



THE [SECRET!]
1991 TOUR DIARY



750

EAST
ART

RAW POGO ON THE SCAFFOLD

FAN
ZINE 14

NA'MA NO POGO NI ASHIBA'

THE LAST AMERICAN ISSUE

It was the day the RUSSIAN MEATSQUATS stole the music to "Stop Jap" off the STALIN LP and turned it into "powerplug" on their record. It was the day me and Ajax came back from NYC where we got photographed by Doll Magazine cuz he had the triple orange mohawk and I had the LVHC symbol on the toecaps of my boots. It was that afternoon at soccer practice that made me so fucking dammaged. It was at practice that the coach, tripping on his authority like a pig and not even knowing anything about soccer like a fat ass American redneck gym teaching football loving small town scumbag with the whistle around his neck, stopped play, picked up the ball, blew his whistle and gathered the varsity and JVs around. He looked over at me, then at Nu then at Chung. Then he started another drill. He looks around and yells "Fing, Fang & Fong! Front & center!" I knew what the fuck he meant even though I pretended not to. I looked at Nu & Chung because they could hardly understand English. They stood still too, looking back at me. They could suss what was up. Because we were the only ones with glasses and black hair even. Who else could he mean? He says hurry up. All the varsity squad shitheads stand around laughing. All our JV friends start looking queasy because they know they're about to follow the crowd like traitorous stupid sheep and laugh too. I take the first step forward and go "you know my name coach, you liv'e across the street." Nu & Chung start to kinda laugh. He just smiles at me. He only buys American cars. Then he tosses the ball into the air and my eyes follow it right into the glare of the sun. I'm gonna bicycle kick this thing right into his stupid face, right into his round beady eyes. Then he blows his whistle and his bench warmer lackey-ass varsity sweepers lunge at me and take me out, a lense digging into my brow and my ankle spraining as I land. He puts his hand out smiling to help me up, but there's no way I'm taking it. I pull up my shin guards and walk across the field and I keep walking. I walk home so defeated beside the creek.

But now I got the kamikaze headband the MFC kids were handing out tied around my crewcut head. I got the kickerboots and the Black Flag jeans on. And I got the Dez side off "Everything Went Black" really low on the box because its 3am. I sneak out my window onto the slate roof, my spurs clicking. I jump into the tree and do the Huck Finn shimmy down to the ground. I collect the biggest, fatest riverbed rocks from my parents' rock garden and sneak through the shadows across the street. Then I stand up straight below my fucking coach's window and contemplate the wieght of my projectiles, mica glinting off them in the moonlight. I can hardly see the headband's down so low, the Rising Sun right on my forehead. I take aim through squinting eyes and throw hard like a pitcher, slowly and deliberately, one after the other, and slide off into the night, glass raining down behind me like snowing, to sneak back to my window hutch like a Viet Cong, like the kid with the crutches in The Decline... , like a punk I got my revenge ("and you won't know what hit you.")

While in yr drowzy spaced out stupor this is whats been going on, and you, like an angel in soft syrup, have been too distant to voice yr concern...

DOWN GIRL mutated in the blink of an eye, or during a pot party with a ferret, into TEN GUN SLOOP because they were 'into pirates' at the time; then when winter hit and it got all cold they suddenly became THE SICKNESS. They should be shining like lite-a-brites very soon. And they'll be like the TALLEST band in Philadelphia with Brad & Dave MacCall and Rodney EMO. And the best dressed too; until Pete starts a three piece with Spaceboss Anson & Spencer (I mean that would look pretty radical...). And somewhere in the family tree would be me and Rodney and Andy Nice Pooper jamming in the basement (aka Dan Gill's room) as THE MAY 13th MOVEMENT; but that 'branch' only existed for about 45 minutes.

After grabbing the mic like Jules in SIDE BY SIDE, DAGOBAB SYSTEM chick-magnet / bassist Dan Gill proceeded to do the improv vocals for the DEALERS at Sulk City. He was post-cored out in long cut offs, vans and a hooded sweatshirt. But he had a bottle in one hand, a butt in the other, and a mangy beard all dripping with one-hitter resin. (you had to be there.) and you had to have seen SIDE BY SIDE.) (even though we were sounding like "end on end" at this show.) So since that life-changing evening he's been singing as well as playing bass for DAGOBAB SYSTEM; and running around saying the Youth Crew's gonna kick anyone's ass who 'stabs them in the back'.

And I heard WARRIOR PANTS demos on the radio and they sounded pretty cool and like they were birthed in the same basement as the two aforementioned bands, even though Mark lives in Chicago now.

Bob is sitting in Patuerella Garden working on his solo deal called CELEBRITY; he's splicing cassettes together as we speak.

After peaking on a split ep with ANASARCA (blowing them away), ANONYMOUS self-destructed like the Yardbirds' guitar in Blow Up and everyone went underground or moved away or locked themselves in their houses. But then Tony of OX, JESSICA and KILNES ISLAND fame got rooked into drumming for a few shows and an album; or until Chris Schmitt attacks him again.

LOW ORBIT is the enigmatic and mysterious company that put out half of the "sounds from the philadelphia low orbit lounge" comp., and are probably more responsible for the good songs on it. Look for a LAUREL / CHAIN TO THREAD split LP and The DEALERS "is the getting it together is gone" LP out soon to put Low Orbit on a map somewhere; or completely bankrupt them.

Agreed to but not moving forward at all is the FLOWCHART / DEALERS split which should feature a totally Charles-style tranced-up burned-out throw down space-out guitar flame thrower by us.

The 'Andrew Clee's Experience' may finally come to recorded fruition now that him and Elysia are uh, of the 'leisure' set again.

12 TONE SYSTEM have the space organs and the downbeat modern hardcore thing going for them. The one guy has a beard...

FRANKLIN's on tour so that's why you haven't heard Ralph's cute, high pitched voice calling to you on the streets of Philadelphia. And that's why you haven't seen STING around either. (I mean those 2 scenesters never in the same place at the same time.) But the cool thing is that supposedly they're getting recorded by famous reggae poethead SCIENTIST, so I guess Ralph's gonna have to choose between cutting off his 'hair' or joining in the rasta smoke out for once. (I mean it would help the resultant recordings.)

Dave Burch, George Draguns and Dave Stauffer are supposed to be getting the thing going. It could be the Central PA skatecore re-emergence that KITSCHCHAO could have become. And they could get Jay Heycock to set up hall shows for them, with PADED GLORY, CREATURES FROM URANUS and ADMIRAL. And get Fat Pat to draw the flyers. Or they could call it CHAOS PA but I think Andy Pooper copywrote that name.

Greg Knowles is doing okay living with the potential of BUTTERCUP, his new band. The demo is raging and super fast, and the best recorded Knowles guitar yet. The progression continues. You should get it from Chumprine.

Chris Strunk is in something called THE GEORGE WASHINGTON CONSPIRACY 1776 out of Pittsburgh, and Knowles described them as "dealer-esque improv emo" which is a better thing to be called than "alot like spiritualized" or "cry-core". And they have to be good because MELT BANANA chose to sleep in their house after getting inundated with requests from all the other noise rock houses in Oakland. I would gladly attend any slumber party held at the Pittsburgh HALF LIFE house if they would just reform and sound exactly like the first show with Damon Che on drums; the first show after the DISCHARGE make-over. I mean that night was totally heavy, scary, leathery, spikey and awesome.

I heard THE VSS were pretty awesome and triumphant when they slid through Philadelphia. Murphy said it was refreshing and rad to see the cool-clothes kids from San Diego totally going off and rocking out because "no one does that stuff" in bands or in the audience anymore. I mean its almost like everyone's dead or dying, standing there infected with the plague. Or suffering from frostbite and over-exposure...

The Black Metal winter-curse is powerful, but it can't stop the cultists who have the brains, and the hearts and the hands to use them. The Ice man has come and covered the city under the glare of frozen black ice today; Icelandic Doom Metal satan rituals have found success this year and the city scene has almost completely passed away or split town.

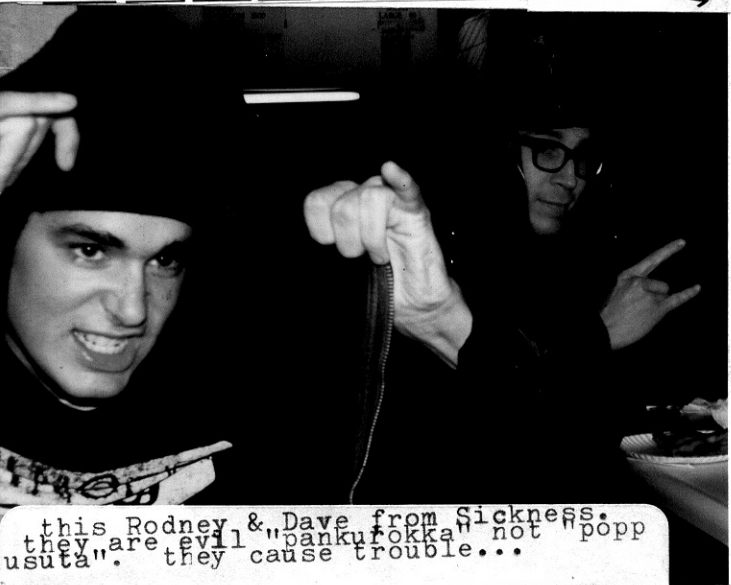
DERELICT HOTEL & GELCAPS bass hitter / Time Cycle dispatcher Mark Nolan clocked out in his sleep from too much junk in the summer. Gary and Mac from HOBART split back to South Carolina to clean out right after that, HOBART dying instantly. The PHOTON BAND were almost dead also since Gary does the bass in them too, but now it looks like they'll survive into the springtime, meanwhile fulfilling all of their various contractual agreements with Darla, Easy, Boothman; and TJ, newly-added to the list of companies throwing money at them (so Simon doesn't have to find a job yet). I heard that SUFFACOX, BARDO POND, The BOOGS, LOST ART OF PUPPET and others have broken up and died recently. I've heard the Khyber Pass was shut down and sealed off after the City Health Services determined the place was responsible for that Olde City Aids epidemic (you know, there was blood everywhere and the 'public baths' upstairs were always super gross and dirty, and filled with weirdos).

But the Trocadero now has a different uh, slant. (thank you Conflict.) Its an infinitely better one no doubt, and a better one to look at, but that wouldn't necessarily mean I'll ever go there ever again or anything just because we went to the Grand Re-opening Party (Beth was one of the painters). One bomb snuck past the lax security could have taken out the whole entire Philly Adult Contemporary scene. But it only blew up one of the sprinkler pipes. And thank god too, because if it hadn't mis-fired, there would be no more rock and film critics in the weekly papers. Or their deep political philosopher-editors. Or super shitty editorial cartoonists like the sucker that does the one in the Welcomat, or the shithead from This Modern World in City Paper. (I mean fuck them! I've only ever wanted to live in four works of art (Bad News Bears, Encyclopedia Brown, Huck Finn and The Simpsons), and their yuppie / tourist guide pieces of shit don't make me want to live in theirs.) So anyway, its great the bar band scene has a new home in the Balcony. (And ELTRO were pretty boring and seemed really contrived, or like they'd have the words "space" & "rock" in their "press" "packs".) (and "Chowderhead".) (They should make that guy wear a white lab coat like Magic Alex.) And The DEALERS did the 'noise festival' at The Astrocade, the brand new and gigantic North Philly warehouse space for things to happen at. (I dug IRVING CLAW and WOZLEBUG, who changed their name to something else). So I guess maybe the scene can breathe through the winter survive into the hopeful warmth of the change of seasons.

In any event, there will never be another rite of spring in Philadelphia for us because me and Beth are soon splitting to Tokyo to hang with the crazies and put our heads in front of the MAINLINER amplifiers, waste days packed into subways hauling around lost on purpose dressed in green bombers and parkas, loud modern Asian-style three button suits, bell bottoms for Beth, and soccer scarves, checking in with the the Jap oil scene and going to see THE MARBLE SHEEP. Just like The Velveten Man! All because some really wealthy lo-fi / cassette-scene collector, who happens to be an inners and can hardly speak English, heard the PLANET cassette LP on EASY and wants us to move into her ancient and serene and beautifully sprawling Tokyo estate, all strange trees, cool pagoda-looking buildings and mellow Pandas loling around. She's paying and feeding us to hang around in the shinto temple / rock garden with the cicadas, playing my crappy 4 string guitar, me and Beth singing yet more songs about Pippi Longstocking, and talking and cracking jokes in bad Japanese. While the walkmans and 2-tracks just keep on rolling. (She really really loved "Q: what planet am i on? A: the planet of the cicadas" from the cassette.) And its her money so what the fuck? The only contractual agreement we have to live up to is that we have one year to make up a triple CD's worth of 'songs'. And we have to re-name the 'band' PLANET & BETH, which isn't hard; its just 'bandwagon-esque' considering WINDY & CARL, SIMON (Nagle) & GARYFUNKEL, ANDY & JEN, ESCHER & NOPE and BUNKY & JAKE. Plus we have to teach her English. But whatever, she's paying and we're taking. I mean we've heard the Steve Martin skits "mambo dogface...", "the letter M", etc.) so we know how to teach already.

So this crappy issue is the last Raw Pogo noise from this side of the world, the next ones will be pumping out of the Orient. And you gotta keep in touch. You have to write us letters. You can write to the Philly address for a while. Our intern will be sending them on to us. Or you can write direct to the Tokyo address. Just keep in touch. The next one should have a Tonie Joy thing. And lots of freaked-out, culture-shocked observations no doubt. And reviews of strange things, people and music. And a new way of seeing the world and a new way to live. Another new deal from another new pad in another far off nation; a whole new paradigm to keep us going for the next little while, until life becomes like the soaring parts in MARBLE SHEEP jams. Trust me. — ERIC 1-20-97

easiness on ii
this is raw pogo on the wings of angels #14.
everything but the letters and a
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JAPAN you know we'll be waiting...



this Rodney & Dave from Sickness.
they are evil "pankurokka" not "popp
usuta". they cause trouble...

ON THE COVER: paul david shoots rich
travel with a superxweight, simon con.
templates the frizley head of art, easy.

PEOPLE WRITE US PRESS-ON LETTER PROSE

Dear Eric,
Here's my tape for your tape. Its cool that more and more kids in PA are making more bands. Please send me a cassette too. I have never heard of you before I opened my Flipside. I live down here in Camp Hill PA. It would be really great if you guys would come down here and play a show. We always can use new bands.
I am 15 years old and a freshman in my shitty school. My favorite groups are MINOR THREAT, VOID, FAITH, IRON CROSS, SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, CH3, WILLFUL NEGLECT, FU's, JERRY'S KIDS, DHS, ANTIDOTE, SCREAM, SSD, AGRSSION, WASTED TALENT, NECROS, GI's, SIN 34 and a whole lot more. There's a good show here on Thursday the 29th. If you ever want to come down here to a show just ask I and I can get you a place to stay. You can re-use the stamps on my letter, I used Elmer's glue to stick them and put a film over it. Just soak the envelope in warm water and the ink will come off. Well, write back soon. I'll be waiting.
I am straight edge. I don't preach it though. Well, write back soon. I'll be waiting.

Dan Mys ex-Harrisburg crew and current Record Exchange slave. (This letter proves he's more punk than his employers because it was from December 1983!) (It was, uh, lost at the post office for 14 years. Really.)

Eric, Thank you for the Raw Pogos... not just cuz you praise me, but because they are good (I praise you). I've been through many brain crises lately, but I am trying to get the purest, best rock guitar scientific energy research out to the mutant ears of the children. I'll keep trying.
Love, Tonie Joy of the Baltimore Rock Takeover

Hello. No one cares, but SLOOSE fell apart. Carrie (drummer extraordinaire) left the Lehigh Valley for New York City. The million \$ dollar question is, did she leave her drums behind? I have no immediate plans music-wise, I'm a "Viva Last Blues" listener. The "Viva Last Blues" LP is beautiful. If I could touch a mountain, Lord I would fuck a mountain. Ha ha, that's genius. I'm going to make some lunch now. I expect FIELD TRIP questions: I own "Take To The Streets" and the "One Way Ticket" 7inch. Is there more stuff? Are they still together?
Nicole Davenport The most famous woman scenester in LV

Dave, I have no idea if FIELD TRIP still exist but Beth and I are going to save enough money in the Orient to split to England and make a film about their disappearance, finding out on film, in real time, cinema verite style, if they 'are still around'. Then we're gonna kill them.

...I have put the whole PHOTON BAND 7" on a latest mix tape that is focusing on failure and drunkards. Is Easy no. 38 "True Beauty" still available? ...about 4 years ago I took a drive into Philly to visit a friend's friend and at first we went to a practice space with black floors, walls and ceilings and then went to a factory space where a friend lived and it had manequins with red Christmas lights littered here and there and rooms were devised of VERY THICK strips of carpet 15-20 feet long. In the middle of their hardwood empty space, do you know where we were? Send extra POGO 7" to the Philly companies from living in Allentown at the time... I had 8 years and I was distributing them to folks interested in supporting the Philly companies from what they hear from me about how fucking original it is. Thank You from Ohio,
JJ DUTTON/mr. swankred40/degenerate/harbor/jj/sleazola

dear you, my name is eric and here is elizabeth. our fave bands are black flag, the books, satan and jesus. a soft cell, split enz & more! can we hang out please, writ us before the world ends at easy box 1951 phila. pa 19103 usa. even though we're gonna be across the globe somebody will be tending the over flow of mail & getting it to us. or you can write direct @ easy japan c/o witkin. 143 #402 umeyasashiki park familia, 7-2-18(c) omori-naka, ota-ku, tokyo japan for faster service and better deals. we'll send pix of kids in cool clothes to you...

Hello Easy. I was wondering if you could send me a song or two from The DEALERS to be on this tape comp. sort of thing I'm doing. It comes with 14 zine called MAPS OF CHALK OUTLINES OF STARS. Hopefully it'll have like 14 bands, cause I like #s divisibly by 7. Interviews with Greg Chumprine and hopefully THE FUCKING ANGELS. Plus lots of words about cross dressing & big rigs. And look for the PLUTOCRACY CD and GIRLYMEN 7" on my Convoy label soon. Also watch for THE METEMORPHOSIS.
Later, Bob Jr. (CONVOY/PASTERELLA GARDENS to you.)

hey-
I emailed a 'Ms. Shelley X' at Wilija and told her you 2 at EASY and the SLOOSE GIRLS COLLECTIVE were looking to Tjinder / Ben to help us with an "NEA-funded film/audio/photo presentation", whatever that means, which would involve their imminent return to the U.S.A, but they are not scheduled to tour again until autumn 97.

Davenport also reminded me to alert everyone that we are sending an 'omissary', namely Daves herself, over to London in September. The Daves, alone, 2 weeks paid hotel accommodations. Oh yes.
At any rate, appropriate phone/fax/email addresses were exchanged. Hopefully something funny will come of all this blagging, least of all a dark-skinned son for me. Business-wise, at this moment Carrie and I are working on the post-production aspects of our new single: "ich liebe looking at du" b/w "gingham panties".
Limited edition Tony Mc Carrol picture disc. 'A double sided story of the SLOOSE COLLECTIVE on the go in NYC: Oasis '94, The MacKlon Hotel, room service, the UK's own Paul Mathers, and how we beat the rock chicks at their own game.

Dave and I are keeping the lid on a secret project entitled: "armani buttons" b/w "keep it clean" (for the old men who love us and the record companies they work for).

My personal series of rock star fetish/woodoo dolls is slowly coming together. A few pins, and whatever they leave behind: tired of scooping Tjinder hair off all my furniture, I am busy shaping his remains into a doll of his own. Love to Beth, Wheat & Moth. Nicole de Jesus (of Ancient Cambridge Secrets)

Dear EASY! Uphold your morals: they cannot take them away from you. They are tall men who will override the minds of all those that DARED to EXPELL THE TRUTH! You must remember: all those shiny men with their FANCY MICROWAVE MACHINES will meet a day when the children of the fields will be liberated and the songs of the old men, the keepers of wisdom and truth, will be heard AGAIN!
Love, Charles Money a.k.a. Chris Smith of THE CHRISTMAS SHAKEDOWN

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Beth (and Eric),
(I'm listening to ABBA right now.) Hey there sister-woman oh so far away. We've had 2 huge earthquakes since we've been here. Scared the shit ('kuso' in Japanese) out of me. The first was in the Sea Of Japan, but it must have been at least a 5. The second was closer to Mt. Fuji - which we can see sitting having dinner and the fucking floor started shaking & the walls were swaying like a paper box and I felt paralyzed. I haven't been that scared since the night in New Mexico Talitha almost killed us both with the fire. We're taking a new apartment finally. Its huge and beautiful with 2 balconies and 1 room is all tatami mats and rice paper doors. Plus one more bedroom and a real kitchen living room and dining room. Our current place is so tiny we fight eachother for space.

All I've heard about the Sarin attacks is that a woman was just indicted for having a key role in the scenting of the gas with flowery perfume so it would smell good and people would breathe deeply to inhale the lovely scent. The article you sent me said it was odorless, but apparently they lie. AUM has been accused recently of ordering the execution of a lawyer and panicky about the was working to expose them. People are still pretty panicky about the attacks. There are no trash cans at some of the stations now because of it. I use one of the stations, Yoyogiuhara, alot; pretty scary to think the stops I use are all near the center of Tokyo, were all attacked. If the quakes and crazy cults don't get me, the poison air will. People wear little white cotton masks, that have mentholated goo in them to breathe easier. I thought they were for people who had colds & didn't want to infect the rest of the collective.

I went to Akihabara - "Electronic City" - its completely devoted to cutting edge electronics, everything from micro CD players to universal translators that handle French, Spanish, English (American and British), and Japanese (Romanji & Kanji). Its incredible. Its used as a test market and half the stuff will probably never make to the US. Then there's Shinjuku, Shibuya, Harajuku and Ginza which are all basically giant shopping / red light cities where you can buy anything and anyone, with lots of cool kids hanging around. There are all-way intersections where everyone politely waits for the lights to change & its so crowded you wouldn't believe it.

I finally found some old crow, for ¥1500, and its worth it. I taste the summer in it. The happy summer of Crow & wine and you guys, and sex toys and desperate poverty & happy hot nights sitting in the bathhouse filled with ice, drinking whiskey sours out of of bike bottles. As miserable as I was in Philadelphia there will always be a sick little place in my heart for it. Its when I'm standing alone in a train station in the middle of nowhere, drunk and hoping to get the last train home. I realize I really know where I am. Fucking Japan. Sometimes I hate them. The Obasan (grandmother) who move at an incredibly slow pace & always in your way; the hordes of uniformed schoolgirls who are future Obasan, and I hate them because their bodies are young but their eyes are dead. The salarymen who cheat on their idiot wives & fuck their schoolgirls... The only future this country has is the next Cool Generation who are colorful and have hope.

On the subway sometimes people just stare at me. I forget I don't look like them. But now I know what to say, "Nani itten d'ayo!" What the FUCK are you looking at! It goes a long way if you can swear at someone in their own language... And tell Eric to print this as my "Tokyo Scene Report". Love, Jackie Witkin (ex-Pine Street Girl Revolution now Tokyo teacher)

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Jackie Witkin (ex-Pine Street Girl Revolution now Tokyo teacher)

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blah blah blah, PASTERELLA GARDENS PO BOX 234 little york nj 08834 usa

so its, the fall of 1991 and (Eliza) Beth's dropped out of school, i'm 'accedemically' dismissed, yet again, and *UPTOWN BONES are on tour cuz their first LP came out on the Fre nch label run by Les Thugs. I don't know what to do: cuz there is nothing to do. Beth's got the brainstorm to get a 'drive away', & meet up with them and so we did; sorry.

the UPTOWN BONES, 'adios motherfucker', 'Pray for breakfast' (SECRET) tour diary 1991



Noel's a little
Angel.



Lil' Andy & the
BONES

all this stuff was written on the road, across the land in a little black fake book.
its all essentially verxbatim here, and beth drew the doodles in it too.

In Chicago and standing at the gates to the west, there is of course confusion and bullshit concerning me and Elizabeth's trip along with the BONES, in Simon's car, for the rest of it. I check my pulse and the pulse of my friends. It is early morning and this old town wakes up. There's a burly shouldered old Pollack bum and a red haired lady bum picking garbage thrown down some alley; I'm above it on someone's porch we crashed with last night - everyone else crashed-sacked across the living room floor. "some guys from Jesus Lizard live downstairs!" says Noel. Big Whoop says my brain.

I cough up lungs from smoking and a rash breaks out across my chin. What will Elizabeth and me do so far from the east, like hog butchers of the world, and these friends laming out on us?

The host offers me coffee. It is early morning in sunny Chicago. "This is Humboldt Park" he says, "its not yuppy or collegiate or anything." "Its pretty cool looking" i say, and thanks. "Its very Hispanic...."

We 'Jim Halseyed' from Philadelphia in a Drive-Away to escape the city like in the Hitcher. We hauled out in an 85 Toyota 4x4 with a camper on the back to sleep in; which we did near Pittsburgh (got rear-ended by an 18 wheeler in the silent night, scaring us right the fuck out of slumber). And then all the way past Des Moines, pukered out and dead in seconds, Elizabeth crashing out after driving 6, 9 hours straight like some angel-haired truck driving lady flying. I had my birthday at a rest stop somewhere in Iowa, eating a turkey sandwich and watching whole storm fronts come crashing south from Michigan laying out lightning sitting on picnic tables with her.

We made it to Council Bluffs through the prairies and it looked "total Little House"; The mud grey honest people at rural gas stations in the night; to drop off the car and taxi to Omaha to luckily and incredibly hook up with this monster Chevy pick up what we cruise to Chicago in, 15 minutes too late for the BONES.

Simon is alive in Chicago! Just removed sleep from his eyes and now clear, he sees the import of 2 extra travelers in his little Cavalier.

MATEWAN

These people we crash with are noble and romantic idealistic and can only be so to work for a fucking labor union. They are helping old black women win their rights from the boss man pork choppers here; and work long hard hours for little pay, given this place here to live in for free and coax their own souls to care.

We are looking for new scenes and cities and ideas and ideals to live in and for. Looking for a reason to live. We want to cross big America as we go, with a big crew of friends laying some Philadelphia Spazz-Out on the Corn Huskers, the Illinois, and western mother fuckers sitting in glowing cornfields or deserts or west coast cities. And I keep mumbling to myself: "Everything belongs to me because I am poor. And America belongs to me because I am Asian." Elizabeth and I must somehow fit in Simon's little car or else we'll have to get jobs at a fucking union in Chicago.

HAY ROLL UPS IN THE HEARTLAND

2 real middle mad men were met last night outside The Lounge Ax where the dorks go for rock. Stoned and drunk, they got backed into our Chevy monster pick up, crushing their BMW lights. But they got us high and turned us on with their slightest stability and sense of fuck up. "it must be so much easier to be a stoner out here with not much to worry about." Or in cities more functional than Philadelphia...

Homeless men talk in Spanish below me right now. And I'm making everything up right now. I'm coffee stoned and the only one awake and I would write you poems if only you were to rise and dig the sun with me: "angel-headed rockers heading for sights unseen, lives with reason, honest bands and America heart(land) beating." or "we are highly mobile and brainy with insights, creations, words and songs to offer. GIVE US A PLACE TO CRASH!"

FUCK BARS

BONES of course ripped off by square Lounge Ax last night; very sterile barfull of bored or late-come hipsters, but you simply dig them anyway, products of bigger happenstance such as us all... Whatever. I don't care because you can't help but feel alive and good so far away and beat; grabbing sleep when you can, eating little and moving.

DAYS OF RAGE

Now. Everyone wakes bleery-eyed and tired. Rich, completely rip-roaring wasted, passed out in the van for the night, comes up shirtless and's lost the keys. Andy goes over impressions of the tour thus far. I've eaten next to nuthin' in 4 days. Its 11am and Chicago rumbles at work off in the distance. Is there coffee for us all? And space on this adventure to save or end your life? While Simon eats Proctect 19 with surreal short stories to spiel at me, out a yellow plastic bowl, making faces, acting like Simon.

So on the morning or whats left of it, we breeze around like starry children on no authority but our own; we walk around Michigan Ave.; we drop off our big truck, collect our \$250 and score a 3 foot loaf of bread for a buck fifty because we are hungry. Its just us two because those guys went to a baseball game or they don't want us around looking yuppy and big and pretty downtown. It features big tough men and boisterous and affable too. And big chested women with autumn things in dresses to knees that could crush the heads of eastern boys. And good people and canals and drawbridges and messengers and movie making. James Woods waves twice to Elizabeth, so beautiful she must look, looking on from the side. Dolly Parton waves at me.

We walk 10 miles through bad neighborhoods back toward Tony's; Polish Roman Catholic stores and Solidarnosc Mexicans in cars with flags cruising and beeping for the chep. Indie. Day in Slavic Chicaviv. These Mexican treats all around for the it's. And friendly P.R.s in their neat ghetto; fun-loving, Mediteranean warm and hot blood passionate. Like races getting along in this midwest city...

Dreamerz is the club this night and its uncrowded and wet. The BONES are very good and Rich is queen-like in razzle-dazzle sequince jacket; Andy in red racer blazer. And they don't get paid as they should. The leaving is a long drawn out affair and we are not sure if we are included until we jam into Simon's car in the end. Simon as if waiting for permission to let us in, spazzes with the company.

MADISON HAPPENS

On this tour I guess we, for good, better or worse, are. Initial egg shells and accommodations paranoia and such shall clear as roles are defined for Elizabeth and I. However, we crash wherever, in separate sleeping bags or together.

Madison looks like it works. The state capitol buildings are all open and and pretty. Political graffiti like that Submans song is all around sprayed. O' Cayz is the 10 year old establishment everyone loves and grew up with. Everyone knows each other like Bethlehem or any good small scene, mellow and functional.

The UPTOWN BONES still inspire me when they are on and thats why I am here. "Anger can be power" i remind Andy. He's more tense than usual, not getting good treatment. Rich I can't believe it eluded me so long, is really coming into his own. He really is performing nicely as the separte, crazy, odd frontman character you'd expect. We stay at Rufus's condo and get high. He is a big honest goofy Madison local, okay and funny-loud.

SUBURBAN MUTILATION

I dig these boys in towns, talk about old local bands and scenes, clubs, halls and living growing up here and there with American Punk Rock as their soundtrack. What made the Tar Babies the TAR BABIES. What made Die Kruezen DIE KRUEZEN? What made Norbie Ugly NORBIE UGLY? Or the FROGS or anyone else, if not Wisconsin or Madison? Products of the land and histories like Hemmingways and Jeffrey Dahmers. Like accents and mores and make up on his mug and theatre on his mind, big balls in a cheap ten-speed with make up on his mug and theatre on his mind, big balls in his shirt for tits and, no doubt THE MESS in his record collection. Is it any wonder a thing like OLD SKULL could come only from Madison, a community of children? THE ROMULANS' bassist loved PLASTICLAND when I asked them if they liked them. She acted as if I were mocking them. I find it fucked no one knows who Norbie Ugly was. Then I realize that the history I know is that of American Hardcore in all the hip towns of the rural. All the scenes that Bethlehem is akin to, because with Bethlehem yer either akin it or agin' it. They have smoke ins every year on the lush grass of the state capitol. Madison, liberal, light hearted middle American Madison. Thats why they blew up Army Math.

DREAMY TOWN

Wily Street fair with fair hippy ladies in pregnant peasant dresses and children with painted faces frolic sing songs, and splatter chase road races since Simon forgets his glasses at Rufus' and goes back with him, Rich refusing to wait so we must clean roads of students to find him. And its all okay since we do find him at the Wily Street Fair. (like we could miss a giant fucked up rock van in this little tiny town.)

I'm sitting aside the Wily Bear where it was hoped we could hook up with a house party since the hipsters of this city hang here. No go and i'm carded everywhere. Elizabeth leans beside me against the van, open door with light pouring out, theres Last Exit To Brooklyn.

Stoned up in the van earlier, then out into the light to wander Wily Street and look at the bands and hippies and beautiful secure houses. Longhaired Madison locals with hippy parents, on mountain bikes and in old football jerseys, sussed and sneering at everyone at the fair; smoking endless filterless butts pulled from teen age jeans.

Last night SKINYARD were super old and dirty and scared of losing their position to young toughs like the BONES or whoever. There was selling the stuff garnering sidelong glances at my tees because all their shit looks like total crap but they know the dorks will buy it. Even while they totally blow. But the stooky singer who looks like a Nordic Northwest woodsman, digs Andy's guitar and so me so out of place here.

So innocent this town is. And its the most beautiful warm fall day in the world. How naive and charming in total earnest. Simon's back in the van trying to bug truckers on the C.B., asking goofy questions of the burly men inside truck cabs throughout Wisconsin. What is Elizabeth thinking of all this: Rich and Simon quarreling like lovers; the tension of accommodations. Across the USA she goes. She goes with me. More beautiful than any woman in any town's show or house party. When shall we be alone again? Or get to where we're going, or belong? People keep telling us, when we ask, about the beautiful things in the towns they are from; of farmhouses with ponds and land and streams rented out from farmers for like \$400 bucks a month. And how you may walk around or ride barefoot in Madison if you wish. "What other planet features this?"

UFOS

But what else is there to do now with no show till Tuesday and nuthin to do till Minneapolis but fuck around in Wisconsin or sit stoned by Lake Mendota? Pretty sedately staid old homes with big picture windows looking out on the water, home light warmth inside like a glow from a fireplace. They each got private docks reaching out with slips and sailboats hung up on dry docks for the coming winter. Or lay and lol around on the grass in the drizzle making up comedic scenes of UFOS, looking into the sky. Is it any wonder David Jacobs went to school here? Dreamy spaced out scenic city, like the UFOS will be here soon. Simon goes "we can hang around and wait for them." and say "Or we can just stop at every single rest stop and fuck off." Even while wishing we would stay another few days awaiting the saucers. UFOS fill me with words, the UPTOWN BONES with inspiration, as the UPTOWN BONES win the hearts of the squares who actually show up for the shows.

MINNEAPOLIS...

...is chilly and pretty and I feel as if I'm skipping school with friends; at Jeanette's like its her dorm room. And she's the same old Jeanette except now she's in law school.

RED WINE FUCK

In Minneapolis there Indians with bad skin and acne cheeks what serve fuck ups and trash in Taco Bell, where you get treats \$20 dollars cheaper than in Philadelphia. We sit around in the van downtown somewhere. We're drinking Burgundy and Minneapolis beers. I'm writing a serious novel-tale-story here, (who I realize, while watching footage from Madison that Simon takes, is serene and aloof surrounded by us men in midwest bars and alleys, or stoned too drunk, so photogenic and better looking than us all, this blonde angel beauty I am hanging with. If I could I'd write about this scene: Pennsylvania friends in vans hiding out through foreign towns, so pristine and far away clean, Elizabeth and I having simply run away from everything past and I do not want to return.

HUSKER DU

Simon bought a CB for his car and Noel buys a cheezy windbreaker on a day long tour through cheezy Minneapolis thrift stores, so non-urban and sterile and totally expensive. I realize I actually miss Philadelphia filth, and how fucked up back there is; how real, stark and scary it all is.

Andy is scruffy and tense and scared. The Minneapolis of rolled up fucked up jeans and gnarly converse and flannels like they just got out of bed like punks. Like that would still exist. Noel is quiet and Art digs seeing Jeanette again. She's the same as always; big breasted square hipness etcetera. (But just now pulls a big bag of dope from her pocket, to cheers and jeers from us!) I do love these friends of mine, lost and drunk and high or sad in different places across the USA.

LIPSTICK FRAVEL

There's bars in Minneapolis all good people come to but I wonder "where's the hall shows?" like Bars like Friday Night, make the scene and eat big helpings of food; drinking much beer. Regular guys and girls in acid washed jeans and curly blonde hair; and rockers in caps with tats.

Jeanette and her roommate Pamela are heavily made up. We sit 7 or 9 of us at a big table in one of these bars. Cowboys, red vinyl booths, and football jerseys and slurring chugging and checking out the big screen. Drinking pitchers and pitchers and pitchers. Jeanette is wolfing down cheeseburgers and fries while Art and I split a Ruben which sure ain't like no Ruben like those made by the leathargic Jews of Hassidim Philly. Fravel's drunk and in character. He applies lipstick in a loud, messed up English voice and Pamela sits there wishing she were gone like she doesn't know us. Elizabeth and I over fries whisper to each other's ears things in the din, droopy faced grad students and scenemaker chicks watching her for hints at beauty and hard asses with clenching fists wanna kick our fucking weirdo assholes because they see now that Rich is wearing lipstick.

BUT

We go to some other fucking bar all the same like we're part of some Stones entourage that maybe someone cares is in town, and Fravel sits alone at bedside with his red lips and drinks some more, cheerful and up for the night. I sit there and watch him every minute, Elizabeth and I must split of course, and walk around quiet night Minneapolis for smokers, and I rip off peanut butter cups, vitamins, cheese and cigarettes too... laughing, drunk and really stoned so far from home so who cares?

How small this little music 'mecca' is. And who would want to move HERE for stardom? The brilliance must lie in the soil outside of town where the locals grew up and fucked off in garages, jerked up old hardcore and their distance from the rest of the punk rock world turning. So now you get squares showing in from other locales trying to soak this up but not getting anywhere & how could they? It is was the sound of truckstops & fields and the suburban developments beside them, bmx tracks across it and skate ramps in backyards like the early 80's outside of every city, and not the clean windy streets downtown they're looking for, so full of pretensions toward NYC art fag hoodwinks and east coast art scene longings.

BUT Mary Tyler Moore is on late night. Stoned, everyone sacking soon, unrolling sleeping bags, futons and tired knees and elbows unbending towards rest. We make ourselves at home in your house for you. And you're welcome.

WIDELOADS, U.S.A

In all small punk towns can be found patriarch pot connections, slow and fat, set up shows; WideLoads. Tyler in Madison talks of smoking pot with the little punkers, holding court; and about touring band ethics (and who's were the worst). He says "OLD SKULL. Bunch of fucking delinquents. They hang out on State Street and get people to buy them beer. And they stage dive." I go "Well, we know alot of people who are like that. These people are so jaded and from what I can not tell. Because this is like fucking WideLoad Capitol. So we call up Your Flesh and prank them for fun and boredom, from Jeanette's pad. Art keeps calling saying he's Shane from the COWS and that they should go see the BONES. And calling them phones off the hook because Steve Albini might call or somink. And tired old square Peter Davis, fat ugly wideLoad, does indeed show up, but so late. Then Rich apologizes to him for our behaviour for some reason. Bob Stinson is a sad ruddy faced Scandinavian old drunkard who looks like he likes boys. Staring my way, staring at Andy on stage; whatta fuckin load.

BIG DRIVE SOUTH

Down route 35 south at sunset looks like the whole west is on fire, burning down flaming orange red. We mess with truckers on the C.B.S. Rich is going to the Gay Trucker channel! Any gay truckers out there?" I keep thinking every enormous truck is gonna run us over because, except for one guy who could take a joke, everybody motherfucker was totally pissed.

We get to an Econolodge somewhere I've never been, drink beer and crash from need of smoothness, of quiet and calm. But I'm going crazy. Going paranoid-nuts this pothead fuck so sad suddenly again.

In the night time, Simon asleep or awake across the room from us, Elizabeth calms me with kisses and we make love for the first time in 2 or 3 weeks, silently. We whisper and strumming, whispers like vespers, and sighs in the Kansas City night.

TULSA PUNK

The Sensual Underground is just 2 guys with flitty Okie accents who share a beat up little house with rock in the garage, on South Owasso street in the bad part of town. I charm the rottweilers next door. I dig on the graffiti from the thoughts. Its cloudy and Tulsa is depressed and grey and raining. Elizabeth is the hit with the punker boys of Tulsa, talks with them on the porch. I'm freaked out on Art's whiskey and I walk around and hate everything.

The houses around here are all old 2 story suburban deals; but now with terribly overgrown lawns and boarded up windows, long haired creole or Hispanic looking guys & old crotchety white men with white hair emerge from them to "shoot guns" or drink beer, feed dogs or yell drunk.

We drive all around Tulsa piled up in Simon's car, Elizabeth on my lap. We tool around this ominous dead big Okie town for food. Then for beer and soup then for food. It looks shadowy and winter. No one walks the streets or says hello.

A DUSTBOWL THRASH

Only 10 or 12 kid punks show up to see the BONES. But they pitch all they can into the open baseball cap. Flannel shirts and boots dance the plank in an old style circle while one lone leather mohawk thrashes the other way. Andy in polyester psych shirt, white cords, scarf and jacket, looks like the MCS guy. The talking. Then, late at night, on search for beer, you notice the people about now as if from under their rocks they've emerged. They're at Quick Trips and Circle Ks buying beer and cheap smokes & hand guns. Everyone was here but me laying here writing into this thing beside Elizabeth. And she's the most beautiful woman across this fucking country. Why should I deserve her? And what do I have to offer her but insecurity and poverty & naive romanticism and bad influence? I am up in the early light of dawning with nary a ten spot.

Later everyone says goodbyes through open just a crack car windows. The mohawk mania kid looks sad and worn out today and its so grey in the urban dustbowl. I look up at him through the window and go "Don't let'em grind you down!" because he must dig ABRASIVE WHEELS. But driving wildy finding our way out of Tulsa I'm been so long since I've seen a mohawk. (But I look the punkiest and like a freak for dye job growing out and the black roots sprouting, all fucked up like the Filipino son of a gun...) (In the end the BONES come away with \$50 honest bucks because the cool teens of Tulsa dig those of PA.)

AND TO ALL YOU FRAT BOYS

It takes forever to get out of dusty scrubby Okie. But Texas is pretty with huge ranch lands open up to gawdy big metal gates and long horn rest stop picnic areas. Back in modern age, the DW Ft. Worth is a sea of halogen yellow light. We mess again with the truckers on the CB, with more success.

And into San Antonio via a futile and dumb search for Paul's sister's pad in Austin (big Shady-side style college town with homes and lawns and coeds in State sweat shirts and frat boys screaming "FUCK!" at empty Mac machine accounts. No beer past twelve midnight and I now wanna see the BIG BOYS skating a late night parking lot. In drag).

AN ALAMO FREAK OUT, COPS & DRIFTERS

San Antonio is clean and new and modern, at 2 am when we roll in. There's bailbondsmen's signs everywhere you look, bearded dusty drifters with darting eyes just stopped by cops or assuming the position across the backs of their cars angry. Squat paint peely 2 room ranch houses overgrown hidden by new shiny concrete flyovers & palm trees.

The van stops to crash in a parking lot & Simon, unable to think or decide, scared to fall asleep in the car, must take off to find a motel. He is freaking out flying up the highway, takes impulsive exit for no reason and almost kills us. I enter us back to town, scared for him. He gets a room for 50 fucking bucks a night and in the morning Elizabeth and I make love. (We fell asleep waiting for a Simon to; he doesn't even move or breath in the night so you can't tell for sure if he's awake or not.)

TACO BUTT SKINHEAD SCENE

So now, in the new heart of the near border, writing furious with time to kill, laying around drinking in front of the BONES in the morning (always arriving too early) and Tony Chinsaw, the owner, doesn't even know the BONES are supposed to be playing. But tells them they can be added to the bill; and that Todd Cote's a dick.

We are slouched around thus, bleary and from a far off other world than this part of the USA, when a Latino Sharp skin huffs past in a black bomber, tan cords & green Doc Martens, red suspenders hanging low past his fat taco ass. So far behind little northeast towns this place is, in the skinhead style sweatpates. Andy sports a plastic cowboy hat & plays on his guitar some hits of the rock n roll USA south.

Where did the Pistols play? Do I feel like them, way out in nowhere? Do the BONES? Sid vicious picked up by a big blonde transvestite? Like a big blonde Todd Cote our manager?

How Mexican San Antonio is; and ever growing hotter in this scrubby earth; and totally bored out of our fucking empty skulls.

So now no shirt on Andy, Art's cap off and Noel on tamborine, they play on roadside like freaks, like buskers, and all on film, to passing Mexican cheers and boops. What else is there to do. Elizabeth sneaking me kisses whispers, "Let's go make out in the van." But with the drinking I's gotta pee.

And across from this sight is this little blue cinderblock roadhouse run by Mexican sexy women with make up and large sexual eyes, dyed hair and tanned legs. Outhouse attached I see an old fat Latino muchacho peeing in, with picnic benches or mesquite ovens made of mud and brick. We were sit now, watching the BONES on the corner playing for passing voodoo cars, Rich not on harmonica.

Or these local boys behind us in adjacent yard, slouch round and talk loud waiting for the night, big beat pick up & shack for tools and the dogs, a Santeria drug cult altar hidden within.

The folk of the San Antonio barrio will gather here Saturday nights to sing songs of Aztecs, or drug or weed, and wallow in ruddy tan jailli in their hands, worry about money, or muchachos of theirs gone wrong, numbers on their minds; or of women they've lost or killed; like all good Holy Places. This big fucking America, from northern border to southern, holds more than you could care for; your friends and worries always more than enough to mill over and come to pass.

And you can tell the Taco Bell kids of the country to fuck the fuck off; on this big cement patch surrounded by tables, for to dance, senoritas in billowy South American dresses, tan thighs and big brown eyes, turning on their boys in big sombreros, all Hispanic brown and sexy and impassioned, all on this Sunny San Antonio afternoon.

And they serve 16 uncens wrapped in tissue wet paper to make you feel alright. And I am the writer young angel bum in the land and across it with Elizabeth beside me. And she laughs spaced out, says "Can you imagine the rollicking parties here Sabado noches?" And she knows I can.

MEXICAN STAND OFFS

The UPTOWN BONES BURRITO PARADE plays to a teen crowd of punk tots who dance around silly in a circle and joyful, still planning to win the hearts of Young America they play really fast and spazz out through a crappy P.A. system; Rich with "AS" scrawled across his chest in magic marker, big red cheek make up, and over way too soon.

But, opening band on, Noel, Elizabeth and I are getting drunk in the van when Paul and Elyse show up. Tension climaxing, she comes over and sees Elizabeth whippy in the shadowy nether dark of the van and Tplika's drunker later she hangs out talking like before, like friends. Of course it is weird.

Over the CB we scream things that are picked out of the air by the PA and amps and broadcast right into the show really loud, puzzling the punks and especially the tan skinned, like comedic sound break ins, until someone squeals on us. Then Tony Chinsaw comes out and tells us politely to stop. Andy and me and Elizabeth dig his dog which is a cute little white pup who runs between legs on the dancefloor and watches the bands and flops down then to sleep. He is dead. And there's many dogs round this barrio town, run cross streets to horns of pissed drivers.

LORD PRAISING

Like a well-lit humble National Geographic photo, a backyard song revival is going down behind the club. It is loud in competition with the Punk for the souls of the kids. Its just this big cowboy sombrero of the Lord on the miked acoustic backed up by his female senorita Christian Choir. A bug lamp chirps and buzzes and illuminates the porch like a manger scene. Its yellow and slow.

Oh and how all the pothead kids of cow-punks must have sat and watched such things, borrowed such sounds and rhythms. Like the BUTTHOLES or the MEAT PUPPETS out in Mexican Phoenix, or dopey ass Austin college rockers or the Dicks or whoever was raised nearby... Like the tan skinheads from Austin and Corpus Christie and San Antonio hanging around us, watching the scene too, skinny kid arms in short-sleeved Fred Perrys over girlfriends' shoulders; bomber jackets open cuz the humidity, smoking and laughing at them, posing for us to take their pictures when they are handing us crappy disposable cameras from the mexican dollar store down the strip mall record of their night through the eyes of Elizabeth.

"It seems so sad." I say, when the cowboy revival stops all the sudden, the cord pulled out of the bug light, like losers who try. "Its not sad because its beautiful", says Elizabeth. And I wish I could see through her eyes.

Later we crash at a motel somewhere in the scrubby flat country, with a pool and we do make love slightly after swimming in the night, wake up and dive back in. (And some old blackman here in leopard skin pants with silver front teeth, asks me for papers. I'm in the pool. Then he comes back asking my problem, thinks I'm missing him. But I say I'm from PA and he says O.K...)

SAN HOUSTON

We end up at the fucking Alamo, birthplace of Texas character, filled with Koreans and Japanese with camcorders; and go & dolls in square dancing get ups, a touring rock band and us. I watch an old Texan historian running through a story over a little dusty diorama; like he's done it 5 billion times, like thats what awaits me if I ever get let back in school?

Elizabeth and I wander around and dream of a Texas where strong pioneers from other states come out and build Spanish shingled adobe ranchers on their own land. Or at least I do. But soon we're wandering around the cheezy cannals of San Antonio, tourist rafts loudly chopping the green water up and down, and grog and expensive eateries jumbled together on each side -- no places to rest your traveling bones without laying down \$25 bucks for some nouveau shit like a sucker. Thats why we keep walking.

San Antonio is quiet and hot on Sundays. We find a "Jazz" "Festival" somewhere where they serve crawdads steamed and I dig that but there's no way I'm spending the loot, because Elizabeth is a vegetarian and besides it would ultimately be all too boring; and we must get going.

I shop lift a giant bottle of contact lens solution for her & we finally split en masse now joined by Elysa and Paul too; Elysa letting go balloons in the parking lot, dramatically and smiling, watching them float up into the Texas big sky.

ROCK CAMP 91

At this KOA campground everything is totally alright. And with 3 twelve packs & a jug of Rhine wine, how could it ever not be so? We swim in the pool and hot tub in the night with a big sexual foreign woman who watches us, in some Euro bikini from the 60s. But she gets out, says "Sorry, I don't know very much English."

So now, later, we all sit at these big benches with tables in the scrubby thin woods and eat Chilli and beans Andy cooks (he chopped the onions and tomatoes), over a huge campfire we create, me adding giant logs from a dead tree I fell, almost knocking out another time. But its not dislocated.

There's foreign campers in tents beside us, and 2 Germans getting tanked on Bacardi late at night under the bug lights. Andy plays fake songs on guitar and they go "ahhh" because they are German.



Late, Elizabeth & I crunch through the woods to crash in bags on the floor of a clearing, under the branches of a little desert bush, total full moonlight through them like laser beams, and make love slow, everything asleep save for the crickets and chiggers, and an owl. The bags are wet with morning dew. We take a sleepy dreamy walk around the woods and creek, following 3 bucks and an Elk. One buck is a pure white albino magical beast, and that totally must be a sign! Or else I must still be dreaming but no I am not! They stand there regal and magical, watching us, the Elk mooring loud. I go, "what if this were the like, Black Forest, in 800ad and we were following the white stag to freedom!" Elizabeth answers "yes...", mesmerized. But this is Texas 1991, Lubbock 400 miles away to the desert northwest. And now, so much time like water under so many bridges, everything's alright. Elysia asks us, "how'd y'all sleep last night?" And is happier too now, than half a year ago.

BADLANDS BADASS

Straight line betwixt San Angelo to Lubbock, one endless flat flat desert. The heart of Texas is big mesas of stratified rock that rise up with limestone and sandstone layers & little coyote-gnarly mesquite trees getting sparser toward the tops; like massive ships on the ocean this one was. We camp in San Angelo on the red mud grassy desert of cactus and these kinds of trees. I build a massive fire with the dead limbs of them I pull down and drag back. No one can build a desert fire like me -- wild on the range. And we feast on real tortillas. It's a gentle night full of moonlight. I run around naked but for 1 unstrapped overall collecting wood, really really running hard barefoot. "where's the coyotes and snakes and spindly lizards?" I am getting out of my head with so much fucking American space. I'm ripping down, gone crazy with joy. I want to hear my father play harmonica by this fire we are all laying around, everyone burning up from the heat, cracking wisecracks is Rich; and like Simon, scared of the chiggers so far from home. It lights our faces, cold air just 4 feet behind us. Or watch my old father as he cooks a bubbling peach cobbler in a coal black cast iron Dutch oven, covering it with a heap of red fiery embers, like making Bethlehem happy, telling ghost stories, so much younger then, and able to go crazy-joyful from the freedom of camping. But a camp will exhaust you, make your heart race till you hit the sleeping sack, and so everyone crashes. I drowsy throw branches to the fire and watch them burn as I drift off. I feel like Nick Adams only I don't have the fly road and I wish I had; all these cool weird up rivers & such, I cross over and can't stop at. And in the badlands are bridges go over dusty white stream beds that must simply deluge when the rain comes. And schools of circling hawks above a dead rat steaming like carrion on the road. And not one other car or human being for miles and miles. Like some conquistador 1500s stuck in the shiny heat with a hot steel hat on, on a withering horse so far from a safe Spanish home, about to die.

LUBBOCK ANGELINOS

It's nice, to say the least, to see Elizabeth and Elysia hang out or talk at some table together, talking pleasantly. And this I swoon at in Lubbock, Texas. A big rugged man with wide tough hands puts them around Art's neck & sings him songs because he's a poet 90 years old and has lived all around the depression west. But the DEALERS open the 'show' and play shitty to no one but our circus and him. And also old southern barflies coverin their ears slugging whiskey, who he speaks up for, really really mad, and tells me to shut it off. Elizabeth calls to me walking down the street & I turn and there, like an angel in the Texas twilight, her hair down, glowing like gold under water, she is. A couple scatty to country & western in cowboy hats. And so does Rich, like a short pudgy Clint Eastwood kid from Sellersville, PA.

STARRY FUCKING SPEED METAL REDNECK NIGHTTIME

Oh of Lubbock and rednecks, headaches from smoking packs a day and heartbreak and broken heads in the air. No one shows up or cares for the BONES except the Gay students from Texas Tech; rednecks inexplicably along with them for the night and at their table. They're yelling "GO HOME YANKEES!" Even some black guy with them in a rebel flag cap, yelling at us the carpet baggers who woulda' saved his ass 10 years ago. Or dumb demoralizing fuck ups and gross. A drunken pussy queen in overalls prances across with the freaks from the old desert like the footage of the PISTOLS in Texas. Like the sad drunk gawdy fat girl screaming rap songs into the mic for her friends who, embarrassed, want to split. This sad fat freshman girl who is proudly, shamelessly, the token peasant of the sorority chicks she thinks dig her. Or does she realize her role and accept it? Does she live for just any chance of humiliation, the attention of the machoistic circus freak? Or the chick couples with their cashews. It is ultimately sad.

But immediately after their set Rich proudly walks straight to their table and none of the vitriolic rednecks jump to take him on, the pussies, and he stands there then, with his hand out, until they shake it, defeated again by the Northerners.

The first band are cool metal druggies, lost and detached from the world. I talk with the asian or indian guitarist boy who has beautiful seaweedy wispy long black hair. He tells me all about the drugs they do down here with nothing else to get them kicks. I want to scoop up all these kids from their fucking pokey towns. They seem so eager to leave, so interested to be out of their outside; so innocent and pure and uncorrupted by the cities or the suburb expanes on the coasts. He tells me about TRUSTY who are some band from Arkansas who shred, and its the third or fourth time someone has brought them up since hitting the south, so they must shred. He says his mission is to unite all the druggy kids into a big Movement. He is incredibly fluent and stoned as he explains this, says its like totally traditional and so it couldn't really be so revolutionary. Or of how they lost their uptight drummer because he was t down with how they, at shows, "flying on acid", tripping super heavy, could not even tune up. So he is out of the movement.

This band is the terrific metal satan combo and he spits a big gob of fake blood half way through the first song, having to keep it in his mouth so long making him look sick. It is a long hair head bang from cheapo little amps. But like naive boys in rural scenes they play so light, so pitter-patter and gentle.

Or how about Johnny Ray who set up to show? So childlike too, with 4 inch out of his head and bobologic when no one shows up but stupid hecklers. But good headed, friendly and bald, he puts us all up in his one floor fucked up Lubbock-scene party house with deteriorating ceilings and flyers on wood panelling walls, a filthy kitchen and 100s of empty cans of cheapo spianard coffee, a front door not working and generally crazy and destroyed. This Texan is fun and sweet and innocent too, of the smug east coast. This Texan is fun and sweet and innocent too, of the smug east coast. I say something stupid about the old Oakland Raiders & he rubs my back in commiseration. A shiver runs up me when I realize he won't populate Texas with the likes of himself, which is the only way the freaks of The Movement will win.

HUCK FINN POET POSE

The Rio Grande is a flat muddy red river cutting through the land of New Mexico & taking these rocky new mountains of the Continental Divide we drive into with it. Across it are big dusty erosion cliffs with modern adobe houses on their crests, ugly or worse.

Elizabeth & I jump in and wade around, walking upon silty thick muddy sandbars where they got the adobe back; tough heavy red rusty clay on our bare feet, the dipping sun glint off her blonde hair. I watch her wading ankle deep in the water, head down surveying the rocks through rifles on the riverbed, like she's tripping mellow. Like an archeologist she shall be and become, dreamy like an angel again, and how free. We go back together pretty wet (staying at Paul's sister Elisa's house) to where everyone is hanging around and making fajitas and refried beans.

That night we lead everyone back down the adobe & marble house-lined street, trash on the sidewalks for collecting, to through the woods, the moonlit river; down the sandy trail where Noel and Elysia already sit quiet, staring at the water.

All I can think now is Huck Finn and I am fucking nuts. We in and overalls climb up a big old driftwood stump, over the bank with a rope swing, where slouched like all the pigs of Huck, but with Marlboros stead of the corn cob pipe, and a bottle of wine; thinking crazy inspired lines from the book. I watch the lights in the windows across the way twinkle; and hoot and holler for echoes; and spit; while the lights one by one are extinguished just like a view from a raft, until everyone in town is asleep, a few lonely dog barks off distant cliffs echoed, floating lazy toward the sea, me and my slave compatriot.

A FREE DESERT GIRL IN SKINNY LEG COWBOY BOOTS

Paul's sister Elisa split Kutztown 2 years ago in a powered up van tricked for living in, to find some cool place to stay. Like I want to do. And like I was infatuated with her 4 years ago, the now lives here in Albuquerque in a tiny adobe like the wild artists and a dog named Sealy, under the stars on a 2 acre spread in the desert. And these are strong tough women like of old at frontier outposts. And beautiful and less oppressed than back east in the jumbled suburban sprawl. Elisa built an Indian steaming hut beside the rock fire ring. I get in it to scope it out and wanna steam it. I build a fucking nether campfire and get the hosts scared its so roaring, tell me to get out, mad. So I must steal a French bread loaf and cheese to redeem myself, from the crappy store down the way.

STUCK

But like a wagon train attacked by injuns, the van inexplicably dies when we're splitting this morning, the BONES unable to play for lame shut down of the only cool club last night. But they are interviewed by some square on the New Mexico U. station, though not very good or redeeming.

The awful luck of the southwest leg of this 'rock' 'tour' is serving to completely shift the feel to one long camping trip rather than a trip on which a band is supposed to play. Money dwines and characters rub. I don't care because by now, so many cancelled shows, or shitty ones, I forget the purpose of this trip when I'm checking out the scenes and rivers and the land. I don't care if they never play another show because I could now, stuck, Elizabeth & I, live in Elisa's backyard Injun steam hut forever, or split off south and live in Elisa's city. Because its like we hit a wall, or will soon, separating us from the rest of the Continental Divide loom ahead for 40 miles, separating us from the rest of the country. For now we are west, with a dead van and time to plan on our hands. And the air is warm over Albuquerque is quiet like the country. So Elysia and Paul bail out like Another State of Mind, wave goodbye and haul off for Santa Fe.

I feel all dried out in this arid desert; oh my poor porous nostrils, when they bleed.



paul david made this awesome flyer.

OF THE SUN DEVIL 666

But finally, the dry fixed & raring to go, we shoot out of Albuquerque, heading 9 hours to Phoenix Rich and Noel screaming for us to turn around and dig the view behind us. (Which is clouds and rock mountains looming like about to smash little dry Alby).

The Indian Nations we sneak through feature little towns and a slow garage man pumps our gas from an antique glass machine and cleans every window on every car. We took a route told to us by a mellow Indian; a windy road through giant monolithic rocks & cliffs all sandstone brown, and scrubby high altitude bushes and trees. It is the most beautiful land I ever did see. "...in this giant party, the moon a stick of tea. Vertebrate zoology."

You should see this land of ours; you should be on it; you should be within its pagan warmth, its Lucifer Indian turtle song, and look across it at big rolling grassy downs, rocky hills and sunsets, orange blue clouds bursting across the U.S.A. horizon.

And into Arizona you push up the white hills endless and relentless like us in the dark, the truckers on CBS saying "I'm smoking real bad" laughing; come down the mountain and winding dangerous turns, "gotta pull over and let these brakes cool." As we hold on waiting for 18 wheeler death, the smoke of burning rubber and brake pads getting in everything behind them like we're following the Devil down into hell.

UP ON THE SUN

The air hots up immediately out of the Continental Divide, and its suddenly all stars above and in the desert and moderne. Initially hospitable, a boy in a band and the sound man get me and Elizabeth and Art and Andy stoned. There's burritos for 80 centavos. But the local bands blow and I wanna get outta here; and the club is pretty fucking lame (still no hot shows).

Andy's brother puts up after the show. A misplaced wheat prairie Republican guy in the desert who, with exciting wads of cash in his hands, takes all 7 of us out to lunch for burgers & soup & salads in a saw dusty old pokey looking smoky dark wooden barn. He's got a fast little dog named Boomer & his easy going wholesome feel is total Clees.

TUSCON FREAK SCENE

Its big lotta for way cheap run by Philly expatriates who used to do Love Hall when I was a little kid, now bring it on down here in the south west. Its drifters with mangled puffed red faces from drink and sun in polyester weird clothes or caps, drifting in and out of a pizza joint we sit in bored shirtless, playing free the pinball. Or big momma Mexicans selling treats from trucks, selling liquors. The girls are made up, this Friday night, hanging for passing cars in parking lots under lights.

The headlining band we couldn't miss because our possessions were within, are crappy local hardcore everyone and their parents seem to love (Malignus Youth). Such little square kids, I yell "buy some crap you fucking posers!" & no one does. But we meet up with this guy named Marty. He rides a World War II looking expatriate and he's here for some fucking reason. He follows to pass out at his motorcycle like a nut through the streets, with us following, to pass out at his pad. He falls to sleep drunk, talking about NYC and saying how lame all the fucking hippies are, too offensive to his New York sensibility. And he falls asleep in a Joey Ramone leather jacket, fighter pilot goggles around his neck; the dreams of the girl he told us about who he followed here, from New York, on his cycle, like a romance outcase, only to lose her or something, and be stuck here now. Its too sad to listen to.

CREEPLY CRAWL

The ensuing diaspora through the desert to LA is one hellish creepy affair. And Riverside ends up not being as cool as Allen Wrench would have had me believe 10 years ago in his awesome Flipside scene reports. Everyone and everything is fucked tweaked and weird and creepy. The kids in their suburban Hollywood-inspired costumes and glamorous make up abound. The suburbs are sick and everyone's now corrupt just like in Valley Girl except, because of Valley Girl, everyone's now some weirdo glam freak. Or the kids that look like Ore. The Edge skating the 'downtown' who seem sussed and cool at first, or at least natural, who come up to us trying to give away bible tracts like some youth movement cultists. Or those that wish they were from some mythic vision of NYC wherein everyone is an 'artist' with a lunchbox wearing black & on junk. And the RADICTS are playing to no one which would not be a big deal except they really are from New York so I guess they don't sound artsy enough (but their clothes are black).

The BONES again play to 1 or 2 people (excluding Elizabeth, Simon and I trying to sell shirts to little girls in velvet skirts and Riverside punks in leopard skin haidros and jeans) because everyone is outside since the glam bands finished. Because they played last. Because again the guy didn't know they were supposed to show up.

Riverside is a flat modern town full of homeless white or Latino men begging at every neony and clean strip mall deli, video and liquor store and it freaks me out to see them not hunched in front of some bombed out eastern urban scene, but instead a super modern west coast suburban one. And the jack cops shine flashlights into every kid's car, looking for underage beer. But I steal a big hunk of yellow gouda from one of these stores and buy some bread and peanutbutter like a junky, and picnic in the van, waiting hours for such a horrible show to just begin (so it will end sooner).

THE GOOD PEOPLE

But we meet a smart Russian kid from Redlands who's heard of the BONES and Easy even, and who digs the Eastern Seaboard scene. And he's dressed up inconspicuously. And hangs with us, mocking all the posers. (he is, actually, quite mean-spirited). And Steve Bronstien shows up all the way from LA where a show was cancelled. He's trying to make it out here and pull it together, with a Temple Film degree hanging from his hip pocket. He puts us up back in Westwood & loses his loneliness for a night, this old Philly friend; and what the fuck's such a humble man as he doing out here? And LA is one gigantic industrial park where people pose in flashy suits. And the drive there from Riverside is fucking horrible. And we missed the Church and Zed's.

CRISPIN GLOVER SAN FRANCISCO

Oh but San Francisco must be where poets live, though hidden underground, because they did before me and now. One big cloud and mist on this dramatic view rolling in over the Bay Bridge at 6pm (Simon spazzing scared of the lost. The BONES were no where to be seen for hours cuz they flattened in the beef herd wastelands on the way up). But I direct us quick to the club thats in the Espan Mission where some tall dude in cloggy boots is doing his Crispin Glover schtick when we walk in with amps. I think and am convinced its him.

It is cold and grey and Philly dirty in S.F. and it feels really good. I say man! we're in San Francisco and so need some red drunk wine! So full of crazy inspiration instantly I am. I'm all "Bruce Barton combed", and Elizabeth & I stand on one of those sliding board streets looking down Valencia to the bridge and like the Historian Hissang I pine for other times. "Stand surveying Folsom and the ramp. And the red brick look. Wishin they had a woman, or some money honey." How free this history city be.



JACK SAUCED POSE

So Elizabeth and I do score a big bottle of Burgundy California to walk about with it in paper bag & pop sips up down hilly streets of the Mission thinking how magic Jack Kerouac this all really truly is to me and pretty. And then I wanna go find the Vets and see Flipper and Code of Honor and skate with Jaks.

I take first sip & think "Man! I haven't had this taste in month!" This super particular taste like chilly early spring nights around Olde City, messed up like we're nuts like lovers & like nothing could possibly fuck us up too, and all windblown grey and brick red and dirty and tagged with paint markers. But now this faces traipse around for the night.

Later on a hill we sit with Andy and finnish this potent smash, get very smashed and watch the cloud bank come over and overtake the city below, lights on the bridge blinking, and dream Brautigan dreams of coming over country to here to live. Like Mark Twain, Jack London & poets of America looking for magic places; hills and wood wilderness just over the land.

ONE OF MY BIG SISTERS

Melinda does indeed show up and we talk brother and sister excited and loud in a far off town. She thinks I'm the drugged up and crazy romantic boy. I go "Bring me to Maxine Hong Kingston's house for I demand a fucking audience!" & she laughs for I truly am the lost cavalier brother a sister wants, right? And Asian and fearless across the land. And charisma too, Elizabeth on my arm like she wasn't moments previous, passed out in the ladies room for 2 hours (me freaking out & paranoid-stoned wanting to run around the Mission in search of her.) (but she certainly does not look as if that was where and how she disappeared to.) We with Bob and Art go for coffee in the Mission night. Bob bought a CD because of the "Fearless" cover and because the cover was drawn by me. But soon she & Bob split and we head off for to sleep; Simon to HIS sister's to malign her new born half French baby.

GAY LOFT

A Kubicek brother from West Chester, I guess the gay one who ran away, puts us up. He has a nice warehouse right round the corner from The Chameleon, and weird old square roommates who peer out cracked open doors at us, timid. We give them 'hard times' and 'the business' after Kubicek gets us high, saying "Here's the drugs" nonchalantly as if thats what Noel told him we require if we are to grace his home.

He has a home studio walled with rugs, filled with equipment and plenty of space. We make the racket with the SAINTS on the hi fi late into the night and everything's alright like a womb.

Then in the San Francisco moonlight on a big couch under a long warehouse window Elizabeth makes love to me, above me, moving slow. And exhausted already for days, we sleep strewn around and nude in someone else's loft, like bad kids.

BUM ANGELS

In the morning warped on coffee & heavy stoned like crazy & dry heaving on the street, praying "my god! not here please!" my head down and eyes teary, mouth open and tongue feeling like a fish from smoking so early out of a crushed Budwieser can fashioned in haste to burn stolen weed.

Elizabeth, Andy, Art and I can't do much but wander around the hills of S.F. like children, starry-eyed and weebeegone goopy. Down crowded San Francisco streets crowded with swarthy men and women and children, pan handlers and hippies.

And Andy, vision of soon to be wife, farts around S.F. streets in cowboy hat & taped up black man's shoes. Or slouches on the dirty sidewalk, cup of water beside him staring out ahead, smiles when Elizabeth and I come upon him. Or Art in strange clothes stoned and reading dust jackets in bookstores in aviator shades. Like angel boy rakes from the west or the east or simply America herself.

"HOME"

S.F. reminds me of small old mountain steel towns in Pennsylvania. Old rowhomes and trees on hills, bikes and mountain vistas where you can go to live. Like at home warm and surrounded by the big momma arms of South Mountain holding Southside Bethlehem to her punk rock bosom. Or much like filthy Philadelphia but less vicious thank God; and so many Philadelphia folk & Pennsylvanians heading out and back and forth all the time. So we better split...

THE SEATTLE SLUDGE SOUND

all the hollows that hide a bigfoot in the piney green hills of evergreen clean northern scenes i hike down weathered railroad tracks to hike in Sasquatch land lost and late for the show

ANOTHER JACK POSE

In Seattle play the POSTER CHILDREN and I sulk about because they are so lame and cutesy and unangry. I'm burned out and bored, so slouch against a pillar in the rock part of the place with this book under my arm & shoulders hunched smoking, holding butt with fingers closed around it, blowing rings into the stupid air. Like the Kerouac pic on the fire escape in NYC with smoke to his lips, hollowed hallowed cheeks sucking in, staring down upon the city. I'm the poster child. I'm wearing a big MacGregor flannel and old man jeans; and it is so sad that this is what I've been reduced to thinking about while a band is playing in the same room, thats how bad they suck. As a million people rock out to them beside me, in front of me, behind me; like its Black Flag '81...

MUMBLETTY PEG TOURNAMENT

The BONES play hard and sloppy and passionate, even though of course no stuck around to watch. Rich sings rather well I'm thinking, hands in back pockets holding a near empty wallet. And tonight he really does look like Daltrey. Art garners a few amazed looks from the couple persons there. Andy slides around upon landing from jumps, because his taped up shoes offer no traction.

They would have me believe that Seattle is rock city with a capital R, but the shows are in restaurants, all yuppy and clean cut and well lit. And the ACCUSED aren't on the bill; or the FARTZ. And no one I would know could ever afford the shitty food here! And all around town are coffee joints like drinking coffee is some big deal they discovered. It is all very depressing.

I play mumblety pegs spazzing on coffee & bored out of my skull in a goddamn restaurant booth by a window, the yuppies and scenesters of Seattle looking through it we stay in vacant pads in downtown Seattle with Hypo fame editor Peter, back from NYU, manager of apartment buildings, a tall handsome free thinker and tough in woolen shirt and jeans, who I guess took pity on us. He gives us his zine and plays us local heroes Nirvana just signed to a major and I'm like why wasn't it Mudhoney?

He grills us on different topics, getting at where our minds are at and from and how they got that way, like a journal, like a cool person with a brain.

Rich sleeps by himself in another apartment, everyone else crashes crowded around me and Elizabeth and the beer, night sounds of the University scene up the hill lulling us to sleep...

SEATTLE DREAM

And in the night I have this dream: Andy, Art, Elizabeth & I are at Joy's house in someplace like Nicolett St. in Minneapolis. We must go to catch a bus. Joy leads. But Elizabeth still sleeps in his bed, Joy telling me its ok, I can leave her. We wait at a bus station and bullshit with Joy, who's ok, but I feel sickly guilty. I bum a light off some short midwesterner & stand in the street looking for the bus. While Art and Andy are talking with Joy, I let a bus go by and shrug. I'm starting to think of Elizabeth gentle asleep, back at Joy's. I start freaking out and start walking fast, thinking I'll go back & wake her up. I start running. But then for some reason I change my mind and Joy's ok. So I turn and enter some house and go into a wood paneled room where I'm thinking about the hippy-esque 200M kids of the 70's growing up to be like the next generation, but only they are, like 200M, forgotten with Joy. I had Billy Jack bullshit. And in this room I'm scarfing down crisp pork chops, shish kabob things and meatier things. And 4 big fingers, look like mine, and I'm going to eat them. They're sitting on the table on a silver tray in a row like they're still attached to a hand. I bite one and get totally grossed out; and grossed out too, by the flavorless, almost raw pork chop. I freak and split. I run across some windy grey chain linky concrete bridge to grab Andy & Art and go back and grab Elizabeth but they've hopped a bus without me and I don't know what to do now...

OLY. WA. SCENE HAPPENS

In Olympia the scene is naive and young and alive. And now its in the public eye and now The International Pop Underground goes above. But the BONES play in the basement to 6 locals anyway.

This little house the show happens in is a smartpunk crash pad for Evergreen students who are all lesbians or chain smoking males in Chuck Taylors. They got the MILKSHAKES records and they think we're east coast vulgar. I borrow a bike and shimmy around the town and everything feels alright like a little town scene.

Down where the shops are we're screwing around all day and its sunny in Washington state. At some shop that sells 'zines I flip one open to a picture of fucking Steve Marriott, and an article, written by Guy Picciotto! Its a well written piece devoted to the king because he died. And I didn't know. But there is no better way to get the news of Steve Marriott dying than from Guy in some little half sized zine from a cool little punk town like Oly Wa.

DANGEROUS PORTLAND

In Portland we roll up to the club, in the seedy, post-Chinatown district with big dangerous Mexicans and Nazis holding huge wads of cash outside. There's barefoot white girl teenage prostitutes getting gyros from the diner, their pimps handing them the money. Where are their shoes, its so cold and damp? The punks are tough ass leather jackets and they hate everything. Its a heavy scene and scary, and dread is in the air from the moment we show up. The local bands suck; but a cool band of San Francisco stoner punks called GELS are the best thing I've seen all tour. And later, rock throwing and fear as the club is charged by a chollo gang, the lame tough punkers yelling 'leaners! to get them pissed. I look over to make sure Simon's filming all this because its so fucked up and I see a girl get a rock to the side of her head, hippies from the co op next door going about their business, looking up as if nothing's happening around them, and barefoot drag queen kids running away from the violence. What a fucking shit-hole because it happens all the time. The GELS don't dig this action and get in their VW van and split right away, leaving us here knowing we'll have to wait hours for the BONES' loot.

And my god, how fitting this heavy scene is; a weird sense of doom already in our despairing souls, because the tour'll be done after this one final hell hole show.

HOME

In Philadelphia I ain't gonna have a home. I can crash on different beds and couches, and dream schemes for money, or duck roommates who hate me; who bore me, a broke dope with a massive debt to a million people; in nowhere-to-go Philadelphia-town.

But there is still nothing lovelier you may see, to me, than the hearth warm yellow glow from some window of some big tough old stone or white washed farm home, driving through the night of PA, for someone to come home by.

the end

want a shirt?

sorry.



OR JUST LISTEN ONLY TO GABOR SZABO & I|||

DOG "live in California" (Pasteurilla Gardens (formerly Jumbo))
 You get hit instantly by the fucking noise of heavy drums, feedback blowing up
 in your face like a Japanese, and... and... sound like whips and smacks as some guy
 wails "I'm a Japanese, I'm a Japanese!"... sound like some gnarly creepy Asian cyber-discipline porno.
 The Pacific Rim freak out, even though they're from Somerville, Massachusetts.
 And that's just the first song... The rest of the "songs"; "hippie van", "so sari",
 and "mountains of dog" sound like some infernal meat grinder result of DISCHARGE,
 MAINLINER, CUL DE SAC, MITB, FUSHITSUSHA and Charles O'Connor on really heavy bad
 drugs. Lots of people I know would totally dig this. Oh, and the packaging is
 pretty awesome: spraypainted red tape cases and yellow glue on the outside,
 crappy xerox'd and painted pictures of the band. Thank Chicken Farm Bob for his
 pictures, noise taste and thank him for putting this out. And thus his label is
 these real obscure purveyor of noise you'll wanna watch in the future. (PASTURELLA
 GARDENS PO BOX 234 LITTLE YORK, NY. 08834)

Get this for the way you feel good with the world. Get this for the amazing songs by RAINIER MARIA, GAINER, ORWELL and especially BOLLERMAKER. No shit, those songs are the best songs that hit my ears all fucking year. R.M. is a stoner, those songs are the best songs that give me that happy, bassed and meandering and the frantic and punelling and all about flying away to get away to freedom. GAINER is the tension and the pleading of a nervous breakdown. ORWELL features the toughest, coolest sounding hardcore singer in ages; and he's bellowing the rad emo poet lines like "we buy hugs like over the counter drugs" and some of the most honest lyrics like "race cars" so you know someone is taking drugs. BOLLERMAKER, however, are the songs that sound like a good sounding mellow out whippy moment like solitude once the realization hits, like another sinking feeling, slowly sinking in; and the import of whatever's transpired. Its a tremendous wash of feelings, slow and almost bluesy with the sliding guitar; and modern with the double-tracked singing, by a truly great singer, singing about a love lost and a heart that doesn't care, it's more like a chair for hours. Because it sounds like swimming alone on Labor Day in a lake and crying, because school starts again in another new town in two days and you know, just like a smart kid, that its gonna suck, you're different now, you're older, and you're friends are gone now, you're gonna be alone, you're gonna be oblivious and even though she probably won't realize that there's nothing you can do about it, you're gonna get your ass kicked soon. (PolyVinyl Fanzine POB 1885 Danville, IL 61834-1885)

A CD bursting with various songs and I'm bummed cuz its not ACUSTIC enough. So many people mock the kid's voice but to me its one of the cooler aspects of what their deal was. "You Too Can Be a Motion Picture Star" features one of the best sung choruses in ages. And "Beautiful Two Fold" is an incredibly pretty song with climbing trees in fields on grassy plains. You can run your back and everything goes your way forever, and the kids are totally kills. The backing is as if they were an ancient medieval art project synthesized by alchemists instead of an emo band from the first half of the 1990's. And that is as it should be. (Arcade Kahca 48 N. College Indy, IN. 46205)

4 magical songs to subdue you in an hour or so. Pristinely recorded masterpieces from the kung fu master of evocative guitar himself. This is no series of esoteric offerings for a mature, vaguely spiritual audience. These are awe-inspiring, graceful surf-rock findings from the four corners of the earth; like Shaolin Monks or Shinto baldies with but one vague mudo operandi in their heads, seeking to get in tune with the world. More super pretty songs evolving organically into a more complex, more sophisticated, more phased, bass pulse throbbing and driving. This is a great album. The songs are great. The production is great. The sound is great. The cover is a beautiful thing to look at for a really long time. When you order this, please let me know how you like it. I mean isn't that lame?

A super mellow soundtrack to any beautiful scene you can create with good friends and that's something. Lots of sounds from summer evenings in the yard like well-produced Plinko and the clink of ice cubes in beer and cluttered noise from the country on the wooden porch at Charles & Sharon's future dream home up in the Vermont mountains, everything all the right there to tell you that you're in the 50 thousand big ones falling out of your pockets for to spend on any stupid luxury or any cool project your friends need money for. And enough to tell you that these sounds are enough summer nights to help you continue to believe in this thing called "Rock Music".

Three songs on a D all washed out and trippy and fuzzy just like the Frizz. The best song is the acoustic guitar ramble because its so pretty and sad and full of import(ance). The Kathy Morris cover is a felt-and-love masterpiece through a aquarium that would have been wrecked by the Darla guy's computer graphic laziness if it weren't so good, and Art's liner notes not been so well written.

"Another sincere Chumpir compilation that kicks it; but this time the cover art and graphics are very wanting. Oh well... CHASE SQUAD rose from the ashes of OX and DING and you can tell (because Greg is yelling). Its still really good, and I like Circus' era- I like the way Mike and the BURNERS ISLAND were so complete, and how Legitimately sweet singing, and such a whispy rocked at & smoked out feeling, and so full and good sounding, that you'd be forgiven for thinking that they were from Western Mass. in 1987 or something. Really, that's how I sound now. And about these things, I'm sure you know better than me. Over Me head. BURNING snow was the Quakertown emo and they're singing about snow falling on the little LV town, so whatever. OX do the thing that they got really rich for doing with Tony Stoner from R.I. on the totally awesome drums.

Thanking ANONYMOUS LP as our one and only friend from the Lehigh Valley Gods (CHUMPIR) PO BOX 680 Connetquot Lake PA 16316-0680)

100 pounds of thick vinyl with a California kid's Wacky Pack collection stuck to one side, and the word "thoughtless" on the other. Lots of noise experiments giving way to the heavy pummeling and Ginsburg poems. I find this not necessarily essential, but then again I'm not in Brutal Truth either. (you know, looking around for ideas and all.) And Gravity continues with the graphics & packaging coup d'état. (GRAVITY PO BOX 81332 SAN DIEGO CA 92138)

YOUNG PIONEERS "Living on all the streets that I love and breathe THE CLASH for me, til I can just sing the broken concrete, as the inevitable course of things to come" is a goddamn beautiful line and creeds similar, verbatim almost, to lines I'd whisper, walking through fuck up North Philadelphia streets to Temple again and again; or after finally falling out for the second time, I'd sing crazy and out loud, wandering around bored in the morning with the freedom of no job and the complete paranoia of too much dope, up and down Girard Avenue to and from the Dew Inn, everything a screwed up ground me just like my head and my life.

(VERMICIFORM)

Get it for the Henry Miller looking typed up lyrics. Get it because the cover looks like a small second edition of an underground Black Mountain poet's first chapbook. Get it because the words, or at least most of them, will move you if you have any heart and if such things mean anything to you when you're not shopping at Ikea or listening to One Life Crew over and over. Don't get it because of the shifty name, this is a book about nothing. Get it just because the title will suddenly mean something when you can think of "revealing himself by crying and shouting", accompanied by nothing save for a few crickets, a loud breeze and the sound of 500 thousand scenesters screwing in lightbulbs and falling off the face of the earth. Preferably in Elizabeth's old backyard, the upper Schuylkill rolling by lazy, the old wooden farmhouse now empty but for mice and the ghost of a man. Get it because the Olden making up shop on the ankle high grass like the dead ghost of a farm boy hung for the death of his parents.

Dissapointing considering their name. And their label...

The Philadelphia space out sci fi hardcore action happens on this wonderful 7' in a big fucking way. Tweaked and bendy guitar strings get wrenched through a crack pipe down a lonely evil North Central Philly drug strip on a cold evil wintery night, like ears throbbing and fucking you up from taking too much; a space rock from a raggedy Alien ship, a big piano in "Bad" all revved up and disco dancing. Fine packaging for the 100 or so that exist. Get it. (Box Theory 2018, rites of spring garden, Phila PA 19130)

With truly great cover drawings of dead ex-hardcores from dying Pennsylvania scenes, O.P.ed and murdered in their beds, this is the Champure compilation that finally brings Great White back into the limelight. There are some really good songs here, you'd think that the Renaissance starts here, instead of America. For my hard earned money I'm down with the BOMB SQUADRON the most since they are the total CLASH deal happening from Reading; with the Oil of ANGELBIL UPSTAGE and the RAINBOWS. The new SUPERSTAR cut is totally AC-DC sung by the Murder Junkies' new singer. (He should tell them to fuck off and simply hang with the cool people in PA.) The DEALERS drove the new melodic sound home, but it's not the same here. It even though we got the IV HC credentials everybody wishes they had.

They get through a full CD with out actually 'playing' their guitars and it sounds really really fine; which is just a notch below 'great'. But that's just because they over produced the thing, which is a shame. Lots of empty space broken infrequently by the big metallic elastic notes and chords that appear once in a while on the horizon, sounding like dentists drills or great swarms of bees. Guitars abused and unmercifully wrung around mic stands, like a bow being bent harsh upon a breaking cello, like time being bent into space; and all that sea and space New Zealand finds itself in so far down below on the bottom of the world.

The Gravity package is a very thick clear plastic 'bag' and a computer-looking piece of cardstock with a Le Courbier-looking modern apartment building on it, electric power lines, an overhead projection from the acid days and the buildings being blown up or imploded. So too it is with the music, the graphics, representational, and the music for most of the performance. The music is a writhing like a building shaken to rubble in an instant by an earthquake. Sharp and bent and buckled-tuned guitars like electricity coarsing through the earth at thousands of volts per, right through your teeth when you're tripping. That's how it looks and that's how it sounds. Do I make too much of these things? Perhaps I do. But there is no fucking way I'll ever let go of this perspective and paradigm and program process, because it's the only thing I've got. No idea, or Maximism or any other thing. It's fucking amazing you could name

MR YUK smoked alot of drugs, beat up alot of assholes, played alot of very screwed up hall shows, stole alot of money, rallied alot of fuck up Lehigh Valley punk kids into a scene, wrote a million songs and stood steadfast in opposition to the retarded Revelation-influenced straight edge conformity that every stupid person and band was sucking on so hard, back in '88 & '89; and thats a history to truly be proud of, unlike alot of other punks and squares, now wearing vests and vests and digging the Cro-Mags AGAIN, who actually brag about wearing Gorilla Biskuits or Sick of it All shirts on top of Champions, and Air Jordans and X's on their hands 'back in the day'!

"But MR YUK neve put out anything; unless you include the EASY tape from the summer of '89 that I did, but no one liked it and I kept all the money anyway... So thank Frank for finally doing this, on green vinyl, with a pic of Blinky naked on the cover, laying his balls out on the 411 Mansion's pooltable, about to be snacked down a corned pocket... The coder says it was very sexist but I don't think so. He'd said he didn't know what I'm talking about. I mean they couldn't have been so fucked up if they weren't from Southside Bethlehem; and they wouldn't have been so antisocial if they weren't a reaction to all the new style HC post-nerds that were cloning eachother back then. And they wouldn't have sounded so fucking earnest and righteous if they weren't completely right. Post Youth of Today, no one but Bethlehem, Pennsylvania hardcore high school drop outs in oldstyle American combat boots would be yelling these lyrics at a crowd of people who smoke too much weed and sit in their rooms watching MTV every day. Everybody that knows that I see is hooked. Robbin other neighborhoods, they call me a crook. FUCK THEM ALL CUZ I NEED MONEY! Maybe I will rob a bank or a millionaire. Knock him out & knock him down and pull out all his hair. Then I'll take his money and kick him in the face. Book up to the Acre's and buy a bowl of base." ("From 'Bozofaced'") or "Saw you at the office getting yer Christmas bonus. Followed you to the parking lot. Bashed yer fuckin head and stole your ALA & L&L OPD." ("from 'Milk Road'"). John Arbustast hit his VOIR-influenced, violent guitar peak on "Murder Brick". And Brian Walker was the best drummer ever with a crappy HC set to go.

With so many bullshit records like La Peste or you name it, reissued and hyped today like they were some real punk rockers in some golden age of their youth on college, this sticks out like a drunk at a Floorpunch show. And you know its true, almost every punk rock record is a reissue. But I mean they were all underage when they were playing with the fire of all this American loser hatred, and they were even younger doing 'God damn motherfuckin sonof a bitch' during a time when no one remembered who did it first, and if you don't know who, then who are you? (And honestly, to really relay the message we need more covers and fewer reissues. So when you go up for it let me know.) (FOE PO BOX 4 Bethlehem Punk City 18016)

Totally CLASH again, and that fucking rocks. Pretty fucking awesome songwriting
 and probably the best 'songs' (in the trad. sense as opposed to the noise
 experiments everyone's cashing in on lately) on the revolutionary east coast. The
 song's lyrics are all top notch in a Strummer kinda way; I mean almost every single
 line reminds me of either "Bomb" or "Rebel Yell". So they're down to wit and
 Hemingway. Anarchist strain that runs like a river through the better recesses of
 this American culture. And a truly great revolutionary dialectic is kicked in "Love
 Song From The International Section", whereby equating naturally populist anarchist
 'militia' lovers in South Dakota and their peers of the past in South Vietnam. And
 like the singles its like some freaked out combination of the CLASH with GOVERNMENT
 ISSUE and PALACE. Get it man. On a side note, Brat's only other album is also
 better than the SCARLETT SHT & 7 SECONDS covers and every post cartoon that he
 ever drew in every single zine from the mid '80's, but a totally welcome sight
 because of this.

Even though this was like \$50 bucks at Twisted Village I picked it up with out any thought of guilt. All great songs sounding like a board recording and thats sort of a shame. But its from early 1991 so its mostly stuff from the first record, very clean and tight and desperate. I would say "its like a side A" if it isn't in my head. The localities. The one I never heard is "Sweet Vibrations" and it features the ultimate slow down-mellow out-mantra reprise that its worth the price for it alone. Because within it is the paisley guitar lineage they are ripping off while indeed complimenting and expanding upon; there are beautiful flourishes like electric currents at different points, instants; recalling the RAIN PARADE first, THE YARDS, ANDY AND THE BROTHERS, and the best of SEBASTIAN all in a matter of 3 minutes, all in one song, in all their righteous smoke out glory. The only thing that could have made this better would be if it were recorded by me on a 1980's walkman, with my feet in concrete and my hair in my eyes, just failed out of Oxford on a sultry Rugby evening in summer; 5 million pounds in unmarked notes hidden in my socks and a plane ticket to Brazil, written down by me as the cover graphic didn't do it, so hard.

the PROMISE RING "30 degrees Everywhere" (Jade Tree)

Its pretty amazing that this wasn't some pristine sounding pop emo jerk off, considering the hype and the label. Instead its just a crappily produced one. Their pedigree belies how bad this band is, because they're the Weston of the Emo set, which is something at least I, being such a stupid hopeless believer, would not have been able to conceptualize even for the sheer fun or terror of it, just a scant two years ago.

EX-IGNOTA "Lazarus is Back To Report..." (Ebullition)
 Boring in its 'experimental' use of the modern east coast delay and effects guitar-core like they just heard Mandela Strikeforce or something equally sinister. And with the same voice and concerns as a zillion other ex-straight edge dorks from California. The cover is a big piece of cardboard with a hole ripped into it; ooo neat.

"Second State" comp. (Chumfire)
 "America starts here. After Delaware." That's what it says... Yet another Chumfire comp documenting various scenes in Pennsylvania. The small booklet included is the tits because Greg writes with soul. DAVENPORT have the Pittsburgh sound that is alot like the drunk Philadelphia sound, from a few years back, of DERELICT HOTEL, all bluesy, staggering, shadow boxing and slurred and violent. The ICK do the cool song with the good spoken moments from the RUSSIAN MEATSQUATS tape LP on Easy 4-tracked over the music. OBJECTS OF HATE are the kids who grew up hanging around MR YUK's house and are total Southside Bethlehem in that they are super American hardcore like its still miraculously 1983 in the smalltowns and suburbs and there's even more assholes and jerk offs to beat up than now; or else improv psych noise madness epics ever let loose in Japan. The heaviest bass turned way up to 12. The most massive Sabbath riffs bent like molten iron or lava, through impossible shapes and turns. This is so on its like HAN SHAN slowed down and turned up so God could hear it, pressed onto a 50 foot record made out of lead and played with a 'needle' made out of busted church steeple. This is such gnarly heavy music that can still take off and soar like angels or birds as light as a feather, and thats something to achieve; like the big guitar parts on the second Dinosaur LP, the only great one, propelled like an ancient iron locomotive leaving its tracks and catching air, as opposed to a slight and sharp mag lev super train, because this is so thick its sick. And again, thank Bob at Pastuerella Gardens because he's selling these at a fair DIY price so you don't have to go to Tokyo or NYC and look cool or weird flipping through the Jap section... And here, again, I have to laugh because the title is so brilliant!) (Charnel House PO BOX 170277 S.F. CA 94117)

MAINLINER "Mellow Out" (Charnel House)
 That's the perfect title because this is just three songs of the loudest fucking recording ever made, it sounds like a mistake or a miracle, depending on your taste, determined by your upbringing, forged by your locale, short circuited by your individuality and your innate sense of self, or lack thereof. The three biggest improv psych noise madness epics ever let loose in Japan. The heaviest bass turned way up to 12. The most massive Sabbath riffs bent like molten iron or lava, through impossible shapes and turns. This is so on its like HAN SHAN slowed down and turned up so God could hear it, pressed onto a 50 foot record made out of lead and played with a 'needle' made out of busted church steeple. This is such gnarly heavy music that can still take off and soar like angels or birds as light as a feather, and thats something to achieve; like the big guitar parts on the second Dinosaur LP, the only great one, propelled like an ancient iron locomotive leaving its tracks and catching air, as opposed to a slight and sharp mag lev super train, because this is so thick its sick. And again, thank Bob at Pastuerella Gardens because he's selling these at a fair DIY price so you don't have to go to Tokyo or NYC and look cool or weird flipping through the Jap section... And here, again, I have to laugh because the title is so brilliant!) (Charnel House PO BOX 170277 S.F. CA 94117)



boy's life spaceout before the gettin g-it-together cloudburst part, live

BOY'S LIFE / CHRISTIE FRONT DRIVE split 10" (crank)
 Packaging as beautiful as beautiful can get, intricate print job and intricate folding deal. BOY'S LIFE rock the folksy emo like crazy, and a million more times better than on their other, forgettable records. Because this is how they Really Sound. The soft and whispy explodes into the full on guitar-drone-driven evocative-emo in a split second and the kid screams and croons so fucking well, like a totally romantic nut. "Two Wheeled Train" sounds so exactly like DAREDEVIL that when I heard it on the radio I thought it was and I turned it up to 100! (the ceiling fell in on me at the freak out cloud burst part.) So when I played this for the very first time, and that song came on, realizing it was them, I just slouched back and said "oh yeah." And again the ceiling came apart and blew away like a twister, letting the sun's rays find me inside sitting there, but this time the volume knob was only at 4. So there you go. Their side is that extremely, almost impossibly, great. And along with the HOSE LP and the few good songs on the Direction comp, its almost enough Rites of Spring-inspired sound to live another year by. And don't worry about the CHRISTIE side, they've fell out of fashion with all the stoner-emos in the scene because they're not as righteous and vulnerable and tough sounding as INDIAN SUMMER, DAREDEVIL, IVICH, PALACE and BOY'S LIFE because they crown on the natural drugs that could if used correctly open their hearts to greatness. And just like INDIAN SUMMER, their side starts and ends with the forlorn voice of Bessie Smith calling you to her from far away. So you know what you must do right now. "We rode our bicycles to heaven..."(crank 1223 Wilshire no. 173 Santa Monica CA 90403)

HOSE GOT CABLE LP (Old Glory)
 Impossibly awesome and chilling and almost unbelievably great, this is by far the BEST LP ALL YEAR of any genre of any subculture of any art in any universe. This is so amazingly great that I bought 2 copies each of both vinyl and CD, because the CD has a bunch more songs. The sounds are all excellently recorded or produced or whatever and I can't imagine them sounding any better. The first 'song' is an album side long and its this noise heavy 4 note work out of repeating beats both shimmering and thudding, a feedbacked tripping monster guitar squall wailing all over it, like some Japanese jazz freakshow happening live and scoring your pants to the floor. Sounds like the real thing for the real noise-rockers who are younger and who both Rock and Make Noise with Feeling. And the songs are just fantastic pulverizing artistic modern punk rock thumps to the heart and head that totally soar, all tense and grooving and heavy and noisy, like some fucked up rollercoaster you're on, about to fall apart and fly to the ground. Like this could be the scariest JOY DIVISION cover on the end of an amazing jazzy drummer wailing ultimate. Guitars that turn and burn and bend at a vicious heavy pace, or wind out the spaceship sounds like squealing ghosts in the night of the atmosphere on another

planet. A bass with tastefull Sabbath effect, working the rythmn perfectly. And a singer like you wish you could be, fucking just going off, singing cool lines like "i got sucked out just like i did when i was 12. i'd get so down i'd wave my arms to the sky. he saw them in your backyard...picnic...skeletons...he saw his dad in the closet with his head in his lap." Who knows what he means, it just sounds like ghosts and UFOs and feelings, creepy and awesome all together and pissed and frantic. The best rock band around right now so I bet they broke up already. They were hanging out with THELA that day and this was sitting around letting Dean Roberts and Dion play us with booze and New Zealand drugs when the first song came on, the long noise-jazz epic. Dean stopped what he was doing after a bit, after all that sound sunk into his head through all the stuff finally, then he looked over at me and said "this is really great!", quiet and sincerely. And I said I know. Like these two groups of similarly aged males are mining the same territory but from literally opposing sides of the world, one going about it in a more abstract, tweaked way, the other in the very direct way you would too if you were some punk kid from Richmond, both trying too to replicate the noise that surrounds you and gets in your head, washing over you all the way from the deepest emptiest corners of cold blue space, and how ungodly loud and unnatural that can sound. (Old Glory PO BOX 1814 Brattleboro VT 05302)

KARP / RYE COALITION split 12" (Trouble Man, man!)
 Yet another perfect package job from an ex-hardcore label. I mean its ancient fuzzy colorful pictures of kids in total Star Wars passion printed on raw cardstock, and I entered the mod looking press-on text. Both bands are so far apart in paradigm that you know its not going to work great, because this has been the triumph of the Rock and the Emo together once again like it should always have bee; like it should never have strayed from. RYE are the wonderfully tense contemporary emo deal that sounds almost identical with HAPPY GO LICKY as if its any coincidence, except its 10 years later and 10 years more violent and 'scared' sounding, and agile. The guitar on Romancing the Italian Horn just kills supreme; and then the song goes over the top into some uncharted wild territory of freak outs and feelings, with pretty great poem words in the mellow parts like "relaxing at Sugar Ray's. Lollipops and roses. There's nothing like a dame whispering sweet lullabies...whisper nothings in the breeze. believe me our love is true. leaves are falling from the trees. heartbeat pounds for the love of you. plip plip raindrops are rolling off my face. don't ever throw your love away". So you know I'm totally down.

KARP are the choice of the pot and downers and ritalin hardcore and you figure out why soon. Its because 'they just seem alittle weird.' "Get Your Hands Off My Cake" is the wailing Rock Opera instantly reminiscent of the Uptown Bones' "Pray For Breakfast" in both hard rocking fake metal status and theme. Andy Nice Pooper, upon being asked if he were gonna go see the show, once said "I already heard THE MELVINS but thats unfair cuz KARP is better. funnier, younger and play cooler shows." And the Melvins never ripped off "mommy's alright! daddy's alright!" and made it sound so cool and righteous. And this is what really will be blasting everywhere when I remake Over The Edge, but only this time, set in some beautifully corrupt Tokyo or Osaka suburb, the kid listening to RYE after he runs away or gets beat up. Then all the kids listening to KARP in the schoolyard, with all the adults inside. But I would totally leave the "ooo chid, things are gonna get Easier" song at the end. (TMU 16 willow Bayonne NJ 07002)

THE FUCKING ANGELS / VICIOUS GINKS split LP (Gravity)
 Yet another excellent package job from Gravity on this split. One band sounds like some wacked out Southern California version of The Fuzz in 1981, seriously and that is good. The other sounds like the ROCHES if they were super pissed off at you for fucking with them. And both bands' names are among the best ever conceived. (I mean what, you would actually rather name your band The Payclone Rangers or Mae Pang or Instant Girl or The Friggs or something? Are you that unimaginative?)

SWIVEL STICK "Notes Towards a..." (Space Cadette)
 Everything on this weirdo Florida label I've ever seen is packaged up insane and extreme. This is no exception. Its a big chunk of corrugated cardboard folded up and held together and shut with velcro and twine. Once you figure out how to open it (like Waldo Jeffer's girlfriend) 4 pounds of printed inky matter and globs of oil paint fall and drip all over the place. And then you see the itself, cyber-engineered and resting safe within a heat sealed bubble pack bag, a pressed flower placed upon it, hermetically sealed for the ages. Just like the other stuff on Space Cadette, I sit there in awe of the whole deal; like thinking that the whole project, even if they only made 500, must have taken 5 years to assemble. And then I think these people are insane.
 The ads for this don't lie too much, thank God. The sound scape is thick and grand as fuck; and 'Wagner-esque' like the ads say. There's such fine guitar churn and tense moments, and lots of noise experiments too, and crickets-in-the-yard-sounds like PLANET. And a couple songs have that SEAM / DAREDEVIL/RYE COALITION stutter stagger sadness sense to them. Its on the heavy-ass emo side of the fence from The SPARKING ANGELS, but like them, still a hard rock punk work out that's worth like \$50 bucks for the packaging alone, when, so get it. (Space Cad. 7339 SW 45th St. #A Miami FL 33153)

SMALL FACES "Deep Joy" (bootleg CD)
 You know we spent \$50 bucks on this boot without even thinking man. Because this is about 25 songs from like '68 and we've never heard these versions. The entire Open Sesame Nut Gone Flake opera live with Happiness Stan Unwin doing the Cockney fairytale live and awesome sounding on some TV pop show; pirate radio versions of the early vicious mod hits; a live set in Germany in 1966 that proves Oi! started with them, because the chorus in "Hey Girl" is so tough and so prophetic of the scene about to change and splinter and divide into opposing camps of trippy 'soft mods' at Ichywood Park 15 parties and shorter-haired, suspender wearing 'hard mods' jettisoning the whimpier scene for ska; I mean they were playing slashing punker soul songs already, with the thudding SHAM 69-genesis bass lines, so it was only a matter of time that all the speed would wear thin eventually, and their clothes would become way more foppish. But the real reason for all this money on this thing is the tremendous version of "If Water A Carpenter" in which Steve Marriott sounds like the greatest singer that ever lived because he is just brings tears to my eyes. Oh yeah, and the song is basically the same story line as many of the Joe Hawkins books about the working class kid who's young and sussed, and meets up with a married and wealthy woman while working on her estate. Or Lady Chatterly's lover or something. Whatever, leave me alone now...

ASSFATOR 4 LP (Old Glory)
 Super sprightly jumping HC, sounding almost ancient and verily like Rites of Spring with seering vocals like the DING / CHASE SQUAD / OX lineage and thats no lie. And thats no coincidence. The Cub Scout label pukes. The guitars smash and soar at the same time, at such a pace that the rules are too. And so does the fucking totally awesome cover of CODE OF HONOR's skate punk hit ("Attempted Control")!

DEAN ROBERTS / WHITE WINGED MOTH LP (Poon Village)
 Really smoked-out solo mellowness from the guy in THELA. He told me this stuff was all done on a four track during a period in his young life completely taken over by mellow-out kinds of drugs. Most of it sounds like THELA demos which means theres letting them bounce; and the shimmering squealings of rubbing the strings across various metal objects; and sitting on a New Zealand beach eating kiwi fruits while mumbling indecipherable little poems into a Radio Shack mic and the INDIAN SUMMER song from 3 parts sound exactly like the mumbling voice of a great time-bending and sharp-scratching for all the years ago smoke-outs among us; who, like the open-eyed angels in William Blake's back garden, or Immanuel Swedenborg's Rosicrucian dreams, sail over and around us at all times, whispering and sighing, and how sometimes, when we are 'in tune', when we've achieved Grace, we can hear them and see them, filling up the crowded Ether, and how terrifying that can be, just like the alt features in Re-Animator or whatever. (packaged like an emo masterpiece @ Poon Village PO BOX 9102 Waltham, MA 02254)

PLUTOCRACY CD (Convoey) (now called PASTERELLA GARDENS)
 500 short fast gnarly grinding songs from all their previous releases and a radio show, all about the revolution and killing cops. So spaced out and fast and then the pulverizing heavy-ass slow down metal parts like the hair rising and standing on the back of your neck as you commence to punch the floor and kill; this is one full day's worthy experience and not for the slightly built or fans of Bread or Joan Baez. I believe there were none left after only 3 post-release days so try your luck. Bob is continuing to release and sell the important classics on the 'heavier-alash-noisier-slash-avant garde-slash-obscure' side of things, and that makes God happy...

ORDINATION OF AARON "Acoustic" 7" (inchworm)
 These 2 acoustic versions are so fucking joyously mellow that they approach the joyous and mellow MOSS ICON deals that even now, still make the world turn, because they're so moving and grooving. The kid's voice on "Beautiful Two Fold" is so pretty and awesome and cracky and serious and dreamlike and swoons. And if this isn't the most beautiful sound you've ever heard, your dreams are made of then you must be drawing X's on your midnight hands right this second, because this is the whispiest sound on the sunniest day there ever was in green heaven, and you're flying over the ground like an angel thats just earned his or her wings. (duh.)

KARP, FRANKLIN, etc. @ Cabbage during Monsoon Season

Somehow we get to the church but unfortunately not in time to 'experience' THE OXYGEN AUCTION who are Bob's band, of PASTURELLA GARDENS fame. And unfortunately for real since it only took two songs for them to smash their equipment into dust from freaking out so hard. Go see them and stand clear of the stage, and see a real American noise ensemble.

THELA, WHITE OUT, THURSTON MOORE @ The Cooler, NYC

WHITEOUT were noise-jazz spazz at with the male model, super-drummer brother like a madman. The THURSTON deal looked good and cool from behind the stage, crumpled down with beers and smokes, watching his back, the drum guy's high hat top and the empty faces of the worshipful audience, mouths open in awe, hands getting ready to throw money and roses onto the stage, while they play any old thing that comes to them, as long as it's 'weird' and 'noisy'. The THURSTON deal from famous bands asked me all right that was up with the Repression time on me. As if they were scared to not be in on another ancient hardcore secret...

YOUNG PIONEERS, MONORCHID @ 48 & Baltimore

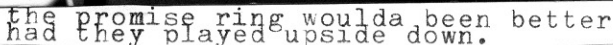
The PIONEERS were the reason we left the house. They got the slide projector set up and hit the play button on the Motown box while they changed into their double outfits, and checked the crummy old blues mic to make sure it would transport voice. They were the first to get into the underground labor camp in the woods in the thirties and then back out into the hall. And when they started with the manifesto spiel we opened our eyes, ears and nostrils; ready. And then it came crashing down fast and loud and muddy, and with a little bit of coarse, crude, and vulgar. Remember Red House, MacDowel; or Woody Guthrie; or Joe Strummer; or with the Magic Microphone and the brains and soul to use it. They're all pretty much the same voice. The learned yawn of signatinn, righteousness and America whether posed and learned, or natural and natural. And then I think Fuck! unlike Sid Vicious, McPeethers can walk on the bass!

The DEALERS, SIMPLE ONES @ Sulk City in August 1996

nod, the manager gives the okay to the bouncers and they walk toward us with hate in their eyes, or with the stupid numb vengeance of dumb soldiers or loyal dogs in their eyes. But Andrew has been thinking. There's a big crash from the left and I turn to see him in someone's car, right in the middle of the theater. He's got a big grin on his face. He's tearing the block and a half down Spring Garden to leap triumphantly onto Silk City's stage and rock the house for our guarantee of \$1000 dollars; Dan Gill doing some improv post-core lyrics at the end. And no one believed that. I mean, I don't believe it now. I think it's because they lack that punk rock imagination to impell them toward untold heights.

THE PROMISE RING & the bottom of a bottle @ Cabbage

Wasted alot of time since we missed JOAN OF ARC the band we hoped to see. But we did get to hang out, make the scene, record people saying funny things and watch a hundred girls & alternatively-gendered boys rush the stage when The Promise Ring started plugging in their stuff. Oh yeah, this was the night I ordered a hot date from the office into the Bay Area studio / walk-in and it was not complete loss. And thank God Promise were better live than on record.



CANDY MACHINE & PALLADIN @ 48 & Baltimore

CANDY MACHINE begin with 'the dragnet-sounding song and its the tits; Elizabeth and I concur again in our unspoken manner, in our secret way, that the cutest guy even LOOKS like Ian Curtis! His eyes are sad and life like on the mic stand and stares skyward, and khaki trousers. He hangs imploringly, then freaks out in a death dance like "They Walked In Line" eyes bleak landscape. His mythic and sad and evil just like a bleak outlook on a cold and bleak snowy day in depression-punk. All this as they play to 13 people. And I feel like a beetle on its back..."

PALACE @ Nick's on a hot stupid summer night

There's something completely holy about summer night
he's in the shower, like a shy poet through to the walls, like a preacher, like
expected to deliver and save everyone's souls. It seems too vulnerable to
stands there singing his way through the crowd with his guitar strings a little bit and
land. And although it was in a very inappropriate setting, it was promised
Word. I would have to show of force; the force of the absolute Power of The Spoken
in the woods, or beside the waterfall on the show were happening at a campsite
of Jim Thorpe; you and the people watching him him about to leave the coal town
the sound of his songs. I would really be leaving, like they were meant to
be heard.) (And as we were leaving, I saw a bunch of SHITTY Bruebaker
entering, dressed up in a cowboy hat, cowboy boots & spurs with a riding
and macho man leather chaps on his thighs. That freaked me out cuz I was one
nago. But then Beth said "I don't like cowboy clothes" and she was right. I
just a different scene now requiring a different kind of enjoyment for shows; its
Otherwise I wouldn't have been able to sleep for like 50 nights! }

THE WARMERS @ Cabbage on the night of winter

"The **WARRIORS**' Cabbage on the night of quiet weirdness
 Late afternoon, the tiny deck garden among the organic tomatoes,
 peas, squash and wine bottles is being washed and kneaded
 pulled to chins in Friday night conversation like there's anything
 for hours, filling the air with the time. Gastr Del Sol washes out the screen door
 deep space, and the sense of impending doom from unknown radio static from
 glasses glancing the now starlit and bible black we've been thus so long, so many
 The walk down 20th street is erased from your mind just go
 you find yourself outside the show talking with people who tell you that the
WARRIORS is this total blackout puzzles you. For weren't
 you just lighting cigarettes from the light and going on our pad
 Didn't we just prior, summon the will to leave the gentle quiet of
 those shimmering scenes? Eden Were you abducted to have lost so much time?
 at all but saucers hovering silently awaiting your on our deck not stars
 in front of friend's faces talking as if nothing happened.
 ("Still wait a-marchin'; and the world just keeps a-moving; and the world
 just keeps a-marchin'; and the world just keeps a-moving; and the world

BEDHEAD, the DEALERS & PISTON HONDA @ a certain place in the summer. Originally supposed to be going down at Chris Smith's Indie Rock mansion at 46th and Baltimore, the show was changed to upstairs at the Khyber and that's when we (the DEALERS) almost threw up and canceled. Plus we didn't even think of how we were gonna get our stuff and ourselves there anyway. So it's 10 o'clock and Charles is still up in Vermont, Simon's watching TV on 5th & Washington and me, Beth and Art are drinking wine in the rain when we figure we could maybe invent some kind of technology and fly down there really fast like the fly in Ogden's Nut... Or Meguyver. But Kyle shows up miraculously with a car and he does not mind piling us all into it. **BEDHEAD**'s got their merchandise set up already and Chris Smith sits behind it like a clerk at a video store, pretending he doesn't know us, pretending he's from Austin. **PISTON HONDA**'s already playing and they're sounding really cool and good and strange. The windows along the wall allow you to watch the crappy skyline light up as the band plays. We hide out in the other room and drink all the beer and don't let anyone but Eric Zimmerman in since he set up the gig. Kyle gets us all baked so we can play. It's just me and Simon, but Andy clees plays tapes of guitar chimes and spoken words. Kids sit on the floor and watch as we pull off one muscular fucking heavy noise hit for about 20 minutes. And by the 21st minute 3 people are still there so I go "we are the Subway Sect" and they clap and we leave...

BEDHEAD get it together fast and start up. I'm super mellow and exhausted and crumple against a wall in front of the stage, I rest my weiling head on my knees and watch them do their slow mellow songs that crescendo into 3 guitar emo tidal waves with the country kinda swirl. At some point I'm so into them that my eyes close and I feel like I'm levitating around the room and that makes me feel like I'm about to vomit so I come back down to earth and watch the bass player now rocking back and forth playing maracas with such soul that he takes off into the air as if creating a force field of feeling below his feet, hovering above the stage. And then the rest of the band do too, pulling skyward as if caught in tractor-beams; and then the kids, legs going limp, numb already from sitting Indian Style so long, start to waver upwards and leave the ground one by one, those sweet 1 or 2 note mantra hits, live and loud, floating everyone away on the powerful wings of angels, like an American JOY DIVISION. (Until everyone was smashed against the ceiling.) (And then they stopped playing and everyone came crashing down to the floor, like a dog pile at Youth of Today.)



TOP: dEALERS make a big noise and no tice how packed it always is
UP: BEDHEAD start lifting off and its blurry cuz of the smoke kicked up by angels, the tractorbeam forcefeild

THE GREAT UNRAVELLING & THE RYE COALITION @ Cabbage this fall like some great massive mother ship from an alien landscape, tearing through the stratosphere at light speed out of control, Tonie Joy's guitar seeks forth from a WHO sized amp straight at you, knocking you over if you're wated. The long and ponderous rock numbers have the emo the band's lineage would have you naturally expecting; for it sounds very much like UNIVERSAL ORDER without a singer, and thus the songs are all about the guitar then. Tonie's going emo- apeshit and apazzing at the mic because he looks alot like Eddie 'choppers' Janney and Bert Querioz somehow combined. The bass guy is totally Baltimore looking. I mean he could be John Water's little brother or something; or the Balto. footstomper since he's got the crappy & ancient hand carved Skull & Crossbones tatoo on his forearm. And he's windmilling his bass with long Paul Simon-arm, 50's gang-punk hair-do falling in his eyes, bass slung low like a punk. They both look like fucking junkies. And they're fucking way loud. And with the fifties-tough guy drummer beating up his kit behind all this noise, they could be MAINLINER and hyped as "a new heavy psychedelic band... trying to explore revolution and exploration by different rythms not possible... making them a completely new type of heavy psychedelic group" (from the MAINLINER CD cover). I mean if they were Japanese or Taiwanese the hipsters would be bugging them all the time over the phone lines. They were pretty fucking awesome even though as always, it was a super laid back Sunday afternoon, with 13 people watching and slowly, quietly leaving. The drums and bass stop abruptly after 20 minutes and those two walk away. Joy turns around and starts twirling at his amp. He wails his guitar head stock-first into the fabric. He wipes it up and down the cabinet. He achieves whacked out sounds and feedback drones like heavy tidal waves from other worlds. And with his back to us, in his skinny leg trousers, hunched over in psychedelic concentration and boring-scene consternation, marcopan button-down shirt tight and scrotched over his spine, he looks like old footage of Pete Townsend at some mod show down, destroying his expensive equipment as if nothing other than 'the now' existed before or after. And we leave as he's knelt over his guitar trying in vain to stick some chunk of electronics back into it. And RYE were not as good as the first time, and not nearly as good as on record. But that's probably because of visual cues such as body weight and looks since the guitar and drums cut through rather hard...

CORNERSHOP @ the Knitting Factory / Central Park on Independence Day

The scene upstairs in the Knitting Factory dressing room was right out of some weirdo's wet dream what with David Byrne completely wasted and acting like a teenager even though he's old and gray and really fat and ugly. And he kept trying to pick up people; putting his hand on their hips and regarding them with a cock-eyed look, asking, "psycho killer? que que se?" and squeezing. The Girls Against Boys guy was getting most of his attention and I felt for him even though he was in Soulside, so I leaned over and handed him one of the giant spliffs Tjinder and Ben from Cornershop and Andy Nice Pooper kept passing around, but he said no. That's when I noticed his exceedingly gray hair... Ben kept introducing me to the shmoozing freak scene as "the DEALERS guy" and they'd shake my hand all limply and smile and say stupid stuff, so me and Beth and my little sister just slouched back on the couch and looked all disgusted at the industry nerds. Every time they looked our way I thought they were gonna start crying. Andy was running around knocking into stars. My sister was burning cigarette holes in everything and me and Beth were playing darts in the dangerously crowded room - people ducking, saying "excuse me" - it was so weird; but ultimately boring. But we didn't have to pay anyway.

What totally blew my mind was the next morning, after at least 200 joints and one stupid hour of sleep, Tjinder, with sleep still in his eyes and looking like he was already dead, rolling the 201st spliff and going "what's the matter?" like Neil in the Young Ones, like a complete fucking stoner. I never did the spoken word crap with them in Central Park because the security wouldn't let me jump on stage and because I chickened out anyway. It all looked so stupid besides, like a Lolapalooza retard festival in the sun under rock n roll circus tents. And they've been playing the same set for 2 years running, as if they never "wrote" songs featuring bad electric guitars and vacuum cleaners. So, unnamed, I just got into the sight of Tjinder wearing some traditional Sari or something, that made him look like Yoda in an orange dress with Bilbo Baggins' feet sticking out, stepping on pedals. And I dug how Ben looked, super fucked up sitting indian style in mirrored shades with a stoner grin playing the bass sitar like he was sitting on a cloud or something. Even from out in the crowd on a windy day you could smell the pot smoke everytime one of them opened their mouth. After the set, in the fenced in area for the important luminaries, we hung around and helped Tjinder roll more leaves into potent herbal meditation devices, one after the other, like he couldn't get high enough. And soon Ben's asking Beth and I if we wanna eat some of the mushrooms that they bought somewhere on some fucked up street in the city. But since we get high on life we desisted, deciding instead to watch LUNA suck incredibly while a million New Yorkers cheer them on. And CORNERSHOP wandered off then, to get lost in the park and do their little English drug rituals, looking as if they were floating as the did.

The next morning my sister saw Tjinder, in the same 'dress', stuff on his face, one sandal lost all eye boogers and twigs in his hair, hopelessly hobbling down some street on the Lower East Side, not knowing or caring what planet he was on, alone, Yoda's forcefield turned on and glowing, keeping him from harm...



a) this man is Ben Cornershop and he is so stoned and drugged up he thinks the camera lens is a plate of chili and Chicken Vindaloo, he smells chili too, so this is where we run away...

(if you hold these dark photos up to a light you'll see everything unseen) (you may even see patterns.) so it was dark, kill me.



MAXIMILLIAN COLBY / RYE COALLITION 7" (Irony)

Max Cosby blow because they're so boring. The RYE deal is the tense and modern de-tuned guitar freak out you already dig because you appreciate such good things. Its recorded crappily so it sounds better. and the snare & drums sound fucking loud and perfect, a fitting counter-point to the tinkly guitar in the mellow parts. I bet next year they'll sound just like DAREDEVIL, considering the evolution that goes on with such things.)Irony PO B 5431 Richmond VA 23220)

ZINEAG & REBELLION 99T's STYLE

MOST THINGS ON PAPER ARE GOING TO PUT YOU TO SLEEP REALLY FAST OR ELSE YOU'RE GONNA THROW THEM RIGHT ON A BIG ROARING FIRE. THESE ARE, HOWEVER, EXCEPTIONS

INFINITESIMAL CONICAL SUPERSONIC FLOW Put out by whacked out drowzy writer J.J. Dutton in Ohio, this lo-fi one pager will knock yr socks off if you can find one. He's some book reading drinker and you can tell, and he's going on right now about being in jail like some Doestevski kid or something. Lots of sentences to leave you baffled about wether he's speling or truth telling and thats a right-on thing. All typed up on the inky old ribbon typewriter of a sloshed romanco beatnik, you know you should collect these things because he just simply comes across really cool. I mean they look like old Repercussion ads thats how thick the ink lays down. About as far away from MAGNET or STAIN or some shit as one can get. Send stamps at Dutton PO BOX 5032 Newark, OH 43055

NICE POOPER has not been seen in like 3 years or 2! So the next one should be like 500 pages big with all the noise-rock gossip from the USA and Japan, not to mention Rodney Emo and Dan Gill's house (or pants). And it will have an interview with a particular Japanese psych-noise god... The fact that weekly paper writers and shit-band members alternately threaten to knock his block off and pucker up towards his butt means he's on the correct career path. Money to: 2013 Kater St. Phila PA 19146

GIANT ROBOT features all the hipster Asian action you know you want and the best captions to any photos in any mag. period. Coming out increasingly pro and colorful, its still got the Eastern Brotherman/ Asian Underground uh, slant, going on big time. Almost the equivalent to the first CORNERSHOP record or the ORDER OF THE KITE comp because the politics are super righteous, smart and 'yellow'. Lots of skating and trash culture sussing, and drunkeness, for all the cool folks among us, and those who love them. And Eric Nakamura is probably the best writer around right now. \$4 @ PO BOX 2053, LA CA 90064

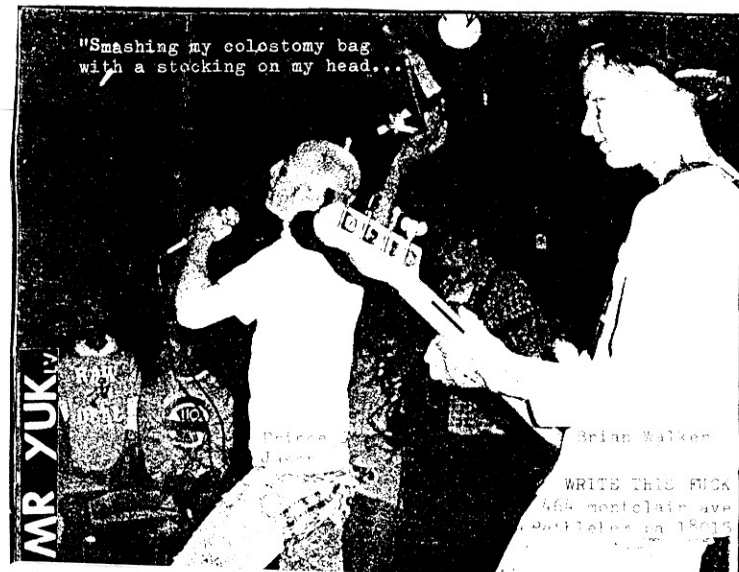
LITTLE BROTHER'S ALMANAC is coming out eventually and will most probably make your day, or make you cringe, depending on which side of the lines you're on. Because youre either part of the solution or part of the pollution. \$1 @1011 Cherry Phila PA 19107

SPEED KILLS is the massive noise-rocker's tip sheet and the new one hits the stands soon, with a few reviews and words by me. Always some very great graphic styles and workmanship going down, too. You know you'll get it when you see it because then strangers will see you with it: PO BOX 14561 CHGO IL 60614

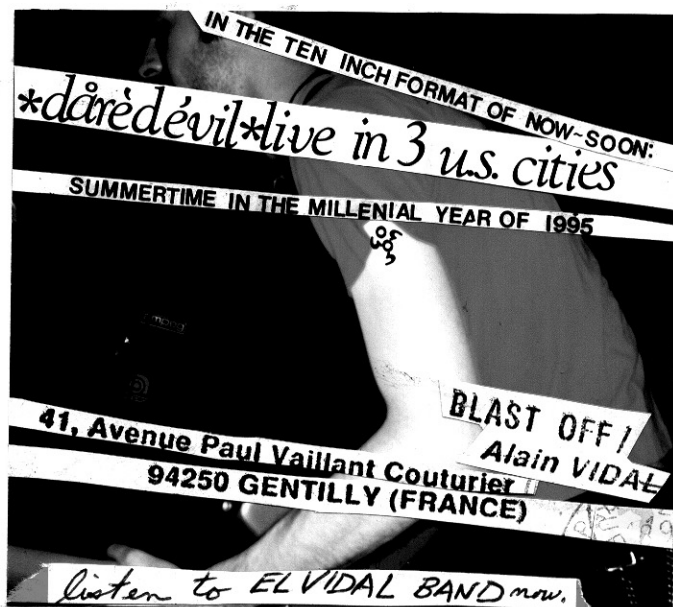
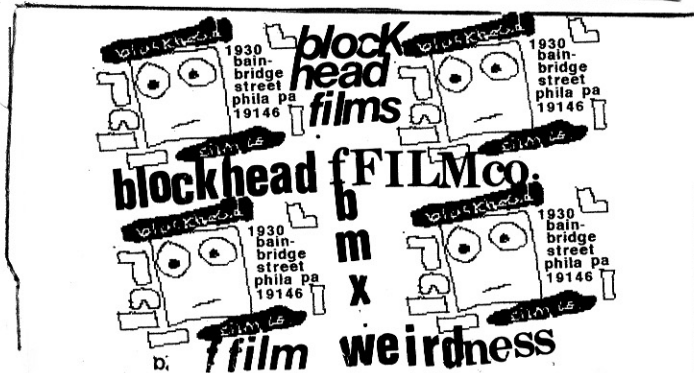
CHUMPIRE continues to crank out the condensed opinions and the ever increasingly well-done vinyl products. This is the intersection at which a million things, from incredibly obscure 7inch releases to mainstream flicks to reflections on American towns and Pennsylvania educational policies collide into a one page pile up. Send stamps to the Chumpire adress elsewhere in here.

OSAKA EXILE like the intrusive loud speakers placed everywhere in Japanese megalopolises, because this blasts you with so much Nipponophile information its almost sick. Hailing from the new nerve center of 21st century culture, Osaka, this will overload you with Japanese dandy junk. Anyone even remotely interested in this scene and the ramifications of the impending Asian-noise hegemony on the culture of the west should buy this at any fucking price. I mean I was historio-romanco when I dream about this zine being like some fanzine from Rome in its early glory, or from Pompeii the day before the eruption; because the future starts right here. (and you thought it started in Seattle first, then Olympia or even at Matador Records' Broadway adress!) Send extra loot for postage to: Matt Kauffman 2-7-304 Takabedai 3 Chome, Tondabayashi, Osaka 584 Japan

And these are the other missives that I continually spend money on whence they appear: LIBERTY Magazine, STEAMSHOVEL, FLATLAND, BACKWOODS HOME and PREVAILING WINDS. And everything else still wilts like a dead pansy when placed on the coffee table next to the fanzine youre holding in your hands right now...



mr yuk vs. dorks in NYHC sweatsuits, nazis, squares and assholes @ wally's.



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