



MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL REVIEWS #515

APRIL 2026

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MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

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This issue contains 88 reviews, contributed by:

Matt Casteel	Sir Bobos
João Seixas	Jason Harding
Willis Schenk	Nick Odorizzi
D. Gregory	Ben Marshall
Seth McBurney	Erika Elizabeth
Tony Party	Luke Henley
Romain Basset	Eric Anderson
Daniel Z.	Emma Miller
Alex Howell	Tim Janchar
Jake Joyce	
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THE COUNTERFORCE

This zine digest was compiled and laid out by The Counterforce.

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V/A – Future Left Behind LP

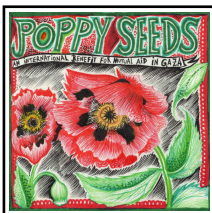
A diverse overview of D.C.'s current hardcore/punk/alternative scene that works better on paper than in practice. User mileage will vary, and while there's a lot of good stuff to be found here (BRAIN TOURNIQUET, GRAND SCHEME, LAUGHING CORPSE, and PRAY TO BE SAVED amongst others), there's also some not-so-good stuff. I appreciate giving space to a variety of styles, but unfortunately, this one's a little too uneven.



Reviewer: Eric Anderson
Label: Second Street

V/A – Poppy Seeds: An International Benefit for Mutual Aid in Gaza cassette

This benefit tape is the newest in a series of beautifully designed, community-organized mutual aid projects supporting the people of Palestine. Of course, the cause is as urgent as possible, the funds go directly to the Gaza Soup Kitchen, and the music is excellent. Go buy it! The tracklist hosts an incredible lineup of international punk luminaries, including mostly rare and unreleased songs from heavy-hitters like the EX, MEKONS, SHAKTI, NAPE NECK, POISON RUIN, and many more. Sonically, the mix flows well, leaning heavily on melodic peace punk with a few ragers and eggy tunes (hey, BILLIAM) for good measure. This comp was organized by Rachel of the DISSIDENTS and dedicated to her husband, bandmate, and punk lifer Bill Chamberlain, who tragically passed in 2025. R.I.P. Bill, free Palestine, get this tape.



Reviewer: Nick Odorizzi
Label: self-released

VIPERS – Way Out EP

There must be something in the water in Buffalo, and whatever it is, it's responsible for some of the best hardcore in recent years—this is no exception. VIPERS feature members of COKE BUST, SCIENCE MAN, and BROWN SUGAR, and I am stoked to say they sound nothing like any of those bands! It's menacing hardcore punk delivered at breakneck speed with intense vocals and a dash of straight-up rock'n'roll guitar-playing. "Preferia" sounds like SOA colliding with early SEPULTURA, topped off with a guitar solo that would make Wayne Kramer proud. "Coxinha Motherfuckers" is a standout for me, blending CIRCLE JERKS-style riffage under a savage scream of "I have no patience / Coxinha Motherfuckers / You're driving me *insannne*."



I thought he was talking about chicken! Absolutely bonkers. Play it loud!

Reviewer: Sir Bobos
Label: Broken Skull / Feral Kid / Swimming Faith / Under Shows

WHITEPICKETFENCE – Regret. EP

Sonically undulating, turbulent at times, calm at times, with a changing pace, width, and depth reflecting the Delaware River. Each of the single-word song titles cast a quiet, brooding sorrow that mirrors the melancholy desperation of the songs that, at times, stab through the blanket of ache they've created to disrupt the whole feel from dull sorrow to jarring heat. I don't think I've ever said this (ever, at all, ever-never-ever), but I think the songs could be five-to-seven minutes longer. This is a fucking great record if this is the kinda thing you are into. I really dig it.



Reviewer: Tony Party
Label: Exotic Fever

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Maximum Rocknroll Radio is a weekly radio show and podcast featuring DIY punk, garage rock, hardcore, and more from around the world. Our rotating cast of DJs picks the best of the best from our astounding, ever-growing vinyl archive—55,000 records and counting!

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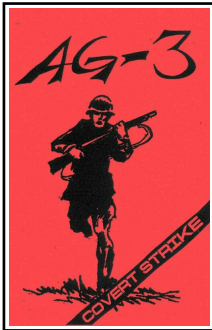
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- **CJSF**, 90.1FM in Burnaby, BC, Canada Fridays at 5:00 am and Wednesday nights (Thursday morning) at 1:00 am
- **CKDU**, 88.1FM in Halifax, NS, Canada Sundays at 3:00 am
- **Free Radio Santa Cruz**, 101.3 FM in Santa Cruz, CA Mondays at 1:30 pm and Fridays 10:00 am – noon
- **Freies Sender Kombinat (FSK)**, 93.0 FM / 101.4 Cable in Hamburg, Germany and streamed online Monday nights (Tuesday morning) at 12:00 am
- **KBGA-FM**, 89.9 FM in Missoula, MT Fridays at 11:00 pm
- **KCSB-FM**, 91.9 FM in Santa Barbara, CA Fridays at 5:00 am
- **KZUM-FM**, 89.3 FM in Lincoln, NE Sunday nights (Monday morning) at 1:00 am Airing MRR Radio in Lincoln since 1983! Cheers to Rich D.
- **KBOG**, 97.9 FM in Bandon, OR Saturday nights (Sunday morning) at 1:00 am
- **KFCF**, 88.1 FM from Merced to Delano Monday at 1:00 am and streamed online
- **KRAK-FM**, 91.3 in Kansas City Thursday at 10:00 pm and streamed online
- **Política y Rockanroll Radio**, 106.7 FM in Sonora, Mexico Wednesday at 11:00pm (Pacific and Mountain Time)
- **Radio Almaina**, 107.1 FM in Granada, Spain Mondays at 11:00 pm and Thursdays at 3:00 am
- **Radio Blau**, 99.2 FM in Leipzig, Germany and streamed online Friday at 11:00 pm (CET)
- **Radio Mutation** Garage Punk Pirate Radio Podcast Network
- **Radio Valencia** Sunday nights (Monday morning) at 2:00 am
- **Resonance Extra** via DAB+ in the UK to Brighton, Bristol, Cambridge, London and Norwich, and worldwide online Wednesdays at 1:00 am BST/GMT
- **Space FM**, 101.1 in Seattle, WA Friday nights at 10:00pm
- **UMFM (CJUM)**, 101.5 FM in Winnipeg, MB, Canada Fridays at 6:30 am (Good morning, Winnipeg!)

AG-3 – Covert Strike cassette

Norway's finest modern export AG-3 takes an anti-finesse hardcore approach and pushes it into something uglier and more unhinged. They put the FRAMTID in SVART FRAMTID, like a tape dubbed three times over and given to you by your older friend who put you on to every sick record in your collection. AG-3 dials their hardcore past the point of control: guitars sound like chainsaws, drums are locked-in and ready to fire, and vocals belch primitively. The songs move fast but not in a clean D-beat clone way; they keep you off balance and curious. There's a real sense of chaos here without drifting into full noise territory, more like hardcore that's been chewed up and spat back out. The recording is raw as all hell, but that just adds to the extreme sonic violence. Six songs, all necessary.



Reviewer: João Seixas
Label: Brainrotter

ABYECTA – Inténtalo o Muere / Amo y Esclavo 7"

This highly anticipated return of ABYECTA is pure punk perfection. Two premium cuts that take the formula they've developed over the years and max it the fuck out. I hear more of the NWOBHM influences cutting through here, and the band is clearly embracing the Japanese hardcore in a more blatant manner as well. This is all to great effect. Each of the two songs take the listener on a sonic journey that has been crafted with precision and intentionality. Both tracks exceed the four-minute mark, with "Inténtalo o Muere," the topside ripper, clocking in at over five-and-a-half minutes. Despite the expansiveness, nothing here comes across as extraneous or ornamental. They are just fully dialed-in, and have worked the material into its most potent form. This amounts to heavy, but also deft compositions that defy the apprehension that such an endeavor could induce. Carolina's vocals are as powerful as ever, and this latest iteration of the lineup is so locked-in that it's crazy. Absolutely killer.



Reviewer: Matt Casteel
Label: Metadona

AMBULANZ – III 12"

Following their 2023 // mini-album, Leipzig's AMBULANZ is at it again with their fast and fun garage-flavored krautrock. Also a mini-album, this 12" offers five songs that make you want to move and jitter around, mirroring the spiky synth and guitar lines, the spasmodic drums, and dueling vocals. The first four songs stay within a pretty standard realm of two-to-three-minute run times, while the closer is their first experimentation with long format, as "Slime" clocks in at over ten minutes. There's a bit of silence in the middle of the track, and I thought the whole thing was over, only to hear an instrumental beaming into my ears—kind of spacey and psychedelic. I think I lost the momentum of the previous tracks on this long closer, but maybe that's the point? Listening back to a bit of their 2023 album, it seems like they've really captured a spirit and style that is continued here, even down to the watercolor album art. If you're a fan of contemporary Leipzigers LAXISME, you'll definitely enjoy this.



Reviewer: Willis Schenk
Label: It's Eleven

AUDITING – Modern Tension cassette

Tetryon Tapes once again flexes their purveyors-of-taste muscles by aligning with AUDITING for a tape version of their attention-grabbing debut release. Sitting well alongside other recent killer releases by the likes of LIQUID IMAGES, DELICIOUS MONSTERS, and BZDET, these six synth punk tracks feel fresh, tense, and contain a fantastic amount of variety while all sounding like part of one whole. The one-two punch of "Imperial Weight" and "Cipher" really hits a high peak and really lets their originality ooze out into your ears. In a subgenre that's felt a little saturated the last five years or so, AUDITING shows that there's plenty of juice left to squeeze.



Reviewer: D. Gregory
Label: Tetryon Tapes

TORMENTED IMP – Punishment EP

Searing tunes from Leeds-based TORMENTED IMP, combining POISON IDEA-indebted attitude and vocals (and band name), Motör-charged riffs and drums, and Burning Spirits-style guitar leads for an exceptional 7" that requires repeated listens to catch all of the little details the band has laid down here. Final track "Out to Dry" is particularly awesome, mixing everything to love about hardcore punk into a 2:45 pummeling. Highly recommended.



Reviewer: Eric Anderson
Label: Donor

TRAICIÓN – 1312 EP

TRAICIÓN blasts through three cuts of urgent, political punk that vacillate between jagged hardcore and something more melodic and poppy. This latter approach shows up on the second track, "Querer La Libertad," and briefly shifts their sound towards a direction informed by LA FRACTION or PETROGRAD. Setting that aside, the two other songs pack a punch with fist-pumping pogo parts and youth-crew-inspired breakdowns. If that description makes the release sound disjointed, it's the underlying passion that binds it all together. A step forward from their 2024 demo, this might be a precursor for a hefty future.



Reviewer: Matt Casteel
Label: Exabrupto

TWISTED TEENS – Blame the Clown LP

There's something about New Orleans that defines its own weirdness, a disparate collage of Cajun, creole, country, and punk subcultures with an identity distinctly of and desperately not of the American south. This transient collection can create art and music that is hard to pin down and classify if as anything other than itself, and TWISTED TEENS could only authentically come from there. A melting pot of garage rock, folk punk, blues, soul, and Americana, they have shaped their own sound that just feels like something familiar in that way that you could know WOODIE GUTHRIE by listening to the CLASH. There's a crazy mish-mash of GUN CLUB experimentation, zydeco energy, and TOM WAITS weirdness. Lead singer and guitarist Caspian Hollywell's scratched-out, cigarettes-and-whisky-soaked voice harkens to his folk punk roots in SCISSORBILLS and BLACKBIRD RAUM—I mean, he's wearing a SCROUNGER shirt on the cover of the album, so you get an idea where this is rooted. Lyri-



cally, the songs have the humor and narrative weirdness of Tom Robbins on a meth bender. Hollywell is backed by Ramon (RJ) Santos on pedal steel, and their live shows incorporate a random entourage of other musicians on stage. It's Santos's playing that is the guts of the band, twisting and intertwining with the guitar and vocals and then breaking away while still carrying the song.

Reviewer: Tim Janchar
Label: Chain Smoking

V/A – Current Affairs CD

Here we have ten bands and seventeen songs from England and the Netherlands, tackling all types of underground punk. This CD has all the makings of a charming local release of all pals and pub buddies working to capture a moment in time. OLD AGE SPIES start off with a real zinger of an upbeat melodic stomper with lyrics surrounding the boring day-to-day. From there, MOUSER shoots in with a rager on the hardcore side of things, then plots in later with some great punk swagger that hat-tips to the FALL a little bit. Coming in just under one minute, ABRAZOS's "We Pretend to Work Because They Pretend to Pay Us" locks in fast and furious with shared vocals. Soon after, STRESSSYSTEM accepts the challenge with a tune almost 400 percent longer, mirroring ABRAZOS's intensity with a powerful crust/hardcore offering also with shared vocals. BRIOCHE, with the tracks "Aliens Are Real" and "Strange," is a brother-and-sister duo that can be best described as the Swain kids from the Kurt Vonnegut book *Slapstick* with their joint genius, and stylistic and genuinely enthralling songs. FORD'S FUZZ INFERNO is perfect melodic, straight-ahead lo-fi punk. With every compilation I have ever listened to, I always look for a few distinct things. First, did these bands give their best? These bands did. Second, do I get the feeling that I'd want to stop into their hometowns for lunch and record shopping? I don't think I'd want to go record shopping, but I'd totally want to hang out, grab a pint, and have a laugh. Third, and most importantly, do I want to seek out music from bands I've never heard before? One hundred percent. My funds are a little tight right now, but as soon as that tax cash comes in, I'll be tossing some across the pond for a whole big mess of stuff. Also, if you act now, you'll receive a zine and some other things, too.



Reviewer: Tony Party
Label: Subunderground Current Affairs

THE DOGS – The Only Band Called the Dogs EP

I wasn't prepared for this. The record opens with "I Didn't Ask," which sounds like a bastard version of "Cold Sweat"—era THIN LIZZY minus the twin guitar harmonies, and I'll be goddamned if the vocals don't sound like a snottier Phil Lynott. They are tuff and have the kind of swagger to them that should accompany riffs like these. It's fast as hell and sounds like the soundtrack to a bad Saturday night! Jonah Falco (CAREER SUICIDE, FUCKED UP) oversaw all of the production, and the fidelity of the recording really serves the songs well. It's an improvement over their 2024 LP; thick, meaty, and a lil' dirty, with the bass driving each of the songs against a wall of programmed drums. The closing "Take It From Me" displays the band's street punk influence, and it's as catchy as it is menacing. The DOGS play rough-and-tumble rock'n'roll, plain and simple. If you're a fan of shit that rocks, don't sleep on this. I'd be surprised if this doesn't end up on a bunch of year-end lists.



Reviewer: Sir Bobos
Label: Gob Nation / Under the Gun

THE FREAK ACCIDENT – The Midnight Show Tales of Toil and Frustration CD

The FREAK ACCIDENT is the inside-out brain of Frank Spight (VICTIMS FAMILY, HELLWORMS, JELLO BIAFRA AND THE GUANTANAMO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, etc.), coming in blazing with what you'd come to expect from someone who's served time in those bands. Here we have mid-tempo, weirdo, sometimes circus-like instrumentation layered just under politically poetic dystopian lyrical themes that don't charge you up as much as they open the doors for sorrow. However, blended in with the darkness is a bit of humor, as evidenced by the lyrics "Ask me how I'm doing / I'll tell you that I'm fine / I can be your toilet / Let's make toilet wine"—I somehow find that pure of heart and a bit romantic. If you are a fan of a lot of the bands and releases on the Alternative Tentacles label, then you'll prolly dig this, too.



Reviewer: Tony Party
Label: Nerve Center

THEE HEADCOATS – The Sherlock Holmes Rhythm 'n' Beat Vernacular LP

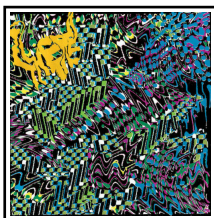
THEE HEADCOATS return with *The Sherlock Holmes Rhythm 'n' Beat Vernacular*, their first full-length since the surprise comeback of 2023's *Irregularis*, and it's a significant step up. Twelve tracks recorded in 2024 and released in sync with THEE HEADCOATEES' *Man-Trap* album, this one hits harder and more consistently than its predecessor, with the whole thing sounding sharper and more assured without losing any of that analog haze that keeps one foot planted firmly in 1964. If you've ever wondered what so many garage revival acts are reaching for when they pick up a guitar, this is the answer, with the difference being that THEE HEADCOATS actually get there while everyone else is still perfecting their moptop. The album opens with the charging "And the Band Played Johnny B. Goode," an unhinged new recording of "Sally Sensation" is a highlight, and the magnificently titled "The Friends of the Buff Midway Fanciers Association" sounds like a party that started without you. Is there a more emblematic band in this whole scene? Genuinely hard to argue otherwise.



Reviewer: Jeff Cost
Label: Damaged Goods

THERE – There LP

Sprawling, lush experimental rock from Providence, RI that skillfully meshes elements of dissonant noise punk with layered shoegaze. "Disposable Head" loops a noisy guitar hook against a counterpoint of tense, rising chords to create a textured cloud of arty menace that manages to feel grounded and rich. It's a kind of anti-shoegaze that is compelling in its power to pull the listener in with catchy, repeated rock band motifs without relinquishing their spirit of atonal experimentation. The nine-minute "Dirt-breather" similarly mixes the sonic vocabulary of aggression and warmth, recalling bands like NOTHING and the more melodic moments of CHAT PILE. Most importantly, at nine minutes, it doesn't drag for a second, and the same goes for the thirteen-minute, psych-heavy closer, "The Famous Handsome Actor." THERE wrestles the power of skronk into fresh forms of beauty.

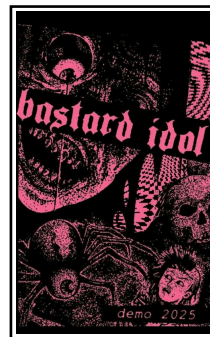


Reviewer: Nick Odorizzi
Label: Psychic State

BASTARD IDOL – Demo 2025 cassette

BASTARD IDOL plays four tracks of bombardment-grade D-beat raw punk on their 2025 demo tape. Frequency-shredding guitars blast agro psych atop a precision rhythm barrage, while deep, full-throat vocals deliver raging rebukes. At time of writing, there are only two copies available through Broken Skull (with proceeds going to Solidarity Across Borders), so hurry and scoop one.

Reviewer: Seth McBurney
Label: Broken Skull



BEFORE DAWN – Shattered LP

L.A.'s BEFORE DAWN plays deathrock that harkens back to the origins of the genre. On their latest recording *Shattered*, they offer five tracks of gritty punk that are tainted with the macabre and melancholy. Borrowing heavily from '80s gothic punk, BEFORE DAWN reinvigorates the sound with authentic emotions and fresh melodies. "The Veiled" is my personal favorite with its mid-paced downbeat, sauntering bass, and gruff vocals. Whether you're a part of the nightset, cemetery-lurkers, or daywalking punks, I guarantee you'll get down with BEFORE DAWN.

Reviewer: Seth McBurney
Label: 31



BELGRADO – El Encuentro 12"

El Encuentro finds BELGRADO swerving further away from their colder, guitar-driven brutalist roots of XMAL DEUTSCHLAND/SIGLO XX-influenced post-punk and into something more bright and synth-and-pulse-heavy, much like when JOY DIVISION morphed into NEW ORDER. This natural progression is still done from a very underground lens, just rerouted through drum machines and flickering lights instead of blown speakers and basement sweat. Melodious and purposeful like a late-afternoon haze somewhere between a club and a factory floor, this EP continues the journey that started with the *Intra Apogeeum* LP. The bass still carries that familiar post-punk tension, now snapped into a Movida-like rhythm, while the drums and synths cut in and out in a very new wave way. Patrycja Proniewska's vocals drift above it all, distant and otherworldly, adding to the overall sense of retro modernism. Sure, the "more synths equals less punk" crowd will roll their



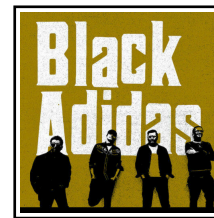
eyes, but that argument's tired. BELGRADO is reshaping their sound, like it or not, and they don't seem to care about anyone else's opinion—that makes this EP more punk than most, because they don't conform to expectations. Neither should you!

Reviewer: João Seixas
Label: La Vida Es Un Mus

BLACK ADIDAS – Black Adidas CD

This is BLACK ADIDAS's second LP of melodic, catchy punk rock in the '80s vein of SOCIAL DISTORTION, while bringing in some LEATHERFACE and JAWBREAKER influences with a few added tricks. BLACK ADIDAS uses keyboards to fill out the sound of the band and generates a feeling hovering between uncharted and familiar and comforting. Many of the songs have an anthemic, fist-pumping-in-the-air aspect that makes this a great listen. Spoiler alert, there is a rad cover of "Ditch Digger" from ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT's '92 LP *Circa Now* ending this CD on a great high.

Reviewer: Tony Party
Label: Digital Analog



BRÄND – Sjuk Stad 12"

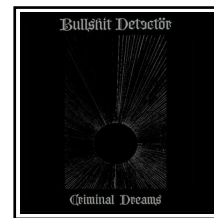
BRÄND out of Gothenburg, Sweden released the *Sjuk Stad 12"*, their second recording, late in 2025, with six punk rock tracks that blend classic elements with quick refreshes. The variation in the vocal takes is really what makes this record intriguing, jumping rapidly from dual vocals to gang vocals to solo vocals, from megaphone to guttural howl. In all, *Sjuk Stad* is dystopian and down-tuned accordingly, but is still a really fun listen.

Reviewer: Seth McBurney
Label: Avart / Bränd Kultur / Let Them Swing Studio



BULLSHIT DETECTOR – Criminal Dreams LP

With a name like BULLSHIT DETECTOR, I was expecting some anarcho-tinged hardcore punk with the predictable CRASS font and a couple of doves on the cover. Something cosy. But no, this Texas lot plays a blend of French Oil and old school NYHC with a cold, modern, and always quite melodic vibe, although the vocals remain gruff throughout and contrast with the very tuneful backing choruses. French bands like SYNDROME 81 or RANCOEUR come to mind, as do the



TEMPLARS (the guitar sound is clearly a minute work), and I suppose the wave aspect can also remind one of late-BLITZ-influenced bands and full-on coldwave bands that seem to be quite fashionable these days. I grew up as a teen listening to Oi! music, as it was a genre that was easily relatable until I realized how pricey the Oi! cosplay was and I had to switch to noisier and more affordable punk subgenres that would also not get my ass kicked; definitely a plus at that time. So I still understand, objectively, the band's appeal. To be fair, it is not really my cuppa, but I am sure BULLSHIT DETECTOR is considered top-shelf in their own category, and if you're looking for some working class, melancholy-but-still-beefy tunes, this record can be a good start. *Criminal Dreams* includes a remastered version of their *No Joy EP* and the splits with EMPIRE DOWN and LIBERTY AND JUSTICE.

Reviewer: Romain Basset
Label: 31 / Contra

BURIAL PLOT – Architectural Hostility cassette

The New Wave of British Hardcore is a few years out by now, but it continues to stamp its spirit onto a lot of the bands coming out of the British Isles these days. BURIAL PLOT sounds as if you took bands like HOUNDS OF HATE or ARMS RACE, gave them a requisite level of pogo punk per tune, and they overdelivered every time. This tape will make your brain circle-pit for hours, and the basically vomited vocals might put the fear of life in you. This vocalist could easily front an OG death metal band, but puts every bit of that skillset towards elevating the tunes here. A ten-out-of-ten effort from these guys.



Reviewer: Daniel Z.
Label: Brainrotter

CANCER SPREADING – The Church of Failures EP

An Italian stench unit that has been reeking up punk consistently since 2007. The bastard child of AMEBIX and BOLT THROWER, this veteran band has a steady hand on the pulse of the classic mixture that creates the stinkiest of stenches. Primitively grueling.



The Church of Failures paints a bloodied picture of a world without hope in which the light is slowly fading. Not that dissimilar from earlier works, the genre isn't one to strive for innovation but rather dwells in atmosphere and feeling. Opener "Absence of Empathy" sounds like if Justin Broadrick played guitar for DEVIATED INSTINCT instead of NAPALM DEATH. Folio-up "Idiosyncratic Reaction" goes full mid-tempo

death metal mode, like an ash-covered WINTER. There is a range in which they function, but by this point in their career, CANCER SPREADING is leaning more towards death metal, and the crust is felt more in the atmosphere and lyrical content than in the techniques employed, which makes this EP a misanthropic monolith for the dark times ahead.

Reviewer: João Seixas
Label: Primitive Future

CARROUSEL – I Don't Want to Be Here LP

This is a strong, atypical sing-along hardcore punk release from Lehigh Valley, PA. Look, I know what you're thinking—"weren't the RUSSIAN MEATSQUATS a strong, atypical sing-along hardcore punk band from Lehigh Valley?" Yes, they were. Also, not unlike the RUSSIAN MEAT SQUATS, CARROUSEL is fast, singable, high-velocity, sarcastic, poignant, and oddly relatable. Alyse's lyrics are fired-up, relentless, and her delivery is on target. Also, I'm an easy mark for any band that has a song about the movie *The Warriors*. The thirteen tunes are tight and rocket through seamlessly. Also (times two), I'm a sucker for ridiculousness, so when the circle-pit mosh part of their tune "Frogs" comes in and the band chants "rib-bit" like it's a CBGB NYHC matinee of little green hoppers, I love it. Also (times two plus one), although this release might sound tongue-in-cheek at first pass, the lyrics have many points where there's an honesty and vulnerability that keeps a band like CARROUSEL from plopping into the parody band category. Also (times two plus two), the rad cover art was done with great style and attention to detail by Rick Cornejo. Also (times two plus three), I hope that they play Northern Michigan sometime because I'll certainly be there.



Reviewer: Tony Party
Label: self-released

CARRY OUT – Time to Learn, Time to Die... Your Life is Gone Now!!! LP

It took a bit of digging to find out much about this one. From what I gather, CARRY OUT was prominent in the '90s Barcelona hardcore scene, releasing two demos that are collected here along with a slew of previously unreleased material encompassing 32 tracks in total. CARRY OUT was very much a product of the time in which they existed, which is to say that they have a distinctive '90s sound and delivery. They stab out in many directions, but the core of their identity is anchored in fast, somewhat crusty, dual-vocal hardcore punk. They don't shy away from their influences, which are underlined by some of covers that show up by LOS CRUDOS, HIATUS, and NEGATIVE APPROACH. While those bands have stood the test of



SUBTERRANEAN KIDS – Los Ojos de la Víctima LP reissue

Re-presenting the 1987 debut album from these Catalan hardcore legends, this new edition of *Los Ojos de la Víctima* ("The Victim's Eyes") reminds us of the band's power and creativity in its formative stages. Mixing D.R.I.-level thrash chaos with MINOR THREAT-style breakdowns, all presented with the dramatic flair of MDC, the songs are short, abrasive, and unpredictable. Unbridled intensity suddenly drops into a casual, bass-heavy groove before exploding back into screaming fury. A menacing chug turns to a relaxed tempo with noodling guitar, and then the next track is tripping over itself with incomprehensible urgency. It's sure to keep you on your toes. The remastered album is included here in its entirety, along with two previously unreleased tracks.



Reviewer: Jason Harding
Label: BCORE / Fair Warning / Little Jan's Hammer

SUBTLE BODY – Subtle Body cassette

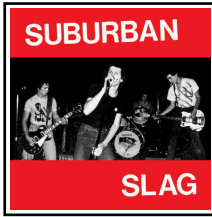
Philadelphian band SUBTLE BODY their inaugural recording in cassette form through Strange Mono, and it's a lo-fi, eight-song package of dark, creeping, synth-driven post-punk that feels simultaneously premeditated and exploratory. "Infinite Casualties" highlights this by opening with synth punk and divulging into jazzy improv, as "Es-trangement," the following song, reverses and repeats the stylistic arrangement while also managing to close with a bit of stomping punk rhythm. The cassette closes with "Stolen World," which is a rebuke of society but uses a rhythm that is exceedingly danceable until the track shifts into a harsh noise club mix for the fade-out. The variation and blend of digital, synth, vocal distortions, and admixture of underground genres really makes SUBTLE BODY worth checking out.



Reviewer: Seth McBurney
Label: Strange Mono

SUBURBAN SLAG – Matter of Fact EP

Calgary legends SUBURBAN SLAG get their long-overdue wax debut, and it's a real revelation. Showcasing previously unreleased recordings from 1980, the seven selections on this EP collection provide a good glimpse at this sharp and short-lived group. Stringing smart melody and a touch of working class rock into their brash compositions, there's enough promise in these rough takes to make you wonder what a proper record from these early "prairie punkers" may have sounded like. It's strong stuff, and if this hot little 7" wets your whistle, there may be more SLAG material to be had out there. There might even be a 35-song compilation of raw recordings like this floating around the web and awaiting your download somewhere. Allegedly.



Reviewer: Jason Harding
Label: Supreme Echo

SUITOR – Saw You Out With the Weeds LP

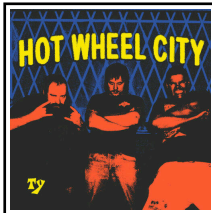
Indie rock with a touch of post-punk at times. I liked the variety of styles these guys were able to capture; I didn't know what to expect for each track. My absolute favorite track was "Generator." It was a bit heavier and strange with a bang to start the track. I really liked the droning noise with a bass interlude, and overall very tense feelings it created. I kinda wish they had more tracks in this style as it felt the strongest to me, and some of the other songs felt a bit too long for my taste.



Reviewer: Emma Miller
Label: Feel It

TY – Hot Wheel City EP

Four tracks of energetic and ironic garage thrash punk. The guitar immaculately sounds like it was plugged directly into a Marshall MG10 amp as a middle finger to all the pedal aficionados out there. The lo-fi drums and gruff vocals round out the DIY bedroom spirit. The band could be one cheap synthesizer short of stepping into the egg-punk scene, minus the pseudo-intellectualism, but maintains its own fresh and raw sound.



Reviewer: Tim Janchar
Label: Under the Gun

SAYON – Sayon demo cassette

From the first second of this tape, we are greeted by an unsettling intro of synths and drums that instantly reminds one of *No Sanctuary*. If you're talking about an AMEBIX-type sound, you're talking about the sound of civilization collapsing in slow motion, and SAYON nails this feeling very well. SAYON drags things through the dirt. The guitars crawl, grind, and loom, thick with distortion and gloom. Every chord feels heavy with the weight of metalpunk guitar work, taking hints from HELLBASTARD to VENOM. There's space in their sound, but it's suffocating, in the best way possible. The bass is massive, almost oppressive, sitting right up front like a war drum echoing through ruins, and the drums are tribal, deliberately pounding in a trance-like way. Then there are the vocals, an apocalyptic bark, like they're being delivered from the last person standing at the end of the world. What really defines the SAYON sound is that fusion—punk stripped of the speed obsession, mixed with the weight of early metal and a sense of atmosphere that feels post-apocalyptic. It's bleak, very bleak.

Reviewer: João Seixas
Label: Roachleg



STATION MODEL VIOLENCE – Station Model Violence LP

Debut LP from Australian stalwarts by way of Sydney. With some crossover with R.M.F.C. and DEN, this group is stacked with musicians in bands too numerous to name, the talent and detail of which is on gleaming display here. Frontman Daniel Stewart has a long write-up on their Bandcamp page explaining the evolution of the group, and it's worth a read to learn just how much time, movement, and energy went into this thing, with part of the inspiration coming from a scene out of a BBC Krautrock documentary wherein IGGY POP opens coconuts and expounds on the NEU! sound (don't act like you're not intrigued). All ten tracks are dense, dynamic, and rich—they build and develop emotions that make you want to look into the wind; they fall away, leaving a lonely guitar riff in the corner of your ear. "Heat" is particularly potent in this way, clocking in at over eight minutes, with plenty of space for mood changes. Part of Stewart's write-up describes the inspiration of CRISIS, and you can definitely hear that cloud-covered post-punk pulsing throughout the album. Overall, this feels like an epic drama, something big; elegant yet forceful, and completely enthralling. A masterpiece of 2026. I'd take note, get in line, tell your friends—climb the crow's nest and look for them on the horizon.

Reviewer: Willis Schenk
Label: Anti-Fade / Static Shock



SPIRITISTE – Excommunication Hymns LP

One interesting thing about post-hardcore is that it often comes from places that aren't otherwise giant hubs for bands or music (relatively speaking, of course). Hailing from Baton Rouge, SPIRITISTE offers up ten tracks of emotional hardcore on their newest release. There are for sure some strong tracks here, including lead single "Transagion Prayer" and closing track "A Sheep's Last Defense." Not the most consistent from track to track, but putting out a full-length screamo/post-hardcore record is a tall task, so some inconsistency comes as no surprise. Perhaps it is consistent, and that's actually kind of the rub? How do you make ten tracks feel important when the approach to each track feels the same? But in this scene, it can also be a cardinal sin to veer from the formula that makes this type of music what it is, so perhaps there's no way to win here beyond smaller offerings. Clearly, I don't know. Good on these Louisiana folks for doing the dang thing either way.

Reviewer: D. Gregory
Label: Protagonist Music / Tor Johnson



STRAIGHT ARROWS – Middle Man / Do the Sloth 7"

An absolute killer double-sided slab of garage rock, with both sides guaranteed to get you moving. The A-side is a barnburner, and the B-side is the effortlessly cool instrumental. This is the kind of stuff that DANZIG would have lost his mind over as a teenager but just, ya know, like fifty years later. Goodbye Boozy is always churning out a broad swath of punk tunes, ranging from curiosities to classics; STRAIGHT ARROWS said "why not both?"

Reviewer: D. Gregory
Label: Goodbye Boozy



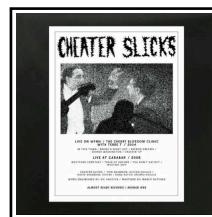
time, the same can't really be said about CARRY OUT—I mean that as less of a jab than it may read. This record sent me on a nostalgia trip thinking of all the similar bands from when I was putting glue in my hair and stealing 40s from the grocery store as a misguided '90s teenager. I just don't see this resonating too far beyond the crowd that could've caught it the first time around.

Reviewer: Matt Casteel
Label: BCore / ElForat / In My Heart Empire / Kremón / The Rat Monkey / Victim

CHEATER SLICKS – Live on WFMU / At Carabar LP

There is no better band than CHEATER SLICKS. Like, objectively speaking. Dudes have been at it for 40 years, they've put out a ton of records (but not too many!), each of which is both essential and compulsively listenable, and they still kill live. Loudest band I've ever seen! So, I'm totally on board with Almost Ready's blitz of unearthed live recordings. This is the fifth of six such LPs that they've released over the past year or so, and it covers two performances: a 2004 appearance on WFMU's *The Cherry Blossom Clinic* with Terre T, and a 2006 appearance at the Columbus, OH venue Carabar. The former features a bunch of rockers pulled from *Refried Dreams* and what would end up being *Walk into the Sea*, and sounds fantastic. The latter covers more of their subdued numbers, including their great cover of the MYSTIC TIDE's "Mystery Ship," which closed out *Don't Like You*—it also sounds great, but more like a traditional live record. It's a document of a band at the height of its power doing what they do best, just absolutely cranking out incredible songs. Let's unearth every shred of the SLICKS recorded output! Please!

Reviewer: Alex Howell
Label: Almost Ready / Morbid Web



COMEDY – L.A. Perfume / Hate Machine 7"

COMEDY puts out their first 7", with a rock-heavy alternative sound out of Melbourne. I hear influences from ELVIS COSTELLO, the REPLACEMENTS, and maybe, in gruffer moments, the vocals of Jeffrey Lee Pierce. It's melancholic, yet full of so much rock'n'roll vigor that it's gratifying and energetic. These two tracks grew on me—at first, the croons on the chorus of "L.A. Perfume" were off-putting, and the squeaky-clean production didn't leave any room for grit. But repeated listens had me hooked. Hearing the guitar work on "Hate Machine" made me think of ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN, and the same sentimental feeling of the lyrics that at first gave me a bad taste began to draw me in, wondering what other feelings this 7" is



capable of cultivating. While this isn't something I'm used to hearing out of Melbourne, I like the direction, and I'll be interested to see what they do next.

Reviewer: Willis Schenk
Label: self-released

CRUELLE – Cruelle demo cassette

Demo from Montreal's CRUELLE, out on Florida's XTRO label. Four tracks of darkwave, synth-heavy, femme-fronted punk. I'm an absolute sucker for this type of thing, and can't seem to get enough of an up-tempo, dancy beat mixed with gloomy synths and strained vocals, and in this case, a tame amount of aggression and a bit of distortion. Easy sell for me. This reminds me of PHANTASIA who I reviewed a while back, and it probably owes a fair amount to XMAL DEUTSCHLAND. Hopefully they keep up after it, CRUELLE rips!

Reviewer: Willis Schenk
Label: XTRO



DAVE STRONG – DCxPC Live & Critical Mass Music Presents, Vol. 40: Live at Puke Fest LP

DCxPC drops in again with this DAVE STRONG LP, which immediately reflects the quality of releases that I've come to appreciate from the label. DAVE STRONG hails from Portsmouth, NH. Look, I know what you're thinking: "Wasn't that band the QUEERS from Portsmouth, NH?" Yes, they were. Also, not unlike the QUEERS, DAVE STRONG sings upbeat pop punk songs about wandering and drinking or whatever. The LP has plenty of songs about friends hanging out and things impacting his life. The songs are playful and budding with shout-along choruses. There's also a great cover of the VASELINES tune "Molly's Lips" with a breakdown that introduces the band members. As with most DCxPC releases, you probs already missed the chance to pick this up, but maybe Critical Mass still has some in their closet. Here you get fourteen songs that stroll along with the average running time of two-and-a-half minutes. This is a great set up for DAVE STRONG's next full long-player.

Reviewer: Tony Party
Label: Critical Mass Music / DCxPC



DEAD HEART – Burning From Within CD

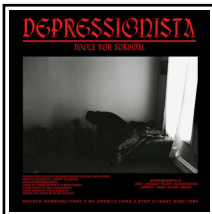
DEAD HEART comes out like a mid '80s NY/NJ funny hardcore band like ADRENALIN O.D. or BU-GOUT SOCIETY with a touch of TWO MAN ADVANTAGE, but they are from Columbus, Ohio, so who knows. Parts of this are bouncy and not completely unlike the WORLD INFERNO FRIENDSHIP/SOCIETY. I bet they put on one hell of a show, and if they ever play Michigan, I'll proly go see 'em. This record has an interesting crosscurrent of "I ain't gonna take your fucking shit" aggression that's hitting the target dead center right now. Look, this isn't a CD I would listen to often, but when I do want to hear it, I'd crank it to eleven to drown out my own singing along. This is a super strong release and I'm excited for what's next.



Reviewer: Tony Party
Label: self-released

DEPRESSIONISTA – Tools for Survival cassette

Thought this was going to be another run-of-the-mill powerviolence release, but that changed as soon as the singer started rapping. Been a long time since I've heard a band bring back that old slam-core sound, and it's got me curious—is this popular again?

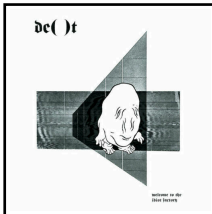


Tools for Survival seemed fresh at first, but sadly has diminishing returns. This is that East Coast "real tough guy" shit, and it sounded great during my first listen through, but each time I doubled back, I noticed how sloppy everything is together. The lead singer tries to cram as much as he can into each bar and it sounds rushed. It also contrasts with the often fluctuating tempo from the band and kills the flow. There were a couple lines that stuck out to me that I thought were clever, but one that made me laugh was from the track "East Side," where the singer says "Pop punk is not punk / I'm not old, I'm not unc," which, depending on who you ask, could very well be something an unc would say. DEPRESSIONISTA has a good base and I'm excited to see how they grow over the next few years. If my research is correct, they've only been doing the hip hop thing for over a year now, and I assume this is the first time the band has had to write music catering to that structure. But what do I know?

Reviewer: Jake Joyce
Label: self-released

DE(JT) – Welcome to the Idiot Factory EP

Following their 2024 *Think of Your Future* LP, DE(JT) presents the four-track EP *Welcome to the Idiot Factory*. The first couple of bars on the opener "Creepin' In" sound like a typical hardcore affair, with chunky bass and guitar, drums pummeling out a turbulent rhythm, but then the whole thing breaks, the rhythm steadies, and a wobbly, chorus-drenched synth enters, accompanied by sarcastic, sneering vocals. The following track ("Progress") continues this style; lyrics carry on a similar downtrodden agenda: "Is there anything more than just to survive?" The B-side takes on a slightly darker feel, and while present, the synth occupies a different, lower-end sound space, not as forward in the mix. The guitar goes from a glassy simmer on the verse of "Gamblin' Man" to full boil-over on the chorus, and the vocals follow suit with less sneer and more gut-punch. Closer "Welcome to the Idiot Factory" comes in with a buzzy, bass-adjacent synth line, with a monotone report of "Slash your tires / Slit your wrist / Bang your head / Pop your zits"—lyrically, this song could be akin to DEAD KENNEDYS' satire, poking holes through the machine of meaningless work that supports even more meaningless commerce. Great release from this Raleigh, NC group.



Reviewer: Willis Schenk
Label: Sorry State

DISPLEASURE – Annihilation / Billionaire Death Drive LP

DISPLEASURE, a side project of New Zealand's UNSANITARY NAPKIN, released the *Annihilation / Billionaire Death Drive* LP about six months ago—yes, I'm proverbially late to the party. Layered synth work, distorted guitars, pulsing blasts of beats, and sound clips intermingle into rage-driven E-beat similar to SCUMPUTER, STREET GLOVES, or L.O.T.I.O.N. There are several tracks on *Annihilation / Billionaire Death Drive* that have earworm qualities which will live in your aural canal for a while. When consumed completely, *Annihilation / Billionaire Death Drive* is dense with political defiance against the technocrats and oligarchs of the world while also being critical of the cultural manipulations of the ruling elite. An in-depth dive into our contemporary global hellscape.



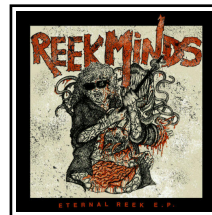
Reviewer: Seth McBurney
Label: Limbless

insightful songwriting that is executed with passion and joy; another home-run for this killer band.

Reviewer: Daniel Z.
Label: Sonido Muchaco

REEK MINDS – Eternal Reek EP

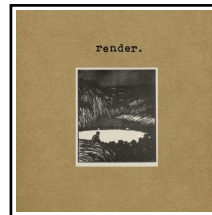
Prolific Portland speed-punks are back at it. Cramming six songs onto seven inches of hateful hardcore, REEK MINDS continue along their trajectory laid out some eight years ago. Nods to the classics are certainly present, but I think of bands like SPEED PLANS and ALIENATOR (with whom they share members) as better reference points. These punks clearly have a huge chip on their collective shoulders, but I get the sense that they're not taking themselves so seriously that they aren't finding enjoyment amidst the animosity. "Aesthetic" is the rippingest track among a bunch of properly ripping tracks. A great place to start for the uninitiated, but there really ain't a dud in their growing catalog.



Reviewer: Matt Casteel
Label: Black Water

RENDER. – Greyscale / Static on the Airwaves 7"

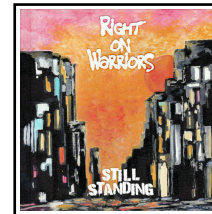
RENDER. is a South-east UK band with their emotional hardcore influences, bands like INDIAN SUMMER, JULIA, and POLICY OF THREE, pinned right over their hearts. Their two-track lathe-cut 7", limited to 50 copies with hand-stamped sleeves that could've been pulled straight from the '90s, makes no apologies for any of it. Ten seconds into "Greyscale" and I was checking the calendar. "Static on the Airwaves" opens with atmospheric bass and single-string guitar picking over jazzy drums before the vocals show up around the 1:40 mark. On both tracks, the singing toggles between a Revolution Summer-style yelp of suffering and a screeching attack reminiscent of Chris Fogel from REVERSAL OF MAN, with the music swinging between pretty/dark and discordant mid-tempo hardcore. Look, this style was never my scene and it still isn't, but the recording is solid, the musicianship is there, and those screeching vocals genuinely deliver. They're not reinventing the genre, but if returning to the emo dream of '95 sounds like a good Saturday to you, RENDER. is the sad boy party that you've been looking for.



Reviewer: Jeff Cost
Label: self-released

RIGHT ON WARRIORS – Still Standing LP

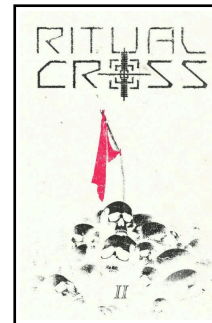
Mid-tempo, melodic punk/alternative/college rock earnestness that can maybe best be categorized by saying this sounds like it came from Pennsylvania or New Jersey in the 1990s, as it sonically has a Pennsylvania and New Jersey quality—I mean this in the best and most perfect way. The songs are head-bouncing and instantly relatable in their vagueness, vulnerability, and pop humbleness. I can completely see this as being a record that I put on when I wanna open all the windows, water plants, and grab my dog Jilly by the paws and make her dance with me, or something. What is interesting to me about this record is that it has a very real chance of becoming one of my favorite releases, and I really have no idea why. I'm reminded of being on tour when Sean Barney asked Alan Bainbridge to pinpoint something and Alan said "it doesn't matter where you point the pin, it's everywhere," and that's the same reason I like this, all the reasons.



Reviewer: Tony Party
Label: self-released

RITUAL CROSS – II cassette

Eight more cuts of wretched hardcore from Chicago's latest and greatest, RITUAL CROSS. After making a splash with their debut tape, the band follows up with more of everything on *II*: more angular riffs and song structures, more grizzled vocals, more sinewy leads, and more commentary on capitalism, genocide, and anti-war protest. The use of ambient noise and instrumental breaks adds a foreboding atmosphere that gives the tracks a sense of cohesion that really works in their favor. In his review of their debut, Matt Casteel mentioned them reminding him of Richmond's CICADA, and I still can't think of a better comparison.



Reviewer: Eric Anderson
Label: self-released

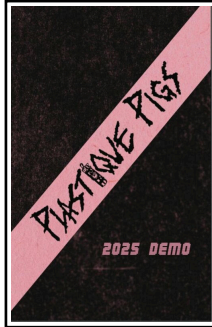
down to the crystal-clear production. I'd chalk it up to the band's collective pedigree; obviously, they've been around the block and know their shit. A massive record that's engaging from start to finish.

Reviewer: Eric Anderson
Label: Revelation

PLASTIQUE PIGS – 2025 Demo cassette

PLASTIQUE PIGS play meaty yet agile hardcore, bringing you some suitable new slam material out of Raleigh. It's a solid demo debut, and songs like "Run. Duck. Hide." and "Soldier of Misfortune" hint at the kind of expressive character that makes this type of band stand out even when they're closely following the blueprints.

Reviewer: Jason Harding
Label: Sorry State



POWER OF DUSK – What We Deserve EP

What we deserve? A bloody firm handshake and a knowing nod for a job well done. Positively fizzing with indignity at how the world is currently operated, righteous anger permeates the whole record. Heavy-sounding hardcore, with the speed and crackle of punk. If you are looking to fill a HOAX- or BIB-shaped hole in your life, they might just be the ones to fill it.

Reviewer: Ben Marshall
Label: self-released



PROTOCOLTURA – Mutantes Maníacos EP

Minimalist synth punk/pop duo singing about mutants, robots and war. The sound is very early '80s (a midpoint between KRAFTWERK and MISSING PERSONS, perhaps?), and the vibe is very sci-fi B-movie, which is very much a "you got peanut butter in my chocolate" situation. It works quite well. I enjoyed all the songs, but the last tune on the record, "Bomba Nuclear," is probably the catchiest and danciest on the record (and thus my favorite). This makes sense considering the song being about nuclear holocaust and all. While the more sparse tunes had a great robotic, punky vibe, the more layered melodic elements on the EP closer show a direction I'm hoping the band will explore more in future releases. The 7" is under nine minutes, just the right length to not overstay its welcome,



which is something that is easy for bands with these kinds of gimmicks to do. Overall a pleasant, concise listen.

Reviewer: Daniel Z.
Label: Under the Gun

PSYOP – Fucko cassette

Fucko is an abrasively fast, no-nonsense hardcore EP. The five tracks on this cassette each barely go beyond the one-minute mark, hitting with the strength and the attitude of a band playing CBGB in the '80s. Songs like "Negative Nancy" and "No Going Back" come and go in the blink of an eye, but the tight playing and chaotic groove keep it very memorable. After five years, PSYOP is delivering in the greatest manner. A modern banger.

Reviewer: João Seixas
Label: Pokes



PURA MANIA – La Band Es La Ley 12"

After a tranche of EPs, these gothic punkers have released a cracker of a debut 12". An unmistakable punk sneer and snarl pulsates throughout the vocals, barely contained by a sleek deathrock shimmer. However, it's a genre-defying beast—there are beautiful post-punk elements with at least one tune sounding like a CHAMELEONS off cut, and a swaggering mid-tempo glammy stomper which wouldn't be out of place as a SLADE B-side. Worth the wait.

Reviewer: Ben Marshall
Label: Roachleg



RATA NEGRA – Hawai LP

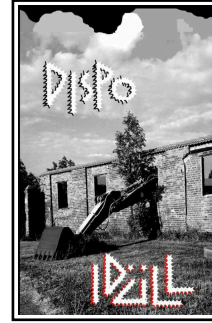
RATA NEGRA is back with another absolute banger. They keep progressing, and this time around, they've added more color and texture to their sound, dipping into the '80s/'90s Spanish new wave/pop influences, which was something I fucking adored on their "Problemas No" cover on an earlier 7". I'm hearing more moments that call back to stuff like DUN CAN DUH or even HOMBRES G (and I mean this as a big-ass compliment), mixed in with some propulsive punk rock on some tunes and SMITHS-esque jangly guitars on others. Lyrically, the band is still razor-sharp in commenting about the unbearable weight of modern life and the minefield of social interaction in the worst possible timeline. This is catchy, rocking,



DISPO – Idüll cassette

German three-piece DISPO's *Idüll* brings together proto-punk's straightforward attitude and post-punk's abstract stylings...so, does it just kind of even out to regular punk? Look bud, I'm no punk rock quantum physicist. All I know is that this album kicks ass. Tasteful bass lines, energetic drums, grimy guitar riffs, and multiple distinctively characteristic vocals make *Idüll* an absolute joy to listen through. That playful and unpolished sound definitely adds to the experience as well. Highly recommended!

Reviewer: Mama Goblin
Label: Phantom



DRAFT DODGERS – Draft Dodgers demo cassette

The label's statement doesn't lie: "Death to capitalist hardcore." If you were looking for some feel-good Coachella hardcore, look elsewhere. DRAFT DODGERS have no fake tough-guy bark; they're just a band actually pissed-off at the state of the world, and they certainly nail the frenzied '80s hardcore vibe found in bands like YDI or even HERESY. This sits firmly in the lineage of UKHC that values immediacy over everything, clocking in at five minutes like it's daring you to complain. Blink and you'll miss it. That's the point. This is hardcore as a reflex, not as composition. If you need more than five minutes, you're missing the point of hardcore. And, fuck wars, dodge the draft, let the rich fight on their own.

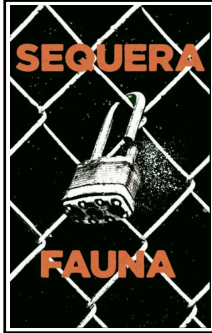
Reviewer: João Seixas
Label: Brainrotter



FAUNA / SEQUERA – split cassette

A ten-song split from two bands from North Catalonia who are both new to me. The SEQUERA songs have a Western pop punk influence that really threw me off. It sounds like it could have been on Epitaph in the '90s. I've heard this before, and I never want to hear it again. The FAUNA songs are much more interesting. The recordings are less polished, and they've got a decent energy. They've got an edgy post-punk thing going on that reminds me of BLITZ or SYNDROME 81. This would have been better if it were ten songs from FAUNA.

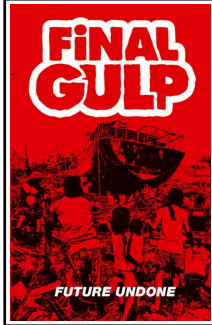
Reviewer: Sir Bobos
Label: Plastic Wound



FINAL GULP – Future Undone cassette

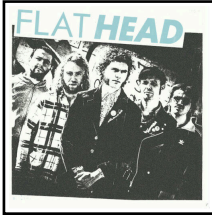
FINAL GULP's *Future Undone* is the third tape from this German powerviolence/fastcore act, and if you've been sleeping on them since their 2020 debut, wake up. Eleven tracks, most clocking in around thirty seconds, a couple pushing close to a minute, every one of them a tempo-shifting, white-knuckle ride that's hard not to measure against SPAZZ. The vocals alternate between a bark that brings a young Billy Milano to mind and a shredding attack that sounds equally great, though whether that's Sven stretching his range or a guest remains unclear. I guess it doesn't matter. Their lyrics take on climate collapse, anti-fascist resistance, technocratic dystopia, and the case for mutual aid as a way out, which, given the state of things, feels less like a political stance and more like a survival guide. They played their first live show in January with more dates on the way, and if this release is any indication, those rooms are going to get wrecked. This tape rules.

Reviewer: Jeff Cost
Label: Drinkin' Beer in Bandana



FLATHEAD – Flathead LP

This is pretty, jangly pop music from Marseille. It's mid-tempo and catchy and also a little melancholic. I really like the recording and the production, where everybody gets a seat at the table and it's not overly focused on one thing (which is typically either the vocals or the guitar). I don't always like pretty music, but I'm digging this.



Reviewer: Kenny Kaos

Label: Dangerhouse Skylab / Take the City / Wanda

FLIPPEUR – Élastique 8"

FLIPPEUR's *Élastique* doesn't just bend genre, it snaps it and leaves the recoil ringing. There's a wiry, nerve-shot tension running through these tracks, where post-punk angularity collides with blown-out garage abrasion and a sense of barely-contained collapse. Guitars twitch and slash rather than riff, constantly threatening to derail the rhythm section's brittle forward motion. The vocals feel half-detached, like they're being transmitted from inside the breakdown rather than narrating it. What elevates *Élastique* is its refusal to settle into a stable identity; every passage feels like it's mutating under pressure. It's restless, antagonistic, and deeply physical in a way that bypasses easy categorization—music that coils tighter the longer you stay inside it.



Reviewer: Gonza Perez

Label: Howlin' Banana

GAME SET MATCH – Hang Out With You EP

At this point, I'd be surprised to hear any garage punk or rock'n'roll from Australia that isn't killer, and this is no exception. GAME SET MATCH is Will Cooke from CAMMY CAUTIOUS AND THE WRESTLERS. This 7" features four tracks of fuzzy, rough-and-tumble rock'n'roll delivered via Goodbye Boozy, who have a history of putting out killer garage punk from across the globe. This isn't groundbreaking or genre-defining, but it's not trying to be, either. It's just four killer cuts of rock'n'roll. While all the songs have a similar quality to them, they each have a great chorus and fun energy that I really enjoy. Each one would feel right at home blaring through the speakers at your local pub's \$1 beer night, or on your next mixtape or playlist.



Reviewer: Sir Bobos
Label: Goodbye Boozy

GIALLO – Tenebrarum LP

GIALLO's *Tenebrarum* sounds like a black-gloved killer stalking through a haze of feedback and flashing lights. Hardcore stripped of warmth and rebuilt with tension—cold, mechanical, and sharp like a knife. Named after the cult Italian horror movie genre, this record plays exactly how it sounds: soaked in menace. An eerie intro done by none other than TERROR CELL UNIT creeps in, and by the time it's over, you are immersed in a Mario Bava movie. The second track displays the band in full swing with its angst-ridden stompy hardcore, the kind that makes you vent out in hatred. The vibe here is not too distant from HOAX or any of the mysterious bands from Youth Attack's roster. A love letter to horror aesthetics filtered through cold hardcore abrasion. Play it loud, preferably at night.



Reviewer: João Seixas
Label: Convulse

GLITTER – Tortura Mental EP

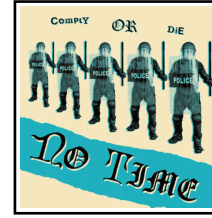
GLITTER's *Tortura Mental* lives up to its name with a suffocating, feedback-drenched hardcore attack that feels designed to erode rather than energize. The production is deliberately claustrophobic—guitars smear into a toxic haze while the drums pound like they're trapped in a concrete box. There's a raw, almost sadistic repetition in the structures, hammering the same phrases until they lose shape and become pure pressure. Vocals cut through as distorted commands, more texture than language. It's not about hooks or memorability; it's about impact and abrasion sustained past comfort. *Tortura Mental* doesn't invite you in, it locks the door behind you and lets the walls close.



Reviewer: Gonza Perez
Label: 1984 / Asilo / Diy Kontraatak / Frontal Distribución / Kremón / Navarra / Pinches / Plastic Wound / Ribot / Distribuidora Soroll

NO TIME – Comply or Die EP

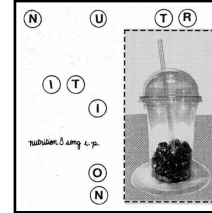
One of my records of last year for sure; I've been so grateful for this NO TIME *remontada*. Having spent years wishing for a follow-up to their blistering debut, they've become a lot more active, ploughing their particularly furious furrow of groovy boot-boy stompers. Railing at all the right targets—coppers, ICE, fascists (general)—it's the perfect record to get angry to. Fans of the CHISEL and MESS will not be disappointed.



Reviewer: Ben Marshall
Label: Mendeku Diskak / TKO

NUTRITION – 8 Song EP

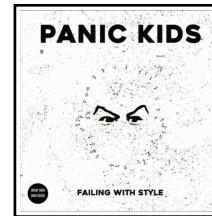
Originally released by Neon Taste on cassette, this wiry and efficient grip of tracks has been remastered for sweet merciful vinyl. I love when a group can strip down to the bare essentials, and this is a perfect example of doing as much with as little as possible. Guitars stay clean, bass is not too flashy but holds it down, the drums gallop, and the vocals are beautifully unhinged and kept out in front in the mix. It's hard to put in a corner of genre, but it has the intensity of hardcore and the tunefulness of jangly original recipe punk. More good stuff out of British Columbia, and kind of a perfect treat of a 7".



Reviewer: Luke Henley
Label: Plastic Roundie

PANIC KIDS – Falling With Style LP

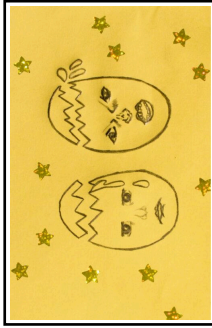
PANIC KIDS are a Madrid five-piece who cite TURBONEGRO, RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS, and TURBO AC'S as inspirations, which is an ambitious wish list. Their sophomore LP *Falling With Style* lands closer to TURBONEGRO's throttled sleaze than the full-tilt attack of the others, and the album lopes along in mid-tempo territory enough that the adrenaline doesn't quite pump for the recording in the same way that it probably does in a bar. That said, the production is big and solid, the gang vocals and "whoa-oh-oh's" keep the party moving, and there are enough hooks to keep it interesting. Standouts include the opener "The Itches" and "I'll Be Adored," and a guest vocalist on "From Madrid With Love" delivers a classic hard rock performance that's one of the album's highlights. Their creepy baby-face mascot is unsettling. Limited to 500 copies.



Reviewer: Jeff Cost
Label: Discos Como Churros / Intergalactic / Lengua Armada / Take the City

PISS RULES – Repissues cassette

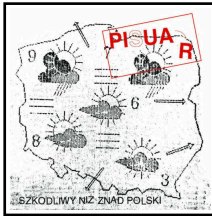
This is my favorite re-release of the year so far. Seriously. Six tracks of warped, full-treble egg-punk from Bristol that collects two digital-only releases onto one tape. Take your BILLIAM or ERIK NERVOUS DEVO—core and laser focus it on clever, story-telling songwriting with snotty vocals that register somewhere between KY Ellie of GOOD THROB and Poly Styrene of X-RAY SPEX. Strong words, I know, but there is an inescapable charm, sense of fun, and catchy musicality that begs for repeat listens. And they go punk, as in traditionally fast and angry, on the blistering "Nietzsche Preacher" and "Senile Delinquent." Sly references abound, like the Mario coin samples on the subversively dirty "Game-boy 4 Xmas" and the PULP-aping "Common Person." Check it out—PISS RULES rules.



Reviewer: Nick Odorizzi
Label: XTRO

PISUAR – Szkodliwy Niż Znad Polski EP

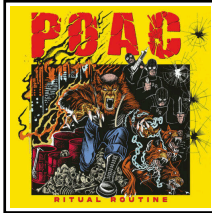
Skanking out of dodgy, piss-stained back alleys in Warsaw, PISUAR reeks of hate and bad decisions. Uncanny, weird, and mysterious hardcore creepy-crawling through the pit with chains in hand in the same manner as GAG and other three-letter-word bands like BIB or SPY. Early GLUE and HOAX could also be names that draw some people to this EP as influences. Strange, folk-ish interludes run parallel to bursts of snot-covered, pogo-inducing punk to perfection, leaving you with a feeling of being hungover on hard drugs. For the punks that like to get freaky.



Reviewer: João Seixas
Label: Abnegat

PLANET ON A CHAIN – Ritual Routine LP

Twelve new stompers from one of Oakland hardcore's finest. Big, beefy guitars and powerhouse drumming kick you in the ass while youth-crew-style vocals teach you a lesson with thoughtful, introspective lyrics. There's more substance and attention to detail here than typically found in this style, right



Reviewer: Romain Basset
Label: Exabrupto / Halvfabrikat / Phobia

MAGASIN – Malentendido / Re Cuerdo cassette

Two-song Dutch delight applying De Stijl forms to minimalist post-punk—all clean, straight lines, primary color (and non-color) blocks, and shapes carved out at deliberate 90 degree angles. Pin-point single-note guitar lines intersect with metronomic bass/drum machine rhythms looping in place like an overcaffeinated YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS to set up the perfect canvas for Lola Diaz Cantoni's bluntly conversational vocals, with occasional keyed-up trills and wordless near-onomatopoeias (those cat-like purrs in "Re Cuerdo") carefully placed in bolder strokes. A true musical Mondrian; very curious to hear what comes next.



Reviewer: Erika Elizabeth
Label: self-released

MALDITA – Un Mundo en Demencia cassette

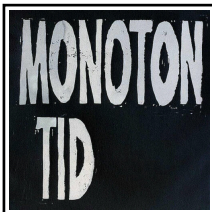
Latina-fronted hardcore from Toronto. These punks have been cranking out aggressive, anarcho-inspired releases since 2018. Their brand of dead-ahead, driving punk has a raw edge that keeps things interesting despite being somewhat repetitive. Their real character cuts through on tracks like "Odio," where the backing vocals inject an element of the unexpected. I gravitate mostly to the faster tracks like "Perdida" and "Memorias," but this is sheerly a matter of personal preference. MALDITA pulls from the stripped-down side of UK82, so the quicker tempo amplifies the impact.



Reviewer: Matt Casteel
Label: Cursed Blessings

MONOTON TID – Den Monotona Tiden / Statisk 7"

Effortlessly cool Swedish minimal wave/electropunk, clearly having spent a considerable amount of time studying the encyclopedia volume that spans CABARET VOLTAIRE to CRASH COURSE IN SCIENCE. This is music completely befitting a band whose name translates to "monotonous time," and to be clear, that's not

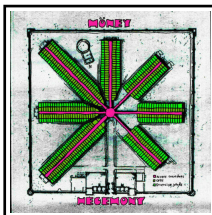


meant as a slight in any sense—austerity, repetition, single-minded focus of vision, they've nailed it all in about four-and-a-half minutes total here. Three synths (everyone in MONOTON TID plays one) enmesh over absolutely nasty pulsating bass lines and an anxious drum machine tick straight out of a Subterranean Records lucid dream, as Emilia's vocals are delivered with the matter-of-fact detachment of a speaking clock service (and on the B-side "Statisk," doubled-up with equal nonchalance from bassist Vince). The fact that this 7" came out eight months ago and only just now fell into my hands is tragic, because this would have landed an easy best-of-2025 nod from me.

Reviewer: Erika Elizabeth
Label: Push My Buttons

MÖNEY – Hegemony EP

Another egg-punk act, however this one has the clear distinction of sounding like the MUMMIES on meth—much more sinister vibes as the EP progresses, though. This has a gothic shoegaze quality to it that's really amplified by the chorus effect the guitarist is running their axe through. It is absolutely drenched with chorus, mate. Of course, there's a surfy element to it as well, but that's to be expected with these poultry punks at this point. The whole thing wraps up with a very cool noise piece that ties everything together in a barbed-wire bow. A solid addition to the nerdy phenomenon that's gripped the mid 2020s.

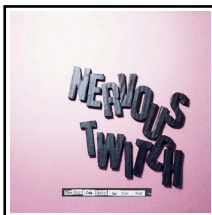


Reviewer: Jake Joyce
Label: Andalucia Über Alles / Basura Comercial / Chicken Attack / Collector's Series DIY / Hecatombe / Poder Adolescente / Producciones Tudancas / Zaragoza Desorden

NERVOUS TWITCH – The Day Job Gets in the Way LP

NERVOUS TWITCH has been churning out quality punk/wave, mod revival rock'n'roll, '70s singable punk records for around thirteen years, and with each release, they continue to distill their sound and become more catchy. *The Day Job Gets in the Way*, their newest LP, rockets down that road of playful, hummable, sardonic wit and catchy songwriting. Erin Hyde's vocals capture the mood perfectly, and she seamlessly glides from carefree to pissed-off to bored, which in its totality creates a full record of engrossing songs. Any of these NERVOUS TWITCH songs could have as easily been found on one of those 20 of Another Kind or English Waves early punk compilations, all while remaining fresh and interesting.

Reviewer: Tony Party
Label: Spinout Nuggets



GRAPEFRUIT – Prehistoric Hijinks EP

I am actually pretty fond of a lot of third wave ska/ska-punk, but I'll be the first to admit the genre has more misses than hits. This EP feels like filler for the most part, like the songs that would be between the super-energetic, catchy highlights of an album that doesn't exist. It's melodic enough, but it lacks memorable hooks or choruses—it's not bad, but feels unnecessary. It went through me evoking little to no response. The lack of horns makes me think of the IMPOSSIBLES, but without all the personality and definitely not enough energy. It's gonna be a pass for me.

Reviewer: Daniel Z.
Label: self-released

HAEXLER – Talkshow 12"

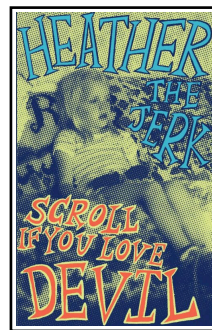
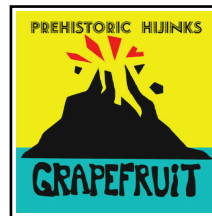
Leipzig's HAEXLER totally decimates with their hyper-aggressive *Talkshow 12"*. It ticks all the boxes for me: guitar riffs supercharged by dimed HM-2s, gnarly bass that sounds like a nasty gut-punch, tastefully over-the-top drumming, rabid vocals foaming at the mouth...it really is a solid poverviolence record that I can see myself coming back to, especially when I need my daily dose of that Swedish chainsaw sound.

Reviewer: Mama Goblin
Label: Holy Goat

HEATHER THE JERK – Scroll If You Love Devil cassette

At first pass, HEATHER THE JERK comes across as standard budget rock fare—crude and direct, with a blown-out sound and song titles like "My Dumb Brain." But, leaning in a little closer, there's a bit more heart and soul to be found within these ten tunes. Hell, she even manages to make her cover of LOLI & THE CHONES "I Hate Your Guts" somehow sound sweet. And she's a "one-lady band," single-handedly covering almost all musical duties here. This one is highly recommended for fans of PEACH KELLI POP and other cute rockers who have chosen to use their keen punk songwriting prowess to immortalize feline friends.

Reviewer: Jason Harding
Label: Cavity Creeps



HOPE? – Hell on Planet Earth LP

Bleak, D-beat-driven barrage that leans fully into crust's apocalyptic worldview without diluting its immediacy. The guitar tone is raw but cutting, slicing through a relentless rhythmic assault that rarely lets up. There's a sense of forward momentum that feels less like progression and more like forced march, unyielding and grim. Vocals are delivered with hoarse conviction, sitting right on top of the mix like a warning siren. What keeps the record engaging is its balance between speed and weight, shifting just enough to avoid monotony while maintaining pressure. It's a harsh listen, but a purposeful one.

Reviewer: Gonza Perez
Label: Agipunk / Desolate

INSTITUTE – The Shooter EP

INSTITUTE proves yet again why they are a standard-bearer of effective, tense, subtle yet confrontational post-punk. And yeah, that sentence contains a bunch of qualifiers, but it's less narrowing down their sound than it is the inability to not be verbose and effusive when describing it. This three-song EP was pressed to coincide with their first-ever Australian tour, so thanks for existing, Australia. The opening title track is a perfect sample size of what makes INSTITUTE so great and seemingly singular. And while the next track seems to exist in the same lane, the closing track changes it up just enough for the listener to take notice. "Why Are These Men Still Alive?" takes the musical tension of the first two tracks and shifts it over to the lyrics, questioning why we are forever trying to lift the boots off our necks when the legs in said boots are so feeble that they can barely stand as it is. The track is a bit longer, allowing both exploration and repetition, a krautrock-esque decision that really lets the listener get lost towards the end, picturing these powerful men with their colostomy bags running down their legs.

Reviewer: D. Gregory
Label: Anti-Fade



INTEL – Afterdust cassette

INTEL's music is creative and complex, a heady kind of hardcore that violently bucks any attempts you may make to neatly categorize it. On this tape, the Fort Wayne group's burly sound moves through various shades of rocking, psychedelic, and atmospheric noise. nihilistic plowing, battered melodies, and an unnering stomp co-exist naturally within their unique ugliness.



Reviewer: Jason Harding
Label: Tetryon Tapes

K9 – Thrills LP

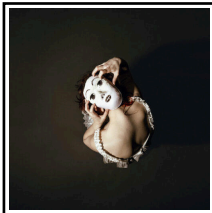
Now this is what I'm talking about. This band could be your life, or at least your latest obsession. Richmond's K-9 offers their first LP with the aptly-named *Thrills*, a collection of songs that seems to pull from DINOSAUR JR., MISSION OF BURMA, LEMONHEADS, and other exciting sounds of the '80s and '90s. There are breezy, slacker indie tracks ("The Island" nails this feeling), and there are sub-two-minute blasts of energy ("95x"), but they work really well together, keeping the listener engaged and excited. My only gripe isn't really a gripe at all: some of the shorter tracks are so infectious that I don't want to see them leave ("A Race"), but there's plenty of solace in knowing that the next song will pull you right back in for different reasons.



Reviewer: D. Gregory
Label: Who Ya Know

KAPUT – I LP

Debut LP from Chicago-based KAPUT. The group is comprised of Nadia Garofalo (HEAVY FEELINGS), Brian Fox, and M. Sord (JON SPENCER AND THE HIT MAKERS), and offers a dark, brooding take on no wave. Songs range from strange, slow, and uneasy on "Teal" to full noise on "Sucker," loud with distorted synth and bass, uptempo drums, and gripping vocals, as Garofalo asks "What about me?" In between are songs that travel this range, making me uncomfortable, almost paranoid, and completely hooked to keep listening through this exploration of self. Garofalo comments, "I think we live in a world that (especially if you're feminine) tells you to hide or ignore your anger. I wanted to explore its facets; it's not always negative, some-



times it can show you things, it can teach you so much if you listen." Amazing debut. For the perturbed and repressed, have a listen—let it out.

Reviewer: Willis Schenk
Label: Altered States

KATO – Ihmiskulttuuri LP

I have been listening to a lot of raw '80s hardcore punk lately, especially on my way home from work. The direct teenage energy of such bands is infectious and contrasts nicely with the tedious daily grind and the predictably boring colleagues (especially Nicolas from Accounts). KAAOS is one of the bands I play the most often because old school Finnish hardcore is probably the genre that best illustrates this sort of raw and snotty fury, and it is precisely the genre that the St. Louis band KATO decided to adopt. Absolute Tampere-82-style, and bands like the aforementioned KAAOS, RIISTETYT, TAMPERE SS, or MELLAKKA have been listened to frequently in KATO's bedroom. It is very hard to replicate this '80s vibe, especially Finnish hardcore since it relies so much on the specific tonalities of the language and the kind of unhinged punkiness inherent to being a sixteen-year-old punk that makes it such a lovable subgenre. But the band pulls it off very convincingly, with a Finnish vocalist (I assume) who sounds like he time-traveled from the golden era back when sniffing glue was still acceptable. This LP is very impressive, and fans of fast '80s raw punk will go nuts for it. One of the best albums of the year so far for me.



Reviewer: Romain Basset
Label: Feral Kid

KIMONO DRAGGIN' – I Can't Believe It's Not Music LP

Jokey, punk-adjacent rock for fans of unserious bands like DEAD MILKMEN, CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN, and maybe WEEN. Musically proficient, the lyrics are the line in the sand here, with references to all manner of dorky shit like *The Dark Crystal*, *Labyrinth*, video games, pro wrestling, and Scooby Doo, sometimes in the same song. The band sounds like they are having fun, volleying inside jokes back and forth to each other over fuzzy riffs, but it quickly becomes tedious. One track has someone in the background repeatedly saying "fatality" in the *Mortal Kombat* voice, while another track pulls the same shtick but with the word "suplex," ending with "These lyrics are suplex." Maybe the members have some kind of pre-pubescent vocal tics. More likely, they're the type of dudes who collect Funko Pops and speak only in *Family Guy* lines. If you like goofy rock and the pop culture of the '80s and '90s, oh my god, you're going to love this. I



don't see anyone outside that niche audience making it through a full listen.

Reviewer: Nick Odorizzi
Label: Spaynsive Productions

KÜKEN – Palermo EP

From the sounds of things, it appears that someone slipped up and allowed one of the most formidable garage punks outfits of our era onto the beautiful beaches of Sicily. Infected by the cleansing surf and sun, the band's signature rolling grooves are endowed with a new degree of head-bobbing smoothness. But, don't be deceived—their subdued ferocity lurks just beneath the surface of these tranquil waters. Swim at your own risk.



Reviewer: Jason Harding
Label: Alien Snatch

LACKEY – Pay No More EP

Extremely fun slice of hardcore punk rock'n'roll, in this humble reviewer's opinion. Reminiscent, at its most unhinged, of GLUE or HOAX, so if that particular flavour of hardcore intrigues you, then pop your keys back on your belt carabiner, roll your watch cap even further up your forehead, and give this a spin for heaven's sake!



Reviewer: Ben Marshall
Label: Under the Gun

LAST THREAD – Balance EP

Really solid four-song slab here. Catchy as hell; one of those albums that put me in a great mood the moment it started spinning. This is your typical pop punk affair, with power chords and speedy Fat Wreck-esque drums—however, the singer is absolutely marvelous. My mind immediately went to TILT, but I think there's a little more substance here. Fantastic vocal control with what I can best describe as melancholy melodies. The rest of the band spends most of the time in the pocket, and it helps strengthen the vocalist's power. A heavy lyrical vehicle, this gives me J CHURCH vibes but sounds much more like SUGAR STEMS. I'll be adding this to my springtime Bandcamp playlist. Check this one out.



Reviewer: Jake Joyce
Label: Crash Assailant

LAUGHING CORPSE – Beyond Recognition EP

Easily my favorite hardcore release so far this year. A lot of bands claim an '80s hardcore sound, but LAUGHING CORPSE delivers that and more. The VOID and BLACK FLAG comparisons are inevitable; just listen to the breakdown riff of "Nothing" and try to argue otherwise. But that's how they get you. You're a couple tracks in, it rips, you dig it. You think you're in safe and familiar territory, and then *bam!* They blindside you with a cacophony of noisy guitar solos and drum fills that puncture your jugular and rip it wide open. What I really love about this record is that it feels dangerous. It twists and turns, it follows you in the dark, and it laughs as you bleed out. If I were a kid, I'd be scared to death to see them live, and that is a compliment of the highest order.



Reviewer: Sir Bobos
Label: Sorry State

LOS REVOLUCIONARIOS / MYTERI – split LP

Is it just me, or are there more split records being released for the past few years? I have always enjoyed this old school format that reached its apex during the '90s, especially when the pairing makes sense (geographically, stylistically, or thematically, pick your favourite adverb). The curation here clearly lies on the stylistic side of things: this is a neocrust tag-team. MYTERI is from Göteborg, Sweden, while LOS REVOLUCIONARIOS are from Saltillo, Mexico. Had this LP been released in 2005, at the peak of the trend and back when hair loss was still an abstraction, I would undeniably have overplayed it, but how does it fare twenty years later, now that I am more jaded? Both bands have been going for more than ten years each, so it is fair to say that not only do they enjoy what they do, but that they do it very well. MYTERI has that distinct thick, metallic Swedish sound and is certainly impactful, but the almost constant melodic epic guitar leads feel a bit exhausting. Bands like EKKAIKA come to mind, but MYTERI is more straightforward, keeping the classic heavy käng pace with harsh vocals, not unlike SKITSYSTEM, I guess. Well done, but would primarily appeal to the most loyal neocrust fans. On the other side, LOS REVOLUCIONARIOS are not as slickly produced and also revolve around the neocrust galaxy, but display more tricks than their Scandinavian brothers. The '00s vibe is massive here, and I am reminded of bands like ETACARINAE or ANTIMASTER or maybe even AMBU-LANCE, and, again, EKKAIKA (arguably the masters of the genre). A fine work all in all that will come highly recommendable to the neocrust faithful.

