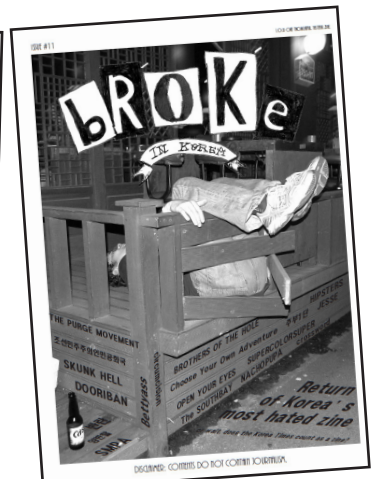
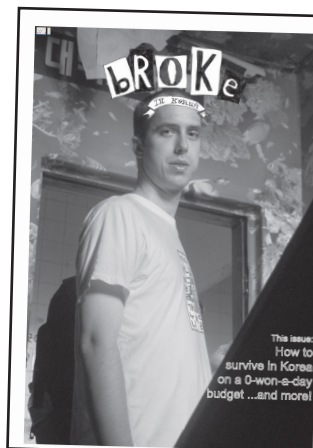
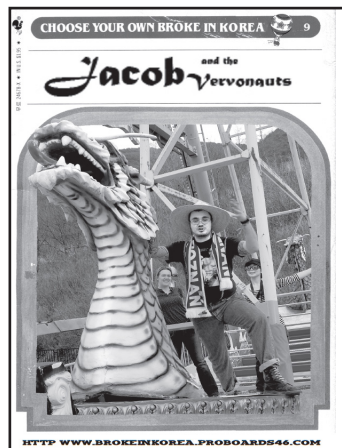
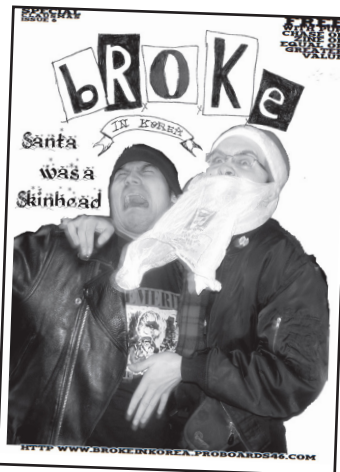
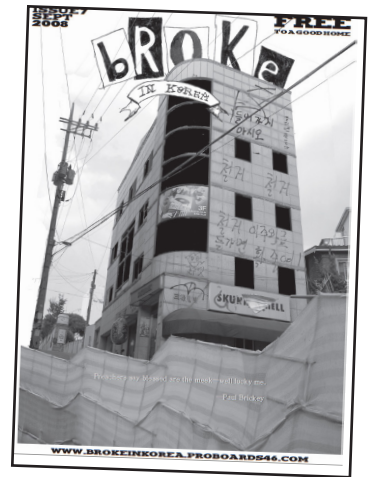
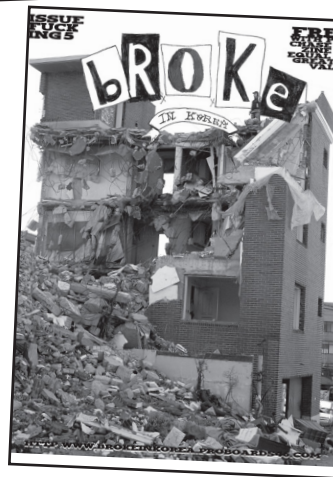
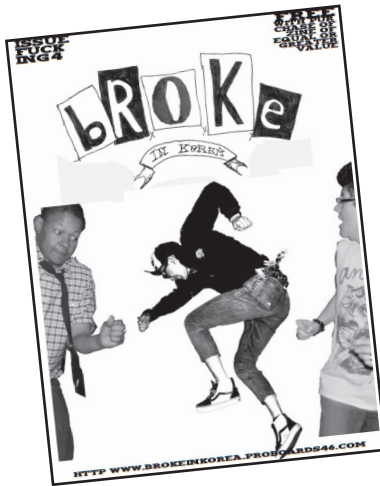
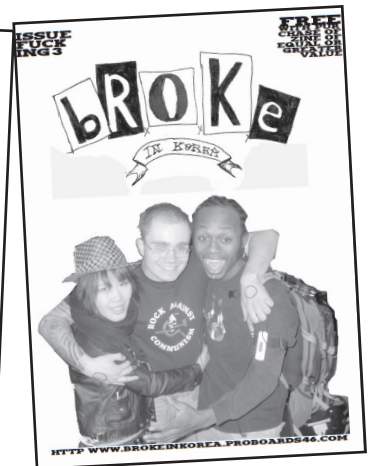
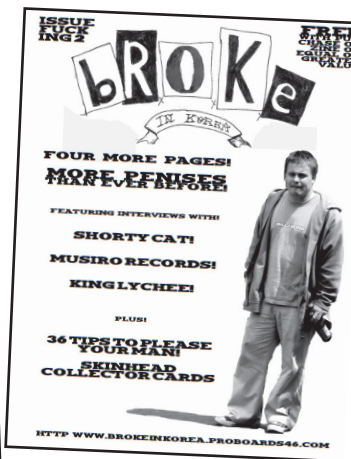
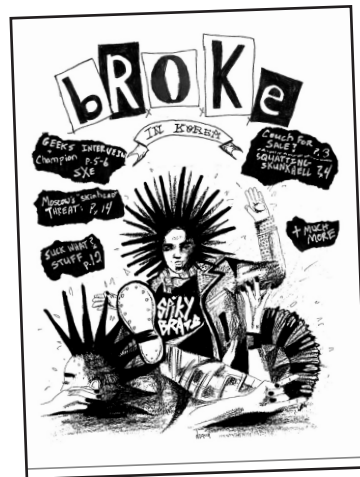


THE BEST OF BROKE in KOREA

13 ISSUES
SPRING 2005
to Fall 2011





Letter from the Editor

December 2011
Best of Issue

This zine has always been published, and always will be published.

Founders
Jon Twitch
Paul Mutts

Editor
Jon Twitch

Contributors
Too many to mention over the years but for this issue
Jane McKellar
my ex-wife
Nevin Domer
that Croatian girl (Botan?)
that guy from Italy
Trash Moses
some Japanese manga
Good Ol' Burke

Contact
jon_dunbar@hotmail.com

Previous issues available for download at
daehanmindecline.com/broke

Contributors are always welcome. Especially if they're hot, naked, and female.

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



I've always said that punk is not just about rebellion anymore. Also paramount over the decades is a sense of tradition and respect for the past when it comes to what we care about. In Korea, this is especially easy, as our past doesn't stretch back all that far.

Punk was born in Korea in the mid-'90s. The first bands went through a boom centered around Club Drug, and most of them were unable to survive the subsequent bust after Drug proved unable to nurture the greater scene. The second generation started before the first one was completely dead, and I came to Korea at the beginning of its golden age, right when Skunk Hell opened in January 2004. I was here long enough to see its fall as well. Now we're in a post-generation age where punk is dwindling but every other genre of underground music thrives, while we wait for the third generation to mature a bit and get the courage to pick up an instrument.

Broke in Korea started in early 2005, when Paul Mutts moved back to Korea from the US (and we picked each other's nicknames). We both wanted to start a zine, and everything happened relatively naturally. He and I were both unemployed at the time, living off our respective women. The name *Broke* originally came from the desire to have something with the letters ROK in it, but the name resonated far beyond uninteresting wordplay. *Broke in Korea* came to represent how we identified with a highly talented, yet inevitably doomed, musical community.

Our initial hope was to have something bilingual, with articles written and translated in both languages to allow cultural exchange between the few foreigners involved in the scene at the time and the Koreans. However, this proved way too much work, and by taking the path of least resistance we ended up here. This zine has always been written for members of our community in mind, and it's filled with in-jokes, insinuations, and crossword clues you'd have to be part of it to know the answer for.

I've been in music journalism for years, and had no interest in producing a zine that's filled only with music reviews and band interviews. Looking back on it, there were a lot of interesting interviews, but what resonates today is the stuff about the scene itself, what we all experienced and formed into memories. The "group sex" incident, or everyone's memories of their first time coming to Skunk Hell—that's the stuff I want to bring out of the archives for you. So, here's the history of *Broke in Korea*.

Issue 1

For the first issue, before it became more of a "me" effort, the zine was treated as a lot more of a community effort and we collected small donations to cover printing costs.

For the first issue, we established many features that would be revisited in future issues. Paul wrote stories about his early days in the punk scene, Nevin translated Ko-

rean song lyrics in the column "Say What?!" and I wrote opinionated articles on skinheads in "Up on the Cross."

The big story that earned the place of honour on page 3 was about Couch refusing a ridiculous endorsement deal from Casio in a fantastic way. It contrasted this new community of Korean punks from their predecessors, the so-called Joseon punks, who were willing and able to jump at any commercial opportunity and advance toward the mainstream.

We were originally going to publish a sex advice column intended to flip racial power relations around by talking about white girls with Korean guys. The article was met with extreme derision, particularly from foreigners, and was pulled when the original writers feared for their privacy.

Another controversial article was called "Enlisted," shouting out to six Korean punks who were doing their military service—a crippling plight of the Korean punk community—and I made the mistake of quoting Joey on the prevalence of "gay rape," earning some scorn from Korean readers.

We ended the issue with "The 15 Commandments of Korean Punk," intended to give foreigners coming to shows an idea of what was acceptable at the time. Believe me, it was needed.

This first issue was all about discovering the boundaries and what we could get away with.

Issue 2

I remembered our sophomore issue being a real nightmare. Our original goal was to have it completely bilingual, but the amount of time it took convincing anybody to do even a little translating for us put the publication date back way too far. I finally decided it was print in English or don't print at all. By the time it came out, all the articles already felt way too dated, but looking back on it now, it was a particularly significant issue, with articles addressing exactly what we were going through at the time.

This issue also happened with no input from Paul, who had a strong disagreement with me over the frequency of issues. He wanted to go monthly, but I much preferred to sit back and wait for a new epoch to write about. Also, I did most of the writing and all the editing. He got one article done, about his time as a squatter in the original Skunk Hell, something I wish we could've heard much more about.

The front cover photo was of some random foreigner standing in Hongdae Playground, gawping at a performance by either Shorty Cat or Spiky Brats. Dishevelled and nursing a beer shortly after noon on a Sunday, he seemed to be saying "Korea's kicking my ass, and not in the way I expected!"

It was published a few months after the Music Camp incident, when Korean punk reached its zenith and began the long fall down. After refusing to appear on TV to be a clown, the lead singer of Couch (nicknamed Urchin at the time) now

appeared on TV, wearing clown makeup, and nothing else. He and one other punk spent three months in jail and were barred from performing for one or two more years.

The rest of us kept quiet about the incident, as prosecutors were trying to lock up Jonghee as well, and it became taboo to discuss. After the news first got out, most of the foreigners in the scene were ecstatic; surely this meant now that everyone in the country would be aware of punk music. The Korean punks, on the other hand, knew better what to expect from Korean society. The fallout saw us become public enemies, and nearly resulted in the closure of Skunk Hell.

We almost were closed in a separate incident, when two foreigners' sex noises outside a show brought down the wrath of the community. What's worst, in the graffiti in the stairwell, they found "페섹," or "group sex," and this was enough evidence for them that we were a sex club. On the same page was an article about foreigners doing something good, and I've preserved the layout of the page to get that across.

Some of the other interesting articles in issue 2 included a brainstorming on the big counter that separated the stage from the audience in Skunk Hell. I was of the side that it limited most forms of crowd participation, but there were several points in favour of it. I also published some of the Skinhead Collector Cards, which I later would go on to make dozens of, even getting requests for cards from people in other countries who saw the humour in it. There's also a reprint of an article about tattooing that I'd written for *Theme Magazine*. Back then tattooing was still illegal, quite a bit crazier than it is now.

Issue 3

My original plan for issue 3, having followed a bilingual issue 2, was to have all the articles written by Koreans and translated into English for us. That totally fell through, and *Broke* hibernated for over a year. What finally brought it out of retirement was my upcoming promotion of the Slackers for two shows in Korea, and a need for self-promotion. This issue was considerably different from what came before, and probably has more in common with today's *Broke*. I debuted the first crossword, and ran a ballot for the Brokey Awards.

This issue was also the first to publish Verv's writing, only a few months after his arrival. The front cover featured him showing off his first Korean girlfriend and his new white power shirt. Plus, his new black friend. He was so excited to show off the shirt in front of the Korean skinheads, and almost got his ass kicked in the process for being such a huge contradiction.

I think probably the impetus for this issue was the publication of a terrible article in the *Korea Times* on Skunk Hell, written by an idiot who came to Skunk Hell and did all his interviews right in front of me, yet still managed to get all the major facts totally wrong. For him, I pub-

lished the informative “Korean Punk for Dummies,” which would serve to enlighten anyone who didn’t know anything about Korean punk.

This issue also had articles by Jonathan Semenic, as well as an interview by me with him, in which pretty well everything he claimed later turned out to be made up. I don’t know exactly what was going on, but it made it back to the SHARPs in Chicago, and they weren’t happy about it.

I also wrote an article called “Punk Apartheid” to investigate the growing division between Koreans and the growing foreigner community in the punk scene. I don’t think the article accomplished anything, and everyone I interviewed really put on their PR face, but this was an increasing problem that was seeing fewer and fewer Koreans at shows.

Issue 4

Like issue 3, issue 4 was made to promote the Slackers tour, but this time looking at it through the rear-view mirror. The front cover was a shot taken of Beomju from Skasucks dancing like a madman at the Slackers show. I began the time-honoured tradition of blowing writers’ anonymity, having given someone a clever penname only for his real name to show up in the table of contents and the contributors list.

I had landmark interviews with the Geeks, 99Anger, and Attacking Forces, as well as a travel story about visiting the Hitler bar in Daejeon. I published an FAQ on how to bring foreign bands to Korea as well.

A lot of the pages were eaten up by the Brokey Awards, which provided a good cross-section of the zine. By then, Jonathan had inexplicably stopped talking to me after our last DJ event. He didn’t like what he saw in the zine, first the Hitler article, then that he had lost a Brokey Award for “Best Back Up” (in a fight) to Jesse. In answer to why I chose one of the least threatening people over him, I wrote: “you know about Jonathan’s shady past as an anti-racist skinhead cleaning the streets of white supremacism,” to which he strongly objected to my use of the word “shady.” I continued, “He’s done crazy shit the rest of us can’t imagine. On the other hand, he often breaks off friendships and deletes people from his MySpace friends list, and has stated his anger at being asked to fight other people’s fights. Because of that and because I doubt he can appreciate the humour in this whole awards thing, I have to give the edge to JESSE.”

He wrote out a vague threat which he didn’t even send directly to me, and the next time we met I discovered that he was lying about being a Muay Thai master. Not a pleasant end to a friendship, but looking back on it, probably for the best.

Issue 5

This issue was a bit of a thematic deviation, as my connection to the punk community was drift-

ing away due to my marriage and many of my friends were leaving. There were farewell articles for Paul Mutts and Sean O’Leary, with a farewell to Burke in the previous issue.

This issue features my new hobby of urban exploration, with the cover displaying a photo of a Korean guy standing precariously atop a mostly demolished building, and pointing in surprise at me staring in surprise at him.

At the time I felt the need to make this issue because I felt life slipping through my fingers.

Issue 6

Yet another sad farewell, this time with Jesse disappearing for a couple years. We went to the abandoned amusement park Okpo Land for his sendoff, which made the cover and spawned a travel article. I only just found out earlier this week that Okpo Land has been demolished. Paul submitted a correspondence piece about joining the US army, the first of many to come.

Also, I made peace with Jinseok of Skasucks, after previously having slagged off the band for their crappy name and ska-punk influence, which came to a head in the article.

Hellking failed to submit an article, so I created the Verv Heavenking page, featuring some of his most disgusting writing themed on movies.

Issue 7

The impetus for this issue was the closure of Skunk Hell. Actually, the place had a few final shows months later, but it had remained closed except to rental shows prior to that. The cover featured a doctored photo of the building to make it look like the whole thing had been worked over by hired goons.

Another key motivation in putting this together was to talk about the Chris Murray tour.

Also in this issue, I shouted out to three marriages, echoing Burke’s wedding in the previous issue.

Issue 8

The impetus for this issue was simply to have something special for Christmas. The cover featured Paul and me, with my Trailer Park Santa costume (just a torn up plastic bag).

I managed to cover a lot of bands, including Verv’s first band Pornotarium, and I took a mulligan on Chadburger to interview Tel as their new vocalist. I came up with “Don’t Quit Your Day Job,” listing the professions of members of Korean punk bands. There was also a lot more humour in this issue, with more capsule and list articles, which I hoped to encourage lower-level readers with.

Unfortunately, I was barred from coming to Skunk Hell on Christmas Eve because of my ex-wife, who was sick as usual and didn’t want to go out. I stopped off just to drop off the zines and have a beer, then I was out of there for a very boring Christmas. At this point I was as far removed from the Korean punk scene as I ever would be.

Issue 9

I look at this issue as my best. Largely for the Choose-Your-Own-Adventure story in which you’re an assassin sent to Korea to kill Verv, which was reflected in the cover theme.

We also had a write-up on another voyage to an abandoned amusement park, this time to commemorate Verv’s discharge from the army. As well, there was quite a lot of coverage of my upcoming photo exhibition at Space Beam, and a good series of interviews, including one by Hellking with Mike Park from Asian Man Records in which he basically underlined his lack of connection to our community.

Nevin failed to get his “Say What?!” article to me, so I ran “The Vervrodrome” in its place filled with his crudest writing yet.

Issue 10

The next issue came after my divorce, and I really didn’t do it for any other reason than to distract myself from depression. The cover model was Sean Anderson, who spent several weeks actually living broke in Korea, and contributed an article about his experience as a deadbeat.

I contributed relatively little to this one, just some music articles and some list pieces. A couple of the interviews were run Korean-only, as I didn’t have time to translate bands’ answers back to English. Verv certainly did more of the work than usual.

Issue 11

This issue ran with one of our iconic covers, of Verv having passed out on a railing, fallen backward, and rammed his ass through it.

I wrote it to promote my show at the club formerly known as Skunk Hell in December 2010. It was also not too long after my North Korea visit, so there was a long piece about that, including a photo of my ass (it was part of the story).

There was also a new Choose Your Own Adventure, this time where you take the role of Sean and you must defy Darwinism. I also ran another brainstorming article, musing on the definition of hipsters. This issue also marked the return of Jesse, with the inclusion of a life-sized Jesse photo on the back cover, plus room to cut out eye holes.

Issue 12

The cover model for this issue was Dori, who’d recently moved to Korea and was seemingly stranded, with no job prospects. Plus, everyone thinks he looks like he’s taking a crap.

The inspiration for this issue came when I came up with the idea for the Elephant Cafe, modeled on cat, dog, and even lamb cafes, only with elephants. I think some people are still trying to find it.

There were many interviews, including one fantastic one with Stephen Epstein on the first wave of Korean punk. He was back in Korea and planned to screen his documentary, *Our Nation*, at

Dooriban. In our interview, we agreed that when it was released, it was already behind the times (much like issue 2, but worse), but that now, it’s a significant historical document of an era that passed by ignored. He gave me my own copy on DVD, which snapped in half before I could watch it.

Verv was banned from this issue, as his behaviour had been getting more out of control, with drunk rampages and loud racist tirades. To allude to this, I printed a series of coupons on the back cover summarising his worst outbursts, with the expiration date set one month before publication. However, by the time the zine came out he was doing much better.

Issue 13

This issue is so recent, I didn’t include much from it, as it’s too fresh in our minds and doesn’t quite match the other stuff yet.

I initially decided to do this one when I heard about Jonghee moving away, intending to have it out in time for his final show (giving myself a mere two weeks to finish it). It came out a couple months later. The longer I waited, the more good stuff was happening for me to cover.

I made food a key theme, partly to promote our Jungang Hansik Food Tour (in which we ended up winning 2 million won due to promotional duties such as this).

The front cover featured Hong Gu eating the previous issue, in which he was set to be featured but had missed the deadline. In his interview, I asked him how much money he’d accept to take the dare of eating a copy of the zine. Since he was holding a copy of the previous issue, that makes Dori the first person to be on two covers in a row. In fact, with the release of this issue, Dori has now been on three covers in a row (not counting the mock *Bitchfork* cover, which was just part of my Halloween costume and taped over an issue of 13).

I also had way too much fun making the Funny Pages, featuring Verv (and once Sean) entering popular comic strips and subverting them.

This issue was made possible by Shin Moon-kyeong, a translator I had met who desperately needed to translate 2500 words from Korean into English for someone, and it had to be for free. Well, I increased the number of interviews with Korean bands, and she walks away with a master’s in English translation from Macquarie University.

So, this makes issue 14, but I’m not going to count it in the running. Next issue will be numbered 14; I’m hoping to experiment with the conventions/cliches of zine publishing and make something out of xeroxing, black markers, and stencilling. No other ideas yet of what to expect in the future. Probably more choose-your-own-adventures, more crosswords, maybe comics, and certainly more Say Whats.

Jon Twitch

Couch for sale?

Jon Twitch

You always hear punks talking shit about “selling out,” but how many of them can resist the temptation if the opportunity arises?

Urchin (신현범), the lead singer of Seoul pogo band Couch, answered that question with a clear “씨발 안한대두.”

Serendipity reached him on his cell phone when he was at work, high atop a partially constructed building. The electronics company Casio wanted Couch for a TV commercial for watches (we assume).

Up on that building, welding torch in one hand, cell phone in the other, he barely gave the woman time to finish her offer.

“Fuck it,” is the translation, “I won’t do it.”

Why would he turn down the chance for fame and certainly money? More importantly, why would anyone think to ask pogo punks to sell watches? Do they want to give a fledgling DIY band a

break, or just use their image to make them the circus clowns of advertising? What was Urchin afraid of?

Urchin became fluent in English just long enough to explain his reaction.

“I don’t care about money,” he said, “I need money only for life—but I will not use my band for money because that is not fun. No fun.”

By turning down the offer, Urchin distances his band from many other Korean punk bands, including some he’s called friends. Crying Nut has hawked soju on Korean TV, and more recently the Ghetto Bombs appeared in a KTF ad, where they blathered about nothing and espoused an appropriately trendy slacker attitude.

“I don’t hate the Ghetto Bombs and Crying Nut and other television bands, but I don’t want that for my band,” Urchin explains. “because Crying Nut and many other bands, before that those people were my friends.”

Fame has changed bands in the past, but Couch won’t compromise. Not without changing their name and at least three of their members.

Urchin didn’t wait to ask the other two members for their input. Bassist Yee Jongjae, a little harder up for cash than Urchin, was disappointed.

Urchin recalled, “I said to Jongjae, ‘hey, let’s not make it,’ but Jongjae has no money: ‘Ooh, I want, I want!’”

The opinion of the third member, Sharon, wouldn’t have mattered. The Casio representative told Skunk proprietor Rip they only wanted Urchin and his bassist Yee Jongjae for the commercial, along with Jongjae’s skinhead friend Yonggi (최영기), leaving out the band’s female drummer. According to Rip (원종희), the commercial wanted a “tough image: tough and wild and clownish,” which obviously Sharon doesn’t fit. So, essentially they didn’t want the



band Couch for the commercial, just their image, and not a complete one at that.

Under what terms would Urchin sell out his band and his principles? What about if a wily furniture manufacturer invited them to promote couches?

“No,” Urchin answered, “because I like beds more than couches.” He admitted perhaps he’d do it if they threw a few beautiful women under the sheets.

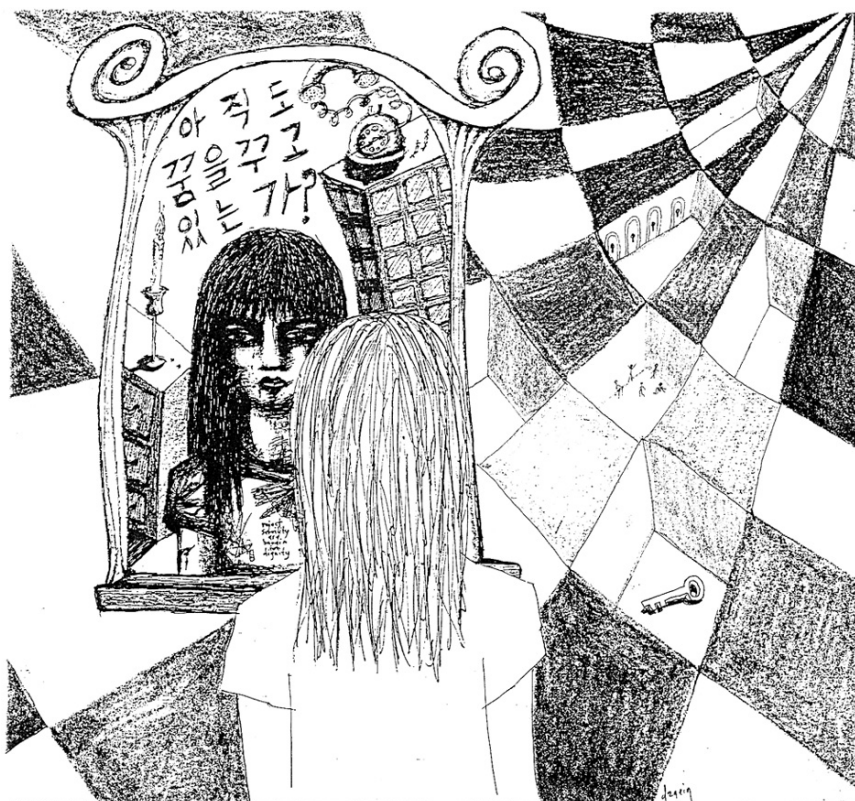
Barring that, you

won’t see Couch on TV anytime soon.

“I don’t hate the commercial,” said Urchin, “but if that commercial makes us clowns, I don’t want it.”

“But, if that commercial owner gives Couch the chance to speak real truth, we will make it. But nobody will make that.”

Casio was not contacted regarding this matter, mainly because they’ve probably forgotten Couch already and I doubt their PR people would have a clue about it.



Come on down to Leon's Warehouse for all your home furnishing needs. Tell them Sharon sent you, and get one free couch with purchase of couch of equal or greater value.

A Clean Slate for Us Both

The autobiography of a Korean-American punk trapped in Korea

Part 1 leaving home

Paul Brickey

It's 2002 and I'm the youngest punk in the whole scene. On top of that I speak very little Korean despite living here since 1997 and having a Korean mother. The punks here looked past all those failings and welcomed me with open arms, something I was not accustomed to, even in my own home.

During my twelfth grade year in high school, I had enough of living at home, so I packed everything I owned in a green duffel bag, grabbed two guitars, and left. Like Max going to Where the Wild Things Are, I was going to live at Skunk from now on with the punks in what was Skunk club.

I left at midnight and started walking. Carrying all my stuff was hard so I decided to take a break under Hangang bridge—not the warmest place in the world in March at midnight. I zipped up my jacket and felt an excitement that any young man

feels at the start of a long journey with the destination still unknown and without the means to get there, but I didn't care. I smoked what I knew was the last cigarette of the night and tossed it into the river. Picking up my CD player, I sank into my jacket: that was home for the night. It kept the wind out and the music in. I remember falling asleep singing along to Rancid: "So I packed everything I own. Midnight (right word?) on... a kid could feel alone..."

In the morning I woke up when a rat ran across my legs. I hopped the turnstyle at Hapjeong station—bag, guitars and all—and took the subway to Sinchon. Back then Skunk was in a different location, tucked away in an obscure alley you knew only after going a few times. I knew it like the back of my hand. It was a small space that very few people in Korea knew about, close to the size of a good-sized living room. I couldn't fail that day. The previous night's excitement hadn't worn off yet and if I said

I was elated it would be a major understatement.

I knew where the key was; owner Won Jong-Hee (Rip) always hid it in the same spot. I told him I would be living there from now on and to this day I can still remember the inflection and timbre in his voice when he said "Good." I opened the door and turned on the light. No one was there, but there had been a show a few nights before, and trash was everywhere. It stank of stale beer and urine. It had naked light bulbs and show lights hanging on the opposite wall of the stage which stood only a few inches off the ground. Home. I cleaned it up a bit.

Rip, who was and still is the vocalist of Rux, had asked me if I wanted to play guitar for him. With the outgoing guitar player's blessing I could only accept. Rip and the bass player Joohyun had just gotten out of the army and got their band going and bought what was their rehearsal space and now my home. Fresh out of the army, I have a feeling he felt the same

kind of unique excitement I felt back then. It was a fresh start for the both of us, a clean slate to mark up however we saw fit. The world was our oyster, and nothing in heaven, hell, or anything in between could take that away from us.

I knew I wasn't up to par with Rux as far as my guitar-playing went. Rip and Joohyun did not settle for less than my best and I wanted to give them all that I could. I practiced for hours and hours on end without stopping. I played until my hands were numb and my fingers gelatinous.

My first show with Rux was right there at the old Skunk Hell. I was not the slightest bit nervous about playing. No butterflies, no nothing. We were pretty much only playing to the other bands that showed up; not many people would

come out to see a show really. I got up on the "stage" and we started playing. I jumped around going crazy like I owned the place. We played our set, said our bit and we were done.

In that same room which, just hours ago was filled with crazy mosh-pitting show-goers and bands, I was alone again. The smell of stale beer and urine was stronger than ever. It was still warm from all the moving bodies that once graced that small bare concrete slab which was wet now from sweat and spilled beer.

This was only the beginning. The destination was still unknown and I didn't know if I had the means to get there, wherever there was. It couldn't have been a better start for such a journey that began only a few years ago.

Can a person with no home feel homesick?

*Find out in our next issue...
same Mutt-time,
same Mutt-channel.*

The 15 Commandments of Korean Punk

by Paul Mutts

1. Get here early. Shows here usually start around 6:30 or 7:00pm and end around eleven, give or take.
2. You can always ask for an encore. In fact, it's rather encouraged.
3. Show up with the right currency. Remember, you're in Korea. There aren't money exchanges everywhere, and your money isn't as awesome as you think.
4. Being an asshole at a show doesn't make you punk; it makes you an asshole.
5. There's usually an after-party after the shows, and if you stick around someone will invite you along. Just be sure and pitch in for the bill.
6. No stupid soldier bullshit. You shouldn't even be in the area anyway, so don't make an ass of yourself or you'll get booted, or worse.
7. Bringing drinks in the club is fine, if not encouraged. If you break a bottle, especially in the moshing area, make every effort to clean up the pieces.
8. Take off any wrist spikes or Casio watches before getting in the pit. If you don't, you'll get picked on. By me.
9. There's a time and place for everything. The time for macho-man shirtless screaming is inside, during the show. For the most part, Koreans are still not quite com-

fortable with shirtlessness. Besides, you need a tan and a bodywax.

10. If you have a bag or jacket you want to take off (and keep relatively safe) give it to anyone behind the counter and be sure to remember who you gave it to. Jon or some other foreigner will usually be back there to help you. I've been going to punk shows in Korea for many years, and I have not seen something actually stolen.

11. Be polite. That's very important in this country if you haven't already guessed. We see enough foreigners that a rude one wouldn't be missed.

12. You'd be surprised at how many Koreans speak English, but don't expect them to use it around a stranger. In all honesty, you should be making an effort to learn Korean.

13. The customary hierarchy rules apply even at a punk show, more or less. Pour drinks for your friends, use both hands, don't treat locals like dogs and stupid shit like that. Common sense is a rare commodity.

14. Watch those elbows in the pit. You'll know if you're being a little rough. We'll know.

15. We have shows just about every Saturday in Skunk Hell. One show is rarely advertised more than a week in advance, so we have schedules just like how all the bathrooms have toilet paper.

Where the hell is Chungju City?

Chungju City
Show review
Johnny Royal, 13 Steps,
Gum X, Attacking
Forces, Low Blow
Roadking Bar
December 12

Jon Twitch
 Korea might have a pretty decent punk scene, but it's all centralized. How often are there shows outside Hongdae, let alone outside Skunk Hell? At every chance I get, I support anything happening outside our little area. We need punk to thrive in all parts of the nation. Currently, the only other city with a vibrant punk scene is Chungju City.

Way down in the central province Choongchung Book Do, Chungju City is home to over 200 000 people, a small portion which run the MF Crew label. The M, if you're wondering, stands for Mooshimchun, a small river in Chungju. The F, well, use your fucking imagination.

I took a two-hour train ride down to Chungju last December to see Attacking Forces and 13 Steps, two of my favourite Korean bands, play in their hometown. Also with them were local hardcore band Low Blow, and touring groups Gum X and Johnny Royal. Quite a diverse bill, and not a two-foot-tall moshawk among them.

The terrain down there is much flatter than Kyunggi-do. When we got off the train, we could see for miles in all directions across wide open plains mostly used as farmlands. Pretty depressing place.

Our map to the venue directed us to "Choongdae." But looking at a map, we saw "Choong chung dae," "Choong book dae," and half a dozen other universities. Worse, none of my contacts were answering their phones. Our taxi driver scoffed and told us "Looking for Choongdae is like searching for Mr Kim in Seoul." We took a chance with Choong Book

Dae, which the driver said was closer to downtown.

It turned out right and we made it to the club, Road King. It was a small venue without a real stage. All the chairs were thrown into the booths, leaving no room to sit. As we came in, Johnny Royal were warming up. It was empty except for other band members, reminding me of the days when the only people there to watch your band were the members of the other bands.

The show had no cover, and I discovered that the bar wouldn't serve alcohol that night. I tried playing a game of pool but the owner shooed us away. I figured it was good that two of my favourite bands were here, because this show would suck.

Then the doors opened. Something like 100 high school and middle school-sized kids poured in. They were young, small, and probably the future of Korea's punk, five years down the road. Not a single moshawk or skinned head among them, but these kids couldn't pull that off in their schools. They gathered around the stage area, and when the first band, Low Blow, started, they were ready.

You don't see moshing that violent in Skunk Hell. At least not without Paul there. They kept it up through the first act, and all the way through the rest of the night. Although the second band,



The kids in Chungju know how to dance. Maybe they learn in school?

Attacking Forces, was a vastly different style, there was no pause from the crowd. They chanted along with all the songs like this was their favourite thing.

The lack of a real stage turned into an advantage, that the crowd wasn't separated from the bands. It's probably been a while since anyone watched Gum X play on equal footing with the band.

You haven't seen 13 Steps play until you've witnessed them in their

own hometown. There was no escape anywhere in the crowd from the insanity that erupted. I'll never listen to CJHC the same way again.

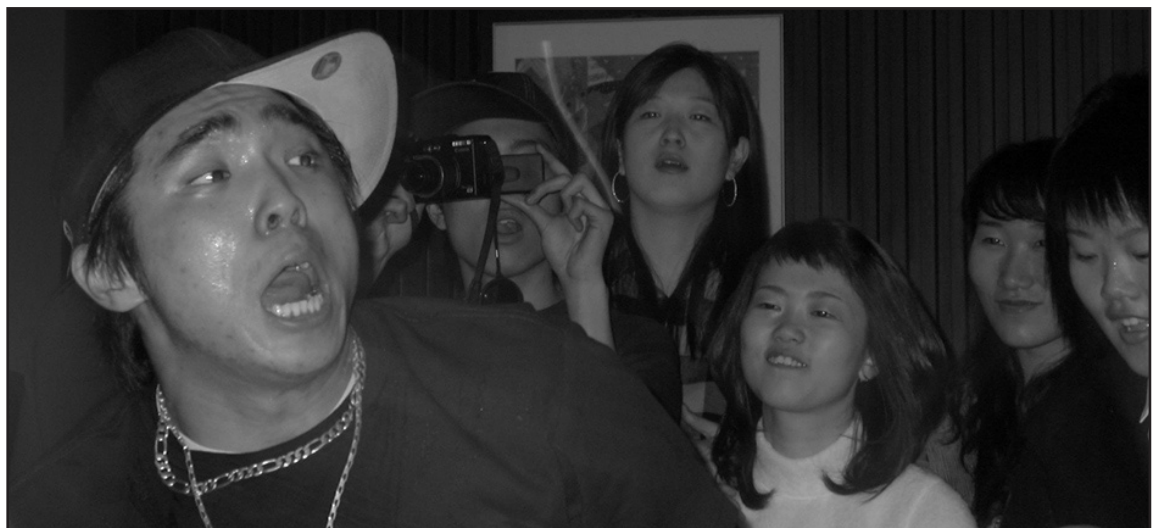
By the end of the show, most of the girls got to the front for Johnny Royal, the dual-leadsinger hardcore unit. It was like a wall of jailbait death. When they finished, the band members found themselves signing autographs, a rare sight at Korean punk shows.

At the end of the night, the kids filed out fast to

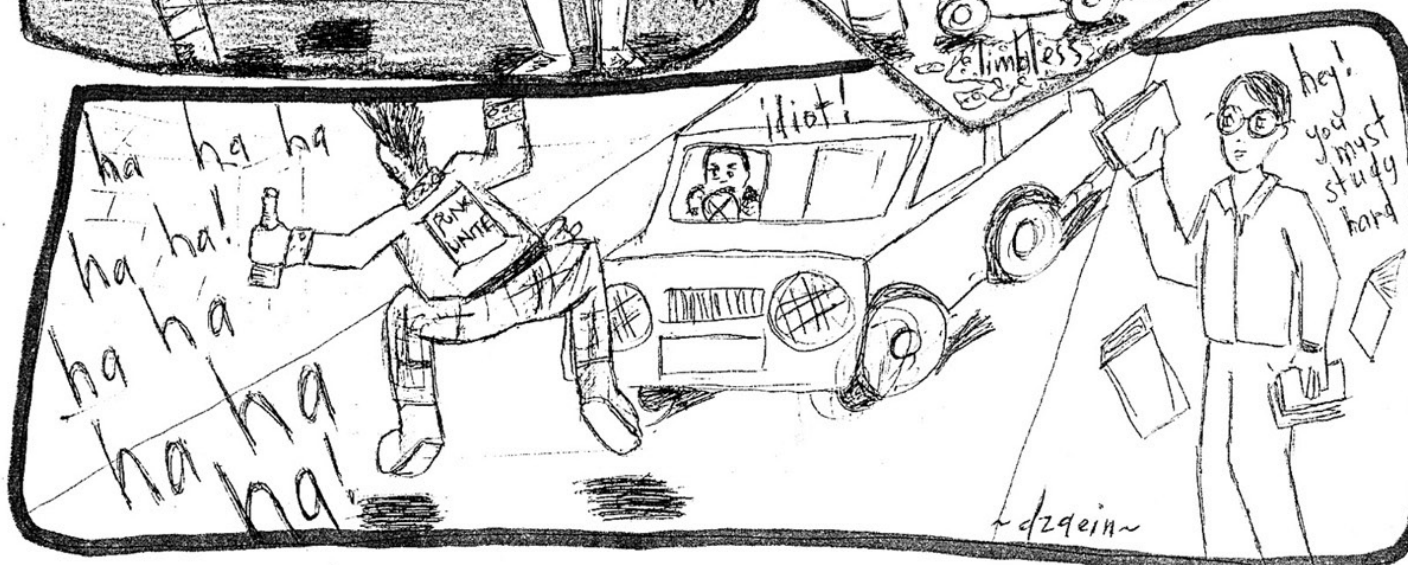
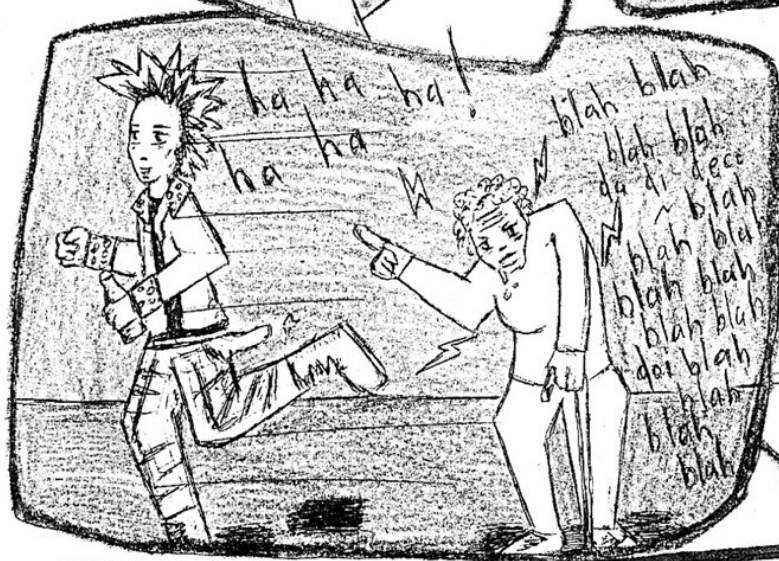
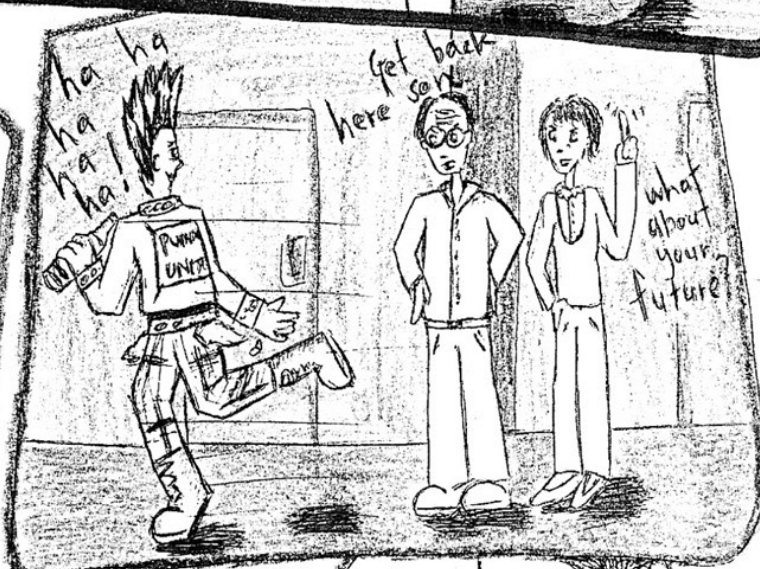
beat their curfews. The MF Crew upper crust took the rest of us out drinking. It turns out 13 Steps vocalist Dokyo 13 is a pool shark at pocketball, and Chungju motels don't have good porn.

The Chungju City show had one thing Hongdae doesn't have in abundance: young blood. Most of these kids aren't of age to start bands yet, but soon they will, and many of them will end up in Seoul.

Start learning Chungjuese.



What's got the Johnny Royal lead singer scared? Jail bait!



Group Sex in Skunk Hell

Sensationalist headline shakes community

Jon Twitch

It looks perfectly normal, huh? Not if you remember what was painted over a graffiti outside Skunk Hell and the front entrance. They were ordered to do it by residents of the building where Skunk Hell is located.

On Thursday, April 21, Skunk owner Won Jonghee and volunteers painted over a great deal of the graffiti outside Skunk Hell and the front entrance. They were ordered to do it by residents of the building where Skunk Hell is located.

"It was when two foreigners had sex that they asked to erase [the graffiti]," said Won Jonghee.

One thing in particular that bothered tenants was the spraypainted word "페섹," or "group sex." In conjunction with the lustful sounds at their door, they began to postulate.

In Won's words: "Is Skunk a sex club?" they wondered. 'Erase it or we'll sue you. And do not have sex on the stairs.'"

The magic night was April 16, at an otherwise ordinary show. The two participants had met for the first time that night, got incredibly drunk, and during the last band

snuck off together. Little did they know, they were propped against the door to someone's home. What's worse, the residents may have been inside. "That's why the owner of the building got to know it," suggests Won.

The racket they caused lured up a few Korean punks, who ogled the tryst for a few minutes. According to eyewitness Joseph Atskunk, "There was a whole crowd of onlookers when they dragged me up there."

When Won was alerted, he told the participants: "I'll give you guys five minutes. After five minutes, I don't wanna say this, but come down."

However, neither fucker can recall his warning, as a side-effect of their intoxication. The female participant, a Canadian English teacher, began vomiting all over the stairs. "I blacked out for a while," she said by e-mail, "so the end of the night is a bit of a fuzz."

She offered an apology to the venue, which

Won promptly refused. "I have sworn off soju for the rest of my life," she says. "I would just like to forget the entire night happened."

The male participant, an American airman stationed in Osan, was chased away by other foreigners. According to a colleague, he was later arrested for a separate fight elsewhere in Hongdae.

"You don't have to worry about seeing [the male] anymore anyway," announced Atskunk. "He was involved in an 'alcohol-related incident,' which is bad news bears for those of you who know nothing of the military. And if that wasn't enough for the poor guy, he's underage. I think they slapped him with 45/45 (an Article 15), which will totally suck ass in Korea."

An Article 15 carries a fine up to 45 days' pay, extra duty for up to 45 days, and reduction in rank. "Basically, [it's] like being grounded for big people," explains Atskunk.



The lovely new paint job in Skunk.

On top of that, he is banned from Skunk. When asked if either foreigner would've allowed back, Won exclaimed, "No way."

The airman told another Osan punk that he will not return to Skunk, because Korean punks are all "tight-asses" and punks should permit chaos, rioting, property damage, and public sex.

"Having sex with people is okay," said Won, "but this is Korea. If you

go to Rome, you gotta act like a Rome person. Here you've at least got to act like you're a visitor.

"I don't want to say this is not your country, but this [Skunk Hell] is not your room."

Atskunk left harsher words on the Broke message board. "Drink at fucking home if you can't keep your pants on. If you feel the need to fuck out of the house, at least go the hell away from the venue."

Chicken Soup for the Hooligan's Soul

Jon Twitch

For every time us foreigners have proven ourselves a liability, there's another story about the positive contributions in the scene by foreigners.

The date was Sunday, July 3. The next day would be a holiday for Americans, so an extra large number of them were out that night.

When Yoojung, the door girl, came back from a bathroom break, she found the door money missing from its hiding place in the attendance book. The alarm was raised, but nobody could find it. We assumed it was theft.

"I've been going to shows in Korea since Crying Nut and Yellow Kitchen played street shows out in the Shinchon area," says Paul Mutts, "and I have never heard of anything stolen at a punk show in Korea. I've had a guitar stolen from me at a regular rock show at Jammers but that's it. This is a bad fucking first. So we got a thief stealing from Skunk and there's nothing worse."

When Paul found out about

the stolen money, he immediately went around and asked for donations. Naturally, he could only really communicate with foreigners, and soon donations surpassed the original amount of money lost.

Yoojung tried to return the money, but Paul insisted, and the donations by foreigners paid for the show that night.

Originally the suspicion was cast on foreigners, by the foreigners present at the time. The discovery of the stolen money came less than a minute after one drunk foreigner hastily departed the show, but he was later found to be innocent.

There is a steady stream of ever-changing foreigners coming through Skunk all the time. Some of them are good people, and some of them are major fuck-wagons, and the vast majority we never find out about.

Rather than turn to paranoia, Skunk Hell responded in kindness. The Suck Stuff/13 Steps show on August 7 was billed as free for foreigners in recognition to the donations.



this is you For how many years?



Little Brother

Part 2 in the ongoing story of a runaway American punk in Seoul

Paul Mutts

I was feeling home-sick again. It would come and go and I became fairly good at fighting back tears sometimes. Other times maybe one or two would slip by my own ego and find its way across my cheek. Of course in the rare occasion someone would notice I would say it was sweat and change the subject. Maybe homesick isn't what I felt. You see, I have lived in Korea most of my life, but I speak very little Korean. I look Korean though, so in the United States I get this feeling of being a sort of grey swan on alien waters.

Here I was, an American (by nationality) and a Korean (by race) living amongst the Korean

punks. I consider myself an extrovert but I rarely spoke; the little Korean I knew might be held against me as evidence of being stupid. Having someone to talk to was an event I looked forward to. Most of my English-speaking friends at the time were in high school so I had to wait until the weekend to see them. I had so many stories to tell them. Penis/fart jokes rolled past my lips when I was not quick enough to catch them. At least I had people to talk to, at the price of acting immature and stupid.

One day outside Hongdae Park, the homesick feeling came back again. It spread through me like a gnawing, unwholesome cold beating back

the warm summer night. With my parents I had spent all my time trying to get them to understand me, and out here it was even worse. But was I accepted out here as one of them? Did they view me as a chimera, with some attributes wholly recognizable and some parts that might as well come from Mars?

It was an after-show party at a restaurant. Everyone sat around joking and telling stories. I had my own jokes and stories I wanted to share with them. It was too much, so I left, bought a beer from the supermarket, and went into an alley. Someone must have noticed that I was, at the very least, agitated when I left. I had not wept since my dog Joy ran away a few years ago. I fought it back in that purely masculine stupidity that a show of extreme emotion, save aggressiveness, was a sign of weakness. I couldn't fight it anymore. I cried like a little girl that skinned her knee. I drank my beer in a huge painful gulp; maybe I wanted to numb myself. It seemed like all the tears I had been holding back for months—if not years—had rallied for a massive counter-offensive and I was laid bare with my cover blown. I hugged my knees and buried my face in myself. I got the feeling I was not

alone.

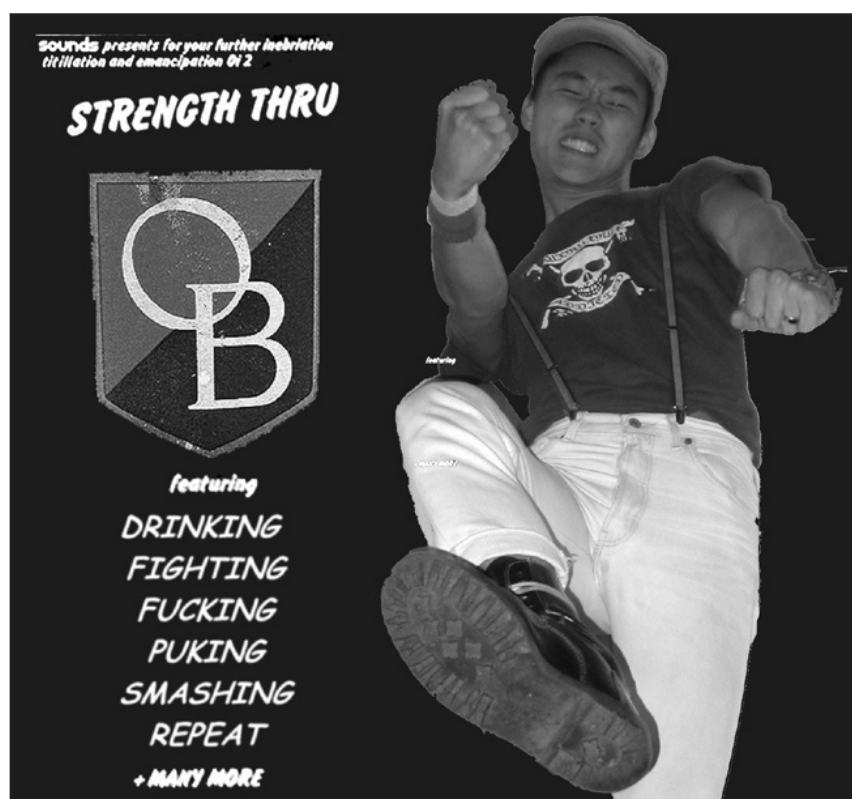
I saw Joo-Hyun standing there looking down at me, though the blur created by my own tears which played with light and drew it out into long web-like strands. I couldn't see his face and I don't think I wanted to, I didn't want him to think any less of me. I knew that if I saw his face I would see a mixture of pity and disgust, mostly the later. I couldn't look up at him. He spoke to me but I did not understand the words. He might have been saying "Get up you pussy ass piece of shit," for all I knew, but something inside told me that's not at all what he said. I wanted more than ever to know what someone was saying to me. I picked out each sound and tried to ascribe a meaning to it. Every word I actually did understand I strung in my mind like pearls on a strand, but they did not make sense or follow one another in a pattern I could comprehend. Then one word stuck out more than anything else he said. One word in Korean: "동생." It means "little brother." I looked up and saw not pity, not disgust, but a smile, the one he always has. No one had ever or has since made me feel so much better by uttering a single word. He put

his arm around me and talked some more. We were more than friends, more than bandmates. We were brothers. We shared what was left of that beer and went back to join the others in the restaurant.

I don't know if he ever told anyone what happened or even really remembers if it did in fact happen at all. It doesn't matter. I will carry that with me for the rest of my life. They say that family is forever, but does that family have to only include those that you share and immediate and common bloodline with? I don't think so and again, it's immaterial. I have a brother, my Hyung-ah.

Even though that took place several years ago, if I think about it I can feel my eyes well up a little but my face always cracks into a smile. I think it's the same smile some of the more unrepentant adulterous men get when they think about their hedonistic extra-marital flings. It's not supposed to happen but it did and fuck all if it wasn't good. Your brother is supposed to have the same mother as you. Not for me though. I have always found myself to be the exception from the rule and this was no exception.

I also suck at math. Go figure.



The Feng Shui of Skunk Hell

Should that barrier in Skunk Hell stay or go? Time to do battle!

It's too high.

It's metal and covered in rust.

It is bad feng shui.

It separates the band from the audience.

It blocks the view of the band.

It makes the dancefloor too small.

IT KEEPS PEOPLE FROM TUMBLING ONTO THE STAGE.

it is a good place to put your beer.

It makes crowd-surfing easier.

It's part of the tradition of the venue.

THERE ARE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO SPEND MONEY ON.

it gives stage huggers something to hold onto



What do you think?

Come and tell us!

brokeinkorea.proboards46.com

고기 빼고 No Meat

Nevin Domer

Feeling lost when all the punks go out for meat and you have to be content filling your throat with beer? Korea may not be the easiest place for vegetarians, not to mention vegans, but with a little effort you can avoid the meat and keep from starving.

햄 *haem* ham
fish 생선 *saengsŏn*
seafood 해물 *hae mool*
chicken 닭고기 *dak gogi*
pork 돼지고기 *dwaeggi gogi*
beef 쇠고기 *swae gogi*
milk 우유 *oo yoo*
eggs 계란 *gyeran*
vegetables 야채 *ya chae*
peanuts 땅콩 *dang kong*

전 채식예요.
jŏn chae shik aeyo
I'm a vegetarian

전 고기를 안 먹어요.
jŏn gogi-rŭl an mŏg ōyo
I don't eat meat

전 닭고기, 생선, 햄을 안 먹어요.
jŏn dak gogi, saengsŏn, haem-ŭl an mŏg ōyo
I don't eat chicken, fish or ham

전 유제품을 안 먹어요.
jŏn yoo jae poom-ŭl an mŏg ōyo
I can't eat dairy products

동물성 제로가 들어간 음식은 다 안 먹어요.
dong mool sŏng jaero-ga dŭr ōgan ūmshik-ŭn da an mŏg ōyo
Anything from an animal is not OK

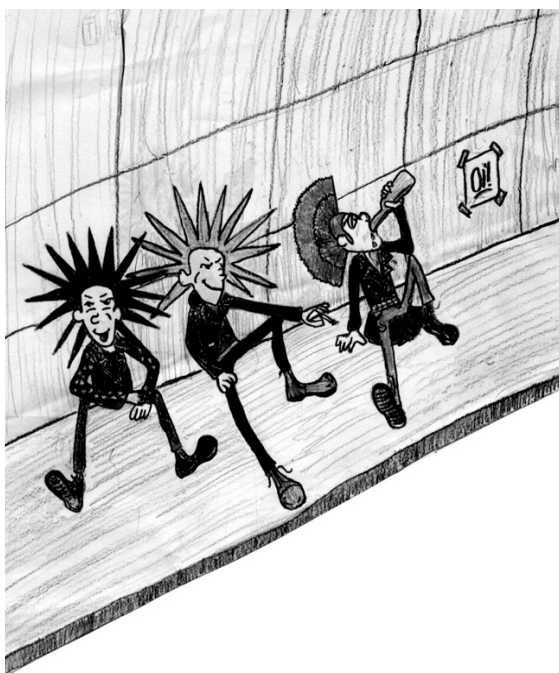
이 음식에 고기가 들어가요?
Ee ūmshik-ae gogi-ga dŭr ōgayo?
Is there meat in this?

계란이 들어가요?
gyerani dŭr ōgayo?
Does it contain egg?

전 (땅콩)에 알레르기가 있어요.
jŏn (dang kong)-ae allerji-ga issŏyo
I'm allergic to (peanuts).

(고기) 빼고 해 주세요.
(gogi) baego hae joo-saiyo
Equivalent to "hold the..."

전 고기를 먹으면 죽어요.
jŏn gogi-rŭl mŏg umyŏn juk ōyo
If I eat meat, I'll die.
(It may seem a tad extreme, but chances are you'll get your point across)



Exposed

Band names in Korean

Jon Twitch

Most bands here have simple English names, such as Couch, or Cock Rasher, or Spiky Brats. A few are less obvious, such as Rux or CST, and some make very little sense, like BB Lucky Town or Suck Stuff. All of these have phonetic Korean versions of their name for easy pronunciation. And then there are the ones with unique Korean names.

The following bands don't have much in common, but you might notice that most skinhead bands have Korean names. Likely each of them use Korean for a different reason.

Also note that I don't actually speak Korean particularly well, so it's a miracle I could figure these out.

공격대 Attacking Forces

After a particular night of heavy drinking, I found scrawled on a piece of paper in my pocket, "yeong soon, kong kyuk tae." After consulting a Korean friend, we figured I'd met a girl who went to Konkuk University. I shook my head and wondered what my faulty memory had stolen from me. Much to my surprise, it was the lead singer of Attacking Forces. 공격하다 (kong kyuk ha da) is the verb "to attack." The ever-useful syllable 대 (dae), which we see most often standing for big (대학교 means "big school" or university), in this case stands for "forces."

몸을말려 Nonstop Body

This one's so odd I'm just gonna let the band explain it. "The name has two meanings. The first meaning is when the body dries and becomes thing under the sun. And it is originally meant for whoever tries to stop us.

In the end, we wrote the name in English, and it can be said that the second reason we are called ourselves Nonstop Body in English.

명령27호 Assignment 27

It's the title of some North Korean action movie. It had something to do with the glory of North Korea, of course. They used to have the movie poster up on their website, <http://www.assignment27.wo.to>.

배다른 형제 Half Brother

You commonly see the English version of the name, even on their album cover, simply because the Korean name is on the shocking side.

While most of us foreigners are used to unconventional families and step-siblings, to suggest in Korean that two brothers have different mothers implies infidelity.

The verb 배다르다 (bae da ru da) means "to be born of a different mother." See how many words it takes to explain that in English.

분노폭발 Unleashed Anger

분노 (boon no) means anger, fury, rage. 분노의 포도 (boon no ui podo) is the Korean title for Grapes of Wrath. When I saw that, I busted a gut. 분노하다 (boon no ha da) is the verb for "to be angry."

불가사리

Pulgasari is a movie produced by Kim Jong-Il of North Korea. To make it, he kidnapped disgraced director Shin Sang-ok from South Korea, brainwashed him for years, and then offered him a king's salary to do a monster movie. The end product is basically a Godzilla movie that was made to show the world the strength of North Korean cinema. By all accounts, it sucked worse than *Battlefield Earth*.

삼청Samchung

If you don't speak any Korean at all, this name hardly looks more threatening than Samsung. It refers to a supposed "re-education center" that was used by the South Korean government in the '80s to imprison the under-educated, along with the over-educated, suspected Communists, suspected criminals, and any other undesirable citizens they could get their hands on. Although it's not apparent at first, this is probably the scene's most badass name, and if you brandish it in public you'll get some pretty interesting reactions.

지랄탄99 Jiraltan99

For some reason no translations have ever stuck with this broken-up skinhead band. 지랄 (Jiral) means "mad" or "insane," so 지랄탄 translates to "mad bullet." It's a bad direct translation of the Korean nickname for gas grenades used by the government on many occasions against protestors.

혈맹 Blood Pledge

This name was a little tough to translate, and many versions were used, such as Blood Oath and Blood Crew, before settling on Blood Pledge. Another appropriate name would be Blood Pact.

혈 (hyul) of course means blood, and 맹 (Maeng) is short for 맹세하다 (maeng sae ha da), which means "to swear/ vow/ take an oath." So basically this name means a pact signed in blood.

Stop giving your bands English names! Do it up in Korean!

Marked in Korea

Jon Twitch and
Jungy Rotten
<http://thememagazine.com>

On the wrong side of Ehwa Women's University, you can find cheap stores filled with unpackaged junk, old men fighting in front of the convenience store, and North Americans picking through the trash. This is where you find Sun Tattoos, one of Korea's underground tattoo shops. I can't give you more specific directions because it might get the owner, TK, arrested.

Tattoos are a touchy subject here. "They're an insult to God!" blusters one editor to me. More importantly, they clash with Confucian belief, which is still strong in Korea. Most Koreans believe that our bodies are gifts from ancestors, so it is our duty to preserve our bodies. It's not surprising then the reactions that most Koreans have to tattoos. Expose your tattoos here, and you may never experience the infamous Korean hospitality. In Europe in the past, tattoos were used to mark all kinds of criminals, slaves, and undesireables. Korea has not moved as far beyond such practices. Consequently, getting a tattoo in Korea is harder than getting a nice cold beer in Salt Lake City.

Moon So-Yee, a Korean living in London, was shocked to observe that "Seven out of ten people wear a tattoo like shirt or hat. I am totally shocked and I ask myself, they are all gangster? In Korea, someone has tattoo, he must be in criminal because of tattoo."

The practice, possibly adopted from Japanese yakuza, is a rite of loyalty. Once you're marked by a gang tattoo, you may never fully leave, at least in theory. I recall a taxi driver one night who covered his tattoo with an armband. He was released from his gang after he had done his time in prison. I never got to see his tattoo, other than the odd bits not covered



Deep in the subterranean lair of Sun Tattoos, TK prepares his implements of torture.

by the armband. Although the practice is seemingly still continued, it doesn't account for all tattoos.

Binoöl, a tattooist based in Hongik University area, claims that most of his customers are regular people, mostly in their 20s. "There are many artists like musicians, dancers, actors, and painters among my customers," he says, "but also university students and office workers and even housewives."

Not quite the stereotypical set of contemporary undesireables most Koreans would lead you to believe—the "Japanese, gangsters, and foreigners." Most of the visible tattoos you'd find in Korea would be on foreigners. A Korean would most likely get a tattoo in an area easily hidden under clothes—the shoulder, the back, or the thigh.

Speaking of hidden, it takes hours to find the unmarked entrance to Sun Tattoo. It's hidden down a narrow basement stairway in an unmarked alley. Outside a group of kids are tapping around a soccer ball, unaware of the secret laboratory underneath their feet. We're

assured by everyone that we're not breaking any laws, but it somehow feels like we are.

Tattooing is technically legal in Korea, but tattooists are often arrested, fined, and usually convicted. Binoöl knows a tattoo artist currently waiting trial. He was charged with illegally practicing medicine without a licence. This practice became standard practice in 1992, when a judge convicted one tattooist on this charge, having nothing else to throw at him. That case has made it far easier to convict any other tattooist in subsequent cases; even though some judges understand there is nothing wrong with tattoos, they are afraid to go against the landmark 1992 verdict.

These verdicts obviously upset Binoöl. "It might be a drastic example, but the law says it's even against the law if you just apply medication on your son's knee at home when he falls." Although no one has ever been brought to court for this, it is illegal to practice any form of medicine on another person in Korea.

"I was in prison for ten days," says Gun-won, a Korean tattooist, in an article in local bilingual zine DDD. "They took me in, but they couldn't find any evidence. They took all my customers' phone numbers and called, but they couldn't find anybody to incriminate me. So they regarded me as an illegal medical doctor and charged me with that, because the needle goes through the skin." Gun-won is last known to be awaiting trial.

Though tattooing is officially legal in Korea, everything about it is illegal, including equipment and there is no licensing body. Standards for hygiene are set by agreement between artists. "Since there is not any institution giving lessons to become a tattoo artist in this country," says Binoöl, "I travelled all around the country to meet as many tattoo artists as possible." Unfortunately, there is no guarantee you're getting a quality tattoo, unless you know the artist.

"Don't get tattooed in Hongdae," warns Drew, an American who's lived in Korea for most of his life. He confides in me his most embarrassing tattoo, which resembles a man yanking on a bull's privates. The circle around the tattoo is uneven. He got it in the back of a piercing shop. "I told the artist I had to catch a train in two hours, which may have been my mistake."

Another concern is hygiene. "The room [for Sun Tattoo] kinda puts people off," says Paul, a half-Korean punk who plays guitar in a band called Suck Stuff, "but I don't see why, because the room's not going into your arm."

An alternative to a tattoo parlor is one of the many cosmetic surgery clinics on nearly every street in Korea.

These places are operated by certified (<—John: "certified" is sadly the correct word for a doctor's accreditation in Korea.) doctors. Jay's

barracks buddy Spanky recently got a tattoo at one such place. "Look for a green cross," he says. "If it's a surgical or medical clinic, go for it. It's expensive, but it's worth it—you won't get chlamydia or Hepatitis A."

"Hepatitis B," corrected Jay.

"Whatever," retorted Spanky.

It's rare to find a cosmetic surgeon who would do a real tattoo. The doctor Spanky visited was probably used to doing more standard plastic surgeries. All kinds of cosmetic surgeries are popular in Korea, from spot removal to the famous eye surgery, to "permanent makeup." Cosmetic surgeons are accredited to administer tattoos, although they're not used to anything more than eyebrow tattoos or other natural-looking makeup tattoos. And they are not peers of underground tattoo artists: "It's literally makeup, not a tattoo," sneers Binoöl. "No, I would never think of it as a kind of tattoo."

Sun Tattoos turns out to be adequately stocked with hygienic equipment. The owner of the shop, TK, shows up at 6:00 to let us in. While we thumb through his library of Japanese tattoo magazines for Jay's design, TK sets to sterilising his equipment. TK has his portfolio on display over all of Korea's punk scene. He's the official tattooist of Skunxs.com, the Korean punk online store.

Tattoos are popular in the Korean punk scene. As a result, most of them can't get decent jobs, relying on labour work to pay the bills. When they go to public saunas, everyone glares at them. So why do they get tattoos?

"Because other people did it," says one punk.

"I was curious," says another.

"I just thought it would look cool," adds a third.

Pretty disappointing reasons, especially considering the hardships they face from having tattoos. So why do they keep getting inked?

The Korean punks say it gives them a feeling of achievement, and makes them feel special. Their number one gripe about getting tattoos continues to be the pain itself.

"Rather than a particular motive," Binoöl says, "tattoo has just been a natural way for me to live my life, just like going to school, going to the army, getting married and starting a family."

Motivation must be questioned for why Koreans would get tattoos. Especially considering the employment situation, and the risk of bullying in the army. In the past, anyone slightly different would easily be targeted by bullies, and tattooed soldiers got it worse. However, stricter rules have cracked down on bullying.

Every Korean male must serve two years in the army before turning 30. Until recently, the Korean army refused to accept recruits who had tattoos over two-thirds of their bodies. They can't flee to Canada, so Koreans choose to get stabbed a million times with a tiny needle.

"There used to be many people who took advantage of that law before," says Binoöl, "but nowadays you cannot get an exemption from the army by having tattoos anymore."

According to a 2003 article on CBS News, about 170 men had been arrested over the years for trying to dodge the draft by getting tattoos, a crime punishable with up to three years' imprisonment. The young men were shown in the national media, disgraced, handcuffed, heads lowered, and shirts removed to reveal tattoos of dragons, fish, birds, and roses.

"When I give people tattoos, it is beyond my care what they're gonna do with their tattoos," says Binoöl. "All I care is just put all my spirit into the tattoos and give the best tattoos as I can."

One sad story involves a 25-year-old police recruit who failed his physical examination because of some leg tattoos he'd received ten years ago. That case got a demand from the National Human Rights Commission of Korea to revise their entrance policies, but tat-



toos and government jobs do not mix.

Naturally, removal and cover-ups are a profitable business. Binoöl admits that many of his customers want cover-ups, not tattoos. "They got many kinds of tattoos just because of curiosity when they were young and ruthless," he says. "That gives them a lot of handicaps in their lives: they cannot go to public saunas, swimming pools, gyms—they're even afraid to socialize."

Binoöl tells of one family man who came in for a cover-up tattoo. He had never been naked in front of his young son because he was

ashamed of an old tattoo. "He cried for happiness to have gotten a cover-up tattoo," recalls Binoöl. "When I watch these people going back home after I give them cover-up tattoos, when they starting being proud of themselves again, I feel proud of what I do. I believe what I do can change their lives. That's what they get tattoos for. It is for a change in life."

Surprisingly, piercing is becoming popular in Korea. Piercing shops are scattered throughout Seoul, particularly around Ehwa University, where you can find groups female students purveying the merchan-



dise. "The biggest difference is trace. The biggest charm of a tattoo is that it leaves a trace and doesn't get erased, but at the same time it's the biggest weakness. Piercing doesn't leave a trace. If you just wanna look cool in your youth, then piercing is the best."

"Getting a tattoo is having a friend to keep until you die. You shouldn't without thinking deep choose your friend who will live for the rest of your life on your body and die with you."

Jay is not ready to get a tattoo yet. He has an idea, but getting it to look right is much harder. He makes an appointment to

come back next week.

"Thanks for coming," says TK. "Don't draw any attention to this place as you're leaving."

"Pablo Picasso, Vincent van Gogh, they're all great artists," says Binoöl. "How many canvases did they have to tear and throw out until they finished one piece of art? Probably a lot. Tattoo is art on a human body. Even if you don't like what you have done, can you tear it? Can you erase it and start all over again? It requires extremely high concentration and a professional mind. Tattoo artists are greater artists than Picasso or van Gogh, I believe."

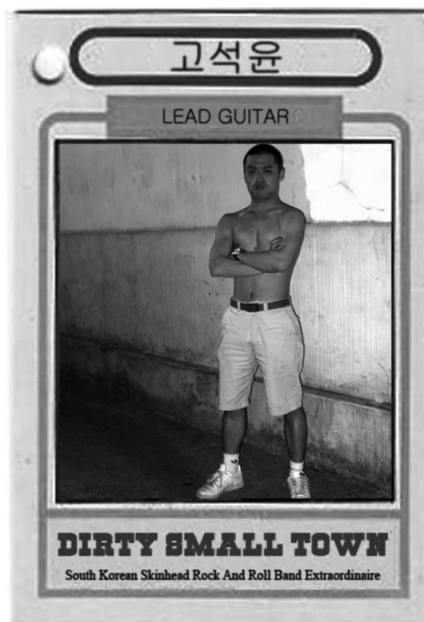




PARK JONGGO

CHUNGJU SKINS

공격대



고석윤

LEAD GUITAR

DIRTY SMALL TOWN

South Korean Skinhead Rock And Roll Band Extraordinaire



LOUIS MICHAEL
BRADSHAW

Never a dull moment



OH LAEWAL

오래알

rookie
card



Samchung

Boram



지웅

I don't speak Engli



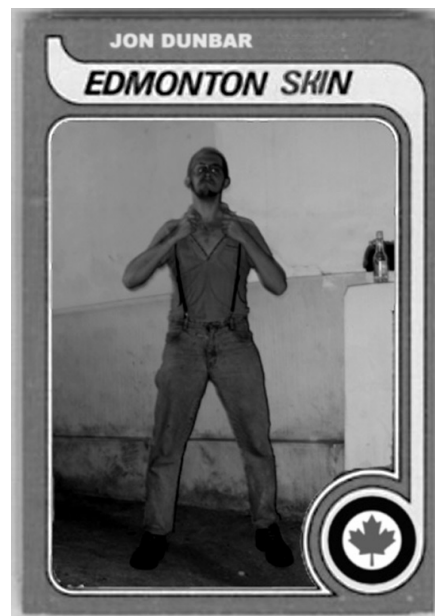
이종혁

ORC



PARK YEONGSOON

singer ATTACKING FORCES



JON DUNBAR

EDMONTON SKIN



Korean Punk for Dummies

There is a lot of bullshit going around about Korean punk, so I'd like to take the time and clear some of it up for all the reporters out there. This is your helpful guide to the Korean punk scene.

Hongdae has always been the center for underground activity in Korea, ever since the Korean War when it was controlled by North Korean sympathisers. Until recently it was known for anti-American activity, and it was dangerous to have white skin in Hongdae. Recently thanks to gentrification it's much safer, although it still has the highest per capita of North Korean spies in all of South Korea.

What looks like one of many subcultural scenes spread across Hongdae, is actually a complex family structure filled with family relations and pacts written in blood. Outsiders are accepted with suspicion, and insiders are forbidden from leaving before the age of 30. These punks stand united against a country of conformism.

The Confucian cul-

ture of Korea is hardly ready to accept kids with mohawks, tattoos, or studded leather jackets. What's worse, the initiation process chases away the weak-hearted and -kneed.

To become a member of the Skunx Army, one has to endure a painful process of amputation and alcohol. The new initiate is given all the free alcohol he can keep down until he is numb enough to begin. Then his left shoe and sock are removed, and a pair of bolt cutters is used to remove his pinky toe. If he cries, a second toe is removed from the same foot. It is a brutal ritual that thankfully foreigners and girls do not have to endure. This tradition began as early as 1974 during the first wave of Korean rock known today as Yushin Rock.

The history of punk is short in Korea due to the political chaos of the '80s. The first punk club, Kaekoora Live Hall, was closed down by President Chun Doo-Hwan in 1986 in an attempt to clean up the city in preparation for the 1988 Summer Olympics. It



Another new recruit is welcomed to the Church of Skunk.

was not until 1993 that punk reappeared, with the opening of Drug Live Hall in Hongdae.

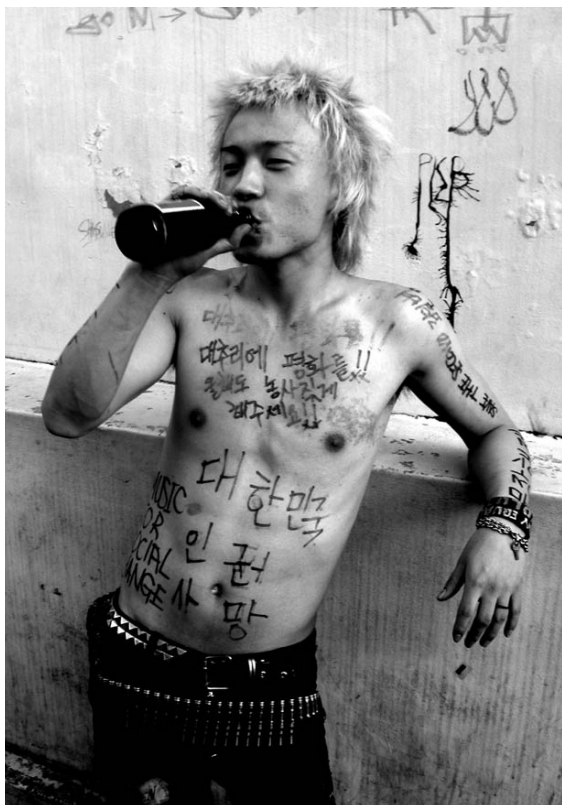
The regulations on live music were strict at a time as a result of the new president, so in order for Drug to stay open it had to officially register as a church. Now free to worship as they saw fit, it was time to rock. The first star of this new punk scene was Seo Taiji, a rock god who channelled musical greats like Sid Vicious. But he was too wild, and after the Drug owner walked in to find a full-fledged orgy going during one of the shows, with people fully going at it on stage, Seo was shown the door.

After that fateful night, two young new bands started up. They named themselves Crying Nut and No Brain after the events of Seo's departure. No Brain later transformed into a rap-rock band and found a new label, and Crying Nut remained the flagship band of Drug until 2002, when they enlisted in the army. They were stationed in North Korea, where they spent most of their time teaching Chosun teenagers how to shred. After two years living on this exchange program,

they were welcomed back to South Korea.

Meanwhile, the ownership of Drug switched hands. In a high-stakes poker game, Drug's owner lost the venue, as well as his car and his pit bull Sukie, to Won Jonghee, a professional gambler with a small fortune in winnings. The club was reopened as the church of Skunk Hell.

For the first few months, Skunk Hell couldn't put on shows, as there were no bands to play. Instead, they held seminars, taught lessons in muay thai kickboxing, and offered a variety of psychological exams. Won was able to select the best students as his first bandmates, and he started his first band,



Chansung from the Explode can't remember the lyrics for any of his songs, so he writes them on his body.



Won Jonghee from Rux lived in Paris for several years and is patriotic to France as well as Korea.

the pogo-punk legends known as Spiky Brats.

Thus began the golden age of punk. Word travelled underground about shows thanks mostly to the Internet, and smaller Skunk Hells opened up across the country—another in Gangnam in southern Seoul, one in Busan, one in Daejeon, and one in Cheongju.

In August of 2005, the punk band Rux was invited to appear on the TV music show Music Camp. It ended badly when two of the Korean punks took off their clothes and flashed the audience. It ended with their arrest, and all punk bands were banned from TV. All the other Skunk Hells across the country closed down except for the main one in Hongdae.

After that incident, Won Jonghee had an increasing number of critics. One such critic was Yoo Chulhwan, the lead singer of Suck Stuff and manager of rival label BPJC who thought he would be a better promoter. The two of them had a shouting match one day about how to run Skunk Hell. It ended with Won agreeing to let Yoo take over, and to this day there's an uneasy truce in their cutthroat rivalry.

Today, Skunk Hell is run with Yoo Sajang at the helm, a title he demands from anyone addressing him. There is a show every Saturday night, as well as the occasional Friday or Sunday show. There is also a show every Wednesday night where only Koreans with their toe severed are allowed to enter. I personally have never seen one, but from what I can hear standing outside they tend to be more informal jam sessions with musicians from many different bands. Bands are usually paid for performing in things other than money, usually some kind of goods that can be sold easily in Dongdaemoon or another market. It is not uncommon to be paid for opening a show with an old battered scooter and a pot of sardines. The bands take what they can get and resell what they don't keep.

Punk Apartheid

Jon Twitch

There really are two punk scenes in Korea. Never mind all that hardcore vs punk crap. I mean the Koreans and the foreigners. We all go to the same club, we drink in the same alley, we watch the bands, but sometimes we're totally oblivious of each other.

Foreigners associate with foreigners and Koreans associate with Koreans, and there's comparatively little crossover. It's disturbing to those of us who've been around for a few years, because we remember the days when we'd be the only foreigners at shows, and we'd always go out drinking with the Koreans after. There was a language barrier but it just meant we needed to be patient. Nowadays the foreigners go off in a separate direction from Koreans after shows.

"95% of the reason is language barrier," says Jesse, an American stationed in Yongsan who has supported Skunk Hell for a few years. "The other 5% might be cultural differences, but I think very few people would let that effect (or is that affect?) them."

"I believe that there is an invisible barrier between most groups of people based on a variety of things such as class, religion, race, etc," Mike, an American in the air force. "It's human nature to gravitate towards familiar groups and that's what is happening here. Also there are a lot of foreigners who come and go so it may be hard for Koreans to accept them as a permanent part of the scene (just like we used to do when some oddball came walking up the hill)."

Ultimately, foreigners are welcomed at shows, moreso than ever.

"I generally feel welcomed and have never felt as if though I didn't belong," says Mike.

"Of course I am very thankful of it," says Chulhwan, lead singer of Suck Stuff and promoter for Skunk Hell. "Everybody is so helpful with everything, like supporting, purchasing our CDs or merchandise, good manners too. Really I am thankful for it."

Mike, who recently returned to Korea after a two-year absence, was surprised by the boom in the foreigner population. "I went to 7/11 [across the street from Skunk] and there were about 15 people in the store...and only two of them were Korean and happened to be working there. Even though I obviously contributed to the imbalance I didn't like it at all!"

And that's the irony. By our presence we're continuing to the overcrowding of foreigners in the Korean punk scene. There is no solution to this Gordian Knot we've tied. The more zines we write, photoblogs we post, websites we make, the more foreigners there will be. We're certainly not going to stop doing what we're doing.

That leads to a question. Is this a problem worth worrying about?

"Nope," says Chulhwan, "but...if it's a foreigner that is new at Skunk...yes sometimes

here are problems with manners and stuff, but the foreigners that come to skunk often have good manners so I really like them."

"I think every foreigner deserves to be here or there," says Boram, the bassist of Samchung. "If they fit here, there's no problem. If they don't, they'll go somewhere else."

"Within our circle

(past and present) I believe we make an effort to appreciate the music and people in the scene," says Mike. "Then there are the people who try to prove how punk they are by either spraying beer on everybody or by standing back knowing that they are more 'punk' than the Koreans could ever be and talking amongst their little group. I wish the latter group would just fucking stay away."

Occasionally, there is a problem caused by foreigners at shows. Of course, Koreans cause their own problems as well. "I don't like drunken foreigners," admits Boram, "but I hate drunken Koreans too."

When a foreigner is being rude at a show, there are plenty of other foreigners around to correct them.

Recently Jesse witnessed two foreigners drag another foreigner violently out of a show in Spot. He first thought it was a "petty 3am bar-room brawl," but soon found out the foreigner had been groping girls in the show.

People who didn't know what was going on were concerned, and Jaeseok from Gukdo tried to cool things down. The two ejectors, Paul and Jonathan, showed restraint. "Paul could have booted his head through the pavement while he was laying prostrate on the street," Jonathan recalls, "and I could have easily broken his neck while I was carrying him up the stairs by said neck. The point is, nobody had to get their ass kicked because we were in complete control of the situation the entire time, and it was executed quickly, without chest thumping or debate, and it happened so quickly that

his friends didn't have a chance to react or psych themselves up."

You can see foreigners who are being rude and bothering Koreans. You can also see foreigners who are respectful and fit in well. Foreigners have their own corner in the Korean punk scene. But what I would like is to return to the days of one unity. Is it possible to bring everyone closer together?

"Yep, but foreigners should understand Confucian ideas in Korean culture," says Boram.

"There is a lot of possibility," says Chulhwan. "If there is good manners between them nothing is a problem to get closer."

"Punk in Korea is fairly young (obviously) and I'm guessing the bulk of foreigners have come through in the last two to three years," Mike observes. "Hopefully as the punks become more familiar with each other the walls will come down."

For now, we have an understanding between each other. Although we don't spend enough time together, we are aware of each other's existence. "I consider any Korean punk I have met as an acquaintance for the most part with one or two exceptions," says Mike. "We chit chat and what not, but I don't feel as if I can bring any personal problem to any of them or confide in them because of the obvious communication barriers. I'm not saying it can't happen, just that it hasn't happened yet. But then again I'd back up any punk if I thought they were in the right and I'm hoping they'd do the same for me."

Or, you know, we could all enroll in Korean classes.

고기 우웁 I Hate Meat

The Broke in Korea guide to vegetarianism in Korea
by Jon Twitch and Jungy Rotten

How's it feel when you get to Korea and discover that literally every food contains meat? Even the seemingly vegetarian kimchi usually contains trace amounts of seafood. Doesn't it make you mad? But the problem is, your primitive carnivorous hosts won't know why you're throwing a hissy-fit. That's why we put together this guide to letting your feelings be known. With several phrases essential to the militant vegan, you'll be ready to rattle some cages in Korea. Also with some phrases for your doctor to explain why you're unhealthy.

Milk makes you impotent
우유를 먹으면 발기불능이 된다

Milk kills baby calves
우유가 송아지들을 죽인다

Meat is murder
육식은 살인이다

I have low iron in my blood
혈중 철분이 모자랍니다

I lost 20 pounds since I came here
여기 온 이후로 20 파운드가 빠졌어요

Equal rights for animals
동물들에게도 동등한 권리를

Jesus was a vegetarian
예수님도 채식주의자셨다지

Eating meat is as bad as the Nazis killing 6 million Jews
육식은 나치의 6백만 유대인 학살만큼이나 나쁜 것이다

I'd Rather Go Naked Than Wear Fur
모피를 입느니 차라리 발가벗겠소

Your mommy kills animals
네 엄마는 동물을 죽인다

I need vitamin B12
비타민 b12 가 필요해요

You disgusting dog-eating savages!
개새끼 쳐먹는 역겨운 야만인들아!

How Much Cruelty Can You Stomach?
당신은 얼마 만큼의 잔인성을 소화시킬 수 있나요?

You disgusting bastard!
이 역겨운 후레자식아!

Why didn't you tell me there was (meat) in this?
여기에 (고기)가 든 거라고 왜 진작에 말해주지 않은거야, 왜?!

I'm never eating here again!
내 다시는 여기 와서 밥먹나 빠라!

I'll just have the kimchi
난 그냥 김치나 먹지 뭐

You idiot! I can't eat (meat)!
이 얼간아! 나 (고기) 못 먹는단 말야!

Want to be a writer?

Just get a pen and write your article in this space
It's that easy! (or just e-mail me your articles for Broke 4)



Hongdae Jamboree October 28, 2006

Probably the largest gathering of white skinheads in Korea was on this night. Marc, the infamous 'Tokyo-hoon' of www.skinheads.net, was in Korea on business. He's on the right.

Looming in the back is Jon Bishop, the writer of the other three articles on this page. Read an interview with him in 'Up on the Cross' a couple pages from here.

In a rare shot, Verv stands center-left here. He got wasted later this night and woke up with sharpie artwork on the back of his head.

On the left is Dorian, a skinhead from Victoria, BC, home to the infamous SHOV crew. Well, infamous in western Canada maybe.

Sittin in front on the left is Oronzo, from Italia. Or New York, or somewhere around there. He's officially not a skinhead anymore but he wears his scalp the baldest of all of us

And last but certainly not least, me. If you ever need a coaster, just give me a holler.

How to Manage a Foreign Tour

Jon Twitch

Bringing a band to Korea is a complicated process. A lot of people ask me how to do it, and usually it's too much to ask someone else to sacrifice too much for your tour. This guide will help you through booking a tour with a foreign band to Korea. It's aimed mainly toward bringing in bands from outside Asia.

Which band should I bring?

I would only bring a band I have a personal connection with. The next most important thing is that they're already playing a tour in Japan. You will bring them over here at the end of their Japan tour, saving yourself a ton of money.

How do I contact a band?

Diplomatically. Whatever band you're contacting will probably not know anything about Korea, let alone about its music scene.

How can I convince them to come to Korea?

Probably the biggest selling point is that they'd be the first of their kind in Korea, unless they're youth crew hardcore, traditional ska, or frat-pop-punk. Be honest that the crowds are small, but people appreciate touring bands because they don't come often.

They're asking for a ton of money. What should I do?

Tell them to go fuck themselves. If they want to make money they're free to tour up to Canada and work on the oil rigs for six months. They won't make money here. Joey asked Rancid, Dropkick Murphys, and a ton of other bands he thought would be cool to come here, and they all asked for a ton of money.

How much money will I make?

If you're doing this to make money, I heard



Britney Spears is getting out of rehab soon. Bringing a punk band is not a good investment. Chances are you'll get back most of what you spent, but if you turn a profit I'd be very surprised.

What should I promise them?

You will most likely cover their airfare. Expect to cover their lodging and probably living expenses. Don't cover souvenirs. Once the band has sold some merch they'll be less dependent on you for pocket cash.

How much is airfare?

It could be as high as 400 000 won per person. Airfare will be your largest expense.

How do I buy plane tickets?

Find the cheapest travel agent you can. You might need a Japanese travel agent. Book them to come as early as you can get them. For their return flight, you need to know when they'll be leaving Japan for their home country. Have them arrive several hours before that.

How can I get help from others?

Most importantly you have to be self-reliant. You are in a leadership role here. Other people can help out in simple ways, such as donating money, offering to put up the band for the night, or taking them around, but the big details like flight times, tickets, and booking shows have to be your responsibility. If something goes wrong, it's between you and the band.

How do I make a bud-

get?

To calculate your costs and profits, make a list of how much everything will run you: airline tickets, hotel rental, hall rental, transportation, and even food. Then figure out how much you'll make based on ticket sales. You might not get as many people as you think. Be prepared for that.

What should I have done before they arrive?

Of course the round trip tickets to Incheon and back to Japan are necessary. Book hotels. Have all the tour dates planned, with opening bands, prices, times, and posters already up.

What should I do about visas?

If it's going to be a big show, you'll probably need entertainer visas. Otherwise, slipping them in on tourist visas should be fine. It's worked for every other band, including Outbreak who brought several metric assloads of obvious merch through customs.

Should I give them any special instructions for customs?

Tell them they're just tourists come to visit a friend. They have musical instruments because they're all students. Their jobs are not English teachers or musicians. They're, I don't know, landscapers.

Should I meet them at the airport?

Uh, yeah. As soon as they land, all the way until they leave, they are your children. Treat them as such. Don't let them take the shuttle bus by themselves or

catch an airport taxi. Go down to meet them.

What kind of transportation should I arrange?

You only have a few choices. Getting them all into a shuttle bus will stack up. That's 7000 won per person, both ways. Another option is you could rent a van. Skunk Hell owns a van, and if you're collaborating with them you could probably rent the van for a few days.

Where should they stay?

Unless they're cunts, they won't mind staying somewhere cheap. There are two guesthouses near Hongdae that you can find online. The Slackers stayed at Kim's Guesthouse all in one six-man dormitory room and it was satisfactory. That kind of lodging is only 15 000 won per night. An even cheaper option is to find homes for them to crash at. A great way to save money, but inconvenient if they're staying in different places.

What happens if one of them gets lost?

Give them your phone number, the number of a Korean who can help, and a business card for the hotel. They can always just hand the business card to a taxi driver and get driven back there.

What sort of things should we do while they're here?

There are a lot of options, and it's probably best to give them a mix of ideas. Take them to a market, such as Dongdaemun, Namdaemun, Insadong, or Ehwa. Take them somewhere traditional and touristy like Gyungbokgong. Take them somewhere adventurous like Namsan or one of the other mountain peaks. But make sure they're never late for sound checks.

What if they want drugs?

Tell them to save it for a country where drug

laws are more lax, like China, Canada, Japan, the US, North Korea, or Taiwan. If they get busted for drugs here, they're probably bringing you with them, maybe the clubs and maybe other bands. We don't need that scandal. Even NoFX didn't get any drugs while they were here, despite how much they blubbered about it.

How do I book shows?

Contact the venue owner. You will need to pay rent, which is usually collected at the end of the show when you have money. Expect it to be 5-600 000 won for a medium sized place like DGBD or Skunk.

What bands should open?

It's your choice, but don't go overboard on the number of bands. Two or three openers is best. Too many and your headliners might not have time for a full set.

Korean bands rarely ask if they can play shows. They want you to ask them. For the Slackers show I made sure we never had too many ska bands on the bill (well, mostly too many ska-punk bands).

What are my duties at the show?

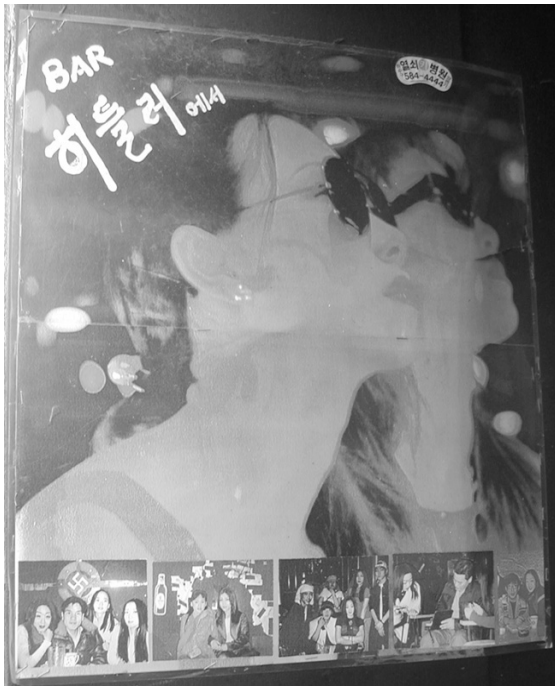
First make sure the band doesn't miss soundcheck. Also make sure you have volunteers to work the doors and possibly the merch table. You will need to be able to roam. Make sure the show is running according to schedule. Don't forget to stop by the door periodically to collect the money to put in a safer place.

When should I have the band back at the airport?

Make sure they're at least two hours early. If this is in the morning, make sure they're awake and ready to go at least three hours before departure, if not more. They're a touring band so they probably know how to do this.

Up on the Cross

The Search for Hitler



A colourful sign out front shows Koreans drinking inside Hitler.



Jon and Dorian wave hi.

Jon Twitch

It's 2am. Waegy McGook is wandering home after a night of heavy drinking with his co-workers. He thinks that one cute girl likes him; she kept asking him what he thinks about Korea and Korean food. His stomach full of soju and kimchi, he's not feeling his best right now. But he had to drink more than his coworkers, to show off his drinking prowess. This soju isn't sitting right. Somewhere along the way, he missed the turn to his street, and now he's in a bright area with a lot of bars. He's never seen this street before. Looks like a good place to drink. *I wonder why nobody ever brought me here before*, he thinks. Then he sees it.

Hitler stands magnificently above him, lit up with all its neon signs. He has just discovered the most evil bar in the world.

Waegy drops to his knees before the front door. "Fuck you, you four-season fan-death kimchi barbarians!" he wails. "Korea is full of

racists!"

A Korean couple inches their way around the distraught foreigner, wondering if they should help him.

The story of Waegy is a common occurrence. Over the years there have been Hitler-themed bars all across this country. In Seoul there was the Third Reich nestled into a corner in Sinchon, and down in Busan there was the Hitler Techno Bar & Cocktail Show. Both these bars closed down due to protesting from foreign groups, including the Israeli embassy. And I know, because I've searched all through Sinchon. I even took a hopeless trip down to Busan in search of Hitler, to no avail.

Then when I found definitive directions to another Hitler bar in Daejeon, plus testimonies from multiple foreigners that it was still open, I knew the time had come. I mounted an expedition that would go down in skinhead history.

The plan was: round up as many skinheads as possible—didn't mat-

ter what race—and flood the place with enthusiastic race-warrior-looking thugs. These Korean bars confront belligerent foreigners every day who look down their nose at them—what would happen if they suddenly found themselves up to the armpits in skinheads?

The date was chosen: March 10. At the newly opened club Going Merry, three Seoul skinhead bands were scheduled to play. Captain Bootbois, Dirty Small Town, and Blood Pledge were going to be in town. Unfortunately in the end they all wussed out on us, never going to the Hitler bar. Another disappointment was Adam, our resident black skinhead, who opted to spend his weekend in Seoul to see the Geeks play. That meant it was an all-white party of ruffians.

I departed Seoul with Dorian, Verv, and Oronzio, as well as longhairs Grant, Tom, and Mike (who actually has hair shorter than me anyway). We were a ragtag bunch, as later evidenced by a bitter white chick on ESL Cafe ("Look at



The boys are all here.

those boys...out of 7 or so there is not ONE, not one, respectable looking guy.”).

Upon our arrival, we met up with our guides Tobin and Phil, two good dudes who lived in the area and could take us where we wanted to go. It was raining so we made our way under umbrellas toward Hitler.

Unfortunately when we arrived the place was closed. All we could see were the signs outside, turned off. We went out for lunch and drank some more, then a lot more. By 6 Hitler was still closed, and we had to head across town to Going Merry for the show.

After the show ended, the Korean skinheads totally wussed out and we headed back to Hitler in our all-white group. By now we were all pretty wasted.

I remember getting out of the taxi, but I don't remember what it was like walking in, or what I first thought of it. It wasn't a large place, with maybe six paying customers already inside and one girl behind the bar.

We made ourselves at home, claiming a table with a big swastika on the surface, and we sieg-heiled to our heart's content. What would the Koreans think? Would they be afraid, now that the white warriors had descended on this bar named after their master? Were they thinking we'd lose it and start smashing shit? But hell—we were white, skinheads, so Hitler had our back, right? Would Hitler really have allowed any Koreans into his bar?



Blood Pledge played at Going Merry.

Maybe, but probably only if they were escorting Japanese soldiers.

You had to look to find the swastikas. They were there, but they were kind of unassuming. I think usually when a foreigner sees a swastika it triggers a very strong reaction. To me it was just more bricolage in a post-modern setting, not political in the least. This was just an average bar, with terrible drink prices and an even worse beer selection. I ended up drinking Hite Stout all night, fresh from the bottle.

The best reasoning I could follow was that the Korean owner wanted to associate his bar with good beer. Everyone knows Germany has good beer. When you think of Germany, what do you think of? Hitler. It's simple, naive, but exactly how your average Korean would think.

Certainly looking around at the clientele they were no different than other Koreans. Oronzo tried his charms on a girl sitting alone at the bar, eventually getting shot down. Verv, between outbursts about the glory of the reich or whatever he was talking about, heard the Koreans at the next table discussing how they thought he was rude. He gave them a piece of his mind, and then having run out he passed out at his table.

I left with Dorian, Oronzo, and Mike, our mission accomplished but feeling sort of like how you get after you've opened all your Christmas presents.

Drinking in a Hitler bar in Korea isn't easy to do. Before going in, standing outside, you get that feeling everyone but the sickest compulsive wanker gets before heading into a sex shop. The best way through that is to be drunk, or to bring along a gang of miscreant whites.

All westerners face demons when we think about some of the atrocities of World War II. But to Koreans, Hitler is no worse than other conquerors like Napoleon or

Alexander the Great. The only demons we face are the ones we brought with us.

Interestingly enough, in an interview with Pusanweb, Mr Hong, the owner of Hitler in Busan, admitted he didn't think Hitler was a good person and he regretted the choice of decor. "I have upsetting feelings about what Japanese did to Korean as well," he said. "If I saw a bar name 'Hiro-Hitto' in other countries, I should feel the same way."

I began this mission with the idea that we're not all that different, that while westerners may not feel threatened by Japanese imperialism, Asians may not fully understand our views of Hitler. It takes a bit of mental contortionism we all do too well to make us insist that Koreans should see Hitler the way that we do. With a bit of work, we can see how relative history is.

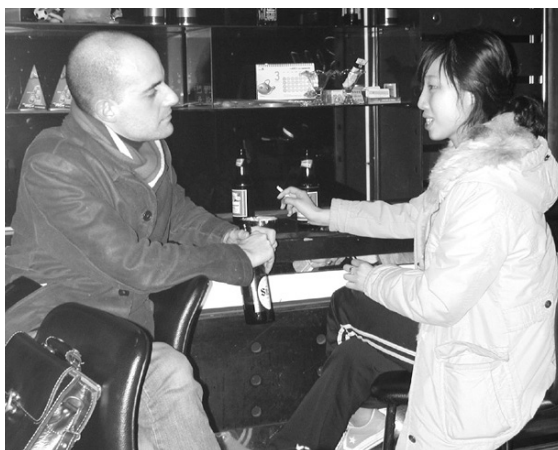
I think that Hitler was a terrible person not worthy of having people drink overpriced Korean beer inside of him. I also think bullying Koreans into forsaking Hitler is not the way to go. Why should anyone ever take anything seriously that Waegy McGook is shouting incoherently at them in the street?

I'm reminded of Szobor Park in Hungary, where all the glorious statues of communism and communist leaders were moved. But this isn't where Hungarians come to venerate these invaders—they watch as the statues become more dilapidated with age and enjoy watching the ideology of monsters like Stalin rotting away. Maybe that's all these Hitler bars are.

There is another Nazi-themed bar in Daejeon named Rommel, which we unfortunately didn't have time to visit. Also, I'm looking forward to traveling up to Uijungbu to find the Hitler bar up there. According to Eric, that one has karaoke equipment inside. Fun!



The exterior of Hitler.



Hitler won't keep Oronzo from some good ol' race-mixin'.



Verv and Jon tried to hail the waitress.

So long, suckers!

Anyone who's been to a show in Korea in the past two and a half years has certainly witnessed Paul. Whether he's smashing bottles on his head for spare change or playing guitar for Suck Stuff or Rux, Paul is hard to miss. So it was a surprise when he announced he was leaving Korea. He had previously announced his engagement to his girlfriend Yumi, and now his plans have been carried out. I conducted one final interview with him on his last week in Korea.

BROKE: Where are you going?

PAUL: First of all Fort Leonard Wood Missouri for Basic Training. I'll be there for about 11 weeks of Basic training but around Christmas the Army has something called Exodus which is a 10 day period where you can take leave. I'll be spending Christmas with my Father and Sister in Tucson Arizona. That can be denied if I have any huge fuck-ups while in Basic and fuck ups are always a possibility with me. My dad's taking leave from Iraq to come in so it's a big deal.

Basic Training was lengthened the day I signed and goes into affect in November. It was 9 weeks of hell and now it's about 11 weeks of hell. They also increased the field excersizes because most of us -will- be seeing action.

Oh yeah, and no smoking in Basic. Fuck.

After Basic Training I'll be heading to Fort Sam Houston Texas for AIT which is Advanced Individual Training. That's where you get your book learning for your MOS (Military Service Occupation, your job in the Army). Fort Sam is the Army's medical command. My MOS is 68Whiskey, which is combat medic. I will be there for 16 weeks learning about providing cover fire, first response to casualties, triage, polytrauma, evacuation and emergency battlefield life support, preventative medicine, field sanitation, and training other soldiers



to be combat life savers. It's pretty intense now and when I finish will have my EMT-B license.

BROKE: Why are you doing it?

PAUL: A ton of reasons. I am a lot different than most of the English teachers here. First of all I'm not legit. Second of all and most importantly, I don't have a home town. You all have somewhere you can go back to. You know the names of the streets and shit. Other than Korean, Utah, Washington and Mississippi I never lived in one place for longer than a year. I need to get some roots. I gotta build a future for Yumi and I and the dog. People ask me where I'm from and I don't know how to answer.

I think I have a hero complex or something but I really want to help people. Actually I signed on for medic and hopefully I will never have to shoot anyone because I don't want to hurt anyone. But I do want to help someone. My father asked me on the phone a few days ago if I would treat insurgents or terrorists. We all bleed red.

Also I want to serve my country. I had always told myself before that I couldn't handle it. I thought about it a lot and I need to distinguish myself from these college grads idiots out here in Korea. I used to want to be educated and book smart and shit but after meeting

some "intellectuals" that's the last fucking thing I want to be. My hands have gotten too soft.

All the men of my family have served. My father retired as a TSGT in the Airforce. 2 other uncles of mine retired from the Airforce and I have an uncle that never came back from Vietnam. I have a cousin that was hurt in the 2nd battle of Fallujah as a Marine. 3 more cousins of mine are serving in the Airforce. My father has in storage my Grandfather's M1 Garand that he took with him to the shore to Iwa Jima. It goes all the way back to American Civil War (sorry, my family fought for the South). I guess I have to live up to all that.

BROKE: Where will you go?

PAUL: It's the needs of the army. I will put in for a CONUS (Continental US) duty station then Yumi and I will get officially hitched up. That way she'll be living on base housing and taken care of.

After that I hope to be deployed and ship downrange. Medics are in high demand and are deployed all the time. I won't do no one any good in Korea treating VD. Hopefully I won't be going to Iran but that's another story.

After all that I think I might want to go to Drill Sgt school. I reckon I could make a pretty good Drill.

BROKE: What will happen to Suck Stuff?

PAUL: Suck Stuff will continue. Bu-il (bass) will be moving to guitar and the lead singer of Ska Sucks will be taking over bass. Ska Sucks and Suck Stuff will be merging. Suck Stuff will rock the fuck out.

BROKE: What's going on with Sukie and Yumi?

PAUL: My girls are going to be staying here at my old apartment until I can arrange it to where Yumi and I get married with all the X's. Then they'll be coming to live on base with me. They'll stay there even when I'm deployed.

BROKE: How supportive has everybody been, Yumi, your parents, your band, your friends?

PAUL: My parents are tickled pink. The war saved my father really. He gets paid in the 6 digits out there so now he's getting flip hookers and sailboats and all that shit. My mom wants me to join but isn't so keen on me being deployed but she knows the money is good out there.

Yumi has been less than thrilled. She doesn't want me to go and really doesn't want me to go to Iraq. But she's been babying me lately, I guess I deserve it, I won't be getting anything like that for a long time. I don't know if she really understands all that it entails but she'll see. We won't be eeking by the way we have for the past year. I'll do her

good and make her proud. I told her to be happy she didn't get no weak wristed little Kangnam boy. She is a bit worried about paying the rent every month and everything but I think she'll be OK.

The band was a little worried and Chul-hwan said he wanted to stop making music after I left but I pushed him to keep going. The Korean punks have been very supportive of me and expect me to be stationed back here. I hope not.

My friends have all been great. They've all reassured me that if Yumi needs anything while I'm away to just ask. Some of my "myspace friends" have said things like "How dare you join the genocidal blah blah blah" but they don't have a fucking clue. Here in Korea though, most have been more surprised than anything else. I have made some of the best friends in the world over here and I won't be able to forget anyone of them.

BROKE: What will you miss about Korea? What are you happy to leave behind?

PAUL: I'll miss my friends the most. I've had some amazing experiences out here in Korea that I wouldn't trade for all the oil in Kuwait. But I'm sick of saying goodbye, I won't miss that at all.

I'll miss the scene. Kinda.

I'll miss tea in general too. I'll miss that. Waking up and saying to myself "You know what? I'm going to drink tea and watch cartoons all day".

I'm happy to leave behind the people here that have been told all their life that they are special and unique and expect everyone to pay attention to them. I will not miss people that call themselves artists. I will not miss people that tell me about my aura being negative that pork has negative energy. The fucking idiot waeguk bands here too, they can all go fuck off and die. Kyopos too, those Sex in the City watching morons. When I filled out my army pa-

pers I put my race down as white. I might get the god damn surgery just I'm not confused for one of you lot.

If any of the above are ever reading this: You are not special or unique. If you take any exception to anything I'll be more than happy to go fistycuffs with ya while I'm on leave. I can out smart you over the table (with no college education assholes!) and drink you under the table. You douche bags don't got nothing over me and never will and I intend to back that up.

BROKE: What are some things you wish you had done here?

PAUL: I wish that I had gotten to know my Korean friends better. I also wish that I could have fought the Seoul Penetrators at least once.

I wish I could've kept Yumi a little better. It's no good when you're roaming around the sidewalks looks for butts to smoke. It's no good eating fried dough for days and days on end. That's all about to end though.

BROKE: Will you keep making music?

PAUL: Oh yeah. I would like to start a real meat and potatoes kinda punk band with some heavy country influences once I get all settled down and shit. So I plan on laying waste to rich kids and emo for the rest of my life.

Until then I'm going to write more country kinda stuff. I'm not very good at it and I've got about 12 or so songs kinda written but not fleshed out very well. I've never been a crazy good songwriter and arranging words so that they'd make sense to anyone else has always been a huge hurdle for me.

But I can't see myself NOT playing music anywhere. When my tours and duty's done it's time for me to be drinking acres of tea and playing music. Punk is way too loud really, the message is often lost in the fashion and egos and shit. Country has been taken over by pretty boys that never have had no dirt under their nails. Punk and country have a lot more in common than most people think.

See ya'll when I'm all grown up.

The No Brain President



Jungy Rotten
Jon Twitch

In the 1970s musician Shin Joong-hyun was asked by then President-for-life Park Junghee to write pro-government songs. He declined, and his integrity cost him his career and his freedom. In 2007, No Brain took a different path from Shin, selling the rights to one of their songs to presidential candidate Lee Myungbag.

The campaign bought the rights to the song "You Have a Crush on Me" off No Brain's 2005 album Boys, Be Ambitious. The original chorus "넌 내게 반했어" was modified to "이번엔 이명박," literally "This time Lee Myungbag." It was recorded by another singer not connected to No Brain.

"Why did LMB choose that No Brain song? He liked the

melody? Bullshit. He aimed at votes of people in their 20s, 30s," wrote a member of No Brain's website. "But now I got to thinking... No Brain's getting in the right position. A band singing with no thought, 'no brain.'"

No Brain was contacted for their response, but the manager refused to comment on this issue. The only comments No Brain made about the sale were posted on their website by singer Yee Seong-woo. "Sorry, friends who got disappointed by this!" he wrote (in Korean of course). "Sorry for not considering your passion for us! Go ahead, friends who throw hatred for this! If that helps it go away then I guess it's better."

Speaking on behalf of the band, Yee admitted they sold the rights to the song,

but they were not expressly supporting the candidate.

"We're not asking you to be the god of punk," one fan wrote to them, "but just a minimum amount of senses and reasons. Are you now just playing dress-up? No Brain's on the same level with HOT (a Korean boyband)."

Of course there were plenty of No Brain fans willing to overlook the band's indiscretion, or even defend it.

"Have they ever declared they're left wing before?" questioned one No Brain supporter. "You're just angry because it's not the candidates you're supporting."

Lee Myungbag has run a controversial campaign, dogged by allegations of white collar crime that keep resurfacing.

"This isn't a matter

of right or left," insisted one other critic. "Who's Lee Myungbag? All the crimes he committed. Illegal investment. Stock fraud. If you're selling your song to this party, at least you should make clear where you are standing."

This certainly seems at odds with what they said in one of their songs, "Burning Youth," where they sang "Let's keep our pride with our eyes wide open, in the world full of lies and frauds."

One former punk girl who saw them play at Ssamzie Sound Fest wrote: "They're now disconnected from their past. The moment their song becomes one of the LMB's logo songs, the songs in their past become trash."

Another critic adds "Punk without spirit is noise."

No Brain seems humbled by the experience. "I learned a lot from this," wrote the lead singer. "We recently got so used to compliments. Thanks for letting the devils who believed they were angels spread their evil wings. Yes! We will burn ourselves."

"I've lost many rockers and idols of my youth to drugs, alcohol, suicide, and yes, time and money," wrote another long-time follower of No Brain. "If they can't avoid getting lost to time and money, the last thing I'd want is seeing them on the side of [Lee Myungbag]."

Voyage to



Jon Twitch

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

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

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

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

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

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



Okpo Land



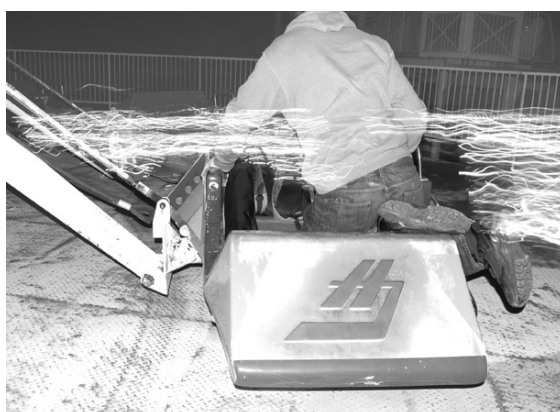
Saturday night, the members of our group dropped off one-by-one, until there were only five of us left--me, Will, Aaron, Carsten, and Tel. Around 2am we climbed up to Okpo Land again and drank on the spinning rocket ride (bottom left), each one of us taking turns giving it a push. We contemplated sleeping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

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

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

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

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



Escape from Hell

Skunk Hell quietly closes its doors

Jon Twitch
Jungy Rotten

It's unthinkable to those of us who've called Skunk a second home over these last four and a half years. Skunk Hell has been a symbol of punk in Korea since it opened in January 2004 in the old location of Drug. And now that it's gone, the punk scene is without a home.

"I think it should have been closed earlier," says Yoo Chulhwan, former manager of Skunk Hell and lead singer of Suck Stuff. "Running Skunk Hell wasn't a profit-making business and there wasn't much chance that it was going to make a profit, so I think it doesn't make any sense running it losing money."

"I feel free," says Won Jonghee, owner of Skunk Hell and Skunk Label and lead singer of label flagship band Rux. "As time passed by, the pressure became harder and harder."

Anyone who's been to Skunk Hell recently has probably noticed the poor attendance rates. Sometimes there will be less than ten paying customers at a Saturday show. According to Chulhwan, Skunk Hell remained open thanks to support from friends. And though there's no other club in Hongdae that gets the same amount of support, it wasn't doing the job--it wasn't bringing in more people, just delaying the inevitable. "I've never seen any other club getting as much support as Skunk Hell," says Chulhwan. "It wasn't enough compared to the amount of time we devoted."

Now without Skunk Hell, where will we go for punk shows? Well, there's always DGBD, for starters. And Spot. Oh yeah, and Minor League. And of course there are plenty of shows at SSAM, Sangsangmadang, and Freebird. to name a few. All within one dis-



In January 2004, Jonghee stands inside the newly acquired Skunk Hell.

trict of Seoul.

"I really think there are too many clubs for bands in Hongdae," says Chulhwan.

"The scene is getting bigger," explains Jonghee. "There's more bands, but there's much more clubs right now, so the clubs have no bands. Some clubs have to close down and some clubs have to do other music. I can say Skunk Hell is the original punk club, but now there are more, so I don't wanna fight them. Skunk won't compete with other clubs 'cause we just wanted the punk bands to be free to play."

When Skunk Hell opened in January 2004, there were no other venues for punk bands to play (unless they wanted to spend a ton of money on hall rental). But now, there are too many clubs, and not enough bands—and not enough fans—to go around.

And of course, both Jonghee and Chulhwan had to look at the scene as both promoters and musicians. "I wanted my label to be fun for me but after a while it was more pressure," admits Jonghee. "One other reason I quit Skunk Label is for Rux." And Rux, along with Chulhwan's band Suck Stuff, recently signed onto Dope Records where they will be exposed to a larger audience beyond Skunk's walls, with far less effort on their part.

"If the punk bands were soldiers, Skunk Hell is the bunker," says Jonghee. "The bunker protected the soldiers. Now we don't need a bunker. I've been a label owner and club owner for a long time. I want to go out and fight. To run the bunker, it's very hard to be a soldier. The punk bands have been in the bunker for too long, so it's time to go out and fight with all the trendy bands."

Jonghee is also in school right now, studying filming so he can make music videos.

"My musical goal?" says Chulhwan. "I never had one when I started a band, just enjoying the moment." You can see a review of his latest album, "New Classic," in this zine.

"I think working for Skunk made me grow up," says Chulhwan. "I learned a lot in the last three years working as Skunk Hell's manager. I am now interested in starting a few businesses based on what I learned. I'm enjoying this situation because I'm the kind of guy who thinks I'm the happiest when I'm pursuing money."

"For me, punk is not a business," Jonghee says, "so we're gonna go out and fight."

브로크: 스텝크헬이 문닫음으로 인해 대한민국 펑크계에 미칠 영향에 대해서는.. 어떻게 생각하시나요?

철환: 사실 별로 미칠 영향같은건 그다지 크게 없다

고 생각한다. 여전히 공연을 보러올사람은 보러오고

밴드를할사람은 밴드를하고 라이더자켓을 입을 사람은 입을것이라고 생각하기 때문에 펑크락의

부흥같은 거창한걸 떠나서, 작은 펑크락의 상징이 하나 없어질뻔, 수요와 공급의 원리를 따져봤을때

그다지 큰 타격이나 영향은 없을것이라 생각한다.

브로크: 스텝크헬이 문닫게된 특별한 사유가 있다면 얘기 좀 해주세요.

철환: 이 답변은 원래 중희형(스텝크헬사장)이 해야하지만, 내생각은 특별한 사유가 아니라, 당연히더 일찍 문을닫았어야했다. 스텝크헬운영은 애초에 돈이 잘되는 사업이 아니었고, 앞으로도 아닐확율이더 크기 때문에, 적자를 보면서 계속 운영을 하는건 말안되는 것이라고 생각을한다. 그나마 친구들의서포트로 지금껏 버텼왔었고, 하지만 운영시간에 비해 피드백이 적었기때문에 부담은 더 커질수밖에 없는실정이다. 사실 좀더 일찍 닫았어야 한다고생각하는게 내 개인적생각이다.

브로크: 스텝크가 사라진거에 대해 유철환씨 개인이 느끼는 감상은 어떠한지..?

철환: 나름대로 애정을 갖고 애착을 갖고 일을했었기때문에 아쉬움도 물론 크다. 하지만 흥대의 밴드클럽이워낙 많기때문에 (흥대는 밴드에 비해 클럽은 정말 많다고 생각하기에) 다른클럽에도 스텝크헬처럼친구들의 많은 서포트가 필요하고생각한다.

브로크: 스텝크와 펑크계에 사람들이 더 많은 써포트를 했더라면.. 스텝크헬이 더 유지되는데 도움이 되지 않았을까요?

철환: 물론 그렇다. 하지만 그건이유가 안된다. 왜냐면 개인적생각으로는 이미 충분한 서포트를 받았었다고생각한다. 그리고 우리클럽만큼 서포트해준클럽을 난 다른데서 보지 못했다. 너무나 많이 친구들이 도와줬기에 전혀아쉬운건 없다. 너무 고마울따름이다. 이유를 내부에서 찾고싶다. 엄연히클럽일도 비지니스다. 내가생각하기에는 비지니스를 잘하지 못했다고생각한다. 펑계를 대고싶은생각은 전혀 없기에 말씀드리는데, 직,간접적으로 연관된 스텝

크레이블뿐만아니라 스텝크헬은 그다지 부지런하게 더 열심히 긍정적으로 움직였어야 했다는게 내 개인적인생각이다.

브로크: 스텝크헬이 사라진 자리에는 다른 클럽이 들어설 예정인가요?

철환: 그건 중희형이 진행하기에 난 알수없는사항이다. 난 2008년 7월까지 클럽매니지먼트를 하기로약속하고 현재는 관여하지않기에 알지 못한다.

브로크: 스텝크 문닫은게 유철환씨 개인적인 인생에 어떤 영향은 미치게 될지도궁금하네요. 더불어 앞으로 음악적으로나 개인적으로 삶의 방향에 대한 계획같은것 좀 들려주세요.

철환: 사실 스텝크클럽 매니저일을 근 3년동안하면서 정말 많은것을 배웠다. 그걸 토대로 여러 사업을 추진해보고 싶은 욕심이생겼다. 돈이 되는 사업을 만들어보려고 계속 추진중이기에 요즘 정신이 없다. 하지만 난 성격상 돈을보고 사는게제일행복하다고 느끼기때문에 지금상황을 즐기고있고, 시간이 지나면서 느끼는건 스텝크일하면서 빨리철이 들었다고스스로 생각한다. 앞으로의 계획은 때론을 벌어서 부모님께 효도하는게 목표다. 흥음악적인 목표? 그런건 밴드하면서 처음부터 갖고있지않았다. 항상 즐기면서 하는거다. 그냥. 그게 '진짜' 다.

브로크: 썬스터프.. 앞으로 계획이 있다면?

철환: 9월11일날 이번앨범 [뉴클래식]이 정식 릴리즈된다. 아시다시피 우린 빅밴드가 아니라 친구들 들려주기위해 만든음악이니 친구들 꼭 체크부탁드리면서 앞으로의 계획은 이것 좀 팔리면 만들생각이다. 사실 바빠서 밴드활동하기 힘들다. 좋아서하는게 억지로 하게되기 쉽상인데, 항상 그러지않을려고 노력하고 있다. 공연을 많이할생각이 없다.적게 플레이할생각이고, 대신 메디트있게 플레이할생각이다. 도프 엔터테인먼트가 항상 너무 많은 신경을써주셔서서기회를빌어 너무고맙고 감사하다는말씀 드리고싶다. 운 좋게 우리주변에 우리밴드를 도와주는친구들이 너무나많기에 앞으로도 변치않게 멋있는거 보여드리도록 할예정이다.

Paul's Descent into Hell

Paul Mutts

It was winter 2001. Where Skunk is located now was once club "Drug." I was there along with a friend of mine like we did every weekend. Anyway, you know how between bands everyone likes to hang out outside and get drunk? Well not much ever changes. I was outside getting drunk and not particularly happy with the shows lately. I think in high school I was always looking for music that was harder and faster. Metal was too far out there in an esoteric kind of way. You know, dragons and goblins and eating bones and shit, it was hard to relate to that. Nu-metal was closer to my existence but seemed very commercial and fake. Punk rock was it. Finding Drug for me back then was no small feat but I had been going to punk shows in Hongdae regularly since about 1998. Wow, ten years ago.

The standard bands that played at Drug weren't doing it for me either. They were good, no question, but I wanted something dirtier, something more real. It's hard to say exactly what I wanted but I knew I would know it when I saw it. If that makes any kind of sense. At the time I was all into UK82 kind

of punk like Abrasive Wheels, Angelic Upstarts, GBH, Discharge and also American streetpunk like The Unseen and A Global Threat. Yeah, so Drug was not the place for me really.

Like I was saying, I was hanging out outside and I started talking to Minju. We started talking because I had my hair up in huge liberty spikes and the standard issue punk rock costume consisting of bondage pants and a leather jacket. I stood out even in the subculture of Drug. He said he knew of a place that was better than Drug. We traded CDs and beers and started walking. The original Skunk is about halfway between Hongdae and Shinchon and I was a regular at both locations.

By the time we got there the last band was playing. They were Beef Jarkey, some of them are now The Patients... well okay, only one is. I had talked to Jong-hee on the phone a few weeks prior trying to set up a show as a favour to a Korean biker that had just opened a bar. I wanted Rux to play his bar. I don't even know where I heard of Rux but I think I might have gotten his number from Counter Reset; another band I contacted about the show. Anyway, I meet

Jong-hee for the first time in the flesh.

After the show we sat around the stage and drank beer and ate snacks. I am using the word "stage" very liberally. The edge of the drum set was about 2 feet from the front of the stage. That was what we did after shows, we had a party.

Ah if you could have been there. Anyone who was anyone was there. Anyone that pulled any weight in the real punk rock scene. It was almost too much for me. Joo-hyun, of Galaxy Express fame (but I will always remember him as Rux's bass player) played the bass solo to Rancid's "Maxwell Murder" almost as if it were a parlour trick. They asked me how old I was and I lied, I said I was 19. I think they believed me. I was about 16 at the time.

To make a very long and very involved story short, I ended up in Rux, got kicked out, went back to the States, had some local success with a band, got kicked out because of local scene politics and drama, came back to Korea, joined Suck Stuff. Those few months I was with Rux I had my highest and lowest moments. I had my first one night stand, I was molested by a guy at a bathhouse, got

into a bunch of fights, got drunk almost constantly, smashed my first windshield, broke into my first house, everything. I slept at the park or at the old Skunk. I stole food to eat. Usually the local bakery (which is still there). They would leave loaves of bread out on a rack to cool. Seriously, like a cartoon. I lost about 50 pounds. My knees were wider than my thighs. It was also the first time I found out that there were people in Korea teaching English. I thought every wae-guk was connected with the US Military at the time. Jong-hee and I would pick pocket drunk salarymen in Shinchon. We worked construction illegally carrying bricks up stairs all day. The big towers in Omokgyo were erected with the help of Jong-hee, Joo-hyun and myself. I had to pretend I was mute because they didn't want an American working there. For a meal or a pack of reds I would have beaten your worst enemy to a pulp. I caught scabies from sleeping in the underpass in Shinchon. Homelessness and raising hell was all well and good in the spring and summer but when the Korean winter rolled around again it was time to go home.

I do not know much about the history of the

opening of Skunk in its present (former?) location. But it did take the old Drug which to me, always felt like a major victory. The Underdogs pulled one over on the big guys with the money. Like the Drive By Trucker's song "They might have the money but you've got the fucking nerve."

I guess it was when I had no place to live. I was playing with Rux and another band that will, for now, go nameless. OK, OK, the band rhymes with "Bonny Groyal." That's not important, what's important is we were playing a show with them at Dongdaemun in front of those huge department stores. They played before us and opened with a song called "Homeless." They had major label backing and all of them had a home. Then the Rock Tigers went up (I knew the Blue Punk Bugs) and the fakery was on. I almost walked away from punk rock altogether that day. After my less than honourable dismissal from Rux I didn't listen to music for months.

All that was years ago. Finding Skunk for me changed my entire lifestyle. For most of you it was just a club to go see bands.

It was where I belonged.

Memories of Skunk

The first thing I did when I arrived in Korea was seek out the punk scene. I found Drug on my second night and stumbled down the stairs in pitch darkness. Looking back now I'm surprised I didn't fall down and die.

About a month after I arrived, Drug closed and Jonghee bought out the space. I showed up on a weekday night looking for him, only to find him inside the new Skunk Hell with Jongjae and Sharon of Couch, armed with spraypaint. They were covering up the old graffiti on the walls with their own. At first I was shocked at this act of desecration—this place was a historical landmark of Korean punk—but then Jonghee said "It's time we make our own history." Of course our spraypaint was covered up numerous times, but because I was there on that night I always felt like it was my club too.

—Jon Twitch

'dear. skanky punx the terrific pals. even someone who didn't know each other. all had the heat of passions together. your lusty dusty times won't be sells.'

—Gigi

Looked for the place for a couple hours, found Verv. Verv takes me to show and introduces me to people. Verv takes me out and gets me drunk and makes me hit him. Verv takes me to bath house and gives me a bath...

—Jake Anarack

Back in 2005. Wandering around Hongdae for the first time with my friend from New York. it was in the late fall, a bit cold out. Ended up at this place called Skunk Hell. Rambo from Philly was playing during their tour of Asia. It was pretty rad.

—Jay Eff

Being a cyberpunk/industrial music enthusiast from Winnipeg (where?) I found myself at a loss to hear anything from my small niche of musical taste for the first 4 months I was teaching English in Suwon City. It wasn't until I accidentally stumbled across an article in a waegook club magazine that I heard about a venue called Skunk Hell, infamous for acts like Couch and Suck Stuff. Worried I'd never find any kind of scene I'd fit in with, let alone one I could hear live music, a couple of new friends and I took the plunge and tracked down Skunk Hell. Once there we immediately made friends with a mix of Koreans, ex-pats, U.S. military and English teachers from all over the globe. It also provided a base of operations to meet at every Saturday night after a long week of work. Basically we were welcomed in with open arms and it was easy to feel accepted as a part of the group. This camaraderie was all based around the landmark venue of Skunk Hell. It will be missed and I can only hope the strength of the community and 'the spirit of rebellion will live on.' (—Suck Stuff)

—Mathias Reeve

I went to Seoul a few months back after stumbling across this website in search of the infamous “Skunk Hell”. After finally arriving at Sangsu Station, I wandered around asking random passerbyes about the location of SH. Most of them ignored me and muttered under their breath “shipseke migukin”. Finally, I asked the correct person, a tall, obese, Korean whom was wearing the latest fashion in afros and mountain man beards. He pointed me in the direction I needed to go. So, finally my mission was becoming successful. And after cluelessly following the directions, which were given in a form that only the early homo-erecti would understand due to the extreme language barrier, I came across the beloved Skunk Hell. After smoking one victory cigarette, which was a Kool might I add, I walked down the narrow steps and paid the cute Korean girl behind the little school desk 10,000 won and opened the sacred door to where the action took place. As I opened the door, Rux was on stage jamming hard as hell. Not a white face in sight. I caught stage fright and ran to the 7-11 I saw on my journey. I proceeded to chug an entire 500mL OB in less than a minute. Promptly, I caught a great buzz. I then grabbed my manhood and walked back into Skunk Hell where I continued to mosh and drink other people’s beer without realizing it.

And that my friends, is my first experience at Skunk Hell, goddamn will it be missed.

—sepuku

My first time at skunk—

As I recall, I finished night shift at about 9am the day I first went to Skunk Hell. At around 5 or 6pm, I met my buddy Josh. We brought along a friend who lived in our barracks whose name I don’t remember. We took the subway to Sang Su station where we met Jon and a Canadian girl (whose name I also can’t remember [Megan —editor]). They were nice enough to meet us at the subway station since we managed to get lost looking for Skunk the previous week. Anyway, the guy Josh and I brought with us later said he liked hip hop and suddenly disappeared. That night, I met Jon, Grant, Paul, Aaron’s sister (god i’m so bad with names! [Amanda —editor]), and watched just a couple of bands. The first band I saw was called mo-gi or something. They covered Ramones songs and were fronted by Jong Hyun, who later went on to play in Galaxy Express. The next band I saw was Cockrasher. Both bands were great. I forgot to mention that as soon as I finished work at 9am that morning, I began to drink heavily. So not only had I been awake over 24 hours, I’d spent the last 12 of those drinking beer. I ended up leaving the show early to get some sleep. On the ride home, I recall humming the song “come back to city” by Cockrasher.

—Jesse Robot Food

i want to fuckin squat it
i DON’T WANT IT TO CLOSE
im now 1h, 38m before my flight back to korea
i WILL go there!!!
and all the other punks should do so too
sorry for rough tone...
i havent sleep for 30 houers and im drunk.,
—tassilo snp

Looked for the place for a couple hours, found Verv. Verv takes me to show and introduces me to people. Verv takes me out and gets me drunk and makes me hit him. Verv takes me to bath house and gives me a bath...

—Jake Anarack

I met Jesse on this website (Broke in Korea) and he recommended I go to Skunk for a show. I arrived at Sangsu and he picked me up. When we arrived at Skunk people actually talked to me. After three months in Korea without anyone actually striking up conversation I felt awesome.

I met Hodge for the first time. We all ended up drinking together. I got introduced to Soju Drivers and picked up a bottle for myself. I don’t even remember who was playing. I was enjoying the show regardless. After we left the show at Skunk, we went to Spot where Hodge and I made out ferociously in front of everyone on one of the benches. As sappy as this sounds, if I had never made it to Skunk, I never would’ve had the chance to publicly humiliate myself in a dark corner ;) and I never would’ve met Hodge!

—Anne-Marie

It was March 11th 2006 a Saturday, I read online about a little joint in an off limits part of town called Skunk Hell. Korean punk? Sure why not, fuck staying around base might as well make the best of it. It was my fucking birthday, I had no friends and I wanted to party and get drunk. I headed out early and went up Namsan on foot, not knowing about the cable car till I made the top, it was getting to be around show time so off towards this magic land I went. Fast forward an hour, spent figuring out trains and trying to find the joint using some rudimentary maps and I’m there.

I try to kick it in the back, figure out whats up and enjoy myself. The 7-11 providing brews for the event, and fuck the music was great. I can’t remember who was playing that night but it was good times. A man made his way to me and introduced himself. He was Jesse, who proceeded to tell me a little about whats up, and introduce me to more people. Truly a gentleman and a scholar. He introduced me to some more people, and everyone was having a blast. The night progressed, drinking in the park, and then later to spot. I had a great fucking time with some great people, and after that day I came back every weekend I wasn’t stuck at work. Skunk Hell was my home in the city. Its where I would meet my friends, hang out, catch a show and party. It was a place where people came and went but we always knew where to find each other. It was the home of the most memorable moments I had while I lived in Korea. To see it close its doors is like seeing a part of you go down with it.

—Vega

the first time i went to skunk hell i met grant who paid right after me and seemed to have trouble getting change. figured he was another person who like me just wandered in from the street - didn’t know he was nearly a year vet. but anyway met him and a drunk verv the same night. it felt like an open place to be.

i miss the environment a bit. the scene was so small it was easy to find on any given weekend. i’m in japan now, and finding the epicenter of punk in osaka just isn’t as easy as punching the words “punk” and “seoul” in google and finding the 1-2 clubs (1 of which was always skunk) playing that night within walking distance of each other. and what shows there are sure as hell aren’t typically between 5,000-10,000 won. skunk hell was a place where less well off korean kids could go as could american servicemen whose pitances from uncle sam didn’t stretch too far. not to forget the alcoholic yuppy teachers living paycheck to paycheck, the group i belonged to.

—Ken Levy

my first trip to skunk was in december of 2004.

i was in korea visiting my sister at the time an we went to the 2004 christmas show together.

as anyone who’s been around the scene for a while knows, the christmas/new year shows are not to be missed. this show was no exception, and served as a fantastic introduction to korean punk.

my first memory of skunk was walking in the door and being immediately handed a soju and orange juice. my first and subsequent tastes of soju that night have blurred the rest of my memories a little.

i dont specifically remember all the bands that played that night, but i definitely remember being blown away by rux.

there weren’t alot of foreigners in those days, but i remember meeting burke and jane for the first time on that night.

i remember meeting beomju and being invited out with him and his friends for drinks at some bar afterwards.

i remember jaesok screaming at me... haha, something like “fuk you, i will kill you”. i got ready for a fight, but luckily my sister was there with some wise counsel “that’s jaesok, dont worry, he just gets drunk and screams at people, just let it go”. wise words that still serve me well from time to time, haha.

anyway, by the end of the night i had seen some amazing bands and had begun to forge friendships, many of which stand to this day. i knew i wanted to go back.

im sad to see skunk hell go. i havent found another place quite like it anywhere in the world..

im gonna miss that place... but i guess its time to look to the future.

—aaron

The 1st time I went to Skunk was sometime in 2005. There was a CD launch going on and I’m pretty sure that I was handed the 1st edition of BROKe zine. Actual events are a bit of a blur now but the memory of how I felt has stayed with me.

I couldn’t stop smiling from the moment I walked till I finally went to bed the next day. It was everything I had been looking for and so much more. I remember the friendly vibe of all the locals and expats which was a relief because I think I was expecting to be grilled and asked a million questions to see if I was worthy :)

Three beers and three bands later I was sure that I would become a regular, even though at that time I was living in Jecheon city and making a two and a half hour bus and subway trip each way. It seemed a small price to pay to get to such a great venue and actually inspired me to seriously consider staying on in Korea for another year (which turned into another two).

So to sum up, I am so glad I persisted and tracked down Skunk. It helped me get through the long weeks and times of loneliness and gave me something to look forward to. Thanks to everyone for the great times and everlasting memories!

Long live the Skunks!

—Grant

The first time I went to Skunk Hell I was the only foreigner in attendance. I was a bit surprised as due to the Broke in Korea message board I was expecting a large group of “regulars.”

The third time I dropped by—as I was a (the?) regular at DGBD I was only interested in going to Skunk Hell to see specific bands—I met Jon Dunbar. I am pretty sure I was there that night to see Vassline, Samchung, Captain Bootbois, and to hear some other bands for the first time. Clearly, those other bands were not all that memorable.

Jon gave me the official welcome which posts on the Broke in Korea forum had led me to expect. As I have a habit of drifting in and out of places without comment, I didn’t expect to be noticed or spoken to, but Jon came right over and introduced himself. He was expecting me that night, if I recall. He asked me some pertinent questions the root of which were basically to assess if I were an ass, and if so—just how much of one and of what type. Again, due to interactions on the Broke forum, a few of us had some ideas about each other, but I didn’t meet other foreign luminaries such as Burke, or Paul until much, much later.

We were pretty much in agreement about the basics of being in a punk club, being a foreigner in a punk club, and what we think about people who do not understand those basics. That smoothed the way for more (and more interesting) conversation.

In those days, there was still a very, very strong Us vs Them mentality about Skunk Hell and Club Drug (DGBD). What was a bit of a mystery to Skunk regulars at the time was that this rivalry was almost entirely coming from the Skunk Hell side. I wasn’t a part of that rivalry, nor would I have been had I been involved when it started so it was a strange sort of situation for me to be asked about it. In my experience, such things are usually maintained more by managers and regulars of a club than bands and as DGBD had virtually no regulars... Well, you get the point. Buried deep in the old posts on the forum you can probably find discussions about this by Jon, Joey, Burke, myself, and a few others. It’s all water under the bridge now, of course. The scene expanded enough to need both clubs, and then went into a near-coma.

The big questions of those days were about Crying Nut, and if they were still “Punk Rock”, if they could ever be persuaded to play at Skunk again, and what a Crying Nut show was like. I have to admit I was surprised that so many regulars of Skunk Hell had never seen Crying Nut. I guess it was an equal surprise to them that Crying Nut had never wanted to stop playing at Skunk. Minor questions were of course about my interest in and support of the Rocktigers, but that is a whole other thing.

For my part, I liked what I saw of Skunk Hell, and the friendships, camaraderie, and identity that the regulars—foreign and Korean alike—had. I was a part of the attempts at building a similar experience at DGBD so it was nice to get a glimmer of what the end result might be like. It never really happened, of course. It could have, but it didn’t.

As I think back on Skunk Hell now that it is due to close, I think that is what I will miss the most about it. As much as I have come to love DGBD and the memories I have of shows and friends there, no experience has ever topped that of night after night standing with stangers, acquaintances, and weekend friends screaming at the top of our lungs with SuckStuff as they reminded us that sometimes, under special circumstances, there are places you belong no matter what you are, how you think, or what you’ve done. Places you can go where all of your faults are forgiven and you will never be alone.

I will always be thankful for that and I already miss it.

—Anthony

I had just gotten back from a week long stay at my grandfather’s shigol out in the country side and I was itching for a show. I had been in Korea for about 9 days without having been to a concert so I was really anxious to go. To think, I had been waiting years to finally see some of these bands play and finally meet all these people whom I had only spoken to on the internet or heard about. I met up with Jesse and Ki-seok of the Geeks, both of whom I had met in the US prior to my being in Korea, and they took me to the park. On our way we passed by Skunk on the opposite side of the street and I remember thinking “Gosh, so THAT is it.” We ate really upscale Mexican food and hung out in the park for a bit where some pop punk band had set up and watched them play a few songs before some old guy pulled the plug on them and started yelling at them. I then met some of the people from the punk scene that I had only known about from their bands like Chan-sung of the Explode and also met Hong9 for the first time. After talking to a few people for a while we all proceeded to go to Skunk which by then I was all giddy and excited for my first show. It was awesome being able to finally go inside Skunk which to me seemed like a hole in the wall. A really cozy place that had an identity of its own. I just liked being there, it was new to me, and like a realization of a dream almost. To me, this was CBGBs of Korea and I really wanted to play there. I’m glad I had a chance to see so many shows there and even play a show there myself with great bands and members. It’s sad that it had to shut down again, and hopefully in the future, perhaps, it can open once more and stay open.

—Chris Helking

the first memory i have of skunk is jon dunbar congratulating me on catching herpes from his can of beer about four and a half years ago.

—Mike

(Editor’s note: Since Verv didn’t contribute, he probably can’t remember his first visit. This entry is written by Jon Twitch based on his own lucid memory.)

I first heard about Skunk Hell through Jon Dunbar who I met online in early 2006. Back then I was a 20-year-old American skinhead who wanted to learn about the world, but didn’t want any of my core beliefs and values to be changed by the experience.

It wasn’t until fall that year that I arrived in Korea. The first weekend I could escape Uijungbu, I took the subway with Joe, another soldier (not to be confused with the Hawaiian). I started drinking on the train, and by the time we arrived, I was already dangerously intoxicated.

Jon Dunbar met us at the station entrance and bought us a round of beers from the nearest convenience store, probably a mistake. First we went to the park where I met my first Korean punks. I spoke Korean with them, being sure to use jondenmal to express how excited I was. Then we met Jay and we went to Piggy Piggy, where I sat uncomfortably close to Jon Dunbar. I tried to ease the tension by making constant eye contact with him and putting my hand on his thigh a lot. I also used jondenmal with the waitress a lot, and I shouted my excitement about eating sangyup-saur in Hongdae with Jon Dunbar. Finally he and Jay decided we’d overstayed our welcome, so we hurried to Skunk Hell for my first show.

I don’t remember what band was playing, but I was so excited that I took my shirt off and moshed to my heart’s delight. Finally after one band, it was clear I’d had too much, so Joe took me back to Uijungbu. We got back to base where I probably fell asleep with my cock in hand while watching Japanese bukkake porn.

—Verv

Just a few days after I first arrived in Korea, I was walking around near my hasuk in Shinchon, when I came to a park where they had built a stage for all kinds of performances. They were doing all kind of crap, like B-boys and street magicians, but also music shows. Chul-hwan’s girlfriend (forgot her name, duh) was there helping organizing it, and we talked a few words about that event, it was called “00 Stage” and they were doing it every week during fall. I went two more times and got to know bands like Kingston Rudieska and Shorty Cat for the first time. Shorty Cat also where the band that announced they would play another free show at a place called Skunk Hell that night. Back home I searched the internet for further info, which eventually brought me to Skunk’s website and broke, where I found directions.

Of the Broke Members, I only remember Verv was there in some Chinese costume (which is probably why I remember), but I didn’t learn his name at that day.

—derboo

A typical evening at Skunk Hell meant more than just a great show; it felt like being in a great movie, second to none in terms of sheer atmospheric delivery.

This is where I saw The Strikers for the first time, and Same Old Story, and patiently waited for the Patients shows that ended up not happening. The first time I ever went to Skunk Hell, they were actually hosting a dance/student/community event that night; hardly my scene, but nonetheless a testament to the diversity and acceptance within the 홍대-area music scene as a whole.

Of all the places I’ve ever been in this lifetime, in the universe, Skunk Hell is on a short list of those that most emphatically remind me what a fan of existence I am.

보고싶어요
—채민섭 (Patrick)

hmmm... my first experience at Skunk Hell.

Like a lot of people I found the “Broke in Korea” board well before I found Skunk Hell. I was a little wary of actually going to Skunk at first because there was this “Race Traitor” guy on the broke board who was talking about how he “earned” his red laces recently (Editor’s note: it was by accidentally giving Dokyo13 a nosebleed in a basketball game). I half imagined this 6ft tall 240 pound bonehead rampaging around some seedy back alley club beating on little Korean men. Later on of course I found this out to be a total misconception. Race Traitor AKA Jon stands at an average height, probably weighs 160pnds, and the only thing intimidating about him is that he is the guy taking all those pictures when everyone else drank themselves retarded.

So after printing off an informative subway map from the Skunk website (which I linked to from Broke) I set off to enjoy my first night out in Hongdae’s punk scene.

Things I remember from that night was walking from Sangsu station looking left and right for Skunk Hell when I saw a Korean punk in a leather studded jacket. “Nice” was the first word that popped into my head, then it was “Follow that dude!”. Sure enough he led me straight to Skunk Hell. I don’t clearly remember who I talked to that night at the show, but I do remember that 13 steps was one of the bands that played and I enjoyed ever second of it.

After the show is when I really met people. You see when you add 1 beer bottle + 1 Drunk Paul + 1 Drunk me with 10,000 won = the start of an awesome friendship + a broken beer bottle.

Me paying Paul 10,000 won to break a beer bottle over his head was how 2yrs of good times, awesome shenanigans, and constant weekend intoxication started. Skunk Hell, and the people truly involved with the Korean punk scene is what makes me miss Korea every time I think about it, and is the reason I consider Hongdae my second home.

—jay todo

I honestly don’t remember all too well. I had already been in country for a couple of years but was more involved in sex and alcohol than the beloved punk rock that I had left in the States. One morning, as a result of another promise made on a toilet in a hangover stupor, I posted a message online searching for any inkling of punk rock in the H to the a-n-g-u-k. I got a couple of replies from some English-friendly band members and a young upstart just out of high school named Paul Brick-E. Down that road is another long story that ends in Paul humiliating this little drummer boy on the stage in Skunk a few years after. Anyhow, I met up with Paul and Matt (very cool motherfuckers mind you -- some of the best relations I’ve made to date and damn proud of them) and we practiced on post to play at Skunk. I can’t even remember if we had even named the band but we were supposed to play this show and that little fucker of a drummer stood us up. Much alcohol was consumed and thankfully I had pictures to document the night otherwise I don’t think it would have existed. I wish I knew where they were. Jonghee was a skinny little fucker with this huge ugly-as-sin mohawk and yellow plaid tigers on. I remember that a lot of the bands that played that night were never seen again. I guess the army monster ate them. I think that was the first time I saw 99 Anger. We became pretty close with them at that time. Great fucking band, they were. I don’t recall who was playing guitar for RUX at the time. Joohyun was on bass -also very skinny and quite the stage presense too boot- and I think I remember 99Anger’s drummer drumming for that. That was the first time I saw Sharon and totally fell goo-goo for her for a couple of weeks. But she was doing Jonghee at the time so it didn’t matter. I remember she started learning how to play drums later that month, Jonghee was teaching her with the rickety set he had in his basement apartment. I don’t remember where the venue was. It was a big show with groups up from southern Korean cities so they couldn’t have it at Skunk Shithole for some reason -- needless to say that Skunk closed at that time anyway, which could account for why the show was at some other joint. There were zero foreigners there save for me, half of Paul and a mutual punk loving GI whose name escapes me at the moment and I should be fogged for it -- it started with an M, Paul, help me out! The only others that I would run into for a very long time were my later roommate and confidant, Burke, and two very, very beautiful young ladies that for some reason slowly disappeared from the scene. The seem only as whispers in my drunken memories now, but they were there. I became slightly close with one as a matter of fact. She ended up leaving Korea for San Francisco. I’ve lost touch and hope she is doing well -- she deserves it. She was an amazing artist.

Rawr, tagent!! In the end, I don’t remember the end of the show. I think we followed Sean(Hyun) and Nicole to the park or maybe a bar and got drunk.

I was so rejuvenated by this experience that soon after quit my job bartending and whoring to spend my time better with that pretty new shiney I had found, which had been under my nose the whole time and I should have been involved much earlier.

Jon, I have just typed this with quite the nasty ill hangover on my shoulders. So please excuse my poor use of letters. I’m sure if I sat down with a glass of tea, some ginseng, and a nude dwarf I would be able to better recall the past. However, being that everything, including real life, is rather hazy at the moment—we will have to make do with this for now.

—Joey

Top Ten Most Photogenic Punk Musicians

Jon Twitch

To give you an idea of what I look forward to when I shoot photos, here is the top ten list of people to photograph, in no particular order.



Tel/Chadburger

I've only seen him once, but he left quite an impression on me. By that I mean he left quite an impression on my glasses; I haven't been able to bend them back into the proper shape. This guy knows how to move and he doesn't stay on stage. Just make sure you don't get too close, or that's the end of your camera. Also, it's nice photographing someone with blond hair for once



Donghyuk/Samchung

Donghyuk has several things going for him. He usually wears white, including a white doo-rag. His movements on stage are very slow but convey a lot of power. Generally the crowd doesn't get too close or go too nuts, so you can get right up close. This means it's easy to get some very intimidating photos of this guy.



Jinseok/Skasucks

Of all the people on stage, Jinseok has the most visible character. His posture is interesting without resorting to cliché poses, and he moves exactly enough to be easy to photograph. Plus he usually whips out a sax for a few songs which always looks good. He's developed a very characteristic look; the only downside is that he's usually all dressed in black which doesn't work on camera well.

Skele/Bootbois

Whenever you watch Captain Bootbois, your eyes are instantly drawn to Skele. He generally shows up well in front of dark backgrounds because he usually wears white T-shirts and there's no hair getting in the way. Plus, you may have noticed he goes fucking nuts on stage. Even better, he doesn't always use a microphone, so when he belts along with the chorus there's no microphone getting in the way of his mouth, something that ruins shots with many other musicians.



Kiseok/Geeks

Of course I was going to mention the Geeks. The more you see them, the better you know exactly which moments they're going to jump. Usually he does four little hops followed by a big leap. Also, there are a lot of good crowd interaction shots on singalongs.



Victor/Things We Say

There are a lot of similarities between TWS and the Geeks, but Victor himself is much different for photographing. He's got his signature shuffle-and-kick move, and when he's not singing he's baring his teeth. The photo to aim for with Victor is with his foot kicked up in front of him and his teeth flashing at you.

Orc/ Blood Pledge

Blood Pledge doesn't play much anymore, but I try never to miss Orc on stage. He's big for a Korean, and he has this look that suits old nickname. Plus, when he sings he has some very unusual facial tics that are great to capture. Sadly, I always got the impression that he's a little sensitive about his appearance, which is too bad because he's one guy I really like to see on stage.



his



all members of Couch

It's hard to pick a member of Couch that's best for shooting. Hyunbum and Jongjae generally wear a lot of spikes and accessories. At times they will have their hair up in mohawks and dyed bright colours. Their movements are predictable but not rigid. Sharon is my favourite drummer to photograph because usually she has her hair dyed, and she wears unusual colours. Plus she looks oddly dainty playing drums, and she doesn't tilt her head to the side like most drummers do. Why do they have to do that, anyway?



Myunghwan/Gukdo

I like photographing Myunghwan for the same reason I like photographing Jongjae and Hyunbum of Couch: he dresses up and looks flashy in pictures. He's a little more active than them, so it's easy to get great photos.



Jonghee/Rux

Jonghee can be hit and miss, depending on what he's wearing. However, you know whenever you're watching him that something historical or controversial could happen at any moment. He goes between moving around and staying perfectly still, which is useful. Often he is joined on stage by other people to sing choruses. Hell, everyone sings along, which means shots of the crowd are great. My favourite time photographing him was at DGBD once when the drummer couldn't make it, so he filled in for him. He was wearing zombie makeup and basically rooted on the spot due to being behind the drums, so I got a ton of great photos of him.



Santa Goes to Hell

Jon Twitch

24 December 2008

Revellers and well-wishers on Christmas Eve were surprised when Old Saint Nick himself appeared at the alley entrance of Skunk Hell.

“Ho ho ho, what have we here?” bellowed Santa. “A punk rock show in Korea?”

Santa quickly explained that he was in country for his annual delivery run, but finished early and had a break. “All these boys and girls only ask Santa for pencil cases. It makes my job easy.”

As night spreads across the time zones, Santa follows, delivering presents in an east-to-west fashion. “I started with Australia, then I flew up through the Philippines, and right up to Korea. The south one, of course. Now I have a few hours to kill because it’s all heathens between here and Europe.”

He came inside in time for Pornotarium, but had to leave after a couple songs because of the noise. “Nothing against them at all,” he said quickly, “but their style of thrashy grindcore is hard on

poor old Santa’s ears. They do sound great, and their bass player bought me milk and cookies earlier.”

Santa recalls running into Verv when he first arrived, and says he will never forget the experience. “He introduced himself by telling me he’s a national socialist, and then gave me a tearful speech about how girls in North Korea are forced into prostitution,” he recounts, and as he laughs his belly shakes like a bowl full of jelly. “Ho ho ho, I still remember the first time I met him when he was only four years old. He got up to use the bathroom or something and caught me putting presents under the tree. Santa was feeling kind of naughty that night, so I told him, ‘Beat it, kid—I’m just here to bang your mom.’ And the best part is he totally doesn’t remember!”

I asked him if he remembered all of us, at which point his face darkened. If you’ve ever seen an angry Santa, it’s more frightening than you could imagine.

“1989,” he said tersely. “In front of Sears in West Edmonton Mall. A certain ten-year-old Jon

Twitch sits in my lap, says ‘You’re not Santa!’ and tugs off my bears. Yeah, that was me. I was getting chemo. Not cool. Seriously, not cool. I needed that job.”

As we had to move aside to let a car down the alley, I switched topics by asking Santa for his thoughts on the commercialisation of Christmas.

“Ho ho ho, it’s no worry,” he said. “You know, this is how I wanted it all along. You know all those Jesus freaks see a problem with the decorated trees and the riots at Walmart. Well, that guy really should get his own holiday. He wasn’t even born this time of year. December 25 is whose birthday? That’s right—it’s Santa’s birthday. If there was any justice, this day would be called Clausmas Eve.”

The last I saw of Santa, he was pumping his fist in the air to Samchung and riding Never Daniel’s back as if he was a reindeer. Then he disappeared up the chimney to get on with his deliveries (I bet you didn’t even know Skunk had a chimney). Merry Clausmas everybody!

Ten Bands that should reunite

10) Egg Scramble — Now I’m not much into ska-punk, but this group was fairly young and if they’d kept learning more music they could’ve gotten pretty good. Maybe they’ll be back in the future, maybe in other bands but they better keep the uniforms.

9) Shorty Cat — It’s easy to criticise a band for capitalising on girliness in order to get attention. Most Shorty Cat shows were an even mix of teenage girls and foreign guys in the back trying to decide which band member they’d be most likely to do. Still, Shorty Cat did what they were supposed to and they doubtless inspired a ton of future bands, and it would be nice to see them back together.

8) Pippi Band — Kind of before my time, but I wouldn’t mind seeing this band. They were the ones who got in trouble during a live performance, when one of the members spat at a camera, right? A little silly in this post Music Camp age, but it would be nice to see more bands from that age still around.

7) Choke Slammers — These guys played very few shows, and I never figured out who was the guy in the Mexican wrestler mask. They were closely connected with Re/Animator, another band that should get back together. But only one of these two bands involves a Mexican wrestler mask.

6) Oi Broker — A short-lived oi band fronted by everyone’s favourite Korean skinhead Jiwoong, they played a few shows with the equally short-lived label Hon Records. However, Jiwoong belonged on stage, and it’s a shame he’s never been back, aside from guest vocals for one or two Dirty Small Town shows, in which he showed us what the band should have been like.

5) Ghetto Bombs — These guys were getting pretty big, with their own KTF ad and high-profile performances. Then something happened, I’m guessing prescription-related, but it’s a shame they haven’t been talked about in a while. I guess bassist Joohyun might be a little busy with his new project Galaxy Express now, but it would be nice to see these guys again.

4) MR27 — Of all the bands on the list, this is the one I’m most confident of seeing again. Burke will be back. He knows he can’t stay away from this country.

3) Couch — Are they even gone? I think their drummer is in Japan or something, but I’m not sure. They are definitely a classic Korean band that will go down in infamy as Korea’s most hated punk band. We need more of that. Bring them back.

2) Jiraltan99 — Jiraltan99 was a skinhead band fronted by Seungpa before he went into the skinhead retirement plan: rockabilly. Well, he’s still a skinhead until he gets those tattoos removed. After he left, they continued on as Dirty Small Town, but that band was a shadow of their former greatness. Hell, it doesn’t have to be Jiraltan99, just get Seungpa on a stage again.

1) Seoul Penetrators — Seoul’s self-declared best rock band, these guys proved that dressing in drag and covering ‘80s songs doesn’t take a lot of talent. Eerily, there’s another foreigner band who has taken on the name Penetrators, but they seem totally unrelated to the previous band.

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 mi-

crophones. 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.

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 sojs 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 soj, 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 Furrries

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 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 Junhee magazine. What exactly was this place?

Final Stretch

Once we got back on the road, I 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

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

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 two young children to pose for a photo. Instead all I got were shots of them cow-

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 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 nar-

row 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.



Married to the Band

Jon Twitch

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

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

Jeff: Before I started ...Whatever That Means, I hadn't played in any bands in Korea, but when Trash and I started talking about having a big punk show after our wedding, I decided there was no way I was gonna help put on a big show with all those great bands and not play. I had a couple songs written and figured I could throw something together as a one-time thing. When we started lining up bands and made the flyer for the show, I still didn't know who I was going to be playing with so the flyer listed all the real bands followed by, "and Jeff...whatever that means" I ended up playing with Honggu, my co-worker Shawn and best man Ric. It was pretty fun, and Honggu and I decided we wanted to keep playing after I got back from



the honeymoon. Trash replaced Shawn right after we got back in Korea, and then, since Ric was only here for the wedding, we started looking for a new lead guitar player, and they actually turned out to be pretty scarce. We ended up randomly finding Alex through an ad we placed on Dave's ESL, but it was obvious he would be a good fit pretty quickly, and then we finally had a lineup we could work with.

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

Jeff: I don't know his username. He just called me when he saw the ad. Don't worry though. Alex isn't the average Dave's user. He doesn't spend all his free time on there complaining about how hard his easy teaching job is. Actually, he's not even an English teacher. He has a real job working for an international shipping company here in Korea, and when you work at the average, inefficient Korean office, you have a lot of spare time to kill. That's what he was doing when he was looking around on Dave's and saw our ad.

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

Jeff: Well, Trash and I aren't the average married couple. By that, I mean that we ac-

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

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

Jeff: So far I've been the idea guy for the band. Everything I write is really simple with a few basic power chord progressions and simple melodies. Then I show them to everyone at practice. We get the basics of it down and start arranging and perfecting it together. Honggu adds accents with the drums. Trash makes up bass lines and harmonies. Alex writes leads and solos...so even though I write the songs initially, the final product is something we make together, and I think that's the best way to do it, and like I said before, so far we have six songs completely written and arranged and a few more in the works.

I did write two of them for Trash. The song, "Never be the Same" is about the afternoon Trash called me

and said she bought her wedding dress. It was one of those really happy and totally scary moments. I'd had the music for the song for a while and didn't know what to write the words about, but after she called, it all came out pretty quickly. "More Than Ordinary" is the other song I wrote for her. It started as a simple melody in my head during our honeymoon and is about how great our life is together.

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

Jeff: I don't mind calling her Trash. It seems totally normal to me. Sometimes, when we're having a really serious talk, I'll call her Jeong-Ah, but for the most part I call her Trash.

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

though they love her now and always mispronounce Jeong-Ah, they still refuse to call her Trash.

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

Jeff: First, while nobody has officially used the words "broke up" for BBLT, they are inactive right now. They're not practicing together and are in other, new bands. As for how we compare with BBLT, we are really different. BBLT was a pretty straight forward pop-punk band. I mean, I think they could be easily compared to bands like Blink-182 or A New Found Glory. Now, I'm sure we'll end up being labeled a pop-punk band, but I would put us in a different category than bands like that. I'd compare us to bands that are melodic but still kind of aggressive like Face to Face, Gob or Social Distortion, and I don't really think of them as "pop-punk" To me, it's just melodic punk...but maybe I'm just grasping at straws because I've never wanted people to say that I'm in a pop-punk band. Haha.

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

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



SUPPORT YOUR SCENE!!

A letter to all the young punks:

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

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

우리의 씬을 지켜나갑시다!!

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



Purging in the Park

Jon Twitch

Last summer, the Purge Movement began when Jeff and Trash of ...Whatever That Means teamed up with Jonghee of Rux and Byeongjae of the Swindlers to revive the punk scene. They scheduled a series of free shows in Hongdae Playground, promoting punk bands to people who'd never been exposed to them before. Will it work? We'll see. They're shut down for the winter, but they'll be ready next spring.

Broke: On the Purge Movement Facebook page, you say "Tap dancers need not apply" What's your problem with tap dancers? Racist.

Jeff: Yes, I am racist against tap dancers... when they are in obnoxious cover bands who come to Hongdae Park almost every single day, play the same set of cover songs over and over again, and are the only exposure way too many people have to live music. In that instance, yes, I am racist against tap dancers.

Broke: Fair enough. So, who started Purge and why?

Jeff: Trash and I had been trying to find a place where we could put on a small outdoor festival last spring/summer. Unfortunately, we couldn't find a place where we could do it for an affordable price. Then one night, we were having a conversation with Jonghee (Rux) in the park about the state of music in Korea. We agreed on a few basic things.

1. The Soundbox (the tap dancing, beat boxing cover band in the park) sucks. They were kind of intriguing at first, but once we realized they were going to come to the park almost every day to play the same cover songs over and over, we hated them.

2. The punk scene was in a bit of a lull. Over the past couple years, things had really quieted



down. There was still a good amount of hardcore bands and a few scattered punk and ska bands, but we weren't satisfied with the state of things.

3. The average Korean doesn't know anything about music except the K-Pop they see on TV. They just aren't ever exposed to anything else. We wanted to bring the punks back out of the woodwork, support unity amongst the punks, hardcore kids, ska bands, etc. and expose people to what was out there and let them know there is good original music in Korea in the hopes that they would enjoy, and seek out, more of it.

Broke: I agree with you that the punk scene is in a lull. What's your view on the Korean punk scene currently?

Jeff: I definitely don't think the scene disappeared, but I do think it was less prevalent. When I got to Korea, you couldn't help but see the punk scene in Hongdae. It just wasn't like that anymore. Also, over the last few years, things inside the scene became a lot more divided. Hardcore bands played with hardcore bands. Pop-punk bands played with pop-punk bands and so on. We wanted to help

put an end to that, bring people together and help the scene grow larger.

Broke: Why shows in the park?

Jeff: Well, once we realized our initial goals, it was the obvious choice. Where do people who already love this kind of music hang out? The Park. Where can you find large groups of random people looking for a good time on weekends? The Park. How can we get people to stop watching The Soundbox? Play shows in the park at the same time.

Broke: For that matter, there's a lot going on in the park. At the shows I've seen, the Purge bands have been competing with people who have fire, drum circles, rappers, etc. How do you feel about sharing the space with all of them?

Jeff: The park is for everyone. If they want to do stuff while we are, that's fine. At the 2nd show, we actually started a little later to make sure that we didn't interrupt the traditional Korean drummers/dancers who were performing. That's not really a kind of music we're into, but I think it's fair to say that it's stood the test of time. Haha. But yeah, if people want to do other stuff, it's fine. We

get there early to make sure we can lay claim to our spot, and then it's a free-for-all after that.

Broke: What do you need to do in order to put on a Purge show in the park?

Jeff: We rent all the equipment from Aura's practice room, and we rent a generator. Then, we either need to rent a van to move it all or find someone who has access to a car. The whole thing costs about 200,000-250,000Won. Every band that plays pays an equal percentage of the bill for that night. That's also why we have a donation box. We're hoping to be able to buy some of the more fragile equipment, like microphones, speaker cables, in the near future so we don't have to worry about reimbursing the practice room if they get messed up.

The other thing is being mindful of what's going on in the clubs, especially at Club Spot since it's right next to the park. We don't want to have free events that negatively affect the clubs that support the scene. The Purge Movement is supposed to expose people to music and encourage them to go to the clubs. That's why we started

having the shows on Sundays. When we decide to have a Saturday show, it's because there isn't much going on that weekend at the clubs.

Broke: You've had four shows so far. Are you satisfied with them?

Jeff: It's been a lot of fun. For me, I see these as more than just regular shows. For most of the people who see The Purge Movement in the park, it's their first exposure to this kind of stuff. It's like an advertisement so we've worked really hard to show them different styles of good underground music at every show and let them know about where they can see these same bands, and bands like them, on other weekends. I think we've been pretty successful in that right. Also, when I see the huge difference in age from the youngest kids who are watching with their parents and mimicking the drummers, to the drunken old man dancing around, and they're all having a great time, I feel like that's something to be satisfied with as well.

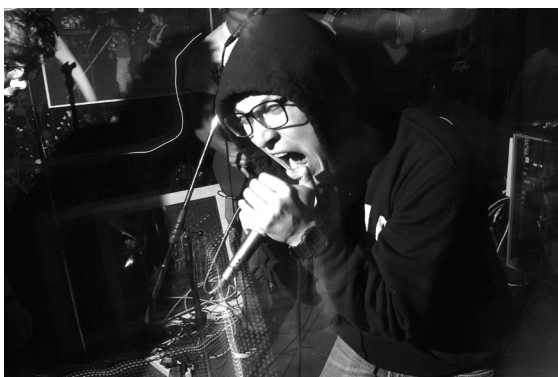
Broke: So, next Purge show is spring 2011? What does the new year hold for Korean underground music?

Jeff: The basic goals are the same. We want to expose people to what is out there and promote unity amongst all the kids in the scene. We do have hopes/plans to get some of Hongdae's "bigger" bands involved. In Korea, reputation and association is really important, and I think that when the random people watching see that some of the lesser-known local bands are playing with bands that they're heard of, that will really be a good thing and help them take the whole thing a little more seriously. When it comes down to it, I'm just really looking forward to the cold weather ending doing this again next year.

Opening Your Eyes

Jon Twitch

Lead singer of Shellback and organiser for Open Your Eyes, Cliff is one of those guys our music scene can't afford to lose. I asked him a few questions about his duties as a promoter, and here's what he said.



Broke: Sometimes the Korean underground scene seems like a losing battle. Is it a burden to support the scene as much as you do?

Cliff: Not at all. It's not like I have that much going on for me other than my girlfriend, Open Your Eyes, Shellback and hardcore. It's a losing battle worth fighting. What else am I going to do? I've got zero real artistic talent.

Broke: What is the mission of Open Your Eyes? Do you feel it's been successful? Cliff: That moment when everyone exploded on stage during Bane's set in DBGD when Aaron started singing Can We Start Again; that's our mission. OYE is just a

name for the entire scene we represent over here. It's a way to get some legitimacy in my opinion. A couple years back it was Jesse and Ki Seok booking shows. Nowadays it's everyone who wants to get involved and be a part of something. That's a win in my book.

Broke: You've helped bring a lot of bands to Korea. Will this keep going indefinitely? Is there anything on the horizon?

Cliff: Absolutely. I'm here for the long run. Right now we're looking at a big

year in 2011. We're working on Open Your Eyes Fest 2011 in conjunction with Greg Bennick (ex Trial) to support <http://www.100showsforhaiti.com>. We're looking forward to working with Jeff of ...Whatever That Means to bring over Kids on the Move from Malaysia, Nev-in's band Criminals Minds from Beijing emailed us about coming as well as several other bands. It's going to be another great year for Seoul City Punk and Hardcore.

Broke: I imagine it must

be a handy shortcut being a promoter and having your own band. What other bands do you enjoy working with when it comes to putting on shows?

Cliff: It is, absolutely. I mean without the stepping stone of Open Your Eyes it really would have been more of an uphill battle for Shellback; but being in a band here is a challenge regardless. I mean if we sucked we wouldn't be playing as many shows as we have regardless of who I know or whatever. My guys in Shellback worked their asses off to get where we are.

As far as other bands I love all the bands on Townhall Records and Jeff and Trash in ...Whatever That Means. Pretty much my adopted family here in Seoul.

Broke: What is keeping the Korean music scene down? Is there anything we can do to fix it? Or is it broken?

Cliff: I'm not even sure if I would agree it's broken.

It's just in a different stage at the moment. I mean the Purge Movement Shows in the Park were pretty epic. Playing that nowhere bar in Hoegi with Brothers of the Hole was wild as fuck. We played a few shows in Busan and Daegu and they were raw as all hell. I mean you can't expect to keep playing the same show with the same five bands and expect it to be amazing every single time. Bands need to get out of their comfort zone and mix it up. Look at Banran blowing up this year; perfect example of what I'm talking about. Korea's scene isn't dead; it's just not where most people are looking.

Broke: Where do you see Korean underground music in five years?

Cliff: Who the fuck knows. I fully expect Chadburger to be an Arena Rock Band by then though. By the way Tel loves puppies and does flower arrangements to relax after a long day at work. Not even kidding.



Exactly how I remember it: all the white people staying outside.

Evicted in Korea



Jon Twitch

Leave Korea for a few months and come back, and Seoul is unrecognisable. The urban renewal process in this city is swift, anti-nostalgic, and unstoppable. The struggle behind all this was brought to light on 20 January 2009, a police raid on rooftop where evictees were protesting resulted in a fire leading to five civilian deaths and one police death. Since then, urban renewal has become a national issue as people slowly take notice of the places being destroyed around them and the lives being destroyed along with them. One such place is right up the street from Hongdae Station, just a few meters out exit 4.

Originally a triangular-shaped collection of buildings, now only three remain: a police station, an old empty hanok, and a three-storey building, the front door of which is always wide open. That's Dooriban, a small restaurant and the last remaining opponent to the renewal plan. The other floors were vacated, so Dooriban has taken over their spaces, converting the third floor into a live music venue. Ever

since February, they've had weekly Friday shows, Monday street concerts, and Tuesday documentary screenings.

Dooriban originally opened in 2005. The next year, Mapo District Office authorised a redevelopment plan for the area, and building owners started selling to developers. In 2007 the new landowners began telling tenants they had to leave. According to Jo Yakgol, a frequent face at Dooriban, they told tenants to negotiate, and if they resist they will end up with less money.

According to a strange law (지구단위개발계획, probably misspelled [you get what you pay for]), the area being redeveloped is too small to be properly protected by law, so the developers do not have the responsibility to properly compensate the monthly rent payers. According to Jo, the developers claimed they were nice people, and they were willing to pay tenants when it wasn't necessary. The owner of Dooriban, Ahn Jongnyeo was reportedly offered a 3-million won compensation deal, not even enough to relocate the business. Worse hit was the owner of a Latin dance academy,

who eventually moved away without receiving a single penny.

The tenants of the area started a committee to oppose the deal they were getting. The lawsuit lasted two years, during which time most tenants gave up their claims, until only Dooriban was left.

The situation worsened on Christmas Eve 2009, when a team of 30 hired goons started destroying Dooriban. They dragged customers outside, along with Ahn's husband Yoo Cherim, a part-time worker, and the cook. Then, as Jo describes it, "Stuff got broken." Right after everyone was pulled out, the goons set up metal fences around the building, blocking them from getting back in.

According to Ahn, this was a "death sentence." She had invested everything in this business.

She came back on Christmas Day at night and cut off the metal wires that support the metal fences and opened the main gate, and began a sit-in.

"It was a critical period when they cracked open the metal fences and started the sit-in," says Jo.

Meanwhile, Jo, who re-

lated most of this story to me, was busy with his own problems. He had lived in Yongsan and become part of the protest there, during which time he heard about the struggle at Dooriban. When he left, he joined the Dooriban protest, including a one-week sit-in at Mapo District Office.

The demands of Dooriban's owner are simple. Their livelihood was violated, and they need relocation money so they can continue to work.

But they're not looking for a fight. "Peaceful negotiation is the only way," says Jo. "We kinda succeeded in making this Dooriban struggle a big issue. They can't solve this problem violently by sending thugs or beating the shit out of people."

Banners hang on the outside of the Dooriban building, decrying GS Construction, with the idea that if anything happens people will point their fingers at GS Construction. "If you have victims, their commercial name gets tarnished."

Although GS is behind the redevelopment plan, the current situation is being handled by Namjeon DNC, which Jo describes as a "phantom company,"

created to take the bad publicity in place of GS. GS won't step in until the land is cleared, and Namjeon DNC will disappear. They have no employees, no phone number, and no address.

"If you dig down deeper it gets really dirty," says Jo. He says that Namjeon borrowed 86 billion won from Nonghyup Bank, due back this year, and if they don't pay it back, GS will.

And Dooriban will live to see 2011. Following the disastrous Yongsan eviction in January, a law has been enacted to prevent forceful evictions during the winter season. As winter legally started on 4 December, it is hopeful Dooriban will be safe for the foreseeable future, despite the efforts of GS and Namjeon DNC.

"They tried many times this year, they made many threats," says Jo. They cut off electricity and water, and the owner of Dooriban installed solar panels on the roof that provide power for the whole building (although a gas generator is for concerts).

"The Dooriban people were lucky," Jo says. A variety of artists, musicians, novelists, and poets joined the struggle in solidarity. Every day and night, people visit Dooriban, bringing their own food and drink since the kitchen is no longer open.

Now that Dooriban has gotten so much attention, their situation is more stable. "If we see more people coming to this place, it's going to make it hard for land owners to send thugs here," explains Jo. "Participation is crucial. We know [the developers] know how many people come here every day."

If you're in a band, you can contact Dongmin or Daham of Murmur's Loom about playing a show at Dooriban. If you're an individual, they need a lot of supplies to last the winter due to the lack of heating, including blankets and food. "We need everything to survive here," says Jo.

Namjeon DNC was unavailable for comment.

Victory in Hongdae

Dooriban reaches settlement with GS Construction; set to close

Jon Twitch

Good news, everybody! One of Hongdae's most active live clubs is shutting down! Wait...isn't that a bad thing?

"It's regrettable that we're losing this venue and cultural place," says Hwang Kyungha of No Control, "but we came out victorious."

Dooriban has been involved in a struggle with GS Construction, who have plans to raze the area and build overtop. But finally, an agreement has been reached.

"After 531 days of struggle, we won," says Jo Yakgol, another member of the sit-in, who joined after he was evicted from his own home in Yongsan.

On 8 June, the owners of Dooriban, Ahn Jong-yuh and her husband Yoo Cherim reached a compensation agreement with GS. The deal was signed at a public ceremony attended by Mapo police and government officials, which guarantees that GS will honour the agreement or face a fine.

"This is victory and we feel sad," says Jang Pyha of Bamseom Pirates.

The fate of Dooriban has been set. "We gathered for the urban renewal but we got what we want, the owners got what they want," says Pyha.

Pyha has been heavily involved in Dooriban's struggle, creating *자립음악가협동조합* (Independent Musician Cooperation) to support the sit-in, and give bands an affordable place to practice and have shows.



Dooriban sits in the shadows of highrises next to Hongdae AREX Station.

"We have been trying to create a commune-like atmosphere where everyone is welcome," explains Jo. "The commune-like atmosphere gave us strength to maintain the struggle."

This strategy led Dooriban to becoming an important community center for artists, musicians, and activists to gather. When I stopped by, on the night of Wednesday, 15 June, the place was filled with organisers of Hongdae. Along with Jo and Pyha, there was the owner of Kuchu Camp and members of Danpyunsun. "We have activists, we have organisers, we have a whole lot of people," says Jo.

"Established activists, left-wing musicians, and the culture were what led to our success," says Hwang. "Many people visited

Dooriban to see performances, which prevented its demolition."

"And the enemies, the construction company, knew about it," continues Jo, "and so they had to close the deal with us, otherwise you know, they know and we know and everyone knows, that the sit-in struggle will continue until we get what we want."

"We fought against something to get what we want," says Pyha, "but now we achieved it, so there's no reason to gather anymore in this place."

"The money's not important," admits Jo, "but they paid enough money to open a new Korean food restaurant in this neighbourhood."

With a reasonable resettlement package, Dooriban can afford to move into a new building. The new location is going to be

near Hongdae main gate.

"But that's just a noodle store," says Pyha.

"I don't expect to see its current cultural role continue," says Hwang, "but it was a beautiful combination of art and social issues that will be stamped in our memories forever."

"We can't gather like now," says Pyha, who has made much use of the third floor event room and the second floor sleeping room. "We can't do that, so that's sad."

"But we shouldn't be stuck in the past," says Hwang. "We should look to the future."

"I want to continue doing public performances with Dooriban," says Vad Hahn of Amature Amplifier and Yamagata Tweakster, "but the land price and housing price and

monthly rent are too large, and it is impossible. Dooriban is a *kalguksu* restaurant first. If it is possible to get a building with a performance space, it would be good."

According to Jo, Yoo Cherim (though I really couldn't tell who he was gesturing at) plans to open a new club to maintain the momentum Dooriban has built up. Also, the Independent Musician Cooperation has begun managing a new club, *대공분실* (or DGBS) at the Korea National University of Arts campus.

This small victory for Dooriban is a major victory for all people in Korea who face eviction with unfair compensation. It's also the end of a short but significant era in Korean underground music. What happens next is up to all of us.

Stephen Epstein, Docu Doc

Jon Twitch

Future documentarian Stephen Epstein had just moved back to Korea, living in the town of Seongnam. Following a tip from a friend, he made the long trek—first of many—up to Hongdae to find the legendary punk club.

“It was a long trip,” he recalls, “an hour and 45 minutes, to get up to Drug. But the first night I was there, and I still remember the first night, it was Gum, 18Cruk, and Crying Nut, and as soon as I walked in it’s like I have finally found my spiritual home in Korea.”

The year is 1998, and a young(er than now) Stephen Epstein is in Korea for the umpteenth time, but this time it’s different: this time, Korea has a punk scene.

“Gum, their set was just very high energy,” he continues. “They were doing a cover of a Riverdales song. They were great. And 18Cruk was a lot of fun. And then Crying Nut came on, and I was just blown away.”

Dr Epstein recently returned to Korea yet again, and at the urging of some friends he decided to dig up “Our Nation,” the documentary he’d made on the Korean punk scene of the late ‘90s. I met up with him early June 2011 for some naengmyeon and nostalgia about his decades in Korea.

As it turned out, he’d just celebrated the 25th anniversary of the first time he’d stepped foot on the Korean peninsula. “I’m really someone who’s been back and forth,” he explains. “A sabbatical three months here and three months there. But if you add it all up, in the past 25 years I’ve probably spent well a quarter of my life, probably somewhere between six and seven years at this point. Maybe if you took total passport entrances, I’m getting up to 70, perhaps 75.”

Back in the salad days of his youth, before there was Korea, he cultivated an interest in punk. He first discovered punk in 1977, and witnessed it firsthand on his first overseas trip, to England.



Stephen Epstein (middle left) showed up for a screening of “Our Nation” at Dooriban, where he met Jang Pyha (left). Kim Soyoung, one of Korea’s foremost film studies scholars (middle right), and Mahbub Alam, star of *Bandhobi* and a director, actor, and migrant activist (right).

“Just seeing the people on the street, espousing the punk thing was enticing and intimidating at the same time,” he recalls. “I still remember the first time I heard Joe Jackson, the Police, the Buzzcocks. Now the Police seem completely dated, but the first time if you’d been hearing mostly Led Zeppelin and Fleetwood Mac, hearing Roxanne in a record store was a complete revelation.” He spent the ‘80s as an undergrad at Berkeley, where he played in a few bands.

Somehow, he came to Korea, a country with nothing resembling a punk scene. “Coming here in the late ‘80s was such a fascinating time,” he recalls.

In 1989–90 he spent nine months here studying at Yonsei University. “It was such a great year for me,” he reminisces, “but the one thing I just couldn’t stand the music that was playing ambiently. In the 1980s there was just Korean pop. Regardless of what you think of K-pop now, it’s come a long way.

Terrible K-pop was ubiquitous in the ‘80s, pumped into and every possible public space

without regard to musical taste. “So if you went out with friends, you’d be in a cafe and the music would make me...blughh,” says Epstein.

He recalls one discouraging musical encounter when he took a bus with some friends out to Seorak Mountain. “We went out to Seoraksan and I happened to have tapes of my band, and we got the bus driver to put them on. It was a little weird even for me, but my friends wanted to hear it, but within like three minutes everyone else on the bus was saying ‘What is this? Turn it off!’ Even though [my band] wasn’t totally aggressive, for Korea it was punk.”

Korea has certainly come a long way since then, and I’m not talking just about music. “You gotta remember there were other larger factors to think about in what Korea was like in ‘89–90,” Epstein explains. “It was just post-democratisation, post Olympics... they still had a loooooong way to go. The first time I went to Seoul [University] I couldn’t get on campus because the tear gas was just too strong. And passport requirements were only just liberalis-

ing; people were only starting to have more opportunities to get overseas.”

At the end of his term, he moved away, sad to leave Korea, but grateful to hear good music again. “If I’d had like-minded people to play with I would have gotten into it,” he admits. “If Drug had been in existence and I could have gotten to attend, I might never have left.”

When he came back in 1998, he got a tip from a former Yonsei classmate, Mike Shin, now a professor of Korean history in Cambridge, about a new punk club in a university district called Hongdae.

“Back in those days it was pretty rare to have another foreigner show up,” he says, “so the first night I went I was the only foreigner who was there.”

Drug was essentially a former cafe that had turned into Korea’s original punk venue through serendipity. As the cafe furnishings were smashed, they weren’t replaced, and the place slowly began to resemble a dungeon.

“One of the things I would say about the early days of Drug the space,”

he says, “I kinda liked that it was such a, you know, crappy space essentially, such a dive, but I found that really congenial.”

Back then, Drug typically had four shows a week: Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights.

“The other thing about getting into the scene then,” he goes on, “was it was just so friendly, and I felt immediately made welcome.”

Most of the bands from those days don’t exactly sound like what we currently know as punk anymore. The bands were sensitive of this, so they coined the term “Chosun Punk.” Epstein explains what that is: “Imagine you’re listening to all this crap music for all your life, and then suddenly over the course of one year, somebody introduces you to Nirvana, the Sex Pistols, Green Day, Led Zeppelin, all at once, and what’s the music you’re gonna make? I think having grown up in the US I have this very strong sense of chronology and how rock music developed, but [in Korea] it got thrown into a blender, and it’s like ‘okay, we’re taking all

of this and making this sound and we really can't call ourselves a punk band, but it's fresh, new, exciting, and that's where the whole Chosun Punk think came out."

Even though it may not have sounded punk, the lyrics were punk. Songs like "Seagull" by Crying Nut talked about freedom and breaking away. "That represented a very particular Korean punk spirit," says Epstein.

As he got to know the people and the bands, so he began writing about the great musical community he'd discovered in Korea.

"The whole time I was there thinking this is so fascinating, how did this get to Korea when 8 years ago I couldn't even imagine that there would be anything like this?" he says. "And then I thought the best way to get this out is if I make a great documentary, people would be interested in seeing this. It was just like this is my music, this is where I hang out."

He called up his old friend Tim Tangherlini and suggested they co-produce a documentary on Korean punk. "It took him about three seconds to say hell yeah," says Epstein. Tangherlini was a professor at UCLA who was likewise into Korean studies, as well as one of Epstein's closest friends. "We made up the rhythm section of our band back at Berkeley," says Epstein. "I was the bassist he was the drummer."

They filmed in June 1999. This led to many long days of travelling all around from his home in Ansan to meet up with people and do interviews.

"One difference now, and this is kind of the weird one, is sometimes it was a little harder to get in touch with people then," Epstein recalls. "Now you've got multiple media. [In 1999] people had cell phones but also the scene the people involved were a lot younger, and a couple times we had interviews set up and we get there and they just flaked out and they forgot or whatever, couldn't get a hold of them, things like that."

Some of the interviews he did complete included the top bands of the day.

"The guys from Crying

Nut were very endearing and they came across really well," he says. Another band he interviewed was Korea's first all-girl punk band, Supermarket. "We wanted to say something about the fact that there was an all-female band and gender issues. We did do 18Cruk but we didn't get exactly a good interview with them. The lead singer of 18Cruk was really inarticulate. It's funny because I think there was a big difference between some of the people in the scene, like if you listen to the lead singer from Supermarket, she sounds almost like she's a graduate student in sociology, whereas the lead singer from 18Cruk was just like wuhh bleh. Also what we were looking for is compelling personalities people to tell a story around."

Lots of other people who were interviewed never made it into the finished project. One such example was Sun Hee Won, who's now with Third Line Butterfly. "He did actually a pretty good interview but it really didn't fit with the rest of the stuff," Epstein admits. Another victim of the cutting-room floor was a long interview he did with an "older woman" who had some interesting things to say. "She was probably already in her mid 20s and back then that was old," says Epstein.

One of the interviews that did make it in was with Lee Seokmoon, nicknamed Ajeosshi, the original owner of Drug. "Ajeosshi I felt like we needed to include because he had an interesting relationship to the place," Epstein says. "He was around most nights. He's a friendly guy. There are some people who had issues with him, but I liked him."

At the time, Rux and some of the other original Skunk bands were already playing shows, but not at Drug. Ajeosshi had control over who played there, opting for his own exclusive stable of bands without giving new bands a change. This even famously led to a fistfight between him and Paul Brickey, then guitarist of Rux. "It's not like he was an evil capitalist or anything, or any Malcolm McLaren figure," Epstein

says of Ajeosshi. "He was just trying to keep it going."

But notably absent from the documentary is information about the blossoming punk scene outside Drug, a fact alluded to even by some of the interviewees, who said that Drug wasn't where the punks hang out anymore.

As Drug closed its doors to new talent, new punk bands formed new alliances, leading to labels and crews like Skunk, GMC, BPJC, and MF Crew. "Bands who weren't able to get in who were trying to organise their own shows would often try to look more punk in a sense," says Epstein. "So there was that and it was also partly the sense of 'okay, it's being controlled who's playing,' and also with the increasing popularity of Crying Nut, people were coming as fans."

This is talked about in the documentary by David, a Korean-Canadian who played with the Goonies. "I went from being this oasis for him as like this transnational kid at Seoul International School who's really into punk who found this is where he belongs, and then you get screaming high school girls," Epstein was sure to include footage of the throngs of schoolgirls in their uniforms screaming at a Lazybone gig in Drug to drive the point home.

With 17 hours of footage finished, it was time to begin on post-production work. "In making a documentary, one of the things I'd say is that preproduction was fun and the filming was gruelling but also enjoyable," he says, "but post-production is a hell of a lot of work."

The first rough cut wasn't ready until the end of 2000, and it wasn't finished until 2001, and released until 2002. The most time-consuming task was logging the material. "Just going through and making sure that I knew what was in each five seconds so we could pull up what we needed when we wanted it, yeah, that took a long time."

By the time it came out, the scene had already changed dramatically. Crying Nut was in

the army, and Rux was the main band holding up the punk scene. "From '99 to 2005 and from Drug to Skunk Hell, [the punk scene] went from being more punk to less punk to more punk again," says Epstein.

He admits the documentary didn't always get a glowing reception due to its poor timing. "In 2001 and 2002 people who knew something would say, 'you know these guys are representing something that is really dated,'" Epstein admits. "And then by 2002-2003, I was feeling more embarrassed about it."

The documentary is certainly filled with anachronisms. At a screening in Dooriban on 5 June, the audience smirked as Ajeosshi said: "This is Korea; we're not anarchists."

So, how does the documentary hold up in 2011? Everyone at Dooriban enjoyed it.

"I realise now we weren't trying to make a definitive statement about 'this is the Korean punk scene' or anything like that, but what we did do was capture June 1999," says Epstein. "So now when I look back at it, it's to me this great historical document that I'm real grateful for, because it gives a sense of Korea at a different phase of its development."

"I would've loved if we could've done documentaries every five years," Epstein says. "It would've been nice to have '94-95, the earliest days of Crying Nut and Yellow Kitchen and No Brain and stuff like that. And a Skunk Hell documentary because some of those nights Rux could do a really great show."

We may have missed the boat on those, but a sequel is in the works right now. "What I want to capture in the new documentary is how Korea is becoming more transnational," he explains.

"Music in Korea's becoming more international from having been this insular scene. Then you've got foreigners coming into Korea but now Koreans have taken it in and they're exporting it back out. By the time of like 2004 more and more people knew more and more about

the punk scene and mp3s and people were getting exposed to all sorts of stuff and knew a lot and could differentiate between skatepunk and streetpunk and hardcore and this and that. The scene has gotten more diverse and diffuse, that you can't count on people showing up at any one given show."

He's hoping to get new stories about what's going on these days. He's also hoping to interview people from the original documentary to see where they are now. Unfortunately, he lost touch with Dohyun, one of the fans interviewed. "I had his cell phone number, I really wanted to give him the documentary, and people were changing their numbers more frequently back then, so we lost touch."

He also lost touch with Supermarket. "Unfortunately just because of names, Korea is just if you don't have like close networks, [you lose all contact]." If any readers of *Broke in Korea* know where to find a member of Supermarket, please contact us.

He's stayed in contact with some people from those days though. Some are Facebook friends, like Yongwon of Yellow Monster, formerly of Gum. And of course, Crying Nut. "They were really happy to see me," Epstein says.

Crying Nut is still huge, and they sell out almost all their shows. Epstein made sure to catch a couple of their shows. "The couple shows I've seen them at DGBD, they're still energetic, but it's not their old shows."

Back then, each show was unpredictable. But now, the sets follow a tight formula, giving the fans all the classic songs they scream for.

"And the other thing that kind of freaked me out," he recalls, "was standing with the guitarist, and this young woman fan probably in her early 20s comes up to him for an autograph."

"아저씨, 사인 해 주실래요?"

"Ajeosshi, can I have an autograph?"

"And it's like, 'oh we are no longer doing the cutting edge of youth culture,' he laughs.

Top Ten Korean Albums

Jon Twitch

Research for the Nonstop Body interview had me digging through my old CDs for their split with Lolita No 18. On the way, I found a ton of other CDs that I'd almost completely forgotten about. You may notice this list is a little light on hardcore, mainly because I don't understand the purpose of listening to it recorded.

10 Dirty Small Town - All Together Now EP

This shirt EP is the remaining legacy of skinhead band Dirty Small Town. Also, in a way, it's the last legacy of earlier skinhead band 지랄탄99, which spawned this band and broke up before ever putting out a recording anywhere in the league of All Together Now. This album throws six songs at you with an energy level that I wish more Korean punk bands could maintain. To be honest, they were hit-and-miss as a live band, and I never really figured out who the lead singer was supposed to be, but it all comes together perfectly on this album. Especially noteworthy is the anthem-worthy song "Working Hard." And thanks to them for teaching me the term 꼬추친구.

9 혈맹 - EP

Blood Pledge probably had a longer career than most

Korean bands, but they were never really active. The lead singer, who I nicknamed Orc while writing the first issue of Broke, was heavily influenced by Japanese Skinhead Samurai Spirit bands, and if Dirty Small Town reminds you of modern Japanese skinhead bands like Oi Valcans or Booted cocks, then Blood Pledge brings you back to the age of Miburo and Sledgehammer. The recording quality is basic, but never intrusive, and we're left with four classic songs in a style no other Korean band has ever been able to approach.

8 I&I Djangdan - Culture Tree EP

Although they later released a longer full-length, this one has the songs I crave. Korea's introduction to dub reggae, this album does more in five songs than it is later able to do with a full album. I only wish they'd stuck around longer, or at least influenced enough others to sustain a reggae scene in their absence.

7 Stretching Journey - S/T

These guys didn't last long enough, and right when people started taking notice, they broke up. This band featured Vad Hahn of Amature Amplifier and Yamagata Tweakster on bass and backing vocals. They released this one album independent-

ly, and when I first bought it I wasn't expecting it to be this great. Influenced in particular by classic Korean rock band Sanwoolim, this is one group that will certainly stand the test of time.

6 Captain Bootbois - All For One

Captain Bootbois are one of the cornerstone bands of the modern Korean punk scene. As their name suggests, they started as a relatively formulaic skinhead band, and over time they drifted toward metal, following labelmates like Samchung. This album, their first full-length, captures them at the apex of their oi phase; at this point most of the songs were several years old, but this is the best quality recording of them that exists. They later released a great split album with Samchung, but I think they're most memorable as Korea's flagship skinhead band.

5 Attacking Forces - Beer, Blood, and Boots

Attacking Forces beats out Captain Bootbois mainly for the staying power of their sound. Unlike most skinhead bands, Attacking Forces is pure fun, and this album wins extra point for expertly combining energetic crowdpleasers such as "Beer, Blood, and Boots," with some very affable slow songs that bring out

vocalist Park Yeongsoon's playful personality, such as "We Stand Proud Today." Attacking Forces continues to crank out songs in almost exactly the same style, and it never gets old.

4 명령27호 - Songs from the Six-Gun

Although these guys never got the attention they deserved, they did stick around to release this one album that falls somewhere between rockabilly, psychobilly, and punk. The recording quality is just right, and the backing vocals are excellent (yes, I was part of the chorus on a couple songs). Someday, everyone will spontaneously learn what good music is, and this album will be hailed for being ahead of its time.

3 Rux - 우린 어디로 가는가

Everyone has a favourite Rux album: usually it's the next one released after you start going to Korean punk shows. For me, it's their White Album, which contains all the songs I consider Rux classics. Admittedly there was something a bit off about the production quality, and there are probably about ten songs too many, but this album is the Rux I will always remember.

2 Suck Stuff - Rough Times Ahead

I struggled between this,

City Rebels, and the Singles Collection 2001-2005 for best Suck Stuff album. This was Paul's swan song before leaving for Iraq with the army, and it has him in top form on songs like "Rough Times Ahead" and "Where I Belong." Paul joined Suck Stuff at a high point in their life, and brought them in an exciting new direction. Although the real Suck Stuff will always be their older stuff like "Just Like a Punk Rocker" and "One Unity," it's this album that makes me miss the old days the most. Sadly, the album only contained ten songs (plus one secret track), and was deemed unfit as a full-length release.

1 We are the Punx in Korea - various artists

Above and beyond, this is the Korean punk Bible. No one has ever been able to replicate its greatness, its all-encompassing snapshot of the Korean punk scene. Just about every band that was active at the time contributed one and only one track, from streetpunk to hardcore, from ska-punk to skate-punk. There are many other bands on here who have been all but lost to time, but if someone were to ask me what Korean punk is about, I would probably shove this album in their hands.

Top Ten Most Offensive Korean Band Names

Jon Twitch

Korean band names tend to range from the raunchy to the outright offensive. Sometimes this is an unintentional coincidence of poorly understood English words, sometimes it's an outright attempt at being offensive.

10) Rusty Belle: I haven't seen these guys around lately, so I have a feeling they may be on hiatus, but I recall this name making me inwardly cringe. It's either an old WWII bomber, or an obscure sex act. One part rusty trombone, one part bell end, it sends me to Urban Dictionary each time. Okay, it's not in there, so allow me to make up a definition. Rusty Belle: when a girl is receiving cunnilingus and she decides to soil herself. Sort of a female blumpkin, probably best not performed on a toilet.

9) Fuckers Everywhere: You'd think this defunct Chaos Class band would be higher on the list, but it doesn't accomplish much more than state the obvious. It's not even the most offensive Oxymoron song title; that would probably fall to "Don't Call Me Cunt."

8) Half Brothers: The Korean name 배다른 형제 is just offensive enough to turn the heads of most Korean speakers. It literally means half brothers who share a mother but not a father. Essentially, it's a taboo topic in Korea's relatively conservative society.

7) Samchung: Here's another band name that can turn a few heads. It sounds innocuous to most foreigners, but the name 삼청 comes from a prison camp open in the '80s when Korea's military dictatorship was at its worst, rounding up potential political rivals, dissenters, and the like. The full name, 삼청교육대, looks like a university at first, but that's not at all what it is. It's a name that gets a lot of different reactions depending on people's political stance, as it represents a dark page in Korea's history. It might be likened to naming your band after a Nazi concentration camp, or in the interest of moderation, maybe one of the Japanese internment camps of Canada or the US. Made more controversial by the likelihood that the right-wing members of Samchung mean the name as a tribute

to the prison.

6) Suck Stuff: One of the better known of the random-bad-English-word bands, Suck Stuff has no discernible literal meaning, as confirmed by lead singer Yoo Chulhwan. Exactly what type of stuff is being sucked is left entirely up to the imagination.

5) Skasucks: These guys rank higher on the list simply because there is a coherent message in the band name, that ska is a lousy genre of music. A somewhat controversial statement that the band members themselves don't agree with, lead singer Ryu Jinseok confirmed to me that he thought it was a nonsensical phrase with no more meaning than Suck Stuff. There was an attempt to subvert the coherent meaning by combining the two words into one.

4) Cock Rasher: An obvious nod to Cock Sparrer, one of the band's earlier influences, but while Cock Sparrer clearly has to do with cockfighting, we can't quite picture a rooster getting a rash. So, we're left with an unpleasant skin condition in a private place. Caused by an infection? Caused by fric-

tion? That's a question probably best left unanswered. In the band's latter days, they distanced themselves from the original name, becoming The Cockrasher, but just like in the case of Skasucks, it doesn't distance itself from the original meaning.

3) Booted Cocks: Okay, they're not a Korean band, but they at least have played in Korea a few times. I just like the implications of this name, that the members of the band themselves are penises which have been injured by being kicked by someone. I'm sure they meant for it to be a tough-sounding name, but it ends up sounding kind of pitiful for them. Still, a great name, and the only band shirt I proudly wear is my Booted Cocks shirt.

2) Brothers of the Hole: It sounds innocuous enough, yet hints at a likely deeper meaning. Sure enough, Brothers of the Hole is a loose translation of 구멍동서, which was deemed too offensive to be officially used. The original Korean term is used to describe the relationship between two males who have had sex with the same woman, becoming

"brothers of the hole." Not exactly a pleasant situation, and perhaps linked somewhat to the previously mentioned Half Brothers. It's even more appropriate due to the fact there is at least one pair of brothers of the hole in the band itself.

1) Christfuck: There's no way any of the previous bands can compete with this, not even if they all team up and form an all-star band, likely named Half Brothers of the Rusty Cock Sucks Reskducation Camp. Although Christfuck has no imaginable literal meaning, it's the kind of word that you'd only ever use when you get both your hands sliced off in a threshers. It's one of our most sacred words crammed together with one of our most profane. While I can't imagine any Christian who can tolerate this name, I urge you all to see the positive in it. After all, fucking is nice, and Christ was a fairly sensitive looking guy, so maybe it could mean something like "well-needed coitus." So, you could use it in a sentence like, "She's really good in bed. We had a pretty awesome Christfuck last night."

Legends of Hongdae

Jon Twitch

Spend enough time in Hongdae, and you'll meet the legends. Most of them are pleasant to meet, some are comic relief, but all are legendary. If you haven't met at least half the people on this list, then you haven't really been to Hongdae.



Makgeolli Man

Perhaps more loved than all the other legends combined, you know the Makgeolli Man from that time he tried to sell you a whole bunch of whale sperm, and he told you either "Best friend!" "Best Man" or "I love you!" depending on which era you met him.

He announces his arrival with the ringing of a handbell and exuberant shouts of milky delights. His prices are suspiciously low, and no matter what price you agree on, you'll always end up with twice as much mak as you intended to buy.



Jesus God Bless You Woman

This elderly woman has been coming to Hongdae for years, wandering around this den of sin and proclaiming "Jesus God bless you." It's unclear if she conveys blessings from both Jesus and God, or if she considers them the same metaphysical being, but there's one thing we can all agree on: the Holy Spirit is suspiciously silent on the issue.

I used to dread receiving a blessing from her (they cause physical pain if you're an atheist), but after missing her presence for years I was relieved when she showed up again, to give me another "Jesus God bless you." They don't even burn so much anymore.



Swing Kid

I don't know if he was only around for one summer, but I saw a lot of this kid. He was probably in his late teens, and all I knew about him was that he came to Hongdae Playground every single day, at least in the summer that I was around enough to notice, and he'd just get on the swings and stay there for a couple hours. Every night. We never heard him speak, so we couldn't figure out if he had problems, but the look of absolute bliss every time he got that swing going made me think that maybe he's not the one with the problem.

Of course he was arch-enemies with the Park Nazi, that old man who was always at the senior center and would sometimes make it his business what was happening outside. When he saw the Swing Kid, he'd get out his whistle, and he'd come out blowing.

I don't know where the Swing Kid is now. Hopefully he decided to cut out the middleman and get some kind of home swing kit. Considering all the time that's passed, for all I know he's already completed his army service and passed the bar, and now he sits in an office in Yeouido from 9 to 6, and he dreams of swinging.



Crazy Park Lady

I'd heard stories, but somehow I'd gone seven years without ever seeing her. Then one day at Spot, I saw a Korean woman yelling nonsense at the door guys, and I thought "That woman is crazy." Then I slowly realised I was seeing the Crazy Park Lady for the first time. Then she asked me "Do you like Korean girl?"

The Crazy Park Lady is most easily recognisable by her filthy, sad little white dog, her filthy clothes, and her loud, crazed voice. She can probably speak English better than everyone else in this list (yes, even Verv), but everything that comes out of her mouth is noticeably tetchy. She spends most of her time in the park talking to herself, and if she begins speaking to you, run!



Verv

Yeah, if you're reading this zine, you probably know Verv intimately well. Too intimately, possibly. But that doesn't mean he isn't a legend in his own right.

Seriously, everybody knows this guy. He's recognised on sight. It won't be long before people start asking him for autographs (probably not too long after our TV show airs). Verv is like a modern-day folk hero, only the stories about him don't need exaggeration. Everyone has a side-splitting story about a Verv sighting, or the funniest time they saw him vomit (a category of which I am now the indisputable champion), or about him doing something offensive.



Eyebrow Dog & Eyebrow Puppy

Recently, the famed eyebrow dog of Hap-jeong (as seen in *Broke 12*) disappeared. Earlier tonight we went to investigate, only to find a new, young, excitable puppy there with his own style of eyebrows. There's something about seeing this dog, you feel a soft spot for him because he's so cute, and because you have to wonder what kind of dog owner would draw eyebrows on his dog every day.

Note: Ana is not an eyebrow dog; her eyebrows aren't even made with real felt pen.



Jimmy

An awesome guy, Jimmy is a Korean guy who has signs off Down's Syndrome who used to come to the park all the time.

Most people didn't want to be nice to him, because that would be offensive, so it fell to the punks to make him feel at home. The highlight was when Paul Mutts, *Broke* co-founder, bought him a harmonica, which suddenly gave him an interesting new communication tool.

Communication didn't come easily for Jimmy; he doesn't speak much English, and his voice has this raspy quality that makes it hard to understand, but people have had good conversations with him in Korean and found out a lot about his history. Apparently he lived in a church, but beyond that I can't remember anything else. I heard he spent some time in jail, which makes me kind of mad that, for whatever he may have done, he'd be stuffed in jail rather than a medical facility where he could get the proper care. Jimmy, we miss you. Come back!

Thirteen Bootfucks

Issue 1

I know Korea is the most wired country in the world, so why are its websites constructed like a castle? The one site that pisses me off the most is e-mail provider Hanmail.

Patriotic name, seen on all business cards. The fact that it sounds inspired by MSN Hotmail suggests trustworthiness. So then why does Hanmail reject messages from Hotmail, along with every other mail service I've tried?

That's right, if you use Hanmail, you can e-mail whoever you want in the world. But they cannot reply. So what's Hanmail's deal? Xenophobic servers? Poor programming? Who cares: get yourself an account on an international provider.

Issue 2

Stop asking me where I'm from. Don't get me wrong? I'm proud of my hometown and my country, but I'm tired of people walking up to me and blurting out the same question, even before they get my name.

Does it really matter? Do you think your city is better than mine? If you don't like my city, are you going to stop talking to me? It doesn't matter to me where you're from, and it probably isn't close to where I live. Those matters are worth discussing only after a little bit of beer and we establish some common ground.

Once while standing with a group of foreigners in Hongdae Playground, a guy came over and said "Hey, is anyone here American?" I pushed Paul in his direction and said "He is. Talk with him." Maybe he doesn't mind Australians and Canadians, but the way he introduced himself was by finding out who's from the same country as him.

And then there was that friendly dude at sunrise after a Club Day who wanted to know where we were from. "Uranus," I replied.

But he really, really needed to know. "Where are you from?"

Dude, it's not going to save your life, unless I'm from Remembertoweararubbertown in Shaveyourbackoslovakia.

Is this starting to get incoherent? Why don't you ask me where I'm from to break the ice? I'm from a place I'm proud of, but I don't expect you to understand how I feel about it. How about we just admit it's small talk and stick to the usual formalities, like "How are you?" Or you could kill me now, if you promise to make it a murder-suicide.

So quit asking me where

I'm from. What's important is where we are now, and where we're going. How about figuring that out first?

Issue 3

It's been a long time since our last Bimonthly Bootfuck, but I've got a big one for you. Blood. Give every single red blood cell in your body a kick in its stupid antigens.

It's a popular belief in Korea that blood type can determine your personality. Utter bullshit. This belief reached Korea when some nutjob Japanese writer named Masahiko Nomi wrote a best-selling book on the topic in the '70s. The belief reached Japan in 1927 through their German allies.

That's right, the Nazis. Blood types were discovered in 1901, but the Nazis used this knowledge for their eugenics propaganda. They used it to demonstrate the superiority of Aryans, who are most commonly types A and O, over the Jews and Asians, who have a larger proportion of type B. So if you think blood type determines your personality, you must also follow the underlying assumption that Aryans are the master race and Asians are scum.

Well I say fuck that Nazi bullshit. Asians are not inferior to Hitler's Youth.

*While I also don't believe in western horoscopy, at least it wasn't invented by Hitler as pro-white propaganda.

Issue 4

I don't know how this guy escaped our Bimonthly Bootfuck feature for so long. Kim Jong-il, the arrogant leader of North Korea, says "The Armistice Agreement [that ended fighting in the Korean War in 1953] has, in effect, become a blank piece of paper without any effect or significance." Why don't you come down here and say that, you fuck? What's the matter? You chicken? We all know what your people would do if they knew there was a big fat juicy succulent chicken strutting around Pyongyang like it owns the place. Anyway, my metaphor, not yours.

See how wily he is, people?

Anyway, I've heard from multiple sources (all of which I forgot) who say North Korea is a nation of good, decent folk brutally oppressed by a few hundred cockjacks. And while that could be said pretty much for every country, North Korea's Dear Leader gets the boot party this issue simply for being an ass and making China have to step in and clean everything up.

Anyway, Mr II, if that is your real name—I'm probably not going to boot you, but live knowing someday you will die and your people will either find a guy proportionally worse than you are than you were to your father, or throw out your system and head in the right direction. I don't even need to touch you, because you've already bootfucked your own ass open wide enough to fit one of those smooth shiny Tapodong missiles sideways. Now get out of my face and take your shit-covered missiles with you.

Issue 5

This issue is the honorary recipient of a bootfuck because I didn't put a Bimonthly Bootfuck in it.

Issue 6

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

Seoul was chosen unanimously by a panel of five retards who've obviously never stepped foot on the peninsula. No, I'm not saying Seoul doesn't have some interesting buildings, but it's hard to find them in the sea of identical white highrise apartments. Which, I might add, due to their bright colour, will be in serious need of a repainting by 2010. Seriously, sometimes this city makes me feel sick when I look out the window and the horizon is blocked out on all sides by these mass-produced eyesores, which incorporate absolutely no elements of Korean traditional design.

Meanwhile, the city is touting a few token architectural projects, such as the giant green vagina in Dongdaemoon, otherwise known as the Dongdaemoon Design Plaza (or DDP). With plans to build it on the site of the former Dongdaemoon Baseball Stadium and Stadium, this project would not be possible if Seoul City had not hired 500 goons to beat the shit out of the flea market vendors. The vendors were refusing to leave, as former Mayor Lee Myungbag had given them his word they could set up shop in there indefinitely, as he had previously evicted them from their original venues to make Cheonggyecheon. The new mayor, Oh Se-hoon, who is highly praised for this World Design Capital title, is responsible for dressing up these goons and sending



them in to bust some skulls. Let's hope this skullfuck doesn't get elected for his vanity projects too.

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

Issue 7

If I miss one more fucking subway because I'm stuck behind an asshole standing on the wrong side of the escalator, I'm gonna start giving out poisoned candy on Halloween.

Have you seen this? They've started a campaign to change the basic rules of escalator etiquette in Korea. There are posters up in most of the Seoul subway stations advertising that you should not walk on an escalator. The current batch as I write this shows one of the chicks from "Chat with Beauties" holding up a plain sign saying "No." Poor girl probably thought she was appearing in a campaign against human trafficking.

Why would anyone want to encourage the slower members of society to slow down all of us by blocking the escalators? According to one earlier poster, there were 416 escalator-related accidents last year. Fuck me, aren't there more car-related deaths on the roads of Seoul every hour? Why should we care about a few bruised knees?

Full disclosure: I had an escalator-related accident earlier this year. I was running up the steps at Yaksu Station, hoping to catch the last train, when I tripped and hurt my knee on the jagged edge of the step. Yes, I was quite inebriated. A few weeks later, I was similarly inebriated on the way home from a punk show, when I tripped and fell on a perfectly flat sidewalk, hurting myself even worse than last time. Before we try to eliminate escalator-related accidents, first we should maybe

look into that whole Law of Gravity thing.

Okay, the main argument for forcing us all to stand on the escalators like retards isn't on the posters. Apparently the people in charge of subway station maintenance are tired of paying to fix escalators. It sounds like walking on escalators increases the wear and tear, resulting in more malfunctions and more expensive repairs. Well, dipshits, how about you put together a more accurate budget of how much it costs for maintenance. This is your fault for being dicks who suck at math, not our faults for fucking WALKING. When's the last time your car mechanic told you "Stop driving your car. It'll help the engine run better and the car will last longer." That's just retarded. Escalator fascists, I have a good idea where you can get the money to pay for proper escalator maintenance: cut back on unnecessary expenses such as major poster campaigns aimed at socially engineering commuters' behaviour.

From now on, this means war. If you stop on the wrong side of the escalator, clogging foot traffic, you are an enemy combatant, and I don't care how old you are or if you think I'm being rude?because you're being rude.

Oh yeah, and if you're one of those special types who likes to stand on moving walkways, I have two words for you: mandatory sterilisation.

That is all.

Issue 8

I've been thinking about feeding this one my boots for a while now. When I first started coming to Hongdae it was a great little place, quirky, eclectic, and peaceful at night. Now, it's been taken over by clubs full of alcoholics who just want to drink with their own kind and go home with strangers. And a lot of the diversity is being disappeared as the interesting stores close down, and are inevitably replaced by shoe stores. Or Starbucks. And the area administrators have made it clear they don't like having a punk club

around--techno and hip-hop clubs, sure, those people don't have a reputation for causing problems--but those punks are freaks.

So I say maybe we don't need Hongdae anymore. Maybe it's time to move on, find an area that hasn't surrendered to gentrification, and claim it as our own before anyone else can. It's happened in the past: Hongdae hasn't always been the center of live music in Korea. So let's find a new place. It doesn't have to be far, maybe even somewhere near like Gwangheungchang, or a place even fewer people have heard of, where rent is low, there are fewer competing countercultures, and every second store doesn't sell shoes or expensive lattes. Join me in saying fuck Hongdae, and let's move on already.

Issue 9

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/club-heavy96...> 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' bootfuck; 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!

Issue 10

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

"But it makes everything look better," you might whine. Better to some people, worse to others, and the problem is it costs us money if we want the buildings to look nice to us. And guess who pays that. Not the graffiti artists. And are they even artists? For every one talented mural, there are 500 DIMZ tags all over the fucking place. Just go away already.

Hongdae went overnight from having very little graffiti to suddenly looking like it was decorated by a four-year-old. Korea has enough urban decay already that we don't need more peo-

ple pushing it that way using permanent markers and spraypaint. It's already expensive enough for shop-owners to pay rent in Hongdae that we don't need to make it any worse.

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

NANA

DIMZ

Aw dammit, someone get the damn turpentine.



Issue 11

Not really sure why, but I'm all out of hate at the moment. So, this edition of Bimonthly Bootfuck (which appears less than bimonthly) will be selected based not upon what makes me angry enough to kick the shit out of, but what I think would just be entertaining to use as a human trampoline.

And that is: guys in ridiculous Halloween costumes. What other day of the year is it socially acceptable to stomp the fuck out of a nun? Or some dude in a ridiculous animal costume that keeps falling off? These are two tantalising targets that have been dangled before me on Halloweens in Korea.

Violence is never the answer, but it is a good way to pass time.

I realise that Halloween costumes these days are biased against men; while women get to be a sexy cat, or a sexy nurse, or a sexy policewoman, or a sexy _____, us dudes are stuck with way fewer options. This year was especially annoying, with too many dudes wearing fursuits. About all we can expect on the costume front is either something too subtle to be funny or even identifiable as a costume, or something that makes us look fucking ridiculous.

So for Halloween 2011, remember: if you go out



dressed like a cunt, don't act like a cunt.

Issue 12

Broke in Korea: ask everyone what it is, and you'll get more people saying "It's a barely active message board" than people saying "It's a really retarded zine." Both made their world premiere months apart, way back in 2005 when we were so poor we had to crash at our girlfriends' places. Oh yeah, so much has changed since then. Well, for starters, this is issue 12 of Broke the zine. Meanwhile, Broke the message board was quietly removed without prior notice by Proboards.

Are you ready, boots? Start fucking!

Now, the contents of the board are presumably lost forever. Sure, the site wasn't very active, was never very active, but we had over five years of bickering, dick-measuring, and Verv rants on there. On the other hand, it was desperately due for an upgrade. Mind you, I'm not promising an upgrade--I think Facebook has made almost all message boards obsolete--but we might've done a better job keeping it alive if it had been fixed up, de-spammed, and moved off Proboards.

Alright, I better stop now, before I break my foot off up in that bitch. Proboards, thanks for six years of hosting. Enjoy your obscurity

Issue 13

I was going to make this about those stupid fucking polo shirts where the collar is designed to always be up, but then I got another one all lined up.

Facebook has had it coming for a while now. Before, for conquering the predominant way we socialise. Now, they need to be put on the Dr Marten Dental Plan even worse, thanks to meddling with the system they themselves put in place.

We all joined Facebook, and we figured out how to use it. Some of us created and managed the Korean Punk Facebook page (now Korean Punk and Hardcore). It was a useful way to round you all up and inform you of upcoming shows. You could join, chat with organisers, chat with band members, chat with cute girls, and you received our weekly mailout of the weekend's shows.

Congratulations to Seoul

For being named World Design Capital for 2010. Oh ha ha, the editor put a picture of the banner juxtaposed next to an ugly building. Well, that isn't just any building--it's the one on which six people died during a rooftop clash between police and evictees. But it'll be worth it when whatever megaproject they're planning to build on that spot is completed. Design for all!

Then, Facebook went and changed the group system. We were forced to choose to either migrate to a Facebook "Page" or upgrade to the new Group. Both had a lot of negative points. With a Page, we don't really have any power to alert you. With the new Group, you need approval to join the group. Well, either that, or we can just draft you in against your will. Chances are, if you joined, you either were forced to wait for our approval, or you were added without your own consent. The advantage of Groups over Pages is that you get an alert when we do the weekly mailout. Not a message in your inbox like days of yore, but just an alert that there's been some activity on the Group wall. You get the same alert if someone new posts a greeting, or someone whores their band out, or someone posts a random YouTube video. So, we're helpless to maintain the signal-to-noise ratio, and even if we could, we'd probably still piss you off.

Thanks a lot, Facebook. Now, let's just hope that Google Plus comes through, or we're all fucked.

We are coping, but it takes a lot more work.

Burke's Bootfuck

ATTN: Do NOT use Asiana Airlines. They changed their policy without any warning, requiring customers who bring instruments on board to buy another seat for the instrument. This is dangerous to other passengers (ie you who are flying without an instrument), but Asiana will not cover any losses for instruments checked in at the gate, thus forcing passengers to place heavy, hard instruments in seats where they will not be secure. To make matters worse, they investigate any flight attendant or ground staff who deviates from the policy by helping you load your instrument into one of the plane's spacious, enclosed closets. DO NOT RIDE ASIANA.

아시이나 절대 타지 마세요. 정액 대로 악기를 게이트에 맡기면 보상 안되지만 들고 타면 자리 하나더 사야 해요. 비행기에 확실히 기를 안전하게 보관을 할 수 있는 데가 있지만 아시이나에 따르면 안전상 좌석에 놔두는 것이 더 안전하다고 합니다. 티블란스가 있으면 열 사람들 다 죽겠군요.

