

# RAW POGO ON THE SCAFFOLD <sup>13</sup>

I know I'm talking in my sleep, and sleeping in my dreams. I'm dreaming on my feet and I don't know what it means...

my crazy crew cut hardcore hair is growing out straight long and inky black. my Beaver Cleaver blue jeans fall frayed now, down around my hardcore American combat boots, no longer rolled up into punk rock cuffs round my calfs. I got the paisley button down from Jack TSOL and he says they are thee surf punk thing to wear; but fuck, I'm stuck in eastern Pennsylvania and I don't have any friends who would ever think that. I mean the kids on the scene are killing their parents and fighting every night. There's violence after school at all the cul de sac half pipes in all the secret skater spots. The MFC kids are on everybody's hit list. And I just wanna be so fucking far away from the ~~my~~ numbers! And I just wanna walk home forever through silent cornfields and Indian Summer forrests! And never see anyone now that the scene is so fucked up and jaded and dead. I'm gonna split my freinds and skip the ride home and light out alone because John Stahl laid a joint on me. I'm gonna walk all the way to the southside, check the racks at Play It Again and find the fucking RAIN PARADE record because it's the calmest thing on college radio. Because my hardcore teenage life is suddenly turned around and upside down and scarier and crazier than any VOID show or any song by the FLAG. I mean it feels like I'm on the cusp of the new scene. Like I'm riding the wave of the gentle smokeout vibe all the way in from Cali. And I do not care who could ever understand. And I do not care that everyone on the scene thinks I'm fucked...

There's something in my head but it don't frighten me.

I mean I pour through Flipsixdes and all I see are pictures of punks in paisleys. And I scan through Flipside videos and count the number of times someone flies off a stage in a paisley shirt, fast forwarding to the part where D. Boon comes on in a thrift store paisley with him somehow stuffed inside, bald fat and sweaty, a slave to the San Pedro Weatherman style. And then I skip to the ~~xxx~~ 100FLOWERS psych out footage by the beach. In reverie. I mean I can't take the footage of MINOR THREAT trying to skate the school yard banks. I mean everybody thinks I'm crazy for this!


At night, people leave their homes to find a place to go. I see them on the street. But I don't want to stop. I thought I couldn't speak and I wanted to go home.

like JT walking humble down 4th street, taking up residence by the singles bin. he stares at me through sunglasses. he telepathically tells me what to buy. I get the LP and walk home all the way to the northside. I walk past homes of true loves of hers. I could be Tom Sawyer emo and sappy crash out under Becky Thatcher's window. But I don't want to stop. I want to drink deep the sweet wine of sorrow and longing and love and living. I want to live in a never ending whirl of a world, a forever emo night sky, moonlit and iridescent and teenage blue, and keep going on like this forever and ever until I finally die...

aid,

some hot shot from SF wants to put out records by the PHOTON BAND so  
i can't wait to hear what Art lays on him. perhaps a pristine sounding  
24 track boogie marathon.

I'm supposed to have this piece of shit all laid out and done in half an hour so Steph can print it illegally, but I've never been good with deadlines. I sit here and stare out the window onto 21st street and obsess on stupid things, like women getting raped and murdered up the block, or Beth getting mugged down the street, and I really think its time for all of us to split. Its time for all of us and all our cool friends to jump ship somewhere, buy a bunch of land with tumbledown farmhouses on it, dig a fucking moat around it like 50 miles long, erect a gigantic rock wall and only get to the outside stupid world by way of DIY HOT AIR BALLOONS, floating us up and out into the sky on forays to see the rare good show or whatever. Your thoughts? (seriously) thank you --Eric de Jesus November 19, 1995.

D.O.D. pa.  D.O.D. pa.  
(forever).



Dear Mr. & Mrs. Row Pogo,

my dearest Eric & Beth,  
how are you? how is our glorious Pa. metropolis to the south? things are par for the course up here, and as you know its rarely a three par hole up here in Bethlehem. Once again spring is in the air and of course that means exodus is in the hearts of Lehigh students everywhere. Long Island, New Jersey. Whatever it takes. As usual you will forgive my spelling, grammar, punctuation and whatever else, as I am once again writing to you from the depths of my sin. (Thank god my underabundance of time prohibits my knowledge of others, if any.) I have been enjoying for awhile a record by the name of Buddy Guy and the Juniors. It is an acoustic recording of Buddy Guy and the Juniors Wells and Manoe. Highly recommended. Of course it troubles me to be torn from my rigorous duties of staring at the walls and enjoying the South (side of Bethlehem), that I had to retire to the cassette of the Best of Sam and Dave after several hours. With the exception of James Brown and the JB's, there has never been a comparable combination of style, talent, soul and sincerity. Though the latters may be one and the same. There is news of the band, but I will relate it to you personally when you grace us.  
Jason "YUK" Evans / Bethlehem, PA (MKJS, 411 BLUES EXPRESS, punk, etc)

Whate up Eric and Beth,  
I am tired of doing school work today so I will write letters instead. Billy the Convulsive Wonder and I are supposed to be going out for coffee so I will write until then. SPECTRUM was nice. very nice. Sonic Boom has beautiful hands. My little friends from Bard were there to meet some other Spectrum fans at the Middle East. friends from the Internet. I think that is a very 90's way to meet people. so we all ate hummus and broke bread together. I turned to one of these people and asked "who do you like better, Spectrum or Spiritualized?" and he said, "you have not seen my drivers license, have you?" his name was Jason Pierce. what a coincky-dink. mr. boom did not show up during AIR MIAMI, who sucked and were very boring. THOUGH A TAD MORE EXCITING THAN UNREST, but the remainder of the fellows drank Budweiser at the bar and laughed when we ordered Bombay Martinis. shaken, not stirred. Mr. Boom came in as soon as they were about to go on, totting a box of CDs that he proceeded to hawk, all during the 'gig' (that consisted of 2 or 3 actual spectrum songs. The rest were Spacemen 3 tunes). my friends from DC were thoroughly excited and went outside before, during and after to smoke up some "shoe gazing" stuff.

I have just completed a gift tag for OASIS, out and pasted from the University of Manchester graduate studies catalogue. I have also just finished labeling my shampoo and conditioner bottles, plus a container of petroleum jelly, in French. my weapons: scotch tape, index cards and the typewriter. my strategy: bizarre.  
I do not think the Divinity School people understand how to approach me. I am the youngest candidate, in all definitions of the word. The Feminist 1 Liberation Theology women scare me. I watched TV for the first time in a long time today and did some sewing. Dava Davenport never told me WESTON were playing here over the weekend so I missed them... she sent me a fold-out Peter Rabbit card that says "Yo!!". I am still attaching it to my door... I suppose my goal is to read primary texts, intermediate Hebrew is hard, but if I can read stuff from Oumran, that is all I care about. The Essenes rooked hard, they knew what was up. I want to do my thesis on E. E. Schick and its reception and importance within Oumran community. I will never say I am "christian" until I get a good idea of the historical Jesus, who, I feel, was much indebted to these crazy, militant desert folk. And the gnostic gospels. read the gospel of Thomas, etc... The Nag Hammadi library will be important for me I think very soon.  
regards, votre soeur, Nicole de Jesus / Cambridge, MA. (SLOOSE, TILGHMAN and my little sister)

Elizabeth,  
as someone who is a significant contributor to the music scene here in Philadelphia, I thought you might like a sample of my CD single off my soon to be released CD "Neapolitan Man". This sample is "hot-off-the-press", and I wanted you to be the first person in the entire scene to hear it. Please fill out the enclosed card for the full CD.  
rock the night, Dave Emmi (rocker)

hello,  
the VILE HORRENDOUS have declared war on the Lehigh Valley Hardcore scene. You cockroaches have gone too far! The suburban goon rock concerts at the Music Hall were bad enough. Now you have to shove your Green Day up everybody's ass. We will step on you and your way of life until you writhe in agony. Any attempt to confront us at this address will result in your getting shot in the head.  
Roy Grube/Vile H. 629 e. 5th st. Bethlehem, PA. 18015

Hello people of philadelphia.  
let me say that I expected to be able to regale you with stories of the stunning cold of the northern mountains, but the locals are wearing shorts through the stunning heat wave... after a couple snowy days, the wind changed and everything melted. a man I talked with, trimming dead branches in a cemetery, told me no good weather goes unpunished. he knew I was a foreigner right off. Chills is going on now, after a week of refusing to leave the porch. in the back lot during the night, 7 or 8 cats hang out on the dumpster or up inside against the warm engine blocks of cars. he's trying to become part of the pride, but hasn't yet faced the challenge of the large tom that seems to be the leader. they've hissed at eachother pretty convincingly, but nothing decisive has yet happened. i'm of course hoping he deals the beating and becomes king of the cats. the human neighbors are a bit less civilised. the landlord is evicting the woman who lives downstairs because she had 5 extra people living there. just her, her boyfriend and her kid (hike?) live under us now, and every night they have a screaming drunken argument in order to work up enough energy for a good fuck. I was reading Celine describes a couple beating their daughter to create the same mood while my neighbors provided the sound effects... public access TV looks like its easy to break into up here. I would like to be endlessly amused by foisting some stupid oration of my own imagination on the viewers at home. maybe I could become Vermont's Uncle Floyd. I cherish the dream... Josh, the other guy who lives here, is a bluegrass man and values that old boogie, "technical ability". we worked out a few songs to play at an open mike night and so bought a bottle of Old Grandd just to take the edge off. we got there alltime late to sign up and had to return home to finish a chair. whenever Josh and I complete a project like mopping the floor or fixing a chair, a figure we deserve a twelve-pack of Milwaukee's Best. we're accustomed to different ways of thinking so I guess we're using alcohol to lubricate the male bonding thing. Still, we'll probably have to wrestle and smell eachother's butts a few times... Send Row Pogos and wraetates and letters and tapes and ideas for a boy's name or else the kids gonna be called August or Elijah or Ezekial because he was a UFO contactee.  
-Charles O'Connor/ Plainfield, Vermont (scientist, straight edge-deALER and now psychedelico- bucolic father of a baby girl called Nazie Star O'Connor).

Send: PO BOX 15951  
Phila, PA. 19103 USA

eric,  
the tape was inevitably super... i didn't know what to expect, but truly super stuff... its a long story, but i really don't listen to any of the bands i put out. i just happen to be friends with them and they sell really well. i know that sounds fucked up but i run 2 labels. Repercussion (3 from HC kids) and Little Red Rocket, which is stuff i'm really into, like i'm hopefully doing a "Crain" one day. or stuff like the DEALERS. i do like Repercussion, but its somewhat of a joke to me to see kids go ga ga over my friends bands is so silly! anyway, i was writing to tell you that INDIAN SUMMER died and i'm in a new band with my friend Aaron and we're called ANN ARBOR...  
Adam / Oakland city

19 may 1995  
whate up Eric? just finished my ridiculous "creative dialogue" with Hazel Notes from Wise Blood. 12 pages of really wierd drivell... at one point i ask him about martyrdom and mutilation and we get to talking about Riskey James of the Manios. Hazel has a very interesting take on that one, i'm afraid. i got a really funny call from Slatts (Paul Slattery) the other night: it seems Brentford fucked up the playoff and will not make it to premier league now. so he's crying and telling me how he refuses to come to america anymore and that if i want to go over there he will send me the money... hmm, drunken rambling or sincerity? i got a package from a young man i met in Paris, the Tottenham Hotspur / Chrysalis Sport person. seems Stuart got into a fight with some of Slatts' friends about writing me letters. oh well. i think most people would agree it would be better if i hung out with men closer in age to that of myself. Slatts is very funny because the night of the Brentford loss he was asked to photograph the SUPERGRASS gig at Hammersmith Palais. obviously the bastard should have gone. which is interesting since when i was with Danny Goffey i mentioned who i was travelling with, etc. and suggested his name and 'English Rook Photographer' credentials to them... hmm. supposedly i should be receiving the album quite soon if Danny can get his shit together and stick it in an envelope. got a call from Annette today. she's in Montreal trying to sell her short stories. Four people ended up in the hospital. ligging it up at the annual Bard College menage a trois ball. they had to close it down at 12:30 this year when all the ambulances came. Unfortunately, one of the casualties was Colin, that bizarre boy i used to date. i mean he was in ooke rehab for a long while, so i wonder what he has progressed to. Another young student i know is in jail for vehicular manslaughter. seems he put Gavin Kleepsies into a coma in a DUI accident. Theres just not much to do at Bard. I love being an alumna. i bought 4 sesame bagels, a huge root of ginger and some vanilla wafer cookies. if you boil slices ginger and pepper with your tea leaves you get a blend with 10X more impact than coffee. add a little hot Locke vaporado and some sugar and enjoy... the south asian chix are really teaching me how to live.  
Nicole de Jesus / Cambridge MA (via Bard College deadend 101, via Bethlehem Pa.)

Eric,  
not much has been shaking. my new band's not called Ann Arbor anymore (cus it was a stupid name). Now we are DAREDEVIL (stupider). we're gonna be in Philadelphia on the 12th. I want to see you and drink red wine and laugh about everything and i want to play with the dealers and shout indie rock champions and die and take drugs and stupid stuff. i hope you are well, as is she. long live the red wine emc.  
Adam repercussion / oakland spaceship co. / abduotee

Note: the following letter was lost in the fucking mail system for like a year and a half.  
hello eric & beth,

Rugby's mod scene is healthier and stronger in number than it has been in years. a modernist society with new sensibilities, a new direction and plenty of drugs. theres plenty of hands happening too. the INTERCEPTORS (my band), THE GUARANTEED UGLY, THE HIPSHAKES, THE ENGLISH SPOOKS, THE LOSERS (responsible for the Heartache tape label), etc... Agent Ugly's mod dance party went with a bang. i've been hung over all day, watching the Grand Prix on the telly. theres talk of an UGLIES release on Billy Childish's label. do you have their first EP "warts and all"? there is also a new comp. LP on Spilt Milk Records featuring a track by the UGLIES, the now rumoured to be defunct SPECTRUM, and Sonic's new band E.A.R... SPIRITUALIZED have a new LP due out this year, or maybe next. i want to get my new Zine out soon. Hicksville Hogz. First issue features THE SORROWS, and DAN FARNDON (local heroes they are). check out the Bam Caruso LP and Farnndon's solo single "Indian Reservation" on GNP Crescendo) plus the rest of the mods in Hicksville. I think OUTER LIMITS is pretty much finished, due to hassles and bitching between parties involved. Sometimes Rugby's like living in a town of old women, fussing and fighting and the like. It was really flogging a dead horse anyway. SPACEMEN and DARKSIDE more recently finished in blaze of bad feeling and contempt. A shame, true. But inevitable nonetheless. But the INTERCEPTORS are about ready. we have our first gig in a couple of weeks. And labels interested in signing us. My old label, Beggars, Banquet being the favorite in the running. oh yeah, the "Lunar Surf" ep may have been inferior to all our other stuff, but thats bouse we didn't have 50 pounds an hour pumped into studio time... is it possible to get peyote in your neck of the woods? I heard that you can join The Church Of The Native Americans. If you can shed any light on the matter, and find the address or such like, i would be v. grateful.  
Rocco James / Rugby, UK (Darkside, Spaceman, Rugby scenester.)

dear eric,  
brian wilson's music changed my life. i became aware of it in the early 80's (i never liked the beach boys surf/car hits; overplayed as they were and totally alien to a cold, landlocked Pa. loser) when music, to me, was a means of expressing rage and pain experienced in the wonderful pageant of life. velvets, stoges, dolls, etc. were the gloomy BW movie i watched over and over again. then, while watching Shampoo, i heard "wouldn't it be nice" which ironically closed the movie. i suppose i linked it to the SoCal milieu of money, mass murder and melancholy. not alien to the wilsons, in particular Dennis, hinted at in the film. Found it on Pet Sounds around Xmas (a very wintry LP) and was won over by the eerie, Phil Spector-sized pop murak, therein contained. beyond that, and beneath the perfect harmonies, pretty melodies, brilliant key changes, goofy arrangements and surface contentment, i could tell that brian was more fucked up than i was. its just this combination of childlike-ish perception and utter loss that gave the beach boys better stuff its strangely powerful quality. of course i looked into other LPs: "today" "smiley smile" "wild honey" "sunflower" "love you" -all good, if spotty, in different ways, though it was individual songs, flashes of brilliance, that stood out. and it was these songs, like "back of my mind", "wonderful", "let the wind blow", "cool, cool water" that switched the YES control in my brain into the ON position. I wanted to make music which could, in turn, bring people out of the "underground" doldrums; music that said other things than "i hate you". music that talks without lyrics and says "the universe sucks, but lets get high or something: lets play in the sandbox with all the other shit. walk to californiia in your dreams and get lost in a bookstore with jesus" things like that. I've not been totally successful at all, but i am trying and every day i get closer to dying and getting it right. but i'm not a millionaire at 29. i do have my sanity, for the most part, and don't need some doctor to tell me what not to think. but thanks anyway  
Brian.  
sincerely, J.T. / Bethlehem, Pop Sike City State, Pennsylvania, Earth, Universe...

Dear Eric and Beth,

2 rug-eaters were waiting there for me. One, a starry-eyed know-nothing with a bad mouth and a checkered past as a dominatrix, the other a bow-legged chicken rancher with a broken heart. The older girl moaned something about passing clots the size of jellyfish, and cracked into the motrin looking for something to stop the horns from taking root in her skull. But I was just there on the sales pitch, peddling vials of semen from the loins of a tormented genius to all the spruce street dykes who artificially inseminated themselves with turkey basters while standing on their heads in fright oars. The younger girl laid back as her belly swelled before our eyes while the other pulled up a bucket of scalding hot water, saying, here, if its male, try again.

The average halving white male came through on the way home from work. He had just received his first communion and it was not settling well. He moved into the corner and vomitted the body of christ into a dirty old pale. Returning, he announced that he had been beaten to a pulp at the office and needed to be tied up and flogged like an animal. Can't you see I'm in labor, she spewed at him, tie yourself up, you unresourceful bastard. He felt better already and strolled away, cock of the walk.

thanks, Tristan Egolf Kitchohao, somewhere in Europe (probably Amsterdam.)

Eric and Beth,

tell me you don't love this postcard (Husker Du "zen arcade" cover). I wanna see your pad so I bring the red wine and the green and you play sinatra and host the evening. DAREDEVIL set to implode tomorrow for tour. hang this card up (Husker side) somewhere rad and listen to RODAN and kill anything you can. love, Adam Daredevil man

Eric RPOTS,

how is your summer unfolding? your last letter/scribble seemed vaguely manic, I hope youre doing well. graduated from school, played some good shows, did some painting for my grad school application and toyed with the idea of a fashion line. new single comes out on Harriet records from boston in october, called "the young transmitter EP". went to visit a friend in DC and met some modish dudes from a band called Chisel. saw the Mondrian exhibit...

Micheel / MY FAVORITE, Absolute Beginners Movement NYC

15 november 1995

everytime i speak to you there are always some distinct parallels between what is going on in the collective mind of me/Carrie (Carrie "Glitter") and what is going on with you/Beth/etc in the other commonwealth. On the Performance tip, Carrie and i (she's the glaswegian and i'm the manounian) were discussing having a band called THE PERFORMERS or THREE PERFORMERS or PERFORMANCE. the first limited edition single would of course be "i am the bullet" with the b-side "shag". followed by the irrepressible "jack the lad" 7" with additional re-mixes by the Chemical Brothers. tentative b-sides: "filthy movements/dirty talk" (from warhol's Dracula) or Carrie's version of "the seeker".

i will do solo hand claps and dueling tambourine with Liam Gallagher on Oasis's version of "understanding", and will be starring in the "she's eclectic" video set on location in NYC's Macklow Hotel (44th / Broadway). right posh!

we are also working on an anthem eponymously titled "shawn william cyder" set to Wonder Woman theme music, engineered and mixed by mark oyle/owen morris for that undefinable "edge". all photography michael spencer jones for brian cannon at microdot; you/beth have been appointed press agent(s) and you get to make the laminates. i refuse to be managed by Ignition because marcus russell was an asshole the last time i saw him (he oodles Liam too much) and will instead be working with Timmy Abbot (see oigs and alcohol cover).

we are dead keen on the "Timmy Casual" doll we soon hope to be marketing in '96. appropriately shagged and dressed with an abbot-inspired "infonet" tee-shirt and requisite levi's cords and addidas. pull his string and he says: "vot vot vot?" "they're a crap band - and they suck!" along with "long haired twatter!" and "fuckin' MBGA!" Mystic man as well as a bit cosmic, up in the sky, Timmy is, however, well-equipped with a little too, a few prophylactics, and one packet of B&H special filters. he sports a puffy jacket in the winter and paul smith for dress. you wouldn't see him at menswear or "blurrgh" but you could take him on the channel for the next date au Bataclan ou la Erotica. oh, and he hates shed seven.

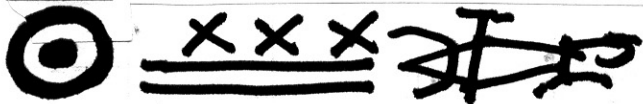
he also has season six for City - Carrie is busy getting licensing for a set of home and away strips. Timmy looks good in the kit and out of it. anatomically correct, he'll spice up any child's birthday party and will become the darling of the shampoo set.

all in all we are very busy working on a special process that will enable us to laminate tall buildings, much to the Christo's chagrin. On our IN/OUT list: labeling out, lamb N'8'ing dead in. spot on! Carrie is also guest-editing Dick Hebdige's "Definitely Maybe: A Critical History of New Lad Elite". we have also toyed with the idea of a rap group called 2 LAD CREW but thats really fucking sad.

life is a bit doozy and john and i continue our shenanigans and eventually it will fizzle out but hey, i'm not complaining. he is a mere mortal in a world of stars ha ha! Enjoy the Supergrass pix - that is a story unto itself. (I'm not allowed to talk about that anymore.)

love Nicole your star sister. Cambridge Mass. redcoat city

## "The Political Economy of Bike Messenger Winter: A Comparative History 1994-1995



### The Political Economy of Bike Messenger Winter: A History

into the alley go my eyes through fog, and wether out stop-  
ling ~~xx~~ hiding ~~xxxx~~ and paranoid slinking with insane fear shifty-  
eyed walking, i can not chill out. sneak out for a moment on foot,  
like and trace a line out and back, up, down samey boring streets;  
under eyes suspicious like i'm some political criminal. like they  
watch me, like i gotta come back before the earlier and earlier dusk  
and hide. to peer out windows into alleys. the fucking coming cold  
in eastern Pa. brings with it the winds of dread and death and gove  
rment-leviathan oppression.

Angels for the dead and the dying. i found out today that Tammy  
died in her sleep from smack on Saturday night. she passed away in  
the arms of alex sometime before the new day, and sunday was a rain  
soaked day of sadness all through the city. more rain fell sunday  
than the previous three months. and Tamala died right when the day  
was turning, right when that day started, right with the first hint  
of light. Alex is alone. he's freaked out. what awful crises befall  
us... she just healed her hand up, smashed on a rear view mirror go  
ing the wrong way fast up Market. she was a messenger i really thou  
ght was cool. and crocodile tears make me want to kill. and the mess  
of drugs and sadness. and the feeling... what will become of alex,  
maybe crashing with us tonight, him and Floyd in our little pad, a  
boy and his dog, can't face a night in his death bed. Tammy man, wh  
what the fuck? what do you see now? it must be a better place. lord  
save you, you must have found your luck at last. you must have found  
your beautiful end. you must be onto something better. because you  
wouldn't have otherwise split so soon; so soon, so early on a miser  
able day in a sad and miserable cold grey northern city. and today,  
all day, i don't know what to say while riding; shock-eyed and dazed  
and crazy in traffic full of assholes... you must have really found  
your beauty scene because god wouldn't need you already otherwise.

it is supposed to stay in the 60's all week now. it is too warm  
for post x-mas winter. the snowy days will hit me and beth in our  
new sweaters, boots and mountain bike gloves. to write something eve  
ryday is what i propose every late december of every recent year.  
but the world just keeps a creepin' and i am sidetracked by bands,  
work, boredom, laziness, the futility of everything and even the sl  
ightest thought of the coming warmth. but perhaps its too soon to  
be dreaming of the March warmth promise. but i am now a twenty-seven  
year old boy who's gotta get a move on. it is late december in the  
millenium. we have got to make the works to make us. we have got to  
get a move on. but this scene will continue however, regardless of  
either big or meager contributions coming from us. suffer in obscur  
ity a little while longer. i never figured it would be very differe  
nt, too burdened with the romance history of it all am i. i accept  
the fruit of fame will never ever come and instead implore us to do  
anything for its own sake, and simply because there is never ever a  
question about it anyway. to please us here and wait for the stu  
pid world to discover that we've been what its awaited so long. i  
just keep creeping crawling through these old Philadelphia streets,  
sneaking into the twenty first, cuz when they catch us finally is  
when riches will come. and it won't be pretty.

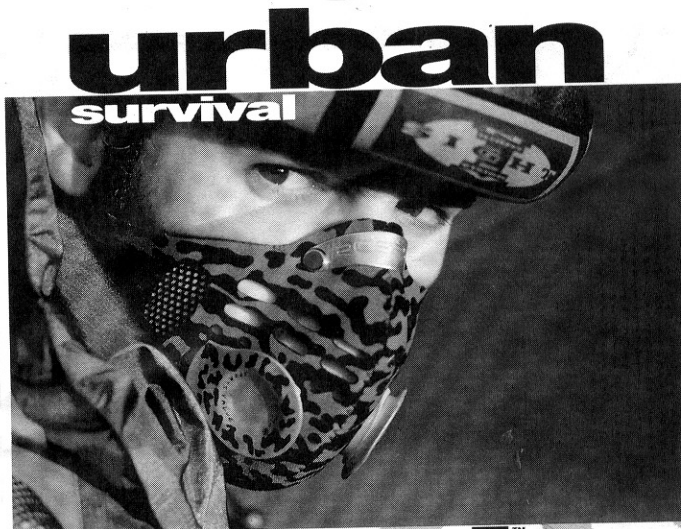
this is what is coming:

massive fictional history ~~xx~~ of Pa. cultural history and myth.  
psycho-geographic mapping of our dream of eastern Pa city state  
psycho-geographic/demographic data confirming the thesis of a  
new paradigm held by an entirely new people (or "Volk").

The secession that will naturally follow the realization that peo  
ple are free to associate with like-minded souls.  
the map of the free state, its moravian capital in bethelehem, and  
open borders on the frontiers. an invisible cultural nation and peo  
ple that is so SECRET as to be feared by the straights.

i fly through the streets on my messenger g rig, spitting huge  
hawkers on a billion fucked up wind shields, walking proud from my  
bike to the doors of office scrapers. stand so straight because eyes  
are upon me. like i could say fuck you but how would you say that  
while still implying 'who cares'? i jump into holes in the traffic,  
and back out onto x clear streets like a trout, like a native brook  
trout in the pristine flow of the cleanest stream in the fucking  
world, like i'm gonna die. like this fucking bike is made out of me.  
i can power home up a river wide boulevard. i can trackstand in tra  
ffic then squirt the holeshot befor the light changes. i can out run  
every bullshit taxi this city hides, and i can fucking smoke a mill  
ion cigarettes, swallow a hundred vitamins, spit on thousands of wi

continued over...



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NATURAL WEAR FOR INTERNAL PROTECTION



# \* RAIN PARADE 1983 the \*

... the RAIN PARADE kind of saved my life when i was a dumb kid. they saved yours too, right? one day climbing in and out through Arbogast's bedroom window (he had a bat pipe nailed to the side of his house that covered the garage and his mom could use the driveway ever again, and the coping was his window pane) i noticed this bang zoom audio zine oddly out of place beside all the ONEWAY SYSTEM and DISCHARGE BACK OF AG SHIT cluttering up his floor. He was only too happy to trade it for my US CHAOS LP, and so was i. i wish the printed word could convey how cool and droozy and southern californian they sounded and still sound to these pa. ears, but fuck if no one's gonna sue me, i'll print it here for you. because i love you...

## THE RAIN PARADE 1983

MR. BANG ZOOM ANNOUNCER-some bands try to copy the past, and other bands try to assimilate it into the future. the rain parade does a little bit of both. since this interview took place, the rain parade have gone through some changes, namely, the ousting of David Roback. at the end of this interview is a live song done by the new, and improved, RAIN PARADE.

BANG ZOOM GUY-certain bands say that they're more 'revivalist' bands, you know, like they're very into the look of it, and its really the hair situation, and the clothes. This band right here, the FUZZTONES, are really into the MUSIC MACHINE look, you know, the black leather vests, the turtle necks, the gloves, the whole trip. Whereas you guys don't really get into any kind of like, 'recreation' situation, but your records are very evocative of that period.

THE RAIN PARADE-yeah...

BZ-its like you've sort of taken the one aspect of it and developed it without being too self-conscious of what the image is.

RP-the only thing i'm interested in with the 60s and of that period is the good music. i mean i'm not interested in the style, particularly. i wouldn't feel comfortable walking around dressed... i dress so that people don't notice me.

RP-its really funny too, because 2 years ago there weren't that many people wearing this kind of weird... you see people who are playing in new romantic bands who are now wearing paisley. you know what i mean? its kinda weird.

BZ-its the ice cream of the month.

RP-yeah exactly-

RP-but, you know, this whole psychedelic thing, it is a subject i am very interested in, because i think psychedelics... are a very mental, you know, experience. And, you know, when we're called a psychedelic band, in most ways, i believe that thats not true, but in some ways i believe it is true?

BZ-but what were some of the reactions you got when you played some of those early shows? was it positive?

RP-disbelief. we'd always find a few people that were, like, totally turned onto it, like profoundly. you know? a lot of musicians... i'd say our audience at first became musicians. we didn't really hang out with other musicians and then all these people from other bands started showing up like SALVATION ARMY and DREAM SYNDICATE. they were really blown away, like god! you know? But SALVATION ARMY and DREAM SYNDICATE were part of... were great bands. But they were not like... they 'fit in'... they sounded more like the GUN CLUB. They FIT IN MORE you know? And then here we were doing the ABSOLUTELY i don't know, music that you could waltz to.

RP-like BEAU BRUMMELS or something like that.

RP-yeah, BEAU BRUMMELS i mean.

BZ-well, "you tell me why" is pretty much a waltz.

RP-its almost like you know, you don't have that much control over, like, a song. 'cuz what you're trying to do is, like, put an emotion into a bag, and

then to imply that you are that calculating about it... is boring to me. really, honestly its true. BZ-people are defining it by form as opposed to by content, and the content happens to look like a certain form.

RP-exactly.

BZ-on this tour that you've been doing i'm sort of... you know, because of bands like THE RAIN PARADE and THE DREAM SYNDICATE and THE THREE O'CLOCK, they're all very identified with this, uh, 'L.A. Paisley Underground' phrase.

RP-that was Micheal Quercio's little... claim to fame.

BZ-he's probably lived to regret it.

RP-i wouldn't know about that.

RP-it is very appropriate for these bands...

RP-because they DO wear paisley.

RP-and they're like the Monkeys, i mean face it, as much as i always thought they were godhead, they ARE like the Monkeys. And i like the Monkeys.

BZ-in what way?

RP-THREE O'CLOCK are kind of... they do some songs that are, like, forays into really deep and personal emotions and i love that about them.

RP-as real as real...

RP-and they do some songs that, just, aren't that, but thats their choice, you know? yeah, 'as real as real'...

BZ-but i'm sort of curious what the reaction is that you've been getting for these shows, because this is your first foray outside L.A. and its been so identified with L.A. that i'm curious about what kind of reactions you're getting in, you know, the real armpit... Detroit, the armpit of Ohio, that sort of thing.

RP-Ohio was great.

RP-Cleveland was dynamite. we played with GREEN ON RED. did a great show, played a couple songs with them and people loved it. it was great.

RP-i'd say the reaction has been really good, i mean, considering the fact that we're a band with absolutely no commercial hype behind us whatsoever. i mean a band that does not have that...uh, we're not like BIG COUNTRY or any band. Like a hundred thousand dollars invested in publicity and the next thing you know they're like national heroes. i mean, we have no hype.

BZ-you have no money probably.

RP-we'll we don't have that kind of money, but we have no hype and everything we've gotten is pretty much based on our music, which is really good. its a good way to really get a sense of what people... how they really feel about you.

## NEARNESS

a pair of Clark Walabees and a french cut cuff, checked trousers and a cigarette in hand, a white knit turtleneck fishermans sweater, a 90's parka bright orange and long, scraggly hair short and blown through wixth wind, paranoid gait and shifty eyes, sneer and pissed off, at you. cold stare, cold slashing guitar, tight spazz ed out jazzed out rock drumming burned throughout and beat from passion, fucking pissed off, twitchy neck and stiff from stimulants, snap cracking and tapping umbrella, sharpened tip dipped in poison, more than enough money to blow, nothing not boring to blow it on, and shades like spades. the hard mod revenge is now loosed on the world...

the sappiest letter of all time was sent out to guy p. punk rock pike that rites of spring had broken up...totally gratuitous but so what?

RITES OF SPRING May 1986 r.i.p D.O.D  
 (forever)

ERIC (me)-well were the circumstances that led to RITES of SPRING's breakup? How did it feel? I've been booted from bands and I always feel really paranoid, etc.etc. and afterwards, GUY-RITES of SPRING recorded a 4 song demo in January. A week later Mike Fellows decided he did not want to continue in the band. It was difficult to deal with, but we respected his decision. And feeling he was irreplaceable, we disbanded. It did not 'feel' good, but we all decided we'd put our energies into something new and that helped. Spring is now, not then, anyway. Its always NOW. The only thing left to do is DO.

E-are you gonna release the R.O.S 7 inch?  
GUY-the single might come out, but the 7 inch  
format won't hold the songs, so it will be  
awhile before anyone knows what to do with it.  
E-Who's involved now? and do you have a name  
yet?

GUY-Eddie:bass and voice, Guy:guitar and voice, Mike Hampton:guitar and voice, Brendan:drums. No name yet, wait till July. E-what would you honestly say are you biggest influences, both musically and spiritually? GUY-The BEATLES... and the Dischord

E-how is DC these days? Yet Another Unslanted Opinion zine gives a real positive, post Rev. Summer feel of DC. Are you into the big Mod scene in DC?

GUY-DC is in a drought period; a crisis which exists only to be dispelled. With EMBRACE, R.O.S., etc. broken up, and DAG NASTY losing its singer, its a definite low. The city always housed great potential, so its now a matter of time. The Mod scene is not real focused, but more power to anyone who is trying to try.

E-what was the most personally relevant thing (as in your being opened up; some truly epiphanous thing) that's happened to you since you became part of the DC scene? and do you still feel punk is all worthwhile to you?

GUY-I can not answer this question with any degree of honesty. life is a process and all the slices form the pie, to put it another way. Punk must break itself over and over and the name isn't worth half of the ideals that preceded, postceded and superceded it anyway.....

E- and after that, DC started to suck, gradually at first, and then exponentially harder, like a hurricane gathering strength off shore, slowly eating away at the land, until now; and the torrent of completely fake bullshit is loosed on the world like a tidal wave. bands like the MAXIMILLION MR. COSBY and Slant 6 pouring forth in ever greater numbers to ruin the home you helped build... (actually i never yet heard those bands, but i bet they won't prove me wrong if i ever do.)



micheal fellows was an angel...

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Frizz prod. #2 PHOTON BAND 2nd single.....\$2  
FOE rec.s #4 ANONYMOUS 3 song 7".....\$3  
prices post paid in the New World. Old World add some loot.  
make everything out to "Elizabeth Duby" already!!! and send to:  
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ERIK 

Did you see  
BRUNETTI in the new  
Details Magazine?  
Check it out for  
a good laugh.

## Rick Charnoski

Nice Pooper fanyine  
745 S. Cleveland St.  
Phila, Pa. 19146  
→ new one soon. // ←

THREE SPEAKING CANARIES "songs for the terrestrially challenged" dbi LP (the non-hi fi version of course) (only on Mind Cure)

me and shalisa and mr. mind cure martin are growing hotter and bored as we sit in this fucking rock van in the parking lot of the most expensive classy hotel in Philadelphia, waiting for the Dirty Three to get their pants back on and take the needles out of their eyeballs. what's there to talk about, really, except how beautiful i sincerely believe this record is? i know they both think i'm a freak and a sap, and gushing in my overflowing praise, but i also know that Dave blushes almost with pride, because he was the only one cool enough to put this out the way he did, the version that he did. I mean, i mean it, i'm not lying, like this is the best record put out in a million years, and wayne rogers can only help great things and great guitars, there are so many songs for the youth of today, to totally change their outlook. I go, i can see this record having the same effect as "You're Living All Over Me" had. I mean i can see a million old kids totally getting into pot for real finally, with this soundtrack; so many dorms moved out of and into a first real freedom pad, and late night hogwash rap sessions with this soundtrack as a jumping off point to a million new ways of hearing and listening and seeing and living your fucking life. And new ways to use a bong. And new ways to hit a guitar in the basement. And new ways to incorporate a van halen record into your scholarly regimen, without being gross about it. A bright new soundtrack to a first summer away from home in the stupid city, or lazied away on punk rock porches of quiet college towns across the green of Pa., or in the secret punk houses of the steel towns on each end of the state, like a new day rising for you now my son. Like a rad summer evening at one of these picturesque locales, and you're naïvely, angelically thinking this feeling is all that should matter, and for just those hours before the sun is set it feels like it won't end ever, because its all that really does matter. suspension, belief, transmutation of metals, grass to smoke, untouched to touched, the realization of the American Punk Rock Opera Aesthetic, a revolution summer day's empty resolution. this record would thrill the righteous children. this music would save the underground. buy this vinyl version and don't worry about the stuff on Scat. be stoned and hear a guitar scream out of nothing into everything, because you're nothing and thus should be everything (scratches and pops showing growth like the rings of a tree or a turtle's shell). First or second listen you're thinking that you're listening to a particular renaissance happening. like a renaissance of you, of it, of the stuff that you live your life by. Listening to The Renaissance of the Pittsburgh underground, you're sad this is happening 2 years ago, one slow day at a time, of a time you missed (but they're playing again with out Karl Hendricks, then Dave Martin turns and says that its beautifully fitting, all this Van Halen crap, because Damon Che is now shackled up with MacKenzie Phillips, Valerie Bertinelli's older, cooler, sister in NYC. And that the handy man is a wise ass who looks like Schnieder. But he (the wise ass handy man) didn't lend a hand when Dave was hand writing every single gatefold cover, and pasting the color photos on them. And thank god for all the cool kids sakes, the cover is one you can hold in your hands, staring at and studying, for hours and hours. i just wish it was a triple album. (and please don't tell people i just want life to be like a generation x heiniken commercial, and that i never actually get to writing about the songs, because both you and i know that is not true.) (4-12-95) mind cure: po box 90251 pgh, pa. 15224



speaking canaries photo

AVAIL "dixie" LP (lookout)

even though its on this crappy label i can hypothesize with dangerously unscientific haste that this is the youth of today's very own "While You Were Out" LP. That this is the new generation's Soul Asylum '85/6; which is better than being anybody's Soul Side. But just like that druggie Ralph Darden says, Avail does fuck up what could be great songs with the silly fast parts just like Soul Asylum did. Oh yeah, and they prove that John Cougar is to American Oil, what the COCK SPARRER guy was to UK Oil. You can't hear Beau sitting around useless in the studio enough, i would have jumped that up in the mix... i mean his complete silence. (i'd turn him way down, or off even, at a show.) (if i were a 'a' sound man...) po box 666 satan's hollow, NoCalif 66666-6666 (5-8-95)

SPRIT ASSEMBLY / CAR VS. DRIVER split 7" (yuletide)  
SPIRIT ASSEMBLY sound very real and ON, for ex-Amish children. They got the Eastern Pa. mod emo sound, the Indian Summer guitar pull, and the screaming with feeling vocal back up that will floor you its so un-fake sounding. And after that, and before it too, CAR VS. DRIVER can only suck so fucking hard. Hand made packaging that must have given someone carpal tunnel, assembling records on the floor of some locale in one of the punkst small towns in Pa. (easter 95)  
444 gail dr. nazareth pa. 18064

PHOTON BAND 7" (compulsive)

art has created one of the best color covers ever, and one of the best inserts. the songs are wigged-out, drugged-out, fuck up r&b for the smoke-out hard mods. sounding as if it were recorded underwater, psych and trippy, this is bound to scare someone with less imagination right back to the matador records in their collection, an open mind is a terrible thing. kids, don't do drugs.  
(7) (go ask art for the address) (8-2-95)

ANONYMOUS 7" (FOE)

they finally got their shit together, moved to philadelphia and got a bassist and a drummer who aren't either crypto-nazi skinheads or krishna herbalists... "hill to hell" is three Bethlehem escapee song, thats saying loads as Bethlehem is so fetishized as being over and over again by bands that are not even from near there, its the song to buy this for, its about your splitting the scene when you did, because you just had to; because you gotta get a move on... its kind of shameful that Jeff Turner recorded this like he couldn't have cared any less about it, but he's been sucking ever since 1986. Back on 43 & Baltimore, burning my own bridges back to bethlehem, or attempting to, Rakim was a little kid who lived up the street. He's on the label of the uptown bones LP, he was a little angel. And my Rakim, my leaving home Rakim, would say, WHO SAID EL? Dave is a pumping drummer, and this band is a million times over better than his last. Schmitt still has the deep hard ass voice from Jessica. The pic of Sean Terwilliger in a dress could have been paired with a pic of him in white jeans, docs, a fred perry, braces and a bowler, but i guess that would have been left on the other side of the bridge. (po box 4 bethlehem, pa. 1801666) (5-13-95)

PLOW / WESTON split 7" (coolidge)

all this crap i write about Pa. being so rad is only half tongue-in-cheek, the cultural geometry of eastern Pa. isn't exactly just a myth, its more than a little real, and its easier to wax romance and drunk than to talk to you about specific 'songs' and how those songs 'sound'. i mean can't you tell that i don't know what to say? or how to 'critique'? and that spewing tangential impressionist 'reviews' SAYS MORE? but this is what PLOW UNITED sound like: just as 'Pa.' as the Electric Love Muffin did when they were good for a fleeting 2 years or so, because they are whacked out fast rocking punk songs with crazy whiny guitar and the whiskey voice of the small towns that lost their innocence to the Philadelphia suburban sprawl machine spreading north like a strip mall take over; a Montgomeryville Mall/ Taco Bell / tract house / cul de sac / suburban development hegemony, the drummer is a rocket, they are supremely talented, so lets hope they don't get all lame and square like the suburb culture their music transcends. WESTON as weston and "young Pennsylvania" proves all my dreamy graduate theses, OK? (5-12-95)

GELCAPS 7" (compulsiv)

more heavy water Frizz production destruction for the druggies in cool clothes... i'd be remiss if i didn't clue you on the fact that the "non-rock", Doug Anson trip hop songs from the Meth Lab sessions are better than the others; but you disagree anyway, besides, Simon is good on the drum and John Boothman is a Fillipino and he is accordingly good at computers... (6-27-95)  
(po box p.u.n.k. phila. pa. 666) (actually, theres no adress on the package)

HOBART 7" (compulsiv)

sounds like adult contemporary '88/89 which means it sounds like Dinosaur '87, or else it sounds like if Railroad weren't so fucking annoying, and weren't doomed by a horrible singer. Mac can indeed play cool lazy-ass guitar. Noel Babineau has the Coleman sound i grew up (again) with (i mean, like i grew up TWICE, didn't you?)! and its not disgraceful! even though the cover is not any sort of masterpiece. (although what other word you might use to best describe playing 'shows' with a band like Dandelion i do not know!) (8-12-95)  
send the loot: noel and linda's crash pad 5th & washington phila, pa. 191666 (it'll get there)

PHOTON BAND "95" single (frizz products unldt)

two mod r&b songs slap you silly like a red wine hang out in a warehouse on Walnut on a breezy chilly fall night in philadelphia. "just get me there" featuring Art Frizz totally whaling like a guitar negro man-child up the down stairs of swinging London, Jimi at his heels asking for pointers! Seriously, the fantastic rythmn is very lively and moving, like a speed-binge desert bootied dance party opening for the WHO after playing above JOHN'S CHILDREN on a bill at the Marquee, just these most massive youth cult battles raging outside the door in Wardour street like its Aoklam Hall or something... Simon continues to impress you with his incredibly INDIVIDUAL drum stylings, as if he taught HIMSELF how to play. And misto Gary rooks you like Ronnie Lane (seriously) throbbing the bass so full of soul and thick. "easy pop art research commercial music" DEFINES the whole "flighty-heaviness" "soul bass" aesthetic for those poseur KARP fans who get too wasted to even stay awake when they don't even show up for their gig! And the cover art is a fantastic Art History Graduate School Thesis condensed like 100 years of evolution onto a 7 inch piece of Kinkos copier trash! 1011 cherry st. phila. pa. 19107

IVICH "la mort heureuse" LP (la libre expression)

who the fuck knows what the guy is screaming about but right now, and when you're all rammy and jumped up, it sure sounds OKAY! the recording or production or whatever is pretty bad but didn't you realize yet that that can only help any heartfelt music? there are some very choice and exciting mean-ass rocking jam-out parts in which the bass is a low end flying, humming emo monster demon, the snare a tight crisp SHACK and the guitar a tearful muscular hummingbird turn on. all recorded down and dirty like U.O.A kind of. And then the fucking trumpet or trombone guy just totally takes off leading the show with a riff so simple, pure and tough that you're like "fuck..." much akin to John Brannon pursing his lips, blow-fishing his cheeks like Louie Armstrong or whoever, and wailing like a wolf blow blowing your house down. i don't know, go steal it from a distro kid if you want the real 'French-avant-hardeore' feeling to pervade your first listening, like some decadent artsy-faggy freak planning art terrorism through promiscuity, Huuckleberry Finn and drugs in Montmartre. (i mean, you'll know what i'm talking about... and the cover pic is so good that its not completely wrecked by the computer lettering! 103 rue reanmur, 75002 paris france

**CORNERSHOP** "woman's gotta have it" LP (luaka bop / wiiiija)  
sitting on the day of the time change to daylight savings, wide-eyed and stoned in the late afternoon that feels even later now, watching a sad fall drizzle slow-paint see through splatter paint explosions on the window panes, listening in complete awe! to the first song on the new record. In complete fucking awe! then my dancing days are done for good, and my mind skyward floats up and up and over you... my feelings fly up and up and over you, and I love you... Tjinder does the ace production job like he's a goddamn genius, making what you figure would be a zillion dollar studio sound so fucking honey. I mean on songs like "wog" the sweet guitars still sound like they're patched right into the General Havoc 4 tracker! I mean this has gotta be one of the only records recently recorded on a multi national budget that doesn't sound like complete shit because of it! I mean it can ONLY HELP you to hear all the cool "new-rock" instrumentation! And the fucking lyrics, to that song especially, move someone like me so far toward a better world. just great smart songwriting that sets you to film making in a hurry (and what better compliment?). His voice on such songs recalls instantly Mick Jones in his young boy-man glory, lost in supermarkets, longing for friends long ago "nicked", or even like the scene of "stay free in Rude Boy where he gets all emo and teary. Or else the true colors and the whole effect of the LP taken altogether make you instantly recall Sandanista if only those 4 guys, albeit supermen anyway, really were somehow of the cultures they were so idealistically and romantically ripping off. (but you always thought that Sandanista sucked. ) Or how bout the Velvets style blowouts like "looking for a way in"? I mean don't you yearn to see them performed live with a mouthful of cheap salty red wine and a head full of 'dreamy-grass' making you hold in dry heaves all over the "club"? Just to see Tjinder sing his words with his voice and the rummelling noise crescendo working you into a sputtering destroyed lather? theres no better crazy solo jumped way up in the mix anywhere on any other record by any stupid English band ever! (almost). but the amazing thing is that that's not even all! the contemporary Indian Music! songs are too great for words, even though theres 2 versions of basically the same song ("Jullandar Share") I still want 3! I mean "my dancing days", "camp orange" and the sitar/percussion break in "Jansimram King" are like THEE sitar smoke out psych aesthetics for the next half century! And the record has THREE MOST TRIUMPHANT ending to any LP ever made in "7:20 AM Jullandar Share", the fucking rad beats and guest vocals and everything all just implore you to get this and get this now. And you what I think because I'm Eric de Jesus... (and you know I'd tell you to get the PUNJAB ROVERS single on the exciting Honeybear label if I didn't know you already had.)

**SPEED KILLS** fanzine comp (w/ S.K. number 7)  
got this cuz FSA appears and the deal is just okay... but whatever, actually trying to achieve greatness will only result in failure, so of course its basically a great song that sounds like sitting indian style on your bed with a 4 track and a few good sound ideas arrayed around you. And its probably like drizzling outside anyway. And this track makes the entire package worth the 5 bucks or whatever... Oh yeah, there is probably no more lackluster a band then Superchunk, and how great the PORTASTATIC song is totally proves it! Know what I mean? the fold-over half-cover continues to be these packaging choices of the smart minds... Speed Kills box 14561 Chicago IL 60614

**PALACE** "viva last blues" LP (drag)  
spend time driving around coastal northern Maine with this as your soundtrack. glide up and down twisty-turny mountain country roads over salty cold marshes, brilliant blue pristine and clean beach scenes surround you, looking skyward at endless deep blue heaven, or over pinetree oceans ending at the water's edge, and hum or whisper or sing "if I could fuck a mountain, then I would fuck a mountain" to yourself. take your own sweet time driving back through bucolic autumn New Hampshire, Vermont, Western Massand and Eastern PA... gold and red and orange leaves on either side like God's Freedom Ride Driveway, head hung in the windows staring at your country rolling by, chimney and leaf fires smelling like beauty up your nose, and hum or whisper or sing "New Partner" to yourself, the mother loving southern sun delivering you home like a loved one. show up at work on Monday morning refreshed as refreshed can be, legs and arms rested, lungs full of choking sooty northeastern industrial air that can no longer do Your Highness anymore fucking harm, and ride through city traffic like a fucking nut case all day until you get a big jug of wine, and sing "Work Hard / Play Hard" really loud, dreaming of other escape routes because like always you've come full circle.

**MOSS ICON** "lyburnum..." LP (vermiform)  
thank the divinity this came out, and not on some cheezy label too! ...in which high priest John Vance unleashes the cathartic blast that was the true E.M.O., the "letting all go forever" trip that totally DEFINES IT! "freedom lover, we have found freedom. rest well under mother's warm wing. I have just now realized the wit's end liberation fly..." fuck. sincerity gets me off as do wiggly poetics and screaming words of hope of freedom and better lives, because what else is it all about anyway? (besides such distant songs being released on one convenient piece of vinyl, I mean.)  
vermiform po box 12065 Richmond Va. 23241

**DING** "97% genuine" (chumpire)  
DING formed, greg screamed into microphones under his bed, played a show or three, recorded this LP with Weaver and disappeared a day or so before the scene hitlers from the national fanzines Got The Point (I mean they are usually the last ones to understand), this is an LP that is almost as short as "Group Sex". This LP contains the crazy guitar agenda Greg has been honing and honing over the years, and his Sears 5x

string aesthetic shines on brightly. And more screams and roars sounding more and more like John Brannon, only more affecting since they're coming from such a gentle and soft spoken mouth as Greg's... words that comment on the fine state of Pennsylvania (I mean he doesn't sound like a retard when he screams a word like "economy"), alternative volleyball team glory (akin to TEAM DRECSH track and field glory), and the equation of your past plus shyness divided by what your heart requires to live a full and beautiful life on earth... drums recorded like cardboard box tops but that's not say they're bad. And besides, the bass pretty much sounds perfect (I mean, I don't know what else Knabb would want to do with it.) Ad to this the usual Chumppire brand earnestness and obvious sincerity, a fine cover drawing ripped off some late 50's / early 60's beatnik's drugs-and-decadence prose diary on a small Parisian press, printed on another fold-over half-cover, plus the fair price of \$4 and you know instantly what you should do.  
po box 680 Conneaut Lake, Pa 16316-0680

**MAGIC HOUR** "will they turn you on or will they turn on you" LP (Che)  
Listen, Wayne Rogers is like Jesus Christ himself okay? and you need these records right now, you sit there ponderous and wonderous listening to the listing MAGIC HOUR songs that are so completely natural, waiting for the inevitable guitar solo to open up like a cloudburst of feeling on a beautiful day, spiraling and warm guitar chaos that flows so organically forth like chaos theory pixels bifurcating exponentially into the slow air, like crystalized movements on time lapse window panes twirling where they may, and sounding so unbelievably perfect and joyous and clear and fucking beautiful. like there may be no other guitar sculptors like Him and Sonny Sharrook. And like a complete encyclopedia of sound, from the emo potential of sitars to bluegrass sod landscape 400 years ago, moving towards proving that stringed instruments and bag pipes are the ultimate instruments, these most evocative instruments that human beings have yet invented. Mr. Yang's bass is a truly moving and beautiful thing to behold, a singing sword so to speak so much like Dave from DAREDEVIL all spaced out and lovely. And the spacey phasey cymbal-heavy drums insist that you open up this LP's application under your "Jazz" file... I don't know, songs as overpoetically great as "I had a thought" and "Johnathan & Charles" are songs you think about and sing under your breath late at night, in bed, playing "spoons" and looking upon your sleeping lover dreaming dreams; sung low like you'd feel like a sappy retard if she woke and heard you... get this and the "no excess is absurd", that amazing little magic box, and give them to friends and they will love you for it, get really smoked out and emo and sit in a sunny window with this on the stereo and day dream of your dream show: on thee most "Thanksgiving-feeling" autumn day in Pa. Amish punks clipping along in carriages, Meenonites selling shoeflies by the roadsides to yuppies from the fucking condo developments not far enough away, with all the smoked out HC's in the middle of a massive cornfield sea or inside the circumference of a huge crop circle or in Paul David's dad's barn in Kutztown, with MAGIC HOUR, DAREDEVIL, the guy from PALACE solo, CAP N JAZZ, FSA, SPEAKING CANARIES, theDEALERS, DOWN GIRL, PHOTONS, POUNONS, WOODLAND FRUITS and CORNERSHOP doing the contemporary sitar music set; John Boy Walton taking notes for his zine, people climbing trees, wearing sweaters now that its getting chilly; and the Green everywhere since its a Harvest celebration... and the next morning everyone heads to the Oley Legion diner or the Kutztown Agway for a gigantic fucking coffee-stuttered breakfast, and all everyone heads up to the Pinnacle to jump off with home made D.I.Y. hang gliders strapped to their backs, 300 bodies on a bright crisp morning soaring like angels over the Lehigh Valley, chins straining towards the sun.  
po box 653 London e18 2nx England

**SWING KIDS 7"** (kidney room)  
this is the band with only one song and they do that one song so well in so many different versions that they should just dump the others, because once you've made that particular jazz standard (and it really truly is), everything else is gonna pale really badly... (4-14-95)

**UNIVERSAL ORDER OF ARMEGEDDON** "switch is down" 12" (kill rock stars)  
you need this because the guitar is almost the toughest rock guitar since Jimi Hendrix or Live At Leeds and yes I mean that, man! I mean its so raw and minimal and tense like a real living, breathing rock moment. the drums in "visible distance" kill you... this could have been the halto renaissance. (po box 007 cool person drive olympia dukakis, wa. infinity) (4-14-95)

**BLANK 7"** (vermin soum)  
more of the baltimore tough guitar renaissance. "guillotine lullabye" shores you around and the guy's voice I am positive, is gonna be the best yet. this may sound stupid or something, but its like the Afghan Whigs a long time ago if they didn't suck or were cooler. I mean this really is rock music in the punkiest sense of the word. (and soul.) (4-23-95)  
Vermin Soum po box 22202 halto, MD. 21203-4202

**THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE 7"** (egg)  
got this the week of christmas dinner parties all across the scene, and the week we found out charles and sharon were gonna get married, and that was totally fitting since this is the music you want to play for your friends when you love them. I can go on and on about how enamoured I am of this, and how close in spirit and feeling it is to the first CLAY ALLISON record (that was like a complete epiphany to my 11 grade, puppy loving punk rock ears), and even how this must be the new Kendra Smith and Roback show for all the nineties romance poet kids, and the new perfect and simple it is, and how beautiful the sleeve pic looks; but I won't say I'll say for true that these 2 songs, "kira" and "alibi" are the best 2 songs I've ever gotten for free, and the only 2 songs, on the right kind of groovy-edge day, in the entire world. (4-14-95)  
(po box 30253 indianapolis in 46230)

## FOE RECORDS PO BOX 4 Bethlehem PA 18016 (payments to "Frank Pearn Jr.")

### FOE RECORDS

- FOE 001 "Get the Hell Out Comp." cd \$8 ppd
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- FOE 003 Weston/Strychnine and the Rat Traps split 7" both pressings out of print
- FOE 004 Anonymous 7" in it's second pressing \$3 ppd or \$1 with any order

Available This Fall Probably... Hopefully... Soon you know...

- FOE 005 Mr Yuk 7" "14's of Blinky"
- FOE 006(66) The Jck 7"
- FOE 007 Follow Fashion Monkeys 7"

Sometime there after, whenever it's done thing...  
Grieving Eucalyptus/Walter Krug 7"  
Plus many other surprises...

### Other Lehigh Valley bands material I have available:

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- Original Sins "Acid Bubble Punk" cd \$10 ppd
- Td Rather Be Dead "You Say" 7" \$3 ppd
- Weston/Sticks and Stones split 7" \$3ppd
- Grieving Eucalyptus "Johnny Made Me Do It" 7" \$3ppd
- Grieving Eucalyptus "Superdooper" 7" \$3ppd
- Turnbul AC 7" (only 5 left) \$3ppd
- Ox "About Time" 7" \$3ppd
- Mortimer Smedley 7" \$3ppd
- Fortnight "Whose Choice" 7" \$3ppd

Back issues of FOE #9, 11, 27, 28, 29, 30 \$1 each ppd  
Subscription: send \$1 per issue  
Bulk: send \$5, I'll send 20-25 copies to ya

### HICKSVILLE HOGWASH!

Hicksville House No. 2  
Hicksville, New York  
Warwickshire ENGLAND  
NY 12258 USA UK

THE GUARANTEED UGLY EP "Warts And All" 5 tracks recorded live on Friday the

"AHMSA" Compilation LP w/ GUARANTEED UGLY, SPECTRUM and lots more "psychotic" graphics by Fr. Ugly and friends.  
A.F.V. EP psych / punkers (Dregs of Humanity)

HICKSVILLE TEENS COMPILATION TAPES VOL. 1 to

27. Remember to add money for post and packaging. I think about 3 or 4 quid should sort it out but I'm not sure.

# UNITED STATES THREE 7" (egg)

its amazing to think about until you really think about it, how totally influential 5:30 were on this side of the atlantic. "resonate with me" is the inevitable take on 5:30's take on the Jam. and "thats the way it is" is the powering, emo filled sub-blues guitar burn out. (4-17-95) (po box 30253 indianapolis in 46230)

# CHISEL Nothing New EP (gern blandsten)

gern and gravity are the only "pro" labels these days! got the tight clothes out because this is the 5:30 revival you hoped would happen when they got crummy and un-mod after the first single. thats not to say that this is so great, because it isn't. but, fuck! compared to most bands that play rote, conventional pop rock songs, this is the breathing fresh air of the modern world. of course the GUY - RECORDED songs are the best ones. and the guitar toggle switch wiggling is a welcome sound. so the next time some fat ass with a beard and sandals and jean shorts tries to tell you whate up, slash at his neck with your sharpened chrome mod comb; pop some speed and call the dork a fucking hippy, with eyes wide from simulants and coffee, kick him in the groin like he's a rooker on the sand, and stare out train windows, rain dripping down them, singing "sea and sand" to yourself over and over in your head, out of your brain on the 5:15, heading to the ocean to fucking kill yourself because everything is so completely fucked. and god, please kick the now-dead heads out of the scene already, before anyone else sends me a Downcast promo because rap metal really suks. (8-21-95) (305 haywood dr. paramus nj 07652)

CLIKATAT IKATOWI Orchestrated and Conducted by LP (gravity) after a few listons, after a good psychedelic bong hit, this is made completely clear. there are so many choice spazzed out moments of guitar bass and drum catharsis on here it is almost incredible. after a good psychedelic epiphany with this, on a mellow summer evening, even the guy's voice is no longer annoying, but totally fitting! and no, it is not the pretentious spazz out you think you heard the first time you listened to it or the first time you saw the ad, but very life affirming, if you grew up loving fucked up SoCal youth culture, hearing that the California kids are still insane manic depressives. i guess theyre all junkies and crystal meth freaks too or something, but gravity continues to be the best label around. the pic inside is fucking cool, even though today's HC audiences always look like freaked out scarecrows. (i mean, the best thing about old southern california records was always the crowd shots of guys in sweaters and crew outs and vans and jeans and black eyes either sailing over the crowd, flannel shirt 'kilt' flapping in the wind, or watching it, with backs turned to the band, wondering when they'd get slammed into from

behind, the huntington beach herky-jerky strut like a limp wristed punch right in the eye, ringing in the advent of the fin de siècle like a (po box 81302 san diego ca 92138) (thank you Peathouse) (8-30-95)

# SPACEMEN 3 "spacemen are Go!" (bomp)

there was no better song ever written than "sound of confusion" and when you saw it listed on the back you bought this. you slouch back and skip to it. you can hear the tinkling of champagne glasses, the pitter patter of punters filing in and out, the same old chafin' Jason and Sonic are sitting in creaking when they rock back and forth, and the sound of a German audience in 1989 entranced and in love. and "confusion" flows effortlessly into "i believe it". and then "lord can you hear me". and the room sounds so quiet and holy. like midnight Christmas eve. and you can picture it so easy. because you know as well as i do that the closest you'll ever come to religion is seeing a tearjerkingly real and great rock band playing "gospel" numbers live three lines up from this year, that the "playing with fire" era was their wasting away late summer afternoons at the Benjamin Harrison squat with the perfect perspiration LP as the penultimate soundtrack; the house away from returning and killing us. and me about to split the scene and escape any consequences, flying off to a semester in London. (and certainly not me and Paul David standing all summer out on Portebello our ears being blown off the sides of our heads by THEE HYPONOTICS first. and moments later by SPACEMEN 3 themselves. Rosco James winking at us from behind the drum kit, Pete Baseman wrapping his legs up in bass strings with the EXACT SAME demeanor as Mike Fellows on the RITES OF SPRING LP sleeve. Jason and Sonic slowly disappearing inside a cloud of dry ice, the whole band riding that one note duet taped down on the key board straight into Jesus's loving lap. and yes, the old thesis about the utter superiority of their country blues / gospel tunes (the ones with out all the noise) was proven once and for all...)

# LITTLE BROTHER'S ALMANAC number 2

it has finally come out, earned Art his post-grad degree and made a million people who should be happy even happier. Art lets it hang out, lets his ideas loose into the free market... the big treatises the issue are about as heart felt as fanzine words will get, meaning they are super-personalized opinion pieces with hardly a nod to what the scene Hitlers already think i mean who in the nation writes research papers on Chumpey, OX and DING? the ORIGINAL SINS (revitalizing them again; proving the creative process is a symbiotic one involving not only the tree falling and the ear hearing it, but also that same ear adding its own feedback?) or Sara and MARNALADE (celebrating the cool and the young?) or the fucking DEALERS (like anyone else would even buy the records! let alone even make the effort to understand it all!) i don't know i love Art and Kathy and you should too, since the Chinatown scene is soon influence your every calculated move toward hipness. (send money to the address elsewhere in here.)

# CAP N' JAZZ LP (man with gun)

people like Ralph FRANKLIN Darden and Adam Repurcussion dig this band, and they are good people. much like GAUGE but only better! and maybe the closest any singer has come to John Vance (MOSS ICON) in the sincere young poet-man voice department. i mean when he's going "young human beings... shook me spill me fill me lift me blah blah blah" it sounds so close, and the best ones are instantly reminiscent of "moth" and "lyburnum wit's end liberation fly" they're so fucking good. the songs just keep getting better and better until towards the end they are so Gauge, but better. maybe its like a true rendering of some massive mythic AMERICAN stream of rock that starts with Huck Finn and lights Virginia dulcimers, rushing right along with Kerouac forefathers and West orth digging basically the exact same righteous American (you know; the cool, non-oppressive and good things the squares are quick to forget), taking you right up to Moss Icon getting loose and screaming stream of consciousness poems to God... like if maybe Shannon Moon were cooler or more punk when he was a kid, and therefore more into Jon Vance instead of Ian Macaye and Bobby Soulside. i don't know, everything is sung with so much fucking JOY and LIBERATION and an obvious LOVE OF SINGING HIS WORDS! like they mean something. and how else would you hope to sing? what else would you want him or her to sing about after singing words about angels, oats, human beings, fish fry parties on Fridays etc.? especially while wailing like an Emo Folky on a fucked up tambourine. And when finally, he's going "Sugar, gimme that smile", and the LP is ending, i'm like "fuck! this totally rules." And the "sugar" part is part your lover and you will sing together on lazy Saturday coffee mornings because together you're totally cool. And i've never even seen the thing! i only have a tape of the unfinished or unmixed version Ralph got on tour, and like friend he made me a copy because he thought i'd dig it. (Man With Gun 4910 washington street Downers Grove IL 60515)

# HUSKER DU Now and Zen (boppin buddha)

complete package of Zen Arcade outakes stolen from some great source. sounds fucking fantastic with nary a production value in sight. sounds like the Rites of Spring LP which is of course what Rites of Spring wanted anyway. sounds like the very genesis of the EMO HISTORY and it fucking is because Zen Arcade is the most important record in the history of the hardcore kids so tense and romanco-mysterioso and freaked out and serious they explode and cry and etcetera. if you don't get this then your grad school thesis on the secret history of emo will be missing THE MOST CRUCIAL PRIMARY SOURCE in the bibliography and footnotes. you will get an F. (no address on this boot. order it now from Underground Medicine distro) (4-6-95)

# DREAM SYNDICATE Before The Days Of Wine And Roses (easy)

the show that heralded the triumph of the paisley underground. (and, as an aside, the history of the Paisley Underground is truly a 'quantum' history: on the third - or fourth, depending on what you're counting-Three O'Clock record, there is a song called "Simon underwater with tentacles", or something, or another song called "underwater", which obviously prophesied the advent, 10 years later, of the DEALERS and the beer sodden Frizz studio scene and all those good underwater sounding production jobs that only the legitimate rock bands that recorded there could use to their advantage, the others just sounding like shit regardless of wherever they might record. i mean it was Simon's slutty fucking tentacles that dropped and exploded a full beer all over the 16 track board the very first night of the very first Frizz session, which was a DEALERS' session.) i remember this at this show. it was crowded with all the luminaries. everyone was a post-LA hardcore druggie in a paisley shirt, but with Black Flag beach stoner ethos and a qualude demeanor. it was wonderful. Steve Wynn, and this is of course way before they got so lame in a year or two, sounds so incredibly high and mellow when he talks with you. Precoda does out the massive coat anti-hardcore LA scenesters of the day that both him and Ginn wore like the 2 paths one had to choose from; like a fork in the woody path of bucolic american rock guitar. Or the 2 paths you could somehow BRING TOGETHER like Charles O'Connor. If i really did put this out i would sure as hell have left out the mainstream-swaying covers, and not make it look like some fucking Tom Petty LP or something. But i didn't. (And i would have gotten someone who wasn't retarded to write the liner notes. or i would have left them out completely. or i would have somehow included "halloween" and "until lately" and "then she remembers" (the song with the guitar that launched the Zen Arcade Ark). or i would have just put out "before the days of the emergency third rail power trip" and he done with it. Or i would just reuse the old Salvation Army stuff with all the pictures of them from old issues of Flipside, of Huntington Beach creeps circle dancing, arms flailing wildly, even though they're playing the paisley songs, ambulances arriving one after the other outside, enough horror stories for a million exploitation episodes of Chips and Quinoy...) (its a scene out of a doctoral dissertation on the very particular moments in history when 2 paradigms, one ascendent, the other descendent, come into complete contact with each other because they have to; the specific brief moments when both the old and the new are so easy to see, it being easier to glimpse the evolution from the one to the other: like the confluence of 2 rivers, or more like a stream meeting a river, and how that stream and that river are now changed, are now something different and a thing unto itself, and the detritus and lost effects of that meeting... and in the eddies there, thats where the muskellunge and smallmouth and pikeral feed, the amount of different life forms swimming around, and the highly fresh and oxygenated water making it a feeding frenzy forever; a source of renewal until the great big creeping river of American rock runs dry. Like its want to do now and again.) (8-20-95)

# MOWER QUEEN the remarkable effects of vaccination EP (oatsnbrocks)

know absolutely nothing about this amazing band except that the guy at Rotate This in Toronto says they come in all the time and are really cool kids, and that both picked it out because the cover is cool, a piece of yellow silk silk screened on both sides, and that they're from Toronto. and that Toronto is kind of a pretty cool town, and that this weird band sound sort of like WINGTIP SLOAT or some how like some kind of Canadian version of old PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH, and that they have the overpowering rythm guitar 'whoosh' of live DUSTDEVILS (i mean it sounds like a really big re-tuned acoustic guitar with pickups duet taped to it) (and i don't mean the guitars are distorted, cuz they hardly are) and they have a very clever drumming of the summer of 95. no doubt. "new SE" has the heavy sound of evocative INDIAN SUMMER guitar-string-strung-pretty intro, and drum and guitar interplay that sounds like 20 pairs of chopsticks having chopstick fencing matches simultaneously at a big table full of friends in the window seat of the coolest restaurant in Chinatown, and how the lights of the street outside come in, illuminating sharp dressed asian gang kids walking by fast in packs smoking cigarettes from cupped hands, and square yuppies' faces hunched over in concentration checking out the menu by the door, and magic old men that stand there reading Chinese newspapers in the light of a yellow street lamp in the night, completely lost but to some set of important rules entirely of their own making, their own secret set of the rules of living. (8-26-95) (50 borden st. toronto, ONT. m5s 2m9 canada)

# POUMONS "new SE" single (think)

'poumons' means 'lungs' and that is a cool name for your cool band. both picked this out because of the beautiful cover: a totally pretty photograph of them, half sleeping, sitting there lazily and confused, soft and blurred, with a fine matte finish, glued to a red piece of Canadian construction paper, the information hand-written with a black marker, wielded clumsily... along with the MOWER QUEEN record, easily the best 7" purchase of the summer of 95. no doubt. "new SE" has the heavy sound of sloppy bloated mod, and the mean rythm stutter almost, of "when the night falls" by the EYES or some song by THE UK BIRDS or THE KINKS except that its happening now and they are way more tranced out (as in tranquilizers), way more sleepy sounding, the cool thing is they can hardly play, and they sound cool while playing hard. and the guy sounds cool and sussed while singing, and some lyrics are sung spelled out. and some are just long "who's" that carry farther. go to Windsor Ontario and search them out, buy this from them, go through their record collections, tell me whats in them, get them to move to Philadelphia, and stop listening to crap. seriously. (i'm sorry but its like i almost instantly hate anything that this one is the best yet. don't worry about me being biased since my little brother makes these things, because it transcends that. a long front end, 12.5 inches of bottom bracket clearance, quick geometry, and the integrity of hand crafting, what the fuck? you expect me to ride a Trek? or a mass-produced Cannondale? i may as well buy major label records... essentially the frame is designed for (etook) trials. so of course its very responsive and quick and stiff which is as it better fucking be while hauling between lines of traffic, seeing your hole and shooting into it in the 3 seconds it exists. its fucking strong of course,

# EASTERN WOODS RESEARCH "Original Woods" frameset

i've messengered on about a zillion different frames, both road and mountain, and i am both qualified to, and totally serious when i say that this one is the best yet. don't worry about me being biased since my little brother makes these things, because it transcends that. a long front end, 12.5 inches of bottom bracket clearance, quick geometry, and the integrity of hand crafting, what the fuck? you expect me to ride a Trek? or a mass-produced Cannondale? i may as well buy major label records... essentially the frame is designed for (etook) trials. so of course its very responsive and quick and stiff which is as it better fucking be while hauling between lines of traffic, seeing your hole and shooting into it in the 3 seconds it exists. its fucking strong of course,

considering the massive triangulation of the STEEL tubes. it looks like a suspension bridge, with its 4 triangles and tons of stand-over height, and it looks pretty punk in understated purple glitter, with "cornerhop" in green Baskerville on the top and down tubes... hand crafted in Bethlehem Pa, land of engineers. (8-3-95)  
(eastern woods research 945 Monacaay st. Bethlehem, Pa. 18018  
610.868.9331)

**THE RAIN PARADE** Emergency Third Rail Power Trip (enigma)  
i have a genuine fondness for psychedelic music, having been around to play it and listen to it in the mid sixties. consequently, i wanted very much to like this album. i mean, its got a neat cover, hip title, the band looks good, and they have a groovy name; but theres a few things that bother me. the sound, though good, is too similar from out to out. its what you might get if some rock and roll geneticist grafted genes from The BEATLES' "rain" onto The ASSOCIATION's "pandora's golden heebie geebies", that is, nice harmonies over mid tempo jangle. this is psychedelic rock from the baroque/folk vein rather than the punky-bluesy-hopped-up-on-pills school. the tamborines and twelve strings are all there in the right places, but so what? if you have to contribute something new, the promo sheet says that the drummer has an avant garde background, and that another guy is a classical violinist with heavy chops. so where is it? thats what psychedelia is all about. these guys have the right stuff if they can learn to lighten up and kick ass once in a while. may i suggest some LSD?  
-C.W. Vrtacek writing in OP magazine, issue # V. (which means he knows everything.)

**WINGTIP SLOAT** "chevy foot" LP (VHF)  
just get it. its like the best looking and coolest feeling DC record since UNREST's first "Tink of SE". (i mean thats a DC high-water mark that has yet to be topped) which it looks like even, hand made covers with stuff glued and taped to every single one... its the total 4 track art rock happening in the metro suburbs. songs you could call Corky (as opposed to 'quirky', theres a difference; in the chomosome count) when you are feeling lazy. or literary songs with literary titles whence you're not. perhaps the best instances of the real Maryland / Virginia emo jam, the melody-bass-led stoner meanderings that are instantly evocative of goodness when theyre done right, since like MOSS ICON wig outs, or The HATED or ancient UNREST "over the life" being the very first SELF-CONSCIOUS 'emo' song) or "4am". sometimes you will think this is new PORK/CRASHING BOHR (or whatever they ended up being called before they split), considering the rate at which they were progressing back then (i mean naiveve was their god given right and gift). but then you get that corrupted feeling suggesting that its all a joke and W.S. are way more cynical than they want you to believe, even though the beatnik leanings are the halls, daddy. VHF box 7365 fairfax station VA 22039 (7-23-95)

**STILL LIFE** "slow children at play" 8" (rhetoric)  
the new 8 inch format sweeps the scene! Still Life are getting better with age and it shows. "the push and the pull" sounds like THE LAUGHING HYENAS did live in me and Andy's basement at 43rd and Baltimore 7 years ago, although S.L.'s world view is alot less dark of course. the lyrics to "small" sound so resigned and genuine and cool when you read them on paper sans the music. he should have just spoken them over some loud shitty recorded version. but its still a huge operatic guitar song in the slow parts. i mean it approaches The Canaries sometimes (when youre really stoned on the floor in the window of a warm lonely day on your own, thinking about the people you loved like you can only do through the rosy glasses of the past.) (that is if you can imagine this sounding way better. ie. way less. produced (9-9-95) (ok, i'll tell the Laughing Hyenas story. Andy was in Jamaica at the time, swimming and getting stoned with Michelle Bell for spring break. Decalator and Big Greg set up the show, on the Hyenas first tour. i don't even know if the record was out yet. all i knew was that we were in all kinds of shit already because the neighbors were complaining about the noise and the cats (one 3-legged, another 1-eyed) and how they kept seeing Chuck Meehan coming over with his pet goat, thinking we kept goats in the basement for milk or something, which would have been cool, we could have made D.I.Y goat's milk cheese and do-it-yourself... about a million people were there. the guy from the Wurst House came over with oases of National Bohemian to sell to the punks for \$5 a can. people were running all over the neighborhood. the PsychoDrama chick pushed a retard out the window of the Anytus crash pad up the block. Lisa Suck Dog and Costes were moving in and their U-shah was blocking the street. John Brannon screamed into the mic in the basement brick walls of our house starting to give. the punks expecting "nothing" and "ready to fight" warmed to the new sound more than i thought they (and I) would. and this was early 1988 so philadelphia had their own version of the HC renaissance going on. in their own style, so the dancing was brutal and vicious since everybody had a 40 ounce bottle refilled with keg beer in their hand. Kevin Strickland had the red beard the checked earthy tweed jacket and the green pants on. he had the April Fool tattoo. he looked like a fucking leperchaun. Andy had eyes that were about to burst and could hardly play which sounded harsh and good. the guy on the drums was from then on the main reason to watch them play... After everyone went home me and Tara Melutis were trying to crash but Brannon and Kevin Strickland kept barging in the door of my room again and again, asking first for painkillers, then cough syrup and ultimately Aspirin. Amy was sleeping in the van. Brannon at dawn resigned to the fact that we didn't have anything to mellow him out. i wanted to go to bed. Strickland realized that he would be awake forever. Tara just sat there thinking about, fuck, i don't know... the CREATURES? So i started asking them about Zuher and the NECROS and MODONALDS and NUNZIOS SMOGOS too. And thats when John got up and said "what the fuck?" and split. Then Kevin Strickland got us to take him to the all night AM PM on Baltimore avenue. it was about 4 am. On the way up the road we saw some Penn student totally getting mugged. I'm like Fuck! But Strickland clantly takes in the scene, bends down, picks a big rock out of the gutter and starts walking toward the fight. we watch him walk slow and straight up to the mugging, the mugger looking up at him not stopping, the stude slumping on the ground out of his grasp finally and the mugger turning away and splitting. We order ice cream sandwiches through the bullet proof safety glass of the AM PM. Kevin orders cherry Robitussin. He says that thats what you have to do in Detroit all the time. he had such a cool quiet voice. (9-11-95)

**SIDESHOW** "lip read confusion" LP (fly daddy)  
who knows why its not strictly a Caulfield deal... but two things are made certain: 1) Sideshow have the finest rhythm section in rock today. no bullshit fake jazz bo drummer boy pretense, posturing and clothes needed at all since Paul Tiedale is already simply playing jazz truthfully like you post-M.O.U. powers which you could, but no amount of Art Blakey-in-your-record-collection revisionism will ever allow you to (like you're really some big fan) the bass on some of the songs sounds like well-timed combo punches to the gut, knocking you to there. the drums and bass together is a thing of beauty and i wanna see them live. Bernie's voice is almost better than the last LP even, the guitar is vicious abrasion that still totally takes off and soars. the waltzing mantra rock-out jams in songs like "option refused", "camp sunnyside" and the tittle track will fly you over the Nebraska countryside higher and

higher in a huge slow blimp, looking down on the patchwork of cornfields, wheatfields and crop circles below, on the sunniest, laziest day in the world. i mean like staring out in reverie, face pressed to glass in a dirigible's cabin looking down on the world. and the end of "grips" is one of the best grooving flame-out jamming punk rock rave ups ever; the power trio working correctly together, loocomting and flying like some machine. but of course i wish it weren't so produced and shiny, and thats not to imply that its hollow or thin sounding, but that it should have been way less so. and thats the other thing made certain... who knows? (you wanna know who knows? Carducci knows when he goes when the recording process for an independent label release is shaped to honor air play imperatives rather than rock imperatives the end result is generally neither.") (from his Libertarian-esque opus Rock And The Pop Narcotic) (in which he says other very welcome anarcho-libertarian things like: (concerning BLACK FLAG) "their decision not to police the audience from the stage was a sober one made with respect for freedom and the ability of people to reach a more perfect harmony only in the context of that freedom." And, concerning the artist's place vis a vis co-option/ sellout/ seduction through Big Brother government grants/handouts: "when state subsidies to the arts increase, the anti-social virulence of the resulting art also increases because subsidizing need even further to prove that they are not kept artists... the seduction they ought be concerned about is the one which leads free adults to be wards of the state." and, on elitist fanzines and their imperialist drive for cultural scene hegemony: "democracy the free market are subversive of elites and so rightly considered a threat to them" i mean, go buy the book, or steal it from Borders, before Maximum Rock and Roll and Heart Attack ban it in the underground nation. (even tho theres of course some worse writing in it to be embarrassed about). So anyway! thank the Corn Field God its not a major label thing yet. (i mean the LP) (8-8-95) po box 4618 seattle Wash. 98104 usa

**FLYING SAUCER ATTACK** "further" (drag city)  
the saddest songs you'll ever hear... the rainiest rainy day songs for staring out drippy windows to streets below, or straight ahead at blurred landscapes in dreary England, the drugs finally wearing off slowly crashing hard and empty, but the sun glowing orange rising between the trees, it will soon be morning... this is the make love music for all the smoked out HC's taking over the scene fast. The anti-modern modern-esque cooteau twin psych home taped in the potting shed, the bad thoughts inside your head, turned good and twiddling the dials on the Tascam 4 track these lots of guitar sounds that sound like crickets in your small town back yard at night in the height of summer warmth laziness, and how inherently magical that is: exactly like Carson Macoullers you fuck! lots of hushed singing whispers like theyre sung by a man scared of what you'll think of him now. lots of space ship take off whirs past beehives in hazy fields. and more space/time experimentation that will have you dizzy or passed out depending on what sort of drugs you just gobbled down or shot up your butt... IT IS JUST AN ENTIRELY BEAUTIFUL PACKAGE of songs, photos and feelings. (we're driving through the night in the DAREDEVIL van and Percy Persephone looks at the interior and goes, "FSA sticker on the dash. Awesome...") (i mean they were raving on and on about them all night.) (i mean they did steal a couple hundred FSA records in every city they visited!) (and so thats why you can't find these anywhere!) (9-13-95)

"Eucalyptus" comp. 7" (tree)  
pretty cool package job: two records in a seven inch gatefold with pages. but out of the 6 bands on this, 4 suck. And of the remaining 2, the INDIAN SUMMER thing was released elsewhere and the CURRENT number isn't that great... at least they spent alot of money on the project, pumping cash into a punk rock economy dying from way too much Keynesian tinkering, and there are just 2 or 3 national fanzines brought on by the conspiracy that with almost zero blatant localism, a "top-down" cultural political economy that may as well be Stalin's Russia. (8-13-95)

**UNIVERSAL ORDER OF ARMEGEDDON** 12" (gravity)  
the die cut cover shows off the colorful beautiful labels. the silk screens on the cardboard are smudged and homey. the three songs are the dirty power rock guitar freak out that cuts so fucking deep and heavy that you already know its gonna be something you wish to hear really loud. its total soul again and totally soulful and you know you're gonna buy it at an LP price because you know three songs of theirs are worth as much according to any fucking criteria as 23 songs by. oh, i don't know, The Swinging Utters? i mean even just for the goddamn guitar, let alone anything else! (8-13-95)

fanzines, you know those things.  
**NICE POOPER** doesn't come out enough but what good fanzine does? andy talks alot of truth and alot of "funny" in the last one. but honestly, the prospect of a Strapping Fieldhands tour diary as promised on the cover might make the scenesters apprehensive about picking it up at the Barnes and Noble (or where ever fanzines come from). i mean, you know that that particular band just played with some bands, got paid and fell asleep right there. i mean theyre not the FABULOUS STAINS on the road or anything. i mean you know there won't be any cool "on the road" - out the window observations like Lee Renaldo's ancient beatnik diary in that issue of Forced Exposure which was like the greatest tour diary ever written... but those same hands that started placing the zine neatly back on the shelf are suddenly drawn in by the terrific shot of a 10 year old Junior flanked by the Miami Vice stars, in savage pink, and they pick it back up. this time determined to blow their last dollar on what they hope will be candid photos of some hot pedophile action featuring 'big' don johnson and his mulatto sex detektiv who says the philadelphia scene is prudish and anti alternative sexuality! who had the chickenhawks will be disappointed. but only briefly because they will see he was digging andy's excellent recounting of going to shows (ie. a futile and romantic endeavor unless wasted or lucky enough to see the rare good band, or Dan Gill beating the shit out of that nazi Calvin Johnson). the recorded rock experience (reviews written that actually try to cut to the matter), and the various millions of earth shattering things that happen in the scene every suspense packed day (previous insecure 'rock band' members want to beat him up for telling the truth). next issue will have photos of City Paper, uh, 'writers' with smiles on totally kissing his ass... send money now to: 745 s. cleveland st. phila. pa. 19146

**CHUMPIRE** is the didactic (or is that pedantic) voice of Greg Knowles. #50 is the usual piece of paper covered with Greg's sometimes achingly honest, sometimes almost embarrassing, oft times right on, observations both personal (the heart felt and queezy) and 'scene-political' (the right-on). but #50 also includes photos of seminal PA bands (of recent years) on cardstock paper so you can cut them out during Spanish class instead of listening to the teacher, getting a head start on tonight's homework from Mobile Making class. you'd be a flaming retard if you didn't get it both figuratively and literally... (greg's taking a permanent job out near Erie Pa so expect yet another someone to pop up there, just like Emporium St. Mary's, Westlawn, ad nauseum. i mean, he is thee pied piper!) (and i cant find the new adress!) (hows that for organization!) (wait! here it is! po box 680! conneaut lake, pa. 16316-0680!)

**LITTLE BROTHERS ALMANAC** will be coming out shortly you hope. i mean, don't you dream about more fanzines while walking around the city? more fanzines that read like the phd dissertations you would write if yours was really a picaresque trapeze through your own brain and its place in a real estate signs, hand made by Art, and billboards and marquees and book you wander through, so full of WORDS at every turn, from every angle, trying to get you to buy things, rent things, do things, not do things, mean add to that! throw money at: 901 cherry, 4th fl. chinatown philadelphia, 19105

THE ICK, ANONYMOUS, CAR VS. DRIVER at Cabbage in the summer got the red wine emo on my sleeve like my fucking feelings, man. and down the front of my shirt. got there late and almost missed THE ICK. Rocky always warms up the crowd because he looks like a happy go lucky leperchaun street urinal boy. a Huck Finn guy smiley kid. what the fuck, they're not as good tonight as "the mellow sessions" greg Ox recorded, but when were they ever? ANONYMOUS comes out of the dressing room and sean is wearing women's clothing which is a good point-counterpoint to the rest of the straight edgers in baseball caps, tattoos and vans. they are really ON and frenzied tonight. But when Dave, Aaron and Schmitt take off their shirts, and when Aaron puts on his fake glasses, offending everyone who actually needs them, and when he starts striking Sick Of It All poses, the 13 NICE POOPER reporters and photographers in attendance disappear fast out the door, while everyone else just tries to get even closer to the band. Schmitt looks like he's about to bust. Dave looks like some mother fucking monster smashing at drums with big splintered tree trunks... and then, i don't know, i guess we were all fucked up or something, or we got abducted, but there is no memory of CAR VS. DRIVER in the hard disk of my mind. unless of course my digital brain wants to spare me horrible, traumatic, depressing sights. (if you still wanna know what i thought perhaps you could hypnotize me!)

HUGGY BEAR, POLICY OF THREE and some other punkers at the Village People's YMCA, spring 95. pouring down dirty cold rain, the city pisses on me, beth, andy, elysia and sean twilliger and joe all night. sean was so fucking loaded that he doesn't even know he went to this show. we spent a few hours exploring dripping red brick alleys in Chinatown, smoking ginseng cigarettes and watching the rain slant through the light of street lamps, jugs of wine going glug glug... we sat around on the floor of the hall and grew increasingly cynical bored. we watched sean roll over and throw up 16 gallons of wine and gin. we watched him roll the other way like nothing at all out of the ordinary just happened. we watched the punkers clean up both him and it, like he was some writer god at a beatnik bacchanal, the adoring girls hoping to make his short stay with them here on earth that much more pleasurable. then we figured we had better get the fuck out of there.

THE DEALERS, HERCHEL, UN and a cast of millions at the Hall Of Justice. Nice Pooper columnists and copy editors got the DEALERS (as) wasted before we even left me and beth's pad. but when we got there, the first equipment unpacked and plugged in were the jugs of red wine, out on the red wood deck where the rock was to take place. HERCHEL proceeded to turn up and up and play his cool weird electro 'songs' for the engineering students of Drexel. it filled the air. people who should know better were eating raw hamburgers. the host was trying to make us all pay the admission price, but perhaps he shouldn't have dropped \$500 on meat and shishkabobs. or let everyone else in free... the sun was at the perfect angle with the earth, the sky was orange in the twilight, a breeze kicked up and blew over the show going shoegazers out on the deck, then and only then did we start playing. the first deal since Charles split to the north. it was psychedellic and warm. Junior kept putting pot pipes in front of our faces. the animal was wrestled from raw sound and sculpted into angel's trumpets and devil's trombones. right. andrew clees puked his guts out all over Herschel's stuff and on the steaming charcoal grille. people just sort of spatula-ing it off their burgers and on to other thier enemies. (after the set i laid on the people how we had LPs for sale. they stared at me, or yelled for "red wine emo", or Jam covers, as if they did not hear a word i said. Charles slouched dazed on his stool, his heart torn completely from his body. Simon politely tried to make way for the UN drummer already setting up his rock equipment. twilliger got a beep from HIS dealer and split to coop. we split soon ourselves, the rambunctious Powlton Village Oi! scene left far behind.)

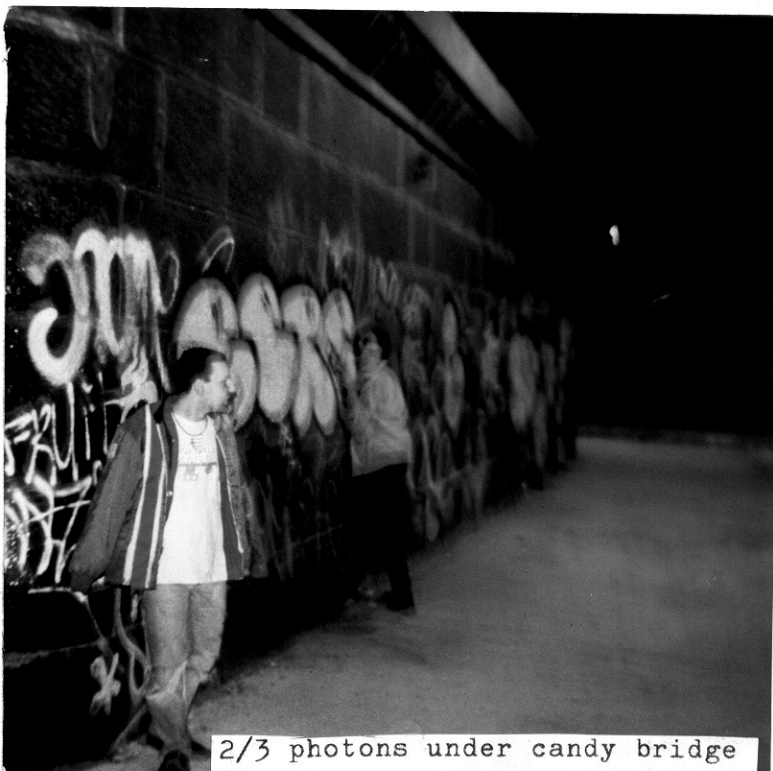
WESTON, GARDEN VARIETY and the Punks Of Philly Revue at a hall on 4th & Lombard, 8-19-95 walked to the show with Fugazi fans from France. people were pissing in alleys all over Society Hill. some bands from Cali were playing when we arrived. they blew in the clique i hang with, Dave Weston was doing impersonations from every youth movie ever made. Then he led a discussion group on the futility of any attempt to top Over The Edge in terms of youth cult filmaking greatness. there was absolutely no dissension, even from the kids who now live their lives according to "Kids". And then as a capper he did a few Christopher Walken impersonations (from The Dead Zone and The Deer Hunter), concluding his pop culture spiel to tremendous applause, and hours of it... everyone in Philly wanted to see Garden Variety because they supposedly all look like junior Art DiFurias. And one of them really does. the drummer looks and sounds like a younger Frank "Love Muffin" Campbell. they were pretty good. but i kept turning around, alternately watching the punks playing tag, and the Frenchies falling asleep on the gym floor. they came to the U.S. romantically in search of American Hardcore, thinking that elusive thing was to be found at Fugazi shows at places like the Trocadero or something... oh well, there's always better things to do and better places to sleep; like right outside the door waiting for Weston, or checking out Schmitt's new GT BMX bike, shining in the streetlights...

#### HOSE GOT CABLE at Cabbage in October 1995

another rainy dream away turns into night except that this night its really funny pouring and Jon Kitchochao, Elizabeth, Jen Egg Yolk, Andy Nice Pooper and Wesi Hobart are all hanging out getting the red wine emo injection straight into their hearts with the help of a brand new Double Bong Bag... so it was fitting that we came upon Rodney Emo Motherlover talking motorcycles in the pissing down pour with a very beautiful acquaintance. And it was fitting, albeit a bit incorrect to force marijuana on us; i mean he would not take no for an answer. but thank god since H.G.C. were something terribly great to watch through these starry eyes! they were totally intense. People like Ralph Darden say you don't need any stimulant to enjoy a band and its like "no shit", who ever said you did. i just dig most things that free up your head to hopefully aid in your further enjoying anything more deeply, wether that may be a band freaking out live like its all that exists for that moment in time, or playing guitar like its the only thing in that moment that is of any consequence, or making love as if anything else could possibly matter... so, uh, whatever. i guess i enjoyed the rock show more than anyone else almost; and probably alot more than the homeless guy that broke the window or whatever. and i enjoyed splashing through every puddle on every corner on the walk home down 21st street...

#### MERCY RULE at Lehigh University in Bethlehem (south side) one honest night in early June.

i guess LV punkers were in Philadelphia catching a Weston show at some big dumb hole. Not enough people in the pit. We hung around on the MR YUK porch taking in a gentle breeze, hoping to miss all the other bands. Night broke and we went up the mountainside. Newmeyer introduced the band like he was some big hot shot host or something. And Mercy Rule proceeded to turn the guitar up to 11! i don't know, i guess most punkers think they're too whippy or wholesome or something. i think they tri-angulate just fine. i think Jon Taylor can fucking wail out the power waltz guitar rev, tugging your fucking heartstrings, like a big heavy truck winding out a gear, like a fucking loud bagpipe death wail for the living. i think Heidi's like the coolest rook woman around (which isn't exactly the highest praise considering all her fucking square company). (and she looked cooler last summer in her Huntington Beach '81 girl's kilt). the newer songs are all rock and roll slowness and power trio power. the between song banter was engaging. And its cool to see people sing along with words that are allright, but the number of ambulances stopping by to pick the mangled bodies off the floor was getting creepy so we split to crash at my parent's house and then wake up to go and watch Kyle Knight's first races at the Lehigh County Velodrome.



2/3 photons under candy bridge

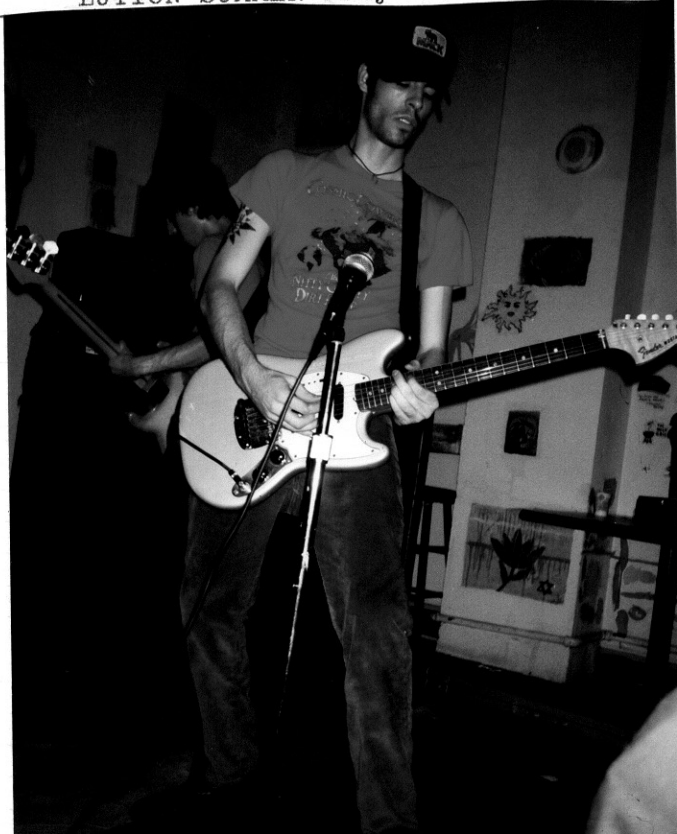
#### PHOTON BAND, DRUG EMPORIUM and VIBROLUX & JT at the 4 g's, Bethlehem

you wouldn't have guessed it but that gigantic and luxurious caddillac that passed you with such grace on rt. 309 was us heading north with the PHOTONS. Art and Kathy were taking this drive-away car from Florida to the Rabbi in the Catskills like it didn't occur to them that perhaps you shouldn't load someone elses car full of people, rock equipment, drugs, bottles, people, drugs and laughter; and go to shows with it. "this is thee tour van" says Art. I just wanna get there and check out the new hot tub! Everybody else doesn't want this plush ride to end. Everybody's swinging back and forth, crushing people's legs, in the power-cooling bucket seats like they're goddamn rides at the Christmas City Fair! Everybody's powering the windows up and down like primitives never seen electricity! Everybody's monging on the food and booze that came with the huge buffet table that lowered out of the back of the front seats, powered by an amazingly light titanium hydraulic system! Everybody's fighting over which Japanese channel to watch on the in-dash TV, until the satalite dish gets yanked off the roof somehow! The back seat looks as long as a soccer field in summer from one window to the other side, so we play a spirited game of 4 on 4, the electric lighters that come up out of the doors serving as make shift goal posts! But when we came seaming down the Bethlehem side of South Mountain, i don't know, everybody was going and ahhhing at the sight of the little city and its sparkling lights down below, that Art must have misjudged the turn. Art started sliding. Art whipping the wheel around in hilarious panic, until we started rolling, end over end over, past the college, past Pete The Hot Dog King, past Play It Again Rnds, right down Third Street, all the way, a mile or more, to the parking lot beside the G's. We climbed out the windows, the car resting on its back and buzzing and clicking like a super metallic robot insect trying with emotionless computerized determination to slowly right itself again. All the luxurious amenities within, all the cool comfy seats, the digitized windshield displayed map, the TV and the backseat lap top, crushed and utterly faked up. Everybody's laughing, kind of. hey, its not our car! and watching the once gleaming machine struggling to regain its expensive dignity. Its almost like watching a thoroughbred abused, wallow its last few breaths in a puddle of its own piss and blood. But suddenly the car flashes and jumps. lands on its wheels upright, and lowers itself to the ground with beautifully smooth mag-lev suspension. We watch amazed! The dents and holes and broken, shattered glass recomobulate before our eyes! The steel, we now realize, is of a superb new design, microcomputers the size of spermatozoa forged right into its every inch, a brand new process developed right down the street at Bethlehem Steel, some gigantic oradoid from 2050A.D. The once trashed caddillac heals itself as we stand there and cheer it on, as if we are witnessing a baby's birth, or imploring a butterfly to miraculously emerge from its cocoon, a bird straining to be free of its yolkly egg! And then it is done. The on-dash computer beeps to life. Its not like the fucking digital voice on Knight Rider, this is REAL! This is C3 PO talking! And it asks Art "where to next, sir?" With that, and a sense relief thats so palpable, we turn and enter through the back door of the club. The hot tub is ready for us, but now seems so LOW TECH to these jaded eyes. Beer too. for suddenly i have a hankering for some velocet drenchon, or even some Holoko Plus...

DRUG EMPORIUM. i'm thinking with eyes closed, sound like a horrible PURPLE HEARTS set on the worst night ever in the pissing rain in England. Then i open my eyes and see the drummer's clothes and have to turn fully around and face the wall, counting the grains in the wood out of boredom. PHOTON BAND, a little shaken up still, proceed to do a Small Faces cover. its as if Gary really is Ronnie Lane, on his death bed and all. Art's got the slashing guitar down! Simon gets up as the other two are smashing their guitars all over the room, looking for new things as yet unhit, and throws his drum kit into the hot tub. The scantily clad mod dancing girls jump up shrieking! Everybody in the clubs starts

yelling that drums are not electricly powered and that there is no danger, so the girls relax and sink back down into the bubbles. But, of course, the computer chip in the floor tom short circuits and the gun powder/magnesium/fertilizer/gas fuel mix in the bass drum explodes, sending a shower of blood bubbles out into the 500 strong crowd. Then Simon runs out the door, like he's just had some massive emo breakdown and has to go pull his eyes out in the cornfield. But suddenly a tremendous rumbling is heard from without. Suddenly the wall beside the pool table starts shaking! Suddenly the Cadillac comes smashing in through the bricks and mortar like a fucking A Bomb over Hiroshima! Like a goddamn Pop Art Explosion! Because that is what it is! Simon turns the wheel hard to the left, not looking at anybody or anything that he is running over, but looking with wide crazy eyes at the VR display like a video game on the windshield. He plops into the bar, backs up, peels out, doughnuts, chirps 'em and smashes back out the opposite wall, back onto the street, the car's gun ports flipping up and out to make sure nobody follows, or continues to breathe.

## 2 nights during the REVO LUTION SUMMER 10 year anniversary



daredevil: xdruggies in cordsx

THE SPEAKING CANARIES at a roast beef lunch cart in Olds City, July 13. Imagine warming up to the cart with the thought that nothing could be better than a slippery roast beef sandwich, money in hand to give to the Black Hole guy (he knows how to do 'the beef' just right), when he lays on you that the Canaries are playing! I mean its so fitting that its the tenth anniversary of Revolution Summer! one of the two bands you felt you just had to see before it changed to Degredation Wintex! so of course we took off to miss the first band. Upon returning it is evident that the Canary drummer is wearing a vintage GOVERNMENT ISSUE tee! So the 6 people who actually care that the Canaries are playing rush the stage and ask politely for a few G.I. covers: like "perhaps, old chap, the entire 'Joy Ride' LP?" Damon lightly touches a string, as if it were the most fragile piece of golden angel hair, and immediately everyone's ears are totally blown out, broken and bleeding profusely all over the club! And then he starts playing a song! "houses and houses" and into "guitars for a holocaust" and our ears are now soon lost for good, the new song is a long fucking rad rock opera. Sometimes its quiet and pretty like the most expensive, vintage red wine emo. Sometimes its as if Che got drunk and started playing a GUITAR like a percussive instrument, instead of a piano, until his fingers got all bloody. The guy from HURL is a pretty brilliant drummer sometimes, and sometimes he whacks the drums like he really means something in doing it. Everyone said the guy on the base was Karl Hendricks but it was really a fill in making his off Broadway debut. "Percy" Perseponko of Nice Pooper fanzine said they were looking a little tired and bored, and while agreeing, i'm also not caring. For in the cool break in "terrestrial", that split second syncopeation silence, Perseponko yells, "HALL OF FAME", for that split second filling the space and the silent void left there by the rock band. But then the Mel's Rockpile jumped up and beat him black and blue for the dissertation at U of Penn he had just completed about how much Mel's Rockpile suck. (i guess they now have to beat up everybody in the world for having the exact same thought.) At one point i pleasantly ask the Canaries to please play "joy ride", the song this time; but, playfully, the drummer blasts into the drum intro of "time to escape" do you get this? do you understand what is happening? this punk rock triangulation assassination

scenario? this rock triumvirate called forth from the air of histories put and alchemically transubstantiated into one? i mean even though they seemed bored they still fully realized the vague but powerful conspiracy across space, time and genre connecting VAN HALEN, GOVERNMENT ISSUE and YES! I mean they can do this with out really trying too; VH rock song-smithing, Tom Lyle guitar sculpturing and beautiful Jesus freak YES epics all the while making them into THEIR OWN songs. (thats why it would be retarded to dismiss the new LP with bullshit condescensions about "sounding like Van Halen" and you think i'm a freak, but i can prove empirically all of this as i taped the show (and even with the walkman muffled safely deep in my Di Martini messenger bag, the tape still 'conveys' just how gloriously loud they were).

DAREDEVIL at a Cabbage Collective house July 13 me, beth, andy nice pooper and jason were like thee biggest INDIAN SUMMER compulsives ever... met Rodney Emo Motherfucker (k.e.m) and went over to Junior's room because other, lesser, bands were starting off the festivities. It was funny that this house sat cattycorner from the PunkHaus as its almost the complete antithesis of the heroin drinking activities of that former uh, commune... we got in there just in time to witness DAREDEVIL tuning up for 25 minutes. but then they started playing; playing these slow, tortured tinkling songs with such graceful floating space-out bass; like the 'wish you were here' emo that rules their songs sound like the sweet tasting string instrumentals that waft out into the air from the vegetarian restaurants in the dark heart of Chinatown on a cool, quiet, halogen yellow summer night. Like rice wine music that fills the air as subtly as a waterfall down a snowy mountain in Shinto Japan. like haikus for loved ones lost to injustice and dead. then the crescendo and the inevitable peddle hop and exploding emo break through, slow and with such fucking feeling! i mean it. like the zen of running down mountains like this sudden realization thing, this sonic boom of escape and suddenly the air is full of big gushing guitars, drum beats and bass, slow and lazy and relentless like a river overflowing its banks, washing over you... Andy goes "they're total heroin music!" they are like thee sight to smoke out to, but the hosts make rodney and junior put it out, and i know that i don't care what Adam is mumbling in the quiet parts because it sounds so cool. this is like totally psychedellic, this is the prophesied PSYCH WALTZ EMO. And then Adam soars playing guitar parts like in "sister" the ones that sound all frenetic and like flying saucers leaving the ground taking off. Dave plays bass with his eyes closed swaying this way and that, as if waltzing Matilda through a haze of pot smoke and snowflakes. the Ordination guy almost tries too hard. Aaron bangs the drum alternately hard and soft. its the triangulation of the Rain Parade-Rites of Spring-Magic Hour mantra on a grassy knoll in Philadelphia. and Adam announces to the punks that they smoked out the Squirrel Bait people last night in DC. Spacehips appear and hover over the house as if calmed by the sound, like music to soothe the beasts. and its sad to realize this music soars like a spaceship over the heads of kids getting ready to leave during the set, albeit leaving politely... they are the only other band i wanted so seriously to see this summer. they play 4 songs in an hour and end in a crackle and buzz of electric cord connections being pulled like heartstrings from amps.

Adam goes "dude, can we crash at your place? we got the DC Green to smoke you guys out." Andy tells them that The For Carnation are in town too, tonight, they're psyched cuz then they can smoke THEM out. Again... piled up in the DAREDEVIL van we move through the heatwave streets of the city night, that really trippy SEAM song is on the car stereo. its like the perfect soundtrack to the dreamy ride. Adam driving, meandering from side to side, slow and fine and slouching in this different city. its like we're underwater. its like we're sleep walking driving, like ufos moving through the black deep endless sky lumbering forever. we tell them the carriage drivers are Amish vacationers and they buy it. Even though beth won tickets to the F.C. show, we can't get in because Rodney announced her whole fucking name over the air on KDU, and the 23 people who listen to that station knew what rock scene name to drop at the door... and its like all the fake beths disappeared up some one's flabby black hole. but its ok since D.D.'s "Roadie" Nate can't get in either, because he's like 15 or something. we take him to the Liberty Bell, he's really impressed, we take him to a wawa, he's never seen such a place, we hang around the stupid parking lot like always, waiting for shows to end so we can split... back at Easy Subculture Research offices the lights are low and Spacemen 3 ("perfect perscription" LP) throbs forth. the ufo sightings are numerous on this tour, we are told. Nate and Adam were harassed by black helicopters in North Carolina. We come to the conclusion, suspected, that they are alien abductees. no fucking doubt, but fuck, beth and i have seen the only two bands worth actually paying money to see in the last 48 hours, so we sleepily take our leave, leaving them in sleeping bags on the floor, the movie "Jog" like a bed time story on the VCR... and i dream in my sleep that first night of the vicious heat wave, streets sounds in through the open windows, of that Spacemen song: "but its so hot, and i ain't got alot, i don't need much but i ain't satisfied right now. just want the water, i just want an ocean, an endless river to wash away all of my tears" which is like the best song to dream in the summer and the next day we stop the van with all windows down, under the waterfalls of all the open like hydrants in the city, rainbows over the hood in the sun. ("...its so hot, and my hearts bleeding, i ain't been with you and its you i'm needing right now. just want the water, i just want an ocean. an endless river to bring me back to my babe.")

The Complete Richard Allen Volume 2 (including "Skinhead Girls", "Sorts" and "Knuckle Girls") (S.T. Publishing) All Knuckle Girls are people too, OK. At thirteen it could not end up at the wrong place kid: I just always seemed to people in suburbia. Like the night a gang of us were hanging out at the Atomic Club, a little space in one of those dying strip mall plazas outside of Reading. That and tripping over his slip-on Vans went sailing head first into a place glass storefront. Luckily a cop cruiser had just pulled into the parking lot, an ambulance was called, and the rest of us were hauled off in a wagon and charged with drunk and disorderly, despite our protests. Another door flies open, and much to my surprise there's good old Dave Folk-braces, boots, and a red dinky flannel tied around his waist-his goofy face with the bulging eyes now beet red and sputtering angrily. He points me out screaming about somebody stealing his dust last night at Carlance's pad

Needless to say, the 6-foot blonde skinhead was promptly removed from the premises, my locks were searched, my stash was found, my pants were called, and I was suspended for two weeks. And so I'm off to London, to stay with dear Auntie Helen for the summer. Bloody hell! It was definitely not my idea of a jolly good time. Auntie lived in crummy little house in Acton. She was a feisty old woman who drank her hot toddies all day long until she passed out cold every evening about eight o'clock. With nothing better to do I spent a good amount of time hanging out on the front stoop smoking cigarettes and that was how I caught the attention of Ina Murray. Her gang the Swords just happened to meet across the street almost every night at 9pm. Of course to me they just looked like a bunch of scrawny snort-nosed kids with big boots and loud mouths. Little did I know that they were really all about, seemed innocent enough bratty street kids yelling and pushing each other around like any others on the long hot summer eves. Until Ina noticed me watching them, a fierce look came over her elfish face as she stormed over to me, lounging back on the gritty steps. What was I looking at? she wanted to know. Not much I replied. She twisted her face up in a scowl then fast as lightning pulled a shiny kitchen knife out of her lace-up boots-maybe I wanted a bit of boover? she demanded. Nah, not with her. she was small but wiry, her muscles tensing as she gripped the knife, but I was up for some action I said explaining my deal with auntie for the summer. She looked me over then invited me to tag along with her and her mates as long as I kept my mouth shut and stayed out of her way. Curious, I agreed and we headed off in a buzz of excited talk-of laying the crushing blow, putting the boot in, and annihilating the hippie scum. We hit the local chippie and then the pub, everyone gulping pints. One of the blokes revealed his weapon of choice to me. Tucked in his pants was a wooden handle wrapped in tape. He caressed it lovingly, saying it was hoping to meet the head of some bastard or a lazy dirty hippie. Ina sat there edgy, her face contorting and straining until she announced it was time to begin. By now the gang was drunk and angry looking for victims. We circled through the park until a rival gang, the Vandals, were spotted. The two gangs charged each other with knives, pipes, bats, and whatever else was handy. Some joined forces on a strayag, stomping him into unconsciousness. The blood was really flying when Ina saw me struggling with a chubby Vandal tramp. She tossed me a bicycle chain to really get the job done. In one smooth motion I grabbed the chain and swung it over my head. The chain ripped apart the Vandals arms, legs, and, as the adrenalin flowed, her neck and head. That is when I heard someone yell panda! - and we high tailed it out there. Later Ina gave me the nod of approval and her old pair of oxblood lace-ups. The following day there was a football match, the Swords home team, Chelsea was playing. Ina confided that it was a great opportunity to see some aggro and not just on the field. One of the blokes nicked a van and all eleven of us packed in. On the way we drank plenty of lager all except Ina who did not need it to get psyched up for the boover. She showed me how to secure my knife discreetly to my thigh with Band-Aide- necessary to get through the gates. Finally we arrived and went straight to the terraces, supporters were easily identified by their scarves, and we moved into position directly behind some Arsenal fans. The crowd was wildly singing and swaying at every pass. Ina was the first to spring her knuckled fist down on the unsuspecting rival. Following her lead the rest of the pack attacked with unrestrained enthusiasm. War had broken out- arms and boots were flailing in every direction. Ina was crushing heads two or three at a time. My knife was knocked to the ground as a boot barreled into my shoulder. Now I had to rely on my own. My first kick was an ace and the blood spouted out of an anonymous head. Last I saw Ina she was covered in enemy blood plunging her scout knife into the back of some unlucky fellow, eyes glazed and with a wicked grin. The battle raged on until the terraces were littered with bloody bodies and the guards rushed in to drag everyone out to the waiting vans. My summer in England was immediately cut short, auntie Helen wondering what went wrong, and I was back in sleepy old Reading missing my friend Ina Murray.

s.t. po box 12 dunoon, argyll. pa 23 7bq. scotland

Charles O'Connor and Sharon Higby's wedding, with the ORIGINAL SINS playing meanwhile in the basement, at the O'Connor estate in Woodbury on the most glorious and fitting Saturday afternoon ever there was.

Just like that PALACE song I was "drunk at the pulpit". But I fucking had to be since I was never anyone's fucking priest before! for the service I read a rad Yeats poem and Sharon and Charles read some moving anti-English IRA poems by E.E. Cummings. I did not wear black and a collar, but a sharp green gaberdine three-button mod suit, skinhead french crew cut and big woody Clarke. I swear I can't remember whole huge chunks of the afternoon, thanks to me and Charles fighting off the hebbie jeebies with 4 bottles of Laphroig. but they fucked up more than me, forgetting their wedding vows, etc and laughed when they did. it was so homey and cool and sappy, and all the friends looked on smiling and proud, except they might have seen me swaying. the whole ceremony lasted all of ten minutes, then we were able to monge like wolves starving and drunk already (everyone was). After I turned some old lunch box thermoses they found in the kitchen into 400 jugs of the finest red wine, all the old men and grandmotherly relatives no longer looked upon me with suspicion; that is until we sat down to eat. It was then that the old well wishers were treated to the life affirming sight of the priest surrounded by a bunch of weirdly dressed kids all conversing with the loudest foul mouthed sentences they ever heard. I mean I can't even say two fucking words without cursing... THE O. SINS were already playing the whole time so everybody hightailed down into the basement. Simon was filling in on the keys. JT never played a wedding before but you couldn't tell; calling out, no, demanding, that the bride and the groom's father "dance the frug", that the groom and the best man "do the swim", etc. I can honestly say that by the time the sweaty wet was over nobody was sober; even the old ladies who acted as if JT were Tom Jones, wrapping their arms around his waist, rubbing up and down upon him, covering him in Depends briefs. I can honestly say that this was the funnest SINS 'show' in a long time. and that the groom's entire body was an aching wreck for the next 4 days from non-stop, alcohol and hallucinogen fueled dancing, like a broken and abused Stretch Armstrong, or an action figure with broken arms. And you know now Charles and Sharon will be together forever.

STILL LIFE, FRACTURE, FRANKLIN at Cabbage late august 95

everyone from Philadelphia Express Courier was drunker and higher than anybody else there with the exception of Rodney Emo Motherfucker and Andy 'percy' Nice Pooper. We Express team members were glad to get to see FRANKLIN's, and thus Ralph Darden's, return from tour. but it was somehow fitting that we got there when they had 2 songs left to do. Ralph was wearing a muscle tee and singing into his pick ups, he was stepping well in tight tap dance shoes, doing his Kravitz / James Brown moves. his dread locks looked like a hallucination of a collection of Thai sticks as big as a bush. His white pants and shirt went well together with Schmitt's old red guitar. and he is the 90's Sly Stone. and everyone else in his hand looks like a substitute teacher. and that was only until the one guy threw his guitar and hit someone and didn't care at all about the blood because thats how emotional he was getting... but the songs were moving and good. Jordan was hanging out in Philadelphia still wearing his bike gloves and thinking his New School of Jazz thoughts. Skunk was still wearing his elbow pads from work and scaring the kids in the pit whenever he would pull out a smoke and almost light it, attracting horrified looks from the clean air council. matt lyngard was too dangerously wasted on white wine... but out on the church steps you could chain smoke and drink as much as a fucking homeless man and no one would (or should) care. so we all did this for awhile and realized FRACTURE was done too. I got downstairs and saw Rodney going emo-apeshit like guy piccioto in RAIN. STILL LIFE were better than last summer, and they had bigger equipment. the slower newer songs got me joyous watching the guitar kid hunch over a string riding it right into heaven. I mean I was thinking to myself how he ruled even though he was starting to look like a krsna. they were really good and I guess thats because sean mocabe got them really stoned... (he didn't force it on them, they asked him to.)

THE BIKE MESSENGER WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS Toronto, Ont. august 11, 12, 13 1995

with absolutely no sleep and a 13 hour van ride, the Philadelphia Express Courier punks show up in courier city, jumping out of the van like heaters fired from tiny cages. we put all the bikes together and fly into the downtown to street ride. Meet some cool people from Team Chaos out of Boston and they come too. the scene in TO is weird. the drivers and peds are not accustomed to our east coast riding threat. cars honk and walkers jump back to curbs in horror. we fly down the hills like fucking assholes on mean looking messenger bikes. cops yell. TO couriers tell us we're fucking up their scene, and that you get fined and jailed for blowing off traffic laws and red lights. we're like, FUCK! how are you supposed to courier then? how are you supposed to get some jerk off a package from point a to point b in the most efficient manner when you have to stop all the time? the cultural differences between the NYC-Boston-Phila. messengers and the rest of the world are pretty evident. I mean we're not hippies. I mean the scene in the fucked up post industrial east coast cities insist you ride with no regard for law and order. I mean the eastern cities are total anarchy compared to the socially engineered bike lanes and laws of places like TO. But then again, the drivers in TO are incredibly nice. so nice that its freaky me out. and so are the TO messengers, as they found places to crash for 800 courier freaks from almost every country in the world... hanging around the Stand By (courier-only cafe) drinking, it is fucking insane watching more and more van loads of messengers pull up! its just like the scene in Quadrephenia when the mods get to Brighton, the speed freak excitement of watching the scooter army grow and grow by the minute... everyone is making sorties through the new streets of TO. everyone's eating cheap Chinese food from the take out joint beside the cafe, there's a million street urchin punker kids all over TO, theres a hundred sleeping in the little park right over there, shopping carts full of belongings. Punk and Disorderly records serving as fashion guides... that night we crash on the mildewed floor of some fucking junky Toronto messenger's pad. we sleep way too late from jet lag. Mike almost misses his race but gets downtown somehow in time. the course is like a fucking urban BMX track through the back alleys of the art fag warehouse diddistrick. singletrack that shoots past railroad tracks, freestyle ramps that eat road bikes easy. gravel that tears your skin and 2 scary hued doubles made of ill fitting plywood boards leaned at way too acute angles against 6 foot loading docks, with the rusty stub of a snapped stop sign pole sticking out of the asphalt, for you to rip your knee cap off, between them. we sit on the second double snapping pictures, watching people just totally misjudge the down side and land on their heads breaking collarbones, shoulders and bikes. Team Chaos guys ride their races naked. we hope they do not bail. but Team Chaos's Simon just putters around doing trials during his race, not even delivering anything, but hoping to come in heat. And the NYC track bikes fly surprisingly well over the vicious terrain... but the day's races now done, and the field of 600 paired through elimination down to 50, the drinking commences. there are really bad Canadian bands playing over there. the trials is happening and it is cool to watch the back wheels of mountain bikes take out the windshields of cars, but people complain that the section's too easy. so they start having bike-jousting matches and bicycle circle pits. the trials bands this is as tiring as it sounds, and the Phila Express scene is soon sprawled on the grass. Matt Lyngard just got his Cannondale road bike ripped off. he's drowning his sorrows with whiskey and wine. Matt and Eric Time Cycle go "did you see the bats?!" and they make us look to the heavens and there they are, huge big Canadian bats the size of seagulls diving like hawks at flying insects in the light. but suddenly the hundreds of bikes converge and group. the critical mass/streak ride starts and we haul out after them. behind so we can see the butts of the many naked people riding while trying not to slip. every time a sifter sounds 100 bikes are jumped off and clothes thrown back on fast. we ride at a perfect pace in one huge pack through the beautiful neon lit streets of TO. I swear Toronto looks like an insanely clean NYC. I'm thinking that if me and beth loose the pack we will be woefully lost and lost for good. the polite drivers of Canada watch a million people zooming all ways through one ways and four ways. down middles of streets. up and off curbs between freaked out pedestrians. trials hopping up onto car hoods... Matt Time Cycle lands on the front of a mini van, some naked guy from Germany goes over the back of an old couple's car, landing with a bloody thud, butt smashed against the windshield, the red eye staring in menacingly at the frightened driver. a chicago courier gets creamed by a taxi and is scooped up by an ambulance to the hospital. Puck gets run over by a garbage truck and dies. fights. yelling and cursing. it is very intense. I mean this is the most intense riding I have ever done! it goes on for miles and miles through the downtown streets, naked messengers bailing on concrete. flesh torn to ribbons because they're stupidly drunk and brave, all the way through till almost morning... we find our way back to the scene somehow, realizing sublimely, like we've been accepted into heaven, that you can ride around with no fear in a town like TO. we crash on the grass under stars and moonlight, or in

the van, feeling so safe in another city in another country, not even any mosquitos to buzz your ears, not even any freaks to bug you like if you crashed on the grass in any other city... the finals the next day simply have to be these most insane racing that ever took place anywhere, no fucking doubt! the start is one jumbled, manic fight for positioning, the first pickup/delivery check point is the freestyle ramp, people are killing each other and killing themselves trying to get their shit stamped and there are so many broken, bleeding ankles and broken and snapped frames and screamed and desperate curses in so many languages it is scary and real to watch. the race is a 'miss and out' and the field thins exponentially faster and faster. imagine making delivery after delivery as fast as you possibly can, for 2 hours non stop, people beside you trying to kill you. by the time the last 5 survivors are left the pace is gruellingly slow, there is blood pouring from every possible hole on every racer. a guy from Toronto is disqualified because one of his packages is damaged, because its covered with the blood thats pouring down his arm. the winner is a German monster on a road bike. he flies across the line not knowing that he has one more tag to drop. the second place is also a German, he sees his chance and hammers home, only to be beat by a few seconds, and collapses on the street as if he has suddenly died. he lays there motionless, his jersey dark and red from blood and sweat. (later that night at the awards ceremony, which was really just a massive drunken party in the middle of a city street, the winner, in broken Schwarzenager English, says "why are we bicycle courier? (sic) because we are half child and half monster" and i concur even though some of us are more so than the other.) (and in the end Sarah Williams from Philadelphia is the 4th fastest woman courier on the planet.)



poumons: don't wake them up yet.

## "the political economy of winter..." continued :

this is more sadness that i've seen: i sat in the passenger side of charles' mom's very clean car. my head throbbing from the dealing and the drugs. i thought about being straight edge. xx starting a straight edge courier service like Dan xmurphyx. make a jersey for me the only employee, with "FOR THE POWER AND THE GLORY OF STAI STRAIGHT EDGE!" in big pop art vegan lettering. and a "SXE" on the front right above my heart,man. but instead i watch lonely black men in drab clothes cross the white castle parking lot through the street lights on Broad, rain slanting hard falling lit to the churn ed up urban ground. i order six sliders and four fries because i feel like dying. charles orders the same. it is silent and sad and the rain keeps coming down, sideways and relentless. the black chick takes forever with our order. its like xx this is forever, nothing else before or ever after. like in a rainy drive through waiting in fucking white castle philadelphia till you die... i see it all.

i see walking messengers walking philadelphia with bags on their backs, making deliveries because its all they've really ever dream ed of doing. they are the weirdos with the big thick glasses and fucked up dirty old winter coats from the dollar store. no one would give them a sunny word. no one would look at them in an elevator. no one would care about them forever. and i watch them move with their heads down through the stupid skyscraper streets, trying for some fucking bit of loot. what i hate are the smug and pretty-boy yuppies with bullshit jobs working for asshole companies who think they have some rapport with me. i hate the smug and ugly city work ers in xx city hall. lazy gravy train do nothing assholes what eat too much and smell of their shit stained lousy shiny trousers. their two-dollar suits they think impress you. their days are number ed in the fin de siècle. their tax-payers salaries give them loot to play with, and time on the job time on their hands to xxxxx bureaucratize more and more of your lives. they take your money, time, patience and your good will.

SOMETHINGS COME UP WANTING. Like working many hard hours on a bike in the snowing city, and its all post-christmas blues in the soul. working two hours too late with a drop on 7th and Callowhill, i get a flat and got no patches. i gotta walk it home and its been dark now 2 hours. my nights slide by way too fast. i blow off the next day. but its plainly evident to me and my diskpatch. i gotta get it together. my work ethic aesthetix. my wonderful skip-school out-look, my serious leave me alone world view. its my cultivated antsy bored gimme paradigm, dig? and i'm sad since alex too is moving out of the city in a few weeks; to get away from police scrutiny no doubt.

THANK GOD ITS FRIDAY THE 13th. we went to mglincheys on the noon. we are skipping work like there's nothing else we'll ever be able to do. like there will ever be a job anywhere where you don't scheme ways to get away sooner. what the fuck. even the messenger freedom done away with like a winter coat in spring. and its so springlike today, friday the 13th, 65 degrees in the middle of february. Roland and Alex head onto the bar. i get shafted a run to 2128 Locust. but i join them amazingly soon enough, hauling xx straight at the bar with my money in my hands already. i run into mike riding by, says he's not had a tag yet... two beers down in the dim lit bar in a booth, talking shit about work (phila.express is the punk's mess. service). it scares me its getting too warm. it hovers over me like its gonna come crashing to an end soon, soon buried in snow. it hovers there too, alex being back to normal i guess, but way drunker now all the time, then before Tammy died. like his sunny, over-it disposition is going to come to an end because it just has to. because it can't be 65 degrees in the middle of the winter. outside, blurry, talking shit, those xx guys call dispatch and i stand laugh ing off to the side. i ain't doing anymore runs today, i am through. and we part ways guffawing and riding hunched over road bikes and cyclocross hybrids, laughing in the city that works like fucking slaves as we drink. but we work. We work harder than anyone could know when we work.....

## THINGS TO DO AGAIN DURING THE VODKA BREAKFAST WINTER SNOWED IN SCENE!!!

The SKY GRITS Revival: wear hippy clothes, chew tobacco and be a girl simultaneously. play a fiddle like a violin. end up hating even before the semester's done. play really exciting and original songs that sound like original and excitingly horrible covers of E.L.M.

The ENO Revival: wear a Jeff Nelson original Rites of Spring shirt (but of course not the version with the photo on it since i got the last one). go to see bands and stand there like some statue of a scared scarecrow instead of completely freaking out. Pretend you were hip to the Hated and tell everyone so. But if you weren't tripping on mid-60's creations fresh from the acid labs of Maryland then forget the schtick and perhaps think of a new identity to cop.

The LYMC Revival: wear a leather jacket and go to hall HATE. start fannixes. skip alot of school. "punch an eye" kill your parents.

The WEIRD SCIENCE Revival: get into computers and dress like a nerd. hang around John Boothman. Talk like Dave Weston.

The OI Revival: hang out with Jason from The WOODLAND OI! FRUITS. wear soccer shirts. buy cd reissues. go to see 77.

The 77 Revival: pretend to lovingly dig bands that sound like 1991/92.

The KITSCHCHAO Revival: drink alot. sound alot like Clickitat will sound in 2 years (i mean: have the particular extreme for squareville Philadelphia. Move back to Lancaster or Amsterdam or Paris. break up way too soon.

The KITSCHCHAO FAN Revival: live together in The Punk House II. move to Korea after quitting your bookish job. Invite white rastamen to move in and then move back to Chicago. take heroin and paint. get a new dog and a new house and plead with Rodney Eno MF to move in already.

The PHILADELPHIA Revival: reform YDI get bike parts and advice from Frankenstein Bike Worx. Move in above The Hot Club. skate the Sun Dial at Penn's Landing. break windows down south street. rent a hall and call it Love Hall II. get in a van accident. play in Bethlehem. dig F.O.D. still!

The UPTOWN BONES Revival: take a ride on chuck's goat back down Girard Avenue. with Coltrane, Rizzo and Poe on a mission for xynex and boo. (from "national philadelphia")

The UPTOWN BONES FAN Revival: get really into pot. fail or drop out of school. go to the Dew Inn. live together. hang out in Kutztown, PA. get Uptown Bones to play on a float in the Kutztown Hallowe'en Parade 3 or 4 years in a row. play alot of frisbee in alot of sunny fields. fall under the wing of Amy Kaplan. hang out at Val Mamrot's Pecono cabin. regard everyone else on the scene with the same suspicion and secrecy as a high ranking Mason.

The JOHN IRVING Revival: move to Vermont like Charles and Sharon and live in a cool way with an ever increasing number of well-bred and well-named children.

The MOD Revival: revive the Jam again (again). buy a Chisel 12. buy and eat a whole lot of canned eel like Andy Clees.

The WEIRD PANTHER PARTY Revival (what you would do would be secret, of course, but you can do these things): put out alot of mysterious manifestoes, graffiti and mini paintings on sticker paper. garner more votes than Rizzo but less than Ramona Africa. just try to explain Libertarian freedom to the righteous no-it-alls on the scene.

The PAISLEY UNDERGROUND Revival: listen to the first RAIN PARADE LP find worth in the THREE O'CLOCK records. drink wine and buy roses along with "days of wine and roses". listen to the DEALERS more closely.

The MOHAWK NATION Revival: be as tall as Tyler from OBJECTS OF HATE (but he shaved his off so he's disqualified). follow Bruebaker around like he's the king of the punks. go see CIRCLE OF SHIT alot and dodge flying chocolate doughnuts. move to Pittsburgh start a band called RANCID.

The PINE STREET GIRL REVOLUTION Revival: get Elizabeth Duby, Jackie Witkin and Linda Teakley to move into the same house again. knock on the door with hands full of wine and the pot and music and they'll have a crazy party on the deck that spills up and over the adjoining rooftops, until cops are called or they all get boyfriends and move in with them.

Other than that you'll have to go it alone, sorry... (you're welcome.)

dealer →

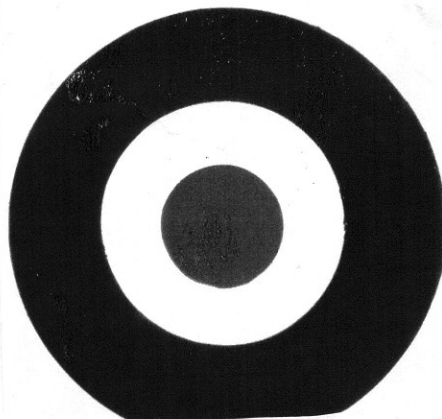


← Terwilliger

THIS IS, OF COURSE, THE SECOND PRINTING OF RAW POGUE NO. 1 #13. YOU HOLD # —  
OF ( ) 900 COPIES... new issue #14 (fourteen) out sometime before summer. And  
is totally dead, so if you have something to say or do Say it or Do it. And  
if you have a record for me by Bad Religion or the grifters please send it.  
soon because i need cigarettes and the exchange is about to close. No. 14  
will totally be full of the red wine writer paradigm with Jack Saunders.  
JJ Dutton (from Ohio), and Japanese Shinto prosody for the gentle Tea-Heads.

Easy Sub Cult might be splitting for Japan too so that would be good huh?  
sub cult hits, to further explore and debated in the confines of the raw psg  
pogo cult, the scaffold #14, are as follows: HOSE GOT CABLE, BEDHEAD, ORDINATION  
die split, KARP/RYE, C/O. PAINTERS, MAFIA & EZRA POUND & BOILERMAKER, GARIN, ASSEMBLY  
OF AARON acoustic 7th, NEW RELEASES FROM THE CHUMPIRE LABEL, SPARK, ASSEMBLY  
& DUTCHLAND, DIESEL and ASSHOL, Emo, NZ, everything by the YOUNG PIONEERS, LINK  
AND DAGGER, FUCKING ASSHOL, Emo, NZ, everything by the YOUNG PIONEERS, LINK  
ON THE EMO, Binion of TEN GUN SLOOP who are the best new band in the city but  
you know as well as i that the privilege in such an honour is almost neutral  
but like EDO ofx or the whiskey dad rebel?

thats probably enough for you and i now to kinkos rip off to kinkos...go.  
easy sub cult will kill you if you fuck or suck(w/ us or up to us). 1996 a.d.



some quick rock micro-history for summer 96:

the bucolic Bluegrass "Bumblebees & Bluegrass.  
Emo" will slowly evolve into the heavier much  
more resigned and lazy Humidity & Blues Emo  
when the high summer changes to the sad dog  
days of late August. put post labor day rock  
will begin to evolve yet again into the shoe  
fly Pie Emo around October, eventually ending  
with the Christmas City Emo in Bethlehem  
pa, smoked out in parent's houses in silent eerie  
midnight Christmas eve, wishing the world were  
a more perfect place, and that you weren't so  
somehow distant after all this time from your  
brothers and sisters. But fuck, the plane to  
the Orient leaves in like two weeks, so fuck  
your parents and fuck your brothers & sisters and  
and get on with living your own life. like duh.

one stupid dollar post paid @ easy po box 15951 phila. pa. 19103 usa