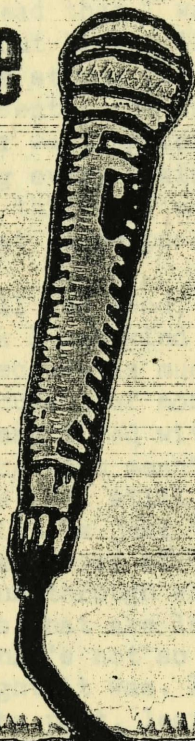


**These
Are
The
Days
no. 4**



I've been asking myself a lot of questions lately about why I do this zine. When I started doing it I had this idea in my head that I wanted the zine to be about living life to the fullest with a strong focus on living in the present - not dwelling on the past or waiting for the future, but making every waking moment - in fact, this very moment right now, one that is purposely meaningful.

That's all well and good, but to be honest, I think I was kind of fooling myself. Because as much as this zine is a document of moments in my life that were lived with full awareness of making them meaningful and important, the fact still remains that this zine is just that - a DOCUMENT. It's a record of the past. It's a medium through which to look back to times that are long gone. But maybe that's not so bad as I originally thought it was. I think that looking to the past, learning from it, and allowing it to inform

the future is actually really important. Without the past there would be no present. It's how we know who we are and where we've come from, without which we'd have no idea who we want to be and where we want to go. The past is like an ever-growing mound of present moments. With every second that passes the mound grows higher, and as we stand upon that mountain of history rising beneath our feet, we are constantly gaining a greater vantage point from which to view our present situation.

So hooray for the past, hell yes to the present, and i can't wait for the future. Because every moment of our lives has potential for learning and loving and beauty and truth. Every day a revolution begins, every breath has consequence, every step is in a direction. So thanks for reading these stories from my life, but please, when you finish, get off your ass and go create your own damn stories.

I BOUGHT A NEW PEN TO DRAW WITH
TODAY. FOR A WHILE I'VE BEEN
USING THESE GEL PENS.

THEY WORK

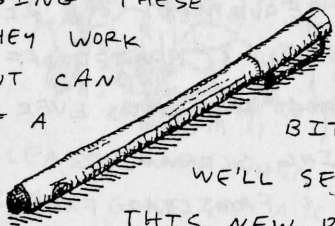
PRETTY NICE

BUT CAN

OCCASIONALLY

BE A

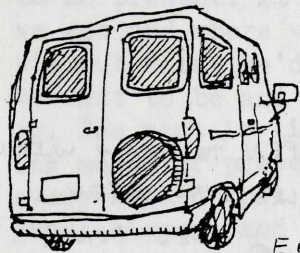
BIT ORNERY. SO



WE'LL SEE HOW I LIKE

THIS NEW PEN. I'LL

PROBABLY TRY TO DRAW THIS WHOLE
ISSUE WITH IT & SEE HOW IT
TREATS ME.



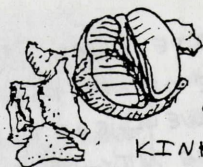
SAFETY HAWK TOOK
A TRIP TO GREENS-
BORO, NC TONIGHT
TO PLAY A SHOW. WE
PILED ALL OUR
EQUIPMENT & 9 KIDS

INTO BECKLEY'S VAN & HEADED OFF
TO ONE OF THE MOST FUN SHOWS EVER -
DANCING, SINGING, SCREAMING,
SHADOW PUPPETS, & FAMILIAR FACES IN
FAR AWAY TOWNS. MEETING UP WITH
OLD FRIENDS, MAKING NEW FRIENDS,
TRADING ZINES, & TELLING STORIES.
THIS IS EXACTLY WHY I STILL SPEND
ANY TIME AT ALL ON THIS SILLY
"PUNK ROCK" THING.

THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB PLAYED
IN RICHMOND & WE OPENED FOR THEM.
THE SHOW WENT WELL, BUT THE REAL
HIGHLIGHT OF THE NIGHT, FOR ME



AT LEAST, WAS WHEN THE DUDE FROM
TBIAPB GAVE ME A COPY OF THE
ZINE HE PUT TOGETHER ABOUT HOW TO
MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OUT OF
COMMON HOUSEHOLD ITEMS. IT'S SOME-
THING I'VE BEEN WANTING TO LEARN
ABOUT FOR A WHILE NOW, SO IT WAS
RAD HOW IT JUST SO EASILY FELL
RIGHT INTO MY HANDS.



SITTING ON A
BENCH OUTSIDE
OF THE DOWNTOWN

KINKO'S EATING AN

ORANGE. I WAS JUST THINKING

ABOUT HOW GOOD FRUIT IS. FOR

" SOME REASON THOUGH, I NEVER FEEL

LIKE EATING IT EVEN THOUGH I KNOW

I SHOULD. BUT THEN EVERY TIME I

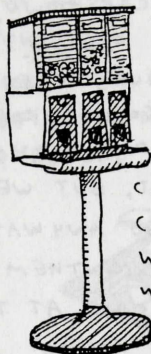
TAKE A BITE INTO A FRESHLY DUMPSTERED

APPLE OR ORANGE I'M AMAZED BY THE

SUPER INTENSE BURST OF TASTY FLAVOR

THAT FILLS MY MOUTH. IT'S FUNNY

HOW THAT WORKS.



WE DROVE OUT TO HARRISONBURG
TO PLAY A SHOW LAST NIGHT.

THE SHOW WAS FUN, THE KIDS
WERE COOL & THERE WAS EVEN A
NIRVANA COVER BAND! SO WHEN

THE SHOW WAS OVER WE PACKED

UP OUR STUFF & GOT BACK IN THE
CAR TO HEAD BACK HOME, BUT THE

CAR JUST WOULDN'T GO. AW HELL,

WE WERE STUCK IN THE 'BURG

WITH A BROKEN CAR. THE KIDS

WHOSE HOUSE WE PLAYED AT LET

US CRASH THERE (THANKS GUYS!)

& THE NEXT MORNING WE CALLED A TOW TRUCK

TO BRING US TO A REPAIR SHOP. GLEN, OUR

TOW TRUCK DRIVER, TURNED OUT TO BE A

REALLY COOL GUY - HE LET 3 OF US RIDE

IN THE CAR ON THE BACK OF THE TOW

TRUCK ON THE WAY TO THE SHOP. ONCE AT

THE SHOP WE SAT AROUND FOR HOURS &

HOURS JUST TO HAVE THEM TELL US THEY

WERE UNSURE WHAT WAS WRONG &

COULDN'T HELP US BUT ALSO WOULD DIS-

COURAGE US TRYING TO DRIVE THE

CAR.

THERE WAS A PEP BOYS DOWN THE STREET
SO WE DECIDED TO TAKE THE CAR DOWN
THERE TO SEE IF THEY COULD FIX IT.

AGAIN WE SAT AROUND FOR HOURS THIS
TIME JUST TO BE TOLD THEY COULD ORDER

A PART ON MONDAY & THAT

MIGHT FIX IT, BUT WE

HAD TO PAY \$60 ANYWAY

JUST FOR HAVING THEM

LOOK AT THE CAR. AT THIS

POINT WE WERE ALL SO

FRUSTRATED & TIRED & SO

THIS NEWS SENT US OVER THE EDGE.

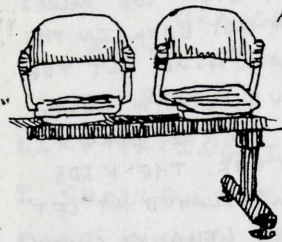
ANNA STARTED CRYING & RASUL FLIPPED OUT

ON THE PEP BOYS EMPLOYEES, CALLING THEM

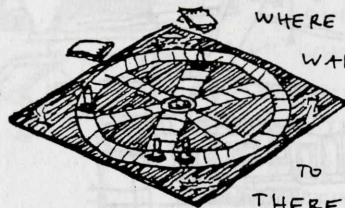
NAMES & ARGUING WITH THEM. VOICES

WERE RAISED, CURSE WORDS WERE SPOUTED,

IT WAS INTENSE!



WE ENDED UP ~~BEING~~ RUNNING INTO GLEN THE
TOW TRUCK DRIVER AGAIN & HE SAID HE'D
TOW US TO RICHMOND THE NEXT MORNING. SO
WE CALLED A CAB, GOT A BUNCH OF BEER
& HEADED BACK TO THE CRAYOLA HOUSE
WHERE WE PLAYED STAR



WARS EDITION

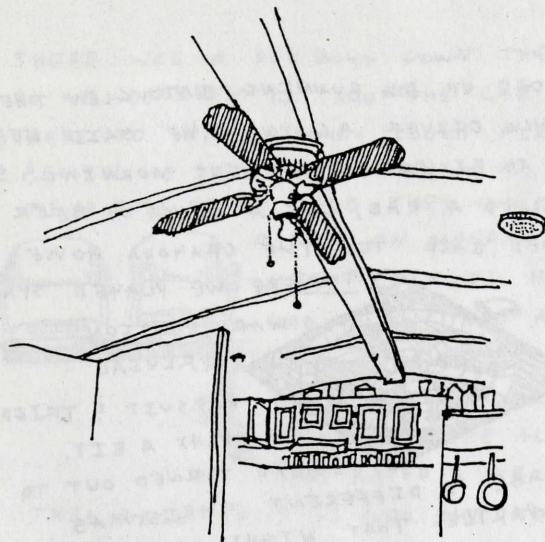
TRIVIAL

PURSUIT & TRIED

TO RELAX A BIT.

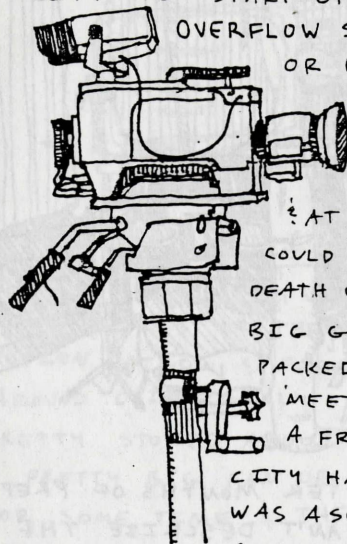
THERE TURNED OUT TO

BE 3 DIFFERENT CHRISTMAS
DANCE PARTIES THAT NIGHT ALL WITHIN
A BLOCK OF EACH OTHER SO WE WANDERED
TO & FRO BETWEEN THEM. THE REST OF THE
NIGHT WAS FILLED WITH DRINKING,
DANCING, SINGING, MINGLING, & EVEN
MAKING OUT UNDER SOME MISTLETOE.

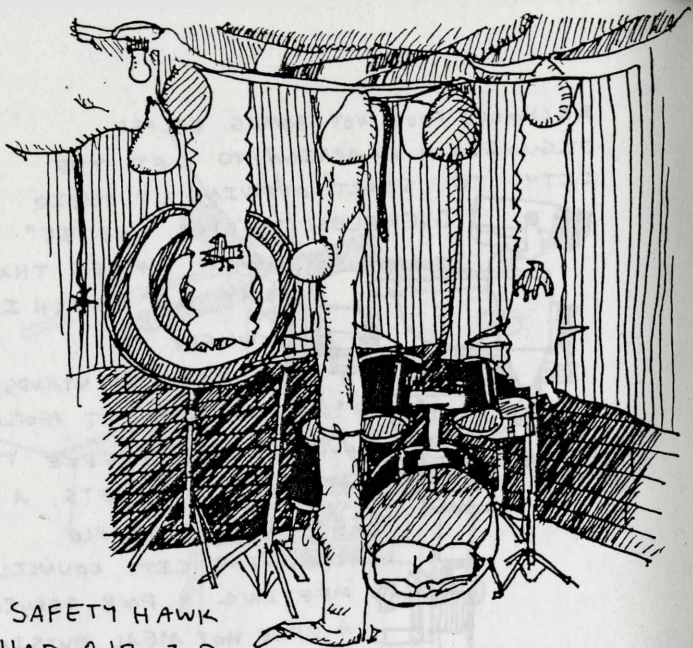


ME & JENNY RODE WITH GREG OUT TO THE LITTLE FLOWER CATHOLIC WORKER FARM TODAY. A COUPLE WEEKS AGO ONE OF THEIR CABINS BURNED DOWN, SO WE WENT OUT THERE TO HELP THEM CLEAN UP, LOADING UP THE TRUCK WITH BURNT DEBRIS, HAULING OFF SALVAGEABLE WOOD, PULLING OUT NAILS.

RICHMOND FOOD NOT BOMBS HELPED ORGANIZE A CAMPAIGN TO GET THE CITY TO START OPENING UP THEIR OVERFLOW SHELTER AT 35° OR BELOW RATHER THAN AT 25° WHICH IS WHERE IT CURRENTLY STANDS AT WHICH POINT PEOPLE COULD POSSIBLY FREEZE TO DEATH ON THE STREETS. A BIG GROUP OF PEOPLE PACKED THE CITY COUNCIL MEETING & FNB SERVED A FREE HOT MEAL OUTSIDE CITY HALL. THE CAMPAIGN WAS A SUCCESS, ALL OF THE COUNCIL PERSONS SUPPORTED

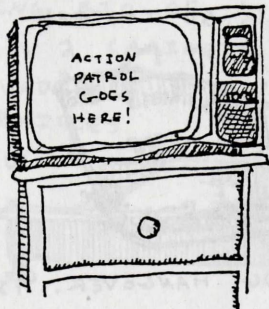


IT, BUT WHAT I THOUGHT WAS PRETTY NEAT WAS THE FACT THAT THEY OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZED FOOD NOT BOMBS EVEN THOUGH IT'S ESSENTIALLY AN ILLEGAL ORGANIZATION BY NATURE. SCORE ONE FOR THE PUNX.



SAFETY HAWK
HAD OUR 3-D
SHOW TONIGHT. AFTER MONTHS OF PREP-
ARATION WORDS CAN'T DESCRIBE THE
RIDICULOUS VISUAL ASSAULT WE THRUST
UPON THE AUDIENCE. ANAGLYPHIC
PROCESSES, STEREOSCOPIC GLASSES, RED &
BLUE ROCKING FURY. THE HISTORY OF
SPACE & TIME WERE ALTERED, DIMENSIONS
WERE MOST CERTAINLY CROSSED, & ALSO
MUCH ROCK WAS ROLLED.

BEING THAT CHRISTMAS IS JUST AROUND
THE CORNER SOME KIDS THREW A NOG PARTY.
I SOMEWHAT RELUCTANTLY WENT, BUT



ONCE THERE HAD
A GOOD TIME
DRINKING MORE
THAN MY FAIR
SHARE OF SOY NOG,
& DANCING UP A
STORM (ONCE THE
NOG KICKED IN).

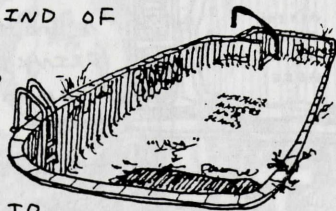
WE WATCHED SOME
HOME MOVIES OF THE LEAD SINGER OF
ACTION PATROL & FRIENDS DRIVING
AROUND DOING SILLY STUFF WHICH I WAS
PRETTY STOKED ABOUT SINCE I'VE BEEN
A PRETTY BIG FAN OF ACTION PATROL
FOR SOME TIME & THE FACT THAT THEY
WERE FROM RICHMOND PLAYED A ROLE IN
MY DECISION TO MOVE HERE. IT WAS
ALMOST COOL ENOUGH TO MAKE UP FOR THE
NUMEROUS JEALOUSIES & TENSIONS THAT
KEPT REARING THEIR UGLY HEADS THROUGH-
OUT THE EVENING THANKS TO THE 5 OR MORE
LOVE TRIANGLES I HAD THE PLEASURE OF BEING
AWARE OF OR ASSOCIATED WITH.

I RODE MY BIKE OUT TO KINKO'S
THIS MORNING ONLY TO BE REMINDED
THAT THEY'RE CLOSED ON THE
WEEKENDS! OH WELL, SO INSTEAD
I JUST KIND OF

RANDOMLY
MEANDERED
THROUGH.

DOWN-
TOWN

TRYING TO



SHAKE OFF MY NOG HANGOVER. AS
I GOT CLOSER BACK TOWARDS HOME
I STUMBLED ACROSS AN ABANDONED OLD
HOTEL THAT I'D NEVER NOTICED BEFORE.
INSTEAD OF BEING FILLED WITH
WATER THE POOL WAS GRAFFITI-FILLED &
OVERRUN WITH WEEDS STRUGGLING
OUT THROUGH CRACKS IN THE CEMENT.
THE BRIGHTLY COLORED, SPRAY-PAINTED
MESSAGES CONTRASTING WITH THE
DIRT & DECAY & NEGLECT OF THIS
SECRET, SECLUDED SPOT WERE
EXCITING & BEAUTIFUL.

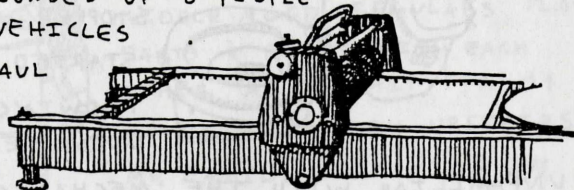
JENNY FOUND OUT THROUGH AN ACQUAINTANCE
THAT THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND WAS
GETTING RID OF A HUGE PROOFING
PRESS & 2 CABINETS OF LEAD TYPE SO
WE ROUNDED UP 8 PEOPLE
& 3 VEHICLES

TO HAUL

THE

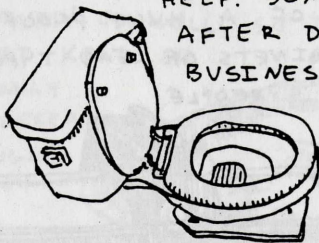
HVN-

DREDS



OF POUNDS OF HULKING METAL FROM
U OF R TO OUR LIVING ROOM. IT'S
SO AWESOME - OUR HOUSE IS A PRINTSHOP!
TO CELEBRATE THE NEW ADDITION TO
OUR HOUSE & TO THANK OUR HELPERS
WE COOKED UP A HUGE MEAL FOR
EVERYONE & SAT AROUND TALKING,
STUFFING OURSELVES, & BASKING IN
THE GLORY & INNUMERABLE EXCITING
POSSIBILITIES OF THE PRESS.

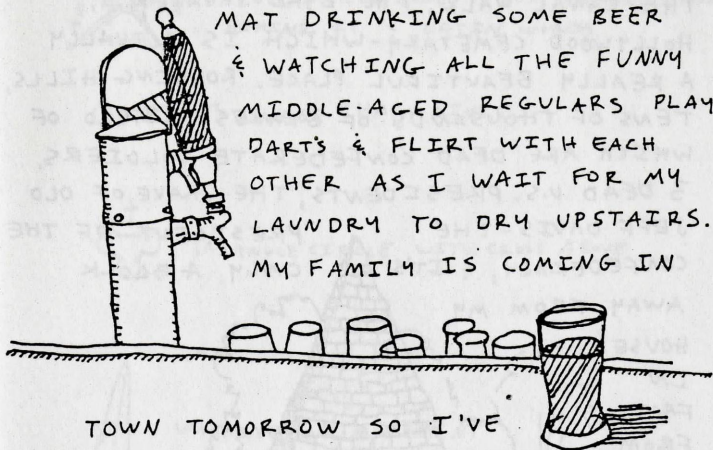
I WAS WOKEN UP THIS
MORNING BY MARK YELLING
"HELP! SOMEONE HELP!"



AFTER DOING HIS
BUSINESS THE TOILET
STOPPED UP &
STARTED OVER-
FLOWING! I
GUESS HE WAS

UNFAMILIAR WITH THE MECHANICS OF
THE TOILET & JUST SORT OF PANICKED
WHEN HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. THE
ENTIRE BATHROOM FLOOR WAS COVERED
IN TOILET WATER & IT EVEN CREEPT
ITS WAY INTO JENNY'S ROOM & LEAKED
THROUGH THE FLOOR TO DRIP OUT OF
THE CEILING OF THE LIVING ROOM
DOWNSTAIRS. GRODY!

I'M SITTING AT THE BAR IN THE
BASEMENT OF THE LOST SOCK LAUNDRO-
MAT DRINKING SOME BEER
& WATCHING ALL THE FUNNY
MIDDLE-AGED REGULARS PLAY
DART'S & FLIRT WITH EACH
OTHER AS I WAIT FOR MY
LAUNDRY TO DRY UPSTAIRS.
MY FAMILY IS COMING IN



TOWN TOMORROW SO I'VE
BEEN MAKING SOME LAST
MINUTE PREPARATIONS FOR THEIR
ARRIVAL - MOSTLY CLEANING & TIDYING -
TRYING TO MAKE MY LIFE APPEAR AS
PARENT-PLEASING AS POSSIBLE. I DON'T
KNOW IF CLEAN CLOTHES & DAILY
BATHS WILL REALLY MAKE THEIR
VISIT ANY MORE BEARABLE, BUT I
FIGURE IT'S WORTH A SHOT.

THE LAST 2 DAYS WERE SPENT SHOWING
MY FAMILY AROUND RICHMOND -
MOSTLY HITTING ALL THE TOURIST SPOTS -
THE CANAL WALK, THE BYRD THEATER, &
HOLLYWOOD CEMETARY - WHICH IS ACTUALLY
A REALLY BEAUTIFUL PLACE. ROLLING HILLS,
TENS OF THOUSANDS OF GRAVES - 18,000 OF
WHICH ARE DEAD CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS,
3 DEAD U.S. PRESIDENTS, THE GRAVE OF OLD
JEFF DAVIS - THE PRESIDENT OF THE
CONFEDERACY, & IT'S ONLY A BLOCK
AWAY FROM MY

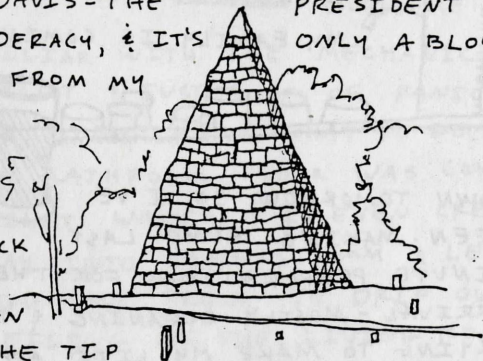
HOUSE!

IN
FACT, 5' W
FROM
MY BACK
YARD

YOU CAN

SEE THE TIP

OF THIS WEIRD PYRAMID MONUMENT
PEAKING OUT OVER THE TOP OF THE TREES.
I'M CONVINCED IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO
WITH THE MASONS, BUT I GUESS I REALLY HAVE
NO IDEA WHAT MEANING IT HOLDS ANY MORE THAN
ANY OF THE OTHER STRANGE, CRYPTIC SYMBOLS
SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE CEMETARY.



SKULL & CROSSBONES WITH CROSSED SWORDS
BEHIND IT & LATIN WORDS



3 ~~MEMBER~~ CHAIN LINKS



TRIANGLE CIRCLE WITH CROSS ABOVE



WASHINGTON MONUMENT

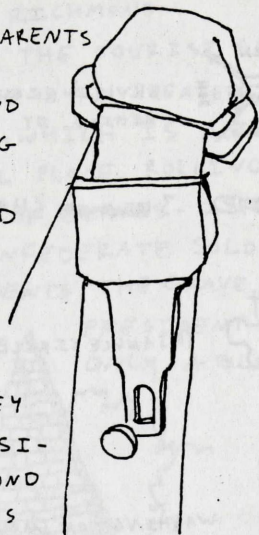


WASHINGTON MON. WITH POINT CUTOFF
COVERED WITH A DRAPERY

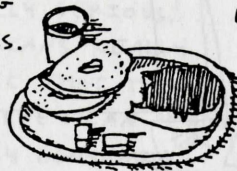


DRAFTING TOOLS? WITH A "G" ABOVE

THIS XMAS MY PARENTS
DECIDED THAT
RATHER THAN SPEND
MONEY ON BUYING
GIFTS FOR EACH
OTHER WE SHOULD
PUT THAT MONEY
TOWARD GOING
ON A TRIP &
SPENDING TIME
TOGETHER. SO THEY
DROVE FROM LOUISI-
ANA UP TO RICHMOND
& AFTER A FEW DAYS
WE ALL DROVE UP TO
NEW YORK CITY. I GUESS ALL THAT
BALONEY IN THE WAKE OF SEPTEMBER 11TH
ABOUT "COME TO NY & SPEND MONEY TO
FIGHT TERRORISM" ACTUALLY WORKED
ON MY PARENTS.



AS I EAT THIS
CONTINENTAL
BREAKFAST I'M
THINKING ABOUT HOW
AMAZING
COFFEE IS.
THIS
MORNING



IT WAS
IMPOSSIBLE TO WAKE UP & ONCE I
FINALLY MANAGED TO ROLL OUT OF BED
I WAS GRUMPY & SURLY. BUT AFTER I
GOT A CUP OF COFFEE IN ME NOT
ONLY WAS I COMPLETELY AWAKE, I
WAS IN A REALLY GOOD MOOD TOO! YAY!

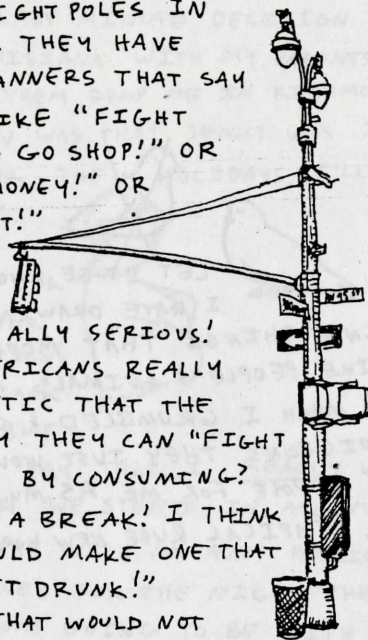


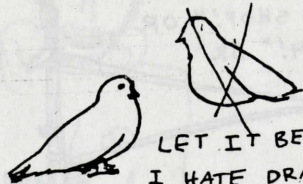
MY MOM DREW THIS PICTURE. IT'S ME
EATING CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST. I
THINK IT'S AWESOME WHEN OTHER PEOPLE
ASK TO DRAW STUFF IN MY NOTEBOOK.
ENCOURAGING PEOPLE TO DRAW IS ALWAYS
A GOOD THING, PLUS IT'S RAD TO BE ABLE
TO SEE A SKETCH OF THE WORLD FROM
ANOTHER PERSON'S POINT OF VIEW.
THANKS MOM!

ON THE LIGHT POLES IN
NEW YORK THEY HAVE
THESE BANNERS THAT SAY
THINGS LIKE "FIGHT
BACK NY - GO SHOP!" OR
"SPEND MONEY!" OR
"EAT OUT!"
OR "SEE
A SHOW!"

I'M TOTALLY SERIOUS!
ARE AMERICANS REALLY
SO PATHETIC THAT THE
ONLY WAY THEY CAN "FIGHT
BACK" IS BY CONSUMING?
GIVE ME A BREAK! I THINK
THEY SHOULD MAKE ONE THAT
SAYS "GET DRUNK!"

BECAUSE THAT WOULD NOT
ONLY CONTRIBUTE TO THE ECONOMY BUT WOULD
ALSO CONTINUE TO NUMB PEOPLE TO THE UTTER
ABSURDITY OF THE IDEA THAT THEY ARE
SOMEHOW "FIGHTING" SOMETHING. OR HOW
ABOUT "TAKE A POOP!" IT'S SOMETHING WE ALL
MINDLESSLY DO EVERY DAY ANYWAY SO WHY NOT
PRETEND IT FIGHTS SOMETHING WHILE WE'RE AT
IT? PTHBHTPT!!! TAKE THAT BIN LADEN!





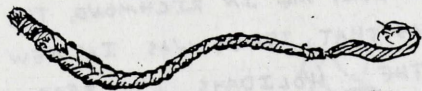
LET IT BE KNOWN THAT
I HATE DRAWING
LIVING THINGS THAT MOVE
AROUND LIKE PEOPLE & ANIMALS. NO
MATTER HOW MUCH I GRUMBLED & GRIPED
AT THESE PIGEONS THEY JUST WOULDN'T
STAY STILL & POSE FOR ME. AS MY MOM
WOULD SAY, "TYPICAL RUDE NEW YORKERS!"

I MADE A LAST MINUTE DECISION TO RIDE
BACK TO LOUISIANA WITH MY PARENTS RATHER
THAN HAVE THEM DROP ME IN RICHMOND. THE
MAIN REASON WAS THAT JENNY WAS IN NEW
ORLEANS FOR THE HOLIDAYS. I'LL SPARE
YOU ALL THE

GRUELING
DETAILS OF OUR
ROLLERCOASTER
OF A RELATION-
SHIP (OR LACK
THEREOF), BUT

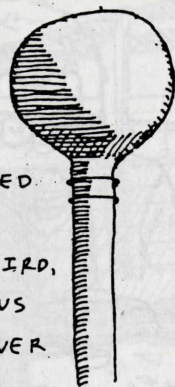


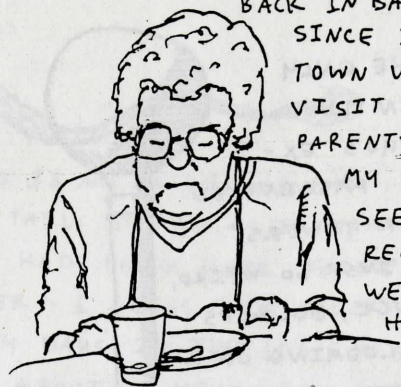
LET'S JUST SAY THAT I REALLY WANTED
TO SEE HER. WE STOPPED IN ATLANTA ON THE
WAY TO STAY WITH MY AUNT PATRICIA &
UNCLE HARVEY FOR THE NIGHT. THEY DIDN'T
KNOW I WAS GOING TO BE WITH MY FAMILY,
SO WHEN I WALKED UP THE STEPS YOU
SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE LOOK ON THEIR
FACES. MY UNCLE HARVEY WAS ESPECIALLY
STOKED TO SEE ME - HE MUST'VE HUGGED
ME LIKE 10 TIMES, HIS EYES GOT ALL
WATERRY, AND HE EVEN SAID I "MADE HIS
CHRISTMAS!"



THIS IS MY UNCLE HARVEY'S
PONYTAIL. AS FAR AS I KNOW
HE'S HAD LONG HAIR FOREVER
& EVER - I GUESS EVER SINCE HIS
HIPPIE DAYS IN THE 60'S & 70'S.
BUT ABOUT A YEAR AGO HE
JUST DECIDED TO CUT IT OFF.
HE SAVED IT THOUGH & NOW
IT SITS ON HIS DESK NEXT
TO HIS COMPUTER, SOME ROBOT
TOYS, & A PICTURE OF ME &
HIM TOGETHER AT MY GRADUATION.

AM I THE ONLY
PERSON IN THE
WORLD WHO'S EX-
TREMELY FASCINATED
BY WATER TOWERS?
THEY'RE JUST SO WEIRD,
THESE HUGE, BULBOUS
SHAPES LODGING OVER
US. I THINK MOST
PEOPLE DON'T EVEN NOTICE THEM
EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE SO GLARINGLY
OBTUSUS. I GUESS IT'S LIKE TELEPHONE
POLES & CLOUDS IN THE SKY, THE
SOUND OF TRAFFIC OR WIND IN THE
TREES - ALL THESE THINGS WE'RE
CONSTANTLY SURROUNDED BY YET
SOMEHOW NEVER SEEM TO NOTICE.

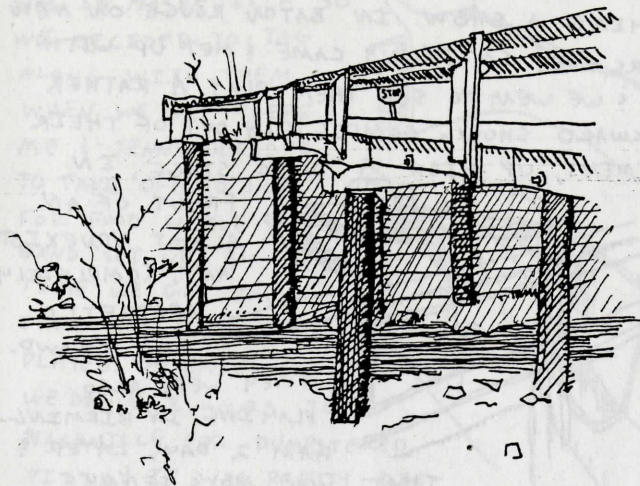




BACK IN BATON ROUGE.
SINCE I'M IN
TOWN WE WENT TO
VISIT MY GRAND-
PARENTS TODAY.

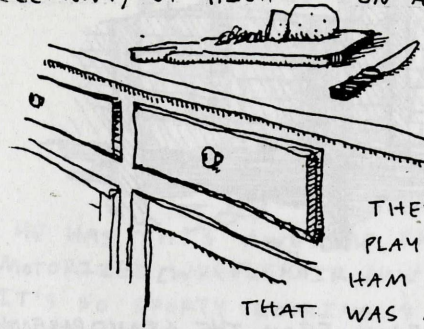
MY PAW PAW
SEEMS TO BE
RECOVERING
WELL AFTER
HIS LEG
AMPUTATION.

HE HAS THIS AWESOME BRIGHT RED
MOTORIZED WHEELCHAIR NOW TO GET AROUND.
IT'S SO SPORTY LOOKING & THEY GOT IT
FOR FREE! ALSO THEY SHOWED ME THIS
AMAZING OLD ANTIQUE MUSIC BOX THEY
HAVE THAT USED TO BE MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS.
IT'S LIKE 100 YEARS OLD! IT SOUNDS SO
BEAUTIFUL - A REALLY DEEP, RICH SOUND. IT
PLAYS THESE CRAZY METAL DISCS ABOUT
THE SIZE OF AN LP WITH TONS OF TINY
HOLES IN THEM. I WAS TOTALLY AWED BY IT.



AFTER WE GOT BACK FROM THE GRANDPARENTS
I TOOK OFF ON A BIKE RIDE. I WENT DOWN
TO THIS OLD SPOT I USED TO GO TO WHEN I
STILL LIVED WITH MY PARENTS. IT'S THIS
LITTLE CREEK THAT RUNS UNDER THE ROAD
RIGHT BY MY PARENTS HOUSE. ONE OF THE
FEW SECRET SPOTS WHERE NATURE STILL
STRUGGLES TO EXIST HIDDEN AMIDST THE
SUBURBS.

IT JUST SO HAPPENED THAT STOP IT! (MY FRIENDS' BAND FROM RICHMOND) WAS PLAYING A SHOW IN BATON ROUGE ON NEW YEARS EVE! SO JENNY CAME & MET UP WITH ME & WE WENT TO SEE THEM PLAY A RATHER AWKWARD SHOW - COMPLETELY OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT, UP HIGH

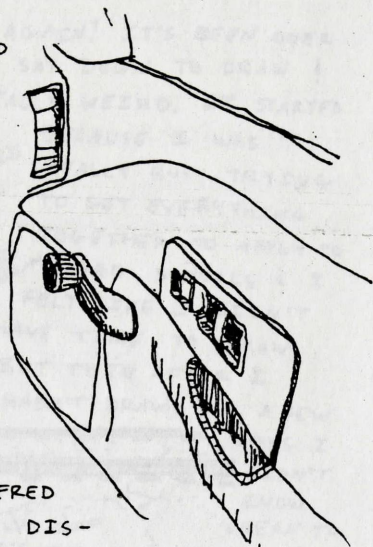


ON A STAGE, IN FRONT OF AN ALMOST NONEXISTANT, COMPLETELY APATHETIC BAR CROWD.

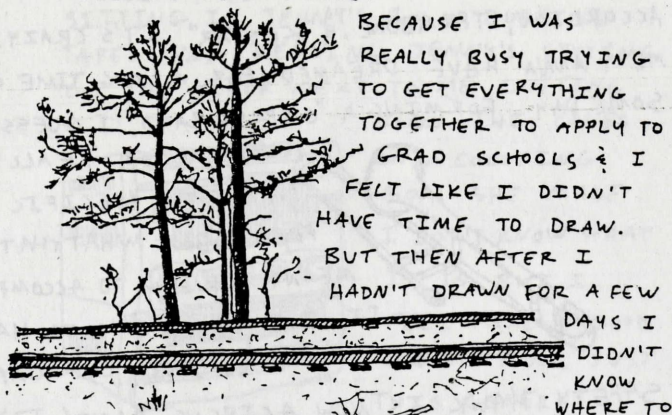
THEY WERE ALSO PLAYING IN BIRMINGHAM 2 DAYS LATER & THAT WAS ME & JENNY'S

NEXT STOP ON OUR DRIVE BACK TO RICHMOND, SO WE GOT TO MEET UP WITH THEM AGAIN! WE MISSED THE SHOW, BUT AFTERWARDS WE ALL STAYED AT JENNY'S PARENTS' HOUSE WHERE WE QUIETLY TIP-TOED AROUND MAKING BLACK BEAN/ SPINACH BURRITOS & THEN WENT TO SLEEP, WARM & COZY AS SNOW STARTED TO FALL OUTSIDE.

STOP IT!'S NEXT SHOW WAS IN NASHVILLE SO WE DECIDED TO TAG ALONG WITH THEM. WHEN WE GOT THERE ME & JENNY DECIDED TO TAKE OFF TO LOOK FOR FOOD WHILE THE BAND SET UP. BY THE TIME WE GOT BACK THEY HAD ALREADY PLAYED! SO BASICALLY WE DROVE 3 HOURS TO NASHVILLE FOR DUMPSTERED PIZZA! IT WAS PRETTY DISAPPOINTING, BUT I GUESS IT WASN'T A TOTAL LOSS - AT LEAST WE HAD FUN WANDERING AROUND AN UNFAMILIAR TOWN. STILL, WE DECIDED WE'D SEEN ENOUGH OF NASHVILLE SO WE TOOK OFF INTO THE NIGHT - BACK TO RICHMOND, BACK TO HOME, BACK TO BILLS & LOVE TRIANGLES & MOUNTING RESPONSIBILITIES THAT I'D BEEN TRYING TO IGNORE FOR THE LAST 2 WEEKS.

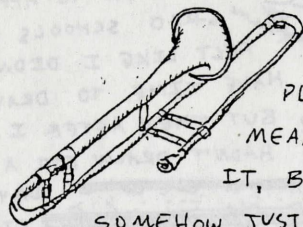


HOORAY! I'M DRAWING AGAIN! IT'S BEEN OVER
A WEEK SINCE I LAST SAT DOWN TO DRAW &
IT'S MADE ME FEEL REALLY WEIRD. IT STARTED



BECAUSE I WAS
REALLY BUSY TRYING
TO GET EVERYTHING
TOGETHER TO APPLY TO
GRAD SCHOOLS & I
FELT LIKE I DIDN'T
HAVE TIME TO DRAW.
BUT THEN AFTER I
HADN'T DRAWN FOR A FEW
DAYS I
DIDN'T
KNOW
WHERE TO
BEGIN. I IMAGINE IT'S SIMILAR TO IF YOU
WERE TO NOT EAT FOR A WEEK & THEN DECIDED
TO EAT AGAIN. YOUR STOMACH WOULD BE ALL
SHRIVELLED, AND HOW WOULD YOU DECIDE WHAT
TO EAT FIRST? A PIECE OF TOAST? AN APPLE?
OR A STACK OF EXTRA LARGE SUPER VEGGIE
PIZZAS? I DECIDED TO START WITH SOME
TREES BY THE RAILROAD TRACKS. SO A LOT
HAS HAPPENED OVER THE LAST WEEK OR SO:
I FINISHED APPLYING TO SCHOOLS, ME & JENNY
GOT BACK TOGETHER, SAFETY HAWK IS WRITING
A MUSICAL & GETTING READY TO GO ON TOUR

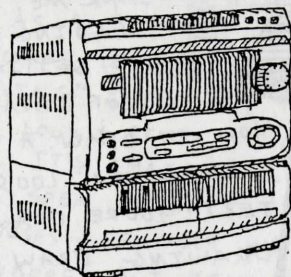
THE BAND HAS ALSO ADDED 3 NEW MEMBERS TO THE LINE UP. WE HAVE DANA ON VIOLA, ANNA ON LIGHTS & KEYBOARD, & MILES ON ACCORDION, TROMBONE, & "KEY-TAR". IT'S CRAZY! ME & ANNA HAVE DREAMED FOR A LONG TIME OF SOME DAY FORMING A "CIRCUS BAND". I GUESS



WE NEVER REALLY HAD ANY SPECIFIC PLAN ABOUT WHAT THAT MEANT OR HOW TO ACCOMPLISH IT, BUT IT SEEMS TO HAVE SOMEHOW JUST FELL INTO OUR LAPS.

SAFETY HAWK IS NOW A CIRCUS BAND! IT'S CRAZY, FAIRLY CHAOTIC, BUT STILL TOTALLY FUN. WE HAD OUR FIRST SHOW TONIGHT IN POWHATAN - SOME TOTALLY RURAL PLACE OUTSIDE OF RICHMOND. I HAVE TO SAY, FOR OUR FIRST SHOW AS AN 8-PIECE IT WENT PRETTY WELL. I DON'T KNOW IF THE CROWD LIKED IT, BUT AT LEAST WE HAD FUN.

SITTING IN JENNY'S ROOM DUBBING TAPES AND READING. JENNY'S SITTING ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO ME CUTTING



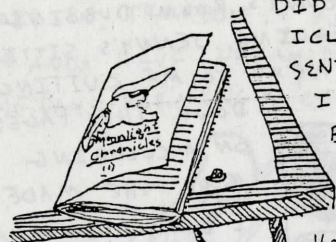
DOWN THE PAGES ON A COLORING BOOK SHE MADE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT I FEEL REALLY GOOD RIGHT NOW. JUST THIS GENERAL

SENSE OF CONTENTMENT - LIKE I COULD STAY IN THIS MOMENT FOREVER. I GUESS IT'S JUST ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF HOW IT REALLY IS THE MOST SIMPLE, STRIPPED-DOWN THINGS THAT TEND TO BRING THE MOST JOY.

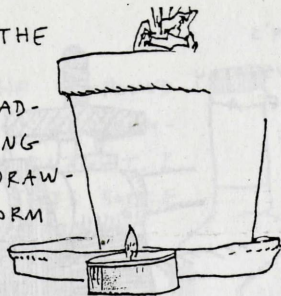
I SENT A COPY OF THE LAST ISSUE OF THESE
ARE THE DAYS TO D. PRICE - THE GUY WHO

DID "MOONLIGHT CHRON-
ICLES." HE WROTE BACK &
SENT A BUNCH OF BACK
ISSUES FOR ME. I'VE
BEEN READING THROUGH
THEM & GETTING A
BUNCH OF IDEAS ON
HOW TO DRAW. A FEW

THINGS I WANT TO GIVE A TRY: LOOSEN UP,
LOOK AT THE OB-
JECT YOU'RE DRAWING
MORE THAN AT YOUR
DRAWING, DRAW WITH
YOUR LEFT HAND,
SMUDGE THE INK
LINES TO CREATE
SHADES OF GREY,
LOOK AT OBJECTS AS
SHAPES NOT OBJECTS,
RATHER THAN TRYING
TO LITERALLY
RENDER SOMETHING
SIMPLY SUGGEST IT,
EXPERIMENT WITH DIFFERENT KINDS OF DRAWING
TOOLS, STUDY THE DRAWINGS OF OTHERS, DRAW
THE SAME OBJECT A NUMBER OF TIMES EACH TIME
TRYING TO SIMPLIFY THE DRAWING TO ONLY
THE MOST ESSENTIAL DETAILS.

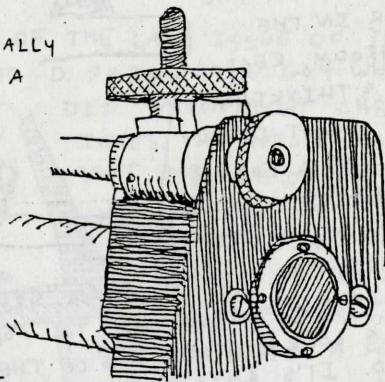


SITTING ON THE
FLOOR IN THE
BATHROOM, READ-
ING & THINKING
MORE ABOUT DRAW-
ING. - AS A FORM
OF MEDITA-
TION, AS A



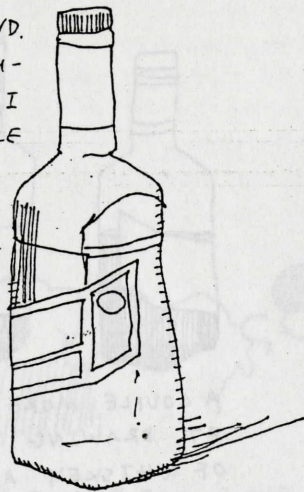
WAY TO, AS D. PRICE SAID "CELEBRATE THE ACT
OF LIVING," AS A WAY TO FORCE MYSELF TO
STOP & LOOK & STUDY ALL OF THE BEAUTY IN THE
WORLD. IT'S AMAZING ALL THE THINGS WE
NEVER SEEM TO NOTICE THAT ARE RIGHT UNDER
OUR NOSES - IF ONLY WE'D STOP & LOOK. TODAY
I WANDERED OUT BEYOND THE BACK YARD &
FOLLOWED ALONG THE FENCE SEPARATING THE
EXPRESSWAY FROM THE COMMUNITY CENTER
PLAY GROUND BEHIND OUR HOUSE. FOR SOME
REASON I'VE NEVER VENTURED OVER THERE
BEFORE EVEN THOUGH I LIVE RIGHT NEXT TO
IT. AT THE END OF THE FENCE, HIDDEN
AMONGST A PATCH OF TREES & BUSHES ALONG
THE EXPRESSWAY WAS A HOMELESS CAMP LITTERED
WITH EMPTY BEER CANS, SOGGY BLANKETS, A
BEAT UP MATTRESS & OTHER ODDS & ENDS. I'VE
OFTEN WONDERED ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF LIVING
IN SUCH A PLACE, & HERE SOMEONE WAS DOING IT-
RIGHT IN MY BACK YARD.

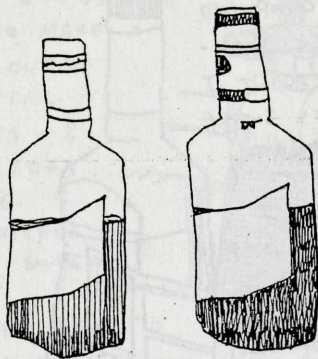
TODAY IS JENNY'S
BIRTHDAY. I'M USUALLY
NOT ONE TO MAKE A
BIG DEAL OUT OF
GIFT-GIVING
OCCASIONS - I
HATE THE IDEA
OF BUYING
SOME POINTLESS
CRAP FOR SOME-
ONE JUST
BECAUSE YOU FEEL



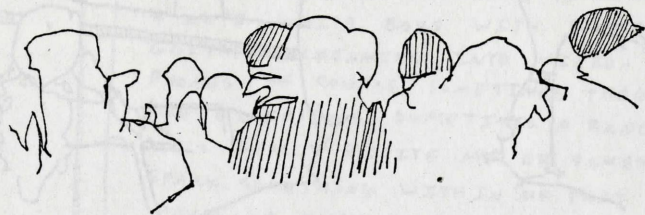
OBLIGATED TO BECAUSE IT'S SOME SILLY
HOLIDAY. GIFT-GIVING SHOULDN'T BE SOME-
THING THAT'S RELEGATED TO ONLY A FEW
DAYS A YEAR BUT SHOULD BE MORE OF AN
EVER-PRESENT ATTITUDE, BEING GIVING &
KIND & CONSIDERATE OF OTHERS SHOULD BE
DAILY PRACTICES. STILL I MADE JENNY A
PRESENT THIS YEAR. I USED THE PRINTING
PRESS TO PRINT HER AN ADDRESS BOOK. I
DON'T EVEN KNOW IF SHE NEEDS AN ADDRESS
BOOK, BUT I GUESS THE IDEA IS THAT I TOOK
THE TIME TO CREATE SOMETHING FOR HER -
HOWEVER IMPRACTICAL IT MAY BE - HOPEFULLY
THE ACT IN ITSELF IS MEANINGFUL.

I'M AT THE COMPOUND.
SAFETY HAWK IS PLAY-
ING A SHOW TONIGHT. I
JUST DREW THIS BOTTLE
OF WHISKEY THAT
ANNA BROUGHT OVER &
I'M NOT SURE HOW I
FEEL ABOUT IT. I WAS
TRYING TO GO ABOUT
DRAWING IT DIFFER-
ENTLY THAN I NORMALLY
DO - BY LOOKING AT
THE BOTTLE NOT AS
A BOTTLE BUT AS A
SERIES OF LINES & SHAPES. I'M ALSO TRYING
REAL HARD TO SPEND MORE TIME LOOKING AT
THE OBJECT I'M DRAWING, BUT IT SURE AIN'T
EASY! MORE PRACTICE WILL DO ME WELL.
READING THESE BACK ISSUES OF MOONLIGHT
CHRONICLES HAS REALLY HAD A BIG IMPACT
ON ME LATELY. I HAVE SO MANY NEW IDEAS
TO THINK ABOUT NOW, & I FEEL LIKE I'VE
JUST BEEN STUMBLING AROUND IN A DAZE,
TOTALLY-PREOCCUPIED WITH IDEAS ABOUT DRAWING &
& SIMPLICITY & TRAVELLING & LIFE.



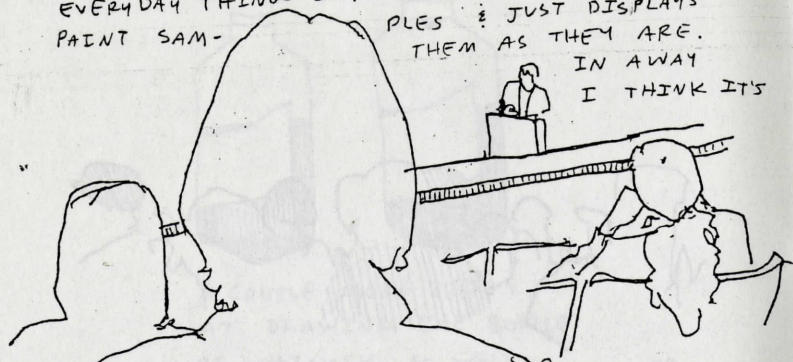


A COUPLE MORE TRIES...
AT DRAWING THE BOTTLE
OF WHISKEY AS WELL
AS A COUPLE OF SWIGS.

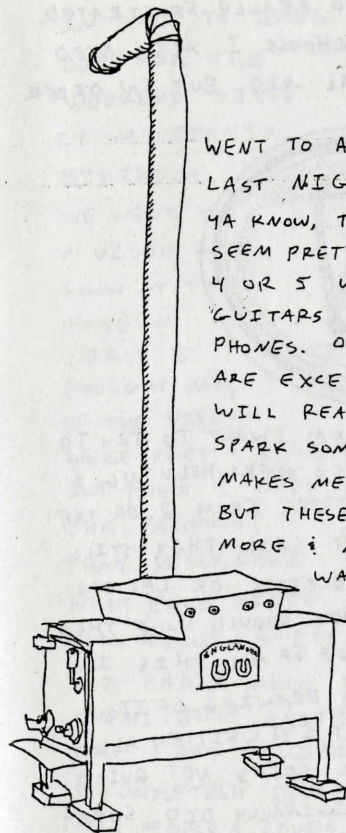


PEOPLE HANGING OUT IN THE BACK OF THE
COMPOUND AFTER SAFETY HAWK PLAYED. I'M
STILL TRYING TO LOOK HARD & OBSERVE JUST
SHAPES & LINES. TO UNLEARN THE HABITS
I'VE DEVELOPED OVER THE LAST FEW MONTHS
OF DRAWING & HOPEFULLY LEARN SOME
NEW ONES IN THE PROCESS.

ME & JENNY WENT TO SEE RICHARD ROTH GIVE
A LECTURE AT THE VIRGINIA MUSEUM OF ART.
HE TALKED ABOUT HIS WORK & IDEAS. IT WAS
PRETTY INTERESTING - HE COLLECTS COMMON,
EVERYDAY THINGS LIKE MAKEUP COMPACTS &
PAINT SAMPLES & JUST DISPLAYS
THEM AS THEY ARE. IN A WAY
I THINK IT'S



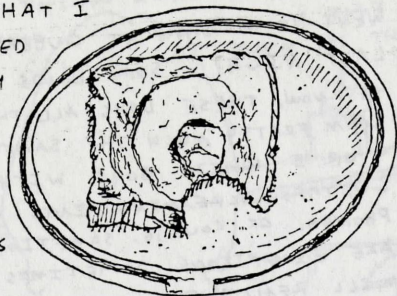
NEAT - IT'S LIKE A CELEBRATION OF THE
SIMPLE, ORDINARY THINGS IN LIFE, LIKE
SAYING THAT EVEN PAINT SAMPLES ARE
JUST AS BEAUTIFUL & IMPORTANT AS ANY
"FINE ART" PAINTING OR SCULPTURE. ON
THE OTHER HAND BY LABELLING HIM AS AN
"ARTIST" FOR DOING THIS & BY PLACING
THESE OBJECTS IN A "FINEART" TYPE SETTING
LIKE A GALLERY IT SEEMS TO CONTRADICT
THE IDEA THAT EVERYTHING IS BEAUTIFUL &
IS THEREFORE ART.



WENT TO A SHOW AT QUEER PARADISE
LAST NIGHT. SOME BANDS PLAYED, BUT
YA KNOW, THESE DAYS ALL THE BANDS
SEEM PRETTY MUCH THE SAME TO ME -
4 OR 5 WHITE BOYS WITH DISTORTED
GUITARS SCREAMING INTO MICRO-
PHONES. OF COURSE. SOMETIMES THERE
ARE EXCEPTIONS. SOMETIMES A BAND
WILL REALLY EXCITE ME OR SOMEHOW
SPARK SOMETHING WITHIN ME THAT
MAKES ME WANT TO SMILE & DANCE,
BUT THESE MOMENTS ARE BECOMING
MORE & MORE RARE. INSTEAD OF
WATCHING THE BANDS I SPENT
A GOOD PORTION OF THE
NIGHT EYING THIS OLD
WOODSTOVE, LOOKING FOR
AN INCONSPICUOUS SPOT TO
SIT & DRAW IT WITHOUT
DRAWING TOO MUCH
ATTENTION TO
MYSELF.

I'M TRYING HARD TO STAY POSITIVE, BUT AT THE MOMENT I'M FEELING REALLY FRUSTRATED. AS PART OF APPLYING TO SCHOOLS I ALSO NEED TO APPLY FOR FINANCIAL AID, BUT IN ORDER TO DO THAT I

FIRST NEED TO DO MY TAXES. I'VE NEVER DONE MY TAXES BEFORE

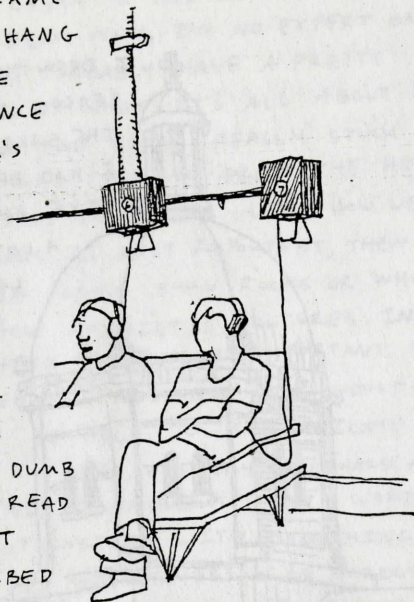


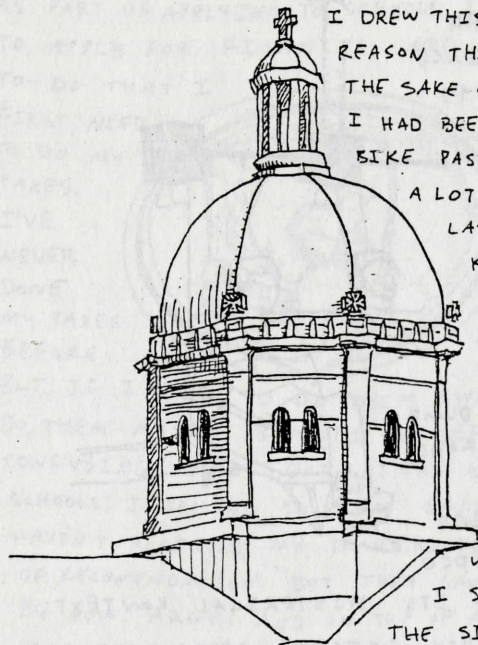
BUT IF I HAVE TO DO THEM I WANT TO TRY TO DO THEM MYSELF, BUT IT'S SO OVERWHELMING & CONFUSING! ALSO I GOT LETTERS FROM 2 OF THE SCHOOLS I APPLIED TO THAT SAID THEY STILL HAVEN'T RECEIVED MY TRANSCRIPTS OR LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION, BUT THEY SHOULD HAVE THEM BY NOW! ARGH! AND ON TOP OF ALL THIS I BURNT MY TOAST! AND MY DRAWING OF IT SUCKS! I GUESS NOW THAT I'VE WRITTEN ALL THIS STUFF DOWN IT ALL SEEMS NOT QUITE AS CATASTROPHIC AS IT ORIGINALLY DID. SORRY I FREAKED OUT ON YOU.

JOSH & BEN CAME IN TOWN TO HANG OUT FOR THE WEEKEND SINCE IT WAS JENNY'S BIRTHDAY.

WE WENT TO A VIDEO ART SHOW AT THE MUSEUM. AT FIRST I THOUGHT MOST OF THE VIDEOS WERE PRETTY DUMB BUT THEN I READ THE PAMPHLET THAT DESCRIBED

WHAT EACH VIDEO WAS ABOUT & ITS HISTORICAL CONTEXT & I HAD A MUCH GREATER APPRECIATION FOR THEM. JUST ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF HOW FINE ART & ART GALLERIES TEND TO BE ALIENATING & COMPLETELY DIVORCED FROM THE REALITIES OF MOST PEOPLE'S LIVES. IT'S HARD TO APPRECIATE ART WHEN IT'S SO OUT OF CONTEXT.





I DREW THIS FOR NO OTHER
REASON THAN JUST FOR
THE SAKE OF DRAWING IT.
I HAD BEEN RIDING MY
BIKE PAST THE CATHEDRAL
A LOT OVER THE

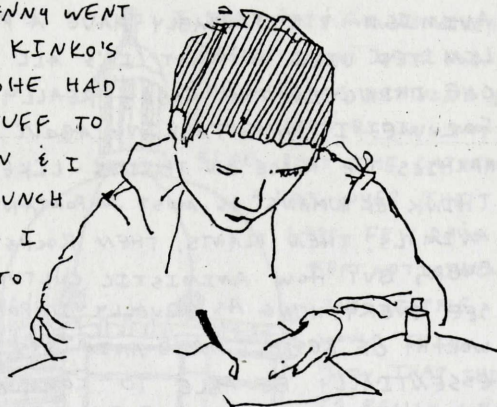
LAST FEW DAYS &
KEPT NOTICING
THE STEEPLE. I
WOULD THINK
"WOW, THAT THING
IS REALLY NEAT.
I SHOULD DRAW
IT SOMETIME."
SO THAT'S

WHAT I DID.
I SAT DOWN ON
THE SIDEWALK AMIDST

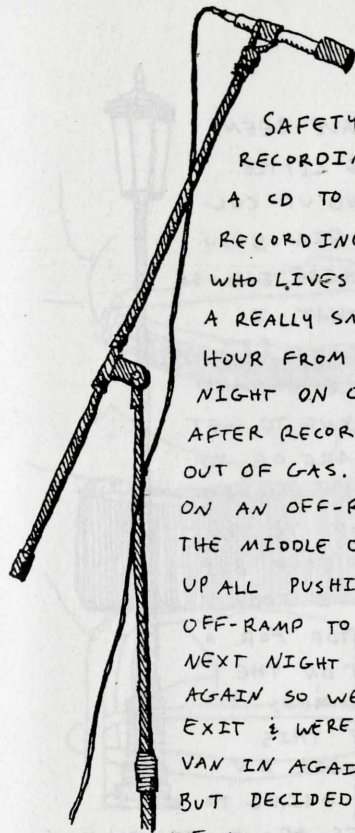
CARS DRIVING BY & STUDENTS SCRAMBLING
ABOUT & HAD A BIT OF A DISCUSSION WITH
THE STEEPLE. WE DIDN'T USE WORDS, BUT
INSTEAD COMMUNICATED THROUGH LINE,
LIGHT, SHADOW, INK, PAPER, ETC. IT REMINDED

ME OF THIS ESSAY I HAD RECENTLY READ
ABOUT ANIMISM. NOW, I'M NO EXPERT ON
ANIMISM & I PROBABLY HAVE A PRETTY
LIMITED VIEW OF WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT BUT
ONE THING IN THE ESSAY REALLY STUCK OUT
FOR ME. IT WAS TALKING ABOUT THE HIER-
ARCHIES WE PLACE ON THINGS - LIKE HOW WE
THINK OF HUMANS AS MOST IMPORTANT, THEN
ANIMALS, THEN PLANTS, THEN ROCKS OR WHAT-
EVER, BUT HOW ANIMISTIC CULTURES INSTEAD
SEE EVERYTHING AS EQUALLY IMPORTANT &
WORTHY OF RESPECT. AND ANIMISTS WOULD
ESSENTIALLY BE ABLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH
EVERYTHING - TREES, THE SKY, ANIMALS, ANY-
THING, BUT NOT COMMUNICATE WITH WORDS OR
LANGUAGE, BUT INSTEAD WITH SOMETHING ELSE,
SOMETHING US WESTERNERS CAN HARDLY
COMPREHEND & MOST LIKELY VERY RARELY, IF
EVER EXPERIENCE. BUT I THINK WHEN I
DRAW THINGS, WHEN I STOP TO LOOK & STUDY
OBJECTS, THAT IN A WAY I'M TAPPING INTO THIS
SORT OF UNSPOKEN COMMUNICATION. OR, AT LEAST
THAT'S WHAT THE STEEPLE TOLD ME.

ME & JENNY WENT
OUT TO KINKO'S
TODAY. SHE HAD
SOME STUFF TO
WORK ON & I
HAD A BUNCH
OF ZINES I
WANTED TO
COPY
FOR THE
DISTRO.



AS I WAS MAKING
COPIES I BEGAN TO GET MORE & MORE
PARANOID. I WAS GETTING WEIRD
VIBES FROM SOME OF THE EMPLOYEES &
THERE WAS THIS GUY WEARING A TIE
WHO WAS TALKING TO THEM & KEPT LOOKING
OVER AT ME. I GOT REALLY NERVOUS - MY
HEART WAS RACING, MY HANDS SHAKING,
I BROKE OUT IN A COLD SWEAT. I GUESS
ALL THE CAFFEINE I'D INGESTED DIDN'T HELP.

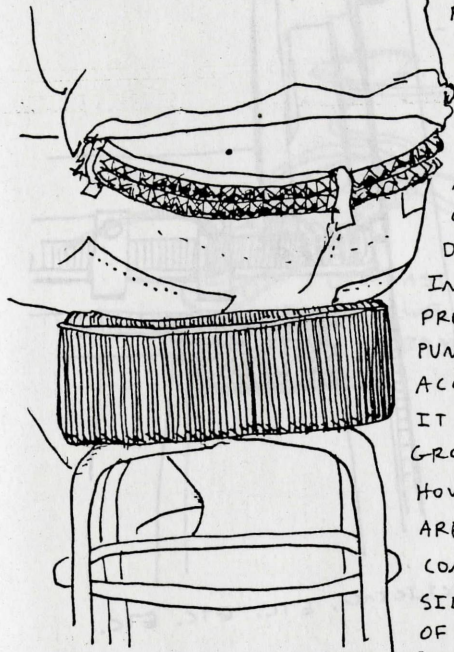


SAFETY HAWK HAS BEEN
RECORDING SO WE CAN HAVE
A CD TO SELL ON TOUR. WE'RE
RECORDING WITH THIS GUY
WHO LIVES IN MINERAL, VA -
A REALLY SMALL TOWN ABOUT AN
HOUR FROM RICHMOND. ONE
NIGHT ON OUR WAY BACK HOME
AFTER RECORDING THE VAN RAN
OUT OF GAS. WE CAME TO A STOP
ON AN OFF-RAMP SOMEWHERE IN
THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE & ENDED
UP ALL PUSHING THE VAN UP THE
OFF-RAMP TO A GAS STATION. THE
NEXT NIGHT WE NEEDED GAS
AGAIN SO WE STOPPED AT THE SAME
EXIT & WERE GOING TO PUSH THE
VAN IN AGAIN JUST TO BE FUNNY
BUT DECIDED AGAINST IT WHEN
WE SAW A POLICEMAN SITTING THERE.
BRENDAN ACCIDENTALLY BUMPED INTO
SOME WOMAN OUTSIDE THE GAS STATION &
SHE SAID "GET THE F**K OFF ME, FOOL!"

YESTERDAY & TODAY HAVE BEEN
FILLED WITH LOTS OF LITTLE
BUSY MOMENTS THAT END UP CUL-
MINATING INTO ONE BIG BUSY
TIME OF BUSYNESS - WHERE I'M SO
BUSY STAYING BUSY THAT I
FORGET TO STOP & RELAX. IT'S
JUST BEEN ONE LITTLE ERRAND
AFTER ANOTHER TRYING TO GET
EVERY THING TAKEN CARE OF TO
GO ON TOUR. I JUST WALKED
OVER TO THE COPY SHOP TO TRY
AND GET SOME STUFF DONE BUT
IT WAS CLOSED SO I TOOK
THE OPPORTUNITY TO STOP FOR A
QUICK MINUTE & SIT ON THE
BENCH BY THE VCU COMMONS &
DRAW & READ. I GOT THIS
BOOK BY EARL THOLLANDER IN
THE MAIL TODAY & I'M DYING TO
DIVE INTO IT - STORIES ABOUT TRAVELLING
AROUND CALIFORNIA & LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL
DRAWINGS OF ALL THE STUFF HE SAW.



HAVE YOU EVER
NOTICED HOW
FASHIONABLE
PUNK ROCK IS
THESE DAYS?
AT OUR
SHOW
TONIGHT
ALMOST EVERY-
ONE IS ALL
DOLLED UP
IN THEIR
PRETTY LITTLE
PUNK ROCK
ACCESSORIES.
IT KIND OF
GROSSES ME OUT
HOW "PUNK" KIDS
ARE JUST AS
CONCERNED ABOUT
SILLY STANDARDS
OF BEAUTY &
FASHION AS THE
MAINSTREAM SOCIETY
WE'RE SUPPOSEDLY
AGAINST.



GETTING READY
TO GO ON TOUR -

AT THE VERY
LAST MINUTE

WE'RE MADLY
TRYING TO

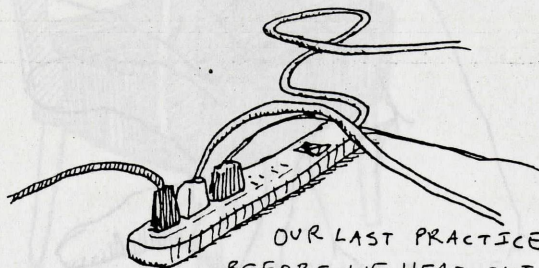
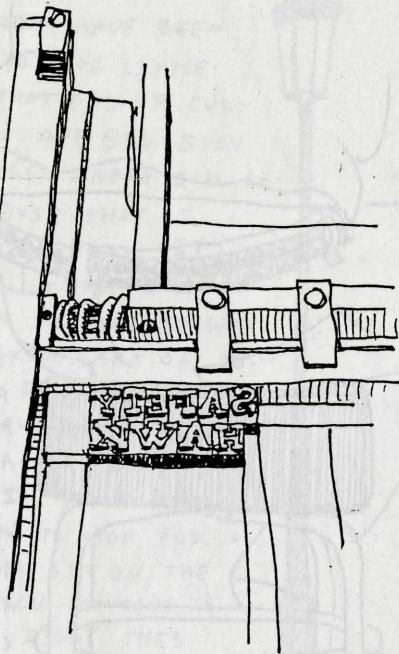
GET EVERY-
THING TOG-
ETHER.

RECORDING
CD'S, PRINT-
ING BOOKLETS,

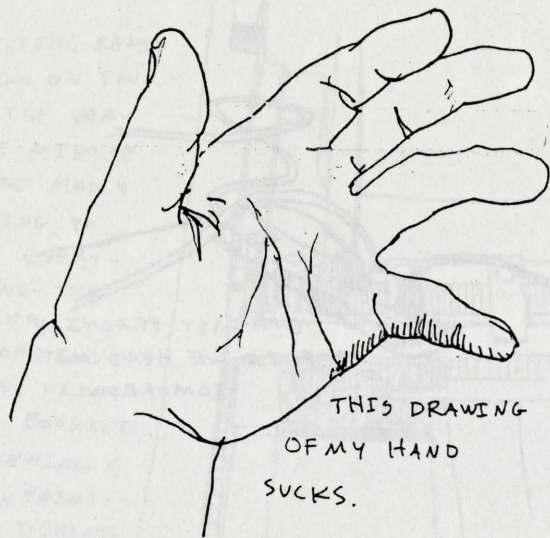
SCREENING &
SPRAY PAINT-
ING T-SHIRTS,

STAPLING,
FOLDING,

STICKING, PRACTICING, ETC. ETC. ETC.

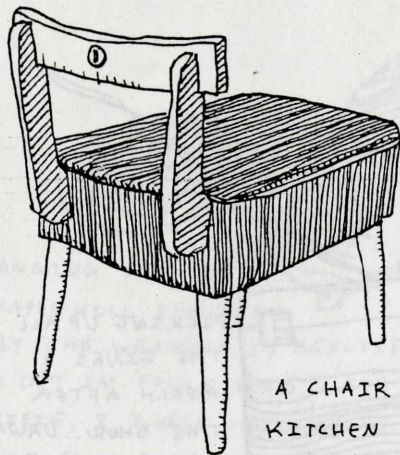


OUR LAST PRACTICE
BEFORE WE HEAD OUT
TOMORROW.



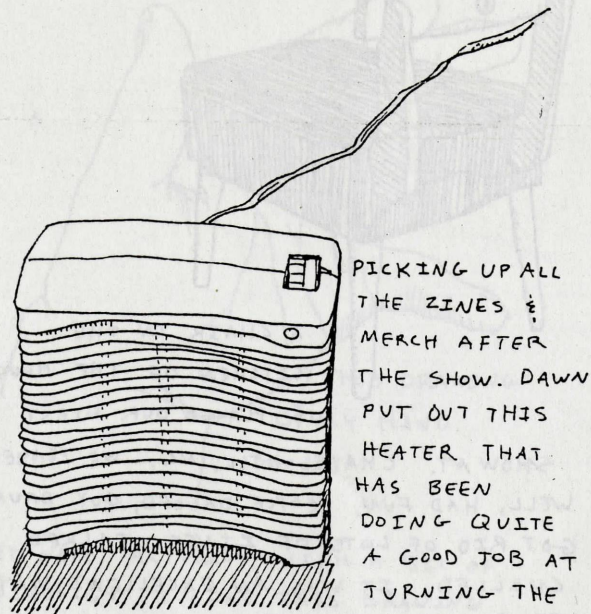
THIS DRAWING
OF MY HAND
SUCKS.

(ED. NOTE: ACTUALLY, WITH A BIT OF
HINDSIGHT, I LIKE THIS DRAWING
ALOT NOW)



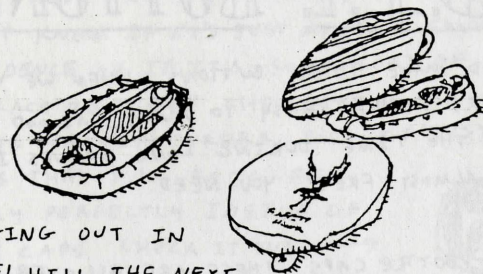
A CHAIR IN THE
KITCHEN OF THE HOUSE
WE PLAYED OUR FIRST

SHOW AT. CHAPEL HILL, NC. WE PLAYED
WELL, HAD FUN, PEOPLE DANCED, GOT DRUNK,
GOT RID OF LOTS OF ZINES, TALKED,
CHILLED. IT WAS AN EXCELLENT WAY
TO BEGIN OUR TOUR.



PICKING UP ALL
THE ZINES &
MERCH AFTER
THE SHOW. DAWN
PUT OUT THIS
HEATER THAT
HAS BEEN
DOING QUITE
A GOOD JOB AT
TURNING THE

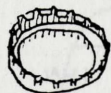
FRIGID WINTER AIR THAT FILLS
THIS EMPTY GARAGE INTO WARMTH.



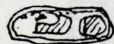
HANGING OUT IN
CHAPEL HILL THE NEXT
DAY. THE WEATHER IS BEAUTIFUL - THE SUN
IS OUT IN FULL EFFECT WITH A NICE COOL
BREEZE. I GUESS THAT MEANS SPRING IS
JUST AROUND THE CORNER, OR MAYBE IT
JUST MEANS THE FURTHER SOUTH WE GET
THE LESS COLD IT GETS. REGARDLESS,
THE WEATHER IS WONDERFUL AND IS THE
PERFECT ACCOMPANIMENT TO TODAY'S
ACTIVITIES - DRINKING COFFEE, LAYING
IN THE YARD, JUGGLING, MAKING BUTTONS,
LOUNGING WITH FRIENDS.

D.I.Y. BUTTONS

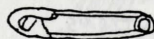
MY BAND MADE THESE BUTTONS WHEN WE WENT ON TOUR. THEY'RE EASY TO MAKE, A GOOD ACTIVITY TO PASS THE TIME DURING LONG DRIVES IN THE VAN & ALMOST FREE! YOU NEED:



BOTTLE CAPS. THESE ARE ALL OVER THE GROUND AND CAN ALSO BE COLLECTED IN MASS QUANTITIES FROM ALL THE BEER YOU DRINK EVERY NIGHT.



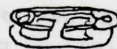
PULL TABS FROM CANS OF BEER. SAME AS ABOVE - STRAITEDGE BANDS CAN FIND THEM LITTERING THE GROUND OR COLLECT THEM FROM SODA CANS. THE REST OF US - DRINK LOTS OF BEER.



SAFETY PINS. THIS IS THE ONE THING YOU HAVE TO BUY. UNLESS THERE'S A SAFETY PIN FACTORY IN YOUR TOWN. CHECK THE DUMPSTER.

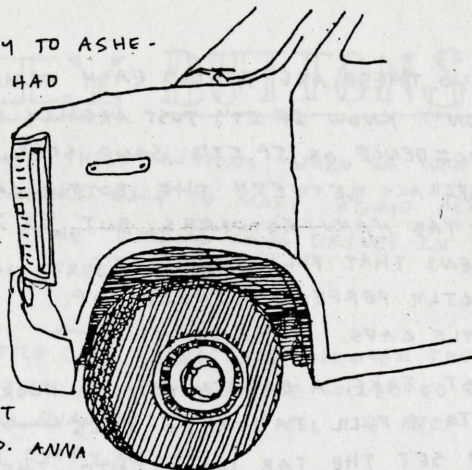
OK, SO THESE ARE REALLY EASY TO MAKE. I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S JUST A REALLY CONVENIENT COINCIDENCE, OR IF IT'S SOME SORT OF CONSPIRACY BETWEEN THE BOTTLE CAP & PULL TAB MANUFACTURERS, BUT IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT PULL TABS FIT EXACTLY PERFECTLY INSIDE OF BOTTLE CAPS. CHECK IT OUT! →



FIRST TAKE A SAFETY PIN & HOOK IT TO A PULL TAB LIKE THIS →  THEN SET THE TAB DOWN INTO THE BOTTLE CAP. GET A LEATHERMAN OR SOME NEEDLE-NOSE PLIERS AND BEND THE EDGES OF THE CAP OVER THE TAB TO CLAMP IT IN. AND THERE YOU HAVE IT - A DIY BUTTON. YOU CAN NOW PAINT THE FACE OF THE BUTTON OR PUT STICKER PAPER ON IT OR WHATEVER YOU WANT. PRETTY COOL, HUH?

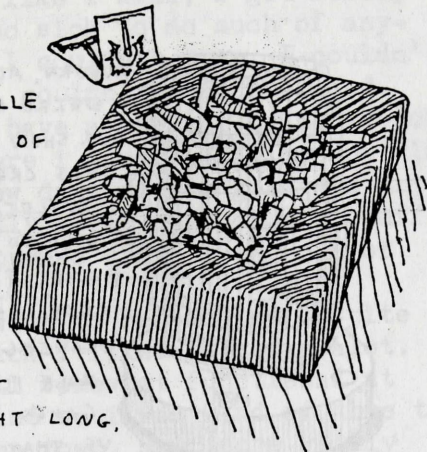
ON THE WAY TO ASHE-
VILLE WE HAD

A TIRE
BLOW OUT.
SO WE
PULLED
OVER INTO
A MALL'S
PARKING
LOT TO
FIGURE OUT
WHAT TO DO. ANNA

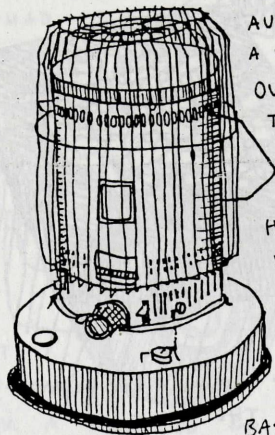


BUCK TOOK A CAB TO GO GET A NEW TIRE
& THE REST OF US HEADED INTO THE MALL TO
EXPLORE FOR A BIT. I GUESS IT KINDA SUCKED
THAT WE HAD TO PAY FOR A CAB & BUY A NEW
TIRE, BUT I USUALLY TRY TO LOOK FOR THE
POSITIVE IN BAD SITUATIONS AND, SURE ENOUGH,
WE FOUND SOME RIGHT INSIDE THE MALL. WE
MANAGED TO SCORE FREE FUDGE, PRETZELS, CAJUN
FOOD, & SODA. THERE WAS EVEN AN ART SHOW!
THINGS WEREN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL. SOON ENOUGH
ANNA & BUCK ARRIVED BACK WITH THE NEW TIRE
& WE HEADED OFF TO ASHEVILLE.

ASHEVILLE
WAS LOTS OF
BEER &
CIGAR-
ETTES,
RAVCOUS
PUNK
KIDS
PARTYING
ALL NIGHT LONG.



WAKING UP EARLY THE NEXT
MORNING & HAVING A PANCAKE PARTY THEN
PLAYING A SHOW IN THE BASEMENT,
SITTING ON THE FRONT PORCH WITH THE
SUN SHINING & A COOL BREEZE LISTENING TO
ACOUSTIC DEATH.



AUBURN, ALABAMA WAS
A WEIRD LITTLE TOWN.
OUR SHOW WAS IN
THIS CREEPY
BUILDING THAT
USED TO BE A FRAT
HOUSE. THERE WERE
KIDS UPSTAIRS
PLAYING VAMPIRE
ROLE PLAYING
GAMES WHO TOLD
US THAT THE
BASEMENT WAS FILLED

WITH "EVIL WOMEN." THE OWNER OF THE
PLACE TOLD US HE WAS IMMORTAL. MILES'
FINGER STARTED BLEEDING WHILE WE WERE
PLAYING (PERHAPS BITTEN BY A VAMPIRE?).
AND I STARTED TO COME DOWN WITH THE
SICKNESS FROM HELL (PERHAPS CAUSED BY
THE VAMPIRES?). I ENDED UP BEING
DEATHLY ILL & BED-RIDDEN FOR 3 DAYS.
IT SUCKED!

So, like I said, I got really sick. Too sick to do much of anything - I couldn't draw, I couldn't drive, I couldn't even rock and roll! I have a big gap in my sketchbook where i wasn't drawing anything for a few days so I'm going to try to quickly recap some of the stuff that happened while I was out of commission.

We went to Pensacola. Despite being sick I liked it there alot. I was still somewhat functional at this point so i was kind of able to enjoy the town, meet some really nice people, say hi to friends, and even nearly kill myself playing the show at some coffee shop. Pensacola seemed real nice, i want to go back and spend more time there.

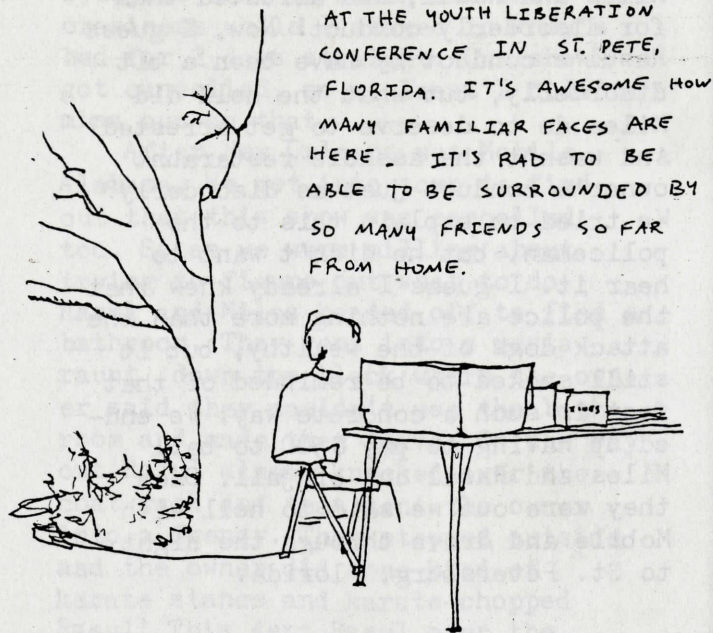
Next stop was Baton Rouge - my hometown. But by this point i was so totally sick that i couldn't do anything but lay in bed all day moaning and sleeping. It sucked! I didn't get to hang out with any of my friends, or see my family, and i didn't even get to play the show.

The band played without me while
i slept out in the car!

We headed to New Orleans from
Baton Rouge. It was Mardi Gras so
everyone went to check out the
craziness while I stayed in Andy's
bed for 2 days straight. Our show
got cancelled, so at least I didn't
miss out on that.

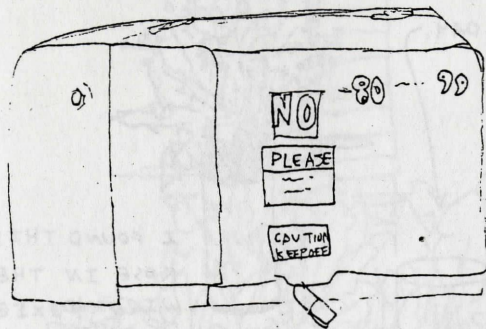
After New Orleans was Mobile,
Alabama. We got into town to find
out that this show was cancelled
too. So as we were milling about
trying to figure out what to do
Rasul and Miles headed off to find a
bathroom. They went into a resta-
raunt down the block where the own-
er said they couldn't use the bath-
room and made them leave. On the way
out Rasul almost knocked over the
coat rack and that sent the owner
into a frenzy. They stepped outside
and the owner did some kind of
karate stance and karate-chopped
Rasul! This sent Rasul over the
edge - cursing, spitting, yelling.
The owner got on his cell phone and
called the cops, so Rasul and Miles

took off to go do their business somewhere else. About 15 minutes later the police showed up, spotted Miles and Rasul, and arrested them for disorderly conduct! Now, I guess Rasul's conduct may have been a bit disorderly, but what the hell did Miles do to deserve to get arrested? And wasn't the asshole restaraunt owner's conduct just as disorderly? We tried to explain this to the policeman, but he didn't want to hear it. I guess I already knew that the police are nothing more than the attack dogs of the wealthy, but it still sucked to be reminded of that fact in such a concrete way. We ended up having to pay \$500 to bail Miles and Rasul out of jail. Once they were out we said to hell with Mobile and drove through the night to St. Petersburg, Florida.



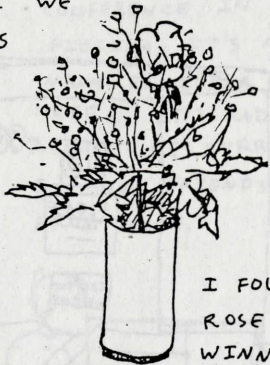
AT THE YOUTH LIBERATION
CONFERENCE IN ST. PETE,
FLORIDA. IT'S AWESOME HOW
MANY FAMILIAR FACES ARE
HERE. IT'S RAD TO BE
ABLE TO BE SURROUNDED BY
SO MANY FRIENDS SO FAR
FROM HOME.

ANNA DREW THIS AT OUR SHOW IN HILLSIDE.
IT'S ONE OF THOSE GREEN BOXES THAT I
GUESS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH ELECTRICITY.
IT WAS IN THE YARD OUTSIDE THE HOUSE WE
PLAYED AT & MILES DID A BACK FLIP OFF
OF IT.



MILES DIDN'T MIND ANY
OF THESE SIGNS. HE DID
A BACK FLIP IN FLORIDA.

I DRANK A TEA/WHISKEY/HONEY CONCOCTION
OUT OF THIS MUG TO TRY TO SOOTHE MY
SCRATCHY THROAT. I LOST MY VOICE LAST
NIGHT AFTER WE
PLAYED 2 SHOWS
IN ONE DAY.



I FOUND THIS
ROSE IN THE
WINN-DIXIE
DUMPSTER IN GAINESVILLE.

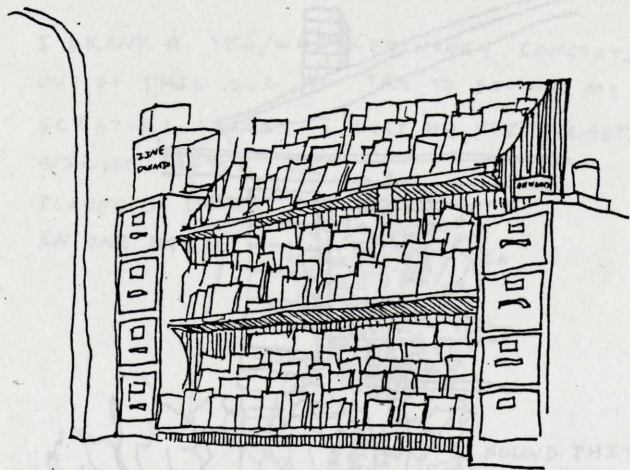
I GAVE IT TO ANNA. NOW
IT'S SITTING ON THE
COFFEE TABLE AT THE CLAW
HOUSE IN GAINESVILLE WHERE WE'LL BE
STAYING THE NEXT FEW DAYS.



IN THE FRONT YARD OF THE CLAW HOUSE
THEY HAVE AN AWESOME GARDEN - BROCCOLI,
LETTUCE, ONIONS, ETC. WE SAT ON THE
FRONT PORCH FOR HOURS. THIS TOWN IS COZY.



WE WENT TO THIS
PARK TO SEE ALLIGATORS.
WE WALKED DOWN BY THE WATER TO
GAWK AS THEY OCCASIONALLY POPPED THEIR
EYES OUT OF THE WATER THEN DISAPPEARED
BACK UNDER AGAIN. THERE WAS ONE SUN-BATHING
ON THE BANK. MILES SAID HE WISHED HE WAS
AN ALLIGATOR CAUSE ALL THEY DO IS CHILL
ALL DAY. I SAID WE MUST ALREADY BE
ALLIGATORS CAUSE THAT'S ALL WE DO ALL DAY.



I WENT TO THE
CIVIC MEDIA CENTER DOWN THE STREET
& SPENT MOST OF THE DAY READING ZINES
& COMICS. I ESPECIALLY READ A LOT OF
COMICS - STUDYING THE DIFFERENT DRAWING
STYLES & STORYTELLING. SOME PEOPLE'S
DRAWINGS ARE SO AMAZING - THE THICKS
& THINS OF THEIR LINES, THE WAY THEY
CURVE & CROSS & JUMP - I WISH I DREW
THAT GOOD. IT MAKES ME JEALOUS.

WHILE IN GAINESVILLE, MILES, RASUL, & DANA OCCASIONALLY
 WENT OUT & PLAYED MUSIC ON THE STREET TO MAKE A
 LITTLE MONEY. ONE DAY MILES & RASUL GAINED C-VILLE
 FAME BY GETTING IN THE PAPER!

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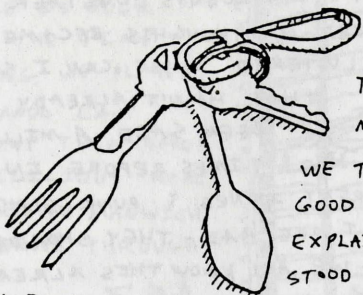


Jordan Fischer / Alligator Staff

Shake, rattle and roll

Miles Jones, left, and Rasul, of the band Safety Hawk, stroll down University Avenue late Tuesday afternoon looking for quarters to use in the arcade. Safety Hawk, from Richmond, Va., played at the Common Grounds Coffeehouse on Monday night.

WE WENT TO GET FREE KRISHNA FOOD
AT THE UNIVERSITY TODAY. AS I WAS
EATING I GOT PULLED ASIDE TO TALK ABOUT
MY PAST ACTIONS & CURRENT STANCE IN



REGARDS TO MY
INVOLVEMENT WITH
THE PRC & CHRIS
MELLEN. I'M GLAD

WE TALKED, IT WAS
GOOD TO BE ABLE TO
EXPLAIN WHERE I
STOOD IN A FACE TO

FACE, CONVERSATIONAL WAY & WE LEFT THE
CONVERSATION ON GOOD TERMS. BUT STILL

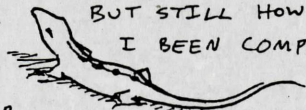
I ALSO LEFT THE CONVERSATION FEELING
A BIT UNSETTLED - LIKE NOTHING HAD REALLY
CHANGED. I LEFT THE CONVERSATION WITH
WAY MORE QUESTIONS IN MY HEAD THAN
ANSWERS. I ASKED "WHAT NOW? WHAT AM I
SUPPOSED TO DO FROM HERE?" & SHE SUGGESTED
THAT I WRITE ABOUT IT IN MY ZINE.
WRITE ABOUT HOW SEXISM & ASSAULT IN THE
PUNK/ACTIVIST COMMUNITY IS WHACK &
HOW WE ALL NEED TO GET SOME BACKBONE &
STAND UP & FIGHT AGAINST IT.

I SAID OK, I CAN DO THAT. I'LL WRITE ABOUT IT. THEN I LEFT & WALKED THE STREETS OF GAINESVILLE FOR A WHILE TRYING TO GET MY THOUGHTS TOGETHER. BUT AS I WALKED MY THOUGHTS BECAME MORE & MORE CLUTTERED. WHAT CAN I SAY THAT HASN'T ALREADY BEEN SAID A MILLION

TIMES BEFORE IN A MILLION DIFFERENT ZINES & PUNK SONGS? SEXISM & ASSAULT ARE BAD - THEY SHOULDN'T BE TOLERATED - WE ALL KNOW THIS ALREADY.

I KNOW THIS, BUT STILL HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I BEEN COMPLICIT AS MYSELF, OR MY FRIENDS OR

ANYONE ELSE PERPETUATED THEM? IS ME WRITING ABOUT IT REALLY GOING TO CHANGE ANYTHING? IT JUST FEELS LIKE A REALLY INSUFFICIENT RESPONSE - LIKE ME WRITING ABOUT IT ISN'T REALLY GOING TO CHANGE ANYONE'S ACTIONS OR ATTITUDES. BUT THEN WHAT WILL? WHAT ELSE CAN I DO? WHAT CAN WE ALL DO? WHAT WOULD BE MORE EFFECTIVE? I FOUND THIS LIZARD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD & STOPPED TO ASK ITS ADVICE. IT JUST LAID THERE QUIETLY. JUST AS STUMPED AS ME, I GUESS.



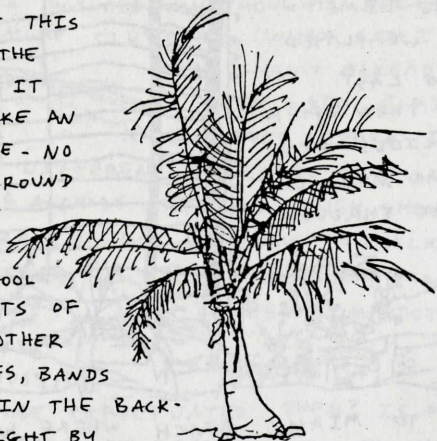
OUR CHILLING STREAK IN GAINESVILLE IS OVER FOR THE TIME BEING. WE PLAYED ORLANDO LAST NIGHT THEN AFTER A DELICIOUS MEAL OF VEGAN MANWICH WE DROVE THROUGH THE



NIGHT TO MIAMI BEACH WHERE WE SPENT THE DAY LOUNGING IN THE SUN, GETTING SUN BURNT, PLAYING IN THE OCEAN - AND IT'S ONLY FEBRUARY! AS WE WERE GETTING READY TO LEAVE WE HEARD A BUNCH OF SIRENS & CRAZINESS A BLOCK OR TWO AWAY. WHEN DANA GOT TO THE VAN SHE SAID SHE WAS ON THE PAYPHONE & SAW A GUY GET HIT BY A CAR & HIS LEG CAME OFF!

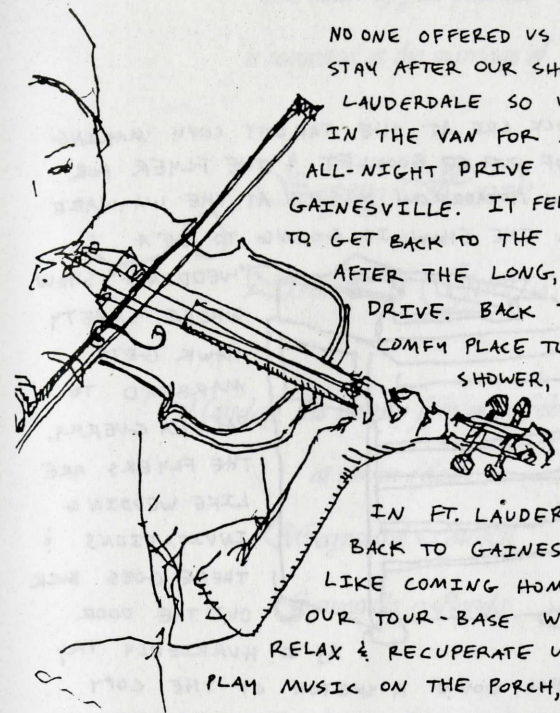
MIAMI IS A STRANGE, CRAZY PLACE. BEING HERE FEELS LIKE BEING IN ANOTHER COUNTRY. THE HISPANIC CULTURAL INFLUENCE IS IMPOSSIBLE TO MISS. EVEN THE PLANT-LIFE IS TOTALLY DIFFERENT & FASCINATING. OUR SHOW IN MIAMI ENDED UP

BEING AT THIS HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS - IT SEEMED LIKE AN 80'S MOVIE - NO PARENTS AROUND AND LIKE 200 HIGH SCHOOL KIDS, LOTS OF BEER & OTHER SUBSTANCES, BANDS PLAYING IN THE BACK-YARD RIGHT BY

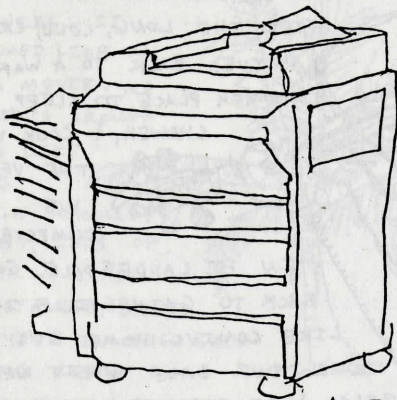


THE POOL & HOT TUB. MIAMI IS CRAZY! I FELT KINDA UNEASY ABOUT THE WHOLE SITUATION WHICH SEEMED TO BE GETTING WILDER & WILDER - PUNK KIDS SCREAMING "FUCK THE PIGS" INTO THE MICROPHONE, PEOPLE PARKING THEIR CARS IN NEIGHBOR'S YARDS & DRIVEWAYS. SURE ENOUGH THE POLICE CAME & BUSTED UP THE PARTY AT LIKE 9:00 BEFORE WE EVEN GOT TO PLAY.

NO ONE OFFERED US A PLACE TO STAY AFTER OUR SHOW IN FT. LAUDERDALE SO WE ALL PILED IN THE VAN FOR ANOTHER ALL-NIGHT DRIVE BACK TO GAINESVILLE. IT FELT SO GOOD TO GET BACK TO THE CLAW HOUSE AFTER THE LONG, COLD, CRAMPED DRIVE. BACK TO A WARM, COMFY PLACE TO SLEEP, & SHOWER, & COOK UP ALL THE VEGGIES WE DUMPSTERED IN FT. LAUDERDALE. COMING BACK TO GAINESVILLE IS LIKE COMING HOME. IT'S LIKE OUR TOUR-BASE WHERE WE CAN RELAX & RECUPERATE WITH FRIENDS - PLAY MUSIC ON THE PORCH, READ ZINES ON THE COUCH, SMOKE ON THE ROOF, SNEAK SODA FROM THE TACO BELL DOWN THE BLOCK.



ME & BUCK ARE AT THE TARGET COPY MAKING COPIES OF OUR CD BOOKLET & THE FLYER FOR OUR SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE WAYWARD COUNCIL. THE SHOW IS GOING TO BE A



"WEDDING" SHOW WHERE SAFETY HAWK GETS MARRIED TO PARA LA GUERRA. THE FLYERS ARE LIKE WEDDING INVITATIONS & THERE GOES BUCK OUT THE DOOR

AS I HURRIEDLY TRY TO THROW DOWN A SKETCH OF THE COPY MACHINE BEFORE I SCURRY OUT BEHIND HIM.

*The honor of your presence
is requested at the marriage of*

Safety Hawk
to
Dara La Guerra

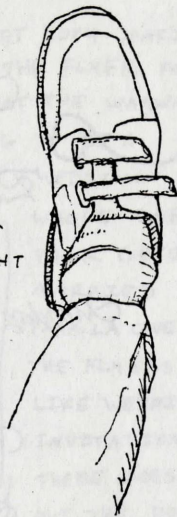
*Monday, the twenty fifth of February
at eleven o'clock*

*Wayward Council,
Gainesville, Florida*

*"It is a glorious day when two forces can be joined into a holy
state of matrimony and thrust forward into life"*

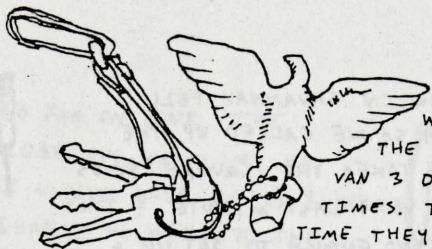
-Benjamin Franklin

SO FAR ON TOUR I'VE
LOST MY WATCH, MY HAT
(I ALWAYS LOSE HATS) & MY
SHOES. WE WENT TO THE
THRIFT STORE TODAY TO
GET SUITS & DRESSES FOR
THE WEDDING SHOW TONIGHT
& WHILE WE WERE THERE
I GOT A NEW HAT & A
NEW PAIR OF SHOES. I'M
PRETTY STOKED ABOUT
THEM - DRESSY YET
CASUAL & THEY'RE
VELCRO!



OUR SHOW IN SAVANNAH FELL
THROUGH SO WE CALLED UP THE
CIRCLE TAKES THE SQUARE KIDS
AT THE VERY LAST MINUTE & THEY
WERE KIND ENOUGH TO SET UP A
SHOW FOR US IN THEIR LIVING
ROOM WITH ONLY 24 HOURS NOTICE.
DESPITE THE ILL-PREPAREDNESS A
GOOD MANY KIDS STILL SHOWED UP &
WE GAVE THEM A GOOD 15 OR 20
MINUTES OF NICE & SWEATY
ROCKING RIDICULOSITY. TO THANK
US FOR PLAYING JAY GAVE EACH
OF US A BOTTLE ROCKET THEN WE
ALL PLAYED CHARADES FOR A WHILE
BEFORE HEADING OFF TO SLEEP.





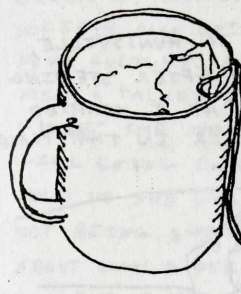
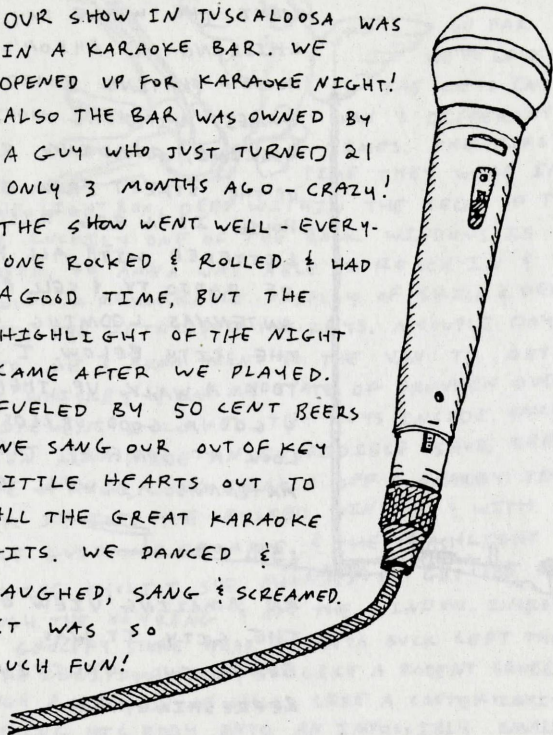
SO FAR
WE'VE LOCKED
THE KEYS IN THE
VAN 3 DIFFERENT
TIMES. THE FIRST
TIME THEY WERE IN
THE LIGHT BOX, DEEP WITHIN THE BELLY OF THE
VAN. LUCKILY ONE OF THE BACK WINDOWS IS
BUSTED, SO ANNA WAS ABLE TO REACH IN &
THROUGH A REMARKABLE DISPLAY OF SKILL & DEX-
TERITY SHE RETRIEVED THE KEYS. A COUPLE DAYS
LATER ME & ANNA WENT TO THE VAN TO GET
SOME WHISKEY & IN MY STATE OF DRUNKEN OVER-
EXCITEMENT I LOCKED THE KEYS INSIDE. ONCE
AGAIN ANNA MADE AN INCREDIBLE SAVE. SHE
BROKE A HUGE, LONG BRANCH OFF A NEARBY TREE,
STUCK IT INTO THE BUSTED WINDOW & WITH A
LITTLE GUIDANCE FROM ME & THE FLASHLIGHT OF
A PASSING CYCLIST SHE MANAGED TO GET THE STICK
THROUGH THE KEYRING & OUT THE WINDOW. INCREDIBLE!
AT A GROCERY STORE NEAR ATLANTA BUCK LEFT THE KEYS
IN THE IGNITION. OH NO! BUT LIKE A RODENT SQUEEZING
THROUGH A CRACK IN THE WALL, LIKE A CONTORTIONIST
COLLAPSING HIS BODY INTO AN IMPOSSIBLY SMALL
BOX, BUCK MANAGED TO SQUEEZE HIS WHOLE BODY
THROUGH THE WINDOW & INTO THE VAN. AMAZING!
WHO NEEDS TRIPLE A WHEN YOU HAVE SUCH TALENTED
PEOPLE IN YOUR BAND?

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA. WE
SPENT THE WHOLE DAY
CHILLING AT BYRON'S
HOUSE - PLAYING BOARD
GAMES, WATCHING MOVIES,
COOKING, READING. RIGHT
UP THE STREET FROM BYRON'S
HOUSE IS A BIG HILL
LITTERED WITH ALL KINDS
OF RADIO, TV, & CELL PHONE
ANTENNAS LOOMING OVER
THE CITY BELOW. I
TOOK A WALK UP THERE
& GOT A GOOD, UP CLOSE
LOOK AT SOME OF THE
ANTENNAS AS WELL AS



AN AMAZING VIEW OF
THE CITY. IT WAS
BEAUTIFUL, EXCITING, &
REFRESHING.

OUR SHOW IN TUSCALOOSA WAS
IN A KARAOKE BAR. WE
OPENED UP FOR KARAOKE NIGHT!
ALSO THE BAR WAS OWNED BY
A GUY WHO JUST TURNED 21
ONLY 3 MONTHS AGO - CRAZY!
THE SHOW WENT WELL - EVERY-
ONE ROCKED & ROLLED & HAD
A GOOD TIME, BUT THE
HIGHLIGHT OF THE NIGHT
CAME AFTER WE PLAYED.
FUELED BY 50 CENT BEERS
WE SANG OUR OUT OF KEY
LITTLE HEARTS OUT TO
ALL THE GREAT KARAOKE
HITS. WE DANCED &
LAUGHED, SANG & SCREAMED.
IT WAS SO
MUCH FUN!



SITTING IN STEVE'S ROOM
IN ASHEVILLE. THE SHOW
LAST NIGHT WAS FUN. I
MET CINDY WHO DOES THE
ZINE DORIS AT THE SHOW.
AT FIRST IT WAS REALLY
AWKWARD - BOTH OF US
JUST KINDA

STANDING THERE TWIDDLING OUR THUMBS
BEING LIKE "SO..." TRYING REALLY HARD TO
THINK OF SOMETHING TO MAKE CONVERSATION
ABOUT. LATER ON, AFTER THE SHOW WE TALKED
AGAIN, THIS TIME WITH A HEALTHY AMOUNT OF
BEER IN OUR SYSTEMS, SO IT WENT MORE
SMOOTHLY. SHE WAS REALLY NICE, ALMOST TO THE
POINT OF FLATTERY, TELLING ME ALL KINDS OF
NICE THINGS ABOUT THE BAND & MY ZINES. IT
MADE ME FEEL REALLY GOOD. CINDY IS SOMEONE
THAT I KINDA LOOK UP TO & HAVE A LOT OF RESPECT
FOR, SO TO GET SUCH POSITIVE FEEDBACK FROM
HER REALLY MEANT A LOT TO ME.

NOTE TO SELF: NEVER GO BACK TO HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AFTER STEPPING INTO THE HOUSE THE SHOW WAS AT I STARTED FEELING UNCOMFORTABLE. THE AIR IN THAT PLACE WAS THICK



WITH OPPRESSIVE ATTITUDES - SEXIST, RACIST, HOMOPHOBIC, ETC. YOU NAME IT & I BET THERE WAS A POSTER ON THE WALL, AN OFF-HAND JOKE OR COMMENT, OR WHAT HAVE YOU THAT WAS DISPLAYING ANY PARTICULAR "ISM" YOU CAN THINK OF. AFTER ABOUT 10 MINUTES ME & ANNA DECIDED WE COULDN'T TAKE ANY MORE SO WE WENT & SAT IN THE VAN. IT WAS COLD IN THE VAN, BUT STILL MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE THAN THAT HOUSE. ME & ANNA DISCUSSED THE SITUATION - SHOULD WE NOT PLAY THE SHOW? SHOULD WE CONFRONT THEM? WE ENDED UP DECIDING TO GO AHEAD & PLAY, BUT TO ALSO USE THE OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK OUT AGAINST WHAT WAS GOING ON. DURING OUR SET I SPOKE ABOUT HOW SAD IT IS TO SEE ALL THE SAME TOTALLY

WHACK ATTITUDES THAT EXIST IN MAINSTREAM SOCIETY ALSO BEING TOTALLY PREVALENT WITHIN PUNK CULTURE. AFTER I SPOKE DANA TOOK THE MIC & TALKED ABOUT RAPE IN RESPONSE TO A "JOKE" SHE OVERHEARD SOMEONE SAY ABOUT A GIRL BEING DATE-RAPED. AFTER THE SHOW DANA TOLD US SHE WAS KINDA MAD AT ALL OF US FOR NOT BEING SUPPORTIVE OF HER SPEAKING OUT ABOUT SUCH A PERSONAL SUBJECT IN SUCH A HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT. WE REASSURED HER THAT WE TOTALLY SUPPORTED HER & WERE PROUD OF HER FOR BEING BRAVE ENOUGH TO DO THAT. THEN RASUL SPOKE UP & SAID THAT HE DIDN'T SUPPORT HER & THOUGHT SHE SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID WHAT SHE DID. HE THOUGHT WE WERE THERE TO PLAY MUSIC & ENTERTAIN PEOPLE, NOT TO PREACH OR MAKE PEOPLE UNCOMFORTABLE. IT DEVELOPED INTO A HUGE ARGUMENT THAT WAS DOMINATED BY RASUL YELLING, CURSING, CALLING US NAMES, & EVEN THREATENING BRENDAN & I WITH PHYSICAL VIOLENCE. IT SUCKED. IT REALLY, REALLY SUCKED. WHY WOULD I WANT TO BE IN A BAND WITH PEOPLE WHO CAN'T TOTALLY SUPPORT EACH OTHER? WHY WOULD I WANT TO BE IN A BAND WITH PEOPLE WHO CAN'T OPENLY, HONESTLY COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER WITHOUT FEAR OF GETTING YELLED AT? WHY WOULD I WANT TO BE IN A BAND WITH SOMEONE WHO VERBALLY ATTACKS & THREATENS ME & MY FRIENDS WITHOUT APOLOGY?

After Asheville our last show was in Greensboro, but honestly the whole time we were there the only thing I was really focused on was going home. I'm so happy to be back. I'm relieved to have escaped all the tensions within the band, and am really looking forward to taking a break for awhile. I think all of us could really stand to take some time to consider why we're in the band and what it means to us. Personally, I'm having a lot of doubts.

I'm also really excited to see Jenny again. I don't want to get too mushy, but I really missed her a lot and am so happy to get to be with my best friend again. About a week before tour was over Dana asked us what was the first thing we were going to do when we got back. I thought for a moment then said "Make out with Jenny!" Everyone laughed, but guess what I did when I got home.

Thanks for reading and keep in touch,

Kyle

**A FEW COPIES OF
THESE ARE THE
DAYS NO. 2 & 3
ARE STILL AVAILABLE
FOR \$1.50 EACH.**

**KYLE BRAVO
P.O. BOX 14523
RICHMOND, VA 23221**