악과 시디로 듣는 음악은 다르잖아요. 당 신은 집에서 시디를 들을때 앉아서 그냥 듣나요? 책을 읽거나 다른 곳을 가거나 할때 다른 일을 할때 듣잖아요. 대부분 음악에만 집중을 할순 없잖아요. 노이즈 음악은 그 지점에선 약간 다른것 같아요. 펑크 음악이나 그라인드 코어 음악을 듣는 사람들도 노이즈 음악을 듣는것을 보고 물어보았지요. 왜 듣냐고, 약간 엑스트림한 면에서 좋아한다고 말을 했어요. 저도 동의해요. 어떠한 면에서 노이즈 음악은 굉장히 폭력적이고 엑스트림 하거든요. 그래서 사람들은 노이즈 음악을 듣는 것 같습니다.

Seungjun: Well, in my case, I cannot listen to noise music when I'm sick or when I feel dull. Wouldn't everyone listen to music in their own niche? There's a difference between music you listen to at shows and on CD. When you listen to music at home, is that all you do? You listen to music mostly when you read or when you go somewhere. Mostly you don't totally concentrate only on music. Noise music is different at that point. I asked fans of punk or grindcore who also listen to noise music why they listen to it. They said they liked its extreme side. I agree. In some ways

noise music is very violent and extreme. I guess that's why.

Broke: Is noise music popular in Korea? Is it easy to play in Hongdae? Are there a lot of fans?

Seungjun: 사 실 그렇진 않습니다. 저와 같이 연주를 하는 홍철기씨와 최준용씨는 10년부터 아스트로노이즈라는 노이즈 밴드를 시작했는데요. 그들이 10년동안 홍대 클럽에서 연주하기는 쉽지 않았습니 다. 불길한 저음의 경우, 한 주실에서도 많이 쫓겨났습니다. 소리가 크다고 다른 방에서 항의가 들어와 쫓겨난적도 있고, 저희의 소리가 앰프를 타게 한적도 있고, 그래서 홍대에 있는 대부분의 합주실에서 블랙 리스트가 되어서 합주할 공간을 찾기가 쉽지 않습니다. 클럽도 마찬가지입니다. 불길한 저음의 경우, 아무도 저희를 불러주지 않아, 대부분 제가 직접 공연을 기획하고 클럽을 찾아가서 공연을 기획하는데요, 공연이 끝나고 나서 저희를 다시 불러주는 클럽은 없었습니다. 그나마 저희는 보위(구 아우라)라는 클럽에서 받아주어서 종종 거기에서 공연을 합니다. 글세요. 한국에서 노이즈 음악을 듣는 사람을 찾기는 쉽지 않은것 같습니다. 저희가 시디를 내면 대부분 일본과 미국, 유럽에서 팔립니다. 사실 일본은 아시다시피 펑크 음악부터 해서 굉장한 역사적인 팬과 씬이 존재하고 있잖아요. 그래서 저희는 종종 해외 공연 제의를 받기도 합니다. (드러머인 마이클을 빼고) 불길한 저음의 멤버들은 올해 3월에 일본 후쿠오카에서 공연 제의를 받아서 후쿠오카의 노이즈 페스티벌에서 공연을 한적이 있습니다. 그곳의 공연장에서 수많은 관객들을 보았을 때, 너무나도 부럽고 놀랐습니다. 일본에 비해 본다면 확실히 한국에서는 아직 노이즈 음악은 계속 해봐야 결과를 알수 있을것 같습니다. 그래서 저희는 계속 해나갈 것 입니다.

Seungjun: Not really. Hong Chulki

and Choi Joonyong who I play with started a noise band called Astronoise ten years ago. It wasn't easy for them to play in Hongdae clubs for the last ten years. Master Musik has gotten kicked out of studios many times. Other rooms complained we were being too loud, or our noise burned an amp, so we are on the blacklist of most Hongdae studios. It's not easy to find a studio. Same with clubs. Since nobody invites Master Musik, mostly I promote shows and go talk to clubs myself. There were none who invited us back after one show. It seems difficult to find people who enjoy noise music in Korea. Our CDs are mostly sold in Japan, America, or Europe. As you know, Japan has long-running music scenes from punk to everything. Sometimes we get offers from overseas. All members of Master Musik (except drummer Michael) had an offer and played at a noise festival in Fukuoka in March. I was amazed and envious seeing so many people in the audience there. Compared to Japan, I don't know what we are going to get out of this yet. So we are going to keep going.

Broke: What kind of equipment do you use for your shows?

Seungjun: 불 길한 저음의 경우에는 다양합니다. 다들 각자 손수만 든 악기들도 있고, 턴테이블을 연주하기도 하지만, 다들 기존의 악기를 그대로 연주하는 법은 없습니다. 비정상적인 방법으로 연주합니다. 어제(5/10)의 공연 같은 경우에는, 다들 정상적인 기타와 베이스를 가지고 연주했지만, 이팩터 자체에 피드백을 걸어 증폭시키는 다소 과격하기도 하고 정상적으로 이팩터 쓰시는 분들이 보면 미친거 아닌가! 라고 할정도로 이상하게 악기를 사용합니다. 저 같은 경우에는 스크크 헬에서 연주했을 때는 집에서 주로 사용하는 데스크 램프에서 나오는 전압을 가지고 연주할때도 있

었습니다.

Seungjun: Master Musik has a lot of equipment. Each member has handmade equipment, and sometimes we play a turntable, but none of us play usual equipment in the usual way. We do it in an unusual way. Yesterday's show, everyone played a usual guitar and bass, but we used feedback with an effector. Somebody who uses an effector in a normal way would have said "Crazy!" In my case, when I played at Skunk Hell, I sometimes used electricity from a desk lamp.

Broke: A desk lamp? Why on earth for?

Seungjun: 아 사실 굉장히 사소한 이유에서 나왔어요. 집에서 공부를 하는데, 라디오를 듣고 있었는데, 잡음이 들어오는거예요. 알고보니 스탠드의 전파가 들어와서 생기는거였지요. 장난으로 데스크 램프에 라디오를 가지고 왔다 갔다 왔다 갔다 하다가 하다 보니, 소리가 변하는걸 알게 되고, 그 이후로도 소리를 가지고 장난을 치는 것들을 하게 되고 이게 시작됐던 것 같아요. 노이즈 연주에 시작점이 된것 같아요 이 장난이. 데스크 램프가 ㅋㅋㅋ. 그렇게 해서 데스크 램프를 아직도 연주에 사용하고 있습니다.

Seungjun: 벌써 2년전인가요, 기억이 정확하진 않지만, 공중캠프에서 있었던 5번째 네버라잇때, 불길한 저음이 마지막 순서로 나왔습니다. 연주가 시작된지 얼마되지 않아 저희가 준비해온 테이블이 무너지면서 더 이상 연주를 제대로 할수 없는 상황이 되었습니 다. 그 상황에서, 다른 멤버와서는 다소 흥분한 상태에서 테이블을 뒤집었는데, 공연이 끝나고 보니 누군가가 앞에 놓은 컵과 재떨이가 산산조각이 나있는것을 볼수 있었습니다. 그리고 저희의 새로운 드러머인 마이클 오를리는 지난번 보위(구 아우라)에서의 공연 중에 드럼을 던졌습니 다. 드럼타이랑 심발위를 보니 피가 흥건하더군요. 알고보니 드러머가 과격하게 드럼을 쳐서 그렇게 된거라고 하더군요. 저희 드러머가 드럼을 정식으로 배우고 치는 친구가 아니라, 가끔 손에 피멍이 들곤 합니다. 저희도 가끔 다치곤 합니다. 사실 어제(5/10) 공연이 끝나고 손을 보니 피멍이 들고 지금 오른손엔 상처가 가득 합니다.

Seungjun: I don't remember exactly but it's two years ago already. It was the fifth Never Right show at Kuchu Camp and Master Musik was the last band. Our table collapsed not so long after we started. Me and another member were a little hyper and turned the table upside-down and we found out we broke somebody's cup and ashtray after the show. Our new drummer Michael Oakley threw away the drumset at a show in Bowie (previously Aura). There was a lot of blood on the tom and cymbal. It turned out that the drummer was being too intense. Our drummer has never trained to be a drummer so sometimes he gets

Verville didn't leave, maybe he's with them, and if he did, maybe they know where he went.

Will you go in, or stay out here?

I'll go into the club. Go to page 7
I'll stay out here. Go to page 9

4 Target:
Jacob Verville

Best to keep a low profile. You find a place to lean against the wall where you can keep an eye on the target. He disappears across the street for a minute to buy another green bottle of soju from the store, and then only a few minutes later he goes again for another bottle.

Judging by the amount of drinking he's doing, it won't be long before he's totally immobile and you can use your syringe to inject him with poison.

Somebody from the front door of Skunk Hell yells "Chadburger's on next!"

Before you can react, a ton of people head inside, and you lose sight of Verville in the crowd. Did he go inside? You look around for someone who speaks English, but they've all left except for one group standing down at the bottom of the alley. If

Galaxy Express



bruises on his hands. Sometimes we get injured too. Actually my hands were bruised and my right hand has a lot of scars from yesterday's show.

Broke: You're affiliated with the Space Beam art gallery in Incheon. Can you tell us what Space Beam is? **Seungjun:** 사 실 스페이스 빔의 정식적인 멤버는 아닙니다. 저도 인천에서의 대안공간을 찾다가 발견한 곳이 이곳입니다. 원래는 지금과는 다른곳에 위치해 있었는데, 베다리 산업도로 관련으로 해서 베다리 양조장으로 이사를 오게 된것으로 알고 있습니다. 정말로 주인들과 스페이스 빔의 활동을 후원하는 사람들이 자발적으로 꾸려가는 공동체로 알고 있습니다. 전시와 미술이라는 매개체로 이 공간을 소개할수도 있겠지만, 사람들의 자발적인 커뮤니티로 이루어지는 공간이라고 소개할수도 있습니다. 더 자세한 내용은 spacebeam.net 으로 들어와주세요!

Seungjun: I'm not a regular member of Space Beam. I was looking for an alternative space in Incheon and found it. It was originally located somewhere else but they had to move to Baedari Factory because of construction of Baedari Industrial Road. It can be introduced as a gallery for arts and exhibitions but it's a community voluntarily run by residents and supporters. Visit spacebeam.net for more!

Broke: What's your favourite show that you've played? What's your favourite venue to play in?

Seungjun: 사 실 정말 기억에 남는 공연들이 몇개 있습니다. 이 인터뷰가 브로크(Broke)전을 위해서가 아니라, 진심으로 불길한 저음의 첫 공연, 정말로 기억에 남는 공연은 스크렐에서 있었습니다. 대략 3년전, 리애니메이터의 이피 발매 공연이었지요. 저희는 공연을 하고 싶어서, 여러 밴드들에게 한창 컨택을 하고 있었습니다. 그중, 리애니메이터와 연락이 닿아서 연주를 하게 되었습니다. 저희는 15분간 연주를 했으며, 공연중에 난생 처음 저희의 음악을 들으며, 같이 환호해주는 관객들을 보았습니다. 그러나 연주가 끝나고 30분동안 저희 때문에 내려간 전기 문제를 해결하느라 고생했던 기억이 납니다. 지금 저희에게 가장 고맙고 좋은 장소는 보위(구 아우라)입니다. 상당수의 네바라이트 공연을 그곳에서 했었고, 또한 불길한 저음의 공연도 대부분 그곳에서 했습니다. 보위에서 불싸조와 공연을 했는데, 저희가 공연을 하기 시작 이후, 사람들이 다들 환호하면서 무대 안으로 난입하고 같이 뛰어놀았던 기억이 납니다.

Seungjun: There are some memo-

table ones. I'm not saying because this is an interview with Broke, but actually the most memorable show was at Skunk Hell which was our very first show. It was Reanimator's EP release show three years ago. At that time, we were trying to contact other bands to play for their shows. Then we got to hear from Reanimator. We played for 15 minutes and for the first time in our lives we saw the audience listening to our music and cheering. They were struggling with a blackout that we caused for 30 minutes, though. The venue we feel the most grateful for is Bowie. We did many Never Right shows there, and most of Master Musik's shows there too. We played with Bullssazo there and since we started playing, people jumped onstage and we all jumped around having fun together.

Broke: How often is the Never Right concert series? Got any upcoming shows?

Seungjun: 네 버라잇은 사실 2달에 한번 진행했었습니다. 11번의 공연을 마치고, 지금은 휴식 상태에 있습니다. 조만간에 네바라이트의 그동안 공연을 정리하는 시디와 책이 같이 나올 예정이고요. 네바라이트 아니더라도 제가 기획하는 소소한 공연들은 종종 있을 예정입니다. 일본 마츠모토에서 라이엇 걸 밴드를 하고 있는 P-heavy 라는 밴드가 옵니다. 5/16일에 썬지스페이스에서 공연이 있습니다. 불길한 저음, 스트레칭 저니와 함께 연주합니다. 아 그리고 저희는 펑크락 하드코어 밴드랑 같이 공연하고 싶습니다. 언제라도 같이 공연하고 싶은 생각이 있다면 유튜브에서 불길한 저음을 검색해보면, anarchyin@naver.com로 연락주세요! 아 그리고 저희 존더버의 스페이스 빔에서의 폐허 사진전 오프닝에서도 개인적으로 저희의 페이보릿 밴드인 채드버거와 불길한 저음 그리고 몇몇의 밴드가 같이 공연할 예정입니다!

Seungjun: We used to have a Never Right show every two months, but after the eleventh show, we are on a break now. They are going to release a Never Right show CD and a book soon. There will be small shows I promote. Riot grrl band P-Heavy is coming from Matsumoto, Japan. They are having a show at Ssamzie Space on May 16 with Master Musik and Stretching Journey. Also we want to have a show with punk rock or hardcore bands. If you are interested, search Master Musik on YouTube or contact me at anarchyin@naver.com! And with my favourite band Chad-burger and a few other bands at the opening of Abandoned Places Photo Exhibition by Jon Dunbar at Space Beam on June 6!

Jon Twitch
Questions translated by Park Jongu

Answers translated by Jung Rotten

Juhyun has been around the Korean music scene pretty well since there was a Korean music scene. He's played in pretty well every band in pretty well every style, and gone as far as the Korean underground music scene can take you. And still he answers my questions with unbelievable humbleness.

Broke: Galaxy Express is still a new band, but the members are experienced with other bands. What other bands have Galaxy Express members been in? **Juhyun:** Guitarist Park Jong-hyun was in the Ramones tribute band Mowgly, and he lost all the other members so he started a solo project named Guitar Mowgly. We started Galaxy Express at my suggestion. (Editor's note: Juhyun was a founding member of Rux and Captain Bootbois, and played in Ghetto Bombs; not sure why he didn't mention that.)

Broke: Where will Galaxy Express be in a few years? Still playing underground shows in Hongdae, or appearing on KTF ads (like Ghetto Bombs), or long gone?

Juhyun: I think it'll be pretty well the same. It's not such a popular kind of music, and there's not so many elements that the public would like. I don't think there's a fine line between underground and overground in the Korean rock scene because nobody knows about Korean rock anywhere else other than Hongdae.

Broke: You've been around the Hongdae music scene a long time. What changes have you seen? How do you feel about it today? How have you changed?

Juhyun: I don't know generally about the Hongdae scene. In the punk scene, many bands I knew are gone now and there seem to be a lot fewer people enjoying music. I don't really know what's going on in the punk scene these days. In the middle of all these changes, I'm still the same, as stupid as before, except I got older.

Broke: All of you guys have come from the Korean punk scene. How has that affected Galaxy Express as a band? Would you use "punk" to de-



scribe Galaxy Express, or is it totally a different thing? What is "punk" about Galaxy Express, and what is not "punk"? **Juhyun:** I started music by listening to punk. Even now Galaxy Express is based on punk. We do use the word "punk" to describe Galaxy Express. Punk is just a genre of music to Galaxy Express. Punk or metal or hard rock or psychedelic or shoe-gazing or post-rock, are just music genres labeled by somebody. My music is energetic, rebellious, and self-pitying. I don't like being political or modern rock or dance. I don't like music too difficult. Galaxy Express's music is simple and not joyful or moody or macho. The difference between Galaxy Express and punk is we don't care about hair or leather jackets or stupid unity.

Broke: Let's pretend that Galaxy Express breaks up, and everyone's sad. But you can start a new band, anything you want. What band would you start this time?

Juhyun: If I do a different style, it would be because I do it with other people, but still the music I make will be pretty similar.

Broke: 갤럭시익스프레스는 결성하지 오래되지 않은 밴드이지만 멤버들은 다른 밴드에서의 경력이 많은것으로 알고있습니다. 멤버들은 갤럭시익스프레스 이전에 어떤 밴드들에서 활동했었나요?

Juhyun: '기타:박종현'은 밴드 '모글리' 라몬즈 트리뷰트 밴드로 활동을 하다가 멤버의 부재로 인해 '기타모글리'라는 이름으로 쏘로로 어쿠스틱 공연을 하다가 나의 제의를 받고 갤럭시익스프레스를 시작하게 되었습니다.

Broke: 몇년 후 갤럭시익스프레스는 어떤전(또는 배경)을 기반으로 활동하고있을까요?

Juhyun: 계속 비슷할거라 생각합니다. 그다지 인기있는 음악도 아니고 대중이 좋아할만한 요소도 별로 없다고 생각합니다.

한국의 록시장에는 언더그라운드나 오버그라운드가 뚜렷하게 존재하지 않다고 생각합니다.

그저 홍대라는 지역 말고 다른 곳에서는 아무도 한국의 록이라는 음악을 모르기 때문에 그렇다고 생각합니다.

Broke: 홍대전에서 오랜동안 활동한 뮤지션으로써, 그동안 씬이 어떻게 변화되었다고 생각며,

요즘의 전세대해서 당신이 느끼는바는 어떤가요? 그리고 그러한 변화속에서 당신은 어떻게 변화되었나요?

Juhyun: 홍대의 씬을 포괄적으로 다 알고 있지 못합니다. 그러나 내가 아는 펑크션을 보면 밴드들도 예전에 비해 많이 없어지고 우선 음악을 즐기는 사람이 별로 없어보입니다. 요즘은 펑크션이 어떻게 되어가는지 잘 모릅니다. 이러한 변화속에서 나는 나이를 많이 먹었다는 것 말고는 아직 멍청이인채 그대로 라고 생각합니다.

Broke: 멤버들이 처음에 펑크션에서 부터 음악을 시작했잖아요. 펑크(또는 펑크션)이 갤럭시익스프레스에 어떤 영향을 주었나요? 갤럭시익스프레스라는 밴드를 표현할때 펑크라는 단어를 쓰셨습니까? 아닌 갤럭시는 아예 다른 밴드라고 생각하나요? 갤럭시익스프레스에게 펑크란 무엇이며, 또 펑크가 아닌 점은 무엇이라고 생각합니까?

Juhyun: 음악을 처음에 할때 그런지, 펑크음악을 들으면서 시작했습니다. 지금도 갤럭시는 펑크에 기반을 두고 있다고 생각합니다. 갤럭시를 표현할때 펑크라는 단어를 쓰고있습니다.

갤럭시에게 펑크라는 것은 음악 장르일뿐이라고 생각합니다. 펑크나 메탈이나 하드록이나 싸이키델릭,휴게이징,포스트록 등등 다 그냥 누군가 가져다 붙인 음악장르라고 생각합니다.

저는 에너지가 넘치고 반항적이고 적절하게 자기 하소연이나 하는 음악을 하고있습니다. 정치적인것도 싫고 모던록도 싫고 댄스도 싫습니다. 그리고 너무 어려운 음악도 싫습니다.

갤럭시가 추구하는 음악은 쉽고 신나지도 않고 우울하고 마초적이지도 않습니다. 갤럭시가 펑크와 다른점은 머리가 가죽잡바에 신경쓰지 않는다는것과 멍청한 유니티를 추구하지 않는다는 것입니다.

Broke: 어떤 질문은 잘나가고있는 밴드에게하기엔 조금 조심스럽습니단만, 그냥 재미로 물어보는 것이니 심각하게 받아들이지 말아주세요! 감사합니다.

그면 어떠한 밴드(음악)을 하게 될까요?

Juhyun: 다른 스타일을 하게되는 것은 다른사람과 하기때문이고 그 안에서 내가 만드는 음악은 계속 비슷하다고 생각합니다. 나중에 새로운 밴드를 만든다고 해도비슷할거라고 생각합니다.

As Verville steps out onto the street, you come up behind and push him into the path of an oncoming taxi.

"Jesus Christ!" Verville yells as the taxi narrowly misses him, slipping past with horn blaring.

"Sorry, I slipped," you mutter.

Verville looks back at you with sincere eyes. "It is okay," he says. "Soju will make me feel better."

You follow him into the 7/11. He grabs two small green bottles and brings them to the counter. You take out your wallet, but he ushers it away.

"It is my treat," he announces.

When you both have your sojus, you follow Verville outside again onto the street and back toward Skunk Hell.

This time, you plant both hands on his back and give him an almighty

shove. Smack! Verville is squashed by an oncoming bus.

Mission accomplished! Excellent work. Your employers are very pleased.

THE END

Target: 5
Jacob Verville

Don't Call Them Infamous

Jon Twitch

Answers translated by Jungy Rotten

For too long, the former member of MR27 we mostly know as Sidney has been talking about starting a new band. There has been all sorts of talk about this, and he formed the band long before they actually started to play shows. I wanted to know more, so I sent him some questions to see what he'd say. Here he answers questions as "Ahn Archy."

Broke: First, what is the band's name in Korean, and why did you choose that?

안 악희: 우리 밴드의 이름은 파렴치악단이라고 한다. 밴드의 이름을 만들때 굉장히 오랜 고민을 했었다. 나는 오랫동안 모두가 공감하고 모두가 이해할 수 있는 강렬한 밴드 이름을 찾길 원했다. 어느 시대이든 그 시대의 분위기를 잘 드러내주는 밴드이름이 하나쯤은 존재하기 마련이다. 예를들면 쇼디와디라던가, 클레쉬라던가, 머드러니같은 밴드 이름 있지 않은가. 나는 오랜시간동안 대한민국을 관통하는 키워드를 찾았는데, 파렴치라는 단어 말고 더 나은게 없는것 같다. 이 나라는 누가 옳고 그르고를 판단할 수 없을 정도로 파렴치하다.

Ahn Archy: Our band name is Paryumchiakdan. It took me a long time to find this name. I wanted to find a name that everybody can sympathise with and understand, There's at least one band name that captures the atmosphere of the era. I've been looking for a keyword to define Korea for a long time, and paryumchi is the best word. This country is so paryumchi, that you cannot judge who's right and who's wrong.

Broke: Describe what the band sounds like.

안 악희: 우리 밴드는 철저히 동양적인 멜로디를 지향한다. 그동안 한국의 록음악은 오랜 시간동안 탄압받고, 미디어의 철저한 방해속에서도 나름대로의 발전을 거쳐 이제는 세련된 음악으로 거듭났다. 그러나 음악적 세련미를 논하면서 가끔 서양의 것을 무조건 따라만 하는것이 세련미인줄 착각하는 사람들이 있다. 우리는 한국인이다. 한국인이 한국적인, 동양적인 멜로디가 나오는 것은 당연한 것이다. 우리는 한국적인 멜로디에 60년대 개러지와 펑크록을 섞는, 새로운 음악을 하기 위해 모였다. 우리가 만들면서도 장르를 알 수 없는 곡들이 나오곤 한다. 우리는 딱히 어느 장르라고 이야기 하고 싶지 않지만, 우리가 펑크밴드인것은 변함이 없다.

김용수: 나는 파렴치악단을 하기 전부터 펑크밴드를 하고있는 상태였고 파렴치악단을 하면서 여전히 내가 펑크밴드를 하고있구나 하고 생각했다. 밴드의 노래도 그에 맞



는 사운드를 들려주고 있다고 생각한다

Ahn Archy: Our band totally goes for Oriental melodies. Rock music in Korea was persecuted but developed its own way and now it's new born as a sophisticated music. Some people misunderstand the sophistication of music equals following the footsteps of westerners. We are Koreans; it's natural Korean and Oriental melody comes out of Koreans. We are here to make new music, music of Korean melody mixed up with '60s garage and punk rock. Sometimes we happen to make songs of genres we cannot tell. We don't want to define ourselves in a particular genre but surely we are a punk band.

Kim Yongsu: I was in a punk band before Paryumchiakdan and I still think I'm doing punk in Paryumchiakdan.

Broke: Most other Korean bands I see sing in English, or at least partly in English. Why did you choose to have Korean lyrics?

안악희: 우리가 한국인이니까 당연한것 아닌가. 이 질문을 왜 했는가? 그렇다면 당신은 왜 영어로 된 밴드를 만드는가?

김용수: 한국적인 노래에 영어를 쓰는가? 불어를 쓰는가? 아니면 일본어를 쓰는가? 그저 애초에 밴드를 시작할때부터 모두들 암묵적으로 한국어 가사를 쓰는 것으로 되었다고 생각한다.

양 세정: 영어로는 완벽히 전할 수 없는 동양적인 사상과 문화들이 있기 때문이다. 예를 들면 한(恨)이라는 개념이 이 한계에 속한다. 그나마 가장 가까운 infamous라는 영단어도 한국인들이 생각하는 파렴치라는 개념을 충분히 설명해주지 못한다고 생각한다. 파렴치를 infamous라고 쓸 것인가, 아니면 outrageous라고 쓸 것인가 고민도 많이 했던 기억이 난다.

Ahn Archy: Because we are Korean. Why did you ask this question? Then why do you make a fanzine in English?

Kim Yongsu: Then using English in Korean songs? Using French? Or using Japanese? I guess we didn't even need to agree to use Korean lyrics when we first started the band.

Yang Sejung: There are Oriental philosophies and cultures that cannot translate to English. For instance, Han. Even the closest English word "Infamous" cannot fully describe the meaning of Paryumchi. I remember us worrying whether to use "Infamous" or "Outrageous" for Paryumchi.

Broke: What other Korean elements are in your band's sound?

안 악희: 뽕짝, 엔카로 일컬어 질수 있는 멜로디라던 말고는 좀더 한국적인 가사나 요즘 서양의 팝음악에서는 잘 사용하지 않는 4비트 사운드를 이야기 할 수 있을까? 정확히 우리의 어떤 음악적 요소가 한국적이라고 이야기하긴 사실 매우 어렵다. 우린 다양한 록음

악을 들었지만 동시에 어릴때부터 뽕짝이나 트롯트를 좋은 싫든 듣고 자랐다. 여러 가지 요소가 뒤섞인 환경에서 만든 노래라서 우리의 혈통은 매우 모호하다.

Ahn Archy: Other than melody lines, which is indicated as bbongjjak or enka, comparably more Korean-themed lyrics, or four-beat sound, not so often used in western pop these days. In fact it's hard to pick exactly which elements in our music are Korean. We grew up listening to rock music at the same time we listened to bbongjjak and trot, no matter whether we liked it or not. Our origin is very ambiguous because our songs were made in circumstances with all kinds of elements mixed up.

Broke: Why did you decide to go with a female singer? How did you find her?

안 악희: 양세정은 투명인간이라는 개러지/노웨이브 계열 밴드의 보컬이었는데, 목소리가 매우 맘에 들었다. 처음 그녀의 공연을 보고 그녀가 가진 에너지에 감명 받았는데, 나중에서야 친한 동생과 친구라는 사실을 알게되었다. 그러고 나서 그녀도 엔카를 좋아한다는 사실을 알게 되었고 엔카나 트로트의 사운드를 끌어서 동양적인 사운드를 만들어 보자, 라는 취지에서 함께 하게 되었다. 여성보컬이면 어떻게 남성보컬이면 어떤가. 난 양세정이 여자라서 함께 하려고 한게 아니라 그녀의 목소리에 무한한 재능이 있기때문에 함께 한것이다.

Ahn Archy: Yang Sejung was a singer of the garage/no-wave band Invisible Man and I liked the voice. I was impressed with the energy the first time I saw her performance, then I found out she was a friend of my friend. Then I found out she liked enka too, and we decided to make Oriental sound out of enka and trot. Does it matter whether it's a female vocalist or male vocalist? I brought her to the band not because she's female but she has a great voice and talent.

Broke: Are there any Korean bands you'd liken this band to? 안 악희: 사실상 없다. 몇몇 사람들은 자우림과의 유사성을 이야기하는데 그런 사운드는 크랜베리스에 가깝지 우리와는 전혀 다르다. 우리는 로키빌리나 60년대 소울, 서프 음악과 연관이 크다. 굳이 비슷한 밴드를 꼽자면 60~70년대의 한국 밴드들을 이야기 할 수 있을 것이다. 골든 그레입스나 무지개퀸텟같은 밴드들 말이다. 물론 이들은 완전히 하드록이었기 때문에 우리와는 다르다.

김용수: 없다 있어도 모른다

Ahn Archy: Not really. Some people see a similarity with Jaurim but their sound is close to Cranberries but not us. We are related to rockabilly, '60s soul, and surf music. If I had to pick a similar band, it would be Korean bands in the '60s and '70s like Golden Grapes or Mujige Quintet. Of course they're totally hard rock so we are a bit different.

Kim Yongsu: None. If there is, I don't know.

Broke: Tell me about the Korean psychedelic scene from the '60s. Is it related at all to the modern Korean music scene, or is it mainly forgotten? What are the differences between music then and music now?

안악희: 사실 나는 싸이키델릭 음악을 이제 그다지 좋아하지 않는다. 나의 관심사는 싸이키델릭 이전의 록 음악이다. 기타 사운드가 지나치게 퍼즈톤에 물들기 전 시대를 이야기 하는 것이다. 하지만 굳이 60년대의 한국 싸이키델릭에 관한 이야기를 하자면, 역사속의 그 시절은 한국의 록음악이 이제 막 성장하고 있던 때라고 할 수 있다. 그러나 군사정권의 탄압으로 인해 록음악은 모두 사라졌고, 서브컬처도 완전히 죽어버렸다. 한국의 60년대 후반과 70년대 초반은 서양처럼 히피들이 존재했다고 한다. 그러나 국가에서 모든 것을 통제했고 머리가르는데조차도 금지되었다. 외국인들은 한국이 1987년 민주화가 되기 전까지 얼마나 혹독한 독재국가였는지를 알아야 한다. 북한은 스탈린주의 못지 않게 남한은 군사 파시스트들이 지배하고 있었다. 이러한 상황에서 한 세대에서 다음 세대로 문

frey Dahmer. And his friends."

Do you want to listen to more of Verville's rants outside, or go inside?

Let's go inside. Go to page 7 We'll keep drinking. Go to page 11

6 Target: Jacob Verville

You follow him into the 7/11. He grabs two small green bottles and brings them to the counter. You take out your wallet, but he ushers it away. "It is my treat," he announces.

When you both have your sojos,

you follow Verville outside again and back toward Skunk Hell.

"I am irresponsible," Verville tells you. "This should be my day to sleep in but instead I figure that this will be enough sleep. I have precisely 3 large

work related events transpiring within 4 hours of each other and no time and no understanding from my superiors. One of them is a scheduling conflict I produced without thinking. I deserve to be fucked, killed and eaten. By Jef-

화와 음악이 계승된다는 것은 불가능했다. 새로운 음악 트렌드가 나타나면 그때마다 메이저 음반 제작사들이 카피해서 상품으로서 생산할 뿐이지, 그것이 어떠한 트렌드나 선을 형성할 만큼 자유롭게 생산하고 소비할 상황이 아니었던 것이다. 그렇기 때문에 60년대 싸이키델릭 선이 소멸하고 나서, 계속해서 트렌드가 수입되었다가 소멸되는 악순환만이 반복되었다. 이는 90년대 중반까지 계속 되풀이 되었다. 80년대에 한국에 헤비메탈 밴드들이 엄청나게 많았지만 그때의 음악은 이제 완전히 잊혀졌다. 사람들이 메탈리카나 건스 앤 로지즈는 다시 찾아들지만 시나위나 무당은 알지 못한다. 사실상 요즘 개러지나 모던록 밴드들이라고 등장하는 밴드들은 대부분 호러스나 하이브스를 베껴 뿐이지, 그들은 히식스나 트리퍼스에 관심도 없고, 그러한 음악을 다시 찾아서 들을 수 있는 방법도 사실상 없다. 한국의 특수한 역사적 배경 때문에 한국에서 록 음악의 전통을 이야기 하는것은 무의미 하다. 그렇기 때문에 그 당시 록 밴드들과 요즘 록 밴드들을 비교하는 것도 무의미 하다.

Ahn Archy: In fact I'm not really into psychedelic music. My interest is rock music before psychedelic. I'm talking about the period before guitar sound getting into fuzz tone. Still when it comes to Korean psychedelic in the '60s, historically Korean rock music had just started growing. But the dictatorship persecuted rock music, and rock music and subculture were totally dead. I heard there existed hippies like in western countries in Korea in the late '60s to early '70s, but the government controlled everything:

even singing hair was banned. Foreigners should learn what a horrible dictatorial country Korea was until 1987. Fascist soldiers were ruling South Korea just like Stalinism in North Korea. It was impossible for a generation to pass culture and music onto the next generation. Every time there appears a new music trend, major recording companies copy it and mass-produce it. The circumstances were not good enough for forming a scene or culture being produced and consumed freely. Therefore, since the '60s psychedelic scene died, the cycle of trends being imported then fading away repeated. This continued until the mid-'90s. There were so many heavy metal bands in the '80s in Korea, but they have been totally forgotten now. People rediscover Metallica or Guns n' Roses but they don't know Sinawe or Mudang. Truth is, new garage or modern rock bands these days just copy Horrors or Hives but they are not interested in He6 or Trippers and there's actually no way to find their music. It's meaningless to talk about the tradition of Korean rock music thanks to Korea's specific historical background. That's why it's also meaningless comparing rock bands of the past and today's rock bands.

Broke: Retro seems to be very popular in the Korean live music scene these days. Why is that? Is this a retro band?

안 악희: 외국인들의 눈으로 볼때 한국에서 레트로 혹은 옛날 록음

악의 느낌을 가진 밴드들이 한국 라이브 음악 전에서 인기가 있는 것처럼 보일것이다. 하지만 이는 완전히 잘못 이해한 것이다. 레트로 음악이라고 해도, 지금 이 시대의 한국에서는 완전히 새로운 것이 된다. 그만큼 한국은 록 음악에 있어 자양분이 적다. 세대간의 단절이 지나치게 심했고, 외국은 록 음반의 재발매와 각종 미디어의 특집방송으로 과거의 음악을 재발굴하는 시도가 부지런히 이어져 왔다면, 한국은 그런게 전혀 없다. 그렇기 때문에 만약 우리가 크립이나 아이언 버터플라이같은 연주들 사람들 앞에서 한다고 해도, 사람들은 그것이 싸이키델릭인줄 모른다. 벤처스를 연주해도 사람들은 그것이 서프 음악인줄 모른다. 한국에서 새로 인기있는 장르를 레트로의 시각으로 봐서는 안된다. 이 나라에서는 펑크, 모던록, 헤비메탈을 제외하고는 무엇을 시작해도 최초가 된다. 레트로라서 인기가 있는것이 아니고 사람들이 잘 모르는 음악을 잘 만들기 때문에 인기가 있는 것이다. 그런점에서 우리는 레트로 밴드로 묶일수 없을 것이다. 멜로디의 분위기는 구식이지만 우리의 음악은 전혀 구식이 아니다.

Ahn Archy: In foreigners' eyes it may look like retro or old rock is popular in the live music scene. This is totally wrong. Even if it's retro, still it's totally new in Korea at this time. Korea has such a small amount of materials in rock music. Every generation was disconnected from others. While there are many attempts to rediscover old rock music in other countries, Korea has nothing like that. Even if we play Cream or Iron Butterfly, the audience would have no idea it's psychedelic. Even if we play

Ventures, we don't know it's surf music. I don't think a new popular genre in Korea should be considered as retro. In this country, whatever you start is new except punk, modern rock, or heavy metal. It's popular not because it's retro but it's something people don't know much about. So we cannot be categorised as a retro band. Our melody is old style but our music isn't.

Broke: Where do you want to go with this band? What kind of reception do you think people will give you?

안 악희: 사실 우린 귀엽고 이쁜척하는 인디 아이돌들도 싫고, 한없이 행복하고 예쁜 노래나 하려는 사람들도 별로 맘에 들지 않는다. 현실이 개판인데 귀엽고 이쁜 노래를 해 봤자 무슨 소용인가? 우린 밀도 끝도 없이 뒤편지 잘릴거라고 이야기하는 인간들의 희망에 낙서를 해주고 싶다. 사람들이 우리에게 어떤 반응을 보일지는 별로 기대하지 않고 있다. 사람들의 반응에 관심이 없다는게 아니라, 사실 우리도 사람들이 어떻게 반응할지가 매우 궁금하다. 사람들의 반응을 알 수 없기 때문에 쓸데없는 기대는 접고 있다.

양 세정: 이 시점에서 사람들의 반응을 예상할 수는 없다. 우리들은 그다지 반응 없을 거라고 생각했던 곡이 가장 반응이 좋았던 의외의 사건이 있었기 때문에. 다만 그동안 돌아온 피드백 중 하나는, 주변에서는 우리 음악을 듣고서는 내가 2007년도에 보컬로 활동했던 '투명인간'과 확연히 다르다고 한다. 투명인간의 경우에는 곡의 구성이나 멜로디에 앞서 곡 제목과 가사의 재미와 특이함을 특징으로 내세워 진지한 음악을 기대하는 청중의 허를 찌르는 곡들을

만들었기에 발성이나 창법에 있어서도 과립치악단의 그것과는 상반되었다. 투명인간에서는 그야말로 노래 잘부르는 사람이 불러도 못부르게 되는 곡들? 역으로 생각해보면 못부르는 사람도 쉽게 부를 수 있는 곡들을 만들었지만, 이밴드에 관해서는 내가 낼 수 있는 한 최선을 다해 목소리를 내보고 싶다.

Ahn Archy: We hate indie idols acting cute, and we don't like people singing all happy and sweet. Reality is shit, so what's the point of singing cute, pretty songs? We want to draw graffiti on the hope of people saying everything's going to be alright. Not that we are not interested in how people are going to respond. The truth is we are. I'm trying not to have false hopes because I don't know how they're going to respond.

Yang Sejung: I cannot anticipate how they're going to respond at this point because the song we the least expectation for turned out to be the most popular. Some of the feedback was they say our music is totally different than Invisible Man who I was the vocalist for. Invisible Man was more about betraying the expectations of the audience by making fun lyrics and being different, rather than construction of songs and melodies. So it's almost the opposite of Paryumchiak-dan when it comes to vocal and singing style. Invisible Man's songs made a good singer sound bad. In other words, they were songs even a bad singer could easily sing, but I want to show off my voice and do my best in this band.



Broke in Korea congratulates Jeff and Trash on their marriage and getting Yumi to make out with another chick.

You shoulder your way through the crowd toward the front door of Skunk Hell. There is a stairway leading down to the basement level, and it is currently congested with people trying to get in and people trying to

get out.

You push through the gridlock and suddenly find yourself staring at the back of Verville's clean-shaven skull. From here you can already detect the soju that permeates his every pour

and the grit from wherever he slept the night before.

Interesting, you note that there is no safety railing, and on the other side is a two-meter fall onto very hard stairs. Maybe a simple push would

be all you need to take Verville out. No one would even know it was intentional.

I'll give it a try. Go to page 8
No, not here. Go to page 10

Target: 7
Jacob Verville

G'Day Mateo

Jon Twitch

Questions translated by Park Jongu

Answers translated by Jungy Rotten

If you've ever been to a punk show in Korea, chances are you've bumped into Never Daniel, literally, as he dominates whatever dancefloor any band is capable of bringing. Now this lifelong punk has finally started his own band. I sat down with him (or at least via computer) to ask him what makes him tick, and discuss slamming, fake punk, religion, and alternate theories for his nickname.

Broke: At a lot of shows, you are the most active person in the audience. I guess if you're in a band, then the audience loses its best mosher. How are the audiences when you perform?

Never Daniel: They find it funny, kekeke. My vocal style is action vocals, so I jump around on stage. Since I've been in the audience for 10 years before a band member, I perform in the same attitude with the audience. These days I am influenced by the Misfits so I put skull makeup on my face and the audience makes fun of me saying I look like Kung Fu Panda.

Broke: How long have you been in the punk scene? What was your first show?

Never Daniel: I was a metal kid in the second grade of middle school who loved death metal and thrash metal bands like Sepultura, Slayer, Cannibal Corpse, and Obituary. One day when I was in the third grade of middle school in 1997, an older female friend let me borrow her "Our Nation 1" CD from Drug Records and I got a culture shock listening to "Maldalija" by Crying Nut. It was my first punk rock song and I ran to Drug immediately and have been a punk since then. It's been already 12 years me living as a punk. The first show I've ever been to was with a Korean death metal band called Sadu at Rolling Stones in Sinchon in 1996 when I first started slamming.

Broke: Why did it take so long for you to start a band?

Never Daniel: Originally I decided not to start a band ever. There's a saying in Hongdae, "You should be in a band to be a punk." I hated that and I wanted to prove you can be a punk without being in a band,



and I hated seeing just anybody being in a punk band. The most important thing was I was worried I wouldn't be able to purely enjoy punk music.

One winter day in 2007 after 10 years of slamming, I started dating a punk girl who's a guitarist. She wanted to be in a band but she didn't know anybody in Hongdae so I stepped up as a vocalist. So I betrayed my ten-year-long belief for love. Now we broke up but my band Mateo continues.

Broke: Was it easier or harder than you thought to start a band?

Never Daniel: I think there were more obstacles than I expected. If I say it's too hard, that would

mean I'm not fully enjoying being in a band. I guess I'm not still good enough so I should try harder. I wanna meet many friends and sing life and enjoy my life through performances. Easy or hard doesn't matter but whether I put my passion into it does.

Broke: Tell me what Mateo brings to the Korean punk scene that no other band can. **Never Daniel:** I don't think Mateo contributed or influenced the Korean punk scene at all. Except Mateo is Korea's first Anti-mad-christ punk band. I don't have any problem with the very few good Christians but I am sick and tired of those shouting "Jesus Heaven, no

faith Hell," and those knocking on your door to convert you, or those saying rock music is Satan's music!! You have freedom of religion, but you shouldn't force or bother other people!! Especially there's a quote in the Bible that no matter how good you are, if you don't believe in Jesus you go to Hell, which annoys the Hell out of me. Are there many crazy Christians in America or other countries?? As far as I know, Bush is a Christian and Lee Myungbag is a Christian, then who the Hell goes to Heaven and who goes to Hell?

Broke: It seems these days there are many more bands around, but far fewer real

fuck did this?"

By the reaction of the others on the staircase, you could probably slit Verville's throat right now and get a pleased round of applause. But realistically you'd have to kill any witnesses, and that's a lot of bodies right here. Verville storms up the stairs and

"punk" bands. Is this a good time or bad time to be in a punk band?

Never Daniel: Very bad. At least Mateo should keep it real!!! There should be our own punk while there are so many pop-punks and emo-punks!! If it keeps going like this, there will be only fake punk in the Korean punk scene. We better keep it real and be true to our roots. If I introduce Korean punk to any foreign friend at this point, all I get will be "They're wannabes." Still I'm not frustrated. I think it's time for pure punk bands to get together and stand up again. Time to stop fake punk!!!

Broke: What do you do for a living? And what do you want to do with your life?

Never Daniel: I deliver meals in Yongsan in the daytime on weekdays, and sometimes I promote shows on weekends, and I want to be the best promoter in the future.

Broke: Do you remember how you got the nickname "Never Daniel?"

Never Daniel: It was Paul from Suck Stuff who gave me the nickname "Never Daniel." I was drinking Jack Daniels with Paul at the playground in the summer of 2006 and I got so wasted, and that's when he started calling me Never Daniel.

(Note from editor: I started the nickname, not Paul. In the playground, he mentioned his English name was Daniel, so I started taunting him and saying I'd call him Daniel. He retorted "Never Daniel," so I replied, "Okay, Never Daniel." He said "Not Never Daniel," so I said, "Okay, Not Never Daniel." Eventually it ended up as Never Daniel. I don't know if many people still call him that.)

Broke: 그동안 수많은 공연에서 당신은 가장 액티브한 관객중 하나였습니다. 당신이 관객이 아닌 밴드멤버로써 있을때, 관객은 최고의 모셔(mosher)를 잃는 셈인 데요.

당신이 공연할때 관객들의 반응은 어떤가요?

Never Daniel: 재밌어 합니다. ㅋㅋ 우선 제가 지향하는 보컬 스타일이 액션 보컬이기 때문에 항상 무대에서 방향 뛰어다닙니다. 제가 밴드이기 전에 관객으로써 10년 넘게 살아와서 그런지 공연할때도 관객의 자세로 노래 부릅니다.^^ 요즘은 미스피츠(MISFITS)

에 영향 받아서 얼굴에 해골 문장하고 나오는데 관객들은 '쿵푸 팬더' 같다고 놀립니다.^^;

then exits out a little side door.

What will you do? Follow after him or give him his quiet time? He probably won't go far, but if you follow him it may raise his suspicion. Or give you an opportunity.

I'll stay here. Go to page 9
I'll run after him. Go to page 18

8 Target:
Jacob Verville

Just as Verville is taking a step, you plant your hands in his back and shove him over the edge. He lands hands-first on the lower half of the staircase, making a squishy thump like a bag of moldy potatoes.

"Fuck!" he hollers in pain and surprise, getting to his feet. There's a big bump on his forehead, and his nose is

bleeding. "Who pushed me?"

You keep your mouth shut and look innocently around at everyone else. They all look concerned, but none of them seem suspicious at all. Maybe they think he was just drunk and fell.

"Which one of you faggots pushed me?" Verville repeats himself. "Fuck, I hate this fucking country! Who the

Broke: 펑크권에 몸담은지 얼마나 되었나요? 그리고 당신이 가본 첫번째 공연은 무엇이었나요?

Never Daniel: 원래 세폴투라, 슬레이어, 카니발 콕스, 오비저우리 등등 데스메탈과 스래쉬 메탈을 사랑하는 중학교 2학년 메탈 청소년이었습니다. 그러던 어느날 1997년 중학교 3학년때 아는 누나가 드럭 레이블의 'Our Nation' 1집을 빌려줬는데 그 당시 크라이닝의 '말다려자'를 듣고 문화적 충격을 먹었습니다. 저한테 있어서 최초의 펑크라이프였고, 그 음반을 듣고 바로 드럭으로 달려갔고 전 그때부터 펑크가 되었습니다. 펑크를 처음 접한게 1997년이니깐 벌써 펑크로 산지 12년이 되었네요!! 제가 본 첫 공연은 1996년 여름에 신촌 클럽 롤링스톤즈에서 열린 한국 데스메탈 밴드 '사두'의 단독공연이었고 슬랩도 그때 처음 알았습니다.

Broke: 당신이 펑크권에 몸담은 이래 밴드를 시작하기까지 꽤 오랜 시간이 걸린데에는 어떤 이유가 있나요?

Never Daniel: 원래는 절대로 밴드를 하지 않으려고 했습니다. 한국 홍대에서는 '펑크가 되려면 밴드를 해야 된다'라는 말이 있었습니

다. 그런 말이 너무 싫었고, 밴드를 하지 않아도 펑크로 살수 있다는 걸 증명하고 싶었고, 개나 소나 펑크 밴드 하는 것도 보기 싫었고, 제일 중요한 밴드를 하게 되면 펑크 음악을 순수하게 즐기지 못할까봐 안했습니다.

그 러나....제가 슬랩 관객으로 산지 10년째 되는 2007년 겨울날!! 기타를 치는 펑크걸과 사귀게 됐고 그녀가 홍대에 아는 사람이 없어서 밴드를 하고 싶어도 못한다는 말에 제가 보컬을 하게 되었습니다. 그렇게 저는 10년째 지켜온 신념을 '사랑'이라는 감정때문에 깨트리고 말았습니다. ^^ 현재 그녀와는 헤어졌지만 밴드 '마테오'는 계속 하고 있습니다.^^;

Broke: 밴드를 시작해보니 당신이 생각했던것보다 쉬웠나요 어려웠나요?

Never Daniel: 생각했던 것보다 넘어야 할 산이 많다고 생각합니다. 어렵다고 말하면 제가 지금 밴드를 즐기지 못하는 거겠죠.

제가 아직 모자른 부분도 많고 더 노력해야 된다고 생각합니다. 하지만 밴드 공연을 통해서 좀 더 많은 친구들과 만나고, 인생을 노래하고, 즐기며 살고 싶습니다. 어렵거나 쉬운 것의 문제가 아니라 '내가 얼마나 열정적으로 하느냐?'가 중요한 것 같습니다.

Broke: 그동안 다른 밴드가 하지 않았던, 마테오 만이 이루어낸 한국펑크권에 미친 영향, 기여한점이 있나?

Never Daniel: 저희 마테오는 한국펑크권에 영향을 미쳤다가 아니라, 어렵거나 쉬운 것의 문제가 아니라 '내가 얼마나 열정적으로 하느냐?'가 중요한 것 같습니다.

'Anti-mad -christ'(반개독교) 펑크밴드라는 점만 빼고는, 일부 착한 기독교 신자들은 상관없는데, 길거리에서

'예수천국, 불신지옥' 외치고 다니는 신자들, 자기네 교회 다니라고 집까지 찾아오는 집사들, 락 음악을 사탄의 음악이라고 떠들고 다니는 개독교인들은 정말 풀도 보기가 싫어요!! 종교는 자유지만 남한테 피해를지도 말고, 강요하지도 말아야죠!! 특히 기독교 성경 구절 중에 아무리 착한 사람도 예수를 믿지 않으면 지옥에 간다는 구절이 있는데 제일 짜증나요.;;; 미국이나 다른 나라에도 미친 기독교 신자들이 많은가요??

제가 알기론 부시도 기독교 신자고, 이명박도 기독교 신자인데, 대체 누가 천국 가고,누가 지옥에 가는 거죠?

Broke: 최근들어 밴드는 많아지고 있지만 순수한 펑크밴드는 매우 적은편입니다. 이러한 상황이 펑크밴드들에게 어떤영향을 줄거라고 보시나요? 현재 상황이 좋은 쪽으로 간다고 보십니까?

Never Daniel: 매우 나쁘니까. 저희 마테오라도 정신차려야죠!!! 너무 팝펑크, 이모펑크 쪽에만 몰렸는데 저희만의 펑크도 있어야죠!!

이대로 가다간 한국의 펑크는 걸모습만 펑크인 가짜 펑크만이 판을 칠것입니다. 정신 차리고 초심을 찾아야 할때입니다.

지금 한국펑크 외국인친구들한테 들려줘봤자 따라한다는 말밖에 못들을 것 같습니다. 그렇다고 절망하진 않습니다. 순수한 펑크밴드들끼리 모여서 다시 일어설 때라고 생각합니다! 걸모습 뿐인 펑크는 이제 그만둬야 할때!!!

Broke: 현재 하는 일은 무엇이며, 앞으로 어떤일을 하고싶는지 알고 싶습니다.

Never Daniel: 현재 평일 낮에는 용산에서 밥 배달을 하고 있고, 가끔씩 주말에 기획 공연을 하고 있는데, 앞으로는 좀더 제 능력을 키워서 최고의 공연 기획자가 되고 싶어요. 저희 밴드 마테오도 계속 꾸준히 활동해서 올해 겨울 쯤에는 첫 정규 앨범을 내고 싶어요.^^

아 여기서 잠깐만 홍보할게요!! 5월 9일 (토) 스캇에서 'Anti-christ' 펑크메탈쏘합니다!! 제가 기획한 공연이고

이날 저희 마테오도 공연합니다! 반기련(반기독교시민주동연합)-<http://www.antichrist.or.kr>-과 같이 하는 공연이고

팅빈 브라자 보컬 '정중식'씨가 만든 단편 영화 '안티 크리스찬'과 단편 코어펑크영화 '메탈무비'도 같이 상영하니 관심있는 친구들은 많이많이 놀러오세요!! ^_^/

Broke: 당신의 별명을 네버다니엘이라고 부른 외국인 친구들중 한국을 떠난 친구들도 있나요? 당신이 어떻게 네버다니엘이란 별명을 얻게되었는지 기억나나?

Never Daniel: 제가 현재 알기론 떠난 친구들이 제시와 폴입니다. '네버다니엘' 별명을 붙여준건 폴이구요. ㅋㅋㅋㅋ(씩스터프의 폴) 2006년 여름 홍대 놀이터에서 폴과 잭다니엘을 마셨는데 제가 그때 마니 취해서 잭다니엘을 듣고 꼬장을 부렸는데 그때부터 폴이 '네버다니엘'이라 불렀어요. ^^--^^



지랄 리그

Jon Twitch

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

How about June 20? I'll figure out a field we can play at that's in the area of Hongdae, and we'll all just show up and kick around a ball.

Hungover, drunk, straight-edge, everybody's welcome.

To divide into two teams we'll go by arbitrary shirt colours. White and light colours on one side, black and dark colours on the other side, with anything in between going to the team with fewest members. It's fairer than having captains pick players, and it'll make it easier to identify teammates once we start playing. Plus, we won't have

to go by shirts vs skins and risk being blinded by Verv's smooth, hairless chest.

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

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

You wander around out in front of Skunk Hell. You hear voices speaking in English nearby. Your attention piques when you catch Verv's nickname.

"Yeah, Verv's such a fucking idiot," one guy is saying. He is white, has glasses, and his head is shaved but grown out a bit. "Verv called me

last night at like 4am, and said he was at some Uzbek hostess bar where he was falling in love with the hostess. Do you remember last week when he was marching in that nuke Uzbekistan parade? What a fucking hypocrite!"

He notices you laugh and looks over at you. "Do you know Verv?" he asks.

"A bit," you lie. "I drank with him once." "Was he being a hypocrite then too?" he asks you.

You kind of laugh. "He didn't say anything too weird, I thought."

"Didn't say anything too weird?" he queries. "Are you sure we're talking about the same Verv? Seriously, the guy's an alpha moron."

Sincere nods are exchanged all around the circle. It seems you've met some people with a mutual enemy. Perhaps it would be worth letting them in on your plan?

Okay, good idea. Go to page 12
No, I better keep my mouth shut.
Go to page 13

Target:
Jacob Verville

9

Duck and Cover for ICBM

Jon Twitch

Chaos Class has always been the voice of dissatisfaction and dissent in the Korean punk scene. At least when they can be bothered to get to work. The group has been quiet in recent years, and with Explode lead singer Chansung going to Australia there hasn't been much going on. And then the survivors of previous bands such as Angry Fists and the Explode have banded together to start ICBM. Let's see how they respond to my questions. See if you can guess which member is totally talking out his ass.

Broke: ICBM features members from former Korean punk bands. Can you list them all?

Mizno: 동화형은 앵그리피스트즈, 원호형과 까마귀은 익스플로드, 미즈노와 마비는 히스테릭 이었습니다

Mizno: Donghwa was in Angry Fists, Wonho and Kkamaki were in Explode, and Mizno and Mabi were in Hysterick.

Broke: What makes ICBM different from earlier Chaos Class bands?

Kkamaki: 시간은 겁나게 빨리 흘러가고 누구도 그 시간을 멈출수는 없다. 그 동안 많은 친구들이 멀어질수밖에 없었고, 그 반면에 많은 친구들이 관심을 갖기도 했다. icbm은 본질적으론 chaos class 초기의 그것과 크게 다를 바 없다. 분명 누군가는 chaos class 초기의 생각들을 크게 오해하기도 했지만, 자신이 chaos class라고 믿는 친구들 중 몇은 그 생각을 이어가 더욱 더 성장하려한다.

Kkamaki: Time goes by too damn fast. Nobody can stop it. So many old friends got alienated and on the other hand we got some new friends interested. ICBM is basically much different early Chaos Class bands. Somebody might misunderstand earlier thoughts of Chaos Class, but some friends who consider themselves part of Chaos Class tried to grow up out of those thoughts.

Mizno: 다른점은없고, 카오스클래스에 긍정을 하는 멤버들이 모여 만든거라서 별다를게 없다고 생각합니다.

Mizno: Nothing different, because all our members agree with Chaos Class.

Lee Won Ho: I would say it's totally different muzik.

Broke: Why did you choose the name ICBM?

Kkamaki: 우리는 amebix의 노래 icbm에서 많은 영향을 받았다. 우연스럽게도 요즘 미국과 일본은 우리를 주목하고 있다:p

Kkamaki: We were influenced by the song "ICBM" by Amebix.

Mizno: ICBM미사일 이나 각종 미사일 무기등 살상을 목적으로한



도구들을 반대하고 ICBM미사일의 거대한 의미처럼 ICBM밴드도 거대하게 뒀으면 하는 바램이...

Mizno: First, we are against arms and weapons like ICBM missiles and other missiles made for killing, and second, we wanted this band to be as big as ICBM missiles.

Lee Won Ho: ICBM stands for Inter-Continental Ballistic Missile, which perhaps sounds familiar to all of those English speakers in Korea. Pretty much all of us believes in Juche and try to practice it every single day of our daily routines, so it's gonna be the base for spreading this splendid idea of Juche. Long live our great leader comrade Kim Jung-Il!!!

Broke: It's clear that ICBM is very political. What are some of the main political issues facing us today that ICBM is most concerned with?

Kkamaki: 이것을 지금 설명하려 한다기보다 차차 두고 보면 알게 될것이다. 한가지 덧붙인다면, 우리는 다수에게 우리가 생각한 대

안들을 강요하진 않을것이지만, 적어도 하고 싶은 소리는 맘껏 떠들고 살아야 병안난다.

Kkamaki: I'd rather say you better wait and see than to have us explain it right now. We are not going to force other people into our alternative ideas, but we cannot help ourselves from saying whatever we want to say.

Mizno: 아무래도 요즘 북한이 짜올린 ICBM이 아닐까요?ㅋ
Mizno: Probably the ICBM missile North Korea shot?

Lee Won Ho: Kicking American imperialists and capitalists out of Korea. We are the real nazis.

Broke: I heard that ICBM is looking for a session drummer because you're going into the army. How do you feel about that?

Kkamaki: 이젠 창훈(Mizno)이가 설명해야겠지만, 내 개인적인 느낌은 안돼! 시히발!

Kkamaki: Mizno has to explain this, but I'm not going to talk about my personal feelings. No! Fuck!

Mizno : 솔직히 군대라는 것이 누구를 죽이기위한 방법을 배우러 가는 거기때문에 반대를 하고 있지만... 집안 사정 상 군대를 안갔 다올 수 없는 상황이기애 가계도 있습니다 그래도 최대한 총을 들지 않으려고 전산병으로 지원을 했구요 솔직히 힘든건 건널 수 있는데 밴드를 못하는 것과, 주위에 친한 사람들을 못만나고, 사회와 단절되고... 뭐 그런데 참 아쉽 내요

Mizno: I'm basically against the idea of going to the army because it's where you learn how to kill somebody... But I decided to go to the army according to my circumstances. I volunteered for a position working with computers to avoid using a gun. I can deal with hardships but I feel sad about not being able to be in a band and meet my friends and being isolated from society.

Lee Won Ho: Our drummer is going for training to be a deadly tae-kwon-do boy. We are all proud of it.

knocked over.

As you watch, Verville bowls over three Korean girls standing off to the far side. He helps them up, and then charges back into the thick of things. No wonder someone wants him dead, you think. A guy this careless must make a lot of enemies. Who knows, maybe even the person who hired you is in this venue tonight.

Before you waste too much time thinking about that, you hatch another plan to eliminate Verville.

Broke: How do you define crust punk? What does crust punk mean to you?

Kkamaki: 크리스트 밴드를 하면 머나먼 은하에서 운석이 날라와 지구가 멸망한다고 들었다. 그래서 시작했다.

Kkamaki: I heard that if you start a crust band, then a meteor falls out of space to Earth and that's the end of the world.

Mizno: 하드코어펑크보다 좀 더 급격한 음악이라고 볼 수 있겠네요. 크리스트펑크는... 의미는 잘 모르겠네요. 그냥 하고 싶어서 하는 거니깐요. 어떤 크리스트펑크에 대해서 어떤 의미를 두진 않았 습니다

Mizno: It's more aggressive music than hardcore. I don't really know the meaning of it either. It's just something I want to do. I don't particularly give specific meaning to it.
Lee Won Ho: It's a stench, stinky as hell.

Broke: Speaking of which, crust punks are infamous for poor hygiene. Are you guys filthy or do you keep yourselves clean?

Kkamaki: 일본 야동 보니까 서로 좋다고 오줌도 먹고 똥도 먹고 하더라.

Kkamaki: I saw them eating shit and drinking piss in Japanese porn.

Mizno: 전 깔끔합니다 하하하하하 하하하하 ^^

Mizno: I'm clean, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Lee Won Ho: Of course, what do you think?

We are just stinky bastards, from a shithole capital police state.

Broke: Is ICBM connected to Chaos Class? I haven't heard from Chaos Class in a long time. Why is that?

Kkamaki: 배가 고프면 밥을 먹어 야하고, 삶이 좀 괴롭다보면 술잔에 코박고 살때도 있는 법이지.

Kkamaki: If you're hungry then you have to eat. If your life is tough then sometimes all you do is drink.

Mizno: 중단되지 않았습니다. 아주 짧고 길게 가고 있습니다. 카오스클래스 멤버들은 각자 몇몇이 모여서 시위도 나가고 스텐실도 하고 이리고 있습니다. ICBM은 카오스클래스 소속이라고 볼 수 있겠네요. (그런데 워낙 카오스클래스 자체가 누구의 것이 아니기 때문에 애매모호 하네요)

Mizno: Chaos Class hasn't been gone. They continue very long and thin. Some members of Chaos Class sometimes get together and go protesting and do stencils. I consider ICBM belonging to Chaos Class (still, Chaos Class doesn't belong to anybody).

Lee Won Ho: Hell no. It's dead. And we are worshipping Satan nowadays. It's hippieto do that. We are just a bunch of hipsters.

While he runs back and forth, it would be easy to shank him with your dagger. In this thick crowd, it's likely that nobody would notice until he's on the floor spraying blood everywhere and you're on your way up the stairs.

Do you think you'll go for it? Or is it best to be patient and wait for the perfect opportunity?

I'll give it a try. Go to page 21
Not yet. Go to page 18

Target: Jacob Verville 10

You go down the stairs and reach the counter where you have to pay the entrance fee. You hand over one of those green 10 000 won bills and get three 1000 won bills in return.

You step through the black door at the bottom of the stairs into Skunk Hell. Inside, there's a band setting up on stage. A crowd of about 50 people is inside, spread out throughout the club. Separating the band from the crowd is a big ugly metal table. Verville goes right up to the big ugly met-

al table and exchanges a few words with the singer, a skinny blond guy with a Welsh accent. You stay to the side as the place fills up.

The band starts with an explosion of noise. The lead singer goes berserk, limbs flailing in every direction. Right in front of the stage, Verville and several others begin moshing. This involves running violently back and forth in front of the stage and bumping into everyone in their way. You move back a bit so you won't get

Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About

Chris Hellking

In the United States, if you listen to punk, ska, or pay attention to indie bands and labels, there is a huge chance that you've heard the name Asian Man Records. Behind this well respected indie label that has sold over 1 million records and helped many independent and relatively unknown bands get their big break is a man that even within the States, known for being a cultural melting pot, is a rarity. That man being Mike Park, a Korean-American and interestingly enough, one of the first Korean punks not just in the US, but possibly the entire world.

Originally born in Seoul, South Korea, Mike moved to the States when he was just a baby. By 1985, Mike was playing in a hardcore punk band and eventually moved onto many now famous bands within the scene such as Skankin' Pickle and toured many different countries over the years. In 1996 he started his own DIY record label that stays true to punk's practices and principles and is still run out of his parent's garage even after staggering record sales commendable for any small label. His label supports more than 50 bands, including well-known bands such as Alkaline Trio, Screeching Weasel, The Queers, and Chris Murray.

Having been a strong advocate of racial unity and community activism he has promoted insights into his Korean background and tackled issues that plague Asian Americans and other social and political issues that he takes to heart throughout his career in music. He is also the founder of Plea For Peace Foundation, a non-profit organization that "facilitates benefit tours, CD's, and publications backed by a strong network of bands, labels, charities, and supporters."

Luckily I had a chance to get in contact with the great Mike Park himself for an interview. A lot of these questions were polled from members of the Broke community so hopefully this will actually answer some of the questions that you guys had for Mike.

Broke: What got you into punk and ska music in the 80's?

Mike Park: The energy and sense of excitement of this new sound and political empowerment coming from bands like the Dead Kennedys, 7 Seconds, and the racial unity of the 2 Tone Ska movement and bands like the Specials and the Selecter.

Broke: Who are some of your biggest influences?

You buy Verville the next round of soju. The stuff tastes awful, but it says it's only 22% on the bottle, nothing a deadly assassin such as yourself can't handle.

As the night pours on, you and Verville consume more and more of the vile stuff.

Verville puts an arm around you and begins ranting. "The modern era saw the death of all dignified barbarians in existence so we have to make ourselves into noble savages seeking the downfall of Our Global Culture Of

Mike Park



Used without permission from some random site.

Mike Park: Musically it's a large list from 80's hardcore to the British ska movement, but influences are from people and books and movies, so the list is long and plentiful.

Broke: How does it feel being one of the first Korean punks not just in the US but in the world?

Mike Park: It's kind of disheartening to think that there's such a small amount of Korean-Americans involved in the punk philosophy. Especially once they reach adulthood. But I must say that it's something that I am very proud of and hope that it will help others (Korean-Americans) who want to be involved in punk philosophy.

Broke: Outside of Korea, there are relatively few Koreans in punk and ska music. Why do you think this is?

Mike Park: Because the parental guidelines for Korean males are strict. We are brought up with hopes of becoming the future doctors and lawyers and engineers of the world. Not to become the next Joe Strummer.

Broke: What made you pursue music when you were younger?

Mike Park: Just being out there at shows and seeing the energy. It was something I wanted to be a part of. The thrill of playing music live was and still is something I enjoy doing quite a bit.

Lunacy," he says. "A vague sense of anarchy and chaos must be promoted, and an effort to dethrone every empowered person must be made."

"You know something, Verv ol' buddy?" you slur.

"What is that, my friend?" Verville asks.

"I'm getting paid a lot of money for tonight," you say through fits of giggles. "I was hired to kill you."

Verville gives you a deep respectful nod. "That is very cool," he says. "Who wants me dead?"

Broke: How did your parents take to you being a musician and more so on you playing punk and ska music in the early days?

Mike Park: They hated it. My mom cried, my father yelled at me, but I was not going to give in. This was something I had to do.

Broke: Did you face challenges as a Korean in music?

Mike Park: Well, you just don't see a lot of people of color in the music business. Let's take a quick look at all the bands we love (that aren't in Korea). Write down your ten favorite bands and name how many Korean members are playing. Or better yet, how many Asian members? None...? Yes, that's right. It's an uphill struggle in mainstream music to market a Korean-American. But I've always been an underground artist, so it's not something I worry about.

Broke: What do you know about the bands and scene over in Korea? How did you find out about the Korean scene?

Mike Park: I was invited to play some festival about 8 years ago in Busan. I got to meet a number of local punk bands and see that they were interested in punk and ska. It was interesting to see this happening in Korea. I am in touch with some Korean bands, but I am not super knowledgeable about the real underground punk scene and the politics that are involved with the

You laugh drunkenly. "You know they'd kill me if I told them that!"

"I guess you are right," Verville replies.

Next thing you know, you wake up in the morning, barely able to move or even think, and unaware of your current location. Slowly the previous night floods back to you. Confessing to Verville, showing him your weapons, kissing him with tongues for a picture. You remember getting too drunk, and being left at a jimjilbang,

scene.

Broke: Do you listen to many Korean punk and ska bands? If so, can you name a few that you like?

Mike Park: Unfortunately I've only heard a few such as Skasucks, Crying Nut, and No Brain.

Broke: So that festival in Korea, how did that come about? How was it?

Mike Park: I've played two festivals. The aforementioned Busan festival and then three years ago I played a festival in Seoul, but the weather was quite bad in Seoul and we suffered from stormy weather during our show day. But still, a fun time. The Busan festival was insane. There were around 10,000 people and it was just such amazing experience.

Broke: How often do you visit Korea?

Mike Park: Not often enough. It's only been when I've gone to play music. Hopefully I can make it out there again in the next few years, but it's more difficult these days as I now have a wife and two children.

Broke: The Korean punk scene has been cited to have been in existence since as far back as 1994. What do you think is the reason that the keeps the Korean scene relatively unknown to the rest of the world?

Mike Park: I think the main obstacle is the military obligation that young men have to endure. A band can start getting popular, but once they leave for the military, the band breaks up. That's my theory. Am I right? Plus there have been very few bands that have toured the US. Once bands can start touring over here and making a name for themselves, things will change.

Broke: As a Korean-American what are your thoughts on Korean punk and what do you think the impact of having punks in Korea will have on Korean culture?

Mike Park: Like any other culture, it will be a chance for people to think independently and freely from the normal status quo. I think that's the biggest change and impact it will have.

Broke: Now you've been running your label for many years now and it has been very successful in helping fledgling bands gain recognition. When you first started your label what were some obstacles you had to overcome?

which is where you are now.

Then you sense someone standing over you. At first you think it's another Korean, but then you recognise your colleague assassin, Screaming Eagle.

"You idiot!" he screams. "Not only did you let your target get away, but you compromised our client! Fuck, why does this always happen to every assassin we send after Verv?"

He shoots you in the head.

THE END

...But Were Afraid to Ask

Mike Park: Money!! I was broke and had to use credit cards and face extreme debt. It was all a gamble, but I was lucky that it worked out for me.

Broke: What are the largest challenges you face in running your label?

Mike Park: Keeping up with the current scene. Everything evolves and it's easy to get complacent in the everyday situation you are in, but you need to continue and look for new bands and see what the younger generation are interested in.

Broke: For people in Korea that might be interested in starting their own label, what are some things you'd recommend and some things they should look out for when they start it?

Mike Park: Look for bands that have the same philosophy and ideas as you do. This is a partnership and you need to find like-minded artists.

Broke: Would you recommend starting your own label as opposed to trying to get signed?

Mike Park: Everything I recommend is to be DIY. SO yes, own label of course.

Broke: What are some of the most rewarding aspects of owning your own label?

Mike Park: Being able to play by my own rules and not worry about having to please a boss.

Broke: You've distributed quite a few bands from Japan in the past. Have you ever considered bringing Korean music state-side?

Mike Park: Of course, I'd love to, but unfortunately I haven't found the right band yet.

Broke: Any chance you'll be performing in Korea again? I know some artists from your label have performed there within the past year or so like The Queers and Chris Murray so they'll be more than glad to help you out with booking.

I'd love to, but like I said before it's getting harder now with the family. But maybe we can get more bands from the label over there.

Broke: Any words you'd like to say to the readers of this zine in Korea?

Thank you for reading this. Hopefully it was of some interest to you and I hope in the future we can build up the Korean punk scene and work on bringing Korea out of the shadows and let the world know about the bands.

Target: Jacob Verville 11

What A Series Of Nights Crap Art!

Tour Diary
Verv

16 March 2009

Our band played relatively poorly in Daegu -- we were hampered by low vocals, low guitar in the monitors that caused several errors, etc. however we did do some VERY GOOD renditions of several of our songs because the energy was simply Awesome in Daegu; the pit was never big, but it EXISTED, and that is what we wanted to see; the people who were there supporting us were far more meaningful than a bunch of guys who just showed up to mosh to every band... It wasn't anything superficial.

It was like we were doing something special together in Daegu. We were part of the crap art festival and we put our best foot forward. We were so excited to play it -- for weeks before hand we talked about it, and though there were some problems we had such positive and genuine feedback I am sure we will go to Daegu again.

I felt very inspired by the art that was around us and the attitudes of everyone -- I felt like I was 13 years old and going to my first rock concert, so thrilled just to see bands in person, so thrilled to be part of the un-cool kids doing un-cool things that the popular kids would never approve of.

I feel a very personal high from the crap art festival that is going to

last me months -- I took away a lot from it.

I really have too many things to say about some of the different acts -- I am going to send some messages out to these people individually to let them know about it, I feel like posting it here would seem inappropriate and contrived in some way, which it is absolutely not.

I really want to say that it was inspirational. If there is one word to walk away from the Crap Art festival with, it is "inspirational."

You know, I was honestly very affected by a lot of the attitude and art that I saw. It was so positive in every way, and so realistic and really quite nice. It made me warm inside and feel really lovely. We overcame some bad club owners and everything to make it nice.

I felt motivated to think more seriously about writing and contributing my own part, and I feel like I understand more about art and myself from it. I know I sound like a hippie or some shit, but fuck it, this was really excellent.

I feel like I have made a whole, new set of friends in Daegu. I feel like, wow, I wish we could hang out more, and I would really like to say I am going to make every effort to go back -- with Pornotarium and even just sometimes on my own to see these great folks.

Really, such an unforgettable night.

I lost my voice and my phone and I went home at 3 something, which was CRAP for going to Daegu, but I promise next time I will have a phone, a voice and a liver ready for all night.

I also want to say...

I am kind of having a personal situation that is kind of rough for me and not quite fit for a facebook note. Yet. It is being sorted. It is odd to say this because there should be a point to me saying it. But the only point is: if I am acting oddly, understand, there is something else at work that affects me a little in what I do. It is a situation not yet resolved so I could not begin to present it.

However, I assure you, it does not involve me putting on an Army uniform and throwing away another year of my golden youth.

And I love my family who is supporting me through financial difficulties when they occur.

And I love my friends who came with me to Daegu, who live in Daegu, and who wish they were in Daegu.

And for once, for the first time, it is Monday morning at 12:17 AM, and I don't have anything to do all week of importance, and I can feel good about going into the week.

I truly feel freedom and happiness.

Find-Core +Other Good Ideas

Verv

23 December 2008

Find-Core is a genre that originated from the notion of adding a new amount of surprise and creativity to the scene. Find-core is characterized by the microphone being hidden on an audience member while the singer of the band is blindfolded (sometimes multiple singers with the singers competing to see who can find the microphone). While the singer is blindfolded they hide the microphone on a person or somewhere in the general location of the show.

NOTE: The microphone probably should be wireless or something. Or there should be fake microphones with wires hidden on other people.

The band will then play an introductory piece of the song until the singer (or one of the singers) is able to locate the microphone which is hidden on an audience member who is dancing brutally. Often times the microphone has to be wrested away and sometimes the audience member will win the wrestling match at which point he wins the right to sing the particular song with whatever lyrics he likes.

Because of this, Find-core bands are known to have very bulky and strong singer(s).

Often times, there is a loud cheering when the singer finally finds the microphone and the song can be completed after a fast and furious 1 minute or 2 minutes of hardcore fury.

BONUS IDEAS INCLUDED WITH THIS COOL IDEA:

Kill Celebrities; you should kill famous people and when people ask you why, say it is because you are the champion of your local punk rock scene and you wanted to prove the worth of your scene by getting it put on the map by killing them.

Jitter-Pit: the Jitter Pit is a new idea that involves combining jitterbug dancing with moshing.

Larger members of the Pit will stay generally stationary towards the center of the pit; smaller members of the Pit will fling themselves in interesting ways at the Jitter-Bosses who will then swing the person around their body or up into the air in new and interesting ways, while the Jitter-Bug attempts to look as cool as possible.

Eventually, Jitter-Bosses will throw the Jitter-Bugs at one another

and achieve newer levels of coolness through this style of pit dancing.

Tickle Pit: The Tickle Pit is another new idea that focuses on grabbing members of the pit and tickling them on very hardcore levels until they are passed out with laughter. Eventually the whole pit is deduced to people laying on the ground and laughign uncontrollably while a triumphant few stand above and reign joy and laughter into the hearts of the scene kids.

Siege Pit: A Siege Pit occurs when the rest of the audience has decided they are going to entrap a group of the audience and the band in the center of themselves. No one is allowed to leave the center of the siege pit (unless by their own force) until the demands of the sieging party are met. Demands can range from "let's have the band play an encore" to "a sexual favor must be performed by people caught within our siege."

Freeze-Smash Pit: If you get smashed hard and fall down, you have to remain in your fallen position until someone else is smashed onto the ground, either by tripping over you or by being smashed down by someone else. That person is then left frozen in their smashed position until the next person. The goal is to not be in the freeze-smash position inbetween songs, inbetween bands or heaven forbid, at the end of the show.

If you are the last person to be freeze smashed of the night you must go to the next show starting in the freeze-smash position.

Lie To Naive Girls So You Can Sleep With Them is another idea; if you tell them bold faced lies about your feelings for them and the importance of the relationship you are developing you'll be able to sleet with them and then leave them when it is convenient.

Pray before meals is an idea focusing around giving thanks to the meals you are eating and giving them to God.

Tel's Mom is the scene slut and she is railed frequently by kids with hair covering one of their eyes.

She appears in some scenes under the name "Old Mother Emo" or "The Moonlight Lady."

She earned the nickname "The Moonlight Lady" because of her supple buttocks and the paleness thereof, which often gives off, seemingly, its own brand of light.

Amy Winehouseburger?



Verv

3 March 2009

I heard a rumor when I signed into my AIM account that on the 7 March show Amy Winehouse will be doing a set with Chadburger.

Her and Tel plan on 'switching out' for two songs, Tel sittign down while Amy Winehouse sings Fuck My Boss and Amy Winehouse looking on as Tel croons Back on Black.

Amy Winehouse was seen chatting with bassist Aaron M. earlier this week:

Some people say that that is just her long time friend, Adrien Brody.

The project may be called either 'Amy Winehouseburger' or 'Chad Winehouse.'

It is also rumored that Amy may arrive at the Pornotarium concert later, whom may do their set under the name Pornhouse.

There are other rumors suggesting that Amy will perform with Vicious Housewine Glare, The Tearful Drug Addicted Amy-jerks, Attacking Winehouses or perhaps under the name Amy Geekhouse.

"Actually," you say, lowering your voice, "there are people who want to take serious action to remove Verville from society."

"What, you mean like kill him?" the other guy asks you. "What are

you, some kind of fucktard? We may talk shit about him, but he's our friend!"

"Yeah!" someone else chimes in. "Get out of here!"

There is the sound of smashing

bottles, and you run for your life as you are showered with beer and shards of glass.

Well, that obviously wasn't a good idea. You've blown your cover, and now a whole bunch of people are fu-

rious with you.

What are you going to do now?

**I'll sneak back in. Go to page 22
I'll wait for Verville and ambush him somewhere else. Go to page 23**

How to Take Good Concert Photos

Jon Twitch

So there I was in DGBD, wading through the mosh pit to get photos of Crying Nut, when some knob taps me on my shoulder. He informed me I had just ruined his shot. I looked at him, standing behind me, hell, a few rows from the front. He had a digital camera with presumably a memory card capable of fitting several thousand more pictures. The photo I'd taken at the exact instant I'd ruined his shot wasn't spectacular. I had one very important tip to give him, and unfortunately it was on the end of my elbow. All sobered up, I am ready to give you some good advice on how to improve your live music photography.

Step 1—Get Closer

This is the number one thing that improves your photos more than anything else. Move closer, and nothing else you could ever do will ever result in a more drastic improvement.

You're probably feeling self-conscious; the people behind you can't see. Let them worry about that. Photography is like skiing: worry about the people in front of you and trust that the people behind you will look out for you. If you are still feeling uncomfortable, have a beer. Or better yet, climb onto the side of the stage.

Or maybe you're worried that the musicians will be distracted by the flash. I can honestly say nobody has ever complained to me about this.

Step 2—Lighting

All photography is about lighting. You can either bring your own in the form of a flash or rely on ambient lighting; both have their advantages.

If a stage has good lighting, turn off the flash, raise the ISO setting (film speed), lower the aperture number all the way (F-stop, making the lens open wider), and lower the shutter speed. Don't go below 1/30 unless you have something to brace your camera on. This is the best way to shoot stationary scenes, such as a guitarist who doesn't move around a lot or a singer during a pause in the song.

The only time you really can't use the flash is when there's a lot of ambient lighting. Otherwise, it's best for action shots. Make sure you have ISO down as low as possible, and raise the aperture number (making the lens open narrower), not past 10 though. If you want to combine ambient



light with the flash, lower the shutter speed, and after your flash goes off, your shutter will stay open a little longer soaking in the natural lighting.

Step 3—Face

The most important thing to include in your photo is a face. Not always, no, but your best live shots will all have the best faces. This has several implications on where you stand and when you shoot.

In order to get the best face, your camera has to be as eye-to-eye with the subject as possible. This could mean raising your camera, or it could mean waiting for the subject to look downward at you.

You'll learn to hate microphones. Too many shots get ruined by a microphone blocking the bottom half of the face. Or a hand. Learn which hand a singer holds the microphone with, and stand on the other side. Some singers switch hands, and some turn around a lot (like Victor from Things We Say). Do what you can to reduce the amount of obscured face.

Step 4—Action

There's nothing wrong with good solid clean images of musicians standing statically on stage, especially if you capitalise on natural lighting. But if all your photos are like that, it'll make the band look kind of dull.

What constitutes action? Obviously the best action shots are jump shots, but this could also include a musician drinking something, handing something to a bandmate, or even kneeling or crouching. Kneeling and crouching are good because usually the subject will remain stationary long enough for a natural lighting shot. Some musicians use a lot of gestures (such as Chulhwan of Suck

Stuff) and capturing one of these is a great way to bring out the musician's character.

Sometimes repeated viewings of a band's set help you remember when they perform certain actions. Regarding jumps, I find many musicians will do five smaller bounces and then leap high on the sixth.

Step 5—Crowd

Your photos will get the best reaction if they show the audience interacting with the band. This could mean people singing along, or sharing the microphone, or even taking photographs, or something far less predictable. This is why Chadburger is so great to photograph, because the vocalist spends most of his time in the audience, cannonballing into them.

Step 6—Behind the Scenes

Most people in the crowd spend the whole set looking at the band members performing, but there's a lot more that goes on. Setup is a great time to take natural lighting shots because the musicians stay still and generally have more interesting poses. Right after the set you might gather them together for a quick group photo, but don't press your luck. But the shots that work best show the musicians backstage or just drinking with friends at the show.

Step 7 - Keep Clicking

And let Photoshop sort it out later. If your shutter is opening more, you're more likely to get good action shots, and if one shot blurred, you'll have a better version of it.



Korean punk photography by Jon Dunbar
www.daehanmindecline.com

"So what's your name and what do you do here?" you ask the other guy.

"Jon," he says. "I do something called urban exploring."

"What's that?" you ask.

"It's basically the exploration of

abandoned or forbidden places," he answers. "I've even got a write-up on it in my zine on page 3 and the centerfold."

"No shit?" you say.

"Yeah," he replies. "Seoul is cov-

ered with large areas of just abandoned apartments. There's even one not far from here."

Hmm, abandoned apartments. That would be the perfect place to lure Verville so you can kill him!

How about it?

Let's do it! Go to page 14
Nah, I don't think so. I'll just go inside and watch the show. Go to page 10

Target: 13
Jacob Verville

Jacob and the Vervonauts

Jon Twitch

The Voyage Begins

We met up at Dong Seoul Bus Terminal, where almost everyone had Lotteria for breakfast. The more health-conscious of us ate cigarette butts off the ground. Unfortunately there were three cancellations--Anne-Marie, who was sick, Nick Stamps, who had food poisoning, and Perry Sepuku, who was being fucked by the army.

The busride was peacefully uneventful. We were narrowly outnumbered by Korean passengers, but we mostly sat in the back, and not once did anyone complain about the noise, despite Verv pounding sojus and spewing verbal diarrhoea out of his mouth. In between trying to mimic Suz's English accent and mocking Nik's Australian culture, he would loudly inform us how much he enjoys cunnilingus. He also declared his aspiration to be a stand-up comic, which would apparently involve getting on stage and yelling whatever comes out of his mouth.

Matt got a bit of a surprise as the bus pulled through his own hometown of Yeongju as we headed for our destination. Past Yeongju, we entered what he considered the backwaters of Korea, where the roads were painfully winding and the short mountains were largely uninterrupted with settlements. The bus hit Uljin on the coast and then headed inland toward Onjeong, our destination. By this time Verv was on his third soju, as he called it.

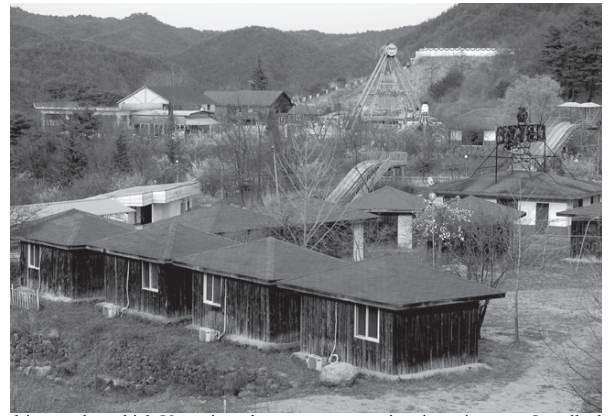
As the bus trundled through the mountain road toward the spa resort, we saw a very clearly abandoned school on the left side of the bus. It was a tacky lime green, and the windows were loose or missing. I glanced at Nik and said "We have to go back here and find this," only for the bus to pull into the bus depot immediately next door.

Land of the Furies

By now it was 2:30pm, and everyone was hungry. Before checking out the school, we decided to find a motel and get some food. The town was half hotels, and half motels, so that wouldn't be a problem. As we were searching, I saw two Korean guys dressed up in animal costumes, one a chipmunk and the other I forget. We ended up staying at the Hilton... Motel, a cheap but nice place where we could cram as many people as we wanted in to sleep on the floor for 40 000 won a room. Next we went to a truckstop connected to the bus terminal for lunch, where Verv started berating Will for something he said about the US army. Something about contracting outside companies to

noises die down. You enter an area where even the streetlights are out, and in the night you can only navigate based on the overcast clouds above your head. The buildings around here are empty and abandoned, with smashed out doorways and windows gaping open. The whole neighbourhood is a big mess.

Jon steps through the door of one abandoned building. "Come on," he



drive trucks, which Verv viewed as a mortal offence.

I finished up first and left with Adam, who being a vegan had eaten nothing. The abandoned school was in very bad shape, with nothing left in the classroom except for chalkboards. On the second floor, we found a weightlifting bench. There was one locked door, and looking through the cracks we were able to see it had been inexplicably converted into a driving range for golfers. If you lived way out here, would you really want to practice golf inside an abandoned room? I'd find a nice clearing of nature and see how far I could really hit.

As soon as everyone else had seen the school, it was time to head for the amusement park. Jung suggested we stop by the police station to ask them how to get there, obviously not thinking that they are some of the last people we'd want to inform. She ended up asking someone in an information booth shaped like a giant mushroom, and found out there were no buses heading there. I knew the road (88, easy to remember), so we started walking.

The person in the mushroom told us it would take about half an hour, but we made one big stop on the way. We spotted a very strange stone tower just off the road in an overgrown property. It was attached to a building that had a lot of temple-like decorations, but was not shaped like a regular Buddhist temple. On the walls was unfinished artwork. The interior was an empty shell, only partly completed. The stone tower turned out to house a spiral staircase, and in there we found all sorts of interesting treasures, including pallets of books probably intended for this building, and a photo book showing foreign state leaders such as Queen Elizabeth and George H.W. Bush visiting Korea. In a smaller building next door, we found more pallets of some kind of Park Junghee magazine. What exactly was this place?

Final Stretch

Once we got back on the road, I says.

He leads you up a very thin staircase that wraps around the side of the building. Yes, you think, looking around. This would be the perfect place to kill Verville.

When you reach the top of the stairs, he is looming over you.

"I know about your mission," he tells you sternly. "The Secret International League of Atheists is not as

was getting impatient, so I walked ahead of everybody else. Not too far ahead, I saw a sign announcing 1 kilometer to the park, so I hurried on. Finally rounding a bend in the road, I was able to see a large abandoned property below me, and soon the abandoned rides came into view. At the front of the property were several wooden cabins that were part of a very old and run down motel. I hurried into the park, wanting to get some more serious shots before the others showed up. There were people up by the rides, so I took a different path toward the waterslide, where I saw a young boy standing and watching me. I said some nice things in Korean to him using my best teacher voice, and headed up toward the rides.

One of the people up there turned out to be a former KATUSA who spoke very good English, so I told him I was just walking along and saw the park and thought it was beautiful, and that some of my friends were somewhere behind me and one was very drunk. He told me that they were planning to build some kind of Evangelical school at the location, and that the rides would probably be destroyed. He also said it was fine for us to look around the rides. Jung and Suz showed up and I took some photos with them on a rocket ride, realising I'd probably have to work fast before Verv showed up and offended the Evangelicals. Yes, there's a certain amount of irony that the only Christian in our group was the biggest risk to offending Christians.

Verv did show up with a lot of noise, and I loaded him onto the "Sea Dragon" ship to take the photos I'd been planning. Soon enough he and some others figured out that the ride wasn't locked, and would swing if pushed enough, and before you knew it they had it bobbing back and forth like Verv on a night out in Cheongryangri. He laid on top of it and was thrusting with his hips to keep it moving. This bothered the Evangelicals, and I had more rides to photograph, so I got Verv off the thing and led him over to the miniature train.

We talked with some of the people who lived there, and tried to get the

secret as they'd like to think. I saw a link on their message board."

"I'm going to complete my assignment one way or another," you tell him, "so step aside!"

"Jacob Verville must live!" he roars at you.

What will you do now?

I'll fight. Go to page 15
I'll run. Go to page 16



Target:
Jacob Verville
14

"How about we go there now?" you ask Jon.

"Wait, now?" he says in surprise. "It is a little dark."

"That's okay," you say. "I have nightvision goggles."

Jon nods. "Okay. But we have to be back in time for I&I Djangdan at 11."

He leads you off away from the loud noises of the club. Soon all street

two young children to pose for a photo. Instead all I got were shots of them cowering behind their dad, which were cute.

Then we went up further to see what else was around. There was a very rickety rope bridge where many of the wooden slats were broken, and also a smaller rope bridge in which the only place to walk on was a heavily knotted piece of rope. I made it across, no thanks to Verv who started on it before I finished. However, he had considerably more trouble and fell before the halfway part, which was captured on camera and video from three different perspectives. A couple other guys found a building nearby filled with what looked like riot police helmets (but I suspect were for paintball), so all ten of us tried them on and took group photos.

When we wandered down again, Jung suggested we hit up the Evangelicals for a ride back to town. Before we left, we locked Verv in a monkey cage, and I ran over to look closer at the motel cabins. I suggested to the KATUSA that it would be a great place to film a horror movie, and he agreed. It would be really cool to do this.

I invited the Evangelicals who drove us for dinner, but they declined, as they were busy themselves. Verv's pants were a little messed up, so he convinced the old woman who ran our motel to wash them. He then lazed around his room in his underwear for a while waiting for them. When the pants came back, they were soaked, so he wore army shorts for the rest of the night. For supper we split into two groups, and I went with the quieter people. When we met up with the others in a chicken hof, Verv jumped out at us in his shorts, and shouted "Wae-gook-in!" in imitation of Street Fighter II's "Hadouken."

We decided to go back to the Hilton to drink, and eventually we all passed out. In one room apparently Matt's snoring kept everyone awake, and in the other room my snoring was the problem.

Recovery and Return

In the morning, we caught a bus at 11:10 headed for Uljin. Mathieu and Toban decided to stay on all the way to Seoul, but the rest of us got



You lunge at him, pushing him backward. He falls onto a pile of broken glass and tries to kick you, but you grab him by the leg and drag him over to the edge.

"It's time for you to butt out," you say, attempting to send him over the edge butt-first so his last memory will be of your impressively clever pun, but maybe you spent a bit too much time on the wording and not enough

off and went for lunch and then visited Seongnyugul Cavern, a large underground system close to the coast. Apparently during the Imjin War, villagers escaped Japanese invaders in the cavern, and were sealed in and left to die. We were given hardhats and squeezed through the narrow entrance. My hardhat immediately fell off and rolled out of reach.

Then, in the souvenir shop, Will fell in love with this toy rifle that makes sound effects and lights when you shoot it, and proceeded to shoot at everyone who passed by. He got a variety of reactions, from shocked exclamations and total snubbings to smiles. One soldier in a convenience store thought it was pretty funny. We talked him out of shooting at a cop. The thing really brought out a certain characteristic of his personality.

Verv was sitting on the bench next to me looking like he was ready to die as Will kept shooting this thing, and just when I thought he was about to end Will's life, he bellowed, "Will, you're magnificent" and was back on his feet again for a while.

Will loved his gun so much, when he bought his bus ticket, he set it on the counter with his wallet, but then he forgot his wallet and only picked up his gun. Adam grabbed the wallet and we followed Will around for about half an hour before he realised it was missing and started to panic. I'm sure he was bothered by our indifference, but finally I broke down and told him his wallet was safe. Adam originally planned to give it to him when we reached Seoul, but it was fortunate he didn't wait that long due to our hasty parting.

The bus was too full, so I got off along with Jung, Will, and Nik, and the others stayed on. We caught the next one, where the bus driver was a real psycho who yelled at us for anything, and tailgated other buses on the highway. For the first leg of the journey it was only us four Vervonauts, as well as two girls who at first seemed to like when Will shot at them. Then at the next stop the bus filled up with ajummas, and we had to hide the beer, soju, and porn. After Jung and Will passed out, Nik and I talked wearily as we watched the countryside roll by.

Finally we reached Seoul at about 8 and went our separate ways.



on the execution. He goes over head-first.

"I'll get you!" he wails as he falls to a messy end.

Or maybe that's better, because when they find him his ass will be sticking up in the air. But does that really match the phrase "butt out?"

Time to go back to Skunk. It takes you a couple minutes to find your way out of this abandoned neighbourhood.

I had a smashing time—dammit, that's what you should've said! That would've made sense because of how smashed up this area is, too. Oh well, you just hope that when it comes time to finish off Verville, you'll have a good pun in your mind.

By the time you return to Skunk Hell, it looks like the show is ending.

You run up to one foreigner. "Hey, where's Verville?"

"Who?" he asks, leering at you.

"Uh, Verv."

"Oh yeah, he just left," he says. He points down the street, where you can see Verville staggering drunkenly away.

What are you going to do?

**I'll take him back to the abandoned neighbourhood. Go to page 17
I'll follow him. Go to page 18**

Target: Jacob Verville 15

Kuwait, nothing and lots of it

Paul Brickey
March 12 2009
Sorry for the horrible spelling/
grammar.punctuation.

I landed in Ireland. It was our first stop since leaving Fort hood Texas in the dead of night. I was to learn that we always travel at night to conceal our movement. The flight was straight to Ireland. No stops since the 1st Cavalry Band played as we marched to the plane sitting on the tarmac. A general shook our hands as we walked up the ladder to the plane. I wished HIM luck. We landed in Ireland at dusk and I had kissed my wife goodbye dusk in Texas. I prefer the Texas sunset.

The flight was short, I spent most of it dipping Skoal Wintergreen and watching Family Guy on my iPod. We must have looked like cavemen coming off the plane. The cultured hip men and stylish women of Europe didn't even usually make eye contact. A US Army Soldier in an American airport has everyone bending over backwards to show their appreciation for... I'll get to that in a minute.

The flight to Kuwait was less short but I occupied myself in a similar fashion that I did between Texas and Ireland. It was now 24 hours since I last step foot in Texas. We immediately boarded a bus and my head was spinning. I don't know how but almost everyone else on the bus was sleeping. I was glued to the window and let the exotic Middle-Eastern landscape roll past me. I didn't know the plants or trees that I saw leaving Kuwait City. The cars and trucks were also foreign to me. I don't know how anyone slept. Kuwait City faded into endless desert as far as I could see. Stretched before me, broken only by sky where not even a jut of rocks or a clump of bush would break the landscape was sickly looking yellow sand. Just sand, trash, dead discarded animals and twisted rust covered beams that may have once been a machine of war in the numerous conflicts that have rolled across that landscape in the past decade.

The bus ride was about 4 hours long before we pulled in to our new temporary home, Camp Beuhering, formerly Udari Airfield. We got off the bus and in typical military fashion were briefed but I caught none of it. I couldn't even tell you what was said to me. I was still reeling from the shock of the new clime and landscape. I had grown to love the sprawling ancient Live Oaks dripping with spanish moss and mesquite trees that make up a large portion of the Texas skyline.

My platoon, 17 soliders ranging from 19-37, slept in an area about 10 meters long and 3 meters wide. Our platoon Sgt, SFC Barker is a soft spoken Iowa man. He looks to me like a child grown large. Whenever he catches my eye he smiles. Private Langkau is a good friend of mine. We live about 4 blocks away from



each other in Texas. He and his wife had dinner with my wife and I at my house. We know each other pretty well. He's a good old Wisconsin cheese-head with the accent to prove it. Private Sterling is a young 20 year old kid from Oklahoma. He was a virgin until a week before we left when while drinking a few of the other guys bought him a hooker they found online. He's our most innocent soldier and often finds himself the butt of jokes although he's a good sport about it. He later admitted he ate out the hooker. Very unacquainted with the ways of the world. I could write about everyone but I won't right now.

Kuwait felt more like a field training event than anything else. We had some last minute training. I participated as much as I could but most of it felt rushed and hasty with no one really learning anything. I taught some basic first aid. If you get hit in the femoral artery how long do you have before you will bleed out? Between 20-40

seconds if no one can stop the bleeding. What if the poor soul has taken a bullet to the thigh and at the same time has stopped breathing, what do you do first? Return fire. In Baghdad Proper, how long will it usually take to get from firefight to Combat Support Hospital? About 1 hour. Once you are airborne on the Blackhawk what are your survival odds? About 97%.

The time came around for us to leave Kuwait. We weren't told when, again, security. One night we had all a good game of Empire Earth going and the Platoon Sgt yells "Pack your shit, we leave in 1 hour". Of course it was nighttime and we would miss another night of sleep.

We got on another bus to take another long ride to another airfield. This one was on the Iraqi border. We were all dog tired and did our best to catch snatches of sleep anytime we could. There were others there who were even more tired. Lined paranoid faces etched with terror that was only

days old passed back and forth to show us what we would look like in a few more weeks. These were the weary faces of the others going home.

After the most uncomfortable flight I have ever taken we landed at some airbase in Iraq whose name escapes me. We got something to eat and slept on the sidewalk outside because of lack of space. Journalist went back and forth with other things on their minds than the soldiers sleeping on the sidewalks at their feet. Business men profiting from our sleeplessness, our pain, our home sickness, the thoughts and memories that we would carry for a lifetime walked briskly along the sidewalk, not daring to meet our glance in their suits and ties and brief cases wearing the superior body armour rejected to be issued to the soldiers for reasons of cost. I would like to hope that they faithfully pay taxes which pay us and buy us the steel, kevlar and gunpowder which can bring us all home safely but I know better.

That night, again, we boarded Chinook helicopters. Cramped in there I saw Iraq pass below me as the rear ramp gunner scanned the lights below for incoming rounds. If any came I had no doubt that the following rain of 7.62mm copper and lead would make a swift end to it. Fortunately none came and we landed at Camp Taji Iraq without incident. Again on a bus and again unpacking. Taji was once home to Saddam's chemical weapons research program and headquarters of his massive artillery batteries. They all rust out in the stinking fetid mud that lined either side of the road to our new temporary home.

That first night came the reminders of where we were. At about 10pm or so mortar rounds began to come in the camp. I slept though it. We would hear it almost every night, usually outgoing but incoming now and again. After about a week not even the rounds incoming would cause us to even pause in the sentence.

In Taji we waited and got our vehicles ready for action. I stocked my vehicle for casualties while the other's stocked their's to create them. We loaded the tanks with enough main gun rounds to turn Sadr City to rubble and enough Coax to put two in the chest of a large stadium full of people. I collected body bags for our vehicles. I bought about 21 down from our medical supply. They came in a plastic case which I have yet to remove and hope that I never have to.

We left Taji in our MRAPs. MRAP stands for Mine Resistant... something else, I don't remember. I was in the back so I could only catch snatches of the view outside. I would see some men standing in a circle on a corner. Children waving and mother clad in black headdresses shooing the children back away from the vehicles. I listened to the radio traffic.

"Diablo 4 this is Danger 2 be advised there's a man running away from us at a good clip, watch for trigger men and IED's up ahead"

"Danger2 Diablo 4 Charlie Mike, out"

We passed farms and slums. Ghettos that looked like an atomic bomb had been dropped on them and sent the area back to the stone age. Trash was everywhere. This broke to middle class housing and in the middle, our FOB, our new home.

Our FOB, I shouldn't say the name or much about it, is actually much nicer than I pictured. Maybe after this all is over I can go into more detail. I was very happy to learn that there are some very friendly dogs around here. The big yellow one's name is Sabot. I spent most of the first morning sitting in the dirt petting him. It's been quiet around here which is good. We are on the outskirts of Sadr City so that is subject to change.

It's been roughly a month now. Only 11-14 more to go.

Target: Jacob Verville 16

You, the professionally trained assassin, he, the potbellied ESL writer. But it's choose *your* own adventure, so what do I care?

Before he can do anything, you retreat, hurrying back down the stairs. Something hard explodes next to your feet. He's dropping bricks on you!

The next one catches you in the forehead. You fall over and tumble

off the edge of the stairs, landing below in a pile of twisted gridiron and concrete. Man, did that suck.

You check for broken bones. Yep, several. Struggling to your feet, you limp your way out of this pile of trash, each step sending a thunderclap of pain through your skeletal structure.

Behind, you can hear his boots

crunching on the smashed glass, and you crawl into the nearest building. You try to control your breathing and wait for him to pass. It really wasn't a good idea to try and outmanoeuvre him in here.

Suddenly he leaps around the corner and pushes you down the basement stairs. You land at the bottom, hitting your head against the wall and

feeling it crack open.

The last thing you see as life fades from your body is your opponent crouching over you, photographing your mangled body in artful ways. Your assassination days are over. And there really isn't a much more embarrassing way to go out.

THE END



Sadr City Hospitality

Paul Brickey
March 19 2009

We began our patrols a few days ago. Everything out there looks like a bomb. Every bit of trash or gap in the wall might hide an IED.

We dismount from our vehicles and start to do the patrol. The LT will talk through the terp to the local adults and find out what info he can. The kids run up to us to try out the scraps of English they have learned from other dismounts and to ask for candy or pens, anything. I usually have a little candy for them but it sucks getting hounded all the time. Everything from the local leaders seems to be that it's been safer than ever recently. I wave and smile to men that pass by. They smile and wave back. Sometimes they'll give us fruit or a drink. The local food looks so good compared to what we have waiting for us when our patrol is over.

Some of the slums still have re-

mains of the street to street fighting that made Sadr City famous the last time that 2/5 rolled through. 1/12 did their fair share and it is still a stronghold for the now inactive Mahdi Army. But now everything is quiet.

Night Ops get interesting. We'll hole up on a roof all night looking for people planting IEDs. It sucks because I can't smoke so I just dip like a mad man. You hear bursts of gunfire out in the distance and sometimes you'll see an illumination flare cast its light down on a target a few blocks down the route. After about 9pm everyone is off the streets for the most part.

We escort a lot of VIPs around. That's nice because we usually have a layover at a nicer base where I can pick up Meds and we all grab as many sodas and as much food as we can. It's the little things, it really is.

Like petting a dog. That dog, Sabot, was killed. The Commander was

not happy with the dog here, it being against regs and all, so he attempted to get rid of them all. They shot an adult female and her puppies and Sabot ran away. A few grunts took Sabot outside with an axe and attempted to behead him. They merely smashed his face and broke his jaw. Understandably he ran away but returned a few hours later. They chased him with claw hammers and finally someone shot him. I was a foul shot, it hit him just in front of his hind legs. Again he ran away and a few days went by with no word. We assumed he had surcome to his injuries. Then today he shows up and it took 9 bullets to finally kill him. After all that he still tried to return. Now his smouldering remains make the air sticky and sickly smelling with dog fur and the contents of his digestive system, of which he dragged along the ground for hours before finally expiring.

Popping Cherries

Paul Brickey
March 29th

We watch roads all night and then patrol during the days. The inside of a tank is not a very comfortable place to spend 6 hours a night every night but it's at least safe. Surrounded in that steel, C4, and kevlar vehicle you feel like nothing can touch you. We watch the roads all night just for someone to plant an IED along a well traveled 8 lane highway. There's not much nightlife so there's not much but for bad guys out at night.

One night, just like any other, we watched the roads just like many other nights. After spending a few hours hunched over in a hot stiffling tank you just want to get out. This night we were heading in. The driver noticed a box in the road that wasn't there on the way out. It's against good judgement to drive back the same way you drove out and to do it the same exact time each night but we had no other choice. The tanks can travel down few routes so we are very predictable. The box was just a shoebox laying about a meter away from the sidewalk. I looked through my thermal scope. The dirt around it had been dug up, possibly to hide the command wire leading to the trigger man's position. But something wasn't right... this was too easy. They wanted us to see this one. It was too obvious, in the middle of the road, something that big and no attempt to hide it. This was bait. We decided to drive on so we did. I have to admit, as we lurched forward I was bracing myself inside the 72 ton behemoth.

The smallish IED hit us but did little damage. We drove on and saw



little and superficial damage to the tank from the outside.

We are on cycles. 4 days on guard, 4 days on patrol, 4 days on Quick Reaction Force, 4 days on patrol. A few nights ago we step up shop on a rooftop at night. I love these missions. We roll out quiet and then get out and find a good roof where we watch routes for IED implacers and snipers. The snipers don't use roofs

as much, they roll around in sliding door vans to quickly hit their target and then make a fast getaway.

We broke into a residential building and made our way up the stairs. As we all poured on to the roof at around midnight a young woman was hanging clothes to dry. I took up my place by the door in case anyone came up after us. She was terrified. She said very clearly and quietly "I want to go

now" and I backed off the doorway to accommodate her. I felt bad for her, she had done nothing wrong and we must have scared the fuck out of her. These people are just living their lives and we are trying to hunt down some other people doing the exact same thing only they feel obligated to kill American soldiers.

Being a medic I don't do any of the actual watching. I stay back with the

interpreter and watch the door. We talked about Iraq and he told me he had 4 wives. His wives believed that he was working for a French company, being an Iraqi working with the Americans can spell death for his family. We were carrying on and bullshitting when suddenly a burst of 7.62 startled me. I hit the ground and strained my ears for return fire. I could tell that the shots were in our general direction and about 200 meters away. Everyone had hit the deck. I could see the helmeted heads, only exposing as much as necessary scanning the local rooftops and balconys. Another burst, maybe 5-7 rounds. Then a single shot. The local Iraqi Police caught him and put an end to him.

I grew up around guns and I have some now. My wife and I go shooting on free weekends. I know the sound of a gun firing. The sound of someone shooting at you is much different.

I asked my platoon sergeant if my medical skills were required for the shooter. "Doc, the IP got him. Even if he had only been wounded he'll be executed on the spot".

Being a medic I don't want to work. I remember almost coming to blows with a fellow medic because he said he wanted to get some "experience". Experience? What like this is a fucking video game and you get to level up or something? That experience is at the expense of one of your Joes getting hit. To fucking want that is far beyond me. No, I don't want to work. Me working means people are hurting. Call it cowardice, call it liberal, call it fucking treason for all I care.

If I never hear "MEDIC!" I'll call it a good fucking tour.

"Hey Very," you call, "wanna see something cool?"

"Okay," says Verville, following after you without even asking what it could be.

"We have to hurry," you say. "Your friend Jon is waiting for you."

You lead him back to the abandoned neighbourhood and bring him onto the same roof.

"So what is this cool thing that you are going to show me?" Verville asks you.

Just as you pull the switchblade out of your pocket, you hear a distant, weak cough.

Over at the edge of the roof, you see Jon pull himself up. "Verv, it's a trap!" he yells. "He's really an assassin sent to kill you!"

"Oh shit!" Verville exclaims.

Before you know what hit you, Verville pounds your face with his heavy fists, messing you up good. When you wake up, you are tied to a pipe in an abandoned room.

"Why did you want to kill me?" Verville asks you.

"Sorry, it's just a job," you reply. "Personally, I think you're kind of

cool."

"Well, we're getting out of here," Jon tells you. "And by the way, if you live, tell the Secret International League of Atheists that they just lost a member."

They leave you behind in the abandoned building.

THE END

Target: Jacob Verville 17

Cool Games That Doctors Play

Verv
31 December 2008
Hey!,

I was doing some recent work for a surgeon in the Army, driving him around, and he told me all about some really interesting games that doctors play when they are "in surgery" or just "fucking around."

Here are some of the better ones:

Chinese Penis Drills is a game where when a major, multiple hour surgery is occurring in a trauma ward a doctor cuts off the penis of one of the patients and appears in the Doctor's lounge and yells, "CHINESE PENIS DRILL!" while shaking the member at everyone. All of the Doctors now have to go to their patient and cut off his penis and wait in the doctor's lounge. The last one to show up has to lick their penis and occasionally put on a small puppet show, usually putting a pre-constructed miniature hat on the penis and making it do the Michigan J. Frog Hello my baby, Hello my darling routine.

The Whistlin' Dixie is a maneuver that if a patient is breathing with their mouth open during surgery different male nurses will place their penny purses (NOTE: penny purse is slang for scrotum or testicles) in the patients mouth and see what obscene sounds they can get them to make. Some have found that if they have thinner penises laying it across an open mouth sideways can sometimes cause a sound similar to Verv anally desecrating your mother.

The 'How Low Can You Go' game is a classic -- it involves raping the most pathetic person you can. Whomever has committed the most disgusting and bestial rape to a patient who is under anesthesia gets a free lunch once a month from everyone at the office until someone goes worst.

Usually it takes decades to de-throne guys who have raped the bejeesus out of immigrant orphan children dying of cancer.

The Barack Obama game, is a recent one though it has had many forms. It is a game where you promise full recovery with all confidence and talk about their situation as if it is not dire at all, just merely requires some hard work and some healing. There are competitions to see how long you can get someone to believe that things will actually be alright before they or their loved one dies.

The No One Cares About Old People & Neither Do I game is just a running tally that they have in most hospitals concerning who has put down the most old people like a vet puts down a dog. Rarely, if a doctor is very arrogant about their number, do they get turned into the police.

The \$5 Foot Long game is a game



where doctors put foot long objects up people's anuses and after providing proof the office owes them a \$5 foot long sub from... Subway.

The other \$5 Foot Long game was famous in the Chicago area because of a doctor named Stewart J. Dickerman that actually had a full 12" penis when erect. He changed the name of the game from "the longest finger prostate exam" to the other \$5 foot long game so he could start eating subway sandwiches for free whenever he wanted.

Corpse Re-Animator is another doctor game where after a person has died they keep shocking them with the paddles to make the body jump and twitch uncomfortably. Rarely do they get patients who wake up slightly sometimes, and then at this time the game can go on for hours. Most of the time they prefer to tell jokes word by word to the re-animated corpses and then the nurse will make a funny laughing noise while making the corpse's mouth open and closed like the man "died laughing."

Pray To Jesus game is a game that whenever there is a small chance of hope for survival, asking the family to pray to Jesus and say that you as well sincerely believe this will secure total recovery for the patient. Talk about how you have "seen miracles in the operating room before" and "request" that we all "pray together to Jesus."

Usually during this game the surgeon purposefully botches the surgery (often by playing whistlin' dixie at very opportune times, or anally raping the patient) and the family is devastated that God doesn't help them in their time of need.

The Stillborn game AKA the musical babies game happens every time the doctors want to play a really cool joke; sometimes they do not hit the baby hard enough to get it breathing, or they simply look at the baby and say "Code IV, code IV, get this baby to emergency operation!" and they all rush out of the room to operate on the child.

Hours and hours later the doctor will return and sadly announce the baby was a stillborn.

In reality, the baby was not a stillborn, it was merely a way to 'fuck with people.'

then the baby who actually lived will be swapped out with other babies that get code IV'd for days on end until finally part two of the game occurs:

The Miracle Baby game is when a stillborn child is replaced with a real, living baby after a code IV occurs. The family will never know that in reality their baby died in the operating room but will go on believing a miracle happened.

Often times the doctor will give a speech about miracles in the operating room.

Some people use the last part to justify the 'stillborn baby' game. Saying it is a community service and 'changes people's bad luck.'

Often times, poorer babies are "stillborned" and given to richer babies because doctors, like most people, believe that the feelings and well-being of the impoverished should rank below that of the rich as the impoverished give nothing back to society.

I hope you enjoyed these doctor's games and maybe know a few of your own.

You catch up with Verville as he heads away. "Hey, where are you going?" you ask him.

"I am going to Roots Time to meet my friends the Nation of Polska," he answers.

"Mind if I tag along?" you ask.



Legendary Creature Verv Has A Good Weekend

Verv
11 January 2009

I do not know what it is but every single Sunday evening I want to drive somewhere far away... Just get into a car, drive all night long, listening to good tunes; viewing the therapeutic darkness that shrouds the Earth in mystery.

There is something so awesome about traveling somewhere in a motor vehicle... The light sound of your music; the endless countryside; other, solitary cars passing you; favorite songs. Turn the sound off for a while... Listen to the tire meeting pavement. Think about your life and your friends and find something new and interesting in the darkness.

I went to a bar and spent 40,000 won paying Uzbek hostesses to sit and chit chat. One was generally happy and satisfied with life, smiling on through it. Another was searching for a husband. She was perky and funny behind her drape of sadness. Adam pointed out that "stuff must be pretty bad if you go to Uzbekistan to find a new life..." pointing out the fact that the sad one was a Korean-Uzbek.

She called me 'my husband' and told me to come back. She said it in a way that only sad people can say it. She said it in a way that made nobody laugh and only made people wonder,

"Wow, so this is what it comes to, Sveta? Some bald American guy that drinks too much and tells jokes? LOL OK."

The Russian language is fun sounding; it has a cleaner sound than Polish.

We went to a hockey game and I cheered my ass off, drunkenly, having fun; yelling and screaming and chanting and cheering and feeling like the whole world was just 12 guys on the ice, skating around, and a lot of people having fun watching them.

I broke a soju bottle at one point and people were shocked and laughing and some people were even mad at me.

On Friday some Korean ladies came to our table and pissed me off.

"Knock yourself out," he replies indifferently.

Roots Time turns out to be a tiny basement place with loud reggae music. Verville brings over two bottles of soju. "Have a drink, my new friend," he says.

I was trying to get my fill of Mihao in our last moments and there was a general sense of depression that we eventually passed by consuming alcohol in mass quantities. The Korean girls were rude at first and then they were mellow and looking at us with angst-ridden eyes.

There was even softcore porn on the TV at the bar; we had the remote and subjected the entire bar to hard, fake breasts bouncing up and down stiffly.

Someone said, "These girls are just here to get fucked," but they weren't. They were there to not be bored and to be touched by someone emotionally and physically, I guess, and I went to their apartment and made out with the pretty one for a long time (though it is never long enough).

I remember putting my mouth to her neck and hearing her little whimpers. How sweet! What treasure is in women! There is nothing better than the feeling of them curling up and tensely and then releasing themselves onto your body, rubbing your bald head; this is the sort of passion we all need in life. This is what I want daily.

I think all the best memories I have of these moments is the reactions of the women. My passion is their passion. Their whimpers and sighs are my gold.

It makes me feel like I have worth in my life.

We ended it there and slept next to each other like brother and sister.

I didn't bother to get her phone number and left in the morning before she woke up.

I wonder if she was hurt by that.

I later felt a little hurt by that, but then I didn't, because I realized that cheap joys in life can come easily. It builds me up and makes me feel good to know that we will end our time together as a strange memory left rotting in our cerebellums.

40 years from now we can think about 2009 and think about "yeah, I was there, and I had a good time."

Here's to the good times and our friends.

Well, should you drink? It's a kind offer, but not very professional for you to drink on the job.

Sure, I can handle my liquor. Go to page 11
No, I better not. Go to page 19

18

Target:
Jacob Verville

Drunk Poetry

Verv
17 February 2009

ALCOHOL IS MY GIRLFRIEND

She's young and she's old,
brewed a million times in a million places --
sometimes she smells sweet and sometimes she smells strong as sex;
sometimes she gives it to me smooth and sometimes rough.

She knocks me off my feet and makes me puke;
she makes me stagger and curl my toes;
she makes me slur my speech and laugh as I cry.

She inspires me to write and to sing like nothing else matters.
She is there for me when the other girls go home.
She is there for me when the world turns off the lights.

She massages my shoulders and takes away my aches and pains;
she flashes me virginal smiles that warm my heart to its very core.

If I could live 1,000 years the way I want to live 1,000 years,
I would need 1,000 livers and her holding my hand each step of the way.

When I'm older and wiser and married to some girl and have no time for her,
I will wait for those quiet weekends where there is nothing to do and I will find her in a secret hiding place;
I will kiss her and consume her the way I used to and the way that I want.

And she will cheer me on when I go to my maiden.

TENDER FLESH, BURNING HEART

Her stoic face transforms into a world of smiles;
her black hair frames her perfectly.
Her hand is smooth and small in my own.

My heart is off, breaking already, in some future whore house,
imagining her body beneath mine,
consuming her kisses like a fire, burning them inside of myself into the ashes of an eternal pain.

Her little voice happy to hear my own.

A Thai Restaurant.
June, 2008,
hickies from someone else on her neck and tears in her eyes,
telling me it is over for good,
from now until eternity.

I walked for 1 hour South of the restaurant,
lost in a world of spinning thoughts and soul shattering sadness.

PLAY YOUR PUNK GUITAR

Hey you, old man,
can you remember your youth?
When you were on the stages, drunk already,
pissing off the audience with out-of-tune interpretations of anarchy;
but there were us, the drunks, who just liked the way you made the room Boom, Blur and Dive
away from this world of Shit.

your guitar made flowers blossom in my peripheral vision;
your guitar made me fall in love every Friday and Saturday.
your guitar blasted every problem in my life a million miles away with a brick wall of sound.

You made me shout, dance and howl mockery at the cruel Earth;
you made me a dumb, fucking drunk tattoo'd to his wrists,
a slave to my youth, a slave to your sound.

TATTOO IT TO MY NECK

Ren Xiao Yao.
Follow the wind, carefree.

Butterflies in spiderwebs,
ancient Chinese philosophers smiling at nothing, talking to no one;
dead ghosts in old lands, forgotten and wandering.
Looking for animals that will be their friends
and humans that will hear their whispers in the wind.

Cruel nature consuming the ruins of a past era.
Ancient wisdom lost beneath the Modern Lies --
bureaucrats crushing the living,
the living yearning for the dead.

My mind is a tiger stalking your ruins.

PAGAN ANCESTOR

Oh, oh, oh, oh!
It's you, somewhere, my Father of Fathers;
Blond, wind swept hair;
strong, Nordic features;
long face, arched nose, thin lips;
old wounds riddling your body.

Your ribs stick out and your mouth is missing teeth;
your beard is braided and you look at me and offer me a grunt and a laugh.

You speak in a tongue I do not know but you say something I understand.

Oh, you! Oh, you!
The inspiration for my life.
The barbarian in my Blood, the Wild North in my Heart.

The cold air, the water flowing through the fjord,
the smell of a fire somewhere.

If I could go to you, now,
I would live with you and never come back.

BURY ME IN THE DMZ

When I die drag my corpse through the checkpoints and up the mountains,
where the old Confucianists rest beneath large stone statues;

SGT Vecchio,
take your Entrenching Tool and dig me a pit to warm me in my slumber.
Let me hear your laugh one last time as you pile the dirt high.
Bury me in the DMZ.

DEAD SOLDIER GRIMACING AT THE FUTURE THAT WILL NOT COME

In the tormenting coldness of a forgotten battlefield
a young man lays on his back, stretched out awkwardly;
lifeless eyes stair into the endless sky, looking for stars that no longer shine on his world;

skin turning to leather,
body left for carrion beasts.

A thousand lost dreams and a family full of broken hearts;
mothers weeping for you and looking at the books you bought that will never be read,
the records you will never play again;
pictures of old girls who will never know your touch.

Dead Soldier,
Grimacing at a future that will not come.

You only pretend to drink, so you
can keep your nerves about you.
Excusing yourself to go to the wash-
room, you dump the soju out in the
toilet and replace it with water.

Then you can pound them back
with Verville without any risk of los-

ing consciousness.

"You are my good friend," he says.
You buy him another round, and
then another. "The Nation of Pol-
ska will meet me," he mumbles, then
lowers his head and closes his eyes.

Is he out? You could inject him

with poison right now and nobody
would ever know it was murder. But
maybe you should wait a little bit in
case he wakes up.

I better wait. Go to page 20
No, I'll do it now. Go to page 27

Target:
Jacob Verville

19

Stormfront vs ESL Cafe

Jon Twitch

One's an online community where narrow-minded idiots go to express their ethnocentric views—the other is arguably the world's largest website for white supremacists. The question is: can you tell the difference between an ESL teacher in Korea and a Klansman? Let's find out. What follows are quotations lifted from ESL Cafe and Stormfront.

In no way do I intend to poke fun at Stormfront here; while researching this feature, I respected how well they moderate themselves. But make no mistake—if many of them came to Korea they would end up culture-shocked and blubbering like a typical ESL Cafe member.

1 The reason blacks in that age group have more HIV-AIDS is because they're more promiscuous than any other ethnic/racial group. Now, dearie, I know that's not PC to say, but someone needs to nudge you back to reality. Why do you suppose blacks have the highest number of out-of-wedlock births and the lowest number of father figure households? (SF) / (ESL)

2 I don't like Korean men....simple as that. When I meet them, I judge them right away as being jerks. (SF) / (ESL)

3 While I have met many Koreans whom I didn't care for, lumping them all as bad is rather ignorant. For example, I have a coworker who is half Korean and she's one of the nicest, good hearted people I know. Of course I wouldn't consider her as a possible mate for obvious reasons, and if the time came for segregation I would bid her farewell, but I most certainly do not wish for her to be exterminated, I mean Jesus Christ people..... (SF) / (ESL)

4 I have nothing against oriental people at all. however, call them asian and that undermines them as that includes muslims. (SF) / (ESL)

5 Whites are cold and logical and masters of weaponry. That's why they rule -- ask Dick Cheney. (SF) / (ESL)

6 While I certainly don't think anyone has a right to commit violence against a particular group or to incite others to commit violence, I can see no logical reason why the government of Canada should be allowed to determine who I can or can't hate.

(SF) / (ESL)

7 Some big black arse tried to peel a big one on me so I split Taiwan, found some stub at Man-toMen here, tells me he's Canadian born. Say, "Hey, buddy, think this is America" So he slugs me one, in the gut, I didn't know he's able to underhand. (SF) / (ESL)

8 Truthfully I love asian people.. well, atleast more then hispanics an ALLOT more then blacks an arabs. I like to go to chinese places an talk with them an eat their food, international district kicks ass! (SF) / (ESL)

9 Here's an example of my kind of racism: I love to see black folk succeed, as I like to see all people succeed, but I tend to consider crossing the street when I see a group of 10 of em dressed like they're in a 50 cent video. But hey, if I saw 10 white or yellow dudes dressed like they were in a 50 cent video I'd probably.... scratch that. I guess I'd just laugh at them. (SF) / (ESL)

10 Anyone else find it interesting that a Communist North Korean general cares about racial purity? (SF) / (ESL)

11 I've had an African American tell me that she didn't want to live in a black neighborhood because they don't respect each other and can't clean up their messes! (SF) / (ESL)

12 Hines Ward is a "hero" to the white males, black males, mixed-races, and Korean female race-mixers in South Korea, and that's about it. (SF) / (ESL)

13 Both North and South Korea are enemy combatant nations that would just as soon wipe every single one of us off the face of the earth... (SF) / (ESL)

14 South Koreans are a hateful people, they consider Americans 'lazy' and simply have a contempt for our culture and ideology, they have a sycophantic somewhat jewish approach when it comes to dealing with 'superiors', and are for the most part are completely alien... (SF) / (ESL)

15 The biggest employer in the US is the US Fed Gov't. The Fed gov't is 17% African American while the African American population as a whole

is 13%. That's a whacked message. (SF) / (ESL)

16 Why is it ok for there to be Asian pride, black pride, native american pride but not white pride? Why is it ok for minority based scholarships to exist but not for a scholarship for whites? Oh, poor whites is ok but everyone can apply for those-so long as they're poor... Aren't quotas for college admissions based on race, racist? (SF) / (ESL)

17 The Taliban a well known gangster army of the cult of Islam has just murdered its first victim. The Cult of Islam was founded by the pedophile Mohammed. (SF) / (ESL)

18 We should care only in the fact that we could learn a few things from people like the Japanese who refuse to become multicultural and cherish their heritage. We, on the whole, are throwing it away in the name of some egalitarian leftist vision called multiculturalism which in the end could turn the USA, Canada and Australia into giant versions of the Dominican Republic. As for Europe, they are slowly turning into an Islamic wasteland, just which may be even worse culturally. (SF) / (ESL)

19 Some of the most narrow-minded, bigoted people I've met are American black men. They love to seek out white trophy girls and brag about it to the homeys but if they catch a sista with a white guy, they can't deal with it. (SF) / (ESL)

20 I think Asians(except maybe for the Japanese) are the sneakiest, most unsanitary and bizarre creatures I ever encountered, oh and they are terrible drivers. (SF) / (ESL)

21 For radical Zionists such as the Ash-ke-NAZIS, the ends always justify the means (SF) / (ESL)

22 And historically, the Nazi's didn't "100%" suck. They were masters of military and industrial innovation. If it wasn't for the Nazi's, the Soviet Union would have owned Europe. And it is indisputable that Stalin was far, far more evil than Hitler. (SF) / (ESL)

23 Bringing a mixed race child into this world is the cruelest thing that can be done by the most selfish people. The child has no sense of cultural

identity, and is actively shunned by both cultures. (SF) / (ESL)

24 According to the evidence outlined in "Final Judgment" the Zionists ordered and covered up the assassination. These would be the people that control our government to this day. (SF) / (ESL)

25 I like the symbol it looks awesome. I don't like what Nazi scum stand for though, even though I would never trust most Jewish people. I think we all have prejudices and intolerance. There is nothing wrong with thinking this way as long as we don't act on these thoughts and hurt other people. (SF) / (ESL)

26 And as I have already mentioned, you are breaking board guidelines by advocating genocide. Do you have no respect for the owner of this board and his rules? (SF) / (ESL)

27 No one likes to believe that racism exists in America (and elsewhere) however it is a fact of life. Those of us that ignore racism at all levels are being racist by omission. (SF) / (ESL)

28 And yes, Korea like Japan is almost completely one group, and yes I wish we had the same percentage. All this aside, this is an assinine thread and only idiots want to destroy whole nations because of a few individuals! (SF) / (ESL)

29 several posters said that asians hate all white people and are not creative. i have dated a korean girl in the past. she certainly wasn't with me for money, i am poor as ****. we had a great relationship. (SF) / (ESL)

30 koreatown is a *beep* where all the young korean american thug wannabe's drink and drive, bars and clubs let you smoke inside, there are tons of underpaid immigrant laborers, a huge amount of luxury cars rolling around all the time. (SF) / (ESL)

31 Everyone has their crosses to bear. There are now 35,000 mixed race people in South Korea. (SF) / (ESL)

32 I should start a rabid anti-Nazi crusade. We could get a giant watermelon as our symbol and go around kicking scooters and burning Nazi

bars and making all Nazi's (or those with distant Nazi blood) wear giant yellow stars. Then we could round up all of the Nazi's or people that we just don't like and put them into camps and make them slaves in support of our anti-Nazi efforts. After all, it was the Nazi's that created racism and all that is wrong with the world. (SF) / (ESL)

33 I've met a few Japanese and Koreans and they all have been very respectful and well educated. They also have a high sense of honour and self respect, something almost totally lost within White people nowadays. But as much as I respect them, they do not belong in White nations. (SF) / (ESL)

34 Recently my brother had married his Filipino girlfriend of five years... much to my family's dismay since non-intimate relations with people who are not white are only tolerated, dating is like exile (we are still in shock). (SF) / (ESL)

35 So, to say it briefly: my vision on Asians is that you have 2 kinds of Asians: the civilised Asians, with whom I do not really have a problem, and the thugs, who ARE a problem. Still, the Asian world is a threat for the position of the West in the world both economically and politically. (SF) / (ESL)

36 I'm racist(if you quantify it that way), I think that Japanese men are cruel, childlike and obnoxious. I also think that black men are aggressive, mentally deficient and criminals by nature. I happen to be not alone with these thoughts. (SF) / (ESL)

37 Al Sharpton would do the world, and his family, a big favour if he were to cut himself long and deep. (SF) / (ESL)

38 Okay, what the **** is wrong with you people? Since when is it wrong to want to exterminate a people who hate us? I'd rather nuke Norks though. (SF) / (ESL)

39 Don't spit on the sidewalk you animals. (SF) / (ESL)

40 Finally, let me ask you a question - have you ever stepped up and defended white people like you defended asians here? They are after all YOUR people. (SF) / (ESL)

BrokeInKorea.com coming soon

For online content that is simultaneously more and less retarded than Dave's ESL Cafe

Target:
Jacob Verville
20

You wait a little longer, and Verville seems to be in deep sleep. Just as you get your syringe out, a group of white people come down the stairs and come over to you and Verville.

"Hey Verv, want to go to anma?" one of them asks in a heavy Eastern European accent.

Verville immediately leaps up. "Is sexy time!" he exclaims in a not bad

impression of Borat.

Hey, you're a huge fan of Sacha Baron Cohen! Imagine that!

"Is nice!" you remark as Verville thunders out of Roots Time.

You do all you can to keep up as he leads the way to the swankiest, sleaziest rub-n-tug place around. "It is on me!" he announces as you are scanning the expensive list of services

provided.

You gladly follow a Russian girl into a room with a massage table, where she gives you the full treatment. You shriek with ecstasy at the finishing manual release. In the next room over, you hear someone else finish off in similar manner. Was that Verville? He sure sounded happy, whoever he was.

They let you stay the night, and in the morning when you wake up, Verville is gone. Not that you care anymore. It was worth betraying your clients for such an awesome night. Hopefully you'll see Verville again, and next time it will not be to kill him!

THE END

News Feed

People you'd rather not talk to anymore

Ex-girlfriend status

Drunk Photos

Links

More

Create



What's on your mind?

OMG I just had the BEST sandwich! lol |

Shit on the web

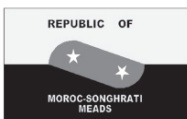
Jon took the "Where should you live?" quiz and the result is:



up your ass

You belong up your ass. You like nothing more than hot weather, and a damp and warm place to relax. You may be isolated from the rest of the world, but you're in paradise here! What more do you want: a social networking website through which to spread shallow memes that say nothing about who you are as a person.

Jon picked their (5) for "Best countries in the world". What are yours?



Sealand - Other World Kingdom - Republic of Moroc-Songhrati Meads - Conch Republic - Northern Forest Archipelago
5 weeks ago · Comment · LikeUnlike · Pick your five · Create your own

Which punk rock star are you?

You really love punk rock music and even if punk musicians cannot be your 'idols' you treat them as legends - dead or alive. So finally you can find out which punk rock star you have inside!

#1. You're favourite color is:
(a) white (b) purple (c) grey (d) blonde (e) black

#2. You're favourite musical genre is:
a) anti-Christian folk metal
b) country and western
c) bbongjjak
d) grind, noise
e) rockabilly, psychobilly

#3 When you're hangin' out with your friends you go:
a) to a massage parlour
b) fishin'
c) somewhere cultural
d) wander the streets until sunrise

e) to Koreatown

#4. You think, that the government:
a) should be stronger (unless you didn't vote for them)
b) sucks but you're willing to die for them
c) could learn a thing or two from you
d) should be held in check by a monarch
e) sucks because people suck

#5. If you're animal, you'd be:
(a) octopus (b) pit bull (c) dalmatian (d) otter (e) cat

#6. Your close are:
a) boots, bomber jacket, shirts with anti-multicultural slogans
b) rags and clothes that are ready to fall apart
c) grey suit and sunglasses regardless of climate or time of day
d) shorts and a T-shirt

regardless of season
e) leather jacket and nothing else

#7. You're addicted to
a) bukkake and soju
b) hunting and fishing
c) perfection
d) absolutely nothing
e) recording solo albums

#8. What do you prefer to eat?
a) meat and vagina
b) fish and game I caught myself
c) fusion cuisine
d) soybeans and rice
e) cow and cow projects
#

9. What do you want be when you grow up?
a) an alcoholic
b) a lean mean killing machine
c) a world traveler
d) a human spider who climbs buildings
e) a one-man band

#10. What attracts you in the opposite sex?
a) price
b) curves
c) intelligence
d) ability to bear children
e) ability to get you green card

If you answered mostly A, the result is Verv (Pornotarium)
You're all about sex with women of negotiable virtue, and you don't care who knows it. You want to live fast, die young, and leave a bloated corpse. Your lifestyle inspires equal amounts of repulsion and admiration. Long after you've passed, you'll be remembered in song. Whether that song will be religious gospel or viking metal remains to be seen.

If you answered mostly B, the result is Paul (Suck Stuff, Rux)
You're the kind of guy with no roots, so you've had the chance to pick and choose. You've moved around a lot and lived a lot of lives. You show, that punk rock exist beyond sex, drugs and alcohol. But you still know how

to rock. Good for you.

If you answered mostly C, the result is Burke (MR27)
You're really not afraid to say exactly what you think. Art and independence are the most important things to you. Every word of yours sounds like a poem or a song. You know how to rock, but in a very special, artistic way.

If you answered mostly D, the result is Tel (Chadburger)
You look like a nice, quiet, unassuming guy, but when you cut loose, everybody better watch the fuck out. People should be very careful around you. And if anyone will call you a 'sweet blonde', he will never say it again.

If you answered mostly E, the result is Hellking (Hellking)
You're a strong person, but people judge you by appearance. But you really know how to use it. sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll - that's the way you live your life. And, seriously, do you like blonde, stupid groupies and prostitutes under 21?

Requests

See All

11 friend requests from strangers
14 vampire requests
155 pointless other requests

Suggestions

See All

random stalker
Add as Friend

25 things...

...I will kill you with if you send me irritating, pointless notes.

- Homemade flamethrower. Apparently they are legal to possess in the US.
- Car bomb
- Good old fashioned knife
- Keys held between my fingers sort of like brass knuckles, but sharper
- Descending silently from the ceiling by rope, and snapping your neck between my thighs
- Guns (probably the most effective way)
- Poisoning (probably the least gruesome way; would you like to try some cake I baked especially for you?)
- Running you over with a truck
- Dropping a bridge on you
- Setting up a scenario in which the only way for you to save lives is to sacrifice your own, by going into a chemical- or radiation-flooded chamber to turn a pointlessly placed shutoff valve.
- Spreading lies that you're the Hwaseong serial killer
- Tying you to a hook and slowly lowering you into a tank of piranhas
- Throwing you out of an airplane, but you manage to grab a parachute, so I dive after you and we have a gun battle in free-fall over the only parachute as we plummet to the ground. I win.
- Staple a flag to your ass and mail you to Iran
- Meet you atop a bridge, where I will have two ropes--one tied to your girlfriend, and one tied to a busload of kids. Which one will you save?
- Throw you in an active volcano
- Throw you in an inactive volcano, but one that's really really high up
- Cement shoes, and throw you in the river
- Strip you naked and drop you off at the North Pole
- Put you in a theatre Clockwork-Orange-style and make you watch Battlefield Earth on repeat
- Put you on a rocket and launch it into the sun
- Tie you up, slather you in Campbell's chicken noodle soup, and let cats lick you to death (my cats love that stuff)
- Flamethrower. Twice just to make sure.
- Anthrax in the mail. Did you ever receive the anthrax vaccine? I kind of need to know.
- Getting you banned from Facebook. From what I know, Facebook is your life, and it will absolutely crush you.
*Note: all of this is satire and should not be taken more seriously than all those zombie, vampire, and gangster invitations I get. If I really were going to kill you, you wouldn't see it coming. Either that or you'd hear a crash outside your window, and look out to see me lying on the ground below, stunned from the fall.

Applications



You get the dagger out of your pocket and hold it close to your body. Verville barrels toward you, limbs flailing, and you prepare to strike. Then suddenly, someone smacks you right in the head. The dagger falls out of your hand and clatters away on the floor.

It's the lead singer of the band! At first you think he saw the dagger and

tried to stop you, but he charges past, flailing like an epileptic at a disco.

That was a close call, but you're not letting this insult go. You're a hit-man, for fuck's sake.

The song ends, and you walk over to him. "Hey jerk," you say.

"Pardon?" he asks, looking at you with his lizard eyes.

"Back when you were playing, you

jumped into the crowd and hit me," you say, fists balled.

"Oh, I did? I'm terribly sorry," he answers through a thick Welsh accent.

"Yeah, well I'll make you eat those words," you retort.

"Leave him alone!" someone shouts at you.

"Yeah, come on!" chimes in some-

one else.

You hurry out before something serious happens.

Well, that obviously wasn't a good idea.

What now?

I'll sneak back in. Go to page 22
I'll wait for Verville and ambush him somewhere else. Go to page 23

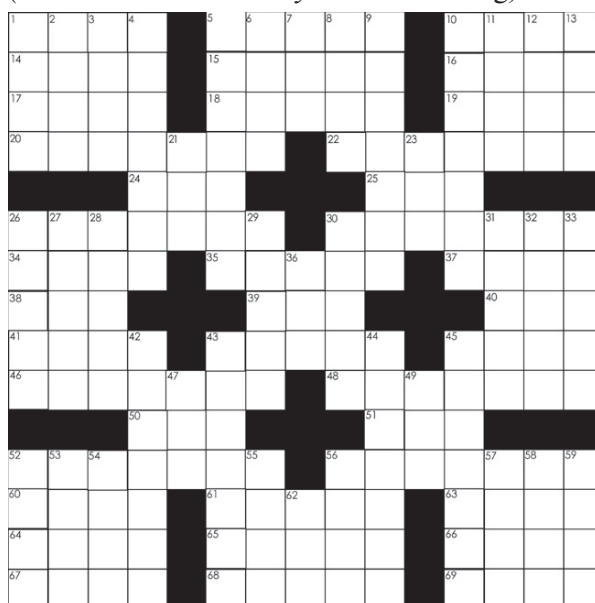
Target: Jacob Verville

21

Broke Crossword

by Jon Twitch

*Dedicated to Jeff and Trash
(written while on the way to their wedding)*



ACROSS

1 Add
5 Female bassist
10 5 Across's husband
14 Misplace
15 Decay
16 Inactive
17 Mind ___ matter
18 Different
19 Charities
20 In spite of
22 Opposite of exorcise
24 Fugazi genre
25 Rocket 88 musician
26 Artillery guns
30 Psychic
34 Emanate
35 Town in Surrey, UK
37 ___ and kin
38 Rookie ___ Staz
39 Monty Python starting word
40 Golf spike
41 Charitable contributions
43 Actress Witherspoon
45 These ___ are Snakes
46 Stretched
48 Himalayan mountain
50 Short-lived Korean skinhead label
51 Head orifice
52 Cybernetic Verhoeven movie
56 Signal receiver
60 Anti-social kid in UK
61 Mesopotamian
63 One large quantity
64 Shopping center
65 Repeated TV show
66 Wife of 25 Across
67 Colony insects
68 Wedge
69 Hongdae arts/concert venue

DOWN

1 UK slang for cops
2 Skinhead ___ Affair
3 Utilises
4 Limbless reptile
5 Second-wave ska
6 Rank
7 Cinder
8 Stair
9 Courage
10 Skasucks singer
11 Straight-___
12 Florences
13 ___ up
21 Opinionated Internet slang
23 Travel downhill
26 Aromatic wood
27 Whack-___-___ (2 words)
28 Riddler's last name
29 Peeped
30 Gang
31 KNO3
32 Things
33 Bust
36 Sault ___ Marie
42 /pwns
43 Pierre-Auguste and Jean
44 Dusk
45 Takes into custody
47 Ad ___
49 Consume
52 Sci-fi novel "Rendezvous with ___"
53 US airbase in Songtan
54 Korean pop-punk band
55 Snobby school
56 Awful "Barbie Girl" band
57 Navy TV show
58 Itaewon bar
59 First man

THE Bimonthly Boofuck

Hmm, I wonder what's going on in Daegu this weekend. I'll just go look up the Club Heavy website. Okay, <http://cafe.daum.net/clubheavy96...> And there it is. Okay, there's the link to their shows. Huh, there sure are a lot of shows going on. I'll click on this one. Hey, wait a minute! It says I have to log in! What in the balls? I just wanted to see what time the show starts, for fuck's sake! Well, how do I sign up? Dear god, so many steps. Does that say I have to submit to a DNA test? Aw hell, all I wanted to do was look at one little message. Wait, which Korea are we in again?

In case you haven't heard, I fucking hate the major Korean Internet portals. Korea may have some of the most sophisticated Internet hookups in the world, but their websites are like some kind of yuppie gated community. With Hitler as the gatekeeper. And Vladimir Putin with his ear to every door. The Internet should be for free information, not locked down. If you want to so much as comment on an online video or predict doom for the global economy, you have to go through a lengthy registration process previously only used for vetting vice-presidential candidates. Fuck sites like Naver, Daum, Hanmail, and CyWorld, and leave them in a burlap sack on the highway. Oh wait, this article is about boot-fucking, not plain old heterosexual sex.

This is all part of some retarded real name law, intended to civilise the wild frontier of the Internet by forcing everybody to wear nametags and have a big arrow hovering over their home for all to see. That way, you'll be held accountable for what you say online. That's great, nothing

on the Internet ever gets taken out of context or misunderstood by others and showered in hate-mail. That only happens if you're anonymous. People are saying this is a threat to freedom of speech, but I see it as something far worse: a threat to freedom of privacy.

And now they've gotten to YouTube. When they told Google that YouTube had to conform to this fucked up law, Google decided to wash their hands of the country and ban all comments and videos from Korea.

And the lamest thing is, you can get past this YouTube bullshit simply by changing your settings to say you're in another more progressive, more freedom-loving country, say, Poland. Don't worry, everybody's doing it, even the **Cheong Wa Dae YouTube Channel**. That's right, even the government decided their own law was too stupid to obey. After all, this law is to discourage and catch online dissenters and critics of the government, not create a minor inconvenience for the government. Might I add a big **fuck you** to the good people of the Lee Myungbag administration, Korea's shittiest democratically-elected leader since Roh Taewoo.

The Korean Internet is way too centrally controlled, content-wise, and membership-wise. While in other countries they're saying the Internet is wild, untameable, in Korea they've already cut its balls off. I think it's high time we give them the ol' boot-fuck; the problem is I have no idea who gets it first.

Oh wait, I just decided: every fool who voted for that guy despite the fact this sort of shit was obviously ahead. Are you ready, boots? Start fucking!

In Defence of Juggalos

Perry Sepuku
Aight, I'm going to start this article off by saying

I am a Juggalo, a down ass Juggalo, for L-I-I-F-E.

Now, the reason I'm posting this is because society wants to be blind, stupid, arrogant and ignorant to what it is that is around them. And, because the last issue of Broke kind of pissed me off in my drunken stupor at Skunk Hell. People ask me, on a daily basis, what a Juggalo is, or why am I a Juggalo, or why I listen to such "shitty" music. If you are one of the people who think a Juggalo is just a person who listens to the Insane Clown Posse, well here's a big FUCK YOU.

A Juggalo is a person who belongs to the 'Dark Carnival Family' (When I say Dark Carnival, I'm not speaking of some Satanic, ritualistic, cultualistic, freak religion. The Dark Carnival is just a name, just like Punk, Goth, Wigger, Gangster, Prep, ect.) A Juggalo is a person who doesn't know where to fit in because of how they look, act, dress, talk, ect. Everyday people make fun of Juggalos because they 'take it too far'. Because we

paint our faces, wear ICP/Twitzid/Blaze/ABK/Dark Lotus shirts all the time, and wear rather baggy clothing. Then people attack us because we come after them when they are talking bullshit about us. A Juggalo is the type of person who will say what they want to who they want, when ever they want. If they don't like your shirt, they'll tell you. But just because we say we don't like something about you or someone else, doesn't mean we 'hate' it. It's just something we wouldn't do or wear.

Now, back to the 'taking it too far' portion. Not all Juggalos will paint their faces all the time or wear Psychopathic Records clothing at all times. There are some Juggalos that will do this though, and they are extremist. Extremists can be found in any and every clique across the world. Here's a few examples: The Taliban/suicide bombers = Extremists of the Muslim religion. The kids who wear studs on everything they own, spike their hair three feet high, and have a billion piercings = Extremists of the Punk clique. So, yes, there are those Juggalos who will 'take it too far',

Don't Quit Your Day Job

Last issue, we looked at the day jobs of many Korean bands. Answers were solicited via MySpace. And then after publication, I received two more responses. As revenge for their late responses, I called their employers and got them all fired. Here's what they were doing before that.

Explode

Chansung: working holyday in Australia (picking fruit on a farm)

Sungmin: student

Minju: day by day worker

Wonho: day by day worker

Hangpal: tattooist

Ninesin

Two members are in university and looking for a job. They might go overseas to study. The others have regular jobs working for companies to make ends meet. "Everyone knows you can't make ends meet just by being in a band, especially if you're an indie band or underground.

The reason we still don't give up our music in spite of all the hard work in the daytime is flames of life. We have regrets and joys for wrong choices in life like suicide and adultery, but we only get joy out of music."

"음악으로의 생계를 유지할수 없다는 것은 누구나 다 압니다.. 그것도 인디밴드에서.. 언더원에서.. 그러나 그 힘든 직장생활 가운데서 음악을 하는이유는 삶의 불꽃이기때문입니다. 자살, 외도, 불륜 등 그러한 잘못된 길에서 즐거움과 후회를 느끼지만 저희는 음악을 통해서 후회없는 즐거움을 느낍니다."

but thats just who we are.

A Juggalo will do what ever he wants. He doesn't follow trends or try to be in style. Some people try and say being a Juggalo would be following a trend. But, do you really see preps putting blue, black, and white face paint on and going to the mall, acting cool? No, it's not a fucking trend. There are some kids who act like a Juggalo by becoming an extremist. These are what we Juggalos call 'Juffalos', or fakes.

A Juggalo is part of a family, a family where anyone can belong. If a Juggalo sees another person wearing some Psychopathic Records clothing, he'll walk up to him and be like 'Whattup Juggalo/Ninja/Killa' and if that person is a true Juggalo, they will talk and act as if they've known each other from day one. If they are fake, then that Juggalo will just be like, 'Aight peace man'. Tell me any other clique where you see a person wearing clothing from that group, you can just walk up and talk like you're brothers. You can't. Simple as that, there's nothing out there that is close to being part of the Dark Carnival.

can do is change your name and find some quiet part of the world to hide.

Well, now that you're here, maybe you could give ESL teaching a try. After all, how hard would it be for a professional hitman to get a job teaching English in Korea?

THE END

22 Target:

Jacob Verville

You wait a few minutes, then head back up toward Skunk Hell. Verville is somewhere inside, but you're stopped at the ticket counter by a gang of foreigners.

"Aren't you the dick who we just chaced away?" one of them asks.

"Out of my way, maggots," you retort, trying to push past them.

Someone smashes a bottle over your head, and you land on the floor.

You wake up several weeks later in a Korean hospital. Fortunately you had no ID, and the Korean doctors haven't figured out your identity. By now your clients will know that you failed in your mission and there will be a contract on your head. All you

The Vervrodome

Nevin didn't get his articles in on time, so I had some space to fill. And what will I fill it with? How about the nastiest, vilest Verv writing known to Internet? Don't miss deadlines, kids.

The AIDS Victim

He was skinny and he looked sick.
His skin was really bad and he shit diarrhea all the time out of his ass.

He was an africa homosexualian visiting prostitutes who stood over fires to dry their cunts out for bloody sexual stimulation.

He was once hearty but he grew thin, the outline of his jaw was clear and he could never open his mouth wide enough to nut mumble.

He was so weak he made emo seem like hardcore.

The AIDS victim cried at first but then he waited for the end straining himself out of bed to go outside and find the well.

Near the end he couldn't get up often so he smelt like shit due to lack of baths.

He died in Kenya in 2006 holding his pillow to his chest and his dignity in his left hand.

STUDENT WRITES TERM PAPERS

Fucking stupid kids on internets looking up facts to record.

A bullshit answer. A bullshit practice. A bullshit education system only serving as a continuance of babysitting for parents of children not qualified to get jobs but still in need of daycare.

Teaching. Preening over sophistry previously unimagined by Che Guevara shit wearers.

Write your term paper you cunt it is the end of the term and you are still so stupid.

AIDS VICTIM IN A BIB BEING FED BY A NURSE

There once was an aids victim in a bib being fed by a nurse wo thought

'whats the use, whats the use?'

The man dies before her eyes and she feeds him like he has worth.

Even his offspring would be cursed, cursed.

Baby food. Diarrhea. Outlines of dried tears on pillow cases. Go die in your village

i shit on your possessions

Verv
6 Apr 2008

I went to your house while you were at work and I took your television remote control and inserted it sideways in my rectal cavity. it hurt but it was worth it.

I masturbated in your socks.

I touched the sperm to your bathroom towels.

i squatted down and touched the tip of my bung hole on the vegetables in your fridge.

i pressed the raw meet against my taint.

I fucked your pillows with my dick -- i slipped the dick between the pillow cover and the pillow, and i fucked it until there was physical pain and red sores on my dick shaft.

I didn't even come. I saved that for your milk. Because they are the same color.

I probably urinated roughly 10 ounces of urination on your CLEAN CLOTHES YOU HAD JUST TAKEN FROM THE LAUNDRY.

I then went to your bathroom and took your razor. I SHAVED MY DICK HAIRS

You wait outside around the corner for Verville, your dagger concealed inside your sleeve.

After a long wait, he comes out alone, a nearly empty soju bottle in hand.

"Hey Verv!" you call out to him in a friendly voice.

"Do I know you?" he asks, some-

like a man or a woman.

MY DICK IN A BIB BEING FED BY A NURSE

Milky breasts, Hispanic woman mature and like wine, tits that appeal to the eyes and as soft as a Llama skin rug.

Stick fingers in my ass (or crayons) Oh nurse,

put your tit feeders on my dicks and let my morality rot between your montagna.

I will cheer for El Salvador in the next world cup, my queen virgin.

Promise not to laugh but I think I came.

WHY AM I DRUNK

Why am I drunk again on a wednesday night,

so fucking stupid and fucking stupid and fucking dumb writing regrets in boxes for entering texts.

Why am I so drunk again, so drunk again,

farting in my chair and drinking tea from Yunnan, China,

chewing tobacco from Gotesberg, Sweden;

drinking wine from Chateau Leblanc, France.

So stupid. So stupid. Not enough foreign drinks in the world can justify irresponsibility.

As the Gods speak I listen and know my wrong.

the person with AIDS who si a victim of AIDS infected me in September of 2007.

I did not know I had it until I received a test in June of 2008.

Although I never died of it it prevented me from legalized sexual interactions and spurred me towards a facial tattoo.

I spent my last days in regret.

OFF and put them in a sandwich in your fridge that you labeled "TOMORROW LUNCH TIME!"

I slapped my dick off into your BOTTLES OF PILLS that were marked "important pills I take every day three times a day"

I laughed to myself while your cats looked curiously into my anal cavity while your tooth pastes were regurgitated back into their package from my ass.

I read your favorite magazine while listening to the RAMONES, and as I sang along with the songs I fantasized about sex with your significant other THAT I HAD LAST NIGHT and fucked the shit out of the cushions on your couch.

I sighed long and hrd while reading your mail because it was so stupid and you were so pathetic.

I then I skeeted on the TV SCREEN and whipped it off with one of your socks.

So in short: I basically shit on all of your possessions because you are stupid and I hate you.

what pissily.

"Yeah, don't you remember me?" you ask. "We met at Skunk Hell tonight."

"Uh..." he mumbles, still walking past you.

He doesn't seem to know who you are! You were going to stab him in cold blood out on the street, but may-

Things Your Mother Tantalizingly Hinted At

Verv
26 January 2008

Your mother did many absolutely disgusting sexual acts upon my body, acts that if were repeated would be enough to have me arrested in any Arab country and lynched en masse.

If she did anything more than these disgusting acts it involved hinting at sexual acts.

Our trips to the supermarket were infinite and extensive. During these trips it was often implied that vvarious fruits and sauces would be placed on my body and fuckings would be made onto my whole self.

Any object in remote semblance of the male dick was conceived of to be put into my anus.

Any object which looked slimy was one who that was implied to be something licked off of my bodice. Or to be put into her vajeen and shot onto me as a projectile of hostility.

More on this were really cool:

rodeos were experimental times when we would try to conceive of new clown costumes for me to dress in while trying to tame this bull.

Story about YOUR SIGNIFICANT OTHER

Verv
6 Apr 2008

I was at a party like LAST WEEKEND and I saw a person I sort of recognized. They were hot but I knew they were TAKEN, as in, they were YOUR SIGNIFICANT OTHER, but I am too cool so I didn't care.

Since they were HOT I went up and I said "Hey, what's up?"

And they said, "Oh yeah I am just trying to get some fresh air because MY LOVER IS TOO PUSHY AND OVERBEARING, so I wanted to come out and hang out with some cool dudes and chicks, OK?"

"OK, that's cool," I said. I felt really good. I felt like I was getting somewhere."So, do you come here often?" I asked.

"Yeah, like every week when I get FREE TIME AWAY FROM MY LOVER, I mean, they are pushy and I just like to have sex with other people and not tell them to spite them."

"Oh?"

"Yeah I pretty much like to habitually CHEAT ON MY LOVER and SLEEP WITH OTHER PEOPLE" said your significant other.

"Oh wow that is really bold to say," I was shocked, honestly, and I swallowed hard.

"You know Verv, you are kind of a sexy guy with a really great figure! and you are probably the most sexually ferocious person

be you can still follow after him and do this more cleanly.

Or do you just want to get it over with as quick as possible?

Let's do it the clean way. Go to page 18
Just shank him and be fucking done with it. Go to page 24

"The Bull" was your mothers vajeen with a special insertive vajeen piece which had cow horns attached, making it look like "long horns style vajeen, militant and attacking."

I did not mind because an attacking vajeen sounds really superior and really over the top.

sometimes my dick was talked about if it were pierced or added to the charisma of it, but these piercings never came about. But it was tantalizing hints.

It's great.

Once the mother of you, who birthed you from vajeen, made actual implication that you would be ready and willing as the son to engage in incestuous relationship with the tongue on my ass and hers during sex.

i did not consent but was tantalized.

mother implied: "Dicks would be made into a photographic blog," she never followed through.

"she implied also that there would be bukkake parties," but it never happened and it made me feel so stupid.

More on this later.

Cool New Name For A Prostitute

Verv
28 November 2008
"Vagina Merchant."
"Pussy Peddler"
"Penis Pleasing Servicer"
"Sperm Receptacle"
"Does-not-do-threesomes-because-it-is-immoral stupid version of a vagina merchant."

The Geeks Need Your Scalp

Verv
25 Sept 2008

Kiseok sent me an email and noted that they are changing their sound from less of the traditional hardcore to more of the 'pow wow' style of hardcore.

They intend to switch over to pow wow-core and dress like native Americans; they will abandon all of their instruments but keep the drums which they will all now play ,while dancing in their moccasins...

The band will also now expand to include the entirety of the audience who will walk in a circle whooping and shouting, occasionally doing dances in the center.

For this, though, they intend to scalp people and need volunteers.

I will be doing it and am currently growing my hair out so they have a better flap of head.

Thanks in advance for the help.

cell phone.

then they told me to be quiet and they touched my dick and my ass with their hand, and then they even gently inserted their fingers in my assholes and BLOWED MY DICK WITH THEIR MOUTH and I got an erection and I fucked your significant other for like, three hours.

I got off really quick the first time and then they had to suck my dick for like twenty minutes to get an erection and I was bored so I just watched TV while they rode my dicks for like 2 hours.

they came really hard and moaned loudly and then they had to other people and they later commented that the sex was the most fulfilling thing they had done in the last 10 YEARS, they said my sex was as good as CHRISTMAS and when we were done having ADULTEROUS SEX they even went to a HOLIDAY THEME STORE and bought christmas lights, green and red glitter and decorated in my DICK AND MY ASS in a CHRISTMAS THEME and took EVEN MORE PICTURES ON THEIR CELL PHONE.

In short, i twas the best sexual experience anyone has had since Cleopatra fucked Julius Caesar.

You should feel CHEATED ON and I really just feel like a WINNER.

FIN.

Target:
Jacob Verville
23

CD Reviews

Johnny Royal
Louder than Words
Vanguard Music
Jon Twitch

I'll be honest, the only song I know by Johnny Royal is "Homeless." Aside from that one song, their songs sound the same. It's great when you're in concert, because they deliver each song with uniform fury. Recorded, it loses some of the flash.

This album is clearly a step toward a more mass-marketable sound. And I don't have a real problem with that; this is beatdown music without the dick-ish attitude, hardcore with all the right tattoos, off-center baseball caps, and brass-knuckle necklaces, and a glazing of rap without the K-pop trappings. This album seems more like a commercial for the band intended to drag in new audiences, and I think it will work.

I started to like the second half of the album a bit more than the first, particularly the songs "You Can't Stop Me" and "Believe & Go." The next song, "Anthem," starts with what sounds like a ripoff of Samchung's "Rest in Peace," but quickly goes off in its own direction. Also, I wasn't particularly impressed with their closing Beastie Boys cover "Egg Raid on Mojo." The thing about Johnny Royal is they have a lot of sounds happening at once—multiple vocalists, lots of instruments, but they sound best when they find a way to alternate rather than firing all guns at once. Unfortunately on this album the instruments are more omnipresent and a little less hard than past songs.

Burn My Bridges
Die Hard
Townhall Records
Jon Twitch

I would've enjoyed this CD a lot more if they'd put a significantly lower amount of effort into it. First, I really didn't need the lyrics to be totally in English. I'd rather hear them in a language they know well than hearing them sputter and spray through. Seriously, listening to the lyrics makes my jaw hurt. Secondly, the entire recording sounded just a little too clean for me. It really needed to be more raw, more lo-fi. For that reason, I preferred the last song, "One Step Forward" to the previous songs, which had a bit of a harder sound.

My favourite part of the album is the liner notes. The front cover depicts a large number of people running across a rope bridge suspended over an impossibly high chasm toward a large, naked red demon. Then you open it up and it shows the same scene, only the people are gone and all that remains of the demon are bones. Did they kill the demon? If so, why? For food or because they were offended by the sight of his demon wang? And what's happening on the back cover? It looks like they're running back the way they came, and from the side you can see that the demon is just a cardboard cutout, possibly intended to scare people away. Yet where did the bones come from? I could write a whole doctoral thesis on that artwork.

Sweet Guerillaz
Follow the Rainbow
GMC Records
Jon Twitch

GMC always has a few surprises lying around, and this is one pop-punk surprise out of Cheongju. These guys have been around since late 2006, and they've hopped from the now defunct MF Crew into GMC Records, one of their few token emo/pop-punk bands, alongside the Apop.

I'm a little disturbed by the whole "Follow the Rainbow" motif in the album, possibly the gayest song since Oi Broker performed their non-ironic cover of "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." What's the deal with all the rainbows? There must be a rule somewhere saying "You must be at least this sissy in order to be a token emo band on GMC Records."

I can't say the album is entirely memorable, though aside from the whole rainbow thing they don't really do anything wrong. They have a few notable guest vocalists to lend credibility, including Trash from BB Lucky Town, Dokyo13 from 13 Steps, and some guy from Japan I admit I haven't heard of before. This album stays firmly planted in the pop-punk genre, with simple melodies and inoffensive lyrics like the best of them.

I'm not entirely sure what the Sweet Guerillaz can get out of a hardcore label and what GMC can get out of a pop-punk band, but it probably means they'll be around for a few more albums. At least until they find a bigger label that suits them better.



Devil Worship A GoGo70 Film Review

Chris Hellking

Go back to a simpler time with the Korean War being just a passing memory to the rest of the world. With the new Cold War in full swing, Korea had been all but forgotten by everyone else except the Koreans and the Americans stationed there. In the wake of army bases sprouting across Korea, many bars and red light districts flourished anywhere there were Americans. Prostitution ran rampant in these areas with GIs looking for a cheap thrill and a war torn people trying to find a way to make a living. In this dismal setting our movie begins with Sang-kyu (Cho Seung-Woo) playing music for the US soldiers. Tired of playing for no pay for people that couldn't care less, he decides to take his group to see a rival band led by Man-sik (Cha Seung-Woo) and see why that band was building hype. The band was playing music that no other band was playing at the time, soul and R&B, and became a hit amongst the African-American soldiers even though Man-sik was a terrible singer. Seeing the potential of Man-sik's guitar playing and the soul sound, Sang-kyu approaches the other band and suggests a merging of the bands in order to make it big. And thus, the Devils were formed in the late 1960's, during the height of a military autocratic regime and the start of a musical revolution that swept across the nation.

The movie is an interesting bandpic much in the style of "Walk the Line" and "The Doors," following the rise of the Devils and the Go-Go

culture that sprang up in Korea, along with the rapid decline of the rock music scene due to the outlawing of such music by the military dictatorship at the time, of which the effects are still felt today. Though there are some inaccuracies in the story and a lot of integral bands and events of the time were left out, it does a great job in showing how the band was received, the hardships they went through, along with how the culture of the time reacted to the new style of music. The soundtrack is excellent with old songs re-recorded with Cho Seung-Woo and actors from the movie. Cho Seung-Woo's father being a well known singer back in the day, it's only fitting that he takes on the lead role because of the great voice he inherited. He gives a powerful vocal delivery over the masterful guitar work of Cha Seung-Woo who is the front man and guitarist of the Moonshiners. Also from the Moonshiners is Gyeong Ho-Son who plays the role of the drummer. While the song selection was good, fans of the band will be disappointed by the fact that more originals weren't used and that other bands of the day weren't included in the soundtrack. Other than that, this movie will definitely be a worthy watch for anyone into Korean culture, Korean rock and psychedelic bands of the day, movies about bands, or if you're wondering why the Korean music scene is so weak compared to other countries today. It'll make you want to go online and find some Korean rock and psychedelic bands of the day, get your dancing shoes on and go-go dance all night long.

Chadburger Finds the Spot

Chadburger / Find the Spot Split
Townhall Records
Chris Hellking

Kyusuck of Townhall Records has been keeping himself very busy lately and for good reason. Album releases, splits, and shows from the various hardcore groups in Korea have proved that there is an interesting wave of old-school hardcore rising around the scene. This release from Seoul hardcore band Find the Spot and furious thrash punk newcomers Chadburger will showcase just that by giving you a musical beat down of sheer aggression and a blast of hardcore tunes that will leave your ears ringing and you begging for more.

The split starts off with a flurry of distorted noise that can only be created by Seoul's latest sensation Chadburger. Known for their chaotic frontman and energetic live shows, they hold true to their frenetic live sound and energy with an unrelenting speed attack carried non-stop

through five spastic tracks. For fans of thrash-core and powerviolence, stand out tracks include "Explode" and "Change Yourself." Note that these songs are not for the faint of heart.

We then get to Find the Spot's portion of the split. Their songs take us back to the '80s when the US had a former actor for president and the American hardcore scene was emerging. Staying true to the old school sounds of the LA and DC scenes, Find the Spot shows that good hardcore isn't a thing of the past and that it is alive and well in the Korean scene. For fans of early DC, LA, and NY hardcore, stand out tracks include the songs "Masturbation" and "Clench Your Fist."

So whether you're new to the Korean scene and want to see what the hardcore bands of Korea are made of or already know that these bands kick ass, definitely pick up a copy of this split and you won't be disappointed.

Stretching Journey

self titled
independent
Jon Twitch

Ah, finally a CD I don't have to feel bad about not liking. It shouldn't take more than 60 seconds of listening before you realise that this is the freshest album to come out of Korea in ages. Recorded on the down low, the production values are rough in an absolutely perfect way. The final track was recorded at 801studio, as well as all the drum tracks, but the rest was recorded outside the studio. It comes together perfectly. Stand-out tracks are 1, 5, and 7. Unfortunately I can't tell you their names, because the album lists them as "...", "...", and "...". Each of these tracks showcase the band's high energy combined with equally matching vocals. These guys get their influence from Sanwoolim, an old Korean rock band, and track seven seems to be at least partially a cover of their song "Don't Go," despite the fact that the liner notes clearly state "all lyrics/ composed by Stretching Journey." I'm going to give them the benefit of the doubt that this is an honest mistake that they haven't realised yet; they're just that good that they deserve it. Either way, this label-less album deserves repeated listening. If these guys aren't as well known as Galaxy Express by the end of the year, I'll be very surprised.

"Hey Verv, I got a message for you!" you shout, coming at him with the dagger.

He twists around and knocks the dagger out of your hand.

You have to dodge as he launches

a series of vicious punches at your head. This guy is a one-man wrecking crew! You need to act decisively and fast, or he'll pummel you into bukkake.

You take a step back, and he stum-

bles. Momentarily, you have a chance to act. What will you do?

I'll put a sleeper hold on him. Go to page 25

I'll kick him in the junk. Go to page 26

Verv's Music Reviews



Verv

Today I opted to boringly drink at a bar just to insure that my small intestine remains healthy. If it goes a single day without alcohol it will wither and die.

I did not associate with the ladies at the bars and I decided not to go to J bar and see Gogo and Sinae and drink their Camus on the rocks.

I got a slight buzz... Went home... Leveled on Age of Conan really nicely. An old, old AoC buddy was on and she and I kicked some major ass; finished a lot of quests; got two new items that improved my character. Found a new encampment. I was more than satisfied.

I am irresponsible. This should be my day to sleep in but instead I figure that this will be enough sleep.

I came up with a good, general plot for LoK inspired by cousin Aliona. Kamyar and I are going to plot an assassination amidst the backdrop. It will start developing a little in Ch. 3 which I may start on tonight depending on a few factors.

You manoeuvre around behind him and put him in a sleeper hold. He flails at you, trying to knock you off his back. Then he rams up against a wall, knocking you against it repeatedly until you let go and fall to the

I have precisely 3 large work related events transpiring within 4 hours of each other and no time and no understanding from my superiors. One of them is a scheduling conflict I produced without thinking. I deserve to be fucked, killed and eaten. By Jeffrey Dahmer. And his friends.

I hate uniform inspections. They make me feel less than heterosexual. I hate giving driver's exams. Someone always nearly destroys the side-mirrors on a lamp post or a large truck. I get to yell "Whoa, whoa, whoa! Stop! Stop! Stop!" and throw up my hands. I am a great driving coach.

My major problem is chronic absent-mindedness when it comes to things I deem unimportant, e.g. work. Surely my ways will change.

I am able to daydream for hours about LoK and dwarves and humans and elves and Pornotarium and I am able to laugh gently to myself for hours about a million events.

But I know where I will be on Friday. That is nice. It will be nice.

I also know where I will be Saturday:

ground. At which point he quite literally feeds you his boots.

What kind of chump assassin are you? Getting killed by your own target. Oh wait, I forgot, you're just some loser reading a choose-your-

Tear jerk's first show at DGBD. Should be excellent. I have high expectations of Cain's project. The only issue is that I have a 24 hour shift on Sunday. I hope I can catch a sub home -- no more 30,000 won cab fares, please.

I am getting thinner, it appears. I might be able to do something with this. It is a "positive development" though I doubt a "lasting development."

I have roughly 10-15 really awesome shirts, including Fred Perrys and Ben Shermans and a Combat 84 shirt and a Last Resort shirt and a 'Strength Thru Oi' shirt + more. They haven't been worn in ages. I was close to giving them away. But no one likes Combat 84. I guess I am lucky.

Some music reviews that are very short and only created so I could avoid bedtime.

You should have not heard of any of these bands with the exception of 'Toy Dolls.' If you have heard of any of these other bands pat yourself on the back. Many of these never, ever came to fame or fortune even in their shitty genres of music, and never will

own-adventure story in a cheap photocopied zine. Take my advice: don't quit your day job. You're not cut out to be a fantasy assassin. Chump.

THE END

see the light of day. Though Lifelover should get significantly bigger.

Lethal Aggression: It's OK if you like thrash metal. Nothing sticks out.

Leviathan: It's OK if you like black metal. The lead singer's side project "Lurker Of Chalice" is considerably more boring, though, so consider this good in comparison.

That's an improvement.

Lifelover: It's pretty good if you like black metal, OK if you like any general sort of rock music as it is really diverse and musically inspired (e.g. thoroughly watered down for the masses). It can get tedious as some songs seem to progress into nothing.

Second half of the album 'Erotik' is great. Check out Besatt.

It works well as an ambient album.

And it's Norwegian or Swedish or something so I am sure it has something for everyone.

And it's Ironic, get it? Because it's sad and depressing and emo-esque black metal (or really, just blackened emotional metal)...

They even have pianos and actual singing and lots of audioclips in some seal-sounding Nordic language. "Ja sveardon staveska skor... ampti gloom fekterlaand... Ik tuus naa varrs gah maaal... Haleraalll la huuugg naaah laaah allli."

They actually do not like life.

(do not worry, ladies; the guys are generally thin and attractive in their depressing, dark self-images so as to not deter from their love lives; they are not the overweight and hideous beast from Silencer; I like the gas mask and chain. So cryptic. So haunting. Like... WWI meets the medieval ages. Black and white photos are so haunting. So is blood. So cool.)

Toxic Holocaust: They are good if you like this shit they call "blackened thrash metal." Or, what I call, "thrash metal with harder, faster riffs and dark themes that is actually just homeless when it comes to genres of music."

Really good ambient music for leveling on Age of Conan. Aggressive and... Destructive. Many a Vanir fell at my hand during these tracks.

Last Years Youth: Best punk band of the last 5 years or something. Totally terrific music. I love half of the 20-some songs and 'really like' the other ones. Sounds like it was recorded in 1991 and was trying to imitate 1977 but with better guitar sound. But it was recorded in 2004. I think.

If you do not like this music you can only be my friend if you agree that this issue is unimportant. If you insist they suck I will kick you in the face. Everything about this is the sort of punk I like.

Kill Baby, Kill! : at first it is mediocre but has really funny sound clips throughout it and it grows on you. Very offensive music, too, so that makes it funner (or more fun for you English teachers). Offensive everything. You should not let your mom know you have this album. It's more offensive than NWA.

Really thick sounding and the vo-

cals are kind of garbled throughout it but it is good what you can make out. If the songs were only 2 minutes long it would be WICKED.

The Dick Spikie: I met the guy who produced their international release and he was awesome and I was excited because... Before I met him I loved this album. I do not think you will like it unless you like really punked out shit with hardcore undertones though totally keeping punk tempo and riffs.

In fact. I do not think many people would like it but you might find a few songs more than catchy.

The vocals are more than garbled. It sounds like a retarded senior citizen is singing.

Black Army Jacket: Grindcore that was uninspiring.

Kill Your Boyfriend: really interesting Italian hardcore that used some interesting vocal techniques and had good change-ups throughout the songs; obviously very musically talented. Requires another listen.

Seigneur Voland: Very demonic lo-fi black metal from France that was conceived of while the lead singer was in prison for desecrating churches. It sounds like how it is... Interesting, slightly cool and slightly good. But really... At the end of the day it was conceived by a guy who was in prison for burning churches.

Slavland: Polish pagan metal black metal / "the sort of metal that is against God, definitely, and for Pagan gods, definitely, but cannot make up its mind on what to do" / Pagan Black Metal.

This one-man project was really good and did a lot musically with little and had chainsaw sounding guitars making melodies with flutes and sharp vocals. It was good and worth me to listen to again and review more thoroughly with "more words" and "more hype."

Lion Of Judah: Shit or something like it "hardcore."

Scattergun: French female-fronted punk rock true to a sort of 90s style. Really good songs here and there. I approve. However, some of it is too long and too predictable. Some of it seems pointless. The song "girl like me" is really beautiful and has been on my mind. Check it out.

7Teen: Very cool Russian punk worthy of more words than this but I have none. "Brand new day" is an amazing song. Both versions (the lo-fi and the hi-fi). Worthy of your respect and interest.

They have sort of talky-talk vocals and it is amusing.

Old Wands: Black metal that was good and solid and I am sure it is hiding more gems. The album 'religion of spiritual violence' was mediocre. But I have heard tidbits of other albums that are more promising.

Toy Dolls: Funny, sometimes good; often annoying music. You should probably skip this if you are not a big punk fan and a big 'shitty British comedy' fan.

Carry on.

Target:
Jacob Verville

25

Legends of Kamelot

Chapter 3 —YouTube Videos & Jorge's House & Democracy

Fiction Corner

Verv

27 December 2008

That morning, I laughed about it. I fucked the prostitute a last time. I ate eggs. I woke up. OK, we went and we got drunk and talked shit all night about everything from music to weather to fighting to movies to anything. It was really cool.

My really great friend Jan. He did something so awesome for me that I will never forget as long as I live. He shared a part of himself with me that was very personal and open. He played for me a great Polish hip hop song and translated it for me. It was a really mysterious song about "she," and "her," and about just some woman who is absolutely everything to the rapper. But the woman is never named. She is like a mystery throughout the song that gives so much meaning to the rapper's life, but is unnamed, and left for us to speculate on.

"Maybe it is his mother," at first I speculated naively. He nodded. And then I said "maybe it is the Virgin Mary." I do not even know why I said that. He was rightfully unimpressed. Then I said the answer I thought towards the end of the song. "No, no, it's Democracy."

Jan nodded. He agreed. It made sense now.

I will always remember that. Jan's song about this woman who gives everything to the person, and sometimes people do not respect her and think ill of her, and sometimes it's not all good, but at the end of the day it is love and hope. It's freedom that each person needs the way that we need fresh air and open places. The way that we need to be able to say who we are and what we are.

And when I thought about that democracy that is so precious to everyone, Jan and the rapper and myself, I realized what I had to do with my life in a sense. It was like machines clicking together, making something. Making me, like I am some product. Some product of thought.

Then I thought about my cousin, Aliona Yermakova. I thought about our relationship together as great cousins. I knew a life in America she never had -- one where I could say anything I wanted and the worst result was being called an idiot. And for her it was being arrested. Even bands she liked, like 5izza, were banned by the government for doing nothing more than singing their souls. How could I live without singing my soul? How could I live if I could not push boundaries to their proper ends?

I am still nodding, even now, in my brain, about democracy and how it is the right way and about how fascism is the wrong. We all deserve our opinions and to never be silenced by anyone. And we all deserve someone to listen to us with an open heart and even if they do not agree, someone who can hear us out. Even if we are

terrible people. Even if we are racists or sexists or anything. I really think that. And I really want, right now, to hear out the people of the world and all of the troubles they have at once and carry the burden of democracy to make a society where people are free even if they do not like each other.

Maybe we can all just have some respect. Maybe we can agree on that. To come together and share something special. Historically, we cannot do that. I want to change it, suddenly, and to make everything all right and to wash away sins like Jesus Christ on a bloody crucifix. I want to wash away everything that existed. Every preconceived notion and every sour opinion and just ask the world for once to respect the right of another to say how they feel without being punished. No matter what.

After Jan played the song for me I almost felt dizzy and then I played him one of my favorite songs that I am sure paled in comparison because I do not even know what they were saying. They're singing in Swedish about something sad. That was all I could offer. But Jan made me think.

That morning everyone went home and I tugged on Yolanta's hand and we got off at a different stop than everyone. It was Christmas day.

We walked for a while until I found Jorge's house in Apgujeong because I knew it was a safe place to stay and neither of us would feel uncomfortable. We were just what we were and it was not some isolated place where there were pressures of the moment, pressures of the attraction, but rather I was able to preserve both of our dignities by not jeopardizing our relationship and putting us in the isolation that called for something sexual. I do not want anything sexual. I want something real. An emotion. A bond.

It was the first time I felt that way about a girl. I did not want anything physical. I wanted to present something spiritual. Something about what is inside of me. Not something about a base physical expression.

I do not want to have sex with a girl I like so much because I want to be sure that I love her and I want to save it for the day that I present myself as an adequate husband. That is thinking far away. Especially for a bad person. That is chasing dreams. Especially for a bad person.

Jorge was dead asleep and barely could answer the door at six AM on Christmas. Jorge's jet black hair and Greek features looked so welcoming even in his sleepiness. Jorge is probably one of the best guys alive in the year 2008. He opens his house to me at any hour because he knows who I am and he knows things that I want to do and he wants to protect me from sin. Jorge struggles between atheism and Orthodox Christianity and has a profound respect for my religious faith that I think others do not understand. Jorge has given to me

some very happy moments that later brought sorrow in my sin.

I remember hopelessly forgetting where Jorge lived last August and I nearly cried. He didn't answer the phone and the temptation of Satan was upon me like I could not believe and I knew Jorge would open his door if only I came. And I couldn't find his home though I was so close. And I tried so hard. God knows I tried so hard until all else had failed and I went to a prostitute that day and I cried when it was over because I am a sinner and a shame to my family and friends. I do not want to go back there again and I do not want to do it ever but I did it yesterday and I still contemplate killing myself just to see other people cry and to show them how grave the situation is. But if I did it they wouldn't know how grave the situation is and I could never fix it.

Problems do not become solved in death. They just become completed as problems forever. Problems that will haunt you. I will spend eternity in purgatory lust for everything but bound to the floors of the Earth, crying out for freedom, but never able to get it. Full of desire I cannot flush out and just asking Jesus to cure me but it is never that simple.

But today I wasn't unsure of where Jorge lived. And his jet black hair and his sleepy, brown eyes welcomed Yolanta and I to his house and I felt so happy as we entered and Jorge shuffled about, making us at home.

"Hi Yolanta, I am Jorge. I have heard a lot about you." Yolanta blushed slightly though her face was already red from alcohol.

"Hi... I have heard a lot about you, too." Yolanta was not lying because I did talk about how much she had to meet Jorge but Jorge was so tied up with his girlfriend and I understood. I told her all about how Jorge was practically a historian, a hardcore guy, a pure guy who didn't smoke, drink or do drugs or have sex casually and was a man of high virtue. Jorge is my priest, I told her. My atheist Priest.

"The bathroom's over there... You can sleep on my floor..." Jorge was forthcoming and everything I expected from a man who knew hospitality at six AM on Christmas. I asked Jorge to use his computer and he agreed even though he was sleeping right in that room. I laugh about it, now.

I gently held Yolanta's hand even as she took off her shoes. I sat on Jorge's floor and Yolanta fiddled with my boots for nearly five minutes, trying to get them off, finally succeeding with a whimper as she pulled off the last one.

I held Yolanta's hand and we sat in front of his computer with my keyboard and mouse on the floor with me.

We surfed YouTube videos. I wanted to show her what I liked.

We watched Nazi Skinhead music videos for 30 minutes and she liked them like how I liked them. It was not right and not proper but it was excit-

ing. It stirred something primordial in us. I think. I hope. And then we watched fight videos for an hour.

The last two videos we watched were about skinheads in jail. One was warning the young British skins not to jeopardize their lives to go to jail and that even though it was fun to drink, to be with the guys, to be with the girls, etc. it was not worth it if it resulted in crime. I thought he was a lamer and I gripped Yolanta's hand tightly.

"He is wrong. Every moment we have in the company of exceptional people is worth any consequence." That's what I said and Yolanta was tired and she nodded and squeezed my hand and looked at me and maybe I fell in love. I do not know because every time I want to fall in love there is an intestinal jerk backwards that rips me from the scene of the emotions.

We watched another video of an 18 year old skinhead with facial tattoos of a spider in a web and something on his forehead about "crazed." I thought his tattoos were cool and Yolanta rubbed my forehead lightly and agreed.

The tattoo artist who was putting something on his arm said something nice:

"There are people who come to get tattoos because they want to see themselves in a different light and because they want to be seen in a different light, a different image. And then there are people who come and get tattoos because they are already a part of themselves. They treat it as themselves already." What beautiful words. I was the latter. I hope Yolanta is, too. I hope everyone has a tattoo that they want to get and they want to wear proudly forever. But not proud like Satan. Proud like a person is when they have something to show someone else that means something to them.

When the video ended we held hands tightly a bit and I looked at her with endearing eyes and I said,

"I want a tattoo on the front part of my neck... The Chinese characters Ren Xiao Yao... And two butterflies on each side caught in spider webs... Like, you know, Japanese butterflies caught in an American web. The Chinese means... 'Dutifully,' or, something like, 'must be,' 'happy and carefree.' Literally, 'dutifully following the wind.' It is an old idea from the Taoist philosopher Chuang-tze." I vaguely regret saying that and sharing such a personal thing with others but I figure if I do tattoo this I might have to explain it a lot. So whatever.

She nodded and said it was a good idea and that I should do it and then I fell in love maybe, and my internal organs did not jerk back. Is that love? Well, then I love my family very much because they understand. And I love my friends. Because I know they understand. And maybe Yolanta is a friend but I was holding her hand and I like her.

I added these words to the situation: "I want a tattoo on my forehead that says 'Seule Contre Tous.' It is French

for 'alone against everything.' But I do not know if I want it that badly because I am unsure if I am alone."

"I do not think you are alone." She responded. She sighed a little bit and we looked in each others eyes like we loved each other and maybe we did love each other. I am not sure about any of that and I still do not know if I could get that tattoo or not. Maybe she was just sighing because I was so corny that it hurt even the strong willed.

"I think Jesus might be with me, no matter what," I responded, breaking a moment of romance, I guess.

"Yeah, Jesus is with you. And I do not know. Other people, too."

"Yeah, like all my great friends and... You are there, too."

"Yeah, I'm here. I followed you here." We laughed a little.

I smiled, then, because Jorge never drinks a drop of liquor but stores some of my purchased liquor in his fridge.

"Be right back!" I said, excitedly, my face in a sudden smile to end all smiles. I let go of Yolanta's hand and gave her the keyboard and ran to Jorge's fridge just out the door and down the hall in his tiny apartment and found two nearly full bottles of soju and a half empty orange juice. I brought them back quickly and saw Yolanta looking at another video, taking the initiative.

It was Lifelover. I showed her the video in an email before about one of my favorite songs. Lifelover's "Vardagsnytt." The singer is dancing crazily and has blood everywhere on his shirt.

"I like it a lot," she smiled and beamed at me like a fucking sun.

"I do, too, hahahaha, he is covered in blood and it is so sad but he seems so... Happy." I LOLed. Yolanta LOLed, too.

At that moment he broke out into his high voice and sang the second verse, that guy who is the singer in Lifelover.

I held her hand some more and we drank a lot of soju until like, 8 AM, and then we slept on the floor without covers using our jackets as pillows and I held her hand and thought of Lifelover and face tattoos and democracy.

I dreamed about fighting for democracy and dying and Yolanta was sad, and crying, and so were all of my friends and family. Devastated. Crying their eyes out like idiots.

I loved the image and I knew why Kamyar came to Korea and I knew why everyone comes to Korea, and I knew why I was born and I knew that I would fight for democracy somewhere. Anywhere. In Aliona's country or something. And I smiled because it was going to happen.

I thought of a new tattoo when I woke up and had the urge to have sex or masturbate.

I wanted the tattoo,

"Until the day you die, you will always be shit."

26

Target:
Jacob Verville

You kick him in the junk, and he goes straight to the ground.

You wait a few seconds to see if he'll get up, but he's out cold. Perfect.

You pick him up in a fireman's carry and take him to the nearest love

motel. The guy behind the desk barely gives you a second look as you pay for a room and carry Verville up to it.

There, you leisurely undress him, ease a plunger into his rectum, and impale him on it in the bathtub. Classic assassin's trick. Everyone will

think he died attempting to sodomize himself.

Your employers are impressed. They pay you in full and give you a hefty bonus.

THE END

Blog Flog

(Note: The views expressed in this review are not endorsed by Broke in Korea editors. We think all blogs are retarded.)

Shield Maiden

Since the beginning of time, men have blogged their impotence. Here are a choice nine:

The Marmot's Hole: Fat jerk takes great photos of old buildings and hates progressive politics. This blog has been covering everything you didn't need to know about the Republic and its citizens since 2003. The eminence grise of the k-blogsphere, except not very secret (because he's fat).

Brian in Jeollanam-do: A clearing-house of social and cultural ephemera, delivered with a sneer and spittle-flecked invective. Full of superficial twatizing masquerading as opinion, this one still has the zeitgeist as it approaches 300 000 hits. Old before its time.

The Western Confucian: Half crazed from a decade in the ESL trenches, this blog is an exhilarating combination of weird old-world Catholicism and anti-war, anti-state Libertarianism. Also firmly against "sodomite marriage", which is hilarious. Shitting out baffling contradictions since 2006, this is the car wreck of k-blogs. You may begin to feel nauseous once you've realized that he's serious, but you'll feel too compelled to look away. A winner.

ROKdrop: Former GI presents the best military info and hardware porn, hideously reactionary political opinion and absolutely unqualified social commentary. Loathsome and unappealing, but worthwhile for an inside-the-base perspective unavailable anywhere else. Awful but necessary.

Idle Wordship: A bottom-feeder at once content heavy and completely vacuous, this scumbag punishes the reader with the worst kind of lame, shallow humour and pithy commentary. So bad, it's worth a look just to wonder at its mediocrity. Offensive.

Korean Rum Diary: Pathetic Koreaphobe rapes Hunter S. Thompson's literary style to hate boringly on everything offensive in a frightening world that he doesn't understand. Poster-brute for angry and ignorant ESL hacks all over the peninsula, this Scotsman sucks true balls. A Thompson tribute as pitiful farce, only included here for its sheer brazen shittiness. Wretched.

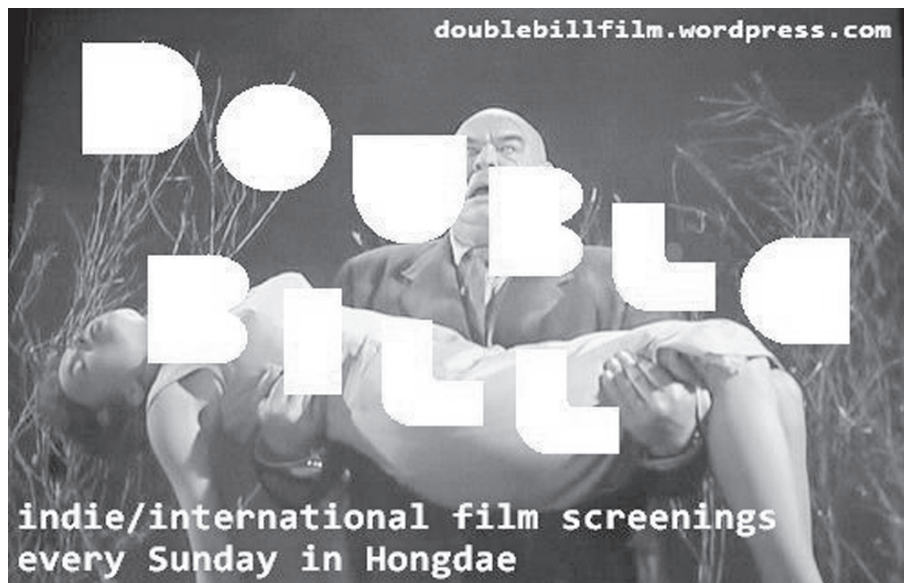
Paul Ajosshi: A delicious tour through the culinary alleys and gutters of Seoul, with frequent sub-titled Korean cinema updates. Dull and pleasant in an unmistakably British way.

Scribbblings of the Metropolitan: Better before he found a girlfriend and stopped bitching about everything all the time. Hyper-intelligent and thoughtful, check out his archives for some occasionally bat-shit crazy but epic social criticism and analysis.

Gusts of Popular Feeling: Best K-blog ever, may actually be best blog in the world. An insightful study of Korean society, politics and history. Essential.

Okay, he's totally incapacitated himself, and now's your perfect chance.

You glance around to see if anyone else is looking, but the only other customers in the place are a group of loud foreigners sitting at the farthest



The Greatest Story Ever Optioned

Dave Hat
'The Gospel' ... One of the most influential, endearing stories ever committed to celluloid. The picture that made a household name out of its star, the then-unknown Jesse Horatio Christopher, better known by his show business pseudonym, Jesus H. Christ. The film that inspired numerous remakes, influenced countless directors, and shaped the movie industry forever. Tonight, on The Reel Deal, esteemed film critic James Zebedee Agee takes us inside 'The Gospel', according to Mark, and examines its encompassing cinematic legacy.

"Mark was a little-known director of independent arthouse films before the breakthrough of 'The Gospel'", recounts Agee. "In fact, he had a very difficult time securing finances for it. The problem was that his vision was so grand, and the technological limits for what he wanted to achieve were so daunting that he couldn't seem to persuade any major studio to back it. The issue became even more contentious when he had settled on casting stage magician Jesse Christopher as his lead, as no studio was willing to throw such exorbitant sums behind an unknown."

The gambit paid off for both Mark and Jesse, who by this time had adopted the showbiz name of his character from the film, Jesus Christ, and also for RKO Studios, who agreed to distribute the film, although they were reportedly frantically nervous about its chances. 'The Gospel' premiered at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in 65 AD and opened to rave reviews and enthusiastic accolades. During the course of its 8-week run, the film took in a total worldwide box office gross of \$2 US, which, adjusted for inflation, equals roughly \$973,550,697,881.48 US, and made the world sit up and take notice of its director, Mark.

"Mark was approached by every major studio after that", notes Agee, "but he was never able to recapture his phenomenal success. He really kind of squandered the public's trust with his follow-up, the universally-panned 'The Essenes Are A Touchy Bunch', which, of course, was retable.

You take out your needle, and stick it in the webbing between his fingers. You inject him with enough poison to kill an elephant. Then, you get up and leave him there to die alone at a table in Roots Time. He twitches a little,

made centuries later as the slightly more popular, 'Ishtar'."

Over the next forty years, 'The Gospel' would be remade four more times, each starring Christ, whose nascent career had suddenly taken off, by such venerated directors as Matthew, Luke, and John. Incredibly, the original proved so popular that even the remakes raked in major profits. However, unexpected obstacles were encountered when playwright and up-and-coming director Judas Iscariot Odets announced his own intentions for a remake, as Agee is quick to point out.

"By then, every director had to have their own 'Gospel'. The movie-going public was getting weary, which was one hurdle. For another, Christ shot to super-stardom simply by appearing in only the remakes, which pushed his stock value through the roof. He had absolutely no concerns whatsoever about being typecast. If he was to be identified as the Messiah for the rest of his career, that was cool by him."

But that was the least of Odets' concerns.

"The finished product was more of a self-aggrandizing promotion for Odets than it was for Christ. Critics in attendance for the pre-screening labeled it self-indulgent and a vanity project. To add to Odets' woes, the head of RKO at the time, Simon Peter Hearst, was none too flattered by his portrayal in the film, and made several attempts to block its distribution before finally shelving the project in 130 AD, which pushed Odets over the edge, professionally and personally."

Odets spent the next decade battling alcoholism and Percodan addiction before he was subpoenaed to testify before Pontius Pilate McCarthy and the House of Un-Roman Activities.

"The McCarthy era was a turbulent time to be working in the film industry. Not even a director of such minor distinction as Odets could slip out from under McCarthy's radar. Odets could ill afford to damage his own career, so he ended up naming names in a bid to salvage his reputation. The next day, I remember vividly, was when Jesus Christ was called before the House,

and then vomits into his own mouth, dying slowly as the vomit leaks out of his mouth and down the collar of his shirt.

Mission accomplished.

THE END

visibly shaken and betrayed, which was the straw that broke the camel's back for Odets, who overdosed on smack that very night."

Despite Odets' harrowing misfortune, a copy of his finished film was discovered in the 1970's and given a limited release.

"Thankfully", exclaims Agee, "the days of the McCarthy Sadducee-hunt are a relic of the past."

'The Gospel' and its remakes, meanwhile, continued to endure, inspiring later projects including the 'Crusades' film franchise and 'The Inquisition' and its foreign remakes, as well as leaving its indelible imprint on such directors as Pope Urban VIII, Charlemagne, Martin Scorsese, and Mel Gibson. Such was the sphere of its influence that king of England and film buff James I, who enjoyed the films so immensely, had them all digitally remastered with added CGI effects, recorded his own audio commentary, and repackaged them as "The King James Special Edition", which proved controversial for 'The Gospel' Quadrilogy Fan Club of England.

"That didn't sit well with Guy Fawkes, who thought King James presumptuous for tampering with the classics he and other like-minded cineastes grew up with. Granted, the Gunpowder Plot against Parliament Pictures was thwarted, but it demonstrated the vociferous following this formative film series had. Indeed, Fawkes himself, mere moments before he was to be hung, could be heard attempting to incite the crowd by shouting, 'King James raped my childhood!'"

From then on, 'The Gospel' and its remakes lay dormant, although they continued to cast a large shadow over Hollywood. The films continued to be rereleased over the years in such formats as papyrus scrolls, hardcover tomes, VHS, and DVD. Jesus Christ retired from acting following the Odets fiasco, leaving Hollywood to return to Heaven and care for his father, who had been hospitalized for severe bipolar disorder. Upon his father's discharge and return to work, Christ continued to make appearances at Cannes and Sun-

Answers		ESL
ACROSS	DOWN	1 ESL
1 PLUS	1 PLOD	2 ESL
5 TRASH	2 LOVE	3 SF
10 JEFF	3 USES	4 SF
14 LOSE	4 SERPENT	5 ESL
15 WASTE	5 TWOTONE	6 SF
16 IDLE	6 RATE	7 ESL
17 OVER	7 ASH	8 SF
18 OTHER	8 STEP	9 ESL
19 NGOS	9 HEROISM	10 SF
20 DESPITE	10 JINSEOK	11 ESL
22 POSSESS	11 EDGE	12 SF
24 EMO	12 FLOS	13 SF
25 IKE	13 FESS	14 SF
26 CANNONS	21 IMO	15 ESL
30 PSIONIC	23 SKI	16 ESL
34 EMIT	26 CEDAR	17 ESL
35 EPSOM	27 AMOLE	18 SF
37 KITH	28 NIGMA	19 ESL
38 DOG	29 SPED	20 SF
39 ITS	30 POSSE	21 ESL
40 TEE	31 NITRE	22 ESL
41 ALMS	32 ITEMS	23 SF
43 REESE	33 CHEST	24 SF
45 ARMS	36 STE	25 ESL
46 REACHED	42 SCHOOLS	26 SF
48 EVEREST	43 RENOIRS	27 ESL
50 HON	44 EVENING	28 SF
51 EAR	45 ARRESTS	29 SF
52 ROBOCOP	47 HOC	30 ESL
56 ANTENNA	49 EAT	31 SF
60 ASBO	52 RAMA	32 ESL
61 IRAQI	53 OSAN	33 SF
63 SCAD	54 BBLT	34 SF
64 MALL	55 PREP	35 SF
65 RERUN	56 AQUA	36 ESL
66 TINA	57 NCIS	37 ESL
67 ANTS	58 NANA	38 SF
68 SPRAG	59 ADAM	39 ESL
69 SSAM		40 SF

dance, and became romantically linked to several high profile starlets, including Queen Elizabeth, Bettie Page, Amy Grant, and Jessica Simpson, providing fodder for numerous tabloids. Despite all of the publicity, Christ expressed little desire to return to acting. Until, that is, 20th Century Fox beckoned.

"Christ, as I understand it", proclaims Agee, "has gotten the word from on high, that is, the casting directors of 20th Century Fox, in association with Good News Entertainment, with a multi-million dollar offer to star in a brand new, special-effects laden, big-budget Gospel. And rumour also has it that it is in serious contention of being included in most, if not all, box sets as the fifth official entry in the 'Gospel' series!"

'The Gospel', according to Michael Bay (with Brett Ratner having negotiated a co-according-to credit), is set to hit theatres on Memorial Day weekend, 2009, to coincide with the rerelease of the originals on Blu-Ray. Several scenes from the film have already been leaked on the Internet, including Christ tearing across the Sea of Galilee on a Harley-Davidson, and Christ and Barabass orchestrating a prison breakout amid fiery explosions to the backdrop of the music of 50 Cent, who is featured on the film's soundtrack. The reviews so far have been almost overwhelmingly, universally positive. "A heart-stopping, pulse-pounding adrenaline rush that will leave you on the edge of your seat and clamouring for more!", declares Gene Shalit of The Today Show, while Pope Benedict XVI of The Vatican Tribunal raves, "Jesus Christ and Nicole Kidman ignite the screen with sizzling sexual chemistry."

"The timing of Jesse Christopher's return to the big screen", says Harry Knowles of Ain't It Cool News, "is absolutely perfect, and the prospect of seeing him in action once again, after so many years out of the limelight, is giving everybody here at AICN the biggest geekgasms the likes of which we haven't experienced since Heath Ledger's performance in 'The Dark Knight'. Will we be there to witness Christ's resurrection? You better believe it!"

Target:
Jacob Verville

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6월 5일-18일

Space Beam
Incheon

폐허 사진전

Abandoned Places Photo Exhibition

오프닝파티

6월 6일

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