



YOUR COMPLETE GUIDE
TO

Hawaii's Underground

Raoul Vehill is a veteran of Hawaii's underground and the driving force behind the legendary thrash/trash band Devil Dog. Feeling nostalgic, he reminisces here about the scene-building roles played by the bands on No Place to Play.



October 31, 1980. Ho boy, what a night. 3D opened in a third floor black-walled sauna pretending to be a night club. The room was filled with seriously underage kids wearing polka dots and checkered shirts. There were even two guys in leather jackets (and one had a mohawk!). The deejay was spinning that minimal-boingy-adrenalized-on-purpose-stupid music called "new wave." He even put on a couple of those Satan-spawned punk bands, like the Pistols and Iggy Pop. Everyone was talking about how cool the bands in LA were, and everyone was pretending to be cooler than everyone else, because, like, wow! they had seen the Go-Gos live or spraypainted an anarchy symbol in a hotel lobby. It was new wave, the most different looking and sounding thing to hit radio and tv since most of these whelps had been growing pimples. A lot of them started out listening to The Cars, then Blondie, then The Ramones and then the Sex Pistols. They'd never be the same (or not for four or five years, anyway).

It kinda made me sick, hearing about New York and LA all the time. What about here? I wanted to dress weird and pogo in my own back yard. Or at least not any farther away than Waikiki.

*"My father plow a plot, in a concrete parking lot,
Aw fuck it, I think I'll move to New York City" - The Squids.*

The Squids were the first new wave band from Hawaii that actually practiced. They had a couple of sets and could even play their instruments. They had a gig too, playing at 3D, which was the Pacific Mecca for (God, I'm getting sick of these words) new wave. Their shows featured rippin' rhythm guitar, frantic drums, nerdy guys bouncing around (maybe even wearing stupid hats) and a woman bass player singing songs about stupid stuff. They were the Kings. They weren't just a cool band, they were the only band. They were tight, and they captured a stressed, neurotic Jonesing for strange crazed fun. And they were the first.

The Squids sewed up 3D for about a year and then moved to the Wave and became showbiz professionals. All the really "rad" people called them sellouts.

The first seminal punk band I ever remember playing here was A.D.M.S. (Anarchy Doesn't Make Sense) Family. They were loud and had a singer that looked like Johnny Rotten. People pogoed while they played. They were raw and sloppy, true to the tadpole punk rock manifesto. The owners of 3D said, "YOU GUYS WILL NEVER PLAY IN THIS CLUB AGAIN."

My personal favorite band was Dog's Body, who had a trash can drum, about ten guys who couldn't play anything and songs like Lief Garrett.





"My beer is warm, my cock is cold, gosh I'm getting fuckin' old, Lief Garrett! Lief Garrett!" they would scream as they passed out beer bottles for the audience to bang together in time. They were awful, but people dug them, which was weird, because they didn't play any particular kind of music. At that time, you were either a punk, a mod, a rockabilly dude, a nuero (new romantic) or a surfer, or else 'the scene' was really snobby to you. Dog's Body had about three mods in it. One of them, Mike, wrecked his Vespa, died, and the mods kind of faded out. It was the end of a certain period.

Next came the Sharx, born in the days when punk was turning into hardcore. They were young and green, but all the kids from Koko Head to Kahala and even in town were turning into punks, and they ate up the Sharx rippin' total-frustration noise like baby hammerheads. People started slammin' at 3D and at secret UH gigs that got busted by security. The words "You'll never play here again" began to be heard more and more often.

Around this time, Hawaii Nei was blessed with Sonya and the Revolution, a truly putrid new wave rip-off band that should have been an aerobic exercise act. And there was The Hat Makes the Man, basically a cover band that did some good originals. Hat was talented and had great stage presence and a good feel for the audience. They could have been great, and sometimes were, but they had a gig at the Wave sewed up for a long time. Maybe they didn't take enough chances.

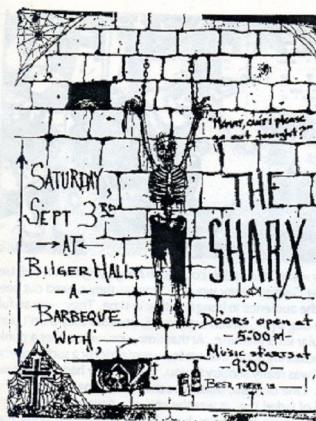
Then came the hardcore days. SRO (Something Really Offensive) were the hardcore gods for a long time. They wrote a lot of songs about being a punk in Hawaii. The pits got gnarlier; sometimes the scene got a little violent, but it had IDENTITY. The gigs got bigger. Two hundred to 300 kids would converge at the University YWCA or the Hawaii Institute of Geophysics building. There were tons of bands. I remember gigs in Wahiawa and Kailua backyards. Lots of gigs in Kailua.

On the other side of Honolulu's psyche was The Vacuum, one of Dave Carr's many bands. The Vacuum captured Dave's soul better than the others. The songs were mystical, depressed and had a somewhat affected emotional romanticism. Dave wore a lot of clothes in this band.

At this point there were three bands with many mutual musicians. JIF (Just In Fun) was a band that showed concern about the world's cruelty in a positive and rockin' way. Cringer was an in-your-face peacepunk band (they still play in LA and have a 7" EP out). They were hot. Hypodepression, featuring Barry Freeze from the Sharx, played songs about - what else - hypodepression. Some of these are among my favorite tunes of all time. SAUD, Hawaii's first speedmetal band, pumped up

(cont. next page)





everyone's adrenaline and gave hardcore a new frontier of intensity, but they broke up. Shows didn't depend on any one club, since most of the clubs kicked the punks out anyhow. The shows just moved from place to place; hassles from the police kept a strong scene on the run.

But soon the scene was squashed down to a large degree. In this dust bowl MUG (Mean Ugly Guys) were born. They weren't mean or ugly, but they were guys. Little young guys who played pretty mean after all. The eXactones started off kind of limp and pop-oriented but grew into a serious noise assault that could fuck with your head. They showed that lame bands can become hot if they don't give up.

SRO broke up and everyone started taking Robitussin, a cough syrup that is one of the strangest drugs I've ever done. It's like being on quaaludes and flowing down a syrupy river of LSD. It was the end of another phase and the beginning of the current phase of the Hawaiian underground, sometimes referred to as the Sub Club period (though there were a few attacks on the UH and other unsuspecting venues as well).

A band called A Dying Tribe started up. They were an almost formula deathrock band with a way-tight, blazing bottom end. They could have been really hot but missed connecting with the audience because they took themselves a bit too seriously.

Mystery Crash, formed from the ashes of SRO, is still around and writing hot, deathy rock 'n' roll with clean, gripping guitar and bass work.

Broken Man, a metal/hardcore crossover band appeared on the scene. Hardcore has been turning toward metal everywhere. Broken Man rocks, and they're still around.

And then there was Devil Dog (recently deceased). We played either horrible drunken sets of funk-core Mexican cowpunk or rippin' psycho hard-edged sets that were like Godzilla and Joey Ramone hangin' out in a volcano doing speed. We were the true dinosaur band.

Wisdom Tree brought reggae to the scene but changed styles so often it was hard to keep up. However, they were always one with their audience. Their lead singer recently left for L.A.

The Wrong, also recently migrated, played power pop-meets-punk songs with lyrics about true human situations.

Oriental Love Ring (with Peter Bond of Hat Makes the Man and Beano Shots of the Squids) plays good generic new music covers. OLR has clean musicianship and professional stage presence. They may just be a great band if they manage to create their own sound. Why these guys don't rule the Wave, instead of the horrid Sonya incarnation and the wimped-out Flesh Concern, I'll never know.

The list of bands that made history is, of course, a lot longer than this. Only a fraction of the past was able to make it onto *No Place to Play*. As for the future... who knows? For now we've got the 7-11 parking lot outside of Pink Cadillac and, as always, no place to play.

and now, let's begin our tour- from A to Z...

A DYING TRIBE



EMBRIONIC BLISS

IF ONE LINE
THE LINE THAT BREAKS
THE LINE THAT CRACKS
WATCH OUT
BREAK IT OPEN, GO DOWN
EAT OF MY FLESH
DRINK OF MY BLOOD
TAKE DOWN NO OTHER
BUT ME
CHEW ON MY BONES
DEVOUR MY MARROW
IN MY CIRCULATION
BE MY SORROW
I ZOMBIE WHEN YOU LOOK
AT ME
THE MOUTH IS DRY
THE TONGUE FALLS FREE

LOCK ME IN SWALLOW THE KEY
CLIMB ALL OVER ME
A WALKING TALKING
CHEMICAL FACTORY
SHE COME SHE TALK MINGLE
BEYOND THE SKIN
BEHIND THE EYES
THIS IS NOT THE SKIN
TO GET I HIGH
WE LAUGH INSIDE
WE CRY INSIDE
THEY FORM BARS
AROUND YOUR MIND
NO REMORSE
FOR WHAT'S LEFT TO DIE
BUT TOMORROW
YOUR MIND WILL STEER CLEAR

FACES OF DEATH

(1ST VERSE)

WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES
I SEE THE FACES OF DEATH
YOU CAN'T RUN AND HIDE
FROM THE FACES OF DEATH
COLD BLOOD BURNS MY SKIN
FROM THE FACES OF DEATH
I SMELL THE ROTTING FLESH
FROM THE FACES OF DEATH

(CHORUS)

BONES BREAKING, SPINES SNAPPING,
SKULL CRUSHING, FACES OF DEATH

(REPEAT)

(2ND VERSE)

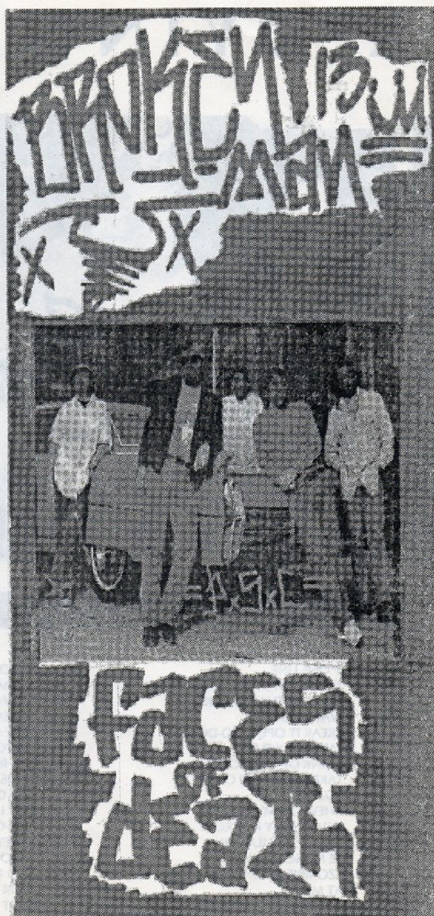
EVIL LURKS

WITHIN THE FACES OF DEATH
BLACK EYES STARE AT ME
FROM THE FACES OF DEATH
YOU CAN'T RUN AND HIDE
FROM THE FACES OF DEATH

THIS CAN'T BE A DREAM

I FEEL THE FACES OF DEATH

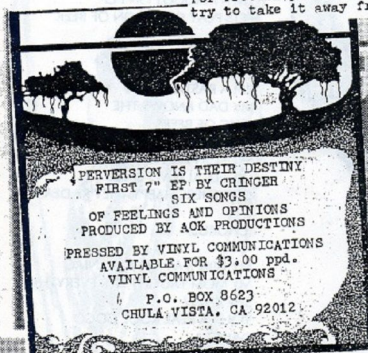
(CHORUS)



CRINGER

CRINGER formed in the summer of 85. We then broke up at the end of the summer as two members moved to L.A. The next summer

we reformed and the whole band moved to L.A. In the summer of 87, we recorded our first 6 song EP, and then our drummer and bassist left the band. Lance moved from guitar to drums, and Gardiner moved from vocals to bass. We picked up Simon, from England on guitar. We all sing, but Lance does most of it. We just finished recording our second EP which should be out soon. Our style keeps changing, and our influences are too numerous and too subliminal to pinpoint. I don't mean to cop out on that, but I really don't know what to say. Our philosophies differ greatly in many respects, but we are basically for freedom, peace and equality for everyone, except those who try to take it away from anyone. Please write.



BERLIN WALL by Lance

This is where we've come to stand
Out of touch but in my hand.

You can feel the Berlin Wall,
walk away and let it fall
We can learn without the past,
make something that will last.

A woman to a man,
the only definition we need to
understand.

A secret makes a tension,

A scream makes doubt.
We all strive for acceptance,
We can't deny or live without.
I wish I could be honest,
Without causing pain.
I wish I could write a love song,
without sounding vain.

(Raging bass solo)

Newborn babies are so free,
To watch this suffering is too hard
for me.



DEVIL DOG



DON, KEITH & RAOUL

MONSTER JAM

(CHORUS)
 ITS A MONSTER JAM
 IN MY CADILLAC
 WE GO AROUND THE BLOCK
 1313 MOCKINGBIRD LANE

DON'T TAKE ME OUT TO THE
 BONEYARD BABY
 LETS BURN TRASH IN THE
 LIVINGROOM
 I'M A MAGGOT ON PCP
 LETS PLAY DUNGEON OF BEER

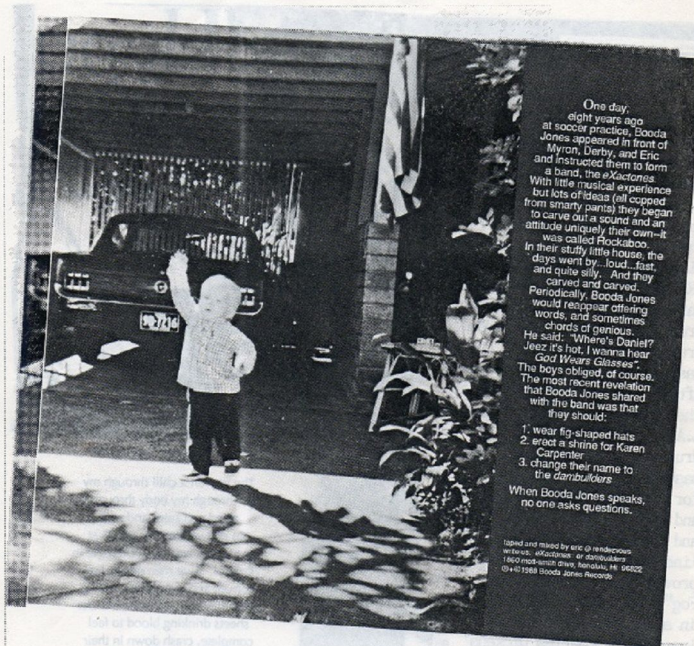
(CHORUS)
 I'M A RASTAFARIAN
 MY DAD KNOWS THE
 KING OF BEERS.
 EVERYBODY GOT'S A
 SKULL IN HIS HEAD
 SKULLS ALWAYS SMILE
 CUZ THERE HAPPY THEY'RE DEAD

(CHORUS)
 MY GIRL'S A NYPHOMANIAC
 MY MOM TAUGHT HER EVERYTHING
 SHE KNEW
 YOUR A REAL KOOL GOGO
 DANCER
 MAN I DIG THOSE
 LEATHER BOOTS

GRANDPA
 LILY
 HERMAN
 EDDIE, NOT MARYLYN
 SHE'S LAME

GRANDPA'S MAKIN BOMBS
 IN THE BASEMENT
 GONNA BLOW SOME
 HOLES IN THE PAVEMENT
 LETS HAVE A VODOO
 PARTY TONIGHT
 I'LL BE THE HUMAN
 SACRIFICE

(CHORUS)
 SCOBIDOB! BALABIPAL LA
 SCIBI DADA WOW



One day, eight years ago at soccer practice, Booda Jones appeared in front of Myron, Derby, and Eric and instructed them to form a band, the «Kacatoes». With little musical experience but lots of ideas (all copied from smart pants) they began to carve out a sound and an attitude uniquely their own—it was called Rockaboo. In their stuffy little house, the days went by...loud...fast, and quite silly. And they carved and carved. Periodically, Booda Jones would reappear offering words, and sometimes chords of genius. He said: "Where's Daniel? Jeez it's hot, I wanna hear God Wears Glasses". The boys obliged, of course. The most recent revelation that Booda Jones shared with the band was that they should:

1. wear fig-shaped hats.
2. erect a shrine for Karen Carpenter.
3. change their name to the *dambulkers*.

When Booda Jones speaks, no one asks questions.

typed and mixed by Eric G. Henderson
written: «Kacatoes» © dambulkers
1987 and 1988 Dave Derby, Myron, 15 06222
03+0 1288 Booda Jones Records

TRYAN GEORGE - vocals, acoustic guitar DAVE DERBY - bass guitar, b. vocals
ERIC MASUNAGA - electric guitar, b. vocals DANIEL GLASS - drums, b. vocals

GOD WEARS GLASSES

(CHORUS)

God of the Masses
God wears Glasses
Anonymous Faces
Find Me a Bassist

HYP0-DEPRESSION

Started in another hot, boring summer in 1985. Dave Carr was on drums, Barry Freeze on Vocals, Gardiner Pope on bass, and Lance Hahn on guitar. This was not meant to be a "real" band but more of a summer project for fun. The original lineup recorded a video which was mysteriously lost (Raymond Droids are suspected). Influences for the band range from dead things to psychedelic drugs to endless cups of coffee hastily downed in donut shops. After Dave and Gardner went to the psychotic playland known as L.A., Rob Cribley took over on drums and Kev Carr joined as bassist/bk. vocals. The writers for the band were Dave, Gardner and Lance for the original lineup and Kev and Lance for the 2nd lineup, with Barry and Rob providing creative thrust. "The Fog" is a song about desperation in a decaying city and was inspired by Charles Dickens' novel *Bleak House*. It was written and recorded by the second lineup for their eight song demo tape which may or may not be available at Jelly's. The band played various underground gigs, parties and skate parks across Hawaii.

ROB CRIBLEY

Depression

Hypo

BARRY FREEZE

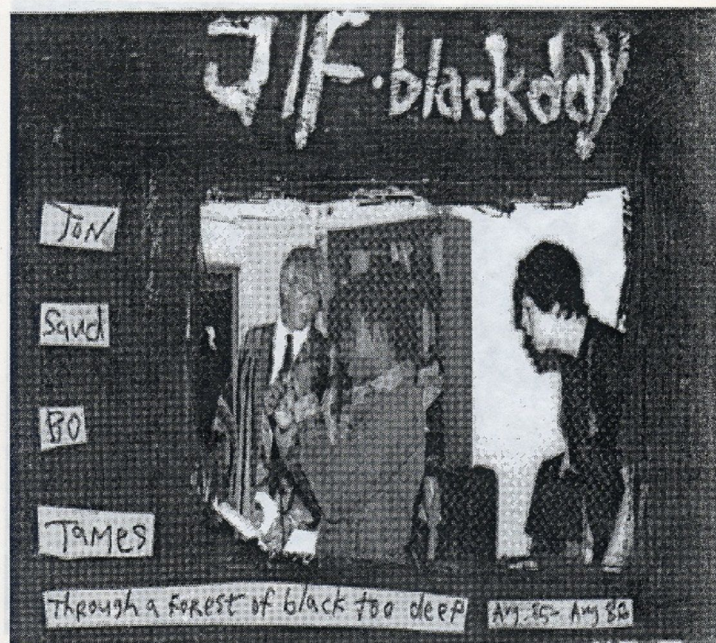
KEV CARR

LANCE HAHN

THE FOG

by Kev Carr and Lance Hahn

The fog ran a chill through my head through my body through my mind and spirit and soul
No one walked the streets at night 'cause we were no longer in control. Blue men on the line corrupt and out of time, taking what they can get. Killers under sheets drinking blood to feel complete, crash down in their regrets. In this bleak house, in the center of the city, did you think that I would set you free? A new and desperate breed spreading thoughts like disease destroying all they find. They will search you down if you're different in their town and show you the chains that bind. so many who are trapped feeling walls at their backs the fog has hid the Son. If you think there's time, and everything is fine, then in you the fog has won. CHORUS



BLACK DAY

The fragrance so sweet I can't resist,
 Though it will be the death of me.
 So persistently I do persist,
 Though it will be the death of me.
 I'm in a forest of black so deep
 That it makes it hard to see.
 A slave to this obsession for so long,
 I forget what it is to be free.
 I'm digging my grave,
 'Cos I can't stay away.
 It won't be long before my black day.

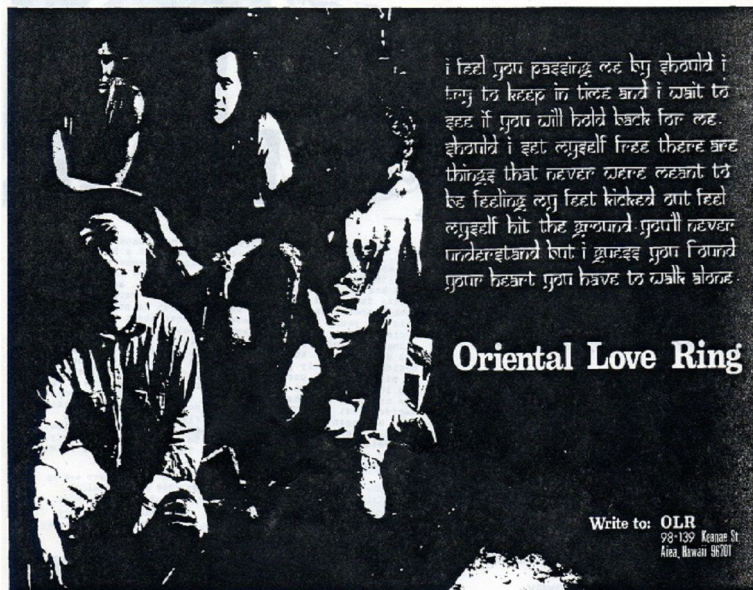
No matter what you do,
 No matter what you say,
 You can't keep me from my black day.
 I have no will to your attack,
 Though it will be the death of me.
 I'll jump into fire before I fall back,
 Though it will be the death of me.
 I'll run further into the forest of black,
 So intent but aimlessly.
 Searching for that part of me that I lack,
 For a chance at being free.



100 m p h

Into the city
100 mph
Speed is in me
From dusk to the morning hours
I can't slow down - (chorus)
Live fast die fast
100 mph

I think I'm heading off my track
Speeding into the future
I'm a pyscho manaic
at 100 mph
Psycho is the way I act
Its my natural power



i holo gura hachibang luh bu koroahe i
 kyu to keshu in tere kare i kait to
 hach i gura will koro kore tar luh
 koroahe i hat luyaholi luh tere kare
 tere hach that hach hach luhach to
 be hach luy hach koroahe hat holo
 luyaholi hit the koroahe gura hach
 hach hach hach i hach hach hach
 hach hach hach hach hach hach hach

Oriental Love Ring

Write to: OLR
 98-139 Kame St
 Aiea, Hawaii 96701

DAMAGE

I'm walking on live and dangerous wire
 I can't believe the damage has been done
 And I never want to feel this way
 And I never want to feel this way again
 And I never want to feel this way again

I can only guess what's really happened
 My memory has seen its better day
 And I don't think that I'll ever be
 And I don't think that I'll ever be
 And I don't think that I'll ever be the same

I was already sinking low
 I was mercy at her feet
 She was just a pile of skin & bones
 With words like barbed wire pulling at her teeth

I'm hanging on the end of raw desire
 I can't forget the place where I come from
 The morning light is like a burning fire
 The evening life is madness on the run

I opened up my eyes to see
 I opened up my eyes to see
 I opened up my eyes to see the damage
 the damage done.

To see the damage
 the damage done.

Astronazis

Everytime I look out into space
All I can think about is the master race
They've been here many times before
Taught Hitler all he knew, that's for sure

Astronazis- Fascists in Space
Astronazis- The New Reich will
conquer this place.

If you walk the streets you got no chance
They'll hunt you down & take you to their camps
The laser beam will melt you away
You can't win the Cosmic Fuhrers' game

Everytime I gaze into space
I don't wanna think about the master race
Nothing to do, no place to run
Andropov, Reagan are real ones.



THE SHARK probably formed sometime around 1983. Before that, Brian (guitar) and Gardner (bass) had a band of sorts for about two years. We changed several members, and ended up with Larry on vocals, and Devin on drums, and THE SHARK were basically formed. We were all friends, and had a pretty damn good time. We played a lot of covers, and sucked pretty bad a lot of the time, but no one cared. We were too young to really have any ideas about the world or society, other than that nagging feeling that something was wrong. We ended up with an all original set, and recorded two demo tapes. At first, everyone liked us, as we were basically the only punk band around (although not the first). We played either parties, or managed to get on bills with the local ska/dance bands, who were very supportive. With the creation of other punk bands, (SRO, THE EXPERT) people decided that THE SHARK were "too metal" and stopped liking us. We began to drift apart as friends and in musical taste. One day we went to practice, had a horrible time, and said "hey, let's break up". So we did. A sad story, but it sure was fun at the time. Thanks to all the friends who made it like that.

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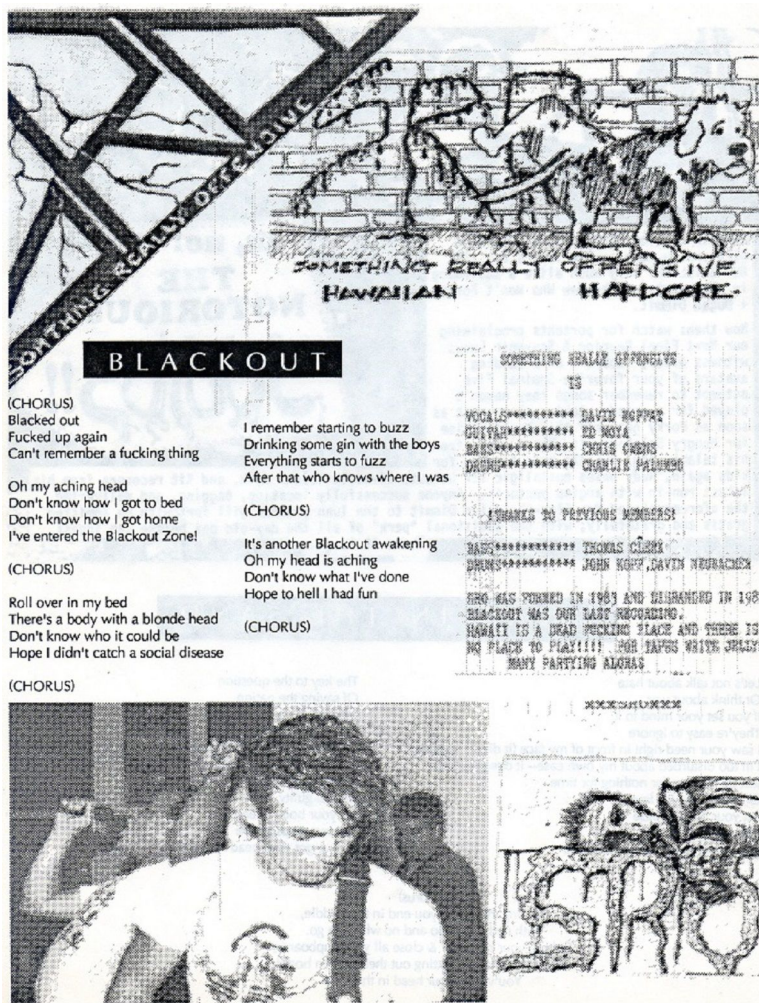


HEAD IN THE SAND

Let's not talk about hate
 Or think about war
 If you set your mind to it
 They're easy to ignore
 I saw your need right in front of my face (it didn't register)
 I'm too disturbed about my own case-- it doesn't matter
 Just do nothing for nothing for time
 Or feel guilty for love
 Set your body at ease
 The rest-steps above
 you've got your head in the sand

The key to the question
 Of saving the nation
 Lies not in you
 But your pre-designation
 I saw your need right in front of my face (it didn't register)
 I'm too disturbed about my own case-- it doesn't matter
 Just do nothing for nothing for time
 Or feel guilty for love
 Set your body at ease
 The rest-steps above
 you've got your head in the sand

(Chorus)
 Solving the riddle you end in the middle,
 with nothing to do and no where to go.
 Tighten your belt now & close all your cupboards,
 leave it for the rich setting out their golden hoard
 You've got your head in the sand



(CHORUS)
Blackout
Fucked up again
Can't remember a fucking thing

Oh my aching head
Don't know how I got to bed
Don't know how I got home
I've entered the Blackout Zone!

(CHORUS)
Roll over in my bed
There's a body with a blonde head
Don't know who it could be
Hope I didn't catch a social disease

(CHORUS)

I remember starting to buzz
Drinking some gin with the boys
Everything starts to fuzz
After that who knows where I was

(CHORUS)
It's another Blackout awakening
Oh my head is aching
Don't know what I've done
Hope to hell I had fun

(CHORUS)

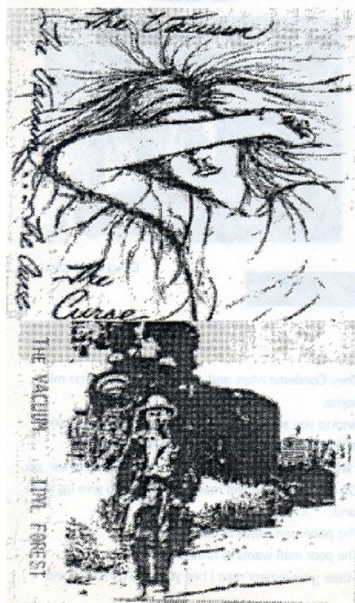
SOMETHING REALLY OFFENSIVE
IS

VOCALS***** DAVID HOPPE
GUITAR***** ED MOYA
BASS***** CHRIS OWENS
DRUMS***** CHARLIE PALMISTO

THANKS TO PREVIOUS MEMBERS!

BASS***** THOMAS CLEMY
DRUMS***** JOHN KOTT, DAVIN NEURACHER
BRO WAS FORMED IN 1983 AND DISSOLVED IN 1987
BLACKOUT WAS OUR LAST RECORDING.
HAWAII IS A DEAD FUCKING PLACE AND THERE IS
NO PLACE TO PLAY!!!! FOR TAPES WRITE JULIEN
MANY PARTYING ALOHAS

XXXXXXXXXX



ALIEN LANDSCAPE

Last night I saw myself staring in through my own window.
I was cold and tired and dressed in gray.
The other tried to reach me and his mouth moved in silence.
There was something he was trying to say.

I saw every strength and every weakness behind those mirror eyes.
I felt his thoughts but couldn't tell which were truths and which were lies.
I suddenly realized that this wasn't my all the while.
The alien land, beyond the garden, stretched for miles and miles.

I saw some people wandering blindly
And their were some who were trying to find me
I gave the call and we met by a wall
And spoke all day long of the alien lanscape.

Next day we awoke to find our homes were back in place.
We looked for clues of the alien world but we never found a trace.
Some days when I wake up, I still feel somethings wrong.
Perhaps this isn't our home and we suspected it all along.

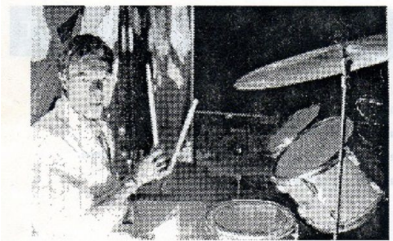
W i s d o m T r e e



Micah Charlot • Stevie -I-Ton



Matt Ras Suad



Tony Digital



Doug Matsuoka

R h e m a

Right now I come sing reality song about a place called Rhema.
Rhema is a ghetto come to tell you I say down in Jamaica.
The ghetto Trenchtown is no more.
And babylonians battle with their tribal war.
They put up a building and they paint it white.
But inside the people still fuss and fight
So you see, you can put a pig in a house but a pig is still a pig
Babylonian own grave him a go dig.
They Condemn Man, They Condemn Man,
They Condemn Man, They Codemn Man,
and put him in a Codemn-Man-ium

They Condemn Man, and put him in a Condemn-mini-home.
And so you see the people them are living in a casket.
Still no fish nor fruit nor bread in their basket.
I know they want something more they figure no use ask.
Oh mister government man why don't you give up some land.
The poor man wants to build a house
The poor man wants to raise a family
Mister government man I beg you give up some land.

FIREBASE PALOLO

Dawn approach, singing trees
all the things that went tick tick
Burning fire, a funeral pyre
mind on mind on mind over matter

Pressure domes and pumped up hills
pyramids of party cans
K.O. scences of movie 'zines
thrills and thrills and thrills for mad hatters

WE WERE
WE WERE INTO
WE WERE INTO
WE WERE INTO THE WOODS

Open bars and unleashed minds
all this for your acid regime
Pick me ups were torchlit sups
munching marching munching marching

Dawn approach, screaming trees
and all the guns that went click click
Burning fire, a funeral pyre
mind on mind on mind over matter

CHORUS

The woods are lovely, dark and deep
we've miles to go before we sleep
The woods are lovely, deadly steep
we've miles to go to our castle keep
The woods are lovely
The woods are lovely!



the wrong

The Wrong compiled in November of '86 with Jim Cribbley on guitar and vocals, Kev Carr on bass and vocals and Rob Cribbley on drums. Gary Owen was the clever delinquent who coined the band's name. Our first gig was Jan. 24, '87, at the Queen Theatre, playing with Stage Dive, Devil Dog, and S.S.O. The first few months of '87 were spent writing, playing, practicing, and recording our first two tapes. Some fifty to sixty copies of this nine song untitled tape were given away free to our friends to buy their affection and trust. It was one of those free tapes that persuaded Dave Carr to come back from L.A. and join Jim, Rob, and Kev in Hawaii to add another brother, guitarist, and vocalist to the band. In December to Dave, his copy of the free tape contained secret backwards subliminal DNA strand modification messages that programmed his fragile subconscious into believing that "L.A. is for stony boy faggots in spandex," and "real men leave L.A. to join the Wrong." The first gig with Dave was on July 24, '87 at Kihalei, which was probably the band's second worst gig.

In January of '88 the Wrong recorded a four song E.P. for Flux records, who liked it so much they requested we expand it to a full length album. "Zihel Puman: Blue Spots," completed in May '88, will hopefully be released before the end of the decade. Other highlights of '88 include opening for Casper Van Beethoven, headlining at the world famous Sub Club, playing lots of balls and parties where the cops always shut us down, and appearing on this compilation (thanks Ron and all the Jilly's guys and gals).

At this writing Dave and Rob are in San Francisco looking for a place for the band to live. We wish to extend a loud thanks to all the bands and individuals who have supported us through two great years. You're a good human, Hawaii, come visit us.



But Please do Not TRY to Park in the lot