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FORUMS


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This Topic

Myspace Forums » Music » Punk » What did I do to piss off Metal Mike?

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Tuesday, February 09, 2010 6:06 PM [Reply](#)


Brandon Jak  wow, how people forget. i have known metal mike since he was in Vom, and he never seemed to care what other people thought about his songs.

"the BCS have a girl in their band so there might be a opinion about the mentors' subject matter."

what the hell is he thinking? they have so many inflammatory gay bashing songs, it's ridiculous. leave it to a egotistical little tweaker in a suck ass band to even mention that shit. yep, i said it. angry samoans sucked, we owned them that night at gilma. that was OUR crowd, and people left while they were playing. shove hitlers cock up your ass, rock star assholes who suck, badly.

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Tuesday, February 09, 2010 6:44 PM [Reply](#)

WILLY JAK  I'M IN LOVE WITH YOUR MOM

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Tuesday, February 09, 2010 10:36 PM [Reply](#)

Kevin Eric Saunders a/k/a bonze blayk



 **Brandon Jak:** they have so many inflammatory gay bashing songs, it's ridiculous.

Double duh.

"Homo-Sexual" is about *hypocrites*, not fags *per se*. Why do you think the song is credited to "J. Falwell"?

The real-life Samoans attitude is pretty much summed up by what Todd Homer once said about Dee-Dee Ramone: "Gee, they say he's gay, but who cares? He's a great bass player!"

Of course, Mike slings those cuss-words around, but that's because he deems it *de rigueur* in the punk rock *milieu*. I am of the more subtle variety of *le punk*, resorting to *la langue française* to imply that *you, sir, are "personne de peu d'intelligence"*.

Anyway, calling the Samoans "rock stars" is *way* beyond funny. Damn, the band has spent decades kissing deriding Rodney's ass in public, and what's to show for

it?

"Assholes"? NATCH! AND PROUD OF IT!

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Thursday, February 11, 2010 1:09 AM

Reply

Brandon Jak



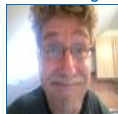
how about "get off the air"? they refer to rodney as a "pathetic male queer."
really cool. what great guys, slagging the clash, elvis costello, and other amazing people.
they are or were rock critics.
i rest my case.

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Friday, February 12, 2010 12:40 PM

Reply

Marcus Vegetable



Chaz Brackx & The Tight Teens:
Metal Mike is a great songwriter. And he's the person I first heard about Miley Cyrus from.

i dont know what to say now, im impressed.

I shot teh sheriff.

[dats my original site](#)

[and the music profile of my bandproject](#)

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Sunday, February 14, 2010 1:10 PM

Reply

Kevin Eric Saunders a/k/a bonze blayk



Brandon Jak: how about "get off the air"? they refer to rodney as a "pathetic male queer."
really cool. what great guys, slagging the clash, elvis costello, and other amazing people.
they are or were rock critics.
i rest my case.

Rodney's a jerk. He richly deserves any and all factually-deficient epithets cast his way. If you look over those lyrics with any knowledge of the Rod-Man and his behaviors, you'll notice that a factually-truthful and super-damaging epithet is not included!

Note that "Get Off The Air" also refers to Rodney as a "pathetic male groupie".

But in the Rodney movie, when asked about his memories of Rodney, Mick Jagger says: "Oh, the male groupie?"

Apparently you just don't get the concept of "high stupid". One of the reasons the Samoans are hilariously funny is because despite some high-IQ tendencies in the band, it's blindingly obvious that we were all also... dumbasses, and kind of proud of it. I would bet that you have zero appreciation for the GENIUS of Don Rickles! Or FEAR, a great band!

If you take insults coming from people who are obviously pro- or semi-pro jerks seriously, you need to rethink your Comedic Values.

Re: Slagging. Mike slags artists and bands, on a basis that appears kind of... random? Arbitrary? He loathes all grunge, for reasons obscure. He suffers from RockCrit Syndrome, as does Gregg Turner. He continually slags Bowie, but you don't have to press him to get him to admit that "The Man Who Sold The World" is a great album.

Back in 1975, I got Mike to listen to "Modern Times" by Al Stewart, a brilliant album by a real musico-poetic genius who hires GREAT GUITARISTS! What was Mike's response? Oh, he made up a list of the songs and graded each one, slagging almost all of them. Was I crushed? Was I offended? No, I was mildly

annoyed. I am not obligated to take Mike's opinions with anything but a bucket of salt. And vice-versa... but HE DID pay attention when I told him in 1971: "Hey, that's Alice Cooper on the radio! That's great shit!"

OK, Mike and Gregg suffer from RCS. That's what Critics do: praise/slag. Get over it!

You seem to be fond of employing the "Fallacy of Composition": What is true for Mike, may not be for Gregg, nor for me, nor for Billy or Todd or any other past or present member of the band.

"slagging the clash": Hey, I'll slag 'em too: The Clash suck! "ooh, we are so PC! EMULATE US!" And their music sucks, to boot!

"slagging Elvis Costello": I love most of Costello's stuff. His appearance in "Delirious" (2006, a wonderful movie featuring the ever-awesome Steve Buscemi: "I am NOT a paparazzi! I am a LICENSED PROFESSIONAL!") was majorly amusing, and his song that caps the movie is just totally effin' great, showing his skills extend way beyond the rock ghetto. And I love Elvis himself, because he's such a nice person who is always sympathetic and considerate, is utterly PC, and has kind words for everybody:

"Costello's standing in the U.S. was bruised for a time when in March 1979, during a drunken argument with [Stephen Stills](#) and [Bonnie Bramlett](#) in a [Columbus, Ohio](#) [Holiday Inn](#) hotel bar, the singer referred to [James Brown](#) as a "jive-ass nigger", then upped the ante by pronouncing [Ray Charles](#) a "blind, ignorant nigger".

"...and other amazing people": One person's "amazing person" is another's... Sarah Palin. Or, to get really down with the concept: Joe The Plumber.

"they are or were rock critics." Huh. There were two rock critics in the band, and one of them (Mike) was the primary songwriter. Contrary to the BS you may have absorbed from warped band histories on the I-Net and elsewhere, the Samoans were not founded by Rock Critics with a Grand Vision who retained some flunkies to Enact Their Dream. No, no, no: The band was formed around ME! ME! ME!

Well, that's what Mike's August 1978 promo sheet said, and it's on the web in all it's GIFified glory on [angrismoans.com](#). Take it with a bucket of salt... if you wish!

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Tuesday, February 16, 2010 11:49 AM

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[Kevin Eric Saunders a/k/a bonze blayk](#)



Brandon Jak: what the hell is he thinking? they have so many inflammatory gay bashing songs, it's ridiculous. leave it to a egotistical little tweaker in a suck ass band to even mention that shit.

OK, OK, so I admit: it is legitimate to complain about all the gay-baiting. (And note the MetalMan is trying to make amends: he now sings the lyrics to Homo-Sexual "KILL DAN WHITE! KILL DAN WHITE! KILL DAN WHITE!" just to make it clear he's not some-kinda *-phobe hata-type!)

But what about THESE GUYS! Glorifying a horrible monster who reduces whole cities to rubble and ash? Sure, he's pissed off because he's a by-product of radioactive waste dumping... but that's no excuse for senseless mayhem!

AMIRITE or AMIRONG?

AND HE'S COMING TO YOUR TOWN NEXT!

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Friday, February 19, 2010 12:53 PM

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[Kevin Eric Saunders a/k/a bonze blayk](#)



Brandon Jak: what the hell is he thinking?

Pardon me while I whip out my cluebat:

Parasites Like Me

The Angry Samoans darkest secret

[Article source](#)

by [CHRIS ZIEGLER](#)

Thursday, Sep 20 2001

The Angry Samoans are good shit to skate to, seethe at your parents to, or just roil around in the testosterone-addled throes of puberty to. We're all agreed on that. But don't start thinking about them. Keep telling yourself that they're just another dumb—very dumb—old punk band. And if you're a music writer, don't start writing about them. Because they set booby traps.

Scissor and scalpel your way through all the sneering and juvenilia, through the wall-of-fuzz guitars and that marching-band stomp-stomp drumbeat, through 20 years of breakups and breakdowns and legends gone totally sour, and what do you find? Not a streets-of-Hollywood punk, not a skate rat gone bad, not a slumming rich boy . . . no, worse than that: you find another music writer just like you, pointing up from the abyss and laughing his ass off.

Because maybe you don't know this about the Angry Samoans. If you're a big Angry Samoans fan, if you hate everything they did after the *Back From Samoa* LP (and rightfully so) but still drag yourself out to see the resurrected [Metal Mike](#) and the Angry Samoan Jamboroo every couple of months or so, maybe you don't know who these guys were. Because they weren't really yours. They weren't disaffected teens articulating their all-consuming, adolescent alienation the only gosh-darn way they knew how. They were ours. Rock writers. Music journalists. Critics. Outsiders.

Parasites. Scum. Just like me. If there's a darker secret to the band, I can't imagine it.

So first there was VOM, the egregiously contrived pre-Samoan outfit: future Samoans and current/previous music critics Metal Mike Saunders on guitar/vocals and [Gregg Turner](#) on guitar. (Bill Vockerath remains on drums.) Mike's curriculum vitae: started out with unpaid record reviews in *Rolling Stone* at 16, may have coined the term "heavy metal" during college stints for *Creem*, dropped out of rock journalism in 1973, and ended up in LA in punk rock 1978 as a 26-year-old accountant or something. Turner apparently wrote for the same esteemed publications but never granted an interview with [RockCritics.com](#) like Mr. Mike, so his past remains comfortably dim. The important thing is that these guys came to punk already bleary with experience, unlike the Neanderthals that lurched out of most suburban garages.


And speaking of lurching, VOM's most notorious member was *Übercritic* [Richard Meltzer](#)—I don't know exactly why he was notorious; I was about, um, zero years old at the time—and under his gentle hand, VOM was supposed to be a snotty goose to the ass to snooty LA punk. Problem was they were so funny ("I got my fingers in you, babe, but I wish they were in your mom!") everyone forgot to laugh. Why make a punk band to make fun of punk bands, asked ever-astute *Slash* magazine writer [Claude Bessy](#), when every punk band by definition already made fun of itself? Why parody self-parody? Well, post-punk, it was the last forbidden territory—biting the hand that feedbacks you—and nothing's as finger-lickin' good as forbidden territory. When VOM whimpered out, [Saunders](#), Turner and the new Angry Samoans dove into this heart of darkness face first. It's hard to tell if it killed them or made them stronger.

See, this was living life deep behind the irony curtain. Joke doesn't do it justice: the Angry Samoans were characters (and by characters I mean total assholes), slinging around "fag" and "queer" and bullshit like that so vociferously (most crucially in reference to poor old Catholic-schoolgirl-lovin' KROQ DJ Rodney Bingenheimer) that people like fucking [Lee Ving](#) were sitting them down and giving them stern talkings-to. All the uptight trendy punkers are pissed—mission accomplished, right? Because they didn't really mean it, right? They were just being, you know, "punk," right?

But then all these crazy kids from the suburbs started taking it really seriously—coming up to Rodney and monotoning, "In the name of the Angry Samoans, I'm going to kill you!" They'd play their song "Lights Out," and—as per lyrics—fans would mock-stab themselves in the eyes with plastic forks. Where's the joke now? On them? On the kids? On us? And then they made a classic record (the aforementioned *Back From Samoa*), but did they mean to? Most vitally, when and how does faking fake become real?

Fuck, as they say, if I know. I try not to think about it. Personality crises aside, it probably helped break up the band: these music-critic nerds were swept up in a pimple-faced, suburban, rock tornado of their own ill-advised making, and eventually maybe even they couldn't tell if it was a joke anymore. But everyone kept laughing anyway. Now that Mike has put together a new version of the Angry Samoans, it's even more convoluted. I hate to resort to critic-speak—believe me, I'm punching myself in the face right now as I type one-handed—but the Angry Samoans are a postmodern shitstorm from hell. Lies, truth, image, pose, substance, spectacle, impenetrable pundits like Lacan and our own Derrida—it's all a morass and a half. So don't try to think about them, and just let the music kill your brain. They still sound pretty good, and they play all the old stuff. It's just like the real thing. I think.

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 Saturday, February 20, 2010 1:22 AM

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[turdle](#)

this thread is just as awesome as the day it started



The Misfits - "i lift weights and grow my hair stupid"


Fake Marcus - "I'm so excited I put my cat in the microwave to send him to hell. "

Jennefer - "Walmart disturbs me. Too many chromosome challenged running around with their dirty feral children."

Little Evil Eddie "I'll tear you a new asshole, then kiss it gently"

Sarah - "You can't drink your herpes away!"


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 Thursday, February 25, 2010 10:22 PM

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[Kevin Eric Saunders a/k/a bonze blayk](#)



 **turdle:** this thread is just as awesome as the day it started

not enough posts...


compelled...

must enact muzic!

but...

who will understand?


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 Thursday, February 25, 2010 10:30 PM

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[Kevin Eric Saunders a/k/a bonze blayk](#)



 **Kevin Eric Saunders a/k/a bonze blayk:** who will understand?

barb at Bad Trip Records:

"ME! I understand! And will comply!"


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 Wednesday, March 10, 2010 7:45 AM

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[Kevin Eric Saunders a/k/a bonze blayk](#)



 **Anne Rose Blayk:** "ME! *I understand! And will comply!*"

DO NOT BE ALARMED!

PLEASE REMAIN IN YOUR SEATS, AND PAY CAREFUL ATTENTION TO THE FOLLOWING ANNOUNCEMENT!

LET IT BE KNOWN THAT:

HAVING BECOME a valuable Internet Property since being pegged in the MySpace Forums, and suffering from a severe deficiency in postings;

THIS FORUM has been hijacked on the behalf of the Society for the Advancement of Psychotic Hosebeasts (Organized), and shall henceforth be known as "BILL NELSON IS THE GREATEST ARTIST OF ALL TIME!"

Thank you for your patient acquiescence in this break from the usual lack of program content; this Forum will now assume it's new programming format and call signal: RADIO BARB.

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 Wednesday, March 10, 2010 7:52 AM

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[Kevin Eric Saunders a/k/a bonze blayk](#)



RADIO BARB is ONLINE! NOW!

Are your batteries running down? Low on power? Is your flashlight dimming?

You can ALWAYS RELY on the top-selling brand: MAN OR ASTROMAN!

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 Wednesday, March 10, 2010 3:09 PM

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Kevin Eric Saunders a/k/a bonze blayk



RADIO BARB is now GOING OFFLINE!

WILL RADIO BARB BE BACK?

STAY DIALED IN!

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