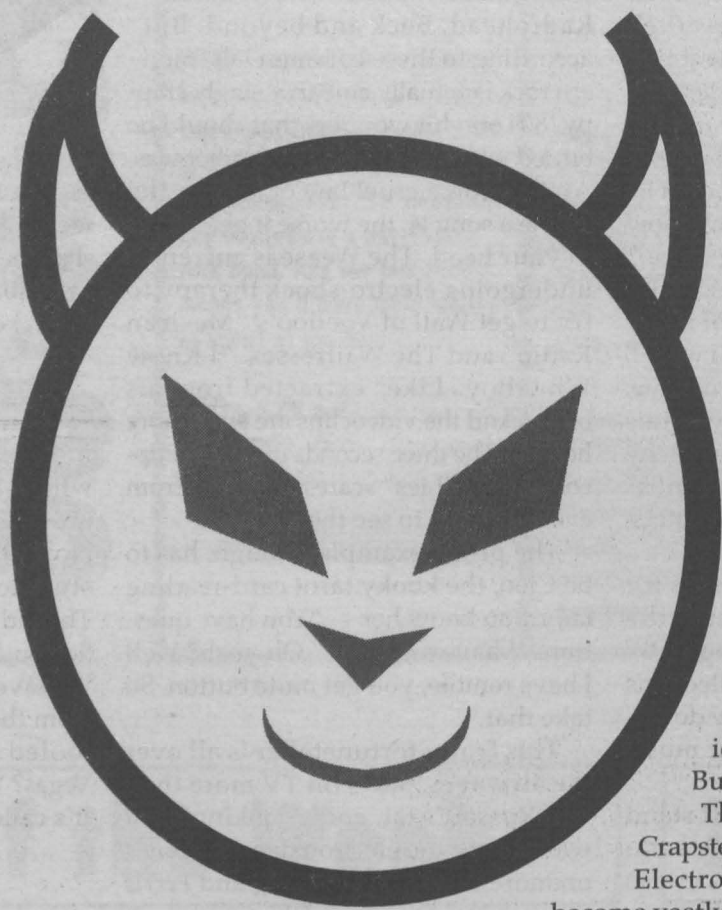


# CRAPSTER: BAD MUSIC FINALLY GETS ITS DUE

## Episode #1: Japan vs. Alabama—'nuff said!



### **XBXR X—Gop Ist Minee vs. Satoshi Tomiie—Full Lick**

Welcome, friends to the first-ever edition of what will be, if I don't get lazy and quit, a regular feature in your beloved *Arcade*. This is history unfolding before your eyes.

Through *Crapster*, I intend to uphold and build upon the *Arcade's* long standing tradition of excellence by listening to CDs that no one wanted to review, telling everyone just how bad they really are and then selling them to the Mushroom for two bucks a pop. I expect that not only will you, the faithful reader, come to regard *Crapster* as a source of infinitely useful information on music, but that listening to hours of the worst music the planet can offer up will give me, as a critic, invaluable insight into the culture that brought us *Temptation Island*. But enough with the small talk, let's get down to bitness!

The artists with the dubious honor of being the first inhabitants of the *Crapster* domain are Japan's Satoshi Tomiie and Mobile, Ala.'s very own XBXR X. Electronic music, because of its ease of creation, is a genre that has quickly become vastly overcrowded with talentless mediocrity and unoriginal imitators. For every Moby, there are dozens upon dozens of Eiffel 65s. Because of this, in order to get any recognition at all, an electronica artist has to have some kind of a catch, something to separate them from everybody else. Satoshi Tomiie's warped Japanese brain thought that it would be a good idea to mix really dumb, repetitive "soul" music with really trite, overused backing beats. He would thereby create a record, *Full Lick*, so original that it would stand out like a giant penis in a Disney movie, and make him a big American rock star.

Bad idea!

While Tomiie may deserve some backward genius points for actually making a record with less intellectual value than "Hit me baby one more time," he isn't getting any points in the "worth listening to" column. And as if it wasn't bad enough that the music sucks, Tomiie goes for extra credit by actually having the audacity to print his stupid lyrics. Here's a little sample of his poetic genius from the song "Heaven": "When I think about how you make me feel/I just can't believe what I feel is really real/The way you do what you do/I like the way you do it." Eat your heart out, Jim Morrison.

It is impossible to know just how the members of XBXR X got together and decided to make the music that would become *Gop Ist Minee*, but my guess is it went something like this:

**Billy Bob:** That dang ol' punk down the street was lisnin' a sumthin' awful today, all noisy and screechy, 'bout drove me to drink.

**Joe Bob:** So whatcha do?

**Billy Bob:** Shot his darned radio. But, y'know, then I was thinkin', we can make louder, worsen music then that Rage Machine guy, an' then maybe we could make all kinds a money, buy us a Chevy.

**Joe Bob, Jr.:** Yee Haw! We'll be bigger 'n that Nirvarna guy! But first lemme git that cat been crap-pin' in my yard.

Here our heroes wander off, shotguns in hand, only to re-emerge four hours and 22 beers later with guitars and a band named after the only three letters Jr. can make.

Their label's website, 5RC.com, practically hails these guys as rock and roll messiahs, citing their abrasiveness and originality. Now, I feel that I have a very open mind about music, and, admittedly, XBXR X does, unlike Tomiie, have these qualities. But just because you are the first to crap on a plate and call it art doesn't make you a genius. XBXR X is little more than a group of angry post-adolescents venting their small-town anger through loud, repetitive guitar chords and louder, repetitive vocals. XBXR X might be fun to see live if you are wearing earplugs, but they are certainly not a rock and roll revolution.

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