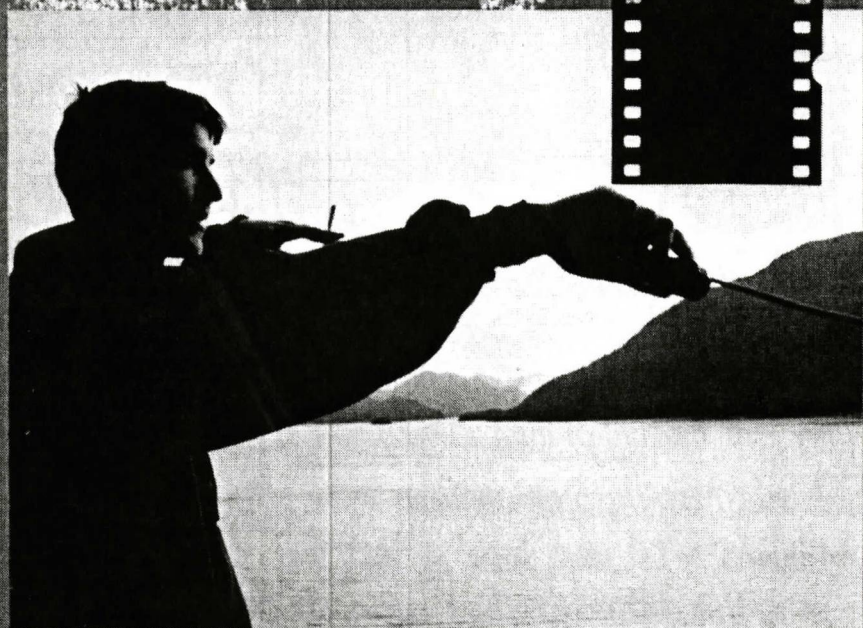


Dulce



#1

Why do people at the Food Stamp office have to be so goddamn mean all the time!? I mean, I understand that it's a very tough job - dealing with a constant flow of desperate clientele, juggling phone calls and applications, number-crunching beneath dim fluorescent lighting all day - but c'mon, we've all got tough jobs - wage slavery sucks and so does unemployment in the big city - so could they at least be somewhat compassionate to the plight of the proletariat?! Noooo, they gotta belittle and deny people, just like the higher-ups who employ them. Damn. Anyway, now that I've got that off my chest, welcome to Dulce #1 - the NYC winter issue! Between social service appointments, job hunting, dumpster diving, shoplifting and a few scattered weeks of construction work here and there, I've managed to peruse the dusty archives of my brain and write a few stories from good and bad times past. There's a lot of other stuff in here too, art and music and staples and the like - y'know, a zine. I only recently began writing again after a three-year hiatus; a lot went down in that time, lemme tell you, so if this little collection seems all random and disjointed, well... that's how I'm livin'. I never know just how long is too long in passing, when it comes to stories. I mean, if something happened ten years ago and you have no written evidence, even little notes on little scraps, that it ever happened - is it too late to simply piece together

what you do remember, and fabricate the rest? I don't think so. If anything, this could make autobiographical events all the more interesting. Omitting all the boring and shitty parts and getting to the straight, hyperbolic dirt - although sometimes the boring and shitty parts can be fun to hear about, I suppose. As long as you weren't there. I wonder how dramatically this varies from culture to culture? I mean, take the Navajo tribes of old, for instance; they never had a written language! So every aspect of historical documentation (aside from obvious things like handed-down material possessions and dwellings and such) was passed down verbally. I wonder how these stories manifested themselves within a single storyteller over the years, much less innumerable storytellers over the generations. It's like one huge, incredibly complex, culturally and historically important game of "telephone" that lasts for thousands of years!!! And who's to say whether the first listener even had a good connection? There's just so much to tell and so much to write about - it's unbelievable. Sit down on the floor and think about it... But first take a minute to read Pulse #1. Thanks for picking this up.

x0, Anthony



JUNK TRAIN

~~#####~~ a travel story ~~#####~~

It was to be the second time that my good friend Shawn and I would attempt to hop a freight train from Portland to Chicago. We had heard it was possible a few years back, rumors of a “hotshot”, or high-priority train, leaving Portland from under a specific bridge at a specific time of night, and arriving in Chicago sixty-four hours later. On our first disastrous attempt, which included two other friends, we caught the train as planned, but we nearly died of heat exhaustion as it crept through the eastern Oregon desert in the mid-July heat, and we were violently awakened and kicked off by a train cop in Pocatello, Idaho. Somehow we were convinced that this time would be better, or at the very least, different.

I met Shawn at the Portland Greyhound station on a balmy late-June afternoon; we were to leave that night. We stocked up on food and water and dropped by our friend Luke’s place to wait for nightfall and try in vain to keep our nerves calm with a couple cans of PBR. Luke had broken both of his wrists in a previous train hopping accident; we joked and laughed nervously about not taking it as an omen. As midnight approached, Shawn and I bid our crippled friend farewell and caught a city bus to the underpass on the outskirts of town. We found the bridge and took up our familiar position amongst the dirt and broken glass and train hoppers’ graffiti, well concealed from the view of train personnel behind the concrete pilings. And then we waited – the most difficult part about train hopping – minutes which seem like hours, jumping at every distant whistle and rumble.

Our train finally rolled in, right on schedule, a far away, dim pinpoint of light which grew into something as bright and revealing as the sun, accompanied by the deepest and loudest noise conceivable. There is nothing that can describe how powerful a freight train is until you’re hiding literally a few feet from one, in an otherwise dark and silent place. The train stopped, just as anticipated, for about ten minutes to change crews. (A new conductor and brakeman are required to take over every twelve hours.) Shawn and I emerged from our hiding place, running in the gravel alongside the motionless train, looking for the ideal car to jump upon. The spot to ride on these “double stack” trains is a small cubbyhole, maybe four-by-ten feet rectangular and three feet deep, at the end of the bottom container, making a stowaway visible only from the top. We finally found a rideable well and sneakily climbed aboard, hunkering down and holding our breath with hearts beating hard and fast.

When a freight train starts moving, all the space between cars is pulled taught, creating a deafening metallic crash. When this startling explosion shattered our already raw nerves, we knew we were on our way. Slowly but persistently, the train got up to speed, and before we knew it the sagebrush by the tracks was a blur, and we were leaving Portland. With pulse rates returning to normal, we twisted the cap off a bottle of cheap wine to celebrate, standing up in the well as there was now no one around for miles to see us, hooting and hollering and looking at the stars and passing the bottle, feeling more alive than ever.

The first sign that something was amiss came with a cough. I hadn't been sick or anything, but all of a sudden I was coughing violently and uncontrollably. There was an awful lot of dust and debris flying through the air, way more so than on a typical dirty freight train, but we decided not to worry about it. It was approaching sunrise, and we were half-drunk and thoroughly exhausted, so we laid out our sleeping bags and crashed for however long we could, me hacking my way into dreamland.

We woke up to another deafening metal bang – the train had apparently stopped and was now moving again, but in the opposite direction. Shawn and I looked at each other, sleepy and worried, and cautiously arose to assess the situation. It was late-morning, and the sun shown brightly on the middle-Oregon high desert. Our train was indeed going backwards, hitting a sidetrack, which diverted our route from east to south.

"What the hell..." Shawn started.

"I don't know, man!" I interrupted.

"No! What the hell are those?!" he exclaimed, pointing down at the floor.

"What the FUCK!?"

The entire bottom of the well, including our sleeping bags and consequently, ourselves, was covered in maggots. We spat and swore and did the spiderweb dance for awhile, finally shaking all larvae off our parcels and persons. We climbed out of the well onto the adjacent deck which, although totally unsheltered, was at least bereft of unborn insects. Lighting cigarettes, we cursed and spat some more.

Where the hell did the maggots come from? Why the hell was I coughing so badly? What the fuck was in those huge containers? What the shit?! All of these questions would soon be answered....

The train finally slowed down and came to a stop in great creaks of steel and hisses of air brakes. We were seemingly in the middle of nowhere. Rolling, brush-covered, desert hills surrounded us on all sides. There was a small dirt road, separated from the train by a dilapidated

barbed-wire fence. After waiting in silence for an hour, it was obvious that the train was not going anywhere. We climbed off, shouldered our backpacks, jumped the fence and started walking, down the dirt road in the direction from whence we had come.

The truck just kind of appeared from out of nowhere. We could have been walking for an hour or a day; we were both too delirious to notice much of anything.

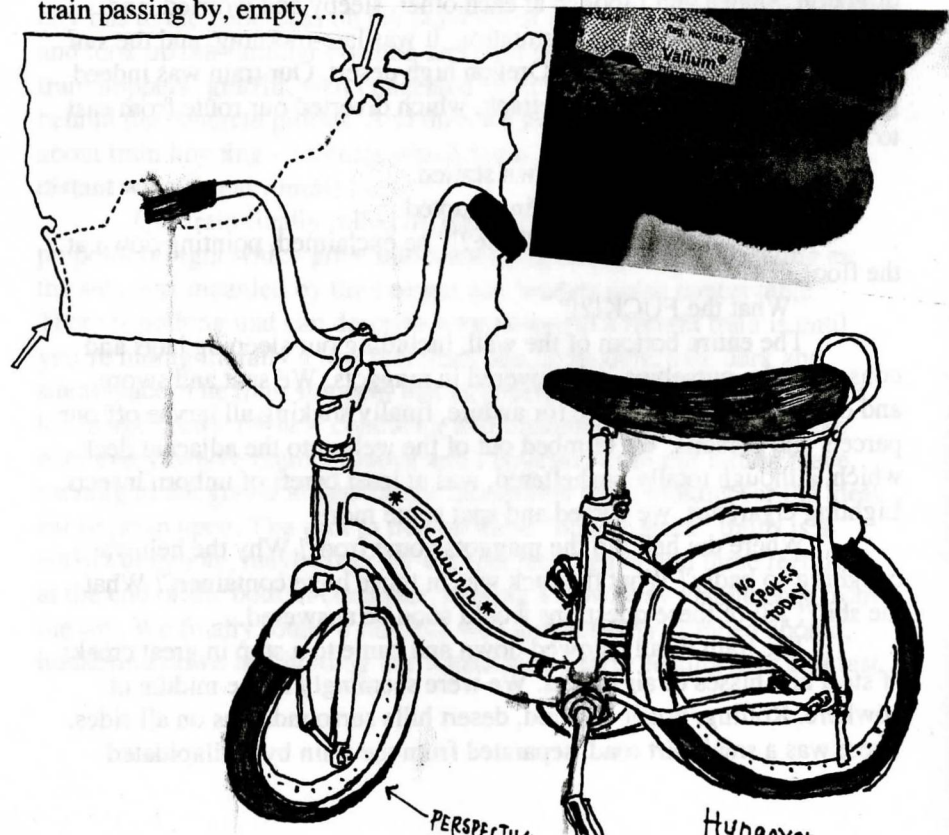
"You boys better hop in...", said the driver, "It's a long way to town yet..."

We tossed our bags in back and got into the cab of his old pick-up without a moments hesitation. He stepped on the gas and off we went, in silence, down the unfamiliar dirt road toward an unknown destination. Shawn finally spoke up.

"So, where are we?" he asked frankly.

"Boys, this is the biggest landfill in Oregon... Thousands of tons of garbage is brought out here from Portland. Every single day...", he spoke slowly and deliberately, "That train you guys was just on? It was full of it! Hahahaha..."

His laughter flew out the open window and mixed with the fine dust kicked up behind us, vanishing finally with the sound of the trash train passing by, empty....



BRAINMACHINES

or, What the Kids of New York Do When You're Not Looking

I suppose the night began just like any other... Oh wait, no it didn't. Riley called me out of the blue, just as I was preparing dinner. Riley, the lone Australian drifter, walking about the world, going whichever way the wind may blow, had just flown into New York. Hell yeah! I gave him subway directions from Laguardia to Bed-Stuy, and welcomed him to Brooklyn with a big, steaming plate of black beans, yellow rice and sweet plantains.

After dinner we hopped on the A train and rode into the posh, fashionable depths of the Chelsea, to meet Shawn at Drive-In Studios. My friend Shawn works the bar at Drive-In, an ultra-high-end photo studio, where on any given day one might see Ja Rule and J-Lo butting heads with, say, Carrot Top. (We actually procured P-Diddy's "to-do" list one time! I'd put it in the zine for the world to see, but it's actually a pretty stale read.) It's the best fucking job, he basically hangs out, reads, smokes, and serves lattes to indifferent famous people, and beer to me. The main studio area is a huge, cavernous room, where supermodels are photographed during the day and all manner of hijinks go down at night. The drum-kit and guitar amps come out, and punk rock echoes from the walls. The free beer comes out, and already-disorderly people get drunk. The skateboards come out, and impromptu fakie competitions are held on the sikes, seeing who can hit the highest vertical on the perfect, white transitions, which usually function as boring photo backdrops. Dude, we fuck shit up. Totally transform the environment. Just like that Dogtown movie.

After a good piss-up, we slowly made our way to the Hole, an infamous gay bar which hosts a rollicking dance party on any given night. We snuck in a six-pack and convinced a friend to buy us all whiskey, after which time we were, as they say, three sheets to the wind. I had a little dance-off with a sleazy, shirtless, Mick Jagger look-alike, and then I sprained my ankle. It was looking like an early night to bed.

Upon entering the F train station, I wasn't looking forward to the usual half-hour wait, but I was pretty much too inebriated to care. Shawn, Riley and I stood around, swaying, talking with drunken enthusiasm about something irrelevant, when we suddenly heard a loud crash, followed by an inhuman moan. I turned around to see a man lying on the subway tracks and, instantly sobered, ran down the platform to help him. After looking down the tracks to avoid instant death, I jumped down, playing in my head the scene from "Beat Street" where Spit and Ramón are toasted on the electric third-rail. He was dead limp; getting

him up required Shawn and Riley pulling his arms from above, while I pushed from below. After what seemed like a few minutes of struggle, all the while anticipating a speeding train, we got him onto the platform, where he lay, softly whimpering.

He was a young and smartly dressed dude, he almost looked like someone I know, but no... he'd never get as fucked up as this kid was. We got him to sit up after a minute; as he came to, he'd kind of look through me with pinpointed, bloodshot eyes and let out these long, feral animal screams. Time passed as I held his hand and tried to calm him.

"What's your name?" I asked slowly and repeatedly.

"Chhhhaaaaoosssssss..." he finally answered. I half-expected his head to turn a full circle.

"Where do you live, Chaos?"

"Braaaainmmaaachiiness..."

"What?! What are you talking about, Chaos?"

"Braaaainmachinesss dot commm..."

"Brainmachines dot com, huh?" Seemed like a funny time to be plugging a website.

A train finally came by, but we opted not to take Chaos aboard, we didn't even know where he lived yet. A couple undercover cops came by, and he was suddenly a bit more coherent, telling them his real name and his address when they asked. He was still visibly fucked out of his mind, but we told the cops we'd get him home. After what seemed like an hour, another F train rolled through. We took our incapacitated new friend by the shoulders and climbed aboard.

Here's where things got really strange. The only other passenger on this four o'clock a.m. train was another young, smartly dressed, white guy who sat... no, who lay on the bench across from where we settled. Legs up across the seat and head resting on the window, he casually looked in our direction, a condescending grin on his pudgy face intermittently broken to take a large, sloppy bite of a falafel sandwich he was consuming. After a fair bit of scrutiny, he finally addressed our companion.

"Yo! Jeff! How ya doin', man?"

"Not so good," Shawn answered for Jeff, who was still incapable of forming a sentence, "We just saved this dude from being killed by a train after he got too fucked up and fell on the tracks!"

"Oh dude! Jeff's doin' this kinda shit all the time! Aren't you, man? Hahaha..."

Jeff sort of mumbled something about DMT and Ketamine.

"Yeah," the cocky bastard continued, "You guys should listen to everything this guy says. He's a fuckin' genius, I'm telling ya..."

Oh man. From what little information we'd squeezed out of Jeff so far, and now with this smug, arrogant, falafel-eating, feet-on-the-seats motherfucker vouching for his divine intelligence, I decided that they must be involved with a super-secret cult brotherhood of some kind. I decided not to ask any more questions, and when the doors opened at Jay Street/Borough Hall, I stepped off the train with my friends, the three of us feeling put-on, fucked with, and confused beyond belief.

Epilogue: Shawn took a long shot and checked out "brainmachines dot com" the following morning at work. He discovered that they were a loosely knit group of psychedelic explorers, urban shaman, and nomadic travelers. We had just, not but twelve hours previous, rescued their high priest, as I'd like to believe it, from a psychedelic, bloody death under a speeding subway train, and what did we get? Not even so much as a "thank you"! Ungrateful hippies....



*CRAPPY JOB STORIES!

Part One: Rico's Taco Shop - Encinitas, CA

Rico's Taco Shop is somewhat renowned (especially in the flourishing Southern California skate and high school scenes) for being one of the better, cheaper and faster burrito joints, well... anywhere. If you ever meet anyone from between San Diego and Los Angeles, and you're passing Encinitas on the I-5, they will probably remark, "Hey - what say we stop into Rico's for a \$3.25 vegetarian burrito? They're super good and they don't use lard in their beans or anything!" To which you'll of course reply, "Right on, dude" and maybe throw a quick shaka if you're totally feelin' it... Well, it's true. The burritos are super-hella-fuckin-good, but that doesn't change the fact that the owners are super-hella-fuckin-assholes. Let me elaborate.

I was nineteen, and after a year of traveling, I returned home to Encinitas tired, broke, and in love with a Canadian girl. I was fixing on living with my folks, saving a little money, and getting North as soon as possible, which meant of course getting a job. Rico's sounded alright; I'd patronized it on lunch breaks and skate sessions throughout my adolescence, and it was the kind of ship I wouldn't feel too bad about jumping come time. So I took an application to Dina, one of the owners, and I was hired on the spot.

Ah, Dina and Chris. A crabby old Greek couple who figured that opening a healthy, fast, Mexican restaurant in a suburban strip-mall would be a lucrative business opportunity, and wouldn't you know it? Within a few years the place gains nationwide notoriety in tiny subsets of society! Skaters and touring bands the world over know about Rico's! You've never heard of it? Shame on you, friend...

So there I was, an honorary Rico's employee. I tied on an apron and, for \$5.75 an hour, I went to work. I was probably on the clock for a sum-total of fifteen hours when I realized that I absolutely hated my bosses. In hindsight, Chris was just a demanding, senile old guy, who'd forget everything he told me to do two minutes later, so I can't really hold a grudge against him, but Dina? Fuck Dina. She was in complete control of her mental capacities and deliberately waged war upon my somewhat unstable teenage emotions - of this I am convinced! Everything would be going along just fine without her - food getting served, tables being bussed, salsa refilled, etc. - and suddenly she'd storm through the doors, wearing that grotesque, permanent grimace of someone who has led a bitter and angry life. She would immediately find something that I'd "messed up", yell about that for awhile, then stand behind me barking orders about EVERYTHING THAT HAD BEEN GOING ALONG FINE WITHOUT HER, not allowing me to stop for a minute, even if every person was served, every tray washed, every

surface cleaned, etfuckingcetera. She repeatedly ousted my friend Brandon, the nicest kid with the best punk rock style ever, saying, "I don't like your hippy friend. I don't like him coming in when you work." Hippy friend?! Fuck you! Get with the times, eh? She'd pull that whole yelling-at-employee-in-kitchen-then-smiling-at-cute-suburban-family-at-counter thing. Steal employee tips. Shit like that all the time. And once she actually physically assaulted me! Really! I was carrying a stack of dirty trays to the dishwasher, and I must've been in her way or something, because next thing I know I'm pushed from the back and I drop the whole fiberglass armload to the floor. Well, I wasn't going to take that, now was I? An already pissed off, underpaid, teenage punk? Hell no! I picked her up and dunked her head in the Mexican bebida machine until she drowned in Horchata. Just kidding. But I did push her back; just a light, "What the hell was that for?" kind of shove to the shoulder. I think she was scared of me from that moment on.

Another month passed. I had saved enough nickels and dimes to leave Encinitas for my Canadian sweetheart, so it was time to quit. I spent a very fun and productive night with some friends, getting wasted and thinking of super dramatic ways in which to make my exit, preferably something that'd go down in Encinitas history. Someone suggested knocking over the entire bebida machine - Orange Bang, Piña Colada, Horchata and all. Johnny suggested venturing into the kitchen, smearing refried beans and rice all over my face, and stumbling out into the restaurant screaming, "Don't eat the beans! The beans is people! It's PEOPLE!", Soylent-Green-style. What I ended up doing was easy and perfect, however.

It was my last ten minutes on the job; I hadn't told Dina this, but in my head I knew I couldn't take another day. My dad called from out of the blue, asking about my dinner plans or something, and when I hung up the phone Dina accosted me in her typical, interrogational way.

"Who was that?" she demanded.

"That was my dad," I answered.

"What did he want?"

"He said something big has come up. We've gotta leave the country tomorrow."

"What?! What something?" She was baffled, "Explain it to me, I don't understand..."

"Well, it's none of your business, really..." And with those cool, calm words, I removed my apron and walked out into the warm, calm night.

I still wonder to this day what kind of crazy, fantastic, family-on-the-run story she must have fabricated in that stupid, mean head of hers....

* This story is dedicated to all of the downtrodden teenagers employed at Rico's - past, present and future. Hang tough, little dudes....

Le Monsieur Sexe Fantastique

* a Parisian love story *

It wasn't as if I wasn't warned.

"Don't bother going to Paris," they told me, "Unless you've got some friends there. It's fucking huge, and the people don't ever seem too kind."

Of course, I took this as, "Go to Paris. It's beautiful and exciting. You'll run into some hospitable punks in no time at all."

So after three rainy days in Bordeaux, I stuck out my thumb and caught one good ride to the big city. The weather gradually cleared and my luck was looking up. At the advice of my ride, I got off the Metro at Chatelet, the dead center of the city, where posh commercialism and shameless tourism clash with seedy sex shops and blatant prostitution. Having one vague contact who wasn't home at the moment, and who I obviously didn't think of calling before reaching Paris, I aimlessly wandered the streets, just exploring and trying to keep warm in the mid-October night.

"He should be home in an hour or so," I thought to myself.

So I tried again at nine-thirty, then ten, ten-thirty, then eleven. Midnight passed and it was still the same unfamiliar, French, female voice on Matt's answering machine. By this time I was completely lost and freezing cold, my legs felt like useless, rusty, iron prosthetics after ten miles of walking with my huge pack on, and I realized that I was, in fact, stranded.

I frantically formulated another plan: To get to the train station and hop on something, anything, northbound. What I failed to realize was that all trains stop running at midnight, so after finding my way to the station (losing my skateboard and having to backtrack on the Metro in the process), I was, once again, hopelessly stranded. Oh well.

Just as I was about to hit the streets again in search of a place to sleep, I was approached by a short, middle-aged Frenchman.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm trying to get out of here," I replied, "But it doesn't look like it's going to happen tonight."

"No. It certainly doesn't..."

We began a conversation in Spanish, as it was our mutually understood language, and he seemed like an honest person. When he offered me a place to sleep I obliged, primarily out of desperation, though he seemed trustworthy enough that under any circumstance I may have agreed. The fleeting thought of, "I wonder if this is one of those old perverts who hangs out in train stations to pick up on young, stranded travelers?" was quickly pushed out of my mind.

Upon reaching his tiny apartment, he put on some tea and turned on a movie, some dumb comedy, and we sat and talked a bit about traveling. He asked if I needed to take a shower and I said no, I'd just cleaned up in Bordeaux. Time passed - drinking tea, smoking cigarettes, not laughing at the dumb movie, being exhausted, etc. - and he asked the question again. I found his insistence to be a little creepy, but truthfully I hadn't showered in weeks, so I must've stunk to high heaven. I locked the bathroom door and enjoyed a long shower - soap and everything.

Upon exiting the bathroom, I faced an extraordinary scene - half-hilarious, half-terrifying. Dude had transformed his previously nondescript apartment into a "love den" of sorts. Candles flickered, incense burned, new-age music drifted softly from the stereo, and a really bad soap opera played on the tele...no, wait...that's a porno.

"Do you like this?" he asked, pouring me a shot of Bailey's, which I quickly consumed.

"No, not particularly," I replied coldly, "Can I have some more booze?" Anything to anesthetize myself against the soon-to-be awkward situation at hand.

He changed the channel. It was four a.m. and I was absolutely exhausted by this time, so I asked if there was somewhere for me to sleep. "Sleep" being the key word. He unfolded the couch-bed, which took up most of the small room, and we both laid down.

I was barely drifting into a pleasant dream about riding a supersonic train away from Paris, when I awoke to his leg resting heavily over mine. The porno was back on, the new-age jams were turned up way high, and he was shamelessly jerking off next to me. Fuuuck... I was so tired, and really, really, really just wanted to sleep, not deal with any unwelcome advances, but naturally it wasn't long before he had his dirty paws all over me.

"I'm sorry, man," I started, "You've been kind and hospitable and all, but I'm really not into this right now."

"Don't be so uptight," was his predictable response, "Just relax. Free yourself."

Free myself?! "No, I'm not uptight, I'm uncomfortable. Now please stop."

Then he started in with some total bullshit. "Oh! (all passionate-and-flustered-like) I believe in all aspects of LIFE and LOVE! You're young, you don't understand!"

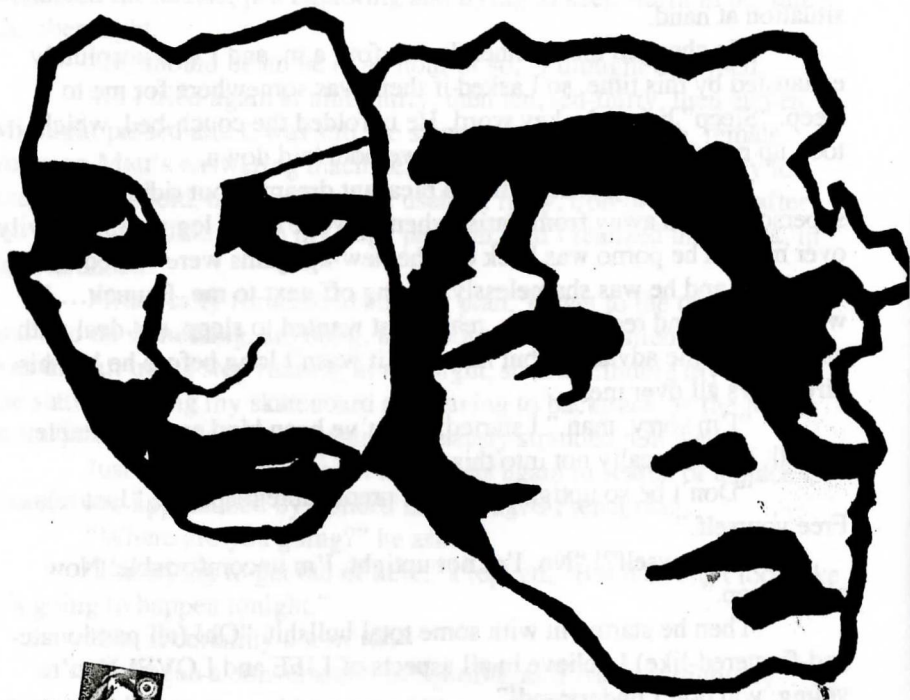
"Yes, I understand completely. You want to get laid and I want to sleep. Now STOP!"

He acted all exasperated and went on with more philosophical nonsense about how he's liberated and I'm not (but could be!), all the while making that peace-dove-freeing motion with his hands, before

putting them back onto me to further his sexual advances. This exchange continued for about fifteen minutes. Don't ask why it took me so long, but I finally realized that I wasn't going to get a wink of sleep unless, of course, I wanted to make sweet love to this creepy, ugly, rude man.

I'd had enough. I got out of bed, turned on the light, and haphazardly threw together all my stuff. "Fuck you. I'm leaving. Let me out."

He casually sat up and lit a cigarette. He walked to the door and unlocked it. In the tone of someone closing up shop for the evening, he bade me goodnight and sent me out onto the cold, cold Paris streets.



Five poems, just for you.

Just woke up and I
need some coffee
Haven't shaved so my
beard is itchy
If I was to dip my
beard in coffee
It would turn from
Blonde to brown
Temporarily.

Riley and I built a skateramp
I pulled a blunt to fake and
Lots of frontside rocks
Riley did kickflips and
Backside 5-0s to reverts and
All kinds of wicked awesome shit.

My only pair of shoes
Is rife with holes
And they ain't got no soles
My only pair of workin' boots
Got zippers like they used to use
On parachutes!

Stew, roots, and booze!

Who's gonna buy me some new shoes?!

Ducked the turnstyle
At Franklin Avenue
Because I'm broke
The token booth lady got angry
Not fair cuz everyone else paid!
Everyone else seemed to think
It was all very funny.

I got fired from
my construction job
I got hired back at
my photography job
The chemicals are gonna feel
Awesome in all these
cuts on my hands!



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RECORD

OUT HUD: s.t.r.e.e.t. d.a.d.

The first time I "saw" Out Hud was on January 24, 1999 at some warehouse in Oakland. I know this because I still have the flyer, and the show stands out in my memory as one of the greater disappointments of my life. Why? I will tell you.

I drove up from Santa Cruz with some Canadian friends, and we proceeded to hang out in the van and drink a few King Cobra 40s in the time allotted before their set. By the time we'd finished our bottles and stumbled into the club, the crowd was a huge, sweaty, pogoing, dance riot, with everyone chanting in unison to the beat of the illest rythm line, "OUT HUD! OUT HUD! OUT HUD!" Then the music stopped, the band walked, the crowd roared, and my head dropped slowly to my chest as I let out a long, "Fuuuuuuckt..." I had missed it entirely. I've seen them play once since then, and while it was no doubt incredible, I don't think anything will capture the energy and intensity of that Oakland show. That I missed. Fuckin' Canadians... Oops! I mean, fuckin' alcohol!

Anyway, four years later, and Out Hud's first full-length, "s.t.r.e.e.t. d.a.d.", is steadily blowing my mind. Listen to the track, "The L Train is a Swell Train and I Don't Wanna Hear You Indies Complain", and tell me you don't just wanna pop three pills of E and spin around beneath a mirror ball all night long. Even when I'm at work, scraping decades-old build-up from ex-factory windows, this record still makes me feel like I'm high on three Es and spinning beneath a mirror ball all night long - to finally stumble into the dawn with my new best friends, perhaps for a slow breakfast on the afterglow, followed by a long, blissful sleep...

BAD RELIGION: all ages (cassette)

It was 1992, Bad Religion had just released "Generator" - I was fourteen and totally stoked, or totally pissed, I can't rightly remember. It wasn't the first punk record I'd heard, that was "Give 'Em Enough Rope" by The Clash when I was like three (I have a cool dad), followed by the first Descendents and Minor Threat records somewhere in there - but I think Bad Religion was the first band I really got into.

Yeah, I know - "Generator" was the beginning of their decline, but c'mon - I was fourteen in '92, living in Southern California, and skating on 30 mm wheels (very, very small - the trend at the time)! So fuck you, while I adjust my size 56" pants (very, very large - the trend at the time)!

Anyway, I remember hanging out at Noah's after school, eating mass Choco-Tacos, then going out to ollie the sidewalk gap in front of his house for a few hours, listening to this record - both on stereo and in head - constantly. Those certainly were some days...

But Bad Religion just sort of faded out of my life, buried under stacks of Kill Rock Stars and Gravity Records releases. For a few years I hung up my skateboard in favor of the electric guitar - shredding out weird, angular, "experimental" punk instead of shredding the streets. What the hell was I thinking?!

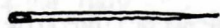
These days I've discovered ways of balancing my obsessions, so that I can (kind of) do them all. I skate when the weather is nice and play guitar when I'm too caffeinated to write and take photos when I can afford not to drink (ha ha). I also love all of the music that I've ever loved, exactly the same amount (except for Ned's Atomic Dustbin, but I won't get into those years). I was recently at Amoeba Music in Berkeley, checking out the cassettes, when I found "All Ages", a decade-spanning Bad Religion compilation, for \$1.50. Hell yeah! I had exact change, so I picked it up, hopped the gates at the BART station, and hauled ass into S.F. to bomb hills on my skate as "Faith Alone" played top-volume in my Walkman. If I may continue my analogy, it was like getting back together with an old lover, 'cept neither of you have significant's right now, so any weirdness and guilt is gone, and you just like, have so much fun, y' know?

DO-IT-YOURSELF TATTOOS

☆ an unprofessional, remedial guide.

Step One

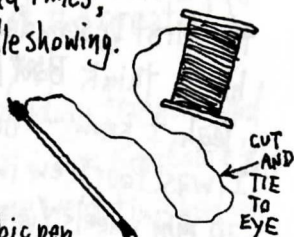
Take a relatively thin, long, sharp sewing needle.



Wrap cotton thread around the tip, about a thousand times, until there's a nice little ball, with about $\frac{1}{8}$ " of needle showing.

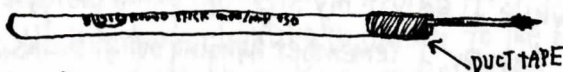
Step Two

Cut thread at 3" or so, thread needle and tie it off, tight! so that your nice little ball doesn't unravel.



Step Three

Take your needle and duct tape it (eye-end, duh) to a big pen casing or something.



Step Four

Buy a couple 40s and call up a friend with a steady hand. Draw on design with a non-toxic permanent pen, open a bottle of Higgins Black Magic Ink and tell him/her to get to work. They'll have to dip the end into the ink and deep into your flesh ~~about every twenty seconds~~, making a whole bunch of tiny dots which'll eventually turn into lines. Wipe clean with a cotton cloth and ~~isop~~ rubbing alcohol when he/she can't see where they're going. Medicate yourself with cheap alcohol, cuz it's gonna hurt like hell and take fuckin' forever. Um... be safe and sterile, unless you want a big, red, itchy infection that's gonna peel and disappear.

Step Five

Take care of it for a few days - band-aids, unperfumed lotion, try not to get it wet, y'know. Now you have a tough, sloppy little mess that's gonna be on you 'til your dying day.

AWESOME!!!



Hey there! You're finished! That means I am too!
Thank friggin' christ, my nerves are shot and my roommate
blowing off M-80s in the backyard isn't helping the situation.
So let's divide that in half and chill out with a couple 40s on
this unseasonably warm NYC winter night, shall we?

In the next issue of Dulce:

S.T.R.E.E.T.S. - an absolutely
fucking phenomenal skate rock
band from Vancouver, B.C., with
the longest acronym ever -
skateboarding totally rules,
everything else totally sucks.

A guide to the worst skate spots
and the best drinking, bottle-
smashing, make-out spots
in Brooklyn. (Don't stress,
I won't find your secret...)

Um... what else?

More traveling, quitting
crappy jobs, listening to
music, yelling at inanimate objects,
falling in love, and getting in trouble.

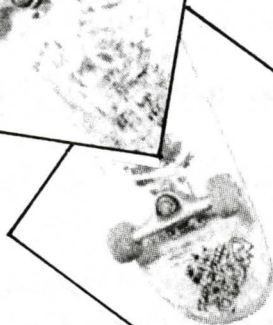
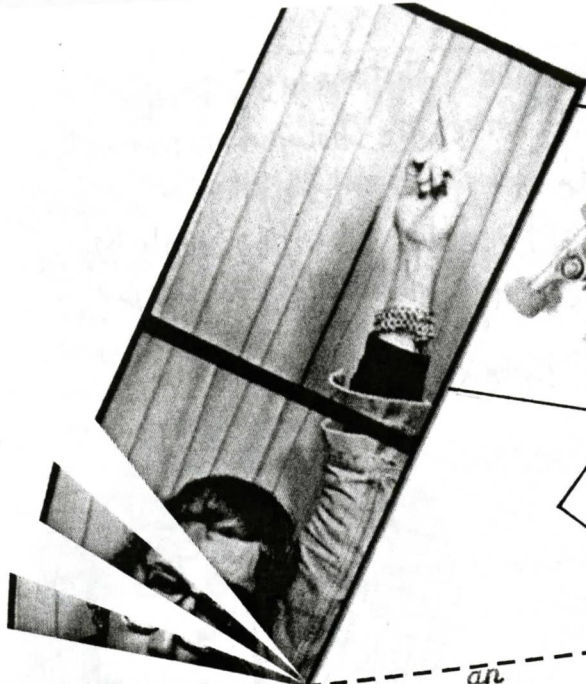
Please send letters, photobooth strips,
foodstamps, and photos of crappy tattoos:

Anthony Dulce

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The stoop calls:





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publication

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