

WEIRD
WORLDS!

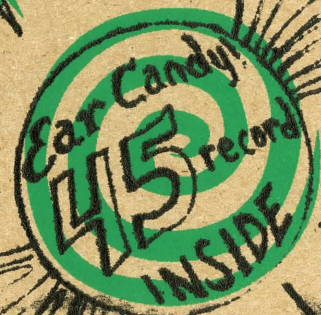
TALE



10 SPIDER



MICS!
HOSTLY
ENCOUNTERS!



Delicious
CINNAMON SWIRLS!



Life

Cinnamon

Lightly Sweetened
**WHOLE GRAIN
OAT CEREAL**



SPIDDER

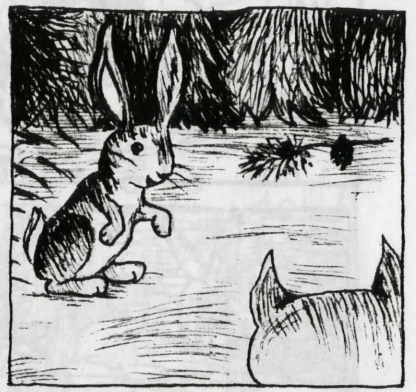
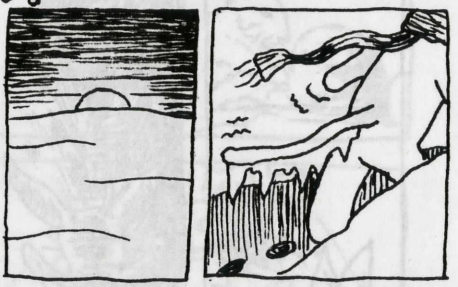
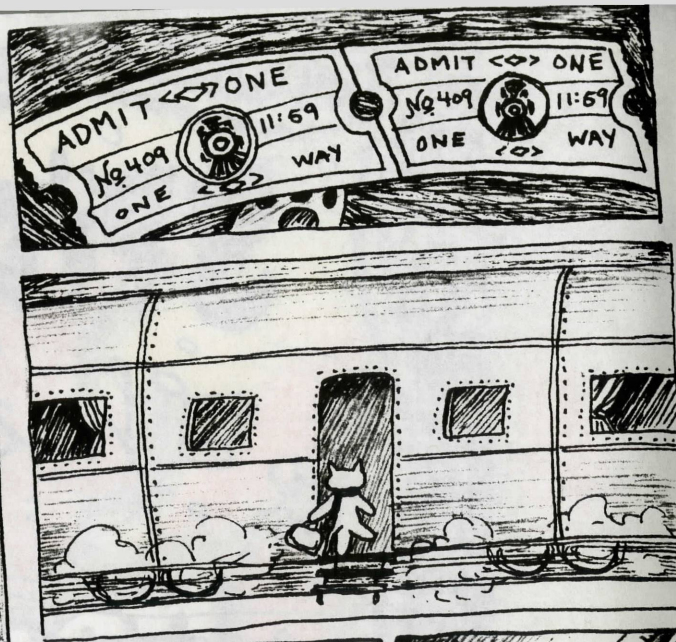
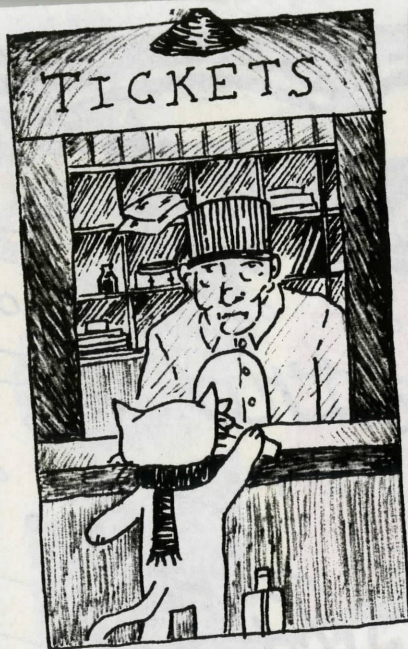
Theatre

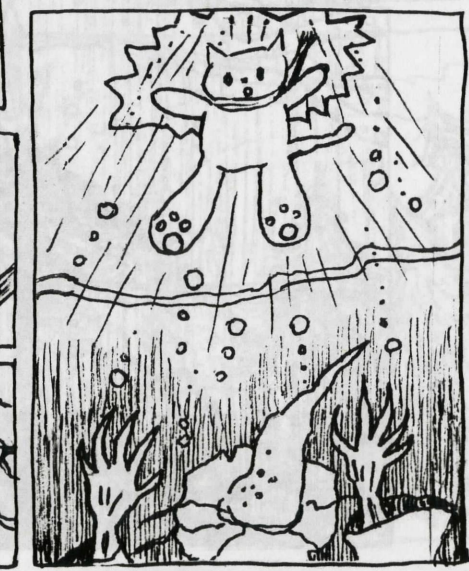
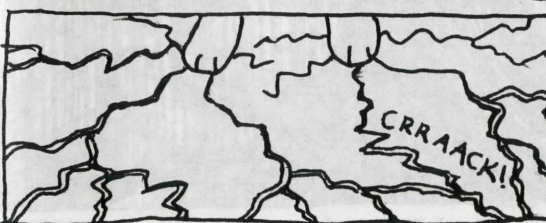
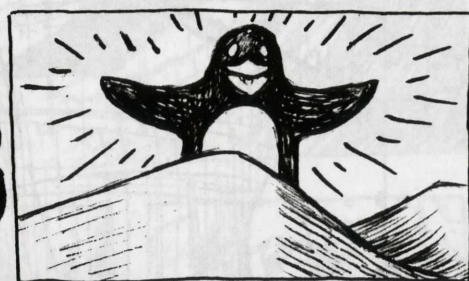
P R E S E N T S

Ice Witch
of the
South Pole

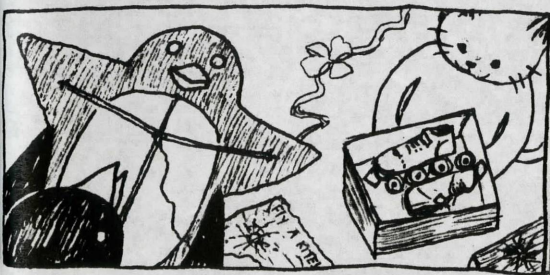
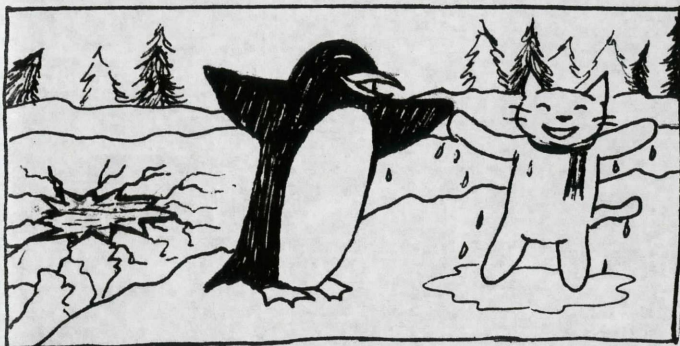
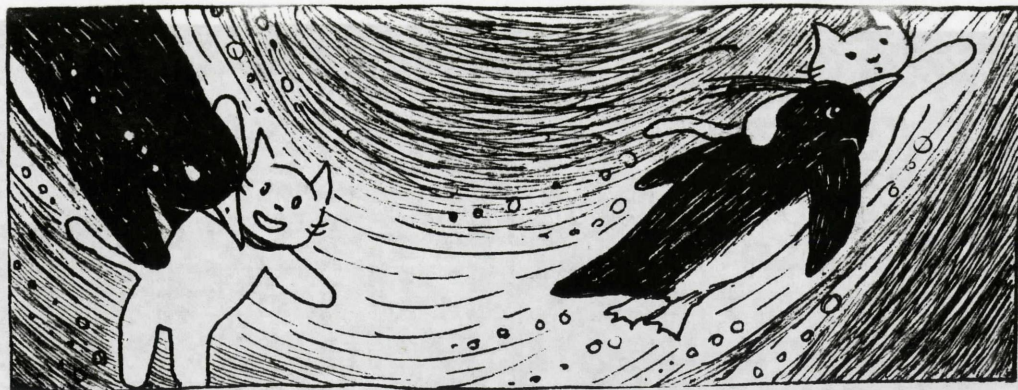


BY: Katie Kay









Interstates tangle and choke the life out of the land, a strange angel of liberation for kids who venture away from the small town boredom by way of dicing car or a thumb raised on the side of the road, and yet, this ability to move freely at will, to run, to see the mechanics and likeness of twin cities can suffocate and crush the unique, warped, time woven distinctness of random small town culture.

Old people, trapped by the progression of time, the last of an ancient breed who raise crops, garden by the stars, salt pork and smoke ham, cry for commercials, count spider webs in the fall and observe the changing of the seasons.

The sons and grandsons of the old, fed, clothed, and raised by the old, due to the spreading virus of the broken home. Wanderers. Seekers. Country and country life mix with the lights of town. Small town punk underground. Looking for the ultimate house show.

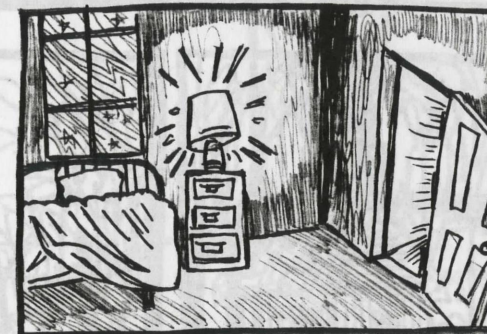
Girls who smash windows, cut wrists, swallow pills, and who cannot sleep at night, alone.

Police with clean suits, beautiful heavy guns, the right to speed and drive fast whenever the spirit wills it so. Bored. Ready to kick the body to see if it lives. Meth lab fighters.

Kids who skate and live on fast food. Three meals a day. Cigarettes. McDonalds. Dr. Pepper.

The eternal desire to go on tour. This is impossible.

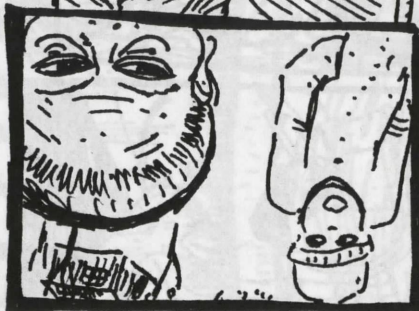
There are no interstates running through this town, kids.

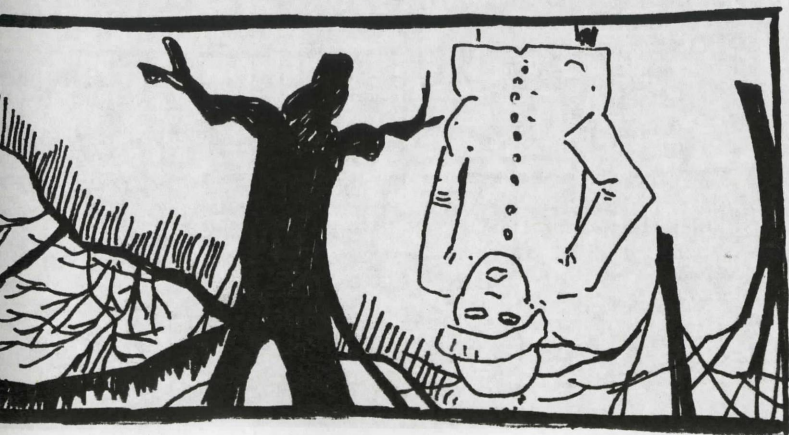




"That's right, Gramma. I been busy. Workin' y'know."

"Readin' th' river agin? I see. Jus readin' that ol' river agin."



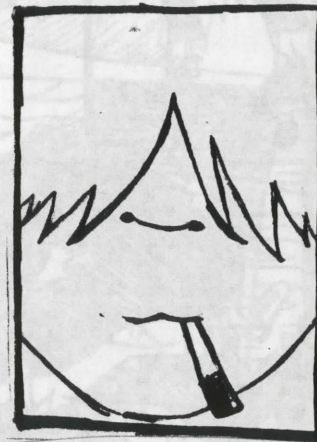


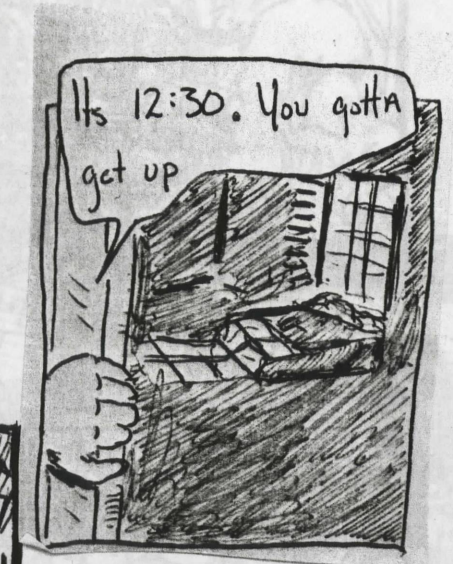
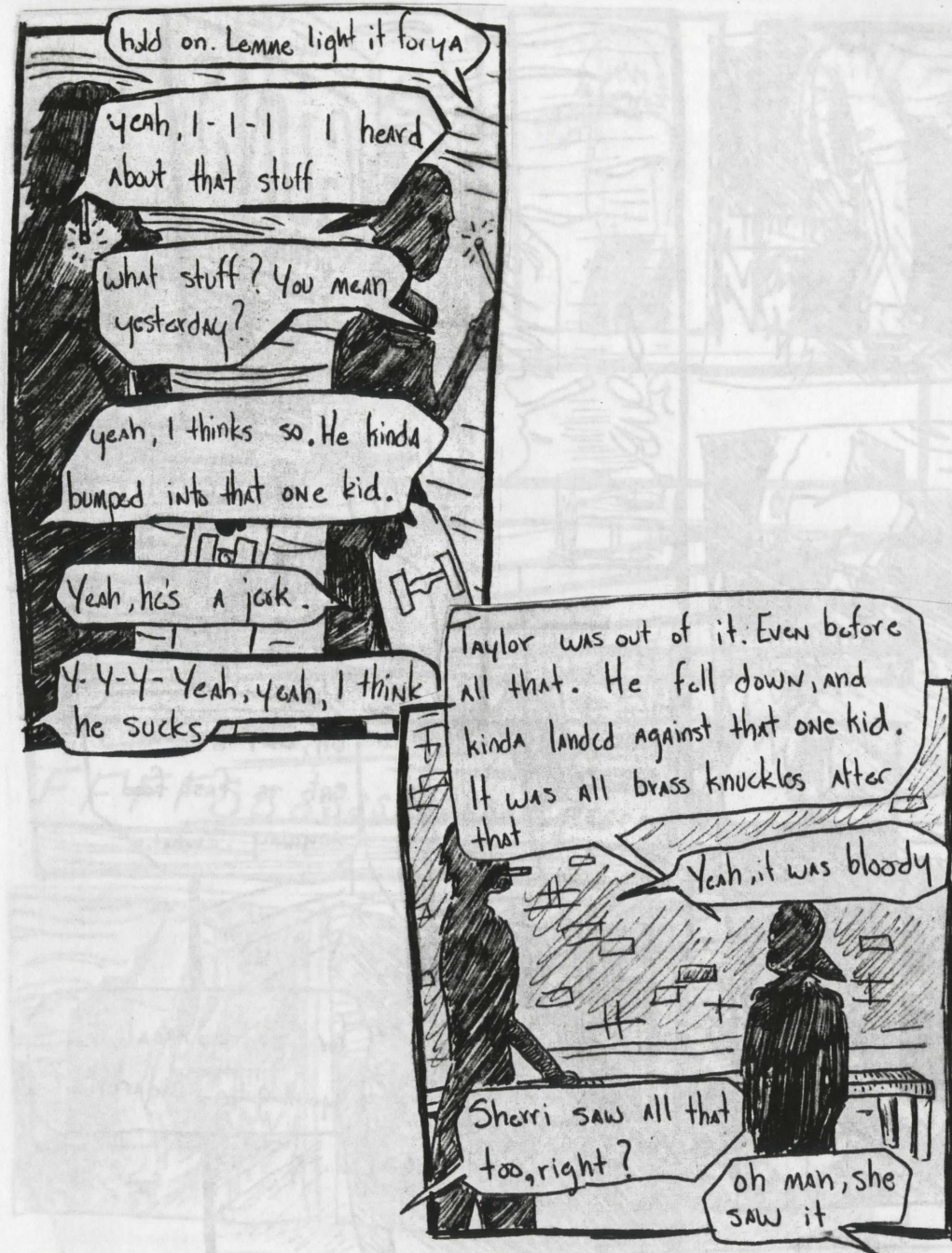


24 hours into the future, in the middle of Nowhere. There's a town,
divided by a river, uncrossed by an interstate, surrounded by
county roads, forest, and hills.

Florence (Alabama)

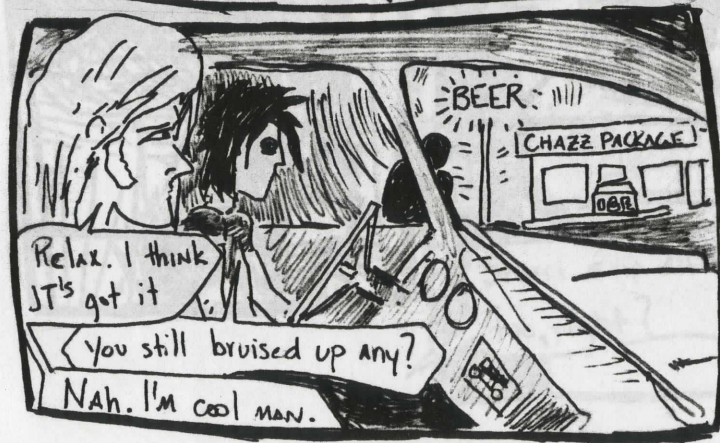
HAS NOTHING TO DO! with Italy (or Me!)

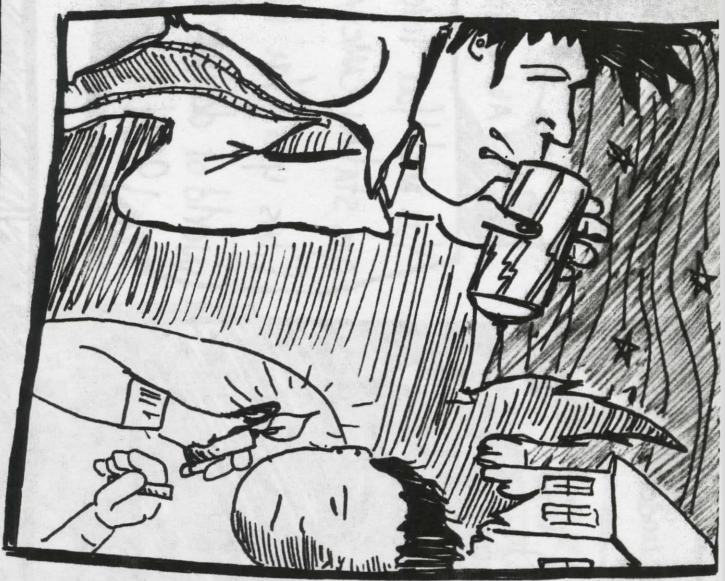
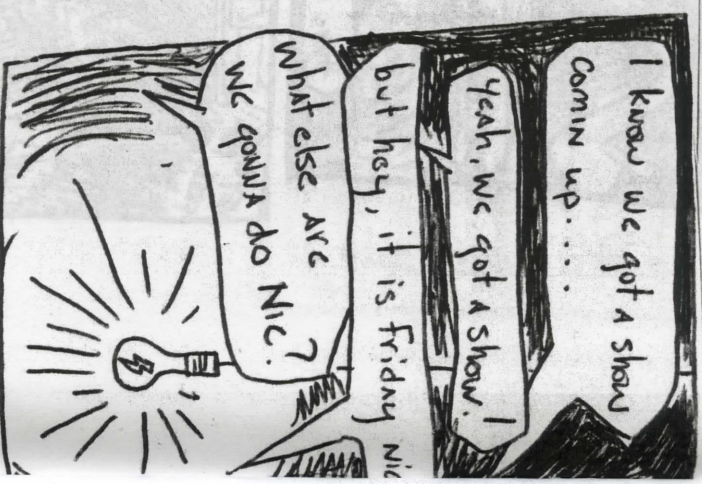
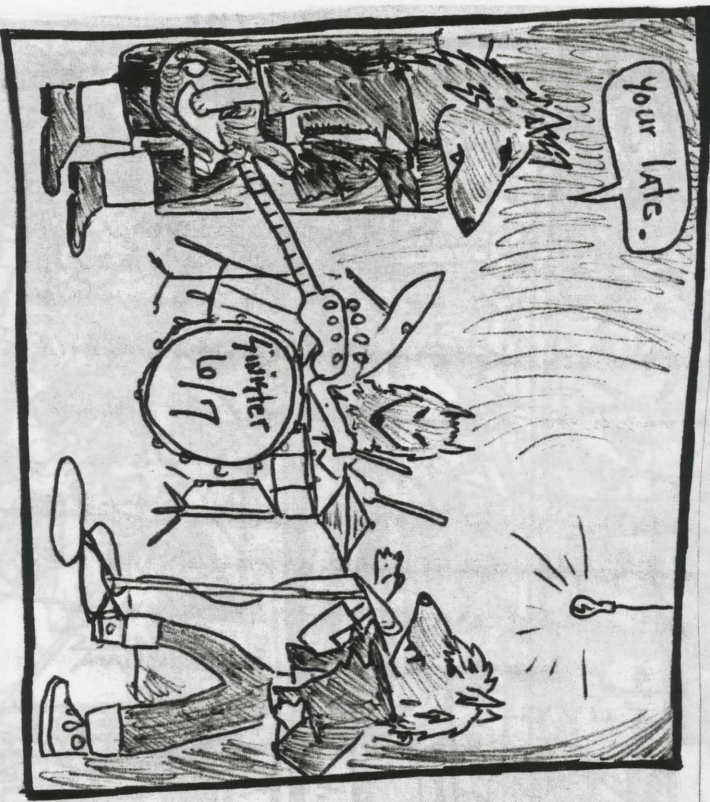
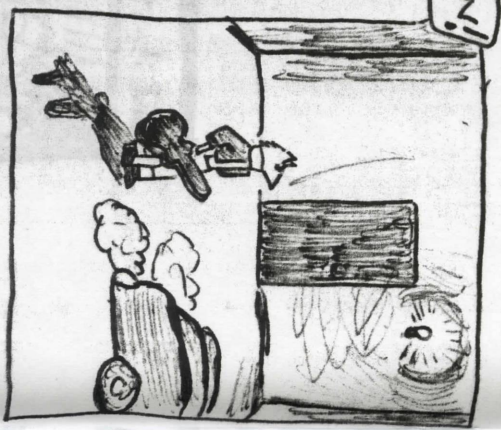


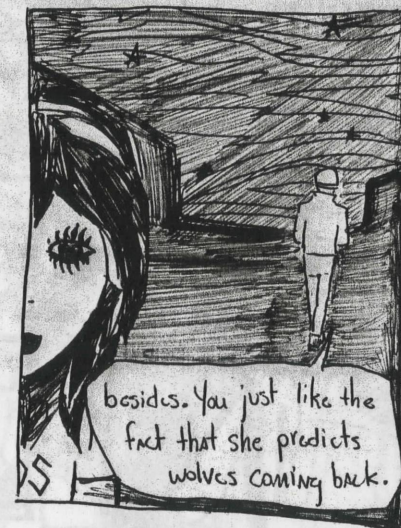
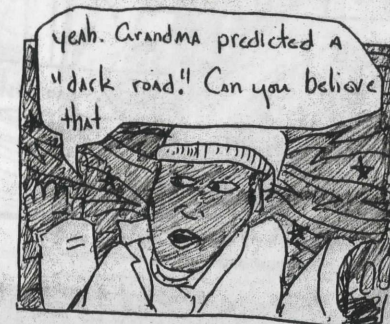
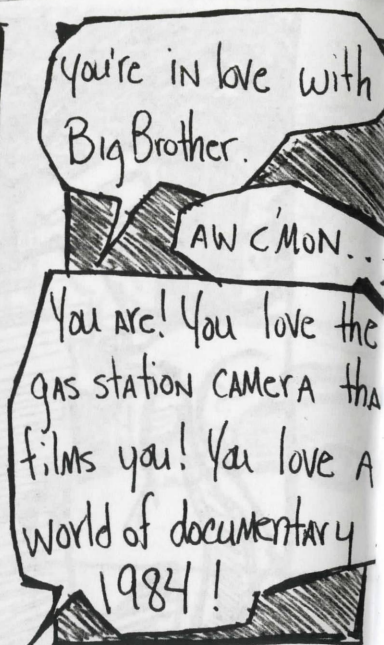
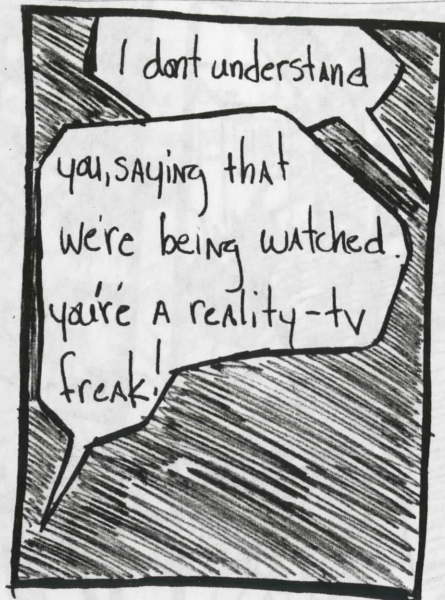


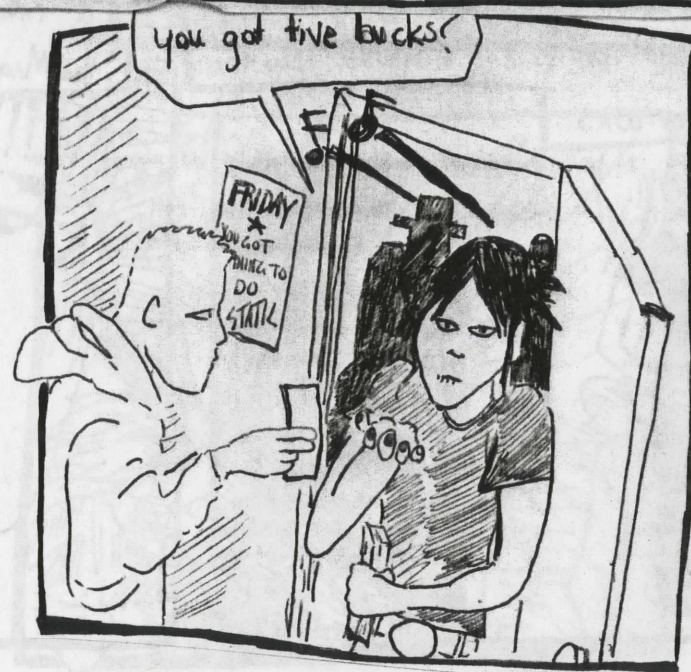
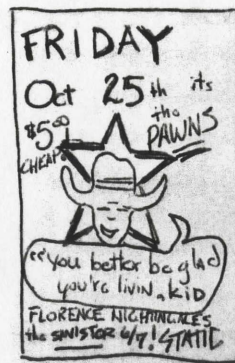
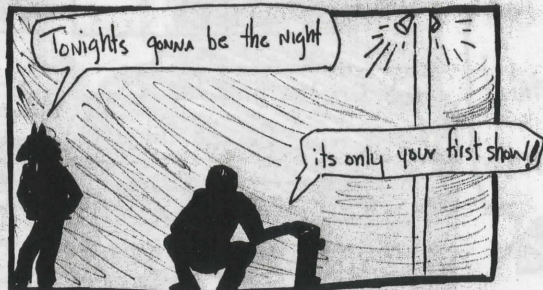
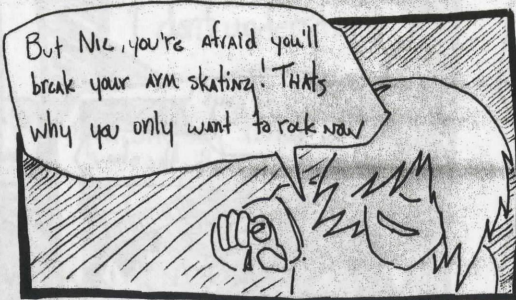


Taylor, you gotta fiver?





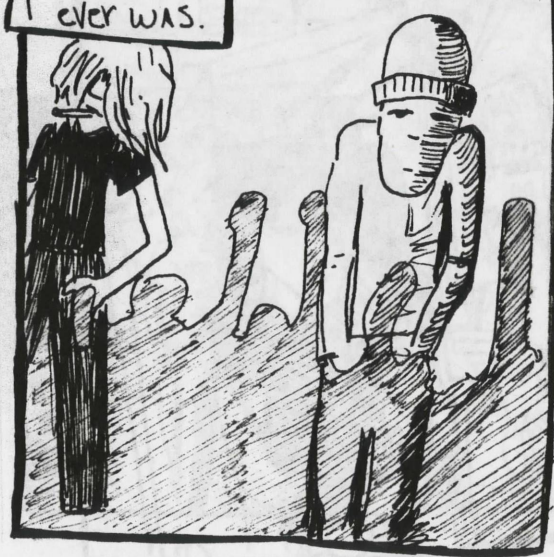




THERE WAS A TIME
when I fought my way to
the front of the pack.
Sang all the songs.



All I really did was quit learning the words.
It's not that I don't care. I'm madder now than
I ever was.



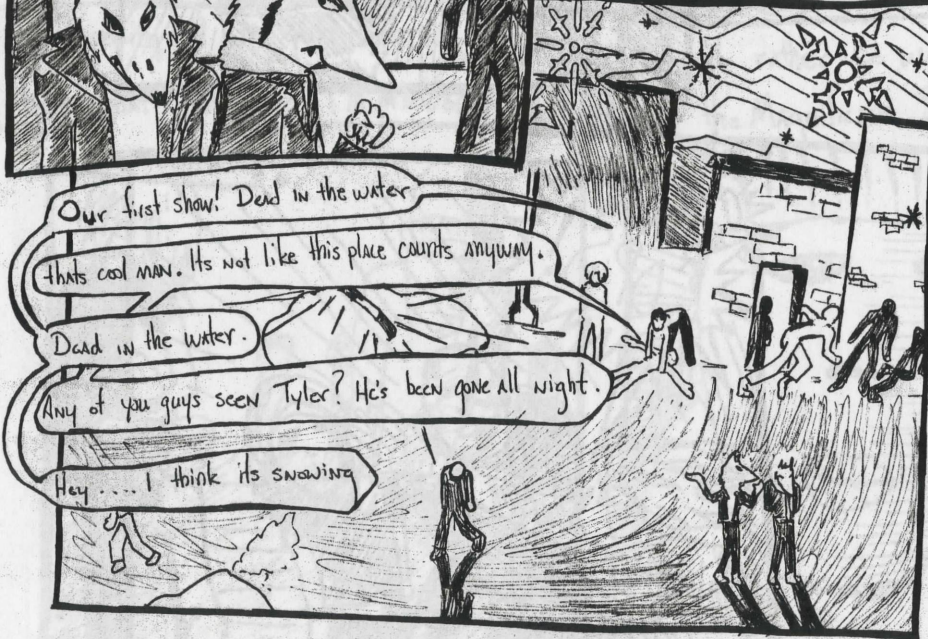
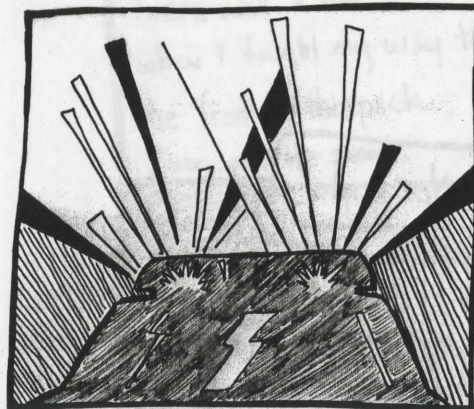
I'd rather be watching
"the Magnificent Seven" anyway.



We're up next. You ready?

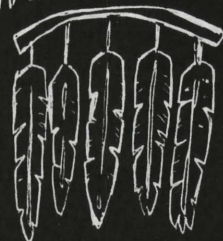
I guess so.





* END *

ARKAM RECORDS est 1997



the WEDNESDAYS LP "invisible youth"
fourth album, recorded at the legendary Muscle Shoals
Sound... crisp, dark pop songs and the reality of
small town depression \$10⁰⁰

REVIVAL NOW cd revived out of the Natchez
Shakers embers, this band delivers with energy
by way of accordion, whistle, banjo, and mandolin \$10⁰⁰

the CAN Kickers 7" amazing fiddle-banjo-drum
beat with dancing fury - three piece, forever on
tour, coming at you fresh with the old sound \$14⁰⁰

Florence Nightingales All girl 3 chord punk
rock, with the thorns of a black rose, a kiss of
poison and the primitive tunes to dance the
night away \$14⁰⁰

Pine Hill Haints cd "those who wander"
latest album of Alabama's only ghost country gentlemen \$10⁰⁰



guitar, vox organ

Brian Conner

guitar, vocals

James the Fang

drums

JD McCorckle

recorded winter, 2006 by Niles Lee
in his living room

thanks to Niles, Adam Howard, Willy Cardin + AROMAS
write for more Spider or ARKAM Records
★ 1925 Hwy 69 S. ★ Savannah, TN 38372 ★

in the spirit of WC HANDY the father of the blues, yeah,
he's from here, but nobody really cared for him around
here until he passed away. We're sorry. We'll try to make
it up. We tip our hat to WC tonight

rise up howlin werewolf

alabamajihad

the headless catfish

aroma's, downtown seminary street

saturday night....6 o clock





in the spirit of WC HANDY the father of the blues, yeah,

