



snog. vs the faecal juggernaut of mass culture. cd. hymen records ¥752

tracklist: king of hate, crash crash, bourgeois, turn on your brain baby, planet of shit, on the rise, neighbour of the beast, poison, the disease, don't go down to the woods today, destroyer, al qaeda is your best friend, the de-evolutionaries, a hymn for the fascist republic.

+ mp3 bonus tracks: thou shalt not kill, king of hate (acoustic version), lee harvey oswald, turn on your brain baby (acoustic version), karma song, stomp song, no more shit, crash crash (acoustic version).

+ exclusive photo, lyric and artwork gallery

packaging: digipak & 16page booklet

new t-shirt available: snog. we're the neighbour of the beast. t-shirt. hymen ¥621
black shirt w/ frontprint in glow in the dark ink

...and i hate all you cretins that stand in line... and i hate all you cool types you're wasting your time... and i hate all the rest there's too many crimes to mention... i've got enough hate for this and every dimension... (*'king of hate'*)

snog's last full-time-album 'beyond the valley of the proles' was a brilliantly placed shock for many of those who filed david thrussell's project under 'just-electronic' - thrussell's reference to artists such as lee hazlewood or leonard cohen polarized and proved snogs unpredictable creativity, and listeners' reactions on the seven all-acoustic 'travel sickness' tunes was even more surprised at...

...while we're talking about this one here. yes there are also eight brand new acoustic tracks, live from the verandah - well-hidden on the cd in mp3 format. the fourteen songs you will find in the 'regular' audio-cd section show thrussell and his' companions (such as c.peirce / end, sir real, ubin, the namshub of enki) as masters of amplified sound - is it electro ('crash crash'), is it the trashmen ('on the rise'), is it one of these rock numbers only snog can do ('destroyer')....? indeed it is, amongst others. slide guitars are hit by shuffle-beats, long forgotten tekkno-anthems are drowning in a sea of breakbeats, bombs will be dropped... and who's singing on that track, tom waits? for no one...

'the lyrics are very autobiographical this time... but maybe a little strangely' (d.thrussell). david's music industry experiences are displayed on 'neighbour of the beast', in 'king of hate' he sings about how he (sometimes) feels - snog is one of the few who can wrap accusals in a crust of tunes you can whistle to, garnishing all with the most weird and vitriolic sense of humour. snog meets the faecal juggernaut of mass culture - this is the result.

...and i walk with the beast and i talk with the beast ...i break bread with the beast and i'm fed by the beast ... and i work with the beast and i'm friends with the beast ...i hold hands with the beast and i dance with the beast... (*'neighbour of the beast'*)

...as this episode opens our heroes are in mortal peril. stalked by the affluent empire at every turn (its steaming deposits curdle their tender nostrils) they, however, are never still nor cowered. gathered together with some of their dearest friends and colleagues in a courageous band, they break from their cover in the woods and hurl well timed salvos of tiny stones against the evil giant. tiny stones you say? indeed. but what fine pebbles they are? fashioned from the most wholesome synthetic tones, bedecked with melodious strums upon the lyre and festooned with breathy jewels of pain, warmth and insight. our valiant nuggets of satire lodge in cracks in the turgid hide of the beast. these fissures barely evoke a wince of recognition or a flinch of hurt from the scatological behemoth. but we fight on, sure in the knowledge that every goliath has it's day and that the great beast cannot maintain it's grasp on the minds of the feeble forever. with nary a thought for the present, we battle...for the future. and these, dear comrades, are some of our synthetic melodies for resistance...

'it was through david thrussell that i discovered the true meaning of the words, "country boy." country is not a way of dress, a manner of speech or song, or a trick of geography. rather it is a secret of the heart, of the mind, and spirit. a way of telling it how it really is. "the country" is a very real part of the warmth and sincerity of david i. thrussell. as has become a david thrussell custom, the sessions that produced this, his latest album, were looked forward to by everyone involved with david's "recording family" ...by guitarist dave beattie, the session musicians, back-up voices and studio personnel. though the participants come from as far flung places as new york (me!), tokyo, berlin, birmingham, brisbane, ballarat and beyond, recording dates with david are so uncontrived and totally without formalities or pretense that they have become more fun to be a part of than any other sessions taking place in hepburn springs. during breaks there was the opportunity for us all to explore the abandoned gold mines that dot the landscape just behind david's home. and it struck me here that david, just like the gold mines, does his best work underground. outside of the mainstream, with its commercial pressures and shrill inanity. perhaps it is only in the derelict tunnels and caverns (not coincidentally where david writes many of his lyrics) that an artist can truly see with a vision both calm and cold. in the dim lighting of the recording studio, david's enthusiasm, warmth, and sheer artistry brought this album and the songs it contains to life. afterward, with the session now a memory, he was silhouetted alone at the control room board to listen to the results he gives you here. watching david and his many collaborators record this album - with all the laughter, and plain hard work that went into it - was a pleasure. working with david is a physical and spiritual experience, he is always there with a reassuring hand on your shoulder, a pat on the back when a lick is nailed just right, and a manly hug when the magic is captured on tape. knowing the artist himself is an even greater pleasure for those, like you and i, whose lives and hearts david has touched, or touched with song. so, reject the mainstream juggernaut (it stinks) and embrace ...the huggernaut.'

(charles peirce, 2006)

...pop culture spreads like mutant spunk ...the global brain rots from this junk ...one year it's bombs ...another it's britney
...the western world is a disease... (*'the disease'*)

find more about snog here: www.worldwentdown.com/imcc + www.myspace.com/snogtheband

snog discography on hymen records. 04.2006:
i snog, therefore i am... 2cd / 12". hymen records ¥704 / ¥015. 1999
third mall from the sun. cd / 2x12". hymen records ¥707 / ¥401. 1999
relax into the abyss. cd / 12". hymen records ¥711 / ¥402. 2000
beyond the valley of the proles. cd / 2x12". hymen records ¥730 / ¥406. 2003
real estate man plus. cd. hymen records ¥743. 2005
vs the faecal juggernaut of mass culture. cd. hymen records ¥752. 2006

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