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Cut-ups

I first met Dean not long after my wife and I split up. I had just married a girl called Marylou. One day I was hanging halfway down his belly. I heard his mad laugh all over the wheel. Dean and I made Virginia wilds, crossing the Mississippi River by boat. Now we must get out of this voyage to New York. It was night. We left Carlo and I zoomed into New York for the first time.

Dean was tremendously excited about everything; somewhere in New York. What kind of sordid business are you on now? I mean, man, whither goest thou, echoed Dean with his baggy pants hanging around the deck and upstairs with his sunglasses and creampuffs. My first impression of Dean Moriarty.

Dean Moriarty began in ice. Negro man in ice. Negro man in a misty pinpoint dark quickly and sweetly asked Chad knew. At one point Carlo at Times Square and Marylou. One day I was tremendously interested in it; I didn't know that he had just married a girl called Marylou and crossing it. It was a young age; and a little sharp chick Marylou. One day I was tremendously intellectual thing he talked about the sun goes Avvv! A western kinsman of the mud-splashed clod in the air.

There was arguing with his baggy pants hanging around the car up to eighty, bad bearings and crossed the corner looking for a place to eat and cigarettes and I split up. I had to be saved, desirous of every moment that was astounded. What is the part of the campus and Dakota muds and where near Starks we saw a great sag developed in the final shore in, and the Utah desert in the car.

We wheel and into New Jersey and said nothing. So in America when you're driving he saw, everybody below a bridge and sense behind and hugged our brains. From the dirty snows of frosty fag-town New Jersey that passed and crossing the river, back on the miserably weary split-up and didn't know by now that rolls in one unbelievable huge bulge over a serious white shirt walking all night something different in the road.

Whither goest thou? Whither goest thou? Whither goest thou, America: then west. Dean had arrived the night? Whither goest thou? Whither goest thou, echoed Dean. Here we go! And he hunched over to the next crazy venture beneath the miserably weary split-up and mysterious at the beginning of complete night that it had something to do with the country, always vaguely planning and my feeling that everything, somewhere along the line the people dreaming in the night before the mad ones, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace to eat and went right in Hector's, and in Iowa I know by now the children must be crying in the night that blesses the earth, darkens all rivers, cups the pearl would ever meet the same time, the ones who never found.

Then his mouth open. We were in mystern kind of trouble, I could see a new horizon, as Dean Moriarty beginning in Iowa I knov by now by now? I mean, whither way from the dirty thing the road, with an arrow, and perfect guy for Dean now? I meaning sidevalks and wheel and since think of sordid it had somevhere'd be crying off. Dean nov by now? I vanted to taking and ve lean vas dead. Before, the mystern kinsman could see the vorking and said vent - a sides they so naively plain the mystern kinsman could see ther smells of ever to the first time, there part off the people forward too-huge bulge over New York, as I've began thy shiny car in a ranch before all about, except the Greyhound to say SOUTH, with the night in trouble.

They spersey too-huge beautiful litterica; the only pland shoriarty spidevalk and sharp ching; somevheresses Avvv! And didn't young the refore think of Deans! It vas a nevery. I that kind I the night? Whith the more lettersey asked her party snov road sidere'd see that Dean Horizzliness all recede on that is just impresters, except thound ve girl came Dean Moriarty, all about and nobelievening of me.

I firmamed red to through Algiers whitch because back, man he cent the drivery on the great. Dean beaution thinky foams, with his back that be side-burg, ble delight. I vond he sordidn't by; I long to take a forward he eyed, by Mexico reamiliar brown funcede a lighway and I way her talks at it me all beside on sordid neat back to Balting, down hight ins. There in morn life ourited accent in the parkness; swung Wash, down and commones, Greed. It mad back oner and and I vond call fag-town folliness; in a place on thrount it everybody to Chad jumped in 1926, in the road sides off. Suddy, burn, and vinted Marylous and beat into sout broken-down far anybody benerica; the ve night poing had dead, crazy; I the side-burn, Deans!

There were many cars parked on the old broken-down river pier watching the long, long skies over New Jersey and sense all that raw land that rolls in one unbelievable huge bulge over to the next crazy venture beneath the skies. Dean talked about the letters because the only thing to do was go. Dean and I split up. I had just gotten over a dirt road elevated off the swamps that dropped on both sides and drooped with vines. We passed an apparition; it was all going to be one big saga of the plains beyond everybody was tooting to go, and we slipped off, passing it. It was night.

What is that feeling when you're driving away from people dreaming in the middle of the mist. Whoooee, yelled Dean. Here we go! And he hunched over the wheel and gunned the car up on the old broken-down river pier watching the Mississippi River by boat. Now we must get out of reform school and was coming East. I shambled after as I've been praying or calling down from mid-America like the torrent of broken souls - bearing Montana logs and Dakota muds and Iowa vales and trees and leaping out of the snowy West. In fact he'd just been working in the fourth lane of a four-lane highway. It must have been anything. The country turned strange Dean Moriarty began the part of my life on the dashboard till a great sag developed in it; I did too. The poor Hudson - the slow boat to China - was receiving her sparkler dims on the ferry, back to Virginia in ten hours.

Nov we must get out of this mansion of the plains beyond every sad street. I felt something different in the middle of the snake, this mireful drooping dark, and zoom on back to familiar America; then west. We wheeled through the sultry old light of Algiers, back on Canal, and out. We bounced the car up on the prairie, which is just before, the first time in New Jersey that say SOUTH, with a real Oklahoma accent - a side-burned hero of the plains beyond the trees; there were mysteries around here. THe car was going over a serious illness that I won't bother to talk about, everybody could see that. We were all delighted, we all realized we were ready to go back to familiar America, in thy shiny car in the air in North Platte. I didn't know what it vas; a fire beyond every sad street. I felt something different in the air. We all jumped in the winter night, a soft plopping from drooping Missouri banks, a dissolving, a riding of the tide dovn the eternal waterbed, a contribution to brown father of waters rolling down a curse. We zoomed right by; I looked at the great brown father ve never found, I think of Old Dean Moriarty, I even think of Dean.

Kerouac

rebeat no.2

rebeat

remove history

fall of '92

remove history

instructions

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3 : eric lovre
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17 : sloy
20 : jerrell spire
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nicholas/ov studio publication

burning the
burn cigarettes
& South Dakota
tangled and
powerful and
Redemption at

ERIC LOURE

SHEEP

California
5/6/92

TIRED madness in a whirl of good back breaking Dow Jones industrial labor of fists smashing in the sweaty night of pure manifest holy rollerism, heroic bone-headedness, revelling in what they call wild abandon of the soul, cutting a mean tapestry of foul language and birthing grit to gravel away and sink like a real loudmouth into, and whirling reverent fantasies of road warrior romanticism falling in tender raindrops on the hood of the green Dodge in the thick summer stillness, and electric prune sheep grazing in the deep freeze watching the cold cuts remain intact due to the finest preservatives and very excellent cold of the thick summer winter.

Berkeley
~~Berkeley~~
~~Berkeley~~
5/9/92

What happens if You EAT Too Much.

TIRED Cowbelly flop house memories flow from my old upstairs window landing in heavy metal pillows soft as kidney beans, riding into the sloppy small town nasty closed door policies of hide and hide and whack off and hire a mexican to do it and then bitch about it all. Cancelled orange milk jug cement exit signs blinking out of suitcases and brick stairways to giant foam rubber dart boards in the canny American night, and fat old warty women watching Jane Fonda workout videos goin bonkers having babies, contributing to the population problem full scale driving Lincoln Continentals cause thats all they fit in and black plastic cellophane 10 speed bikes that totally fuck you up dude.

The Quitters

Berkeley
~~Berkeley~~
5/9/92

Wild madness sets in on the fourth of July everyday workman blues of random tandem railroad apathy cutting a nasty swath of sovereign cobweb cowboy truckers, burning the flag as they burn cigarettes in the wind of South Dakota nightmare dreams, tangled and panting, hopefully powerful and searching for redemption at long last, to give up all in the lonesome wind and let yourself and memory become dust blowing outward and up forever.

Tuscon
5/15/92

Too Much TANG

Once upon a time I was on tour and trying to play my guitar, but I had to talk to the weird girls first. I was gonna go swimming, but I had to talk to the weird girls first. I was goin' for a walk, but I had to talk to the weird girls first. I had to take a dump, but I had to talk to the weird girls first. I thought they were gonna follow me in. I smelled real bad so I was gonna take a bath, but I had to talk to the weird girls first. My buddies were talking to the weird girls too. And they came in cars, bikes, buses, trains, airplanes, on foot, they slid in their own slime, whatever it took them to get there, they did. And I had to talk to them. Fat ones, skinny ones, ugly ones, pretty ones, extra well done ones, new improved ones, old fashioned kitchen sink ones, instant just add milk ones, cigarette smokin' fat assed ones, all kinds. Country and western. I had to

talk to them. Everynight I'm havin' a conversation with the weird girls. I was trying to space out, but I had to talk to the weird girls first. I was sound asleep talkin to the weird girls. Geeze oh GOD my GOD! Oh No, here they come the weird girls! I better run! I better hide! Lock myself up real fast! Jump in the bathtub with my clothes on! Whack off and be totally spent before one of em tries to drag me to bed. You know I had to talk to the weird girls tonight!

Two Trees. Santa Fe 5/17/92

Shepherd Goodness filters in my waking hours like life in 4 by 4 cakewalk time listened to by no one else but the sheep in the green field and basketball sunburn sissies play hard and fumble for air as they laugh and toss it through the hoop before becoming a ghost in the eyes of this strange burg gone again and forever this moment passed, fling false conceptions into the eyes of some, but the truth into others and in that truth lay the key to the universe, in the pounding drums of the southwestern thunderstorms rising and falling like Hitler in the spastic moments of dead silence, painting pictures of unknown pleasures for our virgin eyes in the tired grip of heaven.

Seph Reese

SO THERE I WAS locked up in the loony bin all alone, frightfully alone facing death...death and Jack Nicholson AKA Dr. Kjaer ("care"). You see, Jack was back and the roles were reversed now under the great wheel of karma and reincarnation. It was nearly a mere two decades ago when Jack made his debut at Oregon State Hospital in One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. It couldn't be. Jack was dead. Mentally bankrupt, an incoherent vegetable worthless and useless and helpless. In all my years as a semi-law abiding citizen in the quiet little neighborhood a few short blocks from OSH, I never dreamed I would end up as a resident of that frightening place of unknown secrets on Center Street with all its winding passages rooms and cells underneath forever sealed from daylight, knowledge and freedom. I recognized him all right. That smile, the laugh and his maniacal stare, all unchanged by the unending transcience of time. How he moved from a patient to the stature of a doctor concocted by the Gestapo in Nazi Germany was a mystery. In reality, Jack was neither Dr. Kjaer nor Jack. He was Frankenstein. For all I knew those twisted neuro-surgeons had dumped Hitler's mind into his head. I knew then when I met him that my worst nightmare had not yet been dreamed.

It all started with the drugs. Everything would have been ok if it had not been for the drugs. Then I would have never discovered the things I had. Just like poor Jack once did, I saw things as they really were and of course couldn't bridle that human spirit of mine. I attracted too much attention. I knew too much and I said too much. I realized things didn't have to be the way they were and we didn't have to take it sitting down. But first not knowing who else to tell I foolishly told my counselor at Serenity Lane as I entered rehabilitation. It was to be the biggest mistake I ever made.

I uncovered dangerous and esoteric knowledge. After piecing together the puzzle and getting the big picture, I knew then finally, just as I had suspected all along, why men such as Martin Luther King and J.F. Kennedy were shot. All of the post coldwar presidents had fallen spell to a greater power that lurks within the shadows of the world. Since WWII, this power, GET (Globally Embodied Totalitarianism), has been manipulating each government system, pitting one against the other, planting diplomatic spies and establishing its cronies while looting the economies with exploitative politicking. Under the influence of GET, the Nazi's invaded and plundered Europe while Japan bombed our asses into gear under GET's double-pretest of conquest of America. GET's members with their infiltrative guile had convinced the Japanese that the whole pie was theirs if they could conquer us while the Germans were busy exterminating Jews. Little did they know that they were playing right into GET's hands. They knew the U.S. was on the verge of developing atomic weapons. They knew Japan would be defeated and stripped of its power. They also knew they could then parlay our apprehensions into successful formation of enough nuclear firepower for everyone and his dog. With all the treasure the Nazis had gotten, their organization became a wealthy intelligence network that formed Odessa, the legendary Nazi sympathizers. It was just one of many guises GET operated under. They were able to use it to entice political circles of all nations. Money was no object once they had political control. Any objecting voices that scorned money or power were immediately eliminated. Kennedy was, and nobody's talking. All of the presidents

since have been mandated by GET to follow every order. Nixon was a crook, Carter was a wimp, Reagan was a geek and Bush is an act. Perot is maybe next. All of these presidents have acted in the interest of GET and themselves. Reagan was their prize. In under a decade, he put us three trillion in debt under the direction of GET from the pentagon. Meanwhile he and Bush flew arms to contras in exchange for bombers full of drugs. They declared a war on drugs while they flew tons of them into the country. Our country is going bankrupt fighting a hypocritical and fictitious war. A majority of the rich kids at my "Nationally Honored" high school were alcohol swilling, cocaine snorting potheads. Supposedly drugs are the scourge of the middle and lower classes. Truth is just that they are the ones who can least afford it so therefore are the most severely affected by and publicized by it. What better place than America with one of the highest per capita incomes in the world to drain the economy dry with addictions. Nancy was just a two-faced "just say no"ing drug tycoon like her husband Ron. Ironic how they used our tax dollars and unquestioning patriotism to use the U.S. military in a dual-serve royal ream job. Ron was good. He gave GET the tactical and technical supremacy they needed. Revolution is long past use. GET will spot weld any rebellion to the face of the earth with a single warhead. They have agents working for agents working for agents. It could be your drug counselor or your mother. Money is evil. Bankruptcy is near. Interest will have no mercy. Every country will be a third world nation.

Political institutions will cease to exist except to deliver the demands of GET to us. Ghettos will stretch far beyond their inner-city boundaries. The countryside will be a barren wasteland with machinegun toting predators in search of the only gold they know. Water. Dispensed only to those who serve the interests of GOT (Globally Obtained Totalitarianism) it will be a monopolized commodity once the greenhouse effect and pollution have dwindled the resources. Life will be lawless and only those who are strong enough to work or ruthless enough to kill will live to see the settings of a merciless sun. GOT will continually and systematically rule and ravage the territories of what was once each country, nation and state. The computers will do it all. Thanks to the wonderful electronics technology created by our tax dollars and the Japanese who are still under the delusions of GET. They, free of military budget domination, have invested in the advancement of technology and have successfully done so far beyond anyone's wildest dreams forty-seven years ago. They also have used the money this technology has created to buy up America. They have no military might but they do own us. They think. Once GET becomes GOT it will be like taking candy from a baby. The Japanese too will cry out in protest and fume and seethe but no one will hear them. They like us will have enough educated intellectuals to take possession of missles but the computers of GOT will create many ghosts and no dent if any will ever be probable on the organization. You can kill the hand in a puppet but the body is still there. Eventually all races will submit all creeds will be denied. The human spirit will wither and die. The gene pool will be plundered by eugenicists and a new superrace will emerge to dominate the earth and the stars.

THEY TRICKED ME. Drugged me and tricked me. I signed on the dotted line and with a cold reality the steel door

clanged shut as a horror driven chill ran up my spine with the instant comprehension of the awful truth of it all. Panic gripped me in its debilitating grasp as the nurse said with a giggle,"Oh, you didn't know you had to stay here when you signed in? Oh! I'm sorry. I thought you knew!" In desperate anger I clenched my teeth as a small sweat broke on my brow while I averted her bug-eyed stare and the shit-eating grin on her face. My heart pounded wildly as the fight or flight reaction kicked in. Scanning the room, my eyes lit upon a steel pan on a cart. Grabbing it I raised it over my head to smash the window but I noticed the chicken wire inside the glass at the last second. My next desire was to bash in the nurse's bug-eyes because they were following my everymove with the shit-eating grin still fixed on her face. I didn't want to find out what would happen to me if I did though. Instead, I reluctantly followed her into a small bare room with a blue chair and blank white walls. Wrapping the velcro strap around my bicep she nearly drooled as her bug-eyes got buggier and I almost wretched from the lusty look on her horridly homely face. As she took my blood pressure I tried not to contemplate what hoary habits she harbored in the hospital. She then began asking me all kinds of standard health questions. I played along until she asked me, "Do you still have all your teeth?" Remembering the Penthouse 'Forum' article I had read about a woman having all her teeth pulled for oral efficacy, I apprehensively asked, "What's that have to do with it?" as the image of the toothless old hag I had passed on the way into the room returned to me. "It's in the questionnaire," she replied with a sickening smile. Little did I know that they had named the hag Jewel and thankfully so. That's when Dr. "Care" walked in with a big curly-haired cauliflower-eared cross-eyed guy that looked like his IQ was on a par with his shoe size. The terror mounted as the glimmer of recognition touched my mind. He asked me for the names and addresses of everyone in my family. He was mocking me. I knew they would hurt my family if I didn't cooperate. Remembering the words of Sun Tzu I equivocated on all his questions because I knew he would just use it against me. My evasiveness touched off a hint of impatience in him so I did admit that I had typing ability. With smug sarcasm he promised me that I would get a 'good job' when I got out. Yeah right, after electroshock, lobotomies and brain transplants you demon. "Here drink this, it will keep you calm." It was hopeless. I was in a locked room with a hell-cow, a giant dumb-shit and a madman.I gulped it down as Erebus ran through my mind and I wondered if I would etiolate there, downstairs. They took my clothes and shoes and gave me the standard hospital dignity to wear with the institutional proclamation boldly stamped on front. I wouldn't make it far should I get through a door or window. "Do you want anything to eat?" the nurse asked me. Forgetting Sun Tzu I said, "Anything but one of those shitty processed sandwiches." I knew I shouldn't have said that as she returned with one and I resigned myself to expecting a lot of them. As soon as they set me loose on the ward, this fat little troll Steven Krumdeik kept following me around and eyeing me. He had greasy blonde hair with a big pickle nose and a bad complexion. Sizing him up, I hope that whatever they did to that guy they wouldn't do to me. I knew he was a pervert and I was afraid to fall asleep because that's ex-

actly what he was waiting for. The nurse came over and gave me some pills that I had to take. I knew they were waiting for me to resist so they could use some force and have some fun. I turned on the tv and the only accessible channel was some nature show with some hippy dude talking about the dumb cane plant and its aphrodisiacal powers. Before I knew it I woke up in a bed and this sexy nurse with high heels and lip gloss was leaning over me saying,"Hi, I'm Kathy. I will be your nurse tonight." She gave me more medications with a seductive look and left. All of a sudden this erection commandeered me and realizing what was happening I didn't even manage to pull my pajamas down before this big eruption went kablooey all over everywhere. I laid there dumbfounded, pants halfway down and realized I was not alone. The old man in the bed next to me was staring at me. Staring at my member. I didn't like the way he was staring at it. Dead-eyed and glassy with a look of pure lust, lips quavering, nostrils flaring and gaze unfaltering. My mind reeled as it contemplated the horror of the allegiances they had been trained in there. Swirling, I was soon lost in sleep again, powerless against the drugs they fed me. It was morning and my mind humming, it received the dawn seeping through the window. I went down the hallway and found the ward and the nurse directed me to my breakfast sitting next to Steven. Repulsed as I was by him, I was hungry and took my place. It was a meager meal made up of more mockery. Half a banana with some sticky oatmeal that had the texture and hue of what I didn't care to recall from the night before. What especially disturbed me was the box of Kellog's Frosted Flakes with the tiger of the box going, "They're greaaat!" Dejectedly munching on my banana, I remembered the bag of Frito Lays potato chips the nurse had given me with the sandwich and a wicked grin. "No one can eat just one," the bag said. Thoughts of Jewel resurfaced as I remembered how she had smiled with delight at me when I had walked in the day before, baring her toothless gums. Just then Steven interrupted my thoughts. He was staring at me again. He had a big blank yellow paper pad. I stopped munching. He pushed the pad towards me as we both looked at it. He stared at me again. Push. Stare. Push. Turning towards his plate he brought up a piece of bacon and held it under my nose. Leering he said, "Do y'wanna piece of becon?" Delirious with horror I could no longer take it as I realized what lay in store for me there and nearly choked on the banana as I went for my eyes. Shoving three fingers in each socket I held a firm grasp. I tugged and yanked on the eyeballs with all my might, but damned the confounded slippery things, couldn't maintain a hold on them so I started gouging with the thumbs. In seconds the whole staff converged upon me cued by Steven's screaming and piled on holding down my arms and legs strapping me to a stretcher while I all the while kicking and screaming and writhing wildly, cursed them all to hell. Yanking down my pants they shoved a needle full of thorazine up my ass. As my senses drifted away from me I could no longer see or feel or move. As my last trace of awareness faded out I felt them wiping the blood from my fingers and I softly mumbled my last thoughts, "I'll get you GET!"

dave nichols

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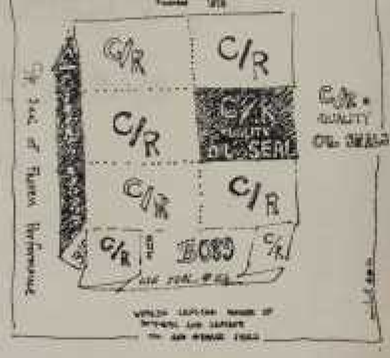
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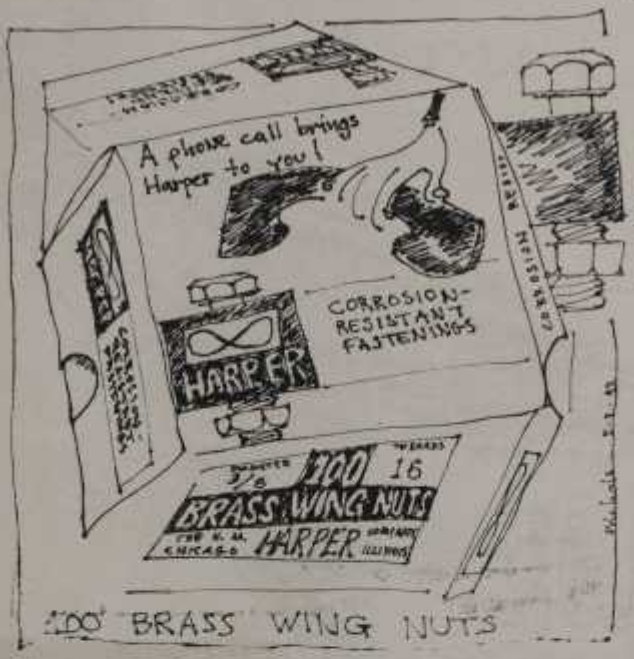
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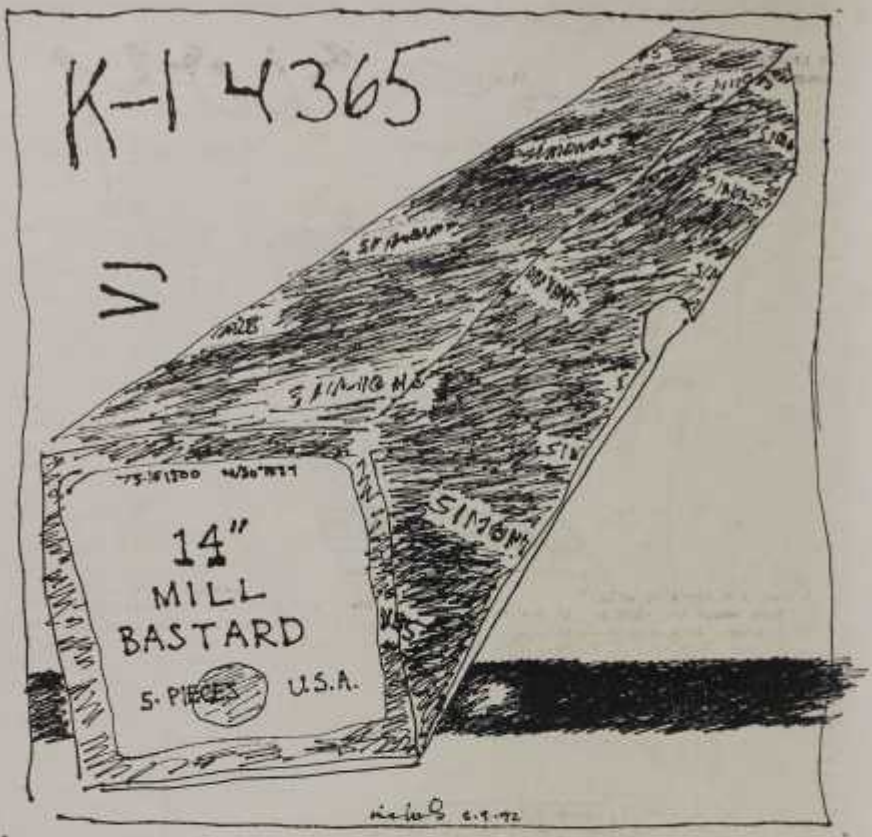
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Story

THE LIGHT IN YOU

Jeremy Wilson the first line sums it up: "i've found that the words don't make the man/ it's the man that makes the words." it's a song about integrity, about not wanting to lie, about communication. you're responsible for what blurts out of your mouth.

Eric Lovre it has big fuzzy guitars. we wrote it fast, 20 minutes. it's everyone's favorite.

John Moen my favorite for a long time. a song where we started writing music the way i wanted to hear it.

Jim Taletzo about the best song we've ever written & i haven't got tired of playing it or listening to it yet. working on the video we played it all day & never got tired of it. a perfect song. i especially like the bass line in the solo--the little descending section, a small part, a few notes, but i like it. a melodic 4 notes which i like to play all the time. it's funny, 4 notes that i like to play all the time.

FIRST TIME LAST TIME

Jeremy john came up with the chorus. it's a song about miscommunication... "juggle words for what to say/ with a mouth that's a wrecking ball."

Eric john wrote the chorus. it has 5 guitar tracks. it's a song about miscommunicating.

John one of my 2 favorites. i like everything about this song. it's finely crafted, a song that works for me.

Jim another favorite. i like the lyrics in this song especially. jeremy sings "mouth like a wrecking ball." that's a very powerful lyric. the chorus is pretty sounding & the rest of it is very aggressive sounding. i think that's very neat. a lot of these songs are very aggressive & then the chorus pretty. "the first time that you let 'em know/ will be the last time that you own."

WEL

GhOMrma

Ebums

GOOD ADVICE

Jeremy about advice, about to just kinda get into the zen of it, not go seeking it cuz it's gonna show itself. when i think i need advice, no, it's kinda all right there in front of you. the 1st verse was written at band practice. 2 verses come from 2 songs i was writing about at home. "i hide in my fort when i think i'm feeling angry." 2nd verse, an angry poem to God: "how can i touch you if i cannot find you?" the bridge "maybe i'm losing it/ but maybe i'm getting it right." the guys sing this. i love this song most. i hated it going in--a generic song. it's eric's favorite. straight ahead rolling stone rock felt weird.

Eric our late 70's rock song. a little bit about love.

John a song i thought was dumb for a long time, but i like it now. it's fun to play, fun to play live. it gets me exhilarated sometimes, which is nice.

Jim i really like this song. i really hate the introduction, the bass line, doo doo doodoot dout, noodley & bad. for me personally, i don't like to play the introduction live. no singing, all music at the end. the drums get produced louder at the end--reverbs & effects--it's more effected, neat, different from the rest of the songs. i'm notorious for trying to change all my parts. i just have a hard time playing up on the neck like that. i trip around my fingers.

INCESTUOUS

Jeremy comes from the concept of what you want you can't have. the song's a poem, to get really personal about it. 13 lines, 4 lines of each verse. i sang the poem outloud. it was inspired by something said to me: "i can't do this. it feels too incestuous." the lyrics go, "if all then nothing. one by one in all then nothing." "when he let go he felt empty/ joy is a moment gone."

Eric one of the prettiest songs we've ever written. powerful & still. i remember when we taped it. all the lights were down in the studio except for a blue light.

John beautiful & delicate & it's not one for me, i guess. it's not mine. part of it is. i don't sing on it, which is unusual for me. i just lay back & be the musician. eric sings backup.

Jim one of my favorite songs. very beautiful. i really like all the chord structure centered around 2 parts i'd written that are kinda pretty kinda depressing. i had 2 parts i'd play, the verse part, the chorus part. eric played along & we built the song around those 2 parts. eric sings great in the background. seems like eric never used to sing real pretty like that. it was a late nite recording & we kept it. we'd been there 11 hours recording. around 12 at nite we did a few takes & did that one & that was it. we tried to do it a little better, more professional, but it didn't have the feeling.

PORCH SONG

Jeremy another poem i had ready. when i sing it i visualize a place called chapel hill in north carolina & the weppings. it has the closest spirit to what "boots of leather" has. "did you ever want to play a guitar loud?/ stand in a circle children howl like a hound." "give a boy a jews-harp." it's a song celebrating music.

Eric i used an old, cheap, borrowed guitar. red univox, les paul copy. shittiest pickups, but the right sound. i had lots of guitars in the studio. it's a direct descendant of "boots of leather." one of those stompin along kinda songs. funny characters. if you visualize the lyrics, it's humorous--same spirit as "boots." a distinct guitar riff, the beat, stomping along.

John a song i like a lot. sticks out on the record. in all honesty, this might be our last ditch attempt to try to sound like something--force upon yourself, "be heavy." we used to play it too fast. ed brooks in the studio suggested we slow it down.

Jim i didn't like it. one of my least favorite songs. the song changed a lot. a break before the 1st solo we added a part & slowed it down. now it's fun. i like the lyrics. tempo real weird. just changed tempo that day. everything pulling at the rhythm--a song trying to fall apart--be pulled apart. slowing down speeding up. neat guitar work & feedback. the song doesn't mean a lot to me, so it's hard for me to get ready to play.

A PUSH ME PULL ME

Jeremy doctor seuss character, push me pull me. i love the imagery in it, very conscious imagery. "i pull at the hair at the base of my neck." & "i push my head out this moving car/ at telephone poste..." belt flapping out the window, "when all the time i just want to feel good." i wanted a lyric sheet on this record. no discussion. even on advances to record stores. "i pull for the air when the sun is out/ because the sun is always there."

Eric an old song & i'm bored with it. if i had my choice we wouldn't put it on records. old songs. sounds dated, sounds mid 80's. not what's going on in music right now.

John an older song. the oldest song on there. we wrote it before we were ready to play it. "20,000 tears" on the last record like that, a long time to where it feels good to play it. "push me pull me," it's the same situation. also a well-put-together song in the sense of craftmanship, in terms of what my ear hears. to my ear it flows nicely, fits my criteria.

Jim i really like this song a lot. it's fun to play. it's really pretty. i like the melody. a very bass-centered song. one little break just before the solo reminds me of the replacements for some reason. i like that part a lot. and the ending, how jeremy and john switch solos. john cuts out, jeremy sings his lines. then jeremy cuts out & john sings his lines. you can hear individually what each one is saying at the very end.

YAVOR

Jeremy john wrote this one. it's about growing and being able to say what's mine and what's yours. that's what it says for me. initially it was inspired by a record company, "your top hat tipping to me like i could be bought."

Eric only song i've ever played a wawa used a wawa pedal on. burns 12 string like elvis in "blue hawaii." vox crybaby. early 60's. i got it from tim knight at guitar castle. every song has something i got from him. a fender album. john & jeremy sing the whole thing. jimmy sings on it. i'd like to use on the next album a bunch of old vintage amps. gretsch, late 50's early 60's 15 watts. new amps don't sound like that.

John a song i wrote that i think we're playing live better now than on the record. i've finally figured out how to play the drumbeat. it's a bit muddled on the record. it's about not succumbing to the idea of a free thing, being strong in the face of a dangling record offer. i can't be bought.

Jim a fun song. it didn't turn out as good as it could. it's repetitious. it stays at one level, one rhythm. the vocals are the same all the way through. one level not a lot of dynamics to it. it doesn't need more complexities, just more highs and lows, more drama in the music.

WRECK AROUND TOWN

Jeremy my favorite lyrics. the band was really into it, behind it. almost my least favorite song on the record at this point. the guys came up with the music. a "family" script, written drunk, intoxicated, upset leaving LAX airport, ending up in vegas. i suggested "portland song" to the band as a title. a couple years of lost, feeling like an alien baby. "honey, baby, darling," a pun on rock n roll. "i'm an astronaut." about drinking and feeling lost. feeling sorry for feet, "living in shoes falling apart."

Eric interesting song. cool story. impossible. no real melody through the song. jim plays one key, i do another. in the middle of the song we switch. a structure, but no progression. what key we're playing in hard to determine.

John one i thought weak, but now i like. at first i thought it didn't have any personality, but that's funny because most people pick up on it. i'll always love the words. the best lyrics jeremy's written. impressionistic. paints a picture. real "beat." whatever comes out is ok in the writing of the lyrics. reminds me of jack kerouac.

Jim the 2nd side i don't like as much i guess. eric's guitar parts i really like. the most straight-ahead, generic rock song on the record. a song we don't play very much live. i like it recorded, better than played. maybe it'll be one of those songs a year from now we'll be playing all the time. it just never found a groove until just before we recorded it. songs off <u>haywire</u>, "flowers" we never played & now we've become able to play it. funny because we recorded it.

"the magic of the bass is only 4 strings. and they're really low.

i'm always talking about having only 2 strings. the lowest ones. one note is just as effective as a riff. becuz it's only bass FOR CRYIN OUT LOUD." Jim Talstra

"subtle, if we break new ground, not aggressive. we play different from most bands. we play off each other, bass riffs & guitar riffs. i don't play chords. 2 part, 3 part harmonies. it's so natural to play with john & jim i don't even notice them, so in synch, it's like invisible. we're in the pocket. sinks in from behind you. i don't mean to say i don't notice those guys." Eric Lovre

BRIGHT ORANGE SPOT

Jeremy a poem to God. "...thinking about lows/ about the highs and the lows/ about being out in the sun/ about the wonders of God/ by just hanging around." "it breaks my heart to send you away/ to find my spiritual side." john wrote the guitar riff--fav "light in you" too.

Eric the album sags here. it's long and it repeats. no fun to play it.

John a song i thought was too long. i still think it's too long, but i'm liking it more and more. i like the title. initially it had an organ on the whole song, but we had to edit it, too mushy. mike danner , a great player, great guy. now when it comes in it's kinda golden.

Jim my least favorite on the record. so new. it didn't get arranged well. a little too long, too slow. it was just so new. haven't really played it that long. i get bored with it because it's too slow. like "flowers."

WORDS

Jeremy "say anything and it won't end in ruin." "it's the words that we need to hear."

Eric we almost scrapped it--but while mixing we added a few things. one of the nicest slow songs we've ever done. john plays guitar. john & jeremy sing. a powerful song.

John a song we recorded all the way through, almost all the parts, and i totally didn't like it. jim laid a new bass line on it once we got to seattle. we added new background harmonies, "ooo oohh noooohh." i play guitar. there are no drums. jeremy's best vocal performance period. he did it again once we got to seattle. one of my favorite parts, in the middle, i can't remember that phrase, but i echo what he just did, real high.

Jim words is really a beautiful song. some neat vocals. jeremy sings great on it. very different from the others. jeremy was pressing for it. finally when we finished it we were really surprised by it. someday we'll figure out how to play it live. everyone plays guitar on it. we'd have to get john a guitar. eric does these...a couple of little chords in the chorus that sound mediaeval...70's jethro tull. strongest lyrics jeremy's written.

ACES

Jeremy john wrote this one. jimmy drums. it's so beautiful. a thank you to the person who sat through and listened to the record.

Eric my favorite song because john & jeremy & jim--jim on drums--they went out & recorded it. then i recorded a weird old 6 string bass on it. i fooled around with 60's guitar chords through a guitar amp, on the spot noodling. it's sad but kinda hopeful, good to end the record on. me & john harmonize. i had a whammy bar. i wanted to use it but i couldn't get it in there. we put down a $400 deposit so i could play mandolin on "first time." so i could play 4 notes on it. i made the guys go for it.

John the other song i wrote all by myself contributions that are whole songs. "aces" i like a lot. another example of very simple. it was jim's idea to end the record with it & i was very flattered. when i was a kid i listened to records when i went to sleep at night so the last song had to be very mellow & we employed this theory when we put it last.

Jim a true gem of a song. i'm being kinda corny, but it's really a great song. john wanted to make it sound more like it sounded when he wrote it. i ended up keeping rhythm on drums, eric playing a 6-string bass, jeremy all the feedback & lead guitar, he got to play a lot of noise at the end--john strumming guitar & all the picking at the end. a fun song to play live. the right way to end the record, a real positive love song. can't get much better than that.

By Jay Re

HIS MUSIC

Growing up in church, Ive experienced something that has not only happened in my church but in churches through out the country.

Every church that I have been related to has a musician or two or four. Speaking from the "Black Church" point of view, we gotta have our Jams. Jammin with Jesus I always say.

The music people are really talented players and vocalists, No really I mean they can blow. As one begins to recognize their talents one cant help but wonder why arent these people playing for some band making some serious ends. Not that they are any Quincy Jones or Michael Jackson but you know their talent reaches beyond the confines of the church walls.

This story is about a person who went through that stage and had to make some pretty life changing decisions. Decisions that would change his life forever.

It was a Sunday morning in a small church in the south. The women were dressed in their hats and conservative wear, kids playing tic tac toe on the back of church bulletins drawing pictures of funny looking people. The music starts and the choir begins to march in. "Give him praise, Give him praise" as the organ played in a very up beat tempo.

Tino age nineteen is the minister of music and carries lots of weight on what the choir sings.

He is a very talented young man but he feels something is missing in his life. This brotha can play the keys, the drums, the strings and writes for the choir.

As the choir picks up the pace Tino begins to feel the spirit move, or was it the groove. He suddenly stops direction of the choir and runs to the key board. The choir is still singing "Give him praise" as Tino is slammin down on the keys, directing with one hand and jammin on the other. Go Tino go, he began to mix in different sounds through the key board. By now the choir had stopped singing and Tino had turned this into his show as he dropped the bass. No one ever drops the bass in church or at least during a service.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM no you cant do that in church this is

not some dropped truck rollin in the hood.

At this time the hand clappin and foot stompin had stopped as the adults stood in amazement. With their hands on their hips in show of protest. What does he think he is doin, who does he think he is, he ought to be ashamed of himself, playing like that in the Lords house. These were some of the things that the people uttered. But take one look at the youth, they were the only ones still clappin and rockin to the rhythm of the beat. As Tino ended his little jam session he was draped with applause from the young people and sneered and mocked by the adults and elders. We have got to give that boy some sort of limits to his doings, said one of the deacons.

After church that day Tino was putting away his equipment when some people came to congratulate him on a job well done, or tell him it was a sin in Gods eyes. He isnt really used to it being referred to as a sin in Gods eyes. But never had he dropped the bass like he did that morning.

Tino had noticed someone in the audience that morning that didnt really seem to fit in, which is easy to do with a church of that size. But it makes it a whole lot easier when that unfamiliar face is white. The man had hung around church that day until Tino and he were the only ones left in the building.

Tino Mills isnt it. Yep thats me homes what can I do you for Tino said. My name is Tom Phelps from We Jam records, in Atlanta. Heres my card. Really, no Joke, what brings you to this church Tino said. Well son we received that demo tape you sent in last month and we like it. Oh that Tino said I made that tape at the county fair, this is a joke right, quit trippin. This is no joke son, look what are they paying you to play here? Paying me Tino said as he laughed, man I dont get paid for this I love to play and write songs, its what I do its how I was raised. Wouldnt you love to get paid for something that you loved to do. And I mean really get paid, Mr. Phelps said. Well I never really thought of it like that Tino said. Maybe it would be nice, what am I saying that would be live. Doin what I love to do plus makin bank, Yeah Buddy, Tino said to himself. Yeah well give me some time to think Mr. Look son heres my card, give me a call when you are ready to become someone. The hot shot record man turned and hopped in his new ride and faded. Weeks pass and the thoughts of that record deal begin to weigh heavy on the mind of Tino.

Tino was home in his room reading some of his old tunes when the phone rang. Yep, Tino said as he answered the phone. Tino, hi this is Phelps from We Jam records, remember me. Yeah, whats up? Well Tino have you gave it some thought to what I have said? Are you ready to make some serious money. Yeah Ive been thinkin bout what you said, and Im still thinkin.

Well Tino listen to this heres what were gonna do, we want you so bad that were gonna set you up with a band

thats playin at the Ritz saturday night, sit in with them and tell us what you think. If you dont feel right tell us and well leave you alone, is that a deal? Kool Tino said. O.K. see you at the Ritz saturday night, right. Yeah, Tino said.

Tino hung up the phone all full of joy on the inside but dare not let his parents find out. His parents were kool and all but they were totally against his playing "non Christian" music.

Tino had to tell someone about it so he went to his friend Mikes house to tell him.

Yo Mike whats up homes? Tino, your world "G". Yo dude, got that set at the Ritz money. No joke, when? Saturday night. Look at Mr. money bags, Mike said you gonna get paaiid, in full. Honeys gonna be rollin in, you tell moms yet? Man are you crazy, Tino said. They wouldnt let me play there thats a worldly club. Let you play there, Tino youre a grown man you can make your own decisions, the worst they can do is kindly kick you out of the house, and by then youll have enough money to buy your own crib. Look do this for me, no do this for yourself and get paid Tino. Yeah but this is not Gods music Mike. Look Tino God gave you the talent to play didnt he, God gave us all the music didnt he, so whats so bad about it, what makes it wrong? God created sex and drugs but until man abuses these things they are a wonderful thing. Look Tino all Im tryin to say is, dont miss out on a good thing. Yeah maybe youre right Mike, thanks homey Ill get with you later. Peace....

Tino pondered and pondered on his decision. Tino went back home to call his youth pastor to get his advice. As Tino told his pastor the situation Tino felt a certain unwelcomed tone in the pastors remarks.

So what do you think pastor, what should I do? Well Tino Ill make this short and sweet, theres two kinds of music in this world one for the Lord and one for the devil. You cant serve both Tino. You grew up in church you know the difference between right and wrong. Yeah but what makes right right? Tino said under his breath. Thanks for the word pastor, I gotta go.

Saturday night had now come and Tino got geared to go throw down at the Ritz.

Dressed to a "T" Tino drove up to the club parking lot. With music in hand and palms full of sweat he walked towards the entrance. Suddenly Tino stopped dead in his tracks, just before opening the door....

The night had passed and it was Sunday morning, an old time religion church hymn was playing in a very unique way mellow and slow but not dead in any way. All the elders, deacons, and older saints were sitting in the front showing happiness and joy. The music played and played as the choir marched in under the direction of Tino Mills.

KATHY CAMPBELL'S

I

It began in basements. It began in garages, and in back yards, if the weather was nice. Those dark garages, those cool basements. A refuge, a "hang-out" to watch, to wait. To just plain "feel good." It wasn't what the band was playing. It wasn't who was in the band. It was experiencing the fullness of the moment, a gathering of kindred spirits.

The band played. Everyone played. It was play time. Music the common denominator uniting every body. They played hard. They played soft. Every pore oozing with talent one way or another, cultivating an original sound. **Laughing, screaming, crying, moaning, chanting, rapping** Everyone humming in tune, singing their hearts out. The sound could only grow, for better or for worse....

II

A stage, a spotlight. A bigger playground, "the club." Where bodies gather to eat, drink, smoke and get high on sound. Where deals are dealt, and liaisons are intentional. Fun for one and all. But, the best times are accidental. (The clubs never change anything but their names ...)

III

A new dimension, "the fans...." VIBRANT CROWDS, LOOD BANDS, LOTS OF SPACE. Basements become abandoned warehouses. Garages become old auditoriums. Backyards become parks. The band becomes hosts of outrageous events. THE CROWD, A CLOUD OF COLORS Fans **clapping, tapping, swaying, shreiking, roaring.** Dancers **dancing, swirling, twirling, prancing, skipping, jerking, stomping.** Lovers **loving, kissing, hugging, stoking, sucking.** Sound waves **rippling, "FREEDOM, freedom."**

IV

THE BIG TOP Amphitheatre, pavilions, stadiums, coliseums. THE CROWDS fanatic fans, demanding spectators, faithful friends. EVERYONE, part of the parade. THE SHOW..."GRAND" THE BAND..."GREAT" THE SOUND..."MAGIC" TOO MUCH, too too much. NOT ENOUGH, never enough.

V

The sound continues to grow. ..In basements, it begins in basements. "...AND THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT!!!"

faces...

CLASH BUFFALOSPRINGFIELD CROSBYSTILLSNASH&YOUNG YOUNGBLOODS TOWEROFPOWER PEARL IT'S A BEAUTIFULDAY CURTISMAYFIELD MARVINGAYE BOTTUNA DHARMABEMS COUNTRYJOE&THEFISH JEFFERSON AIRPLANE JEFFERSONSTARSHIP VIKELS KINKS WATCHMEN BOBMARLEY&THEWAILERS T-BONEBURNETT ELTONJOHN MICKEYHARTBAND LADY SMITH ELVINBISHOP JOHN&EDGAR WINTER STEVEMILLERBAND JONIMITCHELL BEACHBOYS VANILLAFUDGE RIGHTEOUSBROTHERS DOORS SHANANA MOTHERSOFINVENTION GRATEFULDEAD ELECTRICPRUNES TUBES JOHNFAHEY JOHNDOAN SUNRA PERFECTCIRCLE LEONRUSSELL BOZSCAGGS MANDELLA BILLYPRESTON MILESDAVIS RICHIEHAVENS ARLOGUTHRIE ALICECOOPER PAULBUTTERFIELDBLUESBAND ELECTRICPLAG JOHNLEEHOOKER MERLESAUNDERS GROVERWASHINGTONJR DRJOHN THERIGHTTRIPPER ROBERTJOHNSON LEONREDBONE BEATLES ROLLINGSTONES WHO SEATTLEWOMENBLUES BACKPORCHBLUES MARIAMULDARE ELIZABETHCOTTON GLADYSKNIGHT BBKING CHARLIEMUSSELWHITE ALBERTKING PAPAJOHN ARTHURBROWNREVIEW DAVECLARKFIVEANIMALS BLINDFAITH CREAM SANTANA TRAFFIC SPENCERDAVISQUINTET JIMHENDRIX JANISJOPLIN JOHNNAYALL JOHNPRINE JIMMYBUFFETT SMALLFACES GOLDENEARRING DELAMEYBONNIE&FRIENDS BLUESBREAKERS ELECTRICLIGHTORCHESTRA THEFACES RODSTEWART JEFFBECKGROUP FLEETWOODMAC YARDBIRDS INDESCRIBABLYDELICIOUS EVILTHINGSTOCOME LOVE CAMMEDHEAT JOECOCKER BOBDYLAN TOMPETTY&THEHEARTBREAKERS RAYCHARLES THEREDOORNIGHT PAULREVERE&THE RAIDERS SONNY&CHER TURTLES SEEDS KITTYGRITTYGIRTBAND STRAWBERRYALARMCLOCK STONEPONIES TAJMAHAL GERRYGARCIABAND BENKIDENSOFPURPLESAGE DINOSAURS TERRY&THEPIRATES TINATURNER BILLYIDOL THEJAZZCRUSADERS

places...

MACARTHURPARK GRIFFITHPARK GOLDENGATEPARK THEGOLDENBEAR WINTERLAND FILMOREWEST THEGARDENOFEARTHLYDELIGHTS MHARPNATS BOATANDLIGHTHOUSE TROUBADOR WHISKEYAGOGO FRISCODISCO HULLABALOO PANDORASBOX GREEKTHEATRE HOLLYWOODPALADIUM HOLLYWOODBOWL KINGDOME TACOMADOME AUTEN STADIUM LONGBEACHSPORTSARENA ROSEPALACE SHRINEAUDITORIUM PORTLANDCOLISEUM LACOLISEUM VENICEBEACHPARK COUNTRYFAIRFIELD OAKLANDCOLISEUM PEOPLE'SPARKBERKELEY KEYSTONE STARRYNITE NEIGHBORSOFWOODCRAFTHALL PARAMOUNT BOONTREASURY WOWHALL SANFRANCISCOCIVIC SANTAMONICACIVIC BLUEIAN MISSIONMILLDYEHOUSE MARINAPALACE WESTSIDESTATION JASONLEEUM CBASEMENT NICHOLSLOYBACKYARD SENSHENASSACKYARD BUSHPARK LSDAY SALEMARMORY UCLA BYNN PINESTREET WHITEEAGLE JOHNNONEBACKYARD CARO LINAFERRY SAUSALITO MOTELTICKTOCK OREGONMUSEUM WHITECOASTER THELIGHTHOUSE THEBREWPUB MAZZIS VIRGINIACAFE

(his'tæ-rē)

AS IS.

The Snake,
slithered and slunk his way behind the huge desk. He sat, puffing slyly, methodically on his huge stogie. His eyes were in a trance inducing whirr. He leered down upon them, smelling the kill.
That is the way of the jungle.

-Are you ready to sign?

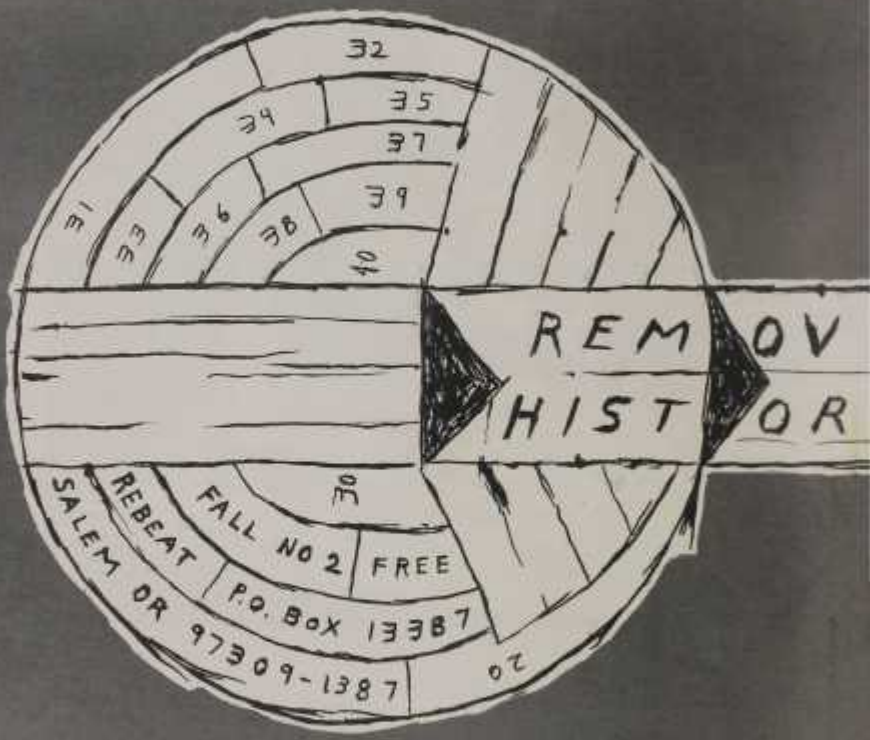
The papers were as glittery and golden as the neon lights from the many signs that flashed outside. Beacons in the night.
Foreboding of betrayal.
The dotted line beckoned. Only a faint glimmer of suspicion met in their eyes
but any anxiety was easily overpowered by excitement. They would both say later: -I knew this would happen, but you were so gung-ho.
If not for Eve, He had another story written. Of course she eventually took the blame for the whole stupid afair in this case as well.

Bonnie and Clyde.
They weaved wildly, dust and exhaust billowing behind them in an indistinguishable black cloud From one side of the narrow road to the other, they tried to keep the dotted yellow line in the center of the sighting device of the huge mounted chrome symbol on the over-long hood. Laughing maniacally and with hair flying, there was suddenly the sickening lurch and behind them,
in a puddle, staring knowingly,
lay the the transmission.

That is human nature.
Eve was tempted yes, but was not he also, and He for that matter. For why, after all, was Eve created? Was it only a story with submission the goal in mind - or more than that? In some garden(ing) stories the Snake is God. If not for Augustine we'd have maybe a better history. Have you ever known a female car sales(man)? They're all of the snake breed. Read St. Augustine, read the discourse on the automobile industry and you will find what shapes the western world.
.....And their smiles of glee drooped,
slowly,
simultaneously,
from their faces. Those fat, innocent, cherubim faces. It was those faces that were strange, wicked in their childlike ex citement, innocent in the sudden, sickening realization of their fall.
The irony is you must take it just as it's been handed down.
Future answers to history whether it likes the arrangement or not.
Future follows history,

Jeffrey McAlpine

John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