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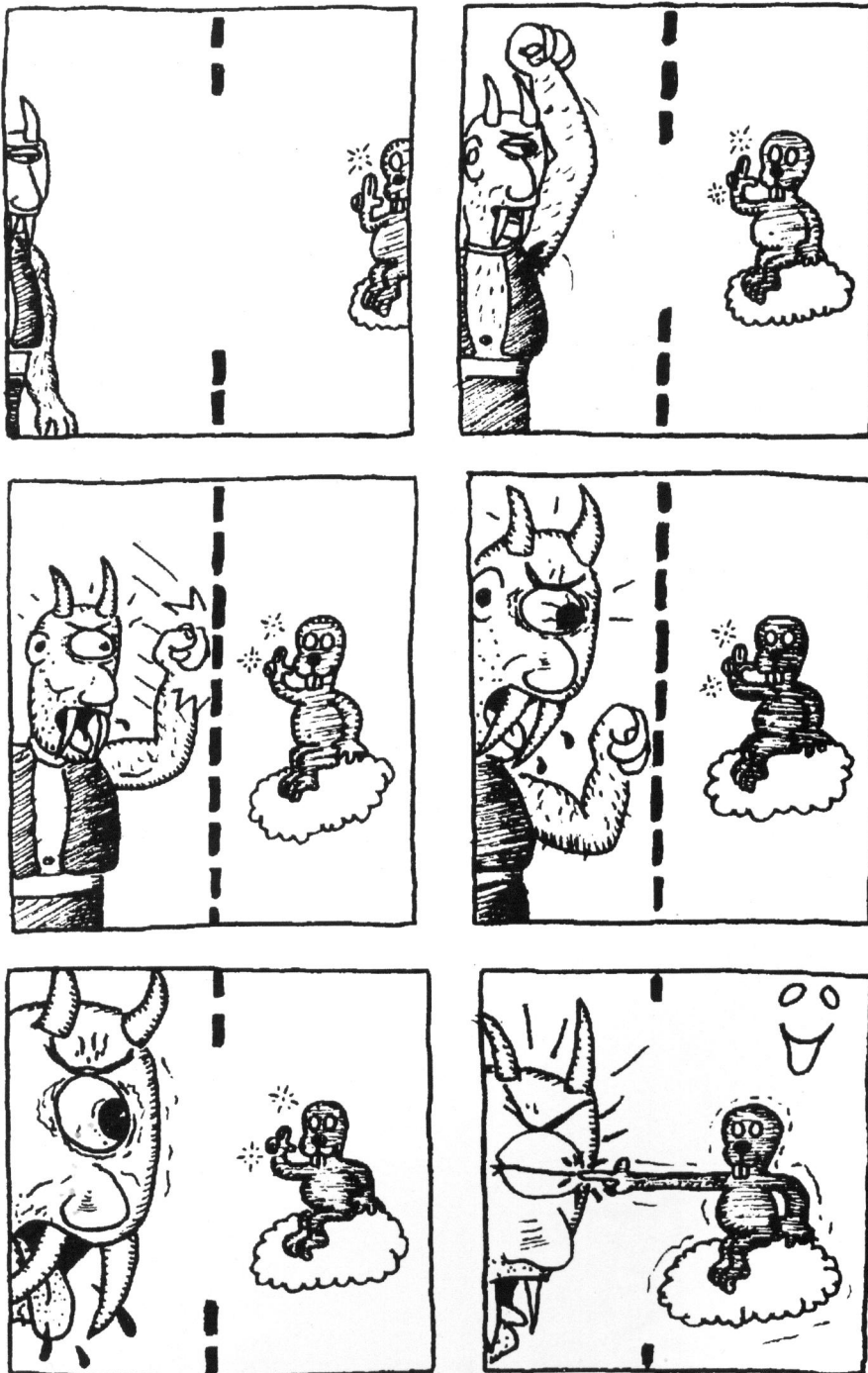


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C O M I C S

by Dave Farris



RiFLe Fall 2000

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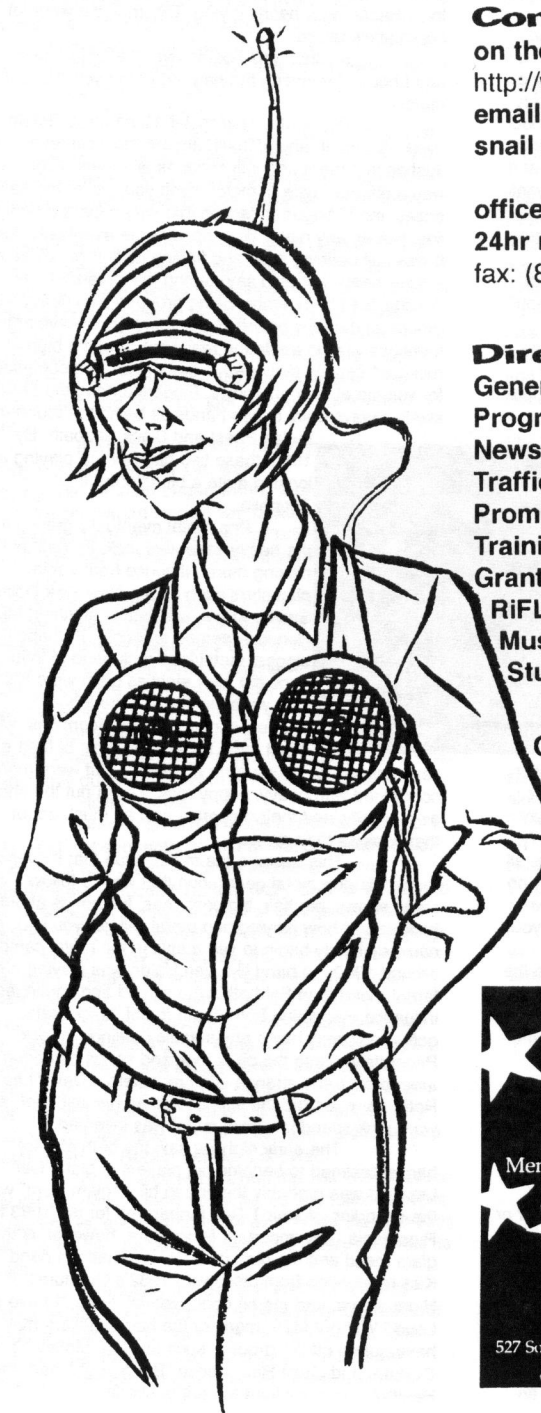
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THE REVIVAL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION: THE POP METAL YEARS

By Brian Manley

-CINCINNATI, OH

We were late. I should add, as per norm. Thunder rumbled as we pulled into the outdoor venue we'd driven two hours to find... I couldn't quit spitting, and Rachel's anxiety launched a notch as we tried to navigate the amusement park that somehow seemed to stand between us and rock and roll. Our stomachs turned knots as we ducked passed rollercoasters and carousels - we didn't want the amusements, we wanted the metal.

We could hear the echoes of heavy bass percussion, but still couldn't seem to pin point the direction to run... others stepped nonchalantly in random directions - what was wrong with them? Couldn't they hear that they too were missing it?

We were about a quarter of a mile away when I finally began to recognize the melody, and then the formation of words as they balled over the park and surrounded us like a warm hug:

"In my dreams it's still the same/ your love is strong/it still remains."

Dokken. It was definitely Dokken. Don Dokken's voice carried like a desperate opera singer's last attempt to curdle the milk before it left the goat. We had made it. The Power to the People Tour 2000, starring Poison, Cinderella, Dokken and Slaughter.

As I mentioned earlier, however, we were running considerably late. By the time we waited in line for five dollar beers (that's five dollars apiece, not five one-dollar beers), and located seats that were, I'd have to say, pretty close to what our ticket stubs read (we didn't want to disturb the large bearded man blessing us all with leather pants tight enough to view his crack who was sitting in our real seats, after all), we sat down just in time to hear Don Dokken scream, "Thank you, and G'night!!"

We also soon realized we had missed the entirety of the Slaughter set. The disappointment was felt, but it's sting wasn't whole. True, Slaughter were icons of the hair metal era, but not as exalted as the headlines of the circus - Poison. Even Cinderella couldn't hold candle (or, I guess I should say, lighter) to one of the leaders of the hairspray, lipstick and leather metal that slung itself around the shoulder of popular music like a satin-strapped candy apple red fender strat during the mid to late eighties.

Cinderella took the stage to a roar of applause. Of course, we were either in line for beer or bathroom usage. I could hear Tom Kiefer's strained voice scramble its way through "Night Songs," their first single. By the time we made it back to our seats, the band had stepped back, as Keifer took his place behind the newly positioned piano... Everyone tensed with ten years of excitement. Would he play it? Would he play it? I imagined everyone simultaneously pissing large wet patches in their pants as he began finishing

Cinderella's most melodramatic song of wisdom and melancholy - and the crowd sang along - "Don't Know What You Got 'Til It's Gone."

I giggled, but then abruptly stopped, nostalgia waxing over me like hairspray over Keifer's head. I think Rachel was nearly crying. Together, we wept for pop metal's return.

My thoughts floated over the Ohio crowd, and I began lamenting the passing of the years of pop metal.

Pop metal. Hair metal. Glam metal. Fashion metal. It was, in and of itself, another musical revolution. Just as important and influential as all others. Pop metal was a different type of metal, mind you... after the seventies, metal began to faction into very separate families, just as any newly developed genre eventually does. It was still defining itself and finding its feet (or six inch leather heels, I should say) during the seventies, distancing itself from simply being grouped with heavy rock groups of the time period. Sure, there are always arguments as to who made the real jump from the bluesy rock Led Zeppelin delivered to bigger hair and contests for volume at concert shows. Fingers among the enthusiasts always point to two bands as being the founders -

Judas Priest and Black Sabbath. By 1980, these two bands were playing and looking quite a bit different than Zeppelin.

Pop metal eventually grew out of the heavy seventies rock, as well as picking more influence from earlier glamsters such as the New York Dolls, Sweet, Angel, and nearly anything Mick Ronson seemed to touch. Perhaps the biggest metal/loud rock band to influence the later eighties glam were Kiss, who were looking to write louder Beatles' songs, and the Scorpions, who didn't even know what most of their earlier lyrics meant (being from Germany), but were more concerned with heavy, poppy rock. These put the show as a priority, and their presence was as much about their look as their music.

This became the major issue that influenced the whole pop metal generation that was to follow... wild stage shows, big hair, big costumes, fun songs about fucking and how playing pop metal will get you laid. You could definitely begin to see a split in the metal camp around 1980... A band like Van Halen was playing a different metal than Sabbath, who stayed and continued to influence everything from death metal, black metal, goth, and pretty much any satanic dealings in rock. Priest delved into the biker look and songs centering around cars and strange alien monsters... David Lee Roth, however, did the splits, touched himself a lot, and wore pink spandex - glam metal was invented.

The early eighties saw the birth of a lot of bands destined to become big players in glam. Def Leppard was probably the first to hit a "glam slam" with the shedding of their T-Rex tendencies for the 1983 hit, *Pyromania*. The important factor here, however, is that glam metal and the birth of MTV went hand in hand. Kiss rebounded from disco with 1982's *Creatures of the Night* album, and the hit controversial video, "I Love It Loud." Without MTV, many of the hair metallers may not have gotten off the ground, such as Ratt, Motley Crue, Dokken, and Quiet Riot, whose "Bang Your Head (Metal Health)" sort of defined the entire scene.

Even more established bands who had forsaken the whole glam sound/look, opting for heavier, darker leanings began to change, "sell-out" and tease their hair... Iron Maiden's *Seventh Son of a Seventh Son* (88), Judas Priest's *Turbo* (86) and even Ozzy Osbourne's conversion from songs like "Mr. Crowley" to more upbeat material on *The Original Sin* (86). The fall of the First Wave of Boy Bands such as the New Kids on the Block and their short lived contemporary, Vanilla Ice, caught people craving the glam.

Pop metal was so big that bands sprung up from nowhere, multiplying like maggots... suddenly, the new regime began to take up where the old guys left off - Winger, Slaughter, White Lion, Great White, Extreme, Warrant, Cinderella, Bon Jovi, Skid Row, and, of course, Poison. So many popped out of nowhere that a trail of one hit wonders smeared themselves everywhere, much like the early rockabilly/trashrock groups of the sixties... Bands came and went daily. Steelheart, Hurricane, Racer X, Slave Raider, Vixen, House of Lords, Fastway, Lillian Axe, Autograph, Dangerous Toys, Junkyard, Mr. Big, Silent Rage, Tora Tora, Danger Danger, whatever, whatever...

It was in 1990 that it wasn't popular to be happy in metal... Motley Cru was slipping, Def Leppard began writing a dance album, even Winger started singing war protest songs and depressing tunes about heroine addiction (quite a contrast compared to "she's only seventeen/daddy says she's too young/but she's old enough for me."). Poison had replaced Crue in the battle for top pop (which sometimes very closely resembled WWF), but were without CC Deville, and were almost singing religious songs. In contingency, and many times easily outdoing everyone else, Guns N Roses were the last of the pop metal giants to remain into the nineties... then self combusted with the emergence of their greatest challenge, and what many have dubbed the death of metal: Nirvana.

Hello Seattle.

Nirvana basically made flashy rock uncool to MTV, and, subsequently, to all FM stations. After 1993, glam metal was pretty much nonexistent. Some glamtroopers included Kiss and Ozzy, both of whom had hits even during the rise and fall of grunge and pseudo R&B that polluted everything, but their hits and sightings began to drop away. Of course, more underground metal was born, creating an entirely new scene for metalheads, which was something that just basically needed to happen. And, of course, there was, and always will be, Motorhead and AC/DC. Metallica, suddenly began playing pop metal, like they'd missed the boat. Rob Halford quit Priest to form the Pantera ripoff Fight, and then the NIN ripoff Two. Marilyn Manson ripped everybody off, but was able to stay in the game... but no pop metal. Then the Backstreet Boys showed.

I have always heralded the shit known as the Backstreet Boys, simply because, as any follower of pop music knows, every trend is circular. When the New Kids fell, pop metal rose. And, as we know, every rose has its thorn.

Eventually the Second Wave of the Boy Bands will fall... already radio is beginning to notice pop metal wannabes such as Kid Rock. New bands have emerged that thread closely to the pop metal sound either via through homage or sheer enjoyment of the

style, such as the Donnas, the Hellacopters, and Nashville Pussy. Nearly every band mentioned here has either taken to the tour circuit, or reunited for new albums. And what were the two biggest selling tours of the year so far? Kiss's Farewell Tour, and The Power to the People Tour 2000, starring Poison, Cinderella, Dokken and Slaughter...

"They said that we couldn't play this kind of music. BUT YOU PROVED THEM WRONG!"

-Paul Stanley, 2000.

The energy of the crowd was almost as unexpected as the energy of the band. Even the stoned trio next to us sang along (in a, y'know, mesmerized sort of way). Rachel and I had both shared our doubts before the beginning of the show. CC and Brett needed to tumble, spin, jump and/or fall down, or we'd be disappointed. Also, Rikki Rocket was required to twirl his sticks, as well as throw them high above his head and catch them while remaining with the beat. Nobody really cared what bassist Bobby Dall did.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE GLAM SLAM CAT BAND!!!"

They took the stage with the title track from their debut, *Looked What the Cat Dragged In*. For a group of guys approaching forty, they made it feel like it was 1987 again... You could smell the mix of hairspray and sweat built up from skin stuffed into leather and vinyl pants, and you went back thirteen years... They rolled around, kicked, flipped slung guitars, spit water at the crowd and each other, put their arms around each other, threw sticks, shared mics and pretended like they enjoyed being around each other better than a lot of younger bands do today. Basically, they pulled out a lot of old pop metal homoerotic tricks in the bag... and it worked.

The encore consisted of a ten minute version of "Talk Dirty to Me," in which the crowd sang along... everybody loved each other for ten minutes. Then Poison left the stage, and we all had to drunkenly fight each other to the bathrooms, and then our cars, and then onto the roads, probably making Cincinnati one the most dangerous places to be Earth for that moment.

We attempted to top our evening of glam with a late night at Hooters, but were rejected. So, we simply drank more beer, and sang "Cry Tough"... a capella.

Don't need nothin' but a good time, baby.

The Marlon Magas Interview

Mike Connelly: Marlon, the band I'm in used to cover "Coconut Wine" at early shows. Flattered or thinking about suing?

Marlon Magas: Well, I'm flattered, but I guess I'm wondering how you figured out the lyrics. I think I printed them once, but only the opening verse and chorus. The rest of them were more or less improvised, with a certain framework in mind. If I had had my way, that song would have opened the album (the s/t Lake of Dracula record on Skin Graft), right after the theme. But Weasel won that argument. "Plague of Frogs" should've come later, in my mind. By the way, have you seen Magnolia? There's a scene that follows the lyrics to that song, almost verbatim. (yes, i saw it—m.c.)

MC: Couch, if I'm not mistaken, was your first "real" band. (like he really needed me to tell him that—mc). If you will, please give a brief description of how Couch was formed, how you and Velocity met, etc.

MM: I started playing guitar by myself. I wanted to start a band, but anyone I tried to play with was so hung up on playing "properly." I couldn't really get together with anyone. I really wanted to fuck shit up. I found this drummer, who wanted to do something different. We decided to form a band. We were looking for a bass player. One night, I was walking after dark, and a pickup truck pulled up and the driver said, "Are you that guy who works at Harry's?" I said yes, and he said, "I heard you were trying to start a band." This was Velocity Hopkins. So we talked excitedly on the curb, about all the bands we hated, and how we wanted to destroy everything. The sparks were flying. Two weeks later, we played our first show without the drummer, using a name we made up on the drive over: Couch. Two weeks after that, we opened for the Laughing Hyenas in a packed basement. At the time, I barely knew how to plug in my amp. Then we kicked the drummer out the day before recording our first 7", and got Charlie Roberts, one of the TRUE Couch drummers. The other was Aaron Dilloway. None of the other eight or so really understood what we were trying to do. We wasted no time getting rid of them.

MC: Marlon, when I was at Black Friday, I noticed the women surrounding you at all times. It seemed as though different women were with you every time I saw you. Marlon, tell me, how does it feel to be the sex symbol of this little scene? Or was I just mistaken... actually, I think I saw my girlfriend with you. What's going on Marlon?

MM: If this was the case, then I guess I was oblivious to it. When I play, I feel like I'm channeling the weather. Everything goes into the sound. I feel like I'm controlling it and being controlled by it. It's like the sky is opening up and there's nothing but the thunderous sound. It's not so much a conscious thing, as it is just a letting go. Individual people just become bodies. When I'm done playing, it takes a while for this to wear off. So, when people talk to me, I don't necessarily hear the words, and if I respond, I guess I

don't really know what I'm saying. So, if there are women around me, that's great, but I'm somewhere else. I'm actually married, and live a nice quiet life, but when I hit the stage, I become somebody else.

MC: I have good reason to believe that Lake of Dracula has songs written and may rise again if a qualified drummer is ever found... am I correct? Will LOD ever claw its way to the top of the charts again?

MM: There was talk of that, but the only way I would do it was if Heather rejoined, and that's not gonna happen. Lake of Dracula was fun, but I have no desire to move backward. People ask me about it sometimes, and get bummed out that I won't do it, but come on... Lake of Dracula may have rocked in 1997, but that was 3 years ago, and that no longer seems important. If anybody reforms, it's gonna be Couch, because Couch was less rigid and more inconsistent. Couch seems more contemporary and can survive a revamping better than LOD. Couch is more of an idea than a rigid sound, and can survive a transformation more readily. Also, the formula of two guys works pretty good: Mick and Keith, Laurel and Hardy, Sigfried and Roy, etc...

MC: Tell me, if you please, about the formation of LOD (I know, how boring... i'm sorry)

MM: I moved to Chicago at the end of the Couch tour in 1995. Couch played our "last" show with the Luttenbachers and the Scissor Girls at the Empty Bottle. Weasel asked me if I would want to get something going, and I said yeah. We thought of drummers, and asked Heather (Heather M of Scissor Girls). She was into it. Later, I wanted Al Johnson (of US Maple) to sing backup on a song, for a show at the Fireside. He agreed, but ended up doing it for the whole set, which was great. A lot of shit got broken. Weasel dubbed him "The Manhattanite." I imagined him as an occasional "surprise guest," but Weasel saw him as an integral part of the band. It became slightly annoying to me that if we'd have a slightly less than perfect gig, or a shitty one, Weasel would get mad and blame it on the absence of "The Manhattanite." Later, Weasel wanted to add a bass player. We tried a couple, and then thought of Jessica, who was great. She joined, right at the time the album was coming out, and we went on a two week tour. Then we broke up because

Heather wanted to concentrate on school.

MC: Seemingly, much of the first incarnation of Chicago No Wave has passed on or is in hiatus, but now there's the thing the kids like on record labels like Hanson and Bulb (not very new, I realize).

MM: Well, the aesthetic that lives on in Hanson and Bulb had been going on since the early part of the decade. Perhaps it was overshadowed by the genre stratification of "Chicago No Wave," but that sound never went away, it just kept moving. The whole "Chicago No Wave" thing was started by Weasel, and it seems to have caught on as a catchy term. I never consciously tried to make "No Wave" music. Bulb and Hanson have been pluggin' along all the while. They've both kept a fairly low profile, but keep growing.

MC: Your new project, Magas, is straight up dance. Has electronic music been a new arrival in your life or have you always dug the dance sounds? Why did you start Magas? Also, do you find it hard to play for fans of 25 Suaves when you and I both know none of them can

dance...well, I can cut the rug like its going out of style... so can my girlfriend. By the way, she wanted me to tell you she loved Magas.

MM: Magas is pretty danceable. I've always tried to make danceable music. Couch was danceable—the thump present in "Old Man" and "Chinese Mechanic" lives on in Magas. Lake of Dracula was also pretty danceable—the ending of "The Servo Motor" is dance music. Same with Many Moods—"Open up the Crab." I guess it's just a little more obvious in Magas. Magas is more about sound than the interaction of personalities. I put my personality into it, which, I hope, differentiates me from other bland, faceless electronic acts. 25 Suaves rock hard, and so does Magas. We just do it in different ways. I think people are becoming, or will become, open minded enough to embrace two seemingly different sounds.

I started playing Magas because I started wanting to play music again. Plastic Scorpion played one show, opening for Beast People and Caroliner. That was probably the precursor to Magas. It sort of made it clearer in my mind what I had to do. The idea became clearer to me over time, watching people use different equipment to help serve their needs. I read, watched, searched, watched, asked around, and eventually bought a piece of equipment, the Rolans MC-505. Since I made the commitment to go in this direction, I started buying electronic records, to see what other people were doing so that I could NOT do that. I actually discovered a whole universe of great music in a field that I'd previously dismissed. I'm not talking about trip hop or jungle or any of that crap. There is some truly avant garde music out there, and much of it comes under the guise of "techno." It's not just so much about dancing anymore. You mentioned Merzbow earlier (I did, it was just too confusing—mc)—I think the adventurous spirit that was felt in the early days of Japanese noise can be felt in a lot of electronic music. Some of the shit coming out of Cologne is truly mind-blowing. I'm actually getting ready to open up a record store, and I'm gonna carry tons of this stuff. I think people are ready for it, and hungry for something new.

MC: Who, if anyone, will release the first Magas release?

MM: Bulb will be releasing the first Magas 12". It should be out fairly soon. A second 12" is in the works.

MC: Please discuss the lovely "free-glam" Miss High Heel for us.

MM: Miss High Heel was the brainchild of the imitable Tom Smith, leader of To Live and Shave in LA. Tom stayed with me in Chicago for about a month at the end of '95, where he put together the behemoth that was MHH. Tom has many, many hours of recorded mixes of these tapes—some are really, really fucked up. Unfortunately, Billy Sides released the nearly unlistenable studio live recording instead of the good stuff. I don't think people liked it and will probably never give MHH a chance again. But there is some great stuff waiting to be released. I just don't think that anyone will touch it, after hearing the CD that was released. MHH probably won't play live again. I think Tom and I will work again in the future. He's a genius and a hell of a lot of fun.

MC: Why is Wolf Eyes so good?

MM: Have you ever seen them? They're pretty inconsistent. They can be really fucking great, and they can be just okay. But they're hardly ever the same. I think that this is more exciting than somebody who's guaranteed to "rock" every time. What they embody is hard to define, but it's pretty original. Bands like that don't come around too often. It kind of reminds me of the early days of Royal Trux—embodying the rock n roll spirit, but playing

weird-ass music, doing whatever the fuck they want.

MC: I was reading a LOD interview and you were discussing your distaste for music that soothes. Does any music soothe you, I mean Deicide can soothe me, but most wouldn't consider it soothing music.

MM: That interview took place about three years ago. I may've said that because I felt it in that moment. I agree with you; harsh music sometimes puts me to sleep, and is soothing in a freeing way. I don't mind quiet music. Music, for me, has to have a certain something, whether it's loud, quiet, fast, slow or whatever. It has to have that certain emotional resonance. It doesn't matter what kind of music. I like country music. Ferlin Husky, George Jones, early Dolly. Fucked up music, whatever. I guess I just like to hear LIFE, screaming out of the pores! And that can occur in the most detached of music.

MC: Do you feel the live "bootleg" 7" is a good audio representation of live Lake of Dracula?

MM: Jeff Day recorded that. It's hard to capture the love show on wax—I'm not a big fan of it. You pretty much have to be there. Hearing a wax presentation of it doesn't really do it justice.

MC: Do you find it discomforting that sometimes my friends and I will pull up next to either rednecks playing Slynard or white kids playing pseudo hip hop and blast "Biographers of the Flaming Druglords" and "rock out" and play air guitar and air drums?

MM: "Biographers" is very much a cruising song! I'm glad to hear you're using it appropriately. The opening line is "My car is a serpent, a white winged devil." When I wrote that, I was thinking of all those cars on Fullerton, with the purple neon on the running boards, and BOOMing sounds coming out of the trunk, rattling the windows. What that song is about, Magas IS.

MC: Is it me, or is the Congress Theater (in Chicago), like Studio 54 before it, the "place to be?"

MM: That's great to hear! Studio 54! Twig and Carly from Nautical Almanac and Jeff Fischer have been getting that place together. There will be more going on there, and they're gonna get a studio going. It's very exciting. That place is great, and so are the people involved in the renovation.

MC: I wanted to ask you, is the Pterodactyls song "Glass Brothers" an ode to Couch, or is the Couch album an ode to them or what?

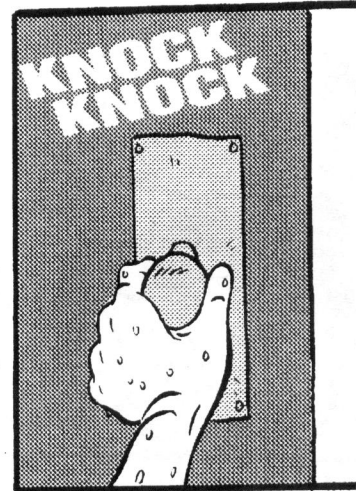
MM: There's a great Couch song called "Glass Brothers." For some reason we left it off the album—we thought that'd be cool. It's been a live staple, but I don't think it's ever been recorded properly. A version of it does exist on "In Bulbophonic," but it's not very good. The Pterodactyls covered it.

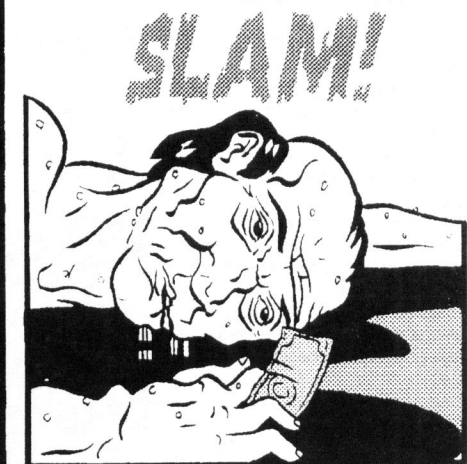
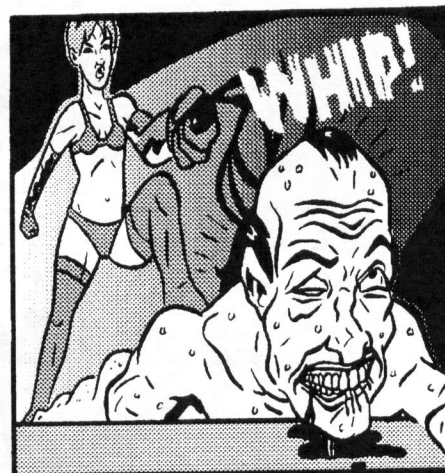
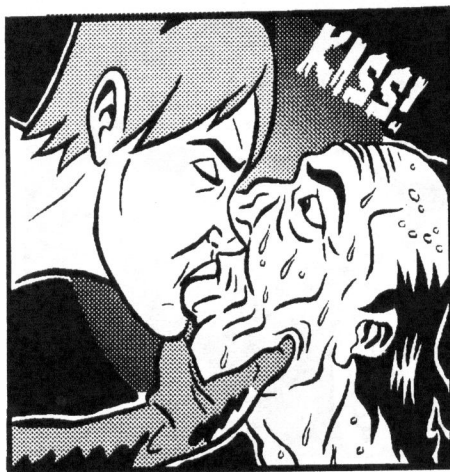
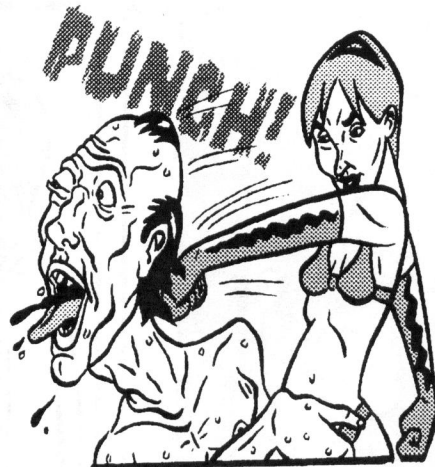
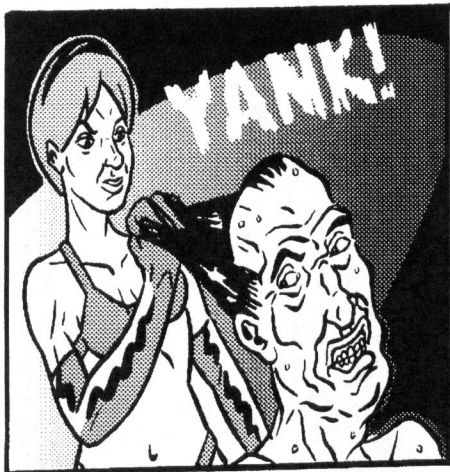
MC: What does a swinger like you have planned for the year?

MM: Well, getting the store open is a biggie. I'm also recording and releasing stuff, starting with the Bulb 12". I'll play some shows. My gear is small and light, so travelling is easy. Because of time constraints, I don't see a full tour on the horizon, but doing one-offs seems totally feasible. It's easy when you're just one guy. I'm gonna play at the Spellcaster Lodge during Mardi Gras.

And that is all.

Good Girls Don't Stay for Breakfast





Story: Ross Wilbanks Pencils: Matt Minter Inks, Tones, Letters: Kenn Minter

LIFE SENTENCE

with "THE WARDEN" JACK RILEY

By Jenny Waverley

It was 9:30 a.m. The Life Sentence crew was already a half-hour late for our scheduled interview. I poured another cup of coffee as "The Warden" Jack Riley finally ambled into the Triskellion studios. He is fitted out in navy pinstripe trousers, a white dress shirt, and his patented black suspenders. "I take it you have a good reason for sitting in my chair," he sputtered.

Taken aback, I leapt up and tried to apologize, but he cut me off.

"Keep it, lady! Now that your keister's put a new contour in the cushion, I don't want it back. I'll order a new chair later."

I wasn't quite sure how serious he was. The Warden is so well known for his dry sense of humor, I was halfway hoping this was just a joke. Not knowing how to respond, I sank back into the chair as the The Warden paced the floor and continued.

"So you're the RiFLe reporter my secretary warned me about?"

"It was my understanding that the entire cast of your show would be available for an interview at 9 a.m.," I responded.

The Warden shuffled through a pile of papers on his desk as he replied, "Yeah, well, we've been writing the script for the morning show on another radio station. The other fellas should be here at any moment."

At that time, the Colonel came bounding through the door, wide-eyed and grinning. "Sorry I'm late!" he exclaimed.

Widely recognized as the most genial of the Life Sentence lot, the Colonel's 6'10" frame settled into a chair in a corner of the room.

I was quite certain whether or not to begin the interview now, or wait to see if the most notorious member of the cast, Nippol Pearson, would actually show up.

"Nippol's right behind me," The Colonel offered. "He was kicking in the headlights of a car that was in his parking spot."

The Warden laughed as I tried to remember where my car was parked. Just as I was about to get up, Nippol Pearson came crashing through the door.

"Oh gawd!" he whined in his Cockney accent. "Some parked car shredded me boot with its 'headlight.'"

"Maybe we can sue," The Warden suggested. Rolling my eyes, I decided to try to begin the interview.

Sheepishly, I piped up, "So, just how did Life Sentence begin?"

"That's kind of a long story," The Warden began. "It all started in a little club in London circa 1977. To supplement my meager income as Warden at Amaranth Prison, I had taken an interest in the RiFLe 11

exploding punk scene in New York City. I was managing a band called the The Inmates, and I had decided to bring them to London to see how they would catch on in England. The opening act for The Inmates turned out to be a little known band from Camden Town called Vomit. The lead singer caught my eye... quite literally... when he flung a beer bottle at me from the stage. When I was released from the emergency room, I knew I had to track him down and sign him."

"Yeah, my arm was in grand form back then," Nippol interjected.

"After some protracted negotiations," The Warden continued. "I had Vomit signed, and we were on our way to New York to do Saturday Night Live. It was almost the biggest break for my managing career, but during rehearsal for the show, as John Belushi was doing his Samurai warrior character, Nippol wrestled the sword away from him, and attempted to decapitate the beloved comedian."

"I would've succeeded to if the fat bastard hadn't been so nimble," Nippol howled.

"After that incident, Lorne Michaels had kicked us off the set," The Warden grumbled.

"They ended up getting Elvis Costello to fill in for us. The son of a bitch couldn't even keep his set straight. He started playing

one song, then stopped and played another. You call that professionalism?"

There was a long silence as he apparently expected me to respond.

"Hardly," I finally ventured to retort. The Warden just shook his head.

"Tell about the part where I came in," The Colonel chimed in.

"I was just getting to that, Colonel. Keep you pants on," The Warden admonished.

"Please," I muttered under my breath, as the Warden went on.

"You see, Colonel was a star center for the former ABA basketball team... the Kentucky Colonels. He was not just a Colonel... he was THE Colonel. By '77, his knees were gone, the legend lived on as every little kid still aspired to grow up to be like The Colonel! Capatizing on his popularity with the kids, The Colonel had become a reporter for the Rolling Stone, where he was one of the first music critics the newly blossoming Punk scene. After the Saturday Night Live fiasco, I had Vomit booked for a gig at CBGBs. The Colonel was there to do an article on the Ramones. However, the lead singer for the opening act really turned his head... almost completely off, in fact. If I hadn't pulled Nippol off in time, Colonel would have had his neck rung just like one of Colonel Sander's chickens."

"It was in self defense," Nippol wailed. "The wanker had just stubbed out me cigarette with his face. He was out of control."

"Yeah right, Nippol," The Colonel said laconically. "I'm sure it was my fault that you smashed your cigarette into my face."

"See? He admits it!" Nippol said triumphantly. "He's completely homicidal."

Looking anything but homicidal, The Colonel slowly shook his head as The Warden continued his story.

"After we bailed Nippol out of jail, The Colonel decided to follow us on our tour."

"That's right," The Colonel took up where The Warden left off. "I was convinced that Nippol was a ticking time bomb. I wanted to be the one who chronicled his life when he finally met what I was convinced would be a violent and premature death. Unfortunately, that hasn't happened yet, but I'm still hoping. As a matter of fact, when the tour rolled into Newport, Kentucky, it almost did happen."

"Yeah, I remember that!" Nippol said halfway laughing. "That was at the height of our popularity. We had sold 2... maybe 300 hundred albums at that point. At the end of the show, well... it wasn't supposed to be the end, but it just worked out that way... I decided to pick up the bass drum, and bash me drummer over the 'head with it as sort of a dadaistic, ant-art statement. I mean, it seemed relevant at the time. Anyway, after that, I picked up the cymbal stand, and proceeded to pummel the bassists and guitarist with it. About that time, the Jockey Club Gestapo... you know, the security guards... dragged me off the stage and I wound up spending the next two and a half years in prison."

"Fortunately, I was able to get Nippol transferred to Amaranth, where I was still in charge," The Warden interrupted. "That's where we first started doing the radio show. We called it Life Sentence, because that was what Nippol originally got, but when the drummer came out of the coma, they reduce his sentence."

"Yeah, that was a close one," Nippol chortled. "We'd still be broadcasting from Amaranth if that lad hadn't pulled through."

I almost forgot to continue taking notes. I could see the truth in The Colonel's prediction that Nippol would meet a violent and untimely death. I'm not sure how long I sat staring before the Colonel's voice broke the silence.

"I kept up with what Nippol was doing. By the time he got out of prison, I was working for the Triskellion

Network... at one of their stations in Findlay, Ohio. I was able to get The Warden and Nippol to bring their show to Triskellion when Nippol was released. The show, featuring the best in punk, ska, and indie music, turned out to be a big hit among 8-10 year olds... which continues to be out target demographic. Eventually, The Reverend Spook convinced us to bring Life Sentence to WRFL. Of course we jumped at the chance to work with The Reverend, as well as the legendary Mr. Friendly, who gained a massive cult following for pioneering the first puppet show on the radio."

"Yeah, I bought the rights to that puppet show, by the way," Nippol yelled.

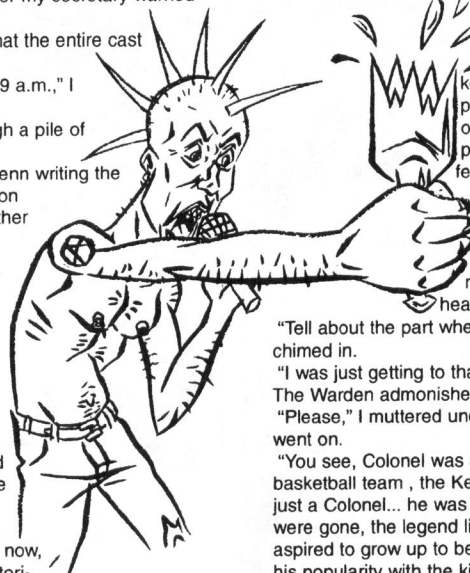
"Right, Nippol," The Colonel scoffed. "You blew all the money we had saved for the Clash reunion on that damn thing."

Yeah, Mr. Friendly gave us a good deal," Nippol said confidently.

The Warden looked at his pocket watch. I could tell he was becoming impatient.

"Alright, you got your damn story, lady," The Warden said curtly. "We've got work to do. Do you think it's easy to write scripts for every damn station in town?"

Before I could thank the Life Sentencers for their time, they had already bolted from the room. I left the Triskellion studios, kicked the broken glass from beneath my tires, and headed for the nearest service station to get my headlamps replaced before I returned to file my story.



Darling, I love you... almost as much as I love Beyond the Wall's selection of posters, art prints, frames, and More!

Never mind that, dear. We're being stalked by umbrella-toting freaks.

Beyond
The
Wall



377

South

Limestone

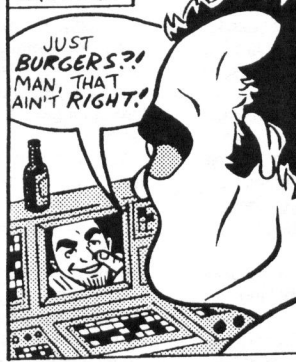
The Adventures of YAT-MAN! BY KENN MINTER

ONE NIGHT IN THE CITY, ALL TELEVISION SIGNALS ARE INTERRUPTED BY AN EVIL MADMAN'S BROADCAST!

GOOD PEOPLE OF THE CITY, I AM THE **BURGER-MEISTER!** I DEMAND THAT QUIN-TILLION DOLLARS BE DELIVERED TO ME BY MIDNIGHT! IF NOT... I WILL TURN ALL FOOD SOURCES INTO HOT, GREASY...



MEANWHILE, IN A SECRET LOCATION KNOWN ONLY AS THE **YAT-PAD!**

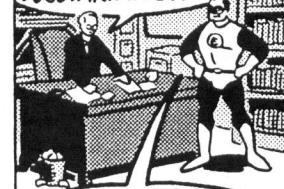


MOMENTS LATER, ACROSS THE CITY SKYLINE, STREAKS THE **YAT-SIGNAL!**



SHORTLY, IN THE COMMIS-SIONER'S OFFICE!

YAT-MAN! THAT MADMAN WANTS TO TURN ALL THE FOOD IN THE CITY INTO **BURGERS!** WHAT ABOUT MY HIGH CHOLESTEROL? WHAT ABOUT THE **VEGETARIANS?!**



KEEP YER SHIRT ON COMMISH! LEAVE IT ALL TO **YAT-MAN!**

LATER, AT THE RANSOM DROP-OFF POINT!

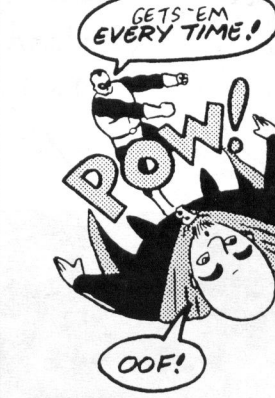
AH, THE **LOOT!** JUST WHERE I TOLD 'EM TO LEAVE IT. I SWEAR, THE **"MAN"** CAN BE SO EASILY MANIPULATED! **SUCKERS!!**



WHY THERE'S NO MONEY HERE AT ALL! JUST A PLATE FULL OF THE MOST APPE-TIZING CUISINE I'VE EVER SEEN, SMELLED...



THEN!



©2000 Kenn Minter kminter@iglou.com

Yats... 200 Bolivar (inside Southhill Station)
Monday thru Saturday 11am to 10pm 254-8128

A DINNER WITH FWK

Looking up personals is always a hard virtue. I feel like the only way out of loneliness is to find someone, something, a body of some sort and kindle with it. The lowest form of life has to be in this singles section of ACE's personals so I decided to start there.

WANTED

A young man 22-25
open minded, willing
to work with foreign
objects

Easily the largest and most unusual ad in the section, I called immediately to see who's on the other line. A short gravely voice answered:

"Meet me 7:30 at Oasis on the patio. Bring flowers, meat and 12 paper towel tubes for craft. If you don't smile often, you will never get dates."

I did as ordered and my date was fashionably late.

I went to get a drink and was rudely interrupted by... something.

"What!?"

"How are you? Um... sir, are you my date?"

"What does it look!?"

Somehow out of a wild combination of lawn chair items, sewage, hair and potato salad my date had arrived. I wasn't to nervous or scared. I figured the spunk on this thing would carry us through the night. Besides it spoke English so how bad could it be?

"How long have you been around?"

"About 15 years."

"Do you have a name?"

"F.W.K."

"OK, that's good."

"I don't feel like talking anymore."

The English language gave way to a host of noises coming from what I thought was FWK's mouth. Large sounds, little sounds, shrieks and the like... I couldn't make heads or tails of it. I asked if it wanted some more food, but it already had 13 beers on the way.

And that's when it happened...

"Little boy blue asked if it would sound better if I took a chocolate bar and smeared it on a drum kit. It would definitely sound better. If paper were to be scratched and push a line across the equator then he would definitely move up in the world. If all things considered, Diamond Dave were on this then it could be called a rock show. If Lucy Lui could have her way she would have died to make the show better for the fans."

IF THEN IF THEN IF THEN

I took out a twenty and took care of dinner. I just let FWK follow me home and sit down without asking, it knew what to do. I took out some SOS pads and gently started to rub its back. FWK moaned for as long as I pushed. I was able to take green grout pads and scrub the sides along with SOS motion, which made it doubly exciting for FWK. I took some Palmolive and dripped it across FWK's head, mixing it in so I could see some black bubbles. Next was some granulated Palmolive sprinkled all over FWK's body.

It was time to throw him in the bath tub...

With each wash FWK became more polite and aroused, no feelings left in FWK finally the big O.

And he split into three parts. I took each part and boxed it up nicely. I sent it the address on the tag on the back of FWK's head. I knew FWK would be happy and it was the best date I ever had a hand in.

Kluni Que Kaplat

RiFLe 14

The Local Show

with Kevin Cruise

Join us Wednesday nights from 6:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. for the Local Show. We play all varieties of music, including punk, reggae, jazz, bluegrass, and rock n' roll... and it's all local. Local bands are encouraged to get their shit out there. Just drop off a CD, tape, minidisc, wax, whatever at the station c/o Kevin Cruise Local Show. Who knows? We could make you famous. We plan on continuing our live shows this year on RFLive where we feature live local acts on air. Support local music on your only source for local music, WRFL.



**Great Sterling Silver Jewelry
Clothing & Gifts from around the World**

516 E. High St. Lexington, Ky. 40502

Mon. thru Sat. 11am to 6pm 859.281.1421

Let's forget that we're all boys...

PUNK IS DEAD AND THE SMACKS! ARE HERE TO PROVE IT!

The Smacks! performed their first showstopper on Cinco de Mayo (that's May 5th for those of you that don't speak French) 1998. Since then they have toured nationally almost nonstop, taking breathers only for a smoke & a drink. The Smacks! are composed of "Thundergod" Todd Dockery on vocals and drums, and Brian Manley on vocals and guitars. The Smacks! always have two bassists on deck (although they rarely use them due to religious and medical reasons), including Jennifer Ray, a beautiful freakchick from Irvine, KY, and Peter Hrabak, who is, as once described by Audrey Hepburn, "one of the hippest cats ever to appear on vinyl." The Smacks! believe in rock n roll, bare feet, early morning drinkfests, running for their lives, White Lion, and Big Trouble in Little China. And the Smacks! are not afraid to stand up for what they believe in. The Smacks! appreciate their fans, because their fans have helped et them where they are today. The Smacks! believe that life is like a buffet: you pay one price, but get to choose from all the food you want, eat all day, throw whole plates of food away and go back and fill up with the same food. You can also mix food that doesn't necessarily go together, drink lots of different kinds of soda, eat dessert & then go back and eat regular food again, and talk noisily to other customers about how great buffets are, and that they would probably go over well in Third World countries, ending the conversations with details of your cousin's recent death by severe intestinal disorder and stories about vomiting in your own hand and swallowing the puke at a Great White concert... this is the Smacks! rollercoaster philosophy of life, and, not to be preachy, but it should be yours as well. The Smacks! always guarantee a high energy rock n roll extravaganza. This means that Manley will always break at least three strings per show, and Thundergod Dockery will always tell at least one politically incorrect joke. The Smacks! acquired their inspiration from a variety of artists. Some of the artists the Smacks! enjoy (and pay tribute to through their original, untouchable music) include Man... Or Astroman?, Jerry Lee Lewis, Faster Pussycat, Kinky Friedman, Billy Childish, Paul Stanley, Marlon Brando, Violent Femmes, Neil Diamond, the Runaways, Louis Jordan, Peter Dinklage, Sammy Davis Jr, Sam Kinison, Frank Sinatra, Fatty Arbuckle, Edward D. Wood Jr, Edward Hieronymus, Arthur Lyman, Red Foxx, Rosemary Clooney, Hexose, Ernie Kovacs, Steve Martin, Dean Martin, Lenny Bruce, Les Baxter, Tom Waits, the Ventures, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Jim Varney, Nick Tosches, Hubert Selby Jr, and other people who have died recently.

The Smacks! have been afraid to record until now because of fears others will mimic their style. But, they have since realized no one can mimic their style, so are to take to the studios soon. Free Sound Recordings has recently released a live Smacks! album entitled Shut the Fuck Up! This is Rock N' Roll!

Discography:

No Fear of Rejection (1998 Creeps Records/Free Sound Recordings)

Shut the Fuck Up! This is Rock N' Roll! (2000 Free Sound Recordings)

The P.C.W.A's Guide to Recommended PG Movies

As a rule in the residential home I work in, the kids can only watch movies that are rated either PG or G. This has become more and more of a task since 80% or so movies are rated R. You can always pass animation, Mary Poppins or flying muppets when working with the little ones, but as they get past the age of 13 things become more difficult. Here is a list of 10 movies that have made the grade in some fashion or another and haven't put me immediately to sleep.

WARRIORS OF VIRTUE PG I must say after watching the movie 14 times the ninja fighting kangaroos start to grow on you. It's a story about a little boy who is crippled and falls into a water hole on a dare from his peers. He wakes up in another world where he is not crippled and somehow has the secrets to eternal life, kept in a book that a Chinese cheft gave to him. Lots a ninja kangaroos, evil cat and dog people, a beautiful princess, an asshole goof of a dark lord and, as always, the ancient Chinese wiseman.

BAD STUFF: 6 occasions of the phrase "Shit Happens". Get your fast forward ready cause their all in the same place.



TOY STORY G A great idea for a child's imagination. Your toys really can talk and have all kinds of funny things to say! I'm glad this wasn't around when I was afraid of my little Frankenstein doll coming to life, I'd be scared shitless. Most know of this movie and it is great to watch but for the 13-18 year old range it gets a response of "Stupid kid shit, why can't we Men in Black?"

BAD STUFF: Tim Allen's acting, you're just going to suffer through this one.

POLTERGEIST PG A great choice for the scary movie fan. Since most horror flicks are an easy R rating this one gets watched quite a bit. Nice effects, a hot mom for the male staff of the house, a creepy little girl character to talk about at breakfast, and plenty of good jokes.

BAD STUFF: Lots of shit's and damn's. A few bitch's and hell's. This is one of those "old school" PG ratings in the early 80's so you have to prompt it with, "You all know that just because you here this on the TV doesn't mean you can say it in the house."

AMZ PG A great movie! Woody Allen in a cartoon along with Sly Stallone, Jennifer Lopez, Gene Hackman and Christopher Walken. They even customize the ant characters to look like their celebrity counterparts. Woody Allen's humor is all over the flick so it has a nice cross over appeal.

BAD STUFF: The word anus and bitching are used so keep your remotes ready. You will have the same problem with some of the residents as with Toy Story.

STAR WARS PG No description necessary. Great for the social outcast boy, horrible for the teen girl.

THE BLACK HOLE PG A precursor to Star Wars and again it's great for the boy who plays with legos all day, doesn't bathe regularly and talks about getting on the internet to look up "bikes". Not a chance for the girls though.

RiFLe 17

BAD STUFF: Your typical 70's sci-if animation, make light of it with the kids and they'll love it!

ANY JAMES BOND MOVIE BEFORE 1980 PG Keeping with the boys theme these movies will keep you mildly entertained and the kids think they are getting away with something (these movies can't be PG can they?-again see Poltergeist rule). If you have trouble keeping a rowdy boy from destroying the house just sit him down and let him watch the master at work.

BAD STUFF: Watching boys copy the master at work before, during and after the movie. Having to answer every ten minutes, "Did Bond just fuck that girl?"

THE PRINCESS BRIDE PG It's a shame they didn't make a 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11 of this movie. A perfect blend of sci/if lore, romance and funny characters. Every kid likes this movie or can at least tolerate it.

BAD STUFF: There might be a shit or two in their somewhere.

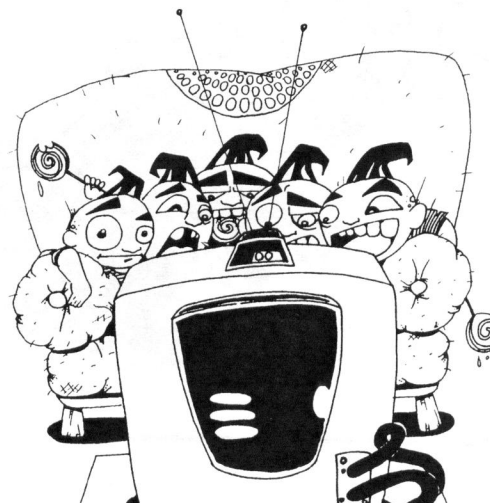
RUNAWAY BRIDE/WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING PG These movies always come in twofer package. Nice happy love stories that the faint at heart will love. These are perfect for the suicide watch/borderline personality disorder girl and can get over to the quiet boy as well.

BAD STUFF: BAD acting out the ass.

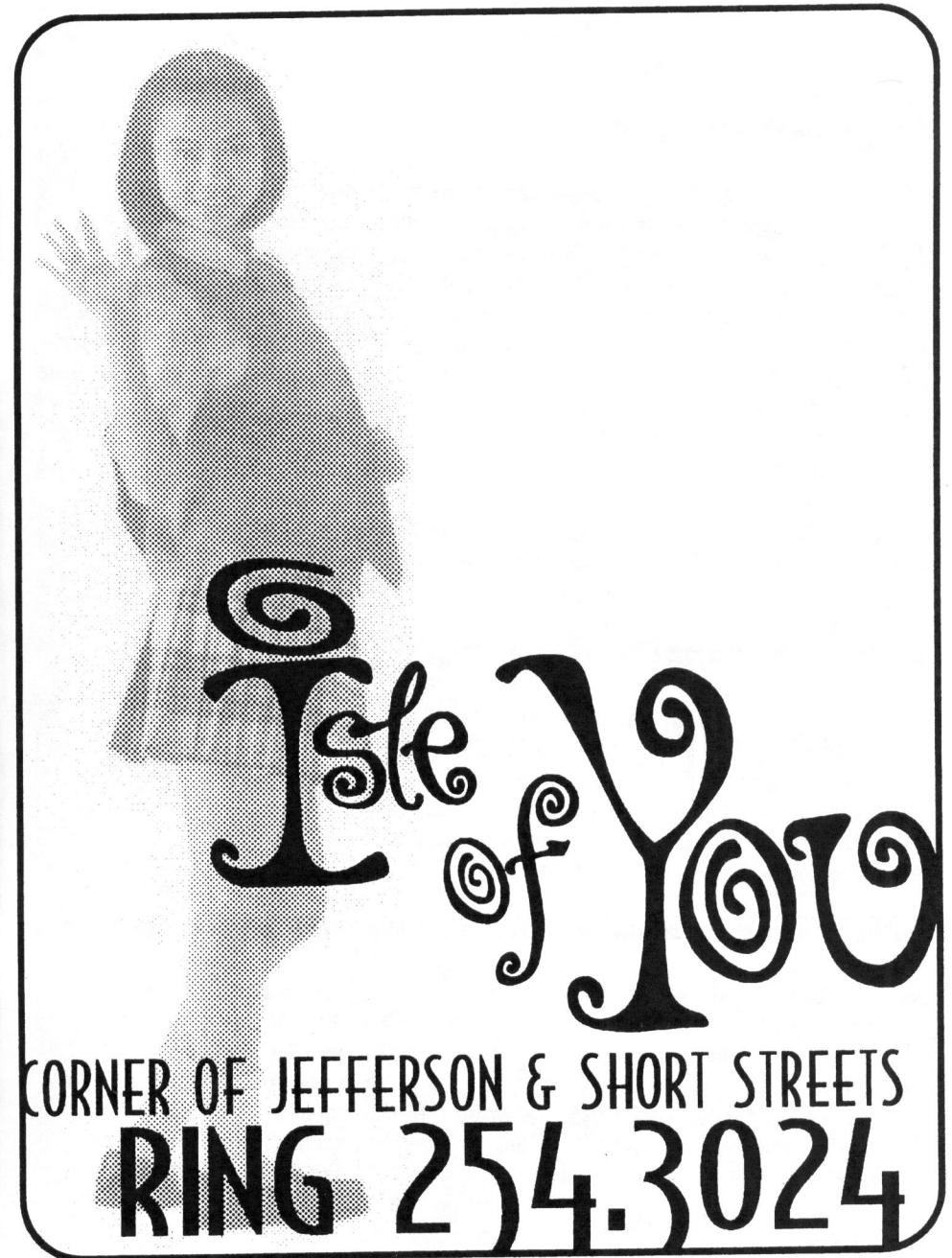
GROUNDHOG DAY PG I love this movie! Nobody else does, not even the other staff of the home. They call it a "old movie" and those movies aren't funny anymore. What the fuck do they know?! God damn it, this is a funny fucking movie, you wanna a bad movie that isn't funny? Well I'll show ya... Since I'm the supervisor of my shift, I rent it once a month to piss everyone off and show a vulgar display of power.

EXTRA TIPS: Kids do not see anything before 1980 as a "classic". Black and white movies are always out of the question.

COMING SOON: The P.C.W.A's Guide to Recommended Television.



MARMAGATOR by Kenn Minter



CD REVIEWS

By Ross Wilbanks

David S. Ware "Surrendered"

With all the talk centered in preservation vs. avante garde, I finally can appreciate a jazz album to send off in both categories. *Surrendered* takes a less growling tone from Ware's sax but does nothing to eliminate the spiritual beauty he seeks. Matthew Shipp dictates a lot of the mood with his huge brush-like tones that can't help but remind me of the McCoy Tyner/Coltrane era quartet. William Parker makes his mark so subtly that you can barely hear the bass pluck across the album. New drummer Brown is more focused and aggressive than past quartet drummers, which could explain how you breeze through the 50+ minute album without notice. Ware has explained that *Surrendered* has a lot to do with the current stage of his life where he has learned what he can and cannot control. Perhaps *Surrendered* is taking rides without asking and finding yourself miles away from where you started when you wake up. The spiritual tone is so powerful and evident that being able to listen to it gives me a reason to get up in the morning.

Big'n/Oxes "Split" ep

While it takes a damn miracle for rock to get reinvented every once in awhile, I bought this handy little \$5.98 CD on a whim and was impressed. Big'n I had known before as a kick ass brutal slow attack related to the Skin Graft family. Oxes I trusted simply because they were on a split with Big'n. Very hard, loud, and rude, with lots of stops and starts and great melodies that I didn't notice until my twelfth time of listening to it.

John Corbett and Heavy Friends "I'm Sick About My Hat"

John Corbett is a writer, man about Chicago's jazz scene and I guess a guitar player as well. His heavy friends include the likes of David Grubbs, Hamid Drake, Mats Gustafsson and Lou Mazzoli to name a few. The album's strength is composed on styles your not used to hearing the players in. Mats and Hamid play a garbled dub track while others sing when they can't play. The style is loose and dissonant while still keeping some themes to remind you what you're listening to.

sleepwalker

by Kenn Minter

