Blues Brothers-style announcement system for my truck, except the speaker would be hidden and would direct sound. My navigator would point at an unsuspecting passerby, and we'd flip the switch and blast music at 'em for two seconds to see if they'd shit their pants. Not nice, but it'd be fun… and in the name of science. Terrible Twos have made a great "point and shit" record. –Todd (Criminal IQ)

TERROR: *CBGB OMFUG Masters: Live 6/10/04:* CD
Here is how a typical live Terror track works: the vocalist vents his anger about something, then insists on his audience to "Move that shit around" or "Tear that shit down" before he announces the title of the next song. The name of said song will usually refer to hostility, strength, conflict, or some combination of these traits. Following this, a faceless roar of a New York-style hardcore track will kick in for a few minutes, with a few requisite breakdowns littered in for good measure. Lather, mosh, repeat. Now, what's really fascinating about this disc is what is on its cover: above the human dogpile that composes a Terror show, a bald, tattooed guy's body is splayed in a crowd surfing snapshot. In our view, beneath one knee of the guy's camouflage shorts is his left leg, which is emblazoned with one of those generic tribal tattoos worn most often by men that call each other "bro" with zero irony. Moving down this gent's limb, his foot is falling out of a laceless Converse All-Star. This image is the singular most apt symbol of what makes Terror and its antagonistic ilk such a polarizing force within the breadth of hardcore: even among the familiar marks of counterculture, that guy will always carry the clearly noticeable imprint of trite and silly-looking macho bravado on him, making his participation in this setting come off as much less independent and individualistic than it ideally should be. Never has a calf been so telling. –Reyan Ali (MVD)

THROW RAG: *2nd Place:* CD
It's quite the rare occasion when a real solid band records a fantastic record that gets shelved by its own label at the time, only to be given another opportunity some years later to be released by another label who knows a good thing when they hear it (I hear Acetate is also re-releasing Throw Rag's debut LP *Tee Tot* in celebration of the 'Rag keeping the band going full steam ahead for ten years—hells yes!). Roughly half of *2nd Place* (six songs, I believe) was laid down around five or six years ago, only to be denied release by BYO Records (Throw Rag's label at the time) for some bullshit reason or another of supposed production overkill. That in itself is all jive because anyone who's seen them knows damn well that Throw Rag *are* fucking overkill, be it onstage or in the studio, *period.* They continue to be one of the very select few bands that consistently bring it 100%, right up there with Motörhead and The Candy Snatchers. Los Rag ended up laying down some lo-fi versions of these songs that were included on their 2003 *Desert Shores* rekkid, and while it was a great release, it'd could've been *that* much better had BYO gone with the original recordings route like Acetate did here on Throw Rag's latest offerings of rock'n'roll Eucharist. Funny thing is—I've always felt this to be true—as I had my paws on the original version of *Desert Shores* before it got re-recorded and went to press. The disc has "2nd Place" hand written in Sharpie on it, now that I think about it. Anyway, the old adage "better late than never" has never been proven more true here. Songs that will have you up and wobble-bopping around like a downs syndrome snake dancer in no time flat include "Hang Up," "Hollywood," "Bag of Glue," and "Demons in a Row." Included are covers "I'm So Glad, I'm So Proud" (their cut from a Link Wray tribute) and "Don't Be Afraid to Pogo," their tribute to one of L.A.'s finest, The Gears. This record was laid down with their past six-piece lineup, but now they're out on the road, continuing to gather up more and more fans one gig at a time with their four-piece rock crusade. I've been listening to and watching this band for a long time (since their first year out, actually) and they continue to deliver time and time again. Scrawl this rekkid at the top of your list the next time you're out shopping for new releases. BYO already fucked up once. Don't you do the same. –Designated Dale (Acetate)

THROW RAG: *2nd Place:* CD
This was a tough one to get through. This record is a mixing bowl of punk, rockabilly, country, and '50s influenced rock'n'roll that ultimately comes out sounding like the same early rock'n'roll riffs repeated over and over coupled with Social Distortion's cheesiest moments. I wouldn't call myself a fan by any means, but I've heard several songs by these guys on different compilations and I can't remember any of them being as embarrassing as the material on this album. Somebody may be able to find a home for this in their record collection, but it just isn't cutting it for me. –Dave Dillon (Acetate)

THROW THE FIGHT: *In Pursuit of Tomorrow:* CD
The few elements that any bad hard/alterna-rock album needs to complete the factory package are dull cover art that's been run through the ugliest Photoshop filters and brushes (Check), overdramatic song titles ("His Blood, My Hands" means a yes), corny lyrics like "Where did you go when I was bleeding?" (Uh-huh), placement on the subsidiary of a major label (Yup), and a general lack of personality (Done and done). Get ready to cue this up next, late night MTV2 video rotation. –Reyan Ali (Cordless)

TIM VERSION, THE: *Still Have the Nerve to Call Ourselves a Band:* CD
This may puzzle the loyal Razorcake reader, but I just wasn't blown away by the Tim Version upon first listen. In my defense, my initial exposure to the band was amongst a huge pile of last year's Fest bands that I was attempting to fully ingest in far too limited a timeframe to give any of the bands in question a

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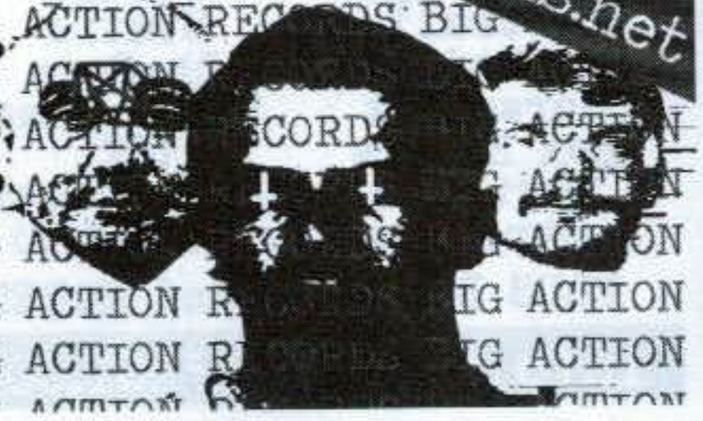
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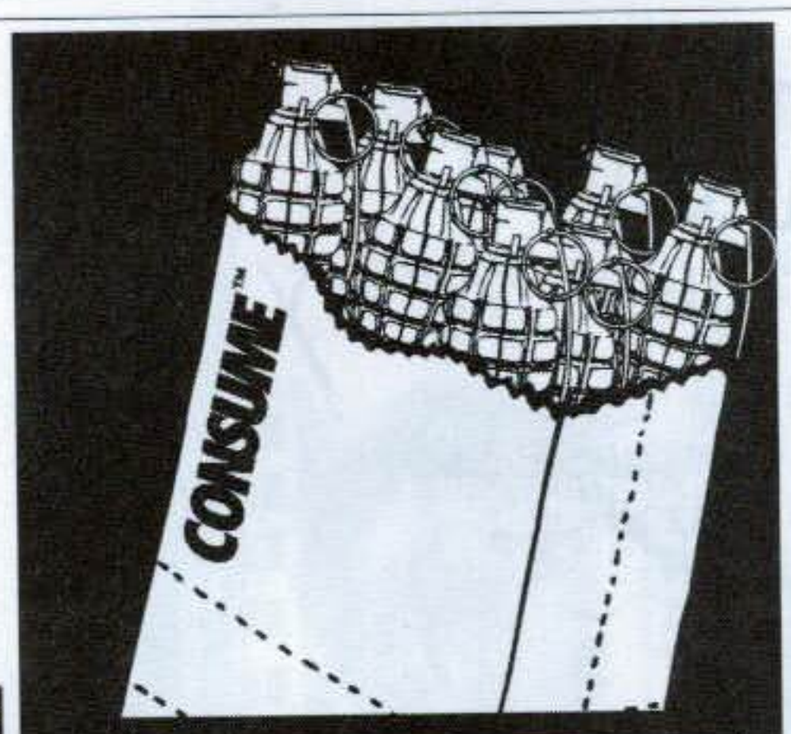

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