

\$2

The Fringe



WUMBLE

L7

melvins



BLÜCHUNKS

arcata's

HUNK OF FUNK.

The Aaron Muentz
Experience

ISSUE 1

I remember earlier that day Anne laid out in the sun too long and got a sunburn. I said "You're all red, you got a sunburn!" She said "It's okay I like the sun. I knew this would happen. It doesn't bother me". Later that night we were at Garlex and I was making her a pizza. She said, "I want to go through the oven with the pizza". I told her not to, but when Anne decides she wants to do something she doesn't listen to anybody. When she came out her skin was brown, she was sitting Indian style eating her pizza. She didn't look good and I felt guilty for letting her go through the oven. I got mad and tried to reason with her. "Your skin is all brown. That can't be good for you! And you're a smoker, I bet that heat was horrible on your lungs! Do you realize that's 450° in there! That's more than 4 times 100°!!" This just annoyed her and she looked up at me and said, "Sometimes you just have to do it. Don't think about things so much! I like the oven". Dismayed I decided not to reason with her. I was thinking of calling her mom or a hospital. Then Anne got this scared look on her face as her skin started to flake off and with-in seconds the rest of her face and body melted and slumped into a steaming pile of flesh and bones. I couldn't even puke and the only thing I could think about was how stupid she was and how much I would miss her. She was only 16.

Aaron (12-6-91)

That's my first ever attempt at fiction thanks to Erica Jayle who called (collected) yesterday and asked me to write her a story - "just anything". Anyway, I kind of like it as I'm using it to fill the last available page in this zine. If you want send your own short stories and poems and I'll print stuff I like in future issues. ~~Repeating~~

Probe #2 is already more than half done. It should have a flexi too. (send \$2 To get on the mailing list)

Sorry about those premature classified ads in MRR and Flipside. This issue was actually completed last August and I had no idea the lay-out would take so long. (Chris's computer broke then he went on vacation etc.) I'm buying a used Mac 512K so I can do ~~the~~ future layouts myself and there won't be another delay like that.

thanks Aaron

THE PROBE

FRONT AND BACK COVER
PHOTOS: Maggie Johnson

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Dave Bond

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office space) R.J. Printing, and Todd
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STAFF

J.D. Vargas: did almost all the
typing, drank a lot of beer, dropped
some acid, wrote a couple of things,
and thought up the title.

Rich Hosey: had planned do his
own zine, but was asked to join the
Probe for his concert photos and his
L7 interview.

Aaron Muentz: wrote, did inter-
views, put everything together and
masturbated a lot.

The Probe
PO Box 5068
Pleasanton, Ca 94566
(510)606-7341

The Probe is printed on paper that
used to be something else. (Besides
a Tree)

FUTURE ISSUES: In the next issue, interviews with Lisa Suckdog, The Accused, Liquid Courage, Tyrranicide, The Fuckboyz, As If, and Mark Pauline of Survival Research Laboratories are in the works. I have also interviewed a sexist male egotist asshole and intend on interviewing a New York lesbian stripper because I think they each have interesting things to say that might even lead to a lively letters section. Zine and album/tape reviews will continue, however, we will not be sticking to any set format or be exclusive to anything, so if you have something you think should be in here just let us know.

ADD SPACE: how 'bout \$10 per quarter page? If you're a small band or label strapped for cash and we just think your ad looks cool or you send us weird stuff or if your naked or if we think you're really cool then it's negotiable.

Next issue Gary Otley will be taking over the men's advice column so send in your questions and concerns to: "Hey Gary!" c/o The Probe. Gary is a scummy 24 year old unemployed alcohol guitarist who rides a motorcycle and wears a cap with the word CUNT printed in big letters across the upturned bill. (that is not a new trend - only Gary can get away with it) He is also well known and respected for his infinite wisdom on all matters concerning manliness.

Erika Craig (not the Hunk of Funk groupie Erica, my roommate Erika) has expressed interest in writing a sex advisory column for both men and women as well as bisexuals, so send her some ideas for discussion. She is serious about sex, not to be taken lightly. Also Todd McNeill is on a quest for a girlfriend. Anyone willing to help or volunteer please write Todd c/o The Probe. This is not a joke. Your responses will not appear in the next issue.

AARON'S REALLY COOL GUY COLUMN

Those of you who have known me for the past year have probably been impressed by how really cool I am. Even if you've only just met me once or twice, I'm sure I made it a point to let you know just how really cool I am. In fact, if you've never met me before, I'm sure a lot of other people have told you what a truly cool guy I am. However, I've decided to change my image. From now on, instead of being really cool, I'm going to be really cheesy. I'm doing this because I think being cheesy is the next really cool trend. Kind of like how last year all of the really cool long haired rockers shaved the sides of their heads, started listening to Primus and became nice sociable happy people. In case you missed it, the really cool trend this year was to grow a goatee and dress scummy, but too many really cool guys couldn't grow a good goatee, so it died. Big black Adidas tennis shoes were also cool, but only I knew it (because I'm so cool). Next year, everything will be cool except for the ever popular safety cuts, wanna be skanks, and people who tell other people what's cool, unless you're cheesy (that's cool.) I'm cheesy. I'm cool. Really cool.

HUNK OF FUNK

REAL MEN WITH REAL GROUPIES

Aaron-Allright you guys, we're gonna do the Hunk of Funk interview.

Erica- O.K. We'll shut up now.

Aaron- No. I want you to talk. I don't want to do this interview by myself. So think of some questions to ask.

Erica- Shit, I don't know what to ask. How often do you guys masturbate?

Aaron-Excellent question!

Cheese-About every two and a half hours I find works really well for me. I'm on the Richard Simmons Deal A Meal. He calls and tells me when to masturbate.

Tom-Jeez, we're doing it again. We're gonna get in trouble. (referring to the horrible quotes used in the Hunk of Funk article printed in the Lumberjack)

Erica-(Picks up Lumberjack article) What? You guys are all philosophy majors?

Cheese-No, the whole thing was a joke. (Everyone talks about the Lumberjack article, Cheese thanks Erica and Lisa for laughing at the ridiculousness of it.)

Erica-You guys look like you have so much fun up there on stage, totally.

Cheese-We do.

Lisa-I know we have a good time!

Erica-Do you guys like, check out



Kilt-clad Hunk of Funk bassist Andre LaVelle, says he loves the feeling of having his mike shoved in his mouth. (Quote and Photo courtesy of The Lumberjack)

everybody jamming out?

Cheese-I can't see a thing.

Erica-Really? That's too bad because you should see some of these chicks just totally funk out.

Cheese-I knew by the end there were a lot of people out there. I could see a lot of bodies.

Aaron-How serious do you take HF? When you finish school here, do you think it will end?

Cheese-No, we want it to continue! Ain't nothin' but a party y'all!

Aaron-Do you have HF merchan-

dise?

Cheese-You want something to advertise? We're coming out with shirts.

Aaron-Is that why that artist guy was here today?

Cheese-In the bathrobe. Ha, ha!

Aaron-What did he come up with?

Cheese-Oh, I don't know.

It's a surprise! (laughter)

Send \$5 to 964 9th St., Apt. #6, Arcata Ca. 95521.

Cool shirt. Trust me.

Erica-You guys playing at the Ritz?

Cheese-No. We're not going to because they want us to...

Erica-change your lyrics?

Cheese-and turn down and play quietly.

Erica-Seriously?!

Cheese-And play only

dance music

Lisa-Ahhhhh! No!

Erica-Don't. Don't.

Cheese-(into tape recorder) Fuck censorship!!

(Mingled, indecipherable conversational mahem ensues)

Aaron-Why funk?

Tom-Ask James Brown.

Aaron-So, how often do you guys masturbate?

Tom-I masturbate three times a day.

Aaron-That's pretty good. I'd be

proud of that.
Cheese- I masturbate as often as possible.
Tom-So what newspaper is this interview for?
Aaron-It's not. It's for my 'zine, The Probe.
Tom-Cool. Right on.
Aaron-What other bands have you been with?
Tom-Uh, Dicks Like You. The Clams.
Aaron-Do you just go to school here or have you lived here all your life?
Tom-Just go to school here.
Aaron-What do think will happen to Hunk of Funk after school is over for you?
Tom-Drug addictions, nasty operations and early deaths, I hope. I don't know. Probably go to hell.
Aaron-That's bleak. What's the best thing that could happen?
Tom-Uh, we'd get stuck on a Bahamas island the same time they're doing the Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue and we'd be the only guys on the island. All those women would be completely undersexed.(laughter) Either that, or like a female hyperactive retreat or something.
Aaron-Is this stuff you masturbate about? (laughter)
Erica- It must be!
Tom- Actually, barn animals.
Anything that doesn't speak the same language.
Erica-Parlex vous Francais? Ha,ha.
Tom-Hable Italiano?
Erica-Ah, sure. If you guys get big, do you think it will go to your head?
Tom-If we got big, it would be the biggest joke. It would be the dumbest thing. I'd have no respect for any of u s .
Erica-You don't think so, huh?
Don't you think you will?
Tom-Get big. Oh, sure, no doubt about it. (sarcastic voice) With me in the band? Come on! (conversation starts up with people across the room)
Erica-Whoah!!
Tom-This stuff is strong, huh? What

the hell are we listening to? Miles Davis? Sorry. (changes it)
Aaron-If you could resurrect anybody from the dead, who would it be?
Tom-Oh wow!
Erica-Say Jimi Hendrix. Come on, your a guitar player, say Jimi Hendrix.
Tom-I can't stand him.
Aaron-Shut up!
Erica-Oh man. Oh man. No way. He's my favorite.
Aaron- If not Jimi, who?
Tom-Shit. Who's god?
Aaron-What is this obsession here with coffee while you drink? It's just as important as beer around here. !
Cheese-Better than speed I guess. It's legal and all.
Erica-(yells to George across the room) George! You have to say something on here, too.
George-Hi.
Erica-You said enough last interview. They kept quoting you,"Beer, beer, boobs, free beer, free beer!"
George-I'm not going to even talk a bout that thing anymore.
Erica- Are you guys vegetarians?
All-Not.
Erica-So you guys all have nicknames. Your name is Headcheese, right. (uproarious laughter)
Tom-I like it!
Erica-What's yours?
Tom-Well, they call me the Love God. I don't know why.
Erica-Love God? (to George) What's yours? (didn't hear) So Ben's is Headcheese!
Cheese-No. Just Cheese, alright?
Erica-Oh, sorry.
ChuckW-He's just the Cheese!
Cheese-They call me Kahn... Gengas (laughter)
Erica-Sure. (to George) So you don't have one?
George-What?
Cheese-The G Man. Ice G. Yeah, Ice G.
Tom-Ice G! Ice G!
George-(raps) I'm Ice G and I'm here to say, I'm gonna bust a rap in each and every way.

Erica- You look like a rapper. You should do rap at the Ritz.
Tom- We'd get the shit kicked out of us at the Ritz. No doubt about it. That's a hick town.
Erica-They'd be," Are these guys for real? Are they really here in front of us?" (Everybody starts to rip on Eureka.)
Aaron- (to Erica) Your pants are fantastic!
Erica- No shit. You know, this guy came up to me, he was all,"I like your pants!" and I'm like (down voice) "Yeah, I know." Making me all self-conscious about it, man.
Aaron- It's not just that they're see through, but they have those big laces down the side and your not wearing underwear.
Lisa-Whoo!
Erica-Yeah, yeah, I know. That's pretty obvious. But I was thinking they were see-through yesterday and I thought,"Ah no, they're not. Don't worry about it." I was going to wear boxers underneath them.
Aaron-No. Don't.
Erica- I don't like underwear. They're too constricting.
Aaron- Yeah.
Erica- They are, seriously. I have like one pair of underwear to my name. (we talk about Erica's clothes)
Lisa-Can I have a copy of this tape?
Erica-You're not getting much HF on this.
Aaron-I know. I think this will be an interview with you.
Erica-Ha,ha! Well, this chick. She goes to every show... I think I've seen these guys every time they've played.
Aaron-Have you?
Erica-Well, almost, yeah. I really like them a lot.
Aaron-Who's your favorite band member?
Erica-I like them all. There's just something about each one of them that's just all-you know. I just go right up there and start dancing. I just love funky music. These guys are really funky.(to taperecorder) But I really like them and my name

is Erika Jade(starts laughing) Aaron- That's gonna be in there.

Erica-No, scratch that.

Aaron-Put your address in there.

Erica-I don't have an address.

Aaron-Just wherever?

Erica-Yeah, well next month send me a copy to Buffalo.

Aaron-you're going to New York?

Erica-Yeah, that's where I grew up.

This is going to be an interview with me. "Well I met this girl there and"

No please don't...you can use some.

Aaron-I'll be selective

Erica-Will you take off your hat? Do you have a Mohawk or what? (take off hat)

Lisa-Whoah!

Erica-Whoah, let me see the back of it. Wow, where do you live?

Aaron-Bay Area (we talk about it)

Erica-Did George invite you up here?

Aaron-No. I invited myself. I called them.

Erica-Really, when are you here till?

Aaron-Saturday

Erica-Oh, you just came up to see the band and do an interview or just hang out?

Aaron-Thats why I'm here now. I wanted to come and see what it's like.

(Lisa and Erica talk about Arcata and the abundance of Deadheads. Then Cheese jumps on Tom and they roll around on the bed.)

Tom-That was the most interesting thing that happened all day. (Tom gets up and leaves room)

Erica-Now he's going to go to the bathroom and think about cows and masturbate.

Rebeca-(audible across the room for the first time) Include that in your interview somehow. (Tom returns)

Erica-Are you guys gonna make a tape?

Tom- Yeah, sometime. We were torn between making a tape or making T-shirts. (laughter)

Erica- Make a tape!

Tom- I want a T-shirt (indecipherable 5-way conversation about tapes and T-shirts that somehow leads to Erica making me promise not to

quote something she said)

Lisa-Can I have a copy of this?

Seriously though, I need it for my linguistics class. I need people conversing in a non-formal setting. Aaron-Allright.

Aaron- George. Is it just me or did you used to be about 20 to 30 pounds heavier?

George-45 pounds actually

Aaron- Your Amador football jersey reminded me of that.

Tom- (to George) You break that thing out of storage or what?

George-I thought the colors were cool.

Erica- I think I'm going to have to go home soon. I'm getting really tired.

But I'll put my mom's address on here. Send me a copy of this so I can remember Humboldt because I'll probably never live here again. (she starts to light her hand on fire with a cigarette lighter)

Aaron- Neat.

Erica- Back when I used to smoke cigarettes, I used to do this all the time. It would freak out my brothers. I'd say, "Look, magic." (puts lighter fluid on her hand and arm and lights it)

Tom- How can you do that?

Erica- You're not into burning your hand? I guess you're not an S&M type of guy.

Tom- Well, sure but...

Erica- Oh yeah. My address is...Shit. I forgot

Aaron- Hurry. It's the end of the tape there.

Erica- 598 E. Robinson, North Tonawanda, New York, 14120.

That's where I'm going to be all summer. Well, almost. I'm going to Arizona. Aaron- I'm going there next month.

Erica- I've never been to the desert and I'm really psyched to go there. (tape ends and by the time it gets turned over, Erica is telling someone about a cross-country bus trip)

Erica- I was at the Greyhound station and this guy comes up to me while I'm trying to read my book and he's all, (in drunk voice) "Hey, babeee. Where ya from and where

ya going?" and I'm all, "I'm from Venus and I'm going nowhere," and he goes, "What? You're from venus?!" and I'm all, "Yeah, I'm a Venusian." He was just this drunk weirdo and he took me serious and he goes, "You deserve your monthly check." Ya know, he was talking about SSI and that shit. Then he goes, "Why you down on planet Earth?" and I go, "To give weirdos like you scabies. I'm the one who brought them down here." So he goes, "Oh, stay away from me," and he left. So now I just tell weirdos I'm from Venus and I came to give the world scabies and I start scratching and everything and they stay back. It works.

Lisa- And you got that on tape.

Aaron-I wasn't listening. I'll hear it later I guess

Erica-It was about me being from Venus.

Aaron-That does sound good.

Erica-Did you know I was from Venus?

Aaron-Whoa! I thought you looked familiar. I'm from Venus, too.

Erica-Are you? What side, the red side or the blue side?

Aaron-It was just cloudy.

Erica-It was either the red side or the blue side.

Aaron-Oh, the red.

Erica-He's not sure! He's not from Venus. You don't know. I've been there! I'm from the blue side, can't you tell? Don't I give off that blue radiance?

Aaron-No, you look like your from the red side.

Erica-Bummer! The red people are weird, totally. I would never associate with them.

(people started to leave and I turned off the tape recorder, but after things settled down, I turned it back on to talk with George)

Aaron-What position did you play when you played football? (laughs)

George-I started both ways. I played offensive guard and outside linebacker. I lead the EBAL in quarterback sacks my senior year with 16. (I wasn't there long enough to remem-

Poetry

Dickfisterblister

some guys like to stick their dick
in their girlfriend's muffin
other guys like delicate girls
who are satisfied with nothin'
and some guys go to other guys
to do their lovin'

some girls like to grab a guy
and start fuckin'
other girls want respect and get nothin'
then there are girls who only eat muffins

i
do my own plumbin'
Aaron

Two Fuckers

she likes to do it on the floor
so the bed don't move no more
she likes to do it on the floor
so the neighbors can't hear us next door

i like to do it outside
so people can see me ride
i like to do it outside
so i can fuck with pride

she likes to do it on the ground
so she can hold me down
she likes to do it on the ground
so i can't look around

i like to do it on my knees
so i can feel the breeze
yeah, i like to do her from behind
i always have a real good time

we like it that way
we like it everyday
we like it that way
we wouldn't have it any other way
Aaron

Taste Your Maqic

Touch me when you come
I'll hold you when you're done
There's no need for me to help
When you do it to yourself
I care so much for you
All I want is to watch you spu
So work yourself real well
And your magic I will smell

Then when you are through
To prove my love to you
You know what I will do
I will lick the love inside of you
And you'll feel how deeply I care
While I thrust my tongue inside you
There

Aaron

Cookie Sandwich Lunch

she has a cookie to eat
but my cookie is the real treat
she thinks her cookie is sweet
but my cookie can't be beat!

my cookie is really wide
i carry my cookie with pride
and when she feels my cookie inside
i know she'll see the light

my cookie slides in tight
my cookie feels all right
my cookie makes her smile bright
my cookie stays up all night!

and when my cookie makes her come
i'll stick it between her buns
up there cookie can't see the sun
i call it the cookie sandwich lunch

COME ON!!

Aaron

Bad Weed

Touch the fear
I won't do this again
Hell forever
Is not worth the pleasure

I feel so sick inside
my mind
Can't tell the difference
Between the black of my life
Incredible pain
I sense it creeping and
grabbing Nothing I can do
Will stop the stabbing

Go to bed
tomorrow
I won't remember
The way I felt tonight
The fear is imaginary
Right?
Or did I just grasp the hell
That is my life

Aaron

Violent Pornography
Bloody Fornication
44 Magnum shoots its loving load
Eagerly received by Brain
Damaged
By true Love

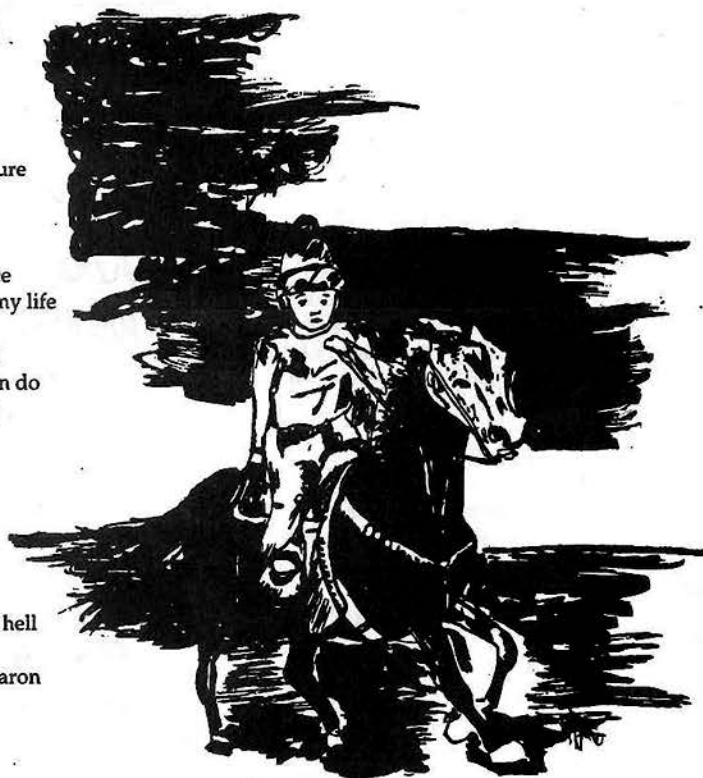
Jeff Stuckey

A Bloody Dress, A violent mess
Crime of Passion, or maybe justice
Sucked out Life, like mouth on Clitoris
I'll fuck your wounds, I'm deadly serious
Jeff Stuckey

Splutter

shot in the head
his mind explodes
and out of his skull
his brain goes
it falls on to the street
but his body still stands
he stands their headless
waving his hands
then he starts to run
he runs down the street
and you can hear his brains squish
under his feet
he's running headless
toward the man with a gun
and the gunman's gonna pay
for the damage he's done

Aaron



Handwritten signature: Medina Jinda

Melvins

MELVINS INTERVIEW AT CLUB 0, 7/24/91
DALE (DRUMS) & JOE (BASS) BY RICH & AARON

D-This is for Rolling Stone, right?
A-WHAT WAS THAT THING AT THE BEGGINING? (Refiring to slow, grinding long intro)
J-Hi! My name's Tom Wolf.
D-Uh, a song, I guess-I don't know
A-DO YOU GUYS ALREADY HAVE ANOTHER ALBUM RECORDED AFTER "BULLHEAD"?
J-Oh it's an ep.
A-IT'S CALLED EGGNOG, RIGHT?
J-Yeah.
A-BUT NOTHING OUT AFTER THAT?
J-No, not yet...There's another bootleg out.
R-WHICH ONE?
D-It's something that just came out. It's from the Peel Sessions we just recorded over in England.
R-WHEN WERE YOU IN ENGLAND?
D-We toured over there in January.
R-HOW'D THAT GO?
D-It was pretty good. Europe's really good! It's probably better than touring the states here. Germany's especially good. There's lots of clubs there. Every place has a really good P.A. They give you hotel rooms, lots of food...
R-WERE YOU PRETTY WELL KNOWN, THOUGH?
D-Yeah, actually it was really good. We do better over there, than we do around here.
R-WAS THAT WITH LORI OR JOE?
D-Lori.
R-WHAT'S THE REAL REASON WHY SHE LEFT THE BAND?
D-She's been ill the last couple of years and she's just not in shape to go on tour so she's kinda hanging out at home...And you can see her in the new Van Halen video. She's been doing film work and stuff. She sticks this big thing through this door. Next time you see the Van Halen video-it's her.
R-THAT'S FOR "POUNDCAKE", RIGHT?
J/D-Yeah, Yeah!
A-WHAT'S DUMBFOUNDED
D-The audience tonight was! They have this

dumb look on their faces when we were through. I don't know it's kinda weird, it seems like more people are coming to our shows around here, but sometimes they really get into it, and sometimes they just kind of got this dumb look on their face. It's like we don't really please them. We are not exactly your good-time rock n roll band I guess.
R-WELL, YOU BUILD THEM UP FROM (LISTENING TO) THE ALBUM, THEN YOU

Normally a photo would go here, but Rich was too busy taping their show to take photos. He got some of Dumbhead though.

LET 'EM DOWN-YOU TAKE IT SLOW-
THEY WANT IT NOW!
D-Yeah, we bum alot of people out, but that's okay, they deserve it!
R-SO IS THERE GOING TO BE A U.S. TOUR TO FOLLOW THIS RELEASE?
D-Yeah, we're going on tour in August for a long time-playing like 60 shows.
J-Not coming back till November or something.

D-October, November, I don't know...
A-CHANGING THE SUBJECT. IF A NICE YOUNG GIRL WISHED TO SPEND A ROMANTIC EVENING WITH A MEMBER OF THE MELVINS, WHO SHOULD SHE APPROACH, AND HOW SHOULD SHE APPROACH HIM?
J-(Quickly) Me, 'cause I'm not getting any!
D-Yeah! Have 'em approach Joe!
R-BUT THAT CAN'T BE, I THOUGHT THE GIRLS COME TO YOU TO GET THROUGH TO NIRVANA? (Joe roared for the Band)
J-They didn't do anything to get to Nirvana. It's not like I'm gonna take advantage of people.
R-I THOUGHT THAT WAS REALLY AMAZING AT THAT CATALYST SHOW WHEN THE BASS DRUM WAS SLIPPING AWAY AND YOU TOOK THAT MASSIVE CHAIN AND STUCK IT DOWN THERE.
D-Did Joe jump up there and anchor it down?
J-Yeah. Well, for awhile I just sat there-that happened 3 nights in a row. Dave would be "I don't think it's gonna slip tonight. It's got alot of carpet, I don't think it's gonna slip." And then they'd get to the first song and "I think it's slipping Joe! I think it's slipping!" so with the very last show on the tour I fanally went and bought some wood and nails, and nailed it down-the way it should've been done from the beginning.
D-I'm suprised he doesn't do that all the time. I have to do that all the time. Otherwise, you're in trouble...
A-IS THAT YOUR GIRLFRIEND IN THE FIRST BAND? (DUMBHEAD)
D-Yeah, she plays guitar.
R-I REMEMBER HER FROM THAT ONE SHOW-THE VOIVOID/SOUNDGARDEN SHOW AT THE STONE.
D-OH YEAH!?!
R-I REMEMBER SHE WAS WEARING A SPINAL TAP SHIRT AND THEY PLAYED "Big Bottom" THAT NIGHT...
D-Yeah! she didn't have any idea they were gonna play that song...
A-ARE YOU GUYS (DUMBHEAD) RE-
CORDING ANYTHING? (DALE PLAYED DRUMS FOR THEM THAT NIGHT)
D-They got something coming out on Communion Records sometime soon; a single. And maybe on this label called 'Nuff Said and also on a Homestead compilation that's coming out.
A-IS IT THAT LAST SONG THAT YOU DID? (THAT SONG FUCKING RIPPED)
D-No, that one's not recorded...it's some earlier stuff. They're still in the beginning stages of being a band, but they're on their way someplace, anyway. They can play!
R-ARE YOU GOING TO TRY TO MAKE BOTH BANDS YOUR OWN?
D-No, I'm just kind of temp right now for the band. They're looking for a drummer. There's no drummers in San Francisco that they can find that they want.



Keith

P) What was it like going back to Amador High and playing during lunch break?

Mike) The crowd was amazing.

J.D.) They were just so supportive, you know. We hit the stage and they just rushed up to greet us.

Keith) They knew all our songs.

J.D.) They were behind us every step of the way.

Keith) They pushed us.

J.D.) And when we were feeling a little down, they just gave that extra oomph we needed. One of our best shows. (the above statements were entirely sarcastic)

J.D.) (to Dawn) Do you live in Arcata?

Dawn) Yeah.

J.D.) Have you heard of Hunk of Funk?

Dawn) Yeah, I've seen them.

Mike) We're gonna do a show with them this summer.

Dawn) You are? Cool! (indecipherable talk follows)

Mike) Have we answered any questions, yet?

Keith) Yeah, but that shithead won't shut up. You can't hear anything we say. (Points to a guy on the couch who had been talking endlessly about the Grateful Dead and Yes. Aaron tells him if he likes those bands, he should go see L7 and the Melvins on Wednesday and they exchanged numbers so he could get a ride.)

P) So, has everybody in the band had sex with Keith?

Mike) No, Keith only has sex with himself.

Keith) Mikey, what about you and me last week?

Mike) No, that was you.

Keith) I guess I was just lost in fantasy. I have photos of every band member and I touch myself.

J.D.) Did you stick your finger up your anus?

Keith) Yes.

P) Did you use a rubber?

Keith) Yes.

Dead fan) Well, at least he was safe.

J.D.) You never know where you've been.

Keith) Yeah, I've been everywhere.

P) What's the band's motto?

Mike) It used to be "We play anywhere, anytime" but now it's "We play where we want, when we want".

P) If Dawn could learn anything about you, what would she want to know most?

J.D.) Maybe my hair care techniques.

Keith) J.D. does my hair.

J.D.) I do hairstyles. I do everybody's hair in the band.

Dead fan) What would you do with my hair?

J.D.) Well, for starters, shave your head. Then tar and feather you.

P) If you could shrink down into a microprobe and explore someone's anus, who's would it be? (question courtesy of the Bluchunks)

Keith) Well, as you know, I've already seen J.D.'s anus many times, so I think I'd like to try a girl's. I'd explore Dawn DeMarcus's anus.

J.D.) I think we'd all like to explore Dawn DeMarcus's anus.

Keith) We would be like one happy family. I think we might even want to play our next show in Dawn DeMarcus's anus. I think we could get everyone to show up as tiny microbes and we'll stick a PVC right up her ass. I think that would be one of our better shows.

J.D.) Definitely a better venue.

Keith) I've had too many beers.

J.D.) That's an oxymoron.

Keith) Pass me another beer.



Chris



Jeremy

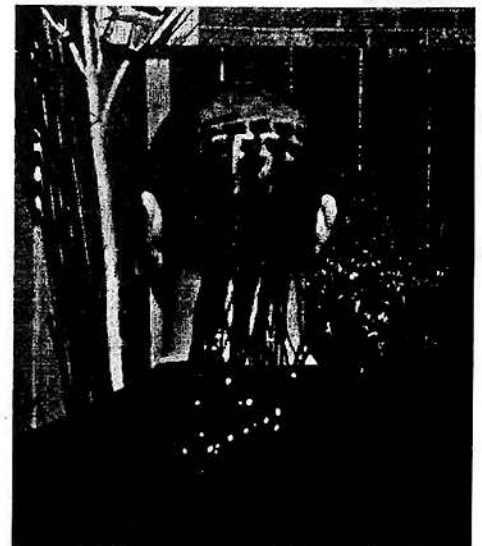


J.D.

HAVING FUN IN CHICO

After the A.M.E. show in Chico a lot of us were drunk as fuck and ventured into the surrounding neighborhood to check out some of the parties that were happening all around us (Chico is an isolated college town almost completely void of adults so it's like that). The first house I went to was great. I walked up with Jeremy and said "Hi, my name's Aaron and this is my friend Jeremy. We're really cool". So they smiled and said "come on in buds and help yourself to the keg". It was pretty mellow, but a good scene. I mention this because things were to get a little ugly for me upon leaving their place. I went across the street where I found J.D. on the porch of another house. There were a lot of people there, but he said it was pretty lame and he was about to leave. However there was a girl I started talking to through a low lying open window and with out even thinking of it I decided to step inside. As I came in two wanna be tough guy, jocktypes came over. One grabbed me by the back of my braids and yelled, "Hey asshole! Don't you know what a door is!?" Then he grabbed my throat and said something else equally stupid. I was about a 12 pack drunk, wearing nothing but shorts, and holding a beer in each hand. I can't remember what I said but I don't think he gave me a chance to tell him how really cool I was because soon he had his face in mine and was shouting "I'll kick your fucking ass!!" I could tell by the look on his face and the way his eyes shifted to those around him though, that he wasn't actually that mad at me. The place had gone silent and all eyes were on us. I'm sure he felt tough and judging by the little smiles on the faces of those around us, especially the bigger guy right behind him, I could see his friends thought he was being pretty cute too and were probably hoping I'd swing at him. Then he yelled, "That's it, I'm kicking you out!" His friend took my arm and they yanked hard on my braids (I could tell they liked my braids) as they pushed me through the house toward the door. I got mad because it was so completely unnecessary.

There's nothing wrong with walking away from a fight but this was a serious affront to my manliness and for me to just walk away from such a confrontation would have been a detriment to my really cool guy appeal. So after they pushed me out the door. I finished my near empty beer and then took the full one and threw it through their front window. Amidst the sounds of crashing glass and screams of surprise I heard the guy yell "That fucking idiot!! I'll fucking kill him!!!" and they all came running out of the house after me. After about 5 seconds I realized I was much too drunk to outrun them so I cut through a sideyard, jumped through a few backyards and ducked into some bushes. I could hear them all around me shouting. They were out of their minds with anger. Some got in cars and were driving around. The four angriest ones found J.D. grabbed him by the neck and asked who I was. He said my name was "Jerrod Henson". They said I was "gonna fucking die man!!!" In the meantime I saw a house with an open front door and a some cool longhaired dudes inside. I told them what had happened and they told me I could hang out and have some pizza with them until things cooled off. After a while one of them lead me back to my truck (he knew where it was because he had heard the band playing earlier). I offered him \$10 for his hospitality (I didn't have a \$5), but he wouldn't take it. The band had already packed up their equipment so we all piled into the truck. Someone said "Now I see why you guys named your band after this guy", which was funny, but I was glad to hear it because it meant my cool guy status was still intact. Obviously my actions had been interpreted as a bold move in a difficult situation, not just an act of immature cowardice. Mike drove us all the way back to Pleasanton (4 hours). When we arrived it was already daylight. At the time I was living with my dad on the fold-out living room couch so I couldn't really sleep during the day. When I told my dad about Chico he reminded me he lost all his teeth when he was my age because of similar situation in an unfamiliar bar in Cleveland. (His teeth are gold) and I should be more careful than to get sloppy drunk around people I don't know. My friend Steve came over and we went out to eat Mexican food. The waitress looked like a darker skin version of Martha Plimpton so I tipped her %100. That night was my 5 year high school reunion. I drank rum and Coke to stay awake. Everybody there looked like a memory from somebody else past life. I didn't actually graduated with my class. Back then everybody told me I would regret dropping out of school later, but I still don't. I think everybody should drop out of high-school at 16 and go to college. There's less bullshit and it's more fun too. Anyway it was still cool how so many of the class of 86 showed up for the reunion. The best conversation I had that night was with this girl (can't remember her name but she was pretty goodlooking) who came up to me and said, "Aaron! Oh my god, how's it going?" "good enough" "So what are doing these days?" "I'm delivering pizza at Garlex" "Oh."



*My really cool haircut.
Braids and photos by
Sarah Hill*

A.M.E.

THE AARON MUENTZ EXPERIENCE

THE PROBE INTERVIEW Conducted by Aaron and Josh
(at Phil Dunsmore's house ●)

At the time of this interview, the Aaron Muentz Experience was poised on the precipice of worldwide fame. True, they had only played 5 shows, two of those at friend's houses. However, the power of their music and the universal appeal of the band members' hairstyles overcame their lack of experience. Since then, the band has been engaged in petty infighting and disgusting displays of homosexual behavior. The future of the Aaron Muentz Experience is uncertain.

A.M.E are

Keith Reed: Guitar • Mike Hufford: Vocals • Chris Newman Bass • Jeremy Strenger: Guitar • J.D Vargas: Drums
Photo's by Paul Byron

J.D.) We're working on the Life of Aaron Muentz opera right now.

A 3 hour rock opera.

Keith) Simply titled "Aaron".

J.D.) Encompassing his childhood and adolescence.

Mike) And at the end of the show we all shave our heads.

J.D.) And expose our penises.

Probe) So, does everybody in the band have a penis?

Keith) Except for Chris Newman, he has a girlfriend.

J.D.) Last time I checked.

Keith) J.D. has one; I can vouch.

Mike) Okay, as long as we have a voucher.

P) Who was the first girl you ever kissed?

Keith) J.D., don't tell him about us.

J.D.) It was a girl, he said.

Keith) Oh.

J.D.) Her name was Dana Cowell. She was my next door neighbor.

P) When you masturbate, what do you think of?

Keith) Aaron Muentz. Most often, Aaron in his red jockies jumping rope.

J.D.) With Mickey Mouse ears on.

Mike) I picture 20 Aarons.

J.D.) A parade of Aarons.

P) So how did the band come together?

Keith) This is the true story. I

was drunk at J.D.'s house and... J.D.) ..he witnessed my drumming wizardry and he said, "I've got to have this guy in my band."

Mike) And Dr. Sphincter (Keith's former band) just weren't satisfying him musically. They were going in the wrong direction.

Keith) Dr. Sphincter were going up my sphincter.

Mike) No, that's the right direction.

Keith) And here we are today. Should we mention J.D. and I are lovers?

J.D.) We want to express our love musically.

Keith) It's like Simon and Garfunkel between us.

J.D.) It's just an extension of what we share with each other

and the costumes we wear on stage are what we wear in private when we're together.
Keith) Oh stop! Don't let the secret out.

P) So does Mike ever join you and form a love triangle?

Mike) We form a love parallelogram.

Keith) That's only when Newman's in the mood.

J.D.) No, it's in his contract.

Keith) It's sort of a love trapezoid.

J.D.) A rhombus!

Mike) So Aaron, Probe us.

Keith) Please Probe.

J.D.) Probe away!

P) So what Garlex employee will you most likely think of while masturbating tonight? (Garlex is a pizza place the whole band works or has worked at)

Mike) Renee Montgomery

J.D.) Claudia!

Keith) Gary Hamlin (uproarious laughter)

P) If a girl wished to spend a romantic evening with a member of AME, who should she approach and how should she approach him?

J.D.) She could approach me in

just about any way she wanted to.

Mike) Well, considering our rhythm guitarist is a homosexual and knowing that all bass players are quiet introverts. Lead guitarists are chronic alcoholics and drummers always die in bizarre accidents...

J.D.) I'm planning my death right now.

Mike) ...and it's just the singer's job to score all the babes.

cluding this very, very, very nice looking girl named Dawn DeMarcus)

Keith) Dawn DeMarcus! When did you get into town?

(separate conversations start up, shouting ensues, and everything is completely indecipherable for about 20 minutes)

P) (getting back to the interview) So what kind of music do you guys play?

Mike) I'd say it's kind of Led Sabbath.

Keith) I'll have to disagree. It's more Black Zeppelin.

J.D.) I think it's pornobilly.

(Keith lays down on the floor and puts his head in the lap of Dawn DeMarcus)

P) Keith, do you know that girl well enough to put your head in her lap?

Dawn) Actually, we've never met.

Keith) But it's okay. I'm a homosexual.

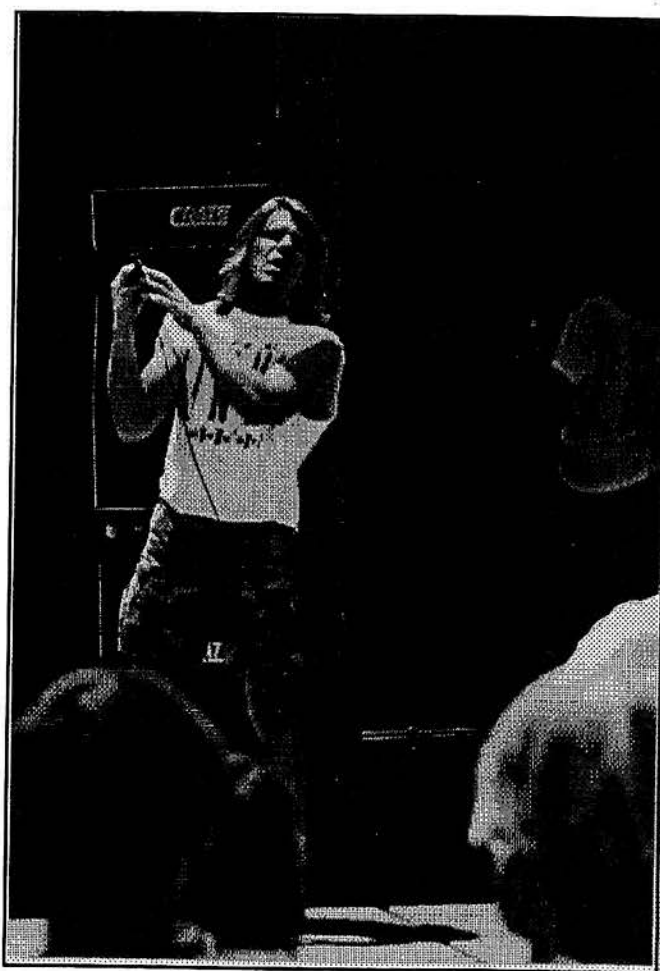
P) So, is it true you guys will be appearing on David Letterman?

Mike) Yeah, we almost got our Stupid Pet Tricks worked out.

P) Have any of you ever seen your parents having sex?

Mike) No, but I hear them all the time.

J.D.) No, but I've seen my pets having sex.



rock god Mike Hufford

P) So what you're saying is that they should come to you.

Mike) Well, yeah.

(some more people walk in in-

LIQUID COURAGE/221 JUNIPERO P-TOWN/9-14-91

40 people and the band jamming in a converted garage. The show began at regular room temperature. Just 20 minutes into their set it reached 90° but nobody went anywhere because LC fucking ripped and destroyed with 2 straight hours of pure ear-numbing sin! Some saw gawd, many saw Suckdog, and everyone got laid.

METALLICA / FAITH NO MORE FALL 89 sacramento

The only thing really memorable about this show was that it was raining and it was an outdoor show. Mike Patton came out in scuba gear with the flippers and the mask and everything. After the first song he said God was a major asshole for having it rain on us and we should tell him to "fuck off". He then gave the sky the finger and said "Fuck you God!!" a few times. The crowd loved it, (kinda interesting seeing thousands of people telling God to fuck off) but there was a chorus of boos when they kicked into "Epic". This was before the video came out and very few people there had ever heard of FNM so the crowd had a "what is this rap shit?" attitude. After the show my roommate and I had a 4 hour drive to Cal Poly so we could make it to the first day of Fall quarter. I hadn't been to our new apartment yet so everything I owned was in the back of my truck. It was the fourth time in a row we went to a concert before the first day of classes.

SOUNDGARDEN/THE BIG F DEC.89 THE I-BEAM SE

My friend, Sarah, used to live up above Uganda Liquors right down the street from the I-Beam so we went to her place and partied. I was drinking a lot at the time and I had a bottle of Nightrain and some beers before the show so I was already flying high before we even got inside. I remember The Big F sounded good, but I wasn't paying too much attention to them on stage. I think it was during their set that Mike and I ran into James Hetfield. We were going to get another beer when we passed James over by the pool table and I said to him "HOLLYFUCKINGSHIT DUDE!! You look exactly like fucking James Hetfield!! Exactly!!". (what a penishead - I know) He just grinned and said "Yeah, that's what a lot of people tell me". I didn't find out til after the show that it actually was him. That busted me up. Mike and I went to the front of the stage for Soundgarden. It was hot and sweaty up there before they even hit the stage. Everyone was surging forward and we were pressed in tight. By this time I was holding a monster piss that couldn't wait. I didn't want to lose my position up front just to take a leak so I undid my pants and did my best to piss between the two guys in front of me, but they shifted and I ended up urinating all over this guy. He looked pretty confused and I think the poor guy may have thought I was just spilling beer or something because it took him a while to turn around. He gave me a stare, but didn't do anything. Anyway Soundgarden were the "total fucking godhead" that night. They started playing and complete mayhem ensued. I remember security was having a tough time keeping us from spilling over onto the stage and Chris Cornell must have jumped in and joined us at least 7 or 8 times. Everman bothered me for some reason, but other than that I couldn't have asked for a better show.

LL COOL J/TOO SHORT/SLICK RICK/EAZY-E/N.W.A. 7/89 OAKLAND

The path leading up to the coliseum entrance was lined with police about every 10ft. on each side of the path. Before going in there was a pat search and then we walked through metal detectors. Inside, N.W.A. had just begun and there were about a thousand people on the floor all jumping in unison and singing the lyrics. My first thought was that it looked just like a video. The house lights were kept on so I could see everyone of the 12,000 in attendance and noted only about 1 in 200 were white and most of those were blond girls. (Earth Wind and Fire was about 50/50 black and white - and a great fucking show by the way). The show was going good when all the sudden a huge fight broke out on the floor and people started to scatter. There were a few dozen security people all wearing bright orange who rushed to break it up, but more fights broke out all over the place until the floor was nothing, but gangs of guys taunting each other and exchanging fists. Everytime someone fell down everybody else jumped him and kicked him until security came and carried him away. N.W.A. tried to stop them saying "that's not what it's all about" and for a while the fighting stopped, but not for long. You could just see large groups of guys coming down the aisles wearing the same color shirt and then start fighting when they hit the floor. When fights broke out the floor would clear as girls and others ran up the aisles past our seats. Once security was busy breaking up two gangs when someone went down on the other side of the floor, a circle formed around him, and stomped on him. By the time the orange shirts got there he was an unconscious bloody wreck. Eazy-E came out for a song and a half, but was disgusted with the fighting and walked off the stage. A comedian followed and by the time Too Short and Slick Rick performed things were calmed down a bit. However LL Cool J had the only stage show to speak of so I was paying more attention to the crowd before he came out. LL was cool. He had about 30 dancers and could dance himself. Each song was well thought out and he kept everybody's attention. When he sang "I Need Love" (I think) a bed rolled out with a girl dressed in white, while he rapped to her he undressed her and himself then proceeded to pseudo fuck her. This drove just about every girl in there to scream like they were bat crazy and some sitting near me even went into spasms of pure delight and disbelief, some even cried. It reminded me of old Beatles movies or something - very entertaining. It was a short night though and my friend Don and I were back in P-town by 11pm.

NIRVANA/TAD/BOGARTS - LONG BEACH, CA. 2/17/90

Both bands stood on the front of the stage and sold their own T-shirts after the show which I thought was pretty cool. Nirvana's "Fudge-Packin', Crack Smokin', Satan Worshippin' Motherfuckers" is a classic and I got a white one. Other than that, all I remember is that Tad said "Yes, we are from Sweden, and we speak very good English" and Nirvana smashed all of their instruments. A 5-star performance.

AARON MUENTZ EXPERIENCE/SOME GUY'S BACKYARD/CHICO, CA. JUNE '91

Like most AME shows, this one started out mildly enough. The band opened dressed in the regular stage attire: ski mask, carpet shirt, scuba gear, Pippa Longstocking pony tails, hockey mask, etc. The crowd (most of whom had been drinking excessively) seemed at first perplexed, as if they were watching something confusing on T.V. However, AME is a band that refuses to be taken passively. It was when they kicked into their new song "Sweet Dreams" that things started to gel. Keith (guitarist and general shitkicker) started slamming with the people in front as the rest of the band began to customarily remove their clothing. Mike (vocals, rock god) perhaps inspired by too many Mr. Bungle shows, stuck his mike in his mouth (the shock put a welt on his lip) and climbed the back fence onto the garden shed of an adjoining backyard. It was at this point, with his mike raised in a fist above his head of long golden brown hair and his well defined stomach muscles shimmering in the moonlight, that I heard a girl exclaim to her friend, "Oh my God! He is soooo fine!" and then they both started screaming.

Not everyone in attendance was so taken. I saw a group of shorthaired young men leaving quickly through the back gate as if they had somewhere better to go. Those that stayed for the chaos that followed could best be described as a frenzied mob of drunken teen-age hellions.

A violent pit formed to the right of the band and dust flew everywhere. A pack of firecrackers idiotically thrown at the band temporarily spooked them before playing on. A rousing rendition of "War Figs" should have brought the show to a climax, but the crowd's alternate chants of "AME! AME!" and "Aaron Muentz! Aaron Muentz!" brought the band back for a 3 1/2 song encore. When the cops arrived, the music stopped and they began clearing everybody out. The owner of the house got a \$100 dollar ticket for "loud and unusual noise" and the members of AME couldn't have been more proud.

MRT EXPERIENCE/SAMIAM/GREEN DAY/ BEAR'S LAIR. BERKELEY APRIL 7, 1991

The best thing about this show was the venue. Lowenbrau Dark was only 2.75 a quart! I took full advantage of this and therefore don't remember much of Mr. T. However, my friend Todd assures me I had a wonderful time. (Shit! I just now remember being up front dancing with this girl in a hat that looked like Jenny.) Before that, I have a less clouded memory of Samiam and Green Day. G.D. were better than I expected. They sounded like Bad Religion without the big words, very tight. The harder they played the better they sounded. Songs about girls and other good stuff. Samiam was more Greek male. The singer complained that some magazine called him disgusting looking without his shirt on, but he took it off anyway. I ran into him later in the bathroom and he was drunk as fuck so I asked if he was that wasted on stage and he said "always!"

Mr. Bungle/ Full Moon Saloon. Cactus Club. The Omni. One Step Beyond. The Edge 89- 91

Even though almost every Bungle show I've ever seen has been a really nice wholesome concert experience, I figured I've written enough show reviews in here that a review of each one of these shows would be a little tedious. Therefore, I asked folks who I went to the shows with to write their own reviews, but Todd was the only person to come through with one, so you're stuck with me. [Actually, I never got around to writing this, either, but here's some very last minute random thoughts: Money and a larger following may not have changed the band's attitude, but their live shows are definitely different. The stage attire used to be homemade, made from shower curtains and shoulder pads or just regular clothes. Now they have elaborate costumes. Both were equally cool. They have expensive equipment, now. They sounded great without it, but I guess having it doesn't hurt anything either, except a girl I know told me she thought they fooled around too much with "the Star Wars noises and stuff" at the Edge. (I wasn't there so I don't know what she meant by that.) STAGE ANTICS: Mike hasn't tried to kill himself since the Omni show where he sang while climbing around in the rafters about two miles above the audience. The surprise back first drop from the ceiling of the Cactus Club was "pretty sketchy" too. It showed amazing faith in fans who just an hour earlier let the guy from Skankin' Pickle stage dive flat on his face. Let's see... Trevor looked fantastic dressed as a carrot (it fits him somehow) and the sax player does strange things onstage that I won't even try to explain. Oh yeah, Mike pissed all over himself without shame (Omni.) It's not a party, not even Pete Crosby could dance to their stuff. Each show has had a short new parody of a Top 40 single (the best being the serious to insane version of 'Nothing Compares 2 U' at the last Saloon show.) The Deli Creeps were the most bizarre opening act and Victim's Family blew a few minds, too. Extra special thanks to the security at One Step Beyond for letting me back into the club after taking the time to kick me out. I had a goatee, a shaven head (save the braids in back.) I was wearing a fluorescent green FUCK MELVINS T-shirt and was hours from sobriety, but they actually let me talk with them about it. Then they held a private conference and told me I sounded like a good guy and they didn't want to ruin the show for anybody. What had I done? not much really: first I threw an empty cup at the bar, then I fell flat on my back laughing at something Gary told me, and I went over to this tough macho looking guy in a leather jacket and asked him if he would mind if I tried to lick the tattoos off of his girlfriend's back. His reaction wasn't as amusing as I had hoped. He just complained to security, and so did the girl I hit with the cup.

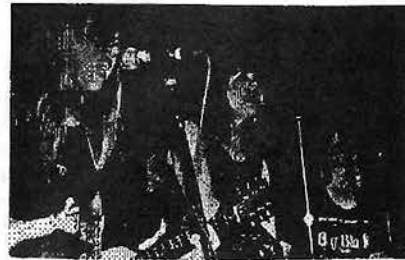
I was being an ass.

THE RAMONAS/MAD DOG THEATRE/ GUTTERSLOTS/ PARADISE LOUNGE S.F. APRIL 7, 1991

Freeshow, cool venue, nice bands. The GutterSlots weren't as sleazy and grungy as I hoped. They look more like babysitters than they do sluts, but at least their sound was more hard rock than pop. Their show was saved by the fact that Tami Teener McSlut (drums) is a certified rock goddess and Allison Womerslam Slut (guitar) and Jillstone Starchild Slut (bass) are the hammiest of stage queens. (Allison's slide bar kept falling off and three guys up front took turns putting it back in for her. It was very Phallic sort of thing) My only slagging goes to Suzanne Van Slut for being so straight forward, stiff and inhibited in her performance. She should do more drugs. I found Mad Dog Theatre playing upstairs behind the pool hall in a separate barroom. So did a lot of others; it was tough to even get in the door. MDT were putting on a good show. Funny guys and I got the feeling that each of them had been ardently practicing their respective instruments since Jr. High. It was short-haired, college type funk, but I liked it anyway. I went back downstairs to check out the Ramonas. I don't have anything to say about them except that they were females doing Ramones covers. The next morning I woke up with bronchitis.



Romona's



GutterSlots

price: 17 bucks! -J.D.

LIMBOMANIACS/GOTNEPOT/BLUCHUNKS The Stone, S.F. March 23

I heard great things about Bluchunks after they opened for Mr. Bungle at the Stone, and when I went to see them at the Bear's Lair the show was sold out, so I figured they would be good. I expected a bunch of headbanging funksters to thrash the stage, but I soon realized the lead vocalist was responsible for all of the band's zany antics. The rest of the band just sat back, looked cool, and played like seasoned musicians. It was hard hitting, dual guitars, funk-rock that caused a good pit. Fungo Mungo was supposed to follow, but instead we had Gotnepot (got any pot?) who are Fungo Mungo with out the lead singer, and some guest vocalists friends of theirs (including a guy from Forbidden) doing cover songs of everthing from Black Sabbath to Prince. The whole show was meant as a fun joke, but was only mildly interesting to me. I spent most of their set getting drunk near the back of the club, so maybe I missed something, but I doubt it. It was turning out to be a fun night by the time the Limbos were set to play and I had the cool feeling that everybody else was having as good a time as I was. I think part of the reason for this was that there was a great abundance of girls in the audience, about 50%, which is more than usual for most gigs. (Funk=Girls) Anyway, the Limbos came out and the place didn't stop jumping until they left. The floor was never very violent and a pit never formed. I was never pushed from behind or shoved, but everyone around me was groovin'. The Limbos on stage looked a little sparse compared to their big sound.

I also found it kind of quirky that the Chuck D. soundalike vocalist/guitarist is a short dude with long blonde hair that covers his face. By the way, the T-shirts were great. The back said, "This is your dick" (drawing of limp dick); "This is your dick on drugs" (drawing of stiff cock). However, I didn't get one because I don't do nose drugs and my dick gets hard every time I unzip my pants.



Toast

who had no mike stand and looked uncomfortable enough trying to sing and play drums with one hand to give everyone a laugh. Besides that, if it wasn't for the fact that Toast wasn't a naturally rhythmic and bouncy person, the band would have absolutely no stage presence. Heading back to the Cactus Club, I could hear Ann the Butterfly finishing up their set. I got in and asked Jeff how they were and he was pretty impressed. He said it was like funky, Bad Brains funk. "Yeah, but good funk, and this -was their first show ever!" The Accused was even better than I expected. Blaine may be the least ~~important~~ member of the band, but he makes an excellent frontman. (Despite saying

he felt like puking, he never stopped hurtling his body in all directions.) This was the most crowd interaction I've ~~seen~~ at a show. Pretty much every song Blaine shared the vocals with fans up front, and I must say, Jeff sounded particularly good. (~~Gee, thanks Aaron. I didn't even have time to do my vocal exercises before the show.~~) The band took requests after each song and even went so far as to play Baracuda, "even though we don't practice it" Boris the Spider was one highlight where this huge, fat black guy named Maurice did the deep, guttural voice on the "Boris the Spider" part and then Jeff did the high pitch "creepy crawly" part. It was that kind of free for all show and the pit never stopped, either. (On the way out the door, I saw this big, framed poster of Mike Patton that was signed, "Cum on my face, Mike")

or "in my asshole" I forget.

LIVING COLOUR/KING'S X/DAVIS CAMPUS MARCH 1991

1991 This was a feel good rock show. The audience was made up of mostly college kids who most likely don't see many concerts, but since LC is on MTV and the auditorium is only a short walk from the dorms, they decided to check it out. The crowd was perfect for King's X, who play about as hard as a band can play without ever taking off that "Gee, I'm having fun" smile on their face. To give you an example of the atmosphere there; when someone hoisted themselves on top of the crowd up front and was being passed around, the King's X guy said, "Be careful, now. Don't hurt yourself." I cringed. Living Colour kept up the same happy-go-lucky attitude when they came on. They were touring with Greenpeace and encouraged everyone to make a donation on the way out. They also demanded that whoever sent them a white rose during soundcheck to meet them after the show. I don't think that was bullshit, either. Two years before, my friend Todd and I went to see them at One Step Beyond in Santa Clara. We were in the parking lot in our long hair and generic rocker T-shirts when we saw the band. Todd (who has the recall capability of a computer) not only recognized them but knew all of their names, and they, especially Vernon, were the most friendly group of strangers I ever met. They acted like they were happy to see us or something. I was confused and made a lousy impression I'm sure. They fucking ripped shit up that night. A fantastic (even the show songs were hard) show. The only drawback was that it was cut short because for whatever reason, these frenzied youngsters went crazy when Corey jumped in the crowd after the first encore. He got mauled by over-zealous

THE ACCUSED/PAPER TULIPS/ANN THE BUTTERFLY/FATALITY/CACTUS CLUB, SAN JOSE APRIL 20, 1991

I walked in just as a wall of almost incomprehensible metal noise called Fatality was finishing up their set. I found Rich and Jeff easily because hardly anybody was there yet. Rich suggested we go outside and he walked me to this bar just down the street and said, "Paper Tulips play here tonight." (I had just ordered their album a few weeks earlier) There was a 5\$ cover, but we could see the drummer setting up in the window right in front of us and figured we could see and hear everything fine from outside. Then Toast, their bass player, came walking down the street and I asked her when they were playing. She stopped, talked to us for awhile, and said she could put one of us on the guest list. Rich, having seen them before, graciously stepped aside. A lot of well dressed people were sitting at tables. I sat at the back and soon, the band came over and we talked. They're from Long Beach, but Toast was being reviewed at the S.F. Art Institute and they booked some Bay Area shows

around that including an outdoor earth benefit they played earlier that day. They played a cool set of power pop that was well recieved and loud enough to attract a group of window peekers outside. At first, I was going to compare them to the (well everyone compares them to X) early Pixies, but that may be just because both bands have a backing female vocalist on bass. They played a variety of different sounding songs. One was a quick paced "tectonic waltz" sung by the drummer



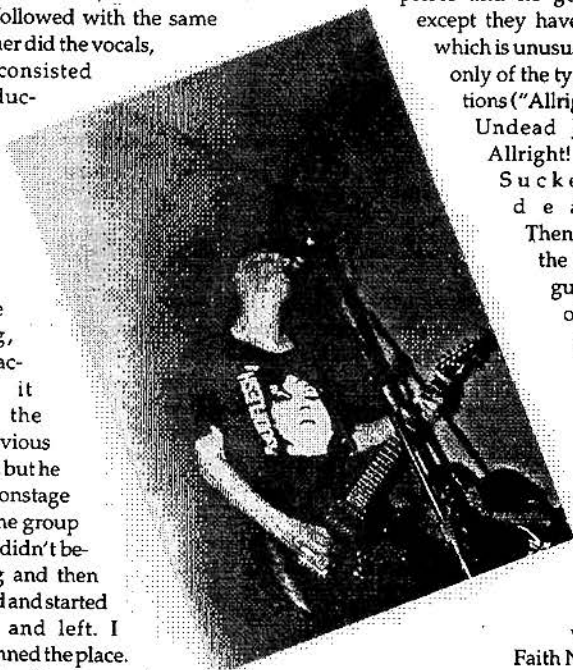
Paper Tulips

fans and finally was dragged unconscious back to the stage. The band was visibly upset as they carried his limp body backstage. Muzz said, "That wasn't necessary," and that was the sour note it ended on. But Davis was much different. It was more mellow, not as fun or inspiring. Corey is still great live, but the show lacked atmosphere.

NAPALM DEATH/GODFLESH/NOCTURNUS/IMMORTAL FATE/ OMNI, OAKLAND APRIL 22, 1991

This show proved to me that you can never leave a show early, even for seemingly predictable death metal bands. It started out boring enough. Immortal Fate are an accomplished, straight forward, power assault, but with few surprises and no goofy stage antics. Nocturnus followed with the same except they have keyboards and their drummer did the vocals, which is unusual. The between song talk consisted of only the typical growled song introductions ("Allright! This one called Undead Journey... Allright! We call Suckerrr!!) death

Die what want. Godflesh, Only two lot of smoke screeching, different reactions but it admired the seemed oblivious guitar string, but he who walked onstage member of the group stage like he didn't be the last song and then on the ground and started thank you, and left. I floor and scanned the place. there just standing around Philcox. I heard from friends that she is (FNM guitarist) Jim Martin's girlfriend, but that was the first time since high school that I actually remember seeing her. She looked hot. ...



Then there the band I guys, a drum onstage. The pounding noise that tion from the audience. I seemed to go over well. (Straight over, maybe.) We just stood like statues and spectacle of the little bald guy onstage so intense in his performance that he to our presence. A little more than half way through the set he broke a never bothered to change it. It didn't matter. There was another guitarist during a few of the songs to create a little more noise. He is a regular (an emaciated, geeky looking guy) but stood in the very corner of the long or something. He and the bass player left during the middle of the little bald guy (better known as Justin Broderick) set his guitar to torture it, then he just unplugged it, picked it up along with his box, said wasn't sure if it was a good show or not. Todd and I walked to the back of the

Faith No More was talking and I saw Nancy she is (FNM guitarist) Jim Martin's girlfriend, but that was the first time since high school that I actually remember seeing her. She looked hot. ...

When Napalm Death took the stage, I thought it was some kind of joke. These guys are like grindcore legends, but I had to laugh. It was silly. The lead vocalist was shaking his hair and yelping like a dog while the rest of the band went about their serious musical business. It was boring as hell, really. I wasn't quite sure what their fans were grooving to in the pit, but they seemed to love it. Every few minutes, the noise would stop and the audience would cheer, but I couldn't get myself to join them. I may have left if it wasn't for the fact that Rich drove. However, it all turned out for the better because what followed was some of the funniest mayhem I have ever witnessed at a show. It started when the band began begging for the security to let the fans stage dive. It escalated to the point that the drummer left his set and began to heatedly argue with security. This ignited the fans. When the next song started, about 20 kids rushed the stage and overtook it. Security was helpless, but the band was just as surprised. They kept playing though as just about every crowd member took their turn stage diving. Sometimes as many as 10 guys jumped at once, but nobody was left on the floor to catch them. It was funny shit. After the song, the soundman turned on all the lights and warned that he would stop the show if there was anymore diving.



Napalm Death-Omni

The next song, it started up again so he began yelling at the band, "Hey! Stop it! Stop playing!" The drummer was the last to stop, then he started yelling at the soundman that they don't want to play this shitty place anyway if the kids weren't allowed to have any fun. The show ended, but every Napalm Death fan in the place crammed themselves onto the stage, raised their middle fingers towards the soundman, and chanted, "Napalm Death, Napalm Death!" It was classic. On the way home, we stopped at Safeway in Orinda. I saw a cop watch us three longhairs go in. We didn't come out for about 20 minutes, but he waited for us. He followed us onto the highway before pulling us off for having no license plate light. We were all sober, but he took all of our I.D.s back to his car for about 15 minutes before letting us go. This officer was too young and anal to have kids, but I bet when he does, they'll be Napalm Death heads.



Godflesh-Omni

WOT HAPND? SHOW DIARIES

*All photo's by Rich
Reviews by Aaron
(except otherwise credited)

L7 / LOVE BATTERY / NIGHTBREAK S.F. MARCH 3, 91

I loved the atmosphere at the Nightbreak this night. It was so sub-culture, very city, and a slightly older crowd, seedy but friendly, bizarre looking people. I felt like some cute little suburban boy who had wandered far from home, wide eyed and waiting for this band a friend told me about the night before. I don't remember much about Love Battery. Maybe I was just preoccupied with my surroundings.



L7 at Gilman

The small place was jam packed. There were a lot of lesbians there. Some hairy old man brought his wife to the show. She slumped against a wall by the light of a video game and tried reading a book. Every once in a while he brought her a drink and gave her a kiss. The L7 T-shirts were hilarious; a picture of a girl with a guys head between her legs says, "Smell the Magic". I figured when I saw that I was gonna like this band. I saw Dee (drums) and Jennifer (bass) first. They were setting up and soundchecking, but generally goofing off and playing with the crowd more than anything else. Then Suzi and Donita (guitars) came out. Donita had painted a Manson star on her forehead and vampire blood was on her face. To describe the band's overall look that night, I'd say they dressed like rebellious, 8 year-old, tom-boy orphans with guitars. But that was only half as cool as the sound they made! It was thick, distorted, and pounding with harsh, spirited vocals and drums heavier and harder sounding than any band this side of the Melvins. Each song hooked me and after about the fifth one I told my friend Don that I thought I found myself another favorite band. The between-song banter was also better than most and the crowd got into the show, too. At the urging of Donita, one guy jumped onstage, dropped his pants, and shared the vocals for a song. Another song Donita christened "Vaginal Infection" and raised her own hand when inquiring the girls in the audience if they had one. It all sounds like dirty, shockvalue behavior, but the band plays with such authority, class, and stage presence that any usually demeaning action or comment comes across only as comical. L7 on my brain? Fuck yeah!

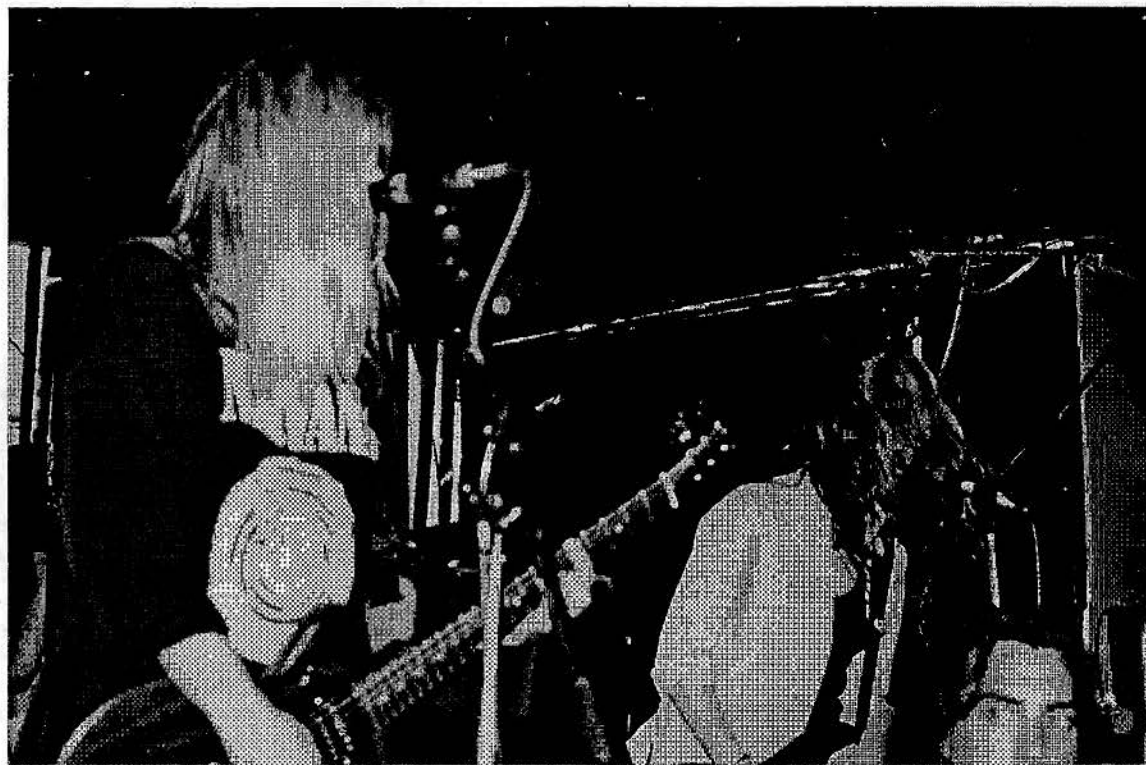
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L7/BERKELY SQUARE 3/8/91

Earlier this day I went to Jeff's apartment, he wasn't there, but his roommate, whom I had never met was. He answered the door wearing the same shirt I had on. An L7 t-shirt from the night before at the Nightbreak. He decided I must be O.K. and invited me in. Turns out he's like L7's #1 Bay Area fan. It was perfect for me. He (Rich) had photos, videos, interviews, as well as hard to find records and recordings of the band. So by the time I left I no longer felt like a rookie L7 fan.. He was leaving early for the show to hopefully get an interview and I had to work so we didn't go together. I showed up that night at the Square feeling insecure about myself. I think part of the reason for this was because I was used to having a beard and long hair that covered my face. But that week I had shaved and cut my hair and I didn't like my new look, especially since I knew there was a chance I'd meet L7 themselves! I hoped to find Rich and then just blend in with the crowd somewhere. Instead, within the first two minutes of being inside



Love Battery



L7 at Berkely Square

I ran into Donita! Actually, I just kind of got in her way as she was heading towards the back of the club. I tried to move aside, but she had to step around me. For whatever reason this embarrassed me. I felt like a dork. I'm not usually so self-conscious, but I guess I was just trippin' that night. I saw a chair against the wall and figured I'd sit down. Rich spotted me there and came over. He said, "What's that stuff all over your shirt?". I looked down and saw that my L7 t-shirt was covered with glow in the dark lint. I had no idea how it got there but now I felt like a real nerd. I didn't know at the time that I

was sitting right under a black light and all I had to do was move so I just sat there and tried to play it off like I didn't care and sure enough, as I was sitting there, I spotted Dee walking slowly in my direction. I tried not to look right at her as she passed me by but, sure enough I saw her look over at me with an expression on her face that said "What's that shit all over his shirt?". This was a totally humiliating feeling considering the fact that I had spent most of the previous 24 hours fantasizing about these girls. Not since the time I was 15 and went to see Stevie Nicks with my mom did I feel so uncool at a show. However when L7 started to play, I felt a whole lot better. Rich went up front to take photos, but I hung back a bit and played the part of the passive observer. Suzi was on that night. She was just so damn bad, so cool, so raspy and still unpretentious. The whole band was. No member lags behind in stage presence. Even Dee has her own unorthodox drumming style. In between songs, I heard a voice next to me I recognized, but I looked and it was no one I knew. Then I realized it was Roddy Boddum of Faith No More. He seemed to be having a good time and even participated in the free form polka Jenifer started. The theme that night was "Buds Not Scuds" as well as a few other cheesy slogans the band came up with. After the show, I saw Rich rolling up his film. He stayed to interview Suzi and Donita but I headed home still feeling like a dork.

VICTIM'S FAMILY/I BEAM/FEB. 20, 1991

A Wednesday night. I got off work late, about 10:30, and thought, "What the fuck, it's a free show. I'll go to San Francisco by myself and check it out." I thought maybe something exciting would happen. No luck really. The band is incredible, of course, but it was the kind of show where everybody just stands there with their beer and watches. The music is almost too intense and manic to get stupid over I guess, and I can't remember a single thing the band said to the audience either. One guy jumped up on stage and danced for a few minutes every couple of songs. He was the only one. VF looked slightly annoyed by him, but no one did anything. It was cool, I guess. The problem may have been with me.

SCREAMING TREES/ALICE IN CHAINS/I BEAM FEB. 15, 1991 Mike and I fucked around to long on our way to the show. (I prefer weekday shows because nothing else is going on) So we missed most of Alice In Chains. What we caught sounded good. The band is centered around their vocalist and he sounded great. The best thing about Screaming Trees was their fat guitarist. He plays like he's Angus Young or something. He rolls all over the place and never fucking stops! His equally big brother on bass just stands there as does the vocalist, who's hands must have been glued to the mic stand. (When you see a photo of the band, you think one of the big guys sings because the vocals are so deep, husky and strong, but the singer is normal size.) I could definitely zone on their drummer. He was hot, as was the rest of the band. Good show. They lose the college radio sound live and rock alot harder than on their records.

PRIMUS/MR. BUNGLE 12/23/89 Full Moon Saloon, S.F.

I saw this show with Aaron and his special friend of the female gender of the time, Jenny. Neither Aaron nor I had seen either of these two bands before, but Jenny had seen Bungle before at parties in Humboldt, and said that they were her favorite band. When Mr. B came on, I figured the band was either on some very strange drugs or had recently escaped from Agnews Developmental Center. Mike Patton was jumping around decked with reindeer cardboard cutouts and lighted Christmas tree lamps. They whipped through a set that frequently stirred in a parody of Top 40 hits including Warrant's 'Heaven' and others of that ilk, plus the MTV news theme. Their music was almost indescribable; mixtures of fast funk/thrash/metal with some wierd jazz exploration type stuff. Mike was definitely the highlight of the show: he bounced, he drooled, he fell down spasming, he humped Trevor's leg and licked his face, he climbed the rafters, all without missing a note. I had definitely missed something not seeing them when they came through town. And they were even ~mi~sing a member who was stuck up in Eureka. Of course when their set was over, I immediately bought the demo and T-shirt. A band worth wasting money on. Just when I thought I couldn't take any more, Primus came on. I think I spent the entire show flipping my eyes from Les to Herb to Larry and back again. These guys were fucking incredible! It was like experiencing my first orgasm all over again (Holy SHit! What the hell was that?! kind of feeling.) Of course their frontman wasn't as dynamic as Mike was; Les was busy fondling and stroking his bass, but they made up for it with sheer energy and vibe. Since I didn't know any of their songs, they all kind of ran together, but their performance immediately made me want to purchase some of their merchandise, but I had blown all of my money on Bungle shit, but hey! I didn't care. **Show Highlight:** Jenny getting onstage and dancing with a leering Mike Patton. **Show Lowlight:** Crowd not catching Bungle sax player when he jumped in the audience. **Show Idiot:** Dude who stagedove on a table. - Todd M.

PRIMUS/TED ZEPPELIN/BOMB/ONE STEP BEYOND MAY 17, 1991

About a year ago, I was in New York visiting this girl and we went to see 24-7 Spyz, for whom Primus was opening. I love Primus and was glad to see them slinging some Bay Area funk on the East Coast. The club (called Sundance, I think) was way out on Long Island and was inhabited by a herd of miniature ex-Marines/ Boy Scouts with serious small-man complexes. Feeling the need to take out their frustrations on people over 5'6", they began slamming me very hard. (J.D. is 6'4"ed.) so I slammed back and was soon being pummelled by about 6 or 7 of them. They got kicked out and I was allowed to stay, so it was cool. Anyway, I wasn't going to go to this show, but I felt I had to conquer my fear of Primus gigs, so I went. I haven't been to the newly reopened One Step Beyond since high school where I saw Fishbone and Madness. (My mod days) The club is the same. Since my parents were gone and we were getting drunk at my house, we missed Bomb, the opening act. We came in during the middle of Ted Zeppelin's set. Featuring the drummer, bassist, and guitarist from the Limbos and a singer aptly named Rubber Plant, they play nothing but Ted Nugent and Zeppelin covers (as the name suggests). I was fairly impressed, especially with the singers Plant-like range and Brain's pounding, driving rythm. It was funny moshing to Led Zeppelin. Now, I've seen Primus 5 or 6 times and have thoroughly enjoyed them each time (even with a black eye and bruised ribs) but this night it seemed they were merely going through the motions. Sure, Les thumped incredibly funky bass, Herb blazed on drums, and what's-his-name flung layers of sound on guitar, but it seemed stale. Maybe it was the new material, maybe it's because I've seen them a number of times, or maybe I'm losing my taste in music. Of course, it could also have been the ticket



Victims Family

*This part is grey because I didn't write it.
Aaron*



Probing interview with local funksters, Blüchunks

Probing interview with local funksters, Blüchunks

Dave Green-Guitar
Christian Riley-Different Guitar
Joaquin Spengermann-Drums
Kevin Walsh-Bass
Sam Newton-Vocals, Sax, Symbol of Love

P) How long have you guys been together as the Blüchunks and what were you before that?

Dave) We've been together for about 3 years.

Christian) Before then I was nothing.

Joaquin) Me too.

Kevin) Me too.

Sam) I was different from the rest but I was also nothing.

P) How much of your life is consumed by being in a band? Any interesting day jobs? How does the band help or hinder your social lives?

Joaquin) Christian worked the recycling line at the kitty litter factory; that was before the accident.

Dave) He doesn't like to talk about it, but he has the scars to show it.

Joaquin) Kevin's unemployed.

Christian) He can't afford the deodorant it takes to hold down a job.

Dave) It's sort of a catch-22.

Sam) Bless you.

Dave) And as far as social life goes, touring gets us out into more of the real world.

Joaquin) Away from our moms.

Christian) We get to meet people; talk, chat, smooze, sploosey and whatnot.

Sam) It is a lot of fun, but I don't like it.

P) Who are your favorite bands to do shows with? If you could open up for anyone, who would it be?

Joaquin) Last year we played with a band called Thirty Blonde Swedish Stewardesses...

Christian) But their religion dictated pre-arranged one night stands only.

Dave) We play with the Smoking Rythm Prawns a lot, but they're even less liberal about things like that.

Sam) Things like what?

P) If a nice young lady wanted to spend a romantic evening with a member of the Blüchunks, who would be her best bet for a date and how should she approach him?

Dave) We're all pretty much romantically inclined, but I would suggest approaching from the side or the front so as not to startle anyone.

Christian) The rythm section, especially, is a bit skittish, so I'd approach from upwind.

Sam) How young would this lady be?

P) Are your demo and T-shirts sold through this address? At what price?

?) Demos are \$5. T-shirts we ran out of when we swapped with the T.B.S. Stewardesses.

P) Do you tour in that orange V.W. bus I saw parked outside of the Bair's Lair?

?) The Pumpkin of the Apocalypse? We've been up and down to Canada three times in that van with no major problems.

P) How was Canada?

Kevin) Canada was great. Canadians are the best people; intelligent, thoughtful.

Sam) Where?

P) How much time and money did you spend on your demo?

Dave) It took about four days. We recorded it up there in Vancouver, Canada because studio time is cheaper up there.

Joaquin) And Sam and Kevin's parents live up there.

Christian) And so do their parents' refrigerators.

Sam) That's a trick question. Let's hit him.

P) Meet any assholes lately?

Dave) The Washington Highway Patrol.

Christian) Somebody broke into the van in Vancouver.

Joaquin) He wasn't very nice.

P) If someone gave you a free ticket to a bestiality show, would you attend?

Joaquin) I'd go.

Christian) Me too.

Dave) I think we's all go.

Kevin) Let me offer you a counter question. If you were given a chance to shrink down and explore an anus, would you take it?

P) What is your advice to a young guitarist (like Keith Reed) who wants to grow up and be like the Blüchunks?

Christian) Practice.

Dave) Sweep picking.

Joaquin) Pork and milk products.

Sam) Pork, pork, and more pork.

P) Do you believe, as I do, that Martha Plimpton embodies the finest aspects of American womanhood?

Sam) Seriously; stop it. Of course Martha Plimpton does. She's kind, sensitive, witty, and she's got the biggest-

Joaquin) I think Abe Vigoda is a better-

Sam) Auuuugh! Yahloooooey! Yoma Taga Bigif a taas!!

P) O.K. Last question. Why Funk?

Sam) That's it, same to you buddy. Check this out...BLAUGH!!

P) Any closing comments?

Christian) Sorry about your shoes. Sam's part of a Kaopectate/Ex-Lax compound testing program.

Dave) You never know which one's winning out.

Sam) Got my mojo workin'...got my mojo workin'...

...okay, obviously a staged interview, but I think it came out pretty well. Blüchunks can be reached through David Green at 558 58th St. #1, Oakland, Ca. 94609 415-654-9901

Chris can't find his scan of this so I'm just going to shrink the typed version onto one page. I hope it's not too small to read...I think this means I'll have room for another one of Maggie's photos.



Our sincerest apologies to Blüchunks for the lay-out. However we think this photo may help draw some attention to the page.



S-(to Lint) Just take it off for two seconds. Your head's not going to get cold in two seconds!
 R-Why don't you play anything off the first album?
 S-Um... (head turned sideways to Donita)... Why don't we play very many things off the first album?
 D-BECAUSE WE'RE SICK OF THEM! It's ancient history.
 L-(to Suzi) Do you have a 900 Marshall?
 (Suzi & Lint engage in serious talk about equipment)
 R-What was your favorite spot on the European tour?
 D-Munich, Germany, because they were singing this soccer song to us. They would not let us get off stage and when we dived into the audience to get offstage, they would just carry us all around the club singing this soccer song which just went OLE OLE OLE, ah OLE OLE...
 R-A local team or something?
 D-It's just this chant they do and they'd carry us back to the stage. It's really great. And also

Suzi



Edinburgh Scotland was awesome too.
 R-I used to live there. (Glasgow actually)
 D-Really!
 R-I was only a year old, though.
 D-It's incredible.
 R-So what are some of the new songs you have for the new LP? D-"Shitlist", "Funky Dyin' Brain Cell" and a surf song and a song that right now we're calling "Vaginal Infection", but tonite I think we did it as, "My Diet Pill's Wearing Off".
 R-That's actually gonna be on the album?
 D-Yeah, but it will probably have different lyrics. Maybe not, who knows?
 R-I thought that was just something you did while Suzi is tuning or fixing a string.
 D-Yeah, we've been doing that, but it's a song. I wrote it so we're working on it.
 R-How long did it take to write? (it's very simple)
 D-One second.
 R-How come no one else in the band wears (stage) makeup like you do? (tonight she had fake eyelashes and fake blood on her lips, and an X on her forehead)
 D-I don't know, Baby Jane Hudson did. That's where I got it. And the Manson Family did too.



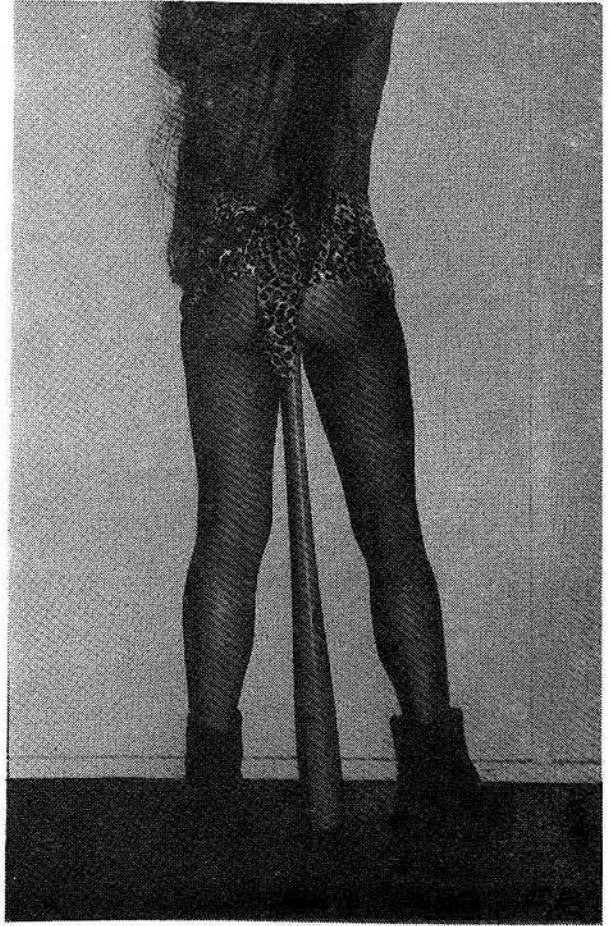
R-Do you have a fan club?
 D-No, and our P.O. Box got closed.
 S-But we're getting a new one.
 D-We were on tour. We didn't pay the bill and they...

S-Shut us down.
 R-\$25 a year, come on!
 D-Well they served us the bill while we were on tour.
 S-But it will be happening again and all that information will be out there for everybody to get soon.
 R-Do you know when you're going to record?
 D/S-No, in a few months.
 R-What are you gonna do in the mean time?
 D-We're gonna rub our beans and write new material.
 S-Yeah.

D-We're gonna rub our beans in a steamy bathtub.
 S-We're gonna rub our beans in the bathtub of life. I'm going to get involved in everything. I'm going to get a lot of emotion going so I can write this material.
 D-(in a Spinal Tap-like voice) And I'm like working on my side project, the Stone Bandits, we're covering all Todd Rundgren songs. R-Well, do you have anything to tell the readers before you motor on our back to smog land?
 S-If you can't play pool don't be a fool, stay in school.
 D-Get a PhD in love. It's a love explosion.
 S-As it were.
 R-What about you Lint?
 L-Do you really have a zine or is this just a way to meet the band? R-Yeah, I get laid all the time! (simultaneous laughter from Suzi & Donita)
 L-I had this friend who told Mike Patton of Faith No More she had a zine but she didn't have a zine, she just wanted to meet him.
 D-Oh Loser!
 L-He didn't buy it though. He never called her back.
 S-That's cool.
 (conversations split up into several, thus ending the interview)

anyway, this interview hasn't been printed anywhere else, but it isn't really a Probe interview either. Rick intended this for his own (now aborted) zine and did this a couple months before the Probe was even inseminated. Sorry about the small photos. That's my fault.

Photos by Maggie Johnson
More of Maggie's photos next issue!
(We also promise to have photos of
naked guys -including one or more
members of The Probe staff)



JM-(TO JENNIFER) How ya' doing?
J-He's going to ask me questions...I'm kinda
cranky (INSPIRED) We should just do bass
player interviews.
JM-There ya go!
R-That's right-you're the bass player too.

JM-Okay, I'll be right back here. (SLINKS
BEHIND A CAR)

R-First of all, what do you guys got
going for a new album? Are you
prepared for recording yet?

J-We're recording in June. And we
don't know where and we don't know how
when and we don't know how
but we're gonna do it, and that's
the basis of this band.

R-Is it going to be the first full lp for
Sub-Pop?

J-Perhaps.

R-Not decided yet?

J-Perhaps.

R-What are some of the new songs
you have?

J-There's a couple we're already playing live.

One is "Funky Dyin' Brain Cell" ("Scrap"),
and another is called "Move".

JM-"Move" being the preview (I think he
meant prelude) to "Shove"...

J-Right.

R-What about the time till you record? Going
to tour or lay low?

J-We all have day jobs, so we're doing that,
and rehearsing at night. R-Is this (Sunday
show) just a weekend thing?

J-Yeah.

R-What was the last full tour you did?

J-We went up to the Northwest right before
New Years.

R-Didn't you go to Europe last summer? ('90)

J-Yes!

R-How'd that go?

J-It was great. We toured with Nirvana for a
couple of weeks in England, and we did it by
ourselves in Germany & Switzerland.

R-Headlining shows...

J-Yeah, clubs this size. (200-400)

R-I heard you played a show with Godflesh.

J-We did in England, with Nirvana.

R-How'd that go over?

J-It went great. I don't think they were as
good live as they are on recordings. The
sound was awful. They didn't have the
power behind them.

R-(back to the subject of this band) How long
has the current lineup been intact?

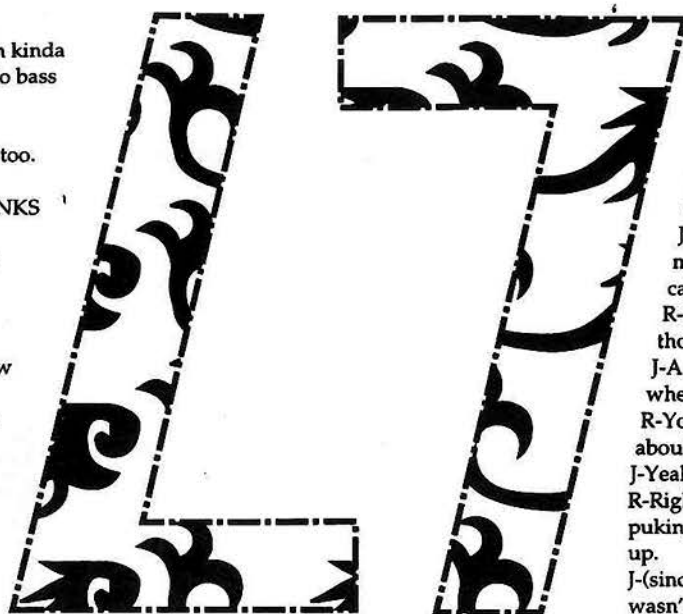
J-About 2 years.

R-So you all hit it off okay? Or do you fight a
lot?

J-No we're fine. In the beginning you
know...(thinking)...now you just know what
buttons not to push. We just have fun, there's
no reason to cause strain. We're all here for
the same thing.

R-Do you all live in separate places or have a
band house?

J-Donita & I used to live together in a big



Interviewed by Rich
Berkeley Square, 3-1-91

D=Donita (guitar,vocals)

S=Suzi (guitar,vocals)

J=Jennifer (bass, some vocals)

Dee=Dee (drums)

JM=bassist for Love Battery

house in Echo Park.

R- If someone were to leave the band, would
you seek a female replacement?

J-Depends.

R-Would you just find the best person that
fits?

J-Yeah, well, we've played with male
drummers a lot.

R-Like that guy on your first album.

J-And after that we played with Gene from
the Miracle Workers for awhile, and a couple
weekends ago we played a rally in Los
Angeles for a peace coalition down there, and
Dave from Nirvana filled in for Dee. It was
like a last minute thing and she was out of
town unfortunately, and he worked out well.
R-What do you think about Nirvana getting
signed to a major?

J-Good for them. I mean it's not really a
major label, (I disagree) it's just sponsored by
a major label. It's the same thing Sonic Youth
is on. Hopefully they won't make too many
compromises. But more people will get to
hear their stuff, and they're not going to

change. R-Like Soundgarden
'kinda' did?

J-Yeah...I don't know. Do you think
so, or did they just get better
production? I never liked...OOPS! I
never listen to them anyway.

R-Do you ever have bad hecklers at
shows?

J-No, cause we're up there with
microphones, and anything they say we
can say back, and ten times louder.

R-Sometimes places can get pretty fierce
tho...

J-A lot of the times we can't hear stuff
when we're on stage.

R-You heard that guy last night yelling
about El Duce.

J-Yeah, but that's just fun.

R-Right after you got done playing, he was
puking...Someone hit his gut and it all came
up.

J-(sincerely) Oh, what a shame. Hope he
wasn't hurt too bad.

R-What's the scoop on the first album? It's
not in print, right

J-I think it's gonna be re-released, in the fall.
We're hoping.

R-Wasn't there some kind of lawsuit
involved?

J-No, it was just they (Epitaph Recs.) had a
pressing and distribution deal with a parent
company called Chameleon and Chameleon
went bankrupt a few times and Epitaph
couldn't regain the rights of that album. I
think they will in the fall and hopefully
they'll do something with it.

R-It's going to come out of limbo!

J-mm-huh!

R-Do you ever think of re-locating? (Hope-
fully to S.F.)

J-We're fine. We're Hollywood

Ladies...(laughter)

R-...Of the night! Who's the best educated in
the band?

J-I seemed to make it through kindergarden;
I don't know if the rest (of the band)
did...That's a dumb question!

R-Gotta have some bad ones...I'm not perfect.
(untrue) I seem to see (locally) a growing
trend in Goddess worship.

J-You mean like Wicco Witchcraft?

R-No, no, like...

JM-(from behind the car) Rock Goddess!

R-Yeah! You guys, the Lunachicks, Fastbacks
and other bands with women. What do you
think?

J-I don't know...It's kind of a drag! When you
group all these bands into one category like
Goddess or Fox-Core or Chick-Rock or
whatever, it's a real drag, cause it's like
saying that all bands with saxophones are
jazz. (Ironic, as Trash Can School starts their
set inside the club) It's just lame.

R-Which do you like better: KISS or the
Runaways?

J-(emphatically, almost insulted, rightfully
so) KISS! FUCK YEAH! WAY BETTER!

R-What KISS tune would you play, if you did?

J-You should ask each person in the band. I'd choose "God of Thunder". R-Well that's about all I have for now, I'll get some more from the others as well.

J-Okay, cool, thank you so much.

Later, after their gig, I caught up with Suzi & Donita, along with Lint (Generator) in the same parking lot. (and sometimes Dee.)

Donita-I love men with short hair

Lint-I'm saying it's cold...

Suzi-Well, it'd only be for a second...

L-Why do you want to see my hair so bad?

D-Hey, it gets lonely on the road!

L-Are you guys on the road right now?

D-No.

L-Do you have jobs?

S-I have a job.

D-I have a part-time job.

L-What do you do?

S-I'm a Schmo!

L-Are you serious...What do you guys do?

D-I move heavy stuff around a movie set.

S-I'm an errand putz and move heavy stuff around. They make me lift boxes of Xerox papers. This better come soon, I'm telling you.

D-When I lift one of those heavy props I'm like my back out and have a seizure on the floor!

Rich-What's the most unusual prop you ever lifted?

D-A big huge lamppost made of fiberglass. I had to roll it thru Paramount.

S-I work at an ad agency and sometimes I get to go on the movie lots like Disney and stuff...it's cool. I like Paramount.

L-(to Rich) Are you taping this?

R-Yeah, I sure am.

D-Oh JESUS! DUUUUDE! (sarcastically) Don't blow our cool! (stoner voice) No, we don't have jobs man, fuck it!

S-Yeahhh!

D/S(singingly)...takin' care of business...every day!

S-(to Lint) Just take your hat off for a second. (All through the interview, Donita & Suzi are trying to talk Lint into removing his beanie,

so they could rub their fingers through his very, very, very short hair follicles. Unrelentless, yet unsuccessful.)

D-This is Lint.

DEE-Oh I've heard all about you.

L-How do you know about me? (Lint was in Op Ivy)

DEE-Someone told me there was a guy in the audience named Lint.

D-I was picking the lint out of my belly-button and somebody said to me "There's a guy in the audience named Lint."

S-Recycle belly-button lint, I always say.

DEE-No, Joyce told me. You know Joyce?

L-Yeah.

S-Donita, did you see this? (pointing to my homemade L-7 tshirt) Look at that! That's me! Isn't that awesome?

DEE-Hey-wait a minute. I helped you with those braids! (referring to photo of Suzi in braids.

S-She did. (talk of photos I took of the band at another show) This is the night Donita and I got in a fight.

D-I know. We were fighting on stage.

S-Look, there I am (in photo), I'm thinking "I'm going to kill her!"

DEE-That's Suzi thinking "I'm gonna fart on her in the van".

S-I was thinking "I have no control over other people's moods, I have no control over other people's moods!"

D-I was thinking the same thing.

S-(next photo) And there I am thinking it again, see Dee? Look at those braids-you did a really good job.

DEE-Fuck Yeah! Next time I'm charging you ...

S-Fuckin' Bitch... Did you see us fighting on stage before we played?

R-Not really.

S-We were fighting while we were tuning up then just 1-2-3-4 ...Makes for a good show.

We ought to do it more often..

R-Jennifer said something like you guys played a benefit? (actually she said a rally)

S-A benefit? We played a peace rally, with the Red Hot Chili Peppers, and some other bands who I can't think of their names right now but...

R-An outdoor thing?

S-Yeah. (to Donita) Have we played any benefits?

D-We did the peace rally and then the Jabberjaw benefit.

S-Oh, we did a benefit for a Coffee house that we like to hang out in. D-And we're going to do an AIDS benefit and a Pro-Choice benefit really soon.

R-Do you know anyone with AIDS?

D-Yeah.

R-Good friends?

D-Yeah.

S-I've known a few people who aren't with us anymore.



Jennifer

D/S-Take off that hat!

L-Not tonight.

S-What, are you gonna keep us waiting till next time we come here to see your head?

L-That's right.

S-That ain't right!

L-Life isn't right.

R-(speaking of which) Do you know anybody who's butting heads with Saddam Hussein right now?

S-Um no. I just know friends of friends.

R-I just asked cause you talked about it onstage about it.(War)

Yeah, it's probably best not to get too political, but we can't help it because (with this) we are. (to Donita who's pleading with Lint) Can you help me answer these questions?

R-What is your favorite KISS song?

D-Beth.

S-They call me Dr. Love.

R-Right on. If someone was to quit the band, would you actively seek a female member, or just the best person you found?

S-Probably just the best person we found.

D-(determined) But no one's quitting, unless I kill 'em first!

R-You won't kick anyone out though, right?

S-I don't think that's going to happen.

D-This lineup is going really smooth.

S-This lineup is tight and we have problems, like Donita and I get in fights before shows, but we work it out by the end of the show.

R-So you guys feed off each other pretty well...

D-Yeah, everything's okay, everything's groovy. Now if you asked us this question a year ago, we would have been up to here (eye level with the hand gesture), but were groovin' now... We're on the love train, on the L-7 Love Train. (where can I buy a ticket?)

S-We're on the right track, as it were.

D-We're clawing our way to the top...

Donita



It came in a vision. Three letters, no more, no less. Then a voice spoke, deep and resonant like that of a god; or James Earl Jones, I can't quite remember. The voice said, "Seek out the bearer of the Three Letters and ye shall find mumphhhh..." The last word was a muffled, gurgling sound, like the voice was being choked. "What," I screamed, "What shall I find?" But there was no reply/ just an eerie, lingering silence. I was alone, left with only my wits and the Three Letters which by now had been permanently implanted in my brain: MJG. I immediately ran to the phone book and looked under the coffee heading. As I dialed the number, I laughed to myself. "How simple," I thought. "The MJG Coffee Co." The secret the voice spoke of must lie in the beans or something. However, the lady on the phone quickly informed that the name of the company was MJB. A common mistake, she reassured me, yet still I felt dismayed. "Where do I go from here?!" I bellowed to no one in particular. I was in hell. Hours later, I found myself walking down Telegraph Ave. completely naked, save for a red and blue striped tube sock covering my genitals. I had no recollection of how I arrived at my state of undress or why I had chosen red and blue. But none of that mattered, for I was now on a quest. I must find the bearer of the Three Letters and unlock the secret if it's the last thing I do. I was completely focused and my spirits soared despite the seemingly insurmountable odds I faced. It was when I walked by Leopold's Record's that it hit me like a big, fat, juicy steak. Of course, how could I have been so naive? I rushed inside, my tube sock falling to the ground, and made a beeline for the Jazz section. Where was it? I asked a clerk, but she only laughed and began fondling my penis. I immediately realized she was an agent sent by some evil force to interfere with my search. I mustn't succumb to this temptation, yet I can't let on that I know her identity. My mind raced as Her hand began moving faster. Suddenly, I said, "Look, your shoe's untied." In the split second it took her to look down, I severed her arm at the elbow and was out the door before the bleeding began. There was obviously more to these Letters than I had first thought. I must be more careful, I told myself as I pressed on. The remainder of the story is a whirling miasma of drugs, bestiality, and self-mutilation which I'm not at liberty to discuss at this time. Suffice it to say that in the end, our hero, while never finding the bearer of the Three Letters, discovers something much more important: his lust for other men.

this is part of a letter J.D. never sent to his friend Matt Joeseeph Gleason. (hence the initials MJG)



Mike asked me to please stop referring to him as "rock god Mike Hufford", but check out that bod! Keep an eye out for a Michael Hufford Probe Pinup in a future issue...Question: How does J.D. (drums) keep time so well?? It's all in the wrist (band)! Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Yeah, Fuck you, turn the page.

L7

photos by Rich



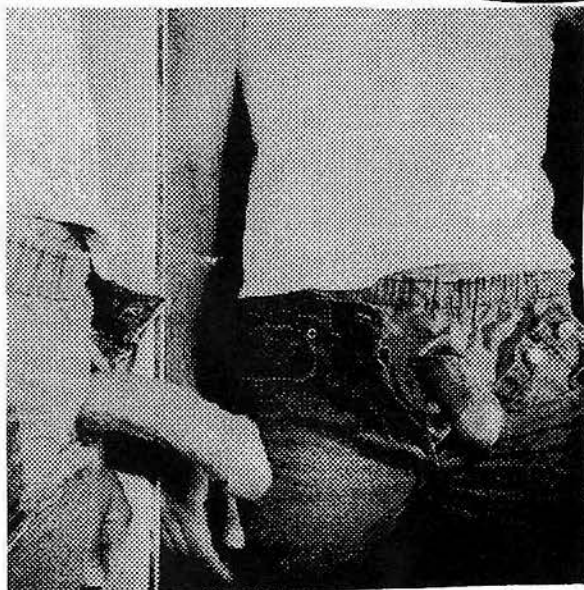
"I leave higher thinking to those who have time for it. I have a lifestyle to maintain."
 "Go to the gym, get bigger."
 -Dan Ancig

TYPING WITH ALCOHOL

Exclusive PROBE interview with Jim Martin of Faith No More
 by Keith Reed of Garlex Pizza

P) Hey, I just saw you last night in Bill 'n Teds.
 J) Cool. Can I have a slice of pepperoni?
 P) Sure. Let me heat that up for you. I saw you Friday with Metallica, too.
 J) In Petaluma.
 P) Uh-huh. So are you recording some new stuff now?
 J) Yeah.
 P) \$2
 J) (Affirmative nod.)
 P) Thanks.

"You guys suck, this is the worst crowd we ever played for...Do you have this much fun when you're having sex? I have more fun than you when I take a shit!...Fuck all you guys!!"
 Some of the things Keith told the audience during AME's set at the show they did in someone's backyard in San Ramon



THE PROBE on movies: J.D. says "Spinal Tap is the most perfect movie ever. There's not one cheesy line or cop out."

I like Wild at Heart because of Nick Cage but Blue Velvet is actually better. Nic Cage also in Vampire's Kiss. Martha Plimpton makes any movie worth it except Stanley and Iris was lame and I think I'm gonna use this time to announce my own T.V. acting debut. In the new Garlex commercial (Valley people) in the seen where Gary hamlin is in the fireman's suit shouting "Garlex pizza is HOT!!" in the background with the long blond hair in the pony-tail is not me (that's rockgod Mike Hufford) but the hand that comes out from behind the oven and hands him the pizza cutter is mine. And my favorite beer is no longer Kestral Superstrength, but Lownbrau Dark and I only spelled that right because the bottle is in front of me.

What is it with the lead singer of Grotus? Is it just me or do you see this guy everytime you set foot in the city? In the las two weeks I've seen him six times at everthing from Sharkbait to Helmet and he sat in front of us at "My own private Idaho". In fact, the only time I didn't see him was the night I dropped Jenny off at Greyhound, but I saw him the next day when I picked up Erica on Haight. Maybe his bald head just makes him easy to spot.

Monday night three people dreamed I died (my brother, J.D., and my neighbor Nick) but Erika tells me Erica told her that if you dream someone dies that person will have good luck so I guess those people were just unconsciously wishing me good luck. Lately I've been pondering, "Who's more cool, Nicolous Cage or Harry Connick Jr.?" and after alot of deep thought I've decided it's still Nicolous Cage because Harry Connick has to much talent-it's almost cheating where as Nic Cage operates on pure ungifted cool. Can someone fill me in on (the coolest of them all) Martha Plimpton? I only know her from her movies. I heard she's skank. Send me stuff. I'll pay for it.

Aaron



I'm covering up the zine reviews in this second printing because they're old and weren't that good anyway. However, I will continue doing zine reviews next issue, so send me your zines. All trades are accepted (but if your zine is only like 8 pages, at least send me some stamps, or something.) There are a lot of good zines I've read lately, too many to mention (what a crock of shit.) Truthfully, I don't feel like dropping names - **Dear Jesus**, **Order A New World**, **Ebb**, **Punk Rock Fanzine**, **Mole**, **Blarg**, **Look Again** - because I know there are some I forgot to mention. While I'm at it, I want to say ummmm, that I think **Bannafish** and **Rollerderby** are the two coolest zines that exist, however, J.D. and I are at odds as to which zine is the coolest. J.D. thinks it's **Bananafish**, and I say **Rollerderby**, but I don't want to get into Why because it's Saturday and both Todd (who is typing this as I speak) and I are tired and hung over and we just wanna get out of here (Todd's work place) and go home. Last night we saw **Olivelawn** and **Dumbhead** at the Chameleon. It was a good show. Hardly anyone was there. I saw a funny sticker in the bathroom. It

said "**Herman's Through Osmosis: Forging the Pleasanton Sound**". Someone took an ink pen and put an "o" between the "g" and the "i" in Forging which I thought was funny too. At least it was last night. Anyway, I'm so certain that **Rollerderby** is the coolest, I guarantee it. (pregnant pause) Lisa sells **Rollerderby** at an average of \$2 an issue. Right now there are six issues. Um, I think number two is sold out, so...send Lisa \$10 and ask her for all her back issues 'cause they all kind of go together. If you don't like them, send them to me and I'll give you back your \$10. Shit! It just occurred to me that you could just read them and then claim you didn't like them. Well, forget it, then. If you don't like it you probably don't deserve to have \$10 anyway. (Lisa Carver P.O. Box 1491 Dover, NH 03820)

For unknown bands, labels, or zines just looking for exposure, I might suggest looking beyond the normal **Flipside-MRR** route. For example, the Probe's review in **Jersey Beat** got me more orders than either **Flipside** or **MRR**. Also, so far my ad in **House O' Pain** got more response per dollar than the bigger zines. I may too mention that I myself was not aware of the underground music scene, culture, or politics (whatever) until I picked up a copy of a now defunct zine called **Primary Concern**. Not until then did I become interested in the issue of **MRR** sitting on the racks, so... The rest of the old zine reviews we're going to cover up with pictures and stuff. And read the story J.D. wrote, too.



P) Yeah. I noticed I've been seeing your name all over the place and I heard you've been on MTV news, too.

T) Yeah, that's what I heard, but I haven't seen it yet.

P) You guys are pretty big porno fans, right?

T) Yeah, pretty much, yeah.

P) On the sample from 0U818; what movie is that from?

T) It's a really cheesy movie. I think it's called Sharon's B-Day Party or Sex Party or something. I'm not really sure. The bass player from Faith No More actually had it and it was by chance that he found it and told us, "Hey, you got to come see this, you're not going to believe it." But it's like this really cheesy film and it was supposed to have Sharon Mitchell and she's not even in it. It's pretty bizarre, but we haven't been able to find it anywhere. He rented it, but we looked there and couldn't find it, so who knows.

P) What's your favorite porno?

T) I like a lot of the new arty ones that are coming out and they're pretty cool, like "Secrets" and "Nightrythms". Stuff like that.

P) For some reason, I'm into everything sexual except pornos. I just never got into them.

T) Oh, really.

P) I just bought this video of nude teenage sun bathers, stuff like that I go after. (laughter)

T) We were just in New York mastering our album and we got a chance to check out some really bizarre movie places. Actually, it was Trey (guitarist) and Mike that picked up a couple. Mike got this one called "Sex Slave" and they have things like they sew up this girl's vagina with a needle and thread and they nail a body to the table or something while she's standing up. It's pretty bizarre. It's a German film. They're screaming their heads off.

P) Nmmmmmm

T) Not like we're into that or anything, but...

P) Yeah, I know what you mean. Ummm, how did Kristen Yee become your manager?

T) She saw us and liked us I guess.

Started booking shows for us, then it just kind of melted into a management thing.

P) I saw her name on the Limbo's album.

T) Yeah, she works really close with Dave Lufkiwitz who manages the Limbos and Primus and stuff. Actually, Dave was booking shows for us and she shares an office with him, so I guess that's how we got in touch with her.

P) I heard you signed to Warner Bros.

T) Yeah, well, actually, believe it or not, we haven't signed anything yet. Contract is still being negotiated but it's supposed to be ready soon.

P) Are you going to change your style for them?

T) No, the album's finished. It's ready to be pressed. That's the great thing about it. While we were recording, no one was around. We did it all on our own. We didn't change a thing.

P) Live, you always throw in a lot of samples of other music. Did you do that for the album?

T) Yeah, we got a lot of samples from like video games and other wierd stuff like that.

P) If a nice young girl wished to spend a romantic evening with a member of Mr. Bungle, who would she approach and how should she approach him?

T) Well, that's a difficult one because we never get approached. In fact, we played S.F. once and just to see what would happen, we put up a sign that said "Free Cock" and no one approached us after that either. (tape malfunction here lasts about 1/2 minute, during which Trevor humorously explains why girls stay away from the band)

P) ...well, yeah. I know this girl who goes to a Christian school in Pheonix and her friends were Mike Patton fans, so she invited them over to spend the weekend and see Mr. Bungle at the Stone. But I guess that show, Mike started sucking this dildo coming out of Trey's pants and they got disgusted and left early.

T) Oh my God!

P) Yeah, I couldn't believe it either.

T) Yeah. You know, I remember that

show. He was doing it for a long time. It was getting really gross. It looked like he giving Trey head. I heard people thought it was real. Pretty ridiculous.

P) The Deli Creeps; are you guys close to them?

T) Yeah! Actually, Kristen is managing them.

P) I saw Trey play bass for them.

T) Yeah, their bass player had some emergency out of town that night.

P) Umm. Umm. Do you believe that Martha Plimpton embodies the finest in American womanhood?

T) Who? Plimpton?

P) Yeah, ever hear of her?

T) No

P) O.K.

T) Who is that?

P) She's an actress I have a real thing for.

T) Really? I recognize that name. What was she in?

P) Running On Empty, Parenthood. Her last movie she shaved head for. It's called "Silence Like Glass".

T) I've never seen her I guess. (nervous laughter by both is followed by an eerie silence)

P) Uh, what was a memorable show for you?

T) Uh, let's see. We just did this tour down the West Coast and San Diego was pretty memorable because we were advertised as a funk band I guess because our last tape was kind of funk oriented, and I guess people expected that kind of stuff, and you know our stuff is a lot different, not funk at all, and people didn't know what to think. They were baffled. There was a point in the show where we'd end a song and there was complete silence. They just stared at us and we stared back. There was a little tension going back and forth.

P) I felt that happened at the Omni show a bit, too.

T) Yeah, yeah.

P) That was a strange show.

T) It was kinda cool, actually. I mean, it seems like people are paying attention when they do that.

P) On the new album, is it going to be all stuff from your old demos? T) Yeah.

We recorded everything off the last tape and a couple from older ones. We did "Eggs" and "Carasoul". The only song not on the new album is going to be "Mr. Nice Guy" and we'll release that later on an EP.

P) You guys get a lot of attention for Mike being in Faith No More. Do you just consider that good promotion or would you rather make your own name?

T) We're definitely trying to keep the two things separate. As completely separate as possible. Anyone who knows who Mike is knows he's in both bands, but despite that we're still trying to avoid it. Like when we do interviews, he never does them and we didn't use his real name on the album.

P) Really? Are you going to make a video?

T) Yeah.

P) Who writes the lyrics?

T) Everyone. Me, Trey and Mike do it I guess. We pretty much divide it up. We do the writing. Music and lyrics.

P) Did you all grow up in Eureka?

T) Yeah, pretty much. Eureka and Arcata, where the college is. That's where we met Danny and Bear, our sax players. The other four of us all went to Eureka High and pretty much grew up here. (silence)

P) O.K. How about this one. Where do you feel sodomy places on Maslow's hierarchy of needs?

T) I'm sorry. What?

P) (Repeat question)

T) Who? Maslow?

P) That psychiatrist who proposed a theory of development stages based on needs as op-

posed to Freud's...

T) Oh yeah. Right, right. Umm, hmmm...

P) That's just too goofy a question. I'm trying not to talk too much about the music.

T) Yeah, like everyone else.

P) Yeah, but that's a question I should almost only ask through the mail, so you have time to think up an answer. I won't even use that for this

T) O.K.

P) (searching my mind for a question) I guess I'm drained now, but thanks a lot. This will be great.

T) O.K.

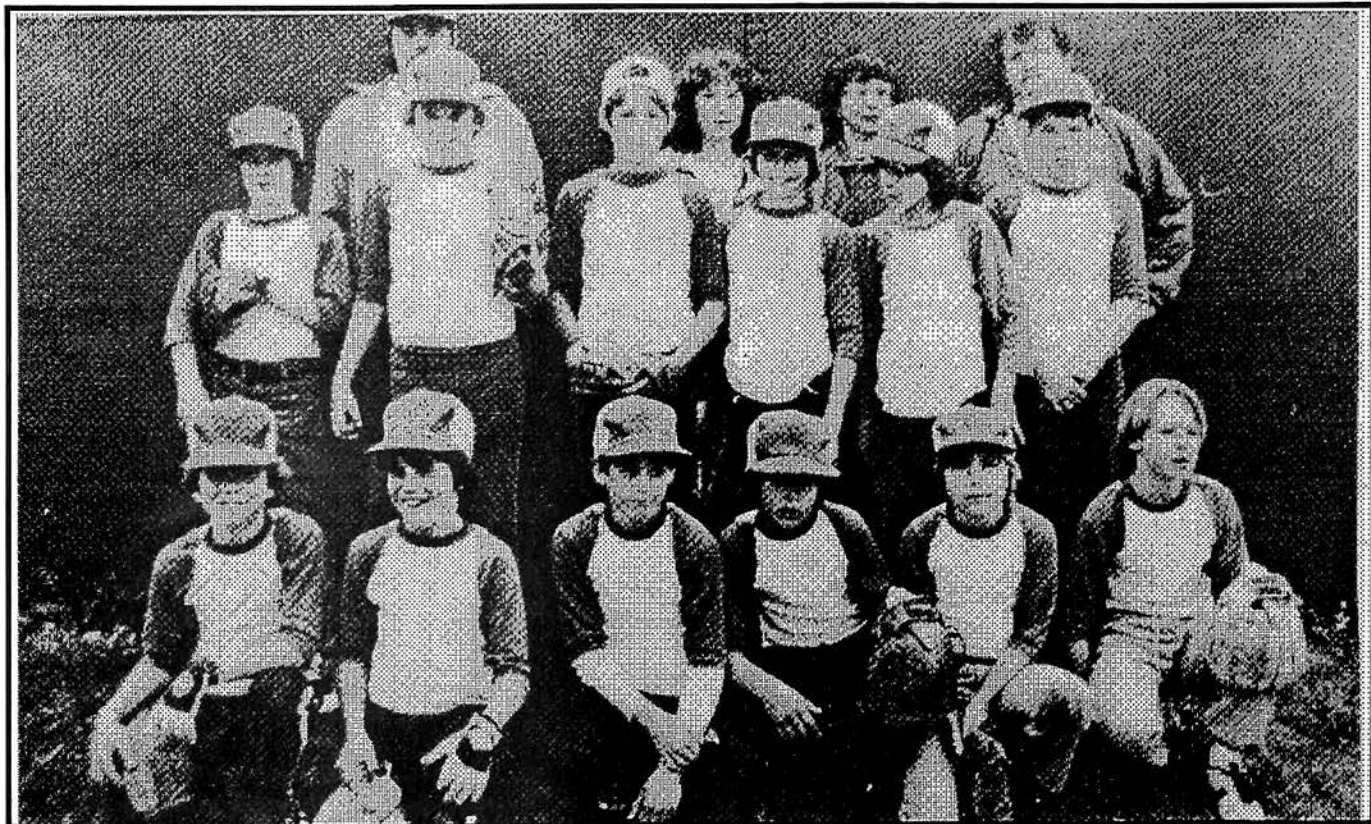
P) I'll send you a copy when it's done.

T) O.K. Great

P) All right, thanks.

T) O.K. Thank you. click

Mike Patton (Bottom row second from left) 8th grade team photo (Eureka, CA.), he played catcher. Photo courtesy of Dan Sullivan. *not another Garlex employee*



Arcata

Arcata is about a six hour drive from my home in Pleasanton, so I picked up a couple of pizzas for the trip. About two hours into the drive, I picked up a hitchhiker. I'm not sure why I always pick up every single hitchhiker I see, but I guess I'd feel like a jerk passing somebody up while there's an open seat in my truck. This lady was obviously homeless because she was dressed in layers of clothing and carried a bedroll. At first, I judged her to be about 50, but looking closer I saw her face was just weathered by the elements and she was probably in her early 30's. I was thankful she didn't smell. I offered her pizza, but she said she just ate and asked for a map. After looking it over, she told me she was about 3 hours from her destination and she was what truckers call a "good rider" which meant she never stopped talking and was good at keeping drivers awake. She told me she once hitchhiked from New York to L.A. to Oregon in only 4 1/2 days which she figured was some kind of record. She said if truckers like you, they will radio ahead to other truckers who want a good rider and you can cross the country without ever stopping or having to thumb it. She was knowledgeable about a number of topics. She told me in detail of her hidden campsites across the western U.S. and how nice they were. She filled me in on the difference of building them on state, county or interstate property and how to quickly build a good reputation with those around you. She called herself an "alien cockroach" which had something to do with the New Testament and preferring to live in the cracks of society. She said she made money by dumpster diving, odd jobs and playing the lottery. She was interesting conversation but after 3 hours, I was happy to see her go. Just dropped her off into the night, in a city she hadn't been to in over a year, no place to stay, no money or food, but she smiled and waved as I drove off. I found Cheese and George's place easily because it's right in the middle of Arcata. Only a block from the plaza. I was happy to find their apartment alive with music, conversation and light partying when I arrived. After a couple of hours, things began to settle and I sat down at their kitchen table to write. I'll print what I wrote that night here.

Here I am, my first night in Arcata, Ca. and I'm not disappointed. I just got in a couple of hours ago, but I can already see that everything is how I hoped and expected it to be here. It is a Wednesday night and the city is quiet. This is not a party town. It is not a sleepy town, either. This is a town in search of the eternal buzz. It is 2 a.m. I've come to see two friends. At this moment, one is somewhere on the beach taking acid for the first time. The other has just turned in for the night. After enjoying more than a few beers, I've settled down at their cluttered kitchen table to reflect on my existence and my special relationship with God. Just fucking with you! I want to talk about sex and masturbation! (And also love and infatuation if I get around to it.) First off...

It only got worse, I stayed up past 4 a.m. that night, but the next morning I felt good because I knew I had an interesting day before me. I set out for the town in my truck, but quickly realized everything was in walking distance. Arcata without people would look like a town out of the 50's, but the people there give it its own atmosphere. A lot of earthy clothes and long hair; the girls don't wear makeup (I like that). I also saw a good looking girl with no hair who somehow fit in well with the laid-back atmosphere of the place. I had read the day before that a guy named Bill had a "zine in Arcata called "No Scene At All", so I went to his place. Though it was past noon by now, I think I got him out of bed because he came to the door in a bathrobe looking kind of haggard. His place was a disaster area so he had trouble locating a copy, but seemed happy to have someone interested in it. He became more interested when I told him I was doing a "zine, too. Then I went to a record store to buy some blank tapes and I heard some people asking, "Do Hunk of Funk play at the Beergarden tonight?" I told them yes, and then stepped out the door and at the other end of the plaza, saw Cheese hanging a flyer for the gig. Small town. Later that day, I went with Hunk of Funk to the Beergarden for their soundcheck. The place is great. Pleasanton could use a place half as good as this. It used to be a bowling alley so there's a lot of space and the stage even has a light show. There are a lot of tables behind the dance floor for those who want to chill and they have a good selection of imported beer. (Did I mention the nice people who run the place? A "Right on, dude!" to the bartender who served me on the house even though I wasn't actually part of the band.) After the soundcheck, we walked the full 100 yards back to the apartment to chemically prepare for the show. The opening band (Strictly Roots, I think) had its moments, but didn't generate anything near the frenzy of activity on the floor produced by the high energy funk-rock crunch of Hunk of Funk. After the show, about 15 friends and fans of the band followed them back to their apartment for some post-show partying. Late that night, I did my Hunk of Funk interview. The next day, I was going to go to Humboldt State to look around and pick up an application for a High School Teaching Credential, but I took a wrong turn off the campus road, said "fuck it" and headed up the coast on 101. The area is undeniably beautiful. The most scenic coastal part of California, even more so than Carmel or Point Lobos. I was looking for the huge redwood trees I remember seeing as a kid, but I couldn't see them from the road, so I settled for a beach. After getting my dose of nature, I drove back to the apartment and Cheese and I walked to Safeway to get a salad. Like George the day before, I noticed Cheese seemed to know every person on the street, all friendly. I never got a bad vibe from anyone the whole time I was in Arcata. That night, George's side band, The Experiment, played a house party. In Pleasanton, if someone throws a party with a live band and it's open to everyone, it's inevitable that word will spread quickly and 2 to 3 hundred drunken partiers will descend on the place before 9 p.m. (I know. My brother and I have done it twice and each time one of us was kicked out of my mom's house.) But I guess things are different in Arcata because hardly anyone showed up for this one. That may have been partly due to the fact that there was an erotic film festival playing in town that night. (Not like me to miss anything like that. I usually go for anything sexual except pornos. I don't watch them because they make sex look ridiculous and cheesy, but I'll rent any regular movie as long as someone gets naked.) That night, everybody was sleeping by 4 a.m., but I still had a good buzz going (nobody I know sleeps as little as I do) so I took this tape of the Hunk of Funk interview that I had duplicated for Erica, who wanted a copy and I made use of the blank tape on side two. I tried to recite some poetry of mine, but I couldn't remember anything, so instead, I read out loud from a Charles Bukowski book. It was a story about this lady who shrunk Charles down to 6 inches and used him as a human dildo. Great story, but I was too drunk to read it right, so I decided to take a walk downtown. The only car I saw was a cop's so I came back and slept for a couple of hours. Then I got on Highway 101 back to Pleasanton.

About 10 minutes past Eureka, I saw this big guy climbing on all fours out of the bushes onto the highway. He saw my truck and stuck out his thumb so I pulled over. He was only wearing shorts and carrying a brown paper bag, so I wrongly figured he was local and just needed a ride to town. He got in and said, "I was just fucking around in the woods back there. Where are you going?" I said the Bay Area and he said great, he was going to Hayward. (He was wearing shorts and was scratched up all over. He was also wearing a T-shirt from a Canadian prison.) I asked him where he was coming from and he said he had just been kicked out of Canada 4 days earlier as an "undesirable". He said after being arrested for drunk in public the judge asked him why he was in Canada and he said, "Well, I heard Canadian bars have bottomless dancers so I came to drink some Canadian beer and see some Canadian pussy." He said his problem was he was too honest. Then he told me it was his 28th birthday that day. When he said he had a wife and kids in Hayward, I asked him what he did for a living. He told me the state pays him \$700 a month for being crazy. I asked him how he did that and he said he went to the welfare office and asked for it. They gave him an application to fill out and even though he could read and write, he figured if he filled it out properly they wouldn't give him any money, so he drew pictures all over it and pasted things to it and gave it back to them. They called the next day and said they were sending out a psychiatrist to help him with it. He told the psychiatrist crazy things like if they didn't give him the money, he would steal it; and now he gets a monthly check. At first, I thought this guy really pulled one over on Uncle Sam, but after riding with him a couple of hours, I realized he really was crazy. For one thing, he never once stopped smiling. That's a sure sign of being crazy right there, but he also did a lot of weird things like sticking half of his body out the window and shouting and waving every time we passed a girl. One girl didn't wave back so he said "I guess she's just tired or something". He told me bizzare things like how he bought a portable generator so he could camp out in unused ranch houses and that he stopped driving because he wrecked 6 cars. He had these really ugly green tattoos all over his forearm and hands which he said he did himself when he was a kid. When I played L7, he started screaming with delight and said they reminded him of an old girlfriend he had. Weird, friendly guy. Within a half an hour after dropping him off, I was back home. I took a shower and went to work. Closing shift. (11:30p.m.) Keith was managing and he suggested going to my house after work to drink beer and watch movies, which sounded good to me. The new girl was working that night. New in town, only 17, and with a nice sex-bomb look about her. Mike dropped by and suggested I ask her over and he'd drive her, because we were interested in finding out about her. She had been real quiet at work and no one knew her much. She accepted and later that night, we probed her mind. She was from New Orleans and had just moved to Pleasanton to live with her brother and go to cosmetology school. She had some good stories about New Orleans and teen-age rebellion. (Shaving off her waste length hair and then dyeing it blue when it grew back because she was fed up with being "daddy's girl") But we were disappointed when she mentioned Vanilla Ice as her favorite music and asked us, "What is funk?" I gave her a tape of Primus and said to her, "This isn't real funk, it's thrash funk, but see what you think." When she returned it to me a couple of days later, she said, "Yeah, I liked it, especially 'Mr. Knowitall'. Is that your band?" Anyway, despite this, she was really sweet and that night, I thought about her while I masturbated.

P.S.

Arcata is a college town which usually means a younger, more alternative atmosphere, however, I went to Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, which is a different story. Let me give you an example: My first day of classes Summer at Poly I was waiting outside the gym for my softball class to begin when a cop car came rolling up the sidewalk toward me. It stopped and an officer got out and asked me if I was a student. I said yes. She asked to see my student I.D. and of course I forgot it that day. I showed her my books and notes I took in class that morning, but she said someone had called the department and asked that a "suspicious" looking person (me) be investigated. So for the next 10 minutes she asked that I stay put while they radio in my drivers license # and check with the school records, etc. It was pretty amazing. This was the fourth time this happened to me, but the first time during the day, in the middle of campus, while sober. I was wearing a Garlex pizza tie-dye, cut offs, long hair and I guess I probably looked a little dazed because I had spent most of the previous night getting naked with a new lady friend (not myself, this time.) But the point of the story here is to contrast the type of small college town I was used to in relation to Arcata, where my appearance was hardly noticeable, much less suspicious.

BUNGLE



Probe interview with Mr.
Bungle bassist, Trevor Dunn *(in striped shirt)*

Done over the phone and I didn't record the very beginning...

T) I just got back from S.F. today.

P) Really? You've been down there this whole time?

T) Yeah, quite awhile.

P) How long have Mr. Bungle been together?

T) Almost six years, since when I was in high school.

P) And you've had different people in the band since then?

T) Yeah. We were a four piece in the beginning and there are three of us left from that. We started out as a speed metal band. Then we got a different drummer and added a couple of horn players to that.

P) A friend of mine just got all of your old demos today, but I haven't had a chance to hear them yet. I remember though, last year you wouldn't sell me any.

T) Oh yeah, they're pretty bad. Oh well.

P) With John Zorn, were you guys fans or how did you hook up with him?

T) Yeah. Actually, we just got into him pretty recently and we, or actually our drummer, saw him down in the City and he gave him a tape and asked him if he wanted to produce us. It was actually a shot in the dark for us, but

he said he'd do it and it kind of blew us away. P) Did you get that tape I sent you? *(video)*

T) Yeah, I did. Actually, Mike has it now. It's been circulating throughout the band.

P) That's cool.

T) Yeah, great.

P) Are you guys getting a lot of mail and calls like this now that the band is getting big?

T) Yeah. Actually, we've been doing some interviews with some pretty wierd magazines that we never expected to. Like Kerrang and Spin. Pretty bizzare.

Hunk of Funk is in band limbo right now (2-92), but the best part about doing this interview anyway was meeting up with the lovely and talented (really) Erica Jayde Venus. Erica will continue to ~~be~~ contribute writing, artwork, and next issue a nude pictorial (which alone is reason enough to send in your order for #2 right now - trust me), Erica update - next page

ber but J.D. tells me George was also one of our school's most radical skater dudes!!!!)

Aaron-Seriously?

George-Yeah.

Aaron-How tall are you?

George-Six foot three inches.

Aaron- I had you in a speech class.

You were pretty entertaining

George-Fun class! Mrs. Johnson! (we talk about class)

Aaron-Okay, back to the band. Why funk?

George-Because it's so Gary Otley.

Aaron-When you and Cheese were in the Blue Darts, how come you didn't play funk then? You just weren't into it yet?

George-Exactly. I'm sure I would have liked to. It was actually my friends who turned me on to it.

Aaron-What do you say to young, impressionable kids who want to grow up to be just like George Hinckley

George-I don't know of any such kids.

Aaron-They exist. (laughter)

George-Right on, then.

Aaron-Do you have a favorite prescription drug?

Rebeca-Demerols.

George-Hey, hey. None of that.

Aaron-If you grew long hair, you'd have an Afro.

George-Yes, this is true. It's only because of my funky genes.

Aaron-How many original songs do HunkOfFunk have?

George-I don't know. 12,15, millions.

Cheese-About 17.

George-We're working on more, though. Tonight we did two new songs.

Aaron- Yeah, "Bite Your Butt" was fantastic.

George- Wasn't that something?

Cheese- That was for you, Aaron.

Aaron-No, it was for Bobbie. (waitress at Beer Garden)

Cheese-(shrugs) Bobbie, Aaron...

George-But I like you, Aaron, you're our best interviewer.

Aaron-What's incredible is that you've only slept like two hours since Tuesday. You played a show tonight and you're still up partying!. Are you some kind of god? Are you human?

George-I'm just a son of a gun.

Aaron-What would you tell your parents about this time in your

life. They're probably worried about you and wondering how your doing.

George-My back is better. I'm having fun

Rebeca-And you're eating salad.

Hunk of
Funk is:

Andre
LaVelle
Bass

•

Tom
Ciapponi
Guitar

•

Cheese
(Ben
Robertson)
Keyboards

•

Ross
McGiness
Drums

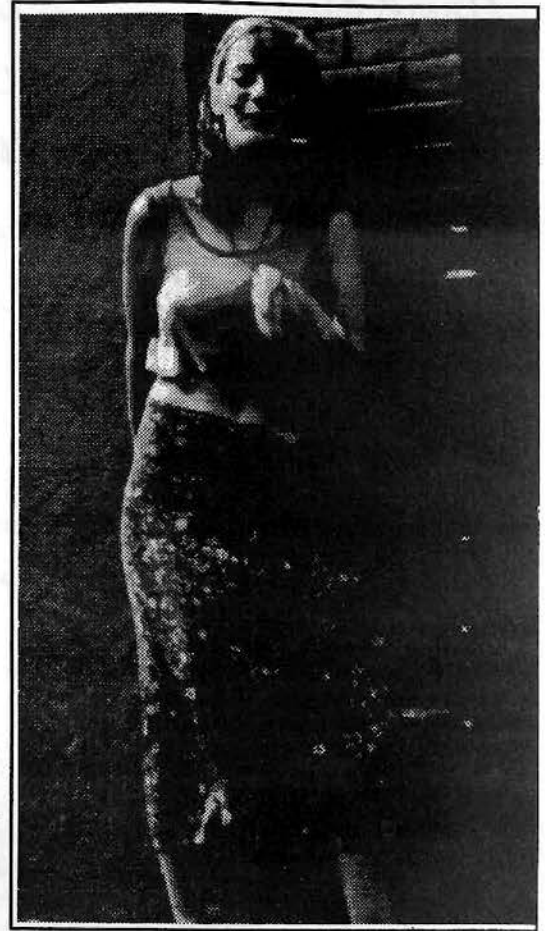
•

George
Hinckley
Vocals/
Percussion

ERICA UPDATE: Erica did move back to Buffalo for a short time before hitch-hiking back to the West Coast where she eventually wound up in Arcata again. Erica is the coolest, funkiest, weirdest chick from Venus I know.

Dear Aaron,

I sit here in Redwood Park on a sunny Wednesday afternoon, as the flowers in my turquoise ribboned hat bask in the glow of the sun. I take off the decked ornament and shake out my cherry red hair, feeling its soft curve and gentle tickle on my shoulders. A butterfly lands on my toes as children laugh in the background. Looking around, I see Redwood spirits talking in secret languages. The lush greenness of the ferns that surround me whisper tales of the earth as wind fairies play with my hair. I take off my clothes, as I am apt to do every so often, and skip in my bareness from tree to tree. Dizzy with playfulness, I lay my head at the base of a Redwood beauty and deeply breath the incense of the woods. Looking up, I see the golden sun stream through the forest branches and color invisible spider threads silver. Another butterfly flits past my face in its erratic dance of joy and freedom. Glancing around me, I gaze upon hundreds of pure creamy white butterflies filling the air like snow. Saving no time to question this miracle of nature, I jump and skip and laugh with them. And then I trip and my adventure is over. I sigh deeply, thinking of you, wishing you were here to share in my nakedness...but unfortunately you're not. So I get dressed, go home and masturbate with a cucmuber...Erica Jayde Venus

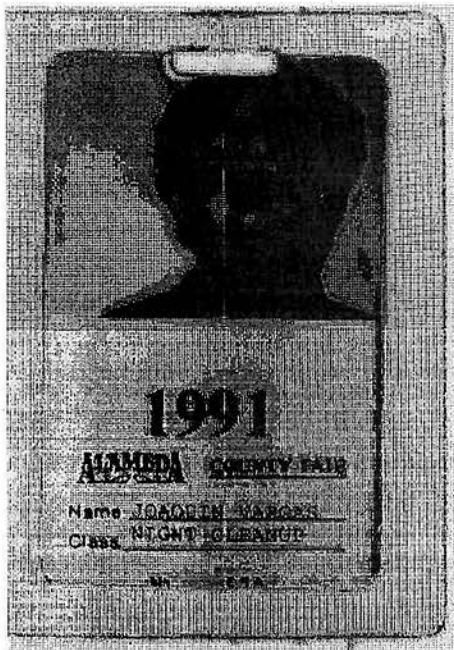


Written at the end of a long and rambling letter to Aaron during a period of deep confusion and anger.

3:05 a.m. 1990

Through a hazy, impressionistic fog I filter out the mundane demons that attack me from all sides like pirrahna in a feeding frenzy. I get punched in the face with mediocrity, but unable to identify it's source, lump it with the mindless masses. Only when I don my glasses do the illusions become real, substantial. Bespectacled, I am vulnerable to their mindless drivel; superficial, materialistic madness that fuels our desire and feeds on our souls. Our temples have become curiosities; our curiosities, temples. We embrace the archaic, reassuring, complacent principles spewed forth by priests turned politicians. Unable to accept the truth, we dismiss it as "wierd" or "depressing". We are frightened by what's real and repulsed by provocative images because we are used to being entombed in comfortable numbness. It is the reaction itself that scares us. Instead of craving crackling life, we long for a soothing trance, where we're spoon-fed psuedo-ideas and molded into plastic lifestyles.

J.D. Vargas



A-WHAT'S THAT YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT A SINGLE? IS THAT OTHER THAN "Eggnog"

J-Yeah. We haven't recorded it yet, and I don't think we're going to get it done before we leave, but...

D-someday there'll be a single on Amphetamine Reptile.

J-And then there's that Flipper thing...

D-Just kind of a fun thing to do. We got lots of weird plans... dumb ideas & stuff. Our next thing is we're gonna put out solo records.

J-Oh yeah!!

R-LIKE KISS?

D-Yeah, like KISS.

J-Yes, quite like that!

D-That's where we got the idea but...

J-But the other ideas that accompanied it.

A-WHAT DO YOU GUYS THINK ABOUT WHEN YOU MASTURBATE?

D/J-(SLIGHT PAUSE)

J-Probably, uh, girls...I don't know...I don't think about males or anything like that.

R-HE MEANS SPECIFICALLY-LIKE GIRLS DOING WHAT...

J-So do you interview Mike Patton a lot?

A-UH...OH, HE'S JUST IN THERE (OTHER ROOM). DIDN'T YOU SEE HIM?

J-I know he likes to talk about that. Why don't we get him in here. I don't know what he looks like.

R-HE'S HERE (SARCASTICLY) WAIT LET'S GO FIND HIM!

D-Yeah-go get him and talk about masturbation.

R-I THINK ABOUT MIKE PATTON DURING MASTURBATION.

J-Yeah that's it.

D-That was a good one!

R-HAVE YOU GUYS EVER WATCHED A MOVIE AND SAID, "MAN, WE SHOULD DO THE SOUNDTRACK"? EVER SEEN ANY MOVIES YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD DO THE SOUNDTRACK TO?

J-People used to ask my old band to do soundtracks that they would never make.

A-EARTH?

J-Yeah. How'd you guys know about Earth?

A-CAUSE I GOT MY FLIPSIDE IN THE MAIL TODAY. (INTERVIEWED THERE TOO)

J-I see. Well I'll have you know I NEVER pull my shirt up for people, ever!

A-YOU DIDN'T DO THAT?

J-No, I did not.

D-Do it now, Joe.

J-No I don't think so.

D-Aww c'mon

J-(TO AARON & RICH) If I hear that you wrote that I pulled up my shirt and you saw one fucking hairy chest, that's it for you!

R-I COULD TAKE A PICTURE OF YOUR HAIRY NECK...

J-That's good enough.

(BACK TO THE SUBJECT ON HAND)

D-Somebody over in Germany said that they used one of our songs for a movie and they

wanted us to come watch it, but we couldn't do it 'cause we had to stay and break down our stuff and the movie was starting right away. I don't know...it was probably was in German and I wouldn't have understood it anyway.

J-Well, you know how those German movies are...

D-Yeah-Achtung!! It'd be like Hogan's Heroes or something...

J-(Impersonating Shultze) I saw nothing!!!

R-I HEAR THAT THE PLACES YOU PLAY IN EUROPE, THE CROWDS LIKE TO SING ALONG...DID YOU NOTICE THAT AT ALL?

D-I noticed that every once in awhile at place and it's kind of weird because how the hell do they know what we're singing? I don't even know what we're singing!!! I'm just going "BLAHBLAH BLAHBLAH"

A-SO IF YOU COULD SHRINK DOWN TO THE SIZE OF A MICRO-PROBE AND EXPLORE SOMEONE'S BODY, WHOSE WOULD IT BE?

D-(LAUGHING) Joe's!!

J-(looking suspicious) Were you the one who sent us that thing about cats?

A-YEAH!!

J-Somehow this all makes sense. Did you ever get it back?

A-NO! DID YOU FILL IT OUT?

J-Yeah, I answered every question but one before we went on this tour... then it disappeared.

A-(DEJECTED) OH, REALLY?

J-My favorite food is Science Diet.

A-I WAS JUST SO INTO THE MELVINS THAT WEEK-THAT'S ALL I LISTENED TO.

J-You're the cat guy, huh?

R-I TOLD HIM HE SHOULD JUST START ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT CATS AND SEE IF YOU FIGURED IT OUT.

J-Shoot away! Let's have some cat questions.

A-WHERE'S THAT CAT NOW?

J-At home.

A-WHO'S HOUSE?

J-Lori's.

A-WHAT'S SHE DOING?

D-She was here tonight. I don't know-probably going home to sleep or something.

A-WHAT KIND OF DAY JOBS DO YOU GUYS HAVE, IF YOU HAVE 'EM?

J-(sarcastic evil laughter) Day jobs!?

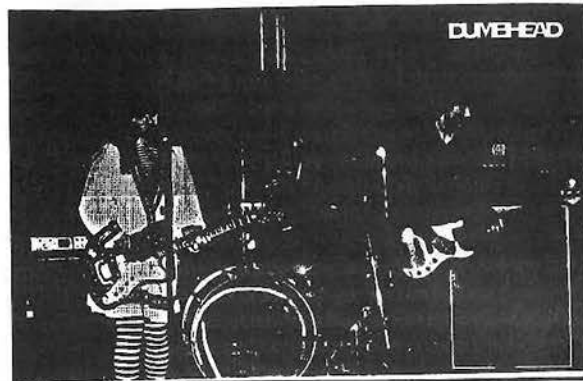
D-Well sometimes we don't get up during the day and I don't get paid for it at all.

A-REALLY- ARE YOU GUYS MAKING THAT MUCH?

D-No, kind of

J-Sort of, I'm hoping to make enough the first couple days of the tour to pay the rent.

D-We have to go on tour for money and stuff, but I don't know, I'm collecting unemployment from my last job who didn't hire me back after the tour, and other than that, we



finally get paid off for records and stuff so it's kind of nice.

R-YOUR LABEL IS PRETTY GOOD TO YOU?

D-He's like really good, he's the man. He's fair and square. Yeah, he's totally fair and square. He's paid us every red cent that he owes us. No other label's done that before. R-NO OTHER LABEL? YOU'VE BEEN ON LIKE SIX OR SOMETHING...

D-Well, some of the 7" we've done recently have...we've gotten a lot of money for. Oh! We've got a live record coming out some day, too. We made that guy give us a lot of money too. Yeah so-we've got a lot of shit coming out.

R-KEEPING BUSY...

J-I think we're gonna take a break from recording after that single. After the tour we're gonna take a little break and, Idunno, write a big album. The Big Album. We've been busy.

R-HAS ANY BIG LABEL EVER ASKED YOU GUYS?

D-Never. They probably wouldn't know what to think of us. If something like that happened, they'd have to really like us.

R-I'M SURE THERE'S SOME LABEL OUT THERE THAT WANTS TO MARKET THE NEXT BLACK SABBATH.

D-Yeah, that'll be the day.

J-They seem to think that by marketing Soundgarden they are marketing the next Black Sabbath. Napalm Death! They're from the same town! Let's make them the next Sabbath!!

D-If we were approached and it was the right amount of money we just might do it...but our label's fine where we are, like I said, we get paid! Some bands are on big labels and they don't even get any money! They might as well not even do it.

R-GOT ANY MORE OF YOUR QUESTIONS, AARON?

J-Yeah, let's have some more cat questions. Come on smart guy, let's have one. (BLANK STARE)

D-No cat questions? OK, let us interview you now. So uh, what do you guys think about when you masturbate?

A-UMMMMM... JENNIFER, L7

D-OHHAAAAHA!!!!

J-000000!!

A-WHAT DO YOU GUYS THINK OF L7?

D-Oh yeah, we played with them a while ago. They're pretty cool.

J-I like Jennifer a lot! She gave me a new cabinet when she was here last time.

A-A CABINET?

D-Yeah, she gave him this big old huge-ass cabinet.

J-She's been trying to get me to buy it for years. She said "Come on just take it! Please take it out of my house!" I could never get around to picking it up, so she just brought it with her this time.

R-MAYBE YOU SHOULD GIVE HER SOME NEW BASS STRINGS.

J-I know-actually I should. I don't know what to do. I haven't written her back or thanked her or anything. I really didn't see her much after that show, and I know I like wanted to send her some huge basket of flowers! Or fruit or something, but I haven't gotten around to doing anything.

R-(TO DALE) AT THAT VOIVOD SHOW, THE WAY THE GUY INTRODUCED SOUNDGARDEN WAS "FOUR GUYS WHO LOVE THE MELVINS!" IF THAT SAME GUY WERE TO INTRODUCE YOU, WHO WOULD HE SAY THAT YOU LOVED?

J-Cats! I don't know.

R-Any local bands you guys are into?

D-Yeah, there's a few local bands I like, um Flipper...

J-I like Starcabin a lot.

D-Duh!

J-I haven't really seen bands here a lot.

D-I could say I like Dumbhead. But that's a little biased.

J-Yeah That's a big bias.

D-I can say I'd like to watch them someday if they got a drummer.

A-NOT JUST BECAUSE WE'RE INTERVIEWING YOU, BUT YOU'RE MY FAVORITE DRUMMER RIGHT NOW.

D-Oh, well!

J-(sarcastically) Sure.

DID YOU LISTEN TO LED ZEPPELIN? YOU REMIND ME OF BONHAM.

D-Oh yeah, I like John Bonham. I like all the obvious drummers, you know, that are really good stuff like that. Then there's some obscure ones I like a lot too.

Obviously.

J-Gene Krupa.

D-Oh yeah, I like heavy rock drummers.

R-(TO JOE) GET OUT OF HERE WITH THAT WIMPY STUFF.

J-Wimpy!? Gene Krupa's not wimpy.

D-I like Clint Burke from Blondie a lot.

J-Yeah...

R-How about that guy from Godflesh?

J-Yeah, he's good!

D-Yes!

J-He's tight.

D-He's in a lot of bands.

J-He used to drum for my old band too. He

gets around.

D-Drum machines are good for some things.

J-I need to buy one, by the way. (If) anyone wants to sell me an HR16B cheap, come get me.

R-HAVE YOU WRITTEN SONGS WITH THE BAND YET?

J-Actually, Buzz and I worked on a couple.

R-I NOTICED YOU WERE SINGING BACK-UP ON A COUPLE SONGS. I DON'T THINK LORI DID, DID SHE?

D-No. He's the first guy that has; well actually our first bass player started to a little bit towards the end of his stay in the band, but this has been the best singing-wise so far. Hey we can almost make it on key with all 3 of us, almost.

J-Someone tonight was shouting for 3-part harmonies.

A-OH-THAT GUY. HE WAS A LITTLE NERDY-LOOKING GUY AND WHEN YOU WERE TAKING SO LONG HE SAID, "I'm gonna start a riot!"

D-Just like Guns 'n Roses.

J-We're big GNR fans.

R-I THINK I SAW LORI IN THEIR VIDEO TOO, RIGHT?

D-Yeah, the "Patience" one. In the motel room.

R-THAT'S RIGHT.

A-WHO'S BORIS?

D-I don't know who Boris is actually. I think the only person who it could possibly be is there is this T.V. show up in Washington called "J.P. Patches." There was this guy on there called Boris S. Schwartz and every time they'd say his name everybody would go "Hissssss." R-WHAT KIND OF SHOW WAS IT?

D-J.P. Patches was like this clown and they had all these weird kind of things like (gruff voice) "The Secret Room" and he'd say this phrase "Zaba zaba zoom secret room ala kazam!" Then it would explode and the door would fly off and there was these Ooga Chakas down there and they'd go "Ooga chaka ooga chaka ooga chaka." Then he'd look through the ICU TV set and he'd say everybody's birthday when it was their birthday, right? And he'd say (clown voice) "Oh I can see it's Bob's birthday today. Bob, look in the dryer for your present!" I was always waiting for him to say my name!

J-Gosh, all I had was Ramblin' Rod. Rod Andrews, famous car salesman of Portland. R-HOW LONG AGO WAS THAT (STUFF) THAT YOU JUST REMEMBERED FROM?

D-Oh I remember all that stuff. It was a great show. I actually met J.P. Patches and he had this other clown that was on there that played all these other parts. Gertrude was his name and he actually played Boris S. Schwartz and a couple of other people. Catchy Can Animal Man and they had this elephant which was actually this hose they'd stick through the door like his trunk. Pretty funny, good show.

R-NO WONDER YOU GUYS UP THERE

ARE PSYCHO...

J-Huh?

D-Yeah, I met J.P. and got his autograph.

A-HOW COME YOU DON'T WEAR YOUR GLASSES ON STAGE?

J-Because they'd fall off immediately. See, I can't wear them too much after I play because my eyebrows get so sweaty like they're doing it right now. I used to wear them in the other band I was in since we didn't do anything. They just didn't make me feel like I wanted to jump and shout.

A-DID THEY PUT ANYTHING OUT?

J-Yeah, actually we're putting something out on Sub-Pop.

A-ARE YOU STILL WITH THE BAND?

D-No. We stole him!

J-I just talked to Dillon the other day and they're suppose to do a CD5, 2 song coming out in September. A 16 minute song with a bonus track that's 20 minutes! And then he told me they have a whole new set which is totally amazing. We wrote songs really slowly before and it's just been like 4 months since I left and they have tons of new stuff.

D-(Earth's) Stuff's pretty cool. It's really long and slow and torturous. It's all instrumental. In the vein of the Swans, except... (we get kicked out by a staff person)

D- Hard cheese- we'll see you guys later.

J-Thanks

R-Thanks a lot guys.

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ARTIST/TITLE/LABEL

Grotus/Brown/Spirit

This is one of the more original sounding albums I've heard in awhile. I guess you could call it industrial, but there's more to it than that. There's a lot of cool bass lines and drum rhythms and the vocals are delivered in different pitches instead of screamed in monotone. This is also the best use of sampling I've ever heard. My only complaint is the number of slower tunes. The previous E.P.s are more "rockin'" and highly recommended.

Tar/Jackson/Am Rep

I don't like it. Sure it's big and heavy music, but it's boring. Kind of like Helmet but without the intensity or energy. Voice and drums are really weak.

Green Day/Kerplunk/Lookout

After a day of supervising a Junior High woodshop class, a full six hours spent containing the explosive energy of pent up youth, I got in my truck, stuck a tape of this in, turned it all the way up, and as I pulled out of the parking lot started yelling, "YEAH! FUCK YEAH!! YEAH! WAAHOOOOO FUCK YEAH!!" This hard and happy punk has that effect on me. This is fucking great stuff. It has all of these parts with quick drum fills followed by a surge of uplifting guitar and vocals (hooks?) I was bouncing in my seat, too.

Melvins/Eggnog/Boner

The other night I was standing in front of my speakers, so drunk I could hardly stand upright. The volume was all the way up and somewhere in the midst of "Hog Leg" it occurred to me that Melvins Eggnog resembles the sound of a raging diety more than anything else in my CD collection. Only for 3 songs though, the rest is like God snoring.

Hole/Pretty On The Inside/Caroline

The concept of this album is "Hi, I'm Courtney Love, and I can Rock." At first I wasn't too impressed. Her persona is magnetic, but there's a definite formula to the songwriting here (seductive growls, couple angry yells, repeat.) However, this did grow on me, and being that C.L. is not a flash in the pan, I suppose future stuff will be even better.

Sleep/Volume One/Very Small

When these guys were kids, they probably dreamed of being Black Sabbath. Now they try to be Melvins. At least it was only \$7. (Shitty review, but there's not much more to say about it.)

Actually, this being the updated second printing, I did get some of these records free - though only one of the freebies got a good review. I am sending all of them a free Probe in return, which I do believe is mighty fine consolation.

7" E.P.s

Woodenhorse/Title 7"/House O' Pain Fanzine

This is nothing special music wise. Melodic rockcore that's been done before by countless other bands. Nicely recorded, though.

The Gitz/Second Skin/Empty

Probably my favorite 7" right now. The band is balls out, but tight and they're fronted by a strong female vocalist. I hear the new E.P. is even better.

Dead White and Blue/Ego 7"/RAM records

Rock. One song is about fond memories and the other is a poem dedicated to a beautiful flower. Really. (P.O. Box 40262 Long Beach, Ca. 90804)

Various/Suburban Voice that comes with issue #31

Boston hardcore. Nothing wrong with the Wrecking Crew, except they sound like a lot of other band. The Said and Done just plain bites dust. But on side two we have Sam Black Church and I love it. Death Metalish but with a real thick and meaty, almost but not funk groove that kicks with some reggaeish type vocals.

Various/Screw Item #4/Simple Machines

4 Bands: Again the Geek song is the standout. Great vocals and just a good pop song with a hard rock tinge to it. Velocity Girl is a more layered, dreamy type song. The Candy Machine and Jawbox aren't bad either.

Various/Kung Fu Daniel/comes with Birth fanzine

3 bands. I don't care how drunk or funny they are, the Sockeye song is just plain bad. The John Bartles track is totally out of place. The Propagandi side is somewhat better with three songs of "snotty" (?) punk.

George Willard/Uptight/Nut Music P.O. Box 5033 Herndon, Va. 22070

Not everyone has an ear for this kind of stuff and if nobody did it wouldn't be such a great loss, but I almost like it anyway. What I hear are some humorous (but not as funny as the promo pages that came in the sleeve) Folk songs with little noises and hisses accompanying various instruments.

The Wallmen/International House of Ju Ju/Dead Judy

Goofy (fun?) short, pointless, worthless, and altogether unimpressive.

kind of like my reviews

Spinout/Doctored for Supersound (live)/Delicious

Spinout define what was best about the worst in early big time rock 'n roll. It's more than a parody, though. These tunes are shit kickers. Class lyrics to boot: "like a Saturn Five/like Apollo Nine/Baby, I'm a rocket - ready to rock/ready to roll/come on, come on, give me Mission Control" You get the idea.

Waldo the Dog Faced Boy/Suite American/W.I.N

The vocals and musicianship stand out but this is a little too slow and experimental (trying hard to be creative) for my taste. It may be the type of stuff that grows on you but I don't care to find out.

The sun has gone down and Todd is starting to grumble about all of this typing so we're going to quit the updating and leave the second page of record reviews as is. Turn the page to see how dated it is.

GRIND CRUSHER COMPILATION/EARACHE-COMBAT

The world's best grindcore is on Earache records, so if you're into extreme death metal, you've probably already got this. If you're not into it, you don't want to find this because the sound will make your balls implode and your breasts sag. 22 bands! Including: Carcass, Lawnmower Death, Filthy Christians, Napalm Death, and Cadaver among other delightful sounding cognomina. (The band on here called Naked City is actually a death metal take off on John Zorn; as a matter of fact it might even be him.)

NIRVANA/SMELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT (CD SINGLE/DGC)

The joke the night we bought this was "Hey have you heard that new song by Nirvana?" and then we'd play it again for the 10th time in a row. (Rich actually told me he doesn't even like it, but he has a bad case of big label phobia to contend with). The other two songs are actually just as god. The album will rape, pillage and sodomize every dead band in its wake.

DELI CREEPS/DEMO

This comes courtesy of Mr. Bungle who were so distraught over this band's break-up (I heard they have since re-formed with a different guitarist) that they showered the One Step Beyond audience with Deli Creeps demos and stickers. Chris Newman caught one, brought it to band practice and "Saucy Bill" lived on as a highlight of A.M.E.'s live show. However the rest of the tape isn't as inspiring as that. Maximum Bob tells some fruity tales and Bukhead does some inhuman guitar solos, but the band has a much better impact live than on this tape.



P.O. BOX 6785
MPLS, MN 55406

THE PSEUDONYMPHS/7" PIGSEYE

Punk sounding. (They're still learning to play their instruments)

"I Punch A Cop" is a definite highlight, however the lyrics on each of the 3 songs are tops. The New Puritan review says "their music reveals a definitive unyielding stance amidst the insanity of our delusion-riddled society", which is kind of funny, I think.

VARIOUS ARTISTS/THREE'S COMPANY/SIMPLE MACHINES

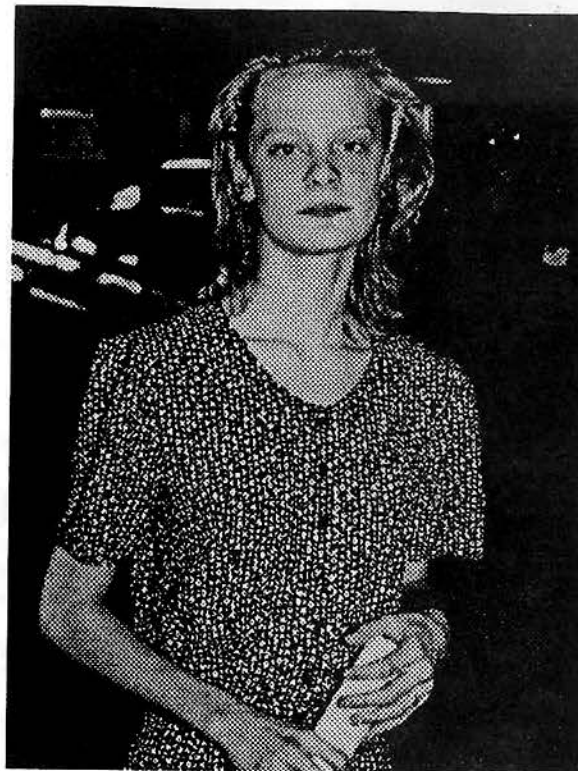
Three bands, Geek, Superchunk, and Seaweed. The Geek song is the coolest because I can't compare it to anything else I've heard, but that may be because I don't listen to Sonic Youth. The Seaweed is good but the Superchunk song cries without soul. (Whatever. It's hot in here and my brain is boiling.)

FASTBACKS/NEVER FAILS. NEVER WORKS/BLASTER

This has 12 songs recorded between '81 and '84 including the 3 done with Duff of Guns 'n Roses. I like the Fastbacks because of the childlike sweetness of the vocals and lyrics. They make me want to ride my bike and play with my friends in the park like we did in the 70's.

LISA SUCKDOG/DRUGS ARE NICE (Lisa Carver P.O. Box 1491 Dover NH 03820) I played this for my brother and he said "For Christ's sake, Aaron. What the hell, man? (long sigh) Just turn it off." This is the worst record I've ever heard. I like it so much I ordered the video and a bunch of other stuff. (too late for review but I'll quote Rich about the video: "I'd rather have Gwar perform in my livingroom than Suckdog") Lisa should be cherished. SUCKDOG/LITTLE FLOWERS DYING-CD We are listening to this right now and song # 12 made Erica cry. 9/20/91 3:09 am.

THE THINKING FELLERS UNION LOCAL 282/LONELYVILLE/MATADOR Serious music critics seem to love this record, but I don't understand it. Nothing on this really affects me in any way. It's just kind of different sounding. I'm not sure if they're good musicians or not. The songs almost cross the barrier between art and music and the album is constructed in a way that makes their meaning or purpose behind the music indecipherable. Maybe that's why critics like it.



Martha!!

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This is the last thing I write for Probe #1 because tomorrow Chris will file this all into his computer (at work) for the final lay-out. (I lied, I added more stuff) this is a catch-all column. J.D., his girlfriend Erika and I just got a 2 bedroom apt. together. Just by chance we happened to move into the place right above Rich Hosey. (I applied and was rejected at 4 other places - 3 times with another girl a couple months back) Therefore "the staff is all in one place (except Rich threatened to move when I told him about



Erika and J.D.

it) so future issues should be a lot easier to put together. I'm sure we really fucked up this issue so be sure to write and tell us how much we suck. One thing I never got around to was having a local band news report (I wouldn't call Pleasanton a scene). Next issue!

we'll have one. Right now this is everything I know: Tyrannicide has finished recording 8 new songs, but they're not sure how they're going to be released yet. They've had a couple of small label distribution offers and their first album "God Save the Scene" is now available on C.D. Generation Landslide, a Rose Avenue band, have recorded an impressive accomplished sounding 3 song demo. Death metalers Mass Addiction have been promoting the fuck out of themselves and playing a lot of shows in the city. They also have a new demo (with a full-color plastic wrapped jacket). For personal reasons Tribal Disco Noise have replaced their original bassist (Jim Gomes) with a friendly guy with cooler hair. Sadly the members of the Aaron Muentz Experience are dividing into three separate bands. Chris is T.D.N.'s new bassist, Mike and J.D. (as expected with the return of Gary Otley) have reformed Liquid Courage with a new bassist (Marc Hughes), and Keith and Jeremy are forming a new band with T.D.N.'s former bassist and another guitarist. (Keith is moving to lead vocals which should interest anyone who witnessed his outstanding performance as the frontman for the one show sensation of Gary Otley's Metal Brigade of Death Sin and Destruction Jubilee) A.M.E. will be playing their farewell show next week, at a Mataro Dr. residence, their "Louder Than Everybody" tour shirts were never actually printed, and their 4 song 7 in. will never be released, however, the band will continue to do interviews. As I write Liquid Courage is recording with L.A. saxophonist Jerry I am a professional musician that's what I do" Moore and will do a 2 stop Northern California roadtrip (Chico and

For those wondering: Pleasanton is located in Alameda County just East of the ridge where highways 580 and 680 cross. It's about a half hour from Berkeley, Oakland and San Jose. Until very recently it was a small town but has been developed incredibly fast. I remember when we had 3 traffic lights in the whole city. Now there are over 50. things have changed here.

THE PROBE IS:

Rich is a death metal/Sub Pop type guy who had never been drunk or stoned in his entire life, but he's not straight edge or anything either. He works 60 hours a week, and spends all his money on music. He is a record collector and likes strange horror movies and comics. He hates funk.

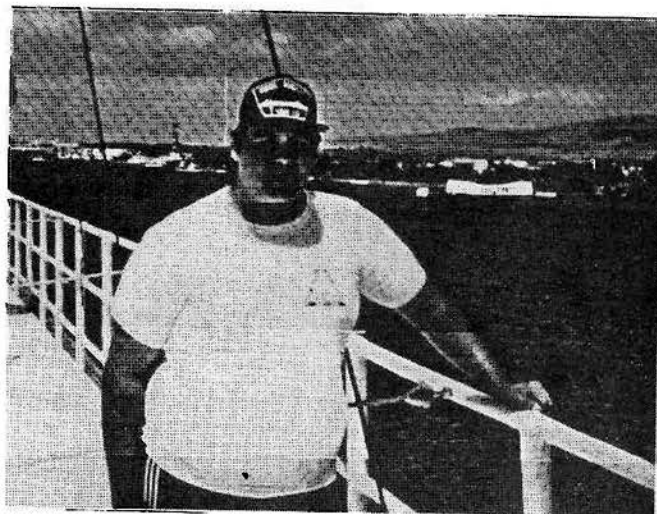
J.D. grew up listening to nothing but jazz, but branched out. He plays drums. Although an introvert in high school, he's now trying to find a side band in need of a singer because "I want to be able to get in people's faces."

My name is AARON and I'm the kindest son of bitch in the valley.

Arcata) presently. Look for them to be playing Bay Area clubs by the time you read this.

Other P-town bands include Hermans Thru Demosiz, Fieldtrip, Jellyfish (moved to S.F.), Hellinix, Spoon, Racer Mary, Killing Head cleaner, SHIT I NEVER GOT AROUND TO WRITING ABOUT

The Lunachicks with Spinout was one of the best shows I've seen this year Wool are the new total fucking godhead. Shonen Knife sucked. Sunday night Donita (L7) asked who the wacked out preacher on Berkeley campus was. It was Father Jed and I have a story about him and me at Cal Poly campus (it made the paper) I'll put that in issue 2. I met the drummer of Shallow Grave at a party in Oakland. He said "We're trying to tone down a bit so we sound more like Winger" They have a manager who sunk \$50 thousand into the band for new equipment. Liquid Courage shed a tear just looking at it. The waste. Big fucking anus of the issue award goes to Joe Hayden of Garden Grove Ca. I met him during a Soundgarden show at Jezebel's. He never upheld his end of a trade and I got tired of calling and hearing his lame excuses. I have no patience for people like him. The girls in the photo spread by Maggie Johnson are not lesbians (everybody asks that). They're just good friends helping out Maggie for her photography class. Pam Morley (front cover, center on backcover) and Maggie are roommates attending the University of Hawaii. They like mail. The dorm address is too temporary so write through Pam at her parent's house 146 Uilama St. Kailua, Hi. 96734 Both are working on their Masters' Degree and speak fluent Japanese. I don't know many people as nice as they are. Also thanks to Garlex employee John Ramos for developing the photos. The real man award of the issue goes to John Glover.



Rich

