

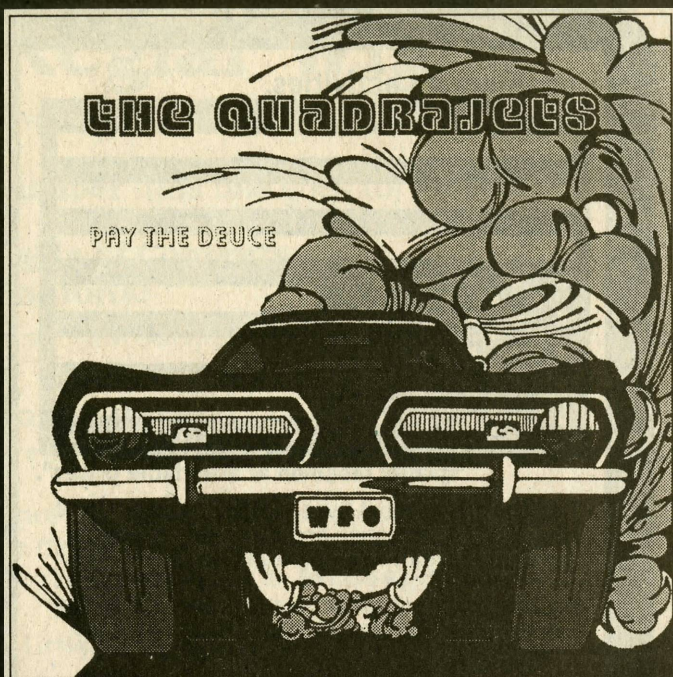
Reglar Wiglar

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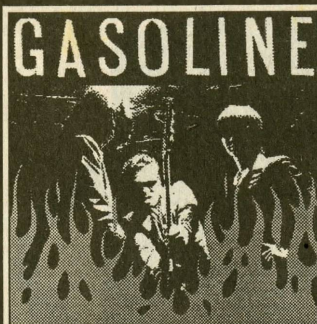
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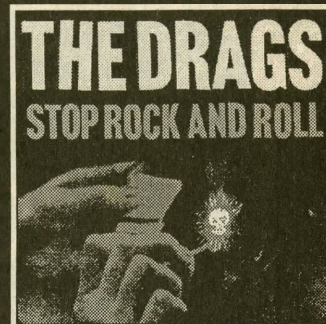
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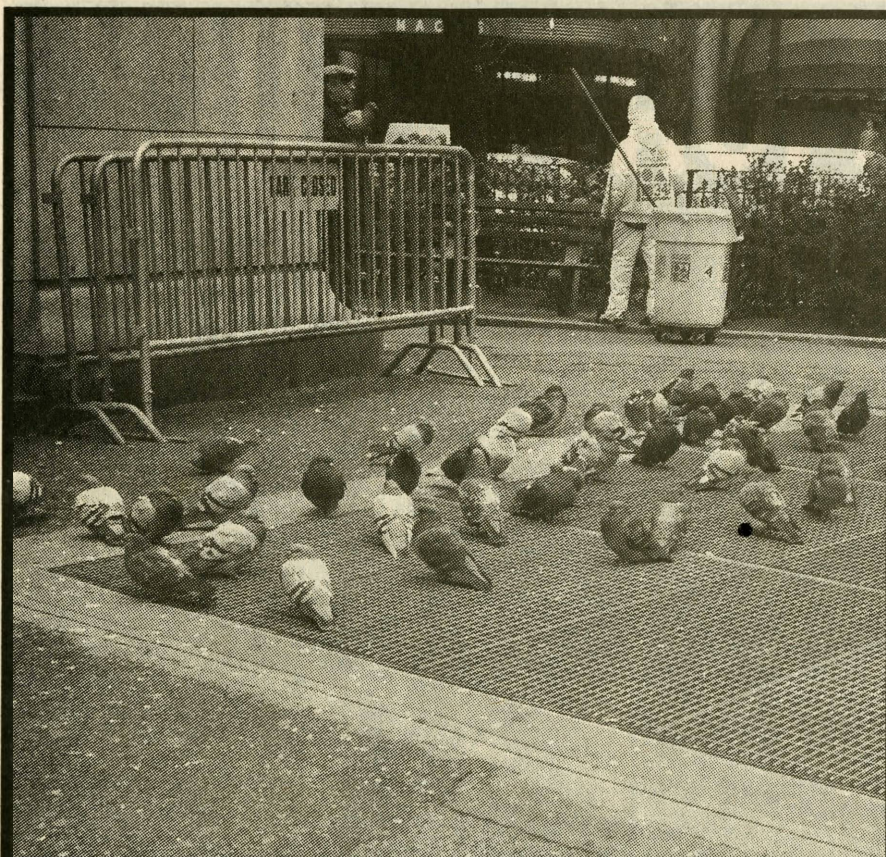
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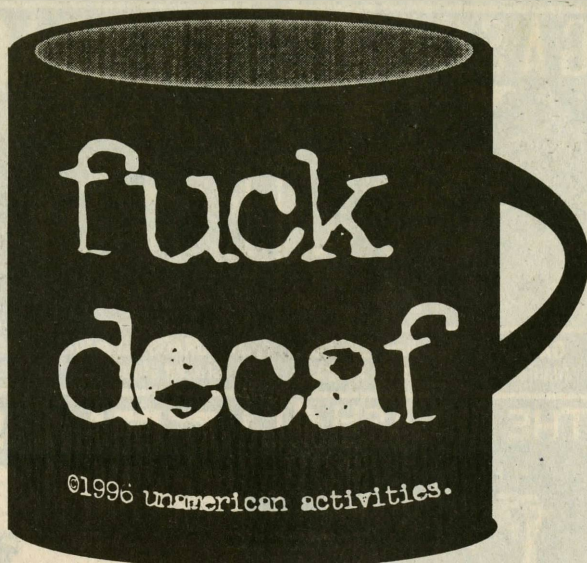
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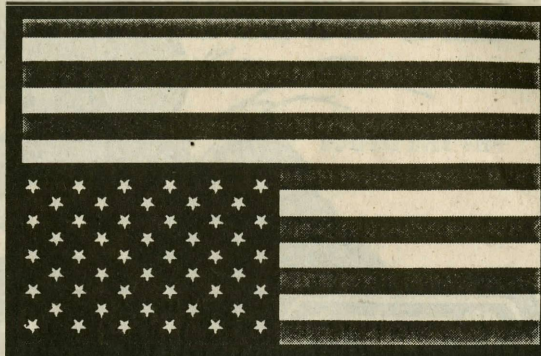


This is a coffee mug. Duh. It fucking rocks, that's what's important. It's 11oz of ceramic glory with which to worship the Bean and thereby escape the ennui that is american life. Want one? It's just \$10 postpaid! My project, Unamerican Activities, has tons of other stuff you might like, including yummy stickers, t-shirts, pins, oh me oh my! You can check it out at <http://www.unamerican.com> or send \$1 for a catalog. Send cash or chex made out to me, Srini Kumar, to PO Box 410663, San Francisco, CA 94141-0663.

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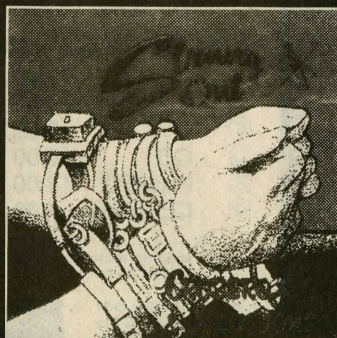
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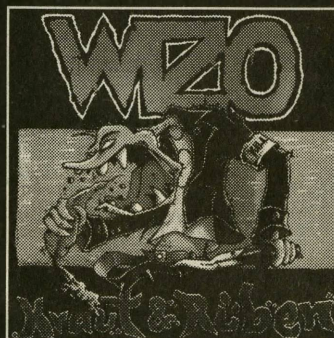
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CD/LP/CASS



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Reglar Wiglar

Using every part of the buffalo since 1993

number (this one goes to) **eleven**

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visit the website at:

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whoever they are.

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one person's responsibility, but the burden of society
as a whole. Any similarities to people dead or dying
was probably done just to burn your cookie.

IDIOTORIAL

Christopher P. Auman, Editor

It's judgment day here at the Reglar Wiglar, people. What we've always suspected has been confirmed by the Corporate Big Wigs; this magazine is a sinking ship and something had damn well better be done about it.

The word came down from the head office that somebody had to go. Somebody's head needed to be put up on the chopping block. We needed to 'down-size' and 'outsource' and in layman's terms 'shit-can' some poor sap. But who? None of these people around here actually deserve to be employed. These people are sick. They're degenerates. None of them has earned the right to keep their jobs or the money they're paid no matter how meager their wages are.

This was all beside the point though—decision had to be made and I had to make it. I was the one who had to flip the proverbial coin. Actually, I did flip a coin. After throwing two darts at the employee roster tapped to the wall in my office, I came up with two potential scapegoats; P.C. Jones and Muggsy McMurphy. I quickly decided, heads; McMurphy's out, tails; McMurphy's out. The coin was tossed and landed perfectly on it's side. Amazing, a tie! Thinking on my feet, I quickly made up a new rule; in the event of a tie; McMurphy, OUT!

I felt bad though, don't get me wrong, I'm not quite as heartless as I come off in these *Idiotorials*. Pretty damn close but I'm not as heartless.

I got good reason for not feeling too guilty about firing McMurphy though. I mean this is a guy who wears nothing but a loin cloth around his apartment. I know this is none of my business but to me that's just weird. This is a guy who's best pick up line is "If you have a boyfriend, I'll kill myself." Not exactly a charming individual.

I'm kind of surprised that a lot of these winos around here have lasted as long as they have and the only reason they have lasted this long is due to my own compassion...or stupidity, I haven't decided. But I had to make an example of somebody. I call it a *sacrificial firing*, a *friendly firing* if you will. This zine business is war and in wartime situations different rules of conduct apply. Sometimes you have to execute a couple of your own soldiers just to show the others what happens to deserters, traitors, or just the shiftless and lazy.

To be honest, there was no rational behind Muggsy being put on the chopping block as opposed to, say a Joey Germ or a Malcolm Tent, I was just in one of those "I'm going to fire the next sorry son of a bitch I see" moods when Mr.

Reglar Wiglar

McMurphy happened to traipse though the door with a sack full of White Castle sliders and the biggest tub of diet soda money can buy. He was 20 minutes late for the fifty kazillionth time in a row. I wasted no time.

"Clean out your desk, McMurphy."

He just snorted that little stoner laugh of his. He thinks he's so goddamn cute.

"There ain't no gettin' this desk clean," he said, nodding his head in the direction of the most unsightly and dirty, fly invested piece of office furniture in journalism. "Ain't no way."

"I said clean it *out* McMurphy, not clean it *up*. You're fired."

That snapped him out of his purple haze.

"Fired, man?"

"Yeah, McMurphy, *fired*. You're unemployed. good luck, elsewhere. You're done."

"Fired? Why man, what I do? I didn't do nuthin'."

"You're late for one thing."

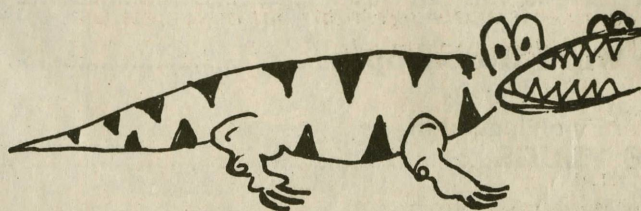
"Yeah, but I'm always late."

He had me on that one, but I had plenty of ammo.

"Well, you smell like Cheech and Chong for one thing, you write record reviews like Beavis and Butthead, you have absolutely no respect for your co-workers, who have absolutely no respect for you, themselves or each other. This is a sinking ship, McMurphy, and the rats are the first to go.

When McMurphy turned on the water works I gotta admit I got a little choked up myself, I'm a sucker for that shit, but once I had him physically removed from the premises by security, his sobs were barely audible.

I don't know, you'd think maybe that one of his so-called friends and allies here at the office would go to bat for him, stick up for the guy, come to his aid, make a plea on his behalf, but hell no, mums the word from these fickle bastards. They're just happy it's him and not them. They know there's nuthin' keepin' them from gettin the ax. I tell yah the whole thing makes me a little sick to my stomach. Where's that frickin' whiskey bottle. Shit! McMurphy, you son of a bitch!



LETTERS:

To: Chris
Thanx for another fabulous ish of "Reglar Wiglar".
Because of such wonderful 'zines as yours...I've
decided to continue my cartoonin career. You're doin' a
"splendid" job with your mag!

Respectfully,

T.R. Miller & Luhey

To: T.R.,

No problem, T.R. I'm glad to hear you've decided to
carry on and that the Reglar Wiglar was a part of that
decision. Don't let fickle fans get yah down. Believe me,
I know what it's like.

Yours,

Chris Auman

Subj: the superb big blond wig review
From: Snowy Records
To: Wiglar

What's the deal with this Jeff Cunningham guy? Why
even bother if you have nothing to say? And you as the
editor of this zine, to print this shit is a real
reflection on yourself.

Maybe it's all the same person doing all your reviews.
At least review the disc. Evidently you have the disc
'cause you got my address with the correct suite
number and everything. Come on Wiglar, get it
together. If you need some guest reviewer to do a last
minute review, I'll volunteer my services and at least
give the reader an honest opinion. Anything is better
than this asshole with phenylketonuria.

(Unsigned)

Dear Unsigned

Thank you for your letter postcard. It is people like
you who make what we do here at the Reglar Wiglar
worthwhile.

Although we can't reply to every letter individually,
this note is just to let you know that we appreciate
your comments and suggestions but hope next time
you'll keep them to yourself.

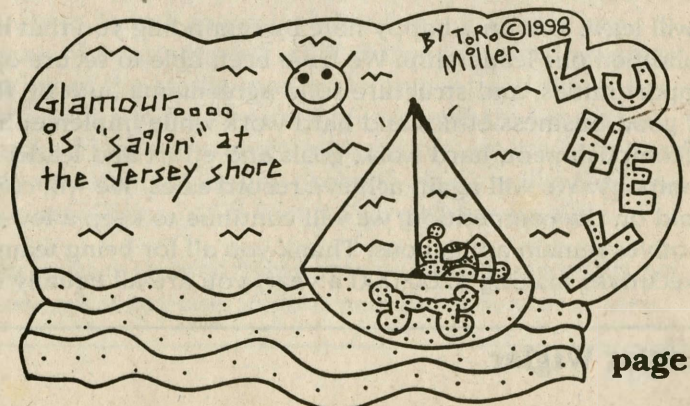
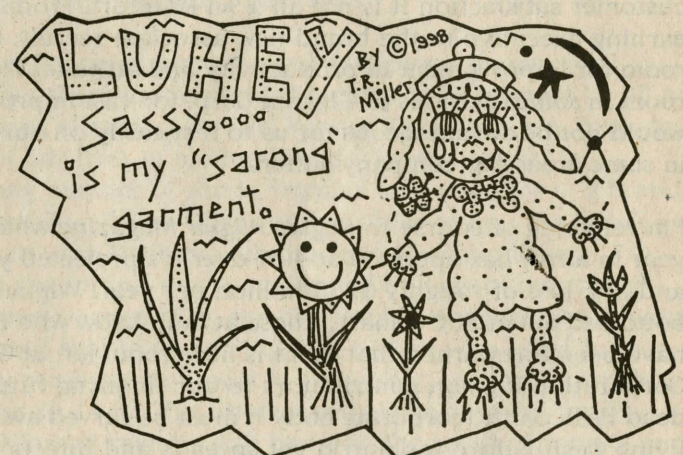
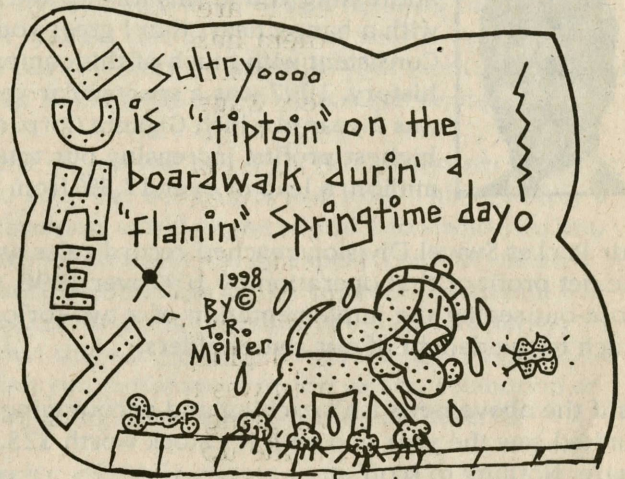
Sincerely,

Joey Germ
Reglar Wiglar Secretary
Reglar Wiglar

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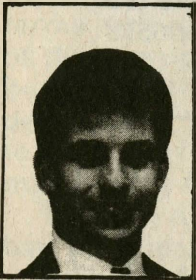
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Giganta Corporation • Pocket Swivel® • Hugantic Limited • Reglar Wiglar® Magazine

President's Message:



Greetings Associates of Giganta Corporation! It has been one year since I last had the pleasure of addressing you in this forum, and once again it is with a happy heart that I greet you this year. Consistent with much of this company's 28 year history, 1997 was a spectacular year for us. 1997 was a year in which Giganta Corp. achieved the highest profits, increasing our total sales to \$431 million, a leap of over 17.5% from the previous year.

Our Pocket Swivel Division reached record sales as well, increasing the net profit of that operation by 10% over 1996, with the year's close-out seeing the implementation of a two-for-one stock split, much to the delight of our shareholders.

As if the above news isn't exciting and encouraging enough, Hugantic Limited saw the year end with it's stock worth \$25.00 a share. Nothing to scoff at.

As Giganta Corporation leads the industry in production, profit and customer satisfaction it is not all a %110 effort. From the top earning executive to the brand new associate recruit, there is always room for improvement in productivity and attitude. There is even room in some divisions of Giganta Corp. for vast improvement. It would not be advantageous for us to rest easily on our laurels when in some areas our company suffers.

I'm referring of course to *Reglar Wiglar Magazine* which for the fifth year in a row has operated at 40% over it's projected yearly budget and at a loss of roughly \$235 million per year. Wiglar stock has bottomed out at 50¢ a share. Those at fault know who they are and have been forewarned that there is little room left at Giganta Corporation for non-contributors to our financial future. Like dead flesh on the corporate body it must be carved away from the living flesh before it's putrid rot spreads and infects the living reproducing tissue with it's rancid stench.

I will leave you on a happy note by reminding you that in 1997 we solidified our leadership. We have been able to secure optimum opportunities, and structure solid agreements built on firm foundations of dedication to ideals and a solid core of good business ethics and hard work while implementing ideas based on a strong base, structured tasks, accomplishment, hard work, goals and effort and leadership, etc. 1998 will be another banner year for our company. We will again achieve record sales. We will continue to dominate the market place and put a stranglehold on the competition, we will continue to keep a low-profile in the business community so that our actions and motives remain ambiguous. Thank you all for being team players, from the minimum wage earners to the executives making \$200,000 a year, you are all equally important. I value you your contributions to our cause.

LOSS PREVENTION

Sgt. Stan Stopplemeyer's Loss Prevention Tips of The Week

Have you ratted out a fellow employee this week?

You know darn well that your fellow employees are ripping off the bossman and taking a big old bite out of the hand that feeds you. You know what this does? This holds you back! So remember this little rhyme as you go through your work week;

This ain't jail and it ain't the mob
So rat on a buddy and keep your job

There's no such thing as an "accident".

Despite a popular and long-held belief that accidents can and will happen, quite the opposite is true. Accidents don't *just happen*, they are caused or *allowed* to happen. Through carelessness and indifference to proper safety procedures and attention to detail, we put ourselves and our fellow employees at risk. So unless you want us to do a little more "corporate down-sizing" in order to cover the enormous insurance premiums we pay because of you and your clumsy co-workers, remember, we don't *absorb loss* up here at the top, we pass it on too you.

So get up, you're not hurt!

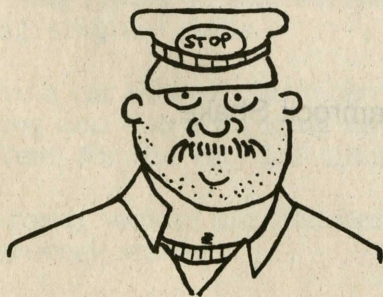
More of Sgt. Stan Stopplemeyer's Loss Prevention Tips

Watch your ass, hippy!

Anyone who thinks they can skate through life while high on illicit and dangerous drugs and bring that kind of degenerate lifestyle into the work place has definitely got another think coming when Sgt. Stan Stopplemeyer is on the beat. If I so much as suspect, whether it be by your sloppy appearance or your laid-back "hippy attitude" that you partake in such a reckless lifestyle, even on your own time, you will be on my list for potential drug offenders and I will take you down. That's not a threat, that's a promise.

Corner Cutters will be the first cut

Nothing burns me up more than an individual who thinks that he or she can go thru life cutting corners. You know who these people are. You might even be one yourself. You come in just minutes before your scheduled shift is to begin and punch the clock before you are even ready to work. Your name tag is not on or not on properly and neither is your apron. You waste time talking to co-workers while on the clock. You make numerous and lengthy trips to the bathroom. You are sloppy and pay no attention to detail. You make stupid mistakes with little or no regard for how it might affect your company. You take advantage of your fellow workers' and your employers' trust in you. You have no pride in what you do. *You burn me up buddy, and I got one eye peeled for yah!*



The Sgt. Stan Stopplemeyer character is a registered trademark of Giganta Corp.

HUMAN RESOURCES

When Being #1 Just Isn't Good Enough

As most of you should be aware, it is that time of year again when we go through our annual review process. The review process can be an exciting time for some employees and a time of nerve racking anticipation for others. It is exciting for those employees who have done their jobs to the best of their abilities, who have towed the line and done what their supervisors have asked of them and have done so with a smile and a polite 'Yes, Sir' (or in a few regional cases, 'Yes, Ma'am'). Whether you're an executive VP in charge of our Plastics Division or a Horticultural Hydro-Technician with a building full of office plants in your charge, this is the time of year to reflect upon your worth to our company, to appraise your work and to see if you've lived up to the goals set by your supervisors.

Of course, some of you will be let go. It is always necessary to trim the fat to keep the body sleek and lean. This is simply a reality of the business world. Some of you know who you are, others will have no idea and will be shocked and devastated when the ax falls. Even though we are number one in our respective markets and lead the industry in productivity, never forget that there is ALWAYS room for improvement. So remember, when your performance review comes, promotion or pink slip you're going to get exactly what you deserve.

CUSTOMER SERVICE

Keep Up the Human Barriers

This section is geared more toward employees in our retail divisions but there are important lessons to be learned by all of us concerning customer service. We are all consumers. Everyday as a part of our lives in modern society we can expect to purchase any number of goods, from an ice cream bar to a brand new automobile, we buy things and in order to buy the things we desire, we need to interact with our fellow human beings. Perhaps in the future, this sometimes alien encounter void of any true human connection, can be completely removed from our lives but until that time, coming face-to-face with other human beings in a retail environment is a necessary evil of our society.

We must deal with this unpleasantness as best we can. The sterile and forced relationship between the retail personnel and potential customer must be maintained at all costs. In theatrics, to break this barrier between yourself and your "audience" i.e. customer, is to "break character". Breaking character and stepping out of your adopted retail personae is detrimental to the fostering of the sterile retail environment and this is not a profitable position to find yourself in—remember—we are not here to make friends or connect with people, we are here to sell somebody something that they probably don't really need like one of our new Series 2,000 Pocket Swivels® for example.

The Presidents Message is published bi-annually by the Human Resources Dept. Any unsolicited comments or suggestions are unwelcomed and will be returned, unread.

Will The Real Lazlo Toth Please Stand Up?

OR

Can't We Just Leave Poor Old McDonald's Alone?

McDonald's Corporation
Customer Satisfaction Department
1 Krok Drive
Oak Brook, IL 60523
March 3, 1998

To Whom It May Concern,

Each year around this time, the dreary long winter has been brightened substantially by the advent of the McRib. This year, although the weather is no different, is markedly sadder and drabber because the tangy McRib has failed to rear its pickle-laden face.

I called today to inquire as to why my McRib lust has been forsaken and my concern was unsatisfactorily met with the explanation, "it is a promotional item released periodically." This is unacceptable.

I am annually faced with the quandary, "Why is the McRib not a permanent item on the menu?" But I am never able to reach a viable or logical answer. If my love for the pressed pork delicacy is not universal, then surely the sandwich deserves at least a yearly visit.

It is my humble opinion that the woes of an elongated Chicago winter are eased by the saucy and irreverent McRib. Please do not deny me any longer. Last year I ate one McRib per day for the duration of the promotion. I also co-wrote a jingle. If you need it to advertise your product, please let me know, I'm sure we could work something out.

McRib Now!

Sincerely,



David V. Reed

P.S. My co-workers apparently have similar concerns about the Shamrock Shake.

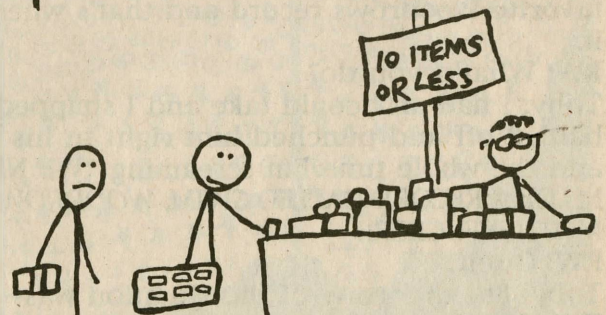
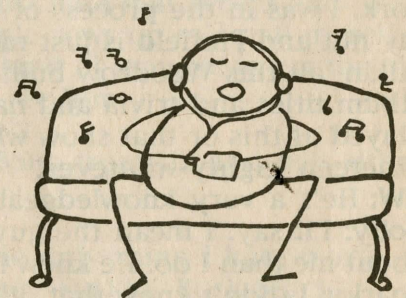
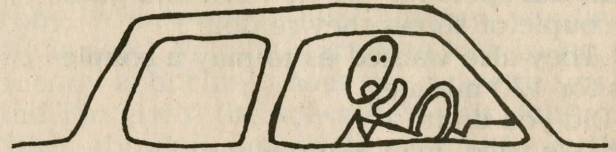
cc: Mayor McCheese
file

10 Things You Can Do In Public Guaranteed To Make Me Hate You

By Bastige Von Curr

Hey folks. The following is a tried and true list of things you can do in public that are guaranteed to earn you the hatred and contempt of your fellow citizens or at the very least, me. Omitted is the most obvious reason for me to hate you when you go out in public and that is; you going out in public. Yeesh!

- 1) Talk on a cell phone while driving a car.
- 2) Talk on a cell phone while standing in line at the bank.
- 3) Talk on a cell phone while standing in line at the Post Office.
- 4) Talk on a cell phone while standing in line at the grocery store.
- 5) Talk on a cell phone.
- 6) Pay with a check.
- 7) Lose patience after waiting in any public line for longer than two minute, sighing loudly and acting incredibly agitated while making eye contact with fellow line-standers, shaking your head as if to say "Can you believe we have to wait in line?"
- 8) While wearing headphones on the bus or train, rap or sing loudly so that everyone may admire your rapping/singing skills.
- 9) Drive a car through busy city streets as if the world is ending and you are racing home to embrace your loved ones for the very last time.
- 10) "Grossly violate the "ten items or less" rule at your local grocery store..



Just like we promised kids, Part II of the most in depth interview with the most prolific rock band in the world (we mean that when we say it).

Having witnessed the death of metal, punk, grunge, alternative and eagerly awaiting the death of punk, ska and electronica, this band has survived if only because of it's shameless ability to transform and mutate into any genre that will serve it's needs. You know who I'm talkin' about, ladies and gentlemen, The Fungi of Rock, The Cockroaches of the Apocalypse, The True Survivors...

The Woodrows

RW: Hey guys how're you doin'?
(silence)

Anyway, let's get right into the interview. I heard you guys just got done taping a segment for MTV? Is that true?

Ricky: Yeah, MTV wanted us to do some commercial spots for the network and guest VJ on a couple of shows they're doin'.

Erin: They also wanted us to play a couple songs for 120 minutes.

RW: Did you do it?

Toby: We tried, man. We really did.

RW: What happened?

Toby: We were hangin' out with Pinfield (MTV VJ, Mat Pinfield) in New York, you know, just doin' the club thing, doin' what you do in New York. I was in the process of getting twisted off my nut and Pinfield is just rambling on an on, talkin' all this Woodrow bullshit, spoutin' of album titles and trivia and naming the songs we played at this or that show when he saw us in nineteen eighty-whatever.

RW: He's a very knowledgeable guy.

Toby: I'll say. I mean the guy knows more about me than I do. He knew I had a kid named Sparky. I didn't know that. It's just too much information that I don't need to know, *and* he won't stop kissin' my ass. Then he goes and says that *Swim, Woodrow, Swim* is his all time favorite Woodrows record and that's when I lost it.

RW: What'd you do?

Toby: I had all I could take and I snapped. I hauled off and punched him right in his face and the whole time I'm screaming "WE NEVER MADE A RECORD CALLED SWIM, WOODROW, SWIM, MOTHERFUCKER!!"

RW: Ouch.

Toby: But the irony of the situation was—

RW: You did make a record called *Swim*,

Woodrow, Swim.

Toby: Yeah, we did

RW: It's my favorite record.

Toby: Thanks, man.

RW: So did that sour your relationship with Matt?

Toby: Oh, hell no, that guy loves us. He was honored. He kept sayin', "I can't believe Toby Woodrow just broke my nose! I can't believe Toby Woodrow just broke my nose!" I was like, "Anytime Matt", but he's cool.

• • • •

RW: It seems like you guys have been doing all you can to grab some of the national media spotlight. You guys trying to sell out or something? If so, it's about time don't you think? It is almost the end of the world you, know, time for a piece of the pie wouldn't you say?

Erin: We've always had at least a passing interest in selling out, but when you show up to a meeting with the biggest record company executives in the business and your drummer isn't wearing pants that kind of puts the kabosh on inkin' the deal know what I'm sayin'? This isn't the 70s and that shit doesn't fly with them anymore. These labels are looking for solid, dependable, business-savvy musicians that they can invest in.

Toby: I swear I left the hotel with pants. I know I got into the cab with pants on.

Erin: Well, whatever, anyway when your drummer shows up without pants and vomits in the fish tank in the lobby of a major label record conglomerate, you're kind of shooting yourself in the foot.

Toby: Oh, man that was not a red letter day for

Toby Woodrow, man. I was checking out all the cool tropical fish in this big tank that this Suit had in the lobby of his office and I don't know, I started thinkin' about these salmon croquettes I had with about two and a half bottles of Merlot the night before and, uhg, I lost it in the tank.

RW: Such behavior does not bode well with the label execs, huh?

Toby: I don't know why. I think the secretary thought it was cute. She started pukin' into her garbage can. I think she was tryin' to make e feel better and she didn't have to do that. Some people at those labels got class at least.

• • • •

RW: What' the deal with the new record, Woodrows 2,000? You said you'd never do techno...

Ricky: We said we'd never do a disco record either and we did.

RW: You did?

Erin: Yeah, we recorded a disco record and never released it.

RW: There are actually Woodrow albums that have been recorded that have not been released?

Ricky: Dozens.

RW: I don't believe it. You guys do a sound check and it gets released as a live album.

Ricky: Not always.

RW: Often enough. Are any of those recordings ever gonna see the light of day?

Erin: What are you kidding, that's a gold mine right there. We're gonna stretch that material out though, do a couple of box set releases here and there, over the next five, six years, you know, milk the livin' shit out it.

RW: At least you guys are honest about your intentions.

Erin: Hey, it's a win/win situation for us. We've made a career out of belittling our fans, taking them for granted and ripping them off and in return and in turn they've made us a little coin. So fuck 'em.

• • •

RW: There's quite an infamous story that's been in circulation for the past couple years about the time you allegedly hit Bono (singer for Irish rock band, U2) in the back of the head with a bread roll on an airplane.

Toby: Yeah.

RW: What's the truth behind that?

Toby: It's all bullshit.

RW: Really?

Ricky: It was a scone for one thing, wasn't it Toby?

RW: I thought you got arrested and everything. It was on the news.

Toby: Right, but the whole thing got distorted which is like, America's new favorite past time, distort the truth to fit their own twisted concept of reality.

RW: What actually happened?

Toby: Well, I was on this flight from LA to New York, nonstop flight, right? Usually I don't like to fly but technically I wasn't supposed to be outside of New York state lines until my court date for this thing that I had *allegedly* done there the previous summer and blah, blah blah, bottom line; had to fly.

RW: I'm followin' you.

Toby: So I'm on my fourth or fifth Bloody Mary and I'm feelin' groovy, you know? There was this Kevin Costner flick on the in-flight movie—might have been *Dances With Wolves*, brilliant picture.

RW: Really? You liked that movie?

Toby: What's not to like? Anyway, you know life is good, Vicodin startin' to kick in, no pain, nobody is bitchin' about the cigarette smoke and I'm givin' the stewardess this don't-even-think-about-fuckin-with-me-just-have-the-cops-waitin-at-the-airport look, then I hear this accent. This guy is talkin' in this, like, English accent you know, some tea bagger spoutin' off about this or that or what kind of tea to drink or...I just hate that accent and it's comin' from a couple rows up so I pull myself up in my seat and kind of struggle to get the old eyelids open and I see him.

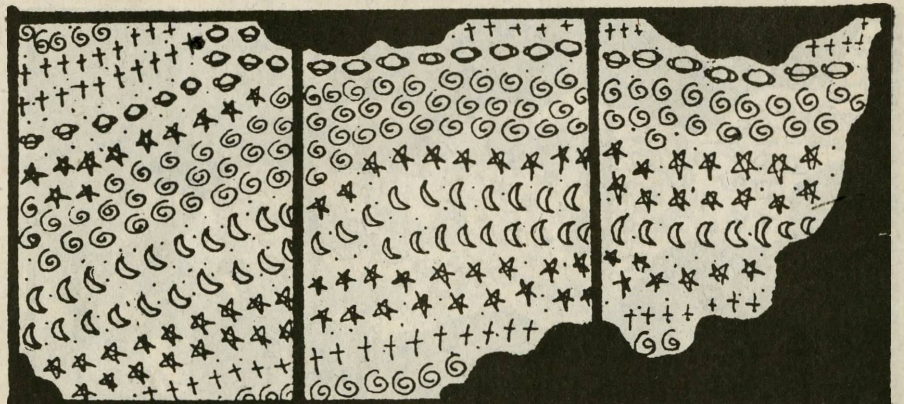
RW: Bono?

Toby: It's fuckin' Bono from U2 and he's sittin' three rows up.

RW: Wow.

Toby: Yeah, and the only thing I hate more than Limeys is Limey Fuckin' Rock Stars.

RW: He's Irish.



Toby: Whatever, I just grabbed a scone, you know what a scone is? Kind of a rock hard biscuit that the those Anglo fucks love to break their crooked teeth on. So, I just took this scone and fuckin' chucked it as hard as I could at back of Bono's head. I'm only like three rows back and....

RW: You nailed him

Toby: Really fuckin' hard too.

RW: It wasn't Bono was it?

Toby: It didn't even really look like him either. I saw him in court and I was like "Jesus! This guy looks more like Sonny Bono than Bono". He wasn't even English, some guy from Orange County, a lawyer no less. What the fuck was I on, right? Wheew. So, busted again; jail, lawsuit, etc., just another day in the life of Toby Woodrow. You know sometimes I just don't think before I do shit.

RW: It does seem like it.

Toby: And combine that with mixin' the drugs and the booze together...

RW: It's not good.

Toby: No, it's not. That's the one thing my doctor, my shrink and my lawyers are all in agreement on; "drugs and booze DO NOT mix!". "We can't stress that enough," they say. Fuckin' college boys. I wish it would have been Bono 'cause I really nailed that guy. I really wish it was Bono.

RW: I know you do, man, I know you do.

Toby: You understand?

RW: Of course I do.

Toby: Walk a mile in these moccasins, man, that's what I say...and try it sober.

RW: Not easy.

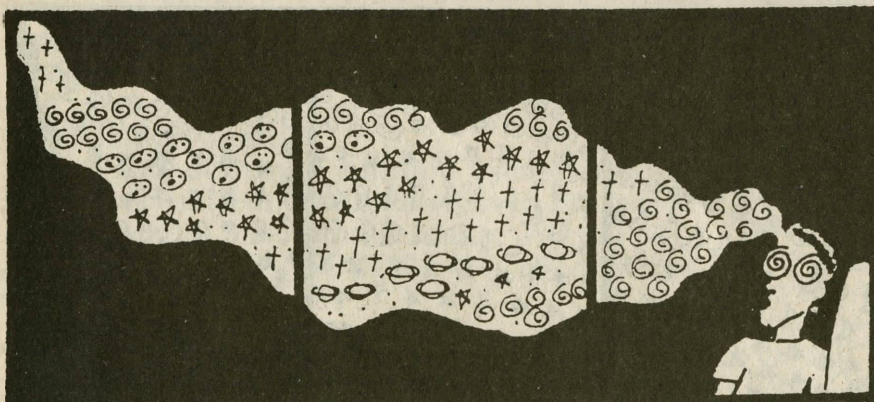
Toby: Forget about it, come on!

• • • •

RW: What do you think about the recent ska explosion?

Ricky: Been there done that.

Erin: Yeah, we've done ska a couple times in the past and it's always a good thing to go back to.



Reglar Wiglar

It's easy to knock out a couple ska records here and there, every couple years or so.

Marvy: We are so far ahead of our time as to be behind, you know? We'll probably do another ska record in the year 2,000, you know as a precursor to the next ska explosion in 2008. It's all cyclical and if it looks like were a couple years behind the times it's only cause were in actuality, eight to ten years ahead.

Toby: Don't say eight to ten.

• • • •

RW: How's fatherhood treating you guys?

Erin: Ask Marvy.

Marvy: Fatherhood fuckin' rules, man! Although I make it a point to never see any of my kids, ever.

RW: Really?

Marvy: It's for their own good, 'cause let me tell yah, I am one burnt cookie. I've been in the oven way too long, man, you know what I'm sayin'? I am no kind of role model for the kiddies.

RW: I wouldn't disagree with that at all.

Marvy: Huh?

RW: Yes.

Marvy: Right, ok.

RW: You were saying you're not a good role model.

Marvy: Right, ok, I know you can pull some psycho-babble on me and try to tell me that nothing can replace the bond that a father has with his kids but I'm serious, let's stop the cycle here. Like most of society, I really should have been prohibited from reproducing in the first place, but it is way too late for that now. Let's just end the madness now. You don't want Marvy Woodrow doing any parenting, believe me.

Erin: Many people in the judicial system have formed that opinion about Marvy and have even gone so far as to enforce sentences on him to back those opinions up.

Marvy: And I respect that.

RW: You're actually prohibited from reproducing in how many states, 48 is it?

Marvy: Actually it's 49 now. I made it to Alaska last summer and had some trouble up there, you know, same old drill.

RW: That seems kind of cruel and unusual punishment, maybe not in your case, but in general it seems like it would fall into the unconstitutional category.

Marvy: Well the ACLU did want to

appeal the sentence on my behalf. They were willing to all the work, provide the shysters and foot the bill but I was like "C'mon guys, you can't be fuckin' serious? I know ya'll are bleeding heart liberals and think there's good in all of us but spend 10 minutes in my company and rethink this thing". That money could be better spent on the drug legalization battle.

RW: Did they back off?

Marvy: Eventually. I had to play hardball and show them a couple of photos of my kids, that set 'em straight. I mean, I love my kids and all but some of 'em look like some mad scientist tinkered with my sperm, man, injected it with the frickin' ugly gene, man.

RW: What about the rest of you? What are your views on parenting?

Ricky: There are certain responsibilities that go along with being a parent, this is undeniable. It took me awhile to come around but my girlfriend has been really insistent that I make a go of it.

RW: She's trying to make a good father out of you?

Ricky: Really, really ridin' my ass hard, man. Jesus, but it's worth it you know. I finally got a lock put on the liquor cabinet. I lost the key and had to jimmy that fucker open with a crow bar one night a couple weeks ago but I'm gonna get another one and I'm gonna get one one the gun room and the medicine closet.

RW: Medicine closet?

Ricky: Yeah, man I take a lot of medicine, but it's all prescription though so it's cool, you know, its safe for kids and all.

RW: But still, what kind of message does that send to the young ones?

Ricky: That's exactly what my girlfriend and my mother-in-law always say, actually they usually yell that at me but they're on the rag 24-7 so what am I gonna do? Argue? Yeah, good luck with those broads.

RW: What about you Toby?

Toby: Let me be honest with you, I fuckin' hate being domesticated but I'm willing to compromise. I gave up

my apartment when I got married and several female acquaintances I had, just to make my wife happy. That's what sacrifice is about. That's something I did for my marriage that the threat of legal action only played a small, small part in. Most of it came from my desire to commit, but I've been married two years—cut me some slack. Let me go whorin' once in

awhile for god's sake I'm only human.

Ricky: That's why we tour like we do so we can get the fuck out of the house for a couple months or so. It gives you a chance to analyze things. If I gotta spend a couple days a month couped up in a house with kids and a wife I go crazy.

Toby: No shit.

• • • •

Erin: Getting back to the music. We're continually asked that question—

RW: What question?

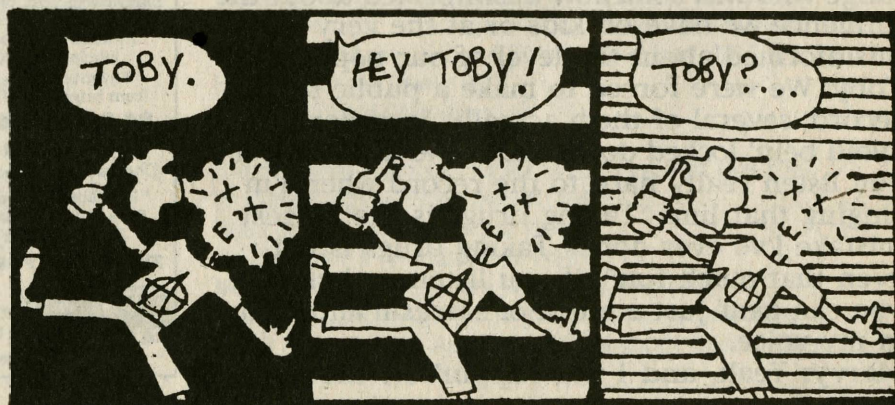
Erin: —and I'll say it again, we don't want to be confined to playing just one style of music, or genre, if you will. We tried to beat that punk, funk, metal, reggae tag along time ago and I think we've done it. We've tried our hand at rap and ska and even country with little or no success. Our attempts to cross into territory were unfamiliar with has usually resulted in half-assed, emotionless, empty replications of the original that still sell surprisingly well because most people are ignorant of the original and that has always been our biggest ally; ignorance.

RW: So from where do the Woodrows draw their creative energy from?

Erin: I've really been getting into a more natural lifestyle. I don't eat red meat or dairy products, I'm workin' on giving up fish but a tasty piece of breaded catfish is still a little too tempting. I'm off all forms of drugs. I only take herbal and homeopathic remedies. I meditate, I do a few yoga exercises and I haven't really had one good burst of creative energy in months.

RW: What about you Toby?

Toby: I find that I am most creatively potent—you know when the creative juices are flowing, my thoughts are lucid, my brain in whirling with creative energy—is when I'm really, really fucked up. That's when I can come up with a whole albums worth of material. That's



how I wrote all the material for the *Drunk* album and the *Dead Drunk* record and *Dead Drunk & Naked* and *Dead Drunk Naked & Free*, the list goes on but I think Erin is really the most prolific Woodrow. He certainly has the most eclectic tastes of the three of us he's really the renaissance Woodrow.

Erin: Yeah I've been accused of being slightly schizophrenic. I write love songs, hate songs, you name it. I might write a song that might glorify a pro-Nazi ethic and turn around the next night and do a song that is very sympathetic to the plight of the Jews. I can't be contained, but like I said, the creative well seems to have temporarily run dry. We'll be lucky if we get another record out by the end of the week and it's only Wednesday.

• • • •

RW: Scott Weiland (former Stone Temple Pilot vocalist) is drinking milk now. Has he recovered?

Toby: Recovered. I hate that word. It makes it sound like he lost control to drugs or something. It's not right. I hate it when drugs are vilified and slandered in the press. It breaks my heart.

Marvy: Weiland that fucking pussy, no I'm just kidding, I'm proud of him (makes masturbatory gesture).

Toby: You know, I'll be honest with you, it makes me sick when someone turns their back on drugs after all it's done for rock. You know? And if I wasn't so wasted right now it would make me want to get wasted.

RW: You don't seem wasted.

Toby: Oh believe me Joey, I am. I'm just good at hiding it. You forget, I gotta report to some judge or probate officer or cop almost every half-hour of every goddamn day.

RW: You guys have made anti-drug endorsements though.

Erin: You're talking about the *Just Say No to Drugs Like We Should Have* record. Well, it was a plea bargain, it was a deal we made with the judge who was somehow misinformed about the influence we have on kids or at the very least, misinformed about the level of our popularity.

Toby: We were forced to make a public service record, several of them actually, in order to avoid bein' locked down and so we did it. But if you listen really hard to the record when I'm singing that line "Taking drugs is the biggest mistake I've ever done/ Taking drugs is not even that much fun", if you listen real close, you can hear just a touch of sarcasm and irony in my voice.

Marvy: Yeah, and I was flippin' off the

microphone the whole time, but you can't hear it on the record.

Ricky: There was also the *Crime Doesn't Pay* record after the pharmacy robbery that we allegedly took part in.

RW: You guys were caught red handed!

Ricky: *Allegedly* caught red handed. That's an important distinction according to our legal staff.

Toby: Where do you get a prescription of Percodan filled at 8:55 A.M. in rural Iowa, huh? I mean, I'm not saying we did it but if we were in a position where we needed a prescription filled and the stores were closed and wouldn't be opening for several minutes, I wouldn't blame us for *allegedly* doing something that could potentially, under certain circumstances, threaten our health and well being or at the very least, our level of comfort.

RW: You wouldn't have a choice.

Toby: That's what were gonna pitch to the judge.

• • • •

RW: Erin you've quit the band 47 times in 15 years, will there ever be a time when you really mean it?

Erin: Oh, I always really mean it, but once I'm out, I quit and I'm done with music forever, I get home and stay there for a couple days, drink beer, get caught up on my soaps, then I realize; Wow! I have absolutely nothing going for me; no education, no training, no skills and no real talent, I gotta get back into the music business where I'm appreciated.

RW: And we do appreciate you, all of you. Thanks again for your time, you guys really help *The Reglar Wiglar* sell copies. Keep on rockin'.

Toby: Whatever, man.

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THE WOODROWS (A Selected Discography)

- Run, Woodrow, Run (Rooster Cow) 1980
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Snake In the Grass (Rooster Cow) 1980
Ganja Stomp (Rooster Cow) 1980
Tar Eater (Woodrow Hill) 1980
Beer, Brats & Broads (Woodrow Hill) 1981
Drunk (Woodrow Hill) 1981
Burn The Fucker Down (Live) (Rooster Cow) 1981
Goin' East (Woodrow Hill) 1981
Acid Days (Woodrow Hill) 1981
Naked (Woodrow Hill) 1981
Last Chance For The Last Chance (Live at the Last Chance) (Woodrow Hill) 1981
Punk's Not Dead (It Was Just in Rehab) (Woodrow Hill) 1981
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Grab Ass: The Ballads (Rooster Cow) 1982
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Stoned to the Bone (Woodrow Hill) 1982
Drunk Tank (Woodrow Hill) 1982
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Scroggin' (Woodrow Hill) 1983
The Metal Years (Metali-Sized) 1983
Terry's Got A Boner (Woodrow Hill) 1984
Beer, Brats & Broads III (Woodrow Hill) 1984
Did The Crime, Fuck The Time (Woodrow Hill) 1984
"Crime Doesn't Pay" Public Service Announcement (State of Wisconsin Correctional Facility Recordings) 1984
"Underage Drinking Is Against The Law and You Will Be Prosecuted" PSA (State of Wisconsin Correctional Facility Recordings) 1984
"Just Say No To Drugs (Like We Should Have)" PSA (State of Wisconsin Correctional Facility Recordings) 1984
Drunk, Broke, Naked & Free (Rooster Cow) 1984
Stick Fight (Woodrow Hill) 1984
Dead Drunk & Naked (Woodrow Hill) 1985
Sellin' Out Ain't Easy (Woodrow Hill) 1985
We're Not As Think As You Stoned We Are (Rooster Cow) 1985
We Don't Have a Drinking Problem. We Drink, We Get Drunk, We Fall Down. No Problem. (Rooster Cow) 1985
Cat In A Bag (Woodrow Hill) 1985
Jail Sucks (Woodrow Hill) 1985
The Woodrows, MotherScratcher (Live) (Really Rad) 1985
Heavy On The Funk (Furball Records) 1986
Dead On Funk (Furball Records) 1986
Ain't Funkin' Around (Furball Records) 1986
Funk It Up (Furball Records) 1986
Fuck Funk. Funk Sucks (Woodrow Hill) 1987
The Woodrows Greatest Hits Vol. I (Woodrow Hill) 1987
The Woodrows Greatest Hits Vol. II (Woodrow Hill) 1988
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Raised On Ritalin (RoosterCow) 1987
Get Us Out Of Jail Free (Rooster Cow) 1987
We Need Money (Rooster Cow) 1987
Probation Schmobation (Woodrow Hill) 1987
We've Come For Your Pets (Woodrow Hill) 1987
Rök All Knyte (Metali-Sized) 1997
We've Fallen... And We Can't Get Up (Woodrow Hill) 1988
Christ Is Lord (Woodrow Hill) 1988
Church of The Woodrows (Woodrow Hill) 1989
Devil Music and Cheap Gin (Woodrow Hill) 1989
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Blow Us (Woodrow Hill) 1990
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Color Me Horny (Really Rad) 1991
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Grin and Bare It. (Woodrow Hill) 1993
Everything's All right/Rock Tonight 7" (Woodrow Hill) 1992
Jail Ain't Shit (Woodrow Hill) 1993
Ska Ska Ska! (Ska Records) 1993
Skatin' Skank and Ska (Ska Records) 1993
Rude Dude (Ska Records) 1993
Ska Is Our Business...And Business is Good (Ska Records) 1993
The Almighty Ska. (Ska Records) 1993
Fuck Ska! Ska Sucks (Woodrow Hill) 1993
You Might Think We're Crazy (But All We Want Is You) (Woodrow Hill) 1993
Meatloaf on the Brain (Woodrow Hill) 1994
You Got My Pants, Man? (Woodrow Hill) 1994
Drunk If We Do Drunk If We Don't (Woodrow Hill) 1994
Misdemeanor This (Really Rad) 1994
Cops Suck (Rooster Cow) 1994
Hangover Helpers (Rooster Cow) 1994
I Voted For Clinton/Fuck The G.O.P. Split 7" w/MotherScratcher (Woodrow Hill) 1994
Lights Out (Live '95) (Woodrow Hill) 1995
Fried Bologna **Box Set** (Woodrow Hill) 1995
Drunk as Shit **Box Set** (Woodrow Hill) 1995
Super Atomic Pelvic Thrusters **Box Set** (Woodrow Hill) 1995
Ganja Stomp: The Early Years **Box Set** (RoosterCow) 1995
This Ones For G.G. Woodrow Hill) 1995
Grunge's Not Dead (It Was Just In Rehab) (Woodrow Hill) 1995
The Woodrows: Anthology I (Woodrow Hill) 1990
The Woodrows: Anthology II (Woodrow Hill) 1990
The Woodrows: Anthology III (Woodrow Hill) 1991
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The Woodrows: Anthology IIIIIIIII (Woodrow Hill) 1994
The Woodrows: Anthology IIIIIIIIII (Woodrow Hill) 1994
Leave It To Marvy To Eat A Beaver (Woodrow Hill) 1996
Ripped (RoosterCow) 1996
Courtesy Patrol (Woodrow Hill) 1997
In the Bag (Woodrow Hill) 1997
Sweet Sweet Redneck Hillbilly Music (RoosterCow) 1997
Woodrows 2,000 (Woodrow Hill) 1997
Road Loadin' I (Woodrow Hill) 1997
Road Loadin' II (Woodrow Hill) 1997
Mamma Weren't No Whore (Woodrow Hill) 1998
Woodrow Dance Party Fever 1 Remixes (Globule) 1998
Count Down To The Apocalypse (Everybody Dance) (Globule) '98
Do The Woodrow (Globule) 1998



THE GOBLINS



Writer's who resort to dictionary definitions in order to jump start their work are often accused of sloth and slackery and rightly so. Having said that, Webster's defines a goblin as an "ugly grotesque sprite that is mischievous and sometimes evil and malicious". Perhaps that's what the scholars believe and they may be right but we here at the Reglar Wiglar found another sort of goblin; The Goblins.

The Goblins we love are known more for their merry prankstering, their prolific recording career, their notorious feuding with rival rock factions and a propensity for rock than for being ugly sprites (partly because they wear masks in public)

These Goblin's have littered the local and national music scene with their oft times brilliant, sometimes controversial, rarely dull and always humorous, on and off stage antics. The enigma that is the Goblin's continues to perplex and pique the curiosity of the record buying public. What are the origins, or perhaps more importantly, what are the intentions of this post nostalgic/progressive/retro/garage/punk post rock band of the new millennium? P.C. Jones was able to get some answers which only succeeded in adding fuel to the fire thereby muddying the waters and clouding the real issues and avoiding the question a hand; what are the fun loving Goblins up to and why?

Note: The Goblins declined (refused) to be identified individually for this interview. Some members may or may not have even been present during this interview but they have asked (demanded) that the details not be exposed. As a courtesy to them and out of respect for their "art" and their high-powered attorneys, we agreed. All interview questions are considered answered collectively by the band.

Reglar Wiglar: How did the fun-loving Goblins come to be? We're you friends before you played rock together or were you assembled like the Spice Girls, or the Monkees?

Goblins: First of all, we are not convinced that the official stories associated with the Monkees being "put together" by casting agents is necessarily the gospel truth. Their natural chemistry seems a little too convincing for them to have been quite as "pre-fab" as we have been led to believe. We've all seen (television shows) *California Dreams*, *The Heights* and *The New Monkees*, so we know what "Hollywood" thinks "Rock 'n'Roll" "Groups" are supposed to be "about".

RW: Don't sprain your fingers, now.

Goblins: Let's just say that at the time of the Monkee's reign, a certain English quartet, named after a Nazi compact car, wielded a lot of power in the industry and it was in their interest to keep the more talented Monkees down, even if that meant propagating falsehoods. And don't get me started on the Spice Girls. That first album is the best freakin' record since *Jobriath*. As far as our history, we've been under the impression that we went through several members and paid some dues before settling into the present day "successful line-up". However, our management recently informed us that the current foursome has been good friends and in a band together since infancy, as will be made evident in the upcoming *Goblin Babies®* project.

RW: Wow, I can't wait for that.

Goblins: Also, we've been further informed that we all spoke in 1940's Brooklynesque street

urchin speech patterns and we played joyful bubblegum pop. We also had a rival in the neighborhood bully and his gang's band and we had a cute snickering puppy. We're actually lobbying for a youthful version of our mascot, Mr. Beef, as our pet, to be called Baby Veal.

RW: That's cute. When you guys aren't rockin' together what do you do? Do you hang out?

Goblins: When we aren't rockin'?

• • • •

RW: How have you dealt with the inner Goblin turmoil that I've read about in the tabloids?

Have you tried therapy?

Goblins: We were in band therapy for six months in 1997 and it was one of the worst experiences in our career. First of all, the beautiful therapist in her tight skirt, frilly blouse and oversized glasses balanced seductively on her nose with her long tousled hair and suggestive biting of her pencil, proved too distracting for any real progress to be made. Within a few months of starting the sessions, all of us—except Buh—had slept with her, unbeknownst to the others, and soon jealously began ripping the band apart. The weirdest part is that I've spoken to several groups who've gone through band therapy and they all have the same story. Bottom line, if you have inner demons or festering internal turmoil or secret disdain and hate for those around you, it's probably best to repress it and just keep it bottled up.

RW: I would agree with that. What's on the horizon for the Goblins? What are your plans for the future in these uncertain times?

Goblins: We plan on entering politics. The Pumpkin Party will succeed where the Whigs and Federalists failed. 14 or fight.

• • • •

RW: How have you found dealing with the music industry? Do you think you've been treated fairly and with the respect you deserve?

Goblins: Though we've been met with nothing but venom, lies, disdain and indifference from the mainstream music "insiders" we really have nothing bad to say about them. It's the fans who have stood by us through thick and thin, buying our records and cheering at our shows that have really disappointed us. Just joshing, we love everybody; the fans, the press, the A&R people, the petty reviewers, the jealous feuding bands, the backstabbing managers and the bound-to-burn-in-hell label accountants. We

try to keep a positive attitude about everything.

RW: How is dealing with the fame and money that inevitably follows the simple act of forming a band?

Goblins: All the money goes back into the show. Cow suits, robot drummers, cloning chambers and gay Jazz dancers don't come cheap. As for the fame, ask Bruno, Coco and LeRoi, 'cause "Fame" ain't nothing but a delightful Alan Parker motion picture to us. We're just as 'down' as ever!

• • • •

RW: Have the Goblins been able to accomplish what you've set out to do so far?

Goblins: Well, we've been fortunate enough in this business to have the opportunity to live our dreams. We dreamed a Unabomber Rock Opera (*The Una-Suite*) and we made it happen. We dreamed a robot monkey drummer (Chimp-O-2000) and we brought that dream to life, we dreamed a mime musical (*The Goblins Present "Goblin Pride"*) and we made that dream a reality. We dreamed a holiday special for Jewish children as uplifting as anything Bob Hope does for Gentiles (*Ha Ha Hanukkah*) and we put that dream to video.

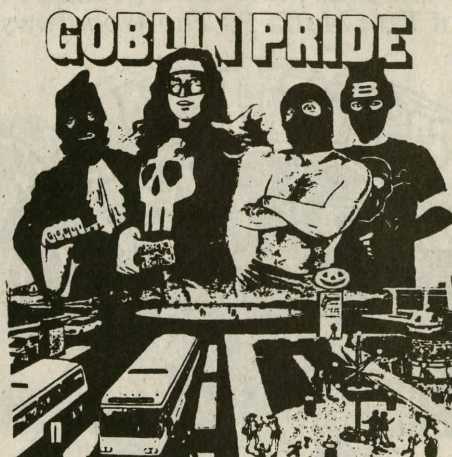
RW: That's remarkable.

Goblins: Also we have pushed the fans and they've pushed back remarkably and heartily.

Goblin vs. Goblin, our double 7" solo record (each Goblin had a side to do a solo project. Fans then voted for their favorite side thus determining the new leader of the Goblins-ed) was a big success with Dom Nation recently winning the title, and our Austrian David Hasselhoff tribute opened a lot of overseas doors as well.

RW: Awesome.

Goblins: We've said it before, and I don't mind sounding like a broken record when you guys are helping us break records...Goblin fans are



the best fans in the whole wide freakin' world!
Thanks everyone for the support.

RW: Goblin fans are some of the most rabid fans I've ever come across.

• • • •

RW: Since this issue is sort of an unofficial Woodrows Special, whatever that means, I've been told to ask you what is your all-time favorite Woodrow Record and why is it special to you?

Goblins: Though the music on it is not much to speak of, we've always thought that the one where they were all in black-face (*This One's For Jolson* RoosterCow 1985) on the cover and did covers of all those racist, 1930s country songs was pretty ballsy.

RW: It was pretty ballsy but you know I asked the Woodrows about that record and only Ricky Woodrow even remembered it being made and he said he was sure it was done as social satire and to make a political statement, but that line often follows any question where there may be legal consequences as a result of the answer.

• • • •

RW: Do you have any horror stories or funny anecdotes about the Woodrows on tour?

Goblins: Look, we played a few shows with them, I wouldn't call it a tour. They never watched our set, not even once, they borrowed an amp and got semen on it, we let them keep it

RW: The amp?

Goblins: They kept snapping wet towels at Buh Zombie in the dressing room...and I didn't want to know what they were wet with! Buh is the biggest record collector in the band, he has everything in plastic, in a temperature controlled room and cross-referenced on his computer. But when we got home from that tour, he took every Woodrow record he had, even the banned, white label promo, cover version of *Eata Muffa Pi: The Woodrows*

Konquer Kampus and he gouged "We are A-holes" into the vinyl, drew penises and moustaches on them on the cover, slipped little notes into the sleeves with the Woodrows home number saying "Zeus is A Sissy" and then left them at the Greektown Salvation Army.

RW: Buh Zombie did that? Are you fuckin' kidding me? Somebody must have scooped 'em up out of there 'cause they were selling at Reckless Records for 75 bucks a piece a couple years back. The Woodrows even endorsed it. I think they thought they did it themselves as sort of a promotional move. They got a lot of mileage out of those covers not to mention a few extra bucks. You might not want to relay that information back to Buh, he sounds kind of high-strung.

• • • •

RW: Did the Woodrows pull any pranks on the Goblins of vice versa?

Goblins: Well, it's not too funny, but those guys thought it was hilarious, so I guess you could call it a prank. See, Johnny Puleo, one of our road crew, is a dwarf, which is why we bring him on small tours when we only have the station wagon. He fits in the back with the amps and watches out for cops since the rear window is blocked.

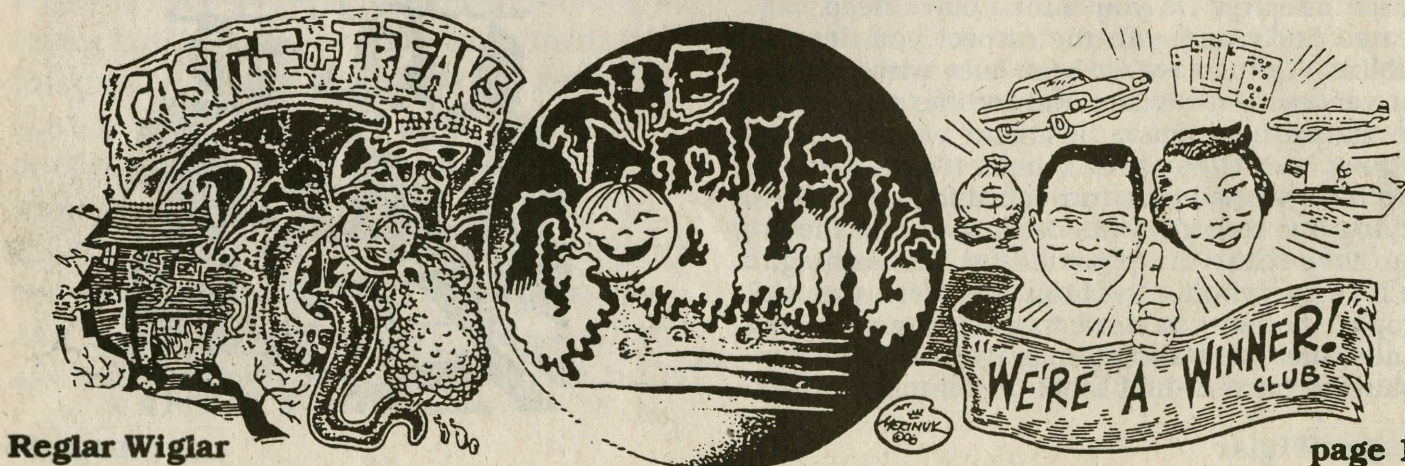
RW: Clever.

Goblins: Well Johnny P. likes to hit the bottle after a show, so what happened was, The Woodrows switched his Chianti with grain alcohol, so that he just totally passed out, I mean passed out cold! So those guys dragged Johnny back to their room, like I said, this isn't really funny...they gang raped him.

RW: No!

RC: Now that's an aspect of the Rock'n'roll lifestyle The Goblins never got into, but when we told Johnny later he thought it was funny too, so no charges were pressed. He's actually worked a couple of tours for them since then.

RW: That's crazy.



• • • •

RW: You've recorded with the Woodrows at their home studio in Antigo, Wisconsin, what was that experience like?

Goblins: Well, that's actually a funny story. One of the great advantages of being a masked band is that if someone's late for a show or can't make a video shoot, you can just put someone in the spare mask and go about your business like nothing's wrong. This was a case where we took that to an extreme. See, little Johnny P. had been spending a lot of time in Antigo. The Woodrows would invite him up for a party and he'd stay for weeks—he really grew attached to those boys after awhile. Anyhow he was begging us to come up and record but of course Buh wouldn't even consider it. Well, at the same time, Creeper had some distant cousins who had a band and a common Aunt they shared kept telling them to ask their "successful" cousin in the business for help, and after avoiding their calls for months, he put two and two together and just slapped masks on that band and sent them up to Cheesehead land. They didn't sound like the Goblins, they didn't play the same instruments and they didn't even have the same amount of members in their band, but the Woodrows never saw our set anyway so we figured they wouldn't notice.

RW: Brilliant.

Goblins: We thought Johnny would be a good sport and go along with it when he noticed it was a gag, but Creeper's cousin said he never came downstairs the whole weekend. Actually one of them said that he passed the Woodrows' "bed chambers" when he went to the bathroom late one night and he thought he saw an ugly little fat girl in a Green Bay Packers cheerleader outfit with a fake moustache sleeping in a doggy bed, so we think that might have been Johnny P.. Anyhow, there's a funny twist to this story, because the tape they made that weekend was eventually picked up and released by a major label as is. And the name of

that group is...

RW: Who? Who?

Goblins: Ben Folds Five.

• • • •

RW: What did the Woodrows think when you played the song "(The Police Are) Just Doing Their Jobs"? I wouldn't think that they'd be too receptive to that kind of pro-police philosophy.

Goblins: Yeah, well Ricky said he'd heard our album and liked it but he might have been BSing because he never mentioned that song and Erin said he thought we sounded like fags, but he has a girl's name anyway (or maybe he's a girl, I couldn't tell) and I'm pretty sure the other guys never even knew who we were.

However, on a related note, we played a show with the Woodrows in Hartford, Connecticut and there the local cops see our song as kind of an anthem, so they came out *en masse*. During The Woodrows set Toby tried to throw a bottle at a table of cops but he missed and hit a TV camera that ESPN was using to shoot footage of The Woodrows to use as the theme music for their "Strongest Man In The World" program, and needless to say they blew that cash cow.

RW: That's pretty much the story of their career.

Goblins: But as far as if we care what they think about us, we can't let critics and negative people get us down. We're just doing *our* jobs, and when you're a Goblin that's what it's all about.

• • • •

This interview wouldn't have been possible with out the help of Jake Austin, the Goblins manager. His ability to appease egos and smooth out conflicts and, in general, "get things done" was indispensable.

THE GOBLINS

BEAU GRUMPUS - DRUMS

DOM NATION - BASS

BUH ZOMBIE - GUITAR

PHANTOM CREEPER - VOCALS



Reglar Wiglar



ARTIST: JOHN BATTLES



THE GOBLINS DISCOGRAPHY:

Rocktoberfest compilation 7" (Rocktober) "Nuthäus" 1994

Live at the Fireside Bowl split 7" w/ The Hideaways

(Rocktober) "Cornsurfing", "Roadkill" 1995

A Taste of Punk'n compilation flexi (Rocktober) "It's Halloween" 1995

Summer zine tape compilation "Dance of the Dead" 1995

No Fate World Hard Core Compilation CD (H.G.

Fact/Japan) "Digging For Oilsters" 1995

Music of Change/EI Presidenté compilation CD (Simon Seng) "Unabomber" 1996

Mischief Nights 8-track (Underdog) 1996

100 Watts compilation CD (Atavistic/Pure Hype) "Creature Feature" 1996

Marooned compilation CD (Grouse) "Devil Pie/Wötan" 1996

Giant Robot Rock'n'roll 7" EP (Won't Go Flat) 1996

"Delilah's Theme" w/ "Smokin' Dick" flexi (Rocktober) 1996

When I'm Hungry I Eat compilation CD (Gourmandizer) "Devil Pie" (attributed to Ye Golbins) 1996

Goblin vs. Goblin double 7" (Mind of a Child)

Goblin Pride CD (Truckstop/Atavistic)

Nightrockers EP (Pure Vinyl/ Belgium PV) 1997

Summer in the Hood 7" EP (Won't Go Flat) 1997

The Fattest Beach compilation 7" (Fat Beach Tire) "Mr. Beef" (Live WNUR) 1997

Ha Ha Hanukkah Comedy/Variety Special Original

Soundtrack cassette (Shrimper) 1997

This Was a Stupid Idea compilation 7" (A.R.S./Canada)

"Worst Brother Ever" (attributed to Goblins USA) 1998

La Caguruta Sonica compilation LP w/3D cover (Discos Alehop!/Spain) "Running with the Bulls" 1998

The Goblin Tapes microcassette (Emperor Penguin/Antarctica EMP) 1998

Demo-lennium cassette (Mom's Deck) 1998

Kausing a Kommotion Madonna tribute compilation (Inverse Suggestion/Nihilist) "Lucky Star" 1998

Tombstone Park compilation (Re-animator) "Murder", "Running with the Bulls" 1998

W-A-N-T-L-I-S-T one sided 7" (Trixie) "W-A-N-T-L-I-S-T" 1998

Goblin's PSAs CD (Truckstop/OIV) 1998

Millennium CD (Truckstop/Atavistic) release date September 29, 1998

SIDE PROJECT AND APPEARANCES:

The Phantom Creepers "play their REAL AUTHENTIC HIT: SPACE DEVIL" (TPC) 1992 Phantom Creeper drums, vocals

The Hideaways "Race Against Time" demo 1996 *Phantom Creeper*, co-producer w/Gary Burger

The Chamber Strings "Gospel Morning" CD (ISM) 1997
Artistic sleeve photography by Beau Grumpus

GOBLIN VIDEO:

The Goblins and Friends! (GVI Video) 1996

The Goblins Ha Ha Hanukkah Comedy/Variety Special (GVI Video) 1996

Instore (Gorilla video) 1997

UPCOMING IN 1998/99:

Goblin Pride 10" (Mind of a Child)

Ye Goblin's Sex Shoppe 9" (Mind of a Child)

One Eye Open-Masked Bands Salute Sammy Davis, Jr. (Israphone US) "My Mother the Car"

Reglar Wiglar

It's a Monks Monks World monks tribute compilation

(Munster/Spain) "Oh How To Do Now"

Galactic Zoo Dossier zine tape compilation "Girl Feast"

Four Seasons of Goblins CD

SubGOBLINS 7" (My Pal God)

Goblins Comics and Stories comic book and record set

Kiss Hell Kiss homage 8" compilation (Kiss Hell)

I Get Sold Out Chumbawumba tribute compilation (Thumpy)

"Ito Eats" (Zombie/Creeper track)

Goblin International Border War reel-to-reel (Tosk) w/ Thee Goblins from Canada

Also upcoming, tracks on a Born Against tribute ("My Favorite Housing Project"), a ska compilation (*Skanalingus*-Hooked on *Skanics*), and a Pist tribute ("Nobody Home") (Zombie solo)

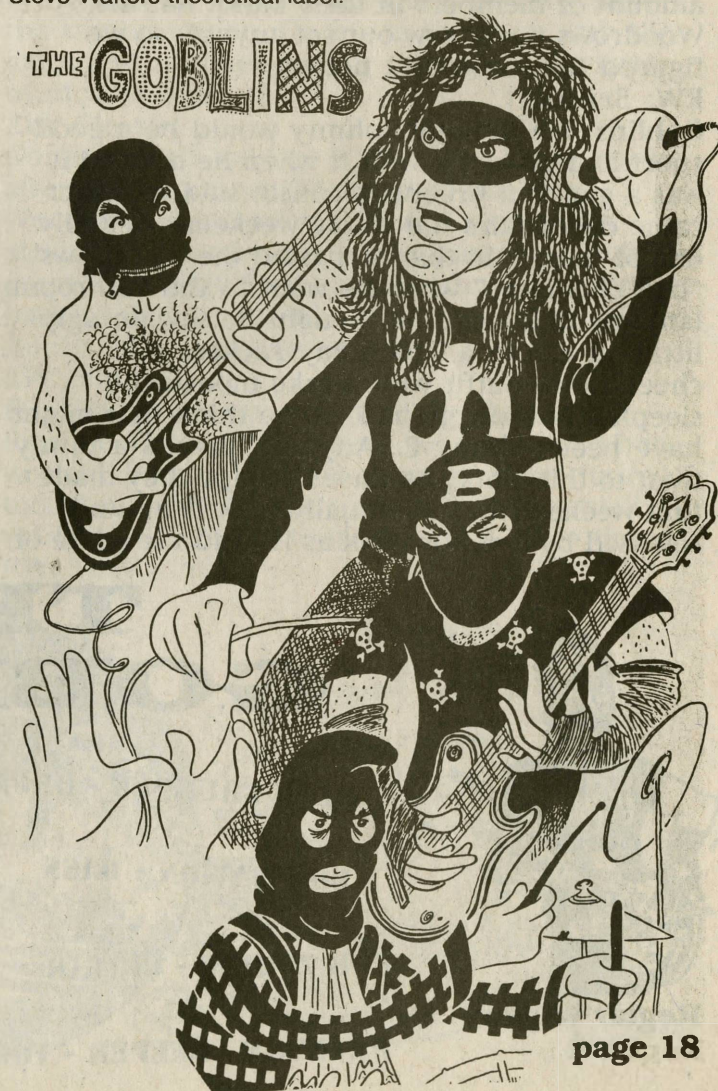
GOBLINS DUBIOUS DISCOGRAPHY:

The Goblins (Lottery) The Goblins were one of the bands that played for Thax Douglass' Lottery Records showcase when he perpetrated the story to the media that he was starting an indie label on the money his family won in the Irish lottery.

"**The Mo' Money Remixes**" (Thin Herd) 7 track Japanese remix record of post-garage rock reviewed in the *Steve Albini Thinks We Suck* zine. If this exists, the Goblin's have never seen it!

Midnight Creature Double Feature on Belgian compilation (Demolition Derby) listed in *MRR* discography. Never happened.

Cold Winter Night (Close Before Striking) Live cassette on Steve Walters theoretical label.



WOODROW COMICS #1 + #2



OH, YES YOU ARE!

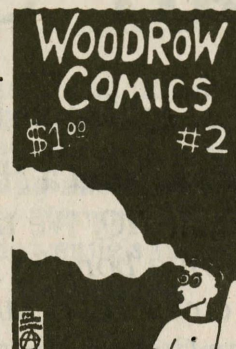
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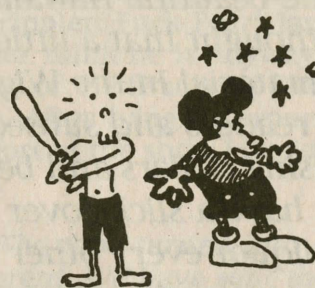
AVAILABLE AT CHICAGO COMICS

Woodrows rule! Rather than spend 10 bucks on a record by a band that sucks, send one for a comic about a band that rules. They rule!-Rocktober

This mini looks like it was drawn on a napkin in a bar late one Saturday night and printed at Kinko's on the way home, but it's pretty darn funny. I dunno- sometimes good things come in small packages-Terry LeBan, CUD



What a silly, obnoxious little publication. I, a parently Rocktober and Terry LeBan were not completely baffled by this like I was. They must have a much higher tolerance for crap than I do because I hate it-Bevvy Messeritsky, Lumpen



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HOPELESS RECORDS

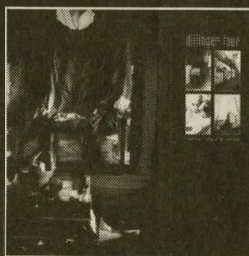
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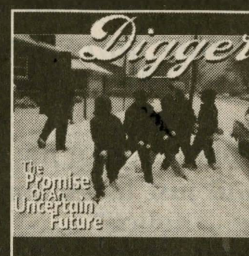
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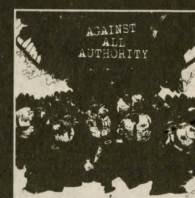
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Reglar Wiglar

page 19

The Pearl Scam!

by Travis Fickle

We thought we had a chance at a break here at Wiglar HQ. We thought we were being thrown a bone in the form of a chance to cover Pearl Jams' tour opening show at the Cultural Arts Center in Kahului on the beautiful Hawaiian island of Maui. We thought that a little more mainstream material in the Wiglar might attract more readers and subsequently more advertising dollars and before you know it we'd have a slick cover and full page ads for liquor every other turn.

As luck would have it, when you cast your lot with degenerates and deadbeats you reap a bitter, bitter harvest. Such is our fate. At any rate, for the sake of filling up space, here's what we could salvage from Island Correspondent, Travis Fickle's otherwise worthless account of the Pearl Jam show. Mahalo, ya'll.

The phone woke me up at 3 PM. I like to pick it up and just listen sometimes. I heard a familiar voice, "Hello?"

It was Muggsy. Shit.

"Listen man!" I screamed into the receiver. "The last time I saw your Mom I handed her five bucks and stuck her in a cab! That was two weeks ago! I don't know where she is!"

"Shut up and listen," Muggsy hissed back. "This is serious". He sounded serious. "We just had a meeting and decided that we're taking the *Reglar Wiglar* legit. That whole sweepstakes thing was a farce. They're fucking with my mind, man. The *Wiglar* needs money pronto and Auman wants me to get it for him. I'm calling in my favor."

"What favor?" I asked.

"Remember...the public urination incident? Who bailed your ass out?"

"Hey, I got dirt on you too Muggsy, if you wanna play hardball."

"There's no time for that. I need you to fly over to Maui and cover the Pearl Jam concert for the next issue. You gotta do a real mainstream fluff piece, know what I'm sayin'? We've had it over here. We need money. We're sellin' out."

It was useless to try to argue with Muggsy. I could tell from his voice that he'd been drinking.

"OK, well, I guess I could go. There'll be girls there, right?"

"Hell yeah! The real young chicks eat that Pearl Jam shit up. Tell 'em you're a rock journalist, that you write for *Rolling Stone*."

I had to admit, it was a tempting offer. As long as they sold beer at the show I could probably make it through at least half the set.

"All right, but you're going to owe me one Muggsy and I plan to collect, know what I mean?"

So there I was flying from Oahu to Maui with a bunch of college kids wondering how I had gotten myself into this mess. I decided to turn on the ol' tape recorder and ask the girl sitting next to me a couple of questions.

RW: So are you flying over for the Pearl Jam show?

Girl: Oh yeah, they're great. Eddie Vedder is a modern day prophet.

RW: Yeah, whatever. Say you got a boyfriend?

Girl: Yeah, he's staying on Oahu though, something about a parole violation.

RW: Sure, that's great. Do like writers?

Girl: I guess.

RW: Well I'm writing a story for *Rolling Stone* magazine, that's a big magazine you know? Maybe you've heard of it.

Girl: Wow, have you ever met Noel from Oasis? I bet he's a real nice person.

RW: He sure is! I got his phone number around

here somewhere. Hmmm, where did I put that number? It must be in my baggage. What hotel are you staying at?

Girl: I'm not sure, the Humahumalikilikei or something like that.

RW: No shit! I mean, what a coincidence, me too! Perhaps we could take a swim together after the show?

Girl: I don't know...

RW: I could get you Noel's number.

Girl: Cool!

(That's Journalist Perk #1.)

I was in like Flynn. She'd see me with those press credentials hanging around my neck and forget all about her boyfriend, the felon, back in Oahu.

After landing on Maui and stopping briefly to pull a baggie out of my underwear, I set off to pick up Journalist Perk #2; the rental car. Let me tell you, when you rent a car, the first thing you want to do is ascertain its turning radius. This is a must in the interest of safety. I

immediately tested my ditchweed-green Geo Metro by doing 180's in front of a van-load of Japanese tourists. I bet they'll be sitting around their banzai trees for years to come telling their grandkids about the show I put on for 'em.

Back at the motel, I got into my rock-journalist duds; khaki pants, a faded Flipper t-shirt and a pair of Airwalks, grabbed my tape recorder and hit the scene.

When I got to the will call office I told the lady, "I'm here to cover the concert for the *Reglar Wiglar*. There should be a press pass for me somewhere back there."

The will call lady left the window for a minute and returned flanked by two large Samoan gentlemen. She said she was sorry but, "you are not on the guest list and no one in the back has ever heard of *Reglar Wiggle*."

Damnit Muggsy! I should have known. Seeing as how I was outnumbered I casually walked away and began loitering near the gate waiting for my big chance. As a flock of kids with piercings stuck in every orifice of their bodies, neared the gate I knew this was it. While security helped the youngsters remove their jewelry (for their own safety) I made my move.

I ran through the gate, head down, knees up, not looking back. I shot through the crowd and dove to the grass behind a group of fat hippies who were busy arguing about whether or not Pearl Jam would play "Jeremy". Somehow I had managed to elude the venue's elite security force.

The lights dimmed, the band started and I thought this would be a good time to smoke some Hawaiian Crippler. Fuck Pearl Jam. Who does Eddie Vedder think he is anyway?

By the end of the first song I knew I had to drink more. After hanging around the beer stand for most of the show I decided to do a few interviews.

(Ed. Note: The tape turned into our office was barely coherent. We have sent the tape to a forensic lab in the area for a translation but we're still waiting to hear from them. The following dialogue cannot be verified and frankly we don't believe a word of it.)

The following interview took place between yours truly and a group of teenage girls.

RW: So where you gals from?

Girl1: We flew in from Seattle.

RW: Just to see Pearl Jam?

Girl2: Sure, we're huge fans. Who did you say you write for?

RW: I don't have to listen to some 13 year old give me the third degree, all right?

Girl2: I'm 15.

RW: Whatever, just tell me, does watching Eddie strut around up there on stage in leather pants get you girls all hot and bothered?

I think that's when one of them accidentally spilled a coke in my face. The whole incident is a little hazy and the interview ended abruptly after that.

Undaunted and determined to get a good article, I tried again. I decided to try speaking to the lonely-looking girl standing by herself.

RW: So how are you enjoying the show?

Lonely Girl: Oh, it's so spiritual, when they played "Even Flow" I almost died.

RW: Yeah, me too, that song really says something.

Lonely Girl: Really? A lot of guys don't get Eddie's lyrics. They think he's just some megalomaniac.

RW: Hold on, could you spell that for me?

Lonely Girl: M-E-G-

RW: Forget it, I'll look it up. So let me ask you, when you hear such a great band rock out like that does it liberate you.

Lonely Girl: Oh my God it sure does.

RW: Glad to hear it. What do you say we finish this interview over breakfast?

Once again I ended up with my drink accidentally spilled on me. These girls sure are clumsy. It must be because they were in the presence of such a big-shot rock journalist.

Somehow I managed to stumble back to my hotel (or maybe I drove, beats the hell out of me). Later, lounging by the pool with a bottle of bourbon between my legs, I spot the girl from the plane. I yelled something, I'm not sure

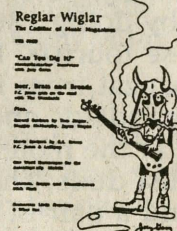
what, and get this—she pretends she doesn't know me. Maybe it was because I had lost my shirt and one of my shoes in the liquor store after the show. Maybe it was because she knew deep down that I was too much a man for her, if you know what I mean.

Whatever the reason, I ended up alone, passed out with my head in my room and my legs in the hallway, a "Do Not Disturb" sign stuck to my face (glued there by a coating of vomit) and the room key in my underwear. I figured it was better to just leave the hotel via the back exit, by hopping over a wall into the parking lot. I returned the rental car (Muggsy, expect a bill, buddy) and after making a dash through the Maui airport, Indo in my pocket and smelling like a brewery, I hopped on a plane back to Oahu. All the while trying to forget the horrible experience.

Well there you have it folks, that's as close as we ever gonna come to a legitimate piece of music journalism.



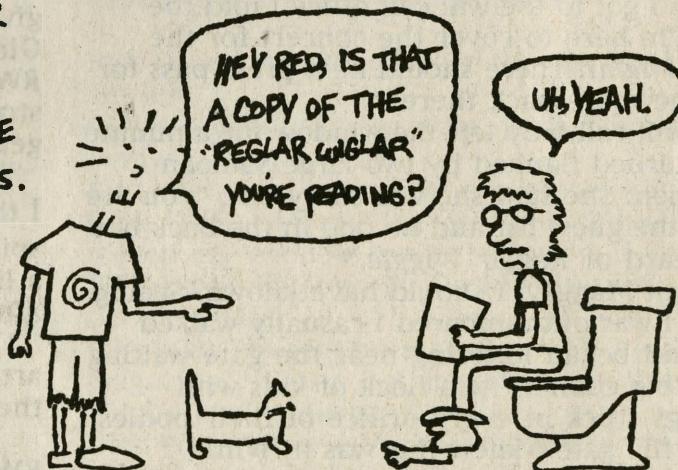
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Special to the Reglar Wiglar

Keep your eyes peeled for special effects, including Bily Zane's computer-generated face—*Onscatha Jawura*

The movie is dope—*Mike M.*

They said it was only 2 hours and 72 minutes long—*Sandy Tannenbaum*

The movie is a triumph. You should feel no regret spending three potentially productive hours of your life watching this movie—*Stephan "Stef" Ogilvie*

A long stretch of nothing at the beginning, which lasts about 90 minutes. Later in the film, Kate Winslet gets naked, at which point I had to excuse myself to go to the bathroom. When I came back the ship was sinking, the theater was holding its breath; everyone in the audience waiting for a miracle. "Jesus God, who will save them?" I shouted. The ship then stood up endwise—very suggestive. Then, miraculously, the movie broke to the last reel. The lights went up. A guy with a shaved head got up on his feet and started shaking his fist and hollering, and the rest of the audience followed suit; ushers were dispatched with walkie talkies. Mayhem. As I struggled for the exit I saw a six-year-old girl with a bloodied lip. "Woman and children first!" I shouted. I didn't see the end of the movie but when I left they gave me four free movie passes and some free hard candy—*Steven Patino*

As his punishment, I recommend they put James Cameron in a locked cell and subject him to a series of crude medical experiments. These experiments should be conducted by Billy Zane, naked, on angel dust, utilizing a forceps, a butter knife and an oily, slicked up sea otter—*Joel Jenkins*

I didn't see it. It's not that I didn't want to see it or that I intentionally boycotted it, I just never thought to go see it. I'm sorry, I feel awful...and it won all those awards too.—*Chris Auman*

Reglar Wiglar



The Musing Musician:

Noel Gallagher

This issue's featured musing musician is Noel Gallagher of the British Pop sensation, Oasis.

Noel on the Press:

It in't out on a th' 'arm init? Th' press ain't orn it in ar eh, bleedin' I tell ya 'at much, aheh, heh, heh.

Noel on Success:

It's awwroight en a it en ack en me wuz out en on th' telly en, roight? Heh, heh, yeah.

Noel on working with his brother, Liam:

Ahh, en 'ereswut at allbout en at cheeky bastid en a maken rot en eh? Roight? Heh, hehe, but ah en es awwroight en init?

Noel on the Beatles:

At's wut isallbout en, withis an at en an th'pop an I wuz en it hen, heh, but an I ain't init on the telly wen a appen int I. Bloody well en init?

Noel on the future of Rock Music:

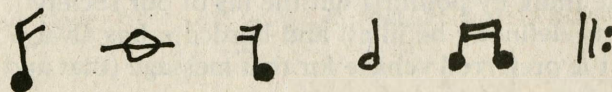
It in't out on a th' 'arm init? Th' press ain't orn it in ar eh, bleedin' I tell ya 'at much, aheh, heh, heh.

Noel on drugs:

It's awwroight en a it en ack en me wuz out en on th' telly en, roight? Heh, heh, yeah.

Noel talking about drugs:

Ahh, en 'ereswut at allbout en at cheeky bastid en a maken rot en eh? Roight? Heh, hehe, but ah en es awwroight en init?



The Obligatory Record Review Section Commonly Found In Many Music Related Publications, Thank You Very Much!

I thought this was pretty obvious to anyone who has ever actually read any of the "reviews" found in this "review section" in the past, but let me repeat my oft repeated warning/disclaimer: Some of these obligatory record reviews may only make a passing reference to the artist or group of artists and are in no way intended as music journalism, ie: these ain't for the press kits. Write that down, Rockers.

40K

40K CD EP (Stopped Clock)

What we have here, people, is a four song EP of hard edged, intelligent pop music made by...well, musicians. As worthy of radio play as any of the pop/pap your standard Match Box 20/Third Eye Blind brands are producing for the airwaves, but don't forget, there is no justice in the world—P.C. Jones

AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY

All Fall Down (Hopeless)

Against all Authority? Really? Against every form of authority, ever, ever? Ok suit yourself, have a nice life. I believe in anarchy like I believe in atheism, I don't. Whether or not these issues need to be discussed in this forum is subject to debate, but not here.

Against All Authority or AAA as they will be referred to for the sake of brevity (but at this point I've wasted so much of your precious time its just getting ridiculous).

AAA is a politically charged hardcore band with equal parts ska thrown in 'cause that's how it's done these days. With anti-society songs and odes to skating AAA would like to see our entire society crumble 'cause the pigs have been fuckin' with skaters for way too long, man. All right, I'm being a bit of a reactionary here. I got no beef with bands that aspire to make people think by pointing out the ills of our society (society definately be illin') and hardcore has always been the preferred vehicle for that message (that and

Reglar Wiglar

folk music). In this case it's the messenger not the message that I couldn't get with. But, fuck it, more power to AAA. And not to say AAA believe this necessarily, but it bugs me when people confuse being hassled for skating with some kind of real oppression —Joey Germ

AVAIL

Over the James (Lookout!)



There are some rabid Avail fans out there, for sure. And this is in spite of not much press outside of zinedom. Hey, people dig their anthemic and thoughtful lyrical approach combined with the punk rock power chord structure. It makes for some fist pumping, sing-along classics. *Over the James* doesn't sound like a drastic departure from this formula but it is going for a little more hard rock sound. It seems like Avail is trying to mix it up a little bit which is always a good thing, but to be honest, like some of their past records I've heard, I have a fairly low tolerance for it, but I'm wearing a Pink Floyd t-shirt as I sit here and write this so go figure—Muggsy McMurphy

BOOKER NOE

Mother's Day (no label)

Boy, I love me some hillbilly redneck music, and Booker Noe does it better than anybody. What with insurgent country and alternative-bluegrass music bein' so popular and whatnot it's refreshing to hear some good old fashioned, down home, hillbilly, redneck music. And not just hillbilly, redneck music, but sweet, sweet, hillbilly redneck music—Otis E. Lee

BRAID

Frame & Canvas (Polyvinyl)

"One of the most prolific bands in the US", boasts their press kit and indeed it looks like Braid have been busy boys in the last three years with eight singles (four of 'em spit singles) three LPs and a shitload of compilation contributions under their belts. They've also played close to 400 shows! They must be doing something right and I'll admit that this record grew on me a bit. There are Chapel Hill influences and a little bit of a DC sound.

In a side note, there has been a gag order imposed on the music press from some PR people that in effect states that we are strongly discouraged from using the term 'emocore' in our band descriptions and record reviews, etc. Otherwise I *might* have thrown that descriptive label in there just to give you some point of reference. Of course, I exaggerate, but it's for effect, so it's ok—Joey Germ

CALVIN CRIME

You're Feeling So Attractive (AmRep)

This sounds like kind of a '90s hard rock Smiths. No not at all. I don't know where that came from. Sorry. Pretty frantic, noisy rock that's all over the place, you know, chaos. "Oh My Goth!" is a shoe-in for the Humorous Song Title Award should such a category or award exist which it doesn't...yet-P.C. Jones

COMPOUND RED

Always a Pleasure (DeSoto)



A sensitive, indie rock band from Milwaukee with some interesting musical shit goin' on. Not an unpleasant record to chill out too. I can't believe that last sentence just came out of my head but's hey it's raining and that does odd things to my brain. Track 11 (whose title is a little too long for me to include here although typing in that excuse took at least as long) is a little too over-the-top in the sensitive boy singer/guitar strummer sort of way, but I forgive them because the band photo on the back of the CD is funny. They look silly—Jayne Wayne

COWS

Sorry in Pig Minor (AmRep)



It all reminds me of the time I saw the Cows in Cincinnati one time a couple of years back. It was a great show, the bouncer pepper-sprayed a couple kids (and a fellow employee and some other people standing too close to the non-incident/altercation) in the pit for no real reason that I could see. After the show when the room had mostly cleared out a friend of mine set his empty beer can on the ground and stomped on it in order to crush it so it would take up less room in the garbage can allowing the establishment the luxury of fitting more garbage into the bags saving money and thereby ensuring that they would stay in business and continue to book other quality acts like the Cows. Well that crushed can shoots out from under old boy's boot, sails across the room and hits Cows frontman, Shannon Selberg, right square in his ass. Well to get to the point of an otherwise pointless story, Shannon picked up the can and ran over and handed it back to my buddy so's he could put it in the proper trash receptacle. Which is funny because I thought for sure he was gonna pull out a 12 inch blade and gut us right then and there.

Anyway, if you've read this far and I don't blame you if you haven't, this is the Cows new record and if you like the Cows at all you should find some review of their record in a "real" music magazine 'cause I'm no entomologist but I know what I like and I like the Cows especially when they put out records—Joey Germ

THE CUNTS

A Secret History of (Disturbing)

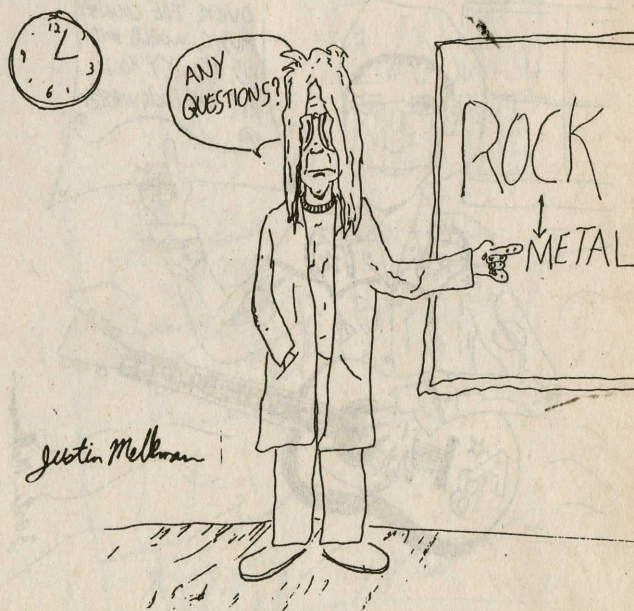
I'm not afraid to spell out the word Cunts, mind you. In British slang it is simply another way of calling someone an asshole. I'm gonna give these guys the benefit of your doubt and assume that's the origin of their name since, for one thing, these guys formed in 1977 at the height of the British Punk Rock Explosion or whatever it was called and for another thing they sing in fake British accents on the song "Chemicals in the Mail" and unlike bands like maybe a Green Day or a Rancid, for example, they are aware they're singing with fake British accents.

Yep, that's right, these bloody coonts have 'round for twenty years and have released five albums of garage/punk rock on their own DIY label. This *Secret History of* is a collection of some of the better cuts off of those five albums released very sporadically over two decades. And while there may be nothing ground breaking or earth shattering in the 21 tracks of this record it is definitely an enjoyable retrospective—Joey Germ

DEAD NUGGET'S DISH

Lotushead (Botswana at Night)

The Dish is back! I reviewed DND's last release several issues ago (#7). If I remember correctly (or at all) they were the band that had the 40 page press kit. Well the boys are back with a pared down, sleek, tight, 12 page press package with a photocopy of every flyer they've ever made. We're gettin' there.. And if these guys read their last review in these pages and are still sadistic enough to send me another release and think maybe I'll go easier on 'em this time around...wooo boy, that's a bad bet. (continued on page 26)



Let me tell you why I'm not so privy to the Dish, 'cause they're one of those fun-lovin', musically adept, long-haired, pot-smokin', genre-blendin' funk punksters with traces of heavy metal. That's why. You're either with me or you're not—Scat in the Hat

MIKE DIXON

Sampler (Rooster Cow)

An odd recording to say the least.

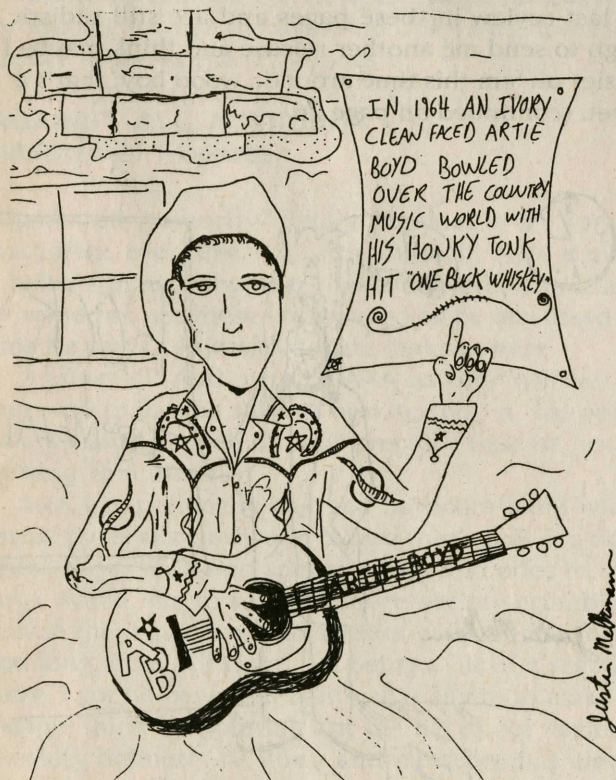
This is a collection of different vocal snippets, drum beats, guitar noodlings and other assorted tape manipulations. There are some Ween-like vocal effects on a Hüsker Dü song (Too Far Down), and what sounds like an Irish fireman talking about god knows what. Could be social commentary, perhaps this is a blue print for the coming apocalypse. Whoever is behind this madness needs to be investigated, possibly jailed—P.C. Jones

THE FAIRLANES

Songs for Cruising (Suburban Home)

Any band whose entire first track of their CD consists of someone's three second belching of "Hi, Were The Fairlanes" automatically gets my undying respect. I'm kidding, in fact, quite the opposite is true.

But what do you expect from fun luvin', pop punk teenagers from Colorado (I'm gonna give them the benefit of the doubt that they are indeed teenyboppers). Other than that I don't like them—Joey Germ



Reglar Wiglar

SCOTT FREE

Getting Off (Leather/Western)

Getting off Scott Free...get it? Anyway, *Getting Off* is 13 songs of anger, betrayal, death and despair and one Bruce Springsteen song (Streets of Philadelphia) served up in much the same manner. If you think this sounds a little frightening then you're right on the money 'cause the whole album is one dark and bleak trip.

The subject matter of Scott Free's lyrics concerns AIDS dementia, paranoia, loss and real life pain from a gay man whose been through it. That being said and the message aside, the music is as equally sobering.

Every note and every instrument on this record was played by Scott and all the material on the CD was written by Scott except for the aforementioned Springsteen jam which Scott takes credit for embellishing on. All photographs on the CD cover, except for the one of Scott were taken by Scott. My point is even though Scott's music, by the nature of it's subject matter, is very personal and he as an artist is somewhat self-obsessed he could probably benefit a little bit from collaboration. It might make the record sound a little fuller, a little less one dimensional or maybe the point is he's the only one left who can tell the story—Jayne Wayne

FRODUS

Conglomerate International (Tooth & Nail)



Frodus is the band for the future, from the future. The technological revolution, the manipulation of the media, mind control, all the paranoid prophecies about the future of the human species, have all been made in an effort to prepare you for Frodus. But before you go getting your undies in a bunch, remember, that's just the Frodus Conglomerate International PR machine trying to get me the "music critic" to use this zine (a media tool) to manipulate you the consumer into thinking Frodus is on the verge of "world wide upheaval" and that "the Frodus Conglomerate International controls the hourglass". But if it's the last thing I can do to save the human race from the power hungry Frodus Conglomerate International, I must urge you not to buy this record. When robot slaves record the heroic deeds of humans in the wanning days of the 20th century, let my name be among them—Jayne Wayne

I LOVE RICH

Live, Wet, Drippin' with Sexx (Big Dump)

I Love Rich is possibly a joke. If it is a joke then I don't really get it. At the very least it's a joke that I've heard before but didn't get then either. Well, it's not that I didn't get it, I got it, it just wasn't that funny.

This is a 'live' record that was recorded in Cambodia (heh, heh, a Third World country). As they mention in

the accompanying press sheet, the band played Cambodia on their tour of the Middle East in front of thousands of screaming I Love Rich Fans. That Cambodia isn't in the Middle East would hardly be worth arguing with these boys, I'm sure, BUT, once you push past that particular geographic error and push past the juvenile humor, and try to get beyond the generic punk rock music and the annoying overdubbed crowd noises, what you have then, ladies and gentlemen is a CD—J. Germ

JABBER

All Original Members (dp)

Jabber...what to say about Jabber... Jabber sounds like they're going for the big pop rock kill. The path taken by other bygone Chicago bands like Triplefast Action and Loud Lucy. The problem is that if this is their gameplan, the production on *All Original Memebrrs* is a little lacking. Needs somethin', I'm not sure what, but I'm not in the advice business. I'm in the CD dissin' business—P.C. Jones

JANUS STARK

Great Adventure Cigar (Earache)

I'm gonna try to piece together the story of Janus Stark from the press materials provided. Janus Stark is Gizz Butt, Shop and Pinch (those are names). Janus Stark is a Superhero from an old *Valiant* comic book. Janus Stark used to be the English Dogs but the English don't like bands that degrade the English so there's an English law that says they couldn't be called the English Dogs so they were just the Dogs but I think there already was a Dogs so now they're Janus Stark. Gizz Butt is also in a band you might have heard of, they're called Prodigy and they're the future of music. All sorted then.

Gizz, Shop and Pinch are old school English punks who grew up on the Pistols, Buzzcocks and the lot like that. Their music now is just as much metal as it is punk. It's a very produced, big riff guitar rock record that shows not just their punk influences, Sabbath and Mötörhead are in there as well. It's got melody and a pop edge 'cause Brits can not resist that shit. All in all it ain't all bad, just a little too produced for my tastes. It ain't my cup of tea but then again I don't drink tea and I ain't English—Muggsy McMurphy

JAWS OF LIFE

Drunk with Power (Beluga)

The music from this disc pours out of the speakers like vomit from the mouths of "Indie Rockers" after drinking malt liquor with the "Negroes"—Rob Turner, Special to the *Reglar Wiglar* 'cause he's special

Reglar Wiglar

JUGHEAD'S REVENGE

Just Joined (Nitro)

NITRO

When Jughead exacts his revenge upon his enemies the earth will tremble. Jughead's tumultuous soul is being torn by his insatiable thirst for revenge on those who have done him wrong: that red haired, pug-nosed, back stabbing, Archie, that sexy yet treacherous femme fatale, Betty and her teasing and tempestuous ways. Not to mention the luscious and curvaceous, yet evil, Veronica...and Moose, don't get Jughead started on that fuckin' Moose guy. The repressed homosexual tendencies of Moose have made for more than one uncomfortable locker room encounter that strangely excited and repulsed Jughead, but all that will be taken care of when Jughead get's his revenge—Joey Germ

JR. HIGH

Killer of Friendships (eMpTy)

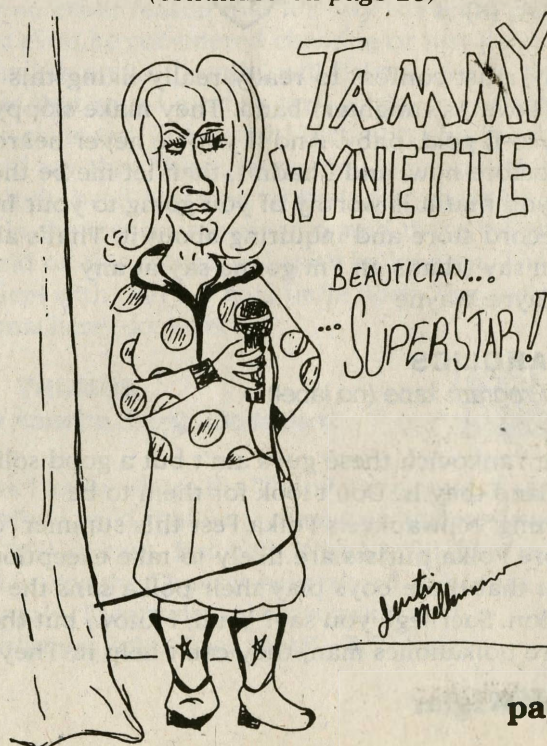
The Jam and Elvis Costello are called to mind on this Jr. High record. It's an attempt by a band to write good songs in the singer/songwriter vein. No more punk sloppiness or grunge "I ain't even tryin'," half-assed stabs at "I don't really want to do this but I have to get this angst out" alternative rock. Just a singer strugglin' to hit the high notes that seem to hang just beyond his grasp. The attempt is made, nonetheless, and appreciated—Jayne Wayne

THE HALO BENDERS

The Rebels Not In (K)



The Halo Benders are celebrating the death of alternative rock and I'm right there with them. There is
(continued on page 28)



strange interplay between the dual vocal acrobatics of Doug Martsch (Built to Spill) and Calvin Johnson (Beat Happening) especially when the two are singing separate lines that kind of weave in and out of each other. Sometimes, Calvin's baritone skirts the Crash Test Dummies line, but I don't dwell on it. All in all a good way to celebrate the death of alternative rock—Jayne Wayne

HOMELESS WONDERS

Another One of Those Days (Suburban Home)

Hopeless Wonders would perhaps be a better band name.

Hey guess what? Homeless Wonders are a pop punk band that incorporates horns to provide short bursts of ska in their songs. They have the ugliest CD cover I've ever laid my eyes on and a singer whose every note stomps on my last good nerve, but they're from Laramie, Wyoming, so for some reason unbeknownst even to me, I'm gonna cut em some slack. Don't ask me why—Joey Germ

GREY EYE GLANCES

Painted Pictures (Mercury)

Imagine a rabid dog, insane, possessed by an unseen rage, grabbing this CD in it's foaming jaws, violently tearing and shredding...that is what I would like to accomplish with this review. This is the effect I would like to have on the audience reading this review. I want the reader, after having finished this review, to feel so much sympathy for this band that they exclaim out loud, "Stop it! Damn it, can't you see they've had enough?!"—Joey Germ

L/A/L

#1 U.S.A. (K)



I simply must confess to really really liking this L/A/L (Love As Laughter) band. They make sloppy, bluesy, lo-fi gold, baby. And if you've never heard of L/A/L before now, and I hadn't, then let me be the first to tell you that it is worthy of you going to your hip local record store and inquiring about it. That's about all I can say (that's all I'm gonna say at any rate)—Jayne Wayne

POLKAHOLICS

9 Step Program tape (no label)

Frankie Yankovich these guys ain't but a good solid Polka Band they is. Don't look for them to be headlining Milwaukee's Polka Fest this summer 'cause hardcore Polka purists are likely to take exception to the fact that these boys play their polka *sans* the accordion. Sacrilege you say? Yeah, I know, but these guys are polkaholics man, they can't help it. They'd

Reglar Wiglar

knock out polka riffs on a banjo and a washboard if that's all they had layin' around. They do a "Beer Barrel Polka", of course, a "Wicker Park Polka" and a "Baby Doll Polka" and even suggest that there might be "No Beer in Heaven" and ask the question "Who stole the Kishka?" Who indeed.

And yes they would have been awarded the Goofiest Band Photo Award by a panel of drunken Reglar Wiglar judges had the committee committed themselves to holding a committee—Muggsy McMurphy

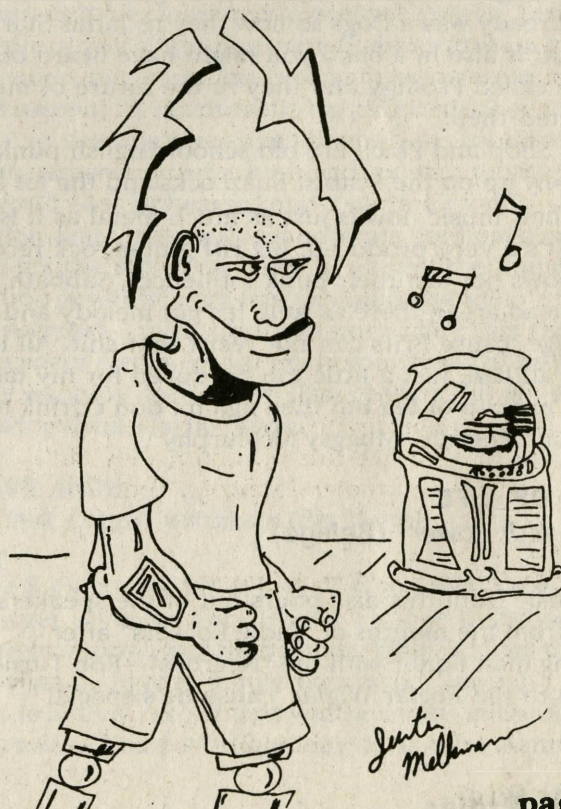
POLAR BEAR

Polar Bear (Dry Hump Recordings)

So the Baby Polar Bear says to the Mama Polar Bear; "Hey Ma, are you sure I'm %100 percent polar bear?" and the Mama Bear says "Yeah, you're a purebred, Arctic Circle-walkin', glacier-climbin', seal-beatin' bear of the North Polar ice cap, why do ask?" And the Baby Polar Bear says "Cause I'm freezin' my ass off!" (Gotta give Jonathan Katz credit for that one.)

Ok, I apologize for gettin' a little too cute there with that joke, but I get bored writting these reviews.

Polar Bear is the reason Eric Avery couldn't join in on the Jane's Addiction reunion as he is the bass player for Polar Bear. This self-titled CD is five meadering tunes that aren't afraid, or just can't resist getting a little arty. It's nothing that made me sit up and say 'godamn!', probably 'cause the record seems a little too produced and arragned and maybe just thought about too much which is not how I like my rock'n'roll but it's has a certain ambient quality, or charm if you will—P.C. Jones



RARE FORM

So Ends Another (Dubious Honor)

The beast of Rare Form rises again to record the "soundtrack for the destruction of the new world". I don't doubt it in the least. This is that grindcore music your moma warned you about. This is extreme metal, not for the meek who shall inherit the earth, nor for the more pious and devout Christians in our readership—Father McMurphy

SCARED OF CHAKA

How to Lose (Empty)



I ain't scared of Chaka, man. I ain't scared of shit. But seriously, who could possibly be afraid of the lovable Chaka character from the '70s children's television series *Land Of The Lost*? Doesn't really matter, it's just sort of a rule of mine to waste a little of your time trying to be witty, but let's get on with the in-depth review of Scared of Chaka and their latest release, *How To Lose*.

Scared of Chaka is a thrashin' punk rock band who are not afraid to take a stab at melody and this CD is eight songs that crash through garage/punk/pop/noise/? in just under 17 minutes which is why you have to play it twice through every time you listen to it 'cause it just ain't long enough—Joey Germ

SNUFF

Tweet Tweet My Lovely (Fat Wreck Chords)

Dudes, Malcolm Tent here. How you doin'. Man, did you hear all that noise about Muggsy McMurphy gettin' fired from the *Wiglar*? Man, that shit is weak, but hell I didn't say shit in his defense, I gotta admit. I feel awful but I was sure they were gonna sack me, but I lucked out again. I think it's 'cause I'm in the can so much nobody really knows I'm around.

At any rate, time to earn my keep and review a couple of CDs for yah. First up is a punk band that I think are British 'cause they got a bunch of English cuss words in their songs, like on the song "Arsehole" which is English slang for you know, asshole and it's got other curse words in that song like *wanker*, *toss pot*, *toe rag*, *gob shite*, *fuck wit* and others that I've been using around the office and crackin' everybody up. Like I'll say "Whose the bleedin' toss pot who ate me last Honey Bun?". But, yeah, I like this CD and if they ain't British, that's even funnier—Malcolm Tent

STRUNG OUT

Twisted by Design (Fat Wreck Chords)

Hey, it's me Malcolm again with Round Two of my record reviews. This is a pop/punk/ska band called Strung Out and boy are they strung out on pop/punk/ska, but they shouldn't feel bad 'cause they

are not alone. In fact, there seems to be literally hundreds and hundreds of bands that sound like these guys so they are in good company.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, concludes my working week—Malcolm Tent

SWERVEDRIVER

99th Dream (Zero Hour)



Looks like a brand new label and brand new album by British rockers, Swervedriver. At times they reminded me of the Grifters, English style, you know, slow jams that rock and build and subside and rock again. You know, I like it—P.C. Jones

SUPERNOVA

Rox (AmRep)

Supernova are not the first band that's claimed to be from another planet, in this case the planet Cynot, but I called up a friend of mine who works at the Adler Planetarium here in Chicago and Cynot does not even exist. Yeah, it's not even a real planet.

Actually this CD is a lot of fun and I've heard they put on one monkey of a live show. The song "Mommy" is brilliant and made me weep. They manage to sound like the Dickies sometimes, sometimes like Cheap Trick, but sometimes the singer sounds like Adam Sandler doing a bad impression of Johnny Rotten, super obnoxious, but funny—Scat-In-The-Hat

THIRD HARMONIC DISTORTION

Third Harmonic Distortion (Morphius)

Other reviewers have compared Third Harmonic Distortion to some really great bands that I'm sure you've heard of. This reviewer isn't gonna go that route if for no other reason that it's way to fuckin' easy and might even be considered cheating or just lazy journalism and although I will fight to death, the sucker that says I ain't as lazy as the next slacker music reviewer, like I said I just ain't goin' that route.

I will say that Third Harmonic Distortion have definitely been listening to their fair share of indie rock in the last couple of years and those influences abound on this record and can't be ignored. The only problem with that is I hate Indie Rock. You see my dilemma here—Joey Germ

THE THUMBS

Make America Strong (Soda Jerk)



I think I know where the Thumbs are most of the time. Actually, I used that very same joke in a review of their last release. But hell, it was brilliant. I'm just thankful for the Thumbs new record so I could use that gem again. Diagnosis; yet more punk rock. Prescription; bring back metal—P.C. Jones

TRIBE 8

Role Models for Amerika (Alternative Tentacles)



Tribe 8 draws its sound mostly from a Southern California punk rock legacy. It's the bands' sexual politics that would make them controversial and of which they are no doubt sick to death of dealing with and talking about, but hey it's how we define each other for good or for ill.

So while you may say "they're lesbians, so what?" It gives them new subject matter to deal with in the traditional framework of a three chord brick to the head. There may not be much about *Role Models for Amerika* that you could call ground-breaking but it does have energy, spirit, venom and plenty-o-attitude. In other words, all the necessary ingredients for a punk rock record—Jayne Wayne

VARIOUS

Punk...It's All About the Orchis Factor (Suburban Home)

This is a 26 song punk rock sampler which features 26 punk rock bands put out by Suburban Home Records out there in Boulder CO. Some of the the bands you may have heard of, possibly from reading about them in this magazine. The Nobodys, Oblivion, Against All Authority, Homeless Wonders are all on labels that

have been brave enough to send their releases our way. Blink-182 has got a song on here for all you MTV watchin' punks who need to be told what to buy. I can't give you a break down of the better bands and the better songs on this CD 'cause that would be way, way too much work and I have to go do something else right now, but like any such sampler; you take the good with the bad and decide for yourself if you want more of any of it—Joey Germ

VARIOUS

Smitten, Caboose, Dick Bradish Band, Paul Johnson (OFF-White)

This is actually a sweet little gem of a various artists four song ep. I think they should get together and form of super group. Smitten contribute a quirky short and sweet pop tune chock full of cultural references "Tor Johnson", Caboose has a good old fashioned rocker in "Clown/No Resolve". The Dick Bradish band got a banjo workin' on "Funny Things and on the song "Path of Least Resistance", Paul Johnson croons and strums away on his acoustic guitar like their gonna come and drag his ass away as any moment, which they might—Joey Germ

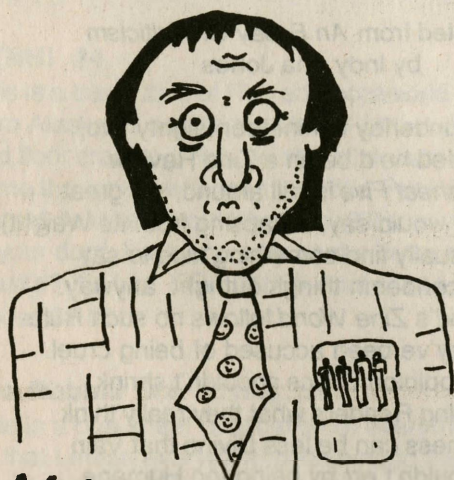
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GERM



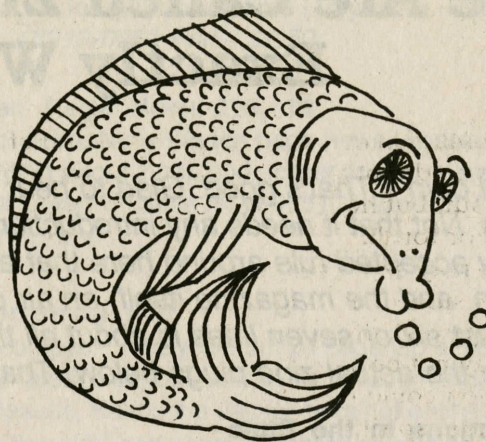
I DON'T REALLY GET IT EITHER—JOEY GERM

Joey Germ's
**One Word
Horoscopes**

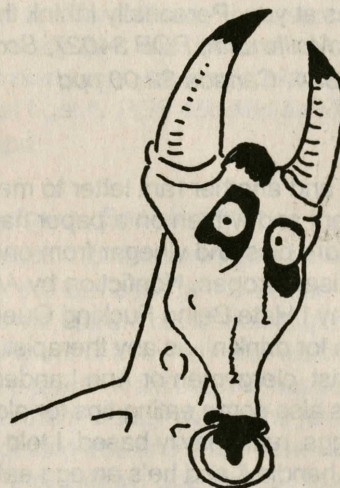


VIRGO

AUG. 23-
SEPT. 22



PISCES FEB. 19-MARCH 20



TAURUS

APRIL 20-MAY 20

Aries (March 21-April 19) **Panic.**

Taurus (April 20-May 20) **Buy.**

Gemini (May 21-June 21) **Examine.**

Cancer (June 22-July 22) **Relax.**

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) **Don't.**

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) **Wait.**

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) **Travel.**

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) **Ignore.**

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) **Slowly.**

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) **Do.**

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb.18) **Question.**

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20) **Worry.**

These Are Called Zine Plugs 'Cause That's Exactly What They Are

Hey how ya'll doin'? That's good. Glad to hear it. Well, this is the introduction to another installment of Zine Plugs. Not that it needs any introduction mind you, the damn title pretty much says it all, but it is a generally accepted rule around here that a bunch of words printed right after the title gives this whole section, and the magazine itself, an air of authority and looks esthetically pleasing on the page. Yep, just six or seven lines is about all that is required and then your eyes should naturally drop down to the actual zine plugs below. Thanks for playin' along—Chris Auman

101 Contradictions in the Bible

Oh sure, even Angus McIlwraith, the editor and creator of this little newsletter will admit that there are hundreds and hundreds of contradictions in the bible, but here are 101 of 'em anyway. The purpose being to arm you against fundamentalists and other religious nutballs when they start spoutin' off bible quotes at you. Personally I think the devil wrote this zine. Angus McIlwraith, POB 34027, Scotia Sq. RPO, Halifax, NS B3J 3S1, Canada \$2.00 ppd

Bottle Fed #4

Another zine from Ann and another rant letter to me this one much more coherent and written on a paper napkin of the fast food variety. More piss and vinegar from one of Zinedom's foremost misanthropes. Nonfiction by Ann includes the essay "Why I Hate Being Fucking Queer" which is no real excuse for drinkin', as any therapist, psychologist, psychiatrist, clergymen or Ann Landers will be sure to tell you. There's also some eating tips for alcoholics. it's heavily based on eggs, real heavily based. I told Muggsy about it. Even he can't handle it and he's an egg eatin' freak. 209 E. Mifflin #2 Madison, WI 53703 \$2.00 ppd

Goblin Goblin Gazette

More news and excitement from the world's most newsworthy and exciting band, the Goblins. Nothing (and when I say nothing I mean nothing) will ever stop the Goblins in their quest for musical supremacy. It's frightening. I'm frightened. 1507 E. 53rd St. #617 Chicago, IL 60615 Price: SASE

Indy Unleashed #4

Indy Ana Jones is back with another issue of his/her (?) review zine which kicks off with a rather humorous poem about zine criticism (excerpt below). The theme of this issue

is academic zines (*The Baffler*, *New Philistine*, etc.)

excerpted from *An Essay On Criticism*
by Indy Ana Jones

Mike Gunderloy in nineteen eighty two,
Decided he'd begin a Zine Review
His *Factsheet Five* is still around, still great
(Though Some would say, collapsing from its Weight).
They usually find something nice to say
Or don't condemn things outright, anyway.
Doug Holland's *Zine World* follows no such Rule
Indeed they've been accused of being cruel.
In my opinion Critics shouldn't shrink
From telling Readers what they really think
Forgiveness can be less Divine than Vain
We shouldn't err by being too Humane

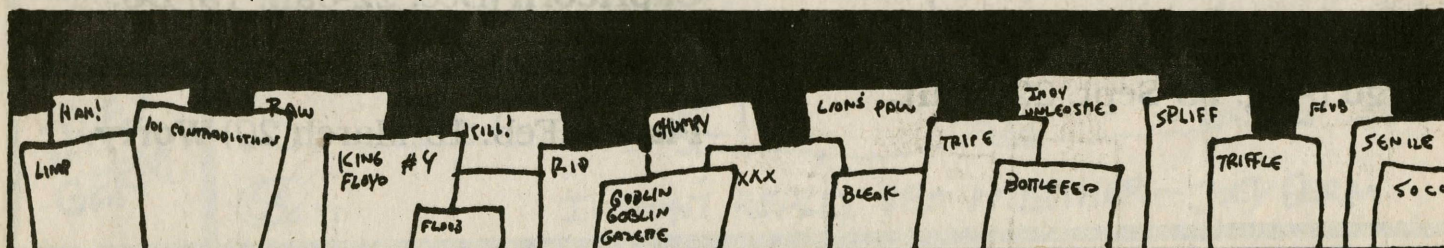
Owen Thomas POB 9651 Columbus, OH 43209 Price:
\$2.00 ppd

King Floyd #4

Clever cover on this zine. It's a parody of a *Dungeons & Dragons* module. Remember D&D? C'mon you geeks, I know you're out there. The rest of the zine is a partial account of a 10,000 mile American Road Trip. *The Zine Wizards* 6 Marie Ave. #1, Cambridge, MA 02139 or *The Zine Wizards Canada* 32 Tally Ho Road, Dundas, ONT 3M6 Price: "A dollar or two"

The Lion's Paw 1998

On the one side it's a newsletter/catalog for Mike Hunt Publishing packed with books, comics, music and art prints available from POB 226 Bensenville, IL 60106 Price: 32¢ stamp & an age statement verifying that you are at least 18 years old,



and on the other side it's:

King Velveeda's CheeseLog

a newsletter/catalog for artist, King Velveeda, that's packed with art work, photos, tattoos and pleas for cash. 1573 N. Milwaukee Ave, #448 Chicago, IL 60622 Price: 32¢ stamps & age statement

Poon Tatum #4

A mishmash of comics, band interviews (VooDoo Glow Skulls, CIV) and other celebrity interviews (Christian wrestling team; The Power Team and Teller of Penn & Teller fame) Essays on Fabio, The Muppets selling out, vegetarianism, etc. All this for two bucks! c/o Craig Kapitan 14125 Locust St. Olathe, KS 66062 Price: \$2.00

PTBH! #4

This is a travel zine of Rex and occasional travel companions from Alaska all across the United States. Dumpster diving and floor crashing, Rex takes it all on and still manages some thoughtful writing. It's a little Punk Rock *On the Road* journal definitely worth the buck it'll cost you to have it sent to your door. Have you ever sent a dollar all the way to Alaska? It's fun. POB 91868 Anchorage, AK 99509-1868 Price: \$1.00

The Robbie Star Spring '98

This is a one sheet publication of everything Robbie, and by that I mean *everything* pertaining to the Chicago Rock and Roll group, The New Rob Robbies. You'll learn all about their likes (beer, sports, laundry on Sunday) and dislikes (sunshine, warm weather). Look for their upcoming release on the new, Owned & Operated label. These guys are gonna be the next teen sensation and their well past their teens! c/o George Kraynak 1421 W. Chicago, IL 60622 Price: SASE

Small Press Creative Explosion #8

This mini exists solely for the benefit of those involved with the world of the small press, mini-comics in particular. It contains contact information, spotlights on small press artists and reviews of mini-comics *but* you have to be a subscriber to get a review, you gotta pay to play in the insular world of the Small Press Creative Explosion. POB 25 Houghton, NY 14744 Price: \$1.00 ppd?

Struggle vol. 14 #1

This is the anti-war issue of *Struggle* and it has poems and essays about war, from Vietnam to Iraq. It's an anti-

establishment, revolutionary, literary journal that's been around for quite some time (14 years!). POB 1326 Detroit, MI 48213-0261 Price: \$2.50

Ten Page News #16, 18

Not necessarily the ten page news. Absolutely no filler. Just writing about zines and...other things related to zines...or not Owen Thomas POB 9651 Columbus, OH 43209 Price: \$1.00 ppd

Throwrug #20

A compact, nicely laid out 24 page jab at pop culture, from the latest blockbuster movies to recent indie record releases, Karlos the Jackal does not entirely approve and neither do I and actually neither should you. POB 29378 Bellingham, WA 98228-1378 Price: \$2.00 ppd

Uncommon Sense #4

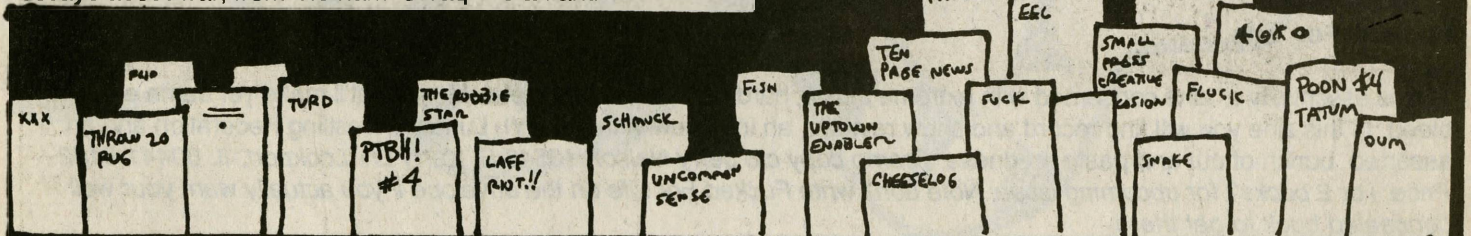
A not at all attractive looking zine that contains your standard zine fare; "funny" horoscopes, *faux* news stories, comics, a pop quiz and three or so sheets of toilet paper, the idea being that you would read this zine while on the toilet. Ha! I get it. POB 466 Middle Village, NY 11379 Price: \$2.00 ppd

The Uptown Enabler #2

I really stuck it to this/these guy/s pretty hard in their review in the last issue of the Wiglar. I don't remember exactly what I said. I could look it up but that would require me getting out of this chair and walking, probably three to four steps and that ain't gonna happen. I'm gonna go a little easier on them in this review and just say the Enabler sucks without getting into any nasty name calling. Actually, I enjoyed the Uptown Society Confidential and the Uptown Jumble which, when the clues were unscrambled, would fill in the blanks on this sentence

"When the police told him he had to wear pants to sell hot dogs in Rogers Park, he had a _____!"

5331 N. Winthrop, Chicago, IL 60640 Price: SASE



more ZINES

There was a zine fest here in Chicago this past June and you weren't there. I know this 'cause I was there and I did not see you. You were probably at the Book Expo pretending you've actually read a book in the last five years, At any rate the Reglar Wiglar was represented at this event hosted by Mike Hunt Productions and held at the Charybdis Multi-Arts Complex and there I met some people and had a swell time and got some free zines that are gonna get plugged, so look out fools—Chris Auman

1544 W. Grace

Larry Roth is a well-mannered, forty-something bachelor who lives at the above address which is an apartment building that he also manages. This newsletter is about this building and the people who live in it. It's a very detailed account of life in and around 1544 W. Grace. Some examples of what you might find in this are a list of bumper stickers seen on cars in the neighborhood, (not just the slogans but the color and style of typeface of the sticker and the color, make and model of the car) also several issues concern Larry such as the absence of 1975 quarters in the in the building's coin- operated washers and dryers. Included is a break down of the quarters collected by the year they were minted and photocopies of all Larry's keys. 1544 W. Grace St. Chicago, IL 60613-2702 Price: \$2.00

Auscar Morbid #4, 5

This is a mini comic self-produced and distributed by Tara. AM chronicles the adventures of characters such as Dax, Sinya, The Smoker and of course Auscar Morbid. Watch as they drink forties, fight for control of the remote control and bust Grandma out of that hell-hole of a nursing home. Kind of reminds me of an American version of Simon Gane's Arnie Comix. Much potential. c/o Tara 7 W. Madison Box #159 Chicago, IL 60602 Price: SASE or send her a Kinkos copy card (or a stapler)

Cul-de-Sac #3

The lovely and very personable ladies of *Cul de Sac* (they invited me to a bar-b-que, god bless 'em) produce this little zine of thoughts and commentary about things they find interesting, such is the nature zines. Number 3 is the "Loser Issue" with true loser stories, a how-to on breaking up with boyfriends and the love of mmmmm, cheese fries. In addition to Cul-de-Sac they also head the WHAM organization (Women Happily Advocating Masturbation) and would love for you to send them your masturbation stories be you male or female. P.O. Box 6074, Buffalo Grove, IL 60089-6074 Price: \$2.00 for first issue ordered and \$1 for additional issues.

Distance Makes the Heart Grow Fonder #1

This is a tiny lil' poetry zine done in one day and is a supplement to another zine called *Distracted by Stars*. It consists of letters to, and poetry to/from/for and about Rebecca and her friends. It tells a little story and has a happy ending. c/o Rebecca Ann 2857 W. Shakespeare #2 Chicago, IL 60647 supplement to *Distracted by Stars* Basement Kids catalog Price: 50¢ each

Fucked For Life

This is essentially a zine concerned with extreme music; hard-core, punk and metal. Music that'll make yer damn ears bleed. In this zine you will find record and show reviews, an interview with the DYI, Lunatic Wrestling Federation and an assorted bunch of cut and paste madness. Promo copy c/o Jerry Nelson 13543 S. Kerry Ln. Lockport, IL 60441-9132 Price: 1 or 2 bucks? for upcoming issue. Note: don't write *Fucked For Life* on the envelope if you actually want your well concealed buck to get there.

Reglar Wiglar

The Imp #2

A very clever idea. Dan Raeburn, the Imp's creator, adopts the format of the subject he is highlighting. This time it's Jack Chick and his right-wing-religious-nutball comic tracts and thus the Imp is a mock-up of a Jack Chick tract only it's bigger and features the cover art work of Dan Clowes. Incidentally, Clowes was the subject of *The Imp #1*. The Imp provides a complete listing of Chick Publication's publications as well as a dictionary-concordance of terms found in said publications as well as some biographical info. and testimonials from people who have actually infiltrated the Jack Chick compound and seen his War Room first hand. It will be interesting to see how this zine progresses. *c/o Dan Raeburn 1454 W. Summerdale 2C Chicago, IL 60640 Price \$5.00*

Rocktober

Multi-media mogul, Jake Austen, was "in the house" as they say with an assortment of zines, records and videos, such as the long running Rocktober zine currently on issue 21. The chaotic layout and attention paid to the forgotten and more obscure artists, performers and musicians of the latter half of this 20th Century of ours, is what makes Rocktober unique. There's always something for everyone in this zine, so check it out. *1507 E. 53rd St. #617 Chicago, IL 60615 Price: \$3.00*

Scab City #5

Scab City is a skate zine written and produced by 12 year old, Jackson Hennessey, and it's got photos and stories of and about good places to skate, cool skate shops and some tips on skate tricks like the "half pressure flips to axle stall or variations of that". Did yah get that? No? Then you better send away for Scab City, baby. *Jackson Hennessey 1800 W. North Ave. Suite 126 Chicago, IL 60622 Price: \$1.00*

Silly Daddy

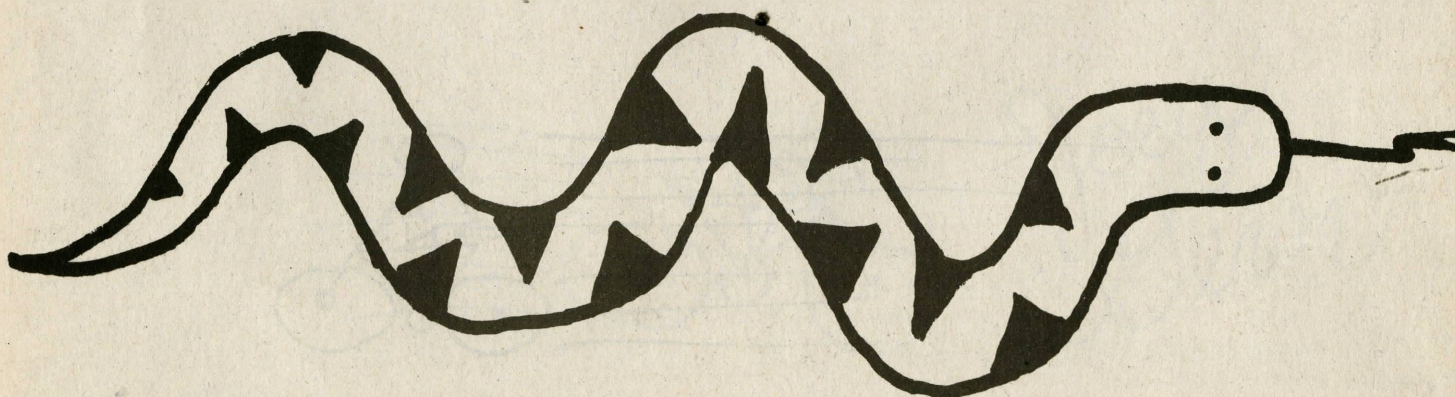
The autobiographical journey of single parent, Joe Chiapetta, continues. I'll admit I've seen this comic around in shops for a couple of years and have never picked it up. Shame on me. It won't happen again. It's a heartfelt and poignant account of Joe's life be it memories of old friends or anecdotes of daily life raising his sevenyear old daughter, Maria. They're vignettes, if you will. *2209 Northgate, Riverside, IL 60546 Price: \$3.00*

Stop Smiling

UFOs, conspiracy theories and Indie rock all brought together in one zine? It's about damn time! This issue, which may or may not be the current one, I don't know, has brief interviews with Bob Pollard of GBV, German band, Haujobb plus articles on Rosewell, New Mexico and Will Oldham but they totally missed the connection between the two. Doesn't anybody get it? *POB 2038 Darien, IL 60561 Price: \$4.00*

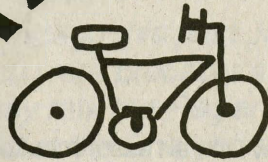
Underestimated #5

This has got to be one of the most *underestimated* zines going. Just kidding, that was just a little clever spin on the title, actually you're right it wasn't even that clever was it? This zine has been in existence for eight years but has had a very sporadic publishing schedule. It contains an interview with small press publisher Stuart Ross, a diary on Milwaukee bus riding and a "saucy" (male) centerfold and other misc. tidbits and what-not *c/o Denise Scilingo PO Box 13243 Chicago, IL 60613 Price: 2 32¢ stamps.*

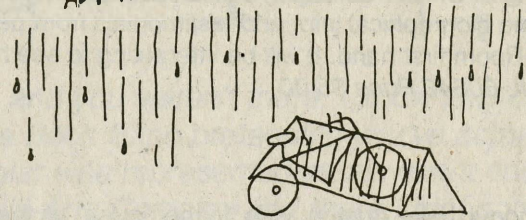


MY BIKE

BY
JOEY
GERM



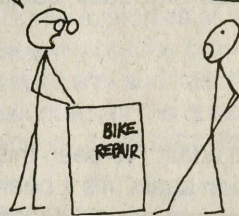
MY BIKE WAS COOL AND I LIKED IT ALOT.
EVEN THOUGH I SUBJECTED IT TO MANY
"ADVERSE WEATHER CONDITIONS..."



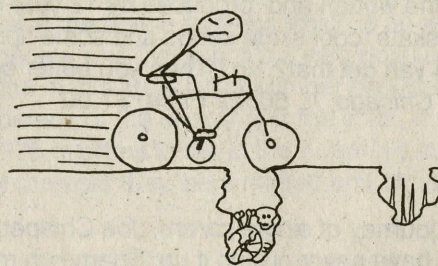
IT NEVER GAVE ME ANY MECHANICAL
PROBLEMS, AT LEAST NOTHING SERIOUS,

YOU HAVE NO
BRAKE PADS LEFT.

IS THAT WHY I HAVEN'T
BEEN ABLE TO STOP?

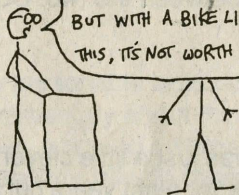


EVEN THOUGH I RODE IT PRETTY HARD.

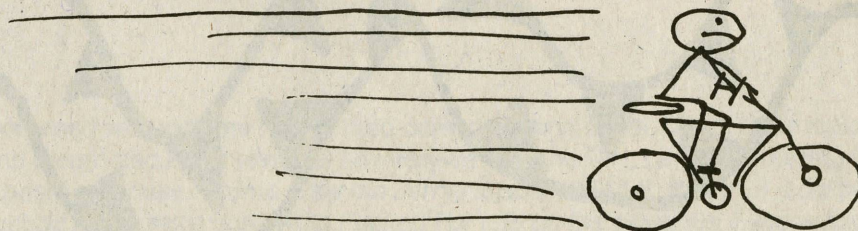
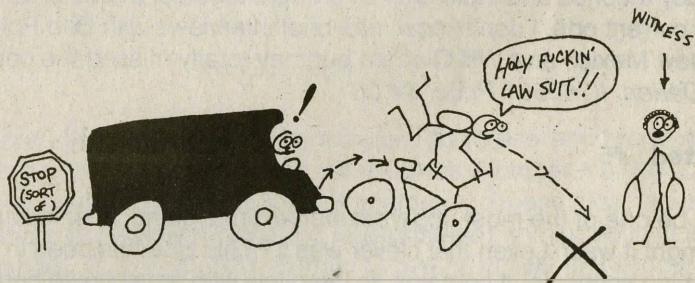


STILL, EVERYBODY THOUGHT
IT WAS A PIECE OF CRAP.

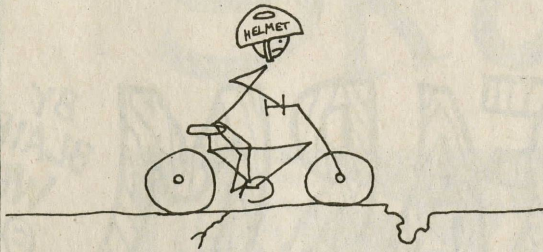
I COULD FIX IT,
BUT WITH A BIKE LIKE
THIS, IT'S NOT WORTH IT.



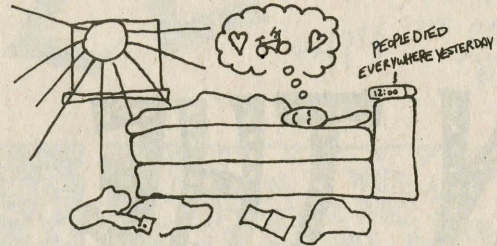
THEY SAID THIS EVEN THOUGH MY BIKE HAD PROVEN ITSELF
TO BE A SOLID AND DEPENDABLE PIECE OF MACHINERY!



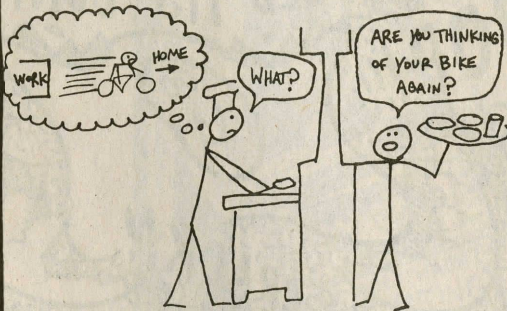
BUT NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENED I NEVER
LOST FAITH IN MY BIKE,



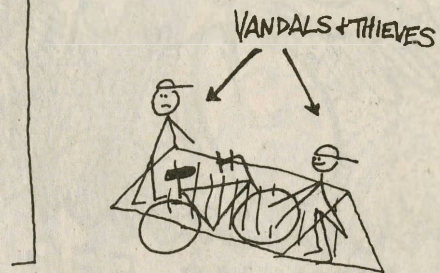
AND LOOKED FORWARD TO RIDING
IT EVERYDAY.



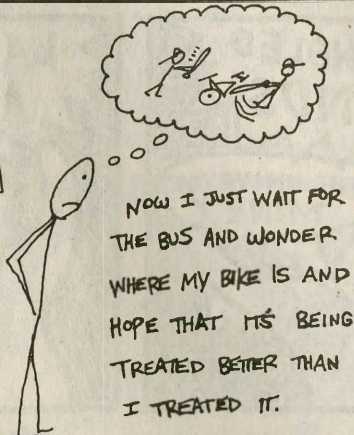
ESPECIALLY AFTER A HARD NIGHT'S WORK.



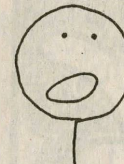
UNTIL THAT ONE NIGHT.



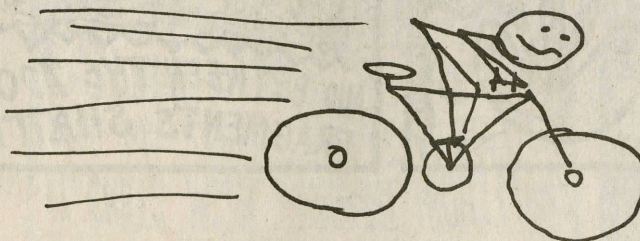
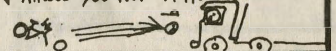
BUS STOP
BUS COMES
EVERY SO
OFTEN
OR
LONGER.



WHOEVER YOU ARE, WHEREVER YOU ARE,
WHATEVER REASON YOU HAD FOR RIPPIN' OFF
MY BIKE, JUST BE GOOD TO IT...



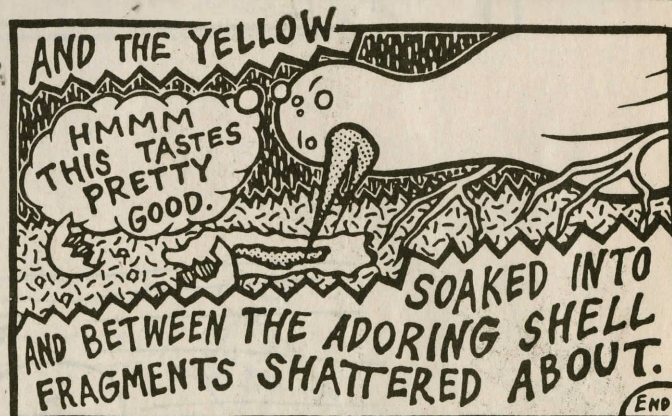
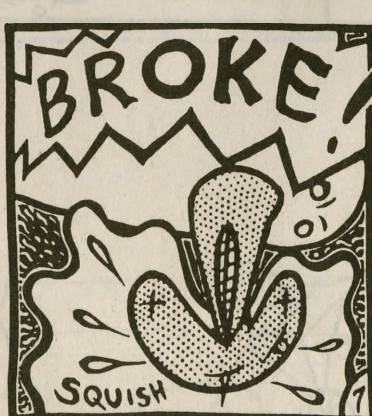
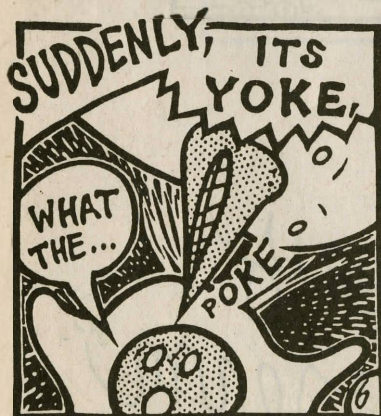
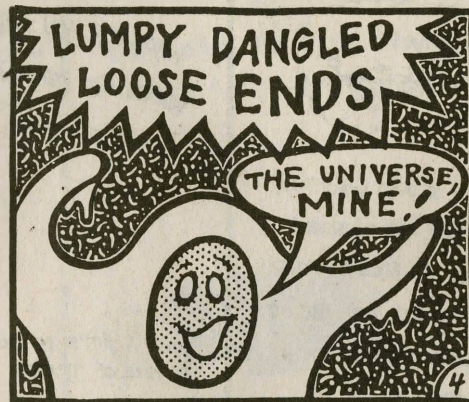
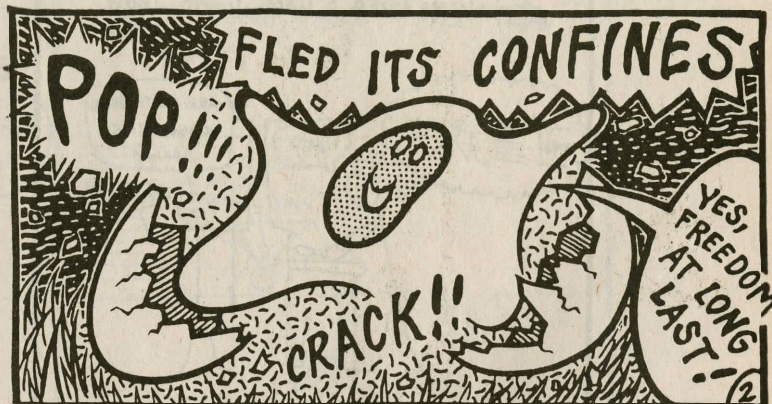
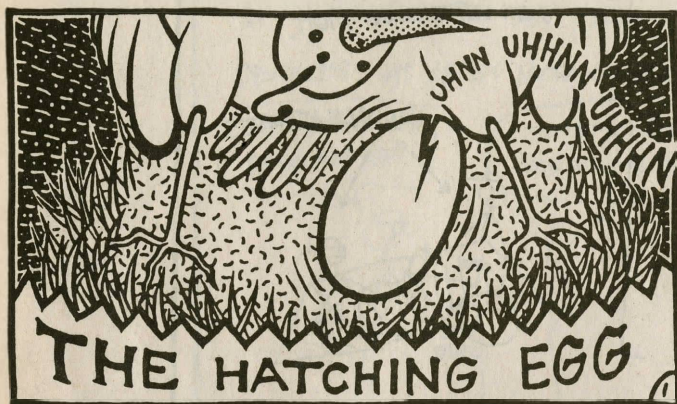
AND I HOPE IT DOESN'T BREAK DOWN IN THE
MIDDLE OF TRAFFIC + THROW YOU INTO A TRUCK ASSHOLE.



Joey
Germ

ON THE FARM

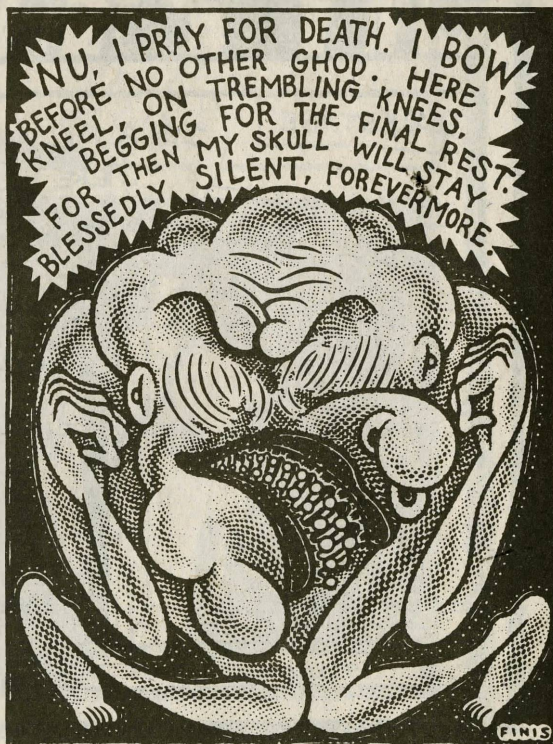
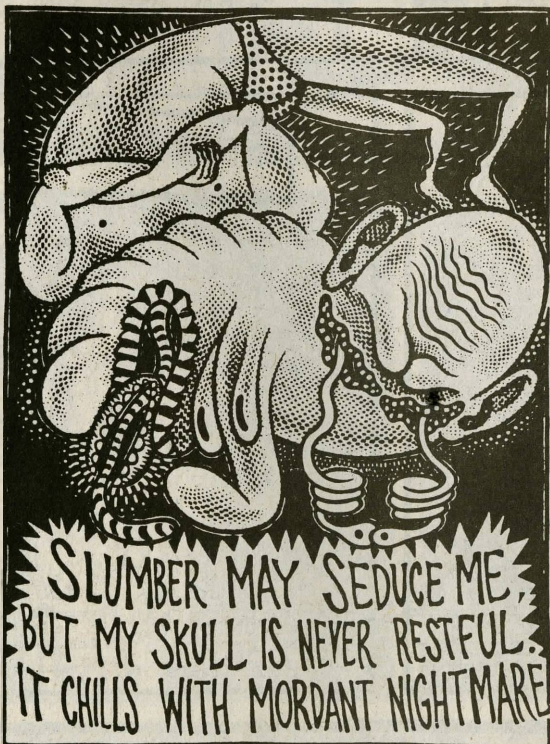
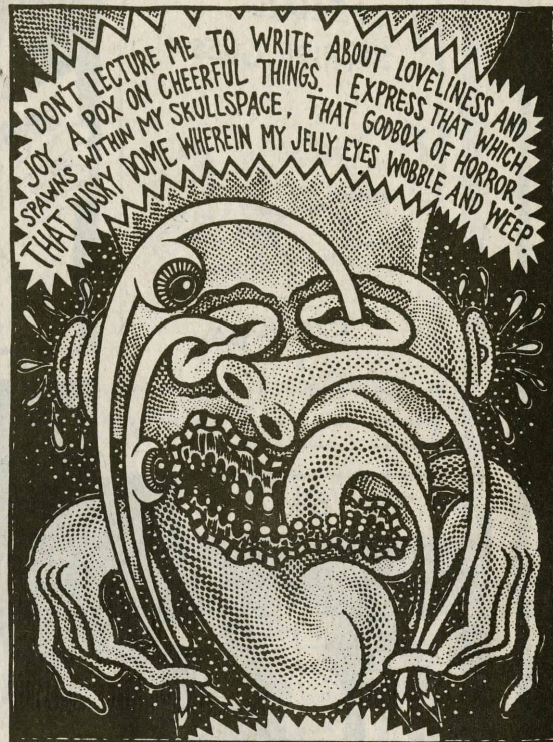
BY
BLAIR
WILSON
© 1994
#418





SKULL

TO YE MEMORY OF JESSE BERNSTEIN
BY W. H. PUGMIRE
AND BLAIR WILSON
#474
© 1995




©*1/20!!

W/ SPECIAL
SURPRISE GUEST

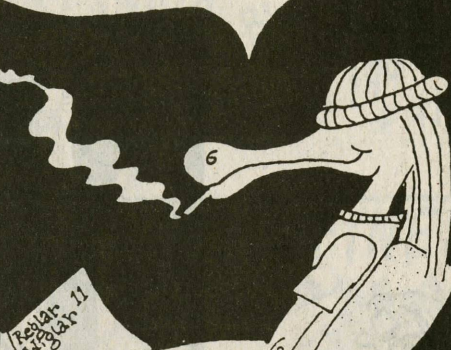


SATURDAY
AT SPIFFY'S 10:00

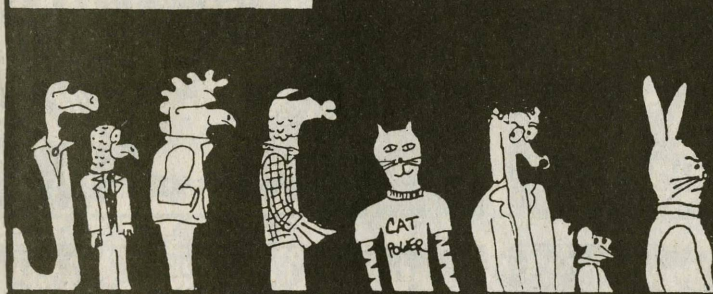
WHAT'S THIS "SPECIAL
SURPRISE GUEST" BULLSHIT?



I JUST HOPE IT'S SOMEBODY
WHO WILL DRAW IS ALL.



AT THE SHOW...



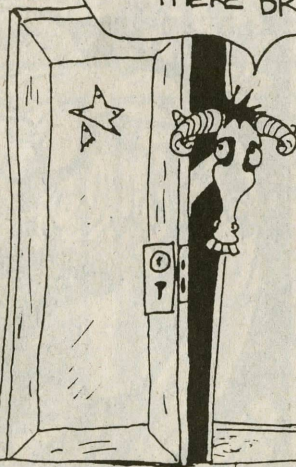
©*1/20!!
W/ SPECIAL
SURPRISE GUEST
SATURDAY
AT SPIFFY'S 10:00

HAVE YOUR I.D.S
OOT AND READY!

SPIFFY'S

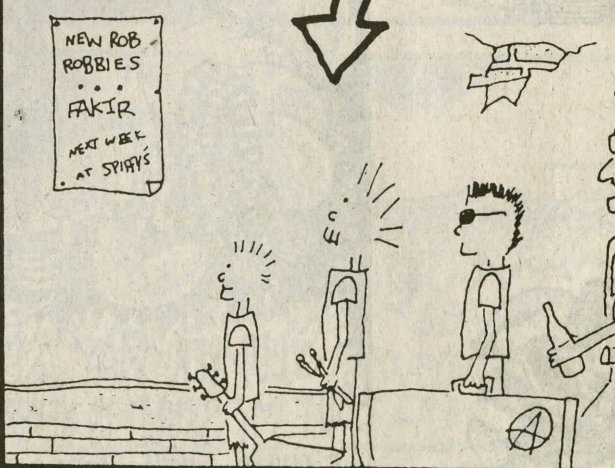
BACKSTAGE.

IT'S A FULL HOUSE OUT
THERE BROTHERS.

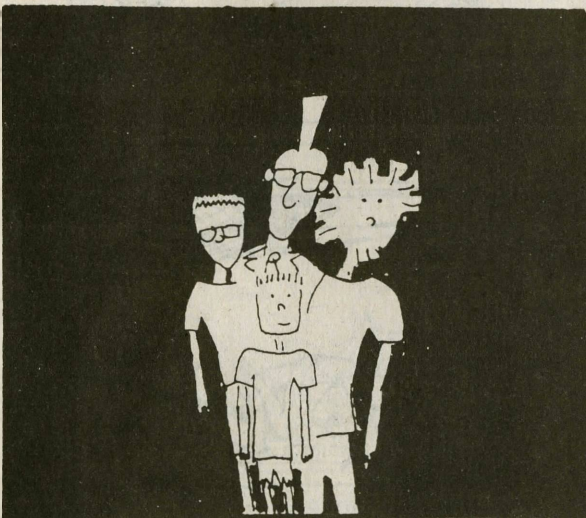
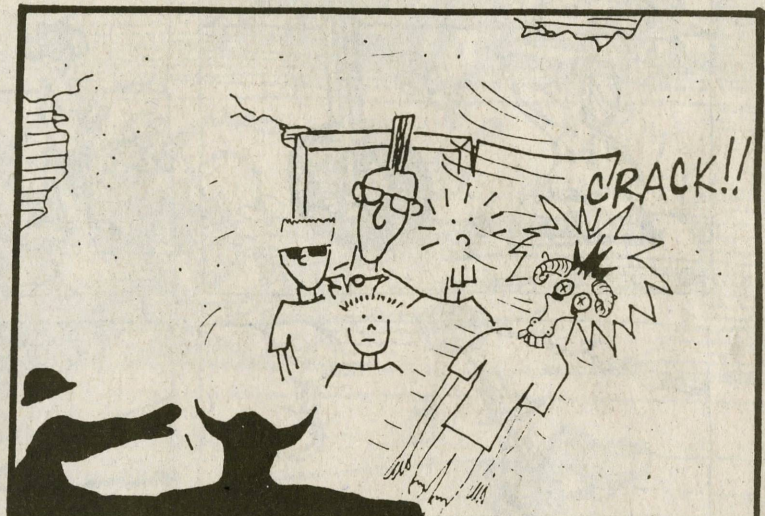
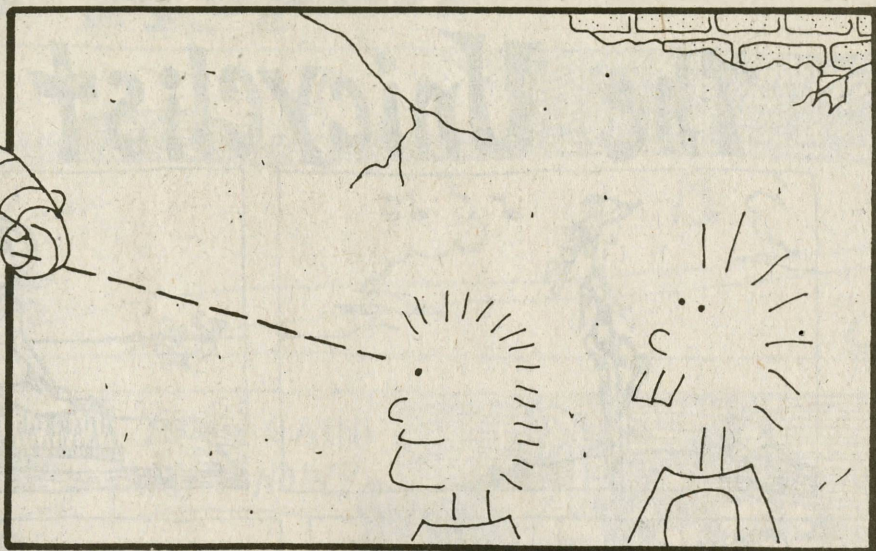


©*1/20!!
W/ SPECIAL
SURPRISE
GUEST

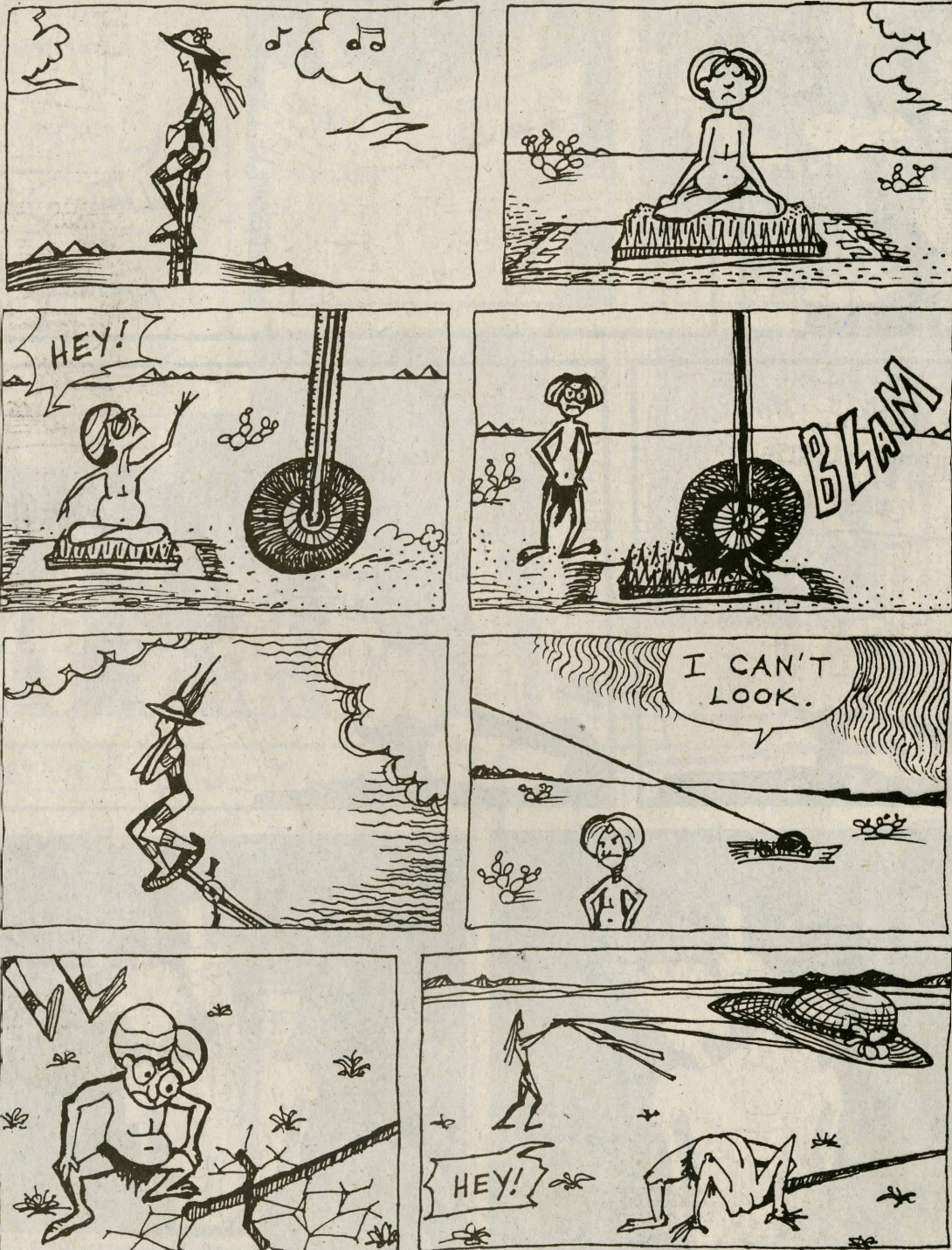
SPECIAL SURPRISE GUESTS (?)



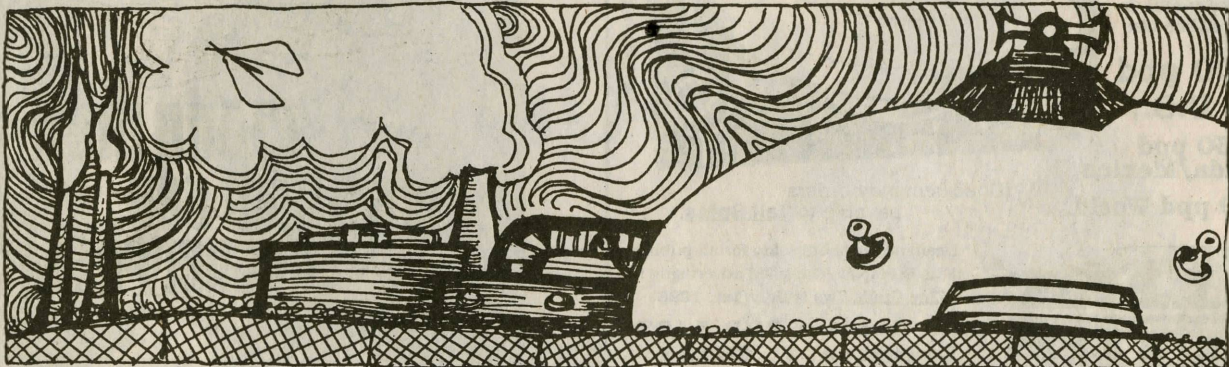
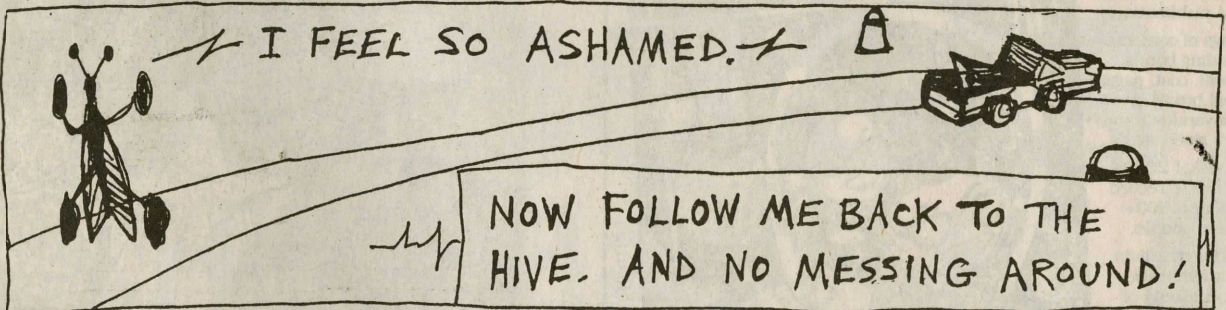
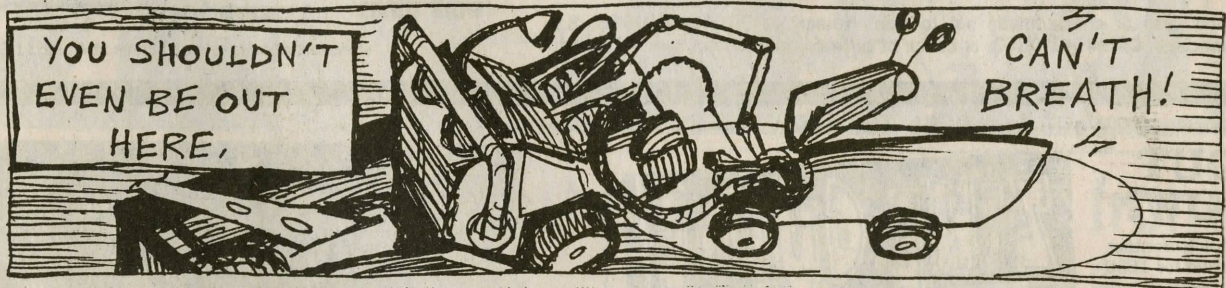
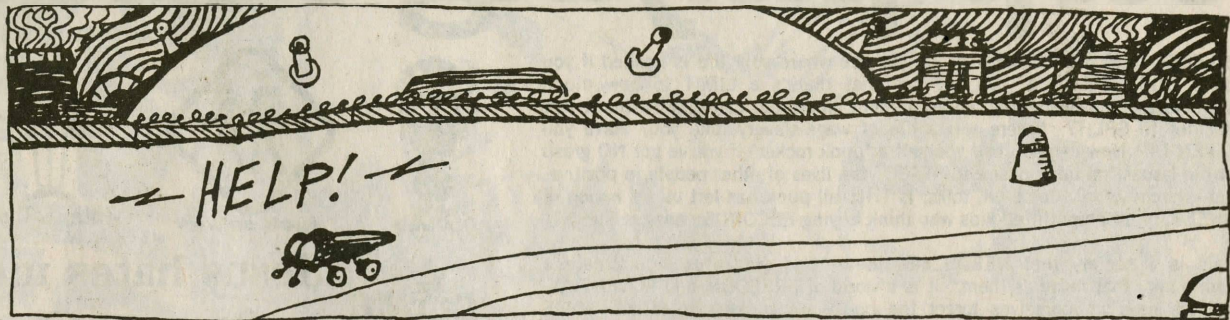
NEW ROB
ROBBIES
FAKIR
NEXT WEEK
AT SPIFFY'S



The Unicyclist



Road Repair



stop playing dead.

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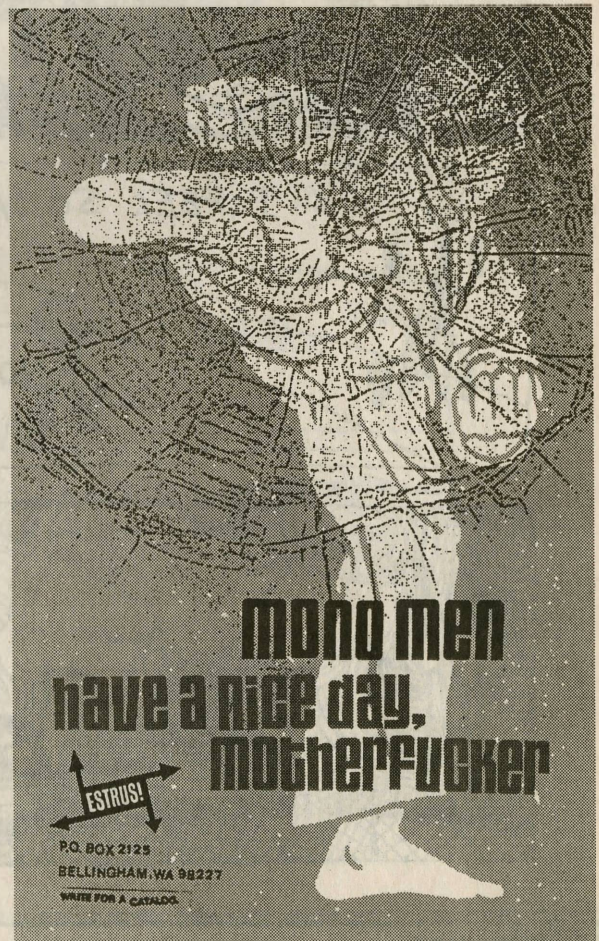
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