

# Gals Panic

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*I Think We Need Helicopters* (Goopy Pyramid)

GP is flat-out goofy. Their material is a big fat zero on the social value scale. We're talking down in the Wayne Newton range. Ditties about the incompatibility of dogs and controlled substances, cosmonauts, video game addiction, and metal spines just do not a "Smells Like Teen Spirit" make. But it's this total disregard for relevance that makes these struggling NY-kids-cum-Austin-movie-stars relevant. The title says it all. GP wants to rise above the current pop music fray. Their insanely jubilant Angry Samoans/UK Subs/24-7 Spyz/Slayer having a big ol' luau with the Specials sound makes GP - look out Einstein - energy incarnate. They don't need `copters. All this manic hyperactivity is a wonderfully rude middle finger aimed right at all the rain-soaked depressive grunge, and "I'm so lonely and suicidal" Reznor Rock that's been oozing all over the nation like so much black silly-putty. Rather than succumb to all the fashionable millennial wallowing and whining and "I'm so introspective" attitude, GP has chosen to rock like total madmen right into the next century. I wanna go with them.

4 stars - *Joe Mitchell*

