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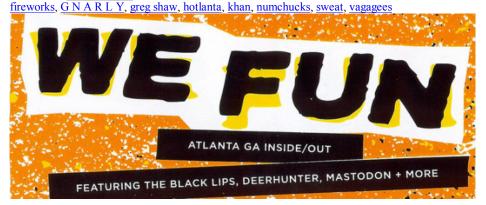
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WE FUN

By

Frankenstein's Monster

Published: May 27, 2010Posted in: featured, movies, reviews Tags: bbq, black lips, bomp, crotches, financials C. N.A. P. L. V. gras show bottomto liberary purpolables greatly progressive transposes.



"...I make'em a little bit wet in the fuckin' crotch."

-Tom Cheshire, Editor, Atlanta Scene-Guy, Obvious Alcoholic

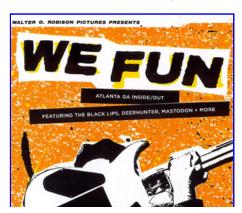
P's Take: Remember when you were a kid and you decided when you grew up you were gonna straight do EXACTLY what you wanted? Eat an all Oreo diet and have numchuks in every fucking room of the house, steady numchuks everywhere? Well, how is that working out for you? How many numchuks you have on you like, right now? Fucking none? Well...

In Atlanta everybody got em. See, last week me and T watched "WE FUN", a doc about the Atlanta rock scene. The doc opens with King Khan typically not clothed, gutted like a toddler and Black Lips' Jared up in Jared's childhood bedroom with a group of various no-goods. Everybody is stoned, drunk and stupid. One chick is topless and some nerd in the corner is flipping a butterfly knife. Awesome

The doc follows the scene and make a case for it, but the bands don't seem to have much in common. Baby Shakes is a (mostly) hot Japanese girl band, Deerhunter is a suck Sigur Ros ripoff, Carbonas are basically a hardcore band and Mourdella has a girl who shoots fire from her sugar walls. Again awesome. What unites these Southern slackers, hipsters, douche bags, hot freaks et. al is their enjoyment of a good time.

In the doc we are told that Greg Shaw of Bomp! Records (Bomp, we are still waiting for free stuff) emailed the Black Lips just before signing them urging that they avoid the "Atlanta Syndrome", the desire for bands from there to ignore the rest of the world and just play house parties in Hotlanta. So the Lips took their shit on the road, blew up and brought attention to what had been going on in their hometown for some time. Now everybody's paying attention and throwing money (not much, but some) at oddballs who would have been doing their thing anydamnway.

And that really is why I liked the film. I didn't like half the bands in it cause they suck. Not even subjectively, most of them bands suck in a scientifically provable fashion. But they straight be having parties and setting off firecrackers and doing what they want, paid, broke, young, middle-aged, good or suck, no matter what. You gotta hand it to them, they decided they were gonna stay 16 and stay home and the world came to them, suckas. And I'm pretty sure they got all kinds a numchuks.



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