

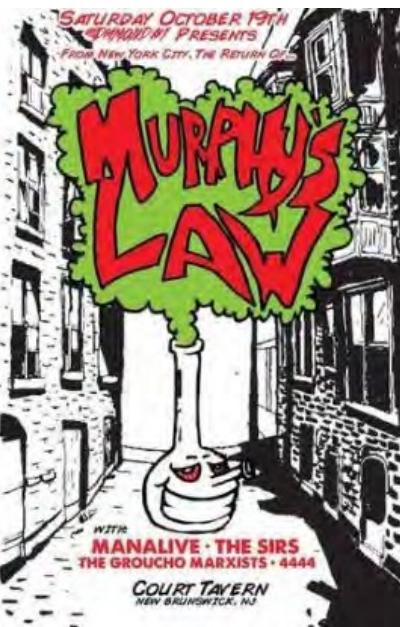
# EUROPE 2014

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[CONTACT](#)**Archive Reviews - Aug 2013 to Dec 2013**[Archive Reviews - Apr 2013 to Aug 2013](#)[Archive Reviews - Mar 2013 to Apr 2013](#)[Archive Reviews - Oct 2012 to Feb 2013](#)[Archive Reviews - Feb 2012 to Sep 2012](#)**MURPHYS LAW, MANALIVE, THE SIRS,  
THE GROUCHO MARXISTS, 4444**

@ Court Tavern, New Brunswick, NJ October 19, 2013

On the way to the show I stopped off at Vintage Vinyl in Menlo Park. I hadn't been in there in almost a decade, and it is crazy how all the expensive 7-inches up on the wall now date from the 90's. Apparently the first 25 Ta Life 7" goes for \$50, and \$40 gets you the Vision Of Disorder, (Brian Meehan fronted)-Loyal To None split 7" that Rick Ta Life put out. I would love to see how you confirm the pressing on something like that. Also ran into fanzine legend Brett Beach, and the man who put out the first Florpunch 7", who was just killing time after dinner. Got to love NJ.

Doors were at 7PM at the Court Tavern and I thought getting there at 9PM, I might miss some openers and get there in time for Manalive, but no luck. Got there after 9PM to find nothing had started. **4444** was so-so. They have high-pitched snotty vocals ala lots of pop punk, but the guitar work wasn't melodic enough to make up for the vocals, and when the songs occasionally got a little heavy, the vocals made even less sense. Seemed like the singer and band weren't on the same page.

The tone for the rest of the night was set by **The Groucho Marxists**, which to my surprise turned out to be one of the guys

from Doc Hopper. If you're not familiar with Doc Hopper, they were in the long line of mid to early 90's bands that sounded like All, or a more rock or hardcore version of All. A song or two in I was psyched. They were a noticeable step up from 4444, with fast, melodic, well-executed hardcore punk rock in the purist sense of the genre. But halfway through their set, it occurred to me I never really liked Doc Hopper, and come to think of it I never liked All. I like melodic hardcore and I like fast punk rock, but after a certain point, I find All and the generations of bands that followed them pretty repetitive.

By the time **The Sirs** went on, I was just in a shitty mood. It was late, I had been up early to teach and had to sit in a gallery the next morning. I was starting to worry I was not gonna make it through the inevitably long Murphy's Law set. So I spent most of The Sirs set resenting their existence, though they were fine, and in a different situation I might have even enjoyed them. They were rocking melodic punk hardcore via Dillinger Four or Murder City Devils, albeit not as good as either.

Just when I was ready to go home and get a good night's sleep, oh my fucking god, **Manalive** was amazing. I had heard their 7" and demo and like it. It is solid late nineties post hardcore, lots of Quicksand, Unbroken, and Damnation, all mixed together in a heavy wall of metallic hardcore with Amit's gruff almost thuggish vocals on top, which grounds the music from being too esoteric and always declares this is music to kill each other by. But live, it was so much better. If you missed Manalive, it is Nate from Ensign and Vision, Chris Ross from Ensign and Nora, Brian Meehan from Kill Your Idols and Milhouse, and on vocals, Amit from Mother Night and Torchbearer. Needless to say, they are a band with some stellar 90's hardcore



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pedigree. Live they were precise and heavy and so much cleaner sounding than I expected. I legitimately wanted to kill some people, but I am old, wussy and photographing. Unfortunately, seems that a lot of the crowd was there for the pop punk and did not appreciate a band that puts Indecision to shame.



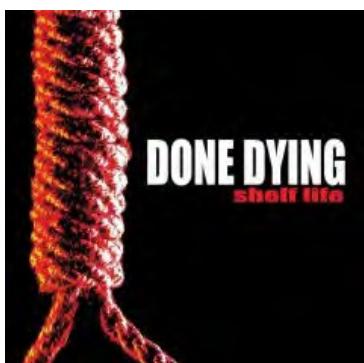
Manalive 10/19/13. Photo by: Carl Gunhouse



Murphy's Law 10/19/13. Photo by: Carl Gunhouse

considered, they put on a really solid set. I almost feel there is a real attempt on their part to keep the set tight and focused. We even got a reasonable length "Ska Song". Then Jimmy learned it was a dude named Bruce's birthday, and the improvised songs started. After two rounds of happy birthday, things started to come undone. But still it didn't get too sloppy and silly, and once you commit to being there for an entire Murphy's Law set, it is a good time, even for an aging straight-edge kid like myself. And even after consuming lots of alcohol, they still pulled out a killer version of "Sarasota" and "What Will The Neighbors Think", ending the set with "Vicky Crown" and "Woke Up Tied Up". I could still do for more songs off the last two records, even a "Maximum Lie", but Jimmy mentioned they are hopefully gonna have a new record out in June which is awesome. Now if we can just get some more new songs into their live set.

-Carl Gunhouse



#### DONE DYING "SHELF LIFE" EP (Reaper Records, Released October 29, 2013)

Done Dying refer to themselves as "O.C. hardcore by veterans of the craft" with band members previously being part of various acts like Carry Nation, Strife, Outspoken, Collateral Damage and Speak 714. Frontman Dan O'Mahony was also the voice behind No For An Answer who were part of that first Revelation Records wave of releases way back in 1988. With old school band reunions being all the rage these days it is a breath of fresh air to see a band filled with "old dudes" start up something new and not try to revive something that may not need reviving. "Shelf Life" comes at us quick and ends quick with just 4 songs in about 5 minutes time but those 5 minutes give us a great look into what this band can become. Done Dying play a fast, old school style of hardcore with just the right amount of melody AND grit to make them relevant to fans of their previous band

efforts as well as to new fans who may never have heard of any of these guys...Done Dying does not sound like they are just here visiting here from a different decade, partially because of the sweet production/recording they got on this. If you dropped the "previous members of" tag from this release and you heard this you would be immediately saying "who the hell are these guys". In somewhat of a weird twist this came out less than a month after Done Dying released a 3 song EP on Irish Voodoo Records titled "Dress For Distress". A combo of these 2 releases would have had 7 songs and would have clocked in at around 11 minutes and would have made for a much meatier debut... so there is some head scratching as to why this happened but hey, there are more songs to go discover now. Reaper Records

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JUDGE, MURPHYS LAW, MANIPULATE@ St. Vitus, Brooklyn, NY October 11, 2013

Manipulate was ok, heavy mid-tempo hardcore that just wasn't brutal enough for my liking. I had a hard time not wanting the mosh parts to be even more dramatic. They got a tempered but positive response. I can see where the same songs would have sounded better with a crazier crowd response but all in all not a bad start to the show.

Then the shocker of the unadvertised openers, Murphy's Law, who were for most of my younger years by far my favorite band, and to me as a young straight-edge kid, Jimmy Gestapo over the years has been nothing but nice and supportive. Dude even came to my undergrad thesis show. Can't say how much Murphy's Law has meant to me over the years. Sadly it seems Todd Youth is out of the band again after a recent short-lived return. Jimmy was backed by Matty and the bassist from Skarhead; a drummer and guitar player, I didn't recognize; an electric banjo player; a saxophonist who also backs Prince; and the other longest standing member of Murphy's Law, good old Raven. They were tight, not mid-nineties tight, but better than I've seen them in years. Jimmy seemed to be in high spirits doing a large part of their set from the dance floor. They did a standard set of oldies, working in two songs from their last album, "Party's Over", which mind you was a while ago, but for a band who plays a set almost entirely from albums recorded, in the eighties, I still think there is a case to be made that the last two records were the best they ever recorded and it's a shame they aren't recording more regularly. The set closed with Civ coming out and joining Jimmy for "Beer Song" and "Straight Edge". It was hard to watch and not get sentimental for Coney Island High and what in retrospect was a golden age for New York Hardcore in the mid-nineties.



Civ (Left) with Jimmy and Murphys Law 10/11/13. Photo by: Carl Gunhouse



Judge @ St. Vitus, 10/11/13. Photo by: Carl Gunhouse

Finally, Judge, playing a small venue with a low stage and no barricade, and if you thought Judge playing a small club or just playing was a possibility last year, I would have said you were nuts. I missed Judge the first time around, so I am assuming they aren't what they were in their younger years, but man, it has been joyous having them back. Having seen all of their return dates on the east coast, this was by far the best of the bunch. Despite the crowd being a who's who of old hardcore heads, there seemed to be more of a younger element than at some of the previous shows or at least it seemed people were more energized. There was a pretty

steady stream of stage divers and a nonstop echo chamber of vocals from the crowd. Nothing but good times. It is also interesting that since they've been back, they've played almost exclusively Black 'N Blue Production shows with New York hardcore bands as openers. Looking back, it seems obvious that Judge could have just as easily been on the "Where The Wild Things Are" comp. as they could have been on "The Way It Is" comp. Still wish there was a little more of an attempt to pair them with some younger, bands like Judge and, say, The Rival Mob, because since they've been back together, I've been downright shocked how many younger hardcore kids I've met who don't know Judge or who are only vaguely familiar with what they sound like. And hell, I just like to see them with a crowd that's going completely apeshit for them when they play.

-Carl Gunhouse

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## MURPHYS LAW



## MURPHY'S LAW

JIMMY GESTAPO IS BACK WITH A BONG  
interview by murf • photo by crash

What was the first Murphy's Law show and what was the line up?

The first Murphy's Law show was New Year's Eve 1982 into 1983 at a place called the Plug Club. This guy George Obolmowski – he used to manage the Yardbirds – owned it. It was this gallery kind of place and it was us, NPC and Reagan Youth. The band was me, Harley Flannigan, Uncle Al and Adam Wootchie playing bass.

Where did you get the name Gestapo?

I didn't get Gestapo, it was blessed upon me.

It's like?

It's a guy named Johnny Feedback, he was the drummer of the band Kraut. He and I went to high school together and we were way into the punk rock thing before the term hardcore, you know ever came about. There was no scene for us cause we were too young and I'm talking 14, 15. And he all of a sudden was like you know you need a name. Like I got Johnny Feedback, you know like Sid Vicious and all that stuff and he's like you know you've got a terrible name and I wound up with Gestapo. You had to get a terrible name?

Well, you know it was like vicious you know, but unfortunately being a stupid kid, you know thinking vicious has no political standings. Gestapo definitely insults and freaks out a lot of people, but I don't acknowledge any of the obvious fascist shit. You know I think that might be the reason that I had a lot of trouble getting anywhere with this music. People definitely judge a book by the cover, but throughout the years and

by word of mouth, you know I'm clear.

What's the hardest NYHC band?!

The hardest one?! Shit!! The hardest NYHC band, WOW!!!! The hardest band, man an old band or a new band?

Say all band right now.

To say all old band, who? A hard band, man. There were some hard facin'

bands. A hard band let me tell you, I'm sick. A scary task. The Psycho.

Agnostic Front.

I mean, Agnostic Front, yeah that's a given. Agnostic Front, Cro-Mags, yeah definitely those are hardest bands for sure. And I would say the Bad Brains had to consider there a OC band cause they came from DC. But I remember they had their time when they had the best, but I would definitely say the hardest band of all time would have to be the Beastie Boys. They without a doubt are the hardest band and they still together. You know it's like a hard band, it's like a hard band, it's like a hard band, I would say Skankhead seems pretty much the hardest, scariest band around.

Did you have many crusty shows this summer?

I had an fuckin' awesome one, Fourth of July.

Yeah, what was going down?

My father exposing his bare belly, hanging out with Joey Ramone, Howiecome, Dier Manstado and Jesse Malin. It was a fabulous event with many people of punk rock stature. I think it was a lot of cowbell. I got the hell out of all of the Murphy's shows and I'll off to another one too. Yeah we had a great time. I cooked for 12 hours straight. I didn't have the grill, ask anyone.

Alright, man. What's up with the new record?

The new record is called *The Party's Over*. It's going to be on our new label NG Records and it's ah, it's a lot of songs. I mean some actual songs and some lyrics and stuff. Not a lot of songs about just been and pof, although some of that's in there too. But we're covering some more topics like the song "Maximum Lie" which is

about Maximum Rock N Roll and a lot of the bullshit that they write about. And a lot of the journalists that attack them have a lot of people and a lot of the things they write about people. You know something about summer heavier topics and also songs about the state of New York right now, how there's nowhere for bands to play and our major laws to control what we do and what we see and the art and what we listen to and how loud music should be and where it should be played. It's a real raw tough situation.

What happened with *Crosses Island High*?

The whole neighborhood just got an order come a lot. They were gonna do a tattoo shop and they were always constantly told we're going to close, all the way they got there now. Now they're going to close. To like that, C.R.S.'s Aren't

do, you know it's not a place that you go and have a good time, you know that place, Cosy Island you could go there.

and drink till the sun comes up, and have a blast, and watch bands and hang out with them. You know there's no venue for that, anymore.

Actually the only place around there's something very respect is The Continental. We're gonna do a show there New Years Eve.

You and Roger I'm gonna do your own tattoo parlor/record store. What inspired you to do that?

We're old and it's time for us to get up there to hang out besides the street. We have tattoos and we like tattoos.

Are you going to be doing *Wax* again?

I'm going to learn. My partner D. Smartz is the shop boss. He is going to start teaching me. But I definitely would like to learn how to tattoo at least a swirl or

something. If a kid wants to come in get a tattoo from

me, I'll be able to do a sketch on him.

What's the easiest place you can access?

Alright, that's a tough call. The Beastie Boys tour, this was the one Ruthless tour, 1987 *Licensed To Ill* tour. We definitely had a license to it. We had four tours.

Murphy's Law, Punktime and the Beastie Boys. We'll roll into town and there would be swarms of kids ready to go nuts. The song was "Fight For Your Right to Party", so everyone was down to party. It was just nuts, just total wavy stupidity. I loved the 80's. It was the best time. When we did that tour, there was never a stop.

There was never stage dive, there was never a show over. People would show up and dive off the stage and come back later.

for writing a nut.

Rock out to Vinny Stigma, The Gloucks, the Dahl All Stars. Hey we've got a website now, it's [www.hardcoretattoo.com](http://www.hardcoretattoo.com). That's got their tattoo shop on it and some Murphy's Law stuff. Kids can email us there. It's 127 Stanton St. between Essex and Mulberry.

Phone number is 212-979-0330. We've got a bunch of people working there that are basically involved with the New York hardcore scene.

MUSIC Juice 41



### MURPHYS LAW

#### Back with a Bong

interview with Jimmy Gestapo

interview by Murf

photo by Crash

What was the first Murphy's Law show and what was the line up?

The first Murphy's Law show was New Year's Eve 1982 into 1983 at a place called the Plug Club. This guy George Obolmowski – he used to manage the Yardbirds – owned it. It was this gallery kind of place and it was us, NPC and Reagan Youth. The band was me, Harley Flannigan, Uncle Al and Adam Wootchie playing bass.

Where did you get the name Gestapo?

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By who?

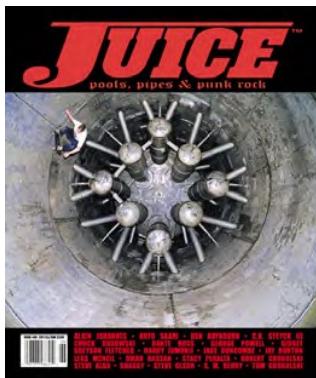
By a guy named Johnny Feedback, he was the drummer of the band Kraut. He and I went to high school together and we were way into the punk rock thing before the term hardcore, you know ever came about. There was no scene for us cause we were too young and I'm talking 14, 15. And he all of a sudden was like you know you need a name. Like I got Johnny Feedback, you know like Sid Vicious and all that stuff and he's like you know you've got a terrible name and I wound up with Gestapo.

You had to get a terrible name!

Well, you know it was like vicious you know, but unfortunately being a stupid kid, you know thinking vicious has no political standings. Gestapo definitely insults and freaks out a lot of people, but I don't acknowledge any of the obvious fascist shit. You know I think that might be the reason that I had a lot of trouble getting anywhere with this music. People definitely judge a book by the cover, but throughout the years and by word of mouth, you know I'm clear.

Who's the hardest NYHC band?

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### Say old band right now.

I'd say an old band, shit. A hard band, man. There were some hard fuckin' bands. A hard band let me think, let me think. A scary band, The Psychos.

### Agnostic.....

I mean, Agnostic Front, yeah that's a given. Agnostic Front, Cro-Mags, yeah definitely those are hardest bands for sure. And I would say the Bad Brains but I consider them a DC band cause they came from DC. But I mean they had their time when they had the belt. But I would definitely say the hardest band of all time would have to be Agnostic Front. Because they withstood the test of time and they're still together. You know, it's definitely Agnostic Front. And as far as new bands are concerned, I would say Skarhead seems pretty much the hardest, scariest band around.

### Did you have many crucial barbeques this summer?

I had an fuckin' awesome one, Fourth of July.

### Yeah, what was going down?

My father exposing his beer belly, hanging out with Joey Ramone, Handsome Dick Manitoba and Jesse Malin. It was a fabulous event with many people of punk rock stature. There was lots of cow cooked. Then I got the view of all the Macy's fireworks and I lit off some of my own too. Yeah we had a good time, I cooked for 12 hours straight. I didn't leave the grill, ask anyone.

### Alright, man. What's up with the new record?

The new record is called The Party's Over, it's going be on our new label NG Records and it's ah, it's a lot of songs. I mean some actual songs and some lyrics and stuff. Not a lot of songs about just beer and pot, although some of that's in there too. But we're covering some more topics like the song "Maximum Lie" which is about Maximum Rock N Roll and a lot of the bullshit that they write about. And a lot of the judgmental attitude they have on a lot of people and a lot of the negative things they write about people. Y'know we're touching a part of some heavier topics and also songs about the state of New York right now. How there's nowhere for bands to play and our mayor tries to control what we do and what we see and the art and what we listen to and how loud music should be and where it should be played. It's a real real tough situation.

### What happened with Coney Island High?

The whole neighborhood just got on their case a lot#. They ran into a lot of financial difficulties cause they were always constantly tied up going to court, so that's the way they got them. Now these no place to go like that. CBGB's doesn't do, y'know it's not a place that you go and have a good time. You know that place; Coney Island you could go there and drink till the sun came up, and have a blast, and watch bands and hang out with them. You know there's no venue for that anymore. Actually the only place around that's showing any respect is The Continental. We're playing there New Year's Eve.

### You and Roger (AF) opened your own tattoo parlor/record store. What inspired you to do that?

We're old and it's time for us to get a place to hang out besides the street. We have tattoos and we like tattoos.

### Are you going to be doing any inking?

I'm going to learn. My partner D. Swartz is the shop boss. He is going to start teaching me. But I definitely would like to learn how to tattoo at least a skull or something. If a kid wants to come in get a tattoo from me I'll be able to do a skull on him.

### What's the wildest show you ever played?

That's a tough call. The Beastie Boys tour, this was the pre Buddhist days, 1987 Licensed To Ill tour. We definitely had a license to ill. We had four buses, Murphys Law, Fishbone and the Beastie Boys. We'd roll into town and there would be swarms of kids ready to go nuts. The song was "Fight for Your Right to Party", so everyone was down to party, it was just nuts. Just total young stupidity. I loved the 80's, it was the best time. When we did that tour, there was never a pit at an arena. There was never stage diving, then we'd show up and me and Angelo from Fishbone would show up and dive off the stage and cops would arrest us for inciting a riot.

### Shout outs.

Shout outs to Vinnie Stigma, the Glowskulls, the Dub All Stars. Hey we've got a website now, it's www.hardcorenyc.com. That's got the tattoo shop on it and some Murphys Law stuff. Kids can email us there. It's 127 Stanton St. between Essex and Norfolk. Phone number is 212-979-0350. We've got a bunch of people working there that are basically involved with the New York hardcore scene.

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# PETER BLAUNER



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In life—though not in fiction—I think nostalgia is probably an itch best not scratched too vigorously. But this morning, I got an email telling me that a magazine article I wrote more than twenty years ago has found its way onto the Internet, along with a clip from a shambolic television appearance that followed on the *Donahue* show.

Certain memories were roused, like hungover prisoners asleep in the holding pen.

Back in 1986, I was an unsightly little coffee stain in the corner of the creamy-white menu of urban delights offered by *New York* magazine. As anyone who's read even a page of one of my books can attest, I was singularly unsuited to write for a publication which typically ran cover stories on "Restaurant Madness" and "Spring Fashion." Nevertheless, the people in charge were kind enough to tolerate me for a while and after several years spent scrounging at the bottom of the barrel I was given an opportunity to write an actual feature.

One of the senior editors, Peter Herbst, spotted an upper-middle class family dining at an East Side restaurant accompanied by a creature in a dyed Mohawk who turned out to be their son. Peter saw the germ of a story there and asked if I'd be interested in following up on it. What he had in mind was a sort of 80s version of a famous story that had run in *New York* the previous decade called "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night," which was the basis of the film *Saturday Night Fever*.

W  
en-eyed readers might by then have noticed what the article's author Nik Cohn later admitted: that the story was a total fraud. It purported to be about the disco scene in 1970s Brooklyn, but most of the lingo used blatantly came from the mod scene in Swinging London circa 1965. *I am the face.* Sure, that sounds like Bensonhurst.

I decided I was more comfortable operating in what those in the computer world and the White House might call "the reality-based community." In other words, since it was my first—and probably my last—shot to make it as a writer, I had to be able to produce actual living people and prove my story was true after I turned it in.

So I found myself in front of CBGB's, the legendary punk club on the Bowery, one cold Sunday afternoon in January. There was a "hardcore matinee" of local bands playing inside, and the sidewalk was jammed with skinheads, skate punks, suburban cast-offs, runaways, poseurs, and of course kids who hadn't entirely made up their minds what they were.

I was twenty-six then and I felt as out of place as any of them. It wasn't that the setting was unfamiliar. I'd grown up in the city and had been to the club dozens of times in the 70s, when my brother worked with the psychobilly outfit, the Cramps, and introduced me to the music of Television, the Ramones, the Patti Smith Group and all the rest. My discomfort was more internal. More than anything in the world, I wanted to be a writer and I felt I was failing. I couldn't get out of my own head and I couldn't get in the magazine. Something had locked up inside me, keeping me from making contact with the outside world and writing about it. I needed someone, as Kafka said, to take an axe to the frozen sea.

So I stood there with the kids milling around me, knowing I had to find a way to marshal my resources and find a story among them. Right about that moment—and this is the truth—there was a scream from the midst of the crowd and a hefty young skinhead in a sleeveless denim jacket stumbled toward the curb, clutching his bloody hand.

"Bags bit his finger off!" someone yelled. "You fucking believe that?"

People crowded around the victim. A police car showed up. Names were taken. Rumors were started. Fiery oaths were sworn. I looked around and at the fringe of the crowd I saw a girl with close-cropped hair and the same kind of plaid shirt that every other kid there was wearing. But there was something open and disarming in her expression, and for some reason I turned to her with my notebook and said:

"Hey."

That young woman, who'd come into the city that morning on the LIRR, became one of the main subjects in the story I'd eventually write. Her little journey from the suburbs to the heart of the city hardcore scene became a sort of narrative about growing up in the Reagan era. I owe both her and her parents a debt of gratitude and possibly an apology for exposing her that way (I'm not using her name here, because it's twenty-one years later and wherever she is now, she's more than entitled to her privacy). Because that story eventually made it possible for me to make a living as a writer.

Not that I had intended to make her the main focus of the article in the first place. I was more interested in the truly marginal kids in the scene, the ones sleeping in Tompkins Square Park, raising pitbulls and surviving on their wits. The kind of people in other words I often write about (and in truth, sometimes indirectly identify with) in my novels. If my memory serves, I met Roger from Agnostic Front after that first matinee and thought he'd be a great person to focus on—an edgy character to be sure, kind of funny, lewd, and politically provocative. I went out for curry with him, his girlfriend and some of the other guys in the group. Over a beer, he casually remarked that it was hard for them to hold on to a drummer, because the ones they played with were usually either too lousy to keep a beat or too good to stay in a group like theirs for long. He already had a lot of tattoos and in a quiet moment he admitted having second thoughts about certain future opportunities that might be foreclosed because of them.

Later, we went to some kind of crazy little club between Avenues C and D where we walked in just as a skinhead girl was taking her shirt off to a reggae tune on a makeshift stage. A big short-haired lesbian—well, I think she was a lesbian—ran up and started to grope her. And then another woman jumped up and decked her with one punch, and then sat down to finish her beer.

All of that was a little much for *New York* magazine (though not for me!). So no Agnostic Front. Instead, I ended up writing about an older girl who'd been on the scene for a while, someone who had affluent parents, a private school education, and a boyfriend in a band called Murphy's Law who called himself Jimmy Gestapo (and who later became a writer herself). I braided her narrative with the one about the younger girl and included some scenes explicating the science of stage-diving, slam-dancing, 'zines, and a group called Doggy Style. Those were the days, my friend.

I actually really liked going to the shows and talking to some of the kids. The music wasn't always to my taste, but I loved their passionate identification with it, the way they literally threw themselves into it, body and soul. I loved the idea of a bunch of misfits finding each other in those pre-Internet days through letters and magazines, through their commitment to hardcore and their mutual alienation from the mainstream. I wasn't too crazy about the mainstream myself in those days (or really these days either), having had my fill of Ronald Reagan, junk bonds, Revlon ads, and the most boring man in America, Donald Trump, at *New York*. What I didn't love was some of the politics that came out of the scene, especially the virulent racism. Any halfway decent reporter knows his or her job is to shut up and take notes. But on at least one occasion that comes to mind, I had to stop an interview with a moron skinhead and his tiny-brained girlfriend because they had nothing to say beyond baiting me with the dreariest clichés of anti-Semitism.

On the other hand, there were some truly risible moments. I particularly liked the way one group called Warzone introduced every song, "Wahh-

zone, Old School style" or "Wahhzone, reggae style," and then jackhammered away at pretty much the same tempo on every number. They could've gone on. *Wahzone, with a touch of the Cole Porter magic. Wahzone with sort of like a Polynesian influence, like, you know, early Don Ho, but not so mainland-influenced..."*

Anyway, the story came out and all seemed well, at first. The reader response was good and the editors were happy. The older girl in the story called the day after it hit the stands and told me it was the best thing ever written about hardcore. Her only complaint was that I referred to her as a "young woman," rather a "girl" in the story (you never know.) But then the mood changed. Some time over the next few days, she decided she hated the story. It made her look like a social climber. Her friends hated it too, she said. And most of all, they hated me.

By then, the magazine publicist had received a phone call from media heaven. The *Donahue* show—that era's *Oprah*—had decided to devote an hour to the subject of hardcore. I was invited to appear, along with some of the subjects of my story. With just a little hesitation, I accepted, perhaps thinking of the advice of (I think) Gore Vidal, who said that there are two things that one must whenever asked: have sex and appear on TV.

So I arrived at the NBC studios at 30 Rockefeller Plaza at the appointed time and was shown to the set of *Donahue*. There, I found the audience liberally salted with my antagonist's friends, various angry skinheads, hardcore kids, asterisk heads, Crumbsuckers and Cro Mags (the last two were hardcore groups).

In a state of high excitement. one of *Donahue*'s producers took me aside and said: "Now remember: This is your chance. Don't be afraid to interrupt! Speak up! Don't wait for your turn!"

Even then—and this was before the era of O'Reilly and Hannity—I knew I was supposed to be baring my teeth and growling like a Rottweiler.

I took my seat on the panel wearing the one suit I owned, a hundred dollar poplin number bought on sale, and found myself looking out at a hostile crowd, sitting near Jimmy Gestapo, the girl who hated me, and another guest.

The results are easily viewable on YouTube and have popped up in assorted other places on the web. You'll hear me loudly booed and passionately denounced as "a dick" on the air (I don't know if that was a first). I'm afraid I wasn't at my best that day. I probably took it all a little too seriously. And frankly, after a certain point in the yelling and screaming, I got sort of bored because the conversation wasn't going anywhere.

What you won't see on YouTube is that same producer running out between commercial breaks to implore me to be more aggressive in interrupting other guests, while as soon as we got back on the air Phil

keeps holding his hand up and insisting we give each other a chance to be heard. *Speak up! Shut up! Stand up! Sit down!*

Anyway, the show ended with more of a whimper than a bang and the guests were asked to come to the green room afterwards for a few last words with Phil. So there I was alone in the room with Jimmy Gestapo and his still-seething inamorata. After a few tense minutes of silence, Phil himself came in and—I kid you not—delivered a scorching tirade that left the hardcore kids speechless. The gist of it was—and again I'm relying on my faltering memory: *You idiots! You blew it! I gave you a golden opportunity and you behaved like morons! You should be ashamed of yourselves!* And so on and so forth.

Having expressed his Johnny Rotten-like fury to the fullest, he abruptly departed, leaving us alone in the room once more. We looked at each other for a moment and then Jimmy after making sure *Donahue* was down the hall and well out of earshot said *sotto voce* "well, fuuck yooooou!"

I started to leave, but then a production assistant ran up and implored me to wait for the NBC limo to take me back to my office. That seemed to be an especially inappropriate mode of transportation for someone who'd just written a story about hardcore, but she was quite insistent and acted as if her job was at stake.

I walked through the revolving doors and out into a spring afternoon in New York. The limo was at the curb and the driver was holding the back door open for me. I guess in an 80s movie this would be the moment when the main character knows he's really arrived. But the fact was, I knew I didn't belong back in a magazine office. I wasn't cut out to write cover stories about Donald Trump or Calvin Klein, or really to celebrate the "achievements" of any of the overdogs of the world. On the other hand, I couldn't pretend I was still a kid rolling around in the gutter. On the sidewalk, a few yards away, people from the hardcore crowd were still roaming around aimlessly, with no music to provide catharsis. They started to turn on each other, forgetting me altogether, and I was later told that somebody whipped out a bicycle chain and began hitting people with it.

I think I was probably gone by then. Further adventures lay ahead. I'd just started seeing the woman I'd later marry; novels and children and many other ups and downs were in the future. Needless to say, I didn't

get in the Lincoln Town Car that afternoon. I just nodded to the driver and left it there—and if the *Donahue* people want to bitch about it now, they certainly know where to find me. I felt like walking anyway. I'd like to believe some kid who was there in an Agnostic Front t-shirt could have used the ride more than I did.

The New York Times

**Music**

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**VIEW PERFORMANCE SCHEDULE****Music for Final Hours, Set to Primal Beats**

Pop Picks for New Year's Eve in New York

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**MURPHY'S LAW, URBAN WASTE** New York hardcore, 1982 to 1985. Murphy's Law, from Lower Manhattan, played fast songs about beer, partying and rule breaking. Wherever the band saw piety, it went the other way, even going so far as to sing a pro-Reagan song ("California Pipeline") to nominally lefty audiences. Urban Waste, from Queens, played faster songs about police hassles and nonconformity: a doomsday band, with a little party on the side. Murphy's Law never really ended, meeting nostalgic needs, getting a little into the ska-punk thing, giggling from time to time. Urban Waste made one great seven-inch EP and broke up, but remained influential; the San Francisco punk band Ceremony recently recorded a cover of "Public Opinion," 29 years after the original. They're both back, with one original member each: Murphy's Law's singer Jimmy Gestapo and Urban Waste's Johnny Waste. With Zombie Fight, Skum City, Death to Slater, and Sewage. At 8 p.m., the Trash Bar, 256 Grand Street, between Driggs Avenue and Roebling Street, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, (718) 599-1000, [thetrashbar.com](http://thetrashbar.com); \$12. (Ben Ratliff)

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Drummer Spotlight with Dug “The Mouth” from Hardcore Pioneers Murphy’s Law; Album Reissues on the way and return to Europe Summer 2014!

Nov. 26th 2013



*Drummers always get a bum rap. Why is that? Ever seen a good band with a shitty drummer? No. Know why? BECAUSE THEY DON'T EXIST.*

*Drummers rule! We hit stuff, get peoples' butts shaking, and ultimately determine whether or not the band is going to perform well. You CANNOT have a solid band without a solid drummer, so this column is for the hitters.*

Today, we give praise to Dug “The Mouth,” drummer for one of the Legends of NYHC and punk music and the best party hardcore bands to ever grace the stage, Jimmy G and [Murphy’s Law](#)! In between beers, BBQ’s, and nonstop debauchery, Dug also occasionally runs the rhythm section for these NYHC legends, so it’s only fitting that we pay homage. It’s a fun read!

Best part? MURPHY'S LAW HAS REISSUES ON THE WAY RIGHT HERE. SO



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The advertisement features a purple background with yellow borders. At the top left is the band name "MURPHY'S LAW" in large green, stylized letters. To the right is the text "EXCLUSIVE LIMITED PRE-ORDERS!" in yellow. Below the text are several items: a green vinyl record with the band's logo on the cover; a grey t-shirt with "MURPHY'S LAW" printed on it; a grey t-shirt with a circular graphic that includes the text "NEW YORK HARDCORE EST. 1984"; and a CD case with the same artwork as the vinyl. A small stack of white cards with the band's logo is also shown. The bottom half of the ad contains promotional text in yellow and white.





Interview:

**G- How long have you been playing drums and when did you get started?**

D- If you ask my mom, she says 2 years old. I grew up with my dad doing live sound for Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus. I had a little plastic drum I banged on all day long. The reason they got it is because I guess I was fucking up her iron skillets and my mother the hippy was not ok with that.

But I was classically trained. (I took) lessons from the age of around 6 through college (and) learned how to read and write music for a year before I was allowed to play with the actual drums. It's cool though, because my uncle had sold my father a 1960's Rogers pit kit (he played in pit orchestras,) so I still got bang things. My mother said the first years were "tough," but when I moved out she said she missed the sound of that "awful fucking noise. At least you got good quick!"

**G- How long have you been playing professionally and what was your first project?? Do you remember the moment that you really felt that drum performance was your calling?**

D- I'd like to think when I graduated High School and got a full ride to SUNY Purchase. I was the "loser skater kid" and I went to go skate at the college, and ended up having an audition. Before my senior year ended (and without even filling out paperwork) I was accepted. I thought that was hilarious. Everyone was so jealous! I was stoked I could go to school where I had my favorite skate spot!!! I never wanted to go, but I guess...

When I was 18-19, I was playing in a local CT Punk band called The Board Lords and a guy came up to me at this little dive bar and handed me a sheet of paper that said "Europe Dates" and asked if I wanted to go. I don't even know if I realized I'd be playing with a member of one of my favorite bands, Agnostic Front's Jimmy Colletti. Before I was 21, I traveled all over Europe with a side project of his called Loved and Hated. Right Place, Right Time I guess. That's as far as the stories go, except this is when I got to see my first soccer riot and in front of a few thousand people somewhere in Germany, all of a sudden "BANG BANG," and all these fucking fireworks went off. And I felt like I was in Kiss! I almost fucked up because no one even warned me about shit like that.

Now, thanks to and Jimmy G., I'm prepared for everything in Murphy's Law. Although him lighting fire works would be a frightful site. The man can aim a gun, so I would assume a huge fire cannon wouldn't be a problem. There's always the New Years Show!

**G- Are you working on any releases right now? When will you be heading back to the studio or on the road? Can you tell us about the projects you currently have in the works?**

D- [Murphy's Law](#) fans have patiently waited 10 years. Some bands feel the need to just do an album. We don't. However, things have come together and it's time.

"Why don't you have new shit?!?!" to which we said "Because the song you just heard that you danced your ass off too and love it 30 years later right? We already wrote "THE BEER" song, how can top that? go write one, it ain't easy!" Yes though we are and its gonna be great.

At the time, I had joined the band as a bass player (which I'd never done before,) but I had passed an opportunity to play with ML 10 years earlier and always wondered. Anyways, a Friday rolled around and they threw me on the drums and (lets just say) told me "You don't need to pick up a guitar again, seriously put it down.... You don't need that" It's become a big joke.

**G- And given the lengthy history and long list of drummers who've played with Murphy's Law in the past, how did you get the gig?**

D- I lost a bet to Jimmy G. which involved some stuff we don't remember in San Diego, California and I had to get his name tattooed (which I did and I still don't have any idea why I did it.) One day, I ran into his guitarist and we hit it off, sent Jimmy G. the picture and called me back going "Holy crap you actually did that! Ha! You're an idiot!"

Next thing you know, I was playing bass for him 4 weeks later, and still going. It's getting better. I guess an instrument you've played 3 months that you suck at plus one you've done for 25 years makes a band solid.

**G- How does international performance compare with your performances stateside, both in terms of how you play and the audience reaction?**

D- You never know. Japan was crazy but they never applaud; They'll just go to 5 shows in a row. Poland, kids waited in poverty stricken towns to come see you for months and they hang from rafters and worship you. It's humbling to me.

**G- Do you have any warm up tips or regiments that you do before playing? How about injuries you've sustained while playing drums?**

D- I suffered a broken neck apparently while playing and since then, I'm very particular. I stretch in some gross corner for at least 20 minutes. If I forget the next day, my back could be thrown out for days. Everyone is replaceable... Have you seen the list of people I am following now?! It's a map to Punk music from NYHC. I follow a lot of great names, so I'm trying to keep this back outta trouble.

D- I'm pretty lucky. I got to play a Black Flag song with Murphy's Law, a guy from the Misfits, and the guy that wrote the song "Six Pack." That's pretty rad, if you ask me. I get to play with my idols from growing up, watching all these bands as a kid at the Anthrax in Norwalk or The Globe Theater.

I've played with guys legendary in their work with Jamaican Reggae on literally 10 minutes notice (and I'd never even heard the dude's music before.) I've been able to play with Wu-tang's Raze up, to playing for Dave Mustaine who sat there telling me "I was amazing!" All I said was "You wrote Kill 'Em All." But playing with a legend everyday is the ultimate for me. I am looking forward to the summer festivals in Europe with some friends I haven't played with, and also some friends I have played in this band with!

**G- Are there any bands or artists that you hope to share a bill with in the future?**

D- I'm pretty lucky. I got to play a Black Flag song with Murphy's Law, a guy from the Misfits, and the guy that wrote the song "Six Pack." That's pretty rad, if you ask me. Then all of a sudden I'm playing our Beer song with the infamous CIV from the Gorilla biscuits singing (a non-drinker his whole life. Ironic much?) and then we did Straight Edge with Jimmy singing that! My favorite was no one knew we were playing we were the special guest at an intimate show in brooklyn with Judge. I get to play with my idols from growing up, watching all these bands as a kid at the Anthrax in Norwalk or The Globe Theater in CT or opening for Murphys law at the continental as a 16 year old kid. Its a trip.



**G- What is the craziest or most memorable show that you have played to date? Where was it and what was it like?**

Thats how you learn real quick it's work too, not always a party. We've never cancelled a show. We played during the hurricane last year too.... 3 people pay, you play thats how Murphy's Law goes. And we are proud of it. That's why there's never been a Murphy's Reunion, Jimmy has never stopped.

**G- Lastly, what advice can you give some of the young, up and coming bands everywhere who want to make it in music, on the road, and as a professional musician?**

D- Don't be a moron (like I can be.) Shut your mouth and watch people that are obviously better, or just the same, or worse. And shut up. I'm still working on the last part. I guess I'm forever Dug "The Mouth". (I'm always wrong about something I thought I knew)

your ass and do what you love. The day it isn't fun, go home. Let someone who is still having fun do it.

This isn't some Hollywood movie. I'm in a van with 8 guys running to Boston to play a club, and we're speeding to make sure we get there. It doesn't matter how many people are there waiting... I know that we're going to have a great time, laugh, and hopefully I get to do it again. I wouldn't trade being in Murphy's Law for anything, at least nothing I can think of real quick cause my battery is dying.

Kids don't recognize what history is until you live with it. I'm a lucky asshole. I still have my day job, but next week I get to play drums in for 150,000 people. You gotta actually work hard, or you don't get the gig. And once you're there you gotta keep getting better. It's worth it. I bet you didn't know that the toilet seats in Japan are the greatest in the world, and that they have the most superior ice in their bars.

I've learned more about the business and even how to work a crowd from a drummer's stand point just from watching Jimmy. He's a legend but a great teacher and a better friend. Trust me I am not trying to kiss ass either, I really mean it.

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