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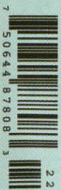
CARBON 14

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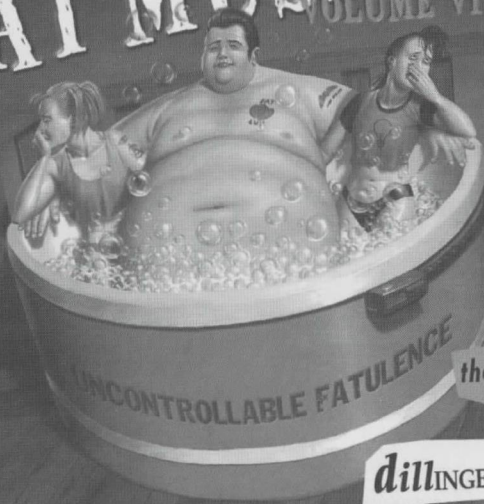


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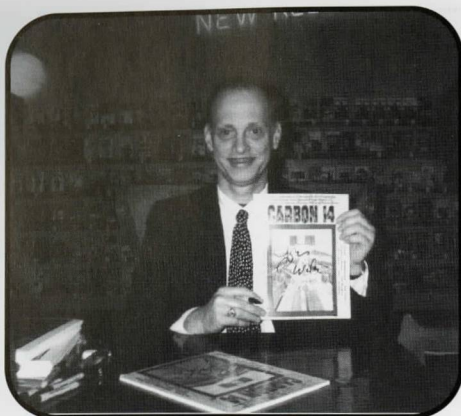


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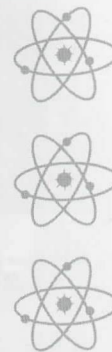


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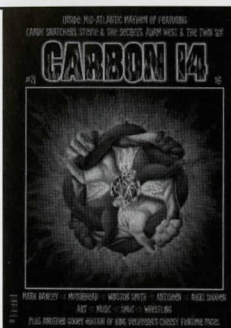


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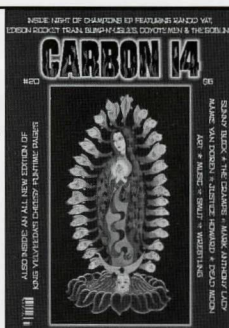
#21 - Mark Dancey cover & color feature, Motorhead, Winston Smith, Nikki Sudden, ANTISEEN Euro Tour Diary (pt.1), art, music, smut, wrestling plus King VelVeeda's Cheesy Funtime Pages and the Mid-Atlantic Mayhem EP w/ Candy Snatchers, Stevie & the Secrets, Adam West and the Twin Six...

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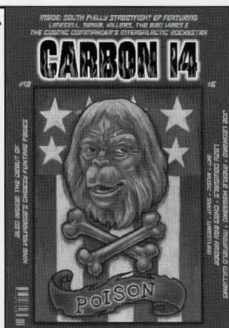
#20 - Sunny Buick cover & color feature, The Cramps, Mark Anthony Lacy, Mamie Van Doren, Justice Howard, art, music, smut, wrestling plus King VelVeeda's Cheesy Funtime Pages and the Night of Champions EP w/ Rancid Vat, Edison Rocket Train, Bump-N'-Uglies, Coyote Men & The Goblins...

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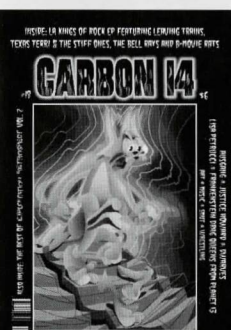
#19 - Joe Leonard cover & color feature, Merle Haggard, Mayfield Williams, Lazy Cowgirls, Chas Ray Rider, art, music, smut, wrestling plus the debut of King VelVeeda's Cheesy Funtime Pages and the South Philly Streetfight EP w/ Limecell, Serial Killers, the Bad Vibes & the Cosmic Commander's Intergalactic Rockestra...

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#18 - Ausgang cover & color feature, Justice Howard, Dwarves, Lisa Petrucci, Frankenstein Drag Queens From Planet 13, art, music, smut, wrestling plus ER and the LA Kings of Rock EP with Leaving Trains, Texas Terri & the Stiff Ones, the Bell Rays, and B-Movie Rats...

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#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...

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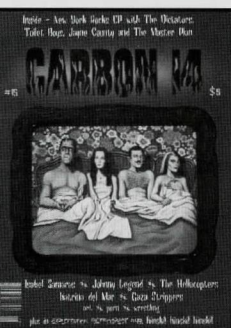
#16 - Wes Benscoter cover & color feature, Electric Frankenstein, Missy Hyatt, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Dr. Ducky Doolittle plus ER and the C14 Hall Of Fame EP with Hasil Adkins, Andre Williams, Davie Allan and The Arrows, and Johnny Legend...

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#15 - Isabel Samaras cover & color feature, Johnny Legend, The Hellacopters, Katrina del Mar, Gaza Strippers plus ER and the New York Rocks EP with The Dictators, Toilet Boys, Jayne County and The Master Plan...

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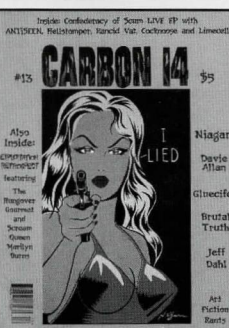
#14 - King VelVeeda cover & color feature, The Fabulous Moolah, The Dictators, Mick Collins, Turbonegro plus ER and double 7" w/ the Humpers, Quadrajets, Loudmouths, the 440s, Puffball, Gluecifer, the Nitwitz, & the Onyas...

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#13 - Niagara cover & color feature, Davie Allan, Gluecifer, Brutal Truth, Jeff Dahl, Thorazine, plus ER and Confederacy of Scum EP featuring LIVE tracks from ANTISEEN, Hellstomper, Rancid Vat, Cocknoose, and Limecell...

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#11 - Judith Schaechter cover & color feature, Tesco Vee, God Is My Co-Pilot, Al Goldstein, KAZ, 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) \$10 (WORLD)

#10 - Robert Williams cover and color feature, Glenn Branca, The Nomads, Candy Snatchers, plus the debut of our merge with *Exploitation Retrospect* and more... EP with Electric Frankenstein Sgt. 6 Assault, The Hellacopters, and the Stuntmen...

\$7 (US) \$10 (WORLD)

#9 - Richard Kern cover and color feature, Jayne County, Cannibal Corpse, Rob Younger, W.O.O. Europe Tour diary, Tiffany Million... EP with Six Finger Satellite, MX-80, Gone and Stinking Lizaveta...

\$6 (US) \$8 (WORLD)

#8 - Fold-out cover by The Psychic Sparkplug, Cows, Survival Research Labs (pt.1), ANTISEEN, Kathy Acker, Charles Gayle... EP with Napalm Death, Unsane, Neurosis and Limecell...

\$6 (US) \$8 (WORLD)

#7 - Joe Coleman cover and feature, Napalm Death, Pere Ubu, Elliott Sharp, Darius/James... and vinyl with William Hooker/Lee Ranaldo/Zeena Parkins Trio, Wayne Horvitz, Mike Kenneally and W.O.O....

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CARBON 14

#22

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(editor)

Larry Kay - Old Enough To Know Better
(business manager/ad geek)

Minister of Exploitation:

Dan Taylor

Secretary of Herbology & Adorable Smut:

King ~~Val Verde~~ / Cheesy Graphics

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Honey West • (Thee Great) Whiskey Rebel

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With every issue there is usually some screwed up thing that happens right around the time we go to deadline that makes the already difficult task of getting the mag to the printer on time even more challenging; it's called life, I think. This time around the screwed up thing that happened was really, really screwed up. To make a long story short, and spare you all most of the details of our personal life, it resulted in Larry's Dad being hospitalized for close to a month, having a bunch of surgery and a long road to recovery, made longer by the fact that he's in his 80s. And you know it had to happen two weeks before we were due to go to the printer. Needless to say this forced us to briefly put the magazine on the back-burner. I suppose I could use this space to thank everyone for their patience, support and sensitivity but really, most people weren't very patient, supportive or sensitive towards Larry or I at all, and still gave me a fucking hard time about the fact that publication of the mag. would be delayed by a few weeks. However, rather than go any farther with either of the above topics and completely fill this page with negativity I will be doing no further editorializing today. Besides I can thank the people who were patient, supportive and sensitive towards us outside of this forum, personally. Cause there weren't that many of them! Ooops, sorry I slipped again.

Anywho, I know how much you all like consistency so I must fill this space with something. What I have decided to fill it with is this list that was sent to me by one of our wonderful writers, Falling James. I have not had the patience or clear mind to come up with even a Top Ten list as we round the corner leading to the end of 2002 - let alone a Top 40 - but it's just as well, since we started Steel Cage I can't really do that anymore. I don't know if any of you are aware of this odd "punk ethic" quirk but apparently it's not acceptable to say you think the records on your own label are the best records released in the past year because it is no longer seen as an opinion, it's seen as a blatant marketing ploy. (Why anyone would want to put out records they didn't think were the best records they heard all year is also another topic for another time.) Nonetheless, if I did have a Top Ten - Falling James would probably be on it and therefore I am happy to share my space with him. Enjoy the issue.

xoxo,
leslie

FALLING JAMES' LATEST TOP 40 (psychic radio in my head)

1. Witnessing OutKast at Universal Amphitheater.
2. Worshipping the Detroit Cobras, last month at Spaceland and at the Knitting Factory.
3. Public Enemy, Dilated Peoples, Blackalicious at House of Blues.
4. Cobra Verde, "Modified Frankenstein," from an upcoming CD.
5. Adoring Neko Case's BLACKLISTED CD.
6. Entranced by The Dagens' "Las Sirenas" and the MAKE US OLD CD.
7. "My Own War" and "Love, Love, Lovely World" and pretty much everything on ALL YOU CAN EAT, V. 2, a collection of punk classics by RF7.
8. Manu Chao, "Minha Galera," from the new RADIO BEMBA live CD.
9. The Delphines, "I Idolize You" from their debut CD.
10. Arthur Lee, for getting out of prison, and such glorious shows lately.
11. The Dictators, "Who Will Save Rock & Roll?" ("I saw the Stooges, covered in bruises...")
12. The Celibate Rifles, A MID-STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS CD (including a sullen, Aussie laconic version of the Stones' "Child of the Moon.")
13. Stungun, VENUS ENVY CD.
14. Gore Gore Girls, UP ALL NIGHT CD.
15. The Cynics, LIVING IS THE BEST REVENGE CD.
16. Seeing Devo live, outdoors at a restaurant opening in Beverly Hills, of all places.
17. Tom Hofer, CLEARINGHOUSE CD (Finally! The solo debut! 16 years in the making!)
18. The second JUAN FANGIO CD (Sam Merrick, solo.)
19. Anything by the Come Ons.
20. The new Orphans 7-inch.
21. Hearing Channel 3's "Manzanar" live at the Garage ("Manzanar concentration camp wasn't in a country so far...")
22. Seeing Wire at El Rey Theater.
23. And Mission of Burma at El Rey.
24. ADZ - American Steel CD. Tony Adolescent's OTHER great hard-rocking band. This'n includes a crankin' version of my fave Turbonegro song, "Good Head."
25. Busy Philipps on DAWSON's CREEK.
26. The Paybacks' debut CD on Get Hip Records.
27. Still missing Chick Hearn.
28. The Urinals newest (unreleased) classic, "Skygrifter."
29. Biblical Proof of UFOs, "You Would If You Loved Me."
30. Little Porkchop, "Bodega Flower."
31. Wanda Jackson, "Tunnel of Love."
32. Margaret Doll Rod, ENCHANTE (solo CD.)
33. The return of Annette Zilinskas to Blood on the Saddle.
34. The Hangmen, WE'VE GOT BLOOD ON THE TOES OF OUR BOOTS, live CD.
35. The Stones pulling off "Can't You Hear Me Knockin'," "Little Red Rooster," "Love Train," "Loving Cup," "Midnight Rambler" and so many other faves when they hit town. They're still good and even ominous, and they don't have to be.
36. The new Mekons CD, OOOH! (Out of Our Heads), and Cowboy Sally Timms, who passed through our no-horse town with the Spinanes' Rebecca recently.
37. The Real McKenzies, LOCH'D & LOADED CD.
38. Listing Ship, DANCE CLASS REVOLUTION CD.
39. I still believe that Sale & Pelletier deserved to come in second in Olympic pairs figure skating.
40. Any Alley Cats.



celibate Rifles



Back in the mid-'80s, when Australia and Sweden were coming into focus as the places to turn for new and interesting underground rock, a few bands seemed to bubble up to the surface and gain substantial attention. What started as a flow of consistently good 7"s by a number of virtually unknown new (to America) bands in 1984 or '85 became a small scale Aussie invasion by the beginning of '86. By that time it seemed just about everyone I knew owned albums or 7"s by bands like the Scientists, Hoodoo Gurus, Beasts of Bourbon and the Celibate Rifles. The Rifles were the most powerful of the "invasion" bands, employing a musical sensibility that merged elements of the Stooges, Ramones and Radio Birdman (who themselves were heavily Stooges inspired) into a powerful post-punk attack. Along with a revolving cast of bass players and drummers, the dueling guitars of Kent Steedman and Dave Morris with the alternately acerbic and philosophical lyrics of singer Damien Lovelock—delivered in his own immediately recognizable style—have been the magic combination behind the Rifles since the band's first release in 1982. By the time the band made their US debut at CBGB in April 1986, they had two albums domestically available (essentially repackaged highlights of their first three Australian LPs) and—to their surprise—an eager audience waiting for them. They left those audiences generally slackjawed as they tore through their own songs and a wide range of covers at a week's worth of shows on the East Coast. They returned to the US in July of '86, playing up and down the East Coast and as far west as Michigan, recording their landmark live LP, *Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang* at CBGB. By the time the Rifles came back to the US in March and October of '87, they'd developed a hardcore following so devoted it wasn't uncommon for people to drive 1500 miles to see them play. (I know a bunch of people who did.) Up through 1996 the band continued to record and tour Europe and the US (once more) and Australia. The next couple years were relatively quiet ones for the Rifles, who, aside from playing some shows, didn't record again until 1999/2000. That album, *A Mid-Stream of Consciousness*, contains some of the band's most intense and insightful moments. Although released in Australia some 18 months ago, it's the first new Rifles album in nearly a decade to be available on an American label (this time on Philly-based Real-O-Mind records). Damien's deadpan drawl has never sounded more biting and Kent and Dave's guitars virtually erupt on some of their rawest and most powerful tracks. The rhythm section du jour this time around (hopefully permanently) combines bassist Michael Couvret, who

was in the band from '81-'82 and '84-'86, and Paul Larsen who served from '87-'91. Before we started the interview, Kent and I talked about a gig they played in Philly in 1987, where there was a party for the band after the show at a house I lived in. Some of the band stayed there that night and—as I told Kent—their bass player, Rudy, puked on our rug. (Possibly in his sleep.) He remembered the night but not the puking.

—Larry

Now that the album's been released in the States, is there any chance of touring here?

We'd like to do a tour, we've all talked about it. It's just that the prospect of going to the States, playing shows for \$300 a night and sleeping on people's couches isn't something that really enlivens us with joy. There's some grants over here you can get, and I've been looking at getting them. Cause we'd like to; we'd like to come and play a week in the East and a week on the West or something.

I've heard about those grants.

Yeah, they do exist. I got halfway through putting one together at one stage, where we were probably gonna stop off on the East Coast for a couple gigs, but something happened and one of us couldn't go at that time. I think the grants still exist, they're not easy to get but we'd all like to tour; it just depends on the timing. Cause most of the boys have got families and jobs and all that stuff.

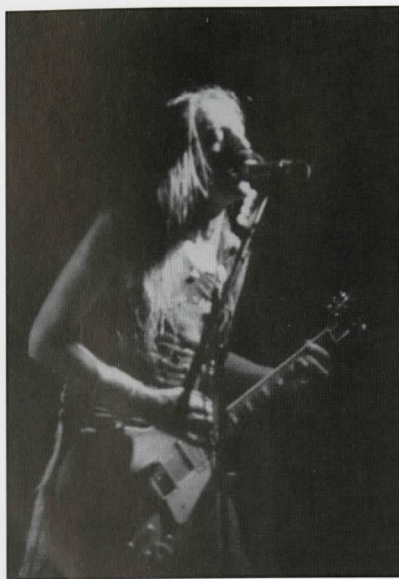
Are you gonna be playing in Europe?

Nah. We haven't played there for ages either. Everyone's saying, 'Oh, I'd like to go to Europe.' So the possibilities exist, it's just from Australia, everything's financially...

You're halfway around the world from everywhere.

Yeah, half the time you can't afford to go to Perth, let alone Europe. So, yes, we'd like to come but I don't see that there's anyone over there who could sponsor us. It's a case of wait and see what happens. If Geoff sells a few thousand records, then we'll go, 'Hell yeah. Maybe it's worth coming over and kicking it up.' It's not that we don't necessarily want to come, we like to play, it's just that life has to be a certain way. I look after a lot of that stuff so I've gotta be able to convince the guys that if we're going away for a month, their mortgages are gonna be met and their kids are gonna be looked after and all that shit. Playing shitty rock and roll clubs at our level, there's no way I can do that. Unfortunately. Cause all I'm interested in doing is playing. Well that's pretty much what you do. You guys have been able to keep the band together for what, 22 or 23 years now?





Yeah, about that. Aside from what I guess you could call the core of the band—you, Dave and Damien—there's been eight other people who've played either bass or drums, and now the new rhythm section is comprised of parts of two different older rhythm sections. Exactly, yeah.

How did Paul and Michael end up coming back into the band? We've remained friends. Mikey was doing his bits and pieces, Paul started raising his kids and that kind of jive. And sort of at the end of our last tour of Australia—the one for *Mid-Stream* over here—Nik, our old drum-

mer, was getting sick of it. He's been playing in a few bands and doing this and that, and the old falling in love thing; decided he didn't want to play anymore. I think he was also having some kind of elbow trouble, he needed a rest. Jim was the same, he said he loved playing but didn't like all the other stuff that went with it. So basically they were sort of bowing out. Mikey'd always been around, we got him to fill in for a show at Christmas once because Jim was on holiday. Every Boxing Day, or the day after Christmas, I don't know if you have a name for it [in America].

No, it's just the day after Christmas.

We have a name for it here, it's a public holiday.

I think it's called **Boxing Day** in Canada too.

Don't know what it's about. I think it's cause everyone has a hangover so they fucking beat the shit out of each other. Perhaps not. So we started a few years ago, we just do one of our albums, in order. Jim couldn't make it one year so we got Mikey to fill in. Then Jim said he was thinking about bowing out, and things did what they did with Nick. Paulie was living in Sydney, Mikey was around, so we all had a couple of jams and it felt good. We felt, 'Let's keep going.' It's probably the best lineup we've ever had.

Are there plans to record an album?

We're halfway through it now.

In Australia, were you guys on *Hot* all the way up to *Mid-Stream*?

Up until, yeah.

Why'd you part company?

Um... I don't know.

Time for a change?

Yeah. There were some other reasons but I won't go into them. It was what was necessary. We're all still friends even though there are disagreements on things.

That kinda brings up the rhythm section thing again, what's the reason for so much turnover?

One, it's hard work; cause it is a full-on band, it's physically demanding. Two, I guess, cause of the nature of things we're only semi-professional. It's pretty hard thing to be an artist in this country and pay your rent. With very few exceptions. Sometimes you get a run for a year or two where it works. It's such a small country, in a sense; it's a great land mass but there's not that many people. So it's really easy to sort of saturate the market. Bands like us can't play very much, we have an element of popularity and notoriety but we're not a mainstream seller. We get reasonable crowds but if we play too often, we don't. I guess because people only have so much money to spend and there's so much competition. From everything. Rock and roll

seems to be coming around again at the moment. It goes through waves and ebbs and flows. I think the major record companies have got a lot to answer for, for overpricing CDs over here. Then there's also some really bad sounding PA systems in various rooms. A lot of these kids didn't grow up on records, so they don't understand a certain sound frequency. If you grew up listening to digital stuff, it's all sort of hard and crisp; it gives the illusion of clarity even though it necessarily isn't. They go along to a gig and there's all this power and energy and bottom end that they're

not used to. It's loud and harsh if there's a bad PA and a bad mix. It only takes one gig to make a young person go, 'Fuck that.' It's also, perhaps, too many festivals. It's not that they're bad things, it's that the music's almost secondary.

Is the day after Christmas show the *Ferry Cruise*?

No, the *Ferry*'s usually the day after that. It's a little boat, and we just cruise around Sydney harbor for about four hours and play music on it. It's sorta like a double-decker ferry, it holds about 150 people.

And you guys do that once a year?

Yeah, sometimes. Usually twice a year we go and do one of those, it's good fun. Play covers, fuck around and have a laugh.

There are bonus tracks at the end of the new album, there's cover songs on *On The Quiet*, and I know from seeing you guys live a bunch of times you like to play covers; is a full-blown covers album ever gonna be made? And is there one song you'd personally like to record that you haven't?

That's a good question. We started a covers album about eight years ago and some bullshit came up, and we never got to finish it. That had about 20 songs on it, but that sort of got half finished and left alone. It may come up again, it's possible; it may be something we'll get around to in the next year or so. As for one specific cover, I don't know, we've done so many. They sort of run their time. If we didn't record 'em at the time we were playing 'em... a couple of the Television songs we used to do pretty well. We resurrected "Elevation" for a while, which was fun, but one of the others we used to play, we tried to get up and it just wasn't that time—we couldn't get it together.

There's a lot there, we try and learn some new ones here and there; generally the stupid ones. "Everyone's A Winner," that's the one we haven't recorded that we probably should.

Is *Where The Wild Things Are* an EP?

Yep.

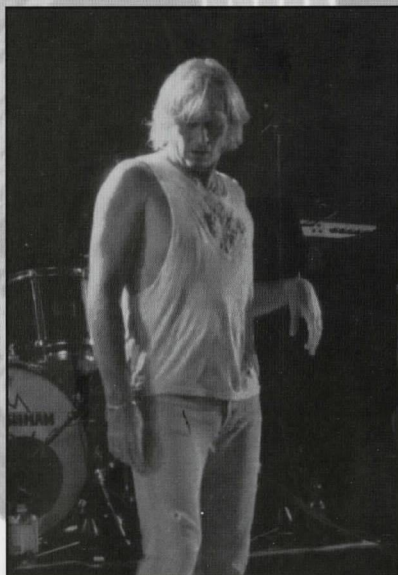
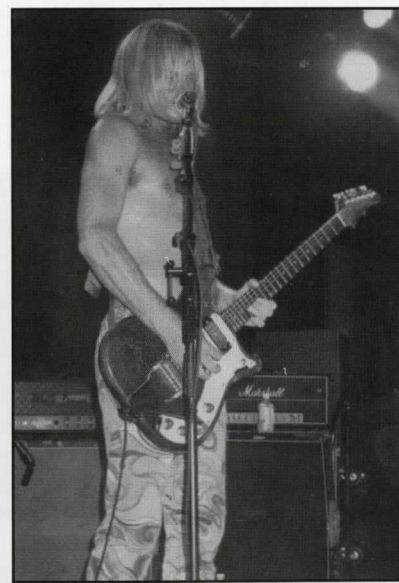
Is that available in the States?

I don't know. I found five or six copies of that the other day. But it came out on Festival Records, we were sort of on there and so were the *Hard-Ons* at one point. It was sort of a dual tour and we put out that EP; it was on a CD and a double 7" but I don't know that that'll ever get released in the States unless someone wants to do it.

Aside from the collections and the live albums how many studio albums have you guys done? Ten?

I guess so. Yeah, ten's probably about right. I think most of them are available here except for *On The Quiet*.

Munster put out *On The Quiet* on vinyl. *Hot* still has all the catalog, anyone can get a



live photos by Geoff Ginsburg

mail-order; I just don't think they bother to distribute to the States anymore. People were either gypping them or going broke. That's the digital thing.

Yeah, music's a tough sell.

It is. Especially now. It's one of those bummers. Most people aren't money grubbers but it's just that whole thing, you've either got a shitload or you've got nothing.

Yeah. So how was playing with the Dictators?

That was pretty good fun. They're funny guys, it was nice to meet 'em. It was a fairly ambitious tour on the promoter's behalf. But it was good.

Did you play in fairly large size rooms?

Yeah, they were sort of larger than necessary. He had them [the Dictators] out here for two weeks, he should have them out here for one and consolidated it all. But he learned his lesson. It was good fun; we had a good time meeting 'em, and a good time playing with 'em. They had to work hard.

Mid-Stream sounds more raw or live-in-studio; the whole thing is more intense.

Yeah, it came along. I guess we always do the rhythm tracks as live as we can. There were definitely a few difficulties and dramas in making it, with studios and this and that. We had a couple good studios and it was going a certain way, but then the guy who was engineering it didn't show up for the mix.

What's that all about?

He's a strange character. Good engineer but I guess had some people skills issues. He was a good bloke, I liked him.

He recorded it quite well but then we showed up at this studio I'd never worked in, because he said was best to use it because he needed to use this particular stuff—which I'd never worked, but he said he was starting to get a handle on. So he showed up for a while, did a couple of things and said, 'I'm going out for a couple of hours, I'll be back,' and that was it.

Nice.

Yeah. Well I had a mate up the hill, Rick O' Neil, who has a mastering facility, and basically he came and helped us out and we mixed the record together. So instead of the way it might have turned out, it turned out a little more the way it sounds now.

Are you ever going to record a complete live album over there? I know a third of Yizgarnoff was recorded in Australia but you've never recorded an entire live LP there.

I don't know. We sort of did a botchy recording of *Blind Ear* live last year. That may

come out but that wouldn't be an official release, that would be sort of like just through the website. I don't know, it takes long enough to get it together to fucking make a normal record.

But you guys are still forging ahead full-speed.

Yeah, it's non-stop. We're always hopeful, we keep chugging away. The way things look at the moment, there might be a bit of interest in rock and roll for a while so maybe people will say, 'Oh, that's right, there's these guys again.' We shall see. We just keep doing our thing in the best way we can. We scratch around at it, get together when we can, get focused, play a few gigs.



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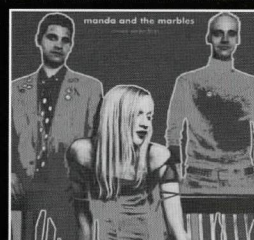
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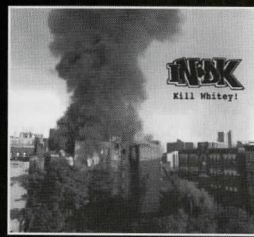
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TOXIC NARCOTIC
WE'RE ALL DOOMED

The Cynics are one of the most prominent bands in the garage rock scene since the mid-'80s and have just released their seventh studio album, *Living Is The Best Revenge*, on Get Hip (the label started, and still run, by Cynics co-founder/guitarist Gregg Kostelich). The album is the band's first in years, and is already gaining a lot of attention not only from critics but from a new "heavy friend," Steven Van Zandt, who has been giving the band lots of airplay on his nationally syndicated radio show. The always off-the-cuff Michael Kastelic (vocals) and the ever-acerbic Kostelich never shy away from speaking exactly what's on their minds about the band, their music, and just about everything else—and this interview is no exception.

—Larry

It's been a long time since The Cynics have had a new record out. Michael Kastelic: We had broken up for a while. Our last show before the split was New Year's Eve 1995-'96 here in Pittsburgh. I was in jail at the time because I'd been arrested the night before, December 30th, which was my birthday. I'd gone over to a friend's house, who had a surprise party for me which I was not expecting, got back in the car to go back home, got pulled over and slapped with a DUI charge and ended up having to do 90 days; 30 in jail, 30 in a halfway house and 30 in rehab. But there were a lot of reasons at that point, I just had to walk away. It was getting to be a grind, it was the same thing over and over without me enjoying it. I don't mean that in a selfish way, I felt I was ripping off the people who were coming to see us, and I felt bad about that. Because if I wasn't having as much or more fun than they were, then I always felt just sort of bad.

Had you not gotten busted would the New Year's Eve show have been the last planned show anyway?

Probably not. I got bailed out hours before the show, and it was a fun show, but that was it. Afterwards I had to serve my time. I think it was a good time, in retrospect it was actually kind of fortuitous because if we had kept going all that time I don't know if we really would have been around right now to take advantage of this apparent resurgence in the interest in garage music.

Let's talk about that for a minute. When did you guys start getting back together again, and had any of you noticed the "resurgence" of garage at that point?

No, not at all. It's been about three years since we've been back together, kind of right before the surge started. It was when they started doing those Las Vegas Grind things in, uh, Las Vegas... obviously! There were a few attempts to try and get us back together for one of those and I think Cavestomp in New York. Gregg and I talked about it but we never really got it together enough to do it. He was busy with the business of course, too. Finally he called me about doing one of the Las Vegas shows and I said sure. We actually had a blast as soon as we started practicing together again, we knew we missed it a lot more than we thought.

One thing I remember about seeing you guys play in Philly years ago is that The Cynics always had a ravenous, loyal fan base; every time you played it was packed. When word got out you were back was the response like the old days or was it better?

I think it was even better because by the time we stopped I don't think the response was as strong as it was during our heyday, in the mid- or early-'90s. I think it was much better when we got back together because each time it was for these special events. We did a tour of Spain, Cavestomp and Las Vegas Grind, so every show was a high profile gig. **You guys have been popular in Spain almost from the time the band started, right?**

Yeah, around '88, '90. The second record we did, *12 Flights Up*, we licensed to Record Runner Records in Spain. I think that really helped kick us off there. People there will take a chance on a record that's on a local label because it's a lot cheaper—the records over there that are US imports are up to \$25 or \$30—so there are a lot of people who bought that second Cynics records over there who probably wouldn't have if it had been an import. After we started touring in Europe, we found Spain was the most responsive country to what we were doing, and they always have been. They've stuck through all the trends: grunge, rap, dance, every-

thing; it doesn't really seem to faze their garage scene. Whereas in Germany, even in Holland, the garage scene took an awful beating during the '90s because of the grunge/Nirvana sound. In Europe that really slaughtered a lot of the garageheads. **There are certain bands who always go to Spain, you guys, The Dictators...**

Yeah, I was gonna say us and the

Dictators are over there more than we're in the States. But that's how loyal those people are. When they find a band and they love you, you treat 'em right, you go over there and do your best for 'em.

And now there's a whole new generation of kids who are coming to see us in Spain who had heard our records but—and this is gonna make us sound so old—[laughing] weren't old enough to see us when we were around last time and now they can get in.

It's kinda interesting how you guys have well over 20 singles, yet only seven studio albums.

Yup. They're slow in coming. It's usually the recording process that takes the longest. When we finally decide to write songs we pretty much sit down and knock them out. They're pretty much done anyway, with the different parts that are in our heads, but when we sit down to do that it's not as big a headache as the actual recording. Which is what was so great about this one, doing it with Tim (Kerr). It was almost effortless because I think we finally found someone we can work with in the studio who completely understands what we're doing—which is a hard thing to do in Pittsburgh!

You guys have self-produced every other one except for *Get Our Way*, right?

Yeah, *Get Our Way*, was produced by Eric Lindgren, and the rest were all self-produced.

Why did you guys pick Tim, or had he expressed interest in working with you?

Out of that whole crew of producers, the two who are our favorites, on hearing stuff they've done, are Jim Diamond (in Detroit) and Tim Kerr. Gregg said those two were going to be our choices. Originally we were going to go to Detroit but something happened. For some reason we had to change the show and couldn't do it, had to change the weekend. And then we thought about it more and Gregg said, 'Well, Michael, maybe you should decide.' All I can say is everything Tim's ever been in, everything he's put his hands on or produced or played on, I've just loved. So I thought we really couldn't lose with that. It was a more daunting trip to drive all the way to Texas as opposed to driving to Detroit, but I think it was well worth it.

When did you do it and how long did it take to record?

We did it in May, and pretty much it was done in one day, all the tracks. Then the next day we did the vocals, and they were pretty much all done on either the first or second take. Sometimes he would keep the first take and then sometimes he would come in and give a pep talk. Overall he





was a really great guy to work with, he really put forth this amazing positive attitude. I don't know if I've read other bands talking about the way he produces but it's really something. He's kinda like a coach I guess, in a way, but he really brings out the best in you.

That's what a producer's supposed to do.

Yeah. So it was nice having one for a change. We'll never do it again ourselves, that's for sure.

You've had a lot of problems in the studio before, huh?

Oh yeah. I did. They [the engineers] had no conception of what kind of music we were doing, they just thought we were crazy. Which is kind of the funny thing about the resurgence in garage now because for all these years, since the '80s, people would say 'What kind of music do you play?' And you say garage-pop-punk or garage-punk, and you'd just get this strange blank look, like 'what the hell is that?' So I guess now people supposedly know what it is, even though they think it's [laughing] The Hives or The Vines or something.

Have you ever played with the Nomads or done any touring in Sweden?

We played in Sweden before but not with the Nomads, I'd love to play with them.

Because that's another place where garage rock—I'm not sure where or when the initial garage rock revival started...

Well, we've played in Lund and in Copenhagen, but I think it was always bigger in Europe. The way it started for us was, Gregg and I were punks. I had dyed black hair with white polka dots in it and Gregg actually had a mohawk, a gun earring and a Fear t-shirt. We were in punk bands, and when the '80s came along and punk became sort of a mall accessory called new wave we just sort of gravitated to the '60s stuff that sounded like punk. We'd always been Stones fans, and even Paul Revere and the Raiders and The Animals we always liked, but that sort of renewed our faith in music. When something we loved so much like punk became so sickeningly ruined, a lot of ex-punks went to country bands. [laughing] We just had too much hate in us to do that yet, so we had to take the other route.

I remember buying Nomads singles from the early '80s. Were you guys aware of those singles and bands back then?

When we started Gregg was working in a record store and he was totally into that. We were kind of along the end of that first wave. The Fuzztones were already playing...

Yeah, actually they're among the first.

They're the first I saw. I was 14 years old when I saw them at The Dive in New York City. My dad was on a business trip and he took me with him. I guess they didn't card back in those days because I walked right in! They were the first wave, with the Chesterfield Kings and The Fleshtones. Then you had those LA bands, Green on Red and Rain Parade and stuff. Where are they now I ask you? And their Beatle boots. That's why one of my favorite bands of that whole era is definitely the Lyres. Because a lot of these bands spent their time trying to find Beatle boots and mod paisley shirts while Jeff Connolly was digging through record bins actually finding this grungy disgusting stuff and using that as his inspiration, not Beatle boots.

I know you've been playing a bunch of weekend shows lately, ostensibly as a warm-up for going to Spain in January, but once you're back are there any plans to do a US tour of some sort?

Yeah, and a full-scale European one too. We're scheduled to go to Greece, Italy, France, the Netherlands, and maybe even the Czech Republic. We're hoping that'll be in either late spring or early fall 2003 and then between that we'll do as many things in the States as we can.

Where does the new record rank for you among your favorite Cynics records? Or is it your favorite now because it's new?

I think it's my favorite one because it's the only one that has totally positive energy attached to it. When I look at the other ones I think of all the things I would have done differently and all the things that made me miserable while trying

to making it. With this one there's nothing but good thoughts associated with it.

Well, when you basically record in one day, you have a lot less time to worry about the bad shit.

That's for sure. But there's nothing I would change on it, really.



I didn't realize the band had broken up for a while.

Gregg Kostelich: I kept it quiet because I didn't know what the fuck was gonna happen. I didn't want to make it official and then have everybody totally give up on us. I'd rather have kept the fire burning, but it didn't work; people kept on probing and asking. Then, there was four years of that shit, until I said, 'I can't take it anymore,' and I gave in and Michael gave in and we got back together.

But the results have been pretty good, the new record's great. I'm satisfied with everything.

It was the first time you guys have left Pittsburgh to do a record, and Tim's only the second outside producer you've ever worked with.

Eric Lindgren came here [to produce *Get Our Way*], and I think that worked out really well but it was a little spacey and a little too reverby. I actually listened to that a couple weeks ago, from outside the bubble, and I did hear it; I could see that there was too much fuckin' reverb. But the energy, the fire, the moddish bullshit and the aggressiveness were really there and the songs were good, I thought.

How long does it take for you to be able to view an album from an outside perspective like that?

Well, with most of them I'm sick and tired [of it] by the time we go in, then you get sick and tired of the engineer or the producer taking forever to misunderstand what the fuck you're really trying to do. Almost every review I've seen, up until this record, has said "the band is so much better live... records don't do them justice." Well that's the reason why. No one understood what the hell we were trying to do.

Tim Kerr seems to have gotten a pretty good handle on it.

It was tough. Tim Kerr did a wonderful job.

Is one of the reasons why the band's done so many more 7" than albums, because it's just easier to deal with people for a shorter length of time in the studio?

That has a lot to do with it. A lot of times we try different techniques with the same people. We realize it's mainly the place and the person involved, they just didn't understand what we were going for. That always seemed to be a problem, and it would cause internal bullshit between Michael and I. I totally understand Michael, but we were all fucking learning too.

Although the next album will probably be a bit in the future, would you consider working with Tim Kerr again?

I'm looking forward to doing another one with him, at least one more. We talked about maybe doing a Byrds type of record, 12-string folk rock. Tim wants to help out and play on it and everything. Cause he's a folksy guy, he was before the Big Boys. He doesn't leave too many stones unturned,

he's very open-minded just like I am. We do love music. He caught me off guard, I wasn't in a really good mental state after driving straight out there and not knowing if our drummer was gonna make it because of his fucking flight (because we didn't all go together). Tim said, 'Look, leave the fucking garbage in the hotel room,' blah, blah, blah. It took a couple days of lecturing and that's why we gave him credit as psychiatrist and guidance counselor. [laughing] We gave him star billing, his name's the same size as ours on the CD booklet. But he's a great guy and I'm glad I met him. I regret not knowing him earlier and not opening up the communications up 15 years ago. I just appreciate that he was like the fifth Cynic there. It's important to have someone





outside the bubble. He was a cheerleader; he would say, 'Look, it just wasn't swinging. You're becoming a bunch of old guys playing the chops, tough shit.' He pissed us all off and I think the psychology worked, it got us a little angrier. I don't think I was angry enough, like sometimes I have been, I still feel like I held back to a certain degree on this record and to some degree I'm pissed about it. I will say this, I've listened to this record one or two hundred times already, over and over—and I can't stop listening to it. I'm addicted. It seems like the more I listen to it the more I wanna listen to it, and I've never had that happen with any fuckin' record we've done.

That should be encouraging then.
Yeah. So the whole thing, I have to say to Tim that I'm actually happy. I'm still upset that I didn't do my best, but that's always good because you want to do another one. All that may have been a ploy of Tim Kerr being Tim Kerr, I don't know; he's never gonna tell, he may just smile at you. I think for the next one we have an idea.

Is there gonna start being less time between Cynics albums?

I would hope so. I really would like to do another one in six months. We already have four or five sketches, but they're more folky; Michael says he has a couple. I know out of the four or five, there's one that's kinda pissed off like The Buzzcocks' "There Is No Love In This World Anymore," it's that kind of angry. So I don't know where it's gonna go once the whole band puts it together. It all happened in one or two mornings, so you've gotta go with that magic; I may not have another fuckin' tune for a year. So you guys have been getting a lot of airplay on Little Steven's

radio show?

Yeah. That's taken me by surprise. The fact he's willing to do this is great, I'm all for it. I think he's doing a wonderful thing. Hard Rock



Cafe's getting behind it—in the last 20 years there's been nobody, the major labels have offered nothing; Brittney Spears, is that what we want?! So they decided to at least support him and try and build this whole new underground. Cause there's 90-100 really good bands out there that have been working really hard. The last 20 fuckin' years there's been a major gap in music. He's trying to take it to another level. He's only gonna be able to help so many bands individually but it could evolve into a whole major positive force. He's really a fucking great guy. I think he's a real down-to-earth, honest human being—and you don't see that shit at that level. So I've gotta go with it. I'm worried about all the other negative things, and he's aware of it. We talked about it a couple weeks ago and he said, 'The shit hits the fan all over the place. It's the same principle on higher levels, you just have to get through it, you have to keep you chin up, chest out...' He already thinks we've been successful, and they way we

look at it is, we didn't even get started. We're not ungrateful but it's tough. They're playing an arena, making a million dollars last night and I'm sitting there watching them with a 16 oz. beer in my hand. We can do what the fuck we wanna do anytime we want to. Is that success? I guess so. I meet a lot of people from all over the world and have made a really good distribution network out of it. Will it get stripped from me someday by bad boys? Possibly.

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PART 1: YOU KILLED MY LOVE - THE BALLAD OF GLYN STYLER

Anyone lucky enough to have seen the late Doris Wishman's swan-song, the psycho-stripper epic, *Satan Was a Lady*, already knows the hypnotic powers of Glyn Styler. In said film, he played snotty, small-time hustler and strip joint crooner Eddie Baines, and for all its merry mayhem, the film's highlights were undoubtedly Styler's two show-stopping solo numbers; towering odes to love and loss rife with jaw-dropping histrionics, shameless hairpiece tricks, rubber lips and spittle. From behind impenetrable black shades, Glyn emoted like a desperate man with one chance left for redemption, and it looked like a toss-up over what would break first, your heart or his guitar, as he lashed out viciously at the strings of both. It was one of the most magnificent performances I had ever seen, and as I watched his crocodile tear ballad "Come Cry with Me" for the 10th time, remarking on it's Frank Sinatra on Prozac brilliance, I decided to find out just who this twisted genius was.

Turns out that Glyn Styler is somewhat of a legend in his hometown of New Orleans, a beloved curmudgeon well-known and admired for both his suave Bossa Nova combo and his later night excursions into dirty rock & roll. No regional obscurity, he's collaborated with that most satanic of noisy couples, Jim Thirwell and Lydia Lunch, as well as Kinks bro Ray Davies, pop icon Alex Chilton, and just about every heavy hitter in the Big Easy. All of which thrilled me to no end. I contacted Glyn, writing one of the very few gushing letters in Sleazegrinder history, figuring I had stumbled upon the swamp devil Nash Kato, an ultra-hip man about town with a martini in one hand, and an adoring blonde or two in the other. He straightened me out immediately. "Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm a lot less cool than you think I am," he wrote back. "I'm really just a bald, middle-aged mattress salesman."

Undaunted by his admission, I pressed on for an interview. Mundane reality or not, Styler's music is a thing of black magic and raw, blistering emotion, and I was committed to uncovering it. He agreed, with one exception. "I hate using the phone," he told me. "So you'll have to just e-mail the questions." I did. Here then, is a digitally enhanced glimpse into the black velvet world of America's swankiest mattress salesman.

Do you really sell mattresses, or are you just developing a legend? If you do, do you get a long with your co-workers? Do they think you're a weird guy or are they impressed with your musical career?

Yes, I really am a mattress salesman. In fact, I was the top salesman at my company this year. I get along fine with my co-workers. I've learned how to keep the iconoclastic behavior onstage, for the most part. They love the fact that I transform into someone else at night. My boss' daughter-in-law does some backing vocals on my new record. It's worked out really well.

Has your song-writing style been a progressive arc, or have you always written crooner ballads? I mean, did you start out like Nick Cave in noisier, punkier bands or were you always like this?

You guessed it. I started out as a Lou Reed impersonator. My first band (Blue Army) did nothing but Velvet Underground songs—before the VU gained mass acceptance in the '80s. That didn't go over too well here in the deep South. For a while I had a Kinks cover band with Alex Chilton. (I've also played drums with Tav Falco's Panther Burns, Green On Red, and Lydia Lunch.) GS occasionally does loud rock shows. You haven't seen much of what I do.

What would you say is the primary emotional inspiration for your songs? Depression? Revenge?

It's not depression, I'm not depressed, I'm angry. Disgusted with people. And fascinated by them. I feel so different from most of the people around me. I'm afraid of them. I can't imagine living with the thoughts most people are thinking (and vice-versa). I think my songs are exercises in understanding human emotions, mine and everyone else's.

Assuming 'Glyn Styler' is a stage name, what are its origins? Just a random flash of brilliance, or something more sinister?

I just made it up. I'm glad you like it.

How did you end up in *Satan Was a Lady*? Did they come looking for you, or did you audition?

The producer of *SWAL*, Beau Gillespie, played "You Killed My Love" for Doris and she immediately wanted to include it in her movie. Beau sent me some of Doris' better movies and I loved them. I agreed to provide a couple of songs for the soundtrack and the next thing I knew, I was in Miami Beach co-starring in my first film. I would never audition for anything. I don't see myself as an actor.

Was it strange being directed by a woman in her 70s? Did you feel that she was too old to be making movies, or did it seem perfectly normal?

Let me tell you something, that old lady has more raging intensity than you and me put together! Not only is she playing with a full deck, she's a fucking shark and she's beating you! She's inspirational. She never gives up. She behaves like a monster, but she's really so sweet and tender. I wish she was my mother. (Note: Doris passed away a month after this interview was conducted.)

Did you improvise at all? How close was your character to your actual personality?

You could say the whole film was improvised. Seconds before each scene was shot Doris would take the actors aside and throw completely different lines from the script at us and yell "Action"! It was very disconcerting, poor Honey was in tears half the time, but I came to realize that this is how (and why) she directs. She luxuriates in controlling us. The character of Ed Baines in *SWAL* is nothing like me.

It was a seriously convincing performance, you really seemed to have some disdain for Honey. Did you actively dislike her? Or maybe I'm reading it wrong, and you actually had a little extra-curricular activity going on? Or neither?

Honey is a Hollywood type actress. I felt sorry for her. She was concerned that *SWAL* would be a black mark on her career. She was appalled by the "lack of professionalism" on the set. I was a shoulder to cry on, nothing more.

Have you, like your character, ever blown a lot of money on dice or other bets? You seem like the kind of cat that would enjoy the race-track, now and then.

Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm not a gambler. New Orleans is full of casinos, but I hate them.

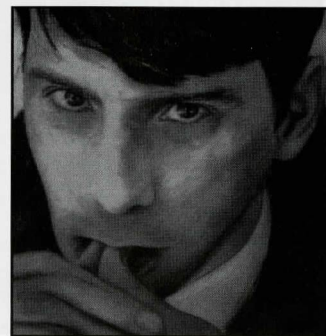
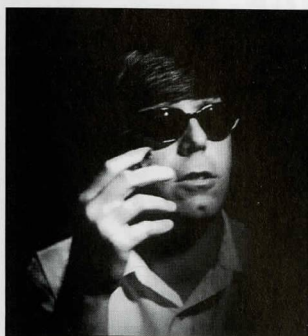
Was that your first acting role? If not, what were some others? Are you planning on any other roles? Do you enjoy performing better than acting?

I'm a theatrical singer so there's a lot of "acting" going on when I'm singing. When I'm performing a song I get caught up in the melody, the phrasing, the emotion of the lyric and I forget my own reality. I haven't learned how to do this comfortably in front of a camera. But I'd be willing to try another role someday. Making movies is a blast. Doris says she wants me to be in her next picture, but who knows if or

PUSHING SNAKES



BY
SLEAZEGRINDER





when that will ever happen...

How was it recording with Lydia Lunch? Was she intimidating at all? Any other collaboration planned? I think Styler/Thirlwell would be righteous.

Styler/Thirlwell almost did happen. We're friends and mutual fans. We had so much fun recording Lydia's *Shotgun Wedding* album in Memphis. We were loaded the whole

time on this strange formalin-based beverage called Cisco that made us crazy. JG is brilliant. Recording "The Desperate Ones" was very relaxed and intimate. Part of my deal with Atavistic/Truck Stop was for Lydia and me to do a collaboration. They got one. Lydia's one of my dearest friends; not intimidating at all. She gave me cooking lessons. She always looks beautiful. She vacuums the house in stiletto heels. She is not afraid of anyone or anything, but she's nothing to be afraid of (unless she's ovulating...)

Are you from New Orleans? Do you plan on staying? Is the atmosphere conducive to your songwriting? Something tells me Glyn and cold weather don't mix well.

I was born in New Orleans, and I'll stay here until I can afford to leave. It's very cheap to live down here, but I'm not appreciated. I'd much rather be in New York. I think I'd like cold weather. This heat is very oppressive.

Do you listen to any current music, or do you strictly listen to older music? Do you feel like a man out of time?

I like a few new bands - not too many. I like The Divine Comedy, Stereolab, The High Llamas, AIR, Tindersticks... they're OK... Ute Lemper's good. I avoid the radio. I suppose I really am a "man out of time"-and it's a horrible thing to be. My spirit (for lack of a better word) has been beaten down with all of the corruption, stupidity and mediocrity around us. Art is my only escape, and I have to go into the past to feel truly happy. Sad, isn't it? Still I'm grateful that I have somewhere to go. Some people don't. My father didn't like music.

Hip me, if you will, to some of your musical inspirations...

I love the great histrionic torch singers: Frank Sinatra, Scott Walker, David Bowie, Iggy Pop, Dionne Warwick, Barbra Streisand, Bryan Ferry, Tony Bennett, Judy Garland, Van Morrison, Mick Jagger, Jim Morrison, Patti Smith, Marianne Faithfull. The great pop composers: Antonio Carlos Jobim, Bacharach/David, Ennio Morricone, Jimmy Webb, Brian Wilson, Michel Legrand, Lennon/McCartney. Provocative songwriters: Lou Reed, Ray Davies, Randy Newman, Bob Dylan, Laura Nyro, Joni Mitchell, Carole King, Elvis Costello, Scott Walker.

How about the hair? If it was just a wig that you wore in SWAL, did you want to adopt it in real-life? Because it was very boss.

Glyn Styler always wears the hairpiece. It's part of the transformation from mattress salesman to pop singer.

Do you know if your records have sold well? Is there any place where you are actively famous?

According to Truck Stop (Styler's label), I still owe them money for a small number of CDs I ordered for personal use ages ago, so I guess I haven't sold too many records. I have no agent or manager to look after these things. The only money I make off the two CDs I've released comes from BMI royalties. I get fan mail from all over the world which means somebody's buying the records. I have lots of fans in New York, Boston, LA and London. But I'm far from celebrity status. And at this point, I don't even want it. Which means it's coming soon.

What kind of fan-base do you have? I mean, who makes up the audience at a Styler show? Does being Glyn Styler help out with getting the ladies?

I get all kinds. Perforated young kids delighted by the sight of a "lounge singer" cursing out an audience, old hipsters cooing at the eloquence of my choice of material, guitar players watching every finger position on the fretboard, party dolls who have no idea what kind of pervert I am and want to find out. I love being mysterious. They can't

imagine that I get yelled at by old ladies all day long in a bedding store.

What is the Glyn Styler social scene like? Are there many hangers-on, trying to soak up the snarly hipster vibe? Do you have a favorite hang out, like some smoky lounge somewhere, or do I have it all wrong, and you actually prefer to stay home and avoid people?

I have a close circle of friends. I do most of my entertaining at home. I don't have a lot of hangers-on... they don't dare. People say that I'm not very approachable, which I have mixed feelings about.

What's the best part of living the Glyn Styler persona? How about the worst part?

The best part is that I'm not stuck with just being a suburbanite salesman. Through GS I'm able to act out my fear and frustration without being locked up. The worst part is that I have to come back down to reality and sell mattresses in the morning. But without that pressure release valve, I wouldn't survive.

Finally, what are your upcoming projects?

I just finished recording a collection of bossa nova-style tunes called *Lowering Heaven* - my first full length album using a live band. It shows a softer, romantic side of GS, however there are a few murder/abduction tunes as well. I don't know what label will release it yet. Recently Ray Davies (of the Kinks) contacted me about doing an album together, so things are looking up. I'm still waiting to hear from Doris about her next film...

OK, so Doris isn't going to call, but Glyn is carrying on nonetheless. Find out what happens next at his website: <http://community-2webtv.net/GLYNSTYLER/GLYNSTYLERISALIVE/>

PART 2: MY GUN IS GROOVY - DEEP INSIDE THE STRANGE WORLD OF ROCK SAVAGE

Of all the part-time, backyard film directors I've come across, all the no-budget visionaries and kitchen sink moguls, Baltimore's own Rock Savage stands out as the grooviest. His films, usually a series of shorts compiled into themed compilations, are bursts of goofball violence, archaic hipster slang, and the break-neck pace of cliffhanger serials. Featuring loopy dubbed dialogue, cartoonish characters, and an always memorable appearance from Rock himself, they are unforgettable slices of kitsch, over-wrought psycho drama, snarky laughs, spliced-in burlesque loop nudity, Mexican wrestlers, clumsy gunplay, and distasteful gore. Savage began his cinematic odyssey back in 1980, and he hasn't stopped yet. With almost a dozen epics of sex, violence, and rampant beatnik aphorisms under his bejeweled, gold plated belt, it's about time that Rock's retro-pulp Super 8 world of hardboiled heroes, turban wearing arch fiends, and jive-talking, beer bellied monsters got it's due.

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HERE BEFORE

Rock was born under a different name, a Christian name, if you will, but I don't know what it is and I didn't ask him, either. He's been Rock Savage for so long now, that it hardly matters who he was before. Still, like any other superhero, he's got a back story that explains the legend's origins.

How did you become Rock Savage?

Back when I thought of the concept of making films, I figured that you needed a name for people to remember easily. I wanted something dynamic, and I'm a big fan of the old '30s pulps like *The Shadow*, *The Spider*, and *Doc Savage*. So I came up with the name Rock Savage, because it's very pulpy. I started using it in college, and it's worked pretty well, because people do remember the name.

Are you Rock Savage to everybody?

My mother hates it, but otherwise, I'm Rock most of the time.

Tell me how it all started.

College was where I got interested in filmmaking. They started a film



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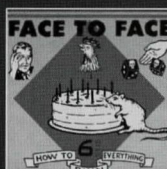
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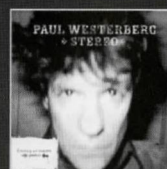
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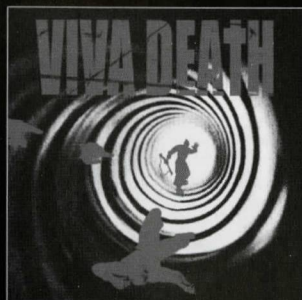
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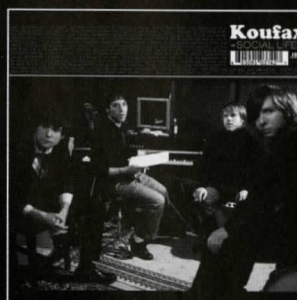
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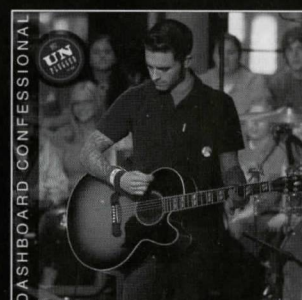
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club, because there was television production but no film production; it was a community college. So what happened was, there was this gentleman that started this film production club. He had a lot of great ideas, but he had no pizzazz. Keep in mind that my heroes were HG Lewis and David Friedman, who were very flamboyant guys who knew how to exploit a movie. This was back when exploitation didn't have a negative connotation, back when it was just advertisement slang. If you watch old episodes of *Bewitched*, you'll find that Larry always tells Darren, 'Well, what's the exploitation angle?' It wasn't a bad thing. You weren't exploiting some person, you were just exploiting your product. That's what Hershell and David did. Anyway, when this guy Russell started the film club, there were only about five of us there, which was pathetic, and I said, 'Russ, we're never going to make any movies this way.' And, you know, you had to have two officers for a club so I said, 'Why don't make me your vice president?'"

Rock took to his newly appointed role with gusto, forming a tight-knit group of fledgling filmmakers, dubbing them the Savage Film Group. Rock's still working with them, decades later. "The nucleus of the group is the same as it was in college. It's the three remaining members of the film club, except for the guy who started it—who, ironically, became a born-again Christian." Early efforts of the fledgling film club were thwarted by the school's faculty, who had less than thrilling ideas about how to spend the club's paltry budget. "There was this big fat guy there, he was a real jerk," Rock remembers. "He said, 'A budget? Make-up? Effects? Why don't you guys just film the theater club's productions?' I said, 'Well, there's a difference between theater and film, that's why it's a theater club!'" Ultimately, the faculty relented, and Rock's club ended up with \$5,000 dollars to shoot their first Super 8 film, which, as he points out, was a lot of money for 1980. "We got the film real cheap, at this little place that was in the middle of nowhere. I couldn't even tell you where it was now. Anyway, we bought \$500 worth of film, which gave us plenty of room for trial and error—which we figured there would be a lot of." But before they could even start their magnum opus, Russell, their fearless leader, took off for Spain, leaving Rock in charge. Which was just fine with Rock. While the club waited for the budget to be approved so that they could pick up their film stock, the industrious Mr. Savage bought film on his own and the club shot two shorts before the budget money even came in. "We made a real short pseudo-documentary called *Perversions*. You couldn't make a film like this on a college campus now, you'd be thrown off-campus." Asked about this first film's content, and he tells me, quite obviously, "Well, it's about pervers on campus. Now that I think about it, Russell was still there when we did that. It was the last thing he worked on before going to Spain. A lot of people joked that that's the reason that he went to Spain," Rock jokes. "We went around asking people, 'Do you know that there are people on campus that are pervers?'" The joke was, they were asking people this question as they were performing indecent acts, guys pissing on the Coke machine, that kind of thing. "Yeah, it was filled with bizarre humor. Not only did we shoot the film there, we showed it there, as well. Now I'm thinking, 'Well, that took some nerve!'" That pioneering effort, by the way, is available on the *Beneath the Psycho-Sexual World of Rock Savage* tape. See it for a glimpse at the 18 year old Rock in his angry young man days.

Where does all the beatnik slang come from?

Well, it comes from reading too much Mickey Spillane and too many pulp novels; and watching too many '60s TV shows and spy films.

Do you use it in your everyday conversations?

Oh yeah, I use the same lingo in my day to day life. I say 'Do you dig what I'm saying?' and I say groovy a lot as well, but certainly it's no worse than some of the same slang they're using now.

I dig your creative use of stock footage for nudity.

Well, most of the nudity, as you know, comes from stock footage that I got from these loops that are ancient, they're like, from the '60s. I have actual female nudity in my movie *Mondo Pagan*, where I'm interviewing these Pagan chicks, and they're naked. I mean, they've got body paint on, but it's still nudity. We didn't have to pay anybody, because they volunteered to do it, so that was cool. You have to pay an actress to take off her clothes, you can't get by that, so that was amazing. I love naked chicks. I don't really need a reason. In the next *Mod Mutilator* film, there was going to be a topless girl in it. I have an actress; she's not getting paid for it, but she's very attractive. She said that if she didn't have a

boyfriend, she would do it [get naked]. But she did say that she would wear a real skimpy bra. So I said, 'OK, that's good enough, we'll go with that!' Sometimes people say, 'What's with the gratuitous nudity?' and I just say, 'Well, why not?' And anyway, if a plot starts moving too slow, there's nothing like a bunch of naked girls to liven things up.

Violence is my business

"We never stopped really," Rock says about his 20-plus years in film making. "It's trial and error. We started out with really horribly low budgets, and we worked our way up from there. We've scammed a lot of stuff for free, and basically, I've saved every prop we ever bought. If it's good, I mean," he laughs. "If it's rancid, I have to throw it out, but basically, we keep them all and use them again when we need to."

That's also a really tough medium to work in, Super 8.

OK, I need to correct you on that. *Violence is Our Business*, that's our latest release, our last Super 8 movie is on there. *Illegal Possession*. The other films are shot on Hi-8 video, but we used a technique called Filmlook, which is used to make the video look more like it was shot on film. There's two reasons I started shooting on video. Looping the sound was becoming an ordeal, and after 20 years, you're ready to beat your head against the wall. The other thing is, the cost of film is rising. Some of these film labs are just becoming abusive.

Rock tells a few tales of woe about Super 8 film labs that kept his work caught up in processing for months at a time and gave him less than stellar transfers to work with. Although he was skeptical of working on video after toiling in the film arena for so long, Rock is pleased with the results.

A lot of people are asking me, 'Do you still shoot on Super 8, or did you switch to 16 mm with that one?' so I thought, 'This is good.' It's the best of both worlds, really. It's cheaper, it speeds up production, and I can immediately look into the camera to see if anything needs to be re-shot. Back in the '80s, I remember having to go back on location for one film to re-shoot, because the film looked so bad. I don't know whether it was old film or what, but I had to get every one together to reshoot the scenes. So those days are gone, and I'm kind of glad, because it's an ordeal, and when you get to this point, you don't want to deal with it anymore. I mean, I've always said that I'll keep making films until I can no longer walk, but as long as I can get the look I want, we'll use the new technology.

Do you get to screen your films in public?

We used to screen our films at this place that was a throwback to the beatnik era in DC called DC Space. That had live bands there, and they actually had poetry readings there too, and they had film screenings. There was this film group called I Am Eye, and every first Monday of the month, they would show films at this club. So I called them up, and I sent them a copy of *Mummy-a-Gore-Gore*, and they said 'Great, come on over.' I think the description of the film caused them to have more people there than they usually did, because all they would show were people who brought in films spontaneously. This was the first time that they had a film title scheduled, so it went really well.

Do you present them as Rock Savage, or as yourself?

Well, I am me, basically. What you see is what you get. Of course, when I'm in Rock Savage mode, if you want to call it that, and I'm on a panel or something like that, I'll be more aggressive and arrogant. I mean, you have to be, to a certain extent, because there's always a smart-ass in the crowd, but usually the panels go pretty well, and I'm just me, you know

How about film festivals?

I submitted *Max Blood* to the Chicago Film Festival years ago, and paid my 40 bucks. I always tell filmmakers, you know, don't send your films to anyplace that charges money, because I'm beginning to think it's a scam. You're basically paying them to watch your movie, and they can still decide not to show it. The Chicago Underground Film Festival was bragging, 'Oh, we're underground, we don't want any arty-fartsy stuff', and I was like, cool. Their philosophy sounded right up my alley, but then they said no. When I asked them why, they wouldn't give me a straight answer. Recently a friend of mine, who's a horror filmmaker, had his film rejected by the Chicago Underground Film Festival but got

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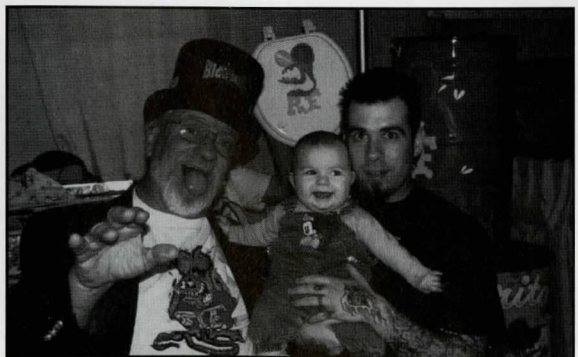


STEVE TUBEER

This is the part where I usually tell a little story about how the artist whose work is on this issue's cover got on this issue's cover; so here we go.

As I say in the interview, the whole thing stems from a phone call I had with Cosmo (AKA The Cosmic Commander of Wrestling) after issue #20 came out. If you know him, you know that sometimes you don't so much have a conversation with Cosmo as he has one with you. And generally, he talks fast and jumps from topic to topic really quickly. This particular phone conversation started off being about the magazine in general, then drifted into a part about Sunny Buick's art and the fact that she's a painter and a tattooist and eventually led up to (feel free to insert your own Cosmo impersonation here) "Why don't you put someone local on there, like Steve T." I broke in long enough to ask "Steve's a painter?" He replied "Yeeeeeeaaaahhh! Anyway, listen - are we gonna practice tonight? Oh, and dig this right..." Later I asked Larry, who has known Steve for over fifteen years, if he knew Steve was a painter. He said no. We both agreed that was odd (the part that Steve had a "secret career" as painter on the side of being a popular Philly tattooist) and that we should investigate further. A phone call or two was placed & a few weeks later, we met up with Steve who showed us a batch of really cool tattoo flash inspired paintings... and you know what happened next. While we're here I'd also like to say that Steve was the singer for two great Philly punk bands, Rotgut and Rear Admiral, that we here at carbon 14 (meaning Larry & myself basically) adore. I just wanted to bring that up

because I meant to talk about it in the interview and we didn't.
—Leslie



Steve (R) with Ed "Big Daddy" Roth and daughter Larissa

LG: Did you start painting before or after you started doing tattoos?

After. It's all totally tattoo related. It's a technique, a watercolor spit-shading technique that's pretty much used to paint flash. That's how the old guys painted flash. I never had any art school training or anything like that.

LG: Did you always draw when you were younger?

Yeah, pretty much. I didn't really focus on it as much until I was striving to learn how to tattoo.

LG: When did you start?

I've been tattooing for eight years. I started apprenticing about 10 years ago.

LK: Were you learning during the Rotgut era?

That's when I was pretty much starting to get my foot in the door. It was a much more involved process then, a lot harder to get in than it now.

LK: I remember back in the late '80s there were only three or four shops in the whole city—at least that anyone really knew of—and then all of a sudden—

Even more in the last five years. Cause all that shit wasn't available like it is now. Now you can open a magazine or a book and get your hands on equipment. Philly was still kinda time-locked, even into the '80s the state of it—as far as it being real secretive and everything—was pretty much like it was in the '70s and '60s. Those guys weren't teaching. If you came in and told them you wanted to learn how to tattoo, they'd throw your ass right out of the shop.

LG: So you got tattooed before you started?

Oh yeah. I had to have one.

LG: What was the first tattoo you got?

It was a dragon on my arm. It's covered up now, actually. It's a good design, it just wasn't executed as it should have been.

LG: Did you design it?

No, it was a piece of flash by this guy Mike Malone, he goes by Rollo in the business; he's pretty famous for his flash. I knew I wanted a dragon and picked it out off the wall.

LG: How old were you then?

18.

LG: How long was it between that and when you thought, "Hey, I would like to start learning how to do that"?

It was awhile, because I didn't really have the confidence. I started getting tattooed at Eddie's, which was a little bit more of a professional operation than where I had gotten my first one. I just had a lot of respect for those guy and didn't think I could do it or pull it off. Plus, I'd also been in there getting tattooed plenty of times when people came in to ask about learning and that kind of thing.

LG: So you saw ahead of time.

Yeah, I knew not to open up my mouth. It took me a while, a long time, before I really thought I'd be able to do it. A good seven years or so.

LG: Did you not plan to do anything artistic, you know - drawing or painting-wise, at all until that point?

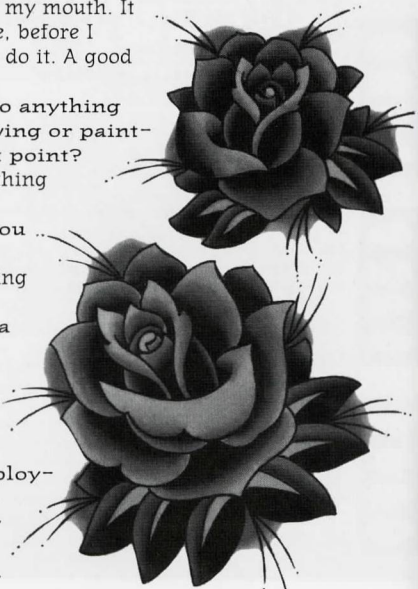
I wasn't doing much of anything with anything.

LK: You were in a band, you lived in West Philly.

Exactly. That's what was going on with me.

LK: I to Leslie! You've gotta understand that in West Philly in the '80s, I don't think I knew anyone who had a regular job.

Everyone just hung out; there was massive unemployment, or you were a bus-boy, worked at Kinko's or a video store, or sold drugs or did drug studies.



He's right. I did tons of drug studies. I had some nine-to-fivers but they were real shitty jobs. The drug studies, once I found out about that shit; the money was, like, too good. I remember doing one where you had to stay in for five days straight and when you were done they gave you \$800; it was like hitting the lottery.

LG: So you finally decided to ask how to learn, or how did that go down?

I started working in a tattoo shop on South Street. The tattooist I worked for left; I had been getting a lot of work from him at that point, so when he left that's when I kinda knew I would have a window of opportunity to get in there. Even that took a year of hanging around and doing shit work, helping open up the shops or whatever. That was just to be considered. From then it was another couple years before I really got my start. But it was good, I had a pretty formal apprenticeship. Most people, even the ones who've learned in the past 10 years or so, really didn't learn like that.

LG: Explain that to me, cause I'm not sure what you mean by that.

Just a real structured way of learning. They show you the basics from the ground up. I spent a year or two of my apprenticeship just learning about making needles and about machines before I even touched anybody. I had to learn all that stuff first. The guy who taught me was a real stickler about keeping up quality, which was good. So he was real tentative about letting me start and he really broke my balls, nothing was ever good enough. At the time I was like, 'What the fuck?' but looking back on it now, it was a good way to learn. [to Larry] You were talking about how there were literally a third of the shops...

LK: If that.

...so the amount of business was incredible, which was good; it was kinda baptism by fire. The first six months I tattooed, all I was allowed to do was little Japanese symbols, or names, and it had to be on an arm or a leg. That was it. But it was good.

LG: I guess on South Street there was a lot of demand for that? There was plenty of it. And this is before all the kinda ghetto shops opened up; there was nothing like that around. I tattooed a few of my friends, but as far as a regular walk-in customer, that was it. It was crazy busy. The first six weeks I tried to count how many tattoos I did, and it was over 300—in a month and a half.

LG: Wow. Do you hate South Street?

I never hung out there, ever. I always hated it. It was good to work there because it was always busy. Plus I was in the tattoo shop, I wasn't hanging out on South Street. But yeah, Saturday night, getting out of the shop at one o'clock in the morning; it was crazy down there. I hate to sound like I'm reminiscing like some old-timer or something because this isn't that long ago, but the tattoo scene's changed a lot since then. My friend Don and I used to work down there and it was super busy. You could have tattooed there 24 hours a day if you wanted to. There were people lined up outside waiting for you when you got there and people banging on the door at three in the morning still trying to get in.

LG: When were you allowed to tattoo other body parts?

What happened was, we had another shop on Arch Street where I used to work too. After I started working a little bit more, that's where I ended up spending more of my time. So I'd be in the shop by myself, running it anyway, and it just got to the point where I wasn't gonna tell some guy, 'come back later,' when I was sitting there.

LG: And that ended up being OK.

Yeah. I knew my limitations, I still wasn't taking on anything I shouldn't have.

LK: You did Iverson's neck, right?

No, I did his arm. He got that [tattoo on his neck] the same night.

It was pretty funny. I didn't do his neck because I had an appointment; I kicked him out of my chair.

LG: Was he a good tipper?

He tipped me \$50, plus he brought like 15 of his boys in to get tattooed with him. He came the first time when they were in the playoffs—I don't really





watch sports so I didn't even know who he was. He tried to cut in line and we were like, 'No, it's first come, first served.'

One of the other guys in the shop figured out who he was, but he came back later. He didn't get tattooed that day, because they were still playing; I think he had a game the next day. But he got like a half dozen of his boys tattooed that night. Then they lost the next day, so they were out of the playoffs, and that's when he came in and got tattooed. He had a grim reaper on his forearm. I did a big black panther over it. It looks good, but it's a black panther covering up a grim reaper, so... it looks better than what was there.

LG: Have you tattooed any other famous people? Or infamous.

I had no idea how famous Iverson was until I saw that big mural of him on Delaware Avenue. [A sneaker ad that was painted on one entire wall of a five story building.—eds.] I tattooed Mark McGrath from Sugar Ray. Actually I've got some Candies ads he's in where you can see them. I tattooed the DJ from the band first, then the next time they came around McGrath came in. He was a nice guy. I tattooed the Sandman too.

LK: He's got my all-time favorite wrestling tattoo, that portrait of himself under his arm. I did that.

LG: [laughter] No way! Seriously, Steve - Larry talks about that tattoo all the time; that's so funny.

He came in with one of his T-shirts at first, which had kind of a crappy drawing on it, and that's what he wanted. His whole deal was, 'After I win a match, I want to be able to lift up my arm and...'

LG: He explained his whole thing to you? [laughter]



Yeah. I said, 'Why don't you get a portrait of yourself? I'll take a picture of you right now, come back tomorrow and I'll do it.' So that's what we did. It was pretty funny actually. He was drinking out of this Super Big Gulp cup with who knows what in it. He had some fractured ribs or something so he might have been taking pills too or whatever.

LG: So that's not schtick; he really was all sloppy and drunk.

Yep. And he's bitching, 'this is killing me...' and I'm thinking 'How the fuck can you even feel it?' He was a nice guy too, he called me up like a week after I did the tattoo and asked for my last name, and I'm like,

'Why?' And he says, 'Cause I'm gonna send you something.' So he mailed me a check for \$100 as a tip, which I thought was pretty cool.

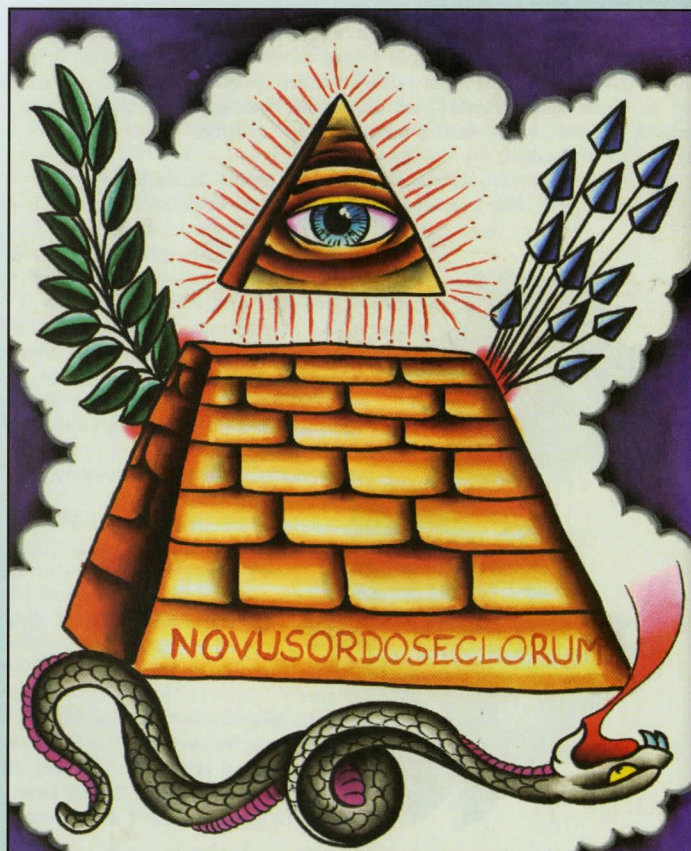
LG: You don't have a tattoo name, you just use your own name. Yeah. I was working in a shop for a while and there was another Steve, so I was Steve T. and it stuck. I'd rather just use my full name, but enough people know me by Steve T.

LG: Nobody ever said to you, 'You've gotta pick a tattoo name.' No, some people are into that; that's not my thing.

LK: Well it's like a punk rock name. Some people don't want to use their real names when they're in a band.

We used fake names in the band all the time, but that was more for comedic relief. There was a lot more to be ashamed of there.

LG: [laughter] That's not true. So you started tattooing, is that

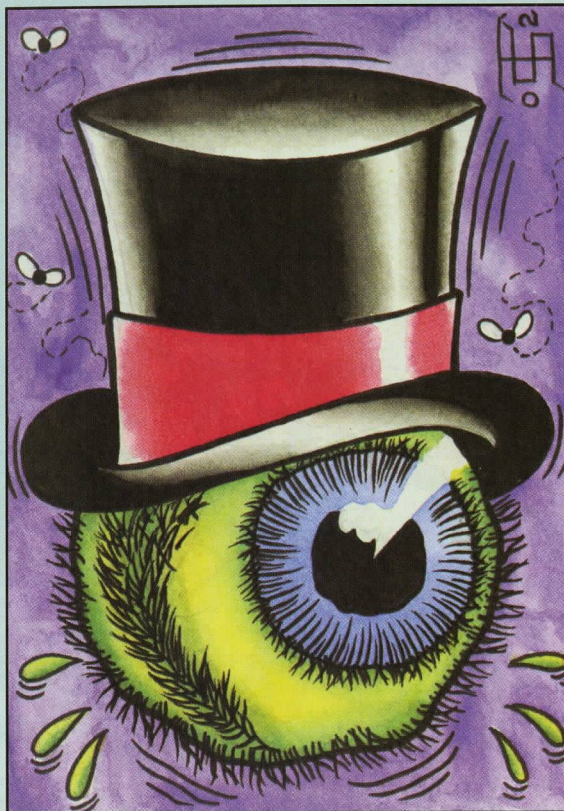


when you started doing the paintings separately. Well, part of my apprenticeship was I had to do a certain amount of sheets of flash. When I first started doing them, I did them in colored pencil, which is what a lot of people were doing then. I really got into painting more in the last five years or so. Cause I just like the way that looks, as far as flash goes.

LG: So when you draw flash, is that for the shop? I try to sell it. A lot of times I'll trade it for a set somebody else has. A lot of the stuff I do, there's not really sellers on there. Nine times out of ten, in the tattoo shop, there's maybe a dozen sheets everybody's picking stuff off of. So you like to have stuff around that you just like to look at anyway. People pick it because it's what's available to them too. LG: So you started selling the flash before the paintings?

The stuff I did in apprenticeship I wasn't really selling, that more of a training. Actually, two years ago was the first time I put together a set and tried to sell it.

LG: That's fairly recently. I mean, I did it before, but that was just to have up at the shop and to practice. I was trying to make my sheets a little unique too. Where somebody might want to buy it just because they like the look of it. LG: We certainly had no idea you were painting. The idea for this whole interview came to light because Cosmo called us one day and said, 'You should put Steve T. in the magazine, Steve's a painter.' And I'm like, 'Steve's a painter?' I'm not big on the self-promotion.



LG: I noticed. Don't you have to be to a certain extent?

A little bit; just in the shop. I didn't start selling the paintings until a year or two ago as well.

LG: How did that come around; did you just start doing the paintings for your own enjoyment? I was just doing them to—I was working with Adam Shields at Cadillac, he influenced me. I saw what he was doing and picked it up.

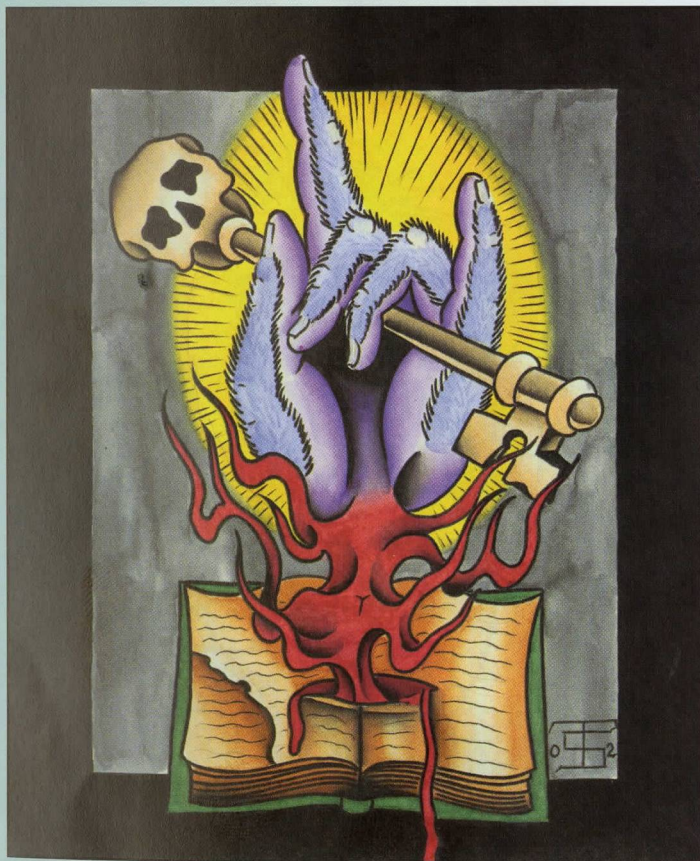
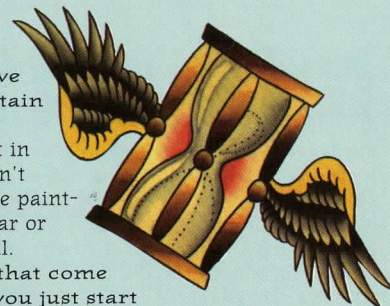
LK: Now you're selling all your stuff out. I remember when you came back from Germany you told us you sold all the paintings you'd brought with you. Was that the first time you'd tried selling them? That wasn't the first time I tried selling, but it was definitely one of the best responses I got. I had eight things with me—which I was hoping to sell because I didn't feel like packing that shit back up again—but I did two different conventions over there and sold them all at the first one. That's usually where I sell most of the stuff, tattoo conventions. That's how I got started doing it too. There were some tattoo conventions going on in Philly at the time, and there was usually some type of art show to correspond with that.

LG: Have you ever done any other exhibiting? Yeah, it's still related to tattoo shops though. I just had a couple things in a show down in North Carolina.

LG: So you don't paint anything else. No still lifes or landscapes or anything.

No. This is what I do. I like these kind of images, that's what I was always into when I was a kid. I was way into the Ed Roth stuff and Rat Fink from the get-go. Even when I was super young, when I used to skateboard constantly, I was into all the old skateboard graphics, the Dogtown stuff. Which is still that real emblematic, this is what it is... I dig that.

LK: How much of your time do you spend painting?



That's pretty much what I do at the shop between tattoos or if not—there's a lot to do at the shop; making needles, doing drawings for tattoos or whatever, but when I've got downtime that's pretty much what I do.

LK: Have you done anything on a larger scale?

Yeah, I've done a couple. The reaper one is probably 18 x 24; the two reaper ones are probably both that size. A lot of times I'm doing stuff specifically to sell at a tattoo convention, and I've gotta pack it with me, so that's why I like to keep them 8 x 10 or 11 x 14.

LG: That makes a lot of sense. Maybe in the future you'll do larger stuff.

Definitely.

LG: It seems like that style of artwork has become more respected as art recently, where before it was, 'No, tattoos are not art; tattoos are tattoos, art is art.' I don't know.

LG: You're not concerned with that shit.

No. I just like what I like. It sorta bums me out sometimes that everybody has tattoos now. It used to be more of a different thing. You were more of an outsider. Now they're just something that people have.

LG: Right. Brittany Spears has a wee little butterfly tattoo on her butt because she thought it would be cool and edgy.

Yeah. Especially when I was a kid, too; if you saw somebody with a shitload of tattoos, you were like, 'Whoa!'

LK: It's better than people having horn implants in their forehead.

I hate that shit. I think it's retarded.

Steve Tiberi can be contacted at Olde City Tattoo: 215-627-6271





TALES FROM THE TRAILER

by Alan "the Goddam" King

The late autumn breeze carried the bonfire smoke up the hill to where they lay in the back of the truck. It poked its head in through the holes in the camper top and tickled their bare flesh as it froze the sweat they'd been working up for the past hour. Every now and then they could catch a glimpse of that big ol' man Moon as he drifted among the clouds in the midnight sky, grinning down at them like he knew what they'd been up to. Them damned ol' bumpy pickup beds ain't meant for sleeping or any other kind of nighttime recreation but they'd thrown some cardboard down, covered it with an old blanket and made do in grand fashion. The half-drunk longhair sucked the last splug of Old Granddad out of the bottle while the red headed hell-vixen concentrated on rollin' up a big ol' hogleg. He thought her skin looked a strange translucent blue there in the deceptive shadows of the night. "Modest" didn't seem to be in her vocabulary and she seemed to take great delight in sitting there naked as the day she was born. He was busy thanking God that they'd walked on up the ridge away from the loudness of the party and "borrowed" the back of somebody's parked pickup truck for an hour or two.

"Look at all these fine red hairs," she said as she tossed the baggie to him.

She dropped her eyes down to her lap, then back up to him and grinned like a shit-eating possum. "I was talking about the grass, you know" she said and tossed a mischievous wink his way.

He laughed and sat there thinking something stupid like if he could get this gal to hang around for a little while they could throw some clothes in the back of the Camaro, take off together and not do anything but fuck, get high, listen to Skynyrd and fuck some more. You know, the kind of backwoods wet dreams completely devoid of reality, yet urgently inspired and tattooed into the brain by hot, sticky, Saturday night bouts of clandestine rutting. Just bad redneck fantasies that begin to sound suspiciously like retarded Steve Miller Band lyrics once you're able to analyze 'em a bit closer, usually sometime after your object of desire has flipped you the bird and hot hoofed it on over to some other asshole's bed.

He'd been in L-O-V-E since he'd seen her a few weeks earlier at a party some of the guys he'd graduated with were having to celebrate nothing in particular. He walked up to the bath tub/beer storage unit just in time to catch this red-headed brick shithouse pulling a bottle out and uncapping the fucker with her teeth. She spit the bottle cap in the floor, turned the son-of-a-bitch up, downed it in one smooth motion and left his heart laying there on the dirty bathroom floor. Now here it was, two weeks later, and they were bare-assed in the moonlight after this lusty, busty, and foul-mouthed Georgia wild-flower had taken him down roads he had no clue existed. The Lord does work in mysterious ways.

She lit up the reefer and the smell mixed nicely with that after-sex scent that seems to kinda hang in the air just enough to keep one's hormones running full-tilt boogie. She crawled back over beside him and took a long hit and held it in. After she let loose of the smoke, she placed the joint between his lips and moved her hand down past his Mason-Dixon line.

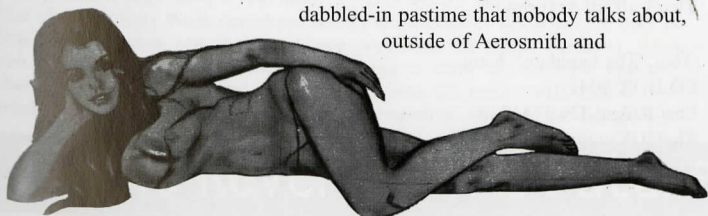
"I reckon with all this special treatment you've been getting, I better be getting something good for my birthday next week," she said as she slid her leg across his.

"Your birthday's next week?" he muttered, by this time only half-way paying attention to her words.

"Yup. I'll be 14..."



Jailbait. Oh the connotations that word brings to mind. That widely dabbled-in pastime that nobody talks about, outside of Aerosmith and



Motorhead songs. We've all met them girls that are 35 and compressed into a body half that age... a lot of 'em even younger than that. Backwoods lolitas, you might say. You know, the ones that always turn up in places they ain't got no business; juke joints, honky-tonks, most any place with free-flowing alcohol. The 16-year olds who look 22 (and know it) yet ain't interested in a fella unless he's at least in the 20-year old ball park; just old enough to get into some serious trouble and bring a little excitement to the table in the process. Girls, who at a still tender age, realize the power of pussy and the stupidity of men once they've had a little of that stuff rubbed on 'em in the right way. I'm talking about the girls that know what they're doing and revel in it; they've usually got cheap tequila kisses and a wild-streak two and a half miles wide. They always seem to be older than what they are and would rather be dipped in a vat of fresh pig shit than offer up any evidence to the contrary. Hell, some of 'em just down right lie about it... until they feel the time is right to let one know otherwise...



The following is a true story. Only the names have been changed to protect the guilty and the ignorant.

He'd been seeing her for over a month now; met her at a high school football game. In a pissant town like the one he'd grown up in, that's all there was to do on Friday nights - get high and go watch the local boys get the shit kicked out of 'em by whatever team was passing through that night. He'd even got the shit kicked out of his own damn self a time or two out there on that very gridiron back about five years ago, before graduation had dumped his ass out into the everyday world.

At halftime he'd headed back out to the parking lot to meet up with his buddy Dwight; maybe they'd roll one up and sit out the second half in a pleasant stupor or maybe they'd pool their money and make the 40-minute drive out to the Red Rooster where a dozen sub-pretty girls, and a few flat-out ugly ones, took it all off for anybody with a dollar bill in hand.

"Hey cowboy," somebody says from the darkness.

He turns to the right and scans the row of cars. He sees the red eye of a burning cigarette and as he walks toward the butt's glow he starts to make out a female form perched not unlike a bird of prey on the back of an old Dodge Charger. He can't help but notice the high-cut shorts and the low cut top and everything that they're losing the battle to contain within 'em.

"You here with that dim-wit Dwight?" she drawls, her words like molasses.

"Yep. Why you ask?"

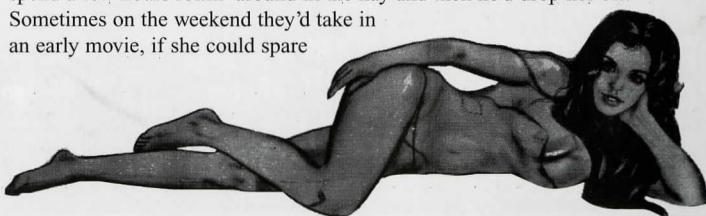
"He's done hauled ass outta here with my girlfriend. He told me to keep an eye out for a fucker with a bad panther tattoo on his forearm and a beat-up cowboy hat. I reckon that'd be you. He said they'd be back by 11 if you wanted to wait."

"Ain't never see you around before. You didn't go to the high school. New in town?"

"Yeah, something like that," she said with a smile.

The conversation continued well into the late third quarter. One thing led to another and the next thing he knew they were roarin' down some old two lane blacktop with an open bottle and the windows down. Maybe "Flirtin' With Disaster" was on the radio. God knows it shoulda been.

The night of the football game was the first of dozens of trysts between the two. He'd go pick her up when he got off work and off they'd go. She'd meet him at the mailbox down by the end of the gravel driveway. They'd spend a few hours rollin' around in the hay and then he'd drop her off. Sometimes on the weekend they'd take in an early movie, if she could spare



the time, but mostly they'd just fuck.

He was as hooked as any man ever has been but he still couldn't figure this girl out. She was moody as all get out. They'd give it hell all afternoon and then she'd look up at the clock and start yankin' on her clothes and hollerin' for him to get her ass home. She had shit to do. This, that and the other, always a commotion; leaving him at home to lick his wounds like a hurt puppy. He'd inevitably get around to thinking she had another man—after all, he didn't know that much about her. She was a downright mystery when you stopped long enough to think about. Then she'd call him up about 10:30 and start apologizing. Telling him how much she loved him and how great the afternoon had been; how good he was and what a big dick he had and wouldn't he like to put such a fine tool to use Thursday afternoon, on and on and on. By the time he'd get off the phone, he'd be ready to slap a ring on her finger and tote her off forever. One afternoon as they're rolling around on the bed, rootin' and pawin' and gruntin', he reaches over to the rickety bedside table to grab the box of rubbers but she intercepts his hand before it can reach its target.

"Huh-uh," she moans

between kisses.

"You don't think we need to?" he asks.

"Huh-uh. PLEASE let's just do it, NOW!" she says again as she grinds her bare pelvis against his and grabs his ass with her clawing hands.

When the crucial moment arrives he tells her he's about to and makes the move to pull out. She locks her legs around him and pulls him in tight, looking him directly in the eye and shaking her head slowly side to side as he rides out the climax inside her.

"Goddamn! That was incredible," he gasped.

"Yeah it was. And I hope you knocked me up good with that one.

That'll teach that damn old hag a thing or two. You knock me up and she won't have a goddamn choice. She'll have to let you marry me. Then I can finally get the hell outta her house and not have her telling me what to do all the fuckin' time."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," he stammered, trying to take it all in. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Me and you. We have a baby and Mama's gotta let me marry you and move out the house. I'm sick of her telling me what I can and can't do. That woman's a real grade-A bitch."

"What do you mean 'telling you what you can and can't do'? Tell her to fuck off." He says it with a tone of voice that is full of blind hope, 'cause it's slowly dawning on him what's coming next. It's just like rolling out of one of them Wild Turkey blackouts and piecing together the all bad shit you did on last night's bender.

"Hell, I'm only 15," she says as she looks at him with big doe eyes and a hokey I'm-just-an-innocent-little-ol'-thang look plastered all over her face.



My uncle was well into his 20s when he married a 16-year old. At least he made it legal, I guess. I can remember her loafing around their old shotgun shack in her low-cut fake leather pants and a ratty, ancient KISS t-shirt; barefooted and braless, smoking cheap cigarettes by the carton full. I was just a squirt back then but even I could pick up on the vibes she sent out. She was bad Georgia trailer trash with a raging case of hot pants. She had that lethal combination of an angel's smile and the devil's eyes and I'm sure she went on to wreck many other men after she shag-assed on my uncle a few years into their holy union.

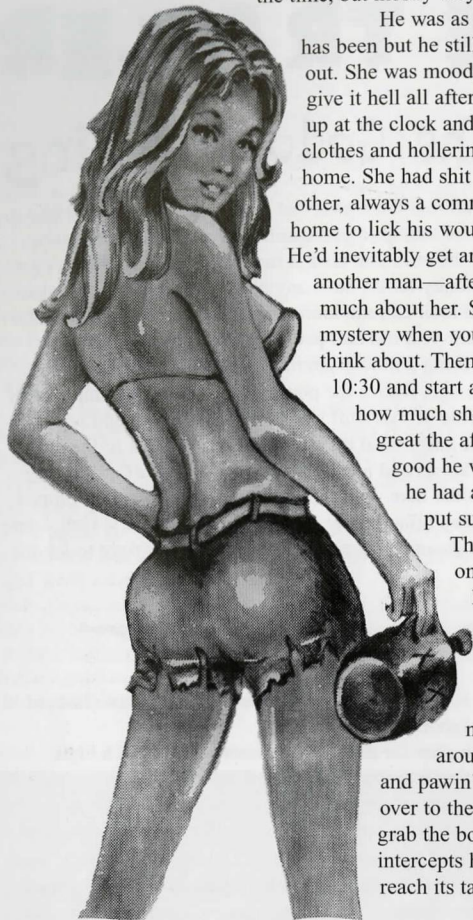
Some guys are ignorant, some pretend to be. Some get so caught up in one of these jailbait affairs and fall so fucking hard that when the truth comes out they just don't give a damn any more. Some just don't give a damn to begin with. Let's pull out the big names: Jerry Lee Lewis; Elvis Presley; Gregg Allman. Jerry Lee damn near ended his career by marrying a 13-year old (yeah, yeah, she was his cousin, too—whatever) but ol' Elvis was getting' the sweet squeezins offa an under-aged 'Cilla and everybody still canonized that 'bait chasing Memphis SOB. Hunka hunka burnin' love indeed. Gregg Allman and Savannah, anyone? There's a relationship that I'm sure was so twisted, even I don't wanna delve into them waters.

I ain't trying to glorify any of this, mind you. All I'm saying is: men are dumb and that jailbait is conniving. So fellas, next time you're out and you got some sweet-lookin' thing comin' onto you like you was the second coming of manhood in all its righteous glory and you start putting the cart before the horse and getting all tore up inside... ask for some goddamn ID. You've been warned.



This month's playlist: Antiseen/Limecell 7", Antiseen/Hookers 7", Cocknoose — Badmen, Butchers reissue CD, lots of Led Zep bootlegs, Johnny Cash — Live At Madison Square Garden CD, Brothers Of Conquest CD, Rolling Stones — Abkco CD reissues, Bruce Springsteen — The Rising CD (yeah, I know, why don't you go call the "cool" police on me). That's all 'til next time.

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I'M OLD AND BROKEN SO DON'T EXPECT ME TO CHEER YOU UP; GO WATCH SOME OLD MID-SOUTH OR MSG TAPES OR SOMETHING...

"You a customer." - EPMD

Here is a Forgotten Truth Of Professional Wrestling: the most important thing is The Work. In the carny-based parlance of wrestling, "the work" is the aspect of the craft that is artifice; that is to say, the part that is an illusion, a con, a falsity, that the audience believes is real but is actually manipulated for their maximum enjoyment AND

cash extraction. It's application can range from the small (a "worked" punch) to the big (the art of getting a crowd emotionally involved in a match through story-telling and psychology by "working" them) to the really big (the booking of matches, cards and events to maintain viewer loyalty) to the huge (fudging Nielsen ratings and PPV buy-rates to "work the sponsors"). Don't forget that in the surprisingly subtle lingo of 'rassling, the same word can have several different shades of meaning, if not separate definitions altogether. We wouldn't want the boys to have to remember too much now, would we? The Work in all it's forms is what separates the "worker" (wrestler, referee, promoter, one who works and gets paid) from the "mark" (who may believe, but always pays). It's not necessarily an adversarial relationship; it's quite symbiotic. You see, the marks are entertained by the skill of the workers and hand over the cash, but in addition the workers must present a product that allows the viewers to willingly suspend their disbelief and thus become emotionally involved. (A one-time work for the short take would be a con, no?) Obviously, only the most pedantic of consumers in any medium want "realistic" entertainment, but the internal rules of the wrestling language must be adhered to by the performers. The audience will then learn them and willingly become involved in the show (hopefully). I see a successful promotion using believability (again, within a wrestling context), innovation, and tradition to create worthwhile engaging shows. In other words, you can shock them but you can't disappoint them (as per R. Barthes). You can leave them wanting more, but you can't leave a sour taste. This is a fine, fine line—this is the world of the wrestling booker, and it has destroyed men.

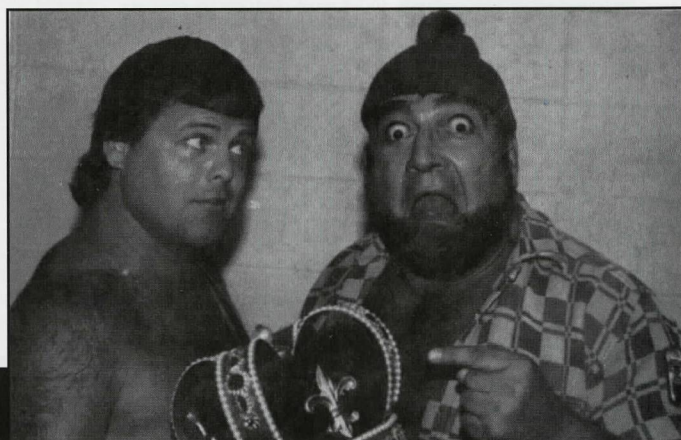
That opening sentence was inspired by my pal CeeDee, who knows his stuff. The Work is what is missing from today's product. Sure, the moves have gotten bigger, the post-production is award show worthy, and the entrances fancier, but the marks don't, um, mark out for it. They've been spoiled and spoon fed. The promoters have had to do every new thing larger (as opposed to making it seem larger each time) and have painted themselves into a corner. They have even revealed many of the secrets and broken kay fabe—which is, in this context, the whole culture of The Work—by letting you see behind the locker room door, so to speak, all to try to get you to watch (and buy). The roles have been reversed. Instead of the worker calling the shots, the marks are in charge. From the panicked look on a green wrestler's face at an indy show as he hears a "Booo-oor-ring!" chant from some rube, to the hot-shot booking that comes after a cable ratings dip, it's the same stanky flopsweat. No one knows their place anymore. The fans leave because the promoters don't know which way to go, and vice versa.

So, sure, kay fabe is dead. Everyone knows that wrestling is fixed. Hey chucklehead, everyone has always known. That doesn't mean that you have to talk about it. To say that wrestling isn't "real" is like saying that a play isn't a real story, or that soccer isn't a real sport, or that the last Star Wars franchise wasn't scientifically accurate—it may be true in some sense but that's not, nor ever was, the point. However, when you as a fan used to buy that ringside seat or tune in that UHF station, there was a contract: if you guys pretend that it's real, I will, too. If the workers can present an appealing enough product, the marks will gladly

give up that suspension of disbelief—a win/win situation. No 20-minute insider speeches opening the show, no having to read the Internet to know what's going on, no cheap heat from sub-softcore porn, no shoot or worked shoot angles, no wink wink nudge nudge "we're all above this now aren't we?" escapes into irony, camp or blasé coolness from the wrestlers and promoters. Thusly, they received the loyalty, adulation, appreciation and even respect of the crowd. The masses can't be pandered or condescended to (or rather, not more than they like to be), nor ripped off or looked down upon, but a separation between performer and consumer must be maintained. "Show me the magic, Cassavetes," Prospero said. He didn't want it explained to him. SEE how to take a bump! WATCH the mighty wrestlers reveal their human side! LEARN of the backstage politics! GET BORED as the magic is removed...

To blame the fans, or the business itself, or outsiders, is besides the point. Technology and the world have advanced relentlessly, and who's to say how the old forms should evolve? Deal with it. As I have posited before, I see many of the major changes (which I interpret as negative, but that's just me) within the pro wrestling industry due to the breakdown of the master/apprentice relationship and the culture around it. Not that long ago, if you wanted to become a wrestler, you had to do some legwork to meet one. If he/they accepted you, you were in for YEARS of no/low pay, beatings, long drives, drone work setting up the ring—and chances are you'd quit before you were even smartened up. Training was designed to drive out the weak or uncommitted, and to keep the inner circle closed, a la the Marines or the Masons. You paid your dues, and stared up at the lights every night until others thought that you were mentally and physically ready. You were broken down and remade in the image of those that went before you. By then, you were ready. You knew your craft well enough to start making it your own, if you wanted. You knew all aspects of the business—not just ringwork but traveling, contracts, etiquette, contacts, history...

The downside to this unwritten but institutionalized initiation set-up, as with many master and apprentice relationships, was that although it turned out skilled workers, it also did not have creativity or innovation as a high priority. The analogy I always give is tattooing. Not that long ago, tattooing, as an outsider art, was also hard to break into. If someone recognized your persistence, you could expect to clean the shop for a year before you were handed a disassembled tattoo gun to put back together. You tattooed your legs before you got to do the coloring (but not the outline) on some stock pieces upon drunken customers. Eventually, maybe through tenure or the retirement of those above you, you got your station. This harsh system, propagated by the reactionary culture of ex-servicemen and bikers, provided an "artistic" outlet within those groups and often created craftsmen of the highest caliber, and those with an innate ability for the material (and business end) went far. However, it stifled free expression and innovation in both the client and tattooist. From the rebellion of the '60s, the DIY aesthetic of the '70s, and the new



by the Reverend Ax1 Future

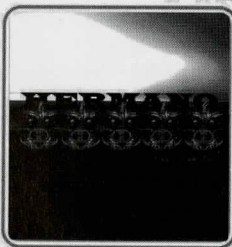
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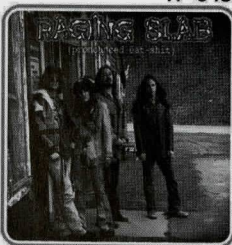
HERMANO

The first released album of JOHN GARCIA of KYUSS fame in almost 3 years. Look for the new Hermano in Summer of '03. "Indisputably one of this years best."
- CMJ New Music Report

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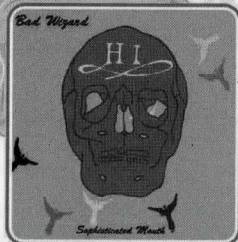
(pronounced eat shit)

RAGING SLAB

Raging Slab is back with their follow-up to 2001's The Dealer. "Swamp rock, dirt metal merchants that are back with another ass-load of truck driving, gut punching, boogie blues, hard rock."
- KNAC.com



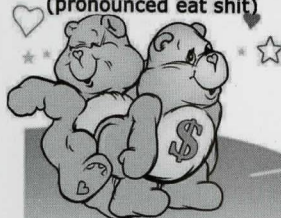
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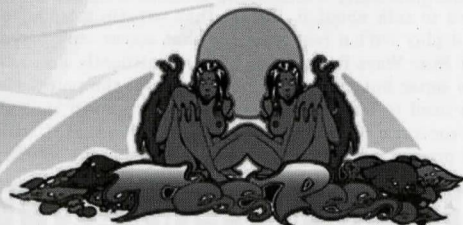
Sophisticated Mouth

BAD WIZARD

Bad Wizard's follow up to 2001's Free & Easy. "The members of Bad Wizard put to shame many other bands who try to recreate the rock of the seventies."
- The New Yorker



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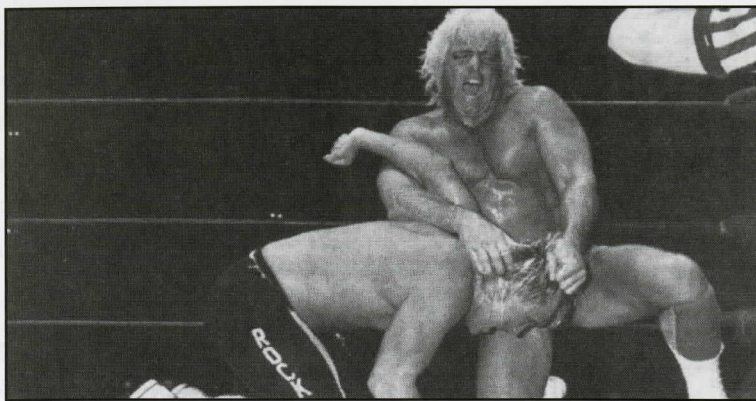


values and communication technology of the '80s, emerged a new beast, and the kids started inking the way they wanted, on each other. Old iconography, rules and styles were replaced with modern versions (or not at all) by these pioneers and quickly became the New Standards. Much of these became trite and conformist in a surprisingly short order themselves. (Celtic armbands, oy...) The King is dead, long live the King. Anchors become unicorns become dragons become tribal become stars. Certainly traditional imagery can lose its power through repetition and familiarity, but older designs possess a resonance as well as a practical aspect that the new often lacks. The popular return to classic "Sailor Jerry" style of pictures and placement can be part of a post post-modern backlash, but those designs work; they last, they have impact and you can tell what the heck they are from more than ten feet away. It's been proven over the years.

The freeing up of tattooing from the old shops made it a viable form of expression for the intellectual and creative underground. In this fashion it trickled down (up?) to the rest of society, and folks started making money off of it—not necessarily the artists. However, as the popularity died somewhat, the new economic model, borne of the boom, could not sustain itself, and a retreat back to street shops matched the re-evaluation of flash. It's a beautiful and empowering thing to see self-trained tattooists working on their adventurous pals, but it's sad to see people wielding a mail order tattoo gun who have never practiced on an orange (and it shows), and 20-year-olds totally covered in, uh, tattoos that a 20-year-old would get. The old checks and balances that prevented all but the most dedicated or foolhardy from getting tattooed on the face or hands are gone. It used to be that if someone was marked so visibly you knew they were a tattooer themselves. No more; I often see youths with neck tattoos who are barely able to legally buy beer. With great freedom comes great responsibility, a famous Jew once said, but throw youth and (the possibility of) money into that equation and it's a potential train wreck.

Wrestling? Oh yeah. It's a beautiful and empowering thing to see self-trained wrestlers performing amazing moves to a young crowd, but it's sad to see near-crippled 31-year-old workers and uneducated fly-by-night fans. The old guys may have been slow, but they got the crowd into it AND wrestled into their 60s. The fans of yesteryear were not distracted by Extreme Windsurfing or video games and appreciated their wrestlers. No doubt that these modern young Turks of the mat were greatly responsible (along with cable TV) for bringing in an audience that could identify with them and creating wrestling's last popularity craze. However, the new model could not sustain itself. The local federations, which were the training grounds for the green wrestlers (by the veterans who were reduced to that level), as well as all but one "major league" promotion were driven out of the marketplace. The situation after the implosion, as the cycle came around naturally, was worse than before because it was impossible to go back to the way it was. The need to fill hours of weekly TV, much of it live, has caused seat-of-the-pants booking and the need for bigger perceived thrills and actual dangers. The rapid climb has destroyed the old ways.

In the case of wrestling, I will expand upon one point. As with many other aspects of modern culture, we reject our heroes and humble them out of spite. The modern "idol" (of the temporary kind) is someone a lot like us, somebody we can relate to. Allah forbid anybody is "better" than us, in our celebration of equality and "realism" - nay, averageness and mediocrity, a morass of Jerry Springer, Jackass, Behind The Music and Real Life. Celebrities must represent us, or failing that, be more flawed.

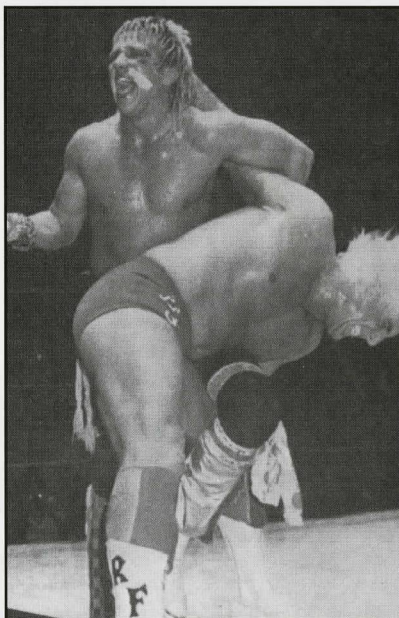


Wrestling, which is supposed to be larger than life, is reduced to merely life-sized. Wrestlers are no longer superhuman, so that eliminates the wild men from Parts Unknown, babyfaces getting that extra burst of gumption from the cheers of the fans, managers throwing fire, masked men staying that way, moves that cripple your opponent until the next show and the rest of that Olympian goodness. That's not insulting my intelligence—that's feeding my soul! I don't want a (worked) shoot interview with Edge on how he broke into the business; I wanna see Jimmy

Garvin and Precious working on the Von Erich farm again. Less cursing and catch phrases and more bounties and foreign devils. You can have your bra & panties matches, I want some double-tough ladies who only occasionally (but effectively) resort to hair pulling. What's Bischoff going to say in 20 minutes that The Midnight Rider couldn't say in one, and with more style too? I don't want to hear from a commissioner unless they are handing down the decision of the NWA Board of Directors. I don't care who owns the company, just gimme a Brass Knucks Title. A cage match without blood is like non-alcoholic beer: why bother? Obviously, I am not your average fan, let alone a suitable target demographic, but I do know my stuff.

At any rate, wrestling is in a state of flux right now, but isn't it always? Some folks say the business is cyclical and it's due for an upswing. Some people say it will change radically, and others talk about it dying altogether. Resurgence of the territories and/or elimination from TV altogether, the speculation goes on. We've never been here before, so shut up and enjoy the ride. Me, I'll support the local feds as I see fit, maybe watch WWE when I'm not working and perhaps even get another tag title run in Milwaukee (The Saint & The Sinner, once more—"I never tag with this man before, but we gonna do it again." - Andre The Giant). I'm a goddamn lifer, so get out of my way.

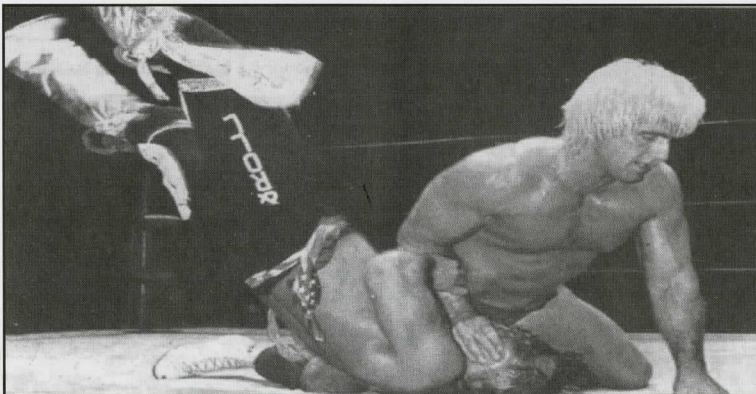
Everything hurts but the mind still works, you whippersnappers.
—RAF



P.S. - CLAW HOLD! #3 is still in the testing phases, but to tide over our dozens of readers (we love you all), us all here at CHIHQ have hunkered down in the glow of the cathode rays and produced CLAW HOLD! #2.5, a special multimedia Video Review Issue. This fancy-pants interim publication features a two-hour high quality compilation video cassette for your viewing pleasure, packaged in an attractive water-resistant casing, and an accompanying commentary book. Astound your friends by quoting our pithy and biting comments to each match and take credit for our wisdom, or be generous and host your own sexy TV party and read aloud to the delight of all. You can even view 'n' read solo! The bouts shown within are some of the favorites of the editors (as well as some other tasty morsels), and include the Good, the Bad, and the Ugly of the Mighty World of the Squared Circle. This latest edition truly "cranks the psychotronic knob to eleven" (Qvimby's miniMagalog #2) and is even more "frighteningly enthusiastic" (Shock Cinema #17)! Whatever. It's \$15

postage paid in the US, concealed cash, money order (made out to R. Malce) or Pay Pal (clawhold@ripco.com) please. Taste the vintage good stuff, and if you have not been experienced, inquire about acquiring CLAW HOLD!s #1 & #2. They all make great holiday presents, so dive in, my children.

RAF Ent.
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Danielle Bedics

Every so often we get an e-mail from an artist inviting us to go and look at their site. I look at all of them but sometimes later, when it comes time to ask the inevitable question "Who's getting the color pages in this issue?" I often can never remember any of the artwork I looked at on the web in between issues. This did not happen after I took Danielle up on her electronic offer to visit her site and check out her stuff—obviously, because as you the astute reader has already noticed, she has one of the color sigs in this issue. Her pin-up photography (a genre C14 clearly enjoys) is great but what stood out the most to me was the "special edition photo sets"; basically series of photos inspired by movies, like the guaranteed-to-make-Glenn-Danzig-horny *Crimson Ghost*-inspired "The Atomic Maniac" or the Russ Meyer-esque "Danger Girls" (a nod to *Faster Pussycat, Kill, Kill!* featuring Mistress Persephone and Amrah Fatale.) They probably stood out prominently in my mind because I also have an interest in old movies and I love dime novel covers (another way she cleverly meshes her knack for photography and graphic design) and draw from that imagery a lot myself in my own design; but on the other hand, I've also been married for seven years to a man who's favorite movie of all time is *Faster Pussycat, Kill, Kill!* so maybe Larry has trained me to remember seeing anything related to it so I can tell him about them later. Nonetheless, this is what led up to this feature. A few months after I first visited Danielle's site this interview was conducted via email; interested parties can learn more about her and view more of her artwork just like I did by looking her up on-line



"Photography is the outlet I use for my artistic expression. It is a means for me to express my appreciation for the beauty of woman in a timeless portrait."

"In my imagery I try to bring out a woman's inner sensuality as well as outer beauty. I want to reflect her true character."

--Danielle

photo of Danielle (at left) by Octavio Arizala
(www.winkytiki.com)

Hair, Make-up & Wardrobe by Bernie Dexter.



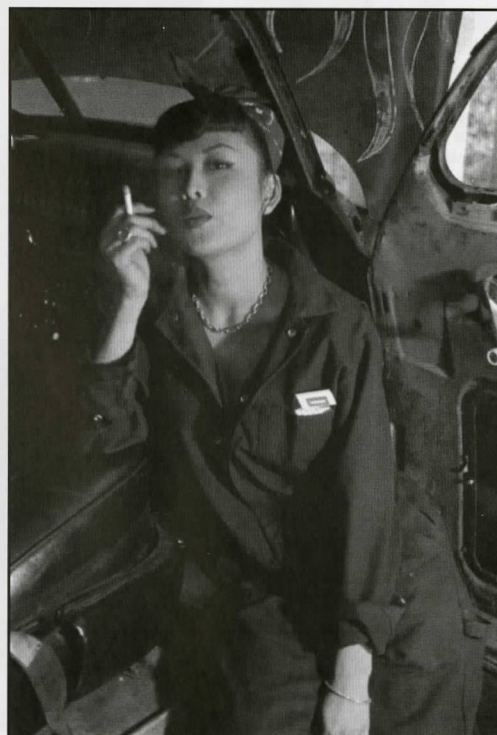
at www.whiterabbitstudios.com
—Leslie

I read on your site that you decided to take up photography in 1998. Without making any assumptions about your age, let's say that you were at least of voting age in 1998 - what prompted you to start making art at that point in your life?

Actually, I've always been artistic in one way or another. But it was in 1998 that I discovered I had a talent behind the camera. At the time, my husband had just hooked me up with Photoshop. Using myself as the subject, I began to play around with creating digital illustrations.

Eventually, I decided I wanted to start taking it more seriously so I decided to look for models. I began asking my friends to come over and pose for me while I experimented and improved my skills. After several photo shoots, people started telling me they really liked the way my photos were turning out, even before I turned them into digital art. So that's when I decided to pursue straight photography as well.

Were you involved in other creative mediums prior to that?



I was. When I was a lot younger, I was very good at sketching. Mostly animals though. I've never really been any good at drawing people.

Did you start with the specific intention to focus on photographing women?

Yes. Women are the most intriguing subjects to me. As a child, I can remember sneaking into my father's Playboy collection and being fascinated by how beautiful the women were who graced the pages. I've never really thought about photographing any other subject.

What first sparks an idea for one of your shoots? A location? A model?

All of the above. I'm inspired by a lot of different things... like maybe a movie I just watched or an outfit I saw in a magazine. Little things throughout day to day life often inspire shoot ideas.

Is there anything specific you look for in a model?

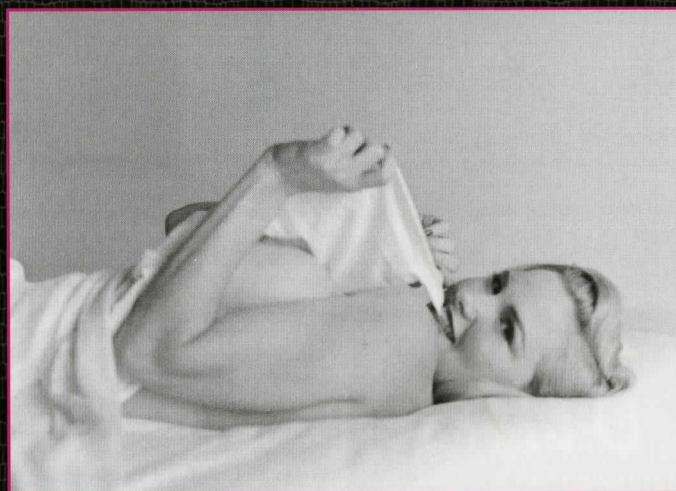
I really just enjoy working with cool people. Personality goes a long way with me. To be honest, a model can look like a goddess, but if there's no personality behind the pretty face, I probably won't work with her again if at all. And I also really like women who are as excited about working with me as I am with them.

The one thing I noticed about the women who model for you, aside from the fact that they're all so beautiful, is that they each have kind of a "retro" and "modern" look at the same time; and so do many of your photographs. There are certain ones that have a completely vintage look but then the model has tattoos, which is more typically modern. (Not that there weren't any women with tattoos in the '50s but certainly when you look back at pin-up photos from that era, it's not something you would normally see.) What do you like about that juxtaposition?

I like the reaction it causes. Juxtaposing something retro with modern seems to throw people off a little and make them look again. I like to take the viewer back into the past without letting them forget what decade we're in.

I'm a huge Bunny Yeager fan. Are there certain pin-up photographers or models from the past you're particularly fond of?

There are quite a few and Bunny Yeager is one of them. She seemed to find the beauty in her models and project that so effortlessly onto film. There's also Bernard of Hollywood and George Hurrell, as well as some pin-up



artists who paint such as Gil Elvgren. As for models, I am forever in awe of the glamorous styles of old Hollywood. Movies stars like Veronica Lake and Marilyn Monroe reflected a class of beauty unto itself.

Do you search out vintage photos for inspiration?

I have a few books here and there, but my favorite source of inspiration with respect to retro comes from old girlie magazines like Titter, Beauty Parade, Eyeful, etc.

You're also a graphic designer - I'm a graphic designer too and based on that I feel qualified to say you are really good! Did you start working with graphic design around the same time you started taking pictures?

Awww, thank you! In the beginning I was focusing on more "digital paintings" — illustrative images using computer enhancements. So the graphic design seemed to come naturally and I began to get inspired by old pulp covers. This gave me yet another way to combine both my computer and photography skills.

Not that anyone else besides me will really want to know this but I know I would ask if this were a phone interview, do you use a Mac? (And do you love Photoshop?)

I've always worked with a PC, and yes, I love Photoshop.

Are you also a big film fan? The movie inspired photo sets that you have on the site are fantastic, and they're very spot on with their look and feel - so I was wondering if that's a merging of two of your interests.

Absolutely. I've spent many a weekend locked away in my apartment watching the Turner Classic Movie channel. I especially love black and white films and the lighting on the old movie sets. It's so much fun to pay tribute to these classics by creating my own interpretation and add to them a playful, modernized twist.

I also really like the book covers you do, those old pulp novels feature some amazing art, is there anything specific that attracts you to that period?

The women, of course! Those covers just ooze sex without it being directly "in your face" so to speak. They leave something to the imagination and I find that to be very visually stimulating and inspirational.

How do you put together one of those shoots? Like Danger Girls; the *Fast*

CURSE OF THE VAMPIRE SLUT

STARRING
MISTRESS LYDIA



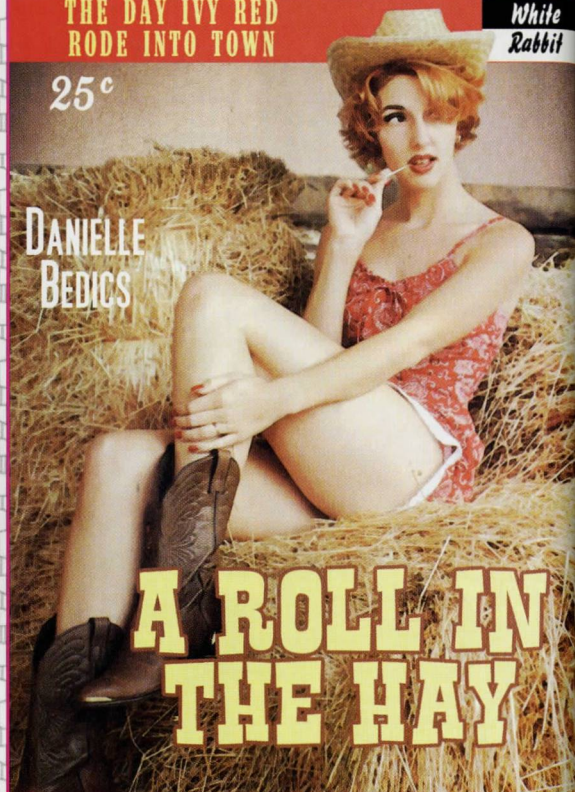
STORY AND SCREENPLAY BY
DANIELLE BEDICS
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THE DAY IVY RED
RODE INTO TOWN

White
Rabbit

25°

DANIELLE
BEDICS



A ROLL IN
THE HAY



Pussycat, Kill, Kill! inspired one, for example? Obviously there's a lot that goes into it well before any pictures are actually taken.

Sometimes there is a lot of preparation but other times there isn't. The Danger Girls shoot just sort of fell together by itself. My friend Persephone, one of the models in that particular shoot, is a Tura Satana fan. At the time I was living in San Francisco, and she was going to be

in town. I was already scheduled to shoot another model, Amrah Fatale, that weekend, but as luck would have it, the two knew each other. We decided to do something with the two of them together. Amrah and I had already planned on using her muscle car in the shoot, and it just so happened I knew of the perfect location to fit the look and feel of what we were going for. Together, we collaborated to create what I've since labeled "Danger Girls". I love it when things fall together so easily. Other shoots, like "The Crimson Ghost" required more planning, schedule co-ordination and costume preparation. I consider myself lucky to have so many friends who have allowed me access to their cars, costume creations, etc.

What is involved in creating a piece like *Madam Domina* or *Paper Doll*?

Patience! A digital illustration can take anywhere from 8 hours to 8 days or more. It is a combination of combining a photographic image of a model with PhotoShop technique. I also use a variety of textures that I've photographed here and there such as a cracked sidewalk, buildings, tree roots, you name it.

Your husband, Chad Michael Ward, is also a visual artist and photographer; I know you've modeled for him, as well as other photographers, have the two of you collaborated on any other projects?

Backseat Bettie HELLFIRE ON WHEELS



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SIN IS BLONDE

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*Sizzling
HOT!*

Danielle Bedics



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1

03-2002



Mostly he just uses me in his artwork. Our styles are very different but we both enjoy each other's work. Chad and I are very supportive of each other. If I have a photo shoot he is always willing to act as my assistant and vice versa. I don't think I could be with someone who didn't understand the need for creativity. It is a strong part of the bond we share.

As a photographer do you find it difficult to switch to being a subject?

I don't really consider myself much of a model, but I do enjoy posing for

friends. Since I became a photographer, I've really learned a lot by watching experienced women model for me. I don't think it's necessarily difficult to change roles; however, I am most comfortable being the one behind the camera rather than in front of it.

**white
rabbit**

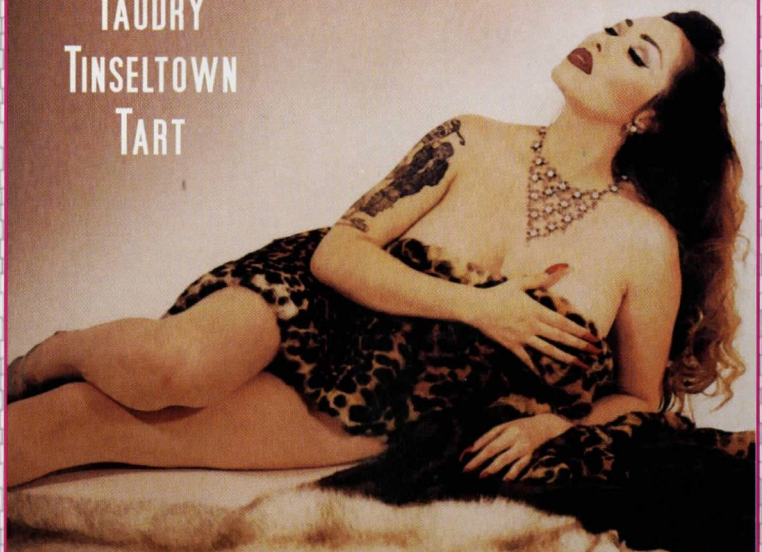
THE BARE TRUTH OF A HOLLYWOOD HARLOT

25c

Venus in Furs

Danielle Bedics

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The Captivating

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*Let Her tame the
BEAST WITHIN*



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"ASK THE IMPORTANT QUESTION"

ANTI-SEEN Tour Diary: Europe 2002



[In part 1 we followed the Boys From Brutalsville on their Spring '02 Rock & Roll Adventure which took them all the way from the Raliegh/Durham Airport to Munich, Germany with many points, and points of interest, in between. We re-join our heroes as they venture yet farther into uncharted territories...]

CAST: Jeffrey K. Clayton - Vocals, Whiskey, Blood
Mighty Joe Young - Guitar, Pot, Carrier of the Constitution
Sir Barry Hannibal - Drums, Drinker of Tea, English Nobleman
Big Doug Canipe - Bass, Drunkard, First Time Visitor to Europe
Stefan Walz - Road Manager, Driver, Superior German
Jeff Skipski - Smiling Merch Seller, Photographer, Negative Force

MARCH 18th, SAARBRUKEN, GERMANY

This joint was called the Hellmut. It was damned small; a hallway, a bar, a pool table, that's about it. Doug and Barry looked in amazement, but Joe and I said "Wait until tomorrow, The Pits makes this place look like a stadium!" We closed down the pool table for the night to have a place to sell merchandise. The club had a lit up display of the McFarland KISS figures that had us all laughing pretty hard. The opening band went on. I don't remember their name but they were pretty good. The lead singer was about our age and had apparently been knocking around about as long. By the time their set was done the place was so packed you couldn't move. Our strategy for that was, find a place near the merch booth, bring all the beer and drinks you need and sit there all fuckin' night rather than attempt to walk through the crowd. Our Italian pals the Nerds and Carlo Scarey were in attendance; the show went well, kind of laid back but fun. No punch outs or anything. We sold a lot of merch and our old pal Marcus brought us some fanzine that featured the chick from the Nerds album cover talking about all her sexual exploits. Skipski confiscated that immediately! Before leaving the opening band wanted to treat us all to a shot of Jagermeister. We gladly accepted. It was a short walk to the hotel room, but a hell of a climb up the stairs to the top floor where we were staying. No wonder most Germans are skinny as hell!! I propped the windows open and turned the steam radiators up full blast to make the perfect temperature for drying my sweat soaked clothes. I didn't do any laundry this trip.

MARCH 19th, BELGIUM

Going to the world famous Pits is like a homecoming for us. Even though we've only played there once before, a lot of the folks there are the reason we have done so well in Europe over the years. People like Kris Verreth, who ran Demolition Derby and Pitbull Records, and who currently runs his own record store near by. And Bowey, who is not only the greatest DJ in all of Europe (not a hip hop, scratch DJ mind you) but also did numerous interviews and reviews of all our stuff through the years, and is not only a fan but a pal. There are a lot of other folks as well that would take too much space to name. We arrived early. There were only a couple of folks in the bar getting ready for the show. Let me try to explain this so you can understand what a different kind of place this is. You walk in the front door that they leave open to charge admission at and you are staring right at a urinal. Two steps to the right and you're at the women's bathroom. A toilet with a door on it. One step to the left and you're in the bar room. The bar goes all but about 6 feet down one edge of the wall. The stage I guess is 6 ft by 10 ft. There is a space from the stage to the back wall about 30" x 10". They will cram 125 people in here tonight. Oh, and did I mention that

you sell the merch in the bathroom? Now, we are the type of band that won't tolerate discomfort or hassle for very long, but the Pits experience is one I wouldn't trade for anything. Any of you reading this that may tour with your band, or even if you're over there and go to see a band, you should really experience this place at least once. We played with the Damn Luckies; great band. Although to try to pull off having two bands in this place is almost insane, we pulled it off OK. The Pits staff fixed us a damned great meal and we had to go sweat it off, which we did and then some. To get to the stage you have to enter from behind the bar, climb over it and jump down onto the stage. We got started

and, for the first time ever, played "Broke Down Blues" (which we've never played live before) to start the set because it mentions the Pits in the song. After that it was mayhem. The temperature rose so high that the walls were as soaked as we were after about the third song. The crowd would surge forward and at one point some guy's face went between Barry's snare and hi-hat. Barry looks down to see this guy's startled face peering at him and it made him laugh like hell for a few songs. The drum kit got knocked around quite a bit as I would get slammed back into it every few minutes. I think Doug did too. And that's no small feat! The condensation was so great that Joe snapped the E string on both of his guitars. The only spare was in the van. After a 20-minute break we resumed the show, to no energy lost. The place jumped right back into high gear until we played every song we had ready for this tour (and a few we didn't). Afterwards we hung out until the club cleared out a little bit. We were going to one of the Pits people's house to sleep, a fellow nicknamed Sid. As we were leaving this girl who had written me from Belgium showed up with a couple of well-packed bags thinking she was going to be our roadie. Skipski and the others tried their best to keep her away from me all night and I didn't see her for any lengthy period of time until we got in the van. She acted like she was gonna come along too. Then Skipski with his greatest negative force powers screamed something like "FUCK OFF" and slammed the van door in her face. As she stomped off she made some comment about Germans that made Stephan's eyebrows raise, but on the bright side we didn't have an extra passenger. Everybody crashed out pretty early. Sid stayed up with me and Doug and played Black Adder videos (in English) for us until he and Doug had to crash. I thought it was funny that Sid seemed amazed we could understand British English! I stayed up 'til the wee hours of the morning watching W.W.II Nazi documentaries in a language I could not understand. I feel asleep watching TV on the couch... just like at home. The next morning we meet at the bass player for the Damn Luckies place, where he and his partner made us and our Italian buddies a big breakfast. Barry got the thrill of running into the Italian's room and waking them all up. So, after more good-byes and farewell wishes, we headed to the homeland of Sir Barry Hannibal (and most of us actually) merry old England!

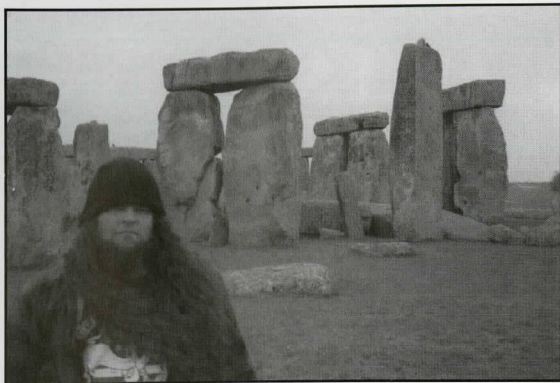
MARCH 20th, LONDON, ENGLAND

We took a ferry from France to the White Cliffs of Dover. The ride was boring. It was cold as all hell and raining. When we got there we were pulled over at customs and they seemed hesitant to let us through. This was after 9/11 so we understood, but we weren't Arab. Anyway, we got through. Skipski took over the wheel as Stephan had reservations about driving on the wrong side of the road. Hell, I had reservation riding on the wrong side of the road! We finally pull into London about 45 minutes before our scheduled time of arrival. The instructions on how to get to the club were very vague. We called the promoter and were given better directions. We drove around for a grand total of three hours looking for the Underground and we could not find that son of a bitch no matter what we did. We stopped in front of a theater where some band called Reel Big Fish was playing. I have never heard of such a thing but, judging from the line that was three people deep and going all the way down the block, someone had. Stephan, Skipski and Sir Barry got out and looked on foot, as we knew we were in the right area. Stephan spotted a punk couple handing out flyers and asked them where the club was. They offered to ride with us over there because trying to explain it would have been too difficult. Like we didn't figure that one out already. Sure enough, about five minutes later,

there we were in front of the club, late as hell! The light woman, Zoe, met us at the side-walk and started helping us load in. We were told we missed sound-check. After riding around in the mad-house that is London traffic all we wanted to do was eat and get



by Jeff Clayton



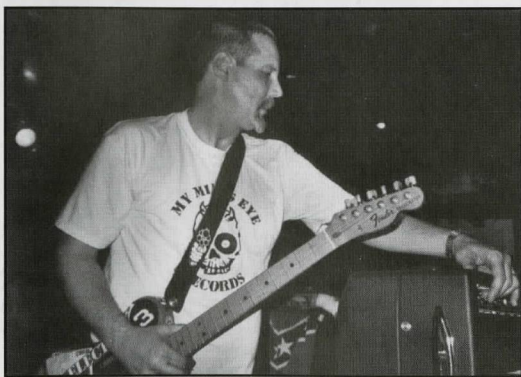
drunk!! The club started filling up nicely. We did an interview with Terrorizer Magazine and got to meet a bunch of folks in person for the first time. Gabba from Chaos UK was one of them. There were also quite a few people

who came over from Portugal as well as some of Sir Barry's family and, from the USA, Doug Long of Brody's Militia and his wife, who were there on vacation. Ross "Ringside Violence" Ward and Tim McLaughlin from Ireland and his pal showed up. It was a small reunion of sorts, but everything was so rushed when we finally did get there. We were told the entire show had to be over by 11 PM to make way for the... you got it... disco at midnight. Goddamn those discos. Stick 'em straight up your ass, club people! But in typical club fashion, no one told the opening bands that so they each thrilled the audience to one hour sets—each. As we were getting ready to go on, Mr. Clubman told us we had 40 minutes. Here is where I go on my opening band rant: BANDS, when you are the opening band, that simply means you are there to get the audience in the mood for live music. Momentum is supposed to build as the night goes on. NO ONE drives half way across Europe to see the opening band. I'm sorry if that sounds all high and mighty but goddamn! We, the headliners, were just told we had 40 minutes!!! Who does looks bad when we do our 40 minutes and walk off? Mr. Clubman? Mr. & Ms. Disco patron? Hell no... WE look bad! We cut ten songs out of our fuckin' set. The sound was fucking terrible. At that time I was just mad as hell and stomped around, knocking over the mic stands and standing on monitors and mics, just hoping something would break. A few things did thankfully. The crowd was very energetic and appreciative. I wish we could have given them the whole show. To end the set, Barry ceremoniously knocked over his drum kit and all the drum mics and we walked off, leaving Mr. Clubman with a very sad and hurt look at the side of the stage. Skipski was selling merch as fast as he could. The club folks were clearing people out to make way for the almighty disco. We didn't even get to talk with any of these people who had traveled so far to see us. When it was all over and the hospital theme disco was being set up, we talked to the few fans that did hang around outside for awhile. The guys from the Dukes Of Nothing were out there; I really hate that they didn't get to play with us. At least they would have had

enough respect for us to play their allotted time, and they would have been GOOD too. Oh well. Zoe, the light woman, rode with us to her bus stop so we could get out of London with as little hassle as possible. Man could she talk. We did appreciate the help though. We passed through Sir Barry's old neighborhood. Finding a place to stay was very difficult. Around 2 AM we did. Finally.

MARCH 21st, NEWCASTLE, ENGLAND

We pull into Newcastle, a very modern looking city. Very clean; the most Americanized place we've



been to so far. We try to find Trillion's, the place we're playing tonight. It's inside one of those pedestrian malls that you can't drive through so it was a bit difficult. Once we did find it, we thought the place looked way too nice

for us to play in it. The PA was mounted into the ceiling and was spread out all over the club. Looking at the posters we saw that The Tygers Of Pan Tang were playing there. Hell, a bunch of old bands from the mid-'80s were gonna play there. Someone told us the club didn't really do too well on advertising outside of its own walls (as we would find out in a few hours). We took a walk around the city and for the first time actually went to a music store. Skipski loaded up on the new Venom reissues, I found The Stranglers Black & White album on CD. I liked not paying import prices for it. That was a really great store. If I had more cash on me to spend, I could have brought back enough Brit punk 7"s to keep me busy on Ebay for six months! So... there was no opening band tonight. (Good.) The crowd (or lack thereof) came in kinda late. Ross and his boys traveled up to see us again, as did some fans from Ireland and Scotland. We ended up playing to about 60 people. The show was real laid back, but strangely enough, we ended up playing longer tonight than any show on the entire tour. Merch sales were very good despite the size of the crowd (or lack thereof). I got to do an interview with the guys who run Random Damage zine. All of 'em were wrestling fans, which made it fun. The next day would be our first day off and everyone asked what we would be doing. Well, what the hell else do you do in England with a day off? You go to Stonehenge!

MARCH 22nd, THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

We head off to the calendar (or landing strip) built by our earliest ancestors. I wish we had studied the map better, it took a hell of a long time. We heard that this was the start of the spring equinox and that tons of hippies would be up there. We had lovely visions of us arriving just in time to see a bunch of bobbies whacking out of control "earth people" upside their heads. We fantasized how we would rush to the aid of our brothers and save the day. Then we'd all laugh at the beating we delivered to those dirty hippies! HAHA!! When we finally did arrive, Joe decided to stay in the van and get high. We did the whole tourist thang and got sucked into the Stonehenge gift shop, where we bought useless trinkets and such. A trip well worth it in my eyes. I love going there. I can't really explain it, but I really do enjoy it. Maybe seeing a place you only see on Discovery Channel specials in person is what does it, I don't know. We had to get the ferry boat to France to get back over and head for tomorrow's show in Holland. We were a bit late and had to wait for the next ferry a few hours later, so we go into Dover for some late night fish & chips. When we get back to the ferry it's packed! There are tons of little English school kids running around in school uniforms. I felt like an extra in a Harry Potter movie. As we sat there among the noise some French guy came over and asked if we were indeed who he thought we were. And yes, he thought we were ANTISEEN. He videotaped our meeting as his friends would not believe his luck on this fateful journey. When we landed, the next goal was to find a place to stay. We got to Belgium and finally found a place at about 2 AM. The price was almost double what we wanted to pay but we were so tired we agreed to pay it. Joe was so pissed at us all for our Stonehenge venture that he refused to room with any of us. At the time I was mad as hell at him for being such an asshole about it but later on it was kind of funny. Even later on than that I kind of saw his point. And so it goes.

MARCH 23rd, HAARLEM, HOLLAND

Tonight we play with the Nerds and Holland's Motor Dykes. We parked in front of the hall. Joe and Doug decide to go scan for hash bars, the rest of the guys went to do laundry. I decided to stay in the van, read my Hank Williams biography and take a nap. I didn't need to do laundry because I had my brother, who's a screen printer, printed me up a ton of shirts that simply said FUCK YOU on them that I could throw away as the smell got bad. It also lightened the load in my duffel bag to make room for more shit to bring home. Joe made it back and as we rested, the girl from the hall said we had only 30 minutes to get in set up and do sound check. We pretty much got everything inside, then the rest of the boys showed up and we did our lightning fast sound check. This was the best sound, hands down, the whole tour. This all-female staff knew their shit for sure, and they were fun to joke around with, as they would appease us by agreeing with our sexist jokes and laughing at all our silly remarks. I guess all women know how to do that. We indulged in the drink that results from the asking of the important question. I didn't catch the Motor Dykes but Joe said they

top: Jeff (L) and Sir Barry (R) at Stonehenge
left: (counter-clockwise from top) Jeff, Joe & Doug live, somewhere





were real good. The Nerds were on next. This was our first time seeing our Italian pals on stage in person. They pack quite a wallop! I was asked to do "Animals... Eat 'Em" with them. I got up to do it... my, my! Their youthful energy sure produced a fast version of that song. It was

hard for me to keep up. Especially with my whole band flipping me off the entire time. The place had a curtain that was pulled between bands. We really like that. The bigger entrance we can make, the better is our philosophy. I looked in the crowd and saw a bunch of the Pits people. We did our set (a bit drunk), chalked up another fun show and got our stuff out in time for the crowd that was coming in for... the disco!! I did get a few words with Tony Slug from the band Love Slug [and the Nitwitz, among others—ed.], and more recently a writer for Hit List, before we had to be on the road again. We stayed in a HUGE hotel; too late to enjoy the bar downstairs though. Our luck. Me and Stephan ordered food from some delivery joint before settling down for the night. G'night Stephan... you superior German you!

MARCH 24th, OBERHAUSEN, GERMANY

On the way to Oberhausen Stephan says we can meet with Christoph in some small town to take an English language tour of Himmler's Castle, the headquarters for the SS. I didn't think anything like this would have been left standing in Germany but the angle is they will show you the evil so it wouldn't happen again. Whatever. Christoph showed up with an American band he was taking on tour and we did the tourist thing. I have to admit I was overwhelmed with what we saw. A huge meeting room with the sunwheel and the SS runes imbedded into the floor made out of marble and limestone. Then we went into the tomb that was intended for Hitler and the high ranking officials of the SS. It was a very eerie sight. A huge stone swastika was in the ceiling of the place and it was constructed with some incredible acoustics to where you could be on one side of the room and talk into the wall at a whisper and someone on the other side could hear you clear as day. Then we went into the museum where our guide was trying his damndest to get through this English tour. I made jokes to Christoph while we looked at the knife, spoon, fork and plates with the swastika and SS runes on them that he has an entire set of those at his house. Stephan and Christoph were talking to each other in German so I wasn't sure what they were saying, but it made the tour guide say to them "If you had more time, I could show you some things you could really laugh about." Then he just walked off. Stephan looked stunned. I'm not too sure what went on there and I didn't investigate it any further. We got to Oberhausen really late. Tonight we play with the Faggot Kings again and the Great Unwashed. Oberhausen had many expectations. #1: We would finally get the CDs from Schilling to sell on the tour for the CD we were touring to sell. #2: This would be our biggest crowd yet. Neither of these happened. Yep, ol' Schilling couldn't see it in his way to get the CDs to us even by this time. The picture of the ANTISEEN/Loudspeaker relationship was becoming clearer every day. What happened next is something I wish never happened. But I'm gonna tell it, go ahead and wear it on my sleeve, so it can't be used against me. The promoter of the show had his own band EK77. He's a big fan and wanted to know if I would drive with a couple of his bandmates to a studio to lay down a vocal track to their cover of our song "Stormtrooper." So I said hell yeah I'd do it. The guys drive me over and we go inside where everything is already set up. Then I learn that I'm only expected to do the chorus, but I have to do it in German! After a quick crash course in speaking the language of the Fatherland, I pull it off. So back to the club I go, and I can't wait to show off my new skill in bilingual communications! I go straight to Stephan and belt out the line just like I did in the studio. His eyes got very big and he said to me in a very serious voice, "Where did you learn that?" I told him the whole story and asked why he looked like he had seen a ghost. He then went on to explain to me that I was not singing "I am, I am, I am, Stormtrooper" but instead I was yelling "I hate, I hate, I hate, the police!" Goddamn I was pissed! So this is the part of the tour diary where I lose all "punk" credentials (as if we haven't already). I went right up to those guys and told them "Look, I don't know what the hell you were trying to do, but I'm not one of these anti-cop liberals and I'm very pissed at this double cross!" They went on to explain to me that it was a concept type album where all the songs would be intertwined to tell a story, and that it was about George Bush being arrested for smoking pot; blah, blah, blah. Well, that didn't make matters any better. So if this release should ever see the light of day, remember kids, it's not ANTISEEN endorsed or supported! On

top: (L-R) The Nerds live in Holland; Asleep on the bus right: (counter-clockwise from top) The Superior German rallies the troops; ANTISEEN at Himmler's castle; Sir Barry and Doug performing an impromptu acoustic set somewhere between Belgium and Jena



to the show. I didn't see the Great Unwashed but the Faggot Kings put on yet another amazing set. Our old time pal Lars from Velbert was at the show tonight. After lots of catching up, it was time for us to take the stage. This was the first night I tried the rebel flag mask

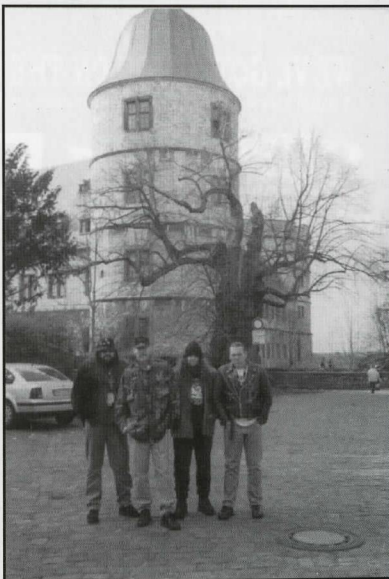
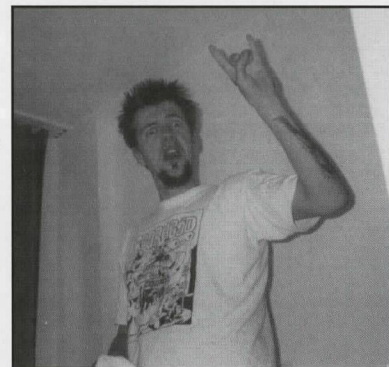
as an opener and I've been using it most shows ever since. The crowd was pretty good sized, 250 people or so, but since it wasn't 2,000 it was a "failure." These fuckin' promoters need to try and do a show in South Carolina or Charlotte if they wanna see a big time flop! After the show we were talking to fans and posing for pictures like always. Some really nice looking oriental girl asked to have her picture taken with me. She was the type of girl that looked like she'd never listened to this kind of music much less seen any of it live. I let her hold the axe handle; she seemed pleased. The guy who put on the show let me see a picture of him from his younger skinhead days and asked me to identify one guy in the photo. Right away I recognized him as being Ian Stewart from Skrewdriver. The photo was taken at one of their German shows way back when. It's nice to see some people don't get freaked out by stuff like that.

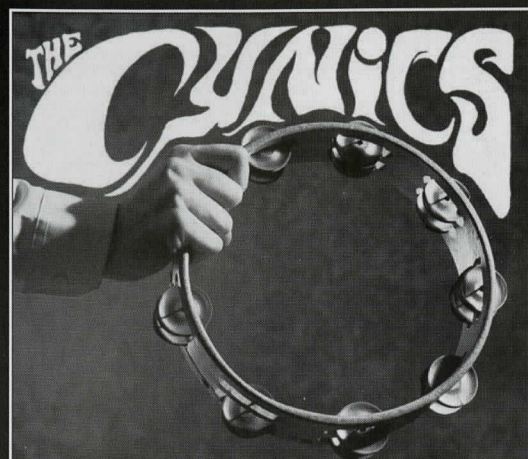
MARCH 25th, DRESDEN, GERMANY

Day off; not much to report here. We found an ETAP to crash in for the night and we all got to check our email from a pay computer in the lobby. Lots of drinking and getting high. A good night's sleep for a change.

MARCH 26th, PRAGUE, CZECH REPUBLIC

On the way into Prague it started to snow. Perfect weather to finally be able to wear my rabbit fur hat! The closer to the city we got, we'd see these women standing on these barren country roads waiting for some john to pick them up. The closer we got, the more we'd see, until they were lined up all along the road. By the time we got into Prague the snow had turned to rain. We were pretty early so we parked on a busy street and went walking around for awhile. The promoter came by, saw our van and talked with Joe for a bit. Turns out this guy saw us when we were there in '92; now he was the big time promoter in Prague. I then remembered the circumstances around meeting him back then, he lent us his parents house to crash in after the show. We told him we needed three rooms and he gave us the three rooms, but about 30 of his friends crammed into the living room and crashed all over the floor. Amazing. We got to the club late that afternoon and it is indeed the same club we played before. This time everything was switched around to the other side of the room. There was a dressing room right off of the stage which was very convenient. The promoter actually brought Doug a bottle of Wild Turkey. The only one the whole tour. He said he tried to get us everything that we had on the tour poster but he had a hard time getting guns and black women. He even had our sense of humor! The opening band was really good, although I can't remember their name. Another old face





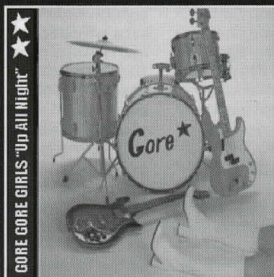
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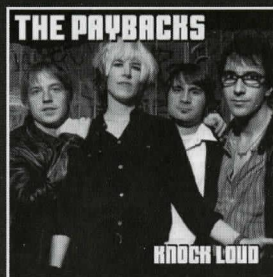
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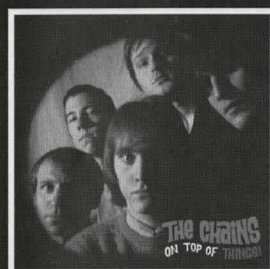
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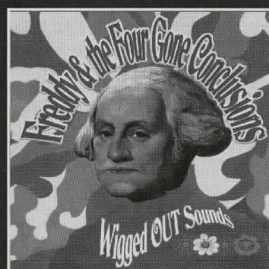


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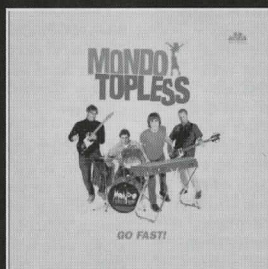
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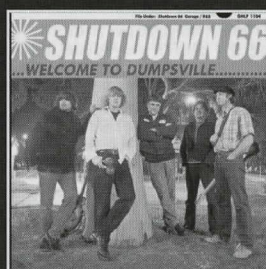
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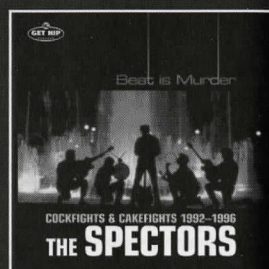
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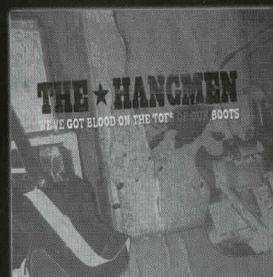


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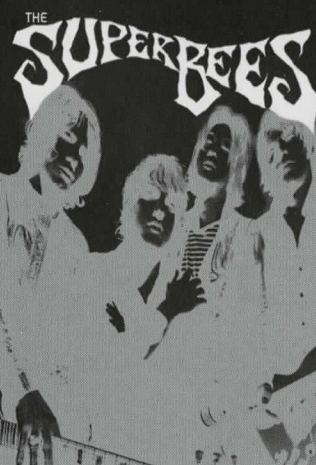
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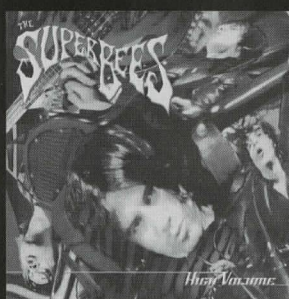


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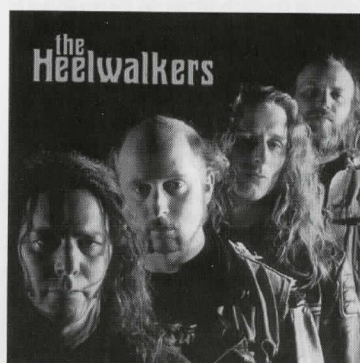


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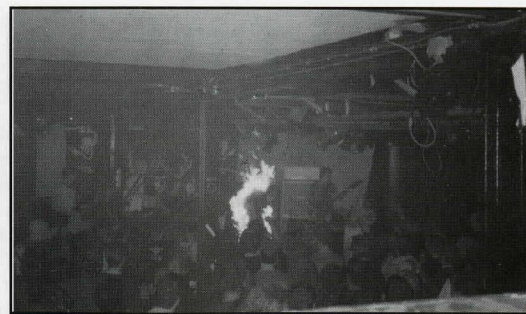
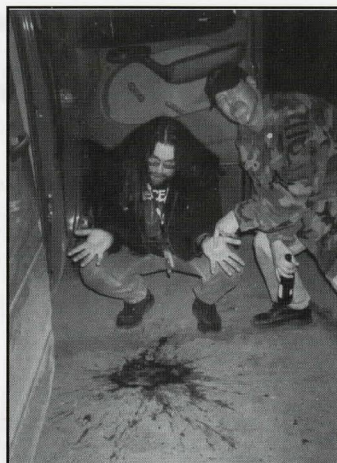
from '92 popped in, Ivo, who we'd stayed with for a few days last time, came in; now he's a caterer to the stars. He had just came off the road with Judas Priest. There were also guys there from Tennessee and Charlotte, NC! The crowd was packed. Way more than last time. We went on an treated this crowd to the "bat and blood trick." The ceiling was so low I thought I would hit my head on it; I know Joe and Doug were sweating it. We did several encores and then knocked all the shit over to show that we were indeed done. Some drunken dreadlock-wearing guy came stumbling into the dressing room, rambling about something, so I picked him up and threw him out the side door onto the steps. Doug threw up in the parking lot. It was one hell of a fun night.

MARCH 27th, ULM, GERMANY

Stephan was throwing a fit. The directions to this club were SO fucked up. He called MADD Booking and, as calmly as he could, asked them to clear this mess up. We rode around and around for what seemed like hours, even though it was realistically only one. We finally get to the address where it's supposed to be and there is nothing in sight that looks as if it's going to host a rock show that night. Then we spot one of our tour posters on the door of what looks like an elementary school. Sure enough, we are playing the youth hall in the cafeteria! We see all these kids about 10 or 11 years old, walking around smoking and drinking beer. It was a hilarious sight. We move all the stuff downstairs. The folks there had turned this cafeteria into a rock 'n' roll emporium, complete with mirror ball! The stage was put together by pushing a bunch of wooden boxes together. We retire to the dressing room after a grueling 15-minute soundcheck, which—like most—was pointless. Doug, Joe and myself are hitting that JD bottle pretty hard tonight. We send out some rescue shots to Skipski every so often. The opening band is awful. They did a Motorhead cover that sounded like the Motorchipmunks. By the time we went on, me and Doug were pretty damned drunk. It was all I could do to not fall in between the cracks of this ready-made stage, but I managed to stand up the whole show. The sound was awful, I couldn't hear shit. We did get called back out for an encore and played our favorite sing-a-long, Skrewdriver's "I Don't Like You." Some guy was losing his shit! He acted like he wanted to kick our asses. So I got down on the floor, walked up to him and could see the anger in his eyes. He didn't dare raise his fist to me. I just broke down and laughed. The guy was outside bitching about the racist band. Blah, blah, blah; wah, wah, wah. We went backstage to get some more of the "chili" the staff made for us. It looked and tasted a lot like vegetable soup. The promoter, who was a drunken mess, came in to pay us. He starts bitching about all the requirements on our rider. We all just laugh at him and tell him that's the way it is. Then he came straight to me with the pay; I told him he'd have to find Stephan. In walks the superior German to take over the business arrangements. I end up answering the same four or five questions over and over to this promoter and shaking his hand every 20 seconds. Soon, thankfully, it's time to hit the road. Stephan reaches for a rigged bag of chips that was turned upside down and gets an ECW chant.

MARCH 28th, STUTTGART, GERMANY

Tonight we are in Stuttgart. We usually play this really big hall and only draw about 300 people. Tonight's place is a pretty good size room; I figure it'll look like we're playing to nobody. Boy was I wrong. The promoter came up with



a really worried look and asked me if it was true that we played a Skrewdriver song. Bad news travels fast! I looked him right in the eye with most serious look I could muster up and said "No, we don't do a Skrewdriver song, our whole set is Skrewdriver songs!" The poor guy looked like he was gonna faint. Then I had to assure him I was just kidding. He told us

that the security tonight was gonna be an anti-fascist organization, and he didn't think it would go over too well and wanted to avoid a riot. I told him not to worry, we wouldn't play it. (Wink, wink; nudge, nudge.) We were playing with our pals the Skeleton Army again tonight and a band called the Star Fuckers. The Skeleton Army guys asked if I'd come on stage with them during their set and do the Osmonds song "Crazy Horses" with them. I figured I'd be drunk enough by the time that happened and agreed. When I heard them call me to the stage I walked into the room and goddamn—I couldn't believe the crowd that showed up tonight. It was packed from front to back. The stage was so fucking small, the drums left me about three feet to dance, prance and work the crowd. After the Army's set we all went back to the dressing room where the singer allowed us to photograph his ANTISEEN tattoo. Next up was the Star Fuckers, another really great band with a very charismatic lead singer. They worked the crowd up really well. On the way to the stage we noticed the security the fellow was talking about earlier. Only some of the biggest muscle bound skinheads I've ever seen. And only about ten of them. Barry asked on the way to the stage if we would play "I Don't Like You." I told him to just wait and see how it went. These guys didn't look like they possessed much of a sense of humor. During the show on the cramped stage it was hot as all hell! Some kid with a sign jumped up on the stage in front of me and held it towards the crowd. I grabbed him around the back of his neck and guided him into the crowd where he busted his ass. The stage was pretty high too, I forgot to add. Then the same kid jumped on stage again in front of Doug. Doug landed a kick in that kid's ass that sent him flying off the damned stage again. Apparently not one to give up easy, he went to the other side of the stage and stayed out of our reach. We had no idea what his sign said. For all we knew it said "Fuck these racist Americans!" We got the signal for the set to come to an end and we did it without "I Don't Like You." Not very much like us to do what was asked of us but what the hell. We didn't wanna test those security goons and it was so fucking hot we couldn't wait to get off the stage. After the show a couple of people approached us asking why we treated the sign guy so bad? Then we found out his sign was advertising free or affordable housing for the poor. Oh well, live and learn. In the lobby of the hall it sounded like a crowd in a coliseum. We answered questions, signed merchandise and posed for pictures for over an hour. The hall was shut down and the lobby is where almost the entire crowd hung out. It was a madhouse! A MADHOUSE! But it was cool. We said good-bye to all of our German pals; folks like a very drunk Andi Sturm from Born Bavarian. On the road again.

MARCH 29th, KONTICH, BELGIUM

We stopped at a roadside store to piss and call the promoter for the Kontich show. As we walked in, some guy with slicked back hair and a skull and cross bones t-shirt was walking out. He eyed us for a bit then asked Stefan if we were ANTISEEN. It turns out this guy was Rudy, the promoter! He lead us straight to the club from the

continued on page 109

top: (L-R) Doug is happy to get Wild Turkey in Prague; ...but unhappy to lose it later!; Capt. Catastrophy on fire!
bottom: (L-R) Last night of the tour; A long goodbye embrace between pals; Saying goodbye at the airport



THEY PUT THE SIN BACK IN SINEMA:

By the time I had the bright idea to start the drive-in newsletter *Exploitation Retrospect* in 1986, New York City's infamous area known as The Deuce was experiencing death throes that would result in dramatic changes to the Times Square landscape. Tragic as that development was, more tragic was the passing of *Sleazoid Express*, Bill Landis's landmark 'zine/newsletter that documented the area's cinematic scene and characters. Begun as a one-page movie review handout in the summer of 1980, SE had grown into nothing less than an indispensable guide to the sleaziest, creepiest inner-workings of the city that never sleeps. Fast forward to 1999... with classic horror, Euroleaze and art house obscurities from the past three decades receiving more attention than ever thanks to companies like Something Weird Video and the emergence of the DVD format, sleaze fans were thrilled when Landis revived *Sleazoid Express* with partner (and Metasex editor) Michelle Clifford. Four hefty issues of the publication followed and Simon & Schuster contacted the couple about a long overdue book. (A fifth issue of SE is currently posted at www.sleazoidexpress.com; more info about Metasex can be found at www.geocities.com/metasex) The following interview was conducted via e-mail prior to the publication of *Sleazoid Express: A Mind-Twisting Tour Through the Grindhouse Cinema of Times Square* (Fireside).

When and why did the original *Sleazoid Express* come into existence?

Bill: I had a Wall St. day job and between catching every movie possible on the Deuce, I hung around a performance art space called Club 57—at 57 St. Marks Place, in the basement of a Polish Church. It also had a bar, sans liquor license; typical of many clubs in the late '70s/early '80s in NYC. I did little performance art skits there, including once playing Jim Jones giving out Kool Aid to an audience tripping on acid. *Sleazoid* started in the summer of 1980 as a one-sheet biweekly on a manual typewriter. It was the only periodical that covered what played on Times Square at that moment. It reviewed what was playing that week, then I'd dash it right to an offset printer, and it would be given out as a freebie at bookstores, record stores, and Club 57, where me and my friends really enjoyed this type of film. People like Keith Haring, Kenny Scharf, John Sex, Basquait, Scott Covert, Beth & Scott B (I'm in their movie *Vortex*). These people encouraged me and my passion for Times Square. Then, *Sleazoid* expanded into a four-page monthly (11" x 17" paper folded over). That gave more of the opportunity to delve into the histories of different filmmakers, distributors and genres. You'd have reviews and perhaps one long in-depth story.

Through the years the zine progressed from horror and badfilm into the weird world of porn... what's your cinematic jones these days?

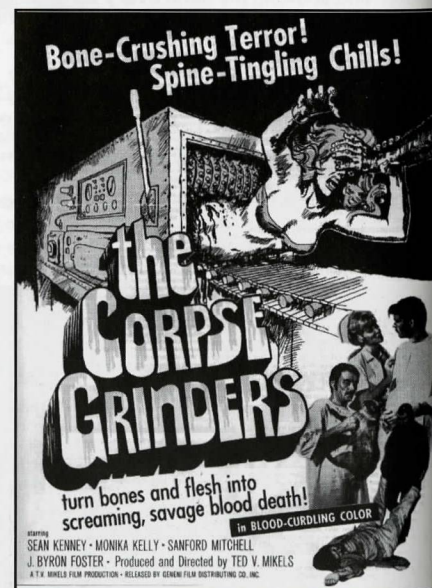
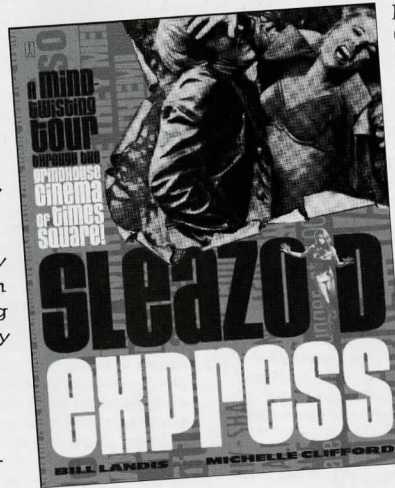
Bill and Michelle: Horror movies weren't always classics like *Last House On The Left*. The major studios started the *Friday The 13th* for-

mula and made a slew of slasher movies. Major studios picked up indies for distribution, exploitation companies followed it as a trend. By and large they were LOUSY. And that's what *Sleazoid* reported on—what to avoid on The Deuce and what was worthwhile. Or you'd get a horror-slanted campaign for a boring Italian gangster movie. Incidentally, as expanded on in the *Sleazoid* book, *Friday The 13th* took its whole template from Mario Bava's *Twitch Of The Death Nerve*. We never considered a good exploitation movie "bad-film." Maybe unintentionally funny, but that was part of the charm of movies like *The Corpse Grinders*. There were some controversial looks at the more offbeat porn films in the latter issues of the first wave of *Sleazoid*. This current wave of *Sleazoid* doesn't go into porn. The current *Sleazoid* covers films that once played Times Square as well as art film and the odd curiosity of unknown film from the 1960's or '70s that deserves merit, like the films that played the deuce for a couple day run.

Bill: *Sleazoid* does cover Euroleaze, which can be considered softcore. For example, there was Issue #3, the "Summer of Sadism" issue, which had a group discussion of Pasolini's *Salo* by a variety of diverse individuals, including Euro-porn director Lasse Braun, myself, Michelle, video companies that sold it or rented it in stores... a look at Jacopetti's (director of *Mondo Cane* and *Uncle Tom*) unreleased in the U.S.A. *Mondo*

Candido with full pics of the torture chamber scenes... and a special section on adaptations of De Sade. Including the Keir Dullea velour one, *De Sade*, that AIP released, the superb Alice Arno star turn as Justine in *Justine De Sade* (best cinematic version of the book), and Jess Franco's disappointing *Justine (Deadly Sanctuary)* with Romina Power playing Justine. So the new format has not only permitted more Euro films that didn't get a chance to play The Deuce, it also honors time-tested ones that were frequently replays, including the bluntly S&M oriented *Slaves In Cages* and Jess Franco's *Barbed Wire Dolls*. Incidentally, Jess Franco discovery, frequent star and Euroleaze queen Alice Arno is kinda the *Sleazoid* Marilyn Monroe—she's the topless gal holding the gun when you go to the website. Alice is also well remembered in Franco's *La Comtesse Perverse* where she and husband Howard Vernon make a practice of hunting women they lure to their island - including Jess's wife, Lina Romay. I have appropriated Alice's photogenic image SO many times in the magazine and on the site.

Michelle: My mag Metasex is ALL porn. Metasex features such curious movies that played the most severe grindhouses like the Venus, the Eros, the Rialto.... movies like *The Big Man* (a truly psychedelic opus), *Fantastic Sex*, Johnny Wadd movies... and it has descriptions of the inner workings of



AN INTERVIEW WITH BILL LANDIS AND MICHELLE CLIFFORD OF SLEAZOID EXPRESS By Dan "Danté" Taylor

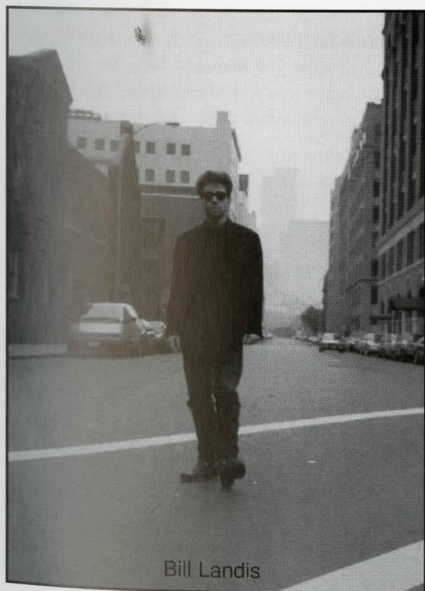
them. I got to know performers from just being a kid and calling them up and meeting them. Getting to know them. Although, in the case of John Holmes I met him while he was on the lam in Florida where I lived. We were in traffic and I made the mistake of flipping him the bird (not knowing it was him in the car, I must have been 16). He stopped his car on a dime and got out with a face of murder. I piped up "Sorry Mr Wadd!" It just came out surly like that! Incredibly he laughed and walked away. Others, like Lasse Braun I met later. Jamie Gillis I met when I was 20. I still know him 16 years later. In *Metasex #2* there is a very long description of how the notorious Avon Productions came about: cast of characters included director/auteur Phil Prince, Chelly Wilson, Chelly's bewigged old queen henchman Phil Todero (a former crooked DJ who skimmed off her on the side). Personally, our film tastes run all over from Deuce to documentary, porno chic era porn, musicals, old Hollywood offerings, even early vintage cartoons (with baby Sleazoid), so we see it all.

You stopped publishing SE in 1985, at a time when there was an explosion of exploitation movie zines... what prompted you to stop publishing at that time?

Bill: The Deuce closed and the "explosion of zines" were copies of Sleazoid. My heart was broken when The Deuce closed, and the copycats repulsed me. To them it was a trend to follow, to me it was my life; my friends and I were affected by its closing. I had long ties to people in Times Square, and we all didn't know what to do next, we could hardly believe it was shutting. When the theaters were open it was a place you not only worked, you socialized, figured extra ways to get by with co-worker/co-conspirators—and then all of a sudden it was just crumbling. Not just theaters, but a certain lifestyle, was ending. Mainstream publishing/magazines had no interest in Sleazoid because of the Deuce being sanitized. Sleazoid was a reminder of the decadent past not wanted during the peak AIDS wipe out. Mags wanted stories of the clean up not the history being destroyed. I was relegated to a man writing about the past. I wasn't timely. You couldn't see these films I was writing about. Video was so new then, even as high as in the \$80-\$100 per tape range; financially inaccessible to many.

New York City in the '80s was a hotbed of movie zine publishing with the likes of SE, *Psychotronic* and *Gore Gazette*. What made SE unique from those publications?

Bill: The others weren't a part of The Deuce. I worked there. I was a projectionist and manager of several theaters. My friends were all from there. I knew all about the infrastructure of the theaters. And



Bill Landis

who ran them, and catching the elusive one-day run.

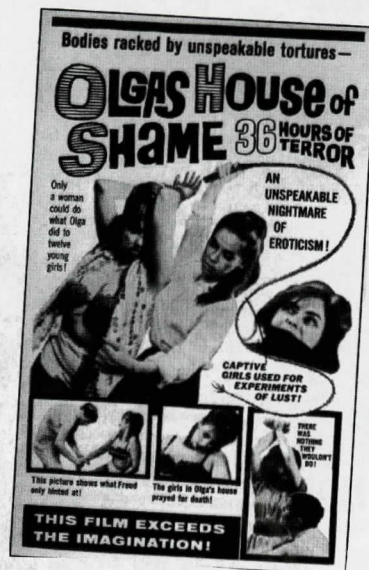
What prompted you to return to the world of sleaze cinema self-publishing?

Bill: Michelle forced me to by starting her own mag, *Metasex*; and *Something Weird Video* had put these films on tape making them accessible to a new generation to go see. I wouldn't be a man talking about the past.

What did you do in the period between ending the old SE and

coming back with the new edition?

Bill: Kicked an IV drug addiction, got married, had a child, wrote a biography of underground filmmaker Kenneth Anger (*Anger: The Unauthorized Biography* on Harper Collins), wrote some character actor portraits for *Film Comment*, contributed several pieces to the *Village Voice* about the old Times Square, had an article about the Needle Exchange program that was in the *Voice* and was reproduced in an ACLU book and a *Health-Pak* book called "Beyond Crisis." Because I didn't put out Sleazoid didn't mean I stopped writing. I did start writing with Michelle exclusively. In all honesty, Michelle wrote half the Ken Anger book without taking credit.



Many of the films covered in the old SE had a certain legendary status because they were so rarely screened. It seems like ANY film from this era can get released on DVD with a "cult classic" tag... do you think that detracts from the true classics of the era?

Bill: Yes. But it does differentiate from the new stuff which is just a retread of that old stuff.

Michelle, there aren't many women covering the worlds of sleaze cinema, let alone the world of roughies and underground adult cinema. What was the appeal for you?

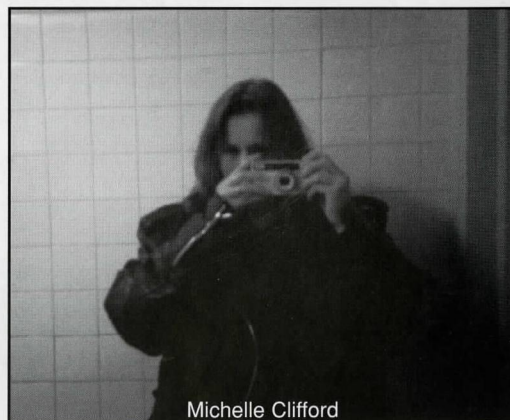
Michelle: Well, my mother, who I didn't grow up with, was heavily involved with vice and crime. She was pretty intense. She was a Madam; she's killed a person in front of me. I've visited her in prison once. (Hence I can write about WIP films easily.) She brought me to my first film, and made sure I saw *Taxi Driver*. She'd bring me to grind-houses in Boston when I was a kid, as well as

explain the inner workings of the vice world. I met all her criminal friends who treated me like a princess. But they would talk in front of me telling me EVERYTHING! They were very violent individuals. I'll write about them one day. They shaped me into wanting to be a writer. My mother gave me my first 8mm camera and my first Polaroid. She was eventually shot in the head by a policeman. Her crimes could be very *Reservoir Dogs*-esque. A lot of Boston rough stuff (that feeds into the Roughie writing). And, as for the X stuff, it's like the curtain of OZ; the truth behind X filmmaking is very different from what you see on screen.

You once credited *Pink Flamingos* with being the flick that sent you down the wrong path in life. Now there's a big budget Broadway musical based on a John Waters flick... how does that make you feel?

Bill: I don't remember crediting that specifically, I did like him back when he was playing in 1972 at the Elgin Theater. I actually enjoyed *Multiple Maniacs* even more. But he's different now. Defines the words "sell out." But, that is understandable. Personally, I do not care for him. Or artistically. I don't think he's made an interesting movie in 30 years. Some writing in Sleazoid is involved with how movies become oral legends... you'd hear about *Pink Flamingos* from one person, or *Mark Of The Devil* from another, and they'd always sound more severe in the retelling.

In an old issue of *Film Comment* Jimmy McDonough and you listed the following



Michelle Clifford

as your "Ten Worst Best Bets": *Beneath The Valley Of The Ultra-Vixens*, *Bloodthirsty Butchers/The Ghastly Ones*, *Do Me Evil*, *Mondo Magic*, *Olga's Girls*, *Pink Flamingos*, *Pink Motel*, *Sex Wish*, *Teen Lust* and *The King Of Comedy*. What would be on that list these days?

Bill: McDonough wrote scant few things for Sleazoid. That was half his list. He would be the definition the Rupert Pupkin character in *King Of Comedy*, a movie and a character he was fixated on. He dedicated a book to me recently I was told. We haven't spoken in a decade. He tries to take credit for Sleazoid, when he was in less than a handful of pieces at the very end. Anyway, Michelle and I would list a dozen:

1. *Curse Of Her Flesh/Touch Of Her Flesh* - anything by Mike Findlay and John Amero
2. *Olga's Girls/White Slaves Of Chinatown* - all the Olga's films
3. *Farewell Uncle Tom*
4. *Don't Answer The Phone*
5. *Last House On The Left/Last House On Dead End Street*
6. *Pets*
7. *Big Doll House*
8. *Ilsa: She Wolf Of The SS*
9. *Mondo Cane*
10. *Fleshpot On 42nd Street*
11. *Jess Franco's La Comtesse Perverse*
12. *Claude Pierson's Justine* with Alice Arno



Hollywood seems fascinated with remaking horror flicks that don't need remaking. If there was one exploitation classic you'd like to see get a big-budget, big-screen treatment what would it be and why?

Bill and Michelle: We don't believe in Hollywood remakes.

How did the book deal come about?

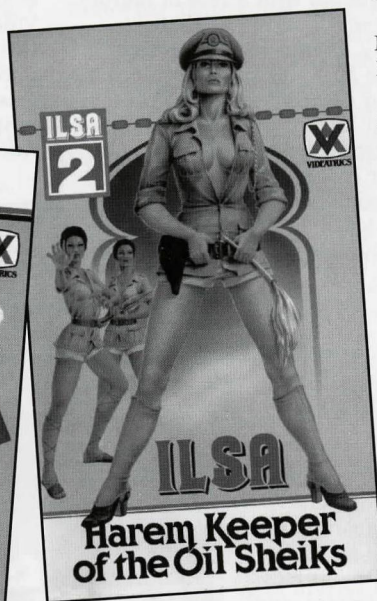
Bill and Michelle: Simon and Schuster came to us.

What can fans look for in the book?

Bill: A total recreation of Times Square and the way the Deuce used to be. We go inside the Deuce grindhouses: *The Lyric*, *Liberty*, *Empire*, *Anco*, etc and reproduce the audience action. Go into the films that were so popular.

Will you continue publishing the mag? If so, what can we look forward to in the next installment?

Bill: Sleazoid will go on, of course! As will Metasex. The next issue of Sleazoid is already posted on our Web site; Michelle is working on the new Metasex to be ready for November.



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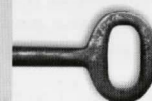
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AMUSEMENT FILMS

Featuring:

PAT BISHOW

as "the Director"

I like movies as much as the next guy - you know, unless next guy is Roger Ebert or Dante or something - but I'll be the first to admit my taste in movies is a bit unusual. It is rare, if ever, that I actually go to a movie theater to see a movie (in the past year I've gone once, while we were on vacation, to see *Goldmember*) because they usually don't show my kind of movie there. Movie theaters show "major motion pictures" or in some cases what they call "independent films" (AKA major motion pictures that are foreign or have a slightly lower budget) and I like whatever the opposite of those kinds of movies are. To start winding my way around to the point of this feature, despite this strange quirk in my personality, I somehow ended up reviewing films for a webzine called Candy For Bad Children (type those words - with no spaces in between - into your web browser, add .com and you can go visit it). The editor/creator of the site, the lovely Miss Stacey Dawn, has the unenviable task of deciding what to send me every month or so. (I sympathize, I go through the same thing when it comes to assigning review stuff for us.) One thing I've learned about myself through writing for her site is while I generally don't like to write negative CD reviews, I have had little problem savaging a movie or two based on my not-exactly-the-majority's-opinion view of what is enjoyable cinema. Stacey has flowed cool stuff my way too, some courtesy the vast promo stacks of our own word count heavy columnist Sleazegrinder (to whom she is wed); one thing I particularly enjoyed was a film called *The Girls From H.A.R.M.*, a girls on top action flick rife with kung fu, intrigue, chicks in hot pants and go-go boots. Aside from the fact that I enjoyed the movie, I was intrigued by Amusement Films "no budget" (as in lower than no budget) approach to film making. How much does it cost to make a no budget film, I wondered. (Since the term "no budget" is an oxymoron; like military intelligence or swiss cheese.) And what kind of no budget film director takes the time to send thank you email to reviewers? I've been on the job long enough to know there's only one way to find out.

—Leslie

Was *El Frenetico* & *Go Girl* the first Amusement Films film?

It depends on how technical you want to get but I would say the first Amusement Films film was a movie called *Three From The Dead House*, which was a Super-8 movie. That was when we decided to make a company, and we called it Amusement Films.



above: *It's A Haunted Happenin'*; at left: Pat Bishow & some of the ladies of *Haunted Happenin'* out of character (l-r clockwise from bottom: Pat, Sandy Lieb, Janpie Andrews, Karla Bruning and Tonye Briggs); at right: on the set of *H.A.R.M.* - Pat (center) gives direction while soundman Jim Robertson looks on and actress Tina Lee pretends to listen.



When you say, "we," who besides yourself are you referring to?

There's always people involved with me. At that point it was just some friends. I would say now Amusement Films is me, John Sanborn and Owen Cooper, the three of us—but they weren't involved yet. Then in 1987 I did a movie called *Soultangler*, which is really pretty bad. But it was an interesting time in video—this was before video, the movie was shot on film, actually—but there was a big home video market. I used to brag that I made that movie for \$8,000 and sold it for \$80,000. It was a huge windfall, it was just insane. So that's what I figured I was gonna do for the rest of my life, just make these movies, but it was like the stock market, it crashed in '89. It's funny, people used to ask me what I did for a living, and I'd ask them, 'You ever go to a video store, and see all these titles you've never heard of?' and they'd say, 'Yeah.'

And I'd say, 'That's what I do, it's those kind of movies.' Then I did a couple music videos, but there was no money in that. Then I got a job in financial television, which I swore I never would do but, there you go. That's like the first incarnation of Amusement Films.

When did *El Frenetico* come out?

What happened with that is, a friend of mine who was working at another financial place—it was Owen Cooper, actually—had access to equipment. He said, 'If you can shoot this thing in a weekend, I can get the equipment.' So we shot a half-hour, one of the episodes; that was in '94. We didn't really know what to do after that, so I started sending it out to magazines and some small festivals. Then distributors approached us, but said it was too short. They wanted to put it out on a compilation video, which I wasn't too interested in, so I said, 'What if I shot more episodes?' They said they thought that would be a good idea. So then in '95 or '96, I'm not sure, we shot two episodes back-to-back over three weekends.

Wow. Three whole weekends.

That was good for us.

OK. That's a long time for you?

Yeah. Sure.

Is it because you're quick like that, you like to do it fast?

Yeah. I don't really have much of a choice, with the equipment and stuff. But





and starring: **JAIME ANDREWS** as "The Actress"

When I first approached Pat about the feature, he seemed willing to oblige my interview request but also tried to steer me in the direction of interviewing one of the actresses - saying they'd "be a lot more entertaining." At first I thought he was just trying to avoid me but I later realized he just wants to give everyone involved their props; this became especially clear when he emailed me post-interview to say "I don't think I talked about how great all my actors are!" And he's right; they are great. As Pat mentioned in his Q&A, Amusement Films' newest release *It's A Haunted Happenin'* is the first time they braced out and tried a batch of new actors they'd never worked

with before; it seems to have paid off. As per Pat's initial request, I also had the pleasure of interviewing one of these actresses Jaime, who plays Zera in *Haunted Happenin'*. The film itself is a "spooky musical" chock full of pop culture references (from the Carrie Nations—aka the all girl band in *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls*—to Britney Spears and many points in between); Andrews' Zera is the adorable, animated, and mini-skirted guitarist of the Soultanglers. She and her sisters in musical arms set out to kick the collective butt of goody-goody girl group the Darlings at the Ghouls A-Go-Go all chick rock fest/battle of the bands but instead wind up (to paraphrase Zera) getting hassled by mummies, gorillas and henchman with BO. And that's only the first part of the movie! (You'll have to investigate further on your own to find out what happens to our heriones.) I wanted to chat with her on the phone as I did Pat but my schedule got the better of me and we had to do this by email.

—Leslie

How did you end up working with Amusement Films?

I answered Pat's ad in Backstage. I got a piece of the script beforehand and was excited right away because it was silly, but it was also smart. At the audition they really sold me - I was in this room full of happy folks that were just having a good time. When I got the role of Zera and then got the script, I was thrilled that I laughed the whole way through. Never even rolled my eyes once... of course, there were those as-yet-undetermined scenes that were marked "Zera does something funny" which made me nervous at first, but it was amazing to get that opportunity to just let loose.

Were you familiar with the kind of movie you would be making (a B-Movie, I guess - for a lack of a better term)?

I guess I hadn't thought of it as a B-Movie, in that I associate them with monsters and exploitation. Okay, I guess we have monsters; but I think the women in this film are really empowered (and generally well-covered up.) I did know it was campy and fun, so I should have put two and two together.

Have you been in any other movies of that ilk?

Well, I did this short film, *Sqr4t*, which would qualify, seeing as how I end up killed by a mutant squirrel-rat.

In the movie, you're in a band - have you ever been in a band or do you have any musical talent that helped you with that aspect of the character?

I love music. I don't play anything very well, but I admire musical ability so much that it was nice to pretend I had it. In a lot of ways I was influenced by my sister, who used to tour manage for punk bands. That's her Clash shirt I'm wearing.

What was it like on the set? Did you guys ad lib at all or pretty much stick to the script?

Happenin' was the longest I've ever been on a shoot and I never dreaded it. All the girls are really great, we had a fantastic time together. We definitely stayed on script for the bulk of it, but there were interjections here and there. And sometimes Pat would just keep the camera rolling and see what we came up with.

I've never met Pat but when I interviewed him he seemed like an easy-going kind of guy; I can't really picture him yelling at the actors or anything. Would you say that's accurate? What's he like as a director?

Pat is totally easy-going, but on the set he is all business. He still has fun, but he also doesn't waste any time. He's a pretty laissez-faire kind of director, he really let us go nuts with it, which was ridiculously fun. He said he spent a lot of the "budget" on food; what did he feed you guys on the set?

I specifically remember lots of sweets - which perhaps explains the ridiculous fun - but it was great! It was never redundant: sometimes chinese, sometimes sandwiches, salads, you name it.

Do you have a "day job?" If so, what is it?

Ugh... it's the bane of my existence is what it is. It's been really hard lately, I'm sort of in this in-between area; I'm too busy acting to take a secretarial job (which I used to do) but I'm not making enough to live. I've been cocktail waitressing, which I highly recommend to anyone interested in torturing themselves.

Where else can people see you?

I'm working with the sketch group Spurn all through December, and I've got some spots running on AMC right now. There are links to some of my on-line movies and other stuff on my new website (jaimeandrews.com) which I feel very nerdy about. Hey, gotta ride that wave of the future, right?

this new one, *It's A Haunted Happenin'*, took forever. It was more or less because we would only have half a day to shoot, and only on Sunday. In reality this one took the longest.

So when you started making films, distributors came to you?

Actually, with *Soultangler* we brought it to a marketplace called Independent Feature Projects; now it's called IFM, Independent Film Market. It was weird. I got in on this strange thing; it used to be a very artsy film festival and then what happened was they found they weren't getting distributors to attend because they weren't bringing anything sellable. The year I applied they decided to take in some sellable stuff, and I got in because it was a horror movie. Again, it was just a comedy of errors. It was one of those lucky, right place at the right time things. That's how that happened. By the time it got to *El Frenetico* and *Go Girl*, I wasn't doing it for money so I didn't care. They came to me, Provisional; I don't know if you know those guys.

No.

It was Joe Carducci, who used to be involved in SST Records, and Henry Rollins. After Joe left SST he went into video distribution, which I think he's left at this point. He's the one who contacted us. That's why we went with them, we got offers from Troma and a couple others, and I was thinking, 'Who cares?' We went with the small guy, just because I liked SST and I liked his frame of mind. We didn't make any money. There is no money in this.

Have you always lived in New York?

Yeah. Well, as a kid I grew up in Charleston, SC, but I came up here in Junior High and I've been here since.

Did you go to college?

Yeah, School of Visual Arts.

I think it's interesting that you call it a no budget film because really there can be no such thing. You must have a budget.

I guess so, yeah. You might be right.

You said you spent \$8000 on the first movie?

That was filmed, too. That's why it cost so much.

Oh, right.

There was still no money. All the money went to film, developing, and the special effects—it's pretty bloody.

I'll send you a copy of that. I'll send you the trailer, the trailer's the only good part.

You started out shooting on film; when did that change?

I guess when they came out with the digital, a little bit before the home stuff came out. It's DVC-Pro, which is a broadcast format but it's still not Beta—I don't know if that makes any sense to you—it was before mini-DV.

Was that a dollar concern? Did you think digital was so much cheaper you should just try it?

Yeah, absolutely.

Were you already familiar with the technology because you work with film and technology at your day job?

Yeah, pretty much. It was interesting, when we were using it it was one of 25 cameras in all of New York City, so it was really brand new.

What was your budget for *Haunted Happenin'*?

It was \$3000, and we went \$200 over.

Wow! That's so cheap, that's amazing.

I told you we had no budget. It was funny because, I have one friend who's sorta made it and is successful in the business—he worked on this one a little bit—he's a production designer and art director. He did the movie *Ulee's Gold*, Victoria's Secret commercials; a lot of things, tons of props for tons of movies. He always works with me because we went to high school together and we're friends. When we used to always say low budget, he would interrupt us and say, 'No, no, this is no budget.' He was so disgusted. Cause low budget

means at least you've got some money. He's the one who drilled that mantra into us.

Well, that is incredibly cheap. I applaud that.

The biggest expense is food; that's the most costly.

Because actors get hungry.

Yeah. You better feed them, they're working for free.

When I was watching *Haunted Happenin'* I was wonder if you had a costume budget or if every girl just brought their own stuff.

Actually we had one girl who sort of provided pretty much everything. She had a lot of clothes, brought them all over and let everybody go through it and pick something that fit. The one girl who had the best outfit—the outfit was her mom's.

You've shown your films at a lot of festival-type events, I'm not in the film world, so what is the importance of showing a movie like yours at a festival; how does that help your movie?

Like I said, I'm not in it for the money. Therefore it's the exposure. You hope to create some sort of buzz so people want to see it. It's funny you say that because this festival thing is really tough, I don't know if you've known anybody who's ever done it.

No, not really. But I gather you could compare it to being in an independent band; a film festival is kind of like a CMJ thing where all these movies are shown and everybody gets to see them and hopefully something else will come out of that. Is that the basic idea?

Yeah, and if you go by the band analogy, if the band can open for a bigger group it's the same kind of thing. I realize though now—I never really put it together until this movie I guess—features are harder than shorts. On the festival circuit, people will come and sit through six shorts because if they don't like it maybe they'll like the next one, whereas with a feature it gets much tougher. Also, because of competition and space it's harder to get in.

Do festivals look down on low budget and no budget films?

Absolutely. That's always been my big problem. I'm not exploitative enough to be in the exploitation market and I'm not artsy enough to be in the artsy market—basically I appeal to nobody.

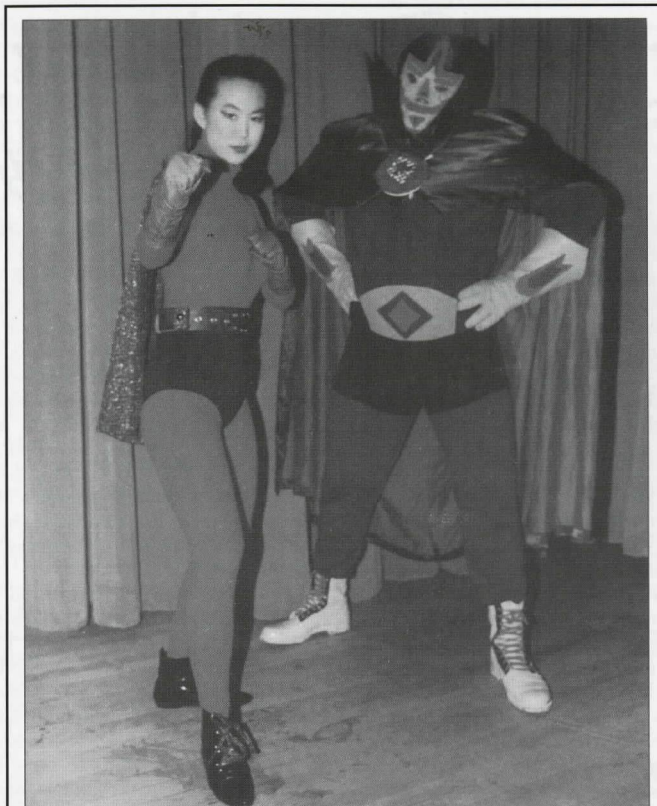
You don't think there's a certain kind of person who might enjoy your movies; what do you think of as your audience, or you don't think about that at all?

Me. I'm the audience.

OK, so you make movies you personally would enjoy.

What kind of films do you watch when you and our wife are kickin' back—assuming you have such a thing as personal time?

I like all kinds of movies. I was involved in this documentary for PBS—when I say PBS I know it sounds impressive, but it was Oklahoma PBS—they did this thing called "B and Below." They talked to



The Adventures of El Frenetico and Go-Girl

of sound; whereas we have three. You're never gonna compete with that.

How do you find actors?

We used to always use friends. We've sort of slowly moved away from that. It's very nerve-wracking because the big fear is you start filming and somebody goes, 'You know what? I don't wanna do this anymore.' What are you gonna do?

Wow, that really happens?

It's a fear you live with. So I was always very reluctant to bring in new people. Every movie I probably bring in one new person. This time [with *Haunted Happenin'*] it was our biggest, we brought in six new actresses who we've never

worked with before. It was kind of scary.

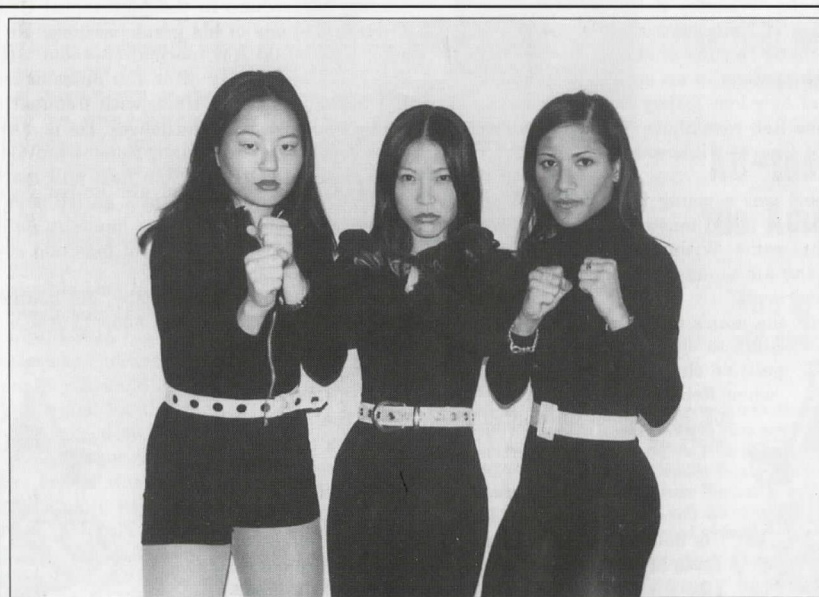
The version I saw you said was 98% finished; what's the two percent that needed adjusting to make it complete and whole in your eyes?

I've shown it a few times, so I cut it down. I think what you saw was 92 minutes but now it's like 88 minutes; I cut out a few little things here and there. The other thing is, you get so close to it you don't even know what you're watching anymore. But I've had a couple screenings now and I can see where some stuff is dragging.

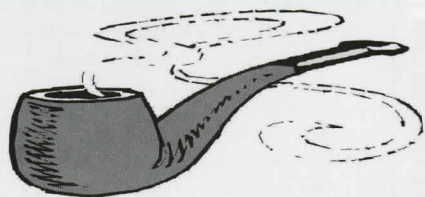
Do you watch the audience reaction, and do you base some of your cuts on that?

Yes and no. When I watch it with an audience I become an audience member, almost. When I watch it at home, I'm working on each scene. It doesn't necessarily all fit together.

continued on page 113



The Girls From H.A.R.M.!



Thee Whiskey Rebel, A Modern Day Aesthete

Every afternoon here at the new Texas Irwin estate, we roll a cart loaded down with Earl Grey tea, Pearl and Lonestar beers and a selection of appropriate biscuits, cookies and sweets onto our back patio. While we enjoy our afternoon repast, we often reflect with a great deal of mirth (and a touch of sadness) upon those of you who haven't ever developed even the basest rudiments of taste when it comes to savoring the finer things in life.

To wit: when one of we Irwin's deign to quaff a beverage or dine upon victuals, being blessed with highly endowed... "educated," shall we say, senses, we are able to enjoy said pleasantries to a higher degree than most folk.

Or, to revert to the vernacular, you dumb asses wouldn't enjoy a good spread of food and booze as much as we are able to even on your best day. Half of you wash down your dinner of McDonalds synthetic hamburgers (or MSG poisoned hamburger helper on a special night) with either goddamned pseudo-intellectual micro-spew that tastes like bitter two-day old coffee from my thermos or malt liquor that tastes like fizzy hamster piss.

Food and drink tastes better to us... because we have heightened educated senses. We could never settle for the sort of slop you shovel down at that hog trough you call a dinner table. If we Irwins were forced to pay a call upon you for social purposes you can rest easy that we will bring our OWN drinks, in special coolers rather than depend upon you to be able to provide anything worth a tinker's damn.

Uuurrppppp. OK... I don't want to keep up the snob shtick for this whole column. There is a valuable and rock solid kernel of truth in the above paragraphs though. Thee Whiskey Rebel has indeed evolved beyond the majority of the human race, not just at the dinner table, but in many, many aspects of life. Thee Whiskey Rebel can drive his pick 'em up truck down freeways and boulevards and recognize beauty most folks haven't opened themselves up to. His many hobbies and distractions provide an infinite amount of satisfaction beyond those of the vast majority of Americans who parade through malls or tend to their lawns (YAWN!) on their days off from work. Much like Wilde, Whistler and the early 20th Century aesthetes in Europe had their own circle of folks with HEIGHTENED AWARENESS, Thee Whiskey Rebel keeps company with an elite group of folks across the nation who have taken appreciation of the finer things in life to a new level. If you'd like a glimpse into the world of those who have risen to the "next level," culturally and aesthetically speaking, read on. This is your chance to be granted a glimpse at the "Whiskey Rebel Lifestyle."

Nightly a huge percentage of Americans sit in front of the boob tube watching Friends or pathetic re-runs of shows that attempt to mirror the worthless lives of the viewers in an optimistic manner, such as Cheers. They do this out of boredom... they haven't a clue what else they could be doing. Thee Reb rose above "boredom" many years ago. He likes to quote one of Charles Bukowski's pet phrases: "Only the boring are bored."

When Thee Whiskey Rebel was a young lad aspiring to greatness at Chess tournaments, he asked a noted master whom he admired for a tip on how to best improve his game. Without hesitation the chess master thrust a pointed finger in the air to emphasize his advice..

"Shut off your TV!!! Leave it off."

The youthful Reb followed the man's advice and was able to climb to dizzying heights in competitive chess circles. Later in life when Reb was in his very early 20s, he decided he wanted to start up a band with his wife; the TV was switched off and ignored for months at a time in their home. This is mandatory advice for people who aspire to something creative.

When Thee Whiskey Rebel does switch on his television it is, 90% of the time, for the purpose of using it as

a video game monitor (he recommends golf games and Triple Play Baseball) or videotape screen. It's very important just what selections he prefers from his vast VHS library.

Reb contends that the most important thing to view in your home is a great deal of footage of classic professional wrestling. He states that professional wrestling is a superior reality to be immersed in, as opposed to the colorless world "reality" of politics, religion and hip hop culture. He says: "the idea is to watch enough wrestling so that one can eventually make a mental leap and become one with the shimmering figures on the screen... it's a great deal like hopping a freight train, but in a mental fashion."

Mister Rebel contends that when one plugs into and joins the "alternate" and elite reality of the pro wrestling space-time continuum, appreciation of many of the finer things in life becomes a relatively easy matter.

"REAL rock & roll and wrestling walk hand in hand; crappy rock & roll is for people who are trapped on their couches watching brain numbing and nauseating "Charles In Charge" and "Family Ties" re-runs. People in REAL rock and roll bands take the stage as flamboyantly and as aggressively as wrestlers. Once you have accepted either real rock & roll or professional wrestling to the inner depths of your soul... you find yourself with both inner peace and a HEIGHTENED AWARENESS that leads to some of the other finer things in life."

Thee Whiskey Rebel has never owned a Datsun economy car; his favorite vehicles as of this writing are his official Whiskey Rebel Ford pickup and a classy vintage Caddy he has recently turned over to his son, Elvis.

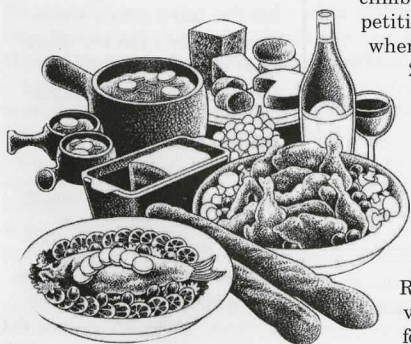
"Only chumps who look like Michael J. Fox drive Japanese cars. Stan Stasiak or Playboy Buddy Rose would NEVER have been caught dead in one. You are what you drive baby!!!" he explains.

Owning a distinctive set of wheels is but one important step in achieving the Whiskey Rebel Lifestyle. Mr. Rebel's private home is filled with comfy easy chairs with big wide padded arms that he prefers. He lives up to his pen name by always stocking a large supply of whiskey along with a variety of corporate beers.

"You are what you drink baby!!!" Reb chortles. "I drink BEER, which means Bud, Coors, Miller, PBR or what have you. B-E-E-R. Malt liquor is not beer; micro-spew is for deadheads and snob assholes who look like Michael J. Fox. I DRINK BEER AND WHISKEY!!!"

When Thee Whiskey Rebel is called upon to engage in a book reading somewhere in the continental US he prefers to drive himself. Traveling is one of his great passions. He prefers to hit the interstate at exactly 11:00 AM (normal checkout time at motels nationwide) and knock off for the day after 150 miles or so as close as possible to 4:00 PM (normal check-in time) with frequent stops at flea markets, thrift stores and rest area shithouses. He is obsessed with relics of the mid-20th century such as giant cement buffalo, dinosaur extravaganzas and Paul Bunyan statues. Often he'll pull his vehicle over to the side of the road to get a better view of a garish neon sign or ancient billboard. He's been known to clap his hands in delight and whoop out loud over road sign cartoon drawings of pigs and cows advertising greasy spoon restaurants.

"It's Americana baby, get behind IT before it gets behind YOU!!" Reb points out. He adds: "I AM a modern day aesthete; if Oscar Wilde and his dead French pals were brought back to life and driven down the remaining stretches of Route 66 they'd cream their pantaloons. They'd probably get down on their knees and bow and scrape to some flashy neon sign. After guzzling some absinthe they may feel like stopping for a cup of coffee. Like me, I imagine, they'd enjoy sitting unob-



trusively at the counter at a truck stop quietly observing the knights of the road as they chattered amongst themselves."

It's called HEIGHTENED AWARENESS folks.

Thee Whiskey Rebel isn't ALWAYS on the road of course.

More often he's right at home in his living room easy chair throne. To maintain a peaceful atmosphere he demands that NO ONE knock on his door unannounced. He sees folks by prior appointment only. He has an aversion to telephones dating back to a bad telephone sales job in the early '80s. Therefore, he will NEVER answer the phone... if he ever picks it up and answers personally when you call, circle the date on the nearest calendar. He, of course, uses an answering machine to monitor calls. When the mood strikes he will simply unplug the damn phone altogether. One of Reb's pet peeves is nosy, thoughtless people who ring the phone off the hook leaving gabby messages on days he's wrapped up in his writing, caught up in the pro-wrestling space-time flow or simply dealing with his latest mood swing with alcoholic gusto.

Thee Whiskey Rebel totally advocates folks immersing themselves into whatever their sexual proclivities lead them to. He's a simple heterosexual male without extra-ordinary fetishes, yet he declares with gusto: "If I enjoyed fucking farm animals or having hookers piss down my throat or jerking off in a pile of nurse shoes I sure as hell would! Three times a day baby!! If I was gay, I'd be leading the annual parade!"

Final advice on achieving the Whiskey Rebel Lifestyle from the man himself: "If it feels good, DO IT! Three times a day. Attempt to keep the government out of your life as much as possible. Never order a single beer at a bar; ALWAYS order two. Never feel embarrassed or self-conscious about things you do in the privacy of your own home that bring you pleasure. I'm a Teletubbies fan for poops sake! Beware of time wasters who visit and whine about the same problems over and over. Beware of your parents and other relatives who try to mold you into something you are not. Always travel with a plastic fifth of whiskey (several brands are available in "traveler" bottles) to avoid breakage. If you feel depressed or sad, check to see if you've strayed from the "pro-wrestling space time continuum." Acquire a stack of vintage wrestling magazines from the '60s-'80s that you can leaf through when the going gets tough. You CAN drink everyday just remember to taper off a bit once you are loaded so you can pleasantly coast for hours rather than pass out in a pile of vomit. There's (almost) NEVER an excuse for cracking open a second fifth in one day (unless you drank the first one very slowly over a long period of time); one fifth a day is enough. If you choose to not drink, that's cool; double up on neon signs or pro-wrestling VHS tapes."

If you haven't achieved the Whiskey Rebel Lifestyle after all that you NEVER will. On to other matters.



We had to discard my I-Mac's keyboard today after I accidentally noticed a Yahoo news headline indicating that Al Sharpton is going to make a run at the presidency. I lunged for the cardboard box waste basket under my computer table but I was too late. My lunch was spewed in steamy vomit fashion all over the keyboard. Luckily the monitor could be sponged off. Maybe I should have a lawyer file suit against big Al?

Maybe I could hire one of the attorneys who recently conned a jury into awarding a 64-year old ex-smoker 155 billion dollars! How could this lady's life be worth even one billion dollars much less 155? Not even Alex Rodriguez is gonna earn a billion in his life time.

I knew the human race was chockablock with absolute fools by the time I was 15 years old or so. By the time I turned 20 my hatred and disgust for the species had grown ten fold. By the time I turned 30, I no longer considered myself a member of the human race. If somebody called me a "human" to my face it was time to go fist city with 'em. A few years ago while working my supervisor shift at Tower records I was told about a recording artist loved by hundreds of thousands of electronica geeks who reportedly was too sensitive to kill roaches in his apartment. My first impulse was to bellow out a big horselaugh... HAR HAR HAR! But then I noticed mid-laugh none of the 18-23 year old clerks were

laughing along; some of them were eyeing me as though I had just told a blatantly racist joke or made a homophobic remark. They obviously were quite impressed with the dumb jackasses sensitivity. Even though I had never anticipated my regard for the worthless human race could sink any lower, it did. And it has, several times since then. Especially in election years.

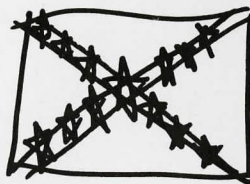
Today was the topper; Al Sharpton running for President? I'd laugh it off if it could but I know damn well a lot of morons will vote for the lying human leech. A significant slice of the brain-dead media will treat his candidacy with respect and never flinch when he presumably declares that all those who don't vote for him are obvious racists.

I think an eager cable network should immediately launch a "reality" show based on trying to find a less qualified, lower integrity and more obnoxious public figure to try to low-ball Al. I can see it now—defrocked priests vying with Klan poobah's cult leaders and Howard Stern show mascots.

So, who will Al's running mate be? Louis Farrakhan? Rosie O'Donnell, to go after the Woman's vote? Or perhaps some gangsta rap genius.

As if Jesse Jackson, Pat Robertson, Pat Buchannon and Jerry Falwell weren't all bad enough to have to put up with sounding off publicly, we're gonna be treated to Al Sharpton sound bites until election day??

I may pluck my eyes out and carve my ears off before the campaigns over... I CAN'T TAKE IT.



so sayeth
the
"King"
the great
Whiskey Rebel

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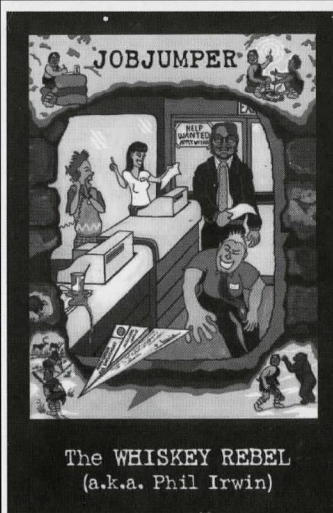
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—Alex Richmond, Philadelphia City Paper

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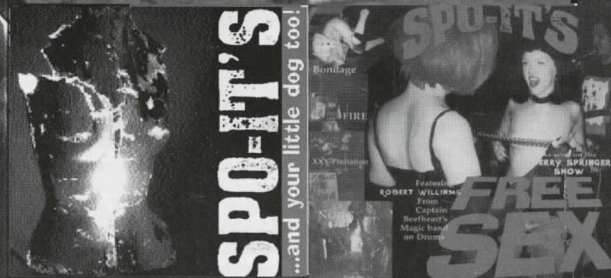
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pages

Oh, Hey, it's me.
I'm back from the dead, to
communicate with you, the living, the near-
living, the zombified, and those "on the nod" people
over there in the corner. For me, being dead is a lot like
being alive was! Only a couple of things are a little bit different.
For instance, ever since't I died, my flesh has been sloughing off in
putrid green chunks. I tried clearasil and some other shit, but, sigh &
alas... the heartbreak of post mortem necrotic decay.

Change number two smells like number two, -- if you
know what I mean -- 'cause, remember how I told ya I was being sued by Kraft
Foods, who thinks I'm tarnishing the wholesome image of their Velveeta brand
cheese-like-substance with my unsavory art? Well, a crazy judge here in Illinois
granted them a temporary injunction against me using my nickname, so I am
officially a nobody for now. Call me The Wind, Baby.

Heh heh. Like I said, the injunction is temporary, and could be lifted, depending
on how things turn out in the end, but if I am permanently forbidden by law to
use my nickname, I'm thinking about having a "NAME MY ASS-BABY" contest. I
figure "Ass-Baby" on account of, like, Kraft is fucking me in the ass, &
so any new name I come up with will be born of that ass-fucking, kind
of like a little Ass-Baby, or something.

Whatever. Let's hope that
you'll never have to ...

Help me
NAME

MY

ASS BABY!

It's not even being sued for a over a
quarter of a million dollars by one of the
richest corporations on Earth that fries
my cheese-curds so much, as being called
"unwholesome" by a company that
currently has no fewer than three
boycotts being levied against it by
everyone from parent, teacher, & churchy-
type organizations to the friggin' Sierra Club.
These guys are involved with everything evil in this
world from cigarettes, to genetically modified
foods, to fattening-up American children on
Lunchables, while driving coffee farmers to the
brink of starvation the world over, and they're
afraid that I'm going to tarnish their image???

Yeah, **RIGHT!!!** You can read more about this crazy Krap here:
www.cheesygraphics.com/castlehassle.html


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THIS PAGE: Here are a bunch of things I've done for my good friends in the great Boston band Black Helicopter. In the lower left corner is a screen grab of their web site (www.black-helicopter.com), which I design & maintain; then a KRAPT poster design for a benefit gig that they held for my case; and then three posters for one show, using two different drawings, because the guys in the band couldn't decide on just one!

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BLACK HELICOPTER



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MORE MUSICAL CHEESE!

Above: Poster I designed for a show in Boston that was a benefit for a friend who caught the cancer and had no health insurance.

Bottom & top right: CD cover, booklet, and jewel box design that I did for a heavy bar-rock band called BURNOUT. According to the guys in the band, the title, "Armour of the Gods" refers to the feeling of invincibility that sometimes comes with a little too much of the old sudsy stuff.

BURNOUT

Armour of the Gods

CD cover design

Eric and Melody at 12th Planet Music, MA and Greg Pa Birlson, Jennifer, Denise, Jesse, Brandon Birlson, Brandon and Pa Birlson, Brandon, John Svec, Jeff Bala, RAF Family for their support, Shrike and Meteor City for the Summer Rock Mollusks Live, Li Banna and The Summer Rock Mollusks Live, Li Banna and Pa Matthews, John Kauer, Jerry Rutherford, Short Kautman, Bruce © Cherry St. Guitars, Craig Owsley, Kathy Kelly, Todd and Jerry Hopkins, Brad Carter, Robert and Delta Farnold, Mike Hopkins, Bill Francis, Ed Larson, © Edronics, Andy Abruzzo, Bill Sparber, Billy Valencia, Kate Gorman, Brandon Gorman, Rob Levey, Ma and Pa Peterson for the parietal pad, The Wardlaw, Thoria Peterson, Rochelle Myers, Spunky, Mary Jane, Mike Carver and Family, Jack Wheeler and Family, Zack Miller, Tim Watson, Ma and Pa Shields, Todd, Kelley, Nikki, Valerie, Geoff, Melissa Wenke, The Monks Family, Mark and Melissa Barrett, Jason Runder and Family, Allen and Sandy Chapman, Tom Dunn and Family, Jason Super and Family, Dylan Lumsden and Family, Mike and Cindy Macka, Faruk Perez, Keith Thompson, Jesse Regent (Bald 2), Art Prado and Family, Lucia Romero Martinez and Family (We Miss You!), Chuck and Cindy Bachman (Humpers Inc.), Gary Wapler, Willy Sylvester, Bill Komper, Mark Sappo, Nancy and Dave Nelson © New Day Fitness, Big Carl, Carl Davis, Neki Wind, Chris Hansen, Henry Tucker, the whole KXW Crew, Carter Heeney, Martin Becker, Josh Levy-Baird, Collin Peetling, The Ft. Madison Bars, best 5 days, Jason Kipston, Nick Reen, Jason Eaves, Jason Winkler, Jessica (head) Kirschner

Burnout also thanks:
Doug Reberon © Gab's Oasis, Gus © Mairy Mary's, Sal © East Side Live, Jason © The Dungeon, Greg Barrett © The Nightingale, DIXIE VITCH, KITA, BOSTON, LITFER, ALABAMA THUNDER PUSST, THIRTYTHREE, SEA OF GREEN, SUNSHINE, ON A PALE HORSE, BUNZILLA, CUBA, JENNY'S KILLCRANE, PORNWORK, RUS' and all the other bands we've played and drank with!!

BURNOUT
Armour of the Gods

1-Backstabbed Again
2-Under The Table
3-Drink It Up
4-Armour Of The Gods
5-Life No More
6-Witches Brew
7-Drinkin' With The Devil
8-The Next Day
9-Trail Of Tears
10-Mississippi Queen
11-Last Call

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Mark Shields-Vocals
Tim Matthews-Guitar & Backing Vocals
Aaron Birlson-Guitar & Backing Vocals
Braden Peterson-Drums
John Hopkins-Bass

Recorded at Minstrel Studios, Iowa City, IA

Recorded and Mixed by John Svec & Bronson Karaff @ Burnout

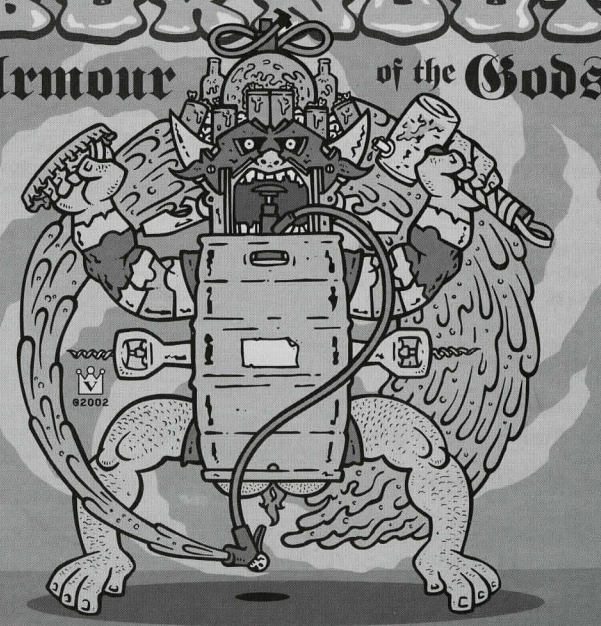
Mastered by Nick Blagona & Eric Kuthe

Art & Design by Cheesygraphics.com

Live photos by Skott Kautman

For booking and info, contact:
Tim Matthews: bgdaddy666@hotmail.com or
John Hopkins: jhopkns@yahoo.com
www.burnouttrawks.com

BURNOUT
Armour of the Gods





RATTY ROCKS!

I just picked up a new client, and she's a rat. Well, she's a really cool chick dressed-up like a rat. She's a pro-wrestling cutie pie, and totally trash talking rodent named Ratty. This is from her web site (WWW.KISSMYRATHOLE.COM):

"The Sewer Babe is in the ring now, and she is bringing a new definition to the term 'ring rat.' Her training is gutter survival New York, London, and Chicago

style. Rats have evolved to survive under extreme conditions, and Ratty is no different; in or out of the ring. This crime against nature will triumph any way she can!! So never turn your back on her, and consider yourself warned. She loves the color red. Chaos, mischief, and trouble are her favorite

methods to take down her opponents. TRY to poison her; she's immune! SHE will poison your heart, mind, and soul! So be careful, Ratty is one of the seven deadly plagues of mankind!!!!"

... and yet, she's nice, and always pays her graphic art bills on time!



Stats
age: 29
weight: 135 lbs
height: 5'7"

Training
Steel Domain Chicago
Danny Dominion
Sexy Ace Steel

East Coast Professional
Wrestling
Gino Caruso
& Kodiak Bear

RATTY'S DRINKIN' CORNER

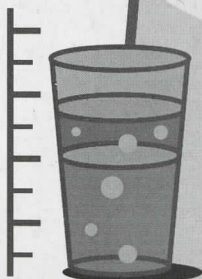
Master Crucifer, bartender at La Nouvelle Justine NYC invented these for his li'l sis:

Vodka-Garbage

1 part absolute lemon
1 part tequila
1 part midori melon
shake well, serve in martini glass.
Add cocktail stick with olive & impaled roach (preferably plastic)
Put two ice cubes inside a colored condom, knot it, & hang limply from rim!

Hepatitis On The Rocks

1 part Stolychnaya
Vanilla
1 part Bayliss cream
Dash of Cointreau
Pour in tall glass, stir,
& serve with a syringe
half full of cranberry
juice to squirt on top!

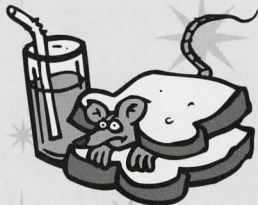
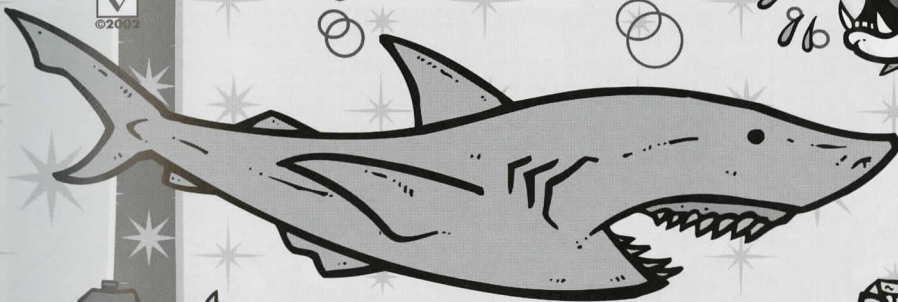
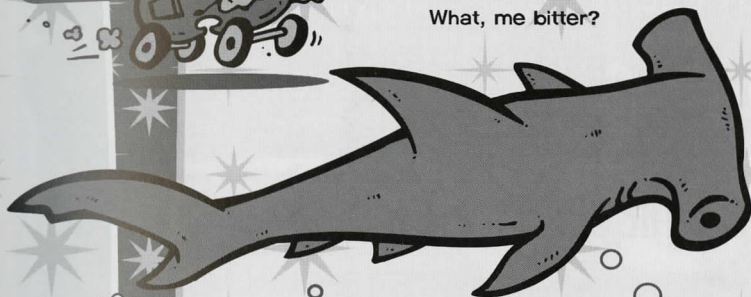
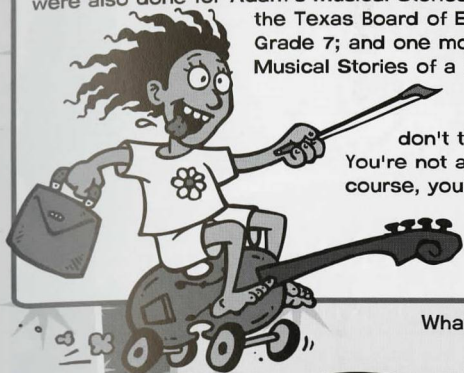


Family Fun! (WITH SHARKS)

Kraft Foods might think they've cornered the market on wholesome family goodness, which I am somehow the antithesis of, but the truth is, I do a lot of work for families, and little kids. Clockwise from the left: A golf shirt design I did for a guy who's family has an annual golf outing; a crazy dog I drew for a children's book entitled "Adam's Musical Stories" (©2002 Adam Hyman); a drawing I did for a dude named "Slim" who has a big family BBQ every year called "Slim Fest;" both the goofy kid with the map, and the mouse sandwich were also done for Adam's Musical Stories; the two sharks were done for the Texas Board of Education for use with kids in Grade 7; and one more illustration for Adam's Musical Stories of a little girl on a violin with wheels.

You see, unlike those lard-asses over at Kraft, I just don't think that life is all one way, Man. You're not all good or all bad. Unless, of course, you're a giant corporation that pretends to care about kids while feeding them nutritional void crap and calling it "Dinner." THEN, you're mostly all bad.

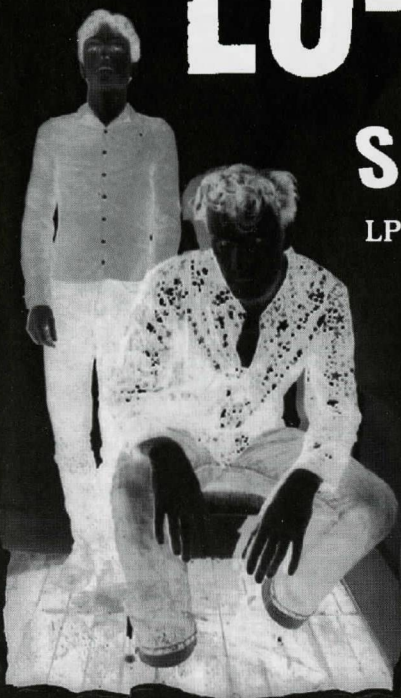
What, me bitter?



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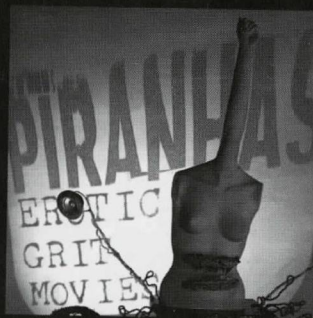
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MEANWHILE...

Ha! That stupid bitch will never find me down here in my lovely, stinking, sewage system! I love it!!!



You love it so much? THEN EAT IT, YOU TURD SUCKING FREAK HOLE!!



Glub! Blub! Sneaky bitch! You speak of "turd"? Well, here's one for you!!



HO-LEE

CRAP!!!

OH I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU JUST HIT ME IN MY MOUTH WITH THAT FAT FULL OF HUMAN FECAL MATTER YOU CRAZY MESSED UP LOAD LOVIN' PSYCHO BITCH CUNT AND A HALF TOILET WHORE!



You die now.



So, I win.

Here's three pages that I drew for a compilation comic, published by Boneyard Press, called "Zombie Commandos from Hell." The other artists are Matt Howarth, Clay Henss, Jeff Gaither, and creator Steph Dumais. It's a super gory, super nasty, extreme blood-bath type of thing, and you can see more of it, in color, at: www.raisinlove.com



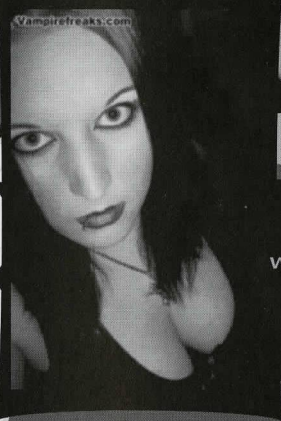
Goth~ness

by
Julie Patchouli



Goth Lite!

A little "Cat Eye" mascara & a sexy black top are a small step toward the Gothic!



GOTH GIRLS
www.thatstrangeirl.com
www.gothicgirl.com
www.gothicvixen.net

Every girl feels a little bit Goth every once in a while, right? But, what is "Goth?"

To some it's an insult. "I am NOT Goth!" retorted my friend B. when I called her "Goth Girl" the time she dyed her hair black.

Yet, to others it's a badge of honor, with daily makeup and attire choices reflecting a fashion aesthetic lying somewhere between Marilyn Manson & Lily Munster.

To me -- from my own "Hippy Chick" point of view -- blue lipstick is enough to turn any ordinary, living girl into one of Dracula's Wives. While I personally lean more towards the Grateful Dead than the living dead, I do have some basic blacks mixed in with my tie-dies, and even a big leather belt with cute little kitty cats printed all over it. That's Goth, right? Well, I guess I'm not exactly in danger of slipping over to the dark side but, like I said, every girl likes to get a little Gothic every once in a while! Even a sun-loving flower girl like me can appreciate the appeal of dead roses, and dark places..



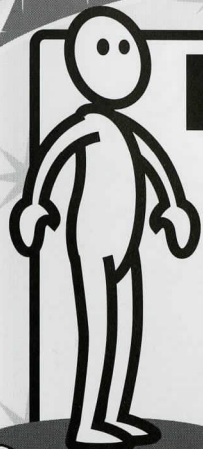
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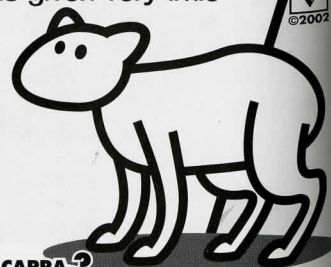
PERSON OR ANIMAL?



8

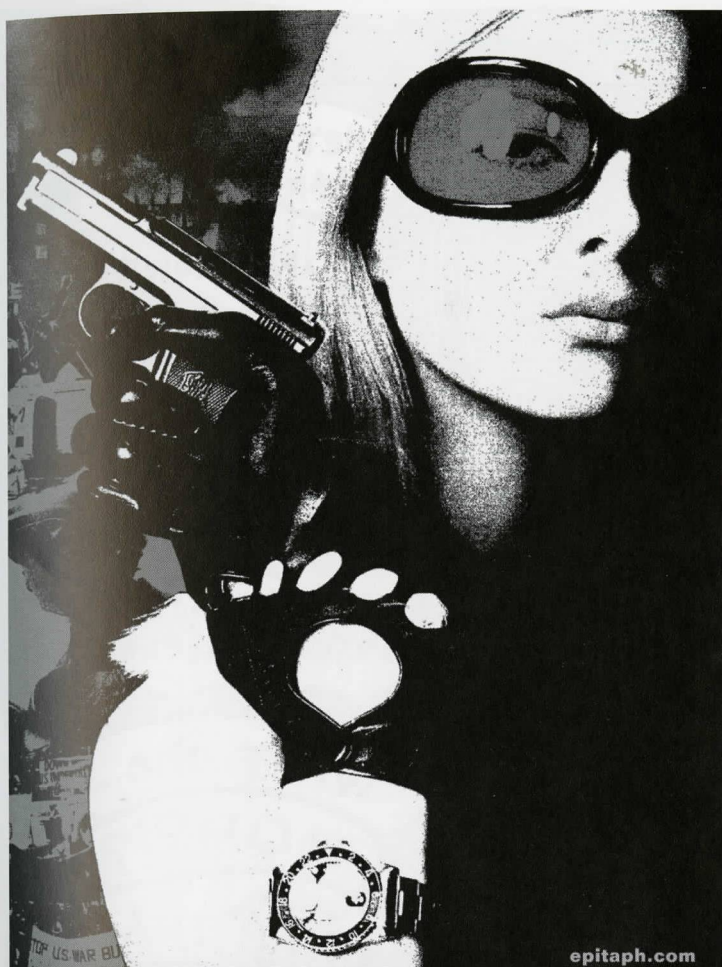
ALIEN...

I was recently hired to produce these two basic line drawings as "stimuli" for a psychological test being developed by a University in New York. I was given very little info about the test, except that the "person" should be generic enough to represent a man, a woman, a boy, AND a girl; and he "animal" should also be ambiguous enough to represent a litany of creatures as far ranging in size and shape as a rat, a cat, a dog, and a goat. Usually, as an artist, the challenge is to meet all the specific details provided by the client. This time, the big challenge was to be as non-specific as possible. I still don't know what the psych test is all about, but I do know that I almost went CRAZY working on it!



...OR
CHUPACAPRA?

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BIGGER CAGES, LONGER CHAINS

6-song EP out 01.21.03



el Gigante vs. The Super Lady!

People
of Earth!
I am the
Super
Lady!
I have taken
the Princess
Hostage!
and unless you
Surrender
to me
Completely,
SHE WILL
DIE!!
AH HA HA
HA HA
People of
Earth! I am
the Super
Lady! I
have...



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In 1996, I started drawing a full length erotic comic called "el Gigante vs. The Super Lady."

I worked on it off & on for years, but never got 'round to finishing it. It was originally drawn with the intention of having it printed in black & white ink, and I had hoped to shop it around to a few publishers back in the day. Eventually, I got discouraged by, and distracted from the comic book business, and moved on from el Gigante to other things...

Recently, I dug it out again, and decided that I'm going to start posting it on my Web Site, one page at a time, every few days or so. Hopefully, this will kick me in the ass to finish the last 8 pages of this 32 page piece of epic stupidity, before I finish posting the first 24 pages.

The story, if you can call it that, is a Mexican-style Wrestling / Horror Movie type of thing, complete with cheesy monsters, damsels in distress, and a moral lesson at the end, all combined with extreme erotica! It's too X-rated to print here, so please tune in, and turn on, to it at www.CheesyGraphics.com!



el Gigante vs. The Super Lady!

- "You are a very bad person, Super Lady!"

Rated XXX

"Attack! Attack!!!"

Now serialized on CheesyGraphics.com



The Unknowns in the TOME from the TOMB! ©2002

Somewhere Deep Underground...

UH!

YEAH!

HEY, MAN.

Calling the UNKNOWNs!

COME IN UNKNOWNs!!!

It's Doctor VOICEMAN on the UNKNOWN-0-phone!

Madmen are Making The Rules! You Must INTERVENE!!

who CARES?

EFF it.

The Canadian Border is BEING Tightened..

WHAT The...

HUH?!?!?

EFF THAT!

HEY LOOK! Attorney General H.P. AshCRAFT is Using A 2,000 Year old MYstical Text to MAKE SHit UP!

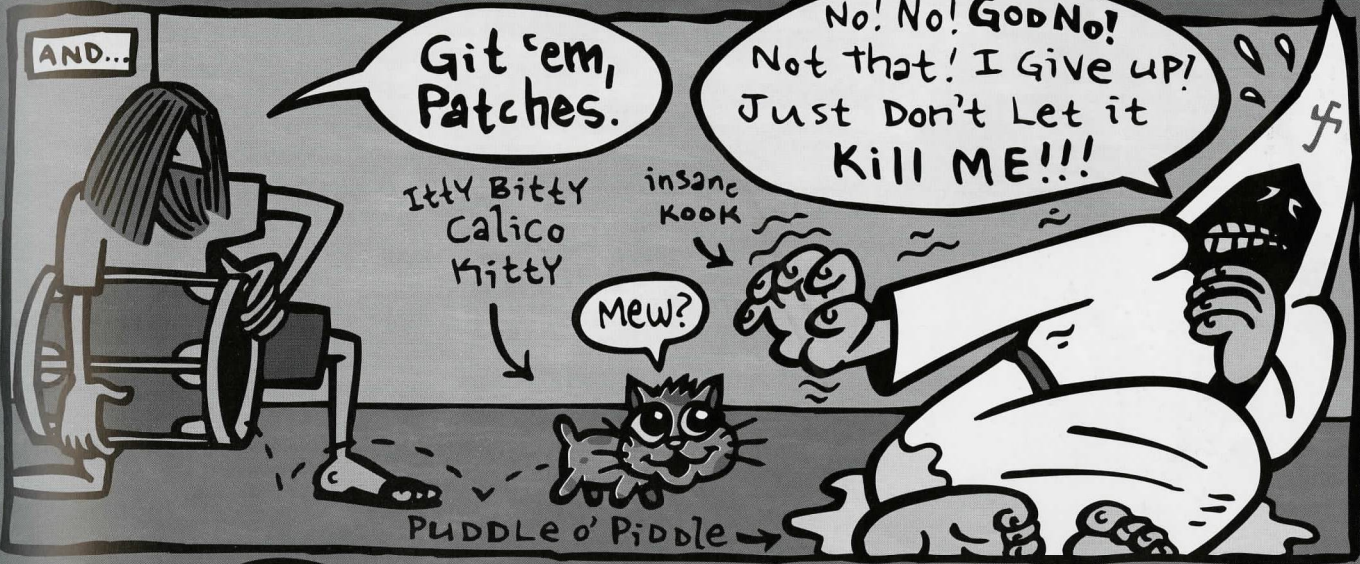
OH, It's the Unknowns is it?

HEAVY.

very HEAVY.

Hmm... Let's See "Musicians," "Dancing." Amoral and Illegal! I command thee to FINKETH, each upon the other!

NECRO NOMIC COMICS
King James Version



HERE'S YOUR

EXTRA CHEESE

May Contain Nudity

"My name is 'so-and so,' and I am a naked-lady-a-holic." Luckily for me, the Internet offers more free pictures of naked ladies than I ever could have imagined possible. Luckily for others, I like to share. The truth is, I spend so much of my free time looking at & downloading pictures from the Web, that I decided to somehow justify all this time spent, by doing something constructive with them. Inspired by the 'Page 3 Girl' concept that is popular in British Tabloids, I've been posting 'One Nice Lady Every Day' on my web site, with a link back to the original FREE thumbnail gallery, where more pictures of the same nice, usually naked lady can be seen. I call this feature EXTRA CHEESE, and so far it has proven to be a fan fave.

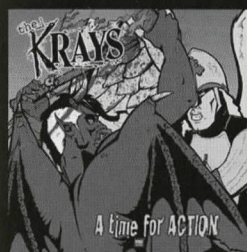


YOU PUNY, PUNY MAN ... DON'T YOU KNOW

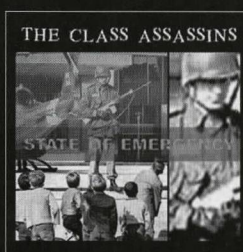


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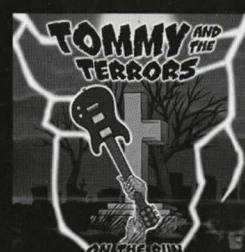
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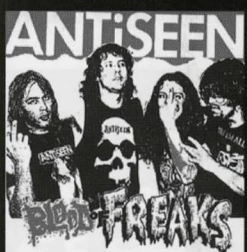


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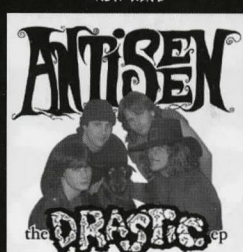


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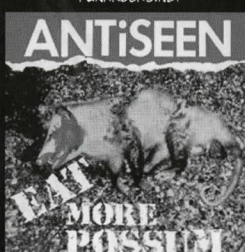
VAULT OF ANTISEEN



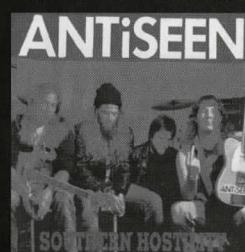
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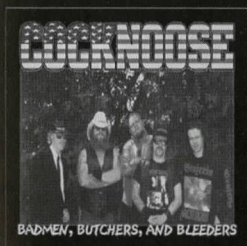


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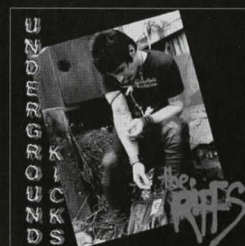
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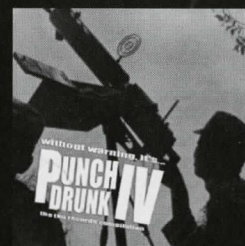
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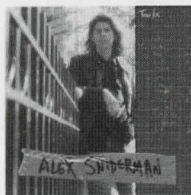
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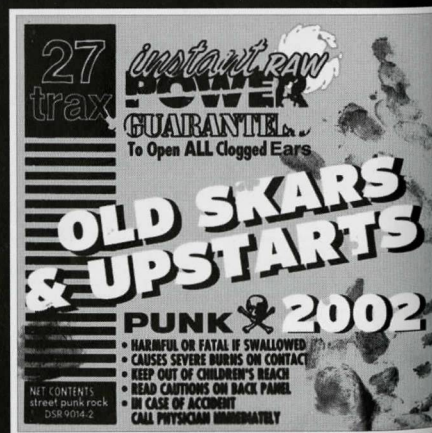
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SONG TITLE: "Psychodelic Nightmare"

FINISHING MOVE: Psychic Suplex

YEARS AS PRO: Since birth!

TOTAL COMBINED WEIGHT: Confidential

PERSONNEL: Fred Cole- vocals/guitar; Toody Cole- bass; Andrew Loomis- drums

CONTACT: www.deadmoonusa.com

BAND NAME: HELLSIDE STRANGLERS

SONG TITLE: "Desolate Roads"

FINISHING MOVE: Stranglehold

YEARS AS PRO: 3

TOTAL COMBINED WEIGHT: 500 pounds of musical muscle

PERSONNEL: Dan - vocals/guitar; Chris - bass/backing vocals; Dean - drums; Eric - guitar

CONTACT: www.angelfire.com/de2/hellsidestrangers

BAND NAME: The EARACHES

SONG TITLE: "Set My Love On You"

FINISHING MOVE: The Reckless Bastard

YEARS AS PRO: Rookie

TOTAL COMBINED WEIGHT: One metric ton of rock

PERSONNEL: Buzz - lead vocals/guitar; Prof. J.M. Kilbourne - bass/vocals;

The Spider - guitar/vocals; Mr. 4/4 - drums/vocals

CONTACT: c/o Alan Wright, 1011 Boren Ave., #114, Seattle, WA 98104

BAND NAME: Oblivion Seekers

SONG TITLE: "Bring Me The Dead"

FINISHING MOVE: Zombification Ceremony

YEARS AS PRO: Since the dawn of the dead

TOTAL COMBINED WEIGHT: 400 lbs. sober; 800 lbs. drunk

PERSONNEL: Mark Sten - vocals/guitar; Jeff Larsen - bass; Robert Parker - drums;

Tina Purdy, Heidi Hellbender, Angela Crepeau - backing vocals

CONTACT: 2701 SE Belmont, Portland, OR 97214

JUSTICE HOWARD PHOTOGRAPHY



ANOTHER AMERICAN STORY. FLUTTER
OF FEATHER AGAINST CAGE BARS. SHE
BENT HER SPINE WITH WAKING
BEFORE A WRATHFUL SUN. LOCKED
HER OWN DOORS, BARRED HER OWN
WINDOWS, JUST FOR THE PLEASURE
OF BREAKING THROUGH AGAIN, THE
GLORY OF ESCAPE, A TESTING OF
WINGS.

-MARIA SANTOS

DESIGN BY ABRAXAS STUDIO

REDEFINE EXTREME
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THE COLLECTORS

by Justice Howard

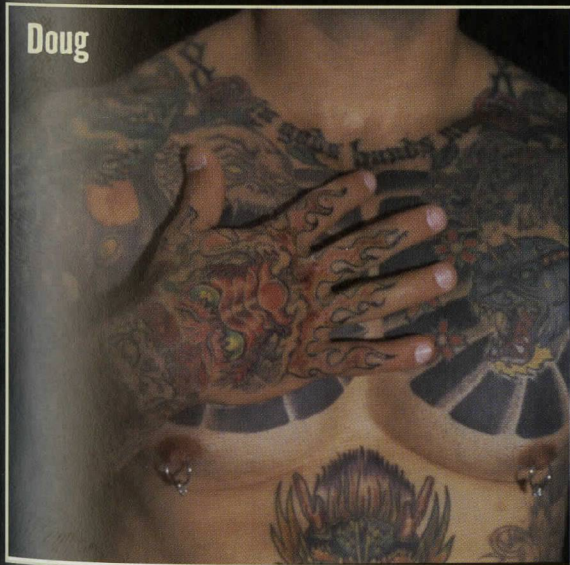
These days too many tattoo artists have the "god complex" going on. What I mean is, some of them think that they are "rock gods" or even "skate gods," "art gods," "punk gods," "graffiti gods" or whatever complex they are experiencing at that moment. And yeah, I'll give it up — a lot of them are monumental artists, but for this endeavor we direct our attention to the feisty entities that are actually walking around with the skin art. The ones who own it, wear it, pay for it, show it, take care of it and house it. That's right, this one's about "The Collectors."

Just like the people who have my own photographs framed up on the walls of their houses or businesses, I give art collectors a lot of props. My significant other, Ted, Ted, King of the Dead, is a tattoo artist. I have large respect for tattoo artists and what they do... so don't get me wrong here. I've profiled more tattoo artists in more tattoo magazines and photographed more tattoo magazine covers than you've probably ever read.

Some of these photos were shot for some of those tattoo publications and then not used for one reason or another. Like the art director didn't like girls with green hair, or her boobs were too big, or her nipples were showing... really asinine reasons like that. Since Leslie, in her editorial babe-o-riffic genius, has given me a few pages to show my stuff, I have rounded up these photos of various tat owners, in all of their wild ink-age, for you to feast your pervy peepers upon.



Doug

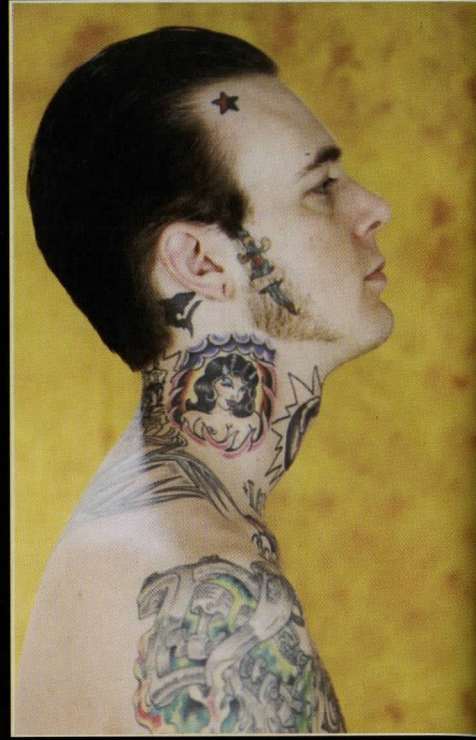
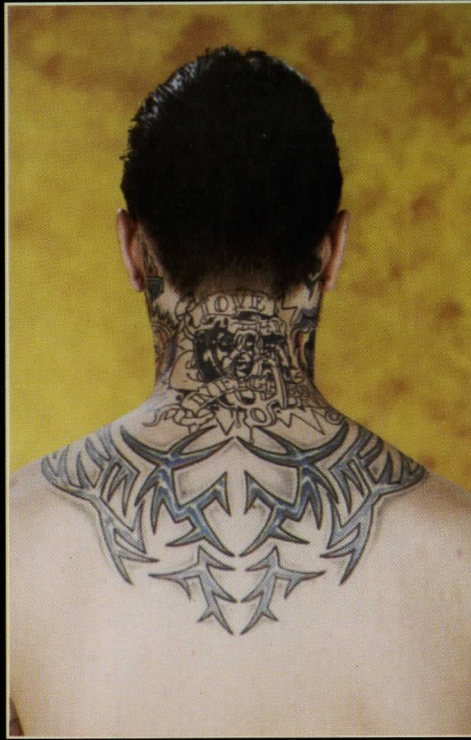
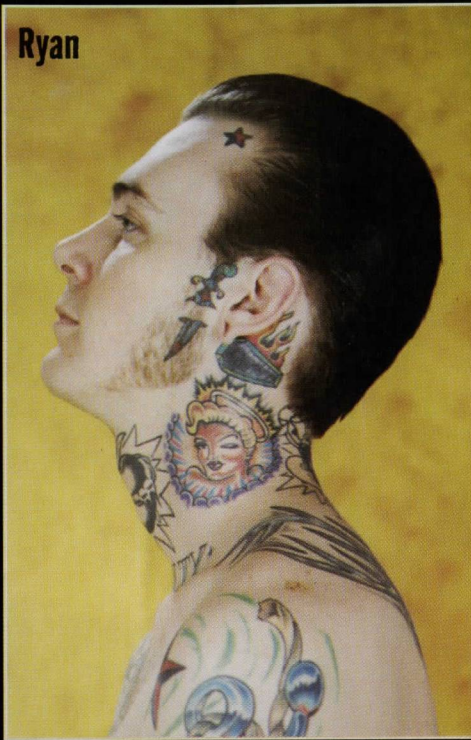


makeup by
JITT SACCA

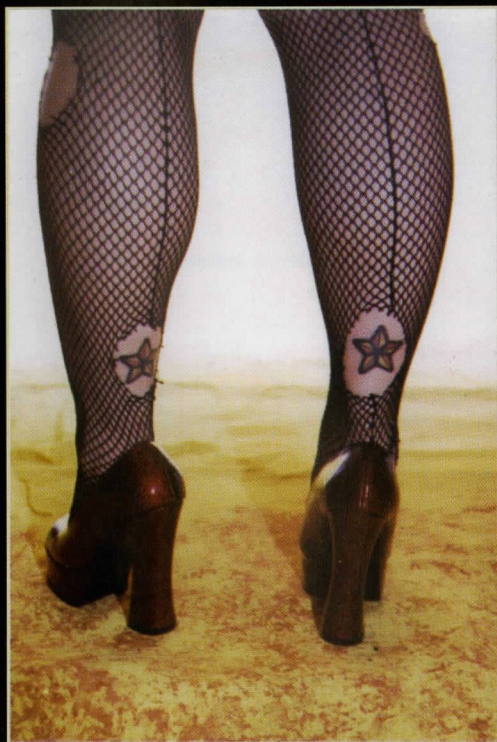
Bill

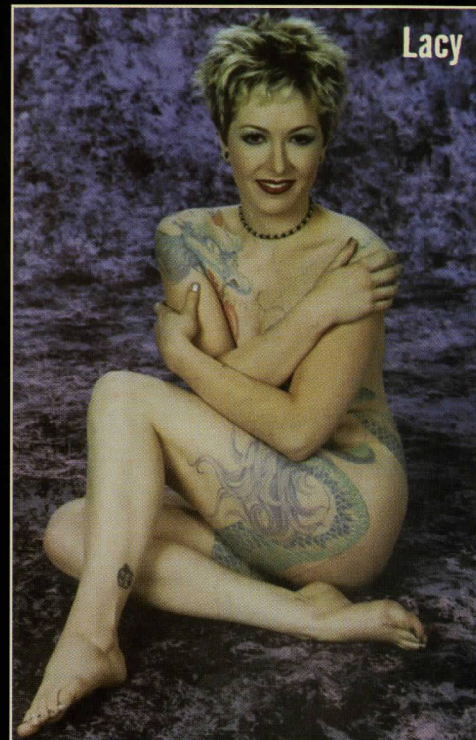
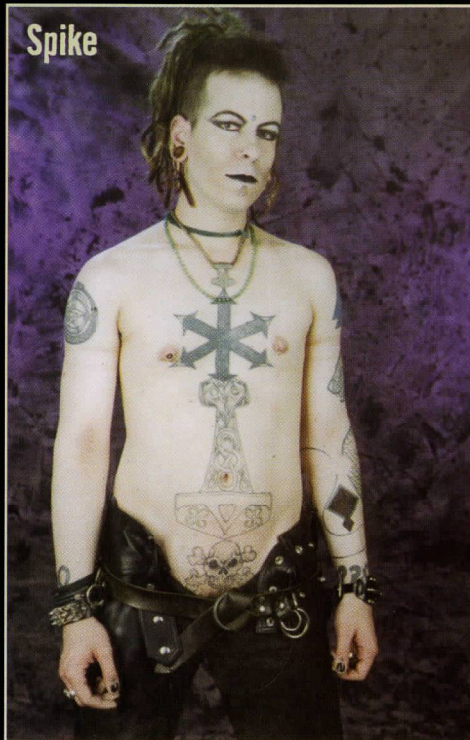


Ryan



Janelle





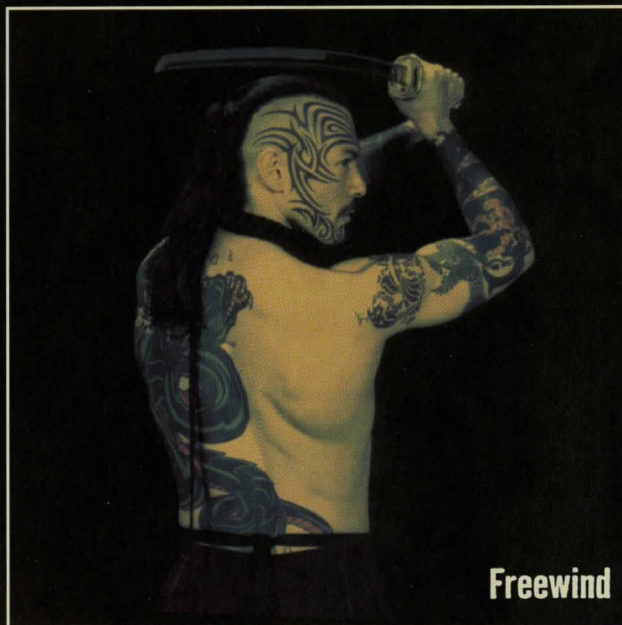
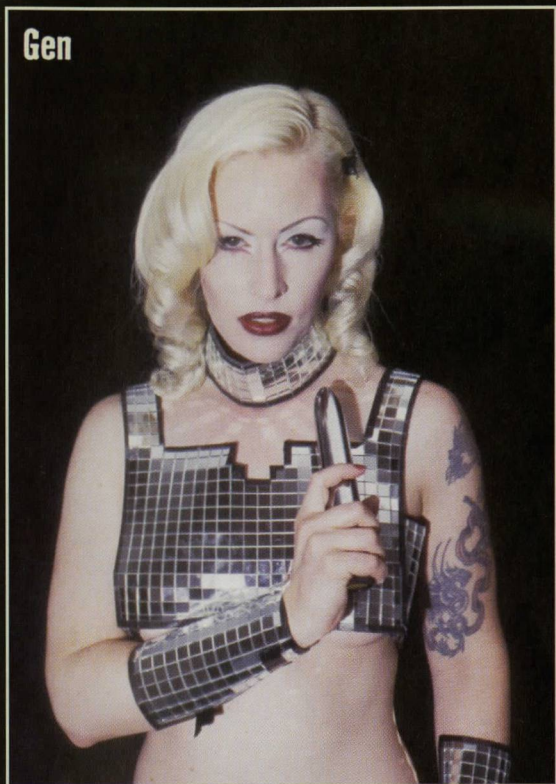
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Lacy

Stacey

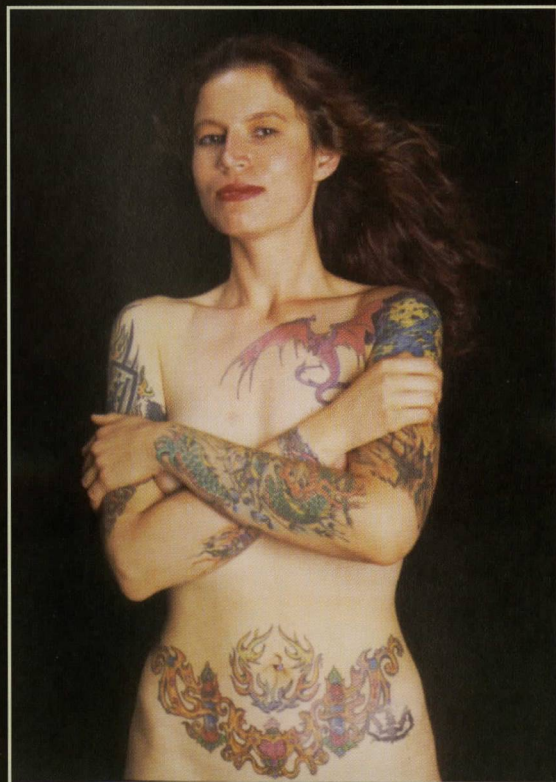
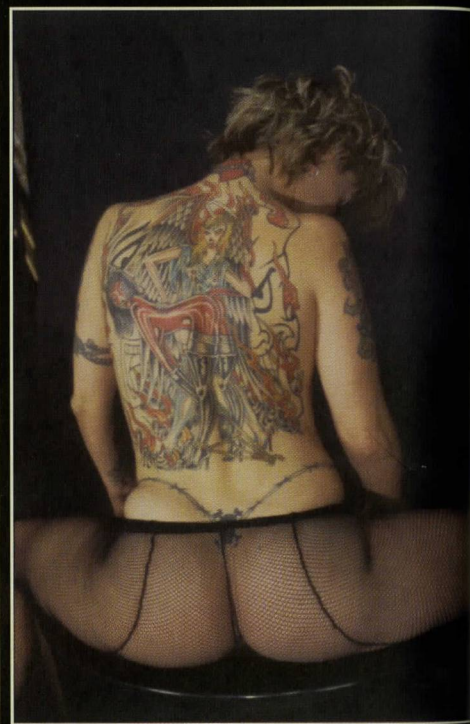
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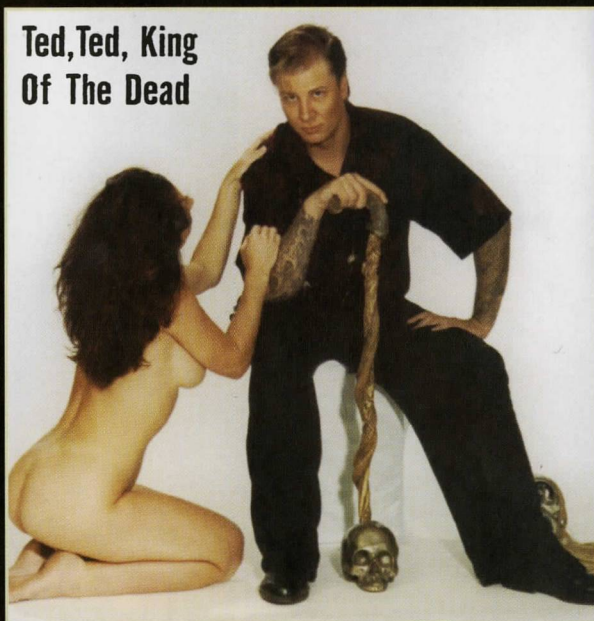


Freewind

Heathor



Ted, Ted, King
Of The Dead



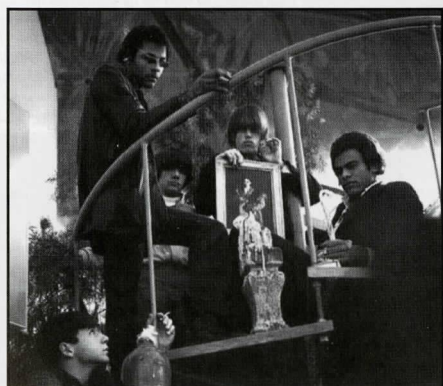
Except on the West Coast

Apart from New Jersey, it appears Los Angeles is the most openly hated place on the continent. That's sorta amazing when you realize this dusty slab also contains Salt Lake City and certain parts of South Carolina and Texas, but perception determines reality, ultimately. You hate us, we're hateful. When the Lakers and even the geographically distant Anaheim Angels go on the road, they're greeted with synchronized chants of "Beat L.A." Not "Beat the Lakers" or "Beat the Angels." It's always "Beat L.A." Does any other city get singled out for this unsportsmanlike contempt? You'd think we were the Yankees or something. I suspect this deep antipathy might be provoked by all the horrible TV shows, movies and commercials, and lukewarm generic porno, perpetrated by the big film studios in Hollywood (and North Hollywood, respectively). We are ashamed—even if it's not our fault—as local punks. If we have any connection to the Industry (take your pick, music or film), it's as pool cleaners, gardeners, extras, maids, waiters—as resentful underlings. We hate them more than you do. Our worlds don't intersect with theirs, even if "they" now have their own "punk" scene. We still advocate a class war and an end to the caste system. A class war about having class. Better manners to all people; sharing the resources (what's left of 'em). It's one of many reasons why Angelenos are so masochistic. We're told we're plastic so often, we turn brittle. We resent ourselves. We despise our own and tend to worship things from afar; the farther, the better. We've always been suckers for accents. Royalty, peasants, we can't tell the difference. You're all nobility to us.

My true, lazy heart lies elsewhere, buried under missile silos and grain silos and grain alcohol, chewed up by sawtooth mountains. I remain here; don't know how to leave. The siren songs pull me into the rocks. I'm fascinated by the collision exchange of elements, earth and water, desert and ocean.

Even if you're agoraphobic, you end up seeing a lot of great shows in Los Angeles. You don't have to try; the music comes to you. For a quarter century, we've witnessed a nonstop, thriving diversity of uniquely flavored underground bands, both obscure (Hector & the Clockwatchers, the Alley Cats, the Imperial Butt Wizards, Fearless Leader, the Sheiks of Shake) and semi-legendary (Minutemen, Ice T, the Germs, X, the Runaways). For whatever reason, there's always been a couple dozen more viable clubs here than in any other American city, including New York, Seattle, Austin, Detroit, New Orleans... anywhere except maybe Mexico City. That's the consolation prize, the saving grace, of being stranded in the desert. Where I live, in Silver Lake (a hilly neighborhood between downtown and Hollywood to the west), there are four clubs (Spaceland, the Silverlake Lounge, the Garage, and Zen) and a punk record store (Destroy All Music) in walking distance. Along with hysterical coyote-pack screeching and the still-of-late-night keening of trains down by the L.A. River, you can't help hearing the occasional sounds, bouncing across the hills, of bands practicing or playing parties. It's not paradise, but there are signs of life.

Every year, on the last weekend of August, a dozen-block stretch of Sunset Boulevard is blocked off for the Sunset Junction Street Fair. This allows the pavement to slow down, and the rest of us a chance to take over the street, to chomp churros, gulp lemonade and wander like starry-eyed rubes on the asphalt carnival midway. The best part is that, most of the time, the booking of the scattered outdoor stages is wide-open, ranging from underground locals like Radio Vago, W.A.C.O., Candy Kane, the Urinals, Pygmy Love Circus and the Hangmen to bigger names like Mike Watt, Tijuana No!, Mary Wilson, L7 and Chaka Khan. Atypically, all of this year's headliners were from out of town. On Saturday, Mudhoney came off most powerful on their earlier, shorter songs; the long jams tended to lose discipline. Sonic Youth also noodled and meandered, kinda sunny and breezy; Dead-like, but without Mudhoney's weight, making standing in the crush of the crowd an endurance test. Eventually we wandered away. The next night, I was charmed by Sleater-Kinney's Corin Tucker, who looked so deceptively sweet and innocent, then belted out with such yearning power.



Arthur Lee (second from right) & Love

The real magic, though, came earlier Sunday afternoon during a tribute to the Gun Club, helmed by guitarist Ward Dotson (the Phillip Blues, Pontiac Brothers, Liquor Giants), backed by

Possum Dixon bassist Rob Zabrecky and drummer Byron Reynolds. It was a gen-u-wine thrill to hear Dotson scrape up those distinctive scraps of slide guitar one last time. (Ward claims this is it, he's had it with music, he ain't playing live anymore.) Without the late Jeffrey Lee Pierce, this was as close as we were going to get to the early Gun Club vibe ever again. Where was Terry Graham? Or Kid Congo, the band's first and future guitarist? And R.I.P., dear Rob Graves, rip it up.

Various singers with connection to the band got up and rasped a song or two, including the Hangmen's Bryan Small ("Ghost on the Highway"), Mike Martt (who replaced Jeffrey in Tex & the Horseheads), Thelonious Monster's Bob Forrest, the Flesheaters' Chris D (many forget that the prescient Mr. D released the debut Gun Club and Misfits LPs when no one else wanted to), Keith Morris (who named the Gun Club in exchange for Jeffrey Lee Pierce writing the Circle Jerks' "Group Sex") and the Last's Joe Nolte (who gave Jeffrey his first, pre-Gun Club live exposure in L.A., when Jeffrey used to come up near the end of Last sets and sing his anguished kick-drum-heart-pulse epic "Jungle Book"). And, oh yeah, I got to jump on-stage too. I wore the coat of the ghost, inhabiting his grand persona; inhabiting Jeffrey, who seemed to intone directly through me on "Good-bye Johnny": "It's coming like a god with no name... Look down the line, Johnny/there's flashlights on the back roads, Johnny/look down the line, Johnny, of the American unknown..." It felt more like a séance than a set of oldies.

"We meet again," Arthur Lee sang at Love's secret comeback show, April 2, 2002, at Spaceland, where so many of his lyrics took on heavy extra meanings. The unannounced, hour-long gig (billed under the pseudonym "the Andmoreagains," with Lee backed as usual by Baby Lemonade) was his first since 1996, when he went to prison on dubious charges, only getting released this past March. "Served my time, served it well/made my soul a sale," Lee declared on the utterly poignant "Live and Let Live." I cried at the wasted years, and how he could sound so sincere and hopeful on "You Set the Scene," after everything: "This is the time and life that I am living/and I'll face each day with a smile/oh, the time that I've been given's such a little while/and the things that I must do consist of more than style."

If there's one artist or band I'll drop everything to go see, it's Arthur Lee & Love. You never know what will happen at his shows. I've seen him many times since 1978; I've seen all of his so-called ups and downs and have always been entertained, never let down and have always felt in the rare presence of true musical genius. I love his digressions, his funny verbal wordplay and inversions, his tall tales, improvised jams and contrary nature. I love how he used to piss off his geeky psychedelic folk-rock fans in the 1980s by playing all heavy metal versions of his classics, or all-acoustic blues sets. One time, his band fell apart after two songs, so he strummed "Signed D.C." solo, then he signed autographs and chatted on-stage for a half hour, and that was the performance. It was perfect theater. I saw droves of his fans depart the Whisky in the late '70s in disgust when he insisted on handing down two loping, hypnotic reggae 20-minute raps (including one about how he apparently killed John Belushi by partying with him too much) instead of putting out a neatly arranged display of the same old hits. He was brilliant and of the moment that night. The fans said he was burned out, etc. People can be so wrong. Even at his most wasted, or with the most disorganized bands, I always found Arthur Lee to be quick-witted and hilarious, able to carry even the most casual pickup band through his complex time changes and chords. He's magical, with a cynical but idealistic Lennon-type soul, but a truly chameleon-like ability to play almost any style of music, including fragile, soap-bubble-delicate ballads ("Orange Skies," "Five String Serenade") and fundamental punk rock ("7 and 7 Is," "Girl on Fire," "Stephanie Knows Who"). Was "7 and 7 Is" the first punk rock song? "My father's in the fireplace and my dog lies hypnotized."

Lee's been playing it mostly straight with Baby Lemonade, both in the years before prison and now that he's out, performing mainly the old favorites, and recently emphasizing an unusual assortment of rarely or never previously performed tunes from his landmark and best-known album, *Forever Changes*. He's soon due to perform the whole thing, for the first time ever, with a complete orchestra in Europe. Best of all, there's already talk he's working on a new album. His last one came out 10 years ago, but who's counting? Love is one of the main reasons why I postpone suicide and why I stay in L.A.

A clear-eyed and amiable Lee was in fine voice at the packed Spaceland, opening with Love's hit remake of Bacharach & David's "Little Red Book," then immediately drifting off into the gentle reverie "Orange Skies." It was an unexpected thrill for me, a longtime fan, to finally hear complicated, mesmerizing tunes like "Your Mind and We Belong Together," "You Set the Scene" and "Live and Let Live" in concert, with Baby Lemonade's Mike Randle and Rusty Squeezebox deftly translating the album's

by Falling James



complex blend of acoustic thrumming into their own clever and nicely arranged electric-guitar parts. That was merely the warm-up for Love's first official gig, at a crammed-to-the-rafters-and-balcony set at the Knitting Factory on Hollywood Boulevard. There they pulled off a

much longer, even more decisive concert, adding extra tunes like "Stephanie Knows Who," "Bummer in the Summer," "Hey Joe" and "Que Vida" and, most wonderfully, that eerie and not-so-paranoid-after-all anthem, "The Red Telephone," with its slow, descending garland of lovely guitar plucking surrounding Lee's quietly urgent refrain: "They're locking them up today/they're throwing away the key/I wonder who it'll be tomorrow, you or me... we're all normal and we want our freedom." That's a gorgeous deadly nightshade of a song, and this version levitated the whole Knitting Factory. I wonder who it will be tomorrow... you or me?

If you live in North America or the conquered sections of Western Europe, you probably already saw Mr. Lee & Love as they swept through your villages this year. I only dwell on this because I can't explain enough how important he is. About how many people who imitate him don't even sound like him. He has a pervasive, invisible influence. Everybody, from the strange to the mundane, from Shockabilly to the Bangles, the Damned, UFO, Alice Cooper and Robert Plant, has covered Love songs. That's a weird range. More clues: Love's ethereal "She Comes in Colors" actually predates the Rolling Stones' "She's a Rainbow." And that's pal Jimi Hendrix playing all over Love's "The Everlasting First." Jim Morrison used to follow Arthurly around, to the point of getting the same type of dog, with the same name; it was because of Arthur Lee's suggestion that Elektra Records signed the Doors (I believe Love's baroque fantasies inspired the Doors' Spanish guitar interludes and horn layerings on *The Soft Parade*). So Love was at the center of a lot of hurricanes. But this only matters, in an indirect, reflected, trivial way, because Arthur Lee is still vital and creative now, unlike most of his contemporaries—except maybe for Neil Young or Dead Moon's Fred Cole. And Lee is much wilder, more unpredictable. And he's overdue.

Tomorrow, Neko Case returns to L.A., and I can't get the mournful soul-tolling of her new "Deep Red Bells" outta me head. I have to play it every day before I can manage to stagger off to work. It's like staring at the wall until it turns to glass, from tears. I'd say I'm becoming sentimental but I've always been this way. I have a weakness for pretty voices, and shiny, faraway things. Last week's diva du jour was the equally wondrous Mekon Sally Timms, whose languorous waltzes entranced and soothed the wounded beast fluttering in my ribcage. At Spaceland, Cowboy Sally broke the fragile spell neatly with between-tune rambles on a dozen spontaneous topics, like meeting Lucinda Williams on the street and wondering how she could ever measure up (no problem there). I really loved her last song, whatever it was. A lingering desolation... a few weeks ago, Rachael Nagy seemed surprised that audiences in L.A. always go so shamelessly crazy over her Detroit Cobras. Yeah, they're just a drunk cover band—who happen to play some fucking great R&B soul-pop classics and obscurities. What a voice! What a group, this lineup with Eddie Hawrsh on rumbling bass and Maribel Restrepo chopping up chunky riffs underneath Rachael Nagy's vocal tornado; heavy-lidded and seductively restrained on "Midnight Blues," then balefully radiant on "Bad Girl" and "Hey Sailor." Before all that, I hid behind the CD racks and spied on Tom Waits pal Eleni Mandell, cooing her rueful ballads incongruously under the tall, bright ceilings of Amoeba Records in Hollywood. All the weeks of work and pressure and stress and traffic just go right out the window of my head, as I close my eyes and let these voices wrap around me. Like a cat clawing at birds far above in the sky. I envy and am jealous of such pure, clear-toned singers. I can never sing as beautifully as them, so I want to be as near as I physically can to such big voices. It's like a reliable drug to wrap myself inside them, like a lazy hot bath. Kinda like a polar balance to my constant punk rock craving. I'm still getting over the death of Dee Dee Ramone. And Joey too. To paraphrase George Carlin, who was talking about the Beatles: Why do they keep killing the good Ramones?

Punk's still supposed to be dead—and it is—but

what's curious is that I've checked out as much legit punk this year as I've seen in decades, especially the Rezillos, who I thought I'd never live long enough to see in the flesh. Although these lively Scots came and played one unannounced show in New York 20-some years ago (and later



toured here with different line-ups as the Revillos, but that's another tale), they actually showed up at the Garage a few months back for their second-ever U.S.A. appearance, and naturally, we went a bit bonkers. I told you; we're suckers for strange accents out here.



The band themselves seemed surprised that we knew all the tunes, and that torsos were being tossed every which way, but the Rezillos used to get a lot of airplay out here, and, well, we've been waiting a long time for 'em! The 'Zills didn't disappoint. Guitarist Jo Callis possessed a malicious buzz that undercut even the poppiest of several exuberant new tunes. (And he's the bastard half responsible for planting "Don't You Want Me, Baby" permanently in my brain jukebox—at least this jukebox plays for free, if maddeningly repetitively—during his stint in Human League after the breakup of the original Rezillos back in the early '80s.) The group declined to play their definitive, juiced-up cover of Peter Green's "Somebody's Going to Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight," which is a real shame, because they apparently believe it causes too much violence in the pit. But Eugene Reynolds, behind sinister shades, did sneer his way through "No," as great a snarling punk sing-along as there ever was. And of course they whipped up "Top of the Pops," with its delirious, innocent melody arcing like a rainbow somewhere over the garage. Faye Fife was everything I'd always imagined her to be. She was like a punk rock Barbara Feldon, but dressed more mod and hip with her big bracelets and polka dots. The face that launched a thousand pogo pits. She never stopped dancing and frugging, a twister of energy through "Flying Saucer Attack." I was quite giddy and dead chuffed about the whole affair and secretly pleased, once again, to have lived long enough to see something so rare.

How often do I really get to see the Sex Pistols? The real Sex Pistols. They're the whole reason I'm here. And not there. They're my mid-wives. So it was like a family reunion with myself. Like, why am I still here? Who was I? Who was Johnny Rotten? What did it all mean? Was it supposed to mean something? Weren't we fighting against something? Or just fighting?

The Inland Invasion festival, outdoors in the desert near San Bernardino, was badly organized, oppressive, physically exhausting and at times actually dangerous. Perhaps it was all a test. But if you could ignore the cutesy pop-punk bands (Blink-182) and corporate crap (New Found Glory) on the bill, there was also a lotta great punk, even if most of the planning made no sense or seemed morally wrong. (Hour-long waits in the heat-stroke sun for expensive cups of water?) The morbidly greedy festival promoters appeared to contradict everything ephemeral, mysterious and rebellious punk rock stood for. The festival was 25 years too late, in a giant venue; most of the gig happened in daylight. (There should be a law against the Damned playing when the sun is still up.) But you know what? The Sex Pistols still rocked like living thunder, with Paul Cook hammering down decisions with a judge's brutal certainty, Steve Jones squeezing out these fat and juicy Chuck Berry twists, and Glen Matlock plucking bass with more melodic undercurrent than poor Sid Vicious ever could. The Pissed-Tells were slower than what we now consider punk rock, but that was actually the case back in 1977 too. Sometimes playing slower allows time to sink teeth in deeper.

Johnny Rotten still pisses people off, causing the little teenybopper Blink-182 and Offspring fans to flee in horror for the exits after each doomy insult ("And the crowd went mild!") For every crap band on the bill, though, there was somebody great like the Adolescents, whose beautifully twined dual-harmonic guitars from the Agnew brothers at the coda of the exhilarating runaway-punk squatter anthem, "Kids of the Black Hole," was arguably the musical highlight of the day. It's amazing how well Tony Reflex/Cadena/Montana's silly, seemingly dumb anthems like "Amoeba" and "Creatures," and his pre-Adz O.G./O.C. wrecking crew (I believe the Sex Pistols and the Adolescents were the festival's only early-era bands appearing with their original lineups), stood up against the Pistols and Buzzcocks and other great bands of the day. Okay, it wasn't that amazing. I already knew how special they'd be, which

is why we got to the desert in time for the Adolescents' noon set time. TSOL were eventually mysterious through the haze of dust stirred up from the pit, and funny too, with Jack Grisham rudely dissing corporate sponsors KROQ ("They never played our music, nor would we want them!") and the water merchants ("Let's rush the tent and take the water from them!") Good man.

Slobbering Brits GBH were hellish, rumbling downhill, relentless, and quoted Spinal Tap. ("We're GBH - you must be the US of continued on page 111")





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

But that won't stop...

the HunGOVeR GoUrmeT

By Emil Nitrate

A Classic Story of Boy Meets Beer, Beer Meets Chicken, Boy Eats Chicken

In a lifetime filled with picky eating habits, there were three things that I loved from the start.

Cheese is first, and was apparently all my mother ate during the time she was expecting her little hungover bundle of joy. Cheese rocks. On nachos or in fondue. In sauces or eaten in hunks off those blocks you buy at the grocery store. It is versatile as hell and can be shredded, melted, creamed, sliced and diced. You can even spread it with a little mustard and grill it between a few slices of white bread for the ultimate in American afterschool snacks.

However, I am not here to sing the praises of our fine dairy friend. That will have to wait for another time.

Instead, let's talk about chicken. This is number two on THG's All-Time Food and Drink list. It too is versatile, a fact I wasn't made aware of until much later in life. You see, we had chicken three ways: roasted, fried and cacciatore. Well, it wasn't "officially" cacciatore, but it was close enough that you had to give the old lady credit. Years later I would discover that chicken could be grilled, deviled, caramelized, sauced and much more. But let's keep going.

When I reached the tender age of about nine, my brothers decided that I was old enough to act as their lookout when Mom and Pop went out for the night. This was quite the honor, I assumed, and undertook the role's duties with the utmost seriousness. My brothers, on the other hand, weren't convinced they could trust me and decided that my silence could be assured through a small, complicit act.

In other words, they slapped a Schlitz Tall Boy in my hand, took a few pictures and convinced me that if I was to rat them out to the proper authorities I would be in just as much hot water. They were gambling men, and bet on the fact that I'd never risk the punishment.

They were right. Worst of all, I don't even know if there was film in that damn camera!

Schlitz Tall Boy in hand, I figured that if I was going to be in trouble just for HOLDING the damn beer, I might as well go all the way and have a sip. Or two. While you might expect this to turn into a cautionary tale filled with a trip to the hospital emergency room, stomach pumps, and visit from Child Services, you couldn't be further from the truth.

In actuality, I was a much more responsible drinker at age nine than I was at age 19! But once that first sip of Schlitz raced across my taste buds and down my throat, I knew it was something I'd be embracing in my future. And since this column IS called The Hungover Gourmet, I wasn't far off the mark.

What alarms me is that it took so long for me to explore the wondrous combinations presented by a can of beer and a chicken. You'd think that at some point a light bulb would've gone off over my beer-

addled noggin', causing me to stop, consider the possibilities and begin, ahem, experimenting. Yet it would take nearly three decades for the worlds of hops, barley and poultry to collide - with dramatic results - on my backyard grill.

I'd actually seen this revolutionary and easy-as-hell technique done a couple years ago on the Food Network. Unfortunately, it was presented by Bobby Flay, that smug, sweater-wearing motherfucker we all know "is not a chef." In other words, I dismissed it.

What I'm about to tell you is a no-brainer cooking technique that produces the single juiciest, most succulent chicken you have ever had in your life. And when I tell people about it, they look at me like I've turned into Rosey Grier and I've got Ray Milland's head attached to my shoulder.

The technique is called Beer Can Chicken, and never has a cooking technique been so aptly named. No glazing, oven-roasting or pan-frying is involved. If you have a grill, a beer can, and a chicken you're 99% of the way there. In fact, you can even pull this off in an oven, but I'm getting way ahead of myself.

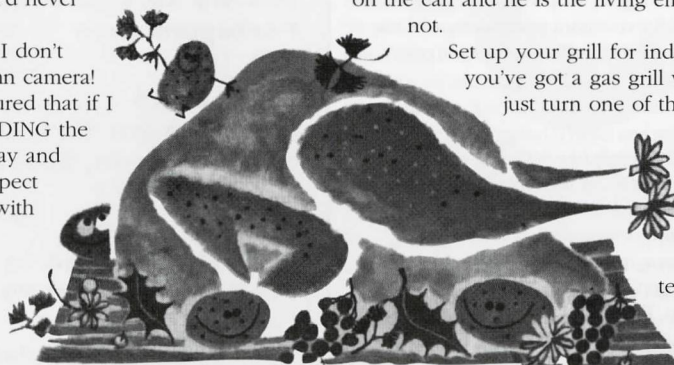
The first thing you're gonna need - obviously - is a chicken. Most recipes you'll see (including those found in Steve Raichlen's awesome book *Beer-Can Chicken: And 74 Other Offbeat Recipes For The Grill*) recommend a 3 to 4 lb. bird. I consider this a waste of time. Step up to the plate, big fella, and get a nice big 7 or 8 lb. roaster.

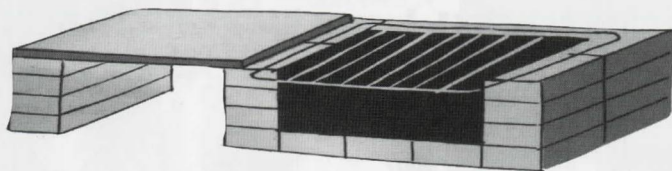
Next thing on the shopping list is a 16 oz can of beer (8 oz. if you're only doing a small bird). Through extensive taste tests I have determined that Budweiser is actually the best beer for the job. Don't ask why. Might have something to do with the fact that Dale Earnhardt, Jr. is on the can and he is the living embodiment of Beavis. Then again, might not.

Set up your grill for indirect grilling and start your fire. If you've got a gas grill with multiple burners this is easy. You'll just turn one of the burners off when you put the chicken on the grill. If you're using a charcoal grill, create two mounds of briquettes on either side of the grill with a drip pan in the middle. The chicken will sit above the drip pan with the heat around it, hence the term "indirect" grilling.

Open the beer can and pour out about half the beer. Punch some extra holes in the top of the beer can. Rinse and pat dry the chicken. Rub the outside of the chicken with a little bit of oil (I use olive oil) - this will give the bird a nice, crispy skin and it'll hold the seasonings better.

Speaking of seasonings, sprinkle the bird inside and out with whatever seasoning mix suits your taste. I've got a soft spot of late for a 1:1:1 mix of kosher salt, brown sugar and paprika, with a bit of fresh ground black pepper and chili powder tossed in. This gives the bird a





nice color as well. Take a couple teaspoons of the seasoning mix and spoon it into the beer can. Don't worry if it foams up a bit, the reaction of the seasonings and beer will cause that.

In order to achieve the best possible beer can chicken, you want to add some smoke to the cooking process. If you're using a charcoal grill, toss a handful of pre-soaked wood chips onto the coals before placing the bird on the grill. If you're a gas guy or gal, you can get these mesquite or hickory wood pellets that don't need soaking. You simply place them in a tin foil pouch with an air hole and put them over the burner that's turned on.

Now it's time for the final step in creating this culinary masterpiece. You're smart people. You've got a beer can and a chicken with a big cavity at one end - what do you THINK is going to happen?

If you said that you were going to stick the beer can in the chicken and stand the whole thing up on the grill you'd be absolutely right! Place the beer can inside the cavity and give it a twist for a tight fit. Charcoal grillers should set the chicken in the middle of the grill over the drip pan while gas grillers can turn off one burner, turn the other to low and set the chicken over the off burner.

Place the chicken on the grill, breast forward, using the legs and can like a tripod. Tuck the wings behind the back so they don't burn, close the lid and walk away. A chicken weighing 7 to 8 lbs. will require about 2 hours of cooking time; a 3 to 4 lb. bird can be done in about half that. If you're using a charcoal grill you'll need to watch the coals and make sure that your temperature stays consistent during the cooking time. Gas fans can just sit back, have a beer and relax.

When the chicken's done, take it off the grill carefully (I usually don oven mitts and lift it off) and tent it with foil for about ten minutes. You'll probably want to have somebody help you extract the can, since it tends to get wedged in there pretty good and is full of hot liquid. Carve, serve and enjoy. Repeat as necessary.

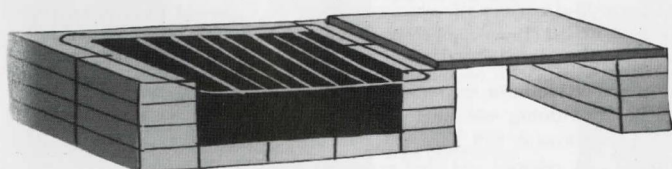
Don't have a grill? You can still pull off a decent beer can chicken - without the smoke, of course - in an oven. Set the oven at about 350 degrees and place the beer-canned chicken in a roasting pan. Position the pan low enough in the oven so that the chicken doesn't touch the top.

Don't drink? Don't worry. The beer imparts flavor on the chicken by steaming it, so it's not absorbing alcohol. Plus, you can always substitute fruit juice, soda or any other liquid. Just hang onto some aluminum cans when you're finished with them, rinse them out and use them to create your own concoctions!

For more on the world of beer can chicken check out Steve Raichlen's site at barebucuebible.com. If you're, ahem, "chicken" and don't want the whole thing tipping over on your grill, stop by beercanicken-roaster.com and pick up one of Captain Steve's contraptions that holds the can in place under the chicken. Tell 'em The Hungover Gourmet sent 'ya.

And relax, it's only cooking.

Shameless Plug: THG #6 is now available for your reading pleasure. Read about the wild world of snacks in our special SNACK ATTACK section, featuring recipes and articles from C14's own Whiskey Rebel and Larry Kay. Check out explorations from the backstreets of Cabo San Lucas from yours truly. Plus, our movie, TV, zine and music reviews make for great bathroom reading. Order on-line at hungovergourmet.com or send \$4 payable to Dan Taylor to PO Box 5531, Lutherville, MD 21094-5531.



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When I first got this assignment I was thrilled. Then reality set in, and I remembered I had to ask Josh Homme and Nick Oliveri a bunch of questions that were relevant and interesting, providing answers people hadn't read a million times before—all without tearing off my bra and demanding that Josh suck my tits. You know, act like a professional. A professional music journalist. At first, all I could come up with was, "why are you so awesome?" and "wanna make out?" Hey, the NME fellate them enough—why not me? Oh, right. Professional. Since I never kiss and tell, I'll never tell what happened. Of course, you can read the part I taped, of me and Nick and Josh sitting around talking. They are sharp, smart, and very funny. I love people who are confident in their talent and ability, and at the same time realize what they do is supposed to be fun for everyone involved. Like, it's rock and roll. It's just Josh and Nick. It's serious, but they're also fucking around. Backstage at the Electric Factory, Mark Lanegan hung around silently like Tonto, saving up energy to walk onstage and sing his four songs. I corralled Nick and Josh into a tiny room backstage and did not remove my clothes.

How did you two meet and start playing music together?

Nick Oliveri: We met in school, actually. We went to a place called Palm Desert Metal School. It was our little corner school in our corner town of Palm Desert, California, in the desert. It was cool. There was nothing else to do so kids that had folks that would let them do chores and things to get instruments got together and played after school. It was really a really good time; we were like 14 or 15. We jammed with Brant Bjork, John Garcia and Chris Cockrell.

Josh Homme: It all started very early. We were just kids.

So then Nick went on to do the Dwarves and Mondo Generator, and Josh stayed in Kyuss. How did you two get back together?

JH: We were always friends. When he was in the Dwarves, every time Kyuss came to San Francisco or the Dwarves came to LA we'd always hang out. He'd still come to the desert, where I still lived.

NO: Josh came through with the Screaming Trees...

JH: ...and we were supposed to jam but you stood me up because you'd been up for fuckin' days.

NO: I was up for too long. I was a bad kid. I played on the first two Kyuss records so there was that connection already.

JH: We basically met doing Kyuss stuff. We kinda knew each other before and then we started playing as Kyuss.

Why did *Songs For The Deaf* keep getting pushed back, and take so long to come out?

JH: Well, it's funny. Our last record we kinda did under the radar of Interscope, they didn't even know we were on the label, I think. And then with this one they had pressure for themselves. We already had the music written and they kinda pressured us, they kept trying to get involved. It took a while to keep them at arm's length. It's also a complex record, more complex than we could even understand when we were starting it. So it took a while to get our relationships correct, and to finish all the commercials and all the radio stuff and everything. It's such a dark record, it had to lighten it up a little, but it can't be silly and stupid. So it took a while to construct everything.

Using the radio as a conceit; is that to address the differences in your own songs? Was that an issue with the label?

JH: No, the label's been really good to us since we ironed out our relationship. Now it's, 'We'll make a record you like, we promise; but stay away and let us do our thing.' You know? 'You don't know what you're doing when it comes to this but we

do.' It's just that our music is so schizophrenic, it needed a nice way to tie it together to make it like an album.

I think it's the best use of that kind of conceit I've ever heard; it's subtle.

JH: Thanks. Well, it's subtle but it's also continuous. I've

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE



heard similar things a little bit here or there for moments in records. Someone told me there's a Who record, but I don't like them so I don't care.

NO: Is there a Who record?

JH: I think there's one, yeah.

So why'd you guys cancel the show in Philly last week?

NO: Because we have a new drummer and he literally had two practices to learn.

JH: I have tendonitis in my left arm, that's the main reason.

NO: His name's Joey C., he's from an old punk rock band, Wasted Youth. He also played in Goatsnake, and in Danzig's band. So he's been around the block, he's not green. We needed somebody who's one of us to come in and do this gig, especially after playing with the drummer on the record. [Dave Grohl] We needed somebody who would come in and know the stuff. We didn't want to practice a bunch. We wanted to practice as a band and vibe with each other, but we didn't want to spend time teaching somebody songs.

JH: Right. Play each song 20 times; because if you have to do that, it's not fun.

So you like playing with him?

NO: Yeah, I'm lovin' it.

JH: He's an amazing drummer. So the reason we had to cancel is kind of a combination, I couldn't play for an extended period of time and we wanted to play really good. These are some of the biggest shows we've done and we want to be as good as we can be. We've never canceled or postponed a show; this was our first time ever.

Did you guys just ask Dave Grohl to play on the record and he said yes?

JH: Dave had told me a bunch of times that he wanted to play on *Rated R*, and at the time it just didn't feel right. I've known Dave since '92; we're friends, and I didn't want it to seem to have the wrong spin on it. We had another drummer, Gene, who has his own band and had a bunch of issues going at home with his personal life. He recorded a couple songs and had to split, so I just called Dave. And it was Dave who wanted to go on tour with us.

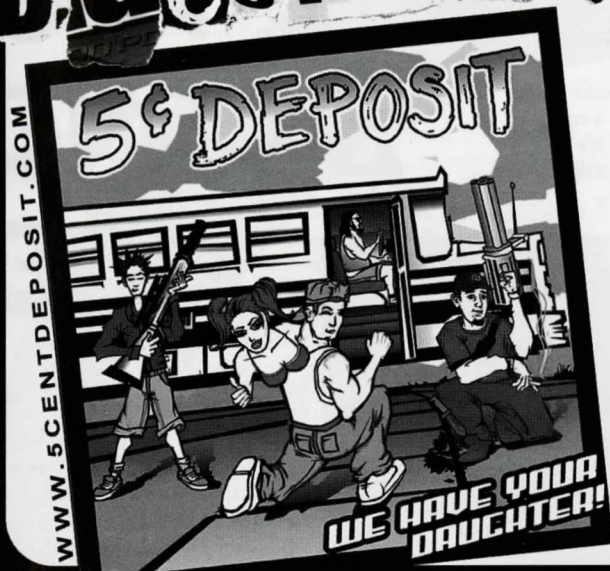
[To Nick] Playing with him was really great for you, right? I read somewhere that you said it was the best connection you ever had with a drummer.

NO: Yeah. You just knew why we were gonna do



by Alex Richmond

WE HAVE YOUR DAUGHTER



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stuff. Like if we were gonna do a fill or a transition to another part, that was off the cuff, we just looked at each other and did it. It wasn't like we gave a look like we were gonna do something, he just knew it was gonna happen. So it was great playing with him.

JH: He's really easy to play with. He plays enough instruments so he understands when we're gonna do something that's off the beaten path, and he wants to do it because I don't think he normally gets to do that. So he was passionate about it.

He was happy to break loose.

JH: Yeah. As much as it was a chance for us to play with someone who's really accomplished as a player, it was a chance for him to cut loose. It's a different style. We do some funky shit, and I think he was wanting to do that, and not be in charge,

too. But at the same time not be told what to do; we're peers. Everyone is an equal, and everyone's part is important. You have to play hooks on the drums as if you're playing them on guitar or bass, and he understands that. They have to be memorable parts. That was our big focus for Dave, I've gotta be able to sing them back.

Do you take your press seriously? Because the NME has kissed your ass a lot, or at least a few times.

JH: We tried to have an intervention for them, and it didn't work. We just hope they'll get off the drugs. Because, you know, hugs not drugs.

Right. Or hugs and drugs.

JH: Or hug drugs. Like when you get a brand new bag of whatever it is you have, give it a little love first. Cause we love love and we hate hate, that's our thing.

What's the weirdest thing you've ever read about yourself in the press?

JH: I try not to read anything but album reviews, because I think they're interesting. Interviews, we know that we've said stuff, and either they're correct or they're wrong. Either way, I already know what I've said or I don't want to know. I don't think it's good for us to fall into any hype. We're "saving rock and roll." Rock and roll doesn't seem like it's life is in jeopardy; like throw it a fuckin' life preserver or rescue it from a building or get the jaws of life. It seems fine to me. We just play music and I don't think it needs to be overly grandized. If you really, really like it, just say, 'I really love this record'; don't tell me it saves things. Like, 'I use it to open cans.' 'Frisbee in the car!' It's not that important, that's why it's so important, you know what I mean?

Yeah.

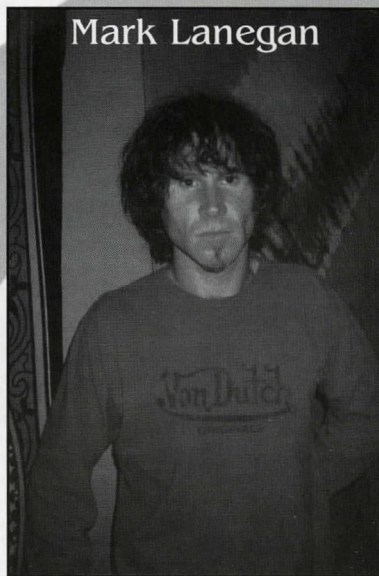
JH: It's just supposed to make you feel good, it's not supposed to tell you who to vote for.

One weird thing I read about you guys was that "girls like your music too," and I thought that was a strange observation to make. Do you have an opinion on that?

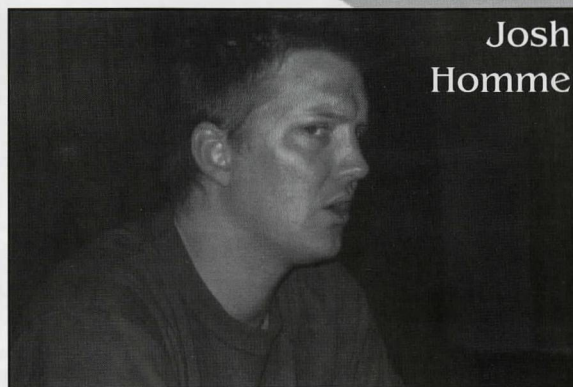
JH: That is kinda weird. We're just trying to have a party, and any good party you go to has boys and girls. So for me, maybe you're going to see shows that are too guy oriented, where everyone's mad all the time. Not you, but the person who wrote that. That person maybe needs to go see the Flaming Lips or something. When we play rock, we like to hear it heavy, but it doesn't exclude girls.

NO: Yes it does.

JH: We are all-male; we're a boy band.



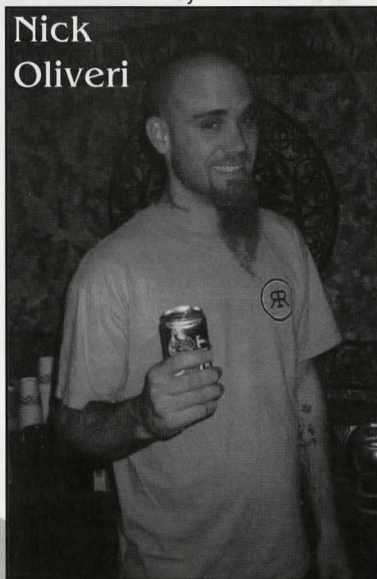
Mark Lanegan



Josh Homme

photos on this page
by Alex Richmond

Nick Oliveri



How do you feel about being a sex symbol? Don't deny.

NO: It feels good.

JH: You mean a symbol of sex?

No, you know, the fact that people see you and want to be with you.

JH: I think sex is the best thing in the world so I'd like to symbolize that somehow.

[laughing] OK.

JH: I don't know, I don't think we've had to deal with anything like that.

NO: [in an overly dramatic British voice] I can't go on! Tell them I'm sick! Tell them I've died! Tell them it's something awful and horrible and awful!

JH: I think that's why we keep a full-scale gym and we do workouts with the fans.

NO: We have contest winners. It has a lot to do with working out.

JH: Sweatin' With The Queens, that's our new video that's coming out. It's like a Richard Simmons meets Richard Hell sort of thing.

[to Nick] I heard that's why you used to play naked when you were in the Dwarves, so the ladies could see and then say, 'Me.'

JH: Sorta like shopping, is that what you mean? **Yeah.**

JH: It's kinda like a meat market **Yeah.**

NO: Kinda like that. But then once I realized nobody wanted to go home with me, it became a 'let's scare people' thing.

JH: Didn't you

realize there were no girls at Dwarves shows?

So you don't have groupies?

NO: I don't like to talk about it. I actually just have groups.

JH: Suffice it to say, we like to have a good time.

NO: We love girls.

OK. Stoner Rock as a label, why did it stick? Do you guys like to get high?

JH: We don't really smoke pot. Why? Whadda ya got? I think that's something for someone else. We never say stoner rock. Other people that write about music, that's kinda what they do.

Do you understand the term? It's a label, but barely a genre.

JH: It seems like people that really love Sabbath, and are trying to get close to it, want to have a flag for their music. That's cool. When Kyuss was around that tag didn't exist, and Queens ain't a stoner rock band, so technically we've never even been in one. Theoretically. On paper.

NO: I was a stoner kid when I was real young and listening to Ozzy, Iron Maiden and Priest. True stoner rock bands.

Maiden is a two guitar band. Sabbath is heavy.

JH: Like Lin Thizzy?

Yeah. Were they first or Maiden?

JH: I don't know.

NO: Kids listened to that music, though, when we were stoners. There were punk rockers, there were stoners and there were preppies. I was a stoner. I listened to Ozzy, Priest and Maiden; that's what I was into. So the true stoner rock, I think, would be *Killers* by Iron Maiden. *Screaming For Vengeance*. Perhaps Rob Halford started stoner rock. Maybe that's because we had him on the fucking last record. Thanks, Halford!

JH: Thanks Rob! I suppose we're a gay band now too.

NO: Thanks a lot Halford. It's his fault, he did it. Tell him we said that.

So what's the relationship between you guys and Masters Of Reality?

JH: Well, we all like poop. Chris is one of our closest friends, he's done

continued on page 113



INFUSIONS...



BY THE CONFEDERATE MACK

You can tell it's fall once it gets a little cold out. You have to tear the ratty air conditioners out the windows, breaking up half your old ass house's storm window thing that's crooked already in the process, and the ol' lady brings home some pumpkin ale from the fuckin' corporate "health food" store. So much of that sentence right there is disturbing... the whole conditioned air in the summer and heat pumps in winter. We're advanced beyond opening a goddamned window because some shitty little bug might fly in and ruin our "comfort zone" and in wintertime we want steady, easy convenience heat and not a fire which has all the soul of the world in it—a million years of motherfuckers sitting around campfires and vibing on each other, telling tall tales to the chilluns and to each other and once the mamas go to put all the kids down, the men smoke funny stuff and drink fermented stuff and do what men do. So much wrong with that first sentence... health food stores that cost too much, and how we've progressed so far and are so better off, yet we eat all this shit that's prepackaged and preprocessed and we never kick it with the neighbors, much less have a big get together where motherfuckers galore are cooking a big fuckin' meal in one of those giant type pots that vaudeville monkeys would be pretending to stir with a wooden spoon. So much better off because we need convenient, faster food without all the prep-work or cook time. We need it convenient because we're so maxed out time-wise with shitty jobs that promise shitty carrots hanging from shitty sticks by the hangman's noose, fancified with red, white, and blue ribbons. Yeah, we're so great with our modern American life.

So like I was saying, you can tell it's fall when the ol' lady brings home the pumpkin ale; I got my first of the year cracked right here, pumping some Jimmy Smith the fuck up on the stereo, "sittin' by the dock of the bay.... wastin' time." Hell yeah, Jimmy, sing that shit and pound the fuck out of that Hammond B3. So it's fall and I'm digging into life again, finally, trying to pull my brain from the mental rut it's been in—just trying to vibe on real things. My ol' lady's really into herbal remedies and all, done a few seminars and conferences in the last year; and this one kook, Susun Weed, turned her onto all sorts of wild things. Now, a lot of it I ain't listening to, because Susun Weed brings some weird naturalist feminism into play, like there ain't no wizards and nothing but witches on this planet. But the knowledge she's added to my family has been beneficial. St. John's Wort, which is mostly known for it's stress-relieving abilities, has actually kept me from getting sick this year, as any time I feel sniffly, my wife busts out some sort of tonic with that stuff in there, and the next morning I'm all good for word. Anyways, she's gotten into making infusions, mostly nettle infusions for her and our daughter, as it increases the body's immunity to all sorts of shit and generally makes you an ass-kicker health-wise. I tried it, but couldn't get down with the taste, as herbal infusions, nine times out of ten, taste like grass cooked in water—which I guess is basically what it is, if you let your grass keep it real instead of spraying and training it with bling-bling chemicals and cultivation. You fucks.

Well, I came across this stuff called Dream Herb, or *calea zacatechichi* if you're a scientist, and it makes for a great herbal infusion. Dream Herb is called the Leaf of God where it grows, down in the southern part of Mexico, thus called because of the visionary dreams a taker would experience. I started taking these infusions, which are nasty as fuck tasting; you have to drink it while it's warm with a dollop and a half of honey, just to take it all down. Goddamn right Jimmy Smith! "This is a mean ol' World... takes a real man, uh man, to uh, really survive... that's why I'm gonna get myself together and try to keep myself alive... dig this here." I'm digging Jimmy, I'm motherfuckin' digging on it. The Hammond B3 organ is the shit, and if you can see somebody play the fuck out of a legit one, then go see it. I just saw this dude a few weeks ago, Robert Walters and his 20th Congress (my wife won some free tix to the jam) and damn, was he bad ass on the organ. A good organ player can pound keys right into your fuckin' chest, and make you want to drink beer and fuck women against your will. Their's too. The Hammond B3 is like the King Motherfuckin' Super Destroyer when it comes to

organs.

So this Leaf of God, it gives you very strong visual dreams (with mild sound hallucinations, but don't sweat that). I am usually elbow deep into four pussies worth of different projects at any given time, so I don't sleep more than six hours a night, and usually once or twice a week, I'll snake by on three, sometimes two hours of sleep. At age 29, it doesn't make for the brightest, bushiest tail in the morning at work, but if all I did with my life was go to sleep and go to work, I'd probably be stabbing your neighbors right about now, wouldn't I? So even with the slight amount of sleep I get, I've been having strong dream recall, plus the dreams themselves seem to have continuing themes, building up to something; I'm not sure what though.

Infusions don't work immediately like your normal drug would. You have to start taking the infusion and let it eventually establish within your system. This doesn't mean you'll start having crazy dreams like three hours after you take it; it means you could drink this stuff for three months before it starts working. For me, it was about two weeks before I woke up, recalling the first chapter that made me know I was onto something.

Subconscious, conscious and unconscious, they're all little kids holding hands and playing freeze tag in our fuckin' heads, all intertwined and mixed up and shit. Dreams are so fucked because they'll take cognizant thoughts, tweak them out and throw some kooky shit that a thousand monkeys sitting around with a thousand Super 8 cameras at a thousand art film schools for a thousand years couldn't come up with.

So the first chapter, where I knew this wasn't a normal dream, like I usually have... well, I usually don't recall my dreams because, like I said, I never get into a deep enough sleep. I'm usually inebriated to one extent or another during all those short sleeping spells at night as well. All this means little dream recall. Anyway, the first episode was normal enough. I was in the field of the Compound, chilling out under the stars. It was chock full of stars, where you can imagine the roundness of the planet we're on with stars from horizon to horizon stretching like a glass dome over top of you. Well, I was laying there looking at the stars, when I noticed one of them twinkling sort of green like. Then another. And more and more. As I looked at individual stars, they looked different shades of green, some dark, some very faint greenish off-white. As my focus scoped back into the Big Picture range, it started to sort of look like a giant dollar bill behind it all. Well, as soon as my mind made that mental note, the dollar bill started to barely light up, neon-like, behind the sky, eventually shining faint enough that I could tell it was there, a giant fuckin' dollar bill lurking over the shoulder of that universe of stars. I woke up at that point to the nasal assholery of the alarm. I got up, sprayed water over my body, rubbed this fluoride paste back and forth on my teeth and went to work. It was terrible, as usual. Very de-energizing.

The next night, the theme continued, and I was vibing on the same sky. The neon bill wasn't highlighted like before though some stars were green, so I knew what was up. There was a barn in the pasture though, which isn't there in real life.

You have to be careful; you might be sitting here doing this thing, reading, whatever, thinking up a master plan with nothing but sweat inside your hand, and you'll be like, "I'll check the score to the game," or "Let me look this one thing up on google," or "I wonder if there's a Simpsons rerun on right now," and next thing you know, you've wasted two hours on some electronic stimuli. On top of that, it sucked all your motivation away and you're left with another wasted night. That's the drug right there, the destroyer of your conscious to piss off your sub- and unconscious. I'm not preaching; I'm as guilty of it as any one. I'm just saying, is all.

So, you see, there was this barn. A little one, in the pasture of the Compound which, by the way, we're actually getting ready to buy. Well, we won't own it in a real owning sense, as my shitty government, both federal and local will expect tax revenues from me. I'm simply pretending to own it, which is a form of rent I can't escape. Which means they own it, because if I don't pay my tax/rent, they'll seize it from me. Those cocksuck-





ers. Well, that barn was there, and I hear all this laughing from time to time, real goofy ominous "AH HA HA" throat laughter. So I creep up to the barn... wary, because in my conscious world, there is no barn there. I peek through the barn doors and it's the Count puppet from "Sesame Street," sitting at a table that's really a piece of plywood with putt-putt grass carpet on it, sitting across two sawhorses. The Count's got stacks of money, and he's counting it—being the Count and all—just like he did on "Sesame Street," all obsessive and over-exaggerated like. "ONE! Ah ha ha! TWO! Ah ha ha! THREE! Ah ha ha!" I go through the big barn doors, and he's still concentrating on the ducats, "FOUR! Ah ha ha! FIVE! Ah ha ha!" I'm walking all slow towards his plywood desk, when finally he sees me. He jumps up and starts talking to me in serious bastardized street slang, with a southern accent. He just keeps talking at me, about all types of money-related things, fast and furious, like the Count counts. About money not being necessary so I should give it to him because if he can convince enough dumbasses like me how it's not necessary he can accumulate enough to cross that threshold to the other level of the game... and when he said that, I realized that it was Bushwick Bill under the Count mask. But you can't really ask a puppet to take off his mask, because that's his whole thing, being a puppet. At least that's how my mind saw it that night in dream herb world.

For a few nights I didn't have any real relatable dreams, until the second chapter, which was probably one of the more lucid dreams I've ever had in my life; except the couple where my dead uncle visited me posthumously, but that's for another time. The second chapter had me kicking it in Farmville, where I grew up, right at the College Plaza Shopping Center next to the Advance Auto parts store. So this limo rolls up to me, and in very Hollywood-like fashion, the back window comes down a few inches, and some dude in a dark suit with sunglasses on says, "You want a job, kid? It pays fuckin' killer, and you can quit whenever you want, no questions asked, and still get paid." I, being a man, thought somebody was gonna try and take my manhood, so I stepped back. Dude in the car said, "It's no weird shit, kid, straight up decision-making skills to help my boss, you look like the perfect guy." And the door cracked open, so I slid into the seat with the back by the driver's compartment, facing the dude in the suit and his boss, Ronald Reagan, who was asleep with his mouth open, slumped over against the door. The suit dude looked like every Secret Service guy you've ever seen in a movie and he said, "This is my boss, and I think you know who he is." I was like, "Yeah, that's President Reagan." (In dream world, he was still President—which he may actually be, who knows. I'm more of the belief that George Herbert Walker Bush has been running the country since 1980. But hey, beliefs are like donuts, they all taste good when you glaze them over and they all have a big hole right in the fuckin' middle.) So suit guy's phone rings, he whips it out, and is like, "Yeah? Really? Okay, let me see." Then he looks at me, "Should we bomb the shit out of Italy? Some soccer team burned an American flag with Ronnie's face on it after they scored a goal today." I was mortified that they'd think about bombing over something like that, and even more mortified that he was nonchalantly asking me about it.

"No way, man." And the suit guy got back on his phone and told whoever on the other line to hold off and see how it plays out, maybe the other team would score and even things up. "Shouldn't you wake him up and ask him?" The suit guy looked over at Ronald Reagan, then back at me, "No, he basically just sleeps in here while we ride around."

"Hey, you know what? You can let me out up at the spotlight." So I got out, the suit guy rolled the window down again and gave me a hundred dollar bill with Bush's face, the older Bush that was President first, rolled the window back up and they screeched off. I was looking at the bill when it connected to the First Chapter as the same dollar bill that was behind the stars in the sky. Goofy, yes, but it was one of those dreams that made me sit there on the edge of the bed, freaked, because it seemed realer than a shower.

That led up to the recurring themes I've been having now, the third chapter, which has been involving the same character every night, but in different places each time. The first time was just a chance encounter with the character. Again, subconscious tweaked conscious, and the west end of Farmville (yes, it has ends) had been altered. You know how dreams do that, everything's laid out the same but everything is different. Well, this part of town was blank pretty much and I rode a cab to this restaurant for some reason; I had to ride a cab because every car that parked around this part of town had the wheels and doors stolen and had been set on fire to make it look like burned out ghetto scenes in modern movies about how hard it is

to obey the law when you're a black guy in the city. I go in the restaurant and it's jam-packed, but not orderly, like you'd expect a restaurant to be. It's just rooms, like in a house, but every room has tables cramped together with people sitting everywhere. Big tables with lots of people, like when your family is too big but you still have Thanksgiving at Grandma's trailer since she's the one who has to fix the turkey, and you all drag in the picnic table, set up the jigsaw puzzle collapsible table, use her regular kitchen table, and you still have to eat in shifts. It was cramped in like that, but it was all sorts of folks, all colors, people I recognized from my conscious life and strange ones. Everybody was drinking and eating so that every table looked like the inside of the gatefold of ZZ Top's *Tres Hombres* LP. I ended up at this one table across from a shaggy looking black dude my age. He was wearing a shitty sweater stained by paint, like he was a housepainter (imagine that, a housepainter drinking) and his pants were all dusty and shit. He seemed cool. A table full of people kicked it and I drank some beer. That dream was pretty uneventful, other than there being rioting and looting outside but we were all safe inside as part of this fucked-up little community. I didn't think about that when I had the dream, but it makes sense to me now. The main part of that dream was it established that black hobo housepainter guy in my subconscious memory bank.

A couple nights later, for some reason, I was driving a shitty car that broke down. I have lots of bad car dreams, probably stemming from the fact I've driven over 30 different cars in my life regularly, and most all have ended up completely broke down beyond repair in one way or another (or at least financially irreparable, which happens a lot quicker if some uncle or dude down the road is offering a new ride for \$300 on a regular basis). I also used to be tormented by these dreams where I would wreck and get thrown through the window and my whole body would feel like a scraped knee. Or I'd be driving a car that couldn't slow down and I'd have to decide whether to run over the couple people on one side of the road or the other. Those probably stem from me feeling like I have no control over my life and how machines will destroy me. Stupid machines. Anyways, my shitty car broke down, and I knew the railroad tracks were the same ones I had crossed twice on my trip from home, so I walked the tracks back to my home where I started. The tracks were raised, and I eventually ran into that black dude again. We walked and bullshitted, since we were going the same direction along the tracks. In this quieter, more serene environment, I realized that even though he didn't look at all like him, he was this dude Micah from my high school; his voice and the way he talked was exactly the same.

Micah came to our school from Fresno in tenth grade. He had gotten busted out there for drugs and shit, and got sent by his mom to live with his dad outside of Farmville in a rural area called Prospect. His folks used to be Black Panthers, and his dad had this crazy old house. It was very run down, yet cool; missing exterior things over the walls on one side so it was exposed plywood, yet the inside had books and a big fish tank and anything you needed. Micah and me hooked up quickly, as I usually did with new kids because I was very friendly back then, owing mostly to my desire to find somebody new to do drugs and alcohol with, and Micah had puffy hair, which was uncommon for brothers back then. Maybe a De La gummy style fade, but not a full head of afropuff—not yet at least. Oddly enough, The Lady of Rage who did that "Afropuff" song was from Farmville and used to baby-sit this dude I rhymed with. We wrote a song with her called "Rated Triple R" since he was Rob, I was Raven and she was Rage, but she wouldn't even record it with us on an 8-track because she was scared of Suge killing her. She had a really nice Explorer with all the options, but she and her kid lived in the same shitty house she grew up in. The music industry is a con. Anyways, like I said, me and Micah were cool from the word jump.

The first day at lunch, he was telling me about the gang fights between Mexicans in his old high school, and I told him we didn't have much good shit like gangs or fights here. No shit, no sooner than I said it, two big black chicks got to scrapping across the fuckin' table from us. One got their shirt ripped off, but she just kept kicking ass in her bra, big black tits bouncing all over. She did kick the other girl's ass, too, even longer than usual because the assistant principal, a big dude we called Sailor Bob who looked like Shemp from the Three Stooges, was sort of uneasy about grabbing this Aunt Jemima chick with no shirt on from behind. But he did. And me and Micah laughed and laughed and got high together after school in the woods behind the parking lot.

Micah and me became great friends. He'd stay the

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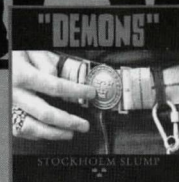
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weekend over at my house, just showing up, his dad driving the beat up bucket they drove; we'd talk my mom into going out for a day or two and throw parties where a room full of kids would do acid and play World Cup soccer on the Sega Genesis. That was the style back then. We'd go into the woods in groups and get lost and I'd pretend I'd know exactly where we were, even though a head full of four blue unicorns were making everything blow back and forth like a hurricane, and plus eyeballs were dripping from the sky, but somehow we'd end up back at my house in time to finish off the last bottle of Absolut Citron. Those days were great.

It got really cool when Micah's brother got out of jail and didn't want to live in the same house as his dad, so he and Micah put a wood stove in their livable shed and painted the walls blue. They had a couch and a bed and we'd hang out there, getting drunk on cheap wine and talking about the bitches at school and how they were all prudes for not wanting to do acid in wood-heated sheds twenty miles away from town. College was gonna be better, which is what all kids who have parents with money or parents with signatures good enough to co-sign on some government loans say about high school. Then they say things will be cool after college. Then they get a job and life sucks until they die. But at least none of them ever admit it's been downhill after high school, which I guess—if you use one played-out saying's meaning—means things got easier because you're going downhill. But I'm thinking more of over-the-hill and you're not as high in the world as you were. Those two always contradict each other, yet they're both popular sayings.

Anyways, in my dreams, this black hobo housepainter fucker who talked like Micah... oh wait, I forgot to tell you the creepy thing about Micah. The whole time I wrote all that, it made me feel really gay. We stopped hanging out as much because, again while really fucked up, he started talking about his girlfriend back in Fresno, Lily, and how much I reminded him of her in my attitude. At first, it was like, "whatever" and we'd pound another shot. But once he did this a few times, I was doing a lot of drugs back then, and it freaked me out. I'm not one to think maybe I shouldn't judge somebody. Fuck that, my fat gut has intuition for a reason, and if I feel something, no matter how unfounded it may be, I'll go by that shit, regardless of the consequences. It's given me some scars, and made me piss off a few girlfriends, but it's saved me from ever having a black kid from Fresno try to molest me; though a black guy from Richmond did try to molest me. He was unsuccessful, and then I ripped him off of some weed, but that's another story for another day.

So the black hobo housepainter is laying all this shit on me that's really heavy, I mean the type of shit that your conscious mind breaks in with a thought on your subconscious dream to suggest, "Hey, you ought to remember every fuckin' word of this shit, because it's money, baby, pure money!" Of course, I didn't remember any actual word of it, but I had the meaning stuck in my gut.

He kept coming back, night after night. We picked up some bitches one night. He got the ugly one because they were country white girls from Piedmont, North Carolina, and country white girls don't like black dudes, much less raggedy hobo ones, so me and the hot bitch named Cindy had to talk her friend into hanging with the other guy. We'd always end up riding in some shitty vehicle or walking along railroad tracks, and get to talking. I'd never remember what exactly we discussed, but I would wake up with the feeling that most of what I see is not what I see.

I know, I know. You're thinking one of two things. Either, "You fuckin' tweaked out freak, you need to stop taking so many fucked-up drugs," which isn't true at all, because I don't hardly do drugs anymore. Or you're thinking, "Well, no shit Mr. Dumbass Mack, everybody knows the world is a hypocritical piece of shit, and you haven't discovered a fuckin' thing." That's true, and I'm as cynical as the next three guys put together.

The thing is—most people are pussies, and I don't really say that too much because my wife is a liberated type into Susun Weed, like I said, and she's told me the pussy is powerful and not weak. It can stretch to have kids pass through, so me calling someone a pussy doesn't really do the trick. When I tell you my wife is liberated, she's not a cranky, academic type. Before she had a kid, she could outdrink most anybody, and our early dates basically consisted of getting a case of Budweiser and driving till the box was empty, then turning around and pointing the machine back home. So don't go thinking some stereotypical liberated chick shit about my ol' lady. Most liberated chicks are educated beyond their intelligence, as Jerry Clower liked to say. But you understand what I'm saying when I tell you most people are pussies.

And I'm not talking about an Us vs. Them type thing; not the cool kids who are into the underground and have fireball tattoos and shit like that against the squares of the world. I mean, out of that room full of kids sitting around with me and Micah taking acid and fighting over who could be Germany or Brazil in World Cup soccer, probably all of them are squares now, at least on the outside. The long hair has been cut, the drugs are faded memories and the carelessness has been replaced by investing money for a future that ain't guaranteed. Beyond that, when I was in my 20s, I bet out of that room full of guys sitting around pounding liquor and playing dice all night, arms covered in tattoos and mouths full of contempt for the regular world, I bet at least half of those guys wear shirtsleeves over their tattoos and have stocks and great credit and all that square shit by now. Fuck, I bet half of you reading this right now, in 10 years, will be exactly what you despise right now, but you'll have some sort of convenient psychological justification for it - growing up or settling down because you had a kid or almost dying or almost going to jail or some bullshit excuse like that. It's American nature, to eventually prostitute your naïve idealism to get in on the party that everybody seems to be enjoying. No matter how much you say, "no fuckin' way, asshole," right now, half of you will. Guaranteed.

I turn 30 in a few months, and I'm as fucked-up looking as I was when I cut my hair like that dude in Voivod when I was 13. I hate the world as much as I did when I carved FTW into my arm with knife from the flea market with my boy Evil Ed. We were all about stealing wine from the Big Star and sitting on milk crates in the woods behind the store, getting drunk and listening to *Extreme Aggression* or *Feel the Fire* or *Reign in Blood* or *Beyond the Gates*, and generally being River's Edge before I knew what a VCR was. It was great. And it still is. Now, granted, I've got an ol' lady and daughter, so I can't do what I used to do all the time; I have to not quit my shitty job with a shitty lying bossman, but I do come in late every day and leave early every day and have dreadlocks and a hillbilly beard and wear my ME LOVE WRESTLING t-shirt to work, just to keep him at unease. Other than the dream herb infusions and some painkillers and drinking heavily, but no liquor anymore, I gave up all the partying, cold turkey and moved on. Having my head all cleared up like it is now, it makes me more political. Not like I'm gonna organize things and vote the same way as other people in my organization even if it makes no sense to me, but political in that I'm pissed off at people. How could some of the dudes I used to be tight with and so antihero with now be such fuckin' sell outs? I'd chop their fuckin' hair off, but they already did it voluntarily. The reason man will never be able to travel in time is because we are three-dimensional creatures; if we had that fourth dimension to throw in, every 18-year-old would jump in a time machine to see what he'd be like 20 years from now. And then he'd kill himself because he was gonna suck, and such actions would twist ourselves out of existence. When they experimented with time travel in that Philadelphia Experiment thing or whatever, and sent that warship into the future or the past—I'm not sure if they even knew where they were sending it—people not only died, but they became embedded in the walls of the ship and were still alive, screaming. That is twisted. And very real.

And I guess I find some comfort in the fact that the 16-year-old Confederate Mack wouldn't want to murder the 29-year-old Confederate Mack, though he'd probably think I talked too much about how the government is evil, no matter what country you're in, and he'd want me to stop watching Mexican wrestling and put some fuckin' Motorhead on, but hey, at least he wouldn't kill me. We don't need no fuckin' time machines, because there's a shitload of people out there who have, and a shitload of you right now who will, end up stuck in walls, not understanding how you got there, yet too fuckin' square to care.

Keep playing your game, maybe one day somebody will let you win a little bit. I'm gonna go sit in the backyard. I just got a burned copy of Pussy Galore's *Exile on Main Street* from some dude, and I'm gonna crank that up and drink from my box of Old Milwaukee until there aren't anymore left. The sun will come up and people will care and will rush off to work but I've already called in sick tonight, and I'm gonna take my daughter to the river. We're just gonna hang out there with our feet in the water, throwing sticks for the dogs. Everything is not how it seems, that's what I remember needing to remember from that hobo housepainter talking. And I am not an unemployable drunk, I'm a good father.

Contact the Confederate Mack c/o raven1@confederatemack.com and visit www.confederatemack.com for more wit and witticism.

OMIP GOES TO THE THEATRE

THEN GETS FEY AND ENRAPTURED BY DRUIDS

It is a very fine thing to be in Avignon yet again, in the sultry July sunlight, for another edition of the theater festival. I've written about this several times in past C14 stories, so I'll cut to the chase and forego detailed descriptions of scantily-clad actresses and teenage thespians (and their moms!!!) in revealing summer dresses and low-heel mules. It has been three months since the stage lights went dark; I wish I had written this down earlier, when the memories were crisp and fragrant. Unfortunately, I delayed and dilly-dallied, so now they're rather well done and pungent. And this is how it went.

I managed quite well with the press pass (but you expect that from this veteran of the backstage trapeze). I had my ID photos in hand, an old copy of C14 to prove my credentials, and a ready smile to wrap it up with the lovely Sophie Giraud, press-agent for the "Off" part of the festival—the one that matters most for the bedraggled and casual, yet artsy, observer. First item was a 10:30-in-the-morning Japanese piece called *Dream of a Labyrinth*, by the 1028 company out of Tokyo. "Ohayo gozaimas," flashing of the presspass, and I'm in... immediately I started feeling guilty, for only one other person attended the performance. Was she comped as well or did she pay? A bare stage, a woman playing keyboards on the left, and the two spectators spent an hour oscillating between dream and nightmare, possible comprehension and utter bafflement, as a man enters a labyrinth seeking his vanished loved one. Ectoplasms, demons and geishas battle shades of his beloved as our hero seeks one thing, or maybe fights another.... or maybe... I tried very hard to follow and grasp shreds of meaning from the ominous gyrations and seemingly guttural Japanese, but without much success. At the end, having been unable to surmise much of the arcane meaning, I ran into the charming Japanese ticket agent for the company who asked me how I had liked it. "Very much," I replied, "I enjoyed the look and feel of the play, but I didn't understand much of what was going on." "Oh, it's OK," she smiled, "neither do we..."

Later that day, a French version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was on the program. In a beautiful medieval church, formerly the chapel in the local Templar Knights chapter house, the Casalibus company gave us a big great mish-mash of rambunctious oddments: erotic cavorting, sly innuendoes, random quotes from the Bard and other luminaries of world "Theatah," a goodly dose of low-brow musical buffoonery, Aretha's "Think" as a conduit for magical tricks, some audience participation, a cute Hermia, a fat Titania, and a fine performance by the boys,

hamming it up to the end... and I could understand the words to this one!

Back to verbal mystery with the resplendent *Hamlet* presented the next day in the same venue by Nottle, a Korean company based in Wonju. A very mysterious and hermetic reading, highly cinematic

in its presentation of this most famous of Shakespeare plays with great and dramatic lighting effects and stunning costumes from the Middle Empire's mythology, dipped in acid, fire and brimstone. The actors were most physical in a paroxysmic presence at the edge of dance, leading a bewildered audience through a series of hallucinatory tableaux and magnificent set-pieces, akin to a wild waking dream.

A nightmare wide awake is more of a description for Hiroshi Jin's *J-Boys/Company East* reading of the eternal myth of Medea. Mixing Noh, Kabuki, Western-style movement theater and modern jazz dance, Jin and his boys (and girls) staged an hallucination of utter evil and absolute beauty, unbelievably powerful in striking costumes of sparkling colors and serpentine undulations. The music was a savant mix of Japanese orchestral avant-garde (in the Western classical sense), put together by the live sound engineer. I went over to him at the end of the performance so as to find out what was what, but his English was as sharp as my Japanese and all I got was a knowing nod when I mentioned Toru Takemitsu, and that's as far as that went.

In a previous OMIP, I waxed lyrical about a flamenco presentation by Luis de la Carrasca and Serge Barbuscia of Federico Garcia Lorca's *Theory and Performance of Duende*, where spoken word intermingled superbly with Flamenco song and dance. This year, de la Carrasca and his company presented a pure Flamenco dance performance of greatness and bravado. Carrasca's voice, Antonio Abardonado's flash guitar, the percussion of Juan Cortes served their purpose in setting up the tremendous physical attack of the three principal and two 'corps' dancers. Over an hour of unadulterated flamenco magic, with all the hurt of Andalucia in Carrasca's voice and the lascivious abandon and lustful braggadocio of the dancers, pouring emotion and carnality on the incandescent stage, virtuoso one and all. The audience went delirious, I left shaking in a somewhat similar mood to 1998's duende revelation. Flamenco must do that to me!

But the utter delight and blissful surprise was to be *Résonances*, another Japanese production by Compagnie A-n from Tokyo, run by the beauteous and talented Yuka Akagi & Mizuki Nishiyama. With *Résonances* we saw emotion in its raw state, with gorgeous interplay between dancers, musicians and singers, in both the more formal indoor version, and the tremendously engaging live-in-the-street performance. When I chanced upon several of them in costumes (elaborate kimonos for the girls) and make up, giving out handbills on the street under the hot sun to advertise that evening's performance, with two veritable living porcelain-dolls playing the Shamisen, whilst Yuka and Mizuki essayed a preciously mincing dance step or two, I knew I was enslaved. I had to see and it had to be that day. But don't get the idea of some geisha theater of Eros, or lurid western "Orientalist" phantasm. While Yuka, Mizuki and the male lead where engaged in song and emotive display (as far as I could tell, it was a love story about

photos and text

by Michel Polizzi



loss, despair, love, friendship and love, fear of being and not being, and love...), several other cast members and musicians had conversations on the side, pointing and giggling at the principals and in the process mixing profundity and some very bearable lightness of being. During some songs, the plaintive tone of the shamisen and shrillness of the flute met acoustic and electric guitars for some odd rock and roll of fine efficacy. The live version was taking place at night under the stars of Provence, on a large plaza beneath the Western fortifications, where two large caf terraces meet. A few hundred people watched in fascination; the playful interplays, the powerful songs, the variegated kimonos, the sounds of East and West colliding in amorous sonorities... children everywhere were entranced and the adults charmed by so much enchantment.

Year to year, my luck with the Avignon festival varies. Luck it is, for how do you pick a handful of plays to see—almost all world premieres—from a treasure vault of 600 performances in every type of place and venue? 2001 was an off year for me: boring, mundane or inconsequential were the half-dozen stagings I randomly attended. 2002 was another story, with greatly exhilarating theater, inspired and inspiring performances on many stages, mixed with succulent food and frosty drinks several times a day, not to forget dolls of dollness at every corner (and yes ladies, these can be males too!) for yet another yearly spell of delight in the southern summer sun.

I then headed further south to Montpellier where my friend Jean François awaited me to take me up into the ancient wilderness of the Cevennes. I'll just mention the extraordinary afternoon we spent on our trail bikes, Lance Armstrong-style

(except without the Erythropoietin or the cortico-steroids, or whatever it is the Texan freak favors) but in my case of course, MUCH slower!! We pedaled to the French equivalent to the Grand Canyon, le Cirque de Navacelles, smaller surely but extraordinarily awe-inspiring. Then after a few miles in desolate and desiccated landscapes, we chanced upon a forlorn field, strewn with stunted pines and dwarfish shrubs where an eerie circle of two dozen ancient stone menhirs beckoned us into its otherworldly interior. We spent a good hour within this arcane portal, awaiting a signal from these adamantine stones certainly possessed with ultramundane powers from beyond time itself. How many centuries had these antiquated alignments passed through? The thought of human sacrifices carried out by ancient and primitive tribes, practicing within these weird premises the baleful rites required by preternatural beings akin to the Old Ones of C'Thulu, gave us chills and thrills of wonderment. Especially as we discovered within the circle a strangely odd abundance of 'cardabelles,' a most rare and unusual local type of thistle, everywhere protected by law and the fervent disapproval of area

denizens for all who would cut the prickly plant for a souvenir. In this stony circle of bewitchment, they grew in most abundant numbers, mystifying local knowledge and understanding. I proceeded to pick one, with a reverential thought to gods of aeons past, hoping for a respite from drear punishment in the understanding that my trespass was in full respect and homage for Yog Soggoth and Nyarlathotep, Mordiggian and Tsathoggua!

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



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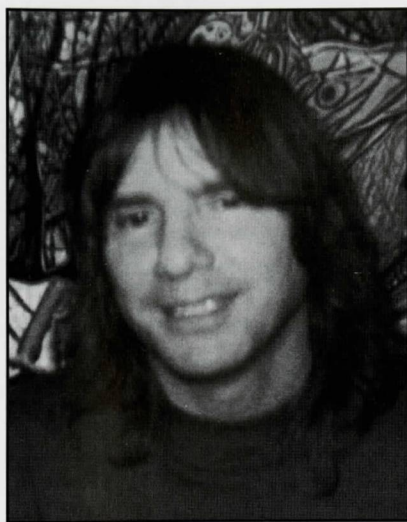
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GREG SHAW

I first stumbled onto Bomp magazine in 1977 (in a store called Record Museum), and immediately became a fan. I still read Circus occasionally, and bought Cream on a regular basis, but Bomp was something new to me. Cream covered punk rock in a backhanded way most of the time,

with snickering and condescension the rule of thumb more often than not. Bomp reveled in the punk explosion and went out of its way to bring lots of bands to the public eye who might have otherwise gone unnoticed. The magazine's ads were some of the only places you could find out about or order records from bands you'd never see mentioned anywhere else; I bought my first copy of Chrome's *Half Machine Lip Moves* from the band's own mail order ad in Bomp. Once I realized Bomp was also a record label, I sampled what they had to offer and, for the most part, kept coming back. Fast forward to early 1994... I'm interviewing the man who created everything Bomp, Greg Shaw, on the occasion of the label's 20th anniversary. It was then I found out about Shaw's involvement in the record industry and what led to Bomp expand from magazine to record label. Now, nearly nine years later, with the label's 30th anniversary just around the corner, I spoke with Greg Shaw about a different Bomp Records—a 21st Century Bomp if you will; because although much of Bomp's/Shaw's overall philosophy and attitude remain the same, the way the record industry itself operates—more specifically the way Bomp operates within and outside of that system—has changed immensely.

—Larry

How did you connect with people like Lester Bangs, Richard Meltzer and Mike Saunders for the early issues of Who Put The Bomp?

You've gotta understand, at the time you didn't have to find these people... there weren't that many people, there were like 200 people who cared about rock and roll in the early '70s. We all knew each other, and we were all writing for each other's magazines. I was writing for all the professional magazines. I was one of the first generation of writers for Rolling Stone. So I knew Griel Marcus and Lester Bangs and all those people; I was in it before those people were! I was one of the ones who had already been doing it when they came along, so they knew who I was. Even though they were all more talented than me, I just by happenstance had started doing it a year or two before. Still, I got points for having the prescience, or whatever, to start doing it before almost anybody else. Paul Williams was doing it, but on the West Coast there wasn't really anybody else. I mean, I don't measure up to any of those guys in terms of literary ability or critical acumen or any of that, but I was a fan. Not before they were fans, but I was an organized fan; I was publishing stuff, mailing it out and doing things organized fans do. Those guys hadn't heard of organized fandom yet because it didn't exist in rock and roll. It did in science fiction, so I had the jump on them because of that; when you're a fan—you publish a fanzine. That's how come all of us who were first generation—Lenny Kaye and so on—a lot of us all came out of science fiction because that's the same tradition of publishing stuff and then exchanging your magazine with other people's magazines. So you automatically had a little club, and then as others came along, they joined the club. It kinda spread like that; it was a very, very small community. I mean if you look through some of the early issues of Bomp Magazine, you see the people who are writing letters in there and they all became somebody later, they all started something. It's really funny.

Have you ever thought about collecting all the issues of Bomp together in book form?

Well, there's a problem. There isn't really

ly that much stuff that's... it was fine for it's time, but what it was really good for was building a community. And I stress the letter column, that was the most important part; there would be 40 pages of letters and maybe like 10 pages of stuff—and that stuff would be somebody who just happened to have said, 'Hey, can I write an article about gospel music?' and I'd say, 'Sure, write it.' It wasn't really edited like a magazine, it was more like a nexus, where people could come together and show their ideas. Then of course all the ideas that would come forth in one issue's letter column would lead to twice as many letters in the next issue. To me that was the important thing about it, it was connecting people and talking about the idea of rock and roll fandom as a community that could have some kind of self-awareness and maybe take some control of what was going on. Because what it looked like at the time was all this music we loved had now been forgotten and shoved aside by these industry weasels who were pushing all this crap we didn't want to hear, and we felt powerless. We were the ones who really loved the music, why couldn't we have the power? I was inspired—I didn't dream that up either—I was inspired by the people in the doo-wop and the rockabilly communities, who were doing the same thing. They were digging up these obscure artists and re-issuing their unreleased stuff, and they were doing what the real record industry ought to do with artists, except there weren't enough people that cared about these artists then. I was saying, 'Well, if there aren't enough people who care about rock and roll, why don't the ones who do care about it—us fans—take charge of it?' And that's what I was doing at United Artists a year or so later; I was in charge of the re-issue program. We did like 20 albums. I was trying to demonstrate how you could do a re-issue album properly; put obscure tracks on there, get liner notes, discographies. All this kinda stuff was being done for the first time by those of us who were exchanging these kinds of ideas. In the letter column of Bomp, Lenny Kaye was saying, 'Hey, wouldn't it be cool to take some of these obscure regional garage bands of the '60s and put them on a compilation?' We were discussing these ideas—only we were discussing doing a series of like 30 compilations. He ended up doing one album and I ended up doing the 30 compilations. These ideas go back to 1970, '71. So this is, to me, what was important about Bomp. And yeah, it's interesting in a way to look at this stuff, but I don't think it would be interesting enough for the public to look at. Maybe for people who care about this kind of thing. But the articles that have some substance to them, I do want to reprint those. Crawdaddy has printed a book of their articles, but those have substance, they stand up. They had people like Meltzer and Sandy Perlman writing 10-page articles about the esoteric significance of The Doors or whatever. OK, that's something people might want to read now, but I just don't think the stuff I did really stood up because I wasn't coming from a literary background, I was coming from an activist background; I was trying to stir up some enthusiasm for keeping this music alive, it was a different agenda.

When you started doing the record label, was that to help the Flamin' Groovies get a real record label deal?

Yeah.

Had they not gotten signed to Sire do you think you would have continued to put out their records?

No, there wouldn't have been any point in that. We did sell a few, but what a band like that needed was somebody who could pay their airfares to Rockfield so they could record with Dave Edmunds. They had like a \$25,000 recording budget, I had a \$300 recording budget to do the B-side of that single, and that pretty much tapped me out. They needed a label, and that was long before the days when an independent label could take the place of a real label. I was in a good position, because I had contacts in the industry. I was in the industry; the whole idea was to get it on the radio—and I had a lot of contacts in radio—and to demonstrate there was an audience for this.

But you also knew about getting a record pressed, getting sleeves run, and things like that.

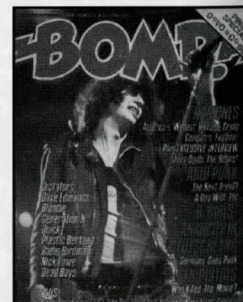
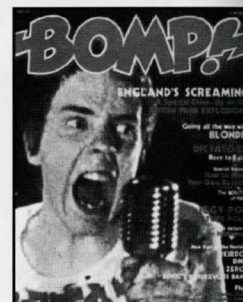
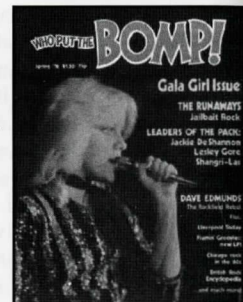
Oh, I had to learn about that as I went.

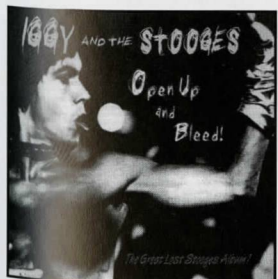
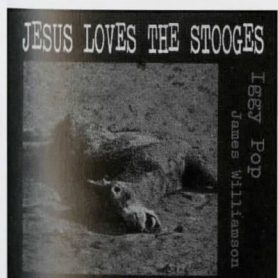
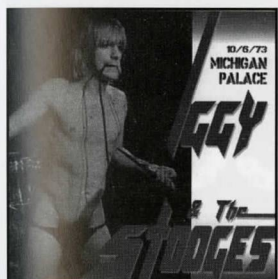
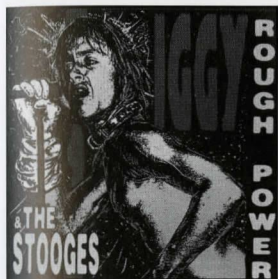
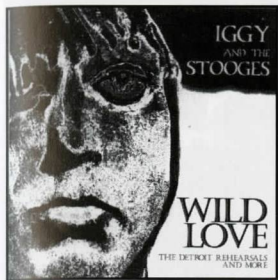
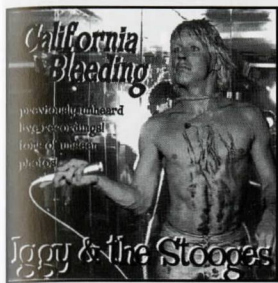
Back then there wasn't as much easy access to that end of things as there is now, but you were in the one place in the country, LA, where there were pressing plants all over.

Yeah, it was a learning experience. Then, when I learned how easy it was—I had these assumptions that if you wanted to be a record company, OK, you had to get a business license, you've gotta have an office, you've gotta have lawyers...

And you realized you didn't have to do any of that.

Yeah. Each step of the way I would think that there was some hurdle, people would say, 'Oh, you can't do this because you need that.' And then I would just say, 'Well how 'bout if I just try to do it anyway?' My





first big lesson was that I don't need lawyers. I started by going to a lawyer and saying, look, I'm gonna be working with bands, I guess we need a contract to make it legal. And they gave me this thing and said, 'You can use this for a standard contract.' And I looked it over and I said, 'My god! I'm ripping off this band! I own their name, I own their future, I own options on their children, and I'm giving them nothing! What kind of deal is this?' And they said, 'This is the standard deal.' I think I made the mistake once of actually showing that to an artist, but very quickly I learned you didn't need it; eventually I learned all you needed was a handshake and an understanding. But at first I took a bunch of contracts from a bunch of different lawyers and labels and bands, I asked everybody I knew who had an example of a contract. And I looked for all the stuff they had in common, and then I asked around and I found out which stuff ever actually really comes into play in the real world. In fact, if you're not making any money you don't need a contract at all. Nobody cares if you sell a hundred copies of a bootleg, it's when you're selling tens of thousands that they care. There's a natural resistance to the thinking, 'I can do anything I want as long as I don't make money.' Nobody thinks about it that way. People think, 'How can I make money in this business?' And if you're going to make money, then you need lawyers, you need to rip people off. But if you actually want to do it as a fan, and be fair with everybody and kind of break even and go on to your next project—which is all I ever wanted to do—you can go without a lot of that stuff. I think that's a model a lot of independent labels have followed, although not all of them. The more successful independent labels have been money motivated, and that's what you need to have any amount of success; you really do have to have some savvy with money and business, and I never had that.

Yet you have some level of success.

It depends how you define success.

Well, 29 years...

In my opinion, most people who get into a business—like the way Bob Biggs got into Slash Records. He didn't want to do it for 30 years, just breaking even and living in an apartment, he wanted to make a couple million bucks in a year. This is the promise of the record industry—if you've got some street savvy, you pick up a hot band, you go in, you make some deals, you stash away a bunch of money and you cash out and go into real estate. This is the way business-oriented people think; if you're not making a million dollars within the first couple years, move on to something else. I never made a million dollars, I could never even pay my phone bill until a couple years ago. It was just gradually getting more and more stable to the point where you can sorta count on getting by without anything disastrous happening. But it took 20 years to get to the point where disasters weren't happening constantly. That's not most people's ideas of success. But it is mine because, for me, business is a glorified hobby. I don't have to go to somebody's office at seven in the morning and do some degrading thing, I've got my own life and I set my own schedule; I do what I wanna do. So I'm happy to get by. I have kind of a minimalist approach. I'm not really interested in making a lot of money. I'm interested in living comfortably and having the things I need, but I don't crave new cars and big houses and stuff, I just want to get by. But I want to do the things that I enjoy on my own terms, and that's more important. So you've gotta take each individual—if you look at independent labels and the way they operate, their history, and the decisions they've made and the things they've done, it usually comes down to the character of who's behind it... we've got a new deal now, a new label called the Committee To Keep Music Evil, and one of the premises of that is that it's a label but it's not a record company. I'm doing it in partnership with Anton Newcombe from the Brian Jonestown Massacre, and what we do is we go to bands and say, 'Look, why don't we make a live record with you guys. We'll record you at your gig, put it out, you get like 500 free copies, you make three or four thousand dollars on the road.' You get all this extra publicity and stuff, you own the masters, we don't have control of any of your songs, we don't have any contracts, we're not in opposition to anybody you're working with, we help the people you're working with; everybody wins. I think it's a good model. See, I've been looking; every so often the industry changes and you have to find a new model for the way things are done. Right now, with all of the changes going on—the change to digital everything, the collapse of record distribution, the insanity with the major labels—I think the best model for most indie bands is to sell their records at their own shows and have an affiliation with some people with some credibility. I believe in partnerships and networks of people who all help each other out. So when we work with a band, if they need to be hooked up with somebody in Europe or an agency somewhere or anything else, we figure if we know enough people, we can hook them up. We have a branch of the Committee in Australia, and we've got a band from there we're going to be releasing, they've got an agency down there and they're

gonna be bringing in bands from here to tour; the bands will tour together, they'll record together, they'll help each other out. There's a kind of synergy to it that does not depend on the economics of the record industry as normally understood at all. We're dealing almost in a barter system; we manufacture the product, we barter the product with the bands, they sell it retail, and instead of getting 80 cents a record after deductions they're getting \$10 a record. It's a lot more sensible. I've always felt really uncomfortable working with major labels. I've been offered deals by them; they've offered me millions of dollars without even hearing the product, and to me there's something wacky about that. If they don't understand the music and who's gonna buy it and why we love it, then we shouldn't be getting in bed with them. It is very tempting, and it always has been tempting to bands to get in bed with mobsters but it just doesn't feel right. But it does feel right to work with people who are in the same network and love the music the same way you do. I think it just is totally more effective.

Over the past decade or so there have been newer bands you've been working with like Brian Jonestown Massacre and the Warlocks. Are these bands coming to you, are you going out and finding them yourself or are people telling you, hey you should go see these guys?

Well, in the case of those bands, Brian Jonestown sent demo tapes to everybody, including me—but they didn't put any return address on them. And I took the trouble to go to San Francisco and prowl through the streets looking for people who might know these guys because I was just knocked out by their demo, it was just so wacked out. But that's just me. If something really knocks me out, I'll track it down and I'll find it. But that's not how I think things are normally done, even for me. Nowadays I usually look for a band that's been around for a while, has a couple records out, has a demonstrable following so that we don't ship records out into a void. But with the Warlocks, I saw them play live about four years ago. They weren't very good but I thought, 'I'll keep an eye on these guys.' And then they started getting better and better. Then they made a deal with this other guy who was starting a label—he had a little bit of money from an insurance settlement or something; he had \$1000 and was gonna make a record with them. So I talked to the band, and I said, 'Why don't I help that guy? Why don't we work together and do some kind of a partnership deal where he'll put in what money he has but we'll do the job of getting the record distributed in the stores.'—because he's not gonna be able to do that with \$1,000 and no back catalog, plus he'll never get paid. I met with the guy and it seemed like a good idea. So we pursued that model for a few months, and then that guy kinda freaked out and said, 'No, I want to control everything, I want to own everything, and I don't have any money to put into it.' And the band said, 'Look, if you don't have any faith in this, then we don't want to work with you.' So they came back to me; they're free to go and they're free to come back. A lot of times bands will go towards something that looks more attractive, and eventually they'll come back. I'm comfortable with that. We made two records with them, and now they're just starting with another label. It looks like they're gonna do well there. But if they don't, or if the label fails or something else, they can always come back; they're part of the Bomp family. I consider them family. It's like if your kid wants to go off to college instead of joining the family business, well, that's cool. Now I'm working with this Committee idea, most of the bands we're working with nowadays are going through that, but there's a couple of other bands I'm working with on the Bomp label. I look at each situation, see what they need and what we can do for them, and try to structure it around that. I'm really exploring, I'm looking for more effective ways to do things, and I'm also aware that the business environment is changing constantly. So I kinda feel like now I'm thinking on my feet and looking around and not tied down to any particular way of doing things. I'm still kinda trying to really sharpen my vision at this point. Cause I'm pretty old, I could retire soon if I had more money, but the fact is I'm trying to work really hard to stay effective, to stay on the edge of what's meaningful to me and to make a difference in rock and roll and to help good bands get where they need to go and not get bogged down in the wrong way of doing things. So it's brought out a kind of intensity of thinking and analyzing and trying to figure out what works and what doesn't. It's just in the last year or two, I've kinda like woken up from a slumber and gotten more aware of the need to stay on top of change. **You've always done the subsidiary labels, but he affiliate labels like Alive and Total Energy and Disaster are a more recent development.**

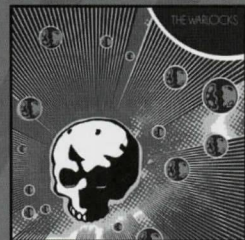


THE WARLOCKS

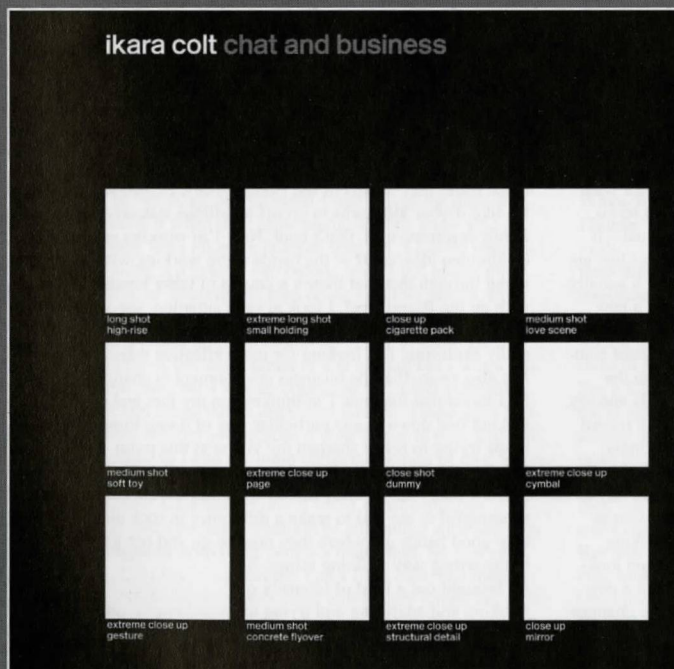
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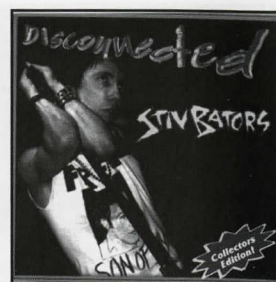
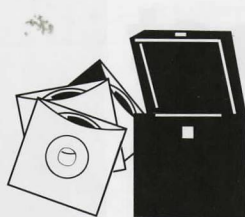
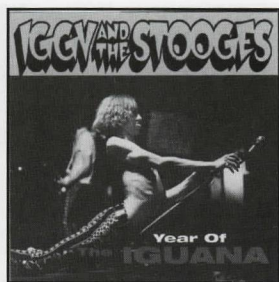
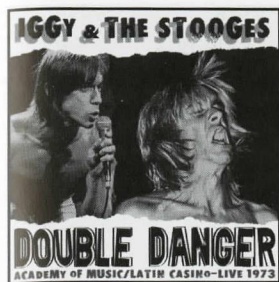
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That's another person, those labels, that's all Patrick Boissel. He comes from France; he had a label over there, Marilyn. I knew him from the old days, and all the criminals in France putting out illegal Stooges records. They all know each other; we all know each other. He was never one of those crooks, he was a good guy and he had real good taste in music—he was putting out The Flamin' Groovies and Roy Loney and lots of cool cult American bands. And then he moved over here and married my ex-wife, my business partner Suzy, so he kinda became married to Bomp too. There really is no business, proper contractual corporate structure to it, we just do everything together. He keeps control of his masters and does his own promotion and artwork and everything, but the distribution and the cashflow all goes through Bomp. We call it an affiliate label but it's really a separate group of labels. He has a completely different philosophy about signing artists, but I like what he does and he's got good taste, so it's compatible.

I'm sure people have approached you about this before, but have you ever given serious thought to writing your autobiography?

No, I haven't. People approach me all the time but there's one thing they don't understand. For one thing—there are a lot of books out there by people who've lived through some important rock history and have written it down; they have really good memories and all the details, anecdotes and stuff you wanna read. I have a terrible memory and I have not really been that close to the center of a lot of really important action, with one exception—the early days of punk rock; I was right in the middle of it. But for the life of me I can't remember much more than vague blurry pictures, and that's not gonna make much of a book. At the same time I've always been kind of—I don't want to say antisocial but I'm kind of a loner. I don't really make friends very well so I have not been intimately involved in a lot of these things, I've just been around. I don't think that really makes for an interesting story.

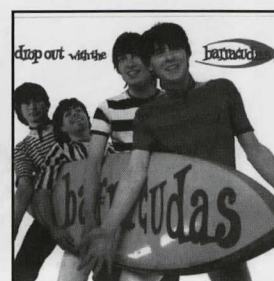
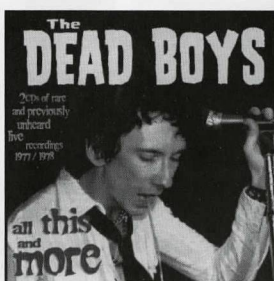
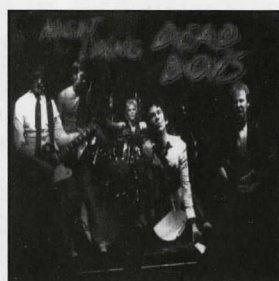
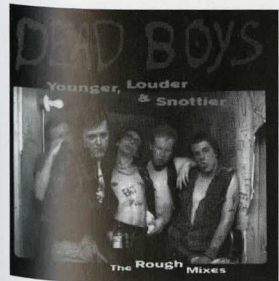
I see what you're saying.

But there are some really good memoirs out there. I just recently read Mick Farren's memoirs—fabulous stuff. If I had a memory like his... but then, he had a much more interesting life than I did in rock and roll. Actually I've been reading quite a few others, I'm reading Simon Napier Bell's memoirs now, and those are really interesting. The Andrew Loog Oldham books are fabulous stuff. And that's another thing, I appreciate good writing, and I realize my limitations as a writer; some things I can do well, some things I can't. If I'm going to do a mediocre job of something, I'm just not going to do it. But on the other hand, I've got my bio online, where I've kind of rehashed as much as I can remember of the interesting stuff and that—well, that's gonna have to be good enough.

So what's the immediate future for Bomp hold? What's in the cards for next year?

I'm kind of excited about it, we've got a whole bunch of good bands, we've got strong new distribution—the problems in the past with Caroline and others are kind of behind us—and I'm very excited about the stuff Anton is doing. Brian Jonestown I think could break this year; we've got stuff coming out with them in Australia, England and Sweden, and I think all they need to do is a tour over there and it could break wide open for them. They're doing very well in the States, each record sells like 50% more than the one before it; they're up to like 10,000 now. Y'know, if they release three albums next year... plus he's growing as a producer, he's produced like six band's albums in the last few months. That's all really good stuff. So with him out there touring and meeting bands all over the place, every band he meets—if they're any good—he says, 'Let me record you.' He's got his portable recording equipment, and they have a handshake deal to do a live record. Some of them he'll make deals to do studio records, we can hook the up with friendly producers with home studios and do all those things on a low budget. I can't get out and discover a hundred bands, I'm not traveling like that, but I can organize it all, put it together and make it happen on this end. And it's kind of an interesting model; I've never worked that model before, I've always been my own A&R guy. It's kinda the same model Patrick is working on; he's got Duane Peters with his Disaster label, and Duane's out there touring all the time and finding punk bands—finding great ones, these bands are all doing really good. So we're kinda concentrating more on

streamlining and more effectively operating the label end of it. The talent flow is coming through these kind of partnership deals we have with these artists, and that's an interesting model I'm interested in exploring, too. I'm very excited by the potential of the internet, I've been pretty much doing nothing but working on the internet the last few years, building up the website—the website is like 700 pages now, and it's growing all the time. I want to add a lot more stuff into it, make it more interesting, it's going to be graphically redesigned... all of that boring stuff. But what I feel is the flow of traffic—no, what I can see the flow of traffic to it is—is like 80,000 hits a month now. It used to be like 2,000 people a week until a year or two ago. I've always thought the internet wouldn't mean anything in music until enough people were on it that you could sell enough records to make a difference. Selling a thousand records a month is not enough to keep a business like ours going, you still need normal distribution. But if you could actually do without store distribution I think it would be a great kind of protection against the vagaries of large corporate bullshit. I think all these corporate structures are pretty much on very thin ice, they could all go under any time. They have very high overhead, very low margins; I don't trust any of them. We've been around long enough we've seen all the distributors come and go, come and go; I can't think of one distributor that's around now that was around 10 years ago—certainly not 20 years ago. So it's an inherently risky type of business. Every time a distributor goes out of business a whole load of labels go out of business because they owe them all money and all these labels are stretched thin. One of the things I like about independence is having control over my own destiny and not fearing that some other jerk-off is going to make some bad decisions in his business and I'm going to end up going out of business. So I'm trying to do all I can to make it more effective to promote and sell and have these band communities on the internet. I see a website as kind of being equivalent to a fanzine, I really do. I get the same feeling from it; you've got words and pictures, you can use it for advocacy, you can use it to—it's so much better than magazines in a way because you can have these hyperlinks where you can point people to all kinds of other interesting things and you can form these networks. I guess that goes back to the basis of my interest in all of this stuff, networking and putting together communities of people of common but not particularly mainstream interest to insure that those interests are allowed to survive outside of the mainstream. It's always been a struggle for anything not in the mainstream. So I see these new ways of doing things emerging and I'm kind of playing around and seeing what I can do with them; it's a lot fun for me. As I said, we have a whole bunch of cool bands, and one of the things that happens with a label is that when you put out a band that a lot of people start to hear about and get excited about, all kinds of other bands who do a similar type of thing start submitting their stuff to you. And that goes back to another question you asked—you don't have to really go out looking for bands because bands will know that their record collection is full of stuff on your label, they like the stuff you do, their stuff is appropriate for your label, and they send it to your label. It becomes self-fulfilling thing. So if the Warlocks do really well in the next year, which I think they will, and the Brain Jonestown keeps doing as well as they have, we're going to be getting more and more tapes from bands—well, CDs now—who kind of fit into that model. I just think we had a little bit of a period where there was not much happening; I was very bored in the mid-'90s, I didn't think there was anything happening at all. And then around '97 there started to be a couple cool bands in L.A., and then I got really sick and went in the hospital. It was late '99 before I came out, and then I started to piece together the makings of some kind of new scene. But it's been a long time. The last time I thought there was a new scene that I was really excited about was the late '80s, early '90s; all those British bands like Spacemen 3, the Darksides and all those kinds of bands. I wanted to be going back and forth to England and picking up bands from labels over there and licensing them for over here, cause that was music I loved. Then when that kind of didn't work out, I didn't have a new cause or a new scene that interested me. But I'm feeling very passionate about what's going on now in music so I'm happy about that.



Who Was That Masked Man?

A History of Mexican Lucha Libre Wrestling by Mike Mindless

Wrestling was first brought to Mexico from America by a German! Yes, it's true. Lucha Libre was a transplanted sport introduced to Mexico by German promoter, Salvador Lutteroth, and rapidly gained popularity to the extent that today it is one of the top 3 sports in Mexico. Ironically, the first masked wrestlers were Americans masking their identities from the Mexican fans. And yes, it is a sport. Unlike in America, where wrestling is "sports entertainment," the Mexican people and press give their heroes the kind of respect the sport had in this country until the 1970s, when WWF bastardized the sport into a soap opera and played up the less believable aspects of wrestling. In Mexico, wrestling still receives mainstream media coverage, and matches are sold as true athletic duels with no pre-ordained outcomes.

Many of the masks worn by the Mexican wrestlers are based on designs from their ancestry, as the Aztec warriors would attire themselves with eagle or serpent masks before heading into battle. The culture of blood and sacrifice was also instilled into the Mexican people who worshipped masked priests that would slaughter women and children in a quest to find favor with the gods. The Mexican tradition of masks continues into the present day where masks



are donned for fiestas like the "Dias De La Muerte," when the Mexicans celebrate the death of the relatives with parties at the graves. Wrestling masks have taken many forms since from the Alebrije fantasies of Pablo Linares, to the most mundane techno symbol like Guerrero C-3, a Star Wars-like robot costume.

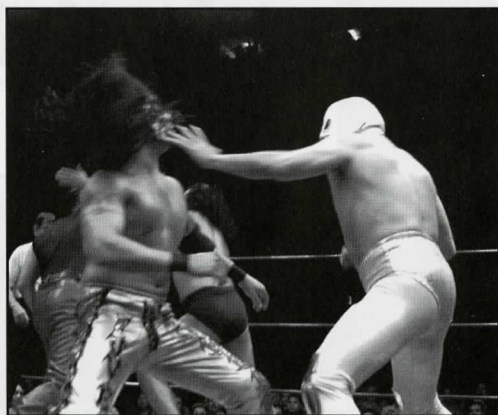
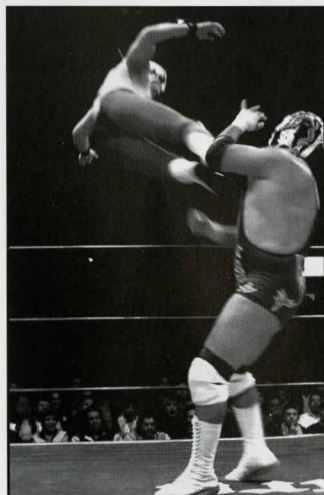
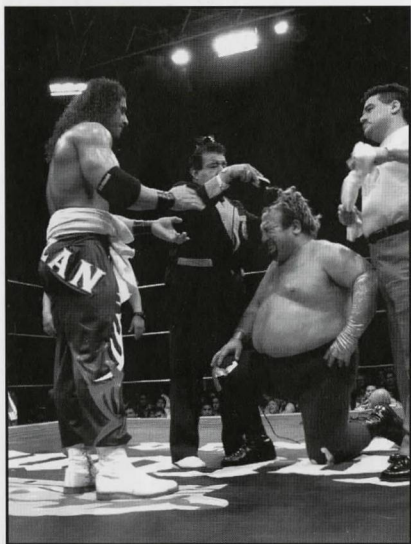
The first professional wrestling match in Mexico City was held at the "Old" Arena Mexico, on 9/21/33, and the sport quickly caught on with the Mexican people. Masked wrestlers also became very popular, and soon the most famous wrestlers were all wearing masks. El Santo began his career without a mask, as Ruddy Guzman, but quickly became "Hombre Rojo" (sporting a red Santo type costume) before donning the famous Mascara de Plata and becoming El Santo in 1942. (It is interesting to note that the first Mexican wrestling masks were actually leather or pigskin, which is what the first Santo mask is made of.) Due to the work of Lucha pioneers like Cavernario Galindo, Blue Demon, Black Shadow, Rolando Vera, Black Guzman (Santo's brother), and the Guerrero family, the sport became ever more popular, and Luchadores began to appear in American rings.

The Epoca Del Oro (or Golden Age) of the Mexican lucha cinema began in the mid-1950's as Mexico became increasingly urbanized. The pervasive influence from the north led to the beginning of a home-grown film culture. The first films featuring Luchadores were filmed in the mid-50s, and the Lleyenda de Plata was begun. Santo was the first Enmascarado to appear in his own, which was curiously filmed in Cuba. Most of these films follow a similar formula, and a few only feature wrestlers fleetingly. The films became one of the largest selling genres ever, particularly in the glory days of the late '60s big budget productions. The lucha films were only finally stopped by the collapse of the Mexican film industry in the early 1990s, at a time when the devaluation of the Peso seemed about to destroy the whole nation's economy. There have been signs of rebirth lately though, as El Hijo De Santo has just finished work on *El Infraterrestre*, a soon to be released (on video and DVD) movie.

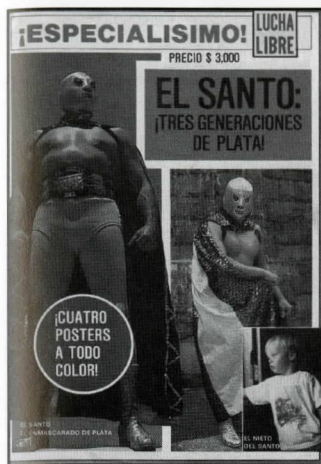
El Santo was the biggest of all the movie stars, and has a incredible body of work encompassing all genres. His film career began in 1955, and spanned the rest of his life. Santo was always at the ready to assist the people of Mexico at times of trouble, even if he was on the beach with a girl. His many film adventures star many other famous Luchadores like Cavernario Galindo, Wolf Ruvinskis, and Nathaniel Leon (Frankenstein). But his most consistent costar was Carlos Suarez, who appeared in most of Santo's films. The bald headed Suarez even managed to outlive Santo and appear in his familiar comedy sidekick role in the first films of El Hijo Del Santo. The best films feature all three of the big stars, especially *Misterios En Las Bermudas*, a James Bond type of spy thriller. In all, Santo starred in 58 movies, and inspired countless rip-offs, as other producers painted any mask silver to try and catch the magic. The Santo films are as varied as *El Vampiro Y El Sexo*, a sexy topless romp; dozens of monster, sci-fi & spy films; wrestling stories; illegal aliens (space & Mexican!) and even a western or two.

The films of El Santo were produced by many different companies, and Santo usually did not own his films. Rather, he worked for a large variety of independent producers. Lucha films usually have a very low budget, and many were shot in a Roger Corman-esque way, filming lots of stuff that would be edited later. Some of Santo's films

all live photos
by Dorothy Lee



above: Mil Mascaras in *Mummies of Guanajuato*; at left: (clockwise from top left) Super Porky loses a Lucha de Apuestas match and gets his head shaved in the ring at Arena Mexico / Vilano 5 after having his mask ripped at Arena Coliseo / El Hijo Del Santo vs. Juventud Guerrera at Arena Mexico / Dr. Wagner Jr. vs Atlantis at Arena Mexico; opposite page: (clockwise from top left) special edition mag. from the '80s featuring Santo / El Hijo Del Santo and Santo's nephew / mag. featuring legendary tough guy & shooter Blue Demon / Santo/Blue Demon video box / Santo memorial mag. / mag. featuring Mil Mascaras (from the '60s) / mag. featuring Santo (from the '50s)

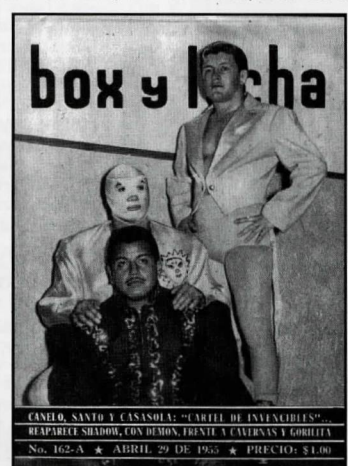
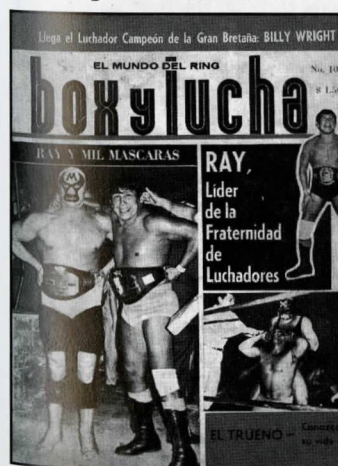


are very obviously done this way, and some even have similar scripts, but they all have their own special charm. Certain elements were used in many of the films, but the very inconsistency is part of that unique charm. In some of his films, Santo is a very minor character, only coming in at the end to save the day. His best films are from the early to mid-'60s, when the budgets were at their highest, and the films featured multiple stars. Rogelio Agraman was the producer of the most popular films, and his *Campeones Justiceros* and the *Mummies of Guanajuato* led to popular spin-off movies. Agraman also scripted most of his classic Lucha epics, and the strange style, with all the usual elements of spaghetti western type music and settings. The horrible makeup jobs on the monsters became an endlessly repeated genre of it's own, inspiring several magazines, as fascinated aficionados attempt to explore the psychotropic world that is the Lucha Libre Cinema.

Blue Demon starred in his own films, besides the ones with El Santo; over 30 films during his career. Many of the Demon's films are more focused on gangster & hero type pictures, as the nattily attired Demon acts out his version of cool. Dressed in his trademark blue outfits and driving a blue car, the Demon cut his own path through the film world and became in some countries (Italy for example) even more popular than Santo. Blue always carried a grudge against Santo, even to the end, but I guess now they can really wrestle in the "Arena De Las Estrellas," the fantastic arena in the sky where the last few Santo/Blue Demon matches were fought. Blue's movies are very interesting on their own, but of course it is his work with Santo that has always drawn the most attention. Blue co-starred in many of the Santo films but the one that always made him mad was *Mummies of Guanajuato*; he and Mil Mascaras had toiled for many weeks on the film. Santo only worked one week, yet he saves them at the end. Blue always said they could have gotten away on their own.

Meanwhile, many other wrestlers tried to jump on the bandwagon, with varying degrees of success. Huracan Ramirez became a successful actor, starring in many films, and Tinieblas was able to launch his career as a wrestler through his film work. The crossover potential was great. Many actors became wrestlers and vice versa. The most successful actors were not even the Enmascarados, who were buttonholed to Lucha films, but the men like Wolf Ruvinskis, Cavernario, even Scorpio. Wolf was able to have a separate career as a leading man in the love stories; cool enough to be Neutron under a hood, and still attack the Earth as a Martian! Some of the wrestlers were ready-made as bad guys, especially in the low budget world of the Mexican cinema. Scorpio appeared in approximately 100 films, very few of which were wrestling movies. Mostly he used his fearsome looks as a cinematic villain!

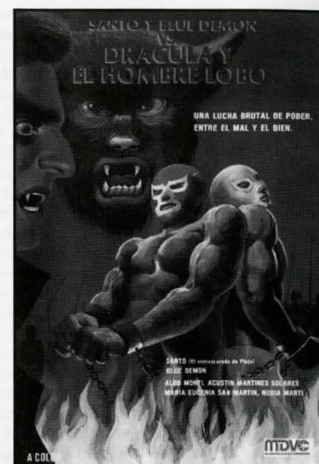
Mil Mascaras became the first prototype star in this era. The Character of "El Mil Mascaras" was created for the magazine *Lucha Libre* by Valente Perez. At the time one of the most popular Lucha mags, the inside covers were decorated with cartoons featuring wild wrestling stories and featured Perez creations, like Tinieblas, Dos Caras,



Babe Face, Medico Asesino and others. These characters became so popular that in 1964 a search to find the man capable of portraying the man of 1000 masks was begun. Attention soon focused on Aaron Rodriguez, a former Mr. Mexico, and a former member of the Mexican Olympic team. Rodriguez was chosen for the role, and has since been Mil Mascaras, through over 15 movies and almost 40 years under the various stylish masks he has created since. His two brothers, Sicodelico & Dos Caras have followed him into the business, and both of their sons respectively have also joined the family trade.

Mil was an international wrestler, taking his famous mask all over the world. He has wrestled in almost every country but enjoyed his greatest popularity in the USA, Mexico & Japan, where he still tours today. Mascaras still tells of how he first met Vince MacMahon Jr.—the future owner of the WWE was his chauffeur! Mil has many incredible stories of his life in the wrestling business and his many friends over the years. During the late '70s-'80s, the wrestling business was changing greatly, as the regional promotions all over America where stars like Mil were featured began to succumb to pressure from WWE's takeover of the regional promotions. Until this time, the NWA belt had been regularly defended in Mexico, and the country was visited by every superstar. Mil used to team with Andre the Giant, and wrestled almost every star ever in the sport. He plans on writing a biography, one of these days, but in the meantime, Mil continues to wrestle regularly.

The sport continued to grow during the 1980s, as many new stars were spawned and international



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interest grew through the worldwide tours of Mil Mascaras, and the adaptation of Lucha moves to Japanese and American style wrestling. Satoru Sayama, the original Tiger Mask, first became a masked man after traveling to Mexico for training; many other Japanese workers have followed including the Ultimo Dragon, who has his own Toryumon training gym in Mexico City. In the early 1990s the sport was at its highest level of popularity ever, with promotional wars between CMLL, Consejo Mundial Lucha Libre, and AAA, Antonio Pena's upstart promotion. Eric Bischoff and TBS became involved after the successful AAA/IWC "When Worlds Collide" Pay Per View, the first and only US Lucha PPV. Many stars were introduced to the public through this event, including Eddie Guerrero, Louie Spicolli, Art Barr, El Hijo De Santo, La Parka, Rey Misterio Jr., Psicosis, Two Cold Scorpio, Chris Benoit, and Konnan. The upshoot of the promotional war saw AAA split up and an offshoot group that ran extreme style matches called Promo Azteca was born. It was here the stars of tomorrow were discovered, along the US/Mexico border. For a time, the border area had the greatest consistent turnout weekly, and long running shows in L.A. at the Sports Arena and Tijuana usually did sellout business.

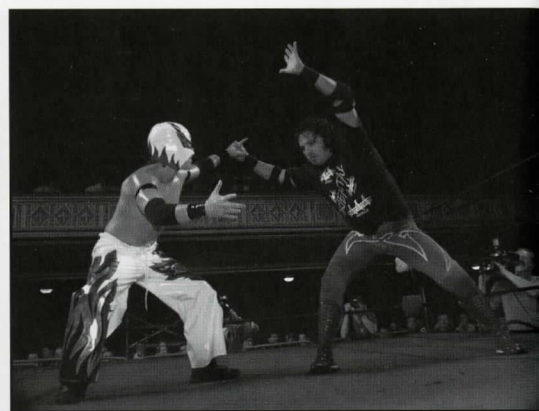
The early '90s saw every young star with any talent almost instantly signed to a US contract, and many new stars from Canada went to Mexico to break in. Chris "Corazon de Leon" Jericho, Owen "Blue Blazer" Hart, Val "Steel" Venis, Norman "Black Magic" Smiley, Chris "Pegasus Kid" Benoit, and others learned their trade in the UWA ring at the Toreo De Cuatro Caminos in Mexico City every week as seasoned veterans like Blue Panther, Canek and the Villanos took them through their paces. The Canadians also met their future foes in Rey Misterio Jr. & Psicosis before the group signing by WCW, which saw a whole generation of the top wrestlers in the sport removed from Mexican rings for the three hot years of WCW's business.

However the first place to try and work regularly with the Luchadores was Paul Heyman's ECW. The first crazy Mexican style matches on US TV were on their TV shows, as Rey Misterio Jr., Psicosis, La Parka & Konnan came to wrestle in the famous ECW arena in Philadelphia. Of course, as fast as he introduced them, WCW signed them to big contracts. WCW even planned to do Spanish language, Lucha oriented TV programming for US TV, but they only taped one show in Texas before the project was scrapped. Heyman continued to find and use new Lucha talent until the end of ECW. He introduced Mosco De La Merced, Antifaz, Super Crazy and others to the US public, and now is spearheading Lucha & Japanese style programs in the WWE with old friends Chris Benoit & Dean Malenko.

The high flying talents of the Luchadores has revolutionized the ring style of American wrestling, and every night on US television stars like Chris Jericho, Eddy Guerrero, Val Venis, Chris Benoit, and Essa Rios—who all began their careers in Mexico—and other talented performers like the Hardy Boys, Lita, Nova, Christian, and Edge all practice the moves they learned from watching Lucha videos or working against the Luchadores. Moves that were never seen in America before ECW were first brought by Rey Misterio Jr. and Psicosis to America and have become standard fare in American wrestling rings, and Mexican words like plancha, tope, and huracanrana have become part of the US wrestling fan's vocabulary.

The late 1990s were truly boom years for the wrestlers lucky enough to find US contracts, as they made their way from each giant US arena to another, but their work and their spirits suffered as they spent long times away from home with no adequate training facilities, and losing almost every night. During the WCW period, many of the wrestlers were forced to lose their masks. Juvi, Rey Jr, and Psicosis were all unmasked on TV, and others were also asked, but refused. The Luchadores had to share small cars & hotels, since WCW forced them to pay their own expenses. This time period also led to a down time in Mexico as all the young hot workers were snatched away by the US companies, leaving the old stars, and green rookies.

At the same time, Vince MacMahon, seeing the possibilities in a Mexican-only show, began using Luchadores; most notably on the specially produced Super Astros TV show. MacMahon's interest in the Mexican talent led to another wave of looting as he began using Apolo Dantes, Scorpio Jr. (without mask as the Albatross, forcing him to lose his mask in Mexico), El Zorro, El Hijo Del Santo, Pantera, Super Crazy (masked as Super Loco), The Minis, Papi Chulo (Mexican masked man Mr. Aguila), and Puerto Ricans like Savio Vega. Unfortunately the WWE soon lost interest in this project and ceased production, retaining only Papi Chulo (Essa Rios), after forcing a couple of unmaskings.



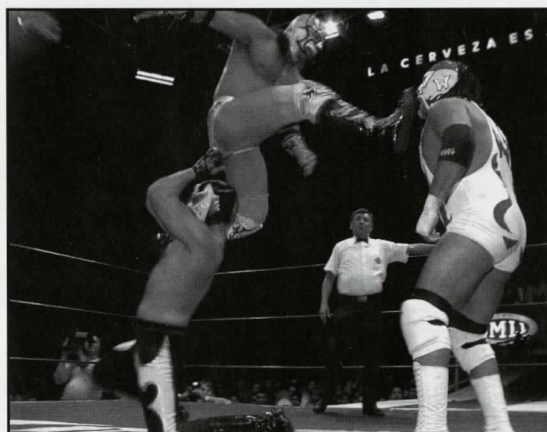
At this time, there is Lucha Libre on TV in the USA every week, for those fortunate enough to have Galavision. There are rebroadcasts of the Televisa AAA shows, and the weekly CMLL

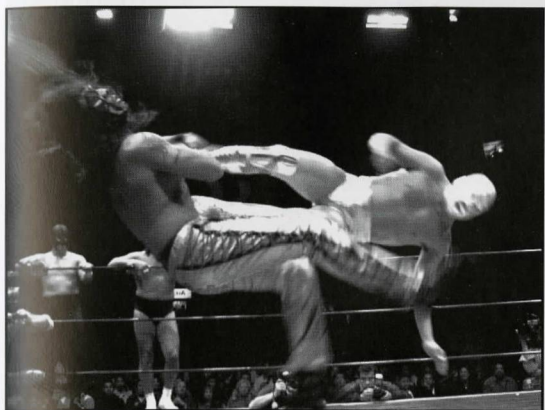
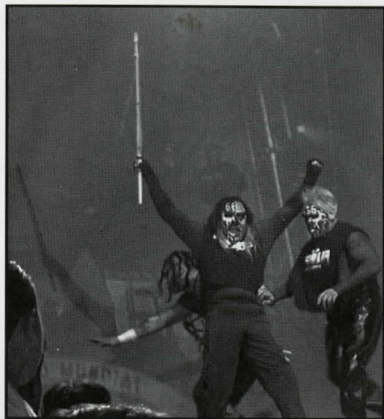
highlights show from the arenas in Mexico City, Arena Mexico and Arena Coliseo. Also, ESPN2 runs a Lucha show from the Arena Naucalpan weekly on Thursday nights. The CMLL show is run and broadcast by Televisa, who have their facilities right next door to Arena Mexico.

Today, the business in Mexico is hotter than ever, as all the former WCW stars have returned to the rings of Mexico City. Over a recent two-week period, we were able to see shows featuring many former WCW stars including the Villanos & El Vampiro, as well as the biggest names in the biz. Many new feuds are in the offing as the long summer ends and the hot season from September thru Christmas begins. Hot young newcomers like Ricky Marvin, Rencor Latino, and Psicodelico Jr. are trying out new moves and fighting with the old guard nightly. The Tournament season is also approaching. In Tijuana the business is hot, as Santo, Nicho, La Parka and the Tecnicos war with La Familia De Tijuana, Rey Misterio, Damien & Halloween. Every week, the matches get bigger, as the promoters try to top each other. Rey Jr. has been warned not to work in Mexico or he'll be in violation of his WWE contract, but for a few great weeks, he was there. Juventud Guerrera has been working all over the US and Mexico, as has La Parka, and Silver King has joined his brother Dr. Wagner Jr. on the tour circuit. Wrestling in the whole country has been improved and the work rates of the former WCW employees have gone through the roof, as they are

once again being given their chance to show what they are capable of. The style of the 20-40 minute Lucha matches demands better conditioning than the six-minute squash matches the Luchadores suffered during the WCW era, and the bloody feuds have quickly returned, as these veterans seek to reestablish themselves.

The wrestling industry in the United States appears to be entering a down period, as the WWE dominates the business in the USA, fans are reaching out for something new. A recent AAA show in California drew 3000 people, and crowds of over 1000 regularly turn up for Lucha matches in California, Texas, and Arizona. Recent East Coast shows by MLW and XPW have introduced the Lucha style to a brand new audience, and both continue to bring in the top talent for their future shows in Philly and NYC. At the present time in Mexico, almost every night there is a Lucha show some-





where in the country, with shows in every major city and small town. In Mexico City, it is possible to go to a Lucha show every night. The sport is still a top family attraction, as it has not been as exposed to the fans, and entire families turn out for the nightly battles. As the population in the USA becomes more diverse, it becomes more important than ever to retain the touch of home. To the many Latinos now residing in the United States, and the non-Latino people that were introduced to this culture by books, films, videos and magazines, this is a important subject of study, as evidenced by the several publications exclusively focused on this subject and the internet fan sites.

This has led to the growth of a market for Lucha Libre goods here in the USA. Lucha Libre in Mexico is not like here in America. The promoters and wrestlers are all independent and come together for the shows. The wrestlers usually have no time or money to invest in goods that may or may not sell, and will not allow the promoters to make items, as they feel they will not be paid. Therefore a cottage industry of sewing masks and creating other hand-crafted items has sprung up around the Lucha scene. Family industries, some dating back generations, have filled the vacuum and rent small spots in front of the arenas, from which to shill their handmade items or old magazines they have found. The wrestlers receive no compensation for these products and most shrug it off, realizing that this is Mexico and things are very hard for the people. Some stars like Mil Mascaras have tried to block the sale of these items, even going into stores and tearing up their inventories, but the flow is almost impossible to stop, since the arenas allow the sales to continue.

These types of goods have been channeled into the USA for the last few years, and found a ready audience among the Lucha fans of America.

opposite page: (clockwise from top left) La Nueva Ola Azul: Blue Demon Jr., Huracan Ramirez Jr., and Anibal Jr. - sons of three of the biggest stars in Lucha history at Arena Coliseo / Super Crazy vs Fuego Guerrera at MLW show in NYC / Shocker vs La Parka at MLW show in NYC / three legends unite - Rayo De Jalisco, Mil Mascaras, and Mascara Sagrada at Arena Coliseo / Dr. Wagner Jr. vs Antifaz Del Norte at Arena Mexico; **this page:** (clockwise from top left) The Laguneros - Dr. Wagner Jr., Blue Panther, and Fuerza Guerrera / La Familia De Tijuana - Damian 666, Halloween (Ciclope in WCW) and Psicosis at Arena Mexico / Shocker vs Emilio Charles Jr. at Arena Mexico / El Hijo Del Santo vs Juventud Guerra at Arena Mexico / Guerreros Del Infierno - Tarzan Boy, Ultimo Guerrero & Rey Bucanero at Arena Mexico



and the backyard wrestlers ready to emulate their heroes. The handmade masks and hand painted figures produced by these backyard crafters ensures no two are ever the same, and the greatly varying quality has caused one fan to put up a website dedicated to these deformed wonders of modern plastic art. Lucha figures are usually in production in one form or another. Unfortunately, they usually repeat the body type for a whole series of figures! The current winner for this is the series of Luchadores with the fat puffy steroided out bodies of the mid-70s large Hasbro Hulk Hogan and Ultimate Warrior dolls. The figures with the largest range are the 5" tall figures from a few years ago, which are no longer produced. But you can buy dozens of repainted versions at the arenas. Even AAA has customized these to resemble their boys, by adding small plastic pieces, and doing repaints.

But to me, the most fascinating items are still the masks. In Mexico, to show you are an aficionado of a certain wrestler, you do not wear his t-shirt. (Wrestling t-shirts for a specific wrestler are almost impossible to find in Mexico. Usually, you will only find company t-shirts, as they own these logos and do not have to pay the wrestlers. Very rarely, a small amount of a wrestler's shirt are made and sold

in a week—if you see a cool lucha shirt, buy it! You will probably not be able to later.) Instead, fans wear the mask of their favorite star. These masks are all hand-made and vary greatly in quality, fit and price. At the largest arenas there are usually several vendors eager to sell you their wares but in the smaller venues throughout Mexico, you will usually see only one or two with a smaller selection. However, usually at the smaller arenas, you can usually find strange masks only available there. They are the masks of local wrestlers that only work in that arena, and are usually quite popular locally. The masks obtained at arenas are generally pretty durable, but are definitely of a lesser quality than the one-of-a-kind professional quality masks that are produced for in-ring use. There are also many different children's size masks, and even keychain sized small masks, which are usually quite nice.

Other interesting items that are fan produced include the Luchadores painted on wood or pinheads. There is one fan that paints Luchadore portraits in the bowls of spoons and on lightbulbs. There are several others that produce plaques and resin figures. The plaques are about 5" tall. These simple but excellently detailed pieces have been around for years and even many Luchadores collect them. I have seen a gigantic variety of them, and at least 100 exist. There are also a set of small plastic heads that have turned up and have decent detail. They seem to be purchased loose, and are being put onto keychains and small flashlights, with some foam tape; I've seen about a dozen different so far. Almost every time I'm in Mexico, more unusual things surface. I have seen many different figures, puzzles and posters, but since there is no source for information, no licenses, and many regional items, I am sure new things will come to light for many years.

This is just part of the tremendous fascination American fans have for this mysterious and tradition bound sport. The people of America have always had their heroes—Batman, Spiderman, Superman, and dozens of other superheroes and action stars have come to the rescue of beautiful girls saving them from peril, stopping the monsters and villains that walk among us. In Mexico, these men walk among the crowd. The sacred masks hold a fascination to the fans, and perhaps remind them of their primitive roots deep in the Aztec temples. The

blood rituals and feuds are more than entertainment in this poor country. The roots are much deeper in the culture, and every week, the fans assemble to socialize and marvel at these strange flying masked men, performing feats no normal man should be capable of.

To learn more about the strange world of Lucha Libre, here are a few interesting websites:

CMLL.com (The official website of Arena Mexico & Arena Coliseo in Mexico City, Mexico.)

www.geocities.com/luchalibrephotos (Dorothy Lee's incredible photo art site.)

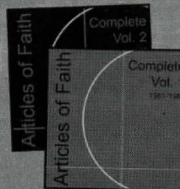
MLW.com and XPWrestling.com (The websites of East Coast promotions which feature Luchadores.)

www.geocities.com/laparkamania (The official website of La Parka, former WCW wrestler.)

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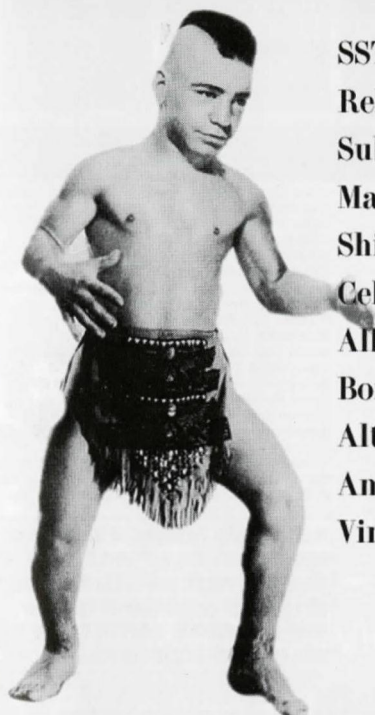
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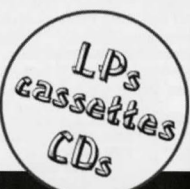
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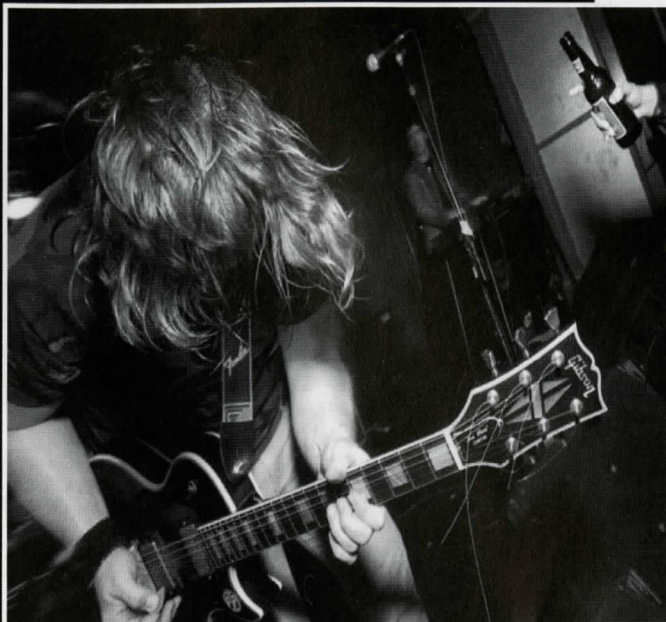


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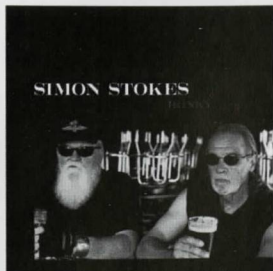
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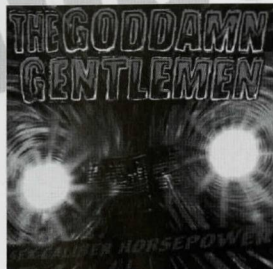
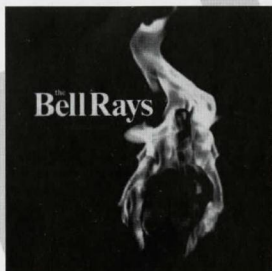
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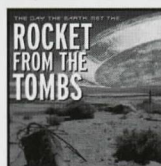
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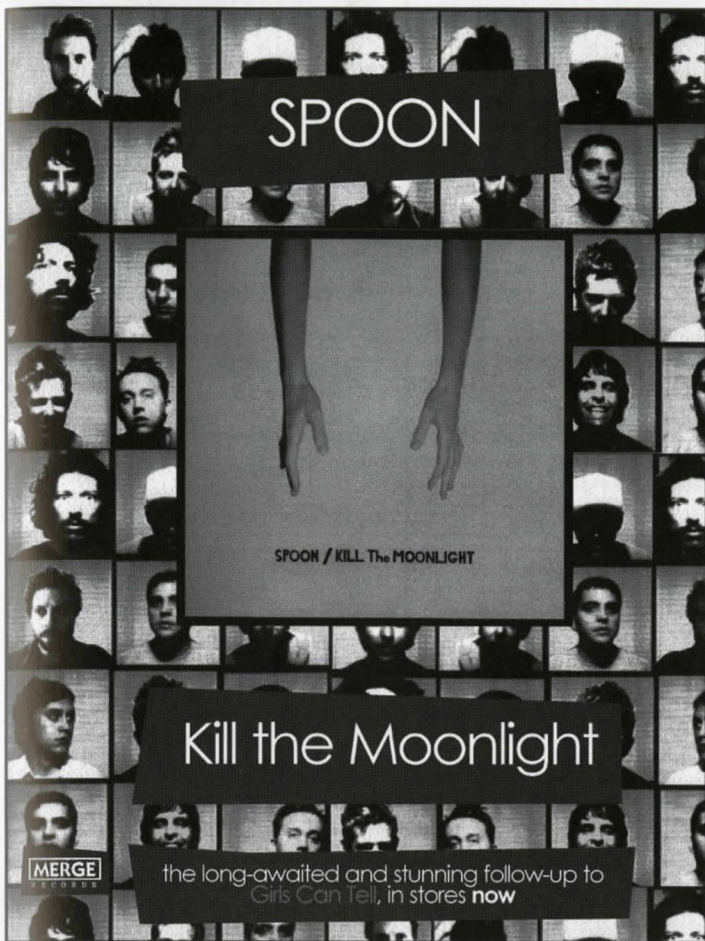


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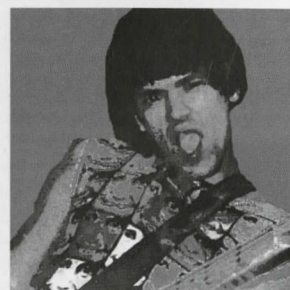
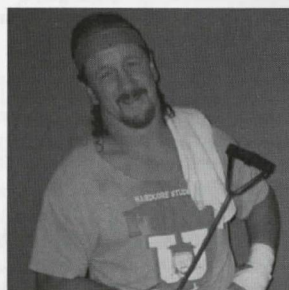
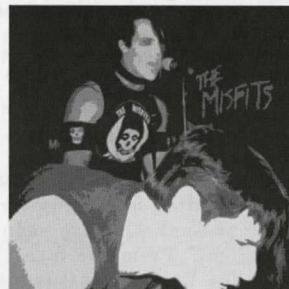
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SUPERHEROES AND SUPERZEROS

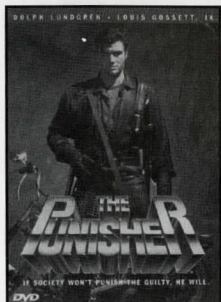
The coming year represents nothing short of a make-or-break proposition for superheroes on the big screen. The successes of *X-Men* (2000) and *Spider-Man* (2002's biggest-grossing flick) have shown that comic book adaptations can succeed when done with quality and reverence. Take a look at 2003's release schedule and you'll see it's busting at the seams with adaptations of blind vigilante Daredevil, the gamma-irradiated Hulk, and an *X-Men* follow-up.

But it wasn't long ago that Oscar-nominated directors like Ang Lee (helming the CGI-heavy *The Hulk*) and "name" stars such as Ben Affleck (donning the horned outfit of Daredevil) were nowhere to be found in these adaptations. Instead, low-budget superhero quickies of the '80s and '90s were more likely to involve the talents of Dolph Lundgren (*The Punisher*), Jay Underwood (*The Fantastic Four*), and DB Sweeney (*Spawn*).

Albert Pyun's *Captain America* (1992, Paramount Home Video) wishes it had the talents of Jay Underwood in the title role. (Excuse me for having a soft spot in my heart for Underwood's tear-jerking turn as a classically-trained punk in the after-school special "The Day Our Kid Went Punk.") Instead, Pyun's saddled with Matt Salinger, an actor better known for his famous father (who wrote a little thing called *Catcher In The Rye*) than his skills as a thespian. Okay, so maybe it's not as horrifying as *The Fantastic Four*, but this is one of the most bewildering big-screen superhero adaptations I've ever seen.

Directed in Pyun's typically ham-fisted style, the flick's opening 20 minutes are filled with enough double-crossing Nazi spies, secret passageways, cheeseball rockets and impeccable German fashion sense to keep things lively in a twisted sorta way. Unfortunately, what little spunk the flick had going for it evaporates once the flick pops into the present. Quickly reduced to "terrorists have kidnapped the President" TV-movie fare, Salinger spends precious little time in the Cap'n A costume but spends lots of time chasing (and being chased by) bad guys around Italy. Frankly, it'd be easy to mistake this junk for a sixth-rate Bond clone.

The Dolph Lundgren vehicle *The Punisher* (1989, IVE Home Entertainment) solves the issue of the character's well-known costume by dispensing with it completely! Shelled for years because of New World Pictures' financial woes, *The Punisher* is neither as bad as you've heard nor as good as it should be, especially considering that the mono-syllabic Lundgren (*Masters Of The Universe*, *Universal Soldier*) is ably supported by the likes of Lou Gossett, Jr. (*Diggstown*, *Jaws 3-D*, *Iron Eagle*) and a slummin' Jeroen Krabbe (*The Fugitive*, *Spetters*, *Living*



Daylights).

Instead of being handcuffed by the whole origin framework, *The Punisher* starts off five years into the character's existence. In a rousing opening, Mr. P (as his snitch refers to him) lays waste to the crime boss responsible for his family's death. Chock full of gunfire, explosions, and several garrotings (yay!), director Mark Goldblatt establishes a pace he just can't maintain.

Structured, shot and acted like a live-action comic book, *The Punisher* nobly succeeds where Tim Burton's ponderous *Batman* failed so miserably. We know the character has been scarred by the loss of his family. We know that the violence he inflicts only perpetuates more violence. We know that riding a motorcycle without a helmet is dangerous. We also know it's a fucking comic book, so lighten up and let's leave the philosophy lessons to Ghost Rider!

The, um, biggest superhero to make their way onto video may not be one you're familiar with. Skinny little Spider-Man would be no match for Kitten Natividad in the tit-ular role of *The Double-D Avenger* (2001/William Winckler Productions).

Yes, the very same Kitten Natividad who starred in such Russ Meyer big-boob escapades as 1979's *Beneath The Valley Of The Ultra-Vixens* and soft-core features like *Fresh Tits Of Bel Air* (1992) and *Thanks For The Mammaries* (1987). Unfortunately, those flicks took advantage of the star's ample assets as long ago as 1976, making the star of this breast man's wet dream about 55 years old.

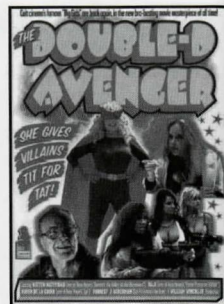
And to be honest, Natividad looks more like a grotesque, swollen, aging Mariah Carey than the voluptuous sex star who gave every red-blooded male that "special feeling." In fact, director William Winckler makes the crucial mistake of showcasing photos of a younger Natividad in a dream sequence (with blurred-out nipples!), only serving to remind us of what the actress looked like... long, long ago.

The story in this 77-minute feature has Natividad (playing a bar owner named Chastity Knott) traveling to South America in order to sample a phallic fruit that can, get this, cure her breast cancer! I kid you not. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I'm guessing this is the first flick to mine the comic potential of this deadly disease, a plot device made even more bizarre by the star's own mastectomy in October 1999. In true superhero story fashion, the fruit gives Chastity super powers, and when the need arises she turns into the costumed Double-D Avenger.

What kind of crime does a big-boobed bar owner face? Why, threats on her life from rival bar owner Al Purplewood, of course. Seems that nobody wants to see his top-heavy dancers (Meyer flick vet Haji, Mimma Mariucci and Sheri Dawn Thomas), so the crazed booze-and-boob jockey resorts to wiping out the competition.

Filled with off-color jokes and not-so-subtle double entendres, *Double-D* doesn't have a politically-correct bone in its body. Every woman is a top-heavy caricature. Mexican guides are horny, bug-eyed, tequila-swillers. And there are enough jokes about orbs, cow-milking competitions and "king-sized tasty cupcakes" to make the recently-canned "Son Of The Beach" look like the work of comedy geniuses!

I'd love to tell you that what *The Double-D Avenger* lacks in subtlety it makes up for in eroticism. Unfortunately, the impromptu big-boob lingerie fashion show is the closest the flick comes to ever being sexy or erotic. Frankly, all those titanic sweater puppies look PAINFUL!



by Danté

SIX-PACK OF SUPERHERO FUN

DARKMAN (1990): Released the summer after Burton's overrated *Batman*, this shows how a comic book adaptation should be done.

Elevated director Sam Raimi beyond the level of "that Evil Dead guy." Followed by a couple inferior, straight-to-video sequels.

SUPERMAN 2 (1980): Possibly the most entertaining of all superhero flicks. Helped tremendously by Terence Stamp as General Zod, Gene Hackman's greatest performance as Lex Luthor, and EG Marshall's absurd toupee. Best scene? A powerless Superman gets his ass kicked by a trucker in a diner, then returns the favor when he gets his powers back!

SPIDER-MAN (2002): This fun, affectionate look at the Web-Head blends a perfect cast, great behind-the-scenes talent (especially director Raimi), and special effects that actually look better on the small screen than they did at the multiplex. Is he strong? Listen bud, he's got radioactive blood!

BATMAN RETURNS (1992): Burton redeems himself with this creepy take on the Dark Knight, Catwoman and Penguin. With Pee-wee Herman as the Penguin's billionaire father and Chris Walken as a power-hungry madman (what else?) The only good flick in the entire series.

X-MEN (2000): The thinking man's superhero flick is loaded with great characters, surprisingly great performances, and a star-making turn from Hugh Jackman as Wolverine. Though I've never been a big Bryan Singer fan (he helmed the massively overrated *The Usual Suspects*), this flick actually gets better with each viewing.

THE FLASH (1990): I don't know if it's on video, but the pilot for this under-appreciated TV show would've made a spectacular big-screen adaptation. Plus, it features the great Tim Thomerson in a supporting role and was written/directed by the guys who brought us *Zone Troopers*, *Trancers* and *The Wrong Guys*.



Everybody has a reason to hate Mark Wahlberg, right? From being the “bad boy” of The New Kids On The Block to the Marky Marky “I’m down with the hood, y’all” charade to the clearly staged “accidental” loss of his pants during a televised hoops game, Mark has certainly given us plenty of reasons to pull for him to be shot out of a cannon into a pit of flaming barbed wire.

Mean-spirited though it may be, one of life's great pleasures is seeing someone you detest fall hard and fast on his face, particularly in public with a camera documenting every sweet second of the plummet. I mean, who didn't thoroughly enjoy smug Dennis Miller losing both his football and HBO gigs within a few months of each other?

Still, it should be noted that Wahlberg is a fairly competent actor, especially when compared to other pop stars out of their element. Furthermore, "Vanilla Ice North" has graciously consented to make partial amends for his past sins by supplying us with two words we can always dangle under his nose should he get too big for his britches—when not falling out of them, that is. The magic utterance? "Rock Star"... which just so happens to be the title of MW's most embarrassing film-career offering.

While not the thorough entertainmentfest of *Showgirls*, it's similar in the sense that both are ideal for playing the always fun "Guess which totally predictable, shopworn genre cliché they're going to throw at us next" game. You know, like when you're watching a third-rate war movie and anxiously awaiting the storyline to introduce the street-smart city-bred soldier assigned to every platoon since WWI, or you are taking in one of those homeboy/whiteboy actioners, trying to predict exactly when the twosome will temporarily put their mission aside for an interlude where the brother teaches the clueless cracker how to act cool.

And also like *Showgirls*, *Rock Star* traces the rise of a starry-eyed wannabe from suburb to center stage, the bumpkin coming to the shocking realization—please be seated before buckling on, lest this revelation buckles your knees—the entertainment industry is rife with hustlers, backstabbers, two-faces, leeches, egomaniacs, brats and whores.

I know what you're thinking after reading that last paragraph: "I've seen enough Jerry Lewis telethons to know everyone in showbiz is kind, compassionate, humble and ultra sincere, so this movie must be a work of fiction, correct?" Being an international celebrity myself, I'd normally concur, as everyone I've encountered in my rise to iconhood has been just swell, full of nothing but love. However, according to studio publicity, this picture is "based on a true story."

Actually, at Stately Central, we adore the "based on a true story" tag line, one of Tinseltown's greatest scams since offering free burials to those who die of fright during the screening of a monster movie. (No kidding, they really did that!)

The best part of the phrase is, though sounding like an official guarantee of honesty, it is really a license to lie liberally. A New Mexico farmer accidentally hits a cow with his tiller. Tack on "based on a true story" here, and you've instantly got the basis for a "cattle mutilation near Roswell" sci-fi script. State trooper pulls up with his flashers on then turns them off after stopping? Excellent. "Eerie lights lit up the nighttime sky around the site. They hovered for a moment, and, suddenly, they were gone."

Before I run out of space without getting around to the *Rock Star* storyline, let's go through a checklist of the chestnuts. But, first, here's the basic set-up. Chris Cole (Wahlberg) is the American lead singer of a "tribute band"

who play covers of their idols, the dinosaur-metal outfit, Steel Dragon. Emily Poule (Jennifer "Will I Ever Be In a Hit Movie?" Aniston) is both his sweetie and his manager. Okay, here we go.

Are the members of the super-group longhaired Britons? Do they lose their vocalist while on a U.S. tour and turn to Chris to substitute? Does Chris nearly blow it on his very first song but come back to rock on? Do Emily and Chris wind up waking in separate beds after a bisexual hotel-suite orgy following his debut concert? Does everything seem spectacularly cool... at first? Does Chris buy a flash car and drive recklessly? Is Emily relegated to riding in the groupie limo, no longer involved in Chris' business decisions and less and less in his private life? Does the band have a world-wise manager, a likable bloke who made a sad mistake in his youth? Does Emily decide to leave the tour? Do the original band members coldly reject Chris' input when it comes time to record, making it abundantly clear that, beneath the friendly posturing, he's considered just a hired hand? Does Emily go to the band's hotel when the tour comes to the couple's hometown, only to find Chris hosting a "ho-down," barely coherent and unaware of what city he's in? Does Chris finally grow sick of the entire lifestyle, hand his mic to another wannabe during the middle of a concert and walk out on Steel Dragon for good? Does he wind up playing introspective, sensitive alt music in tiny clubs and coffeehouses? Does Emily track him down at one such venue to rekindle their relationship?

The answers, in this order, are yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes and yes. Yep, over the course of 105 minutes, *Rock Star* delivers all the twists and turns of a drag strip. To misquote one of Steel Dragon's Brit-rock predecessors, "Oh, man, who needs trite TV when I've got trite ersatz T. Rex?"

Admittedly, *Rock Star* is among the weakest of the films to receive an M-O-M write-up. But any time someone can bamboozle a studio out of \$38 million to complete a feature based on a screenplay without so much as one single original idea—not one!—then get them to pony up an additional bargeful of bucks for an ad blitz shilling Cocoa Puffs as caviar, I have to salute a con of such grand scale.

Incidentally, just in case the viewer is starting to warm up to Wahlberg, the end credits include an out-take of our hero laying down a mocking "Yo, yo, yo, wuzzup, G?" b-boy keeping-it-real spiel, reminding one and all what an absolute fraud Mark was during his past life as a rapper, constantly whining about people questioning his credibility.

In other words, just because he appeared in a laughable junkfilm, it's still perfectly okay to loathe the guy.

MANOR ON MOVIES

by
**STATELY
WAYNE
MANOR**

WADD: The Life and Times of John C. Holmes (VCA)

Yes, it's the amazing true story of an Ohio farm-boy... with a monkeywrench in his pants. John Curtis Holmes—he was proud to use his real name in porn—and his god-given 13-plus inches shook up the world like no other porn star before him, and like no other male porn-star ever has; women wanted to be with him, men wanted to be him. With interviews from Holmes' first wife and his mistress—both of whom appear on camera with their faces shrouded in darkness—to various adult stars like Sharon Mitchell and Ron Jeremy, and directors like Bob Chinn and John Leslie to his second wife, Misty Dawn (the '80s porn "queen of butt fucking") and the (now retired) LA vice cop to whom Holmes regularly reported when he was finking on other porn shoots to avoid having his ass get busted—that's right, Holmes was a snitch—this is a fascinating, although kind of pathetic, documentary. The most extensive interview bits are with Holmes' manager (who has a forehead that looks as if it was borrowed from Dusty Rhodes), who was with him from day one until he became seriously ill (which is when Misty Dawn apparently sort of took over and threw everyone out of John's life who'd been in it previously). From Holmes rise and the rise of modern porn with him (the entire industry's future was literally riding on his cock in the early days) to his gradual descent into massive drug use, prison and, eventually, his involvement with the "4 On The Floor" murders in Hollywood (for which he was later found not guilty). Holmes was not only a superstar and an addict, he was a pathological liar who almost became a hybrid of his Johnny Wadd character and his real self. With clips from 43 of his movies and a good amount of interview footage with Holmes himself, this documentary is like the E! True Hollywood Story times a hundred! Originally made in 1989, year after Holmes' death from AIDS (and they point out that no woman Holmes fucked after he got the virus has ever tested positive for it) and re-released in 2000, WADD is worth seeking out.

token female perspective: This is very similar, stylistically and otherwise, to the show they did about him on the E! Channel except in that one you didn't see John Holmes' much revered penis (which is pretty impressive) or him sticking said penis into many porn starlet's (and a young fella's) orifices. Subsequently the True Hollywood Story didn't need an X-Rating; this documentary does. I'd already seen his penis (in film of course) so that part didn't surprise me. I was surprised to learn - and this my or may not be true, I'm just quoting from the film - that due to his size, he was never able to achieve a full erection. As someone colorfully put it "if that much blood had actually left the rest of his body and gone into his penis, he would have passed out." Fascinating! Later, in an even greater display of colorful speaking Holmes' manager, whose name escapes me, likened it to "a giant spongy loofah." (You can't buy a loofah like that at the Drug Emporium. At least not around here. Maybe in North Hollywood.) Obviously, John Holmes is the second lead in this film - his penis being the star - but some of the people who tell his story are as engaging as the story they're telling. Al Goldstein damn near stole the show with each outrageous, rapid fire, smoke filled one-liner - and he only talked about himself once! Although the movie was kind of a bummer, I have yet to see a porn documentary that hasn't been. If you have any interest in the man, the myth or the legend, I'd recommend this.

Rush
(Digital Playground)

Wow. I have never, and I mean never, seen as many gunshots, blood squibs and explosions in a porno. Director Nic Andrews' high-impact action-packed feature definitely rises above the standard plotless fare most porn companies are dishing out by the jizz-load these days. Not only is there plot in this flick, there might be too much plot! I'm not saying it gets in the way of the sex scenes, but this is one of the rare pornos where, except for the gratuitous girl-girl scene with women who appear nowhere else in the movie and for no other reason other than to screw poolside, the sex scenes make sense



from a scripted standpoint; they can almost legitimately fit in with the story. I'll spare the details, but it's part Rockford Files, part Pulp Fiction, part run-of-the-mill good guy escaped con on the run with a beautiful girl being chased by gun-totin' bad guys all the way to Mexico story. Seriously though, despite some of the pacing and some script deficiencies, I almost forgot this was a porno a couple times—it's more like a regular low budget (as in under one million dollars) movie with explicit sex. The whole production has more of a look and feel of a TV cop show or a movie, with stunt doubles and stunt coordinators, tons of acting (non-sex) roles, and a soundtrack that reminded me of S.W.A.T. and Starsky and Hutch. If this is the future of porn, I might be interested in seeing more.

token female perspective: I can honestly say I have never seen a porn like this one. It doesn't even "look" like a porno. It looks like one of those Levis commercials where young people steal things or commit petty crimes and then make out - only in this movie they go way past first

base. If we're going with the theory that what women want in porn is more plot (I'm still not sure; for this woman at least, there is such a thing as too much plot) then this is porn made with women in mind. Or more likely, couples. Because there is actually way more plot than there is fucking. And no anal sex or come shots on the face - two more things that are viewed as obstacles to women enjoying porn. How about coming to the realization that it's because a lot of porn is just bad, OK? If there were more good porn maybe more women would want to watch it. But I digress. I have porn theories of my own. One of which is that the average man who rents porn that he plans to view alone would not watch all that plot establishment and the development of the relationship between Carter and Sarah. (And yes I did say the development of the relationship between a man and a woman and I still am talking about this porn.) But from what I understand, Digital Playground is one of the hotter new companies around so there are in fact people renting and buying porn like this. DP's popularity is probably in part due to how beautiful some of their contract girls are (the guys are OK too, just a little too Gen X-ish for me - I like my men a little rougher looking and definitely sans nipple piercings and hair gel) but who knows, maybe their popularity signals a greater interest in porn movies that are actually watchable movies all the way through without the aid of the fast forward button. One can only hope.

Primitive Love
(Something Weird)

Apparently this is the great "lost" Jayne Mansfield movie, and this flick does its sexy psychotronic best to tease and confound the viewer—often simultaneously! As Jayne checks into a high class Italian resort hotel she's immediately noticed by two bumbling bellhops, who get goo-goo-eyed at the mere sight of her. These two bunglers, possibly the most frightening Jerry Lewis impersonators ever (but apparently Italy's leading comedic duo at the time), obsessively follow her every move, and when she finds multiple reasons to keep undressing, showering and lounging around in lingerie—it seems she spends more than half her screen time in one state of partial undress or another—they're right outside the keyhole peeping in. Eventually Jayne does get dressed, sets up a movie projector in the room, and is visited by her guest, who she refers to as "professor." It seems Jayne's "character" has been collecting anthropological evidence on film to prove her theory that all men are primitive beats at heart; the professor disputes this, saying modern man is highly evolved. Jayne then starts her movie and we get what seems like 40 minutes of the most mondo collection of stock footage known to man in 1964 (when this gem was made); topless Asian women horsing around in a rice paddy, cockfighting, interracial romance and animal sacrifices, all occasionally interrupted by Jayne and the Professor arguing a bit more. Once the movie's over and the professor still does not believe Jayne's theory, she tells him to hide in the closet so she can prove her point right in front of him. She gets one of the bellhops in the room—who all along

have been either key-hole spying, hiding

adult video reviews by Mr. & Mrs. carbon 14

behind plants in the room or peeping over the trellis—and begins to dance/strip for him, which makes him go crazy. The further she gets along in her little routine, the more the bellhop becomes a brainless, drooling human hard-on. Once she feels she's proven her point she goes to the closet where the Professor is and—lo and behold—he's turned into a drooling sex maniac too, with suddenly huge bushy eyebrows to boot!

token female perspective: This is a rare movie in the sense that, even though I am not aware of Jayne Mansfield's complete filmography, I feel safe in saying this is one of her kookier films. It's actually like two movies, the main part she's the star of and the "movie within the movie" or her collegiate thesis in film form if you wanna stick with the "plot," which is just weird old National Geographic type stock footage of stuff from who knows where. Kind of like what the Butthole Surfers used to show behind them when they played, but tamer. The first thing that stood out to me about this movie is how unbelievable Jayne Mansfield looks; she almost seems unreal to me. The second thing is that the movie really makes no sense. But it was the mid-60s; they made a lot of kooky movies in Europe in the mid-60s, and really, who can concentrate on anything other than how smoking she looks in her underwear.

I Dream Of Jenna (clubJenna)

Co-directed by and starring Jenna Jameson, this I Dream of Jeannie parody is actually not that bad. Who am I kidding? This thing's hilariously awful and occasionally awfully hilarious. Clocking in at an ungodly two hours and forty seven minutes, and boasting some of the longest sex scenes I can ever recall, either they kept every single scene they shot or this was originally a four-hour movie. The opening is hilarious, and essentially holds true to the way the series actually started, with Major Tony Nelson finding the bottle and releasing Jeannie/Jenna. Of course Randy Spears is along for the ride as Major Healy, and they've even got some guy as Dr. Bellows in a couple scenes. Jenna is pretty funny as Jeannie; she's obviously a bit more unbridled in her blinking, as she blinks her sister Katrina over to the house when the majors both leave to go "consult on a space film in Hollywood." Katrina emerges from a plume of smoke at the front door and quickly begins blowing the Dr. Bellows guy, who's there picking up the two Majors to drive them to the airport. Once the men leave, Jenna and Katrina conjure up a third chick, and they have a three-way that seems to last forever—but in reality is only about a half hour. Basically the rest of the movie takes place at various places on the movie set, except for one scene in some weird underwater room. Jenna, worried that her man would be screwing around, blinked herself into the director's chair for the flick Major Nelson's consulting on to keep tabs on him, and obviously lots of fucking ensues. Two equally weird side plots: one, Randy Spears starts asking Jenna what it was like where she came from, she blinks, and then suddenly he's in a harem room in the middle of an orgy (and in an embarrassingly stupid harem-master outfit) fucking two girls. Later, he re-appears in the military outfit he'd been wearing before, as if nothing's happened; and two, apparently Jenna's ex-master (remember, Major Nelson is her "new" master) still pines for her, so he and Katrina set it up that she's trapped in the bottle again (only this time with him). The scene where the two majors are hiding the genie bottle behind their backs because of the noises coming from it (as in from Jenna being fucked by her ex-master) actually was a bit Lenny and Squiggly-ish in it's stupidity and execution.

token female perspective: I have seen enough Jenna Jameson flicks at this point to notice that she's got this making adult movies things down to a science. She's like porno comfort food cause you pretty much always know what it's gonna be like. In fact she pretty much does the exact same thing in every movie with a small cast of revolving characters—one scene where she has sex with a guy, one scene where she has sex with one or two other girls, one scene where she masturbates (either while watching other people have sex or alone) and then maybe another sex scene with a guy if it's one of these "epic" length ones and that's that. The only things that do change are the scripts (yes, porn movies have scripts), sets and costumes. The script in this one was, uh... it doesn't really matter. No one pays attention to the script anyway. The sets were good and costumes were all right. Jenna looked hot, as usual, and I'm pretty sure that's all that fans of hers are looking for anyway. What's funny about this one though is that it's a parody of I Dream Of Jeannie, a TV show that also had plots that didn't make a whole lot of logical sense. So in some ways, this is very much in character with the original - except for all the butt play, ejaculating and an unusual amount of foot interest for a non-fetish oriented movie. Also of note is that Katrina (I forget the actresses name, she's kind of like the wicked dark haired sister on Bewitched - I don't think Jeannie had one of those but whatever) has the craziest accent! It is so thick they had to subtitle her, even though she was speaking English, like that toothless dumbass singer from Oasis.

From the creators of the legendary
underground film magazine.

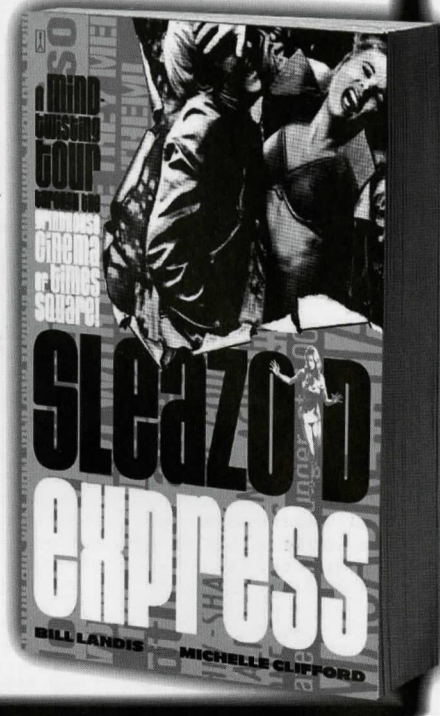
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CD Reviews

5¢ Deposit - We Have Your Daughter! (Radical)

I'm not normally too hot on the Cali-styled punk rock that's out these days but some bands are at least rearing their heads above it; 5¢ Deposit is among them. Long Island's not known for its musical exports very much, but these three guys ignore the damning of their geography and burn through a dozen NOFX-descended numbers that go for more of a guitar gusto. I'm not crazy about the vocals but otherwise it's pretty good. —Larry

Acid Mothers Temple - Electric Heavyland (Alien 8 Recordings)
It's no secret my two favorite bands in the world for the past few years have been Japan's psychedelic kings Acid Mothers Temple and Brutalsville's punk gods, ANTISEEN. While the two are literally thousands of miles apart, they do have their similarities: crazed guitars that defy stereotypes, a pummeling live show and a love and respect of pro wrestling spring to mind. Electric Heavyland is AMT's seventh studio album by my count and it truly lives up to the title. Three long jams bludgeon the listener with fat bass riffs and speaker shaking drums, while the guitars feed back and Hendrix out all over the place. Add to this the best Hawkwind-style synth blasts and walls of in-the-red, ear-shattering noise and you got a record that really does live up to the label's hype that compares it to Mainliner's heavy psych classic *Mellow Out* (another of AMT Kawabata Makoto's projects). While this is as heavy and stereo-decimating as *Mellow Out*, *Electric Heavyland* takes that slave to the riff ethic and blows it up like a pot smoke filled balloon, taking out your speakers in the process. Thick blobs of noise float and sink in the mix as the riffs go higher and higher in what may be the most Sabbath record yet unleashed from this camp. —Andy Perseponko

ADZ - American Steel (Steel Cage)
ADZ, who started as a more grown-up version of The Adolescents, are lead by Tony Reflex; on their sixth studio album, *American Steel*, Bruce Duff (45 Grave and Jeff Dahl Band), Mike Candalot and George Paras are along for the ride, and what a ride this CD takes you on! This is full-out, heavy, guitar shreddin', faster and louder rock 'n' roll. There are seriously no filler tracks on this disc. Every song rocks hard with Marshall stacked guitars, badass bass, and crashin' and bashin' drums, all lead by Tony's wonderfully still snotty vocals and great lyrics of

Tony Reflex. My faves are "Kiss My Fist," "Vertigo," and "Godzilla Stompin' Rock 'N' Roll," because of course it would be impossible to write a bad song about the King of All Monsters! And the ADZ are one of the few bands who could pull off coverin' Turbonegro's "Good Head," which if you're lucky you'll be gettin', no matter what your sex, when this record is cranked up on your stereo. —Peter Santa Maria

The Agenda - Start the Panic (Kindercore)
A fierce, relentlessly up-tempo garage/mod record. If you'd rather throw on the new-school offerings of the Mooney Suzuki or the Hives than listen to records from the olden days, you'd dig this as well. Need to hear an organ with your rock and roll? Love screamed lyrics to the point of vocal exhaustion? Got a thing for guys in tight floods and floppy hair? Check out the Agenda. One question: Is it lo-fi mod, or hi-fi garage? Of course, Agenda lead singer Justin vehemently denies being a part of the mod revival, and calls their sound "mod-core." Get the shovel. Call yourself a "millionaire" while you're at it, guy. Put a "cherry" on top. Adding "core" to almost any genre is funny (my fave next to "clown-core" is calling a mokey singer-songwriter "sad-core"), but it becomes meaningless in a wave of annoying phrases used by music writers and the people that read them. Like, someone define "emo" for me: no two definitions will match. Next up, define "electroclash." And even people that publish ratty punk newsprint zines hate the term "punk-n-roll." Back to The Agenda. The production is pretty good, but the vocals (mixed much louder and with more effects than anything else) grated on me after a while. The bass player sings one song. Good for him. I like a little nuance, which even Howlin' Pele, my favorite modern screamer, provides once in a while. With 11 songs that rush past you at breakneck speed, this record is a fast ride. I thought only speed-metal bands could put out a 26-minute CD—turns out the mods are in on the quickies too. Find it, play it, forget it. —Alex Richmond

ANTISEEN - Drastic / EP Royalty (TKO)
There has been quite the array of relatively easily available ANTISEEN material, re-issues & new stuff, in the past few years; TKO has been doing a damn fine job keeping their portion of the "A" section as impressive, and to some intimidating, as their infamous live sets (although other labels including one that shall remain nameless since it's partially owned by me have, in smaller

part, contributed to that as well). This is most definitely a good thing. The music world at large needs bands like ANTISEEN to make other bands work harder. As far as these two particular re-issues, the (alphabetically) first - *Drastic*/EP *Royalty* CD goes way, way back, to 1985 and '86 (respectively), and features classic songs like "Queen City Stomp," "Destructo Rock," and "N.C. Royalty." Eat More Possum, which features a number of classics as well ("Cactus Jack," "Animals... Eat 'Em" and "Fuck All Y'All"), is actually enjoying its fourth release; most recently it was re-issued by Man's Ruin, paired on one disc with *Southern Hostility*, however this issue re-instates the icky original artwork. (Anybody wanna guess what it is? If you said a picture of a freshly run-over possum you are so totally right.) Mmmm. If you missed these the first time around it's probably safe to say getting these CDs is more cost effective than going the Ebay route to look for the original releases. —Leslie

Bad Machine - Rip Your Heart (Dead Beat)
Bad Machine hails from Finland, a home for quality rock for many a decade—or at least two. The 12 tracks on *Rip Your Heart* walk in the long shadows of Radio Birdman and the Pagans but manage to stand tall on their own. Clocking in only a few ticks over the half-hour mark, this album grabs you by the (insert body part of your liking here) and doesn't let you go 'til it's over. As usual, the question "Will they ever play the States?" must be asked at this juncture. Well? —Larry

The Bad Vibes - Hate Your Everything (Steel Cage)
Where do I start? How about the band name? Well, the Whiskey Rebel will guaran-damn-tee you that even most people who have seen the Bad Vibes play live and hated 'em would still have to admit they live up to their well chosen moniker. This is about as far removed from a cutesy-poo alternative band as it gets. These guys aren't a bunch of jolly parrot-head types and they damn sure don't hail from some enlightened university city like Berkeley, with a built in music scene to adore them. They graduated from the school of hard knocks located in isolated pock-ets of Hostile City, USA. A city with an aborted mess of a music scene. So what? They deliver the goods with these ten songs the same way you deal with assholes who get in your face in Philly, quickly and violently. No excess dialogue or hand clappin' and jaw jackin' just POW. Don't expect any "Stairway To Heaven" classic rock influence here. Don't try your aerobics workout to this or you'll wind up with a hernia or in traction. The entire CD is over in about 20 minutes or so leaving you fucking drained. This one is recommended for like minded

bad seeds who like their music brutally physical and relentless. —Thee Whiskey Rebel

Baseball Furies - Greater Than Ever (Big Neck)
This is THE record man! One of the best punkrocknroll records this year, bar none. Thumbs up to Big Neck Records as a great newer label for getting this release too, not to mention some others. Named from one of the gangs in that classic flick *The Warriors*, this band is slamming bats all over the place. Amped up Iggy & The Stooges circa *Raw Power* without the Bowie overtones, and dare I say better! In your bleeding face with some of that old school sound but they throw ya down and beat ya senseless with their own righteous dead-on distinctions. Fourteen fuzzed out, loudfest, fist raising, head shaking freak-outs to go out over all frequencies, yeah! Not a lame song in the bunch. Kick ass absolute; I can't recommend this full throttle blast of slamming cuts enough. Pure wedges of spit on punk to brow beat them SUV yuppie pussies waiting for the next media fear threat, whether they are your neighbors or sitting next to you at the stoplight. My copy is already wearing out from the constant play. Get it, find it, crank it! —Phil D. Ford

Iris Berry - Collect Calls (Bad Bunny Records)
Iris is a brilliant writer and performer, and all-around hot mamma. This disc is kind of a spoken word thing, I guess you would say; although using that term to describe it makes it sound kind of tame and uninteresting, and I seriously doubt the words tame or uninteresting have ever been used to describe Iris or her work. So let's instead say this disc features a series of performances of Iris reading selected pieces of her writing. Tony Malone of Midget Handjob (AKA Iris' husband) provides just the right musical accompaniment to her sultry hypnotic voice—enough to add a cool atmospheric tone but nothing that took the focus off of the words. —Leslie

Biblical Proof of UFOs - s/t (SuperFi Records)
The only words you get on *Biblical Proof of UFOs* pulverizing all-instrumental debut CD are in the smart-ass titles, scrawled like graffiti ("Sinkpiss"), a mocking ransom note ("Arson Tells It Like It Is"), a departing ex-lover's lipstick imprecation on the mirror ("Dirty Dishes and Broken Bones") or an addled professor's chalkboard equation ("Axial Tilt Is the Reason for the Season"). When we say "instrumentals," we don't mean cute surf music or retro lounge comas. These are monstrously heavy passages, with alternately elegant riffs twisting like interlocking tree branches, climbing into stoner-rock cloudiness and intricately arpeggiated respites of out-and-out pretti-

ness. Most often though, everything gives way to a rolling bass thunder, an avalanche of toms and a brainy bramble of barbed live-wire guitar. Since recording this impressive first album a while back in their Cleveland hometown, the fast-moving BPUFO have switched guitarists, moved to Hollywood and written a batch of inescapably catchy tunes—with vocals—that are the next logical progression in classic rock.

—Falling James

Brothers Of Conquest - All The Colors Of Darkness (GoKart)

Were you sad when the Hookers broke up? I was. Not to worry, Adam Neal (aka the Rock and Roll Outlaw) has assembled a newer group of hard rockin' rough riders from parts unknown, or maybe just somewhere around Lexington, and started off anew. Not necessarily in a new direction though, as this seems pretty much in step with the later Hookers stuff or the rarely heard R&R Outlaw solo record. I know some people deemed the Hookers material from right before their break-up "too metal" but I liked their early stuff, and I like the later shit too, so this disc is OK by me. There is a quote on their press sheet that says a good description of BOC is that they sound like "Danzig fronting Manowar" (apparently Dean at GoKart thought that was a compliment) but I think that is not a good description. I don't know anything about Manowar (other than Ben Brower likes them and Ross the Boss [of Dictators fame] was in the band briefly) but Danzig is short and lame, and Adam is a big strappin' lad and totally cute; plus Adam is a better frontman and there is no way in hell Danzig could write songs as brilliantly ironic—and metal-hand worthy—as these.

—Leslie

The Bulemics - Soundtrack to the Apocalypse (Steel Cage)

The Bulemics are great guys, they're one of the few bands I go see whenever possible. They always put on a great live show; you just never know what you're going to see. One recent show in Austin, a girl from the audience gave Gerry a blowjob on stage, [I actually have photographic proof of that—ed.] getting them banned from the club for a couple of months. The CD doesn't have the visuals their live shows do, so what could they do to make up for that?! For starters the vocals are finally heard (lyrics basically about sex and/or violence), as are the scorching leads and driving rhythm guitar. These guys are evil, satanic and bad for kids—all good reasons to pick this up.

—Marla Vee

Cherry Thirteen - Guilty As Sin (TSB/Devil Doll)

The longest lasting singer of Electric Frankenstein has a side project... and it totally kicks fucking ass! This is not a punk album,

this is a big, slick ass-kicking rock album that should stand as the blueprint for what rock 'n' roll radio should be. Big production, big guitars, big hooks and big vocal harmonies, the last of which are positively reeking of Aerosmith. (I swear I mean that in a good sense.) I hate to agree with the hyperbole of press kits, but I have to agree that this is the band that delivers on the blatantly false and wussily ineffectual so called promises of such "next saviors of rock" (Such as Buckcherry, Oasis, or the Stitches.) They aren't the Stooges, but I still think life would be a little more pleasurable if Cherry Thirteen were the nation's chosen musical fodder.

—Rick D.

The Cherry Valence - Riffin' (Estrus)

I've heard a lot about these guys but hadn't heard them until now. To my ears, it's nothing like the way everyone's described them. Between the drum beats and the guitar tone (particularly on a lot of the leads), the first thing that jumps to the front of my mind is Led Zeppelin. Definitely not what you think of in terms of the typical "Estrus band," but maybe there really is no such thing. The vocals get a bit Lemmy-ish on the title track and a few other places, but mostly they're kind of like a mid-'70s California version of Paul Rogers—come to think of it, a lot of the parts/tracks that don't sound like Led Zep sound like early Bad Company or pre-Weekend Warriors Nugent. Yeah, it's dinosaur rock-inspired but it's an ideal combination of the right elements from that time make The Cherry Valence's music more addictive and hypnotic with repeat listenings.

—Larry

Cocknoose - Badmen, Butchers and Bleeders (TKO)

Remastered and colorized for the new century, Cocknoose's long out of print debut LP has finally been reissued. These 13 tracks first blew the dust off the Kansas prairie back in 1994, with heavy-handed hooks and bloodthirsty vocals on songs like "Death Noose," "Alcohol Burnin' Man" and the immortal "Fuck You Die." These guys are in fact bad men, they are butchers and have occasionally been bleeders. This time around there are also four bonus tracks, covers of the Runaways classic "Cherry Bomb," and GG's "I Wanna Fuck Myself," a version of "Dog Shit" that can only be described as brutal, and a hidden alternate version of "Punk Rock Outlaws" that's also insanely heavy.

—Larry

The Country Teasers - Science Hat Artistic Cube Moral Nosebleed Empire (In the Red)

I think the term Avant Garage was either invented or first applied to Pere Ubu, but damn, The Country Teasers take it as gospel and run with it. This 20-

song CD is a clearinghouse of b-sides, comp tracks, demos, etc; ya know the deal on these things. What you lack in cohesiveness and, uh, order you get back tenfold in surprises and gorgeous confusion. Hell, the CD starts out with a throbbing sub-Krautrock slice that sounds like '77 Devo tackling Husker Du's "New Day Rising" in a dark, clammy basement. The more trad song-oriented pieces feature creaky drums saddled up with simple bass riffs beaten into the ground. Add some great weird ass steel guitar and general foggy strangeness on the production end, then get Lou Reed-slumming-in-Birmingham on slurred vocals and you got a track like the quirky stomp of "Happy Feet." What starts as rudimentary production turns into a wheezing, lo-fi masterpiece with those little nuances creeping up and tapping you on the side of the ear in constant surprise at how much is crammed into these little ditties. The grab bag aspect of the CD keeps things moving right along; interludes that sound hissy and industrial flow right into songs with choruses and shit, all of which leads to a fucked up cover of Ice Cube's "We Had To Tear This Motherfucker Up" that sounds like it was produced by the Bomb Squad on 'ludes (their patented metal on metal squeal is made a big fat rhythm here) with Gibby mixing. Pretty fucking scary, to be honest, especially when followed by a Headcoats-style burner. Variety is the spice of life and shit, but now I wanna hear the 40-song double-LP version of this one!

—Andy Perseponko

The Cynics - Living Is The Best Revenge (Get Hip)

You gotta respect a band that's been around as long as these guys. Well, maybe you don't but I do. Over the years the Cynics have not only stayed true to their garage roots, they've honed it to a science while never losing the rawness that makes a band of this ilk interesting. The smartly titled *Living Is The Best Revenge* (produced by Tim Kerr down in Austin, TX) is definitely a feather in their already impressive cap. I have to admit I could do without their more ballad-y songs but when they're really rockin' out, as they are on the majority of tracks on this disc (particularly on "Turn Me Loose," "The Tone," and "You've Never Had It Better") few bands of the genre can touch 'em.

—Leslie

Jeff Dahl - I Was A Teenage Glam Fag, vol.2 (Ultra Under)

Another limited edition disc of absolutely essential Dahl. Sizzling covers of Little Richard (the original glam rocker; if you will), Cockney Rebel, T-Rex, Sweet, Slade, Bowie and a handful more. Dahl's treatment of Lou Reed's "Vicious" strips away Reed's pretentiousness and transforms it into what could pass for a Bowie outtake, and his take on the for-

gotten Runaways classic "You're Too Possessive" might his finest cover rendering to date. The Berlin Brats (according to the liner notes—by Dahl, of course) were "LA's version of the Dolls," except they only had one song officially released before falling apart; Dahl takes that one song, "Tropically Hot," and elevates it to classic status. If you can get this, I urge you to do so.

—Larry

Damnation - The Unholy Sounds Of... (RAFR)

I think I would enjoy this CD more if I'd seen the band live first. I definitely like the faster songs on here; they get the best usage of special guest producer Blag Dahlia's production skills as well. Some of the other songs didn't excite me as much. They probably play them faster live though; maybe I'd like them more with a different tempo. Plus in a club setting I wouldn't be able to understand the lyrics, which might have also aided in my enjoyment of the record. (I'm sorry, I tried to think of a nicer way to say the lyrics are kinda stupid but I think that's the best I could do.) I can't say I'm gonna go looking for the band's other records after hearing this but I'm not gonna totally count them out. I've certainly heard, and been forced to review, CDs a hell of a lot worse.

—Honey West

The Faggot Kings - ... Straight Ahead (Stereodrive)

I'm not sure if these guys are Bavarian, they're from Selm, Germany—but they do have the Southern rock-meets-GG Allin thing going on the opening song that other Bavarian bands I've heard favor. This is a bit more high-end of a production than the tracks I've previously heard from these guys, on 7"s and compilations, and they're definitely tighter than they've ever been. There are also heavy Motorhead overtones, particularly on "Chase You Down," and the inevitable Oil side rears itself on a couple songs too. Their cover of "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting" is good, but it can't touch Verbal Abuse's version. There are seven regular tracks and three bonus ones, which leads me to believe this may have been a 10" or something before being released as a CD—no press came with it, so I have no idea.

—Larry

The Fartz - 15 Working Class Songs

(Alternative Tentacles) Most readers of this mag probably remember HC/thrash metal/splatter rock pioneers The Accused. Before The Accused, shredded-lung singer Blaine and bassist Blaine were in a "political" hardcore band called The Fartz. You knew they were political because #1: they spelled their name with an anarchy circle A; #2: MaximumSuckAndBlow were fans of theirs; and #3 they used pseudo Crass style graphics.

Their new record picks up pretty much where their last album left off, pretty much sounding like *The Accused* without any of the intense metal style flourishes that made that band interesting. Blaine's voice can still peel barnacles off a ship's hull, which is even more impressive now when you figure he has got to be in his 40s, and the bass player is pretty hot. This tuneless HC stuff bored me as a teenager, and it hasn't aged well, but I'm sure all the Antiflag and Blank 77 fans out there will gobble it up if they ever hear it. —Rick D.

Feederz - Teachers in Space (Broken Rekids)

Another slew of old Feederz savage tunage at work here. Once again, front man Frank Discussion has re-released another classic Feederz record. This one featuring the exploding space shuttle Challenger photo on the cover that even filmmaker John Waters found offensive. And though a lot of people these days may not have heard them, now is your chance in these readily available re-issues. A barrage of that good tasting early '80s hardcore without so much distortion and crunch, but just as menacing if not more so. You know when the punk fruit trees were much more fresh, abundant and innovative. And although I still prefer *Ever Feel Like Killing Your Boss* (see C14 #16), this one still has the sharp toothed bite you'd expect from the band. Looks like a brand new spanking record and tour are on the way too. Also on the CD, bonus multimedia footage of the Gilman Street show that caused a ruckus when Frank played the entire set with live bugs glued to his head and a dead dog and cat strung around his neck. PETA beware. 40 minutes of EWWW! —Phil D. Ford

Flamin' Groovies - Slow Death (Norton)

This is kind of like the great "lost" Groovies album; recorded between 1971 and '73, after the *Teenage Head* LP (and Roy Loney's departure) and before the *Shake Some Action* LP. Cyril Jordan really steps up to the plate on this one, on the 1971 San Francisco demos of classics like "Slow Death," "Dog Meat" and "Let Me Rock" as well as covers of the Stones and Chuck Berry. We also get the UK single version of "Tallahassee Lassie" and a steamy rendering of "Roll Over Beethoven" from French TV in '72 plus the original demo versions of "Shake Some Action" and "I Heard Your Name" from '73. In fine Nortonian tradition there are über-extensive liner notes that tell the story of the record, and this time they're by Cyril Jordan himself, so you can't get any better perspective than that. Essential Groovies listening but not for collectors only. —Larry

The Flaming Sideburns - Save Rock'n'Roll (Jetset)
You guys! Rock and roll is

trapped in that burning building! Save it! Saaave it! Just joking. In spite of a rash of bands that swear otherwise, rock is doing just fine, thank you. You know where rock is doing really well? Sweden. Really! No, I swear. There are sooo many good bands from there. The Soundtrack Of Our Lives, the Hellacopters, Sahara Hotnights, and of course, The Flaming Sideburns. What's that? Duh, you say? Oh right, smart people are aware of the font of talent produced in Scandinavia. Well, the good stuff keeps coming with this Stateside full-length debut from the Flaming Sideburns. There aren't enough superlatives to accurately describe how good this record is. Beautiful production; everything sounds amazing. The performances are inspired, emotional, and technically on. Excellent musicianship and arrangements. Great range of tempos; they play balls out and can slow it down, too. (For the ladies? One can only hope). It's a good record! A fine, high-quality example of the new garage-rock. Go buy it now. —Alex Richmond

The Flaming Stars - Sunset and Void (Alternative Tentacles)

The Flaming Stars are soooo cool. I got turned onto them back in '94 by my friend James Johnston. JJ plays guitar for Gallon Drunk and at one time, Max Decharne, who sings and plays keyboards for the Flaming Stars, once manned the drums for that equally cool band. The Flaming Stars are suave, refined, groovy, and wholly non-political. Max sings/croons the cinematic odes with an icily detached coolness that beckons back to the '50s and '60s. Kind of like Scott Walker or Brian Ferry without all the pomp, circumstance, or overwrought drama. All 15 cuts on this disc discreetly segue one into the next like chapters from an old pulp novella or scenes from some forgotten film-noir gem. They all possess that cinematic/literary charm that imbues itself on the listener and draws one into its seductive web. Like Barry Adamson, it has a soundtrack quality and *ouvre* stamped all over it. Songs like "Mexican Roulette," "Killjoy," "Killer in the Rain," and the achingly haunting "Night Must Fall" give the listener an almost voyeuristic feeling albeit in an aural sense. The backing music to Max's quixotic paeans is subtle, soul-wrought, and reined in. It gets tough at times, but the fist is enconced in a velvet glove. Nick Cave and Tom Waits are not unreasonable comparisons as far as Flaming Stars' musical storytelling goes. It's rich, lush, and at times, a bit sinister. This is heady stuff, folks, not for the puerile and unrefined masses. —Paul Bearer

T-Model Ford - Bad Man (Anti)

T. Model Ford is the only blues musician who's sent chills down my spine in the past 10-plus years. He is the genuine article,

and possibly the greatest living bluesman left. Backed up (as always) by longtime drummer Spam, Ford strokes whiskey smooth licks from his guitar and gets as much evil and seduction as is humanly possible from each note. While this album doesn't have the immediate sheer visceral intensity of Pee Wee Get My Gun (my favorite Ford album), it's still the best blues album you'll hear this year. The title track alone is worth the price of admission, but that's not to slight any other song on the album—I even like the gospel-tinged "Let The Church Roll On." T-Model is the only Ford who's never produced a lemon. —Larry

GB.H. - Ha Ha (Go Kart)

GB.H. reached a plateau early in their buzz saw guitar hardcore with the period known as the Mike Clay years; documented in the compilation of that name. In the past decade GB.H. streamlined into a lean, fast skate punk sound that left much to be desired in the purist ears formed by their legions of early fans. With *Ha Ha* the British group leans back and laughs at that dichotomy by easily merging the two styles into a new formula. This synthesized version of the GB.H. sound is a brilliant meeting ground between the group's two periods and equates to a record that beats out the middle years and rivals the early classics. —Tom "Tearaway" Schulte

Geza X and the Mommymen - You Goddam Kids (Bacchus/Dionysus)

If you own any records from the golden era of So. Cal punk rock (1979-1985) chances are many of them were either produced by Spot or Geza X. (Geza was also a guitarist for outfits like the Bogs and the Deadbeats, but the source of his fame/notoriety was as a producer.) Eventually Mr. X had the desire to write and record his own music, so he formed and fronted the Mommymen. The result was a record so far ahead of its time that its pioneering influence would not be felt for years, and in some cases decades, to come. I remember first hearing this record at a store called Vinyl Fetish at 16th and Spruce in Philly. Being a homeless sofa surfer at the time, I was fortunate to be a ward of folks like Bernie Rubble, Beth from the Stickmen, and Michael "Plasticman" Kerwin of WXP.N. Bernie owned a copy and many stoned afternoons were spent by us in his dilapidated Shamoken St. rowhouse, reveling in its quirky genius. The music is hard to describe. The best comparison I can come up with is if Capt. Beefheart got caught in a swarm of happy, smile inducing mosquitoes. Maybe a better description is a soundtrack for watching cartoons on acid or PCP. On the 13 cuts on this disc, Geza X sings in a nasally, distortion effects-laden voice, spinning twisted odes to disliking Hungarians, kids, and punks.

Other cuts detail funky mice, paranoia, and practicing monstrosities. X's guitar work is so weirdly effects laden that it beguiles me 20 odd years later. Some of the Mommymen are/were noteworthy for other more renowned musical endeavors: Brendan Mullen, who played drums, ran The Masque, L.A.'s first punk venue where so many famous bands first gigged; Paul Roessler played keys and worked with many punk progenitors including Dez Cadena's power trio DC3; Don Bonebreak, best known as the drummer for X, plays marimba, an instrument predominant in much of the record's songs and overall sound, and which richly lends itself to the cartoonish overtones. Pedigree prevails in the Mommymen. To the best of my knowledge this was strictly a studio endeavor, and Geza and Co. did not perform live. In any case, *You Goddam Kids* stands the test of time quite nicely. —Paul Bearer

The Gloryholes - Knock You Up (Empty)

It's about time a Seattle band tipped their hat to one of the greatest Northwest bands of all time, The Sonics. The wild front-man screams... having fun bustin' shit up... bonehead riffs. Who needs a message today, we could be blown up tomorrow. Listening to the CD and seeing pix of front man Doug White, I thought Johnny Motard was living a double life, jetting between Seattle and Austin. But I know he can't afford the plane fare. —Marla Vee

Gogol Bordello - Multi Kontra Culty vs. Irony (Rubric Records)

Verily and doubtless, one must watch Gogol Bordello in a live adventure before making up one's mind. Is it Siberian dancing? Gypsy Punk? Ukrainian rave-up? Rom-a-Jig? Debauched Klezmer? Hey, it's your call; it's all of these with plenty of accordion and funk-ska rhythm guitar with all the horns-bass-drums you need to make a really juicy and freaky borscht! The multi-lingual lyrics—from-the-East (side of Manhattan as well as the Caucasus) appear to speak at times of transvestite priests and contraband on the Hütsovina border, a fine locale and audience for this music to get played in and danced to! Like New York today, where this fascinating combo regrouped after a worldwide trek led them to the "Land Where Iggy Dwells." Yes, Gogol's leader and mastermind Eugene Hutz looooooves Iggy Pop, as well as Einstürzende Neubauten and the Birthday Party, whose records he used to trade in the Kiev. (In the Ukraine, not the diner on 2nd Ave. downtown!) underground back in the days when listening to mundane crap like Pink Floyd or the Doors would have had you labeled a dangerous and decadent anti-Party element by the Nomenklatura authorities. So it goes: Gogol Bordello throws

some kind of "manuch" folkloric, erotic and highly-nasty central Asian blues from their little hut on the vast plains. Or as they poetically put it: it's "cunt-kaput, but with a mystical overtone to it." My fave tune is called "Future Kings," and the Birthday Party angle is the most apt, it's as if Nick Cave had gone from Pizdetz to East Berlin via Poznan or Plovdiv, instead of Melbourne, Australia to West Berlin via London. The Mongol-Tartars have moved from Hützovina to the Lower East Side, and it's your job and duty to seek them out, gospodin! Huliganjetta, indeed! —Michel Polizzi

Gore Gore Girls - Up All Night (Get Hip)
So, let's run down the checklist: Detroit? Check! Fuzztone guitars set to overdrive? Check! Lo-fi raw recording? Check! Soaring Phil Spector-like harmonies? Check! Lotsa obscure R&B, '60s girl group and garage rock covers? Check! Matching outfits, complete with go-go boots? Check! But where the above descriptions might come off as pretty posturing or a desperate grasp at some sorta hipster cred for most bands, the Gore Gore Girls do the garage girl-gang sound with both a sneer and a wink. *Up All Night*, the Girls second full-length album, is their best collected material to date, from garage stomps like "Astral Man," "Shotgun Wedding" and the title track, to the sweet girl-group '60s pop and R&B of "I Don't Think So," "Keep Your Hands Off My Baby," and "Your Last Chance." A great record full of soul and fun rock 'n' roll. —Peter Santa Maria

The Hangmen - We've Got Blood On The Toes Of Our Boots (Acetate)
Apparently the blood was from missed shots of junk, at least according to the press kit. It would seem the band name has been around for over ten years, but was mostly on hiatus due to the main creative force's long time drug struggle (how unique, especially in LA). Unlike most similar situations, I think the discerning music public lost in this case. I'd never heard of the band before, but this live album shows a hell of a lot of promise. Being a "live" (live in studio that is) recording, the loss of fidelity is sometimes a huge negative; guitar leads and flourishes meant to enrich the song sometimes sound like a ghostly presence coming from a room away, and after a huge start, a couple of middle-of-the-road numbers nearly throttle the album mid-way through. All in all though, this is a good set of strong material with two feet firmly in LA country/rock/punk '80s tradition. Sort of a cross between what the Pontiac Brothers actually sounded like and what Gun Club worshipping critic geeks tried to make everyone think they were. For anyone who isn't clear about that statement, The Hangmen come out as the winner by far in that comparison.

This is a good buy, but it mostly made me curious to hear their previous albums. —Rick D.

Haters - Untitled Title Shots CD & Death Defying Sickness CD (Noisopoly)
Man, the Haters have been around forever it seems; noise and contact mic terrorists letting loose with raw noise blasts and grinding sheets of drone, as well as being kinda funny to boot. *Untitled Title Shots* finds their custom-built wrestling belt feeding back upon itself in real time recordings. The feedback is long, droney and not particularly dynamic, while not being super unpleasant either. Maybe it is just me, but I wish they would have included some Quicktime movies on the CD so you can watch the belt a bit to make more sense of it; like lots of noise, without the performance you are left with not much to take home. The other new Haters release this month is *Death Defying Sickness*; perhaps the "real" Haters. As opposed to the wrestling belt feedback of *Untitled Title Shots* which sounds like what it is (the belt feeding back on itself), this one sounds like a full fucking noise band destroying their instruments (though I would be hard pressed to identify said instruments), the studio, themselves, etc. Grinding pulsing rhythms fold back on each other (I swear some of this is in 4/4 time) while big washes of sandpaper scratchings cram in from the sides and bottom, pushing everything. Lots of forward momentum and stunning conclusions on this one, not your usual same-y same blip, hiss, grind, whoosh explosion. This is the sound of barbed wire wrapped boulders smashing down pine tree covered hills and crushing Lexus SUV's and their owners all in one fell swoop. Harsh, but fucking beautiful at points as well. That said, your speakers will not forgive you. —Andy Perseponko

The Heelwalkers - s/t (Brobdingnagian)
When the Heelwalkers decided on this idea for their cover photo, (they're lined up a la the Stooges on their first record) they were obviously trying to strike a visual chord with music fans who would notice the reference; it sure worked on my husband, Larry's a Stooges fan and was all over this when it came in. I am too and this record did not disappoint when I put it on the first time. These Nova Scotians manage to wear their influences fairly obviously on their collective sleeves but still set themselves apart from the pack by writing rocking, original songs and playing the hell out of them—a feat worthy of note since a lot of bands we get CDs from can't seem to do that. Listening to this, you can just tell the Heelwalkers totally give it up live; don't know if I'll ever get to see them—as I'm not planning any trips to Nova Scotia any time soon, and I doubt

they're planning a journey to the relatively non-musical mecca of Philadelphia—but I sure would like to. —Leslie

Hell City Love - s/t EP (Brobdingnagian)
From the relatively distant—if not remote—confines of Halifax, Nova Scotia rolls Hell City Love. This three-piece lays down a heavyweight rock and roll barrage; it's kinda like a very heavy, '70s hard rock sound on steroids—all through a punk rock filter. Unfortunately there are only five songs, which in this case—while leaving my appetite whetted for more—leaves me wondering why didn't they just wait or record another session to get a full album's worth of material. Don't get me wrong, these guys are still definitely worth checking out, but if they'd waited the results could have been even more impressive. —Larry

Hellside Stranglers - Love You To Death (Junk/National Dust)
Those of you paying attention have already realized this CD is by one of the bands on the 7" that comes with this issue; so you already know two things—they're from the Pacific Northwest (Portland to be more exact) and we like them enough to put them on one of our 45s. Actually to be totally honest, I think Dan (guitar/lead vocals) slickly talked his way onto the 45

when my guard was down but that's another story. Once I actually heard the band I did like them so it's all good. This is a compilation of tracks recorded over the years since they formed in 1999. The first five tracks were meant to appear on a Junk 12" a while ago but due to some distro problems (from what I've been told) Lou had to take some time off from putting out records so they're not seeing the light of day until now; track six was recorded for the *Fistful of Rock & Roll* series. Nothing wrong with those tunes but I think the cream of the crop on this disc are the last six tracks, which, according to the little press sheet Dan gave me, were recorded three weeks after the band formed in someone's attic while they were "blasted to the gills." Those songs are totally raw and aggressive and, I would imagine, the closest to what they sound like live. They should record all their stuff that way! Anyway, you can now go and listen to the 45 if you haven't done so already and form your own opinion of the band (see, we're like, all interactive and shit). If you like that you'll want to keep an eye out for this. —Leslie

Hellstomper - Hellbent For Dixie... And A Whole Lot More! (Proud To Be idiot)
The long-awaited CD release of Hellstomper's classic 10" from a couple years back, along with 16 bonus tracks (either taken from

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various compilations, 7"s and EPs or unreleased) and a de-luxe repackaging with extensive liner notes by The Goddam King and the Widowmaker. This is a great career-spanning sampler, with tracks from just about every one of the band's numerous lineups—which also makes for some inconsistencies in the sound quality in parts, but that's forgivable considering the material's so damn good. So have another swig of Carolina 'shine, pull the tab on that PBR, crank this sumpbitch up and drive off into the night.

—Larry

Henry Fiat's Open Sore - Adulterer Oriented Rock CD & Idiotia Hyperactiva CD (Sin City/Coldfront)
Normally it's a rule of thumb to fly the yellow caution flag when bands are reputed to sound like The Dwarves, because they hardly ever do, but Henry Fiat's *Open Sore* proves to be a welcome exception to the rule. This twisted quartet of masked Swedes has been making the rock world uglier since 1997... with a vengeance! *Adulterer* is a repackaged-for-the-US collection of all their previous 7" and 10" releases, along with some demos and outtakes. Not only do they draw on the Dwarves (*Blood, Guts and Pussy* era) they also invoke some Misfits riffs and vocals (circa *Earth A.D.*). The CD's 47 tracks may seem a bit daunting, but if you consider that only one song is over a minute and a half long, the time goes by quickly. *Idiotia* is the band's first full album, originally released in 1999 in Europe and available here for the first time. It's another rocket ride; 24 songs in 25 minutes, blink and you've missed it. And of course there's no let up on the musical end, with as much mayhem packed into every song as possible. As an American introduction, these two discs are a powerful one-two punch.

—Larry

Hermano - Only A Suggestion (Tee Pee)
Obviously one of the greatest gifts a frontman can have is a unique voice, and that's one of those things that can not be learned or faked. When you hear Jello Biafra, you know it's Jello Biafra - cause who else sounds like that? Jeff Clayton from ANTI-SEEN, Pat Todd from Lazy Cowgirls, same thing; I could go on but I will not. John Garcia is one of those frontmen. The downside of having such a unique voice, I guess, is that it becomes hard to separate the voice and the band you first associate it with. Clayton and Todd have managed to keep their bands together for nearly two decades so that hasn't been a problem for them. But remember when Biafra did those Lard records? It was practically impossible to listen to it and not think "it's the singer from the Dead Kennedys fronting Ministry," know what I mean? The comparisons could not be avoided. (No offense to either party but that was a ques-

tionable paring from the get-go.) Similarly, when I heard this Hermano CD for the first time, my immediate reaction was to wish Kyuss was still together. Man, I fucking love them. Some of what made Kyuss a great band is still totally evident with Garcia's new band—the voice, the fuzz pedal, the sex-groove—but to me it is definitely missing something. (Like Josh Homme, Brant Bjork and the bass player that replaced Nick Oliveri whose name I can never remember.) Only *A Suggestion* is not a bad record but it's just not living up to my expectations. I don't blame them; it's not Hermano's fault that I can't get past Kyuss. I'd imagine this would have no problem pleasing a less discerning stoner rock (or desert rock, if you prefer a genre title without a drug reference) fan, or someone who had never heard Kyuss, but it's not moving me. Sorry.

—Honey West

The Hope Conspiracy - Endnote (Equal Vision)
Holy shit! This is one of the best discs I've heard in a long time - and it has nice packaging to boot! Boston's THC play intense hardcore with slamming pit riffs, dark lyrics and explosive, scream your throat out vocals. The production is solid and captures the full-on intensity of this band. The whole CD flat-out kills but the standout tracks are "Defiant Hearts," "Holocaust" and "Three Year Suicide." Imagine a slightly more structured Deadguy and you have an idea of what The Hope Conspiracy sounds like. I'm out of breath just listening to this CD. Worth checking out? Hell yeah! I'm going to try and hunt down their first CD, *Cold Blue*, and suggest you do the same.

—Todd Sciore

Hot Snakes - Suicide Invoice (Swami)
If you missed the Hot Snakes the last time they came around to your town, you'll miss them for a while more. Drummer Jason Kourkounis decided to commit to the Burning Brides and put this perpetual side project on the shelf, again. And of course, John Reis has a new RFTC record, *Camp X-Ray*, to tour behind. Maybe taking a break is the right idea, if absence makes the heart grow fonder. Though it's rough and brutal and beautiful, *Suicide Invoice* lacks the urgency and passion of *Automatic Midnight*. Rick Froberg screams his lungs out, and the topics of his songs are dark and malevolent, but it just seems a little flat and rote. While *Automatic Midnight* was hair-raising and intense, *Suicide Invoice* feels forced. Hopefully the Hot Snakes can rediscover the stuff that made the first record so amazing.

—Alex Richmond

The Hunches - Yes. No. Shut It. (In The Red)
Crazy, noisy punk rawk (bonus points up front for their cover of the Electric Eels' "Accident"). The Hunches are like Pussy Galore on a bad meth jag or maybe in the

throes of the DTs. With only one of Yes. No.'s 15 songs breaking the three-minute barrier, it's like a wild ride down a back country road with the headlights blinking on and off with every bump and turn. Songs seem on the verge of constant implosion as the band flirts with absolute mayhem and the brink of chaos. But The Hunches know what's going on, and they've got it all under control, they just wanna take you for a little ride. Cmon, get in the car, no one's gonna get hurt.

—Larry

John Wilkes Booze - The Five Pillars of Soul Vol. 1-3 (Vol. 1- Melvin Van Peebles; Vol. 2- Tania Hearst; Vol. 3- Albert Ayler) (Affirmation)
The Indiana-based John Wilkes Booze is "dedicated to soul," as the lengthy liner notes for each of these CD EPs plainly states. Each one clocks in around 13 minutes and is dedicated to the title character and the way that person reinvented and stepped outside themselves and their limitations, a tribute to their souls and soul. Taking in the lefty liners (black people good, US society bad), this could be a dire listening experience indeed. Luckily JWB come from a cool Midwest avant tradition; one thing these three CDs have in common is an absolutely smoking Beefheart/Magic Band (circa *Lick My Decals, Baby*) chaotic gestalt. Instruments run right over each other, drums get thrown down stairs and the singer gets totally squashed and smashed. Add to this mix some found sounds and home recordings and you get quite a heady brew. While pulling these three diverse folks together under the banner of soul doesn't quite click for me, I don't think these songs and sounds are about "making sense" as it stands, and this is their world—where JWB make (and break) the rules. My favorite of the three is the Albert Ayler one, the sampled sax skronk meshes perfectly with the frenzy of the players, particularly the deft, serpentine, free guitar spiraling all over the place, dodging the bass and horns, and the sweet sounds of a bitching Hammond organ. Vocals squeak and squeal in a dual panic attack of tribute to the heroes here, as well as the general outsider-ness they divine from these icons. Sometimes they bring to mind another classic Midwest psych combo, Fuzzhead, in terms of mixing free form sounds and stream of consciousness vocals. The most ambitious of the three is the one dedicated to Tania (not Patty, that was her pig name) Hearst. The songs remind me of a mini-hipster musical and it's pretty impressive the lengths the band goes to to realize their goal. The listener is taken from the kidnapping of the Hearst child to the birth of "Tania," to the hideout and finally to the conclusion at "54th and Compton." The songs bleed into each other, echoing the chaos of the time, with crazy Hearst samples echoed to infinity for maximum disorientation, kinda like

what Patty herself was exposed to in her SLA brainwashing. Anyway, all three are well-recorded and interesting from the matching silk screened sleeves to the informative (though kinda naive) liners and I, for one, can't wait to hear the next two volumes, as well as see this band live sometime. They sound like they would be absolutely ferocious live.

—Andy Perseponko

Kung Pao - Sheboygan (Maduro)
Wow, did Killdozer reunite and not tell anyone? Kung Pao is as heavy and familiar as 1994. They have interesting rhythms, creepy lyrics delivered in that Cookie Monster style, and beefy guitars. At times it's a little Drive Like Jehu-y, but less urgent and more Midwestern. This record sounds like how you feel when you have to drive somewhere unpleasant on a rainy day, or like getting stuck in traffic when you have to meet your mom and you're a little hungover. It made me pine for the Philly band King Carcass, who were around in the early '90s and were pretty great. If Kung Pao didn't have so many "Come on!" and "Go!" dropped into their lyrics I'd like them more.

—Alex Richmond

Lo-Lite - Sidekicks (Slovenly)
This band is light on members, concept and booklet information. Basically it's two guys, Lo on vocals, guitar, harmonica and organ and Lite on drums (what else do you need, really) playing stripped down garage rock. Fuzzy, kinda sparse but still loud, nothing over four minutes; you know the deal. I kinda like it but I have a fondness for some other two man bands that could be considered similar to Lo-Lite and lately a fondness for songs that feature organ where the organ is just kind of pounced upon and the same note is played over and over.

—Leslie

Lord High Fixers - The Beginning Of The End... The End Of The Beginning (In The Red)
The Lord High Fixers are probably the most primal of all the bands/projects Tim Kerr participates in. The band plays the flesh of rock and roll raw, ripping the music down to bare bones on a cover of Mudhoney's "You Got It" whose energy can barely be contained by the limits of CD or vinyl. When they bust out Ken Vandermark on sax for a Sun Ra-like sound collision, follow it with a solo trombone version of "People Get Ready" and drop it down into the meanest version of Booker T's "Think It Over" ever committed to tape, you know the Fixers aren't fuckin' around. The 16 tracks are broken up occasionally by sound bites that, although taken completely out of their original context, seamlessly weave themselves into the record. *The Beginning Of The End...* is almost overpowering on first listen, but once you're

through the rocket ride, you want to go on again and again. —Larry

The Lords Of Altamont - To Hell With The Lords (STR)

The debut disc from The Lords Of Altamont puts the hammer firmly down from the opening salvo and keeps things appropriately walking the line between sexy and dangerous. Like the best of the Nuggets box played through Marshalls after a three-day binge—or the potential soundtrack to your favorite biker movie. A point to ponder: Had The Lords actually existed in the time frame they emulate (the mid- to late-'60s), they would have been just another band at the Whisky, and would never have received even one-tenth the attention they're getting now. —Larry

The Means - Vil/Viol (Doubleplusgood)

The Means have in a short time become one of the most popular bands in my adopted hometown of Columbus, Ohio. Singer Jason Frederick fronted Athens, Ohio punk legends the Spiveys and the rest of The Means played in or still play in several of Columbus' most respected bands such as Estee Louder and Bob City. The Means have a mid-tempo bludgeoning approach to their music that is effectively paired with Frederick's desperate howlings. He sings like his soul's on fire while the band lays down suitable soundtrack to his tortured rambling dementia. Most of the 11 tracks are short, and power-riff laden. Lead guitars are minimized, but are effectively utilized in tone and tempo. It all has a swampy tone I dig, which at times reminds me of the Scientists at the peak of their nihilism. Vil/Viol would have fit right in with bands like Guzzard or Chokebore on the Am Rep roster of the early '90s. Not for the faint of heart; good soundtrack music for your next bad trip or gnashing of teeth nightmare. Fun for the whole family... the Manson family, that is. —Paul Bearer

MC5 - Human Being Lawnmower/The Baddest & Maddest of the MC5 (Total Energy)

This is a compilation of tracks, some previously released some not, culled from various points over the band's too-brief tenure. Basically it's like a really cool mix tape (or um, CD, actually) of live stuff, studio out-takes and other rarities. One thing is for sure, whatever that "thing" is—the extra something that sets a band or performer aside from a sea of other great bands or performers—this band definitely had it in spades. Needless to say (I'm here I may as well say it anyway) if you like the MC5 at all, this disc is right up your alley. If you've heard of them but not anything by them or heard other band's cover their songs but never

bothered to figured out why they were so influential, this will show you—especially the live stuff—why people are still talking about them more than 30 years later. —Leslie

Midnight Creeps - Punchin' Skanks at the Venue (s/r)

I am sure not many C14 readers (or writers) will admit to watching Dawson's Creek, but brothers and sisters, I am here for the truth! That said, this record's vocal stylings remind me of when Pacey's girlfriend Audrey joined a "punk" band and played the college watering hole (Hell's Kitchen). Musically the Creeps trashed out punk sounds better, but the overdone "snotty" vocals sound kind of forced and just bored me. I am all for sleazy rock and roll and attitude but without the spark, what is the point? Sure it might be fun for their pals to live out some New York Dolls moves and drunken antics with this as a soundtrack, but sitting here with a few beers in my gullet it ain't moving me all that much. OK, the Creeps do get points for some searing slide guitar (at least that's what it sounds like) and pulling out a cover of "Love Comes in Spurts" on this live album, but overall it ain't enough to carry a record. Also, a note to all bands who record live albums: leave out the bits where you beg the audience to "move around" and go crazy, it just sounds sad. —Andy Perseponko

Midnight Thunder Express - s/t (Empty)

Made up of ex-members of Seattle's the Valentine Killers and The Backstabbers, Midnight Thunder Express ride high on rock 'n' roll with their debut album, teeterin' oh-so-close to goin' over the rails but keepin' it together long enough for Jack Endino to get it down on tape. Bluesy, sleazy, sloppy, heavy rock 'n' roll with swaggerin' attitude in the lyrics and Chuck Berry-driven guitars throughout. Songs like "No One Rides For Free," "Midnight Thunder," "Fixin' To Die" and "Drivin' Right On Thru" are reminiscent of contemporaries like the Loose Lips and Humpers, while songs like "Ace Up My Sleeve," "Callin' You Out" and "Hangovers and Heartaches," with their standout poundin' piano sound, come across like lost songs from the band's evident biggest influence, the New York Dolls. Good production and just plain 'ol rockin' songs make this the kind of record that will be staying in my stereo for a long time to come. —Peter Santa Maria

Million Dollar Marxists - s/t (s/r)

This six-song debut EP tows the high energy punk line with no real deviation. The tunes are all solid but, unfortunately, can't help but seem derivative of the by-now-tired Scandinavian School of Rock. Well-executed power chord riffs, good song-

writing and catchy hooks only get you so far if you're still treading water in a sea of mediocrity; the Marxists need to find something that will separate them from the pack and then they might really be onto something. —Larry

Moistboyz - III (Ipecac)

What a combination! Hateful, violent, threatening lyrics and '70s hard rock riffs and hooks. At first I thought they must be joking... sort of like when people think I'm joking when I say if there was a button I could push to explode our planet instantly killing us all, I would INSTANTLY. Pure, hardboiled hatred gushing out of the speakers makes me feel warm and fuzzy. For that matter there's a humorous level to be found if you aren't the easily offended type. There's a lyrical half-way point here between Reid Fleming at his angriest and G.G. Allin. I don't mean to downplay the music; "I Am The Reaper" is blessed with a sort of biker-rock bass part I wish I had written... which is all you need to know that it's worth your hearing. The guitar leads are simple and effective rather than being a lot of b.s. show off crap. I'm glad to hear an album's worth of hate rock belted out to this genre of music. Good work Boyz, send me your other CDs. —thee Whiskey Rebel

Monotrona - Hawkeye & Firebird (Menlo Park)

Holy shit this is fucking bizarre! Sounds like some real freak electronica from Japan, but nope, straight out of NYC! Remember all that tweaked out video game music from your Commodore 64? Well, the enigma that is Monotrona has taken it over (literally), souped it up with modern sweet beats, and sung her super-being English/Korean swirling lyrics all over it. Me love Hawkeye and wish to please her with sex fuel. Please choose me for long time boinky before you fight the evils of the world. Story line here is that this is the first in a six-CD series of superbeing musical tales, others previewed in collector card pictures in the booklet: The Might Mun (hero) and Burgelmir the Frost Giant. This will whip any anime or Dragonball Z crap. You see Hawkeye is a supernal heroine fueled by sex and has a slave named Firebird and together they go in their flying car machine, fight crime and kick butt; but I digress in my geekdom. It's a unique excursion and my kid loves the CD too. Monotrona is GO! —Phil D. Ford

Motormags - Slummin' With The Riff Raff (Atomic Action)

This CD rocks and has a sense of humor as well. The Motormags play fast paced rock with a punkish tinge a la Speedball. *Slummin' With The Riff Raff* contains 10 tracks of catchy, energetic, toe tapping music that you can play the whole way through without having to skip tracks.

Wow, what great usage of no less than three cliché music review terms (catchy, energetic & toe tapping). Some of the better tracks are "Deli Delay," "Gravy Train" and "Bloodsuckers." There's even a Mackenzie Brothers sample thrown in on the rockin' "Note From The Folks" and the chick on the CD cover doesn't look too bad either. Is the CD worth checking out? Absolutely. —Todd Sciore

Mr. Airplane Man - Moanin' (Sympathy)

Earlier I had a two-man band in my pile, here's a two-woman band. I have to admit I like this more than that. (I know, I'm sorry guys but, you know, add pussy to anything good and it's hard to trump it.) I probably shouldn't even be comparing the two, but sometimes we writers get lazy like that. Mr. Airplane Man is based in Boston I believe but for some reason they remind me of New Orleans. They've got the swampy Delta blues thing going but also kind of a haunting, almost witchy vibe. Maybe witchy is not the right word; maybe it's more a voodoo beat, I don't know. Production wise this is very different from other blues-y garage rock that usually crosses my path; instead of covering everything up with extra fuzz and distortion, the ladies (Margaret on guitar & vocals and Tara on drums & backing vocals) opt for a cleaner sound which I think was a smart move. There are some covers on here but the originals definitely shine, which is always a point in a band's favor. —Leslie

Mudhoney - Since We've Become Translucent (Sub Pop)

Is anybody besides me surprised to see Mudhoney back on Sub Pop? Of course I don't expect an answer to that, I'm just thinking out loud... in typing form... anyway, I kinda lost track of this band a while ago. I didn't even know Matt Lukin (the friendliest "Honey") left the band in 1999 until I read the press sheet. I'm not sure how I feel about that; I'm rarely happy when a band who's kept their original line-up for a long time (ten years is the number I'm thinking of but I'll say anything over seven years is a long time; Matt was in Mudhoney for at least ten years) loses a member. But I must be honest, if I had tossed the press sheet an not looked at the booklet, I wouldn't have even noticed. They sound pretty much exactly like the Mudhoney I remember—especially on the shorter songs. And I'm not sure how I feel about that either. They've changed it up a little bit on this CD though, they've got some longer, jammy songs they're throwing around; I wasn't very interested in those but they also added in some horn action to their more typical stuff—that part I liked. Personally, I'm a Green River fan. I've always maintained the records they put out have held up better than anything the former members have done musically in the years

since their demise. Since We've Become Translucent didn't change my mind. It is a fucking funny album title though. —Leslie

The Mystery Girls - s/t (Trick Knee Productions)
Wow, an MC5/Stonesy band made up of guys with an average age of 18. I'm impressed that they're not playing (c)rap-metal like everybody else their age. I'm also impressed that they've done their homework and obviously spent a lot of time listening to the musical forebearers that they salute with their band name and songs. It's hard work to produce a competent album like this; either they caught on damn quick or they started out awfully early. My own kid, Elvis, is 18 and has a band of 16-year-olds backing him, but he's had the benefits of my genetic legacy. I wonder if one of these guys has a fat old man like me buying them beer and playing them Sonics and Yardbirds records? The album starts off with a bang, "Finger On The Grain," and continues with nine more original songs. The band doesn't play any slow, sappy mop-top crap; their strong suit is energy. They go for the throat and play each song as if it's a set-ender. I'm glad these guys are from Wisconsin. If they were from L.A. they'd be ruined by all the 50-year-old label types trying to horn in on the band's future. My advice to these guys is: DON'T MOVE THE BAND TO CALIFORNIA!!! Chicago, New York, Austin; anywhere but Cali. —three Whiskey Rebel

Willie Heath Neal & the Damned Old Opry - Unknown (Cargo)
Relocating to the Austin TX area, the Whiskey Rebel and I have seen our share of top notch country acts. So any CDs I review in that genre have a tough row to hoe. Willie Heath Neal holds up pretty well. He has a top notch backing band, using traditional instruments like pedal steel guitar, dobro, and stand up bass. They go into Luther Perkins (Johnny Cash) guitar rhythms on a few songs, which I'm a sucker for. Willie's vocals conjure visions of PBR and whiskey shots. Now that I think of it, that would be a good chaser while listening to this. The surprise cut was his version of a Ramones song. —Marla Vee

New Bomb Turks - The Night Before The Day The Earth Stood Still (Gearhead)
The Night Before... is the sixth album from the Turks, and it seems as if their purported bargain with Satan for rock superstardom is finally beginning to happen. Seriously though, this album is possibly the band's most diverse, going from Stones' swagger rock 'n' roll to straight up punk to psychedelic garage and back again. There are people who are gonna argue that's all nothing new, but this time it just seems like they got it right. —Larry

The New Creatures - s/t (Smog Veil)
Pleasant, snotty, Pistols-tempo mid '80s punk rock from Ohio. I'm all in favor of labels re-issuing hard to find stuff like this, even though the reason this has been made available is without a doubt due to the fact that a couple guys from Guided By Voices were in the band. I respect the fact this band went against the grain of the times by steering clear of superfast generic hardcore (at least on these recordings) but I could do without the occasional pseudo-English accents on some vocals. The fuzzy guitar work tickles my fancy though especially on "Tension," and I like the way the songs are arranged. A good CD to hoist 40s of PBR to. —three Whiskey Rebel

Orange Goblin - Coup De Grace (The Music Cartel)
The "slight departure" record—they can be the rejuvenating life's blood, or the wooden stake through the heart for many a band (just ask Sepultura). But when Orange Goblin decided they didn't quite fit into their faded flares and Saint Vitus t-shirts anymore, the result is *Coup De Grace*. A conscious shift from the easy pot-head boogie metal vibe to something more... angry, is instantly apparent. That's not to say that the Goblin has lost their badass '70s groove, it's still there by the bubble windowed, custom vanload. It's just the noticeable shift in the overall feel from earlier albums; "Frequencies from Planet Ten" and "Time Traveling Blues" may catch the long time fan off guard. The lead off cut "Your World Will Hate This" is almost ANTI-SEEN-like in its hippie buzzkill punk intensity. And it doesn't stop there. A Misfits cover ("We Bite") tucked into the folds, springs out of nowhere to spill the bongwater. Production is stripped bone dry of all but the heavy essentials. (Courtesy of some guy who was in Kyuss, if you care.) Sadly, that also means that the swirling Hammond B3 tones and proggy analog synth bleeps and bleeps of previous Orange Goblin albums are gone. Keyboards are always the first casualty when a band toughens things up, you know. Wrapped in eye grabbing pulp style horror comics artwork, *Coup De Grace* rages like Cathedral channeling Black Flag. With the "stoner rock" albatross partially ditched, the leaner, meaner Orange Goblin is bearing down on thy befuddled ass. Departure? More like an arrival. —Ben Brower

Out Hud - S.T.R.E.E.T.D.A.D. (Kranky)
Fascinating music/sound with big dub-like bass and sound effects, ever so groovy and fat, from this Sacramento to Brooklyn outfit. If there's 45 RPM vinyl of this, it could probably help you move furniture, it's that BIG! As I type this, neither my system nor neighbors will permit a full-volume check! Adrian Sherwood

would be proud of this: crinkly mixology with a cello/guitar groove, weeckee-weeckee dissonance, all of it very much "recherché" and even "artsy", yet you can dance to it. The way NY groove bands made you dance 20 years ago (ESG, Liquid Liquid), blending disco sweat and electro No-Wave bondage in an unending acid-housey gloop-gloop one-night-stand down at the nightclub! Durutti Column (circa LC) with a dance aktion if you can conjure the vision of fey Anglo aesthetes up on stage past 4AM at the Mudd Club, Hurrah's or Danceteria, milking up phat beats from far-future machines, going chunka-chunka, with an off-kilter and uncomfortable sense of good-timey darkness. —Michel Polizzi

The Pattern - Real Feelness (Lookout!)
Is this The Creation? Perhaps maybe a new Supergrass album? Nope, it's an American band, from San Francisco of all places, called The Pattern. And as if you couldn't already tell from this review, these followers of fashion wear their influences on their sleeve. The Pattern play raw yet poppy garage rock and the kind of maximum R&B rave-up rock 'n' roll that was waftin' over from England in the '60s. That being said, the songs on this CD are all well performed and damn catchy, if not entirely derivative and same-sounding throughout. And I could even let that slide, but the singer has the annoying trait of tryin' to sound British, and just like a 14-year-old kid from the 'burbs with a mohawk and a cockney accent, it just doesn't ring true. Don't be surprised if these guys become big with the White Stripes/Strokes lovin' crowd of know-nothing rock critics lookin' for the next "saviors of rock 'n' roll." —Peter Santa Maria

The Paybacks - Knock Loud (Get Hip)
This record is a stone groove. The fact that this is not all over the FM airwaves is testament that American radio programmers are as far off the mark as Evel Knievel was when he botched that landing at Caesar's Palace. Why should our airwaves be polluted by spiky haired nu-metal bullshit or overhyped tripe like the White Stripes while bands as rockin' and radio-friendly as the Paybacks wallow in relative obscurity? This is truly a riddle for the ages. The Paybacks are a fierce two-guitar quartet from Detroit, some of their lineup has served time in other underground Detroit combos such as Rocket 455 and the Hentchmen. They're fronted by Wendy Case, who also supplies brutal rhythm chops. Ms. Case sounds like a pissed off Robin Zander, and although many of her tunes are as clever as Cheap Trick's, particularly "Tie Me in a Knot" and "Just You Wait," contain way more octane and vitriol than the aforementioned Windy City Wunderkind ever did. All 10 tunes just flat-out rock. It's got

pop elements in the structuring and choruses, some garage-y elements also prevail in the tone, but the bottom line is Knock Loud has balls to spare. (No offense, Wendy!) Marco Delicato plays lead and penned a few of the album's cuts. Nothing delicate about the way he wrenches white hot leads from his Flying V. Mike LaTulippe bashes his drums unabashedly while John Szymanski strokes his bass like an old familiar lover. The whole far exceeds the sum of its parts. Well fucking done! They say payback's a bitch, but in this case it's a blast. —Paul Bearer

The Pupils - s/t (Dischord)
Lord, I hate to dis the output of an old friend, but to maintain my journalistic integrity I find myself in that ignominious position where the Pupils' CD is concerned. The Pupils is a side project for Daniel Higgs and Asa who comprise one half of the esoteric Baltimore-based band Lungfish. Higgs is in many respects a contemporary visionary. He fronted a band called Reptile House in the '80s; I saw them once with Ruin somewhere in Camden, NJ, and Higgs gave Vosco (Ruin's vocalist) a run for his money where shamanistic intensity was concerned. He released several books of soulbending poetry under the guise of Daniel Lindenstruth before forming Lungfish in the early '90s. The prevailing feature of their recorded output was Higgs' semi-deranged stream of consciousness verse, backed by the trancelike grooves of his bandmates. Although not applied in a typical rock format, it had a transcendently hypnotic appeal nonetheless. The Pupils sadly possess none of the attributes of any of Daniels' previously recorded or written output. I hate to put it so harshly, but it's way more stream of caca than consciousness, backed by weaker than weak acoustic guitar noodling. Higgs' oft-powerful and provocative words are meandering and forgettable, and Asa's guitar work is rudimentary at best. —Paul Bearer

Richard Pinhas - Event and Repetitions (Cuneiform)
Ten or so years ago, Richard Pinhas was putting an end to a musical hiatus that itself had lasted ten or so years. The past eight years have been busy ones, with solo albums, duets, a long-awaited book about Friedrich Nietzsche, collaborations with an army of past and future cronies (Spinrad, Dantec, Fromhader, Comelade, various ex-Heldon or Magma types), a reforming of Heldon, and endeavors yet to come with Jim Foetus, members of Can, members of the Residents... but the story today is this mesmerizing live-in-the-studio instrumental album. Live as in Pinhas alone with his guitar and his current faithful retinue of effects (Arboretum

Hyperprism, Eventide, Pro Tools, etc.), piling mountains of recurring guitar figures, heavily treated and processed, sliding up and down the frets with abandon (but perfectly timed, of course), letting small pinpoint solos pierce through a billowing maelstrom of coruscating textures and drones, gorgeous and evil, peaceful and agonized, constantly flowing from far to near. He manages the miracle of creating movement where a cursory listen would indicate evident stasis, endlessly creating and recreating tiny musical universes, gentle and uncertain, fragile and effortless, rising and falling through a sci-fi landscape of novae and globular clusters. The fearless amongst you might investigate Nietzsche's concepts of time and its applications to music, life and the universe, for a profound (to put it mildly!) underpinning to all this glorious and vibrant music.

—Michel Polizzi

Scott Morgan's Powertrane - Ann Arbor Revival Meeting (Real-O-Mind)

There is a fairly large group of people involved in this mag, including Larry & myself, who are big fans of the whole Detroit school of rock and also of the whole Aussie school of rock—which was in itself inspired in part by Detroit rock. Powertrane is kind of a supergroup wet dream for that set; I know I was excited when I found out one of the few shows they were doing in the Spring of '02 would be in Philly. (Thankfully Real-O-Mind head honcho Geoff Ginsberg still lives here or I might not have been so lucky.) Based on how many C14 related people, past and present, I saw milling about the Khyber that night I stand by my earlier wet dream statement. Anyway, this set was not recorded that night but a week earlier at the Blind Pig in Ann Arbor (with the exception of one song). The first 12 tracks feature the line-up we were all fawning over at the Khyber—Scott Morgan, Deniz Tek, Robert Gillespe, Chris Taylor and Andrew Frost—and a mixture of songs written by Morgan and Tek (and one written by Gillespe and Rob Tyner); on the latter tracks they're joined by Ron Asheton (#13-17) and Hiawatha Bailey (#14-17) for a series of Stooges classics. Not quite as good as having been there in person but what is?

—Leslie

Roddy Radiation - Skabilly Rebel (Fiend Music)

A collection of material featuring Roddy Byers who played with Two Tone-era ska band The Specials. According to the press sheet I've been given, Roddy first consciously fused together ska and rockabilly since 1981. Now, I liked the Specials back in the day, and rockabilly turned my life around for the better when I was a 16-year-old mush-headed Beatles fan, but I'm afraid I'm not too damn wild about mixing the two. The results here often sound sort of like Brian Setzer

(whom Roddy sings a bit like) vocalizing with the guitar player from early '80s U.K. band Bow Wow Wow providing a bouncy rhythm. Hmm... not BAD... but not my cup of tea, mate. I personally lean towards a more authentic, frantic hick sound, rockabilly-wise, and my idea of a great ska album is the classic collection of '60s tracks, *Intensified Ska*. I'm a purist but I still found several tracks to my liking, such as the accordion tinged "Don't Drive Me" and my favorite track, a home recorded instrumental version of "Dixie Ska." (Frankly I don't hear the ska beat in this one.) Songs like "Restless Romance" and "Desire" are catchy pop numbers that should appeal to modern non-purist fans of what is referred to these days by No Doubt and Social D. fans as "ska" and "rockabilly." I don't recommend this to stubborn old Gene Vincent fans like me though (and the green and yellow bastardization of "thee flag" on the cover has to go!)

—thee Whiskey Rebel

Raging Slab - Pronounced Eat Shit (Teet Pee)

Because I've already gotten hung up on one band's past in one of my other reviews I'm going to try my very best not to do the same thing to Raging Slab. Unfortunately that pretty much calls a halt to my review. And I don't necessarily dislike the band either, as odd as that may sound; maybe a more accurate statement is that I've always liked the band better in person than on record. Maybe next they'll release a live record. But I digress. What can I say about this record that wouldn't end in a comparison to their previous records? Well, I could say that this is probably the best non-major label production job I've heard since the self-released, self-titled Toilet Boys CD that came out last year. Actually, I should point that out because it's true. On a technical level this disc kicks major ass. As for my music loving ass though, it's just not kicking it. Not today anyway. But if you liked their past couple CDs, check it out; it might kick yours.

—Honey West

Rancid Vat - The Cheesesteak Years (Steel Cage)

How do you encapsulate Rancid Vat in a few hundred words? I'll try the best I can. Cranking it out for two decades now, the self-professed iconoclastic icons (an appellation earned and well-deserved) have made a career (?) of penning pedantic punk pantheons. Friends and foes alike cannot make light of their virtues, or lack thereof, at least where morals are concerned. The core of Rancid Vat was, is, and always shall be Phil "Whiskey Rebel" Irwin and his better half, co-conspirator and partner in musical mayhem Marla Vee. The two weaned their mutant punk spawn in Portland, Oregon, and were contemporaries of Poison Idea, Dead Moon, and others of

that bygone era. Never content to take root, the Vat has served time in various incarnations in Seattle and LA as well. In the mid-'90s they pilgrimed to the East Coast and set up shop in Philadelphia. They settled into a quaint South Philly row home, drafted some new malcontents and proceeded to pile-drive Philly on its musical ear for the next seven years. A number of bass players came and went, but the nexus of the new Philly lineup was the acerbic Eric Perfect on drums and the legendary Cosmic Commander of Wrestling (aka Cosmo) on vocals. This lineup kicked many asses, took many names, won converts and detractors alike and in their tenure got themselves banned from nearly every available venue in town. They did manage, between the carnage, bourbon, and bloodshed, to augment their ample recorded output with three chaotically brilliant LPs as well as a taped fistful of singles and comp tracks. *Cheesesteak Years* is a testament to the Hostile City era, and it is an assemblage of bits and pieces from those years. With Cosmo at the mike, Rancid Vat achieved an undignified brilliance that surpassed any of their former forays or endeavors. I also owe a tip of the hat to later fifth member Jimmy Satan, his incendiary fretwork often elevated the tunes he's on from cacaphonic punk dementia to a more refined rock onslaught. Truth be told, however, it's the sardonic Cosmic one who is the

glue that holds it all together. His piss-and-vinegar-infused lyrics and vocals are the core of the Philly Vat lineup. He carries the 16 tracks and does fitting justice to covers by Black Oak Arkansas and ANTiSEEN as well as the battery of originals. In 2001 Mr. & Mrs. Rebel were struck with the old familiar wanderlust and relocated to Texas. Rancid Vat carries on, but will the Lone Star lineup match the insanity, inanity, or profanity of the Hostile City lineup? Only time will tell.

—Paul Bearer

RC5 - American Rock'n'Roll (TSB/Devil Doll)

Another solid record produced by Jack Endino. Fine rock and roll, with a more than a touch of the Ramones and Mudhoney. Good guitar work, great drums, excellent bass. It couldn't be more simple or more satisfying. These are the reviews I hate writing; it's a fine record by a good band. The end.

—Alex Richmond

Reigning Sound - Time Bomb High School (In The Red)

When we first got a copy of this CD I put it on and some horribly offensive non-music came out. For a second I actually wondered if Greg Cartwright (sometimes known as Greg Oblivion; especially when he was in that band the Oblivions) had abandoned garage rock for a more Lou Reed a la *Metal Machine Music* type sound but that turned out to be a false

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assumption. (Whew!) It was just a bum disc. What came out of my speakers when I put the disc on as it was meant to sound was closer to what I expected but suffice it to say, those of you looking for or expecting another Oblivions record are probably gonna want to look elsewhere. This is like a mix of garage rock, Texas-y psychedelia and R&B, not namby pamby by any means but still kinda sweet and almost a little awkward. Very charming; chicks love that shit! —Leslie

The Residents - Demons Dance Again (ESD)

Written for the most part while on the road in Europe, in days following the 9/11 attacks, *Demons Dance Again* heralds the Residents return to their version of pop music, a vision first expressed on early discs like *Commercial Album* and *Duck Stab*. It's dark and moody, almost confused and meandering at points, but The Residents seem to find their way with their own unique musical beauty shining through like a beacon. It's not the best Residents album, nor is it anything earth-shaking, but there's some sort of odd security in knowing that—now into their 30th year—The Residents are alive and well and just as weird as ever. —Larry

RF7 - All You Can Eat Volume II (Grand Theft Audio)

Talk about your great lost SoCal punk combos. RF7 share with their early peers Social Distortion a fondness for gruff blue-collar laments and the occasional Creedence Clearwater Revival cover, but RF7 have always been harder, faster and less sentimental—more akin to the baleful, scabrous idealism of the Cheifs or the Dead Boys. *All You Can Eat* collects recent blasts like the ominous rumble "My Own War" and rare older anthems, including 1979's "Government Science Fiction," "Chainsaw Love Affair," "American Dilemma," the sarcastic shout-along "Love, Love, Lovely World" and the creepy Alice Cooper-style tangle of "Walk With the Dead." There's so much essential, relentlessly fierce punk rock here that Grand Theft Audio needed two extensive volumes to contain it all. —Falling James

The Ritchie Whites - Snitches Get Stitches (TKO)

I don't know how the hell TKO does it. Yet another amazing modern punk scorcher. I'm especially amazed with the quality of this release since the bio credits these guys as having been in some pretty lame other Texas bands. This band reminds me a little of some of the great "lost" early LA punk 'n' roll bands like the Skulls and the Controllers combined with Naked Raygun style big vocal harmonies. For all the all right ho-hum so-called next saviors of rock that the discerning listening public has to get

shoved down their throats this album is the payoff. One of the best rock records I've heard since the Humpers went down. I hope they can stay the course for another album or two. —Rick D.

Rotten Apples - Real-Tuff (Empty)

The Rotten Apples are a rock 'n' roll jawbreaker of the tuff and tender, the sweet and sour. *Real-Tuff* features 10 songs that veer from straight-ahead rockers a la The Bangs to the New Wave nostalgia of Missing Persons (whose "Noticeable One" they cover on this CD). Lead singer Dejha has a strong and distinctive vocal presence throughout this disc, injecting urgent energy and emotion into the songs of lust, love and loss "Love Career," "My House," "Heart Candy" and "Not Yours." These rockers may be rotten, but their tunes are pure bitter-sweet pop. —Peter Santa Maria

Sahara Hotnights - Jennie Bomb (Jetset)

So here's how this is gonna play out: you've got the Sahara Hotnights, four apparent recipients of some kind of Joan Jett/Kim Shattuck/Joe Strummer DNA gene splice, next up on the Swedish Import runway tarmac that the Hives take-off laid down this past year. And while some of you "I was into them when..." cognoscenti may chafe at the inevitability of their ascent into the strata of mass consciousness, tough shit. You'll soon be bitterly re-stocking the life size Sahara Hotnights endcap at your chain record store cashier day job, chump. Nobody cares that you had their first EP three years ago. Every piece of the puzzle is in place. A less cloyingly cutesy Donnas with FIVE TIMES the songwriting chops. No creepy Kim Fowley-esque male puppet string puller figure lurking in the backround either. (The drummer and the guitar player wrote all of *Jennie Bomb's* giant hits.) A North American release on a big budget indie (Jetset), and a good logo that will look kick ass on a t-shirt. Whatever the hell a Swedish Grammy is worth (slightly less than an ACE award maybe?), they've already got the nod twice on that front too. So, primed with a little homeland superstardom come the Hotnights to the States. *Jennie Bomb* is a rough and ready, filler-free supersmash if I ever heard one. And even though I'll stand by my prediction of their eminent hugeness, I've been REALLY wrong in the past. I once thought the NY Loose were going to really pack 'em in! But damn if this horse can't lose! Here's your ground floor elevator, people. I'm going to go turn on my TV now and wait for the Nike or Target commercial with their music in it, it's only a matter of time. —Ben Brower

The Sillies - America's Most Wanton (Scooch Pooch)

This CD collects material record-

ed by The Sillies, one of Detroit's first punk bands, between 1971 and 1981—the band released only one 7", in 1979. Twelve tracks of period appropriate punk, a little rocking, a little tongue-in-cheek, a little crappy sounding; it's the '70s all over again. The enhanced portion of the disc offers an extensive bio, which relates (among other things) that The Sillies are essentially responsible for setting up Bookie's Detroit's first punk rock club. The band has had three incarnations, reuniting periodically over the years to confuse new fans and re-bewilder old ones. There's also a live video from one of those reunions in '97 and a photo gallery from all the years. All these additions however, make it seems almost as if the Sillies are more significant from a historical standpoint than a musical one. I don't know if I get it, but I think I like it. —Larry

Sixty Watt Shaman - Reason To Live (Spitfire)

I believe these guys hail from Maryland. Sixty Watt Shaman have a "Southern rock" flavor to their metal and sound like a slightly watered down version of modern day C.O.C. The CD starts off guns-a-blazin' with tunes like "Nomad," the hard driving title track, "Blind By Morning" and "Our Name Is War," which contain catchy, rolling bass lines. All in all, it's nothing groundbreaking. C.O.C. play this style with more power but Sixty Watt Shaman are not to be taken lightly. *Reason To Live* is definitely worth checking out however, richer sounding drums and cutting the tracks from 16 down to 12 would've made it more enjoyable. I'd like to hear what producer John Custer could do with these guys. —Todd Sciore

Alex Sniderman - s/t (Real-O-Mind)

With a voice not unlike Leonard Phillips or Jeff Dahl, and catchy punkrocknroll songwriting to match, Alex Sniderman took me completely by surprise. Ten blasts of power that remind me of all the things I first liked about punk; high energy micro-blasts of guitar and fast drumming that stick in your head. Sniderman's originally from Ann Arbor, so he's kinda got that geographic predisposition to being adept at guitar-oriented rock and roll, yet this album was recorded in the distinctly non-rock Nashville. Ably produced by Wayne Kramer, who plays on four tracks, this is one solid (and impressive) debut from top to bottom. Then there's the bonus tracks, four of 'em. Recorded in Sniderman's current home, New York City, these four songs are no let up from the first ten, and offer a slightly rawer, more primal dose of his brand of rock. —Larry

Sourvein - Will To Mangle (Southern Lord)
Sourvein play metal as dense and sludgy as the gunk at the bottom of a Louisiana backwoods

swamp. Whether or not that is a good thing... shit, do I really have to decide? Can't you people do anything for yourselves? I'm not gonna say whether I think it's good or bad cause what difference does it make really? One man's stinky pile of doody is another man's treasure—or something like that. If you like metal that is thick and dirty or stoner rock that is metallic, Sourvein very well may be your new favorite band. However if you like songs with traditional structure, you know, verses and choruses and discernible lyrics... don't buy this. —Honey West

The Specimens - Burn City Burn (Six Pack)

Umm... yeah, okay. This is OK. Kind of that mid tempo Radio Birdman, Detroit Rock City stuff. Garage to the letter and that's all damn fine and dandy. Thing with me is that they will play a hook to death. Word of advice, just make the song shorter. The hooks are catchy enough I suppose, but after two minutes of it, show me something else unless it's REALLY a good cheek gouger of a lead. There are five songs on the EP and about two of 'em work for that. And when they work, they are spot on! The vocals are decent and rock, the bass dancing along the rhythms hits is great and the two guitars match each other well. The title track is about as good as you can get on the CD and I want more of that. It's just not all here for me. Keep on rockin' though. —Phil D. Ford

The Spits - s/t (Slovenly)

Crude, raw punk rawk from Seattle. Nine songs in 17 minutes, with time enough to spare. Kinda like really early Ramones in a blender with the faster British bands of the '77 era, a hearty dollop of Akron/Cleveland sarcasm (i.e., Devo, Pere Ubu, etc.) thrown in for good measure and a keyboard that sounds as if its operator might require adult supervision—or at least be kept from sharp objects. Another magazine described these guys as "brilliantly retarded," and I can't put it any better myself. The Spits are musical proof there's a missing genome splice between the musical DNAs of Devo, Rancid Vat and GG Allin. —Larry

Sugarskulls - The Waking Hour (BAK)

Much of *Waking Hour* is delightfully reminiscent of mid to later period work by great LA rockers X. Although the influence is noticeably apparent, I must impart its not in the least derivative. It pays fitting homage, and it never apes or mocks. X was an amazing timeless band so I would consider the comparison complementary, that's how it's meant. The main difference is the Sugarskulls use two guitars, giving their sound a rich fullness; and neither Red Burns or Dave Burch uses Billy Zoom's or Dave Alvin's rockabilly pyrotechnics,

rather they opt for a more harmonic rock and roll traditionalism. Nothing fancy just efficient and effective. Mike Tramontana's tenor sax spices up the core sound nicely and helps further distinguish Red's inciteful, provocative and poignant paeans to love gone right and/or wrong. His words are a little more on the literary or poetic side than those of his contemporaries, and not as fragmented as the band they're often compared to. The main basis for this comparison is the beautiful interplay between Red's and second vocalist Heather Kovalcik. Her vocals are not as whiny as Exene's and even though they are as powerful as Ms. Cervenka's they do not opine her level of desperation. Red's singing is eerily reminiscent of John Doe, but this is how the cat sounds, kaphish? It all just works in any sense. The songs are like little stories and stand as well on individual merit as they do collectively. Bottom line is that *The Waking Hour* is a stunning body of work.

—Paul Bearer

Sugar Shack - Spinning Wheels (Estrus)

Sugar Shack's 14-track *Spinning Wheels* is a hot platter of rejuvenated, high energy garage rock. The Texas combo had this album produced by garage rock revival sound architect Tim Kerr, and the sound is that of the best of the early, primitive Rolling Stones with the out of control blues punk of today's groups like Speedball Baby. There's a lot of violence and angst in such songs as the hyper-heartache of "Can't Get Past It." Such episodes on the album mark the music as cathartic. Interestingly, most of the band's members are avid skaters. It may be that frantic sport that gives *Spinning Wheels* its energetic, driving tempo. However this is not skate punk. Eschewing the trebly, high-end sound of that genre, the band goes for a low-end embittered range of tonalities. Rather than focus on melody the group goes for a vital and obvious swing to their music that makes Sugar Shack a hot-rod Flamin' Groovies, this is the throaty, NASCAR version of the New York Dolls.

—Tom "Tearaway" Schulte

Sun Ra and his Arkestra - Music From Tomorrow's World (Atavistic)

Recorded live in 1960 at two locations in Chicago during Sun Ra's tenure there, these 17 tracks offer a glimpse into the early inner workings of the Arkestra and of Sun Ra's grand vision (as well as a look at some early Arkestra costumery). We get seven tracks from a six-piece Arkestra, recorded at the Wonder Inn, and 10 tracks with an eight-piece Arkestra from a place called Majestic Hall. "Space Aura," one of the tracks with the sextet, features both Marshall Allen's and John Gilmore's dueling saxes (tenor and alto, respectively) in a brief nod to what many future Ra/Arkestra moments would be like. The larg-

er Arkestra gets the lion's share of the tracks and the simple addition of two more saxes (Gene Easton on second alto and Ronald Wilson on baritone) seems to make the whole band work harder. Ra's piano playing really stands out on tracks like "Ankhnaton" and the four parts/versions of "Majestic." While not as fully "out" as some of the Ra/Arkestra work of the late '60s through the mid-'80s, you can hear the foundations being laid for many greater things to come.

—Larry

The Superbees - High Volume (Acetate)

Partially true story: at my day job, I do a bit of driving around the Philadelphia area. It's a leased company vehicle, a big stupid SUV I'm embarrassed to be seen in. Not for the obvious, lefty granola crunch environmental concerns. No, I just hate the cut of the things; it's impossible to look good in them. If it were a suit, it would gather unflatteringly at the waist and be made of an itchy, cut-rate fabric. The lone upside to the beast is a decent stock stereo system with a CD player. The other day, while listening to the new Superbees CD in the truck, another SUV and boat swung blindly out of a parking space right into my lane! Tires screeched, horns blared, fingers were given. A very close call that could've sent me to one of two rooms at the hospital; intensive care, or cold storage. For the remainder of that drive, with the Superbees still spinning, I started morbidly thinking about the possibility of my afterlife. If I had truly wrecked back there, was THIS the vehicle I would have driven up to death's door in? Would the grim spectre of Death appear before me to lead me to my eternal fate? As he lifted my soul from the wreckage, might he pause and ask "Say, who's that band you've got on your stereo back in the mortal plane? Nomads? Cynics? Hellcopters?" "Good guesses, but no" I'd reply. "New Superbees CD, I was supposed to write a record review of it." "Damn, they're pretty good!" Death would smile and say, "Usually when I claim souls from SUV wrecks, they've got Creed or the Eagles *Greatest Hits* in the deck. I send 'em straight to Hell just on principle. I mean, they're askin' for it, right?" I agree, and as Death and I approach the threshold to the divine light, I hope he'd pause once again and say, "Tell you what, you caught me in a good mood. Death's gonna do you a solid. I'll send you back to earth to write that review. Tell the mortals of this most righteous of rock bands, The Superbees. Hurry along now, the paramedics are stealing your wallet."

—Ben Brower

Susan & The Surftones - The Originals (Acme Brothers)

So Susan, you and your band have chosen "surf" as your rock medium. A challenge of monu-

mental undertaking. For you see, in this post-*Pulp Fiction* world where "Miserlou" sells Taco Bell chalupas, one must push, prod, and stretch this stiflingly restrictive style into new shapes or be—ahem—"wiped out" by the wave of indifference to the very trad and familiar sounds of the seafoam. Man Or Astro Man does it with movie projectors, a healthy Devo fixation, and tin foil. Los Straightjackets do it by being blindingly talented Nashville session players underneath the Luchador masks and speaking Spanish. Do you follow me? The name of the game is innovation at any cost. The surf record buying public (all twelve of them) are a fickle lot. They all know how "Telstar" and the Peter Gunn theme go, and they don't need 14 more musical ruminations on them from you. Are you competent at your chosen medium? Extremely. And that's not a totally good thing. Hear me now, Susan. For this next piece of advice shall set you free: you MUST allow non-'60s surf influences to creep into your music, dammit! Evolve or perish! Break out of your carefully constructed retro fantasy world! Frankie Avalon wears a wig, Annette Funicello has Parkinson's! Link Wray has a rat tail mullet, and there's medical waste on Party Beach. If you had instead made a noisy, anachronism filled, shambles of a surf record, it would've eliminated the glaze-over boredom effect that this vanilla bland, purist instro surf can cause. But instead, The Originals is perfectly executed textbook surf. And who reads textbooks for fun?

—Ben Brower

Sweatmaster - Sharp Cut (Bad Afro)

OK, a Finnish trio that sounds like Ian Astbury at his rawest fronting a more disciplined and rocking Blues Explosion—and that's only my first impression! Sweatmaster definitely gets the "best thing I never heard of before this issue" award. The band is tight, stop-on-a-dime tight, and they use that to full advantage to put as much power as possible into every note. Although they actually don't stray that far beyond the Blues Explosion model, they do take the trio format to some places JS has yet to tread. It's a pretty impressive debut, but I do have a problem with the same-ness a lot of the songs have. Hopefully the band's songwriting chops will grow over time because it would be a shame to see them running out of grooves already.

—Larry

The Terminal Lovers - Drama Pit (s/r)

Cleveland native Dave Cintron, the main creative force behind Terminal Lovers, has honed his considerable talents in several seminal Forest City rock outfits, most recently the truly amazing Downside Special. After the demise of that band, Cintron assembled ex-members of legendary groups like Pere Ubu,

Prisonshake, and Spike in Vein to form Terminal Lovers. Cintron writes, sings, and plays guitar on the disc's vastly divergent seven cuts. It's a heady melange of tastes and styles that, though rooted in traditional rock, gets, shall we say, a little out there at times. The opening track, "Darkest Hour," is a mid-tempo rocker that highlights Cintron's considerable six-string skills, as well as his desperation-soaked vocals. When he bemoans it's his darkest hour, you can really feel his pain. From there the remaining cuts go in different directions. "Rising Tide" borders on experimental, and "Holler Son" broods and meanders, but cuts like "She Delivers" and "Stella" possess the attributes requisite to satisfy traditional rock purists like me, most notably the blistering lead guitar playing. It's hard to pinpoint influences on this CD, but I can say in all regards that Dave Cintron is a uniquely talented cat and *Drama Pit* is a vastly enjoyable disc.

—Paul Bearer

Totomoshi - Mysterioso (Berzerker)

Their press kit and the fact Alex Newport (Fudge Tunnel) was the producer had me excited to hear this CD. Then again, I've yet to see a press kit that says, "the CD in this package sucks!" Oakland's Totomoshi play a downtuned, sludge metal style that fans of Neurosis and The Melvins would probably enjoy. I can see why Mr. Newport got involved. Sure they're heavy and Meg's driving, low end bass rumbles along like a run away Sherman tank. But for someone like me who gets bored very quick, this CD is going to, well... uh... get boring very quickly. The vocals are too weak for the music and sound buried in an overall muddy mix. The highlights are the bass playing and the evil looking puppet thing on the back cover that looks like a 4th grade sewing project gone awry or a Korn album cover reject.

—Todd Sciore

The Vacancies - Gutpunch (Smog Veil)

New Cleveland punk that blasts off right out of the gate with everything that echoes that city's noble punk rock tradition, with a few sing-along background vocals thrown in for good measure. For a debut album, The Vacancies' sound like old pros; their drummer was in Starvation Army (remember them?) but I don't know the rest of the band's "pedigree" as far as years playing together—for all I know they could all be 45 and just look really young and semi-healthy. These 10 songs are chock full of the kind of riffs and hooks that punk rock used to be all about, and they do it with enough originality it's clear they aren't merely aping the past. I know this disc will get many repeat listenings.

—Larry

v/a - 20 Years of Dischord (Dischord)

A well-deserved pat on their back, this comprehensive collec-

tion spans Dischord's first two decades over three CDs and a 134 page book. The first two discs feature one track from each of Dischord's first 50 bands, and the third disc is a collection of 23 unreleased tracks from many of the label's more well-known acts. The book is as extensive as any I've seen with any box set; each band/track on the first two discs is given its own two-page spread, complete with a short bio of the band and a photo. There are also tons of other photos and essays/liner notes about the history of Dischord—the book alone is practically worth the purchase price for this baby if you're a fan of the label. I really like the concentration on the first decade on the third disc, as those are the bands (Scream, Minor Threat, Void, etc...) who provided me my first exposure to DC punk. Still firmly dedicated to documenting the DC area scene—only two or three bands on the entire collection are from elsewhere in the country—Dischord is a pillar of truly independent rock and roll. —Larry

v/a - The Bosse Sound: Swedish Punk, Hardcore and New Wave 1979-1986
(Bacchus)

This compilation gathers the underground sounds of Sweden spanning nearly a decade. We have 30 tracks from 18 distinct groups. The birthplace of the great rowdy and raw sounds from power pop to hardcore was a small basement in Linköping, Sweden. "Bosse" was actually the name of the engineer that created the "B Sound" of these groups. While some of these tracks saw limited Swedish vinyl release at that time, none of them were issued in the U.S. and most are now officially making their debut in any format. Some of their lyrics are Swedish, of course, but regardless all the music is good rock-n-roll for the era and still resonates today with vitality. —Tom "Tearaway" Schulte

v/a - Do The Pop
(Shock)

I rarely endorse compilations but I didn't even need to listen to this to know it was gonna be worth my time. Brought to fruition by Shock Records, this is a two-CD set lovingly put together to pay homage to, and inform the uninitiated about, all the amazing Aussie rock bands that have bubbled up over the past couple decades; both discs are packed stem to stern with rock and roll gems from Down Under, and it's got a kickass booklet too. Represented over the 50 tracks are such seminal bands as The Saints, Radio Birdman, The Scientists, The New Christs, The Celibate Rifles, The Lime Spiders, The Hoodoo Gurus, The Hard-Ons... why go on? If you know who these bands are, you're either already sold on it or have found it on your own by now. If you don't and are open to learning, here's the quickest and most effective primer you could ask for. Then you can go and impress members of the opposite sex—or,

if you prefer, the same sex—at your local rock dive with your new-found knowledge. OK, maybe not. But it might work if you're a girl who just met a boy who loves OZ rock; Larry was impressed when he first found out I owned a copy of *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*. —Leslie

v/a - Drunks, Guns and Livestock In the Streets
(Corduroy)

Seventeen bands captured live at the (in)famous Turkeyneck Bar and Grill in West End, Queensland (Australia) between 1979 and 2001. From the early days of legends like X (the Aussie one) along with semi-known bands like The Band Who Shot Liberty Valence and the Corpse Grinders. The '80s and '90s are represented by Cosmic Psychos, They Might Be Vaginas and I Spit on Your Gravy—to name a few—and things are rounded off with the likes of The Onyas and Pebo Bryson Experience. What's also impressive is the general consistency of the sound from such a wide period of time—especially since it's all live. —Larry

v/a - A Fistful Of Rock n' Roll, Vol. 9
(Devil Doll)

This ambitious multi-volume series kicked off a few years, and several record labels, back and it just keeps on rolling. Volume 9's 25 cuts pairs tracks from big unit shiftin' names like the Hellacopters, Peepshows, and the New Bomb Turks with a ton of lesser known, like minded bands who could use some of that ol' reflected glory. The mixed bag of talent varies within acceptable levels here, with a well sequenced mix tape vibe all the way through. Aside from that, the thing about the *Fistful* series I enjoy most is the ongoing underground rock history lesson inside every booklet, penned by know-it-alls who actually might know it all. (Brian Swirsky tackles the '80s hardcore punk boom inside this volume.) Stinkers? A few. Surprises? Many! Without naming names I'll call em' out by track number so you'll have to BUY the comp to find out who I'm slagging and who I'm sucking off. See? I hurt AND help the cause at the same time. Track 5: Your drummer messed up really bad right there! Didn't you hear that? Track 11: You have no business being on this comp, and I love you for it. Track 14: You're unsigned? You are better than track 23! Track 15: Yeah, I like "Raw Power" too. But that's just outright theft! Track 24: Awww, you got dropped by a major! Did you play them this song? —Ben Brower

v/a - Iron City Punk 3
(Brave New Records)

This third volume of the *Iron City Punk* series has 16 bands, 32 tracks, and a lot of confusion. There is no track listing in one place; each band gets their own page in the booklet, alphabetical-

ly, but the tracks (and each band gets two, except for Beyond Enemy Lines and the rare live Half-Life track that close the disc) are randomly arranged. Each band gets a track on the front half of the comp and one on the back half instead of taking each group of two tracks in succession so you can get a better idea of what each band's like. Except for Anti-Flag, Silver Tongue Devil and Half-Life, I haven't even heard of any of these bands—and maybe that's a good thing because of them just aren't very good. The only band I came away from this liking who I've never heard of before is the Enemies of Yinz, who do a great cover of "Jealous Again," along with an original that's pretty good. —Larry

v/a - Rise Above
(Sanctuary)

As previously stated, I'm not much for compilation CDs. Generally speaking, most compilations have a lot of lame tracks and a few good ones; and who wants to wade through a 25-track disc to hear three good songs that are probably available on other records. But every once in a while even I am proven wrong—there are some comps out there that do not require repeated use of the skip button; like the Turbonegro tribute CD *Hopeless* put out last year. That was a concept I could appreciate. This compilation also has a concept I can appreciate—to sum it up I'll use what it says right here on the front of the CD, it's "24 Black Flag songs to benefit the West Memphis Three." I have to admit I don't know much about the West Memphis Three (later I'm gonna go to www.wm3.org to read up on it—maybe you'd care to do the same) but I do know about listening to some Black Flag. I like them for sure; so I wasn't sure how much I'd like this disc—there's a lot of room for error when it comes to projects like this. But with Henry Rollins overseeing every step, I figured these covers would stay fairly close to the originals, and I wasn't far off base with my assessment. (Say what you may about his work since the band's demise, or his odd choices of jobs recently, but I think he's still probably one of the Black Flag's biggest fans; certainly he's not gonna be soliciting any techno versions of "Six Pack" or "Slip It In"—even for something he deemed a good cause.) Much like the Turbonegro tribute CD, this one's already got a point in it's favor straight away in that it's got so many great songs; even though it features quite a few vocalists whose bands I really don't appreciate, each vocalist does a good job representing the song the chose/were assigned (I don't know which). And Tom Araya and Lemmy are on it so that kinda balances it out for me. —Leslie

v/a - Shielded By Death, Vol. 1: Busted at the Lit
(Dionysus)

This is a 27-song collection of Eastern Conn. and Western Mass. bands who played at the Lithuanian Club in Hartford from '77-'85. While a few names might be familiar to some of you (M80's, Pajama Slave Dancers, The Reducers) most are local/regional favorites those of us who live outside New England probably never heard of. Ostensibly unknown bands like Da Stupids, Jack Tragic & The Unfortunate Ones, Foreign Objects and The Sterics are the meat of this disc. Apparently this is a revised and expanded version of this compilation, which originally came out on vinyl with less tracks and not as many bands. Nothing groundbreaking on here but as a document of a scene, it offers more decent bands than a lot of other similar comps. I could actually listen to each track completely through, without having to resist the urge to skip to the next track—and that's a pretty good compliment considering some of the tracks are 25 years old; they actually withstand the test of time. —Larry

Vortis - Take the System Down
(Thick)

Take a 60-year-old political philosophy college professor, spewing anti-PC, intelligent, fuck the government lyrics, mix it in with some wholesome punk rawk attitude and you got yourself some pretty sweet shit. Neo-Vorticism sure (Vorticism; an early 20th Century avant garde movement using violent symbolism to express tensions between opposing things), but they sound mostly like that '80s stuff; reminds me of the Crucifucks in that nasal tone. They do skip around a lot however. Not necessarily hardcore, or punk or rockabilly or folk rock or even rap, they kind of yo-ho-ho along with whatever strikes their fancy, so Fellow Traveler can get his agitating vocals across. It jams pretty well too. No dark clouds heavy in the air either; it's a rock and roll romp with an old smart dude in it. Anti-capitalist, rebellious and defiant to today's world of mass consumption, globalization and just sitting on your ass. I certainly appreciate it. Thinking entertainment through pissing twisters on all the "pretty political flowers" never seemed so amusing, check it out for sure. —Phil D. Ford

The Warlocks - Phoenix Album
(Birdman)

If the Velvet Underground had been a psychedelic garage band instead of pretentious art world extras they could have been the Warlocks. Could have. But they probably wouldn't have had the nerve. At least Lou Reed wouldn't have. He would have been sent a packin' by The Warlocks incipiently evil organ, if not their heavy as concrete riffs and rhythms. This is not only what the VU could have been, it's what garage rock (or at least the psy-

chedelic side of it) should have been. Bits and pieces of the Stones live sound from '69 and '70 are the direction the guitars seem to favor, as the songs on *Phoenix Album* wrap themselves around your cerebral cortex. Some of it is a bit too trippy in that jangly way, which I personally don't dig, but it still manages to rock. The 14-plus minute album closing, "Oh Shadie," is kinda like this album's "Black Juju;" you might not like it, but you'd sure miss it if it wasn't there.
—Larry

World of Tomorrow - Global Citizen (Sweet Stuff Media)

Homespun CD label band pumping out the twisted improv jazz with a dab of "I dropped acid before the rocketship took off, Captain!" Tight improv too, not just your bunch of shmucks throwing a mess together and calling it a song. Some real structure develops from cats who can read each other's cues pretty damn well. Whether it come from the murky primordial beginnings of the dense 10-minute "Jungles of Central Jupiter" to flashpan horn assault quickies like "Secret Message," they have the feel and go with the flow. Not necessarily in the traditional sense either (although that is often there), this stuff is pure cosmic dust, sure to smoke in your hookah bowl for a while. Let's see a joint project with Magical Power Mako and never come back from the outer limits. NRG Ensemble enthusiasts take note.
—Phil D. Ford

XMARXSX - s/t (Atavistic)

Saxophonist Mars Williams forges boldly into the murky jazz-rock waters with XMARXSX, a band and an album; a nine-song journey that goes from intimate to insane from one minute to the next. Each song seems to go in a different direction, yet there's an underlying thread that musically brings it all together. Williams, a member of the original NRG Ensemble, is backed by Kent Kessler (Vandermark 5, NRG Ensemble) on bass, Greg Suran (Blue Man Group) on guitar and David Suycott (Stabbing Westward) on drums; and on five tracks Wayne Kramer joins in, along with NRG cellist Fred Lonberg-Holm. The resulting brew is like a melding of elements of Miles Davis' electric period with Sun Ra and the Arkestra from about '74-'88. It's intense, to be sure, but probably not for the casual listener.
—Larry

Yeah, Yeah, Yeahs - s/t EP & Machine EP (Touch and Go)

Despite a popular rumor, I do not live under a rock. And because of this, I know that this band has a "buzz." Normally I support ignoring buzz in C14 but today I am going to make an exception. Actually, stuff with a buzz rarely makes it here; our mail tends to be either well below the music industry's radar or way, way out of zine league. (Would you believe we got three copies of the *Spider-Man* soundtrack? It's true. Even Dante, who purchased *Spider-Man* candy that he never plans to eat, didn't want those.) I've read about this band a bunch in the New York Times Sunday paper—and they totally get fawned over in the Philly press when they come to town—and I have to admit I was a little bit intrigued. When I got these YYY CDs for free I figured the least I could do is give them a shot and see what all the excitement is about. I will admit this didn't exactly shake my soul but damn, if I had to choose between seeing that fucking rich boy from the Strokes all over the place or Karen O, I guess I'm gonna have to go with the latter. At least the Yeah, Yeah, Yeahs might inspire people to fuck or pogo or dress in thrift store clothing or make weird art or something; the Strokes inspire people to nod off and have bad haircuts that only ever looked good on Keith—and even he only looked good in it in the late '60s. But back to these discs. I liked the brief, more garage-y stuff on the self-titled EP better than the more noisy stuff on the more recent, briefer *Machine* EP. If this is what's getting indie rock nerds hot and bothered and seeping its way into mainstream consciousness right now... I can think of worse things.
—Leslie

Bunny's Book Corner

by Bunny Fontaine

The Fabulous Moolah: First Goddess Of The Squared Circle by Lillian Ellison with Larry Platt (Regan Books; www.reganbooks.com)

Even if you're not into wrestling you may recall a time not too long ago when a book by a wrestler, Mick Foley (AKA Cactus Jack, etc.), was on the New York Times Book Review best seller list. And it stayed there for a long time, shocking many and oddly disproving the theory that wrestling fans and reading do not a perfect pairing make. I read it; it was a good book. The powers that be behind the WWWhatever, always quick to try to capitalize further on anything that worked once, decided to have a number of other wrestlers "write" books. (Foley actually wrote his I believe.) I wasn't interested enough in any of those to seek them out but when I heard they were gonna let the Fabulous Moolah (AKA Lillian Ellison) do one, I was curious enough to do something I rarely if ever do—I requested a promo. Much to my surprise and joy, a few weeks later a copy arrived at my apartment; the day before I was scheduled to take a two hour flight to Florida. Woood! And it was perfect for in-flight reading. Not as tell-all-ish as the Mick Foley book, but if you know anything about her you wouldn't expect anything like that; Moolah is a lady, and ladies never tell. It does take you briefly through her life story up to this point, from her childhood to her start in wrestling, touching on all the trials and tribulations of that aspect of her life as well as her romantic dalliances and things of that nature. This isn't gonna make it to the best seller list, obviously, nor is it going to go on to be taught in lit classes or anything but it's still a good biography about one of the coolest women wrestlers ever, so I've gotta give it a thumbs up.

Glue And Ink Rebellion: A Collection Of Stories by Sean Carswell (Gorsky Press; www.gorskypress.com)

This particular collection really has a "zine" type feel to it both in the subject matter and tone in which it's written; no surprise when you take into account the fact that Carswell is the co-publisher/co-editor of *Razorcake*, a new-ish punk fanzine and the best thing to come out of Flipside's untimely demise. I love collections like this and I love writers who give you the feeling they'd tell the story the exact same way if they were sitting next to you instead of writing it down for you. Whether you've got ten minutes or a couple of hours to kill, Sean's got tales to tell; if you give him a little of your time, you'll likely walk away entertained.

Headpress #23 (www.headpress.com)

This is a British publication I must admit I have not seen in ages. If memory serves, they weren't originally in book form; or I could have them confused with some other quirky British zine,—what do I know. I love when publishers make it easy for me and sum up their issue in a handy sentence on the cover—here's the one from this issue, "Headpress #23 is the funhouse edition of the journal of sex religion death where we visit the folk responsible for the seminal seventies horror movie *Last House On Dead End Street*." And, yes, there is plenty of stuff about that movie but they're actually selling themselves short in that front cover sentence, there's much, much more weird shit in here. To name a few things—a feature on the movie *Blow Me* (starring a blow-up doll in the "lead role"); another about Paolo Di Orazio, an Italian author who writes stories about children who kill people; a funny story by well known sleazy rock journalist Sleazegrinder about an "incident" between him and Marilyn Manson; and interviews with Joe Coleman and, the undeniably normal by comparison to everything listed previously, author Tom Robbins.

In The Hand Of Dante by Nick Tosches

(Little Brown; www.twbookmark.com)
I don't read much fiction but since I got a complimentary copy of this very nice hardbound edition (for reasons completely unknown to me), I figured I'd be nice enough to give it a shot. (I would have thought only higher profile media folk get freebies of books like this but, again, what do I know.)

Perhaps you're familiar with the author or some of his previous work? He's written non-fiction bios about memorable real life characters like Dean Martin and Jerry Lee Lewis and earned a bit of a reputation for his own rough hewn, profanity laden writing style as well as for favoring a more old school approach to being a white male author (you know, drinking, womanizing, that kind of thing). The fact I got past the first 50 pages and kept reading says a lot about the book itself. Of course, as you may guess considering the source, this really isn't typical fiction anyway. In typical fiction the name of the main character isn't also the name of the author, nor does the main character typically have so very many characteristic similarities to the author. That type of shit is nothing Tosches the author, or Tosches the character in the novel who is also a writer, would bother himself with anyway. That reminds me, I meant to curse more in this review as an homage to his colorful patios but I forgot. Fucking son of a bitch bad memory!

Sleazoid Express by Bill Landis and Michelle Clifford (Fireside; www.simonsays.com)

Sub-titled "A Mind Twisting Tour Through The Grindhouse Cinema Of Times Square," at first glance this appears to be a book about film, and it is, but it's a lot meatier than, say, a video guide type thing where it's a series of movies reviews/commentary about a specific movie genre. It's an up close and personal look at the Times Square current governing forces of NYC would rather you forgot—covering the films they showed there as well as the movie houses themselves and the people who were involved. And when I say "up close and personal" I don't mean the author's interviewed people who were there to get their story—although they probably did that too, they are professionals—I mean Landis and Clifford know so much about that era because they were there as well, sitting in the dark with all the other inhabitants of the area's seamier cinematic side. The duo has long championed the grindhouses and the movies associated with them in their magazines, *Metasex* and *Sleazoid Express*; the book format gives them the chance to expound even further and offer a rare look at a world where most people would never have dared to tread.

Vicious, Delicious and Ambitious: 20th Century Women Artists by Sherri Cullison

(Schiffer; www.schifferbooks.com)
This full-color hardcover book sets out to hip the world at large to something many of you have already noticed, some of the most interesting and visually stimulating artists of the "underground" are women—hot women at that. It does indeed feature a who's who of the ladies of lowbrow art; names that should be very familiar to readers of *Juxtapoz* or this magazine, as five of the 20 women profiled have also graced C14's pages. Since 20 isn't that many, and I'd feel bad naming one or two cause I know a few of these ladies personally, I'll name them all in the order they appear in the book: Christine Karas, Niagara, Suzanne Williams, Sharon Leong, Lisa Petrucci, Anette Hassell, Sunny Buick, Isabel Samaras, The Poptarts, Andrea Tucker, Kirsten Easthope, Emi Donvito, Louisa Greenstock, Rebecca F., Dragon Fly, Isis Rodriguez, Liz McGrath, Pam Roberts and Stacy Lande. Overall, there is very little to read but lots and lots to look at, as is typical of art books; what is reproduced here is done so fabulously. My only complaint about the book on the whole is that I would have preferred a closer look at each artist but I guess you can't really do that in a book meant to be an overview. Although Cullison didn't discover anything new with her thesis, she has done the whole lowbrow genre, as well as the female artists working within it, a service by making these particular women's artwork accessible to a larger audience than it would normally see and she deserves to be applauded for a job well done.

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eighties, bashin' out their own brand of '60s garage/psychedelic/folk influenced punk rock 'n' roll, releasing records on their own label, Get Hip, and basically just being one of the best live bands around. So, now that the sound of garage rock's past seem to be the new "next big thing".

A new 440s tune and a reworking of an old one. "Let It Die" carries on in the band's more recent hard-rock direction; Wendy and Gordon's guitars have never sounded better, and Dave's drumming has gotten even heavier. The reworking of "Power Play" dusts off an old classic and breathes some new life into it at a faster pace, complete with wah-wah solo and NHL-approved crowd noise.

—Larry

Two 7" s with an original on the A-side and a cover on the flip. With a nod and a wink to Iron Maiden and outright idolatry of Twisted Sister, the first of these two Adam West 45s is loaded with Testosterock. Sizzlingly recorded with an appropriately metal vibe, "Sixth Son" is a bongload full of metal, and the only thing Jake's missing on the B-side is some of that Dee Snider eyepaint. "In The Back Of My Hearse" is more hard rock than metal, but there's still enough for the average muller to grab onto. "Find It" is a furious, pounding cover of the Carrie Nations song in *Beyond The Valley Of the Dolls*, and it might be the best version of the song I've ever heard; it IS that good.

—Larry

First I thought this was the B-Movie Rats glam record—musically, not visually; there's no way these guys are goin' glam in the fashion sense of the word, rest assured—then I thought it was their '80s metal record. Then I realized it was a whole lot more, and a whole lot less. Combining some of the best aspects of mid-'70s LA glam rock with a early Motley/Crue and a healthy dose of AC/DC, the B-Movie Rats have the potential to some great things, and some of the songs are probably the best stuff the band's done yet. But at other points in time, the worst aspects of the '70s are brought out. The extended jam section of the title song, for example, borders on sounding like the Eagles "Already Gone." If this actually WAS the late '70s or early '80s, this would be big time, coke-and-groupies, arena rock and roll; as it is in 2003, it's hit or miss.

—Larry

At first, I didn't know which "Chronics" this was. Turns out there are two bands, one is from Sweden, home of all that seems to be rock with a capital "R" nowadays, and then there is a Chronics from Italy, which is the band now spinning on my turntable. And what I hear comin' outta my stereo is jangly rock 'n' roll and power pop with a heavy Real Kids influence. Ten good songs full of pop hooks, driving beats, downstroked guitar and bass and straight-ahead three-chord rock 'n' roll.

—Peter Santa Maria

Two songs by each band on this split; all four written by Muddy Waters. First up, alphabetically (and if you play side A first), is Kansas City's own hard-core men of rawk, Cretin 66, who give their special &bpunkrock'n'rollfuckedupmettalnoise treatment to "Tiger In Your Tank" and "Natural Wig." On the flip we have a band I'm completely unfamiliar with, Parlay. Don't know where they're from geographically or what they normally sound like but they offer up some low-key swampy blues rock versions of "My Dog Can't Bark" and "Champagne & Reefer." Four good songs equals one good 7"; can't make it any simpler than that.

—Leslie

The Cygnics really should need no introduction to readers of this magazine, but here's a quick run-down. The Cygnics have been around since the mid-

past seem to be the new, next big thing (an oxymoron if there ever was one) will The Cynics ever get their due? Probably not, since they aren't young, beautiful or are Winona Ryder's current fuck toy. But if you dig the sounds of real rock 'n' roll played loud, full of fuzz, buzz and passion, then The Cynics are the band for you. Each single here features one original and one obscure cover, all of them bristlin' with high energy and unrestrained rock 'n' roll excitement, ready to leap off of your turntable, grab you and throw you across the room.

—Peter Santa Maria

This swankily packaged, heavily gauged vinyl release features six songs recorded live on JDB's Eurotour in '93, presumably at a club called VPRO. As some of you may know Jeff has played with different people at various times - this line-up, aside from Dahl on guitar and vocals obviously, features Mr. Ratboy (on guitar), Bruce Duff (on bass) and Jeff Zimmiti (on drums). These two 7's are fantastic, so I'd venture to say that was a pretty fucking hot line-up. It's a damn good live recording too, sound quality wise, which is admirable and definitely worthy of note. Mr. C14 seems to think it's a soundboard recording; I've got no reason to doubt him, nor do I care really. It sounds good, that's all I need to know. This might be a little harder to find (we got it from Get Hip, they might be a good place to start) but in my opinion it would be worth it.

— I esle

Two Finnish bands kicking up some above-average noise. Disgrace go down the familiar Detroit-by-way-of-Scandinavia path, but they make it interesting. Their first tune is like the Hellacopters and Gluecifer through a phase-shifting blender, and the other song has more in common with Love Gun-era Kiss than anything either of the aforementioned bands has done. Tenderizer's a good match for Disgrace, and they do operate under completely different spheres of influence, but the Oi-ish vocals kinda kill their tracks for me.

Let's get this part out of the way - this is a band of middle schoolers from Portland. (Ages ranging from 12-14 according to the press sheet; based on their pictures I'm sure it's true.) So on the count of three... 1-2-3... awwwww! They're too young to drive but they know how to rock. Adorable. They're good, too, for a bunch of middle schoolers, and it's a good debut for a "young" (meaning a band that hasn't been together that long) band of people of any age. Nothing too brainy or complex, just good ol' fashioned three chord punk; and the fact that they're smart enough to leave it at that shows they've got potential.

The Fracas side not only kicks ass, they rise to the challenge of recording a quality cover version of one of ANTISEEN's holiest songs: "Fuck All Y'all"; not an easy task. The original song "So Sayeth" must be a tribute (in an abstract manner) to my long running column in this very magazine... also not an easy task to take on, but they pull it off. The Eddie Haskell's saddle themselves from the get-go with living up to the name of one of television's top two or three heel characters ever; they do so in fine fashion with two tunes Ward Cleaver definitely wouldn't approve of.

—thee Whiskey Rebel

Holly Golightly, whose rock nom de plume is taken from a character in a movie I've never seen, is a woman with a long pedigree - both as a solo artist and as part of The Headcoatees - and no doubt a long, long list of awkward, geeky fan boys. This

four song EP offers up a fairly varied but not unexpected variety of twangy, somewhat mod, a little sultry and decidedly British garage rock. Some tracks I like better than others, but fans of hers will surely love it all.

—Leslie

Much like characters in the horror movies that so inspired them, the Hookers live on after death. It is still yet to be seen what will be the "last Hookers release" but I'd imagine this is a contender for the title as it's seeing release almost two years after the band split. The A-side features an original I don't recognize as being a song off of any of their other records, "God Made The Raven," while the flipside features a UFO cover. Unfortunately, the recording is kinda crappy but since it's not like they could go back in the studio to fix it up or anything, and I have a general weakness for them, we will let that slide.

—Leslie

Well, here's a no-brainer. France's Jerry Spider Gang turn in a well picked DMZ cover and an original that could've been a lost track from Union Carbide Productions *In The Air Tonight* LP. So of course it's a keeper of the highest order. Both DMZ and UCP are rightfully given "spiritual guidance" credits by the band, and I walk away from this single aware of these three new things: #1. I will now own every piece of music the Jerry Spider Gang puts out; #2. Making fun of the French is now officially 1/3 less fun for me; and #3. I should be in this band. But since they probably have no need for an ass-kissing record reviewer on stage, I'll concentrate on accomplishing #1.

—Ben Brower

Rock and roll school is out and these kids are eating up all the eardrums! Shorter, faster, louder, perked and tweaked with some of that old '60s garage humping, even a little further back to the '50s I'd say on a few tracks. They don't have the time to bullshit you with any drawn out fluff; they are throwing it right out there, headstrong! What the Hard-Ons were for hardcore in the late '80s/early '90s, The Jewws hold the new century title for any surfabilly/punk/rock playgrounds. Probably look new wave as hell live and would do all the killer moves, complete with venetian blind sunglasses on and decked out in black and white striped clothes, not missing a jamming beat. Hey, they'd just win the Battle of the Bands EVERY time. Rrrrrrrrevving! The fast and fiery heart of good old school rock and roll is caught in a bottle on this dizzying platter. Cool as shit if you're into it.

-Phil D. Ford

Raw explosive punk rock that careens around wildly at high speed. "Breakin' Me Up," the A-side, as well as the title track on the flip, have female lead vocals that reminds me in some ways of Poly Styrene but with more of a hardcore/metal filter. The other song on the B-side, "Girl's Living Dead," has a guy singing who's also no slouch in the vocals department; he's as pissed off as the girl but maybe not as tough. Musically it's all pedal-to-the-metal from note one, and it's pretty damn good.

—Larry

Like Mulder, I want to believe. Otherwise, the jaded oldest in me would almost think this was a Swede punk joke made by record collector types, it is that stupid and brilliant at the same time. If you luck onto a copy, hold on for sure, as this one has destiny written all over it. Super spastic punk from goofball Swedes, normally a toxic proposition, but thank god the OaFs decided to sing in English and have an Anglo-Saxon-friendly lyric sheet, cause this is as good a comedy record as that Richard Pryor box set. They just happen to be addressing, um, smaller concerns than Pryor. I guess titles like "I Need Pads and a Helmet," "Die You New Age Hippie Freak" and "Lick My Boots Mod Motherfucker" do kinda clue you in at where they are coming from. Musically, Ramones on 78, snotty vocals screamed at in the red levels and a

thin production, not a metal influence in sight, though the little Swede's voice does sound a bit like John W. from *Void* when it cracks. "NK PG HC" sounds like Antiseen's "Sabu" with a 12 yr old on vocals ranting about the scene—perfect! Of course with 23 songs on the 7" it ain't like you get time to think much about such things. While side A rails against the lame-os in the scene (fake Satanists, mods, hippies, macho "tudes), side B sorta takes on a more personal (and I don't mean emo) attack on the home front with tunes like "Uberwoman" ("...that fancy drink costs more than my clothes..."), and "Honey, I'm Home," which lead to the beautiful and ridiculous "I Just Want A Child." Things end with the hometown pride song "If You Call My Town Fucktown!" I Call You Motherfucker," which actually takes longer to read than to listen to. This is kinda what I imagine a band made up entirely of Elvis Irwins would sound like, actually. And that is a very, very good thing.

—Andy Perseponko

the Loose - Untamed 7" EP
(Rockin' House)

Show of hands: How many of you were really let down by that last Deep Reduction album? Wow! That many? Yeah, what went wrong there? I mean, you had Deniz Tek And Rob Younger together again for what should've been the reunion of the century and it just... wasn't. How come that record didn't fucking rule? Why did it sound so phoned in? Why do our heroes always let us down? How come that album didn't rock one eighth as much this Loose EP does? It's got four up-tempo Birdman/New Christs inspired rippers back to back. It's EVERYTHING that was missing from *Deep Reduction 2*. The powerful, confident playing, the live n' loud production, the great songs. So close in feeling to the lost Tek/Younger magic that it borders on mimicry. But I don't care, it's exactly what I wanted from the "real deal" owners of this sound, and they fumbled the ball. Loose scoops it up, handles it reverently and expertly, and wins it all. Best record in the pile. Hey Rob, time to imitate the imitators!

—Ben Brower

The Mighty Ions - Face Rakin' Rock 12" LP
(Alien Snatch)

A wrestling/rock outfit dating back to the dawn of the '80s in Boston. One of these guys played with Unnatural Axe and a couple of them backed G.G. before he (to quote the insert) "went off the deep end" and pulled a no-show on them. The strongest tunes on this LP are the wrestling songs, which happen to include one of the absolute all time great wrestling/rock songs EVER: "Pedro Morales," which lampoons one of the old WWWF's most boring baby faces to the tune of the DK's "California Uber Alles". The slow part of the song is suitably ominous; it declares that the Grand Wizard has whacked Vince and taken over the WWWF and all the faces are dead too, including Pedro (sprawled out dead with a foreign object still sticking out of his head). This album is worth it JUST FOR THAT SONG. But, happily "Big Noise" "We Want The Belts" and a loving tribute to "George The Animal Steel" are great too. A few of their earliest songs are poorly produced with the guitar being buried beneath the drum kit but I'm not gonna nit-pick. It was hard as hell for bands to even scrape up the dough to deal with some jack-ass at a studio back in the day. These guys aren't quite as flamboyant as the good ol' Naked Lady Wrestlers and the Cleavers, who both specialized in wrestling rock shtick back then, but they come damn close. Maybe they need to add a big fat guy or two to the lineup. Hmmm??? Maybe they shoulda put in a call to the Cosmic Commander of Wrestling to take them to the final level? Yep... I gotta grade 'em down to an A-. Sorry fellas.

—thee Whiskey Rebel

Mondo Topless - "No More"/"Panty Sniffer"
(Get Hip)

Philadelphia's reigning garage rockers Mondo Topless have FINALLY found a new home on Get Hip Records, after parting with Dionysus Records a few years back. Lucky for you true believers, their sound hasn't changed at all - they're still trapped in that '60s garage rock and delinquent punk rock time-warped. And thank fuckin' gawd for that! So take a listen as Mondo Topless' Sam Steining drags out his beat-up, salvaged-out-of-the-trash Vox Continental organ, Chris Alutius plugs in the Twin Reverb and stomps on whatever home-made fuzzbox he has rigged up to his guitar. John Loxterman straps on his Rickenbacker to lay down some dirty distorted bass, and Tom

Connors plays the drums in his bombastically balls loud, Animal-eat-stick style once again. The A-side, "No More", is a perfect relationship breakup kiss-off song while the B-side contains the soon-to-be pervert party anthem, "Panty Sniffer", with deranged and goofy lyrics that are right on track with a Nuggets-era song like The Elastik Band's "Spazz". An excellent scorcher! sonic single!

—Peter Santa Maria

Mushuganas - Summer Shoes 7" EP
(s/r)

When I picked up this 7-inch, I unfolded the lyric sheet and began to sing what I imagined the song to be. I wasn't far off. Fine but unremarkable songs on the A-side. "Summer Shoes" has a great guitar part in it, and "Renaissance" rocks fiercely. While the A-side left me cool, the B-side warmed me up again. "Last Night on Earth" has great guitar parts (I really want to say tasty licks), then it launches right into "Emergency" with hardly a pause. I'd listen to these songs again and again. The vocals are too growly and incomprehensible, but the guitars are clear and powerful enough to balance it out. I'd love to see these guys live -- most bands from Illinois know how to rock, and these four lean guys would look good onstage. I'm objectifying men in rock! Shame on me.

—Alex Richmond

Puffball - Solid State (8 Track) 10" EP
(Dead Beat)

Puffball, possibly the best and most underrecognized Swedish band of them all, are back with another slab of pure power. Eight songs, including a Girlschool cover ("Demolition Boys"). Four of the songs were recorded in 2002, and they are the heaviest of the lot, and positioned as the last two tracks of each side; they have the most impact. Three of the other four songs were recorded in 2000 and 2001, and are pretty much what Puffball's doing now—now it's just a bit more fine-tuned and precise—but the one track from 1998 lets you really see how the band's evolved into their own and developed their pummeling wall of sound. A great record from top to bottom.

—Larry

Sergeants Mess - 4-song 7"
(Smart Guy)

Loose as a goose sloppy rock and roll gets things started with "When You Were Mine," which is not a Prince cover, but still kicks ass nonetheless. Decent Stones riff with drawled and affected vocals and a cool wandering one string solo. Hell if they were more girl groupish, I would beg this as one of those recently unearthed Dolls demos, though the Mess ain't quite that sloppy. Since this was produced by Billy Childish, his ethos do come through a little bit in the faster songs, the rubbery guitars, the clash of the drums, though things are a bit fuller than the normal Childish job. "Go My Way" is the true gem here, buzzing guitars meet a masterful psych riff and crashing Mod drums and everyone goes home happy. Slap the Action's name on this and it would sound perfect on *Nuggets 2* (that's the Brit one). "Lotion" gives more of the same, a nice dirty but speedy pop psych slice of Britannia with AM radio vocals and more fun guitar hysteries. Strangely enough it switches gear to an almost West Coast psych vibe (sounding awfully close to Phish, I shit you not) for a few bars near the end, then it is back to the amphetamine rush of swinging London. Good stuff that touches on a lot of different eras beautifully.

—Andy Perseponko

Sex Sex Sex/Mazinga - split 7" EP
(Spasmatic)

The second issue in a row I get to review a Sex Sex Sex release! Somebody really likes me! Even better, it's a split 7", and the band on the flip side, Mazinga, doesn't suck! I mean, how could they? They named themselves after a giant Japanese robot! Both bands are heavy into comic books and horror movies, as the cool color sleeve artwork of zombies and green devil chicks is first rate. Sex Sex Sex blast through two songs of distorted devil doom, "Go Zombie Go" and "Satanica." Fast, furious and frightening, not to mention that the songs were recorded in "monstereo"! They also do a blisterin' cover of G.G. Allin's "Bite It." Mazinga, a band from Detroit who thankfully aren't a tired re-tread of the MC5, spit out three terrifying tunes in the vein of Naked Raygun and the Effigies, with the emphasis on crooned vocals, fast beats, and melodic and eerie guitar work. "Gamma Bomb" is the standout track with cool lyrics and an infectious chorus. An excellent EP

from two very cool bands.
—Peter Santa Maria

Silver Tongued Devil - "We Are The Roadcrew"/"Have A Drink On Me"
(Rat Records)

I'm assuming everyone recognizes those titles and knows who did the originals but just in case... "We Are The Roadcrew" is originally by Motorhead and "Have A Drink On Me" is originally done by AC/DC. Musically, "Roadcrew" is pretty straight ahead; vocally, it doesn't sound much like Motorhead but then again, how is a guy from Pittsburgh really gonna sound like Lemmy? "Have A Drink" could pretty much be summed up the same way. They're both good songs though and STD do them justice. This is also one of those limited edition fan club type deals (Rat Records is owned/run by STD guitarist Rob Tabachka) so interested parties should hop to it.

—Leslie

The Studdogs - 4-song 7" EP
(Mutiny Productions)

The Studdogs gets it goin' on in a Crypt-style blues punk vein. They shoot it up in ya with three tracks that'll cause that subtle chicken-neck bobbing you do when you're snapping your fingers to something cool. Could be something rattling in your head, could be from the walkman; hell, it could be just the everyday street noise that keeps your pace. Either way, it's getting ya where ya need to go, so get your ass to the record store already and buy this.

—Phil D. Ford

They Might Be Vaginas - 4-song 7" EP
(Turkeyneck Records)

A tight band from Australia cranking out four songs as rude and crude as you could hope for. Check out a couple titles: "Dwarf Fucking" and "Party Of Five In My Underpants." The front cover art is an offensive depiction of a messy, insulting circle jerk, what more could you ask for? This record is as perfect an example of insensitive, hilarious funny punk rock as you'll ever find. On a par with the American masters of this sort of filth from late 70's L.A. Puke Spit And Guts. Only 500 pressed and I've wound up with 2 of 'em. If I ever sell one it'll be for \$25 plus. Hmmm... that's already too low.

—thee Whiskey Rebel

v/a - California Ain't Fun No More 12" LP
(Alien Snatch)

Thirteen tracks of lo-fi Cali punk. More shitty production, fast beats, and screamed proclamations of "That's right! Come on! Let's go! Yeow!" My love for Cali punk bands starts with the Circle Jerks and ends with the Vandals—and there isn't a lot in between. Sorry. Call me cold, but I was born in New York City and live in Philly. This record is neither where I'm from nor where I'm at. I remember once Larry "The Kommandant" Kay said to me, "NoCal? No tal." Exactly. When I put this on the turntable I wondered why they put the lamest track first (Loose Lips, "Please Girl"). If it was to make everyone sound better in comparison, well, mission accomplished. Side two starts off a bit stronger with the Bobbyteens ("Baby Runaround"), and I dug The Flakes "Long Gone." The riffs reminded me a bit of Mudhoney, and I got a Briefs modern punk vibe overall. I'd want to check out a full-length of theirs. I wanted to love Bitchschool ("Runaways in the Night") just for having fun with their name and song titles, but fuck if their song didn't sound like a weaker version of The Knack's "Your Number or Your Name." The Fevers close the record out in a very shiny happy Strawberry Alarm Clock fashion, reminding me of all that awful Buffalo Springfield shit California is also responsible for unleashing onto the world. So, The Flakes are cool. Everything else, not so much.

—Alex Richmond

The Vincents/The Igniters - split 7"
(Diaphram)

Good split damnit. Two bands that cut through any rock and roll pretense and get right to the nitty gritty distortion. The Vincents have fine grooving tight-laced hooks and mix it up with some interesting timing. A meaner Trash Can School with some Jesus Lizard influence. The Igniters have a more blues Mule/Southern Rawk swagger in the music and vocals. Slick and cool too, baby, just not as heavy. Two tunes from each band and a good sampling of good things from both. More please.

—Phil D. Ford

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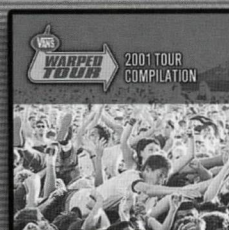
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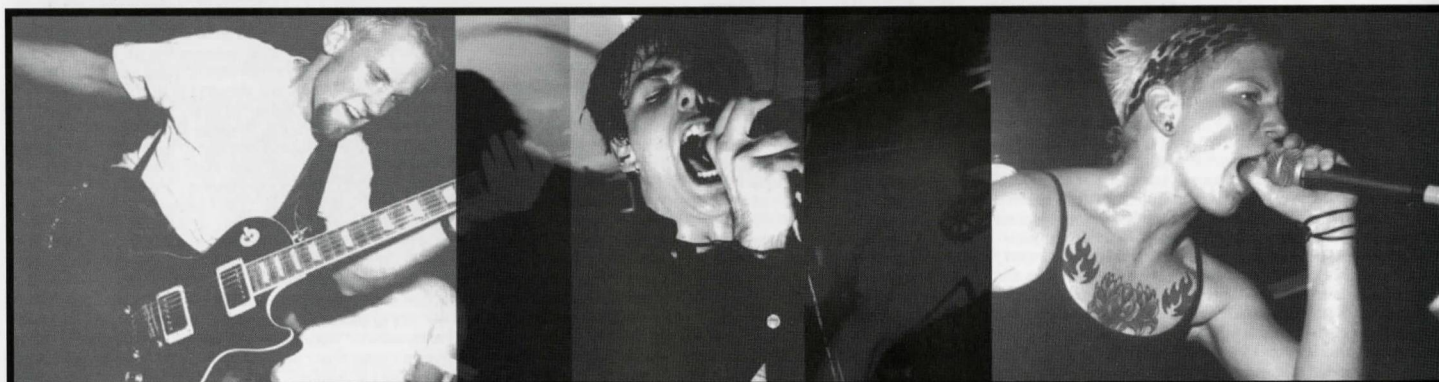
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store which put a big smile of Stefan's face! Tonight's openers were The Bad Preachers and El Guapo Stunt Team. We had heard lots of stories about the Stunt Team when we were at the Pits. They feature an old pal named Captain Catastrophy, who doesn't really play anything in the band, but sets himself on fire! We were interviewed by a guy that Doug knew online. The interview was only about KISS. Since we have two of the three biggest KISS nerds in North Carolina in our band (Barry & Doug; the third is Steve from the Dead Kings) this guy thought he was gonna get a good interview. I guess he did, because to my ears it sounded like the boys had turned heel on KISS. All they did was complain and put 'em down. Then Joe and I got into the interview telling about our first times seeing them. Joe's was in '75; mine was in '77. I missed the Bad Preachers so I can't comment on them. I figured a guy setting himself on fire was surely the show stopper so I figured I'd walk in about half way into the Stunt Team's set. In the dressing room comes the Captain. He asks if I saw his gimmick. I told him "Hell no, I missed it!" Seems that's the way the START set. He said since I missed it, he'd do it again at the end. Now, I didn't wanna see the guy risk his life again just because I was a lazy sod, but man, this is a guy setting himself on fire! Sure enough, last song he gets up on the stage and soaks himself with lighter fluid. He's wearing a rebel flag motorcycle helmet and a polyester leisure suit. All of a sudden he is a giant fireball! He walks straight into the audience. This was hands down the most lack of concern I've ever seen someone have for an audience's safety. IT WAS GREAT!!! (Since I was safe and out of harm's way.) The Stunt Team ain't all gimmicks though. The band (with three guitars) were quite a rocking outfit and closed the show with a kickass Deep Purple cover. Time for us to take the stage. I was not ready for the reception we were about to receive. From the first note, beer, trays, bottles, cups, bodies and anything else that wasn't nailed down was flying through the air. The stage was so wet we could hardly stand. People were plummeting to the stage every few seconds. I was getting boots to the side of the head. Then I heard an enormous THUD. I looked down at my feet and it was Rudy the promoter! What a wild guy! The show went on this way until the end when the monitors were pushed back all the way to Barry's kick drum and all the mic stands were laying everywhere but where they were intended to be. Guitars were getting knocked out of tune but everybody was having such a damned good time I don't think anyone noticed. Damn, it was gonna be hard to top this one; from our point of view anyway. After the show we hung out with Rudy and the Stunt Team gang for quite awhile. We ran into an American girl who plays in a band with our pal Capt. Dungheap in Colorado. She was having a hard time understanding the singer of the Stunt Team. She tried to speak to him in French which prompted him to yell "Oh HELL NO!!!" Damn that was good. No one likes the French. Even people in Belgium!

MARCH 30th, JENA, GERMANY

Jena is a very nice looking city. And it's in East Germany no less. We found the hall with the assistance of a kid wearing a Misfits shirt walking up the road. The place was pretty big, with a pro light system like the one we encountered in Cottbus. I guess these government run shows really shell out the bread to the committees that put these things together. I was looking through the ads for upcoming shows and, like every tour we have ever done in Europe, we would miss one of my all time favorite bands, Dead Moon, by a few weeks. The place had a very nice stage and great dressing rooms. It had a pretty good looking PA too, but that's where compliments to the sound will end. The doofus running the sound board was clueless about this kind of music. He was a tall skinny guy with the look of someone who worked at an art gallery and held a wine glass while he talked about the deep meaning of some splattered piece of overpriced garbage hanging on a wall. We couldn't hear shit on stage. The place was empty and we still couldn't hear a thing. I walked out into

the viewing area and the guy had no guitar going through the system. None. Not even a tiny bit. I stopped the band and insisted that he correct this. His reply was "Maybe it is your hearing." Then I got really pissed at him and raised my voice, telling him no, it's not my fucking hearing it's that he has no fucking guitar coming out of the mains. After this struggle I walked up to Joe, realizing this was a losing battle, and told him when we got on stage to pump the volume up so high that this pansy would go running for the door. The bands we were playing with tonight were Beerzone and Deadline from England; a nice bunch of folks. Their tour together was just beginning as ours was coming to an end. We all ate together in a big dinning hall at the other end of the building. Lots of chicken and veggies. I passed on the veggies and went straight to the result of the important question. Beerzone went on to a house about a third full. The audience was one of those who stand as far back as possible as not to show any emotion while the band performs. I felt like I was in Atlanta! Anyway, Deadline went on to a slightly more receptive audience. Maybe it had something to do with the little gal with the cute Chelsea haircut that fronted them. Well, if that was the case, they'd be climbing over each other to get the fuck out when we came on. By the time we went on we were good and loaded. Not too drunk, but just enough to not care if the whole crowd walked out. Much to our surprise they came up close for the most part. As we started playing we were reminded about our little spat with the soundman. The monitors were non-existent. I ask what the fuck they were up there for? No response, no change in level. OK. From then on it was full tilt boogie. I did the bottle gimmick for them, and to have an excuse to litter the stage with as much shit as possible so soundboy would have to earn his pay at the end of the night. The blood flowed like a crimson river. I asked one kid in the audience if that indeed was Nancy Spungen on his shirt. He replied "Ya, ya!" I said "You gotta be kidding me," then we went into "OD For Me." At the end of the set, Joe and Doug each climbed on a PA stack and Doug tried to knock the top speakers off but they were all strapped together. I whacked the mic stand down onto the stage, kicking some pretty deep dents into it before shattering it. After the show he would gaze at us until he made eye contact with us, then he'd hang his head in defeat as he was sweeping up shards of glass that we walked through. Some of the fans hung around to talk with us and the other bands. I did forget to mention that Beerzone and Deadline had a merch stand rivaled only by Comin Correct! Some guy wanted us to tongue kiss his girlfriend while he photographed us. I passed on that, being a happily married man, and just pulled her hair and acted like I'd bit her neck. I think they were disappointed. I didn't care. Maybe Doug obliged them. The rest of us are all married and therefore, to some of the more daring fans, considered not very fun. When we got out to the van all the crusty types from the show were hanging out in front of it. As we tried to pull out they would not move. Stefan honked the horn and they still wouldn't move. Skipski stuck his head out the window and with his loudest, most negative force inducing voice yelled "GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE WAY MOTHERFUCKERS!!!" They still wouldn't, so Stefan just flooded the gas and bumped them out of the way as they all yelled German insults at us and gave us the English two finger salute. We laughed like hyenas! Back at the hotel we got to actually get a good night's sleep as the drive the next day wasn't too long. The toilets in this place were fucked. A big wooden beam went from the floor to the ceiling right where one would normally spread his or hers legs to properly hold ones newspaper or magazine to read while taking a relaxing shit. Not in here. I feel asleep in my lonely teenage room listening to some English guy on CNN telling me about the death of the Queen Mum. I figured Barry's family was gonna be upset. G'night.

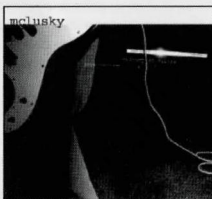
MARCH 31st, LEIPZIG, GERMANY - END OF THE TOUR

We arrived in Leipzig way early. We found the ol' reliable ETAP to crash in before we had to

be at the club. Barry spotted a go-kart track and arcade place across the street. Barry, Skipski and Stefan went over there for some fast moving entertainment and to sharpen their driving skills. Seems the track was inside. Barry opened up his go-kart, headed off down the track and in the tradition of the fallen hero Dale Earnhardt Sr., hit the wall head on! It jarred his neck and back so hard he was actually worried about playing that night. And Barry don't worry about anything! Stefan was gonna meet his gal April again at the train station in Leipzig so he'd have someone to ride with him after he dropped us off at the airport. We picked her up and went to find the club. It was another superior German temper tantrum! The directions were fucked again. Stefan called the promoter and let him have it. His explanation was unhelpful and he couldn't tell us where the club was in relation to where we were—you know, the center of the fucking city! After a while of this shit we finally found someone who knew where the hell we were trying to go. I mean how hard could a place called Coney Island with hip hop art all over it be to find in Leipzig? We finally did find it. Tonight we would play with our Loudspeaker labelmates, Smoke Blow. We were all kinda anti-social at first; Stefan's bad mood had spread to me. There was a great relief with this being the last show, but also a bit of sadness that it was all gonna be over in a few hours. The dressing room was located right behind the stage. We watched Smoke Blow wow the crowd. The bass player does a really cool Gene Simmons walk while he plays. They are actually a really good band. Schilling showed up as well. I asked about the CDs that we never got. He simply said he couldn't get his hands on them. He also had some other paperwork that previously seemed really important to him that I sign at the time, that he didn't bring. I tried to not act annoyed. I don't think I pulled it off. By the time we came on, Joe, Doug, Skipski and myself had completely emptied the Jim Beam we had in the dressing room. The show went really well, and we played the best ever. Things were getting smashed left and right. The promoter was as happy as could be. He even brought me and Doug up another whole bottle of whiskey while we played. Now that's service! At the set's end we did the ceremonial toppling of the gear and bid Germany farewell until next time. We hung out with the Smoke Blow guys and lots of other fans and well-wishers; lots of hugs and farewells from the folks who had followed us around from show to show. Since the airline would still have a problem with me carrying a barbed wire wrapped axe handle on board, I gave that to Stefan to add to his collection of the bizarre. Marcus and Connie got the length of chain. Skipski asked the Smoke Blow merch guy why they didn't have any copies of their discs to sell at the show? Seems they have done three albums for Loudspeaker and didn't have one copy of any of them to sell at shows. Hmmmmmm. Back at the hotel we divide up the bread to pay the tour expenses and pay ourselves. Sleep was almost a waste of time, as we had to be up before daylight to head for the airport, so most of us only got an hour or two before we headed back to the good ol' US of A. We said our farewells to Stefan and April and headed into the lobby. The merch trunk was a hell of a lot lighter going home, thank goodness. The typical crap going back through customs seemed like a blur to me as I couldn't get any sleep at all on the plane. It only took about two seconds in Atlanta to know we were back home. When we reached Raleigh my brother Greg, Jeff Young and Barry's wife, Tarri, were there to meet us. After what seemed forever for our bags and luggage to get to us, we all shook hands in the parking lot and congratulated ourselves on a successful tour.

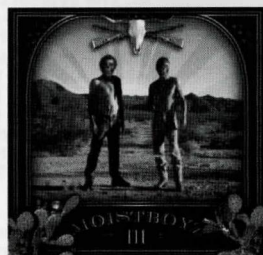
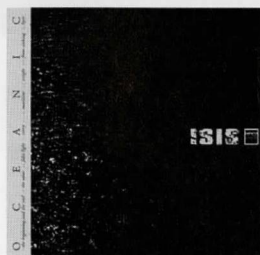
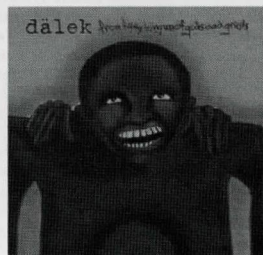
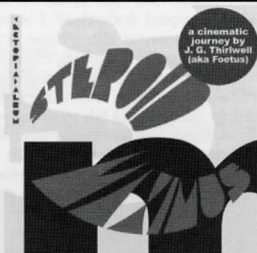
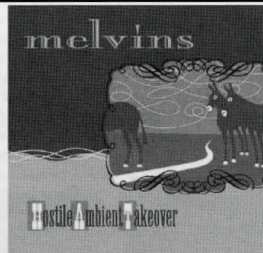
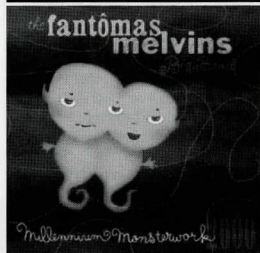
Now, what did we learn from this tour diary? ANTI SEEN are not very fun guys and complain about everything!! As I finish this up, it's early November and we have yet to hear one word from Schilling. TKO and Steel Cage have been taking good care of us since and we look forward to our next trip to the Fatherland. On the way home Doug and I discussed what we should demand on our rider for the next tour. Decisions, decisions!

mclusky



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Al") More mayhem in the sun. The Scabies-free Damned were also pretty damned good, despite turning "Neat, Neat, Neat" into a 10-minute psychedelic jam and being whisked off by the rotating stage like criminals after an otherwise too-short set. Dave Vanian's vocals sounded big, dramatic and heroic bouncing from the mountains. He was a vampire who wouldn't melt, and appeared coolly impassive in the 100 degree heat. His paramour Patricia Morrison (who came out on-stage at first wearing a bag over her head, in honor of her first punk band, the Bags) also looked icily elegant and beyond reach of the oppressive elements in a requisitely evil black dress, heavy makeup, impossibly high heels and thick stockings. As a transvestite, I was impressed at how stunning she managed to look this close to Death Valley. I liked how the Damned made some of the kids nervous. X were a lot better than I'd expected, with Billy Zoom grinning and pluckin' something fierce (what else is new?). DJ Bonebrake making the drums roll quite ominous. John Doe apparently in a daffy state of being drunk, and Exene being uncharacteristically quiet between songs but in full voice during. They were hurried off after about 15 explosive, well-received minutes, noisy and personal, loudly private and percussive like a fight at the neighbors' next door. The Buzzcocks barely wasted time talking to us, peeling off a Ramones-like barrage of one catchy classic after another. They didn't even perform any of their later, underrated tunes, and had to scurry away like rats so Offspring could play a meaningless, Sammy Hagar-style set that ran twice as long. But in those quick moments, the Buzzcocks planted seeds in our brains, more harmonies in our heads for other lifetimes.

Probably the most punk rock of all the punk shows I've seen this year was by Public Enemy at the House of Blues in Hollywood. With another Bush war looming on the horizon, Chuck D was as relevant as ever on the unsparing new hard-rock rant "Son of a Bush" ("He's the son of a bad, bad man.") Even with tragicomic timekeeper and town crier Flavor Flav missing in action (in jail back in the Bronx on suspended-license charges!) Professor Griff stepped up in Flav's absence, and was soberly chilling on "What Good is a Bomb?," which culminated a propulsive barrage of blues and metal homages, including "Whole Lotta Love." It was monstrously heavy and the loudest and most hard-rocking live show in recent memory. Much of that power came from a really deft, funky but hard-rock-schooled live backup band, including a shy-looking Hendrix-style teenager from Memphis on dizzying lead guitar. The rest of that power came from the truth and the weight of Chuck D's wordplay. He was more unifying than divisive, stirring up the multiracial, riotous crowd with the idea that we are all threatened by George Bush.

The Public Enemy set was a release, a celebration, more than an expression of anger. It was as much about living and even partying and enjoying your time, because who knows what's going to happen? A festive rebellion. And yet it was OutKast's night headlining Universal Amphitheater (with the Roots and Cee-Lo) that really took things to a higher level. "So Fresh, So Clean" is a strange enough song, as Dre 3000 invites a lover into an attic like Anne Frank to meet Rick James, perhaps without the whips and chains. Those are just two quick, throwaway lines, but they're loaded and surreal and tell 10 stories at once when added to the rest of the song. In concert, "So Fresh" seemed more reassuring, as soothing blue lights underscored Dre's boast, "we are... the coolest muthafunkers on the planet... the sky is fallin' ain't no need to panic." The sky is falling, but don't worry, Dre and Big Boi are here. Don't panic, we got a show to do. There's such a dazzling flow of lyrics, of inventive images and surreal juxtapositions, flying by at punk rock speed, especially on the throbbing mass of "B.O.B.," with its untethered guitar solos, rapid-fire clatter of percussion, a Greek gospel chorus weighing in, and a litany of odd images ranging from orangutans to Taco Bell. It's a densely raveled psychedelic trip, pulsating like life itself, breathing, expanding, clairvoyant. Sped-up adrenaline, like when you're life's in danger, but more Technicolor dreamlike. "Bombs Over Baghdad" was the most apocalyptic finale I've heard at a show this year, including the Stones' binge of fireworks in Anaheim.

Danger, and how it adds to one's ability

to feel alive—to express love even—lurks around the corners of *Secretary*. But not too much danger. Perhaps pain is a more exact word. Pleasure is the ultimate goal, and pain is merely one of the ways to get there. Considering Hollywood's dismal past at taking on overtly sadomasochistic themes, it didn't seem fair to expect much of director Steven Shainberg's interpretation of the coolly seductive Mary Galt's short story from *Bad Behavior*. There are just too many ominous precedents. The pseudonymous Mary O'Neill's true-life account, *9 1/2 Weeks*, of an S&M-based affair that became progressively dangerous was simultaneously thrilling and disturbing—and nothing like the bloodless Mickey Rourke film, which jettisoned the entire S&M context for a cute, softcore vibe that wasted Kim Basinger and, worst of all, wasn't even sexy on its own. Playboy Channel level. Anne (Rice) Rampling's B&D fantasy novel *Exit to Eden* was corny and romantic, but quite thrilling for genuine fetishists since Rice clearly understood (and was not apologizing about) the connected compulsions of master and slave. But to turn such a light fantasy, that soufflé, into a banal comedy with Rosie O'Donnell and Dan Ackroyd? That's a different and non-consensual kind of torture. And the Marquis de Sade biopic *Quills* apparently didn't have many whipping scenes. Most mainstream films about S&M seem embarrassed by the subject and won't actually show it.

Which makes *Secretary* such a sweetly endearing surprise. The plot is fairly simple. Pretty but spacy girl, Lee Holloway (Maggie Gyllenhaal), is discharged from a mental hospital and ends up getting a job working as the secretary for a cold, remote lawyer type, Mr. Grey (James Spader). Girl makes too many typing mistakes, which upsets law yer guy. He spans her, which excites both of them. She makes even more typos. He spans her even more. They finally end up admitting they like it. The End.

The spankings look real and more important, are sexy. It's not laughed off as a joke; the mood is serious and playful. Although sadomasochism has a lot of psychological implications and works as a metaphor for many things, *Secretary* avoids making a political statement about repression of women, or abuse in the workplace or other heavy ideas, although it easily could have wandered into them, and perhaps made some effective statements. (*Secretary* would have worked just as well—and meant just as much, all in all—by reversing the genders, and having a boss lady punish an equally erratic boy typist.) It's liberating that masochism just happens to be the girl's sexual expression. Not because she's a bad person or anything. If there is a flaw in the adaptation, though, it's that Shainberg and co-screen writer Erin Cressida Wilson added a gratuitous subplot to further justify Holloway's quick acquiescence to her boss's paddlings. It seems that one of the reasons she was sent away is because she likes to cut herself during times of stress. Spader's firm-handed Mr. Grey weans her from self-mutilation by spanking her, making everyone—including the audience—happy. The implication being that S&M role playing might indeed be sick, but compared to something like cutting one's flesh, it's relatively harmless. None of this psychological shading is in the Gaitskill story, and the film might have been more successful and truly cathartic if it had presented that Lee liked her spankings for no other reason than because it felt good. One day we'll live in times where it's be okay to say that. Until then, S&M must only be administered by accident during elaborate kidnapping and robbery scenarios on soap operas.

There are some wonderful, loving touches in *Secretary*, like the surprising but appropriate use of a mournful Sky Saxon & the Seeds ballad on the soundtrack, or the way costume designer Majorie Bowers sheaths Gyllenhaal in layers of sheer, fragile white blouses with cute, puffy sleeves that accent her character's vulnerability. *Secretary* doesn't really bother to get into all the psychological by-ways of sadomasochism; instead, the film revels in the simple truth that feeling bad often feels good, for no special reason.

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accepted at a more mainstream one, and he's just scratching his head, like, how did this happen? So, even the word underground is subjective. It's like, remember the term alternative bands? And now everything's alternative. Well, if everybody's alternative, then no one is, and it's the same thing with the underground. I don't even like calling myself an independent filmmaker anymore, even though I am, because the word independent has come to mean all these boring artsy films that are pretentious, and I don't want to get thrown into that. I tell people that I make B-movies, or drive-in movies. The City Paper wrote that my films have all the ingredients of drive-in movies, and I thought, Yeah, that's it. That pretty much sums it up.

ROCK SAVAGE VS. THE FILM INDUSTRY

"Let me give you my philosophy on film," Rock says, and before I can agree, he gives it to me anyway. "A bad movie to me, is a boring movie. People say, 'Oh, Ed Wood, he was terrible,' but if you look at it, technically, the films aren't that flawed. You'd have to look really hard to see the flaws. Of course, if you watch a movie 10 times, you're going to catch stuff. People will say they watched a Rudy Ray Moore film, and they could see a boom mike in the background, but they've seen the movie five times. Plus they've got freeze frame, because it's on video. Back then, you saw it once at the drive-in, and that's it, and you'd never notice the boom mike on the big screen. To me, a bad movie is something out of Hollywood, like *A Beautiful Mind*. Who wants to see something about a mathematician? It's boring. That's a bad movie to me." Savage blames the escalating budgets and filmmaking by committee philosophies in Hollywood for the sad state of movies these days. "It's the golden rule, the guy with the gold makes the rules. The sad thing is that it doesn't have to be that way. All these millions of dollars, most of it just gets pissed away. The way the technology works now, the films should be costing less to make, not more, and I'm wondering, where's the money going?" Rock, of course, has his theories. "One problem is the union crews. They'll slow down a production just to get paid. That doesn't sound like the kind of people that I'd like to work with. Another reason I've stayed an underground filmmaker and never went to Hollywood is that everybody there is related to somebody. A lot of the people who did have talent are unfortunately passing the torch to their inferior offspring, who have no talent." Rock's building up a good head of steam now. "If every fool that grabs a video camera and shoots something can call them self a filmmaker, OK. But if it's crap, then it can also backfire and cheapen [the film industry], as well. I'll give you an example—Blair Witch Project. Even when I saw the previews, I thought it was crap. And it's not even an independent film, because they were given money by the big studios to finish it. The minute Hollywood puts money into it, than it's no longer an independent movie, in my opinion. And you know, I found it insulting as a filmmaker. Even in our first film, our cameras weren't that shaky. Even the most amateur of filmmakers knows how to use a camera and a tripod, so I found that pretty offensive. Also, the whole movie was just people yelling at each other, which seems to be Hollywood's idea of conflict these days. They don't have good guys blowing away the bad guys anymore, or car chases, or monsters attacking. It's people yelling at each other like they're on Jerry Springer, or Oprah, or whatever. I can go across the street to my neighbor's house if I want to hear people yelling at each other, I don't need to pay \$8 to see it." Indeed. As a life-long outsider and staunchly independent filmmaker, I ask Rock for his advice to fledgling young film savages. "Film schools are a scam," he says simply. Then he hangs up, and goes back to making movies.

The Savage Film Group has most recently completed *Governor of the Living Dead*. It's available, as are all their other films, from Rock himself. Check them out on the web at: <http://savagefilmgroup.com/> or write to them at: Savage Film Group, POB 4011, Capitol Hts, MD 20791.

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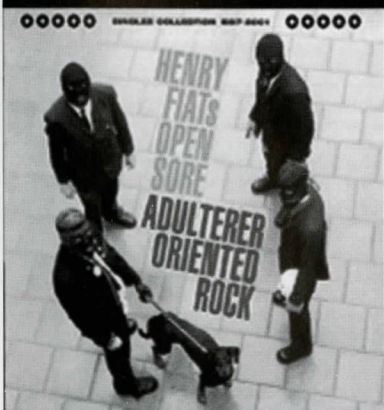


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some gigs as a member of the Queens in recent months. We like each other and we're great friends so when there's an opportunity to play together, that's what we do. Nick and I are all over the last Masters record. We wrote some songs and stuff too.

The first time I played *Rated R* for a friend of mine, they were like, 'Oh, you would like Masters of Reality.' That's how I found out about them. This record sounds similar to *Rated R*, but what's the Chris Goss touch? What's he got?

JH: It's just a chemistry. His production style is like my production style; in that it's an exchange of ideas. Like, here's this song, what direction are we going? I have a few ideas; you like that one, you don't like that one... OK, cool, let's do that... it's very progressive in that it's always going forward and it doesn't have a consciousness of 'I don't know if this is the single.' That's part of why, with this record, the producer we were working with at first we had to get rid of. He was like, 'I'm not hearing a single,' and it's like, 'Well, I'm not hearing you anymore.'

Is there gonna be new Mondo Generator record?

NO: Yeah. After the new year maybe.

How many songs?

NO: 14 songs, possibly 15. It's got acoustic shit, it's got really fast pissed off shit, it's got...

JH: Greek wedding music.

NO: ...mellow stuff, it's got pop stuff; all of the above.

JH: If you act now, it'll have metal.

NO: It's got some death metal too. It's got everything. It slices, dices, and purées.

What about Rekords Rekords, your label? How's it going?

JH: It's going good. I'm about to put about Fatso Jetson.

I've never heard of them.

JH: My favorite guitar player, he's kinda the godfather of the desert music scene, is this guy Mario Lally; Fatso Jetson is his band. The album's called *Cool and Delicious*. The label's kind of to put out Desert Sessions and put out music no one else would release and to let bands own their record. I'm not saying the label is not supposed to do well but it's not based on 'we're going public,' and all that shit.

It's like handshake deals with your friends.

JH: Exactly. I'm putting out an album by a band called the Eagles of Death Metal, the album's called *Peace, Love and Death Metal*. It's kinda like stripper drumbeats, bluegrass guitar, some death metal and Canned Heat style vocals. It's kinda groovy and bizarre. And that sums up what the outlet of Rekords Rekords is; it's small releases by really great bands. I'm just hoping that if you liked one album from Rekords Rekords, you know you can get them all; the main thing is that consistency and not being under the thumb of any major label situation. It kinda follows the same idea as Ipecac Records; quality control, not a lot of releases... like four releases a year, roughly. I mean, I pick up the records at the manufacturing office. It's just me. It's tiny.

But it's a fun project you love doing.

JH: Yeah. Like Fatso Jetson otherwise might not ever put their record out. And they're so good, they're kind of ahead of their time so people don't get it right away. They should be heard; so I'm honored to put out their record, and Eagles of Death Metal records, and Desert Sessions shit.

I understand.

It's weird. I fixed a lot of the sound cues, stuff like that. In my opinion, it sounds a lot better and it moves a lot better. Little things—even though it's 30 seconds here, 30 seconds there—it can move things along and change the pacing so much. That first scene, where they're at the rehearsal studio, I cut that way down; I took over half of it out.

I love the part where Jamie turns her back to the camera to play so that noise comes out of the guitar but because her back is turned you can't actually see she's not playing, that was really brilliant. Is that still in?

Sort of, it's cut down. That was pretty funny. We had the guy off-camera doing it right there. We wanted it real, we didn't want it added after the fact. We joke because when she tries to cut the feedback, she puts the guitar towards the amp! Which should do just the opposite.

[laughter] That's OK though, I love stuff like that.

One girl, Tonye, Contessa (the girl in the other band), she can really play. When she's playing "No Matter What You Do," you can see she's really playing.

So where have you screened it?

We showed it here in a theater in New York, at an artsy theater that knows and likes us—because normally we never get into these artsy theaters—but they showed us on their Halloween double feature. We were on the bill with *Carnival of Souls*. That was a thrill.

Wow! What an interesting pairing. How did that come together?

The guy who runs Cinema Arts Center has an affinity—it's actually the owner's son—for... I guess you'd call it psychotronic films. So he has a Thursday night series he calls "Theater In The Wild," and he shows movies like that. He's always been so supportive of me; he showed *El Fenetico* and *H.A.R.M.*. So he said, 'This would be good for a Halloween show, we'll do it as a double bill with *Carnival of Souls*. He did a really nice job; we sold out, it was a lot of fun. The one in the city was pretty much for friends, people who worked on the movie and stuff, so it was probably the friendliest crowd that was ever gonna see it. The showing at the Cinema Arts Center was strangers, and that went over great, so that was fun. Then we had another showing in Baltimore at the MicroCineFest; which is a great festival, but I had a bad time. I didn't have that many people there so I was a little disappointed. It was weird because our screening was free, which was great, but it was one of those weird stupid things where people came for the next screening but didn't realize they could just walk right into mine while it was showing, so halfway thorough I would have had a packed house but nobody realized they could do that.

So is the movie officially out?

I guess so, yeah.

And how might people find your fine movies?

They can go to my website, amusementfilms.com or write me [AmuseFilms@aol.com].

You're so nice too, you'll write them back. And if they review one of your movies, you'll write them a thank you note, which is so sweet.

Nobody ever does that.

I always feel like when people buy my movies they're really making a donation. So I write that in my letter, 'Thank you for helping...' This came up

in that PBS documentary. I often feel there are a people out there who see it that way. They're willing to pay a little extra because they understand it. **You're so non-jaded, how is that possible? You're from New York City, you were in a band, yet you're not jaded?**

You think so?

Yeah, you sound very enthusiastic about what you do.

Thank you, I guess.

It was meant as a compliment. Maybe it's because you're doing something you love.

I wish it would self-sustain me, which it doesn't seem to do.

Ideally you would like to quit your job and make films all the time.

Yeah, but I can't really complain. I've got a cushy job, I've got a family—I've got a son now. I'm trying to educate him in the New York public school system.

How old is your son?

He's five.

What kind of films might dad and son view together?

Some stuff is very exciting. I love when he likes a movie that I loved from my childhood. But it doesn't always happen. Like I was showing him *Logan's Run*; it was the best, he couldn't take it though.

[laughing] No offense but don't you think he's maybe a little young for *Logan's Run* at five? That's a bit cerebral.

He definitely couldn't take it. But he loved *Spy Kids*, which I loved. I think that movie's phenomenal. He likes cartoons, which I watch but I'm not such a big fan of.

Larry said he saw a lot of Sid and Marty Kroft type influence in your work.

That's OK. I love that stuff. Sure. I think it's tough for other people to figure out influences. I mean consciously I can't say I'm influenced by them, but that's definitely a thing I've loved and watched and know a lot about. So I wouldn't deny that. I always think about—you know, I fight with the producer all the time making these movies. The producer was handling a lot of the props, which often didn't show up on the day of the shoot, and I was explaining to him that in my opinion, if you're handling props and the scene calls for a suitcase—and you don't have a suitcase—you hand me a fork and say this is what you're gonna use. That's what it's gotta be; because as soon as I say you're handling it, it's out of my mind. So if it comes down to that you say, 'This is what you're gonna do, you're gonna write the scene with the fork.' You follow me?

[laughing] I think so.

I'm basically saying, I'm not thinking of getting the suitcase. In my mind, it's his responsibility. So the guy who did the sets, who is phenomenal, was supposed to build the monster that comes out of the crate. And we end up with this goofy... I call it a Banana Split, [laughing] it's like being terrorized by one of the Banana Splits. What was funny was, he was working around the clock near the end trying to get everything finished. So he had this costume, which was a little bit of a letdown when I saw it, and he said, 'This is your fork.' [laughter] So you sort of deal with this kind of stuff daily when you're making these movies. I'm just so used to that stuff it doesn't faze me anymore.

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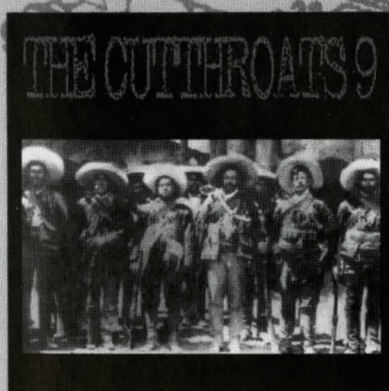
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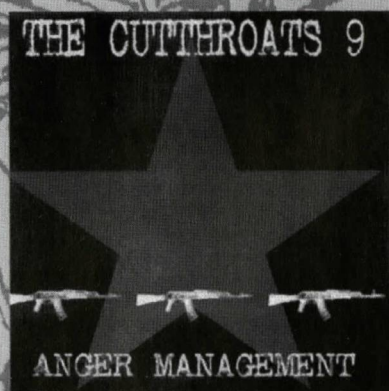


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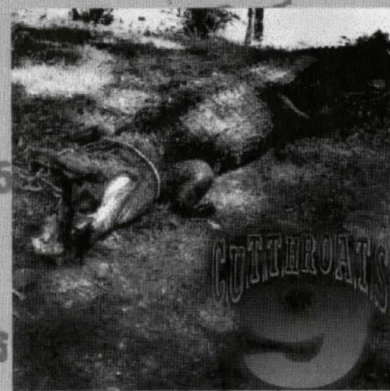
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We probably missed a few of you out there but in some cases there are no addresses provided with the materials we receive.

- Acetate** 2020 Broadway, 2nd flr., Santa Monica, CA 90404
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- Big Brothel** Box 6170, SE-102 33 Stockholm, Sweden
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- Birdman** 118 W. Magnolia, PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506
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PROFILES IN CONFUSION

This page is where we like to highlight someone who does something unique and/or unusual; it was right around the time that we were trying to figure out who would be our subject for this issue that we received a press kit from the Great Nippulini. It featured pictures of him pulling a '22 Bucket Roadster T across a parking lot with chains attached to his nipple piercings at this year's Hot Rod Hoedown here in Philly. (I was there, how could I have missed that!?) Needless to say, our search was called off; because really, what is a more unique and/or unusual talent than that? Those in the Tri-state area can catch him doing his act at various spots around the city - including c14 scribe Rick D's bar/restaurant/cabaret, the Tritone - and interested parties in any part of the world can visit him on the web at www.GreatNippulini.com (intro by Leslie; interview by Larry)

I guess the first question is 'Why?'

The same reason a lot of people do what they do, because they can. It's one of those things... I saw a video of Lifo doing it in like '93 or '94.

He was in Jim Rose's Circus Sideshow, right?

Yeah. At the time he had .08 gauge nipple rings, and at that time I had .06 gauge. I was just watching him do it and thinking, 'I can do that.' So I just started doing it; testing it out with things that were pretty heavy, and I kept building it up and building it up to the point where I am now.

How did you determine the strength limitations; the limits of your pulling and lifting abilities?

Basically just going out and getting stuff. The very first thing I used was an eight-pound towing spring I found on the road. I thought, 'This thing looks cool.' So I stated hanging it in Warrior, where I pierce; showing people—you know, 'look at this,'—freaking people out. Then I got a 10-pound anchor, then I kept getting things that were heavier and heavier. I don't like to use the word props but that's pretty much what they are. Plus I do a whole comedic bit, so I can be considered a prop comic as well as a performance artist.

Was pulling the car a spontaneous thing or had you thought about it in advance? I know the indoor performance you did was a planned act.

Right. The car towing is an idea I've had for over a year and a half. I was struck with the idea; I thought, I can pull a shopping cart with hundreds of pounds of people in it, how difficult could it be to do a car? Also, I'm trying to get into the Guinness Book of World Records and Ripley's Believe It or Not.

Do they have categories for that, and if they do, what are the present records?

Right now they're in the middle of checking my claims. There is no previous record for the world's strongest nipples, so I submitted my information to them. I believe they took it at the end of October so right now it's under investigation. They're basically gonna check up on what I'm saying and determine if it's worthy, I guess, to get that title.

Has your performance ever been a worry on people's minds as to being too over-the-top or anything like that?

Generally my venues include nightclubs, bars and fetish clubs so it's a like-minded thing. Also, it's an adult show. I let the curses fly, I say some pretty randy stuff; I get the crowd going. During the Fringe Festival, my friend Sideshow Benny had an outdoor stage—he does a very similar type of act, he's a carny/sideshow type guy. He had kids in the audience, and he brought me out on stage to do my performance. I'm up there cursing and I look down and there's a six year old girl looking at me, and I'm like, 'Oops!' The Fringe Festival was a great venue for me, it's a great organization; and I was able to perform at four different places. But as far as my own personal show, ticket sales and getting money from it was really bad.

When you developed the routine with the bowling pins and the bowling ball, was that when "the act" started to come together? Cause it seems like that was in conjunction with you doing more organized formal performances.

Right. I definitely took about a year to figure out how I was going to present this, and how it was going to be done. I created the name Nippulini a couple years ago; I figured, 'I've got the nipples, I've got pulling,' and I thought of Harry Houdini—I don't know why.

How long is a Nippulini show? Assuming there's no cars to be pulled or anything like that. A half-hour, 45 minutes?

It can be any of those, I'm very flexible when it comes to doing a show. During the Fringe Festival they needed an exact number, so I said, 'All right, let's give them an hour.' Afterwards I was like, 'Oh, man.'

That's a lot of time to fill.

Yeah. As a performer it kinda forced me to grow and push the limits of what I do on stage. The first time I was on the Fringe, the 5th one, last year, I called them up and they said, 'Well, it's a six-month process so we can't sign you up yet. But we do have

one opening; if you want to come down, you'll have 10 minutes.' So I went there, had my 10 minutes and that's basically when I created the whole spiel. Everybody was asking me what I was gonna say, and I had no idea. I got up on stage and it just struck me, 'I'm gonna start talking about piercing.' So I asked the audience, 'Does anybody

here know what a piercing is?' And I got no response.

'A body piercing? Come on, people.' And then I went into this whole thing of describing the piercing and what a gauge is, and I shoved this taper through my nipple and just built the show around what I was doing. Is double-0 the largest gauge you can go or is there triple or quadruple-0?

There is a triple. Past triple, people will take the diameter of the stock and measure it in English units. So after .0000 you have half-inch, then 9/16 and so on.

To your knowledge does anyone have nipple piercings of a greater diameter than yours?

Yeah, the Fakir Musafar, who's another one of my influences. His nipple piercings were stretched to 5/8". That was definitely an inspiration, when I started getting into the stretching processes I was looking at him going, 'Man, that's great.'

Didn't he also do suspensions?

Yeah.

Have you ever considered doing that? Maybe I should preface that by asking if there's any other piercings you have to which you could attach suspension devices?

[laughing] Yeah, I guess I could. I've thought about that, but being onstage exposing genitals and such doesn't sound too exciting.

Hey, it works for Puppetry of the Penis.

Right, right, yeah. I've almost seen that show a couple times. My folks have seen it.

Your folks have seen it?

Yeah. My parents are definitely the coolest pair of parents in the world. In fact, they showed me the tape of the Lifo show. My father is the one who said, 'I bet you can do that.' So I pulled out my keychain, which is this big heavy carabiner clip with all these keys on it; it weighs about half a pound. I said, 'All right.' He dared me to do it and I did it.

Did it hurt?

It's not pain at all. The closest I can describe it to people is that burning feel when you're working out and building new muscle; kind of a stress-tension feel. It's not painful at all. When I was done pulling the car there wasn't any pain but there was definitely a sore sensation in the nipples afterwards.

Do you also get it in your chest muscles?

No.

That's interesting. I would think that somehow your chest muscles would be involved.

No, it's basically just skin. The pectoral muscle is actually doing nothing. I've even tried to lift stuff by flexing the pectoral muscles and visually you can't see what's going on. One part of a trick that I did—unfortunately there are no pictures or video of it—is where I have this 10-inch barbell that goes through both my nipples, and I place a small plastic cup between the bar and my chest. And if I flex my chest and stretch my skin out, the bar compresses to the chest and crushes the cup.

That's pretty neat.

Yes. Before I do that I take the cup and place it on the stage and I'll grab anything that weighs about 15 pounds and place it on top of the cup to show that it takes about 15 to 20 pounds to crush it. And then I do it with my nipples.

How did you determine that your nipples were strong enough to pull a car?

When I first wanted to do the car pull, about a year and a half, two years ago—I don't know why but the idea of doing an old VW Beetle, the classic one, popped into my mind. They're small and lightweight; they're cute and everybody knows what it is. So I was at my mechanic's, getting my car fixed, and I saw he had an old Beetle there. I asked him if he would drop the emergency brake and take it out for gear for me for a minute. So he set it on level ground, and I just took my pinkies and held onto the bumper and leaned back with my weight and felt the stress on my pinkies. Based on the stress I felt on my pinkies, I knew I could do it with no problem. That's kind of how I test things out actually.

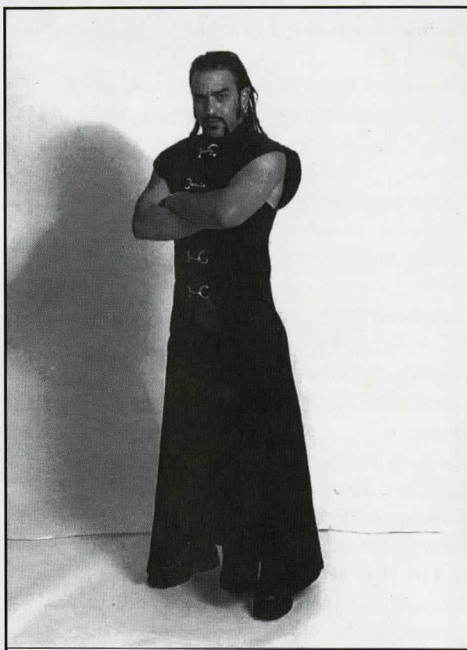
So you've never had any tearing or things like that?

Not at all. That's why I say I have the world's strongest nipples. Before I did the car towing, nobody, none of my friends or family had the confidence to say, 'You're gonna do it, you're gonna kick ass.' Everybody said, 'Be careful, you could hurt yourself.'

Isn't it more dangerous that the car could run you over once it has momentum going?

Yeah, depending on how fast it was going.

photo by Alfred Paul



the Great
Nippulini



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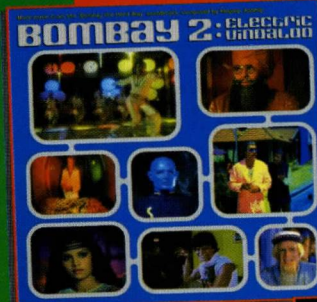


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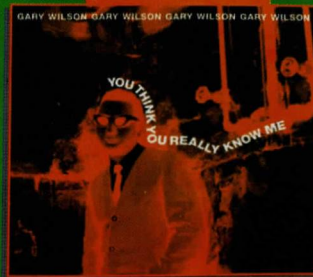
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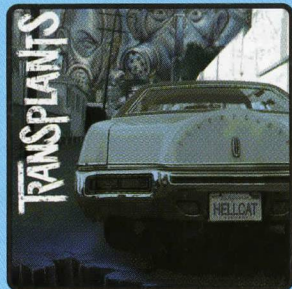
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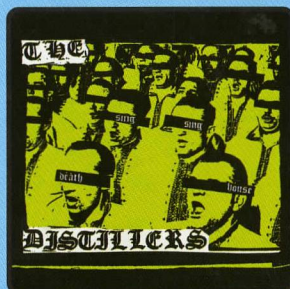
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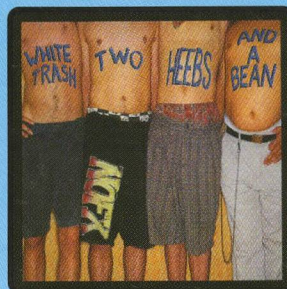




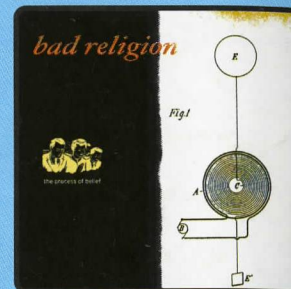
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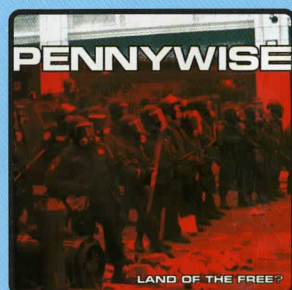
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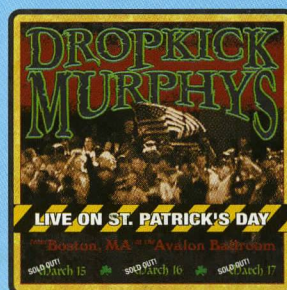
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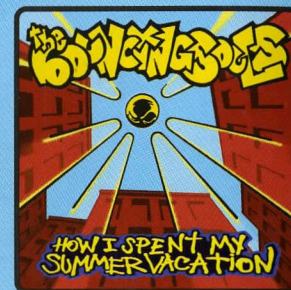
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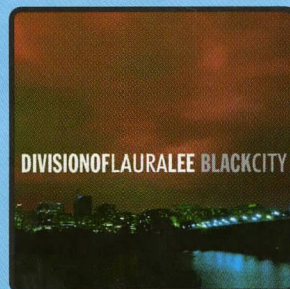
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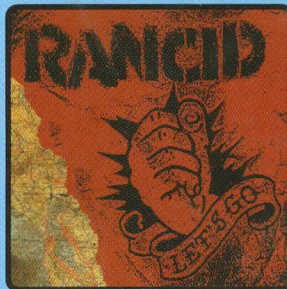
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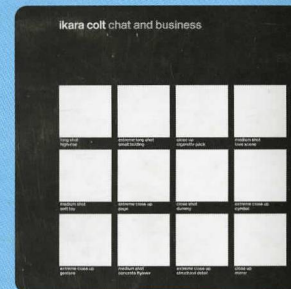
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