

CRUSH 35

REEFER MADNESS

MARIHUANA

THE BURNING WEED
WITH ITS ROOTS IN

A PUFF
OF SMOKE
STARTED
HER ON
HER WAY

AMERICA'S
NEWEST
NARCOTIC
MENACE

Hell



it's
CRUSH
35

REEFER MADNESS

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 mix-tape. Your kid's teacher's erotic body art. Nobody does it like the fringes.

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



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 at any point felt offended, you're part of the problem. 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
I'LL SHOW YOU EMOTIONAL TRUTH
I'LL SHOW YOU THE FUCKING SOURCE
I'LL SHOW YOU YET ANOTHER FUCKING LIAR
AND THIS IS FOR THE YOU
I'LL SHOW YOU THAT SOMETHING THAT MAKES YOU
FEEL DIFFERENT // FEEL SPECIAL
I'LL GIVE YOU
THOUGHTS // IMAGES // SOUNDS
I'LL GIVE THE YOU SOMETHING
EVEN MORE INTERESTING THAN THE LAST ONE
AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY IT'S THE BEST ONE YET
AND THEN YOU CAN LOOK BACK ON IT ALL AND SAY
THIS IS THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME



Do yourself a service and listen to Whitehouse. You can stop reading now and go listen if you're so inclined. Whitehouse (William Bennet, Philip Best, Peter Sotos) is pure. It's a clear vision among a horde of second-rate electronic projects. Emerging out of the British electronic scene, at a time where tasteless depravity and childish political extremism were mainstays for their shock value, Whitehouse's take was "You people are sickening. We loathe you."

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PANCHO VILLA

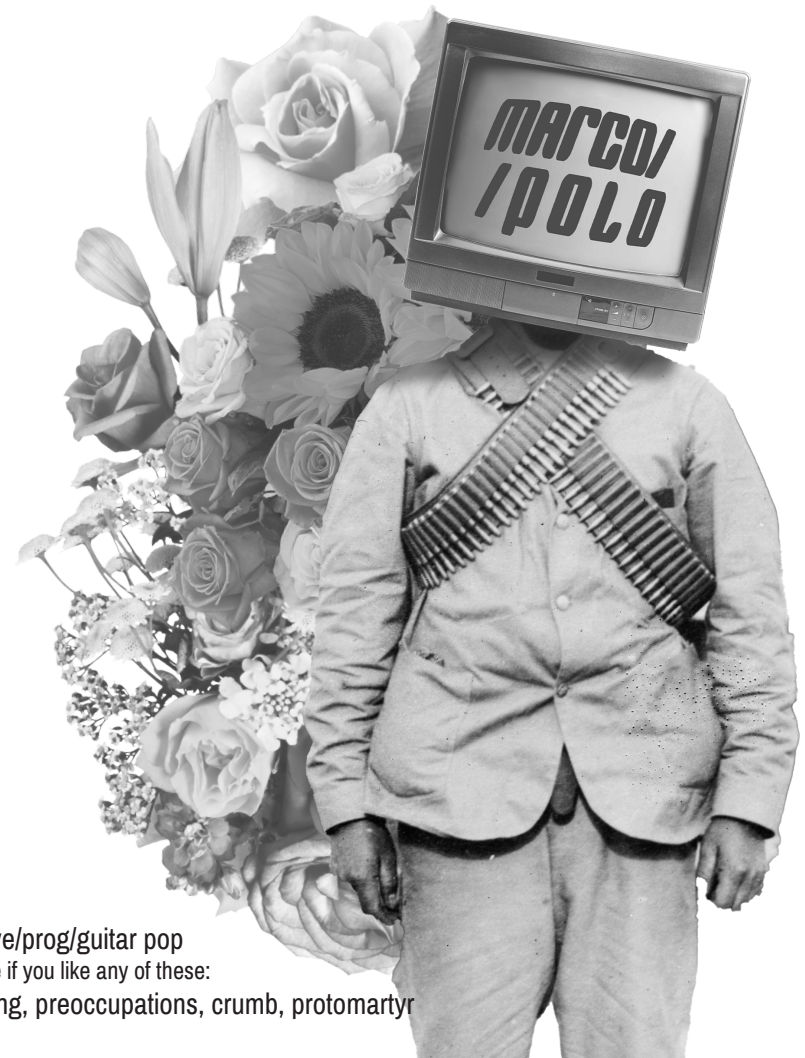
“b a n d e l i e r s”

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.

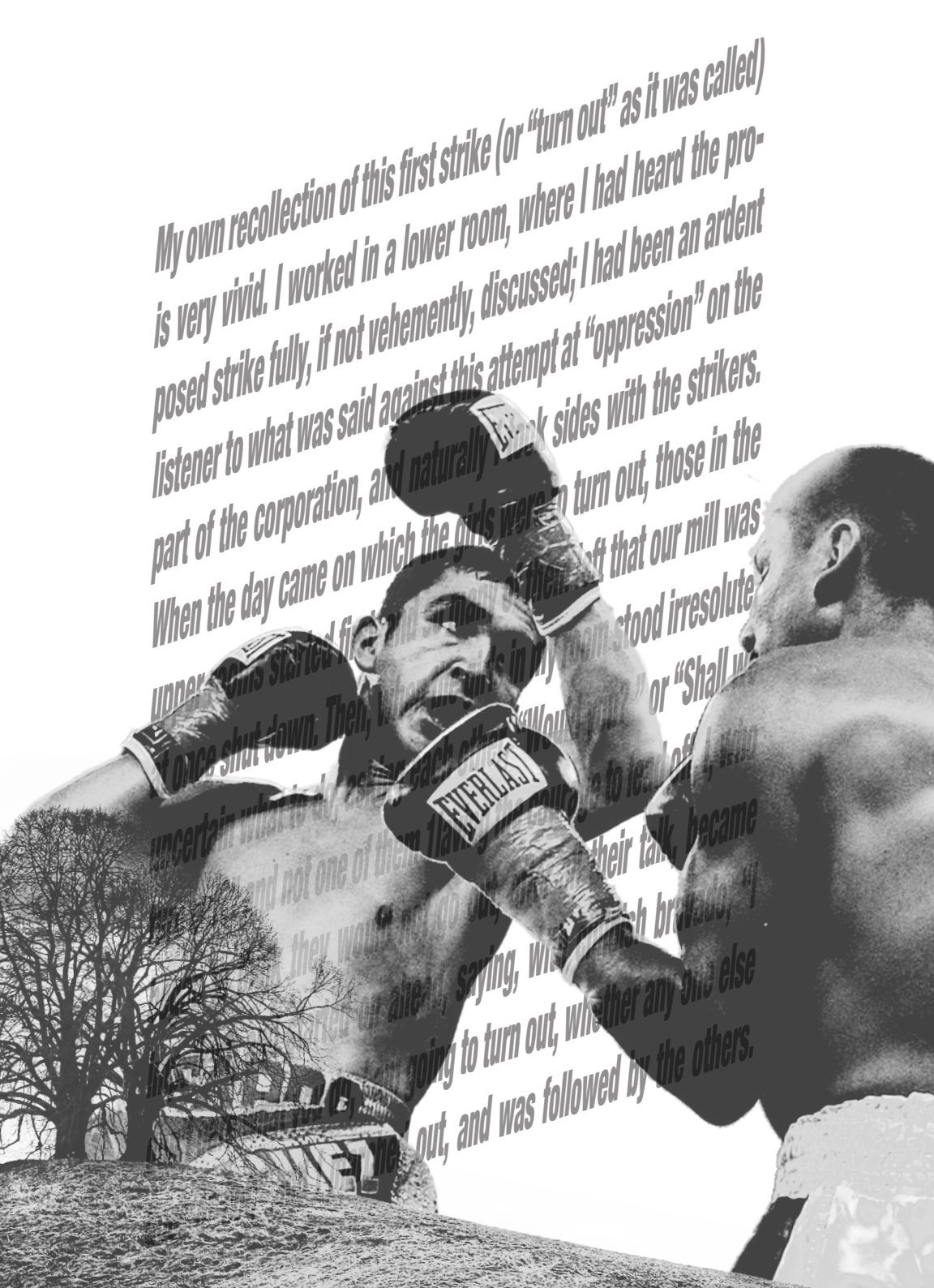
Bandeliers don't shy away from luring you in with gliding guitars drenched in most of the effects you can think of only to turn your head into a colossal gong and hitting it repeatedly with a hammer the size of a mountain [open book]. It's in the heavier jams that Jeff's drums drag you through at supersonic 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 the music lets him.



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. Crazy 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.



crank wave/prog/guitar pop
you will love if you like any of these:
unschooling, preoccupations, crumb, protomartyr



My own recollection of this first strike (or "turn out" as it was called) is very vivid. I worked in a lower room, where I had heard the proposed strike fully, if not vehemently, discussed; I had been an ardent listener to what was said against this attempt at "oppression" on the part of the corporation, and naturally took sides with the strikers. When the day came on which the girls were to turn out, those in the upper rooms started first. They stood irresolute for a moment, uncertain what to do, and not one of them had their talk become a saying, with a "bravado" going to turn out, whether any one else out, and was followed by the others.



Recalled You by the Corners of Your Eyes



“NAZI BURNING MAN”
from “cellar dweller” by Impalers

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

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



LUNA

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 whose-identifiable head-bangers somehow manage to simultaneously carve out a place in the socio-political discourse.

FRANK

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.



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recalled you by the corners of your eyes **oskari** sundealers.tumblr.com

hi tracey emin! **j. wyclif** (*mr wyclif lives a monastic life*)

