

# GOOD TRACKZ HANNAH LIKEZ

## Issue 2 (30/4/22)

Hiya and welcome to the April issue of GTHL! There's a nice broad genre mix this month, which is always fun. Not all of these songs are first-time listens but they're ones I've had on repeat.

Rabbit Junk are the big listen this month — I've had them on repeat! I also found a new G.L.O.S.S. song that I'd never heard before, but you might have to wait for that one. This isn't a G.L.O.S.S. fan-zine (yet).

### ***Neurodivergent*, Rabbit Junk**

<https://rabbitjunk.com/track/neurodivergent>

Whips ass. What a great track, and confident album opener. This is my first Rabbit Junk album and it goes extremely hard. Another album highlight is *From the Stars II (Kite and Vireo)*.

<https://rabbitjunk.com/track/from-the-stars-ii-kite-and-vireo>

### ***mass ave*, rexmanningday.**

<https://realrexmanningday.bandcamp.com/track/mass-ave>

Sadie Switchblade was a massive part of my early transition: my friend and I used to stay up late watching videos of her band G.L.O.S.S. She'd scream into the faces of crowds, this beautiful angry woman helping queer damaged people to get their own anger out, focus it like a blade at the society that was fucking them up.

I used to check her twitter, search through youtube for new live videos. I think I've seen every published video of G.L.O.S.S. playing live. I listened to Dyke Drama when relationships were going south, hoping it would help me cry. At some point Sadie disappeared, went offline.

This is a really beautiful song. Lyrically it's a story about unrequited repressed love, only reciprocated when it's too late to do anything about it. It's a classic emo jam: tight drums, compelling guitar. The vocals at times are antagonistic, others harmonising. That push and pull, that love-hate. The safety in loving someone when you know it's already over — of knowing there's an end-point to all this. It makes me want to kiss someone while I still can.

## ***christmas card from a scammer in minneapolis (live), default genders***

<https://magicalpessimism.bandcamp.com/track/christmas-card-from-a-scammer-in-minneapolis-live>

default genders perfectly captures that feeling of wasted potential — being told as a child you'll be someone important before realising maybe aged 13 that it won't happen, that trying is a waste of effort, that even the *idea* of trying is wrong. Put the work in, get a degree and a white-collar job. Who benefits: you? Really?

what if they catch me? ha, let's face it  
i know the cashiers here. they do the same shit  
the CEO is an asshole, and the pay's shit

So you find an alternative. Drop out, get fucked up, really waste your potential. Embrace the nihilism of it all. Fuck it.

if you got twenty or thirty, that's all it takes, man  
we can get wasted! even more wasted than  
my EBT and your major in illustration!

The album isn't apathetic. Its targets are clear, but the odds don't feel good yet. Maybe one day.

## ***San Cristobal, Mal Blum***

<https://malblum.bandcamp.com/track/san-cristobal>

You may have noticed a theme here. I've had a weird mood lately.

This is a really pretty and sad and heartbreaking song. It makes me think about the inevitability of missing out on things, that longing desire to fix everything in amber that you only get once the best moments are over.

But you can't do that — you have to let your loved ones breathe, and change, and leave you. You have to let yourself breathe too.