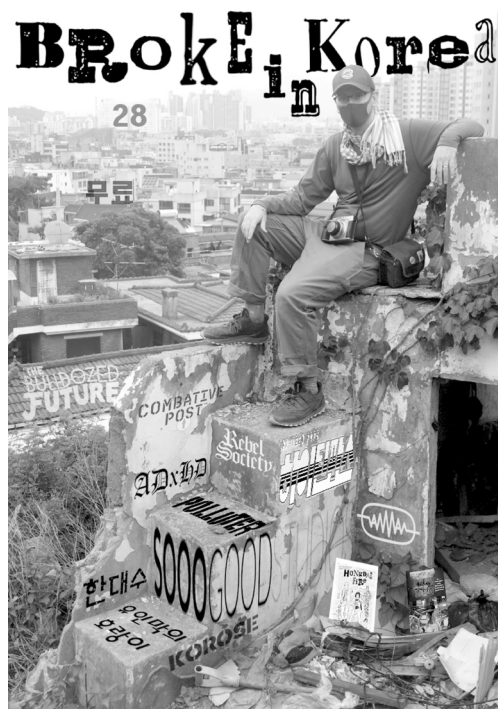


THE BEST OF



VOLUME 3



**6 ISSUES
JUNE 2017 TO
DECEMBER 2021**



Letter from the Editor

Summer 2022

Best Of 3

This zine has been making the local scene uncomfortable since 2005.

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mention over the years and also I'm going to protect their privacy by not naming them directly here

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(older issues are now offline but available by request)

New contributors are always welcome.

This zine is created using an expired copy of Adobe InDesign CS6 that my work saw fit to provide me.

This is a Best Of issue, so it's probably gonna be really short.

It's been over five years since I've returned to my hometown, and at this point I don't know what I'll find when I get there. So I figure the best thing to do is bring zines that I can roll up and thwack people with. Worth noting that the previous Best of Broke was released in 2017 in time for my last visit to Canada. I increased the page count this time by four in order to give the zine more thwacking power when needed.

This Best of Broke in Korea 3 volume contains zines from June 2017 to December 2021, and I'd have to say this era has been characterised by my job working at a mainstream, albeit marginal, English-language newspaper in Korea. Ten years previous, I worked for a culture ministry propaganda agency, where Broke functioned as an outlet for me letting me vent a secret side of myself. These days, there's not much to publish in Broke that I can't publish in the newspaper. So the zine has become a little less urgent, and I've looked hard for ways to keep it relevant while also having to justify why this content can't just go into an actual newspaper that will pay for the contributions.

The Broke in Korea style has become a lot of large-form articles, interviews written out in full between interviewer and interviewee. It also has a lot of other features, including opinion pieces, fiction, and travel writing. All of it is adjacent to what I do normally, but I'm less likely to hold back in this medium and more likely to address scene issues directly.

Looking over the issues, Broke 24 was an especially good issue. I focused it around the outbreak of a controversy over the president at the time, who was becoming the subject of a major political scandal that kept unrolling and unrolling. When some random guy deployed his excavator at the central prosecutors' office, looking to kill the president's confidant Choi Soon-sil, I knew things were moving into that surreal place that Broke is more suitable to address than a mainstream newspaper. I included a choose your own adv—I mean path, in which you get to be the Excavator Vigilante gunning for Choi, as well as Park, and even Kim Jong-un.

I felt a bit guilty that this volume starts with interviews with a bunch of white guys, which isn't the best look, but in the end, it's foreigners who get the privilege of positions where they can study, research, and document the local scene, and thus the interviews with foreigners are the most interesting in retrospect in the articles released.

When I printed a leaked document of names that were considered for an undisclosed new band, I had the idea to start asking all bands I interviewed for their rejected names. It's fun to think about what a band you know could have ended up being named, and to get some terrible ideas. It's an art form.

Issue 25 was released ahead of Jenny Woo's tour here, which I was in charge of. I remember when she got here, I gave her a copy, and she opened it right up to the page near the back where I ran a parody feature titled "Do colonoscopies make you gay?" So that was awkward. This issue was also when I started commenting more on K-pop, something I despise. But if I say nothing, people will make the wrong assumptions. As well, I included a very long travel piece about my second visit to North Korea, which was the last time I saw a good friend of mine who was later taken hostage by...not North Korea but China. Go figure.

Issue 26 was spurred by an academic's writing which indicated that Skunk Hell, the main venue I knew in

my time here, was full of neo-nazis. This academic had interviewed one single idiot and concluded that that person must have been right. The same academic also misattributed the heavily memed "I know everyone in the global indie music business." When I published in this issue the actual origin of this phrase, I later received a threatening email from its original writer, who took issue not with the attribution, but with other stuff that didn't make sense.

Also this issue I spotlighted the band Find Your Face, which I had created randomly using my "What's your Korean hardcore punk band name?" quiz. I had used this band in an April Fool's Day joke on Unite Asia, and later some celebrity publication cited it as an existing Korean punk band. I've since attempted to give life to Find Your Face, but ultimately all members were killed off in one of my fiction contributions.

I also started introducing a new feature, where I'd publish many bands' answers to the same question, in this case about the complexities of bringing Japanese bands to Korea while bilateral relations suffered.

I also spotlighted the first IT'S A FEST! and included a detailed account of what I did when a close friend woke up in a pool of blood, which ultimately influenced a book I wrote.

Issue 27 was the first 15th-anniversary issue. I'd hoped to get it up to 30 issues by then, since the 10th anniversary marked issue 20. But things were marred when I was hospitalised early in the year, and then there was also a pandemic. This issue was also the "Medical Horrors" issue, published a few months after I had surgery, and I included images of my blood- and pus-stained gauze. I announced the creation of Broke Publishing and started selling books. If you don't have them yet, buy them. I had been hospitalised in January 2020, and 28 days or so later I exited the hospital to find myself in a completely different world, with the pandemic started. I included my write-up about the very fraught Black Lives Matter solidarity march held in Seoul, which met a lot of criticism, some very legit and some very suspicious. I also shared some of my own research into the scene, as well as wrote a fictional CD review treating my very gory disease and the disturbing surgeries I underwent as if it were all part of a goregrind album. I also printed "Gutter Star," a short story which spawned "Hongdae Fire," a full-length novel set in the Korean punk scene. From then on, the zine has been looking closely at the pandemic.

Issue 28 was more fun, although still not really emerging from the pandemic problems we'd been experiencing. I included a photo essay showing a show at GBN (which turned out to be its final ever) in which everyone had to wear face masks as well as visors. And I included my list of all known venues in Korea, updated as of 2022. To be fair and to make things easier for any critics, I've also included a list of all potential contentious content in previous issues of Broke. And I interviewed another fictional band, this time the Tigers of Yuiinmak.

Issue 29 was more themed on queer culture in the Korean scene, which I found I couldn't really talk about honestly without coming across as exploitative. At this point now, I think it's safe to say the Korean punk scene is queer as fuck, although almost every sector of Korean society has seen an increase in LGBTQ visibility over the same period. Not if you're conservative or Christian though, and fuck those people.

Anyway, you've read enough. Enjoy this shit.

Jon Twitch

Broke 30 issues interview index

Jon Twitch

I decided to list every interview Broke has ever published. Not every article, and not every show/album review, just interviews where the interviewee was speaking to Broke and probably knew their comments were going in the zine. And also letters I republished.

Most of these listed entities are bands, but in a few cases where we were not talking with musicians, or at least about things other than their bands, I tried to indicate what that's about. Additionally, overseas acts are identified by country, while foreigners in Korea are not.

There were a handful of interviewers who contributed their work to the zine to get these published, but I decided against listing authors for privacy's sake.

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Ash Versus the Evil Hongdae

Jon Twitch

This interview was done late one night by voice.

Jon: So like fuck, one of the things I really wanted to bring up, I don't disagree with your premise about "Ash" but I wanted to discuss it, so you basically state "GBN and SHARP are born from ash," and it's absolutely easy to make a case for that and I think you do, but I can also see there is a generation gap between the second wave of punk and the third wave. So how did you build up this thought about the scene being built on ash?

Ken: "Ash" is a placeholder title for the moment. But that doesn't negate the idea that holds up the film. I was trying to think up something as a placeholder title, the reason being that to qualify for film festivals you can't have had premiere screenings and one way around that is to change the name so there's no history.

Jon: Can I really quote you on that?

Ken: Maybe not for the Korea Times.

Jon: Sounds kinda like fraud to me so...

Ken: It's a common thing to do because the film will change in a couple places. And the name does affect how people read the film anyway so it is quite a big change. But Ash is just poking around in the Korean word like "je" and when you look at the Hanja for it, there are all sorts of different meanings, what the film could be about, positive ones, negative ones, that don't have to do with Ash in English. So I thought that was kind of fun, tied with what Jinsuk says at the beginning, how the scene is like reading a Chinese character, it's hard to explain, it's all based on context.

Jon: On your observation you make through the movie, that the scene is built on the ash of the earlier punk scene.

Ken: I think that is one read you can have on it, but like you said the older scene still exists. When I was doing interviews, you kind of get the sense this mini-wave, they're kind of defining themselves on rejection of race and gender and age discrimination, that's kind of what the theme is right now.

Punk scenes themselves are a response to society.

Where the actual Ash comes from, I think my intention was geographic,



Ken responds to a Broke interview request, while touring Korea with Pseudo, 20170922.

but it could be from the ashes of older waves.

Jon: There are my opinion there are three waves of punk and they all exist right now. Like Crying Nut still exists right now. So, you talk a few times about there being two scenes, and I wasn't sure if you meant Hongdae vs everywhere else, or GBN and SHARP.

Ken: It's good there can be multiple readings like that. My intention was there did seem to be two separate entities geographically. In the past there was a lot of audience crossover, but until my going away party there were people who hadn't seen each other in three years seeing each other for the first time. And then there was that GBN-SHARP show a few months ago. Musically they're disparate but ethically they share a lot of the same ideas.

Because they are coming from the same context in the past they had no idea they were working toward the same goals.

Jon: They have that shared experience of fleeing Hongdae.

Ken: One of the reasons it isn't more of a focus, Jung Yong-taek, "Party 51" if you need a movie about Hongdae gentrification, that's the one you need to go to.

Part of making a film is trying not to be too redundant in the canon, or

again since I'm a foreigner, what I'm submitting to film festivals, what if there's a chance since I'm a white guy, my film is going to go in ahead of theirs, so to eliminate their space because of my for lack of a better word privilege is kind of a shitty thing to do.

Jon: When I watched your film, it was much more like Epstein and Tangherlini's, rather than Jung Yong-taek, but yours also seems to consciously contrast itself with their movies.

Ken: I didn't want to come in like an anthropologist, I wanted people to talk at the camera. It's only had one public screening at this time, but it works well in the theater. If you can imagine 400 people in a room with a giant screen, and Trash is staring at them and telling them why the fuck they're wrong about her, it's actually pretty cool.

I wanted to go with a parallel glance or one that's looking up. For as small at it is and as political as it can get, there's a lot of inspired stuff in the Korean scene. One of the biggest things is the participation of women in a functional capacity. I remember giving a CD to Juyoung when I was a far more ignorant white dude and had a female friend in the band, and I was like here's some inspiration for you — it should have been the other way around —

Western musicians should be hearing from this scene because there's so many more women playing bass and drums and guitar, roles that they're not supposed to do.

Jon: Your documentary has a lot of small moments that must have been hard to cut, and you fought to justify keeping them in. Like the moment of Bumjoo buying coffee for everyone. In the process of editing, why did you want to have those particular types of moments?

Ken: I actually wanted to have more. There was one scene of Goyang chasing after a ladybug with a drill screaming "Die motherfucker" and it didn't make it in.

The process of making this film has been interesting because I've been trying to appeal to two audiences: there's the one that gets it, and then there's the audience that'll automatically be turned off. So a lot of the moments the humour, the chaos, it's there to appeal to the audience it's made for. And I think without that it would be far too serious. At the end of the day it's about having fun and enjoying life.

And that last thing, it's something Bumjoo and I talked about, it's the idea of a loser's victory. A lot of the stuff that you do in counterculture you can't win, because society is going to move on without you. And if you do have a victory they'll coopt it and bring it into their fold. But that doesn't mean you haven't lived a full satisfying life as a result.

Jon: I actually just sent Jinsuk interview questions today, and I called him out on his comment about "none of us are successful"

Ken: Jeff said that.

Jon: Fuck. Okay that's a problem.

Ken: A retraction.

Jon: If Jeff is saying that, he's throwing people under the bus too. I mean, Jinsuk is successful.

Ken: Oh absolutely. It's a narrative that got dropped too. I mean how do you define success?

Jon: Jinsuk's travelling the world and going to tattoo conventions.

Ken: Absolutely and I think that's an amazing thing and I think that's a loser's victory, and some people will be like "oh he'll grow out of that."

Jon: Epstein and Tangherlini's "Us and Them" focuses so much on

globalisation and follows ...Whatever That Means touring the US, and Koreans going overseas, and Jeff and Trash's marriage was presented on a silver platter. But I do really think globalisation is a big thing in the scene, and we have had Juyoung and Paeng moved overseas, and Jinsuk was just in Belarus, but I felt like you just focused on the Korean side of this equation so I was curious about that.

Ken: A lot of the film focuses on two things: one I guess the sociocultural reality of somebody living in Korea, and two just two months in the Korean scene in summer 2016. Juyoung told me she was probably leaving, and Paeng told me also he was probably going to Australia, so I'm filming all these bands and people and it's like a timeline, when are they not going to exist anymore.

Jon: What about the reduced presence of foreigners in the scene? We see a bit of Jeff and we see Ian's face briefly.

Ken: Ian's thing in there was actually a fight to keep in. A lot of people reacted poorly to that in rough cuts.

Jon: What do you mean? All I remember is you showed him for a second and he didn't speak.

Ken: It depends on the audience you showed it to.

Jon: Foreign audiences will be turned off if there's too many white faces?

Ken: It's not that but they start to take credit away from the non-white faces in the film.

People actually what happens is they think it's great the white guy gets shut up. And the people of colour actually sympathise with Jeff.

Jon: To be honest I just watched the movie and I just saw friends kidding around. It didn't matter what anybody's race was in that interaction.

Anyway, thank you for not portraying the Korean punk scene as chock-full of foreigners.

Ken: They come and go, they're temporary. They don't have the stake in the game. I fought to keep Jeff in. He's quite important, he's a divisive character. He makes people angry, but he's done a lot for the people he's connected with.

Jon: And his quotes about how we've all grown up the same way, I thought were very powerful.

Ken: And I commented on that in the scene where he's told to shut up because he

is loud. For us it's a funny thing because he's loud, he talks a lot. But I think there's a deeper thing because as much as he contributes, people aren't going to want to listen to him as much. Or somebody's reading something about his marriage and how important it is.

Jon: So I take it you have viewed this through an anti-colonial lens.

Ken: Colonial lens would be like these foreign ideas come in, and it's influenced them so they've lost their culture, "their culture" in quotes.

Jon: One more question I had, right after you finished filming, Choi Soon-sil was exposed and the government fell shortly after. and it really did expose a lot of the social structures that keep people down. So when I watch the movie I feel like it's a snapshot of right before the fall of Park Geun-hye.

Ken: When the protests were happening, I thought I just missed this because of the visuals. But for protest visuals, you need to go watch Dong-woo's film. Are

you interviewing him about his film by the way?

Jon: No, I haven't seen his film yet.

Ken: If I'm in the same zine he deserves to be side by side with it. It won \$10,000 last year.

When I was out there I had a broken camera which was fun. But I was hoping I could catch some protest. The biggest thing that was happening was a small anti-THAAD protest, "Homo sex is Jesus sin," and the quiet Sewol protest in front of Gwanghwamun. So it's neat I have this shot in the film that's just waiting for social pressures to boil over.

I don't think it's a standalone film. There's other ones from Korea. I think this one will help people access those a little easier.

Jon: The final line in the movie was "you'll be the same person regardless of what country you're in." Why did you choose to end on that?

Ken: I thought it was important to leave on some ambiguity. The ending was a choice between worrying about the future of the

scene, or simply worrying about one's existence.

What I think what Jinsuk's getting at is it's impossible to reinvent yourself by moving, you have to have that drive or character that's been repressed. Leaving a location can remove a lot of pressure on you, but it's not going to reinvent who you are as an individual.

Jon: As an expat in Korea I couldn't agree more.

Ken: It's a helluva lot easier for people like us to live in Korea because there are fewer social constraints.

Jon: I meet a lot of westerners here and sometimes I get the feeling they're trying to escape themselves.

Ken: Yeah they double down on their shittiness.

Jon: Yeah.

Ken: I would like people that would have no interest in this subculture to be able to see it and for people that feel disenfranchised with the country they live in to see people they don't normally see being inspirational.

It's pretty rare in global media to see somebody from Korea speaking so openly and humanely.



Ken's face adorns the back cover of *Broke 20*, so you can cut out the eyes and pretend to be him. Photo taken at *Broke 10th* anniversary show, 20150404.

Rage Against the Metal Scene

Jon Twitch

This interview came about when I noticed Norse Rage, an American in the metal scene, was inviting me to Facebook events for Korean metal shows. Rather than assume he'd just become metal's most prolific promoter, I knew what he was doing, as the Korean punk scene is equally guilty of not taking full advantage of social media to promote events.

Broke: It seems like you are host of half the metal shows in Korea right now. What is happening there?

Norse: The promoters/organizers and often bands don't seem inclined to make an event page. They just design a flier (which ironically never gets put up in the real world) and share it once and that's that. Unsurprisingly, there are a lot of missed shows and people being out of the loop. I'm consistently having to trawl through FB pages to track down some show I've heard about. So I just decided to start making the even pages myself. I think we've actually seen an uptick in attendance and awareness since I started doing it.

Broke: What do you recommend concert promoters do to better



Norse Rage at Club Spot's final show, 20141025.

advertise their shows?

Norse: Number one in this day and time is to make a damn event page. Man its easy and free. Secondly, talk to other organizers in the scene about when they're booking shows. They don't have to be best buddies, but just try not to compete on nights when there's already another big show booked. The scene is so small in comparison to the size of the city we really cant afford to divide the target demographic up 4 ways on a given night. Sometimes we'll go for weeks without a bigger show, and then have 4 in the same night, often with overseas headliners who gfet disappointed by the small crowd size. It sucks, and the basic lack off coordinating pisses me off. Finally, my last

recommendation would be part of what you're asking int he following question. Have a unified online forum of event listings.

Broke: We have a Korean Punk & Hardcore page. Ever thought about doing a Korean Metal page?

Norse: We have — and have had — several. Yet there doesn't seem to be one unified place that lasts. I'm very jealous of the punk and hardcore page, its very comprehensive and well laid out. We've had some pages that do well for a while, and then someone starts another one and it has its own life cycle. Its very frustrating. Right now the most inclusive thing that exists is a metal kakao group which has close to 100 members on it. I'm not even a part of that, its as much of a trainwreck as you imagine a 100 person thread to be so I've had to abandon it. Right now Global Headbangers living in Korea is in action, but not very busy. Probably the best bet is GBN Live Houses's own FB page. That's the current day to day home of metal shows in Korea and the owner, Yuying, and some of the core bands play there often so it ends up being the main repository for info.

I should note that I think part of this dichotomy between the two scenes

connects to some fundamental character differences between metal and punk. Punk has always been oriented to inclusiveness and egalitarianism, both in the community and musically. It has famously been proud of the fact that you can suck as a musician and be part of the scene. On the flipside, metal has always been predisposed to elitism (especially musically), misanthropy and nihilism. I think this is somewhat reflected in the lack of cohesiveness in organizing. A lot of the older Korean bands and scene founders here have it seems deep blood feuds that are totally ridiculous and prevent a lot of progress. GBN remains an exception especially because it very much tries to bring both the metal and punk scenes together so you get some of that influence.

Broke: While we're doing this, I have to ask: why do you use the Facebook username Norse Rage? And how have you gotten away with it this long?

Norse: Sigh. Well, it started back around 2000 when I was just getting active online and playing black metal bands and as a teenage metalhead thought it sounded cool. It persisted as an email

address for a while, then to Myspace, and then to FB. I have another FB account, however, but its mostly a decoy for extended family and students. Especially teaching at a university here in conservative South Korea, I don't want my extracurricular" activities publicized. I also have my Norse Rage Youtube channel where i post my fan music videos and short docs I've done. I'm currently working on my first full-length documentary about the Korean metal scene and since I have close to 200 subscribers on Youtube, am going to go ahead and make it the name of my production company, I figured why throw that out and start from scratch, so it seems im stuck with it for the foreseeable future.

As to how I haven't been busted yet by FB, I have no idea. I don't troll so maybe I haven't given people cause to narc on me. I really think social media has failed to deal with this problem though. To imagine that everyone can just share themselves with the broader internet under the real name is a dangerous concept, as I'm guessing you've read about. Especially for marginalized groups, etc.

The quest for a new band name

Jon Twitch

One of the bands I considered interviewing decided to turn me down. And that's fine, as an interview now means not an interview later. They apparently felt they weren't ready, and were still even arguing over the name. As luck would have it, I came across a group chat in which the same band was discussing possible new names. Maybe by sharing it with you, dear reader, we can help them settle on a new name. Or, look downwards a little and you'll see Broke's official guide to naming your Korean hardcore band.

Update: they named it, and it ain't listed here.

Disclaimer: Broke assumes no responsibility for publishing this. It was given to me by one of your own members, who thought it would be funny if I published it.

Burger Bar
Hair Burger
Wild One
Head Disorder
Little Sister
Frantic Romantic
Disgusteen
Sick Burn
Sallow
Subgenius
Teed Off

Ferine
Meth Breath
Nix
Oaves
Kvetch
Adrenochrome
Downtown Poland
Good Weekend
Good Vibes Tribe
Yolo Nation
Nip Slip
Puerile
Han Duo
Trevor's Boys
Jesse's Girls
Tony Bananas
Allochka
Chewing Gum
Boys Town
Grave Eater
Grave Digger Land
NARUTO
Brutal Health
Wild Ass
Wheelchair Epidemic
Spike Island
Peasant Dance
Peasant Fumes
Pagan Hex
Pagan Fumes
Pagan Dance
Pagan Ass
Stinky Villagers
Ribbed
Handsome Jim and

his Crows
Pagan Hoax
Pagan Reagan
Cloudfucker
Mouth Breather
Moran
Male Gaze
Coward
Little Sorrell
Kissing Dad on the Mouth
Wet Mouth
Big Mouth
Wet Dad Mouth
Wet Fumes
Shit Mouth
We Can't Come Up with a Band Name
Can't Decide
SSault
Rassicsst
Gentle Sons
Fucked Up on PCP
Brutal Cruising
Cowards That Doesn't
Even Smoke Crack
Fat Waves
Sugarless
Paper Tank
Scribble
Christian Friction
Gravel Mouth
Abigail's Fancy
The Rope
Lee Harvey Skaswald

Verbal Weight
Slit
Chewdaddy
Corridor
Veil
Lifetime Problems
Rich Daddy
Empty Skull
Big Brat
Merkin Boys
Bolo Tie
Acid Mouth
Moth Eater
Abominate
Wrist Eater
Melted Concept
Cutt Depp
Mental Ward
Dark Man
Meat Mouth
New Pleasure
New Flesh
I Hate Children
Word Attack
No Friends
Look's Like Meat's
Back on the Menu, Boys!
Sting's Deceivers
Death Threat
Pearl Clutchers
The Only Fists Being Raised Around Here are Pacifists
Big Girls

Schools Out
Mutagen
Sadistic Release
Plumb Tired
Slimy Member
Tube Disaster
Sushi Dreams of Hiro
Bootlicker
Defamed Mullet
Dreadful Pussy and the Sacrificial Swab
Prowling Posse and the Pivotal Virtuoso
Licker Breath
Galactic Platter of the Homo Associate
Evil Eye
Dream Journal
Social Capital
Goop
Feral Moan
Taken from a Lake
Freeze! Park Ranger
W h o l e s a l e
Membership
Hepatitis C-Span
Negative Covfefe
Ex-Cum
Sad Cum
Skull Basher
Bashing Skulls
Band of Skulls
Big Bones
Spooky Scary Bones
Berry Bones

What's your Korean hardcore punk band name?

Stuck coming up with a name for your Korean hardcore, post-hardcore, or metalcore band? Don't be like the band above. Here, use this helpful guide!

1. What's your Asian Zodiac sign?

Rat: Find
Ox: In
Tiger: Join
Rabbit: Turn
Dragon: Fear
Snake: Far
Horse: End
Sheep: All
Monkey: Burn
Rooster: Day
Pig: Remnants
Dog: Sever

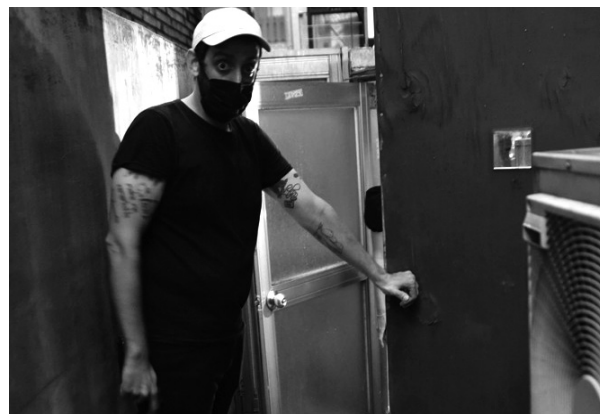
2. Which month were you born?

January: these
February: from
March: the
April: your

May: this
June: into
July: my
August: that
September: for
October: were
November: of
December: I

3. What's the first consonant of your personal name (not your surname)?

ㅁ/b/v: Days
ㅈ/j/z: Inside
ㅌ/d: Here
ㄱ/g: Bridge/
Bridges
ㅅ/s: Face
ㅍ/m: Spot
ㅇ/n: Circle
ㅇ/vowel/w/y: Our
ㅇ/r/l: Have
ㅇ/h: Ear
ㅋ/c/k/x: Back
ㅌ/t: Mourning
ㅍ/ch: Fallen
ㅍ/f/p/q: Pain



Ali's band or no?

To right, find four* bands helmed by math rockemetician Ali Safavi, hidden among four other unrelated band names, plus four other words that sound like they could be his band name. Can you spot them?

*Number may increase after publication date, as Ali threatened to use more of these names for his future bands in an attempt to sabotage this quiz.

1. Automobiles
2. Mountains
3. Numbers
4. Foothills
5. Visuals
6. Optics
7. Colours
8. Editors
9. Headphones
10. Machines
11. Trains
12. Islands

10 Bands

10 밴드들중에서 9개 한국에 왔어요. 여기 콘서트 가 없었던 밴드?

10 bands that have come to Korea, except I'm bullshitting about one of them. Which one is fake?

The Business
The Queers
NOFX
MXPX
Ramones
Reducers SF
Champion
Outbreak
Sick of It All
Avril Lavigne

Bonus reggae/ska version:
Slackers
Chris Murray Combo
Dr Ring Ding
Pato Banton
Oi-Skall Mates
Bad Manners
Mad Professor
Bruce Lee Band
Toasters
Amsterdam Faya Allstars

Food for Worms is not a K-Pop band. I say this as the vocalist of Food for Worms. We are not a K-pop band because we are not a pop band. The term "pop" suggests and implies elements of the production, intention, vibe, and culture surrounding shows that have nothing to do with us. It is, in fact, the contrary to how we identify ourselves. We feel what we do is very much the antithesis of pop music. K or otherwise.

-Kyle, Food for Worms

Q. Is Jambinai part of hallyu, or something different?

A. We are not hallyu. The Korean government supports K-pop or Korean dramas and these are hallyu. The government is investing a lot of money into it so many people overseas will know hallyu.

But we have to promote us by ourselves with our money or less money from the government. So it is much harder. As the investment has improved, the results have improved. So hallyu can make a lot of money, but we can't. However we keep trying to improve our circumstances.

And honestly, we don't care if we are hallyu or not. We don't want to be categorized as K-music, or K-something. European or overseas listeners think Jambinai is just Jambinai, not the K-band Jambinai or K-whatever. They think K-pop and hallyu is "Gangnam Style" and idol music. But that's not us.

우리가 일본, 미국이나 유럽투어에 갔을때 많은 관심을 얻은 이유는 그 동안 볼수없었던 나라에서 온 이유가 크다고 생각합니다. 단지 그것 뿐이지 kpop과는 아무 관계 없습니다. The reason why we got so much interest when we went to Japan, USA or Europe tour is that we have many reasons to come from a country we have not seen in the past. It's just that, it has nothing to do with kpop.

-Juyoung, Scumraid

Pigibit5: 음..Kpop은 기본적으로 팬들을 위해 만들어지는 음악이지만, 우리같은 사람들이야 자기만족적인 스스로를 빠는(Masturbation) 음악을 하는 경향이 강하니까.. 좀 다르지 않을까요. 태도의 문제인듯합니다. Well .. Kpop is basically a music made for fans, but it's people like us because it tends to be a self-sucking masturbation music. It seems to be a matter of attitude.

Norse Rage: Oh gosh, I have no desire to really get into a semantics argument about that aural slime....however....the only time we get K-pop fans at metal shows is usually if they're dragged there by a friend/relative. They often seem confused and fragile.

About the term....in my opinion K-pop does exist as straight pop music from Korea. So is it a real style? Well, as much a style as just pop music is. When I see them using the term on things which are more rock oriented like Crying Nut I think that's just stupid. But if there are musical differences enough to differentiate it from Japanese pop or American pop without just meaning a national designation? I have no idea but I doubt it. I don't know if that helped but now I'm pissed off just thinking about it. I'm gonna go listen to some Suffocation to decompress.

Kim Insoo of Crying Nut, February 2014 in an interview I did for Seoul Magazine about them going to SXSW:

"I don't want to be called K-pop or K-rock, or be labeled as part of the Korean wave. I would rather play with bands from all different places and get to know them. But we will be playing several gigs during SXSW this year so I think we'll have more chances."

As an active musician in Korea who is definitely not in a K-pop group, I see two major problems with the foundation take on artistic expression is a problem. Stephen hit on a lot of specifics, but my main argument is simpler. "Pop Music" hasn't simply meant "popular music" in decades. Calling something pop music has implications. Slayer has sold millions of records and sold out stadiums. Anybody who would call them pop music has no place talking about music. Ask people on the street what pop music is, and you'll get things like Michael Jackson, George Michael, Madonna, Britney Spears, N'Sync, etc. While there is room for variation, overall, it has an implied meaning beyond, "top of the charts."

Second, your basic premise that Koreans are misinterpreting how foreign fans use the term is absurd. If the "K" stands for "Korean," why is what foreigners think the term means more important? I guess the Chinese character tattoo the college frat guy got really does mean "Strength."

-Jeff, ...Whatever That Means

K-pop에 대한 정확한 이해도가 없어서 어떠한 정의를 내리기가 어렵습니다. 클럽 샤프에는 많은 밴드들이 공연을 하고있고 모두 각자 자기들을 어떻게 생각하는지는 저도 알수 없습니다.

We don't clearly know about the K-pop, so we don't know what to say. There are lots of bands performing at club S.H.A.R.P and we don't know what they are aiming for.

-Jinsuk, Skasucks

Jon: There is a lot of power in promoting K-pop and Hallyu abroad. Can NST be part of K-pop, or is it something different? Or, is that your worst nightmare?

K-pop과 한류를 해외에 홍보하는 데는 많은 힘이 있습니다. NST를 K-pop에 포함시킬 수 있습니까? 아니면 뭔가 다른가요? 아니면 최악의 악몽인가요?

NST: Haha nightmare!

I think NST & The Soul Sauce is real K-pop and Hallyu! But Why doesn't Korean government promote me? Hahaha



K-pop idol group or online Korean clothing brand?

Which are which?
How well do you know
both, or either?

Boys Republic
pinksecret
Rubber Soul
Black Pink
Thursday Island
Fanta Girl
Hello Venus

Seventeen
Bob Girls
Wassup
Led Apple
Banila B
QNIGIRLS
Crux
Sweet Cat
Gangkiz
My Name
K-Much

TopTen10
Puretty
Danilove
Coed School
Small Man
Play the Siren
I Love Pink
Cutiple
BangBang
Topp Dogg
8 Seconds

SN Feel
Teen Top
Wings
Bluepops
Berry Good
Uniq
Orange Caramel
Boys24
Shez Good
Lovelyz
Us n Them

Sweet Bong-Bong
Ladies' Code
Oh My Girl
SSunny
babishow
Codes Combine
Red Velvet
Boom Style
Uptown Holic
Colonize
Teenie Weenie

Remembering Hongdae Playground

Whenever I go to Hongdae these days, I feel like I'm trapped in a Michael Hurt street photograph of young girls dressing conspicuously. Things have changed so much.

My first time coming to Hongdae in December 2003, it was a quieter, residential area, with plenty of affordable restaurants and bars. As summer arrived, we began hanging out more and more in Hongdae Playground. I recall in April 2004 seeing a concert there with several familiar punk bands, including the Geeks, Popstore, Half Brothers (featuring future Kingston Rudieska frontman Sugar). Generally in those days, you could wander through any time and see punks sitting there, mostly around the corner next to the playground equipment.

While teasing my Australian friends, I decided to name the equipment "Good Australia," sort of based on how on "King of the Hill," Hank's dad has a baby son and names him "Good Hank."

Typically, we would congregate in the playground, go to a show at Skunk, and come back to the playground. Sometimes we would go to a restaurant after a show, and inevitably end up in the playground. I still recall one night in August 2004 when I went to Itaewon to see Mad Professor, then came back to discover the playground full of punks all night. We stayed there until sunrise. That summer, much of the equipment was still new, and it was considered clean enough you could just lie down anywhere and sleep on the crushed-old-tires rubber ground or on the benches, or on Good Australia. It was rare to

see other foreigners there after the subways closed.

The following summer, it became more popular. But still it was the punk place, especially our corner of it. As it got crazier, it became less friendly to our Korean punk friends, but the foreign punks had no problem hanging out there, holding onto something we considered a quintessential aspect of the Korean punk experience.

We continued with our antisocial behaviour even as the playground surged in popularity with normal people.

Late at night, we would hold fight clubs, attempting to create a safe place for combatants to duke it out just to see what would happen. I recall seeing Verv take on two guys at once, who bested him, and one tense fight between Verv and Broke co-founder Paul Mutts in which they just circled each other and never did anything, and another fight between Verv and an older skinhead who gave him a bloody nose. I took on Burke in more of a grappling match once, and it ended badly when a third friend interfered supposedly on my behalf.

When it was discovered we could easily purchase roman candle fireworks from a nearby convenience store, we began holding late-night "Harry Potter" fireworks battles. Often I would climb up on top of the Hongdae Playground washroom where I could safely snipe off the others. Once, a bolt from a roman candle exploded too close to Verv's skin, creating a burned hole resembling a bullet hole in a nice new white polo shirt. I apologised on his birthday, by buying him a

pack of fireworks and letting him fire them at me.

We had to call off the firefights after one incident, in which the playground was very crowded. A stray bold ricocheted and exploded right next to the ear of a random girl.

A less violent thing we did was bring out permanent markers every time someone fell asleep. My favourite thing to do was when a skinhead passed out, draw on the back or top of his head, which he might not notice until someone tells him. We tried to colour in the face of Jin-yong of Christfuck, making him black. I thought things went too far one night when a homeless guy fell asleep in the park and someone drew on his face.

The playground attracted many strange characters. There was the crazy park lady who clearly had mental problems. She'd come to the playground to drink and bring her small, sad dog. She knew a decent enough amount of English to harass us — "Do you like Korean girl?" — and there were always rumours about who would sleep with her. One guy who will go unnamed actually left the playground with her, but claims he realised shortly after that she was crazy and ran out on her.

There was the swing kid, a guy in his early 20s maybe who would come to the playground every day to swing on the swings. He'd go really high, for long periods of time, and had the biggest smile on his face. Usually it would end when the park nazi, an elderly man at the senior community center there, came out and blew his whistle to get him off the swing so younger

kids could have a turn. Once, we tried to follow him home. He led us all the way to Sangsu-dong where he must've noticed us and ran off.

And there was Jimmy, a loveable guy with a mental handicap. Plus, the makgeolli man who would show up and sell cheap makgeolli for too cheap.

Gradually, around the turn of the decade, the playground started to fill up with normal people and there were events that displaced punks. The same cover band would play the same covers every week. There were rappers. And there was the silent disco, where everyone gets earphones and dances along to music only they can hear.

Around 2011 maybe, some punks banded together to form the "Purge Movement," primarily to organise punk shows in the playground and "purge" it of those elements. Ultimately, the more we tried to preserve the playground through declarations and territorial claims, the more we failed.

The playground was recently renovated, taking out the playground equipment (which itself had been built only a few years earlier, replacing Good Australia). It also removed a lot of the bench seating and plant areas, creating a wider open space. The public washroom, declared in 2002 or 2003 the best of the city, now looks like a medieval fortress clad in wood bars, with big sharp intimidating spikes on top to prevent anyone from getting onto the roof.

It's no longer the playground we remember fondly.

It was 2004 when I first went to the playground. So did my experience in skunkhell begin. What an era! The coolest thing about the place is that I always could meet someone I knew at that time. No matter when, there was always someone I knew to hangout with. Back in time, there was this mexican restaurant called Casa Maya right in front of it. I used to go there with Jesse and he used to have his margarita as to go and enjoyed it in the playground. Come to think of it, it was a bit weird that the nursing home was located in there. I'm sure the old might have suffered from noise from young lads a lot. Kudos to them! Now I no longer go there though (I'm not in Korea now), that place bring me this nostalgic memory as I spent most of my weekend there. All those punk gigs and hanging out in the playground consoled me countless times. It made me feel as if I am a cool kid. Makgoli ajjossi, lady with pipe, I miss them too. Sometimes fight happened. Sometimes shit happened. But most of the time I was happy. I wonder what I would have become if I didn't know its existence. I would be someone different. Now I am 30 and time fled so fast. I won't be able to feel the same feeling I had in the playground anymore. But I still have this bit of affection left toward the place for sure. By the way, Casa Maya reopened in Nonhyun. You should go. Thanks!

Once upon a time, there's Punks, Skinheads, Anarchists, Communists, Soldiers, Lumpen, Homeless.. they were friends in a small park. Anyone you can imagine possibly be friended together at Hongdae playground. That was very interesting to me. I saw many bands come and go. A unexplainable culture was there. I met a punk boy who were interest about Anarchism. He brought me to many gigs of 99 angers, Suckstuff, Assignment 27, Captain boot boys, Rux, Blue Punk bugs, No brain, Lazybone... and Yes, Crying nut.

I feel sad when I try to remember back then because the time will never come back again. I miss friends of Hongdae but some of them are changed and they aren't them I used to know anymore. Miss you buddy. Miss you Hongdae.

Maybe around 2015 being taught civic memory of the park is difficult since it was just so apart "proper" knife fighting by a super of almost every weekend I was in Seoul from 2006 to 2010. sketchy Russian guy who claimed to There was almost always something happening there whether have fought against the Chechens. He it be live bands, magic shows, dance offs, people selling their went as far as showing us his scars all own brands of clothes or other interesting items but what I over his torso from being stabbed or remember most was watching the sunrise on many occasions after long nights of fun, the laughter, a few tears and especially the comradery that was had.

We got married in Hongdae Park...

That park used to be so quiet before the 희망시장 made it a madhouse.

My favorite (anonymous) memory of that park is when the old convenience store there stocked 5,000 won bottles on gin and Canada Dry tonic. Now there's a party!

For a couple of years there were a rotating group of people that basically do a real life Fight Club on random weekends there. Fairly quickly it became monetized and they would offer 1-3 minutes of fighting with options for fighting the "champion" one handed or at 100%. The longest running fighter was a pro boxer that knew how to put on an entertaining show. Drunken punters trying to impress their girlfriends would be able to show their bravery as he deftly dodged their wild swings for 2 minutes. And some friends would occasionally spar with those guys and it really brought a typical Saturday night out to a new level. I first came upon guys bringing head gear a pair of gloves and offering to spar with people around 2012/2013? I think around 2014-2015 it became much more of a regular thing with signs, prices, timers, etc.

I remember when the park was a punk territory. around 2006, there were many fight between punks and clubgoers(hip hop, maybe). and literally, the park was a second home. some punks don't go back home and stay there for days. and some punks from outside seoul used to sleep at a park and sometimes they broke into a silver hall(경로당).

speaking of... somebody better submit an account of System Fucker's vocalist climbing that tent-like covering and freak-ing out all the normies he 'dived' (meaning, carefully fell) off it onto the audience my memories of those shows are damaged by my bag (and Verv's) being stolen... which was followed by me getting pissed off and smashing some lighttubes, which you then inadvertently guilt-tripped me into sweeping up

In 2010-11 there was a regular "Silent Disco" on a lot of weekends that was interesting. Random people doing fire spinning, random musicians (usually hip hop guys doing free style raps) performing, etc. a lot of the bigger pub crawls would end or start there so i have so many memories of that park overrun with drunk santas, zombies, toga clad people.

Watched Soundbox (Sound-jam? The rapping, tapping, beatboxing, wooden-box-beating group that performed there most weekends)...

I saw an amateur boxer rock up into the park and charge people money to box him. He handicapped himself using only defense, 1 arm, or both arms. Price varied according to the handicap.

.....3 words-Crazy Park Lady.

I think I've had some pre-show anxiety poops there. Amazingly, there was always toilet paper to be found??

I met the members of Yuppie Killer there for the first time. It was fall 2013 and my first time in the park. I had a pin for the Canadian band Fucked Up on my jacket and Ian White started a conversation with me about it. After forming Food for Worms a year later we went on to play a lot of shows together. I also remember watching fire jugglers and dance offs.

My memory of that night is fuzzy, just like most weekend nights back then in 2007. All I remember is some trouble makers, maybe Jon and Verv (again, fuzzy memory) decided that it would be a good idea to start a bonfire on the edge of the park close to Spot. We gathered around and enjoyed the fire until some (responsible) old bastard came over and angrily put the fire out. Apparently it was a bad idea!

One time a couple of my bandmates and I went to Monster Pizza. We were pretty darn hammered. I got 2 or 3 slices, as did one of my bandmates. My other bandmate wanted to buy a whole pizza, we kept telling him it was too much. But he kept saying "I want a whole pizza." He was warned, nevertheless, he persisted. Obviously, he couldn't finish it, and having already eaten my own slices, I couldn't help. So we just wandered around the park giving away pizza to some people.

John's Park Memories, in no particular order are:

1. Jimmy
 2. Verv fighting randoms
 3. The huge turnout for HCGC at the Play Out Festival
 4. Random escapes to play Battlefield
 5. Any night that involved a trip to Carnegie Station
 6. Eric's Carhartt Muumuu
 7. Space Morgan 3000
 8. Getting recruited to fight a jerk who ended up being me
 9. Running into someone you knew pretty much 24/7
 10. Meeting so many hilarious, talented, smart, unique, and influential individuals
- Unqualified for the park, but still a (foggy) memory was something that involved New York Fries, Skinhead Grant, Ryan B, a special ring, a lighter, and some branding.

They were auctioning dates with guys for a cause of sorts, if I recall

I was there a few weeks ago and people were still hanging out but the playground equipment was gone and the bathrooms had paneling outside to discourage graffiti but would definitely encourage climbing.

A few months ago I saw a construction crew there, laying bricks and whatnot. I stoop there by one of the entrances for probably 10 minutes, constantly with my middle finger raised.

Edit: it was around 9am and I was completely wasted.

The hongdae playground has been such a classic staple of refuge for Party on throughout the years I've known it. Too many memories to count. We're talking high school stomping grounds (1999) I'm stumped for top tales. My dearest high school doug ran away and stayed in the hongdae park for a school week, he and his girlfriend found the key to what I believe was a senior citizens lounge at the time under a kimchi pot and I thought he was such a rad bad dog. So many pals so many shows so many beers and makgoli so many sorrow so many fun. Been sold on hongdae park from da start.

Yuppie Killer Moments

I have a lot of great Yuppie Killer memories, but I think my favorite Yuppie Killer moment would have to be when they opened the Saturday show of the Crucial Section tour back in... 2012? ...and they finished their set with Ian and Tim all but fighting each other, Tim diving on Ian and trying to wrestle him, then Jason getting up from the drums and diving on the both of them. The total chaotic unpredictability of early Yuppie Killer sets made them one of my favorite live bands of the Korean punk scene, almost up there with Banran circa 2010 and early Scumraid sets when Jihwan used to dive into the audience all the time. Honorable mention to their attempts at getting a Hot Six sponsorship. I have never seen proof, but Ian and Tim's story has never wavered, so I believe that yes, they really did contact Hot Six and offer to write them a song in return for sponsorship or something like that. Of course, they never expected to actually have anything come of it.

—Tel, Misawa

i remember yuppie killer and scumraid we were heading to busan, after get on a bus, jay just got a problem and he said he need some help and he couldn't go to busan unless take that diarrhea out, so he got out, one of crew, yongjun he just got join to yuppiekiller. that was moment i remember of yuppiekiller. also moments of yeonnam town

—Jihwan, Scumraid

It was a sweaty and strummy day of when the Yuppie Killer descended upon us with the Earest of the the Earporn, between the Hamburger CockandBalls lineup where I think broken boners were in the horizon. And holy fucking jesus, fuckjesus is very doing grindcheck. Fear, the walking friend showed up. JH desecrates. I'm on permanent tilt. Dude is a people squisher. Black and blue Ky from pennywise got drunk off shamrock. "It's the most awkward mating dance I've ever seen." And like, Yongsam had to leave early cuz he has no money but all your monies are not belong to dis fat cat... HE NEEDS CONSTRUCTION HAT. ARRHGHGHGHGSDHDFDLJKDF :SJKFKLS:LDKFJAJFS:DLJG:ALKFJ AS:LKJDASL:DJSHDSFSJDFHLSDK JF:SAJASL:DFJDS:LFJSDGHellacio uslybeautifulsadong. La burr labor. So stress. WhythefuckYisangnot-playmusicanymore. Lifesoserious. Whattodowhattododaaaahhhhh. So scary hug. Takin many photos takin many photos making bacon pancakes makin makin bacon pancakes. I think I could at least be friends with myself, I think the way I can stand my own existence boils down to a deep-seated stockholm syndrome. Don't let it

fester into a deep-seated Fuckity-fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck. Hav drink for you hav drink for u. Do trust ur keys with that, dun. Being kissed by everyone. Murr. Motherfucking gentleman. Oh shit, took that too seriously. Durr. Derp? DurrPina. Oy. You won't get this. Fishsticksfishsticks Damnit I'm an ajeosshi. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh pants. I am the genie of green hell. Drink black coffeee at the wall. La bibliotheca or something. Inappropriate, the appropriations committee. Who's worstest naked on a rainy day. Who got longest stretch hair. Fucking hells yeh. 불일보고웃 나. E3t TacoBell no cannon. Be a bad boy, don't be a good boy. Do think about this. Is all good. Beer in the pants beer in the pants. Moar beer in the pants. Umm life is good, even if I am an emotiKon. Where the fuck ar you and tongue years of bad sex wtf. I RUINS EVERYTHING. Wir bracken. I hath the failest of the fairs. I mite be crazy. Everythingok. I mean buffalo, buffalo the buffalo. Argh savedeth. Pain pain pain is no. Don't pain. I love everyone... What's wrong with that. Edumacations edumacatetions ejacumalation. Digging digs. Mmm digs. I drunk. Potatoes. Potentate. This too. I miss. Mewdude. Omgwtf I found brotte. Argghhghgh love you love you love you love u hatechu love u. Shaddup. Shag, sir. Squirt ha. Wrong you back together. I say too much and I drink too much. Fucking hells good luck man and I wish you guys the best. Fuck it all as hard as you can.

—; HE NEEDS CONSTRUCTION HAT. ARRHGHGHGHGSDHDFDLJKDF:SJKFKLS:LDKFJAJFS:DLJG:ALKFJAS:LKJDASL:DJSHDSFSJDFHLSDKJF:SAJASL:DFJDS:LFJSDGHellaciouslybeautifulsadsong. La burr labor. No hug. Where the fuck ar you and 7 years of bad sex wtf. I RUINS EVERYTHING. Fishsticksfishsticks. WhythefuckYisangnotplaymusicanymore. Lifesoserious. Whattodowhattododaaaahhhhh. I hath the failest of the fairs. I mite be crazy. Everythin-gok.

—Amy, S-Gerat

(Yuppie Killer would advertise "free drinks" at their shows, which would be just a ton of different alcohols and juices mixed together in a big bucket. One time it included absinthe. Always absolutely disgusting.) The look of disappointment when people find out what the "free drinks" are was always fun. Tim introducing the song "Pigs in the Void" as "A Black Sabbath cover or whatever," at Death of Club Spot. (If memory serves, it might not) There was also the time Tim made the mistake of passing out with Red-boi present. I still have pictures.

—Kyle, Food for Worms

Those memory-reducing cocktails...

—Tyler, noise musician

I've really enjoyed the sheer randomness of "You party like shit" stickers appearing in my life! From random metal bars in Hongdae to rest stops in Gangwon-Do. It's been fun seeing that sticker appear.

—Michael, private citizen

Their first show As I know, at that time they played the music after making the band. And tim's voice was so husky maybe because of practice I have never seen the show after that show It was fun!

—Jaehyeon, Kitsches

Yuppie killer and Double A generation (2014-2015). They made a lot of the shows and It was really many good memories to me

—Yoon Gwang, Agari

Never saw them actually killing a yuppie. Very disappointed. I think there was one night that ian talked to me only using rick and merty and the eric andre show quotes but I might be just made this shit up right now. idk

—Jin-ho, Onager

We were at Mushroom recording to do the gang vocals on Police Informant. The group of us, Tim Butcher included, were having some trouble with the timing. No matter how together we thought we were, we couldn't stay in time with the music. At first we thought it was because we couldn't hear the playback loud enough. This didn't fix things so we tried to slap out the timing with our hands. At this point we realised that the song was getting faster and slower during the outro. It only took a few tries after this to stay in "time" with the music and we were eventually able to finish. It was idiosyncracies like this that really made Yuppie Killer more than just a scene curiosity.

Yuppie Killer don't need your click track.

—Ken, "Ash" director

Some foreigners I didn't know showed up for a Halloween show at AA. I asked who they were here for, and they said Yuppie Killer. I said "They suck" before realising one was Tim (vocalist) in a Halloween costume.

—Jon Twitch

Getting complained on in the bar-racks for blasting their music.

—Alex, military boy

I loved a lot all the free booze Yuppie Killer shows at Double A. Especially the ones that made you discover the evil side of people in the audience.

Really funny and interesting nights! And I'd love to add that for me, the punk scene in Seoul without Yuppie Killer will be different. We will miss those bastards.

I'm not sure I should explain more about the evil side... I was thinking for example about some drunken punches, crying moment etc...

Cheap booze is not all the time your best friend, but it creates interesting and unforgettable moments!

—JP, Octopoulpe

Tim Jervis responding to an ad: Love Motel looking for a new vocalist.

"Hi, I heard about your band and to be honest, I heard your band was shit. I will change that. I take shit and mould it into something people will give a shit about. I currently sing in the Seoul hardcore band Yuppie Killer, but I am looking for a project that is less machismo, more psychedelic and caters to high levels of prescription drug abuse. I have a serious drug problem but I also have a serious talent. I once was asked if I was gay and the guy was not joking so you know I take care of myself. I am glad you are okay with race because not all of us can be racist, right? I am super white.

I am really fucking into drugs, the band Berlin and super early Megadeath demos. This should give you a good idea about the strength of drugs I am addicted to. I liked MGMT before they got big, if you say different then I will call you on your total bullshit. Please respond with practice schedules and information on how I will be financially compensated.

Sincerely,

Tim Jervis
Singer of Love Motel"
on craigslist

Those pranksters. Also: I woke up at home one morning after a Yuppie Killer show in Busan to find the whole band in my house for no good reason. Tim was walking around in full-body long johns and their old drummer Jason was saying, his brow furrowed, slightly perturbed, "Tim. Your dick is really protruding." It was though. It was gross. Yuppie Killers past and present have all been my kind of people. The perfect blend of trash and smarts and wanton stupidity on an endless quest for kicks. Who else could be this obnoxious and stupid and still this funny and cool? Hope some of that is useful. Those guys so annoying but love them.

—Steve C, Genius

Manufacturing indie cred

Jon Twitch

Coming out of the kerfuffle of “Ask a Korean”’s “All Korean Music is K-Pop” rant, the one big glaring exception is the rock band CNBLUE, signed to FNC Entertainment. CNBLUE is a four-piece band whose members all play instruments, already contrasting them to K-pop idol groups. Yet, nobody I talked to had a problem calling them K-pop. How is this possible?

A friend working at an English-language newspaper in Korea commented to me that whenever they published articles about CNBLUE, FNC would call them up to remove any mentions of them as K-pop, insisting they’re a real band that has indie cred from performing actual indie shows, having performed in Japan in 2009 before debuting in Korea early the next year.

All of this falls apart when you start looking closer.

CNBLUE, which stands for “Code Name Burning, Lovely, Untouchable, Emotional,” has gained a reputation for ripping off legit indie bands. They had a legal tussle with YNot? over a song sounding too close to one of Jeon Sang-kyu’s. And Crying Nut sued them and FNC for unauthorized use of the song “Pilsal Off-Side.”

Apparently Crying Nut were asked if CNBLUE

could use the song, which they turned down. Then, CNBLUE performed the song in at least two appearances in 2010: once on MNet’s “M Countdown” and another in a Japan concert that was filmed for a DVD to be released. And to make matters worse, I’ve heard allegations they didn’t even play the song themselves, instead pretending to perform along to a prerecorded Crying Nut version of the song.

The blame came down to who was responsible for the creative choices, which was apparently not CNBLUE, who supposedly released a statement saying “The company that used the song without permission was not us, but CJ E&M. The company that planned and sold the Japanese DVD is not us, either.”

A representative said “It is now hard to restore their reputation as hallyu stars.”

Crying Nut posted a statement saying “one must pay the penalties for intellectual property rights infringement.”

That didn’t sit well with CNBLUE, which fired back with a counter suit claiming Crying Nut was spreading false information. Never mind that their song had been stolen without permission and someone was profiting off DVD sales.

Crying Nut released

a statement where they acknowledged the hurt feelings from their intellectual property lawsuit, and reached out to CNBLUE with the following words:

“We heard that CNBLUE were also once an indie band in Japan. What is ‘indie’? Simply, it is ‘independence’? They create their own music, produce in their system, and distribute through a pretty independent method. The most important thing is to have full responsibility over their products and actions. ‘Indie’ is not marketing. It is a full mindset.”

But here’s the thing: CNBLUE were never an “indie” band and any claim to such is a marketing scheme by FNC. The information is all available on Wikipedia.

Their debut concert seems to be a street show in front of Shinjuku Station in early 2009; the video is still online on MNet. Street shows, you may know, are money-sinks because you need to pay a lot for logistics and there’s no actual way to earn money. CNBLUE debuted to a thin crowd, playing with fancy new equipment on a large sound system, all conveniently captured by a camera crew. Where did they come from? Why were they all even in Japan?

To find that, all I had to do was look at the individual members’ Wikipedia pages.

“Jung Yong-hwa was born on June 22, 1989, in Seoul, South Korea. His family consists of his parents and a brother, who is four years older. He moved to Busan in 1991 and lived there through high school, where he first began composing music. After taking his college entrance, he moved back to Seoul, where he joined FNC Music. In 2009, Jung left for Japan to study music with his bandmates. While there, they did street performances and released independent albums.”

Lee Jong-hyun: “The talent scout from FNC Music (currently known as FNC Entertainment) who visited Busan to see Jung, came across Lee in the street, and suggested him to audition at the company. On his way to his audition, he met his current fellow CNBLUE member Jung at the Seoul Station. They then met Kang Min-hyuk, also a current fellow member of CNBLUE, at FNC Music where they auditioned. Eventually, only the three of them passed the auditions and Lee began training in bass technology at FNC Academy.”

So, it appears they joined FNC before moving to Japan. Mention is made of them working with the Japanese indie label AI Entertainment, but who is that?

Wikipedia says: “AI Entertainment Inc. was

founded in 2007. It is a Japanese indie record label and publishing company which supports the indie artists of the world.”

Wikipedia also lists two presumably Japanese acts as AI’s only signed bands.

But if you view history, the page when it was originally created in 2010 says: “AI Entertainment Incorporated is the official Japanese branch company of FNC Music. It was founded in 2009.” The two listed signed acts are FT Island and CNBLUE.

Much of this information was censored over multiple revisions by an account named “Aie staff” on March 19, 2015, and an unregistered editor on April 25, 2015. First the connection to FNC was taken out, then in August CNBLUE and FT Island were excised.

The inevitable conclusion is CNBLUE has no indie cred: its idol trainee members were only sent by FNC to Japan, where they could generate indie experience while pampered by the Japanese affiliate. Then, the band could return to its owners in Korea, FNC who had auditioned the members and put them through idol hagwon. Now, it was finally ready to debut as an “indie” band, hiding the true nature of its corporate origins in plain sight.



Message from WDI

Over the years, many people have asked me what it means to be a punk rock “scene.” I always answer that of course it means we all have that same love of the music and shows, but it’s more than that. It also means that we’re invested in helping each other be successful. This past weekend, our friend Avail (lazybone bassist/Bully Studio owner) showed exactly what I mean by that. As most of you know, we were scheduled to have the last 2ndSaturdays show on Saturday. It was an acoustic show on our rooftop and was almost completely sold out in presale tickets. One hour before the show was scheduled to start, I turned on our PA mixer, and it exploded. We were freaking out. How were we going to fix this problem in just one hour?? We called Avail, and he offered to lend us an extra mixer from his practice studio. When we were having trouble getting it to work, he came to our house to help set it up. We got it working in a limited way to start the show, but to help make the sound better, Avail drove back to his studio and got us a set of special speaker cables to use for the night. He stayed for the whole show, helped run the sound, which freed up Trash and I to enjoy the night more, and at the end of the night, he refused to accept any money from us. He said he was glad to help us have a great last 2ndSaturdays. THAT, to me, is how a punk scene is supposed to work. So thanks again, Avail. You saved the night in a spectacular way!

Jeff

Message from Club SHARP

There aren’t many punk clubs left in Seoul. Let’s help make sure SHARP can stick around.

Here are a few things that you can do to prevent SHARP from having problems with the neighbors/police:

1. After smoking, throw the cigarette butts in the TRASH BIN, not on the ground.

2. The most IMPORTANT, hangout on the main road (not in the alley in front of the club entrance) - You can help the club by walking a few meters away from the door (keeps the noise away from the apartments next door)

3. Help control the volume outside. This can be difficult but is important. You can be LOUD as you want INSIDE OF CLUB, but we need to keep it under control outside :)

We all want a couple good punk clubs in this stupid K-pop Korea. SHARP is able to avoid the problems that drove the punk clubs out of Hongdae, so they have the ability to stay open for a long time. We just need to work together to solve these new problems (aka: don’t piss off the neighbors).

Struggling through another Nevin interview

Jon Twitch

Before Nevin returned for another tour with his Beijing hardcore band Struggle Session here in May, I interviewed him for an article for work. We took this big long article and cut it down to something like 500 words. Anyway, here's the rest of everything he said.

For those who don't know, Nevin lived in Korea early last decade, and was an active part of the punk scene while he was here. He's since been in Beijing where he's been an important part of their own scene, which has grown past ours.

Broke: By the way, this is for work, so try to avoid profanity when possible.

Nevin: Oh, fuck!

Broke: I should have mentioned, "shithole" is now acceptable and probably most variations on "shit." THANKS OBAMA!

Nevin: Oh, nice. We have to get past the conservative on language. I don't think racial slurs are acceptable but we should be able to talk about sex and bodily functions in everyday venacular.

Broke: Can you namedrop the specifics about what you've been doing there?

Nevin: From 2006-2012 I was the booking manager for D-22 which involved organizing and managing live events six nights a week. I have done just about everything for the label Maybe Mars from production and distribution to organizing and managing tours and executive producing recordings. I currently focus on international (tours, distribution, and promotion) while also acting as the general COO for the label. Genjing is my own label and I do everything for it. Far Out Distant Sounds is a distribution company based in LA that provides mailorder from its website while also stocking a handful of record stores, coordinating digital distribution, and handling US promotion for some of the acts. I also organize and manage domestic tours for one or two foreign acts a year and act as a consultant on the Chinese music industry.

Broke: So did China lift its THAAD retaliation, or are you coming here in defiance of the government and showing your support for the missile defence shield?

Nevin: I'm not sure if music is part of China's THAAD retaliation but



Nevin plays at GBN with Struggle Session, 20170922.

there are actually cities in China, including Shanghai and Wuhan, where Korean bands are not allowed to play. This is probably more about China protecting itself against the cultural pollution of K-Pop. I'm not in favor of missiles in the hands of any government but I can see the need to protect an innocent public from the vices of K-Pop. My bassist, on the other hand, is a massive fan of Red Velvet.

Broke: How the fuck are Korean bands not allowed to perform in Shanghai and Wuhan?

Nevin: I'm not sure when the Korean ban came into play but over the past couple years certain local ministries of culture have began enforcing the rule that all performances by foreign artist must be permitted. This is a painful process of submitting passports, translated lyrics, and videos of the band playing the exact set list of their planned performance. Oh, and a fee, of course. It is possible for most artists though and I have done it regularly for touring acts. This is spottily enforced city by city and, for now, doesn't apply to non-ticketed events. Recently when I was trying to organize a tour for the Geeks I discovered that it was impossible to permit shows by Korean bands in Shanghai or Wuhan (Guangzhou is still ok), and my contacts in the larger industry confirmed they had a similar experience with K-Pop artists. Since the Ministry of Culture in Beijing makes it impossible

to permit shows here technically all shows with foreign performers are illegal. This has yet to be a problem but the government can shut everything down whenever it wants (which it does on occasions like last weekend).

Broke: Can you list any Chinese government measures to crack down on the underground scene?

Nevin: Club closures are usually based around the performances of foreign acts or drugs. I would list things like the "hip-hop ban" as more targeted towards local performers. This is a truly fascinating story but the jist of it (unfortunately, without all the juicy bits which would take pages to reveal) is that the rising stars of China's rap scene had too many fans and developed cult followings similar to Mando Pop stars. The government tried to leverage this in their favor by creating political, pro-(Communist)party lyrics, but the problem occurred when the government realizes that the rappers weren't as predictable as the Pop stars. When fans dug up old lyrics about about smoking dope and fucking hoes the government decided to pull the plug. This so-called "ban" banished rap from TV and radio and will possibly effect internet platforms and online streaming services. While it has cut down the stars on the top end it has done nothing to hinder the underground scene growing in clubs across the country.

200 kids jumping around a venue isn't something for the government to worry about, they've got much bigger issues to worry about.

Broke: I had to look up what the band name meant. Why did you guys choose it, and does it cause any consequences in China to use such a political band name?

Nevin: We chose it because of it's connection to China and because we felt it was an accurate representation of our live show. It doesn't cause us any problems as most Chinese don't know the English translation of that term and we never use the Chinese. My old band however went by the Chinese name Fanzui Xiangfa (Criminalized Thought) and sang straight forward political lyrics in Chinese. We would have had a hard time performing in China under the current (and possibly permanent) leader.

Broke: How would you characterise the band's sound? Judging by the title of the track posted on Unite Asia, it's beatdown hardcore. Feel free to correct me.

Nevin: I'm laughing because the music and lyrics for that track were intentionally poking fun at beatdown hardcore. Generally, our style is hardcore with blast beats, often associated with the 90s west coast USA "powerviolence" scene, however it's really just an evolution of hardcore-punk. Because of the age

range of the members, we draw influences from the hardcore and metal scenes of the 80s, 90s, and 00s and often try to reference diverse styles of "extreme music" in our songs. While all the members listen to "hardcore", I feel it's the diversity of our influences and backgrounds within that genre that makes our music interesting.

Broke: The band is all foreigners, right? How did it come out that way, and does "expat band" carry different connotations in Beijing than it does in Seoul?

Nevin: We are all expats who have played in hardcore bands in our own and various other countries. We met first online, the virtual space of the international hardcore scene, and then in venues in Beijing. "Expat band" probably has very similar connotations in Seoul as it does in Beijing but as individuals we are members of the local music scene first and then the expat scene tangentially. I see it as a question of community where we are expats inside of China's underground music scene rather than musicians inside China's expat community. It may seem like a small distinction but there is a difference between "expat band" and expats in a band.

Broke: How is the Chinese underground music scene doing these days, domestically and internationally? I recall about 10 years ago it seemed to surpass Korea's and everyone was excited about it. More recently, there seem to have been harsh actions taken against it such as venue closures.

Nevin: The Chinese underground music scene is bigger and better than ever. It faces it's own unique challenges but is truly an unstoppable cultural and economic force. In some ways the government keeping the scene "underground" has allowed it to incubate and become stronger both musically and in terms of active participation. Often the rapid commercialization of underground culture in other countries kills the very roots of that once creative and vital scene. Regulation in China may have inadvertently protected its underground culture against the cool hunters of predatory capitalism but as the culture grows those same capitalist forces will push through the regulation as "to get rich is glorious."

The killers of K-pop

Jon Twitch

For the last couple years, Ian Henderson and Michael O'Dwyer have been locked into production of their feature-length documentary about the Korean metal scene. Post-production finally finished earlier this year, although just like "Ash" which was spotlighted in the last Broke, it still hasn't been released officially yet. Before seeing it, I did this interview with both guys about making this documentary.

If you want to see it, chances are the best way is to get your hands around the thick neck of one of these two guys and force them to show you. I don't fancy your chances.

Broke: I'm curious about the choosing of the name "K-Pop Killers."

Ian: No. It is referenced of course, but not much more than other of the aspects of Korean culture which are juxtaposed against the extreme metal scene.

Both. But it would be disingenuous to say I don't hope the inclusion of the word K-Pop won't help get more attention to the project. But the name itself is supposed to represent diametrically opposed sentiments. I guess in a way you could say the whole movie pits images and ideas against each other. I think my poster wraps it up nicely. I do want to add thought, that although the main narrative thread is metal, I made sure to make it big enough in scope to hold the interest of people who really couldn't give a rat's ass about metal. It's more about Korea, THROUGH the lens of metal.

Strictly homicidal towards K-Pop. I don't believe any of the "grassroots" artistic movements in Korea have many commonalities with K-Pop, which I consider to largely be just a commercial product.

MOD: K-Pop, or at least the shadow of it, is everpresent in the background of the documentary. In Korean modern life K-Pop music and the Idol group members are everywhere. A lot of the subjects in the documentary consciously made a decision to pursue music and style that is on the polar opposite of K-Pop style and what they feel it represents. Also, we really wanted the title to be instantly recognizable as Korean. Ideally "K-Pop Killers" would be someone who is interested in Korean music would find it and come away finding out about this whole underground music scene/culture that is virtually unknown when compared to K-Pop.

Broke: Can you define the Korean extreme metal underground?

Ian: I won't go into too much detail on this, as that would negate the point of most of the movie hahahaha. But I will say yes, we do go into the entire history of metal here,

and feature some of the biggest classic bands, which you'll recognize in the above list. But the main musical focus is the evolution of "extreme" metal in Korea. So like you already guessed there's some overlap, particularly with crust/black metal/grindcore.

MOD: Yes!!! There's a lot of overlap between the scenes!! But they're still very distinctive! Today the majority of the bands play at GBN LiveHouse in Mulla-Dong but there are a lot of other clubs that play metal shows scattered around Seoul. Including Rock 'n Roll Wook's in Gangnam area, Prism Hall and other remaining smaller music venues in Hongdae. GBN really is the home of metal as well as the home of hardcore and punk in Seoul! Believe it or not, the scene might be very small but there's a show every weekend and usually a fairly exciting show with a lot of talented bands playing at least once a month. I think the best way to define the Korean metal scene is "There's something for everyone" who is interested in metal. Classic heavy metal, thrash, grindcore, metalcore (a lot of metal-core. I'd say half of all active Korean metal bands are metal core.), death metal, black metal, doom metal, etc. It's all here. And every active band plays several times a year. There's a bit of disconnect or generation gap between the Korean metal bands that started in the 80s and are still active and the metal bands that started in the past 10 years. But I've been to concerts where bands across "generations" shared stages so it's not unheard of. Honestly, the scene is so small that shows try to mix up the genres to get people to come. A lot of big shows will mix metal-core bands with death metal bands. (There's even a couple of controversial metal band genres, like National Socialist Black Metal. Seriously, "What does it exclude?" GBN and other venues have banned a Korean band that has racist and fascist songs. But other than that the scene is fairly inclusive and prone to mixing. DON'T PRINT THE WORDS IN PARENTHESES ...unless you really want to.)

Broke: How do participants of the Korean metal scene define themselves and their movement and place it all contextually?

Ian: The older generation: that they're a dying breed. The up and coming: we're way past peak metal (rock in general) and that's a bummer, but there's a rediscovered punter pride alongside the punks and being able to create free of any benchmarks other than artistic.

MOD: I can't speak for everyone but a consistent tone expressed in conversation and interviews is a driving need to express themselves. Dressing in "metal fashion style" or having long hair if you're a man, having visible tattoos, or

just being in a rock band are all huge counter-cultural acts against regular Korean society. In the 80's there were still "hair police" that would fine men with long hair. Korean society is changing quickly but there's still a huge collective/societal pressure to conform so even just saying "I don't like K-Pop and I like rock and roll." or "I like extreme metal made by Korean musicians that play in tiny clubs in Mulla" puts one in the societal fringes. It'll be like saying "I'm a vegetarian" in Korea. Not unheard of but just regarded as incomprehensible. So participating in the metal scene with all that pressure the fans and musicians are acting on a deep urge to express themselves or rebel.

Broke: What are the main structural strengths of Korean metal? What are its main weaknesses?

Ian: I think I delved into this a bit in a previous interview, but some of the traits that are common to the scene a lot of places. Strengths would be dedication to the craft and really pushing themselves to grow as musicians in technical proficiency and production quality. Weaknesses would be too much in-fighting and competition among those who should be allies, general elitism. In my opinion you could reverse the opposite of those to be the strengths and weaknesses of the punk scene. Hahaha. Metal and punk have always been strange bed fellows. However, I think the aforementioned weak points of each genre are being lessened due to the fact that the scenes have had to come together out of necessity these days. So they're complimentary in a way.

MOD: Thank you so much for this question. The main strength, especially for the live scene, is the sheer level of skill and speed with most bands. Very few bands have members that phone it in or are out of sync. That's the biggest impression for a stranger is that every band that's been around for a few years have songs that have intricately complex melodies that they play very fast and rarely, if ever, make errors. I've been back in Texas for a couple of months now and I'm appalled now when I see a touring band drown out their shows in distortion or play sloppily. As you know metal has a lot of sub-genres and they all exist in active Korean bands. I would say the top 3 most popular sub-genres would be death-metal, metal-core, and grind-core. Korean grindcore especially is getting some recognition in Japan and outside Asia. Magazines and bloggers have begun calling Korea the "new home of grindcore".

Grindcore/Brutal Death Metal, especially, only works when the band is able to play extremely intricate melodies extremely fast. Fecundation, Huqueymsaw, and Seed are 3

of my favorite Korean bands and they all play incredibly fast grindcore/death metal yet still have layered melodic soloing, tempo changes, and clear song arcs. It brings in a new dimension that rarely exists in this genre and I'm in awe every time I listen to them. The weakness. Some of these bands go to extremes in their genres in speed and layered melodies. A lot of the songs are so dense that it can be overwhelming for the casual listener. They're not going for mass appeal and don't have ballads or anything resembling that would happen at a K-Pop concert. Without a navigator it can be difficult to know where to start. But at Korean shows there's always a mix of genres. So the grindcore band that is technically dense will finish and there will be a doom/goth metal band like Dark Mirror Ov Tragedy or a classic thrash band playing fun metal riffs like Method or Mahatma. You could argue that every K-Pop band has a similar sound. It's the opposite with Korean metal. You really can't pigeonhole this scene. For me that's why it's so fascinating.

Broke: Also, what of Hongdae? Does it have a presence still in your film, or is it totally forgotten by the underground scene now? And is Mulla 100% the place now?

Ian: Hongdae is mentioned in connection with metal strictly in the past tense, and covered in the present in the form of gentrification. Mulla might not be 100%, but damn close to that.

MOD: Hongdae!!! Hongdae does have a presence in "K-Pop Killers". Specifically the gentrification of the neighborhood and the move of the metal music scene to Mulla!! We love Mulla and love that the metal bars/clubs are all right between metal-working shops. There are metal bands literally playing next to metal-working shops and small factories. It's really quite poetic! At one point I literally walked around the old Hongdae park and where Club Spot used to be with camera and just recorded the new high end stores and open markets. We did film one of the bigger concerts at a club in Hongdae and the police came and almost shut it down as there was a noise complaint. The show continued at a lower volume and with club staff trying to everything to stop sound escaping and warning people to be quiet if they went outside. Hongdae is a different place than it was 5 years ago. Mulla and GBN is 100% the place now.

Broke: What was the hardest part of making this documentary? What was the best part?

Ian: I suppose the hardest part has been the technical learning curve, both production and editing. Also the self discipline to wake up at 6am on the

weekends and start editing, etc. Learning to be disciplined enough to bring a project of this scale to fruition. The best part could also be post learning curve, I'm super excited to go into my next project (I haven't revealed what it is yet, but will be in Korea) with the arsenal of knowledge and skills I've gained. To be honest though, the thing aint done yet! So I wanna say this final stage of rendering and subtitle is proving to be pretty hairy.

...BUT...actually.....the best part was being able to leave this as a testimonial. I've been here almost 10 years, embedded in the metal scene the entire time. So much of what I cover in the past tense I was there for and witnessed. It's kind of my love letter / swan song to the scene that's been like my family for the past decade.

MOD: I've worked on film sets before and I've been a photographer for years but this was the first time I had approached making an actual film. So learning new skill sets was really intimidating and the resulting anxiety of "Could I have shot that scene better?" The best part: The film itself! K-Pop Killers. It's a great product! As an artist you hope to create something that conveys a message and I think we've succeeded. Hopefully people will see film and see the stories of this vibrant art scene. These rebels and their everyday rebellion with a society that has an often crushing pressure to conform.

Broke: How long have you been working on this, and how much of your life have you put into it? Because it seems sort of like it's become your Iliad.

Ian: This certainly has been the biggest single endeavor of my life. We started in November 2016 and planned and shot for just over a year. I've been organizing and editing for the past 6 months. I think I will have surpassed 1,000 hours myself by the time I'm done.

MOD: (laughs) Oh maw gawd. Yeah. It feels that way. Close to 3 years. Including post production and preproduction. It's really my love letter to Korea. Especially the underground music scene. Endless planning, logistics, e-mails, arranging meetups, learning new skills, improvising when equipment failed, improvising with terrible sound issues, etc. It was a rare week that I didn't spend at least a day actively working on some aspect of this documentary. I lived outside of Seoul for the whole production so more or less every weekend I would make the trip to Seoul to spend at least one day of the weekend working on the film. Making this film really was like sprinting uphill while having a refrigerator strapped to your back! But it's all worth it. I'm super happy with the result and hope people enjoy it.

Finding a husband at Seoul Queer Culture Fest

Jon Twitch

Love and restraint were key themes throughout the week leading up to Korea Queer Festival (KQF) 2018. They, and their absence, arose repeatedly.

Seoul National University (SNU), the nation's top comprehensive university, on Monday hosted a talk by an American claiming to be an ex-homosexual.

SNU students, enraged, showed up, but they used restraint, remaining civil. They handed out flyers and sat in the front row during the talk. One student reportedly interrupted the talk and stormed out, but students report she returned and apologized.

And then the students had a lot to say during the Q&A period after. Darrion Skinner, the speaker, said he still had homosexual urges and struggled to fit into a heterosexual union. Is he an ex-homosexual, or a tortured homosexual who refuses to live up to his full potential?

Both sides showed restraint, as opposed to tolerance, as each side's best wishes would be for the other to disappear. And neither side wanted to give the other the fuel to accuse them of hate.

A student reported he called the building managers about why they agreed to host the event, and they said it was basically to give equal time to both sides. However, the scientific consensus is that any form of sexual conversion therapy is bunk and mentally harmful.

Science won't sway homophobes, the overwhelming majority of whom are Christians. So rather than throw statistical or medical facts at them, members of Korea's LGBTQ community are left with questions of religion, faith and love.

I haven't been to the parade since 2015, mainly because of how painful it was to see the hate and ignorance in the very active protesters. They usually set up a big rally in front of Deoksugate and try to drown out the noise of the pride festival. In 2016, the parade coincided with the RASKB Garden Party, and attendees heading for the British Embassy had to wade through a large, loud anti-gay protest.



Protest signs often show pictures of nudity at past events, and complaints keep coming in despite this being the only nudity visible.



The view from old City Hall, with SQCF 2018 in the oval below, and Christians across the street to the right, 20180714.



My "husband," left, flashes a hate sign at paraders, including a guy I know who went viral for dressing up as Jesus, 20180714.

This time again there was the usual rally, and it was loud but small this year. Just as pro-Park Geun-hye protesters have been making use of flags, this one also had giant Korean and U.S. flags, likely unaware the newly arrived U.S. ambassador, Admiral Harry Harris, a Trump appointee no less, was across the street from them at the U.S. Embassy booth in Seoul Square.

I stayed away from them, and the first Christian banner I saw, in front of Wongudan, had a fresh message: "We are against homosexuality [sic] because We love you!" Words of restraint, compared to the usual messages we see. Of course opposing homosexuality leads to stigma, family separation, blocked access to medical care, mental health issues and suicide. The protesters would say it's homosexuality which causes these things, but they don't see they've bound their own hands.

I decided I would look for love at KQF. Not literally love because it was everywhere around me, but for where it appeared on signs.

One protester walking around

with big colorful anti-gay signs wore a shirt that said "Father And Mother I Love You," with the first letters in blue to spell out "FAMILY." His intent was probably to promote family values, but it better implied reconciliation and love growing stronger than hate. Should a disowned queer kid go back to their family and try to suppress their feelings? They may find themselves no longer capable of love. It is the job of the parents to decide whether they can still love a child whose sexuality wouldn't be their first pick.

As the parade prepared to leave Seoul Square, protesters showing neither love nor restraint tried to get in their way. Elderly men waved sandwich boards and banners with anti-gay messages. A couple hundred or so smirking young men ran into the middle of the street and fell into a huge pile. One buckaroo in a cowboy hat ran past the police line and led a half dozen police in an amusing rodeo-style chase.

I got onto an elevated place and found myself standing

next to an elderly man holding a banner showing two men kissing. The police tried to remove him earlier but I guess he convinced them he wouldn't physically disrupt the parade. Throughout, his body moved along with the music. His thing seemed to be to wave and smile, and once people were looking, he'd whip out his banner. I invited more people up so they could see the parade, giving him less room to occupy. Probably a lot of paraders will have pictures of this one guy with the banner, and a bunch of normal people standing on either side of him.

Finally the parade arrived, and they brought love. "I love who I am," one handheld sign read.



Cops chase after one of a number of parade disrupters, wearing a cowboy hat.



Anti-gay protesters start an orgy in the road to blockade the parade, 20180714.

"Love is for everyone," another.

"Power to women," said one. And a large banner, "My body is a battleground."

"LGBTQ welcomes refugees," said another. Sexual minorities often find themselves refugees, not just in war-torn countries but anywhere, including advanced nations. A high number of sexual minorities have experienced homelessness, or feared they might become homeless. Refugee rights, women's rights, and LGBTQ rights have a great deal of overlap, even if there are social barriers between them.

"E.T. Love LGBT," read a heart-shaped sign carried by someone in the Raelian section. Their biggest banner had a stronger message: "To believe one is heterosexual is an illusion," which has a scientific basis.

One guy near the back of the parade saw the elderly man next to me, and held up his middle finger and shouted profanities. In a fit of mischief, I smiled and said in a friendly way, "Hey, don't talk like that to my husband!" The parade, not getting or maybe not hearing my exact words, turned his attention on me, shouting "I hate you!"

I honestly can't fault him for his reaction, as the level of hatred he probably endured that day from Christian protesters was high. I recall how messed up I felt after attending the 2015 opening event and photographing the Christians and their signs, and for that matter how I felt exactly the same after the 2012 Shincheonji Olympiad. I imagine this guy yelling at us probably went through the same thing after.

Because of who I was standing next to, I appeared in probably a lot of pictures taken of one particular anti-gay protester, standing very close to him. I deplore his message but have to respect him for not being one of the violent ones. And I'm glad only one marcher hurled hate in our direction.

Suuure.

The Other Korea

After first visiting North Korea in 2010 (see Broke 16), I was overdue for a return. The country had changed greatly, having seen a dynastic transfer of power, along with increased foreign tourism and major weapons development. Coupled with a peaceful revolution in South Korea and the destabilisation of government in the US, that led unexpectedly to some serious momentum in peace progress. The Pyongyang I'd previously seen was seemingly no more, and it was time to bear witness once again.

I had almost gone on a previous trip in spring, but chaos at work gave me an excuse to back out. This time, I saw a tour package that looked ideal to me: only four days, and time spent in Pyongyang and Kaesong, the two cities that interest me most. It was through a cultural exchange program named after Korea's most important mountain, run by a Canadian friend I had visited with in 2010, who later went on to return with Dennis Rodman and spend a weekend with Kim Jong-un. We'll call him Man-bok for now, as I don't want this article to become easily searched.

In late August I decided to join the trip, but kept off RSVPing until the last possible moment, just in case. My ulcer flared up and I virtually quit drinking for weeks, not cutting loose until I was in Shenyang on Sept. 18. The process of registering was easy enough, though it was only through Hongdae-based agency Soho Travel I was able to get the Chinese multiple-entry visa sorted out, a basic need for travel up there.

Work was a more complicated matter. I had the vacation days which would expire soon, but I sort of work for a newspaper, which would seem to be a major red flag. Man-bok assured me I was okay, and once I was up there I could be as honest as I wanted about my life down here. At work it trickled out where I was going, but I was surprised later how slowly news travels at a newspaper — even our North Korea page editor didn't know until I published an article on it on Oct. 5.

When I carried the Olympic torch in January, my employers suddenly pounced on it, putting my photo on the front page the next day and asking why I hadn't told them in advance. I feared while I was up there someone would approach me with a copy of the latest front page of my newspaper, with a highlighted part saying "Korea Times editor Jon Twitch is also in North Korea right now." So this trip was wholly a tourism thing, with no sponsorship or support from any other entity minus the paid vacation days at work.

I consulted with some North Korea watchers about things to look for, and got the following two lists:

- North Korean comic books released this year
 - any publication covering the Sept. 9 parade
- And:



A group photo in front of the statues of Kim Il-sung and Kim Jong-il.

- the Ryomyong bikeshare program in Pyongyang
- products from the company Naegohyang
- cosmetics company Bomhyanggi

- visit a barber shop and/or look through a hairstyle book
- find patbingsu, which apparently is much different in the North

I also had a shopping list of my own:

- a North Korean suit
- a Pyongyang FC jersey
- anything related to North Korean maskdance
- electronic devices

Anyway, I later accomplished six out of eleven of these, which is not bad.

Before I could leave, I put myself through a lengthy cultural quarantine practice, attempting to remove all traces of my life in South Korea. I purged my wallet of various materials and cleared out all my digital storage. My phone, a Note 7 (I mean FE) wasn't coming. My passport, issued in the South, had to come. I also took my ID card and a T-money card. I tried to clear out my wallet but ended up with a couple 1000-won notes that would become important later. Before it was too late I discovered a shirt I newly bought still had tags with Korean writing. And Soho had put my passport in a clear sheath that had all their company information, which I left at my office. I took three final pictures of my cats to start the memory card, so I could easily click to them any time on my trip. One showed Millie staring at me hungrily at her bowl, and one showed Buster doing the same, then there was one of them looking at me as I went out the door; the last one I later found had Korean writing in it. So I didn't do a perfect job of preparing; if they had searched me, they would've found plenty of artifacts clearly from the South.

One night I left straight from work for the airport, hauling two bags and not even wearing a jacket. The plane landed in Shenyang and I took a taxi to the local Somerset Palace, where the rest of our ten-person group was also staying.

They had gathered the day before for an orientation before heading in, but by the time I showed up it was clear this just

meant a piss-up. I met some of the group members and a few others who weren't joining us. Notably I met Paul, literally the fattest person I've ever met, a former pro judoka who sustained injuries and bloated up later in life; he got around by crutches or wheelchair, so this was going to be interesting.

The next morning, er afternoon, we went to the airport for our Air Koryo flight. I bought a beer that was unpleasantly warm before the flight, and when someone made a remark about warm beer I took that as a reference to Otto Warmbier. The backside of our airline tickets had a big warning saying they wouldn't let Note 7s on the plane, so I made the right choice there.

My 2010 visit, we'd taken a Tupolev I believe Tu-204, a sleek modern-looking jet. This time, we were on a much less impressive Antonov An-148, a high-wing monoplane the Russians had grounded after a crash in February. When the bus dropped us off on the tarmac in front of it, one of the cockpit windows was open. I'd heard defective windows were an easy way to blow a plane apart in the sky, and knew this was the most dangerous flight I'd ever taken. Meanwhile, Chinese tourists gathered out front taking pictures in front of the thing.

My seat was third row, but everyone else on the tour managed to get themselves seated in the two-row first class in front of me. I asked Man-bok how long the flight was and he said he heard something coming from the peasant class. The rest of the flight was a class war, with me plotting an uprising. I moved from my aisle seat to a window seat and a Korean guy took my original spot, so I hope Man-bok looked back and was startled to see I'd suddenly become a North Korean.

They served us a burger and a drink resembling a cola, apparently standard of the airline since after my first trip. The burger was kind of my stereotype for South Korean burgers from 15 years ago, all grey and brown on the inside. I put mine in a hotel mini-fridge that turned out to be unpowered and never looked at it again.

I also recall being surprised seeing a fly aboard. Maybe to a fly, it doesn't matter whether it's in China or North Korea.

When we landed, I looked out the window, trying to see past the drooping-down jet engine. I recalled in 2010 when we landed seeing all sorts of military vehicles parked on the tarmac, but nothing this time. And as we approached the airport terminal, the Taegukgi flashed at me, and 대한민국 next to it on the fuselage of a massive 747 I figured could eat this plane. It was Moon Jae-in's plane.

When I originally signed on for this trip, I knew Moon was planning a Pyongyang visit sometime in September. After the dates of Sept. 18-20 were announced, I knew I had to move forward. Seeing that 747 there was a welcome unlike any other. I likened my previous visit to going back in time to the 1960s, or possibly crossing into a parallel universe, but this time I didn't feel any such distortion at all.

Once we cleared customs, which was a casual process but during which I surrendered a Chinese English-language publication I'd accidentally brought, we assembled in the airport at a kiosk. The kiosk had various products, including foreign cellphone service plans and Taedonggang beer. I went for the latter and struck up a conversation with the girl working there, who was in her early 20s and quite pretty except for a skin problem. I asked her how she liked her job, and she surprised me by saying she didn't really like it. A few seconds later, her phone rang. She didn't talk to me much after that, other than to say "See you again."

We met our guides, who I'll call MK and SK. MK was in her early 30s, married with one kid, and SK was an older guy whose mugshot would've looked right next to the dictionary definition of 꼰대, except he was unexpectedly very kind and patient. He didn't like having his picture taken, saying "I know my face."

On the way to the hotel, we saw a South Korean delegation going the other way. Due to

their presence, we'd been bumped from the glitzy inner-city Koryo Hotel to the island-based Yanggakdo Hotel. Also, we missed out on attending the Pyongyang International Film Festival opening, one of the attractions of the tour, although one I cared less about than the others.

When we checked in, I went to my room, which was exactly how I remembered. The TV had two North Korean channels, a bunch of Chinese ones, and Al Jazeera. One of the Korean channels had a show on a Korean close-up magician, which was exactly what I wasn't expecting.

In the hotel bar, I met up with Man-bok as well as the infamous Simon Cockerell from Koryo Tours, who shared some hard liquor that made me wake up late the next morning and almost miss my appointment with the tailor.

Day 2 started slow, as our group took time to assemble in the lobby. I had an appointment with the tailor at 8, but woke up at 8:09, and the bus was supposed to leave at 8:30. Somehow I still made it, and wasn't the last one on the bus.

Our first stop was the Kim Il-sung and Jong-il statues on Mansu Hill, which is right next to Mukimuki Hill. SK had to push Paul in his wheelchair up a long, gradual slope, and I could see in his face not a shadow of resentment or superiority for pushing this humongous foreigner around.

In an out-of-the-way corner between the Kim statues and the Chollima statue, we gathered for a few minutes for what became a sermon. SK, holding Paul's wheelchair, did his best to explain his country's philosophy and worldview. Juche, to him, was about individual empowerment, more like punk DIY than Marxism. According to him, communism was made for European countries, but didn't fit Korea right; I believe based on that reasoning they took down portraits of Marx, Lenin, et al from Kim Il-sung Square sometime after my 2010 visit.

He told us he thought Trump has good intentions for Korea, to which I muttered "North Korea maybe." To him, Trump's hands were tied by American conservatives. I told him and MK I hated Trump, and mentioned to them the irony that he seemed more positive toward their leader than my own. And this is before he used the L word.

SK made mention of the UN Command recently barring a South Korean survey team from going North to inspect the rail network, which showed the US is in charge and South Korea is an occupied state. The act itself had been done so symbolically and deliberately, at the time before coming here I had even thought it was a message from America that they're in charge on Korean soil.

From there we headed to the Three Revolutions Exhibition, which strikes me as sort of an Expo grounds, spotlighting heavy industry, culture, and agriculture. Our bus pulled into a big square



The new Mass Games had some interesting messaging aimed more at a global audience.

filled with Koreans heading in the same direction by foot, but we drove past them, entering through a big gate to keep us segregated — but not for long. Once we got off the bus, we were free to go where we wanted.

The Pyongyang International Autumn Trade Fair was taking place, with hundreds of booths set up hawking all sorts of products, from toothpaste to electronics to clothes. I rushed through, more interested in seeing it all and buying things than interacting with or observing people. I bought whatever nonperishable foods I could find, Bomhyanggi hand cream, and an Achim tablet and smartwatch.

I've since come to know, a smartwatch is basically like a regular watch except you have to press a button to see the time. There is also a step-tracker that seems to also count slow-moving buses, and a heart monitor that seems to fluctuate between 0 and very high. I've since joked, after returning, that if it detects anything too abnormal it dispatches an ambulance from Pyongyang, which comes to the DMZ and just waits for me there, behind an increasing line of other ambulances.

We had a break for lunch somewhere else. Apparently the restaurant staff noticed I wasn't eating much and made remarks on it. When I noticed our guides being served raengmyeon, I remarked they were getting better food than us and was brought a bowl of my own. I managed to convert two of my companions, both who expressed disinterest in Korean noodles but immediately recanted on trying a small sample. I myself had not been a big fan of South Korean naengmyeon until trying it in Pyongyang in 2010.

There was a shop at the restaurant with various foreign products, including a Hello Kitty banana board and a "Hamburger Educational Toy," and photographing the latter led to me being forced to delete a picture for the first time in North Korea.

After lunch, we returned to the trade fair, with most people realising we'd only seen a small fraction of it. Conspicuously absent was Korean alcohol, something I'd hoped to find during this visit. I ran into Simon from Koryo again, and we went out to the food tents and had a few beers together.

After that, we went to the Children's Palace, which I'd seen last time and been a lot more impressed with before. While there, one companion pulled up pictures of Moon and Kim at Mt. Paektu, which confused our student guide who didn't understand the internet or how anyone could've accessed those pictures outside the state media.

Then we went to Future Scientists Street, a riverside development full of buildings that looked straight out of Vegas or Macao, said to be housing for scientists grouped by discipline. I would be curious



This is the axe used in the Axe Murder Incident of 1976, presented as evidence of American crimes.

to see the quality of life inside them, whether it reached the level of South Korean modern apartments. From the bus, I could see three Korean men walking along, examining a US dollar bill one had somehow procured.

We left the bus and walked around the street, during which MK started asking me about my life. I've used similar techniques to try to get information out of a person, so I knew what she was doing, and if she dug too far down she'd find South Korea and my editor job. But I was more than happy to talk with her, telling her about divorce and living with cats, as well as the sharing economy.

For dinner, we were served duck for the third meal in a row (not counting breakfasts). I remarked, "Somewhere there's an old man sitting at a pond with a bag of breadcrumbs and a sad look on his face."

We went back to the hotel, where I had a fitting for my suit. It was all rags, and the older female tailor wanted to adjust everything, at one point tearing out the sleeves and starting over again. Her one English go-to phrase was, I believe, "moment," but through her raspy voice it sounded more like she was exclaiming "my man!" She'd pound my shoulder and say "my man!" and I'd wonder if she wanted a high five.

After that, I went to the hotel to go up to my room on the 38th floor. The Korean elevator attendant was kind, but the droves of Chinese tourists were not. When I got on an elevator, it flooded with Chinese people until the alarm sounded. After a few people got off, the doors closed, and suddenly the elevator plunged downward about a meter, remaining frozen in place. Was I going to die in this enclosed space packed with Chinese tourists? It sounded like Hell already. Someone hit the call button, and when someone answered nobody replied, so I shouted "We're trapped, help!" The elevator took us from level 2 to level 3, where I and four Chinese women jumped off, happy to be alive.



The renovated Children's Palace has a rocket replica!

Chinese tourists were boorishly loud to the point where we could tell they were irritating the Koreans. We visited two shacks on the North side where important negotiations had gone down, and I confirmed they had the exact axes from the Axe Murder Incident on Aug. 18, 1976, which MK said were kept as evidence of a crime. If you've never heard of this before, look up Operation Paul Bunyan.

Next we returned to Kaesong, a city that has stimulated my imagination for years. There is one central axis, a gently curving road that goes down one valley wall and up on the other side to where leader statues are found, giving a pleasant scale of the city. I did a lot of photography from the bus, getting better at timing it so I would capture scenes between buildings, where you could see up alleys into the real circumstances of North Koreans' lives. The images I got showed people in transit, as well as selling wares, or just hanging out and having a good time. Like last visit, it was sociologically probably the most accurate view I got the whole time.

We went to the Koryo Museum, installed at the site of the Sungkyunkwan of the 918-1392 Goryeo Dynasty. It was my second visit, but between those two visits I spent a year working at the South Korean Sungkyunkwan, where I was the de facto tour guide of the Confucian academy's grounds. I was impressed it had received UNESCO status, but disappointed they kept only the middle gate open, originally intended for the Confucian spirits considered higher than the king himself. This style of academy had been brought from China's Confucianist Song Dynasty and was always a Confucian construct, so while the guide de-emphasised Confucianism, he didn't explain why this academic system arose in the first place or why it had a Confucian temple. Instead, the ideology we were presented showed how Confucianism later oppressed Buddhism, which was portrayed as more of a religion of the people. Everyone stayed obediently on the path running through the middle, except me who ran off in every direction, knowing that path is also intended for the spirits only. Seriously, if you try to even cross it during a Seokjeon Daeje ceremony in the South, someone will stop you.

After we walked through Koryo Sungkyunkwan, I ran ahead so I could get up to the front of the Sungkyunkwan University of Light Industry next door, a single large building designed in a Korean style. I'd heard this modern university was made possible during the Sunshine era when the South's SKKU donated computers, though the two universities have no more direct ties unfortunately.

I only know of one other person who's been to all three Sungkyunkwan campuses, and am hoping to find more. Among

the people who've been here and to the Seoul campus, few have also been to the Suwon Natural Sciences Campus.

We went for lunch in Kaesong, where we had something called 인삼닭곰 which was indistinguishable from samgyetang. The food here was passed around on a lazy susan, and we contemplated what name the North Koreans would have given that device. The restaurant also offered many foreign goods, including Pepsi manufactured in China and Kuhle pickled gherkins, which would've been unimaginable eight years ago. When we left the restaurant, I noted a traditional building behind the parking lot, which SK told me was the home of Jung Mong-ju, the Goryeo loyalist who refused to adapt to the new Joseon era, was executed for it, and later venerated in major Confucian ancestral worship ceremonies. I also noticed SK and I both had a weird ear hair growing in the middle of our left earlobes, right around where a normal person would get a piercing. Genetic similarity?

On the way back to Pyongyang, I asked about Dokdo, to be told they don't see it as North Korean, just as Korean, and to be resolved only with reunification, a smart answer. I also spotted a Gangnam County south of Pyongyang, as well as a 미니골프장 which led me to wonder if North Korea's mini golf is better than the South's virtually nonexistent one. During a quick stop at the hotel, I bought some Chinese-made slippers to replace my smelly waterlogged shoes. Ironically in 2010, I also had a shoe failure when my Dongdaemun-purchased bootleg shoes also fell apart.

We rushed to the Rungrado 1st of May Stadium to see the Mass Games, now rebranded from Arirang Festival to 빛나는 조국, officially translated as "The Glorious Country." The world's largest stadium (capacity 150,000) was nothing new to me, but seeing it this full was. A constellation of cellphones spread out below me distracted from the show. Paul, due to mobility issues, had been brought to a different landing, ending up in the 800-euro seats which were wheelchair-accessible, for the price of the 100-euro seats the rest of us were stuck in. Thanks to him, we were often able to cut corners, taking the bus right up to the front door rather than having to walk in.

The show began with the stadium going dark, and the North Korean flag, the Star and Bars, being brought out and lifted up toward a giant flame it never reached. Then, an array of drones came out, spelling out the event name and spinning in perfect formation over our heads. The event played out like the previous one, showcasing periods of Korean history and modern development, glazing over modern times of warfare in favour of a more reconciliatory message.

President Moon had attended the same event two days earlier,

giving an impassioned speech. He was gone now, but about 70 minutes into the program, the stadium fell dark and a massive projection was played over the blank cards of the schoolchildren participants opposite us, showing Kim and Moon meeting for the first time at Panmunjeom, followed by footage from the next couple summits. After that, the orchestra played a few foreign numbers, including “Guantanamo” which the Venezuelan next to me sang along to.

After that, we went to the Koryo Hotel for a late dinner, where one of my companions had asked for and been served dog. I was next to her, and rather than totally ignore it, I had a couple spoonfuls, approximately doubling the amount of dog I’ve consumed in my life.

We arrived at the Yanggakdo late, but my suit was waiting for me. I put it on, my Yanggakdo Leisure Suit. It was grey, made of material not patterned or shiny, with three buttons and short sleeves. Usually foreigners looking for suits want something like what one of the Kims or Mao Tse-tung would wear, but I wanted something like what I remembered from my last visit, a comfortable suit with short sleeves worn by the humble people of North Korea.

Having this, I went to the bar, where I found some of my companions sitting with people from another group. I sat down next to a very obviously transgendered person from Europe. Someone made a transphobic joke over the fact I’d been in a relationship with a Kim Jong-un, and their reaction made it very apparent to me. They kept referring to South Korea as “American-occupied Korea.” I heard stories also about a previous transgendered person who visited sometime earlier, wearing female 조선 옷 at every opportunity, which made me curious to inquire about sexual minority foreign tourists visiting North Korea. There’d probably be a very interesting study in that for someone.

From that, I went up to my room, only to find my keycard wasn’t working, until I realised I was not on 38F but 17F, one of the Korean floors. Fortunately I



Jon Twitch stands with his two guides at the Arch of Reunification in southern Pyongyang.

escaped undetected. Day 4, I got into my Yanggakdo Leisure Suit and checked out of the hotel. The rest of the group was going to visit the film fest without me, and SK and MK couldn’t go with me so they sent me to Pyongyang Station with two other coworkers who were younger and seemed nice enough. One brought me inside the station and left me at a bench, where I thought I’d been deserted among all the Chinese tourists. But he came back a moment later and stayed by my side until the train left.

I was loaded into a train cabin with six bunks, where I found two Western guys, a Thai girl, and a Chinese guy who couldn’t communicate with us and was clearly bothered by this arrangement. A German guy also joined us, who I recognised from the night before in the bar. He turned out to have visited six times and was running tourist activities himself; he was quite surprised when I mentioned the gender status of his other companion.

My camera died quickly after taking only a few pictures, so I just enjoyed the ride with my temporary companions, sharing a few drinks. Soon we saw the highrises of China looming in the distance, and the train stopped at Sinuiju for a couple

hours as we underwent a tedious border screening process. They swept the train car cabin by cabin, asking increasingly invasive questions each time. On the last sweep, they took our customs declaration forms and did spot checks randomly of two of five people in our cabin. I had been worried the whole time they would inspect my bag and ask to see photos, as my camera battery was dead. Fortunately, they asked two other people, neither of whom had anything remotely incriminating.

During the wait, I made a few trips to the washroom. Although my ulcer had mostly been in remission, it was coming back now, right when we were among North Korean borderguards. I also had what I’ve come to call squatter constipation, which is when you need to go but you just can’t quite force it out over a squatter.

Finally, the train rolled on, next stop China. I disclosed to my temporary companions that I worked for a South Korean newspaper, and one of them, an Australian, breathed a sigh of relief and replied that he was a dual citizen and had an American passport.

After we arrived in Dandong and cleared customs, we went our separate ways. I found that my bus straight to Shenyang

Airport, where I had a hotel room booked, was already gone. I slogged around through Dandong hauling four heavy bags, dressed in a North Korean suit and sandals. Fortunately there was a bullet train that hadn’t existed in 2010, so I bought a ticket.

But then after an hour, the train was pulling into Shenyangnan Station; was that my stop? What was “-nan?” I found a Korean-speaking attendant and managed to communicate with her somewhat. As the train pulled into Shenyangnan, which was clearly out in the boonies, they all urged me to get off and told me to follow one guy. But who? Turned out, just some fellow passenger with his wife who insisted on driving me to the airport hotel. I told him I could get a taxi, but he told me he could drive me for free. He spoke some English and his wife spoke some Korean, though she seemed like she didn’t want to advertise this. We walked five minutes from the station to a dark parking lot where he pulled out his hatchback, and proceeded to head out through dark empty streets.

I looked out through the windshield and the street signs didn’t say anything about the airport for a long time. What was my destination? Organ harvesting? Human trafficking? I was still dressed like a North Korean, so how did I look to these Chinese people, especially in an area where exploitation of North Koreans is common? But eventually the street signs did start indicating the airport, and they pulled up right in front of the hotel I recognised from online. What motivated them to drop me off, presumably 20 minutes out of their way, I can’t guess, but it vastly improved my impression of Chinese people. My thoughts on North Koreans hadn’t changed a bit during this trip, but this one act erased some of my resentment of Chinese tourists. They were kind and drove me for purely selfless reasons, not to force friendship, not to practice English, and not to harvest my organs.

Once I was checked into the hotel, around 9pm, I allowed myself to have my first full meal of the day, buying a thing

of Chinese instant noodles and two big beer bottles. I had the noodles and took a few sips of beer, then passed out. The hotel was comfortable but sort of unhelpful, with no English TV channels, no alarm clock, but plenty of monogrammed bathrobes.

Next morning, I caught my morning plane back to Incheon. I noted the windows on this plane were not magnifying, like that Air Koryo plane I took to Pyongyang; still not sure what that means.

Returning to South Korea meant returning to my life and all its personal problems, an unpleasant awakening. After making it out of the airport back into civil society, I bought a beer from the nearest convenience store, which was pleasantly convenient, but the beer tasted awful. On the train ride back to Seoul, I noted the horribly monotonous “I Want” apartments before me. After I arrived at Seoul Station, I went above ground to see the only two buses that could take me home arriving at my bus stop and pulling away before I could run over, irritatingly delaying my return by a good 15 minutes, as it was the Chuseok long weekend. Through all this I was still dressed as a North Korean. As I returned to my apartment, I picked up my phone and turned it back on, only for the onslaught of social media to overwhelm me; I spent the next hour sorting through correspondence I had to catch up on. Although North Korea is no longer fully the escape from the modern world it once was, to me having left my electronics behind it still de facto was.

As I settled back into my South Korean life, I felt myself hoping I wouldn’t forget the self I rediscovered up there, and with it the outsider perspective on Korean society. Whereas my first visit was formative in coming to terms with the reality of the divided peninsula, this return trip advanced me on earlier themes, showing me a society with internal rules where one can succeed or fall behind. I hope the next time I return, it’s over land and I can get some serious study done of the cultural assets of the upper half of this remarkable country, perhaps meeting my previous guides again.



The Nazi Scourge of Skunk Hell

By Jon Twitch

A new academic article caught my eye. Titled "The punk and the post-developing city: Subculture-led urban regeneration in Seoul?" it promised my two most prominent interests. It's written by Shin Hyunjoon, "based on more than two years of intensive fieldwork including participation observation and in-depth interviews." The interviews seem to have been done around 2016 and 2017.

An academic friend in my hometown sent me a full copy, and at first I was delighted to read it, and more delighted to see my name among the citations. Then I kept reading and it got much worse.

I messaged Shin with my concerns, so he is aware of them. I publish this article strictly to set the record straight, because I'm not sure what options are available to him to do so.

Academic writing is not easy, which is why most of it is so abstract and full of citations that seem like a digression or a waste of time to an ordinary reader, or a reporter. So Shin is to be commended for giving it a try, even if he made some pretty major errors.

I'd actually noticed earlier a huge mistake he made, in an article titled "Great Albums, Greedy Collectors and Gritty Sounds? A view from 'Snobbish Connoisseurs' on the Canonization and Archivalism of Korean Pop-Rock" authored with Lee Keewoong. It was chapter 15 in "Remembering Popular Music's Past," published July 2019 by Anthem Press. In it, they look at how Beatball Records has become more eclectic and global, citing a Beatball merch T-shirt that bears the slogan "I know everyone in the global indie music business." This, they say, "show [Beatball's] intent clearly with regard to the global reach of its business."

Unfortunately, that's not remotely the case. Back in 2012, there was a dispute between Beatball and an infamous promoting agency known as SuperColorSuper. Apparently Beatball didn't like how some of their bands were treated at an event run by SCS, and when they complained, they received the threatening reply:

"People know of SuperColorSuper as the largest indie music promoter. I know everyone



Skunk Hell's Sangsu location circa 2004–2009 (artist's depiction)

in the global Indie business. So I'm asked regularly asked by international partners and Press in the US, Europe and Asia- about which bands are good to work with, who sounds good live. This is something important to remember if you want to have a career that goes forward."

So the phrase on Beatball's shirts (and much other merch as well; I recall seeing an "I know everyone..." phone case at Hyang) was intended to memify the letter.

All this is to say, when you write a big article with lots of details, there are a lot of delicate parts that can break down. When it comes to documenting the history of punk, there's no substitution for having been there. Two years of showing up at GBN and interviewing some people is simply not enough.

The article gets interesting exactly when it cites Stephen Epstein and an article he co-wrote with me back in 2007, titled "Skinheads of Korea, tigers of the east." At the time I really had no idea why he wanted to write it with me. We wrote about some of the content of skinhead bands at the time, without getting too deep into any of the "pro-nazism" associated with that scene by many people now. Our focus was more about how the skinhead outlook was more compatible than punk with some aspects of Korean society, including conscription. To be honest I don't think we uncovered anything more profound than skinheads are about as diverse and multifaceted as an equal number of punks would be.

However, Shin goes on to cite "Epstein's interpretation of the vernacular version of punk, a.k.a. Joseon punk," to add context to our article. That term popped up in Epstein's 1999 documentary "Our Nation: A Korean Punk

Rock Community," and I'm not so sure it ever had much use prior to that. The term expressed a Korean anxiety at playing non-Korean music, essentially "We're not punk, we're Joseon punk." There were attempts in the 1990s to nativise punk, such as a "Joseon Punk" compilation which bore an iconic image of Yi Sun-shin holding a guitar on the cover. Joseon punk was only ever associated with Drug Records, as far as I know.

"Joseon Punk"

By the time I arrived, "Joseon Punk" was more like a pejorative for the older bands. In the then-new "We are the Punx in Korea" compilation (which still has never been outdone), an introduction to the compilation, written by Joey who was a scene fixture when I arrived, praises the distinction of using "Punx in Korea" rather than "Korean Punx" which shows a major attitude difference from the earlier Drug stuff, setting aside the nationalistic hangups. The Skunk bands and their peers of the time (GMC, BPJC, MF Crew, and Townhall Records) had a different outward-looking attitude, even though some of them were almost as old as the main Drug bands. They were interested in foreign music, and wanted to find their kindred spirits in other countries, whether they were into straight-edge punk, or oi, or metalcore. Everyone got more cosmopolitan, and better-networked with the outside world, even the anti-globalist nationalists (and that was the whole point of my article with Epstein).

"evolved into skinheads"

In Shin's article, he ties the end of Skunk and the Hongdae exodus with the

radicalisation of the far right in the scene:

"The displacement of punk from Hongdae also coincided with a sharp division within the punk scene. Unfortunately, a significant number of the punks based in the venue Skunk Hell evolved into skinheads tinged with nationalistic, masculinist, rightist, and even neo-Nazi ideas and ideologies."

This is a completely inaccurate interpretation of what actually happened. First, the skinhead scene stagnated over the course of Skunk II's five years: there was maybe one new freshcut, and two new bands, none of whom were racist or particularly political. I am pretty certain of this, because I used to make "Skinhead Collector Cards," which were both hilarious and not seen by any skinheads as offensive to them.

Certainly the only people who are now being accused of being pro-nazi had started down that path before this era. As the Skunk era moved on, they drifted farther and farther away from anything resembling skinheads, as well as from the scene at Skunk. They headed more in a metal direction and favoured venues with better facilities and sound systems. But we don't hear anyone accusing Club Spot or Ssamzie Space of being nazi bars for hosting their events.

So it's not like there was an army of nazi skinheads mobilising inside Skunk Hell; that's just fantasy.

"Non-white skinheads"

It's clear Shin's definition of what a skinhead is matches up more closely with the pro-nazi idea rather than my own.

"Regardless of the question of whether non-white skinheads make sense

or not, there is significant evidence that the Korean skinheads were, and still are, opposed to left-wing and progressive politics within the indie community and in the Korean society at large."

I'm not happy that an article that quotes any of my work also seems to adhere to the neo-nazi interpretation of what skinheads are. There might not be many non-racist skinheads left in Korea, but there is a venue named after them, which seems to have always one Korean skinhead at a time on hand (thanks Janghyup, Jiha). There have been more skinhead bands formed here this decade that play ska or reggae than Korean pro-nazi bands ever.

"Anti-war movement"

The paragraph I've been quoting from finishes with this anecdote:

"One of my interviewees KM, the leader of the now-defunct crust punk band Explode, confessed that he was violently beaten by a skinhead when he confessed that he was involved in an anti-war movement."

Okay, it all makes sense now where this is coming from. KM is a notorious liar with a douchey two-faced personality, and he always came off as a fist magnet due to his lack of common sense. He was part of a separatist movement against Skunk back in 2004, all part of a personally motivated pointless vendetta. They called their crew Chaos Class, and it was associated with four or five bands but nobody there was organised. Unlike the Skunk bands which favoured Rancid and the Clash, these guys favoured the Unseen and Casualties. I even saw KM post a message on the Rancid website's guestbook about Skunk's nazi skinhead infestation, offering no further details, only warning Rancid off ever coming here and cooperating with Skunk. As the obvious suspects didn't have much to do with the place, I figured it might be a swipe at me, as I was the only skinhead regular there and I liked to joke around about white power.

After about a year of this, the truth broke: it was all over a private personal matter that was easily resolved once both sides started talking. I was there when they all cried it out in the playground, and then things seemed good.

I feel unqualified to speculate on the beating

Nazi Skunk Hell continued

incident, as I was not there and am surprised I was not aware of it at the time. It seems to have come after the great mending of Skunk and Chaos Class, though. I asked around to a few people and got various details about the event. KM reportedly set up signs in front of Skunk about the protest against Daechuri's eviction to make way for expansion of Camp Humphreys. It's also possible according to some accounts he also wouldn't stop mouthing off about soldiers in the Zaytun Division, a ROKA security and reconstruction unit sent to Iraq 2004-2008. Did the two things happen the same night, or were there two separate incidents I've heard about? Was he directly disrespecting someone's army friend to their face, being unreasonable and not stopping when asked? Without being there, I don't know, or how much all these factors came into play. I also am unaware of how excessive the beating was. Regardless, the person doing the beating did not identify as a skinhead at the time, and was not a representative or even a regular of Skunk Hell, but the article made him into a sort of spokesman for an entire community and business. The article also claims the punk scene of this time was less socially conscious and politically active, and while there is

certainly truth in that that side of the scene was in an early stage of development, the article relies heavily on the violent action of one dude to make this case.

So, Shin made a big mistake by interviewing KM and taking his word without verifying it with anyone else or considering alternative interpretations.

The article talks about the Mullae scene, but never mentions Alternative Space Moon or Lowrise, both opening around mid-2011 after the Duriban protest ended, the former of which certainly gave way to GBN and had some continuity of people and bands. The article makes a flippant comment about Skunk setting up its third location in Mullae:

"Ironically, none other than Skunk Hell had become the hallmark of lifestyle anarchism. Having moved into a space across from GBN in 2017, it became more interested in selling 'subcultural goods,' including tatoos, than in holding punk shows. Nazi punk was not f**ked off yet."

There's no mention here of KM talking about Skunk III, so the "nazi" conclusion is entirely the writer's sloppy, libelous conclusion.

Skunk III opened in Mullae in 2015, not 2017. It had basically been members of Unionway Crew who wanted to start

this operation, and Skunk's former leader Jonghee joined in and the venue became a Skunk. Unionway bands were mostly skatepunk, including the Strikers, Propeller21, 1Ton, Sidecar, TodayXSpot, Golden Ticket, Sunn-row, Bettyass, and Rux, according to their Facebook page. It would be impossible to find anything remotely resembling pro-nazi skinheads among them.

There is a lot one can criticise about Skunk through the ages. Certainly the latest Skunk fell out of relevance due to a focus on Unionway's other businesses. And over the years, people have had their problems with Skunk and Jonghee, some for very good reason. But there is no going from "I don't like what he did" to "Skunk is full of nazi punks!"

It is probably good there is academic interest in Korean punk. There is a lot to learn from it, as I have for the past 15 years sometimes documented in this zine and elsewhere. But it's also incredibly important not to be wrong, especially slanderously so. There might not be many people left at GBN or SHARP who would want to step too far out of their way to defend Jonghee, but I hope they know truth from lies, and why that distinction is important even if the lies target someone they don't much care for.

Top 11 Korean Skinhead Bands

By Jon Twitch

In making this list, I didn't want to rank from worst to best, but from least to most skinhead. Considerations for this include the presence of actual skinheads in the band, importance, consistency, and quality of recordings. Attacking Forces thus is Korea's greatest skinhead band having been active for the longest time, while Dirty Small Town may be the only all-skinhead band and released one extremely high-quality EP. Captain Bootbois started drifting more toward metal and rock, and I'm not convinced any of the members of Seoul Dolmangchi made any pretensions on being skinheads outside the band. Also almost half of these bands have had Janghyup in them.

11. Oi Broker: A short-lived band by Jiwoong, the guy who later ran This is Chicken. Had potential to be another Dirty Small Town, but never had more than a couple shows.

10. The Rulerz: A 2tone band that had at least one skinhead.

9. Seoul Dolmangchi: Great band, only one of its kind here. But I don't think any of the members are actual skinheads.

8. Koryo Aggro Boys: Possibly the first skinhead band here, and possibly all skinheads. We only

have terrible recordings to remember them by.

7. Oi Resolute: The first of Janghyup's bands, and they opened for the Business in 2014.

6. The Brigade: Janghyup's later oi band, which also included Jong-oh from Attacking Forces and released one great music video.

5. Pegurians: A skinhead reggae band that, while not very exciting live, played very authentic music.

4. Captain Bootbois: The flagship Korean skinhead band for most of the 2000s. However their music has changed over the years, drifting into metal and viking rock.

3. Jiraltan99: These guys only ever recorded one great song which was perfect, although they also had their own mini-album which had low recording quality.

2. Dirty Small Town: They only ever released one six-song EP, but all of it was perfect. High-energy, well-produced, just like the one EP a more accomplished band would release at its absolute height, but this is all we ever got.

1. Attacking Forces: These guys were always on focus skinhead-wise, and they recorded two or three great albums, plus lots of smaller releases. They were the only non-hardcore band on MF Crew, which was also cool.

Reasons why the golden calf might be the best deity/religion/idol for you

Gold is valuable

Compatible with
Prosperity Gospel

Would attract
US president

Maintains culture of gift-giving: all your gifts go to golden calf

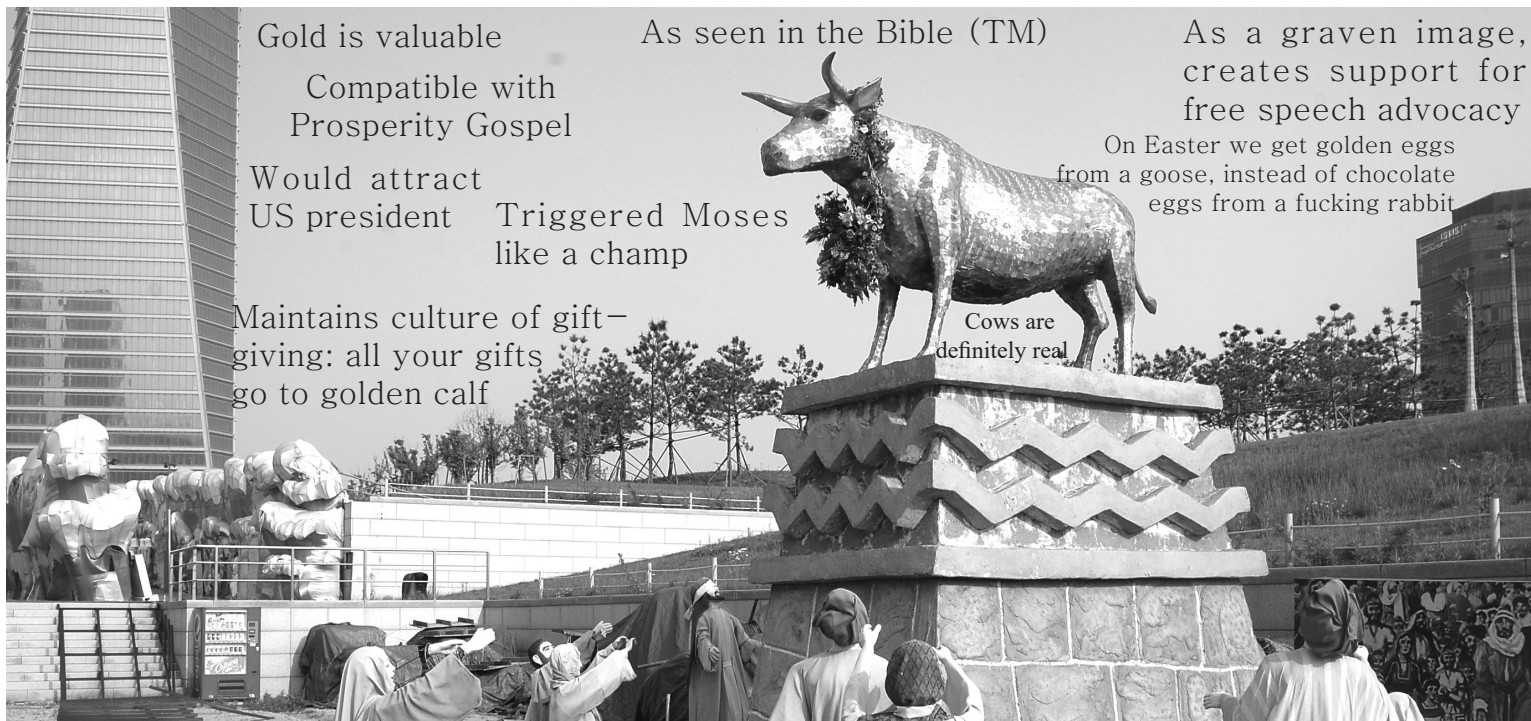
As seen in the Bible (TM)

Triggered Moses
like a champ

As a graven image,
creates support for
free speech advocacy

On Easter we get golden eggs
from a goose, instead of chocolate
eggs from a fucking rabbit

Cows are
definitely real



Find Your Face

By Jon Twitch

Find Your Face is a real band that really exists. If you want proof, look up the story on Unite Asia about Korean punk bands performing in Pyongyang, or the Hollywood Life story about Angelina Jolie's son Maddox moving to Korea for university. Broke spoke with Ki-pyo, bassist of Find Your Face, about this very real band. I don't think I need to offer further proof.

Broke: What's the meaning of the name "Find Your Face"? Is it a plastic surgery reference, or just random words?

FYF: It is a very meaningful name to us. It is about being lost in a sea of conformity, and finally seeing familiarity in some other people's faces. You find your face in other people's faces. It's a metaphor for the punk scene. And before you ask, the band was formed in 2007, long before issue 24 of Broke in Korea was published in 2017 with the random Korean hardcore band name generator.

Broke: How did you get into straight-edge?

FYF: I was a straight-edge for the first 19 years of my life, and then I tried drinking. Then I realized I was better off before, and stopped drinking again. We didn't know it was a whole movement until much later, after we started the band. We used to play oi until someone introduced me to Minor Threat's music. We started playing stuff more like that.

Broke: I heard you have a surprising celebrity fan. Can you tell me about that?

FYF: We were playing in some old venue, Slasher or Slammer or something like that. After the set, this Asian kid walked up to us and started speaking English. It turned out he was here from the US, studying at Yonsei, and his name was Maddox. We all went out to a restaurant after, and some guy with a camera ran by and took a picture of us all together.

None of us had any idea why, but we just figured it was because we were with No Brain. It turned out though that Maddox is the son of Angelina Jolie and Brad Pitt.

Things got a little crazy

when the international media found out! Paparazzi reporters were following us around trying to ask questions about him. Maddox followed us on Facebook but we haven't seen him since.

Broke: Can you tell me about your time touring in North Korea?

FYF: It was in 2018 right after inter-Korean relations started thawing. The South sent a delegation of musicians to the North, including Cho Yong-pil, Red Velvet, and YB. They got all the attention, but the government also invited us, as well as black metal band Brutal Health, pogo punks Spike Island, and speedpunk band Dead Friends.

Our singer Han posted on Facebook that he was going to teach North Koreans how to stage dive, and when we were up there that post caused a lot of trouble. The North Koreans didn't know what stage diving was and if this was some kind of threat, or if they should be offended at us implying they don't know how to stage dive. They announced a ban on stage diving and moshing of all kinds.

When we showed up at the Manujeol 1st of April Stadium, one of the largest in the world, there were maybe 500 people there, most of them in their 40s or older, probably all government people. We ended up having to sit on the sidelines while the other bands played to an empty stadium.

Later we got to play a second show in public at the Kaeson Youth Culture Friend Park, alongside some of the North Korean punk bands, like Assignment 27 and Pulgasari. That one was a lot more fun, and we got to see the faces of North Korean kids up close as we performed. North Korea was fun, and we would play there again. But it would be nice to go without all the government management next time, just on our own.

Broke: Any future plans?

FYF: We're going to keep building our online footprint so more people can find out there is a Korean punk band called Find Your Face, and maybe you'll see more articles giving us a brief mention in the future!

Top 11 Worst Venue Bathrooms

By Jon Twitch

In compiling this, I went off memory because a lot of these places no longer exist. I also left out some places, like FF, because I don't remember what their bathrooms are like.

11. 500: I recall it being as groovy as the rest of the place. I single out 500 rather than later iterations (Freebird Cosmic or whatever) because 500 was shoes-free and you wore slippers to the bathroom.

10. Skunk III: Actually a nice renovated bathroom, single occupant, men's and women's on different floors.

9. Skunk II: Two separate bathrooms side by side. The men's had a toilet which was mostly used as a urinal and messy. Both always had big bags of used toilet paper.

8. Club Ta: I recall Ta having bathrooms where you could walk in and there'd be multiple stalls and urinals at your disposal.

7. Club Steel Face: Clean, but there's only one toilet for the whole place. The situation is better if you can sneak off to the other floor's private washroom.

6. Strange Fruit: An adventure up a crazy

staircase, where you find a washroom with I believe a toilet in a stall, and a urinal.

5. Club Spot: If I remember correctly, it was a single-occupant deal set up on the side of the dancefloor so everyone could see you entering and exiting. I think it was one toilet, possibly with a urinal?

4. DGBD: I recall them having two toilet stalls and additional urinals, but it always seemed filthy and wet, and I don't have good memories of the stall doors.

3. Thunderhorse: You had to squeeze through a narrow alley and enter a tiny door (that was hard to close properly) into a weird-shaped room. The toilet was set up facing a wall so if you wanted to sit on it, you'd have to sit sideways. Women were advised to have a friend standing guard out front. Best option was to try to shopdump at a nearby restaurant.

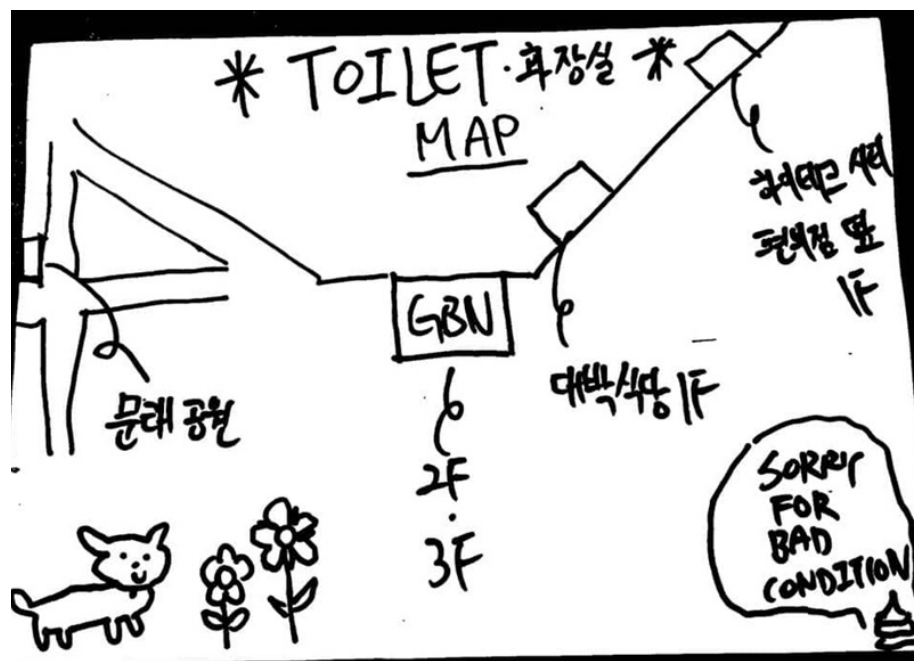
2. Club SHARP: One room with a urinal, another with a squatter.

1. GBN Live House: Two stalls in one room with squatters. Secret tip: if you go up an extra floor, there's another bathroom up there. Also, check out Yuying's toilet map of Mullae.



LEFT: Skunk Hell II's washroom is caked in barf, sometime in the 2000s. ABOVE: Octopoulpe rated GBN's toilet 1/5.

BELOW: Yuying made a toilet map of Mullae so we didn't have to use GBN's.



Bringing bands from Japan

Due to politics as usual, Korea and Japan are having extreme difficulties in their relations right now, leading to a trade war and Korean consumer boycotts of Japanese products and travel to Japan. Before it all started in July, several Japanese bands were booked to come to Korea, so what happened? There have been no incidents to speak of. On this page are excerpts from interviews I did with Japanese bands and Korean promoters about Japanese bands touring Korea.

Tsushimamire, 20190717

Broke: I believe the underground scene is better than mainstream society. But are you at all concerned about the diplomatic and trade conflict between Korea and Japan right now?

Yayoi: Yes. I hope for peace in society.

Broke: In the last question, can you please expand your answer a little? The conflict between Korea and Japan has included trade restrictions and consumer boycotts between the two countries. Some Korean celebrities have even angered fans by traveling to Japan or using Japanese products. Are you worried about a Korean reaction to a Japanese band coming here? (Personally, I think the underground music scene is better than that and there is no risk, but I want to know your thoughts.)

Yayoi: I saw some news. I feel the news is sad.

About our next visit. I'm not too worried. Because, as you say, our music scene is underground. I think it doesn't participate in the interest of people very much. Almost only real music lovers would come to the shows.

I have been to Korea 3 times. Now, I have many friends in Korea. They are very kind.

Maybe some people might become more sensitive about Japan. But if I am worried about problems between countries, I couldn't go to other countries. I believe music is borderless.

Zandari Festa, 20190909

Broke: Are there any worries about Japanese bands coming to Korea, considering the deteriorating diplomatic relations?

Cecilia: This year we have 8 acts from Japan which are the biggest number and we are very pleased to have more connections with Japanese independent scene. We believe that the Japanese bands are as happy as us. Music is stronger than politics.

Gangwon Rock Festival, 20190813

Oh Byung-chul: This is an international rock festival. We don't see any politics for that because it's a cultural festival. Prior to our grand opening we prepared this event more than six months ago. We did not think politics is much more important than culture. A festival is meaningful and we focus on music instead of politics. We do not want to separate certain countries. We're communicating with music not politics. We think we should focus on the music; we don't care about the politics.

Our main management had a serious talk about the lineup but we go by our belief. Japanese bands are really fantastic and have power.

As an example, Incheon Pentaport Festival had several Japanese bands and it did well. We were much more careful because we are having thorough preparations.

Communication is important for bringing Japanese bands. They are artists so they don't care about politics much.

Ego Function Error, 20190720

Broke: 지금 한일관계는 매우 열악합니다. 반발이나 보이콧이 전혀 우려되나요? 아니면 지하신경이 그것보다 더 강합니까? Yayoi씨는 "I believe music is borderless"라고 말했습니다.당신은 어떻게 생각하나요? Relations between Korea and Japan are very poor right now. Are you at all worried about a backlash or boycott? Or is the underground scene stronger than that? Yayoi said "I believe music is borderless." What do you think?

MJ: 4월부터 [어서오세요 연남에 뮤직페스타(연남뮤직페스타)/oso oseyo yeonnameh music festa (yeonnam music festa)] 기획했다.

매일 시사프로그램을 2-3개씩 체크하며 뉴스에 귀를 기울이고 있다. 전혀 걱정이 되지 않는 것은 아니다.

하지만 "I believe music is borderless" 라는 야요이님의 이야기에 크게 동감한다.

그 말을 들으니 마음이 조금 평화로워진다.

나도 멋지게 말하고 싶다. "And I believe music is the peace."

We had been planning the oso oseyo yeonnameh music festa (yeonnam music festa) since April [before the dispute with Japan started]. I listen to the news by checking two to three current affairs programs every day. It's not that I'm not worried at all. But I sympathise a lot with Yayoi saying "I believe music is borderless." It makes me feel a little peaceful. I want to say nice things too. "And I believe music is the Peace."

Behind the Tongue, 20190917

Broke: Do you have any worry about all the news about worry about anti-Japan boycotts in Korea?

Haru: I think none of us care about nationality. we just together as a punk and hardcore

Green Eyed Monster, 20191208

Broke: There has been a lot of political tension between Korea and Japan for the last half-year. There have been Korean boycotts of Japanese products and travel to Japan. Are you worried at all about coming here?

Tamako: I'm not worried because political tensions are not relevant in music. Whether you like or dislike our music, no matter where the country is, it's people's taste. We go to deliver our music. Worry is unrelated to punk rock.

IT WAS A FEST!

Memories from Hanagae Beach

By Jon Twitch

The first-ever IT'S A FEST! happened on June 15 and 16 this year, and it seemed like everything worked out perfectly.

Bands came from around Korea, as well as Malaysia, China, and Singapore, and everyone was excited to be there.

It was two full days of bands playing at a stage next to the beach, and the welcome from the local community was always apparent. The local environment was also pleasing, and when the tide went out we could walk across the endless tidal flats. I missed entire bands because I tried walking to the edge of the water, only to find myself probably a kilometer out.

Jeff and Trash had an army of volunteers helping them, and ended up making the whole festival look easy to run.

Will they get lucky again next year? Life can't be that good to any one person, can it?



Drinking Boys and Girls Choir play at IT'S A FEST! on June 15.



Jeff with Lee Yeong-seok, head of the beach co-op.



A very elderly islander, left, dances to Half-Asleep (Malaysia).



Victor Ha ran a booth to share his love for kendamas.



When the tide goes out, it goes very far out.



Multiple generations of punks.



Jiha gently slumbers at the SHARP Ink tattoo booth.

Shithead with a Wrench

By Ron Bandun

The morning after the final Jenny Woo show here at Club SHARP, a close friend "woke up in a random yard in a pool of blood."

According to his retelling, a couple from a nearby home, possibly a guesthouse, woke him around Monday noon, and he lost consciousness while they called for the police and an ambulance. Due to a concussion, he had memory loss and couldn't remember anything about the past few hours, including where he'd been found. His backpack was missing, his camera was damaged, and he had injuries to his wrist, knee, ankle, ribs and face. He ended up receiving 15 stitches to his face and getting a cast on his wrist.

He refused to open a police case to find his assailant or go to the hospital for treatment, just wanting to return home. Having been hospitalised myself, I could sympathise.

But this one didn't sit right with me. The incident had taken place in Mangwon-dong, a robust area with a lively community. Hours earlier, he'd been drinking with me in a Chinese restaurant after a punk show. What danger lurked in Mangwon, and should others worry?

According to punk friends, he'd irritated people at the show, as I'd sent him out to call people in for bands and he did this with too much gusto, making it personal when people wanted to stay outside a few minutes. Did this cause a dispute that someone felt wronged enough to take it out on him? All he had to do was go outside and announce that bands were starting. But nothing else stood out, no grievances aired at the show or our boozy afterparty. He'd left drunk, but was no stranger to intoxication, and I'd given him a handful of cash to take care of him for the night.

His girlfriend reported she received an innocuous text message from him at 7 a.m. the next morning, indicating the incident happened sometime later. This essentially vindicated the punk scene, suggesting it happened later.

My friend, like me, is an urban explorer, possessing certain skills that enable him



My friend ended up with a distinctive "X" scar on his brow.

to disappear into the city's hidden corners, skills that could be abused by the wrong person. My theory now was he found a cozy space to crash, and in the course of that someone encountered him, took his presence as an intrusion and beat him.

While urging his girlfriend to take him for medical treatment, I received the pictures he'd taken prior to the incident to help reconstruct his lost memories. As well as physical skills, explorers are strong on research, and among us in Korea we can take a few images and trace the exact location using online maps.

From 7:15 a.m. to 7:21 a.m., he was standing in an alley north of Mangwon Station shooting his reflection in a big window of a closed beauty shop, getting people walking by in the shot too. And he took a lot: 80, mostly of the same view, with little variation and no discernible purpose. For the last few photos he moved closer and got his reflection more up close. All photos are out of focus; he must have focus set to manual and not know what to do with it.

There's a gap of over an hour, and at 8:35 a.m. he started shooting again, first showing three photos of a low-rise roof with a hole he must've come out of, with a construction site immediately behind it and a distinctly shaped building visible in one corner. Then he turned his attention on a building behind the one he was on: clearly a school. He shot 35 photos of a mess of ducts on the roof he was on, with the school building in the background. The last one is whited out, possibly indicating trauma

someone's clothes. This image is timestamped 8:38 a.m.

The images gave me enough information to trace the exact location. It was a school somewhere by Mangwon Station, next to a construction site, with a building with an interesting roof trim in the background. I traced the school to Seoul Sungsan Elementary School, and a new theory emerged.

My friend is creepy-looking, but absolutely not a creep. He has a bizarre fixation on parts of the city even I find too mundane. So presumably he was wandering around and found himself on this roof, as you do, and started shooting the ducts. Meanwhile, someone at the construction site next door saw him, thought he was a pervert photographing children and

attacked. Judging by the damage, possibly multiple people, possibly wielding handheld weapons, easy enough for construction workers to find. And judging by the time he was up there, only about three minutes, nobody else would have had time to jump in.

All this fit the evidence at hand. The workers had dragged his unconscious body away to protect their identity, not intending to rob him but losing his backpack along the way. They perhaps had noble intentions but were off target and had gone too far.

I looked through my apartment for makeshift weapons, ultimately deciding on a wrench and how to wield it in a fight. "Nobody fucks with my friends except me," I said.

I went into work the next



I surveyed the area from a nearby roof. The missing bag is visible as a small black dot, located almost in the middle of the photo.

day dressed for battle. No camera, which always makes me feel naked, and a wrench in my pocket. I printed pictures of my friend's face and the ducts photo he'd taken shortly before the incident. I left work early, heading for Mangwon late afternoon, ready for anything.

The plan was to show up after school hours and get on the roof. On my way I considered the possibility a worker had disabled my friend by throwing an object from the taller construction site, and a helmet might have been a good idea. But I was also pretty sure this attacker had a conscience, and if I saw the guilty party I'd know them immediately. However, I wasn't willing to go into this unarmed, and considered the possibilities I'd have to defend myself or threaten a suspect.

The area my friend had been in was a cluster of two-storey buildings along a main street, mixed residential with commercial storefronts. Each one was the same height so he could've gotten roof access anywhere. There were various alley entrances leading into courtyards receded from the street. Very porous design, no standard shape, many hidden corners. No bloodstains on the ground. I entered every door leading to stairs, but nowhere could I find roof access.

From a nearby taller building I got to the roof where I could review the scene. From here, I could observe the construction site next door. Even though it was a weekday at about 4 p.m., there was absolutely no activity. Judging by the signs out front, construction was suspended.

Down there, I could see a backpack sitting on a roof, right where he'd left it. It had some clothes, a spare cellphone, a CD from the show, nothing too valuable but all stuff it would be nice to recover.

I returned to the ground looking for a way up, but however my friend had done it, I couldn't repeat. I clutched the photo of my friend and approached a few people here and there, asking if they'd seen him. Nope. They weren't aware of any incident here on Monday morning.

The last place to look was the construction site itself. I considered my friend had



We found the bag on the roof, with a school in the background.

tried to get from the roof he was on into the construction site and fallen. The front gate was closed and nobody was on site, although I could see a car parked under the building. I went around the corner and found an alley entrance leading to the back of the site, but two dogs tied up yapped at me. Recalling a veterinary clinic I'd passed on the way here, I returned and bought some black goat dog treats, a nod to my favorite black metal band, and used the treats to easily walk past the dogs.

Entering the construction site, I saw there was no place on the ground here my friend could have landed without getting hurt even worse he was, with metal bars sticking out. As I made my way through the construction site, a car door of that parked car opened and a young worker stepped out. I called out to him and showed him the picture. He didn't like that I was there and wanted me to leave. I went out the way I came, throwing more dog treats to the dogs. My injured friend has a dog himself, and I promised the leftovers to his dog.

Having looked at the evidence from the scene and talking to my friend and his girlfriend again, the conclusion we reached was he wasn't attacked but had fallen from the roof. A fall from the roof of a two-story building is traumatic. It certainly explains why he was found where he was while removing the moving parts from my earlier theory that construction workers attacked him and moved his body.

Now all that remained was bag retrieval. Rain was coming, and the bag got one shower before I could return. I called a young Korean rooftoper, known to me as a dependable climber and a bilingual who could help me talk to local residents, in case we needed permission to get the bag.

We met on a weekday night around 7 p.m., after both of us got off work. I filled him in on what exactly we'd be doing. As we approached the alley

I'd snooped around earlier, we could easily see what windows were dark and where there were lights on for people. We jumped over a short gate I hadn't considered before, climbed a wide outdoor staircase, and from there found a flimsy metal ladder leading up to the roof my friend had been on. The ladder was just leaning against the ledge, sketchy as hell, but we made it up. I found my friend's bag, slung it over my shoulder and said

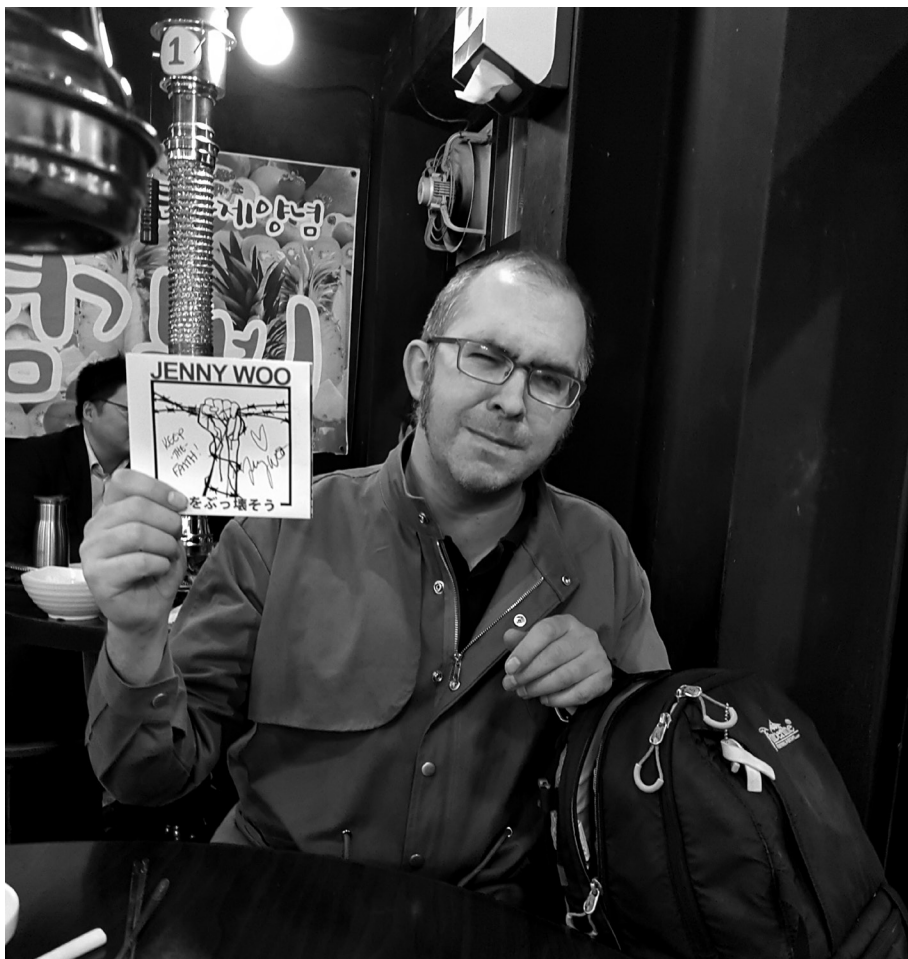
"Mission accomplished." I took a picture of the same subject my friend had obsessed over, showing the mess of pipes with the clean lines of the school in the background, only now in darkness.

Coming down on the ladder was daunting, so one would climb while the other would hold it. There was a murky pool at the bottom, leading me to think this is where my friend fell, but his story contradicted this.

After, we went for Korean barbecue, and checked inside the bag. The signed CD he got at the concert was there. So was a bag of what looked like, and smelled like, weed. No wonder he didn't want the cops involved, and good thing it was us who recovered it.

After dinner we rushed home, stopping by a convenience store to load up on snacks and a lighter. Then we rolled a joint from it and smoked it. We rolled another one, and another, and only when it became apparent we weren't high did we realize it wasn't what we thought it was. Turned out to just be Indonesian tobacco.

Oh well, our reward was a couple of hours of anticipation.



The liberated bag and a signed Jenny Woo CD.

K-Suicide

By Jon Twitch

Sometimes it takes one event for me to work up the motivation to do another zine. This time, inspiration came on November 24, with the news of Goo Ha-ra's suicide.

Her suicide followed shortly after her friend Sulli's on October 14, and people also point to the death of Jonghyun of Shinee on December 18, 2017, making three in two years. Firstly, it should come as little surprise, and if there's a fourth very soon, we should not be as shocked, because suicide begets suicide. EDIT: Cha In-ha is the fourth, as of December 3. And it should be noted the following day that Kang Daniel formerly of Wanna One announced he was putting his career on hold due to anxiety and depression, implying he might have been at risk too.

Korean society has a tendency to assign blame whenever someone commits suicide, helping to weaponise it as a tool of social manipulation. Jeon Tae-il set himself on fire and died very painfully to protest factory conditions on November 13, 1970, and almost 40 years later Jang J-yeon committed suicide in an attempt to lash out

at the sexual predators who had victimised her. Sounds noble, but it's not a big leap from that to committing suicide to spite someone, and there certainly are suicides that are done to get attention from somebody, such as a boss or crush. It certainly helps make suicide seem like a smart choice, seeing these suicide victims being hailed as martyrs in popular culture and the media. In the case of Sulli, blame was placed at internet trolls. It's a little less clear with Goo Ha-ra, but she did have a big ugly dispute with her ex-boyfriend in which he may have tried to blackmail her with nude pictures.

People are asking "What killed these stars?" and coming up with whatever answer they can. But the actual answer is much simpler: K-pop killed them.

Take Sulli for instance. She debuted as a child actress in the fourth grade (age 11 I believe), and later that year auditioned for SM Entertainment. From then on she lived in a dormitory with older K-pop trainees, being abandoned by them after they passed auditions and moved on. She finally passed an audition at age 15 and joined f(x), around 2009. She left the group in 2014, citing mental

and physical exhaustion which was blamed on malicious online comments and rumours. But she kept going, picking up a solo career in 2018, then joining a TV show titled "The Night of Hate Comments" where celebrities are faced with online comments against them.

Rather than a promising career cut short by online trolls, Sulli was a victim who was groomed from a young age by a parasitic system. Online comments and malicious rumours are just a byproduct of that. She would have faced even higher standards to be allowed to remain in the industry, and to keep supporters impressed.

K-pop is known to be a vicious industry, totalitarian in its treatment of its performers. Many of them enter the system at a young age, pre-teens, and are brought up surrounded by the values it espouses. They are held to incredibly high standards in appearance, attitude, and behaviour, and consequences are harsh when they deviate. They are raised obedient to this system, all with the promise they might get a shot at fame, all the way facing humiliation, degradation, and sexual offers. Of all the trainees out there, there are only

so many auditions and so many spots on K-pop groups, and even after that only a fraction of the K-pop groups actually see any success at all. The rest -- who fail to pass any auditions or get selected for a dud idol group -- they go, where, the glue factory?

While there's been much discussion on the abusive system for K-pop idols, there's considerably less scrutiny on its toxic effect on listeners and the general public. But K-pop is harmful to them too, in how it pushes values on them. It should be readily apparent that K-pop is politically neutral, designed to make people obedient to authority. It's also harshly lookist, and the beauty standards pushed on K-pop idols are thusly pushed on listeners and everyone else. The closest thing to an ideology K-pop has is consumer capitalism, encouraging followers to purchase whatever their idols are being used to market. And K-pop does promote male chauvinism and patriarchal attitudes and structures, although there have been cases of this changing.

For every celebrity death, according to the Korean Association for Suicide Prevention in 2013, 600 others follow suit. So

maybe the process of mourning for fallen idols should also incorporate a way to acknowledge the hundreds of normal people who will follow them, or try to help them.

Rather than try to rehabilitate the K-pop system, it should be abolished. Rather than try to make K-pop that is good for mental health, why not just push people toward other existing genres that are better for mental health? Death metal for instance.

K-pop has basically arisen from a widespread desire to have a safe, obedient music industry that promotes nationalism and fosters a positive image of Korea for the outside world, where everyone is pretty and smiling. We see the outcome of this in the broken souls it has produced, as well as the disposability of the end result, K-pop. The government decades ago crushed a previous music industry, sending a message that certainly hasn't been forgotten by the modern-day industry, judging by how careful it is to never question power.

To date, Jeff points out, South Korean K-pop has killed more people than North Korean missiles.

"Another reason to hate K-pop," Jeff said.

Nobody should want to kill themselves because there's one less K-pop idol in the world, but just in case, I'm enclosing below some resources for anyone who needs help.

How to get help: the Korea Suicide Prevention Center can be reached at 1393, LifeLine Korea at 1588-9191, and Help Call for Youth at 1388. Lines are available 24/7 for free and offer

confidential support for people in suicidal crisis or distress. Currently, only Korean-language services are available.

As for foreigners, if you're part of the punk scene, there should be someone who you can talk to.

For professional help you could try seoulcounseling.com. There are also mental health Facebook groups where you could find help.

Broke zine expands to publishing K-pandemic

Jon Twitch

If there's one good thing to come out of this disaster of a year, it's all the extra time creative people had for work. Musicians have been able to write new songs and make new recordings, and writers have found it even easier to keep busy. That includes me, at least when I'm not stuck in the hospital.

In time for Broke in Korea's 15-year anniversary, I'm developing Broke as a DIY publishing company, under the name Broke Publishing. Under that name Broke will be releasing stuff more substantial than free zines. Three books are almost ready for printing, and by the time this zine is out at least one of them will be available for purchase.

One release will be "Rapsallion's Den," based on the short stories I published at the back of this zine for a few issues. Because I know you threw out your past issues of Broke, it's set in a fictional punk house in my hometown. I expanded the collection from six to 14, so there will be plenty of new material.

You're more likely to hear about "Hongdae Fire," a novel I've written set in a fictional version of the punk

scene. The characters were developed originally in a short story included at the back of this zine. The new story follows a punk who goes to Hongdae to tell her friends about her new job working as a reporter for a major newspaper, then she goes to officially start her satsumawari (reporter training at a police station), but on her first night a catastrophe strikes the punk scene and she spends the remainder of the book pursuing justice and fighting the forces that led to tragedy. In gratitude to the organisers and hosts of IT'S A FEST!, I decided to make Muui Island the main character's hometown -- something clicked into place, and it informed her character's perceptions of punk, family, city life, and journalism. The story was fun to write and I'd turn it into an ongoing series if there's any interest.

The third project will be nonfiction on my experiences with urban exploration in Korea. I've written something but it's been difficult to keep it from turning into a memoir, so I expect delays due to this difficulty. Once completed it does seem like the one thing that I really should be publishing, and that I can



actually make a difference with.

Beyond that, I have a lot to look through to find other material suitable for publishing, including some very thorough writing made around 2006 about the punk scene at the time.

The focuses of Broke Publishing will be punk fiction, Korea, and urban

exploration. I'm not sure how publishing companies work yet, but in time it will likely be able to accept submissions. I'll probably keep it closed to friends only, so I know who I'm working with. I've already discussed this with a couple of friends who might join in with their own projects, which are adjacent but not identical to mine.

It'll be a FEST! again

Jon Twitch

When World Domination, Inc. (WDI) announced IT'S A FEST! (IAF) was not happening this year, it may not have surprised that many people, in light of the ongoing Itaewon infection cluster. They had been planning for months for the festival in the possibility it would go on, but the decision to cancel for this year was all but made for them on May 12. It was the right decision and I think most of their other supporters would agree, even if we really wanted it to happen.

Jeff and Trash worked hard with an army of friends to build the festival last year and bring us all to that beach. It has special meaning for them as it's where they got engaged, and they've given us all the opportunity to build our own memories there.

"Organizing last year's festival was the culmination of a life-long dream for us," they wrote in their



Jeff and Trash speak at the successful first IT'S A FEST! 20190616

cancellation announcement. "Seeing something of that size come together through the work of the local underground music community and with the financial support of local music fans was absolutely amazing...That's what DIY is all about.

They've probably been struggling with the circumstances beyond their control that led to the fest's cancellation. But I hope now that they don't have to put on a beach festival in June, they can find some relief in that and divert their energy to

other projects.

The original plan for issue 27 of Broke in Korea was to release it in time for the festival. You may notice all but one of the bands interviewed were on the festival poster. It would have made a good accompaniment for the festival, and my hope was to get Broke Publishing ready by then too, so people would have reading material on the ride out and during any downtime. I had ideas for the zine for if the festival went ahead, and I also had ideas for the other contingency. I just wish it was the former.

This zine was always going to be dedicated to IAF and WDI's hard work. The lineup of interviews and the cover images shouldn't be seen as opening old wounds, but as airing our collective misfortune at missing this year's fest, making the most out of this tire fire of a year, and looking forward to our return to Hanagae next year in 2021 (UPDATE: 2023).

Jon Twitch

2020 has been a pretty awful year. Back in January before the pandemic, it was already apparent it was going to suck. Remember the US-Iran conflict and the Australia wildfires? That was this year.

Also in January, I began a 21-day stay in the hospital for unrelated reasons, during which I was so immobilised I couldn't even sit up to type on my laptop. After I was discharged, I was confined to home for recovery, which was sort of like self-quarantining. So I sort of got the jump on the life change coming to everybody by about a month. I just wish I had the energy to be more productive.

As societies around the world grapple with the pandemic, it's clear some are better prepared than others. Korea has done an admirable job due to a combination of good government, recent experience with other outbreaks and other societal disasters, and a compliant population augmented with technology. Because of swift efforts to contain infections, we haven't been forced into quite the same situation as Western countries where COVID-19 has hit much harder. Although there have been a lot of tragic cancellations.

Punk scenes are like small societies, and it's always been my assertion that our small community is even more suited for adaptation and trying new ideas. So it should survive this crisis, if not thrive and possibly even take a step forward in the near future. Unfortunately punk is also a experienced communally through live music, and a punk scene that isn't having shows is basically defunct. I hope when we come through this, we have all personally grown in some way, whether we spent the time working on our art or just binge-watching TV. When we come out of this we should be prepared to hit the ground running.

When doing interviews for this zine, I asked everyone how the pandemic was affecting them. This was early on, so their answers may have since changed and become more refined. But it does seem like Korea's punk bands have been finding ways to fill the time productively, while long-awaited concerts, festivals, and tours have been cancelled.

GBN releases 42-song comp to stay alive

By Jon Twitch

Just when I finished a long article about the history of compilations in Korean punk history, GBN Live House went and released the longest-ever compilation CD. I scrambled to update the article before it printed (see page 29), and had a chance to ask Yuying a few questions about it, while also shoveling off the newspaper coverage onto Ian who contributed for the first time to a "real" newspaper. Yuying's answers are unedited because it would be hard to proofread without losing his voice.

Broke: What is the status of the building?

Yuying: its not the first time we got flooded

because of the building is about 50years old now and theres a lot of crack inside of wall

so nobody cant really find the real reason

but this time i bring some real workers

and try to make a water road around the venue

then can save more time to fucked up

and change to bigger water pump to push it

seems it works fine for now but i already throw away

a lot of stuffs which got rotten and water damaged



The entrance to GBN Live House during work hours in November 2018.

Broke: How did you get the bands to cooperate?

Yuying: i talked with friends about how to survive and keep running this venue

and the album was just one of the ideas

everybody said sounds fun so i start collect it like a 2month ago

Broke: Can you describe the recording process?

Yuying: i ask bands to sending their stuffs from old release or whatever under 3mins,

cause the maximum cd length is 74mins , and also mention it i don't really care about your quality

and keep bother all the bands

so actually there was more bands

but they sent me more then 3mins songs

so i take them off (im sorry again)

and few bands was plan to recording their new albums,

but fortunely i take them first, what a lucky boy myself

Broke: How many bands

do you appear in on this compilation?

Yuying: only 3
SLANT, SULSA, LPP

Broke: Are all the bands on the compilation still active?

Yuying: no one is really OFFICIALY STOP
few bands are take rest or something

Broke: "Grind Death Punk K-Pop Hardcore" -- which ones are the K-pop bands?

Yuying: i mention it for fun

Broke: In the Google doc

for preorders, you said any extra money will be provided for others in need, like other DIY venues. This brings up two questions: Is there a monetary goal you are aiming for? Or are the repair costs unknown? Also, how would you like to redistribute any leftover money?

Yuying: ..i dont have actually goals yet

because the thing is still going on right now

but by my faith since i got a lot of supports

im sure i habe to give them back who need

Broke: What about the others in the GBN building?

What other businesses are there, and are they suffering from these problems too? Do you communicate about it?

Yuying: they got zero problem

covid19 cant even touch them,

1f industrial works, 2f non-communication

3f another industrial works, 4f 고객센터

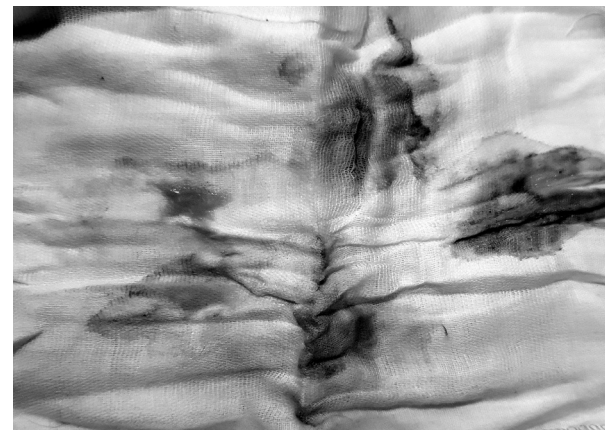
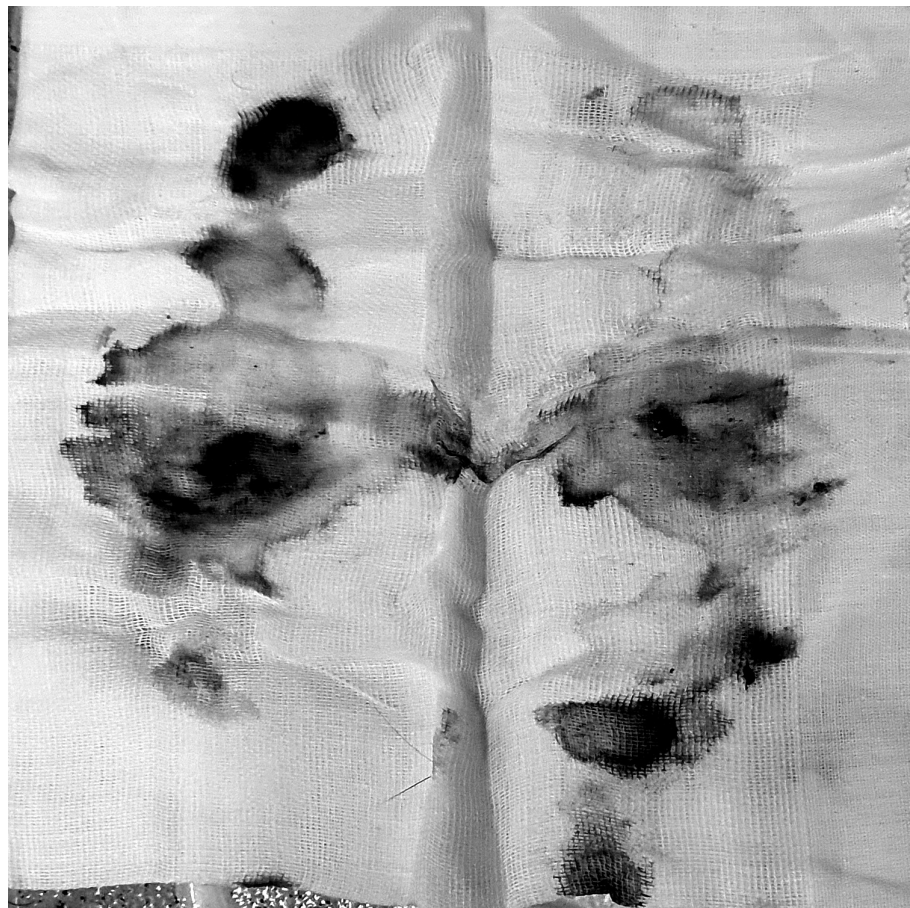
and all the sewage, water line is right on my place, so im the only one

who got the flood damage this time

and im good with those 아저씨들

but they never really care hahaha

Download or listen to the full compilation at gbnlivehouse.bandcamp.com



How bands have fared the pandemic

All these answers come from interviews done in February, March, and April. I thought about asking them in June if they'd like to change their answers, but where's the fun in that?

Ultralazy

근영: 코로나바이러스가 밴드에 ultralazy 에 미친 영향은 미미하다. 사실 코로나바이러스대 유행이 전에도 출연 예약된 쇼는 거의 없었기 때문에 딱히 취소된 쇼는 없다. 그동안 첫 ep 레코딩과 밴드 연습을 하면서 시간을 보냈다.

Keunyoung: The coronavirus has had little effect on Ultralazy. In fact, we had no shows cancelled because they were never booked before the coronavirus pandemic came. I have spent the time working on recording our first EP.

Akabane Vulgars on Strong Bypass

Yumi: We take pride in performing before actual audiences. The impact is very massive. Many venues where my band grew up in Tokyo can't run their shows following the government's request without getting any financial help. Most of them are definitely in danger of bankruptcy. So we were trying to keep playing by the end of March, hoping our performing could help them a little. But recently we got so many people that tested positive whose transmission route is unknown. We must protect people at high risk now. We would cancel our shows ahead when the government shuts the cities down. We are now at the edge of the shutdown.

No.1 Korean

권우유: 예정되었던 공연은 취소가 되었고 경제적인 상황도 점점 악화되고 있습니다. 그러나 저희는 요즘 새 앨범을 만들고 있으며 2020년 5월 4일에 넘버원 코리안 EP [2020]을 발매합니다. 마음속에는 언제나 푸른 희망이 뜨겁게 자라고 있습니다.

Kwon Milk: Planned performances have been cancelled and the economic situation is getting worse. But we are making a new album these days and we will release the No.1 Korean EP "2020" on May 4. There is always hope growing hot in our hearts.

Shin Hantae and Reggae Soul

SHT: 공연이 많이 들어오지 않아 많이 힘들긴 했지만.. 그래도 1집 앨범을 준비하고 있어서 괜찮았습니다.. 오히려 1집에 더욱 집중 할 수 있었던 거 같습니다.

SHT: It was a lot of hard work because there haven't been opportunities for performances. But we've been preparing for our first album, and I think it let us concentrate more on the album.

WinningShot

권기환: 현재 코로나의 영향으로 인해 일본 입국을 할 수 없는 상황이라 3월 스케줄은 무산됐지만 상황이 나아지면 다시 일정을 조율할 계획입니다.

Kihwan: Due to the current impact of the coronavirus, it is impossible to enter Japan, so our March tour had to be canceled, but we plan to reschedule when the situation improves.

권기환: 앞서 말한 일본투어를 포함해 많은 일정들이 변경 혹은 취소가 됐고 모두 알다시피 사람들이 많이 모이는 공연이나 모임 등을 기획하기 어려운 상황입니다.

위닝샷 뿐만 아니라 대부분의 밴드들이 영향을 받았으며 힘든 상황이지만 저마다의 방법으로 극복하고 있고 위닝샷 또한 잘 대처하기 위해 노력 중입니다. 하루빨리 상황이 안정됐으면 하는 바람입니다.

Kihwan: Lots of events, including our planned Japanese tour, have been changed or canceled, and as you know, right now, it's difficult to plan performances where many people gather. Not only WinningShot, but most bands have been affected. It's a tough situation, but we are overcoming it in our own way, and we are doing our best to cope with it. I hope the situation will stabilize as soon as possible.

Beacon

Kay: 작은 공연들이라 그런지 잘 취소를 안 합니다.

Our shows weren't cancelled, probably because they were small gigs.

KR: Nothing. We practice as usual, play shows as usual. Almost everything is going on as usual in this band. And I really don't know how the hell is this happening...

Chain Reaction

CR: 앨범이 발매되면서 해외 투어를 기획하고 있었는데 코로나바이러스가 끝날 때까지 무기한 보류되었다, 현재는 신곡 위주로 작업하고 있으며 공연은 딱히 취소된 건 없다.

CR: With the release of the album, we were planning an overseas tour, but it was put on hold indefinitely until the end of the coronavirus. But we are currently working on new songs and our performances have not been cancelled.

Daddy O Radio

이상혁: 일단 몇 주 정도 공연을 쉬고 있습니다 합주는 계속할 예정입니다.

Sanghyuk: We're taking a few weeks off from shows, but we're going to continue playing concerts.

김인수: 저는 기획되는 공연은 하는 주의입니다. 공연을 하는 선택만큼 공연을 보러 오는 관객의 선택도 중요하다고 생각합니다. 병에 걸리고 싶어서 걸리는 사람은 아무도 없고 병을 옮기고 싶어서 옮기는 사람도 없습니다. 이런 상황에 누군가 누구에게 해라 하지마라 라고 명령하는 것은 안 좋다고 생각합니다. 모두가 생각하여 행동할 수 있도록 정확한 정보와 해결방법을 모색할 수 있는 방법들을 먼저 충분히 제공해야 할 것입니다.

Insoo: I am careful about planning shows. I think it's important for the audience to decide whether to see the performance as much as it is for the band to decide whether to play. No one gets sick because they want to get sick, and no one wants to get sick. I don't think it's a good idea to order anyone not to do it in this situation. We need to provide enough information and solutions to help everyone think and act.

Solidarity and anti-racism in Korea

By Jon Twitch

I don't get too closely involved in protests because they're rarely about me, and my voice wouldn't add anything useful. Instead I just quietly raise the head count by one, and stay to the side taking pictures, which I offer on here with minimum commentary. Sometimes I use my experience to write articles later.

In this particular case, also, I've felt like I don't have a leg to stand on, due to widespread outrage over how my newspaper has been covering the George Floyd protests (which is mostly a matter of making poor choices over what wire stories and cartoons to run). It's been a frustrating but educational week at work.

When I heard Ji-hoon, frontman of Huqueymsaw and former member of a number of other bands, was organising a Black Lives Matter event, I was apprehensive, for all the usual reasons. I knew I'd end up going, but I couldn't ignore the merits of some of the accusations against it.

On top of that, he was getting deluged by anti-BLM people, and he essentially went viral, something I don't think he was prepared for.

And then a bizarre claim began circulating, based on a screenshot of an Instagram message by someone claiming "my boyfriend was stationed as a police officer who regulated protests at city hall during his military service." It accuses him of putting on events to scam people out of money, as well as warning that the event is illegal for E-2 visa holders, and mentioning it is on Korea's Memorial Day, "which will do more harm than good."

The image circulated widely, being shared into online conversations and getting discussions locked down and deleted. Suddenly people were seeing that message everywhere, and it seemed like suddenly a ton of people were making accusations against him (when it was all just one accusation amplified). You'd hear things like "Everyone's saying he's a scammer." Whoever made that message, for whatever purpose



Participants hold up signs at Hanbit Park at the end of the march.

deceptive or legitimate, was very successful.

As one nine-tailed friend told me, "it seemed like people had a death grip on this vague accusation," and another environmentally unfriendly friend said, "why take secondhand, unverified accusations from a fucking cop." Whatever the police have to say about a longtime political activist should be irrelevant.

As best I can tell, if Ji-

hoon does have a history of irregularities, it would be known among activists and the punk scene. Coincidentally, I just published a book in which I contributed an article making prominent mention of Ji-hoon, who in 2014 had a punk compilation made to raise funds to cover his legal defences after an arrest.

There was mass confusion between Ji-hoon and friends, racist Koreans, people with

legitimate gripes, and this disinformation campaign. Ji-hoon must have been under tremendous pressure, as happens when people go viral for unpleasant reasons. One black guy asked him a little forcefully if he was a scammer, and the exchange didn't go well, with friends defending Ji-hoon a little forcefully, one or two racists muddying things further, and Ji-hoon ultimately bringing up the defamation law.

"The irony, they're doing an event for people like me while also threatening people like me," the guy posted. "You can't make this shit up."

So I started intervening, taking the position that while there are a lot of legitimate problems with this event, the main one was unverifiable, but people should keep asking questions otherwise.

Ultimately, a newly created Black Lives Matter Korea Instagram account released a statement that lines up very closely with my own conclusions. Regarding point 2, they say they "have not been able to verify the allegations." And regarding recommendation 3, I have also been recommending caution to others and not endorsing the event for foreigners to attend, while making different choices for myself based on familiarity with the people, ideologies, and laws involved.

I know of three other related events that were scheduled on June 5 and 6. There's this one which sounds more like a press event and it was too early Friday morning for me to attend, this one that was postponed, and this virtual

one where you buy merch and upload pictures June 6 at noon (they were originally going to have an in-person photo shoot in the morning but decided against it).

When I expressed my concern about COVID-19 and the police at Ji-hoon's event, an African American friend offered me these words:

"Wound up in the semiotics and the practicalities of protest is the fact that you're making a bet, taking a risk, with your body and putting that on the line, whether violence is expected or not. You're voting with your feet and taking time out of your life to be there, and I think that's going to be more powerful in person than virtually."

I think maybe that explains what motivates people to protest while there is still the very serious threat of the pandemic (especially in the US). When confrontation heats up, racial injustice becomes a more serious existential threat than this virus killing hundreds of thousands.

So I showed up, always staying on the move and resisting the frequent invitation to shake people's hands. The crowd wasn't very large; I overheard someone doing a head count reach 130. Most of the participants were Korean, with a few foreigners. There may have been up to a dozen black people there, and of them a fair number were nonparticipants who wanted to see it through but not give their endorsement.

It sort of felt like a punk show, except outdoors and without music. It certainly had the budget, equipment, and draw of a punk show. Meanwhile, many of the articles about it are praising K-pop while ignoring the musicians doing the heavy lifting. Maybe we shouldn't criticise K-pop idols for finally showing a political backbone (after being unanimously silent during the impeachment protests and allowing a few Chinese K-pop idols to be pro-China against Hong Kong). For instance, in Yonhap's coverage of the march, it quotes Ji-hoon while not mentioning he's a musician, and the article ends on this note:

"The rally was the latest

Hey, sorry to bother you but this event is actually a scam and people should not attend or donate to it. My boyfriend was stationed as a police officer who regulated protests at city hall during his military service and he said the organizer is infamous for organizing events and running with the money. If it was not reported to the police beforehand, it is absolutely illegal and anyone on an E-2 visa who attends is in danger of being deported. Not to mention, this is on Korean Memorial Day which will cause more harm than good. Please do not encourage people to go.

This suspicious message was passed around in online discussions about the march and caused observers to think that multiple people were accusing Ji-hoon of something. Why is it if someone says something, you can disagree and argue, but if it's shared in the form of an anonymous screenshot, it becomes unquestionable proof? And if it is real, it came from a cop.

in a series of gestures by South Koreans to support and commemorate the movement. K-pop musicians have also voiced support, condemning racism and paying homage to African-American culture as an important source of inspiration for modern-day K-pop."

Even in doing the thing, punk was rendered invisible, credit given to K-pop idols. So I started viewing this event through a punk lens, partly so it wouldn't be forgotten, partly as a form of self-audit, and partly because this event started to make a lot more sense. If this were a punk show, nobody would bat an eye at how Ji-hoon solicited donations, or the lack of black representation. It may have thought it was a punk show, but it wasn't, and then it suddenly got an inexplicable overload of unwarranted mainstream attention. We're used to punk being culturally invisible, and getting comfortable with and even abusing that invisibility. But when we suddenly lose that invisibility and the mainstream notices, punk's insular reality breaks down in many ways.

The punk scene in many places has representation problems. People of all colours are welcome at punk shows (as decided after a great deal of violence that was mostly concluded in the early 1990s), but rarely

do we see diversity. It's sad because there has been diversity in punk at certain times, in certain places.

In Korea, diversity usually looks like roughly equal amounts of Koreans and white people, while people of other races are less visible (not to say there haven't been any). Both the main punk venues are outspokenly anti-racist. GBN Live House has all sorts of anti-racist messages up. Club SHARP is literally named after anti-racist skinheads. Additionally, Strange Fruit (itself named notably after a 1930s anti-racist song) has an explicit sign of inclusivity on the wall. But who is that for? What is anti-racism in this context? It's not for us privileged white people who generally have it pretty easy in Korea. And it's not a defensive stance against anti-Korean racism in other countries. It's against the specter of primarily anti-black racism, which is what SHARPs fought and what Billie Holliday sang about. But in the punk context, it's so often an abstract threat, little more than a litmus test to see if we all have compatible social values, while remaining unaware of any actual latent racist biases, which might activate in surprising ways if any black people were to actually show up.

Punks (and to an even greater extent, skinheads) make events and music



Ji-hoon talks in Hanbit Park at the end of the march.

with black people in mind, but don't know enough black people to invite. (In an extreme example, in my hometown every second skinhead has a reggae night or a sound system or what not. I heard once some black people showed up for one of these, took one look around at all these mostly white people enjoying all this black music from 50 years ago, and couldn't believe their eyes.) In this environment you wind up with Hard Times articles that cut deep, like "Black Man Attends Punk Show Without Anyone Mentioning Bad Brains" and "Only Black Guy at This Show Really Wishes I'd Stop Calling Him That." So scene-wise, punk is ill-prepared to address black-related issues, and awkward when we do

interact with Black people, despite really desperately wanting to, despite power fantasies that we would risk our lives to fight white nationalism without talking it out with a single black person.

So I made an effort to hear what black people had to say, considering for this occasion their opinions should count for more than the rest of ours. This event wasn't just about supporting black people, but how to support them. All the rest of us can and should do is show solidarity, amplify their message, clear a platform for them, and audit our own perceptions. And this was happening, even if it was on the sidelines rather than coming through the main loudspeakers.

The event ended peacefully and the crowd dispersed slowly, with many likely going off for food and drinks. Did it change the situation? Not really. If anything it showed how inconsequential the participants are. We all went through all this soul-searching and hand-wringing, and learned how we can do better.

One black guy who had complaints went up to Ji-hoon after the crowd had dispersed and gave him a big hug, talked a little bit, gave him another big hug (which Yi-sang ran over to photograph this time), and then walked away not noticing Ji-hoon's very sudden, very brief burst of tears that may have only been noticed by me.

Ji-hoon posted financial records related to donations received and passed along. He raised 521,212 won, and donated \$422.56 to Black Lives Matter Global Network.

Among the donations received were the following:

열심히살거라 (You, live hard) 13 Won
돈이궁한가보다 (You might be in need of money) 1 Won
강집에있으세여 (Be at home) 1 Won
큰마음으로큰돈보내니크게써주시 (Please use money big, So I sent big money with big mind) 18 Won
너무 무식 (Fucking idiot) 18 Won
먹고떨어져 (Eat the money and fuck off) 1 Won
10000입금 (10000 Won deposit) 1 Won
박창일 (Park Chang-il) 1 won
달창주사종부기 (President Moon is whore Kimilsungism worship North Korea) 18 Won



Jihyun of Dead Buttons' "Strongly Dislike the Police" shirt went viral, even getting Instagrammed by Chuck D. Turned out Goyang, to his right, bought the shirt while on a Skasucks tour of the US.

Find out how to help at blmkorea.carrd.co

Korean punk compilation discography

Jon Twitch

On putting together an article for another publication, I set out to make a discography of every discography or split of the Korean punk scene. The more I found, the more I figured is missing. Can you think of anything I should add?

1996

"Our Nation vol.1" Crying Nut/
Yellow Kitchen split, 14 songs, 2
bands (Drug Records)

1997

"Here We Stand" 10 songs, 5
bands (Profane Existence Far
East)
"Smells Like Nirvana" 10 songs,
10 bands (unknown)

1998

"Our Nation vol.2" No Brain/
Weeper split, 6 songs, 2 bands
(Drug Records)
"클럽 하드코어, 아싸 오방 첫앨범!"
16 songs, 6 bands (unknown)
"98' 펑크대잔치 <우리는 한마음>"
19 songs, 6 bands (Skunk Label)

1999

"Our Nation vol.3" 18Cruk/새봄에
핀 팔기꽃 split, 12 songs, 2 bands
(Drug Records)
"3000 Punk" 19 songs, 19 bands
(Skunk Label)
"Chosun Punk" 18 songs, 6 bands
(Drug Records)
"Indie Power 1999" 14 songs, 14
bands (Rock Family)
"클럽 하드코어, 아싸 오방 둘째 앨
범!" 17 songs, 6 bands (unknown)

2000

"Our Nation vol.4" Lazybone/
Johnny Royal split, 16 songs, 2
bands (Drug Records)
"Christmas Punk vol.1" 11 songs,
11 bands (Cujo Entertainment)
2000 "Minor League" Jiraltan99/
리얼쌍놈스 split, 16 songs, 2 bands
(Cujo Entertainment)

2001

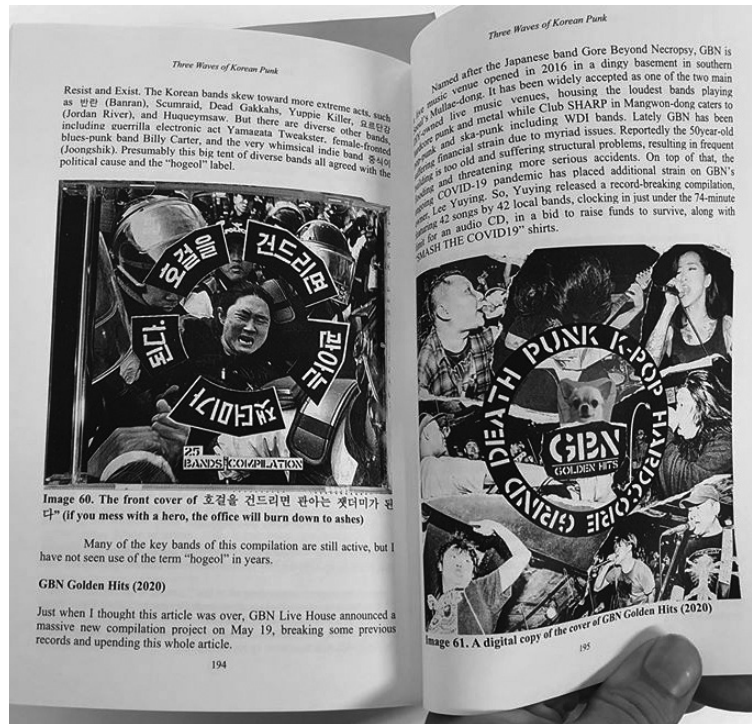
"Christmas Punk vol.2" 13 songs,
13 bands (Cujo Entertainment)
"Munsadan Sampler Vol.1 2000–
07–2001.04" 15 songs, 15 bands
(Cujo Entertainment)
"Union is Strength" Boys on the
Docks/Striking Youth split, 12
songs, 2 bands (Omado Records)
"Together as One" The Geeks/In
My Pain split, 14 songs, 2 bands, 2
countries (GMC Records)

2002

"Our Nation vol.5" Viva Soul/
Pastel split, 12 songs, 2 bands
(Drug Records)
"Red Devil 2002 Official Album"

Top 11 Korean punk compilations

10. Strike! Strike! Strike!! (Skunk 2006) tied with Christmas Punk 2 (Munsadan 2001)
9. Save Your Mind for the Extreme Riders (Half-Brothers 2003)
8. New Kids on the Townhall (Townhall 2005)
7. Christmas Punk 1 (Munsadan 2000)
6. Chosun Punk (Drug 1999)
5. Them and Us 2 (WDI 2016)
4. 호걸을 건드리면 관아는 잿더미가 된다 (unlabeled 2014)
3. Them and Us 1 (WDI 2011)
2. GBN Golden Hits (MYDY 2020)
1. We are the Punx in Korea (Skunk 2003)



11 songs, 10 bands (Jave Music)
BPJC compilation (BPJC)
"文化詐欺團 合同音般 第一號" 13
bands, 13 songs (Pony Canyon
Korea)
Nonstop Body/Lolita No.18 split,
10 songs, 2 bands, 2 countries
(Benten Label)

2003
"Mooshimchun Fuckers Comp 1" 6
songs, 3 bands (MF Crew)
"We are the Punx in Korea" 30
bands, 30 songs (Skunk Label)
"Save Your Mind for the Extreme
Riders" 18 songs, 9 bands (Half-
Brothers)
"Our Nation vol.6" Beach Valley/
Groove# split, 12 songs, 2 bands
(Drug Records)
"United We Stand" Samchung/13
Steps split, 15 songs, 2 bands
(GMC Records)

2004
"The Second Invasion" 10 songs, 5
bands (MF Crew)

2005
"New Kids on the Townhall" 22
songs, 22 bands, 3 countries
(Townhall Records)
"The League of Noise Attack
Vol.1 20051126 Club Skunk Lofi
Live" 19 songs, 7 bands (Gukdo)
"Next Generation" 26 songs, 19
bands (Chaos Class)

2006
"Judgement for Justice" Gukdo/

Bad Idols split, 8 songs, 2 bands
(Independent)
"Spirit of Rebellion" Suck Stuff/
Demerit split 7 songs, 2 bands, 2
countries (Independent)
"Pogo the Minority" Couch/
Buster split, 12 songs, 2 bands
(Independent)
"Strike! Strike! Strike!!" 17
songs, 6 bands (Skunk Label)

2007
"Bajowoo Present Never Mind
the Bollocks Here's the Punk
Rock Show" 19 songs, 11 bands, 2
countries (Skunk Label)
Samchung/Captain Bootbois split,
7 songs, 2 bands (GMC Records)

2008
"Judgment Night vol.1" 20 songs,
20 bands (GMC Records, Big Deal
Records)
"No Future for You" 14 songs, 14
bands (Townhall Records)

2009
"Back to the Grave" 13 songs, 13
bands (Unionway Crew, Snowman
Music)
Chadburger/Find the Spot split,
10 songs, 2 bands (Townhall
Records)

2010 ??

2011
"Them and Us: Korea's Punks
at Club Spot" 22 songs, 11 bands
(WDI Korea)
"개구쟁이" Crying Nut/Galaxy
Express split, 6 songs, 2 bands
(Drug Records)

2012
"Steel Face Records Compilation
2012" 8 songs, 4 bands (Steel
Face Records)
"Some Kind of Youth Vol.1" 5
songs, 5 bands (Some Kind of
Youth)

2013
"Young Punx Go For It!!"
Dinosaurs/Beer Belly/Injections

split, 9 songs, 3 bands, 2 countries
(Pogo Punx Records)
"특별시부산" 10 songs, 10 bands
(고양이레이블)
"자립음악생산조합 2013 춘계 컴필
레이션" 15 songs, 15 bands (Jarip)
"Valiant Cocks Compilation Vol.1"
18 songs, 3 bands (The Valiant)

2014
"96" Crying Nut/No Brain split, 7
songs, 2 bands (Drug Records)
"Steel Face Records Compilation
2013–2014" 5 songs, 5 bands
(Steel Face Records)
"New Generation of Ska Festival
2014" 12 songs, 12 bands, 3
countries (New Generation of Ska)
"호걸을 건드리면 관아는 잿더미
가 된다" 25 songs, 25 bands, 5
countries (Independent)
"Party51 OST" 23 songs, 4 bands
(Jarip)
Christfuck/Cave Have Rod split,
21 songs, 2 bands (Soondoongi
Records)

2015
The Kitsches/Dead Gakkahs split,
8 songs, 2 bands (Independent)
"We are from Fucking Daegu" 3
songs, 3 bands (Independent)
"2015 New Generation of Ska
Festival" 10 songs, 10 bands, 3
countries (New Generation of Ska)

2016
"Them and Us 2: Korea's Punks
at Thunderhorse Studios" 22
songs, 11 bands, 2 countries (WDI
Korea)
"Blowing Minds & Melting Faces"
...Whatever That Means/Burn Burn
Burn split, 5 songs, 2 bands, 2
countries (WDI Korea)
"No Shoes No Masters" Aperia/
Misawa split, 14 songs, 2 bands, 2
countries (Luchacore Records)

2017
Jeff Rosenstock/Skasucks split, 5
songs, 2 bands, 2 countries (WDI
Korea)

2018 ??

2019
"World Domination Vol.1" 4 songs,
4 bands, 4 countries (WDI Korea)

2020
"GBN Golden Hits" 42 songs, 42
bands, 1 country (MYDY Records)

The book is free for paid-up members of RAS Korea as of 2019. It should also be available for 10,000 won to nonmembers. Contact royalasiatickorea@gmail.com for inquiries.



CD Review: Ulcerative Colitis "Perianal Fistula" album

Severance Records

I discovered the goregrind band Ulcerative Colitis back when I was in the second year of university. It was life-changing and almost led me to drop out of school. After I moved to Korea I listened to other music and mostly forgot about UC. Then last year they released their latest album Perianal Fistula. It took me too long to discover this latest release, as I thought it was just another single put out by the much less interesting band Hemorrhoid, but I'm glad I heard it when I did.

Turns out, I got a 90 percent discount on it because the government considers my musical tastes a medical abomination.

The album gets going with the track "Cellulitis," but there seems to be a mixing problem because it was only coming out one speaker. It's awkward and hard to handle, as the music swells up in one of your ears.

Next was the song "Increasing Blood Pressure." It started slow, to the point where I was lightheaded and suffering blindness in bright light. But this song tightened up my blood vessels and caused a distressing sensation in my chest.

The song is followed by "Septic Shock," which I would have expected to be extreme, but it was kind of laid back and psychedelic. As I was listening to this track, I experienced some visual hallucinations: I started to see illegible writing on surfaces where there clearly wasn't any writing, including ceiling tiles and between the lines on Terry Crews' striped shirt in "Brooklyn Nine-Nine." I also saw colourful cartoon characters in IV medication, and photographed them to see if they would still be visible later.

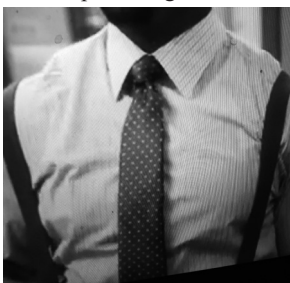


The album cover shows various animated characters inside an IV bag.

The peacefulness of this song is disrupted by the jarring "Urinary Catheter Insertion," a song that lasts about 10 seconds of very unpleasant howling noises. I wish I had turned it down to avoid disturbing the other people in my ward.

Next, I had a bit of choice between listening to "Jugular Vein Catheter" and "Femoral Artery Catheter." But I'd heard the latter on Myocardial Infarction's 2010 album, so I opted for JV. It was relatively innocuous, and every once in a while I'd feel a cool burst inside my chest as the song was basically like pouring liquid into a spinning fan blade.

I'd been expecting the next song would be "Pus Drainage Incision," but instead I got "Punctured Gluteous," which oozed out of my speakers over the next few days and left me feeling dirty just hearing it. This meant I also slept through the track



Track listing is written in wiggling text between the lines on Terry Crews' shirt.

"Necrotic Tissue," which is probably good because there was a lot of dead flesh to that song. Apparently when it started, it filled the whole room with unpleasant licks of guitar. I woke up during "Reconstructed Scrotum," which felt kind of uncomfortable but it seemed popular with doctors and nurses. I'm glad I heard it but it still doesn't feel natural.

"Closing Abscess" was an instrumental song, and right after it started I fell asleep, so I had to go back and listen two more times. It was still more enjoyable than the six or so versions of "Testicular Irrigation," which was just excruciating and left you afraid when the next note was coming. Each track was around 30 minutes, and every time I asked a doctor how much longer the song was, the answer was always five or ten minutes.

I really didn't like the catheter-themed songs. There was "Plugged Catheter," which left a little bit of urine dribbling down my leg, and "Catheter Boner" was a painful wakeup call. Fortunately, "Catheter Removal" was a short and painless track, almost humorous and lasting only five seconds.

Finally after 21 days of listening to this album all the way through, I thought it was time to go. The listening experience left me weak. But then I discovered the bonus song "Infected Operation Site" and had to go back for another five-day listening session. The doctors gave me a new album by a group called Seton Band, and I've been listening to their great album "Draining Pus" ever since.

I hope someday I can get these songs out of my head and go back to listening to reggae all the time.

LP Review: ...Whatever That Means "Revolving Doors" 12-inch record

World Domination, Inc.

The new WTM album is garbage. It won't even fit in my CD player!

I could only fit a corner of it in, and when I closed

the lid it broke a big piece off. Now there are vinyl bits rattling around inside my CD player.

Just so you know why

Broke no longer has CD reviews, now you know who to blame.

You owe me a new CD player, Moses!

The "culture industry" vs the K-pop industry

By Jon Twitch

The term "culture industry" sounds all too normal for these times, but it actually traces back to the Frankfurt School, a crew of sociologists long ago. Here are some descriptions of the culture industry, presented without commentary; see if it reminds you of anything.

- a system that 'integrates its consumers from above', arguing that in attempting to realise enlightenment values of reason and order, the holistic power of the individual is undermined
- the phenomenon of mass culture has a political implication, namely that all the many forms of popular culture are parts of a single culture industry whose purpose is to ensure the continued obedience of the masses to market interests.
- they have replaced other forms of entertainment without properly fulfilling the important roles played by the now defunct sources of culture
- the modern soap operas with their interchangeable plots and formulaic narrative conventions reflect standardized production techniques and the falling value of a mass-produced cultural product
- term "culture industry" is intended to refer to the commercial marketing of

culture, the branch of industry that deals specifically with the production of culture that is in contrast to "authentic culture"

- industrially produced culture robs people of their imagination and takes over their thinking for them
- culture industry delivers the "goods" so that the people then only have left the task of consuming them

- Through mass production, everything becomes homogenized and whatever diversity remains is constituted of small trivialities. Everything becomes compressed through a process of the imposition of schemas under the premise that what's best is to mirror physical reality as closely as possible.

- The aims of the culture industry are "as in every industry" economic in nature. All endeavors become focused on economic success.
- Authentic culture, however, is not goal-oriented, but is an end in itself. Authentic culture fosters the capacity of human imagination by presenting suggestions and possibilities, but in a different way than the culture industry does since it leaves room for independent thought. Authentic culture does not become channeled into regurgitating reality but goes levels beyond such. Authentic culture is unique and cannot be forced into any pre-formed schemas.

BTS endorses...

Everyone's excited about BTS' sudden political endorsement of Black Lives Matter. It is quite a change for K-pop, which has only supported Korean dominant ideologies and the Chinese Communist Party in the past. Here's a list of all the idol group's other endorsements, sponsors, spokesmodel deals, and various other shout-outs.

- Anti Social Social Club
- streetwear with Line Friends
- Babinski Cold Brew Coffee
- BBQ Chicken
- Black Lives Matter
- Bodyfriend massage chair
- CASETiFY
- Chilsung Cider
- ChupaChups
- CLEAN for CeCi photo shoot for the perfume brand in the magazine
- Coca-Cola 2018 Russia World Cup campaign
- DALCOMSOFT rhythm mobile game
- Dunkin' Donuts
- FILA Paradise, Love Yourself, Voyager, Con Amore & Originale SS20, White Collections
- Funko Pops figures
- Formula E 2020 ABB FIA

- Formula E Championship
- Hyundai #PositiveEnergy-Challenge on TikTok, Palisade SUV, Nexø FCEV
- Jim Jones "What Do You Think?" sample
- Kookmin Bank
- KwangJuYo tableware
- Lemona vitamin powder
- LeSportsac
- LG Electronics
- Line Friends characters, mobile game
- Lotte Duty Free
- Mattel UNO card game, dolls
- Mediheal skincare cosmetics
- MTPR coloured contact lenses
- Naver webtoon "Save Me"
- Netmarble games
- New Era headwear and apparel
- NSDAP streetwear
- Nuclear warfare
- Puma shoes
- Reebok shoes
- Samsung Galaxy S20
- Seoul Tourism Organization
- honorary tourism ambassadors
- Skechers shoes
- SK Telecom
- SMART school uniform brand
- "Family Love Day" campaign
- Starbucks
- STONEHENgE jewelry
- Tokopedia
- VT Cosmetics

Gutter Star

The following is sort of a prequel story. I wrote this for Fiction Writers in Seoul's 2019 anthology, but they passed on it for reasons that seem obvious. I liked the characters and setting enough that I decided to write something longer based on this. Every effort has been made to fictionalise every single person and band in this story, although the fictional venue Slammer is obviously in the exact Nogosan-dong location of the first Skunk Hell.

Look out for "Hongdae Fire" for the continued story of these characters.

By Jon Twitch I mean Dunbar

The door to the limo opened and out he stepped. The black car didn't even slow down, and his foot touched down on the road surface at 50 km/h. He tumbled out of oncoming traffic and came to rest among the fallen leaves gathered at the curb, right by Hongik University Station exit 5.

Only a group of American soldiers witnessed the fall, and hurried to the poor kid's aid.

"You okay man?" one asked.

His shirtless torso was scratched up with road rash and he had an ugly bruise over his left eye, but the fall was too recent to be its cause. He was in his late teens, no older than 19, short and skinny but with an impressively muscular torso, although his toned abs were looking a little smudged. The cosmetics on his face were also running, and with the black mascara coming from his eyes and blood-coloured lipstick smeared across his cheek, he looked more like he was on his way to a goth or fetish party, as if Korea was even cool enough for events like that. His pants, now torn at both knees, looked like black denim, but were skintight, without even real pockets to carry things, which meant no phone, no ID, no money.

The Americans tried getting him onto the sidewalk but he slumped to his knees, lacking the will to move himself.

You-hwan and his sister 6k, coming out of the subway station at that moment, stumbled upon this scene,

seeing these five Americans pushing around this poor kid and laughing about it. American soldiers were banned from the Hongdae area, following a string of incidents just like this one. You-hwan grabbed an old mop that had been leaning against the subway exit, its fibers stuck together either because of some substance it had soaked up or frozen from the low temperature, and put himself in the soldiers' path.

"Suh-top!" he shouted, pointing the mop at them.

The soldiers paused, and the two who'd been carrying the cut-up Korean kid let him sag to the cold ground.

"Man, I thought Hongdae would be different from Itaewon," said one of the soldiers, "but there's queers everywhere here too."

You-hwan, not quite catching what they were saying, looked down at the kid, now on his knees, then looked up at the soldiers, still clutching his mop. "Why?" he asked, using one of the only other English words he knew.

"We saw him fall out of a car and we're just helping him," one of the soldiers explained.

He was talking too fast to be understood, but his tone was nonthreatening. You-hwan lowered his broom, and his sister moved in to see if the kid was okay.

Most other people passing by were noticing them but staying out of it. But then a couple of well-dressed goons barreled into the scene, fists flying. They'd come from the limo, which had pulled over about 50 meters down the street, its emergency lights flashing. The soldiers, bristling at the hostility, fought back.

You-hwan raised his crusty mop at their faces, which seemed to do a better job at keeping these gangster-types at bay. Probably didn't want to get gunk on their suits.

Meanwhile, 6k moved the boy aside, so they wouldn't get trampled in the brawl.

"Help me," he whispered to her.

"I won't let those soldiers hurt you," she replied, checking his palms that were both badly scraped and would require bandages.

"Not them," the boy replied. "The people in the car. Don't let them take me away."

6k jerked her head around to her brother, who was now fighting alongside the Americans.

"Brother!" she called. "Let's go!"

You-hwan was just starting to get into it, now that the Americans were speaking in catchphrases and profanity. "Back the fuck off!" "Kick their asses!" "Get your fucking hands off me!"

His sister's voice pulled him back, and he left the soldiers to fend off the two besuited men, just as two more reinforcements arrived from another car.

"We have to get him away from here," 6k told him.

You-hwan threw the mop aside and grabbed an arm of the half-naked kid, and the three of them slipped away while the Americans kept the car goons occupied.

They rounded a corner, then ducked into a dark alley. Nobody was after them, and they were unlikely to be followed here. They headed toward the playground, where they could regroup and figure out their next move.

"You two are really tough," the boy enthused as they walked.

"My brother's the biggest wimp in Hongdae," 6k retorted, conscious of him examining her lip piercings.

You-hwan didn't deny it. He was flabby and soft, and he was relieved he hadn't lost his glasses in the melee.

"How many hours a week do you spend exercising at the gym?" the boy asked them.

"At least 20," You-hwan said, "if by gym you mean bar and by exercising you mean drinking."

They reached Hongik-ro, the main street stretching to Hongik University, a small arts university up on a hillside somewhere to the left. While the road was empty they jaywalked across.

"I'm You-hwan, and this is my sister Yoo-kyung," You-hwan said, hoping to get more information out of this stranger.

"I'm Jin-ho but everyone calls me Jino," the boy said.

"Everyone calls me 6,000 Won," You-hwan's sister said.

"We're members of the band Tigers of Yuinmak."

"What, you're musicians?" Jino exclaimed. "No way, with those cheekbones?"

"What's the matter with my cheekbones?" 6k demanded.

"Not bony enough," Jino answered, then turned to You-hwan: "Too bony."

"So, who are you and what kind of trouble did we get ourselves into?" You-hwan asked Jino, changing the topic.

Before Jino could answer, a black car pulled up behind them. "They found us!" Jino exclaimed.

The car doors opened and slammed shut, and a handful of goons ran after them.

"This way!" 6k shouted, leading them up a brick staircase, kicking at the goons on their heels.

You-hwan turned around at the top of the stairs, knowing this would be the best place to slow them down. "You guys go ahead!" he shouted at his sister, putting his foot over the mouth of the lead goon, knocking him backwards.

6k and Jino hurried through the dark alley.

"Where are we going?" Jino asked her.

"Don't worry, safety's ahead!" she replied. She was worried about her brother, but knew the right move was to get out of there so he wouldn't have to sacrifice himself.

Then she heard him running after them. "Run faster!" he hollered, dashing past them.

The playground was the punk hangout of the area. Just a few months earlier, some idiot in the local government thought to renovate the area, putting in a rubbery brick surface and benches to sit. This opened it up more to the public, but there was always guaranteed to be friends there for anyone in the punk scene, as long as it wasn't during a show.

It was around 6 p.m., already getting dark on that October Saturday, and fortunately the only show that weekend didn't start until 7. As they ran in, they spotted a gathering of skinheads -- Jong-hoon, Jae-hoon, Jung-hoon, and Min-ji -- drinking soju and sitting on the ground next to the playground equipment.

"Help!" 6k hollered as they entered the park, the goons a few paces behind them.

No questions asked, the four skinheads got to their feet to help their friends and fight off these intruders. More punks came out of the woodworks from all corners of the park, descending on the intruders.

The four goons who had followed them into the park suddenly found themselves being stuffed into a meat grinder made of spikes and leather. In-cheol, guitarist of the pogo punk band the A-Bombs, jumped from the playground equipment and tackled two of the intruders. Min-ji, drummer of the skinhead band Bootfuck, punched one so hard in the stomach he barfed on her boots, which brought down her fury.

The goons retreated out of the playground, taking refuge under the streetlights while the punks kept their distance.

"Jino! You have to come with us!" one yelled.

"There's nowhere else for you to go!" shouted another.

You-hwan and 6k looked at Jino, who was shivering without a shirt. He clearly did not want to go with them.

"Come back any time!" Jong-hoon shouted after them. "Doctor Martens always has room for more cosmetic surgery outpatients!"

As soon as the goons had run off, the punks and skinheads began packing up. In-cheol glanced at Jino, shirtless and bleeding. "You should get him to a hospital," he told You-hwan and 6k.

"N-no hospitals," Jino said through shivers.

"I've gotten enough infections that I know when you need disinfectant," In-cheol said.

"What's open on a Saturday night?" 6k asked.

"Gang Green Tattoo," one of the other punks suggested.

"That basement place, down by Rolling Hall?" You-hwan asked.

"Yeah, then get your ass up to Slammer, because you have a show to play," In-cheol suggested. "And we are not going first."

Rolling Hall was the opposite direction of Slammer from the playground, but if they could help that would make a big difference. They

all parted ways, with most of the punks headed toward Slammer over by the train tracks, and You-hwan and 6k bringing Jino south to Gang Green Tattoo.

As they walked, You-hwan tried calling Gang Green on his phone, but it kept ringing with no answer. Hopefully they were still there.

Not long after they left the playground, around when they reached the parking lot street, they heard a shrill voice cry out toward them. "It's Jino!"

They had been spotted!

"What did you do to piss so many people off?" You-hwan asked Jino.

6k carved a path through the crowd, dodging and weaving around all the people. The people ahead of them didn't know what was happening, but everyone behind them seemed to be in pursuit. So 6k led them into the middle lane where a long row of cars had been parked, and she and You-hwan pulled Jino up onto the hood of a car. From there, they leaped from car to car, quickly gaining distance on the mob of pursuers. By the time they reached Zandari-ro, there was no sound of pursuit behind them.

They blended back into the crowd, especially after 6k took off her blue leather jacket and draped it over Jino's shoulders. Even with that, the cold was getting to him.

Gang Green was in a basement of a nondescript building, located in a dark alley outside the usual craziness that was consuming Hongdae. When they came down the stairs and pushed through the door, they found themselves in an unusual workshop, shelves filled with little bottles of chemicals, walls lined with papers holding sketches. In the middle of the room, under an array of lamps, two cots were pushed side by side; in them were Hyeong-ju and Joo-hyung, lying head to toe as if they were 69ing each other, hard at work on each other's bodies with tattoo needles.

"This is a tattoo parlour?" 6k remarked. "What a disgusting room."

"The room doesn't go in your arm," Hyeong-ju retorted, sitting up.

Across his bare stomach, he had the word "punk" newly tattooed, but it was upside down.

"That's upside down," Jino pointed out.

Hyeong-ju looked down

at it. "Looks right to me," he answered. "What do you guys want?"

"Disinfectant, bandages, spare clothes if you have any," You-hwan said.

Joo-hyung sat up. Hyeong-ju had been giving him a naked woman on his thigh. Her face was already fully detailed, but everything below the nipples was just a rough outline. It was clear the final product would be very pornographic.

The two tattooists wiped Jino down with disinfectant and bandaged his worst cuts. They also provided him with a Gang Green T-shirt, a baseball cap and a black face mask with the word "infected" written in white across it. It would be enough to keep him discreet, as well as warm.

You-hwan's phone rang. It was Cheol-woo, their guitarist.

"We're on our way," You-hwan answered. "You probably heard about the trouble we got into."

"It's all everyone's talking about," Cheol-woo replied. "The whole neighbourhood is crawling with those goons now. They have lookouts all over the place."

"Then maybe we're better off staying here?" You-hwan suggested.

"No way," 6k told him, "we need to get back with the others for protection."

"You're not keeping a fugitive here," Hyeong-ju said. "If you want to get to the other side of Hongdae, we can lend you our scooter."

"I hope you don't mean the pile of junk out front," You-hwan said.

"Here's the key," said Joo-hyung, holding up a butter knife with a string tied to the end. "Just jam it in and you can fire it up."

They went out front, where a beaten-up old scooter was still leaning against the side of the building. It was purple and the body was scratched up, with both mirrors missing save for the stalks that had once held them in place. One helmet was balanced on the handlebars, which they gave to Jino.

You-hwan got on the scooter, with his sister holding onto him from behind, and Jino at the back. He jammed the knife into the ignition and found that it turned but didn't stay in, so he fired up the engine and pocketed the knife.

Driving like this, the

three of them together, they wanted to avoid the main roads, as well as any alleys too crowded. So they made their way through the quiet alleys to Wowsan-ro and headed north toward Slammer.

As they stopped at the red light at the three-way intersection, a couple goons came out of the tent restaurant on the right side and gave chase. You-hwan gunned it through the red light, and they barely made it through.

They raced ahead as fast as they could safely go, trying to put distance between them and the goons. The playground loomed on the left, but none of their friends would still be there now.

As they pulled through the intersection in front of Hongik University, a black car chased after them. You-hwan weaved the scooter through two lanes of slow-moving traffic. The cars weren't backed up very far, and soon there was only open road ahead. You-hwan made the most of their headstart by twisting the handle throttle as much as he could. The top speed on the scooter was only about 40 km/h, partly due to the old engine, partly due to the extra weight of three people.

The road out here was long, featureless, and curved slightly. You-hwan always disliked walking along it to get between Gicha-gil and the playground. Even now by scooter it felt unbearably far. They passed Ssamzie Space on the right, then reached Club WASP where there was a wide open intersection with at least five separate turnoffs.

You-hwan aimed for the third right, a road that curved down toward Gicha-gil, but a black sedan roared out of it and came right for them. They must have known they would try to get to Slammer! He spun the scooter around, making use of its smaller size and tighter cornering to outmaneuver the sedan. Then as it had to back up, he made a left turn into an alley leading away from Slammer, hoping to throw them off the trail.

He stopped at a familiar trailhead for his sister and their charge to jump off the bike and disappear into the greenery, and he kept on driving to draw the gangsters away.

6k would escort Jino along the tracks to safety. Jino handed over the helmet and

ducked out of sight, and You-hwan sped off, just as the black sedan pulled into the alley behind him.

He was able to pick up speed now that he was the only one on the bike, but he had to keep his back to the sedan so they wouldn't see he was alone. He also had to keep them on his tail.

Meanwhile, 6k navigated Jino through the dark, down to the train tracks of the Gyeongui Line. They could see the bright lights of Gicha-gil in the distance, an area full of restaurants set up along the inactive railroad.

They stopped under a bridge so she could help him take off the helmet. As she had her face close to his, he leaned in and kissed her.

"Oh, you're interested in that?" she said, and kissed him back. She didn't usually fuck strangers, but the circumstances felt right, and she had a couple condoms with her anyway.

You-hwan ended up at another playground, one he hadn't seen before. It had some playground equipment, a public washroom, and a gazebo, but nobody was there at the moment. He drove through, but a black sedan pulled in front of his exit ahead. A goon flew out of the bushes and knocked him off the scooter. It floundered around on the ground and they struggled to turn it off, noting the lack of a key in the ignition.

"Be careful," he warned them, "we are in front of a police station."

"We should bring you in there for kidnapping," one of the goons growled at him.

"You're welcome to invite the cops into this to sort out who gave him all those bruises," You-hwan offered. "Seriously, what do you want with him so badly anyway? He's just a kid."

"That kid happens to be one of the biggest up-and-coming stars in the K-pop industry," the goon told him. "By running away, he is in breach of contract."

Even You-hwan had heard of the K-pop idol Jino before. The poor kid had been educated in idol academies from a young age, and only recently debuted after passing an audition. No wonder he wanted to escape. "FUCK!" he hollered at maximum volume.

Eyes darted toward the front doors of the police station. The shapes of people

could be seen through the translucent glass, but so far nobody was coming out.

"Look, guys, if he doesn't want to go with you, that's his choice," You-hwan told them. "As for me, I have a show to get to, so if we have no further business, how about you get the hell out of my way?"

"You're free to go," said the goon, backing off.

You-hwan pulled out the butterknife and used it to fire up the scooter again. He took a long route to Slammer, weaving through alleys he didn't know and cutting back away from the venue several times. They probably knew where he was going, but he didn't want to lead them to Jino. He didn't see a single black sedan following him all the way there.

Slammer was a tiny basement venue, located literally on the wrong side of the tracks. The entrance was marked only by some graffiti in a little passage off the main alley. Tonight's show had six bands, and entrance cost only 6,000 won. Only six paying customers had shown up. The room was packed, but almost everyone there was in a band or a guest of a band.

6k and Jino got there first, and she got him inside on her own guestlist. The door girl, Gun-ha, let her get away with it without a thought.

As they arrived, Jino looked at the band performing on the "stage," little more than a plywood board set up in a corner of the room, and recognised the lead singer, one of the people who saved him in the park.

"Who are they?" he shouted in 6k's ear.

"That's Bootfuck," she told him.

Bootfuck were scene elders, its members now in their mid- to late 20s and having already completed their military service, except for the drummer. Their music was violent, with lots of sing-alongs, but actually pretty chipper.

"All the band names here sound so threatening," Jino remarked. "But the people are all really kind and welcoming."

"That's the way it's always been," she told him. "Maybe it's a way to exorcise some negativity deep inside us. When I look at popular music, it seems like it's repressing a lot."

“Still, it must be hard getting up in front of a crowd looking so imperfect,” Jino remarked.

In-cheol of the A-Bombs came by, holding a 1.5L beer in one hand and wrapping his other arm around his new girlfriend, some poseur girl 6k had never seen before.

“You’re next,” In-cheol warned 6k.

“If my brother shows up,” she replied.

“We’re not playing before you,” he retorted, and stomped away, leaving his girlfriend behind, likely so she would make friends with 6k.

“Hi, I’m 6,000 Won, same as it says on the poster,” she said, taking the initiative.

“Eo Gwi-ryeon,” the girl answered, sipping soju from a green bottle through a bendy straw. She was wearing all new punk gear, likely purchased at the Ewha Womans University market. 6k knew trouble when she saw it, even if her male friends and brother were clueless. Already, this new girl was eyeing Jino; classic homewrecker behaviour.

You-hwan showed up right after Bootfuck’s set.

“You made it!” 6k exclaimed. “We’re next.”

“Yeah, I have to tell you something first,” he told her, dragging his sister aside. “Jino is a K-pop star and he’s trying to escape from his agency.”

“What?” 6k exclaimed, her eyes going wide. “A K-pop star in Hongdae?”

They glanced at Jino, who was opening a beer someone had given him. Rather than basking like a popstar, he seemed nervous and hunched into himself.

“We have to keep this a secret,” she said. If anyone knew she’d fucked a K-pop star, she’d never hear the end of it.

Their bassist came by and swept them up for their set. 6k got behind the drumkit and moved the cymbals down. She had shorter arms than Bootfuck’s drummer, Min-ji.

Once they were ready, You-hwan jumped on stage and took the mic. Throughout their set, he kept an eye on Jino as long as he could, before forgetting all about him.

Jino was having a good time. It wasn’t often he was allowed to mingle within an audience. Everyone was excited, and people rushed here and there like waves at a beach. Due to an

adolescence of heavy dieting that stunted his growth, he was much shorter than pretty well everyone in the room, and he felt hidden among them. He waded through the crowd from one side of the room to the other, just to see if he could.

Then a punk girl cornered him. He’d seen her earlier but forgot her name. She leaned in to shout in his ear, but all he could pick up was the boozy smell on her breath.

He pointed at his ears and shrugged to communicate he couldn’t hear her. She took his hand and led him out the door. She cornered him inside the unisex bathroom, which was large enough only for a toilet and sink.

Now that they could hear each other, he turned to her. “I’m sorry, what were you saying?”

She leaned in to his ear again, and he let her. “Oh oh no, I gotta thing for you,” she cooed in his ear. “Let me cherish you forever and always, oh no no.”

“Forever and a day, oh oh no,” he corrected her, reciting the lines to his debut single, “Make Happy.”

“I knew it!” she squealed. “You’re Jino, aren’t you? None of those people down there know anything about pop culture, but I know who you are!”

“Please don’t tell everyone,” he pleaded with her. “I’m trying to lay low, and a punk show seems like the best place for that.”

“Okay,” she said, “but you have to let me kiss all your boobos better.”

“That seems fair,” he replied, and she started pecking at his face injuries. She kissed his cheek, then moved on to his forehead. She was taller than him so it was easy.

As she was doing this, Jino caught his reflection in the mirror over the sink. There was road rash all over his face: on his forehead, his cheekbone, his fat lower lip, even the tip of his nose. The bandage tied around his forehead showed a spot of red bleeding through.

“Oh no,” he gasped, touching his tender face.

He thought about how much money that face was worth, and how foolish he’d been to damage it. After all the work that had been done on it, was it even his anymore? As for the matter of the money, how much of it had he actually earned for himself, and how much for

the entertainment agency? Their loss, not his.

“Oh well,” he said, cracking a grin. “Ha ha!”

She finished with a kiss on his lips, keeping her eyes open and locked on his.

Then she pulled up his Gang Green T-shirt and planted a wet kiss on his rock-hard pecs, while her hands wandered south toward his pants.

“Uh, I don’t think you should be doing this,” he said, pushing her hands away.

“I told you I have to kiss them all to make you all better,” she told him. “That means I have to do a full body inspection.”

He backed away as her hands found his belt buckle, and he tripped over the toilet paper trash can and fell backwards against the door. It was metal and translucent glass so it didn’t hurt, but it made a loud bang.

She unbuttoned her plaid shirt, exposing her bare breasts. He fumbled with the bathroom lock, trying to get out.

“Don’t you find me pretty?” she asked. “Or are you used to only K-pop girl groups, with their perfect faces, plastic tits, and designer vaginas?”

Someone knocked on the door. “Is everything okay?”

“No, let me out of here,” Jino replied.

He got the door open and fell out at the big leather combat boots of two big punk guys.

They took one look at Jino, then at the girl who was scrambling to cover up.

“Gwi-ryeon?” one of the punks exclaimed.

“Ick-jae!” she shrieked.

“Please don’t tell In-cheol!”

“Hey Inchy!” the punk named Ick-jae called to a guy nearby. “This kid’s trying to get with your girlfriend!”

In-cheol came over, and Jino recognised him immediately from earlier inside and at the park.

“It’s not what you think!” he assured them. “She was coming onto me!”

“What would my girlfriend see in a little twerp like you?” In-cheol retorted.

Gwi-ryeon ran to him, her eyes filling with tears. But tears of guilt? Or false tears? Jino couldn’t tell.

The punk put a protective arm around her. “Did he touch you?” he asked.

“Come on, just tell the truth!” Jino pleaded with her.

“You don’t get to talk right now!” In-cheol snapped at him.

Downstairs, the Tigers of Yui-mak finished their set, and people started piling outside. You-hwan and 6k couldn’t see Jino, so they followed the crowd out.

By the time they came outside, everything seemed back to normal, with everyone standing around smoking or having a beer. Jino was nowhere to be seen.

“Gwi-ryeon thought he was a member of that boy band, JBH,” In-cheol was saying to his friends.

“G B H ? ” s o m e o n e exclaimed.

“No, JBH,” In-cheol said.

“It stands for Joy Bliss Happiness,” Min-ji said.

“They’re a nine-member group that debuted about half a year ago.”

“How would you know?” Ick-jae, the A-Bombs bassist, laughed at her.

“The better question is, what would a K-pop star be doing at a punk show in Hongdae?” Min-ji asked.

You-hwan and 6k ran up to them. “Inchy, Icky, Minjy,” 6k asked, “did you see where he went?”

“Yeah, but don’t worry, there’s no more problem,” In-cheol said. “We ran him off.”

“You what?” You-hwan exclaimed. “He has no money, no place to go, and people are after him!”

“We caught him in the bathroom with In-cheol’s girlfriend,” Ick-jae said.

“What?” 6k exclaimed.

“Yeah, and you said you were the ones who brought him here?” In-cheol said.

You-hwan pulled his sister aside. “Do you think he’s right?” he asked her. “Are we at fault for bringing him here? Is he just another mainstream parasite who sees us as freaks not worthy of respect?”

“I’m not ready to jump to conclusions,” 6k told him. “Some of his comments didn’t sit right with me. Even if he has fled his agency, he is still infected with many of the ideas they put in him.”

Plus, she would be pretty surprised if he had the energy to go again, but she didn’t tell her brother that. What he was doing with this other girl, she had to know.

“Well, we know he’s in trouble and running from some kind of abuse,” You-hwan said.

“Yes, I say we find him and settle this,” 6k said, “and not let those K-pop people

get their hands on him.”

Min-ji grabbed 6k’s arm. “Wait, is he really Jino from JBH?”

“Yes, and he needs our help,” 6k told her.

“There’s some kind of trouble with his entertainment agency,” You-hwan added, “and they want to get him back, even by force.”

“Why should we care?” Ick-jae asked. “It’s K-pop.”

“I don’t care if we don’t like his music,” You-hwan said. “It’s just the right thing to do.”

In-cheol raised his voice so everyone could hear. “Alright, he wandered off that way,” he said, pointing up the alley toward Sinchon, “but he looked messed up and I don’t think will make it far,” he said. “That means he’s likely still somewhere between here and Daju Sangga. Spread out and check the alleys, check every corner a kid like him could crawl in.”

“But what about Gwi-ryeon?” Ick-jae asked him.

“I can’t handle that drama right now,” In-cheol said. “As far as I’m aware, this kid’s only crime is making terrible music.”

Everyone split up, filtering out throughout the alleys of Nogosan-dong. You-hwan pulled out his butterknife and jumped on the scooter, revving it to life.

“I can’t believe we’re hunting a K-pop idol!” said Ki-pyo, one of the only teenagers at the show.

“When we catch him how will we eat him?” asked Gun-ha, guitarist of the all-girl band Eumshik.

“I’ll cut out his ribs and barbecue them over charcoal,” Ki-pyo said.

“I’ll boil his bones in broth,” Gun-ha said.

“I’ll slice him up alive like sannakji and eat the pieces while they’re still squirming,” said Jong-hoon, Bootfuck’s singer.

They reached Daju Sangga, a long skinny building that effectively divided the Hongdae area from Sinchon. Down the alley, they saw the red lights of a stopped black stretch limousine, its occupants dragging a screaming Jino into the backseat.

Ki-pyo retreated to get reinforcements, while Gun-ha and Jong-hoon approached the vehicle. Both of them had messed with these guys back in the playground, and they were eager for more violence.

The car door slammed

shut and Jong-hoon put a bootmark on the rear bumper before it sped away.

Inside the limo, Jino found himself wedged between two goons, sitting across from his manager Director Goo who was surrounded by two more guards. There must be a lot of K-pop talents unguarded right now thanks to him, Jino mused. The others were probably all on lockdown back at the dormitory, somewhere out in the countryside at a location he couldn't find on his own.

Director Goo spat in his face, then slapped him. Then, realising his hand was wet with his own spit, he slapped Jino again on a dry cheek, trying to wipe the spit off.

"You worthless cocksucker!" he shouted at Jino. "You bailed on a very lucrative client. Mr. Park is a powerful executive at a PR fashion firm. Do you know how much money we stand to miss out on?"

Something bonked against the trunk of the car, making Jino flinch. Jong-hoon had hucked a mostly empty soju bottle, which bounced off and shattered on the street. All he and Gun-ha could do now was watch the limo speed off down the narrow alley, heading for the main street.

A scooter buzzed into the alley in the limo's path, forcing it to slow down, and then stop when it became apparent the scooter driver wouldn't move aside.

The driver rolled down his window and hollered "Move or I ram you!" and without waiting, charged toward the punk.

Instead, You-hwan ditched the scooter, leaving it lying in the middle of the road in the path of the limo.

The driver tried to take the limo over the obstacle, grinding the scooter with the underside of his vehicle, but the front-wheel-drive stretch limo got stuck as soon as it climbed on top, its front wheels spinning uselessly in the air. You-hwan stood to the side, watching to see if the limo really could make it over.

Min-ji climbed onto the trunk and kicked in the rear window, showering everyone inside with glass bits. Jong-hoon reached in and grabbed the nearest neck, which happened to be Director Goo's.

Right around then, Ki-pyo returned with reinforcements: 6k, In-cheol, Ick-jae, and half a dozen other punks and skinheads.

"Alright, stop, you've made your point!" Director Goo shouted. "Jino can go with you if he so chooses."

Jong-hoon relaxed his grip around Director Goo's neck but didn't release it. All eyes were on the black limousine, which reflected back funhouse-mirror-distorted fat images of those who surrounded it.

Without hesitation, Jino reached for the door handle and popped it open.

"Before you go," Director Goo started, "think about what you're throwing away. You have real talent, talent you've been honing at our academy since before puberty. If you leave with them, you're throwing it all away, all your life's work, your future. It's not too late to return with us. Mr. Park would accept your apology. Stay, and I will make you famous."

"No," Jino retorted, slipping out between the big security goons, who tried crowding him to make it harder for him to get out.

"He's with us now," 6k told them.

"No, your music sucks too," Jino told her. "I want to find my own way. But for the time being, the only way out is with you guys."

"Fair enough," In-cheol said, helping pull him out of the car. "But I hope you like samgyeopsal and soju because that's where we're heading next."

Once out, Jino surveyed the carnage around him. Bits of vehicle body crunched underfoot. There was an army surrounding him, here specifically for his liberation, and maybe also to cause destruction.

"Who needs you?" Director Goo scoffed from inside the limo. "Do you know how many trainees are waiting to take your place? We'll have your replacement by morning."

The driver turned off his engine, and some of the goons got out to lift the limo up off its fulcrum.

You-hwan righted the scooter and rolled it aside, so the K-pop agency goons could retreat to lick their wounds. On his inspection, he found the plastic body scratched up and the front wheel slightly out of alignment, but when he stuck the butterknife into the ignition, it roared to life, sounding better than before. He leapt on and drove after his friends, veering left periodically to correct for

the crook in the front fork.

They all headed over to Handon University, a barbecue restaurant housed in a flimsy old shack down by the train tracks.

The logo on the sign showed a pig in a graduation gown and cap carrying a diploma and going willingly into a meat grinder. The elderly owner couple took weary note of the two dozen punks flooding in, resigning themselves to a late night of work, albeit a profitable one. They immediately began bringing out the standard order: soju and beer, and four orders of the cheapest meat for each table.

Everyone sat around the room at different tables, which were little more than old barrels, but all eyes were on Jino, sitting at the back of the room, his back to the wall.

"Well?" Min-ji asked. "What's it like being a K-pop idol?"

"I dunno," Jino answered. "It's pretty boring, I guess. You live with your bandmates, and you have a tight schedule of practice, exercise, and appearances."

"Do K-pop stars hang out and drink when they're not in public?" In-cheol asked.

"Only what they give me," Jino said. "Usually drinking is done with management, and it's extremely limited so we don't ruin our diet. It's not like you guys where you just drink anywhere, with anyone."

"What about girls?" Ki-pyo asked.

"Some of our seniors do a lot of sleeping around, but they don't share with us," Jino said. "I guess if I stayed and built more seniority, that would've changed."

"Ever had sex with anyone famous?" Jong-hoon asked.

"Nobody that would impress you," Jino said. "We're mostly kept separate. It's weird to see males and females performing together in the same bands. Do you all live together too?"

"No, we all have our own homes," 6k said. "I don't think I could stand spending all my time with all of these guys."

The restaurant owner finished bringing out flaming charcoal briquettes, and soon there were strips of meat sizzling on each tabletop. The owners continued to bring out baskets of lettuce, bowls of egg, plates of sauce, and various other side dishes.

"I can't understand how comfortable you all are with each other," Jino remarked.

"No competing, no put-downs, no criticisms of each other's looks."

"We're not in competition with each other," In-cheol said. "We're friends."

"Are you honestly comfortable with that?" Jino asked, gesturing to the far corner where Gwi-ryeon and Ick-jae were making out, oblivious to everyone else.

"Not really, she was a bit of a poseur anyway," In-cheol said.

"Poseur?" Jino asked.

"Well, for one thing, she knew who you were," In-cheol said. "No offence, but that's kind of a warning sign."

"Why, what's wrong with that?" Jino asked.

"For people like us, you represent a lot of societal values we oppose," You-hwan said. "No, represent is the wrong word. More like you're an ambassador. An ambassador for conformity, for consumer capitalism, surface-level beauty, conservative sexual and gender roles, ethnonationalism-lite, willful political blindness. You've been used as a tool to propagate dominant societal values that have a harmful effect on everyone's lives. You're literally the reason we start punk bands."

"Now, that's not fair to me," Jino retorted, downing his soju glass and holding it up for In-cheol to refill. "Ever since I was young, I knew I wanted to be a performer. I begged my parents to enroll me in a K-pop academy. It was expensive but they worked hard and sold off assets to afford it. From age 11 I forsook a normal education to perfect my skills as a dancer, singer, entertainer. I danced until my feet bled, and I dieted until I threw up. Plastic surgeons tugged at my skin and whatever is underneath until I had a perfect face, which I probably ruined tonight. Once I graduated, I attended audition after audition, trying to get a spot in one of the dozens of debuting idol bands, competing against my former classmates. After I got accepted to JBH, I let them exploit my identity, my creative integrity, my sexuality, all in the pursuit of that one shot at fame. I'm proud of the work I've done, my singing and my dance moves, but I regret seeing my fans emulating me, killing themselves through extreme dieting,

foregoing a good night's sleep, dedicating their souls to a mechanical society that doesn't have room for all of them. And, okay, I'm starting to see it now, why there's a need for punk, why a bunch of cultural outcasts take refuge in each other and create terrible loud music."

"I mean... there has to be a way you could make pop music ethically," You-hwan said.

"It would have to be without the top-down control from the big entertainment agencies," Jino said. "Each one is like a mini-North Korea controlling all aspects of the creative process and the performers' lives. They could throw leather jackets on us and put guitars in our hands, but we would still be making the same music. They can dress us any way they like but the fact remains any one of us would be punished for deviating from the norm. I wish it were possible to make music with our resources and flashiness and your ethics and independent spirit, but the reality is we're all trapped in a machine, and popular music is merely the self-replicating byproduct of it."

Those still possessing their senses nodded in agreement.

After they paid up to the Handon University owners, most of them returned to the playground where Jino had first encountered most of those present.

There, as the dawning sun started to leer over the horizon, it found a smattering of punks still awake on the ground, finishing off whatever alcohol they still had left.

Reclining on a bench, You-hwan, through a heavy alcoholic haze, noticed punks gathered around Jino's body, cradled in the basin of the playground slide doing who knows what.

"Leave him alone!" he shouted at them.

Ick-jae jolted away from Jino's unconscious body. "Whatever, he doesn't even have anything worth stealing," he mumbled.

"Speak for yourself," muttered Gwi-ryeon, a pair of shears in one hand and a clump of hair in the other.

As they parted ways, headed for home or the first morning subway, they left Jino behind, homeless and missing the hair on one side of his head, though he wouldn't have to worry about that until he wakes up a few hours later.

Korea's first punk?

Jon Twitch

Who was Korea's first punk? It's a hard question to answer, partly because of the lack of information, and also due to questions on definition. Do we define the answer on ethnic, national, geographic, or some combination thereof lines? Where do we set the threshold? Do they have to be a musician, or can they be just any Korean who jammed a safety pin through their ear?

Almost certainly the first punk in Korea would have been with the USFK, either someone who was involved in the scene before enlisting, or a dependent. If there was any kind of community or any bands playing, they would probably have been centered on Seoul American High School in Yongsan Garrison. That would have been possible in the late 1970s, but it would not have caught on in the domestic population, and if it did, it left no trace.

There was reporting on a punk scene in 1984, at least based on one very sensationalist article in Dong-A Ilbo (see Broke 25 for the text and poor translation). But we don't know if these people considered themselves punks, and it seems they didn't make music at all. Whatever this was really about has been lost to history, unless someone's parents speak up.

It seems likely the first Korean national punks who played punk music in Korea didn't appear until the mid-1990s.

So we should look abroad, where two familiar names stand out: Hahn Dae-soo and Viktor Tsoi.

Tsoi, a Soviet Korean, never visited his ancestral homeland before his 1990 death. He is widely considered one of the most important figures of the USSR's rock scene, comparable in influence to Kurt Cobain. Before Tsoi formed his legendary band Kino, he was briefly bassist of the USSR's first punk band, Avtomaticheskije udovletvoriteli (Automatic Satisfiers, a loose translation of Sex Pistols, abbreviated to AU). Later in 1988, he released one punk song with Kino, "Mama Anarchy."

But before Tsoi is known to have started playing Soviet punk, Hahn Dae-soo was already active in it.

Giving Hahn the title of "first Korean punk" is a little awkward, since he was already known as "Korea's first hippie." He had that



Hahn Dae-soo takes off his mask for a picture after an interview in a Sinchon coffee shop in November.

unwelcome title thrust on him thanks to a 1968 sensationalist article by the JoongAng Ilbo that changed the course of his career, and after government censors banned his second album "Gomushin" in 1975, he fled Korea in the mid-1970s. He settled in New York where he formed the post-punk band Genghis Khan and played at CBGB's.

So when I asked Hahn what he thought of possibly being Korea's first punk, he did not disagree (granted the country cast him aside and he doesn't seem to identify strongly with nationality).

"I believe so, because I probably brought the feeling of Sex Pistols to Korea too, after," he added.

He actually grew up in New York, living there until 1968 at age 20 when he was moved back, as his family feared for his life there.

"They heard I was living in Alphabet City, which was true, Lower East Side, Avenue A, B, C — that's the worst part of the city. It's like the slum, the slum of the slum. At that time in the '60s, that's where all the drug not only addicts, but drug dealers hang out, hookers, and Che Guevarra wannabes, people making bombs, it was crazy," he said.

"While living in East Village you cross about three avenues (to West Village); this is where wealthy hippies live, you know, people like Peter, Paul and Mary, the guys with money. So I would go there to perform once in a while because they have an open mic night once a week. So you get to sing two or three songs. If you get an encore you do three, pass your hat, so sometimes I would get \$5, that was a lot of money you know. One time I even got \$10: they

liked my performance; I ate pizza. Sometimes a beautiful lady would like my song:

'Hey, what is your name?'

'I'm Dae-soo.'

'Dae who?'

'Dae-soo.'

'Forget it, I'm gonna call you Fuji. Okay Fuji, let's go have a pizza.'

'Oh, I'll buy, I made \$10.'

"So you know those things happen. I got used to that club scene of performing in front of people and getting a response."

After he moved back to Korea, he started performing in C'est Si Bon in Mugyodong, the main venue at the time. He rose fast and became a controversial figure (read Matt Van's Korea Times article for more on this).

He did three+ years in the Marines, which he said affected his music: "My song changes, becomes evil, more conniving, more direct assault on society and mores."

After, he was married and working at the Korea Herald, at the time a government mouthpiece.

"I lived in a one-room that I shared with my wife in Shinmunro, and I'm passing by there's this barbed wire, and as it catches the rain it just sort of reeks with that rust and cement, and I kind of liked it. And I looked up in the blue sky and said 'wow, beautiful blue sky and barbed wire, this is our reality. Such beautiful nature and we are divided.' So to make it even more dramatic, I used to wear gomushin, rubber shoes, the cheapest you can get, so I hung it up there and said 'hey that looks pretty good. I like that, Gomushin, that'll be my second album.' In a way, Beatles, 'Rubber Soul,' so I became Rubber Shoes. So I put that in, took the

shot, incredible composition people loved.

"However, at that time you had to be authorised by the government to release, department of culture administration and that's what happened, they banned it and the producer ran away because he was being threatened. Every time I got a strange call I would feel paranoia and my job at the Herald was also at risk. I didn't see Park Chung-hee going anywhere anytime soon, so basically I had the spotlight of being anti-government.

"I'm struggling to do the job, make money, and still have this energy and creativity to make more music. You know I'm just in my early 20s still."

So he put himself essentially into self-exile and returned to New York.

"Nobody runs away from a chance to do great music and money on top of that. Why would I run away? I didn't see either of those two. I didn't see any stage because I was banned. And if there's no stage there was no way I could make a living for me and my wife," he said. "So if that's self-exile, that is I guess. No, I wasn't forced out; I went on my own."

In New York, he earned money as a photographer, and did music on the side.

"As soon as I established myself a little bit, not wholly, I tried to get a band together, so we put up Genghis Khan together. We put up money I was making, my wife was making. Somehow we managed to save \$10 here, \$20 there, enough to make a demo, it sounded pretty good. We passed it around, that's how everybody did, send it by mail or pass it around, Warner Brothers, A&M, everywhere, CBS, nothing really happened."

But a demo got through to Warner Brothers' east coast manager, who called him up and offered to come see them play, although not much came of it.

"So we did a showcase at CBGB at that time which was like nothing," Hahn said. "Basically CBGB was nothing more than a dive bar. The stage was about this much, you could barely put drums and two guitars standing. It was a dive bar until Ramones kind of made it big, famous, Patti Smith. What made it really big was in the '80s, when Blondie and Talking Heads, who performed there not

that many times — Blondie performed a lot, Talking Heads only two or three times, that's it. Nobody really knew, it was a bar, dirty, the urinals were always floating, you're doing your thing there, there's no doors."

He also explained, "CBGB did not become famous until the beginning of the '80s when the performers started to become famous all of a sudden, the guys who played in CBGB become famous one after another. Talking Heads all of a sudden becomes a national name, after CBGB's. Blondie too. Ramones took a long time, but Ramones is really not a song for the general public, too hard-driving. Patti Smith was already famous. And then guess what, millions of tourists started to come in on the weekends, 'This is CBGB's yeah baby!' that kinda thing."

He had memories of seeing some notable punk acts there, including Helen Wheels, Plasmatics, and Klaus Nomi.

"I remember one show with Dead Boys. Good act, great band. There was a pipe going up. He flicks the microphone up there, hangs himself, pulls himself up," Hahn said.

"So crazy people came out of there—two or three became major world stars, and that's the end of CBGB's. Now CBGB T-shirts are \$30 each."

The venue was struggling in its latter years, especially over a dispute over \$90,000 in rent demanded of the club owner Hilly Krystal.

"I met Hilly Krystal, got to be not friends but acquainted with him. I would hang out in his office. He was a jazzman in the beginning, very unlike CBGB itself, gentleman, well-spoken, great presentation, tall nice guy," Hahn said.

They got together one last time in 2007, months before Krystal died. He told Hahn about his plan to relocate the iconic venue to Las Vegas.

"He told me a crazy story that a Japanese businessman was offering him to take it to Las Vegas, to make it a venue," Hahn said. "Like 'CBGB's Las Vegas, here's Billy Idol, here's the Clash.' And guess what, just two or three months later he died and that's now a fashion store right now. It was a short era of about 15 years, it was very vibrant, everyone wanted to go there. It was always filthy but they loved it. It started a whole movement of the world, incredible. I think that's the power that New York City has."

Reggae 'n' Soul High School

By Jon Twitch

Earlier this year, I published an article in the newspaper about three new releases by Reseters, Shin Hantae and Reggae Soul, and NST and the Soul Sauce Meets Kim Yulhee (yes, all of that is now their official name). Out of the blue, I got an email from a Korean guy claiming to have grown up overseas, most notably attending high school in Jamaica in the early 1970s. He is a big lover of reggae but hadn't been able to find it in Korea before seeing my article.

Living overseas but visiting often, he returned to Korea, and after quarantine we met up a few times and I introduced him to Oh Jeong-seok of Eastern Standard Sounds, who made sure he started meeting all the right people.

Kyung-don's story is pleasant to read because it shows us that Korea's relationship with music like reggae didn't just click into existence in the 1990s, and there was at least one Korean who was part of it when some of the best reggae music ever made was being created.

He will likely have left the country before this zine is printed, but he'll be back and we're looking forward to what he can add to Korea's reggae scene. He's eager to bring bands here and help Korean bands (and others) visit Jamaica, someday.

Broke: How did you come to live in Jamaica? What was your schooling like there? Was it segregated from the local population in a fancy international school, or were you going to school with any locals who made great music?

Kyung-don: My family moved to Jamaica in 1970. My father was a doctor and he worked in



Kyung-don's class photo from Port Antonio in the early 1970s (courtesy of his son's Twitter account @its_willyu)

[his son also has an interesting story about challenging Asian American representation in Hollywood; look up the #StarringJohnCho hashtag]]

the public hospital in Port Antonio, an idyllic resort town in northeast Jamaica. My family left Korea in 1965; we lived in Malaysia for five years, and then Jamaica.

I went to a local high school called Titchfield High School. It was a "country" school (all of Jamaica outside of Kingston is "country") but it had a long history. It was founded in 1786, during slavery days. It definitely was not a fancy international school. Its facilities were mediocre at best (many classrooms were physically "open," meaning it was usually missing a wall), but it was located in a beautiful edge of town that used to be a fort, with old rusted cannons, and a small beach where we used to

swim after PE since there were no shower facilities.

In terms of famous musicians, Mikey Dread was a year ahead of me at school. He became a superstar after I left Jamaica in 1973. My physics teacher was Adrian Boot, a young expat from England. He ran the photography club. He went on to become a world-class rock photographer and it all started at Titchfield. Many Bob Marley albums feature his photographs.

Broke: What is your favourite style or era of reggae music?

Kyung-don: I would like to think that my years in Jamaica 1970-1973 were the golden years of Jamaican music. It had everything. Not so

much ska, but rocksteady was still on, covers of international hits, birth of reggae, the start of dub, and my favorite, toasting, with the granddaddy of them all, U-Roy. My favorite song of all time is "Wear You to the Ball," The Paragons original with the U-Roy dub.

Broke: Tell me about the No-Maddz, or any other acts you want to introduce or possibly bring to Korea someday.

Kyung-don: With dancehall, reggae music took a backseat for a while but there are many young artists who are now spearheading the reggae revival. Artists like Chronixx and Protoje are trying their darndest to bring reggae music back but they will tell you that

they also love dancehall, hip-hop, R&B, soul, Afrobeat — and it shows. My favorite group is The No-Maddz, now made up of Sheldon "Sheppie" Shepherd and Everaldo "Evie" Cleary. Their roots are in dub poetry and theatre. Their live shows are phenomenal — they are at their best when they take over a stage and you don't know where they will go with it. Dub poetry is in some ways like Korean pansori — it is storytelling with great animation and, when set to reggae rhythm, it is deep.

Broke: After your time in Jamaica, you lived around, including in New York. How did you stay connected with Jamaica and reggae during that time? Did you find it

in New York, or did it require travelling back to Jamaica?

Kyung—don: I left Jamaica after my “O” levels (11th grade), came to the US, went to university, went to law school, worked for a law firm in Philadelphia, got married, had kids, lived in Hong Kong, lived in Mexico, worked and traveled all over US, Asia and Europe, and, all through that time, I had one thought in mind and that was to go back to Jamaica. So I did in 2012. It was scary at first. I had carried this love for Jamaica so long, I became concerned that I had romanticized the whole experience and that it would come crashing down the second time around. It didn’t. It was like I had never left. Fortunately, or maybe unfortunately for the locals, Port Antonio had not changed in almost 40 years. And, Kingston, where I lived from 2012 to 2015, is the soul of Jamaica, and I immersed myself in it with no regrets. I was home.

Broke: How would a vacation to Jamaica change someone’s perspectives, on reggae music or anything else?

Kyung—don: If you are in Jamaica and all you hear is Bob Marley, you probably are in the wrong place: you probably are in some all-inclusive tourist resort or cafe. I don’t know what to say because most tourists do go to Jamaica for the sun and beaches and they should enjoy both. But if you want to experience the physical beauty of the country, the mountains, the backroads, the thousand shades of green, the goats, the thumping of the sound system, and the warmth of the people, there’s only one way to see Jamaica and that is to go with me or any other local host who will take you outside the gated concrete walls to the jerk pit at Boston Beach



Kyung—don (right), with Jon Twitch (middle) and Oh Jeong—seek of Eastern Standard Sounds at Zion Boat, photographed by Zion Boat owner Shim Changsuk on Jon’s camera.

outside of Port Antonio.

Broke: Hip-hop is no longer exclusively part of African American culture (I mean, rich spoiled Gangnam brats are getting famous for it). What about reggae? Is it still inextricably bound to Jamaica, or does it belong to the world?

Kyung—don: I would like to say it belongs to the world just by the sheer number of reggae festivals around the world, especially in Europe, but it is, by its origin, tied to a physical place and culture that is Jamaica. I think all reggae musicians/lovers, wherever they may be, want to at some point go to Jamaica, to pay homage to the place that gave birth to their love. I think this is true of reggae musicians in Korea as well. It is a small community but a vital one and the musicians are all dying to experience Jamaica. I hope to help make this happen someday.

Broke: What took you so long finding the reggae scene in Korea?

Kyung—don: Actually it hasn’t been that long. I started coming back to Korea for extended periods in 2016, for

family reasons. From time to time I would ask friends about the reggae scene in Korea — because I really wanted to bring The No-Maddz to Korea to perform — and inevitably they would refer me to people they knew in the “established” music industry — meaning K-pop.

And that led nowhere. I was told that reggae is not very popular here (which is not untrue), and that it would be difficult to find an audience for a show (I now realize they may have been thinking too big) and in one case there were certain, let’s say, politically incorrect statements made about reggae musicians. It was not until I saw a Korea Times article by Jon Dunbar in 2020 (maybe that is a long time after all!) about the so-called underground reggae scene in Korea that I realized that I had been looking in the wrong places. Through Jon I have met reggae musicians in Korea who love the music and the culture, and they are well-steeped in the history of ska/rocksteady/reggae/dub; I even met one who loves mento!

Broke: Who doesn’t love mento? Don’t answer

that. What are your thoughts about Korean reggae (and ska, and all the gugak fusion going on)? Are there any parts of it that stand out to you the wrong way?

Kyung—don: I know that there are certain popular artists who are considered reggae in Korea but I will set them aside for now.

The reggae I have heard on this trip I like. I especially like what NST and the Soul Sauce Meets Kim Yulhee are doing. The combination of reggae and pansori is powerful. It reminds me very much of Jamaican dub poetry reggae, but undoubtedly Korean.

I think the Jamaicans will like it. I think that Jamaicans will appreciate the fact that people so far away and from a culture so different love their music and I think that they will love the way the music has been interpreted to incorporate a voice that is uniquely Korean and yet seemingly familiar.

Drop the pansori and I think Korean reggae will need to evolve from strictly a musical performance to a cultural expedition. And I don’t mean that the musicians need to adopt Jamaican culture, although experiencing Jamaica I

think would be an eye opener for the musicians. But, within Korean culture, I think there is a place for Korean reggae and reggae musicians to represent a style and philosophy that could stand elevated next to their brethren and sisters around the world.

Broke: It’s been suggested to me Korea and Jamaica have some shared experiences based on ugly colonial pasts. Does this hold water to you? How easy or hard is it to compare the two countries?

Kyung—don: Jamaica is a country that is rooted in slavery. Korea is one of the most homogeneous countries with a very long history as an independent country notwithstanding its tributary status to China and occupation by Japan. I wouldn’t want to suggest that there are similarities between the two countries because of their colonial pasts. The two histories are fundamentally different.

But each history has its own stories to tell. There is love, beauty, courage, triumphs, deceit and oppression in both.

And the key for me is for Korean reggae to tell its own stories, in an authentic Korean way, inspired by a universal rhythm that is reggae.

And it’s not all about fighting oppression and Babylon either. Reggae music, at its core, at least for me, is about love and respect, and I would love to see Korean reggae take these universal themes, color them Korean, and lend its unique voice to an existing and ever-growing global community of reggae lovers and beyond. I realize this is a tall order for struggling Korean reggae musicians who are trying to make ends meet in Korea but it is an aspiration that hopefully can inspire them to continue their journey along a lesser traveled path.

In before the bulldozers

By Jon Twitch

20181218 interview

Broke: Can you give me the jist of what your talk will be about?

Ryan: My talk will give a brief overview of urban exploration. For those who are unfamiliar, urban exploration is a general term for journey/survey of man-made structures, usually neglected buildings or unseen structures like tunnels. While I talk about the different subgenres of urban exploration, I will focus in on abandonments and modern ruins. I see urban exploration as a mixture of tourism, anthropology, and modern archeology. This is how I will approach it for my talk. I will compare it to conventional tour to famous ancient ruins and explain the ethics involved in both. Finally, I will share pictures and stories of my explorations from around the world.

Broke: Is urban exploring something you can recommend for everybody?

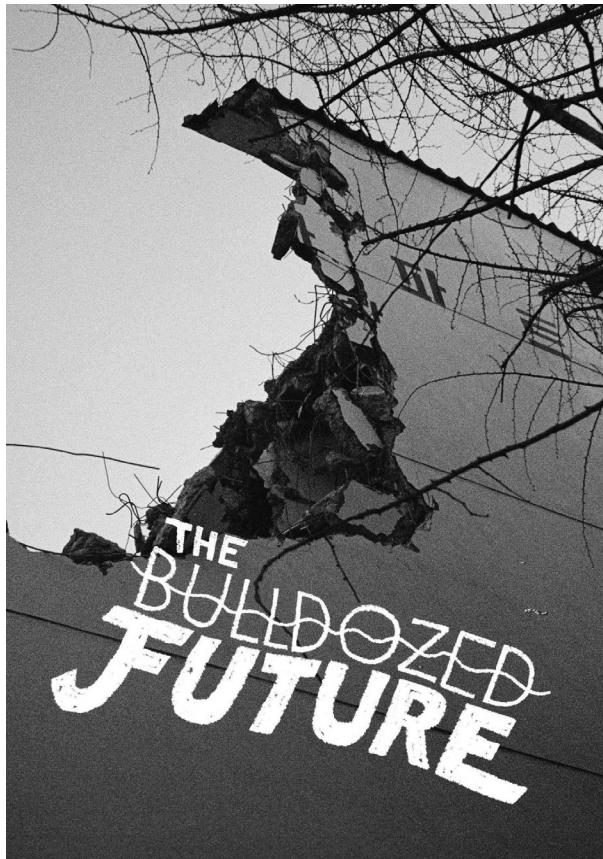
Ryan: I can't recommend this for everyone, especially if you don't like getting dirty, climbing walls, being in the dark, or breathing in stale air. People who don't have respect for sites should not do this as well. I think artistic types like photographers, videographers, and architecture enthusiasts will be drawn to the visual aspects. History buffs and armchair anthropologists will enjoy the researching the history behind the sites explored.

Broke: Is this a thing for thrill-seekers? Are you a thrill-seeker yourself?

Ryan: There is a thrill element to it, but if that's all people do it for, they are missing the point. You need to have an element of curiosity, understanding, and respect to the site you are exploring.

Broke: What are the main things people should know about urban exploring?

Like any good tourist on vacation, don't cause a disturbance and set a bad example as a foreigner. You are a guest. Treat the location you visit with respect. Don't take anything you find, and most important to don't deface the place. Do take a camera, a flashlight, and a mask because the air quality can be terrible in certain locations.



Cover of Ryan's zine "The Bulldozed Future"

A respectful tourist/explorer will follow the adage, "take only photos, leave only footprints." It can be sad to see, but there is a tremendous amount of wonder that comes out exploring abandoned buildings and neighborhoods.

Broke: What kind of mask do you recommend for air quality?

Ryan: I wear disposable masks that use a rechargeable ventilator. They're cheap and give me peace of mind when I'm in moldy buildings or walking around on a hazy day. I highly recommend them while exploring because you don't know what you're going to breathe in while exploring.

Broke: How does becoming an urban explorer change you?

Ryan: I feel you come to have a deeper appreciation of your surroundings. Getting into urban exploration provokes the curiosity of what lies in your habitat. It uncovers places hidden in plain sight. Since I began exploring in Korea, I have developed a deep appreciation of hanoks. They are truly beautiful works of art. Unfortunately, many of the ones I come across are dilapidated and beyond repair. It's sad to see them or any building in such a state, but I feel joy when I see former buildings I have visited being

revitalized.

Broke: What is unique about urban exploration in Korea?

Ryan: While there a lot of decaying buildings or properties locked up in boring legal battles, many sites offer national history lessons you can't experience by reading a textbook. Sites connected to the U.S army occupation, Japanese colonial history, and the democratization movement of the '80s are hidden secrets just waiting to be investigated. Other abandonments are tied to supposed local history like the recently demolished Gonjiam Psychiatric Hospital in Gyeonggi-do. The story of Gonjiam is not grounded in reality but was compelling enough to bring a lot of curiosity seekers to the area. So, if you are interested in learning about Korea iand willing to explore off-the-beaten-path places, urban exploration is an avenue for learning Korean history.

Broke: Do you have any worries about getting into trouble? Either directly through exploring, or through your identity being known?

Ryan: I don't get too worried about getting into trouble. I feel most people who catch me exploring are more confused (than angry) about why someone would want to explore abandoned

buildings.

I also feel think the hobby of urban exploration is still unknown here in Korea, I'm not worried about concealing my identity. I'm more concerned about protecting the location of sites so they won't be vandalized.

Broke: How long have you been exploring and in what countries have you explored? ...and how much time have you lived in Korea, starting from when?

Ryan: I've explored Hong Kong and Thailand as well. I started actively exploring abandoned buildings around November 2014 with friends in Gwangju. I've lived in Korea for a little over 13 years, arriving in September 2005 to teach at an Alice In Wonderland themed English village that went bankrupt quick. I unintentionally went back to the place a year later to find it closed. So, that was a case of unintended urban exploration.

20201212 interview

Broke: Can you introduce UE ethics, or at least your version?

Ryan: UE morals are on par with eco-tourism and responsible camping in nature. A thoughtful explorer is aware of their actions while amid an adventure. They make sure to leave the place they visited in the same (or even better) condition when they first arrived. Don't vandalize or tag buildings; these actions give UE a negative perception to the rest of the world. People who document their travels also need to be cautious about how they present their content. They are mindful of

what information they give to the public and do not exploit UE for personal gain. If a beginning explorer is ever in doubt, take pictures and leave only footprints. That is the bare minimum that people should follow. After that, certain aspects fall into a grey area and are up to personal interpretation. A person's actions and attitudes speak louder than their words, so a newcomer should carefully consider the consequences of their actions and the people they choose to accompany on explorations.

Broke: How did moving from Gwangju to Seoul area change your exploring experiences? How are the two cities different in their abandoned areas?

Ryan: Abandonments are a dime-a-dozen in Gwangju and the entire Jeollanam-do region in general. I first got my first taste of urban exploration while crashing on my friend Lex's couch for a month in Gwangju back in 2014. All my Korean experiences were based in Seoul and centered around Hongdae's punk scene. I never thought much about the various urban landscapes that comprise Seoul before that. My first visit to Gwangju was eye-opening, as the urban decay was unavoidable. Lex told me about the fascinating stuff she found while on her adventures, and it got me curious about what lies inside abandoned buildings and why someone would leave personal belongings behind. Through Lex, I met Isaiah. He had a car, and we covered a lot of the Jeollanam-do region. Without even trying, we would stumble upon



Ryan holds a roof tile at a Hanok nicknamed the "Great Japan Hanok" on May 31.



Ryan finds a skateboard in an abandoned neighbourhood, May 31.



abandonments that weren't on our itinerary. On one of my first adventures, I remember going to the Painter's House, a closed-down police station, an underground nightclub, and the Shaman House all in one day.

Years later, in 2018, I moved back to Gwangju and reconnected with Isaiah. We spent almost every weekend exploring Gwangju and the outlying areas. A few of the places I had seen four years ago were (and still are) abandoned. Quite a few have been bulldozed or are in the process of being repurposed. Within the last couple of years, redevelopment of neighborhoods in the city has picked up. Before the recent surge, that was the most significant difference between urban exploring

in Seoul and Gwangju. In Gwangju, there was little redevelopment to speak of, just urban decay. It was easy to stumble upon buildings or homes that had been unoccupied for years.

On the other hand, Seoul is continuously in the cycle of pushing working-class people out of their homes and erecting high-rise apartments in their place, so the majority of my explorations in Seoul have been from exploring neighborhoods on their last days.

Broke: What's the craziest thing you've found or experience you've had while exploring?

Ryan: It's always a little perplexing when you find people's personal belongings in a space they used to occupy. It can be unsettling yet fascinating to come

across the discarded pieces of someone's life. The Bulldozed Future was born from years of documenting these scenes.

As for the truly bizarre discoveries, it's a tie between the Nightmare Lab and the cancer jars of Namgwang Hospital. Urban explorers located the Nightmare Lab on a semi-abandoned university campus in Gyeonggi-do. It was a single room filled with jars of animal specimens dating back to the late 50s, early 60s. It was spooky yet photogenic. It reminded me of Japan's haikyo scene; it seems they have a disproportionate number of abandoned wooden schools with similar contents. After the Nightmare Lab was destroyed and repurposed, many of us fellow urban explorers kept our eyes out for another version of this horror. A few years later, Isaiah and I came across a second coming of the Nightmare Lab while exploring the abandoned Namgwang Hospital. We came across dusty boxes of jars filled with cancerous tumors, something you should probably handle with proper gloves, which we didn't think to have at the time of this amazingly gross discovery. We found an assortment of tumors, but the removed testes and uterus tumors were the most memorable.

Broke: Have you ever encountered resistance to your appreciation of Korea's lesser-appreciated wonders?

Ryan: I've been fortunate enough not to meet serious resistance to my hobby. Sometimes people are less than pleased about my wandering around abandonments, but I offer an apology and move on my way, and we go our separate ways. More often than not, passersby offer bewildered looks. Their looks say, "Why would you want to go inside buildings that are about to be destroyed?"

Broke: Why did you decide to publish a bunch of your pictures in book format? What can we expect from the photo book you're publishing?

Ryan: Making a zine seemed like a natural extension from publishing a blog. Since my teens, I have been a zine reader and have appreciated them the same way I respect the D.I.Y./Punk ethos; the format offers many paths to express oneself. My blog,

LongDistanceRunner.org, provides a broader picture of my visits to sites. It shows neighborhoods at varying states of abandonment and demolition over an extended period. While abandonment and destruction are evident in The Bulldozed Future, the focus is on the objects people leave behind in their former homes or workplaces. It's what I am most drawn to while exploring abandonments. I appreciate it whenever I can find something that provides a glimpse into the former occupants' lives. I tried composing a zine that depicts scenes expressing a whole range of emotions, from lighthearted to bleak.

Broke: Are all the book's pictures taken on analogue cameras? And what kind of cameras do you use?

Ryan: I took every picture in The Bulldozed Future with film cameras. I shoot with 135, 120, 110 film cameras of various capabilities; Some are point-and-shooters, others are single lens or twin-lens manual focus cameras. I am not against digital cameras or anything; I love capturing images on smartphones. I like the grain and tones film offers in the scenes I choose to photograph.

Broke: What does "Long Distance Runner" mean?

Ryan: I was inspired to name the blog after a Fugazi song. It's a band whose DIY ethics I have held in high regard since I first discovered punk/DIY subcultures as a youth. Fugazi conducted themselves with the utmost integrity in their business practices. They made punk shows inclusive spaces for all and inspired everyone to create a sustainable culture outside the mainstream. For me, the song is a statement of commitment to staying focused on one's spiritual, artistic path while resisting the blueprint of material success that society offers.

Broke: How does urban exploration change your perspectives?

Ryan: Urban exploration has made me more aware of my surroundings. My curiosity about Korea has expanded, as well. I have developed an interest in traditional Korean culture, albeit in a very roundabout way and off the beaten path. Who knew finding bujeok on the walls of abandoned

buildings would have led me to read more about shamanism? I don't think I wouldn't have if I just went to typical cultural outlets like museums or tourist landmarks. Urban exploration, like D.I.Y./punk culture, can be a vehicle for authentically experiencing the world.

Broke: Should I find a way to namedrop your wife in some way, or leave her out of it?

Ryan: Yes, she deserves it. Hong Sounion, my wife, played a big part in helping me bring this into the world. Sounion offered critical opinions on the layout of the photos. Her eye for detail and design has been essential in completing this project.

Broke: When I met you, you were a wild, goofy hardcore kid. Nowadays, your personality seems a lot more calm. What happened? Did you find inner peace, or are you trying to restrain something inside you?

Ryan: I'm going to attempt to keep this long story as short as possible. At one point, I became honest with myself about the suffering and misery I was feeling, most of it self-inflicted. At the height of my depression and self-loathing, I started meditating. I began sitting with a community at Hwagyesa temple in Suyu, and from there, I participated in multiple silent retreats. What meditation has taught me was not to believe everything you think, don't attach to ideas, and to be more in the present moment. Am I some enlightened, perfect being now? FUCK NO. I still suffer (again self-inflicted), but I am generally more happy and better deal with challenging situations.

Broke: You don't go to shows as much as you used to. Then again, neither does anybody these days. What made you put some distance on it?

Ryan: I think the distance relates to understanding myself better and not causing suffering to myself or others. I learned to be content with myself and not need external circumstances to lead to happiness; I still am learning that true happiness comes from inside. With all that said, I recently watched the Party 51 documentary, and that made me miss seeing live bands like Bamseom Pirates and Banran.

**Pictures taken
by Jon Twitch
at GBN 8.15**



Fighting COVID-19 at shows

- Have shows before, not on or right after major holidays. Holidays seem to be when outbreaks are most likely to occur, so the weekend before is likely to be safer.
- Have bands play short sets. Shouldn't be a problem for hardcore bands.
- Have more time between bands, and encourage everyone to go outside.
- Serve drinks with straws so people can drink them more easily without removing masks and face shields.
- Limit moshing and crowdsurfing.
- Singalongs are done with masks on.
- Stock soap in all washrooms.
- Rather than stamping people's arms, put the stamp on their face mask.
- Sell PPE merch.
- Require advance ticket sales only. Make attendance lists public so people know who's confirmed going.
- Limit where bands are from. No shows with three cities, which could spread infections nationwide.
- We don't need snitches, but venues should enforce the rules and everyone should follow the rules.



Venue Maps 2003

Back in December 2003 when I arrived, there was not enough information about venue locations. After missing one and a half shows at Turn Live Hall in Sillim (my first time going to a show), I scouted out the way to WASP (later Sky High, now something called MUFAC) a day in advance. Drug (later Skunk Hell II, today Bender) was easier to find but I had to struggle to find information leading me there.

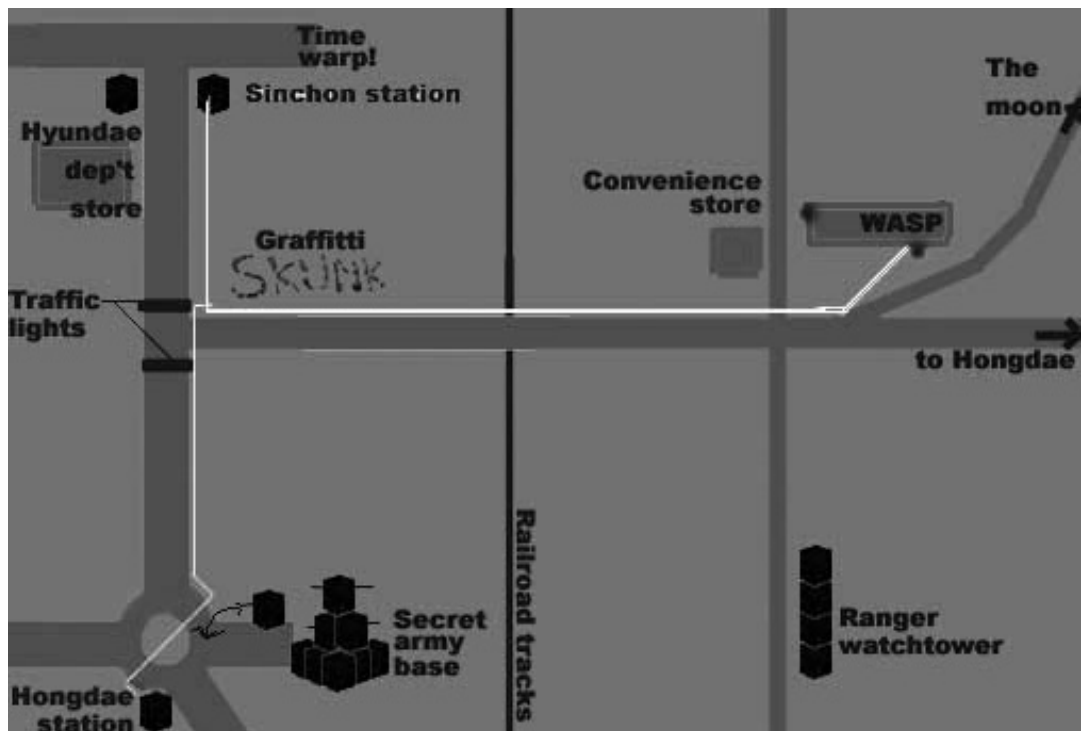
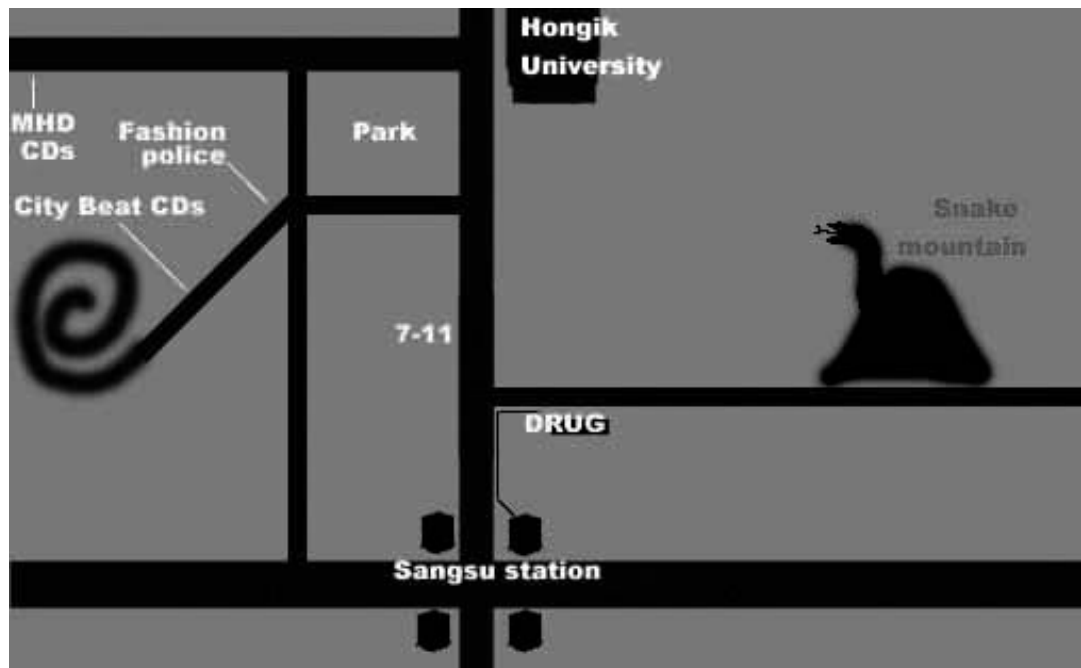
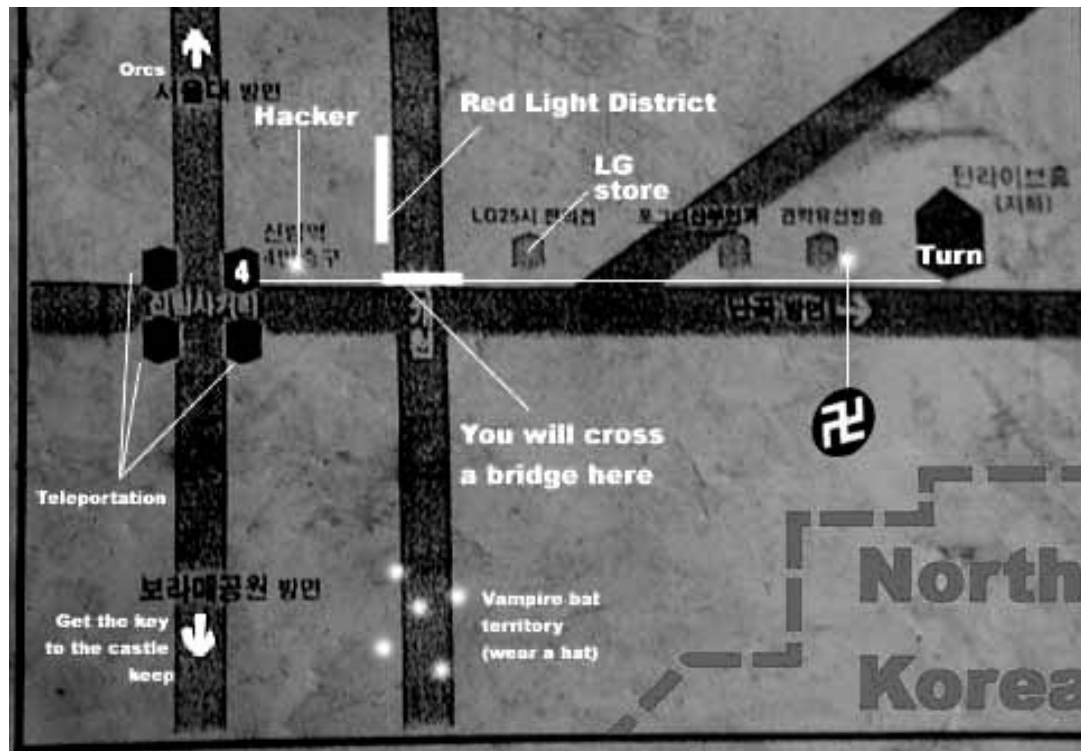
So I made these maps at some point, pointing to the first three venues I visited. Seoul was really an unknowable urban jungle back then, before navigation systems were widely used. That gave me the chance to fill in some of the unknown spaces with all sorts of imaginary things.

The Turn one relied on a map printed on the show flyer. Hacker was a mainstream nightclub where I asked a doorman for help. He was surprisingly tolerant of me. Further down, there really was a small red-light district, facing the stream. The Skunk website said Turn was 30 seconds from the subway exit; the correct answer was 5-10 minutes.

For WASP and Drug I was left totally on my own to draw in the streets, as this was years before online maps. When online maps became available, I was so amazed I printed a Google Maps satellite image titled "Hongdae from Orbit" on the back cover of Broke issue 6 in spring 2008.

The Drug map shows City Beat, which I think I had bought some of my first Korean punk CDs from, but I suspect I got the location badly wrong. For WASP, I like that I used graffiti as a landmark; imagine trying that today, now that every surface is clogged with tags. The road plans of both make little sense.

Drug became Skunk Hell II in January 2004, and I never heard of a show in Turn again, so these were made early on, probably early January. I doubt I ever found any practical use for them.



List of Korean Live Music Venues

I'm starting a human factors research project into Korea's live music venues. In the end I'll probably just select three or five venues to examine closely, but in the process of getting to that step, first I decided to list every live music venue I could think of (with some exceptions like jazz venues, festival grounds, stadiums and other big venues, public performances in the street, playground, or university campuses).

If you have anything to add, please email them to jon_dunbar@hotmail.com

These are my lists of venues in the Hongdae area (including places like Sinchon and Mangwon), based roughly on decades. Not much is known about 1990s venues, which is before live music was legalised. These dates are also based loosely on when I know they were active, rather than when they opened, and in some cases I round the numbers so 2009-opened venues are listed in 2010s. Will eventually have full dates for all. All of these places I've seen having shows, but not punk shows in every case, and I haven't necessarily been inside them.

1990s	Yogiga I	Cafe Unplugged
Club Drug	Kuchu Camp	Didim Hall
Skunk I	Gopchangjeongol	Soul House (ex-Freebird)
Rolling Stones I	Cosmos	Nest Nada
Doors	Club Evans (2 of them?)	Dream Hall
Woodstock	Indifan?	Live Wire
Hardcore	Queen	Exit 4
Master Plan	Alive Hall	Salon Cha Cha
Blue Devil	Zoo	Gongsangondo
Spangle	Jess	Liveandloud
Velvet Underground	Auteur	Whatever
2000s	2010s	Space Station
Aura/Bowie/AOR	AOR	Senggi Studio
WASP/Sky High	Goinmool/Hippytokki	Studio Zemi
Skunk II	Crack	Orange
DGBD	Steel Face	AA
Club Spot	Salon Nomad	Ground Hapjusil
Club Ta	Hair Flower/Bender	500/Convent/Big Bird/Freebird Cosmic Live
Rolling Hall	Gogos2	Prism Hall
FF	The Beatles	Veloso
Ssamzie Space/Club	Ruailrock	Westbridge
Ssam	Yogiga II, III	V Hall
Minor League	Zion Boat	Sangsangmadang
Sluggers	Danginri Theater	MUV Hall
Jammers	Jebidabang	House of Redrock
Livehouse Geek	DIP	Stay.Round.Gee
Strange Fruit	Channel1969 I/II/III	CJ Azit
Freebird	Club SHARP	Ax-Korea
Salon Badabie	Idaho	2020s
Soundholic	Nori Bar	MODECI
Sapiens7	Rolling Stones II	Haroo Music Bar
3thumbs	WDI Rooftop	
Bbang	Lululala	

MULLAE VENUES

Venues in Mullae need very separate consideration from Hongdae venues, as they've only popped up in the last decade, and it's an industrial district rather than a residential university district (which Hongdae used to be). Facilities tend to be worse, but noise issues are better.

Lowrise
Alternative Space Moon/
GBN Live House
Skunk III
Vinyl House

ITAEWON/HBC VENUES

The scene in Itaewon is very different from elsewhere, probably because of its origins as an entertainment district for foreign soldiers, so there's much more of a "boys will be boys" attitude there. HBC has noise complaints because it's a residential neighbourhood at heart (somewhat similar in development path as Hongdae) but the main Itaewon drag has no such problems. The most remarkable difference from Hongdae is the number of aboveground venues with lots of windows.

Muse/Laughing Tree Lab/
Powwow/Thunderhorse
Stompers
Ccotddang
Woodstock
Kimchi Sounds/Boogie
Woogie

VENUES OUTSIDE SEOUL

I've been to like eight of these and can't say whether any of the others are suitable venues or just cafes that happened to have one show.

BUSAN	Gok's	SUWON
Realize	Backstage	Alleyway
Moo Monk	Nevermind/	
Basement	Neverland	ULSAN
Vinyl Underground	Bohemian	Sticky Fingers
HQ Gwangsan	Boojik	Plug In
Ovantgarde	Speakeasy	Royal Anchor
Someday I/II	Nirvana	
Interplay	Loft28	JEONJU
Oz Hall		Radio Garden
Almost Famous	DAEJEON	Deepinto
Red Bottle	Budgie	
Crossroads	Going Merry	CHEONGJU
Cynic	Insky2	Jijik/Queen
	Interplay	Roadking
DAEGU	Santa Claus	
Heavy	G-Tree	GANGNEUNG
Jengiy	Mustang	Rush
Rock Wang	Book Cafe IDEE	
Wildorchid	Central Good	GWANGYANG
Led Zeppelin	Times Bar	String
Super Stage		
Lumineux	INCHEON	CHEONAN
Urban Lounge	Rock Camp	Dolce
Retro City	Black Bird	
Rad	Knock	ANYANG
GWANGJU	취풍나무	Rockssin

Pet Sounds

View 33
Dojo Lounge
Studio HBC
V Lounge/Rabbit Hole
Phillies Basement

OTHER AREAS

There has never been another cluster of venues for the scene in Seoul, probably not since Myeong-dong in the 1970s. So all of these are spread far and wide and don't seem that popular sadly.

Turn (Sillim)
DGBS (K-ARTS campus)
Monkey Business (Seochon)
Jeonja Salon (Yongsan)
Seendosi (Euljiro)
Jarip HQ (Euljiro)
Rock N Roll Wook's (Jamsil)
Blue Star (Insadong)
Sound Mind (Gwanak-gu)
Seoul Music Center (Susaek)
Club Music Space (Seongsu)
Urje (Gajwa)

EVICITION VENUES

I decided to list eviction venues separately. These aren't so much venues, as places undergoing various phases of urban development, sometimes involving protest, that have housed regular shows.

Space Beam (Incheon)
Duriban (Hongdae)
Take Out Drawing (Itaewon)
Cafe Mari (Myeongdong)
Okbaraji Alley (Seodaemun)

THE KOREA TIMES



Firefighters Monday examine the interior of the basement cafe, "Rolling Stones," which was completely gutted by an evening fire Sunday. Eleven people died and three others were severely injured in the blaze of yet unknown cause.

Korea Times

Cause of Blaze Remains Mysterious

11 Killed in Fire at Basement Cafe

Image of the interior of Rolling Stones in Sinchon after a devastating fire, published Oct. 1, 1996. After that, an attempt was made to relocate and reopen in Hongdae, where it became known as Rolling Hall.

K-Pop Idol Group or Semiconductor Firm?

Below is a list of K-pop idol groups, mixed with semiconductor firms (mostly Korean). Can you tell which is which?

Answers are under the Yinmak Tigers.



K-pop idols, artificial and computer-generated

Spectrum

WIZIT

SS

X1

Red Square

TRCNG

Dabichi

Cignature

NextEye

Aespa

Exicon

Leeno

Double S 301

Argon

Zeus

Target

Victon

INNOX

Robostar

Charm

Botopass

KODI M

Luxinar

Maxim

Enhyphen

Infineon

Mirae

Hinapia

Everglo

Cravity

Was the other one too easy? Think you know your K-pop idol groups? Or semiconductor firms? Then here, try the quiz on advanced difficulty setting: all three- or four-letter acronym names.

NXP
PSR
ASE
UNB
TSMC
DKB
M.O.N.T
NTB
ASML
MCND
GWSN
QSI
ISC
ONF
UMC
UNVS
WJMK
PSMC
XUM
BDC
LTS
TLi
SFA
TST
TXT
AMD

Best, most "memorable" restaurants for after shows

Jon Twitch

This list is about the restaurants we went to after punk shows, for the 뒤풀이. These are strictly 2차, not 3차 which would be more like bars geared for nightlife that know how to handle drunks. The people working at these places sometimes weren't ready for 50 punks to pile in all of a sudden. Gotta feel sorry for them, until you remember we're putting a ton of money into their business, albeit they just have to stay open until 3am or some crazy time.

-Sexy Pig: over by the train tracks, this place was popular to the scene when it was more centered in that area, ie Skunk Hell I in Nogosandong. The sign showed a seductive Marilyn Monroe pig in a yellow dress and makeup, winking and sitting on a spit over an open flame.

-Piggy Piggy: this place was located conveniently right next to the playground. It was cheap and had a lot of seating. I remember the entrance felt sort of underground, like you were

walking into the 반지하 level of a building, but I can't trace its location now.

-Sexy Kiss: this was a hof located in Hogok Building behind Seogyo 365. It was high up in the building and had a completely different atmosphere from the usual places we'd go. It would've been a better 3차 but it was used as an 2차 for a while. I really didn't like it.

-This is Chicken: Owned by Kim Ji-woong, this was a skinhead-themed chicken hof that was first in a tiny semi-basement room and then moved to a wide open space south of Sangsu Station. The chicken was great, and the beer was available in draught. I miss this place a lot.

-that good galmaegi place: there used to be a really good barbecue place far up on the former Danginri Line route, near the smaller Hongdae playground. The front was sort of tentlike, and it had two floors. It was called 통큰갈비 but it had very affordable, very good galmaegi. I was taken there independently by coworkers,

and after shows, and the owners liked me. Once they got my help translating for some Chinese tourists, and after that they always gave me special treatment. It became another kind of restaurant (udon?) and I haven't been back. But looking at Kakao Map, there is another 통큰갈비 now in a new building next door. The same place under the same ownership? I would want to find out. Worth noting it is very close to Hippytokki too.

-Bulgogi place that made everyone sick: there was a bulgogi restaurant named Donjumi in the ground floor of the same building as Sexy Kiss. Despite being a modern building, the interior was rustic as fuck, with a flimsy low-ceilinged attic where they often seated punks. The food was cheap and addictive, and one time it made a ton of people sick after a show.

-Mullae dakgalbi place: Mullae is not quite as good a restaurant area as Hongdae, either now or back in the day. There are really hipstery restaurants leading gentrification in the machine shop area, but the best Korean restaurants are in Mullae Rodeo Street next to the station. The grilled dakgalbi place there has been my favourite restaurant to visit after shows in Mullae.

-Soganae in Magridangil: After Club SHARP shows, the restaurant of choice nearby is Soganae, where people mostly get samgyeopsal served on stone slabs. Compared to all other restaurants on this list (all normal restaurants plus one skinhead-owned chicken hof), this is the only one I've seen not just tolerate but also welcome its unexpected punk clientele. They proudly display stickers on the cash register stand showing the bands that have eaten there. The guy running the place also took interest when I had my zine with me, and took a copy for himself.

-Mangwon Chinese food: when people want something more vegetarian-friendly after a show at SHARP, the alternative to Soganae is a Chinese restaurant nearby. You can get meat there, such as yanggokochi lamb skewers, but when I went there with Jenny Woo, I found out their eggplant dish is the best I've ever had.



Soganae Saegyeopsal (so much fancier—sounding than samgyeopsal!) features a whole bunch of punk stickers plastered to the cashier desk.



The menu at This is Chicken includes Woody Chicken, named after Joe Gilgun's character in "This is England."



Tongkeun Galbi seems to have moved one building over to the right. It used to be in that smaller building on the left with the tent flap front. (image: Kakao Map)



The art for Sexy Pig down by the train tracks shows a pig who wants to be eaten. (image: Kakao Map)



Passed out at the end of a long duipuli in Piggy Piggy in February 2005.

인원: 30	좌석: 20
==[계 산 서]==	
2005-02-17	22:10
삼겹살 3,800 55 209,000	
소수 3,000 39 117,000	
공기밥 1,000 37 37,000	
물 1,000 19 19,000	
500cc 2,000 15 30,000	
매달고비밥 2,500 1 2,500	
합 계 : 414,500	

The bill at the end of a duipuli in Piggy Piggy in February 2005. I remember this felt like a lot of money back then.

The Worst of Broke in Korea

Jon Twitch

This zine has printed some contentious stuff over the years. Sometimes it didn't come out like I envisioned, and sometimes I just made errors. Some of these things could have been used against me or any of the people connected to the zine, and some of them already have. Here's a list of things that maybe shouldn't have been published. All responsibility for publishing decisions falls on me.

Broke 1

In an article about Korean punks doing their military service, I decried the conditions they faced, and added an extra quip "And don't get me started on the gay rape." There is sexual harassment in the military, but apparently this comment bothered some people. And I can see why it would especially bother the people mentioned in the feature.

I wrote a show review titled "Where the hell is Chungju City?" Because of my use of McCune-Reischauer, once when I went to a show in Cheongju, one friend I was meeting there called me and said "Hey, I'm in Chungju" at which point I realised I'd sent him to the city I would have called Choongju back in those days.

In a CD review, I said the Cheongju band Lowblow was "worth noting," which caused them agitation because they interpreted it as "worth nothing."

Broke 2

This issue was delayed due to what didn't make it into it. The original idea was for Broke to be entirely bilingual, but it never happened.

We also were going to publish an advice column about foreign women dating Koreans, which I hoped would subvert a lot of the expat writing at the time by reversing genders, but this caused controversy before it was printed and the writers may have been made to feel bad because of that. It might have had lasting consequences if we printed the article, but I felt bad about backing down and not defending them more.

In the "Up on the Cross" column in which I often explored the tropes of skinheads and racial extremism, I wrote about Korean skinheads



Where conservatism, not homosexuality, comes from sympathising with neo-nazi bands, I quoted the lyrics of some white power songs demonstrating white supremacist attitudes toward Koreans. One of the lyrics had the N-word, which I included to show the band grouped all these ethnicities they hated together. I would not print that today, just for making a point about racist skinhead bullshit.

Broke 3

This is when Broke first started publishing Verv. I had been saving his rants posted on the Broke message board, and publishing them without any control by him. His writing in this era was hilarious, with a detailed fictional story about him meeting Jean Paul Sartre, who I think may have been a stand-in for me. I also published some of his shock writing, with titles like "Things Your Mother Did To Me" and "Art Idea That I Have (SICK Only --Involves Sex), and some of his very naive, innocent writing, like "Pride Of The Zoo." My hope was to create a safe

Broke 4

In an interview, I listed the person's DJ name as DJ Bludkat, when it was Bludklat, based on Jamaican patois.

In a travel piece about visiting Daejeon to track down the Hitler Bar there, I included pictures of some people sieg-heiling, albeit usually while making funny faces. We went there to troll the place, which meant a bit of playing characters. It would have been effective if the place closed down immediately after, remodeled, or denounced nazism, but that did not happen.

I published the full name of a guy who had a falling out with people here, saying he borrowed money from people for painkillers. Looking back I can't remember the background to this at all.

I used the term "art homos," before turning against slurs like this.

I ran the first-ever Brokey Awards (out of two), awarded based on submitted votes, with ties broken by my judgement. For "Best Back Up" in a fight, I broke a tie by picking Jesse, citing that if he was standing behind you, you knew you were on the right side. The other candidate was someone I wasn't getting along with, and I emphasised his "shady past" fighting white supremacism and said he's done "crazy shit," playing up the persona he'd built for himself. He really did not like that and later attacked me at a show.

Broke 5

In "Up on the Cross," I described how supposedly anti-racist movies about skinheads serve as neo-

nazi recruitment tools and marginalise anti-racist skinheads. I quoted several racists who had joined www.skinheads.net praising films like "American History X" and "Romper Stomper," one who called AHX "influenchal" and used the N-word in summarising its plot. I used this as justification to include that word in my parodying of their discourse and writing style, and it appeared in my description of idiots who watched these movies and then joined WSN looking for "White brothers" to vent about their hatred of the N-word. I repeated the word in a very similar manner in my review of AHX. It was important to establish how racists watched the movies and developed their own interpretations, and that quote really drove my point home. But I could have pulled it off by censoring the quote in a way that made it clear I was censoring it and not the quoted racist, and I really did not need to repeat the slur outside of quotes in any form. The article had a strong conclusion I still strongly believe today, but the addition of slurs makes it impossible to stand by the article today.

Also I reviewed the movie and in place of stars, I assigned chromosomes, with 46 showing approval and any other number signifying it as some sort of genetic anomaly or mutant, maybe caused by inbreeding, without taking into consideration people with actual chromosomal mutations, who don't deserve to get roped in with racial extremists.

Broke 6

I published a bunch of pictures of people who passed out and had things drawn on them. It's still hilarious, but one of the pictures comes from an incident that led to a really hostile confrontation. We had drawn on a guy and then left, and other people who told him he had stuff written on him did it in a really morose way, which led to him overreacting and saying a bunch of regrettable stuff. Another guy among those pictured was arrested later that night (for arguing with a taxi driver over a fare) and imprisoned for a week. The police apparently recorded in their arrest report all the "tattoos" on him, including things on his



And in Broke 28, I revealed the existence of Hitler, an auto body shop specialising in German/European import cars.



Shark, the whitish wafers on the left with fish-like texture, tasted very good.

scalp which he couldn't see. Also we came as close as we could to giving one guy blackface.

In the second of two Brokeys, the "Best Female Musician" category was cancelled after everybody voted "This category is sexist."

After Hellking failed to submit articles he promised, I punished him by printing a section called "At The Movies with Verv Heavenking," with a message explaining "Let this be a lesson to you: if you don't hand in your article on time, you are morally responsible for whatever sick shit is printed in its place." Some of the stuff was objectionable, but it probably looked worse from farther away. What I did was certainly a clever deployment of Verv, but that warning message is incorrect.

Broke 7

On page 2 I ran the pictures of three newly married couples, all foreign male/Korean female. They're all still friends, but to an outsider that would look weird.

I reprinted the Xenu leaflet, which seems pretty dated now.

Broke 8

This issue was a bit more graphic, with a couple photoshops involving porn stars, a couple images of sex toys, and a show poster featuring an illustrated cumshot. A fiction story depicts prostitution, and I doubt the writer is still comfortable with that.

Broke 9

This time Nevin failed to submit articles on time, so I filled his space with the Vervodrome. This was

about the height of pushing the envelope with Verv's writing.

Broke 11

I published a Verv article titled "Bring Back Cheap Punk Rock." This caused an argument with one of those promoters, who felt wrongly targeted. I pointed out this was about punk shows, and he was offended we didn't consider his shows (expensive, hipster, foreigner-centric) to be punk.

I also published his recommendations of some far-right bands.

In an article about my 2010 visit to North Korea, I included a picture of myself making a very lazy gesture like a sieg heil in front of a statue of Kim Il-sung, and a picture of my ass I took before going through customs on leaving North Korea, just in case they searched my camera memory card. They didn't.

I published a photo of a dude in a Halloween costume who attacked me at a show. You can't see his face, but he probably could recognise himself. A week after that incident, he got knocked out during a Shellback set when he came at the lead singer.

Broke 12

Is it abusive to draw eyebrows on dogs and cats?

I interviewed one of the people I met on my North Korea trip. I gave it the title "A Vampire in North Korea." He stopped talking to me after that for some reason. Which is strange, because he was a vampire and we talked about that in the interview. I wish we'd stayed in contact.

I published a parody of Craigslist named after my friend Craig whose full

name I used.

Broke 13

We ate shark.

A comics page made by me inserts my friends into popular newspaper comic strips. In Hagar the Horrible, rape is discussed as part of their everyday plundering as vikings. In Calvin and Hobbes, a homophobic slur is used against Hobbes.

The issue was released on the same day as the funeral of a Korean skinhead. I had decided the show must go on, and also that it would be awkward if I went to the funeral. Now I'm not sure if those were the best decisions.

Broke 15

I interviewed a friend who had become a serious armchair expert on what are generously called "new religions," also known as destructive cults. He faced years of legal threats from one of the more dangerous cults, and eventually they got to him and made him remove all his materials about them from online. Some of it had been republished in Broke, including pictures of female worshippers showing their bodies for their leader. Their leader finished his sentence for rape and was released, and my friend has turned his back on monitoring cults.

After a drunk tried to jump me at my show in Lowrise, we made up and I offered to let him write something for the zine. He wrote some unintelligible bullshit that served no purpose other than to show what kind of person he is.

I may have stressed out one of the bands I reviewed by printing a photo of their CD sticking out of a garbage can, something I got in the habit of doing in later issues because it's funny. And I loved the CD.

Broke 16

For the art issue, I included a photoshop for the Bimonthly Bootfuck column showing a dick with a leather boot on the end of it.

I proposed improving the Christian Trinity by kicking out the Holy Spirit and replacing it with Santa Claus. There might still be a related petition online somewhere.

Broke 18

After a mainstream punk band featured artwork



A "Burberry man" in action outside a girls' school, sometime around 2006. The photographer was sued for sharing these images which damaged the pervert's reputation. Back in those days, it was seen as acceptable to masturbate outside schools for children to see, and they were considered nuisances, or even good luck omens (according to one girl who explained). The idea of deliberately catching one in the act and beating them alarmed everyone I suggested it to. My best guess is Cho Doo—soon changed this. Still, would make a good musical.

with the imperial Japan emblem, I photoshopped it to instead have a swastika and published that without explanation.

Broke 19

I published a photo by a Korean friend showing a cop taking away a pro-marijuana sign. Apparently he had been questioned about the sign, as if the photo was breaking the law just for having the word in it.

Broke 20

In an interview with a band, I made a joke about GASH (Gay Aryan Skinheads), and the band looked more at the G and less at the A and said they supported GASH.

In parody of another magazine's 100th issue spotlighting 100 influential foreigners, I wrote about 20 influential foreigners in the punk scene, and wrote descriptions of trying to jerk them off, somewhat graphically. Also, all of them were male.

I listed 16 things that are better in North Korea than South Korea.

I introduced furtling, in which you cut holes in a magazine and stick your finger through so it looks like your finger is someone's dick.

Broke 24

I had created shirt designs using the rantings of a friend who was harassing people on social media due to either mental problems or drug abuse or both. Not sure what good I thought could come from that.

Broke 25

I wrote a synopsis for a burlesque show about Burberry men. When I arrived, they were widely considered harmless kind old men who do sex acts in front of children, but now I believe tolerance has run out and they are rightly considered sex offenders (whatever that means in this country).

I introduced a harmful anti-science theory to rival anti-vaxxers, pushing the notion that colonoscopies can make you gay. Then I saw a friend open up the zine randomly and come to that page first, which made me cringe.

Broke 27

In a quiz where you have to guess whether 40 people in the Korean punk scene or known to it are dog people or cat people, I left out a few people, mainly in cases where the answer was too obvious and I had already asked their bandmates.

Fearsome Tigers of Yuinmak

By Jon Twitch

I had a chance to interview this band, which is difficult because they don't really exist, and if they did it would have been about 15 years ago. But that didn't seem to hold them back. All three members answered, but only two of them gave useful replies.

And I'm still not very comfortable with calling anyone "You."

Broke: First, can you explain the band name to me?

You: There is an obscure saying, "유인막의 호랑이들이 인왕산의 호랑이보다 더욱 무섭다" or "The tigers of Yuinmak are more fearsome than the tigers of Inwangsan."

A long time ago, tigers were on Inwangsan and it was dangerous to go north through Seodaemun Gate. The pass up along Seoul Metro Line 3 — Muakjae, Hongje, etc — was particularly dangerous. There was a military outpost called Yuinmak, where there were soldiers who could guide travellers over the tiger-infested mountain pass. But the soldiers there were known for extorting the people at their mercy for more money. So it's like helpers who make it worse.

Broke: So you two are really brother and sister? What was that like growing up?

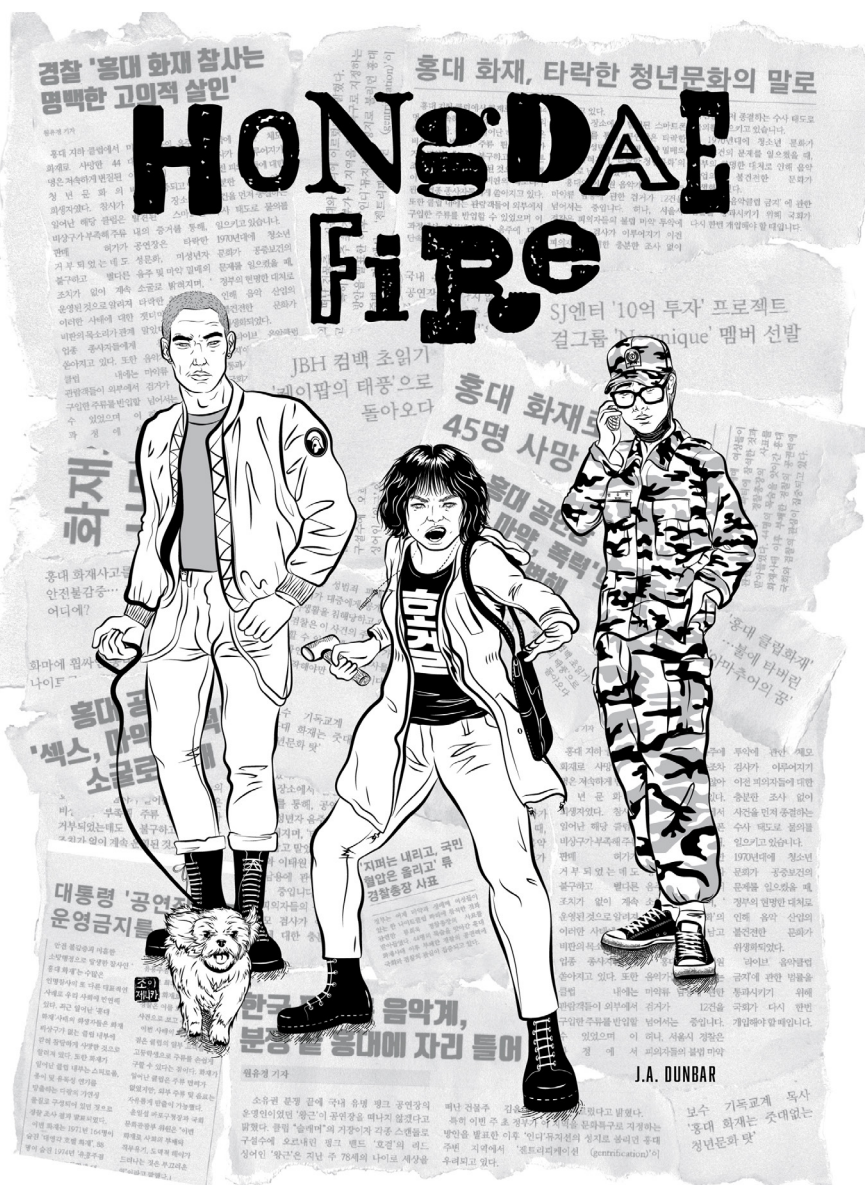
You: We are identical twins. But I don't pick my nose like some snot-nosed brat. I am the older one.

kyung: Our family house is one room, no walls, just kitchen on this side, TV on that side. There's a couple outhouses for bathroom and practice space. At night we put out blankets and sleep on the floor. There was no privacy, but now I'm scared to sleep alone.

Cheol-woo: Lol

Broke: How did you get into punk?

6kyung: We grew up in a remote island area with a nice beach that slowly turned into a vacation spot. When we were elementary students,



a bunch of foreign punks spent the summer at Hanagae Beach. They were loud and looked kind of scary, the music they listened to was really fun. They taught me a lot of English swear words. I think it was my first time seeing foreigners, so I thought that's what all foreigners were like.

You: Our island didn't get many tourists back then. This was during the Olympics, or maybe the summer right after. Korea wasn't a democracy yet, and there was no punk here. When P2P downloading came, we finally identified it as punk, but we didn't know

it was in Korea until I and my sister moved to Seoul for high school.

Cheol-woo: Nappster,
Soundseek

Broke: 6kyung, is that really your name? How did you get a number in your name?

6kyung: When I was young and new, I used to work the door at shows. The price back then was always 6,000 won, so I'd tell people "6,000 won" when they came in. My name is Yoo-kyung Won which sounds alike, so some people really thought my name was "Yook-chun" for a while. It didn't take long until that was

my nickname. I didn't like it so I changed it to "Yook-kyung" and spelled it with a 6.
Cheol-woo: ₩6천!!~

Broke: 6kyung, I also hear you publish a zine. Can you tell me about that?

6kyung: I don't like music fanzines, but I like investigating and mysteries, so I started Hogeol Shinmun with an investigative format. I interview bands, but instead of asking them about themselves, I ask what's bothering them. In one issue I followed the makgeolli man around Hongdae all night in an attempt to learn about his

secret life. I've covered how the playground has changed over the years and how they ruined it.

One time there was a big fight at a show. I missed it because I was out front and didn't know about it until people fighting started spilling outside. Later I asked around to find the truth and wrote about it. Turned out it was a private matter between two people that just kind of snowballed. My writing saved many friendships, kept the scene together, and may have saved someone from going to jail. It was my first experience with real journalistic questions, trying to remain objective, worrying about anybody suing me for libel, trying to present evidence without distortion, and using my writing for good, not evil. Just that one article taught me way more than I ever learned in university. It also demonstrated how information is more useful and better for the scene than random violence, which I still have a soft spot for in my heart.

Broke: You guys are the only Korean band to have ever played in my hometown. What was it like?

6kyung: Stupid police, good weed. Edmonton venues are not very big but many people. We played at a community center and a house party. It was funny. But climate was too dry. I contracted atopic dermatitis and non-allergic rhinitis the entire time.

You: None of us smoked weed. And police was so friendly.

Cheol-woo: weed kkk

Broke: Apparently your full-length album is classified as "K-pop" online. What do you think about that?

6kyung: Fuck K-pop.

You: Or don't. I don't want anything to do with it.

Cheol-woo: Fuck K-pop star, my girlfriend kill me

Broke: What are the future plans for the band?

You: There are no plans, because I have to go to army. Next, Cheol-woo will go to army.

Read more about them at fb.com/brokepublishng

semiconductors	Korean
composites	Charm
Robostar	Leoben
Dabchik	Nexteye
Leemo	Linamar
Exicon	Zelus
INNOX	WIZIT
KODI-M	PSK
TRT	TLI
PSMC	LT5
QSI	ISC
ISC	
Foreign semiconductor companies:	
Infineon	Maxim
Atmel	AS6
ASML	ASML
AMD	UMC
AMD	TSMC
TSMC	STA
STA	
K-loop Idol groups:	
Cruvity	Argon
Aspara	Aspara
Charm	Charm
Red Square	Evergio
Hinapia	Hinapia
Ethos Phen	Victon
Target	Target
Double S 3C	TRNG
MUND	MUND
UNCS	UNCS
WIKIK	WIKIK
MON.T	MON.T
DKB	DKB
XLM	XLM
BDC	BDC
TDC	TDC
NTB	NTB
UNB	UNB
ONF	ONF
TST	TST

Queering the scene

Jon Twitch

It goes without saying that punk is queer, at least on some level, by various definitions of both words. But if it does need to be said, here:

"Punk and queer are a match made in the gutter."
—Jayna Brown and Tavia Nyong'o, NPR

Hard to argue with that. Even completely straight people in the scene can probably wrap their heads around that sentiment pretty well.

But when you go to a show in Korea, there's very little visibility for the cluster of social minorities generally referred to as LGBTQ. Until recently the only openly LGBTQ people I ever met at shows were foreigners here temporarily.

Still, there's a lot of support, a lot of straight people who are "allies." Likewise, our scene has a lot of anti-racists, yet most of them are Korean and white people who have not made much progress in making the local scene a more racially inclusive place. So that's good, but it's not really meaningful.

I'd been wondering for years where all the openly LGBTQ punks were, and when I wrote "Hongdae Fire" I explored this idea a bit despite having absolutely no basis in my own experiences.

The Korean punk scene is getting old, and it's felt that way since the late 2000s.

Obviously there have been LGBTQ punks here, and we just didn't know. Or we have suspicions, but it's impolite to make any allegations. And there's certainly been a lot of homoeroticism displayed by people who



Police join hands to hold back the hatred at SQCF 2015.

are, as far as I know, straight (which I also wrote about in "Rapscaillon's Den"). The risks of coming out vastly outweigh the benefits, especially in Korea. So why would anyone bother? In other countries, coming out is seen as a good thing because it increases normalisation, but Korea's not ready for that — we don't even have an anti-discrimination law to protect basic human rights of sexual minorities.

When I had the opportunity to interview Korean punks who are openly LGBTQ (at least partially), I hurried to do it. All of what I've gathered so far is published in this zine, which is intended for a mostly sympathetic, small-scale readership who I trust will mostly get what I'm trying to say, even if I mess it all up.

And as I started to write

articles, such as a spotlight on 18 Fevers ahead of their first show, I hit a brick wall. How do you write about this stuff? And it was not writer's block; I could have written something, but I was overwhelmed with doubts about my ability to broach the obvious topic, and questioned my own motivations for writing anything about this at all.

What right did I, as a middle-aged foreigner with no plans to ever come out, have to speak on the subject? What if I accidentally outed someone to the wrong people? Was it exploitative to talk about these bands in relation to the private matters of some members? At what point does attention become inappropriate? These are

inquiries I couldn't answer, but that I hope to explore more and gain some understanding.

My own personal stance on human sexuality has always been:

(1) Everybody is bisexual to some degree;

(2) It's not other people's business, except those you choose to be open to.

The latter sentiment often gets reduced down to "Mind your own business," which I think is a valid stance, and a good answer sometimes.

The obvious way forward is more conversations with people who are sexual minorities, to find out their wishes and troubles. But also, doing so can add to their emotional labour, something that should never be taken for granted.

Fortunately, the LGBTQ punk musicians I've interviewed want (at least some but maybe not all) people to know, and I'm helping them out by promoting their bands. And I'm in communication with them about what's said, and plan to seek their approval for any more mainstream articles I write on the topic. Is that really enough? I...guess, unless it leads to unforeseen complications.

If you're LGBTQ and in the scene, whether you're open or not, you probably have more support than you think. If you're just straight and on the sidelines about all this, then you're probably looking for the right mix of sympathy and curiosity, without going too far and becoming exploitative and gossipy, and you're afraid of making mistakes. If you're anti-LGBTQ, then I've made this zine very uncomfortable for you to read, but the rest of us have been working to overcome our biases and you should too.



Raelians at SQCF 2015



"Sus Loves You" at SQCF 2015



Christian at SQCF 2015



Anti-lesbian sign at SQCF 2015; do they know how HIV is spread?

Adventures in human factors research

Jon Twitch

I've been compiling data on live music venues in Korea, and in last issue I published a comprehensive list I'd made of all known venues, while of course focusing on genres that concern me more, and not paying too close attention to other things like jazz (which I like a lot, but would open up a whole new can of worms that wouldn't really add to the project. Since then, I've added maybe half a dozen venues to the list.

I've given two lectures on the topic, first for GIC Talk (20210911) and secondly for RAS Korea (20210928), with plans to do at least one more for IASPM next year.

In doing this research, I've been trying to be cautious, aware of the hazards of saying too much and getting a venue busted. It's unlikely city inspectors pay attention to RAS lectures, but it's the safest practice to just be careful anyway. But during this process, I had a few odd encounters. While using the washroom at one venue, the doorknob broke off, leaving me trapped inside. At another venue, I went up the fire escape, only to find a gate blocking evacuation -- chained on the outside, with spikes on top. Not the best thing if an emergency happens. I get the need for locking doors and gates, and in the lecture I disclosed that at one venue I knew an easy way to sneak in. Officially I knew because I'd put on events there, but on one occasion I did use it to sneak in, and ended up starting a fight even.

Another thing I've been trying to figure out is the business registration type of venues. There are venues today registered as performance halls rather than restaurants, although this appears to carry tighter rules and higher taxes. At one venue, I noticed a burner behind the bar with a pot on it, and when I asked a worker if they served food, she said no but was clearly very confused by its presence. Next time I visited, it was gone.

It appears around 2015, some kind of rule change was made to ease the restrictions on live music in Mapo-gu, although I haven't been able to find out much about it.

After my second lecture, I had a good conversation with someone who runs a venue/restaurant in Busan. He asked me a few questions and told me a few interesting things. Although Busan has stayed comparatively more open than Seoul throughout most of the pandemic, there was tension among the related businesses. One place even got closed down, simply for having a disco ball. I suppose city officials took one look at that thing and concluded it meant dancing.

In coming up with ways to help venues stay afloat and active, I looked around at some of the other activities that have continued. A big one was "sightseeing flights," where planes take people on circular flights, likely passing over international territory, and returning to the point of origin. An airplane is probably the least safe place to be during a pandemic, but hey, it's good for the duty-free shopping industry. So if live music is shut down but these wasteful sightseeing flights are operating, the solution is simple: let's have a show on a fucking airplane. Then maybe regulators and inspectors will finally show some respect to the live music scene.



Saturday, May 22, 2021

J Nope

Can't hear 9:27 p.m.

9:27 p.m. Emergency

Im trapped in the mens room

9:28 p.m.

J F. What's up

Hahaha

Ok 9:28 p.m.

9:28 p.m. Knob broke off on the inside

J [REDACTED] is working on it 9:28 p.m.

And it was the guy before me who broke it

9:29 p.m.

J It's cool

Just wait 9:29 p.m.

9:30 p.m. This is how I die

J If only.....

Haha

You're welcome. Well done 9:49 p.m.

Other interviews

Statement by William R. Pugsley in response to interview questions from Jon Twitch

May 9, 2021

How do I prefer to be called? You can refer to me as William R. Pugsley (like William S. Burroughs) and Bill to his friends. What's life like in GyeRyong? and Why do I prefer to the big cities? Let me tell you. After first living in a small town outside Ulsan then the concrete sprawl of Incheon, I moved to GyeRyong in 2004. I loved it from the first moment. It's small, pretty and surrounded by countryside and the Majestic GyeRyong Mountain looming in the distance to the north, where, coming from Vancouver, mountains are supposed to be. I was born and raised in a small northern BC, Canada town about the same size as GyeRyong so I felt very much at home here. There's a train station for convenient trips up to Seoul or down to Mokpo. And it's a good Hub to get anywhere in the country. Living in a small town you get interested in small changes as well as the large, good or bad. The expansion of the town has ruined my favorite route into the village over the hill. Development of a proposed IKEA store (not sure if it's still happening as Ikea) and whole new suburb has destroyed some lovely hills and fields. Even the comings and goings of local businesses is noteworthy in conversation. The greatest asset to the town has to be its immediate access to the countryside. It's a five-minute walk into the hills and farmland. By car or bike, it's convenient to the rest of the country without the hassle of getting out of a city first. To the West Coast to Boryoung or south to Jeonju and beyond or northeast to Taebaeksan. The air here is fresh and the people are friendly. For me going to the city is stressful and I feel out of place not to mention the traffic, smell and noise. Gyeryong is peaceful, which is ironic since it's Korea's military headquarters.

At the end of last year. I made the resolution to make a zine of my film photos to get them off the internet and experienced on paper. At that time, I had no idea that it's a popular side project of photographers in Canada and the US to make zines. I used to write for a popular zine in Vancouver in the 90s which I think we published monthly so it seemed the normal way of



William R. Pugsley

things to put out mine every month. I made a list of 12 subjects to focus on and it feels attainable. The print run has been small so far somewhat of a test run. Available sometimes at the Nikon store in Daejeon as well as a few coffee shops. Otherwise, it has been one to one distribution to people I know and meet. I'd love to get a proper place to distribute it. I remember in Vancouver in the nineties the record stores had dedicated space for zines, as well as indie book stores. Live venues as well. Daejeon doesn't have anything like that, and I don't really have any contacts anywhere else. I'd like to grow awareness on some Facebook pages but so far there's been very little feedback.

I offer the zine free within the publishing month and I will be offering back issues for 5000 won including postage within Korea. If anyone is interested they can contact me via email billpugsley@yahoo.com.

Tell me about tell me about the paper the paper the paper.

I get excited when I go into a shop that sells paper of different styles. In Daejeon there's a store that exclusively sells all sorts of hanji. I've bought so many interesting hanji blank books there and other paper, but since it's in Daejeon, I find it inconvenient for monthly purchases. In GyeRyong, though, at the local mungujeom, I found a nice thin paper called 고궁의 아침 by Samwon paper. The right texture -- on one side smooth, the other rough. I will continue to use this paper until

supplies run out. I wanted to use a rougher cut hanji but I couldn't find anything suitable at this particular store

at the right price. The covers I've been trying different papers; different weights, colours, weaves. Still trying to find the right weight of paper for the covers that will hold the ink without irregularities.

Photo adventures

Oh feels alienated does it? Timeless? well thank you very much that's how it's supposed to feel.

There are basically two kinds of photo Journeys (or adventures, as I like to call them) the first is just going for a ride on my 125cc scooter to explore new roads or to see what has changed on well-traveled roads. I'm always looking for something new and exciting. The best is riding and seeing the telltale signs of old rooftops somewhat obscured by trees maybe or maybe in a small valley or village. I walk up or walk around or through the bush to get to it. If it seems inviting, I'll go in. I also look for interesting views: a farm, tractor, dusty road. I never know till I see it. The ride is as much a part of the experience as the find. Sometimes I'll go back to a place if there's more to discover or to see it in a new light. I'll return to an old house only to find it has fallen down or been removed entirely. Once in awhile I'll find owners returned and restoring their ancestral home. There are also a few locations I'll revisit to get different shots maybe of a train when no train appeared before, or

maybe a shot in snow or the bright green summertime. Sometimes a place that I like just like being. Light beside the stream of a hot day, eating a snack on the porch of an empty house or enjoying a drink in the Public Square of a tiny village imagining how it'd be to live there. Living in the same place for years you get to see the changes over time rather than collecting one-off shots. Modern city life is well documented but the off the main is overlooked.

The other kind of photo journey is planned and usually revolves around shooting train stations, especially decommissioned or closed stations (폐역). This has been an ongoing project for several years and I'm trying to collect all the old train stations or even the empty site they once occupied. This takes me places far from home, so these are planned over holidays or long weekends. Some of these stations are no longer on the trainlines, tracks having been moved or the KTX line cutting off the smaller routes. They are magical places for me when a station still stands that once saw steam trains go by and I think of the people waiting in the stations and working there a hundred years ago. To get a sense of this, I recommend Impi station between Iksan and Gunsan.

These adventures can take me to remote areas I would not otherwise find and of course there are so many things to see along the way. It takes some detective work to locate some of these stations but it's a thrill when I find them. I have an old map book -- you remember those? -- which shows train lines before the KTX and I can find locations of stations not found on modern digital maps, though Kakao maps do show most abandoned stations. The map book also is invaluable to find old train line tunnels and bridges which do not appear on digital maps.

So, I guess I would call myself a rural explorer. I try to find the off-the-beaten-path small villages not accessible by a highway. I don't like the term "Urban Explorer" or "Rural Explorer" but that is what we do. I'm looking for lost time. Ever since I came to Korea I've had a very real feeling of nostalgia for a past I've never participated in. There's a certain feeling I get when I see a certain era of building maybe one storey concrete building with a false front second storey, maybe that blue green / seafoam green of a certain age. Or awkwardly

built concrete houses with precariously set stairways to the roof. It reminds me of the seventies, colours of my childhood bedroom, a time when safety wasn't first. I love finding a street of these old buildings; they are lost in time. And if I can go in to get a sense of past lives, the better. I like watching old Korean films to see these places in action, and sometimes I feel like I'm in a KimKiDuk or HongSangSoo movie.

They, as well as some other directors, capture that feeling of the 80s or earlier that lurks in my heart. Small details will catch my eye and tell stories of the past: personal items left in a house like photos, tools or even worn wood where people sat for generations. I'm drawn to farms as well. Tractors, cows, farmers in the field, machinery. Many of my family in Canada were farmers and ranchers so farm smells and scenes remind me of home. Photographers are drawn to old things that have an interesting patina and I'm no exception. Many people love to see old photos which ironically show at that time modern scenes, but I think photographers like myself want to recapture that sense of old. I'm documenting the end of eras.

Train photography and photography in general is from my Dad's influence. It was his pastime / hobby to chase trains and find a good location and photograph them in British Columbia and other areas. Taking stationary shots in Rail Yards. When I was a little kid, he showed me how to adventure, how to wait for and get the shot and not be afraid of venturing into industrial zones or questionably safe areas. He always had a camera and I learned how to take pictures by watching him. Cameras were always around when I was growing up. (being around the big thrumming idling diesel engines and the metallic crash of rail cars naturally eventually got me into industrial music later in life) so anyway when I moved to Korea, it was easy to photograph trains because of the many rail lines and the number for trains that go by. You can always count on getting a good shot. I do enjoy juxtaposing the KTX or ITX with a rural landscape -- the people who speed past vs the people who live slow.

There is of course also a romantic mood of a train going through the country especially the slower-moving Mugungwha train. I imagine the city kids visiting their

grandparents on the farm. Or just visiting people coming together from the city to the country. Or if they're going between two cities, how they might wonderingly at the lonely landscape that they're so unfamiliar with pass by their window.

Why do I use vintage equipment?

When I came to Korea I had a 35 mm point and shoot and I can't remember the make and model. That was accidentally smashed. I had to replace it so I went up to Seoul to the used market which, at that time it was by the elevated highway that was being torn down at the time I think it was almost torn down or still going on. I remember the very bad machine smells. At the market I found a Pentax MX. It was a good camera and I bought it at a good price. It was maybe only 30 years old at the time but that was twenty years ago so I guess it's an antique now

After that, when I was in Pohang one year, I ran out of film and couldn't find more, so on a whim I bought a digital DSLR Nikon entry level. I upgraded the camera upgraded the lenses and was part of that scene for about 10 or 12 years and then I thought that's well and done. Pretty easy to take good photos with a DSLR but I missed the slow roll of film. I just wanted to slow back down. Two or three pictures a day, maybe.

A few years later I was on G market and I saw a used Ihagee EXA for sale. It has a very nice art deco look to it. It was made in USSR occupied Dresden in the 1950s and has turned out to be a very reliable camera with a waist level finder for unobtrusive photographing. So I used those two cameras for quite a while and they are almost always in my camera bag. Recently I was given a Graflex Speed Graphic camera and then bought a second from the same person. They are large format 3.25 by 4.25 negatives – the old press photographer's camera from the movies. I've always wanted one of those it's been on my wishlist and I've been fortunate enough that I got two of them. I also bought a small little box camera. Collecting cameras isn't the end game – using them is. I try to use them as much as I can because I don't think cameras should be just shelf decorations. So I use vintage equipment because I have vintage equipment.

Why publish pictures in



The first seven issues of Photon Wave Function, plus a Hanji zine he sent containing his written interview answers.

black and white?

well because I take black and white pictures. Shooting black and white is the true representation of light – “color is just a useful emergent way of packaging microscopic details about the spectrum of wavelength of light” says Sean Carroll. There is no inherent element of colour in light – it's all about intensity, reflection and shadows. I can process B&W at home in my darkroom, so that's an added bonus, though not the reason, I've always shot mostly B&W all my life.

I feel black-and-white is more isolating, it's not warm and inviting. And of course it's nostalgic or retro – retro, I don't like that word retro. It's a timeless look. But you know I'm not averse to color film. I've also been gifted a Nikon FM from the 1980s and so I'm only shooting color with that camera. I try to compose and shoot a scene to harmonize with the age of the camera. So older cameras like the Graflex, I use for older houses and maybe no modern things in the background. More modern scenes / buildings I'll use the Pentax, and even more modern (or where colour is important) I'll use the Nikon. The picture can reflect the history of the camera as well as the scene itself.

What kind of music do you hear in your head. Going on a photo Journey?

When I go out on the bike, punk rock to get going. When I stop and explore a place I'll turn off the music and be in the moment. And it's quiet almost always so quiet. I stopped the real sound in my headphones. And soak in the quiet Solitude of country living. I take the headphones

out maybe to listen for people just in case. I listen for animals or people -- don't want to scare anyone. Usually no one's around anyway. And then if I can, I'll sit on a stoop and listen to the silence or as I'm going through the building, listen to the bird chirps and insects. Leaves. Echo of a dog barking. Dog music. As I'm exploring.

So let's talk about “other”.

A few years ago I discovered the Russian novel “A Hero of Our Time” by Mikhail Lermontov, Translated by Vladimir Nabokov. And I learned of the concept of *lishniy chelovek*, “extra person” or “superfluous man. I identified with that and realized that as a superfluous man everything else is other to me. Or maybe I'm the other. (I made a 13th Personality song and video with that title). Around the time I was thinking about starting the zine, I watched Philip K Dick's Electric Dreams episode “Kill all Others” where the protagonist sees things that his neighbours and co-workers don't or don't want to see. He becomes an “other” for questioning the powers that be and trying to point out the obvious. The common theme in my life has been revelling in being “other” – not in any “in” group. The first issue I named “Other Homes”: not the home you live in, nor the one you wish for but the ones left behind. Old abandoned. Also, where I go to photograph is as far from the most popular spots in Korea. Other refers to the locations besides where everyone has seen too often, so even the issue other cities may be in cities well known to people but I hope the

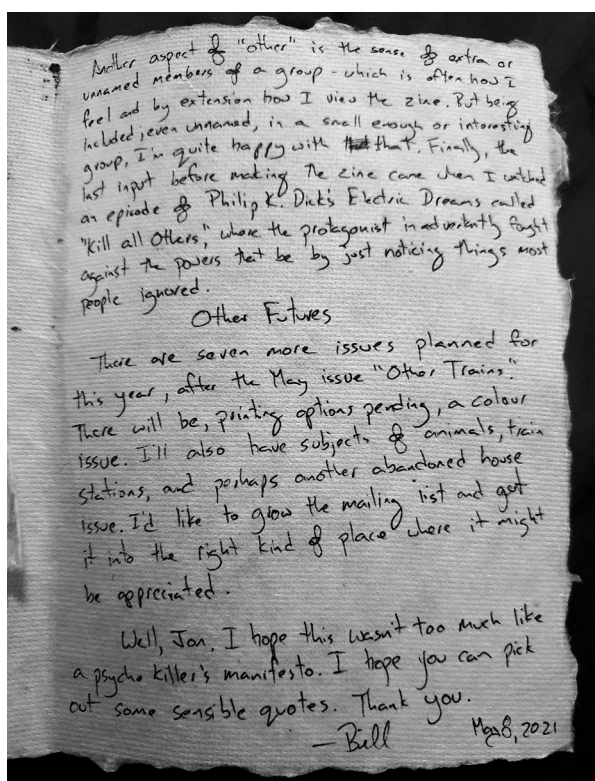
images are of uncommon places within the cities or uncommon views. I tossed around the idea of calling the zine, or describing it as “the loneliness of country life”. I'm not trying to evoke any isolated isolation feelings as a foreigner but the opposite. I found how similar Country Life is in any country. The cities differ but the feeling of the country is universal. Or maybe it's just the difference between City Life and Country Life. How many times I'm reminded of growing up in BC when I see a country road or smell the cows or hear the dogs or birds or breeze. Others.

Other aspects of other is a sense of being extra unnamed members of a group which is often how I feel and by extension how I feel the zine is. But being included even unnamed in a small enough or interesting group I'm quite happy with that.

Another sense of “other” is being different. Or unique. Be that. Photos. There might be some feeling of familiarity but maybe not something you'd see everyday. Not something modern people would want to look at, maybe.

So the future of the zine, I'll continue on with my list of subjects. Coming up might be a color issue, depending on the printing accessibility, train stations might be a double issue. there. Other Animals, Things (still life) and maybe another “Other Homes” because I keep getting more shots of those. And I hope to get this distributed to more places, and grow the mailing list. I'd like to get more people knowing about it.

Thanks, Jon. Great questions. I wrote answers throughout the week and today used a speech to text app to transcribe it. There were some funny mistakes, and it felt like correcting Korean students' homework. The funniest misinterpretation was the very beginning: “How do I prefer to be called you can call me. Jamar Pugsley. Bill to his friends. Sunday of the pill bugs. I do the pill bugs.”



The final page in William R. Pugsley's Hanji zine containing answers to interview questions.

Email billpugsley@yahoo.com to try to get copies of Photon Wave Function

Treasure Hunting in Insadong



Insadong is a place people like, right? There was almost no attention when a large section of the area was demolished, basically the whole part of the dong adjacent to the north side of Pimatgol. While people were acting surprised about the renovation in Gwanghwamun Square and the archaeological finds uncovered there (specifically some Joseon-era gutters), a similar process was going on over in Insadong.

I found a good roof nearby where I could overlook the whole plot, pictured above, and then I found a kink in the fence where I was able to access the site and walk among the ruins myself.

Every significant redevelopment project in central Seoul must undergo an extensive survey by the CHA, and it's during that process that an archaeologists pay clandestine visits.

To my surprise, the survey of Insadong uncovered some of the oldest known movable metal type, some predating Gutenberg, and some representing the oldest known extant Hangeul print blocks.

On 20211105, I was able to visit the anarchy site, go to the National Palace Museum to see the print blocks on display, and then a week later on 20211112 I visited KOTE in Insadong.

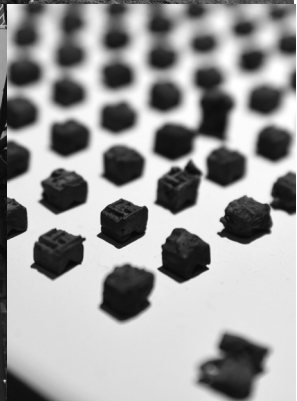
KOTE is a multiuse complex for artists, including event space, gallery space, a cafe, and various other functions. Apparently the landowner decided they weren't getting enough money through rent, and decided to tear it down to build a parking lot, presumably for people driving their

cars to Insadong. One of the artists, An Ju-young (Julie), disputed this plan, citing a contract (all of which I'm not going to get into as I haven't had the chance to look deeper and verify anything), and she tried to reoccupy the place when demolition started. Video of her being sprayed with water hoses went online, and the case started getting attention.

When I showed up, I found KOTE was a large multi-building site, and thanks to a description sent to me from someone online, I knew to go through the cafe and out the back into a courtyard, where there was a construction hoarding set up along the left, which I was supposed to follow up to the corner where there'd be a gap I could squeeze through.

The ground floor was smashed out, and on the second floor was the sit-in. I met several artists, most of them foreign friends of the organiser, and saw a jazz band play.

The whole night, we were monitored and tested. Amazingly, the landowner had hired a bunch of goons to monitor up close, and they had their own corner in the space with their own tent (pictured above in the lower right). At one point, a couple of them started filming us, so the foreign artists there at the time got out their own devices. It looked like a Mexican standoff but with cameras. At least five devices were involved, counting mine. Expect more coverage of KOTE next issue, and visit kote.kr to learn more, or just visit for yourself.



Terminal Velocity

J. A. Dunbar

The building's exterior was covered with a metal lattice; it practically welcomed climbers.

What started with grabbing one handhold led to a shoe on a foothold, and without thinking about it, almost unconsciously, You-kyung lifted off the sidewalk where she'd been lined up with her classmates for too long.

Below, she could hear their girly voices chatting and cackling, still oblivious to her ascension. She thought about doing something like flicking snot at them or swinging down and stealing their backpacks, but more than she wanted revenge, she wanted to be free of them, out of their reach. She hated being sent to the big city for middle school, and she hated that it was an all-girl school.

Even more than that, she hated wearing a skirt for school. It forced her legs from opening all the way as she ascended the wall.

Back in elementary school, she used to wear a comfy pink sweatsuit, and her brother had a matching blue outfit, and they swapped every year for April 1 which her teachers always thought was cute. But now in middle school, everyone had to wear the same uniform, even the same underwear.

By now, she was high up enough that nobody could see up her skirt to notice that she was wearing nonregulation underwear, and she could move a little more freely.

The wind was chilly even for late March, and her handholds were getting cold to the touch. But around the fourth floor she ascended out of another building's shadow to where the sun warmed up the metal lattice pleasantly.

Had nobody noticed her missing yet? She risked a look downward, expecting to be overcome by fear, but only felt giddy at seeing the black heads of her classmates lined up below, waiting for the bus to take them back to school at the end of a miserable field trip. Even the teachers were off to one side, talking with each other and not paying close attention.

How tall was this building? Looking up, she estimated it could be at least eight storeys, maybe 12, but no more than 16. Still, the top seemed far more inviting than the bottom.

The grid on the building's face consisted of metal crosshatching, with the gaps between bars about 30 centimeters wide. She thought about how most of the shapes of Hangeul characters were simple enough that they could be found in the grid of a traditional lattice. She imagined they were individual letters and she was making words as she grabbed them.

Now she was up high enough that the city sounds drowned out the schoolgirls about eight floors below her. From here, she could see a stream or river in the distance; it reminded her of her home in a remote island off Incheon.

But she couldn't pause to admire the view for long; although she hadn't given much serious thought about being sighted once she'd climbed out of reach from the teachers, she

was still very exposed out here, to anyone who happened to look up or out a window at the right moment. And peering through the cracks in the lattice, she could see through a window that she was indeed clinging to the exterior of an office building. Inside, people were working at desks, their heads down just like everyone down on the street. She climbed on before anyone could look up and notice her.

When she got to a safe spot not in front of any office windows, she paused her ascent and hooked an arm around the lattice so she could reach for her Walkman in her backpack. One good thing about living in the city was she could visit flea markets looking for old punk albums, and she was currently working her way through the Clash's discography. She had a craving to listen to "London Calling" while she climbed.

But when she popped open the device, only to see it was loaded with "Give 'Em Enough Rope," it slipped out of her hands, and she only caught it by seizing the earphones. Its little cassette door still hanging open, the Walkman dangled below her fingers, saved only by the earphone jack.

She reeled it up carefully, aware that anything dropped would fall all the way back down to her classmates, likely alerting them to her climb, maybe even injuring someone. Which wouldn't be so bad, but could get her in serious trouble.

It was a long way down, and nothing deserved to ever fall from such an unnatural height. She had to cling to the lattice for a moment while she collected her wits by reciting Clash lyrics.

The Walkman ended up back in her bag, since she already had the songs stuck in her head. She resumed her ascent mumbling the words to "Death or Glory," at least the parts she could remember.

Had she been listening on her headphones, she might not have heard the shrill voices of her teachers being carried up by the wind, shouting from the ground for her to come back down. The jig was up, and now everyone was alerted to her daring escape.

The teachers were moving students away from the building, probably out of fear she'd fall, maybe even worried she'd jump. Maybe she could have entertained that notion earlier when she'd started out, but by now she'd never felt so alive.

Nothing the teachers were shouting made sense. It was hard to hear the exact words, but they seemed to want her to climb down, even though she was by now much closer to the top.

It was only another floor and a half, so she powered on up, one hand or foot at a time. Her arm and leg muscles were starting to ache after all the exertion of climbing 10 storeys straight up.

When she was almost at the top, a hand reached over the side, offering her a lift.

"No, I got it," she replied, hooking her arm over the edge of the roof. For this last part, she scrambled to get herself up, not caring about her skirt or

how she looked. Hands helped pull her up, and she didn't mind.

She tumbled onto the flat rooftop, at the shiny polished leather boots of two soldiers. They were both old, but younger than her dad and younger than her teachers, maybe even closer to her age than their ages, and they were almost as surprised to see her than she was to see them.

"Where am I?" she asked, her eyes locking on the anti-aircraft cannon set up behind them aimed at the clouds.

"Where were you trying to go?" one of the soldiers asked her. He seemed like the friendlier one, wearing glasses just like her brother.

"I dunno," she replied, "up."

"Then congratulations, you've arrived," Glasses-oppa told her.

"How did you guys get up here?" she asked them.

"We took the elevator," he, looking over the side and marvelling at the pure athleticism of the feat she'd pulled off.

She sniffled -- the climb through the brisk air had made her nose runny.

The other soldier offered her a tissue, but she declined. So he pulled out a pack of cigarettes and offered her one.

"Hyeong, she's a schoolgirl!" Glasses-oppa snapped at his buddy.

"Thanks," she said appreciatively. "But any second a teacher will come up here after me and I'll be in a lot of trouble."

Her dad used to smoke, and while she didn't like the smell, it was better -- cozier -- than the smell of the city and air pollution.

"Suit yourself," Cigarette-oppa said, lighting one for himself. The breeze up here made it difficult to get his lighter going, so he had to shield the flame with his hand.

She noticed his hands shaking. Was he cold up here? Scared looking down over the side? Come to think of it, her hands were shaking too.

"You guys are lucky," she told them "not having to go back to school, not having to wear school uniforms, just spending all day up here."

"We still have uniforms, see?" Cigarette-oppa retorted, gesturing to his fatigues. "What are we even camouflaged from up here? Who are we kidding?"

"And besides," Glasses-oppa added, "after I'm done my service, I still have to go back to Gukjagam University and finish my degree."

"Someday, I want to have a job like you," she said.

"You probably won't, being a girl," Glasses-oppa told her.

"But my brother might!" she replied.

They seemed a little put off by her mentioning her brother, like it reminded them she was just a girl.

"But he's not here now," she added.

"Have you guys ever heard of the Clash?"

"What is that, a hockey team?" Glasses-oppa asked.

"No, it's a metal band," Cigarette-oppa corrected him.

"Punk band," she corrected both of them, while trying to think of more ways to extend her stay up here on this roof and delay having to face her angry teachers and jeering classmates.

"Should we call somebody for you?" Glasses-oppa asked, as if reading her mind.

"Hey, have you ever fired that thing?" she asked, going over to their artillery cannon.

"Only once, during training," Glasses-oppa said.

"Not from here," Cigarette-oppa added.

"What happens when the bullets come down?" she asked. "Wouldn't they kill somebody?"

"They wouldn't," Glasses-oppa explained. "The rounds coming out of this thing explode 1.3 seconds after firing."

"But where do the fragments land?" she asked.

"I dunno, they'd probably just dissolve in the air, wouldn't they?" Cigarette-oppa said. "Or the pieces would be so small that they wouldn't hurt anybody?"

"And this is why you need to stay in school," Glasses-oppa laughed, addressing both her and Cigarette-oppa simultaneously.

She grabbed it by a handle, looking for how to aim it and how to fire. It seriously felt powerful just to be near, looking out over the cityscape from their perch up on the roof.

"Guns guns, guns on the roof!" she sang in English. "Guns guns, made to shoot!"

"But seriously, you shouldn't be handling that, just in case," Glasses-oppa said, laughing as he pulled her away.

"You really want to shoot that thing, don't you?" Cigarette-oppa laughed.

"Don't you?" she replied.

"Well, I don't want to have to," Glasses-oppa admitted, "but yeah."

"So what do you guys do up here all day?" she asked. "Do you have any porn?"

Just then, a door flew open, and a squad of cops raced onto the roof, followed by You-kyung's homeroom teacher. Someone threw a blanket over her shoulders, and they escorted her back down.

"Nice seeing you, little sister!" Glasses-oppa called after her.

"Come back and visit sometime!" Cigarette-oppa added.

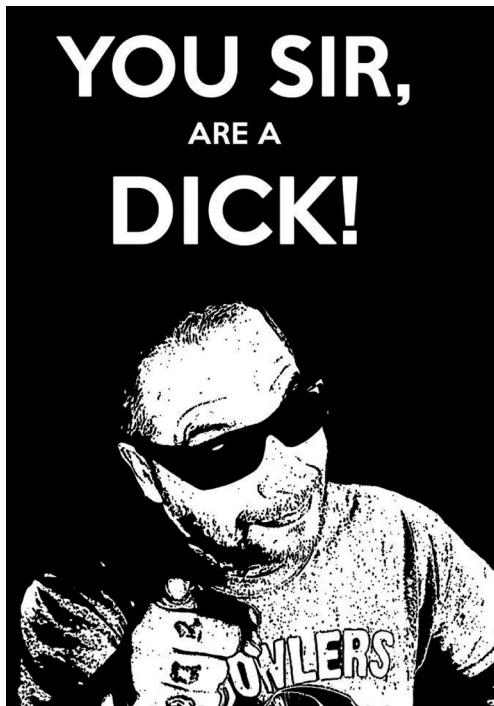
The elevator ride down felt like it took longer than the climb up. Her teacher lectured her about staying together with the group, and the worst part was she knew she had to listen to this advice, at least for a few more years before she could find her own rooftop to retreat to again to watch over the city.

When they came out of the building, she expected to see her classmates all circling around her, staring accusingly and teasing her mercilessly, but instead she was confronted with a mob of police, firefighters, paramedics, and other rescue workers. Behind them were the reporters, and behind the reporters were her classmates.

"I just want to go home!" she groaned as she passed a news camera.

The next day, the newspapers ran front-page articles about her climb, with sensational headlines like "Desperate schoolgirl's cry for help" and "Let me out of this city!"

You-kyung will grow up and return soon for "Rooftopping Olympics" (Broke Publishing)



YOU SIR,
ARE A
DICK!

SANTA WANTS YOU

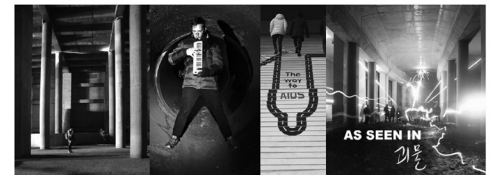


FOR HIS SECRET UNDERGROUND ARMY

2019 marks the 10-year anniversary of our first adventure under the city, in search of The Host, on December 25, 2009. In the time since, there have been no monster attacks in the city.

Santa needs an army to march with him underground and hunt the monster. This year we will go below

ground in the afternoon on Saturday, December 21. Meeting details will be provided to participants. Bring your own flashlights, fireworks, and alcohol.



濟州컬레 「百億두소크」

靑少年「무절제 퇴폐향락」에 새 풍조 「한국형 핑크族」 늘고있다

퍼머머리에 유니섹스차림 隨語쓰며 유흥가 팔보

내일은 없다 靑춘만 추루

처음만나 술마시고 춤추며 混宿에서 유흥비 마련 위해 犯罪 저지르기까지

용달후料金 실질위하

지연신정제 基本 走行科 자율조정계

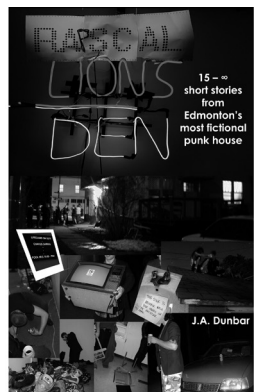
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2월 남문의원



THE BEST OF

VOLUME 3



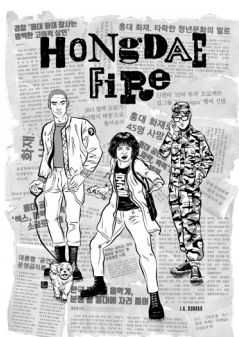
Broke Publishing has now been spun off into a legal publishing company, and will start publishing fiction novels this year, and nonfiction books next year, themed around any of the three main Broke themes of punk/Korea/urban.

Broke Phase 1
"Rapsclallion's Den" — a collection of short stories set in a punk house in Edmonton, Canada. The first six have already been published in this zine but there is much more new content, including a Choose Your Own Adv—I mean Path in which you can be a cop trying to get the punk house shut down. This one is just for practice and will be published very soon.

Broke Phase 2
"Korea Urban Exploration" — a practical guide to recreational trespassing and urban renewal in Korea, set for release sometime next year.

Broke Phase 3
"There's Punk in Korea" — a memoir about the Korean punk scene written in 2005 and 2006.

Visit fb.com/brokepublishNG for more information or to order



Fuck 2020

BROKE PUBLISHING

Books from Broke Publishing are printed and available in Korea now, or in ebook format worldwide.

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2. HONGDAE FIRE
-print: 12,000 won plus any delivery or distribution charges
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"I bought the donaldtrumpbookclub.com website!" —George

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COMING SOON

KOREA URBAN EXPLORATION

Sometime later this year or probably in 2022, Broke Publishing will release a guide to urban exploration in Korea, crammed full of practical tips, meandering anecdotes, and historical information.

Also in the works are "Seonbi City" (a follow-up to "Yangban Nation"), a second edition of Kyle Decker's "Cannon Fodder," and a first-hand account of the Korean punk scene circa mid-2000s titled "Yes, There's Punk in Korea."

저희는 "홍대화재"를 조만간 "원조" 연극이 판으로 번역할 수 있을 정도로 경제적으로 실현이 가능해질 것입니다. 브로크퍼블리싱(파블리싱 어난)은 이러한 작업을 위한 국내 출판사와 협업을 계획하고 있습니다. 또한 크라우드펀딩의 방법으로 소규모 출판사로서의 기회를 찾기 위한 노력을 할 수도 있습니다. 자립출판사 브로크퍼블리싱에 대한 많은 관심과 응원 부탁드립니다.