

**Vivian Girls Odetta Kurt Eisenlohr
Uz Jsme Doma The Knast LeAlan Jones
Catatonic Youth The Daily Flash Meat & Bones**

Let us speak of hope & equality with Chicago author and street philosopher LeAlan Jones

LeAlan Jones is a writer, teacher and thinker. His first work was as part of a 30 minute radio program *Ghetto Life 101* which aired originally in 1993, when he was only 13. That program went on to win numerous awards, because of the truth and essence it provided into a world most American's are either unaware of, or tend to sweep under the rug. Inner city poverty exists to a degree in America that is not found in other self-styled "modern" democracies. The gap between rich and poor has only been extended since the program first aired. *Ghetto Life 101* focused on the life of Jones and his childhood friend Lloyd Newman growing up in and around a housing project in Chicago's Southside.

Now on the cusp of 30, Jones remains upbeat and hopeful. He continues to write and lecture on the concept of the Two America's. The America we are taught in school which consists of 2.5 kids and white picket fence in the sterilized burbs and that other America. The one which is tough, gritty and reveals a lot more about humanity than exists in our tidy media packaged existence.



The Red Telephone: Through *Ghetto Life 101* and your writing, you speak of recognizing the two America's. Can you explain this idea?

LeAlan Jones: The recognition of these two Americas rest within the diverse perspective and expectations of individuals and groups whose lives exist within a common place, however are distorted to have a common dis-unity. This has allowed an America divided among several items: race, economics, gender, education, health and communication.

Politics is by the very nature of its structure a microcosm of the society it governs. In my estimation, the divide of America is ultimately fostered within its bureaucratic mechanisms. Thus, based on the current events, I have a strong inclination that 'change' is very possible, and very real to fill this traditional void between the two-Americas, and circumventing those who would impede 'togetherness,' through continued social action.

We have a opportunity for unity, which can recalibrate the political and social will to redress the finest points of people's development to participate in a greater everyday society. At this point in the game we can only go up, and I believe we can together.

RT: Is the idea of two America's mainly a racial distinction, a class distinction, both?

Jones: It has been both a racial /ethnic and class distinction historically, but those aren't really relevant to me presently.

The true dichotomy in America is in the management of resources and the appreciation of assets by the same racial/ethnic groups who under-manage and have control of them. The pendulum that swings between the two America's I speak of is perpetuated by emotions more than class, ethnicity or race. This would also be reflective in the global perspective as well.

RT: How do you see the inequalities between these two America's having changed between your recording in 1993 of *Ghetto Life 101* and present day?

Jones: It has been a natural and gradual progression to more balance in the inequalities in America since 1993 or my birth in 1979 for that matter. The synthetic economic expansion and inclusion of the middle-class during the Clinton years provided hope to people whom traditionally felt excluded or had no access to attaining prosperity through small business development.

Today, with jobs and opportunity eroding in all sectors of the economy, inequality exists in a much larger income class. We have transcended to equal-inequality, which covers those who may at one point

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had access to dominate culture through circumstances outside of performance or production and will have to compete for the same resource they acquired with a threshold established outside of a cultural or racial element.

Those who have not been able to consistently have access to that more resourceful America, will be able to put forth their ideas and have a new diligence applied to their creativity, vision and merit. We are at the cusp of a cycle which has the potential at its end to produce one-world and one America inclusive of all who have a passion in hope to get there.

RT: So, has the gap between rich and poor increased?

Jones: I don't see "rich and poor" as I used to, in term of words to accurately describe peoples conditions. People know how to manage or under-manage their situation. I take into account the generations of wealth creation that has excluded many in this country. However, to bridge this disparity of limited resources it simply takes effective and corrective, individual and collective management of the under-managed.

People should have a new perspective on what "rich" and "wealth" is, looking at the present volatility within the market. Those individuals who have been considered well managed, managed the financial system which allocated the resources which gave foundation to the meltdown.

We truly don't need to re-establish a system that doesn't allow the greatest ideas, or protocols to come forth from prudent individuals. Thus the under-managed should have the ability to manage or under-manage themselves, not institutions and conglomerates.

RT: Through your work and lectures to the youth, do you see hope that we, as a nation, can solve the problems of inequality in society and class?

Jones: Hope is always here, it has to be here. As a nation and world we do a decent job of managing the inequalities that exist in certain aspects. I just wish we were more creative at solving inequality

than chasing issues impacted by inequality and the chaos that ensues.

Individuals are responsible for taking a self-examination and rising to the level they choose in America. Being under-managed is a personal choice in one regard and a lack of preparation by persons who are responsible for others. However, the proper foundation must be laid to become a skilled manager of one's personnel affairs or ambitions and use this to transcend the odds and inequities.

RT: The *Ghetto Life 101* program was a personal look into your life. How did this program effect your outlook on opportunity?

Jones: The one thing I have realized is that one's voice or art is her or his own commodity. I am re-finding my voice to a certain extent. When properly managed, expression will be appreciated by others. The proportion may vary and what you may recoup from it will differ. Nonetheless, inspired work perpetuates opportunity to greater heights when it's crafted from a genuine purpose to interact with passionate people.

Maybe not in the immediate, but the market will always get around to appreciating great work. What is real will resonate real, irrespective of it being art, a social or political movement, economic theory or basic human values.

RT: You speak about hope and people giving up hope. How is this prevented? Can it be?

Jones: Hope must always be strived for and challenged so that it's honed to the finest detail. If hope isn't challenged then it diminishes the need to have it. Fear and hope are the emotions that make life encouraging or dreadful. So the need to attempt to try and find consistent comfort brings a greater despair in my view, because they are intertwined and are symbiotic of each other.

I grew up in some regards amidst extreme despair. In hindsight, its given me an enormous sense of hope as a result of being able to overcome it. I get [the feeling of] despair some days like everybody else, yet most times the positions despair puts me in only clarify and give more intensity to my evolving mechanism of hope.

Today, I draw hope from many obvious and nebulous things. I can find hope in a picture, a good sentence, a movie, a beat, a lyric...the way we as people randomly interact with each other.

Hope is everywhere and nowhere depending on the eyes of the seeker. I am only challenged at people's willingness to be ignorant and hopeless. Emotionally bankrupt people devalue society far more than bankers and brokers.

RT: Your work is now focused on speaking as well as teaching and writing. Any plans for a new book?

Jones: I started writing the follow-up to my first book which I co-authored, titled *Our-America: Life and Death on the Southside of Chicago*. It was published when I was 17.

The working title of the new work is entitled, *Our-House: The Pursuit of One America-- from the Perspective of a Ghetto-Kid*. It's a narrative starting from my first life struggle as a 5-year old, through the success as a 13-year old award winning journalist for National Public Radio. I stopped writing it a year ago, with 3/4's of it finished because I couldn't visualize how to end it.

I would like to end it with something significant, on a personal and emotional level, enough to transition into a new beginning for me. Until I can ascertain it, or it manifests itself, I will let it sit on the shelf.

I am in no rush either, my creativity is not enough as a commentator or artist to write something life will ultimately determine.



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Published by the Red Telephone Press
Seattle, WA USA

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Cover Person~Odetta

I met Odetta sometime in the seventies when I was part of a coffeehouse, (see endnote if necessary)~ first things that i recall, were her use of a stick of incense to time her set with. When it was finished, so was she. Regal in stature, with some kind of head-wrap affair on, she was the closest I had been to a Queen of the Nile. From the blur of my life I knew that she was part of the civil rights movement and was always one of the many people aligned with Pete Seeger , Joan Baez, Mimi Farina, Artie Traum , Dylan sometimes, and the Woodstock contingency, all playing at some benefit for the Hudson river or anti-nukes or another injustice somewhere here or there, in a group photo in Singout magazine. Singout was the organ of the folk music scene, and would show one the chords, charts etc.~ for folk music. One of the many things that I didn't know was that Odetta was one of the first people to record Dylan's music, even before Dylan had been recorded. Odetta was part of a group of folks including Harry Belafonte that were in theatre and stage productions that toured the country. There would not be a young person in America today that picked up a guitar to express themselves that wouldn't owe a debt of gratitude to Odetta. She basically invented the archetype of the female folksinger as well as the emotive male. This lineage of Odetta includes peer people like Doc Watson, Jerry Garcia, Jean Ritchie and Malvina Reynolds, Carla Bley, who all helped give America back to itself, by honoring the roots.

They did this without popular commercial media- you must drive that into your bones, if you care. It amazed me some years ago, to realize that many youngins didn't know who she was, and these were people that went to schools which featured women's studies and peace and justice issues programs. People with letters after their names, and hi-falutin degrees with nine letter word descriptions of what they were after their college degrees. Shame. But that grubby alienated musician kid on the corner that's been up all night in his shitty apartment probably

does, played ya some too, while maybe yer suckin on your five dollar Starbucks and you maneuver your way past them on the corner in lieu of giving them chump change.

Odetta considered herself a historian of the music and the music was a vehicle for her to contain her creativity and anger. Its important to emphasize that it was a way to contain her anger. When one is an outsider in a culture, one continues to wake up an outsider, (if they always do), whether one is a different color from the dominant one, is gay or lesbian, or challenged by class and privilege.

One of the songs I recall from Odetta, that stayed in my mind for years was something that I believe was called: Deep Blue Sea

(excerpted)

Deep blue sea baby

Deep blue sea it was will-ee

That was drow- nedin the dee-eeep blue sea

(repeat)

Now, I would remember this song for years and only recently did I get what it was about. Odetta was a soprano, yet for this song she had a gruff personae with her rhythmic meter and contrapuntal singing-it was the lament of someone losing there lover, a slave ship love tragedy. The rhythm and pulse remains in the mind. There have been very few people that I can think of that possess a genuine regal nature, and Odetta had this. With failing health in her last decade or so, Odetta still performed consistently, sometimes with an oxygen tank in her midst. Dugg Simpson, the recently replaced artistic director of the Vancouver Folk Festival should have a shout out here for giving her and U. Utah Phillips the props they received in their later life. Utah passed away last year as well.

Odetta had major medical bills and obvious money issues, the Jazz Foundation of New York had her rent and medical expenses covered. A year before, a noted Woodstock folk artist had quietly taken his life because he couldn't afford the medical/dental work that he needed. Part of the great American shameful

The Red Telephone is a press creation distilled from the idea of creating a permanent, true publication that you can grasp and read. Our second issue houses many creations, a lovely mixture of art, music, writing, culture and social thoughts.

We are all here at the same time and place, well most of are. But while we all stand together, most of us live fractured lives filled with sonic and electric waves scraping against our fragile minds. We are taught to chase the unimportant shadows, instead of being focused or unfocused on what we want.

Take this issue by its strands and float away on some of the thoughts and sounds. Step off the edge of economic insecurity. Were we ever really secure? Seriously, come on down.

Odetta is on our cover and the importance of her story is detailed below. Our feature is a chapter from "Meat Won't Pay My Light Bill" by Portland's Kurt Eisenlohr. His book is a timed, explosive piece of writing. This issue focuses on a few local acts, the mysterious and hypnotic Catatonic Youth and the infection pop sounds of the Knast. We also speak with the Vivian Girls and the ever present Uz Jsme Doma.

Speaking of local flair, Seattle's first psych act, The Daily Flash, are given the illustrated treatment by Plastic Crimewave. LeAlan Jones provides us with insight to hope in the face of despair. His work, from his beginnings as a teenage journalist documenting his world in "Ghetto Life 101" show him to be a wonderful thinker and you would do yourself wise to check out his work.

As always, this issue is free and it's free for you to think as you please. So enjoy!

Willie Crane/The Red Telephone

tragedy which favors bureaucrats and bankers over the soul, psyche and creativity of the land, which I hesitate to hope for a replacement of, yet am trying to remain hopeful.

In Japan, Odetta would have been already given the status of a national treasure, and Bill Clinton's dime made her a Kennedy Center awardee with the National Endowment for the Arts Medal of Honor in 1999. She had hoped to be invited to play at Obama's inauguration, coming full circle from her performing at the Washington monument civil rights march of Martin Luther King in 1963. She hadn't been invited as of December. A hospitalization at Lenox hospital in NYC extended for several weeks, where she expired from her earthly plane duties as a human of great dignity, sharing, perseverance, creativity and a heroine of life and love.

Its so great that she played the Hardly Strictly Bluegrass Festival in Golden Gate last fall, she still kicked it. I had sent her a letter thanking her for her work, and with the idea that she would play the inauguration and that we were to feature her as our second cover person. We are left with her music and her life as an answer or statement. I would hope that people would look into her work and honor her life with some listening, because it's all real. Bless you Odetta, she was 77.

~ John Stevens Berry Inauguration Day 2009

(Footnote: anti nuke movement, anti-war alienated, anti-racist, vegetarian leaning, pro-music, green party oriented, alternative schools, yoga, alternative healing modalities, foodbank starting, hangout) started by a muzak heiress folk aficionado~Ruby Sky, and her rosebowl playing construction company woodbutcher visionary husband A. Gustav Breeze, they flew their freak flag in front of the establishment with great humor, PAID a lot of artists, and to this day, work for the same issues~ for an archive of performances of the many great folk and jazz artists which passed through the doors of Charlottes's Web in Rockford, IL, see: snapshotmusic.com, love you two~jb.



INSTRUCTIONS

1. Under the supervision of a fellow patriot, carefully cut mask around the black line (don't forget the eyes!).
2. Using a push pin, make one hole on each side of the mask.
3. Thread string through both holes before tying knots at either end of the string.
4. Now, fasten mask around head and dream up your own economic stimulus plan!

The Politics of Fun & other various streaming thoughts...

As our economy crumbles and drifts away, we realize that we've mopped up these curiosities and lies that were fed to us since our early brains struggled to grow and breathe.

Instead of playing along in these ruins, why don't we play our own game?

Creativity is the light we can grasp out of this black hole. Make a song, write a poem, paint a picture. There's a reason a child smiles when they open their minds. The accumulation of capital and the labor of adulthood only extends the shackles on your former freedom.

We stand and anoint a new leader, even one which we know (and hope) to not be as genocidal or mass murderess as the past.

This past year, more and more people were concerned and inspired to support candidates for an office which has presided over the killing and whole sales destruction of countless cultures, peoples, non-humans, lives, plants and souls. A new leader is still a new leader leading a corrupted, corrosive machine. The hope lies in the fact that we might replace the outdated machinery with new checks and balances.

So, put your faith and trust in Obama, if you will, but really you should be putting the trust in yourself. Unleash the shackles around your legs and realize that you are a little baby lamb lying in a cozy cage, fattened up for the next capitalist cookout.

There's a reason why we are asked for so much, but have so very little to piece together after our thoughts, our labor and lives are taken, packaged and sold for a marked up value.

Instead, look around and realize there is more to it than you are asked to see. They say "history repeats itself" but...maybe it's the historians who repeat themselves. These contoured cultural lines are meant to corral and force thought upon you. Look down the line. Remember what's behind, but most of all, remember to not look to the sides.

A new administration is time for hope. Let's hope

for better times, for peace and bliss.

But our hopes will be ultimately dashed if we truly believe that change is coming in those matters weighted down in real politics. Peace in Palestine, an embargo-free Cuba, health care for all, a living wage and perhaps less poisons in our food, minds and the air we breathe. No, unfortunately these hopes are no closer than capturing the truth that refracts off your retina as it details the latest depressing white-collar crime.

So what now? Better living through chemistry or just better lives? Mindless hope or utter despair? We thinking more of a new third way.

Lives are short, finite and should be a time spent not entangled in these "real" politics. The true nature of politics is simple. Regardless of the blood, money or iron, it boils down to the process of figuring out who gets what. To the sorrow of many, governments are in the business of protecting the riches of the few. This will help to ensure that the who will not be you and that what will be less than what you expected way back when.

So let's leave their politics behind. Let's leave the banal reasons and blatant hypocrisies. That's their chess game. No need to be anyone's cannon fodder.

Let's rise past the smoke and toil of the last decade and enter into the spring of 2009 wide-eyed and open minded. For as much as we strive for, we should strive for more. No more re-hashed thoughts or outdated systems of belief and social means. Think about the problems which infest our minds, bodies and soil. Most of them boil down to ideas which are outdated with our current thought waves. So the time for creation is now.

Instead of relying on rusted cycles and recycled hopes, let them hear our wants, our own needs. Let's work together. Not for a new system, king or country. No artificial lines here. Do something, do nothing. But remember have it all. You already do.

So let us rise together and have fun!

- *The Red Telephone*

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PREVIEW OF THE OVERLEAF:

Art, writing, photography. I do all those things. I've been doing them for 25, 30 years. I think I started doing photography when I was 14. I'm 45 now. I didn't get good at it until I was in my 20s. Although, come to think of it, I took the photo that became the cover for the reissue of MEAT when I was 18, so maybe, in some ways, I was a better photographer in my teens. The more I look at old negatives lately, the more I believe that.

With writing, I didn't get good until I was in my 30s. Same with painting. Something just clicked in me when I got into my 30s. A woman, mainly. And I moved across the country, far away from everything I knew, and my energies became incredibly focused. I wrote and I painted, worked my day job, ran home, wrote, painted, slept, or didn't sleep. Then back to the day job--You need a beer? You want mayo with that?--then home again, write, paint, sleep or not sleep to keep writing, painting, chain-smoking, poking around in the compulsion. Then back to the day job...on and on that way. This lasted for about six years or so. Hundreds and hundreds of paintings, poems, stories, a novel. A divorce (mania doesn't come without a price tag.)

So far, my 40s have been shit, creatively and most every other way. I don't have the space or the energy or freedom I once had. You could say the same thing about America now. To be perfectly honest, I feel dead. So does this country--it feels dead to me. Put out your cigarette and go home, show's over. Do some shitty, stepped on blow. It's regiment time. Maybe when I get into my 50s my mind and America will feel different, be different--better, more free, ho ho. Maybe the polar caps will flip and the earth will shake us off like a bad case of the crabs and we won't have to worry about it anymore. In the meantime, I'm hoping I can finish writing the book I'm currently stalled on. It's called "Everyone I Know Is Dead." You think I jest...

"Meat Won't Pay My Light Bill" is what you'd call an "I" book. It's written in the first person, and it's essentially autobiographical, but it's still fiction. It's stylized, it's a novel. I swerve outside the lines, use bolder, more defined colors, rearrange the composition. You have to put the poetry in there. Straight reality isn't enough, it's a bore, it isn't magical. So you chop out all the dull shit and accentuate the weirdness, and the comedy. Because life is pretty funny. Tragically and forever. I keep forgetting that these days.

Maybe that's why I feel crazy and hopeless. Maybe that's why this new book is taking me forever to write, or rather, not write...But getting back to fiction, and autobiography, the blur there--I have to laugh when I hear about all these authors getting busted for writing "fake" memoirs. Are there any "real" memoirs? If you want to know the straight facts about someone's life, read a biography, not an autobiography. All autobiography is fiction to some extent. Same goes for history, all those books you were forced to read in school. Fakes.

I don't think most people, if any, are capable of telling the entire truth about themselves, especially when they claim or believe they are doing just that. This current rash of memoirs is a marketing thing. The mainstream publishers, the majors, all three of them--they looked at the success of Reality TV and thought, Well, hell, that's what people want: reality, they want it to be true, they'll buy that. And they do...

Well, you know how "real" reality TV is. So let's just let James Frey off the hook already (and Herman Rosenblat, while we're at it, who wrote what Oprah recently called "the world's greatest love story," the feel good holocaust memoir, "Angel at the Fence.") James Frey fucked up by caving in to his agent's suggestion that he call his novel a memoir. That's how I'm choosing to see that. Maybe it was his scheme all along. Either way. It's a book! It's Cowboys and Indians, it's Columbus "discovering" the New World, it's a subjective thing. EVERYTHING IS FICTION. THERE IS NO REALITY. Did you see George W. Bush's farewell address? Have you heard the shit Dick Cheney's been saying lately? They'll both be writing "memoirs" soon.

~ Kurt Eisenlohr, Jan. 15, 2008

I was eating a can of string beans (French Cut), combing through the classifieds, listening to Tom and Angie shake the ceiling. My goldfish had gone belly-up that morning--something in the water, perhaps--and had he been any bigger, I might have stuck a fork in him. I'd blown that week's blood money at the bar. The next draw was two days away. I'd become The Hunger Artist. I needed to find another line of work.

CLERK WANTED.
BOOKSTORE. 5/HR.
1115 MICHIGAN AVE.

What the hell. I was starving. I went on down.

The place was just a few blocks from my room, sandwiched between a strip joint and a gay bar called Members.

It was a horrid little hole in the wall, graffiti scrawled door, broken glass, foil covered windows. Typical whack shack.

THE PLEASURE NEST
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I filled out the application, leaving most of the questions blank. The guy behind the counter was Iranian, thin, dark, unsmiling. He stood there with his arms folded across his chest, watching me push the pen around the page. The pen was attached to a chain so you couldn't run off with it. Inside the pen was a tiny naked lady, cupping her huge pink breasts, smiling, licking her lips. When you tipped the pen a certain way, her panties disappeared and she gave you a seductive little wink: American ingenuity.

I signed my name, pushed the application across the counter. The clerk looked it over. While he was doing that, I wandered around a bit. It was absurd. No matter which way you turned, you saw a cock, a dildo, a massive rubber monstrosity. They were everywhere, on the counter and above the counter, on the walls and under glass. All of them enormous, idealized, exaggerated, idiotic. Like America itself. Big cars, big hair, big wallets, big mouths, big missiles...big dicks. And, of course, big breasts. Along the walls of Triple-D titty mags leaned a buxom array of inflatable dolls--blondes, redheads, brunettes, blondes and more blondes--mouths open wide, parted legs and vibrating pussies, racks like cream colored mountains. They had names. Dirty Debby. Hot Helen. Virgin Mary (who was reputed to be a very horny young housekeeper--"She'll wax more than your floor!" proclaimed the manufacturer--but painfully shy). Some of the dolls were still in their boxes, deflated, their names and measurements clearly labeled, their faces mooning out from behind small cellophane windows, lifeless, marble eyed. The one named Dirty Debby was a deluxe model. She had flaming red hair, projectile breasts, and a round white ass. She also had a string you could pull, which made her talk, in case you were the sensitive type and wanted a bit of friendly banter before getting down to the business of coming in her mouth. Debby was pretty spendy, but the rest of the dolls cost around \$59.95, which was slightly more than you'd pay for a flophouse hooker, but unlike a hooker, you could stick it to a latex doll any time you pleased, day or night, rain or shine, cash or no cash, seven days a week. A sound investment, a gift that just kept giving...And you knew damned well that there were people buying these things. It was

a frightening thought.

"Lupus?" the clerk asked. "Like the disease?"

"Yeah. Like the disease."

I was going to hear that my entire life. My old man's idea of a joke. He had to have been drunk at the time. He was a fucking card, that guy.

"Ever run a cash register, Lupus?"

"No."

"Ever been arrested for, or involved in any way with prostitution?"

"No."

"Do you use narcotics or have a drug problem of any kind?"

"No, just television now and then. Bogey films, mostly. Baywatch."

"What do you think of John Wayne?"

"Repressed homosexual."

"Do you drink?"

"I'm unemployed. There's nothing else to do."

"Do you work for any law enforcement agencies, local or otherwise?"

"I'm unemployed."

"Newspapers? Magazines?"

"I have no job. I haven't worked in over two years. I'm clean."

"Do you like people? Do you like working with people?"

"Not especially."

"Do you mind working nights?"

"Nights are good."

"Weekends? Holidays?"

"Whenever, I'm not going anywhere."

"Would you consider working for minimum wage?"

"The ad said five an hour."

"Yeah, but would you consider working for less?"

"Less is okay."

"Great," said the clerk. "You're hired. We've got a guy quitting in two weeks. You can start the day he leaves."

"Great," I said. I was screwed. I'd starve for the next two days. "Hey, listen, do you think I could get a cash advance to carry me through till then? I'm broke."

"Are you fucking crazy?"

"Probably." I wasn't quite sure.

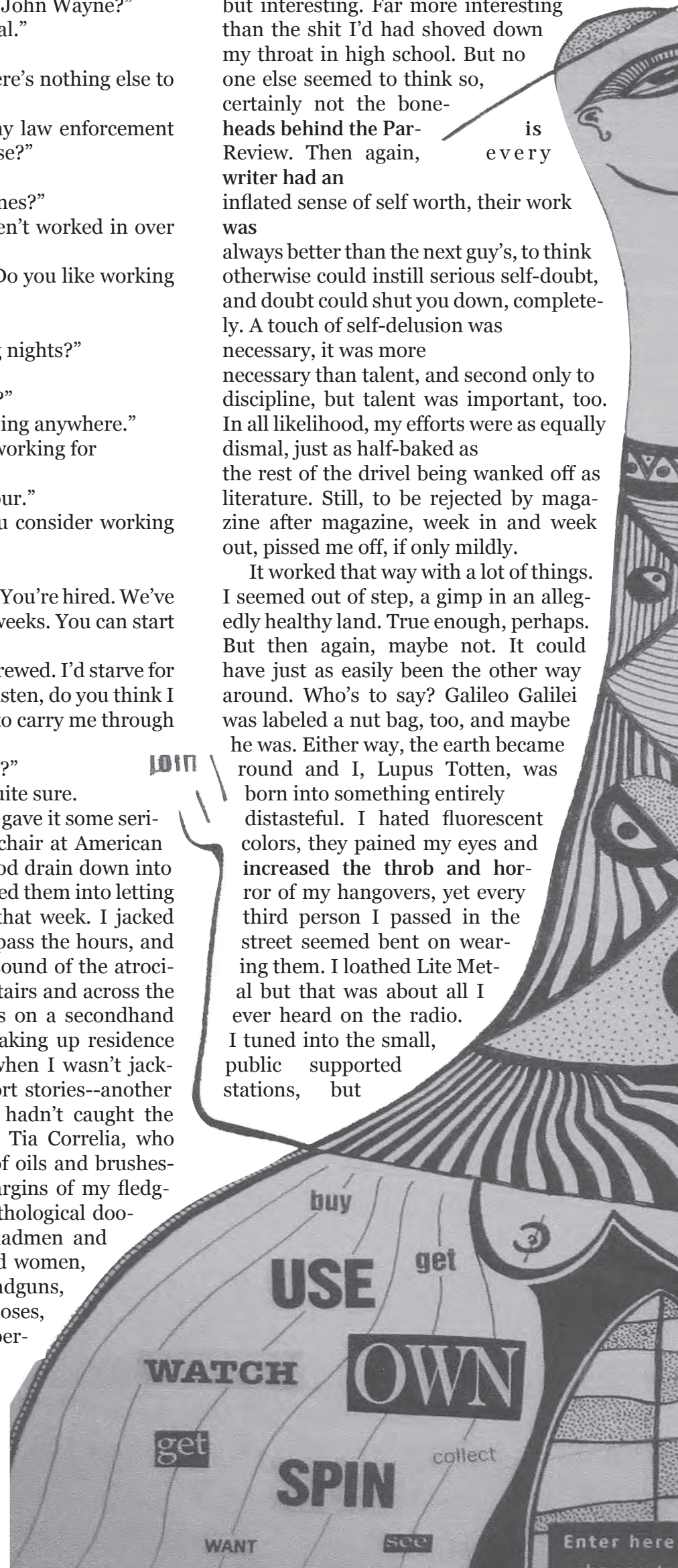
Later that afternoon, I gave it some serious thought, sitting in a chair at American Plasma, watching my blood drain down into a plastic bag, having conned them into letting me donate a third time that week. I jacked off a lot. It was a way to pass the hours, and it helped drown out the sound of the atrocities being committed upstairs and across the hall. I'd spent ten dollars on a secondhand typewriter shortly after taking up residence at the Jack London, so when I wasn't jacking off, I was writing short stories--another form of masturbation. I hadn't caught the painting sickness yet--or Tia Correlia, who bought me my first box of oils and brushes--but I often filled the margins of my fledgling manuscripts with pathological doodles, tiny drawings of madmen and their mad, bullet breasted women, coins, coffins, crosses, handguns, blackjacks, dogs, rats, nooses, nighthawks pissing gibberish from the wing.

None of my stories had women in them. They were all about little men in tiny rooms, watching the walls and going insane with it; waiting for something to happen, something

eventful and violent, for life to close in for the kill, quick-tight and tiger-like, to take them out of it swiftly and without regret. They drank and smoked and cursed and waited on time. They thought about women, dreamed of, longed for, and even worshipped them, but the women were nowhere to be found. All of these men were potential geniuses, of course, who had never been given a fair shake, born in the wrong place at the wrong time, born into the wrong skin, the wrong species, on the wrong planet altogether. Great men in small cages. They were always right, always victims of the system, it was never their fault and society was always fucked, always and forever wrong.

I thought my stories were pretty good, raw, but interesting. Far more interesting than the shit I'd had shoved down my throat in high school. But no one else seemed to think so, certainly not the bone-heads behind the Par-
Review. Then again,
is
every
writer had an
inflated sense of self worth, their work was
always better than the next guy's, to think otherwise could instill serious self-doubt, and doubt could shut you down, completely. A touch of self-delusion was necessary, it was more necessary than talent, and second only to discipline, but talent was important, too. In all likelihood, my efforts were as equally dismal, just as half-baked as the rest of the drivel being wanked off as literature. Still, to be rejected by magazine after magazine, week in and week out, pissed me off, if only mildly.

It worked that way with a lot of things. I seemed out of step, a gimp in an allegedly healthy land. True enough, perhaps. But then again, maybe not. It could have just as easily been the other way around. Who's to say? Galileo Galilei was labeled a nut bag, too, and maybe he was. Either way, the earth became round and I, Lupus Totten, was born into something entirely distasteful. I hated fluorescent colors, they pained my eyes and increased the throb and horror of my hangovers, yet every third person I passed in the street seemed bent on wearing them. I loathed Lite Metal but that was about all I ever heard on the radio. I tuned into the small, public supported stations, but



they talked too much and were always asking for the money I didn't have and they went out of business and off the air. I didn't like Julia Roberts, the current cultural icons, or mainstream movies in general. The media was a nightmare and I envied Warhol even more now that he was dead. I enjoyed paging through Playboy but every time I did so, it depressed me. I'd look out my window and watch the neighborhood women wriggling by, and that depressed me too. I found them all beautiful. Too beautiful. They seemed beyond me, unattainable, even the not so beautiful ones. My confidence, never large to begin

with, dwindled further. I gave up writing and went back to jacking off fulltime. I sat in my room with the shades drawn. I stared at the walls. I went to the blood bank twice a week, traded my plasma for booze, cigarettes and bean soup...

I was sure many great men had suffered worse. But I never seemed to meet those men.

A thousand wide-eyed women, cocks in their mouths and up their asses, staring into the camera lens, staring out from the magazine racks...

My job was to run the register, push the movies and the mags, count inventory, and introduce the girls who gave the massages. The girls were called "models." They were kept corralled in a parlor upstairs. The stairs consisted of seven short steps, with a length of cheesy velvet drawn across the top--a demarcation line separating the simply curious from the seriously deviant--roughly 15 feet from the cash register, the cock-rings, the dildos, the love lotions, and me. The parlor was imitation turn of the century whorehouse, and the models were not to set foot from it. If the models left the parlor for any reason other than business in one of the private, backroom "boudoirs," where the massages and the hand jobs and the officially unspeakable took place, they were fired. They weren't allowed anywhere near the cash register for fear of theft.

The models were not to stray, the models were to stay put, the models were not, under any circumstances, to be trusted.

Their job was to lounge in the parlor, salivate, and attempt to look sexy. They could go to the bathroom if bowel or bladder called, but they couldn't dally in there, they had to hurry back to the parlor and resume their lascivious poses for the customers, for the buyers and the browsers. They were allowed to smoke, smoking was phallic, and phallic was good. They smoked incessantly. They were excellent smokers. They could really work their lips up and down those filters ...They were all off limits to the clerk. The Iranian guy trained me.

"Lupus, these women are she-devils. They are whores, they will sell their pussy for a dollar. Do not let them fool you. They will do anything to get you fired. They will prey upon your weaknesses. They will toy with you. They will offer you the blowjob, Lupus, they will pretend to be kind and caring. But do not believe it, do not accept. If you allow them to perform the blowjob, if you allow them to touch you, you will be fired. You will lose your job. The she-devils want you to lose your job. They love nothing more than to see you take the fall. It makes them feel they have the power. The she-devils have come to believe they are indispensable."

"Well, they are, aren't they?"

"Of course. But you must never let them know this. You must always make them believe they are expendable. That you are doing to them a great favor to allow them to sit naked in our parlor. And do not forget to curse them on occasion. Show to them their place. Show to them who is in control. If you do not do this, the she-devils will believe you to be soft. If they believe you to be soft, the she-devils will seize the power, they will grind into you their high pointy heels. You will be fired of your job. Do you understand what I tell you?"

"I understand."

He didn't seem too convinced.

"You must be certain of this. The she-devils are ingenious. The temptation to touch them will be great and unending. Your will must be iron. You must never weaken. Never. If you weaken, you will be fired. The she-devils will have beaten you."

"Never touch the she-devils, I got it." I glanced toward the parlor. There they sat, the she-devils, in varying degrees of undress, a blonde, a redhead and a brunette. All three were sprawled upon fat velvet loveseats, legs scissored high, stilettos dangling, nubile breasts spilling out of satin bras, or no bras at all. G-strings, crotchless panties, garters, garishly painted eyes, mouths smeared with lipstick, widened with wine, sexy, lascivious, maddening. The sort of

harpies who were forever calling sailors to their doom. The brunette had a sucker in her mouth. She winked at me. My cock rose. Instinct would be my undoing.

I found myself moving forward, one step, two steps, three, pulled toward her as if by a magnet, zombie-like, erect.

The clerk caught me by the collar, wheeled me around. "Do not look at them!" he warned.

"Do not think of them! Look upon the she-devils only when necessary, only when introducing them to the swine and the perverts. And then you must quickly look away. If they speak your name upon their vile lips, you must cover tight your ears as well as your eyes! You must not listen to their song!"

"They're beautiful," I said.

"They are she-devils!" the clerk insisted. "You must not weaken!"

The guy was a fucking kook. If these women were the taloned concubines of the damned, then hell wasn't a bad place to be. Had Satan suddenly appeared waving a contract, I would have signed away my soul away without a second thought.

"They're beautiful," I said. "The she-devils are beautiful."

"Beautiful, yes. And you are a fool."

Fair enough.

He showed me how to work the register, run the credit cards through, record video rentals. I didn't catch most of it. I couldn't concentrate knowing that twelve feet away those magnificent she-sluts of Hades were letting it all hang out, dangling the apple and the dream--to hell with Eden.

"I'm not too good with these sort of things," I said.

"I will show you again. You must get it right. If you are a penny off, they will fire you."

"Okay."

He went over it with me again, from the beginning, including his word of warning concerning the she-devils.

"Do you understand?" he asked.

I nodded.

"You must be certain," he said.

"I got it. No problem." I could see that naked brunette in the round surveillance mirror above the clerk's head. Also the blonde and the redhead. The blood kept rushing from my brain to my cock, skewing all hope of concentration.

"Good then," the clerk said. "I am out of here."

"How's that?" I wasn't sure what he meant. I had an idea, though.

"I am out of here. I am gone. I am quit."

"Oh," I said. "Okay..."

He grabbed his hat, stared brazenly at the she-devils, crossed himself then bolted for the door. There was a flash of sunlight. Then the door banged shut and it was dark and cave-like again. I stared at the door. That fucker wasn't coming back.

I looked at the lovely she-devils. The she-devils looked at me. I cleared my throat:

"Hey, do any of you girls know how to run a cash register?"

Three hours later, I was fired.

It was the brunette's fault.

####

If you dug the above chapter and want to read the rest of *Meat Won't Pay My Light Bill...or check out the other mind-expanding offerings from Time Skin Media, visit www.timeandskin.com*

Middle artwork is a reproduction of "We Can't See the Sky", by Kurt Eisenlohr





Photo: Austin Warnock

Overcoming the Hype of the Vivian Girls

The Vivian Girls are quite a hot commodity these days. Within less than a year, they have jumped from playing smallish shows for handfuls of people to getting a fair amount of radio interplay and rave reviews in both small zines and large tabloids.

It's a fresh sight to see a band with true vision and originality to slip through the cracks of the well-oiled commercial commodity of modern music.

Near the end of last year's West Coast tour, Cassie took a moment to answer our questions.

The Red Telephone: What's the story behind the band?

Cassie Ramone: Me and Frankie started the band in March 2007 and shortly thereafter asked Katy to join. We spent 2 months practicing and played our first show in May 2007. For about a year we just worked really hard playing shows, booking tours, recording demos and silk-screening shirts, and then we released our album on Mauled By Tigers and it was instantly picked up by In The Red.

RT: With your name in obvious reference to Henry Darger, I'll cross off the age-old "How did that name come about?" question...so in light of that, what would be the most canned question you have to answer?

CR: The Henry Darger question did get old pretty quickly, actually, especially since none of us are Darger-philies. We just thought it was a cool name. The other questions we hate being asked are about indie pop influences (we don't consider ourselves indie pop)

and the fact that we're women (aside from our band name, we try not to play up the fact that we're all girls).

RT: The songs really appear as compact, collected packages. I would like to ask about the intertwining vocals and the music. The songs are all at the same time loose and focused. How is the songwriting handled? Does it happen at once, in parts?

CR: I write a bunch of our songs by myself and then the band fleshes it out in practice and VivianGirls-ize it by adding different harmonies and stuff. Our other songs are written more as a team, like someone else would think of a bass line or something and then we all work together making it a song. I think song structure is something that's important to all of us so that's what we focus on the most.

RT: So describe your band's sound using a series of arranged colors...

CR: I think our music sounds lightweight and happy upon first listen but it is actually really sad, so I would make a bull's-eye with some golden yellows and warm magentas on the outside and deep navy blues and dark grays and maroons as you go inwards, but then the very inner circle would be golden yellow again because I don't think we've given up all hope just yet.

RT: What in the van is keeping you content on your recent Left Coast Journey?

CR: When we went to the West Coast we had in the

car the Nirvana biography (Come As You Are), issues of Vice and Spin, a few comic books and everyone's iPods. We would mostly just listen to music on one of our iPods and talk to each other or someone would read in the back seat.

RT: What are your upcoming plans? More recording, touring?

CR: Both! We are touring extensively until the summer and we are also going to record our second album in March, hoping for a September release date. Then we're gonna relax and hang out with our friends in Brooklyn.

RT: In the bigger sense of things...where do you hope to see the Vivian Girls fit?

CR: I just wanna overcome the hype, if you will, and have people look at us as just a band.

RT: Finally, if you could play one show with any lineup, at any place and time? What would it be?

CR: The Ramones circa '76 and the Wipers circa '80.. at a weird Manhattan high rise loft with a surprisingly good sound system.

So there you are, The Vivian Girls. Another it band for the lost generation.



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A glance inside artistic creativity and other thoughts while interview Mirsoslav Wanek

Uz Jsme Doma formed in the Czech border city of Teplice in 1986. Their music can be loosely categorized as progressive rock, although they have often been labeled with such diverse adjectives as punk, jazz, and even Slavic tone provocation. But unlike punk and jazz, their music is precisely composed with a frequently shifting line-up continuing the musical legacy by learning to play the band's fierce yet intricate compositions by studying sheet music prepared by Miroslav Wanek, who has been the mainstay of Uz Jsme Doma longer than anyone else, having joined very close to its inception. As of June 2008, the latest incarnation of the band is still touring widely, with a new studio album in the works.

Robert Zverina: Please explain Uz Jsme Doma.

Miroslav Wanek: [The phrase] Uz jsme doma [oosh-smeh-doe-ma] in Czech has two meanings: one is what a family says when they return from a trip. After a whole day walking, they finally get home, they plunk their bags on the floor, and gasp out: Finally we are home--uz jsme doma! At the same time, it can be what someone says when they finally grasp a meaning that someone has been trying to explain--"Now I understand. Now I get it." Uz Jsme Doma, the band name, was founded under the second meaning, but of course, ideas of home and house prove to be a part of our game, our design, and even our philosophy.

Z: What is the Uz Jsme Doma philosophy?

W: To stay apart from fashion, to respect very simple things, to understand that art is not a way to show your ego, but your soul. Art is not a way to make your life easy or interesting, it's a service. Tradition (home) is not in conflict with progressivity (trips).

ZVERINA: What does home mean to you?

WANEK: Home is a place where you like to return, where you feel safe because you understand it, and because you grew up there. Home could be a new place, if you find safety there and you connect with it. A house could be a symbol for home, but not necessarily a literal house--that "house" could be the heart or the eyes of a lovely person. It could be a countryside, your national history, or just a dream.

A house is a good symbol, because it's built. That's an important detail about a home. There is a saying: birth a child, build a house, and plant a tree--the three most important things to do for human civilization. The roof is a symbol of human emancipation from nature; and the tree shows humility to nature as well.

ZVERINA: Who and what has influenced your work?

WANEK: Musically, I was influenced by the Damned, Ebba Grön, the Dead Kennedys, the Residents, Pere Ubu, Chrome, Art Bears, Uriah Heep, Omega, Flamingo [a Czech band from the 1960s], and many others. But I was never a good listener and I didn't own any [music] player until a few years ago. So my knowledge of these bands is very small. My influences from literature are much stronger.

Your question says, "Who and what," and that "what" is much more important in my life: My grandfather, who started to paint when almost seventy and who bought me my first electric organ, even though he didn't like "loud" rock music. My classmates at glass school in Nový Bor [a Northern Czech city known for its art glass museum and training institute], who played the songs of Jaroslav Hutka for me, which was when I started to respect song lyrics. My girlfriends, who taught my heart pain. And of course the system here . . . stupidity lies everywhere. Living in that huge prison was a big influence on my work and my way of thinking.

ZVERINA: With pressure to succeed financially and social trends pushing people towards uniformity in lifestyle, how is the independent artist supposed to survive?

WANEK: Like always. It depends to your own power and will. Pressure makes life difficult and less comfortable, but it's not supposed to induce the message. If you are a postman, you have to deliver the letter. Of course it's nice when the weather is nice and when the consignee is living close and on flat countryside, but sometimes he's living in the desert, sometimes on the mountains far away. Sometimes it rains, and sometimes it freezes. Does it change the postman's job? Not if he understands his role. He has to deliver the letter. People are so fascinated by artists' diaries and biographies, always trying to discover how it was possible, where is the secret, and was it so simple? All artists need to deliver the letter to consignees. Could they throw it away? Sure. Could they escape? Sure. Could they ask someone else to do it? Sure. Many of them do it that way. But some of them do not.

ZVERINA: The Czech Republic is now in the European Union. How do you feel about that?

WANEK: I like it. I vote "yes." I hate borders, I hate the system of customs. Even though many things are changed, that result--not having borders, not needing work permits, not dealing with ATA carnets [customs documents that deal with tax- and duty-free imports]--is all great for low prices. I have no idealistic image about European officers and politicians--many of them will be worse and more bureaucratic than they are here or maybe even worse than they were in the communist system, but still, they have no power to kill you, to arrest you, and to check your every step.

ZVERINA: Since 1986, Uz Jsme Doma have played almost two thousand concerts all over the world. How does the response differ from place to place?

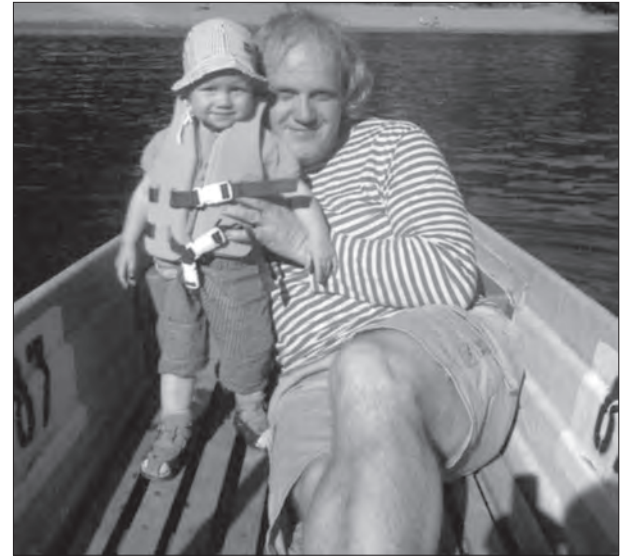
WANEK: Borders are really just a technical thing and have nothing to do with people. People are good or bad, sensitive or phlegmatic, open or closed, nice or wise, generous or griping. . . . People are individual. Each of our concerts, no matter where, is visited by some amount of individual people and they act somehow, respond somehow, and collaborate somehow. That's why each concert is unique and special.

ZVERINA: You have said elsewhere that Uz Jsme Doma are three things: music, words, and visuals. How do these three elements work together?

WANEK: These three things are all just the instruments, the ways to talk. But "the heart" is what is said, or what is attempted. Each instrument has its benefits or drawbacks. Visual art shows the form and colors -- it evokes your visual experience. In the confrontation between the painter's visual experience and your visual experience is the tension and dialogue. What is a problematic about visual art is that form usually evokes some entity. That's why modern art tended to abstraction; painters wanted to break that causality and add their own imagination and message. Of course, at that time it started to be impenetrable for many people. Martin Velisek uses some combination of both methods. His pictures are both concrete and abstract, and I like that.

Music is a space, it's coming from different dimension. It's fully abstract, with no connection to any visual or verbal experience. It's spiritual, metaphysical and of course many times again impenetrable.

I like to use a combination of all these three methods as an instrument for my message. What is a mistake from a lot of critics and audiences is to feel Uz Jsme Doma primarily as a music band. I never really



intended that combination: I never wanted to be either musician or poet, but I had something to say and these three things seemed to be a good method of saying it to more people.

ZVERINA: Your own work has included theatrical collaboration with the Residents, a pop-up book with Martin Velisek, and scoring for film and animation. What do these various projects have in common? What are some of the advantages and disadvantages of collaboration between art forms?

WANEK: Each thing came independently, but we were always open to any of these collaborations and it's true that we are even investigating other collaborations. What those two projects (and I will add cartoon movies with Aurel Klimt or documents with Vaclav Kucera) have in common is that we met good friends with very similar antenna adjustments. We helped each other finish projects that we couldn't finish independently.

The pop-up book was my project for celebrating Uz Jsme Doma's tenth anniversary (it ended up celebrating the eleventh one). I tried to make a book about the band that wasn't full of sordid photos, stories about how the band met, ("I met John at school, we smoked pot in the toilet, and in between peeing and shitting we got the idea to be rockers . . .") and how often they were drunk or how many girls they took. I wrote a script for each page, and I found that the best form for this "historical information" would be a book with a lot of pictures. I had three choices: an art book with Martin's pictures (collections of posters, covers, T-shirts, etcetera) and some short writings about the band; a comic strip; a pop-up book. I chose the last because it matched the friskiness of our music. Even the form holds information about the band's history.

ZVERINA: What are you working on now?

WANEK: I am working on music score for movie based on a fairytale called LAJKA, directed by Aurel Klimt. Martin Velisek works on the design. It is animated musical, 19 songs will appear there. The story is about animals living on far planet.

I just finished work on a triple CD of Fourth Price Band (FPB) material, that was my former band and one of the first Czech punk bands ever. Right now, I started to teach on FAMU (University Movie Academy), I am already teaching on University of Tomas Bata in Zlin and I am working on my poetry book release for next year. I write score for second row of animated series called Krysaci (Rats), I am preparing several books based on that story and music score book for kids. Major work till the end of this year (2008) is to write completely new stuff for UJD new album, which hopefully will be released in April next year. The theme of album will be „Caves“ with all associated meanings you can imagine. And touring and touring. Right now we are going to Poland and Slovakia, in December to Japan and in March to France. And of course a lot of Czech shows as well. You can see my schedule is quite a full.

ZVERINA: With all the bad news in the world today, what gives you hope?

WANEK: Love.



HEIR IST THE KNAST!



Photo: John Behr

Aber...wo bist du?

While the power pop label might have been the hip term of early 2006, that ship has left harbor and now seems awash in commercial buggery. Disguised ads shadowing the end of a once promising future.

Luckily, The Knast avoid such tedium and live large and in charge with their infectious sound system. The band is quite a lovely brand of immediate song prowess and grit. These lads would fit in nicely with other West Coast groups like Apache, The Nice Boys or even the Makes Nice. At the same time, they could exist on guineas, shillings and ivory across the pond. But in the most true state, they create an experience all their own.

We decided in lieu of a formal [*ahem*] article parsing out policy stances and other such monstrosities, we would hold a simple, concise question and answer to get down to the nitty gritty of what this band is all about.

So check 'em out out live or pick up their 7" or soon to be released full length. Either way its a different trip, but still all quite one and the same. You'll either be grooving in your shoes or skating around your mind with your headphones pumping the now sound of this wonderful act!

RT: What records have you been digging on?

AJ: For current releases, I would have to say "The Last Shadow Puppets". Obviously retro, but spot on the whole way thru! Smiths - The Queen is Dead, The Replacements - Sorry Ma and any Trojan Comp!

RT: What's the meaning behind the name?

AJ: The word Knast literally means "prison" but more like a slang term...So either the name is some metaphor, that everyone of us are in our own little personal "prison".....or it just looks cool.

RT: Who's who and what do they do?

AJ: Vox and guitars, Shane: Bass and vox. Benz: drums

RT: How would you want a music writer to describe your band's sound?

AJ: Traditional group sounds, yet distinctive and familiar. Sounds like they've got a good record collection.

RT: New Releases or plans for 2009?

AJ: Recording. Gonna get a full length together this winter, with Kurt Bloch. And another West Coast tour, fer shure.

RT: If you could play your music for any one person. Who would it be and what do you hope they'd say?

AJ: Mick Jones..."pass the spliff".



VENTURE INSIDE THE PISS SCENE

Catatonic Youth are a mystery. Not of the Jules Verne, fevered hype type, but more in the form of a mysterious smoking figure in the dark corner of some terminal bar.

When I met up with Diltz Barrett, he described the band as reductive punk rock. Quickly listing his influences such as the SST noise roster, the Wipers and other bands like Flipper. Discontent with merely resurrecting the void, he is taking these influences, crushing them to pulp and using that to create something otherworldly.

Catatonic Youth had their beginnings in 2007 when Diltz was traveling to Germany and stayed with his uncle. While he worked at job, he was busy crafting the first record. While taking the time to write it, he soon returned from his six month Continental stay. Diltz and Ray Wilcox were able to record the songs he wrote and eventually put out the record, drum machine in tow.

But unlike many songwriters, these are not biographies of a windswept day chasing a long lost summer fling. Take Barrett out of the equation and dig them on their own level or your level, or whatever you may wish.

"I don't present a lot of myself. It's meant to let them create their own thing. Musically its really reductive and one single vibe," explained Barrett. "Its up to them to pick up what they want to take away from it. It has really nothing to do with me."

Their record has long been sold out, with Diltz only having a few spare copies for himself. Their songs are immediate, neurotic and catchy. Much like the members themselves, they appear before you and disappear by the time you turn around, lurking back into some dark cavernous space.

The band is unlike much that is happening in the city, at least above ground. The most exciting noise also seems to be the subterranean.

"There is an influx of good bands, but they're not from Seattle, they're from Olympia," rasped Barrett. "But I think what's happening here is disgusting."

His disdain for other groups, especially the more harmonious, flower power set was clear. He is definitely not here to make friends or enjoy the rainbows of the mind's eye.

"Any kind of band that is whistling at me with rehashed stuff from the 60s is disgusting," continued Barrett. "Like Tiny Vipers, Fleet Foxes or any of that. It's the cornerstone of what disingenuous is."

The people who are into unearthing the underground have been snapping up their debut *Piss Scene 7*" for over a year, despite a lack of many formal shows, promo photos or the usual prerequisites of a band trying "to make it." Like anything good and great, its up to you find them.

Catatonic Youth are preparing to release another record early this year. It'll probably take the shape of 12" EP.

"The stuff I'm writing recently is either the most depressingly desperate sounding, but also has a Guided by Voices vibe," illuminated Barrett. "Its either really positive or incredibly negative."

And that kinda sums up the Catatonic Youth in a way. Not extreme in the neon-colored, surfer way, but definitely not a mellow act. A band which is pushing beyond, when most bands are simply content with writing recycled jingles. Track down the band, you won't regret finding it!

"I think we're going through a lull right now where a lot of bands will come through the woodwork that will be successful," said Barrett. "Its only after their demise, that anything fun will happen. I like to think what I'm trying to do will be fun."

FORGOTTEN ROCK LEGENDS

PART 2

BY PLASTIC CRIMEWAVE



I HAVE A FELLOW HISTORIAN PAL WHO ALWAYS REFERRED TO THE DAILY FLASH AS THE BEST SAN FRANCISCO BAND NOT FROM S.F., AND HE'S RIGHT. THE ROOTSY FOLK-PSYCH GROUP HAD UNLIKELIER BEGINNINGS IN 1965 SEATTLE, WHERE THEY WERE IN HARSH CONTRAST TO THE BURGEONING 'FRATROCK' SCENE POPULATED BY GYRATING TEENS WHO DUG THE SONICS & THE KINGSMEN'S BRAND OF SCREAMING ROCK N' ROLL. THIS QUARTET OF OUTCASTS HAD ROOTS IN BLUEGRASS, JAZZ, CLASSICAL, FOLK & THE MELODICISM OF THE BRITISH INVASION - LIKE MANY OTHER WEST COAST BANDS OF THE ERA. DON MACALLISTER (MANDOLIN, BASS), DOUG HASTINGS (GUITAR), JOHN KELIEHOR (DRUMS) & STEVE LALOR (GUITAR) BECAME SEATTLE'S FIRST BOHEMIAN PSYCHEDELIC BAND I SUPPOSE, ATTRACTING FREAKS OF ALL VARIETIES & PUTTING ON D.I.Y. SHOWS AT OLDER HALLS - EVEN HAND-PAINTING THEIR OWN GIG POSTERS. THE BAND WENT OVER HUGE DOWN IN LA ON THE STRIP, CARTING THEIR 1ST BLISTERING 45 'JACK OF DIAMONDS' (B/W THE LOVELY VERSION OF 'QUEEN JANE APPROXIMATELY') WITH THEM IN 1966. THEY GIGGED WITH ALL THE HEAVIES FROM QUICKSILVER TO COUNTRY JOE, THE SEEDS TO BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD - WHO POACHED HASTINGS AS A REPLACEMENT FOR NEIL YOUNG, KELIEHOR HAD ALREADY LEFT IN MAY 1967, SO THE GROUP STRUGGLED ON & THEIR 2ND FAB SINGLE, WHICH HAD THEIR GORGEOUS VERSION OF 'VIOLETS OF DAWN' (WHICH I HEARD ON A 'NUGGETS' AND WAS HOOKED) TANKED. THEY ADDED CRAIG TARWATER ON GUITAR AND TONY DEY ON SKINS - THIS TIME AROUND THERE WERE LOTS OF SEATTLE PSYCH BANDS TO PLAY WITH, BUT THEY CALLED IT A DAY IN 1968. HASTINGS FORMED RHINOCEROS, LALOR & KELIEHOR STARTED POPCORN WHO BECAME BODINE. SEEK OUT THE FLASH, FOR TRUE GENIUS.

SEE PLASTICCRIMEWAVE.COM FOR MORE ILLUSTRATIONS & MUSICS.

