

By **Stephanie King**

Crashing into being with a punky surf drum intro that sounds like it should have Joey Ramone yelping [“Hey Ho! Let’s Go!”](#) over it, Golden Girls’s [Amateur Teen Sex Attics](#) is the kind of noisy, anarchic, fast pop-punk that gets played over compilation videos of boys wiping out on their skateboards.



A screwdriver guitar drills behind a falsetto male lead and snarling backing vocals, rattling out a blistering, lo-fi racket of rambunctious bedlam. The melody is upbeat but with lyrics telling of suburban boredom screamed full blast, the sound is cheap, angry fun. Winding itself up with a truncated guitar solo and a frustrated howl, the song cartwheels into an over-excitable coda of high-pitched yelps; doo! doo! doo! And that’s it.

With the song’s mistyped frat-boy name and their Myspace page featuring tanned, naked girls pulling stunts on skateboards under the heading Meals on Wheels, Golden Girls could be big fat jokers or desperately unfunny jackasses. But the music on their site is immediate and ebullient, and while hardly groundbreaking, it’s a welcome shot in the arm of DIY music. The recent trend for polished, cold electronica has left me hankering for some malformed, unselfconscious rough and tumble.

On the 16th anniversary of the release of Green Day's [Dookie](#) (1st Feb), it feels about time for another cheeky, infantile mosh. Maybe, in this world of designer t-shirts, achingly hip warehouse clubs and nonchalant, remote DJs, Golden Girls and their ilk could gatecrash the guest list and trample their grubby little paws all the way through the chic members' club...

Amateur Teen Sex Attics' adolescent breathlessness bulldozes through a lean, mean 90 seconds of charming, unrepentant noise. Wham, bam, thank you Golden Girls.