

Music on the Small Screen

By Kurt Brighton

The Queers—The Queers Are Here
MVD Entertainment

Aged cheese is good; aged wine is better; aged scotch is the best.

But aging rock bands? Generally speaking they become a parody of themselves sooner rather than later. There's a certain youthful dumbness and exuberance required in order to make high-quality music that almost inevitably ebbs away as the jadedness and cash pile up.

So when a band introduces a video by proclaiming its 25th anniversary—a surf-punk band no less—buyer beware.

Unless it's The Queers. Joe King—aka Joe Queer—has been doing this for a while, it's true, but on *The Queers Are Here* he still plays like the kid who founded the band a quarter century ago. Perhaps his secret is that he's really only 14 years old or so, based on the maturity level of the songs he writes. The band has a ball playing rude, hilarious songs like "This Place Sucks," "Ursula Finally Has Tits," "Fagtown" and "Brush Your Teeth."

And playing live, the band—despite more personnel changes than the Colorado Rockies in the off-season—still brings it. King is a maniac onstage, a thrashing monster of a man wedded to his guitar, shrieking out his silly songs with a perfect mixture of humor and fury. *The Queers Are Here* could serve as a good lesson to bands like The Police and the Rolling Stones about what's really important: it's the music, stupid, and the love you have for it.

Not the paycheck.

