THE BURNING WEED WITH IT'S ROOTS MARIHUANA OF SMOKE STARTED HER ON A PUFF NARCOTIC NEWEST

### CRUSH 35 REEFER NADNESS

CRUSH35 started out as a collective of a handful of local musicians in Zurich, Switzerland with the goal of giving each other the means to produce and publish their work. Over the years and through the mud more and more artists joined, some more musically-inclined than others, but all talented as hell. Our means and shape might have changed but the goal stays the same-We're here to show you the weird shit. Your neighbor's harsh industrial mixtape. Your kid's teacher's erotic body art. Nobody does it like the fringes.

TRACEY EMIN!!! LIFE AND TIMES OF PANCHO VILLA **BANDELIERS RECALLED** YOU BY THE CORNERS OF YOUR EYES - OSKARI 5 IMPALERS - CELLAR DWELLER : SUPER REVIEW DOUBLE FEATURE 6 IT'S NOT PARANOIA IF THEY'RE OUT TO GET YOU / YOUR DIGITAL CONDOM 7 DRIBLETS DROPLETS DRIBLETS

show us your work we'd love to see it artists @crush35.com



HATE, LET ME TELL YOU HOW MUCH I'VE COME TO HATE YOU SINCE I BEGAN TO LIVE. THERE ARE 307,44 MILLION MILES OF CHEMICALLY PROCESSED CEL-THE ART SCENE AT THIS MICRO INSTANT, FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU, HATE, HATE,



(why DID you never become a dancer?)

# HI TRACEY EMIN!

by j. wycli

(written mostly during uni lectures, where I should have paid attention)

"I really loathe vulgarity, so common" What do you think of the current art scene? Ignore for a moment the underground movements, the individuals, the fringes. Go to the club. What do you see around you?

/vʌlˈgær.ə.ti/

This is nothing new. People have tried to shock since forever. This by itself is not a bad thing. What I hate is the vulgar. The distasteful. The self-righteously bad. Tracey Emin is a person that embodies these qualities in her works. Look her up if you never heard about her, which you probably didn't, unless you have an interest in British art. I don't like Tracey Emin. I don't like what she stands for. I really loathe vulgarity, so common. In art. I'm telling you all this because I want you to listen to Whitehouse, and I want you to understand why they are so important. The scene has always been full of filth, yet nobody has ever put it words better than them.

Among spineless posers they have always remained true to themselves. As opposed to associated acts such as Current93, Ramleh, Sutcliffe Jugend, Death in June, Nature & Organization, all of which sound like a bunch of pitiful art school students, Whitehouse sounds like a bunch of drunk, angry, middle-aged blokes. Because that's what they are, and in this lies all their strength. Sonically, they go from the most soul crushing noise of the time (eg. Philosophy) to the most bare-bones instrumentation (eg. Cut Hands has the Solution, or perhaps even more extreme, Birthdeath Experience). But it's not the instrumentation that Whitehouse is so important for. No other project ever came close to Whitehouse in terms of lyrics. Or, better said, no other people ever came close to William Bennet's and Philip Best's work. It's a barrage of disgust and revolt against the underground scene. Vibrant images and extreme emotions lie within each line, and the execution is unparalleled. If you listened to them and "didn't get it", you probably shouldn't be here to begin with. I'm sorry. I can't put in words how important this project is.

NOW/ THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME

PLL SHOW/ YOU EMOTIONAL TRUTH

PLL SHOW/ YOU THE FUCKING SOURCE

PLL SHOW/ YOU YET ANOTHER FUCKING LAR

AND THIS IS FOR THE YOU

PLL SHOW/ YOU THAT SOMETHING THAT MAKES YOU:

PEEL DIFFERENT // FEEL SPECIAL

PLL GIVE YOU:

THO U G HI T S // I MI A G E S // S O U NI D S

PLL GIVE THE YOU SOMETHING

EVEN MORE INTERESTING THAN THE LAST ONE

AND PLL TELL YOU WHY/ ITS THE BEST ONE YET

AND THEN YOU CAN LOOK BACK ON IT ALL AND SAY:

THIS IS THE REST THAT EVED HADDENED TO ME



## THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PANCHO VILLA

"bandeliers

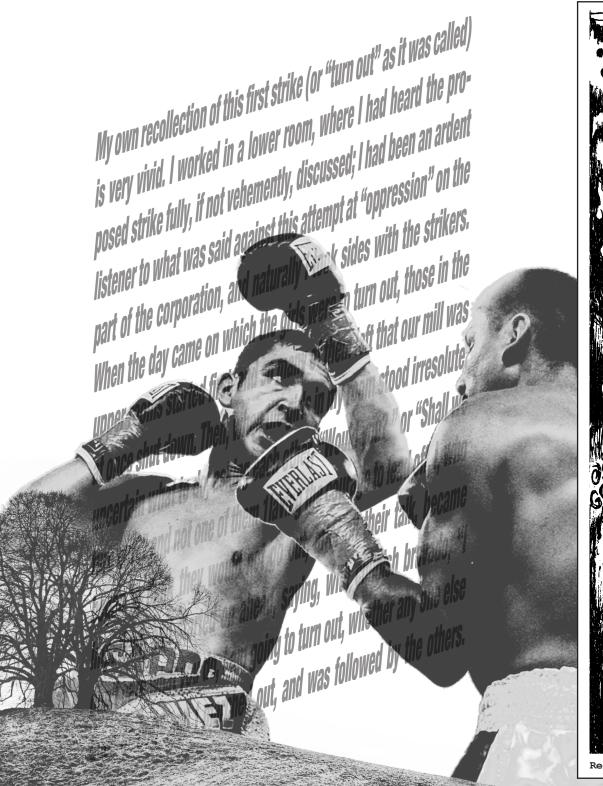
For every hundred or so air-filling dad rock cover acts that book out half the stages in the city, there's a rare handful of analog arsonists that set the rest on fire. Rarer still is the sight of even two in the same place, so it tracks that a quartet of them would turn the skies around them red and the audience to blissful ash.

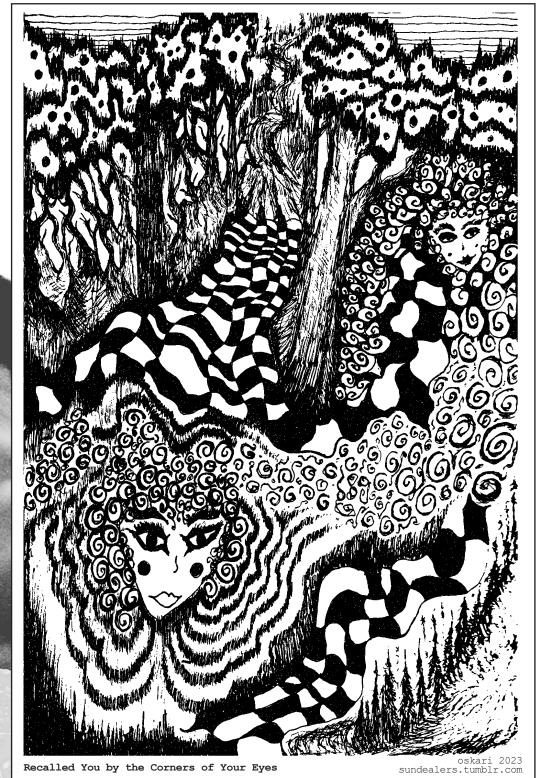
Bandeliers don't shy away from luring you in with gliding guitars drenched in most of the effects you can think of only to turn your head into a colossal gong and hitting it repeatedly with a hammer the size of a mountain [open book]. It's in the heavier jams that Jeff's drums drag you through at supersonic speeds, violating toms like Alex Leonard, with Fanny carrying the spaced out guitar square on her shoulders on the waves of her ludicrously smooth bass [desert rain, foreign lover]. Malcom's ridiculous versatility on guitar is what gives the band so much space to move between genres, somehow moving freely on a spectrum anywhere from BB King to Johnny Marr with his own wild catalogue of spins and riffs. All these talents are narrated by Declan, lending all of the band's material a signature melancholy, with a queen's country drawl infusing bandeliers' slower ballads with the spirit of a modern elvis and shifting gears into a sheer force of nature when



Bandeliers decimate the stage within minutes of taking it. This isn't just a personal opinion, there's physical proof of it after turning heads during the Grand Zebrock auditions and advancing one step closer to taking on the fête de l'humanité later this year if they make it through their next test on June 21, the finals at la Maroquinerie. Crazily enough, these tight motherfuckers just keep getting tighter and tighter, and sweating their asses off to prepare for them is just going to reinforce them even more. If you see they're going to take the stage, you are ordered to go witness one of the few bands I've seen that just can't be done justice on a recording.

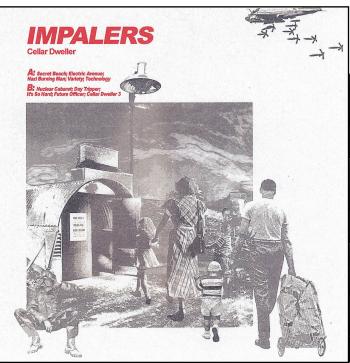








LUNA





"NAZI BURNING MAN" from "cellar dweller" by Impalers

there's gun my head and throat а hand on my there's a knife in my back in and my heads а rope choke gonna i'm inbred pinheads in а barn these till pathetic human farm there's and no escape

the axis marching through the gates or burly white men full of hate it's all the same



FRANK

### DO THE CRUEL MEANS JUSTIFY A SHOW?

Cellar Dweller is a midnight sea voyage through torrential rain in which you are thrown overboard by an unrelenting and angry ocean. Yet, despite your senses being completely overwhelmed, you want to do it all again — because damned if it wasn't a hell of a ride. Impalers harness an absurd amount of anger, confusion, frenzy and fear into a cohesive picture. After opening with the trouncing Secret Beach, the tempo increases into Nazi Burning Man. this sense of no escape is confirmed through the lyricism: 'these inbred pinheads in a barn/ till a pathetic human farm/ and there's no escape.' With the listener trapped in this thrall, the speaker explains how he himself feels trapped in a society in which white supremacy grows unchecked aided by fear scapegoating and rampant media illiteracy, later confirmed in Variety and Nuclear Cabaret. Hearing "do the cruel means justify a show?' immediately conjures images of artillery shells printed with 'Made in the U.S.A.' found in the rubble among martyred civilians in Palestine and any other foreign military interventions. As this unrelenting frenzy leads to the final two tracks a resolution emerges in the form of one final anger-fueled ballad against the police state and then an abounding guitar solo in the instrumental finale. Cellar Dweller unravels systematically like an opera of pure rage, as Impalers immerses the listener in their sonic thesis that articulates all the anger inherent to living in a post-Trump and generally politically corrupt bipartisan America — overall creating a fast-paced album whoseidentifiable head-bangers somehow manage to simultaneously carve out a place in the socio-political discourse.

#### I WANT TO BE AN OFFICE JERK // FIND OUT WHAT IM REALLY WORTH

Constantly hearing stories about genuine bona fide neo-nazis popping up all over paris, the gov't perpetually amplifying every single social issue to appease people whose spit-soaked boots haven't even touched the streets I walk, seeing the walls and streets plastered with propaganda, all of it is murder on the soul. I've been disillusioned with the ponzi scheme the "civilized" world is running for a long time, but hearing these big dudes from a city on the other side of the planet scream their lungs out about new-money dipshits acting like the world belongs to them rips that right out of me and gives it some long-needed form and direction. Cody Cox's guitar riffs shred through Arthur Rizk's ridiculously tight mix like paper, the drums kick like a fucking mule thanks to Mike Sharp treating them like he's playing pillows for a stadium and the words vocalist Chris Ulsh uses are exactly what they need to be: harsh, dense, and on a 5th grade reading level so anyone who hears it knows exactly what's being said to them, as long as they can somehow piece it together through the distorted full frontal assault he delivers into the microphone. But the words aren't the important part, the electric energy every single one of these guys dump into each second carries itself with ease. It's impossible to listen to Cellar Dweller without getting dragged along through an account from a group of people who don't just know that they're angry but can also tell you exactly why. Cellar Dweller sold me on hardcore. This shit is incredible.



Where he lived? He would say—had anyone spoken to him?—in a big room. He knew it better than anyone, where his food was, his toys, his clothes. Oh, mother where are you?

Sat in front. For The People of The Republic. Laid there in his unkempt pants. For The People. Oh, Mister Policeman! smacked the hush of a blush off his dusty face. Of The Republic, stated the sticker on the rear window, slithering across the – admittedly – beautiful landscape of this country. Freedom to the righteous man, non pro non-cives. After all, how could one trust a stranger hunching behind the bulletproof glass?

It is ridiculously easy to stay poor. Penny for a dime after dime for a penny. "They don't have manners, their hair stinks; I find it obscene to call them equal to us", he couldn't have heard. (The friendliest folks, all used to say. Only got to get accustomed to some quirks.) Got it on a metal bench, comically unpleasant, trellis pushing its way all up to his bones. Everything could be a bed. There, his hair, glittering, Thanks! to the water-spraying car park entrance. Driblets, droplets: The sound of the hopeless.

You should call him something. What for? no one needs to talk to him.

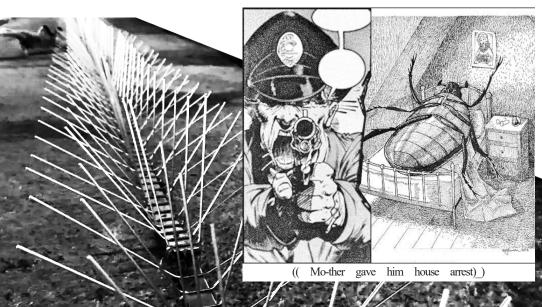
Sleep on dust and ashes. Sleep by the watching pupils.

The steel chairs, the spikes, the sloped floors;

He broke his ankle sliding off an edge. Now the point he is trying to convey got lost in the intermission, but he might have tried to say that it is not all about sleeping.

Au contraire. That would be four hours at most and in the daylight. At reasonable times a reasonable fella would take a reasonable nap in the beautiful sunlight. Snap back. Minus four degrees of inclination depressing him into the worst cold he might ever have. Stinging in – the rain. Reminding him of: Driblets, drop**THAT MOTHERFUCKING GUN RIGHT NOW, YOU GONE MENTAL OR WHAT?** 

(cont'd)



..let's see. He sometimes wondered what it would feel like to work. Not that he hasn't – 20 years of stage fitting, delivering parcels, and the last one selling Newports to teenagers at an Exxon. And then finally, Anthony "Driblets" Smithson and what turned out to be the biggest police chase of the year.

And there it is. Is this heaven? (Sir, this is a KFC and I need you to get out... right now.)
Left with his bag, just like Santa. Instead of presents, bedbug-infested t-shirts and a fair bit of debt to Banco Santander. \*later kept falling asleep in the bus until the inspector kicked him in the leg — the one with the broken ankle, remember\* — and then out. The so-called public sphere. Closed after all, someone must have forgotten to give you the keys. Just come by in a few days, and we'll get you back into society.

Bet. we'll get you back into society.



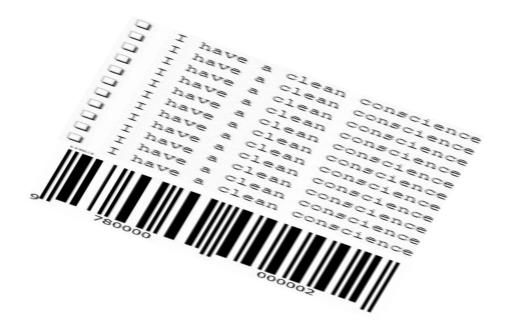


Replying to @Des4gr@ness

Hi, Jeremy: Benches were removed from stations to prevent the homeless from sleeping on them: AJP

7:09 AM : 2/5/21 : Conversocial





graphics/words **f. grimes**words **l. kohut**driblets/droplets **tenebrae** tenebrae.info
recalled you by the corners of your eyes **oskari** sundealers.tumblr.com
hi tracey emin! **j. wyclif** (mr wyclif lives a monastic life)

