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Sic Fucks

I suppose there's certain sense to be made of the fact that a punk band that would threaten to hook my attention (as opposed to just making me say, hey, that's cool, but not really get into it) would be a band called Sic Fucks. For a while, I've had a respect, admiration and fascination of sorts with punk. It's rawness, it's unvarnished summoning of the pure spirit of rock-n-roll has a visceral appeal - but yet I've never been able to really call myself a fan of the genre. I have broad tastes and even broader respect for the varieties of music out there, yet within that spectrum are a few, specific points - those are the points where I become hooked on music. Slayer has held me at a spot. Korn, believe it or not, is doing so now. Etc. etc. etc. Here the Sic Fucks make a valiant attempt to do so. Listening, I can't necessarily pick out any shocking differences between this raw-ass punk band and any other (though there is the fun of two female vocalists and a male vocalist, all creating their cacophonous textures, along with the brash instrumental work). But these guys, beneath the fucking I don't give a fuck attitude - are fun! Yep, they're fun. Come on, who else would turn the first minute of their cover of The Ramones "Blitzkrieg Bop" into a grit-fuck slow fizz knuckle-drag of a molasses jazz smoky club swing-groove? The Sic Fucks, that's who. So am I glad they hooked back up for this show? Yeah, so they could maybe hook me. We'll see.