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Probably a bunch of proper journalism, but then again, probably not.

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Zine -0- Zero

Bands - News - Reviews - Opinion - Atlanta's own since 1993



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January 2024 - FREE

VIOLENCE ERUPTS AT 40 Fest !!!

Brawl ensues as ten bands all fight to be the one covering "Bro Hymn"



Coming in from alleged sources on this one. I wasn't at 40 Fest! Couldn't really afford to go. The ticket price, and then having to festoon myself with all the required punk ornamentations, eh, I just couldn't swing it. But yeah, I'll just name my source "A. Punk" for the proper anonymity. She says a major brawl broke out between all ten bands present on the second night of this thing. Apparently as the first band, some kind of Wizard Rock act, reached the end of their set, they decided to dive into the opening salvo of "Bro Hymn" only for the remaining nine acts to completely lose their shit. What followed was an all out brawl as everyone present realized they all wanted to close with the same song. "That's kind of the one song everyone in the crowd can sing along with," said one blooded punk rocker. Things became worse once people lost sight of who they were even fighting. "After awhile you couldn't tell if you were beating on your own band, or some other guys. We all look the same. It was fucked." Things only calmed down once every band realized they'd have to cut their sets short by ten minutes anyway for the time lost to fighting. In the end no one covered it, which was actually a first for a show like this since 2002.



"His Rock" Bob dies.

People die. Bob was a people. More on Bob in a bit, but first, let's talk about local venues. And I'm sure this is the same in every State and metro area... You know how there's always one place where literally anybody can get a show? Far from the lights of Hotlanta, and a great distance away from any hipster gatekept hot

spots, "His Rock" was a friendly beacon in the night for any band of dubious talent to "rock the fuck out" in front of their five friends. There was a P.A. system! The point is, it didn't matter if you sucked. Bob was as important to the scene as anyone could ever claim to be. With him, bands with no hope could at least feel the fleeting thrill of taking the stage. Now that he's gone, what's really out there? Anyway, that's my main lament about Bob. I personally kinda didn't like the guy. Several years ago we rode in from out of State and there clearly wasn't any chance of getting paid at a place like this, and I was sleepy as hell from the drive so I asked him if he had any coffee, gesturing to the Mr. Coffee behind him. "Sure," Bob says, and before I knew it, there it was, a hot cup, (super small amount though, "Stronger that way," he said. Dammit, I'm actually kind of thirsty, here, Bob) all for me. "Thanks," I said, and turned to walk away. "That'll be \$1", said Bob. I couldn't believe the gall. First for charging me, someone from out of town, and second for the price of \$1. At that point why not just say fuck it? Oh, and "he can't break a \$5". I had to bum change from people. Seriously, WTF? Thanks for all the help though, Bob. Catch you on the next go round.



New releases on Bandcamp!



Phantom Redeemer
by As Thou Wilt
metal

As Thou Wilt, I know nothing about you. But I do know that I didn't immediately hate this. It's like black metal, but its in that constant "bouncing" mode that heavy stuff sometimes does. Atmospheric as fuck, too. Really rides the edge of sounding too much like garbage, which, if you can find it, is actually the sweet spot for metal like this. I might even go back for more.



Wasteland
by One Eyed Moon
rock

*This was actually so bad I was going to try and look for something else to write about. But I got lost in a sea of "experimental trip hop" and kind of gave up. This is some kind of **He Is Legend** rip off, I guess. But it's more bland, and the predictable, "verse, solo, chorus, solo, hey look, another solo" nature of the track grew stale quick. This isn't "bad" music, per se, but it's certainly not good. The singer is trying too hard, too. Turn him down some.

Silly Goose... Do they suck?

Silly Goose!

Featuring the burnout from Clueless, and some guy on the left who looks like his dad probably has money.



Silly Goose sucks. There, I said it. And any

further dive into them is actually pretty demonstrative of a personal flaw on my part. My own individual inability to believe that you'd just *get it*. That you'd just understand why they suck without me needing to hold your hand and guide you through as to why. But me, being of such little faith, am completely beset by a compulsion to write on. **Silly Goose** is lame because they aren't genuine. They aren't some expression of art. They are an exercise in the manipulative marketing of influencer style grift tactics. How punk! Instead of searching a soul for lyrics...they're exploiting an algorithm. This is less a band, and more of a *brand*. And when you think about it, what's really cool about that?

Do you like these guys? Then you're a rube that has been sold a product due to your basic bitch demographic being targeted by some people who sat in a room and asked themselves, "Hey, what would be the most mainstream

bullshit we could do that would broadly appeal to as many idiots under 25 as possible?" Did you watch an Instagram reel of these guys in the ball-pit of a **McDonald's** and think, "Whoa! Now that's edgy!"...? Then you should consider submitting yourself to those Slovakian dudes from that movie Hostel..

So called "guerilla" shows for Tik Tok at the **Baskin Robins** where a Dude, Where's My Car? looking motherfucker does a **Flavor Flav** impression while kicking over a cup of sample spoons as an old man stands off to the side looking unamused shouldn't impress you. They should make you cringe.

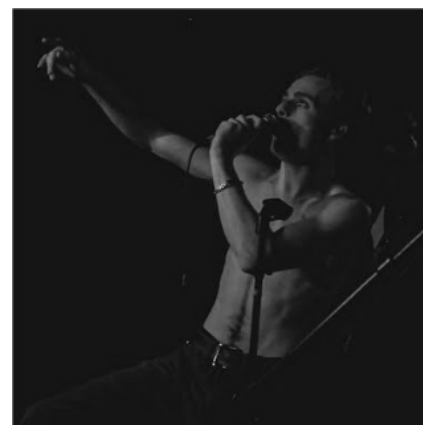
"What up, homies! I know this is the third time this month, but if you could send \$5 to my cash app/venmo it would be great. No real reason this time, I just like free cash."



Oh, no they **DIDN'T!**
Beat boxing in a Subway?!
Stunts like these really wow
the easily amused.
I'll pass.

I gotta be honest, and maybe I'm too much of an art snob, but if the main focus of your passion project is to try and gain as many followers as you can with stunts and bootleg concerts staged outside the curb of venues as their shows let out, you're kind of revealing that authenticity isn't a concern. And besides, if all these "fans" are just frat boy douche-bags there to see **Seether**...was it really all worth it?

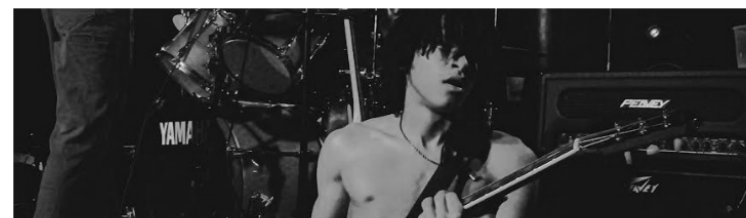
Look, I haven't even gotten to the music yet! This band just inherently sucks before even writing a single note! Isn't that



on the overhead TV, Nico (drums) could be discussing some theory with another one of the guys, and they're all sharing their separate projects. Despite all of this, they take their quality so seriously, they come together as a band, joined together but their

collective perfectionism and truly welded together by being visionaries.

Their genuine light-heartedness is only intensified by their persistent need for perfection. As I watch them, and with every song that they've released, they're actively competing with themselves. In music and showmanship, it's enveloped in the open arms of everyone moshing in the pit. They welcome the violence and the unpredictability. They've sold out Smith's Old Bar twice now, and they're coming off the high of playing successive shows since late December. As they near their hiatus, they continue to redefine their musical narrative. Even as I implore you to listen to their music now, as a Jack of many trades they will continue to keep you on your toes. They're boundless. But before they leave you high but definitely not dry, they'll be playing inner space on the 13th, so catch them while you can.



Note: due to the slow nature of this zine, the show in question above has already ended before you'll read this.

Has It's Day, but it sunk its teeth in me and didn't let go. This piece was a long time coming, essentially two months of struggling with how to relay a fraction of this band has given me. A huge responsibility, and a story I pray isn't a a letdown.

James Meizer originates from the gritty iridescence that is Underground Atlanta. They've currently been out in the world for around less than a year, but I don't mean that lightly. Their quality continues to transcend their predecessors—a true gem amongst the insurmountable lineup for the best in Underground. Their talent in picking apart and piecing together their influences while still managing to paint it as something new is what makes them, musically a force to be reckoned with. They have an arsenal of genres at their disposal, and yet they never seem to dwell in one for too long.



In each of the singles that they released (and unreleased) they have managed to present a new face that possesses the essence of everything we love about the albums that come before yet they're still delightfully abstract. Their sound maintains a mixture of theory and charisma, that is only just barely

topped off with their overwhelming sense of chemistry that infiltrates every chord of their work. Genre-wise, they remain ambiguous, and I think it would be a disservice to try and limit them to one anyway.

Their sessions are often just goofing around, South Park playing

crazy? But let's get to it! **Silly Goose** is a nu-metal band that leans extremely hard into the "white-boy rap" side of nu-metal.

Some people think of nu-metal and think, like, maybe **Slipknot**... This isn't that. Pretend that you were going to form a **(Hed) P.E.** or **Saliva** cover band, but you never actually found anyone to do the turntables, (and it turned out **(Hed) P.E.** songs were actually a little harder than you expected), so you just decided to just rip it off as best you could. Hey, man...you just created **Silly Goose**! So the riffs and the drumming are all stock material from 1998. And the lyrics? It's as to be expected: aggro male bitching, and "tough-guy" posturing, along with unfinished love poems from a 7th grader's lost notebook. Jesus fucking Christ man. It sucks! They should be ashamed, and you should be embarrassed if you call yourself a fan. Lastly, the name. **Silly Goose**. Are we going to pretend

like "silly goose" wasn't a phrase created and used with the intention of insulting gay people? Nice attempt at edge, losers! Lame name, lame music, lame band. Their "Low-T **Logan Paul**" front man might fool a bunch of Tik Tok morons, but not us. **Silly Goose** sucks. Rap-rock is not coming back. Quit now.



If you're going to make it as a band, you're gonna need some sex appeal. Fortunately for Silly Goose, one of the abandoned Jonas Brothers survived his abortion.

"Scum" from Splooge ...arrested!



"Scum" from Splooge arrested! Remember those scene darlings back from the Sabbath Brewing days? Yo, why does it always seem like any band that makes any kind of a splash also has to feature some kind of absolute shithead? I suppose any music scene built on how well you can fake being "punk" isn't really going to scrutinize anyone much. There isn't anything stopping a complete twat from being a steward of the scene. That's why "scenes" are fucking lame to begin with. Superficiality rules there. Did you think they got big because of the music? Talk about <insert maniacal laughing> ...they were most likely *the* worst band to ever exist. Seriously. Even before the initial cancellation, anyone supporting Splooge should be reminded that they were willing to sacrifice good taste for the "thrill" of attaching themselves to any band on the come-up. Total clown show, this stuff. Anyway, "Scum" is some dweeb rich kid who had the hubris to declare himself king of the scene. And funny enough, that's all it really takes to make it. Just be full of yourself enough to the point that other morons believe there must be some actual reason for it. The problem is that people with that kind of delusional narcissism also tend to hurt people. Talk about whomp-whomp. Good luck, kid. Time to hang up that simp-mask.



The Worst Alternative Rock Band in Atlanta

By: "Local nowhere man"

"I love being the singer, they never ask me to do shit." said frontman Patrick sarcastically, before continuing to sift through some concert videos for the band's page. Just moments before he was enthusiastically complimented by bassist Micah after several takes on one of their unreleased songs.

This was my second time sitting in on the band during one of their studio sessions to continue to work on their debut album which has yet to be named.

My crossing paths with James Meizer was just as coincidentally fated as their convergence as a band. Their happy little accident originated in an elevator during one summer semester, mine came that following fall, in a classroom. I ended up meeting lead guitar Langston, and I got to know him a bit through a school-based interview, but I was tethered by their sound. They only had one single, Every Dog