

REVOLVER

The Orangeburg Massacre

THESE HARDCORE HISTORIANS WANNA TEACH YOU A LESSON

WHY YOU SHOULD CARE: Not only is this Torrance, California, crew whipping up some seriously heavy hardcore on its fierce debut, *Moorea* (Pluto), but the Orangeburg Massacre also have an ethos that will appeal equally to crusty scene vets and the tight-jeans-wearing youth of today. "Our band is about reminding people they have a voice," says singer Brandon Barron, whose lyrical scope spans landmark Darwinism trials ("Bryan V. Darrow") to idealized states of being ("Altruism"). "But we're careful not to preach. We just try to open eyes, get out of the way, and let people decide for themselves what to think."

CHILD'S PLAY: Though their eye-opening name was chosen to call attention to a 1968 civil-rights demonstration at South Carolina State University in which police killed three young men, the Orangeburg Massacre aren't a glum lot. "Our tour bus is like a kindergarten class on wheels," Barron says with a laugh. "It's never boring—there's always somebody doing something stupid." TOM's youthful, fidgety vigor is palpable on the 11-track *Moorea*, which clocks in at just over 30 minutes and bursts forth in urgent shots of distorted guitar and blasting drums.



From left, Alex Lim (guitar),
Brandon Barron (vocals),
Anthony Garay (drums) and
Danny Camarena (bass)

WHAT'LL THEY CALL HIM WHEN HE'S 34? At 24, Barron is the oldest kid on TOM's bus, a position that affords him both respect and ridicule. "I've been told that I'm 'old school,' which is awesome because it means some of the younger, more mainstream kids are starting to think about hardcore's history," says Barron, who eschews emotive screaming and Cookie Monster vocals for a more unhinged, Jacob Bannon-style bark. "Except now they call me 'Old Man Barron,'" he adds, laughing. "That's actually my nickname." **BRAD ANGLE**