

LIFE SUCKS DIE



LIFE SUCKS DIE 8 FALL/WINTER 2001 \$5.00



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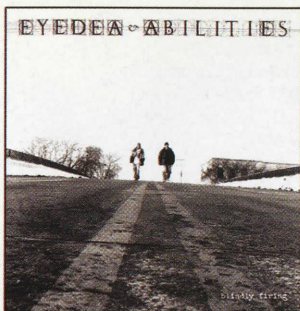
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LSD Issue

we come strapped



GEEKS

Most of us will never have the occasion to bite the head off of a chicken or to swallow a live mouse—that doesn't mean that we wouldn't enjoy watching some other poor devil do it. It's human nature to take pleasure seeing another person do something rude and disgusting.

On the history of entertainment timeline, somewhere between decapitating heretics in the city center and watching *Temptation Island* on a fifty-inch screen with Dolby Surround sound, you'll find the traveling circus. An integral part of the traveling circus was the sideshow. In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, transient wild men and women gnashed their teeth and growled for audiences across the country. If you had a spare dime you could enter the ten-foot diameter tent and see someone like "Strange Eeka" go mental and howl like a wolf while dancing in a pit of snakes. These wild folks roamed between cities and hooked up with the various traveling circuses along the way. Of all the freak show exhibits, the *wild man performance* was considered the lowest on the sideshow totem-pole, but only until the "gloaming geeks" started making appearances and created a new standard in low.

The original geeks put the asses in the seats by biting the heads off live chickens and snakes—for an encore they might eat a handful of worms or some vomit. These geeks weren't considered macho dudes. Most geeks were degenerate alcoholics who were too beat to hold down a real job. As long as being a human guillotine paid for the next bottle of rye and a warm place to sleep they were *bout it, bout it*.

Only amusement establishments with the worst reputations allowed the geek shows to tag along with them. Still to this day, the geek show is a big reason why carnivals and circuses are associated with low living and overall sleaziness. Even though people were repulsed by these acts, they paid the price of admission because they just *had* to see for themselves. The geeks of the traveling sideshow represent the celebration of being a low-life. It was also chance for normal people to gaze upon the grotesque and say, "What the...? This is cool, I mean disgusting."

Today's entertainers are using the same, gag-me-off-the-top-of-the-Empire-State-Building, techniques that they always have. What is denied is desired, is still the case. In these changing times, even as entertainment leaps through the hoops of new technology, people still have simplistic desires to see low-lives wild-out and do crazy shit. The antics displayed on TV shows like *Jerry Springer* and *Jackass* are a lot more boring than watching some alcoholic bite the head off of a live snake, but what do you expect? Even the most sensational TV entertainment is considerably less freaky than the circus sideshows of old, probably because TV programming has to appeal to a larger audience. But the fundamental tastes of audiences haven't changed, deep down, folks still want to see humans get more fucked-up, while doing more fucked-up things.

-Antonio Bonebareass

For more information on freaks and gloaming geeks read, *Freak Show: Presenting Human Oddities for Amusement and Profit* and other writings by Robert Bogdan.



Corrections!

- In regard to LSD Issue 7 'Things You May Have Slept On'...man, fuck Sushi Express... Lunds Grocery in Uptown got the ill sushi. Plus they got a smoothie bar. And tons of yuppie broads hang out there. It's tight. The sushi is good, too. They make it there. I mean, nah, Sushi Express—they aight, they aight... but Lunds, though...

- Obviously, Midway Posse's prediction in LSD #7 that the 2001 NBA season would yield a Miami/Portland Finals series was inaccurate. And once again, the mother-fucking suck-cock fuck-sucks, the LA fuck-suck Lakers won.

-In LSD Issue 7 Crossword Puzzle, the answers were all fucked up. But you probably didn't notice. You probably don't even care, do you—Do you? You probably just buy this magazine, look at the graf, draw some shitty rip-off of it in your 'sketchbook,' guffaw at the dead animal photos and call it a day. Well, congratulations. Congratulations! Congratulations! Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!

-At the end of paragraph 10 on page 40 of LSD Issue 5, the period at the end of the last sentence is missing.

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LSD8COVERCONTEST

By the fiery breath of the Persian unicorn!"

Princess Libibet gasped sharply, swelling her already ample bosom to monumental proportions. The outlander fixed his jaundiced gaze on this flame tressed maiden and marched ever closer, the rosy light of the dawn dancing 'cross his cod piece. Thinking herself bound for Valhalla, Libibet tensed her heathen fissure and spoke. "Sir! Methinks thee a traveler, weary and worn from..."

But her words trailed off on the morning breeze as the stranger drew her near, a dewy layer of perspiration coating his massive, misshapen skull and rippling torso. The tremendous din of their love-making echoed throughout the Kingdom as the 8 enacced goats looked on...

These same goats have been mystically hidden somewhere on this issue's cover.

The first 6 knives (or knavettes) to correctly locate all eight will receive a veritable treasure trove of riches, finely woven garments and bound parchment chapbooks. Conjure up a facsimile of the cover, circle all eight goats and secure the scroll to the leg of a falcon, releasing it to LSD attn: Nefarious Cloven Polkery, P.O. Box 14801 Minneapolis, MN 55414



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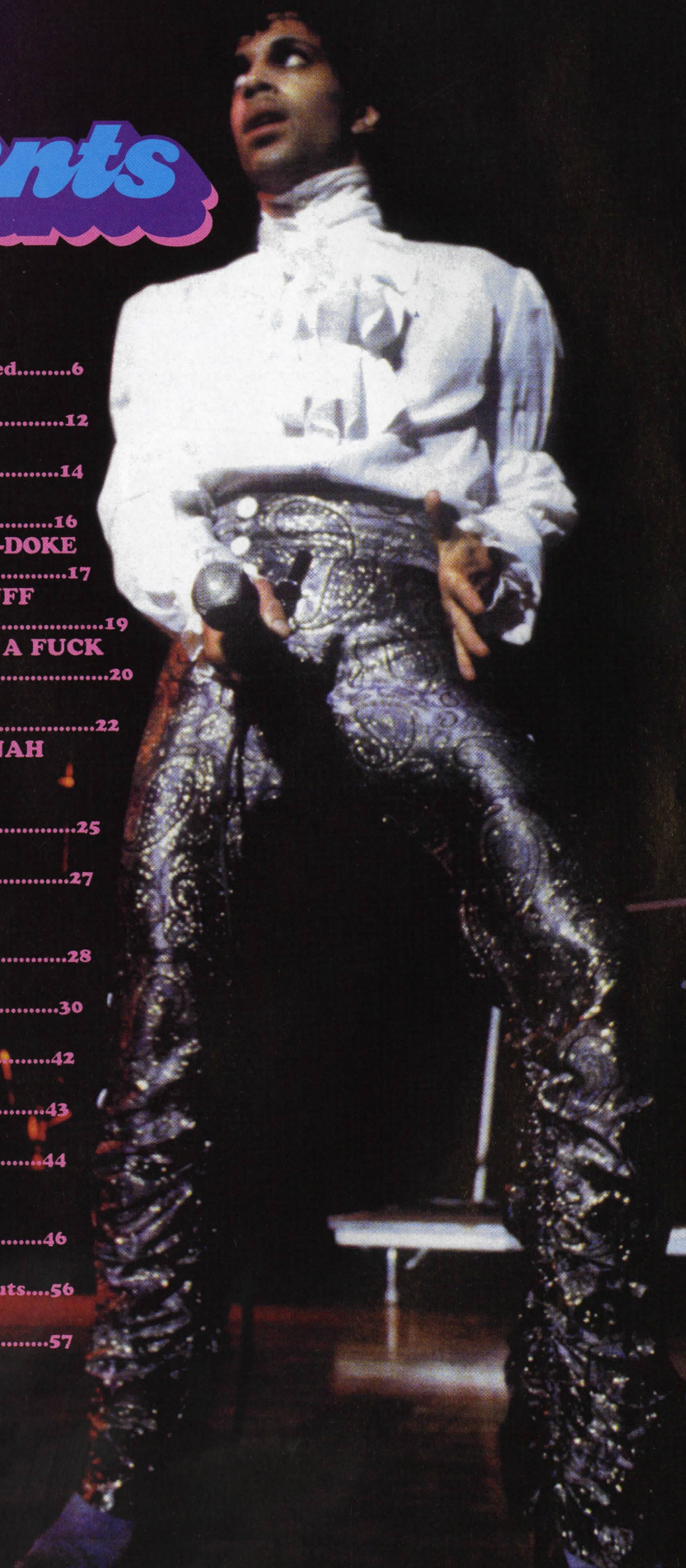
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LIFE SUCKS DIE CARES...

The truth is, we really do care. Not only about providing you, our faithful readers, with a quality, entertaining, literary masterpiece to feast your mind and eyes on every few months, but also about our very own dedicated staff, and extended Life Sucks Die family. That's why when LSD senior editor Dave Ricketts fell ill for the 8th time in the last three months, we decided that we could not just sit idly by and watch our friend and colleague continue to be sidelined by his

omnipresent bouts with sickness. Something had to be done... But what? The field of medical technology and research has come a long way, but there still is no cure for the common cold. How do you go about helping someone who has the immune system of an ailment-prone infant? We were determined that our friend would one day be able to enjoy the simple pleasures in life that we often take for granted.

The plan was to build some type of contraption that would allow Dave to lead a relatively normal existence. The problem was there are germs EVERYWHERE and Dave is a virtual germ magnet. Luckily, members of our staff have backgrounds in computer-aided drafting, bio-medical engineering, web design, and art history. After many hours of brainstorming,

we came up with the idea of building a sterile germ-proof suit that would protect him from the disease-ridden filth of the outside world, easier said than done.

It took our research and development team nearly six weeks of round-the-clock designing, experimenting, building and re-building, before our first prototype was launched. Since then, the project has been a smashing success! Dave has not gotten sick for almost 10 weeks. Not even so much as a sniffle! It's like he's a whole new person, out there doing the things that he loves. Our philosophy at Life Sucks Die is quite simple: making a magazine will always come second to helping people (and partying).

-Hector Cerveza Fria
Senior Editor Life Sucks Die Magazine

"At first it was kind of awkward looking, but now we hardly even notice Dave's Enviro-Chamber."

-Alvin "Creepy" Kurpis
Keygrip assistant

"I was originally inspired by the sleek aerodynamic lines of the 2000 Volkswagen Beetle; that, and this thing I saw on Oprah about getting in touch with your 'spirit'."

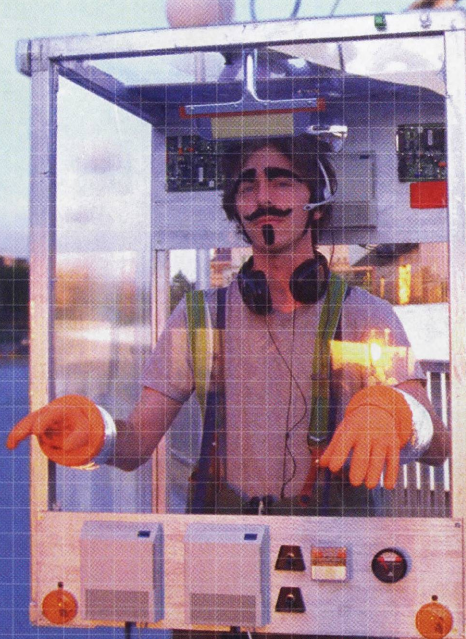
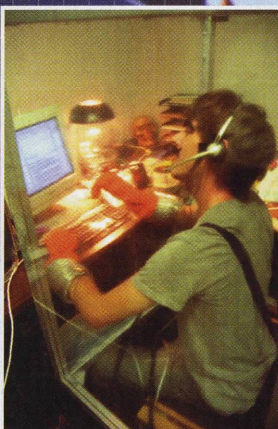
-Dr. Rosenpenta
Research & Development Specialist

"There are still some ergonomics issues we're working on, but I think we're only a couple of weeks away from manufacturing a new enviro-chamber that will feature a high-speed wireless DSL connection, front and rear halogen fog lights, as well as a new mechanism that will allow him to sleep while laying down..."

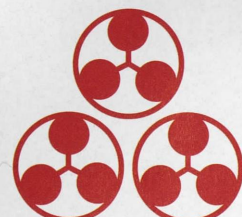
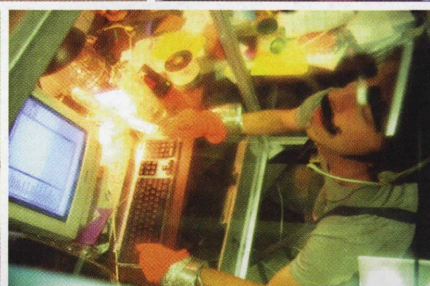
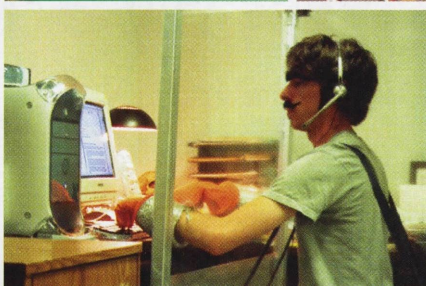
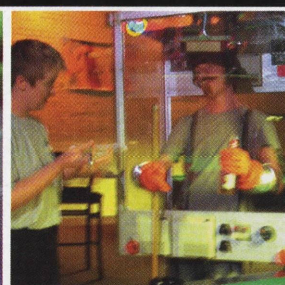
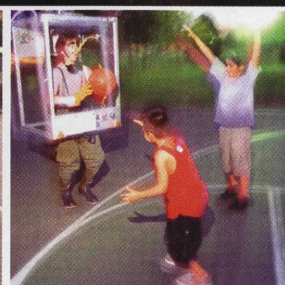
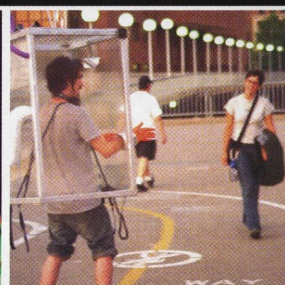
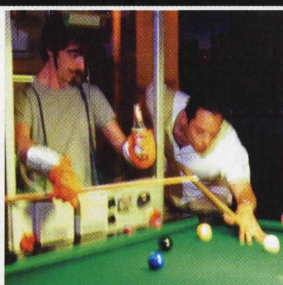
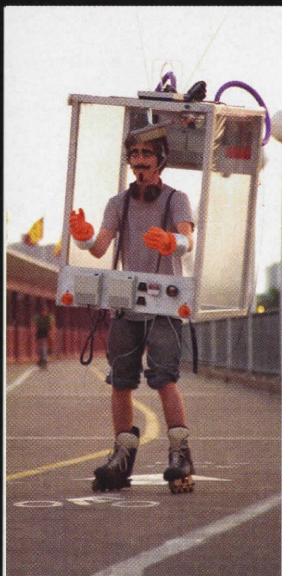
-Hector Cerveza Fria
Bio-Med. Engineer

"At first, we were concerned that girls weren't really going to be into it, but we were surprised; almost every time we go out that dude gets like four or five phone numbers. I heard this one girl say she thinks the Enviro-Chamber makes him look sexy, and that's when I knew that the project was a success."

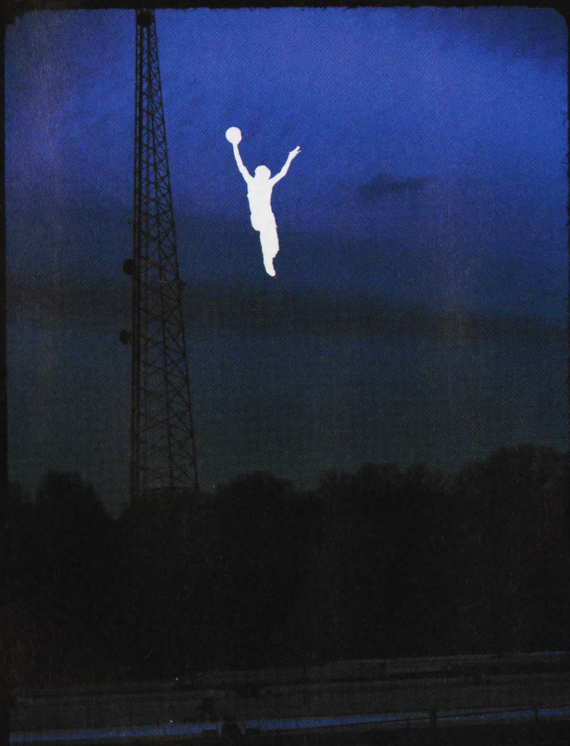
-Khaki Biltini
Wireless Communications Specialist



"I didn't just want to be another boy in a bubble, totally cut off from the rest of the world... I wanted my life back"



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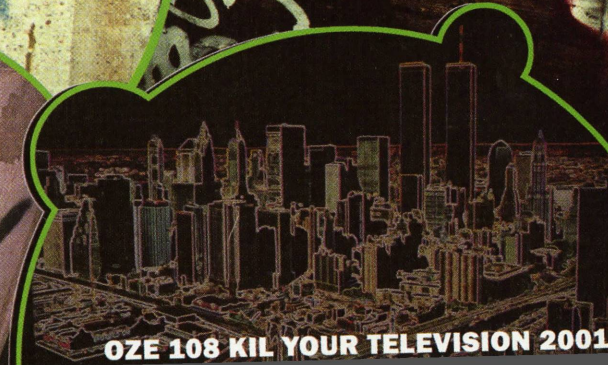
KILL GIULIANI!!

WHAT WILL I
DO WITH
MY LIFE

EVERY TIME YOU SEE
YOU RUN ME
CLUB
SAY
YOU TALK
THOMAS
JAY

As sweep
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fresh
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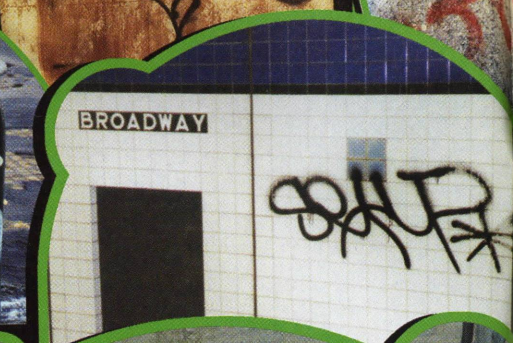
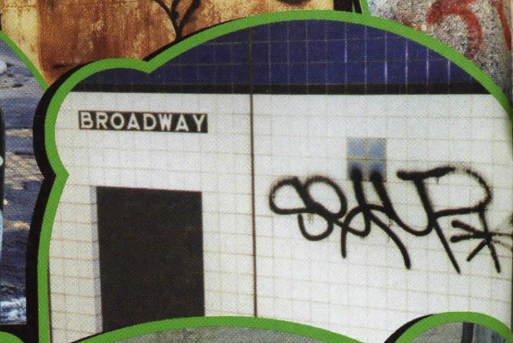
BUCK
NO MORE
TRAINS
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THRU
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lost

8/1/99

MADE IN BROOKLYN
STAMP OF
APPROVAL
RARE





Cannibal

There is something ironic about interviewing a group, whose label owner's catch phrase is "independent as fuck," in a Starbucks. Even funnier is seeing Vast Air eat honey right out of the packet, somewhat reminiscent of Winnie the Pooh. Painfully funny: me attempting to transcribe this interview after having my tape recorder a little too close to the speaker—lite rock at its worst. Luckily I was able to decipher the wisdom imparted on me by Vast Air and Vordul, proteges of El-P, and saviors of the backpacker movement. They are called Cannibal Ox and their debut album, *The Cold Vein*, is out now.

with Cryptic One through some various people we knew in Atoms, and put him down—it was on.

LSD- You guys are both originally from Harlem?

VA- Yes, I like to say Uptown, but, yeah, I was born in Mt. Vernon and I lived in the Bronx, so I like to say Uptown.

LSD- So how did you guys get hooked up with El-P and Def Jux?

VA- We met El-P, like in '96, I was meeting different Indelibles over the years we would meet different people. Like, Atom's Family would open for Indelibles, that's how we would get to meet them because we were both performing. Then I would bump into someone at a party and be like 'ohhhh we did that show at blah blah blah.' That's how you would keep conversing. We all knew the same people and didn't know it, you know what I mean? After that we just kept connecting, him and El-P

and started trading books and stuff.

We started building. At the time I was working on a solo project. We

You know what I mean? Cuz 4080 is real. 4080 is real and it still exists. It existed back then when I met him, it still exists when we coming out with records.

LSD- Are there any labels that you have had problems with in the past?

VA- I'm going to put it this way: Since I have always been more of an independent artist I get the more shady end from promoters. Promoters or, you know—that's who gets a chance to play shady with us. The label is mine, so ain't nothing shady going down. Maybe the distro deal can get a little shady, with like Buds or Landspeed you know what I'm sayin', trying to not pay money on time. Maybe a kid that's running a compilation, maybe he won't pay you on time. But since it's our label, nothing sour is going down. It's all fam; it's all us, running it. I know my publicist. I know my CEO, he's my roommate. I know my manager, I do music with him. It's not some dude that handed me a card who was like—you know, it's a dude I know and already trust on every angle. Except for a promoter.

LSD- Isn't that the worst shit, when you go to a show and they're like 'we're not sure if we're going to be able to pay you what we said,' and then you can't back out because you will look like an asshole.

VA- Because you're already there.

LSD- They already promoted it.

VA- They put your name on the flyer and all that, and that's all great, but that's why we get half when we get there, half afterwards. I don't front on, 'all up front,' I don't front. I don't want you to feel like I could do three songs and bounce. I want you to give me half, I'll do my whole show and you give me my other half. That's how I feel about it. I'm the one that's at stake. If the show goes wrong I get all the heat. 'Oh they're Assholes—they didn't come to Miami. They didn't even come to West Bumble-fuck with no mics and no engineer.' I'm the one that's gonna get heat for that because he puts us on the flyer and if we don't show up then... We're gonna show, we're gonna come through. I'm notorious for doing a show with no voice. I don't cancel just to cancel. If I cancel, something's wrong so don't cry, don't pout—we humans man. I wish you could just press play on my neck and my verse would come out like I recorded it, but it don't go down that way. I got lungs, I got a mind, people in the crowd, like girls in the front row—things happen, you get distracted. [laughs] But we're gonna come through, don't worry about us.

LSD- Do you want to talk about your album?

Do you think people are ready for it?

VL- I hope so, I think so though, man. I think things is good with the understanding of where we coming from. Yeah, but I think collectively everything came about, we didn't plan no songs or nothing. Most of our shit came from us just chilling and just writing lyrics and we

LSD- How long have you guys been doing this?

Vordul- As a rhyme family with Atoms, we been tight like eight years strong.

Vast Air- I known him since like '91.

LSD- How did you guys meet?

VL- Through an art school, Washington Irving.

LSD- Where is that?

VA- Downtown Manhattan, and uh, we didn't know we both lived in Harlem, so once we found that out it was like 'WHAT? We gonna hang uptown.'

LSD- What was your first studio experience like?

VL- Well, first we used to do, man... we was recording stuff on my little...little Casio joints, you know, My First Sony type thing. Yeah that was our first recordings man.

[All laughter]

VL- Then we met up with Cryptic, Alaska, and the extended family.

VA- We met with Cryp like four years later, so like '94 to '95. And we started going to his crib and he had the eight-track, and, you know the advance from the Casio mic. We were rhyming on his brother's My First Sony—we would just rhyme over other peoples instrumentals and rhyme and that's how we got tight at the crib. And when we met up

weren't really doing anything. We were more on, lets just create, we weren't really trying to come out at the time. He knew us the closest out of all the Atoms. So he asked us if we were down to do a project and we were like yeah, because I already proposed to Vordul as for being my rhyme partner because we mad close. I was alone for like two years and I wasn't really vibin' with it. So I had already proposed to him and then El-P made a proposal like a couple of months later, so it was like 'yeah, let's do this.'

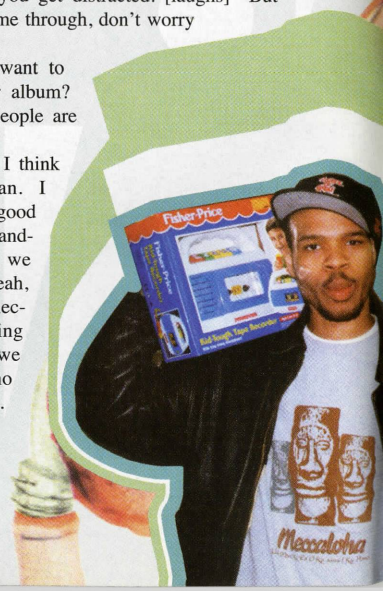
LSD- So when did he talk to you guys about working with him?

VA- We made it official in '98 that we were gonna make it happen. So here we are in 2001 and it's happening, you know?

LSD- How are you guys feeling about Def Jux? Are you the first hip-hop group happy with their label?

VL- Probably, probably...

VA- Ox and Mr. Lif are the first releases, you know, that's our fam. I love my man Lif, I love El to death. He's got a new idea, he's trying to imply to the hip-hop crowd, the hip-hop world—you know what I mean. He has a vision, I am sure it's the same vision that he had with [his first label] Official. It's like 'yo, I just want artists to have that outlet.' To get shows planned out, they albums in stores correct, get all your publishing correct and not to get dicked by 4080.





Gold World

Interview and photos by DJ Kontakt

collectively had lyrics and we was like what would work best together and during that process things was coming along, the title, hooks, El laced a beat and that's the whole album. But there's certain tracks like "Iron Galaxy" and "Pigeon." "Pigeon" is the second track that we ever recorded in El's studio and this is right after the proposal to do this project. So "Pigeon" came, then we got a track called "Scream Phoenix" which is the sequel to "Pigeon," that came all the way at the end. But I think heads is ready, I think heads is ready. El described our shit as like, bringing the backpackers back, that underground rawness like that. The walkman, the big doofy headphones, all that man. I think that's what Ox is good for, the music is real cerebral as some describe it, real mental man, it ain't like—I don't know. You get amped off the visuals more so than just hearing lyrics and then getting a beat. You kind of pause listening to it, zone-out. Yeah man. LSD- There really aren't many guest appearances on the album...

VA- Stronghold is on the album, because that's long overdue. Atoms and Stronghold, for years we've known each other. Me and Lif been cool since day zero. Me and C Rayz Walz, Breez Evahflowin, all them, we been cool for years, so finally one of us is doing a project and the time worked. I was hanging with Crayz, heavy, for maybe two weeks, and I was like, yo we got to get this track done cuz I had a deadline. That deadline is what made it only those two. I wanted Lif on the album, I wanted my man Murs on the album, but if anything we weren't going over four. It's a full-length album but we still weren't going over four guests. We just fit it, we got three guests, you got El on one, you got Atoms on one, you got Stronghold on another, the rest is me and him, it's our album, it's our vision. We didn't want to hit with like every third song you hear a bunch of cats on a track. Nah, this is Cannibal Ox, you hear some friends come on here and there.

LSD- That definitely lets you stand on your own two. Most albums these days, 70 percent is guests.

VA- Half the album is your



friend and it's like 'yo, are you nice or is your friend holding you up?' Write man, write a song chief. Put that in bold print. Write a song chief. Make a beat; you know what I mean? Stop worrying about calling Vast to come over to spit 24. Hounding me for 16, hounding Vordul for 20. Make your own music dog, make your own music and if the time is right we'll bang it out if I'm feeling it. A lot of heads want you to come there and just do a whole album with them. It's just like 'wow.'

LSD- How do you feel about where hip-hop is now?

VL- I ain't got too many thoughts, everything that is, is obvious. Seriously.

VA- For real, I always took to the scripture that there is nothing new underneath the sun. It's nothing new. It's like it was Hammer then, or Vanilla Ice then, it's whoever it is now. That's how I look at it. There was dope emcees then, there are dope emcees now, if anything, hip-hop as a culture, and as a style, and as an art medium is at the best place it could ever be.

VL- As far as the horizon, I mean the way heads can get on now is so easy, and then you got the advantages and disadvantages to that.

LSD- Do you think it's too easy?

VA- Naw, it's not too easy at all. It never is, it never will be. Because I'm on and I'm still struggling. It's never too easy to do anything in entertainment. I will tell you this though, hip-hop is on the best spot it has ever been. And if anyone disagrees with that they can eat a dick. It's reaching audiences it never reached before. Yo, don't hate, don't hate, it might not be your crew, but it's not your crew, that's all it really is. Don't hate, like when you're on top of the world, then do you go 'aww hip-hop's great?' I'm struggling—and I can tell you that just from the grassroots level doing music independently, it is in the best spot ever. The music business is definitely, in total, in its best spot ever because you got A&R's running out looking for talent hardcore now. You got these corporations throwing billions of dollars at young kids who don't have anything. It's the gamble you take. You could put a demo out and it gets shopped, and it just gets shopped for 10 years. Or you could win a mic battle and there is a dude in the crowd there from some label. That will always be. I don't think it's easier to get on, if anything it's harder because there's more kids that are like, yeah, I can get on this ad now or I can get on this show now, so I'm going to go for that.

LSD- The market is definitely bigger than it has ever been. VA- The market is bigger and people who are sitting there with money, like 'hey I want to make money off of this.'

That's more.

LSD- Do you think there is more people putting out records that maybe shouldn't be putting out records?

VL- That's the thing, anybody can put something out now because of how the independent scene just blew up in the hip-hop game. I don't know. I ain't got any opinions on the other independent artists really. It's all based on your opinion.

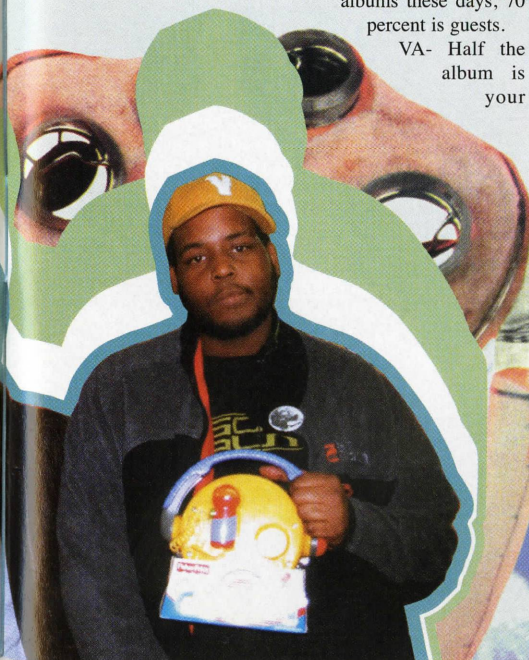
VA- I would say that there's always gonna be someone putting an album out and they literally are not talented. It's a gimmick, its fun, it's great. That will always be there. There's nothing you can do yo, there's nothing you can do. There's always gonna be a wack dude you know, that's the Yin and Yang of life. There's always gonna be a jerk, there's always gonna be a dude that's like 'I really don't have any talent, since I caught the outlet I'm doing it, because that's my hustle.' Alright, cool. But I'm a real musician, I really love the art, I really take this shit seriously, and that's where I leave it. I'm not gonna stand here and lose sleep over you, because I seen your kind since I was 14.

LSD- On that same note, how do you feel, when people say you sold-out as soon as you sell more than 5,000 copies and might not have to work full time or have two jobs?

VL- I think that's fucked up man because if you supported us before, then you should be supporting us further. That is reaching out like that man. How can you dig the music, but not dig it when it's selling? Shit is crazy.

VA- I hate to say it, but there is a community of kids that exist right now where they're real fundamental. It's the Vegan that will throw paint on your coat, you know? It's like, I understand throwing paint on someone's coat as symbolism, but the animal is still dead and he's gonna get another fur coat tomorrow, so grow the fuck up. I'm tired. I'm tired. Vast is tired. Don't come up to me in the street and ask me about my Nikes and my Mumia button, don't ask me none of that. I'm living life and he's not wearing Nike or not eating a cheeseburger, or, or, or, all these fundamentalists, these kids that because I'm on TRL I'm a sellout now. The music always speaks for itself. And that's Can O, the music will speak for itself. If you have a problem with my music, fine. Don't trip over my car. Don't trip about my car, don't trip about the girl I'm with, don't trip about the name brands I wear. Mind your business, get a life. You're 17, you think you know everything, all right, its all gravy. It's all gravy. Support us. If I'm on MTV, support

continued on page 53



TROUBLE MAN

Interview by Alvin Karpis
Photos courtesy of Jester

Whether he's out burning down his enemy's car with a flare gun or rigging security cameras and evading the under cover cops so he can steal washers and dryers, Geso is just a normal-ass dude who rocks Quicksilver gear and considers graffiti job one. He has laid more ink on SF than the *San Francisco Chronicle*, racked more gear than the Lo-Lifes and knocked more dudes than Julio Cesar Chavez—or should we say Julio Geso Chavez.

LSD- When did you start your dedication to a life outside the law?

G- Fuck, twelve or thirteen.

LSD- What were you getting into then?

G- Car theft, smoking cigarettes.

LSD- Was it cigarettes that led you astray?

G- Yeah.

LSD- What led from that to graff?

G- My friend was a thug and he did graff on the buses (In San Francisco). Seeing him do it got me into it. That was probably '93, '94. I would just go along and watch, but I was too scared to do it.

LSD- But you were stealing cars...

G- Yeah, I wasn't into graff that much. I wasn't into art. I got into graff to be destructive. Just being a little kid. I lived in a small town. When I moved to San Francisco, my mom had some weird boyfriend, so I just tried to be rebellious. As soon as I moved there I started getting into trouble.

LSD- So what was going on in the SF scene right when you were coming up?

G- When I started, I wasn't really looking at graff, just writing on shit. I was bombing for half a year before I met anybody. I didn't know how much I was really getting up until I started meeting people. I wasn't really bombing for anybody else. I was just doing it to be a fucker, just to piss people off and shit. After six months I met Spie, Grey, Sope and Felon. KR and all those guys that were doing stuff back then. I got more into the idea of what it was about. Grey and I hooked up, he started living at my house with my mom and shit, and we started killing everything.

LSD- So you went from stealing cars to graff supplies, like ink...

G- Yeah, the Marsh supply. I had a big ass shelf of gallons and quarts of Marsh, every color, all the old shit. I had so much ink and time, I would just make crazy markers. I was fifteen or sixteen and I had everything, all the supplies, like fifty gallons of Marsh.

LSD- Was Marsh easy to get back then?

G- Nobody knew about it. I just figured it out for myself. We racked all that ink from some old lady, it was fucked up. Grey robbed her for some money. He racked her wallet out of her purse.

LSD- Didn't you and Twist have a friendly battle?

G- We had these markers. I used to make them out of quart paint cans and socks. I had so much Marsh. I would just walk around with gallons of Marsh in my bag and keep filling up the marker. We battled for who had the biggest marker. Now that I look back on it, I was so little. But I feel that I had an influence in Frisco for bombing with ink. You go to other towns like LA and it's all about paint and spots, and Frisco's all markers and mops; there's not a lot of other cities that have that going on.

LSD- Do you think that that's due to how the city is put together, there's just more surface to hit with ink?

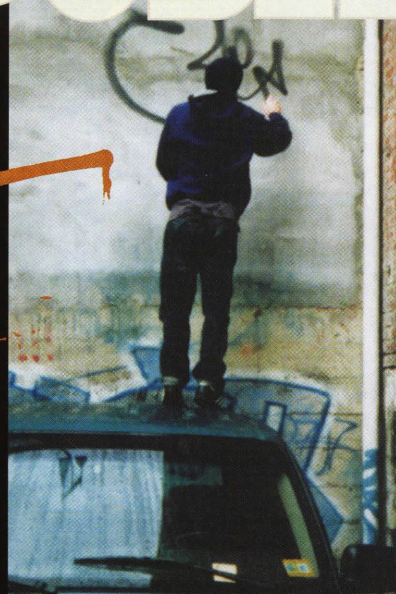
G- Yeah, everything you can hit with ink pretty much.

LSD- How much ink would you say you'd use in a night?

G- A lot, a gallon. I would take out three black mops, three yellows and three whites and a bag of paint, twenty cans, silver pens, a pocket full of those, and I would not come back until it was all gone. All used—everything. If I came home with something, I knew I didn't get up as much as I could. If I ran out early, I'd go back and get something.

LSD- What made you leave SF?

G- I just kept moving back-and-forth from there because I had a kid. I wasn't doing anything besides graffiti like twenty-four hours and not taking care of business. Pretty much when I had my kid, I moved. Now I'm able to take care of him and take care of my girl and still do graff. I do a lot of freights and travel every couple weeks to SF and bomb that shit, go to LA and bomb that—Oregon.



LSD- You've seen some crazy shit while painting...

G- I saw a guy get pushed out of a window in the Tenderloin. Probably like twenty stories up. About halfway down, he hit a neon sign and he was doing cartwheels in the air. He landed about eight buildings away from where we were painting these pull-downs. He landed and was just lying in the street and we kept painting. The cops came. They were too busy seeing that dude die to do anything about us.

LSD- Was he dead when he hit the ground?

G- He was fuckin' dead! We just stayed and finished our fill-ins while the cops were there because they had better shit to do. They were right next to us, like eight buildings down, right there. I saw this one guy, after he tried to commit suicide, with his head totally splattered on the ground. That was on Market. Grey and me saw some dude fucking a transvestite. They were in some truck and we were throwing big rocks at them. They were pretty into it, I think they kept going. In San Francisco you always see people fucking—everywhere. I saw a guy right after somebody had dropped a drum on his head out of a window. Always while painting. One time I was in the Tenderloin doing a fill-in. I was trying to be all slick doing it on my bike filling it in, so in case it got hot, I could just dip. I switched cans to pull out a black and these guys pulled up in a Honda. They pulled a rifle out of the window and shot at me. I ducked and it hit the fill-in. They almost killed me.

LSD- Have you been shot at a lot?

G- I've been shot at about ten times. Me and this guy Trav were doing some truck, this guy pulls up in a van. He seemed pretty cool, like he was liking our pieces. I walked over there, I was just going to handle it. If he had some problem, I was just going to beat his ass. And he goes 'yeah, it's good, I like it.' And then all of a sudden he pulls this big ass gun, like a Dirty Harry gun out of the car, and we got lucky because he hit his hand on the door knob and dropped the gun. We took off running and he shot at us a bunch of times. This was like six months ago. I've had gangsters pull guns and put them to my chest, like dumb shit like that.

LSD- So why is the flare gun your weapon of choice, what made you think, 'Man, I think I'm going to start carrying a flare gun.'

G- I saw this '80s movie about crack heads. This girl had a flare gun in her purse and these guys tried to rape her and she shot a dude and it burned his ass up. I said, 'Fuck I gotta get one of those.' We went out the next day and went to a boat shop and I scored a bunch of them, like all the fucking flares and shit. I went to some party with my friend who had some race-



car. Some guys were talking shit after the party, and we were driving his car. They pulled up and they were going to try and fight us. The guy was saying something out of his window and I was in the passenger side. I shot the flare into his car and it burned the whole car down. After that, I just loved that shit. That shit rocks. I carry it all over. I was living up in Oregon for a while and I would do pieces on the trains and I'd come back and they'd be crossed out the next day with some wack shit. I caught those kids in there and shot them with it. I don't know if I hit them, but I always fired it at those fuckers and tried to beat them up or hit 'em with something. When you see a fireball coming at you, you don't know what the fuck's going on.

LSD- At least you know it's not going to kill somebody.
G- Well it might.

LSD- Well if you were stuck in a flaming car...

G- Yeah, that shit was no joke.

LSD- It doesn't always go that well though...

G- Yeah, there was one time I was kinda broke and I found out that these guys had a bunch of weed and money and that I could rob 'em. They told me they were going to be in a truck, but it turned out they were in this car. I walked up and put the flare gun to the guy's head and I said 'gimme all your shit.'

LSD- Now does this look like a real gun?

G- No, you can tell it's a flare gun, it's all orange. You can get ones that look real though. If you wanna kill someone, you should just get a gun. I'm not trying to kill nobody; I'll shoot them with fuckin' fire. So he hands me the shit, but the window wasn't rolled down all the way and I had my hand in it like an idiot. He had power windows and he rolled it up on my arm and I couldn't get out of it. So I was beating the guy with the butt end of the gun and there was blood everywhere and he took off.

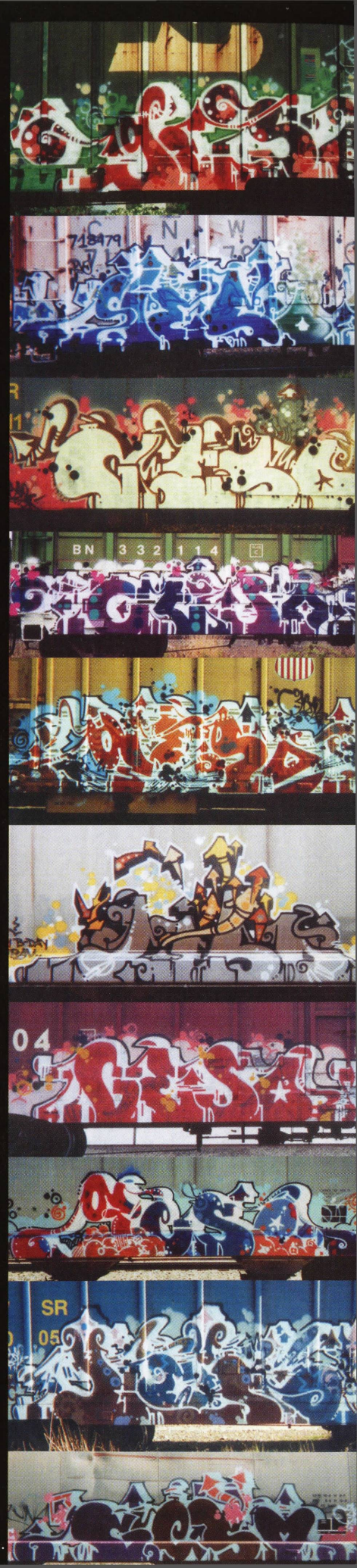
LSD- There were two guys?

G- Yeah, it was the driver. And they were driving me over shit, like over those planters and shit, trying to knock me off the fucking car. The dudes all bloody and I'm beating the window with my left hand. You know how your left hand is way weaker than your right hand; I could not break that shit. Finally my arm came out, I don't know if the window broke. I got away and my arm was fucked up for two months. There was a big line across it and all the nerves were fucked up. I would try to move fingers and the other fingers would move! I don't think I would do that shit now, but for back then, I didn't really give a fuck.

LSD- What about the Fillmore guys?

G- Oh, Tre-funk? I don't know about those guys. When I was sixteen or seventeen, they would hate on anybody that tried to come to SF and bomb. And if you're good, it's even worse. They just try and rob people and then they can say, 'Oh I robbed KR or this guy.' When I was that young, I was so short. I was like the runt. Those guys would fuck with me and chase me all over the city, like take my shoes and take my markers and try to beat me up and say they were gonna kill me. They'd do it to everybody. Now it's a different story. I know one of them is still around. He tried to rob my friend a few months ago and, like, I was there and I was gonna handle it. I had the flare gun and everything. I tried to pull the flare gun and he pulled a real gun. So I had to let my friend get beat up. But if we ever catch him, we're gonna fuck him up. I get back, I get my revenge. My friend and me used to go around downtown, here in my town, when I used to move back-and-forth to SF. There used to be these guys that drove around and shot us with Supersoakers filled with piss and bleach in 'em. I used to always tell that fucker I'd get him back. Four years later, Evade came down here and we were at some party and we knew everybody at the party. I saw that fucking guy. I told him, 'you remember me?' He didn't, so I told him and then I just beat his ass. He had some long hair and I grabbed it and beat the fuck out of him, I had my hand wrapped around his hair and I was just beating his ass. Everybody saw it and they started beating his ass. The guy ended up going to the hospital, and his friend and his brother went to the hospital. I went outside and Evade was kicking the door down. All these people tried to come out of the house. I threw a planter through their window. We

Continued on page 52...



URBAN HUNTER



I'm sure that you're already familiar with the hunter's credo that all meat eaters should have the experience of killing their own meat. Your average meat eater would rather become a vegetarian than to have to kill an animal, clean it and prepare it for the *critical eat-down*. Only a small percentage of meat eaters have ever looked into the eyes of a deer or a kangaroo before ending its life and quartering it up for consumption—it's not for everyone. Just getting prepared to kill your own meat can carry a hefty price tag. You'll need to buy hunting permits, a high caliber rifle, blaze-orange clothing, pay butchering fees, and finally you'll need something with which to haul that sum-bitch out the woods with. It all equals too damn much effort and financial expense.

Shooting squirrels in your backyard is the answer. You get the experience of killing your own meat and you don't even have to leave the house. You still need a gun, but at the affordable price of \$44.95, you can buy a Crossman air-rifle from K-mart stores. The gun shoots a lead pellet at a velocity of 755ps.—whatever the fuck means. Anyway, the guy in sporting goods at the Big K assured me that this gun has the stopping power to take down even the toughest of inner-city squirrels.

Neighbors can be some *zarks*. To avoid the case that the neighbors might hip the fuzz to your new pastime, you may want to cut a sniper hole in a window facing your yard. Cut or brake a hole in the windowpane and when you're not snipin', just cover the hole with a piece of duct tape. For the less mechanically proficient yokel, simply opening the window to shoot is an option.

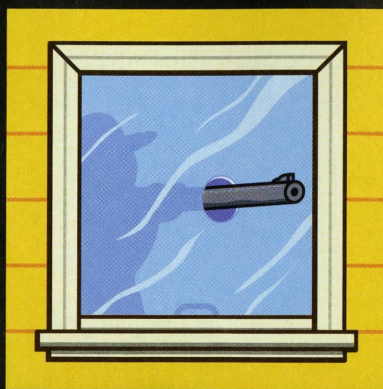


ing your current life, moving into the woods, growing a hearty beard and befriending a grizzly bear. Or maybe your reaction will be a lot more normal like, "OK, I've killed this thing, now what am I going to do with it?"

You need to field dress the squirrel. Cut open the chest cavity while being very careful not to puncture the intestines. You need to scoop out all the guts, otherwise you can end up with contaminated meat. To skin the squirrel, cut off the four paws at the wrists. Cut down the insides of all four legs and around the rectum at the base of the tail. Then, with a pair of sharp scissors, cut the

Yeah, then what?

Then nothing, once you see one of your resident *tree rats* roll up on the set, lick a shot. Your first kill may prove to be an unsettling experience, but there's nothing to fret about; you will soon find yourself being washed over with calming thoughts of the new, self-sufficient you. Others have been killing your meat for you all your life. Congratulations, you just cut out the middle person. Now you're like a Mad Max. Ted Kazinsky motherfucker, scouring the earth for your sustenance. You are about two steps away from abandon-



tail off at the bone. As long as the animal is still warm it should be easy to peel the skin off.

Older squirrels are great for making stew while younger animals are perfect for the grill. Keep it simple when grilling, try brushing them with a seasoned butter or extra virgin olive oil. In either case you'll need a few animals to make a meal; there's not a lot of meat on a squirrel.

Be sure to use as much of the animal as possible. First things first, what are you going to do with that bushy fucking tail? You can send those squirrel tails to Mepps Squirrel Tail Recycling Program. Mepps will pay you sixteen-cents a tail. Red squirrel tails will only get you eight-cents apiece. They will even refund shipping costs when you send fifty tails or more. Don't remove the bone from the tail, it reduces the value. You want to dry the tails in salt before sending them and make sure to dry them straight. Mepps will launder, bleach and color dye the tails before turning them into high-quality fishing lures.



"I bet that there's people who make their living off sellin' squirrel tails to Mepps," says Jay Lutz. This St. Paul resident has been shooting squirrels through a sniper hole in his garage window for years. Lutz doesn't shoot squirrels for the meat. He controls the population so they don't build nests in his attic. "Once, I opened the attic door and I heard 'em up there doing the dance of love," says Lutz. He loaded up his .22-caliber rifle with birdshot and crept up the attic stairs. "One of 'em peeked around the corner at me and I let 'em have it." Lutz is also the guy who coined the phrase, "Hotter than two squirrels fuckin' in a wool sock."

My father started shooting

squirrels because they used to pillage the bird feeder, but now it's just a hobby of his. He comes home from work when none of the neighbors are around, loads up his .22, and shoots squirrels. One time he missed and shot a hole in the neighbor's house. He had to get up on a ladder to patch the hole up with putty. He didn't have the right, off-white color paint to match the house, so he mixed some dirt with white paint and slapped it on; the neighbors are none the wiser.

But this article is about relearning the tried and true practice of hunting animals as a means of guaranteeing your body protein. It's about tearing down the façade—meat doesn't simply appear in the supermarket. The traditional roles of hunters and gatherers have been taken over by food corporations. Hunting your own meat is one way to become more self-sufficient and to be able to say "I could go live in the woods if I had to." Maybe a secluded life in woods, miles away from any trace of civilization is not your pursuit. That doesn't mean you can't shoot squirrels. It will be just like playing a video game. Except in this video game you get blood on your hands, eat the meat of an animal commonly referred to as a *tree rat*, and run the risk of contracting rabies—happy hunting.



Send those squirrel tails to:
Mepps
Dept. SQ01
626 Center Street
Antigo, WI 54409-2496

Colorado
IDENTIFICATION CARD

25-967-4115 EXPIRES: 04-03-2003

Class: C Issued: 10-25-1999
End: DOB: 04-03-1978
Rest: none
Wt: 125 Ht: 5'11" Eyes: GRN Sex: F
Voter: Y SSN: 259-67-4115

MEIER, JENNIFER K
6601 EAST VILLANOVA PL
DENVER, CO 80224

J K Meier

Georgia
DRIVER'S LICENSE

NUMBER 746352908 EXPIRES 06/13/2001

TODD HILLER
5124 18TH AVE S
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30263

SEX M BIRTHDATE 06/13/1978 EXAM DATE 06/13/1994 COUNTY 060
HEIGHT 6'1" WEIGHT 180 POST 8 37E FEE 08.00 RESTRICTIONS
CLASS C ENDORSEMENTS TYPE REG
ORGAN DONOR *Todd A. Hiller*

COMMISSIONER

CALIFORNIA
IDENTIFICATION CARD

A1251928

EXPIRE 02-02-02

ARMANDO SANTIAGO TOLEDO
2751 S FRESNO
LOS ANGELES CA 5376

SEX: M HAIR: BLK EYES: BRN
HT: 6-00 WT: 160 DOB: 11-02-76

ARMANDO SANTIAGO T.

08 14 94 618 16 L7 FD SB

ARIZONA DRIVER LICENSE

LIC NO: J563096399 CL D ENDORSEMENTS UNDER 21 UNTIL 03-10-00

EXPIRES 031001
MARK, FISHER, JACOBSON
1425 S GRANDVIEW DRIVE
PHOENIX AZ 85044

SEX M WEIGHT 165 HEIGHT 6'01" EYES BR HAIR BR ORGAN DONOR NO
ISSUE DATE 031095 RESTRICTION MED CODE BIRTH DATE 031079
SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT *Mark Jacobson* STA NO ME187192

COMMONWEALTH OF **Virginia**
DRIVER'S LICENSE

ORGAN DONOR: Y

CUST NO 135-76-4984

ISS DATE 5-13-00 CLASS D
EXP DATE 9-13-03 RESTR 0
DOB 9-13-82 END NONE
SEX M HGT 5-11 COURT CODE C6

DELANEY, ANDREW TRAVIS
5362 EAST 45TH ST
RICHMOND, VA 23269-0999

Andrew Delaney

DELAWARE

LIC NO 1456028 EXPIRES 05/23/00 DOB 05/23/77

CLASS D ENDS SUP DRIVER'S LICENSE

YOUNG NATHANIEL P
2986 GREENWAY RD
GEORGETOWN DE 19762

REST SSN 621-59-1058

SEX EYES HGT WGT ISSUED
M GRN 5-09 145 09/18/95

Nathan Young

ILLINOIS
Identification Card No: 48151645

Class: NO Restrictions: NONE Endorsements: NONE

DOB 06-15-77 EXPIRES 06-23-97

Height 6'00" Weight 160 M BPO 00174977

Under 21 until 03-13-98

JUSTIN DAVID REED
3 HILLANDALE LA.
SIOUX CITY, IA 51106

Justin Reed

The First State
DELAWARE

LICENSE NUMBER 8546169 SSN 546-98-4462

LAST/FIRST/MI
DEMONICO ASHLEE PAMELA
645 SOUTH 8TH ST.
DOVER, DE 19901

BIRTHDATE 10/06/78 SEX F HGT 5 06 WGT 120 EYES BLU

ISSUED 10/06/99 EXPIRES 10/06/02 DUPLICATE
RESTRICTIONS NONE ENDORSEMENTS

Organ Donor *Ashlee P. Demonic*

DIRECTOR *Michael D. Shahan*

NOT GOING FOR THE OKIE-DOKE

Illegally procuring alcohol is a game. Sometimes you win, and sometimes you lose. If you happen to try your luck with me, you'll be very disappointed for the rest of the evening. There are, however, a great many bouncers and bartenders who lack the shred of intelligence necessary to spot a fake. These IDs are meant to provide a tutorial on improving your chances of grasping that highly-coveted Sex on the Beach. Remember, however, that these are my rules. If you so much as think about trying your pathetic excuse for a fake with me, you'll be taunted severely and sent back to the 'burbs with your tail between your legs. The following eight examples of false identification represent a minute cross-section of the volumes of forged documents that pass through my hands each and every year.

CLASS
CLASS C: SINGLE VEHICLES LESS THAN 26,001 GVWR. ALL NEW TRUCKS, TRAILERS, AND SCHOOL BUSES
All recreational vehicles are included in this class.

If the DMV fucks up, they generally start over. Their goal is to produce a document that looks legitimate. This ID was laminated three times and, as a result, looks fake as fuck. Even using high-quality materials, which I strongly suggest, your cost should only be about ten bucks. Would you rather have a cheap fake, or one that gets you into bars?

A

CLASS A: COMBINATION OF VEHICLES WITH A GVWR OF 26,001 OR MORE POUNDS PROVIDED THE GVWR OF VEHICLE(S) BEING TOWED IS IN EXCESS OF 10,000 POUNDS
CLASS B: SINGLE VEHICLE WITH A GVWR OF 26,001 OR MORE POUNDS OR ANY SUCH VEHICLE TOWING A VEHICLE NOT IN EXCESS OF 10,000 POUNDS
CLASS C: SINGLE VEHICLE LESS THAN 26,001 POUNDS GVWR OR ANY SUCH VEHICLE TOWING A VEHICLE NOT IN EXCESS OF 10,000 POUNDS GVWR
IN EXCESS OF 10,000 POUNDS GVWR INCLUDES VEHICLE REQUIRED TO BE DECLARED FOR HAZARDOUS MATERIALS ANY BUS DESIGNED TO TRANSPORT 16 OR MORE PASSENGERS INCLUDING DRIVER & ANY SCHOOL BUS
CLASS D: SINGLE VEHICLE LESS THAN 26,001 GVWR OR ANY SUCH VEHICLE TOWING A VEHICLE NOT IN EXCESS OF 10,000 POUNDS GVWR

ENDORSEMENTS

The majority of fake IDs can be distinguished simply by examining their edges and corners. The DMV doesn't pay a drunken monkey with Parkinson's to sit around cutting IDs by hand. They have a machine, and you should too. I suggest a paper cutter for the edges and a set of rounded nail clippers for the corners.

B

E

Now this is a fine example of quality craftsmanship. Perfect edges, glossy finish, and fine printing quality. The problem? Nowhere, in Colorado, do they issue a government identification that looks even remotely like this. The only similarity between this ID, and a real Colorado ID, is that the name of the state is spelled correctly.

Please don't try to reproduce California IDs. The intricacies of the holograms therein are beyond the level of comprehension of your tiny little brain. What pisses me off, is that the majority of fake California IDs are sold to illegal aliens, fresh from Mexico, who get taken for exorbitant amounts of money and receive a piece of shit ID in return.

F

VIRGINIA LAW REQUIRES YOU TO NOTIFY DMV WITHIN 30 DAYS IF YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS.

IF YOU CHOOSE TO CHANGE YOUR ORGAN DONOR STATUS, YOU WILL NEED TO APPEAR AT A DMV OFFICE.

If you are naturally stupid, you really have no business drinking alcohol. If you look carefully at this ID, you will see that the Date of Birth indicates that its owner is under the legal drinking age. Why this fool decided to try and enter a 21+ establishment with this fake ID is beyond me. Some of y'all should just stick to sniffing glue, and stay away from the booze.

G

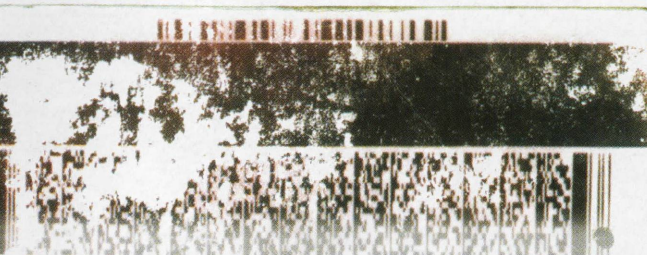
C

For the love of Christ, if you decide to make a fake ID, try to make it look a little bit like the real ID issued by the state in question. This looks nothing like a Delaware license. Not only that, but it is considerably smaller than the standard issue identification card.

Now this looks a bit more like a real Delaware license. The problem is in the formatting. Specifics count, kids. Delaware IDs are printed on hard plastic card stock, whereas this load of crap consists of nothing more than a laminated piece of paper. Take pride in your craftsmanship.

D

H



This fucking moron Scotch-taped an altered photocopy of an Iowa ID to his Gold Points Plus card. Need I say more? No? Great. Good Luck.



IT'S SOME VIRTUOSO STUFF...

Interview by Dave Ricketts

I heard a Bus Driver song once. I was in a record store and asked the guy working to tell me about some rap that I would actually find interesting. He told me to listen to Bus Driver's 12" single, "Get on the Bus." I did, and in one song was convinced that I needed to speak to this person. Dude's got a flow like the Micro-Machines Commercial Guy-meets, uh, a rapper. It is truly bizarre—the only MC's that come close to his s'ound are maybe a couple Project Blowed members, with whom he is closely affiliated or the equally verbose Dose One. But these comparisons are rickety at best describing the undescribable individuality of this MC. I'm not sure if undescribable is a word. Maybe Bus Driver knows.

Here is Bus Driver in his own words. If you can find it, pick up his CD *Memoirs of an Elephant Man*.

NAME

It just happened. I spent a lot of time on the bus—I never drove a car for a while. And it was just, like, I'm on the bus all the time and I incorporate that shit into my rhymes. I just got inspired one day. I'd like to try to give it some socio-political pretense, but when it boils down to it, it's just some quirky shit that I wanted to do. I never had a premeditated meaning for the name.

ORIGINS

I started rapping around age nine, but my first group put out a record when I was thirteen. The group was called 4/29, because that was the date of the riots. It sounded like shit. It was like Kriss Kross meets PE, with a little bit of Das EFX. And from there, I was in a group called 211 Squad. Although I wasn't really in that group, I just knew 'em and I rapped with 'em. But the most innovative group I've been in was this group called Popcorn Goddess. It was a random assembly of people that I met at my boarding school; I was the rapper, but it was based around this guitarist that played folk/blues songs. We would do a whole lot of bluegrass, and I would rap along with bluegrass. It was really a weird time. Bluegrass is really tight to me, man. The virtuosity of it is really intense—like they be picking, like a mile a minute. That's where I fit myself into rapping.

We actually went on a little street performing tour. Man, we went to West Virginia, where the real hicks are—you know? And we'd be getting into circles with

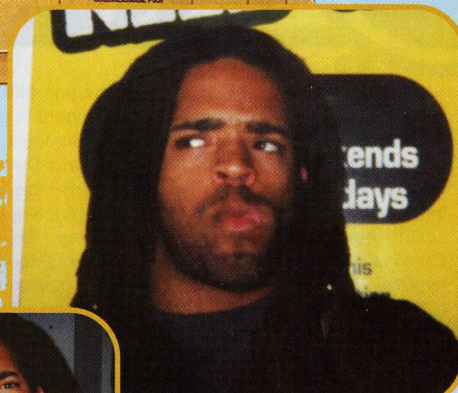
'em. And I was like, 'I don't know what the fuck I'm doing out here with these rednecks,' and I would get into these circles and just bust. It was a profound cultural leap. It was bizarre. Age sixteen through eighteen, I was in that group. But during that time I was also part of Project Blowed and the Afterlife.

INFLUENCES

I was living in Sedona, Arizona. Completely submerged in this melting pot of people from all over the country and all over the world and this band was comprised of all these people with different musical backgrounds. I got into folk, I got into bluegrass, I got into jazz really heavy. That completely influenced everything with how I rap. I got into the theatrics—it definitely helped. Vocally, I'm most influenced by John Hendricks of this group Lambert, Hendricks & Ross. As far as instrumentally—I'm definitely a big Django Reinhardt fan, I have a lot of his shit. On his picking hand he only had two fingers—he was amazing, really amazing. I also really got influenced by opera, and also a whole lot of crazy vaudeville stuff. How they bounce between narrative and song—that definitely inspired me.

EARLY '90S LA UNDERGROUND

At that time, a lot of people were getting signed and labels were looking to the West Coast for blow-up artists. Acey got a deal, Erule, Ahmad, Volume 10 got deals and it all happened at the same time. It was really a test—to see if they could bridge the gap and crack the industry wide open. I mean, everybody gets their chance and that was our chance out here. I mean, Aceyalone is really the benefactor of that whole situation. And the reason why is that, even though he got dropped off of Capitol, he used that push and that history to completely pull together an incredible independent situation. And that's what that whole period brought forth—the vibe that the industry is not really for us. It fortified the indie idea more, because fools got that knowledge of the inner-workings of the industry. So that was the turning point for us Project Blowedians to fortify our indepen-



ends
lays

dent situation. And in the end, it's just one more thing on the resume to help you get your next project off the ground.

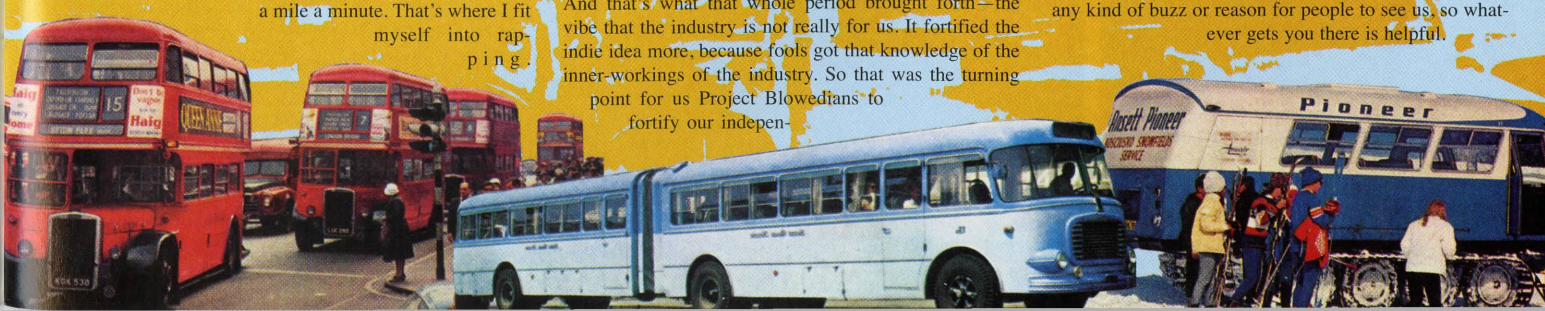
CAREER STATUS

The dopest thing about my whole career is that I work with all my favorite rappers in the world. Like Fellowship and all the LA underground heads, my favorite shit when I was coming up; I work and live with them now. It's not that I was trying to be exclusive to them, they just struck me as being so ground breaking—they've basically been my influence. The Good Lifers—that whole discipline, that whole approach to hip-hop—I bought into that completely.

It wasn't weird; it felt very natural-seeming and appropriate for those people to be my colleagues and then my friends. It was extremely flattering at the time, but I just went with it. Back then, I tried always be different and stand out, you know? And when they started to embrace me and do songs with me and incorporate me into the mix. This happened around '94, early '95. It was just a great experience—I was young and very excited.

PEOPLE'S OPINIONS

I really love when people dis me on the Internet. It lets me know that this person really spent the time to judge my shit! It lets me know that I'm an artist out there and that I can be judged! I'm on the shelf! So, I'm just excited to be in the category. The truth is that with me and the Afterlife, we been doing this for years and we go around the country and the world, and we need any kind of buzz or reason for people to see us, so whatever gets you there is helpful.



the BEATNUTS

THE ART OF NOT GIVING A FUCK



Interview by Dave Ricketts photos by Mathew Jenkins

Peanut Butter and Jelly. Oreos and Milk. My balls and your mouth. Some things were just meant to go together. Add to the list Life Sucks Die and The Beatnuts. We have been wanting to interview Queens' Dynamic Duo ever since we was shorties, when their dusted comedy-violence became the soundtrack to our day-to-day life of shooting people and getting blowjobs. Since their first release, the *Intoxicated Demons EP* in 1993, The Beatnuts have remained true to their formula—quirky basslines and horn loops, spiced up with the odd donkey noise or faucet running, combined with raw drums and some of the catchiest lyrics about killing people since Johnny Cash. With the release of their fifth album, *Take It and Squeeze It*, the time was right to hook up and hollatick, PLAYER style (that means on a Cellular Phone) with the "Junkyard Nigga", Juju. You might say that we kicked the Willie Bobo.

LSD- Video girls. What's up with 'em—do they get fucked?

JuJu- Hell yeah they get fucked!

LSD- By rappers?

J- The ones that come to my videos, that's for sure. I can't speak for everybody. See, we get the hoodrat bitches to be in our video. I'm not paying no bitch a thousand-dollars to be in my video. Know what I'm sayin'. Those are the rap niggas that want supermodels in their shit—fuck that. I'm keepin' my fuckin' money. I'll take the hoodrat bitches that just wanna be on TV. But they asses is just as fat—know what I'm sayin'? I think Jennifer Lopez is overrated.

LSD- Really? That's a pretty bold

statement.

J- There's a hundred Spanish chicks like that in my neighborhood.

LSD- But you're saying you wouldn't try to holler at her?

J- At Jennifer? Oh hell yeah! You know?

[miscellaneous shit-talking in background]

J- Yo, y'all magazine is Bananas! I got this one with this blue silhouette of this fuckin' incredible Spanish chick. Now that's a fuckin' Spanish chick. [Ed. Note: He is referring to LSD #4. And the girl is actually Indian, but whatever.] She was fuckin' hot. I'd like to have her in my video.

LSD- We had this idea to do a remix of "Lick the Pussy," but have it be about different, like, famous lesbians. Would that be an option for you? To do a remix featuring, say, Melissa Ethridge?

J- [laughs] Hell yeah, fuck it! But you need some sexier lesbians, though, man. Melissa Ethridge isn't too fucking sexy.

LSD- But boy, can she sing. [laughter] She's quite a talented lady. Are there any sexy, out-of-the-closet female lesbians?

J- Damn, there has to be! I mean... I know there is... No one's coming to mind right now, but I'm almost sure that there are.

LSD- Well people said that Total are, but—

J- Aww yeah! You see? There you go.

LSD- So you could have Total, Melissa Ethridge... That would be hot.

J- Yeah, and Melissa... [laughs] Ethridge. [to Al Tariq in background] Yo, any fuckin' hot lesbian singers that are out of the closet? [laughs] That nigga said, 'think about the whole *Lilith Fair* tour.' [laughs]

[At this point Juju berates Al Tariq for going to the gym, calling him 'a fuckin' homo' and then doing a whiny, girly voice saying "I gotta go to the gym!"]

LSD- Was there any point when collaborating with Al Tariq that y'all were like, 'C'mon dude, get back in the group'?

J- Yeah, you know, when all that shit happened we

were kind of young and it was crazy and niggas was just... everybody

thought they knew more than everybody else. I mean me and Les have

always fought, but it was more of a

brotherly kind of... you know, that's my

nigga, I love him. You know, me and

him will be killing ourselves, but if any-

one was to try to step to him, you

know, me and him would put that to

the back and probably beat somebody

bloody. So we always fight. But it got a

little crazy with Al Tariq, so in every-

body's best interests we all just need-

ed to do our own thing. But as the

years went along, niggas got a little

older, a little wiser, everybody under-

stood why everything happened. But

we just kept on working.

LSD- So does it come up to be fully

reunited? 'Cause you know people would be into that.

J- We're definitely gonna do another *Intoxicated*

Demons. That's for sure, but as far as the Beatnuts shit

all over again, I don't know. Les started his own pro-

duction company and I think Missing Linx, Al's group

are gonna be on it. So why do everything under one

umbrella when we can all do different shit, you know?

It's more money for us, anyway.

LSD- The production style of that "Intoxicated Demons"

era has definitely gone away. Do you think it's more due

to sampling legal constraints or just because it wasn't

as slick and accessible?

J- Well, yeah it wasn't as slick and accessible to every-

one, 'cause believe me, a lot of work goes into the shit

that we do. As far as digging for vinyl and all that shit—

that's not a knack that you're going to pick up overnight.

And it gets really expensive—and you know, niggas is

cheap, too. It sucks when you sample something and

gotta give away half of your publishing and you gotta

pay money also, so yeah a lot of the sound is due to

money. But also, it's all about how you flip shit, you

know? Fuck it, man, keep it gully. Just try to get away

with as much shit as you can. [laughs] I'm never gonna

stop sampling shit, fuck them.

LSD- So how are you feeling about the state of hip-hop

production right now?

J- Some of it's cool. A lot of it's the same shit, redone.

Timbaland has had a big influence. That nigga changed

the whole sound of hip-hop.

LSD- Has technology changed it as well.

J- Yeah, definitely, all the modules and all that shit has

definitely had an impact. All these modules with all

these really, real piano sounds and real violin sounds.

You know? But to me, it's the same shit it used to be

back in the days. You know how Kurtis Blow would

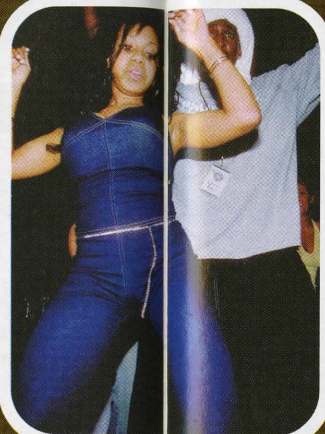
have a live band, and then niggas starting getting into

the electronic beat box, and then rap started sounding

like "Planet Rock" after a while, real synthetic. Then into

the '80s it got into the looping shit, and now it's real syn-

thetic again. So I think it comes full-circle.



LSD- How big of a part does getting messed up, play in making your records?

J- I mean, yeah, we get trashed in the studio. It doesn't have a real big part to do with the music. I mean, it's more a vibin' thing. You know, you're in your house, just blaze an L, make a beat. There's always beer in the fridge, so that's like a everyday thing. But I don't get *trashed* when I make beats. I just like to smoke.

LSD- What point was the highest consumption level for the group? Did it ever get out of hand?

J- Oh yeah, when we were younger. Like '93, '94 maybe all the way up to '96. And I was whylin' in high school, too you know. Popped a lot of pills. A lot of alcohol. It used to be fucking freezing outside and me and Les would be standing in the lobby of our building and shit, just drinking incredible amounts of Old English.

LSD- Where did that come from?

J- I got interested in drinking young. My mother always drank. And I used to hang out with older niggas when I was young, I started hanging out when was like 12. And niggas was 18, 19... fuckin' basement parties, all that shit. So I was drinking hard liquor at a young age.

LSD- Was there a single incident that made you have to slow down?

J- The last couple years and shit—it just gets tough, man, you know? You get a little older, your body doesn't recover as quickly. All the years of abuse—that shit take its toll. So fuck it, I'm trying to fuckin' enjoy my old age. I've partied enough, I do my shit in moderation now. I'm more focused now, I just bought a house, I'm chillin'.

LSD- So you're a little more mature.

J- More *responsible*. I'm not mature at all. Forget it, I'm far from mature.

LSD- What are your feelings on rap-metal?

J- Rap metal—if it's hard core shit, I like it. Like, I don't like all that fucking rapping shit, Fred Durst be doing and all that shit. That shit is corny to me. As far as I'm concerned, they're trying to do the rock & roll shit all over again. Trying to take it from us. You notice all the fuckin' rock records now have the little, you know, hip-hop back-beats and shit like that, looping drums and putting guitars over them and shit like that. That shit is corny. But if it's hardcore shit, I like it.

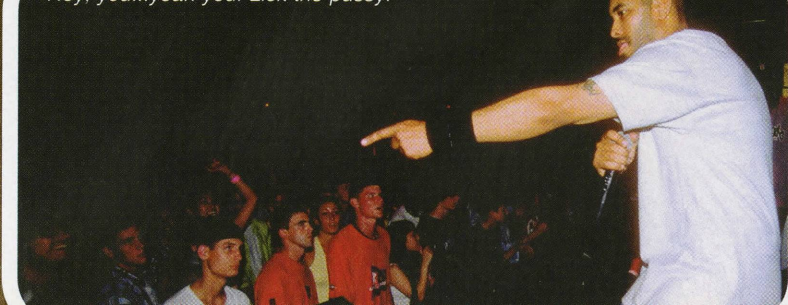
LSD- So then, when a rapper gets on some shit like that, shit that just obviously sucks, does it get talked about amongst other rappers? Or is it just like, 'Whatever. He 's getting paid?'

J- I don't know, man. To me, if you're real and something you do sucks, I'll tell you it sucks. I don't give a fuck. You know, like 'that shit *sucks*.' It's like, you can play it on the radio all day—that shit don't mean anything to me. So much shit goes on nowadays—back in the day you wouldn't hear about that shit. It was like *taboo*. Now niggas is doing that shit and nobody says shit about it. I don't know man... it's kind of being monopolized, like the radio stations and all that. Just because you hear something on the radio doesn't mean that it's the shit. It's kind of like, we lost control.

LSD- And the only way to get it back would be for rappers to start saying shit about it. So there you go, you just did it. Congratulations.

J- *Word up*. That shit sucks!

Hey, you...yeah you! Lick the pussy!



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THE BELLRAYS

...GET THE FUCK UP!

"If y'all didn't come here to clap you can take your ass home goddamnit! We're the fuckin' Bellrays!" These were the first words I'd ever heard from the band. The beautiful part about it was there was no sense of irony. Rock & roll should make you wanna fight and fuck all at the same time. The sad fact is most bands flying the flag for the last several years have made me wanna fart and sleep, or worse yet, drink until they seem interesting. This was not the case with the mother fuckin' Bellrays. The music itself is equal parts MC5 and Black Sabbath with occasional ventures into straight-up jazz and '60s soul. The vocals are a storm in and of themselves; Lisa did *not* become the singer simply because she was friends with the boys. Imagine a very pissed off Tina Turner (circa '68) in a constant state of testimonial. Somewhere in the drive of a 4/4 beat is an undeniable call of the wild that has managed to survive, in many different ugly forms, for over forty years. Many people and bands have made their "contributions," but every now and then someone truly fucks shit up. The Bellrays, for one, will certainly fuck you up.

By #51 with photos by Matthew Jenkins

LSD- OK, shit let's, first of all, bring up the point that right now you guys are laughing. Why the fuck don't you guys ever laugh?

Lisa- We do laugh...
LSD- *Hell no!* Never. I've seen you twice, you never even smile. I've read like 723 interviews and you never say anything funny.
Lisa- We laugh all the damn time. Yeah, they don't print the funny stuff cause they'd rather you *think* that we don't have a command of everything. They'd like you to think that we're all just angry. But the people that you really need to be afraid of are the people that are angry and can be humorous. You're smart enough.

middle is people who say every band is *amazing* or every band sucks. I'm getting so tired of hearing 'Oh, man, they're amazing and this other band is SOOO amazing.' Well, y'know, if some band in a garage or nightclub is amazing than what is Jimi Hendrix? Y'know what does amazing or great qualify anymore? That's the middle.

LSD- It seems to me that all you guys who came out of that particular generation of, I dunno, I guess you could say the *rock & roll revival*, you all seem a lot more confrontational. Y'know, like tonight, 'ARE YOU READY FOR THIS SHIT PEOPLE! I BETTER SEE YOU MOTHERFUCKERS CLAP, GOD-DAMNIT!'

Bob- I mean, back then you had to be confrontational just to be able to play.

LSD- Well, I didn't even mean like fighting or anything...

Lisa- You never know, sometimes it comes to blows...

Bob- For us just to get shows you had to be confrontational. You know, at that time in L.A. the whole "pay to play" thing was going on, and all the hair bands.

Jeff- The shittiest, smallest fucking clubs would want five hundred fucking dollars...

Lisa- \$500 from your band just so you could play and draw your friends into their club to buy their alcohol after they'd paid to get in.

Bob- And you know, the initial go-between between the promoter and us would be 'Hey, we wanna play.' 'You don't draw,' y'know, instantly confrontational.

Lisa- No matter how good we were.

LSD- I was wondering, what kind of people do you think your music attracts?

Lisa- Smart ones.

Jeff- Smart freaks.

Bob- People that give a damn.

Lisa- I think even stupid people listen, though, too. Because they're trying to get knowledge—you know, maybe not even knowledge—sex! I think we have very sexual appeal, not just by having a girl up there swinging, but because the music is coming from, y'know, the groin. And it's not like you gotta make stupid poses in order to make people feel sexual. Y'know, it's a very animal, carnal form of music.

LSD- Through the '90s there's been a supposed rock & roll revival. It seems like whenever you flip through a magazine or a fanzine they're always on

about how 'this band is the next MC5' or 'this band is the new Stooges,' but those bands always seemed to capitalize on sexual tension...

Lisa- Any of the old Detroit recordings that I've heard have had an intense sexual feeling throughout. I mean, just looking at a still picture of the MC5 you can see the sex oozing out. But I've gotta be honest with you, I've got this whole thing about this "60s revival" bullshit.

LSD- Bullshit?

Lisa- Yeah, it is bullshit because no one is giving rock & roll the CPR it really needs. I mean, it has fucking died on the vine if you look at what's available in the record stores. There is nothing, to me, that is really trying to tell the truth. Y'know what I mean? When you see people on stage they should be telling you what's really in their hearts and minds. And you should have an idea that you believe what it is that they're doing. Like that singer tonight, that opening band y'know, I didn't believe a fucking thing he was doing—nothing. I didn't believe him. I did not believe him. I believed the bass player. But the singer? What the fuck is that? You act like you don't really need or want to be here?

LSD- He's a front man, though, so you know he's...

Lisa- You better take on the *responsibility*. You better... LSD- I just gotta say that I know him, and you might want to know that he just got out of jail yesterday.

Lisa- Well, shit—he should have been happy then, you know, jumping all over the fuckin' place—shit.

LSD- Well, let me ask you, how dangerous should rock & roll get?

you know we're funny. Y'know you gotta have a sense of humor to do this shit. Rock & roll is hilarious, really.

LSD- Well, I'll tell you, I'd rather stick a fork in my eye than smile or laugh in the view of any of you while you play, cause I know I'd be about 30 seconds away from one of you jumping off the stage and kicking me in the fucking face. Y'all look possessed when you're on stage.

Lisa- You can be afraid and have a good time.

LSD- OK, so you know the line 'A lot of you motherfuckers are stuck in the middle,' you know I was gonna bring this up, middle of what?

Lisa- I'd say most people we play to know what we're talking about...

LSD- I know, but I want to hear you say it.

Lisa- Most people now and days are stuck in the middle! Trying to avoid making an opinion one way or the other. I mean, look at this bullshit we call a presidency right now...

Bob- Also, being in the

Lisa- Very—you should be scared everytime you go and see it. Not because someone's gonna bust you in the head...

Bob- The band though, not the crowd.

LSD- No, but that's exactly what I'm talking about, y'know? Where do you draw the line?

Lisa- To me, it's not about throwing shit, y'know, breaking shit. You can be in your own world. I mean, I have some films of, Radio Birdman and, man, you see those people dancing and they act like they have no control over themselves.

Jeff- Possessed.

Lisa- Yeah, like they're possessed. That is where the danger is, when you let something move you to the point that it takes you over.

LSD- Voodoo.

Lisa- Yeah, like voodoo.

Jeff- It should be like voodoo—everytime.

Lisa- You should be afraid to let yourself go because you know when you let yourself go it's just gonna take you to a place that you've been told you're not supposed to be. But you like how it feels when you're there. That's what you should be afraid of.

LSD- Y'know, now a days rock & roll has gotten really campy. Like guys who look like they just walked off the traveling company of *Grease* and Betty Page girls singing songs about roller-derbies and sock-hops and shit.

to people like that. When we're on stage Lisa may be ranting at the people and everything, but that's not what she's entirely paying attention to, y'know, the attention is on the band. The focus of our songs is inwards. It's not, I don't know—'hey go vote,' or something, y'know, that's not what we're saying...

LSD- How long did it take you guys to get your style or your sound down, I mean, I know that's kinda vague, but, Did it take years of hammering shit out? Or did you guys just get together and say, 'fuck all these people, lets just...'

Bob- Naw, it was right out the gate, 'Fuck all these people.' We took the time to build the sound to where it was constant. We had played in all these other bands, side bands, where we just played some times, and played seriously, hundreds of songs. It got to where we just knew, you know? You could just start playing something and automatically someone else would know how to get into it. That's how we were able to do what we're doing now. I think that's how any good band should be.

LSD- It seems like most of the write-ups you guys get always say something about, how you're a mixture of punk rock and soul. And it's sad because now a days most people think that punk rock is Limp Bizkit and that soul is like Destiny's Child, or something.

Jeff- Lord help us.

Bill- I think that all good music has soul in it.

LSD- See, I've always liked the idea that

music

by the people for the people is folk music. I think it was Muddy Waters who said, 'Is it folk music? Sure, I've never heard a horse play it.' It seems like everybody I know around the country who has seen you, thinks that you guys are the best live American-band and...

Lisa- They should. We are the best live band in America.

LSD- Well goddamn.

Lisa- No, I'm telling you, when we go on tour, we go to conquer. I don't fucking go out there to kinda act like I don't belong up there. I mean, I'll kick fucking Motorhead off the stage...

LSD- Hey, fuck that, not Motorhead!

Lisa- I'll Kick everybody off the stage 'cause that's what we are here to do.

LSD- O.K. just real quick, Motown or Stax?

Bellrays- Shit, Stax!

LSD- Right on. What about day jobs, do you guys...

Lisa- Oh shit. You sound like somebody getting ready to front.

LSD- Naw, not at all, I'm betting you do.

Lisa- Right now we have to.

Bill- Lisa has a bookkeeping service that she does out of the house. I'm a substitute teacher.

Jeff- I'm a free-lance museum employee.

LSD- What? Are you serious, what are you talking about?

Jeff- You name it man, hanging "the works" baby, Rembrandt, Van Gough, you name it, I mean in museums, in peoples homes...

Lisa- Big peoples homes, man.

That's what's so funny about it.

LSD- Have you ever taken a great work of art and wiped your dick on it?

Lisa- Oh, you got a story Jeff, you know!

Jeff- I've licked paintings. I licked a De Kooning, but I won't tell you who owns it...he would fucking slaughter us. He's got big money, but I also helped send a pubic hair to John Cougar Mellencamp. I don't know if you should print that...

LSD- Oh shit...

Jeff- And actually, Barbara Striesand pissed us off and...y'know, I'm not a big fan.

LSD- What? We were just talking about old soul and the blues, I just figured that you'd be down with Babbs.

[awkward pause...]

LSD- So Bill, are you a sub in a public school?

Bill- Yes, junior high and high school for different schools around the district.

LSD- Well, given the way popular culture in America is right now, how do the kids you teach affect you? Does it ever piss you

continued on page 53...

What have you guys done to separate yourselves from that world?

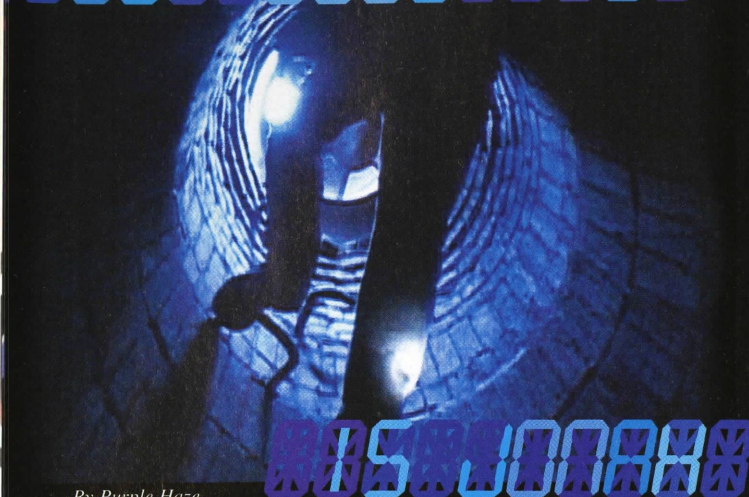
Bob- It just happens—y'know, you just gotta play it like you mean it and it will come out.

LSD- Yeah, but you know you guys are from LA, like, the kingdom of hype.

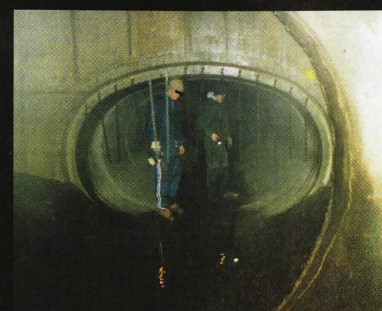
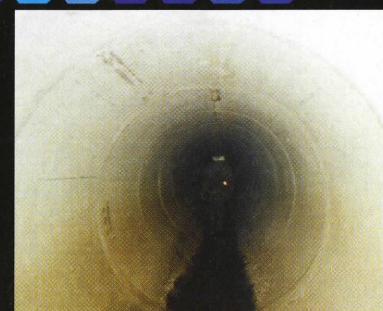
Bob- Yeah, but that's why we especially gotta play it like we mean it. I mean, there are so many bands out there with the schtick, the dancing around, the costumes and all that baloney, but they got no songs, they got no show, no energy.

Lisa- And we got to watch those kinds of bands get all this hype for so many years. I mean, I remember for years I would flip through *BAM* and see so many stupid ass bands getting hyped-up for drawing 350 people at these clubs we couldn't even get booked at, y'know? Shit. And we had something to say. And that makes the anger and frustration ferment into inspiration and desire, y'know. Yeah, we're fucking angry. We are an angry band because we've had to put up with so much bullshit. And now, finally, people wanna listen. And they act like we're supposed to be happy—like record companies, I could kick the shit outta most of them. For years we're sending them stuff. Here we are making viable rock & roll, sending them stuff and they don't even have the common decency to send you a post-card to say 'no thanks.' And then when someone starts writing good shit about you and people start to listen, then they expect you to drop what you're doing and send them tapes and records and shit again. And man, you know, that's not the way. Jeff- As if they're doing us a favor.

Bob- That is, I think, where we draw that line you were talking about earlier, y'know, how we separate ourselves from all the dumb shit. When we're up on stage we don't pay atten-



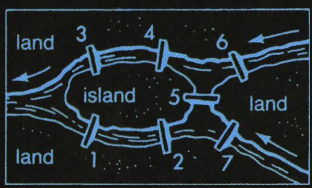
By Purple Haze



Tell someone where you've been and they'll likely furrow their brow or make a sucking-on-lemons face. Why? Doesn't it smell? Where was this? No, it doesn't make sense and no, it has no real point. But give it the proper spin and you're cut from the same cloth as Hogan's Heroes, Part Houdini, part Daffy Duck, part Doctor Who, you'd almost have to be a black bird to want to vanish into one end of the city sewer system and wander aimlessly only to reappear policepublicallbox style at another unknown point in time and space. True, your location could be pin-pointed by a "if it's Tuesday this must be Rice Street" mentality, but that degree of precision would take most of the fun out of the nonsense. In the end, it's wet, dark, cramped, dirty, and spooky, that's the best part. It's NOT like: no turn on red, or sign on the dotted line, or file 1,040 forms. It's more like: "What me worry?"...or real-world hacking, or a place where you can tell your checking account to fuckoff. If you look closely, it's a place where Pushead drawings might beckon and laugh forever. And if you listen very hard, it might go this way:

Earlier that spring day we'd shoplifted knives from Target. I came away with a black Swiss Army Huntsman while Andy made off with a 7-inch buckknife. For a moment I thought his choice was oddly inefficient or ill-conceived, but I understood when later that night it swung in silver arcs as it did this well: stab a boy.

Between these incidents, Andy & I walked the sewer. Storm drain sounds minor-league, it was a sewer. Sh-shaking with n-erves and Kryptonites in hand, we entered the cool looking-glass blackness of the gaping maw. The map from the Water Department would help, but the desire to go C.H.U.D. wasn't



Königsberg Bridge Problem
A mathematical problem, solved by Leonhard Euler, to show that it is impossible to cross all seven bridges of the Prussian city of Königsberg in a continuous path without recrossing any bridges

so easy to attain, it had to be developed.

The whole spring, in fact, had been warming to this point. In my freetime I pored over the *Anarchist Cookbook* while Andy posed as a dope-mule in a green army jacket...and although we'd solved the mystery of the two-color Mean Streak, how to sabotage a pay phone or a soda machine was still a problem (i.e. Konigsberg bridge). "Just spray bleach water into the bill feeder and..." "I heard if you pour water into the coinslot, it will freeze & crack open the..." We both wanted to change our middle name to trouble. Our tickets to middle class drama were punched, we had all the pieces.

Checklist: outsider status, interest in subversion, fuck-you attitude, druggie myths, scratch 'til blood, trenchcoat thinking, the stink of damp white hair... it was all there, the table was set. It was even set up so well that Dave was knifed by the four-eyed boy-Goliath only 100 yards from the sewer mouth. Convenient indeed.

This particular sewer had been playing hard to get for some time. With it's EZ access and poured concrete good looks, you could drive an oxcart through it, have it home by eleven, and no one would be the wiser. We hadn't approached it before because we were 'fraidy cats. What if it said no? But the time had come... it was sink or swim.

We drained the "drink me" bottles and disappeared down the rabbit hole. Johnny Winter-white with fright, we wondered what we'd find. My left brain thought, "Dude, how long before we come face-to-face with the altar of the dying bride or the murderer, or the mechanized hum of another world?" My right brain answered, "Dumbbell, straighten up. *This is this, this is not something else, this is this.* So bring yer autograph book 'case we run into Ron Pearlman." You never know, D.B. Cooper might hide out down here.

We didn't find any famous people, but we did get our money's worth. The spiral staircase? Medieval. The blind mouse? Darwinian. The Neckbrace tag? Computer-rock. The absolute darkness itself is a thrill-ride from start to finish. Indeed, this could be hell.

With the lights on, it's another story. Yes, going in your mind says Hellraiser, but on arrival your eyes see public works triumph. Apparently, in some

cities (wazzup Denver!) they even constructed these drains using a series of hollowed-out tree trunks. Why, the oldest subterranean triumph of them all, Rome's Cloaca Maxima, was made from fitted stone blocks. Originally built to drain the area around the Roman Forum, it was reportedly also large enough to accommodate human carcasses from Emperor Nero's gladiator contests.

This more contemporary midwestern sewer was about the same size-ten feet tall-except I doubt this one ferried any corpses from the Metrodome to the mighty Mississippi. Like most sewage systems, this one had a succession of branches and feeder pipes which emptied into the walkable main line. Here, distance and time are measured in cylindrical segments and bricks. Lots of bricks. Bricks from the Carnegie era when hundreds of John Henrys lost the fight, but won the battle in an effort to criss-cross the country with a latticework of steel, steam, and skyscrapers that now stretches from one coast (arm) to the other like the stigmata of Christ. Mission accomplished. These wounds now mark our nation's final transformation from agrarian wilderness to industrial parking lot.

Believe this: the resurrection is imminent because more and more people are disgusted by our dubious achievement. Shit, throw 100 monkeys into a room full of typewriters and sooner or later one *must* write the eulogy of *Amerikkka the Consumer*. And that's what makes this infiltration like a crusade. Seen in the right light, it's a fragment of a larger protest that eventually undermines the bullshit of the surface. Kind of a subversion under the rainbow. Even though nobody benefits, just metaphysically monkey-wrenching the system in this way is satisfying. Even though it's the nonsense that makes it interesting, I like to think this kind of act also *keeps the prettyboys paranoid*, as in: "Those people do what?"

Since God doesn't play dice with the universe, Andy & I finally arrived at an exit. The "ladder" to the outside is usually six or seven U-shaped metal rods stuck into the wall. This one was the same so I climbed it. At the top the cylinder narrows to about three feet, with lots of spider webs and one heavy manhole cover. To move it you have to brace yourself and push. I mean really brace

continued on page 26...

TOO BLACK TOO STRONG

Black Heart Procession

By Dave Ricketts, illustration by Brian Ewing

Sometimes when we're in the car, my friend will say, "You're depressed all the time." I'll say, "Maybe I like to walk around with sounds such as Black Heart Procession."

But does anyone REALLY like happy people anyway? I don't.

So fuck it.

San Diego-based Black Heart Procession make extraordinarily morose music. This can't be denied, but there is also something strangely comforting about it. The creepily cool tones of a saw being bowed, the warm piano chords, lyrics about being in wars of different eras and lost loves are reminiscent of The Band, but more hopeless and sarcastic. I spoke with Pall Jenkins, singer, who plays half of the group (along with his partner in rhyme, Tobias Nathaniel). He explained that things aren't always what they seem when it comes to this sad-core shit...

LSD- When did playing the saw enter the musical equation for you?

Pall- I started playing about seven or eight years ago. I just heard the sound and was curious about it. I had messed around with synthesizers and different things, thinking about canvases for making music as far as setting the mood and tone of a piece. Adding instruments that have imagery.

LSD- What kind of imagery does the saw bring up for you?

P- Oh, you know, spooky and, you know—windy or something like that. Kind of a 'Casper the Ghost-y' kind of feel. So I started off on hardware saws and messed around with that. And then eventually I found a real musical saw.

LSD- What's the difference?

P- Hardware saws are usually smaller and thicker, and the metal is stiffer, so it's not as easy to play and it doesn't sustain as long. Also the edges are razor-sharp on a regular saw, and on a musical saw they're dulled a bit.

LSD- So a musical saw is a little less dangerous?

P- Yeah, it still can cut you—I still get cut by it quite often.

LSD- It seems like kind of a weird contradiction that your music is really gloomy, and yet you're from San Diego where the weather is nice all the time. Is it a direct reaction?

P- I think so. It wasn't really thought out, but yeah. I think it shows in our personality, too, 'cause neither of us are, you know, the type of people that go lay out on the beach.

LSD- There seems to be a growing genre of, or preference towards music that is overly melancholy these days; do you worry about being lumped in with a genre that is somewhat contrived?

P- Yeah, I think so, but then, I understand why people will write and put us in that category. For the most part, it does have that vibe to it, even though we'd like to think we do plenty of other sorts of things. Generally, it's darker and sadder music. But, you know, as people don't encourage that sort of... I don't want people to be depressed and always be thinking like that. It's just our way of writing music and how we express ourselves. And I meet a lot of people at our shows who say it makes them completely happy to hear music like that. So it depends

on how you take it in and look at it.

mean, a lot of our stuff is totally sarcastic. On the first record, it was like 'let's make these songs so sad and so pathetic that every song has the word heart in it,' and part of us was joking, laughing at your own sadness. Almost mocking it, but at the same time, you know, we're not a joke band.

LSD- Is it ever weird to bring very personal lyrics to the group and do you ever talk about them?

P- We'll talk about it sometimes, but a lot of the time, the words aren't personalized to myself, I just kind of let them be what they are. Not in the first person all the time; sometimes in little parts, but kind of mixed in. I used to really struggle with writing lyrics, but now I just let the first few things that come out try and be what it wants to be. I'll build a little bit from there, but I'll tend to not worry if something's cheesy or... I just go, oh well, that's what I came up with, so... whatever.

LSD- What's up with the horse mask?

P- Oh, that's our trumpet player Jason Crane. He plays with Rocket From the Crypt. When he plays with the mask on, he shoves the trumpet in the mouth of the horse. The first time he did it, he didn't even tell us. All of a sudden we're in the middle of the set, and everyone started laughing and we turned around and he was wearing the mask. So now every time he plays with us we beg him to bring it.

LSD- But he doesn't want to become a one-trick pony. Ha ha ha.

P- But some people have been showing up to shows lately in a horse mask, so we'll bring 'em up on stage and let them, you know, stand there.

LSD- Who is the average Blackheart Procession fan?

P- The average? Well, I'd like to think it's really mixed up, but in reality, probably it's not. It's probably like young, white suburban kids. [laughs]

LSD- Do you ever think about it being different?

P- Yeah, I'm always really happy when I see somebody really old at our shows or just different people.

LSD- I read that you're really into Tom Petty. Give me your favorite Tom Petty song.

P- I'm a big fan of "You Got Lucky."

LSD- I would go with "It's Good to Be King."

P- What's that off of?

LSD- I don't remember. It came out in, like '96 or so.

P- Oh, yeah I didn't get into things after... [sings] "Whatever you're looking for..." I'm pretty much pre-that.

LSD- See if you can find "It's Good to Be King." It's a really good Tom Petty song.



BRIAN
EWING
2004

yourself. So there I was, pushing against the cover while inhaling these cobwebs and worrying about some brown recluse taking a bite out of this crime, nasty business. Finally the lid is off and we're born into the light like Lazarus back from the dead. Andy & I replaced the cover and began to walk back. We were feeling like a couple of bad dudes, but then Andy leaves me in the dust.

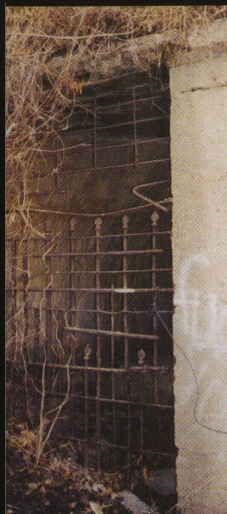
Immediately he starts talking about going to South Dakota with his evil puppeteer Jeremy, and living in a cave off the buffalo they would kill. Now I was paranoid. "You're gonna do what?" It made no sense.

He replied, "Yeah, his grandpa is a shaman." And that was it.

And that's what I liked about Andy. He was psycho as they come. All the girls with the lithe smokers' bodies desired him but he was indifferent, usually disgusted. It was like he didn't mind cutting off his nose as long as it spited someone else's face. He lived in his own world. Obviously he wasn't a part-time darksider. You can't really say something like "yeah, he stabbed, but he wasn't a real stabber." He was in it to win it.

By the end of the summer Andy had bottomed out and left adolescent misdirection behind him. He'd gotten that mischief out of his system. As an adult, Andy now works as a computer jockey, at least so I've heard. Mentally he may still be lurking in the tunnels, but physically he inhabits the freeway, the sofa, and sometimes the movie theater. In other words, he's learned to swim.

Your author feels the pull of these same swimming lessons, but there's plenty of time to buy into the office or family or mortgage payments. Once you do that it's all over, unless you can look people in the eye and lie. Besides, the bullshit of the surface is overwhelming at times, and infiltrating allows me a rare victory over the world. Maybe I'm just kidding myself and I really need to bottom out and start over. But until then, why not keep on trucking? *I'm a titan of the Nuclear Age*. I still own my trench coat. And overhead there's a camera at every intersection.



low dirty three



in the fishtank

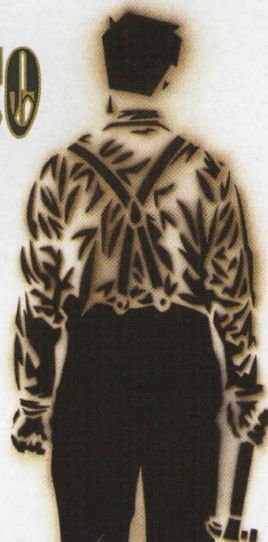


The combination of Low's open, desolate sound and the melancholic yet folksy violin of Dirty Three's Warren Ellis inspired Mimi to indulge in a more crooning way of singing and Alan to play some amazing banjo. Low's open minds and the way Dirty Three perfectly fit in, makes this Fishtank the record you would expect from such wonderful bands.

Fish 7 ep - \$7/ cdep - \$10

CALEXICO

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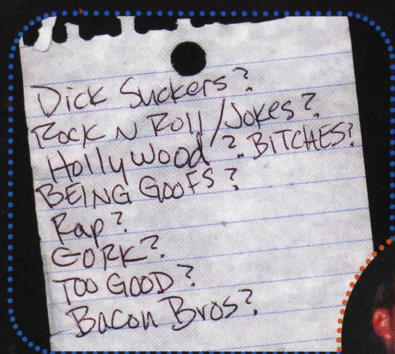
DICKS NUTS

By S. R. Hoops
with photos contributed by
The Triple Rock Social Club

I made up the word Gork. It is neither a video game, nor is it a cartoon character. I only say this because it will come into play later on.

My mission was to meet and interview Tenacious D. Hopefully you've seen their HBO show which involves a lot of swearing, funny jokes and funny rock songs. You've probably seen Jack Black in a bunch of shit. Maybe KG, too.

Anyway, they were performing at First Avenue (you know, the club in the movie *Purple Rain*). Now as any successful journalist knows, the first step in a successful interview is getting to the club earlier than the sound-guys. Or even the guy that turns the heat on. Have you ever been in a freezing cold, empty, dark, silent club? No? Well, it sucks. However, this time spent sitting in a dungeon allowed me the time I needed to come up with my line of questions—or should I say “conversation topics.” They were as follows:



Two and a half minutes of writing, one three-hour nap and one Subway Cold Cut Trio sandwich later, I was prepared for the interview. Or so I thought. The time, like my patience, was wearing thin, and there was no pre-show sign of the D anywhere. Shortly, the club doors opened and it was like the running of the bulls in Pamplona, Spain. Except that instead of being in Spain, it was in shitty-ass Minneapolis. And instead of bulls, it was the largest congregation of Gorks I had ever laid eyes on. Bulls? Gorks? I don't know what scares me more, I'm going 2-to-1 Gorks.

Maybe this is common at Tenacious D shows, but it seemed like everybody had their own homemade shirt with their favorite catchphrase from the show. My favorite was one that said, “I'm totally into Satan.” Actually, now that I think about it, that one sucked, as did the one said “Expolisivo!” You know how when something happens on TV and it's really funny and then somebody tries to say it to you, and it ain't the least bit funny? Kind of like that—“cept on a shirt. Remember those Wayne's World shirts that said “Not!” and “Party On!” Remember how funny those were? Exactly. They weren't funny at all.

After all this waiting and Gorking around, you could assume my whole demeanor was starting to sour. But the show was real good, and Tenacious D are just as funny live as they are on TV. Before I knew it, I was pumping my fist and singing alongside the homemade T-shirt posse. Blah, blah, blah... the show was great. On with the interview.

Après concerto, I tried to make my approach, but my attempt was thwarted by the throng of Gorks that rushed the D like they were my dad at a Jimi Hendrix concert. Drats! Foiled Again! I am forced to weasel my way into the dreaded “after-party” (As in, Jodeci's *THE SHOW*, *THE HOTEL*, *THE AFTER-PARTY*).

Step 1: Find out the location of said gathering of scums and filths.

After going to all three rumored “A.P.” locations, our wild goose chase ended at The Triple Rock Social Club.

Step 2: Wade through the sea of Gorks that apparently had gotten better information than yours truly and had come directly to the after-party before me.

Step 3: Approach my subjects while maintaining

my air of journalistic objectivity and player-style “be cool” tude.

Here's the good news: KG was hyped on doing an interview. However, JB, like any frontman should, was partying it up with a bevy of babes, and had no time for a lowly hip-hop b-boy journalist from a tight-ass graf mag. (Note: A writer from *GQ* had been flown to Minneapolis to cover the concert as well. Fuck him.) After a gang of waiting, the D, the babes, and *moi* retired to an upstairs room for an after-party. Yeah, that's right: A.A.P. As the sands of time slipped through the hourglass, JB continued to talk up the babes, while the babe-less KG and I decided to sit down and have a quick personal pow-wow.

KG- [looking at Sam's list] Dicksuckers? What does that refer to?

S- I was just gonna announce off the bat that this wasn't gonna be a “dick-sucking” interview.

KG- Oooooohhh...

S- That I wasn't just here to jock the D, you know?

KG- Yeah.

S- It seems like where you guys are at right now, you could be getting a veritable menagerie of dick suck right now.

KG- Well, it hasn't been sucked yet. It seems like it would be from the outside, but you'd be pretty surprised.

[interrupted by annoying middle-aged woman]

S- So how did you guys get started?

KG- Jack and I were buddies and we hung out a lot. And he was playing this

Metallica—I think it was “And Justice For All.” And he was like, “Dude, you gotta check this song out, this is like the greatest song in the world.” And then he said, “But you know what? Every song Metallica plays is the greatest song in the world.” And then I said to Jack, “Dude, that's what we should write, we should fuckin' write the greatest fuckin' song EVER.” I mean, I don't know what I was thinking exactly, but that we should just try to do it. Just make it really grandiose. Throw in the kitchen sink. And he was like, “Dude. It's too much gall to say you wrote the greatest song.”

And so we decided to make it a *tribute* to the greatest song. And then we jammed on it for three days. And then we didn't do anything for a year or two. And then a friend had a band and said you should open for us at Al's bar in downtown LA and we went down and played our one song, and people liked it. And it kind of took off from there...

S- Until last week, I thought me and five of my friends were the only people that have heard of you guys. And then when I got to the show...

KG- Yeah! There's always that thing where it's like, “I can't believe other people like this.” But then, when they come together, it's like that “No Rain” video by Blind Melon—with the bee? She feels isolated and alienated, but there's a whole patch of bees! SHE'S ALL EXCITED!

[Another interruption by annoying middle-aged woman, who shall be referred to as A.M.A.W.]

S- Do you feel that you're more of a rock & roll act or a comedy act?

KG- I always see it as kind of a rock act. I don't know why.

S- How much do you write together?

KG- We don't write at all anymore. There was really fertile period for a couple of years when we came up with most of the stuff. And then maybe once a year, we'll write a song or two. We're veery unprolific. I'd like to change that, actually. But the thing is that the set has been honed, and we just try to give the audience our best songs.

[interruption by A.M.A.W.]

S- How much rehearsing goes on?

KG- Uuuuhhh... we don't rehearse. We try to rehearse and then...

[more yammering from A.M.A.W.]

After my chat with KG, it seemed that everyone was cruising to the after, after, after-party (the A.A.A.P.). My window of opportunity rapidly closing, I finally did manage to wrangle the visibly “spaced-out” Jack Black for a couple of questions. Literally. A couple.

S- I'm going to give you my list of topics—you look at it and tell me which one looks interesting.

Jack Black—All right. [reading]

Dicksuckers... rock & roll... jokes...

Hollywood... being goofs... rap...

[loudly] GORK?!... too good...

Bacon Bros... I'm gonna go Gork.

What the fuck is Gork?

S- Gork is a word that I made up.

JB- Really?

S- It's when you combine “geek” and

“dork.” That's basically some slang that

I'm trying to popularize.

JB- Awesome. When I looked at it, I thought you meant “Gorf.” wasn't that a video game? Gorf? It was kind of like “Galaxian” and “Space Invaders,” but then it was like three games in one, know what I mean? Gorf?

S- Was it an arcade game?

JB- I don't remember. I don't remember. Okay, what's next? I'm gonna go with Bacon Brothers. [someone knocks over his beer] That's my bizneer! That's my bizneer!... All right... Dude, the Bacon Brothers isn't as good as fuckin' The Return of Bruno.

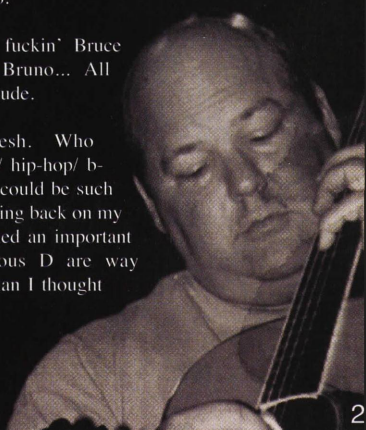
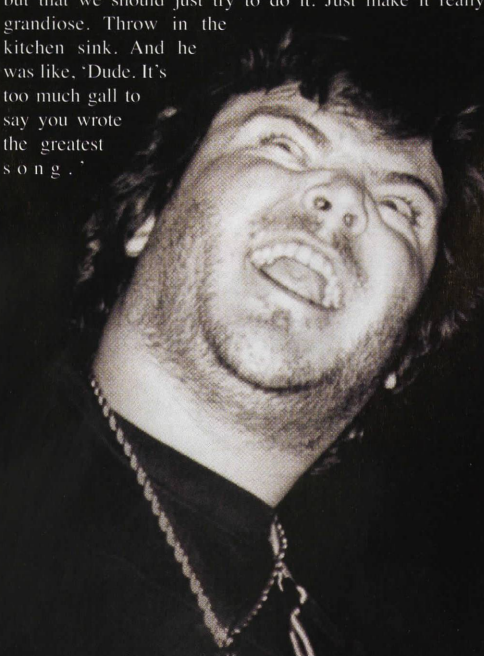
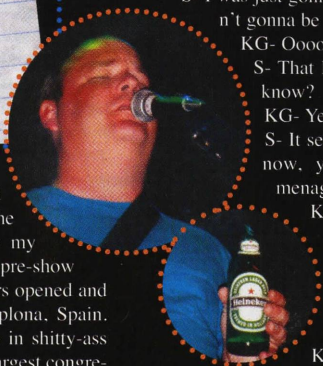
S- What's that?

JB- That was fuckin' Bruce

Willis' band, Bruno... All

right, that's it, dude.

Sheesh. Who knew that rock/ hip-hop/ b-boy journalism could be such an ordeal! Looking back on my evening, I learned an important lesson: Tenacious D are way more famous than I thought they were.





Do you ever play video games and get so sucked in it's like you're watching yourself play? Well, that's what my life is all the time. It's beautiful and I want to share it with the world.

For many, the obsession began at a young age. No television was complete without an Atari 2600, Coleco Vision or some other home gaming system. The time would melt away as you'd become enveloped in a world of pixelated asteroids, gorillas, road kill, and hamburger condiments. If it wasn't the highly unrefined images that would stick in your head for the rest of the day, it was

which is part of the reason why the music these artists make is so impressive. While they were only designed to create a few basic sounds and tones, these computers are being pushed beyond their limits to produce the music 8-Bit

and Bodenstandig tell them to. Imagine recreating the Mona Lisa with three crayons. Rick Stryker of the 8-Bit Construction Set elaborates:

"Of all the 8-bit home computers, the Commodores and the Ataris had the most dedicated scenes for music and demos. The TRS-80's, Apple's, TI-99's, Tandy's, Sinclairs, etc. all had things going for them, but in terms of hot shit, the Atari scene and the Commodore scene were tops by far. Sound-wise, the Atari has just the nasty rawness going for it because it doesn't have a dedicated sound chip, it can only make pulses (square waves), but it has

sequencer program called the Deluxe Mjuzak Zerbastel Kit. This program allows the user to import sound samples, manipulate those samples, layer them with other sounds, move them around, and create entire songs, all on an Atari Falcon computer.

Remember how MacGyver built nuclear bombs out of duct tape and some pocket lint?

"It has a rather normal tracker-interface, but runs in a standard Atari-windowed-environment," says Bern of Bodenstandig. "Up to 10 16-bit tracks are possible, and some features are: Full Cut/Copy/Paste, digital IO-support, internal sample processing...and it really worked! It is freely available now at www.bodenstandig.de/2000. But you need an AtariFalcon to run it."

With what may seem like an extremely limiting amount of creative freedom, Bodenstandig and 8-Bit Construction Set have each created

the music. Who could forget the jingles from "Frogger," "Dig Dug," or "Pac Man?" What's not to love about those low bit-rate explosions, whooshes, dings, blips, and clonks?

While most of us are satisfied with simply looking back and smiling upon the days of 8-bit yore, there are a handful of electronic wizards and computer freaks who look back with much more than a smile. With Commodore 64 or ancient Atari computer in one hand and soldering iron in the other, musical artists such as St. Louis/Chicago's 8-Bit Construction Set and Germany's Bodenstandig 2000 are looking to the future, and while the future may look like a mess of wires, bolts and dusty, outdated computer monitors, it still sounds great. Check out any of the artists' tunes and what you hear will amaze you: Not just dinky beats or blippy rhythm patterns, but fully Orchestrated compositions, rich with variations and dynamic build-ups, all created on absolutely bottom-of-the-line equipment, often manipulated or custom-modified by the artists themselves.

The preferred equipment is cheap and vintage, primarily early machines from Atari and Commodore, which were of the first to include built-in multi-channel soundchips. These computers were by no means intended for composing elaborate music,

NHL hockey fights converted to fit the Nintendo's graphic format.

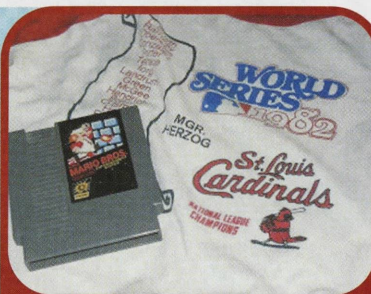
four voices.

The Commodores have the SID chip which can do all kinds of cool shit, but they only have three voices. So there's all kinds of competition between the two just trying to prove who has the better architecture or who can do more with less."

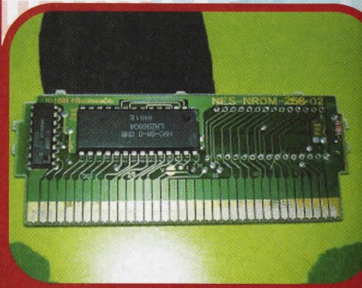
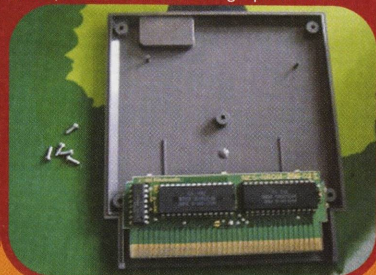
While most contemporary electronic and hip hop producers are inseparable from their super fancy laptops and expensive samplers, these neo-primitive wizards are hard at work dismantling jurassic computers and even writing their own music software. Bern of Bodenstandig 2000 created a

= cart with front panel removed. you can see the relatively small size of the actual circuit board compared with the size of the cart. the two big chips are the important ones - the one on the right is the program rom (PRG-ROM) which holds all the game code, the one on the left is the character rom (CHR-ROM) which holds all the graphics data.

"Computer game music itself has lost its unique character,"



= virgin super mario brother nintendo cart (and st.louis cardinals 1982 world series shirt). watch out for the cards in 2001



= board from super mario brothers with the PRG-ROM removed



says Drax of Bodenstandig. "Except for Nintendo, every system has a CD drive that plays whatever sound, which is most of the time some cheap general MIDI big-beat or some stupid already famous musician that records in a two million dollar studio."

Walking into a modern video arcade can be depressing, as just about every video game out right now is some lame Street Fighter ripoff or some giant racing game with a motorcycle seat you have to get on. Where are the "Donkey Kongs," "Crystal Castles" and "Bump 'N' Jumps" of this generation? Bodenstandig and 8-Bit want to take the listeners back to this era, back to the essence, back when video games were fun.

"We make computer folk music," says Drax. "We like our computers very much and sing about or together with them. And we think lyrics are important. We do not see why electronic music should be that anonymous stuff; people like to see it."

Bodenstandig's live shows are all about a good time, breaking all the

the 8-Bit Construction Set have brought the past to the present with their new self-titled record on their own label Beige Records. The "8-Bit Construction Set" is a brilliant collection of video game samples and sounds, based on battle records such as *Super Duck Breaks*. Split up into the Atari side and the Commodore side, the record features samples, infinitely repeating locked grooves, and composed songs made with each machine. Here's the kicker, the final track on each side contains data, which, when dubbed onto cassette and run through either an Atari 800XL or Commodore 64, will run a homemade program. This is the first time EVER that computer data has been stored on vinyl.

"It started out as us just wanting to make a hot record for Beige," says Stryker. "Kicking an entire record, 8-bit style, was just natural. It was originally going to be a 7" of just locked grooves...still Atari vs. Commodore, but more conceptual than practical. Slowly that merged into doing a battle record/concept album 12" and the 8-Bit Construction Set moniker was born."

While the 8-Bit record is getting rave reviews everywhere from Spain to Germany, Stryker is already hard at work on other projects. At a presentation last spring at Oberlin University where he studied electronic music, Stryker briefly demonstrated how to compose music using the same software Nintendo used to create all of their tunes, then store the music back into the cartridge, turning it into some sort of demented 8-track. He and fellow 8-bitter Dwayne "Hooker" Delario then went on to perform a live karaoke Nintendofied version of Joe Jackson's '80s hit "Steppin' Out," an alternate take of which is featured on the group's forthcoming live album. But there is even more on the horizon...

"After getting into hacking 8-bit NES's I wanted to do something more portable, and then I found that the Gameboy scene is blowing up," says Stryker. "There are a number of free development tools and also home brewed products like Nanoloop, which is made by some art student in Germany. It's a little pattern-based sequencer for the Gameboy. Sort of limited but cool for live shit cause you can tweak

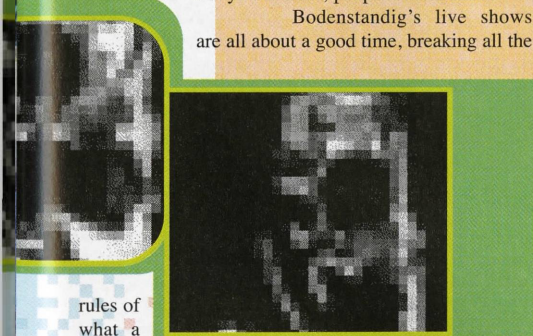
everything in real-time. I'm trying to finish up a bunch of Gameboy tracks, and burn them on carts so I can just tool around real easy and DJ with two Gameboys."

Stryker really takes his hacking seriously. While on the surface his music may merely represent the things that can be done today with yesterday's technology, it also shows that today's artists have got it all wrong. Why waste all your money on Moog keyboards, samplers, sequencers, and effects processors when you can make such amazing music on the Commodore computer in your parents' closet? At a music seminar in 1998, Rick Stryker and the Beige Records folks stuck it to the man.

"The general story is that (Beige recording artists) the Slows, Rudy Tardy and Brent Dundass were invited to speak on the "Technology and the Artist at Home" panel with these big timer indie rock guys who had all kinds of gear," remembers Stryker. "If it's about using technology at home then use the crap you have at home like Atari's and not the mini Moogs that most people can't afford anyway. Brent had his Atari hooked up to the big TV monitor the whole time and everytime somebody said something dumb like "yeah my Arp Odyssey is just great" he would type a program in Basic that would say "ARP ODYSSEY'S ARE GREAT" on the screen ... dropping knowledge and saying how you should never pay for commercial software ... just stuff like that. Towards the end of the panel, Rudy busted out this loop of a disembodied girl's head going up and down on a fat dick (in four colors, of course) and just repeated "multi-media" over and over through the mic...big commotion, people yelling, and apparently the Slows can't ever go back."

Bodenstandig 2000 and the 8-Bit Construction set have both truly proved that less is more. In a world where electronic music is cold and uninviting, they are an outstretched hand. Won't you join them?

For more information, check out www.bodenstandig.de and www.beigerecords.com

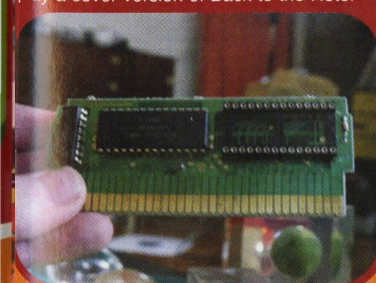


rules of what a live

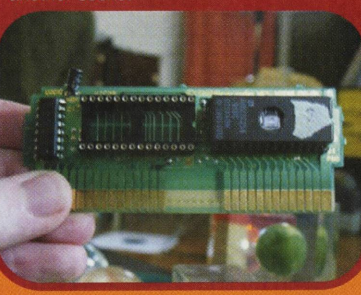
electronic music show is supposed to be. Don't expect to see two anonymous masked robot men hiding behind pillars of smoke and expensive keyboards. Do expect to hear lots of flutes and plenty of singing, especially lyrics about people being friends with their computers. It's exactly what the cold, impersonal world of electronic music needs.

And as Bodenstandig are busy playing the role of cupids, striving to bring people and computers together as one,

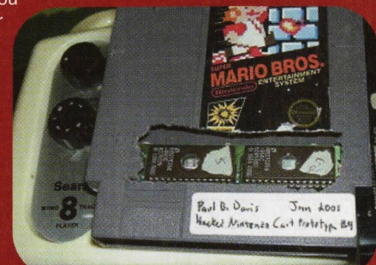
= now a socket has been soldered in place of the PRG-ROM. this socket will hold an EPROM (erasable/programmable read-only memory) chip which i programmed to play a cover version of Back to the Hotel



= now the EPROM has been placed into the PRG-ROM socket and the CHR-ROM has been removed and replaced with another socket



= this is the final product with both chips replaced by EPROMs. the EPROMs stick out too much because of the extra height of the sockets so you need to cut a hole for them in the front panel of the game, otherwise you can't screw it back together. this particular cart plays back some real-time video loops made by fellow beige Cory Arcangel - they're NHL hockey fights which have been converted to fit the Nintendo's graphic format (see B/W images above)



= same thing, but sitting on top of a sears 8-track player



Interview by Alvin Karpis & Rana Terror
Introduction by Mr. Sketch, photos by Matthew Jenkins

Iric Boucher is the closest thing the credible end of American Punk Rock has to a bona-fide celebrity. In the punk tradition of self-invention, the vocalist for highly influential San Francisco band The Dead Kennedys recast himself as Jello Biafra, an amalgam of an infamous all-american non-food and a doomed but progressive African state which seceded from Nigeria for a brief three years in the late '60s. Their first album, *Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables* featured a cover photograph of cop cars burning in the midst of a riot that was touched off when a gay city official and an activist were murdered and the killer only got seven years because, as his lawyer explained, he'd eaten a lot of sugary snacks that had made him jumpy and violent. (That's not a joke, the official's name was Harvey Milk, look it up, son.) But compared to what was to come, a little burning police cruiser or three was nothing. In 1979 Biafra ran for mayor on a platform of, among other shit, mandatory clown-suit wearing for SF businessmen and legalized squatting to offset rising rents (a condition, much like the one going on right now in our beloved Minneapolis, which he attacked with the brilliant, hateful little gem "Let's Lynch the Landlord" off *Fresh Fruit*...). He got three percent of the vote, too. In 1986, after a half-dozen or so albums, The Dead Kennedys split, largely because of a huge obscenity trial over album artwork that cost them and their label, Alternative Tentacles, thousands and thousands of dollars. Since then, he's worked with Al Jourgensen in the pseudo-industrial group Lard, toured college campuses as a political speaker, released six spoken word albums and collaborated with Krist Novoselic of Nirvana in the No W.T.O Combo, a group thrown together to get some attention focused on that shadowy, money grubbing cabal to which our leaders are so eager to *kwitow*. He is notorious for never, ever shutting up so *thrill* and *marvel*, gentle readers, as Alvin Karpis and Rana Terror try to get a word in here and there...

LSJ- So, what type of affect do you think the combination of the presidency of George W. Bush and an economic recession will have in the next few years?

JB- Well, I can't think of a single good one, although I'm skeptical of this talk of an economic recession. I think it may just be that more and more people are waking up to the fact that, according to Alan Greenspan's Federal Reserve Board's own statistics, 80 percent of the American people saw nothing from this mirage of an economic boom. Their real income either stag-

nated or went down the toilet. It was just a bunch of greedy people who ran off with almost all the money. And now people are waking up to that. 'Oh no, no, you didn't lose out in a big money grab. We're in a recession now, so you ain't gonna get shit. Get used to it.' So most of the effects are gonna be pretty bad, but not much worse than if Gore got in, I mean really, we live in a one-party state masquerading as a two-party state. And both parties might as well be called the "corporate party." Granted Bush differs from Gore on choice and gay rights, but I can't think of any of the others, even though he is the one who pulled out of the Kyoto Protocol on global warming. And guess who went over to sabotage it at the time they were trying to write the treaty? Al Gore. On behalf of the same corporations that continue to want to pollute the fuck out of the world so they can make more money regardless of if their own grandchildren or great grandchildren are the ones who croak in the end. So it's not good news for the environment or human rights or anything else. It's full-speed ahead for the corporate class-war against everyone else.

LSJ- We were talking a lot about Dubya and his new presidency, and it seems like during the Reagan/Thatcher era it led to a lot of outrage, sometimes vented through a lot punk rock. Do you think that the presidency of Dubya will lead to any kind of revival of punk rock or even pave the way for a new genre in music to emerge?

JB- [obviously pissed] I think that's a very narrow-minded, escapist way of looking at it. The people who are angriest right now are African-Americans because the deprivation of their voting rights was there for everyone to see, and not even Gore made an issue out of it. And they're not widely known for being big-time punk rock fans.

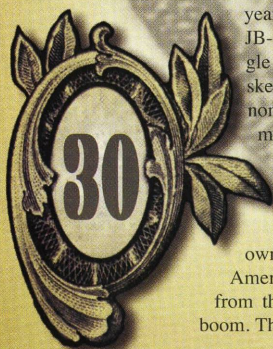
LSJ- [feeling like an asshole] Totally...

JB- So why don't we talk about people in general instead of restricting it to our own little cocoon? After all, there was some cool punk music during the Reagan era, but it's not as though it was the Reagan era that played the music. Punk was about the only thing that made the Reagan era bearable, but it was a very small number of people creating it and getting into it. That's why most of the records are so damn hard to find nowadays, cuz only some yuppie clown on eBay can afford them. Nobody had any money to make very many copies because the audience was so small. I think a lot of the backlash is already in place, but we have to be very careful how we use it. The so called "spirit of Seattle" is going to be very important here, but unless we build some bridges to other groups of people, especially people of color and poor people, fighting back is going to be as fruitless as it was during the Reagan era. Again, has the Reagan era ever really ended? Some of the priorities that Reagan and King George (George Bush, Sr.) had to fuck up the country didn't go through until Clinton put 'em in motion. You know, gutting the welfare system, all these new capital punishment crimes, NAFTA (North American

Free Trade Agreement), GATT (General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs), etc. All of these things were Reagan/Bush wet dreams that were pushed through when they repainted George Bush the first in a fuzzy wuzzy yuppie face. And let us not forget the Telecommunications "Giveaway" Act of 1996. So I think that those of us who want to be part of the backlash have to be ready for a long pitched battle. It will come in waves, but I think Seattle was one of those waves. It's sort of like the very early days of resistance to the Vietnam War, most people are blindly going along with the corporate agenda, but there's a growing sense that something might be wrong. But how do we get it across to their bread-and-butter sensibilities? I think simply pointing out that the fight is against corporate rule and corporate power is enough. I think Ralph Nader pointed out that *Businessweek* polls of their own readership have shown again and again that a majority of even *their* readers are very disturbed by corporate power and thought that the protesters in Seattle had a point. And a lot of those people don't even vote. After all, barely even half of the eligible voters showed up to vote last November which was considered an unusually high turnout in this country, which means that Bush and Gore were squabbling over who won slightly more than 24 percent of the vote.

LSJ- Have you experienced anything with the power outages in California and so forth?

JB- I have been out of town both times they happened, but gee whiz, whatta terrible inconvenience it is to keep resetting the VCR clock. I'm convinced that this means we need more nuclear power plants right away, that's for godshdam sure. No actually, I'm just boiling mad about the whole thing, but not for the usual reasons. I'm pretty good at conserving energy anyway. But look at what's happening here. It began with the Bush crowd in Texas choking off the natural gas supply to the independent power plants so they could gouge them and then hopefully pass the rates onto consumers. Then they could scare them badly enough that they would be willing to open the floodgates for new power plants, nuclear plants, drilling in Alaska, and no environ-





mental restriction on any of that whatsoever. What galls me even more is that the two big power companies, who have run up billions of dollars in debts, Pacific Gas and Electric in Northern California and Edison in Southern California are owned by bigger corporations with similar names. PG&E has 34 billion dollars in assets in the form of power plants in other states, same with So. Cal. Edison. Neither of these companies are kicking down a dime to help out their subsidiaries in California. Why? Because it's a great scam for them to raise rates and to get the state of California, who suddenly had a surplus, to put that surplus straight into the pockets of power company executives. Even more galling is, now that Gov. Grey Davis, what an appropriately named man he is, is now calling for 23 billion bucks in blood-money to be handed out to these two power companies in the next two years alone. Think about how many houses you could switch to solar energy for that amount of money; the resident wouldn't even have to pay for it. The city of Los Angeles along with, I think, Palo Alto and Santa Clara, are having no problem with blackouts because they own their own utility grid. PG&E and Edison don't have them by the balls. This is Exhibit A on why privatization and deregulation should be stopped and reversed immediately. Don't privatize your utilities and they don't screw you later. LSD- A couple of times I've visited California and I've driven from San Francisco down through the mainland towards Fresno and stuff. There's like huge areas where there's like windmills and stuff. Is anything being done with that? Are they going to expand that?

JB- Of course not. The Gov. would much rather route the state surplus money to his buddies in the fossil fuel industry. They should require all those people to wear little propeller windmills on their head; it would generate great power.

LSD- With your "become the media" message, how does that apply to teens and twenty-somethings with not a whole lot of resources at their disposal?

JB- You've got the best resources of all, free-time being one of them and no worries about your career and the house and the three babbling kids yet. So, for crying out loud, have some fun and this is one of the ways to do it. Either create or support or keep up with underground zines, or get the real story off the Internet, but make sure it's the real story and not yet another recent report of my being shot to death. It happened again on the Net in the last couple months. Plus it means going one-on-one with people you know at work or school and family if they start spouting George W. Bush, Rush Limbaugh, or Jesse Ventura bullshit then call 'em on it instead of tuning them out and dismiss-

ing them as stupid rednecks. We have a great wedge issue to draw more people into our side. This isn't left vs. right-wing, almost everything going on now, especially the way the "republicrats" run it, is top vs. bottom. The wedge issue that cuts clear across ethnic, religious, and even income lines is 'why can't I put food on the table?' And it's not because of "Eco-terrorists" or restrictive environmental laws on nuke plants, or so-called "feminazis," no, it's because of the upward flow of money, none of it is being spent where it should be spent. And since the Reagan era we've even started using the school system to condition people to feel no real sense of responsibility for their community at all. And that can be traced back to that foul Protestant work ethic that fucked up America so much, 'God helps those who help themselves. Therefore, fuck everybody, I'll just help myself.' That's exactly the justification that Bush used to pull out of the Kyoto global warming treaty. *We gas the world, we gas the children* (To the tune of "We Are the World") Everybody sing along with King George the Second!

LSD- I've noticed that there is a current state of apathy among people my age. Everyone is aware that stuff is fucked up, but there is no real way to get yourself out of it. It really seems like, damned if you do, damned if you don't...

JB- Is that apathy or is that fear? It seems like fear and the way to cut through that fear is that everyone has to get their baptism sooner or later and see how much fun it is to hit the streets and cause trouble every once in a while. I think just appealing to that basic survival instinct of putting food on the table is step one. I mean, we are also reaching the point where all the kids of the Reagan era, families who went go-go-go for all the money and ended up with an empty tormented life are growing up now. And they've seen very bad examples of how to live from their parents, and they know they are not going to make as much money as their parents. So part of what needs to be gotten across is that there is more to life than making money, granted it is at a time when rents are going through the roof. There's got to be a way to convince people that the gratification of doing something you really believe in, and doing it well, is more important than that second cabin cruiser or a giant SUV.

LSD- One thing I've felt growing up in this society, and other people do too, is that they've learned to distrust the media. But there are also so many other things out there. It clouds any sort of clear ideas...you get all this stuff like conspiracy theories, and someone's waving around *Behold a Pale Horse*, or listening to Art Bell...

JB- We all believe what we want to believe, you just have to be thorough and intelligent on what you want to believe and work hard to cultivate a strong bullshit detector. It's especially important to pass that on to little kids. With my parents it was easy. Start with the advertisements on TV and point out that all they're doing is trying to sell you something, and they might not even be telling the truth. It didn't take me long to realize that this might also apply to commercial news and even the school textbooks. Of course, I had good sonar for that from the beginning, due to my questioning and cynical nature. Cultivating a bullshit detector is really important.

LSD- The next question kinda goes back to your background. I was just wondering if you had a little bit to say about why different types of musical forms, like independent hip-hop right now, are such good vehicles for enlight-

enment or communication, or raising consciousness.

JB- Because it's primal high-energy music, that's what younger people full of energy like. You could have the most politically conscious James Taylor song in the world, but it's not gonna really electrify the youth. It might not even electrify the grandparents at this point. But different people relate to different music in different ways, where do you think Ani DiFranco's audience comes from? Even in the late '80s and early '90s I noticed a lot of people bringing me into their schools were not punks; they were activists who listened to folk music. Again we gotta get out of that insular world and realize that there are other people who like other things. Although I noticed that younger people into punk generally like metal and hip-hop, too.

LSD- What would you say about the current state of censorship? In some ways it's worse than ever, but at the same time it's kinda weird cuz you see shows coming on TV like *South Park* and videos like Prodigy's "Smack My Bitch Up" get shown on MTV, and stuff like that, whereas that wouldn't have happened ten years ago.

JB- Well, it might've happened in another form. You never know. Well those boundaries are pushed a little here and there, but overall I think the worst form of censorship going on today is the deliberate omission of important facts and issues from mainstream news and media. That's a much better way to help keep society stupid and asleep than Eminem, or censoring Eminem, could ever hope to. This is one fight that it's important to fight for, to not give up any ground and freedom of speech, even if it means putting up with Eminem, homophobic and sexist bullshit. When more and more people realize corporate media is just another lie that's no more worth believing than the propaganda outlets of the old Soviet Union or Milosevic, who are they going to turn to for the real story? Artists. You know artists have to feel free to say what they truly believe, even if we later have to prove them wrong. I much rather have to fight bad speech with more speech than try to gag the bad speech, like the German government does with the use of swastikas or talking about Nazism. It's driven fascism underground where it's growing more than it might be out in the open.

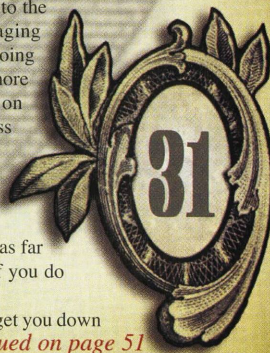
LSD- I was also wondering if you had any ideas about something that's been in the media a lot lately, it seems worse than ever as far as how fast they vilify youth or minorities or leftist groups when anything happens...

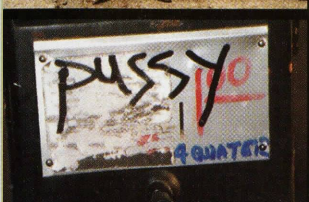
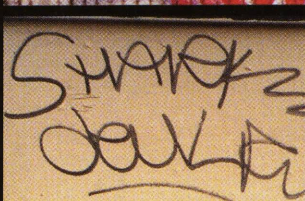
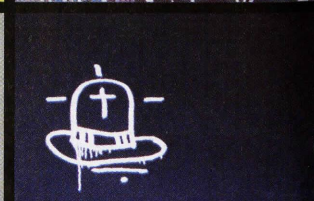
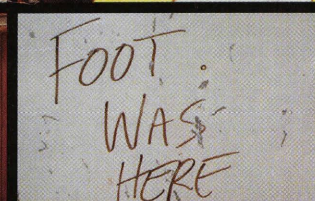
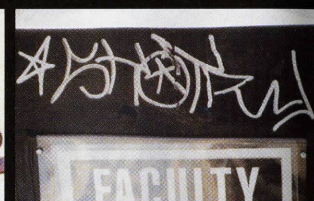
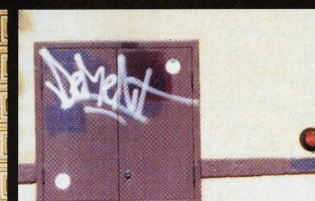
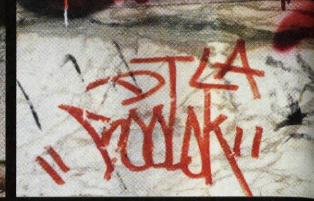
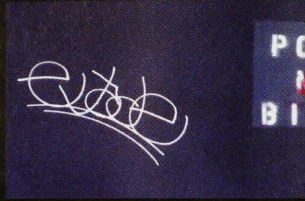
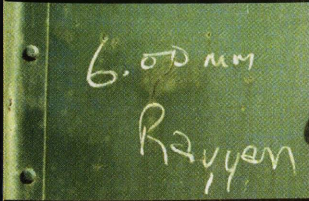
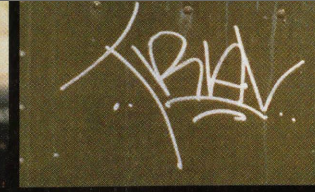
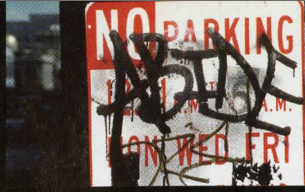
JB- Maybe you're just noticing it more cuz I've noticed that as being pretty relentless since I was a kid. It just depends on how they want to manipulate people or who they wanna fuck with. When they realized there was a huge rebel youth culture that was growing organized and strong against the Vietnam War, news of marijuana and LSD was moved from the back page to the front page, thus encouraging more people to check out doing drugs. And of course the more people that are wasted on some kind of opiate the less likely they are to put that much energy into overthrowing the capitalist system.

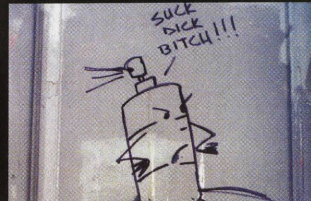
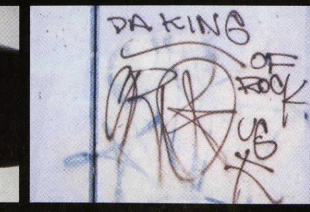
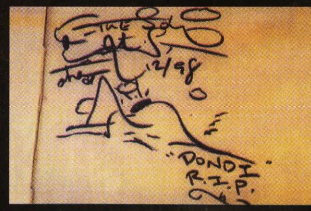
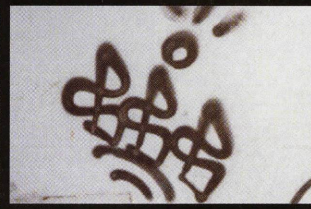
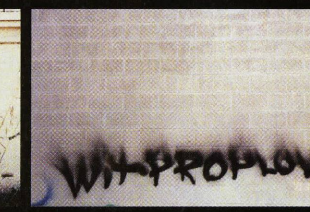
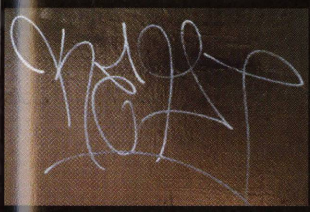
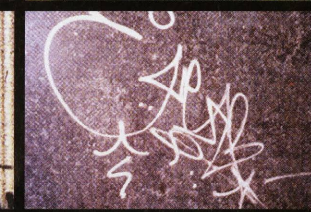
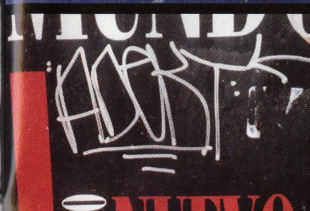
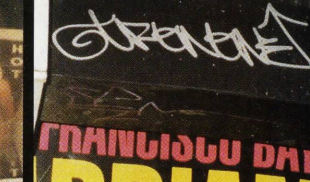
LSD- What are some ideas as far as avoiding that? I mean, if you do your own media stuff...

JB- I would say don't let it get you down

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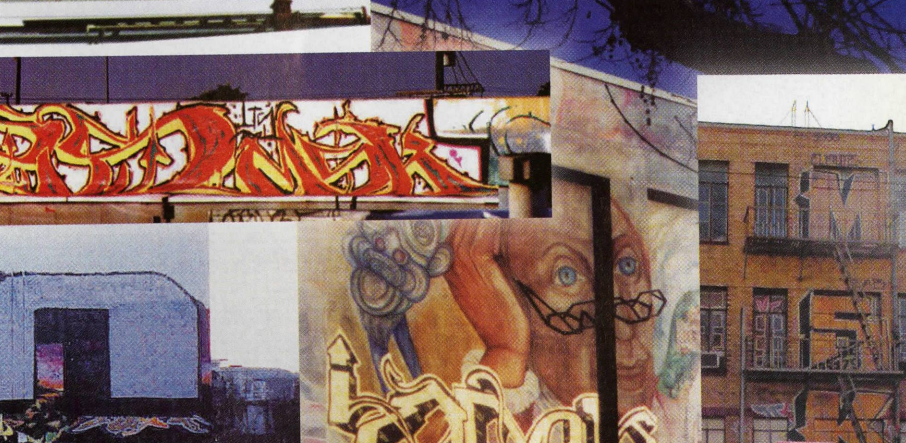
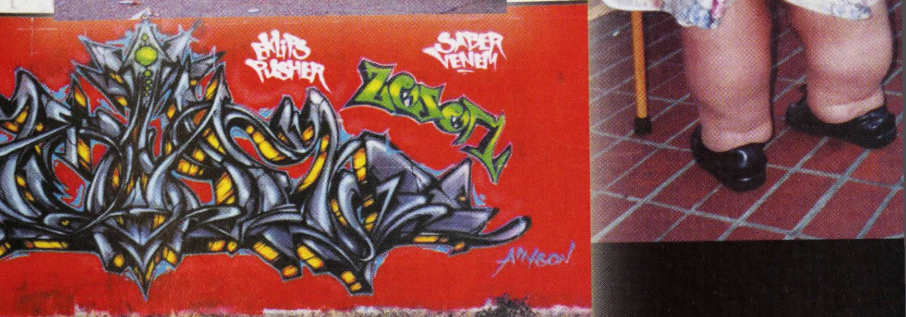












HOW TO PARTY

You could say that I am a smoker. You know—I smoke buds, G. Skunk. And when I hang out with Party Posse, best believe that it's time to pot. In fact, these dudes like pot so friggin' much, they decided that they should skip the middle man and grow their own shit. Fuck having to call Johnny Weed-Sellin' the scumbag and his unreliable ditch-weed-havin' ass. Party Posse wanted some real deal Holyfield hydro space gonzo weed. For dolo. So Party Posse got themselves some supplies and built a bona-fide skunk farm. And now you can, too. Peep it.

Supply List:

6 Five gallon buckets
3 Four-foot long fluorescent lights

3 cool florescent bulbs, 3 warm fluorescent bulbs. Alternate these in the fixture. (Important.)

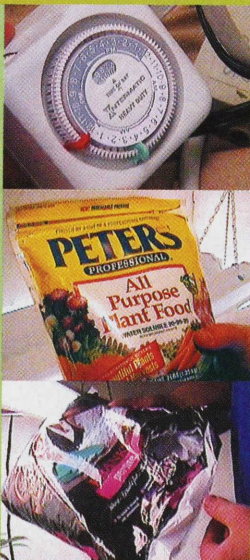
Chain system to hang lights
Closet
Timer

Mixture of organic humus (not the middle-eastern snack delight) and potting soil

bag of perlite (white crystals found in potting dirt)

Peters 20/20/20 fertilizer

Miracle-Gro Bloom Booster
Marijuana seeds (If you like what you were smokin' on, you'll like what you grow.)



This is the cheapest, most non-detectable way to grow weed according to "our source."

1. Drill holes in the bottom of 3 of the 6 buckets.

2. Stack the buckets 2 high with the non-drilled buckets on the bottom for drainage. (Drill holes on the side of the other 3 to allow evaporation)

3. Mix humus, potting soil 50/50 and 10% perlite (that's 110% ya'll).

4. Fill buckets with mixture to within 4 inches from the top.

5. Plant 5 or 6 seeds in each bucket. Lightly water. (Always let tap water sit for 24 hours before putting on plants to let chlorine evaporate). If water is draining through to the bottom bucket you are over watering.

6. After 7 to 10 days, plant should pop up. Water every 2-3 days.

7. Place buckets under lights 2-3 inches away from light. 20 hours a day on, 4 hours a day off. Use your timer.

8. The strongest plants should make themselves apparent after 2 or 3 weeks. Discard plants that are not flourishing well. *-When the plants grow taller than the bucket, fill again with dirt to within two inches of top of bucket.

9. Within the first month, when your second set of leaves appear, prune the main chute of your plant, leaving the plant's offshoots intact. This will create two main chutes instead of one, thus increasing your yeild.

10. After a month, start fertilizing with the recommended amount of Peters. DO NOT OVER FERTILIZE!

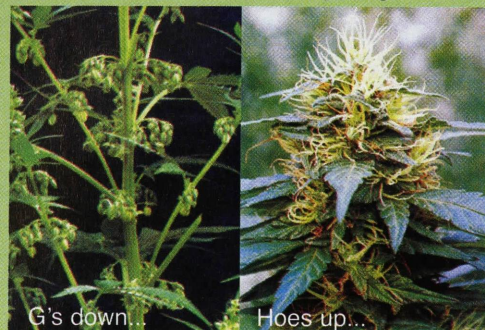
11. Continue watering schedule for 3-4 months. *-By now, your plants will grow too high. Bend your

main branches and tie them down to the bucket, still keeping the lights 2-3 inches from the plants. This will allow light to reach a greater area of the plant.

12. After 3 months, turn your lights to 12 hours on, 12 hours off.

13. After no more than a week, you will be able to tell whether the plants are male or female. Females will have white hairs at the end of the flowers. You want these. Get rid of the males as they will pollenate the females creating seeds on your female plant. If you have a sausage party of all males—start over, buddy.

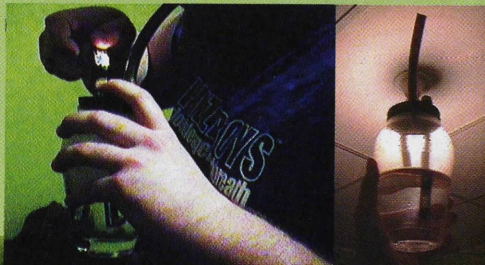
14. At this stage, when you turn your lights down,



use your recommended amount of Bloom-Booster.

15. When the white hairs of the flower turn red, you are ready to harvest. Clip the branches; hang upside-down until mostly dried out.

16. Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it.



So now you've grown your magical "pot" and you've smoked it all up—what then? Just what does one DO when they're on the pot? Such a magical, wonderful gift from Mother Nature shouldn't go to waste, should it? No, no of course not! So as a bonus gift, we bless you with: **THINGS TO DO ON POT.**



4. Paint a beautiful painting.



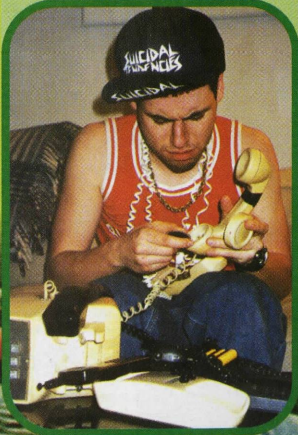
7. Brush the spiders off of yourself.



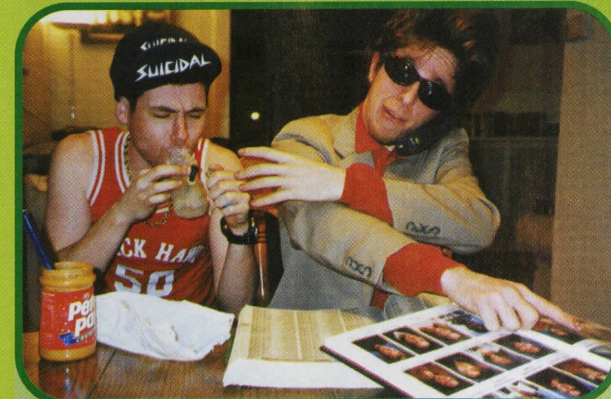
1. Go around your house making sure all the windows are closed and locked.



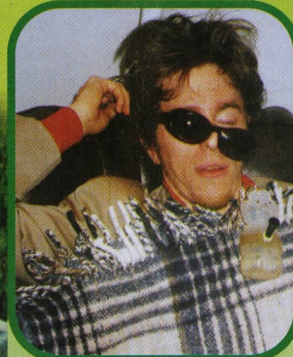
9. Check the telephone to see if it been bugged.



6. Buy or trade for more pot.



10. Call up someone from your high school and ask them what they're doing these days.



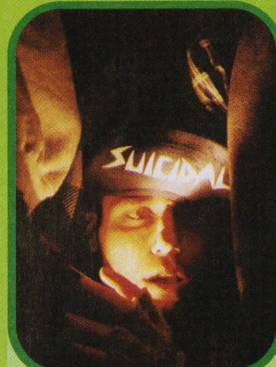
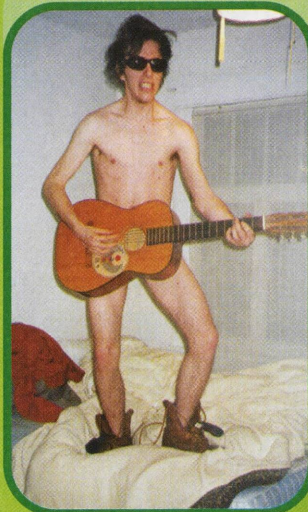
11. Go to sleep. A beautiful, magical sleep.



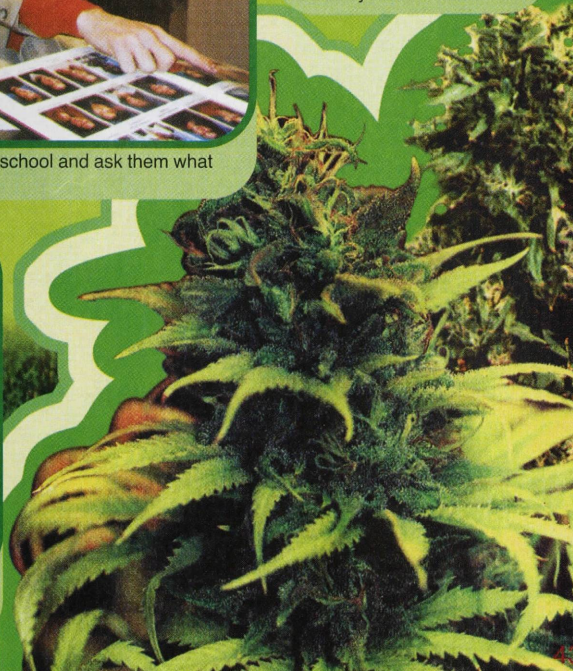
2. Stare at the lava lamp.



3. Play guitar on your bed, naked.



8. Lock yourself in the closet.



Graffiti Spotlight: MBER



to ten words in their entire fucking vocabulary.

LSD- So we need to dumb it down a little bit?

M- Yeah! Like this shit with the fucking baseball cards is like—what the hell?

LSD- That's, like, the best thing we've ever had



LSD- Ready?

MBER- [nervous whimpering]

LSD- Okay. Around what issue did you decide that you no longer liked *Life Sucks Die*?

M- Um, maybe number six? I can't say I didn't like, but uh, I was sort wondering who fucking swapped out *Circus Magazine* for my fuckin' copy of *Life Sucks Die*. [laughter]

LSD- What do you mean by that exactly?

M- Well, it's like, every other page is, like, *Pantera* and

Anthrax reviews—

LSD- Uh-huh.

M- and some weird *Utne Reader* writing. And occasionally there'd be some picture of a fat person or some sort of "street marking." You know, like, [sarcastically] 'oh hey we're a graf magazine.' [laughter]

LSD- And with number seven it got worse?

M- Number seven was pretty weak.

LSD- Really?

M- I mean the graffiti was all right, but, um—here, let me get a copy of this piece of shit... Uh... I'm sifting through the rubbish heap right now...uh... Okay, here's my beef with the magazine: Whoever is promoting it like, 'We are into party music and not Weirdo Rap'—and then on page three would be some sort of DJ Vadim Kubique (?) foreign rap ad... fucking FUCK! [laughs] Like why even promote weirdo underground crap-rap if you're not about it?

LSD- Well, the thing about our magazine is that we have all these different viewpoints and that it's diverse. We contradict ourselves.

M- I guess...

LSD- And really, Snoop Dogg's not trying to advertise that much with us.

M- Well, maybe you should get him to try to do it. And who's responsible for this... thing called 'Quasimoto'? Or should I just pretend that it's not in the magazine?

LSD- What's the problem with it?

M- I don't know, I haven't read it yet—but I can't! [laughter] It's... a guy smoking weed, and then a bunch of psychedelic background. It's like, who cares? It's terrible.

LSD- But you haven't read it?

M- No, I haven't read it.

LSD- Well, if you read it, you probably wouldn't like it, so...

M- [laughs]

LSD- Any other specific problems?

M- Uh... The writing is focused towards, like, I don't even know what fucking percent of America. Like .006 fucking percent of people can even understand half of the words that you guys are fucking writing, you know? The people that you should be catering to are still speaking, like, fucking five

in our magazine!

M- Yeah. But obscure fucking cultural references just... jumbled together, it's like—what are you doing, dude?

LSD- You're college-educated, though! You *can* understand it.

M- Yeah... maybe I didn't have the fucking manual to read the fucking article. [laughter] I need to buy a fucking textbook just to read the fucking thing—cite my sources.

LSD- The next logical question is then, what would your ideal *Life Sucks Die* be?

M- I don't care!

LSD- No, but I'm asking you—if you had your druthers, what would it be more like?

M- I don't know, I think it's funny because I like hating things—you know? It's not a big deal. Like the fucking *Platypus* article? I guess it's funny because it sucks, but it's like, it's *not* funny, you know? I could have opened the goddamn encyclopedia and read that shit verbatim—it's like, you're a dick for making me read that shit! [laughter] I feel duped, you know? Don't try to educate me and make me learn, you bastard! I don't know, I mean... in general it's fuckin' funny, but... it's on its last legs. [laughs]

LSD- So you would prefer no writing and all graf?

M- No, *your* writing is funny. But... here—I'm looking at a Neil Hamburger article? Fuck that shit! That shit could have been summed up in one fucking sentence, 'This guy's nobody—fuck him.' You know?

LSD- But think about all the obscure shit that you like—that's how that record is. It's real funny.

M- Yeah, but I don't need two-and-a-half pages talking about it! Here's what you should do: obviously the people reading this magazine have somewhat similar interests. Here's a bunch of stuff you should like. Here's maybe a fucking paragraph on why you should like it—such as the "Slept On" thing. Very good idea.

LSD- But we have a magazine and it's 68 pages.

M- Well, maybe make more than two of them be graffiti pages. [laughter] If you're still into that, I mean, [sarcastically] I guess the AFI ad held my interest for a while...



"How many crews is MBER in for god's sake. I hear he's covered from neck to bottom in tattoos. Or so that the dude at Stripmine says."

"You guys are missing out on the cool ass shit, for a while (couple years back) you couldn't go down 35E, 35W or Interstate 94 without seeing the freeway bombing he did. Him, MUCH and the rest of HM would rock the freeways like it wasn't nothing, while all the other writers were still stuck on the Uptown bridges."

"MBER is the fucking—bomb. I'm sooo down with his shit, and I see it all the time. He's nailed his own style down. Phat-ass simples with rad fills...a personal favorite."

"I've seen many MBER hollows

like pieces...that dude gets crazie up!"

"MBER is dope. I'd love to see flicks of some walls he has done. I heard he can throw a wildstyle out to but he just doesn't want to."

"...so what if it cant kick out wild...he's still up with his own style...and he's known."

"Anybody else see this cat getting up like mad in your yard? He is all over mine, I remember him writing on here a while ago, but I think his shit is the shit."

"Oh man MBER is the shit!"...

Ah, yes. Props—it's the name of the game as far as this graf ish goes, and MBER knows it. Dude is up on freights like Fred Durst is on shitty songs. Omnipresent, ruggedly individual and maddeningly consistent, he is one of America's premier train bombers. And being that we are a graf mag anshit, you know, like we graf anshit, aw like freespray, that 'dbepimp an' shit, we had to sit down and have a pow-wow. Graf-style.





LSD- I think there's over twenty pages of graf. You want more?

M- I don't know... maybe the pictures should be bigger or something... brighter colors. I don't know, I think it's going in too many directions at once. I think too many cooks are spoiling the stew. It's too much of everything, you know?

LSD- So we should have fewer pages?

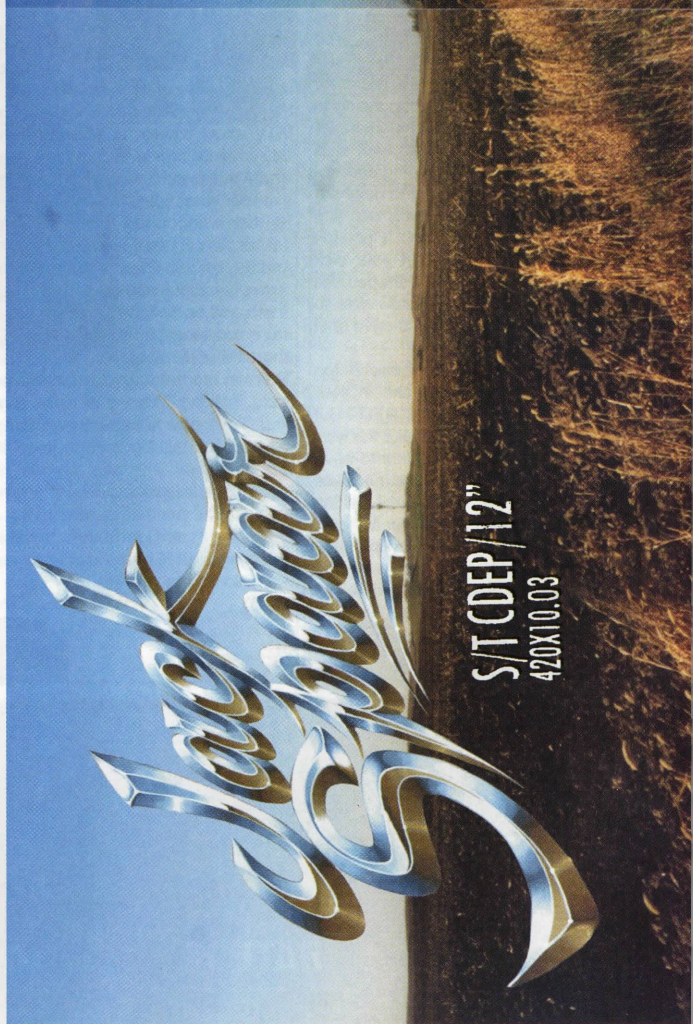
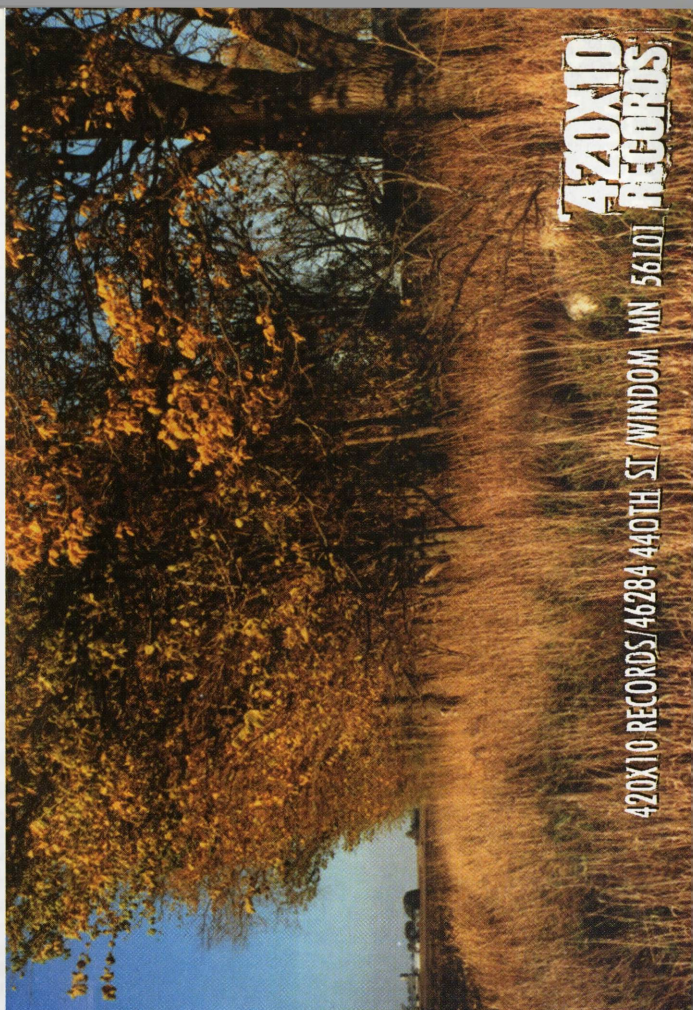
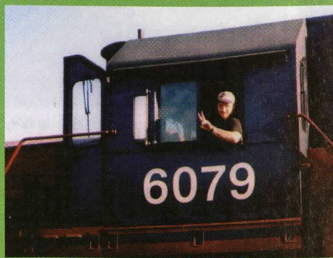
M- No. Not less pages. More focus. Or, remember how *Grand Royal* used to be, where each magazine was focusing on something and had bunch of articles on something cool?

LSD- So, like each issue have a theme?

M- Possibly. Like have a music issue! There you go. Get all your fucking music "ya-ya's" out—just get it out. And maybe occasionally, you could make a fucking graffiti issue. Like maybe once a year or something.

LSD- Well, thanks for your time.

M- [laughs]



420X10
RECORDS

420X10 RECORDS/46284 440TH ST /WINDOW MN 56101

Jackpot

S/T CDEP/12"
420X10.03



VIAGRA-

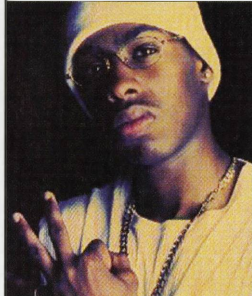


"Is this really me?" You'll be asking. Imagine replacing your mind-of-its-own penis with an alien strap-on dildo which still looks and feels like your penis. That's what you'll be working with about fifteen minutes after you down a Viagra. You'll be whistling "Can't Stop, Won't Stop" off of the *Bloods and Crips Bangin' On Wax: The Saga Continues* album all the way to the bathroom after busting your first nut. Your cock will still be rock-hard and bouncing to the beat. Chances are your companion will bore of your new high-powered fuck stick before you do. You'll feel like going door-to-door afterward to see if any of the neighbor ladies want to do the damn thing with you and your new night-stick dick. It doesn't change the shape and size of your dick (unless your dick is constantly shaped like an unhard cock), but it will allow you to keep doin' the do, even after you have shot your goo—say word.

Supposedly if you use it too much it can fuck with some shit in your body and you'll never get hard again. But that's a chance I'll be willing to take the next time I'm with someone who I want to have more than a two-minute sexual experience with. Forget about the business of waiting around after you cum, just finger-banging and rubbin' your flacid penis on your sex-partner, trying to get hard again. Just pop a Viagra and you'll be in for as much of the ol' in/out as you can stand. (AB)



RAPPERS WHO ARE UNINTERESTING-



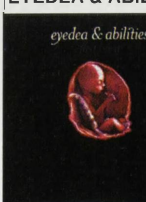
"What do you mean? ALL rappers are uninteresting!" True dat, but what I'm talking about here is famous rappers who have nothing interesting

to say in print or on television. My shit list begins with Silk the Shokker. I saw an MTV show where he showed his house. "My favorite movie is Scarface, you know what I'm sayin'?" he said. Really! Imagine, a rapper whose favorite movie is Scarface! He then went on to explain, in his monotone-ass voice, that he also likes clothes. And basketball. Great. Another rapper who is really uninteresting is Eve. I saw her dumb ass on TV one time and they asked her something about her new album and she said something like, "It's off the hook. There's something for everybody on there." Wow! Then she said something like, "I'm trying to show that a female can be sexy but still have skills, too." Fucking fascinating!

Hey all rappers: If you're going to make music that is trash, why not be crazy like Trick Daddy or funny like Jay-Z and make me like you a little bit more. Or not. I don't care. (PEB)



EYEDEA & ABILITIES/ FIRST BORN



"She asked him why did he not write out his thoughts. For what, he asked her, with careful scorn. To compete with phrase mongers, incapable of think-

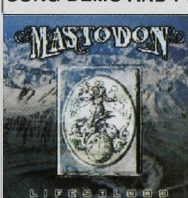
ing consecutively for sixty seconds?"—James Joyce, *Dubliners, A Painful Case*
Eyede & Abilities' album *First Born* is unique for these times when short attention spans and sixty-second thinkers rule supreme. Not once on any song does Eyede stray from the topic at hand, and he never relies on trite rap rhetoric to carry a line. The whole album follows a pretty consistent theme. Eyede picks up where KRS-One left off when he decided that the real holy place is mental (circa *Sex and Violence*); he proves very quickly on this eighteen track LP that he's not afraid to wrestle with his human existence. Unlike most rappers out here today, he's not satisfied to just throw on a gold cross, give a shout-out to God on the inside CD cover, and call it a day.

No worries for those of you who only listen to underground hip-hop. This stuff will remain underground for good reason; it's too thoughtful for mainstream. In other words, you won't find a song on this album where he lists favorite big-city area codes. But he does mind a certain code in his area, or his fish tank, or his cubicle, or any other metaphor he uses to refer to his brain...

Abilities is extraordinary about lacing the track. His scratches are well chosen and nicely timed. *First Born* isn't something for the party, but its got quiet time locked down. (AB)



MASTODON- (LIFESBLOOD EP, NINE SONG DEMO AND FOUR SONG DEMO)



By the beard of Odin, I have not heard such a sound in many winters. Riding full tilt out of the dead concrete wilderness of Atlanta comes a dark and shaggy horde, slouching towards blasthem, but then, no, thankfully never descending without reason into rhythmless blast-beatery. Not that the blast beat is inherently bad, I just need a little respite from it for a year or two. This is metal, friends and foes, be not deceived. The tempo is not too fast, like the gait of an armored war yak, its hooves tearing the veldt, its blood-flecked nostrils flashing and flaring, saddlebags filled to the top with gold and the severed heads of the weak and cowardly! There are even quieter, almost jazzy parts, that when combined with the pirate-style vocals give a strange Hot Water Music flavor to proceedings. Blut fur der blut Gott! (MS)



ERIC SCHLOSSER FAST FOOD NATION



It tastes nasty, it makes you fat and have to crap excessively. It comes out of establishments whose standards are dubious and look bad even when they're clean. If it wasn't so cheap and easy, you'd never eat fast food. But beyond the obvious, what is the fast food industry doing to you and the rest of the world? How about promoting urban sprawl, cultivating a minimum wage, creating an unskilled, disposable workforce (that you could soon be a part of if you're not already), and giving the US A the chunkiest population on the planet, just for starters. *Fast Food Nation* outlines all of this in its easy to digest 300+ pages, switching form straight facts, to individual stories to illustrate effect. The book explains that the manufactures of fast food smell and taste, are some of the same people who concoct designer perfumes. The book's author fleshes out the idea that the food itself is just a material vessel for the eyes and stomach, and the descriptions of the horrendous conditions in the nation's meatpacking plants (e. coli anyone?) are especially interesting, or terrifying. The book finishes up nicely with a few ideas on combating fast food, but it still boils down to one thing—you're better off just not eating it.

Barnes & Noble only put a magnetic sensor in some of their books. When you flip through a book, you can easily find it and toss it out. If you were going to steal one book from them, this would make a fine choice. (AK)



USING A PAY PHONE-



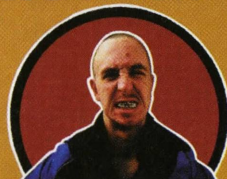
In case you haven't noticed, the cost of using a pay phone is now fifty cents. Fifty fucking cents...for what? It's a goddamned outrage. This qualifies as one of those things you can chalk up to "Punished for Being Alive." A new category I've come up with to explain such things as parking tickets, insurance, the high cost of medicine and healthy food. I remember back in the day when pay phone calls went up to a quarter. I was like eight years old thinking "Damn; that's one less game of Ms. Pacman I'm going to be playing before mom picks me up from the movie theatre." So now, twenty years later, the shit has gone up 100 percent. Which may not seem like the end of the world for some people, but at this rate, in the year 2030 a piece of shit Chevy Cavalier is gonna cost you like 40 or 50 grand. And that's not including the additional \$1.50 you'll need for the pay phone every time that motherfucker breaks down on the side of the road... life sucks. (HCF)



THE OFFICIAL LSD RATINGS SCALE



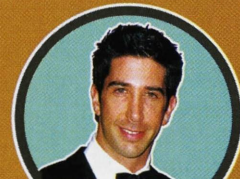
LOVE IT.



HATE IT.



LOVE TO HATE IT.



YOU'D ENJOY THIS IF YOU WERE A TOTAL PUSSY



"OOH MAR

ED O.G. -THE TRUTH HURTS

I've got an idea. Maybe Ed O.G. and Special Ed could put out a collaborative effort called "Putting Our 'Eds Together" or "Ed's Up" or "Now We're Using our 'Eds.'" That way they could combine the good material that each has put out respectively in the last decade and maybe come up with a solid EP. Or, actually, maybe a maxi-cassette single. Or—oh, forget it. *The Truth Hurts* is terrible. There is one decent song, the one Premier did—I don't remember the name. Otherwise, the beats sound like some kind of ol' charter-school community volunteer rap program shit. And I don't even know what that means. But it ain't good.

Ed! Eddddd!!! Ed! What part of your brain is telling you "make the most non-descript-sounding rap any human has ever made?" If you're gonna be on the comeback trail, at least get on some Freddie Foxxx shit and be all pissed off at the world, dissing people. And for Christ's sake get some competent producers on board. FUCK. (PEB)



DUJOURS RESTAURANT

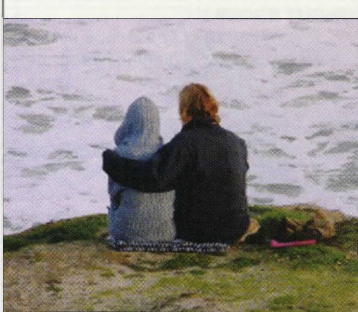
When it's Sunday, and the posse's going out for a beautiful-ass breakfast, wanna know where we're headed? Not DuJours, *mon frere*—that's for certain. First off, any breakfast restaurant where you pay a minimum of five dollars for two eggs and toast ain't cool with me. Sure, they give you a pitcher of ice water with lemon slices in it—terrific. But that doesn't make up for the space-case service and punch-in-the-gut prices. Also, none of the breakfast meals come with toast—you have to pay extra. For toast! Come on, dude. Oh yeah, and they don't have hash browns. You heard me—they don't have hash browns. They have these "American fries" that are more like what I would call cold, hard nuggets of dry-ass cold, hard shit that suck. And you get about ten of them haphazardly scattered about your plate. It's genuinely awful.

Why eat here? There's no reason for anyone to eat here, ever. Next time you're gonna go out for breakfast, why not get some groceries, invite your friends over and make a wonderful meal at home? It's cheaper (if everyone pitches in), tastes just as good if not better, and is a lot less of a hassle.

Hey—why not buy a canteloupe? It's a proven cancer-preventative, and is a cool, refreshing and delicious treat. Just a suggestion. (DR)



ABSTINENCE



All of us have sexual desires, but how and when we express our sexuality is personal. If you're unsure about what you want, you're not alone. The challenge of making sexual decisions will continue through adulthood. It can be a lot to figure out.

You might think of abstinence as 'just saying no' or waiting until marriage, but abstinence has other meanings. Abstinence may simply mean waiting for the right person, time and place to have sex.

Choosing to be abstinent can give you the opportunity to explore other creative ways to express your sexuality and affection. Abstinence can include hugging, kissing, intimate caresses, grinding, having sex with breasts, having sex with someone's butt cleavage and even oral sex.

Having sex with a pair of well-oiled breasts can feel almost as good as actual intercourse. The same goes for a butt, grease it up real well, and depending how much cleavage you're working with, it can feel like you're actually having real sex. Having sex with the cleavage of a butt can even be addictive, especially once you figure out that the act can be performed even while you partner is sleeping. This type of sex may be strange for both parties the first time; having sex with the cleavage of a butt is not widely practiced. You may be able to get away with the act a couple of times like it's nothing out of the ordinary, but sooner or later you will have to explain yourself. Simply tell your partner that you're not ready for sexual intercourse, but if it's OK, you would like to have sex with their butt cleavage; chances are that he or she will gladly accept it over nothing. Females might be interested in rubbing the clitoris against a hard hip or a soft thigh.

You can do stuff like this whenever with whomever without having to feel like a total slut. There is no chance of anyone becoming pregnant or contracting any STD when you use any of the methods described here. Abstinence doesn't mean "no sex," it just means that you have to be creative about having sex without sticking the penis inside of the butt or the vagina. (AB)



NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI/ THE PRINCE

Niccolo Machiavelli's *The Prince* might be incredibly interesting if you are a fan of political science or an astute student of the Italian Renaissance, but if you're not, then this book will probably be a fucking bore. You know, just another letter from a devout Florentine to the ruling class (Lorenzo de Medici) about how to polittick and get kingdoms on lockdown.

The idea of being "the Machiavelli of this rap shit" has been a somewhat popular theme ever since Tupac released the album, *Makaveli*. Since then, Bone Thugs n Harmony and the Outlawz have also made references to the man, who in his lifetime, held the title of secretary and Second Chancellor to the Florentine Republic—sounds rap-adocious. Machiavelli is more remembered for his written works which include *The Art of War* and this book. *The Prince* contains both the blueprint for Stalinism and the first mention of the twentieth century catch phrase, "the ends justifies the means," which was re-popularized by Malcolm X in the '60s.

Some political historians regard Machiavelli's political philosophies to be diabolical, and Machiavelli has often been referred to as the devil himself. In this book's intro, George Bull describes Machiavelli as ruthless, efficient and defiant—now we're talkin' about some rap shit.

If you're like me, you'll like the idea of reading this book a lot more than you will enjoy reading it, however, if you're a big fan of Malcom X or Pac, you had better pick up a copy. This version is 83 pages, even though it can seem like 800, but *keep your head up* and do it for Pac. (AB)



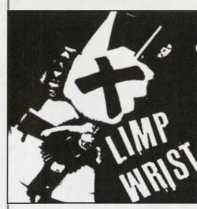
The Brokerdealer/ 02



Another whipcracker from ex-Lifter Puller frontman Craig Finn. It's a mini CD with four tracks of clicky, swooshy IDM sounding pop. Finn's up to his usual shenanigans with lyrics about *spinning drunks in bottom bunks* and *when kids connect they get XXXX sex*. Content-wise the epic saga that Finn was conjuring during the LP days with *Nightclub Dwight* and the various and sundry imaginary dirty hipsters seems to be gone. In its place we have '80s youth crew positivity versus grunge negativity, parties, drugs and self-referential lines like *Craig Finn is to the city as Jonah is to the Whale*. He smokes a bit of the sweet leaf, you know. (MS)



LIMP WRIST



For those of you who believe that something called punk still exists, add Limp Wrist to your short list. Punk has shrunk to a small circle, but surely there's room for

gays who promote violence towards gay-bashers.

Once I tuned in to some sensational TV news program and caught a story about gay gang members. There were all of these gay dudes messin' up all these other dudes. Limp Wrist reminds me of that. "Gay-basher come and get it," is their attitude—not that there's anything wrong with that.

Martin, formerly of the Chicago-based hardcore thrash band Los Crudos, gives Limp Wrist a similar vocal treatment as well as musical presentation. Fuck and shit are the only two audible words on at least one song on this seven-inch, but it's not what you say, it's how you say it. Gay hardcore is unpopular with the masses and therefore cool. So unless you are a sissy, give gay-basher, basher music a chance.

(AB)



Newman's Own Virgin Lemonade-

As far as I can tell this is pretty average lemonade. I mean there are certain things that are really hard to screw up and lemonade happens to be one of them. The margin between outstanding lemonade and bad lemonade is pretty slim. You've got your 98-degree summer day sold by that kid in the neighborhood for 25 cents a cup, that's the fucking bomb lemonade, -(real

lemons and all that shit). You've got your restaurant-style made from a sugary chemical-powder lemonade that does suck, however, usually when you're ordering a lemonade you're so fucking thirsty that you'd probably drink an entire carafe of camel piss if someone was to put some ice cubes in it. What I'm getting at is, *Newman's Own* falls somewhere between those two extremes... It's pretty good, but nothing to write home about. The thing I am most intrigued/ baffled by is the fact that Paul Newman is just out there making random different food products for apparently no reason whatsoever. I imagine an overview of Paul's resume' reading something like this: *Work experience/ special skills:*

Famous actor • starred in many award-winning films • probably banged a lot of chicks • dope pool player in real life • maker of salad dressing and lemonade... Pretty weird huh? I guess he donates all the profits from his food products to charity, so whatever. (HCF)



THIS ALBUM'S NO
"THE CHRONIC" ALBUM.



DAT'S COOL



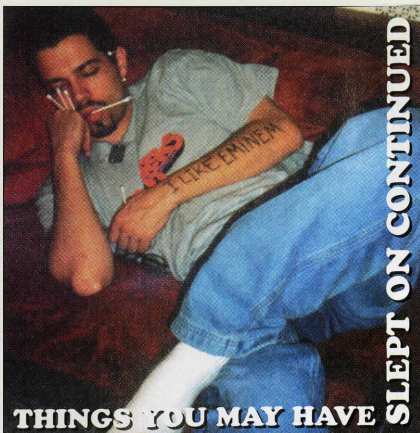
BOO-YAA!



WHORABLE



ABSOLUTELY
TERRIBLE



THINGS YOU MAY HAVE SLEPT ON CONTINUED



Eminem's proteges. Goofy names like "Swifty McVeigh" and so-so raps. The production is good and scary, like a multi-layered hip-hop Castlevania.

Bright colors, but subtle too, nightmarish and vivid, but not too abstract for children...it's like Disney's *Fantasia* for the ear. Dark, seductive and sweet like Leni Riefenstahl's Nazi propaganda films. This is just the sort of tactile, thick, rich mix that will grab the youth and insinuate itself into their soft little skulls. If Britney and NSync have brought younger and younger girls into the record-buying populace, Eminem and now D12 are making a bid for boys of the same demographic.

Okay, fuck D12, You and I both know that who we want to talk about is Eminem. The scene: The produce competition winners' displays at the Anoka County Fair. Truck pulls. White faces from front to back. The Heartland. A low building supervised by a lone, sleepy elderly woman, wherein shelves of withered flowers in vases and half-rotten prize cucumbers on paper plates crowd the walls. Each winning entry is tagged with the grower's name and age. The most interesting are the "creative" winners: mice made of beets with peas for eyes, a bell-pepper boat with a brown, wilted lettuce sail. The most bizarre of these was a little green pepper man with ape-like beanpod arms, jalepeno legs and an indifferent, scowling face carved into his upper torso...a neckless brute with a toothpick tip emerging like a cigarette from the side of his mouth. The tag only said the name of the piece: "Gangbanger."

The black man represents an image of masculinity that's really meaningful to a lot of white suburban teenagers. When you don't know any black people, it's easy to turn them into a weird, abstract concept rather than take them as actual people with desires and fears and blood and piss and athlete's foot and individual personalities and whatnot. Anyway, rap is very popular right now, especially with white suburban kids, and this has a lot to do with Eminem, who is living out the fantasy of all those kids. He's white, but he's credible among black rappers. This is what makes all the difference to little Brendan Holmstrand out in Crackertown, USA for whom black rappers are the definition of tough, flippant manliness. And for the longest time rap has been the sole territory of black men, hindering its sales in the heartland, where lingering racism kept it from ever getting too popular until now, when the first white rapper who might be

called a genius has emerged. And his name is Eminem. Another scene from the fair: A kid of about 16, hair and clothes just like Eminem or Fred Durst, fending off the kisses and affection from his beautiful Britney-look-alike girl who's trying desperately to get a kiss, or some eye contact or some acknowledgement of her existence out of him to no avail. He keeps pushing her away and avoiding her attempts at contact, and why? BECAUSE HIS BOYS ARE WATCHING. And he doesn't want to reap the humiliation that comes with being caught engaging in not-tough activity like kissing. Most boys don't grow out of this, because young grasshopper, most boys are queer. That's right—I did

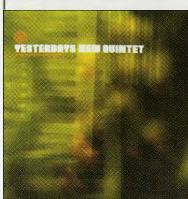
say it. Want proof? Just look for the betrayal in the eyes of a man when he accuses one of his buddies of being pussy-whipped. Most boys don't actually like girls. They like to fuck girls, but they don't like girls. They don't think girls are cool. They like dudes. They think dudes are cool, dude. No wonder they spend so much goddamn time trying to prove to each other that they aren't gay. Ever wonder why the guys in gangbang pornos spend so much time talking to each other and looking at each other and slapping each other on the back? It's cause they're fucking each other, kid. Think about it. And as a result they're filled with a weird self-hate that manifests itself in gay-bashing and calling everyone around them a faggot.

What does this have to do with Eminem? He is that kid from the fair, that's what, except he happens to be a brilliant lyricist. To a lot of idiots, that seems to mean that whatever he says is cool, no matter how sexist or homophobic. Unlike *dankie* jokes, slut and fag jokes are still okay to most people. Want proof? Lets look at a typical line from the D12 album: *Bitch, get out on that corner and sell that pussy, from "Pimp Like Me."* Ask yourself a quick question: If Interscope released an album with a white guy saying *Nigger, get out in that field and pick that cotton* would that be a big controversy? You damn right it would be, son. I doubt Interscope would even risk releasing an openly racist record like that. But though the D12 record throws out more misogyny than you can eat with a fork, most dudes aren't going to care because sexism doesn't harm them directly. If the idea of raping girls is good for big laughs to a whole new generation of boys reared on Eminem and D12 what risk does that pose to little Johnny Raps-a-Lot from Eden Prairie? Zero. So of course most rap record buyers (white males) aren't going to care. Maybe you don't either. You don't have to, just like you don't have to do anything but laugh along like a good little jaded citizen when somebody starts talking about all the goddamn spics taking all the jobs or whatever. You're in good company, cause most people don't care. What can I say? Hell, I'm guilty, too. I laugh at horrid, offensive shit all the time. I can't help it. Sometimes I find jokes hilarious precisely because they're cruel and disgusting. Maybe it's a personality flaw, I really don't know. Here's the kicker though: I don't try to defend it much. I might play devil's advocate, but I'm not going to make a whole lot of excuses.

And by the way, no I don't think censorship is good. It doesn't resolve anything. Fuck censorship. Mockery, on the other hand, is a beautiful flower. Prepare for the mockery wars. (MS)



YESTERDAY'S NEW QUINTET/ ANGLES WITHOUT EDGES



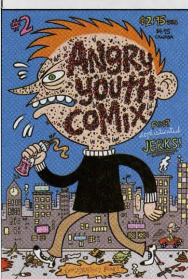
The culture of beat digging can get really obnoxious. At it's best, it is a collective of people who love old music and are truly excited at the prospect of discovering and utilizing material they've never heard on the format they love, vinyl. At it's worst, it is a culture of rich dorks searching eBay for a beat that Jay Dee used, getting it, listening to that break once and then telling everyone they know "oh yeah, I got dat shit, son."

The former is Lootpack's Madlib. One of the nation's premiere dusty-fingered dudes, you know him from his work with Lootpack, as well as his solo release Quasimoto's Unseen—probably the best hip-hop record of 2000. Now the weed fiend with crates deeper than the Marianas Trench is putting his wax to use once again, along with some surprisingly solid live instrumentation under the name Yesterday's New Quintet. Angles Without Edges blends the sounds from his MPC with Rhodes, Clavinet, live drums and guitar so effectively that samples and live playing are virtually indistinguishable. When you do catch the samples, you realize what brilliant subtlety Madlib displays on this instrument. The finest example is on "Julani", where in mid-head-nod you realize that this motherfucker is playing a drum solo on his sampler. Ridiculous. And goddamnit—dude can play piano! Self taught, Madlib's rhodes-work dances like fallen autumn leaves over his dusty drum loops.

Just when you think that every hip-hop producer has shot their wad fallen into a formulaic funk, here comes Madlib to kick everybody in the ass with the kind of talent you can't buy at Dustygroove, suckaz. (DR)



ANGRY YOUTH COMIX



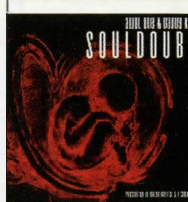
Your Butt Good-bye." I thought it funny and clever at the time. But now I am an adult, and now I think that *Angry Youth Comix* (comics for old people) are funny and clever.

In this debut issue, the main character named Loady McGee takes up pimpin' after developing a serum that turns average house pets into totally bodacious whores. His plan backfires however. It's not real conventional humor, but like most funny stuff, it's not going to be real funny if someone tries explaining it to you. I guess it's funny in the same way that it's funny to constantly call someone dick-face—especially if you don't really know them that well. "Hey dick-face, what's going on? You going to that party tonight dick-face? We should stop and have a drink before we go over there dick-face." (AB)

Now on it's second great issue. -AK



AWOL ONE & DADDY KEV/ SOUL DOUBT

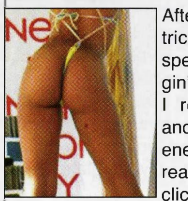


I can't even imagine how boring drinking on my porch would be this summer without Soul Doubt. If you've got a stereo on your stoop or a boombox in your bike basket, think about getting this

CD. The gravelly, lulling voice of Awol One over the strangely appropriate beats and samples of Daddy Kev is a combination that has lured a handful of curiously naïve boys into my front yard. (And kept them interested in a way I never could.) Maybe it's the lullaby quality of Awol's raspy voice as he half sings, half talks his way through subjects like revolution, drinking, and self-mutilation. You might get the feeling he's a seriously trashed best friend or lover mumbaling in his sleep, but his stream of consciousness style of lyrics actually makes a lot more sense than a bunch of Jack Kerouac beat poetry type bullshit. Or maybe they make sense in proportion to the amount of Black Label or Milwaukee's Best the listener has had to drink (if that listener is me). Like a normal reviewer, maybe I should make some argument for why this shit is so good. Is it the result of Awol's progression over a lotta years, or is it the partnering with Daddy Kev? Probably both. Daddy Kev adds a little bit of the weirdo element to the tracks, and it's always appropriate, no matter what obscure sources the sounds come from. On the track with the toughest words, "Rhythm," Daddy Kev contributes a sarcastic element, mocking the words with a guiro, xylophone, and a flute. Not that a buncha tough asses never played the flute...Daddy Kev's samples and beats set up the atmosphere and end up creating an absolute balance that makes me wanna cry or break things. I'm not sure, but I think I'll just sit on my porch for a little longer and decide. (RT)



BET UNCUT



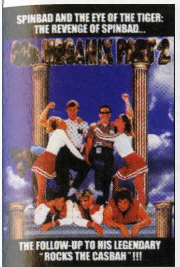
After yet another night of trickin' off at the club, spending G's, bling-blingin', major ice and all dat, I return home. Sweaty and full of nervous sexual energy, I am not at all ready to hit the hay. So I click on my friend the television. "Hello, television," I say, as I plop my scrawny ass on the pretty-nice-for-being-purchased-at-a-thrift-store couch. Flipping through the channels, the little clock in the lower corner of the C-SPAN screen tells me it's 2:26 a.m. I quickly surf on over to MTV to see for the fifth time today *History of MTV Game Shows:Uncensored*. "What a bunch of real cunts MTV is," I think to myself. But am I mad? No way, Jose—'cause by now it's 2:30 a.m. and I can already feel my dick getting hard as I tune into channel 55. Why? *BET Uncut* is about to start...

From a network notorious for fronting when it comes to showing boobs and butts, finally comes a show that is shamelessly dedicated to showing boobs and butts. Or rather, this is a show where they show the videos for horrible rap songs with hot girls in them. What differentiates *BET Uncut* from *Rap City*, however, is that there are no pixelated fannies or big, black "censored" boxes covering up a pair of quivering tits. God bless BET! If you're pornless, Cinemax-less and horny in front of the boob tube, *BET Uncut* is your basic cable hot spot for jank-off poppin' and lockin'. Yo, I watch this shit on the reg, B. (PEB)



DJ SPINBAD/SPINBAD'S REVENGE:

'80s MEGAMIX Pt 2

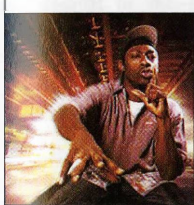


The '80s... what a time to be alive! Hairspray filled the air, the times were fast at Ridgemont High, the seagulls were flocking... Come to think of it, the '80s kinda sucked, especially that terrible-ass music. What the fuck?! Damn, did we really pay money for that shit? Fuckin' Culture Club and shit?

On his new mixtape, *SINBAGS REVENGE: '80s MEGAMIX Part 2*, Coldcutz' DJ Spinbad simultaneously mocks and celebrates all of your most loved and loathed jams from that glamorous decade. Calling this an '80s megamix, however, does not do the tape nearly the justice it deserves. Rather than merely offering us throwaway nostalgia to make us chuckle and say "Ha ha! Men at Work! Ha ha!" (just as this writer made you do when you read that) Spinbad turns it up a notch and truly makes each song his own. Just as Q-Bert made mince meat of the tracks from the Ultimate Breaks and Beats series on his *Demolition Pumpkin Squeeze Musik* mixtape, Spinbad chops each song to death, adding in scratches and samples from '80s movies and TV shows. Cameo, Annie Lenox, and Pat Benetar never would have guessed their songs would ever be rearranged to diss wack DJs. As if the concept of the tape isn't enjoyable enough, Spinbad's technical expertise is absolutely perfect. Even with the more complicated scratches, he doesn't miss a single beat. This mixtape is truly refreshing and highly recommended. (VR)



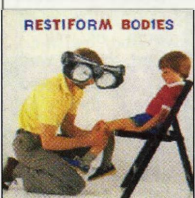
PETE ROCK/ PETESTRUMENTALS



I read somewhere that Pete Rock keeps his record collection encased in a fire-proof compound somewhere in Mt. Vernon. How mysterious! I guess he hasn't really been up there since '95 because every beat he's made since then sounds EXACTLY the same. I don't know whose eyes he's trying to pull the wool over. But this bassline nonsense has got to stop. We've also got to stop heralding producers that haven't made interesting and/or dope beats in over five years. That includes Primo, all of the D.I.T.C., Da Beatminerz, Dante Ross, DJ Pooh, Extra P, Q-Tip, and Charlemagne. Primo is bound in formulaic doldrums, Large Professor lives with his moms and the D.I.T.C. are too busy sticking up banks to give a fuck about doing another *Stunts, Blunts & Hip-Hop or Runaway Slave*. I thought Rakim's "The Saga Begins" was dope but Pete, you've seemingly remixed that song over 100 times since '97 and no one's called you out yet. Also, you should have your chest caved in with the SP for making "Give It To Y'all." Being 52 and making music for 16 year-olds isn't your credo, I know this, but unless you're trying to move into Extra P's basement with Lord Finesse, Da Beatminerz and Oran "Juice" Jones then start doing something to warrant all the bullshit hype the Brits are giving you. (BB)



RESTIFORM BODIES



Make no mistake about it, this is nerd rap. Anyone wanting to contest this need look no further than their name, taken from the nerve fibers lying on either side of the medulla oblongata and connecting it with the cerebellum (more popularly referred to as your dome piece). That said, this album has some of the most refreshing production to come out of the recent boom of said nerd rap. Where most stay bogged down with simple beats to showcase their "ill mental", Restiform Bodies brings multi-layered rhythms, drawing from 80's pop synthesizers, cheap electronic voice boxes, and sluggish orchestral pieces among other things. Were this album instrumental, it would be near-flawless. But then the lyrics come in, which I could really take or leave. The rapid fire train of thought flows from Passage, Bomarr Monk, and Telephone Jim Jesus (I really don't know who's doing what as they all have equal billing in the linear notes) sometimes hit me with that sudden feeling of "that was one too many \$20 words and now I'm hating you." The rhythms alone will keep me coming back though, especially at times when I'm feeling patient enough to soke up it's nearly 70 minutes. After that, it's time to listen to slayer. (KR)



DOUG STANHOPE- A LITTLE SOMETHING TO TAKE THE EDGE OFF



Comedy should be funny. I think that's a saying in the industry or something. Doug Stanhope is fairly funny I guess, but not nearly as funny as Bill Hicks, from whose fresh coffin he's plundered his whole schtick. He's got all the Hicks trademarks down, from the "I'm an oppressed smoker" bit, to the "I hate kids" bit, to the "I'm fascinated and repulsed at the same time by shows like COPS" bit, to the "my musician friends get pussy and I don't" bit, to the acoustic guitar which accompanies his live set (this is even weirder because Hicks didn't have a guitar player live, but his records are peppered with guitar recordings from his failed music career) to at one point mentioning taking mushrooms and seeing god (a Hicks trademark). It's even recorded live in Hicks' home state of Texas for fuck's sake. Sadly, Stanhope has none of the sadly departed Texan's vocabulary, subtlety, charisma, wit, volatility or righteous anger. Rykodisc has put out three discs (that I know of) of Hicks stuff, and *Rant In E-Minor* is the best, smartest, least self-indulgent of the three. It's amazing to hear a man holler and yell at middle-class southerners about the stupidity of our drug war and presence in Iraq, literally berate and mock them and challenge them to bring it on if they want an argument, and have them clap and cheer for more! Bill Hicks was filled with a very sad and deep genius and never really reconciled his desire to help people whom he has an utter disgust for, and despite having claimed to have seen a better way to live via psychedelics, he smoked and drank himself into an early grave. Seek him out if you know what's good for you. It's worth the money just for the bit where Jay Leno gets sodomized by the devil. (MS)



EDAN/ DROP SOME SMOOTH LYRICS



Many hip-hoppers excel in one particular hip-hop "element," for lack of a less played-out term, and may dabble in another or two. Some will attempt to DJ, rap, breakdance, and do graffiti, often for the simple sake of claiming to be the supreme ruler of KRS-One's temple of hip-hop, all the while completely sucking at all of them. There are very few who can rap, make beats, and scratch successfully. Boston-based Edan is one of those rare individuals who can run such a hip-hop triathlon and shine at all three. His new 12" single, "Drop Some Smooth Lyrics" is a throwback to the raw rap style of the late '80s, and it is a tribute to two greats of the era: Big Daddy Kane and the Ultramagnetic MCs. From the beats to the rhymes all the way down to the label artwork, "Drop Some Smooth Lyrics" is middle school rap fetishism at its finest.

Based on a vocal loop from the intro of Big Daddy Kane's "Ain't No Half Steppin'", "Smooth Lyrics" erupts into a stripped-down drum track, highlighting Edan's verbal gymnastics routine. The production is raw and concise, hearkening back to the days before fancy equipment got in the way of creativity. Vocally, this is straight up Kane. Edan comes off as relaxed and collected as the Smooth Operator, with impeccable lyric delivery.

On the B-side, Edan pays tribute to one of the more innovative and influential rap groups of their time with "Ultra '88," which also appears on his excellent *Primitive Plus* CD. Over a fast-paced guitar and drum beat, Edan does a more convincing Kool Keith impression than Sir Menelik, spitting out rhymes like, *this one goes out to you/Out to Ced, out to Trev, out to Moe, out to lunch/ Back for brunch, Captain Crunch, a lovely bowl of cereal/You just got shook by the grand imperial*.

Respect. Edan knows where it's due and I'll be damned if it's ever been delivered with more passion or vigor than what the Humble Magnificent offers on his latest record. (VR)



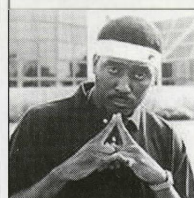
UNCLE BEN'S TERIYAKI STIR-FRY VEGETABLE RICE BOWL



Holy crap, Uncle Ben has got the whole industry shook off of his new rice bowl series. So far I've only tried the Teriyaki Stir Fry Vegetable but if the other flavors are even half as good, all other microwave rice dinner manufacturers are gonna have to take their tired-ass shit back to the lab and regroup. I can't even believe how good this stuff tastes. I'll sit there and eat one when I'm not even hungry. As far as microwave meals go, there is usually something totally jacked about the whole operation; either half the shit is frozen solid in the middle or it's all soggy, or dried out, or it just flat out has that *leftovers-from-four-months ago* taste. Uncle Ben's is both flavorful and cooks up tasting like you just picked the veggies out of your garden. And another thing, Fig Newtons have got me on kunk as well. (HCF)



BIG DADDY KANE-



Man, I was thinking about it the other day; here's a motherfucker that can rap his ass off...-Still!! I just heard him on some D&D all stars track the other day with Grand Puba and Guru and his verse was one of the illest I've heard since the shit he was saying before he made those 3 consecutive horrible R&B-ish albums. But let's not let that obscure things. Big Daddy is, in my mind, one of the best MCs of all time. Great flow, great voice, clever-ass lyrics. In his heyday, he could even rock an R&B'd out bitch song and still make it sound tight. Listen to his old shit; listen to his shit on Prince Paul's album...Dope!! So then why is it that he hasn't put an album out in, like, 10 years? Every cameo he's on, he burns. Why don't some good rap producers (Dr. Dre, NoID, etc.) doesn't put together a bunch of beats, have Big Daddy rap over them, put out an album and have it rule? Oh wait... I think I know- It's because almost everybody is a fucking retard, and barely anyone can appreciate good quality rap these days. (HCF)



DIAMOND MULTIMEDIA RIO 600 PORTABLE DIGITAL AUDIO PLAYER



They were everywhere, like glassy-eyed methheads staring out. "I'm Listening," they said. Chuck D., K.D. Lang., George Clinton., DJ Qbert. My answer? Oh, no shit? What are you listening to? Because if Rio gave you their 600, you only have about 30 minutes of music, so how about you stop looking at me and start listening?

Needless to say, I haven't been exactly caught up in the "digital music revolution." (That's what ads have told me to call it.) The 32MB of memory in the 600 equals about 30 minutes worth of MP3 files. \$179.99 for barely six or seven songs, all assuredly stolen by way of Napster, but that's a different story. That's simply not enough juice. (Thank god I got my 600 for free. Perks, friends, perks.)

The 600 itself looks like "My First MP3 Player." Or like they just melted Carson Daly's cell phone. When I asked the sales guy why the design was so lame for a product so "cool" and "hip" he lead me to the replacement plastic faceplates. Great. If the included blue faceplate wasn't sissy enough to get me beat up on the bus, the pink one should do the trick.

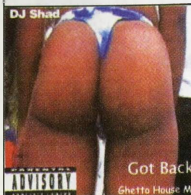
And sometimes you won't even get to hear your 00:26:58 worth of songs before the beatings begin. This little thing downs batteries faster than a divorcee's massager. Put the one necessary 'AA' in the back and your guaranteed 15 or 16 listens. Wow. So if you listen to and from work, that's 10 listens a week, or roughly 66 percent of that battery's power. I hope you're one of those ecological, frugal battery rechargers. If not, I hope you have jewel thief dexterity or a narcoleptic for a cornerstore clerk to keep you in double-A's.

The Rio 600, for free, has been great. Much better than a stick in the eye. The Rio 600 for half the price of a PS2? You have to be kidding. Wait 'til these come with more memory kids, or try that 'AA' lifting trick on a Nomad Jukebox. That thing has 6.0GB of memory, over 100 hours of MP3 capacity. Now that would be well worth a 'AA' a week... (RD)





DJ SHAD/ GOT BACK?



MP3 of "Ass and Titties," but what if you're ready for more? Are you prepared to take that big manly step and enter a world of giant, jiggling titties, plump, juicy asses, driving drum beats and pounding basslines? Are you ready for real ghetto house?

In all honesty, there's really no good way to prepare yourself for it, you have to just dive right in. Carbondale, Illinois' representative of the St. Louis-based Litterthugz Crew DJ Shad understands this and wastes no time kicking off his great mix CD *Got Back?* with Jammin' Gerald's banger anthem "Pump That Shit Up." From there, DJ Shad (rhymes with "Free Gay Rod" not "Free Gay Dad") hits you off with just under an hour's worth of songs about butts, tits, fucking, sucking, hair extensions, plus a sweet little Brandy remix for the ladies. Every single track is a slammer, from the raunchy sing-alongs "Hey Stuck Up Hoe" and "If I Fuck, We All Gonna Fuck" to the side splitting "Feels Great."

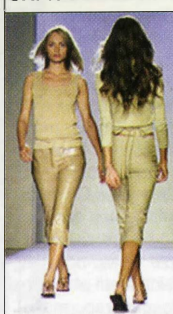
While there's nothing wrong with DJs doing multi-track mixes on their computers, complete with layer upon painstakingly refined layer of perfectly mixed songs, there's something refreshing about a mix such as Shad's, which was more than likely thrown together in an entire afternoon. The mix is live from start to end, with no intro, outro, or fancy overdubs. Shad simply maneuvers out of one track into the next, heightening the overall raw, gritty feel of the songs. Not only is the basic composition of a ghetto house song simple and raw (thumping bass and snare drum pattern, driving bassline, minimal hi-hat and other percussion, rap or other vocal sample), but many of the recordings have an almost homemade sound to them, notably DJ Chip's "Bald Head Scoochie Rat," whose chorus is composed of a sample of a telephone message.

If you're ready to move beyond your *Monster Booty* compilation, if you've ever wondered if complete songs exist whose only lyrics are *How she look? She aight. How he look? He aight.*, if you're ready to stop being a pussy, DJ Shad's *Got Back?* is your answer.

(VR)



CAPRI PANTS



All you girls out there who wear capri pants need to cut the crap. This whole retro short pants/ long shorts shit is starting to piss me off. Nobody; I repeat; NOBODY looks good in them...EVER! —Not even Urkel. Whether you're fat, tall, skinny legs and all, you look like a fucking turd if

you're rocking capri pants. Every once in a while I'm standing in line at the grocery store, I'll see on the cover of Cosmo, something to the effect of "The mini-skirt is back!" What in the fuck does that mean? BACK?? No shit! —Miniskirts have never left you stupid motherfucker. Give me a goddamned break. They need to change that line to *Capri Pants are Played Out FOREVER!* Let me write a column in Cosmo—I'll have these ladies dressing right! A little hot-ass tank top, a miniskirt, some hot little heels...BOO YAOW! Ladies, please get your shit together. (DV) (P.S. Give more blowjobs.)



MTV2



Channel 13, up until a few months ago, was my favorite television station, The Box. The Box was a great station for one reason and one reason only: booty videos. All of a sudden, one day the Box became MTV2 and the hoochies went away! Gone are the days of seeing Mystikal's "Shake it Fast" play six times in a row. What we have now are videos of a bunch of tattooed up white dudes rocking out. Sure, buddy!

For those of you who may have missed out on The Box, here's how it worked: anyone who owned a television and a telephone could call up the 1-900 number and order a video for \$2.50. A very democratic system indeed! Since MTV2 has taken over, however, there is no longer the 1-900 number and coincidentally all these funny rap-rock bands have appeared out of nowhere. Except for Kid Rock all of these bands are terrible, and it's not just because they don't put "hot girls" in their videos. Musically, they are awful as well.

Still, I watched this shell of a station in hopes of seeing some young ladies "back that ass up" to no avail. And just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, it got worse: I turned on the TV and saw a commercial for *Rock Weekend*. In other words "We're not gonna play rap this weekend." And they didn't! A few days later I tuned back in, only to find an alternative-looking VJ talking about Sean "Puffy" Combs and Jennifer Lopez' break up. He also mentioned something about Puffy's most recent lawsuit amongst other "News in Rock." Ok, hold the phone. Yo MTV2, guess what? I don't care about who Puffy's banging, or about the latest gossip surrounding his trial! Just play videos god-damn! Preferably rap videos.

The worst part about the whole fiasco is that when The Box was still around, I would fall asleep on my couch dreaming about bikini-clad broads shaking their booties. Now when I go to bed, I have nightmares about alt-rockers flying in space, getting tattooed and getting it on with clay monkeys. Somebody please wake me up. (AF)



BROTHA LYNCH HUNG-



I don't know what album of his I heard, but it was on repeat and played about 47 times one night while I was at work. It's the one that has the songs "Rest in Piss" and "Welcome to Your Own Death" on it. Holy crap! It takes a lot to get me feeling nasty as far as music goes... but goddamn; this dude says some of the illest stuff. Shooting at crying babies, blasting guns into girls' boginas; general 'not giving a fuck' types of things. Apparently I am not completely desensitized to these topics because every time I hear Brotha Lynch talk about "pussy guts" and "chopped up slabs of flesh", it still makes me feel kinda gross. It's the type of gangsta rap that doesn't really even glorify gang banging. It's more or less, "check out how fucking nuts I am *Beeiiiitch!*" —Which, I guess, in a lot of ways is kinda cool. The thing about it that's so weird is that he really can rap well, and the beats and production are top notch also. Everything about it is thoroughly saturated in classic gangsta-rap themes and ethics: banging, killing people, squealing high-pitched (*Chronic* album-esque) synth-melodies, being high constantly etc. I guess what I'm trying to say is, if you feel like you're ready to move up to Division 1 gangsta rap, you should check out Brotha Lynch Hung. However, if you're comfortable remaining a total pussy that wouldn't even consider killing a baby then go back to listening to Wyclef Jean you fucking spazz. (HCF)



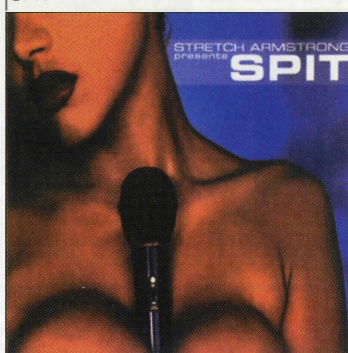
AKINYELE/ ANAKONDA



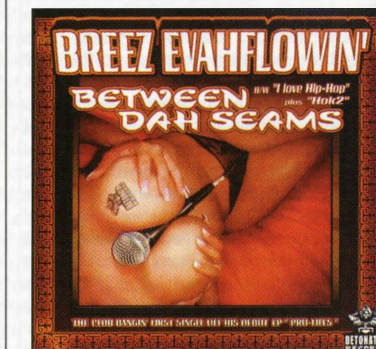
While his longtime running mate Large Professor still lives at home with his moms, The AK finds the time to pen such lush narratives as "Eat Pussy" and "Bomb Pussy." Did "Vagina Diner" ever really happen? Personally, I'd rather hear the tales of pregnancy gone awry via a kick in the tummy from a leg and a boot, but I suppose South Florida strip-club bait anthems will suffice. Word is The AK employs some New York City females to fuck men for money, so between full-body massages in the Village and slapping his Harlem-bred hookers on 125th St., Akinyele pulled off yet another album-to-eat-pussy-to that sounds nothing like his first. Personally, eating pussy is cool to me, but it's definitely on some hit-or-miss shit. Often I'll find myself, as The AK clearly points out in "Eat Pussy," "looking at the shit like a book." But on the real, AK isn't all about degrading the ladies. He provides a respectable platform to voice Gay Rights in "Love My Bitch" where an uncredited upcoming female rap-phenom proclaims: *All my life I've been straight and shit, now I can't wait and shit, to go out, on my first lesbian date and shit. I used to like hate a bitch, now I'd like to date a bitch, and if you down then I guess I'll see you later bitch*—straight retribution for "I Luh Her." On the fallen-off meter, this hits the top; between this, his last album, that EP before it and the porno he did, Akinyele has probably strayed the farthest from making the good music he used to be able to than any other rapper alive—who the fuck buys this shit? (BB)



STRETCH ARMSTRONG PRESENTS: SPIT



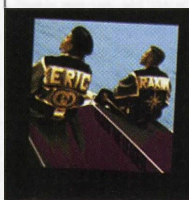
BREEZ EVAHFLOWIN' BETWEEN THE SEAMS



In the extremely competitive microphone-between-the-funbags market, it's hard to determine who comes out on top. With nearly simultaneous releases people are going to have to make a choice between which of these disks will best meet their hip-hop/boob sex needs. Breez Evahflowin' has a strong outing with what appears to be a non-photoshopped image containing not only the prerequisite mic and bazooms, but the cord trailing all the way down between the legs (or as we say in Minnesota, "laaaayygs") gets extra points. But I'll have to immediately deduct points for the poorly applied Detonator Records tattoo. Even if it wasn't digital, it looks like a weak-ass temporary that you'd get to promote an energy drink (serve chilled, lite citrus taste, in a small thin chrome can for no discernable reason). Stretch Armstrong's presentation looks far less real, but thankfully leaves his lady free of label branding. If you're lucky enough to grab a copy of the promo poster, you may just see a hint of her nipples through the greyed-out bar covering her chest, which on closer examination looks to be already plenty enhanced by the miracles of modern medicine. After a quick deliberation by our panel of experts, Breez Evahflowin emerges victorious. (AK)



SMOOV



This isn't so much a review as it is a call to our readership to bring back the word *smoov*. *Smoov* is a great word, popularized in the late 80's by rappers. You can also use the word *Schmoov* or in some cases, *Schmoovy Schmoov*. One time when I was a youngster, I was watching Yo! MTV Raps, and they had a little interview with Eric B. and Rakim. Rakim said something like, "Our style is rough and rugged and *schmoove* at the same time. And they were on the set for the "Lyrics of Fury" video so they were wearing tuxedos and bowler hats and big chains. It was about the coolest thing ever. (DR)



and do your own media stuff. I mean my culture and myself and my age has always been bashed in some part of the media. So fucking what? I mean, I concentrate on what I do and nobody says I have to watch MTV, and I don't even have cable at my house so guests can't watch it either. Nobody says I have to watch stupid sitcoms or Dan Rather reading the latest propaganda off cue cards. The best way is to tune out the crap culture and put more energy into your own. That will turn more people on to whatever you're into and they'll be more likely to tune out the crap. That even applies to underground punk. If you're sick of corporate-minded pop punk bands, then don't worry about them. Just don't listen to them. Life's too short to listen to bad music. The minute I hear anyone whining like the Eagles, you know, 'boo-hoo, my girl left me' bullshit, I don't care how loud the guitars are, out of my stereo it goes.

LSD- Well it seems like ever since Seattle (Nov. 1999) there has been more organized resistance taking place in the U.S. especially around the issues of world trade and globalization.

JB- In a way it's a weird moral victory that the WTO only feels safe holding their annual meetings in a small oil sheik dictatorship like Qatar. Q-A-T-A-R in case you haven't seen that spelled out. Meanwhile Quebec City has been turned into a prison where the wealthy king makers only feel safe when they are locked in their own jail. But, of course, the opposite side is going to learn every time we do something and fight back twice as hard. So we just need to, as Muhammad Ali put it, 'fly like a butterfly, sting like a bee.' But not plant ourselves in one place and slowly get beat down, if you know what I mean.

LSD- So are there going to be any new versions of the No-WTO combo for future protests or any other anti-world trade events?

JB- No, nothing planned at the moment. There's been a little talk with Krist Novoselic to see if we could try to come up with some more songs and do something else, but I haven't heard from him in a while.

LSD- Or take it on the road possibly?

JB- I have no idea, I don't have very much free-time because most of my time is wasted by former members of my old band suing the shit outta me because I wouldn't let them out "Holiday in Cambodia" in a Levi's commercial. Now they're even flooding the country with bastardized bogus versions of the Dead Kennedys' CDs. If people see anything on a label

called DK music, where they even stole Winston Smith's logo and used it, keep in mind that these products are put out by people who sue me when I won't put music in TV commercials. They claim it's re-mastered, but it sounds almost identical and the live album is pretty weak.

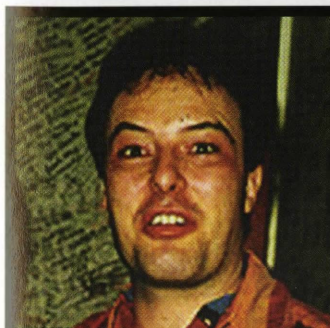
LSD- Yeah, I just saw that yesterday and I was kinda eyein' it, but at the same time I had just read the interview you did and decided to keep away from it.

JB- Keep in mind I just ask people to stop and think who they are going to be supporting if they pick something like that up. Not to mention I don't want to be held responsible when people wind up buying the same album twice and realize that it's almost exactly the same and they might have gotten ripped off. Or that the live album is such a weak representation of a Dead Kennedys' live-show that maybe it would be better to wait for a good one, if I'm ever able to have any say in how the catalog is conducted or right now I should say, "pimped." I did not authorize Industrial Strength to be selling old Alternative Tentacles copies of East Bay Ray swiped out of the Mordam warehouse, and I'm not responsible for this. Not only that, they're not paying me a dime. As far as I can tell they're splitting it three ways. Just be careful on that one, buyer beware.

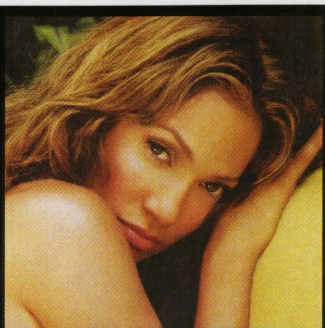
LSD- Thanks for the heads up. This is the last real question. I was reading on your website about the housing crisis that San Francisco is experiencing. One thing I've noticed in a lot of cities like Minneapolis, Seattle, Portland, etc. is that a lot of punk kids will move into predominantly non-white neighborhoods for a number of reasons, including cheap rent. But then after a while it will lead to incoming artsy types and hipsters and then yuppies. And all of a sudden it turns out people of color start getting evicted and the neighborhood becomes gentrified. How do you think this can be avoided?

JB- Fight for more affordable housing in all parts of town and be ready to stand with your neighbors of color if a greedy landlord evicts them. Part of the reason there is animosity is because even the punks who move in don't show much solidarity if people who have been living there longer suddenly get tromped on by a landlord. And they aren't terribly discriminating about boycotting the yuppie-oriented businesses and coffee places that move in thereafter. In San Francisco it's getting dire enough that tenants are starting to organize and picket eviction lawyers' homes and landlords' offices and blockade evictions.

LSD- That's amazing.



JELLO



J-LO

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wrecked up the whole party and shit. If we ever catch those guys, they better be prepared. Because that fucked me up. When you have some bullies running around trying to kill you and shit when you're sixteen, that shit fucks your brain up.

LSD: Let's talk about paying the bills these days.

G- All the bills are paid. I pay the bills by racking, and I just bought a new car.

LSD: But racking is a day-to-day thing for you...

G- It used to be hard, not to rack, but the whole life style of racking.

LSD: Like a lot of people use it to supplement their life but they still have a job and what not.

G- Right. That's how most people are, they have a job and then they rack whatever they can get away with racking. For me, I have to rack because if I don't rack then I don't pay bills and my kid doesn't eat.

LSD: What are some of the biggest things you've pulled off getting?

G- Computers, cars, but that's just for fun, golf clubs, refrigerator, washing machine, dryers, fuckin' everything. Anything you can name, I've probably racked it. Sometimes I'll rack just to see if I can get away with it, that's how bad it got. Like, I'm proud of it just for a minute and then I want to get something else. It's pretty much an addiction.

LSD: What are the most hoops you've had to go through to pull something off?

G- Just dealing with security and alarms.

Like some stores it's a mission to get a candy bar. It just depends on the situation, like we have to rig the cameras, or distract the under covers, or like use special tools to get shit off, or special bags. Sometimes you have to dress up. I like to dress up in suits and just pile computers or video cameras up, like breaking the case and piling them up

shit cuz you can get shot. There's a lot of guys that walk around and think they're all tough. I don't do that. Unless somebody threatens my family or my friends, I'm the motherfucker that they know will punch them first. Nobody is above an ass whoppin'. I'll probably get one soon. I almost did at the mall, this guy was like Pele, tried to kick me a bunch of times. I'd gotten into three fights in the past two weeks, and I had a dislocated shoulder so I couldn't even fight back. I was trying to, but none of us were getting anywhere. The security broke it up, like trying to take me in and I ran across the street and clocked that dude in his nose with the security guards on us. Blood shot everywhere and his girlfriend was screaming and shit. I had to take off running through the mall and run through the back through all the exits and shit. Across this really busy street and I was hopping all these fences, running from security and shit.

LSD: And this is just in the hometown?

G- Yeah. It's pretty easy to get popped here. You got to be careful what you do and what you say.

LSD: Let's get back to painting. What have you been doing the past several years? Did you chill out for awhile?

G- Everybody thinks I chilled. Like 'yeah, I used to see you up in SF.' People think I still live in SF because I go bomb there like once a month. When I moved from SF, I started

G- No, I always think I can do better. Jest says I do it just so people will tell me it's good. He says I'm an attention hound. I really do think some of them are bad though.

LSD: Do you paint for yourself or are you out there for people to see your shit.

G- For a lot of years, I was just painting to paint and then when I started getting noticed, it was better. I don't know, I just do it. I guess I paint for myself, but it is better when you start getting recognition.

LSD: So after all this, what is important?

G- Oh man, this is getting all emotional and shit. What's important to me is my son. My friends, always my friends cuz that's all you got. Friends and family. Graff's important. I told my girl when I met her. If you ever try to come between me and graff, you'll be on the curb. And that's what I live by, that rule. If she starts getting on me for graff, I just do ten times more, because that was there before her.

LSD: Were you into the whole bike-writer thing in San Francisco where everybodys got their fixed gear.

G- No, I walked everywhere. I've got a mountain bike and



and just walk out with them. It's all about trickin' the store. We used to dress up differently to paint too, sometimes. Like wearing suits or dressing up like bums and shit. I had racked so many electronics that I had a whole room full from the ground to the top. DVD players and VCRs, in the box brand new. I had so much stuff that I was slanging five hundred dollar DVDs for a hundred bucks just so I could get rid of the shit. We can go and steal 18 Northface jackets at once. Everybody's into that though. But nowadays, it's a lot easier. Instead of having to wake up and go rack, try to sell it, do all this shit, it's way easier now. For sure it's sold. If you take a jacket or a video camera, you know you're getting the money and you're getting a lot. You're getting like a hundred less, that's it. Not no half price or I'll just give you \$50. Like I bought a car already in two months.

LSD: Is there anything that you won't fuck with?

G- I try not to fuck with...I'll fuck with people, we like fucking with people down here. My boy Jest hit this guy with his belt. We used to have names for each other. My boy Jest was called Indiana Jest because he would always whip people with is belt. There was Bat-Zer, always knocking people out with bats. My boy that's a cop now, he would drive around and shoot dogs...

LSD: Jeez, I was trying to find out shit that you guys didn't do.

G- Nothing. I was Julio Geso Chavez, because I was always in the back and as soon as somebody would say shit, I'd come through and punch 'em. Being from a small town, we'd do everything. We're pretty much notorious around town forever. When you were in San Francisco, I got in two fights that night. I fight just for fun. If somebody says something, I just punch 'em. But you gotta be careful doing that

doing freights in '96 and in '97. Me and Jest started doing a lot of freights and getting into it. We were like fuck these freights, we can do better shit because there was a lot of crap out there. We just would go back and forth trying to bomb and do freights at the same time. The last couple years when I was in Oregon, that's when I really started concentrating on the freights and trying to do pieces. I didn't really know how to do pieces. I knew the art of bombing, the strategy, so the last two years I've been pretty much doing a lot of freights and then traveling to Frisco and bombing just so people still know the name. Cuz I don't want to be considered as some freight guy. I'm just doing that because that is what's here. I did about three hundred trains last year. That's like big pieces though, no little things. This year I've been trying to do walls too.

LSD: Your style has changed a lot over the years...

G- It probably comes from being in places where there's no graff. If I lived in Frisco, my style would probably be typical. I think it's because I got to move around a lot and try to do shit that other people aren't doing. When you're secluded, your mind starts doing weird shit that you're not really looking at. I've had a lot of time on my hands where I just go do shit. When I do a piece, I try to do one thing different, everytime, and try to learn one thing. Do this, next time don't do that. I freestyle about half the time. Because if I find something I want to do while drawing and I don't want to forget it and I don't want my pieces to look repetitive, I'll take a sketch just to have that shit so I know. You see a lot of people whose pieces are all exactly the same, just different colors. I want to get away from that shit. I want to have some good letters.

LSD: You're never that happy with your stuff though.

it's all beat up in the back yard. I'm not into that shit at all. Those guys are fuckin' stupid. Grey and Amaze have been down for that shit forever, since I can remember, they've had those crazy bikes. I don't know when they started it or where they got it from. Now it's like, in order to be a writer, you have to have a bike bag and ride a bike.

LSD: Have some highwaters...

G- Yeah, roll up your pants. It's just some fad. I'm just a normal ass dude that rocks Quicksilver and shorts. You know how everybody's into some crazy style. Lately I've been trying to get all the surfer brands. I've been racking all of them.

LSD: Do you have any of the classic shit like Jimmy Z?

G- No, I looked it up on eBay and tried to buy some. We've been trying to score those TNC Surf & Skate shirts forever, but we can't find em. I'm gonna start rocking that vintage surf stuff, just 'cause it's so funny.

LSD: Was there anything else you wanted to say about Grey?

G- He's the one who brought me up. I was pretty much doing his stuff for awhile, but I guess that's how everybody is when they first start out. They need someone to show them the basics.

LSD: Now it seems like you build off each other.

G- Before I used to bite his shit. It's only obvious. Now it's like we go do a piece and he'll take my shit and I'll be like 'you fucker' and he's all 'what?'

LSD: And the other Geso?

G- I give him credit. He pronounced it differently. He was Geso with a *jay* sound and I'm Geso with a *gu* sound. But it's spelled the same and he's dead. I try to write 10 next to mine or 2 just to know that there was another one and I give him credit cuz I heard he killed shit in LA.

me, you should be happy. I'm happy when I see an artist that I think does incredible music and it's getting to a broader audience. There is a crew out there, there is a community that they just want it for self. They want to go 'I put you on to Iron Galaxy, not Funkmaster Flex, I put you on *Straight Off the D.I.C.*' They want to be able to say that and that's just immature. I used to see that with grunge. I used to see that with grunge when I was a teenager. I already knew Nirvana because I was up on grunge [laughs], I already knew Nirvana, already knew Soundgarden, I knew all of them. Cats were like 'Yo man, yo man Eddie Vedder yo!'

[all laughter]

VA- I'm like 'Dogs, I already know, calm down.' Like he'll see me with my Nirvana joint, and he's trying to push Pearl Jam on me. I'm like 'Yo, look, I know about all of these groups right now, don't worry about me.' It's in all genres, it's in video games. 'I got this video game two weeks before everyone.' And they just want to—they want that glory that they had it before you. Then they get on the internet; 'Yeah, I got the new "NFL 2K"' and its like 'Chief, it's gonna be out next week.' For real, I'm glad you asked me that question because we always...my man Copywrite, from Mega Hertz, I've got to big him up, he says that in a song. To paraphrase him he's like 'only a certain amount of people know us and they wanna keep us for their pleasure.' I'm paraphrasing, but in one of his latest songs he brings that up in like six bars, where he's like 'yo man they only want us for themselves and that's selfish.' Just like that kid, them 10 kids in their garage that just moved from Seattle and met Kurt Cobain getting a sandwich at the store. They're like 'I know Kurt and I have three songs that aren't on the album.' Like he wants to just be amped. We just promise to make the real, we doing what's real to us, what we know. Support us. If you like "Iron" and "D.I.C." and don't like nothing else that's all great. Pump the two you love loudest, that's all I can tell you. We are always gonna do us. But doing us isn't always gonna be accepted and I have already known that, I have grown to know that.

LSD- You're about to go on tour. Debunk the myth: do underground hip-hop cats get groupies?

VA- Yeah, yeah.

[all laughter]

VA- You do get groupies.

LSD- Then you get cock-blocked by your fans right?

[all laughter]

VA- I mean, the kid in your building, if he does anything good, he gets groupies. You have got to look at it that way. Whoever's good at what they do, they have groupies. If it's the girl in their office that makes copies for them, it's a groupie.

[all laughter]

VA- Yo, come on, because your mom is the only one that loves everything you do. But other people can fake it.

LSD- Do you want to share any stories?

VA- Umm groupie—you want a groupie story?

...Bellrays continued from pg. 23

off, what they're into, given what you know and are into?

Bill- Oh yeah, I mean, I talk to them all the time about that stuff. If they learn anything from me it's about that. I always ask them about what kind of bands they like, and then, you know, tell them why they shouldn't like them. I haven't been in a situation yet where I could bring a CD or something for them. When they first find out that you're in a band they want to take advantage of you cuz they think that you're stoned. But then when they realize that you'll bust 'em down, then they want to talk music with you. That's when they usually bring up the Korn Bizkitz or whatever...

LSD- Their corn biscuits? Korn Bizkitz! Right. Well, does that ever make you want to go extra crazy at any shows? Y'know, like, 'tonight has to really fucking matter cuz that one 12-year-old bastard from school is so clueless...'

Bill- I think of that stuff every time I go on stage. I want to make that point—this is what I think a show should be, here's me putting out everything I can. That way when I see U2 and the Edge, I can go, 'I don't owe you shit—you're a hack, fuck off!' Because I know that I could go up there and play the song and people would like it more because, you know, I'm just more in to it. I just get so much out of playing: it's not really a conscious choice. I just want to go up there and work hard, that's my ethic.

Lisa- As musicians, we have to do this. We don't do this

LSD- I want the illest groupie story—I want some Kid Rock type of shit.

VA- I mean, wow, I know this one—I can say this one groupie story. Because it's clean, I'm not trying...

LSD- You ever seen this magazine?

VA- I love this magazine.

LSD- Then get ill.

VA- Oh God—this is the Little Johnny Tour. This is the Little Johnny Tour/Soundbombing 2 tour and ummm...I forgot uhhh...were all chilling and you know, we opened for a group in Germany and we were mad pissed because we were like 'why we opening for some German group?' [laughing] I went outside, and a flock of chicks just ran up to me like 'hhahwhwwhhh.' And I was just like—I was a little surprised because our show was cool, it was hot, heads were going wild, but we weren't the headliners. But I got headliner groupies you know what I mean? Like six girls ran up to me, they wanted to come to the back, so we brought them to the back. [smiling] What else am I supposed to do in a foreign country? I fooled around with one girl alright. I'm not a porn-star. I fooled around with one girl because I liked her, she was cool and my friends messed with the other girls, I don't know exactly which friends those are, I can't disclose those names...

[all laughter]

VA- Because there is pacts that we go under. Let's stop the myth right now. I'm Vast Air, I'm an underground artist. You do get girls. Ask my man Copywrite. Ask him. Let it be known that if your solo and you're on tour, you're looking to have fun, you're looking to just relax. You do get girls that don't have any problems with that. You do. You don't have to be Jay Z. The myth is wrong.

LSD- Anything you guys have always wanted to say in an interview and never gotten a chance to say?

VA- I want him to end it because I always do most of the talking. Let the quiet one take us out because he speaks for me.

VL- Yeah, get that Cannibal Ox. Brothers worked hard man, you know. Brothers is struggling right now, but we real happy and positive about the music we created.

VA- Very positive, I think it's gonna wake people up. I think people are gonna go wild. This is what I have been missing since '96, when there was nothing but the raw coming out. All that—all that real, tight, middle '90s, nasty—yo, it's back. *The Cold Vein* is raw and like, I made it. I know I'm talking shit. I made it, I'm amped. I step outside myself and I look at it and I go 'yo, this is an amazing piece of work and I'm glad I did it with my two brothers and all the DJs that guest appeared on it.' My man El-P—like this is not a Co. Flow album. Get it out of your mind. I know people are like 'oh it's Co. Flow...' No, this is Cannibal Ox. He has a whole different sound for his stuff and for his crew. What he made with us is how he feels with us, it's that vibe he gets from us, so be alert man, be alert, it's a tight album. I'm proud of it, my manager's proud of it, my mom is proud of it.

just 'cause we want to do it, we also *have* to do it.

Jeff- Absolutely. If you're not compelled, then get the fuck out of the way.

LSD- That's got to be especially hard cuz you're in LA.

Lisa- That's not especially hard 'cause we're in LA. You have shitty bands out here too. Everybody everywhere has to deal with shitty bands.

LSD- Yeah, but out here it seems like they get run out quick.

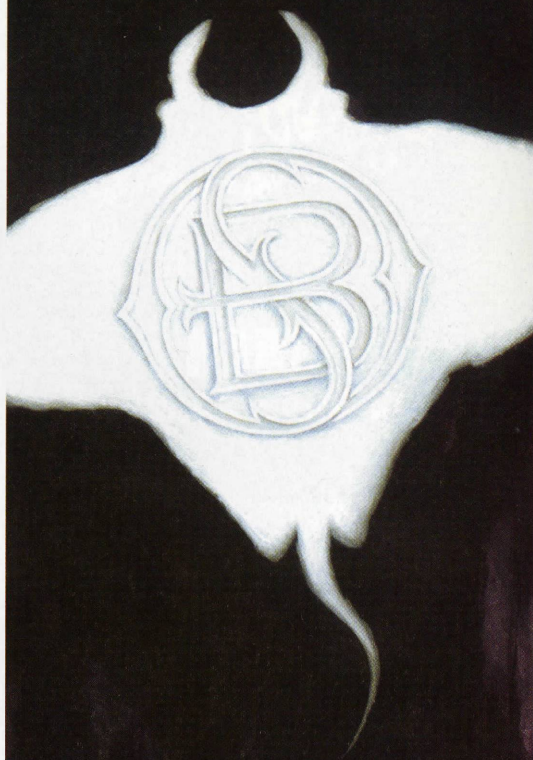
Lisa- In LA, too, but damn! They come right back! It's just like the Energizer Bunny, all those things that filled with shit just get right back up and start moving again. But we have to keep saying 'that's shit!' We have to say that! We have to recognize. We can't keep going and saying, 'well, that's kinda cool. It's rock & roll.'

LSD- Actually, speaking of just that, I'd like to read a quote by Lisa from the LA Weekly November 6, 1998

"You know why there's so many crappy bands? It's because so many people go out there and say, 'well, you gotta give 'em a hand just for trying.' No you don't! Do you give plumbers a hand for coming down and messing up your toilet if they don't do a good job?"

Jeff- Thanks Mr. brain surgeon, sorry it didn't workout.

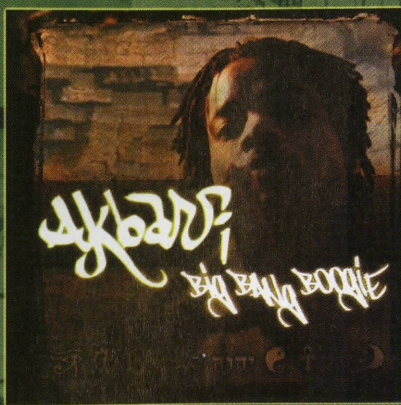
Lisa- Shitty bands gotta quit.



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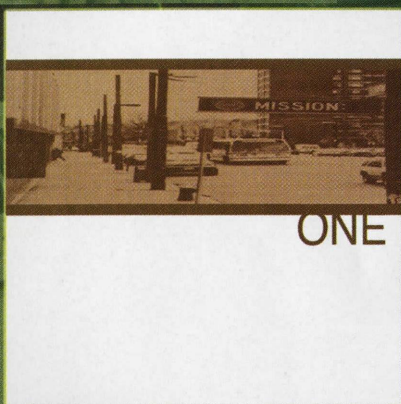
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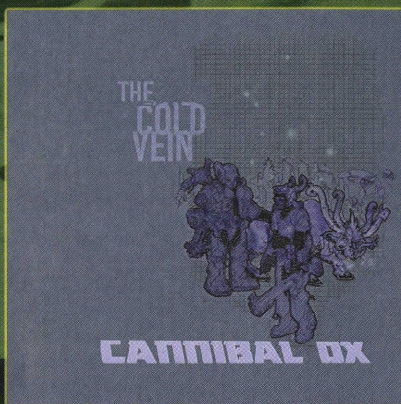
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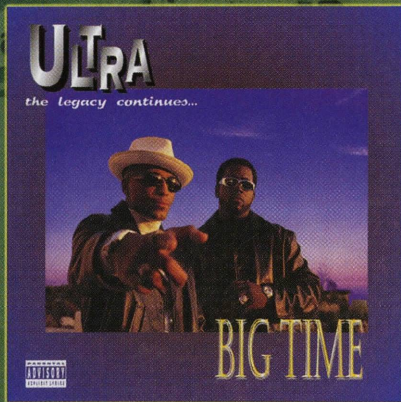
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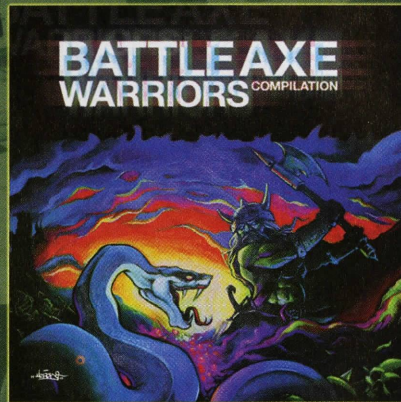
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LSD back issues-

Issue 1: Graffiti + full penetration + old medical books + random grumbings + fake obituary + lack of computer design basics + Kinko's hook-up = #1. (N/A Will trade for a free Canon color copier)

Issue 2: One year later, we decided to interview a few people, write about stuff we hated, coined the word shit hop, and made the best graffiti magazine ever. (Not really available, don't just go ahead and send money hoping we'll be nice, but if you send us something cool like the book on tape version of OJ Simpson's *I Want to Tell You*, not just some erappy clippings out of the *Enquirer*, we might send it to you)

Issue 3: "I still think this is shit" is what a young woman wearing a Murder City Devils t-shirt recently told me while pointing to the naked girls in this issue at an Atmosphere show...\$5

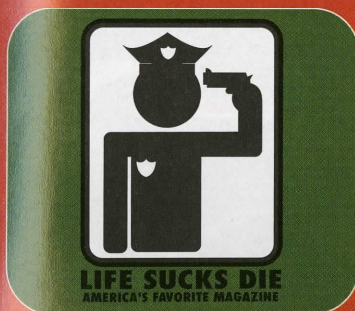
Issue 4: We start to figure out what goes in most magazines, like interviews with famous people, and reviews. This was back when cocaine was a monthly treat rather than a daily meal...\$5

Issue 5: This is the shitty issue where our printer fucked up almost the entire run by cutting them all crooked. The colors also vary from copy to copy not to mention being kinda dark. A big disappointment, uhh i mean another triumph. Buy it...\$5

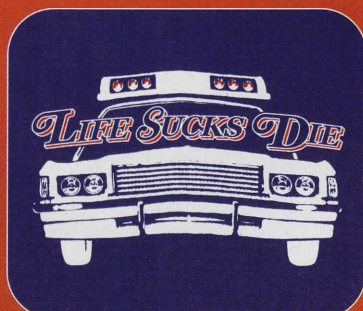
Issue 6: First issue of the Willenium. A cover that cost us \$70 in groceries. An interview with Noreaga that is probably the best thing we've ever printed. Ad Thirstin Howl III, Del, a great article on beat digging, in depth look at the AK and the Glock and a bunch of other stuff and that's one heck-of-an issue...\$5

Issue 7: Some of you out there didn't know what album this cover was based on. Shame on you! Go buy it, and then buy #7 to read about the Micranots, Madlib, Dillinger Four, Spazz and an animal spotlight on the platypus, along with the prerequisite amount of graffiti to look at...\$5

T-Shirts



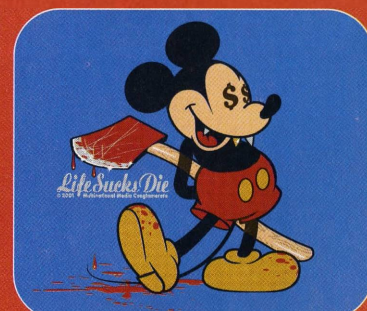
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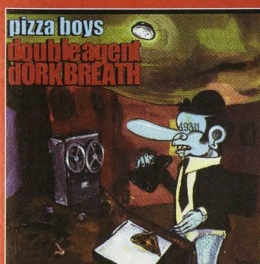


Oh shit! Goldy copped some fronts, ya heard! He got like 20 karats in his grill, whodie! Keep it Gangsta.
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Our most fool-hardy design yet. This T-Shirt says to the world, "Fuck Disney! They, uh... they... like, they kill people with axes and shit!"
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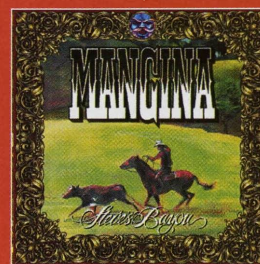
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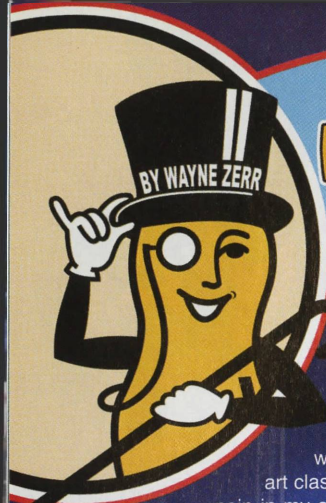
MIKE 2600- C'MON MAN... CAN'T YOU JUST PLAY SOME HIP HOP-
Don't call it a come back. Mr. 2600 serves up another mix of original beats, breaks, and plenty of sati-scratchation on the follow up to 1999's Yars' Revenge. On second thought, you could call it a come back...\$8



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(ANOTHER ARTICLE ENTITLED) "DEEZ NUTZ"

I guess I was in the tenth grade when "the ball got rollin'." Let me tell you what I'm talking about. I was in an early morning art class when I felt this sharp pain in my abdomen. I didn't think too much of it- probably just a stale pop tart or something. But then as time went on the pain got worse, I thought my appendix had burst so I went straight to the nurse's office.

By the time I had gotten to the nurse and called my mother to pick me up and take me to the hospital, the pain was intense. Beyond that, I noticed the pain was traveling south, down the nardic trail. I still believed it was my appendix and kept to that thought.

I don't remember the ride to the hospital, but when I got there I waddled into the emergency room and was seen shortly. I can't begin to tell you how much this sort of thing hurts, but I'm sure all of you males out there have an idea. Imagine a board with your satchel hanging down through a hole like a punching bag, and someone taking a ping-pong paddle to your huevos. Constant pain!

The doc had me in one of those napkins that double as a robe and told me to go "fill the cup", and that's when the shit hit the fan!!! I didn't remember placing any zucchini in my crotch that morning, and was quite concerned when I noticed the one that seemed to be contained in my nut sack. I burst back to the doctor leaving my piss cup behind, "it's my balls", I shouted to him. He took one look, stepped back, and said "hold on, I've seen this before." He put

on the death grip and proceeded to relocate my right testicle. Instant relief, I could feel the life flowing back into sac. Diagnosis, one twisted right testicle, (a.k.a. testicular torsion). The doc said, "This could happen again. If you want I could perform a small surgery"... Stop right there, no way, I'll take my chances! The god of balls certainly can't dish out any more to my poor soul. Lesson at hand, DON'T FUCK WITH THE NUT GODS!!!

ROUND 2

As you can probably guess I did fuck with fate and decided to take my chances. Every once and a while I would feel my nard start to stray, but could easily contain it by jiggling it back into place. This went on for about ten years- not so bad.

One day I decided to drive from San Diego up to Santa Rosa to visit my brother Brandon and skate the parks up there, an innocent weekend of fun. Little to my knowledge the NUT GODS never forget and once again my name came up on the docket. After a fun session at the Rosa skate park we were driving down the 101 when I noticed it was time to jiggle the right one back into place, but he wasn't responding. I knew something was wrong; I pulled the car over and proceeded to investigate. Sweat started to bead up on my forehead, and I could feel the grasp of the NUT GOD around my scrotum, HE'S BAAACCCKKK!!!

There was no running away- he already had me, there are no weapons available to fight this on your own, I was helpless under the NUT GOD'S power, and I proceeded straight to the hospital.

By the time I got there the pain was so intense I couldn't stand up right and almost massacred everyone in the emergency waiting room. When I got to see the doctor I told him exactly what it was and told him to just "grab and turn, please you must help". So he started to "tug and pull" and pull and

pull!!!! It was no use; all he was doing was making it worse, I could hear the laughs of the NUT GOD as he torques even harder. So the doctor says, "I'm not sure what to do here, I can call in a urologist from Petaluma and he will be able to help you I'm sure, in the mean time some heavy narcotics should help you." And they did, sort of.

Soon enough the urologist got there. He also found amusement in trying to stretch my scrotum down to my knees, and had no luck in fixing my balls. Here is where the horror comes in. He looks me in the eye and asks me, "Son, have you eaten today?" I reply, "yes" (the wrong thing to say). "O.K., I have to perform an operation, and I can't put you out if you've eaten, sorry." This is definitely the low-light of my entire life. The thought of having my nut fixed sounded so great, but with a knife? While I'm awake? BULL-SHIT!!! Mama **never** told me there would be days like this, but I'm strong, I can hang. So he gives me a shot in my spine to completely paralyze the lower half of my body, (called an epidural). A few minutes later he asks, "can you move your toes?", "yes.... hmmm...no", "O.K. lets do this" he says. I felt like I was walking naked into a carwash, full of razor blades- reality had set in.

The last two recollections I have of the event are the doctor shaving my sac with a bic, and then telling me the seven words that would free me from this nightmare, "WOW, you **are** twisted up in here." I didn't know I was opened up and the surprise was enough to make me pass out, so I guess I'm lucky? I was out for the rest of the operation.

Some time later I wake up in the recovery room with a jock strap full of ice cooling my now coconut-sized sac. The doctor had taken **both** of my nards out of their protective sac, untwisted them, and proceeded to **staple** them down to my scrotum, preventing any future spinouts. Fourteen stitches to the sac can humble you quick.

For the next week I couldn't even try to put my legs together, but I'm happy, I have two beautiful testicles, both in working order. I also have a new respect for the NUT GOD; he created our balls, and can break them just as easily.

Wayne "Franken-Boner" Zerr



December 1ST 2001...

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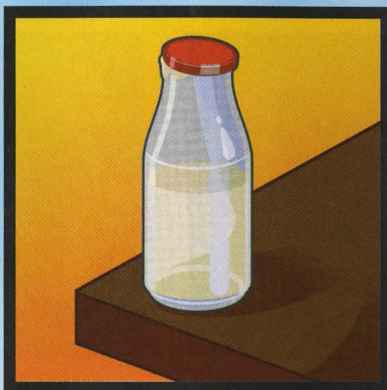
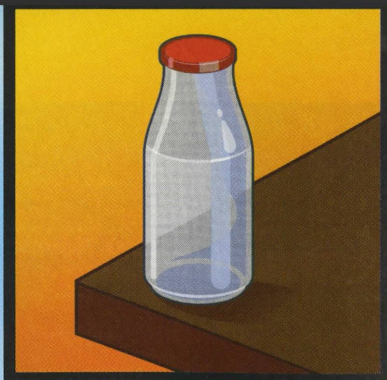
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WRITTEN AND CONCEIVED BY:
HECTOR CERVEZA TRIA
ILLUSTRATED BY:
DR. ROSENPENIS PH.D. &
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2. Ejaculate into the bottle between 4 and 9 times daily for about 6 months, or until the bottle is full. The use of adult magazines and or videos is encouraged, however if you are under the age of 18, parental guidance is suggested.
3. Set this on the corner of a table and really, *really* consider how fucked up what you're doing is.
4. Pick some type of landmark or object that really pisses you off and then chuck 'Sperm Bomb'™ as hard as you can at it.
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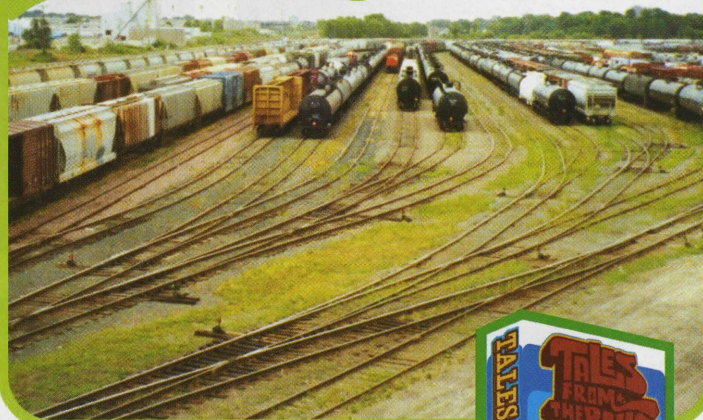


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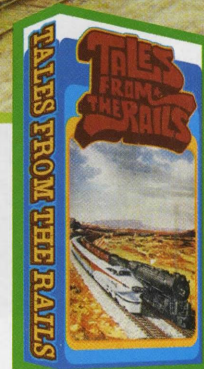
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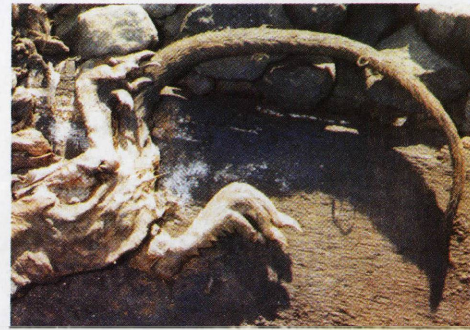
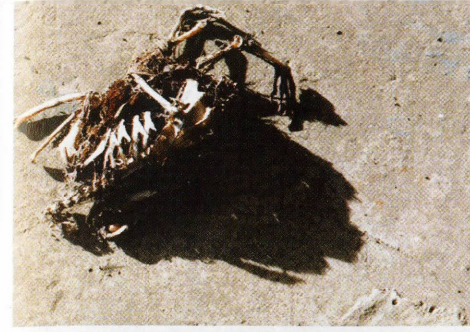


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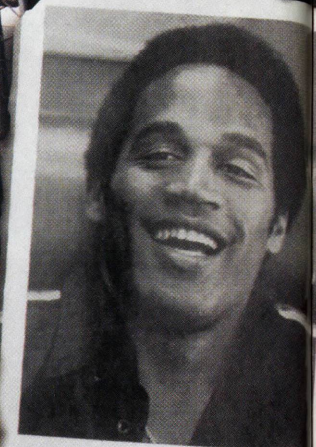
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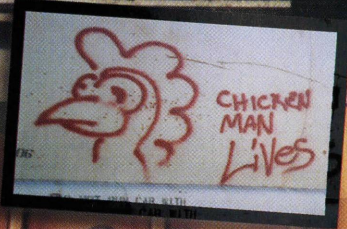
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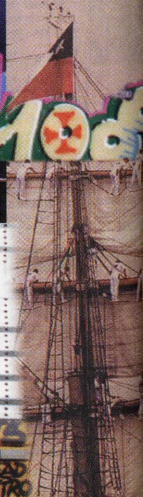


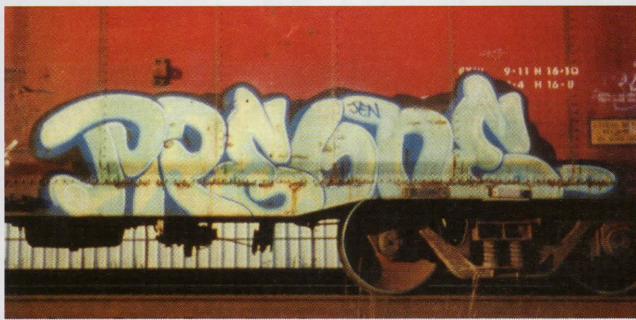
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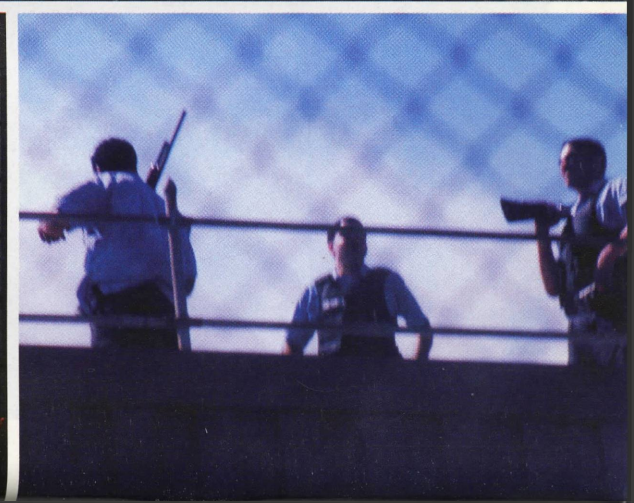
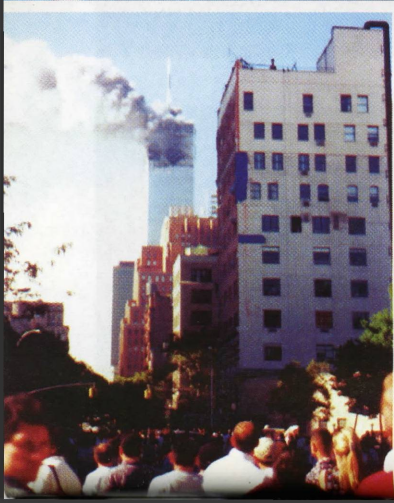
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