

The Vox

WTUL 91.5 FM

February 1995 #96

FREE



HAPPY BIRTHDAY WTUL! FEBRUARY 2, 1960

The Vox

NOTES FROM THE G.M.

"Fari Vagnari A Pizzu"

I must express my disgrace upon eyeing the WTUL airstaff since returning from my vacation in Sicily. My family has gained too much weight living in comfort, which is mostly a result of my hard work. DJ's tell me "America has been good to me." No, I have been good to them. Big stomachs means everyone is content which is bad because it leaves us vulnerable to the other big four Radio Families. It upsets my stomach to see my organization in such bad shape. Not to worry kind listeners, Dan Zaffuto my *consigliori* who is a full-blooded Sicilian that fully understands *omerta*, the law of silence, and I have been devising a four step plan that will put an end to the 5 Radio Families War. The Family has been reprimanded and are ready to concentrate on business matters. Most of the the problems lie with the Zeffercelli Family of Slidell who's gambling operations and mass diffusion of boring disgusting alternative music are cutting into our business substantially. Their General Mafioso is a real .90 caliber, *pezzonovante* unwilling to meet our more than generous proposition. Soon the Zeffercelli Family will recognize our anti-rock connections. Their *infamita* will be history. Art Boonparn my #1 buttonman has already sent some men to hit 2 Zeffercelli DJ's to retaliate the deaths of *pansia*, Colin Borstel and ex-music director, Dave Sanford. Though these murders may seem cruel to the uninitiated, they are merely business matters.



Power Violence



Radio

Action

Art Boonparn, Brando's main button man shoves his gun down the throat of a Zeffercelli DJ. The DJ's clothing, legs, and arms were sent to their station indicating that the body lies somewhere on the bottom of the Mississippi.



Zeffercelli DJ: "No man, please don't shoot! I'll give you money!"
Art: "I work for my Don, and I kill for taste."

begin
the
killing



In times of crisis there is usually a rat within the organization. My *consigliori* and I have identified the rat, and by the time you read this you will have already read in the papers of this person's death. I've also called in a safety valve *caporegime* to assist until the confusion is over, and the plan is carried out. Claudio, an old friend has brought his men over to help guard the WTUL Family Mall. I feel safe with Claudio. Trusting he would never cross his Don.

Two months ago, Vinnie Panatta came to see me asking if I could put the "Generally Hostile" radio show back on the air because the brutal, violent music keeps his men at ease while working at the weapons factory, that his family has owned since immigrating from Sicily in the early 20's. I have granted him this favor asking that he merely show some respect. He displays his respect by supplying us with assault weapons for our war.

There was a small attack on the WTUL Family Mall last week, but it was not a mafia related affair. This attack came from young

small-time crooks angered by the refusal of one of our *padrones* to play Pearl Jam on his radio show. These hoodlums managed to spray paint "Fuck You WTUL Guineas!" on one of the Family cars. This is only a small affair and will not be pursued. I just wanted to mention it because I found it to be quite humorous.

That is all I have to say and can say right now. Hopefully there will be no more blood on the streets by the end of February. I wished this war would never have happened, but it was to be expected after a few years of security.

Yours Truly,

Don Brando Cowart

Don Brando Cowart

General Mafioso of WTUL

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DRUNK DJ OF THE MONTH



Zuni's
Medal



"Oh Jia, I'm so damaged." The other half of the Pakistani Twins, Zuni or Zuner Gilani lives up to her sister's appearance as last month's Drunk DJ. Alcoholism plagues this family. Zuni got so pissed that she had to be taken to detox the following morning. Wonder what Allah thinks about this. Who the fuck cares? Mardi Gras is right around the corner. Cheers.

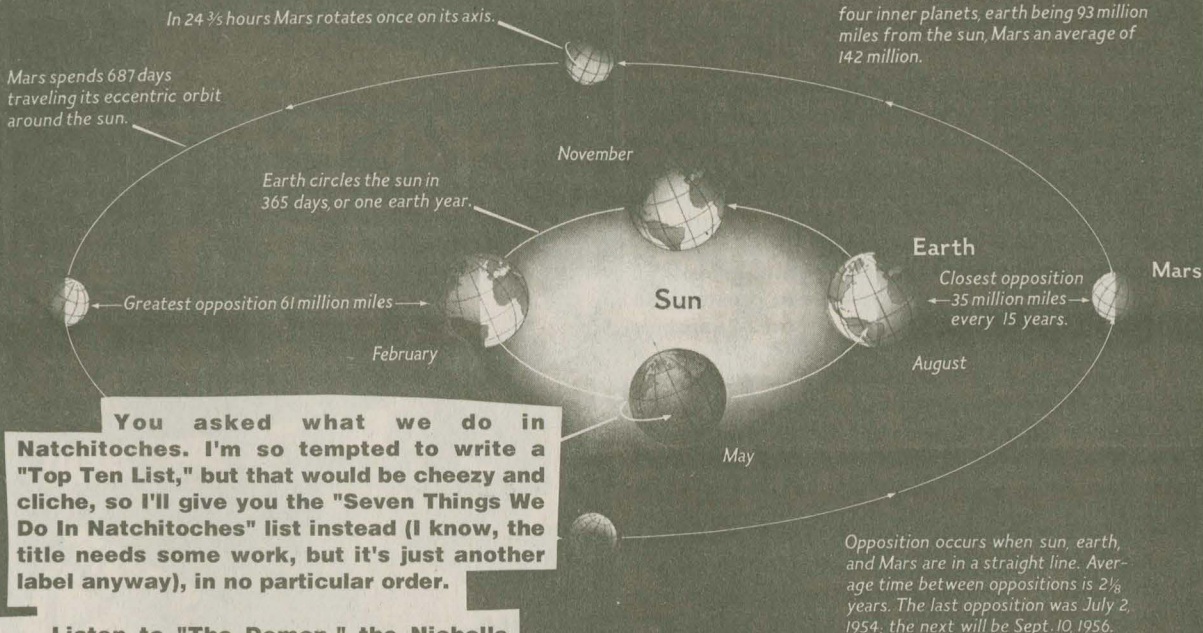
Letter From the ← Editor →

Being the total jerk off that I am I
was gonna write this article about
the current wave of Girl Mania that's
hit me, but I figure it's time
for an update on the New
★ Orleans ★
★ music scene



Because my opinion means everything.

Sadly A.J. the producer of 1994
has left N.O. for Colorado to open a studio in the mountains.
A.J. produced the BURN VERSION LP and my band ANDON's 7" EP.
He'll be missed. Now Robinson Mills (Egyptian Room) and myself (Chinklet
studios) gotta pick up the pace to win the Award for this Year's
best Producer. BRUCE LEEROY is a new poppy punk band from
Metairie - go see em' when their guitarist gets Ungrounded. Rummel
poseurs SECOND HAND recorded some tunes at Chinklet for an
upcoming release on RECESS recs. EYE HATE GOD did not break up
they have a new 7" EP out on BOVINE and a split 7" with 13 on SLAP
A HAM. RAMONA QUIMBY are a blatzy punk band. The EVIL NURSE
SHEILA CD is selling beaucoup! Look for an interview Next month. Hey
Andrew I found yer SKI-MASK. The PENETRATIONS are shitty punk
band. THE STUMPGRINDERS released a cassette and play LOUD
shows. Noisy Punksters ANDON have a 4-song 7" out on DICK
ARMY records from Austin. The ROYAL PENDLETONS' 7" on GONER
should be out by March. It was recorded at Chinklet with Alex Chilton
helping out after we fucked up the mix. Are the SLACKERS the
punkest band in town? I think they're pretty damn punk. YELOCEL
had a swell time playing up in Tenn. and just recorded some songs at
Zoe. I'm eagerly waiting to hear the SOILENT GREEN cd. What's up
with PARALYSIS? I heard their label fucked em. FALLING JANUS have
gone through some lineup changes. DULAC SWADE are a power-rock band
with ex-BROTHER HOOD OF IGNORANCE plus Eric P. who looks like Steve B.
semi with dreads. OLD have a CD coming out by summer. LUMP, I have
no news. COREOPSIS is a goth-rock band. GRAB THE LIZARD broke up.
KING LOUIE BANKSTON is getting folks together for Another record. Watch
out for the REX Pistols - they'll be playing at the Wolf Feb 25. Punka. Matt
from the PENDLETONS and I are starting a new band called THE SKIVVIES.
I heard A.G.B. went or are planning to record. What happened to THE
FUNNY BOYS? I flyer in a local band and want to be mentioned in the next
update - write me. The N.O. show is every Sat 1-3 pm. Later Art



Because of the tilt of the earth, the best vantage point for observing Mars at closest opposition is in our Southern Hemisphere.

Dear Sir:

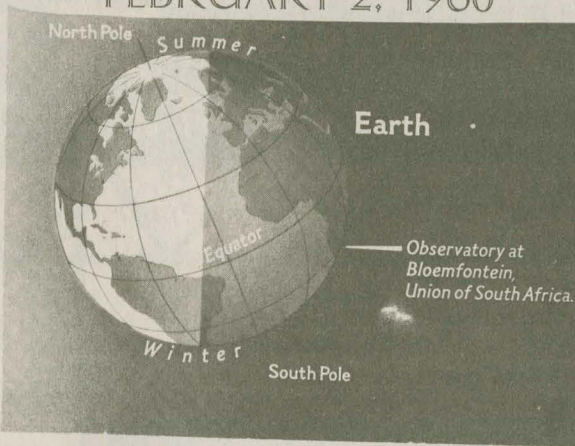
I recently received a copy of radio station's publication, The Vox, and was intrigued. So much so, it led to this letter. I am writing in representation of Crustacean Records, based here in Milwaukee....

(He goes on about a compilation CD of six Milwaukee bands. Email him at natimmel@execpc.com for more info.)

Yours sincerely,
Nathan Timmel

We see south pole of Mars at closest opposition. Its north pole is visible at greatest opposition when Mars is 26 million miles farther from earth and appears only 3/5 as large.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY WTUL!
FEBRUARY 2, 1960



What the hell is Gavin and why has it come to our town?

Coming to New Orleans February 15 through February 18 will be one of the biggest radio conventions in the country, the Gavin Seminar. About two and a half thousand folks from around the country in the music business will infiltrate our fair city. Why New Orleans, when there is hardly any music industry related things here? I guess New Orleans throws great parties and Gavin wanted to celebrate its tenth seminar in a spectacular way. Anyway, Gavin is a trade magazine that compiles playlists from radio stations across the country to create "charts" of the most played albums in several different categories: rap, jazz, loud rock, AAA (adult album alternative or something like that), "top 40", and, of course, alternative and college. There are only some fifty or sixty college stations that have been chosen to report out of the five hundred or so stations that are non-commercial and play "alternative" music. (CMJ - *College Music Journal* - takes reports from all five hundred stations. WTUL also reports to *Hits*, *Album Network*, and *Net*.) WTUL is proud and honored to be a Gavin reporter. What does that matter? Well, the college chart affects the way the music is marketed to commercial alternative stations, retail stores, etc., and you the consumer. (WTUL reports to the jazz chart and the rap chart, as well.) So, what the hell is this seminar all about? There are panel discussions and speakers at the Hyatt. Also, the representatives of the record companies want to get together with the representatives of the radio stations and show them the bands that they signed or that have albums out now/soon. And, of course, there is the required schmoozing.

The Vox #96 WTUL 91.5 FM

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and the man who keeps this running.

Brando Cowart - General Manager
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Drew Coca Cola, Alex, Owen Ast-
wood, Jane Ko, Gene the Can

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GAVIN

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GAVIN

ANNIVERSARY
10
* * *



COLLEGE EDITOR: SEANA BARUTH

HAPPY BIRTHDAY WTUL!
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◇ Dear Anthony, Art and Bryce,

◇ After reading that letter in the last issue of El Voz in regards to scenester punks and their cliquey attitudes, I felt a reply was necessary. As the former MD and PD at WTUL and one of the individuals who helped bring bands ranging from Naked Raygun and Jawbox to Pavement and the Grifters to New Orleans for the first time and growing up before that in the DC scene, I've discovered that the only true punks are scenester punks.

◇ Anyone who knows sht about punk and or indie rock knows that the basis of its existence is the D.I.Y. ethic. D, as in Do. That's right, its not about getting the right haircut (though Murrays or Royal Crown can help with that), or having the coolest emo-jacket (though mine is the coolest because of the Doo-Rag patch on its back), its about doing things.

Consequently, any monkey can deduce that the people involved in doing things themselves and supporting their scenes are the ones who will be seen as the focal point at the center of their scene. People who go to shows once a month and don't make an effort to talk to people will feel like outsiders. It has nothing to do with a high school mentality or social structure, it has to do with being a part of an active scene. Here's an example:

- ◇ Jackie Flip: Hey man, what's going on?
- ◇ Art: Its been a crazy week man, we've been locked up in my apartment recording for the last five days.
- ◇ Bryce: Are you guys done, how does it sound?
- ◇ Art: Its way punk, but I didn't mix the vocals right."
- ◇ Jackie Flip: Oh, bummer.
- ◇ (Enter Jane Wannabee, a girl in Art's volleyball class who listens to the Zephyr and thinks the Offspring and Urban Outfitters are punk.)
- ◇ Jane Wannabee: Hey guys whats up?
- ◇ Art: I just finished recording my bands new seven inch! What have you been doing?
- ◇ Jane Wannabee: Nothing, my roommate's hippie friend got me stoned, and they wanted me to go to a frat party with them, but I wanted to come here cuz its soooo cool. Art does your band sound like Sebadoa, because I really love Sebadoa.
- ◇ Art: No, we sound like Karp.
- ◇ Jane Wannabee: Who?
- ◇ Jackie Flip: Duh, I'm out of here.

brice's top five
for January -

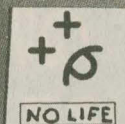
5. MY NEW BLENDER
4. RICE MILK
3. HUGGY BEAR
2. TEAM DRESCH
1. DAYVE SANFORD & POLICY OF 3 (tie)

◇ (Anthony and Bryce exit while Art, a sucker for a cute sorority girl five years his junior plays up his sensitivity and extensive J.Crew wardrobe.)

◇ You see, most of the people in this scene aren't in it because its hip and cool, they're in it because its all they know. Once the scene is in your blood, its hard to get it out. You need to hear that new Team Dresch record and you're willing to trade your meal oard to get it. If you just want to be cool, people will realize that you are fronting and ignore you. If you're a punk, you'll just be yourself and fit in without trying. If you think I'm full of sht, I'll be in town at the Sebadoh/Kicking Giant shows in February. I'll be glad to prove I'm not.

- ◇ Dave Sanford
- ◇ Los Angeles, CA

◇ If you're wondering what I do, I run a micro-label, write for a zine and I'm trying to open a record store. What are you doing?



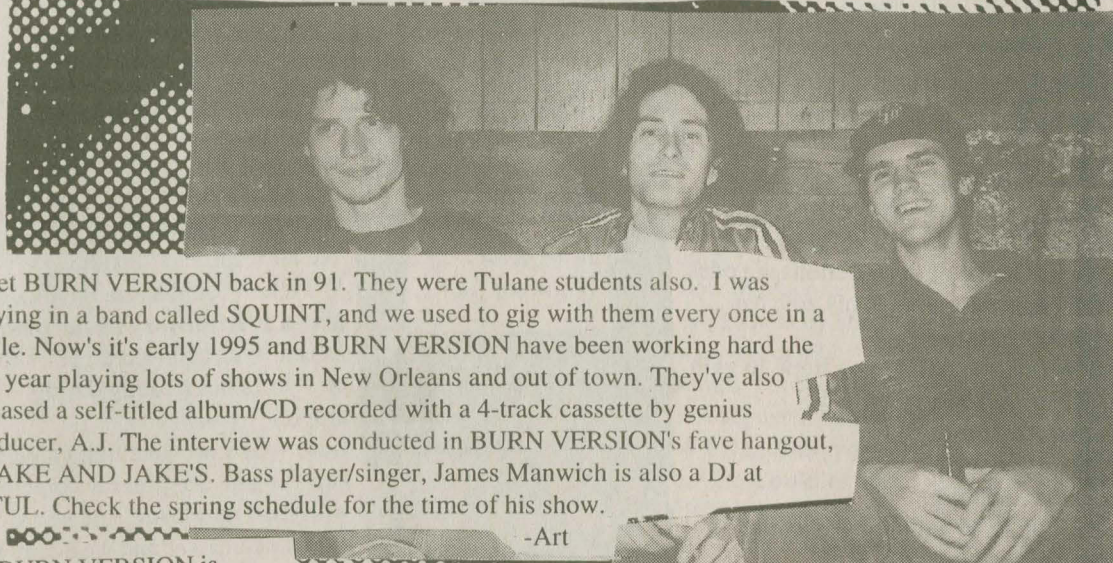
Dave's
label

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LA, CA 90046

write him for a catalog

HAPPY BIRTHDAY WTUL!
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BURN VERSION



I met BURN VERSION back in 91. They were Tulane students also. I was playing in a band called SQUINT, and we used to gig with them every once in a while. Now's it's early 1995 and BURN VERSION have been working hard the last year playing lots of shows in New Orleans and out of town. They've also released a self-titled album/CD recorded with a 4-track cassette by genius producer, A.J. The interview was conducted in BURN VERSION's fave hangout, SNAKE AND JAKE'S. Bass player/singer, James Manwich is also a DJ at WTUL. Check the spring schedule for the time of his show.

-Art

BURN VERSION is

Mark Brill: drums

Bob Wagner: guitar

James Marler: bass, vocals

Mark: Have you tried this?

WTUL: Woodchuck, yeah.

Mark: It's that cider. Yeah, isn't it good? It's like juice. Have you ever had it?

WTUL: Yeah, I drink it all the time.

Mark: It can get you drunk huh?

WTUL: Sure if you drink enough.

Someone in the bar: Right on!

WTUL: If you could frantically stalk someone who would it be and why?

James: Uh, I'd stalk Deadeye Dick. Just to give him psychotic paranoia.

WTUL: What do you think of their song?

James: Offensive.

WTUL: What about you Mark, who would you stalk?

Mark: I'm not prepared for this test.

Everyone: Ha, ha, ho, he, hee

Mark: I'd stalk Hasselhoff. David Hasselhoff cause I want to know what he's really about.

Bob: Have you ever seen his album? I'm looking for the *Knightrider* record.

WTUL: What's your first childhood memory?

James: I belonged to a club called *Johnny Horizon*. It was about cleaning up America. I think I was about 4 yrs. old. I remember walking in the gutter and picking up gumwrapper and stuff.

WTUL: Did ya ever find ripped up pieces of Hustler mag?

James: No that was later in 6th grade, a good find though.

Mark: (hearty laugh) Peeing on a carpet. Honest to God. I feel a lot of anger associated with that event. I don't know, but my 2nd childhood memory is more interesting. I got in a car. I wasn't even a year old. I got in a car and drove it. (laughter fills the air). Well, I didn't drive it, ha, I took it out of park, and I crashed it into a tree. I swear to God. I remember. You can call my parents right now, and they'll verify.

WTUL: Bob?

Bob: I don't have one. What am I gonna say? I ran a car into a tree. C'mon.

Mark: (pretending to be Bob) I brushed my teeth.

WTUL: When the three of you fight who usually wins? Who's the toughest guy in the band?

James: That'd be me clearly.

Mark: I'll pass. That's a silly question. It's not like it hasn't happenend.

Bob: Yeah, me.

Mark: History dictates that I'd whip both of your asses simultaneously cause in the past dozen or so times that we brawled.... I'm just saying.

James: Still though.

Mark: But it was just yesterday, that was the last time I whipped your ass.

Bob: Hey, Art where'd you get this prepped list of questions?

Art: I made this list before I came over. Some of the questions are ones this guy Var uses in his zine *No Idea*.

WTUL: What do you hope to gain from this interview?

James: *Vox* glory.

Mark: Fame.

Bob: Nothing.

WTUL: What's the worst day job you've ever had?

James: Cutting down trees in Metairie. My boss was pretty fascist. No water breaks. I even used a chainsaw without knowing how. A lot of danger. Low pay.

Mark: Landscaping with some local firm. It just sucked. I didn't get paid for all the hours I worked.

Bob: When I was 16 I pumped gas for Texaco. It wasn't that bad.

James: Tell em about the guy who masturbated on schedule.

Bob: Check it out man, this one guy, a mechanic, real young was actually on a masturbation schedule. There was a certain time, and everyone knew he went to the bathroom and jerked off. He grabbed a mag and everyone just knew.



Bob (L)
James (R)



Mark: "Those
guys are
fags"

James: 12 o'clock on the nose.

Bob: Yeah, right after lunch.

WTUL: What kind of mag did he use?

Bob: Standard porn you know *Penthouse*, *Playboy*.

WTUL: Did anyone ever go in while he was doin' it?

Bob: No man, cause everyone knew that was his break. Like everyone knew that's how he was relaxing. We all respected his time.

WTUL: Would someone like to give a brief history of the band?

James: We've played together for 2 or 3 years not steadily during school.

Bob: When we were first playing we had this one drummer we practiced with then he'd leave, and Mark would come over and we'd jam with Mark. That was kinda low.

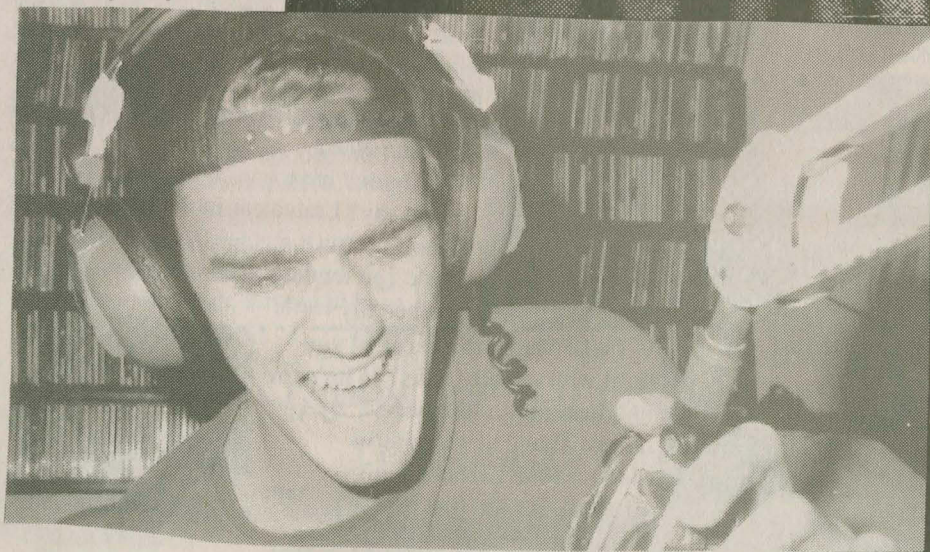
James: We played for a year as a four piece then we broke up for a year, and we started playing together as a three piece a little over a year ago.

WTUL: Why did it take so long to get a record out?

James: We really didn't know how to do it, and we didn't really have the money. It's probably good we didn't put out a record before that cause it would have probably sucked.

WTUL: Are you happy with how the record came out?

James: Yeah, definitely for what we had to work with.



James Man-
wich on the
Air.



WTUL: Mark, what do you think about BURN VERSION reviews that say your drumming is too "overpowering."

Mark: Ha, ha I haven't heard anything like that. Fuck off to who said that. Ha, ha hee. that's crazy. I'm fighting to be heard over these bastards.

James: We call him Mr. Big Pants. Can I ask you a question Art?

Art: Sure ask me a question, I have lots to say.

James: Have you been threatened for you opinions expressed in the Vox?

Art: Yeah, quite a few times. Brando, WTUL's General Manager is sending me to Sicily to hide out for a while.

James: Are you packing heat?

Art: All the time.

James: Describe.

Art: It's a Luger, baby. I also carry a stilleto with me. I won't fucking hesitate to cut.

WTUL: If you had a choice of some superpowers what would you have?

James: Invisibility and flight. So, I could be a fly on the wall anywhere.



Write:

Burn Version
PO BOX 19388
New Orleans, LA 70179
(504) 827-5449

WTUL: Don't let Lucia (Jame's girlfriend) know that one.

Mark: Superstrength and telekenisis.

Bob: I wouldn't want super powers, but I'd like cool shit for my pockets - gadgets you know.

WTUL: Describe your sound for anyone who hasn't heard BURN VERSION.

James: New wave deth rock.

Mark: Ha, ha, what? I say simpleton core.

Bob: Wusscore.

WTUL: Why should people buy your record?

James: It's cheap and enjoyable for a few repeated listens.

WTUL: Bob, you designed the cover. Could explain what it is?

Bob: It's a self-portrait of our band. I'm in the middle, Mark's on top, and James is on bottom.

WTUL: What's the worst thing you've ever seen in a bathroom?

James: Um I'd say yer basic floating turd on top of about two gallons of orange urine.

Everyone: Ha, hoo, ho, boo, yoo, hoo, he, hee, te, he.

Mark: Someone wrote their name on the wall of the stall with crap, shit.

James: In Muddy Waters' bathroom someone wrote "Burn Version suck" They didn't even make it plural. It was engraved. The guy didn't have a pen. Impressive. He really wanted to write it.

Bob: James naked. It's true too.

WTUL: Any closing comments?

James: I've got three proverbs:

- 1) You can mail an enemy a turd, but no one can guarantee it will be steaming when it arrives.
- 2) When elephants storm the village many will die.
- 3) If someone drops a turd in your pork and beans, you can always eat around it.

Everyone: Ha, hee, hee

WTUL: Thanks for doing the interview.

James, Mark, Bob: Thanks.

Our Mother Who Art On Chain Wallets

Back in diciembre del ano de 1993, I spent el día de navidad in Nogales, a Mexican border town (as you might have read about in the December '94 issue of the Vox). Anyway, I bought a chain wallet with la Virgen Maria de Guadalupe stamped on the front. Ever since, I wondered about the story behind this familiar icon of Mexican Catholicism. Whenever I had dinner at Taqueria Corona, la Virgen Maria would stare down at me while I ate my shrimp flauta. Evertime I pulled out my wallet to pay for something, there she was; always behind me until I made a purchase.



I met Inch back in the spring of '94 when they opened for Frank Black and they came by the studio for an interview. (I wasn't on the guest list at the House of Schmooze, and to boot, my car got broken into. The fucker stole my Pavement *Westing* by Sextant and Musket CD and some tapes. I know not to park on that street one block west of Canal.) Anyway, when they came in for an interview, the guys read the review that I had written on their CD. Here's an excerpt: "Definite San Diego chain wallet, gas station attendant guitar sound." Well, none of them owned chain wallets; however, on their next trip to Tiajuana they purchased chain wallets and had "Inch" stamped on 'em. During their next trip into town in August, they came by the station and showed their new chain wallets to me and played a tape of some new Creedle material. This December they sent me a Christmas card. The boys sent me a photo and two Inch stickers with la Virgen Maria in front of the national flag of Mexico. She's everywhere!

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THE TULBOX TATTLER

Owen Astwood

(A comprehensive look at Wednesday nights at The Howlin' Wolf)

Upon my triumphant return to the city if New Orleans after Christmas break, I retook reigns of the 'TULBox broadcasts from the capable hands of WTUL general manager Brando "the coward" Cowart. My first show of the new year was January 11 and featured Stark Raving Chandler from Canada (Toronto I think, but isn't it just all the same anyway?) and The Boo LaCrosse Band.

I walked into the Wolf around 10 and promptly suffered some hearing damage from Boo's soundcheck. I set-up our meager remote system and fetched a beer from R.D. behind the bar. Mmm, love that Abita Amber - it's like there's a party in my mouth and everybody's invited.

Willis, the usual sound guy is on a well deserved vacation and his replacement, Jack, and I have a difficult time getting everything together for the show (I get the feeling that he has been awake for too long). We end up going on a little late, but it sounds fine. Stark Raving Chandler features a familiar face, 'TUL's own Gina Forsythe playing violin. They play for an hour and seem to be very poetic. They have songs about Jack Kerouac and various other sensitive and artistic people. I get the feeling that if I was paying attention and was a sensitive artist, I might acquire some significant insights to life. But I'm not and I don't. They are nice and acoustic and fairly low-key. It is a pleasant switch from the norm of overly loud music that I usually get to hear.

A visiting DJ from Sewanee (an old friend of mine) shows up for the show and while we are sitting around and playing pool, we notice a girl walking around the club. She's thin and wearing some sort of leather/naughahide shorts and a cut off top. It's like when you see an accident on the street or a really fat guy at the beach in a thong - you just have to look even if you don't want to. We get a few laughs.

During the set change, Boo LaCrosse comes up to me and asks if it's true that he can't say "fuck" on the air. I, of course, tell him that if he has any sort of balls at all, he will. He strikes me as a really nice guy and he's excited about playing. Jack (the confused sound guy) tells me a couple of jokes during the break: #1 How many feminine activists does it take to screw in a light bulb? Two. One to do it and one to suck my dick. #2 Why did the feminine activist cross the road? To suck my dick.

As you can tell, high class humor just abounds.

It was a good show and it was a big switch from Boo's album. He became a lot louder if nothing else. I spent most of the show talking with my friend and some guy from Irene and the Mikes who is apparently in love with Kathleen Turner, Kim Deal and Johnette Napolitano (Concrete Blonde). What a guy. It ends up that the girl with the vinyl covered butt is embarrassingly enough Boo's wife. She gets up on stage and dances while the band plays. Like they say, behind every good man there is a woman - in this case beside Boo there was a woman's behind.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY WTUL!
FEBRUARY 2, 1960

January 18 brought the pleasure of seeing the two bands that won the honor of Art's Honorable Mention for the Worst Local Band of 1994: Rigid and Dang Bruh Y. However, I did not suffer alone, WTUL's extremely capable music director (and one of the best roommates you can have) Doug, came with me.

Jack was still there but the show came off anyway. Dang Bruh Y (which I still haven't quite figured out how to pronounce) is a 'funky' five piece band. They have a good saxophone, but to give you an idea of their music, they had song titles like "Sexy Gumbo." I spent most of the time ogling the girls that were playing pool. Hey, anything to pass the time.

Rigid is one of those 'power' trios. I never quite figured out who they were trying to be. Whoever they want to be are loud, incoherent, and trying to be intimidating. One of their mumbled stage announcements were, "Honorable Mention! Alright. Thanks to Art Boondoggle or whatever his name is." Whatever.

January 25 and the last show of the month. The opening band was The Showoffs from Austin, Texas. They are kinda fun and sound like they have a little country thrown in. I think of Southern Culture on the Skids (but without the girl). The crowd is a little thin but starts picking up after a while. There is a little tangle of guys in leather by the bar. It's too bad this isn't Decatur Street or the guy over there wouldn't be wearing jeans under his chaps.

Pansy Division - what can I say? They are a really fun band - and drew a pretty good crowd, even Art is here. (Art may be the epitome of the feisty rock type, but he can't play pool for shit - I watched him shoot the cue ball off the table more than once.) Unfortunately the FCC would have a problem with Pansy Division's lyrics, but we don't. "Cocksucker Club" is a good song. They put on a fun upbeat show (and were snappy dressers), I had a good time.

Coming up:

Feb 8: G Love and Special Sauce

Feb 22: Dick Dale - the ego returns

March 8: Polvo

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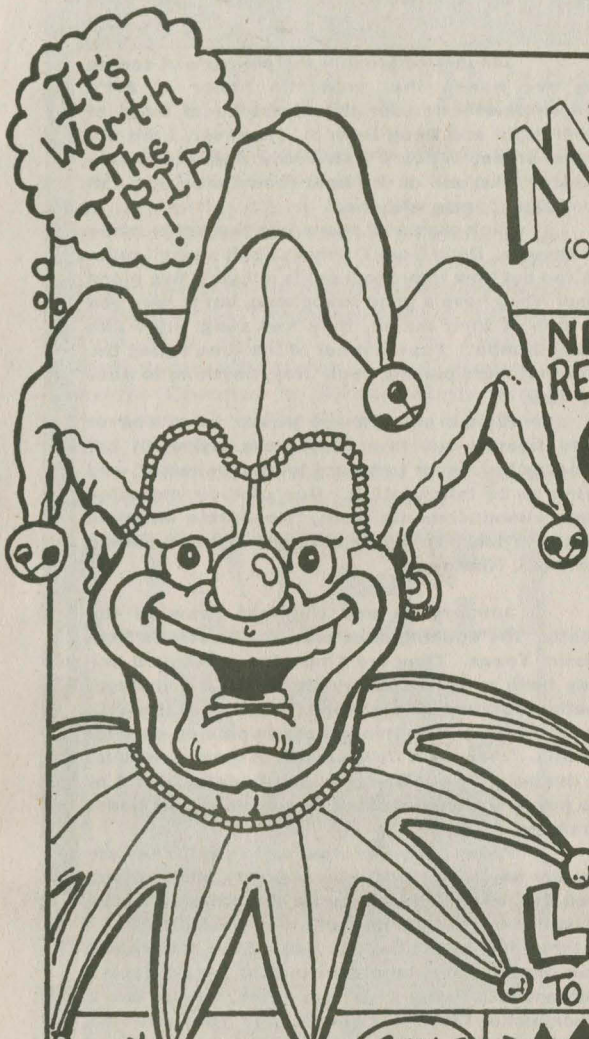
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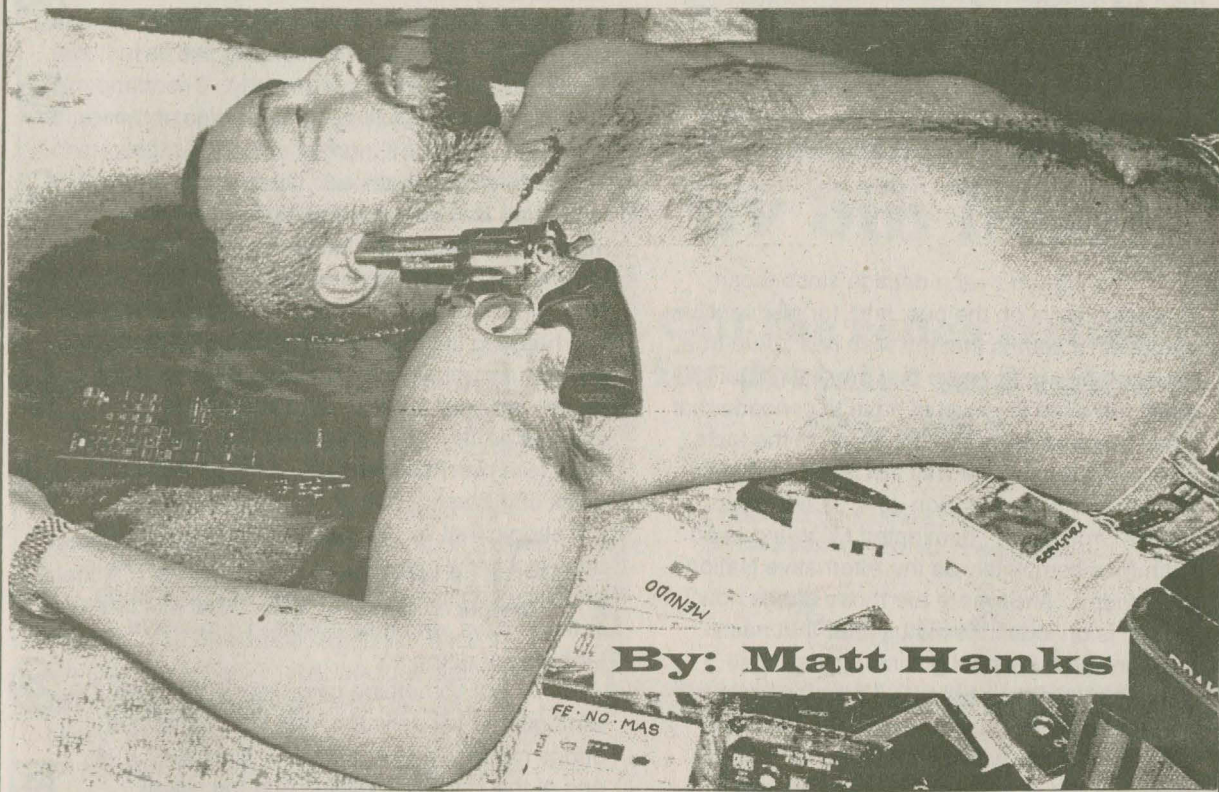


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Bang Your Head Is Heavy Metal Finally Dead?



By: Matt Hanks

When I was in the fifth grade I used to listen to my Walkman every day on the bus ride to school. With the life-affirming sounds of Culture Club and Duran Duran pumping into my cranium I would mentally prepare myself for the day ahead. "OK man, you're gonna rock that spelling bee today," I'd tell myself as Boy George implored "Do you really want to hurt me?" in the background. While my answer to that question would be a resounding "NO" the majority of the kids I grew up with would have been more than happy to show Mr. George a good ass-whuppin'. If you'll recall, the "Second British Invasion" as it was known, did not completely dominate the airwaves in those days. Metal as well, was a force to be reckoned with, and as far as the other kids on that bus were concerned, bands like Quiet Riot, Twisted Sister and Def Leppard ruled - dude!

In a fifth grade universe dissenting opinions were not tolerated. Subsequently, one of my classmates, a dickhead by the name of Steve Micelli, made it his personal mission to rub out all the non-believers. He ruled that bus with an iron fist and an Iron Maiden t-shirt to match. Always one to keep close tabs on the underlings in his big yellow kingdom on wheels, Steve got into the habit of taking a daily

inventory of what everyone was listening to on their headphones. And you better believe that if your answer didn't meet his metal quota there was gonna be trouble. Most kids figured this out quick enough. Hell, they could have been listening to Anne Murray, but when Stevie stared 'em down they would invariably reply, "The new Ratt album," - dude! But me, well I guess I was a little slow (or stubborn) in those days, because I would actually tell Steve the truth. When it came time for me to fess up I'd muster all the courage within me, and in a voice that was still four years shy of changing, I'd whimper, "Seven and the Ragged Tiger."

"What!" Steve would roar (the boy had an unusually hulky voice for a fifth grader, although he'd been held back so many times that I was surprised he didn't drive the bus himself), "Your a fag aren't you? Come over here and let me kick your ass, fag."

"OK," I would always comply. Then with head sunk, I would make my way to the back of the bus for the obligatory barrage of noogies, wedgies and the like.

In a strange sorta way I almost enjoyed the daily spectacle that Steve made of me. Believe it or not, these episodes actually gave me confidence. While he was havin' at me, I'd

sit back and think to myself, "This metal thing has got to blow over eventually, and some day when you're still using more hair spray than your mother and you don't know good music from a good black-light poster, we'll see whose giving the wedgies then [figuratively speaking of course. I'm sure Steve could put the hurt on me no matter what his musical leanings]." Sure enough, last I heard Steve was playing guitar in a Christian metal band a-la Stryper. He may have found God, but he still hasn't seen the light.

* * * *

It's been over a decade since those degrading days on the bus, and for all intensive purposes, it seems that my wish has come true. While many would argue that metal isn't quite dead yet, even they would have to concede that it has reached its nadir. Let's look at the facts. Five years ago, metal was still thriving. Bands like Poison, Warrant, Bon Jovi, Queensryche, Motley Crue etc . . . dominated MTV and radio airtime as completely as the Alternative Nation does today. And where are those bands now? Poison is on indefinite hiatus after that nasty accident Brett Michael got into a year or so ago. Bon Jovi now seem to be targeting the adult alternative market, yeah right. Warrant have split (along with a legion of other bands). Queensryche actually released a new album a couple of months ago, and I hear the number of units sold just hit double digits with a bullet. As for Motley Crue, they're still plugging away (minus Vince Neil who, after releasing a dismal solo album that thoroughly flopped, has officially vanished from the face of the Earth), but they can't even fill 1,000 seat theatres anymore. How about the old school? Ratt have also split, as have Twisted Sister, although former frontman Dee Snyder continues to make an ass of himself fronting his new outfit, Widowmaker. If the members of Def Leppard don't stop losing appendages and keeling over, they'll soon be extinct. And Quiet Riot, well they played Mudbugs on the West Bank a couple of years ago, 'nuff said.

Granted, the afore mentioned bands were always kinda peripheral anyway, but metal's core, its strongest sellers are showing similar symptoms of impending demise. Neither Guns n' Roses or Metallica, arguably the two most popular bands in metal's history, have released a proper album in nearly three-and-a-half years, a suspiciously long time even by today's standards. I'd be willing to wager that if/when they do release new records both bands will have gone through major image (and sound) makeovers. How could they not?

Musically at least, it's a completely different world now than it was in the fall of 1991.

So what gives? There isn't any single event that can be pinpointed as the source of metal's downfall, but there are a few factors that merit discussion. First of all, metal of the late 80's, an era that is now looking like its swan song, was just too damn silly. The camp and glam that pervaded popular bands of those days was simply too much for your average, self-respecting metalhead. Up to that point, metal had always depended on a heavy machismo/evil quotient and bands like Poison et al were, as Steve Micelli would put it, "fags." Not coincidentally, metal ceased to be the music you heard in the high school parking lot, and became the music that your little sister and all her friends listened to at their junior high slumber parties. Not only does that age bracket have less purchasing power, it's also subject to quick and drastic shifts in taste. Quite simply, the people that were listening to metal in those days just grew out of it. Of course, GNR and Metallica continued to carry the Big Balls torch in those days, and they acquired a massive fanbase for doing so.

But something came along that took the wind out of their sails too, and that something brings me to my next point. It's been said that one of the countless effects that the Beatles' incredible rise to fame was that it effectively killed popular jazz. It's also been said that history repeats itself and in September of 1991, it did. Although the tide had been turning



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for some time, the release of Nevermind completely altered the face of popular music. You can argue all you want whether that album's content stacks up to its accomplishments, but that won't change the fact that as the Beatles did to Jazz, Nirvana slayed the metal beast. If you think about it, this was actually one of the more foreseeable changes that Nevermind brought about. Soundwise, that album was hardly a stretch for metal fans. Andy Wallace, the man that made that album sound the way it does, had most notably worked with Slayer before being hired on with Nirvana. Instead of killing metal, perhaps it would be more appropriate to say that Nirvana created an environment in which it was forced to either hide its tracks, or be outed and face the consequences. It made metal obsolete.

In the three plus years since the release of Nevermind, metal has sunk to new depths. It now seems to be ashamed of itself and that is a fate I never would have wished upon it. You now have bands like Alice in Chains, essentially metal, masquerading as alternative, coupled with your Candlebox's; flimsy, mundane alternative dudes that would have been more than happy to strap on the spandex and sing songs about girls with big tits five years ago. It's kinda sad really, and problematic too. I was talking with a friend recently on this subject and he said, "Ya know, I miss metal. It used to be like a dividing line, but now there's all these assholes buying the same records I do." Hmm? I don't suppose metal ever envisioned this for itself, but nonetheless it's a point well taken, and a function sorely missed. What's more, metal was fun. I relish the days when I used to be able to turn on MTV and see King Diamond singing, "Let me touch you, let me feel you, G-G-Grandma!" Or how about the phallic bursts of water that spooched out of a firehose and onto that girl in Warrant's video for "Cherry Pie." If alternative music can be faulted for anything it's that it takes itself entirely too seriously. And because of that, I wouldn't be at all surprised of it finds itself in a predicament similar to metal's a few years down the line. As for now though, call in Steve Micelli. We could all use a good wedgie.

P.S. If this article has filled your heart with nostalgic longings for the metallic days of yore, tune in to the recently resurrected metal show on WTUL, Monday nights from midnight to 2AM for the best in metal, old and new - dude!

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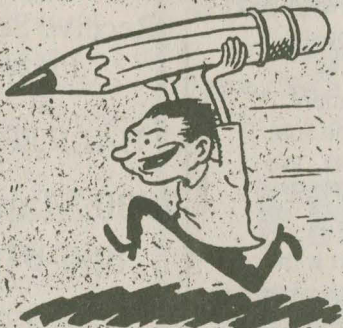
Just a few weeks ago I went to San Francisco to visit friends (Seana Baruth of Gavin, Jim Heffernan of KUSF, Anthony Bonet of KALX, Eric Rose of Alternative Tentacles) and family. My host for the ten days was Seana who made sure I was very well fed. Home made vegetable soup and tomato pie! Anyway, Seana lives a short walk from the Mission district, an area largely populated by Mexican-Americans. One day I explored the Mission. The afternoon began with a huge burrito from El Farolita. The burrito was as big as a cat. My god it was huge. I cruised down Mission Street to check out the thrift stores. All up and down Mission there were stores selling cheap toys, t-shirts, and crap. Many of these stores were selling t-shirts with la Virgen Maria de Guadalupe. Once again I wondered about the story behind the myth. Surprisingly enough, lo and behold, a few days later one of the weekly SF rags, *SF Weekly*, ran a front page story about my mysterious lady. Wow! El milagro!



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Merci Beaucoup
to Wayno for
supplying artwork for
the cover. He does
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Beer Nutz and
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SAVING POP MUSIC IN '94 DIPPED INTO SPIRITUAL WATERS (P. 15)

SF WEEKLY

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEWS AND ENTERTAINMENT VOICE

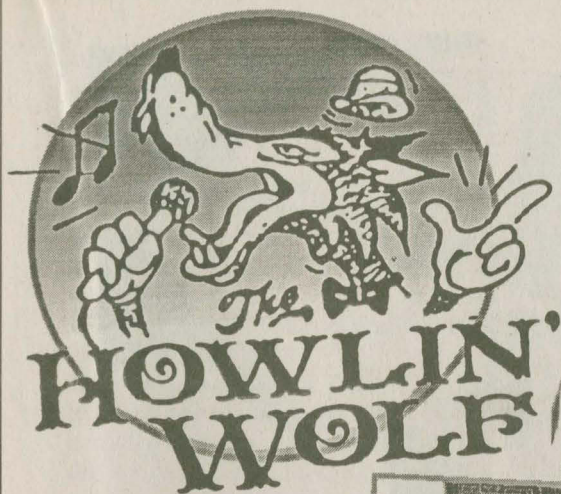
Target Green
Gov. Wilson poised to bash
Endangered Species Act (p. 7)

Pat and Jean
Duty and desire battle
for the soul of "Cobb" and
"Bulletproof Heart" (p. 25)



I guess you might want to know a little of the story now. Well, on el sabado 9 de diciembre del ano 1531 a Mexican Indian peasant, Juan Diego, was approached by la madre de Jesus herself. She told Johnny to go build a shrine in her honor. Of course he couldn't refuse THE Virgin Mary. She gave him some roses to take back with him which he carried in the front of his tunic. And guess what happened! When he removed the roses, there on his robe was the image of Mary Mary Quite Contray irradiating "beauty and compassion.". Everyone went apeshit and they built a huge cathedral in Maria's honor, Basilica de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe. In 1737 la Virgen Maria was named the official protectress of the inhabitants of Mexico. Now, every December 12 millions of Catholics go to the Cerro del Tepeyac north of Mexico City to feast with this Mary chick.

Flip ANTHONY

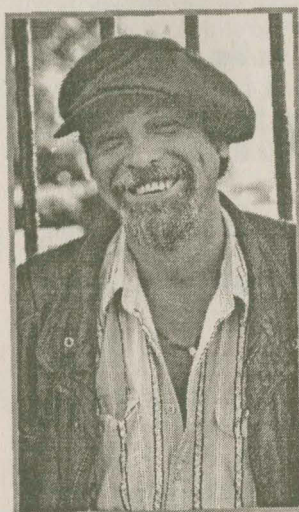


Jonathan Richman

February



Nathan Williams



Butch Trivette



Morphine



G. Love & Special Sauce, Weds, 2/8 roots-drenched blues and hip hop hybrid three piece from Boston. Don't miss their bean-town compadres, **Morphine**, Weds, 2/15. Dust off your dancin' shoes Thurs, 2/9 for **Butch Trivette and the Roulettes**. Oo-wee this Ragin' Cajun and his band extroidinaire deliver tunes from George Jones down on the Bayou to grab the fire extinguisher Lucille somethin's smokin' blues.

weds

1 Jonathan Richman

thurs

2 Johnny Dyer featuring Rick Holstrom

fri

3 Nathan Williams with his Zydeco Cha Chas

weds

8 G. Love & Special Sauce with Rockin' Jake
WTUL LIVE→

thurs

9 Butch Trivette and the Roulettes

fri

10 Alex Chilton

sat

11 George Porter Jr. & Running Partners

G. Love & Special Sauce

FEB 16, 17, 18...GAVIN MUSIC INDUSTRY SHOWCASE

weds

15 2-string electric bass + sax + drums= Morphine

thurs

16 Rounder & Blacktop Nathan and his Zydeco Cha Chas Snooks Eaglin Johnny Adams

Monkey Hill & Ryko Disk

fri

17 Morphine Peter Holsapple Martin Zeller

sat

18 Dos Antones & Justice Doug Sahn Pat McLaughlin Loose Diamonds Tab Benoit Jesse Datton

weds

22 SURF LEGEND DICK DALE
WTUL LIVE→ featured in PULP FICTION

thurs

23 Machine Screw

fri

24 Continental Drifters with incredibly special guests

sat

25 Dash Rip Rock with Hillbilly Frankenstein plus The Rex Pistols

sun

26 George Porter Jr. & Running Partners

mon

27 Better Than Ezra

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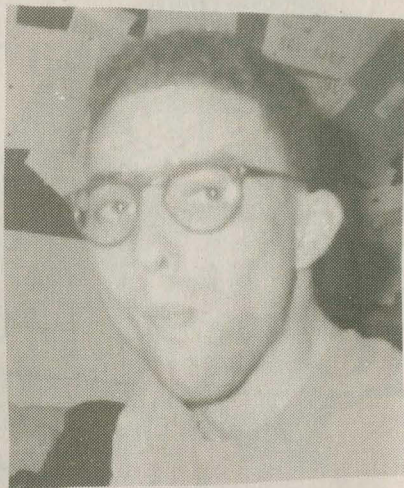
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IN THIS MONTH'S DJ PROFILE

Jeff B. the Confused DJ

interview by Wing Fat



Rap music and hip hop have always sounded the same to me, but I dig the groove you know. Jeff B. has been one of our most popular DJ's the last couple of years. He has a tremendous and loyal audience on our station and Q 93. I even called him up while he was doing a show on Q 93 and he "put me on the map." One thing that freaks me out about Jeff is the way he morphs from normal guy to DJ Superstar. If you're not familiar with his rap show check it out Thursday nights at midnight to 3 AM.

- Wing Fat

WTUL: Why are you always confused?

Jeff: Cause there's so many things happening around me I guess. Also it's a good way to cover up when I've made a mistake.

WTUL: Like what's going on?

Jeff: Well the show isn't as confused as it used to be. It used to be a lot more confusing during the show...

WTUL: (interrupting) Cause you've got a bong in one hand and records in the other.

Jeff: Right.

All: Ha, ha, ho, hee, that's phat.

Jeff: It's mainly because of requests, people calling in, artists trying to get on the show, getting the next record ready to play.

WTUL: Do you get a lot of phone calls and requests?

Jeff: Yeah, a good amount. The time slot changed, and we had to re-promote the show, but we get a lot of calls.

WTUL: A couple of years ago you used to have a fro.

Jeff: Yeah.

WTUL: How much taller did that make you?

Jeff: I think it added about 5 and 1/2 inches. Plus I had a beard to so I had that Jesus look. What would people call me? Oh, they'd say "Jeff B Real and the Hip Hop Jesus."



Jeff B. and Art B. hanging out at the DJ Tent during WTUL's Marathon Spring 1994.

WTUL: When did you start doing the Rap Show?

Jeff: Um god, I can't tell you that's a secret.

WTUL: Why?

Jeff: Like 89' huh.

WTUL: Before you was there a Rap Show?

Jeff: No, it was this girl, I can't remember...Jill, I think was her name and uh, were you here then?

WTUL: Jill Ainsworth?

Jeff: She was a Loyola student, blonde hair.

WTUL: Man, she was rad.

Jeff: She had a show on Friday. She had a boyfriend named Mack at the time and she did an hour of Rap on Friday from 5 to 6 pm. I hung out at the show. I kinda knew more about rap than she did. The next spring there were like three DJs, and we got a whole two hour show. It was me, Mack, and Lionel Esquire DJ. That was interesting.

WTUL: Last year you were a Marathon DJ.

Jeff: Yeah, you were too man.

WTUL: 24 hours on the air.

Jeff: That was one of the most incredible...(interrupts himself) No drugs I did it absolutely drug free.

WTUL: Nah

Jeff: Not even caffeine.

WTUL: No way.

Jeff: At some point I started seeing things. Pink elephants.

WTUL: What are some of your fondest Marathon memories?

Jeff: When John Maraist (ex- TUL G.M) was kick out of the DJ tent. Wait, take that back. Oh, I don't know - probably realizing that at 6 in the morning that I had talked for an hour and realized I didn't know what I had just said.

WTUL: How did you feel when your 24 hr shift was over?

Jeff: I was out of it. I Think. I had to be escorted back to my room. No, actually I had a boot on my car, that's right. So I had to go deal with security.

WTUL: Have you ever been under the influence while one the air?

Jeff: Under the influence of confusion, yeah.

WTUL: What about contraband substances?

Jeff: No.

WTUL: Alcohol?

Jeff: No, you're not allowed to have alcohol in the studio? Have you?

WTUL: What'd you listen to while growing up?

Jeff: All kinds of music from R&B, rap, and reggae.

WTUL: Did you ever listen to SLAYER?

Jeff: I listened to some classic rock, not SLAYER.

WTUL: One time we talked about you as a kid on a school field trip to a MENUDO concert. Could you tell our readers that story?

Jeff: No, no that was a terrible experience. I can't remember it was in a mosk or something. The show was in Pittsburg. It was MENUDO and some French rock band.

WTUL: What was MENUDO like?

Jeff: They were terrible.

WTUL: Did you get their autographs?

Jeff: No, I was way up in the balcony.

WTUL: Was anyone in your school MENUDO fans?

Jeff: Oh, people liked em'. A lot of people were cheering. We were little.

WTUL: What grade?

Jeff: Somewhere between 6 and 8th.

WTUL: Did you get their autograph?

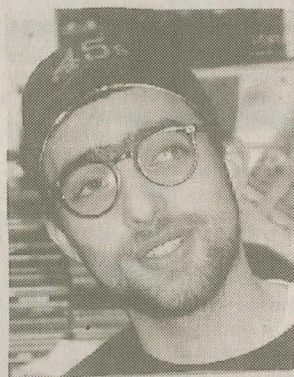
Jeff: (laughing) I didn't I swear.

WTUL: You know if you saw MENUDO again they'd have different members.

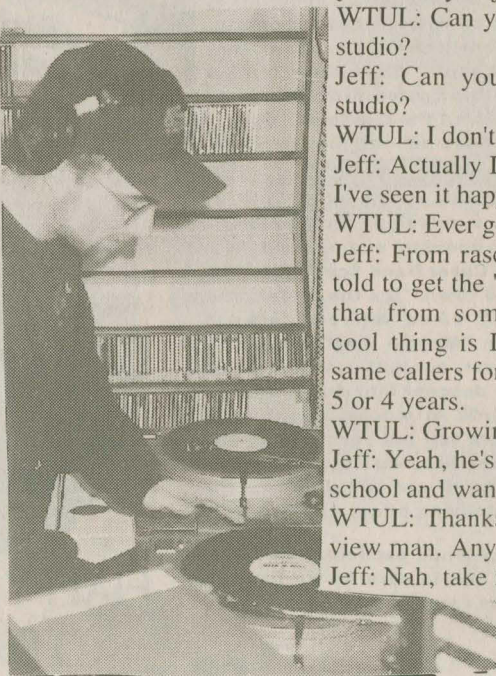
Yo Yo Yo Jeff in action →



Jeff with fro



Jeff being romantic



Jeff: You think so? A different experience.

WTUL: Cause they change members.

Jeff: Oh they do. When? You've been keeping up with them.

WTUL: When they turn 17.

Jeff: How old are they now?

WTUL: They're always 17.

Jeff: MR. ROGERS lived in my neighborhood. Did I ever tell you that?

WTUL: No.

Jeff: It's true. He lived right down the block from me. When we'd trick or treat on Halloween his lights would be off. His door, he wouldn't answer the door, gave you nothing.

WTUL: Could you compare working at the commercial station to this one?

Jeff: There's no comparison. One is wide open and one is heh heh I can't say cause who knows who's gonna read this.

WTUL: Everyone.

Jeff: Great. Q 93 is more restricted. College radio is wide open. If I wanted to I could talk for 10 mins. Commercial radio wants you to be presented in a way that they see fit. You may have a direction you want to go in, and if they don't like it and you want you job you can't do it.

WTUL: Can you smoke pot in their studio?

Jeff: Can you smoke pot in any studio?

WTUL: I don't know.

Jeff: Actually I've seen it at WWOZ. I've seen it happen.

WTUL: Ever got any threats?

Jeff: From racist people. I've been told to get the "shit fucking off", but that from some stupid fucks. The cool thing is I've had some of the same callers for years. One caller for 5 or 4 years.

WTUL: Growing up with Jeff B.

Jeff: Yeah, he's graduating from high school and wants to be a rapper.

WTUL: Thanks for doing the interview man. Any closing comments.

Jeff: Nah, take it easy.

Many of you, like myself have fallen in love with the freshness and energy of The Vox. A magazine which has emerged out of the rubble of the end of the Seattle Grunge scene. For many of us mourning the shocking death of rock and roll messiah Kurt Cobain the Vox surfaced in our time of need. When SubPop sold out to Ted Turner we felt betrayed. The Vox showed us the way. With a few kind words from Art Boonparn we, the members of Generation X, regained our strength. When we had lost all hope, Anthony delRosario stood tall and said that he had not yet begun to fight. We laughed at the various drunk DJs, we traveled to the Far East with Art, and we shed our hooded sweatshirts and were liberated by something called an Emu jacket. Most importantly, we were turned on to the sounds of music on independent labels (called Indy Roc).

One evening I fell asleep while reading an issue of the Vox (issue #4) and when I awoke I had a revelation: The Vox is the opiate of the masses; it is not alternative enough. I decided on that evening that I must spread the word. I must fight this demon they call Vox, they call Zine, they call Indy. I and my well fortified army must do away with this Vox and provide an alternative to this unworthy giant.

Issue #1: Art Boonparn thinks he is Yul Brenner, the Ultra Man of garage punk but he is already a part of mass media:

Issue #2: His being mentioned in Offbeat magazine as being instrumental in the success of the Royal Pendletons. It is only a matter of time before he will be co-producing Dionne's comeback album with Phil Spector.

Issue #3: Thai food. Yes it is spicy but Cajun food caught on, its success culminating in the notorious Cajun Pizza of Pizza Hut (endorsed by Justin Wilson)

Anthony delRosario, Jackie Flip: the authority in Indi labels and unmatched in covert operations. He is much of the brains behind the whole Vox operation. He sent copies to his contacts all over the country. FOOL. By now Sassy magazine has gotten a copy for use in their Cute Band Alert. His picture is plastered all over it. The editors of Sassy at this very moment could be trying to decide between Brad Pitt and Jackie for the mysterious eyes category.

And what must I say about this Indie Rok movement?

They traded in the Ibanez for a Fender. They took a risk and neglected to write a catchy chorus. They threw technique and talent out the window. They said no thanks to pyrotechnics. Shed their leather pants. They did not overbuid the Boston Symphony on to their single or write a song about the rain forest.

That's all fine and good but can they rock?

In search of true rock in this fetid world, one Tuesday, we undertook a mission. We decided to check out this quiet, happening scene we'd heard about: the Bourbon Street Cover Band Scene. Yes, we'd heard the whispers around town. "It's the hottest thing to hit the Crescent City since Andrew Jackson." Whistling a few bars from "Maggie May", we strolled along Rue Bourbon. However, our path was not without danger. Not long after our descent into the Quarter, we were beset upon by hoards of monks, chanting the mantra, "I bet I know where you got your shoes!" Must be some offshoot of Dianetics, we thought. Having nimbly avoided the shining of our wingtips, we then were faced with such tantalizing offers as "Live orgy",

or "Female wrestling: audience participation." But our will was strong and our hearts pure as we finally saw the gleaming light of "The Famous Door."

Oh what a glorious night it was! We grooved along with the Famous Door All-Stars, as they worked their way from Otis Redding to Cameo (Word Up!!!) by way of Ike and Tina. The crowd was loving it, for that night was not just any old night at "The Famous Door", but it was a favored location for the Mark Kay conventioners to kick up their heels after a hard day of discussing whether earth tones complement a dark complexion. But Mary Kay ladies were not the only ones with their pink Cadillacs parked out front. There were the businessmen with their whores. There were the group of teenage girls who were checking us out as we slyly lounged against the video poker machines. The whole world comes together to electric slide at "The Famous Door."

After that epiphany, we continued our crusade, but nothing we found could hold a candle to the splendor of "The Famous Door." We even cheated and departed Bourbon, albeit only by 20 yards, and visited The Tropical Isle. It was there we realized the secret of The Bourbon Street Cover Band Scene: after a couple of hand grenades, the audience truly believes that it is Neil Young playing Heart of Gold. Mulling over this discovery, we made our way to the street car and down St. Charles. That was when we saw it. Its neon fez, burning like a beacon to les perdus of the night. I think that I must know what is this masonry and how do I get a job laying bricks?

No. 1 and No. 2

Report from No. 3

Home Office: Stood in front of lodge. Seems mysterious. Little sign of blue collar work. Am applying for job. Laying bricks @ casino. Look like a lead. More later. Attn: Roadies are in. Musicians are out. Attn: Paste Eating is in. Glue sniffing is out. Will keep updated.

The
Kiwi
is
the

One day we will have our own zine. Not a zine, a z. The most under appreciated letter in the English language. This is the year of z. And we can truncate words too. Fave, Indie, thru. Not good enough. I spell through 'gh'. Thanks Thanx thnx x jh gy h ^% & @ k ik {} 90

Yours,
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HAPPY BIRTHDAY WTULI
FEBRUARY 2, 1960

For those of you who don't know me, I'm Andy Bizer, the low man on the totem pole here at WTUL (my show is from 2-6 on Friday nights). Last semester I interned under the iron fist of Amanda Zuckerman. For ten grueling weeks I pulled albums for that wench. Every week it was the same, "You, boy! Joni Mitchell! Blue! On the double!" During the ninth week of my hellacious internship, Amanda had a French test that she forgot to study for and let me do the show all by myself! While browsing through the compilation CD's I saw

something that I thought I would never see in the hallowed walls of WTUL. Pearl Jam's "Jeremy" was on a Lollapalooza '92 compilation CD. When I saw that disc, I instantly got a flashback to the first meeting for Freshman who were interested in WTUL.

It was a packed Stibbs A&B room filled with prospective DJ's. Matt Hanks and Jia Gilani gave a speech about what college radio was all about and told us who our enemies were. I was happy to be joining an organization that denies Green Day and Stone Temple Pilots airtime and I was extatic when Matt ripped off the head of some idiot who suggested a Greatful Dead hour because, "It would get good ratings." But my heart sank when Jia mentioned that Pearl Jam was taboo.

Hey, I dig Pavement just as much as the next guy, but I really like Pearl Jam's music- a lot. I've seen them play live twice and they put on great shows. Sure, they had a record contract with Sony before they even had a singer or drummer, and that they



Dear Andy,

Unfortunately when I hid all the Pearl Jam, Mr. Bungle, and other crap in the classical room, I overlooked the "Lollapalooza 92" CD. I'll take care of it. -Art

Andy ↓

road on the coattails of Nirvana, and they really aren't very original, and Eddie Vedder's face has been on every magazine cover from Time to Teen Beat, and MTV played Jeremy one zillion times during one summer, and every beer-guzzling, rapist, idiot fratboy owns all three of their albums, but I like their music.

This was when I realized that my love for Pearl Jam would be my deep, dark secret. If I wanted to get my very own show from 2-6 in the morning I would have to hide this secret from anyone in WTUL.

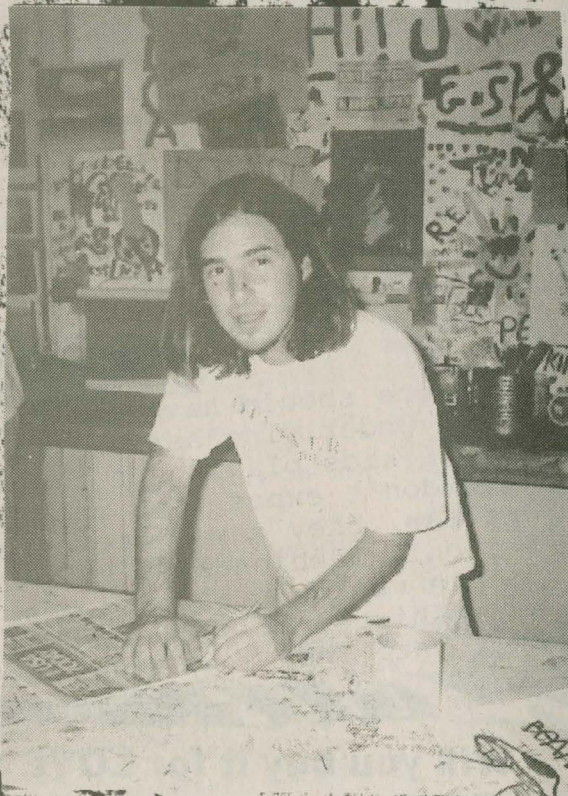
I did a good job concealing this horrible secret, and on the 9th of December, I took my FCC test for the second time (I failed my first test because I didn't know what EBS stood for) and passed with flying colors and the maximum number of answers wrong in order to still pass. It is for this reason that I have decided to come out of the closet and declare myself a true fan of Pearl Jam. I've decided that I can't live with this

horrible secret that was burning a hole in my soul.

Maybe my admission will make it easier for indie rock dorks in the future to come out with pride and proclaim, "I listen to Pearl Jam!" Or maybe it won't.

Stay cool and be somebody's fool this year,

-Andy



Fashion Tips For Boys and Girls

Had a lapse there for a minute.

Didn't know if I could handle the supreme responsibility of schooling each and every one of you on your awful dress sense. It seems that for a lot of you this may still be one of the first few years where your mom hasn't help lay out your outfit every morning and you're still a little bewildered. I understand. I'm here to help...

Well, now that we're right down in it, you know what most of you fuckers need is goddamn it, more Lollapalooza t-shirts and birkenstocks. Yeah, get a little crazy, go out and buy yourself a pair of Doc Martens.

sorry...

by
brice

So this month I am going to talk about something that I thought really didn't need much explanation...hats. I just thought every body knew that berets were out. I mean who could really wear a beret and be serious about themselves? They're just silly. Not only does it serve almost no purpose that any hat should, they make anyone who is wearing them look pseudo French. What do I mean by pseudo French? I mean that no one thinks you are French or even European, but that everyone thinks that is what you are trying so hard to look like. Frankly, it's ludicrous. You are not fooling anyone.

Everyone should have one good knit hat. Knit hats have a dark, underlying association with cat burglars and with little kids playing in the snow. Innocence and deviance. They don't expose too much about you. Their options are endless, they say whatever you want them to say. They're not only fashionable, they're completely functional. Then people wouldn't have to wear those god awful hooded sweatshirts. All you need is a good emo jacket and a nice knit hat. They keep your ears much warmer anyway...

Will you buy it for LOVE

or MONEY?

Dear Brice,

Once upon a time, far far back in punk rock history, there was a social institution called THE RIOT. These libertine events often involved contact with a body of authority commonly known as Police. These characters (aka. Pigs, Fuzz, The Man) while not quaffing large quantities of coffee and consuming greasy pastries, took pleasure in beating young free-thinking individuals about the head and shoulders with large heavy objects. Generally, to avoid the negative repercussions of returning this sentiment (sic) in kind, (that is - fighting back) these young radicals would mask their identities utilizing the feature-concealing properties of scarves, hooded jackets and SWEATSHIRTS.

Now mind you, this is before the advent (outside of the automotive industry) of the always fashionable - never subversive - emo jacket. (Which is traditionally littered with easily identifiable markings such as patches and embroidered names) The hooded sweatshirt had the metamorphizing properties of allowing the young subversive to move freely throughout the mayhem and, at the drop of a hood, become an ordinary "albeit over-accessorized" bystander in a perfectly unremarkable piece of cool-weather clothing.

With the passing of time, as apolitical dolts have appropriated the trappings of a once glorious musical, political and cultural tradition, self preservation is no longer necessary as steps are no longer taken to challenge the status-quo.

**FASHION OVER FORM REIGNS SUPREME!
THOSE WHO DO NOT REMEMBER THE PAST ARE
DOOMED TO REPEAT IT!!**

**HATE,
CrO & TRouBle**

Hey,

Of course you think the hood is an accessory, Mr. Live-Down-South. Last night it was -8° F here (Minneapolis, Minnesota), and that's without windchill.....A valuable layering piece, as I said. And you seem to be taking this all a bit too personally-- maybe you're insecure about your fashion choice?

"Those sissies at Profane?" You mean Profane Existence? Oh, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ah choo! ha ha ha ha ha!!! Fuckin crusties, please, give me a break. And what the hell do they have to do with what I wear? I do not know, nor have actually known any of them. But I get hit up for change every day-- like because I don't smell I must have excess dough or something.....

As far as being a fashion elitist, that's not exactly true. Just cause I think people are dumbasses if they wear anything other than what they're comfortable in...

Bye,
Mike AmRep

hey,
FUCK YOU!
-brice

(This was written on The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Department of the Attorney General, James M. Shannon letterhead.) ↑

Ah, the glorious days of old, chaotic mob action. There's nothing that gets my blood pumping better than a good riot. And there's nothing like the serious social change of a Black Flag/Fear show. When I say stuck in the past, I mean it in so many more ways than simply 1977 happened eighteen years ago. I mean that the glorious days of old that you have done so much to keep precious in your mind, never really meant anything except some great music and inspiration. It's what those times helped inspire that has made the real difference and the emo jacket is just one more aspect of that. I'm talking a new kind of subversion. Not the kind where you break a window and run away, not the kind where it's always us against them. I want people to know who I am when I come to their door. I want people to come around willingly and if you don't think that'll work, try punching someone in the face next time they disagree with you. Geez, maybe I'm taking this letter all a bit too seriously. This response isn't about fashion though, I mean riots are great, let's "challenge the status quo." Let's all get tanked on forties and throw a few rocks through some windows, go home and pass out in our own vomit. Now that's subversive.

"Tomorrow we're homeless, tonight it's a gas..."

Villas Dot the

-brice

The Louisiana Music (Un)Scene

by The Can Opener



Hello art lovers. I've been participating in New Orleans' and Baton Rouge's patchwork music scene since, oh, 1984. I've seen a lot of bands, endured a lot of shit, and experienced performances I thought I'd even think possible. More often than not, the good shows happened without any publicity or millions of fliers plastered all over the city, and were witnessed by only a pitifully small audience (well, that seems to be the norm in N'Awlins, anyway — the better the band, the smaller the audience, right?). But hey, I thought I'd describe a few of those shows. If you were there, cool. If you weren't, I'll try to let you know what you missed out on. There are quite a few bands that I've missed that I'm not happy about, like Sleep, Pitchshifter, and Caroliner Rainbow, which goes to show that an interesting band does play here every now and then (but just as many pass us up altogether — I spoke to booking agents for both the Ruins and the Legendary Pink Dots when they last toured the U.S., and both agents basically told me, "What? You mean book a show in New Orleans? Why? Nobody'll come and the bands will lose money..."). Keep in mind, however, that most of the dates I give are guesstimates — I don't remember that sort of thing. And now, on to the dope:

Mayuko Hino at the RC Bridge Lounge, 1993. She was touring with Nimrod, who were opening. Mayuko Hino is a former porn star who is now a member of the Japanese noise band CCCC, who make a very textured and subtle noise (as opposed to, say, Merzbow's harsh electronic noise. But hey, that's another story, isn't it?). Ms. Hino came on stage and sat before a few metal baking trays and bars and whatnot situated between a pile of amps and effects pedals. The metal pieces and trays had contact microphones on them. She then turned on the amps and began rattling the metal pieces, and made the most beautiful, loud, rattling noise while the paltry crowd stood in utter bewilderment. She did this for about 20 minutes, then left. Then Nimrod came on and did their weirdness, while Ms. Hino began to remove her proper Japanese clothing and became naked in a washtub. I had always wanted to see Japanese noise performed live, and Ms. Hino did it without my even expecting it. It was quite a delightful evening.

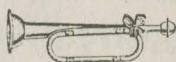
Scratch Acid at Jed's, oh, around 1987. Jed's was what is now Muddy Waters. There used to be a hardcore show there virtually every weekend during 1985 to 1988, or so. N.O. locals the (sadly missed) Virul Nihils opened. Yep. David Yow, Wm. David Sims, and the other two guys live on

stage, and he was just as nuts then as he is now with the Jesus Lizard. He yelled at people for not moving, then made fun of the circle dancers. Then he pulled some cylindrical, dark brown thing out of the back of his pants and lobbed it at the crowd. Some said it was a Baby Ruth, but I didn't stick around to make sure.

Universal Congress Of at the Dream Palace, 1989. Of the three times I've seen UCO, basically a vehicle for Joe Baiza's funky Mecolodic groove-a-thon, this was the best. They flat out cooked. The club had only a small bunch of dancing fools dizzy from the heat during a long, sweaty and way too funky set from a band whose sole purpose is to find the primal groove and stay with it for a long time. Without a doubt one of my favorite bands live, and one of the few from out of state who can work a crowd into a frenzy like only the Rebirth Brass Band can do.

Skinny Puppy, twice, at some dance club on Highland Road in Baton Rouge, 1987. This was the Cleanse Fold and Manipulate tour, basically. A club about the size of Muddy Waters filled to the brim with amps, synthesizers, leather, and big, big hair. This was back before cEVIN Key began playing drums. He did play, however, synthesizers, guitar, and a power sander on a big oil drum that made one helluva racket. Rudolph Goettel plunked away up on stage right, and Nivek Ogre put on quite a performance (I was standing right in front of him, at the front of the stage. I went home covered in fake blood and reeking of dry ice. Oh, and I was convinced he was gonna gouge my eyes out with the railroad spikes he was dancing around with). Forget the "Ain't It Dead Yet" video performance. This happened during a cold winter, the club was small and packed, and it was dark. The sound was very, very loud, and on top of that, mostly digital. They showed footage of some real fucked-up claymation movie of the devil flying around and stealing souls. During "Smothered Hope" I was sure the building had lurched two feet to the left. The sheer loudness, in addition to the chaotic, sample-laden, stereo-ized sounds moving all around in every direction made for a most enjoyable sonic pummeling, i.e., much more intense than their show at the State Palace a few years later.

They played that club twice, with Edward Ka-Spel (of the Legendary Pink Dots) opening one time and Severed Heads the other. Both were remarkable in their own right. Ka-Spel began his show with absolutely no fanfare, or lights. He just began in the dark and proceeded to completely wig the crowd out with his own special brand of kookiness. People didn't know if they should have danced or walked out, especially when Ed groaned into the mic between songs and banged on his keyboard. Hearing him perform "Atomic Roses" live made it all worthwhile, though. Severed Heads had the whole club bouncing, too, and the combination of Tom Ellard's tape cutups and loopy rhythms with Steve Jackson's video synthesizer images were amazing.



Dinosaur, Jr. at Jimmy's, 1989. This was the J-Lou-Murph Dinosaur, Jr., not the Dinosaur, Jr. Lite playing the Lollapaloozas of the world today. They were supporting the "Bug" album, were at the tail-end of a very long worldwide tour, and were real sick of each other. They weren't really talking to each other, and J didn't talk to nobody (well, we did manage to get three words out of him. When asked "What guitar effects do you use?" he pointed in the general direction of the stage and mumbled, "See for yourself."). That animosity came out in their playing, and they were they brutal live. When they played "Freak Scene" J didn't even bother to sing — he seemed way too disgusted with everything to bother with it. I felt like I was seeing them at some small club in Amherst before their first album. My ears rang for days. My pals and I did talk J into playing "Pointless" which was cool.

too big, and the stage was about 3 feet off the ground (this is important to the story, so remember it). Crust came out and began making their racket (I think half the drummer's kit consisted of plastic garbage cans and oil drums or something), the lead singer was dressed like a televangelist. Then he took off his pants and jacket and he was wearing a bra and panties. Then he took off the bra and panties and he was wearing scotch tape. Yep, scotch tape, on his nipples and pee-pee. He then whipped out a lighter and burnt the scotch tape off his pee-pee. Boy howdy, nothing like the smell of burnt plastic and pubic hair. Oh, and then some guy dove off of the stage and there was no one there to catch him. He did a back flip, landed on the back of his neck, then didn't do no more. He just flopped down and quit moving. Someone dragged him away, seems he recovered a few minutes later. Crust just kept on playing.

Honorable mentions: Alien Sex Fiend at the Varsity in Baton Rouge, 1992; Fourway Cross at the Dream Palace, 1989; Glass Eye at the Bayou in Baton Rouge, 1991; the Wolfgang Press at Tipitina's, 1988; Godflesh and Napalm Death in some Fat City club, 1992; the Black Problem at Combined Effort in Baton Rouge, 1988; and so on...

Crust at that place across the street from Kagans, in the French Quarter, 1992. Crust are a three-piece band from Austin, Texas, who have a couple albums on King Coffee's Trance label. Their music is industrial-sorta grunge sickfuck shenanigans, along the lines of the old Butthole Surfers and Grotus. They sing great songs about smoking pot, televangelists, head lice, praying to god for Metamucil, and so on. The crowd wasn't

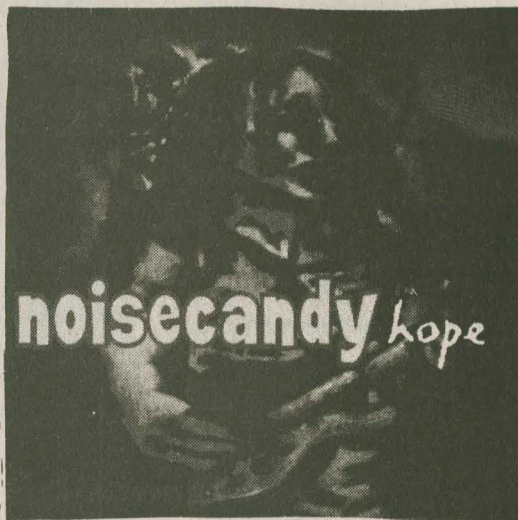
A TRUE STORY: i was

really depressed last year after my band broke up, but then this really ritzy restaurant in the quarter stole this design i drew for my old band's logo, so i got a lawyer and ended up with a lot of money which i then used to buy an 8-track recorder and recorded an album in my apartment with my roommate and a bunch of other local rock stars i knew, and it's called "Hope". The band is called →

noisecandy

P.S. i'm not depressed anymore.

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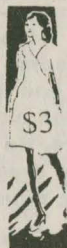


LIVE BAND FEATURES: RHOADES,
PAUL DISTLER, ERIC HAARBAUER
AND PETE FICHT. COME SEE US.

ROLLERDERBY



Lisa "Rollerderby" Carver Shakes Her Naked Bum At Her Mother



Interview by
Andy Bowser



White trash neighbors get drunk and break out the chainsaws at three A.M. Affable German foot fetishists talk disco. Dame Darcy illustrates goofy and surreal fairy tales starring mischievous pigs and "Horse Girls" debunk the clitoral stimulation myth. two-headed cats. This is Rollerderby, a little polished stone amidst a glut of self-published zines found in hipster merchandise marts across the country. Lisa Carver is the publisher of Rollerderby.

What inspires you to write so much?

I just do. I always have. I got my first diary when I was six.

Who gave you your first diary?

My mom! And then I wrote in it that I hated my mother...first I wrote "I love my mommy," and then I changed it to "hate," and then I wrote afterwards, "sometimes" and then I changed it to "a lot!" all on

different days. Then she found it and confronted me with it and said, "I gave you this diary!" It was a five year diary with a little key.

In the recent past, Lisa performed in Suckdog, a confrontational performance troupe that holds wagered chicken-fights and performs complex-yet-sloppy homemade opera. Audience members look on, captivated, though a fair number of them seem to be guys holding Budweisers, wondering if someone is gonna get naked. And why not?

But right now Lisa's not interested in music or performance. She's writing, publishing, and at the time of this interview had a few projects in the works, with Phil Milstein, Boyd Rice, and Gilmore Tammy of Columbus, Ohio's Wiglet ("The Magazine for Champions and Losers").

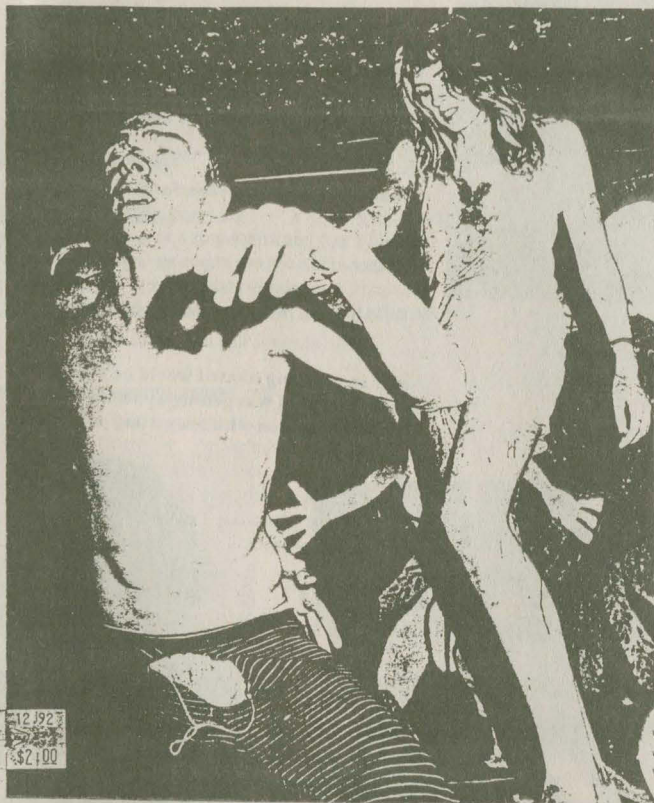
We spoke with the Lovely Lisa about Broccoli, Cliff the hard man, and tweaking nipples, among other topics.

ROLLER DERBY

ISSUE NINE

WINTER '92

TWO DOLLARS



VC 12/92
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What were you like when you were six?

I would shake my naked bum at my mother when I got out of the shower, and I would run away and try to get her to spank it. She was telling me that pretty soon the boys would be doing that. I couldn't wait! I was wondering why they didn't do it then.

When did the first boy spank your bum?

Hmmm...you know, much later than I would have liked. I was probably in my late teens.

When you were six, did you think cats were girls and dogs were boys?

Yes I did. I don't think that's just a childhood thing though, is it?

In school, did kids make fun of you?

Yeah--I went through my "Highwater" phase, and then I went through my "Broccoli" phase when I had a perm and I was super skinny and wore tight clothes. I was called "Monkey" all through elementary school because I looked and acted like a monkey, and made noises like a monkey.

On purpose?

Yes, on purpose, thank you! I would run around and scratch my underarms and leap off of desks. I

still make the noise sometimes.

What did the other kids think?

I think they were rather fond of me at that age. In my little autograph book, every single person wrote something about me being a monkey. Including my teacher. She also said I was a spaz.

Did any of this make you angry?

I wasn't very fond of the "Highwater" nickname, because I knew that meant I was unpopular! Also, Debbie Carpenter would kick me. She did it for a couple years.

Did you ever retaliate?

No! Are you kidding? I was terrified of that beast. She was like six feet tall, and she had shit-kickers. I would just try to stay out of her way, and I was so glad when she dropped out in the 10th grade--she would always sit near me in homeroom, because our names were so close.

Did you ever make fun of the other kids in school?

No. Never.

Were you artistically inclined when you were six?

Oh yes. I drew pictures of Jesus dying on the cross and dying in my arms. I was very religious at that age. I drew a lot of naked people having sex and eating each other out.

At the same time you were drawing the religious pictures?

Yes. And I drew a lot of nude beach scenes where I imagined everybody must be having sex. All the women had huge breasts with nipples pointing to the sky and the men had penises as big as their thighs. And people wore Calvin Klein jeans when they weren't having sex.

The ladies wore really fancy dresses. I really liked to draw ladies--ladies getting married, or going to fancy balls, or wearing sexy outfits.

Where did the religious influence come in?

My grandmother. She took me to church twice a week.

What about the sex influence?

I've just always been interested in sex, even before I knew what it was, I fantasized about it all the time--what it might be.

Why do you think you were obsessed with sex?

I don't know! I've always liked it. It's always seemed interesting to me, something worth thinking about.

I think it might be overrated.

How could it be? In what way?

Some people might place too much emphasis on it. Some people might obsess on it to the point where it might become a problem for other people—sex offenders, for example.

I've been having sex so much lately that this issue of Rollerderby is late, so that's the first time it's been a problem for me. So how's your sex life?

Nonexistent.

Out of choice?

No...I just...ah...

Of what leaning are you?

You mean sexuality?

No, I mean are you leaning against a wall.

I guess that's my problem, I'm just sort of leaning against the wall, not initiating anything. I suppose I'm of heterosexual leaning.

What kind of girl do you like?



Did you have any significant childhood traumas?

A man exposed himself to me when I was five! I was in the woods near my house, picking blueberries, and he came up to me and said, "do you want to know where the really good blueberries are?"

So he took me up to the top of the hill and said, "will you pull your pants down?" and I said no. He said, "well, I'll pull mine down," and I said oh no! But he did anyway. Then I told him my father would be looking for me, so he took me back down and I ran home.

Had you seen him around before?

No, but I saw him afterwards and pointed him out to my father. He had been exposing himself to lots of little girls, but nobody could prove it and he never went to jail. So my father had him beat up.

That man exposing himself would be a good example of what I was getting at before—someone's obsession with sex getting out of hand.



Lisa in her *Suckdog* days with Costes (far right) and an unknown Asian lad.



Lisa in her broccoli phase.

Intelligent girls, I guess.

Now there's your problem. Heh! If you're thinking about sex you should think a little lower.

Were your parents supportive of your artistic efforts?

They certainly weren't unsupportive. My father wanted me to be an astronaut, because he thinks that the earth is doomed. He thought if I was an astronaut I would have a better chance of getting on a space colony.

Hah, hah.

I don't think it's that ridiculous. I mean, the water and the air are pretty fucked up, so...I think it's a good idea, but I wasn't willing to go through all the college to do it.



I don't know, I think some people just need to expose themselves. Some people just have their things that they need to do. I can see the attraction.

Which do you enjoy more: making music or performing in *Suckdog*?

I'm not really interested in music right now, so I wouldn't say either one. But performing's what I'm interested in now—making movies. I'm doing one this Spring [1994]. It's going to be a real movie too! 16 millimeter.

I think it's going to be called "Love Letters from Linda." Phil Milstein found all these letters in his basement from this apparently normal woman named Linda had written to her boyfriend. She was a real teddy bear woman, really into smiley faces and things like that. She was a really mundane person, and REAL sentimental. She just loved Mark!

There's all this tragedy--a friend died, his parents disapproved of the wedding because she was Jewish, and they couldn't see each other because they ran out of money, and then he broke up with her. Then the next thing you know, they're having this wild sex all of a sudden! They had sex, and peed on each other, and tweaked each other's nipples 30 times.

Ha! 30 times?

Yes! Ha Ha!

Hm. So you'll be recreating their life together?

Yeah, Boyd's going to be Mark and Phil Milstein is going to be the boring professor with the highwaters who appears in one of her letters.

There's something you can identify with--highwaters.

Yeah, I can also identify with Linda. I find her absolutely charming. I'm sentimental too, and I like teddy bears. She had a squeeze bear made with Mark's personality in mind when it was made, supposedly. All of her friends had them too and they looked exactly alike! Someone was ripping Linda and her friends off.

How did the saga end?

I don't know. I guess they got married and had beautiful children. That's what the plan was. Phil said one day he met Mark briefly in the hall. Mark came back to pick up his stuff, and apparently he was moving in with Linda.

What self-published magazines do you like to read?

I like Wiglet. I wouldn't say [Gilmore Tamny] has a particularly exciting or unusual life, but she just seeks out these things that seem really obvious but noone ever does it. She'll interview private detectives then try to be one herself, then she wrote these funny articles about it. She wrote about how poodles got their hair patterns. She's a really in-depth researcher.

Now we're writing a romance novel together. The man has slinty eyes, and...well, he's a hard man. And she's a soft woman. He's had some bad experiences with women, so he doesn't look her way, and she's kind of virginal, so she doesn't look his way, but then his horse dies and he buries it up on a hill, and, well, they've been having some battles and conflicts for various reasons, all of them misunderstandings, of course, but they don't know this at the time.

So then she says, "I'm sorry" about the horse. And he doesn't say a word, because he's so slinty-eyed! But then she puts her hand on his shoulder and he knows that she understands he is a quiet man. And the sun is setting. Oh! It's so emotional.

Why is he so slinty-eyed?

His eyes are like chips of stone. He's a hard man with hard eyes, but they turn soft with love. The obvious name for him is Cliff, but I don't think our Gilmore Tamny agrees.



Linda of Love Letters to Linda.

It's a Harlequin Romance?

Yes! That's what I want. I'm hoping they'll accept it. Between [me and Gilmore], we've read probably 500 Harlequin Romances.

What about other projects?

I just drove from New Hampshire to have my mom and Boyd Rice do a single for Sub Pop. My mom did a song about Monopoly. I had a dream where my mother was the world Monopoly champ, and she was beaming over this Monopoly board where she had everything except for Marvin Gardens. My mom wrote lyrics about being the Monopoly Queen. I never knew she had such a vicious streak! She wants it all, and she's willing to see all the others fall. In fact she *wants* it. On the other side she and Boyd did a duet called "Let's Keep It Friendly" from that show "The Avengers."

About your fanzine, or magazine--

んた Magazine. へには

Why magazine?

Because it's not a fan-zine. What am I a fan of?

Yourselves, maybe?

Version and the Royal Pendletons. This month also has better releases of books, records, and movies than January since everything that was halfway decent that could have been released last month was sped up to come out before Xmas.



The only problem with February is that Washington and Lincoln's birthday's have been smooshed into one generic holiday. President's Day. I'm of the opinion that holidays shouldn't be manipulated for the sake of convenience. And if you're going to make it a national holiday, it should at least commemorate something. It's not even President's Birthday Day. What are we celebrating? That we've had presidents? That they were born? I don't mind a day off of work, but if they're not gonna bring me my mail there should at least be a reason.

Valentine's day is kind of goofy too, since it's been turned into a yucky maudlin marketing ploy. If you ignore all that crap and just take it as a celebration of the reawakening of everyone's libidos after the long winter, it can be pretty fun. I recommend looking at the whole month that way.

So enjoy it while it lasts. Get plenty drunk often and make sure to miss at least one day of work/school/whatever for no good reason and try to miss a couple more cuz you're too hung over to get out of bed. Sleep late, laugh a lot, and try not to be too mean to the tourists. And don't forget to wish me a happy birthday on the 25th.



Cards, gifts, and love letters can be sent to Jenn K. c/o WTUL.



Sunday Driver Records

New Product: **Capers "Mahlzeit!" 7" ep.**

Reissue of this classic four-song ep from the land of Austria. Recorded in 1986 and featuring the future founders of H.P. Zinker.

Don't Forget: **Papas Fritas "Fri. Night" 7" ep.**

Debut release from this gifted Boston trio. Nearly a year old now, but these three songs haven't aged a bit.

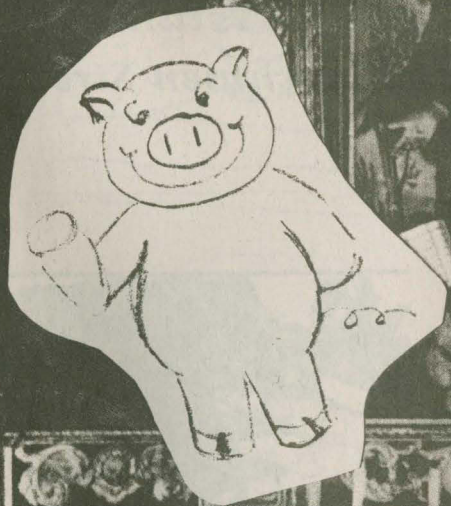
Lambchop "My Cliché" 7".

12-piece Nashville band making country music of a most un-Nashville sort. A mighty lovely racket.

All records are \$3.50 ppd (damn postage hikes). All checks should be made to Matt Hanks. Sunday Driver, 2017 Lowerline N.O. LA 70118.

An Ode to February

Well thank God January's over with. It was cold, boring, and overall pretty bland. I hate January. It's a crappy way to start the year. I'd have to side with the Chinese and wait a little longer. So, Happy Chinese New Year and welcome to the year of the big pig. You can basically hibernate through January without missing much, but once February hits, it's time to get out of bed.



February is my favorite month of the whole year. It's so cool. Even the name is funny. Feb-ROO-Airy. Giggle, giggle. It comes from the Latin *februare* meaning "to purify." Ancient Romans held a purification ceremony each year at this time. I don't know what that entailed.

Besides, there are more holidays than in any other month. If you count Mardi Gras, practically the whole thing's a holiday. From Ground Hog's Day to Leap Year, the month is chock full of things to do. By the way, Ground Hog's Day originated in Greece with a bunch of folks who worshipped bears. They believed the shadow represented the soul. If the bear's shadow wasn't up yet, it would go back to sleep and so would everyone else. Unfortunately, we have to use ground hog's now since we killed most of the bears.

Incidentally, I'm writing this on Feb. 1. I was in a bad mood yesterday. But everything is wonderful today.

Also, it's a well-known fact that more people are born per day in February than any other month. I don't know the exact numbers, but I assure you they are astounding. Also, people who are born in February tend to be cooler than others. This has been proven scientifically.

The whole 28-days-long thing is pretty wild too. What's up with that? Well it's just one more indication of how special February is, and a reminder to enjoy each and every day, since it doesn't last long.

In New Orleans, the month of February takes on special significance, since Spring starts up here while most of the rest of the country languishes in Winter. Hah! So we have a few drinks to celebrate, they stop delivering the mail, and the next thing you know everyone's peeing in the street. Crazy. Granted, sometimes the festivities spill over into

March, but that's only cuz February is so cool that it can't always contain itself.



Another special thing about February in New Orleans this year is that we're having a new holiday called Gavin. I'm not really sure how it got started, but it lasts about four days. A lot of people put on suits and spend lots of money. Some kind of neo-pagan musical rite of spring. Good bands come to town too.

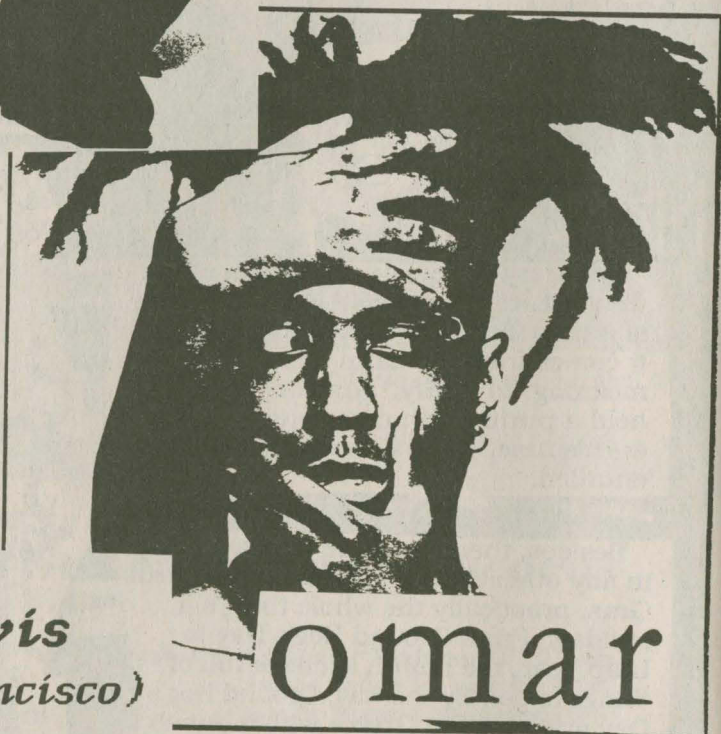
Speaking of bands, February signals the end of that long no-show wasteland that started shortly after Thanksgiving. Musicians will once again leave their families and roam the country. About time. I'm getting a little weary of Burn

*An Evening of Acid Jazz
featuring*



*Thursday, February 16th
at Cafe Istanbul
534 Frenchmen Street*

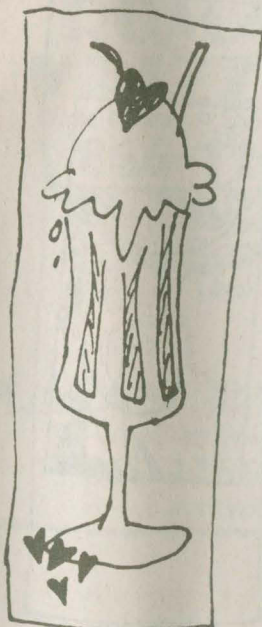
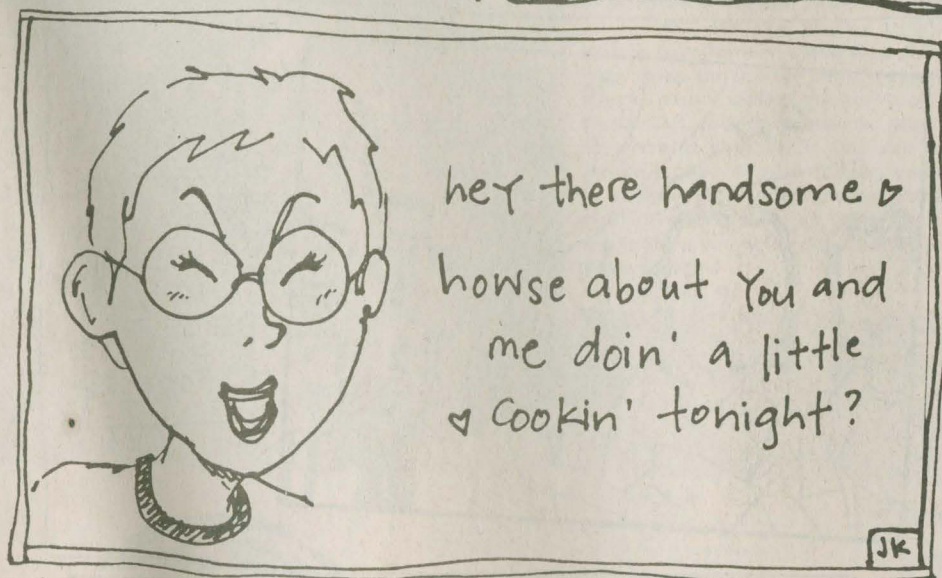
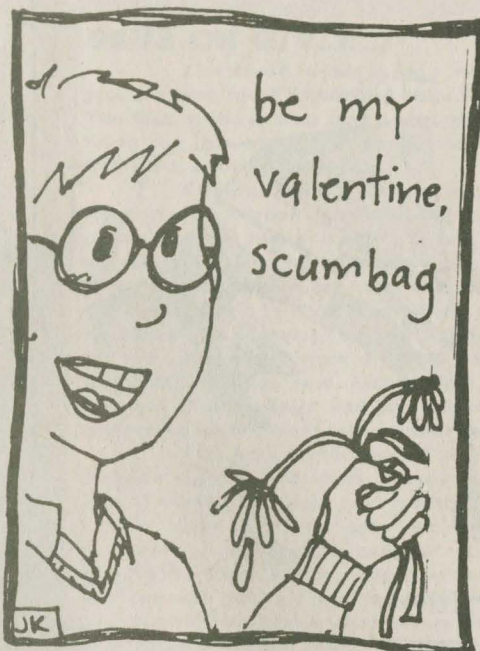
*BROOKLYN
TUNE
ESSENTIALS*



*with DJs
Andrew Jervis
(On the One, San Francisco)
Jazzy Nice
(Giant Step, New York City)*

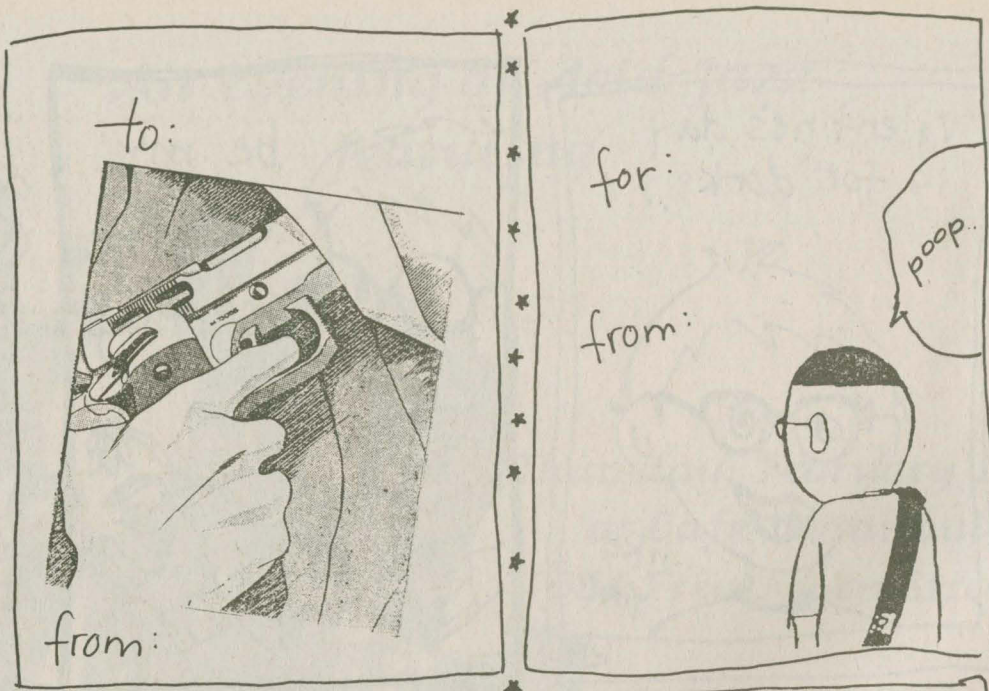
*Show at 9 pm - til...
\$10 at the door*

Presented by RCA Records and On the One



Where else can you find cool valentines like these??
 cut 'em out and give 'em to that certain special someone... ☺
 by Jayne Koma

the backside of those crazy valentines.
graphics on this side stolen from somewhere. oh well... shhh! ♡♡♡ rice dreamy





DAVE ON STYLE...

Elsewhere in this issue I wrote that what you did was more important than how you look. The fact of the matter is, I lied. Looking good can bring you lots of friends, particularly if you don't know shit about punk rock...

Alterna-fashions (along with bands like the Offspring, Green Day, and Bad Religion) have permeated the malls in 1995, in fact both the zip up sweatshirts and emo-jackets can be found in Hollywood boutiques for more than fifty dollars. If you know where to shop (and a good thrifter never reveals these secrets) you can obtain these items for less than ten dollars a piece. While they are both comfortable and fashionable, they have become a bit generic and are beginning to rival motorcycle jackets as fashions that are really over.

A healthy alternative (If your not vegan. - Editor's note) is the suede jacket. You know the one, it comes just past your waist in a variety of colors and can only be found by the experienced thrift store shopper. (I found a tan one for like three bucks. - Flip) You've probably got a friend who paid for one, but have you been able to find one? No. That's what makes this warm and comfortable jacket much a significant fashion statement, its alot harder to find a cool suede jacket than to sew a Doo Rag patch on the back of your emo-jacket. It also compliments the San Diego chain wallet rocker look perpetuated by those TUL folk quite nicely. (Just ask Inch. - Flip) Be careful though, if you are combining a tan suede jacket with long hair, you're likely to wind up looking like Eddie Vedder. But than none of you still have long hair, do you? (Of course not. What the hell do you think Pavement preached? -Flip)

Dave Sanford
Los Angeles, CA

Man Or Astronman's
Version of the
suede jacket



◆◆◆ PIZZA ◆◆◆

PIZZA TOPPINGS: Pepperoni, Italian Sausage, Ground Beef, Canadian Bacon, Salami, Onions, Mushrooms, Green Pepper, Black Olives, Green Olives, Jalapeno Peppers, Fresh Garlic, Fresh Tomato, Anchovy, Artichoke Hearts and Pineapple
(No extra charge for extra sauce — please tell us when ordering.)

| | 10" | 14" |
|-------------------------|------|-------|
| CHEESE | 4.99 | 7.99 |
| 1 TOPPING PLUS CHEESE | 5.49 | 8.44 |
| 2 TOPPINGS PLUS CHEESE | 5.99 | 8.99 |
| EACH ADDITIONAL TOPPING | 0.49 | 1.04 |
| EXTRA CHEESE | .50 | 1.05 |
| GARLIC BREAD | 4.99 | 7.89 |
| COMBO | 7.80 | 12.09 |

Includes pepperoni, Italian sausage, ground beef, onions, mushrooms, green pepper, and black olives (optional). Jalapeno pepper, anchovy, artichoke, and pineapple are additional cost.

VEGETARIAN PIZZA: Mushrooms, black olives, green olives, onion, green pepper, fresh tomato and fresh garlic (optional).

SPINACH PIZZA: Spinach, mushrooms, onion, fresh tomato, extra cheese, onions, with our special garlic sauce in place of the traditional red sauce.

PIZZA WITH PESTO: Minced and tomato with pesto.

EGGPLANT PIZZA: Eggplant, tomato, red onion, mushrooms, fresh garlic, anchovy, cheese.

ARTICHOKE PIZZA: Artichoke, mushrooms, onion, fresh tomato, extra cheese, onions, with our special garlic sauce in place of the traditional red sauce.

◆◆◆ SANDWICHES ◆◆◆

All sandwiches are prepared on homemade bread, baked fresh daily, with mozzarella cheese.

| | |
|--|------|
| PIZZA SUB | 4.99 |
| Pepperoni, onion, mushrooms and green pepper | |
| HAM & CHEESE | 4.99 |
| ROAST BEEF | 4.99 |
| MEATBALL | 4.99 |
| EGGPLANT PARMESAN | 4.99 |
| SPINACH | 5.25 |
| CHICKEN PARMESAN | 5.25 |
| ROMAN'S SPECIAL | 5.25 |
| Pepperoni, ham, salami, black olives and onion | |
| ARTICHOKE | 5.25 |

◆◆◆ SALADS ◆◆◆

| | |
|--------------------------------|------|
| ITALIAN, GREEK OR CAESAR SALAD | |
| Small | 2.49 |
| Large | 4.99 |
| CHICKEN CAESAR SALAD | 5.99 |

Two for \$7.99

Two 10" cheese pizzas for \$7.99 plus 99¢ for each additional topping on BOTH pizzas.

ROMAN PIZZA TWOFERS

| | TWO SMALL PIZZAS | 2 LARGE PIZZAS |
|-------------|------------------|----------------|
| CHEESE | 7.99 | 11.99 |
| 1 TOPPING | 8.98 | 13.59 |
| 2 TOPPINGS | 9.97 | 15.19 |
| 3 TOPPINGS | 10.96 | 16.79 |
| 4 TOPPINGS | 11.95 | 18.39 |
| COMBINATION | 12.94 | 19.99 |
| SPINACH | 13.93 | 21.59 |

◆◆◆ ENTREES ◆◆◆

| | |
|---|------|
| All entrees come with garlic cheese bread and Italian salad. | |
| SPAGHETTI & MEATBALLS: Seasoned ground beef meatballs with our special red sauce on top of spaghetti noodles. | 6.75 |
| BAKED ZITI: Ziti topped with mozzarella cheese and our special red sauce. | 6.75 |
| FETTUCINE ALFREDO: Fettuccine with our special red sauce. | 6.99 |
| CHICKEN CACCIATORE: A tasty combination of herbs, vegetables, pasta and chicken covered with our special red sauce. | 6.99 |
| CLASSIC LASAGNA: Layers of pasta, ground beef and our special mixture of cheese, smothered with our tasty red sauce. | 6.99 |
| SPINACH LASAGNA: Layers of pasta, sautéed spinach and our special mixture of cheese, smothered with our delicate white sauce. | 6.99 |
| MANICOTTI: Pasta shells stuffed with special cheese blend. | 6.99 |

◆◆◆ DRINKS ◆◆◆

SOFT DRINKS (12 oz.) 69¢

◆◆◆ DESSERTS ◆◆◆

| | |
|-------------------|------|
| CHEESECAKE | 1.99 |
| PEANUT BUTTER PIE | 1.99 |
| LEMON CREME PIE | 1.99 |

ROMAN PIZZA

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SINCOLA

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ZUMPARO

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SATURDAY FEB 18

AT MERMAID LOUNGE

HOME

THE AUGUST SONS

LAZY

BURN VERSION

Don't forget the 25th Annual
Rock On Survival Marathon
March 24, 25, & 26, 1995
on Tulane University Center Quad

Come see Radiators, Royal Pendeltons
N.O. Klezmer All Stars, Peabody
Continental Drifters, Shepherd Band
Burn Version, John Mooney and more!