

INSIDE: NIGHT OF CHAMPIONS EP FEATURING RANCID YAT,  
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# CARBON 14

#20

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ART ★ MUSIC ★ SMUT ★ WRESTLING





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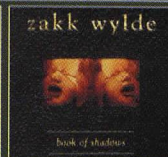
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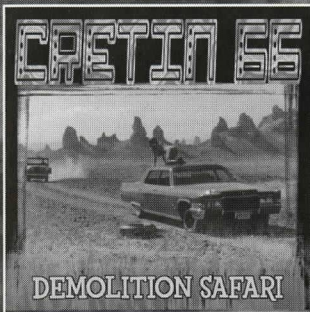
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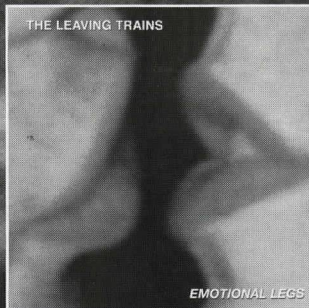
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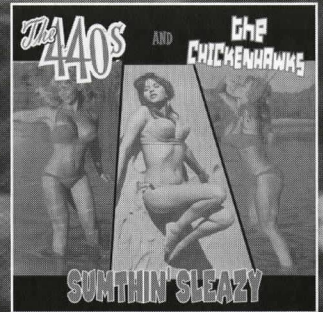
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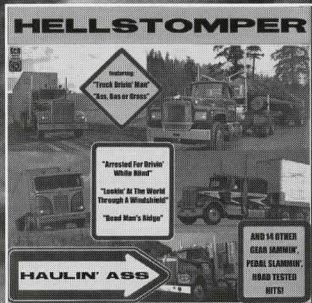
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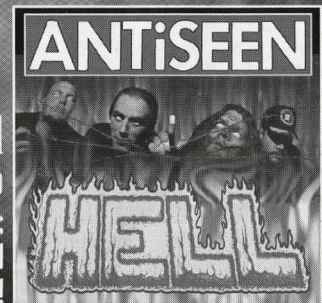
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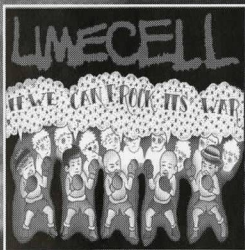
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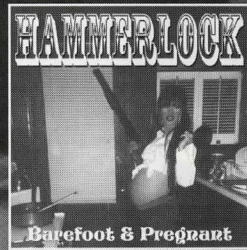
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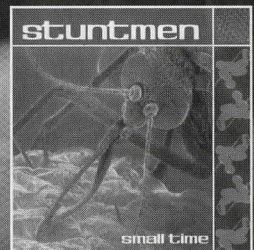
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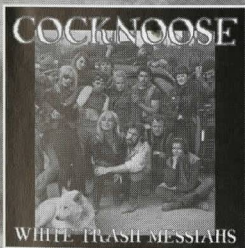
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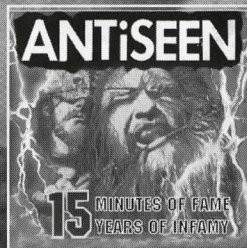
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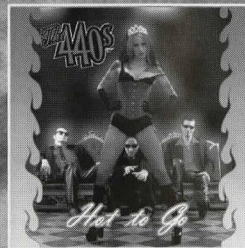
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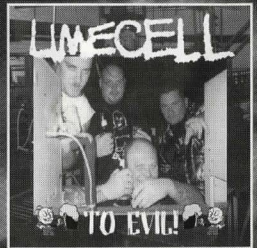
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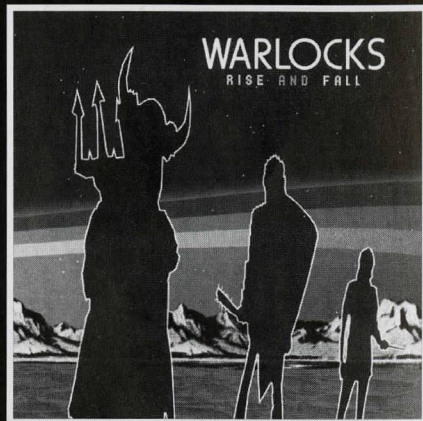
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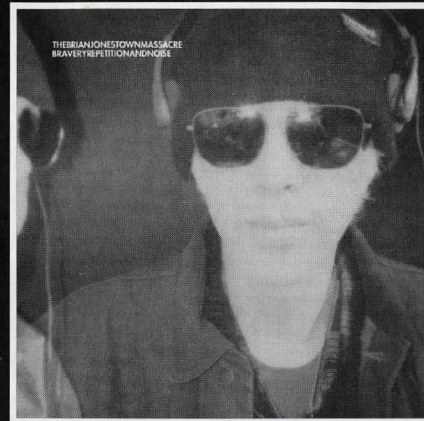
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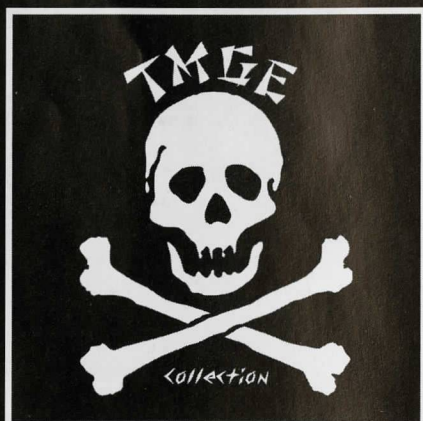
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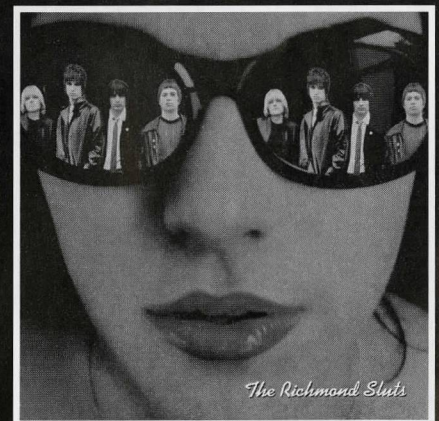
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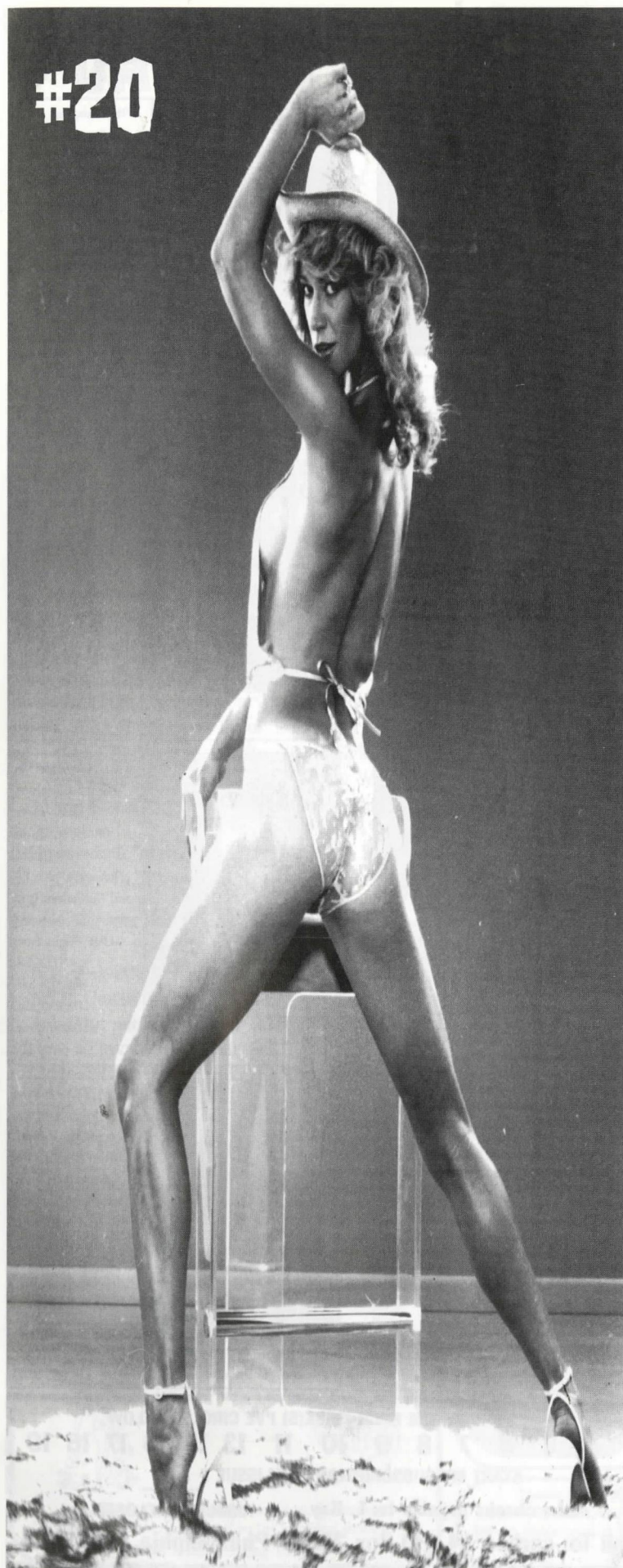
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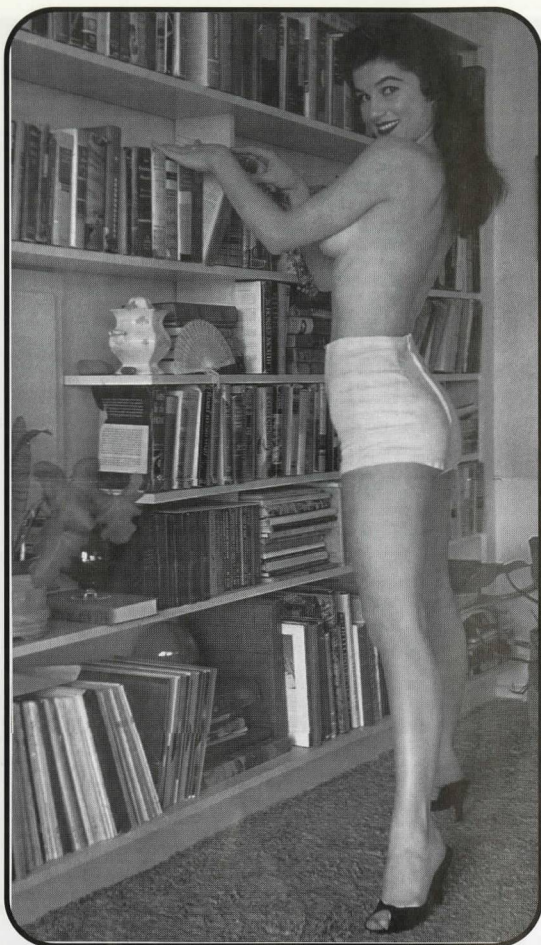


**#20**



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<b>OUR MAN IN PARIS</b>	<b>- 15</b>
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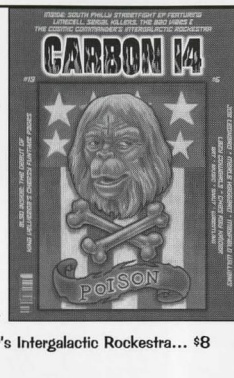
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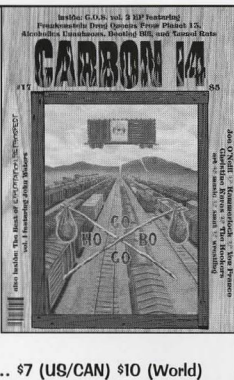
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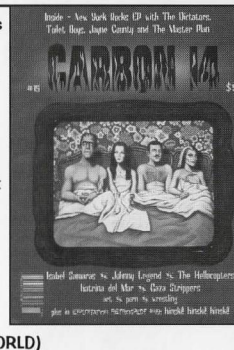
#19 Joe Leonard cover & color feature, Merle Haggard, Mayfield Williams, Lazy Cowgirls, Chas Ray Krider, art, music, smut, wrestling plus the debut of King VelVeeda's Cheesy Funtime Pages and the South Philly Streetfight EP with Limecell, Serial Killers, the Bad Vibes & the Cosmic Commander's Intergalactic Rockestra... \$8 (US/CAN) \$11 (World)



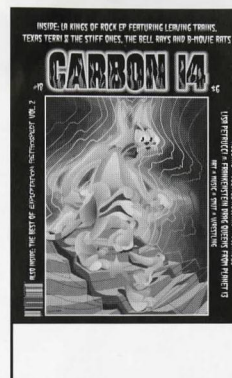
#17 - Joe O'Neill cover & color feature, Hammerlock Von Franco, Christine Karas, the Hookers, art, music, smut, wrestling plus ER and the COS v.2 EP with Frankenstein Drag Queens From Planet 13, Alcoholics Unanimous, Tunnel Rats and Bootleg Bill... \$7 (US/CAN) \$10 (World)



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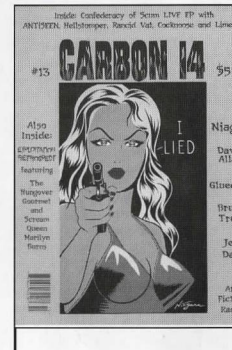
#11 - Judith Schaechter cover & color feature, Tesco Vee, God Is My Co-Pilot, Al Goldstein, KAZ, Cash Money, plus ER's "PORN IN THE USA" issue and the Legends of Philly Punk EP w/ the Sic Kidz, RUIN, More Fiends, F.O.D.... \$7 (US/CAN) \$10 (WORLD)



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#16 - Wes Benscoter cover & color feature, Electric Frankenstein, Missy Hyatt, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Dr. Ducky Doolittle plus ER and the C14 Hall Of Fame EP with Hasil Adkins, Andre Williams, Davie Allan and The Arrows, and Johnny Legend... \$7 (US/CAN) \$10 (World)



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# CARBON 14

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Dan Taylor

## Secretary of Cheese & Adorable Smut:

King VelVeeda

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Full Contact Graphics

## Co-Conspirators:

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Lucky Doorslammer • Eliot Duhan

Phil D. Ford • Rev. Axl Future • Justice Howard

Alan "the Goddam" King • Wendy Lee

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Alex Richmond • Peter Santa Maria

Tom "Tearaway" Schulte • Todd Sciore

Sleazegrinder • Marla Vee • Honey West

(Thee Great) Whiskey Rebel • Widowmaker

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As usual, this is the part where I explain why the issue took longer to put together than I'd hoped but I think this time I don't need to go into the details of why. We started putting the issue together in September and I think we all know what happened in September. Needless to say it was hard to get motivated to work on the mag. Of course that didn't stop people from writing me and inquiring what was taking so long and to those people I'd like to say the following—Pull your head out of your ass! Your record/book/whatever isn't that fucking important.

On to a different subject: we were payed a visit recently by the Reverend Axl Future while he was in Hostile City and it reminded me how great all of our contributors are. I probably don't mention that enough, so I just wanted to say that I'm very appreciative of them and the magazine would suck without them. It's also nice that all of our contributors are actually people we know and like on a personal level. One of the strangest aspects of zine publishing, and I'm sure it's true of the greater publishing world as well, is that we deal with a lot of people on a regular basis that we will probably never meet in person.

(Distributors, record label people, publicists, other zine people etc.) That's not the case with our contributors, pretty much across the board they were either friends of ours before we started the mag or have become our friends since. We used to be a little more open to unsolicited contributions but a few years back I came to the conclusion that maybe it was a better idea to only have people we actually know writing for the mag—since the people we didn't know or have any real personal contact with seemed to be the first to talk shit behind our backs and make up the main group of people that didn't turn in their stuff when deadline rolled around, or even pay us the courtesy of returning our phone calls. (Actually, a number of our friends have done that to us over the years too but you can see how it would be easier to forgive someone you've known for 5-10 years as opposed to someone you've only come into contact with through brief e-mail & phone calls 5-10 months ago.)

I'd eased up on that a little bit as of late and of course, shortly after, a certain purple-contact lens wearing fella that I've never met in person or even spoken to directly who's contributed to the past two issues stepped up to test my decision. But the "situation" with said contributor really amounted to nothing more than a little misunderstanding between two parties and was over and done with before it escalated into anything unpleasant. Certainly it was nothing that I can't brush off and move on from quickly and I'm sure he'll be glittering up our pages again in the future. (Once more for the record, no hard feelings Dimitri.) So I'm letting a little more new blood in this issue, to compliment our already stellar line-up, and we'll see how it goes. This time we have two pieces by a couple of new-to-these-pages contributors - the Confederate Mack and Sleazegrinder; I'll let them introduce themselves through their writing but I should state now that I don't know either of these guys. The Confederate Mack came to us through the Rev; I'm willing to entrust my faith to the opinion of his holiness and I think the column the Mack gave us is pretty damn clever, even if Larry did have to remind me three times who Tommy Rich is. I'm not sure what possessed Sleazegrinder to get in touch with us; I found out about him through Hit List and I think that may be how he heard about c14 (we're both HL columnists.) He didn't offer any references and I didn't ask for any; from what I can tell he's been at this writing thing for a while and has a genuine love for the rock, the roll and other assorted nasty habits. He's also a newlywed—congrats to him and his bride Miss Stacey Dawn.

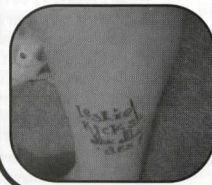
While I'm here, I'd also like to mention two columnists that joined our ranks last issue since I forgot to welcome them in my last editorial - Alan "the Goddam" King and Widowmaker. Both should be familiar names to Steel Cage fans or people who've read my COS write-ups but for those of you not familiar with them, I'll provide a little background. King is the lead vocalist/frontman of Hellstomper; he is a fine Southern gentleman and an excellent writer. I am/was a big fan of his zine, Kill The Scene, and so I decided to ask him to pen a column for us; as a side note, he's married to a lovely Southern lass named Kristi who, as sweet and nice as she is, can still whoop some ass in a heartbeat so ladies don't even try it. Last, but not least, is a man with a special place in my heart—the Widowmaker. He, of course, has many accolades to his credit: he is co-founder and bass player of Cocknoose; he is the mastermind behind the idea of the COS; he lives in the fortress of solitude known only as Deathnoose Ranch; he's an honorary Jew and perhaps the only white man in Lawrence, KS that can correctly spell and pronounce Dikembe Mutombo; and he is the man with "Leslie Kicks Ass" tattooed on his leg because he lost a bar bet with yours truly. Teehee! Ah, every single time I think of that it brings a smile to my face. Thank you Missy Hyatt; I owe you one. (By the way, I chronicled the origins of the "panty incident" in one of my HL columns, so anyone wanting all the details can look for that or maybe if I get enough requests I'll put the column on the SCR website.) Ladies, he is available so interested parties can contact him via the info at the end of his column; I think women named Leslie are getting preferential treatment at this time since myself and the other woman that he knows named Leslie are already married to friends of his—and you know, he's got to get all the use out of the tat that he can.

Before I sign off I'd also like to mention that Mr & Mrs c14/SCR recently celebrated our 6 year wedding anniversary and on Dec 5th, 2001 it will have been 10 years to the day since Larry & I first laid eyes on each other. (We didn't lay each other until later but that's another story.) I would be remiss if I didn't point out that Larry is perhaps the single most important contributor I have, partly because he sells the ads that give us money to print each issue but mostly because the thing an editrix needs most is support and sweet lovin' and he provides me with both on a regular basis.

Hope you all enjoy the issue. Stay safe.

xoxo,  
Leslie

PS: I haven't been able to spend any time re-vamping the c14 website, as I'd hoped I would have in between issues, but hopefully I'll have some time to devote to it over the cold winter months. I am happy to say that I've been able to update the SCR site pretty regularly though so interested parties can go to [www.steelcage-records.com](http://www.steelcage-records.com) to find out what's going on with the label.



At left: "the tattoo" as modeled by Widowmaker; at right: "the panties" and I (which, after the picture was taken, were handed over to their proper owner.)



Thanks to: our family; Danté; all the writers that contributed to this issue; Sunny Buick; Rancid Val, Edison Rocket Train, Bump-N-Uglies, The Goblins, & Coyote Men; Cosmo; the Irwins; Justice Howard; Paul Bearer; Masterwork in Philly; the current and future Steel Cage roster; and anyone else we forgot who deserves thanks. Smooches to Frenchie Cologne!



After doing the mag for seven years, Larry & I often wonder if we'll reach the point where we'll have run out of bands we admire to feature. Actually, we ask ourselves that between every issue but then something always happens that reminds us we haven't reached that point, not even close - this issue it was an unexpected message left on our answering machine by none other than the beautiful and talented Ms Poison Ivy. (The cutest part of the message was that she went so far as to further identify herself as Poison Ivy of the Cramps - as if there's another Poison Ivy we might have confused her with!) Wow. We love the Cramps; why have we never thought of interviewing them, I wondered? There was no answer. Fortunately there's no timeline to consider when talking about a band so influential that even if they had stopped playing ten years ago, there would still be reason to interview them. I won't even bother to list all the bands that wouldn't exist if they hadn't preceded them (there's not enough room) and after 25 years, they're still as vital as ever. Recently Lux & Ivy broke free of almost any and all music industry shackles by restarting their old label, Vengeance Records to re-issue their out of print classics as well as release all new Cramps material in the future, proving to the music world at large that ol' DIY ethic never gets tired. In addition to being such a great band and offering so much great music over the years, Lux & Ivy are living proof that a man and a woman can be in a relationship and work together - something people have been telling us for years is impossible. (Obviously I think that's bullshit but it doesn't hurt to have a good example or two handy of people who've done just that.) These days the band's lineup is rounded out by Sugarpie Jones on bass and Harry Drumdini on, you guessed it, drums; although their newest releases are the aforementioned re-issues, the band's been working on a CD of new material, hopefully to be released in 2002.

(Intro by Leslie; interview by Larry)

When did you stop doing Vengeance? Some of the Restless albums say Vengeance Records on them.

Ivy: Actually, Restless allowed us to use the Vengeance logo when they reissued those. But Vengeance was something we only used to put out two singles—some of the material that was on *Gravest Hits*—"Human Fly" and "Domino," and "The Way I Walk" and "Surfin' Bird." And then when we put out *Rockin' and Reelin'...* on vinyl we used the Vengeance label on that. That was like a pseudo-bootleg but it actually was a real release, so in our minds that was kind of another one on Vengeance. Then we did a deal with Restless to reissue all the material we had rights to; we wanted our logo on it and they allowed us to do that, but it wasn't our label. So the difference now is, starting this year, Vengeance Records is back as a label.

Lux: Yeah, this is actually a real label now, just like on our first two singles. We did everything with those; we mastered everything, printed the covers ourselves with a friend, and it's the same thing with these. We went driving off 20 miles to get one kind of sticker made, driving off 10 miles someplace else to get another kind of sticker, we did everything with this. This is actually a real record label now, and hopefully we won't have to go searching for another record label every time we wanna put out an album in the future.

I: The situation with Restless is probably confusing. We were confused when we did the deal with them; because we had an understanding that it was more of our label with a p&d situation. Then it kind of turned out we were mistaken with that; those releases were part of Restless' catalog and they had total control with distribution and everything. We didn't realize what we were in for at the time. What made you decide to bring Vengeance back as a full-time label and go and re-acquire the records that other labels had the rights to?

I: We've actually retained the rights to them; all these ones that are in print, we've always kept the rights to those records. They were licensed from us. Even with Enigma, that was a deal where the rights reverted back to us. Every situation was different. When we left Epitaph part of what we negotiated was to get back *Big Beat From Badsville* in exchange for a sum of money they owed us in the near future; we said, 'We'll take the album instead, now.' It was kind of like

a bird in the hand because we weren't sure if we were really going to get that sum of money. So they went along with that and we got *Big Beat From Badsville* back that way. But the rest of them we owned just through the way we had set up the deals in the first place. And with all of them, we had recorded them with our own money first and then made deals. We've never done a deal so that we could get money to record. The only time we did that was with IRS. I guess *Songs the Lord Taught Us* and *Psychodelic Jungle* were where we depended on someone fronting the situation, and that kinda didn't work out too well. I think the thing that clenched the deal for us this year to decide to have our own label, or the main inspiration, was our friend Jimmy Maslin. He's the guy who has the rights to, I think, all the Herschell Gordon Lewis movies—or most of them; he's sort of co-directed videos with us and we've been friends for years. Prior to that, no one had suggested to us that we should just have our own label, that they thought it was something we could do. We just thought it would be overwhelming. Any time we contemplated it, we were just shut down by well-meaning advisors who thought,

'Oh, you don't know what you're in for, you don't want to do that.' And then Jimmy came along and said we're crazy not to have our own label; we should just have our own label and find a distribution deal. He kinda pointed out the details. Even though we've done deals

with a lot of labels, there were still a lot of

things that have always been mystifying. I think bands are kept mystified by how record companies work.

L: Or how they don't work.

I: Yeah. The final deciding thing was we thought 'If we just totally blow it, really screw up bad, just do awful work and don't do anything—we're not gonna do any worse than what's been going on.' It can't be worse than that. And we stand to make more money just by it being our own label. So if we do blow it, if we kind of surf out and can't get off the floor, we're still gonna be better off. 'Cause we're not really employable in a lot of other ways.

L: The last record company that had these reissues, they let two of them go out of print. They put one of them out—then they ran out of quantity and weren't bright enough to think of taking the CD and making more that way, so they took an unmastered tape with the wrong bonus songs on it and put that out. They didn't even notice that it's not the same songs that are on the album; that's been out for two years.

What record is that?

I: *Stay Sick!* It looks exactly like the one that came out in '97 but at some point, I think when they changed to BMG Distribution, Restless put an un-eq'd, unmastered master out, and the bonus tracks don't even match what it says are on it. We only discovered that about three months ago, and it turns out the bonus tracks on it are the ones we're putting out that we thought hadn't been released yet, but ours were mastered and they're good. Then also, on *Smell Of Female*, at some point they lost the CD label art and they put the CD label art from some other band on it. I forget what the band is called but it shows a Liberty dollar or a Liberty dime on it.

L: Must've confused Cramps fans going out and buying that record. In other words, every record company we've ever been with has let us down unbelievably. Like Epitaph. The guy said he was going to do



# THE CRAMPS





everything in his power to break us and spend every dime he had. He was arrested a week later and the guy who took over didn't like us, said he was very disappointed in the album and said it didn't sound like punk rock to him. Every label has been like that; we'd go out on tour and halfway through the tour the label would go out of business or something. That's why we have an album out every three or four years instead of more often. We decided we weren't going to do that one more time. Every record label we've been with, we've been the ones who hired publicists and did all the work. So we finally figured it out that we're not gonna do this one more time, we're not gonna go to some record label that lies to you and doesn't do anything and doesn't give a damn. A lot of these record labels just want us on their roster. If they have us listed on their roster then they can entice other bands

and say, 'We have the Cramps.' This is a fact. We've been told by bands, 'We went to such and such label because you guys were on it. They said you guys were on it, and we figured if you were on it, wow, they must be a good label.' And they know for a fact they can put one of our records out and do nothing for it, and just because we have a lot of fans around the world they can make a huge profit by spending nothing and doing nothing and ignoring our contract. So we decided that could not happen again. Every time we put out a record, they go out of business; or they're arrested, they go insane, they overdose, whatever it is. And then we have to spend a year finding a record company, a year finalizing a record contract, and we spend all our time doing business instead of writing songs and playing them, like a band is supposed to do. It's so much easier having our own label and having to deal with these boneheads who don't give a damn about us in the first place.

**Are you making a new record now?**

**L:** We still have a lot more recording to do, we're still in the writing stage too. We just started recording some things. We're hoping to have an April release. I don't know if we're gonna make that or not but we'll see. **L:** Putting out these record took us a whole lot longer than we thought because all of them have been remastered; as a matter of fact, the vinyl mastering is different from the CD.

**Yeah, I'm aware you have to master differently for vinyl than for CD.**

**L:** Well, this is different beyond that even, it's just the way it worked out. They all sound really great though. We found a real genius at mastering. If your amp was at number three for our old CDs, you put on a new one and it's gonna blow your speakers apart. They're so much louder and so much better sounding.

**L:** I think the most dramatic one is *Look Mom No Head*.

**L:** We just had to do this over and over again to get it right and it took a lot more time than we thought. Also *Restless* lost all our artwork so we had to start over and find photos... so the artwork is a little different on all these because some of it is just lost.

**On some of it you two have been the photographers, didn't you keep copies of the prints or the negatives?**

**L:** Nope.

**L:** A lot of them were collages I made. Those are gone. We should have color separations but *Restless* lost all of it. That's just unbelievably stupid, but that's the same company that doesn't even look at an album cover to make sure the songs they're putting out on a record are the same songs that are supposed to be on that record. We didn't think we were going to have to do this [make new art for the booklets] when we started this project or we would have an album by done now; our new album.

**L:** Yeah, we should have considered doing the album first and then the reissues after but we really didn't know what we were in for. We thought part of what record companies do is maintain an archive and keep artwork; the layouts, the color separations, the digital art files and all those things. Mainly it got lost because when they switched dis-

tributors to BMG, they switched manufacturers to BMG, and that's when they started re-photographing rather than using original art. This is a label that had a staff that changed over 15 times during the time we were there, so there was no consistency. When we were getting stuff back, one of the well-intentioned employees would just hold a piece up and say, 'Is this something?' 'Is this something?' She didn't even know what a production part was; but they have a label, they have a staff of 20. I don't know what they do, none of them know how records are made.

**L:** We were kind of shocked. We thought all the stuff we gave the record label, that they would have taken some responsibility in seeing that it wasn't lost.

**I guess that's one of the things that happens when you're treated as a commodity instead of an individual.**

**L:** Yeah. The big problem with us, more than some other bands, is like I said—they want The Cramps on the label because it entices a lot of young bands.

They're real thrilled to be on a label we're involved with, cause they figure we've got some brains and we'd probably choose a decent label. And that's not always the case, that we have brains or that we're on a decent label.

**Is the distro deal you have with Mordam worldwide?**

**L:** It's not. It doesn't include Europe and the United Kingdom, we still license our material we control over there to Ace Records. We've been involved with them since '83 and there's nothing going wrong there, so we're gonna keep that going.

**L:** Although they'll be updating the CDs. And as far as LPs they sell over there, they're

going to sell LPs we make here. We just think it's better if we have control over it.

**So the vinyl will be an import over there.**

**L:** Right.

**Who is in the band now, who's playing drums and bass?**

**L:** Drumdini is still playing drums and Sugarpie Jones is playing bass, he's been with us since '98.

**Is there a criteria you have, besides obvious musical ability, to be in the Cramps?**

**L:** Yeah, more than musical ability they kind of have to be a Cramp. Which is, I don't know, there isn't a ten commandments of what you need to do to be a Cramp. But we figure, we have a lot of friends—they all know each other, they know us. It's kind of a subculture, and to be in the Cramps I think you need to be along in that subculture. There's a lot involved, basically I think they have to be a crazy, insane rock and roller of some type.

**L:** And they have to put up with any of the whims of Lux and I without arguing.

**L:** Yeah. And most of the people who've been in the Cramps through the years don't mind, have never minded. They're glad we make decisions instead of them having to.

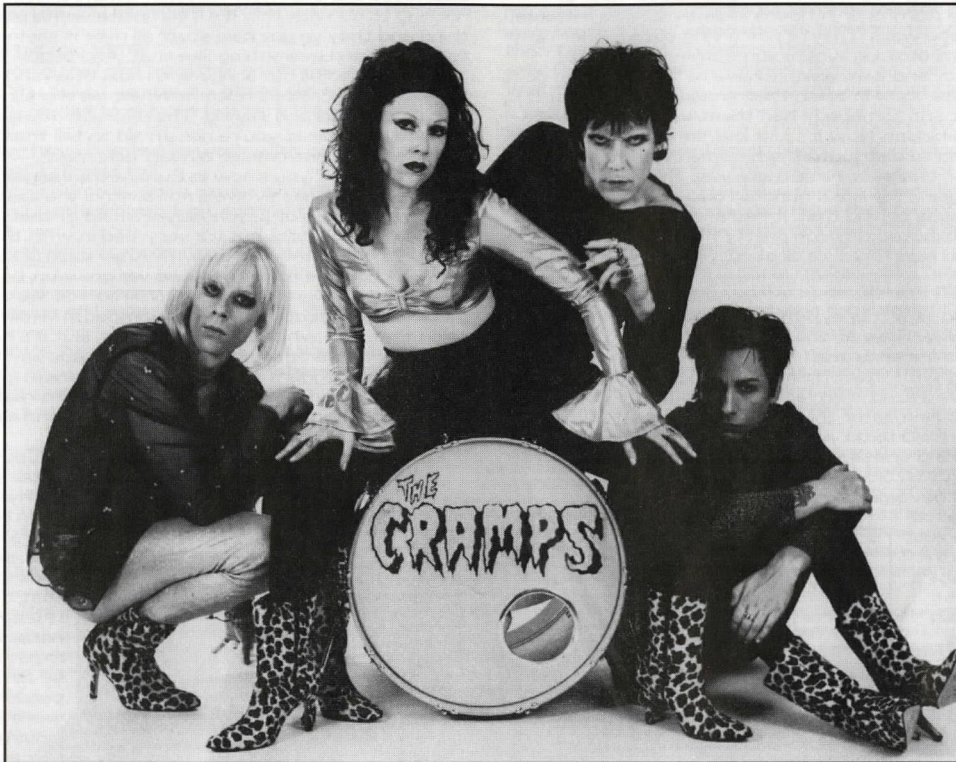
**You mentioned before that you sort of consider Rockinandrollin... to be an official bootleg; bootlegging the Cramps has practically become an industry itself. Do you ever get sent copies of any of them or anything?**

**L:** Nope.

**L:** No copies, no money, no nothin'.

**Do you sort of angrily have to accept it at this point?**

**L:** We've gotta not accept it. It's hard to deal with it. Especially now that we have our own label, it hurts us [financially]. That's why there's a few distributors who we kind of want to approach from that angle, but we haven't had that much power when we've been going through other labels. We just wanna say, 'Look, man, you're really stomping on our turf here.' And most of it's junk that comes out anyway. It's misleading, and some of it's pure piracy where they try to pass it off as the real thing with artwork and everything.







L: Most of the time they sound absolutely horrible. We're upset about it because, not only are we losing money, but sometimes people buy this stuff and they think—I mean some of these have full-color covers and everything; you've gotta be pretty savvy to know it isn't an official release.

**Do you find it's more of a problem now than it was in the past?**

I: What's weirder now is that it used to be more of an underground, under-the-table thing, but now you walk in an "alternative" kind of store, even a big store like Aaron's or Amoeba [California record stores] and bootlegs are all over the walls. They're not trying to hide them anymore. It used to be the kind of thing where sometimes we liked to acquire them as an artifact and we'd always have to have a friend do it, because if a store knew we were in town they would hide them, or if we were at a flea market and somebody had them, by the time we'd get to the table they'd be hidden. Now it's just like, so what. They're out there and anybody's willing to distribute them, some of them are going through main distribution channels. First there was that boxed set that came out that was going for like a hundred bucks. That was the early '90s and New Rose was behind that. It had a t-shirt, a book and a few things. That was distributed through pretty major distributors, and we called them up and said, 'That's a bootleg, you can't be selling that.'

L: They didn't care.

I: Unless we want to spend legal money, which is a lot of money.

**Weren't you actually on New Rose at one point?**

I: Yeah, long ago. That was a license deal.

L: That was horrible being with them. No matter what we did; every record we ever put out, we'd send them artwork and they'd put their own artwork on it. They'd re-master things and make them sound terrible. No matter what we tried to do. At one point we said, 'We're not gonna give you another thing unless you sign this contract that says you can't change anything. No colored vinyl, not making an album, not singles, no this, no that...' They signed it and put the next album out with a cover printed on extra-heavy cardboard—they looked for the one thing that wasn't in the contract. So that was a terrible experience.

**Are you going to put out an official boxed set at some point?**

I: We might not now. Before we had our own label, back in '99, we were seriously working on assembling one. At the same time, EMI Overseas repackaged things, just to add to the confusion about what people were considering boxed sets. Now that we have our own label we can do whatever we want, meaning we could put out a record, separate records—you know, some of our fans already have everything, so it's kind of confusing what would have been on a boxed set. It would be that, plus all the outtake stuff. Whereas with our own label we can do things like, for instance we have the rights to the five songs on *Gravest Hits*, we have the rights to everything else from that session; we could put out a *Gravest Gravy* album or something. Sell that as a separate record so somebody doesn't have to buy a \$50 boxed set. We'll still consider it if it makes sense at a certain time, but it became less of a priority for us when we decided to have our own label instead, which means we can put out anything in any form and maybe that's how it should be done. I realize that with a boxed set you could kind of get the attention of people who've heard our name but weren't that aware of us, maybe that's who would spring for a boxed set. So it is something we'll be open-minded to, but it's definitely not in the near future for us.

**Do you find bootlegging is worse in Europe than in the States?**

I: Well yeah. I think what's coming out in the States is coming from there because there's laws in the US that make it harder to manufacture. So even if the market is the US, the manufacturing and label situation usually originates in Europe.

L: One thing I have to say about these bootlegs, and this is something we've heard for a long time—and it's true in 10 percent of the cases—that people who make bootlegs are the fans that just want to get the music out to the other fans. They're not making a lot of money but they're fans and the people that buy it are fans, and it's not true. There are people making huge amounts of money who don't even like the Cramps that are putting out these bootlegs.

Most of the real fans probably trade tapes.

I: I think so too, amongst other fans. This is a totally parasitic situation and what's enabled it, in our case, is that we've been on so many different labels not only from label to label but then that we've licensed to different labels overseas, so no one knows what a legitimate release is sometimes.

L: It's confusing too, cause some of them look like they're—a lot of people, I'd say 50% of the time people are telling us, 'Oh, I like that one album you did, that *Nazi Werewolf* album, that's a great album.' We had nothing to do with this, it's a complete white power, hate everybody thing and they've got nazi stuff all over it saying how the Jews are fucked up and everything like that. And people think we're doing that! They renamed all our songs with nazi titles and stuff like that. People think that's a Cramps release. When we were in Germany people were coming up to us and saying, 'That's great. You guys aren't afraid, you guys tell it like it is, you're not afraid to tell them how much you hate the Jews.' And we're like, 'Whoa! Fuck, man!'

I: I don't know if you know in Europe that somehow—it's strange to me but psychobilly has evolved, not always the case of psychobilly but in some, say, camps of psychobilly it's kind of this, I don't know if you call it skinhead psychobilly, but it's very tied in with this weird racist cosmology that's got nothing to do with American rock and roll values at all. L: It was horrible for us because we grew up, before we even got into rockabilly, we were collecting R&B records. We've always loved black music—until recently—and to be lumped in with people who hate anything that isn't white is not fun for us. But it's happened more than a dozen times that people come up to us and say, 'It's great that you hate them fuckin' niggers and everything,' and we're going, 'Oh, fuck!'

**Have you considered officially putting out a real Cramps book that would have things like a real discography and all that information people want?**

I: I don't know how definitive, in that respect, but that probably should be part of it. Lux and I definitely have entertained the idea of a book. It probably should include the proper discography, because I guess it has been confused. Off and on there have been websites that seemed to have it right; fans that were such fans that they seemed to know. I kinda wanted to get, not necessarily your take on the music industry but, you started as outsiders and true independents and you sort of were assimilated into the industry machine in some respects and now it's come around full circle to you calling all the shots and running the show.

L: I do have to say that usually when we're interviewed, nine times out of ten people will say, 'Isn't this great? Now you're on Epitaph, you don't have these major label people to give you all this trouble.' And in all the times we've been associated with major labels we never had anybody—we walk in and hand them the tapes. We've never allowed anyone in the studio, we've never paid attention to anything anyone said, even if we were nice enough to let them finish their sentence before we said, 'You can forget it.'

I don't think we've ever been influenced in any way by any major label we've even been slightly involved with; they just distribute our records.

I: We have been influenced but unfortunately we've had to be surrounded by and kind of subjected to them. Aside from that part Lux is describing, as far as that it does connect us to the music industry when we've been on any of those labels. What happens once we deliver that record becomes a whole other thing where we were just always totally bewildered; it was another world of people with a different agenda that was just foolish. We were coming from the place of record collectors, and not just collecting obscure records. So it's exciting to even be—like one of our records came out on RCA in Spain and we were like, 'Wow that was Elvis' label.' So we have this romance about something like Capitol—that's Gene Vincent's label, and Wanda Jackson. So that luster certainly has worn off for us. There was kind of excitement but the reality of it is that it's a universe we can't live in. That was part of the thing about having our own label, that it is full circle that we finally have nothing to do with the music industry, which I can't even say about when we were on Epitaph.

**Are you going to be doing any more reissues or is the focus new stuff now?**

I: The next thing needs to be something new, and maybe that should







have been first, but that's going to be next. Then the plan is more reissues. We've got a lot of material, a lot of it we even documented in '99 when we were trying to figure out what kind of boxed set we'd want to put together. We listened to and documented so much stuff; we went back and spent a good part of that year just listening to stuff. So there's a lot of different things that could come out.

L: There's a lot of great stuff. We have the first time we ever played a song in January of 1976 or December of '75 or something like that. It was "Quick Joey Small" by the 1910 Fruitgum Company, and we recorded it.

**Who played on that besides you two?**

L: It was Bryan Gregory on guitar and his sister on drums. We've just got tons of great stuff. You asked us about a boxed set and we were wondering if it was a better idea to put out just rare tracks. Just stuff no one's heard of before.

**Is there anybody you two have wanted to work with or collaborate with that you haven't had a chance to?**

I: There used to be, but not anymore. We're cautious with collaboration.

L: I don't know. It was really a thrill doing that song with Iggy that time. **Is that "Miniskirt Blues"?**

L: Yeah. That's such a great song. It made him laugh when he read the lyrics.

I: Aside from Bo Diddley or something—

**That's exactly who I'm thinking of! I was gonna mention Bo Diddley.**

I: Really? Wow.

**Because there's this footage I've seen, I don't know if it's from Hullabaloo or some other show from the mid-'60s, where he's playing the rectangle guitar and he's doing crazy feed-backy stuff, and it reminds me so much of what you guys do.**

I: Well, we love—we're so influenced by Bo Diddley.

And the thing is, I would like to be the Duchess.

That's been an influence, I mean years ago I had

gold lame pants made to look like the ones the

Duchess was wearing. I would love to do that

whole thing with the box steps and every-

thing, do that whole Bo Diddley thing.

L: We played with him live one time and

it was all I could do, I was like a high

school kid asking a girl on his first

date or something, I walked up

to him just trying to shake his

hand and I was going, 'uh-

buh-duh-buh-buh-buh-buh-

buy-uh-shake-your-

hand?—uh-buh-buh-

buh-buh'

I: We opened for

the Clash and Bo

Diddley was on the

show.

**I saw Bo Diddley with**

**the Clash here in Philly.**

I: That was as long time ago.

1979 I think.

L: Yeah.

I: That was probably it. We played

in New York.

**Do you think there's any key you've**

**found to working together and being a**

**couple so successfully for so long?**

I: You mean at the expense of others?

[laughter]

**No, I'm saying there's other people who are**

**couples who work together and then after so long of**

**being together they find they can't have both a musi-**

**cal and a personal relationship, but you guys have made**

**it work.**

I: I think everybody's different that way. Because we heard

that from the beginning, that you can't work together if

you're a couple, you've gotta have it separately. But every-

body's different. In Chinese astrology, and also in regular astrology,

there are certain kinds of compatibilities, like they say, 'this man

shouldn't be with this woman,' and sometimes it's not because they

might not get along, the reason might be because together they'll over-

throw a nation; there's reasons like that. No two people together are

alike and it probably goes back to past lives and everything else. So it's

hard for us to even explain or know ourselves what's workin' for us or

why but it doesn't really apply to anyone else.

L: Also, I think a lot of people who are in bands and the band breaks up

because they're with some record company or some manager and people

get turned against each other because of the people they're forced

to hang around with; the other people that are outside the band and

stuff. With us, I don't know if we're too lazy or what it is, but we don't

have five seconds to deal with anybody outside of our band, we never

have; we just can't do it somehow. So I don't think we've ever gotten

ourselves in a position where a record company has forced us to tour

for a year and a half or forced to do this thing or forced us to look like

idiots on some other thing. So it's kind of all along, me and Ivy in the

trenches fighting against somebody I think, and it's made it real easy for us to—I don't know, if anything ever got hard for us and we were finding it really difficult to deal with our life we would just go the other way; plant a tree, go to the movies or something and forget about it for a while.

I: It's great to have a passion that you can share with someone. Y'know, we met each other, we fell in love and we love each other, there's that love. But then we loved rock and roll and also got deeper into rock and roll as we got deeper into each other. We got deeper and into it in a way that's easier when there's someone to get into it with, a lot easier than by yourself. So before there was a band, there was a passion not only for each other but a love of rock and roll.

**Well, for both of you rock and roll was your first love.**

I: Yeah.

L: Oh yeah.

I: I don't understand, I know people change direction and get into different style of music, but that's like falling out of love with something. But if they really, really loved it in the first place how could that happen? But then a lot of bands don't have that foundation, their foundation was more, I don't know if it's shallow but it's different. Maybe they were more attracted with fame or attention or some other aspect of being in a band that's publicly recognized. They might not have that foundation of passion for the music they're playing or maybe they even put too much emphasis on being too original. Originality's important to a point but not to the point where you lose reverence with the thing that had the passion that got you doing it in the first place. That's something, I guess, we're criticized for. I think we're highly original. I think we're the most original people I know, but we're also very reverent for something that gets us accused of not growing.

Because we feel like we arrived, before we had a band we knew what we loved then. Why would we ever stop loving it?

We loved something that had passed the test of decades already, why should it become worn out? It's eternal.

**Do you have a favorite lineup or record you've done?**

L: Well, we've really liked all the lineups at one time or

another. The reason we've fired people and stuff

like that is because something went wrong and

it's basically that the other people have

changed for some reason. Bryan Gregory

wanted us to do political songs like the

Clash. He wasn't that way when he first

joined the band, he just thought we

were the coolest people he'd ever

met, but then he started hanging

around people who said we

should start doing political

songs or we won't be impor-

tant, and we just thought,

'That's nowhere.' Other

people, the same way;

people change, we

haven't. So we had

to get new mem-

bers. 'Cause to us,

we've gotta be like a

gang first; before any-

thing else we've gotta

get along. I remember

Bryan Gregory would say,

'Who cares if we hate each

other? The Who hate each other

and they're in a band. Lots of bands

hate each other.' But we won't be

involved in anything that isn't inspiring

that way.

**Yeah, it's hard to be inspired by somebody you don't want to be in the same room with.**

I: There's been a cavalcade of swashbucklers

and they've all had their sparkling moments. It's

pretty good for anyone to endure us. This isn't an

easy life. Some member may have crapped out

because they just weren't cut out for the road, quite a

few of them it's just been booze and drugs—which is fun

for a while but, y'know, it kind of gets the best of anybody

and also makes them harder to put up with. So my favorite

lineup is whoever I can rock with at any given time. I always

thought whenever we've needed to replace someone, there's that

line in a Ricky Nelson song, 'If you can't rock me, I'll find somebody who

can.' And that is just it. And at some point we recognize 'you're not

rockin' me' or 'you're draggin' me down' or whatever or we're just not

being what we ought to be, and that's when it's time.

L: Yeah, we figure that Cramps fans out there say we're supposed to

be the best band in the world, or something like that, so we always

think that if we know we're not, then it ain't workin'. So we've never

allowed it to go on very long when something went wrong or some-

body was unhappy. We've never allowed that to go on very long,

[laughs] save two or three weeks until the tour is over.

**Right.**

I: I mean there's been some lineups that I don't personally consider wor-





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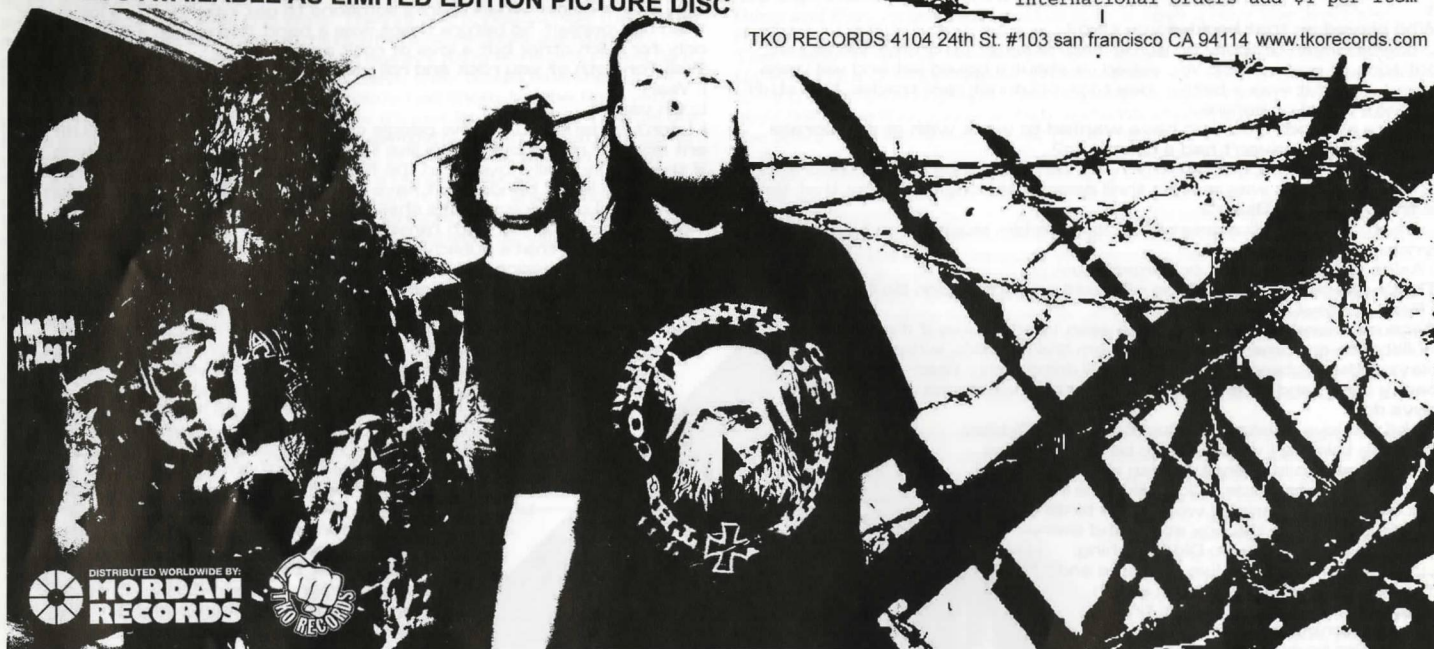
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thy of being called Cramps. Like on Look Mom No Head, the guy who played drums on that was out of the band before we even mixed that album. It was so brief because he came in doing something totally different than what we had rehearsed, it was not a group effort. That's the only one who made it to recording that we weren't happy about. That's pretty scarce. Any of the other ones we didn't love, never made it to record even.

L: There haven't really been that many Cramps, people get confused. Cause if we go on tour with somebody in Europe and they put out a single in Europe—like there's a girl who went on tour with us in Europe so we put her picture on the back of an album—because we're on tour, that's a lot of work and everything and we figure, 'That's cool, why not do that.' But then people think we consider them a Cramp or something. So people think there have been like 80 members of The Cramps, and there really haven't been that many. No, I mean Nick was your drummer for a hell of a long time. I: 13 years. I think that's amazing on Nick's part to endure for 13 years.

Did he serve the longest?

I: Definitely.

L: He was always a weirdo from outer space; he was always a unique character that I'd be glad to say is a Cramp.

I: And most bands don't last long enough to find out if someone can stay for 13 years. I do miss some of those guys, I've gotta say. Not that I want them as bandmembers...

But to be able to say hello and hang out for an evening.

I: Yeah. There's quite a cast of characters.

If you were going to star in a movie, who would you rather have direct it: Al Adamson, Larry Cohen or Herschell Gordon Lewis?

L: I would take Herschell Gordon Lewis.

I: That was gonna be mine. I'd like to be in a biker movie, so that would be Al Adamson. Those are all good movie makers.

Have you ever thought about doing something along those lines?

L: Yeah, we've thought about it and people have talked to us about it but it's not happening.

Because I could see you doing a remake of something like God Told Me To, which would be all kinds of fucked up.

I: We've kinda drifted away because movies involve a lot more people and money. Although, just like with home audio production now, movie production is getting closer and closer to where people can just make their nutty movie at home.

L: We have something like over 5000 movies on video, we've been collecting them since '83 or something, and this is not Titanic or Harry Potter or something, this is all movies by people like the directors you mentioned.

I'm very proud to have never seen Titanic.

L: We never see any of those movies. The only big movie we ever went to see, and it was because everybody was making such a big deal of it, was that Top Gun.

I: It stunk.

L: We went to see it just to see what people were making such a big deal about, and it was the worst movie.

I wanted to ask about the photography you've gotten into over the years because Lux, you're sort of, I don't know, I don't wanna say the poor man's Elmer Batters but...

L: Well, I like that. [laughing] That's really down there; the poor man's Elmer Batters. We don't even go to six dollar motels, we just go out to the garage.

I don't know, he shot a lot of stuff at his house.

L: He shot a lot of it in six dollar motels too. He'd have prostitutes come in there and they'd say, 'What are you, a queer?' because he didn't want to do anything except take pictures of them.

Were you always into photography or was that something you sort of developed once-

L: I think it mainly happened because we had such bad luck with photographers. A lot of the ones we've run across want a million dollars for their incredible art they're doing, and then they take horrible pictures, and they're just a pain in the ass most of the time so we just started doing it ourselves.

Well you always manage to create these great sets with interesting backdrops, cool furniture-

L: Well that's me and Ivy together, we just figured this stuff out.

Well you really have an eye for it, I must say.

I: He turned our whole downstairs—we also have a sound-proof rehearsing, and potentially recording, studio but it doubles as a photo studio. We've got the paper drops and tons of lights and everything. And when he's not photographing me, he's photographing little dolls—like Gene dolls and Barbie dolls—and making miniature sets, but with equally elaborate lighting; he does his own color developing. Lux does these really elaborate sets, he buys fabric to make a little drop for the background and he uses all this special lighting, like they're little princesses but they're dolls.

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I remember the days when this desperate land we call rock and roll was littered with sinners, criminals and evil sorcerers; a playground for the truly dangerous. These days, even the Anti-Christ is commodified product, safe for public consumption. Well, take heart bad fun enthusiasts because the devil is once again afoot, and I've got his phone number. Pushing Snakes will take you deep into the trenches of the blackest hearts in rock and roll. Why? Because you've had it easy for long enough. It's time to bleed again.

## I SWEAR, I WAS GONNA FUCK THE DOG BUT I RAN OUT OF FILM...

If the devil were a filmmaker, would he smash his new bride's head in with a rock and skulk away? Would he use lo-fi projection tricks to dangle babies over blowjob scenes? Would he have belligerent cops slice the nuts off of downtown lowlifes for kicks? Would he rape his own corpse in the bathtub? Probably. But Nick Zedd would have done it first. On Super 8, no less. Emerging from the murk of the late '70s New York punk scene, Zedd began his film career as a sort of hipster HG Lewis, churning out blood, tits, and B-movie shock like *They Eat Scum* and *Geek Maggot Bingo* with whatever strung out rock stars were around. But it was during the grueling Reagan-era that Nick's 'Total Vision' crystallized. Dubbing his new found movement "The Cinema of Transgression," he recruited gutter punks like Richard Kern, Tommy Turner, and Cassandra Stark into his campaign of terror, and together, they started making movies. Ugly, mean-spirited movies filled with sexual self-loathing and brutal violence. A sign of the times, the films in the Cinema of Transgression remain terminal documents of an era of cultural nausea and nuclear fear, teenage panic at ground zero. As Zedd refined his craft, shorts like *Police State* and *Whoregasm* began to attract a cult following, aided and abetted by Zedd's rock star looks and equally rock star behavior. The Cinema of Transgression was all about attitude, and Nick had it in abundance. But ultimately, lack of funds and a remarkable inability to "transgress" the mainstream dissolved the movement. Kern went on to shoot for skin mags like *Leg Show* and *Nugget*. Everybody else went back to rampant self-destruction and obscurity. Except for Zedd. Despite Chris Gore's efforts to kill him in *Film Threat* magazine a few years ago, he continued to make movies whenever he could steal or borrow the film stock and although the media spotlight on him has dimmed in the last decade, he remains the most fiercely independent cinematic outlaw alive. And he still commands his fair share of fear and loathing. In fact, most people still think talking to Nick Zedd is a really bad idea. True to form, I had my own Zedd backlash to deal with. Although he was reasonably gracious during the course of our interview, he wrote me the next day to inform me about how pissed off he was that I would've dared to compare his past behavior to that of Axl Rose. I'm sure that by the time you read this, I will be yet another of Zedd's press villains. But this story isn't about sleazy rock journalists, it's not even about Nick Zedd really. Not anymore than the murder weapon is about the victim's family. This story is about an art form stretched to it's breaking point, about maintaining the purity of the aesthetic at any cost, including the comfort of the audience or the tenacity of the film maker. Zedd will continue to be the sworn enemy of mainstream cinema, even if it kills him. Again.

What have you been doing since your epic space opera, *War Is Menstrual Envy*?

I've made a couple of films since *War Is Menstrual Envy*. In '95, I made a film called *Smiling Faces Tell Lies*, it was a double screen projection in 16mm. In '98, I made a 16mm film called *Why Do You Exist?* which was a series of screen tests. I've showed them at some festivals, and around New York.

I thought after *Police State*, that you would pursue a more narrative

approach to film.

The narrative stuff came out in my writing.

Did you ever finish your autobiography, *Bleed*?

Yeah, *Bleed* is in my book *Totem of the Depraved*, with extra chapters.

I liked the humor and humility in that book, because you never painted yourself as a sympathetic character in the press. It was the first time you let people see a more human version of Nick Zedd. I wonder if you thought about that when you were writing it; how it was going to be perceived by people?

People ask me about my public persona a lot but I like to surprise people, change things. I didn't really think about any of that when I was writing it though. They were more like diary entries.

You've done some acting in films other than your own.

In '92 I did a film called *What About Me*, and in '96 I acted in *Bubblegum*, with Holly Woodlawn. That was directed by Peter Strickland. I recently acted in a movie called *Other People's Mirrors* which was shot on digital video. I play a stalker in that.

Righteous. What's it like being directed, as opposed to directing yourself?

Depends on the director. Like with *What About Me*, the director didn't really have a clear idea about what she wanted to do, so we improvised a lot, although we discussed it beforehand. Some of the time, I felt like I was directing the scenes I was in—in this film, *Other People's Mirrors*, there was almost no direction. It was the first film I've been in where I wasn't even aware that the camera was turned on, which I think was part of her intention. They used this little digital camera that didn't even require any lights. It was weird, because I didn't know whether I was supposed to be in character or not.

Were you frustrated that you weren't getting any direction?

At first I was, yeah, but part of the idea of the film was to withhold judgement and go with the flow. After awhile it was cool, but I haven't seen the finished film so I don't know how it came out. I also acted and directed in the film *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, which I shot a couple of months ago. It was co-directed by John Vomit, this guy in Maine. He wrote the screenplay. It's a short film, I play the lead.

Do you have a hard time with the collaborative nature of film making?

It was very frustrating when I was working on *Thus Spake Zarathustra* because the co-director showed up on the set drunk. I thought that was very unprofessional. So I took over the directing, and then I figured out that that was just his style of directing—or not directing. He seemed to be spending a lot of time holding a hand mirror up and applying his eye make-up; and there were all these people sitting in the kitchen goofing off, while I'd be trying to get their attention to try to shoot a scene. I felt like I was the killjoy at a party. The whole purpose of being there was to make a

movie, and they seemed to have forgotten that. I think he knew that he'd be fucking up and if he did it with me, I would at least keep it on track. But John Vomit's instincts were good, and the script was good. I wouldn't have done it if the script wasn't good. I'm just hoping it turns out OK. This is the first film I've done where I haven't edited it myself.

Can you give me a brief description of the film?

It's based on Nietzsche's book, the first chapter. There's this character, a guy that's been in his apartment for three years; he hasn't left because he's such a recluse and he finally decides to leave the apartment. Zarathustra, in the book, enlightened the human race to the fact that God is dead. So he's wandering around and he runs into some club kids, who don't take him too seriously. There's a scene where there's this big party, and they throw him out a window—no one has ever made a movie out of this book, so that's why I wanted to do it.

You'd think, given your resume, it's be easier to come up with the dough to continue making films.

It's not. Actually, for the last couple of movies I made, the film was donated. For *Why Do You Exist?* I was contacted on the internet by this guy Tom Bennett, and his friends. They were film students, and they had film left over. They said they would be into working with me and they gave me this film to shoot with. And I had some film left over, so that's what I used to shoot *Ecstasy & Entropy*. I got a grant from the Chicago Underground Film Festival, that was the first time I ever got a grant. It helped for the completion of that film. And the Danish Film







L, r - Zedd in *Thus Spake Zarathustra* below & next page - Harlem Greenwood doing his thing.

Institute, some curator there was giving a bunch of filmmakers the chance to shoot trailers for movies that don't exist, so that's how I got to shoot *Tom Thumb*. The crew and the equipment were provided for free. Of course, those were all short films. I'd like to be

tary which PBS refused to show. There are transgressive films that aren't even acknowledged as being transgressive. **Would a movement like the COT even be possible today?** Well, there's a lot of problems. In New York the



able to shoot a feature.

**Richard Kern went on to do a lot of photo shoots for skin mags. Have you ever thought of doing something similar?**

I would do it but no one's offered. It's rare that I'm even published as a writer. **I would have thought, at least during the days when *Police State* was a new film, that you would have had a lot of offers to do other things.** Not really, no.

**No one came up to you with some ludicrous offer to shoot a commercial, or something?**

Well, there was a couple offers to shoot some music videos, but they always fell through. I do remember that there was this magazine called "Zed" in LA. It lasted for one issue. That was influenced by me, I think.

**Tarantino admits to some Zedd influence, I think.** Does he?

**Well, 'Zedd is dead' was in *Pulp Fiction*...**

I guess. I ran into Quentin Tarantino in a bar once. He was in line for the toilet and he was pretty loaded, so I went up to him and I said 'I saw this film that you did, and I'm wondering—is that supposed to be some kind of message to me?' He said no, but I think it could have been.

**Marilyn Manson seems to have gotten the message of the Cinema of Transgression.**

I don't follow his music, so I don't know. In what way?

**Well, the idea of exploring transgressive behavior, of taboo breaking. He was just able to commercialize it, make it profitable, something you never seemed to have an interest in doing.**

Well, I always wanted to be profitable, I just never figured out how. I tried listening to Marilyn Manson, and I just found it totally unlistenable.

**What do you think of him as a visual artist?**

You mean his image? Well I saw him on some awards show, I thought it was pretty amusing when he came out and did that speech denouncing organized religion. I thought that was pretty good, with the marching band and all, because it didn't seem to have anything to do with the music. The music is worthless anyway, so at least he got some kind of message out there. That whole thing seemed like something I would do if I was in his position.

**Did you see John Water's last film, *Cecil B. Demented*?**

Yeah. That seemed pretty blatantly influenced by my career.

**Did he contact you about it at all?**

No, but I interviewed him during the press junket for that film, and he totally denied that it had any relation to me. I didn't even ask him... well, I asked him 'Is this character of Cecil B Demented based on anyone in real life?' And he said, 'Well, if that means you, no.' But I don't think he's being honest when he says that.

**There really hasn't been another period where underground filmmakers like yourself and Kern rose to prominence, at least as a cult phenomenon, without any mainstream press...**

I go to the underground film festivals every year, but I don't see any movement. There's a few filmmakers that are good. I like Jeff Turlik's stuff, although it's not transgressive. He's out of Washington DC, he does these videos...

**Heavy Metal Parking Lot.**

Right. But there doesn't seem to be any organized underground activity.

**How have you kept up the idea of transgression?**

I'm creating multiple identities on the internet, communicating with people without them knowing it's me. I don't know how effective that is, though. Most things that are transgressive get suppressed any way. Like that *Kurt and Courtney* film. Like *Waco: Rules of Engagement*, a documen-

rents are so astronomical that there's just yuppies everywhere, and faux bohemi-ans. There's no real underground people, and the ones who've stuck around have sold out. There's no sense of community.

**It was widely reported that you were dead. You actually had to convince people that you were still alive.**

Yeah, Henry Rollins would've published my book three years earlier if he knew that I was alive. He already had the manuscript, but he thought I was dead.

**There were debates about whether you had started the rumor yourself.**

No. No way. That's like, I've been stalked on the internet by this psycho, who's been using different identities, pissing people off and using my name. People think it's me, but why would I do that to myself?

**I heard a rumor when I worked at the Boston Film and Video Foundation that you got pissed off while doing some editing and kicked in a bunch of TV monitors.**

(laughs) No, that's not true at all. I remember around that time I was hanging out with GG Allin, and we were walking down the sidewalk. There was a TV on the street, like out for trash, and he kicked the screen in. Maybe that somehow got connected in the folklore.

**Did you ever have to take a day job?**

I tried to work in a photo lab for awhile. They fired me. I don't know, it's hard to find work. I was showing movies in a nightclub for a couple years, and I DJ sometimes. That's about it, though. I'd like to get a job as a film teacher.

**That's a thought.**

Well, I've been told they teach me in film classes in some places now. I'm going to try to teach some classes in the fall, if they hire me.

**Nick Zedd, teaching the kids all about transgression.**

Well, Lydia Lunch did it. She was teaching some film class, or art class, in San Francisco for awhile. I gotta find some way to make money, though. The checks are running out...

Zedd's financial woes may soon be over. Music Video Distributors have just released *Generation Z*, a VHS compilation of Zedd films, spanning his entire snarly career. Although it lacks the visceral appeal of having Nick himself glaring at you across the room as smoke pours out of the rattling projector, it serves as a dizzying resume of bad intentions caught on tape. Essential viewing.

## THEY SAID I WAS CALLING THE HOTLINE JUST TO SCARE THE NURSES: THE BALLAD OF COKE DEALER

Harlem Greenwood has been called a lot of things, almost none of them good. The Devil is a favorite, though. He formed the assaultive noise collaborative *Coke Dealer* 13 years ago. To this day, he claims they're a lounge band, although there is nothing remotely reclining about them. Like some sort of death tripping performance art piece gone horribly wrong, a *Coke Dealer* show is a lesson in violence you won't soon forget, with band members abandoning their instruments almost immediately to brawl with the audience until the police are called. Yet, inexplicably, people still show up like wayward pilgrims to a profane cathedral. The "Car Crash Syndrome," as it's often called. Harlem knows what the audience expects of him, and he delivers without a trace of irony, regret, or concern for safety. Offstage, he's generally sad, scary, and drunk; a liability to the people that actually know the weird fucker that's walking around, knocking people's drinks out of their hands. But there's a certain unmistakable fatal charm to Harlem Greenwood and





his misguided attempt to entertain through pain. No matter how fucked up you are, at least you're not him. Six months ago, I got a late night phone call from Harlem Greenwood. He was in Topeka, Kansas, on what he cryptically referred to as a suicide mission. He needed me to wire him thirty-five bucks right away so he could "straighten this cocksucker out." I hung up on him, hoping said cocksucker would just kill him and get it over with. And for awhile, it seemed like that might have happened. But eventually, Coke Dealer made it back to town. They booked a gig opening for resident power stoner kingpins Milligram, a band renowned as a group of guys that are not to be fucked with. Coke Dealer showed up an hour later, plugged in, and began droning out some industrial noise cover of a Mel Torme song, while Harlem belittled the audience. It lasted all of five minutes before Milligram's frontman, Jonah Jenkins, began to physically dismantle Coke Dealer's set. Things ended badly. Harlem found himself in the alley behind the club with his mouth duct taped shut and his pockets emptied. I met up with him a few days later at the Irish Eyes, a pathetically low rent Karaoke bar. Apparently it was "Urine Soaked Pants Night" at the Eye. An interview, of sorts, ensued...

#### Why a white man named Harlem?

It's mostly for where I'm from. I don't know, my parents are black, and they wanted to name me from the greatest neighborhood in America. And my cousins are Spanish, that's where the Greenwood comes from, from Cuba. I'm pretty much adopted.

#### What was Harlem Greenwood like as a child?

I had some problems, but most of them weren't mine. I decided really early on that music was what I wanted to do with my life, that music was in my blood. Or that there would be the blood of musicians on me. The idea was that I'd seen the cabaret, and I've seen the lounge, and that's where it's at; that's what the kids want to see these days. And I saw that at a very early age. I wanted to model myself after singers like Jackie Gleason and Benny Goodman. I saw that that was where it was going with powerful singers like Miles Davis, and I wanted to infuse that, that be-bop sound with a rock atmosphere, like Jerry Lee Lewis, only friendlier.



#### Why the name Coke Dealer? How literal is the band name?

The name comes from 'Coke', as in something to do, and 'Dealer', as in someone to bring it to you. That's what I'm trying to do, bring the music to the people, so they know what's going on.

#### How can you keep any members in this band?

I'm trying to set up something with an insurance company to provide insurance for the members of the band. We had an untimely death with our guitar player, Brad Milano, but we've got his cousin Larry filling in. But in such cases like when Brad was murdered, we had to have a benefit show because we did not have sufficient funds to bury the man. In the future, we will provide policies, because I do go through band members quite often. There's been up to 37 members of Coke Dealer so far. I've had to fire a few because of their outrageous behavior. Because this is my show, it's not an individual thing. I've had to fire people because they've shown up with a mustache, or with long hair, and refused to cut it. That's a problem. Because it's an honor to be in this band, and to be part of what it is that I'm trying to do.

#### At the last Coke Dealer show, the other band attacked you.

Yeh, that fella, JJ... Jenny... Jenkins... whoever he is. I find people like that are a problem in this community because he hired us, and he paid us quite

well. But he wanted to look like the good guy, he wanted to be the hip kid. And sure, we might have ruined his show for him, but he knows what we do, and he seems to have a problem with music that's gonna upstage his music.

#### Understood. But do you find this to be a constant problem, or is there a place for you in the rock community?

I find no rock community in this town. [Boston] And the reason I moved here, is because I knew there wouldn't be any competition. People leave after seeing us, we've played with many bands and blown them off the stage. And the community thing I might understand better, but I'm usually too high on uppers, or doing too many drugs to really understand or care. And there's too many people like this Jen Jens, who asks me to put on a show, and then he attacks me. Jealous.

#### Coke Dealer is probably the only power-noise-rock'n'roll-lounge band in the world. Can you tell me how this musical stew came together?

It mostly came from ex-cons that I was in jail with, and with trying to have people understand what I'm doing with my music. I find that people relate to indus-

continued on page 99

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# Our Man In Paris at le New Morning, l'Olympia and in cyber-India!

by Michel Polizzi

At least twice this year, Jamaaladeen Tacuma played the New Morning, a legendary jazz night club in the French capital. Already having played with Korean ensembles, Austrian saxophonists, Philly new wave rockers, string quartets, Ornette Coleman, Vernon Reid and Bill Bruford, David Murray and Daniel Ponce... (I'll stop the list, there isn't enough disk space on any hard drive to list all the people Jamaal has played with over the years.) What else could he do this time around? Jamaal can always be counted on to surprise the listener, even though a mélange of jazz, funk and world is nothing unusual for the bass monster from Philadelphia. Well, this time he truly outdid himself: combining a five-piece jazz/funk outfit from Philly, with Burhan Ocal's Istanbul Oriental Ensemble was a stroke of genius that worked beautifully.

The evening/band was called Groove alla Turca, and that said it all. Ocal is a virtuoso percussionist with a great theatrical sense, a player of great finesse and precision. His main instrument is a Turkish darbuka which is played with the fingers, as well as a slew of other 'oriental' percussives and several stringed instruments such as the divan-saz, which he played superbly. His eight-piece Oriental Ensemble, complete with oud, clarinet, cimbalom, violin, and more percussions, played jubilant and rip-roaring Turkish and gypsy trad/root music that meshed perfectly with the jazz/funk group. Old Mingus trumpeter/arranger Jack Walrath was supposed to be there but wasn't; guitarist Rick Iannaccone gave only one solo each time, but what a solo it was; and Daryl Burge was the drum underpinning on which Jamaal would build his awesome musical contraption. All evening, between each song, Burhan Ocal would show off his French with a rolled and round "Merci Beaucoup" that he evidently took great joy and pleasure in repeating again and again. Anyway, it was the right thing to say to any wildly cheering audience. Ask 'em at the New Morning!

When I saw Brian Setzer on his first appearance at the Olympia, it was 1981 and the Stray Cats were on their first French tour, a tour that would garner a lifelong devotion from Gallic audiences for Brian, Lee Rocker, and Slim Jim Phantom.

The French are known for that.

Once they latch on to someone with star-stricken adoration—ONCE—then it will last a lifetime and more: Jerry Lewis, Michael Cimino, Mickey Rourke, Tony Joe White, JJ Cale, Willie deVillie... all have lengthened that list of 'has-beens' and 'burn-outs' who have disappeared from circuits everywhere, but who continue to enjoy star, elder statesman, or relic status in La Belle France!

It's a bit different for Brian Setzer, of course. After all, the boy is quite sharp and can still play. Plus he sports a nice collection of Gretsch guitars to do it on, vintage and recent custom-jobs both. Back in the days (1979-1980) when Brian came down from New York to play the Hot Club in Philadelphia with his prog-wave band the Bloodless Pharaohs, he would first bop JC Dobbs' happy hour with a mighty fine rockabilly aperitif unleashed by his rockin' Topcats, and I used to marvel at the seamless virtuosity and superb taste with which he plied his guitar trade. And he was all of nineteen or twenty years old at the time!

I remember one such evening, after Brian had regaled the Dobbs and Hot Club throngs with yet another awesome display of electric guitar in two separate bands. I leaned toward Vince, Dobbs bartender and Topcats/Stray Cats fan from the get-go, and whispered in his ear this final pronouncement, profound and all-knowing: "Brian Setzer is as important for the development of electric guitar in a rock format as Cliff Gallup, Pete Townsend or Jeff Beck have been in the past!" Such enthusiasm on my part can be explained more as a result of fine drinks and good blow, combining to transform a simply super-fine rockin' night into a perceived moment of artistic transcendence and fret board redefinition. Brian's talent, over the years, got him plenty of sales and legions of enamored young girls on several continents, rather than a personal plaque in the cognoscenti's pantheon of guitar-heroes-that-truly-matter.

Sic transit Gloria mundi.

Last September night at the Olympia, a week after the 11th, with Stars and Stripes displayed over the proceedings at center-stage, Setzer's latest trio (slap bass and drums) proved without a doubt that our guitar hero could still do it, thank you, and that 2000 Parisians packing the legendary theater still loved him for it. And there was one more event of great significance to further increase our French adoration of him. Halfway through the set, he brought on stage "...a rock 'n roll legend, ladies and gentlemen!" And from the wings appeared none other than... Johnny Halliday!!!

Pandemonium in the house as Brian and Johnny intoned a nearly obligatory "Blue Suede Shoes," sung "en Anglais" by Johnny, God of Rock and ultimate pop icon in these parts.

If you're very young, or very isolated and never left Tuscaloosa, or just plain ignorant of pop stuff beyond your county line, you might be wondering "who the hell is Johnny Halliday?"

Why, he's the French Elvis, of course! Born in Belgium, he made a career in the early '60s presenting French-speaking audiences with "translated" versions of anglo-American pop hits of the moment: rockabilly, twist, surf, mop-top, hippie, blues-boom... the Man did it all. And it was nothing but covers, with a small sprinkling of "originals" here and there.

He has that big booming voice that makes the ignorant believe that a loud singer is a good singer (Barbara Streisand, Celine Dion, Mariah Carey and Whitney Houston come to mind!) They yell, they scream, they shout, they shriek, and the fools are convinced they heard a vocalist from Beyond! But the years having taken their merciless toll (he's pushing 60, by now), he is known to use a sound-alike "stunt vocalist," a voice-over double who has volume and power, hides backstage during concerts, and can hit the high notes at full throttle the way Johnny could 25 years ago. Technology be thanked! But not tonight at the Olympia. It's Johnny and Johnny alone telling us it's three for the money and go cat go!!!

For Brian Setzer, the cost of passing years is more physical than

musical. He appeared pudgy and swollen up, not with the kind of fat you make from too much cream, butter and "foie gras," but presumably from all these gallons of whisky and assorted booze he's alleged to have downed with his famous cronies Mickey Rourke (him again!) and Billy Idol (gossipy comment in the Paris press the day of the show).

But isn't that the lot of the guitar God and public celebrity? To assuage the hurt, to deaden the pain, to alleviate the anguish of existence with any and all numbing substance around?

Others went quite far into this and related adjuncts, seeking that ever so elusive solace and succor, and were never to return, in fact or in spirit: Paul Kossoff, Peter Green, Brian Jones...

So let us be thankful that Brian Setzer can still rock this town, flab and all, with killer licks and inflammable guitars, hot rods and Harley choppers on the fantasy Main Street of your town, turning so many mundane weeks into endless Saturday nights!

Last New Year's eve, I stayed home alone. Not because I so chose, wanting to remain aloof from the really big celebrations welcoming 2001 and its parade of wonders and awe. I planned full personal activity and hours of revelry as we all feted the advent of this long-expected and thoroughly hoopla-ed 21st century. Well, long-expected for the past few years at least, by us ensconced in this present of ours, this present we think the best of all possible worlds.

Presumably, as thirty-six year old Henry Purcell lay dying on that gray November night in 1695, he must have bemoaned his ill luck at not being able to hang on an extra six years so as to exult in the arrival of that 18th Century everybody talked about, with all its promises of light and betterment, a glorious century where men would fly through the air, Italian castrati would become the rage of the London stage, and therapeutic bleeding would finally take over from the application of leeches as the next great step forward in curing what ailed us, la la la per omnia secula seculorum....!!!

Meanwhile, back on 12/31/2000 around 9:00 PM or thereabouts in Neuilly, I await my pal Manu and his retinue of party monsters to come to me and whisk me to that obligatory wild and woolly night of debauchery! And because I can be a well-organized boy when needed, I knew of a long cyber-party on this French web site where clubs and DJs would be followed around the world as 2001 moved in. It started in Tokyo around 6:00 Paris time, and continued from Goa, India at 9:00. I was tuned in, ready to be turned on awaiting to drop out!

The Quicktime sound stream over the net was clean and fluid, obviously helped by my nice and fast cable connection. From the Axirvaad Lounge Groove Space Temple in Assagao, Bardez, Goa, came the stream, and I heard it and knew it was a good stream. Never before had I experienced such felicitous and blissful music. For three hours I sat and stood and moved and grooved in my living-room, entranced and mesmerized at this perfectly dosed combination of teched-up western sounds mixed with Indian melodies and instruments, both classical and Bollywood pop. The dulcet sounds of the santoor or banchuri flute, the plaint of the sarangi, the plangent ring of the sitar, the stratospheric peal of Lata Mangeskar's voice, all crisscrossed and inter-penetrated by a flowing 'drum & bass' syn-copation made up of tabla, tambourine and cymbal samples... fast, then very fast, then slower... for three fortuitous hours!!! A mere few better days into the new millennial century, and already I'd emailed the French web site to tell them how great it was and "merci beaucoup" and who are these guys and where can I hear some more?!

In February the French crew directs me to Ranjeev and Deepti at Axirvaad in Goa, who in turn informs me (in April) that it was DJ Bhaisaab from Bhavishyavani (Bombay) mixing live from the Lounge Groove Space Temple that I heard that night four long months ago. In June DJ Bhaisaab himself got in touch, and the circle was enjoined in October when two other Bhavishyavani acolytes, namely webmaster Kini and DJ Insat, turned up in Paris for both work and play and a little spinning evening at Coffee India, rue de Lappe, near Bastille. As it happens, DJ Insat aka Ashim, is a happening and working film director in Bombay, doing the advert/music-clip axis to great success, I'm told. His current project is a multi-part documentary on the Indo-Pakistani musical diaspora in the West. First stop was a week of shooting DV in the Bhangra world of east London and Birmingham, the result of which he was editing in Paris in anticipation of a December broadcast on MCM, the French-Euro competitor to MTV. The scenes in Berlin (?) and New York will be explored next.

It was a great and wonderful thing to get to meet these talented people from afar, in these internet circumstances. What's more, I now have pals and a place to stay in Bombay!!

Back at home, New Year's Eve. The cyber-cast has moved to the Rex Club in Paris, and no sign of Manu. Alone in Neuilly at midnight, rakishly attired and entrancingly fragrant, with no place to go, I gracefully tilt over into the next millennium. At 1:30 Manu calls to inform me that he is still 50 miles away where dessert is being served, and that "we'll be there in an hour to pick you up and go to that wild all-night groove rave on the other side of town, and no, we don't have the exact address, but don't worry, we'll find it, and..."

Still under Bhavishyavani's ensorcellment, and with visions of being lost in a far suburb at 4:00 looking for that great millennial party in the sky, I tell Manu not to bother and have a happy New One on me, all the same. I light up another joint and sip on another 'coupe de Champagne', gently spacing out as Sulochana Brahaspati and Sultan Khan unfold before me the majesty of Darbari, raga of the late night.

OMIP: <http://mpol1.free.fr/index1.htm>





# SUNNY BUICK



With every issue comes the question, "What's going on the cover?" One day a few months ago when I was waiting for Larry to come home from the PO Box, I asked myself that inevitable question. We've been fortunate to have many, many great artists grace our covers and pages over the years. Sometimes I find them, sometimes they find me; sometimes it's a little of both. That day when Larry returned with the mail I discovered, among the tour postcards and junk mail, a package from Sunny Buick. Coincidence or karma? Who knows. All I can say is the question was answered within a minute or two after looking over the slides and you can see why for yourself over the following pages. Making art is pretty much a round-the-clock affair for Sunny, whether at her "day job" tattooing at Goldfield's Tattoo Studio in SF or at home chatting on the phone and you can see how much detail, care and thought goes into each piece. And as seems to be a non-intentional re-occurring theme with the artists we feature—particularly the ladies—she's a real cutie. She recently launched a website [www.sunnybuick.com](http://www.sunnybuick.com) so anyone interested in seeing more of her work can take a look there.

—Leslie

I'll start with the dumb question first: did you start drawing and painting when you were very young, like most other artists?

Yes.

Was it something you found out about at school or did you discover it on your own?

I think it was just in my genes or something because my grandfather, my mother, my sister—everybody in my family has artistic talent. The earliest memory I have of my talent was in Kindergarten, people were already saying stuff about my art and giving me lots of praise for it. And then through school I experienced a lot of being singled out, like, 'Oh, she's got artistic talent, let her do this project.' It was always something I got attention for.

Did you go to an art specific school?

No. I feel like I have enough technique. I mean, in a way that's kinda better, to be self-taught. I was so all over the board in college; I wanted to study dance, then I wanted to study video, so I didn't really take too many art classes. Sometimes I feel like I should go to art school to learn how to oil paint, or the technique of the masters but a lot of people say that kind of ruins you.

What was your major?

Creative art.

That's a broad arts major?

Yeah.

I noticed on your list of exhibits that around 1997 you started showing a lot.

Yeah. I had been focusing on getting a job tattooing and doing a lot of other stuff just to establish myself. At that time I was able to just focus a lot of time on self-promotion. I'd already built up a lot of relationships with other artists over those years, and that's when it really started happening.

So prior to '97 is when you had your tattoo apprenticeship?

Yeah. I was, financially, just getting into my niche and just starting to have the time to sit down and paint. Before that, I was going through school, dealing with life, trying to work and pay off bills and stuff and never really having a lot of time to sit down and paint. Then, once I was established, I had an art studio and started doing tons of stuff. The more I got into other shows, the more art I was doing—cause I wanted new pieces. I started getting into new shows, so the work started piling up and people's interests started picking up.

Do you enjoy showing?

Oh, yeah. It's my new high. I love meeting other artists. That's my favorite thing about a show, talking technique with people whose art I've noticed or know of. It's exciting to hear what people think of the work. The night of the opening is so worth all the time



you put into it. I get really nervous, for a couple hours right before the opening I get butterflies in my stomach, wondering if everyone's gonna like my work or ignore it.

I read your mission statement, which is one of the most intelligent and well thought out mission statements I've ever received, and I'm curious if you think that maybe when people see your art in the gallery that they're not getting some of that?

I don't know. I sometimes don't realize what I'm doing until a couple weeks later but usually everything I'm doing is about me and what I believe in. Even though I sometimes think I'm just painting a pretty picture, it's really, really deep. My last show I had some really great comments, I only had one criticism—and I don't even know if it was really a criticism but—Ron Turner from Last Gasp Books said, 'I know you're saying something with these paintings, Sunny, but I don't know if I like it.' [laughter] I said, 'I know what it is, Ron, they're too virtuous for you, that's why you're uncomfortable!' And some other people had some insight into what I was doing. I was talking with people through this whole process. I actually did 27 paintings in one month, and it was all based on one painting I did that was so different from any of my other stuff that I knew I had to go further in that direction. I had something like 10 paintings spread out on my kitchen table, and every painting gave me a great idea for the

next one, and I was writing notes and doing sketches while painting and just working on a bunch at the same time.

Wow.

I was talking on the phone—because I love talking on the phone and painting—about some of the symbolism; I was using keys as symbolism. And my friend said, 'keys are like locking something away,' and to me the key is the unlocking, like the key to wisdom. And that was really cool because I have a tendency to wear my heart on my sleeve and tell everybody what's going on with me, and it intrigues me that some people are able to keep stuff to themselves and keep it bottled up; I never really understood that. So I was adding phrases to these paintings about "keep it to yourself," and this thing I was going through at the time was coming out in the paintings. I had these clouds, and someone said, 'Those look like beach bubbles, but I don't know what they're saying.' And I said, 'Actually, someone was talking to me, but they weren't saying anything, they were just stringing me along.' So it was interesting, when you look back and see what I was going through—it just came out in the symbolism; and that's really exciting when stuff like that happens. But I don't

know if other people get it. I mean, the fact that the guy said he didn't know what those bubbles were saying and all of a sudden that unlocked something for me. But I think people just like to look at something visually, and maybe it's speaking to them on a different level.

Maybe they don't realize it until later as well. Some people would say their regular job doesn't help their art, but it seems that yours are complimentary to each other. I'm so lucky that I do what I do. I'm glad that I concentrated such a large effort into doing tattoos because I'm constantly asked to stretch my artistic ability, I'm always drawing stuff I would be interested in drawing. And I've gotten to the point in my relationship with my boss where he lets me use the tattoo studio as my art studio. So a lot of the time at work I'm painting or making something, and that totally intrigues the customers. And the more shows I do, the more articles that get written about me, people think, 'Oh, I wanna get tattooed by her.' It helps that I'm able to do art all day long and it makes me stretch my artistic ability, but also it completely shows up in my work; I can't get away from tattoo imagery. Sometimes I think maybe that's not so good, but it's what I'm good at.

How did you get involved in tattooing?

My sister had a tattoo, and I was hanging out with some other cartoon artists when I





was really young—and it had always been in my mind, 'How could I make a living at art?' Because everybody at school will tell you you can't make a living at art. You should study English or math or whatever. Have something to fall back on, as they always say.

It was very discouraging. So I was sitting around with these artists and this one guy said, 'Oh a friend of mine just started learning how to tattoo, it's a great way to make money doing art. And don't you think that skin is the ultimate canvas?' All of a sudden, bells and whistles went off in my head. I was thinking along the lines of the masters' paintings, which have survived hundreds of years, and then how humbling it is that your artwork is on someone's skin, it's gonna die. And that person carries it around, it's so personal. All of a sudden, that was the moment where I was like, 'Oh my god!' It was right at that time, too, when Ed Hardy was putting out all these incredible books. I was looking at these pieces of art people were putting on their skin and I was just blown away. So that definitely started me thinking about tattooing. Then I was obsessed with it, that was what I wanted to do, and I had to really claw my way into it. It took ten years of asking around and just doing my thing, going to college, and finally I got in there. How did you come into your apprenticeship?

I had asked Henry [Goldfield; owner of Goldfield's Tattoo Studio] before. Actually, a friend of mine bought equipment and was tattooing out of his house. I called him up and said, 'I've always wanted to do that,' because I figured that was really my only choice at that point. I'd already asked Lyle Tuttle, I'd known him since I was 16, and he was kinda discouraging. I didn't have a whole lot of tattoos because I didn't have the money to get them, so I finally was like, 'OK, I'm gonna have to do what some of these other people are doing.' Even though it's not respected; you just buy equipment and start working out of your house. So I started with this guy and I did



one tattoo at his house. It was pretty cool and I was surprised at how well I did. Then I got my own equipment—my mom lent me the money—and I started doing it out of my house. I spent a whole year painting a set of flash. I had asked Henry for a job right away and he was really gruff with me. I think I was overly sensitive at the time and thought I could never work for him. He has a reputation for just throwing people out—[laughs] he's really cool—but at the time I thought I'd never be able to work for him. So I just kept on doing it and working on this sheet of flash, and I heard through the grapevine that he needed employees. So I went up to him at an art exhibit and I

was super respectful; I said, 'I think it would be an honor to work for you, I brought some of my work, would you like to see it?' And he said yes. (I had gotten more tattoos at that point, and I was dressed in this really short skirt outfit.) So I got my art and showed it to him, and he asked for my number. He called me right away. I think, when I look back on it, it was right when I was ready; I wasn't ready before that. It was like a lot of things in life, it was meant to be. He's the person—I can't see myself working for anyone else because it's an old fashioned parlor and he totally does it the old school way, which I gained a lot of respect for while doing the apprenticeship. He's really an artist, he has a passion for sign painting, a lot of the things I want to learn—he knows a lot about history. He's taught me about storytelling, which I think is really important... just to get your client through the tattoo and also in my work.

You're obviously very artistic, but when people come in and say 'I just want a flag.' Do you do that?

Oh yeah. That's what I'm not really into a lot of the time, simple stuff; I'm constantly doing tattoos of stuff I didn't even draw. I really like when somebody brings in a mooka [sic] print. I'll just tape a color Xerox on the mirror and look back and forth. It'll change a little bit, it'll become my own, but it's kinda neat just to try to figure



top: "Corn Mash and Porkin'" acrylic on canvas board 10x 13, 1999

left: "Anchor My Love" acrylic on canvas 24x36, 2000

right: "Cowboy's Dream" acrylic on canvas 24x36, 2000







left: "Trying So Hard To Be So Good" acrylic, 8x10, 2000

right: "Piggybank Girl" acrylic, 8x10, 2000

below: "Untitled" acrylic and collage on wood, 12" round, 2000

next page: top: "Take These Prayers To Heaven" acrylic and mixed media, 12x16, 2000

bottom left: "Prayers To Heaven, Series 1" acrylic and collage on wood 6x8, 2001

bottom right: "Prayers To Heaven, Series 2" acrylic and collage on wood 6x8, 2001



what exact shade of maroon is in that crevice. I mix it up. I think I learn a lot about colors just by copying art onto people, that's really fun.

And you've done your own original designs on people as well.

Oh yeah. A lot more lately now that people see my artwork around and see the tattoos I've designed. A lot of times I'll draw something and the client doesn't come back, so it'll end up a painting because I just have to get it out of my system.

I'm also curious how being female has either helped or hindered your entrance into the tattoo world.

It helps me a lot and it also hinders me a lot; in the lowbrow art scene too. I'm trying to break into this boys club. I don't know what it is about me that constantly wants to break into boys clubs. [laughing] Maybe it's the challenge. It helps me to be a woman because there are definitely those people who want a woman's touch and feel more comfortable with a woman. It helps, in the shop, to have one woman working there because, as my boss says, 'It keeps it from smelling like a locker room.'

Are you the only woman in that shop?

Yeah. I don't think they'd do well to have more than one. It's really hard too, sometimes, because they sit around and talk—and they treat me like one of the guys—but they'll be talking really badly about women and I'll get really defensive and feel like I have to stand up for my sex; I'll go home kind of repulsed. That's hard. And it was hard just breaking in because there's so many talented people out there and there's not many women in the tattoo business.

Do the female tattoo artists network with each other?

Not really, we're not really tight. I curated an art show, and it was a good way to meet all the women who were tattooing in San Francisco, but since that point I haven't hung out with a whole lot of them. I don't really hang out with tattoo artists. Sometimes I get really bored talking about tattoos. I wanna hang out with other painters now. And I'll probably get sick of that, too. [laughter]

When you curated the art show of the women tattooists, was there anyone you approached who said they weren't interested in being in an all-female show or were they all receptive to that idea?

No, everybody was good. The guys I work with were kinda mad, they were like, 'How would you feel if it was an all-men's show?' I said, 'That's been happening

forever!' I think they just wanted to be in an art show... they were messin' with me too. I don't know. I talked to this curator of a big museum here in San Francisco, he was a professor of mine in college, and I said, 'If you have any women's shows coming up soon, let me know.' And he said, 'Now, Sunny, you don't want to get yourself painted in a corner with that, only showing with other women.' And that made me stop and think; it's the truth. I want to be a part of the whole picture not just the women thing. I do think you get some special attention though, just because you're a female; but at the same time you really have to work harder to get respect.

Do you sketch your paintings first?

Yes. I get a drawing ready and mess around with the drawing until I'm really happy with it. And still, when I transfer it to the canvas, it still changes. I do a lot of changes once it's on the canvas, but I don't draw right on the canvas.

So you paint from the sketch.

Yeah.

How do you the mixed media things? I'm looking at the "Prayers to Heaven" series.

Yeah, that's the one that started everything. I just prepare a background surface, then I'll do sketches on other pieces of paper and just transfer them.

What is on the background surface?

Those are little—I think they're money for the dead, you get them in Chinatown.

Whatever they are, they say, "Long Life" and have some blessings and stuff on there. It's like an incense paper you're supposed to burn at a funeral. I don't know if it's offensive but I use it. Those pieces do have to do with death so I thought it was appropriate. I also thought it was really cool because the background was ready to go. I could do all these layers and do each painting really quickly. I did 27 in one month's time. That's a huge amount. Plus I was working full time and painting a banner with my boss. But a lot of them were really small; I sold a lot of them because they were really affordable.

Is it easier when a piece is small? I would imagine it's still as time-consuming as doing a 36" painting.

I can't do a painting of a woman really small. I get weirded out, I just like to have lots of room to put eyelashes in [laughs]. I like to do women really big. The smaller stuff is good because you can do it quickly and someone can afford it, but I really like working larger.





I love the "Sailor Girl" and the "Cowboy's Dream" and the different pin-up style women you draw. I'm gonna do a whole series like that with the airbrush. Hopefully do 12 and maybe put them together as a calendar. I was talking with some artist in LA about airbrushing, and it's really frowned upon in painter's circles because it's mechanical, it's kinda like cheating.

Like using the computer?

Yeah.

Have you ever done anything like that?

No. I'd really like to learn Photoshop because it seems like it might save a little bit of the cut and paste chaos when you're trying to put a bunch of images into one thing. If I'm doing a painting that has a bunch of images and I draw it all out and then I'm not happy with the composition, it's difficult to start from scratch. If it was on the computer I could just move things around without having to redraw the whole thing again. Earlier we were talking about that art statement, I don't know if we skimmed by that, but that was really hard for me to write. It took me three years to write. It's hard to talk about something so personal. The first draft I just handed everything to the world on a plate; it was too easy. I just wanted it to be so that it would make people look at the artwork again.

Maybe in a different way?

Yeah.

Did you feel cleansed in some way after you finally wrote it?

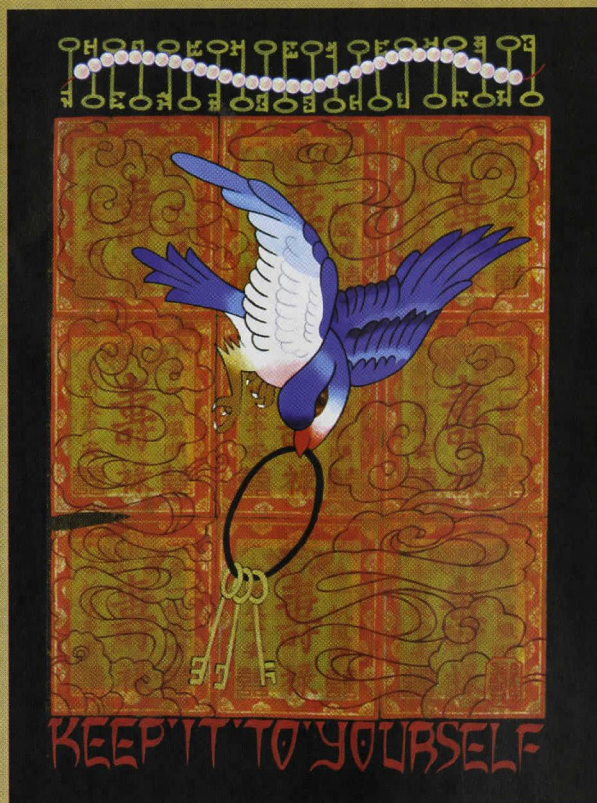
After I got it done. It was the key element in sending some packages off. A requirement, really, for museums and higher end galleries. They expect that, they expect something short they can read. It makes you seem serious, I think. Because so many critics don't know. They're just coming up with a whole line of bullshit, and it's all about—sometimes I feel that if you can just talk a really good line of bullshit about your artwork then that's your key into the big museums and stuff. Like these abstract paintings, they say they means all this deep stuff; yeah, right! It's funny, Larry and I went to the museum last month and we stood for a long time in front of this one giant canvas which just had a stripe on it, and I'm like, 'I'm trying to get it. But it's just a canvas with a stripe on it. I'm sure it means something to someone but it's not meaning shit to me.'

I can't get impressed by stuff like that. What I get really impressed by is somebody who spent so much time alone in a room just blending and putting different things into a painting. That's what really impresses me.

So you have no qualms about selling your artwork.

No, some stuff I really want to hang on to. I'll put a little bit higher price on it because it's gotta compensate me. Because I'd rather have it hanging on my wall longer. But I don't like having it pile up in my storage. I get better as time goes on and I don't want that embarrassing stuff to be there.

It's OK if it's in somebody else's house.



Yeah, it's OK. It helps buy me some pork chops.

What artists do you admire, past or present; people that maybe have influenced your work.

The two big influences on my work are Tibetan art and Mexican folk art. As for artists, Mark Ryden is a current guy. Freda Khalo, Diego Rivera, all the surrealists—I totally want to be a surrealist, I want all my stuff to be surreal from now on. Max Ernst, he was a collage artist... I like Japanese artwork.

Are there any specific tattoo artists who've influenced your tattooing, besides the people who taught you?

Yeah, there's young guys out there that are doing the traditional stuff in a new way, that influences me a lot. I like Ed Hardy because he's been able to balance fine art, publishing and tattooing. Do you separate your tattooing from your other artwork or do you see it all as one?

There's conflict between the two. I really need to spend more time painting, like to be able to do a one-woman show at some point. And I don't really see myself as an old woman still tattooing, but at the same time I don't want to be alone in my house or my studio painting because I get so much from my interaction with my customers. I help them and they help me just with life's issues. I love when I

make a connection with a customer,

like a spiritual connection, and maybe make a difference in their attitude. If I was a painter working at home, alone, and the only contact I had with people would be an art opening or something, that would be really hard. It's good that I can paint at work.

Do you think there's still a stigma attached to being tattooed even though it's become much more popular?

It'll never be mainstream. I was talking to my friend yesterday about lowbrow and how it hasn't been accepted by the mainstream and that's a good thing, because the same thing happened with the impressionists. And he said, 'Tattoos and lowbrow are like two limbs on the same body.' And I said, 'Yeah, they should keep that connection strong because tattooing will never be accepted in the mainstream, and if we can keep it that way it will be a powerful movement that will change art. And I'll be a part of it!' [laughs]

You said you sometimes paint when you're talking on the phone?

Yeah, I love to do that.

Does the course of the conversation affect what you're painting?

Totally. Like the key situation—I was talking to this girl, it was my close friend, and I never would have looked at the key as locking something away, if you hold the key you have the power. So I was totally intrigued by this withholding notion, and that ended up in the painting. Later on I had to explain myself. At the bottom of the painting in big red letters it says "Keep it to yourself," and I was like, 'I don't really do that! Just wanted to tell ya, I don't keep anything to myself.' But I had to write it down because I wish I could.

If you're not talking on the phone will you be listening to music or do you have the TV on in the background?

No TV. I know somebody who paints and watches movies at the same time. I can't do that. But music totally influences me. And it's a





good way to go through my record collection cause otherwise I'm not gonna sit around and listen to records, [laughing] that's not very productive.

Yeah, you've got 27 paintings to do in 30 days.

Yeah, I have to be productive at every moment.

This has nothing to do with your art but I have to ask you about your girl in the fishbowl credit on your resume, is that literal? Were you a girl who performed in a fishbowl?

Yeah. There's this beautiful club in San Francisco. It's been open since the '30s but it changed location and the place it is now is from the '50s. So the whole theme of the nightclub, it was a huge dinner club—they have these etched glass doors that have a naked girl riding a fish, and they have this huge marble statue in the lobby of a girl riding a fish, which is totally beautiful art deco. And they have all these oil paintings of mermaids in the ballroom... it's this incredible nightclub that hasn't changed a bit. And in the bar they have a 25 or 50 gallon fishbowl that has a little cave in the center which turns around on a motor. It has a little window in it and inside the little window there are two mirrors on an angle. And then under that, in the basement of the club, there's a bed that turns around on this motor. And you lay on this bed with black velvet and your image is projected into the fishbowl. So you look like you're five or six inches long and you're swimming in with the fish. The owner of the club and some magi-

cian came up with the illusion. It's pretty creepy down in the basement, you have to go through the club in these catacombs.

So you're down there in this little room by yourself.

Naked. Uh-huh. And claustrophobic.

For how many hours at a time?

Well, I did it for four years. I took over for this woman who'd done it for 20 years, she became a councilwoman in Oakland; I took over for her so I'm considered the girl who took over for Donna. Ever since then it's been mainly rockabilly girls who've done it. I retired because I was getting too many tattoos. I wanted more tattoos and it wasn't paying enough. Although I really liked the title and everything.

That is fascinating. It's pretty cool that I did that. But I didn't have to do it for hours at a time. You're supposed to do it for 10 minutes, on the hour and the half-hour. So I'd throw my clothes back on in between, go upstairs, drink and dance. I got to see some

of the greatest bands; Korla Pandit, Combustible Edison, I met Nina Hagen. The whole swing movement was exploding right when I did it, so I got to see all those bands and dance.

Wow. What a job. Have you ever done any album or CD art? Has any of your stuff been used for that?

No, I really wanna do that. I think that would be a great way to get my stuff out there or more recognized. I'm waiting for that, I've been actually telling people I wanna do it—so it should come.



top: "Miss Serenetiki"  
acrylic on canvas  
22x22 2001

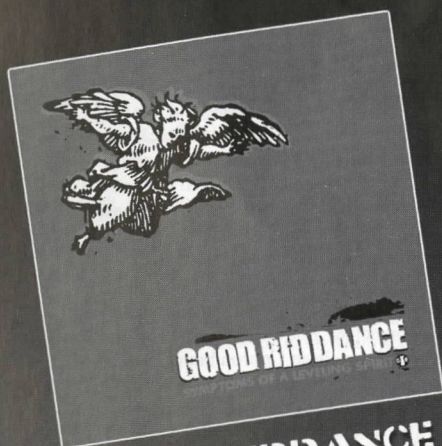
left: "Pre-Menstrual Tiki"  
acrylic on wood  
9x14, 2000

right: "Annie Get Yer Gun"  
watercolor and ink  
10 1/2 x 13 1/2, 1997

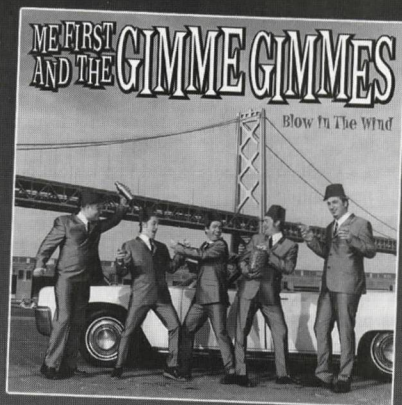




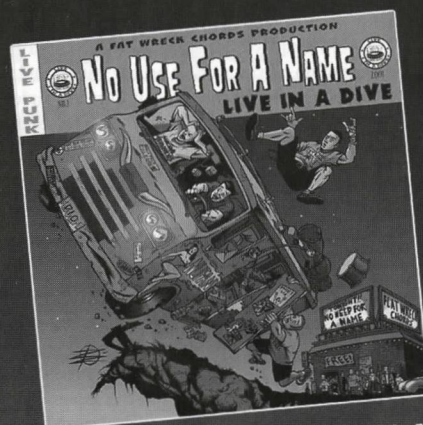
# WE WILL SQUASH YOU LIKE ANTS!



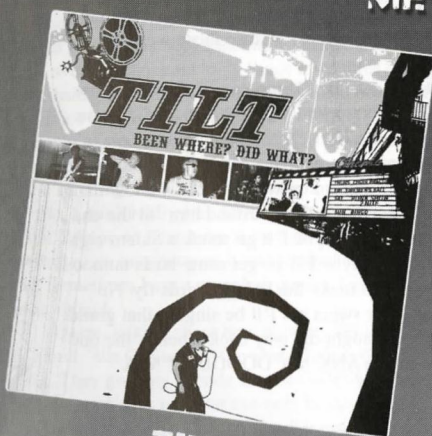
**GOOD RIDDANCE**  
"SYMPTOMS OF A LEVELING SPIRIT" CD/LP



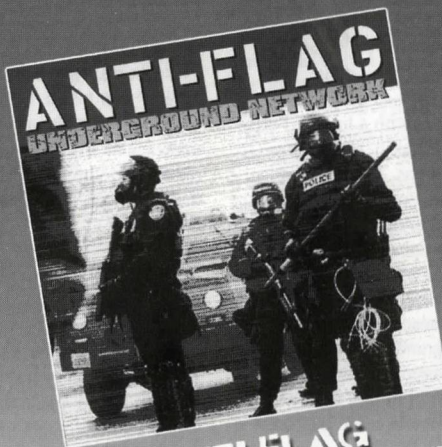
**ME FIRST & THE GIMME GIMMES**  
"BLOW IN THE WIND" CD/LP



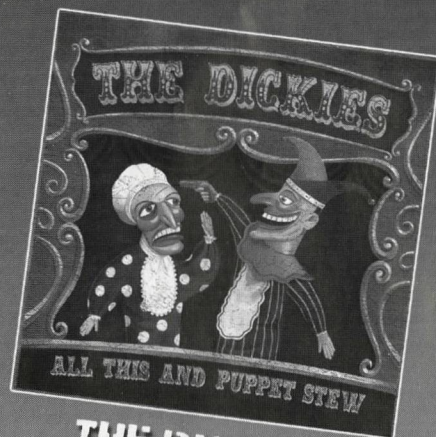
**NO USE FOR A NAME**  
"LIVE IN A DIVE" CD/LP



**TILT**  
"BEEN WHERE? DID WHAT?" CD/LP



**ANTI-FLAG**  
"UNDERGROUND NETWORK" CD/LP



**THE DICKIES**  
"ALL THIS AND PUPPET STEW" CD/LP



Les Toit

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# TALES FROM THE TRAILER

BY ALAN "THE GODDAM" KING

Goddam! Who'da ever thunk it? On September 11th, some crazy bastards from a pissant little country halfway around the globe waged an all out assault on our nation and its people. If you want diatribes, conspiracy theories, informed insider expert opinions or clever hindsight insights, check out the Internet or turn on CNN for a half hour or so. I guarandamtee you that you'll overdose on it. The one thing I do know is that I've heard lots of peacenik yellow-bellies whining about how we shouldn't have retaliated 'cause they don't want the kind of stuff that happened in New York City happening in their backyards. As far as I'm concerned, if you're an American, they didn't only bring it to your backyard—they flat out shit all over the front porch. As Grandpappy "Pop" King used to say, "If you're gonna dance, hoss, you gonna have to pay the fiddler." And "Pop" King was a great American.

Pop woulda never took that chickenshit non-retaliation approach to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Growing up in the hardscrabble backwoods of Depression-era Georgia, with seven brothers and sisters, Pop surely learned early on that you often have to fight for what you get and you best be ready to defend your position to keep it. When he came of age, he got his ticket out of the laborious country life (and for that matter, out of the country period) courtesy of Uncle Sam. He was not only a combat veteran of the US Navy, but when he finished up his time for them he immediately signed on to pull a stint in the US Army. How's that for patriotism?

As I get older, I identify with Pop more and more. Maybe it's because he passed on when I was still fairly young and my memories of him are tinted with the wonder of a child's eyes. I reckon he'll always remain larger than life to me because I only got to experience him in my impressionable formative years. I never got to grow up and find out that he had clay feet like the rest of us. Or maybe it's just because he was a tough old son-of-a-bitch who liked to laugh and joke, didn't give an inch to nobody and didn't give a fuck what you thought about him. Hell, I recognized that way back then. I loved his attitude then and I love it even more now that I can fully appreciate it.

Being an old Navy man, Pop had a shitload of tattoos. REAL tattoos. None of that tribal shit or anything with a hundred different shades of put-your-eyes-out color under his skin. He had pictures etched in green ink on his forearms and biceps. There were pictures of sailing ships with banners reading "Homeward Bound" and hearts with women's names across 'em (and not my grandmother's name either). My favorites were the birds on his chest. I used to pester the shit out of him, repeatedly demanding that he make the birds fly. He'd oblige by flexing the muscles in his chest. Damn, I wish I could do that! I loved watching those birds fly damn near better'n anything in this life (with the exception of my maternal grandmother's cooking). My uncle had a bunch of tattoos too but they weren't anywhere near as cool as Pop's. Pop used to tell me that they didn't put 'em on the same way they used to and that even pussies like my uncle could get 'em these days.

Pop was the stuff that redneck urban legends are made of. If you don't believe me, just listen to this one: I had to leave my puppy with them one time while we were moving. When Pop let the dog out to take a piss, the neighbor's two monolithic German shepherd half-breeds got over the fence and started to quite literally tear my puppy apart. Those dogs had been trouble for quite a while, thanks to their owner who never kept 'em penned and spent his spare time going to great lengths in his efforts to try to "make 'em mean." Pop went up the hill to see what the commotion was and got so goddam pissed off when he saw what was happening that he took 'em both on with his bare hands in a futile attempt to save my pup (something he always advised me against—"never tangle with a pissed off dog"). He got bit on the hand but not before sending one dog to the vet and the other to the promised land. He then proceeded to hop the fence and threaten to whip the dog's owner. "Two dogs dead and one hurt due to the stupidity of one jackass."

And as good as the dog story is, I've got a cat story that'd do your ass in. I'd tell you the whole story now but I think I'll save it

for another time and another place. Most folks don't believe me when I tell it to 'em anyway. They think it's some kind of hillbilly tall tale. I know it's the God's honest truth. Let's just say that it involved two of my more naive cousins, a whole big old litter of kittens, and one of them plastic kiddie swimming pools. I hear cats are a damn near unending source of bubbles. My cousins probably still need therapy.

I remember when I was in first grade we had to interview a person who had lived during the Great Depression. We were supposed to come up with a list of questions and ask them to our subject while tape recording it and then listen to it later and try to transform the information from the interview into a report on the Depression. Pop was my subject. I got Mom and Dad to take me up to his place and me and Pop sat out on the stoop by ourselves while I conducted my interview. When I got home and popped my cheap Certron brand cassette into our little GE portable tape player, Mom and Dad almost shit a brick. There was Pop telling all the secrets of life. He told about how "that bitch Eleanor Roosevelt almost single-handedly ruined this country." He told me about running moonshine to make ends meet and how he started having kids because "if you put a blanket over the boxes of jugs and set your kids on top of 'em the police won't pull you over 'cause they don't like to screw around with folks with kids to feed." And it was all told in his usual matter-of-fact yet genial, almost-laughing manner. I've still got the GE tape player and it still works but the Certron cassette containing Pop's immortal words of wisdom is long gone. What I wouldn't give to have it back. 'Cause those were the words of a great American.

Pop died almost 20 years ago. Brain cancer. It was a slow horrible way to go. But he kept his wickedly superb and acidic sense of humor 'til the end. When the preacher came to the house to try to save him, Pop told him to get lost. The preacher tended to think (or at least tried to make everyone else think) Pop wasn't lucid. I know damn well he was. He was true to himself and those around him 'til the end. I respect that. So here's to you Pop. Maybe I'll go sneak a Salem cigarette in your honor, or better yet, maybe I'll go get some birds tattooed on my chest and work out 'til I can make the little bastards fly. No matter what I do, you can bet your sweet ass I'll be singing that grand old flag-waving anthem that you taught me way back when... the one that ends with the immortal line "YANK MY DOODLE, I'M A DANDY!"

I'd like to thank Larry and Leslie for having me back on board this issue. I'd also like to send a word of gratitude and admiration out to Americans everywhere who've banded together during this time of trial to show why we are the best damn country on the planet. This goes out to everybody who's stepped up to bat, be it the FDNY or anybody who gave to the Red Cross and other 9-11 funds or those heroes among heroes who stood up and took control of the situation on that plane that went down short of it's target thanks to their courage. Keep the victims and their families in your thoughts. And let's not forget our brothers and sisters in the United States Armed Forces. My patriotic play list: ANTISEEN - "Ugly American"; Charlie Daniels - "In America"; Dave Dudley - "Vietnam Blues"; Waylon Jennings - "Lady In The Harbor"; Hank Williams Jr. - "Give A Damn"; Merle Haggard - "Fightin' Side of Me". Records I've been digging: Hammerlock - Barefoot and Pregnant & Ted Nugent - Full Bluntal Nugity. Thanks to those of you who came out to see Cocknoose and Hellstomper on the road this summer and thanks to all of you who came down to party in Austin at the COS Supershow. 'Til next time—talk loud, walk proud, and keep on rockin'.

KING

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# LOUD CARS AND FAST GUITARS

BY WIDOWMAKER

Ahhh, welcome back to the show about go. It seems like it's been forever since your humble narrator sat down at the keyboard to spread by means of the written word the joys of Detroit steel and my corner of the rock-n-roll world. It's only been a few months but they were filled with miles of travel, broken bones, hours of Jim Rome in the Jungle, bounced checks, nuptial rupturing dalliances, and enough whiskey to float a boat in. Grab a drink, and sit back in open-eyed amazement at the tales that will unravel as the cobwebs in my brain are swept away.

## LOUD CARS

Damn, lots has gone on, mostly bad, with my automobiles since the last time we visited. My Galaxie 500 lost the ability to shift into second gear and was down for some time. After talking to the experts (read: mechanics who own shops), who all said the tranny needed to be replaced or rebuilt (since they obviously would be able to profit from such work), I rubbed my noodle (up top, not below) and pondered the situation for awhile. The transmission linkage was messed with on the engine side of the firewall for hours, to no positive results. It was after all of that when the verdict was handed down from my car guru Roger Ward—it was diagnosed as probably a bad steering column. (On a funny side note, Roger claims that he isn't a mechanic but has always been absolutely correct in telling me what the problem with my car is—over the phone no less). Since it's a three on the tree it made sense that all of that shit inside the column could wear out and not function properly. Go figure. The common advice was to switch to a floor shift but I just couldn't see going that route so I tracked down a good used column, got it in there and, lo and behold, my Blonde Bomber is back up and running. She's still ugly, and in need of bodywork and a paint job, but she's getting me from point A to point B as my daily driver in the meantime. Truth be told, I don't really care for the new column. Its shifting action just isn't as loose as the old one so I can't run it through the gears nearly as fast. Jeez, the old one probably shifted so easy because it was trashed and I stupidly want this one to be the same way. Sometimes I am a complete moron. I can still show the Colonel where the power is at, though.

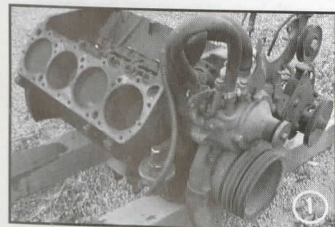
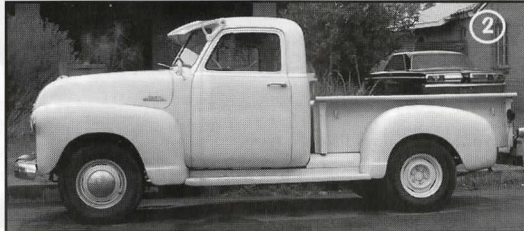
Damn, talking about how ugly my G5 looks makes me think of these cats who buy a mid-'80s GM sedan (Cavalier, Cutlass-Sierra, etc.) and try to build themselves a rig. They give my Blonde Bomber sideways glances due to her scrappy looks while they are running a ride that can only be described as "what not to do" when it comes to customizing. What nerve! They've got their hubcaps, window tint, a stereo system, and the Earl Sheib "\$99.99 any make-any model" squirt-shack paint job and think they're rollin'. Hell, I've seen these people jack the ass end up and even bolt a spoiler on the rear deck lid. How retarded is that? Do they need that extra downforce while cruising the streets at a snail's pace so the passerby can hear the newest Jay-Z release shake their car to pieces? The fact remains that no matter how many bolt on accessories and speakers you've got, it's still a shitty GM X-body with four cylinders and four doors, nothing too cool or tough about that. I can understand running a 4-

door if it is a Caddy, a Continental, or even an Electra deuce and a quarter but I don't understand these choices one bit. I know the whole idea is to have fun with your car but c'mon, at least start with a real car. Until they change their ways and bring something cool to the plate, I'll continue to put them in the rear-view of my suicide machine quicker than they can say Snoop Dogg. Fuck 'em.

Now for the Wildcat; things just aren't going right for her. She blew a fan clutch on the water pump and had to be towed home. It's truly a sad sight to see your best gal being hauled ass-first across town; it can get a guy all teary eyed. Anyhow, fan clutch sure sounds innocent and simple enough, right? Wrong! Seems that the geniuses at Buick weren't thinking when they designed the Wildcat 430ci engine block. They put the pump behind an aluminum plate mounted on the engine block. Seems it should be no problem to fix so I pull the radiator to get to the problem at hand. Hmmm, a dozen bolts to get out, swap the parts, put it back together and I should be tearing up the mean streets of East Lawrence in short order. Yeah, right. Like I ever have good luck in much of anything that I do. My guess is that nobody has got behind that plate on my car for 15 years, if they ever have at all. The bolts were corroded and the heads busted right off with minimal force leaving the bolt shafts still holding the fucking plate on. If I was sure of my skills I could attempt to tap the fucking bolts out but I have no faith in my ability to accomplish such a skilled undertaking. I have now decided that the engine needs a rebuild anyway so I will just have the bolt situation remedied when I take it into the shop for the rebuild sometime next year after I rustle up the \$\$\$\$. While I'll sorely miss driving the Screamin' Green Pussy Wagon it will be so much sweeter when I do have her rolling again that it'll be worth the wait. Shit, she'll be ready for another 95,000 miles after the work. I hope she enjoys her slumber.

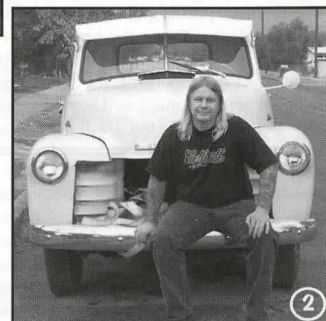
The weekend-long car show that I mentioned my buddy Todd was gonna put on has come and gone. It happened up in Kansas City at the El Torreon. Lots of the organizing was taken out of his hands and ended up getting all fucked up, but luckily it was salvaged a week or so before the show and it was a great time for all. There were about five or six dozen cars total from as far away as Chicago, St. Louis, and Oklahoma. Not bad for no real promotion and it being the first time for the event. There were also 20 or more bands spread out over the three days to keep the moldy oldies DJs away, including Cocknoose, The Big Iron, and Sister Mary Rotten Crotch. Next years event will definitely be bigger and better since word got out to the car folks that it was one hell of a party.

This issue I chose to feature the rigs of The 440s. Downtown Dave was the first person to get in touch with me after the last issue came out so I chose to get these pics for this issue's "Rock-Star Rides." The cars featured are owned by Dave, Sparkle Plenty (aka Wendy) and GG Titan (aka Gordon). Let it be known that on top of representing their band they are also stepping up to the plate for their new car club The Prime Ministers, of which they are all members. Also, as I said last time, if you are in a band and you and/or your bandmates have cool rigs then send me some pics



1- GG Titan's 1966 Plymouth Fury  
This is a California car, unbelievably straight and solid, powered by a stock 383 ci Mopar big block that is actually being replaced with the pictured 440 ci Chrysler motor he scored complete for \$200! After the Fury gets the engine, he's going to do a power disc brake conversion upfront, then black primer, interior work and 15" steel wheels with dog dish hubcaps. This completed the vehicle will be his daily driver, and will be of the "look stock, haul ass" school of thought.

2- GG's 1953 Chevy Pickup  
Gordon also has a '51 Chevy pickup and a '53 Chevy pickup (pictured). The '51 has a newly rebuilt 235 ci straight six, and the '53 has a tired 215 ci six. Since the '51 is a beater and the '53 has a solid body and nice paint, the engines are being swapped as of this writing. (The rest of the band is trying to get him to put a big block Chevy into the '51, but don't tell him... it's a secret.) GG also has a Muncie 4 speed that's going into the '53 instead of the stock 3 speed.





or something to get them in here; maybe they could be the next Rock-Star Rides. If anyone has read this far and has some parts that you think they can use, visit their website at [www.the440s.com](http://www.the440s.com) and let them know what you've got and if you'd be willing to trade CDs and shirts for parts. (Heh, heh.)

## FAST GUITARS

Shit, so much has happened that I don't know where to start. The "Hell and Half of Texas" tour with our good buddies Hellstomper happened. As with any tour there were highs and lows. The highs were seeing Hellstomper every night; staying with Walt from Before I Hang and his wife Heather for a few days—the best hosts I've ever had period, with hospitality like that they are lucky that we ever left; New Orleans at the Mermaid Lounge (I figured before we even left home that it was gonna suck but it was a great fuckin' night and there was a former Kansan working the bar to boot!); and Emo's in Austin (the first time we ever played that place back in '94 was the first time we weren't treated like shit as a band and the joint has always brought out the best in the 'Noose since). The lows were going to see my friend David Allan Coe in Mississippi before the tour started (he was so bad and uninspired that night that words couldn't even describe how awful it was); Gulf Port at Kirk's House of Rock (six people paid, no promotion, the guy that owned the bar said that if he'd of known that we were signed bands that he'd of advertised and tried to get us a crowd. What kind of fucked up logic is that? Doesn't he want people in there drinking every night? We got paid nothing and the guy still tried to get some free merch from us. Fuckin' moron.); San Antonio, where the owners of the reggae bar we played at in charging for soda and water even though the bar was hotter than a 24 hour crematorium); Emo's in Houston (I don't even want to start on that shitty fuckin' place, we would've been better off just skipping it altogether and I wish that we would of. What a joke.) Overall it was fun, especially hanging out with Hellstomper. I learned that Matt is a huge Shaquille O'Neal fan—he even has a Shaq sleeping bag. I also learned what the going rate for three vicodin was in Austin; was educated to the fact that lap dances in New Orleans could only be done in a private "full service" room for \$150; and was hipped to the fact that I "blew it" with my career in music due to my abusive talk to a lady from the stage in Hattiesburg (apparently her and her buckskin outfit and two matching teeth were in charge of a record label and she wasn't going to sign us because I offended her. Damn, maybe she could have been in charge of our tour wardrobe if I hadn't blown it). At least I got an education while being on the road 'cuz the money sucked.

We've played a few shows around here in Lawrence and Kansas City. Nothing special to note, except that a few of them were with The Big Iron (from KC)

who along with Cretin 66 are my favorite bands in this area. The Big Iron has a CD for sale and it's great. It's kinda like twangy punk with a heavy '60s influence (or so says my buddy Todd). Fans of Beasts of Bourbon should take note. Forget the comparisons, just buy one. You can order one from the band by sending the low amount of \$8 (postage paid) to them at P.O. Box 7117, Kansas City, MO 64113. Tell 'em Widowmaker sent 'ya.

The Confederacy Of Scum Supershow 2001 is now in the books. It happened at Emo's in Austin, Texas this year and I'm sure that anyone in attendance who's been to them in the past will tell you this was the best one yet. And it was! That sounds so typical and like a company line but I wouldn't say it if it wasn't the truth. I had such a fun time this year and all of the bands turned in great sets, many were the best performances I'd seen by some of the bands ever. My thanks go out to Graham, Joe and everyone at Emo's for helping make it happen. Work is already being done to get ready for next year's to insure that we can top this one. It will be hard to do but it will happen, take that to the bank.

Outside of the COS Supershow and The Big Iron I've only seen one other band live that has been any good—Dead Man's Choir. They're from California (but I won't hold that against them) and they rocked me real good one evening at the local bar that I frequent. They remind me a bit of the Humpers at some times; the Dead Boys at others. They're just good old punk rock/rock-n-roll that I don't see very often. Dead Man's Choir are one of the few bands I've seen with two guitars that use them well. Hopefully I can check them out again sometime.

If anyone is within spittin' distance of Lawrence on the 13th of December then stop on by the Replay Lounge where I'll be celebrating my 23rd birthday in style with the sweet sounds of Cretin 66 and The Big Iron. Hell, maybe Cocknoose will even play a quick set before I get too drunk. It'll surely be a rockin' night that'll see me getting all dressed up to get messed up.

Shit, I think I've said enough (or too much) for now so I'll go ahead and wrap this up. I'm off to Red Lobster. Out!

## WIDOWMAKER

Write or send pics to me at: PO Box 442442, Lawrence, KS 66044  
Or email me at: [WIDOWMAKER@idir.net](mailto:WIDOWMAKER@idir.net)



3- GG's 1954 International R110 Travel All

This by far represents the most work out of Gordon's stable, but it will be unbelievably cool when completed. Lots of work needs to be done (see photo), but he has the engine sitting in it (a Silver Diamond 220 straight six). This has band travel machine written all over it!

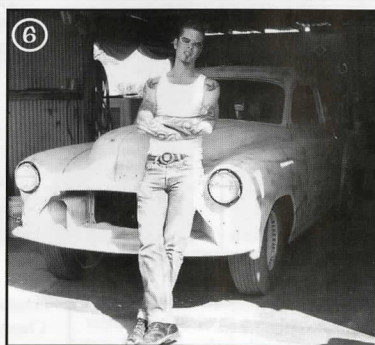
5- Dave's 1965 Chevy C10 Shortbed Pickup

See burnout picture. Powered by a 4 bolt main .060-over small block, 700R-4 transmission and 373 gears, Dave's truck is named Shakes and is driven daily. This truck made the trip from Philly to Arizona in April in four days flat—no muss, no fuss. The 350 is putting out around 300 horsepower, has a Crane Energizer cam, Edelbrock carb, stock intake, headers, duals exiting in front of the rear wheels, black primer and a Mexican blanket interior. Beside the v8 conversion, Dave has done a power disc brake conversion, power steering conversion, relocated the gas tank between the frame rails and lowered the truck two inches all around. As of this writing, the 350 is being replaced with a 292 ci straight six and TH 350 transmission. The powertrain in the truck will be used in the '52 Bel Air, and the truck will be used as a tow vehicle and parts chaser.



4- Sparkle Plenty's 1959 Chevy Biscayne

Picked up in the Midwest, this car has one of the most wicked looking, zoomy body styles ever to roll off the assembly line. A two door sedan, this zero-options stripper is powered by a 235 straight six, 3-speed manual trans, manual steering, manual brakes (if they worked). The car hasn't run in probably 14 years, but it started up after Gordon and Dave rebuilt the carb, and Wendy and Dave used many methods of backyard chicanery to get the engine to fire. For now, the 235 will power the car (these motors are next to unbreakable!) Next on the agenda is a powerglide transmission, power disc brakes, power steering, and a new windshield. The car will get two tone primer, and a pink furry interior executed by Wendy.



6- Dave's 1952 Chevy Bel Air

It's a two door sedan in primer, with no glass, no interior, Mustang II front end and Ford eight inch rear. The body has been off the frame, and is just resting on it now. It's coming off again and the engine, transmission, exhaust and all lines will be plumbed, then the body will get dropped on the chassis. (The frame has been painted and cleaned up already.) The 350 small-block from the pickup will get a new rotating assembly (400 crank, new rods and pistons) becoming a 383ci stroker. This will be a stealth motor all decked out as a stock '60s 283 Chevy engine, with basic valve covers, no chrome, stock air cleaner; everything painted Chevy orange. All that, plus glasspacks, a peaked hood,

nosed and decked, door handles shaved, two tone primer, Mexican blanket interior and custom exhaust cutouts that can be controlled inside the car at a stoplight. The plan is to be able to run open headers at will to drown out the annoying bass-o-fonic sounds coming from other inconsiderate motorists. The car is already lowered although the picture doesn't show it. One interesting piece are the wheels: 1970's Mopar police car steelies. These are 15 x 8, and slotted. They'll look just right painted chinese red, with baby moons and trim rings. They might even get pinstriped.

Dave's grand scheme is to have a '50s hotrod that will run 12's without needing Nitrous.

7- The 440s 1995 Chevy G10 van (not pictured)

Powered by a 262 v-6, this van has enabled the 440s to carry their rock and roll gospel around the country several times. Although she's broken down on tour, she's never stranded the band. She's carried way too much gear without complaint, has been a place to sleep when there was nowhere else to go, and is a slice of home that remains the same when you're out for days, weeks or months at a time. It just wouldn't be right to talk about the fleet without mentioning Priscilla.



New Hampshire. A State whose motto is "Live Free or Die," a State with an equal thirst for blood and rock'n'roll; home to a virtual punk rock streetfight known as the Tunnel Rats. The fists flew at their very first gig, in 1993, and the band quickly gained a reputation for physical and musical destruction. Their gigs became the stuff of legend and in their first two years alone they were banned from every venue they played. Their first two 7"s sold out in short order and in 1997 they released a 26-song CD, *Our War Is Never Over*, on Baloney Shrapnel. They were inducted into the C.O.S. at the 1999 Supershow in Philly, and turned in a crowd-pleasing drunken and bloody set at this years supershow in Austin (they also appear on the C.O.S. EP in C14 #17). Duke Crevanator (singer) and I talked about doing this interview three years ago in Philly and we finally got around to it this October.

—Larry

**Can you give us a history of the Tunnel Rats?**

Sure. Basically, in early '93 the original four members were me, B-Face, Captain Leech (who's my brother) and Bernie. Then, because B-Face was in The Queers full-time and was touring with them full-time—

**Oh, I didn't realize he was in The Queers first.**

Yeah, I think he joined The Queers in something like '89; since B-Face was on tour all the time, we got Sgt. James in the band, who ended up doing a lot of our recordings with us and played almost all of our early live shows. Then he moved to San Francisco; but he's still friends with us and all that. Then later on, I guess it would have to be around '96 or '97, Wimpy (who was the original lead singer of The Queers back in the '70s) moved back to New Hampshire from New Mexico. He did some stuff with The Queers but Joe didn't want him in full-time. My favorite story is from one time we were at the studio and KFK [a.k.a. Keith from Woundup Records] had come up from Kansas to be there while we recorded, since he was gonna put the CD out. Joe showed up and Keith was outside drinking a beer, so Joe walks up to him and asks, "How's it going in there?" Cause Joe has a love, well actually it's more like a hate/hate relationship with the Tunnel Rats. And Keith's like, "Oh, it's goin' great, they just recorded a copy of "Lights Out" with Wimpy on vocals." And Joe literally went pale in front of Keith, he goes, "Wimpy. What Wimpy?" And Keith's like, "I'll give you one guess what Wimpy."—because Wimpy hadn't told Joe he was gonna be doin' something with us; that caused quite a fiasco. Then Harlan came on, he helped out on that recording session for the CD; because we try to do absolutely everything live.

**When you guys played here in '99, at the Supershow, there must have been at least six people on stage.**

I think my brother did come down; I know he did in Charlotte the year before. He basically almost never does live shows anymore.

**When did he stop doing that?**

After, around—that was part of the reason we brought Sgt. James Rox into the band full time because my brother got us banned from every club for two straight years. We finally said that if we ever wanted ever to be able to play live anywhere more than once, he would have to try to tone it down—which he tried to do, but he was just incapable of doing it.

**What was he doing that would get you banned?**

I think one of my favorites was at the first show we ever played. Everything seemed fine until we went down to the club, which was right across from my apartment, in Durham, New Hampshire—and Bernie and my brother went back to drink one last big glass of Wild Irish Rose, which he'd been drinking all afternoon. My brother's like, "All right, I'm gonna play with no pants on, and I'm gonna run across the street to the club with no pants on." But he was so drunk, that he couldn't get his pants off because he couldn't figure out he was wearing boots. He was rolling around my apartment, according to Bernie, trying to take off his pants but he couldn't quite do it so he put them back on. Then, two songs into it, he decided there were certain people in the crowd he didn't like so he just started attacking them, and it just went to hell shortly after that. He did it sneakily; it was great. He went out into the crowd, there was this one skinhead kid there and my brother put up his hand like he was gonna give him a high five, and the kid put his hand up to give him a high five back and my brother goes right past his hand and gets him in a claw hold on his face and rams his head against the wall—the guy was standing against the wall—and busted the back of his head open and knocked him down. All of his friends wanted to start fighting right then.

**This was in '93?**

Yeah, this was in late '93 when we'd only been together a short time. But it culminated at a show in The Rat, where we finally realized we had to come up with another way to do things. That's when we got banned from The Rat—and if you got banned from The Rat in '95, that basically extended to every club in Boston. That's when he got a hold of, ironical-

ly in this day and age, a box cutter and decided he was gonna juice before the show. But he way overdid it; has scars on his arms to this day. Cause once again he got a hold of the Wild Irish Rose and the gin and tonics; it wasn't pretty.

**So with the exception of your brother guesting when I saw you in '99, that lineup has been in place since '97?**

Yeah. We've basically had the same lineup since '97.

**That's the lineup that did *Our War Is Never Over*?**

Pretty much, yeah, it is. I did most of the guitar on that CD, but since then I haven't played any guitar, I've just done vocals. Most recordings for the vocals, we try to get my brother involved on some of the songs.

**What's been going on with you recording-wise lately?**

Actually we've had stuff recorded for a while.

**Like the song you gave us for the 45 in #17.**

That was recorded a long time ago. We have 12 other new songs that have been done for a while and it was just a matter of deciding what we were gonna do with 'em.

So four of 'em are going on a split with the Nerds on Carlo's label.

**Scarey?**

Yeah. That's coming out in February 2002. Then the remaining eight and some older, unreleased stuff and some songs we only released on vinyl is coming out on Woundup Records. That'll probably be out in early 2002 as well. He had shut down the label but I kind of talked him into...

**Un-shutting it?**

Yeah.

**So are there still no places for you to play up there?**

It's next to impossible in New Hampshire. I think Boston is a possibility. It's just a matter of getting the contacts back because we kinda lost them all after we got in so much trouble with The Rat.

**There's probably all new people anyway, and is The Rat still even open?**

No, it's been torn down completely. Even the building it was in was razed. But B-Face is in the Real Kids now so he has a lot of Boston contacts.

**He's in The Real Kids?**

Yeah, he's their new bass player.

**But he still plays with you guys too?**

Yeah.

**Is he doing that full-time?**

It's getting there. They're back together and they've actually been having a documentary filmed about them so he's been kinda busy with that.

**Wow. That's pretty cool. Have you played out at all in the past couple years?**

We haven't. We kinda went through a period where we were still getting together and practicing and everything but playing a show just wasn't a priority because basically two members had kids during that period—their first kids—and we all had jobs that fuckin' took up way too much of our goddamn time. Bernie got laid off twice in three months, had to find other work; Harlan's laid off right now. Everyone's got mortgages and shit like that but we've definitely never talked about quitting.

**If you got shows in places like New York, Jersey or Philly would you go and do that?**

Yeah. As long as we have enough notice, that's not a problem at all. We do get offers for shows but it's always like a week before.

**It always happens that way.**

I know. I try to talk to everybody and make it all work out but most of the time that just isn't possible.

**So what's the new record gonna be called?**

The one in Italy is gonna be called, "Fit Via Vi," which is Latin. It's a quote by Marc Antony, when he Augustus and Lepitus of the Second Triumvirate were trying to overthrow the Roman Republic, and Augustus asks Antony, "What's the best to go about trying to achieve our goals?" And Antony said, "Fit via vi," which is translated as "through violence a path is found." We actually used the English version of that on a sticker that went in our very first record.

**What's the one on Woundup gonna be?**

That one we haven't decided yet. I just talked to KFK last night but unfortunately we ended up just talking about football for an hour like we always do.

**The last CD had a handful of covers, are there any this time around?**

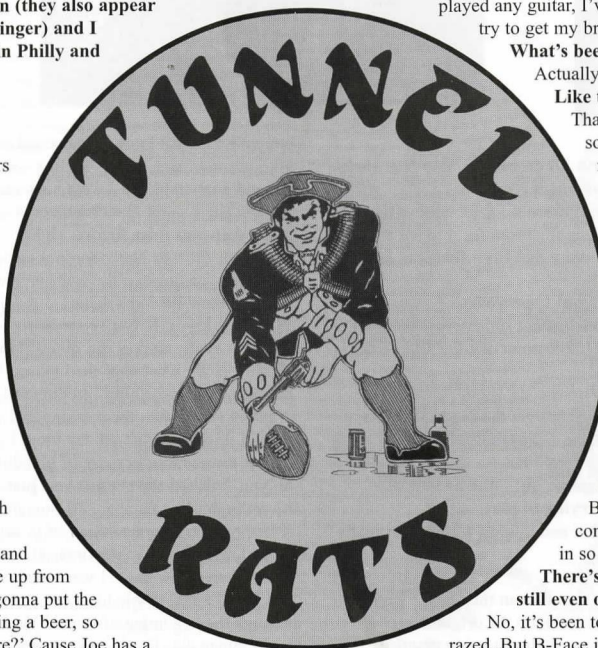
Actually there's only one cover, it's Johnny Paycheck's "Armed and Crazy"

**I love that song!**

Me too.

**I've wondered why more bands haven't covered that.**

I know. I bought that album at a yard sale; the cover is classic, where he's in the whole '70s getup and that hat he has. What's so great about that song is, when you listen to it, it's so weird but the chorus on his version almost sounds like The Who with a southern accent.







Good Who.

**I could see that. I mean at that point in time those guys kinda rocked, that was their wild years. That was when they were definitely getting out there.**

There's a lot of other great songs on that album but when I heard it I said, 'We've gotta cover this.' We recorded that two years ago, that's how long it's taken for it to see the light of day. I know from reading the Whiskey Rebel's online diary that Born Bavarian has recorded a cover of it too.

**I'm sure their version's going to be substantially different from yours.**

We almost tried to keep it in the spirit of the original, which is not something I think we normally do. We always usually try to change it, at least to the point of sometimes changing the words.

**Well, you've gotta put your own little tweak on it.**

Yeah, exactly. And in this case we obviously did too. We didn't get the synthesizer going [makes swooping synth sound] dooo-dooo-dooo. We tried it, believe me. It just didn't work out. We couldn't make it sound good enough so we kept it out.

**What's the plan for the Tunnel Rats once the record comes out—the one on Woundup—are you gonna be more aggressive about trying to play.**

It's funny. It's never really been about us playing live a lot, and touring wasn't ever really a goal.

**I didn't say a lot, I mean at all.**

We would like to definitely play some shows, there's no doubt about that. But it won't kill us if we don't. Everybody who's a member of the band, especially the original four—because my brother's still 100% part of the band; he's there at almost every practice.

**So you still practice once or twice a week?**

Depending on what's going on, sometimes twice a week. Sometimes we'll go down to twice a month. It's just a matter of how people's schedules are. Mostly it's just to get together and have a good time, because by far the majority of us were good friends a long time before the band. I think the advantage that we never tried to tour or do anything like that is, miraculously, we're still all good friends. We all still enjoy getting together and writing songs about stupid shit or whatever; or just trying to write heinous things about whatever we decide to write about that day. We just get enjoyment out of it. And when we get enough money saved up we go in the studio and record it, and if someone wants to put it out great; if not, we'll sit on it and wait until someone does. I'm not trying to sound pompous or whatever—

**No, no, no.**

We're just country hicks who don't always enjoy being in cities; who don't enjoy a lot of the bullshit. That's why I love the COS Supershow, because there's no bullshit to deal with. There's nothing worse than being on a bill where you don't know any of the other bands, you don't know the club, you don't know the fuckin' promoter, and of course 90% of the time you have to end up fighting for your money.

**And you don't know anybody in town.**

Yeah. Since none of us are rich but none of us are completely poor, our jobs allow us the luxury of being able to go in the studio with whatever money we can scrounge up and have fun. That's kind of really what it's all about. But I do love playing live.

**You guys played the Supershow this year.**

Yeah, it was a blast. Except that I fucked myself up pretty bad.

**What'd you do?**

Well, y'know, I'm fuckin' 5'10" and 145 pounds on a good day, and I got kinda carried away because I was shitfaced. I was gonna juice but I way overdid it kinda by accident.

**Did you tap a vein?**

Yeah, I think more than one.

**Bottle or blade?**

Bottle. Before I Hang played first and somehow many bottles got broken during their set, I don't know how none of them got cut up, even accidentally. So when we went up on stage, at least as I remember it, there was broken glass all over the place; it didn't bother me at



remember it but I know it happened because I've seen the video. Cocknoose came on right after us, and I was pissed because we didn't get to videotape them. I was hurt from bleeding and everything but I went back out to watch their set. My wife was the one videotaping and she was more worried about me.

**She's seen you juice before, right?**

Yeah. But she was like, 'You're bleeding a lot worse than you ever have before.' If you look at the pictures on the website, there are pictures when I've been wiped off and I've already stared bleeding again.

**Well, you know, if you're sweating—especially from being under hot stage lights and stuff—it really makes the blood flow.**

That's exactly what happened to me. That's something that was so fucked up too, the humidity was something I'm not used to. My blood was probably thin because I'd been drinking since 10 in the morning and we went on at 10 at night. I was perfectly cognizant, cause I drink slow but all day long. I definitely blacked out after about the second song but I think it was more because of bloodless.

**So you finished the set but you just don't remember any of it.**

I usually don't remember sets though, cause of the adrenaline. There's very few sets I remember the complete thing of to begin with, but this one especially. I remember I really gassed myself hard many times at the top of my head, in my hairline. I knew I had to go to work when I flew back. I was cognizant enough to go, 'I'm gonna gig myself in my hair.' But I bled a real whole lot. Let's put it this way, on Saturday at the show I was there only through the beginning of Rancid Vat because all day Saturday I had to lay in bed. I thought I was gonna die. That's no exaggeration, I really thought I was gonna die.

**Were you hung over or just beaten up?**

I threw up a couple times in the morning but I had no hangover at all. My tongue was all swollen up and I got dizzy when I tried to stand.

**That's dehydration.**

Yeah, that was it. I couldn't even hold water down. But I forced myself to go to the show for a little while. Missed out on all the partying on Saturday. That's why I think everyone in the Tunnel Rats had a lot more fun than I did, but I still had a blast.

**So you'll continue to play the Supershow every year.**

Oh yeah, absolutely. We're gonna do other shows too. I know Limecell has wanted to come up and do stuff, and I think it's just a matter of us getting off our asses. I just got an offer to play a couple shows—and I really appreciate the guy who offered them to us, he's a cool guy—but they're in these backwater towns in southern Massachusetts. And it's like, his band is kind of starting out but he's really good about getting shows every place but I don't need to play an Elk's Club in Attleboro, Mass.—not that I'm a fuckin' rock star but it's over a two-hour drive for me.

**Do all you guys all live in the same general area?**

Yeah, we all live within about 20 minutes of each other.

**I hear what you're saying about playing; it's not that you've gotta pick and choose but some things you know are just not gonna be worth your while.**

Yeah. And we get a lot of offers to play in Providence, Rhode Island but that's one town I don't particularly like, so...

**So I read on the website about you extending the "10 Year Plan" to 15 years, can you go into that a little bit?**

Well it's basically that we still have other goals, nothing major but certain things we want to be able to do that I know we won't be able to pull off in two fuckin' years.

**Like what?**

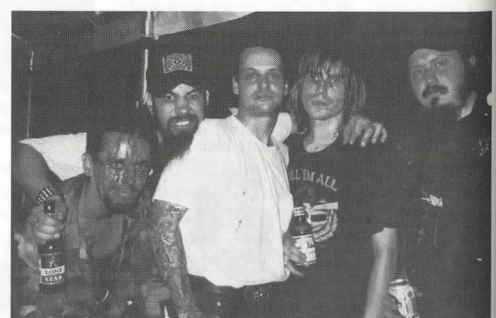
Well, my one dream project—and we've actually talked about starting to work on it, and I've hinted at it in one of the rants on the website, but if I'm gonna do it I'm gonna do it right—is the entire soundtrack to I Like To Hurt People. I was watching the movie and I realized every song is potentially great cover material, you just have to tweak it a certain way. Even some of the instrumentals, which we might add lyrics too. That's definitely one I wanna do. We actually did a show one time at this club that had a gigantic big screen TV behind the stage, and I actually happened to have the videotape in my car so we had it play behind us when we did our set. That was a show we played with the Bruisers, which kind of predicated another mini-feud we had with them for a long time.

**What did it?**

Well, they didn't like us in that one because we were shitfaced; and we did the show, and we were all trip-



all but the whole stage was covered in it. **Were you rolling around in it or did you pick something up?** That happened later. I don't





ping. My brother was still singing at the time, he actually didn't get us thrown out of that one probably because he was tripping; he wasn't as violent but was acting incredibly strange. We were opening for the Bruisers and they didn't like that. Then there was this show at the Elvis Room in Portsmouth, New Hampshire (it's the club Limecell played at with us); the Bruisers weren't even playing that night. So we showed up and actually both me and my brother were pretty out of control that night, but my brother got the great idea—it was Christmas time, and they had all these Christmas trees in pots, they were live trees. So he uprooted one and dragged it into the club. They had a pool table in the back of the club and one of the guys from the Bruisers was playing pool, my brother just picked up the Christmas tree and threw it on the table—it had the whole big, earthen round part at the bottom, which just totally blew up with dirt all over the pool table. And Richie, the bass player, grabs my brother and goes, 'Do you know you're fucking with a Bruiser?' and my brother just grabbed him by the throat and laughed in his face. So that didn't go over too well. It ended up being a major problem between the bands for a long time. Not really on our part because we were just like, 'Whatever.' But they apparently held a grudge, which we weren't even aware of. I just heard about later from other people. But anyway, I'm aware of how long it can take us to get things done so I had to throw five years on just to be safe. I mean we have plenty of other originals. My brother and I just got together on Saturday and wrote two new songs including "Marty The One Man Party," which brings Marty back into the song fold. He went out to Vegas, we didn't go but we heard from somebody who went with him that that was the new nickname bestowed upon him, because he did not sleep for five days. He was indeed Marty The One Man Party. He didn't sleep until the flight home. It's amazing the man's still alive. He's 6'5", weighs about 350 pounds and lives on a steady diet of constant booze, fast food, cocaine, speed, whatever, and he's still kickin'.

#### **Damn. What was the title of the other song?**

Actually we don't have a title for it but it's about young girls. But we might need to rewrite some of that, my brother kinda gets out of hand. Not really out of hand, but like the song "I Love Young Cunt," there's so many e-mail interviews I've done with fanzines and of course everyone asks about that song. And, you know, there's some songs of ours you can take seriously, there's some you can't; that's one you really probably shouldn't take seriously. It's just the way my brother wrote it. I love the song but it's hard for us to practice it at Bernie's house when he's got a wife, a 12 year old step-daughter, and a one year old daughter. Sometimes her friends are over and it's like, 'You know what? I think we'll skip this song,' cause I don't want them to get the wrong idea.

#### **Are there any other that stand out as being particularly family-unfriendly?**

"Be A Pig," which is a new one I don't think you've heard. We might have played at the '99 Supershow because we had it written then. But we played it in Austin this year. That one's pretty nasty. There's a couple more, but the advantage is—you know one thing no one's ever noticed is that on the CD, the song "Santiago Sucks" and the song "I Love Young Cunt," it's the same exact music. We just put new words to it and it's played slightly different. So when we need to practice "I Love Young Cunt" we play "Santiago Sucks." Maybe people have noticed and they haven't said anything.

#### **You've always had interesting choices for covers, especially on the CD with the Redd Kross medley and the Fear re-working.**

If you notice, they're almost all LA bands. I think that's mostly because of my brother. He's by far not the oldest person in the band—cause Wimpy and Harlan are both up around 47—but my brother's older than me; I'm 30, he's 37. He got me into punk with all the LA bands because that's what he first got into, especially Redd Kross... and the Hollywood Squares, too. That was an obscure song we always liked, "The Hillside Strangler." We had a bitch of a time recording it though. I remember B-Face had to draw the chord changes on gigantic poster board when we recorded it because we had never practiced it before, so the only way I could get the changes right was to have that in front of me the whole time.

#### **Is getting banned from clubs less of a problem outside of New England?**

Yes. We haven't played outside of New England much with the exception of the Supershow, but that's an entirely different thing. Because people in New England, as much as I love New Hampshire, are way more fucking uptight than they are in other places we've played. Not even just New England but northern New England; like we've played in Rhode Island a few times and never had a problem. I guess that's the thing with us playing away, if the opportunity's right we'll go anywhere. I mean we drove to Kansas City to play one show with Cocknoose and then drove right back home but it was worth it to us completely just to play with those guys.

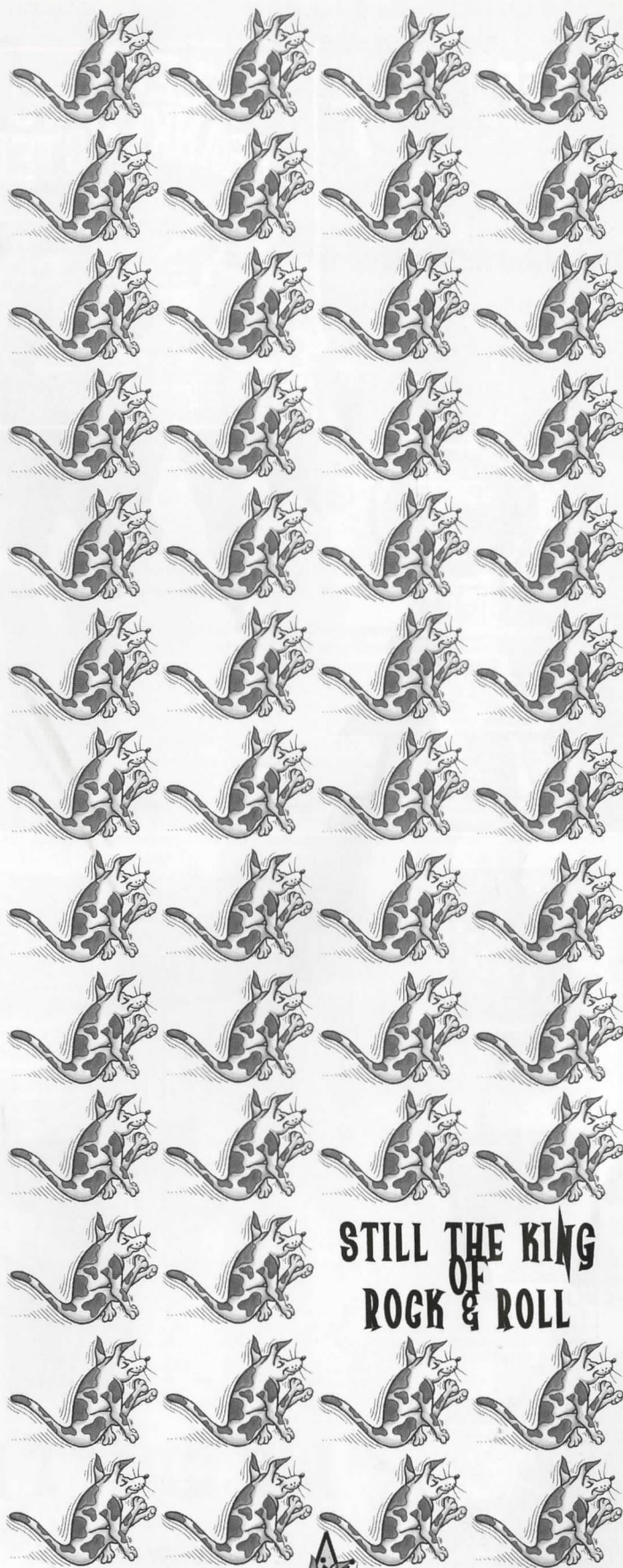
#### **And you and Justin locked it up for that?**

Oh yeah. It didn't go as well as we had planned ahead of time because I was tripping my ass off. That was back when I used to take drugs; I was on like four hits of acid, Wild Irish Rose, lots of beer and weed. So we had all these plans and I had completely forgotten about them, and then he threw a fireball in my face—and when you're tripping and having that happen to you—I wasn't expecting it even though he told me he was gonna do it. The part that hurt the most was when Mad Dog Link Levay picked me up over his head and dropped me on the stage. Even though he tried to drop me slowly, he's a tall man.

#### **Was this at the Outhouse?**

No, this was at a VFW hall in Kansas City. I remember there had been a bad review of Cocknoose in MRR so Widowmaker was burning a copy and he threw it in the crowd and the kids were tearing it up, and the poor guy who was running the VFW and had set up the show comes running out with two five-gallon buckets convinced the place was gonna burn down. Widowmaker more than me, although I did a pretty good job too, we really had the crowd going. We came in going 'Cocknoose sucks, the whole Midwest sucks,' because Cocknoose was the most hated band in Kansas City at the time, but the people figured they were gonna get behind Cocknoose before they were gonna get behind us. I was oblivious to it at the time, but if you watch on the video it got the point where Commander, Link and Widowmaker were actually having to try to calm people down because people were ready to jump onstage and beat the shit out of us. It was still entertaining. I actually found an audio tape of that show and it's pretty funny to listen to. I still have the video tape too but in away I almost prefer the audio tape recorded off the board.

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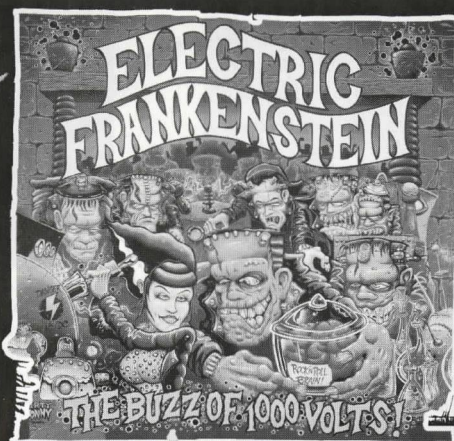


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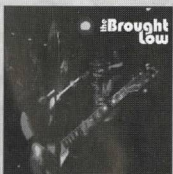
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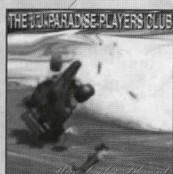
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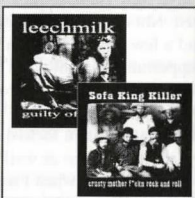
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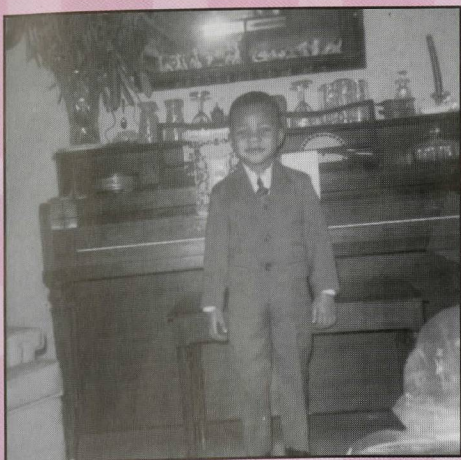
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# Mark Anthony Lacy



We've come across a fair amount of pin-up style artists (working in various mediums) over the years, some of them just don't grab me for some reason. When I saw Mark's photos though I knew a feature was in order. I am a big fan of Irving Klaw and that whole style of pin up; Mark captures the feeling of that era with a

style all his own. Much like Chas Krider (a photographer we featured in #19) it's the loving attention to the little details that gives his photos so much charm—well, that and the pretty girls who look great in 50s lingerie. Like practically everyone else in the magazine, Mark has a website [www.flash.net/~qqrk/Homepage.htm](http://www.flash.net/~qqrk/Homepage.htm) so you can go there and check out many more of his pics - and any potential models can get in touch with him via the site as well. When Mark first contacted me he told me I was "a cuite" and suggested taking my picture for an "I was a 50s style pin up model" article, an offer I may have to take him up on since it does sound like fun. (By the way, it is not necessary to compliment the editor to get in a magazine but it never hurts.) I wonder how much actual photo taking would get done though; before we did the interview Mark also warned me that he "gets chatty." I laughed and told him I'm usually the one that says that but he sure wasn't lying—he damn near out talked me. We were on the phone for over two hours! (It went by fast though, he was so easy to talk to and as a bonus he has a fabulous, sexy voice.) For the sake of relevance, and for print purposes, I cut the interview off when the discussion turned away from his artwork and to trashy unauthorized biographies (by Kitty Kelley and the like; a mutual interest) and TV.

—Leslie

Was band photography the first stuff you started doing?

Actually, I lucked into that. I had always liked looking at photographs, and my grandmother loved to take pictures. She loved to travel and take pictures; so when I was a little kid, like three or four years old, I would sit there in her living room flipping through these photo albums of her trip to Atlantic City or Toronto or Hawaii or wherever. Also one of my mother's friends, her husband



was a photographer and he used to go to the Middle East or Africa and take these black and white portraits of people and places. I was three or four years old, I didn't know what the hell was what, but then again, I always liked photography and films and stuff. I was a good little kid, I would sit still and flip through a magazine instead of ripping it up. So I always liked photography, but I never thought about going

into it as a career. I always thought it would be too hard to figure out how to work a camera with f-stops and apertures and all that crap.

You were still ahead of the curve though, you knew what an f-stop was.

I'd heard of it. In a movie somewhere. I'd always liked to draw; I liked art and wanted to do something artistic. I knew I didn't want to be any kind of starving artist so I said, 'Screw it. I wanna get something with some security to it, I'll go into architecture.' So I became an architecture major, and the day came when I had to do a project for a class; it was a landscape architecture class and I had the bright idea to do a comparison of some campuses of New York's colleges, like NYU, Fordham and a few other ones. I had to take pictures for a slide presentation so I borrowed a friend's camera, which he put on all the right settings for me, put the 400 speed film in and said, 'Here, just click and everything will be fine.' Of course, by the time I get to where I was going all the settings are off, I've turned the auto focus lens to manual, I've screwed up everything. Didn't know it though, because I didn't know anything, I'm just clicking away. So I get the film back, and there's nothing on it. I take it back to him and he sets it for me again, and I go out and do the same thing again—and the same thing happens. So I go to him and say, 'OK, this time tell me what it should be set on; explain to me what's what and what the settings should be when I take these pictures.' He tells me the settings, and this time I go out and make sure the settings are right. I do it, and it comes out. I thought 'Holy smokes! That's not that hard, that's not brain surgery.'

But you were still on the architecture path at that time?

Yeah. So then I got a cheap camera, a friend found one for me and I started taking pictures and getting more familiar with it; the workings of it. Then, this was like years ago when they were coming out with all the ergonomic cameras, I got this cool ergonomic Olympus with auto focus and everything. It was like, 'Oh, this is great. I don't have to set anything, now I can just take my pictures.' Which, for a part of it, is good. Aesthetically, you can just make your images; concentrate on the framing, color, composition and things like that. You don't have to worry about the technical stuff, that's all being taken care of. So I was just shooting away. Color film, some black and white; dropping it at the one hour place and seeing how it comes out, and just really falling in love with photography.

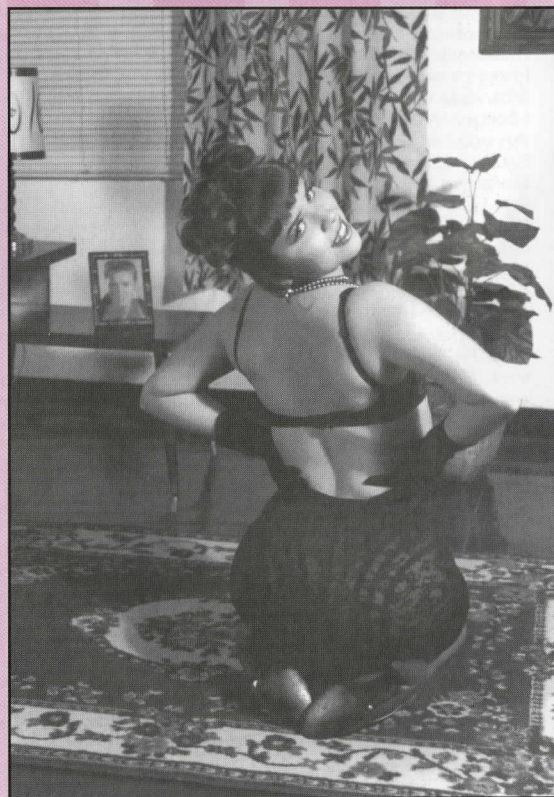
What kind of stuff would you shoot?

Oh, man. Portraits mostly. You just get your friend to sit still, basically. Then they get sick of you...

And you've gotta find somebody else to sit there.

Yeah, exactly. Then I would shoot some scenes outside, like I went to Coney Island in the winter, a deserted building, a rusted out car; you know, sometimes you're just walking around and you see something. Sure.

I was still studying architecture but I was getting more and more into photography. Then a friend of mine, I wanted to take her picture and she was taking photography class at the time so she said, 'Well, do you want me show you how to develop film?' They had a black and white dark-room right there on campus so I learned how to develop black and





white film. Then she showed me how to print and stuff, and I was like, 'This is it!' When I was a little kid I liked to play in water; you know, in the sink, where you had your little boats and stuff. Sure. So I'm playing in water and I'm making pictures; this was it—it was the best of both worlds. So I got more and more into it; I got so into it that I stopped my architecture work and was failing every class.

It got to a point where I was like, 'Oh, man. This isn't good. I know what I'll do, I'll just graduate with an architecture degree and then do photography on my own. Great. I've solved my problem.' Except for the fact that I was no longer paying any kind of attention to architecture class. I was sitting there going, 'When is this stupid class gonna end? I've gotta get outta here and get to the dark-room.' People in the photography classes were asking me what the assignment is and I'm like, 'I'm not in your class. I don't know what you're talking about.' So then I actually tried to use photography for one of my architecture presentations. I was doing this project about Wall Street and I went down and took some black and white shots. Then, for my presentation, I had them up on the wall and my professor was saying, 'Y'know, it's funny that you're really doing this great photography; but you're an architect, you're not gonna do photography.' It was like getting smacked in the head with a two-by-four. Later that night I was doing this project I had to do and I was freaking out and it hit me.

**You had that moment; the light bulb moment.**  
I forget what they call it.

**An epiphany?**

Exactly. That's why you're an editor. Because I read the dictionary? [laughing]

So I had my epiphany and I said, 'Fuck it.' I had that moment from Risky Business, you just say fuck it. I got up the next morning and called the school office and said, 'I wanna change my major to photography, who do I speak to?' Then, that winter I took my first official photography class and that was it. I graduated with a Bachelor of Fine Arts.

**What do you consider the start of your career as a photographer?**

Well, technically, when you get paid for it it becomes a career. But when you're just doing something you love, like I was always so into it; I was always studying photography books and stuff. When you know this is what you want to do for the rest of your life, whether you're gonna make a living from it or not, I think that's really the start of your career. But the first work I got published was a picture of Dee Snider and his band Widowmaker. I was in photography class and I was looking for different things to shoot. A friend of mine was in a band and I went to see them at this club—right across from that club, was this punk rock club and I thought, 'That could be interesting to go in and take black and white pictures of.' So I decided to go back one night when they were having a show and take pictures. So I go, and I'm taking pictures of punks and bands and stuff. I see this guy that I'd seen on campus and I take his picture. Then I saw him a week or so later and I said, 'I think I took your picture at this club.' And he says, 'I'd like to see the pictures. I'm in a band. Maybe you can take pictures of us?' I'm like, 'All right.' So I come by his dorm room and show him the pictures, and he says, 'Dude! These are the best fucking rock

pictures I've ever seen!! You've gotta take pictures of our band; blah, blah, blah.' So I took pictures of them a few times, and through them I met this girl whose roommate worked the door at the Limelight. He would get me in on Sunday nights, when they had rock bands playing; I would get in for free and take color pictures of the bands. It was just practice. So I got more and more into it; I thought, 'This is cool, taking pictures of bands.' They had beautiful lighting, and I didn't need a flash... I thought, 'Maybe I can make a living out of this. I'll be a rock photographer; shooting bands, it'll be great.' So then I had to see if I could get a job doing it; I started looking around and I checked out all these rock magazines and metal magazines, and I just called one up. I called their office, told them I was going to school for photography, that I'd shot these bands, and said 'Can I show you my work?' They said sure. So I met with the guy and he said 'These are cool pictures. If you shoot a band we need, maybe we'll use your pictures.' So I kept checking the Village Voice to see who was playing the Limelight; Dee Snider had this new band, at the time, Widowmaker, and they were gonna do a show there that was going to be their big gig in New York. So I called the editor back, told him about it, and he said, 'Yeah, that'd be great! Shoot those pictures and drop them by when they're developed.' So I did and they came out in print. It was cool; that was the first thing I had published. Then I got to do some more stuff for that magazine; but then you have to keep going and keep at it, and that's when the headaches start. It just became a real pain in the ass so I started doing other freelance things. Some of everything really; some commercial stuff, a little bit of fashion stuff and even architecture photography for an architect who wanted a portfolio put together. I even did stuff for professional dominatrices for a while.

**For their business card or something?**

For their advertising.

**They do have creative ads. How did you get contacted by your first dominatrix to take their photo?**

Boy, that as another thing I just stumbled into. I was at the Limelight-

**The Limelight was THE place.**

Absolutely. It was the center of my life. But anyways, I was shooting the Genitorturers. I had seen a story on her [Jen, their frontwoman] on one of those tabloid TV shows, 'By day she works at blah, blah, blah, but by night she's a goddess of mayhem!' So I saw they were playing at the Limelight and went to take pictures, and I was like out of my mind watching this torture show. At one point they pull this girl out of the audience, and she was in this black vinyl outfit and stuff. I had some film left after the band had finished and I saw this girl so I went up to her and said 'Excuse me. I have some film left, can I take a couple shots of you?' And she goes, 'Yeah, sure. Take a couple pictures of me and my friends.' So I do, and then she says, 'Let me get your number, I want to see the pictures and, actually, I'm a dominatrix and I'm gonna be needing some photographs for this publication, blah, blah,

blah. Would you be interested in that?' And I'm like, 'Yeah, whatever.' Cause, you know, you hear everything. You're in New York, at the Limelight, at a Genitorturers show—you're gonna hear everything. A few months go by and I don't hear anything from this girl; then, all of a sudden, I get a call—'Oh, hi. I'm this girl from the Limelight, remember you took my pictures at the Genitorturers show? Well, I'm a dominatrix and I'm





working at this place; they have all these new girls they just hired and they need pictures taken. Would you be interested? They'll pay you lots of money.' And I'm like 'OK,'—what the hell else am I doing?

**Is that the point when the lightbulb went on that sex pays?**  
Well I always—when I was in school and I wasn't doing the commercial stuff, I got into doing black and white portraiture and nudes and figures. So I'd always known that if you do beautiful pictures of sexy people, people are interested. One way or another, whether it's something really gratuitous or something more subtle, you can count on people going, 'Oh, who's she? What's his name? What's this about?' But I had never thought of shooting dominatrices; who knows a dominatrix? It's not like you're at the supermarket and it's, 'Hey Susie, how are you? How's that new whip workin' out for you? Is that handle good?' I've actually been in a room where dominatrices are discussing different brands of nipple clamps; this isn't a conversation you hear every day.

**Hey, everybody talks shop.**

Yup. Plumbers talk wrenches and dominatrices talk nipple clamps. So she tells me about this place, and it turns out—have you ever heard of Pandora's Box?

**I have.**

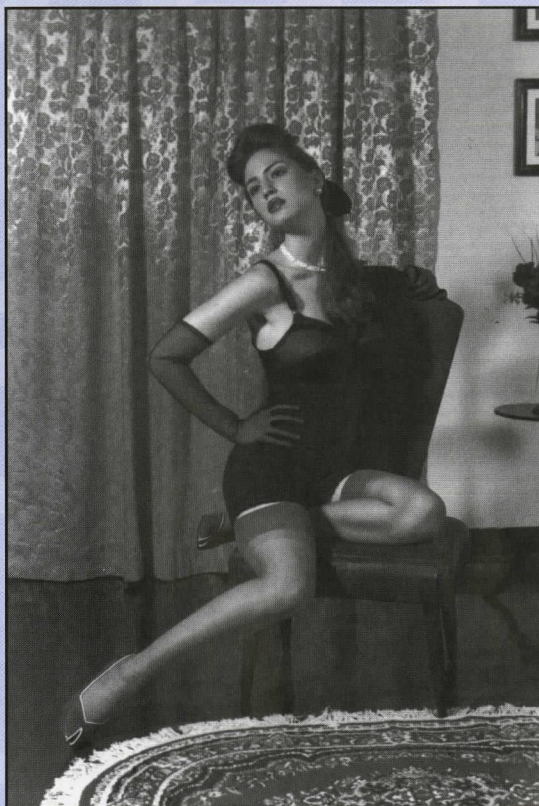
That's the place. So I don't know anything, I get my stuff together and go over there one day. She's not there, of course, but the other girls are and they need their pictures to work. Because clients come in and look through a portfolio and pick out which girl they want. And you get to see them in all their outfits, the different rooms and everything. So they show me around the place; and the different rooms have different themes... there's a dungeon, a French boudoir and whatnot. I was like, 'This is something else!' Because visually, it gives you something interesting stuff to play with; there's the lighting, the background, it's like a movie set in some ways. So then I started to get the hang of shooting what they wanted instead of what my art school sensibilities were telling me to do. I'm forgetting, this is for advertising, they want to see stuff; they don't want all the shadows I'm used to playing with. They wanna see how many studs are on that collar. So I got the kind of shots they wanted; did some color stuff, some black and white, and I got to be the house photographer—or one of 'em—after a few months. And it's like any other job, at the beginning it's all fresh and new, then after a while it's kinda the same old grind. 'Yeah, tilt the crop. Slave, move over a little bit; right there.' Click. It just ran its course, but it was interesting. And you got to meet a lot of nice women.

**Yeah. And their slaves.**

**When you first started doing the racier stuff did you think twice about it or did it make you uncomfortable in any way?**

No, I'd shot enough bands and stuff to realize people have their own lifestyles. I didn't really give a damn about what people are doing in their personal life. It was none of my business and I wasn't

gonna be judgmental on it. It was more like, 'What the hell is this for? Why is he getting off on licking her boots?' That's a good question. But that's his thing. He's gonna pay his money to lick those boots. Right. If you wanna lick somebody's boots and you find somebody who wants their boots licked, you've got a match made in heaven. Exactly. That's his business. And like I said, I was more con-



cerned with not offending somebody. Because to them, this is real. One time, that original dominatrix took me to some fetish wear fashion show she was in. And I'm sitting at a table with a 6'8" drag queen in a latex dress and platform boots and stuff, and I'm saying to myself, 'Don't make any stupid comments....' Cause I don't want to hurt someone's feelings. It was funny too, because whenever I was alone with one of the dominatrices they would be like, [whispering]

'What are you

into? You can tell me. I won't tell the other girls. What do you like?'

and I'm like, 'I'm not really....' 'Well, have you tried it? One night, when the others are gone or if it's a slow night, I can give you a free session.' And I'm like, this is my luck. It's like if you go on a game show, and you win a year's supply of Turtle Wax but you don't have a car. There were other photographers who were into it, who were like, 'Yeah, whip me good and I'll give you some good pictures.' They would trade back and forth.

**Ah, commerce; When did you get interested in glamour photography?**

The '50s glamour?

**Yeah. And what led you into that?**

When I was a kid... I grew up before cable, so I grew up watching a lot of old black and white movies on TV. So I always liked that, film noir and all that stuff. I never really thought about photographing anything like that, and then one day I was in the subway and I saw this woman who had this incredible shape and I knew I had to photograph her. So I went up to her and said, 'Would you be interested in being photographed? I go to this school. Blah, blah blah.' And she's like, 'Yeah, that could be interesting. I'm looking for photographers. I work at a dance studio; I'm in a rush right now but stop by and talk to me.' So I stopped one day and I reminded her what I was talking about, photographing her and she's like, 'We'll see. Give me a call.' So I called again and left a message for her; never heard from her. Two years later...

**Wow.**

I know. Two years later I get a phone call, and she's like, 'I don't know if you remember me. I worked at this dance studio and you wanted to photograph me.'

**Did you remember her?**

Oh yeah. I remembered her, all right. What happened was, she had gotten the phone message from me, wrote it down and shoved it in her purse. Then forgot all about it, throws the purse in the closet; ends up cleaning out the closet finally, going through all her old purses and whatever, finds my phone number, and was like, 'Oh my god! That's that guy! Cause I never went back to the studio again. I figured she was blowing me off.'

**Sure.**

So she finds my number again and she's like, 'Oh yeah, I want to photograph with you. I wanna do these Betty Page photographs, blah, blah, blah....' And I'm like, 'What the hell are you talking about?' So you didn't know who Betty Page was.

I barely knew her name. At the time, she was just starting to make her comeback; well, she wasn't making her comeback but the interest was there. So she was telling me about how she loves Betty Page, has all these outfits; she knows this guy who's starting a magazine and he can publish pictures—we should meet for lunch. So I met her and she showed me all these pictures in magazines, and I thought it was interesting—because as far as the '50s go, I knew Elvis and Marilyn Monroe and that was it. I hadn't really



delved into the modeling scene or any of the vintage erotica—I didn't know what the hell she was talking about but I thought, 'Y'know what, it's something different.' So she shows up at the studio and she had outfits picked out and stuff, knew the poses and expressions. So I did a shoot with her, it came out cool, and I did another one. And she had told me her friend was starting this magazine, this guy she had worked for, Greg Theakston.

**Oh, from Tease!**

Exactly. Tease! magazine had just started. Do you know him?

I know who he is.

Have you seen the magazine?

Yes I have. I wonder if we have any back issues with your stuff in it, I'll have to look.

I had stuff in the last three issues. What happened was, I had printed some stuff up, sent it to them and didn't hear anything. Then I'm walking past some magazine store and I look in the window and the new issue of Tease! is there so I flip through it, and there's my picture! My pictures of her. Holy smokes! I'm a pin-up photographer. I'm reading the magazine and I can see people are interested in that stuff. So I show it to her and she freaks out; she just goes ballistic. [In girl's voice] 'Ohhhh my god! I have to show this to everyone!' just about running down the street grabbing strangers, going 'Look at me! Look at me in this magazine!' So anyways we do a couple more shoots and I'm thinking, 'I've gotta shoot someone else. See

what happens when I deal with someone else instead of the same person over and over. So then I realized I didn't have any materials. Cause she had all her own stuff. Meaning lingerie and those kinds of things.

Yeah, Shoes, lingerie, all that stuff. So I started going to the Salvation Army and flea markets, picking up odds and ends. Then I'd find a person here or there to experiment with; did a few more people, experimented with lighting and this and that. Finally get some more pictures I like, send Greg some more and they end up in the magazine. So while this was going on, there was a whole resurgence of vintage stuff, swing was getting big... so I thought I better get serious about this, do some research and really see if I want to do it.

Then I started really investigating the vintage pinup girls, the photographers, the film noir movies; studying, doing research. Getting the right outfits, stockings; I just kept working on it. There was a year and a half or so where I was just getting stuff, and taking pictures every now and then. I didn't have complete outfits, I had pieces. I didn't know how to do the hairstyles. Try telling a 23 year-old girl to do a '50s hairdo, and she's like 'What the hell are you talkin' about? I've got a ponytail. Take the picture with the ponytail, all right?' You just slowly start putting your pieces together. Then I finally found an affordable studio, got props and stuff, and just kept working and working at it, refining it a little bit more here and there. And it just got to be the way I liked it and that was that.

**What attracted you to that style? Do you think black and white was the first attraction because you like black and white imagery?**

Yeah. I liked the film quality of it, the drama with the lighting and stuff. I had done a lot of photos that were more shadowy and I



loved Hurrell [sic], his photographs were beautiful. His Hollywood portraits of stars in the '30s and '40s were very glamorous and classy and the women were very... just beautiful. Not like today's stars. It was glamour. Everyone's fixed up, everyone's got their best look, their best hairdo, makeup done, a little jewelry and everything; it's just something you don't get today. I don't think there's been anything going on like that since the early '60s.

So the woman waiting for that sub-way or train for example; can you pinpoint what it is that makes you think, 'Wow, I have to photograph her.'

Well, with her, it was her shape. She had, and I didn't realize it at the time, a '50s shape. And she was wearing a black catsuit.

**Oh, wow.**

Yeah, exactly. That's what I said. You don't see that every day. But she was going to the dance studio. So I saw her shape. And she only did a little bit of the '50s makeup, like the really done eyebrows and the lipstick. Now if I see someone when I'm out somewhere, I look at someone and try to imagine them in a '50s look.

Cause for some reason, like after seeing all these old movies and looking at pictures and stuff, I have a '50s look in my head. I just look at people's faces and the body shapes; and also, if she's kinda there, can I get her all the way there with the right hairdo and makeup. I mean if she's got tattoos up and down, that's not gonna work.

**OK, so you're going for the purist look.**

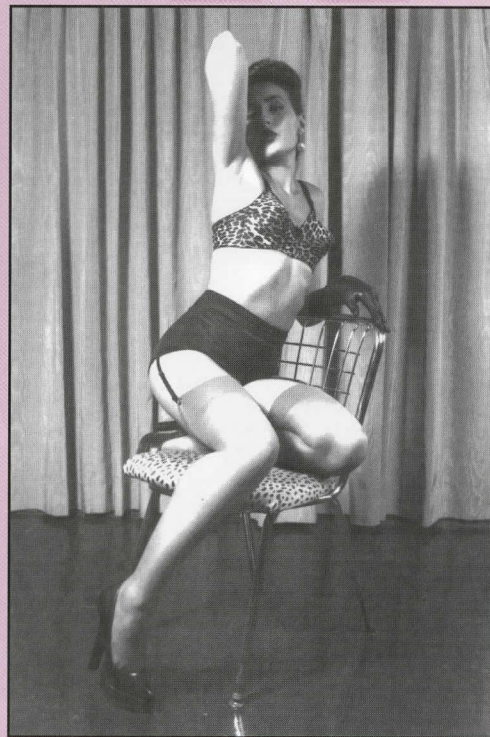
Um, yeah. I don't want 'Well she kinda looks like Betty Page... except with a big White Zombie tattoo on her arm.'

**Well that does ruin the time effect, because when you look at your photographs it's easy to imagine them as not being current, as possibly being taken 40 or 50 years ago.**

Yeah. I like that as a part of the challenge of it. Trying to recreate; trying to find the right lampshade, the right knick-knack to put in the shot.

**Yeah, the details in your photographs are great.**

That's really where it all comes into play. When I first started doing it I was like, 'All I need is a wall, a window and a chair, that's good enough.' But then, as you study it, you realize you can't have a 1983 chair in a 1953 photograph. And sometimes I find stuff people have thrown out that they've had in their apartment for 20 years, and maybe it's not a 1953 chair but it's a 1973 chair, or something you find in a bargain basement store, and it's just nice and crappy enough to look '50s.



**Do you think that any woman who comes up to you and says, 'Mark, take my picture,' that you can recreate a '50s vibe with any woman?** Well, in some of my moments of madness I've tried. It's like sometimes if I don't shoot for a certain amount of time, I've gotta shoot and I'll just shoot anybody. So I'll be like, 'Well, she's 6'2", 103 pounds, I can do something! A little more eyeliner maybe! And then afterwards I'm like, 'What the hell was I thinking? What's wrong with me, that girl's way

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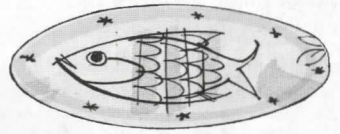
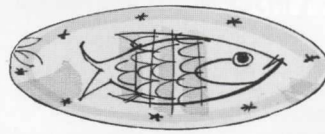
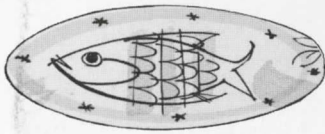
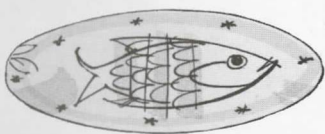


His head hurts, his teeth itch and his feet stink.

But that won't stop...

# the HunGOVeR GoUrmeT

By Emil Nitrate



## The Monkfish Liver Incident: Or, I Don't Remember This at Howard Johnson's

The Hungover Gourmet was not always such an adventurous eater. In fact, truth be told, I was downright picky. Some, including Mama Nitrate, might go so far as to label my adolescent and teenage eating habits "a pain in the ass."

Cheese was it's own food group. I didn't care how or why you were serving it, the only question I had was, "Is there more?"

I loved potatoes and corn in any form, tomatoes pureed past any known resemblance for topping pasta only, and the jellied cranberry sauce in the can that we'd have with the weekly roast chicken or holiday turkey. That about sums it up as far as veggies go. Every once in a while I'd go crazy and have some peas when we got the oddball Friday dinner of scrambled eggs, mac and cheese, and canned peas, but only if I was feeling saucy. No beans, beets, asparagus, broccoli, lettuce, brussels sprouts, leeks, artichokes, kale, mushrooms, onions... you get the picture.

Fish, as far as I knew it, came in three distinct forms... canned tuna, frozen fish sticks, and the fried flounder we would get at Howard Johnson's on the Friday nights we weren't having the aforementioned culinary atrocity. On those nights my folks would pack three growing boys into the family car and unleash them on the "All You Can Eat Fish Fry" with extreme prejudice. On more than one occasion we tested the legal ramifications of such a claim. As the owner of The Frying Dutchman once said, "It's not so much a man as a remorseless eating machine. Yarrrrh."

But Catholics and a good ol' fish fry go together like ram-a-lama and ding-dong. And while The Church may have been looking the other way when it came to the decidedly thorny "meat on Fridays" issue, my folks believed in kickin' it old school. And kickin' it hard. Slim Jims after that last day of school were nothing short of a mortal sin, and we won't even begin the "hot dog at a ballgame" debate.

In their defense, it was the 1970s and they were still firmly rooted in the 1950s. Inevitably, this made for some edgy relations around the ol' home-stand. How could parents who appreciated Mitch Miller understand sons that embraced Frank Zappa? Since when did the writings of Hunter S. Thompson surpass a good issue of Reader's Digest? We might as well have been sacrificing virgins in the basement - which my older brother may or may not have been doing.

The Hojo's in Willingboro is no more, a dozen eateries since it stopped being "Home of the All You Can Eat Fish Fry." Last time I checked, the familiar edifice was gone and the cracked parking lot had sprouted tall, gangly weeds. Yet I can still recall the area where we obeyed the "Please Wait to Be Seated" sign and the art deco crown of whipped cream that floated atop the hot chocolate I ordered, even in the middle of summer.

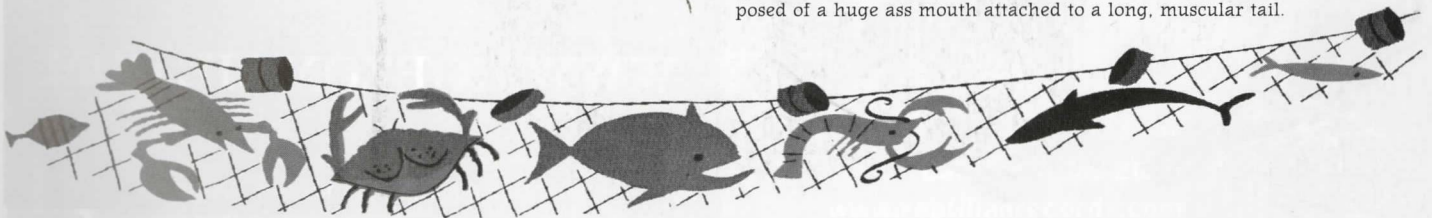
So the radical change in eating habits over the next few years came as somewhat of a shock to friends, family, and casual acquaintances to whom my finicky eating habits were something of a legend. I was soon eating anything. Everything. Fresh vegetables, beans, grains, and even some fruits... a development that had some questioning if the real Emil Nitrate had been spirited away to a foreign country and replaced with an identical, just as dashing, eating machine!

In reality, the story behind the change was somewhat less glamorous. I'd had my culinary horizons expanded while I was working for a humungous drug company that paid me to attend health conferences under the guise of "research" for an upcoming product. Fish oil capsules, if you can believe it. Pretty soon I realized that I was already shaving precious years off my life thanks to a frightening amount of cheapo hootch. Oh, and that odd inhalation of spot remover for kicks sure wasn't helping. Those daily trips to the curbside vendors for cheese steaks and Chinese food could not be making this any easier for arteries that were hardening so fast you could hear it.

Even still, no amount of nutritional information, culinary experimentation, and horizon expansion can explain last week's "incident."

After munching on our usual sushi eatery feast of unagi, tuna, soft shell crab, spicy tuna, and a delicate blend of tuna marinated in garlic and olive oil, we decided we were hungry for a bit more. Another order of marinated tuna I later I found myself saying five words I still can't believe came out of my mouth: "I'll try the monkfish liver."

They neglect to tell you a few things when they're convincing you to try the monkfish liver. First, there's no picture of the monkfish anywhere to be found. Which really isn't fair. Upon later researching what I'd eaten, I discovered that this large, ugly fish - also known as "allmouth" - looks like some sort of ankle-biting monstrosity from an Umberto Lenzi flick. In reality, it's nothing more than a large, ugly bottom-dweller, mainly composed of a huge ass mouth attached to a long, muscular tail.





Gaping mouth and tail. That's about it. Oh, right, and the liver riding around somewhere in between turning all that bottom-feeding muck into tasty liver treats! Or, so I thought.

Sushi Girl also neglected to inform me that the monkfish - or *Lophius americanus* to you egghead types - has exactly two edible parts: its tail and, you guessed it, the liver. Which, I would later discover, is a delicacy in Japan. The same place where game shows subjecting contestants to excruciating physical torture and humiliation are runaway ratings hits.

The monkfish liver is about three inches long and two inches wide, grey brown in color. In other words, not unlike other livery products that I enjoy on a regular basis like chicken livers, turkey livers, gizzards, and various and sundry other "organ" meats. I will also confirm that I love, not like, love liverwurst on rye sandwiches and have been known to suck back a wedge or two of scrapple on a weekend morn.

In other words, I'm no pussy when it comes to food.

Frankly, though, the grey mass stacked on the plate in front of me is making me second guess years and years of culinary progress. "Maybe corn, cheese and fish sticks isn't such a bad diet after all," I think as my companion suspiciously eyes the platter. The look on her face tells me she's sure she saw one of the livers move.

I'm getting bolder by the second, noting in my head that they've never steered me wrong. Each dish I've ordered has been a truly delightful experience. "Then again," my brain chimes in, "the law of averages says you're gonna hit something that downright sucks. And boy, oh, boy, this looks like it might be it!"

Realizing that chopsticks are no match for the slightly squishy masses I pinch a liver between my fingers and bring it in for a chomp. What happens next is not, well, repulsive. It's simply... unpleasant.

The texture isn't like those other, more familiar, livery products. I'm expecting it to be a bit firmer, with a little more, um, grit. Instead, it's smooth and spongy, which makes chewing it an odd, unwelcome experience.

But it's the taste and smell that really kick in the gag reflex and almost bring this entire experiment to a rather messy conclusion.

This might be odd for an avowed sushi fan, but I don't like stuff that's, well, fishy. I have a limit, a tolerance if you will, that ends right about where bluefish begins. And the monkfish liver in question kicks that up a notch, if you'll pardon the expression.

I choke down a bite, hoping that maybe it'll get better with age.

"Please God, I'm begging you."

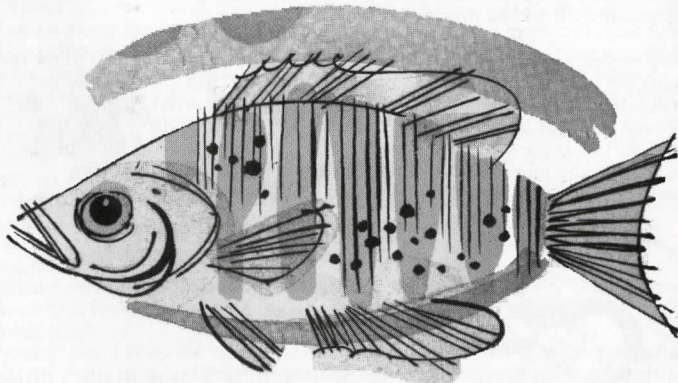
I dip it in the unapologetically nondescript sauce surrounding the second liver and give that a shot.

"Dear Lord, it's actually getting worse!"

I can feel my gag reflex starting to kick in as I dip it in a little of that delightful garlic and olive oil residue and...

"Ack, ack, ack..."

For the next 30 seconds I'm a ten-year-old from South Jersey, stubbornly refusing to eat the bowl of homemade Navy Bean Soup that's sitting in front of me. Years of expanding my horizons and trying new things are gone as I toss the last bit of liver on the plate and gulp down glasses of water from surrounding tables in a mad rush to get the taste, texture and experience out of my mouth and out of my mind as fast as humanly possible.




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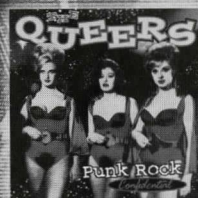
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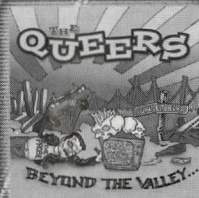
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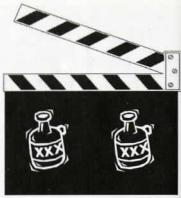
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# Sneakin' Into The Movies with Thee Whiskey Rebel



Most self-proclaimed movie critics are fucking idiots. Just because they've seen a lot of movies doesn't mean they have any more sense than some zitfaced asshole jerking popcorn down at the local multiscreen cinema. More often than not movie critics are mired in the same old tired idiotic conventional wisdom that drags down the majority of the human race. The same boring "p.c." "non-pc" or "lefty-righty" mindset. Mainstream movie critics direct their pearls of wisdom at mainstream people... who are 99% of the time total fucking idiots who are easily bluffed.

Now, don't get me wrong, discriminating C14 readers have been lucky to have had Exploitation Retrospect to enlighten them. I'm not backjumping E.R. or other gourmet authorities. I'm here to flip a big old shit-smeared double bird to the mainstream moron movie muckraker's from Rex Reed on down to the predictable moralistic bitch that reviews for our local South Philly Review. While I'm at it, let's not forget the pinhead with a three hour talk-radio show here in Philly who rips into Bukowski and *Barfly* EVERY MOTHUFUCKIN' WEEK. He holds up the great one as a prime example of all that is wrong with the world. Why? Because he's a boring, unoriginal pinprick with Catholic tastes.

I've decided it's time for Thee Whiskey Rebel to tip you readers off to some of my favorite films. Since I have neither a freepass connection at local theatre's, nor enough patience to grin and bear screaming babies and dumbfucks from the projects down the street who see fit to correct whitey's evil slant on the movies by talking to the screen, I haven't seen as many films as most esteemed so-called critics but by god you can doubledamn bet that I have my favorites just like they do. And I think I'm a helluva lot smarter than them... don't you??

First off, let's get a few things straight; like books, CDs, paintings, etc., movies are an "art" form. Yeah, even *Porky's Revenge* and *The Nanny* (starring that bald headed old geriatric Chump Hogan) are technically works of art. Drawings and rhymes on greeting cards no matter how mundane and cornball, qualify as art. Me dancing drunk at a party with a lampshade on my head is art. Art needn't be stuffy or highbrow and it sure as hell doesn't need to have a specific message or meaning. And it's worthiness OR worthlessness is all a matter of opinion.

Even crappy sophmoric poetry?? HELL YEAH.

I could find in my record collection hundreds of examples of recordings that were considered stinko failures commercially when they were originally released that have significant enough value that they are catalogued in price guides nowadays.

Hardcore fans of black exploitation films of the '60s-'70s don't spend their weekends mulling over DVD copies of *Shaft*. Hell no!! They spend their leisure hours scouring ebay for videotapes of hard to find copycat films that were considered low-budget, trashy commercial failures when they were issued.

Films such as *Plan 9 From Outer Space* (widely believed to be the "worst" movie ever) and *Ratfink A Boo-Boo*, to name two commonly known examples, are celebrated by collectors and watched and rewatched for reasons perhaps entirely unexpected by their creators.

A \$300 Beanie Baby may be a work of art to your grannie in Iowa City but it's a piece of crap throwaway item to me (unless I'm able to figure out it's commercial value before I give it to the cat to play with). Man-hater feminist poetry; re-runs of "Hello Larry" starring McLean Stevenson; an old Bozo The Clown 78 rpm kiddie record from the '50s; a 40 year old rusty beer can; an ash-tray your brother made in shopclass many years ago; a videotape of Suzy Homemaker and Barbie commercials, all logically must be recognized as artistic expressions everybit as valid as Norman Rockwell paintings, crucifixes submerged in urine and pulp romance novels. It's up to each of us as human beings to recognize whatever beauty, or message (there's that yukky word again!) or meaning or erotic value or commercial value or escape from our daily miseries that we can each find in objects of art.

Here's where egos start swaggering around.

The dickhead local film talkshow guy who hates *Barfly* believes that he can successfully argue that a message film that makes ME puke (Philadelphia? *Free Willy*?) is "BETTER" than *Barfly* or *Ernest Saves Christmas* or *Private Parts* or *Beavis and Butthead Do America* or any other film that he claims morally bankrupt as a bonafide, card-carrying critic.

We are ALL critics and anybody who feels that they can say *Eraserhead* is a better or worse film than *On Golden Pond* is stretching the limits of their importance past the breaking point.

You can talk until you're blue in the fucking face about the craftsmanship and technique employed by Orson Welles in *Citizen Kane* but that doesn't make it any "better" than *Deep Throat* or *Ma And Pa Kettle At The State Fair* or *Mary Poppins*. The special effects marvels of one film age can be embarrassingly laughable a few years later. Perhaps *Jurassic Park* has more sophisticated and expensive special effects than *1,000,000 Years, B.C.* but really, won't there be a

movie around 20 years from now that makes *Jurassic Park* look cheesy? A lot of us would rather watch hundreds of so called corny old monster movies than *Jaws* or the new *Godzilla*.

That's why they have a menu down at the diner. We have different tastes. Some people I know eat beef everyday, others never touch it. No ones personal taste is wrong to them.

One final example based on a movie I recently rewatched on TV called *Searching For Bobby Fischer*. As a former bona-fide chess prodigy (albeit to a much lesser degree than the guy the film was based upon) I identified with quite a bit of what I saw. When the kids Dad explained to the typical idiotic public school teacher that his son's chess playing was better and more accomplished than anything she had ever accomplished in her own life my fist was pumping in the air. I saluted the film with a mighty chugalug. When I was 13 the level of chess I played was head and shoulders beyond any other human endeavor by the faculty and student body at my school. If I had lived in the USSR I would have been assigned a staff of personal coaches and tutors. A rebel warwhoop parted my beard, YYYYYHHHAAAWWWWW!! A half hour later the movie turned to shit for me. There's a scene where two "prodigies" are facing one another in a tournament staring each other in the eye while cracking pieces on the board back and forth so fast that it's silly. I've been there, that's plainly ridiculous. I've played hundreds of tournament games and been around countless thousands of games played by others and I NEVER saw opponents glaring at each other or banging pieces noisily like that. Hell, a tournament director would tell you to keep the racket down if you did. And then came a classic "you go girl!" p.c. scene where the kid's "concerned" Rosie O'Donnell loving soccer mom tosses his studious, serious chess trainer out on his ear one presumes because he's attempting to instill in the kid a killer instinct.

So does that mean that *Searching For Bobby Fischer* is a great movie because it had me doing an endzone dance for a minute or so, or a piece of inaccurate crap?

Before you answer, all you horror and monster movie fans reflect how fucking long you have to snore through boring dialogue before you ever usually even see the monster in classic films?

Ditto for all you fans of old rock 'n roll films; sure you get 15 minutes of great music by maniacs like Little Richard or Jerry Lee Lewis and an hour of sleep inducing, square non-action about how to show the old fogeys that RnR is actually very safe and sane. Haven't you ever wondered why they couldn't just show an hour and 15 minutes of music or why the monster you paid to see couldn't be the main character??

It's rare for me to discover a movie I can watch straight through over and over without reaching for the fastforward button. The following are some examples of my personal favorite movies in no particular order.

A couple standout above the rest as being as close to perfection in my mind: *Goodfellas* and *A Clockwork Orange*. Great stories, lots of action, top-notch music even. Nothing unpredicable about these topping my preference list, eh? *Dirty Harry* and *Deathwish*, these two are jeered at by pacifists from coast to coast; both are action packed cinematic achievements that express MY sort of vengeful "message." I'm sure that most of the scores of millions of people who have viewed these classics for pure entertainment missed the message entirely. Well, so be it. You don't HAVE to get all deep and serious about a god-damned movie, it's perfectly OK to use it as simple entertainment. It's your choice.

*The Killers* is a bit of an overlooked masterpiece featuring my favorite alltime actor Lee Marvin. It's based on an Ernest Hemingway story about hitmen. Claude Akins, John Cassavetes, Angie Dickinson all have great roles and in the last film of his so-so career Ronald Reagan plays a damn convincing heel. Lee also stars in another one of my all-time faves *Hell in the Pacific*, a two-man WWII confrontation on a remote island directed by John Boorman. A film best enjoyed with strong, fruity rum drinks.

Another of my favorite actors is Robert Mitchum. He made a lot of great movies (*Thunder Road*, *Cape Fear*) but I'm including only one on this list: *Night of the Hunter*. Mitchum plays a murderous, spooky crooked preacher chasing two children across the South who quotes the gospel and sings some of my mother's favorite gospel songs such as "Bringing In The Sheaves."

I turned to horror films late in life. Why? Perhaps because, to me, my ultimate vision of horror deals with mundane aspects of life such as Monday morning job interviews or running out of alcohol "after hours" before I'm drunk. The movie that turned me around was *Dawn of the Dead*, the second of the great trilogy. I viewed it on laserdisc at a friends house in a pitch black room with theatre size sound system speakers. It inspired me to tackle about another 30 or 40 horror films, most of which I've enjoyed (such as *It's Alive* and the *Child's Play* movies). The specific time in life I first went through my horror film



re-awakening is marked by the cover art for our Alcoholics Unanimous album *Dr. Kegger MD*. My favorite horror films aren't quite as bonehead as the *Halloween* movies. I prefer slightly more thoughtful bloodletting such as *God Told Me To* directed by the great, great Larry Cohen.

I've always been a sucker for war movies. My favorite hands down being *Patton*. It's the only war movie on this list though (*Where Eagles Dare* would be my second choice).

I'm definitely into black action films. I've got dozens on my shelf featuring Fred Williamson, Rudy Ray Moore and the lovely Pam Grier. For this list I'll select Mr. Moore's *Human Tornado* and *Black Ceaser* created also by the versatile Larry Cohen (another fave is *Willie Dynamite!*). I can't get enough of this type of film. I wish I had time to dig up more.

Of course I'd be kidding myself and all of you readers if I stopped at just one Scorsese film; the question is which of the others to select as my absolute personal favorites for this list. I guess *Raging Bull* and *King Of Comedy* (DeNiro's finest hour!) will receive the honors although tomorrow I'll probably wish I had included *Taxi Driver* and *Mean Streets* or *Casino*.

Biker movies are another of my favorite genres. It's hard to pick one above many others, but I'll take *Satan's Sadists*.

I don't consider movies about serial killers to be "horror" films per se. For instance *Henry: Portrait Of A Serial Killer* goes beyond the boundaries of conventional horror film. Even though it strays from the actual crimes of Lucas/Toole, it's entertaining as hell!

If I'm in the right mood, nothing can top sitting back with a few strong bourbon and waters re-watching Liz and Dick in *Who's Afraid Of Virginia Wolf?* Burton ranks very high on my list for many other films as well but none are so fucking ballsy and over the top as ... *Wolf*. *Faster Pussycat Kill Kill* is another exhilarating treat. The kind of movie that makes even the jaded old Whiskey Rebel climb on his throne and wave his bottle. Russ Meyer is a fucking master.

Another great of course who isn't quite as far out as RM but nevertheless damn good is Woody Allen. My favorite of his pictures is *Play It Again Sam*. Jerry Lewis cracks this list with *The Nutty Professor*, which is as solid as perhaps ANY movie I've gone over even though I'm only now getting around to it. (Remember?? These aren't listed in any particular order.)

While I'm covering funnymen let's not forget the late, great Jim Varney's masterpiece, *Ernest Goes To Jail*. This film ranks laugh for laugh above any goddamned Abbot and Costello movie or any of those dumbass Bob Hope Bing Crosby road snoozers. I'm ranking this picture here in a spot that could have gone to the very worthy and deserving Marx Brothers in fact. Why? Ernest is funnier in this particular movie, MUCH funnier. I've got to call 'em as I see 'em. If this pisses you Marx Brothers or Ritz Brothers or Jim Carey or Adam Sandler fans off, crack open a 40 ounce and cool off. It's only my opinion.

I'm a sucker for *The Grapes Of Wrath*, it's visual nostalgic beauty - damn well bowls me over whenever I see it. I'm not kidding. BRILLIANT fucking cast, eh?

To end this list off I'll include a few music related films. *The Punk Rock Movie* is an underrated historical document on one level, that also features as much action packed music as you're gonna see in any musical movie. Frank Sinatra's best film in my book is *The Man With The Golden Arm*. If you can't get into this one, in which Frank plays a junkie, there's NO HOPE for you, pally. Finally, an absolute topnotch look at the King of country, *Hank Williams: The Show He Never Gave*. It's pure dream sequence starring a Hank imitator who is very convincing. It's all a fantasy running through Hanks's head as he rides in the backseat of his Caddy on the last night of his life. Man, I'm not ashamed to admit I've shed buckets of tears at the end of this one.

Well, that's my list of personal favorites.

If I get an email from anybody saying they agree with all of my picks, I'll KNOW they're full of shit!

You have your own favorite sandwich... and hopefully your favorite beer. So, hopefully you have your own favorite movies. I suggest you try a few of mine. Urrppppp.



Hopefully, by the time you read this I'll be gone.

No, not dead... yet. I mean away from Hostile City, USA along with Mrs. Rebel and our kid, Elvis. So far we've only told three people on the face of the earth we intend to move. Why? We've learned from experience, I guess you should say. When we were preparing to move from Portland to Philly several years ago we told everybody we knew and were laughed at, jeered at, in a few instances cussed out. Bottom line was we were eventually ignored by our "friends" months before we actually moved. Why were we treated that way? Our "friends" took the attitude that we were moving away from them. Abandoning them... rejecting their friendship.

BOO HOO HOO!!

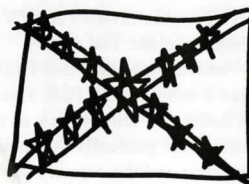
We never heard again from most of them and I'm GLAD. All three of us learned something from that experience.

But, apparently not enough to prevent our repeating that mistake. A year or so ago we had an opportunity to move to California. We thought our "friends" here in Hostile City were more mature than the crybabies we knew in Portland. We told them all, and whaddya know? The phone quit ringing. At least we were spared the lectures and hysterics we got when we told our "friends" we were moving from Portland. We still heard from a few loyal friends by the way and we are appreciative of them all, even though it'd be tacky to name them one by one here.

The ultimate silly response to our plans to move was made by our singer and pal Cosmo who took the stage at the 2000 C.O.S. supershow in Spartenburg and threw a fit declaring it was probably the last time he'd be singing with the band, blah, blah, blah. It didn't help our set much. Although I gotta admit I like seeing other bands air their laundry on stage. I would've enjoyed watching the singer for another band do that.

Only one problem though... we didn't move to California. It fell through the day we got home from that Supershow. We were back onstage again with Cosmo three weeks later. I'm STILL getting emails from Whiskey Rebel fans asking how we like living in California.

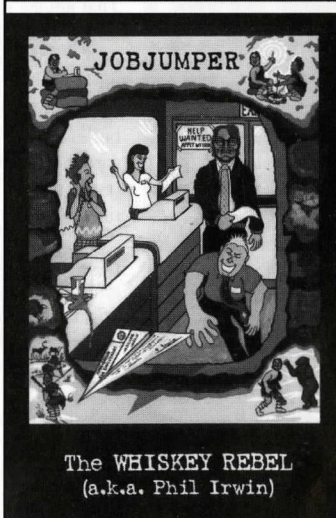
Maybe this move we're planning will fall through too. Who knows. Who cares, really. It'd be kinda cool if nobody even knew where we were for a while. At this point it's 99.8% certain though. We are almost certainly going to be moving in late December to... (drumroll...) Texas. Somewhere South of Austin, most likely the small town of San Marcos, midway between Austin and San Antonio.



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—Alex Richmond, Philadelphia City Paper

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# AS ABOVE, SO BELOW OR WRESTLING HIGH & LOW BY THE REVEREND AXL FUTURE



It depends on how early you get there, and how many times you've been booked with this promotion before. Ideally you arrive a half hour before the doors open. Just look for the moving truck or trailer that's used to transport the ring and use that back entrance. That way, you avoid the venue's security and any marks that may be waiting out front. This is especially important if you are carpooling and breaking kay fabe by traveling with your opponent. Don't worry, with your roly bag and an attitude you can breeze by anybody whether they recognize you or not.

You can watch the ringboys and students set up the ring; or maybe it's already assembled and full of workers going over moves that they saw on tape from Japan, or the green guys working out their spots. Maybe there's a shoot challenge going on, some horseplay, or a veteran could be using the time to get a few extra bucks by training somebody. The sounds of bodies hitting the mat echo differently in an empty arena. The chairs are probably still being set up, so make your initial greetings to your pals and head towards the merch table to drop off some gimmicks to sell: your photos or videos or shirts, maybe some Tijuana wrestling masks or bootlegged "Best Of", shoot interviews & PPV tapes or dolls. Press the flesh with the merch folks, they can make you money.

Stake out a spot in the locker room—which could be a real locker room (HS gyms), a class room (armories) or even a storage area. Hell, I've worked venues where we changed in a hallway, bathroom, tent or back in the moving truck. At first the room doesn't have a smell but gradually the scents of musty ringwear, new sweat, Hot Stuff, cigarettes, beer and the coppery scent of blood are added to the mix. By the end of the night, you can add soap, cheap cologne, medicinal rubs and more beer and smoke (from various leaves) to the mix.



What is the state of the business today? I dunno. Wrestling is strange—hindsight is the only effective way to gauge the decisions and variables that affect it's course.

Certainly it is in a position that it has never been before. The WWF holds a monopoly, and it got there by the mistakes of others as well as it's own better marketing sense. Like the popularity of a band, the quality of the product is almost secondary to it's success. It's everything else that matters more. Did the WWF innovate? That doesn't matter, and how many people watch it is only slightly more important. Here's a truism I learned early on, and it applies to most things: it's about putting asses in seats. Selling PPVs, moving T-shirts and can cozies, selling ad space... pleasing Internet fans and putting on "five star" matches are fine, but it doesn't matter if the workers don't get paid and/or the federation goes belly up.

The WWF has absorbed, imitated, copied and used the ideas of more underground wrestlers and promotions. They make mistakes, and politics and nepotism spoil some of it, so what else is new? People who snub the only game in town are missing out on some of the best wrestling in years, as well as THE textbook enactment of the perfect heel by Steve Austin. It's a new world, and SCSA is the modern villain.

Pro wrestling (like pornography) has always been on the forefront of the newest media technologies. When television first started up, what filled up the blanks in the schedules? Wrestling did. It was already established, easy to film, and lasted exactly long enough to fill a slot. We are talking regional here, baby. As the execs in the broadcasting business became more adept, wrestling was shunted aside.

However, when TV started going national, grapplers again appeared to sell commercial time.

Cable provided even more air time; first the local premium channels, then the national ones used the squared circle to get viewers. At first, no one knew how to market pay-per-views, but wrestling PPVs have always drawn. In fact, pro wrestling has muscled out boxing as the only consistent entertainment that folks are willing to shell out bucks for on top of their monthly fees. Again, as commercial time became more important to the owners of the new blocs of cable and satellite stations, wrestling's Monday night wars provided access to much coveted demographics. Wrestling is on a relative wane again, popularity-wise, but as new technology develops, it will rise again.

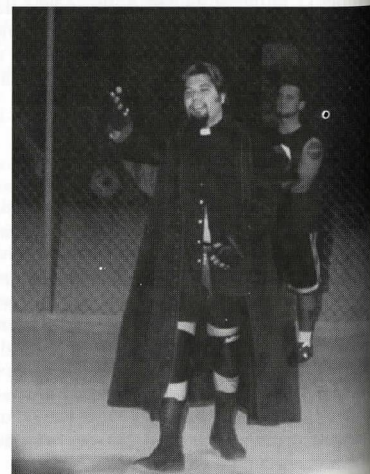
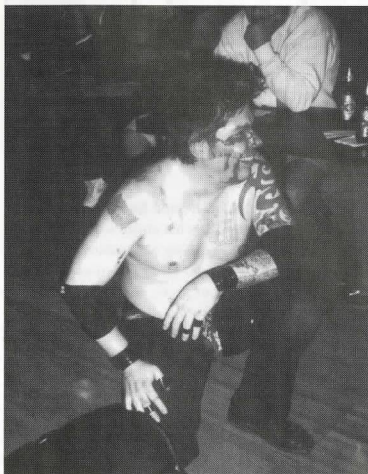
Wrestlers had to learn new skills to go with the changing styles that technology brought. They have to know how to play to the camera now, and not just the audience. Charisma is a vital component for a worker's success. They learned the art of the interview, the skit, the promo and the catchphrase. Currently, in this pyrotechnic, Titantron, entrance music era, Stone Cold Steve Austin has mastered all these and can use them most effectively. He has adapted to the latest state-of-the-art format of pro wrestling. Whether others can grasp the lessons, either through instinct or study, remains to be seen.



As soon as the venue doors open, all the workers are in the locker-room. The girlfriends and chauffeurs get thrown out from the immediate backstage. The new guys go around introducing themselves. Young athletic types start stretching, while the older fellows look on with their beers and smokes. Maybe people start passing around some of the current newsheets or some vintage supermarket wrestling magazines they found. If there are some females on the card, they are there with the men, changing and talking. A veteran or old-timer in the room puts everyone on their best behavior, and usually these folks are classy, accommodating requests for stories and autographs with style and grace. Here's a hint for beginners: introduce yourself, then shut up and listen. That advice will take you far. As bell time nears, the promoter and booker (usually, but not always, the same person) get more and more harried. The line-up is posted and finishes are given. You suit up and mentally review what you want to do in the ring. At the five minute mark, the announcer and color crew go out, followed by the referee. The green guys in the opener look around nervously, but everyone is too busy too notice. The promoter keeps an eye on it all to make sure the schedule is adhered to. If there is a television monitor in the locker-room, people crowd around to watch their friends as they wrestle—it seems so much more real on video.

Elbows pads, tape, spray bottles, giggers and aspirin are borrowed, passed around and returned. The more involved matches, as well as the more temperamental and high maintenance wrestlers, get the full attention of the booker. People sneak out to "change their shoes" and newbies are sent to the bar for pitchers of beer and water. People ask their tag partners for help with face paint or to oil up. As the wrestlers return from their matches, they are quizzed on how hot the crowd is, what moves went over, how stiff the mat (or their opponent) is and if they are injured. Wrestlers peek through curtains or cracked doors to watch the matches and time the run-ins.

During intermission, the babyfaces can go out to hawk photos and visit their friends in the crowd, while the heels remain in the back. Maybe the ring crew has to set up for a gimmick match, by assembling a cage or readying a stretcher or some





light-tubes. If you have already gone on, you can relax, but if you are at the top of the card, the waiting can be frustrating.



What does the future hold for the national pro wrestling scene? I dunno. I predict a slight case of regression. Indy crowds are down, and I partly blame this on the indy promoters themselves. True, the Amerikan public has gotten stupider and more demanding, but as usual the short term pop won out over the long term heat. As wrestling has gotten more and more stylized, feds have been able to do away with the trappings and pretense of reality, competition and logic in wrestling. Gymnastic spot fests and mindless hard core have devolved the expectations of the audience by pandering to them, in essence letting them call the shots—the marks are working the workers. There is a degree of progression that was unavoidable to this, but it seems that the fans have been dumbed down past the point to recognize much of the artistry and subtlety of wrestling (yes, I said subtlety in connection with ‘rassling, now shut up or I’ll chop you in the skull). I have seen matches that dispensed with psychology, story, rules—hell, some places don’t even use a ref. The suspension bridge of belief has been dismantled, and the old workers who would know how to put it back together are gone. The tools have changed too, as well as well as the river it ran over, to beat this metaphor into the ground.

Indy feds still spring up, maybe just for a show or two. Some have public access cable or UHF TV, but some are live only. The lack of training, as well as the dearth of trained workers to instruct the beginners is starting to show. As wrestling evolved quickly and the new styles and morés were disseminated rapidly via the Internet and video, the old ways were rejected. Now we are seeing frustrated or injured “workers”, some of whom have only been in the business five years, announce their retirements. Retirements from what? Most of these local stars have never traveled or appeared on television or even wrestled anybody other than the folks they trained with. When the old ways were rejected, when the regional territories were broken down, there was no new system or unifying body or code to replace it properly. Now the effects of this are starting to be seen. It’s all connected.

Nevertheless, when faced with pessimism less articulate than mine, I usually just tell the nay-sayer to lighten the heck up. It’s true. Part of the delicate (yes, delicate, you mouth breather) structure of sports entertainment is that it really can’t be controlled. The complaining goof behind his keyboard has the aforementioned advantage of hindsight as well as the use of the fast forward button on the VCR. I’ll state this: there is no precedent for the past decade and a half of wrestling. There is no business plan to follow. This is virgin territory. Sure, all those old tapes have charm now, but you try sitting through interminable squash matches of cartoon gimmicks or armlocks now. Second guessing Vince McMahon may be easy, but he’s done OK. The recent XWF - please, I don’t want to make my article obsolete before it’s even published. It’s a quick grab for cash by some possibly well meaning veterans with cash from investors who know not what they have gotten into, and it won’t last.

As I said before, there is some mighty grappling going on out there. There are prodigies on the independent scene, which is now no longer constrained by the old “rules” of appearance, decorum or size of the workers. I could start busting with my theories of Morphic Resonance (cf. the works of Rupert Sheldrake), but that’s a whole ‘nother column. The talent pool of the WWF is so immense, and some of the finest workers in the world are there. Not to say that I don’t have objections—how about some matches longer than six minutes to showcase these talents? The evidence of uncertainty is apparent in the lack of follow-through with the angles—indeed, the lack of longterm booking at all. Remember the disastrous lessons of the decline and demise of WCW, Vince. But damn, I am glad that there is usage of The Deadly Mist on national TV again, and I like it when everybody hugs.



Usually the relaxation of the wrestlers as the matches wrap up is offset by the tension leading to the main event. It’s got to come off right to get the people to come back. Most workers remain in their ring gear in case they are needed before the end of the show, but plans start to get made for the after-show festivities or rides. After the main event, wounds are bandaged, protein shakes are drunk and the workers clean up (to varying degrees). Everyone is waiting for the payday. The promoter gets the cash from the ticket sales, merch table and maybe concessions. The receipts are tallied and people are called one by one for a quick handshake containing their money (and “trans” or transportation costs if they are lucky) and maybe a quick word of thanks or criticism. A good house equals higher paydays, but hopefully everyone at least got their guarantee. A wise promoter has a bar sponsor, if the event was not held in a liquor serving

establishment to begin with, where everyone can meet. The out of state folks may hit the road immediately and maybe the important wrestlers go back to their hotel to crash or freshen up.

At the bar, food and drinks are ordered. Hopefully the place has a VCR and a tape of the night’s show can be watched. Missed spots are cause for derision; and kudos and critiques are given. A good lockerroom has good morale and a friendly atmosphere, and as the tensions of the show are released, a spirit of camaraderie and fellowship infects the workers. A show that does not reconvene at a watering hole can be a sign of bad morale. The fans buy beverages for their favorites, and the ring rats begin circling. Maybe some of the younger wrestlers take off for a club with more females, but it is a faux pas not to at least put in an appearance. Eventually the drunkest get put in cars to be driven home, and maybe the gathering continues at someone’s house, for tape watching, debate on the merits of wrestlers past and more banter. Heaven help the green guy who falls asleep in a room full of workers...



Well, the latest issue of my magazine CLAW HOLD! is out and it’s a beauty. The most comprehensive study ever of the art of The Green Mist is featured; it’s “everything you always wanted to know about spraying the Deadly Cloud of Death, but were too blinded to ask”. There are articles on David Schultz vs. 20/20, The Crimson Mask Hall of Fame 2, the mighty Bump’N’Ugliers, Baron Von Raschke (patron saint of CH!), Eddy Guerrero & Iggy Pop: Twins Brothers From Different Mothers?, reports from Austria and Australia, columns by Thee Whiskey Rebel, Derek St. Holmes, Esq., The Confederate Mack and of course, media reviews, cartoons and haiku. So much is revealed for all with eyes to see; check out the ad for ordering info. Our staff is hard at work for the next issue, and the theme for this one is quite... delicious. Order like they vote in Chicago: early and often.

Until next time, my sheep, and remember: if you see me at a show, I’ll be nicer if you buy something from me. Help a worker out, would ya?

—the Reverend Axl Future  
clawhold@ripco.com

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# Mamie Van Doren

This is the story of how Mamie Van Doren fell into my life: The last time I visited Los Angeles, I was shooting photographs of the super scrump-diddly-ump-tious madam of all Voluptua, Ms. Julie Strain. I was sitting in Julie's living room and looked down upon her coffee table and saw an old poster of Mamie Van Doren from the 1950's. I think it was the movie Untamed Youth, now a cult classic. Julie said, "Well, yes. Mamie's a friend of mine." My mouth fell to the floor and a drool bucket was immediately summoned. Being a Hollywood Glamour fan I immediately knew who she was. Then I asked Julie if Ms. Van Doren might ever want to take a trip in front of my lens? Julie said, "I'll call her." Then the weirdest thing happened, four people whose schedules would usually take weeks to synchronize were able to be brought together in a single day's notice. My makeup girl Rebecca is the best at what she does, and because of that she's usually booked months in advance. It just so happened she had that Sunday free. So did Mamie; so did Julie; and so did I. The photo Gods were smiling upon us and the shoot was booked for the very next day at Julie's house. Sunday arrived, and with divas assembled and shoot in readiness, I was introduced to Mamie. She glided forth, all old-style Hollywood and class. Blonde locks surrounded her shoulders and a low cut gold gown embraced her bounteous bosom. (Goddesses wear "gowns" you see, not merely dresses.) She didn't walk, she kind of oozed across the floor with a sensuality that grabbed the balls of every man in the room. (There were no men in the room at the time but if there were, she certainly would have grabbed their balls!) A true Hollywood Glamour

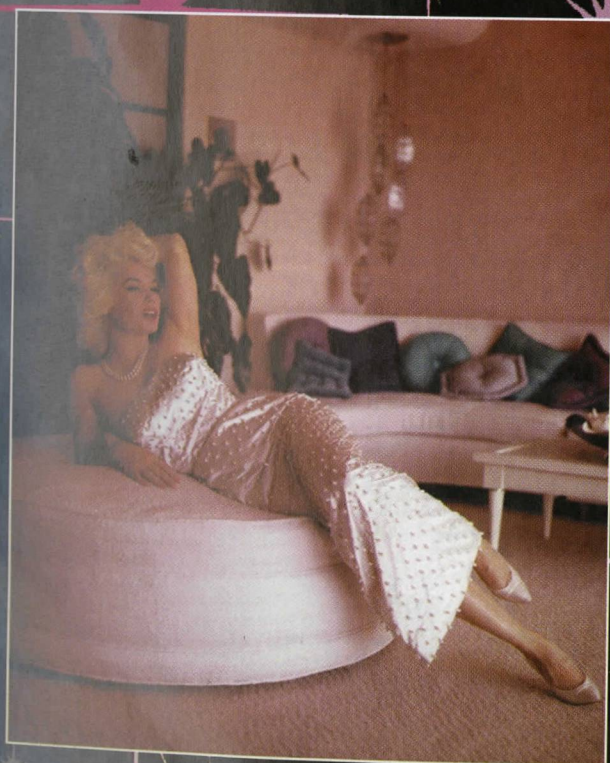


photo by Justice Howard

## interview and photos by Justice Howard

cold concrete on Hollywood Boulevard. And if that wasn't impressive enough, she whips out her boobs, and gives the camera that sexy movie star face of hers. The photos came out phenomenally. Looking back on it, I don't know too many 20 year olds who would lay atop cold concrete in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard, in the middle of the night, with their tits splayed to the world. Nevermind, a 60-plus femaliah from Orange County! But you know,

queen. A true Hollywood movie star. A true Hollywood icon... True Hollywood. While she sat in makeup, she recounted stories of James Dean, her date with Elvis, her favorite leading man, Clark Gable, and the fact that her show was too hot for Las Vegas. Plus other stories of her friend Marilyn (yes, that Marilyn) and Jayne Mansfield—the other two Ms. that comprised the notorious and select blonde bombshell group who were known in the 1950's as the "Three Ms." I wanted to shoot Mamie in a kind of classic, old Hollywood style, reminiscent of my hero & personal camera God, George Hurrell. The images you see here of Mamie have not been retouched or computer manipulated in any way... I merely glorified them at the time of shooting with poses and lighting. My favorites are the black & whites, because to me they personify Hollywood Glamour at it's finest. Then, after we had done the first shoot at Julie's house, I found out that Mamie had her own star on the Hollywood walk of fame. The decision was already made; WE HAD TO SHOOT HER ON IT. We planned to do it late at night so there'd be less people around. It was a bit "nippley" out that night, from what I remember—the time being the middle of winter in Los Angeles. And there's Mamie laying atop the



\* - except the photo at left; a vintage glamour shot generously provided by Ms. Van Doren



photo: JUSTICE HOWARD





**THAT'S JUST MAMIE!!** She is so adventurous and so fun. I will say that out of all of the celebrities I've had the pleasure of documenting in the past four years, like Marilyn Manson, Eric Burdon, Waylon Jennings, Mickey Rourke, Dave Navarro and The Blue Man Group, Mamie is my all time favorite. She is a shining gem. I could get all gushy, and go on and on, but suffice it to say she's "Hollywood Glamour" personified and one of my favorite humans on the planet. It was back when she was sitting in that makeup chair on our first shoot, telling the stories of her date with Elvis and her necking session with James Dean, that I thought to myself, "Damn, all of this stuff is so interesting, someone really should interview her so the public can read about it too." And although I'm a photographer by trade, not really a writer, I seem to have gotten stuck with the job. And you know what, it doesn't bother me a bit!

Make sure you check out Mamie's website: [www.mamievan-doren.com](http://www.mamievan-doren.com)

**So Mamie, who actually discovered you?**

Howard Hughes. He discovered me when I was doing a beauty contest in Palm Springs. When I became Miss Palm Springs, he was in the audience. I was a teenager... (laughs) with boobs; he asked me to come over and be interviewed for pictures and the next thing I knew I had a car from RKO, the studio he owned, waiting. So I went over there and met Hughes, and he put me under contract for five pictures at RKO. This is during my summer vacation from high school, y'know. Wow.



It was the beginning of my whole career. Cause I really didn't pay attention to my figure or my face. It was my first beauty contest. The motel we were staying at—the Montecida Motel—they wanted me to represent the motel; my mother's the one that forced me to do it, I didn't want to. The only reason I did it was because of her. There must have been about 50 girls, and I thought there was no way I was gonna win. All of a sudden it came down to

two girls and then I won. It was quite an exciting time in my life. Our readers will probably be interested to know about your hook-up to rock and roll with the movie *Untamed Youth*, do you want to tell us a little about that?

Actually, the first rock and roll picture I did was *Running Wild*, at Universal. It was sort of a follow up to *Blackboard Jungle*—MGM did *Blackboard Jungle*, so Universal decided to do *Running Wild*. I was in it, with John Saxon and a couple other people. It was considered pretty wild. We had Bill Haley and the Comets; I danced to "Razzle Dazzle," it's sort of like "Rock Around The Clock." That was my first taste of rock and roll, and I just loved it. Because when I was growing up, there was boogie woogie and I loved it. It was hot. Then, at that time, I got pregnant, got married, had the baby. Then right after I had the baby, like two months later, I got a call that the studio had dropped me—because I had gotten pregnant and had a baby. They didn't know what to do with me because I was so different. So then, when I got my freedom from the studio, I got offers from other studios. Warner Brothers signed me for *Untamed Youth*, and that was a very hot picture; it did not get the seal of the Legion of Decency from the Catholic church. (laughing) Well, not with you in it!

I kinda liked that. It made it more exciting. Because the more they ban movies, the more people go to 'em, y'know? That's true.

I did a lot of rock and roll songs in *Untamed Youth*, which I later recorded for Capitol Records as a series of 45s. I did all the songs and little vignettes—like videos that MTV used to do in the '80s, that's what I did in the movies in the '50s. It was the opening up to rock and roll. I was the first female to do rock and roll on the silver screen; I was the very first—even before Elvis did it. Elvis, when he came and saw me in Vegas, said he'd seen my movie [*Untamed Youth*] in Memphis and he flipped out over it.

**Speaking of Elvis, you had a small tryst with him?**

I had a one-nighter with him, that's all.

**Do you want to expound on that?**

I didn't really bed him down, we were in a car and we were just necking and fooling and feeling around. He did end up singing "Love Me Tender" to me and that was kinda nice. I felt special. I was starring at the Riviera Hotel when he came to see me—it was 1957. He came with an entourage and we all went over to the Sahara to see Louis Prima and Keely Smith, and we went around and gambled a little and he took me home. We parked in back of the Riviera, there was nothing there at that time, and we just started necking. It was all dark back there. He asked me if I was wearing anything under my dress—I had a see-through dress on, and I never wore anything underneath it—and he grabbed the string release and he said, "Dammit, I knew you didn't have anything underneath that dress!"

(laughter)

After that we had a second date, only my husband came up the next night; I was married to Ray Anthony at the time, he was a bandleader—and he hated rock and roll.

**Ray Anthony, at that time, was a pretty big bandleader.**

He was the biggest. He was the million dollar bandleader, the man with the golden horn.

**Didn't he dedicate one of his albums to you?**

Oh yes. Well first, before I met him, he had a party for Marilyn Monroe and he wrote a song called "Marilyn." He liked her and was always trying to get her to date him—and she didn't. So then, I guess he got second best, me! (laughing) I wouldn't say that.

So I met him on a blind date, I got fixed up with him. I didn't know who the hell Ray Anthony was; it was more from my parents time. So we were going out, we were going out hot and heavy then, when Marilyn got sick and went in the hospital, she had the flu, and she called me and said she'd gotten two dozen roses from Ray Anthony—she knew I was dating him. It's funny because I think she was trying to tell me he was no fucking good! (laughs) You know, looking back at it, I think she was being nice to me.

**How do you feel about all the references people have made to you over the years, comparing you to Marilyn Monroe, etc.?**

Oh, I loved Marilyn, she opened the door for everybody. She really was the pioneer of glamour. Marilyn was older than I was, so she got there a before I did; but she opened the door. Jean Harlow was always my favorite though. She died in '36, just shortly after I was born. I think Marilyn felt the same way about Harlow that I did, and she was sort of the one that we both copied. All the blondes of that time copied her. She was unique; she was young and living in L.A. Unlike Jayne [Mansfield], who came from Texas, we grew up on the streets of Hollywood.

**You were one of the three Ms; can you explain that to us?**

Well, Marilyn was the first, then Mamie, then Mansfield; so they called us the three Ms.

**Who was your favorite leading man?**

My favorite was Clark Gable. And Jeff Chandler. And Tony Curtis. They were all great.

**Tony Curtis was a babe, still is a babe; still a very good looking man.**

Yeah, he's... you know what, his personality hasn't changed; he hasn't gotten old. He stays really young, I think it's his attitude toward life. My first movie with him was *Forbidden*. I was a singer in



movie. Then I had a lead opposite him in *The All-American*—that was really my introduction to the silver screen at Universal. Then we were under contract together for four or five years. So we really grew up together. He was there for a few years before I was; he was married to Janet Leigh at that time. Universal was like a little town; it was a very close-knit family, all the contractees. We were all striving for the same thing. The goal was to get the right movies and become famous... and make money. I can say, and if he reads this - he knows it, he was one of my favorites. But I would say Clark Gable, Tony Curtis and Jeff Chandler.

**You met James Dean, right?**

Yes. I met him across the street from Universal Studios at a little bar called King's. A lot of guys would come from Warner Brothers, which was right around the corner, and hang out there. I think they were doing that movie *Rebel Without a Cause* then, because they came over on their motorcycles. A gal named Susan Cabot—who later was murdered by her son—was under contract with me and we were friends; we went over to King's for a drink and he came in with some guys. She knew him and introduced us. Then, when I was ready to leave in my car, he came around the corner in the back of the restaurant and asked me if I wanted to go on a motorcycle ride. Well, I had a tight skirt on so I said, "I don't think I can, I'd have to ride side saddle." He had a red motorcycle, I remember it was red and really hot lookin', and he had a leather jacket on, just like you'd see him in the movies. He was always smoking, he smelled of smoke like crazy; he smelled like nicotine, I should say. He said, "Well, don't let that stop you," or something like that—he was kinda shy but I think he said, "I wouldn't let that stop you." So I got on the motorcycle, and my skirt was hoisted up to my hips almost—but he didn't get to see it, y'know. It was just towards the beginning of the evening, and just getting dark, it was like six or seven o'clock. And it was cool; I was getting cold so he lent me his jacket. I think it was Coldwater or Mulholland Drive, one of those canyons, and we drove up to the top. In those days there weren't any houses up there, it was just flat land. I think he had a bridge in his mouth; we were French kissing and I remember there was something weird in his mouth, I didn't know what it was. It was something I never had. And of course he smelled of nicotine, and I'm not into nicotine, but I was very horny then. [laughs] My hormones were pumping.

**We hear you hang out with Hef and all the hottest babes... do you want to tell us about that?**

Oh, yeah. The hottest babes, I don't think are anybody hotter than I was when I used to go-go in the '60s. I was really hot in the '60s. That's how I met the Beatles (at a go-go club); George Harrison was drunk and thought he was throwing a drink in some photographer's face but he threw it in mine instead. That hit the paper big time. He was there with Ringo, I was dating Johnny Rivers at the time, and Johnny called me up and said, "Come on down, the Beatles are here!" I said, "Oh, Christ, yeah, OK." Everybody knew they were there, so I had to go in the back way. Johnny introduced me to them and then George got pissed off at a cameraman trying to get a picture of us, so he threw the drink at him and it hit me; it was just a stupid thing. But the hottest babes in town... I'm trying to think... well, Sharon Tate, but she got murdered. The '60s were, you know, a lot of drugs; Hollywood Boulevard and Sunset Boulevard were very wild. A lot of LSD, a lot of wild parties; the sexual revolution was on in a big way. It was nothing to go out and get laid one night and never see the guy again. It was just a fun thing, no rubbers, no nothing.

**No diseases.**

No diseases. You got the clap and you could just take penicillin or something. Syphilis was kinda gone, so the clap was about the biggest problem. We really did have a lot of freedom when you look back. God, it was great. Now, if I was younger, [starts laughing] there's no way I'd go near a dick unless I scrubbed it up, fixed it up and had three condoms with me!

**You've dated a lot of interesting men; in your book, *Playing the Field*, which I just read - you mention a few men you've dated... Oh! You have to talk about the Tom Jones thing!**

I was just gonna say what time it is because if you're gonna have me talk about all those guys...

**No, that'll take too long.**

Tom Jones had just become very famous over here, but had never come to America; I was working at a very famous place in New York called the Latin Quarter—where Sinatra, Lena Horne and all of them played—and I was starring there in my nightclub act. My manager was a friend of Tom Jones' manager. I didn't know Tom Jones, I just knew his songs, "It's Not Unusual" and "What's New Pussycat?" This was like 1965, when it was all happening. So I'm singing and my manager comes backstage with Tom Jones, and said he wanted to meet me. So I said OK. He wasn't really that good looking. I never thought he was that good looking, and I still don't think he's good looking.

But he had a tremendous voice. I mean, he really has a fabulous voice. So my manager took us to a party afterwards—Anthony Newley was doing "Stop The World, I Want To Get Off" and they had a party for it, so we all went over there. I had the next night off and Tom wanted to take me out to dinner. So we went to dinner and at a couple places, we saw Trini Lopez, I remember. Then he



photo by Justice Howard

sang some things to me and I thought, 'Wow, this is great. Even better than Elvis Presley.' He had a belty voice, a really strong voice. I was staying at the Ritz Hotel, I had a suite up there, and he this suit on... he had the same suit on both nights; it was kind of a Beatles suit, with the skinny legs and the little, tight jacket with one button. He's got kind of a big head—on his shoulders, I should say—and he had this very large thing in his pants, so I thought, 'Oh my god, this is interesting.' So we went up to my apartment, my suite, and he said, 'I'm so excited, I just saw you in Playboy magazine and I can't believe I'm gonna be doing it with you.' He was really carrying on. He got so excited that I don't even think he couldn't get it up for a while! He was so knocked out by me [begins laughing]—and I'm not saying this to boast, this was really happening—so he went into the bathroom and when he came out, what he was missing was this thing I had seen through his pants. He must've had a sock in there or something! It was incredible; not very exciting looking. So that was my experience with Tom Jones.

**Wow. Well, nevermind the past, what are you doing now that you'd like to talk about?**

Well, being married. I haven't screwed around, but... [laughs] not that I don't want to!

**No, I meant projects.**

Oh, yeah. I did a movie last year; it should be out sometime very soon, called *Slackers*. That's with Jason Schwartzman. I have a cameo role in that; it's really a cute role. I play a prostitute, an old prostitute. It's a character role. I didn't think I'd ever be doing characters when I was younger—I used to say, 'Oh, I don't like doing character roles...' But I did this one and it was fun. I could really let it all hang out and hide behind the character. And my website—[www.marnievan-doren.com](http://www.marnievan-doren.com)—I love

**working on that,** it's opened up a whole new world, it's great.

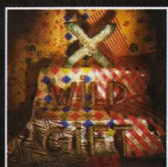
And I have so many beautiful, wonderful fans. Well, that's just because you're a beautiful, wonderful goddess. Well, bless your heart. I love you too.

**And just, in summation, I wanna say that in the past four-year period that I've had anyone in front of my camera, you are one of my absolute favorites. So thank you, Miss Van Doren, for all this wonderful information.**



photo by Justice Howard





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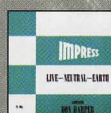
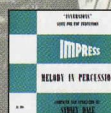
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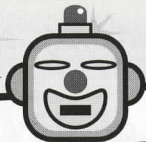
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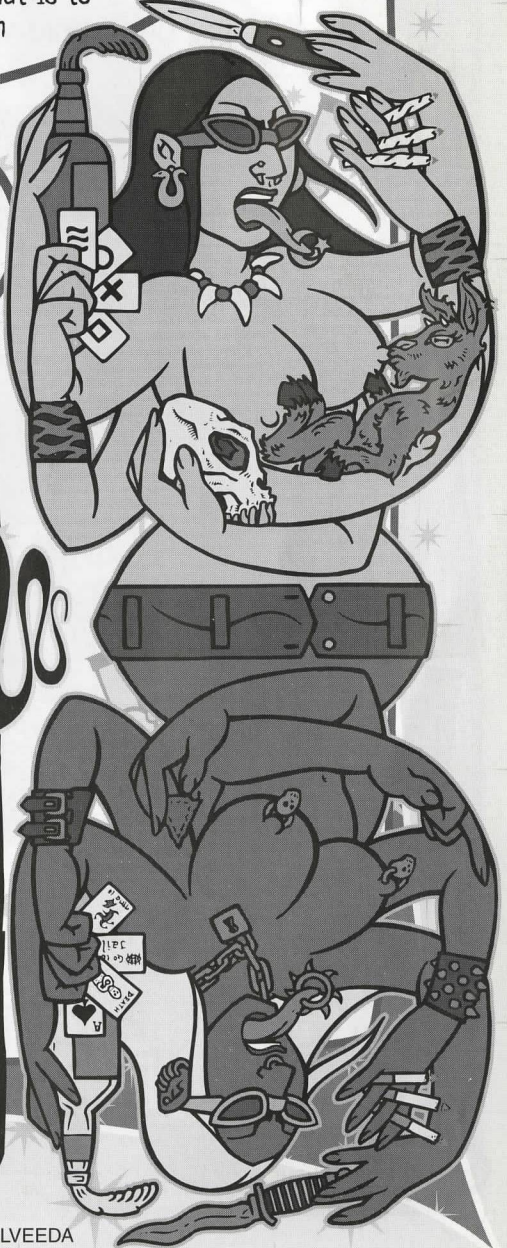
pages

Hi folks. It's me, King  
VelVeeda Super Deformed, filling in for  
King VelVeeda "Man Sized", who has been drinking so  
much BOOZE lately, that he seems incapable of almost anything,  
let alone producing 12 pages of content for you fun-loving freaks.  
None-the-less here I am to introduce another installment of cheerful cheese  
& fromagey frolic within the pages of Carbon 14 Magazine. When the C14 crew  
let us know that you smack-headed little moppets actually dug our first humble  
efforts in the last issue, we all fell off the couch! I mean, Who would have  
thought that the peirced & pretty people of the cultural underground would  
embrace one so hairy & unkempt as old King What's-his-name?  
Well, if you truly liked the last batch of King VelVeeda's Cheesy  
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say, if the previous issue gave you a warm

feeling inside, this one  
will cause you  
to expell that feeling to  
the outside, & onto the floor.  
If you did a little dance,  
your dance will be  
much bigger now.  
"OF THAT  
THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT"



Binky





# Spreading my CHEESE OVERSEAS...

Whenever I am asked to give advice to young artists hoping to make a living for themselves without working for The Man every night & day, the first words that pop out of my mouth are usually something like: Exploit the FUCK out of The Internet, Baby!

Buy a domain name, learn to create & maintain your own website, build up an e-mail list, exploit, expand, explode, & you shall ex-scape from the evil clutches of your day job!

I find that one of the greatest benefits of The Internet, is that I'm like a Doctor without Borders, only instead of saving lives, I'm selling smut to perverts, all over the world.

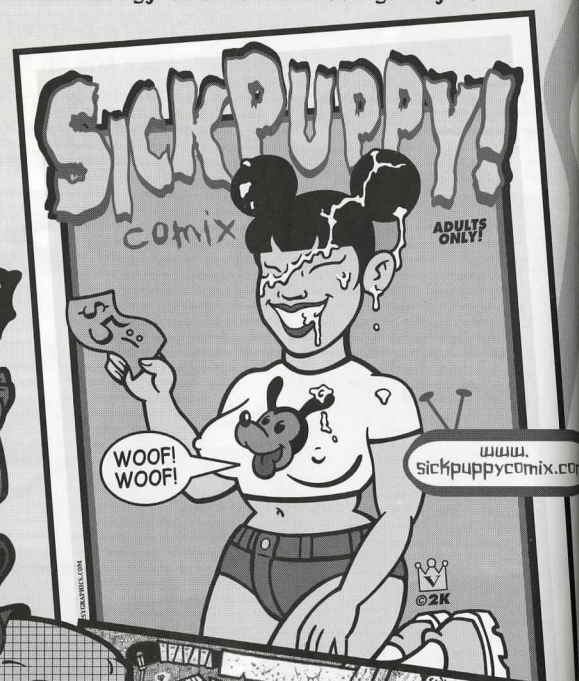
I've worked for magazines & record labels in Germany, Brussels, France, Italy, Australia, and beyond! Yes, I know: America is the greatest country on Earth (because of all the porn & drugs), but growing your target market by more than a million percent through diligent use of the Internet makes good business sense, even if spending the extra money you earn on junk-food & weed is not. (Hey, I know you.)

Merely having your portfolio on line, & available for anyone, anywhere, to peruse at anytime is going to make you TEN TIMES MORE POWERFUL than an artist who does not know how to force technology to do their bidding. Try it!

Other tips that I recommend to young hopefuls in any field are:

- Learn Hypnotism
- Practice Ritual Magic
- Spy on People via Remote Viewing

Good Luck, Kids!  
King VelVeeda



Clockwise from the top:  
1) Bass player, Ginchy, from the Detroit rock trio SWAMPASS, who contacted me after seeing my web site. 2) SICK PUPPY COMIX is a twisted zine from Australia. 3) Horrible art for a private collector in France. 4) TAKE ME TO THE BEDROOM punk rock compilation put out by Germany's HeadDip Records.



# All's I Want for X-mas

or: "gimme gimme gimme"

By  
Good  
King  
VelVeeda  
©2000

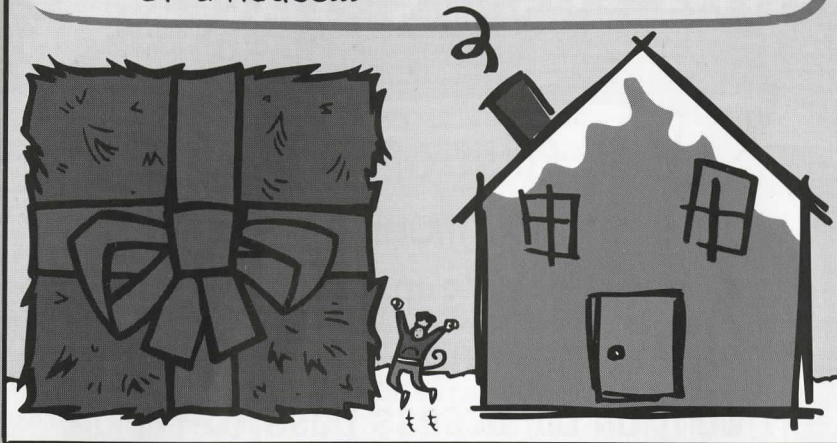
Well, first off: I want a gen-u-ine monkey tail and a skull-head that's made out of eerie glow-in-the-dark plastic!!! Next: I want an all-access pass to female underpants the World over.

Can't talk,  
BUSY.

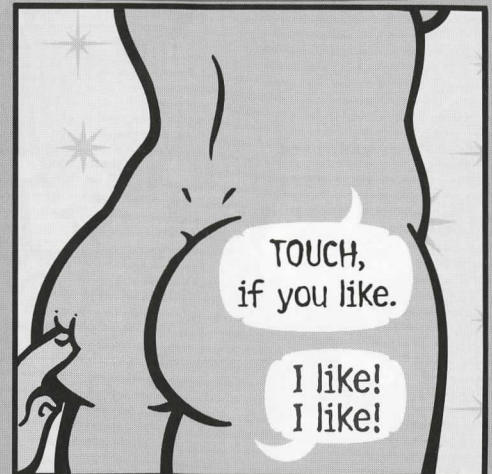




..and I want a bale of weed the size of a house...



and one week alone with Bridgette Fonda's ass.



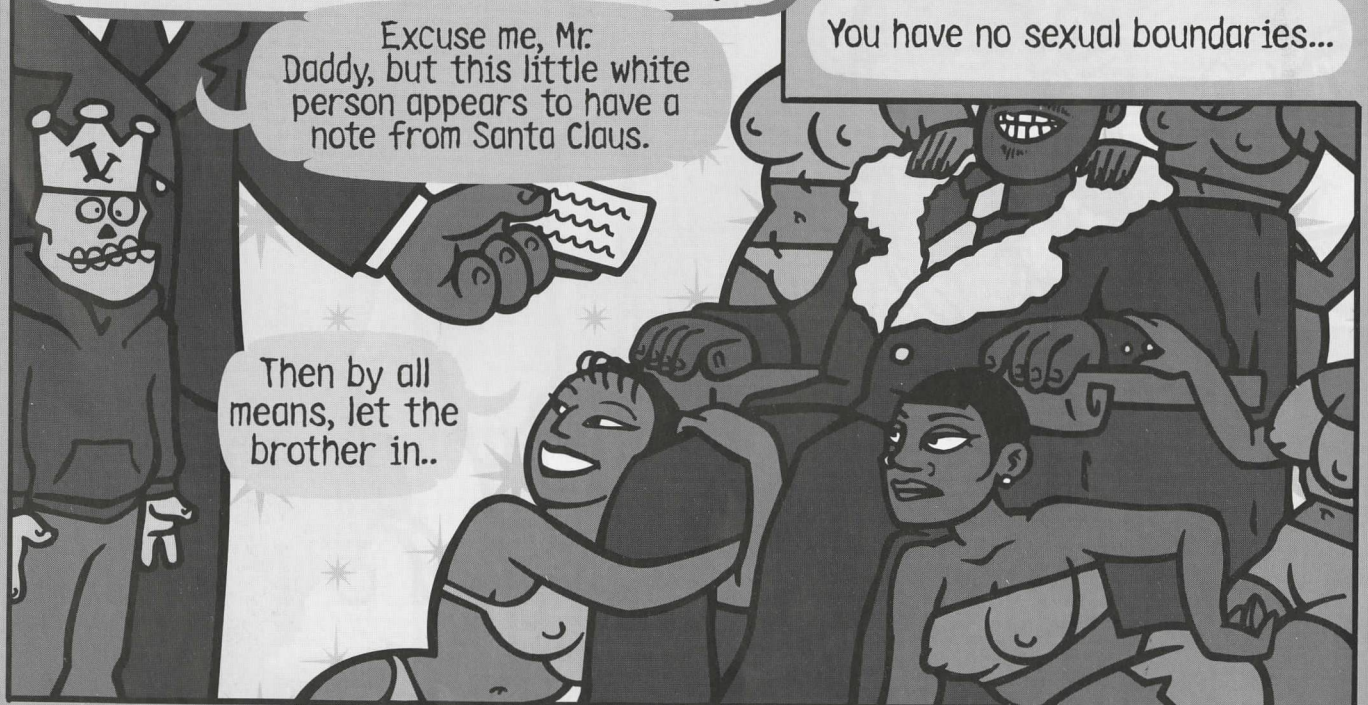
And a pink poodle named Fifi who is trained to kill!



Oh, yeah, and **HYPNO-GOGS** are a must



And I want some authentic Street Cred, so that I can hang out with Puff Daddy.\*



You have no sexual boundaries...

\* This gag was originally written in 1998, when P-Diddy was still Puff Daddy, and he was still... you know....



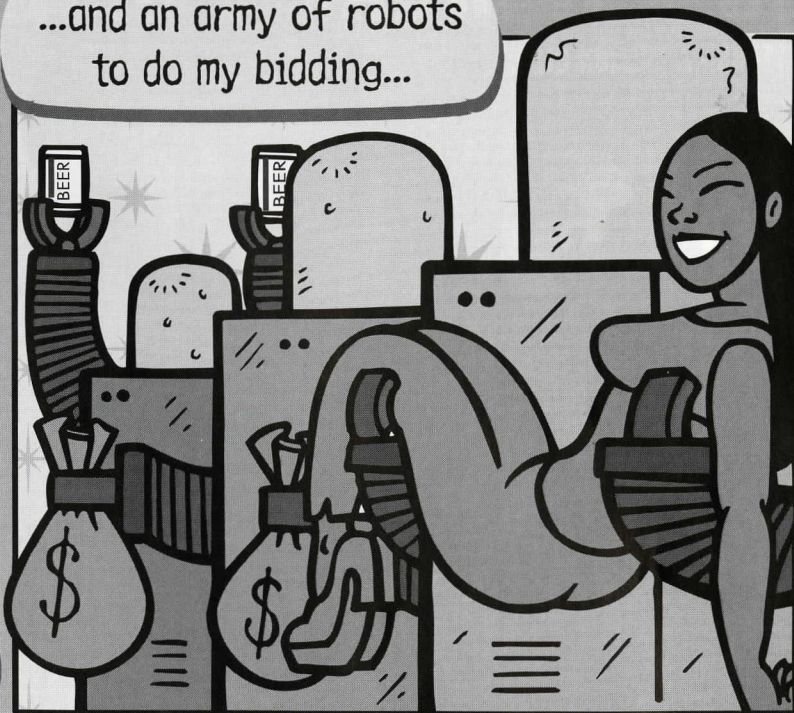
...and I want a relaxing vacation at DOLLYWOOD!



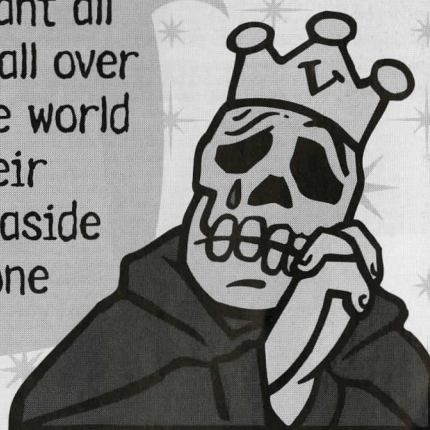
...and a floating disembodied eyeball to spy on my enemies.



...and an army of robots to do my bidding...



But more than anything, I want all of the people all over the whole wide world to put their differences aside for just one day...



and get in line to KISS MY ASS.



Happy Holidays!

End



# go on, make a mess of yourself

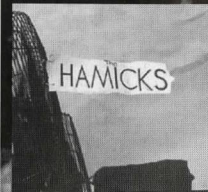
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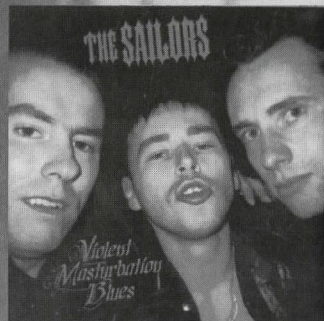


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**A FEAST OF SNAKES**  
Bow-Legged Woman + 3  
**THE HAMICKS**  
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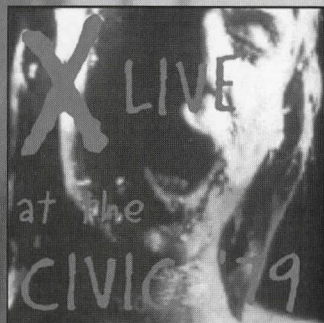


-- coming --  
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and Benny Hill; and the  
administration of anal justice to  
anyone who damn well fucking  
deserves it!

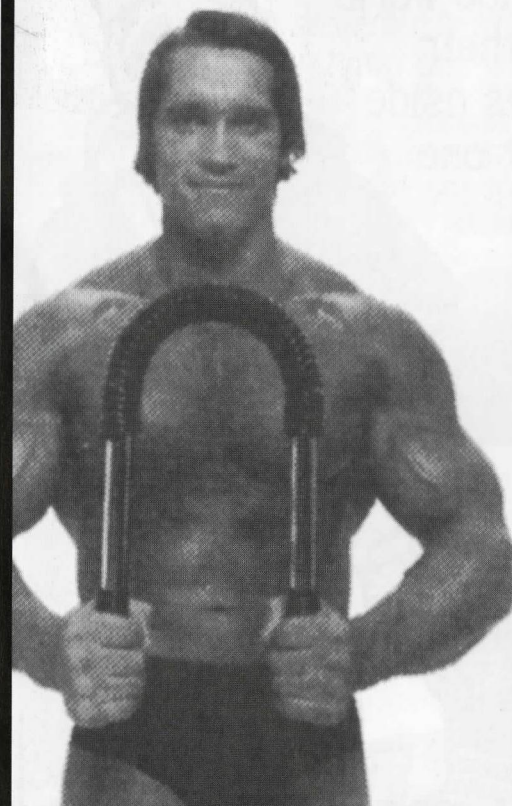


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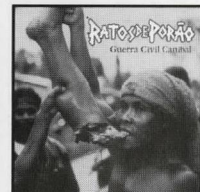
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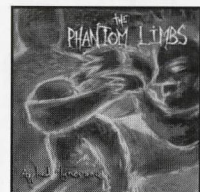
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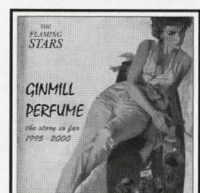
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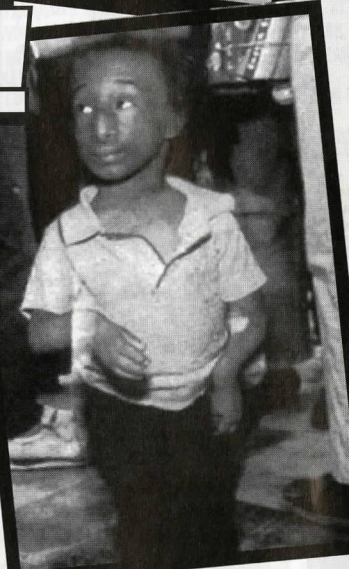
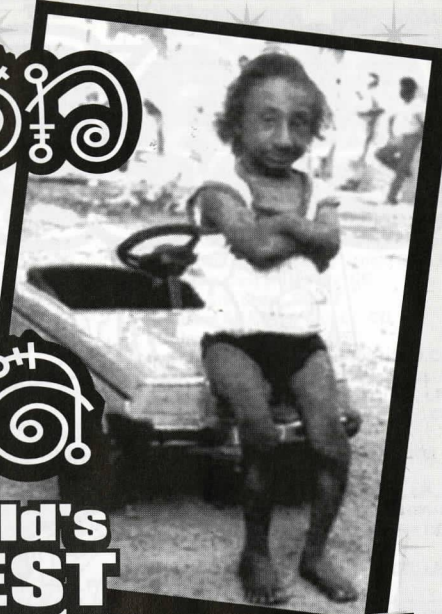
at 67.5 centimeters tall

# Nelson

de

# Rosa

## is the world's SMALLEST MAN!



Nelson de la Rosa is an  
actor, & one of the stars of  
the Spanish language  
television comedy "**La  
Opcian de las Doce!**"

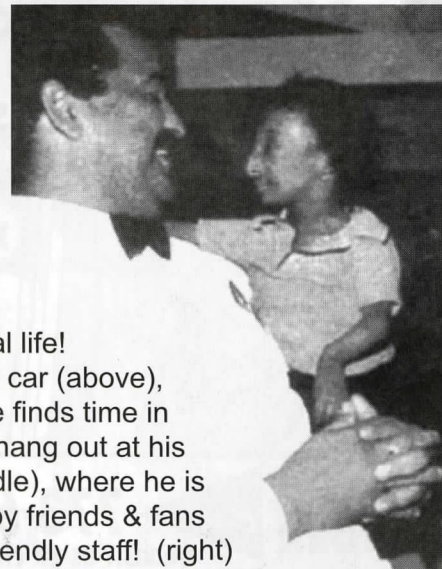
No stranger to  
Hollywood, Little Nelson is  
friends with big, big celebrity  
Marlon Brando! They met  
each other as co-stars of the  
1996 film "**The Island of Dr.  
Moreau.**"

In addition to his  
comedic and supporting roles, Nelson assumes the  
lead role in the classically horrid horror movie "**Rat  
Man.**"

Nelson has a rare condition called *Progeria*,  
which has not only  
effected his size, but  
has "aged" him at a  
much faster rate than  
most people.

Yes, Nelson  
has some serious  
health problems, but  
he doesn't let them get  
in the way of his  
independence, or social life!

He drives a tiny car (above),  
made just for him, & he finds time in  
his acting schedule to hang out at his  
favorite nightclub (middle), where he is  
treated to good times by friends & fans  
alike, as well as the friendly staff! (right)



Art & Writing by  
**KING VELVEEDA**

Nelson's fans  
can see a  
**full-color  
ACTUAL SIZED**  
version of  
this drawing  
posted at  
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S



## How Goth is My Town

One thing that I forgot to mention the last time I wrote about my creepy little town of Sandwich, Massachusetts is my next-door neighbor's dog.

No, it's not telling me to kill people, ala David Burkowitz the Son of Sam, but rather, it died itself... under very gothic circumstances.

My neighbor is a very nice lady, who's husband had died shortly after we arrived in Sandwich. (Death, death, so much death!) You can see her porch from our kitchen window, & one day I noticed a huge black rottweiler dog standing there. Shortly joined by an even huger, bald-headed man.

Imagine if you will; Uncle Fester on steroids. No, on second thought, imagine Tor Johnson with a tan. Hmmm, no, maybe it's most accurate to imagine a copper-toned version of world famous wrestler George the Animal Steele, as later, hotter days of summer revealed a thick coat of curly dark hair covering the bald man's entire body. Now add a meniacal smile and steely black eyes.

As it turns out, the giant-sized hairy-yet-bald man is my neighbor's son. (Phew!) He's come to stay a while, and the soon-to-be-dead black dog belonged to him. It was named Black Sabbath. They called it "Sabby" for short.

Okay, now; remember how I said in my last report that the weather in my town will kill you if it gets the chance? Well I do not lie. The rain alone will bore holes into your skull and/or house, so when it is accompanied by thunder and lightening, it's enough to scare a person half to death. Or a dog all the way.

*The blackened sky was choked with clouds so that not a glimmer of day was seen for as far as the eye could gaze. Rain poured down in icy curtains that seemed to shred the atmosphere, while lightening flashed white, and thunder shook the tiny houses emmassed along the shore.*

*The deafening sound of rain seemed increasingly like an insane intelligence trying to gain entrance to our refuge. Taptaptaptapping out it's endless racket, setting nerves on edge, ceaselessly and incessantly beating a chaotic droning rhythm, like some mad machine about to go KABOOOOM! A flash! And then the tapping resumes...but did I hear something else?*

*It might have been my mind playing tricks, but I thought I heard a sound, like a howl, or a scream.*

*As I recall it now, weeks later, an icy coldness passes over me, & I remember the sight of my neighbors the following day. The storm had passed, yet their mood was still gloomy. Poor Sabby had died that awful night before. Her heart stopped cold by the ferocity of the storm. True story!*

My other next neighbors are nice too. Very quiet. Practically invisible in fact. That is to say, they don't actually exist. At least for most of the year that is, because my neighborhood is comprised heavily of "summer rentals," & when the sun goes bye-bye in September, so do the renters. The rest of the year it's like a virtual ghost town around here. Empty streets. Empty houses. Tumble weeds. Just kidding! There's no tumble weeds, but it is pretty desolate.

MORE!



## THE BIRTH OF BUSINESS



So, I'll pick all of the scabs, bugs, dead skin,  
& dried-up pieces of shit off your ass, but  
I get to eat them.

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One day, I opened my front door onto my empty neighborhood, and zip! a black cat ran right into our house! That same day, the axle nut fell off of our car while we were driving it. (not fun.) The Black Cat hung around for a few days, & seemed to cause us no further bad luck. I asked my nice neighbor lady if it was hers (Little Sabby, perhaps?). No, she didn't know who's it was, so we all fed it a little, & took it in at night, until it just disappeared. I hope that it didn't get eaten by coyotes, which one of my other (actual living) neighbors assures us roam the streets of Sandwich late at night. That's why he never lets his own cat out after dark.

I've never seen a coyote around here, but there were some dog-looking tracks in the fresh snow in our front yard this morning. They went straight up to our front door, & then turned around & left. A mysterious canine visitor in the cold dead of a black North Eastern night. Sounds like the beginning of one of those good old fashioned country death songs to me.

You know, the kind of song where the guy goes crazy from being cooped-up all winter, what with the food & the money running short, & one of the children has got to be sacrificed for the good of the others, so he pushes the youngest one down a well. That kind of song.

Lucky for us, there's no lack of food in Sandwich (get it?), & the only thing down the well is toxic waste from the Edwards' Air Force base. Besides, the little contact that I have with the few neighbors that remain behind for the winter has kept me from feeling too isolated. Sure, my city friends like to make jokes referring to The Shining, but I think I'll be Okay. Hey, heh heh, all this time by myself has given me a chance to do some writing... "all work & no play makes jack a dull cheese, etc etc... I've got to get the fuck out of Sandwich.

-V



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# THEY CALL IT PARADISE

I've said it before & I'll say it again a thousand times over: **HAWAII 5-0** is the best TeeVee show ever made. Period. Point Blank. That's it, & it ain't no shit.

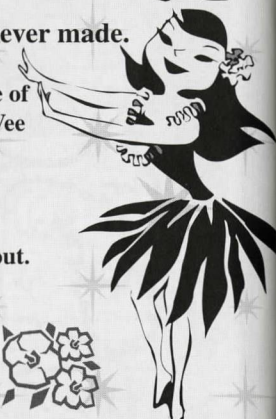
Oh, I know that every John & Joan Q. TeeVeehead out there has a favorite show, *and an opinion*, but for the sake of argument let's just say that your opinion is meaningless. Okay? Now, with that in mind, when speaking of TeeVee shows, there are a few universal statements that can be put forth:

- The Simpsons is the most consistently funny TeeVee show ever made. Can we agree?
- Major Anthony Nelson is a fucking idiot. Still with me?
- Aaron Spelling is not a genius, but he IS evil. Now you're starting to believe that I know what I'm talkin' about.

So let's review...

- 1) Your opinion is meaningless.
- 2) I know what I'm talking about.

...and let's proceed.



**HAWAII 5-0** was just another rerun to me when I was a kid. It was perhaps a little cooler & a little weirder than other cop shows, & Steve McGarret was really scary looking, but other than that, to me it didn't stand out as outstanding until I was a teenager in highschool, emphasis on high. Then the subtle awesomeness of **H5-0** came crashing in on me like some kind of large...cresting...wave..(Insert Theme Song Here)

Wow. Is there any other TeeVee theme song that can top **H5-0**? I really don't think so. Yes, the list of great TeeVee theme songs is truly endless; from **The Flintstones** to **The Green Hornet** to **Sanford & Son**, you name it (the first person to say **Cheers** gets a slap in the face) we like it. The Theme to **Peter Gunn** for example, is a cool classic for sure, & a close contender for the top spot, but is there a living soul today that has ever seen even one episode of this ancient show? No. All dead, so who cares. And speaking of dead, how about **The Munsters** theme song? Cool yes, but although it was often covered by the Grateful Dead at their Halloween gigs, it just doesn't **ROCK** like **H5-0**'s theme song **ROCKS**. Let's put it this way: **The Hawaii Five-0** theme song makes me want to get off my couch & move around a little bit, in a fashion that vaguely resembles dancing. And believe you me, **THAT'S** saying something.

Okay, so best theme song ever doesn't necessarily make for best **SHOW** ever, but check it out, there's more.

★ **Best TeeVee hair on a man.** Steve McGarret's hair-do defies description, I think it defies physics, & it definitely defies belief. I sometimes wonder if it's real... or if I'm having some kind of waking nightmare. Only Richard Simmons can approach Steve-O in the strange hair department, & I know for a fact that Steve's hair could kick the ass of Richard's hair any day of the week.

★ **Best TeeVee Side-Kicks.** Danno, Kono, Chin Ho, (they all end in O, & that's cool) & sometimes Che.

Danny Williams, as played by TeeVee favorite James McArthur, looks like a friggin' Mon-Chi-Chi and ya-kinda-wanna punch him in the face, but he's a sharp-shooter, & Steve's loyal doofus, blah blah blah, enough about him let's get to Kono.

For many years Kono (played by Zulu AKA Gilbert Kauhi of the Big Island) was my all-time favorite TeeVee character, & still might be (I'll have to meditate on it later). Big, strong, loyal, & lovable, he's the kind of guy that a shrimpy little kid like me really wanted to have as a pal. Just take one look at the shape of his body (what R. Crumb might call a "Basic Bean Body" or a body shaped like a bean) & tell me he ain't the cutest little Hawaiian Honey in Honolulu. His appeal is undeniable.

Kam Fong as Chin Ho, on the other hand, only started to appeal to me as a great TeeVee character in recent years. As his full name might imply, Chin Ho Kelly is a mystery man. He has a large, yet undisclosed, number of children, & a saintly wife. The full extent of his extended family extends so far & is so extensive that even Steve-O seems stumped. (The true mystery, however, is why did this wooden statue decide to become an actor in the first place? Chin is so lifeless that if he was **Quincy's** side-kick he'd have a tag on his toe.) My osgnostic approach has revealed to me that Chin Ho is based in part on the old movie detective Charlie Chan, who also had a giant-sized family & was a famous inscrutable deadpan Chinese immigrant to Hawaii who rose in the ranks of the Honolulu police department. The obvious difference being that Charlie Chan was always played by occidentals, whereas Kam Fong is the real deal, & that's another great thing about **H5-0**: it's not just made out of white people.

Steve-O is white (I guess) & Danno is white (for sure), but nearly every other recurring character (except the hated, spineless, & sweaty Governor)

is not white. Che, for example, is not white, & although not quite a regular, he regularly solves the case with his forensic know-how. Ben, Duke, & even Keme & Truck from later episodes are of vague ethnic origin, but somehow not entirely "white." In fact, if one pays attention to the ethnic who's-who of **H5-0**, one can actually piece together some rudimentary idea of the strange history & cultural diversity of The Islands. When one looks at the pale faces grinning back at us from contemporary shows such as **One West Waikiki** & **Wind on Water**, or eighties hit **Magnum PI**, one realizes that **H5-0**, dated as it is, gives us a much more realistic portrayal of the actual people who live on the actual Islands. I have another slap in the face of the first person who calls it P.C., however. **Hawaii 5-0** is a product of the cold war/Vietnam era & Steve only hates one thing more than hippies & that's communists, which brings us to...

★ **Best TeeVee Bad Guy.** The biggest baddest baldest bastard that Steve comes up against is Communist Chinese Espionage Asshole & the greatest arch-nemesis since Dr. Morjarty: Wo Fat. His name alone wins a TV Guy Emmy. If you love Wo fat in **H5-0**, you're really going to love him in **The Manchurian Candidate**. This Frank Sinatra movie was suppressed shortly after its release in the 60s (something about JFK & UFOs I think) but is now considered a classic. Apart from the now-deceased Frankie, it also stars such Hollywood Heads as Lawrence Harvey, Janet Leigh, Angela Lansbury, Henry Silva, & of course Khig Dheigh as the brain-washing baddy & communist cur, Yen Lo (AKA Mrs. Henry Whittaker). Dheigh's character in **The Manchurian Candidate** had such mass appeal as a bad guy that somehow, some way, his continuing adventures as Wo Fat where written into some of the best episodes of **H5-0**. Moustachioed, smiling & polite, Wo Fat is almost as cute & loveable as Kono, except that he's 100% pure evil, Man. He'd even kill a little girl, & that's pretty mean.

★ Oh, Lots of things make **Hawaii 5-0** a great show, but what really makes it the greatest show on Earth is the show itself. The pure cop-show drama is great stuff; the incidental music is better than half the shit they play on the radio nowadays; the camera work is so freaky, it's startling at times; & the constant parade of famous Guest-Heads, from Christopher Walken to Helen Hayes to Eli Wallach, is impressive to say the least. And if all that ain't enough to convince you that **Hawaii 5-0** is the Greatest Show Ever, I only have two words for you: "**Hook Man**."

★ **Hook Man**, a twisted tale of a maimed criminal's obsession with revenge, is the greatest single TeeVee show episode ever produced, bar none. Last episode of **MASH**? Crap. First season of **Happy Days**? Junk. Nothing can touch "**Hook Man**." You could lay every episode of **E.R.**, **L.A. Law**, **Ally McBeal**, **Hillstreet Blues**, & **Oprah** end-to-end and they still wouldn't reach half way around "**Hook Man**." The best episodes of **I Love Lucy**, **Mission Impossible**, **Leave It To Beaver** & **The Honey Mooners** are mere fly-specks of the hook of "**Hook Man**!" Who shot J.R.??? Who gives a flying fuck unless it was the fucking **Hook Man**, Man!!! Do you fucking get it? Do you????!!!

So, in conclusion (Let's do the math):

Your opinion is meaningless  
+ I know what I'm talking about  
+ Hook Man is God

= **HAWAII FIVE-0** is the best TeeVee show ever made.

(Insert Theme Song Here)





# HOUSE OF EVIL

I'm currently living inside of the Michael Hunt House, which has been described as a Vortex of Evil. In reality, it's just an evil-oriented mail-order business cranking out malevolent merch, including comic books, books, videos, and most recently OFFICIAL CHURCH of SATAN stuff like T-shirts, buttons, shot glasses, & tons more! I've done a lot of work for Michael Hunt over the years (such as the Evilnow.com mascots pictured to the left & right.), and they're some of my favorite folks for sure. Below left: Satanic Glassware! Pint glasses, shot glasses, & coffee mugs featuring the official C.o.S. Baphomet logo designed by Anton LaVey himself, and available exclusively from Michael Hunt.



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Michael Hunt Logo by Mike Diana

## FLASH BLACK

Some of the things that I get hired to draw most frequently are tattoos. I enjoy doing custom designs & have also developed some flash over the years. I like black tats a lot, & my favorite themes for my own tattoos include skulls & devils, so I thought I'd reproduce some of my Black Skull & Devil Flash Tats here for you kids to bring on down to your local parlor to have jammed into your skin with sharp needles.

ENJOY!



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VELVEEDA



# ALL MODELS ARE 18

Actually, all of these "models" are just drawings, so let's have some fun and G#★! with the rules a little bit! Check it out...



This is a drawing of a 15 year old Girl.

And this is a drawing of a 30 Year old woman.



DiG?

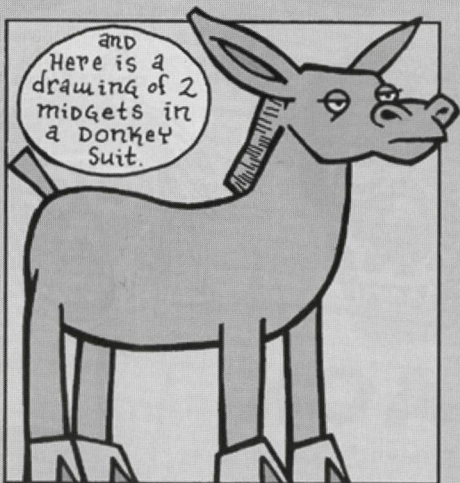
And now this is a drawing of me having SEX with one of 'em! Hubba Hubba! And the Man will never know which!!



But wait! There's more. Here is a drawing of a Donkey.



and Here is a drawing of 2 midgets in a Donkey Suit.



You can decide what this is a drawing of!

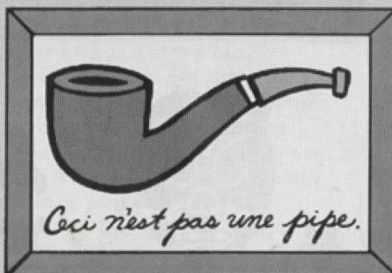


©1999 King U2 Ueeda

Har Har Har! Ho! Ho! Ho! Alright, Alright! one more...



This is a drawing of the Master Piece by French Painter René Magritte titled: **the treason of images.** It says, "this is not a PiPe."



Auuu, G#★! it, here's more of the usual T and A!



This Comic is dedicated to Mike Diana, America's only convicted cartoonist!

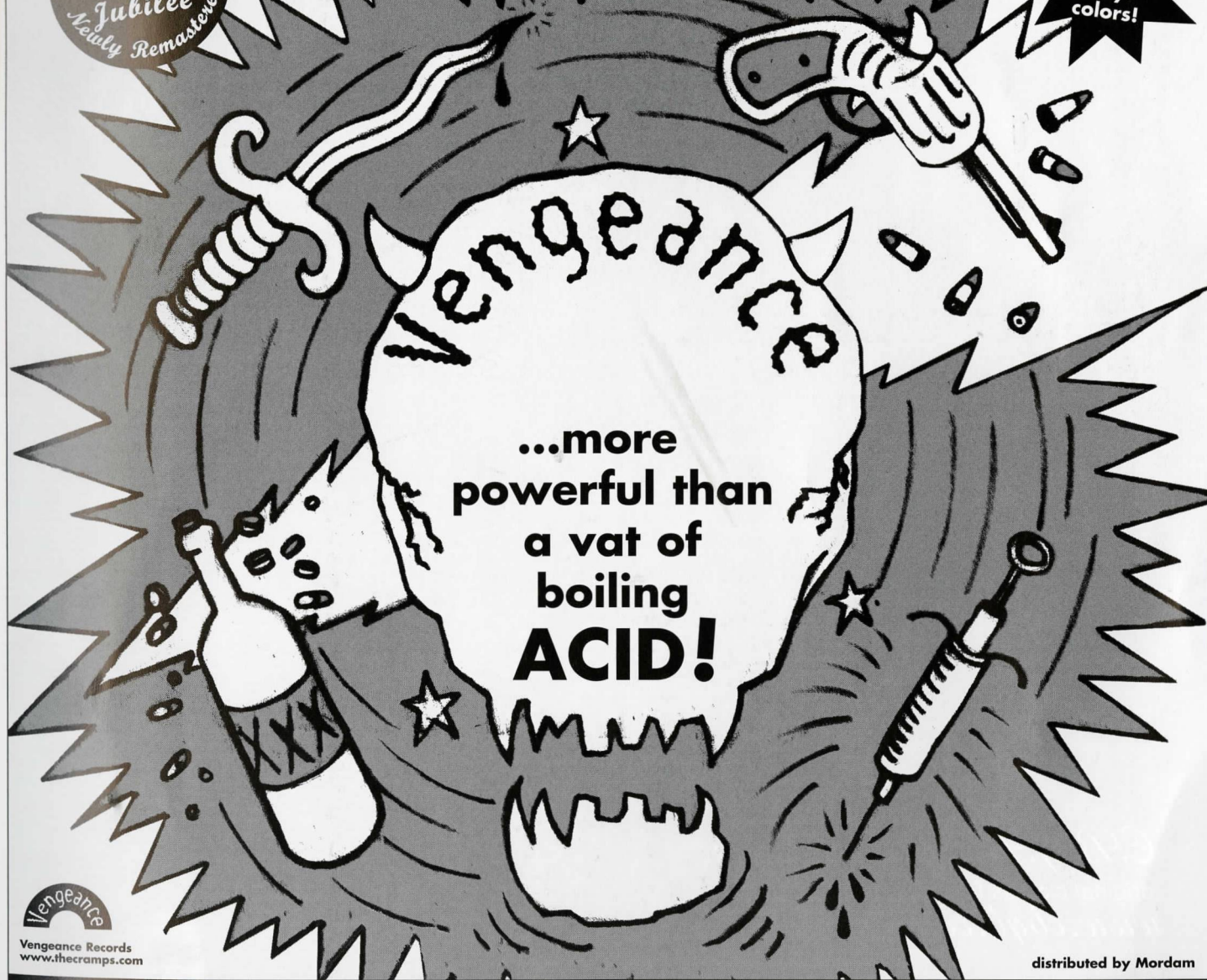


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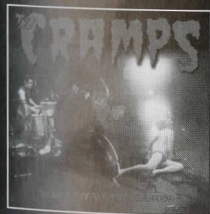
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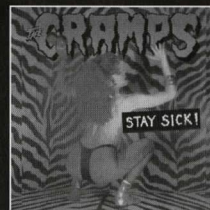
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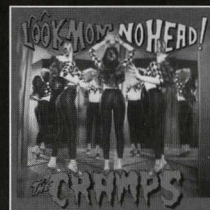
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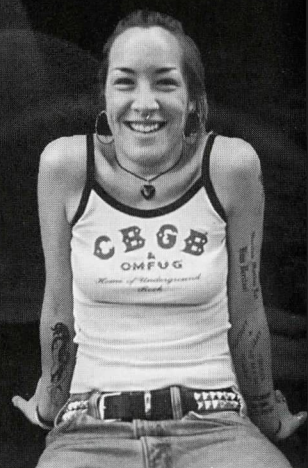
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# CARBON 14

## NIGHT OF CHAMPIONS EP

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**BAND NAME:** RANCID VAT

**SONG TITLE:** "Suckerpunch"

**FINISHING MOVE:** Suckerpunch

**YEARS AS PRO:** 20

**TOTAL COMBINED WEIGHT:** More than you can handle.

**PERSONNEL:** Cosmo - vocals; Thee Whiskey Rebel - bass; Marla Vee - rhythm guitar;

Jimmy Satan - lead guitar; Perfect - drums

**CONTACT:** [home.conectiv.net/~whskyreb/index.html](http://home.conectiv.net/~whskyreb/index.html)

---

**BAND NAME:** EDISON ROCKET TRAIN w/ special guest MC Handsome Dick Manitoba

**SONG TITLE:** "I Like To Hurt People"

**FINISHING MOVE:** Fireball

**YEARS AS PRO:** Rookie

**TOTAL COMBINED WEIGHT:** A half ton of rock.

**PERSONNEL:** Mike "The Original New York Sheik" Edison - vocals, guitar, maracas; Pete "The Other White Meat" Linzell - saxophone; Sweet Joey Valentine - trap drums

**CONTACT:** [nysheiks@nysheiks.com](mailto:nysheiks@nysheiks.com)

---

**BAND NAME:** BUMP-N'-UGLIES

**SONG TITLE:** "You're Putting Me Over"

**FINISHING MOVE:** Chairshot

**YEARS AS PRO:** 6

**TOTAL COMBINED WEIGHT:** 900lbs of chair swingin' fury.

**PERSONNEL:** Playboy Bubba Mackenzie - vocals, guitar; Amado Movado - guitar, vox;

Rob Rossetti - bass; Dynamic Josh Movado - drums

**CONTACT:** [www.bumpnuglies.com](http://www.bumpnuglies.com)

---

**BAND NAME:** COYOTE MEN

**SONG TITLE:** "Monkey Glands"

**FINISHING MOVE:** Piledriver

**YEARS AS PRO:** retired 2000

**TOTAL COMBINED WEIGHT:** 66 stone of pure British steel

**PERSONNEL:** Helmut "The Bruiser" Von Schoen - vocals; Randy "Captain Dynamite" Hornocker - guitar; "Slapsy" Maxie Rosenbloom - bass; Mannie "No Nose" Gagliano - drums

**CONTACT:** [coyotemen@hotmail.com](mailto:coyotemen@hotmail.com)

---

**BAND NAME:** THE GOBLINS

**SONG TITLE:** "Oh How To Do Now"

**FINISHING MOVE:** Goblin-drop

**YEARS AS PRO:** unknown

**TOTAL COMBINED WEIGHT:** 700 spooky pounds

**PERSONNEL:** Beau Grumpus - drums; Buh Zombie - guitar, vocals;

Dom Nation - bass, vocals; Pantom Creeper - vocals

**CONTACT:** [www.roctober.com](http://www.roctober.com)



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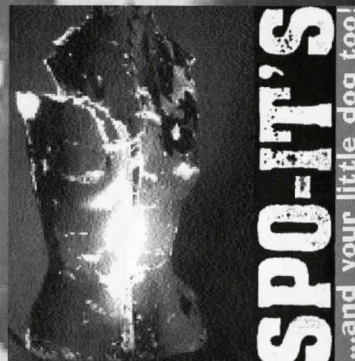


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New York City's own Toilet Boys have been refining their glam-punk-metal-pop sound for a few years now, gaining notoriety for over-the-top performances—with lots of pyrotechnics—and kick ass rock and roll. They've done everything from playing dive bars up and down the East Coast, where they still busted out the pyro even under the most cramped conditions, to tour England and gain national attention over there for setting fire to a club they were playing, to opening up for Blondie at Madison Square Garden. After three CD EPs (one self-released, one on RAJR and one on Sin City), the band signed to Roadrunner Records with disastrous results. Two years later they wrestled themselves from the label's grip, set up their own label and got a distribution deal, and began recording their new self-titled CD. The band's first official full-length has definitely been worth the wait, as it's chock full of big riffs, catchy hooks and really good rock and roll. (Plus, for those who haven't seen the band "in the flesh" the enhanced portion of the CD features two live videos that offer a taste of what a Toilet Boys show is all about.) I interviewed Sean (guitar) and Guy (lead singer) separately to get the scoop.

—Larry

**You came in between the first and second EP, right?**

Sean: Yeah. The band had been together for about a year and a half; that's something Guy can fill you in on. I was the last guy to join, I guess I was the dude who made it the lineup. **You solidified the lineup.**

S: Exactly. That's the good word, solidified. New Year's Eve 1997 they had a gig with the Lunachicks and their old guitar player just wasn't cuttin' it, I had just moved up here so it worked out perfectly. I was actually a fan of the band before I joined. When I saw the Toilet Boys, it was the perfect fit.

**You're from Delaware or Jersey?**

S: Delaware. I was in a band called Blacklight Rainbow for a while, lots of pyrotechnics and all that shit.

**You seem to be responsible for a lot of the pyro.**

S: Yeah.

**Did you bring that into the band or were they already doing that?**

S: I kinda brought it in. We started writing songs together, and the music seemed to take an explosive move so it just seemed natural to start blowing shit up.

**Did you all realize you wanted to develop a certain image for the band or did you just sort of fall into it?**

S: We fell into it. It happened the first time we went to LA, I think. I joined the band and we were doing some gigs in New York, and the fire started coming out. Then we went out to LA, and it was our first time doing seven gigs in a row, and for some reason on that trip everything kinda sunk in. We jelled as a unit; between the way we look on-stage and everything, it just kinda fit. It was hot out there and we started taking our shirts off.

**Yeah, I noticed. Guy's the only one of you who wears a shirt.**

S: I guess so, yeah. It's weird, we don't really think about but, yeah. Ed wears a shirt too when we play.

**Yeah, but drummers don't count.**

S: Yeah, exactly. So we grew into it really naturally.

**Did you do all the customizing on your guitars?**

S: Yeah Rick, our other guitar player, and I lived together for the first couple years I was in New York, and it just came from sitting around our apartment getting fucked up and tweaking out our guitars. I don't know, it just seemed like everybody uses a guitar for a guitar, and they're such extensions of what we do that they should have their own personality and their own functions. So we just started looking at

the guitars as an extension of the music. They should look good and be functional for more than just playing. Like we all are in the band.

**Did you guys ever recover any of those guitars that were stolen?**

S: No, we haven't yet. I'm looking. I had that guitar for nine years, and it's been through so much.

**Is that the one with the pitch fork?**

S: Yeah. I've got a new one that I love, but at the same time, it really hurt when somebody ripped that one off. That guitar's been through—I've fucked chicks with that guitar, you know what I mean? This thing's been through everything.

**So you guys get "groupies?"**

S: Yeah, it's pretty sick.

We've definitely been lucky that way and I hope we continue to be. People get into us and they really get into us, it's kinda crazy. We get some funny letters and there's definitely some pretty sick fans that are willing to do anything. So it's pretty awesome. **You almost accidentally burned down a club in England but kept playing while the place was on fire.**

**What happened there?**

S: We were playing our fourth song and I was using my spark shooter; and I was looking up and I just saw this thing catch. So I'm rocking, and I'm watching the fire spread and I'm kinda thinking, 'OK, this is probably gonna go out,' but at the same time there was something really surreal and sick about just rocking and knowing that the club is burning.

**How long did you stay on stage after things caught on fire?**

S: We got through about half our set. It was really funny. But everybody just kept freaking out, the crowd was into it and they hadn't noticed. For the rest of that song I was looking up going, 'Holy shit, this could be really sick.' Then pieces of the ceiling started falling down, burning pieces, and

they stopped the show. Guy stayed up there on stage screaming. I think there's footage of it in our home video. It was great. Once we realized we weren't gonna get busted we walked out onto the street—they had evacuated the place so there were like a thousand people outside this club—and when we walked outside they just went crazy.

**Did you get paid?**

S: Yes!

**That's the ultimate.**

S: They gave us a bottle of expensive champagne too.

**Well, I guess you got them lots of publicity.**

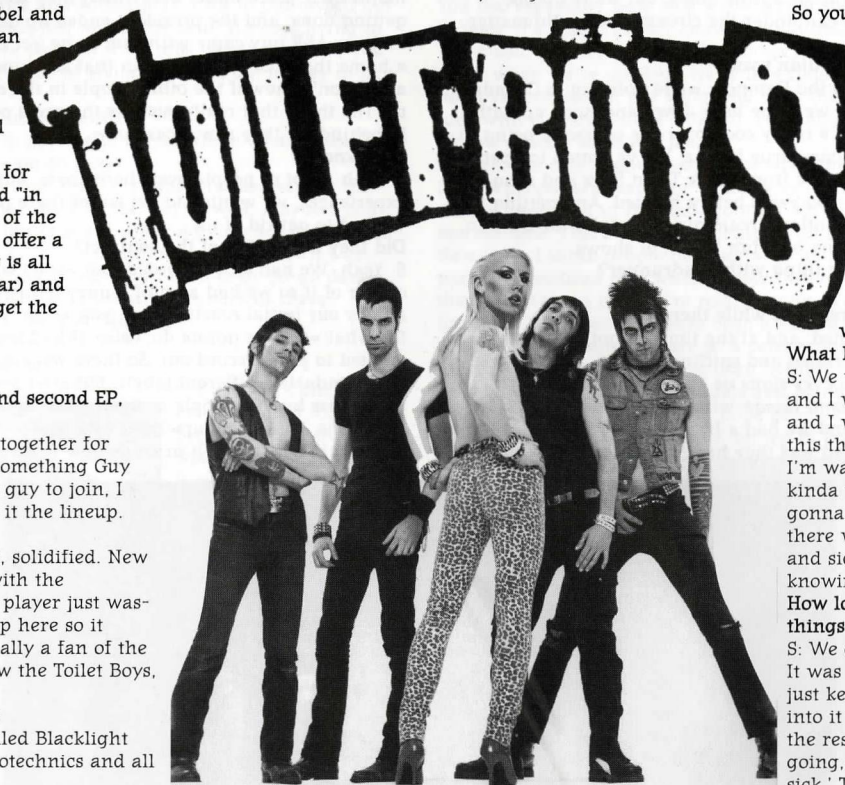
S: Yeah. Just recently Q magazine, in London, rated it as one of the Top 10 disasters of rock and roll, right up there with Altamont and Michael Jackson setting his hair on fire.

**And like the Who in Cincinnati and stuff like that?**

S: Yeah.

**Nobody got hurt at your show though.**

S: Thank god. That's one thing, even with that gig we walked in and showed the club everything beforehand so they knew exactly what we'd do. They were real uptight about it and said, 'We want you shoot these spark shooter things straight up.' So we told them, 'Look, we've been shooting them out over the audience, it'll be fine,' and they said, 'No, shoot them straight up.' So it was actually the club's fault. I mean, we know what we're doing with our stuff. They couldn't say shit because they approved it. They told us how they wanted us to do it—which we didn't take kindly to anyway. **Do you think you can bring**





pyrotechnics back into England anymore?

S: We're gonna try our hardest. Right now is a really weird time for us. Tomorrow we leave for Canada and obviously, getting through the border—it was already hard enough for us to do what we do and get away with it. I mean just getting out of New York City with our equipment, our pyro stuff, is gonna be nuts right now cause they've got the National Guard searching vans. So I'm sure they wouldn't be too happy if they found gunpowder or something. It's definitely made things a little crazy, but we're gonna always deliver the best show we can under the circumstances. No matter what, we deliver.

**You kinda revised this whole tour, didn't you?**

S: Yeah. We've got nine gigs with the Damned; we're goin' up to Canada tomorrow for a couple gigs, then we come back down and hook up with the Damned in North Carolina. It's really cool, over the course of being in this band it's been like a dream come true for me. We've gotten to open up for Motorhead, Blondie, Joey Ramone fronted the Toilet Boys and sang five Ramones songs on his birthday, two years before he died. And getting to open up for the Damned is just another dream gig. Hopefully the guys in the Damned are cool and it's gonna be a fun bunch of shows.

**Can we talk a bit about the whole thing with Roadrunner?**

S: Yeah.

**They kinda threw you into neutral for a while there.**

S: Yeah, totally. Well, we got signed, and at the time we got that deal there seemed to be a lot of people interested and sniffing around. It's weird because with a band like us, whoever signs us has to have balls, obviously, because we're not your typical band image-wise or sound-wise.

Roadrunner came to the table—and we had a friend who worked there, that was number one, and number two was they had just gotten a new presi-

dent. And at the time he really loved us. Like I went in there for a meeting and just sat down and played guitar with the guy for an hour, just me and him. I thought it was cool, this guy had a genuine interest, and sitting down with the president of the company seemed like the right thing to do. Plus, Roadrunner seemed to understand rock and roll. Hard rock and bands playin' live and selling records. So out of all the labels out there, we thought, 'OK, this label seems like the right home for us.' It was crazy, they were blowing so much smoke up our ass. They gave us a good deal as far as money goes, and we were hearing stuff like 'You guys are gonna be the next Slipknot. We think you're gonna be bigger than Slipknot.' They kept using the Slipknot comparison

because right then they were blowing up and going platinum, and I guess they were looking at us as the band that was either gonna displace them or be more for the chicks. Like 'Slipknot's for the aggro pissed off kids and you guys will be for the chicks.' Whatever. It seemed like it was gonna be great but once we realized how fucked up it was—the president and the A&R guy who signed us had just taken their positions at the company so they were still trying to get the hang of working at Roadrunner. Over the next year they kept trying to shape us into something we weren't. Like they kept having us work with songwriters and different producers, but every step of the way it took them two weeks to return a phone call. Like our A&R guy would leave and go on vacation every six months. The worst part about it was we had to turn down ten tours; we had to turn down Blondie in Europe, Nashville Pussy, Motorhead, the Supersuckers, L7 twice, the Lunachicks and Buzzcocks. The list of tours we got offered and had to turn down makes me sick because all my life, all I've ever wanted and dreamed about was playing rock and roll and going on tour, and finally we were in a position where we were getting offered these dream gigs and we kept having to turn them down because the label wouldn't let us go. They kept saying, 'You've gotta stay here and make the record.' To me, the making of a Toilet Boys record should be a three or four week process at the most.

**You ended up producing this new record, right?**

S: Yeah. A lot of that was the result of them bringing up a producer's name—like they said, 'All right, we want you to work with Steve Jones.' And two weeks later we had a meeting and they still hadn't contacted him. I went home from the meeting and it took me 15 minutes to get Steve Jones on the phone. The ineptness would drive me crazy. It takes them two weeks

to tell me they can't even get Steve Jones on the phone, and I got on the phone with him in 15 minutes—it was so frustrating. And on top of that turning down all these tours, time just kept going by. It was literally two years; we did everything they asked us to do, we were trying to do the right thing. We figured they were giving us a shitload of money so we were trying to give 'em what they were looking for. But the situation was, the president and the A&R guy had just started at Roadrunner, and they never found their place there. Everything they were trying to do I guess wasn't getting done, and the president ended up getting canned two years into it, and our A&R guy came with him so he got canned too. So it left us without a home there. Once we were in that situation we wanted to get the fuck out and I don't know if the other people in the company knew what to do with us. The thing that really sucks is the press people at Roadrunner were really behind us; they saw a cash cow.

**They knew.**

S: Yeah. A lot of people over there knew. But after two years of just horrible experiences, we wanted to get out of there probably moreso than they wanted to get rid of us.

**Did they let you out of the contract?**

S: Yeah. We had only recorded four songs with one producer during the course of it so we had a lot of money left in our budget. So once we got that money our initial reaction was, you know, we were kinda looking around for what we were gonna do, cause it had been two years and we really wanted to put a record out. So there were different people talking shit to us in the industry, different labels, but after two years of having smoke blown up our ass by the people in this fucked up industry, our first reaction was, 'Fuck this, let's do it ourselves.' And that's the way we went. We've all been doing this long enough to know how to do it and we also know the score

with the back end. If we sold 10,000 records on Roadrunner we wouldn't have seen a dime of it, if we sold 10,000 ourselves we make more than Roadrunner would have ever paid us. So it was a natural thing to do. We've always been about maintaining our freedom as a band, that was one thing with Roadrunner where we didn't want to compromise at all.

**Were they giving you complete creative control?**

S: They were when they signed us. It seemed they signed us for who we were and that's what they were backing. But during the course of the two years, we definitely heard some stuff that made us cringe. 'Listen to more Ratt,' or 'Work with this guy from Bon Jovi,' or 'Maybe Guy can tone his image down a little

bit.' Nobody ever came out and said we had to do this or that, but some of the advice we heard—none of us could really take it seriously. Basically what we would say is, 'how about you put our fucking record out and let us do what we do.' Let us be Toilet Boys and you guys be the record label and we'll all get along great. But that didn't happen. The cool thing about starting a label is that nobody can tell us what the fuck to do. So that's where we're at right now, and if this record's successful and we do have the opportunity to put out other bands we will obviously sign bands for what they do.

**Yeah, your press hinted that you might put out other stuff by other people.**

S: I'm hoping to. I mean obviously we have to first sell a lot.

**You've gotta concentrate on yourselves first.**

S: Yeah. We've gotta make enough money to make it happen. It's pretty exciting starting the whole record label thing. And every step of the way, every good thing that happens, is like a cherry on top. We just want the opportunity to go play gigs and get our music out there. Like the fact that we got a song in *American Pie 2*.

**In the movie or on the soundtrack CD?**

S: In the movie. And I think we just got on the *Bikini Bandits* movie, a bunch of songs in that movie and on the soundtrack album they're gonna do for that. I'm glad we made the choice we did, instead of being tied up with some label and still doing all the work but not reaping any of the benefits.

**Now you're reaping different and better benefits.**

S: Exactly. Like total control, and we're making a lot more money in the long run... the cool thing about the Toilet Boys, and the reason we did start





a label is because we all have our gigs; everybody's 100% born and raised a Toilet Boy. We all have our different gigs to play in the band, everybody's got just as much responsibility across the board. I guess I've always been out there putting myself in crazy, awkward situations that lend itself to hype, like the Howard Stern thing. A lot of it comes from living in New York and needing to scrape money together to pay the bills. I've put myself in a lot of situations in the public eye, like posing for naked pictures for Richard Kern or different modeling and acting gigs. I try to put myself out there, and a lot of reason for that is just to pay the rent. It's cool living in New York, you're in a place where you can score jobs like that, where you work one day, get some pictures taken of you and you've got money to pay rent.

**Does anyone still have a day job in the band?**

S: Everybody does what they do to pay the bills, you know what I mean?

**Yeah, but nobody works a steady job do they?**

S: No. I mean it's tough living in New York, it's expensive as hell but the other cool thing is there's no other place in the world—well, maybe a couple other places—where you can pretty much make a living artistically and creatively. It's been cool, and everybody's scraping by in their own way.

We've always been creative. Whether it was that I used to or go-go dance, there's always some way to get 75 or a hundred bucks here or there.

**What name did you use when you were on Howard?**

S: Johnny Rockandroll.

**I remember seeing it on the TV show.**



S: I had the Candy Ass chicks booked to go in because one of them was pregnant and Howard Stern was dying to get a pregnant chick in there naked. But the night before, because we had to get there at six in the morning, I dropped some acid to stay awake. And I was thinking, 'What's gonna get me on the air?' Cause I wanted to find a way to get the Toilet Boys played and on the air without him ripping us apart. So I thought, I should make myself detached from the band, and in the middle of this acid haze I came up with the Johnny Rockandroll thing. I'm thinking, 'Well, if I'm this crazy manager guy who keeps referring to himself in the third person they're gonna wanna put me on, and that allows me to give a lot more hype for the

Toilet Boys than I could if I was going on as a member of the band.' Candy Ass, those guys are old great friends of ours, and they wanted to go on to get some hype for their band. I kinda set it up because I wanted some hype for the Toilet Boys and it worked out great. It was fun, so many people got exposed to us from that, as crazy as it was. We were just on there free-wheelin', we didn't know what the fuck to do or think but it was fun.

**That's great. Have you guys done any full US tours?**

S: No. We've only done the West Coast; we've gone to LA and San Francisco five times each, and we've gone up to Portland and Seattle. We've done Toronto and Montreal in Canada, and a little bit on the East Coast like mainly New York and Philly. But those two years on Roadrunner, I feel like they've raped us of two years of our life to be able to get out there and play places like the Midwest and the whole country.

**I think you guys would do really well in Texas.**

S: I'm lookin' forward to it. One thing I'm always confident of with this band is that people are either gonna really love it or really hate it. That's something we've all strived for. We don't wanna be in a band where people show up and think, 'Oh yeah, that's OK.' It's either they 100% get it and they go on as a Toilet Boy, as a rock and roll whore, as a part of our fan club or that they fuckin' hate us. We don't want anybody in the middle of the road. No matter what, if they love it or hate it, people usually respect what we're doing. We're up there giving 350% all the time. So if they don't like something about Guy or about our music or about something we're

putting out there, when they see the fuckin' fire goin up they see we mean business and people don't fuck with it—and the people that do fuck with it usually get beat down. I mean, shit's happened; we don't ever ever look for it or strive for it to be happening but shit's gone down. It's been kinda creepy. One dude had to get 60 stitches cause he was fuckin' with Guy and I took the guitar to his head. That's the kinda thing that, to me, is instinct. If we're up there and we're all hopped up.

**You two especially have this whole kinda stage act you've developed.**

S: Yeah, it's kinda, I don't know—it's naturally come out of playing together. The music gets me going and it comes out on stage, the same with Guy. I think when we're up there we're in a zone that nobody can fuck with. I'm not a violent person but when you're in that zone and somebody tries to fuck with it, they should look out, you know what I mean?

**I know exactly what you mean.**

S: Yeah. It's cool. I can't wait to see what the rest of the country thinks of it. I think people are ready for what we're offering right now. Especially with what's happened in the past month. I felt that way before but I feel it even moreso now. There was a direct attack on New York; we're a band from New York. I think people need some escapism, they need to let loose and party. I've noticed that when people in New York go out and party now, they really mean it. They're really trying to grab a hold of life and celebrate it. I think we've always been about—when people ask me what we're about, the first thing I'll say is 'A celebration of freedom.' To me it's more than the rock and roll. We've been living this our whole lives, and it's just a celebration of being individuals and being what we are and getting up on stage and letting loose. We hope people can celebrate their own individuality and take that from show, on top of just having a good time and

rocking out and hopefully getting laid, and getting fucked up—they're all a given when you go to a rock show. What the Toilet Boys bring to the table is to just celebrate your individuality and take that home with you after the show. So right now, to have that kinda freedom in the country, I hope the time is right for the Toilet Boys to bring that home. It's pretty cool.

**Was it you and Rocket who started the band?**

Guy: Me and Eddie.

**That was in '96 or '97?**

G: Yeah, something like that. Really when Sean joined, he was the last one to join, that's when I feel like the band was really born. That was New Year's eve '96/'97.

When we started we were going by Miss Guy and the Toilet Boys. It was a totally different band, although the name was sort of...

**Have you dropped the Miss?**

G: I never wanted to go by Miss Guy, it was kind of a nickname/inside joke. People knew me as that before I started the band; it was my DJ name. I used it in the beginning so people would know it was my band, because I had a bit of notoriety on the club scene in New York and LA and I thought it would help. And it did. But I had never intended to use that name, so when I can help it I like to be called Guy. But I don't care if people call me Miss Guy or whatever; as long as they don't call me asshole.

**I was talking with Sean about how the look of the band kinda solidified on the second EP.**

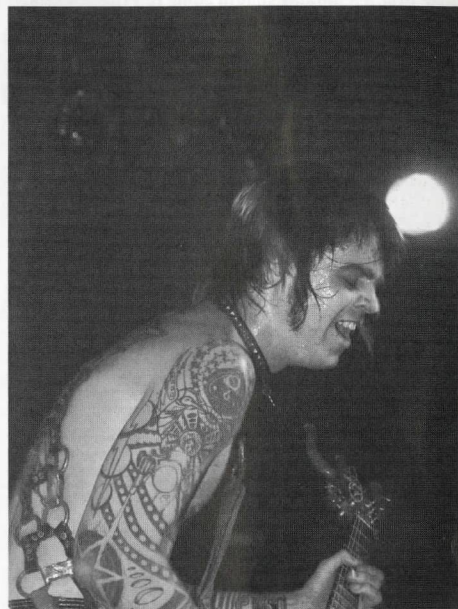
G: Well, on the first record we were brand new, and I kinda had—the gist of my look was there but I was still experimenting a lot. It was really kind of unspoken but I wanted the band to be uniform in some way. I used to tell them to wear all black for shoots and for shows so that whatever I would wear, it would tie in. But once Sean joined, we really started working on things. We were playing in LA and it was really hot at this show, and before we went on I was just like, 'Oh, play shirtless.' And then we thought, 'That's perfect,' cause now, no matter what, it's always uniform.

**Eddie still wears his shirt though.**

G: Yeah, it depends with him. If he's feelin' it, he takes his shirt off. That's when you know it's a good show for Eddie, if he takes his shirt off. He's a little shy.

**You and Sean have a great on-stage rapport.**

continued on page 101





# DEAD MOON

Dead Moon, more than almost any other band, lives, eats, sleeps and breathes the DIY ethic; they do what they want when they want, and offer no apologies for it. Their music is as uncompromising as their attitude, and their fans—worldwide—love them for it. Fred and Toody Cole have been making music together since they formed one of Portland, Oregon's first punk bands, The Rats, in 1979. (Fred's been making music since the '60s, most notably with The Lollipop Shoppe, whose classic "You Must Be A Witch" is recognized as a prime piece of proto-psychedelia to this day by way of its inclusion on the first Nuggets box.) Fred and Toody started their first label, Whizeagle (named after their music store, Captain Whizeagle's Guitars & Amps), in 1975 to release an album by Fred's band at the time, Zipper. The label went on to put out records by The Rats, and Fred's cowpunk band, The Western Front. In 1984 Fred and Toody moved their family (and store) to Clackamas, OR and renamed the store Tombstone Music. When they formed Dead Moon in 1987 (along with drummer Andrew Lomis), they rechristened the label Tombstone and began releasing Dead Moon 7"s and 12" albums. In one of the ultimate DIY moves, Fred has been cutting the lacquer masters for the vinyl for all their releases since 1991 on an old cutting machine—which is not just any old cutter, but the one used for the original release of the Kingsmen's "Louie Louie." Their latest (and 11th) disc, *Trash & Burn*, is filled with all the raw intensity anyone who's familiar with any of their first ten albums should come to expect. I talked with Toody one evening by phone while Fred bartended in the background.

—Larry

**When you started Dead Moon did you hook up with Empty right away?**

No, that happened way down the line. We basically started Dead Moon in '87, put out the first releases in '88, and we were totally into doing our own label. No idea that anything would happen above local stuff. We had the time and the inclination, so the first several projects we did completely by ourselves on Tombstone. Then, through Greg Sage touring in Europe, we got linked up with Music Maniac so that's how that happened. We worked that partnership for a really long time because we actually had more stuff going on overseas and we got a little bit lazy, just played the West Coast and did that kind of thing. It took a long time to actually go out and start touring the States but once we'd done that a time or two it just kind of snowballed to where, with as many other projects as Fred and I had on the backburner, it was just redundant anymore to do the follow up; the promotional stuff, all of it. So we came back from one of the European tours and thought, 'we need some help here.' There's only so much you can do, and at that point we really hated having to be self-promoting—which is always degrading as hell anyway. We had done the one-off on Sub Pop for their single of the month club shortly before that ["Dirty Noise"/"Dark Deception"; March, 1993] so we got a hold of those guys and left messages and stuff, thinking it would be great to work with Sub Pop, but they never got back to us. Fred got a hold of Conrad from Pop Llama, and he was just too busy at the time and was kind of in the same position we were—he's even a little bit older, too—where you just hit mass overload and you can't take on anymore. He was still interested in doing it but he was like, 'Man, at this time I don't feel I could do a good job for you.' So we happened to get a hold of Empty, they were our next choice, and they just blew it. They go, 'Oh, my god, is this really you?' [laughs] Then they came to town, stayed at our house for a day, this and that, and it's worked out to be really great because they totally love the whole indie thing. We do the whole project—the artwork, everything, just like we used to on



Tombstone—and we turn it over to them and let them deal with the day-to-day stuff. It's worked out great because like I said, we just do not have the time for it anymore.

**Does Fred still cut the masters?**

Oh yeah.

**Are you still doing 12" vinyl of every CD release?**

Of course. He's still cutting the masters. It's basically the same thing, except now we've got somebody else who's taking care of the part we don't want to deal with.

**And you still have the old "Louie Louie" cutting machine?**

Yeah, the old '54 Presto.

**Wow. How did you come to acquire it in the first place?**

Fred had been talking about getting a disc cutter for years; it's been another passion that Greg Sage had too. Somewhere along the line Fred picked up an old disc cutter from World War II, that they used to make messages the GIs would send here and there, he fucked around with that and thought that was totally cool. Then he heard through the grapevine that Rex Recording had an old disc cutter in their basement. So he hassled them off and on for about a year and a half and had finally given up on it; they were saying, 'Oh it's such a hassle. We don't know where it is, we don't know if it works, blah, blah, blah.' So one year, before his birthday, I thought 'I'll get a hold of them and see what happens.' And they actually dug it up. We made a deal, I bought the damn thing, and we hauled it home. Luckily they had the original books for it, schematics and all that, so it took him a couple months before he even got noise out of it; it was awful but it was noise. Then he finally got it back to where it actually was working again. It took a long time to get used to how the machine works, and slowly he's gotten better and better with it. It was meant to be. [laughs]

**So that's for cutting the metal stamper or the vinyl?**

It's for cutting the lacquer master itself.

**And from that they make the stamper, right?**

Exactly.

**Wow. It's such a different thing, I mean anybody can have a home studio these days but nobody's got a disc cutter at home.**

It was always a dream of his and it was cool that it happened to work out. Like in The Rats, for instance, we'd send out our masters—and naturally your recording's pretty shitty; you're lo-fi and you've got distortion on everything and push everything to the limit—and then they'd use a compressor and completely lose the feeling we were lookin' for to begin with. And then they'd say, 'Well, sorry, that's as good as our machines can do. You have peaks here and this and that, we can't have that going out.' So we'd always get the product back and think, 'That's not what I wanted.' [laughs] So this way you get what you want, or at least you have nobody else to blame it on.

**Right. Are you going to tour again in the Spring or do a new record?**

It'll probably be a while before we have a new record out. Fred's got about four or five songs written that we're gonna get together next week and start messing with. But this is notoriously our time of year to take a break because we've usually just come off months of touring, like this year. So we're not playing until New Year's Eve. Then in the Spring we're going over to do this festival thing, and we're going to try and link up some dates in the UK. I'm not even sure what the name of this damn festival is. They pick a different person from the business every year, to choose the bands—it's a two-week festival—this year it's Steve Albini, and he asked us to be on months ago. So that's the last two weeks of April, and hopefully we're gonna play Scotland and some other places in England besides London. It's been probably five or six years since we've been there.

**Europe sort of "got" you guys first, in terms of understanding what you were doing...**

Right. That was around '90.

**Have the audiences there always been more receptive than US audiences? Or have the US audiences caught up at this point and now they get it too?**

It's catching up. But Europeans are a little bit different, they're way more into the history of an artist. It amazes me, they seem to know more about our rock and roll culture and history than anybody in the States ever does or ever seems to care about. It just worked out that way, and they were so good to us right off the bat that you get spoiled. [laughs] In the States it's like, welcome to the real world. 'Yeah. Big deal, another band.'

**I'm kind of assuming you play slightly larger venues over there too at this point?**

Sometimes. It really depends. There's a lot of them that are in real dinky little places, smaller towns. It's a real mixed bag when you get over there.

**I noticed that you guys seem to be more psychedelic almost on record and live it's much more raw and bluesy.**

Recording's always been weird for all of us, cause we're all of the same mindset that you need to feed off the crowd. Recording is kind of a necessary evil for us. None of us really enjoy it; it's too dry, it's too this, it's too that. So consequently we've been trying to play stuff live off and on for four to six months before we record it knowing



# MOON DEAD

that it's going to change, and so that it's changed at least a little bit by the time we get it on tape. But then you know it's going to change even more after that.

**Do you go live in the studio pretty much?**

Yeah, We've only got two mics on the drums at this point. We always do vocals live off the floor, too; part of 'em we keep, most of them we do over. So it's basically like recording a live practice session. Fred likes to keep it first, second, maybe third take, tops. To where there's still some spontaneity left there. Not worried so much about mistakes as the feel of the thing.

**Do you guys keep an archive...**

We save everything.

**I was wondering about going all the way back to the Weeds.**

We've got some of that stuff. A lot of it's lost. We were poor enough then to where we didn't have the wherewithal—I think I've got a few pictures, most of them other people took and gave to me—we've got the one copy of the album UNI gave Fred when it came out [The Lollipop Shoppe - *Just Colour*]; he doesn't have the 45 anymore ["You Must Be a Witch"], he gave that to one of his sisters years ago. He doesn't have any of the original tapes, that was all owned by the company or the studio or whatever; you didn't get that stuff back then.

**Have you ever considered putting a compilation of that stuff together?**

Yeah, there's a bunch of stuff like that in the background. Hans from Music Maniac over in Europe has been hounding Fred forever to release a bunch of different stuff he's got on tape—with The Lollipop Shoppe, naturally. And then we're still trying to eventually get a project together where we put a bunch of the early Dead Moon stuff that was available on vinyl only on a set of probably two CDs. Which, once he gets around to doing it, it's just a matter of taking the time, dragging out the old tapes and going through and doing a little bit of remixing.

**When The Rats started playing in Portland in 1979 were people into it then or did it take until you started Dead Moon for people to catch on?**

The Rats were a weird band. It was basically, I had just started to play—we had our fans, but now that I look back at it I was very insecure onstage and Fred was very [pause] desperate on stage; there were a million reasons why that didn't work, or it only worked to a certain point. But we did a lot of good stuff and there's a lot of people, Andrew included, who still rave that that was their favorite band form that era, and that's why they decided to try to play and all the rest of it. For a lot of kids, and this goes in with the scene that was happening at Whizeagle's at the time, it was like, 'Oh my god, here's these guys in their 30s'—Fred had never played electric guitar before that, he'd always been just a lead singer, and our first drummer had never played before. The cool thing about the whole punk scene was that everybody who came and dug the music and wanted to learn how to play; or they attempted to get in a band and get up on stage. So it was a free, open market at the time. There were no two bands that I can remember from back then that sounded alike, and some of them were more enjoyable than not. My favorite comment was from Dave from Sado Nation, who used to say, 'I love watching you guys. You always looked and sounded like you were riding that fence between totally doing it right and total destruction.' [cracks up laughing]

**That's great.**

It was something looking to fall apart all the time. [laughs]

**Well the best performances are ones that are always on the edge of chaos.**

Exactly. So everybody had their own unique charm back then. Half the time the bands who weren't accomplished musically were the most fun to watch.

**Were people scratching their heads even further when Fred decided to do The Western Front?**

Oh yeah. But there were other people that were into it at the same time. Whether they were jumping on the bandwagon or, I don't know, we all just got kinda bored with it; it was like, 'Well, what next?' But there were several other bands that were playing cowpunk at the time, and it was cool; it kind of created its own little scene. It didn't last that long, I don't know, maybe about a year, but it was a total kick in the ass.

**So did you guys know Andrew back when you were doing The Rats or was he just a fan?**

He was like 16, 17 years old. I honestly don't remember Andrew until he was about 21 and he was bartending at Satyricon. We used to see him all the time then, and that's when he was still in The Boy Wonders. We saw that band a couple times and he was just a character who we had to meet. I'm glad it worked out. Now the poor baby just turned 40!

**I saw the photos of Tombstone Music on the web, and it looked like you guys are putting up a building next to it, what's that going to be?**

Fred's been working on it, we've actually been working on it for four long years. We're building another big building that didn't look that big on paper; if we'd known how extensive it was going to be, we probably wouldn't have gone there. But it's six units, three on the bottom, three on the top, and it looks like this big old Western saloon/bordello thing with a big walk around porch and all this crap. We're getting down near the end, he's almost got all the sheetrock done. We've got one unit that's

been open almost a year now, down on the bottom, Tombstone General Store, where we sell cigarettes, beer, pop, and junk food; it's like a little 7-11 kind of thing. The rest of them are still all vacant, we've got a lot of work to do.

**Is some of that going to be recording and/or rehearsal space?**

I don't know, we'll see what we end up doing with it. For our own use we've got a rehearsal/recording space that's upstairs from Tombstone Music, that's working out great. At this point Fred's had a lot of bands come to him that want to find out about producing or recording or this or that; it's something he may do down the line but at this point he doesn't really want to get into it. His latest brainstorm is to get into CD duplication and figure out a way that's affordable, kind of like how he started Tombstone Records. Helping bands do short runs for their first project—for demos or whatever—to do a run that's like 100, 200, 500, whatever, and get their product out there. God knows how long it'll take him to get around to that. Definitely do it yourself projects.

**Are any of your other projects musical?**

With us? Nah. Andrew's dabbled here and there with different side projects but none of it's ever worked out, and it's only because he gets so bored. Being in Dead Moon is the only thing he does and we'll be talkin' off three or four months from playing—which Fred and I can stand to do, Andrew can't [laughs].

**So he needs to find something to fill his time.**

Right.

**Is there any one record that, for you, captures the definitive Dead Moon sound?**

We've all got our favorites. I tend to go back to *Unknown Passion* and *Defiance*; *Destination X* Fred and I fell in love with, and the new one I'm really thrilled with too. But it's weird, with any of them, if you haven't heard them in a long time and you go back and listen to them—especially certain albums like *Strange Pray Tell*, where there's not many songs we do off them live—you go back and listen to it again after a year or something and you go, 'Man, that's a great song! I didn't remember that one.' So it's kind of hard to choose. That's why when we play live, we tend to pick one or two off of everything. There's been a lot of songs we've played for years and they're still totally viable; if we didn't play 'em, people would bitch and it wouldn't feel the same. But there's always new stuff you want to dump in there. At this point it gets really tough because we play 19 or 20 songs in a long set. It's just about impossible to pick and choose anymore, and I think we get bored before the audience does. We've probably got at least 150, probably closer to 200 songs on record at this point, and then you're still writing new ones.

**You guys are also in a position a lot of other bands are not lucky enough to be in, you can play an entire new album live and the audience will eat it up and love it just as much as if you only played songs that were at least three or five years old.** Yup. It's amazing. To me, that's to Fred's credit. He's a prolific and great songwriter. It's always his style, it's always in our vein but it's always a little bit different.

**Is the poetry that's on each record something Fred started with Dead Moon or does it go back to The Rats or earlier?**

No, that was something he started—you're talking about the poem itself?

**Yeah, there's one on each record, right?**

That was something Hans requested years ago, I can't even remember which release it was for. With Fred, if you do something one time it becomes tradition. So he only does that for Hans and it's usually only on the Music Maniac releases. That's just kind of a thing he started. Most of them have come after hassling for three or four months with recording and mixing it down, trying to get as happy as you can with what you've got and what songs are on there. Then it's just

off the top of his head and it's kind of a culmination of the whole theme of everything; there's always a few references to different songs, different lines, different this and that. There were a couple he re-wrote several times and there have also been several times I remember too, where he whipped it off in 15 minutes and that was as good as it was ever gonna get.

**Dead Moon, and Fred in particular, has a reputation for being a bit superstitious-**

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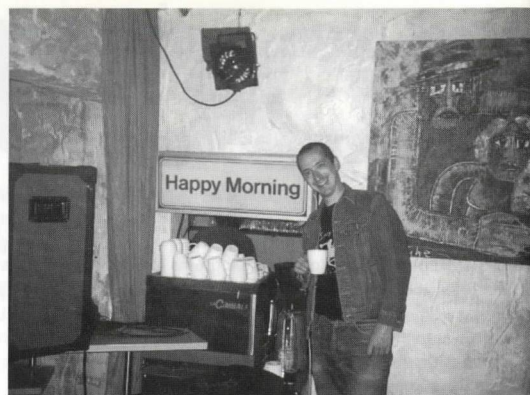


# ADAM WEST

## starring in: **EUROTRASH** A Travelogue (not a tour diary) by Ben Brower

I'd like to start out with an admission. I personally hate when a rock band tour diary clogs up an issue of one of my favorite magazines. Without fail, I skip over these excruciatingly self-referential cesspools of unfunny in-jokes, exaggerated debauchery, and meticulous attention to the completely unimportant. How many more drunken one nighters, redneck cop hassles, engine troubles, nightclub screw overs, skinhead brawls, and truckstop dirty looks have to be documented before you start to realize that its all been covered before and probably better? And unless you've got Norman Mailer on second guitar and Gore Vidal working the merch table, its all gonna come out a bit...well, same-y. And how still, to answer the Carbon 14 call for some kind of account of the Adam West September 2001 European tour? I jettisoned the running commentary notion the first time I actually tried to compose some thoughts to paper. Sitting on a cramped rigid, bench seat of the speeding minivan that was our transport for four vertebrae crunching weeks, I knew there would be no diary before we even went a mile (sorry, kilometer). Instead, I decided on taking as many pictures as my desperate phobia of looking too touristy would allow. (As if the whole "speaking English and pointing at stuff" thing wasn't a dead giveaway.)

So snap away I did, making sure to photograph some truly great people who helped us out, put us up, or flipped us off. I'll try to put the names to the faces and dates to the places. It was a hell of a month. But first, a little backstory. Washington DC's Adam West had been slogging it out for the better half of a decade before I was enlisted to temporarily fill a vacant drum throne. They've gone through the requisite line-up shuffle many times. The lone constant being one Jake Starr. I'd seen a couple of versions of the group over the years. Every Philadelphia visit by the band



The author having a happy morning at Salon Hansen in the Dogs of Lust's hometown of Ulm, Germany.

brought better songs and a bigger buzz from impressed clubgoers. My band shared a few bills with them. Philly for DC gigs were exchanged. And we got to talking. Turned out their regular drummer was a no-go for Europe and the tour was already booked. Hastily arranged replacement drummer auditions were yielding nothing but weak wristed jazzbos and tempo impaired rookies. I threw my sticks into the ring hoping I might make the cut. And lo and behold, a couple of warm up gigs stateside and I'm eating airline peanuts with the band!

This was my first real trip to Europe. Yeah, okay, Amsterdam a few years back. But who counts that, or even remembers how they got home afterwards? So even the most mundane pieces of daily life held some bit of wonder for this little American doofus abroad. ("Look! porn on regular television!", "HA-HA, that street sign said Ausfahrt!") Manny, our booking agent/driver for the first half of the tour got us to and fro with relative ease. Navigating those tiny streets, deciphering an intimidating road atlas, and getting us to each club on the right day and time. Making us all look like the seasoned road vets we weren't.

And the clubs themselves? I had often heard unbelievable tales of good money, working monitors, free meals, furnished apartments and hot and cold running hospitality for every touring band regardless of notoriety. It all sounded as if someone had actually come up with a working model of communism or something. The reality? Its all true. Depending of course on whether your definition of lodging could be stretched to include the occasional blanket on a hardwood floor and free meals sometimes consisting of a microwave bowl of ziti with a side of concrete baguettes. The venues them-



Adam West and Nicke Hellacopter demonstrate "Rock Face 101"

live photos by Stefan Petersen  
all other photos courtesy Ben Brower





Having fun and playing music really felt frivolous and inconsequential at that point when so many lives had been lost. So for the next few days we made like the band onboard the Titanic and gave the best, if not that heartfelt, shows we could muster.

A welcome gloom lifter came in Stockholm. Members of many of

clockwise from top left: the Dogs Of Lust; "I'm king of the..." Oh, the hell with it. The band gets their sea legs - then quickly give them back when the ferry reaches Denmark; the great punk promo grab of 2001, a visit to Burning Heart records HQ yeilds Puffball CDs and Hives baby-Ts aplenty!

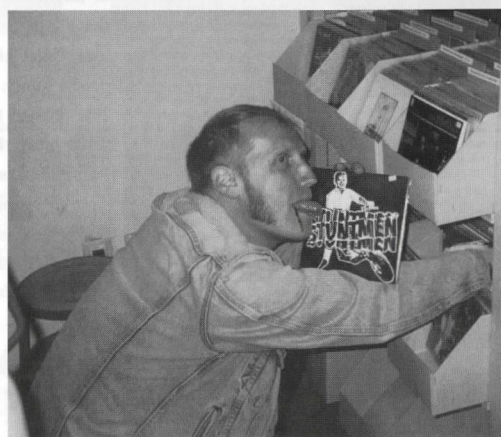


selves varied wildly in size and quality. From the cavernous, fully appointed rock palace that was Club Vera in Holland, to the dirt floor basement of an anarcho-hippy run party house in Slovenia. As well as every conceivable combination in between. The lone constant was the warm response of whoever was on hand. We would play to a festival crowd of 500-plus one night. And a half-dozen kids on a ratty rehearsal room couch the next. You often hear about chilly European audiences, but everywhere we played, the response was as warm as the beer. Actually, that's another Euro myth. frosty suds from unpronounceable breweries abound all over the continent, but you get the idea. I chalk up a lot of the good vibes to a genuine love and appreciation of American rock n' roll. But perhaps we were being treated a little better because of what had happened back home the month we were away.

When truly tragic world altering heavy shit like Sept. 11th goes down in the midst of what's supposed to be a carefree good time, it knocks all of the motivation to get on a stage right out of you, or at least it did for us. The inevitable "Where were you when..." question is bound to pop up. Unpleasant as it is, I can't NOT bring it up.

We were on the road from Germany to catch the ferry to take us over to Denmark when the cell phone started going crazy with frantic calls. It honestly sounded like a really bad joke based on some rejected *Die Hard* sequel. We had no TV and the van's radio only gave us tiny snippets in English. By the time we all caught our first glimpse of CNN. We were talking about bagging the remainder of the tour and trying to get back to the states as soon as we could. But closed US airports and borders removed that option for us.

clockwise from top left: this bird's for you, Kike (of Safety Pin Records pictured with his wife) said our Stockholm show was "number one"; the changing of the guard, Manny says farewell and Ursula says "Get your smelly asses in the van, mach shell!"; chow time at Club Vera; look what Jake found, my "other band's" EP - ah, international obscurity at last!



Sweden's heaviest hitters, The Hellacopters, The Peepshows, The Hives, and The Nomads had turned out to catch our show that night. "Down to earth" and "just a regular guy" get used so many times in the entertainment press to describe brushes with notable people, you've just got to suspect that nine out of ten times, its just a publicist generated handjob concocted to make some ego maniacal asswipe seem warm and fuzzy in print. But, my hand to God here folks, that night there was no fucking "A-list" airs or VIP room separatism. These guys, from some of the biggest rock n' roll bands in the country, were right there with us and the crowd, drinking, cheering, and carrying on like real live music fans would. Please, nobody tell them that their coolness was the exception to the rule. Adam West blasted through a spirited set with Nick Royale, from the Hellacopters joining the band for a set closing rendition of "Deuce." (I'm in full Mike Lavella/Gearhead, name dropper mode now, gang. But its all in the interest of moving the story along, honest.) Judging from the Beatlemania-esque squeals of delight from the ladies in the crowd when Mr. 'Copter and his guitar mounted the stage, it's a safe bet to assume he's some kind of scruffy Shawn Cassidy for the Swedish action rock set. But beyond that, the man can fucking PLAY!

Not that I've forgotten my opening scree against the predictable tour diary format, but I'd probably be remiss if I didn't include at least ONE tale of (sort of) debauchery. For a good portion of our shows in Germany we were joined by a band called the Dogs Of Lust. A young band eager to split their hometown and rock some new

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# THE CONFEDERATE MACK

## ASKS: WHAT WOULD TOMMY RICH DO?

I'm 28 years old, and work a regular job for a shitty soulless man with a big house; mostly so that my ol' lady don't have to work and can stay home and raise our kid without some crazy daycare center accidentally beating her to

death with a wooden spatula or teaching her crap like sharing with everyone—even the assholes. Before my wife got pregnant and became my wife, I pretty much went to work when I felt like it. I'd blow a job off because the boss pissed me off, or because I wanted to go to Nags Head, or sometimes just because I stayed up too late watching something stupid on TV—like those weird variety shows on Univision where it's sort of like a game show, then some midget in a tuxedo comes out of a crate and starts doing sexually suggestive dances. You watch oddball nonsense like that all night, and work just won't make sense in the morning.

Anyway, I'm in the work-a-day world now, and surrounded by other people who work a regular job too. The hardest thing about having a regular job is all the other people who have regular jobs with you. They don't mind having a regular job; hell, some of them are even into it like it's a great thing to be doing. I just can't understand this at all, not at all. Why do people like going to a regular job? Why do they want to save up and put down money on a house, or shell out a car bill each month? Why are they so fuckin' square?

And that's the problem right there—Squares. They do what they're supposed to. I'm much more comfortable sharing a pint of vodka outside the bus station than I am "interfacing with the client." That's an actual robotic statement I heard my boss say one time. I'd rather talk about getting girls to have anal sex, or mixing painkillers with wine, than even think about how a stock market is supposed to work or whether or not I'm going to the big white people festival over the weekend. (You know the deal, every mid- to major-sized city has them; events where white people congregate and eat Greek food or look at steam engines or whatever. The worst is the once-a-year horse races they put in some fancy suburban area where white people come and get drunk all afternoon long and the cops let it happen because it's people with money and clean cars and faces without scars and whatever.)

But I have to be quiet at the regular job. The Squares rule the roost there, and one slip-up devil's horn greeting could get me fired for "lacking initiative" (another genuine quote from the Bossman). I try to camouflage myself. I wear a clean shirt for the most part. Try to keep the trash from piling up too much on the floorboard of the car so the guy next to me in the parking lot doesn't report me as being a flake to someone further up the authority scale at work so as to cover for his own incompetence.

And I try to stay out of trouble. I got a DUI last year, so my license is restricted to and from work. I get to drive by the mountain that Thomas Jefferson's big ass house is on everyday on my restricted license. And I'll stop off at the convenience store where the Indian guy sells porn tapes under the counter and grab a 12-pack, which I tuck away behind the passenger seat, and cruise it home.

But a few months ago I was taking those back roads, a fresh 12-pack of Old Milwaukee behind the pas-

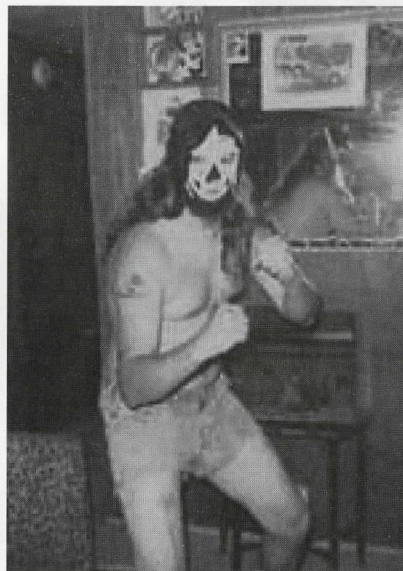
senger seat, The Dwarves blaring out of my half-blown speakers that make it sound like every song has somebody playing tambourine in it, and just dwelling on my life, and the fuckin' hell I work myself into because of all the Squares when I'm in their Square Regular Job World. I've watched way too much wrestling in my life (if there is such a thing), and it all falls back to wrestling. And I thought about how the Squares were like the snooty manager-type, like "#1" Paul Jones, in his frilly tuxedo. They weren't cool, not even heel-cool. They were boring, monotonous assholes who deserved contempt and legitimate heat and should get Dr. Peppers thrown on them by old people in the front row. Thinking about Paul Jones led to thinking about Jimmy Valiant, which led to thinking about which was better before Jim Crockett owned them both—the Mid-Atlantic or Georgia region, which of course led to thinking about how freakin' boss The Masked Superstar was, and my trickling stream of consciousness got to "Wildfire" Tommy Rich.

The fans loved "Wildfire" Tommy Rich. He was one of them, a good ole boy albino with a terrible drawl and a heart that wouldn't ever give up, even if he was going up against both Buzz Sawyer and Ted DiBiase. Tommy Rich was a young superstar, ready to take the world by storm. He became the youngest man to hold the NWA World Title (which actually meant something back then) by beating Harley Race, only to drop the belt back five days later. Years later, the story would unfold as to Rich being involved in some kinky sexual shenanigans with your average perverted fat wrestling promoter who had a thing for the young cocksure blonde Southern boy babyface with the, well, babyface.

Tommy Rich was wide open. Now that he's old and bloated and still drunk, the Squares look at that and think of wasted potential. He was young and on top of things, and he ruined it. I can't think that way. I've seen the promos from Memphis where Rich is obviously blitzed and slurring his way through a few lines to show his solidarity with Killer Karl Krupp. I've watched Rich screw Jerry "The King" Lawler out of his hair and almost cause a riot in the Mid-South Coliseum, back when fans outside of Tijuana and Puerto Rico would actually riot over the wrestling matches. Hell, I saw Rich, aged rough and overweight, stagger through a run as a fake Italian in ECW before they finally went under. The first ECW show I saw live, in Richmond, Virginia, where I lived at the time (after ECW was on TNN and all) Tommy Rich came out with one of those little foreign guys that geeky wrestling fans rave about. Of course the local ECW crowd was well-trained in the Art of the Chant, and a "YOU SUCKED DICK!" broke out. I was right by the railing where the wrestlers came out, and I was drunk and all over the rail, being a dumbass, and yelling that chant right in Rich's face. He stopped,

and turned at me. He had that look in his eyes that only a reckless Southerner can get, and only a reckless Southerner can know. I've seen the worry in people's eyes when I've had that look after a few too many shots of Beam in some pool hall with not enough Little Feat on the jukebox. The first thing that went through my head was, "Well shit, Tommy Rich is gonna punch me. And I'm gonna punch him. Which means I'll be getting arrested." This flashed through my head while he gave me that look and I stood there squaring up to punch "Wildfire" Tommy Rich because it was about to get out of control.

Then Rich, ever the heel, blew me a kiss and busted out laughing and quieted down the chants all at once. I could smell cheap beer on his breath, and all I could do is laugh with him. He was one of my kind, and





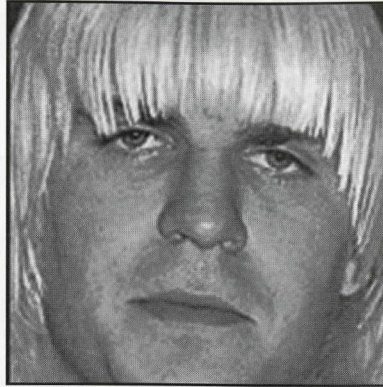


we could've just as easily been riding in a truck together to the job site where we would knock off at lunch to go score some reefer and a bottle of liquor. The cards didn't play out that way, instead he was a wrasslin' personality and I was a drunk in the third row.

And I was driving my car home from work with my restricted license, not too far from where Thomas Jefferson lived, and The Dwarves were blasting, and I hated the Squares, and I thought to myself, "What would Tommy Rich do?"

Needless to say, I lubed up the dullness of that half-hour ride home that evening with Old Milwaukee. And I pretty much started doing that every night. Cops don't really ride back roads anyways. It felt good, sucking down a can of watery beer like a delinquent 16 year-old with no realization of The Regular Job hanging like a noose in his future.

The next day, when the Squares came around with their Square situations, I kept that same refrain from the night before in mind. "What would Tommy Rich do?" And I blended in well. In front of the Squares, I could cut a convincing promo that had them loving me and doing what they could to make my job easier. Behind the scenes, I was wide open, filling my lunch cooler with a 6-pack everyday instead of tuna fish sandwiches. I'd come in a few minutes late every morning and after every lunch break, always working the boss with some repackaged angle. And I would sell the angle, which made him accept it. He wanted to believe it. If I decided to sit around the backyard and gobble down darvocets and watch the stars move across the sky at night for a few days and I called in saying I had the flu, I'd sell the angle, hobbling around, feigning cold chills for a day or two. Sell the angle. Tommy Rich would.



Hmmm, what would I do?

There's even this weird guy who always wears Hawaiian print shirts and talks about drinking Banana Schnapps who's in charge of the digital department at work. He caught me sleeping in the warehouse one day, and made a sort-of weird proposition for me. Now, a few months back, I would've beat the guy down and lost my good regular job and made the ol' lady mad at me. But I asked myself, "What would Tommy Rich do?" And I figured, it's not really gay as long as I don't touch another guy's jimmy, and if I closed my eyes it was just a mouth on mine, so if I stood there for a few minutes and could think about those hot Latina teenage chicks on that weird game show on Univision, it wouldn't hurt nothing.

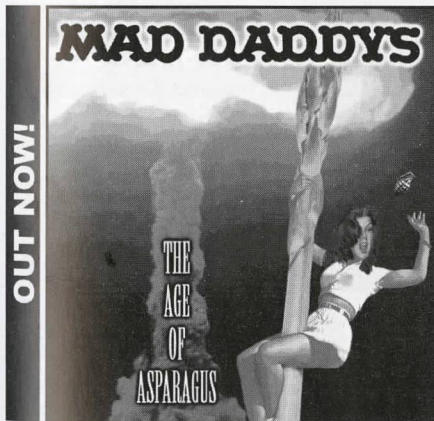
And here I am, sitting in an office, with my beer cooler discreetly tucked away into the bottom drawer of my file cabinet, playing around on the internet drunk. And the Hawaiian print shirt guy doesn't even bother me, because I gave him that same look Tommy Rich gave me when he propositioned me a second time. Hawaiian print guy dropped his head and left me to my office. I answer to him on the authority scale, but he's

too worried I'm gonna punch him for no reason at any point to ever snitch me out to the Bossman. I sold the angle. So I sit here like a World Champ five days a week, taking it light and getting paid.

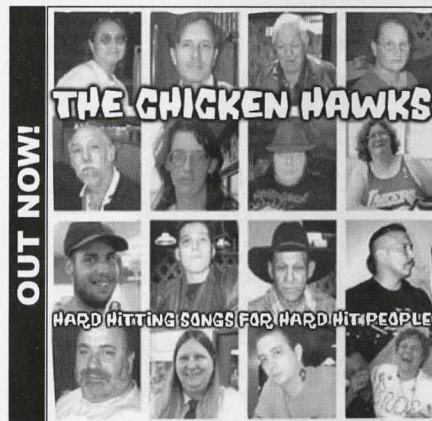
Thank you, Tommy Rich, for everything.

Contact the Confederate Mack c/o ravenI@confederatemack.com and visit [www.confederatemack.com](http://www.confederatemack.com) for further literary smackdowns.

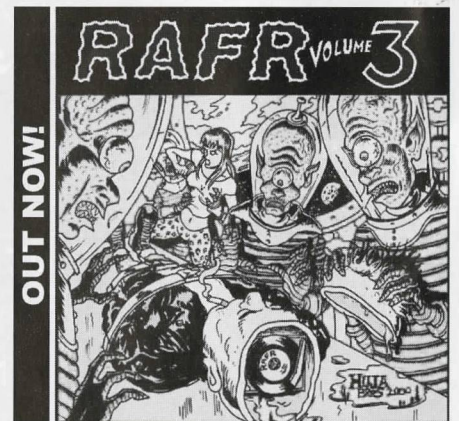
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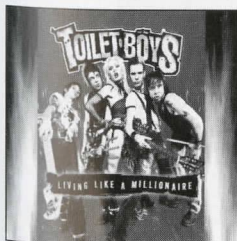
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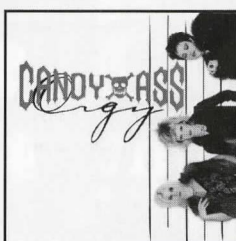
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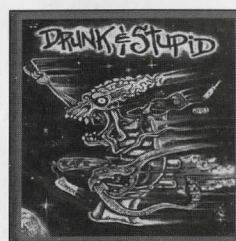
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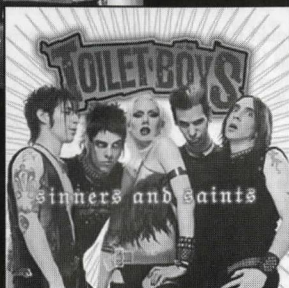
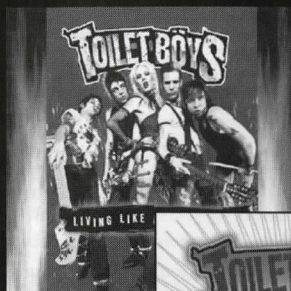


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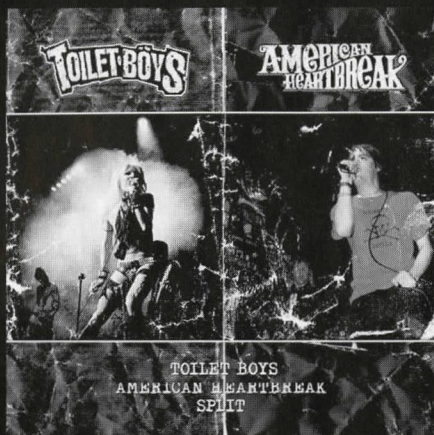


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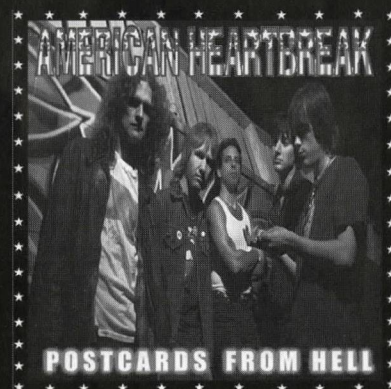


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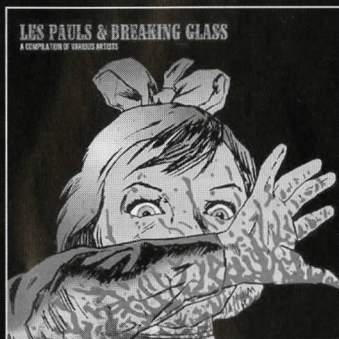
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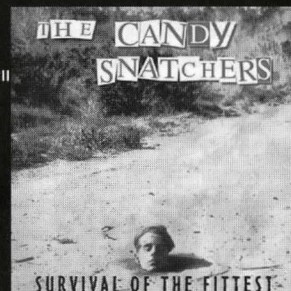
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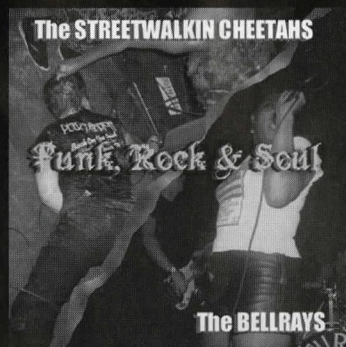
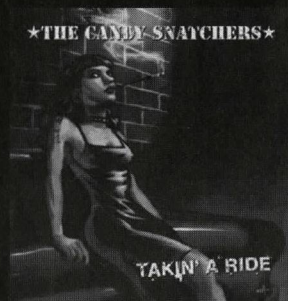
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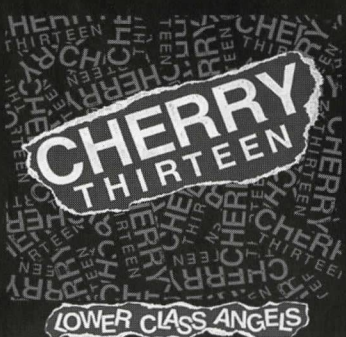
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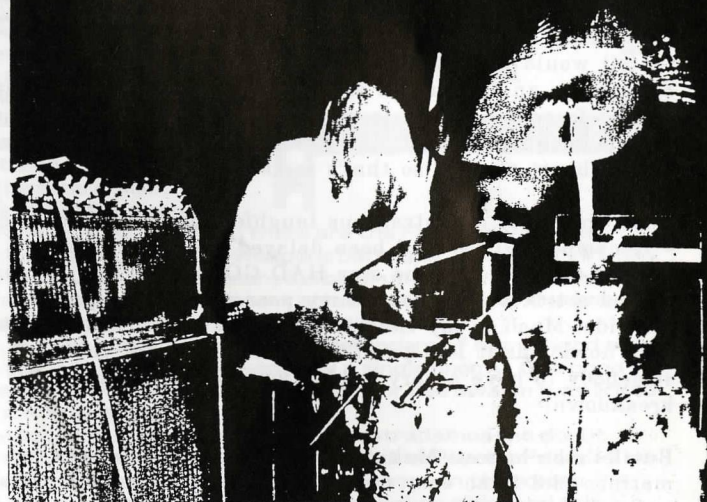
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Singers who act. Actors who sing. Which is more horrifying? Would you rather watch a movie starring Mac Davis or listen to a Jack Palance album? The debate rages on and on and on. At least if you're hanging out at my pad. Hell, I'm so committed to my research that I even ventured into a theatre to see the Mariah Carey atrocity *Glitter*. Talk about commitment!

Unfortunately, I'd been mistakenly led to believe that it would be a comic masterpiece on the level of say, *Showgirls*—an epic in the so-bad-it's-good genre, though it doesn't feature a singer in any of the starring roles. Too bad. It does have Robert Davi as a sleazy strip club owner with a heart of gold, so that's something.

With visions of an outrageous laughfest dancing in my head – remember, *Glitter* had been delayed from its initial release date because the star HAD GONE CRAZY! – I purchased a ticket and dragged my poor girlfriend along for the ride. Much to my chagrin, it's not so much a laugh out loud howler as it is a painful depiction of what causes somebody to have a very public, very publicized nervous breakdown!

But let's be honest. Making the leap from music star to matinee idol is no easy task. And even if you're successful once, there's no guarantee you can recapture that magic at will. The King's promising movie career was derailed by the Vietnam War, which resulted in him falling from the heights of *King Creole* and *Jailhouse Rock* to the depths of *Clambake* and *Change Of Habit*.

Madonna might be the world's most successful female entertainer, but after a much ballyhooed turn in *Desperately Seeking Susan* she's unleashed such turkeys as *Who's That Girl*, *Body Of Evidence*, and *Dick Tracy*. Even Prince – we can call him that again, right? – has yet to show any of the flashes that made *Purple Rain* so brilliant over the course of abominations like *Under A Cherry Moon* and *Graffiti Bridge*.

But watch out Tinseltown, there's a new gun in town. And his name's Dani Filth.

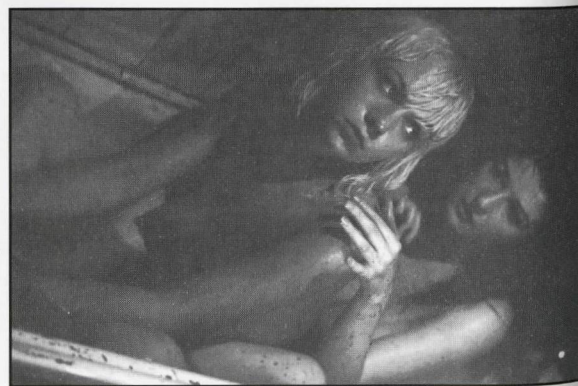
Dani Filth, for those of you not in the know, is the lead



Dani Filth; keepin it real.

singer for the metal band Cradle of Filth. Now, I've never heard COF, but a metal-loving pal assures me that they're

When a slutty Betty Page wanna-be named Sophie (Rebecca Eden, who puts the "ass" back in sassy



Nothing says Grade-A cinema like two naked chicks in a blood filled bathtub.



one of the finest out there. Who knows? And who really cares, 'cause I'm more interested in the Dani Filth that plays 'The Man' in Alex Chandon's new balls-to-the-walls, ultra-depraved horror extravaganza *Cradle Of Fear*.

In the tradition of anthologies like *Dr. Terror's House Of Horrors*, and *Creepshow*, *Cradle...* sets up a worthy wraparound story that goes a little like this: Kemper (David McEwen),

a hypnotist/child molester/serial killer/cannibal is rotting in a British asylum. In order to enact revenge on those responsible for putting him behind bars, he has 'The Man' (the aforementioned Mr. Filth) do his bidding. What follows are four tales of horror laced with hardcore gore and extreme violence that make recent big-budget horror efforts look like Disney flicks.

Melissa (Emily Bouffante, who also starred in Chandon's *Pervirella*) and Nikki (Melissa Forte) are slutty Goth chicks (are there any other kind?) who dress in vinyl and push-up bras, snort coke in the bathroom and flirt with the cute pierced guy gazing at them across the crowded dance floor. Unfortunately, that cute pierced guy is Mr. Filth and when he takes Melissa back to her apartment for a little lovin', she's not ready for him to turn into a hideous demon who violates her in such a way that she has to take a long, hot shower.

Something tells me there's no shower in the world that'll wash off that demon spooge.

Melissa wakes the next morning only to discover that her demon lover has had a profound effect on her. Soon she's stumbling around town seeing disfigured creatures taunting and crying out for her, some with the most disturbingly creeped out makeup this side of the underrated *Nightbreed*. By the time she arrives at Nikki's flat she's got a full blown freak out brewing. The rest is indescribable, but let's just say that when Chandon had me good and ready for a Goth-chick lesbo scene, I got something decidedly different.

The next tale is less gore-driven – there's more vomit in the first story than I've seen since my last encounter with a bottle of Maker's Mark – and fits more into the mold of the EC Comic tales that inspired *Creepshow* and *Tales From The Crypt*.

by Danté



according to the flick's web site) and her trampy bottle blonde pal Emma (Emma Rice) decide to rob a creepy old man's house, it has all the earmarks of classic horror... dark house, creaky floor boards, hidden money, and lots of conveniently-placed blunt objects.

Mix in a blood-filled bathtub and a little eye violence, and I've been given enough evidence to halt my life of crime!

Our third story has the feel of Rod Serling's late, lamented *Night Gallery* mixed with a bit of *Body Parts* and *The Hand*. Nick's a guy who appears, on the surface, to have it all. Hot girlfriend with a great rack, smooth ride, and a posh pad with all the trappings of upper crust Brit wealth. We soon see that isn't the case – in a revelation that I won't spoil – and when he tries to feel whole again his entire life ends up spinning wildly out of control... with sexy results. Oh, no wait, that should say "deadly, creepy and vomit-filled results."

The final tale of gore and depravity is fueled by everybody's favorite technology, the World Wide Web. Richard (Stuart Laing) is the son of Detective Neilson (Edmund Dehn), the cop who put Kemper behind bars. Neilson acts as our guide through this fractured fairy tale landscape, connecting all the stories and realizing that the killer is somehow seeking revenge from behind bars. Richard, like all good Web addicts, soon tires of finding sites that are simply twisted and bizarre. So, when he stumbles on The Sick Room one day, he's fascinated by the snuff-like sequences of torture, mutilation, and fatal violence. Never suspecting that his fascination will eventually become his undoing.

The flick comes full circle in the asylum as Nielson faces off with Kemper and The Man in an orgy of blood and mayhem. Frankly, it made me weep for those days when I'd watch this sort of thing unspool at a drive-in under the night sky and the sweet aroma of cheap beer, South Jersey weed, and Junior Johnson brand pork rinds. Sigh.

Shot on high-end video, *Cradle Of Fear's* look only adds to its effectiveness. The crispness of the images mixed with the UK surroundings and actors gives it the feel of a BBC series gone horribly awry, which lets Chandon lull you into a false sense of security. That security is eventually, unavoidably shattered with some of the most over-the-top violence and gore this side of *Evil Dead 2*.

As for Mr. Filth? He remains silent through much of the flick, adding a menacing presence to the stories that's punctuated with a wanton glee and blood-soaked joy that makes it hard not to love the flick and his performance. It might drag a bit at two hours, but *Cradle Of Fear* is easily the best mix of black humor and paint-the-screen-red gore since *The Convent*!

Some junk films deserve special attention for remarkable performances or dialogue obviously conceived by a maniac. Others do so for gross storyline inanity, bizarre directorial decisions or not even remotely approaching what the title and ads promise. (Total number of vampires in *Atom-Age Vampire*: zero.)

But besides the qualities listed above, there are those magical features that merit praise for holding Best/Most/Biggest honors, going to the extreme primarily to proudly showcase the lunacy of those at the helm. Gotta love anyone who will so cheerfully shout, "Screw convention!"

And that brings us to this issue's selection, *The Last Days Of Planet Earth* (1981), holder of the coveted intergalactic record for Most Human Casualties By An Assortment Of Methods. Ah, the wholesale slaughter of useless beings by every means under (and including) the sun: Is there any more rewarding viewing experience... besides my reflection?

Sure, we've all seen flicks where a couple of three towns get totaled by natural disasters, alien attacks, man-made viruses, supernatural armies and 50-foot amphibians. Then there are the Fail-Safe variants whereby military chowderheads trade weapons barrages. These are virtually all a variation on one of two themes: Hour-plus build-up until the big whattzit hits in an F/X extravaganza, or intermittent attacks by an impervious man-mulcher until "the authorities" devise a cockamamie cure.

Note that, in every case, the spoilsport defenders of humankind marshaled their forces against what was essentially a single enemy. One good brainstorm and the killer robot, Martian mothership or bee swarm was licked. Not so in *Last Days*. Not so a tool.

Framed by sequences babbling on about Nostradamus—no doubt tacked on to lure in round-eyes fascinated by the original Psychic Friend—*The Last Days Of Planet Earth* tosses so much fatal mayhem on the screen, it's actually surprising someone doesn't get killed by a kitchen sink. And this is a worldwide ass-whuppin', too, not merely domestic dismay.

As is traditional in Toho Studio productions, the standard A-type Japanese scientist is feverishly preaching ecological fire and brimstone as bureaucrats ignore his hyperactive pleas to heed the cryptic clap-trap of an often-wrong honky who's been dead for centuries.

Hate to break it to you, Doc, but fat-cat island natives unconcerned they're stuffing themselves with endangered sea species are hardly the most receptive audience to an "It is written we'll all spontaneously combust if even one of us flicks a French fry out a car window" sermon—especially when your "scientific proof" is "This crazy cracker wrote an entire book of vague predictions and, eventually, something resembling a handful of them came to pass."

Professor Panic's speech provides a framework for what's yet to come in *Last Days*, an exhilarating montage of the glorious systematic extermination of all Earth-bound life forms. Director Toshio Mashuda periodically brings us back to the scaredy-cat scientist—something akin to a cinematic cigarette break—and then we're once again whisked off to a ride with the Grim Reaper. Mother Earth is initially violated by gigantic slugs; monstrous plants; frozen oceans; a chronic drought causing mass starvation; carnivorous trees; daylight attacks by huge vampire bats as well as by enlarged leeches whose bites induce insanity; and, deformed jungle tribes. But this is just the warm-up act.

After kids temporarily turn bionic then croak and the sun begins frying folks alive, we're treated to the heartwarming sight of forest fires, tidal waves setting off urban refinery explosions, the ozone shield collapsing, flooding, landslides and fatal respiratory diseases. Yahoo, tens of millions are being erased internationally! But, wait, there's more.

We've got anarchy, road rage, immorality among youths, young Ziggy Stardust-resembling sailboaters in a "regatta of death" suicide cruise, meticulously clean bikers intentionally riding their rice-burners off cliffs (with one stunt man missing the lake and actually nailing the rocks!) and rioting in the streets for food.

It just doesn't get any better than this. Hang on a minute; yes, it does. Just when you thought it was safe to loot the 7-11, the sky turns into a "reflex mirror," touching off volcanoes, earthquakes, stuff blowing up for no apparent reason and global nuke war; its missile strikes leveling virtually everything, but leaving a few post-apocalyptic mutants alive to attack each other. Now that's what I call (nuclear) family entertainment!!!

Turns out the wipeout is just a projection of what might happen if the Prof's anti-pollution whining goes ignored. Damn, it wasn't a documentary after all. Nonetheless, there's always hope. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to go torch a stack of old Firestones.

## MANOR ON MOVIES

by  
**STATELY  
WAYNE  
MANOR**



## The Adult Version of Jeckyl and Hide (SWV)

That's right, "The Adult Version" is actually part of the title for this "sexy shocker" from Something Weird. Set sometime in the late '60s or early '70s, the doctor (whose name is not Jeckyl) is a regular, hospital-employed doc.; engaged but banging his nurse (who is played by one of the first porn stars, Rene Bond.) On a date his fiancée drags him into an old antique shop, where they make fun of ugly old junk until she finds a copy of Grimm's Fairy Tales, which she fawns over. The doctor wanders into the back room and starts checking out old books when he finds a book hidden behind other ones, which turns out to be the journal of Dr. Jeckyl. He becomes engrossed but puts the book back in his hiding place and then tells his girl they have to leave. Later that night, after the shop is closed, the doc starts banging on the door to roust the owner. The old man finally lets him in after the doc pleads he must have the book he was looking at earlier. When he shows it to the shopkeeper, the guy tells him it's not for sale—and won't provide a reason. The doctor pleads with him to sell it, but to no avail; so he explodes in a fit of anger and strangles him to death. When he looks back at the wide-eyed corpse on the floor as he leaves he says, "My god, what have I done?" with what might be the singular worst delivery of a line in all motion picture history. Even Ed Wood would have made him do another take. At home the doctor recreates the formula in the book, drinks a shot of it and begins writhing in agony and pain on the floor. He screams and begins to rip at his shirt, only to reveal... a pair of boobs! Yes, our dark haired, mustachioed doctor has become a blond with a bad boob job. "Miss Hide," as the doctor refers to her while back in his male body, decides to get a bit bolder the next night and, after the doc takes a bigger dose of the potion and does the transformation once again, goes to a bar. She picks up a sailor who looks like Joe Coleman and takes him out into the back alley, where they fool around. He goes down on her and then tries to fuck her, but she gets pissed, whips out a straight razor, and cuts his dick off! While this has been going on, a cop has been trying to figure out who killed the bookstore owner. He keeps trying to see the doctor but the nurse at his office (which is apparently also his house) keeps telling him he's out of town—all the while she's fooling around with him in the back room. Later, possibly the next day, the doc tells his nurse that he'll be going out of town for a few days and that a Miss Hide will be staying at the house. She gets pissed, but later, once Miss Hide overpowers her and strips her, she's down for some girl-girl action. Eventually the doc's fiancée—remember her?—comes knocking on the door looking for him (after he's stood her up at their engagement party—'cause, unbeknownst to her, he was busy being Miss Hide), as does the cop. They're both sent away by Miss Hide, who then calls the fiancée up to tell her that she'll be over to take her to the doc. When Miss Hide shows up at the girl's house, which is being watched by the cop, she knocks her out and begins to try to rape her. Then Miss Hide changes back into the doc, who quickly gulps out of his road bottle of the potion, transforms back into Hide and goes back to the unconscious girl. Eventually she wakes up and starts screaming so the cop rushes in and fights with Hide until she dives out of the second story window... only to fall to the ground and turn out to be the doc, dead. I'm not sure if this movie came before or after Hammer's brilliant (by comparison) 1971 pic Dr. Jeckyl and Sister Hyde but one is, in more than a few respects, a rip-off of the other.

token female perspective: This movie is really bad. But I like bad movies so in a way that's a compliment. Larry's Ed Wood comment was funny; I don't have anything to add to his plot summation, although the cop actually plays a larger role than he implied, he's the guy who kind of moves the plot along and he eats a lot of peanuts. I think they're peanuts, they could be like pistachios or some other nut that has to be shelled before it's eaten. The nut thing actually has no bearing on the plot at all but he's eating them in a lot of the movie and they keep showing piles of shells at his feet during the stakeout scenes. What's up with that? Who knows. If you've watched any other Something Weird videos you know not to bother with questions like that. Just enjoy the ride. Definitely the best part was after the doctor drank the potion and started moaning and writhing around on the



ground only to reveal that he'd been turned into... a woman... with a nasty boob job scar. Ouch! Breast surgery technology sure has come a long way since the '70s. She should've put some vitamin E on that; it would have made a big difference.

Anyway, the "adult" (i.e. sex) parts of this movie were nothing to write home about but you do get to see Rene Bond naked a bunch—she's so cute—so that's a bonus. Overall a fine addition to the SW archive and an entertaining romp for those with an interest in bad cinema.

## Dracula: The Dirty Old Man (Something Weird)

Oy vey. This has got to be one of the weirdest Dracula movies ever conceived. For starters, the entire movie is redubbed (except for one brief scene towards the end) in a bizarre, almost camera-conscious manner. This is a Harry Novak picture, so the dubbing might be intentional, but the choice of a Joey Bishop-like voice for Dracula is just plain bizarre. ("My name's Dracula, spelled backwards that's Alucard so you can call me Allie." Just think of the voice of the anteater in those cartoons.) So Drac finds this guy and gets

him under his spell and tells him to start bringing him different girls every night. The guy goes home and then, the next night, turns into a werewolf (his voice also changes from a normal guy to a nasally Arte Johnson-meets-Arnold Horshak tone) and starts grabbing girls for Drac. When he gets a girl, Dracula blinks them—a la Jeannie—to his cave, then ties them up, strips them, fondles them and puts the bite on their breasts. The werewolf goes out on a girl-grabbing spree, and Drac starts screwing the unconscious girls (they all pass out when they get bitten.) The werewolf begs Drac for a girl, and when he lets him, the wolf screws the girl, slits her throat with his paw, and then keeps screwing her corpse. Even Drac looks kinda disgusted at that point but that doesn't stop them from going for more prey. When the werewolf is a regular guy, back among the humans (which, I think, is during daylight), he has a girlfriend. So of course she inevitably becomes a target. When the wolf brings her back to the cave he demands that he get first crack at her but Drac says no. They begin to argue and the girl wakes up and starts to get away. They chase her and eventually recapture her. Then wolf and Drac fight again, and as the vampire's about to smash the wolf's head in with a rock he realizes he's outside the cave in daylight. Needless to say, he becomes a skeleton rather quickly. The curse lifted, the wolf changes back into the guy he once was, and frees his girlfriend. Then they fuck in the cave to celebrate.

token female perspective: OK, I'm not gonna lie—I fell asleep during this movie. (I'm sorry! It had to be said.) Anyway from what I remember of the plot, Larry pretty much covered it. I can honestly say this was one of the worst movies I have ever seen. It was really, really bad. Yet we didn't turn it off. So I guess you could say it was mesmerizingly bad. (How's that for a pull quote?) The voice of Dracula and the "dubbing" were just atrocious. Was there really a reason to make a monster movie featuring a Dracula with a bad Jewish accent? Of course not. But in a way, that's kind of the brilliance of this kind of filmmaking. These guys like Harry Novak didn't need to think about the "should we"'s of movie making - he just did it. And all these years later, people are still watching it. What a kooky world. I did like the bad costuming, particularly Dracula's hair and the weird Werewolf get up—his face actually looked like it was comprised of a few different animal masks, deconstructed and put back together as one. And I loved the way they had those choppy, no continuity edits where one frame it's the werewolf and the girl then the next frame it's Dracula in the cave with rigid outstretched arms then Dracula struggling to hold the girl and the werewolf's off somewhere else as a human—all in the span of a few seconds; very Munsters. A triumph or a travesty? Not for me to decide.

## Baron of Darkness #2 (Sin City Entertainment)

This is not the porno arm of the Sin City record label; as far as I know the two have nothing to do with each other except the same name coincidence. That being said, this is one of the lamest porns I've seen in a while. Every sex scene is the same positions in the same order; it gets boring real fast. Also, it's really an odd coin-

adult video reviews by Mr. & Mrs. carbon 14



cidence that both Dracula/vampire themed vids this time around have their audio tracks completely redubbed. The audio on Baron sound like it was recorded in a large concrete room with lots of echo. I think this movie may have been Italian originally, but even the English scenes, which feature Ron Jeremy in a clothed role, are dubbed horribly. So there's this vampire who doesn't have the guts to put the bite on this girl he's been fucking, so the head vampire sentences him to sleep in his coffin for 30 years. Eventually, he comes back and finds a new girl, who he convinces to help him kill the head vampire. They go off to this party armed with some vampire killin' kits, where the head vampire and his two henchmen slip away from the modern party with some girls into a coffin-filled cave room, where everybody fucks; and when the head vampire shoots his load the movie ends. This movie was missing something... like the last 15 minutes!

token female perspective: Calling this is lame is actually quite an understatement. I'd like to recant my earlier assessment during Dracula: The Dirty Old Man and say as bad as that was, this was actually worse—and that's saying a lot. Ron Jeremy is in it and that's not even the worst part. A: The "plot" made no sense. B: The sex scenes were boring & the people having sex didn't look any more thrilled to be involved than I was to be watching. C: The "special effects? NOT SPECIAL! And D: The dubbing... just horrifying. I know porn is not made with me in mind but really, these people aren't even trying. No further comments.

### Hung Wankerstein

(Sin City Entertainment)

Above average Young Frankenstein parody featuring Randy Spears in the Gene Wilder role. He starts out as doctor William Wankerstein, and a messenger comes to his office to tell him he's the 127th in line for the Frankenstein Baronage. He of course says he not a Frankenstein, and that it's only a fictional name, but the messenger reads him a note that says his ancestors, the Frankensteins, were neighbors of the Shelleys and changed the family name in the 1930s, after the movie came out. When Wankerstein goes to the unnamed locale of the estate he's met by a guy doing the Marty Feldman Igor bit (only without the bug eyes). When they get to the castle, which is besieged by a permanent storm, they're met by Frau Schtupper and, later, Inga (in the Cloris Leachman and Teri Garr roles, respectively). He thinks he's been brought to build a monster, but instead Inga and Igor tell him he's been brought there to fix the monster, who they've named Mel. Mel apparently has a very un-monster like package; he's hung like a turkey neck, and the doc's been brought in to work the Frankenstein magic. They go to the Organ Depot ("With all the mad scientists around these parts one was bound to open up.") and by a new penis for Mel. Then there's the operation, which involves a ten-minute comedy routine where various object are pulled from Mel's (behind the operating curtain) cavity. Once the new dick is sewn on, the doctor can't get power into Mel so Inga takes the situation into her own hands, literally, and gives the Mel hand job that revives him. Later, while Mel's in his cell, Inga comes in, throws a pillow and a blanket down and asks him if he'd "like a roll in ze hay"; it's just like the original movie, only with blow jobs and fucking. To celebrate their obvious success, Inga goes to thank the doctor by fucking him, which he reluctantly does. The next day Igor discovers that Inga and Mel have run off to California where she thinks she can make him a porn star. The doctor doesn't seem to care and throws Igor out of the lab. Then he throws the sheet off the operating table to reveal he's made a Bride, or at least the porno version thereof, who he proceeds to fuck. Just after he comes, Igor runs back in, notices the bride, and then she hisses at him a la Elsa Lanchester, and he runs out of the room. This was way above average as far as porno go, one of the most watchable—especially since we fast-forwarded past the Ron Jeremy sex scene.

token female perspective: In comparison to the other movies we watched this was easily the best as far as quality of filmmaking goes. This guy Randy Spears has been in a bunch of movies I've seen; he always seems to have the lead in these comedy type pornos and I actually kind of like him. He's not exactly my "type" but he's a funny actor in a William Shatner kind of way and he's not too sleazy. Actually I was a little more attracted to the monster who kinda looks like the singer/bass player from Prong crossed with the guy from Type O Negative but with weird straw like hair extensions. So there you go, two guys in the movie that I don't find disgusting is a really high ratio. I also thought Inga was kind of hot and it was funny how she couldn't stand still. (I don't remember if that was something Teri Garr did in the movie; maybe she was ad-libbing or had too much coffee that day?) Anyway that many attractive people is almost enough to forgive the fact that Ron Jeremy was in this one too! (Larry will pay for that, he knows there's a no hedgehog policy in effect around here.) But not quite. He was naked and I almost saw it so I have to deduct points for that. The script was funny, although I don't think anyone but me and the person (or people) who wrote it care about stuff like that, and overall it was a good send-up of Young Frankenstein so I'd give it a thumbs up.



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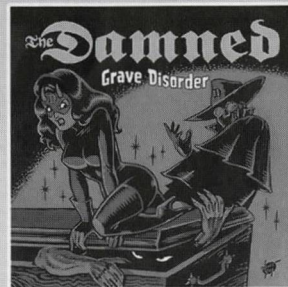
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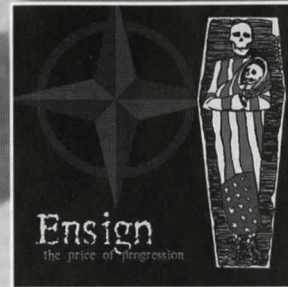
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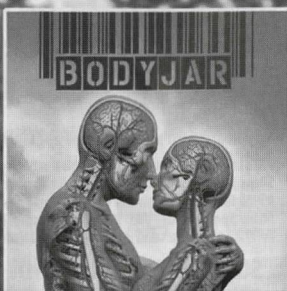
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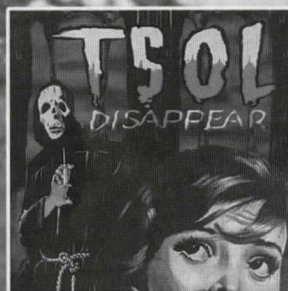
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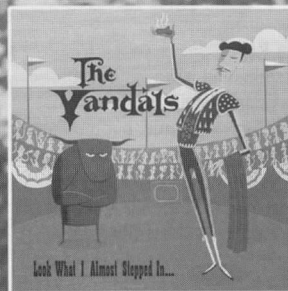
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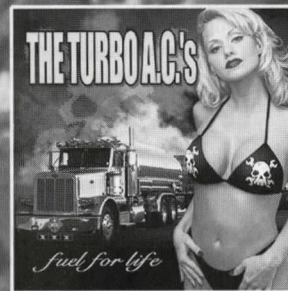
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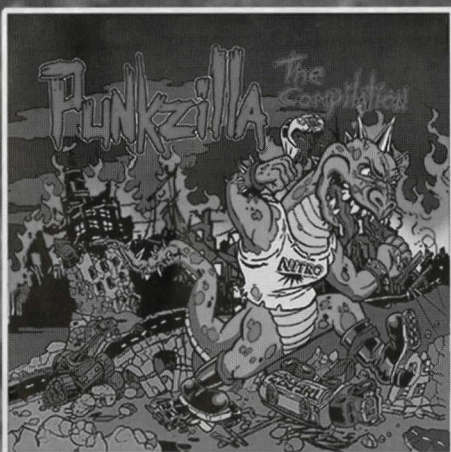
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## In the Middle of Biological Warfare A Little OCD Never Hurts

I have a couple hypochondriacs in my family. And I'm not talking about your run-of-the-mill "I think I've got that cold that's going around" garden variety type. No, no, no. These are people that have contracted and successfully conquered every known form of cancer, usually within a 48-hour span.

Aching bone cancer. Pounding brain cancer. Pesky stomach cancer. Luckily, these turned out to be nothing more than your commonplace muscle aches, headache, and upset stomach, but who knew?

I just hope they haven't noticed recent news reports about anthrax, smallpox, and the plague being used as biological weapons. Maybe they haven't been watching or reading, well, anything...

With all this talk of dead postal workers and envelopes filled with anthrax, it got me to thinking—what the hell am I going to do? First off, I love mail. Love, love, love. I used to send away for free travel brochures when I was ten, just so I'd get something other than that cruddy *Boy's Life* my mother made me subscribe to. My father even suggests that the only reason I started my first zine was to get a steady stream of mail.

Second, I'm a bit of a clean freak when it comes to icky substances, thanks to my mother's own mania about cleanliness. That and 20-plus years wondering what that crud on my hands was each time I left the thrift store, junk store, or used record shop.

Not that I'm germ-phobic or anything, I always thought of myself as simply being "particular." Milk belongs on the top shelf of the fridge. All my money faces the same way and is stacked in descending denominations. Sandwiches are cut in half lengthwise, not diagonally. And I always use two paper towels—not three and certainly not one—after washing my hands in a public bathroom.

Nothing too weird, right? Hey, I'm sure each and every one of you has your own particular "quirks."

But I bet you don't go into a panic when you think your favorite pen has run out of ink. And I'm almost positive you don't let out a girly squeal when you realize you weren't pressing hard enough and there's just enough ink to get you through the day.

Sensing that all this money stacking, fridge organizing and pen-obsessing was at the root of a much bigger problem, I did what anybody looking for a quick mental health diagnosis would do... I fired up the Internet. Where else could I go? The women's mags won't be running their OCD quizzes until later this year... and I can't wait!

The fine folks at the OCD Foundation were kind enough to let me know right off the bat that I wasn't alone. In fact, according to their statistics, 1 out of every 50 adults struggles with the urge to brush their teeth five times each morning and count their pistachios each afternoon. But it's "only when symptoms persist, make no sense, cause much distress, or interfere with functioning do they need clinical attention."

I feel so much better.

Before I scrubbed my hands raw trying to get the stench of failure off my skin I decided that I should either count the change in my coinbox again or take the OCD Quiz. Yes, you too can find out if you have a debilitating mental disorder treatable only with years of therapy and the occasional prescription drug. Then again, maybe that urge to push strangers in front of oncoming trains is completely harmless.

You'll be glad to know that after 20 probing questions I'm feeling that my mental state is right as rain. Based on my test results, it would appear that I "probably do not have OCD." While this wasn't the warm, fuzzy ringing endorsement of my mental health that I was looking for, it'll certainly do in a pinch. And the printed diagnosis looks great taped on my fridge! Get your own free, but not legally binding, screening at [ocfoundation.org](http://ocfoundation.org).

As much as you good folks care about the trials and tribulations of my life, I know you look forward to finding out what particular pop culture nonsense I'm currently obsessing on. You'll be glad to know that in the wake of the terrible events of September 11th I'm still consumed with all the important things in life: namely urban legends and superheroes.

The Terrorist Attacks by the Godless Commies, um, I mean Towelheads certainly made the likes of Osama bin Laden, Paula Zahn, and Donald Rumsfeld household names. More importantly, it gave rise to a whole new bunch of urban legends that spread over TV, radio, and the Internet like wildfire... Nostradamus predicted the attacks... a guy rode a crumbling tower down to the streets below with only a couple broken bones to show

## Dante's Inferno: A Heaping Helping of Picks, Pans, and Shameless Self-Promotion by Dan "Danté" Taylor

for it... 4000 Jews took September 11th off because they knew the attack was coming... and for God's sake, DON'T GO TO THE MALL ON HALLOWEEN.

Unfortunately, these WTC-oriented urban legends won't have the staying power of say, a Kentucky Fried Rat, the tarantulas in the cactus, or the axe murderer in the house. You probably remember those stories happening to a "friend of a friend" (known as a FOAF in urban legend parlance) or possibly somebody more removed. Maybe you just heard them late at night during a sleep-over. But you're SURE they happened. If you love urban legends like I do, you have to check out *'Too Good to Be True: The Colossal Book of Urban Legends'* (WW Norton) from Jan Harold Brunvand, the undisputed king of the UL. This 480-pager is chock full of the aforementioned classics plus tons more you might've never heard about. And keep abreast of all the latest urban legend developments by accessing [snopes.com](http://snopes.com), [truthorfiction.com](http://truthorfiction.com), or [urban-legends.miningco.com](http://urban-legends.miningco.com).

Not too many folks out there would dispute that 2001 has, so far, sucked ass cinema-wise. With a new year almost upon us, it's an effort to put together a Top 5 let alone conjure up ten good flicks I saw this year. Ah, who cares, since I'm just counting the days until May 3, 2002, the day Sam Raimi unleashes *Spider-Man* on theatre-goers and comic nerds the world 'round! Starring Toby Maguire, the "volcanic" Kirsten Dunst, and Willem Dafoe as The Green Goblin, this is a lead pipe cinch as far as blockbuster hits go. If you caught the bitchin' teaser—pulled after the WTC attacks because it contained extensive footage of the landmarks—you missed a stunner. If, like me, you suffered through the horrible live action show from the '70s, your Spidey-Sense is already tingling. If you catch my drift.

Elsewhere on the superhero front, The Man of Steel makes his way to the small screen in the aptly titled *Smallville* on the WB. It's essentially 'Dawson's Creek' meets 'The X-Files' on the set of 'Superman,' and while some of the acting leaves a bit to be desired, it's a worthwhile addition to any pop culture junkie's viewing lineup. Superman is also appearing—albeit in more familiar attire—in The Cartoon Network's new adaptation of *The Justice League* (the "of America" was dropped for a more internationally-friendly flair). Those fearing a return to the dark ages of such atrocities as The Super-friends will be pleased to know that this rendition boasts a superior pedigree, with some of the folks responsible for the recent Batman and Superman animated series' behind the wheels.

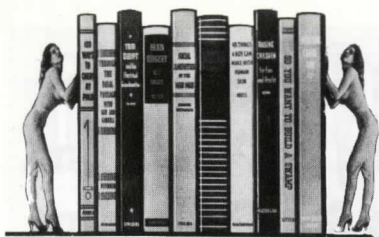
Lastly, and perhaps most importantly, plans have been finalized to bring The Man Without Fear to the big screen. I'm talking, of course, about *Daredevil*. Always relegated to the second-tier of superhero-dom, DD's been getting mad props in recent years. First, Frank Miller elevated blind attorney Matt Murdock and his red-clad alter-ego to new heights with his riffs on the Daredevil mythos. Then Kevin (Clerks, Dogma, Chasing Amy) Smith, a huge DD fan, and I'm not talking about his weight—penned a story arc with mucho fanfare. Now, after being turned down by Vin Diesel (*Pitch Black*, *The Fast and the Furious*), the tights have been handed over to—Ben Affleck.

And while I'm not crazy about the casting—Guy Pierce or Matthew McConaughey would've been better choices in my estimation—I'm willing to give Affleck the benefit of the doubt. Hell, he can't be any worse than Rex Smith, who turned in a smirky characterization of our hero in the leaden TV movie *Trial of the Incredible Hulk*.

That's all for now modern lovers. I'd love to stay and chat, but I have to make sure I filled the ice cube trays to the exact same level.

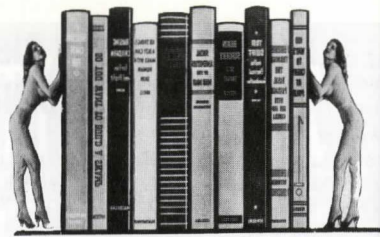
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# Print Reviews

by Leslie; except the one by Larry



**Angry Thoreauan #28** [PO Box 3478, Los Angeles, CA 90028. \$5ppd]  
This zine is always a good read; and with the demise of so many of the great zines that inspired us, it's nice to see Rev. Tin-Ear still publishing. For those of you unfamiliar with AT, they do themed issues and always have really strong cover art done by famous/infamous underground artists—this time the theme is cannibalisation and the cover is a full color wrap-around piece by Joe Coleman. (A very classic Coleman piece as well, disturbed and gory with plenty of religious imagery and of course it reflects the issue's theme. This issue also come with a double sided poster featuring a b&w piece by Pizz on one side and a color piece by Scott Hardman on the flip (yes, they both stick to the issues theme too but the Pizz one is more implied cannibalism.) I have to admit I'm not all that interested in this particular theme but it's still a good issue. I enjoyed the placentophagy article; I had a professor my freshman year of college who gave birth during the school year and went to great lengths detailing for us her birthing process (at home with a mid-wife, surrounded by her family and friends of course) and later how she and members of her family ate soup made with the placenta. So many people did not believe such a thing existed when I told them that story. But I digress. If you don't wanna read about cannibalism or placentophagy, there's plenty of reviews—and there's always next issue when the subject matter will turn to the less icky theme of the American Gearhead.

**Barroom Transcripts featuring Tony Straub & More Barroom Transcripts featuring Tony Straub** [Craphouse Press, PO Box 2691, Lancaster, PA 17608. \$12.95 each ppd]  
Barroom Transcripts and it's successor are collections of tales recorded

in various bars in and around Lancaster, PA, mostly told by and about Lancaster resident & Vietnam vet Tony Straub—thus the featuring part of the title. (The books contents were compiled and collected by Craphouse Press head honcho Rich Stewart, who I believe came up with the concept.) Truth is stranger than fiction; and truths shared under the influence of alcohol may not be 100% accurate but they can be entertaining. You could read either of these books in order or pick a page at random and dive in; makes no difference. I used to date a guy whose grandmother and sister lived near Allentown and we would go visit them a lot; since there's very little to do in Allentown, let alone someplace 20 minutes outside of Allentown, we spent a lot of time in local taverns numbing the boredom with pints of Yuengling. I saw & heard a lot of weird shit in those bars. These two books take me right there.


**Clawhold! #2** [PO Box 477869, Chicago, IL 60647-7869. \$6ppd]  
Because the exalted Reverend Axl Future's wit and wisdom is far too mighty to be contained in just one column in one magazine, it was inevitable he would start his own publication and, of course, it is brilliant. Sorry to repeat what the Rev already stated in his column but this is the Deadly Mist issue; featuring "everything you wanted to know about the art of spraying the deadly cloud but were too blinded to ask!" (The catch phrase so nice you have to mention it in one publication twice.) Truly a classic wrestling gimmick and of course it more than gets its due within these pages. Aside from dropping much knowledge on that subject, inside you will find many columns (including contributions by Thee Whiskey Rebel & the Confederate Mack to name two), haikus, a detailed compare-and-contrast chart pitting Eddie Guerrero against Iggy Pop (of course I have to choose Iggy over Eddie—and not because he's got such a big dick and is a legitimate punk legend, I just love a man who vacuums) and lots of other bits of wrasslin' related ephemera. Oh so highly recommended.

**Crusher #3** [3602 Highcliff, San Antonio, TX 78218]  
This is a rough & tumble punk zine from San Antonio, put out by two guys, Trek & Clay. In this issue you will find Crusher personal ads (?), a really funny interview with Gerry from the Bulemics, reviews, and shorter interviews with DRI, Bonecrusher and Shitjackerz. I'll be keeping an eye out for their next issue which is slated to contain an interview with Cocknoose conducted when the boys passed through TX last summer with Hellstomper; I wonder if the Widowmaker managed to work his catch phrase "San Antonio, suck my bone-eo" into it?

**Dear Mr. Mackin... by Rev. Richard J. Mackin** [Gorsky Press, PO Box 320504, Cocoa Beach, FL 32932. \$12 (cover price)]  
I'll describe the contents in a minute but the most important fact about this book is this: Rev. Mackin is hilarious. Admittedly I was won over by the book before I read any of it based on the fact that Mackin's foray into self-publishing stemmed forth from one fated letter he penned to M&M asking what the "M" stood for. (BTW, don't act like you never wondered about that.) That is funny. Writing to Kellogg's and inquiring about the exact size quantity of the "two scoops of raisins" in their cereal is funny. It might not be as funny if it were written by someone else but it's the forethought and attention to minuscule details that goes into these letters that is evidence of Mackin's true genius. I wasn't gonna use the word genius but what else could inspire someone to take the prank one step further by calling his letters "Consumer Defense Corporate Poetry" and "performing them" at poetry readings. Well, madness; but everyone knows madness goes hand in hand with genius. And I'm for anything that takes the piss out of poetry readings. Seriously though, a book compiling letters to corporations and their responses may not sound entertaining but I swear it is. Mackin's not a one trick pony either, there are also a number of pieces at the back of the book that are not letters that were equally as entertaining, if not more.

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**Garbage Dump #2** [c/o Marco Ferase, via G. dalla Chiesa 6/C 27058 VOGHERA (PV) Italy. \$2 cover price]

This is a cool zine from Italy by two guys who definitely started out with the right idea: to publish a zine about music they love—in this case punk rock & roll of the hard & fast variety. You can tell these guys are really music fans and are totally into the bands they feature, which is great; I hate fanzines/writers who are too cool to be enthusiastic about what they write about. This issue features entertaining interviews with a few bands that are very familiar to me: (i.e. have records on our label) Cocknoose, Hammerlock & Cretin 66; a few more that I like and own records by: Dead Kings, Alabama Thunder Pussy, Before I Hang and Bootleg Bill and one band I'm totally unfamiliar with (from Eindhoven Holland), the Spades, plus a bunch of zine, CD & record reviews.

**Head In A Bottle v. 2 #1** [PO Box 15125, St. Louis, MO 63110. \$3.50ppd]

There's an interesting backstory to this zine, although the details are a little fuzzy to me. Head In A Bottle is actually not a new zine but a revival of a zine that hasn't published in 15 years. The guy who started the zine, Jim Agnew, isn't directly contributing to it but has given Bob "Slack" Thurmond his blessing to resurrect the zine & pick up where they left off. In their own words they are setting out to cover "the wide world of punk, garage, beat, surf, hot rod and other dick-shakin' music." (You see why I had to quote them, right? Dickshakin' music; that's fucking priceless.) Anywho, they seem like they know what they're doing. Even considering the time lag between issues they're ahead of a lot of music zines I've seen. It's very nice looking, and has all the stuff people expect: reviews, columns, comics, band interviews, etc. (Specifically, this issue features interviews with Tomorrow's Caveman, The Hate Bombs, The GreenHornes and The Plutonium Kidz.)

**Horizontal Action #7** [1433 N. Wicker Park, Suite 2, Chicago, IL 60622. \$3 cover price]

This is a newsprint zine all about sleaze and rock & roll—a dirty zine that will literally get your fingers dirty. I could do without that part—newsprint can be annoying, yet in this case it's somewhat fitting. Anyway, I like this zine; it's charmingly rude, somewhat immature and has good taste in music—like a lot of men I used to date, including the one who ended up my husband. In this issue you will find interviews with Andy G and the Roller Kings, The Dirtbombs, Mooney Suzuki, Les Sex-A-Reenos and the Gizmos (an "old school" punk band from Indiana); gratuitous nudity; music reviews (live & recorded); porn gossip & video reviews.

**New York is Now! The New Wave of Free Jazz by Phil Freeman** [The Telegraph Company 66 Hope St., Brooklyn, NY 11211] (\$16.95)

An overdue overview of the most potent jazz scene in the country, if not the world, for nearly the past ten years. Phil Freeman, who comes primarily from the world of rock journalism as a contributing writer for AP, Magnet and Metal Hammer (he also has written for Jazziz and Downbeat), is an admitted long time jazz fan who was converted from casual observer to obsessed omnivore over the course of an evening (and subsequent ones) while covering the 1998 Vision Festival in New York. Freeman explains himself and his motivations before giving a brief history of free jazz from Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman in the '50s to Coltrane, Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler and others in the '60s. Freeman begins to hone his focus to New York City in the '70s, through the emergence of the first new jazz scene in years (at the Knitting Factory) and the near-simultaneous ascensions of the most complete musical polar opposites John Zorn and Wynton Marsalis. As he goes through the '80s and sets up the current explosion of activity he also begins to take to task critic Stanley Crouch, a one-time member of West Coast free sax player David Murray's band who has since turned his back on free jazz and basically touts the Wynton Marsalis "no good new jazz has been made since 1960" line. Then we finally get to the meat of the matter, individual chapters on a number of the key artists behind the most vibrant jazz scene going. David S. Ware, probably the most important sax player since Coltrane, and the spearhead of the movement, gets the lead chapter, followed by Matthew Shipp, William Parker, Roy Campbell, Charles Gayle, Joe Morris and Daniel Carter. Then Freeman delivers a chapter about the Vision Arts Festival and its history and importance, followed by the most acerbic chapter in the book, "Lies Jazz Critics Told Me." Here, Freeman dissects Ken Burns' hideous PBS series Jazz,

which he sums up as "a 19-hour biography of Louis Armstrong, with a few tangential comments about musicians who never would have played a note had not the sainted Satch descended from heaven to bless us with his golden horn." He also assails Couch again, as well as a majority of jazz and music magazines in general's attitude toward free jazz. Though by no means exhaustive, this is a more than thorough introduction to some of the most interesting and innovative music being made today.

—Larry

**Paniscus Review #8** [PO Box 20175, Seattle, WA 98102-1175]

The subtitle pretty much says it all: dubbing itself a "catalog of culture & crap; reviews and amusements with an emphasis on the extreme." Works for me, plus I like alliteration. Unlike Crites' other publication, Malefact (which mostly features a wide array of disturbed, and in some cases disturbing, b&w eye candy by some of the underground world's most infamous artists), Paniscus Review is a text heavy bevy of thoughts on recently released audio, video and printed matter that from what I can tell is wholly written by Crites. (And he bothered to apologize for an eight-month lag between issues! Cut yourself a break Tom.)

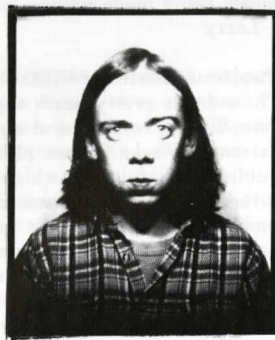
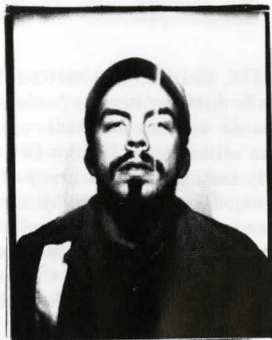
**Razorcake #5** [PO Box 42129, Los Angeles, CA 90042. \$3ppd]

In a short time Razorcake has accomplished a lot; for one thing, they've maintained a regular bi-monthly publishing schedule, something we've certainly never been able to do. (Then again we never set out to, publishing sporadically is more our style.) They've also assembled a good group of writers that regularly contribute columns on various subjects (the one I always read first is Nardwuar—this time it's the Human Serviette vs Marilyn Manson) and beef up each issue with tons of band interviews (this ish featuring Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission, Swingin' Utters, the Pinkz, Deadbolt, the Beautys & Naked Ruby) and reviews of varied formats (CDs, 7"s, zines, books, videos, etc.)—much like a certain other CA-based zine that may or may not be in existence anymore that many of those involved with Razorcake used to write for which shall remain nameless. This is shaping up to be a great zine, and no doubt they'll shake off the Flipside (oops I said it) shadow soon.

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# In This Corner...

## with Paul Bearer

To quote the late Walter Winchell (the newscaster, not the donut entrepreneur, ya dopes), "Good evening Mr. & Mrs. America, and all the ships at sea!" Bearer here. It seems like a lifetime ago since my last dispatch from the hinterlands of Columbus, Ohio and in a way it is a lifetime ago for me. It has nothing to do with sobriety or other life changes, but for the first time in my years writing this column I can honestly say that every disc doled out was a winner and a keeper. A batting average of 100%, fucking-A, kids! Dig it! Since there's no shit to be dished, I'll offer you my reviews in alphabetical order.

Hey, I've got a question for ya'll: can you name any killer rock bands from Greece? Don't fret, neither could I until the 7-song EP, *Turn On*, from a band called **700 Machines** showed up in my mailbox. In the press kit it says they formed with the intention of playing authentic Detroit style rock à la the MC5 or the Stooges, later acts like Radio Birdman and current acts like the Hellacopters. I don't hear that, but to my ears it harkens back to early '90s vintage Pacific Northwest grunge and that's cool by moi. Singer George sounds like he was cloned from Mr. Mark Arm, and songs like "Gotta Message" and "It's Alright" could be lost tracks from the *Superfuzz Bigmuff* sessions when Mudhoney was still raw, visceral, and unhyped. The seven tracks on *Turn On* had yours truly salivating for another helping of same, except next time a more heaping helping of this tasty Greek goodness. Yum!

Next up, from Seattle, Washington is a hard rocking trio on Glazed Records called **Alta May**. In the press release I saw this band includes my old pal Garrett Shavlik, formerly of the awesome but overlooked Denver, Colorado hard rock quintet The Fluid. It also described the band as indie rock, which kinda scared me, since I do so dislike the genre. Thankfully I found none of the crap trappings of the bands that populate this field. In actuality it had heavy overtones not uncommon to bands like Queens of the Stone Age, melded with the pop sensibility and sensitivity of pre-fame Nirvana. Not a bad hybrid at all. If you like either or both of these facets, you'll dig Alta May. The disc, entitled *We As In Us*, rocks most efficiently from first cut to last. None stand out above the others but honestly, it's all meat—no filler added. The vocals are pleasant, but not pushed out; the guitar and bass slash and burn convincingly. This is the byproduct of three vets of the underground music scene. High quality, no bullshit; recommended for tasteful rock connoisseurs, so sayeth Bearer. If Alta May grace your town, get you cellulitic asses out there to see 'em. I'll let you thank me later.

In the on deck circle is another fine band from smack city (Seattle) and my choice to spearhead what will hopefully be a new punk revival. Let me turn you on to my fave new band in many a moon, the totally awesome **Briefs**. The disc is on Dirtnap Records and is called *Hit After Hit*. Through serendipity I caught their act recently here in Cowntown and was bowled over by their pyrotechnic, punk rock proclivities. Imagine four bleach blonde blokes in Lip Service clothes and Doc Marten shoes, all of whom sing and could pass for Captain Sensible's younger brother or first cousin. *Hit After Hit* is just that. It starts like a slap to the kisser with "Poor and Weird," a couple more killer tracks and, like a shot to the chops, they deliver the classic ode to hating Bob Seeger, "Silver Bullet." I could mention every cut (hit after hit is right, kids) but "Where Did He Go?," "Knife," and "New Case" hit like a boot to the nads. The disc is only 25 minutes or so, but for short attention spanned (near) casualties like myself, it'll fill your need; that is if what you need is a band that effortlessly channels '77 Brit punk icons like Eater or the Vibrators, but still managing to sound fresh, current, vibrant and not at all hackneyed or dated. It is my pleasure, in case you haven't found out about them on your own, to present the fucking awesome Briefs.

If you're not already aware of this next act, read Spin you loser, 'cause you don't deserve to read a magazine as good as the one you're holding in your slimy mitts. Twenty-five years of anarchy, chaos, and destruction and going strong as ever: **The Damned**. History lesson time. The Damned released (British) punk's first full length LP, *Damned, Damned, Damned*, in early '77, preceding even the Sex Pistols. It contained the timeless "Neat, Neat, Neat" and "New Rose." After a good but poorly produced second LP, they released another classic in *Machine Gun Etiquette*, which included "Love Song," "Melody Lee" and the anthemic "Smash It Up!" (Not one weak second on *M.G.E.*, word up!) The Damned have had line-up shifts and changes, with members leaving and coming back over time. The only constant has been singer Dave Vanian, an ageless wonder with a voice to rival Elvis or Tom Jones. His main partners in crime, after original guitarist Brian James departed, have been Captain Sensible and punk's greatest drummer Rat Scabies (sorry Chuck Biscuits, you're #2). Personality conflicts prohibit Rat and Captain from playing together now but back in the day the main three released some amazing records; notably *The Black Album* and *Strawberries* (avoid the Goth-tinged *Phantasmagoria*, and the lamentably lame *Anything*). There have been many inactive years for the Damned in

the last 25, but they've always been historically vital at the very least. Their last studio record was *Not of This Earth*, released in '96 (featuring Vanian and Rat); here in their fourth decade, they release a new, strong record called *Grave Disorder* (on Nitro). The lineup this time includes Vanian and the Captain and also features beautiful bassist Patricia Morrison (ex-Gun Club and Sisters of Mercy, who also happens to be Mrs. Vanian,) and new players Pinch on drums and Monty Oxy Moron on keys. The Damned have not lost their edge in my opinion. The opening track, "Democracy," is up there with "A Dozen Girls" or "Wait for the Blackout." It's the first single off the CD and is radio friendly without sounding like they've sold out, comprende? I like this album more with each play. Cuts like "She," "Absinthe" and "Neverland" are memorable. If you're unaware of this seminal punk rock juggernaut, this is not a bad starting point but do not overlook their back catalogue. The first and third albums not only vastly affected my taste in music, they altered the course of my fucking life! Here's to many more years of anarchy, chaos, and destruction. Long live The Damned!!!

Batting clean-up, hailing from the land of sun and drugs, Miami, Florida comes the fourth CD from the **Psycho Daisies**, *It's No Fun To Be Paranoid*. This is their first domestic release since their debut, *Pushin' Up Daisies*, in 1985. (The middle two were released on Dutch label Resonance, so good luck hunting them down.) The band is the prodigy of Johnny Salton (guitar and vocals) who was in Charlie Pickett and the Eggs, but went on to form the Psycho Daisies when Pickett started practicing law. This is one band with a heavy body count. Tragedy has struck three times: the first drummer died of AIDS and the second drummer and original bass player both OD'd. Even without a band, Salton poured himself into his writing and playing. Eventually he solidified a new lineup and got to work on *Paranoid* which is steeped with great guitar work, reminiscent of early British psychedelia and classic blues rock. This disc is more about feel and sound than tunes. In fact, the tunes kinda ebb, one into the next, without much change of pace or tone; but it seems intentional and it works well on all levels. Recommended for late night listening. Good work, Johnny Salton and the new improved Psycho Daisies. Keep on keepin' on!

Next bull in the chute—hailing from the big D, Dallas, Texas—**Shadow Reichenstein**. This self-titled release is the first from the full lineup; Shadow was once a one man act before fleshing out into a quartet. He recorded songs in his mother's attic before going the "band" route, recruiting like-minded musical, gore obsessed reprobates and vandals. This disc reflects a wide range of influences, ranging from surf, psychobilly, '80s new wave, death rock, and old school punk. The disc opens with a creepy funeral intro and melds seamlessly to "Cemetery Surfin'," "Carnival Macabre," "Black Car," "Dracula Built My Hot Rod" and "My Dear Deceased." No matter the style of playing employed by Shadow & Co. it works, and the transitions between tracks and styles seems seamless. Pretty fuckin' cool daddy-o. The bad news is the rest of the disc skips on all three of my players, which sucks, cause I really dug their creepy, stylish brand of rock.

Back in the '80s the Midwest actually produced a few good bands, many of whom released discs on Touch and Go or AmRep. Among them were a few I really dug live and on album (remember albums kids?), namely the Cows, the Laughing Hyenas, and the God Bullies. What put these three acts over was their singers. The Cows had Shannon Selberg who was a dangerous lunatic, the Hyenas had former Negative Approach singer John Brannon and his pipes of iron, and the God Bullies had the creepy, effects laden vocals of Mike Hard. Like a phoenix, all three of them have recently risen from the ashes to form the Heroine Sheiks, Easy Action, and Thrall (respectively) and Mr. Chris X of Reptilian Records has shown the good taste to release discs by all three of these Midwestern rock shamen. I have the Easy Action CD, and dig it tons. I have not heard the Sheiks CD, but caught them live recently and Shannon is still reckless and unhinged, but Mike Hard and his cohorts in drug/devil/dirge madness have been in heavy rotation at casa Bearer (along with The Briefs) since the disc arrived. Tracks like "Hollowed We Follow," "Night Fell," and the nightmarish "God Damn Devil" might just scare the crap out of you, whether you're on drugs or not. It made my skin crawl while I was still shootin' dope, and since getting clean, the sinister vibe of Hard and Co. is even more intense. I mean this as sincere flattery. The disc is called *Hung Like God* and is a true exercise in paranoia and wretched excess. If you're smart and they come to your town, risk all and witness the mind numbing madness of Thrall. Kudos to Chris X, for having the balls and taste to release Thrall. This fucker oughta scare the brats right off your porch at Halloween. Highly recommended.

Well, buckos, that's all till next issue; when basketball season will have once again commenced. (Go Sixers!) Hopefully I'll have my cable back on in time for all the action. In the meantime, to quote Nature Boy Ric Flair, "Ladies, you can't be the first, but you could be the next."

Love, Luck, and Lollipops,

XOXO  
Paul Bearer



# Here At The Refinery

## by Eliot Duhan

I had a long introduction written to this version of "Here at the Refinery" but as I wrote more and more and more about this batch of stuff to listen to, I realized I was probably pushing my luck. They'll shrink me text (and shiver me timbers!) down to even more improbably small font size and only bugs will be able to read these reviews. Bug rock. Music for bugs. For bugs about to rock...

I have two small picks which came my way in the intervening weeks before we get to the meat of the matter. A friend slipped me a disc: *Peepshow*, by a band called Soma Mestizo. These are lovely aural collages, collections of sound organized into alluring patterns. Not that these guys are lightweights. There is substance and just because it sounds good, don't underestimate it. It's a logical intersection of noise and music. *Peepshow* casts a wide net for sounds and timbres and manages to use them without being eclectic for the sake of eclecticism, a sin likely to get you lumped in certain circles. Give it a whirl and don't come running to me if you can't get your ears around it. Just go back for another listen. Another friend of mine gave me a copy of a copy of a CD containing songs by "Zhanna Agouzarova," variously described to me by various Russian friends as 'the queen of Russian rock' or 'just like Madonna used to be, before she sold out' (whatever that means). Some of this is great, some is weird but it has the appeal of the foreign to me, all the usual pop clichés filtered through the last 25 years of Russian history, a daunting concept. However, since the post Soviet experience is the next big musical fad, I figure I'd give you all a leg up. Remember: Zhanna Agouzarova. Ask for her by name.

This month produced a good batch. I liked everything, to a greater or lesser extent.

**Savage Aural Hotbed** - The Strain And Force Handbook (Micro Blister)  
Very smart. This I liked a lot. Whirling loops of subtly shifting sounds, arranged in patterns which tell vast and fascinating wordless stories. Noise with intent! The ideal, iconic, holy grail of 'noise' - sounds of the non-traditional Western music variety sewn together with purpose and structure. Like a post-modern marching band. I imagine this as the halftime show at the Headchoppers vs the Glassy Eyed Mutant Freaks championship game sometime after they drop the big one. The Headchoppers have surged ahead to an early lead on a series of waffle stompings and liver excisions, not to mention the unexpected ritual suicide of their star brainchewer "Iwi-illun Nox 465" who blew himself into a fine red and green chunky mist all over the assembled crowds by cramming a helium pipe into his dirtbox and opening the valve full-bore. The Freaks stage a comeback and tie the score just as the whistle blows the end of the second quarter. The crowd goes wild, eating the sick and the weak among them and then, Savage Aural Hotbed takes the field to the wild eyed delight of the barbarian multitudes. You could dance to most of this, you could clamp both eyes shut and strap on headphones, put the CD player in infinite repeat. You could, god forbid, put it on as subtly disturbing background music at a cocktail party but unless you're pouring kerosene laced with bile, it'd be a mistake.

**The Comas** - A Def Needle In Tomorrow (Yep Rock)  
Sonorous. That's the word that comes to mind. Lush, purring, slow, dreamy, and still, somehow, dramatic. But not sloppy, a hard line to straddle but straddle it they do. This is somehow very old fashioned but also razor sharp current. Strains of old Velvet Underground, beautiful multi voice harmonies, the synthesized strings of "All Over The School" mixed with the real sound of a violin, a lyric to die for "you won't kiss anybody else but a fool", acoustic guitar strumming away underneath. The opening riff of "Sweet Sweet 69" is enough to cry over; cryptic breathy vocals, like the ghost of T-Rex. Slogging, slow hip hop beat intro to "Sister Brewerton," single wavering synth line, groovy guitar line picks it up, synth line falls back, voice comes in. Perfect for a slow sad Sunday afternoon. Candles in the bathtub on a rainy day music The songwriting is solid and well considered. A step and a half outside standard grade pop writing. Weird clicks, whooshes and beeps of some ancient vintage synth precede many tracks. I'm looking over this and wondering how it came out onto the page fragmented, few verbs, missing punctuation and (while the underlying cause might be my sloth) the effective cause is because that's the way to describe this music, impressionistic pastiche of beautiful noises, a tapestry woven with sound. The best description is the little movie they've included on the disc, an amalgamation of fuzzy images put together as a video for "Sister Brewerton." One recurring technique for the video is a shot of something out of focus with something in the background in sharp focus and then the focus shifts and the blur in the foreground becomes a butterfly and the sharply defined pebbles in the background fade to a fuzzy gray mosaic. The whole CD is like that, shifts of sonic focus, well timed to direct your attention to just the right spot. Smart, smart, smart but feeling smart, not just brainy smart. There's a line from "PA Mac" which says "I'll be waiting here forever"; I'd like

to think it could be the epitaph for the whole record. This music will not become dated.

### The Shams - Take Off (Orange)

The entire point of this record is to pre-date itself. From the elderly 1/4" reel to reel on the cover to the obligatory live track ending the record to the insanely inane "1/2 half past 12"s Wipe Out drum solo, this album wants to be and, in a real sense is, screaming out from the deep dark past of American Rock and Roll. Think Count Five ("Psychotic Reaction"); think about the American bands aping blues and R&B which gave rise to Them and Van Morrison; think what Iggy must have been listening to when he cooked up the Stooges; think about hearing "I Love That Dirty Water" on the radio the first time around and thinking "Man, I could do that" and you go out and find four other guys who said the same thing, find yourself a garage, and sure enough, you can! Or, more likely, you'll give it your best shot but something, some element of desperation and sincerity and dope induced single-minded intent will be lacking. Those things are not lacking here. It's an odd thought that if I were to come across this as a lost classic, something actually cut in 1967 and lost in the shuffle, I'd be in ecstasy—but as a new thing, I'm not sure what to make of it. This is the same dilemma you read about in art detective novels. Is it genuine? A masterpiece! What, some guy in Brooklyn just painted it? It's a sham! And that's the joke here. These guys are, eponymously The Shams but they've come from so far around the block they have become the real thing. On the other hand, this is so far and away better than the vast herd of the "retro" crap that tries to pass that I am grateful for the chance to hear it. It doesn't count for a goddamn thing to be playing your vintage Vox guitar through your vintage Orange amplifier backed by vintage Farfisa and vintage haircuts if you don't have balls to back it up. And by balls I don't mean volume, I don't mean attitude, I don't mean technical chops. I mean BALLS! And if you have to ask, you don't have them. (On the other hand, plenty of people don't ask, think they have them, and don't. Welcome to hell, guys.) Here's a confession. I play in a band. (What occasional music writer doesn't? Hasn't?) One of our conceptual continuities is an imaginary band ("The Electric Fruit Hat"), a lost and doomed band from Philly which ALMOST made it about, long ago about 1967, long hair dangling down below elfin collared shirts, eyes wild with music and fervor, wide wild bell bottoms blowing free and freaky in the revolutionary breeze. Signed to a deal with a major label they're not allowed to name, their career stalled as A&R Larry, their man in LA, was busted for buying a bag of "Red Crosses" from an undercover lady narc posing as a nun, one of the Little Sisters of Saint Leary. The label washed their hands of the whole thing and the four surviving members work the overnight shift at a tire warehouse in the Northeast. We play a couple of songs which, so we joke, we discovered on the only 45rpm 7" those guys put out. Now, the Shams have one upped it. This is a whole Fruit Hat album. If you have to ask what this means, you'll never know. I've done what I can. I'm out. Bottom line: you like music that hearkens back to those bright dark days of the protopunk American garage bands of the mid '60s, the days when people were rocking hard and getting wasted but were not too fucked up yet to take care of business? You'll dig this. If not, maybe you won't but it won't be The Sham's fault for not trying to help you kick out the jams one more time.

The other things this month were truly fine but require less text to explain. (Praise be to readability!)

### Man Or Astroman - Beyond The Black Hole (Estrus)

If you don't already know about Man Or Astroman, I'm not going to take the time to explain it here—well, okay but just briefly. Guy comes into my office at work (where I do the arduous pre-review listening sessions) and asks "Is this Dick Dale or is it the Ventures?" Exactly! *Beyond The Black Hole* is mostly a reissue of an out of print 1993 Australian release. 12 great surf rock tunes, each one a hard rocking son of an ass kicker. Replete with audio clips from 3rd rate sci-fi flicks you can't put your finger on. You like galactically sized spine stomping surf music? This is your slab of sound.

### The JFK Jr. Royal Airforce - Ridicule EP (Slutfish)

Weird, lo-fi idiosyncratic classic rock rumblings from the folks at Slutfish, presumably masterminded by the man Billy Syndrome himself. Five songs, again straddling the line between "fun to make" and "fun to listen to." It's got just enough feet in the second category for me want to listen to it—once, maybe twice. I'll say this for Slutfish, they keep cranking it out. They seem to have a mission and be sticking to it. Not the least of my pleasures in this item was the chance to say over and over to different people "This is the latest thing from Slutfish."

### The Astroglides - Penetrate with... (no label)

And finally, just what the world needs now: Israeli Surf Metal! As far as surf metal goes, this is pretty good. It's a little less true to its school than Man or Astroman but the drums are solid and the guitars are shrill. To recommend it is that fact that it's something like 15 songs in 23 minutes. I respect brevity. The song titles are bizarre ("Is Bomba Looking For A Snorkel?" and "Mystic Sphinxter", for example) and the promotional stuff is mostly in Hebrew. I respect that too. Against it, it's kind of strident. "What? Isn't it supposed to be strident? Wouldn't that be the very point of Surf Metal?" Okay but much of it sounds like it was recorded in a shoebox. "But isn't that the point of garage rock?" Yeah, sure why not. I don't know. It's not my bag. You like surf rock? You like shreddy metal? You're dying to know what the two taste like together? Give it a shot. A for effort, C for results.



In keeping with the name of this column I'm going to start with a report from a show I caught the other week (at five in the afternoon for chrissakes!) I went primarily to see **The Hives**, who readers of this column may remember I heaped lavish praise upon for their stunning sophomore set released last year on Epitaph called *Veni, Vedi, Vicious*. I wanted to go, even at that ungodly early hour on a Sunday afternoon, because I needed to know—could they deliver the goods live; was there still room for a truly great rock band in this world; could they really tear the roof off, knock it and rock it from their black little hearts, or were they just more hype machine bullshit that got lucky when gussied up with some modern studio gimcrackery? I needed to be sure that they weren't just an anemic, asthmatic, limp wristed, indie rock shoegazer bunch of self important whiny wankers gussied up and crammed down the publics throat as "balls to the wall rock." (Can anyone say The Strokes?) Happy to say they lived up to expectations, delivering all that their albums promised. The only shock was that they were so damned young and looked too damn healthy. I kept wanting to roll 'em around in the mud a little, but youth and the lack of crippling drug habits is nothing to hold against a band that has truly sacrificed at the altar of rock 'n roll and received the true spirit. **DO NOT MISS THIS ACT!** Unfortunately the rest of this bill was pretty lame, and I was highly indignant that The Hives had to suffer the ignominy of opening for the duff acts to follow. Next up were The Milemarkers (sounds sorta like the Promisekeepers or some other pretentious self aggrandizing bullshit, don't it?) They dared to answer the question on all true rockers mind—what would it sound like if Staind and Four Non Blondes formed a supergroup? The answer: "it would embody every thing in the world that sucks." I actually heard that quote form many of my fellow victims in the audience. The headliners, and the band that got all the local presses attention, was up next and they went by the name International Noise Conspiracy. A bad sign as all bands with names like that tend to suck (and sure enough...). Like so many other clods, this band claims to be about all things Motor City (you know the drill: MC5, Stooges, etc...) but at best kinda hit a Thee Hypnotics thang. Well at least the guitar player did, a nice crunchy sound I must admit, but the rest of the band needs to get in a tragic bus accident so maybe guitar boy can sign up with some half decent outfit. Especially heinous was the singer who was in full "so what if I'm gay" Mick Jagoff mode/"I'm the most righteous soul brother number one with my weak, weak, weak pseudo James Brown kinda moves though I'm really the whitest bitch on the planet"; sorta like the singer from Delta 72. Maybe this clown will also pick up a debilitating drug addiction to place his ass firmly on the sidelines. Last, and definitely least, is the chick in the band. Obviously someone's (probably the singer's) girlfriend, who gets in all the band photos even though her contributions are solely to stand besides the singer most of the set, righteously banging her tambourine. (Yeah, like anyone gives a fuck or for a second considers that playing an instrument.) Occasionally she trotted out some squealing notes on a cheap-ass organ intended to entertain the dogs and cats in the bar or, best of all, gobble wordlessly like an anally intruded turkey (I kid you not) to announce the beginning of the bands set. YEESH! Here's to a better future were bands like the Hives can headline nighttime shows and bands like the rest of these clods will stick to playing parties at their friends frat houses in between endless playings of Dave Matthews discs, or just go away. Of course the modern rock audience is so starved and so far removed from any kind of experience with the real deal that the comatose bullshit conspiracy band and their ilk can actually pass muster, but I plead with you youngsters—hold out for the real thing. See the Hives, leave immediately, and let the feeling they put across roll around for awhile to you get accustomed to it enough so that you can feel out the phonies like airport dogs sniff out the drugs you tried to smuggle back from Amsterdam. There can still be hope.

#### **Reducers SF - Crappy Clubs And Smelly Pubs CD (TKO)**

Great title and another strong release for TKO, who are quickly becoming one of Americas finest purveyors of street punk. Catchy songs, solid lead guitar work, strong vocals, top notch production (courtesy of Steve Burgess of Cocksparrer fame) and solid songwriting (with no dodgy lyrics) combine to make this disc a winner. I found it growing on me in leaps and bounds just with the first listen. The band's influences sneak through, but they are still hard to pigeonhole. At times I heard a distinct Cocksparrer influence, but at the same time Black Market Babies among others, but I could never fully pigeonhole them. This is a good thing, of course, as it's OK to wear your influences, but they should never wear you.

#### **Hugh Cornwell - Hi-Fi CD (Koch)**

The Stranglers were always one of my favorite original punk bands, partially because they defied anyone who tried to pigeonhole what a punk band was (which no one does better these days than the so called "punks" themselves), partially because of their fuck you attitude, mostly because of their brutally beau-

# Notes From the Trenches

## by Rick D.

tiful music, and lastly because of Hugh Cornwell's arch, sarcastic, caustically witty lyrics. As the Stranglers aged, they started to aspire more towards a beautiful pop esthetic (once you got used to the concept); when they hit their mark, it could be sublime, but when they missed (as was quite often the case) it could be a weirdly awkward and ugly moment, for Hugh has created some of my favorite lyrical turns but also some of the Western worlds dumbest (as personified on track seven, "Miss TeazyWeazy"). It's probably made much more glaring in the contrast to what heights the man can hit, and in the fact that these contrasts were usually imbedded in the same record ("Aural Sculptures" being a perfect example). Hugh left The Stranglers at least a decade ago to pursue a solo career that hit some commercial heights in the UK, made little impact here, and left me a little cold. I was a little trepiditous when I received his new disc for review, afraid that I would be forced to slam an artist who had delivered so much buzz and salvation to me in the past, since I've seen so many greats from that era turn slowly, painfully and repeatedly into a pathetic shadow of their former spirits. Hugh had different plans though and comes out swinging on his newest record. At least two of the tunes could have been written in his Strangler glory days ("Leave Me Alone" and "Putting You In The Shade"), chock full of vitriol and biting wit. The majority of the rest of the tunes are of a lazy, drifting, angelic pop. The man who used to snarl and spit out his vocals with the best of them showed the world back on The Raven that he actually had a distinctive and beautiful singing voice, and he uses it to great advantage here.

#### **Deadly Snakes - I'm Not Your Soldier Anymore CD (In The Red)**

Greg Oblivian has a new project (under the name Greg Cartwright) and, as he has taken back his own surname, he's stepped away from many Oblivians trademarks—a move started with The Compulsive Gamblers, his last project, which still featured his illustrious past cohorts. While the amped up frenetic fury and brutal slash and burn so beloved on the Oblivians releases are gone, what remains is what was always at the true heart of their sound, a genuine love of Southern blues, country, gospel, barrelhouse, Stax/Volt and R&B. That this seven piece band, (including horns, organ and harmonica in addition to the usual bass/drums/guitar so necessary to rock 'n' roll) has delivered such a damn fine solid piece of ass kickin' in such a brief existence makes me very anxious to hear what they'll deliver as they continue to gel together. They are already a damn fine live ensemble and a must see if they come to your area.

#### **Unitas - Porch Life CD (No Idea)**

This record starts as a genuine smoker, great Southern fried punk 'n roll, with vocals that remind me a little of early Jeff Clayton. Then the fourth song (and title track) "Porch Life" is a Pearl Jam-style cheese power ballad. I open the CD booklet and read a list of shit bands they proudly crow about cribbing from (REM, Spike-era Elvis Costello, Fugazi, etc.) and it starts to make sense. The music continues it's downward spiral with more Pearl Jam-isms. The only thing I can't figure out at this point is how the ripping three opening tracks fit in with the rest of this disc. I will say this seems like an earnest effort and, considering they're from Gainesville, FL, being half-right is 200 percent better than most of their fellow Floridians.

#### **Scared Of Chaka - Crossing With Switchblades CD (Hopeless)**

This is a truly odd grab bag o'rock. While opening with a ripping garage rock number (coincidentally bearing at least a nod to the Oblivians) they follow by plunking down a number of Green Day-ish poppy ass bullshit (which means Blink 182 style bullshit—whom they make a point to mock in their press kit!?) only to then lay down some more smokers. They remind me of another disc I reviewed in this very sainted magazine where one singer/songwriter had the band destined for legend while the others had them bound for the slag heap. Maybe these guys just need a little harsher sense of self editing.

#### **Lack Of Integrity/Scurvy Bastards - Split CD (self-released)**

This is a CDR and may not even be a real release (dare we hope?) LOI: while practicing in your basement when you can't play your instruments and recording the rehearsals on your boombox are vital steps towards developing as a band and as musicians, I wish to god that people would stop pressing these sessions up for release. The Scurvy Bastards may even be the same band, but instead of one chord hardcore they do sloppy Irish drinking/fighting/killing the British songs. They need work, but they have a more promising start.



# CD Reviews

## ANTISEEN - Hell (Steel Cage)

This is the first time I've ever heard this band and I have to admit, getting this disc to review was scary and I put it off. Why? Because the good folks who bring you this magazine are same folks who released this disc. What if I didn't like it and said it sucked? Fuck it, C14 is all about integrity [or something like that-ed], and I think L&L would think it pretty lame if I blew smoke up their ass and said it was great just to appease them. Besides, if they didn't want my honest opinion, they would've enclosed a crisp 20 spot. (I looked, there was nothing.) Okay, here goes: in my mind's eye I envisioned muddy production and shitty, white trash punk rock songs with no structure. However, much to my surprise, this isn't half bad. The production is clear enough and the songs are energetic. Hell, they even use a piano in a few places. This looks like a bunch of cover songs and a few O.G. tracks thrown in for good measure. Of the covers, the B.T.O. classic (and certified white trash anthem) "Taking Care Of Business" is worth whatever the price of this thing is. Other notable tracks include "Thanks A Lot" (Ernest Tubb), "Psycho Killer" (Talking Heads) and "I Don't Like You" (Skrewdriver). For someone into ANTISEEN, this is a cool compilation of tracks to replace a bunch of scattered or lost singles. For a newbie like myself, it will serve as a good 24-song introduction to the band. This one's a keeper.

—Todd Sciore

## Apocalyptica - Cult (Spitfire)

OK, so this is not normally the type of thing we review but I cannot lie—I am loving this band's gimmick. And their music is pretty cool too; I'll get to that in a minute. Apocalyptica are four handsome (in-a-Euro-goth-renaissance-fair-way), young (under 30 I'm guessing), classically trained male cellists who play metal. They came to notoriety when they released their first CD, which solely contained re-workings of Metallica songs (released in '96, a few years prior, I believe, to Metallica recording with the SF Symphony Orchestra). That would almost be enough gimmick for me but yet there is more, they're like aggro, smack-talkin' cellists; if I may quote them, "A man with a gui-

tar is nothing compared to a man with a cello! Girls really like the way we handle our instruments." They are the Ric Flair of heavy metal cellists; plus they not only attended a university, they graduated. I'll spare you all of the many phallic references I could be making (the press spares no phallic reference, they refer to the band's bows as "ever-rigid"—my kinda bow) and just say that if the goal of their press sheet was to make me want to listen to their CD, then mission accomplished. I didn't really like the first song, which features some not-my-cup-of-tea female vocals but the rest of the disc is filled with some interesting music vacillating as you may have guessed, somewhere in between metal and classical. Very atmospheric and moody, yet rugged—kinda like Old Spice. Any band that can cover Metallica and Norwegian composer Edward Grieg on the same CD and do it well is OK by me.

—Leslie

## Atom Bomb Pocket Knife - God Save the AMPK (Southern)

I wish I could like these guys more. It starts off interesting enough, a nice chunky rhythm guitar with another curling up around the beat like a spiral of smoke. The second guitar really gives it a better dynamic too. Overall, I would say some nice cuts that take the minimalist type approach to hypnotic levels, often times swinging over a cliffy riff and dangling you there. Lyrics take on a Candy Machine similarity, with context waxing a post-modern consciousness ("Scan Dynamics" is a perfect example). The vocal delivery, however, doesn't do much for me. It sounds kind of like that snotty guy from Oasis, singing stuff like "too busy getting dizzy." Ehhhh. When you combine that with some of the more cumbersome numbers, it drags anchor to the skip button. How many times, really, can you languidly sing "evil" in a song? Maybe that's just my beef though. Fans of Candy Machine and Skinner Pilot might appreciate this band.

—Phil D. Ford

## B-Movie Rats - I-94 Live (I-94)

I don't really go too much for live recordings. Some bands can pull it off, but when I want live I'd rather pay the cover and stand up front. After listening to this CD however, I

have a feeling that I missed an amazing performance. The recording has its share of problems (mainly technical, poor sound quality, etc) but the heart of the matter is these guys absolutely SMOKE live, and this CD proves it. The other thing that bears mentioning is how hard the Rats were struggling on this tour when the show was taped (10/17/99). Most bands would've thrown in the towel, but not only did they endure, they put on an ass-kicking show. If you like raw, dirty production, pick this up. If you don't have anything by them (and you should have everything) pick up their Junk release first, then this.

—Lucky Doorslammer

## Bad Wizard - Free And Easy (Tee Pee)

Hey, I like this! It's very upbeat, like Speedball meets Fu Manchu in a fast paced '70s boogie rock kind of way. Nine tracks that fly by and keep your toes tappin' the whole time. The obvious standout tracks are "Keep High/Stay Low" and "Natural High," which is an instant classic. The main riffs for "Come On" would make Angus Young smile. If you're looking for a disc you can let play through from start to finish, this is worth checking out. In this age of sound-alike "Nu Metal" bands, Bad Wizard conjures up the days of old when music just plain rocked.

—Todd Sciore

## Ballbusters - Peoples Republic of Rock n' Roll (Vicious Kitten)

An ambitious record of glaring contradictions. The LAMF blueprint so agonized over, the phrasing so similar, wanting the Thunders tag so badly as to spell it out LARGE in the band's bio sheet. And still they somehow ended up sounding like the Forgotten Rebels, Legal Weapon and Rose Tattoo! They couldn't have been shooting for that, could they? If this happy accident was indeed a misfire, I might be able to tell them why they hit an altogether different target. The Production: germ free enough to perform invasive surgery on. All rock 'n' roll explosives kept isolated from one another so as not to cause a dirty, flaming racket (which was EXACTLY what made LAMF the megaton blast it was,) thus giving the end result a sterile, controlled mid-'80s (and therefore Forgotten Rebels-esque) semi-gloss. Prescription: cut the next one as live and loud as possible and, for God's sakes, get rid of that digitally triggered snare drum! You're not New fucking Order!

Your bass player, Cathy; let her sing more. The two cuts she takes the mic on are some damn fine white girl rock blues wailing. (There's your Legal Weapon similarity.) That would prove a nice counterpoint to Rick Blaze's punkish, Keith Richards marble gargle (Rose Tattoo-you) dominating the album. Got no beef with the spot-on cover of the Waldos "Sorry" though, good choice! Look, anybody can unfairly shit-talk a decent record. I just get upset when I hear an unstoppable monster of a trash rockin' band in overproduced studio shackles. Bust out Ballbusters, and never look back.

—Ben Brower

## the Beautys - Thing Of Beauty (Cheetah's)

I've been aware of this band for a while but this is the first I've heard by them. I loved Kathleen's previous band, the Smears; this is a little, um, friendlier than that. Maybe that's the wrong word, I don't know. The Smears were a tough bunch of broads—or at least that's how they came across. The Beautys are a little more warm and fuzzy, but not soft or wishy washy by any means. There's still plenty of bite to them. Kathleen's voice sounds better than ever though, and her guitar playing on the record is great; the hard driving rhythms provided by partners in crime Erick & Dave are the perfect accompaniment, making Thing of Beauty a keeper and the Beautys a band to keep an eye on.

—Leslie

## Gregg Bendian's Interzone - Requiem for Jack Kirby (Atavistic)

Gregg Bendian's Interzone, a West/East Coast all-star aggregation pays musico-spiritual tribute to legendary comic book artist Jack Kirby, the visionary illustrator who gave us Spiderman, X-Men, the Hulk, Silver Surfer and other Marvel creatures. Taking their blend of modern jazz, rock from beyond, and free-improv to the altar of Zenn-La, the quartet levitates over 80 minutes of symphonic shimmer and spectacular instrumental music. Gregg Bendian shows us again, with his customary brilliance, how the vibraphone is indeed both a percussive and melodic instrument. The stupendous and sensational Nels Cline bends notes the way only he can and leaves other guitarist behind in his long wake, with sumptuous and lyrical playing perfectly in keeping with the subject at hand: colorful and violent, bizarre and angst-ridden, as oversize and cinematic as it can be, precise and highly



detailed, all in accordance with the compositional/improvisational needs of the moment. The rhythm section of drummer Alex Cline and bassist Joel Hamilton is just right in its precision and humph (check out track two, "New Gods," to see how bass and drum can reach accompanist perfection alongside top-notch soloists at the peak of their powers). Bendian's composing is also right on target. When you think of the Silver Surfer trying to escape his earthbound prison with near-light speed collisions of nova dimension, as he blows fire and blisters force-fields in all directions, huge orchestras and percussion ensembles might come to mind as if Richard Strauss' Zarathustra was meeting Xenakis' Kraanerg; and you could also envision a Wagnerian clobbering of Stockhausen electronics. Interzone enters to make the world notice that Thor's mighty hammer will shatter dimensions just as effectively with a jazzistic avant-groove of electric guitar and vibraphone. And Spiderman can swing and fly from "Other Skylines" with a 52nd street be-bop netting, as hard as it is sticky. Interzone is subversive, beautiful, raunchy, silk and sandpaper, sinister and menacing, overwhelming yet human and fragile. It's scary, and I'm sure Kirby would be proud. —Michel Polizzi

**The Big Iron - Bury My Mistakes** (s/r)

Verrrry interesting. This debut CD from Kansas City's Big Iron starts off with some gear-jammin', rough and tumble punk rock on the first few songs and then downshifts into a mean 'n' nasty Cramps-gone-country vein that'll make the hairs on the back of your neck stand up if the room is dark and the boogie is flowing. These guys have been to hell and back and don't mind singing about it. Songs like "Until I Die," "Devil Is Not A Man," "Scourge of The Earth," and the title track cut a searing swath across the heartland and into your liver. This is not music for the timid or emotionally unstable, these songs speak of love, loss and revenge—and a few stops in between. The three covers at the end of the disc bring everything back to square one, as the Big Iron deconstruct "She's My Witch" in a way that would make Lux & Ivy proud, completely revamp "The Godfathers" (remember them?) "This Damn Nation," and finally end with a demolition derby ride take on "Teenage Head." More than a 12-pack worth of entertainment,

with a couple shots of Jim Beam on the side. —Larry

**Betty Blowtorch - Are You Man Enough?** (Foodchain)

'80s rock... love it or hate it. Or love it AND hate it. While a certain other band from a certain city where a certain reviewer used to reside brings to mind all the worst '80s cock-rock had to offer, Betty Blowtorch brings back all the best: good times, good outfits and good ROCK! The band consists of Bianca Butthole, Sharon Needles and Blare N. Bitch, all formerly of the L.A. punk band Butt Trumpet, with the addition of hard-hitting skin pounder Judy Molish. The opening track, "Hell on Wheels," gets my vote for song of the year. The rest of the tunes don't quite live up to the promise of this kick-starter, but then again, that's asking a lot. Musically, think L7 crossed with the Runaways and Skid Row, with a dose of the (sometimes) melodic poppiness of the Lunachicks thrown in for good measure. Great production, great guest appearance by Vanilla Ice on "Size Queen," and great packaging, with a full panel photo of each band member for all you girl band geeks to drool over (with measurements such as "36-28-666"). While the whole "four foul mouthed hussies" with attitude thing gets a little tired after a while, but one thing's for sure... these foul-mouthed bitches... er... hussies, know how to deliver the ROCK! Right on, sistas! —Wendy Lee

**the Black Widows - Arocknaphobia** (Vital Gesture)

I love bands with a gimmick (really); they're called the Black Widows and their CD is called Arocknaphobia, get it? I'd be even happier if they had some kitchy spider costumes to play in, with extra arms that flail around while they rock, but what are you gonna do? Maybe someday I'll figure out how wearing pantyhose on their heads fits into the spider thing. The booklet says it's to "protect their severe identities" (uh, OK). The booklet also tells me they are not a surf band, they play all-original, instrumental spider rock (thanks guys you're doing all the work for me) and that they don't like me. They're lying about that last part though, I've met at least one of these guys and he seemed to like me fine. Anyway, this is a great CD; there's a lot of flavor and fun packed into these 18 tracks & they're definitely a band I'd want to see live. Do I

have a rocknaphobia (as the question is posed on the back cover)? If that means an aversion to this Black Widows CD then no, and if you like intro music a la Davie Allan & the Arrows or the Silencers you won't be afraid of this either. —Leslie

**Born Bavarian - Crazy Hog** (Devils Shitburner)

Here we have a new offering from one of the Community of Filth bands (the German equivalent of the COS), Born Bavarian. I don't know if this is their first full length CD but until this I'd only heard some of their singles. I think the title track, "Crazy Hog," and their cover of Johnny Paycheck's "Armed and Crazy" are good representatives of what the band's about: one part American heavy punk rock and roll bands like ANTISEEN, one part country music and one part putting their own twist on those two things. They definitely rock and singer/frontman Andi Nauertz's voice is as rough and raw as they come. I have to admit when I was given this CD and I turned it over my first reaction was "Holy shit! Look at his stomach!" So forgive me for talking about looks instead of music here for a second but, you know, I don't see that kind of thing all the time; most of the guys I know in bands have a six pack of beer in their stomach not a six pack of muscles on their stomach. (Andi very well might have both as the inside photo shows him enjoying what I believe to be a fine German beer.) I should also point out that the unbelievably beautiful woman who graces the CD cover is, I believe, Andi's girlfriend (or wife?) Claudia (who looks like a girl from one of those Hammer movies; all pale, slim and wide-eyed with the long straight hair that all the women in those flicks seem to have) making them a prime candidate for the best looking couple in rock and roll on either side of the Atlantic. Anyway, to get back to the CD, it rocks. Check it out. —Honey West

**Bottles and Skulls - Never Kiss the Wasp** (Cheetah's)

Above average California punk. The singer kind of reminds me of a raspy Joe Strummer, and the band knows how to play, but this kind of music doesn't hold my interest like it used to. Give it a listen, you might dig it. —Lucky Doorslammer

**the Brought Low - s/t** (Tee Pee)

I kinda know someone in this band, does that disqualify me from reviewing it? I guess not.

I really only know bass player Dean Rispler from his "day job" at Go-Kart records; and perhaps I don't really "know" Dean at all. For example, I didn't know he had a big ol afro type thing goin' on (as it appears he does on the CD cover) nor did I know he was in a stoner rock band. Now I know. (I'll remember that the next time he calls me about Two Man Advantage.) They consider themselves to be a Southern rock band I think, and actually the more I listen to the CD I can see where they're coming from. This would probably satisfy fans of both genres, since they've got the sludginess to please the pot smokin' crowd and the swagger to please the beer drinkin' crowd. Their ace in the hole though is that this disc just sounds really, really good; the production is excellent and you can tell they really spent time crafting the sound they wanted. They may not be re-inventing the wheel or anything, but their hearts are in the right place. —Leslie

**the Burnouts - Close To Break Evil** (Bad Afro)

I think the Burnouts were on the cover of the last issue of Moshable. It was a very fetching photo I recall. This band probably always looks good. I just get that feeling. I don't think they're all image though; I'm not really that familiar with them but if this disc is any indication, they're a well-oiled rock and roll machine—to use an obvious hot rod reference. With a name like the Burnouts you know you're gonna get some gearhead rock (meaning car and car culture inspired rock, not the magazine; although now that I think of it, Gearhead Magazine would be a viable reference as well). But these songs also feature little bits of various other rock and roll styles from psychedelic garage to more radio friendly pop. Extra points for their excellent cover of "Carbona Not Glue" and for being so darn cute. —Honey West

**Canyon Creep - Hijack the World** (s/r)

"...men who spent their lives on a never ending quest for honor, glory and fine chicks." Thus begins the southern rock tale of Canyon Creep's *Hijack the World*. This shit is some heavy, fat-bottom girljiglin' metal coming up on ya in the style of Honky. It's got some serious flanger fun on the guitar that crawls up the bass/drum backbone, forming some sheet of armor that's stained with the blood of the unrockworthy. It's



pretty cool if you're into it. Reminds me a bit of the Splintered Jelly Babies, but a bit more growling on the vox. It might wear on you toward the end, unless ya got yer torn Skynyrd shirt on and a half empty bottle of Jack; it just winds down to a proverbial guitar hook. About half the tunes rock for the average Southern shack shaker, so that's good odds.  
—Phil D. Ford

**The Chargers Street Gang** - Holy the Bop Apocalypse (Get Hip)

You can't ignore what's in your blood and Cleveland's Chargers Street Gang is no exception. With echoes of Cleveland's long and noble punk tradition flirting around the edges, and Detroit-fueled riff rock at the center, these five guys may have inadvertently stumbled onto a winning combination. Brimming with energy and some pretty heavy debts to the MC5 as well, the Chargers are aided and abetted by the production work of Mr. Tim Kerr on this, their debut album. Songs like "Tom Waits For No One," "Black & Tan" and "Twisted & Old" buzz with electricity. From big power chords to blistering leads, crazy sax work and a pounding rhythm section, the Street Gang's attack is unrelenting and I like it.  
—Larry

**The Chickenhawks** - Hard Hitting Songs For Hard Hit People (RAFR)

Ah, the Chickenhawks; to know them is to love them. We work with them so obviously I like the band—I think that goes without saying, but what the hell, why not state the obvious? This is their second full length, the first being their fabulous *Siouxicide City* CD (named after husband & wife co-founders Pete & Betsy Phillips' hometown of Sioux City, Iowa; also on RAFR), and in a way the band is a totally different animal on this one. They've still got the raw, loose, train-gone-off-it's-tracks charm that we've all come to know and love but their overall sound is not as lo-fi or stripped down as their previous CD. People who are already fans of the band will dig it though, as would any fan of trashy blues inspired, rock and roll. It should also be noted that, although I'm sure the band enjoys going into the studio, the 'Hawks real home is on a stage so you definitely want to go catch them live if they pass through your town.  
—Leslie

**Columbian Neckties** - Abrance! (Sounds of Subterranea) *Abrance!* is the first full-length (after a couple 7"s and a 10") for the Columbian Neckties, who formed from the ashes of Shake Appeal in 1999. While most punkrocknroll bands from Europe these days tend to either go the Humpers, etc... route or the Hellacopters/Turbonegro direction, the Neckties take it back a bit further and give the nod to bands like Radio Birdman, the Dead Boys and The Dictators (bonus points for the rarely-covered "Stay With Me"). There's nothing groundbreaking on this release but that doesn't stop it from rocking with nothing less than 100% pure intensity. Loud, fast, fun.  
—Larry

**Deep Reduction** - 2 (Get Hip)

On 2, the second album of Deniz Tek's collaboration with Harrisburg, PA's Stump Wizards, the intensity meter goes up a few ticks with the inclusion of former Radio Birdman singer Rob Younger. So with the main twosome responsible for influencing a generation-plus of bands across the globe one must ask: Is the magic back? Well... sorta. 2 is definitely an improvement over its predecessor, with much tighter songs and a more defined sound. This album is probably the most rock and roll record Tek and Younger have been associated with in years. The hallmarks of Tek's signature sound and style are all over the record, but what's really interesting is how Jack Chiarrà (second guitar) has adapted his songwriting style into the Birdman vein. His collaborations with Tek and Younger sound more like lost Birdman tracks than the tunes where Tek has the only writing credit. They even manage to put a Birdman-like spin on their cover of the Pink Fairies' "City Kids" without really fucking with the original version too much. Thus far only Europe has been fortunate enough to experience DR live... so how 'bout a US tour, gentlemen? Please?  
—Larry

**the Dictators** - D.F.F.D. (Dictators Multi/Media) Of course, we (meaning the mag as a whole and also Larry & I) love the 'Tators. (And what right thinking person wouldn't?) So any new release by them is a welcome sight. Let's cut to the chase though and I'll elaborate in a second - this is a really good CD and a much needed wake-up call to young bands that think song-writing is secondary to looking cool.

(Style over substance? Not for me, thanks.) We can only hope these boy rock bands—and I sure as fuck aren't referring to the Backstreet Boys—see the error of their ways and stop looking in the mirror to fix their Ron Wood shag haircuts and get with the program. In many ways the Dictators are and always have always been a "man's band"—in the sense that they're men, (not shoe gazin', wussy, emasculated men either) and they're all about being men. Real men who play real rock music—"testosterone rock" to quote a phrase I am fond of from track four, "The Moronic Inferno." The Dictators write/sing/play songs about what guys think about: i.e. girls, sex, what's wrong with the world, cars, being men, sports, and their dicks. Oh wait, take that last one out for this example, if Andy's written any songs about his penis I don't think they've made it to record, but you get the idea. I'm female, I like men and I like rock and roll; therefore testosterone rock is my kinda rock. If you wanna get schooled in that (and trust me, you need to be schooled in that) look no further. They did it first and this CD proves they still do it best, even though it takes them a long time to write and record new albums. And that's fine. I'm patient. The only negative comment I have is that I'm not nuts about the cover—but only because I've reached the point where I've seen too many CD covers with tattoo art on them. But so what, once the disc is in the CD player, there aren't a lot of reasons to think about what's on the cover. Is it a good record? Damn right. An important record? Definitely. Will the Dictators in fact save rock and roll? Only time will tell, but the music world as a whole is better off with them than without them.  
—Leslie

**the Dirtbombs** - Ultraglide In Black  
**the Screws** - Shake Your Monkey (In The Red)

The press sheet that came with these two CDs dub Mick Collins "the last black man in rock and roll," a statement I'm not even gonna touch, but over the course of his career he very well may have made some of the most interesting, influential and vital punk/rock and roll/soul music made by anyone, of any color, in underground music. And guess what, he's still doing it. The Dirtbombs are his "official" current band (in the sense that the members all live in Detroit and play together often) and this is their second CD. It

seems to be a lot more R&B-influenced than their earlier disc (*Horndog Fest*), which was more "punk," but the looseness and spontaneity part of punk rock is still very much evident here. The Screws, I think, started off as a side-project; or maybe just as an excuse for Mick & Terry Wahl (ex-Red Aunts, a band Collins produced "back in the day") to play together but seeing as how they're putting out records and occasionally playing live dates, they're as much of a "real" band as the Dirtbombs. *Shake Your Monkey* (great title) is also their second CD and oddly enough they have consecutive catalog numbers (that's some nice organization on Larry Hardy's part) I don't recall what their earlier disc sounded like but on this CD the Screws play rough & tumble blues with a hard edge and plenty of soul. I think it's fair to say that anything with Mick Collins' name on it is at least worth a listen; both of these discs are worth multiple listens and are worthy additions to his already great body of work.  
—Leslie

**DMZ** - Live At The Rat (Bomp)

Finally, I get to review something I wish I was at. Even if the record sucked, the liner notes alone would make this thing worth buying. Bomp records; so far so good. The first six tracks are from '76 and so are the last two, which makes no sense; tracks seven to eighteen are from '93, which I figured would be sounding great but lacking heart and soul—wrong. Fuckin' thing screams. Just wish I'd been there. Real quick note: the liner notes start off with—ready for this quote—"As far as I can tell this is one of the worst periods for music in decades, I mean the year 2001 and counting." God damn, that is the best fuckin' thing I've read in a long while. The liner notes go on to say how DMZ smashed all the New York bands that dared to wander up north to Boston (i.e. The Dictators, Ramones, Plasmatics); makes sense to me, DMZ were a rock band. Live albums always sort of fall flat, although there are some that hold their weight, but on first listen you really can feel the frenzy that was going on in Boston in the mid to late '70s. Music was better, and the way it looks now it ain't gonna get no better anytime soon, so go back in the time machine and dig the sounds when music, and Saturday nights, were still fun.  
—Cosmo



**The Dragons - Rock 'N' Roll Kamikaze (Junk)**

This is the fourth studio album from San Diego raw and bluesy rockers The Dragons, who continue down the Replacements meets Motorhead road of rock 'n' roll they've paved for themselves through relentless touring and good solid rock songs with hooks. As their last album stated, The Dragons continue to rock like fuck on this latest release. Escovedo's laid back, whiskey-throated drawl and yelp are at the forefront on speed rockers like "Whoa Yeah," "Life Is Cheap," "I Say Go," and "Don't Waste My Time." But they're not one trick monsters; they spew out fiery hooks and harmonies with the power pop rawk of songs like "C'mon," "Crying" and "Like It's A Bad Thing." Standout song on this disc though is the heart-hanging-on-sleeve travel ode "Greyhound," with the resounding line, "the greyhound just keeps rolling." Of course, no matter how good an album these guys put out, they are a bar band, and if you wanna hear The Dragons at their raunchy rockin' best, you'll grab yourself a beer—ah fuck it, make it a case—and see them live and loaded next time they roll through your town.

—Peter Santa Maria

**The Dynotoes - Self-Titled (Dynosonic)**

My first car was a 1983 Honda Prelude, a teeny-tiny compact with a moon roof that could fit in any available space in Philly. God bless it. I drove it into a dealership as its brakes failed for the final time. I peeled out in a Ford Probe that I drove into the fucking ground. After I coasted the "Grey Ghost" into the local Ford joint and its clutch breathed its last, salespeople from far and wide stood 'round and marveled at the ability to choke 158,000 miles from a single clutch and set of shocks. My new ride? A smokin' sweet 2001 Ford Escort X2 (the last of its kind doncha know!) packed with such killer options as "retro" hand-cranked windows! Woo-hoo! In case you're curious, I've spent the first 120-plus words of this review detailing my car-owning history because I don't feel up to another discussion of why I find the entire genre of surf/hot rod instrumental so incredibly tiresome. Was this disc really necessary? Couldn't these CDs have been used to burn collections of hardcore Internet porn? Damn you Quentin Tarantino!

—Danté

**Easy Action - s/t (Reptilian)**

This is the stuff that we were weaned on; Brannon doin' what he knows best. Good, bust you up side yo head songs. Bad art though. I just think that Coop, Kozik, O'Connell is so passé; looks good but don't mean shit to me. That song "Twenty One" is the stuff. Saw them live a couple months ago but that's another review altogether... Brannon always had big balls and I was jacked up when I saw them live. I hadn't heard the record so I was a bit suspicious that the music on the CD wouldn't be as good as the live thing (never is) but I'll listen to this again. It's not a toss-away by any means. The bass player on the record is Ron Sakowski, who was the bass player for the Necros after Cory took a powder; guitar guy Richardson has that Detroit stomp and swagger goin' on. Good record but the band name is questionable.

—Cosmo

**Electric Frankenstein - The Buzz Of 1000 Volts! (Victory)**

You might expect a band that's been around for over ten years to become a bit predictable, maybe even formulaic, but Electric Frankenstein defies that stigma in spades. The Buzz... is their third CD for Victory, and might be the closest thing to genuine rock and roll the label's released yet. Although the band does have a distinct "sound," the thirteen songs echo a wide range of influences. Part of the buzz on The Buzz is from the band's use of guitars and amps from the '70s and recording it in the now-practically-unheard-of 48-track analog format. The '70s influence holds sway pretty heavily, with bits of hard rock and southern rock from that decade woven into a lot of the songs, most notably the KISS-inspired "Prey For Me" and "Bite Down On Me," which could be easily mistaken for a lost Bon Scott era AC/DC song.

—Larry

**The Ex - Dizzy Spells (Touch & Go)**

This is my pick of the issue. Find this, buy this, recite it for years to come. A few months ago I was a bit put off by most of the new music I was trying to come by, there was nothing "new" or impressive. Of course, The Ex has been around a long while and always puts out good stuff, but they had just released this one. It was exactly what I was needing. Something about their Netherland punkish folk noise that enamors you. They've mastered the odd beat with

munching guitar, plump bass and relentless vocals, stuff I wish I could play. Unique, perceptive, insightful, poignant, great—all are understatement. They read the future with their lyrics (from "Town of Stone"): "No chance to wait for things to change unless buildings get hit by planes, no chance to stop this money vulture from turning bullshit into culture... what is this town if, too unsound, it burns itself down to the ground." Yeah, intense, especially with equally meaningful songs about world wide crisis management, among many others that address today's capitalist world. And not in a whiny liberal way, but more of a philosophical wax. The words and music will make you hear, think and reflect. Perhaps the first 21st century record to give a damn about and to mean anything in a post 9/11 world. Just get it, it kicks.

—Phil D. Ford

**Fireball Ministry - FMEP (Small Stone)**

I think the fine proprietors of this here mag must have forgotten to give this record to metal sommelier and fellow reviewer Ben Brower. Well, their oversight is my good fortune as the sayin' of "finder's keepers" applies here, and folks this one is a keeper! Fireball Ministry play heavy metal that just oozes with the smoke and haze of '70s hard and high as a kite rock 'n' roll. Dig, this is groove-oriented, riff-o-rama rock, and Fireball Ministry lock in the groove stronger than a Masterlock deadbolt. This CD explodes in an ear drum popping, combustible combination of Black Sabbath and Blue Cheer sonic fuzz and sludge, reverb soaked vocals, double guitar buzz and howl, bong rattling, bottom heavy bass and booming drums of impending doom. The band consists of holy hell frontman Rev. James A. Rota III at the vocal/guitar helm, blonde bombshell and riff mistress Emily J. Burton on guitar, Janis Tanaka of L7 on bass (although Fu Manchu's Brad Davis is credited with playing bass on these recordings) and ex-drummer for Muzza Chunka, John Orsehnick. FMEP turns out to be more of a collection of various compilation songs and singles instead of a full-length album. There are three outstanding original tunes, "King," "Choker" and "Maidens of Venus," plus a slew of covers including a raunchy cover of Alice Cooper's "Muscle of Love," Aerosmith's "Movin' Out," Judas Priest's "Victim of Changes," Blue Cheer's "Fortunes" and the most eerily excellent cover of The Misfits "Cough/Cool" I have ever heard.

I haven't been to church in years, but consider me a member of Fireball Ministry's First Church of Rock 'n' Roll congregation.

—Peter Santa Maria

**Fireballs of Freedom - Welcome to the Octagon (Estrus)**

What's the correct term for the wild kind of noisy punk motherfucking rock the Fireballs of Freedom crank out? It's not just noise; not just rock. Skronk? Noo. If I were a bigger kind of music geek, I might know—maybe. But that kind of correct terminology shit only matters to nerds, and nerds should love this shit. Maybe I'm not supposed to know. Maybe I'm not supposed to be able to describe it. Oh my god, wait I figured it out. Math rock! The Fireballs of Freedom are math rock. No, that isn't it. They love to rock the fuck out, that's all I'm sure of. Maybe they wear the gently worn t-shirts they've had since high school, have skinny arms, and Drive Like Jehu never leaves the CD pile close to the bed. Like maybe the sky is blue. Fast rocking chaotic noise. If you are a nerd who lives for this shit, be glad.

—Alex Richmond

**Firewater - Psychofarmacology (Jetset)**

I was totally shocked when a really, really good friend of mine (who I respect to much to mention by name and embarrass him) who loves rock, told me he bought this record and—oh my god, did I like it? Did I? Did I, did I, did I? I kind of do; sort of, in a way. It doesn't really rock enough, though there's great guitar parts and good arrangements. It sounds mature—too mature. And though I own a house, I don't like this kind of sterile, extra-mature songwriting. The snotty, speed-metal-loving part of me hopes I never will, but the part that's bought a house and knows my drink limit is growing stronger. Still not strong enough to endorse this record. Even the duet with Shirley Manson sounded prim, not all dirty like she usually does. Like, the refrain "ba ba ba ba," with the wistful kind of echo effect and chimes in "She's the Mistake"? May I never be mature enough to enjoy that. And dude, if you haven't made that mistake (fucked that girl) by now you never will. That lady is clearly not having it. Part of being an adult is knowing when to stop. Firewater sounds a bit like the Magnetic Fields, but with good guitars and not gay. My good friend told me I'm obviously not mature enough to enjoy this,



and one of these days he'll explain it all to me. Well, nyah.  
—Alex Richmond

**Five Horse Johnson - The No. 6 Dance**  
(Small Stone)  
This is my first encounter with FHJ and I've walked away impressed. *The No. 6 Dance* boats clear production and is a solid disc that I let play from start to finish without having to skip the lame tracks. The music is hard, bluesy rock that brings to mind ZZ Top and a touch of Gov't Mule. Of the twelve tracks, the strongest are "Mississippi King," "Shine Around," "It Ain't Easy" & "Swallow The World." "Spillin' Fire" contains some good harp work and "Odella" is a heavy blues opus of "How Many More Times" proportions. Overall, this is a strong CD and is recommended to those looking for some hard rock with a blues tinge.  
—Todd Sciore

**The Flaming Sideburns - Hallalujah Rock n' Rollah**  
(Bad Afro)  
So at first listen, besides being transported back in time to the 1970s when all guitars were loud and the riffs good, I thought this was the Hellacopters, but better, and then it sort of got kind of Hives-esque. When I learned the Flaming Sideburns are from the same town as those other Swedish geniuses, you have to wonder what's in the water over there to make bands this good.  
—Alex Richmond

**Mick Farren & The Deviants - On Your Knees Earthlings**  
(Total Energy)  
Mick Farren is such an accomplished writer that many people aren't even aware of his musical side (kinda like me, eh?). I'm happy as hell to get this CD because vinyl copies of the UK's Deviants '60-'70s releases are rare as hen's teeth in these here parts. This collection spans over 30 years of Deviants lineups and reunions. The material from the '60s is convincing proof that Mick & Co. must have inspired many a "bad trip" amongst amiable, dumbass hippies that crossed paths with them. It's kinda like Kim Fowley's more bitter and mind blowing '60s work here in the US. Musically there's plenty of wailing guitar and energy. Sometimes the music rocks, sometimes it gurgles insanely, but it's ALWAYS in yer face, mate. This is a topnotch release that I'm still really only beginning to explore after three listenings. It's like tossing your MC5, Captain Beefheart and Standells records into a

blender and having this disc drop onto your plate.  
—Thee Whiskey Rebel

**The Fartz - What's In A Name?**  
(Alternative Tentacles)  
A brief history lesson: The Fartz begat the Accused at some point in the '80s. A bunch of the same guys begat Kaos (or was it "Chaos"? ) in 1980 or so... a band my first band actually played with. They kicked ass. All these years later this CD also kicks ass from beginning to end. Don't expect it to have a metal edge like the Accused, it's definitely old school hardcore punk... recorded better than most records of the genre from back in the day. I don't agree with some of the political opinions expressed here (such as in "People United" & "Death Merchants"), but as I've publicly stated many times—it sucks when a reviewer allows his political slant to distort a record review. I agree with their sacrilegious songs "God Fearing Christians" and "Judgment Day" and of course the CD's worth the price alone for a blazing cover of Motorhead's "Iron Fist." FUCKING GET IT.  
—Thee Whiskey Rebel

**Fleshies - Kill The Dreamer's Dream**  
(Alternative Tentacles)  
Good fuckin' gawd! Run for your pathetic life—it's the Fleshies! Fleshies don't give a flyin' fuck, and their care-less attitude and punk rawk and roll antics are as refreshing as they are brilliant! They are into the Dwarves as much as they are AC/DC and that, folks, is a truly great thing indeed. The band members go by names like Vonny Bon Bons (bass), Mattowar (guitar), Brian Hamiltion (drums) and last but certainly not least Johnny Pseudonym (vocals); the kind of insane-o drunken mess of a frontman who is willing to get naked and make an ass out of himself all in the name of rock 'n' roll fun. Having fun and making fun of everything and anything, themselves included, is what Fleshies do on *Kill The Dreamer's Dream*. Songs like "(What If We) Arm The Homeless," "LocoFoco MotherFucker," and "Led Fucker" Zeppelin, Man" are crude, rude and sickeningly funny like watching someone trip and fall on their ass in the street. Not only does the raw red meat guitar sound and bombastic drums make these songs standout, but the looney, sometimes out of tune vocals and smart ass intelligence of the lyrics are a perfect match for the out of control, on the verge of imploding on itself insanity of the music. Fleshies are the most remedial-

ly original punk band I have heard in a long, long time!  
—Peter Santa Maria

**Fracas - A New Host Of Torment**  
(Calendar of Death)  
A nice little blast (11 tracks; under 17 minutes) of mad, bad and evil rock and roll from these Cali boys (I think they're from Alameda). They thank a bunch of people I know in the credits but this is the first I've heard of them or by them. I'm kind of at a loss as to how to describe them. There are two covers on here—one a Dead Kennedys song, "Too Drunk To Fuck" (such a great song) and the other a Hammerlock song, "Militia Time"—and actually the band does kind of sound like a mashed up and rearranged combo of those two bands; kind of like if a punk band and a Southern rock band got in a bar fight and half of each band ended up dead and the remaining members of each band joined forces. Loud and pissed off rock and roll.  
—Leslie

**Fugazi - The Argument**  
(Dischord)  
This is one of those "moreyas"—the more ya listen, the more ya wind up liking it. They still have that straighter liberal edge, more creatively expressed than years ago; more seasoned. Last I remember of Fugazi, before I lost interest, was probably their Repeater CD. You can still see those roots with songs like "Full Disclosure" and "Ex-Spectator;" those almost irrationally excited bursts of sonic energy. Other tunes seem like a new breed of the band, interestingly crafted and talented. These guys are some damn fine songwriters, "Oh!" and "Nightshop" are wonderfully constructed pieces that will give and give with repeated listenings. Sure there are one or two songs that just kind of sit there, but even those can take on an interest if you give them the chance. If you're like me and you haven't heard them in a while, now's a good time to give it a spin. They've grown, and it's good.  
—Phil D. Ford

**the Goddamn Gentleman - Sex-Caliber Horsepower**  
(Upper Cut)  
I'm intrigued by this band. They're a kind of booty-shakin' garage/blues rock combo from Portland. They have a very raw and loose vibe and also a sorta sexy swampy thing going; kind of like the Chrome Cranks or maybe very, very early Blues Explosion but not as New York-y. I bet they actually literally started playing together in someone's garage

(something NYC bands can't do). I'm not much for the farfisa unless it's used by a band that recorded more than 20 years ago or it sounds evil, and the Gentleman achieve the latter. Their use of the farfisa is akin to giving someone the finger and telling them to fuck off out loud at the same time—it's just to add a little touch of color & emphasis. It's comforting to know there are still good bands out there I've never heard of.  
—Leslie

**Holly Golightly - Singles Roundup**  
(Damaged Goods)  
Saw Ms. Golightly at last year's Vegas Shakedown (on the second stage). Classic case of "too hip for the room". Her low key, post punk torch song delivery barely raised an eyebrow from the assembled Betty Page banged and mutton chopped, bowling shirted masses cooling their heels before the main stage "rawk" Bozo bluster of Nashville Pussy. Like she cared. Since stepping out of the Headcotees/Billy Childish record mill around '95, Holly Golightly has had independent labels seemingly lined up 'round the block asking for a piece of her action. So now, for those of you who have caught on to the fact that EVERYTHING gets compiled on to a CD eventually. Patience is rewarded with *Singles Roundup*, a 24 song collection of singles only the most rabid Golightly fan would've bothered to track down in their original form. To pinpoint Golightly's influences would take a 20th century spanning trip through popular recorded music, early '60s Northern Soul, Delta Blues, Motown, '66 Punk/Psych, Rockabilly, Country, mid-'50s Brill Building epics, Dustbowl Folk... it's alternately engaging and exhausting. If she's not Dusty Springfield fronting the Troggs, she's Marianne Faithful at the Grand Ol' Opry. Yeah, her lack of any real vocal range beyond a brassy middle register does begin to wear on the ear about 18 songs straight into the album (thank heaven for the five CD shuffle mode!) But stick around for her Ike Turner ("Your Love Is Mine") and Lee Hazlewood ("Sand") covers, blending in perfectly with her own smoky, subdued originals. Surefire make-out record for music snobs.  
—Ben Brower

**Hammerlock - Barefoot and Pregnant**  
(Steel Cage)  
I'm not much of a bandwagon jumper, but that's about to change and I'll tell y'all why. Seems to me that since Nashville Pussy got popular a



few years back, it kinda became in vogue to "embrace" redneck/white trash/hillbilly culture. All these supposed rockers who wouldn't know Lynyrd Skynyrd from Leonard Cohen or Jim Dandy from Jim Nabors, grew mutton chops, copped some thrift store cowboy shirts, boots and big belt buckles and assumed the pose. They switched from Heineken to PBR or from Absolut and tonic to Jack and Coke. Fuck that shit because Hammerlock are the real uncrowned kings (and queen) of redneck punk. Travis has a voice that sounds like he gargles with kerosene and the band rocks way more convincingly than Nashville Pussy and all the other pretenders to the throne. Eat shit posers, and step aside or you'll be pullin' Hammerlock's boots out of your lame Yankee asses.

—Guy Incogneto

**Wayne Hancock - A-Town Blues (Bloodshot)**

I have a network of friends who are also huge Wayne Hancock fans. When one of them told me a while back that he had a new album coming out I e-mailed Bloodshot for a sample copy. This may be business as usual for most music scribes but it was the first time Thee Whiskey Rebel ever groveled for a promo copy CD from a label. Y'know what? I never even got a "hell no" response from 'em. [Yeah, they don't return our calls either.—ed.] See why I never waste my time groveling to music biz people? I only did it because Mr. Hancock is my favorite recording artist in the world today, as I've stated in these pages before. Anyway, thanks to the same friends I managed to get an advance copy anyway. It's another great album chock full of classics. For those of you who've never heard him, Wayne's got the best voice going in the Ernest Tubb/Hank Sr. tradition of honky-tonk singing. His band would impress the hell out of Bob Willis or Spade Cooley if you could bring 'em back to hear him. When it comes to whiskey, you've got Wild Turkey; Cadillac sets the standard for automobiles; Wayne Hancock rules the roost amongst country boogie singers period. This CD (like all of Hancock's others) is the REAL McCoy. Not even the faintest tiny whiff of Top 40 crossover pop bullshit can be smelted here. This is one guy in his 30s who NEVER owned a KISS record or went through a second record stage. He's been put here on this earth to answer the question raised in George Jones' song "Who's Gonna Fill Their Shoes." Just

for the record, my favorites are the title track, "Railroad Blues," "Miller, Jack & Mad Dog" and "Viper."

—Thee Whiskey Rebel

**Hellstomper - Haulin' Ass (Steel Cage)**  
Shit-kickin', foot-stompin', truck drivin' rock from these four Southern gents. "Haulin' Ass" is a collection of well-chosen covers, ranging from Motorhead to MC5 to Black Oak Arkansas to C.O.S. partners in crime, Cocknoose—and then some—with a good sprinkling of originals tossed in to balance out the listening experience. While the production is a bit lo-fi for my taste, this is still some good-time boogie woogie, Southern-fried rock, worth checking out.

—Wendy Lee

**The Icarus Line - Mono (Crank!)**

It's a damn shame this album isn't really in "mono," cause then I wouldn't have to listen to every horrible noisy nuance of annoying audio in stered! This reeks of guys "emoting" their feelings by screaming bad poetry and playing even worse ham-fisted hardcore. If I had to use one word to describe The Icarus Line, that word would be CRAPTACULAR. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to cleanse my CD player with the Pagans.

—Peter Santa Maria

**Lisa Christ Superstar - s/t (self released)**

A while back C14 ran a feature about a Philly band named Savage 3-D; I think the band broke up before the article even hit the streets so I don't know how many of you retained that information, but LCS guitarist/singer/front-woman Lisa (believe it or not Christ Superstar is not her real surname) was in that band. This is more of a stripped-down power trio type thing and the disc features five short blasts of heavy rawk. I guess I should also point out for you GBGs (girl band geeks) out there that—and I've known her for a while so I feel comfortable saying this, it's nothing I haven't said to her directly—Lisa is one fucking hot babe. Live, she is a whirlwind dervish of hair flying, booty-shaking, riffed out mayhem. This CD is cool but I think they shine a little more in person, where they're a bit looser.

—Honey West

**Los Straitjackets - Sing Along with...**

(Cavalcade)

You know, I hate to dis this CD because I really, really like this band; but if any instrumental band DID NOT need vocals it would be Los Straitjackets. I

understand the concept (cover a bunch of songs they like and get friends to guest as vocalists). In theory it should be good, but I just can't get excited about it. I really liked two tracks, "I Ain't The One," which features Alison Moorer and Lonesome Bob and "I'll Go Down Swingin'," which features Exene Cervenka, but the rest I could take or leave.

—Leslie

**Mad Daddys - The Age of Asparagus (RAFR)**

The Mad Daddys have been around for an unbelievable 19 years and, even more astounding, *The Age of Asparagus* is only their fourth full-length record. Only lead singer Stinky Sonobuoni remains from the original lineup; latest addition, drummer Wrongo Starr joined in '99. Most people tend to quickly dismiss the Mad Daddys as nothing more than Cramps wannabes but there's more to this New Jersey quartet than pure emulation and idol worship. For starters they keep one foot firmly entrenched in the harder, heavier side of blues and rock, and guitarist Eddie Cochring takes his leads in directions that approach Monster Magnet or even Led Zeppelin. So these nine new originals, and a cover of Joe Tex's "I Gotcha," stomp and romp from top to bottom. It's a big, sleazy, cheesy, trashy wall of sound that gets better with each listen.

—Larry

**The Maggots - Get Hooked (Low Impact)**

The Maggots hail from Stockholm and deliver garage rock of focused, sharp energy. This is the sort of careening out of control, unleashed garage punk that captures the image of untamed teen energy and alcohol. This is the second inception of the group that was part of the mid-eighties garage revival. Full of energy, *Get Hooked* delivers on every track.

—Tom "Tearaway" Schulte

**Dan Melchior's Broke Revue - Heavy Dirt (In The Red)**

I don't know who Dan Melchior is (no offense Dan); I'm not sure if I should. But somehow I got the impression that when the name of a band contains the name of a specific member of the band, that they chose to name the band as such so fans of said member's previous efforts could easily identify his or her new project. I could be totally wrong about that; I'm not actually a music critic or a musician. (Don't tell anybody.) Maybe it's just a coincidence or

they couldn't come up with anything else, what do I know about this shit? To my ears this sounds like an obscure British band from the mid to late '60s but apparently it's a new band and only two of the guys are Brits, the other two are from Florida. (?) In a way that kind of makes sense because the music has that kinda Billy Childish, English, garage vibe but also like a swampy, bluesy vibe. Music to drink away your paycheck to.

—Honey West

**Rudy Ray Moore - This Ain't No White Christmas! (Norton)**

This special 30th anniversary re-issue of Moore's classic Christmas album, with some new material added in is not for the casual RRM fan. Aside from five "secular" bits of stand up, we're treated to unique holiday numbers like the fairly innocuous "Merry Christmas Baby," and the thoroughly adult "Night Before Christmas," (parts 1 and 2), which are more typical of what you might expect from this innovator. Like Santa says (at least on this record), "Rudolph with your nose so red, come here and pull this muthafuckin' sled!" Nothing says happy holidays like a "blue" Christmas stocking stuffer from Dolemite.

—Larry

**Willie Heath Neal & His Cowboy Killers - s/t (Cargo)**

This is the first I've heard from Neal even though he evidently tours relentlessly. Being the huge country music fan I am, I couldn't wait to plop it into my player. I even lined up a bottle, shot glass and a few beers just in case. I wasn't disappointed. Neal has a style all his own that features him slappin' bass and roarin' n' croakin' vocals to a country rock beat that reminds me of some of the more obscure guys on my SUN Records box set. Thankfully he's breaking new ground while tipping his hat to classic country sounds. His songs are uninhibited and avoid being watered down for the sake of by-the-numbers "revivalism." This bunch of songs concern whiskey, cheatin', tattoos, etc. and therefore are relevant to proud white trash listeners like me. How far South do I have to drive to see him play live?

—Thee Whiskey Rebel

**The Nerds - ...Just Because She Didn't Wanna Fuck (Stardumb)**

Nice title eh? You should see the cover! A chick gets murdered Troma-style for openers, then BAM! It's a non-stop



hardcore fuck. Almost like Zeke except for the lack of second guitarist talent. A perfect season of evil band with tunes like "Haunted Nuclear Farm" and "Flesh Grave Corpse Death" to keep all of your rituals of the underworld in check. Fast and furious '80s style with an ever so slight hint of Ramones; I swear "Gypsy" sounds like an amped up "We're A Happy Family" in some places. A kind of funny side-note here, one of the graphics has the Stars & Bars flag on it, which I find amusing since the band is from Italy! I guess the spirit of the south is everywhere huh? Anyway, this is some sweet, aggressive, burning hardcore—evil and proud! —Phil D. Ford

**Nerves** - World of Gold (Thrill Jockey)  
Definitely not the over the cuff energy Nerves cranked out on their last two records. I was a bit put off by this too, damnit; ready to wail some shoulder to the new Nerves, and they hold back on me. Then I started to listen to it again, and again, hoping to grasp that straw they were dangling in front of me. Subtle is the mood and blues is the platform. Damn catchy hooks that sneak up on you instead of slap you in the head—"Rhineyway" and "Take It" are proof of that. This one turns out their moodiest stuff yet, perfect theme music for your lonesome highway midnight rides. If you even try to compare this to *New Animal*, you will be disappointed. If this is your first Nerves CD, you might not get another. But if you've been a fan and dig the roots, this thing will pay off tenfold, now and years from now. —Phil D. Ford

**The Nifters** - Riding Shotgun (Scooch Pooch)  
"American music done the Swedish way," is how the Nifters describe themselves, and that's OK by me because *Riding Shotgun* (their debut release after just one demo tape) flat out rocks. They had the balls to call their demo tape "High Quality Punk Rock," but they've got the chops to back it up. While they do sound a bit like first album-era Hellacopters and some people have likened them to the Celibate Rifles and Zeke, they seem to have more of a deep-seeded reverence for bands like KISS and bits of '80s hard rock. The 11 songs on the disc explode all over the place with power riffing, heavy jamming, LOUD rock and roll. The Nifters know how to economize, too. Almost every song has a solo but things never go too long or

get bogged down in mindless noodling—there's always a verse or chorus to get back to. Hard to pick out favorites on this one but they are definitely no duds. Riding Shotgun puts The Nifters in the driver's seat. —Larry

**Pagans** - The Pink Album plus! & Shit Street (Crypt)  
Though the Pagans may have been one of Cleveland's lesser known punk exports "back in the day," especially when placed against more "famous" hometown bands like Pere Ubu and the Dead Boys, their legend has grown over the years. Now they seem to be regarded as a far more important band than when they were active. But the Pagans were the real deal. From late 1976 until November '79, and then again in 1982/'83 the Pagans delivered authentic, first generation punk rock that influenced a slew of bands. Two of their songs, "What's This Shit Called Love" and "Street Where Nobody Lives" have been covered by bands virtually all over the globe since their release in 1977. In their first lifetime they released four singles, and when they regrouped they recorded *The Pink Album. Shit Street* collects the four singles, 12 previously unreleased studio tracks from 1979 (including my two personal faves, "Eyes of Satan" and "She's A Cadaver"), a live track from January '79 and a complete live show from August '79, recorded four days after the studio tracks that appear on this release. *The Pink Album* includes five new tracks not on the original release, the original, slower versions of "What's This Shit Called Love" and "Street Where Nobody Lives," five songs found on a reel marked "Pagans Summer '78" that are from a live show in Cleveland, and studio versions of "Eighteen" and "Final Solution." The studio stuff on *Shit Street* is a bit better than the *Pink Album*, probably because of the change in bass players and drummers, but the live sets—both featuring the original lineup—on both discs are what really make both records. The five songs from summer '78 are action packed and border on chaotic, and the set from '79 really gives you a good idea of who the Pagans were, as the crowd gets whipped into a near-frenzy by the end. *Shit Street* is more indispensable and probably serves as a better introduction to the band than *The Pink Album plus*, which is a little more for the Pagans longtime fans. —Larry

**Porno Sonic** - Cream Streets: Unreleased '70s Porno Music (J-Bird)  
Talk about gimmick. These ten "soundtrack" songs (nine of which are instrumentals) from porn movies that have never existed is as funny in execution as it is in concept. Musically, it's straight outta the Isaac Hayes/Curtis Mayfield school of soul with a good chunk of Funkadelic thrown in on the side. Between some of the tracks there's little bits of "porno dialogue" from "Porn King" Ron Jeremy (who's prominently featured all over the package) and a few other unnamed female voices. It's pornophonically delicious. —Larry

**Puffball** - The Super Commando (Gearhead)  
Puffball's third full-length album delivers the predictable high-octane turbo-charged punkrocknroll the Swedish quartet has become known for. While the other slightly more known Nordic rock bands have changed their sound either to suit their current whims or in hopes of commercial viability, Puffball hasn't budged one inch from its original Motorhead-meets-Zeke hybrid... and why should they? Every song on this record absolutely rocks from start to finish, it's an all-out speaker-burning assault. Puffball is the most consistent of the hard rock bands to come to our shores from either Northern Europe or Australia in the past few years and they appear to have what it takes to keep going for a good long while to come. I look forward to as many records as they can get out. —Larry

**Radio Birdman** - The Essential (1974-1978) (Sub Pop)  
I'm more than glad this valuable chapter in the history of rock and roll has had new life breathed into it here on American shores, offering a chance for those who've only heard of Birdman's musical legend to finally experience it. (Especially seeing as how the increasingly hard-to-find imports of their records are \$\$\$\$) This 28-track collection (all re-mastered) spans the band's recorded output from 1976-1978, taking songs from both versions of their landmark debut LP, *Radios Appear* (the Australian and US versions were significantly different), their posthumous second LP, *Living Eyes*, half of the *Burn My Eye* EP (1976) and three live numbers from the *More Fun* EP (recorded in '77, released in '88). So what's

Birdman all about? They took all the best Detroit had to offer via the MC5 and the Stooges and put a unique 'down under' spin on it to come up with music that seamlessly bridges the gap between punk and rock. Essential couldn't have been any more appropriate a title for the best Sub Pop release since Green River's *Dry As A Bone* EP. —Larry

**The Real Kids** - Senseless (Norton)  
Okay, calm down. This is NOT the new Real Kids studio album. That hotly anticipated release has somehow disappeared into the fucking ether! Inquiries to TKO, who were supposed to be putting it out and saying so in all of their ads, led to a flat response of "The Real Kids are no longer affiliated with us." No explanation. End of story. Bad blood? I'd bet the farm on it. But let us not dwell on the negative. What we've got here is a live document from a 1982 Cantone's gig in Boston. The band sounds confident and in peak form in front of the hometown crowd. Running through a lot of their first two album's power pop classics, ("Outta Place," "All Kindsa Girls," "Problems" etc.) a Kinks cover ("She's Got Everything") and a Detroit Wheels stomper ("I'd Rather Go To Jail"). The recording itself has that far away sounding, bootleg audience tape furry-ness, like two mics at the other end of the room rather than a nice, hot signal straight off of a mixing board. A bit of an energy sapper to be sure, but Cantone's was just a little Italian restaurant so, with that in mind, it sounds pretty damn good! Still, for all of its great songs, *Senseless* feels like stop-gap where the new studio album should've been. Norton did re-release the first two essential Real Kids albums. We can only hope "somebody" has picked up the option on you-know-what. So, with fingers crossed, I'll take *Senseless* for now. Oh, P.S.: Norton, I'm still waiting for "somebody" to re-release the third Real Kids album, *Hit You Hard*. And now so is everybody else who just learned there was a third Real Kids album. You're welcome. —Ben Brower

**The Rejecters** - Secessionville (Lem)  
The fact there are so many great bands down in Dixie in this new millennium, compared to the load of hiphop, techno, rap-metal and other assorted trendie crap up North, is proof that you only THOUGHT the South lost the war. This well-produced blast of punk/speed-



metal from Summerville, South Carolina's finest is proof that Jim Dandy impregnated a lot of gals down that way in Black Oak's heyday. From the Dead Kings to Flamin' Anus and the recently broken up Dixie Pricks, the Carolinas in particular seem to be a hotbed of entertaining, kickass bands these days. Unlike a few recent generations of bands from places like Athens, GA and Chapel Hill, NC (with a few great exceptions) these boys seem proud of their Southern heritage and aren't trying to cover up their accents or the flag. P.C. punks out in Berkeley want you to hate bands like this. Why? Because they figure that since they're from the South they must be racist-homophobes, right? You know what?? I bet not EVERYBODY in Berkeley is a Marxist, tree hugging homosexual... it's time to do away with some stereotypes that are getting mighty old. This is a fucking fun, high energy CD with well-written, played, sung and produced songs by a gaggle of horny, substance abusing guys from SC. I'm doing a shot of Rebel Yell in this band's honor right now.

—Thee Whiskey Rebel

#### **The Richmond Sluts - s/t (Disaster)**

Looking for all the world like castaways from familiar bands of old, The Richmond Sluts sure know how to strike a rock 'n roll pose. Get a gander of this quartet posed against chain link and brick on the back of this sizzling slab of digital decadence—you'd swear it was the late '70s. Except for the fact you're 15 pounds heavier and there's a snot-nosed kid runnin' 'round the joint. Well sit that youngin' down and let 'em catch a whiff of how to do it right! From the first chord of "Take You Home" you know that you're in for a sleazy, trashy treat a la little-known faves like The Joneses or more familiar names like Fuzztones, DMZ, Nomads, Original Sins and, dare I say it, the New York Dolls. Gang, there's something comforting about a band that's got the iron-clad stones to trot out a tune with a cliché name like "Drive Me Wild," fill it with tambourine and organ, and pull it off! Swell stuff. Bow your heads, 'cause Thunders may be dead and buried, but his scrawny spirit lives on in stuff like "Bittersweet Kiss."

—Danté

#### **Dexter Romweber - Chased by Martians (Manifesto)**

I've heard this fella's music with the Flat Duo Jets before. This "solo" disc is a worthy 18-

track collection of originals and covers. I especially dig the way that Mr. Romweber serves up a variety of sounds ranging from furious rockabilly to surf and "not quite surf" instrumentals. I'm not saying you can pigeonhole the tracks into one genre or another incidentally, because he ignores any genre fenceposts with gusto—and that's good. The cover songs are damned well chosen and include "The Seeker" by The Who, "Saint Louis Blues" by W.C. Handy and the final track (my favorite) "Feel Like Going Home" by the late, great Charlie Rich. Instrumental buffs will find plenty to like here too. Like a smorgasbord of mixed shots of booze, you'll find something to your liking here.

—Thee Whiskey Rebel

#### **Solarized - Driven (Meteor City)**

Desert rock from Jersey. Heavy in the vein of Kyuss and Fu Manchu, with nods to Sabbath and everyone else in the Orange amp school of heavy metal. One thing I do like about these guys and girl is that they know to keep it short and sweet; only one song breaks the five-minute mark and half of them are under four minutes—get in, rock out, and nobody gets hurt. They don't need to go into unnecessary extended jams that become mindless noodling all too quickly, opting for maximum power through heavy, heavy riffing. Although some of *Driven's* songs are a bit predictable, Solarized still knows how to make a fun album.

—Larry

#### **The Sonics - Savage Young Sonics (Norton)**

This might be about as deep as The Sonics vaults go. Sporting extensive liner notes by Sonics leader Larry Parypa, these tracks go from the band's first ever home recordings in 1961 through live songs from school dances and teen clubs in '62 and '63 to home recordings in '64. You can hear them evolve from surfy type numbers and '50s style rock into a high energy rock and roll band, particularly on the 1964 tracks. By then Gerry Roslie had joined the band on keyboards and vocals and brought with him his drummer and sax player, and set into motion what's come to be called the roots of the Pacific Northwest sound. "Keep A-Knockin'," "Hold It" and "Think," the last three tracks on the album, lay the groundwork for "The Witch" and "Psycho" and smolder with intensity and power. This CD might be a little more suited to completists than casual fans,

but nonetheless it documents the very beginnings of one of the most important movements in the evolution of rock and roll.

—Larry

#### **SPO-IT'S - Free Sex (AVT)**

Some bands with incredible live shows (featuring nudity, backyard wrestling stunts, destruction of property, etc.) simply don't back the show up with quality music. I could name names... I'M SO FUCKING TEMPTED to name names; OK, I'll name one... Gwar. To me their music was hopeless; on the other hand, G.G. not only put on a great live spectacle, his songs were topnotch. The SPO-IT'S also obviously put on a wild live act. This CD holds up the sonic side of things pretty well so that you can repeat their live antics in your own home. How can you miss with songs like "Another Gay Dead Poet," "Dead Girls Don't Say No" and "Hey Boy Where'd Ya Get The Midget?" This is the soundtrack to the SPO-IT'S. You can plop a square dance or macarena or limbo record on the turntable at home and dance right there without the need of leaving your home; this CD enables you to recreate a live SPO-IT'S set without risking arrest in public at some crappy club. The ol' Reb recommends you invite a few friends over (or inflatable dolls if you have none) crack open a few bottles of fortified wine... pass 'em around... then, smoke up a big chunk of hash followed by a few lines of crank. When you're good and lubricated mentally, everybody strip down to your skivies (or sport 'em on your head like a cap) crank this CD and let nature take its course. Note: better hide your TV set and small pets where your friends can't get to them!

—Thee Whiskey Rebel

#### **Stinking Lizaveta - III (Tolotta)**

Oh yes! Another CD by one of the best instrumental bands out there; their third release and I couldn't be more satisfied. There are a few songs here they've done live for a while now, still sounding great, and hey—they even tease ya a little with some vocals on the first track. SL has always explored on their records (like they do live), and this one is perhaps their most curious, ambitious and well made journey. They incorporate a vast array of styles (classical to eastern to metal), juxtaposing them into unique aural monolithic creations that you could never pin down into a specific category, nor want to. They are the dense gravity of the musical

universe, bending time and space to their sonic will. III is their strongest and best and you know they will only get even better.

—Phil D. Ford

#### **Iggy & the Stooges - Wild Love (Bomp)**

Of all the releases thus far in Bomp's Iguana Chronicles series, this is perhaps the one best suited to diehards and completists—which, come to think of it, is just about every Iggy fan—with extensive liner notes by Greg Shaw explaining the genesis of the entire Iguana Chronicles and, in particular, why this album specifically was put together. Intended as a glimpse into the Stooges creative process these 13 tracks (seven of which have never been issued before in any form) culled from rehearsals in Detroit (and possibly LA and New York) offer complete songs, song fragments and extended jams. Some bits and pieces of songs here later ended up as parts of other entirely different songs, some never saw the light of day even in a live context. The Stooges were headlong into serious self-destruction and decline when these ideas were churned up but there are more shining moments here than you might imagine.

—Larry

#### **Sun Ra & His Intergalactic Arkestra - at the Ann Arbor Blues & Jazz Festival In Exile 1974: It Is Forbidden (Total Energy)**

Recorded in Windsor, Ontario, Canada when the Ann Arbor Blues & Jazz Festival actually was in exile from the city of Ann Arbor—if not the entire state of Michigan—this 64-minute tour de force is truly vintage Arkestra at its best. This CD is taken from a cassette recorded off the board (because the original engineer who recorded the multi-track tapes that night held on to them when he found out he wasn't getting paid) but don't let that fool you; the sound quality is certainly fine enough that you can clearly hear everything going on. And there's a lot going on as Ra leads his 16-piece band through some blazing improvisation as well as classics like "Love In Outer Space" and "Space Is The Place." One thing that really grabbed me on this recording was the guitar, courtesy of Dale Williams, which lends a whole Aghartha/Pangea-era Miles Davis vibe to some key spots. Ra's reed section was at its peak at this point in the '70s, with the key trio of Marshall Allen, John Gilmore and Danny Davis on various saxophones and percussion,



along with James Jacson on bassoon and Elo Omoe on bass clarinet. They weave around each other in insane musical circles, all playing off Ra, who leads everybody with truly outer space keyboards. Extreme music to the nth degree.  
—Larry

**Swampass** - No Means Go! (Reptilian)  
Let's get one thing out of the way right now, I hate CDs that don't have jewel cases. This one does not. C'mon, how much do those things really cost? Well hell, I didn't pay for this... and the King VelVeeda artwork almost makes up for it. Anyway, this is some fucked up noisy Midwest rock played by three not-so-pretty-boys in lipstick and fishnets. This sure as hell ain't no slick, squeaky clean New York pseudo-glam rock... this shit's dirty! At it's best moments it brings to mind the raw intensity of Mudhoney with hints of the discordant sounds of early Black Flag. Sometimes rockin', sometimes annoying, yet altogether strangely refreshing. This ain't your mother's music, and I'm sure that's just the way they like it.  
—Wendy Lee

**The Trash Brats** - The Joke's On You (Megalomaniac)  
[ed. note: Forgive the faux pas of running a cassette review in with the CD reviews, I didn't have another spot for it.] This cassette surprised the hell out of me! I don't know how old it is or how easy it is for you to get, but it's great. The main deal with The Trash Brats for me is they write killer songs and they know how to play them. They aren't afraid to shift gears and they do on this release. My faves are "Downtown Nowhere," "Bar Star" and "Late Night Thriller." These songs will stay in your head for days, and this tape has been getting regular rotation in my shop and in the truck. See them live, it's probably the best way to get a hold of this.  
—Dave Chamillard

**Thee Michelle Gun Elephant** - Collection (Alive)  
"...but we're big in Japan." That tired catch phrase for many a rock 'n' roll nobody takes on an entirely different meaning when referring to Thee Michelle Gun Elephant. Enjoying what could only be described as near boy band notoriety and adulation in their homeland, the band certainly seem poised for some kind of windfall from the West, what with Euro AND Yank rockcrit bon-

ers already successfully popped over last year's *Gear Blues* album. "Oh," I hear you say, "But we've been taken in before by dashing, punk-a-billy attired strangers from the East with a fawning rock scribe armada at their disposal. Do you want us to just forget the cold, naked cheat we felt when we finally HEARD a Guitar Wolf record?" There, there, I know. It's different this time, honest. Here then, are what TMGE are about: #1 - An almost DKs approach to WAY above average garage rockisms. The guitars, a slither of East Bay Ray surf-ness, wound around lean, controlled song blasts. #2 - Pop sensibility and prime hook placement suddenly turning up in the middle of an exploding musical mine field. Snippets of Brian Jones Stones burrowed in a trench of punk minimalist clamor. #3 - Peak meter British pub rock with all of the fat trimmed off, re-christened the "Japanese Garage Craze," boxed up and shipped overseas to hopefully be bought in mass quantity by the likes of you, dear hipster. Too much music mag praise is dangerous. Believe all of it, you get another fucking Radiohead album. Ignore it totally, and your discovering the MC5 thirty years too late. Well, if adding my tiny voice to the huge choir already proclaiming TMGE as Thee Shit 2001 will get you on their Japanese jocks, then I'm singing my ass off.  
—Ben Brower

**TSOL** - Disappear (Nitro)  
Aptly named record for a band I saw many times. Never was a huge fan of theirs but these dudes did have that cool So-Cal, fuck-shit-up thing going on that none of these wet behind the ears, young snot-nose kids readin' this rag would know anything about. Anyway, the record sounds the same to me. Maybe they should disappear again for another 20 years. All the songs have that one into another thing goin' on; just not doin' it for me these days. All original members except Todd (the drummer), who apparently has croaked. TSOL lost me when they were going for that spooky kinda Damned thing. Guys that are on SSJ; livin' in Hermosa or Huntington and don't wanna work. Are these guys touring? If they were, I'd go see them but fuck this record. Enough about this. I'm gettin' pissed about having to bag records all the time. Is anyone makin' good fuckin' music anymore?  
—Cosmo

**Two Man Advantage** - Don't Label Us (Go-Kart)  
Hockey and rock go together like Tiger Williams and a five-minute major. If you didn't get that reference you may want to skip on down to the next review. (Oh, in case you were wondering, the "you pussy" was implied.) Two Man Advantage is one of at least two hockey-themed bands out there (the NoMeansNo offshoot The Hanson Brothers being the other), and that might be one too many. Or, I might just be too old and too sober to enjoy this. (There's also a band called Five for Fighting, but I think they're a bunch of sensitive gaymos.) I'm not really sure. This sophomore full-length effort features 17 old tyme hockey-esque tracks with titles like "Zamboni Driving Maniac," "Pass the Puck," "Headhunting," and "The Sweep." All of which seemed more interesting when I read them than when I actually listened to them. Honestly, I think I'm about ten years too old to really enjoy this. Give me the snappy, pop-punk hockey and Heino references of the Hansons any day. Just don't make me listen to those other screaming queens.  
—Danté

**Ultra Bait** - Bitch 4 Hire (Voo Doo)  
I hate to have to say this but it's nice to get a CD by a loud and rowdy band that has five members and three of them are female for a change. I'm sure there are more bands out there like this—mixed gender punk rock & roll bands—but they don't seem to send their CDs here. Anyway, I like this band. They're like a mixture of Dr. Bob's Nightmare (Dave & Wendy of the 440s previous band) and Thorazine. Their songs are aggressive and delivered with a lot of attitude but they're also catchy and hook-y. Ultra Bait aren't afraid to let it loose, they're raunchy and a little bit bratty plus their songs are good and the lyrics are funny. Hold on, let me go look at their picture... yep, they're good lookin' too—a total package.  
—Leslie

**Various Artists** - Alpha Motherfuckers: A Tribute To Turbonegro (Hopeless)  
Let's start by saying I don't really like compilations or tribute CDs. I had to give this one a chance though, because I like Turbonegro; and if you're gonna pay tribute to an influential band from the last 5-10 years, they're a good choice. Oddly enough, out of every track on here the one that I think really did the best job

capturing Turbonegro's oeuvre is Nashville Pussy's version of "Age of Pampirus." (For those of you not hip to irony—it's funny because Turbonegro worked the whole overt leatherboy angle and Nashville Pussy work the T&A overtly hetero angle.) It's also funny to hear all these "dude" type guys like the Supersuckers, Zeke, Therapy and QOTSA etc sing these songs since a lot of them feature thinly and not so thinly veiled homoerotic overtones. So I admit this record is entertaining, if only in it's subversiveness—and the band was to an extent all about subversiveness—but in the end, I still don't really like compilations or tribute CDs although I might keep this one.  
—Leslie

**v/a** - Les Pauls & Breaking Glass (Sin City/Coldfront)  
OK folks, it's compilation time again. This time around, Sin City has a lineup of the usual suspects in today's underground rock 'n' roll scene. There are songs from the Toilet Boys, American Heartbreak, Libertine and Streetwalkin' Cheetahs. Standout tracks are by those monsters of rock Electric Frankenstein, the equally monstrous riffing of Frankenstein frontman Steve Miller's Cherry 13, the power trash brilliance of the Candy Snatchers and the rock 'n' soul stylings of the Bell Rays, who are without a doubt the most high energy, awe inspiring, soul shaking, cats playing rock 'n' roll today.  
—Peter Santa Maria

**v/a** - R.A.F.R. vol.3 (RAFR)  
Rock and fucking roll indeed. If you missed on vols. 1 & 2, a brief band listing of who's here on #3 should begin to clue you in: The Humpers (their first new track in three years!), Mad Daddys, Chickenhawks, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, the Bell Rays; nuff said. And that's only five out of 28 bands, all of similar musical ilk, all of whom rock and fucking roll. While I personally don't dig every track by every band on this comp, there's certainly gotta be more than enough on here to satisfy even the most discriminating ears; in all honesty, if there's nothing on here that floats your boat—you just don't like rock and roll.  
—Larry

**v/a** - Thinking of Alice (A Tribute to Alice Cooper) (Scatboy)  
This long-awaited compilation was put together by Steve from the Dead Kings (whose groin-pulling workout of "Muscle Of Love" leads things



off) after another label dropped the ball. Most of the 16 bands on this disc stay fairly true to the original versions of the songs they've chosen to cover and, although some of these songs have appeared elsewhere previously (most notably ANTISEEN's "Sick Things," Limecell's "Long Way To Go," and Rancid Vat's "Dead Babies"), most tracks flow pretty seamlessly from one to the next, making this one well-conceived compilation. Other highlights are "Levity Ball" (done by Frankenstein Drag Queens—who get bonus points for not doing an A-list hit), "Cold Ethyl" (Flamin' Anus), "Raped & Freezin'" (Hellstomper), "Under My Wheels" (Orange Juice From The Crypt—one of two Italian bands on the disc), and the rarely heard "Generation Landslide" (Cretin 66). The only "version" leaving me completely bewildered as to why it was included is the perplexing take on "I'm Eighteen" (by Alonzo "Blind Pineapple" Phillips & Nick Didkovsky), which hints at parts of that song's famous guitar riff but the conversation that replaces the lyrics only made me skip to the next track. Fifteen out of 16 winners still makes this tribute comp one worth seeking out. —Larry

**v/a - YEE-HAW!** (The Other Side Of Country) (Normal/QDK)  
I was hoping and expecting this CD would live up to its title, unfortunately most of the tracks on this disc have nothing to do with country music as I know and love it. The best song on this reissue collection of obscurities is clearly "Kill The Pig," a 1968 tune by Mother Tucker's Yellow Duck. It sounds like the Fugs and is the highlight of the CD. It doesn't even vaguely resemble country music though. There's no shortage of "mellow" garbage hippie-bullshit cuts to be found here. Perhaps this is country music from the standpoint of braindead-deadhead hippies, but as far as Thee Whiskey Rebel is concerned it's the worst buffet of crappy cuts I've ever reviewed in these pages. The majority of these songs STINK. They are dull and lackluster. I've been raiding thrift stores for obscure singles for 20 years or so, obviously, so has whomever assembled this wayward, pathetic, disappointing compilation. As far as I'm concerned if this is the best that he or she can come up they should take up another hobby or learn another means of making a buck. YUCCCK!!  
—Thee Whiskey Rebel

**the Vandermark 5 - Acoustic Machine** (Atavistic)  
C14 has contained a fair amount of writing about Ken Vandermark and his many varied projects over the years; up until this point I've avoided doing any of that writing myself. It's not that I'm not a fan of his music, I am, but I really don't feel comfortable writing about jazz. It seems so lofty and intellectual and out of my league. And it probably is. Whatever. I don't necessarily have to "understand" it to enjoy listening to it. I probably should try to understand it if I'm going to write about it but that's just too bad. If you wanna hold yourself to those standards, start your own magazine and you can write lofty, intellectual reviews of jazz records. I'll just say that this is some very free, free jazz by some of the most talented musicians in the genre; and the charismatic leader of this group looks more like a waspy Henry Rollins than a jazz musician.  
—Leslie

**VAZ - Demonstrations in Micronesia** (Load)  
The XYY combination in chromosomes leads to a condition called Jacob's syndrome. When Patricia Jacobs first described this condition in 1965, she proposed the suggestion that the extra Y might cause increased aggression. Peering at the microscope's views of genes on the cover, one half-expects the artwork of the fierce group to show some example of this. I doubt anyone in this group bears this anomaly, but they do show a lot of overt aggression in their Southern rock, which includes a lot of booming bass, distorted guitar and cowbell. The duo behind this group was previously members of Hammerhead.  
—Tom "Tearaway" Schulte

**Victim's Family - Apocalicious** (Alternative Tentacles)  
I don't know why I never realized it before but Victim's Family makes perfect geographic-musical sense. Work with me here, people: the band is from Santa Rosa, CA, slightly north of the San Francisco area and they sound like a less-than-calculated hybrid of the Minutemen (from San Pedro, CA, far to the south) and NoMeansNo (from Vancouver, BC, far to the north). Both the Minutemen and NoMeansNo had records out before 1984, when Victim's Family got together. Seriously though, *Apocalicious*' 13 tracks are less "jazzy" than previous VF releases, although there's still a certain groove lurking in the

background that threatens to throw the freeform monkey wrench into the proceedings. I like this record for its unpredictability; you never really know where the band's gonna go form one song to the next but at least you don't mind because it's a damn entertaining ride.  
—Larry

**David S. Ware Quartet - Corridors & Parallels** (AUM Fidelity)  
After growling and shrieking with utmost clarity in wild free-jazz combos, Ware returns to the indie-jazz label scene (after his two Columbia albums) with another release of focused jazz in a very traditional style. Longtime collaborator Matthew Shipp makes his recorded debut on this album on the synthesizer. The introduction of this instrument onto Ware's sonic palette is done masterfully; the versatile instrument offers unexpected, bright sounds like a prepared piano. This 13th album is one of Ware's most coherent and important works.  
—Tom "Tearaway" Schulte

**Andre Williams - Bait and Switch** (Norton)  
What could be said about Andre Williams that hasn't been said countless times? He's a legend, of that there's no doubt. Been makin' records for longer than I've been alive and is still going strong. As far as *Bait & Switch*, well, there's actually too much to be said about this disc. For one thing, there are guest musicians out the wazoo—including Norton label heads Billy Miller & Miriam Linna, Matt Verta-Ray (of Speedball Baby) and—legitimate legends in their own right—Ronnie Spector and Rudy Ray Moore. Wow! Lots and lots of great shit on this CD. If you haven't gotten hip to him yet, this is a good place to start.  
—Leslie

**Hector Zazou & Sandy Dillon - 12** (Las Vegas is Cursed) (FWD)  
A very spectacular album, is 12 (*Las Vegas is Cursed*). French soundscape creator Hector Zazou and American vocalist Sandy Dillon have created a tour de force mélange of multiple musical worlds, as fascinating as all over the place. The global place. And considering Zazou's resume and multifaceted previous projects, how could you ever expect him to turn out obvious and unidimensional sing-songs? Allegedly they collaborated long-distance on this, via telephone, email and such, recording the various parts in six

countries on two continents, only meeting face to face after the project's completion. I can imagine Zazou in his laboratory, splendid in creative isolation, adding any and all ingredients within his grasp into a boiling, bubbling sonic cauldron: rock guitar upon Beefheart constructs, random radio ether dialoguing with Dillon's "two-pack-a-day" snarl, "harmonie" horns tugging at some big grumph hi-tech rhythms, blues guitar accents piercing the ambient jazz, Voodoo Child (Slight Return) flutes and "Shaking All Over" beat thump... it stops, it starts, it surprises and mesmerizes, it is baroque in spirit and "tomorrow" in historic placement. It's obvious these two like to take risks, and in this case it pays off handsomely with "art songs" of twisted and dark stories merging perfectly with fucked-up vocal stylings and Zazou's dark and spooky waves of sound, phosphorescent and exquisite, as oddly constructed and challenging as they're satisfying. It's a beautiful thing when you realize that a talented musician who'd done it all before, can still do it and then some, effortlessly and convincingly, quantity going hand in hand with quality!  
—Michel Polizzi

**Zeke - Death Alley** (Aces and Eights)  
Ah, Zeke. You either love them, or I don't want to hear it. If they can't rock your ass, you don't have an ass. Etcetera. Their special brand of punk fucking speed metal has evolved beautifully over the years. This album, their fifth, is their best yet. Not so much about race cars or drugs in these tunes, instead the inspiration is evil—just pure evil. From *The Shining*'s Overlook Hotel in "Jack Torrence" to whatever fucked everything up in "Evil Dead," to Blind Marky Felchtone's own childhood in "Arkansas Man," it's just the bad news. And the bad news is good.  
—Alex Richmond

**Zen Guerrilla - Shadows on the Sun** (SubPop)  
Zen Guerrilla are a blues band that rock. Don't let the megaphone, the light show, or Marcus' giant afro fool you into thinking that they're Foghat, or Blue Oyster Cult. It's the blues they've got. And don't you get them too, sometimes? You might want this record for those times when you're feeling a little low, but still want to shake your ass. It's like Led Zepplin IV, but with less slow parts.  
—Alex Richmond



# Vinyl Reviews

**The 440s - Gas, Grass or Ass (Rockin Bones)**

Before I get to the review portion, let me just say - fuck ethics! (Haha.) Everyone knows the 440s are CPFOTFLG (Close Personal Friends of the Fabulous Leslie G.) and hold a place near and dear to my heart. But this record is one of the ones the band has put out recently that is not on my label so I feel like it's OK for me to review it, and if you don't - well, you can just go jump in a lake. This is the last recording done by the "Philly line-up"; Sparkle Plenty (aka Wendy; guitar/vocals), Superstar Steve Wolff (guitar, vocals), Hollywood Jay (bass) & Downtown Dave (drums, backup vocals). There were actually a number of line-ups while the band was in Philly but this is the one most people recognize as the 440s prior to Wendy & Dave moving to AZ and starting up what is likely to become known as the "Tuscon line-up". Anywhoo, the a-side features a rip roarin' cover of the Leaving Trains' "Gas, Grass or Ass" and a hot and heavy re-working of a classic from their first CD (Scrubbing Satan's Cadillac on Dionysus), "Fuck Me With Rock & Roll" and the b-side is a stompin' version of AC/DC's "Sin City", which was always a huge crowd pleaser when they played it live. And if all that isn't enough, the 7" is wrapped in a glorious and hilarious comic book by another CPFOTFLG and a name familiar to all C14 readers, King VelVeeda.

-Leslie

**The Blowtops - Blood and Tar 10" (Big Neck)**

The Blowtops got a blues swaggering garage punk from the underworld thing going on. Starts off with a tub-thumping blast, almost a Black Flag edge, well, vocally. This shit gets fuzzed out, deadily and curling a death scream by the middle of the wax. Loud, noisy, almost painful, and you'll dig every minute of it. Pure ugliness in it's lo-fi, Troma Punk squalor. Check it out and watch them drums bleed.

-Phil D. Ford

**The Buff Medways - 'Til It Is Over 7" EP (Smart Guy)**

Billy Childish's first post-Headcoats group is almost a power trio. The trademark Childish sound is still there but things rock in a decidedly garage-psychedelic direction. This EP is intended as a subtle homage to Cream and Hendrix (apparently two Childish favorites), and the title track nails Cream's pop side to a T. "Archive from 1959" comes closer to punkier Headcoats fare, although some Cream elements still streak through. The two songs on the flip, "Medway Sadness" and "Just Explain" break into vaguely Hendrix-styled breaks - sans the guitar heroics - that produce more of a vibe than an actual Experience sound. It's nice to see Childish still going strong after almost 25 years.

-Larry

**Captain Sensible - Smash It Up, (Parts 1-4) 7" EP (NDN)**

When "Smash It Up" appeared on the Damned's *Machine Gun Etiquette*, only parts one and two saw the light of day. Now, 22 years later, we get the original four-part epic in its original demo form as conceived by the good Captain himself. As you know, part one is the instrumental intro and part two is the proper "song" "Smash It Up," but the never before released part

three expands the basic riff into an extended jam that almost serves as a precursor to parts of "Wait for the Blackout" while sounding like parts

of the Stones' "Can't You Hear Me Knockin'." Part four goes even further into the weird with Tommy-era Pete Townshend-inspired damage. The flip side has even stranger (and definitely lesser) material, including a solo demo version of "Love Song." Probably for collectors/completists only.

-Larry

**The Cuffs - "Never Forget" / "Cut Throat" (Headache)**

I think this band is from Philly but I'm not 100% sure about that. They don't list an address but there is a photo of them playing on a large outdoor stage and I would swear that's the First Union Center in the background. If you're into street punk, you're gonna want to check this band out. I don't usually go for this stuff but the Cuffs seem to have a good handle on what they're doing. Are these guys as young as they look? Not that it matters, I'm just curious.

-Leslie

**The Damned - Ignite 7" EP (NDN)**

Four songs recorded live in Mulhouse France in 1994 and (what I believe is a live recording of) the "Hawaii 5-0" theme song. Although by '94 the band was only boasting two original members (Dave Vanian and Rat Scabies) if this is any indication, they were still capable of putting on a decent performance. There's nothing wrong with the a-side but I always play the flip first which features "Neat, Neat, Neat," "Love Song" and the aforementioned theme song.

-Leslie

**The Dead Kings / Hammerlock featuring Thee Whiskey Rebel - split 10" (Proud To Be Idiot)**

Three songs each by two no-bullshit American rock and roll bands. The Dead Kings offer up a trio of originals, "Bastards Breed Bastards," "Caught In The Friendzone," and "Crybaby"; each one a tasty slab of hard Southern rock. I am digging all three of these tunes. They grow on me more with each repeated listen and I'll definitely be keeping an eye out for future releases by this Charlotte combo. Of course, anything by Hammerlock is worth hearing but the addition of vocals by Thee Whiskey Rebel makes this all the more interesting. The band offers up three covers this time, "The Devil Just Called My Name" by Simon Stokes, "I Think I'll Just Stay Here And Drink" by Merle Haggard and "Blue Highway," which I don't think was written by George Thorogood but I guess he popularized the song. Travis, Liz and Jamey are in fine form as usual and Reb sounds great, especially on the Merle cover. Definitely a record worth seeking out.

-Leslie

**Defnics - Look At Me Mom 7" (Smog Veil)**

The Defnics were one of the more obscure, though influential, Cleveland punk bands from the late '70s and early '80s. The band recorded one 7" for seminal Clevo label Terminal Records before breaking up in 1982. Now, 19 years later, they've reformed (albeit with two new members) and have a new studio track, "Look At Me Mom I'm Not Dead," along with a newly recorded live version of "51%," their old single. This is blazing lo-fi punk rock, played the way it should be. Definitely a record worth seek-

ing out for fans of real old school punk rock.

-Larry

**The Dialtones - Playing The Beat On The Radio 7" (Dead Beat)**

The label on this 7" reads "Swedish punk rock & roll" so I guess that's how the Dialtones would like to be described. I can agree to that although they seem to be channeling more of a loose, Radio Birdman-y, Aussie vibe than a flashy, twin guitar vibe that I think most people associate with Swedish rock (a la the Hellacopters.) The fact that they chose the Fun Things "Savage" to cover helps validate my point. I actually liked the two originals on the a-side better, which is a good sign.

-Leslie

**Dirtshakes - The Kicks Are Alright 10" EP (Alien Snatch)**

Get up! Get down! You're gonna lose your mind in Dusseldorf Rock City, baby, with the Dirtshakes! The Dirtshakes are made up of members and/or ex-members of the Jet Bumpers, Cave 4 and Backwood Creatures and come off as the German equivalents of The Dickies, Angry Samoans and Undertones except with more garage rock hooting, hollering and handclaps. The Kicks Are Alright is the Dirtshakes first release and contains eight blasts of fuzz-tone sounds and garagey grunts and groans that are sure to make you twist, shout, shake, drink and fuck the night away! There isn't a bad song in the bunch, but even if there was they go by too fast to even bother picking up the needle. Highlights include "The '80s Weren't That Cool", a hilarious jab at the pop culture of those times and an attack against all those who have a nostalgia crisis for the era; the rave on rock 'n' roll of "Hey Girl!"; the "Orgasm Addict" rip-off "Penetration Guaranteed," and "Action Ain't No Dirty Word," with the goofy line "Action is the only way to save our soul for Satan". Oh, those wacky Germans!

-Peter Santa Maria

**The Dogs - "Class of 1970" / "Rebel Rock" (Dionysus)**

The a-side is a newly recorded blast of pure Motor City madness that's sure to please. Replete with references to the MC5 and Detroit, it's chock full o' heavy riffage. "Rebel Rock" was recorded live in 1971 and is a dose of vintage old school hard rock madness along the lines of Blue Cheer or Mountain, with a little 10 Years After thrown in for a good dose of British blues. Really fine stuff.

-Larry

**The Flash Express "Who Stole the Soul?" / "Fire" (Revenge)**

Catchy and heavy humming a Hendrix-style blues spin. The guitar solos aren't as off-the-cuff, they're more structured, tight. The title track hits it hard, complete with testicle straining vox and just feels good, real good. The flip gives you a Gino Parks rip ("Fire") that's a nice neck jerk as well. Worth it. More!

-Phil D. Ford

**Mustang - Full Moon Crazy 7" EP (007)**

Mustang play what I can only call relentless riffing Tasmanian devil rock. That's right, they're from Australia so you know these guys are gonna knock yer block off! Three slabs of sped-up, big, '70s arena rock via The Hellacopters mixed with the boogie rock of Australian brawlin' brethren AC/DC. And dig the spooky B-movie, frantic Farfisa organ on the a-side cut "Full Moon Crazy"! These dudes Rock and Fuckin' Rule!



If Mustang doesn't come over to the states to play soon, I am gonna have to book myself a ticket to the land down under to see these guys live.  
—Peter Santa Maria

The Mud City Manglers - "Tired of Losing"/"How Do You Know" (OOT)

This Pittsburgh power trio, with the emphasis on power, have recently picked up stakes and relocated to the Big Apple. Luckily, their scuzzy, loud and proud sound hasn't changed one bit. The Mud City Manglers serve up more hot wax tracks of snotty, raw, fast and fucked-up-on-bargain-basement-beer punk rawk and roll on this new single, spewing off the turntable with buzzsaw fuzz guitar and bass, growling vocals and Tommy Ramone drumbeats. Lemmy would be proud.  
—Peter Santa Maria

Photon Torpedoes - Flesh Eating Bacteria 7" EP

(Baby Doll)

As I cued it up I wondered if I was in for more generic psychobilly. You see, the 24 song comp. I reviewed a while back killed my taste for the genre. Not to worry though, the Photon Torpedoes from Massachusetts have packed more quality songs into this EP than the hour long compilation could boast. The standup bass is recorded and played nicely, rather than just slapped like a friggin' tambourine, and the band plays aggressively but not in a cliché, cornball "psychobilly" manner. They pull off a G.G. Allin cover "Tough Fuckin' Shit" quite nicely which proves to the Reb that these folks are on the right side of the fence.  
—Thee Whiskey Rebel

Rocket 69/Dion Blade and The New Kings of Rock - split 7"

(Rockin' House)

Richmond, VA's best kept rock 'n' roll secret, Rocket 69, rock hard and ride free here with their song "Six Foot Thirteen," exploding with big rock lead guitar licks and glam pop hooks a la Kiss, oozing with the raw power of Iggy and The Stooges and the doped out swagger of '70s NYC punk rock. It boggles my mind why these guys don't have some sorta record deal and aren't constantly touring. Guaranteed if they pretended they were from Scandinavia or some other hip European spawning ground, then would be huge. Such is the sad state of American made rock 'n' roll these days. Dion Blade and The New Kings of Rock hail from Reading, PA and play super fast distorto rock with indistinguishable lyrics, except for the chorus/title of their song, "She's The Bomb." Nice cover artwork for each band too - Rocket 69's side has a cool pulp fiction crime rag look with a rather hot picture of Betty Page (when did she ever not look hot?) and Dion Blade and The New Kings of Rock side with a hilarious cartoon cover of a blonde Amazonian bombshell lifting up her dress and dropping bombs out of her crotch on an unsuspecting city!

—Peter Santa Maria

The Rogers Sisters "Let's Fly Away"/"Old Scratch"

(Motor Sister)

Of course I had to put this on AFTER the Flash Express single, so I down-shifted a bit. Tasty though, reminds me of some of the mid-tempo Cub tunes. Title cut is a bit on the Louie Louie side of things, but me likey. The flip, "Old Scratch," does things more for me, picks it up Thee Mighty Caesars style, which is what I want to hear more of by the trio. They boast a twisting live show so you might wanna check em if they come to your town...

—Phil D. Ford

Sheek The Shayk - Just A Chick 7" EP

(Havacone)

Wow, this is great. Kickass '60s style guitar and the singer sounds like Stiv Bators' kid brother! No wonder it rocks, it's from Australia. Looks like a small pressing. Hhhmm, probably be worth \$30-\$40 within a few years. I'll snatch up any other copies I see of this one!

—Thee Whiskey Rebel

The Shrinks - Nowhere To Live 7" EP

(Rapid Pulse)

The Shrinks are of the 1-2-fuck-you school of pogo punk. Four mediocre songs with no attitude and all the same speed, since the drummer seems to only know how to play that one fast beat. The lame lyrics range from being a non-conformist (gee, there's a new one), being in love (boring) and suicide (yawn). This record may have sit with me a little better if The Shrinks where teenagers, at least then they might have an excuse for their naïveté. But from the tough guy pose on the pic sleeve, these "punks" look to be at least in their mid-twenties. Rack this up as another flat and flavorless cookie cutter act, indistinguishable from umpteen million other bands out there. Next...

—Peter Santa Maria

Sons of Liberty - 4-song 7" EP

(Dim)

Sporting a cover that's a Civil War battle painting, and song lyrics all about nobility, honor, and sacrifice in the heat of defending the country, Philly's own Sons of Liberty may have created a new frontier—Civil War punk. Four blasts of street punk meets old school punk rock. "We Shall Meet Again," and "Duty's Call" almost have an Oi! vibe, and the ugly metal of "December" and "The Rogue's March" sound like lost Motorhead songs from a Lemmy speed freakout. Fans of the Wretched Ones and Limecell will find lots to like here.

—Larry

Sour Jazz - Lost For Life LP

(Ghosttrider)

Neither sour nor jazz, the second album from this NYC quartet offers nine tracks that cover some pretty heavy territory. The five tracks on the first side are, arguably, as good or better than any whole side of an Iggy Pop album since *Instinct*. The Iggy vibe is prominent here, with singer Lou Paris doing his Osterbergian best (intentional or not, that's the way he sounds) and the band, featuring the well-traveled Mr. Ratboy on guitar, sounds like it's playing lost tracks from the *Kill City* sessions. From the opener, "Mr. Popular," to the side closing "I've Got it All," these songs buzz with electricity. The songs on the second side go in a different—though no less electric—direction, shedding the last of their Iggy solo threads about halfway into the first song, yielding to a punk rock Curtis Mayfield thang. The second track goes for a Mott the Hoople groove, and the third is like a long intro to the grand finale, "No Fun(House)." I never heard any of the "Psychedelic Stooges" tapes, where Iggy is "playing" instruments like electric blender and the rest of the band is creating musical anarchy, but I would imagine the first half of "No Fun(House)" is a fairly accurate recreation. The seemingly out of control jam finally comes together in a parody/celebration of the original "Funhouse" riff that's more a tribute to the Stooges than an original tune. Sour Jazz ends up sweet on the ears.

—Larry

Stevie and The Secrets - "Gimme A Call"/

"American Way"

(The Telegraph Company)

For those of you not paying attention,

Steve Baise's "new" band—who've been around for a just about two years now—Stevie & the Secrets lay down the rock with a powerful punch. The guitar tandem of Baise on lead and (Candy Snatchers singer) Larry May on rhythm makes for some Class-A rockin', and the rhythm section, featuring Tuff Girl Shortie on bass and Cadillac Coates on drums, keeps everything rollin'. I can't wait for a full-length release.  
—Larry

Texas Motherfuckers - "Wrecking Ball" / "Hitch Bitch" (Mansfield)

Somehow I knew this band was not from Texas before I even looked at the back of the sleeve; and sure enough — they're from Sweden. We won't hold that little discrepancy against them. (Too much.) The Texas Motherfuckers make a fairly worthy attempt at Texas sized attitude on these two tracks but musically I think they're more inspired by GG Allin than they even know. And that's not necessarily a bad thing.  
—Honey West

TV Killers - Splosh You Up 7" EP

(Deadbeat)

Three more blistering punk tunes from these wacky Frenchies. Seriously, TV Killers are one of the three French bands worth a damn (the other two being Splash 4 and the No Talents) and might be the best one of the three right now. Two originals and an inspired cover of the Angry Samoans classic "You Stupid Asshole." I give it three and a half out of a possible four baguettes.  
—Larry

Various Artists - Motor Madness - 7" EP

(Hell On Wheels)

This crazy six-band compilation collects bands from the corners of Europe, united under the common theme of cars. Sloggy, the husband and wife duo from Luxembourg who also run the label, start things off with some lo-fi, late-70s-early-'80s trash punk. The Italian duo Dangerous Chickens pick up the lo-fi vibe and go the surf route with it, as does the Belgian trio Catacombo. The flip side starts continues the instro-surf stylings with Surf Me Up, Scotty! (another Luxembourg band) but then takes an abrupt upturn in volume and production with tracks by The Rat Hole Sheikh (Sweden) and Superhelicopter Ltd. (Germany) The Sheikh delivers solo Brit punk a la Billy Childish, only bigger, better, and more powerful, and Superhelicopter Ltd. sound like a stripped down, rawer version of Puffball. Although at times it can be a bit confusing, this comp is still a lot of fun.  
—Larry

v/a - Viva La Vinyl, volume 4

(Deadbeat)

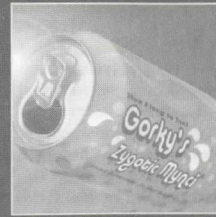
Los Angeles-based Deadbeat records has released yet another of its never-ever-to-be-released-on-CD compilations, featuring exclusive tracks from 15 bands this time around, and quite selection of punkrockandroll it is. Everyone out there should recognize at least a few names from this batch: Snake Charmers, Puffball, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, T.V. Killers, Nikki Sudden, the Dialtones, Valentine Killers, the Hellbenders and Hellride. No less luminary than their more familiar counterparts are The Cock Spaniels, Flash Express, Gee Strings, the Vultures, Geriatrix and Boncrusher, all of whom deliver just as much bang for the buck. If all these bands keep all these tracks off future releases, making them truly exclusive forever, then this comp will really become something to write home about.

—Larry

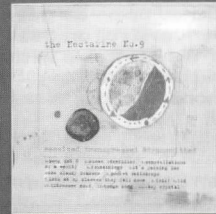


NEW RELEASES - WINTER 2001

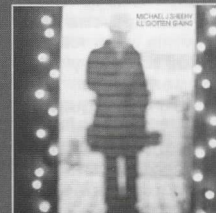
GORKY'S ZYGOTIC MYNCI  
"How I Long to Hear That Summer in My Heart"  
(Mantra)



NECTARINE NO. 9  
"Received, Transgressed An' Transmitted"  
(Beggars Banquet)



MICHAEL SHEEHY  
"Ill Gotten Gains"  
(Beggars Banquet)



BOWS  
"Cassidy"  
(Too Pure)



NEW WET KOJAK  
"No. 4 EP"  
(Beggars Banquet)



TOMMY GUERRERO  
"Junk Collector EP"  
(Mo' Wax)



DAVID AXELROD  
"David Axelrod"  
(Mo' Wax)



# BEGGARS GROUP



ON TOUR FALL 2001: TINDERSTICKS, GORKY'S ZYGOTIC MYNCI, KRISTIN HERSH, & MICHAEL SHEEHY

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ears. After our second gig together, we made fast friends with the Dogs over copious libations provided by the club. Perhaps to show us what lightweights us Americans are, the Dogs of Lust and their entourage stayed bar-side LONG after we had gone upstairs to the club's band flat to do our three S's (shit, shower, and sleep in this case) We had all settled in to our respective bunks and were snoozin' away when the Dogs Of Lust stumbled in to pass out. Shortly thereafter in the darkness, the silence was shattered with a startled Kevin Hoffman awakening to the horror. All he could do was stammer "What the fuck... FUCK!!! DUDE!!! DUDE!!! What Are You?!!?!!? WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!!?!!?" when he realized that his entire thigh was rapidly moistening with a warm foul smelling liquid streaming from the oblivious, drunken pecker of the guitar player from our newfound "friends" The Dogs of Lust! After painfully bonking his head on the crossbeam of the top bunk in his hurry to escape this unrequested golden shower, Kevin managed to grab ahold of the guy and shout right into his slowly comprehending face, "DUDE, YOU ARE PISSING ON ME!!!!" Threats of a well deserved ass kicking (by Steve) were voiced as others looked on in shock (the rest of the room) while still others stifled premature laughter. (That would be me. Even though I later lied and said I had slept through the whole episode, sorry Kevin. I didn't want to appear insensitive to your plight. But DAMN! It was funny!) The next morning, a deeply hung over, embarrassed and apologetic guitarist begged us not to kick the Dogs off of the tour because of his mistaking Kevin for a Johnny-On-The-Spot in his drunken stupor. He paid out of pocket to the club for one piss soaked mattress and gave Kevin some money for his piss soaked midsection, so I guess they were square. In the end I'm glad they stayed on with us. It would've been a shame to let such a nice bunch Dogs go just cause one of them couldn't find a proper hydrant.

At mid point in the tour, we bid farewell to Manny who had to return home to Belgium. Our new driver and chief in command of keeping our shit together was a woman named Ursula. Manny had jokingly given Ursula "strict" orders not to sleep with any member of Adam West. And after laying eyes on the band for the first time, I don't think she had a problem with that whatsoever. But a lady at the wheel brought about new van concerns for us. Was loud farting still acceptable? How about our stash of nudie mags? Would they have to go? Should we suck in our guts now? A relief filled "Hell no" to all of the above. Ursula was unflappable in the midst of our collective stinks, wanks, and paunch. It was her first time driving a band around and last I heard, she was embarking on yet another tour. After us, I'm sure she'll keep the windows rolled down. So there you have it. It was just a month. A drop in the ocean as far as most tours go. But it gave us all a chance to skip out on our day jobs for a while, cash in our vacation time and play rock band on tour without losing our shirts.

What, too dry? Not sexy enough? What did you expect, some Hammer Of The Gods style drug added hotel room trashin', dead hooker, Ferrari totaling, led out in handcuffs scandal rag type shit? Yeah, I did too. Next time give me an expense account, a trash bag full of dope, a private jet and the number of a good lawyer and I'll see what I can do.

too skinny or way too short or something.' But you can do it. They're not all gonna look like Jayne Mansfield but you can definitely do the hair and makeup and put them in the right outfit.

**How did you learn to do that hair?**  
Learn? That's a big word.

**I know I couldn't get that together; one of those elaborate curl things, they're really difficult**

Hot rollers.

**Is that what you use?**

Yeah. Hot rollers and a ton of hairspray. It's shocking how few girls know how to do makeup. It's sad to say. I think it's all these women going to work and not raising their daughters to manage eyeliner.

**[laughing] Possibly. My mom worked and I didn't figure out liquid eyeliner until my mid-20s.**

It's sad when some girls say, 'I don't know, Mark, you do this better than me.' And I'm like, 'Honey, I'm a moron. I don't know how to do this. I'll put your eye out!'

**But you haven't put anybody's eye out—yet.**  
I've come close. I almost put my own eye out one time. That was a tragic garter belt incident.

**A snapping?**

Oh yeah.

**You've gotta be careful about that.**

At the time, it was not funny. It would be a shame to go around with an eyepatch and have people go, 'Oh, were you in a war?' 'No, garter belt, man. Caught me right in the eye.'

**I don't know, it would have done a lot for your mystique.**

Yeah, I would have been "that moron who got his eye put out with a garter belt."

**Were you helping her attach the garter?**

Yeah. What happened was—these girls, they put on a pair of Hanes briefs or a thong and they can handle it. You give 'em a '50s girldle and they're like 'What the hell is this?' I've seen them try to put it on backwards, sideways, upside down, everything. So you have to try and tell them beforehand: 'This is the front, you zip that up there...' So this girl, she couldn't do the back garter thing so I had to help her, and of course it slipped out of my hands—cause they don't make these little garter things for big, clumsy hands—and [makes whooshing noise] it just missed my eye. Luckily, I have my cat-like reflexes and snapped my head back before it took my eye out.

**So where do you find your models?**

Well, the good thing about having a website now is that some contact me. They e-mail me, 'I found your website, I love your work. I'm in New York, I'd love to shoot with you...' That's great, that's the easy way. Cause when I was first taking pictures I would pester my friends, and they would get sick of me.

**And you would walk up to girls at the Limelight and ask to take their picture.**

At the Limelight it was like they were waiting to be photographed. It depends what kind of mood I'm in, because sometimes I just don't feel like it. You have to really, not sell yourself, but...

**You have to work to not sound like a dirty pervert who wants to kidnap them and eat their brains after you're done photographing them.**  
Exactly. And sometimes you just don't feel like doing your little presentation: 'Hi. Excuse me, I just wanted to give you my card. I'm a photographer, I do this kinda work...' '50s pinup... have you heard of Betty Page?' And some 23 year old girl's like, 'What? What the hell are you talkin' about?' or 'I LOVE Betty Page!' It's one or the other. Either 'I don't know who she is, get away from me!' or 'I love Betty Page, when can we do it?' It depends on how I'm feeling, too. Because sometimes it's been a long day and I'm tired. I just wanna get on the train and go home, and I'm like, 'Well, she's perfect but I don't feel like it.' Cause I'm not a salesman or a hustler. I just wanna do my work. If I was a hustler or a salesman I'd be doing my work and rich for it... books, magazines, publishing rights to everything, all that stuff—you know, you'd be talkin' to my people. Instead, I'm sitting around waiting for Smallville to come on.

[laughing] Duh! The list just keeps getting longer.

**Well is there anything that stands out as having become a must-do or a must-never-do-again?**

It's more a must-do. It's like the candle on the bottle, which was accidental on one tour; it's Andrew throwing beer on the drums at Johnny's; it's a million different things that came up one time and worked and it's just like, 'Oh, gotta keep that!' And now it's gotta be there. [laughs]

**When you've recorded in the studio have you ever considered extra instrumentation?**

We did that in the Rats a lot and Fred has in past bands, but in Dead Moon we never have. It really hasn't been even a consideration... I don't know why it's something he doesn't even want to consider. We've had several people approach him at different times about either doing guitar parts or this or that but he becomes more and more of a purist as time goes on, I think.

**How many times have you played Europe?**

The last time we did a count I think it was 13 or 14, something like that.

**Any favorite places to play over there?**

Berlin's always amazing. Always. Vera, where we started out, in Holland, and Gronningen. Athens is always great, and Oslo—there are several places in Norway. There's a bunch of places you love going back to, and then we've had some really great shows in small towns on oddball tours in off-the-wall places. There's Halden, this little town in Norway we play right by the Swedish border. It's really really small and it's one of those places where the whole town goes ballistic, I mean you've got nine, ten, eleven year-old kids waiting outside all day long to talk to us and have us sign autographs because they can't get into the club—you have to be 18 there. Stuff like that.

**When you tour over there are you packaged with other bands or do you go it alone?**

Usually we're pretty much on our own. And over there, especially during the middle of the week, you're usually the only band that's playing that night and then on the weekends they match you up with somebody local. Over there in Europe it's not the four or five bands a night thing like we've got here in the States; it's totally different. Probably about half the shows on any tour we're the only band. So it almost makes it like a double tour because we're playing two, two and-a-half, three hours a night—as Americans we feel like, 'Goddamn, you guys are paying a lot of money and you're getting short-changed. You should be hearing three bands so I guess we're all three!' [laughs]

**That's one way to look at it.**

Not that they look at it that way but it just makes you feel guilty, it's weird.

**Have you been to Japan?**

Never been to Japan, would love to. That's the last place on the planet we're all really jonesing to go besides playing in Ireland and Scotland—which hopefully we'll have a chance to do in April; play some other places in Northern England. Besides Europe we've been to New Zealand three times and Australia a couple times.

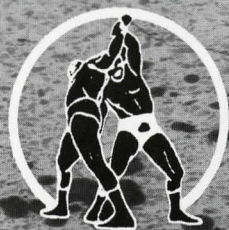
**Since European audiences are more serious about it, do the crazier incidents tend to happen more over there or here in the States?**

Probably over there. There's certain nights in certain towns where American audiences aren't that jaded, but in general they tend to pull off that kind of thing. In Europe it's really strange, each country has it's own personality, and there's certain places where when they go out go out to have a good time and that's all there is to it. It's really refreshing to see.

**So is the arrangement you have with Music Maniac an ongoing one that will pretty much always be there for you?**

I think so. Fred's loyal to a fault, and whoever we start working with, that's it until they decide to call it quits. At this point it's a real small label for Hans, we're one of the last bands he's working with but that works for us. We kind of like the non-pressure situation, and everybody's doing it for the love of it and for the past we've got together.





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trial music. I've been to clubs that play both, and the people understood the music; and I've been to lounges where there was no music. And I knew what would happen if there was music there.

**How do you deal with the seeming opposing forces of being a lounge band that makes the audience extremely uncomfortable?**

I think people in this town just don't understand the musical vision that we try to portray. They come into the show expecting a show, but they get more of a vision of what can happen to them if they believe in the vision... and these people get upset, because they don't even realize that they're the ones with the problem. I mean, we know what we're doing and they're afraid of that. So in a nutshell—they're afraid of themselves, so they're afraid of us.

**I think hurling yourself into them has something to do with their reaction as well.**

People have got to understand that I'm there for them. I'm not hurting them so much as they're allowing themselves to be hurt by me. When they're in my area, which is the whole club, they're in my space. The ultimate rock show would have one person there. Me.

**Do you view the violence as more bang for the buck?**

I think the people that have the violence want it that way. I could go either way with it. I could have a guy on stage making sandwiches, giving away sandwiches, or I could have a guy flailing away relentlessly, trying to make something happen. To me it's more of a 'what's happening right now?' kind of vibe. I could have a guy making sundaes, or a guy punching people in the face, it all depends on what's going on right now at the sundae factory.

**A lot of the shows have ended prematurely.**

Out of all the cities in this country, I think that Boston is the least likely to understand art.

**Why do you think that is?**

Because they're stupid. They're very stupid people who think they understand art but when they see it, it scares them. They don't know what happens next. Art isn't forced, art is enforced in this town, so they see what's happening—what's really happening—and they try to shut it down.

**Do you think it's smart for a guy who's on parole to have a band called Coke Dealer?**

Well, that's a problem that people have, but if I was dealing coke, I'd call the band Flower Kids, or Real Time Watches, something not related to drugs. But since I'm not dealing drugs, I'm dealing rock, I have no problems with calling my band Coke Dealer.

**Don't you think the name's misleading, then?**

I think if you want to come to the show for free drugs, then don't bother, because we don't have free drugs anymore. If you want drugs, there's a McDonald's down at the Fenway where they sell cocaine in the back.

**What strikes you as the most memorable Coke Dealer show?**

It was at this club called O'Briens in Austin, Texas. The gentlemen there were having a good time with us, but then they decided they didn't want the show to go any further. We usually get a \$1,500 guarantee, and they didn't want to give us that. They wanted to pay us in Genesee Cream Ale, which they had nine cases of. I figured that out to be about 400 dollars worth of beer. It became a problem.

**So what happened?**

Next question.

**Ok. Let's talk about the Harlem Greenwood image. How do you come up with your outfits?**

Most of the clothes I wear I found on the street. For my style, I like to go with what's hip and in. I go for polyester, I go for platform shoes, mostly of the white variety. I know what looks good. I read the magazines, I see these people. But the rest of the band are slobes. They look slovenly, and it's only a matter of time before they're out the door. The music's second, the fashion comes first.

**Does Coke Dealer do well with the ladies? I saw you brought a couple of fine women with you tonight.**

Yeah, they're rentals.

**But have you found love through Coke Dealer?**

No, I've found remorse through Coke Dealer.

**Do you listen to any current music for inspiration?**

For current music, I'd have to go with Cactus; and Bill Haley and the Comets.

**Have you played with any other lounge acts?**

These people call themselves lounge, they say they love Sinatra, Louis Prima, Neil Diamond, but they're faking it, as if it was some kind of joke. I hold those people sacred, Sammy Davis I hold sacred, so when we played with this lounge act—I won't say who they are, but they're quite well known—I mean, you know who I'm talking about... we had a much more soulful approach to our music. I strangled their singer with my mic cable. And if they had been playing real lounge music, I don't think I would have felt compelled to.

**How do you write the songs?**

I write all the songs myself. I give the parts to the guys and if they don't get it right, they're gone. There's a lot of practice involved, you gotta rehearse seven days a week to get the musical ability to achieve the Coke Dealer vision.

**Worst show?**

Our worst show was when our trumpet player, Vinnie Valentine, was shot in the stomach over some girlfriend episode. This chick, Julie something, I don't remember, shot him while we were on stage. The only reason that it was bad was because we had to stop the show.

**What's the signature Coke Dealer song, the one everybody's always yelling for?**

"Birthday at the Party" which I will never give to them live, because they want it. And you know what, I want them to buy the record. When they come to the show, that's a different feel. There's some kids in the front row that don't like that, but I don't care. I don't need them, these two bit wannabe's that want to make friends with the big rock star. They can buy the record and sit there.

**What's the inspiration for the songs?**

Has-beens. The best music I make is from watching people that had a moment in the spotlight, and watching the spotlight crash on their head and burn them to death. That's my inspiration.

**Do you worry that it could happen to you?**

Never. I'm on top, and I don't see anybody coming up the hill to push me over. There's some bands in town that try, but they'll never go where I'm going, because they're afraid to walk the extra mile.

**What about the last tour?**

What about it?

**Well, let me get your reaction to some of the cities you played... Kansas City?**

Sheep fuckers.

**Cincinnati?**

People with baseball bats.

**Detroit?**

I set a car on fire onstage there, to teach those people what's going on.

**Philadelphia?**

Fat people.

**LA?**

Ugly people.

**New York?**

Ugly people with problems.

**How do you think people should feel when you hit them, or throw drinks in their faces?**

They should appreciate their moment. There's your 15 minutes, now go back in it before you go back to your horrible day jobs.

**How about the security guys that are always throwing you out of your own shows?**

I just feel sorry for them, because they're never going to be on par with what I do. They get paid for throwing people out of a club. I get paid for show-

ing up at one. You see what I mean? I just feel bad for them, because I know what the next day for them is going to be like.

**Is being Harlem Greenwood a full-time job?**

Yes.

**So there's no day job for you.**

Not a physical one, ho.

**Have you had any in the past?**

Newspaper delivery, grocer, skin lab technician, and I worked in a cinema for a month. I mean, I've been around, I know what the story is. Most people don't know what the story is, they don't have the literature.

**You've done a couple of spoken word shows.**

I was doing some beatnik poetry for awhile, but I realized that I was so much smarter than the people that try to do poetry readings, that I just couldn't do them anymore. The people that come down to those readings are morons.

**You think that's what sparked Coke Dealer? That there isn't enough physical hostility in poetry?**

Exactly. I think that people that want to do poetry are afraid of their poetry. If you want to go out there with your poems, and try to say something, then people should attack you. Why not? It's like, 'OK, I said something to you, now you say something back.' That's what it's really all about.

**Can you describe the sound of Coke Dealer, for people that have never heard it?**

I've come close to dying a lot of times. I was shot once; I was stabbed twice; eight times with the car hijinx; many, many times I drank the wrong drink, and once it actually killed me. It's the music you hear when you're dead. I was brought back with a shot to the heart, but while I was dead, I heard all these sounds and I brought them back with me. I give all these sounds to these jerks, and it's tough because they don't understand. They haven't been where I have. That's why I need so many people to play it. I sit there and write music that says, 'this is what it sounds like when I'm dying.'

**I figured that death would sound a lot more peaceful.**

No, it's not peaceful. It's a fucking mess.

**At the last show, you had a sign up that said, "Meet the band, \$5.00." Most people thought that was pretty arrogant.**

Then they're pretty foolish, because they paid the five bucks to meet us anyway. Everybody wants to be the hip kid, the one that met the band right? Yeah, you paid the five bucks, but what about the next show? Then it'll be 10, 15 bucks. You're getting a fucking bargain meeting us.

**If you see somebody on the street that you've given a black eye to at a show, do you apologize?**

I usually try to give them another black eye.

**How about the new record?**

Yeh, it's coming out this summer, it's called '16 Ways To Deal Coke'.

**So it's got 16 tracks.**

No, it's got four. I'm not really in to giving out the music like that, because then people come to the show, and that's what they expect, to hear the songs they know. And I have no intention of giving it to them. They want the hits, they should just be lucky we're playing live, because most of the time I don't even want to do it. It's ridiculous for me to be playing live. It's all just blood and craziness now, no one seems to remember the musical vision.

"16 Ways To Deal Coke" is set to be released on Polterchrist Records, with another Coke Dealer tour to follow. I'd suggest that you just stay the fuck home, but that would only further encourage you.

Were you born with a tail?

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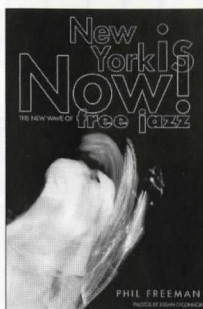
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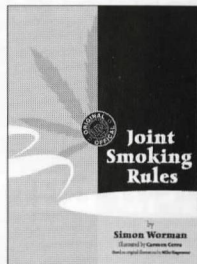
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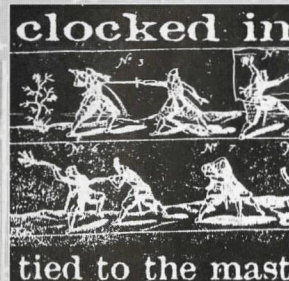
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G: Yeah, it was kind of instantaneous. The only thing that's really rehearsed is the choreographed moves that involve everybody. And then of course the fire stuff—for safety reasons. It was born out of it happening and then us thinking, 'Oh, that was good we should always do that,' or 'That wasn't good, let's not do that again.' But it just keeps going, and it's always fun and kind of a new experience every time we play.

**When Sean came in was that when you sort of finalized your whole on-stage routine and persona?**

G: Yeah. Before Sean was in the band, the weight of the entire show was pretty much on my shoulders. Not because I wanted it that way or any of us wanted it that way; it's just because we were new and we weren't musically together at all. I was still finding my persona, but because of the way I looked it was obvious that I was gonna be getting the attention. I always wanted something that would allow me to take a break; have someone else take over in the spotlight for a moment, so to speak. So when Sean joined, it was just perfect. Whenever I stepped back to take a sip of water or something, he'd step forward and take center stage. He and I are the focal point but everyone has their moment to shine and do what they like. But he and I take center stage and it works. Once he joined the band and we started playing, there was just this kind of rapport between us. He was very encouraging and sort of unleashed his energy on me, and it really brought me out as a performer cause he made me feel confident. Not that the other guys didn't make me feel confident before, but Sean and I just clicked. Once that all kind of came into play we all started connecting and really coming together as a group. We all connect with one another and we have a really good time together and we're all friends. We don't hang out 24 hours a day. I think that's part of the reason why we are all friends because we have our own lives. **Did Sean exclusively bring all the pyro to the band?**

G: He brought it to the band.

**Well you seem to have taken to it pretty naturally.**

G: I love it.

**Had you thought about doing anything like that before?**

G: No. I grew up worshipping KISS, but all I ever really knew was how I wanted to look and sort of be. As far as the extra stuff, I never really thought about some day having fire; but I wasn't not thinking about it. It was just that he was the first person to say, 'Let's do this,' and it worked. I was excited because, I like anything that makes the show more over the top. And he didn't ask me to get involved, it something I wanted to do. I like playing with fire and I think it works.

**He was telling me about setting the club on fire in London.**

G: Best career move we ever made. But it was an accident. That was retarded. I knew from the moment it happened, once they evacuated the room I knew they were gonna go nuts because I know how the English are, and it definitely worked in our favor.

**Have you gotten any groupies?**

G: I don't know, I don't look at 'em as groupies, I look at 'em as fans. Have I taken advantage of any groupie situations? Maybe a couple of times. But it's not as much as I would have liked or thought it was going to be. No matter what anyone says, the love of music is really a big huge part of it but you want the attention; whether it's sexual or whatever. I thought I would be getting laid every night, but it's not that way. I wish it was...

**You get a real across-the-board section of music fans who like the Toilet Boys, everything from metal fans to pop-rock fans.**

G: I really do think there's something for everyone in this band. We're trying to express a good time. It's escapism to a certain degree, and we

need that now more than ever. Rock and roll has been really tragic and pathetic for a while and there's nothing that's really colorful or exciting or happy. To me there's no contemporary rock act that is escapism, and to me that's really important. That's why I loved KISS, David Bowie, Blondie, Alice, Motley Crue, Elton John, Cher; any of these people who look like a fantasy figure or character. To me, entertainment should be entertaining, it should lead you away from your normal existence; and that's what all those bands did for me growing up. I would like to be able to do that for someone. Rather than them turning on the TV and see these misery rock bands that make you think, 'Oh, god, my rent's late,' or 'I don't have any friends,' or 'I don't have any money to go have a good time.'

**I know, I hate that stuff too. Rock and roll is about fun.**

G: It's weird, you want to toot your own horn but sometimes you feel a bit foolish doing it, but I think we're bringing rock back to the way it's supposed to be. I feel like we're doing it the way it's supposed to be done. All this shit that's mainstream right now is just too angry and unhappy. **It all sounds the same too.**

G: It all sounds the same, it all looks the same, the videos all look the same. And let's face it, every contemporary big time rock band has a guy with a shaved head and a goatee and a pierced eyebrow or lip. That's fine, but to me a rock icon is supposed to have a look all his own. Think of all the rock greats, they didn't look like anybody else, and you shouldn't want to look like anybody else. It's upsetting to me that this country has become a bunch of brainwashed cattle that just want to look like anybody else. It's one thing when that's kids in school or the average American but for our fuckin' supposed rock stars to wanna look like the next guy—and they all do. I'm tougher than any of those fuckers on MTV because I'm not afraid to do what I wanna do. People have been saying rock is dead for so long, and I kind of have to agree at this point. I always argued it's not, but I feel that if it's not dead it's really, really hurting.

**Well, big-time commercial rock as we remember it is dead. But at the level where you guys and a lot of other bands are, it's very vibrant and alive.**

G: Yeah. And I think it's gonna go back to that. I think we're the next wave to take over. Give me fuckin' Zen Guerrilla, give me Zeke, give me Candy Ass. I don't know if you've seen Candy Ass lately but they've grown leaps and bounds.

They're really exciting right now; they're my favorite band, and they're gonna be huge. I can't wait for the next wave to come, obviously because I feel I'm a big part of it, but I wanna see some color on MTV. The only music I buy that's contemporary is hip hop because it's the only thing that's any fun. It's party music. Every video is like a party. Besides that everything's like the fuckin' Staind video. I don't begrudge anybody, because I know everyone just wants the same thing—and that's a bit of success and to be able to make a living doing what you love. I personally just don't like seeing that fucking grief thing.

**Oh, I agree with you. It's also much more satisfying to be able to blaze your own trail rather than just follow someone else's.**

G: That's one thing, no matter what happens, no matter what the final outcome for this band, we'll make people remember us. If we don't, something's wrong. Because whether you like us or you don't, we're no better or worse than anything that's been happening and I think we're at least the most fun. Everyone has their turn in the ring, and I want my turn. I'm gonna make the most of it and I'm gonna put smiles on people's faces. I really can't think of any contemporary rock act that does that now, and that's a shame. But that's gonna change, there's so many good bands bubbling under the surface. People are gonna get sick of shaved heads, goatees and Dickies.

**Were you singing or playing guitar?**

Actually I was singing and playing guitar on that show because my brother couldn't make it, and B-Face was on tour with the Queens so we were a three-piece. That was the first time I'd ever played guitar and sang at the same time, period. Never even at practice or anything. So we did not play our best set that night. Our first few songs were good but it definitely got worse as the crowd started to get more unruly. But I knew we were successful when we went to leave through the side door to go to the van and I looked up in the parking lot and there were still a shitload of kids in the parking lot and there were like three separate fistfights going on. I was like, 'All right!' cause we just got everybody so riled up that it turned into mayhem. I mean, we didn't have to run for our lives or anything but we definitely did kinda sneak to the van and just got the fuck outta there.

**Have you guys had to duck out of any other places?**

Oh, The Rat. Both times we played The Rat. The first time we got banned from The Rat was the second time I ever sang and played guitar—we actually did well at that point because I'd been practicing—but I juiced and bled all over the place. We were second to last on an eight-band bill, The Pissed were right after us—they're this totally political band—I have no idea how we got on the bill with them but they fuckin' hated us because their lead singer had to use the microphone and my blood was all over it. And we were talkin' shit about them too because they were from Connecticut. I can't believe we didn't get banned from that, but the next show got really ugly because the owner of The Rat's son was this huge guy and he and all the bouncers wanted to kick my brother's ass. We basically had to run my brother out the door and into a waiting car. Then me and B-Face had to get screamed at by the owner. If they weren't so much bigger than us I would have said, 'Well fuck you, you already told us we're banned. We don't have to listen to this shit.' But if I'd said that we probably would have gotten our asses kicked, so we just had to take our browbeating and get the fuck outta there.

**It happens. But you guys have dished it out far more than you've had to take it.**

Oh yeah. No one in the band's ever gotten their ass kicked at a show, and some people have gotten theirs.

**Well most people back down from bands. They think, 'Oh, they're in a band, they're crazy.'**

Exactly. And at times we've done a pretty good job of convincing people we're crazy, even someone as scrawny as me. I've actually realized that there's a certain amount of power when people think you're completely insane—and actually, half the time during a show I am so I don't have to convince them; you know, you just work yourself up into a lather. Cause to me, it's such a great release to get out that pent-up aggression.

**Well, that's why you should do it more often.**

I know. So maybe that way I won't go completely off the fuckin' deep end. I think that was really the root cause of my brother not being able to handle doing live shows, because I think he's got more pent-up aggression than me. And unlike me, he would get, I don't want to call it stage fright but I guess that's really all you can call it but he would just pump himself up to a level to go nuts. Plus all his heroes in punk rock were people who went off the deep end, like Flipper and the Meatmen—although Tesco knew more than most how to play a crowd—and GG.

**Tesco's much more of a showman.**

Yeah. He's actually one of my heroes too. He helped us out in a way because when the Tunnel Rats first started, when nobody knew who the fuck we were, I wrote to him and got in touch with him. We used to go on the University of New Hampshire's radio station and we would just take over the punk show because we knew the guy who did it, this is in 1993. I interviewed him on the air one time, and I was so shitfaced when I interviewed him on the radio that I puked in a wastebasket.

**What was his reaction?**

He didn't even know. I tried to hide it at the time because I didn't want to get the guy who's show we took over in trouble because you never know who might be listening. He was pissed but it's OK, I'm still friends with the guy.

**Anything else you would like to add?**

Not really. I think I kinda got across that we take being a band seriously, it's just that we have other priorities. I'm not even sure what those priorities are, but it's not a priority for the band to be famous or even make money.



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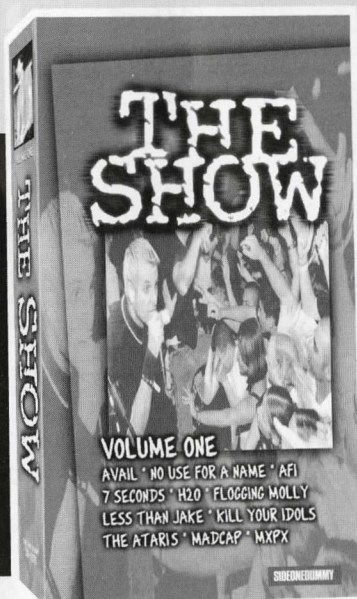
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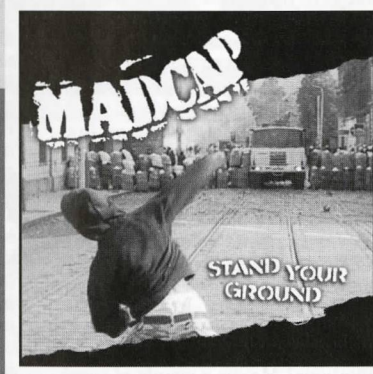


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This page is not intended to be a comprehensive list of all the labels we deal with, it reflects contact information for what's covered in this issue of the magazine.

We probably missed a few of you out there but in some cases there are no addresses provided with the materials we receive.

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SC 29925

**Baby Doll** PO Box 1043, Allston, MA  
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**Bad Afro** Poste Restante,  
Frederiksberg Alle 6, 1820  
Frederiksberg C, Denmark  
**Big Iron** P.O. Box 7117, Kansas City, MO  
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**Big Neck** PO Box 8144, Reston, VA  
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**Bloodshot**  
www.bloodshotrecords.com

**Bomp!** PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA  
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**Calendar of Death** 1431 A Park St.,  
Alameda, CA 94501

**Canyon Creep** www.canyoncreep.com  
**Cargo** 4901-4906 Morena Blvd., San  
Diego, CA 92119

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**Coldfront** PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA  
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**Crank** 8571 Higuera St., Los Angeles,  
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**Crypt** 3 Reading Ave., Frenchtown NJ  
08825

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**Deat Beat** PO Box 283, Los Angeles,  
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**Devil's Shitburner** Schweinfurter Str.  
36a, 97076 Wurzburg, Germany  
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**Dischord** 3819 Beecher Street NW,

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superstar.com

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**Low Impact** PO Box 475, 70149,  
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Lyon France

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**NDN** PO Box 131471, The Woodlands,  
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MD 21231

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Hollywood CA 90028

**Rockin' Bones** c/o Pagani Gualtiero,  
Piazzale Della Macina 3, 43100 Parma,  
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**Rockin' House** PO Box 12705, Reading,  
PA 19612

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**Southern** PO Box 577375, Chicago, IL  
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**Stardumb** PO Box 21145, 3001 AC,  
Rotterdam, Netherlands

**Steel Cage** PO Box 29247,  
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**SubPop** PO Box 20645, Seattle, WA  
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**Telegraph Company** 66 Hope St.,  
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**TeePee** PO Box 20307 New York, NY  
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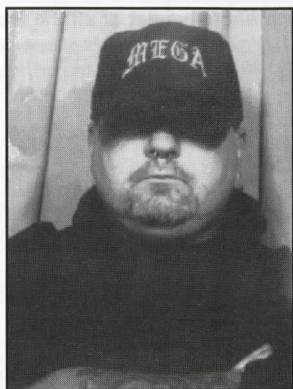
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# PROFILES IN CONFUSION

Because the question is inevitable I'd like to address the "why" here and now and I'll leave it to the boys to explain the "who." Not too long ago it was brought to my attention that we made a grossly negligent faux-pas in the last issue when we did not give Mega-Jimmy his backing vocal credit on the Serial Killers track that appeared on the South Philly Streetfight EP. Personally, I blame Larry (and fortunately for me, I think Mega-Jimmy did too - haha); in truth I am completely innocent in this case, I wasn't involved with the band in any way & didn't even know Larry back then. But I digress. I actually did feel bad about the whole thing, in part because I've always maintained that Mega-Jimmy was the best gimmick the band had in their stage show arsenal and in part because if he was on the recording he deserves proper credit. I don't have to cause to think he's fibbing; and no one who was there has disputed his claim. (Larry has a bad memory for those types of details and Paul would probably tell you his memory of those days are hazy at best.) Mega-Jimmy may be a foul mouthed pervert known to jump on-stage while another band is playing and pull his weenie out for no good reason, but it seems unlikely that he'd lie about this situation. Perfect suggested that a little public acknowledgement might help to soothe any hurt feelings and I agreed. Since it was his idea, he got the assignment. Any further questions can be addressed to the offending parties care of Cadillac Tattoo Deuce.

—Leslie



## MEGA-JIMMY BY PERFECT

I'm sitting here talking with the one and only Mega-Jimmy, the world's oldest teenager. The oldest punk rocker in known existence—except for maybe Lee Ving. Let's see, list of exploits—how many 16 year olds on your exploit list?

Too many.

Too many to list. You did a stint in the Serial Killers, then went on to Double Penetration—that was a great band.

They were good boys.

You were, of course, the real brains behind the Serial Killers—not that you would ever get any credit for it, but that's what we're here to do today. Jimmy, you're a good friend of mine, and basically an uncle to my kids, so it's my pleasure to introduce to the world, again, the one and only Mega-Jimmy. All right, we've got a few questions for your stupid sorry-ass today. Who was the real genius behind the Serial Killers?

Myself, of course.

How did this come about?

Because they needed somebody to run all their stunts, all their blood, and to hold Paul Bearer's sorry ass up when he couldn't stand up by himself—because Tim was tired of kicking him when it was his turn to sing.

Wow. Is it true that you're a friend to all the straightedge, hipster chicks?

Oh, they love me and I love them. Repeatedly.

There's a lot of confusion in West Philly the days as to who was the mastermind behind Stalag 13, so let's set the record straight. How did Stalag 13 really come about?

You'd have to go find that old shaky drunk who's the landlord, ask him who's name is on the lease, and find out who snuck the tuna can under the floorboards. The man who had the first room up there; the man that found out there was an upstairs there.

Who would that man be?

That would be me. The only thing I really got stiffed on was that I didn't like the name. I wanted to call it something gay like Arkham Asylum.

Nice. So who are the enemies of Mega-Jimmy these days?

Most of the city. Bands that suck.

All right, on to better things. What's Mega-Jimmy doing with his life these days?

Right now? Besides festering at home, I'm piercing at this shop, Cadillac Tattoo Deuce.

Some people mistake your wisdom for idiocy, they don't understand the wisdom that is Mega-Jimmy; why?

I have no idea. But these people are still renting apartments or rooms in West Philly or living in dirty squalor. I have three acres in Jersey and I'm living in my own house, what kind of idiot am I? At five percent and no points on the mortgage!

Why doesn't Philly appreciate your genius?

Because Philly is historically famous world-wide for being humorless. It's also prudish and hypocritical. Even during the heyday of Vaudeville, a quiet audience was called "Philadelphian." I'll give you an example. One of the rich nobodies who pretty much dictated the Philly scene—I won't name names—would come backstage and ream me out because I said the word slut or cunt onstage, but the very next time I'd see her she's be rocking out to "I Wanna Fuck You" by GG Allin.

That's always been the trend in Philadelphia; it's a city full of hypocrites.

That's right. And if I think they're blacklisting people, it's gonna be time to break some knees.

Speaking of which, who is on your ass-kicking list these days?

Philly Shreds is on the ass kicking list in total. Ask Lon from Antitrust if he thinks there's blacklist in Philly? When was the last time Limecell or Antitrust or Double Penetration played an all ages show?

I don't know. Probably before I was born. What was the deal with 12 Monkeys?

I didn't get a dime for 12 Monkeys even though if you go see the movie there is a Double Penetration flyer on every other wall. It's like some set designer went nuts over a flyer I made for The Hard-Ons, Double Penetration and Dumpster Juice; someone ripped the Hard-Ons part off and Xeroxed it and put it everywhere in that movie. I didn't see dime one. Thanks, Terry Gilliam. How much money did I throw you?

If you were President, what would you do?

I would legalize drugs, abolish the income tax, start a federal 50/50 lottery so the junkies could pour some money into the budget, and sink Florida. P.S. I'm gonna cut Puerto Rico loose and annex Baja, California; if you look at a map it only makes sense! And terrorism? I'd start landing troops and kicking ass. We don't have to chase these little towelheads through a tunnel, just find the entrance, pour in a truckload of gasoline and throw in a flare!

Why do local radio stations, especially the college ones like WKDU, often blacklist bands like ours?

There's too many rich sons and daughters of hippies running the station and blocking anybody else with any taste. It's only rich kids. There's some kid on there now who's gotta be at least 30, he's been there since the band first started in 1988. I hate to name names, Jean-Paul, but how old are you and what are you still doing at a college radio station?

I was real hungry the other day, and I was wondering, 'How can I make the most of my dead baby?'

Clean it, skin it, give the head to your dog, marinate the rest overnight in soy sauce with a tablespoon of sesame oil, broil ten minutes each side, serve it on Pennsylvania Dutch broad egg noodles and broccoli on the side.

After dinner you usually wanna sit back with a fine cigar and a nice little cognac.

What porn would you be watching?

Anything starring Jade Marsella, she dethroned Annabelle Chong off my porn list months ago. This is one pissed off, little Asian bitch, but the only cool thing about her is that she licks men's asses. She'll tongue some guy's big hairy ass like it's Breyer's ice cream. She obviously hates being in porn, you can even see her roll her eyes half the time when she's doing shit.

What does the future hold for Mega-Jimmy?

Sitting back in the compound in Jersey, breeding little Mega- and Meg-ites to come out and attack.

Attack who?

The enemies! Philadelphia. There's more people to piss off; there's more clubs to get banned from now...

Actually, there's less clubs to get banned from.

I'll get banned from them, it doesn't matter.

Any closing statements? Because I think it's safe to say that after this you'll never be interviewed again unless something unbelievable happens in your life where there's a media circus involving you, so you better make it good.

Double Penetration never gets it kudos. We are the original scum rock band in Philadelphia, other scum rock bands come to Philadelphia and work hard to try and absorb members of Double Penetration.

So you're saying that you take raw talent...

We're punk rock boot camp. People from our band have gone on to play with Honky, Rancid Vat, Brutal Truth, Dreck Merchants, Rizzo Machine, Limecell; there's plenty of other bands, Red Paint People, Mondo Topless...

Anything else?

I'm going to be starring in a TV series starting in September on CBS, it's a reality-based show, it's called We're Going To Hunt and Kill G-Love. Every week we let the dogs out, we chase G-Love down. If we catch him, we're gonna grab him by his fruity little guitar and blow his brains out.

There is one more thing. We've gotten to the enemies, we've gotten a lot of negativity here, but who would you like to put over?

There are some really cool people in this city and they all work at Cadillac Tattoo Deuce. Limecell is a cool, good band. They don't kiss ass like the rest of the bands in this goddamn city and they play rock and roll.

You don't wanna put over the wife or the dog?

Of course I've gotta put over the wife. She'll kick my ass if I don't mention her. Actually she probably doesn't want to be mentioned, because she's the only girl who isn't impressed with me and is worth respecting. My wife sits out in Jersey, content in the knowledge that Mega-Jimmy is down with her and has got her back.



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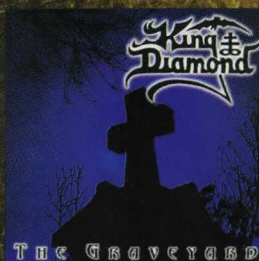
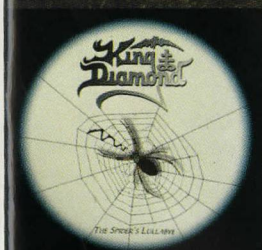
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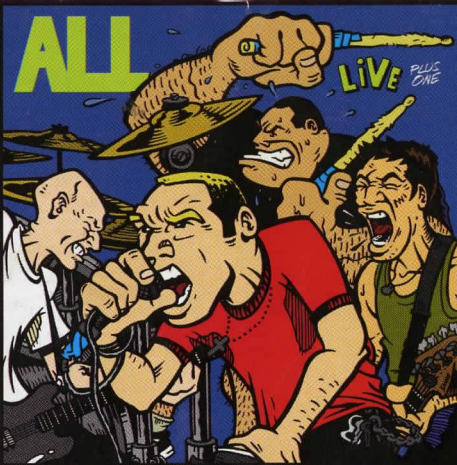






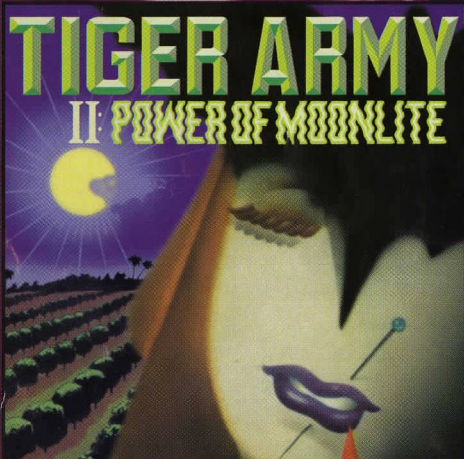
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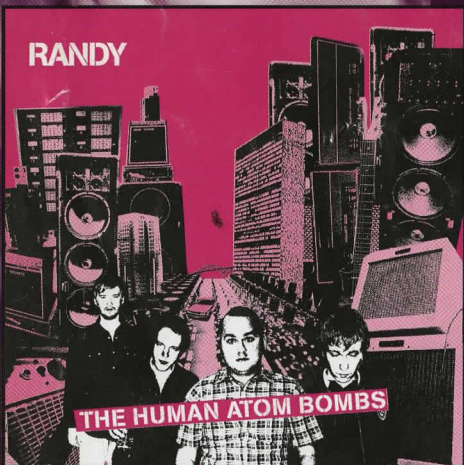
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