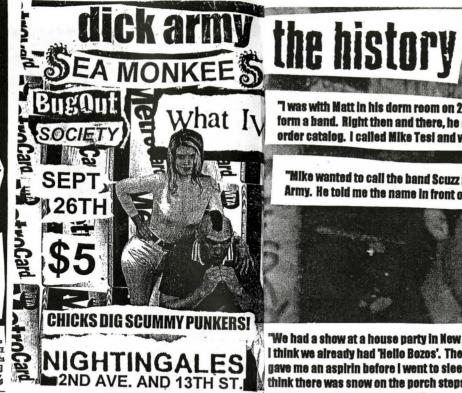
In Loving Memory Of



dick army

1995-2003







"I was with Matt in his dorm room on 24th street when he decided we should form a hand. Right then and there, he ordered a guitar and an amp from a mail order catalog. I called Mike Test and we made him the drummer.

"Mike wanted to call the band Scuzz McKenzië, but Matt came up with Dick Army. He told me the name in front of CBGR.

"We had a show at a house party in New Jersey, when we only had a few songs. I think we already had 'Hello Bozos'. Then we slept on the floor. Mike's brether gave me an aspirin before I went to sleep. In order to lessen the handover. I think there was snow on the norch steps.

"Our second show was at ABC No Rio. That one didn't go too smoothly. We were nervous and I couldn't synch up with Matt too well on our first song. which was 'Date Rane'.

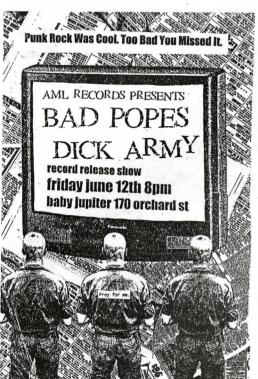
"The third show, and my last with Dick Army, was at 169 bar. We charged some money at the door, although we had to let the old bar regulars in for free. We were playing with furious George. A lot of people showed up. We had a decent amp, and we played a good set, although there was no stage. People were dancing. I remember at one point half of the beat dropped out and I saw Tesi's drumstick fly by my head. Somebody handed it back to him.

"Tesi never had a real set of drumsticks. They were always two broken pieces. Those were times of great cheapness, and the drinking of a great deal of mate liquor.

"There followed my time with the Army a period of directionlessness. Now that I have regained some of my senses, I realize that the band was a good idea. I think that it will live on. In fact, if only because the name is so good. And it also taught me at least one important thing: you have to practice more."

"Between thought and expression, there lies a lifetime." and he should know.

Jim Nachih





So Jim quit the band and Tesi and I decided to keep lumbering on. It was late spring 1996 by then and what the hell else was I supposed to do when I wasn't finishing up my college degree, managing the video store (I think I'd been fired from the liquor store for falling a lie detector test by then), or hanging out upstairs at the Mars Bar (I'd yet to start working there).

We tried a couple new people with less than satisfactory results. The problem was that we'd somehow managed to get a show at the Continental. To us, at that point, that seemed like a BIG DEAL. I think Noel was only interested in booking us there because, in our efforts to replace Nachlin, I'd put up a flyer at Yenus Records that read "wanted: rich kid with van, ability to play guitar or bass A+" and he thought that was too good to pass up.

So we had this big show and not much of a band. We certainly didn't want to play the show as a two-piece. Tesi's brother Mark, who'd recorded our demo, and his friend Brian, both of whom were in The Trans Megetti were supposed to come over from Jersey at the 11th hour, learn all the songs (such as they were), and then play the show with us but they canceled at the last minute leaving us high and dry.

Okay, in retrospect, we panicked. But what were we to do? I called my friend Ryan Hushion, who used to spend the daylight hours with me up at the Mars Bar pretending to look for a job. He said he had a friend Rob who played the bass, so I called him, or had Ryan call him, and asked him if he could learn our entire set in one afternoon and play a show that night. With typical, misplaced Rob Novick arrogance he said "sure".

And so we taught him the songs (or so we thought), wrote a couple new ones, and decided we were ready to rock. Well, almost. Thinking there was safety in numbers, I called up this kid we'd met at our Abc No Rio show who thought we were the greatest thing he'd ever seen. He said he could play the saxophone and the three of us thought it might be good to have him join us on stage for "Louie Louie". Back then we didn't know his name so we refered to him as "The Superfan". We'd soon enough come to fear the name "Memphis" Mike Federline.

Matt "Army" Braun

the history

Matt and I were introduced by our mutual friend Ryan (aka Skeleton Boy). Ryan had always been telling me about Matt's band, Dick Army. I asked Ryan what they sounded like and he tells me that they're like Pussy Galore meets Fear. He also tells me that they have a song called "All My Friends Are Nuts", which is like the stupidest song title I'd ever heard (until I found out they had a song called "We're The Abused"). I tell him that no band on earth could possibly be that bad.

So I go to check out the Army with Ryan and Ian (aka the DJ Reverend Honeyman Lightning aka Saint Dad aka Father on Fire) at some polack bar on East Broadway. But we all end up eating a whole bunch of black beauties and getting way too drunk and I miss Dick Army's set. Ian almost gets run over by a yellow cab and I end up destroying Ryan's apartment. Anyway, at some point in time, I tell Matt that I'm a bass player and to give me a call if he ever needs my services.

So I get the call a few weeks later. "Can you learn nine songs this afternoon and play a show at the Continental Tonight?" Well when punk rock calls collect, you gotta accept the charges, so off I go. Me, Matt, and drummer Mike Tesl (aka Surfer Girl) meet up at Matt's apartment, which is in the boiler room underneath the Mars Bar. Before we get to work, we decide we need a few cases of beer, so we go to the supermarket on Avenue A (the same one that me and Timmy Zips had gotten kicked out of years earlier for doing whippets in the middle of the store) and cart home a few cases of Schlitz on top of Surfer Girls's skateboard.

Once we get well lubricated, we take our places for my first Dick Army rehearsal. Me and Matt are sitting at the kitchen table with our guitars but no amps while Tesl is in the bathroom, drumming on top of the toilet seat lid. After running through the various hits like "Dee Dee's Gonna Die" and "Betty Crocker Punk Rocker", I realize that Matt can't play guitar. At all. Like not even a little bit.

Regardless, I decide that the band needs a theme song, so on the spot we write "The Dick Army Theme Song", which is really just a rip off of the chorus to "Party With Me Punker" by the Minutemen. We also come up with a back-up plan in case things start to fall apart on stage. "If things aren't going well, we'll just play "Louie Louie" for 45 minutes, just like the Stooges do on Metallic K.O." says Matt.

he history

With our 20 minute rehearsal finished the three of us drink more beer and decide to head over to the club, which is only a couple of blocks away. We hop in my car and start to take off until someone realizes that I left the last open six-pack of Schlitz on the roof of my car. After rectifying the situation (by putting the beer inside the car, where open beers belong) we make our way to the club. There are a couple of bands before us, so that gives us someone to heckle while we wait to play.

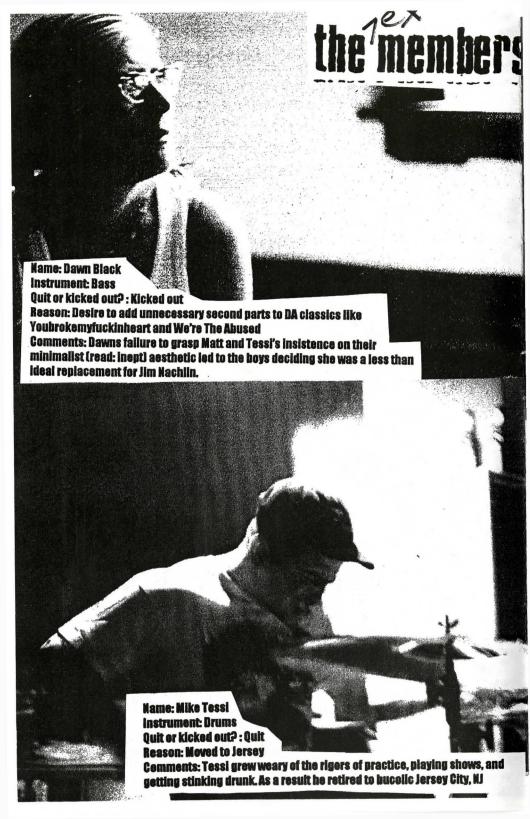
By the time we get on stage, we're definitely ready to rock. Which is to say that we're a total fucking disgusting drunken mess. Every song we play falls apart by the first chorus, so we just move onto the next song. So every song is like 15 seconds long. Sometime during the third song I decide that I'm Gene Simmons or some such fucking thing and I go to pull the big-time rock and roll move and kick Tesi's crash cymbal. But instead of kicking just the cymbal, I end up kicking over like half the drumkit. Tesi takes offense to this so he takes a full beer and huris it straight at my face, thereby splitting me lip wide open. It's definitely time for "Louie Louie". So there I am, bleeding all over myself, playing "Louie Louie" in a completely different key than Matt.

the history

And here I am, five years, four tours, and countless heers later doing pretty much the same thing.

Rob "Pops" Novick







Quit or kicked out; : Honorans discussed by the control town shows that DV and the control of th Name: Adam "Peterson" Patterson Ont of kicked onto Houotaple Discharge Instrument Drums Diakoq iu Elie aud Cleatioid' by

the tours

George

Dick Army didn't tour a whole bunch and we didn't have a lot of success with out of town shows but we had a lot of fun. Mostly we just went to Erie.

Furious

THE RETURN OF RECESS RECORDS RECORDING ARTISTS



MY35am

EERIE'S PUNK LEGENDS

DICK ARMY

(WELCOME BACK GEORGE TABB)



SKA-PUNK HEROS

THE COGORAYS

ALL AGES.

SPECIAL SCHOOL

NIGHT SHOWYOU'RE HOME BY
10:30!!!

WED. NOVEMBER 5. DOORS OPEN AT 5:30 AT I.Q. RECORDS 1527 STATE. FOR INFORMATION: 459-1002 FOUR BANDS-\$6. NO ALCOHOL.

all of the second

Nov 5th 1997

Erie, PA – w/Furious George, My 3 Scum, and The Go-Go Rays

Nov 6th 1997

Clearfield, PA - The Rock w/Furlous George and The Chesterfields

WE VENT AND PLAYED SIX DATES WITH THE BAD POPES IN 1998 THIS IS NEAL. HE DROVE US. the tours July 3rd 1998 Lakewood, OH - The Phantasy w/Showcase Showdown. The Tedio Boys, The Bad Popes, and The In Crowd July 5th 1998 Green Bay, WI – The Concert Café w/The Bad Popes and P July 7th 1998 La Crosse, WI - The Warehouse w/The Bad Popes July 8th 1998 Springfield, IL - Skank Skates w/Bad Popes and another July 9th 1998 Dayton, OH - The back of some bowling alley w/The Bad Popes and some Guns n' Roses wannabes July 10th 1998 Erie, PA - at some park w/Bastard Brigade, FYI, My 3 Scum. and The Bad Popes

DICK ARMY SIGNS TO A MAJOR LABEL. OTHERS TO FOLLOW?

NEW YORK (AP)- In a shocking move, Dick Army, New York City's premier punk rock band (not to be confused with the racist skinhead group from Va.) has agreed to release a 7" EP on A Major Label, AML Records.

"We think it's the right move at the right time," said the group's guitarist Matt Army at a press conference held here yesterday at Manhattan's St. Mark's Hotel. "It looks as though this whole punk rock revival thing is about to blow over at any minute and we want to get our slice of the pie while we still can. The royalties from co-writing 'Betty Crocker Punk Rocker' just weren't paying the bills."

Many criticized the group long known for it's DIY ideals for signing to AML and in effect "selling out".

"Anybody who thinks I'm a sellout can kiss my fuckin' ass," said the group's bass player, Rob Noxious, at the poorly attended press conference. "If I'm a sellout how come I'm still living in my parent's basement? Answer me that fanboy!".

"Whohoo! I'm rich! Hit me! Yea," exclaimed Mikey "The Champ" Federline, the group's drummer and part time saxophonist, formerly of Man With Gun Lives Here. "I'm gonna get cable!"

Signing to AML is just another in a long list of controversies surrounding the group that include everything from public urination the complete destruction of



CBGB's Gallery. Greg Ginn and SST records are already threatening to sue AML if they release the record with the proposed title "The First Four Beers".

"I think our fans will buy this record regardless of what label it's on," said Matt. "I guarantee you this record is going to make you punch your mother in the face and run away from home."

Dick Army's EP "The First Four Beers" is available for \$3.00 pp in the U.S.

AML Records, PO Box 1503, NYC, NY 10009

An Open Letter From A Major Label

to The "Alternative Nation"



OUT

When we here at AML records recently released Dick Army's EP "The First Four Beers" we felt confident that it would be welcomed by "punkers" with open arms. Certainly all our marketing research indicated that this would be the case.

However, slow sales, combined with poor reviews in important trade publications, such as "Maximumrocknroll", have led us to retool the group's image somewhat.

Gone is the group's wacky drummer "Mikey". Our research indicated that his happy go lucky attitude was out of sync with contemporary "punk rock" mores. The group will now be displaying a more "sullen" and "detached" attitude, both in concert and on subsequent releases. We are certain that the new "in your face" D.A. will be welcomed universally by the "scene".

In the meantime, we

stand by the release of "The First Four Beers" as a fine "punk rock" record. It is available for \$3ppd in the US. Also, the new, more refined D.A. will be on tour this november in the midwest with the highly credible "Furious George".



AML "Selling Out The Scene Since 310 5th Ave. #2r

Erie, PA – again at some park w/My 3 Scum, Bastard Sent 5th 1998 Brigade, Invisible Rays, and more

I TOLD YOU WE PLAYED ERIE A LOT.

IN 1999 WE BROUGHT BILL FLORIO WITH US 1 SNORED

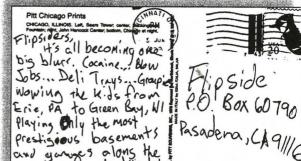
MY WAY ACROSS THE MIDWEST.

May 22rd 1999 Erie. PA - State Street Tayern (matinee) w/ My 3 Scum and FYI May 22rd 1999 Pittsburgh. PA -- Basement Show w/The Goons and Molotov Cocktall Chicago. IL - Community Showers w/Satia and Ambition May 23rd 1999

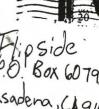
Missian May 24th 1999 Minneapolis, MN - Foxfire Lounge w/Officer Annie and

May 25th 1999 Green Bay, WI – The Concert Café w/The Woggles and more May 27th 1999 Chicago, IL - Fireside Bowl w/The Nowhere Squares and

May 29th 1999 Cincinnati, OH – Buzz Cafe w/The Slobs and more



way, decimate or be decimated &



IN 2001 WE WENT AND PLAYED 5 LOUSY SHOWS IN THE MIDWEST & THE SOUTH. IT DIDN'T GO SO GREAT BUT THERE WAS PLENT OF VOMITING AND PANTS-WET THE LOCALS TO KEEP

ENTERTAINE D

April 7th 2001 April 8th 2001 April 9th 2001 April 11th 2001 April 12th 2001

Columbus, OH - Addition 13 w/Don Austin and more indianapolis, IN - Radio Radio Nashville, TN - Angle of View Montevallo, AL - Barnstormer's Pizza Tallahassee, FL - The Thunderdome w/Flat Stanley and

others

LAST YEAR WE TOOK BILL WI US AGAIN AND FLEW TO

ROCK STARS.





ONE OF THE BEST THINGS ABOUT DOING THIS BAND HAS BEEN THE PEOPLE WE MET ALONG THE WAY HERE IS WHAT THEY HAVE TO SAY

"I saw this band, Dick Army, and I stole their guitar in the middle of their set."

"Dick Army is the worst band in NYC."

Long before I heard Dick Army they had a helluva reputation.

The first quote is from my friend John who went to high school with one of the original Dicks, Jim. What kind of band could turn my mild-mannered friend into a hijacker?

The second quote is from the NY Press. Having played with all of other worst bands in the city (play eight gigs at the legendary Spiral and you'll cover a lot of ground), I expected, well, dick, from Dick Army.

Then I heard them. I loved 'em! The First Four Beers is a masterpiece! The playing is sloppy and the instruments sound like they're spilling out of shoebox, but it's an excellent ep. C'mon, you aren't charmed by those handclaps on "Absolute Zero" or the ill-conceived sax playing on "Ryan Husbion is

Unemployed"P I just listened to The First Four Beers again and it still stands up. Or maybe it's more a matter of falling down. Regardless, you get all of that plus, with the lyrics, all of the self-loathing of a Hunter S. Thompson novel without having to read a Hunter S. Thompson novel.

the friends

Then came gems like "All Pilled Out", the Decimate ep, and the Unsafe cd. All of which had gobs of bitching about work and high praise for cheap beer. Dick Army could tap into hackneyed subject matter without yielding to cliché or pretense: punk rock populism.

And catharsis, too. Ten minutes of Dick Army could clear away eight hours of office work.

As each Dick Army record came out, and surpassed its predecessor, I declared them best punk band in New York. (Mostly because I believe it, but partly because I hate the NY Press.) No one—not even Matt Army—ever agreed with me on this point.

So, being familiar with the whole Charlie Brown/Lucy/football scenario, I'm not going to take another stab at convincing the world of Dick Army's greatness. But I still want to address the matter of their reputation. And if I won't (or can't) stake out either the "worst band" or "best band" positions, maybe I can clear up a misunderstanding.

Most of you reading this were probably at, or have heard about, the release party for the Dizzy Records cd compilation, the show held at the Vital Mailorder office in the summer of '99. I'm the shlub who (poorly) organized that shindig. Everyone I talked with said they had a great time, but Tom from Vital was nearly evicted because of the party. Not because people were spilling beer in the office or stealing plants from the lobby. No, it was because a group of kids went down the wrong staircase, opened a door that said 'Do Not Exit," and tripped a fire alarm that wasn't turned off until Monday morning.

Because of Dick Army's reputation, most people assumed that a Dick Army fan set off the fire alarm. Not true. Sure, the DA faithful contributed their part to the beer sloshing and plant theft, but not the fire alarm. Delinquents? Yeah, you could say that (one of

the guys in Dick Army once described their fans as "a bunch of problem drinkers"), but they can read clearly labeled "Do Not Exit" signs.

I have no idea where Dick Army's reputation truly lies, but let's at least get the facts straight.

Thanks, guys.

Mike Faloon Go Metric zine

Nobody I knew took Dick Army seriously when they started out, especially me. Nothing good ever came out of semething when the word "Dick" was put in front of it. Cavett? Buttons? Cheney? Us smarter types knew that it was a tribute to the man who coined the phrase "Barney Fag," while others (my dermatologist for one, who I'm convinced has a crush on me) just didn't get it, or thought that it was a tribute band for that nationally known rock act "Dick."

Matt started DA not long after I first met him, and I quickly set out to make every show of his a miserable experience. I spent whole sets flicking lighted matches and ice cubes at him. Once I assaulted him with couch cushions in the small room at the Knitting Factory and nearly got the show shut down (remember kids, couch cushions can KILL). Worst of all, I used a racial slur within earshot of his colored roommate. I was intent on bothering Matt on and offstage whenever I could.

The music on the other hand_we didn't really listen to it. It was noisy, and how could you take a band seriously whose greatest lyrical achievement was "Money in the bank, take it in the tank?" Besides, Rob played his fancy powder blue Fender Bass way toe high on his body, and it was disturbing to leok at. I was mostly drawn to the band at first because their drummer had slept with a bartender that I was both attracted to, and frightened of at the same time. I still don't know how that half a homo ever pulled it off without his dick being fed to him. That guy must have a baseball bat between his legs that tastes like raspberry Jam when the geyser blows.

Their next drummer injected some life into the band, if not any more musical talent. I once spent a day with Mikey in Amityville, Long Island singing Iron Maiden songs and watching him try to convince a 16 year old girl that it was okay for her to give him a blowjob. The young lady in question was horrified, yet I was quite entertained. I hear that girl is now 22, but who would want a blowjob from someone that over the hill?

At some point, something changed with Dick Army. They got another drummer and the nelse they made wasn't such a bother anymore. I stopped trying to sabotage their shows and started to listen. They actually had good songs and clever lyrics that I hadn't paid attention to. People started coming to their shows and they were doing better than just playing The Continental on a Tuesday night. Matt was headstrong and took his band on tours of the Midwest and even flew the boys out to the West Coast for a tour. He asked me to go along as their roadie for that trip, but in a fit of maturity and personal fiscal responsibility, I turned down his offer. I heard I missed the chance to fuck some really fat chicks (a lifelong dream of mine), or at the very least get the oft talked about, much touted, legendary "Fat Chick Blowjob."

Now the time comes as it does in every sensible band's life to call it quits. Matt has wisely decided that continuing the band would only point out the futility of starting it in the first place. But I am left with the memories. I for one, will always remember Rob standing on a small stage in Erie, Pennsylvania singing Prince's "Kiss" surprisingly well on Karaoke night in some dive bar. I'il also reflect on Matt jumping offstage at the Continental, and running out the door with his guitar in hand all the way down to the Mars Bar.

Dick Army's last show is coming up in a month as of this writing, and I will surely be there to sing along with the lyrics "Money in the bank, take it in the tank," one last time. That is unless, I'm getting a blowlob from a fat chick.

Evan Cohen Evan is the Author of "I was a Murder Junkie: The Last Days of GG Allen" and was the bass player in a band he'd rather we didn't mention. the friends

what does dick army mean?!?! well I once had to tell a girl in teronto what it meant after she spazzed out on one of our "crew" member's said rock band's T shirt. Not that she really wanted to know what it meant but as a player of the dumb i had to respond with: "well no no no. you dont really understand, dick army deesnt really mean "dick army". like a buncha dicks ganging up and "going for it" on unsuspecting victims, its more of like, um, or a metaphor? yea for something crazy?" she then nodded her head as if she really wanted to know more, being caught off guard like that i totally freaked, how the hell was i supposed to know that she would believe me?! I didnt know she would eventually seek the truth?!? and, more importantly, how the hell do I know what dick army stands for PPI i wouldve loved to tell her that it was about tricky dick and how he tried to get john lennon kicked outta new york and sent back to england, and them being huge lennon fans it was like artistic sarcasm. like "kill the poor". but I just couldn't say that I couldn't lie to her, for all I knew it damn well couldve meant a buncha dicks ganging up on some wierd vagina. then i started to trip! like what the fuck?! is gang banging cool all of the sudden?! have I been living under a rock for years?! did I hafta be seprated from all these gang bangers like "THEY" seprated simon & garfunkeli? I looked un and she was gone.

I never did find out what happened to her, not then, not now, did she pep out some critters with a criminal defense lawyer or is she still fighting to find the truth, justice, and candian way? I'll never ever know.

todd congollere, toys that kill

I booked a show for Dick Army in Cincinnati, sometime around 1997 or '98, I forget when exactly; they played with three local bands at a coffeehouse near our University. It was an awful, humid summer evening and in order to play at the coffeehouse you had to move all the tables and sofas from the sitting area up a flight of stairs to the CD store above. I asked the other bands to come early and help move furniture, but no one showed, so Dick Army and I lugged couches and benches around until it was time for the first band to start. Despite the searing heat, a pretty big crowd of people turned out for the show, but they all came to see the second band and left before Dick Army came on stage to play third. Typical, I guess. Dick Army tore apart everyone within earshot and rocked with a ferecity and literal stench I have never witnessed from any other band. Ever. After the show I asked the other bands to help bring all the furniture back downstairs, but none of the bands did. Note to self: "Pay the bands AFTER they move furniturel". That night Dick Army spent the night at my apartment and watched mevies really loudly. I offered everyone some petate chips, and when I asked Matt if he wanted me to put some in a bowl for him, he looked really offended and said, "No. Why would I want to eat them out of a bowl?". I didn't know. None of the guys took a shower and the apartment smelled really had for a few days after they left.

It must also be noted that my first contact with Dick Army came when I make Matt thru a mutual acquaintance upon discovering both our bands had been ripped off by Punks with Presses. Like many other people, we paid for printing but never received our jobs or a refund. After almost a year of badgering I finally got about half my money back. I forget if Matt ever got his money back, but I do remember he wrote a great letter (publicly explaining his grievance with Punks with Presses) to MRR that was lamely dismissed by some fuckwad who obviously was friends with the jerk who ran Punks with Presses. I believe the jerk who ran Punks with Presses was thrown in jail for sodomizing little boys or something equally helnous... Anyway, while Captain Chickenhawk was being stretched in jail, I guess the other "shitworkers" at Punks with Presses were still cashing checks and allowing the business to wallow. When the jerk got out of jail he had to sell all his printing equipment to defray the cost of his logal expenses or something...

Obviously I den't remember too many details about the experience, but suffice to say two good things happened: 1. Our bands got our covers reprinted with Walt at Imprint in Florida, and they did a superb job. 2. I Indirectly crossed paths with Matt and Dick Army. Their music was brutal and viclous, but

hummable and comforting all at once. I liked Dick Army the band much more than Dick Armey the state representative, even more than Dick Army the other band named "Dick Army", and definitely much more than Punks with Presses or coffeehouse furniture. Farewell Dick Army! You will be missed.

Dave Spodie

My recollection of Dick Army is pretty brief_i think I had to make a filer with them on it, and George suggested that I draw an Army of Ponises. Man that filer was tight. shit.

At some point when their real drummer was on motorcycle sabbatical or some shit i filled in on drums for like 4 shows. I could never quite pull it off but it was always fun. Then again, it doesn't really matter in Eerie. Those people are lucky to have phones.

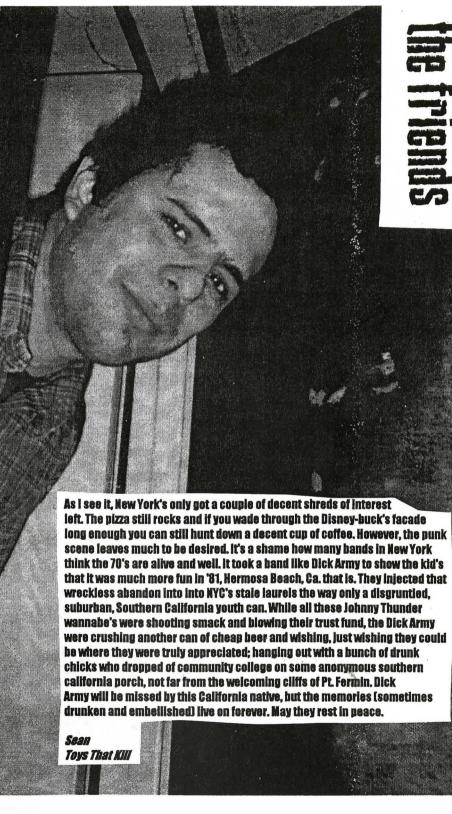
Somehow DA was able to go from being the shittlest band in NYC to still be entertaining to being the best band in NYC to still be shitty. I will miss them and am glad I got to be a part of it. shit I feel old.

Without a doubt they were still better than any band who cites Gang of 4 as an influence.

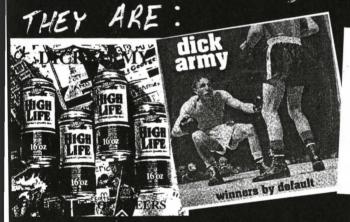
so fuck eff. *adam books He* the friends

Yeah, Bowle here ... Matt. Matt who? ... Oh, sure, right, how are you? .. good, well, really just okay, my Escalade is in the shop and the numbers for 18-49s aren't that strong, but I'm good ... yeah, it's cold here too, it's gonna go down to the sixtles tonight ...really? well, I'm sorry to hear that .. i have many fond memories of seeing Dick Army at the Continental before the Continental started booking Doors tribute bands ... i carried your guitar for you once when you played with Egghead., you guys put on magnificent sweaty shows where it felt like everyone was in on the same joke ...write something for the program? well, that's awfully quaint, I don't know if I'll be able to ... hey, Matt, I'm gonna lose you, I'm going through a canyon ...

John Ross Bowle John appears Tuesdays at 9:30 on HBC



ALL TOGETHER WE PUT OUT
THREE 7"S, WE WERE ON TWO
COMPS, AND PUT OUT ONE
"FULL LENGTH" CD (THOUGH
SOME WOULD) ARGUE THAT IT'S
A LITTLE SHORT TO TRUELY
QUALIFY AS SUCH). HERE





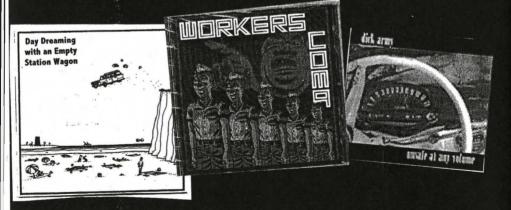


THANKS: BILL FLORIO, TOME VITAL MUSIC, THE BAD POPES, FURIOUS GEORGE, YUM YUM TREE, MÖLOTOV COCKTAIL, THE SEA MONKEYS, OSCAR & THE PLOGEN SISTERS, PAUL JOHNSON, MITRO, THE KUNG FU MONKEYS, DIRT BUKE ANNIE THE JAG OFFS, FIP/ITK, NOEL FORD, MARK TESS 1, RYAN HUSHION, THE HECKLERS RECESS RECORDS, MRR, GO METRIC, MY 3 SCUM BOB KELLOGE EVERYONE IN ERIE. ACK! THERE'S TOO MANY!

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THEY ARE:







THANKS. BILL FLORIO, TOME VITAL MUSIC, THE BAD POPES, FURIOUS GEORGE, YUM YUM TREE, MÖLOTOV COCKTAIL, THE SEA ____ MONKEYS, OSCAR & THE PLOGEN SISTERS, PAUL JOHNSON, MITRO, THE KUNGFU MONKEYS, DIRT BUKE ANNIE THE JAG OFFS, PP/ITK, NOEL FORD, MARK TESS 1, RYAN HUSHION, THE HECKLERS RECESS RECORDS, MRR, GO METRIC, MY 3 SCUM BOB KELLOGE EVERYONG IN ERIE. ACK! THERE'S TOO MANY! BYE! BICKARMY

