



POLITICS//SCENE//FREE

I HAVENT DONE A ZINE IN A LONG TIME.
THAT MAKES ME SAD. I'VE GOTTEN
INTO THE HABIT OF LOOKING AT ZINE
MAKING AS IF IT WERE A CHORE. I
THINK THAT IS ONE OF THE WORST
THINGS THAT CAN HAPPEN TO A
CREATIVE MINDSET AND IS A METAPHOR
FOR SO MANY THINGS IN THIS
SOCIETY... AND ITS TANTAMOUNT TO
DESTRUCTION. SO, FUCK THAT. I NO LONGER
AM GOING TO DEAL WITH PRINT
DEADLINES, PRESS RUNS, BIG ADS, LISTS
OR FAUX OBLIGATIONS. SO THERE.

LOVE, JOSH

Skankanddestroy@hotmail.com



PAGE
NO

3

OTHER INTRO-ESQUE RAMBLINGS...

PREPARED BY

JOSH

DATE

3/30/02

I HATE THE name skank AND Destroy.
I thought of it in sixth grade
and boy did I think I was
witty. Hen. That wore off pretty quick.
Many months ago, when making the
piece I photographed for this issue's
cover art, name changes didn't
cross my mind. Hence, S & D ON
THE COVER... I'M CHANGING THE NAME
OF THIS ZINE TO CREATE!. This
represents my mindset in a lot
of (obvious) ways, PLUS I ALSO GET
THE bonus effect of this zine basically
being a converse of what it used
to be. The old name was, trite,
stupid pun yet it turned into a
manifestation of stagnant punk rock
clichés and the ska explosion. Neither
of which I'd like to touch with a
ten-foot-zine-pole.

I'M going to school at BRANDeis
outside Boston MA next year, so my
mailing adress will change. Hopefully
I'll have another zine out by
then with the new contact info. If
you don't get it, email me. xoxo

BOOK REVIEWS

BURNED OUT ON REVIEWING MUSIC. A LOT OF NICE PEOPLE SENT ME AUDIO STUFF TO REVIEW. I'M NOT SHIRKING MY OBLIGATIONS... I WILL REVIEW THAT STUFF, JUST NEXT ISSUE. I PROMISE. XO XO Joshy

No Gods No Masters By: Daniel Guerin(ed)

This is a beautiful 2 volume anthology of the great classics of anarchism. If ever you have wanted to know what giants like Bakunin, Kropotkin, Malatesta, or the Kronstadt sailors had to say, this is the indispensable foundation. The book is organized pretty much chronologically. Book one starts with the mighty Max Stirner (Ego and His Own), moving to Proudhon (Property is Theft), Proudhon's, and next Bakunin's, recollections of the Revolution of 1848 are lively and lucid. Bakunin's conflict with Marx is clearly explained before Prince Kropotkin is introduced, with a loving remembrance of the Prince by Emma Goldman. Book two starts with Malatesta through Makhno, with memories of Kronstadt, the anarchist unions and fighters in the Spanish Civil War (1936) fighting fascism. All in all this anthology is extremely inspiring. (AK Press) - Karl H

Ishmael By: Daniel Quinn

Have an earnest desire save the world? Study the least bit of environmental science and you'll discover just how little time our species has on this planet before we destroy it. This book analyzes the concept of civilization itself and how mankind has plundered the Earth in a way that I can guarantee you've never seen before. This is NOT dry philosophy written with complex language - remove all of the valuable ideas from this book and you'll still have a thrilling story. This was probably the first book I have ever read that I could literally not put down. This offers ideas that will make even the most passive of minds scream from exposure from the types of things that won't necessarily make you happier - they will just give you a greater range of emotions. Perhaps this is the path to the answer you've been looking for. (Bantam) - Josh R

Story Of B By: Daniel Quinn

Ishmael, for all intents and purposes, was merely the foundation for the ideas presented in this book. This pushes forward into the religious aspect of Man vs. Nature, and is the best book of the trilogy. The context of unpredictable plot twists will take you on a journey to aspects of our culture you always thought you knew existed but could never connect. (Bantam) - Josh R

My Ishmael By: Daniel Quinn

This book mirrors the first one in format but travels into the territory of application of the ideas presented in the previous two. Amazing. (Bantam) - Josh R

Revolutionary Romanticism By: Max Blechman(ed)

This is an Anthology of essays on the long tradition of Romantic rebels. At times dense, but always enlightening. The essays range from topics as wide as early German romantics and surrealists (even one on André Breton's participation in the Haitian revolution,) to "The Vision of Jules Michelet" and William Blake. One of the essays is by Daniel Blanchard (psued. Pierre Canjuers,) ex-member of the French group "Socialism or Barbarism," His essay is on his memories and analysis of his time with Guy Debord (revolutionary founder of the Situationist International,) putting him into historical and socio-political perspective. There is an essay on the relationship between Walter Benjamin and Herbert Marcuse (3 of his books are viewed later), and one on Erich Muhsam. Basically, through these essays Blechman tries to say that Romanticism is the opposition that will see Capitalism to it's end, and how revolutionary romanticism has yet to be, as well as how romantic revolutions have to become before we can REALLY threaten Capitalism. A great read. (City Lights) - Karl H

Days of War, Nights of Love By: Crimethinc.

This is THE book! Tempting to say a new revolutionary Situationism, but as Debord and Vaneigem said, there is no such thing as Situation-ism, it can't be entombed in ideology. This book is a collection of Crimethinc's articles from Harbinger (and other periodicals) ranging from Exchange and Gift economies, to Identity "politics," to what stinks in Capitalism and what Love is truly revolutionary. I suggest you get this. This is the book that will change the world, the way we think, and conceive of interaction. Not pretentious, very accessible, a great introduction to idea that have, until now, been locked away behind obscure and often difficult language. You can not, in this world of increased de-politicization and manipulation of images, do without this book. (Crimethinc.) -Karl H

Days of War, Nights of Love By: Crimethinc.

Immensely readable and thought provoking, this book basically functions exactly as it describes itself: as a tool - not as a bible. More often than not, I've noticed a dichotomy of reactions to **Days of War Nights Of Love**, and Crimethinc. In general, people either completely disregard it as cliché and irrational, or tend to live their lives as if whatever flowed from Brian Catharis' lips were gospel. Crimethinc is a worldview, nothing more...I think it may be one of the most powerful "movements" (anti-movements?) solely because it does not tell you how to live your life. It leaves that decision up to you. Generally, those who regard this book as a new testament tend to recognize that they do not want the mainstream media, status quo, etc. thinking for them, but then try to use ideologies like this as a crutch - merely to replace their previous thought machine. When reading I saw some things that I've felt inside forever but had never been able to articulate, although I also saw some things I completely disagree with. I was amazed by this book, and would certainly recommend it to everyone - as long as you recognize that, as it states, "this book will not save your life." (Crimethinc.) -Josh R

Dada: Art and Anti-Art By Has Richter

A history of the Dada movement by an early member. I love this book for its thoroughness, documenting its birth in Zurich at the cabaret Voltaire, the activities of Tzara, Ball, Arp and lesser known artists and poets to New York and the likes of Marcel Duchamp (1913 Armony show to "The Bride Stripped Bare By Her Bachelors, Even"), Francis Picabia and Man Ray. Also, is a walk through the unforgettable German Dadas of Berlin, Hanover, and Cologne. An examination of the two R.H.S, Raoul Hausmann and our Richard Huelsenbeck founder of Club Dada, and the Communists George Grosz and John Heartfield, as well as Max Ernst and Kurt Schwitters. Also, and examination of the Dada's contributions to art theory and technique is included, abstract poems, collage, photo-montage and the idea of chance as a key player in the works of "art." The Dadas were an important group that should not be forgotten and this is the perfect introduction to their complex and paradoxical history and ideas. Essential. (Thames and Hudson) -Karl H

Dear Mr. Mackin.... By Rev. Richard J. Mackin

Hilarity is a given...I would find it hard to believe anyone who'd be reading this not having heard of Rich Mackin, but if you haven't, he cleverly makes his attack on corporate dominance in our lives in the form of letter writing. It's not brash nor harsh, just really really really funny. This is a 'best of type compilation of his last bunch of "Book Of Letters" zines. (Razorcake) -Josh R

Reason and Revolution, Eros and Civilization, One-Dimensional

Man all By: Herbert Marcuse

Marcuse was a brilliant critical-social theorist, and these three books were his masterpieces. The first and earliest is **Reason and Revolution**, a re-introduction to the thought of G.W.G Hegel, a German idealist philosopher, showing his importance to any coherent oppositional thought. This is an important book if we want to take Hegel back from the fascists (his thought was hijacked just like Nietzsche.) The second book is **Eros and Civilization**. A brilliant Marxian-existential critique of the Freud characteristic of the Frankfurt school thinkers such as Adorno, Horkheimer, and Fromm. I have never seen a critique as fair and definitive. The third book is the **One-Dimensional Man**, his most famous. This one is a scathing critique of technological-industrial society, Capitalist and Communist. This is where he said the techno-rationale has so completely penetrated our thinking that it is increasingly difficult to find ANY critical thinking. All three books should not only be read but studied. Three important classics of Marxist, philosophical thought, it may be a bit of work getting past the terminology, but it more than pays off. (Humanities/Beacon/Beacon respectively) - Karl H

The 250 Best Brownies Bars & Squares By: Esther Brody

The author of this book has a bit too much of a Martha Stewart attitude for my tastes - but the diversity of brownie recipes certainly tastes great. Only 34 of the 192 pages of this book are dedicated to brownies, the rest are filled with pastries which rank a bit lower on the "Josh's Hierarchy Of Needs" pyramid, but are perhaps useful none the less. The pictures, while quite sparse, are beautiful. Vegans lose here, there are no recipes that can accommodate 'em - which is I suppose my only criticism. (Robert Rose) - Josh R

Letters From Prison By James P. Cannon

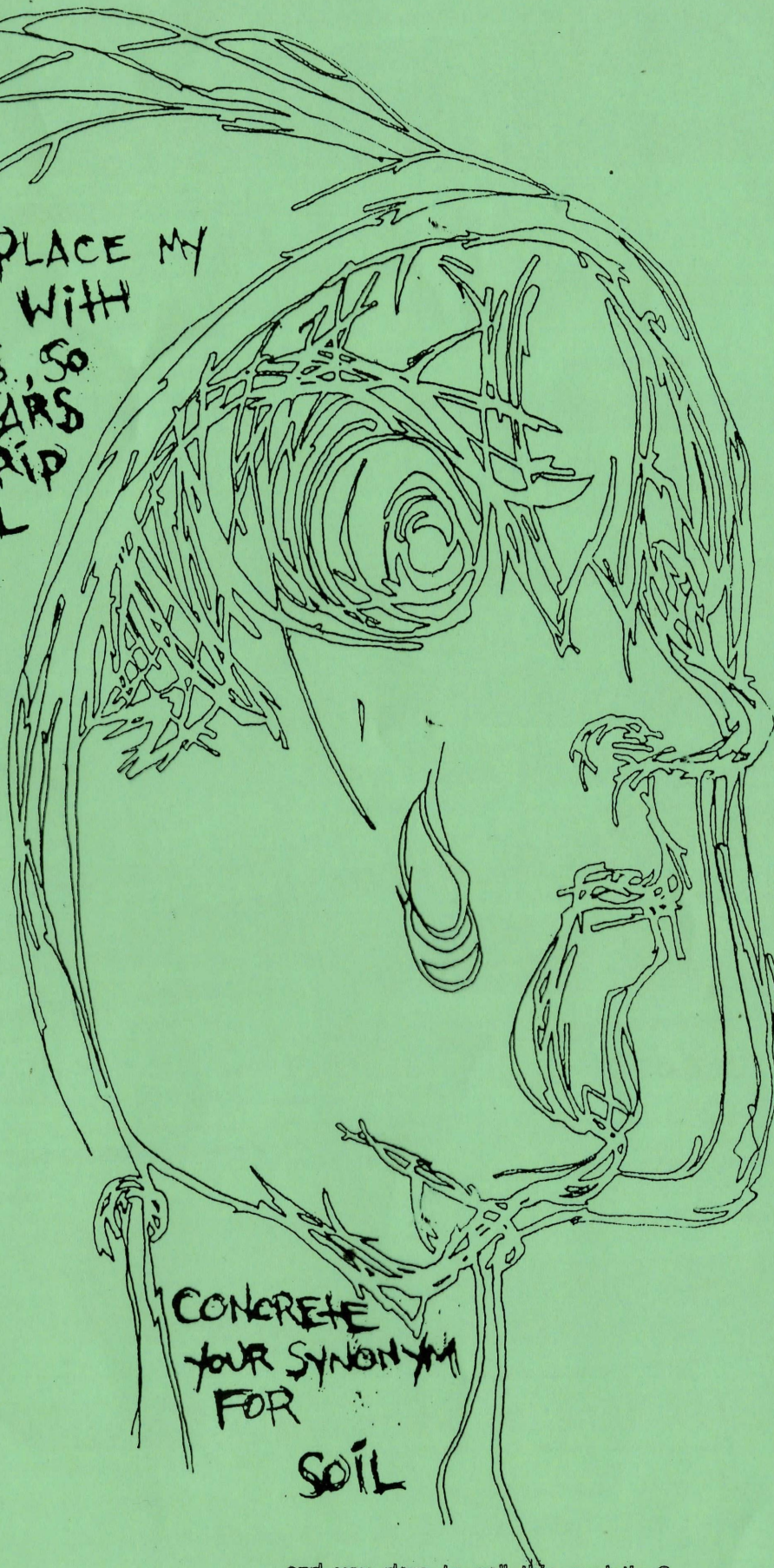
James Cannon was the head of the Trotskyist Socialist Workers U.S.A. in the 1940's, and also an organizer for the Industrial Workers of the World. These are his letters from prison after being arrested under the Smith Act, protesting World War II. Although it is a good book with some insights into organizing etc., I really didn't like his "old timer's" attitude. He's got this whole, "I'm in prison, do what I say" attitude that doesn't benefit him. Some of it is good, but he has too much obsession with the Greeks Plato, Aristotle etc. At one point he is pissed that book he wanted weren't sent when wanted, too much "Boy, get your act together" going on. Maybe he's pissed his name isn't Cornelius, I don't know. I understand Prison is horrible, and I say fuck the Prison Business, but where is the tolerance? Kind reveals the Leninist/Trotskyist/Stalinist preoccupation with being in control. It's not all bad. Some bits of wisdom, tips and anecdotes. Overall, mediocre at best, suspicious at worst. (Pathfinder) -Karl H

Reading Capital Politically By Harry Cleaver

This book argues that Karl Marx's master work "Capital" was meant for only the working class, not academics, and convincing he is. In the introduction he explains that reading as economics or philosophy is not enough, it doesn't take into account the struggles of workers, minorities, women etc. In the chapters it outlines and explains, very very thoroughly, the first three sections of chapter one of "Capital." IT would do you good to pick up a copy of Marx's masterpiece along with this for a comprehensive understanding of what Cleaver is saying. I can urge you enough to get this, not enough people have really tried to master this painful work. This book makes it clearer. (AK Press / AntiThesis) - Karl H

FIGHT PRIME TIME: READ A BOOK!

SO REPLACE MY
VEINS WITH
WIRES, SO
MY TEARS
WILL DRIP
OF OIL
DOWN
ONTO
THE



CONCRETE
YOUR SYNONYM
FOR
SOIL

and you dare to call this evolution?

Respect, Acceptance, and Community

Lauren Turek

The scene in Connecticut is exploding right now, with a torrent of inspiring new bands, zines, and shows. There seems to be a renewed energy in creating something spectacular, something exciting and all embracing in our community. The lag of the past few years and the bad reputation for violent macho-core that has plagued this state seems to be fast evaporating from memory, and it is awesome to see some positive interest again. The many different styles and sub-genres of punk and hardcore represented in Connecticut's bands lends hope for strong, diverse scene development. There is much that we still need to work together on, and there are some clear issues that will hold us back. The criticism of politically progressive people as 'pc,' 'feminazi's' or 'fascists,' slurs related intimately with the undercurrent of sexism and homophobia (be it overt or not) among some members of the community, does nothing to build an inspiring union of any kind, let alone a punk scene.

While I can accept the fact that apolitical and apathetic punks have existed from perhaps the beginning, that apathy in no way excuses sexist, racist, homophobic, or intolerant comments or actions. Derogatory statements about race, sexual preference, gender, age, or disability, be they made out of prejudice or merely out of the desire to 'piss people off,' do nothing to engender a strong sense of community. Such displays of hurtful and alienating thought cannot just simply be ignored for the sake of maintaining the delicate harmony of the scene. There will be no strength and diversity of community if people simply sit back and let negative experiences wash over them, comforting themselves with the thought that the ignorant people will eventually drop out (they may drop out, but they will only be replaced by others like them). The selfish mentality of "doing and saying whatever we want, and screw those not tough enough to handle it" is just that; selfish. Last time I checked, we are in this together, so I see no reason not to put aside arrogance and ignorance so that everyone feels welcome.

While it is certainly true that there is lately much more acceptance in general of those people not straight, white, and male, all of the nasty -isms still exist, within and without our small community. It is therefore logical that passionate resistance will continue. This resistance entails people voicing their criticisms of the scene itself and the people within it without fear of name-calling. The people most uncomfortable with the questioning and scrutiny that accompanies the transformation of prejudice to acceptance and respect are often the very same people that breed the hurtful behaviors in the first place. Those people seeking change and a more positive environment through discussion and analysis should not face derision from these uncomfortable apolitical/apathetic people.

No one is perfect, but that does not mean we should avoid being critical of the actions and words that affect one another. Legitimate criticism is a helpful step towards deconstructing the inequalities in our community. Unchecked pride coupled with the acceptance of or disregard for slurs and insults presents a dangerous recipe for alienation and division. It is high time that respect and tolerance becomes a full reality, and not just the lyrics of lip service paid to punk ideals.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN CONNECTICUT PUNK ADVENTURE!

By, JOSH RUSSELL

1 SO YOU'VE JUST MOVED TO CT, AND BEING THE ANARCHIST PUNK ROCKER YOU ARE YOU HEAD DOWN TO THE DANBURY MALL. AT THE FOOD COURT YOU SPOT A KID WITH AN EAST COAST PANIC BACKPATCH.

- SO YOU INTRODUCE YOURSELF → go to #29
- CHUCKLE AND DON'T BOTHER TALKING TO HIM SINCE HE'S GOTTA BE A POSER SINCE ONLY POSERS GO TO MALLS → go to #27
- SAY "FUCK THIS!!" AND GO TO HOT TOPIC → go to #4
- SHOUT "OI!" IN HIS DIRECTION → go to #3

2 REASSURING YOURSELF THAT YOU'RE HARDCORE, YOU ASK A DIRTY LOOKING KID IF THERE'S A D.I.Y RECORD STORE IN THE AREA → go to #8

3 HE LOOKS OVER, LAUGHS, BUT WALKS AWAY WHEN HE SEES THAT YOU'RE NOT JOKING. BUT YOU DID GET THE ATTENTION OF A GUY WITH AN EXPLOITED JACKET THAT LOOKS LIKE CHAINMAIL. YOU SAY:

- HI MY NAME'S CHAD, WHAT'S YOURS? → go to #29
- HEY! WANNA START A STREET PUNK BAND? → go to #15
- ANY GOOD SHOWS THIS WEEKEND? → go to #9
- YOU IN THE MOOD FOR BROWNIES? → go to #5

4 RAGE ENGULFS YOU WHEN YOU REALIZE THAT YOUR MOM DIDN'T GIVE YOU ENOUGH MONEY FOR THE SHIRT THAT SAYS "PUNK" IN THE SAFETY PIN FONT AND THE \$90 PAIR OF BONDAGE PANTS. THE NEXT LOGICAL STEP: AN AMATEUR ATTEMPT AT SHOPLIFTING LANDS YOU IN THE HANDS OF MALL SECURITY!! SCREAMING A LINE FROM A RANCID SONG, YOU ESCAPE, BARRELING THROUGH THE DOOR. PUNK ROCK!! UNFORTUNATELY, YOUR SPRINT IS BROKEN AS YOUR BONDAGE STRAPS DO NOT ALLOW YOUR LEGS TO MOVE MORE THAN 13 INCHES IN EITHER DIRECTION. NOT TO WORRY THOUGH, THE MISDEMEANOR EVENTUALLY GETS ERASED FROM YOUR RECORD AND YOU GROW UP TO CLAW YOUR WAY TO THE TOP AND BECOME THE C.E.O OF A NEUCLEAR WEAPONS CONTRACTOR. THE END. TRY AGAIN.

5 YOU SKATE BACK TO YOUR HOUSE AND BAKE SOME BROWNIES. THEY'RE FUDGY, NOT CAKE-LIKE, WITHOUT BOTHER SOME CHOCOLATE CHIPS TO RUIN THE CONSISTENCY. THE DELICIOUSNESS OF THE BROWNIES PUTS YOU 'IN THE MOOD' AND YOU HAVE SEX ON THE COUNTERTOP. THE END. TRY AGAIN.

6 HE (IF YOU'RE A BOY)/SHE (IF YOU'RE A GIRL) STARTS TO BLUSH SO YOU SAY:

- "HA! JUST KIDDIN'! I'M NOT A FUCKIN FAG!" → go to #27
- "UM... YA KNOW, IN A PLUTONIC WAY... DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ANY COOL RECORD STORES?" → go to #8
- "YEAH... SORRY TO SPRING THAT ON YOU, WE JUST MET LIKE, AN HOUR AGO... DO YOU LIKE BROWNIES?" → go to #5

7 HE MUMBLES SOMETHING ABOUT 'THE DECLINE' BEING THEIR ONLY GOOD SONG, BUT HAS CLEARLY DISMISSED YOU AS A POSER. YOU:

- GIVE HIM A PEACE-SIGN BACKWARDS, SHOUT "SOD OFF!!!" AND GO TO HOT TOPIC → go to #4
- RAISE YOUR FIST AND TAUNT HIM CALLING HIM A MALL PUNK → go to #2
- TAKE THE BLOW TO YOUR SELF ESTEEM AND WANDER THE STREETS OF DANBURY UNTILL YOU STUMBLE UPON A RECORD SHOP → go to #8

8 YOU WALK INTO TRASH AND GET A SARCASTIC REMARK FROM THE OWNER, RUMMAGING THROUGH THE 'USED' BINS YOU THINK TO YOURSELF:

- WOAH! IT'S THE OBSCURE xCRUCIAL YOUTH ATTACK ASSAULT. 7" GO! BANDANA GO! RECORDS!! AND IT'S ON BROWN VINYL!! I COULD GET SO MANY SCENE POINTS IF I GOT THIS! → go to #11
- IT'S TIME I STARTED A BAND → go to #12
- FUCK THIS STONE-AGE VINYL SHIT! DIGITAL IS WHERE IT'S AT! I'M GOING TO HOT TOPIC → go to #4
- STEALING FROM THIS PLACE IS EASIER THAN AT EYE!! → go to #31

9 WELL YOU COULD:

- CHECK OUT THE EMPRESS → go to #23
- GO TO THIS SHOW A GIRL IS HAVING ON HER PORCH, OVERLOOKING CANDLEWOOD LAKE → go to #26
- CHECK OUT THE TUNE INN → go to #25
- HEAD TO THE NEWTOWN TEEN CENTER → go to #24

11 AFTER GETTING THE COOLEST RECORDS YOU COULD FIND, YOU GO HOME AND PUT THEM IN YOUR "I-DON'T-ACTUALLY-WANT-TO-LISTEN-TO-THIS-BUT-IT-SHOULD-BE-WHERE-EVERYONE-CAN-SEE-IT" BOX. YOU THEN GO ONLINE TO TALK SHIT ON MESSAGE BOARDS AND MEMORIZE SPAZZ LYRICS TO QUOTE AT SHOWS WHEN MEETING PEOPLE. THE END. TRY AGAIN.

12 YOU FIND A GUITARIST AND A BASSIST, BUT NO DRUMMER. AFTER YOU PUT ADS UP AT RECORD STORES AND ON MESSAGE BOARDS, YOU DECIDE TO WRITE SONGS WITHOUT A DRUMMER FOR THE TIME BEING. NOW IT'S TIME TO DECIDE WHAT KIND OF BAND TO BE. → go to #13

13 • LET'S BE A MOD BAND! → go to #14*
• LET'S BE A STREET PUNK BAND! → go to #15

- LET'S BE A SKA BAND! → go to #16
- LET'S BE A POPPY EMO BAND! → go to #17
- LET'S BE A PIST COVER BAND! → go to #18
- LET'S BE A THRASH BAND! → go to #19
- LET'S BE A CRUSTY BAND! → go to #20
- LET'S GET DRUNK! → go to #15

14 "WHAT'S MOD?" YOUR BANDMATES ASK. "WHAT'S MOD?!!" YOU INCREDULOUSLY RESPOND. "IT'S... UH... LIKE... THE SAM, UH, AND... UH... THE WHO... THERE'S LIKE BULLSEYES AND... UH... STUFF... I THINK." COMPLETELY EMBARRASSED, YOU GIVE THEM THE FINGER AND DECLARE "LET'S JUST PLAY SOME PIST COVERS!" → go to #18

15 YEAH!! UP THE DRUNK! OK, THIS IS GONNA BE EASY, ALL WE NEED IS TO WRITE A FEW 4 CHORD PROGRESSIONS AND WRITE SONGS ABOUT HOW PUNK WE ARE. THE HARDEST PART WILL BE THE MONTHS WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT TO GROW OUR HAWKS TO AT LEAST ONE FOOT BEFORE ANY LABELS WILL TAKE US SERIOUSLY! THE END. TRY AGAIN.

16 "NAH BRAH, DIDN'T YOU HEAR? SKA'S DEAD! IT DIED AT THE LAST SPRING HEELED JACK SHOW AT TOADS PLACE. YOU WANNA BE COOL DON'T YOU? LET'S WAIT 8 YEARS OR SO WHEN THE 4TH WAVE HITS, THEN WE CAN CASH IN." "OH, OK, THAT MAKES SENSE."
• LET'S JUST GO TO TRASH → go to #8
• I'M GONNA GO HOME & READ → go to #28
• BAH, I'M GOING TO THE MALL → go to #29

17 YOU START WRITING LYRICS ABOUT TRAUMATIC BREAKUPS THAT YOU NEVER HAD, WITH GIRLS THAT NEVER EXISTED. ROCK AND ROLL! SOON YOU GET SPONSORED BY HUGE FAST FOOD CORPORATIONS AND HEADLINE THE WARPED TOUR. THE END.

18 IT'S FUN, BUT YOU REALIZE THAT YOU CAN'T GET BETTER THAN THE ORIGINALS. YOU SAY:

- I HEAR THAT THE SHOW AT THE DANBURY FIREHOUSE GOT MOVED TO SOMEONE'S PORCH, WANNA CHECK IT OUT? → go to #26
- I GOTTA GET SOME SLEEP I WANNA WAKE UP EARLY TOMORROW TO DRIVE TO MANCHESTER FOR FOOD NOT BOMBS → go to #30
- LET'S BE A CRUST BAND! → go to #20

19 WOW! THIS THRASH WAGON IS MORE ROOMY THAN I THOUGHT! THE END. TRY AGAIN

20 THIS IS FUN. LET'S CALL OURSELVES GENOCIDE SO THE GENERAL PUBLIC WILL BE OPEN TO OUR PEACE-PUNK POLITICS AND IDEAS! AFTER PRACTICE YOU GO CHECK OUT A SHOW → go to #26

23 AFTER PAYING THE \$12 COVER, YOU'RE TOLD THERE'S NO RE-ENTRY. YOU CAN'T TELL WHICH BAND IS PLAYING BECAUSE THE STAGE IS TOO HIGH AND YOU CAN'T MAKE OUT THE ACTUAL SONGS BECAUSE OF THE AWFUL ACOUSTICS. THERE SEEMS TO BE AN ABUNDANCE OF BASKETBALL JERSEYS, HATEBREED BEANIES AND FLOOR-PUNCHING. YOU SAY:

- "COOL!" → go to #27
- "FUCK THIS, MAYBE TRASH IS STILL OPEN" → go to #8
- "THE NEWTOWN TEEN CENTER ISN'T TOO FAR..." → go to #24
- "TUNE INN TIME!" → go to #25

24 AFTER PERUSING THE DISTROS YOU SEE PASSIONATE BANDS AND MEET A LOT OF INTERESTING PEOPLE. AFTERWARDS YOU GO TO THE BLUE COLONY FOR A GRILLED CHEESE. THE END. TRY AGAIN

25 UM, I ORIGINALLY WROTE THIS WAY BEFORE THE TUNE INN CLOSED, SO WHAT I HAD PREVIOUSLY WRITTEN IS NOW OBSOLETE.

R.I.P

26 WOAH! AWESOME SHOW! YOU EAT WATERMELON AND WAR, SELF DEFENSE AND KANARIS FOR FREE. EVEN THE CONCEPT OF A SHOW ON A PORCH OVERLOOKING A LAKE ROCKS. THEN YOU RIDE A WATER SLIDE AND SWIM IN YOUR UNDERWEAR. THE SHOW WASN'T EVEN FLYERED AND THERE WERE TONS OF KIDS THERE. YAY! THE END.

27 YOU SUCK. → go to hell

28 AFTER READING THE LAST CHAPTER OF ISHMAEL, YOU START STORY OF B. IT'S SO AMAZING THAT YOU CHOOSE FINISHING THE BOOK OVER SLEEP... DANIEL QUINN ROCKS THE END. TRY AGAIN.

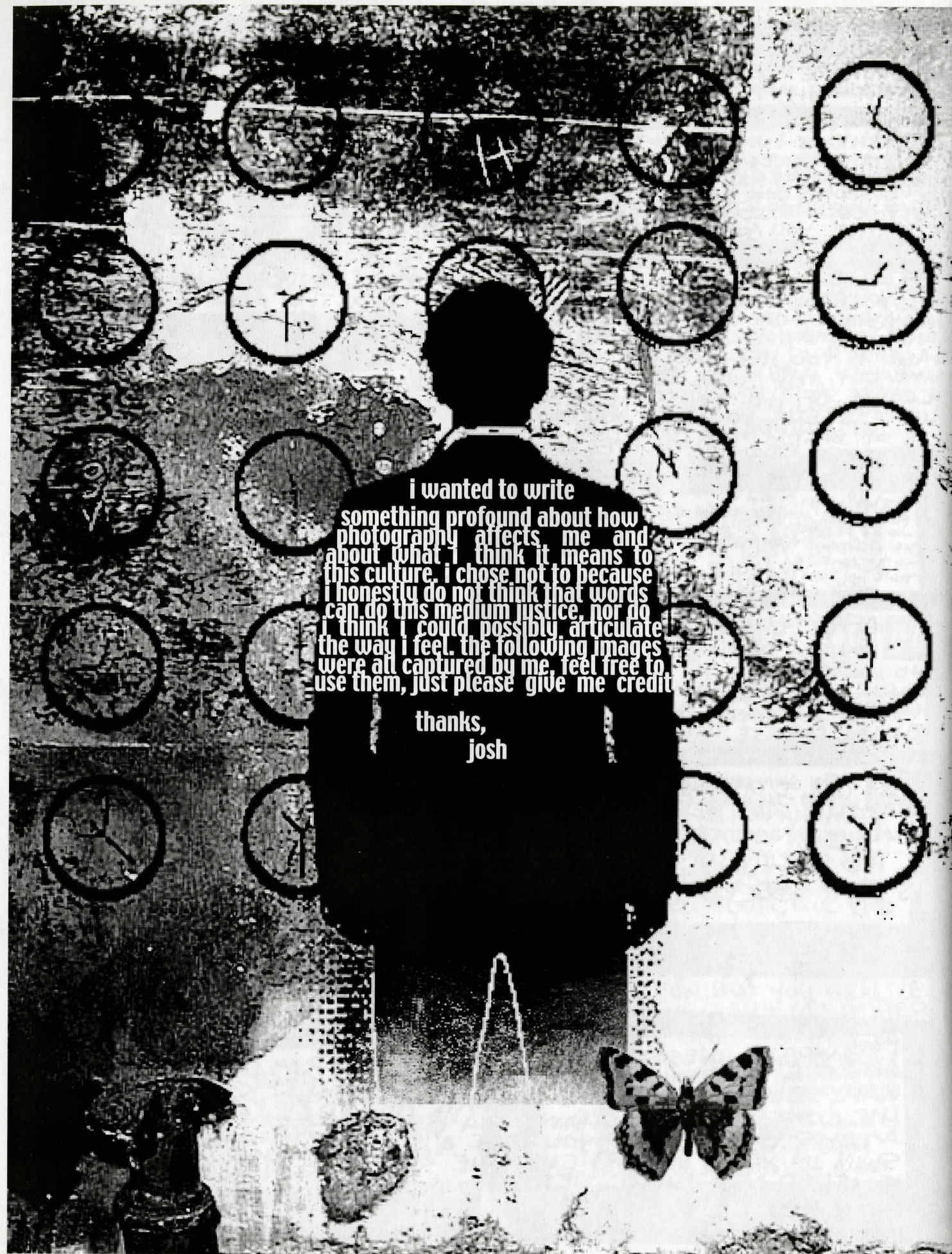
29 HE (IF YOU'RE A BOY)/SHE (IF YOU'RE A GIRL) ENDS UP BEING VERY FRIENDLY AND SEEMS ENTHUSIASTIC TO HEAR THAT A NEW PUNK KID MOVED TO TOWN. AFTER HECKLING THE PATRONS OF McDONALDS, YOU LOOK AT HIM/HER AND SAY:

- ARE THERE ANY GOOD RECORD STORES AROUND? → go to #8
- LET'S GO GET SOME BROWNIES! → go to #5
- GOLLY YOU HAVE PRETTY EYES → go to #6
- SO...UH... YOU LIKE NOFX? → go to #7
- ANY GOOD SHOWS THIS WEEKEND? → go to #9

30 ROCK OUT WITH YOUR SOCKS OUT. THE END

31 AN EMPLOYEE THAT'S CUTE BUT HAS BAD BREATH, WEARING A VOIDT SHIRT, JUMPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE PIERCINGS DISPLAY CASE AND IMPALES YOU WITH A CRUCIFIX MADE OUT OF SMASHED SKREWDRIVER CDS. THE END.

* I STOLE THE IDEA FOR #14 FROM ANOTHER ZINE!! HAHA HA

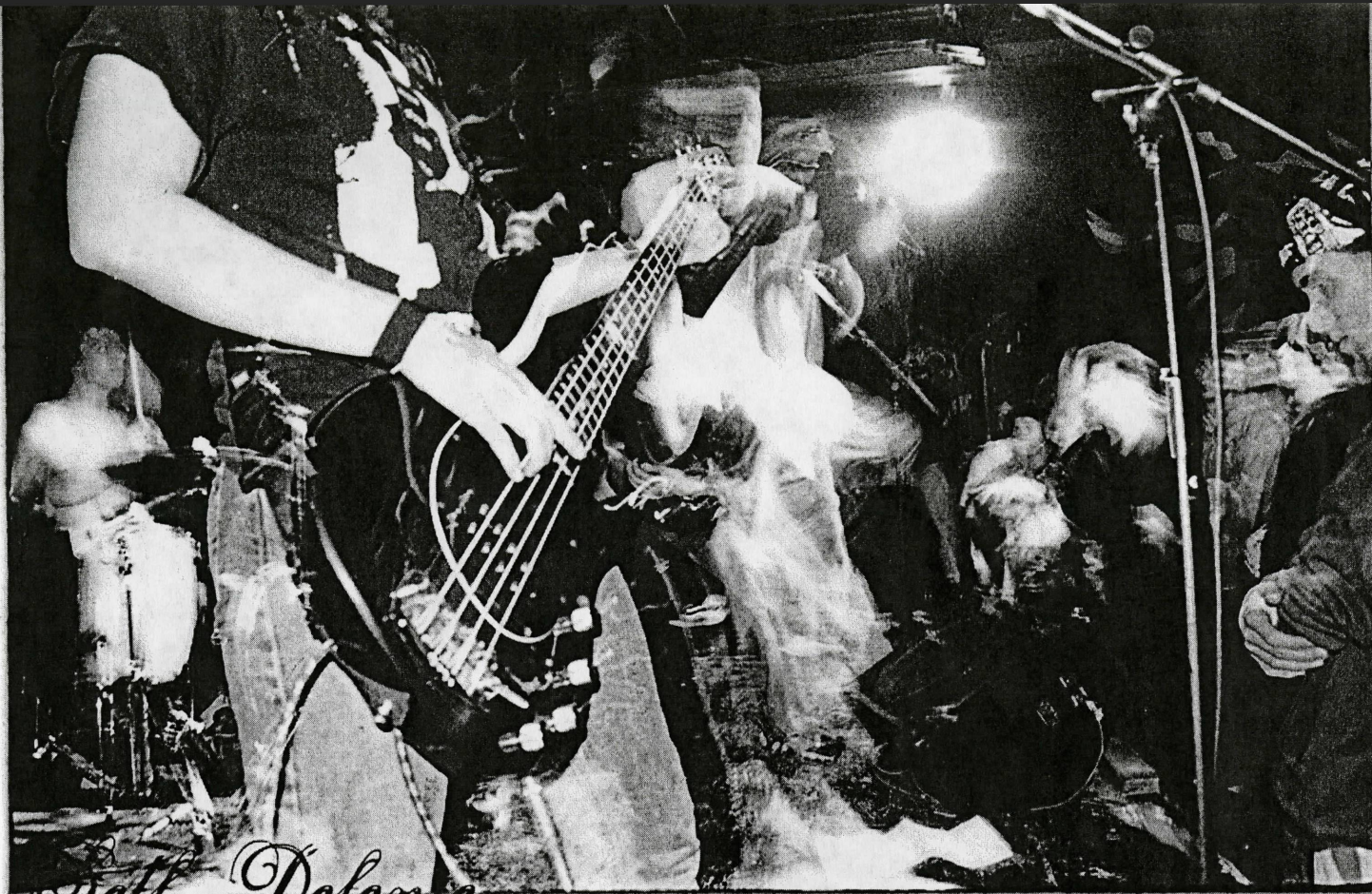


i wanted to write
something profound about how
photography affects me and
about what i think it means to
this culture. i chose not to because
i honestly do not think that words
can do this medium justice, nor do
i think i could possibly articulate
the way i feel. the following images
were all captured by me. feel free to
use them, just please give me credit

thanks,
josh



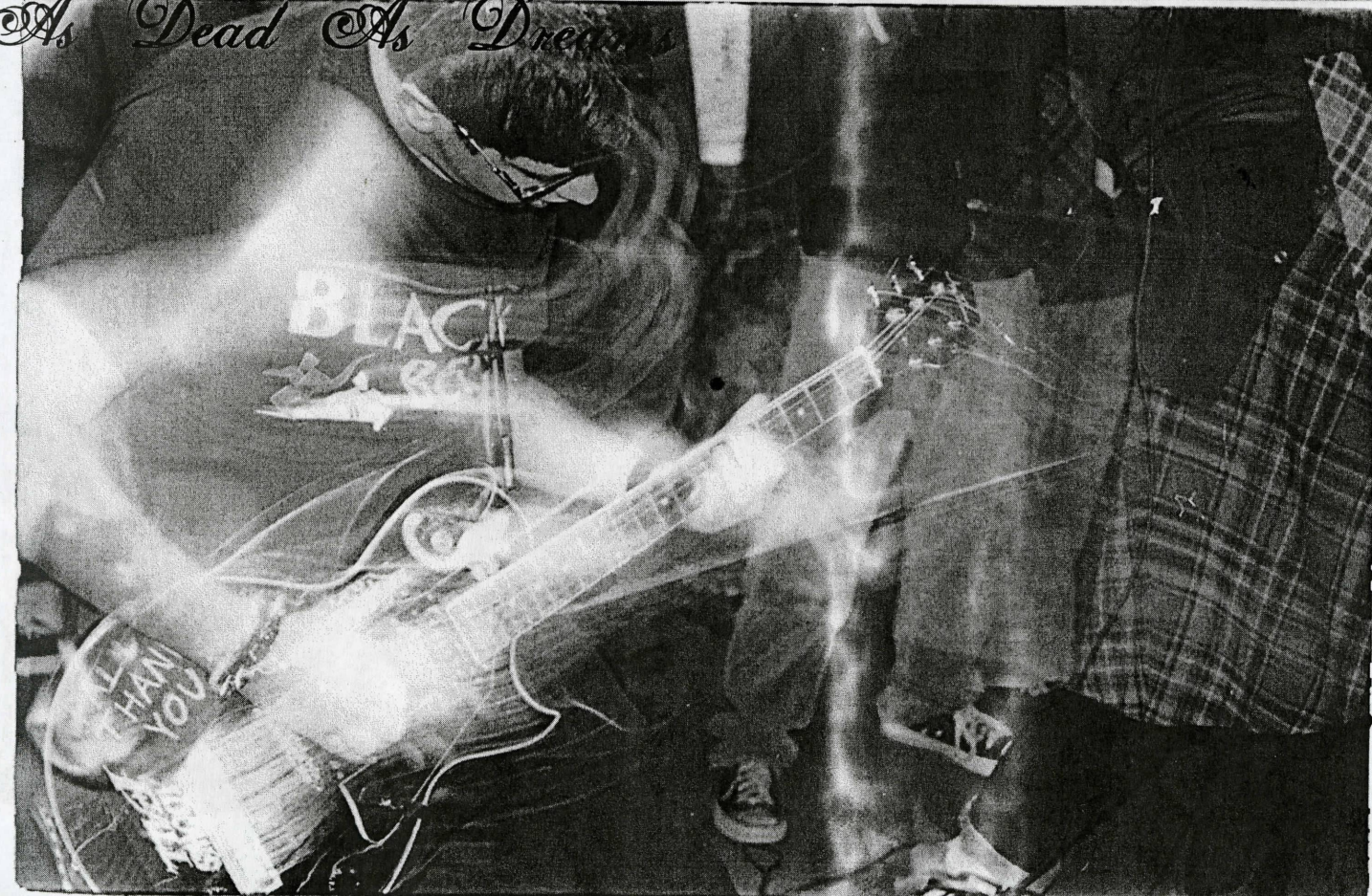
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Self Defense



As Dead As Dreams

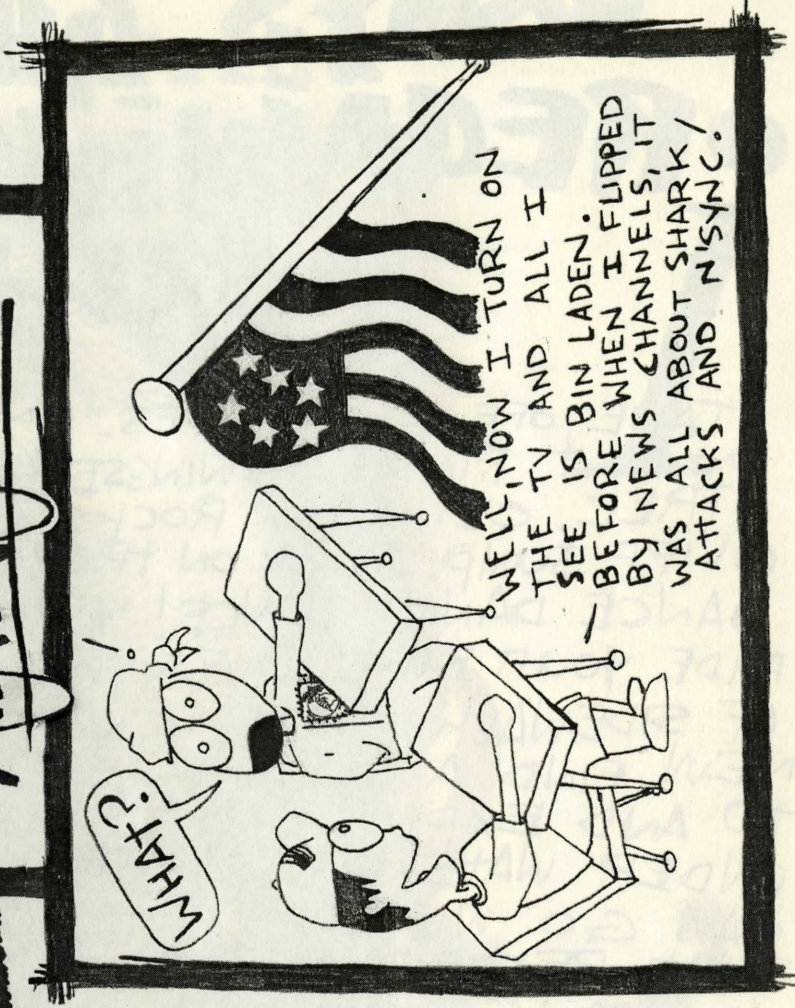
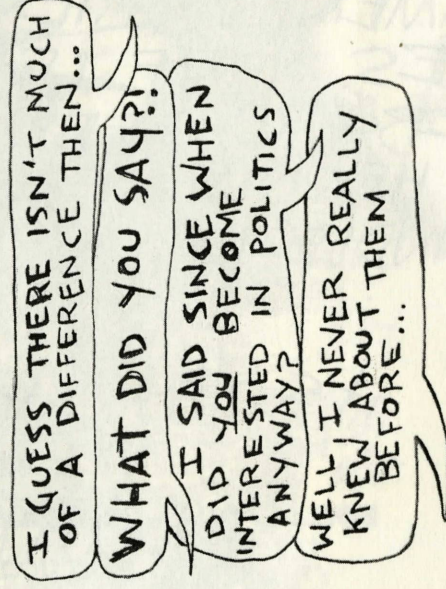
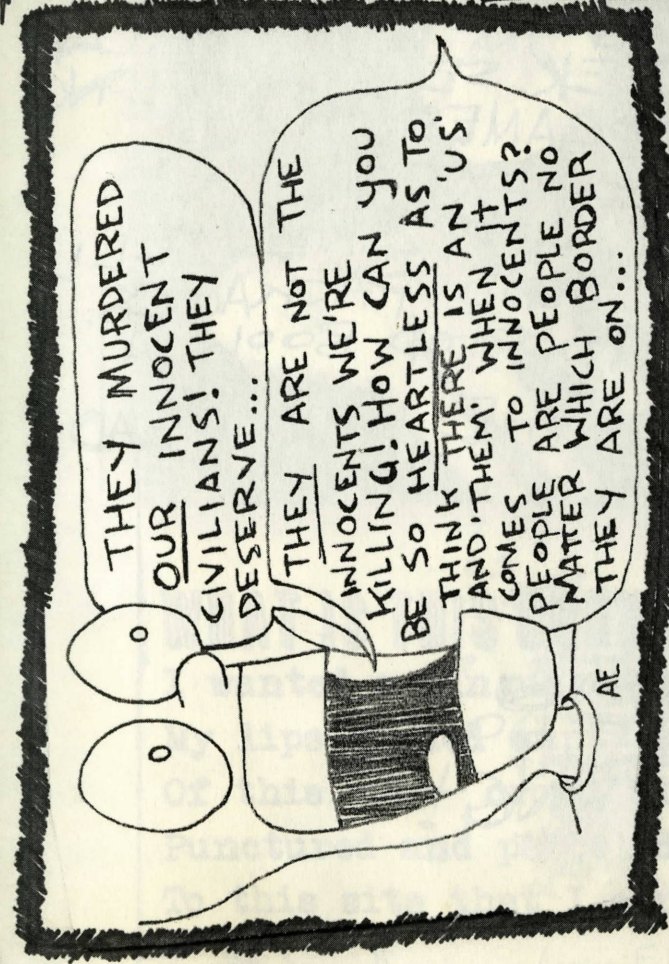
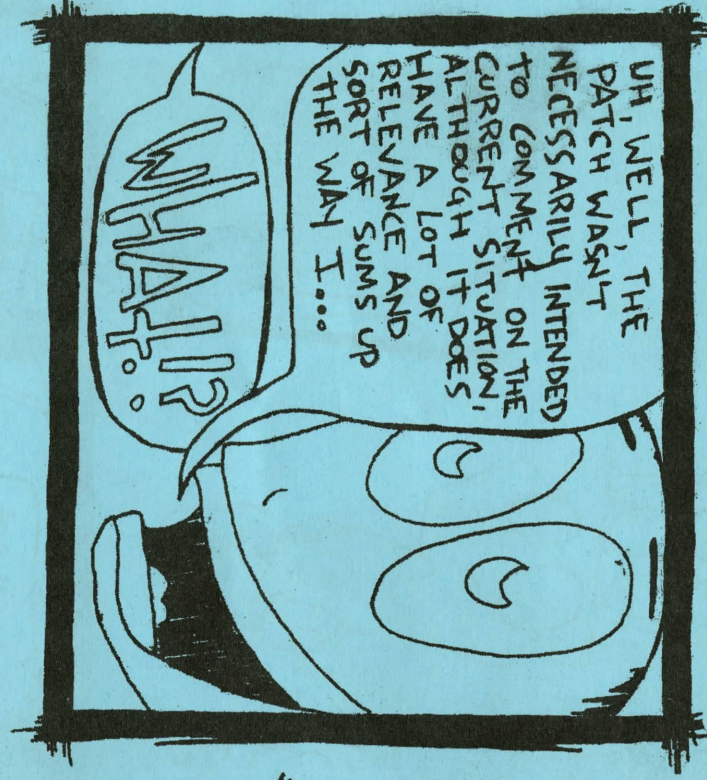
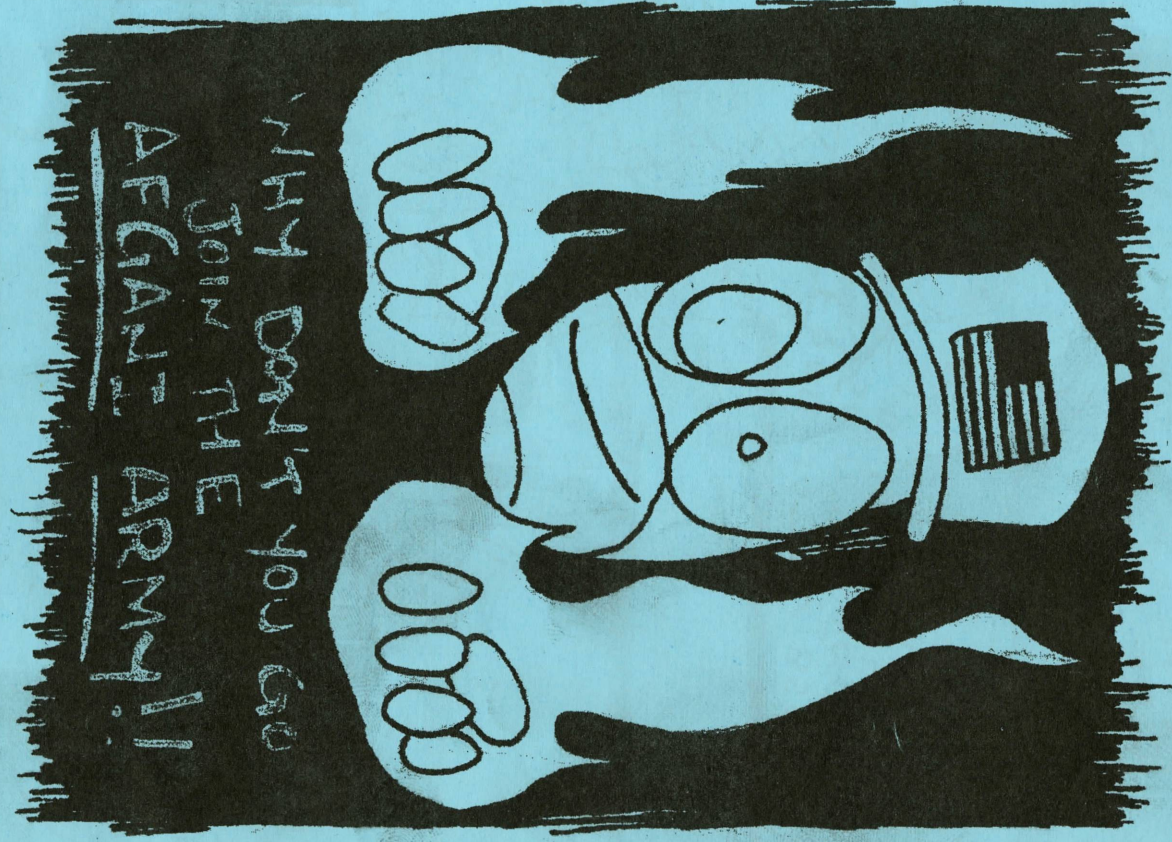


THIS WAS DRAWN WAY BACK IN NOV/DEC, BUT IS STILL RELEVANT, I GUESS.
(OF 2001)



The Fugue





JOSH's GUIDE to RECLAIMING YOUR YOUTH (PART 1)

TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES. FIND A SLIDE. SLIDE
DOWN IT. FIND A SWINGSET. SWING ON IT. CLIMB
A TREE. CLIMB ON ROCKS. CLIMB ON EVERYTHING.
CLIFF JUMP. JUMP ON TRAMPOLINES. JUMP. SKIP.
DANCE DANCE DANCE! YELL. SCREAM. LAUGH.
RIDE YOUR BIKE EVERYWHERE... LEAVE MURALS
OF SIDEWALK CHALK IN YOUR WAKE. MEET SOMEONE
NEW, FIND A TOWN NEITHER OF YOU HAVE BEEN
TO AND EXPLORE IT. BUILD FORTS. SWIM. SWIM
UNDER WATERFALLS! HIKE. SEE HOW LONG YOU
CAN GO WITHOUT WATCHING TV. TRY TO BREAK
THAT RECORD THE NEXT WEEK. SEE HOW LONG
YOU CAN GO WITHOUT VIDEOGAMES. TRY TO
BREAK THAT RECORD THE NEXT WEEK.
COMPLIMENT A FRIEND. WRITE A ZINE. TELL
STORIES. WRITE LETTERS. SEND PACKAGES.
SKATEBOARD. SLEEP ON A ROOFTOP. BOOK A
SHOW. HECKLE PEOPLE IN THE MALL. READ
TO CANDLE LIGHT...

IT'S YOUR LIFE...

IF YOU'RE BORED
YOU'RE BORING!

Sound In Print:



i

WHAT IS THIS BURNING IN MY EYES

I wanted a language of my own

My lips sucked empty and I mouthed the lines

Of this erwe-crowd that surrounds

Punctured and perceled I fold my hand

To this site that I sense that I am asking:

?

Song: Burning Artist: Fugazi Artiste: Mark Gleason

The Fugue.

so yeah, these guys are my good friends, but i did this interview before i was friends with a lot of them back in december. you should check them out, they will rock your face off. they play post punk i guess, but labeling music is really limiting. whatever. i have pictures of them in the photo section. i did this interview in a chatroom cuz, i mean it's the '00s now. get with it. love jeshy

S&D: So can I get your names and instruments?
Pete: Pete, drums
Joe: Joe, yellomatic
Mookie: Mookie, guitar and vocals
Tia: Tia, bass
Ben: Ben, Guitar
S&D: How long have you been a band?
Mookie: Since the dawn of time.
Joe: Since around August of 2000.
S&D: Any weird start-up stories?
Joe: Nope, we're pretty tame. Mook and I were kind of messing around making the worst possible music and people kept joining the fun.
Mookie: We were going to wear masks like the Knot.
Ben: Oh yeah, the luchadore masks.
Tia: ... and pseudonyms. We had pseudonyms.
Joe: The masks were pretty terrible. I never bought one.
Tia: I never got a mask either.
S&D: You did a split with Forty. Explain yourselves.
Ben: Forty? Who's Forty?
SMOKE BOMB
Joe: Dude, smoke bombing is so passé. It's all about the ninja shroud.
Ben: Sorry. *NINJA SHROUD*
Mookie: I still see you, Ben.
Tia: Too late dude. You blew it.
Ben: *sigh*
Tia: Yeah that's it. Hang your head in shame.
Ben: I quit.
Mookie: Good.
Joe: We did the split because the kid putting out the 7 inch was nice. But Forty is the worst band ever.
S&D: I agree.
Tia: Yeah, they suck.
Ben: They are awful.
Joe: But we didn't do the split with them. We did the split for

Rob and his label, Unify Records. We mostly did it because Rob's a good guy.
Tia: Yeah, he's nice. It was really cool of him to put it out. We wouldn't have done it ourselves.
Ben: He being a good guy really means he was really willing to lose a lot of money.
Tia: Well, yeah.
S&D: That's cool. You have a lot of songs recorded really well. Any plans to release anything else?
Mookie: We have a lot of BAD songs recorded really well.
Ben: Yeah.
Joe: Shut up! Our songs are bomb. I really like the stuff we have. We just have to keep moving forward.
Tia: I like our songs too.
Ben: We're basically just putting together demos in different incarnations so we can sell them at shows. It's all about the bling bling.
(note: they are now doing a 7" split with As Dead As Dreams)
S&D: I'm in the process of doing Christmas shopping while we're doing this interview. Does that mean technology wins or loses?
Pete: Wins. I can avoid the malls while still buying in on corporate America.
Mookie: Wins.
Joe: I call this one a draw.
Tia: Hmmm... wins.
Ben: Loses.
S&D: What if technology was fighting Batman?
Pete: Batman would win.
Tia: Batman wins.
Ben: Word, even if he couldn't really fly...
Pete: Shut up!
Tia: He was still bomb.
Ben: Jerk.
Tia: And he could too fly!
Ben: NO HE COULDN'T!
S&D: So you're all involved in a lot of side projects. Discuss.
Tia: I HATE YOU!
Ben: I'LL KILL YOU!
S&D: You hate me? I don't even know you.
Pete: I'm in Just Pete.

Joe: Wait, what's going on? I was watching Just Shoot Me.
Ben: She meant she hated me.
Tia: BRING IT ON, BITCH!
Ben: ROOOOOOAAAAARRRR!
S&D: Ben kicked me at a show one time. I'd like an apology in the form of brownies.
Joe: We try to tone down the violence at our shows. We're all about the love.
Ben: Yeah, I've been meaning to apologize about that. Next time you leave Connecticut crash at my house and I'll treat you like a king.
S&D: It's a deal. Anyway... side projects.
Ben: Right, so there's The Speedy Monz.
Joe: Ummm... The Speedy Monz is it, man. Fluffy Neon Jesus is crap and you know it.
Ben: Hey! Don't ditch on my goddamn artistic endeavors, bitch!
Pete: I'm in Just Pete. Expect a split with Scabby Grundle to come out soon. I'm also in Sod Off, Shotgun!
S&D: Wait, isn't Amelia Earhart Found Alive some of you guys too?
Tia: Ben and I are in Amelia Earhart Found Alive, which is more of a band than a side project.
Joe: The Earharts are definitely a real band. Shit's been around longer than the Fugue has.
Tia: Yeah, we've technically been around since I was in 9th grade.
S&D: Does The Speedy Monz play shows?
Ben: We will if you book us.
S&D: Who wrote the lyrics to "Barnacles"?
Ben: Joe did.
S&D: You're gross Joe.
Joe: I improvised all of my parts. Mookie wrote his parts. That tends to be the way it works more often than not.
S&D: tell me about some of your other song lyrics.
Ben: "Toyota Jump" ...
Joe: "Toyota Jump" is about a fishing trip gone awry.
Ben: Haha. I love how we both jump on that one.
Mookie: A fishing trip which ends in horrible ass pain.

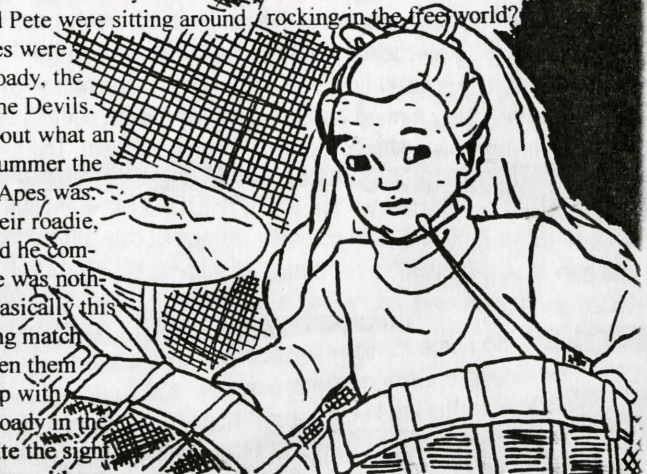
Joe: The verse is narrated by one friend sexually forcing himself on his fishing buddy and the chorus is narrated by the friend not wanting any of that from his drunken comrade.
Pete: Rape sucks.
Tia: A little.
Joe: It does, but it's okay when I do it to Mookie.
Ben: This truck brings lust and broken jaws.
Tia: Truck?
Mookie: The line is breeds, dummy.
Joe: Yeah man it is.
Tia: That's what it sounds like though.
Ben: Hey, I don't sing.
Joe: You used to on "Peace Jeans Jufro".
S&D: What about "China Feet"?
Mookie: "China Feet" is about Chinese infanticide.
Tia: ... in china.
Ben: Yeah, hence Chinese, TIA!
Tia: Yeah, that's what I said.
Mookie: I don't get it.
Joe: Let's stay together for the kids. Like the Blink 182 song.
Tia: Not, let's not.
Ben: SHUT UP, JOE!
Mookie: Guys, not in front of the media.
S&D: Pete's girlfriend makes the best brownies ever. Discuss.
Tia: Marija is awesome. She's the bassist for Amelia Earhart Found Alive and my best friend.
Pete: It's true. None of you have had them.
Joe: She does bake a lot. It's good for us and as the designated big man of the group, I enjoy food.
Ben: Marija is the greatest person ever.
Pete: Yeah.
S&D: I'm a brownie guru if you will.
Ben: You'd like Marija then.
Mookie: She also bakes killer chocolate chip muffins.
Joe: Josh, you should hit that. Pete wouldn't mind. He's a modern guy.
Ben: It's true.
S&D: I already hooked up with

ete. So it'd be kinda weird.
Joe: I can see that posing a problem.
Mookie: Yeah, that's how we got this interview.
Ben: Her pasta and meat sauce is the best damn thing in the world.
Joe: I made Ben breakfast one time the day after our Speedy Monz recording session.
Mookie: Also she gets not one, but TWO free porno channels at her house!
Joe: Oh man, so much porn.
Tia: Yeah, it rules.
Ben: And her walls are lined with signed celebrity merchandise.
S&D: So you guys were on Felicity?
Joe: Yeah we were. I prefer to leave the reasons why shrouded in mystery.
Tia: It's more random that way.
Pete: We're a band, not an event.
Ben: Are you calling us wussies?
Tia: Some character named Noel was working on our album cover.
Ben: Yeah, but then he got fired. So we're off the show.
Mookie: Yeah, it was no big thing really. They just heard about the Fugue rock and wanted desperately to include it on their magnificent program.
Joe: That show is really terrible.
Ben: Easily the lowest rated show on the WB. Too many white people.
Mookie: Nope, it's magnificent.
Tia: Yeah, I was just glad we were mentioned in the first 15 minutes.
S&D: I was eating Marija's brownies while that episode was on.
Pete: No you weren't.
S&D: Yes I was.
Pete: We were loitering at pizza hut when that was on.
Joe: Don't lie to us, Josh.
S&D: I thought it was the night at the play.
Joe: I HATE YOUR LIES!
S&D: Wasn't it the night we saw that play?
Pete: Nope.
S&D: Oh well. Memory loses.
Tia: That's what Marija said. She said you guys saw a play. So I heard.
Pete: It was pretty good.
Joe: What play is this?
S&D: Damn good.
Pete: What was it called?
S&D: The Unsinkable Molly Brown.
Mookie: That's about the Titanic.
Tia: That movie makes me cry. Especially when Leo dies at the end.
Joe: I can sink her.
S&D: All my friends were in it. They're the best actors ever.
Pete: Actually, Rudy Ray Moore is the best actor ever.

Ben: That Titanic song makes me cry.
S&D: What's the best show you guys have ever played?
Joe: Our third show at the Wayne Firehouse.
Pete: I liked the Murder City Devils show. Even though Ben wasn't there.
Mookie: Our best show was at Wayne, NJ.
Tia: Hmmm... third Firehouse or Murder City Devils.
Joe: The third Firehouse show was just so full of energy.
Mookie: Wayne whooped the MCD show.
Ben: I think probably the second time we played at Baby Jupiter.
Tia: Dude, that was AWFUL.
Joe: Yeah, any show that we are openly angry at each other is good.
Pete: I liked the in-store acoustic show in New Jersey.
Mookie: At the Wayne Firehouse we had been subjected to four HORRIBLE pop punk bands.
Tia: The Firehouse show was just really crazy. I broke my bass during it.
Ben: Yeah, we were REALLY pissed at that Wayne show. I lost blood.
Mookie: The show started 3 hours later than they said it would.
Pete: We also got lost on the way there for about two hours.
Joe: Yeah so we took the anger we had balled up inside and we shot it back at the crowd. It was pure insanity.
Tia: It ruled.
S&D: Rock.
Ben: Yeah, it was a lot of fun.
Mookie: For a brief 30 minute set. New Jersey was actually rocking.
Pete: Actually, that was my favorite too.
Joe: Yeah, I like that show and any show at CBGBs. I like the atmosphere at CBGBs so much. It's my favorite venue to play. The history that is present in that space makes for such a good vibe.
S&D: Why don't you guys do the Styx cover anymore?
Mookie: NEXT QUESTION.
Joe: Because it's lame. The ironic cover song is so passé. Why don't we just cover "Smooth Criminal" while we're at it?
Ben: Yeah, we're not New Found Glory.

Tia: Yeah, I wouldn't like it if another band did it.
Mookie: We realized that we were amongst bands like Lagwagon and Milencolin and it just wasn't very funny.
S&D: Yikes. So what are your goals as a band?
Joe: To stay together and tour.
S&D: Why are you involved in music?
Tia: I do it for chicks.
Pete: But Tia, you are a chick.
Tia: What's your point?
Mookie: I want pigs. You know, like Luke Perry. He had pigs.
Pete: I'm doing it for money.
Joe: I want to make a great record and tour in support of it. I want to make something that rocks but isn't pretentious garbage. I want to be a fun band to listen to and see. I want to have fun the whole time too. That's what music is to me.
Mookie: Me too.
Tia: Yeah seriously, not enough bands do that. I want to play memorable shows and make good recordings.
S&D: Have any good stories?
Mookie: Nope.
Joe: I tore my pants at our first show at CBGBs. I took this dangerous dive off of the stage while we were playing "Come Sail Away" and came crashing down with this gigantic thud. I knocked the wind out of myself and when I was finally able to get to my feet, my pants were totally ripped up.
Ben: I got pissed a bunch of times in the car when we got lost in New Jersey. I hopped out and screamed "FUCK YOU" at a bunch of elderly people exiting a high school.
Mookie: One time Pete managed to get his arm stuck in a garbage compactor.
Pete: That garbage compactor sucked. It pulled and grinded.
Mookie: Yeah, but who knew Pete could regenerate his own arm?
Joe: Another great story happened backstage at the Murder City Devils show. Me and Pete were sitting around while The Apes were playing and Coady, the drummer for the Devils, was talking about what an unorthodox drummer the guy from The Apes was. Then Gabe, their roadie, went to see and he complained that he was nothing special. Basically this whole wrestling match erupted between them and it ended up with Gabe lifting Coady in the air. It was quite the sight.
Tia: Just playing with

Murder City in general was awesome.
Ben: We all broke into Mookie's apartment one time.
Tia: We have pictures of that.
Mookie: Breaking into Mookie's apartment was so much fun. We simply must do it again some time.
Mookie: That shit was not cool.
S&D: Buddyhead. Discuss.
Joe: They don't like us, I think.
Tia: Ummm... it's funny and informative.
Pete: We're like The Strokes and shit.
Joe: Travis Keller is kind of a cock. You should give him a call at 323-365-5550. That's his cell phone number.
Tia: The Icarus Line is good. So is Ink & Dagger. I wouldn't know about a lot of good bands without them.
Ben: Like Dillinger Escape Plan.
Joe: They do break some great music.
Mookie: But they trash some good music.
Joe: I think Buddyhead readers vary greatly in intelligence. They pander to dumber kids than they might like to.
Tia: They really do. Just read their message board.
Ben: That's the problem with really cool intelligent stuff. Only really stupid people pay attention to it for the most part.
Mookie: I don't think Buddyhead is that intelligent, when you think about it.
Pete: NEXT QUESTION!
S&D: I'm so out of questions. Any closing comments?
Joe: Well The Simpsons are going to be on in a few minutes so I should go. Otherwise you won't have my full attention. But, uh, keep on rocking in the free world?



COMMODITY FETISHISM

(OR THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF COMMUNICATION, PARTICIPATION, AND SELF-REALIZATION)

Commodity fetishism is an irrational devotion to commodities as a result of the rise of the bourgeoisie and the Capitalist mode of production. This phenomenon is characterized by a passive contemplation of images, rather than participation, as well as alienation, commodities seemingly having a life separate, hence alien and incomprehensible, and a fragmentation of life.

Before going on with this inquiry, I feel it appropriate to give a little background on the notion of Commodity fetishism. The term was originally used (in the sense we are using it) by Karl Marx in the mid-19th century, the concept was downplayed by his associate Friedrich Engels in favor of Marx's theories of accumulation, and economic "laws." It wasn't until 1923 when in a book called "History and Class consciousness" that a young Hungarian philosopher named Georg Lukács revived it. The concept reached its peak with French theorist Guy Debord who translated it into the concept of 'spectacle' in the 1960's. Since then it has proved an unailing model for thorough critiques of the existing society.

We also need to clarify terms and definitions before proceeding. A few may prove ambiguous otherwise. First, the notion of alienation. I will use Lukács definition when he said "Alienation occurs when man's essence comes into conflict with his existence." Of course I do not mean "men" only, I only quote Lukács (who was not sexist I might add). Another word needing clarification is essence. I will use Debord's notion of the essence of "man" being history and community. A much more difficult word to define is reification. A term Lukács defines as the operation whereby fetishism transforms processes into things. Most other terms should be simple and obvious enough. So here it is.

Under the Spectacle-Commodity economy, all human activity and relations are reified. First, labor is divided so completely that any real communication or participation is virtually unheard of. This is the misery of work, consider that slogan "All workers struggle to no longer be workers." By economic imperatives we are forced to sell our labor, this makes our labor separate from ourselves turning it into a thing apart. In short, a commodity. But what is a commodity? As Marx defined it, a commodity is something having a use value and exchange value. In the Specto-Commodity economy exchange value takes charge, as seen from all the truly useless things actually (and constantly) produced. You can also see reification in personal relationships. Role we play are an abstraction when we define ourselves by them, when we adopt solidified identities, or better understood, we buy them from the market, which is in no short supply. Those who purchase the right identities also purchase the relationships with others that go along with them. It's even a sort of vulgar prostitution, we buy and sell ourselves on the cultural, subcultural, and countercultural markets. We even have to pay to get into the places designated for dancing, communicating, and creating, hence even impersonal relationships are commodified. Nothing escapes reification in this economy.

The Spectacle is not a collection of images but a social relation mediated by images. It is actually taboo to construct relationships not in its image. That is, not reified. The Spectacle consists in the reunification of separate aspects of a fragmentary, reified life at the level of image. What life lacks is found in the spectacle. Individuals separated from one another rediscover unity only with it, reunited only in their separateness. It is ideology in material form the material reconstruction of the religious illusion, and it is money for contemplation only. A reified totality.

So, can we put this phenomenon into a historical perspective? I believe we can try. By its very nature, Capitalism insists on commodity fetishism. It must continue to accumulate. To constantly expand. In order to do this it's "citizens" must passively submit to its laws and forms, the form of the commodity. Although it had always inherently been there with the advent of capitalism, it truly defined itself as at once separate from society and society itself with the Industrial Revolution. With Mass Media, namely photography, art began abstracting itself. This was seen as a rebellious destruction of the old. Sounds good, but the spectacle recuperated these attacks as a clearing of the old notions and opening up new paths for ways to perfect separation. In 1915 a movement in Zurich, called Dada, proclaimed itself anti-art. How could THAT be recuperated. It's truly anti-Spectacle. By they kept producing art none the less and so it was. In the future society painters will no longer exist. Painting is something that we will DO because we want to, not as commodities. Lesson learned.

So how do we overcome reification and alienation? Has there been any events where people have resisted commodity? Well, first we have to find ways to communicate outside the midtraps given to us today. New and finer communication. One method is to recognize a dichotomy as false. Dialectical logic. We can recognize apparent contradictions in things as both sides as part of the other. This is the method. History is dialectical itself. You get a thesis, an antithesis and out of this conflict, you resolve and supersede in a synthesis. This logic is inherently critical. Teach yourself, because we will all have to become dialecticians. Another method is to organize. There are all kinds of organizational structures, but the point is to take action. Just remember hierarchy is essentially non-critical and therefore not revolutionary. Two historical events where people resisted the spectacle are: Hungary 1956 - workers spontaneously formed worker's councils against communism. Paris 1968 - students and workers formed councils and committees; Occupied the Sorbonne University and almost toppled French capitalism. The key is that it was all spontaneous! I suggest a close study of both events.

So, How can we live an AUTHENTIC life when authenticity is so hard to define? Well, it can't be bought or sold or exchanged on ANY level, it hints at authenticity. If it can't be easily defined or categorized, it smells sorta like authenticity. Crime is always a little authentic. I suggest quitting your job and becoming a bank robber, a bandit, or a lover. We all know how criminal desire itself can be. It demands of the individual liberation. Arm your desire first! Today, more than ever, opposition is criminal or it is not.

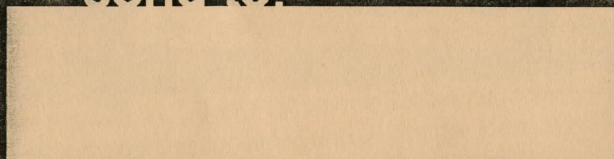
So I urge as many Passion Syndicates and Desire Councils as we can create. Organize critically. We must not settle for anything. As the slogan goes - "Be Realistic, Demand the Impossible." And never stop demanding. Where they want revolutions in art, we will want to make an art of revolution. -Karl "Lautrea Montessori" Howeth

JOSHY'S GUIDE TO RECLAIMING YOUR YOUTH (PART II).

FIND A GRASSY HILL. ROLL DOWN
IT. EXPLORE A CAVE. GO CAMPING.
MAKE OUT IN A CANDY STORE.
TRAVEL READ ON A ROOFTOP.
ROLLERSKATE THROUGH AN AIR-
PORT. CREATE ART IN OBSCURE
PLACES. BUILD MORE FORTS! MAKE
MIX TAPES. BAKE BROWNIES FROM
SCRATCH. VISIT YOUR NEIGHBORS.
PLAY IN SPRINKLERS. HAVE A WATER.
BALLOON FIGHT. STAY UP ALL NIGHT.
WHEATPASTE YOUR FAVORITE CLICHE
SLOGANS ONTO STARBUCKS' WINDOWS..
MAKE LOVE TO THE
PRESENT..
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