

you heard rumors it was good, but when it comes down to it, sometimes the song titles seal the deal. Such is the case with Boston's Lock and Key. "Clusterfuck" caught my eye, as did "Crutches" and the last song, "Provocation." Clearly, they thought about what one word would be the lure for the song, and for anyone who writes creatively, you know how hard that is. But they chose eye-catchers that compliment their music well. Lyrically, they're able to use well-worn song topics (broken relationships, regret, anger) and associate them with refreshing, concise metaphors without sounding trite or adolescent. "My heart is weak like an overrun horse/it needs a chance to breathe/rethink," (from "Clusterfuck.") They definitely utilize that whole "screaming while guitars riff out behind me" approach, but it works. Overall, *No Fate* is a strong album of the power-punk persuasion.—Kerry Donoghue



**PULLEY
MATTERS
EPITAPH**

☆☆☆☆

If the glistening, life-nurturing rays of the sun were able to radiate sound, I'm sure the joyous melodies of Pulley would be produced. Ya see, Pulley generates a giddy abundance of blissful pop punk harmonies that's more fun than an afternoon of making out with your girlfriend in a field of cool, wet grass. I'm uncontrollably tingling from the sheer, vibrant exhilaration of it, and now all I wanna do is giggle with glee like a little, Kool-Aid-gulping kid.—Roger Moser, Jr.



**V/A
WHAT THE PUNK 2
MVD DVD SAMPLER
MVD**

☆☆☆☆

I don't go around chit-chatting with DVD companies so I don't know who all is out there doing cool things, but Music Video Distributors is one company that I know for a FACT has been releasing lots of fantastic DVDs in recent months—GG Allin, Bad Religion, Meat Puppets, Dead Kennedys, and so on and so forth. This particular disc is a budget-priced sampler so you can enjoy just quick little snippets of 22 different releases from such punk GODS as those I just listed, as well as DOA, Wesley Willis, Psychic TV, Butthole Surfers, Weirdos, Germs and Circle Jerks. You also get to see snippets from a few non-music releases: the awesome interview disc *Hey Is Dee Dee Home* and two ridiculous-looking cult movies called *Desperate Teenage Lovedolls* and *Jesus Christ Vampire Hunter*. Folks with short attention spans might actually be better off buying this thing than the actual full-length releases!—Mark Prindle



**V/A
THE GEARHEAD RECORDS
THINGMAKER
GEARHEAD**

☆☆☆☆

If you want to be thoroughly jolted by the best of today's cranked-to-the-max garage rock noise enthusiasts, then this here smokin', killer-cool compilation is the place to start. Such musically disruptive luminaries as Riverboat Gamblers, The Dragons, NRA, New Bomb Turks, The Hives, Lazy Cowgirls, Million Dollar Marxists, The Turbo A.C.'s, The Hellcopters, The Hunches, and plenty more deliver a sonic, jaw-breakin' punch that's guaranteed to loosen your teeth and knock you flat out on the floor. Gearhead never fails to dispense the goods, and *ThingMaker* is their most outrageously fitful effort yet. I'm speechless and amazed to the point of open-mouthed awe, and that just doesn't happen very often, folks!—Roger Moser, Jr.

INDIE, ROCK, MISC



**BILLY BUTCHERS
PENNY DREADFUL
OUTLAW**

☆☆☆☆

As soon as the opening chords of the first guitar lick hammered though my earphones from Billy Butcher, I immediately thought of David Wilcox. See, Mr. Wilcox was Canada's rock guitar god in the early to mid '80s who was constantly fuelled by moonshine and cocaine. Musically, his pure blues-driven guitar rock couldn't be touched. And that's where Billy Butcher comes in. This band is pure dirty blues rock 'n' roll. There is no posing, no prissing, no b.s., just pure raunchy rock 'n' roll. This is the type of music that blasts out of Mopars on a hot August night, not some pimped out rice rocket with neon underbelly lighting. This ain't your daddy's blues. Man, this is more evil. Think of Satan playing a Gibson Les Paul Classic Double Cut, and you're there.—Brad Mitchell



**DTS
HARD FIXED
ESTRUS**

☆☆☆☆

The DTs are one of those bands that'd sound right at home on a rickety roadhouse stage surrounded by chicken wire and lots of drunken, cruisin'-for-a-bruisin' attitude. A sassy, struttin' vocalist belts it out like a snarling and sensuous combination of Janis Joplin, Tina Turner, and Bonnie Raitt while a swampy, smokin' guitar slithers, crunches, and bites its way through a sweat-drenched array of