



# UPPSALA HARDCORE

## FOREWORD

I started preparing for this article in the early fall of 2011 initially thinking it would be a piece of cake. I embarked on a journey of stories and interpersonal relationships that I could never have imagined to be lurking behind the veil of punk rock retardation that I had set out to document. I soon realized that I had to take the task far more serious than I had anticipated. In the end, I also had to conform to the notion that I can't paint an objective picture of the history of hardcore punk in Uppsala. It has to be the subjective story of those involved and more specifically interviewed, as well as my subjective interpretation of it. Many important people are missing, partly because they didn't answer my attempts to get in touch with them, and some should perhaps have been included among the live interviews, rather than having their part told via e-mail.

I have a long list of people to thank for their invaluable support and enthusiasm in helping me with this project. My deepest respect and gratitude for sharing it all with me, a straight edge kid that many of you probably wouldn't even have sneezed at back in the day. In one sense then, the times really are a changing.

But in Uppsala, a twelve inch on Clay Records from 1981 still reigns supreme.

### Thank you:

Affe, Crippe, Anna Granlund, Steffe, Kid Arvid and his family for the generous hospitality during my trips to Uppsala, Oliver Schofield, Johan Andersson, Nicktape (USA #1!), Mathilda, Altemark, Lannergård, Jacke, Olli, John Finne, Leo, Linus Johansson, Johanna Engdahl, Frank, Jutte, PG, Johan Andersson, Ronnie, Henrik Sundin, Herman Lohe, Kullman, Jonas Godske, Jacob "Besvikelsen"

Bondesson, Andreas Berthagen, Uno, Einar, Johannes, Sven, Jojje, Victor.

### Photos taken or supplied by:

Anna Granlund, Jonas Godske, Crippe, Ramon Calvo, Johanna Engdahl, Andreas Berthagen, Jakob Arvidsson, Fredrik Kullman.

## PROLOGUE

If we disregard white power bands, there are not that many songs that have been completely banned from Swedish radio. The few and proud artists that have experienced this include Bad Boo Band, The Same and Pizzoar, with a varying degree of violent politics and sexual depravity in their lyrics. In 1981, Unos Kanoner released the LP *Barn*, on which the song "Sätt benet i halsen på borgarjävlarne" was an explicit, if humorous, call for violent attacks on the upper class. It was banned from the radio for 20 years.



Another band that got chastised with a political ban was Uppsala's Rävjunk, whose brilliant punk rock hit "Bohman, Bohman" from 1979 asked the Swedish Economic minister to go to hell. This was the birth of punk rock in Uppsala, and in a sense, the controversy surrounding it fits our story well.

But we're about to tread onto other, considerably harder musical paths.

*All I hear is nag, nag, nag  
You call this town a fucking drag  
You see this scene as a dead fucking zone  
Well, try setting up some own damn shows!*

*UAHC – You're a dickhead loser cunt  
Uppsala hardcore*

*You don't care about the scene*

*You just wanna be seen  
In Uppsala we fucking trust  
But for you we got nothing but disgust*

*UAHC – eat my shit and stop insulting my home  
Uppsala hardcore*

*UAHC – you're only into getting stoned  
Uppsala hardcore*

#### **SATANIC SPACE INTERLUDE PT 1**

*- Don't you fucking laugh, Affe Piran surly  
tells off the basement crowd between songs.  
This is not some joke or anything.*

Obnoxious Youth are slightly late on stage as third band during the 2010 Hardcore Town fest in Gothenburg. It has taken longer than anticipated to set up gear and smear fake blood

over their faces. Two burgundy velvet buntings with gold painting flank the drum kit. The doings of Affe, the left one says "Obnoxious," "hail" and "heavy," while the other answers "Youth," "Satan" and "metal." Both share the same goat enriched pentagram. 18 days into a rewardingly hot month of June, more and more hardcore kids arrive to the fest, headlined by Outlast, Death is not Glamorous and Anchor. Defying the violent heat in the claustrophobic venue, the band finally takes the stage in jeans, leather jackets, and t-shirts of AC/DC, Morbid Angel, Diamond Head and Danzig. Frans Utterström, the timid but lightning fast drummer is excused from jacket duty. He is even sporting a hardcore shirt, Raw Power.

*- We are Obnoxious Youth from Uppsala,  
Affe says, sending the band into the raging  
hardcore punk profanity of the Obey Satan  
demo from 2009.*



For fifteen minutes, they crawl on the floor, deliver guitar solos on their knees and play music of a kind that most in the room have never been subjected to before. It's crossover between metal and hardcore, but it's not anything like crossover normally sounds. Obnoxious Youth take old school heavy and black metal, not the moshy thrash of bands such as Anthrax, and blend it with hardcore.

John Finne, a Swedish speaking Finnish citizen originating from Mariehamn on the Åland islands, nowadays residing in Helsinki, is the band's new lead guitarist. Jakob Arvidsson, who played drums on the demo, plays rhythm guitar, and Oliver Ahlström, known as Olli, plays bass. Jakob and Olli's other band Pointless Youth are also booked for the fest.

After Obnoxious Youth's set is wrapped up with a shortened rendition of Rainbow's "Stargazer," in tribute to the recently deceased Ronnie James Dio, Affe laughs and asks if I got the idea behind the cover songs inside the set. Still in awe of what I had just witnessed, I shake my head.

- Well, in your review of the demo, you said we sounded like a mix of Warzone, Venom and DYS. That was a good description, so we figured we'd play "Black metal" and "Wolfpack."

#### Chapter one

### **IN WHICH WE ENGAGE IN HEATHEN SACRIFICIAL RITES, MAKE ACADEMIC USE OF "TRUST YOUR MECHANIC" AND GET ORDERED TO LIKE DISCHARGE OR FUCK OFF**

In 2004, death metal band Brodequin released its third album, *Methods of execution*. On the record, brothers Michael and Jamie Bailey from Knoxville, Tennessee – a part of the US with a not so far off history of ritualistic murder and slavery – describe a human offering to the "God of the gallows:"

*"Hail the Gods who bring up the winds, making the flames more intense, decreasing the time for crossing over / lowered and restrained, strangled with a rope, overwhelmed and struggling to breathe / a ritual dagger plunged into the chest, warm blood floods the lungs / an unbroken gaze upon the face / quiet and peaceful as the body is consumed by flames."*

You'd have to listen very, very carefully through the guttural noises to notice it, but the grotesque plot of "Slaves to the pyre" is actually set in Uppsala, Sweden, where the Bailey brothers sing, nay grunt, of a holy odor of the divine dead hanging from the sacred grove.

Whether the Southern boys simply Googled for vicious execution styles before letting their imagination free, or actually researched it a little deeper than that, their story is not entirely groundless. What is today known as Gamla (old) Uppsala, presumably used to be an important sacrificial site during pre-Christian, hedonistic times. Important meetings and markets were held here, as well as sacrificial rituals in honor of the Gods.

The myth of human sacrifices stems from Adam of Bremen, an 11th century German

chronicling bishops from the location indicated in his name. Referring to claimed eyewitnesses, Adam of Bremen wrote that sacrifices were made to Thor in times of disease or famine, to Odin in times of war and to Frey before a wedding. Nothing too startling thus far, but Bremen continues:

*"Every ninth year there is a blót [ritual sacrifice/ed] of nine days, a common feast for everyone in Sweden. Then they sacrifice nine males of each species, even men, and the bodies are hung from the branches of a grove near the temple."*

This is, then, what the Brodequin bros roar about. Adam of Bremen's accounts are however strongly questioned by modern historians. It is quite likely that his chronicles of these brutal doings were more a matter of religious politics between the Arch bishop in Bremen and the pope in Rome, as well as a part of the Christian denunciation of Norse paganism.

It should, however, be noted that this was a time of a wide use of slaves on the Swedish farm land, and that the lives of these men and women had no worth in itself. There is hardly reason to believe that human sacrifices weren't made due to their grim, inhuman nature. Indeed, even into the 20th century, Uppsala was a location of cruel sacrifice. During a meeting gathered by the students' union on February 17 1939, after it was revealed that Sweden was planning to welcome Jewish academic refugees from Nazi Germany, a clear majority voted against the proposal.

It is plausible that the students were under the influence of the State Institute for Racial Biology established in their city in 1922, and from whose "research" the infamous textbook on *Swedish racial studies* emerged in 1926. Three years prior to the students protesting against the proposed relief of Jewish academics, the leader of the institute was replaced due to his increasing anti-Semitic tendencies. Obviously, the Nazi sympathies at Uppsala University continued to live on: several speakers on that February night in 1939 were members of Nazi organizations.

The State Institute for Racial Biology turned into Uppsala University's institute for medical genetics in 1959.

#### **The Uppsala Atlantis**

To be fair, Uppsala and its university isn't all bad though.

The city is also famous for being Carl von Linné's main base of operations in his work to systemize the naming of species of living or fossil organisms. The second general secretary of the United Nations, Dag Hammarskjöld grew up and studied here, and was also buried in the city after his plane-crash death in 1961. Once a year, the final of the Swedish bandy league is held at Studenternas, an outdoors ice rink.

Personally, my main connection with the city is the fact that my big brother lives here, after having studied and later received his doctorate in paleontology at the Uppsala University. I witnessed his dissertation in 2008 and understood none of it before I fell asleep, but he did include a cool Dead Kennedys quote in the book that his scientific

research resulted in, so I am sure he handled the rest in grand fashion too.

Closing in on a thousand year old history, Uppsala is in current times Sweden's fourth most densely populated city with 140,000 inhabitants. The University keeps about 31 000 students, teachers, janitors and others busy.

But fuck it. My quest here is not to teach about gabble between different religious strands in future axis powers, nor to spread the gospel of a sport where you have no chance of seeing the ball. I'm not even going into how certain goofed out 19th century patriots from Uppsala University came up with a belief system centered around the idea that this was the actual location of Atlantis.

Nope, none of that. Let's talk hardcore punk already.

#### **This is Uppsala, Clevo style**

- *Discharge has been the red thread throughout the whole fucking thing. If you didn't like the Why 12", then you had no reason to be in Uppsala at all. That was the mindset. When I started going to gigs, I was asked if I liked Discharge. So I said "yeah, I like Discharge," because I did. I do. They said, "well, in case you don't like Discharge, you might as well get the fuck out right now." That was the predominant attitude.*

It is the initial phase of my plans for an article on punk and hardcore in Uppsala. I am on the first of several interview trips to the city and I have asked Affe Piran to sit down with me and go through what individuals and bands I should focus on, who I should talk to and what I should ask them. During this pre-interview, it starts to dawn on me how massive this project might turn out to be.

Affe was born in 1982 and has been a central figure in Uppsala's punk and metal scenes for about a decade. He has recorded and designed covers for numerous demos and records, organized massive amounts of shows from within the UAHC network and helped out with sound duties on way too many shows at Ungdomens Hus with bands that just made him hate his life. But he has never given up on hope. Instead, he has made carefully planned and executed efforts to give new generations of kids a proper musical education, supplying them with all the best of the early eighties US hardcore. Most of all, he has done his own bands, of which Undergång and Obnoxious Youth have risen to the most prominence. Undergång, the ultra fast hardcore attack spawned by Affe and his brother in arms Crippe, have with infinite patience earned Uppsala the position as Sweden's Cleveland, Erba style.

Although being able to parade a proud range of fools with enough stories fill up volumes (and believe me, you will be served with more than a few unbelievable ones here), what sparked my interest in diving into Uppsala's hardcore scene is just this: the mindset that, at least for an outsider, seems to be the legacy of Affe's generation of hardcore kids. Chaos, violence, a very genuine interest in the roots of music, be it hardcore or various forms of metal. During times when hardcore kids in the rest of Sweden have adored Shattered Realm and Killing the Dream, Uppsala has been governed by Jerry's Kids and Antidote.

You don't two-step your way into the scene here: you slam dance and fire rockets.

Affe has his theories about how the scene came to be the way it is, and why it has generated so much maladjustment among its participants.

- *There is something in the environment here that creates it, he says. For one, it's been a quite elitist scene. That attitude has pushed away those who aren't really into it. The less enthusiastic people are turned off in a screening process. But those who are serious about it on the other hand, they get drilled and are able reach a whole new level at what they're doing. Or they won't receive any recognition. No one will care. It also leads to conflicts. People will set their ambitions on different heights and it causes frictions.*

He recalls coming into the scene himself and reacting negatively to what he was met with.

- *"It was better in the past," he says with a sour face and grumpy voice, mimicking the older guys in the scene. "That stuff you're doing, American hardcore, that's bullshit. It should be British, Discharge!" Well as I said, I liked Discharge, but I also liked Minor Threat. But that was straight edge bullshit to them. So what? I have to admit that I considered them to be pretty stupid. Really fucking negative, just like I am myself nowadays I guess. On the other hand, there have always been a lot of different types here. People have loved and hated each other. There are some common denominators though. I mentioned Discharge, and Japanese hardcore is another one. Gauze, Death Side, Bastard, bands like that. Martin Altemark from Diskonto is partly to blame for it, he was extremely into that stuff. Jan Jutila had connections with Kawakami from Disclose and released their split with Totalitär. And you can't find a damn person here that isn't into fast d-beat mixed with rock 'n' roll influences. A little bit like Zeke or Motörhead. GG Allin has been big here as well, and the AntiSeen.*

**I am interviewing Jan Jutila tomorrow, what do you predict for that interview?**

- *He's definitely going to talk about how the side of the Herätys LP that he recorded was butchered when it was mastered. He's fucking pissed about that.*

I part ways with Affe, for the time being, and head back to my brother and his family's apartment to prepare for the first real interview tomorrow.

#### Chapter two

**IN WHICH BAD BRAINS TAPES ARE BOUGHT IN STORES, D-BEAT DRUM'N'BASS CROSSOVER IS BORN, RATTUS PULLS OFF A SOLO AND AN INFERIOR "CHUCHUCHUCHU" IS REPLACED BY A PERFECT "PANG-PANGPANG-PANG-PANGPANG"**

It has been suggested that a strong interest in music can support imaginary communities. Beyond social backgrounds such as class and ethnicity, these communities appear in "geographically virtual 'scenes' focused on shared musical identifications, and searches for roots in styles originating far away."

I will not make any assumptions regarding just how deep into the depths of musicology that Jan Jutila's thoughts about it went. But in the summer of 1991, he bought an InterRail and made his way from Uppsala en route to his roots. Not the Finnish ones of his troubled parents. After a childhood in a broken home, leading to being placed in foster home, Jan, or Jutte as he's commonly known, carried an anger that he wasn't sure how to communicate or handle. It was just boiling inside of him.

No. He had set out to walk the holy grounds; to discover the source of the only thing that had channeled his inner rage in his youth; a remedy that didn't cure the anger, but had supplied him with an identity valuable enough to make life worth living. And still meant more than anything else music wise, even though he had kicked the self-medicating drug abuse and started finding non-destructive ways of coping with himself.

It was a pilgrimage in quest of spiritual serenity. To Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, UK.

The plan had originally been to have a brother in arms by his side, but Jallo from No Security and Finn Records had taken his InterRail card and left Sweden with some girl instead. It was an outrage.

At this time, the chimneys of the steel and coal mining industries were coughing up their last pollutant clouds over the mid-western city. As Jutte got off the train, walking through a tunnel underneath the tracks, he could see the chimneys he knew so well from the Clay Records logo. *"Oh no, they're fucking mad!"* he thought to himself. *"They don't have one nuclear plant, they've got five nuclear plants!"* He felt sick by the big, disgusting factories right across the street from living quarters. *"Holy shit, they must worship their nuclear power here,"* he thought, as he began to comprehend how the filthy grey Midlands misery in front of him was able to breed such tough music.

Little did he know that the chimneys actually belonged to the pottery production that had given Stoke-on-Trent its nick name, *The Potteries*. But that's beside the point.

After visiting reggae clubs in London, he had travelled to Birmingham, where he managed to dig out the address to Steve D-fekt in Stoke-on-Trent. Steve played drums for Kismet HC, but more than that, he had a history of working for Clay Records and could guide him to the location of the label's old record store. And ultimately, Steve D-fekt was Jutte's key to seeking out the final goal and purpose of the trip.

He was now on the brink of stepping down into the cellar in which sanctities like "Visions of war," "Why" and "Mania for conquest" had originally been performed, before being offered as communion to frustrated, ticking bombs like Jutte all over the world.

He had come to Discharge's old rehearsal room.

- *I got the chance to play D-beat down there, I played some Discharge covers, Jutte recalls. It was one hell of a feeling. I got down on my knees, prayed and meditated. That was good for me. When I was young, I was such a torn*

*person. When I heard Why for the first time on the radio, I just felt like "wow!" And when I got my hands on the actual 12", I jumped up and down in ecstasy. "Yes!" I have seen them since they re-united. It was in Oslo with that guy, what's his name, Rat. I actually got to talk to the divine Rainy, but he was busy rolling a fucking joint. But I also saw them in Stockholm in 1983, I have a poster from the gig right there on the wall.*

The natural location to interview Jan Jutila is his Studio D-takt, the Swedish word for D-beat. It is located above the rehearsal rooms of Ekebyrepan, where many of the Uppsala's punk bands have hammered away. While Undergång recently left for new facilities on the other side of town, the youngest bands, Agent Attitude and Bad Review, still reside here.

I have been to Ekebyrepan several times before, but never visited Studio D-takt. On September 27 2011, the date we've set, my mobile operator suffers massive black outs, and standing outside the old industrial building where I know that Jutte is waiting for me, somewhere, I can't contact him. Right before my Internet reception is gone as well I am able to send out messages to a few friends with Jutte's number, asking them to send him a message saying I am outside. After a few minutes I hear a loud whistle from a corner of the building. A man with long, blonde dreadlocks tied in a knot above his head waves me in his direction.

Jutte welcomes me down the few stairs into his lair. Except for the mentioned gig poster from 1983, he's got a post card from Stoke-on-Trent resting reassuringly on the mixer table. In the inner room, a whole wall is covered by a white sheet with a massive D-beat note. *"Bupp - u - du - u - du"* is spelled out underneath it.

- *There are two things I'd like to do, he says immediately after we've shook hands. I would like to sit outside for the interview, since it's sunny and I have one last vice to entertain. I smoke cigars. And, I want to play the Herätys LP for you, the way it was supposed to sound. Before it was butchered.*

#### Yngwie Jutte Malmsteen

I first came across Jan Jutila during the second half of the nineties. He was running Your Own Jailer Records, and had a quite prominent line of releases behind him. Like any other small DIY label in those days, he traded a lot and well, let's just say that among the tidbits, like any other trading label he also accumulated a pile of complete crap. It probably took me a handful of orders before I grew tired of wasting my limited funds on records that didn't fit their description in Jutte's distro list at all.

That Bandog 7" was *not* great New York hardcore, at all.

To his benefit, most Your Own Jailer records were very good, sometimes great. As late as in 2000, he released the Totalitär/Disclose split LP. And he did agree to sell the Accursed/Last Warning split 7" I put out. In addition, my love for Rupture was established after getting their split 7" with Slavestate in a package from Uppsala. The Religious Fucks/Ecostench split 7" was another good one. I'll give him that. He also came to release a large quantity

of Uppsala's contingent of D-beat devotees, as well as the *Uppsala crust compilation* in 1996, earning him a status as a local punk legend. The tales and myths about Jutte are too many to fully account for all of them, but a few of the anecdotes about his unusual obsession with the D-beat are just too good to be kept from this story.

The two first releases on Your Own Jailer were with Times Square Preachers in 1993, a band Jutte played drums for. He had fought hard to make the other band members accept a straight up D-beat sound, and eventually gotten his will. When he went out of town to work for a couple of weeks, he left the other band members a tape and said that this is what they should practice to when he was away. It turned out to be 90 minutes of D-beat played by a drum machine. "You can rehearse as usual on Tuesdays and Thursdays, so here you go. Just turn the tape off in between songs." The other band members tried to point out that not all of their songs had the exact same speed, but to no avail.

For a while, Jutte tried to stop any attempts to play standard four beat songs at shows. During a gig where he took care of the sound, he consequently turned off the PA when the band on stage had the nerve to go against his decree. Since *Why* actually has a song on each side with a standard four beat, Jutte would skip them when listening to the record, lifting the needle over "A look at tomorrow" and "Ain't no feeble bastard." Once at a Diskonto gig, he sat in front of the bass drum the whole set, breathing in the D-beat avalanche coming his way. Jonas Godske, who at one point or another played with six of the bands on *Uppsala crust compilation*, recalls when his band Nojsbojs had a gig and he knew that Jutte would be there.

- He was the D-beat God, and we had a song with a little bit of D-beat. I was so nervous I was about to vomit. I had never been so nervous in my life. After the gig, Jutte asked me to join Dismachine, so I guess it went fine after all. It felt as if Yngwie Malmsteen would hand over his guitar to Martin Altemark from Diskonto and start playing bass himself instead.

For a while, I was told during one of my interviews, Jutte lived his life in D-beat: he walked and even buttered his bread in D-beat.

#### **What do you mean he buttered his bread in D-beat?**

- Yeah, haha. He moved his hand back and forth over the bread in a D-beat rhythm. That says a lot about him, I mean, he's completely nuts if you think about it.

Urban legend or a stroke of nutty ingenuity? Let's see.

#### **Academically confirmed**

- Argh!

Jutte makes a snarling noise as he struggles to light the cigar.

- I have to buy a proper lighter.

He inhales a few times, looks at the tip to make sure it is properly lit, before turning his

eyes towards the blue sky above and beyond me. It's a perfect autumn day.

- So who the fuck am I, anyway? I'm a student. I study sound and music design. I guess I intend to become something when I grow up. I have about 17 years of experience recording stuff, so going to school is mostly about getting it on paper. Or to screw with the teachers. I can record anything from crust to church choirs. Most of my jobs are actually the latter. I guess it's the kind of city Uppsala is. My brain is scattered all over the place, just like my taste in music. I was just talking to a guy about helping him with his ski wax at the Swedish championships. I did that last year too. I'm a spaced out yoga dude. I'm into mindfulness. I am taking a course in improv. I like to experiment with Tantra.

#### **I have been given the impression that you're very strict about your music taste.**

- Yeah well... My five favorite records are Bo Hansson from the seventies, the guy with the musical interpretations of The Lord of the rings. Then Scientist which is dub. Bunny Lion, that's toast. Discordance Axis, a grind band. And finally Kräldjursanstalten which is like improvised jazzrock. I listen to a very broad range of musical genres, but in each, I search for the essence of it. The pure. Take Land speed record by Hüsker Dü. That album is so under-rated. It's pure fucking mayhem from start to finish. So what is it that I am looking for in punk, considering that? It's the anger, frustration, energy, rage. If I am listening to ambient, I'm not going to listen to some crappy stuff. It's going to be ambient that allows me to feel completely relaxed. If I want to dance, I listen to drum and bass or dub step because that's the music that brings forward the most advanced dances. You can dance ballet to dub step, it's incredible! I just pick the best records with the best artists in each genre.

#### **Would you say that there is a "pure" form of käng [a Swedish, and often internationally used, term for crust, which will be used throughout the text/ed] then?**

- Yes! There are a few components that you can determine in that sense, and the record that contains those in their purest, most delicate form, that's Why. The cymbals aren't playing eighths, like "chuchuchuchu." Nope. It's the perfect "pang-pangpang-pang-pangpang." The mix is incredibly even- "buppuduppudu." The riffs are highly chromatic. The steps are small, unless they're chromatic, with these tiny fucking half steps. The basslines are important. There's a big fucking difference between Anti-Cimex and Discharge in that regard. Jonsson, sure, he sounded pissed off. But after that, there was this whole wave of bands where the anger is replaced with some mushy bullshit. And let's not even talk about when the metal heads started conquering käng. Victims, Disfear and that whole castrated play-longer-on-each-chord käng. There's no punch in it. I mean, think about it. Käng should be "da-da-da-da-da-da," really fast riffs. Those floppy "du-mu-mu-mu-mu-mu," riffs, that's like a slow steamroller. So fucking boring. No energy, just heaviness. Why couldn't you just stick with your fucking heavy metal then? Heavy metal is darkness, evil, hatred. Punks are just angry! For me those are two completely different emotions, different energies. My

views on this was used as a reference in an academic paper, so I got them academically confirmed (laughter).

#### **How did you originally stumble upon punk and hardcore?**

- I am originally from Stockholm. I was born in 1967. My parents were Finnish immigrants who came to Sweden in the fifties. When I saw Discharge in ninth grade, I had been into punk for a few years already. I listened to Ny våg on the radio, which was a punk show. That's where I heard Why the first time. Before that, I was into Minor Threat. I tracked down their records via the yellow pages. Some dude in Vallentuna north of the city had them. I picked up Poison Idea in a shop around Malmkillnadsgatan and Regeringsgatan. I bought the Bad Brains tape in a record store in the old town. It was mostly US hardcore. I liked some oi and British punk too, Chaotic Dischord, Disorder and Chaos UK. But when Discharge came, that was what made sense.

#### **Towards a bright future**

In the fall of '83, Jutte was sent to a boarding school in Uppsala. Not much happened the first year, except for him terrorizing the other students by blasting Discharge at full volume every morning so he could jerk off without being disturbed. When they banged on the door in anger, it just added to the fun.

- I had screaming competitions with the guy who lived in the next room, Peter Pettersson. I guess the rumor about the crazy punk who was screaming all the time reached Herman Lohe. Or perhaps he had heard me; he lived across the street from our building. In any case, he came around to the dorm looking for me. This eventually led to the formation of a band called Aversion, along with Lasse Sandbro who's got those one side Terveet Kädet EPs. He was into Anti-Cimex really early, too. But I moved back to Stockholm so nothing happened with that Aversion.

Whether or not Aversion really was a band to speak of is a question of definition. When I speak to him, Herman Lohe says that Aversion was actually a fanzine he did with Lars. Jutte's own description of Aversion in an interview published in 1993 supports the claim that it wasn't really a band: "We managed to squeeze into my six square meter dorm room and plugged a microphone into an acoustic guitar cab. We used one of two channels of a tape deck and got distortion and sent it out in mono so it sounded from both channels. I lined my bass out the other channel and used override so the distortion had more bass to it. Nutte had one of those drum machines that he could play with his fingers, plus a desk lamp. Then we just sang and screamed acoustically."

Instead, Herman formed what would become Bombanfall (bombstrike) with three of Jutte's dorm buddies, Pontus "Nutte" Nydal, a drummer from a samba orchestra called Stollarna, Fredrik Berglin on bass and Petterson on vocals. Bombanfall's 7" Åsiktsfrihet (Freedom of opinion) became the first hardcore record from Uppsala when it was released by the band themselves in 1987. The music was dark and heavy crust, sometimes not far from a slower, stripped down, primitive version of the death metal scene that was about to break big in Sweden. The recording has a very profound





reverb, to the point where the snare drum in the beginning of the title track reminds of dub. The sound almost becomes eerie in combination with the desperate lyrics, such as in the last of the six songs, "Mot en strålande framtid:"

*"Give me a reason to live, give me a reason to live / towards a bright future, towards a bright future / frozen resistance, frozen resistance / towards a bright future, towards a bright future"*

- *We formed Bombanfall sometime around '85 and '86, Herman tells me. The whole process was triggered by Pettersson's voice. Along with Nutte's drumming, it was a solid base for a band where we would be able to express ourselves. The sound was built around the rhythm section, with the guitar as support. We had to try and find a way to match Pettersson's voice, because it was enormous. We consciously chose to slow down a little bit and focus on creating a heavy sound picture. Around that time, a lot of bands kept playing faster and faster with their focus on distortion. We walked in the opposite direction.*

Åsiktsfrihet was recorded towards the end of 1986 in a studio in Stockholm. It was mixed by a man with no experience in hardcore.

- *That's how it got that drum'n'bass mix that actually fit our sound perfectly. We wanted a large sound picture with a deep low-end to support the lyrics and vocals. We recorded it all live in the studio in one day. Nutte was the only one who had ever been in a studio before so we just set up and played. The only overdub was an extra guitar part.*

The angst filled songs could be considered to be a forerunner of the darker neo-crust bands from the second half of the nineties, such as His Hero Is Gone. Todd Burdette of Tragedy has also been seen playing in a Bombanfall shirt, with "Two Moons Rising" written underneath. Two Moons Rising was a name the band started using right around the time of the EP, taken from the Indian chief Two Moons that fought against General Custer at the battle of Little Big Horn in 1876, where Custer was killed.

Off the Disk Records, the Swiss label that released the original version of Infest's *Slave 12*" in 1988, as well as Stikky's *Cuddle E.P.* (including the fantastic "On top o' da world"), offered to release a follow up to *Åsiktsfrihet*, but according to Erich Keller from the label, the band demanded way too much cash up front to enter the studio again. Bombanfall/Two Moons Rising only ever played three gigs, before calling it quits. Herman Lohe resides further north in Sweden these days, working as an artist and incorporating music into other forms of artistic expression.

On his end in Stockholm, Jutte joined Ur Funktion as well as Onus, but felt discouraged by the unwillingness from his band mates to play pure käng the way he wanted to. Having to agree to boring compromises, he realized that in order to play käng, you have to be a whole band that is truly determined to do it. There was no point. Ur Funktion eventually became Svart Snö with a several LPs and tours with among others Hiatus. By that time, Jutte had left for Uppsala again. But the years 1984 to 1990 are essentially a fog for him.

- *You'd have to ask my friends about that time. I was so fucked up on drugs. I guess there were some gigs. Ungdomens Hus had some rehearsal rooms for bands. I recall a show with Krunch. I but I was out of it, man.*

In June 1986, Jutte organized a show at Eggeby Gård, a venue set in a farm in North Western Stockholm. He recorded it all on two tracks and subsequently released it on a sixty song cassette that he named *Eggmangel* (mangel is a noun used in Sweden for music that is brutal, crushing, fast, hard etc, it stems from the experience of being mangled), featuring fantastic performances by Krunch, Disarm, Rösvett, Total Egon, Discard, Ur Funktion, Kazjurol, Raped Teenagers and Svart Parad. In 1995, he picked out Svart Parad, Krunch, Disarm, Rösvett and Raped Teenagers and released their sets on an LP. It was a drug free gig, which might explain why Jutte managed to include a story of the show and recording in the LP's liner notes.

*"It was a very hot summer day the 15th of June 1986 when the people dressed in black came strolling across the fields towards my home, which also were the place for the gig, the Eggeby Farm. Some were extremely warm in their crust attributes; leather jackets, leather pants and boots. And so the general mood was more apathetic than usual, it was so fucking hot. There wasn't particularly many people seen in this position which were rather unexpected since that was still usual back in those days. Everyone knew that it was a drug free gig, since we had written that on the posters, so many people thought it was no idea going to the show if they couldn't drink. Not even the free admission could make people think about the music instead of the booze."*

### Shoot all drunk students

Except for Bombanfall's EP, there aren't many physical punk remnants from Uppsala's roaring eighties. To be frank, after a glorious period of three quarters of a decade, with bands like Anti-Cimex, Moderat Likvidation, Shitlickers and Mob 47 to mention just a few, Swedish hardcore went into a sepulchral stalemate towards the end of the decade. There are always exceptions to the rule. Linköping had the melodic focus of Raped Teenagers and Identity. Rösvett continued with their trademark belligerence, and were followed by bands like G-Anx and No Security, that added a slight metallic touch, possibly inspired by the UK crossover scene centered around labels like Earache and Peaceville (while it should be mentioned that the latter are famous for the song "Deathmetal rebel", in which they ask the participants in the blossoming death metal scene to "shove your fucking death metal up your ass"). Youth of Today played a couple of gigs here during their European tour in 1989. And the typical Swedish melodic genre known as "trallpunk" (a term originating from the way melodies are often "sung" here: *tra-la-la*), spearheaded by Asta Kask, was about to enter a golden era with bands like Charta 77, De Lyckliga Kompisarna and Strebers (later Dia Psalma) reaching mainstream success, paving the way for the English language and SoCal inspired skate punk version of Millencolin, No Fun At All and Satanic Surfers.

There were a few punk rock bands in the city, Äppelkarters being the most prominent. Starting in 1986, they played local gigs

and did live and rehearsal tapes from 1987 to 1989. The punk rock anthem "Hata studenten" from 1987 is a stylistic throwback to bands from the late seventies and early eighties like Ebba Grön and KSMB. The song was a showdown with the despicable student culture of the city, which with its snobbish attitude closed the doors for non-students and kids under 18:

*"Street up and street down, drunk students is all I see / I don't have a student ID [a card demanded to enter clubs tied to the university and student faculties/ed], and I haven't turned 18 yet / I am bored in my city, something is wrong and I know what it is / Shoot all drunk students, they're just a ploy / I want to have fun, I want to have fun, I want to have fun, I want to have fun! / Everyone looks your way, no one pays attention to me / I am only 17, low-alcohol-beer is all I am offered / I am bored in my city... / I am desperate, sick and tired of every student brat [the original Swedish word is "studentmoderat," which refers to the right wing/conservative and upper class party Moderaterna/ed] / There's no fun to experience here, until you come of age [at 18, you are allowed to buy alcohol in bars/ed], then it's all systems go / I am bored in my city, something is wrong and I know what it is / Hate all drunk students, they're just a ploy / I want to have fun, I want to have fun, I want to have fun, I want to have fun!"*

Jonas Lannergård, who edited the fanzine Absurd during much of the nineties, recalls the poor state that previous decade had left the scene in as the new decade began.

- *There wasn't any scene at all to speak of. We were a couple of small groups of teenagers that went to whatever gigs happened. It was mostly smaller shows at youth clubs and schools, and occasionally at Ungdomens Hus. Most found their way into hardcore via metal. Death metal was the big thing during that period. We kind of listened to whatever we could get our hands on. Especially the Earache bands, mixed with DRI, Wehrmacht and bands like that.*

Originally started as a comic fanzine in 1990, Absurd came to be a one of the all time fanzine highlights in the Swedish hardcore scene as it progressively crossed over to more music related material and less comics. In 1998, Jonas closed shop with a brilliant fifth issue, with Steffe Pettersson and Jonas Godske from Diskonto on the cover.

Cräcass was formed by Henrik "Lurken" Sundin and Martin Altemark. The band name, as well as the logo, was a play with Carcass and the the Swedish word *kråkas*, to vomit. After Altemark left the band, it turned into C.U.M., short for *Cräcass Utan Martin*, meaning Cräcass Without Martin. Lurken went to school with Jonas Lannergård, and together with Altemark, the three of them tried as best they could to explore new and old music. Lurken wrote "Käng-Jonas" about his class-mate:

*"Jonas doesn't like American hardcore, Jonas likes stuff in the vein of Discharge / 'I don't want to listen to Token Entry, I don't want to listen to Minor Threat, I don't want to listen to 7 Seconds' / Jonas wants to listen to Anti-Cimex, and he wants to listen to Discard, but most of all, he wants to listen to Discharge."*

Although never reaching beyond demo tapes, the band was an important factor in keeping any type of punk alive in the city. Steffe Pettersson and Martin Altemark of Diskonto remember the substandard quality of most bands at the turn of the decade, and how it eventually became important that there were any bands at all.

- There was this really important band... oh man what was their name? They were into the positive mental attitude thing. Damn it. Steffe, you know who I am thinking of.

- Yeah I know exactly...

- It was Pärre and those guys.

- Of course, Public Vision!

- That's it! They were very significant, merely because they existed. When we started up Cräcass, there weren't any other bands. I guess Cräcass was early with the hardcore and käng thing, but whatever. For us, Public Vision played a decisive role. We used their rehearsal room, they got us beer, and they arranged gigs. They influenced us tremendously. I mean, it wasn't even important for bands to be any good back then. Public Vision were inspired by that Hare Krishna band... what were they called again?

- Shelter.

- Yeah. The Public Vision guys were heavily into that. They aimed for that sound and they were incredibly bad. It wasn't like we thought they were good then either, but they were a band. In Uppsala. That was enough to support them.

- Cräcass were fucking useless too, but you got attention just for being a band, at all. When we eventually started Times Square Preachers, I think the whole world can agree on that we weren't much to celebrate. But we released a couple of EPs, and that made us tremendously influential. People were amazed by that.

- That's another thing, there weren't any records around. I bought albums at an electronics store that had a small range of LPs. "Shit, this album looks pretty fucking fast, I wonder it is pretty fucking fast. But it looks fast. Goddamn, I'll buy it!" I'd just have to hope for the best.

- Swedish bands were just terrible around '88 to '90. I mean, just a few years earlier, there were good bands, but it was horrible for a couple of years.

- It was like Mob 47 quit, and everything just died.

### Wherever I record my D-beat

When Jan Jutila returned to Uppsala, he brought his drum kit but soon enough left the long lasting drug abuse as a part of his past life in the capital. Clean, he set out to spread the D-beat gospel. At first however, he was afraid that he would get stuck in the same old situation, with band members with no feeling for his beloved D-beat, as Kjelle and Steffe in the newly formed Time Square Preachers were into Biohazard and Iggy Pop respectively. Not many months later, Jutte had them playing covers of "Maimed and slaughtered" and "Does this system work" off Why.

- I had to teach them. I remember one heated debate. I felt I had to show the guitarist how to play properly to my D-beats, and it was very close to deteriorating into a fist fight. We stood outside the rehearsal room and screamed at each other. "You have to play like this!" "But it's not fucking possible!" "Yes it is! You must play like this!" I remember it vividly, that constant bickering. And that's why the first EP sounds like it does, with wild influences. But the second one, Don't be numb, at that time we were on the right track. But to be honest, I don't remember exactly who played what on it. Martin Altemark came in on bass for a while. He's got one hell of a nice feeling for punk. He plays well, and knows how to play sloppy the correct way too. That makes for a good punk feeling. But I don't know if he really played on the EP. It was a lot of trouble. We'd rehearse and you couldn't hear anything, and then you got to the studio and it was revealed how bad certain stuff was. But the same month and studio saw the recording of Totalitär's Sin egen motsändare, and from there on, I focused more attention on recording bands rather than playing myself.

### That was recorded in Studio D-takt then?

- No matter where I happen to record käng, it's Studio D-takt. I recorded a lot of Uppsala bands. The Diskonto demo was also recorded at the same place as the Totalitär LP. But there was never any deliberate thought behind it, I just wanted to record and release stuff. I didn't plan for Studio D-takt or Your Own Jailer to play some special role in a scene. The coming years, there was an explosion of bands in Uppsala, but it was just an accident waiting to happen. Harass, Abuse, Downward Spiral... There were a couple of bands, there were kids, and there was an interest. It was just the right generation. Then there was Nojsbojs and I did Dismachine for a while, too.

Dismachine released splits with Totalitär, Cumbrage, and Nailed Down, the latter on Australian label Spiral Objective. Jutte continued to release records for a number of years, but says that kids downloading records from the Internet made him lose the spark. He hasn't officially terminated the label, and has plans to release unreleased material with Time Square Preachers and Dismachine, as well as remixed and remastered Totalitär material.

- I'd like to do a box-set of around eight tapes in different lengths, nine minutes, 21 minutes. I'm sitting on a lot of unreleased stuff, even from the Eggmangel show in 1986. So it's still a possibility, although I can't say that it's a priority.

### With the bands, the label and the studio, how has hardcore formed you as a person?

- Looking back at it, I guess from one angle I have to say that it fucked me up. All those ideals about drinking and doing drugs. The guys in Svart Snö would tell me, "Come on Jutte, do the angry face!" I walked around for 20 years just mad at the world.

### So while the music could channel your rage, the nihilistic parts of the scene were bad for you?

- Yes. There's been a strong misery loves company mentality in the hardcore scene.

But it also gave me an identity, some sort of purpose. Instead of killing myself, I could run around and kill myself slowly. The funny thing is that nowadays, I can play Why today if I am pissed off, and in ten minutes I am in a good mood again. Music can pick me up from an emotional state.

### The revenge of the Alkokids

We have moved back inside, and Jutte is searching through the studio computer for his original Herätys recording that he still wants to play for me.

- There's actually one more thing I'd like to play for you, a project I have called Alkokids. Speaking of anger, this is the purest form of anger that I have been involved in musically. It's still possible to play simple riffs. And this stuff is faster than what I did in the past, even though I am over 40 now. I guess it's been a very slow development for me, from Onus, Ur Funktion, Time Square Preachers and Dismachine and all the way to Alkokids. I've been doing this project for a long time, and for the first time, I don't have to adjust to anyone, I decide everything. It's funny too, because last summer, I was at some festival and took part in a rebirthing-breathwork course. And I just started screaming. People could hear it all over the camping ground. "Take your fucking drugs and shove them up your ass! Spräckta! Spräckta!" ["spräckta" here is a reference to the song "Spräckta snutskallar" - cracked cop skulls - by the Shitlickers/ed] Through that exercise, I found the button to release all the anger. So it's good that I didn't record the vocals before that experience.

### So you're still not getting tired of the old D-beat?

- Look, over the years, I've become better at playing. Some people, they take that and they start playing metal instead. It's not exciting enough for them to keep slugging out käng. But from my perspective, if I become a better musician, that means I can play käng better too, due to better technical skills. I can play that fucking awesome fill in perfectly now, "dakadakad brrrrr." This is the difference between the pioneering bands and the copycats. The early English bands usually knew what they were doing. Or look at Rattus, they can pull off a real solo. Bones could play solos like that too. And Rainy, holy fuck, what a bass player! You won't find that caliber today. Let me play it for you.

No matter if it's true that Jutte once tried to walk and butter his bread in a D-beat rhythm or not, anyone with even the slightest interest for old eighties hardcore will drop their jaw at the song Jutte proceeded to play for me. Song after song, it's an onslaught that makes perfect sense of all his talk about pure anger in hardcore punk. "Listen to how it's faster once the drums come in," he says about a song called "Italia" after the EU's Arse influence behind it.

- It was always like that in the early days. The intros were slower. It's a classic formula. These drums are stumbling all over the place, it's right at the edge of what I am capable of playing. The bass is bubbly and the guitar is the foundation. The rest sort of floats around it. I have to make sure that the vocals will be completely hysterical. It has to attack the listener, just "blablablablabla!" Different voices just fighting against each other. I've



*been working on this for five years, whenever I got the right energy and just needed to get it down. I'd call Linkan [Martin Lindqvist, Herätys/ed] and tell him exactly how to play before I lost the feeling again. Finally, it feels like I have accomplished what I've always intended to do. The plan is for this to be a split with Disjah, which is a project I had with Kawakami from Disclose. Unfortunately he passed away.*

So what about the Herätys recording? After finding his original files, he puts the released vinyl version on the turntable next to the mixer table and uses a switch to alternate between the two sound sources.

*- You can hear it right? I mean seriously, is that a way to treat a man's work? What's the point in mastering something if you make it sound worse?*

## SATANIC SPACE INTERLUDE PT 2

Normally known for spewing as idiotic and repulsive – I guess, obnoxious – comments around himself as possible, Oliver Ahlström sits with his head slightly sunk down between his shoulders. When I ask him what's up from the other side of the sofa table, he takes a second to look up, lets out a careful smile and excuses himself for not hearing what I had said. Then he looks down again. Frans Utterström and I continue to discuss his Bad Religion shirt and nineties skate punk.

the drums. A small contingent of skinheads find the cover of "Rocket ride" by KISS pogo friendly, before the trailing hardcore song sends them away again. Large parts of the audience are flat out unaware of what to make of the satanic ritual hardcore space odyssey in front of them.

Local punk rock act Trubbel ends the night with a cover of Dr. Zeke's "Jag ska aldrig dö." Obnoxious Youth minus Linkan plus their driver Martin Anstey head out with me to the Max burger franchise, one of two standard post-show hang-outs in the city, Gothenburg's Oki Dog if you will. Affe and I walk ahead of the others on our way to the tram.

### Dude, what's up with Olli tonight?

*- Oh, you've noticed? I have given him strict orders not to say anything or talk to anyone. I know that if he starts talking at all, we will be thrown out of the venue. At least we've played now.*

An hour later, as we are about to finish our meals, Olli looks up, coughs and excuses himself.

*- I think... I need to go to the toilet.*

He stands and walks towards the rest rooms. John, who is leaning over the round table in the middle of a bite, looks at us from underneath half closed eyelids, smiles sneakily and puts down his burger.

pack everything into Affe's seven seat 2001 Volkswagen Sharan, originally purchased to be able to bring the six member strong Undergång on the road. Linkan has decorated the car by writing "Kebab City Hardcore," in the dirt of the rear windshield. Struggling to get everything and everyone into the car, we head towards Stockholm, where Obnoxious Youth are playing at Deadfest. Originally planned to be a two day event, several headliner cancellations has forced the ever fantastic promoter Boris to slim it down to one night.

Most of the band members sleep through the trip, while Martin Anstey offers a smorgasbord of homosexual Nazis, disabled pedophiles, Disney figures and Santa Claus courtesy of the Swedish cult artist and könsrock ("genital rock") visionary Onkel Känkel. The sheep cranium is placed on the dashboard panel. Affe has named it Niklas after the guitar player in In Solitude. The heavy metal band from Uppsala had dubbed a big satanic figure used on stage Patrik, Affe's middle name.

Deadfest is a drug free show, and the audience is different from the previous night, more reserved. Obnoxious Youth however, go even more nuts. At one point, Affe throws Olli across half of the big stage. A moment later, he kisses the sheep skull before throwing it at Olli, scattering pieces across the stage. During technical difficulties in between two songs, John hurries to step on his phaser pedal, filling up the room with spaced out sound waves. *"I didn't want us to land from space!"* he explains afterwards

*"There's something seriously screwed up in their heads, he says, shakes his head and smiles from underneath the moustache. In the toilet at Max... Fucking idiots."*

It's January 27 2011. Since last summer, Obnoxious Youth have gotten a new guitar player beside John Finne in Martin "Linkan" Lindqvist of Herätys, formerly Forced Into. The band is booked to play Underjorden, a venue located close to the SKF factory and headquarters in eastern part of central Gothenburg. The people who run Underjorden are a part the autonomous and anarcho-punk movement in the city, and known for not always taking lightly to behavior that strays from their established rules of conduct. Yet Olli's tranquil and passive figure puzzles me.

When Obnoxious Youth take the stage, it all changes. Out comes the slumbering demon, showing teeth, spitting, but most of all handling the bass guitar with seasoned proficiency. John on his end sports a leather vest with an Obnoxious Youth back patch, and a cut off t-shirt allowing visibility of the Black Sabbath logo tattooed on his right upper arm. Along with a few brand new songs from the forthcoming LP, super fast demo tracks like "Life of the morbidly obese" and "Obey Satan" alternate with covers of "Think positive" by Rich Kids on LSD, "Into the coven" by Merciful Fate and "Oxnard" by Ill Repute. During the closing rock out in "The mediocre mass," John, Martin and Olli excel the stage act by lifting their guitars in perfectly synchronized movements, while Affe hammers away at a cow bell. Along with the Obnoxious Youth velvet buntings that by now have become a trademark of the band, Affe has also placed a sheep skull with red paint splattered across its horns in front of

*- Um... yeah, me too... I also, um.. need to go. To the toilet.*

Affe notices my naïve straight edge confusion, and explains that they've gone to smoke weed.

*- There's something seriously screwed up in their heads, he says, shakes his head and smiles from underneath the moustache. In the toilet at Max... Fucking idiots. That's part of the reason why Olli was so calm before, too. We went bowling before the show, and he got stoned.*

### You went bowling?

*- Yeah man, I brought my own ball. It's in the car. We went to the venue, said hi, and headed straight for the bowling alley.*

Once out of the toilet, Olli and John accompany Frans back to Underjorden, while Affe and I head back to my apartment. He has brought equipment to replace the microphones in my bass guitar, once again deserving the "Guru Piran" nickname I've given him after receiving tireless answers to my kindergarten-level questions about amps, cabinets, microphones and other gadgets within one of his fields of expertise (the others being hard music, bowling, saxophones with reverb, plus more).

In the morning, we get up early and head for Underjorden, where the rest of the crew has slept inside the venue. Linkan is up already, while the others need to be woken up. We

with an ecstatic smile. Affe helps out with the theremin instrument located on the drum podium. Moving his hands towards it, without touching, he seems to almost magically control the strange noises it produces, acting as the *"universal master, designer of the future, sadistic craftsman"* that he sings about in "Commander of time."

When the set is finished, Affe folds the velvet buntings and collects pieces of sheep skull and puts them in a plastic bag. He regrets hurling the cranium at Olli.

*- I knew when I was in the middle of the movement that it was a stupid impulse, but it was too late to stop. Thankfully only small pieces fell off.*

### Chapter three

## IN WHICH SCHOOLS LOCK UP THEIR SUGAR SUPPLIES, THE RUSSIANS THREATEN TO USE ANTITERRORIST LAWS AND KIDS GET NAMED AFTER CAL IN DISCHARGE

*"Is Dismachine an alternative version of Rage Against the Machine? Do you have any other similarities with that band?"*

*Jonas: RAM is one big fucking sellout band, we're DIY. They can fuck off and so can you.*

*Jutte: Goddamn it Jonas, you're so unkind. You're not raw or tough for telling people*

*you don't know to fuck off. Hell no, we have no ideas about parallels to RAM. I saw them when they were in Sweden however. Sellouts or not. They have probably opened up a lot more eyes and provoked debates among more people than all mäsks philosophizing käng bands will ever do combined."*

(Excerpt from Read & Destroy #1 circa 1997)

Trying to schematize any given time and place in punk will always prove difficult. We're the most conservative savages and unruly followers humanity ever sneezed out of its broken nose. Yet, a story like this demands structure to the squalor, a little bit of method to the D-beat madness. In Uppsala, the first generation of punk and hardcore never constituted a scene. The second generation, which enjoyed its time in the sun during the mid-nineties, definitely was one though, as we shall see in this chapter. But it didn't quite look the way I had imagined. I thought interviewing Diskonto would be enough to cover it. I was wrong.

It first started dawning on me when I asked Jonas Godske about his experience from playing and touring with Linus Johansson in Dismachine and Arsedestroyer.

*- It fucking sucked!*

#### What about Diskonto?

*- Before I started playing in Diskonto, I totally hated them. I thought Martin was such a fucking wuss. I might have been one of the most orthodox, but there were a lot of others who had the same view of them. For some reasons, we thought they were making fun of käng. That was not acceptable. When they asked me to join before their US tour in 1997, I wondered if they were completely lost, didn't they know how much I detested them? I joined anyway, left my apartment to save money and lived in the rehearsal room for three months, and in the end it didn't take long until Martin and Steffe became two of my best friends ever. But before this time, there was a whole scene in Uppsala that wasn't the same thing as the second generation you've mentioned: the real käng scene that started with Time Square Preachers and got represented on Uppsala crust compilation. It was a network of bands and friends. D-beat was the supreme rule and studded leather jackets were mandatory!*

It's time to tell the story of a group of punks and the bands, trips and chaotic decadence that formed a scene of its own during the mid nineties.

#### The Russians cruise

When I asked Jan Jutila if he could point out anything that characterized the D-beat scene of the nineties, his answer was as straight forward as it was foul smelling:

*- Mäsk.*

During a number of years in the nineties, any käng punk from Uppsala with a sense of self-respect would complete the käng uniform of D-beat worshiping and studded leather jackets with a plastic five liter jug filled with a nauseating, yellow and sludgy homemade wine. Mäsk, which is the foul liquid's popularized name, came with the territory. The alcoholic beverage was simple

to produce with only a few easily attainable tools, and above all cheap: its sole ingredients were yeast, large amounts of sugar and water. As sugar replaced the fruits of regular wine, the outcome was a disgusting and not uncommonly sludgy excuse of a drink, a perfect sign of the times and identification tool to know who was raw and brutal enough to be accepted into the community.

Of everyone I've been in touch with while writing this chronicle, I struggle to think of anyone that has been as excited as Anna Granlund. We could explain it with her recent ankle surgery that left her with a lot of extra time home from work, but more than that, it has been impossible not to notice how the trip down D-beat memory mäsks lane sparked an avalanche of fond recollections. After studying to become a high school teacher in social science and religion, she is now working with a smaller group of early teen students.

*- By God, I hope none of my pupils will read this, she says from her home in Storråta, outside of Uppsala.*

Originally from the city of Västerås, Anna became a part of the local käng scene around 1993. They were a large group with käng punks that would meet every weekend in Västerås, Arboga or Köping. If you were a little late arriving in Arboga on a Friday night, say 7pm, you ran the risk of finding everyone passed out already. Bonding around mäsks and käng, twenty to thirty of them would also travel to gigs and parties in Uppsala an hour away, where there happened to be a group of punks that shared their fire inside for the finer things in life.

*- The demand for five liter jugs, sugar and yeast went through the roof during that period. Per "Marsta" Gustavsson studied to become a chef in high school, and after a while his teachers started locking up the sugar inventory.*

Sweden joined the European Union in 1995, against the will of the collective punk scene in a broad sense. Marsta protested in his own way by writing the Dismachine song "EU-politik," in which he pointed out that the rise in sugar prices dictated by the EU would make a 25 liter worth of mäsks 10 crowns more expensive. He has claimed it's the only serious lyric he ever wrote, and Anna believes him.

*- Uppsala was literally swamped with punks back then. Jonas Godske, Marsta, Erik "Vårtan" Petersson and a few more would visit us sometimes, but there were a lot more. Jeppe, Spåra, Maison, Bishop, Sonya, Paula and many others. People came to Uppsala from other small towns like Bålsta and Östhammar as well. We would all travel to festivals like Hultsfred and Roskilde. We didn't see any bands for the most part. We snuck into the camping site and got wasted. There were enormous amounts of us when we were all gathered, and pretty much everyone wore a studded leather jacket, and most had a studded vest on top of it, too!*

In January 1996, Peter Punk arranged a cruise to Kiel in Germany. Thirty punks and skins tagged along, paying 300 crowns for five days including breakfast, lunch and dinner. The Russian ship and staff ensured

the incredibly low price, allowing the punks to spend all the more in the bar, especially after being banned from buying the 70% Vodka the tax-free shop.

*- Everyone kept trying to fool Bosse, who came alone from Sandviken, into drinking piss. Remarkably he fell for it over and over again, until he lost it and took a big bite off my highball glass and swallowed it. At one point me and Marsta sat and drank with a newlywed couple in their cabin. We tried to make them do all kinds of dirty things to each other. I can tell you right now that if I ever get married, I am not going on a Russian cruise ship and I will definitely not let any studded punks drink up my booze, wherever I spend my wedding night. Anyway, it didn't take more than a couple of hours until the ship crew, who were armed with electric batons, threatened to appeal to international anti-terrorist laws and have us picked up by military helicopters. We calmed them down by spending massive amounts of money in the bar. And after this trip, Jonas and I became a couple, so it all ended well.*

#### Marsta scum

The chaos of the mask ridden Uppsala käng scene managed to materialize in several qualitative bands and records. Uppsala Crust Compilation is for the most part – with Nojsbojs being the only clear exception – a solid exhibition of D-beat orthodoxy. Diskonto, Aparat, Harass, Times Square Preachers, Dishonest, Dismachine, Downward Spiral, Abuse and Råskit all deliver the goods in a way that might be a curiosity to some, but is sacred to others. And as Jonas Lannergård characterized it in his review of the second Times Square Preachers EP in the fourth issue of Absurd, the sound picture is that of "unpretentious rawpunk like in the early eighties." Apart from these bands, Cumbrage completed the line of bands involved in the scene.

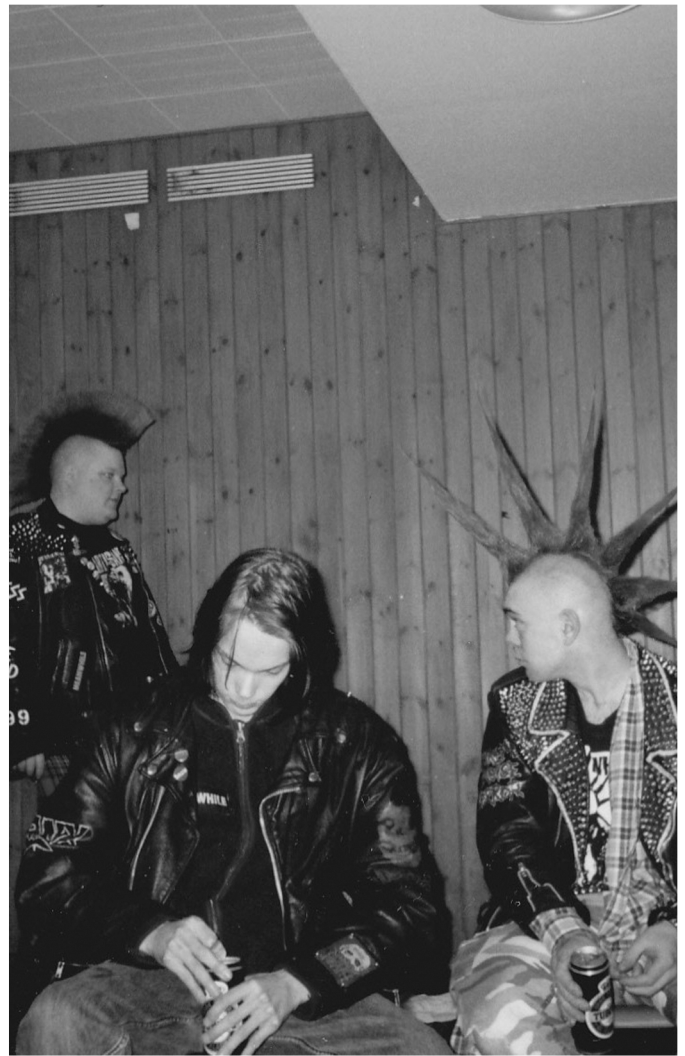
After Jonas Godske had succeeded in his rites of passage playing D-beat in front of Jutte, Dismachine was formed with Linus Johansson on bass and eventually Per Gustavsson on vocals. Linus was a musicology student that had moved to Uppsala from Jönköping. He had no history of involvement in the hardcore scene, but entertained a wide interest in music and also played with Godske in Nojsbojs. Per Gustavsson is known by his nick name Marsta and it was when he joined that things really started happening, first for Dismachine and then for the scene as a whole, as Jonas Godske recalls.

*- Having Marsta join the band was the best possible move. He was the king of the käng scene. When we had the release party for the split with Cumbrage out in Flogsta, the scene exploded. Holy fuck, such chaos! From there and on, we became a large gang of käng punks that included Dead Drunk and the people from the province of Västmanland, Råskit and the others from Bålsta as well as the bands from Almunge, Abuse and Harass. Downward Spiral didn't have studded leather jackets, so they weren't quite as hard as the rest of us, but they had a rehearsal room where we had a lot of parties.*

In a scene report in Absurd number four, Jonas Lannergård writes about the formation of Dismachine from his insider angle:







*"Jutte has started playing guitar for his new band Dismachine. For a while they talked about changing the name, but in lack of anything better, unfortunately it seems like it will stick since they have recorded a couple of songs that are out on a split EP with Cumbrage. The style reminds of Times Square Preachers, but with a little bit of grind added, which isn't anything to complain about since the drummer is firing away quite well. Originally, the vocals were handled by Heval from the death metal band Sarcasm, but they weren't satisfied with his contribution when the songs for the split were recorded. They then planned to hire a dodo with chromosome damage, until they came up with an even better idea. They recruited... Shock! Horror! Per 'Marsta Scum' Gustavsson!!! By luring the young man with a box of snuff tied to a string, the managed to maneuver him down into Studio D-takt, where he re-did the vocals. It actually turned out pretty good."*

Jonas Lannergård lived in Flogsta, close by the two venues The 95 and The 2nd. In an interview in the seventh issue of Hymen, a fanzine done by Anders Jakobsson of Nasum, Jonas shared his thoughts regarding the wave of Discharge clones marching outside the window of his student apartment.

*"I like some of the bands, but it is starting to get pathetic. All you need is käng riffs, käng arrangements, a DIS-name and D-beat, and you'll win over the immortal respect of all the hard käng punks. You can sense an actual message on Why, but today's bands don't feel as genuine."*

With all these drunk, obnoxious punks hanging in large cliques every weekend, it was bound to cause frictions with other youth groups. In the nineties, Swedish cities experienced the phenomenon of "kickers," a bastard offspring of the Hip-Hop culture and a series of horrendously bad turned-classic movies portraying violent street gangs in Stockholm sporting Adidas training pants and Fila trainers. Uppsala's käng scene got its fair share of trouble with the local kickers, some serious and some hilarious in retrospect, as Anna Granlund recalls from the release show for the Dismachine and Cumbrage split, held in the student town ghetto of Flogsta, in the south western outskirts of town.

*- The show was at a venue called The 2nd in Flogsta, in 1995. The 2nd was located in one of several identical high-rise apartment-blocks containing student dormitories. The flyer for the show had announced that the welcoming drink would be a freezer bag with mäsik. I was dating Micke Granath at the time, and he had passed out somewhere inside the venue when a gang of kickers suddenly stormed the stairwell where Peter Punk, me and some others were hanging out. Peter had his back turned towards the door and he got a bottle crushed to the head. They punched me right in the face and one of them pulled a knife and jabbed it towards me, while I was standing there pressed up against the wall with my half-empty five liter mäsik jug. Then they just left as fast as they had arrived. After that gig, a rumor was spread that I had beaten up ten kickers. And who knows, maybe I had? This wasn't the only time kickers attacked us. Sonya and Paula got jumped by a bunch of kicker dudes on a bus in Gottsunda. Once when we were minding our own business*

*on Sonya's patio, kickers came from all directions and started throwing cones at us. I can't quite remember how that played out.*

Aparat, who contributed with the two fastest D-beat tracks on the compilation EP, was formed by Jonas Godske and Marsta when they wanted a more traditional käng band beside Dismachine, who incorporated grind parts in the songs and included a member that didn't even drink. That was obviously not exemplary.

Growing tired of the constant travels from Västerås to Uppsala after getting together with Jonas, Anna made the move to Uppsala soon after graduating from high school in 1997. It was, after all, the true Mecca of käng. Thinking back and sharing the memories, it is easy to notice her warm nostalgic feeling.

*- It was decided at the Extreme Noise Terror show at Ungdomens Hus late that summer that I would move into an empty room in Sonya's two room apartment in Gottsunda. Jonas could also move in if he wanted to when he came back from Diskonto's US tour. Before the tour, we had slept on a mattress in a rehearsal room. He had stolen this mattress from the student room he had left to save up money for the tour. We would cook instant noodles with his water boiler. Really cozy!*

### Stab the judge

Jonas had experience from promoting shows in his hometown Falun, and became responsible for most shows in Flogsta. He says that these shows and those held in Studio D-takt – where Anna played with her band Total-slakt, who unfortunately never made a proper recording – served to keep the scene alive and together. If you went to them, you wanted to keep coming. Shows were also held at Rockcentrum, Ungdomens Hus and in Aparat's 15 square meter rehearsal room in Nyby north of town, where Jonas booked Dropdead and squeezed in 80 kids. Other bands that played in Flogsta and Studio D-takt during the käng years were Varukers, Doom, Hiatus, Sanctus Iuda, Arsedestroyer and Totalitär.

Aparat eventually became a fanzine done by Jonas, and a record label by Jonas and Anna, cementing their important role in tying the scene together. In 2002, Anna also did the one and only issue of Mrs Käng, which kept the spirit of the 94-97 scene alive a little bit longer, with the accounts of her own band Total-Slakt and her travels with Diskonto in America in 2001 being highlights. One year, they even organized a football cup. Aparat the band's last recording featured Anna on vocals.

*- Sven Yellow Dog from Berlin was supposed to release it, but the tapes were lost somewhere between him and the pressing plant in the Czech Republic. At a show around 2002, Sven took me aside and asked me with his German accent what I thought about Jonas' moustache: "Ah, Anna, what about the moustache, do you really like it? I mean, he looks like a German porn star!" When Dismachine was on tour, they stayed at Sven's place for four days. Jonas and Marsta were their usual selves and Sven told them that he had no interest being killed for their sake and that they needed to realize that they were in dangerous neighborhoods. Did they listen? No! Sven forbid them to leave the*

*apartment. Did they listen? No! They went to some squat where everyone had weapons, right in the middle of a police raid against it. They returned to Sven's apartment and said they had only been out for some kebabs.*

Aparat Records started in 1998 and released two EPs, one with Motorbreath and a split with Dissober and Downward Spiral, representing Västerås and Uppsala respectively and thus continuing the tradition of friendship between the käng scenes in the two cities. By this time, what Anna suggests as the heyday of the scene had passed, and that the transition to a new period was marked by the Extreme Noise Terror show in 1997, after which the käng gigs got a lot less frequent. Around this time, Diskonto also started to become more popular in the city, after having had a hard time being accepted with their inferior stud cultivation. Around 1998, four punks from the city were sentenced to jail time for aggravated assault against a metal head that, according to rumor, had taken advantage of a girl whose sister had cancer. One of them escaped from the city and never served the sentence, but it still meant that they were all gone from the scene. During the trial, one of them made use of an old quote from a TV episode with members of Moderat Likvidation: "we're punks: we get drunk, fight, act like pigs and raise hell; it's just what we do."

*- Jonas and I talked about it. When you consider what we did back then, it's a wonder that we're even alive to tell it. And feeling well. Geez. Once, some of the Uppsala girls beat me at a Peter and the test Tubes gig and kicked me right in the larynx. I wanted to continue drinking but Jonas forced me to go to the ER. Another time, TB and Conny from Uncurbed saved me when I had passed out and a member of the Gothenburg punk band Troublemakers tried to tear off my pants.*

Today, Jonas and Anna live with their two sons, four year old Sixten and seven year old Victor. Although Anna still goes to occasional shows, she's not directly involved in what's going on in the scene.

*- We have a house and a hatchback, we work and bake cinnamon buns, I'm into Thai boxing and I worry about my pansies when we leave the house during the summer. We still hang out with our friends from the punk days, Steffe, Martin, Marsta, Vårtan, Sonya and so on. The last shows I've been to were Skitsystem here in Uppsala and the Dwarves in Stockholm. The next one will be Usurpress. Right now I am sitting here with a girl size Discharge shirt that Jonas got me for Christmas with six screws and a titanium plate in my foot, wishing the booze would have saved me from sports.*

And Victor's second name is Calvin, after Cal from Discharge. Who else?

### Chapter four

## IN WHICH WE PASS OUT IN LISBOA, CONDUCT GRINDCORE FIELD RESEARCH IN FLOGSTA AND SUIT UP IN JAPAN

*"How fucking trendy has käng become lately? There seems to be enormous prestige in listening to the correct music, maintaining the correct relation to alcohol, and despising correct opinions. Don't get me wrong, I*

*enjoy Sika Äpärä as much as everybody else, but how the hell can anyone take the zine seriously? How many Jari / Jallo wannabees do we need before it gets old?"*

(Excerpt from editorial in Absurd fanzine #4, by Jonas Lannergård)

Sika äpärä is Finnish for pig bastard. It was also a nineties zine done by two Finnish descendants from the city of Eskilstuna, Jari "Finnen" Juho and Jallo Lehto. The latter's criminal record includes bands like No Security, Dischange/Meanwhile, Krigshot, Totalitär and Kvoteringen. Together the two ran Finn Records for ten years, starting in 1989 with releases of Totalitär and G-anx.

As opposed to the politically aware position of most of Jallo's bands – he was also in Fleshrevels – Sika Äpärä tried its best to champion a view of punk that would be described best by the name of the zine itself.

Jallo and Finnen might have seen their work as a joke – if a severely drunken one – and punks from their generation mostly got it. But there was also, as we have seen in the previous chapter, a whole new generation of käng punks that truly lived the lifestyle of drinking, fighting and raising hell. For a while, the notion of what was to be considered "*rått och brutalt*" was sent into complete disarray, defined as whatever was decadent and politically incorrect. And the philosophy of it all was spread through Sika Äpärä, with a distribution of around 700 copies and usually sold out within a couple of months. Although this was a time when fanzines were a natural part of any hardcore and punk scene and easily sold, which explained the heavy circulation, the number of punks who really took Sika to their hearts and implemented its demented gospel is not to be underestimated.

The editorial in Absurd #4 was a polemic juggernaut throwing punches in several directions (although adding a little careful disclaimer and peace offer). The hardest hits landed in the faces of the icons of the piss drunk, passed out nihilist idea of punk. "*These days,*" Jonas Lannergård thought, "*we have 'role models' like Jari and Jallo that have been around for a while. I.e. long enough to grow up and away from their former teenage ideals (check out old No Security lyrics, the attitude prevailing in them isn't exactly 'who gives a shit'). In the best case scenario they've just grown up. Sometimes it seems like people have let their opinions switch 180 degrees in order to handle the shame over not being able to live up to their own ideals in the long run, ideals they now see among others and become extremely upset about.*"

### Symmetrical arsedestroyer

The will to dig a little deeper into the question of interpretation of music and the expression of its ideas through it – especially in connection to Uppsala's hardcore scene – leads me to a cellar office in Chemicum, a one hundred year old building that holds Uppsala University's Department of Musicology. This is where Linus Johansson (Nojsbojs, Dismachine, Arsedestroyer) writes his doctoral thesis, which he has worked on for far too long to keep receiving funds from the University, after having been stuck on the finishing line for a handful of years. To pay for his office space and sweeten the academic bureaucracy Linus teaches at the university,

mostly distance courses in subjects such as popular music studies and the history and mythology of rock, both of which I have taken myself. When it dawned on me that my course teacher used to play in Arsedestroyer, Sweden's most infamous noise core unit, I sent him an e-mail:

Me: "*I've always wondered what tonal sentiment you were looking for with Arsedestroyer. I have suspected a push towards certain brightness, but haven't dared to test the theory on any of my friends in fear of being deciphered and revealed as ignorant.*"

LJ: "*I don't know exactly what you mean with tonal sentiment, but the songs I wrote for AD almost exclusively emanated from symmetrical scales.*"

I am not sure who was fooling who in the end.

In 1996 Linus published the paper *Distorted and down-tuned: idea and structures among aggressive rock bands*, in which he studied the exchange of stylistic attributes between more brutal forms of metal and punk, and how this had led to the formation of a new genre in grindcore.

- *D-beat is traditionally considered to be connected with hardcore punk, but the same syncopations are found in Motörhead, and Lemmy was from Stoke-on-Trent, just like Discharge. Or consider one stringed tremolos, they're also found in early Slayer. Straight edge hardcore bands have commonly used mosh parts, which could be traced back to thrash metal. What I was interested in however was the actual blast beat, to figure out its purpose.*

The paper contained a 20 page analysis of "Walking corpse", the field cleansing and style defining grindcore massacre on Brutal Truth's debut LP. *Extreme conditions demand extreme responses*. That says a lot about not only weed clouded grindcore, but about Linus as well.

### Formal käng education

Coming from a background in harder forms of electronic music, such as Einstürzende Neubauten and Whitehouse, but also having a liking for thrash metal, Linus' Eureka moment came when he heard Ministry's *The mind is a terrible thing to taste*.

- *In the eighties, you had to pick a side: electronic music or metal. But that was hypocritical. Many metal heads listened to Modern Talking, which not even my friends were into because it was too wimpy. I liked Iron Maiden, and when I heard Anthrax I dug it. But I was never a metal head. It's the same as with grind and käng: I've never been a punk, but I like the music and especially playing it.*

Linus originally approached the hardcore scene more for the purpose of field research than anything else.

- *I figured that if I was going to have a shot at understanding it, I'd need to play in a band, as a kind of participatory observance. That made me join Nojsbojs, which was a noisecore band. Jan Jutila came to our first gig out in Flogsta. Times Square Preachers had broken up and he was looking to do something new,*

*and his idea was to mix käng and grind. He approached me and Jonas, probably deliberately because we were younger, and that led to Dismachine. Nowadays I play in Lurken Boogie Band with Henrik Sundin from Cumbrage, whom Dismachine shared a split with. Lurken Boogie Band is sort of a blues and singer-songwriter thing, though Sundin originally said it would have some jazz improvisation in it as well. That got me interested, but then the jazz got lost along the way just like the reggae influences Jutte spoke about to lure me into Dismachine disappeared without a trace. I also sing for a band called Short One Short, which is a little harder, it even has some hardcore influences.*

**With Dismachine and Arsedestroyer put together, that still made up for a pretty solid involvement in the scene, it wasn't just a brief guest appearance.**

- *Well Arsedestroyer's original bass player was Terje's wife, but she had no interest in playing that music. Then they had a guy called Matte, but he ended up killing himself in a suicide pact with Micke from Meanwhile. They drove into the woods, put on Iron Maiden and gassed themselves to death. The title track on Meanwhile's *The road to hell is about that*. After Matte, Arsedestroyer brought in a guy from Svart Snö, but he was so busy with that band that he wasn't able to join a tour in Germany, and so I came into the picture. I thought it was a good opportunity to get some contacts so we could head out with Dismachine later. Which also happened, but ultimately lead to the end of the band as it tore it apart in two fractions with me and Jutte on one side and Jonas and Marsta on the other. I also had a band called Hjärnsläpp that toured a little bit. I had enough after a tour with Arsedestroyer in Japan in 2000.*

Jonas Godske exemplifies Dismachine's inner turmoil with the fact that Linus and Jutte left him and Marsta lying unconscious in the streets of Lisbon, and that he can't blame them. "*That's how hard we were!*" Linus on the other hand didn't enjoy the excluding mentality of the mask scene all too much.

- *I am originally from Jönköping, and when I grew up there, bands from all kinds of different genres worked with the same DIY mindset and will to make a change and create alternatives. But in Uppsala, it seemed like it was impossible to get along and that bothered me. I never joined those bands for ideological reasons, and I was naïve enough to think that you could partake in the scene without having to make any political statements about it. During some of the interviews I did for my paper, people would be irritated because I didn't ask them about what their opinions were in various matters. I asked how they went about writing songs, not what the lyrics were about. Did they have any formal education? What emotions were they looking to invoke with the music? I noticed that I was pretty much the only one with that perspective on things, and that might have been one of the reasons why I never identified myself with punk. The thing is that I might actually have a lot in common ideologically with the hardcore scene, but I haven't felt the need to make such a big deal out of it. When I listen to "Warmachine" by Anti-Cimex I am struck by the complete lack of role-playing. It's just an opinion without nuances. The academic in me is fascinated by it, but I can't identify with it.*



Dismachine's arguably most famous song came to be "Morotsprofeten" (the carrot prophet,) in which they commented ironically over punks who preach too much.

*"Here we come with our carrots again, shoving them down your throat, we're changing the world with our carrot message, adjust now you fucking bastards. We demand a change. The carrot wants to point out everything that is wrong, it rises against authority, and then becomes stale. We don't need your fucking shit shove them up your ass. We demand a change."*

Linus explains the reasoning behind the song.

*- We all agreed that it was boring with too much moralism. It wasn't so much about the people in Uppsala, because we probably had the opposite problem with too many mask punks not caring about anything. But we had songs about that too, like "Sjuka värderingar" (sick values.) It's so typical for punks. You end up against being against what you're against. It's all negations of negations. "Morotsprofeten," although not explicitly expressed, was probably a reaction to the scene that started in Umeå, with straight edge and veganism. For me, if you write a set of rules that has all the answers, you're avoiding your own personal responsibility. And then "Sjuka värderingar" was about those who took no responsibility whatsoever. Personally, I was just bored with all the conflicts. Dismachine went to Finland with Totalitär, and I discussed these things with their bass player. He meant that music and politics can't be separated, while I thought that it's entirely possible to sing any lyric to any riff. There is no political essence in how we play and perform music. I refuse to acknowledge that a certain way of playing music is owned by people with certain opinions.*

**Your old band mate Jutte told me yesterday that hardcore punk has to be built on rage and anger.**

*- I know his reasoning very well, and I don't agree with it. He thinks that there is something essential in it, based on emotions or states of mind. I can play hardcore and death metal and just feel joy about it. I don't need to feel angry. On stage is a different matter, you might want to play the part of looking or being angry. But what you fashion on stage doesn't have to compute with how you're actually feeling inside. Jutte has an anger that he needs to deal with, daily, and sure, blow off that steam with hardcore. There's nothing wrong with that, but I can't take that as showing that hardcore in general has to be about anger. When I interviewed him for my paper, he said that the most profound thing for him was that he could identify with it, someone else had been treated as bad as he had been. That's a good reason to play or listen to hardcore. You could do a lot worse things than join a hardcore band if you are in that situation. But it's not the one and only possible solution either. And I have to react against the notion of some sort of hardcore essence in that.*

### Catch 22 authenticities

A standing joke directed towards me and the Swedish hardcore scene from friends from the UK is to question why punk even exists over here: what is the purpose, what fuels it, what problems do we have that might need

to be channeled in aggressive music? Does crime even exist in Sweden? After all, Jutte had to go to Stoke-on-Trent to find his roots.

But on the other hand, he had felt the same way. He identified with what came out of that cellar rehearsal room. It spoke directly to him and his emotions. So obviously, there are things here too, be it broken homes, substance abuse or other factors, which can steer up an inner storm that hardcore punk can serve to keep in check. Linus' interest was something completely different. Nojsbojs almost didn't have any lyrics. One of few that could be seen as political at all was "Death by lethal injection," which is advocating the death penalty. Linus wrote everything for that song, inspired by Naked City. It changes stylistic pattern with every beat, meaning that there is nothing re-appearing or re-connecting in it. The idea was to write a lyric that seemed to point the finger quite clearly, and let the music reveal the irony of it.

*- When I was studying parts of the hardcore scene, I guess my focus could have been on what social codes that determine levels of acceptance, who decides who's to be seen as authentic, what rules that can be followed to make sure that you fit in. Those British guys, sure, what is it really that says I have any reason at all to play this music? Perhaps we don't have a clue what it is about? I am being ironic again because I think everyone has a right to their own interpretation. If we look at a certain cultural artifact, and it's meant to be listened to in a certain way, it's demanded that you learn the lyrics and agree with the ideological statements, well, tough shit. Because when you send out that artifact, even if it's just a split EP distributed within an underground network, it might still end up in some archive somewhere, and the archivist might place it under "rock" even though you were totally against the music industry or labeling the music at all. That's just stuff you have to deal with. People will interpret it their own way. You might think it's the wrong way, but that doesn't change anything.*

In his university courses on rock and popular music, Linus lets the students dwell on the subject of authenticity, its implications and limits.

*- A student asked me how authenticity could be defined, and I said that when you say that something is "real" or "fake", there's actually no proof for it, it's all a sort of agreement between people, or a value that you believe in, and it is constructed by talking about it. I said that, and figured the message would come across. But the reaction I got was that "yeah, it's really terrible, this authenticity thing, when a band people think is real or true, and it turns out they aren't." (laughter) I mean it's a Catch 22 situation. I don't think anything can be "real" in itself. Within the constraints of a specific social context and discourse, you can decide to agree on things, and that's normally based on things that you want to identify yourself with.*

**So you obviously don't agree with Jutte's thoughts about a pure D-beat, for example?**

*- Well then we have to consider the concept of objectivity. I think that's something people can partake in at home, in private, when no one else needs to be subjected*

*to it. Personally, I don't mess with that stuff. I consider everything to be social constructions, and people will agree or disagree. Any value system that is kept intact over time can be preserved because it is a part of a dominant ideology. And ideologies make us believe that certain things are right and others are wrong, without questioning. So I don't want to consider the negotiation to be done and that we've reached a truthful conclusion, whether it's regarding D-beat or anything else.*

When Arsedestroyer toured Japan, Linus got to witness the daily life and routines of the Ohtaki brothers in Gore Beyond Necropsy, a noisecore band revered by many in Sweden. These turned out to be far from the habits of many of their mask drunk followers over here. Linus uses it to exemplify his point.

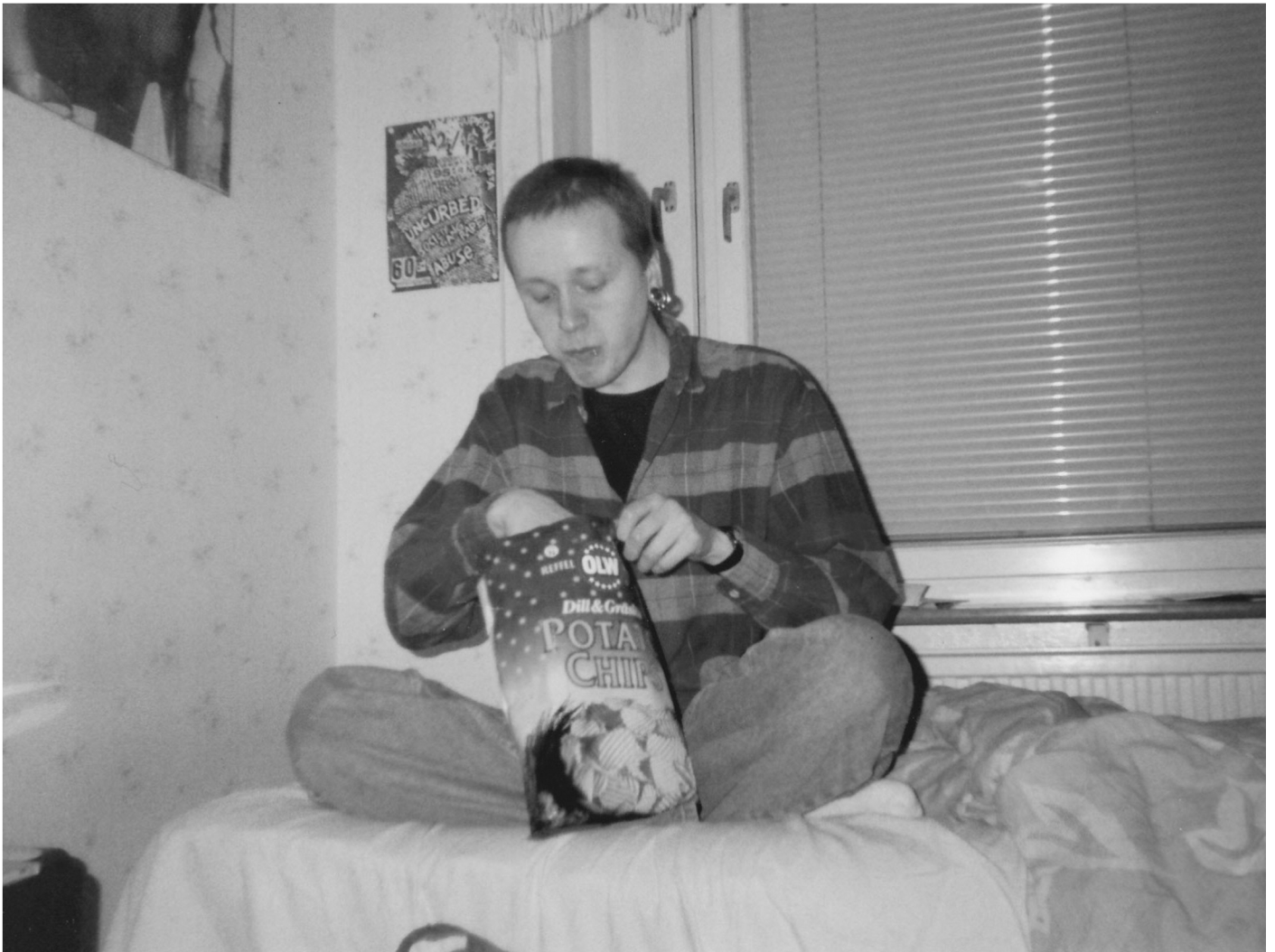
*- The Ohtaki twins were around 30 years old, had jobs and still lived with their mom. Their dad had died. People in Japan are used to working a lot, and spending a lot of time commuting. I saw both Gore Beyond Necropsy members and people from other bands, as well as people in the audience, who came directly from their jobs, so they'd have their suits on or whatever they had for work. A girl at a show was dressed in Geisha clothing, she had just come from the tea-party where she worked. At home, the Ohtakis had a Buddhist shrine with some sort of bell that sounded for two minutes when you hit it, and incenses. It was in the memory of their dad. Their relationship with their mom was fantastic, and she was amazingly friendly. And it was pretty obvious that there wasn't any rebellion at all connected to what they were doing with the band. And Gore Beyond Necropsy is really extreme music you know. But they have lyrics against drugs for example. Not because Japan is like Holland or anything, you don't really notice any drug use at all there. So what they were doing was more like a common sense thing.*

Authenticity, social codes, real, fake. Let's move on to the band that started off not being recognized by the local scene, but ended up doing it all the most, the longest and the best of anyone that started off in the nineties.

### Chapter five

## IN WHICH SKATERS ARE ATTACKED WITH DEAD CROWS, THE PUNKS DARE TO PROGRESS, A DRUMMER GROWS EIGHT ARMS AND AN ANTI-CIMEX COVER BECOMES THE SHAME OF A LIFETIME

*"There are a lot of bands here playing the trendy music genre käng. Most of them with Discharge logos painted over the recently washed off Strebers logos on their studded leather jackets, and posters of idols like Jallu or Jani over their bed. I have probably not heard half of the käng bands in the city, they keep popping up like mushrooms. .../ Nowadays it seems like the scene has been divided in three camps with sharp borders between them: the melodic punks the straight edgers and the cool käng punks. What happened to all the idealism and will to make a change? Did it tumble straight down to hell along with Sika Äpärä? Seriously, it's not tough not to give a shit."*



(Excerpt from interview with Martin Altermark/  
Diskonto in Deep Throat fanzine number one,  
1996, by Martin Andersson)

Steffe Pettersson welcomes me in his apartment in Ulleråker, a calm and comfortable enough area by the looks of it. The four story buildings are lined with trees, turning the streets into parkways of sorts, in all likelihood a remnant from the days when the area only held a hospital. I grew up in a similar place, green fields, trees and gardens were meant to have a calming effect on patients. The area got its first permanent residents in the eighties. Unless you count the possibility of long term patients at the mental ward, of course.

Martin Altermark is running slightly late. In between family life, his job as a computer programmer and running a Crossfit gym in town – “a DIY youth club for adults to work out in” – it is no wonder that it can be hard to squeeze in time for anything else. Steffe and Martin live close, but haven’t met in quite a while.

- I met him on the bus a while back, Steffe says. But that’s it. We’re both busy with our families. I work as a course administrator at the Department for Neuroscience of Uppsala University, sort of like a desktop janitor. And I also have a new band, Usurpress.

In 2010, Diskonto played what might have been their last show. Although never officially having made such a claim, the band is put on ice indefinitely.

- I am not opposed to starting up again, but it has to be on the condition that all four of us feel that it’s something that we actually have time for and would consider fun. If it was just a matter of rehearsing old songs and getting gigs and drinking beer, then it would be a complete mockery of what Diskonto is about. Steffe and Martin anno 1994 would have knocked us out if they found us behaving like that.

Martin rings on the door and apologizes for being late. He gives an intense impression, with a muscular body and eyes examining you while he’s listening. There’s immediacy to his way of talking and he uses his body language in a way that is fascinating. It also makes it easy to grasp him as a person that gets shit done. Steffe is more calm and doesn’t fire away the words quite as rapidly, as opposed to the automatic cluster bombs that he spits out of his mouth in Diskonto. If Martin looks far from fitting into any stereotypical subculture whatsoever, Steffe with his long hair and black clothes looks a lot like the metal head that others have claimed that he started out as, before being lured into hardcore. On “Kollektiv monolog”, off the band’s last release, he commented on those who, unlike him, shun their former selves: “don’t fucking talk about how my hair looks, have you burned all of last year’s pictures of yourself?”

He pours Martin a cup of coffee. The two complement each other well, and often finish each other’s sentences. During about two and a half hours, they bombard me with stories filled with both laughter and frequent eye rolling at their own history.

### Eighty one, goddamn right!

- Diskonto might not have been fully accepted at first, but I think a lot of the bands around the scene that made up the Uppsala crust compilation had been inspired by Cråcass and Times Square Preachers.

Steffe and Martin have started negotiating between themselves and their collective memories. What band started when and who influenced who? Martin continues along the same lines as Steffe.

- I mean, Cråcass was incredibly bad, but we were still important for just being a band and for playing shows. It opened up for other bands to start playing harder forms of punk. Towards the end of Times Square Preachers, we were both in the band, and that was a better band compared to Cråcass. It was a band that was actually good enough for others to listen to and identify with. But in the end we just had enough and did our own thing instead.

Times Square Preachers got an abrupt ending on April 30th 1994. The day before the holiday of May 1st is traditionally one of the drunkest days of the year in Sweden, and Uppsala is no exception. On this specific occasion, Jan Jutila and Steffe got in a fight over Martin’s girlfriend’s younger sister, who was Jutila’s ex-girlfriend. And that was that. After having been put in the freezer for two years, it was time to defrost Diskonto.

The reactions from the local käng scene were not entirely welcoming towards the changes. While some were more directly hostile in their attitude, Jonas Lannergård’s scene report in Absurd number four from April 1995 expresses the sentiment in a more civilized, yet revealing, manner: “Martin and Steffe has a joke käng band called Diskonto, and apparently they’ve managed to score a deal for an EP on Profane Existence, however the fuck that happened.” Looking back, it is pretty evident that it was the others who took what they were doing – blowing all fuses on being as raw and brutal as possible – way too seriously. Diskonto might have had a more healthy approach to themselves and their music. When the Sika Äpärä fanzine had its greatest influence on the scene, Diskonto went their own way, trying to be “slightly more thoughtful and rational,” as Martin puts it.

Still while they stood beside the local mäs scene with bands like Harass and Råskit, not fitting into the stereotype template of what authentic käng punks were supposed to be like, musically it must have been hard even for the most orthodox to deny them. On A shattered society, the debut 7” released by Profane Existence, “Ättioett” seems to stand as a musical manifesto: “Eighty one, goddamn right! Eighty one, goddamn right!” (the verse is impossible to translate properly without compromising its concise setup: “sluta tramsa, sluta tralla, börja mangla, börja veva”). Steffe points out that there is some truth to their initial ploy status, too.

- The lyrics didn’t have much to do with what we were like personally, or what we stood for. It was a lot of general silliness at first.

- You should know that we were amazingly drunk during that time. We were literally fueled on hash and wine. We wanted to be the drunkest, and it probably held us back. At

the same time we were very serious when it came to the music.

Martin reasons with himself for a while to make sense of the contradiction.

- It’s strange how we managed to make sense of that.

I’ve come across different views on the state of the scene. While Dismachine’s “Morotsprofeten” got noticed for its critique on the “politically correct” scene from northern Sweden, the editorial in Absurd from 1995 paints a picture of a scene that was lacking any care at all rather than suffering from some political police.

- When we started, says Steffe, the whole Sika Äpärä thing colored the scene. And that fucked up a lot of it. People went to McDonald’s to eat, not because they liked the food, but because it was considered a cool thing to do. Later, things turned again. At first, Diskonto wasn’t “raw” enough, and later everything suddenly became really fucking serious. We’ve always just kind of been Diskonto, no matter what was considered cool or correct at the time.

- Exactly. We were vegetarians during the Sika Äpärä hype, and then when the straight edge scene was big, we weren’t vegans.

Is it fair to say that the Uppsala scene at the time was excluding people?

- Definitely, says Steffe. The scene was still so small, so if any outsiders showed up at the gigs in Flogsta, they ran the risk of being confronted. ‘This is no good; here are some new people, what if they’re not raw enough! We’d better investigate it.’ One of the pros of that was that you actually had to prove that you were into punk to be accepted into the scene. The con was that if you showed up with a skateboard, you could get a dead crow thrown in your face.

- Which did happen. That’s how things were.

### 3-2-B, got it?

While never having attempted to be Discharge clones, over time, Diskonto’s quite standardized D-beat developed a unique style, mixing American hardcore like MDC and early DRI with käng and delivering the outcome with both outrageous speed and intricate arrangements. Those who thought they continued sounding like the first EPs would never believe it was the same band if they were played Watch us burn or the split LP with Massgrav. By these late releases, the lunacy of Jonas Godske’s drumming had reached Higuita proportions while Steffe’s vocals put South American football TV commentators to shame. Martin’s sense of details and controlled chaos had precisely the keys it needed to free itself from all locks and restraints.

As the song-writing process was given more attention, the lyrics followed. From the early short and playful take on typical käng topics, they swelled into ingenious and venomous tirades, far exceeding the quality of most punk bands of their time.

Sadly not surprising, some people disliked the progression of the band. In an interview





with Steffe in 1997, the distraught fanzine editor complains over how "short lyrics about war, bombs, politicians and every other cliché have been scratched from the repertoire."

On *Watch us burn*, "3-2-B" is a witty answer to those who belittled the progress:

*"Four rounds in the chorus, the same in the verse, throw together a couple of decent riffs, so we can bring out the beer / Three verses, three choruses, a break after the second allows the drummer to take a breather / 3-2-B, got it? / Mäsk solos, D-beat and lyrics about war, no fucking Gauze and no hippie crap / A thousand riffs and bridges that lead to nowhere, sure it's fun to play, but it's complete bullshit / Why does it have to be like this? Why, why, why?"*

The change accelerated with the third LP, *There is no tomorrow*, released on Retard Records in 2000. Around this time, the releases changed focus format wise and started becoming less frequent. Between 1994 and 1998, there were four EPs, two split EPs, one split 10" and two LPs. From 2000 to 2006, they did three LPs and one split LP.

Steffe points out that they always went their own way sound-wise, regardless of trends. They could have incorporated more metal in their sound when Skitsystem broke big doing that, but would it have been fun? Martin picks up his thread.

*- We had a crystal clear idea of how we wanted to sound. It changed over the years,*

*album to record, while Steffe instead recalls how smoothly things worked.*

*- I remember thinking that everything went insanely well. Afterwards, I've been told that Carl Wikman, who recorded it for us, has said that we were nuts and fighting all the time. But we thought things went great, and that we were surprisingly good friends.*

*- By that point we were sober in the studio, Martin points out. That made a difference. Unfortunately our recording sounded a lot better before it was mastered a second time by Sound Pollution, who released it.*

### Tour life begins

Steffe's wife Lisa and their kids have come home and he is preparing dinner. The contrast between the family life and the tour stories that we are about lead ourselves into is striking. Never settling with staying home in Uppsala, and not being entirely included in the scene to begin with, Diskonto soon looked outwards instead. First, their sight was set at Europe, and then the US, where they were among the very first Swedish hardcore bands ever.

*- In the past, Steffe reflects, bands in Uppsala were always happy with being a big thing in the city itself. If a band could headline a venue here then that was it; that was far as you could take it. When Diskonto started doing shows abroad, I think some others realized they could do it too. "If those fucking drunks can do it, then surely we can too!"*

*"We were stupid Swedes on vacation essentially. We probably made it out of there just because people thought we were badass and not scared of anything. But we were just too stupid to be scared."*

*but before each record, we knew exactly how we wanted it to be. For some records, the aim was to be the fastest kang band in the world. Other times, we wanted to be the band that would be very difficult to play covers of.*

He laughs and says there is a clear line of development, from *Mob 47* to *Gauze*, from start to goal.

*- I have always liked the first EP, he continues. The only record that really sucks is the first LP. It's terrible, and the lyrics are pathetic. Generally speaking, the quality has varied depending on how drunk we were at the time.*

*- Quite frankly, Steffe says, it has been important for us to be good at what we're doing, even if there aren't many records that are great through and through. I think we got better and better over time, while most bands become worse and worse.*

*- I wrote all the music on all Diskonto records. My main inspiration was never Discharge, although they were important too. I grew up with the first DRI record, early MDC, Poison Idea, Black Flag. Mostly super-fast US hardcore. So even if we started off sounding more like Discharge than we came to do later, it's quite natural that we developed into something else over time.*

The thunderous assault of the split with *Massgrav* actually contains a complex set of details, carefully thought out to tie the songs together. Martin describes it as a testing

*- And then they screwed it up anyway.*

*- Dismachine toured, at least.*

*- Yeah well, I guess we can say that they tried.*

For Diskonto, it all started with a tour in Poland and the Czech Republic in the spring of 1996. Without much of a clue of what a tour could look like, or what was expected of them, they went from initial idea to execution of the plan in a mere month's time. Steffe and Martin loved the chaos of the tour and idealized the DIY culture they met along the way, but for Kaj (bass) and Malmen (drums), it was a nightmare.

*- Martin and I thought it was amazing. We stayed at an anarchist collective, and they held meetings in Polish, and had weapons. But Kaj and Malmen only saw the cold concrete floor, and had no interest in sleeping on it.*

*- We would never have mustered a tour like that later on. We travelled by train, got beaten up by Nazis, were told by the punks to just leg it if the border police showed up and so on. It was rad, hard, cold and much disorganized.*

*- A vivid memory from that tour was when we were sitting in a Czech squat, waiting for our turn to play, and some dude with blood all over his face comes in. He starts screaming at another guy that tries to calm him down. In the end, this guy shrugs his shoulders and takes out a gun and gives it to the bloodied*

*dude, who smiles as he holds it up, before running out again. He was going to shoot someone.*

### In west Philadelphia, drunk as fuck

*More power to the cops... is less power to the people*, originally released as a 7" on Czech Malarie Records, had been pressed on tape in Poland, and sold in large quantities. Robert Mutsiak of Refuse Records remembers promoting a show for them in Warsaw:

*"The Diskonto show in Warsaw was very cool. It was March 1996 and I did the show together with my friends, Rafal and Atom of Tutaj Teraz Records. Both fans of raging Scandinavian hardcore punk. It was the peak of the crust core scene in Poland so we asked two Polish crust bands Bisect and Means of Control to join Diskonto on this day. It was a rather small show by the standards of its time, as there were around 70 people in the audience. To be honest I can't remember if we lost some money or not. Whatever. The show was very nice and Diskonto was loud and direct with their fast and short assaults. I was very glad to see them as they sounded a lot like Mob 47, one of my favorite bands ever. The Diskonto guys were nice. Unfortunately I have never met them after that show but I have followed their next releases".*

Though there was some trouble at the show, with the club owners being far from happy with the way Robert's girlfriend had spray painted the porn posters backstage, Diskonto had nothing to do with it. In any

case, Kaj and Malmen quit the band after the tour. It was worth throwing in the towel just to be sure of never again having to play a single show.

When Diskonto flew over for their first US tour in 1997, after two cancelled attempts, Jonas Godske had been convinced to join on drums, while Daniel Ekeröth – who later wrote the book *Swedish death metal* – played bass. Dan and John from Profane Existence, who had a huge influence on the punk scene back then, were with them on the tour. Later, Skitsystem claimed that Diskonto's drunken warfare had ruined the credit of Swedish hardcore in the country. Steffe recalls how they were quite oblivious to what they met along the way.

*- We went from the safe haven of student town Uppsala in Sweden to the Philadelphia ghetto and thought that it couldn't be more dangerous than any neighborhood at home. We were stupid Swedes on vacation essentially. We probably made it out of there just because people thought we were badass and not scared of anything. But we were just too stupid to be scared.*

*- Yes. And too drunk. But it was fantastic to see some of those places. You're never going to go there if you're a regular tourist, you won't even find them unless you're with locals. Some of those places are meant to be extremely dangerous, and people can ask what we were doing there, and the answer is that we played punk shows.*

The tour nearly ended before it began though. Straight out of the airport, the Swedish punks learned all about the mentality of US cops. Thankfully, Steffe wrote down the story in a tour report that was printed in the Unity is Strength fanzine:

*"Never screw around with a US cop, they're severely harsher than Swedish ones. We had only been in the country three hours when we were arrested. We stopped to take a leak on a lawn that happened to belong to the town hall and police station. Two cop cars shows up and there was a big fucking ruckus. Hands on the hood of the car, 'you have the right to remain silent', handcuffs on and so on. Just like on TV. We were questioned for five hours, all the while still in the cuffs, got fingerprinted, and photographed – the fucking lot. I happened to be wearing a Rupture shirt that said 'cunt-stable.' Bad timing? In any case, I managed to lie about the meaning of it, as well as about my dad being the Chief of Police in Uppsala and that he had gotten the shirt from colleagues in Australia. I can't believe they fell for it, I was sure they were about to beat me up. I also commended him for his fantastic collection of cop badges, and he wanted to trade some with my dad (!). That turned out to be a smart fucking move, because the idiot put in a good word for us in court, that's how eager he was for some European badges. If he only knew that my dad works in a print shop... Luckily enough they let us go on probation. We left a goodbye present to the cops, an opened pack of cigarettes that Jonas and I had put up our butts. Hope they inhaled it."*

Greeting her future husband when he returned to Sweden, Linda Altemark was horrified at the sight of the 56 kilo skeleton in front of her.

*- It was just utter chaos. We woke up every morning and puked blood. We ate way too little, got no sleep and drank unbelievable amounts of booze. It spiraled out of control. And we had to be the band with the longest tours too. This one was almost four weeks, and the one after that was six weeks in Europe. Later on, we figured that two weeks was better. I had my first real vacation a couple of years ago. Before that, it had always been devoted to a tour, and it wasn't like you rested during those weeks. Touring with Diskonto wasn't like a trip to the spa. We liked taking things to the extreme. Looking back at it, I can wonder how we could consider it a good idea to be invited to tour halfway around the world, and to have people come out to the shows, and then to just be piss drunk all the time. After that tour, we made it a rule to never be too drunk to play. After the show, you were free to do whatever you pleased.*

### Stuck in Magdeburg

Over the years, the relationship between Diskonto and Jan Jutila, the D-beat chief from chapter two, had been everything but flawless. After the bad blood involved when Times Square Preachers broke up, the sides have tried to work together on various occasions, for example in Studio D-takt. Steffe and Martin points out that they don't have anything specific against Jutte at all these days, and that whatever happened in the past was mainly a product of two very strong wills clashing. In 1999 they needed a stand-in drummer for the six week Euro tour, and Jutte was the man for

the job. Things were obviously not going to develop without difficulties.

*- Jutte is a great drummer, Steffe says, but the weird thing was that he refused to rehearse before the tour. He told us that he wanted our set-list, and Martin got him a tape with all the songs we had in mind, in the correct order, taken from the records. That was not what Jutte had in mind. "This won't work, that's someone else playing!" Martin had to sit in Jutte's studio and record all the songs with Jutte playing drums himself.*

*- That recording would be fun to have, I am sure he has it somewhere.*

*- Without doubt. In any case, we aren't drummers so we didn't know any better and figured that this might be the way it's always done under such circumstances. But when the tour started... well after a few gigs we had to tell him to listen more to his fucking tape, because he was playing horribly.*

*- And he refused to play a standard four beat, which was a problem. I mean, since we happen to have songs with standard four beats in them.*

Before the 2000 summer tour in Europe, Jonas Godske got a Renault Traffic minivan for free. The former owner agreed to just hand it over if Jonas took care of repairing it. The band had borrowed it the year before during a six week trip, and it had worked like a charm. Everything seemed perfect, but this year, Martin says, the van had other plans.

*- We stopped on the way down to buy motor oil and Jonas was just stoked. His dad is kind of a mechanic, so he took it very seriously. 24 hours later, as we roll into the city of Altenmark, the damn van lit on fire. Which is funny on so many levels. Incredibly enough, it came back from the dead and we managed to drive to the next show in Magdeburg, which turned out to be a fantastic night. But the morning after, after we had exchanged the normal goodbyes and hope to see you again stuff, the van was dead for real.*

Stuck in Magdeburg, they managed to score rides to a couple of scheduled shows. Having punks volunteer to drive them to Amsterdam was a piece of cake. But mostly, they were forced to just stay put.

*- The goddamn Germans were towing it to a repair shop to have the whole electronic system replaced, but they managed to crash the fucking thing. "Well the good thing is that the motor was alright, and the electronic system repaired, but the whole van is now demolished, totally destroyed." We went to pick up our Creedence tapes from the wreckage and then opted for drinking even more heavily at the squat in Magdeburg. We could have made a movie about this.*

Steffe recalls the mind numbing boredom. After a week they had had enough and Martin arranged for money to be transferred from Sweden, so they could go home again. The problem was that they had a whole backline plus distro, and no van. Arriving by boat in Trelleborg, they had to carry it all to the other side of town.

*- From Trelleborg we had to take a countryside bus to Malmö, from where we'd get on a*

*bus to Uppsala. But the bus to Malmö was on the other side of Trelleborg. We walked 15 meters, put everything down, went back and picked up the rest. "Awesome, we've advanced another 15 meters!" Somehow we made it, but it took forever. We had to hide the backline for the bus drivers so we could get everything on their buses before they'd notice. When we finally sat on the bus to Stockholm we could breathe and worry about getting from there to Uppsala later. But at a stop in Nyköping, for no obvious reason the bus driver took a fucking vote on who of the passengers that wanted to continue en route to Stockholm, and we were the only ones. So now we had less than five minutes to once again transfer everything to a new bus.*

*- Another funny thing is that PG, who later played bass with us, joined that tour as our roadie. And even though it was a catastrophe, at least we got to Magdeburg. When he went on tour with Rajoitus before that, they didn't even leave Sweden because the van broke down in Malmö. In a sense, it's all these stupid things that you remember. Tours are often funnier in theory and memory, than they are as they go down. Perhaps it's better if you don't drink.*

### Don't fuck with the nice guys

The summer US tour of 2001 was chronicled by Anna Granlund in Mrs Käng fanzine. In between tails of Texas James from Spazm 151's freak outs, a failed attempt at an Elvis wedding ceremony, Swedes being the only ones to react at the sound gunshots when chilling outside the venue in Memphis – as well as being terrified when their drivers, Brad and John from From Ashes Rise, wreaked havoc in the New York traffic – and PG flooding a kitchen in Richmond with poop-water, there was a whole lot of alcohol this time around as well. But more than the drunken freak show that they might even present it as themselves, they also played in front of a lot of appreciative punks, all over Europe and North America. It didn't matter what the circumstances were; the goal was always to be an enjoyable band and to give those gathered value for the money.

To be sure, sometimes the chaos went down in Sweden too.

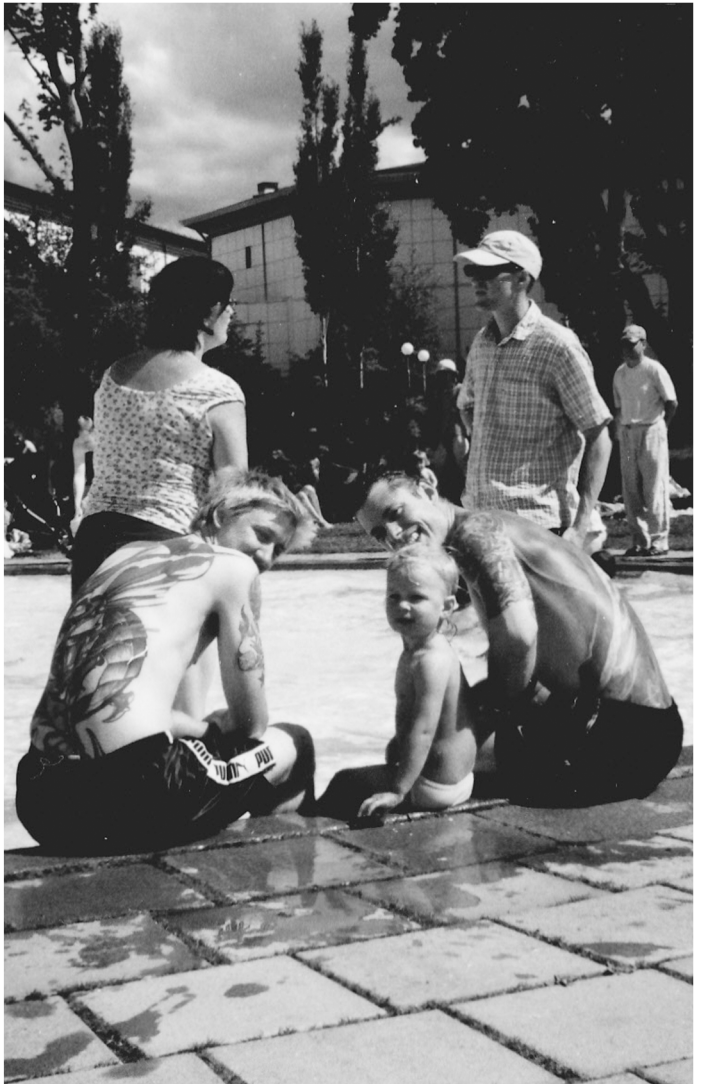
*- We're reasonable and nice people, Martin says. But we return the punches and we've never backed down for anyone. If someone wants to start something, fine, bring it.*

*- One show we did that spiraled completely out of control was the one at Vita Huset in Täby. The vibe was fucked up the whole night. This was after the mäsken scene had faded and the wave of political correctness was at its peak. We weren't worth shit for a lot of those people.*

*- I had been writing some articles for a magazine called Flashback, which was sort of a liberal, laissez-faire oriented publication. Sort of what Jim Goad did in America with Answer Me!, perhaps. And that was enough to brand me a nazi.*

*- You interviewed Crass, for God's sake!*

*- Yeah, I wrote about punk and anarchism, and interviewed Profane Existence. But people are fucking morons. So I got described as a nazi, and there's no way I'd just let that slip.*









At the show, after having been furious at Steffe moments earlier, Daniel landed a kick in the chest of a certain Tattu for mocking Steffe, sending the guy across the venue. Later when the same Tattu punched Anna Granlund in the face because she refused to give him her beer, Jonas took a cymbal stand, jumped down from the stage and started swinging, perfectly intent on killing the bastard. At the end of the night, all of Diskonto's records got stolen and the vibe was not at all any better than when they first showed up.

When G-Anx did a farewell gig in Jönköping, Daniel attempted to break his bass during the set, and moments later Anna Granlund suddenly found him standing beside her, drinking instead of playing on stage.

- *It should be said, Steffe points out, that the last five years, we were always sober on stage, and everyone delivered too. There comes a point when you realize that you put too much effort into this to just keep fucking it up.*

- *In the end, that whole thing with being drunk as fuck all the time, it loses some of its cool.*

### Never a colored a shirt

When the third generation of hardcore kids started up UAHC in the early 00s, they soon learned how popular Diskonto was abroad, as explained by Affe.

- *When we started booking bands, they all said "can we play with Diskonto please?" Every band we booked wanted to play with them. They all knew who they were and wanted them on the bill. In 100% of the cases. It was always Diskonto, and Meanwhile from Stockholm. On top of that, the Diskonto guys were ever helpful and nice towards us, they were always there if we needed anything.*

After having carried the weight of keeping the scene afloat for many years with bands, fanzines, record labels and promoting shows, the emergence of a new wave of kids was a great relief. At some points, all members of the band had labels and fanzines. But time was becoming more and more of an issue and there was a need of some new blood stepping in to take charge. Martin says that the birth of UAHC meant that Diskonto could focus more attention on keeping the band alive.

- *And we did, we kept it alive. We have never not been present. Until just now, of course. Totalitär had a couple of years when they didn't do anything, but we never went through such periods. We have always played gigs, rehearsed and recorded stuff. Perhaps not to great lengths, but still. Affe, Crippe and Martin Anstey, those kids got the scene going and they also brought Ungdomens Hus back to life as a punk venue, after years of slumber. It felt great for us and it was invaluable importance for the scene. I guess they on their part had to work hard for a long time too, before they had a chance to step back.*

- *Not that we have a good view of how the scene looks these days, but it feels like Affe and Crippe still carry a heavy load. Affe is still the guy standing behind the sound board with a Leatherman multi-tool.*

- *Another aspect is that when these guys came around, we had a lot more in common*

*with the music they were into compared to the crust punk and Sika Äpärä thing. We were not that interested in being drunk out of our minds, crawling around on the floor, at least not anymore. We loved super-fast hardcore and so did they. Suddenly it was acceptable with other influences than Discharge. It was almost even possible to wear a shirt with colors other than black and white.*

- *Yeah well that is something I will never do.*

- *No, I mean, it was something you could do, but we obviously didn't.*

### Jonas the octopus

Ungdomens Hus, a youth club and venue located centrally in the city had been an important venue during both the late eighties and far into the nineties. Apart from shows, often promoted by the infamous Peter Punk, the house also had rehearsal rooms for the punk bands to hammer away in. For Martin and Steffe's generation, the facilities are full of nostalgic memories. Whether reminiscing shows with Filthy Christians or Napalm Death, Svart Snö or Totalitär, or Master in front of six persons, Martin holds the place close to the heart.

- *There were easily over 20 persons at that Master show, Steffe protests. I promoted it.*

- *There is no way there were that many. I remember myself, Lannergård and you.*

- *And I only saw the last song (laughter).*

Ungdomens Hus has always had a strict drug free policy, and during the golden days of mäsik poisoning of the youth, that was not a viable path for the city's punks. For some years, you had to pass a breathalyzer test to enter. Once when Totalitär was booked, the guards at the door would not let them inside. On the other hand, as Martin admits, there were a little too much passed out drunk punks at the shows and skinheads causing fights for the venue to accept the situation. In the end, from having been a lively stage room for the hardcore scene, it degenerated into a café for a handful of goth kids.

The first show UAHC did for Diskonto was at a student nation called The Valve. They had brought a backdrop that kept falling down, prompting two severely intoxicated punks to take it upon themselves to keep it hanging on the wall. Drunk as they were, they kept falling down themselves, creating a performance art exhibition behind the band. When the connection between Diskonto and the new kids was established, both sides learned from and influenced each other. Martin suggests that before that first gig, many of the younger kids had lumped them together a little too categorically with the crust scene.

- *On our part, we understood that you don't go to a show to merely hear a band, but to see it. We tried to make the most of that. Jonas is like a fucking octopus behind the drums. He often stands up while playing. I think we managed to create a cool mix of aggression and fun. We move around a lot and add a little theatrical level of acting out, I guess.*

### Punk parenthesis

After fifteen years as an active band, two hundred shows, four LPs and a line of EPs and splits, it's been about a year since

Diskonto went into pause mode. Although focusing on Usurpress, a band he labels death crust, Steffe doesn't dismiss the idea of Diskonto tearing it up together again.

- *It's not an impossibility. But it must be done the right way, the Diskonto way.*

- *Which might very well be the wrong way, Martin adds.*

- *Yeah (laughter). I just refuse to make it into some old fart nostalgia trip. "Great to get away from the old lady for a while!" Fuck that.*

- *We always hated bands that officially quit and then started up again just to get some cred. Damn it, if you've given up, just stay dead you old fucks. I can't see the appeal in becoming a cover band of your old self. It would have to revolve around new material.*

- *There is nothing that says that old people can't play youthful and brutal music.*

- *Christ no, it's just that it might be less exciting the second time around.*

**Considering all these years, tours and the time and energy invested into it, what's your perspective on your involvement in hardcore?**

- *I am very, very, very, very happy that I've had the opportunity to be a part of it, Steffe says. I honestly think I would have been a worse human being without it, and I certainly wouldn't have experienced as much. It's hard thinking about whom or what I would have become if it wasn't for punk. Maybe I'd be some idiot sitting at home complaining about the immigrants. I've been a part of this my whole grown-up life, so it has certainly shaped me tremendously. I think we can consider Diskonto as a parenthesis in the history of punk. But an interesting one.*

Martin points out that hardcore, for one thing, created a life-long friendship with Steffe and others involved in the scene.

- *We've spent quite a lot of time together. We don't really need to talk much sometimes; we know where we have each other. The music has been important in itself too, as well as the political aspect. I guess we didn't change the world, perhaps we didn't change much at all, but at least we had a voice to use and make us heard. That's very stimulating as a person. What I deeply regret is Cräcass playing an Anti-Cimex cover ages ago when Jonsson was in the audience. Of all the shameful moments in my life, if there's one thing I would like to have undone, then it's that goddamn fucking Anti-Cimex cover.*

- *I think Jonsson left the venue, right?*

- *No, but he was laughing at us.*

### Which song was it?

- *It was "Victims of a bomb raid," Steffe says, wasn't it?*

- *Uhm... yeah. I guess it was. But at least we're still here. And maybe we've left some marks along the way, too. Though you probably change yourself more than anyone else. The important thing for the new bands is to work hard, to head out and do things, meet*

people. When you're in the middle of it, you won't necessarily think about such aspects. But as people grow older, you can notice who has been a part of a creative scene. It sticks with them. Our enthusiasm doesn't die as fast as for most grown-ups. We get to be kids a little bit longer.

With those closing words from Martin, Steffe calls in the family for dinner. Martin follows me to the bus-stop and gets an update on what's going on in the scene, before jumping on his bike and heading home in the autumn dark.

### SATANIC SPACE INTERLUDE PT 3

Truckstop Alaska is Gothenburg's main venue for deviant music and underground culture. Located on the island of Hisingen, it is surrounded by the luxury apartment, Chalmers University of Technology and business park buildings that have all swamped up the area that used to hold the city's shipbuilding yards until the production stopped three decades ago. Since moving its operation across the water of Göta Älv to these premises a few years ago, the club is one of a few local odd occurrences that still remind of the old, shabby days, when the apartment buildings here lacked even running water. The others are a biker club and a hostel for homeless people.

On October 26 2011, *The eternal void* has been out for close to half a year, and the gospel of space enhanced Satanism is steadily reaching more people. Obnoxious Youth is paying Truckstop Alaska a visit to open for Counterblast and Extreme Noise Terror. Two weeks have passed since the Norwegian metal legend Fenriz chose Obnoxious Youth as his band of the week on Dark Throne's Myspace (how fabulous and fitting it is that Fenriz chooses Myspace, while everyone else has abandoned the ancient community):

*"Arjan tipped me about this many months ago and i had 'em in the pipeline with their bandcamp profile and everything....and then also GRGA from Iron Lamb (ex-Ghost and a whole lot of other bands i reckon) tipped me about them. i remember that they gave me a cryptic slaughter vibe of sorts...(?) but when i listen to them now they don't, maybe more accused, but i think my namedroppings here are more like rabbitdroppings :/ as always, listen and judge for yourself."*

Since I saw them the last time, Linkan has quit and been replaced by Leo Kjellin, a sociology student from Stockholm with long blonde hair. Affe first crossed ways with Leo in June during the small heavy metal festival Muskelrock, headlined by Thor and Pentagram. During the Merciful Fate worshiping act Portrait's cover of "Black funeral" Messiah Marcolin of Candlemass takes the stage. There's magic in the spring air. Enthralled, Affe spots a Nasa patch on some tall, slim dude's jeans vest. He will not let a chance like this go to waste and approaches the stranger.

- Do you like space?

Recalling the story now in October, Leo says he was too drunk at the time to be sure of what his exact answer was. But he

certainly does dig space, and knows that he mentioned liking Obnoxious Youth. He also remembers that the second question from Affe was if he played guitar.

*- I guess it was more important to investigate my attitude towards space first; guitar was secondary.*

Yesterday, Obnoxious Youth unleashed hell upon Norrköping, resulting in bloodshed and a possible life-ban from the city. Affe threw Olli off the stage, resulting in a severe back injury. Olli, in turn, used folding chairs to attack Affe. He was unable to continue the set due to the excruciating pain.

John and Olli greet me at Truckstop Alaska with warm and friendly embraces. Olli's forehead is slightly messed up from last night, but the mood shows no signs of being anything but up. John's endearing smile finds no conflict in his Possessed *Seven churches* shirt and the big inverted cross hanging around his neck. His social affection is contagious; it's great to see him again. By the merch table, Frans politely shakes my hand and asks how the Edge Day show in Gothenburg was.

There is no sign any of them are anything but any mother's dream son in law. But that's about to change, as Affe starts preparing pedals, the theremin instrument and other stage preps. A vocalist, his collection of gadgets is more extensive than the set-ups of most guitar players. John evokes a vibrating sound with his pedals before the first verse of "Into the coven" opens up the set. Affe storms out on stage in leather jacket and a Judas Priest "Screaming for Vengeance" tour 1987 shirt. Kim Bendix Petersen's urging of the listener to "*become Lucifer's child*" sends the band into "Virus," the second song off *The eternal void*. Last night's turmoil has if anything triggered intent to push the limits even further. During Rich Kids on LSD's "Stay positive," Affe bashes a disturbing drunk in the head with the microphone. After a perfectly synchronized routine in "The mediocre mass," Olli calmly hangs off the bass, takes off his leather jacket, walks to the front of the stage and hits his forehead six times with a bottle, before hurling it up in the ceiling. As he hangs back the bass over his shoulders, blood gushes down his face.

It instantly looks scary as fuck.

I've seen my fair share of singers hitting themselves with microphones, ending up with small streams of blood over the forehead. Watching Olli as Affe presents the next song saying "*we are Obnoxious Youth, and this song is called 'Obnoxious youth'*" I still can't help but get a terrible feeling. Blood is flooding out of the open wound on Olli's head, soiling his the Dwarves shirt, coloring both the Rickenbacker bass and the floor red. If it doesn't stop bleeding so profoundly, it will be seriously hazardous. Olli's stage presence, however, is untouched. He sings his words in the chorus and continues to play as precisely as ever. Beside him, John performs in legendary fashion, flinging the guitar around and firing his fingers across its neck in blazing solo after blazing solo. Three demo tracks follow, "Obey satan," "Life of the morbidly obese" and "BBQ," and towards the end of them, the blood flood is stabilized. After a sick rendition of Adrenaline

OD's "Rock & roll gas station," a drunken punk starts messing with Olli's microphone stand during "Masochistic master." John repeatedly directs kicks at him, and Olli finally lifts the stand and throws it into the crowd. The show ends with the "The eternal void" and "Commander in time," two songs off the album that more than any others show the superior song and riff writing skills of the band. Affe's recent words on the subject of hardcore bands claiming to master the metal riff come to mind: "*they claim to play metal, but they're not fucking metal. You have to play metal riffs to be metal.*"

The last member left on stage, Olli lifts the Rickenbacker bass over his head in a sign of victory.

In the morning, we meet up for breakfast at Max, before another ride in Affe's car bound for Stockholm. Olli has washed most of the blood off his head and face but his hair is sticking to the messy wound, over which he has placed a futile band aid. Alex, a skater from the west coast that has started studying in Uppsala, is driving. At the coffee machine, a concerned Max employee approaches him.

- My God, what has happened to you?

- It's nothing, I just hit myself.

- But you need to go to the hospital!

- Nah, I'm fine, really.

Tonight, the band is playing at Grundbulten, an anarchist venue in the Ulvsunda industrial area in north western Stockholm, together with Huggorm and Sons of Ruin. Agreeing to bring me along means that the car is absolutely packed to the brim with instruments and merch boxes. I sit in the back with Frans. Throughout the whole trip, the members exchange insults and profanities. The first couple of times, it is easy to take it as jokes and brush it off, but when it continues for hours on end, it starts to create a disturbing atmosphere of disdain and neglect. After receiving yet another unprovoked insult from Olli, Frans calmly reflects upon his situation, stuck in the back of a car with drum boxes in his lap.

- This band is not good for my mental health.

I am let off a few blocks from Grundbulten to run a couple of errands before the gig. Upon returning to Ulvsunda, Olli, who is broke, and Leo, who is a vegetarian, are the only ones present at the venue. John, Frans and Affe have opted for a nearby burger joint instead of the punk stew served by the promoters. I can't blame them. After paying a small sum, I manage one or two mouthfuls before it's sickening to even look at the plate.

- You can't eat it, can you? Leo says. It was horrible, I know.

Backstage, the sweatpants wearing drummer of Sons of Ruin is getting increasingly drunk and gives a doped up impression. His face is red and he's sweating. His band members encourage him with jokes. Later during their set, when he's too drunk to play, the singer yells at him in anger and resentment. A little late, perhaps.

Leo sits in the sofas playing his splatter green Greg Bennett Torino T3 guitar while Olli watches.







- Yo Leo, what the hell were you thinking when you bought that guitar?

- "It's green."

- Yeeeah. Oh. Green!

- It was cheap.

- I guess it's kind of ugly and nice at the same time.

Obnoxious Youth are playing last, and as the hours pass, the increasing boredom provokes a few fights in between band members. A girl from the venue watches in shock as Olli throws an office chair across the backstage room at Affe. Olli places a big paper box on the floor and hides in it. At the cue that lets him know that someone is about to walk past the box – me saying “are you into Venom?” – he jumps up to scare them, but loses balance and falls over a table, knocking down various beer cans.

Frans’ brother Love has arrived in his usual good spirits. He borrows my camera and takes pictures. The drummer in Sons of Ruin is worried that he is being filmed.

When it's finally time to soundcheck, Affe helps out Frans with duct taping the hi-hat stand, assists Leo that can't get power to the amp, and finds a simple solution to Olli's problem with connecting his numerous pedals in the myriad of cables winding across the stage. “Fucking hell,” Olli says, “you're really smart Affe.” It's the first nice thing anyone in the band has said to each other all day. He politely asks Affe to help him lift his bass amp, as doesn't dare to do it due to the back injury sustained two nights ago. On his side of the stage, John manages to gear up without help.

The speeded Sons of Ruin drummer comes up and expresses his appreciation for “Into the coven.”

When the soundcheck is done, Olli modestly asks Affe if he can put his pedals at the side of stage. “Just put them to the side, so they won't bother the other bands,” Affe instructs. Once again, it's hard to come to terms with that these are the same people that moments later can hurt themselves, each other and people around them without much regard to consequences.

After Sons of Ruins’ aborted set, Obnoxious Youth quickly puts all gadgets back in place. Apart from the theremin instrument, Affe's also got an analog Monotron synthesizer, a phaser and a mixer to his disposal. John, Leo and Olli are also armed with phasers.

During the set, a drunken boy that falls onto the stage receives a kick in the head from Affe, and later a man in the audience picks a fight with Alex. Olli reacts by jumping off stage and punching the man, while I walk away with Alex, assuring he's okay. During several occasions, it is impossible as an outsider to determine if the persons Affe is engaged in virtual fist fights with are friends or people actually out to harm him. In the end, no one is seriously hurt tonight, and Olli refrains from worsening with his head wound.

It's all in the work of a weekend tour.

#### Chapter six

### **IN WHICH GIRLS GET PATRONIZED, BAGGIES PREVAIL OVER STUDS, THE LARGEST BASTARD 12" COLLECTION IN THE WORLD IS FOUND IN UPPSALA AND A MAN WANTS EVERYONE TO GET ALONG**

*“In order to make a change, the first thing you need to do is sober up. Beer tastes good but if you aim at making a difference, you can't sit in the park and drink beer or at the city square trying to look dangerous. To defeat your enemies, you have to be slightly better than them. To defeat them, you have to defeat them mentally, not just by physical violence. If you're drunk or high, that could prove to be very difficult”*

(Excerpt from interview with Herman Lohe, taken from Eibon fanzine #2, January 1997)

Any attempt to chronicle historical events will reveal as much by what is left out as by what is included. The author's perspectives and pre-conceived notions; the after-world's remembrance of what took place; it all depends on social and ideological contexts that influence how things happen, and how we look upon them at the time and years later. Some people and angles are bound to be found in the margin, no matter how important their involvement and ideas were to them at the time.

Uppsala's hardcore history is far from an exception to the rule, as we shall see in this chapter, in which I hope to shed some light on people, bands and issues that might not be the first thing that comes to mind for the common punk when thinking about the city. They matter simply because they happened, but also because they tell us something about the more famous parts of the story. They are not to be considered the punk reserves but a natural part of the whole.

#### **Not just boys' mäs**

Anna Granlund was dubbed Mrs Käng at a gig in her hometown Västerås, and decided to use the nick-name for her fanzine. It is one of few historical documents of the participation of girls in the Uppsala scene. Another is the Distjei/Diskonto split EP from 1997. On a few other releases, such as Diskonto's split LP with Massgrav, there are female guest vocals. If this massive male dominance in what the scene left behind for the after-world to read, watch and listen to, is characteristic for how things were or seemed at the time is hard to say. In any hardcore scene, there are always those who work in the shadows and rarely get the recognition they deserve. History's spotlight remains on the big-mouths on stages and records. Anna's own band Total-Slakt did a couple of shows, but were never properly recorded and released.

*- There weren't a lot of girls in the käng scene in Västerås and Uppsala, she says. At least not if we're talking about those who hung around in the long run. There were punk girls but most weren't into käng or drinking mäs, which was intimately tied together in the nineties. Of my friends that were with me back then, only a couple remain, Sonya and Paula. After I turned 20, it seemed like more and more girls disappeared from the scene. I understand that you'll hang up the studded leather*

*jacket sooner or later, I did too some years ago, but why stop listening to the music and hanging out?*

Anna is fast to point out that the girls themselves shouldn't be blamed or further shunned from the scene they've started to separate from.

*- My theory is that the girls left the scene because society's pressure on them to “grow up” is much harder than on boys. Breaking norms comes with a price, and the price is higher for girls as we break even more norms. It is not strange that many end up not wanting to pay that price anymore. The punk scene is a quite a “masculine” scene, which makes it even harder for girls. There wasn't a single käng shirt in girly size to be found. Not even size small!*

She recalls discussing the subject a lot and being shocked by the attitude among men. As a girl, she had to fight extra hard to be accepted. One example was when she printed Mrs Käng.

*- When I tried selling the zine at shows, I got patronizing reactions: “oh wow, good times! Did you do this all by yourself?” Even from friends and the most politically correct parts of the scene.*

A few years into the new centuries, the question of girls and the Uppsala hardcore scene became very heated and led to severe divisions. We will return to this matter in the next chapter.

#### **It's a hard edge life**

Though originally having been put together as a straight edge band, Affe is now the only straight edge member of the reincarnation of Obnoxious Youth that the world is currently trying to come to terms with. If you didn't know it already, it might come as a surprise after the three satanic space interludes that have appeared so far in this chronicle. Entering the realm of 30+ straight edge in 2012, Affe has for the most part stood alone in a scene full of heavily intoxicated punks. It has both thickened his skin and made it normal for him to hang out in a scene where he is one of few, at times the only, non-drinker.

*- I have never been the normal kid. Choosing to live my life sober made me stick out, because that's not very acceptable in this city. But I have never given a fuck what people think. As long as you stand up for yourself and what you believe in, people will at least respect that.*

When the wave of straight edge kids swept over Sweden in the early and mid nineties, it led to reactions from the other parts of the hardcore scene. Bands like Fleshrevels, Dissober and most notably Straight Edge my Ass from Gothenburg constituted sometimes serious, often times parodic, but always influential elements in Swedish punk in the nineties. Sometimes it is suggested that the young straight edge scene was both militant and intolerant. Reading through old fanzines, and scrutinizing my own memory, this recollection holds little merit.

When I interviewed Refused, they were upset over the fact that I, like the 16 year old I was, complained over Final Exit's track “Sing



along,” from the second *Straight edge as fuck* compilation. It was too slow for me. “It’s a fucking D-beat, kid!” they lectured me.

Interviewed in Paska Mag number two, circa 1995, Dennis Lyxzén, the unchallenged spokesperson for straight edge in Sweden at the time, was asked what he thought about the dis-bands. “We love dis-bands,” he said. “Of course we do. Dissober fucking rule.” Later, when Final Exit released the band’s second full-length *Umeå*, it contained lyrics dealing with the limits of straight edge. The scene in Linköping, that might have been thought of as a straight edge Mecca for an outsider, was filled with as much drunken punks as any other place.

In Deep Throat fanzine number one, published 1996, Martin Altemark had this to say in a Diskonto interview: “One thing that is quite annoying is all the ‘drink, and raise hell’ bands that mock *Refused* and ‘bands like that.’ Fuck it, Dennis is 10 times more punk than most ‘käng bands,’ even if the music is shit.” In his own fanzine, *Selv mord*, Martin wrote an article asking for less division and more co-operation and mutual support between the different fractions of the scene, identified as the käng punks and the straight edge kids. It concluded that “we have to start accepting our differences, try to get mixed bills at shows, distros, zines etc, and make it a stronger movement. With an emphasis on a movement.”

Steffe Pettersson shared an anecdote from Diskonto’s first tour in Poland with me,

band that later turned into Between Us. In Enköping, they often came across Outflow and Yuppiecrusher. In 1997, they toured together with Forced Into from Oskarshamn, a band that included Martin “Linkan” Lindqvist (later found in Herätys, Jan Jutila’s project Alkokids and for a short while in Obnoxious Youth). Although material for an EP, planned to be named *Shit in the pit*, was recorded in 1998, the demo tapes ended up being Shellfire’s only releases. In 1999, Berthagen moved away from Uppsala, and Shellfire disbanded.

- Our drummer knew the guys in Downward Spiral, and we played with them a few times. But we were pretty much a scene completely by ourselves, with bands like Wallride, Streign, Sockdolinger, Crossified, Discursion and 5 Flummare i en Trerummare. We were never a straight edge band, but no one in the band drank a whole lot and everyone was vegan or vegetarian. We knew Jutte and Diskonto, but it wasn’t like we hung out. When Affe and Crippe came along, we didn’t really know them very well either. We had our own scene. I did a label called YouhyphenA and booked bands from other cities, like Plastic Pride, Convinced and Separation.

Later on, Andreas joined a band called The 21st Impact on guitar. 21st Impact revolved around Ronnie Nyman who was a lot older than most in the scene. Born in 1972, he came into hardcore via harder forms of metal as late as in the mid nineties. New York hardcore, and bands like Agnostic

- I remember it very well, but I don’t think it’s fair to say that they entered any scene at all. There was no scene to enter, Uppsala was dead hardcore wise. During the second half of the nineties, the scene had slowly died. Sure, there was Diskonto and 21st Impact, but for both of us, it was probably easier to get a gig abroad than to find kids interested in setting up something in Uppsala. Affe, Crippe and the girls and boys around them built it all from scratch. I was very inspired by the fact that there were new kids that got it, that didn’t just sit around waiting for something to happen. They impressed the hell out of me and got me fired up on working harder myself.

Always War got together in 2007, with already mentioned Martin Lindqvist on guitar. It wasn’t until 2010 that it became Ronnie’s main focus. Linkan has been replaced by Marco Eronen from Raised Fist, and the band is scheduled for tours with Lesra from Umeå as well as a Euro tour with Thell Barrio from Mexico this spring. Right now, Always War is in the pre-production phase for a full-length. Turning 40 later this year, Ronnie has no intention on slowing down.

- One thing I’ve noticed about Uppsala over the years, is that even when the scene has gone through down periods, the bands have always kept their integrity and self-reliance.

### Punks and skins

In the late eighties and well into the nineties, Peter Andersson played a decisive

*“I was very inspired by the fact that there were new kids that got it, that didn’t just sit around waiting for something to happen. They impressed the hell out of me and got me fired up on working harder myself.”*

reflecting the knowledge on straight edge. Malmen, who played drums, was talking to a Polish straight edger.

Polish dude: Is there a lot of straight edge-people in your country?

Malmen: Not where we live but up north there are.

Polish dude: Hardline?

Malmen (confused): Eh... Yeah, sure, it’s a hard life.

### Brutal sight of shellfire impact

Standing somewhat in the shadows of the käng scene, there was a small but active hardcore scene in Uppsala in the nineties that was inspired by what happened in Umeå and the bands around Desperate Fight Records. Shellfire became the central band among this clique of bands and friends. Andreas Berthagen who played guitar was already into punk and hardcore, but when *Refused’s Songs to fan the flame of discontent* hit the stores – as hardcore records did back then – it was a real turning point. Shellfire drew inspirations from what was then known as the new school sound in America. In 1996, the band played on youth clubs throughout the city, earning a reputation as a good live band, and recorded two demo tapes. Stuck in a city where the käng scene ruled, with little mutual understanding, Shellfire established connections in other cities. In Stockholm, they befriended Without, the

Front, Sick of it All and Madball, inspired him to start Peal, which later turned into The 21st Impact. Though having been involved in both hardcore and metal bands for close to two decades by now, Ronnie’s bands have never gotten much recognition from within Sweden’s hardcore scene, as reflected upon in the review of his current band Always War in this issue of Law & Order. Lurking in Hatebreed territories, something that has seldom worked for Swedish bands, it’s hard the band to come across in the Swedish scene.

- My bands have always had a sound that has set us apart from the Uppsala scene. It hasn’t been a conscious choice, though it does partly stem from how I look upon hardcore. I like to play with musicians with different backgrounds, it makes it more exciting. Unfortunately, this has put us in the shadows. We never really fit into the scene. But fitting in has never been what hardcore is about for me, so I’ve just chosen to scream louder and hope someone hears anyway.

There are certainly those who appreciate Ronnie’s contributions to the Uppsala hardcore scene though. Affe Piran has brought up Ronnie on several occasions, praising the unconditional support he gave the UAHC crew as they started setting up shows in the early 00s.

**Do you remember your impressions of Affe, Crippe and the rest of UAHC when they entered the scene?**

role in keeping the punk scene alive in Uppsala. The importance of Peter Punk, which was his commonly accepted name until his death in 2009, was grounded both in the numerous gigs he promoted, and the records and home-dubbed videos of punk shows from around the world that starving punks could buy from his apartment on Atterbomsgatan 19. He might also have sold some mäsks. Or a lot.

Peter Punk’s life mission was to unite punks and skins, and he worked to do so under the suitable slogan *Punks and Skins Unite*. Not surprisingly, this led to controversy over the years, as Peter fought to keep the skins from being too political, and the political (right-wing) skins from attacking the punks. Jan Jutila recalls the background.

- Peter Punk was stuck in the time around 1982. I remember when the punk radio show Ny Våg played a song from that fantastic compilation *A country fit for heroes that had punk and skin bands*. He was still trying to do that in the nineties. In the beginning he booked bands like Napalm Death and all kinds of punk bands, and he sold anarcho-punk to the punks. But he also ended up selling white power music.

Martin Altemark is clear in his position about the man: “I had a strong distaste for him and tried to stay as far away from him as possible.” Linus Johansson is careful in being too categorical in his description, but it’s easy to see that he found the man controversial.

- That dude could hardly read or write. Perhaps he wasn't that aware of how things were. On the other hand, there are people who have seen him say some stupid stuff, and even sieg heiling in town. The skins would be at the shows, but there wasn't much trouble. There is a clip of Dismachine from Flogsta on Youtube, where you can see a skin yelling "Uppsala skins! Uppsala skins!" But that's all it was, nothing political and no fights. Being a skin didn't necessarily have anything to do with having any certain political opinion.

Jonas Godske rented a room in Peter Punk's apartment for a while, and Anna Granlund has a few memories about his influence on the skins in the city. Until Jonas moved out in 1997, the apartment was a frequent hang-out for punks, but then it switched to a stronger skin presence.

- In Västerås, where I came from, it would have been impossible to hang with the skins at all. But Peter kept the peace in Uppsala. The same night I got jumped at the Peter and the Test Tube Babies gig, Jonas had been in a fight with two nazi skins. Peter Punk saved him. One week later, one of the skins came up to Jonas in the city and apologized. That's the kind of impact Peter had on them. At another occasion, Peter and Jonas did a gig together in Flogsta and someone busted a toilet. Jonas was broke and Peter paid for everything. The next gig they did, they managed to make a small profit, and Peter shared it with Jonas without even mentioning it.

Peter Punk died in 2009, a month before turning 42. He injured himself at a construction site and later died from the effects of a blood clot. The last sign of life I've found is a collection of pictures from his 40th birthday party, including a stripper in police clothes, swastika jewelry and a collection of, in the best case scenario, lost kids that hopefully found some better place than that later on. Starting in 2010, a football cup has been organized in Stockholm in Peter's memory. And Martin Altemark admits to at least one positive part of Peter Punk's legacy.

- He sold the Bastard 12" in his distro. It wouldn't surprise me if Uppsala had the most concentrated collection of original Bastard 12"s in the world. Everyone had it.

#### Chapter seven

### IN WHICH WE PREPARE FOR THE END OF THE WORLD, COVER ZZ TOP, LIE ABOUT SOUNDING LIKE BLACK SABBATH AND GET SENTENCED FOR OBSCENITY

"i'm angry, pissed off actually okay, you might not like Discharge or think they're any good but how the fuck could you not understand how others can like it? you'd have to be a retarded fucking moron i'm going to fucking beat him to death with his own dick after i cut it off as i said i'm fine with anyone not liking Discharge but to claim that it's incomprehensible how anyone could then you're swimming in deep waters i worship Discharge i'm from Uppsala, I have to"

(Excerpt from chat-room poetry slam by Affe Piran, October 2011)

- I don't know about expectations, but I hope some motherfucker dies.

Affe Piran smiles as he says it. His co-members in Undergång, who have gathered in their rehearsal room in the eastern neighborhood of Slavsta, crack up in laughter. It should not be interpreted as a sign lacking seriousness on Affe's behalf. Uno Bruniosson, who has agreed to play drums one last time with the band at next week's release gig, is with him.

- People I have talked to have mostly said that they're scared of what will happen. That feels good. I have high hopes for a total war between us and the audience, between band members, and within the audience. And I am pretty damn sure it will happen. I really mean it.

It has been close to two years since Undergång performed live the last time, at Law & Order fest in Gothenburg in March 2010. Ever since, they have fought to get where they are now. Their debut LP *The mother of Armageddon* is finally here, one and a half years after the recordings began in Stockholm. Uno loves playing in the band but must focus on In Solitude, his heavy metal band that released one of the best LPs of 2011 with *The world, the flesh, the devil*. So far it has proven impossible to replace him. The rest of the band sees no point in bringing in someone who would lower the overall quality of the band, and Uno is an incredible drummer. The six men around me are eager to unleash what's been building up for so long. Apart from Affe and Uno, Johannes Wanngren (guitar), Einar Pettersson (guitar), Frank Guldstrand (bass) and Christian "Crippe" Gustafsson (vocals) all express the same nervous yet focused excitement for what will happen.

- I'd be surprised if we're ever allowed back into the venue again, says Affe. It is starting to get quite difficult to find places for us to play in Uppsala.

- We're starting to run out of options, Crippe laughs. It has always been a goal for us to be banned from the clubs, and we've done well so far. We always aim for it, every show.

- Either we're not welcome anymore, or the venues can't deal with the maximized rock show that we're bringing with us.

Undergång's chaotic and violent have earned them a rumor far outside of Uppsala. When Stay Hungry was booked to play with them in Stockholm during the Easter weekend of 2009, the gig promoter asked me beforehand to kindly but firmly tell Affe that she would turn off the power on stage at the first sight of a knife drawn by the band.

**Does it pressure you to have a rumor to live up to?**

- No, Affe says. Most of the rumors are true anyway. We're wolves in sheeps' clothing, which makes it easy. People look at us and think we won't live up to it, but we do. There's not a sane person in the band. We try to behave as normal law abiding citizens. We work and pay taxes. But really, we just want everyone to be killed.

- It's far too safe at hardcore gigs these days, Crippe suggests. If you're playing a show, you should do it the way you would have liked to see it yourself. You might think that the audience is in danger, but it's at least as hazardous for us on stage. We're not safe at all.

Frank points out that a lot of people get surprised the first time they see Undergång.

- At first they think "is this all?" But then we start playing, and it's like night and day. By now, we have also molded the younger kids into thinking that they can do whatever they want when Undergång plays.

Affe agrees, but adds an aspect.

- They were all fucked in the head to begin with. It's a bunch of worthless idiots that we have made sure to trigger. We recognized it in them, and that's why we have pushed them in that direction. They could just as well have been out in the streets starting fights. They obviously want to fight, and why not at our gigs then? If you'd act like at our shows somewhere else, they'd obviously call the police. But when we do idiotic stuff, we get props for it and we always get away with it. I think that's a good thing.

- Maybe semi-legitimate, Uno says. Also, I'd say that we just barely get away with it. We receive quite severe beatings too.

- Yeah, sure. And the worst are from Crippe towards me. But it's okay. I can deal with it and I probably deserve it.

Uno has his own theory about the impact that Undergång has had on the new generation of hardcore punks in Uppsala.

- They were empty shells that we filled with shit.

- They were full of shit to begin with, and we only jammed even more into them, Crippe points out. Fuck. This show, it will spiral out of control in a second. We're going to be so over-excited that it will all go to hell as soon as we start the first song.

#### Friendly fire

There are two sides to the chaotic hardcore rampage envisioned above. On the one hand, I hear it and know that it's said in earnest. I have seen it before. Like when Crippe swung a thick chain around his head in the small cellar room of Taj Mahal in Västerås before strangling Affe with it, something they had not agreed upon before. In fact, Crippe had lied to Affe, saying he had forgot to bring the chain at all. Or through all the countless punches Crippe has landed on his co-singer. Or when Affe threw a knife into the audience during the song "Knife assault" in Linköping, angered over that it was too dull to cut his forehead good enough.

- I've dated girls that have said to me that they have heard stories about the singer of Undergång throwing knives at the audience.

- "It was me," Crippe says, impersonating Affe.

- I haven't been sure if I should tell them it was me or not.

So yeah, I do believe what they're saying. On the other hand, Steffe Pettersson of Diskonto is absolutely right when he describes Affe







more as a sheep in wolves' clothing than the other way around.

*- It would have been easier for people to accept this violent character if Affe walked around randomly beating people up in private. But when they see him sit somewhere, sober with a soft drink in his hand at a bar, grinning and looking away when you talk to him, then I also think they understand that this whole thing is a persona he takes on when he walks on stage. His private little GG Allin niche would have made more sense if he was an idiot in private. But he is pretty much the friendliest person in the world.*

Steffe's GG Allin reference might slightly miss the target. Although, as Affe pointed out in chapter one, the late American punk rocker has been popular in Uppsala over the years, it was a whole other wave of out-of-control punks from the US that inspired the UAHC generation to abandon any restraints. For Affe and Crippe, and their pumped up friends, it was the Cleveland scene around bands like H100's, 9 Shocks Terror and Gordon Solie Motherfuckers that sent them en route to Armageddon. Although 9 Shocks Terror's gig in Uppsala was sort of a letdown in that sense – *"the singer taped the microphone to his face, and they were generally unfriendly, but that was it"* – enough could be read about and seen in films from shows in Cleveland to spark a curiosity about fireworks in small venues and setting things on fire. Uno sums it up well in between laughs:

*- One of the most dangerous shows I've ever attended was the first time I saw Undergång, before I joined the band. There were people in ski masks all over the place and it fucking exploded. I got beaten so badly. Of course that gets you excited, and you want more.*

#### **Have you ever had any plays that you backed down from?**

*- I brought a hockey stick and an iron bar to a gig at Kafé 44 in Stockholm, Affe says. But after hitting myself with the hockey stick I was already royally fucked, so I didn't use the iron bar. Then Crippe took the hockey stick and hit me over my back. I had a big, bloody, hockey stick shaped mark all over my back.*

*- I have wrapped barbed wire around a baseball bat for the release gig. The only problem is that I did it when I visited my parents over Christmas, and my mom hid it. "What is that for?" "Well, we have a gig." I will go there and try to find it. That chain from Västerås, I just noticed the other day that it has a big hook on it. I haven't considered that when I've swung it. That could have ended quite bad.*

For some, there is no allure what so ever in such a prospect, and that's fine. It's not a human right to enjoy yourself on your own terms at every single cultural event. If you go to a gig with Undergång, you might have an idea of what's about to happen. And if not, you'll be reminded or informed soon enough.

#### **Nice shirt Einar!**

When Undergång celebrated the release of the *...And you will live in terror!* EP in January 2010, they set things off with a cover of Devo's "Whip it," with Affe and Crippe wearing Devo hats. Two years later, the Devo connection is brought back as "Devo corporate anthem" is

played through the PA when the band gets ready to start the LP release show. Bass player Frank has already been ready on stage for a while when Affe arrives, dressed in Vans, black shorts, a brassard with the UAHC logo and a stars and stripes bandana.

*- Take a few steps forward for fuck's sake! Anyone who doesn't do in voluntarily, I will make sure you do it. It's time. Time to die.*

Mayhem erupts as soon as the guitar intro to "Skate/die" starts. During "Alternayouth," Affe swings a wooden hazing stick at the first row. Progressively through the first four songs, Einar puts on new layers of shirts of fake suit and ties. In the first break, an infamous long term friend of the band and pit trouble maker, Fredrik Svensson, yells *"nice shirt Einar!"* to which the guitar player answers by emptying his glass of red wine into the ceiling above Svensson. After the two opening songs of the LP, "Pedophilic priest" and "De-evolution," during which Crippe smashes a wine glass against his right temple causing a steady blood flow, Svensson warns Einar of the coming revenge for the red stains on his white shirt.

*- Are you fond of that guitar? he says as Einar takes a firmer grip of his Hagström. I will break it for you tonight Einar. You ruined my Youth Defense League shirt. You just wait! I will break it, rest assured!*

Einar smiles but knows that something will happen, it's not empty threats when coming from this guy. During the intro of "Visions of genocide" from *...And you will live in terror!* Svensson attempts to make good of his word. He jumps up on stage and lands a kick in Einar's chest, making him fly back into the double Marshall cabinet stack, which just manages to not crumble over him. Affe instantly jumps on Svensson and starts swinging. The hate in Einar's eyes and overall face expression is unmistakable as he hangs off his guitar and joins in. After finally being separated from each other, Affe and Svensson share a hug. But an already severely bruised Svensson adds that *"I will hit you back, you know I will."* A short while later, he attacks Affe again. By now, there's a lot of broken glass on the floor, and Affe cuts open his arm and leg during the continued commotion. When they finally rise up, Svensson's face is hard to recognize. Blood is pouring down Affe's skin.

It continues like this through 26 songs, before the night is ended with the Undergång anthem carrying the band's name. Afterwards, Affe seems happy but is in obvious need of medical treatment. The adrenaline rush is starting to pass, replaced by the pain from his multiple, and serious, injuries. In the end both singers demand stitches at the ER.

*- You don't really consider the danger in things during the shows, he says. There's no time to think. It's just non-stop chaos, and your actions are based on impulses.*

How the hell did it get to this?

#### **Like Black Sabbath**

Affe's first hardcore show was Refused in Uppsala in 1995. Spellbound by the frenzied pit activity, he dug deeper into the punk and hardcore music that he had been introduced to by his neighbors. He had listened to metal

for several years already at this point, which stays with him. To this day, he sees no reason to make much distinction between the two genres, at least not musically. Obnoxious Youth is his living proof of the matter.

The Swedish hardcore scene changed face towards the end of the nineties. Many of the bigger bands had quit, and there was no longer a guarantee for large amounts of kids showing up at gigs. Frustrated over the degeneration, Affe focused on metal again for a few years in order to have any shows at all to attend, during which an interest for death and thrash metal as well as grindcore was sparked. Soon enough, he came to the conclusion that a hardcore scene would be more fun, and started creating one from scratch. This is when he crashed into Crippe, after years of thinking he was the only one listening to US hardcore in Uppsala. Or rather, this is when Crippe crashed a party. Stumbling into the living room drunk as a skunk he turned off the music that the board gaming party visitors had on, replacing it with his own taste of noise. Everyone left the room but one. Affe remained.

*- Crippe shows up in a Nerve Agents shirt and starts talking about old hardcore bands. I was stunned. There I had been, sitting around by myself for five years with not a soul to share my music taste with. During that time, everyone, and I mean everyone, in Uppsala listened to indie and post rock. They all thought I was a stupid diaper punk because I listened to what I did. Among those our age, born in 1982, no one cared about hardcore. Nowadays we have a good metal scene here, but there was no such thing back then either. It was just nu-metal bands playing at a bar every Friday, sounding like a mix of Limp Bizkit and Korn. That was the only even slightly hard music we had to our disposal. Once in a while a band like Haunted would come through and we'd go see them. We were starving for good music. So we had to do it ourselves.*

Intent on making something out of the team established that night, the two set out to create what would become UAHC. Crippe had already booked the first UAHC gig with a friend, which was scheduled for a few weeks later. Affe turned out helping out more than the other guy, and ever since, Affe and Crippe have been partners in hardcore crime, one way or another. Crippe:

*- We had to dig out the few people that would have any interest at all in what we wanted to do. It didn't matter if we liked them or not as persons. We had to work together with those motherfuckers to get anything done at all. On top of that, Uppsala has had a history of creating weird individuals, to say the least. I mean, when you mentioned earlier who you've interviewed for this, we all laughed at every name. They're all idiots in their own ways.*

In 2002, Affe and Crippe started planning for band that was supposed to sound like Mob47. They called it Pappskalle, but soon changed it to Undergång. When they gathered *"a couple of idiots and started to rehearse"* they soon scrapped the Mob47 sound in favor of a style inspired by bands like DS13, What Happens Next? and Gordon Solie Motherfuckers. The downfall had begun.



Uno witnessed first-hand to what lengths Affe and Crippe would go to attract new kids towards their scene and band.

- I am younger than Affe and Crippe. Once at some youthcenter metal gig, when I was about 13, they tried to sell me the Undergång demo. I asked them what it sounded like, and they said "Black Sabbath." (laughter)

- We noticed what t-shirts kids were wearing and used that to describe our sound, Crippe admits.

Affe recalls receiving a flyer for a metal show at Genomfarten, a centrally located youth club.

- I figured I might as well go there and bring a bunch of demos. So I picked a table and made a note saying that we sounded like a mix of early Metallica and Slayer. And it worked. We sold a lot of demos and kids started listening to us. Around this time, there was a website for all bands from Uppsala, where we posted a little biography. We composed something straight up retarded about members dying and so on. That page had a guestbook and I used it to badmouth other bands, just so we'd get attention. Which also worked. When we started playing gigs, everyone showed up. They all wanted to know who those fucking idiots were that acted like jerks and mocked them all the time, and that sold demos that didn't sound at all like they said they would. (laughter) I had screwed with their minds before we had even played our first gig. So they showed up, and it was just pandemonium from the start.

### Bands and bullying

Affe mentions three bands as important when UAHC got moving: Diskonto, The 21st Impact and Unabombers. With three radically different styles of hardcore punk, their relevance for the new breed laid in that they were bands at all, just like Cräcass and Times Square Preachers once had inspired the blossoming käng scene ten years earlier. But also in their attitude towards the new scene, and how they went out of their way to help out with gigs. Especially when it came to Diskonto, Affe's initial worries about a harsh welcoming were eased. They all turned out to be both friendly and even grateful over the work of the new kids, showing their appreciation by lending out and driving gear all over town, and coming out to the shows even if they didn't like any of the bands. Ronnie from The 21st Impact also worked in a music shop, securing discounts and repairing broken guitars, functioning as a hardcore scene handyman of sorts. Crippe says that they met a snobbish attitude towards Diskonto when they went to Umeå Punkfest, not far from the way punks in Uppsala had originally looked upon the band.

- There was a networking get-together at the fest for gig promoters from different cities. When we talked about Uppsala and mentioned Diskonto, the others there made fun of it. "Diskonto, who cares? They're just a ploy band anyway." We reacted heavily to that. "What? Have you even bothered to listen to them?" One year later when we returned, all of a sudden people had understood. "Well we fucking told you so goddamn it!" They are, or perhaps were, one of the best bands in Sweden.

Affe agrees.

- They came to our gigs early on and shared anecdotes from the past. They made us even more stoked on keeping it up. We owe them enormously.

If nothing else, the fact that Jonas Godske is Einar's boss these days in the kitchen of a retirement home shows that the older generation has made sure to take care of the UAHC inheritors.

UAHC got a flying start, with hundreds of kids showing up at the gigs. Bands like Tragedy, Tear It Up, 9 Shocks Terror, Severed Head of State, Annihilation Time, Knife Fight, Rambo and Municipal Waste all came to Uppsala. But the irritation and conflicts that lured underneath the surface were destined to erupt sooner or later. In the mid 00s, a group revolving around the Uppsala branch of Radical Cheer-leaders started slandering and demonizing especially Affe, for whom the subject is still too depressing to talk much about. Crippe says that his biggest regret from the period was not standing up properly for his companion at one of the nights when the troubles peaked.

- That whole beef just sucked the energy out of it, and still does when I look back at it. It started as a very good thing. Uppsala Sisterhood was a group of girls meant to strengthen each other. There were a lot of girls at their first meeting at Ungdomens Hus and the idea behind it was fantastic. But for every meeting there were less and less girls participating. When we talked to some who had left it, they revealed that those who lead the group had done so in almost cult like manners. You would not come far if you dared to disagree with them, for example. They started targeting UAHC and especially Affe, accusing us for being macho thugs. Somehow they managed to turn something as positive as arranging drug-free gigs in Uppsala into something bad. We are more than interested in sitting down and discussing feminism and gender issues relating to the scene, but if you start off by spitting people in the face, how do you think it will play out? The way they and some of the original people from UAHC, both men and women, acted was completely fucked up. I especially recall one episode where seven or eight people encircled Affe and just bombarded him with bullshit and accusations. It was pure bullying and extremely slanderous. It would never have been allowed in a school or at a work place. They tried to say that Affe and the rest of us only put in the effort to earn scene cred, but it didn't take long to realize that they were the ones out for scene cred, not Affe. We did it because we loved and still love this shit. That's why we're still doing it and they're long gone. I still regret not saying something that time. For me, it all culminated one night when I punched a former UAHC member in the face in anger over the way they were treating people.

Although the skirmishes served to drain UAHC of energy, Crippe is sure to point out that it wasn't all in vain. They organized many, many great gigs, and their main goal was actually met.

- We managed to book a whole bunch of our own personal favorite bands. And by that, we got more kids in Uppsala into the music

and we could witness them starting bands, which was what we wanted more than anything. The kids in Agent Attitude and Bad Review are proof that we succeeded. The name UAHC was deliberately chosen as it was something that new generations could inherit from us when they were ready. In the end the workload was a little too much for the few of us who turned out doing all the work, especially since we had our bands to focus on too.

### Kill, kill, kill your darlings

The first Undergång 7" was released in 2007 on What We Do Is Secret and Shelf Ornament. *Apocalypse... now!* contained 15 tracks, including "Loser crew," "Alternayouth," "For what cause?" and "Undergång," which all keep a firm spot in the live set-list to this day. In 2009, Undergång waited and waited for FKÜ, a crossover band from Uppsala, to get around to recording their side of what was supposed to become a split 12" on Deep Six Records. As time passed, both Undergång and Deep Six grew tired and in the end, the 10 songs became the ...*And you will live in terror! 7"*, this time on High Roller Records. This is the first time the line-up that is Undergång got a chance to show what they had in them.

As soon as the Lucio Fulci intro from *The Beyond* gave way for the 19 second annihilator "(We are) The Armageddon," it was plain to see that Undergång had been rewarded for hard work, bruises and bloodshed: finally Affe and Crippe had an army of lunatics proficient enough with their instruments to unleash the hellfire upon mankind that the two fallen angels had been planning for half a decade. The release gig in January 2010 was among the more chaotic shows I've ever attended, with equal parts violence, humor (no matter what they might claim themselves!) and unbelievable shredding. It is perfectly fitting that it is the only show I've played myself where I've caused bloodshed in the audience. Without even trying.

It seemed like the world would lie at the feet of a band like that, and as they started working on the LP, it was a no-brainer that something big was coming our way. In the spring of that year, Affe played rehearsal recordings to me, and I had a hard time finding words to express how fucking amazing it sounded, even without vocals. In the summer, the band went into a studio in Stockholm where Frank had an internship, and the recording that ended up as *The mother of Armageddon* could begin. Affe:

- We actually started writing material for the LP back when Johannes and Uno joined, around 2006. It's been a long process in one sense. We had a massive amount of songs when we recorded ...And you will live in terror! We saved a lot of them, scrapped some and picked up others from as far back as 2003. So in a sense, we've been working on the LP ever since the start of Undergång.

While the 23 songs on *The mother of Armageddon* are more than enough to impress, they actually had a lot more songs that didn't make the final cut. All in all, around 50 songs made up the material that they then had to choose what to keep and what to scrap from. The process was far from easy, as Affe explains.



- I'd say that we were in some sort of disagreement over the majority of the songs, regarding if they should be on the album or not. I think we all wanted to kill each other for a while there. Sometimes it felt like we weren't getting anywhere. I try not to speculate too much in what could have been done differently, I am very happy with the way it turned out. Even though we hated each other making it.

- Isn't that exaggerating things a little? Uno asks.

- No... It really isn't. Even if you'd like to think so. It's been very frustrating. Undergång has been cursed with bad luck. As soon as things start happening for us, something always fucks it up.

### **Fuck off! Not HC.**

The music was recorded live in the studio during five days, and everything went perfectly smooth. If you consider it, this achievement is remarkable in itself, and shows just what kind of musicians that we're dealing with. Instead of rushing things with the vocals, the coming six months came to be spent recording them sporadically. As they had spent seven years writing the songs, there was no point in rushing anything. Keeping Affe's and Crippe's voices fresh, a maximum of two to three songs were laid down at a time. The next time, they re-listened to see if anything needed to be changed.

No doubt, the hard work was worth it. The final product, released via Defiant Hearts, Monument and Green Menace, is through and through an accomplishment of wondrous proportions.

With so much careful work put into the raging hardcore, it was obvious that the cover art had to be spectacular as well. The toll fell on Justin Osbourn. Crippe had been impressed by his t-shirts with horror movie motives, and Justin was instructed to paint a Lady Justice figure spreading terror upon the humans. Crippe:

- It fits us. We're Undergång, we've been called that for ten years now. It should be communicated through the damn record too. We're not out to give people a feeling of "ooh, thrash," or "ooh, hardcore." It is supposed to be one big "fuck off!" Seriously. Affe and I have said it from the start. We know exactly how Undergång is supposed to be.

Adding to this general picture of the band, they asked Mike Diana, the first ever artist in the US to receive a criminal conviction for his paintings, to draw something for a shirt, later using the artwork in the inner sleeve of the LP as well. In 1994 Diana was charged with obscenity, and sentenced to three years supervised probation.

- We realized we had to work with him when we saw his stuff and learned about his story, Affe says. We first saw his work on an Iron Monkey record, and they probably had the same thought as us. The guy's clearly mentally disturbed. His paintings got him sentenced and in his home state Florida, he was put under a ban to paint. And he was forbidden to be close to children. He moved to New York later and that's how we could get a painting from him. His original idea was three gigantic dicks that would pierce little infants with sperm shooting out of their

eyes. We obviously thought it was a fantastic idea, but we really couldn't go through with it. There are too many members of Undergång that work with children. It would have been pretty... shady, to go with that.

- We asked for more violence, more gore, says Crippe. "Go easy on the baby fucking." His answer was "OK, less sex, more violence, great! Violence is good."

- So then we got that crazy picture that is in the LP, with all kinds of violence and insanity. We asked him to color it for us, and what he sent was the most twisted thing I've ever seen. He had taken that design and colored it in pink, yellow and light blue pastel colors. It had been colored in MS paint.

The jargon within Undergång is very specific. The first ten minutes of my recording from the interview deals with the electronic grind band Iron Bitchface, and the fact that Affe had seen the singer perform with corpse paint and a beanie, looking like Tom G Warrior, but uglier. "Or wait, Tom G Warrior is also ugly, so this guy was uglier." Uno reveals that In Solitude had plans to run out on stage and steal Tom's beanie at a metal festival once. It also comes as no surprise that the last song on *The mother of Armageddon* is a cover of ZZ Top's "Heard it on the X." Or that the interview was delayed for a short while as Johannes and Einar kept working on a solution on how to rock out extra hard during the song at the release gig. Undergång is far from a normal band. Their songs are better, and their musicianship light years ahead of the vast majority of everything you could throw at me from the world wide hardcore scene. It just won't impress me much after hearing *The mother of Armageddon*. Which is also why it is so sad that we can't say when or if they will be able to function properly as a band, playing shows and giving the album justice. Which is precisely what Affe referred to seconds before the fury was unleashed at the release gig:

- It's been two years since the last time, and it might be two more until the next.

### **Chapter eight**

### **IN WHICH THE KIDS TAKE OVER, BRUTAL KNIGHTS AREN'T ALLOWED TO PEE AND SATAN IS SENT TO SPACE**

Oliver Ahlström meets me at Fittja subway station. The wound on his forehead from the weekend's gigs with Obnoxious Youth looks a lot better, after having been taken care of by his uncle. He seems to be in a good mood as we sit down in one of the booths at a local bar slash pizzeria, The Goat. You could think that Olli's shirt from the up and coming Swedish thrash metal band Antichrist would be perfectly fitting, but it's hard to see a guy like this walk in anywhere and just smoothly fit in with the surroundings.

In 2002, a merely 12 years old Oliver and his two years older brother Victor started The Blinds together with David Arvidsson, the big brother of Jakob Arvidsson from Agent Attitude. Living in a shithole called Harbo with just over 700 inhabitants, the Ahlström brothers got into punk early. Over a big plate of fries, Olli gives his story.

- I was 10 when my cousin Olle played Angry Samoans and Bad Brains for me. I had heard the Misfits already but now I got into a little harder stuff. We were heavily into The Sonics for a while, and when we started the band we aimed for kind of a sixties garage rock sound. Around when we were 12 or 13, we met Affe and he got us hooked on hardcore again. The Sonics was always a big inspiration though. We just started playing it faster later on.

### **What kind of a place is Harbo?**

- Oh man. Imagine an ass without any poop. Or perhaps poop without an ass. It fucking sucks anyhow. It's 40 kilometers outside of Uppsala and nothing but rednecks. Just countryside people that like sports and beer and brauds. We weren't really outcasts though because we grew up there and we knew everyone. I guess I felt different from them, I mean I hated them all. But my brother and my friends, they were able to get along with all those people. I was straight edge too when I was younger and I just sat at home doing absolutely nothing at all. They were out partying and I thought they were idiots. Harbo is a fucked up place, and I still hate those people.

When Oliver was about to turn 14, Affe Piran made sure The Blinds got gigs in Uppsala, and it didn't take long before the young and impressively talented band started travelling across the country. He also made sure to feed them with good hardcore, to set them on the right path.

- Those old school bands that Affe showed me, they are still my favorite bands. But the others in The Blinds have gone mad. They're into troubadours and pop music and bullshit like that. I don't get it. What's going to be better than hardcore?

### **How did it feel to get out of Harbo and break that boredom?**

- It felt good, of course. To get away from that old crap. We went to shows and played ourselves. It started rolling and there was one year when we did almost 70 gigs, and most of them in Sweden. That's a whole lot here and we were very young. We played every month and a lot of the gigs were very cool. We usually didn't like the bands we played with much, but that didn't matter. In 2007 we got to play in Germany, and that was different. The bands we played with were great, like Brutal Knights, Dean Dirg and Press Gang.

Around this time, UAHC was doing a lot of shows and the band got a chance to belong to a scene, which was impossible in Harbo.

- The shows were usually good, but there was a lot of trouble between people too. I don't have anything against feminists, at least not more than against anyone else, but they took it too far and they misinterpreted things. They lashed out at people who worked hard to make something happen, and the scene got divided. There are some bands again now, although it's not as active as back then.

### **What are your best memories from The Blinds?**

- I don't have any.



**You just talked about the shows in Germany.**

- Yeah well the best thing that happened there was when I shat blood and passed out in the bathroom so that Brutal Knights' guitar player couldn't take a pee. That's the best memory I have. As for our recordings, I think the Busy with business demo is the best one. That's what it all started with.

The Blinds did a self-titled 7" on Ken Rock and an LP, *On our own*, on Cage Match Federation in 2007. Olli says these were okay, but that they didn't constitute any development compared to the demo, and that the recordings weren't as good. In December 2009, The Blinds played their last gig, at Ungdomens Hus, "where things began happening for real," as the poster for the show said. One day after the show, Olli's and Victor's dad died. Peter Ahlström had driven the band around and supported his kids tremendously.

Since two years back, Victor Ahlström has a kid. Oliver lives with his mom in Sala, the same small town where both his brothers also reside. He says that it's important to live close to them, but that Sala is yet another shitty place to live.

- I'm the youngest of us. I'm 21. The others aren't involved with hardcore at all anymore. Maybe I'm more stupid than they are, I don't know.

**For being 21, you're a veteran in the punk scene around Uppsala.**

- Yeah well I feel like I am half-dead. I guess my brothers had to grow up since they got kids. But there's not much sense to what I do.

**You do play bass on one of the best hardcore LPs of 2011.**

- I don't know... I can't say that I care. I guess that's a good thing, but people can like it or not. It makes no difference to me.

**Yes, Satan loves you**

Every show Obnoxious Youth plays is something unique. They often prepare special one-time only spectacles that you witness or regret missing. At Hårda Tider's release gig for the *Gatan kallar* LP in 2010, Obnoxious Youth ended their set with all members except drummer Frans grabbing a bass and completely spacing out. In Stockholm in June 2011, they had Johannes from Undergång come out dressed as a magician to add extra guitars during the title track off *The eternal void*. Add to that all the uninhibited violence that goes on, and you know you have a show on your hands. Having travelled a couple of times with them, and knowing how nice they are as persons, it's hard to comprehend what pushes them to trigger each other like they do.

- It's not an image or anything like that. We're like this all the time. Perhaps it's just easier to let it spiral out of control when you're on stage. You need to be slightly defective to be able to play with us. When we talk about Satan, it's not like we're trying to be Watain. We don't believe in ghosts or spirits or any of that crap. We see Satan as a symbol for mayhem and idiocy. That's our guiding light. When Affe said that he had found a new guitar player for us, he said that the dude

was a skateboarder, that he loves Satan and drinks a lot. That's perfect for us!

**Do you agree with that you trigger each other?**

- Perhaps we do. But it's not something we've thought about doing. I hate those guys. John is always unkind and Frans just keeps complaining about shit. John can say really rude stuff to me without any reason at all. I don't like people in general. And I hate myself too.

**It's funny because from the outside it seems like a band like yours ought to be a cool, creative place to be in.**

- Fucking hippie crap. It's the opposite of that. Or I mean... it is creative, for sure. But spare me that hippie stuff. I don't know why some people are into what we're doing. But it's obvious at some shows. I don't really bother too much with what people think of us. Sure, it's fun if they think we're totally fucked, but I don't have to try to get people to think that about me.

**You have created a unique sound blending hardcore punk and heavy metal. That's probably one of the reasons why people like you. How did that come about?**

- That's not so easy to answer. When we did the Obey Satan demo, our main influences were Zeke and Rich Kids on LSD. We're all into the bands from the New Wave of British Heavy Metal. We've been inspired by Diamond Head, some Motörhead, Hawkwind. A lot of space rock. We love space and we're searching for the code to all knowledge. Black Sabbath, they had the code. We're chasing it. I think we manage to fit it all together nicely. Hey, are we more or less done? I really need to pee.

Olli goes to the toilet and then loses money on a betting machine. Before we part ways he ask me if I have any good drug connections in Stockholm. "Yeah, I figured you'd say no. But it was worth a shot. My regular one is in jail."

Chapter nine

**IN WHICH THE COPS ARE SENT AFTER YOU IF YOU DISLIKE THE RAMONES, THE BANDS HEAD FOR EUROPEAN DISASTER AND THE HARDCORE BANDS SOUND LIKE HELICOPTERS**

Just like the kids in The Blinds, Jakob Arvidsson was hardly even in his teens when he started Pointless Youth together with Lars Levin. Oddly enough coming out of the same little middle-of-nowhere spot on the map as well, Harbo, Pointless Youth came to lay the foundation of what is now the fourth, and latest, generation of hardcore kids in Uppsala. I saw the band live on three occasions in 2010, getting more impressed for each time. They had just released their second demo, that started with the crew shouting "UAHC" and seemed to be a the future of the Uppsala scene. Then all of a sudden they split up instead. Heavy disagreements on how to continue with the band ended with Olli focusing on Obnoxious Youth, while Agent Attitude rose out of the remaining ashes. While Pointless Youth surely was a good band, both these bands are far better.

- It's kind of sad when the band you started when you were 10 years old splits up over unimportant issues, Jakob says, but adds that it was probably the best for everyone involved.

We are starting to reach the end of this chronicle of Uppsala hardcore. We've gone through the pioneering eighties, with not a lot of activity, via a chaotic and largely drunk nineties followed by the UAHC scene of the 00s. Left to be dealt with are the bands and kids of the fourth generation, which were part of my initial curiosity: why is it that kids in Uppsala know so much about old US hardcore, and are able to pull it off so well when they attempt to play it themselves? These are, after all, the kids that Undergång claim to have filled up with shit. How bad can they be?

The answer is possibly hidden somewhere in all these pages and paragraphs. But to find out more about the two main bands of the generation that kicked off with Pointless Youth, I've returned to where I began with the interview with Jan Jutila: the Ekeby rehearsal room facilities. Agent Attitude and Bad Review share a room down in the cellar corridors, and today some of them are here to record a thrash metal project, No Life, together with their friend Gustaf Eriksson. Except for Jakob Arvidsson, who sings for Agent Attitude and studies the last year of high school, the gathered are Johan "Jojje" Sverredal (guitar in Agent Attitude and drums in Bad Review), Sven Höglund (bass for Agent Attitude and guitar for Bad Review) and Victor Nordin (drums for Agent Attitude).

Not so surprisingly at all, Affe Piran is brought up when I ask them how they initially got involved in hardcore. Sven:

- I had an internship at Ungdomens Hus in junior high, and I got to know Affe there since he was there a lot and organized gigs. I had mostly listened to heavy metal before, but Affe introduced me to hardcore. I met Jojje around the same time. I had a melodic punk band called Spatunaz, which gradually leaned more and more towards hardcore.

- I think my first real encounter with the hardcore scene was when Affe let my punk band Nu Jäfflar play at a gig he did for Regulations, Jojje says. Nu Jäfflar was around between 2004 and 2006. I had been listening to old Swedish punk like Ebba Grön and KSMB and around 2003, I figured I could start playing too. I just didn't have anyone to play with. I had no idea there were others who were looking for the same thing, or that there was such a place as Ungdomens Hus. That took a while to figure out.

Sven and Jojje mention Affe and Mosh-Tobbe, a dude that was involved in the UAHC scene and became famous for always moshing, as their main influences to find out more about old hardcore and start playing it themselves. Affe would send links to good bands over MSN and give the new kids all the chance in the world to find the old treasures of American hardcore, in a conscious effort to foster them musically.

- We came from slightly different backgrounds but Affe managed to hit just the right buttons to make it work, says Sven. I was into Ramones and Jojje was into Discharge. Affe took that and molded us,





like a missionary of hardcore. But Pointless Youth was very important too. What is our generation of Uppsala hardcore is part the kids from Harbo, and part our old punk crew in the city. Ungdomens Hus was a place where we could all meet and get to know each other, as well as talk to older punks who had been around longer. The same thing is happening now again, some younger kids are showing up and they're told what to listen to. Some of them are into it and might end up with Asperger's just like us, while others disappear.

**It seems to have been like that for several generations now. Affe and Crippe got help from the Diskonto guys as well as Ronnie from The 21st Impact and the Unabombers. Then they helped you guys out and soon you could be in the position to do the same.**

- That's probably quite important. Not so much for the initial interest, but in order to keep it up and really get into it. They encouraged us to set up shows and promised to help us out if we needed it.

### Call the cops

When I ask them to characterize hardcore punk in Uppsala, Sven says that the University plays a vital role.

- A lot of kids that grow up here aren't very fond of the atmosphere that the University creates. It's easy to start hating all that has to do with the students. The hardcore scene picks up kids that aren't a part of that world, that posh Uppsala. And there's a lot of aggression that needs to come out. Part of it is also the feeling that this is our town. Students come from all over Sweden and act as if they own the place. They run around on their student clubs that won't even allow us in. So there's a feeling of reclaiming the city, so to speak.

- Uppsala is the best city in the world, Jojje points out.

- Oh yeah, definitely. I love Uppsala. It is an amazing city in many ways. And being a university town, there is a lot of young people here, which in theory could be good for the hardcore scene, but it's easy for them to get sucked into the academic clubs before they have a chance at getting to know us.

Agent Attitude has played a lot of gigs around Sweden the latest year, breaking the old rule of Uppsala bands not being very interested in reaching outside of the comfort zone. When I ask how they would compare Uppsala's hardcore scene with that in other cities, Sven says that there are higher demands on the band here than in other places.

- The music has to be better here to be recognized. There aren't many demands when it comes to how you are as a person. No one gives a shit how you look, or how you act. But the music has to be good. This is not a city where you'd get up on stage and do something that isn't actually good. Another thing is that politics is largely left out of the scene. There's quite a few punks who are involved in left-wing politics, but it's not as naturally tied together as in some other cities. You'd never pass with being a shitty band here just because you're vegans or sing about the "right" things.

A floor above them, Jan Jutila resides with his Studio D-takt. Jojje has played music with Jutte's son and considers his strong opinions regarding how hardcore should be played to be inspiring.

- It's a powerful thing, when people are so into what they're doing. You can't help but being influenced by it.

Sven recognizes a little bit of the same unwillingness to compromise with music in their own generation. Sven once called the cops when a metal head said that he didn't like Ramones at a party. The dude had made himself guilty of blasphemy.

- I told the cops to come pick this guy up. I didn't like him and he was in our rehearsal room. I hadn't allowed him to be there. The cops actually showed up, but the guy had left already. I mean, I don't like the cops, but I disliked that guy even more.

### Never-ending mess

In March 2011, Agent Attitude's self-titled 7" was put out on Green Menace and Monument. Although recorded just a short while after the band got together, the material is a very good example of how the Uppsala kids can handle old school hardcore punk. In the early summer, they went on a European tour. Parts of it was booked by Rafael Madeira from Portugal, who made them realize that it is possible to set up a tour. Jojje says that things went a lot smoother than anticipated. They had been sure that they would lose all their money and that the van would break and that everything would go to hell and that they'd die. A healthy perspective.

- Jojje sat in the back of the van and cried, Jakob says.

- Well, I sat by the wheel and cried, if I may. There were two persons that drove us all over that fucking continent.

- Daniel from Green Menace has done a good job when he has been on the road with other bands, Jakob continues. We met a lot of people that knew about us because of that. One of the coolest shows was in Prague. It was a nice summer night and the hang-outs during the day were awesome. In Dresden, we played at a venue called Fiasko. Me and Victor walked down into it when we arrived, and there were a group of dudes looking like old gangsters. They didn't speak any English but they stood up and looked at us. We hurried out of there and didn't walk down again until the venue changed into a punk club later on. Headed for Disaster played that gig though, so it was a cool one in the end.

Agent Attitude's new 7" Never-ending mess will be out Green Menace, Monument and De:nihi around the same time as this article is printed. The cover-art is drawn by Erik from Hårda Tider, and it was recorded by Affe Piran. The new songs have clearly been worked through a little more than the debut, and it will be very interesting to learn how things will go on the tour that is scheduled for the early summer. They're hoping to fill up the dates better this time. Last year, they did 11 gigs during the 22 days they were away. That meant a lot of nights sleeping in the van. But the very fact that they went for it is important in itself: they didn't allow themselves to be stuck in Uppsala.

### Angry Bengt

Though having been around for a lot longer than Agent Attitude, Bad Review haven't gotten around to doing as much. A demo was circulated on cdr a couple of years ago, but another one recorded last year didn't get spread around at all. Now they're about to finish their fourth recording. Sven says that a lot has happened sound wise.

- A few years back, Pointless Youth and Bad Review sounded pretty much the same. But with the formation of Agent Attitude, we've grown apart. The new Bad Review stuff is a lot more rock, and not as fast. Every time we've done a new song, we've felt like "Wow, this really does sound like the Hellcopters." Except for a better production. I guess it kind of sounds like Gang Green, and in any case I think it's going to turn out great. We're definitely going to get this one out there, and hopefully someone will want to release it. I think it will help with all the connections we get via Agent Attitude. Since both me and Jojje play in Agent Attitude that has helped to get the others in Bad Review more interested again, to make sure that the band doesn't fade away. I think Bengt was a little irritated over both me and Jojje being in Agent Attitude, but that's only good. He sings better when he's angry.

Jojje agrees and says that Affe deliberately tried to get Bengt pissed off when he recorded the band last year.

- Affe told us to get Bengt as agitated as possible. So we kept screwing with him, telling him he sang the wrong way and so on. He got so fucking mad he wanted to kill us. We gave him instructions on how to stand, stuff like that. Bengt can't deal with such stupid things so he obviously got mad and the vocals sounded cool.

A couple of months earlier, when I interviewed Jutte upstairs, he claimed to be very impressed by the kids in the youngest generation.

- I have to give them some cred. I get sort of a Japanese vibe in the sense that they're so good at copying that primal hardcore energy. That feeling I had when I walked into a record store and bought Pick your king by Poison Idea without ever having heard anything like it before. Or how I traded records so I got a copy of Why. There was a special energy; it was something in the air. We had to go out there and actively find the music. And I can see that same attitude in these new kids. They've got that excitement and energy.

### SATANIC SPACE INTERLUDE PT 4

On February 3 2012, Obnoxious Youth won the category of "Best punk act" at the Manifest Awards in Stockholm. Established to highlight bands releasing records on independent labels, this year was the award ceremony's 10 year anniversary. The situation is equal parts logical and absurd. No doubt, The eternal void is one of the best hardcore punk records released anywhere in the world in 2011, but does its perpetrators belong on an award ceremony among hipster industry people and punk bands with Masshysteri complexes? Not taking record sales into account, the nominations and winners were decided by a jury of various people

working with music. Ramon Calvo of the Swedish webzine Lukinzine was involved, which might have helped Obnoxious Youth reach the nomination. Other punk acts with a chance to win at the awards on February 3 at Nalen in Stockholm were Sju Svåra År, Vånna Inget and Black Feet. Though Affe is acquainted with most members of those bands, Obnoxious Youth felt like total outcasts during the ceremony and hung with In Solitude, who were nominated for best metal act, in the end losing to Opeth.

The jury's decision became obvious as the presenters read it:

*"An original and perfect fusion of heavy metal and hardcore punk by a band with one single goal in sight: to create the ultimate crushing music underlined by pure and simple punk fury."*

Affe's emotions were a cocktail of horror, amusement, confusion and apocalyptic visions. When getting up on stage to receive the trophy, a gigantic LP with "Punk 2012, Obnoxious Youth, The Eternal Void" written on the label, his band members are already piss drunk after having smuggled Koskenkorva into the venue. Affe grabbed the microphone.

*- We never thought this award ceremony would be stupid enough to pick us. Thanks to Uppsala, In Solitude and no one else. That's it.*

After the ceremony, on their way towards the after party, a TV crew grabs John and Olli to get comments from the best punk band of the year. Frans walked by and Olli punched him, resulting in a full blown fist fight between the two in front of the cameras. Meanwhile, Affe and John answered questions.

*- What have you got to say to all punks out there? the reporter asks.*

*- Quit fucking listening to punk! Affe replies.*

*- To quote my favorite band Bad Review, John says, "fuck this shit, cause I don't care about it anymore."*

Olli and Frans were not let into the after party.

Discussing the trophy afterwards, Affe is perplexed that Obnoxious Youth got even nominated, while Anchor were screened out early on.

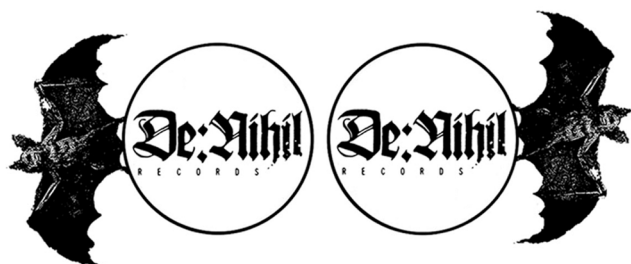
**In a sense it isn't that weird. Anchor isn't cool enough for the Stockholm hipster in-crowd and industry people. You're musically as well as visually more immediate.**

*- Probably, yeah. I guess Anchor has too many opinions as well. People tend to look down upon that in this bourgeois society. I'm going to play in a CCCP shirt the coming gigs.*



THIS YEAR STARTS RIGHT HERE!  
AGENT ATTITUDE "NEVER-ENDING  
MESS 7" (NIHIL008)  
CONDITION "DETERIORATING 7" (NIHIL009)  
BO CAVEFORS, SKULL DEFEKTS  
AND PÄR STRÖMBERG "TBA 7" (NIHIL010)  
PIG EYES "TOTAL DESTRUCTION  
OF THE PRESENT MOMENT 12" (NIHIL011)

MORE STUFF AT:  
[WWW.DENIHILRECORDS.COM](http://WWW.DENIHILRECORDS.COM)



DE:NIHIL RECORDS SPRING 2012

