

#37

DIE HUNNS: *You Rot Me*: CD

Duane Peters never fails to amaze me. I mean, really, what are the odds that the guy is even alive let alone churning out quality punk rock and still kicking ass in the combi pool? Die Hunns is DP's project with his wife Corey Parks and you can tell it's a labor of love. Where U.S. Bombs have a Sex Pistols meets Gene Vincent kind of feel these days, Die Hunns has a constantly evolving kind of feel. For the most part, it seems rooted in almost a mid-'60s garage pop/ psychedelic thing but often veers out into some classic punk and '70s rock avenues as well. I've seen Duane do a lot of things, but who knew he could actually sing? That's right; the Master of Disaster can really belt it out and does so on a few tracks with great results. His voice is complimented so well by Parks' too: just a couple of gravel-voiced lovers getting their aggressions out. I think this record has pushed U.S. Bombs out of top spot, in my opinion. One question, though. Is it "Die" as in the German for "the" or is it "Die" as in "Die, you bastard!?" -Ty Stranglehold (Volcom)

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