

HUMAN SKAB IS A 10 YEAR OLD KID WHO PLAYS  
AFRICAN MUSIC WITH BUCKETS AND SPOONS. HIS  
ADDRESS IS PO BX 1130 elma wa 98541  
SCREAMIN DEMON DRUNK AND STAGGERIN AROUND  
THROWIN ROCKS AT WINDOWS GRANDEST FIGHT OF  
THE YEAR MIN ING THE RADIATION GO FOR IT  
DEAD BABY BLUES PLAYIN GUITAR THE BEST I  
CAN UN DER THE VIADUCT BULLHEADS ARE UGLY  
AFRICA SONG JOHN WAYNE IS DEAD EAT MY SCABS  
SON G OF THE CENTURY DEATH OF THE DINOSAURS  
WE NEED TO DESTROY THE SOVIET UNION GUITAR  
OF AFRICANS FIRST KID TO H IT THE RADIO  
PHONE GOOF OFF BEIN BAD PIANO CONCERT

'The Rocket' Feb 87

'ND #9'

**HUMAN SCAB** is a ten-year-old boy who does numbers called "Dead Baby Blues" and "We need to Destroy the Soviet Union." There's no doubt that this is a genuine ten-year-old, and equally no doubt that this is something only a very forgiving mother could love....



**Human Scab "Thunderhips and Saddlebags"** [Frank Gunderson, PO Box 10341, Olympia, WA 98502] (\$4)  
This cassette was made by a ten year old boy (little monster?) who does such songs as "Throwin' Rocks at Windows", "Dead Baby Blues", "Bein' Bad" and others. Definitely different, and interesting, to hear what all this kid will do. He uses a variety of toys, smashing glass, sticks, buckets, piano and more.

'Flex' - Fall 87  
**Human Scab Thunderhips and Saddlebags** Human Scab

"Human Skab is a ten year old kid who plays African Music with buckets and spoons," reads the liner notes. It seems that someone sneaky left a tape recorder on when this kid was having a bad day with a piano, guitar, and some makeshift "African" instruments. This tape, featuring tales of white middle class mischief, pro wrestling heroes, and kiddie philosophical revelations can only be interesting to high school hardcore fans and

**Human Scab Thunderhips and Saddle Bags**

Daily Olympian

### Hard to understand taste

Vance Horne's article in The Olympian was disgusting. That these scowling children who call themselves Human Skabs are presented to your readers as a family to be admired is difficult to accept.

The Olympian actually was promoting the sale of tapes produced by these "human skabs". Should you feel motivated to sanction further articles of this nature would you please add another section to your paper and

entitle it something other than "Living". Readers who find this type of reporting repugnant could then remove it for wrapping without reading it and use garbage.

Marian Gerry/Olympia

Robin James & 'audio alchemy'

1) Human Scab - "Brain Suck Out", "Eatin Slugs"  
Travis makes original punk tunes, plays guitar and sings. Wait'll he's a teenager...

'WREK' PlayList Spring 87

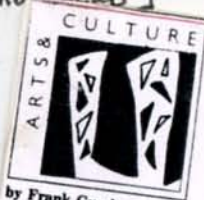
Here's hoping for a Human Scab tour.



'New Music Examiner' Jan 88

Humna Skab is a ten year old kid who plays African music with buckets and spoons. This is a kind of funny tape, and needless to say, the sound quality ain't too hot. This is an interesting tape, but it kinda makes me weep for the future...

[P.O. Box 10341, Olympia, WA 98502].



Casper Point Journal 10-29-86

# Skab With a Mission

by Frank Gunderson

Human Skab is a ten-year old boy who plays African music with buckets and spoons. He story-signs about his life and things he sees. His musical influences are big time wrestling, He-man cartoons, and Motley Crue. Try to imagine Captain Beefheart as a child. That's Human Skab. Human Skab comes home from school with a list of song titles. Stuff like *Hang the Devil on a Cross*, *Kill the Russians Now*, *Why Do Girls Go Out Past Ten*, *Hitters in Hell*, and *Searchin' the World for Darwin*. Important issues for a child of ten. He sets up his equipment on the living room floor, has a He-man microphone, a cheap Panasonic tape recorder, and a 3-string Martin guitar. And lots of buckets and spoons. Otherwise it wouldn't be from Africa, he says.

You have to go downstairs with no flashlight, jump over a cliff, do a flip, have an arena, and rock and roll in it. Yes, this is what you have to do.

Human Skab is a radio superstar. None of his friends believe him, though. They think he is a liar. They tell their big brothers, who wait for him after school with sticks and rocks. He pleads, "If you wanna believe me, you won't hear me on KISW (Seattle's Best Rock). You have to listen to The Food of the Gods, KAOS in Olympia (cool local station). Only then will you know that I am even more famous than John Wayne. C'mon you stupid freaks, I will throw you into outer space and turn you into a constellation!"

On sunny days Human Skab takes his tape recorder and a rake to Main Street. He bangs his rake on the sidewalk and yells at passers-by, "We gotta kill the Russians, they don't have MTV. Make 'em like they're dead as Ethiopians. Skeletor knows more that you do, cross-eyed."

"I'm not doin' this for the money," Human Skab explains. "I'm on a mission. I have a message for the world. It's not just all the things that you do."

A Human Skab tape takes awhile to get used to. A child's cacophony can get on the nerves, quick. But if you get over the initial shock stage and bother to hang around, you will find yourself in a land of aural/oral make-believe where anything can happen, and usually does. The adult perceiver becomes kid anthropologist, hunting for meaning, and finding it everywhere. The listener becomes Human Skab, and experiences.

Human Skab loves to get mail. If you like, you can write him at P.O. Box 1130, Elma, WA, 98641. His latest recording, "Thunder Hips and Saddlebags," is available for \$3.50 or trade or a good story. All monetary proceeds will go towards getting him a real good tape recorder.

Who is Human Skab and why is he saying rad things about Russians, Skeletor, Hitler, and John Wayne? Human Skab is a ten-year-old mowhawked kid who uses Thunderhips and Saddlebags as a teetering platform to rant and rave in prepubescent dementia on such songs as "Phone Goof Off," "Eat My Scabs/Song of the Century," "We Need to Destroy the Soviet Union," and "Grandest Fight of the Year." Bashing spoons on buckets and banging on a poorly tuned upright piano, Skab emits screwy non-sequiturs like "Your wife is almost a widow but she doesn't know it," or "Five people digging though a mountain." One person left playing the piano. Jeepers, these kids today! If Captain Beefheart were ten years old, this is what he'd probably sound like. A must for adults who want to know what kids are thinking about. Human Skab will be delighted to hear from you at P.O. Box 1130, Elma, WA 98541.

What are today's ten-year-olds thinking about: The death of John Wayne? The destruction of the Soviet Union? Big Fights? Answer: All of the above.

If you wanna be a bloody spirit, this is what you have to do.

'Beef' Spring 87

THE HUMAN SCAB. P.O. Box 1130, Elma, WA 98541.

I cannot stress enough the levity of the situation we have uncovered here. Music, as we know it, has been totally disassembled and reconstructed into a more unique and meaningful artform. No, Barry Manilow hasn't recorded a new album, and no, ABBA hasn't regrouped. I'm talking big, bigger than life, transformations in the music scene. It's like if you put all the musical geniuses in a Waring blender — Mozart, Ravel, Cole Porter, Bob Marley, John Lennon, Louie Armstrong, Lionel Ritchie, ad seq. — and frappe'-ed for an hour or two and then stuck in a microphone this, yes this, is the sonorous bliss that would emanate from that blessed appliance. A sheer cacophony of undeniable brilliance. "This is the best music I have ever heard" you would say... and you would be right.

Human Scab is a ten year old boy with a mohawk from Olympia, WA. I'm thoroughly impressed. I don't know what I would say if I met him. "Hello Human, I liked your tape." (?) "Well Mr. Scab, pleased to meet you. We must have lunch some time and chat about your music." (?) This is a ten year old kid. A musical Einstein singing about professional wrestling, the Russians, Skelator and He-Man of the Universe, broken glass, dinosaurs, death and destruction backed by just about any household (and non-household) item you could imagine. Fundamentally, Scab is an incredibly observant young child ranting and screaming about the things he sees and hears. Don't look for sweeping guitar riffs and catchy drum programing... the kid beats on pots, breaks glass, records cars passing on the street, plucks on a 3-string Martin guitar, shouts through a He-Man microphone, and bangs on a piano. He tells stories and requests that radio people "choke on their poop." Nothing else is like this in the world. It is as if something has taken over this ten year old American child's body and provided him with the means to explain to us adults what it is like to be a child growing up in the eighties. It is dark, humorous and ominous.

"In ten years," Scab begins his tape, "I'm gonna be cruisin' the coast, drinkin' my pop, and kissin' all the girls." Song titles include, "Hang the Devil on a Cross," "Kill the Russians Now," "Why Do Girls Go Out Past Ten," "Hitters in Hell," and "Searchin' the World for Darwin." He is the hottest thing in Olympia among the cool set (I'm told). I am a fan. I can't believe it. Send this kid some money (\$3.50 for the recording *Thunder Hips and Saddlebags*) and your life will change. Guaranteed. Al Dente

'Sound Choice' July 1987

HUMAN SCAB: *Thunderhips and Saddle Bags C*

## This 10 year old kid knows how to punkrock real good,

breathtaking like a screaming demon, throwing rocks at windows, killing all of the communists, things that you wouldn't ordinarily try yourself. Something you leave to the experts. This is a very expert project. Imagine yourself being held captive by a 10 year old kid, we're gonna sing now, real loud too, and bang the piano. We're gonna sing now, nothing is going to hurt you, its only sound. Sometimes his uncle Fearless Frank joins in, carrying on, singing brave songs. Its cool. (Human Scab)—Robin James

Bruce Pavitt's 'Subpop'

Well, there's this 10-year old singer from Elma, Washington. He's really cool. His mom calls him Travis but his real name is *Human Skab*. He's also got this incredibly wild cassette out called *Thunder Hips and Saddlebags*. Picture this: the Skab zips around the living room shooting toy guns. He hits the family piano with his fists. He tries real hard to play guitar. He makes up songs about terrorism and radiation and throwing rocks at windows. Cool! The whole family will wig on this noisy novelty! The tape is worth every penny of your \$3.50! And yes, every cassette comes with a different backyard snapshot of Travis. Uh, I mean Human Skab. (HUMAN SCAB: P.O. Box 1130, Elma, WA 98451)



'FactSheet Five' winter 87

HUMAN SCAB, "Thunderhips and Saddlebags" (PO Box 1130, Elma, WA 98541): "In ten years I'm gonna be cruisin' the coast, drinkin' my pop, and kissin' all the girls." Welcome to the ten-year-old world of HS, a precocious youngster who takes anything and everything at his fingertips (pots, pans, toys) to create artay, stream-of-consciousness musical pieces. What's nice about this release is the total honesty and unpretentiousness of it: a total cacophony and wicked, humorous observations that don't pretend. Pretty powerful stuff from a ten year old, who is leaps and bounds ahead of many other artists older and more experienced. I can't wait to see what happens when he turns eleven... (T/CS)



# HUMAN SKAB

BY JON THOMAS

## UNDER THE VIADUCT

UNDER THE RAILROAD TRACK  
 UNDER THE VIADUCT  
 WHAT DO YOU FIND?  
 YOU FIND GLASS - YOU FIND BLOOD  
 YOU FIND THE DAWN OF THE DEAD  
 Wool Wool  
 WAY DO PEOPLE PEE ON THE TRACKS?  
 I DONT CARE, DONT CARE  
 THE ONLY ONE WHO CARES IS MOTHER NATURE  
 YOU HURT HER, YOU HURT GOD  
 YOU HURT EVERYONE

# INSPIRED GOOFING OR BIG FEEDBACK?

Kids sing about what they know as if everyone did the same. They haven't figured out yet that adults usually milk romantic cliches and editorial commentary rather than first-hand experience. Then again, kids excel at the survival skill of sussing out what they can get away with. A cassette from a mohawked ten-year-old in Elma, WA unabashably sums up real life as it bombards him. It sounds like feedback without judgment-- but just because subtlety and irony aren't standard grade school vocabulary doesn't mean they're not working between the lines, in a sarcastic young brain.

At first Human Skab sounds like what Calvin from the Calvin and Hobbes strip might come up with, as manically prefaced by, "Mad? Hahahaha! Mad they called me when I twisted the heads off all the Barbies at Child World. Mad, when I launched Susie in a homemade missile. And now I've got a microphone, I'll show them..."

No, it goes way deeper than that. I think we've got a junior underground zeitgeist here, the outcome of growing up with punk, hardcore, noisy free improv and Third World: a pre-teen version of Fred Frith and Johnny Rotten as Siamese twins. (Is Skab's father an ethno-musicologist? The cassette case is almost info-less. H. Skab is IDed only as "10-year old kid.")

The music shows no respect for sounding nice. Skab plays drums, guitar or squeezebox with the same spirit in which he'd bust a window. He gets sounds he likes out of instruments he doesn't "play" in the conventional sense (though the sense in which he does play would be a healthy one for more "real" musicians to adopt). His sounds are raw, surprising, funny and completely musical. The words describe what any with-it, middle-class kid knows: fear of bullies, the coolness of dinosaurs, the uncoolness of John Wayne, commie-phobia, whatever else his parents tell him, Saturday a.m. He-Man/World Wrestling Federation lalaland.

Is the kid's point of view ironic or simply mirrored? I'd bet on option #1 since he's obviously got a great sense of humor and a lot upstairs. And do we have to label this cassette "naive art?" Nah. You can't send a man to do a kid's job. Let's just hope he's not burnt out by 13.

DEATH AND THE MAIDEN ANGELA BAUD TO TEARS  
 CRISIS AFTER CRISIS BURLESQUE JOED OUT  
 PYROMANIAC YOU SAY YOU WINDSONG  
 YOU CHEAT YOURSELF OF EVERYTHING THAT MOVES



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**• THROWIN ROCKS AT WINDOWS •**  
 ONE DAY ME AND MY FRIENDS - CAME HOME FROM SCHOOL  
 AND WE WAS PLAYIN A GAME  
 CALLED THROWING ROCKS AT WINDOWS  
 ME AND MY FRIENDS WERE ALL BAD AIDS  
 BUT ONE DAY MY BROTHER PRACTICED - REAL HARD  
 AND THEN WHEN WE PLAYED THAT GAME  
 SHATTER THE WINDOW ALL BROKEN!  
 THE WINDOW, THE WINDOW, THE WINDOW YOU CANT SEE NO MORE  
 THE WINDOW IS BROKEN - SHATTERED TO A MILLION PIECES  
 AND THEN THE OLD LADY - CALLE OUT OF HER HOUSE  
 AND SHE PUT THE GARBAGE - IN A GARBAGE CAN  
 AND SHE YELLED AT US - AND SHE SCOLDED US  
 MY BROTHER NEVER FELT SO BAD IN HIS LIFE  
 BUT I LAUGHED THROUGH THE WHOLE SCOLDING  
 LAUGHED THROUGH THE WHOLE SCOLDING,  
 LAUGHED THROUGH THE WHOLE SCOLDING,  
 LAUGHED THROUGH THE WHOLE SCOLDING!

