



# Hahn Festival 2020

PresseText

## The World Inferno Friendship Society

Now entering its startling 48th year as a secret society, and 25th as an internationally touring cabaret, the World Inferno Friendship Society is more global, actively on-fire, gregarious, and social than ever before in its illustrious history. On the back of its forthcoming seventh full-length LP/sequel to the Anarchist Cookbook, the Society looks to reassume recognition as humanitarian organization, death cult, and punk rock orchestra. The title of the new album, “All Borders Are Porous to Cats,” is both a call to arms to the undocumented and their co-conspirators, and a musical warning to those who police imaginary lines on maps. The comparisons to W/IFS (dubbed “whiffs” by the venerable Dick Lucas of Subhumans for the swift whiffing sound the band makes while playing their instruments) have been many: The Clash being forced to play wind instruments, Crass on ketamine, or the Buena Vista Social Club if they were not old Cuban men, but a perennially angry collective of East Coast radicals. It’s not a matter of if, but when the World Inferno is coming to your town, and preparations are simple: your finest eveningwear, a complete and utter lack of inhibitions, and a willingness, no, a mandate, to have the finest night of your life. Take a partner in one hand and raise the other in a fist, listen to the rumbling floor toms and the accordion, saxophone, trumpet, violin blare, and welcome the World...Inferno...Friendship...Society!

Album description: Take it as a promise, and a patent fact: “All Borders Are Porous to Cats.” The World/Inferno Friendship Society’s 7th full-length LP finds the collective reset and reinvigorated, behind the lyrics of Jack Terricloth, apparent possessor of the punk rock fountain of everlasting style and rage. The album follows Cat in the Hat (no relation), an undocumented refugee who is framed for a crime and requires the assistance of a ragtag gang of miscreants, academics, orchestra-caliber musicians, and radical insurgents—sometimes art does in fact imitate life! First single “Nightmares” improbably adds to the list of genres the band attempts, offering a horn and gang vocal driven shuffle somewhere between Fela Kuti and Elvis Costello. Follow-up “Freedom is a Wilderness” was fitting first available on an a compilation benefitting Chelsea Manning upon her initial release. The band is uncertain if New Romantic 2 Tone ska is an available generic distinction, but they damn well gave it a shot, and the haunting echo of “who woulda thought?” reminds the listener that for political prisoners like Manning, freedom is a relative concept at best. The remainder of the album sees the band at its most expansive musically—covering everything from Bowie ballads (“I’ll Be Your Alibi”) to Balkan punk stomps (“Looks Like Blood”)—and inflammatory lyrically, with tales of romance, righteous indignation, and resistance.

video links:

[https://youtu.be/D-x\\_shhe-h4](https://youtu.be/D-x_shhe-h4)

<https://youtu.be/Xcz4GKbTaxI>

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