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Subject: Re: R`n`R Hall of Fame

Posted by [lon](#) on Wed, 15 Mar 2006 18:21:00 GMT

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My take on this must be different than the normal Sex Pistols/New York Dolls needle in the arm view of punk. Yes, I know who GG Allin is but it wasn't part of the scene out in the hinterlands of Wisconsin. I look at it as White t-shirt punk vs Black t-shirt punk. It was mostly 14 year olds who wanted no part of sad old, slow old punk of what was probably their parents generation. I'm speaking in terms of 1981, not 1991 or 2001. The life cycle of the white t-shirt punk was just beginning around 1980 and came out of the surf and skate scene. There's no surf scene in Boston, but that's another story. Black Flag is another story. The Minutemen were another story. It was American punk like the "American Music" tune of The Blasters. It was mostly straight edge and that was the true rebellion. I only got involved with this music as an old fart and DJ because it was about rejecting the old death wish needle in the arm swindle music with a promoter from Carnaby Street. The club scene, if you could call it that with 20 cent tap beers being served on one level while an all-ages show went on upon an abandoned dance floor of a bowling alley, was never covered by the media or picked up by anyone. It wasn't trendy. There was no merchandise like bell-bottomed pants and belts with mystery knots and tie-dyed prairie dresses-- or drugs-- to sell. This scene goes on today. Some have actually stayed with it all these years. They never gave up hope. That's why even though I may not care for it as a steady diet of raw, untuned, unskilled energy, I still appreciate it when I hear it. Looking to punk as being only the Brit scene is like those who identify all of jazz with a pop tune like Take Five: it's the first thing those who know nothing about the music always and invariably request to show how cool they are. I think the in-crowd thing where everybody knows each other in the scene is based on what I've come to call Art Student Punk. You've all seen them: the ones with the leather jackets and spiked hair: the upper middle class suburban artist as punk costume. At the real shows, the DIY shows, the band members look like average people in the audience. And it was a more accepting environment than the 60's ever were for me as an old fart of 30 thirty playing music for 13 year olds as a volunteer radio performer.