



Off the Wookiee

FREE

RYAN MCGINNESS

“Please stop biting my rhyme”

HOW TO GUIDES

Wheat-Pasting with Buffmonster
Make Prison Wine with Logan Hicks
Tips for Concert Photography
Make a Record Bowl
Silkscreen Shirts

SXSW SURVIVAL GUIDE

Venue Reviews with Tips From a Short Girl
24 Hour Diners
Getting Outdoors
The Best BBQ
Dive Bars



AMOEBAMA



MUSIC

RECOMMENDS THESE SHOWS AT SXSW!!

Thursday, March 16th (Noon-6PM)

AMOEBAMA MUSIC'S ALL-DAY PARTY

at Opal Divine's Freehouse, 700 West 6th Street - Austin, TX
Free and open to the Public - Lineup subject to additions and changes

FREE FOOD AND BEVERAGES!

Noon - 3PM: ALL-STAR GRAM-JAM!

Featuring: Jay Nash, Soda and His Million Piece Band, Tres Chicaz, The Minus 5, Krister Axel, Brandi Shearer, Jim Campilongo, Tony Gilkyson, Tim Easton, Mike Stinson, Scott Kempner, Earl Ball, Randy Weeks along with many surprise appearances!

3:30: Brandi Shearer & The Jim Campilongo Electric Trio

4:15: The Stephane Wrembel Trio

5:00: Brandi Shearer & The Robin Nolan Trio

FRIDAY, MARCH 17TH (8PM - 12:30AM)

AMOEBAMA MUSIC PRESENTS

Artists from our forthcoming Record Label
with a Special Appearance by David Grisman
The Elephant Room - 315 Congress Ave

8:00: THE ROBIN NOLAN TRIO (www.robinnolan.com)

8:30: BRANDI SHEARER & THE ROBIN NOLAN TRIO

9:45: THE STEPHANE WREMBEL TRIO WITH DAVID GRISMAN
(www.stephanewrembel.com)

11:00: THE JIM CAMPILONGO ELECTRIC TRIO

(www.jimcampilongo.com)

11:45: BRANDI SHEARER & THE JIM CAMPILONGO ELECTRIC TRIO

SATURDAY,
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TRES CHICAS www.treschicas.org

- March 16: Amoeba Music's Gram-Jam at Opal Divine's 700 W. 6th Street @ Noon - 2PM
- March 16: Industry Of Music Party (acoustic) Red Fez 209 B. W. 5th St @ 6pm
- March 16: Yep Roc Showcase The Continental Club 1315 S. Congress @ 10pm
- March 17: Sin City Social Club at Taco Xpress 2529 S. Lamar Blvd. [Time TBD]
- March 17: No Depression Party Cactus Café "Corner of 24th and Guadalupe." @ 3pm
- March 17: South By South Austin Party Café Caffeine 909 W. Mary St. @ 9pm
- March 18: Yep Roc/Harp Party Yard Dog 1510 S. Congress @ 3pm
- March 18: Industry Of Music Party (full band) The Tap Room @ 6pm

JAY NASH www.jaynash.com

- March 16: Amoeba Music's Gram-Jam at Opal Divine's, 700 W. 6th St. @ Noon-2PM
- March 17 & 18: One 2 One Bar 121 East 5th Street (at Brazos)
- Jay Nash plays at 9PM both nights with an all-star jam at midnight!
- For extended line-up visit: www.one2onebar.com



KRISTER AXEL www.krister.biz

- March 16: Amoeba Music's Gram-Jam at Opal Divine's 700 W. 6th Street @ Noon-2PM
- March 18: One 2 One Bar 121 East 5th Street (at Brazos) @ 11pm



SODA AND HIS MILLION PIECE BAND www.sodaband.com

- March 16: Amoeba Music's Gram-Jam at Opal Divine's 700 W. 6th Street @ Noon-2PM
- March 16: Sin City Social Club @ Maria's Taco Xpress, 2529 S. Lamar [Time TBD]



MIKE STINSON www.mikestinson.com PERFORMING WITH RANDY WEEKS & TONY GILKYSON

- March 16: Amoeba Music's Gram-Jam at Opal Divine's 700 W. 6th Street @ Noon-2PM
- March 16: Sin City Social Club at Taco Xpress (Time TBD)
- March 16: Caffeine Café 909 W Mary St. @ 9pm
- March 17: Opal Divine's North 700 W. 6th Street @ 7pm
- March 18: Opal Divine's South @ 10pm

SCOTT KEMPNER

- March 16: Amoeba Music's Gram-Jam at Opal Divine's 700 W. 6th Street @ Noon-2PM
- March 16: "Whatever THAT Is Party" at the Gingerman @ 5pm
- Free and Open to Public

- ... also performing with Willie Nile:
- March 15: Mother Egan's 715 W. 6th St. @ 8:05pm
- March 16: Creekside EMC at Capitol Place 5th & I-35 @ 12 MIDNIGHT



And be sure to stop by and see our friends at the SIN CITY SOCIAL CLUB AT MARIA'S TACO XPRESS

March 16 & 17: (1-7PM) Featuring an all star line up of artists including Tres Chicas, Merle Jaggard, Foster Timms, Mike Stinson, Tony Gilkyson, Randy Weeks, Soda and his Million Piece Band, and many others! For a full line-up visit www.sincitymarketing.com

See our ad in the center of this zine for more details on Amoeba's SXSW shows!

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ARTS & CRAFTS // SXSW // 2006

JASON COLLETT

THURSDAY.3.16 // 1:20PM // EMO'S // TAG TEAM AND UNDER THE RADAR AFTERNOON PARTY

FRIDAY.3.17 // 4:00PM // THE CROWN & ANCHOR

SATURDAY.3.18 // 5:00PM // POKIE JOE'S // BARSUK/ARTS&CRAFTS AFTERNOON PARTY

SATURDAY.3.18 // 10:00PM // MOMO'S // NXNE SHOWCASE

THE MOST SERENE REPUBLIC

THURSDAY.3.16 // 4:10PM // EMO'S // TAG TEAM AND UNDER THE RADAR AFTERNOON PARTY

FRIDAY.3.17 // 12:00AM // SPIRO'S

SATURDAY.3.18 // 2:20PM POKIE JOE'S // BARSUK/ARTS&CRAFTS AFTERNOON PARTY



ANDREW KENNY of THE AMERICAN ANALOG SET

SATURDAY.3.18 // 3:40PM // POKIE JOE'S // BARSUK/ARTS&CRAFTS AFTERNOON PARTY





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TIJUANA KNIFE FIGHT

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WWW.MYSPACE.COM/TIJUANAKNIFEFIGHT

STAB! STAB! STAB!



Couch
Guitar Straps

The image shows a variety of guitar straps with different colors and patterns. From left to right, there is a dark strap with a purple floral pattern, a light blue floral pattern, a dark brown strap with a red vertical stripe, a dark blue strap with a white vertical stripe, a red strap with a green floral pattern, and a dark brown strap with a white vertical stripe. Each strap has a small blue label with the word 'couch' written on it.

Hand made of the best quality auto and marine upholstery materials.
Vinyl, Vegan. Made in USA sweatshop free.

www.couchguitarstraps.com

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39 – Ryan McGinness by Heather Edgar

"Go to a university and not just an art school. Learn many things. Most artists are idiots."

"Poor or Rich, The Same in Death," 2003, oil enamel and silkscreen ink on line, 48 x 36 in.,

Photo by Tom Powel, Courtesy Deitch Projects

Cover Image

"Ambitious Outsiders," 2003, oil enamel and silkscreen ink on line, 48 x 36 in.,

Photo by Tom Powel, Courtesy Deitch Projects

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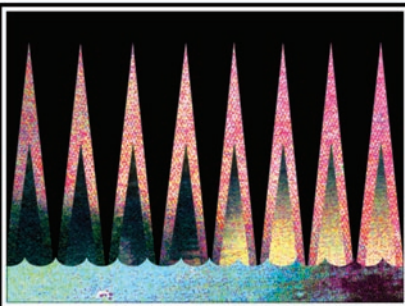
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Instigator

(He thought it would be a good idea)
Matt Allen – Ice Cream Man

Layout Editor

(Made the puzzle into what you're now holding)
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Thanks to everyone who contributed to bring this
beast to life.

All of the contributors took it upon themselves to
create this.

There was no set plan. Only the idea to get a bunch
of folks together to create a high quality zine featur-
ing people who inspired us, things we like to create,
and ideas we were curious about. We hope that
these stories will motivate you to get out and create
something new. Pass this along too, there's something
for everyone.

More thanks, Mary Patton, Morgan Lebus, Julie
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Amanda, and Rebecca), Dan Flynn, and everyone I'm
forgetting....Ice Cream Man likes you.

Our mission is to give away FREE ice cream. To
date we've gifted over 25,000 frozen treats. Through
www.icecreamman.com we document everything we
do along with posting the best concert and music
festival reviews online. We currently have over 10,000
pictures and hundreds of reviews. We cover shows
nationwide, but currently focus on the LA area. We
have also reviewed a large chunk of music festivals in
the US (Coachella, Sasquatch, Siren, Street Scene,
Arthurfest, Download, Xingolati, Vegoose). We're
doing everything we can to try to make giving away
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please contact us.

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Wild In The Streets Improv Everywhere Takes Comedy Out of the Club

By Michael Coyle

Four-foot ledge suicide jumper photo by Chad Nicholson/ChadNicholsonPhotography.com

Like the kid we all knew who put a whoopee cushion on the teacher's chair, Charlie Todd is determined to break the humdrum routines of everyday life with harmless pranks. Armed with training from New York City's Upright Citizen's Brigade comedy theater, Todd's vision is much broader than the old reliable fake fart, and his boring classroom in need of a chuckle is the metropolis around him. Todd founded and runs Improv Everywhere, a cabal of benevolent rabble rousers who have been responsible for creating a cell phone symphony at a bookstore, staging a synchronized swimming event in a public fountain, getting hundreds of people to ride the subway without pants on and staging a fake U2 concert on a rooftop across the street from Madison Square Garden, where the real band was performing later.

His pranks take fastidious planning and the cooperation of trained and volunteer "agents" who carry out the harmless tomfoolery for the befuddlement and amusement of the masses. The reward is a good cerebral guffaw, and sometimes a trip to the local courthouse. "No one has ever

been arrested," Todd tells us. "Eight agents were summoned to court as a result of our U2 hoax. A judge threw out the case. More recently eight agents have been summoned to court for riding the subway with their pants off. They were part of a larger mission that had around 160 participants riding the subway in the middle of January without pants on. Their court cases are coming up soon. I'm confident the case will be dismissed, as it is in fact not illegal to wear underwear in public. We mostly break rules, not laws."

Given that the country is full of people who still think having a stick up their ass will help them get that pie in the sky, you gotta suppose that the Improv Everywhere gang draws the ire of those who prefer monotonous order to fun. Todd explains to us that no one gets their panties in too tight a bunch: "No matter what you do, someone will always get upset. So long as you're pulling off a prank for the right reasons — making others laugh and keeping life interesting — you won't go too wrong." Learn to laugh again at www.improveverywhere.com



ICE CREAM MAN'S Rules of proper ICE CREAMIN'

Etiquette

RULE 1: EAT Yo FREE
ICE CREAM AND ENJOY IT!!!

RULE 2: Proper Greetings!
ONE HAND: Hello!



TWO HANDS: Ice cream please!



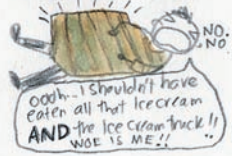
THREE HANDS: Ice cream and a HIGH FIVE!!



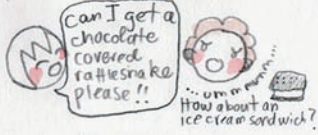
RULE 3:



NO KIDS IN THE TRUCK.
NO KIDS ON THE TRUCK.
NO TRUCKS IN THE KIDS.



RULE 4: IF IT'S NOT ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE TRUCK THEN IT WON'T BE INSIDE THE TRUCK.



RULE 5: Always look BOTH ways when crossing the street!!!!

HOSPITAL ICE CREAM ISN'T AS GOOD AS THE ICE CREAM MAN'S ICE CREAM!!

RULE 6: IF IT TAKES YOU LONGER TO PICK YOUR ICE CREAM THAN IT TAKES YOUR FRIEND TO EAT THEIRS THEN YOU'VE TAKEN WAY TOO LONG!!

Bring a list you made on a spreadsheet earlier that day while you were supposed to be "working." Be productive!

RULE 7: IF YOU DON'T HAVE AN ICE CREAM TRUCK IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD, THEN MAYBE YOU SHOULD BUY AN ICE CREAM TRUCK. OR CALL THE ICE CREAM MAN by using the special ICE CREAM SIGNAL



RULE 8: DON'T FORGET TO THROW AWAY YOUR TRASH!!!
♥ TRASH CANS NEED ATTENTION TOO!

RULE 9: DON'T EAT ICE CREAM AND DRIVE, AND DON'T LET YOUR FRIENDS EAT ICE CREAM AND DRIVE!!



RULE 10: KEEP ICE CREAM COLD BY EATING IT BEFORE IT MELTS. IT TASTES BETTER THAT WAY!
I ♥ Ice cream! ♥ the ICE CREAM MAN!
Yummy!! love, Christina 2/2006



tunecore™



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PRESENT

Off the Wookiee

ICE CREAM SOCIAL

— **FRIDAY** —

FREE - Everyone Welcome!



2532 Guadalupe St.

- 12 Blackmarket
- 1 Envelopes
- 2 Heavenly States
- 3 Greater California
- 3:35 David Dondero
- 4 Two Gallants
- 5 Detachment Kit
- 6 Holy Fuck



2538 Guadalupe St.

- 7 Mother Truckers
- 8 Cincinnati's Finest
- 9 Lavender Diamond
- 10 Forcefield ON
- 11 Special Guest
- 12 Repeater



Photo by Love, Christine

HOW TO MAKE ANIMAL MASKS IN UNDER 15 MINUTES

by Erin Smith

The history of masks is long and interesting. The Mask of Warka, the first-known realistic sculpture of a human, is 5000-years-old and counting. The wearing of masks is deeply tied to psychological, spiritual, theatrical and cultural functions; people wear masks to hide their true “face”, to disappear into another character, to perform or to scare the shit out of someone. You can look up all the details for yourself at wikipedia.org, but let me share with you the basics of creating your very own anti-social/social piece. These masks will probably only last a night; not so much because they’re shoddy but because you WILL end up giving them away at some point. It’s inevitable and encouraged, unless you have no love in your heart, because the recipient’s face will spark what little genuine emotion you may have left. The masks are great for hiding blemishes, bloodshot eyes, smeared mascara and general facial twitches, the product of one-too-many whisky and cokes. People will stare at you with a mix of adoration, confusion and sometimes disgust. Don’t worry about any of that--you just keep dancin’ like a little panda or a wise-ass owl or even a belligerent badger if you’re so inclined.

Now Let’s Get Started

You will need:

A color printer or markers (this will obviously add a bit more time)

8 x 11 inch paper

Cardstock or something relatively firm (cereal boxes are perfect)

Some ribbon, twine or whatever you can find to tie the critter around your face

Scissors

Glue of any caliber



Photo by Eyad Karkouty

1. Google "animal masks". My favorite site is: http://www.janbrett.com/mitten_masks_main.htm. Make sure you print the PDF file so the mask is large enough.
2. Print out your selection
3. Slather some glue on the back of the mask sheet and stick it to the cardstock or what-have-you
4. Smooth out any bubbles/creases then cut around the mask
5. The eyes are tricky. I just bend them a little and then cut the crease. Once you have a hole, cut around the eye circle.
6. Make two slits on the sides and thread the ribbon through.
7. Put over your face, walk to the mirror and let out a chuckle. You're an animal now!



Photos by Love, Christine





Photos by Jeremiah Garcia



Photos by Fred Benenson

MORNINGWOOD'S GUIDE TO GETTING PEOPLE NAKED DURING A SHOW

By Chantal Claret

1. Having a song that entices people to get naked generally helps. While we have our own "TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES" (which you are more than welcome to borrow), other favorites include "Ass & Titties" by DJ Assault, "It's Business Time" by Flight of the Conchords and "Hello" by Lionel Richie (I dunno what it is about clay that makes people want to strip).
2. Look for a willing participant, preferably someone of AGE. A good trick to finding people who are legally "ready to party" is to have them hold up their alcoholic beverages. If they are old enough to drink they are old enough to be inebriated and stupid enough to get naked in front of copious amounts of people.
3. Know how to pace the nudity. I like to start with a little foreplay, maybe a nice slap on the tits, a little hair pulling, and a lick on the neck. I generally like to save the handcuffs for the second verse. Although it is just a "show" and this is all for "fun." Having lovely girls and boys get on stage and roll around with you is a means to an end/or beginning, so the trick is to CLIMAX with the CLIMAX of the song. When you reach the outro chorus you better be getting your rocks off cause you are almost out of time . . .

Enjoy your SXSW, wear a condom and say my name.

DOMINO RECORDS AT SXSW
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ARCTIC MONKEYS
BEAUTIFUL NEW BORN CHILDREN
ARCHIE BRONSON OUTFIT

SPECIAL GUESTS

BLACK HEART PROCESSION
BETTYE LAVETTE



How to Fake Interest in a Friend's Band When They Simply Suck.

By Niki Randa

Most everyone I know is confronted with the problem of a good group of friends getting together to form a not so good group of musicians. We are frequently forced to attend shows, pay covers, and worst of all give an opinion on the lackluster music at hand. A lot of the time, the company can make up for the earache. But when it can't, how do you keep a friend and ditch his band?

You could get an early morning job, and risk the potential of not being able to attend any shows for the duration of your employment. In return, you avoid the chance of ever having to give an honest opinion, but may miss several enjoyable shows in the interim. You could choose to perpetually show up "too late" ...or excuse yourself out in the middle for a long smoke all the way through the set in question.

You may choose to buck up and show up. Share a little support and even develop some needed acting skills. Practice cheering and singing along, despite not knowing one actual lyric. I would recommend claiming a broken CD player, or t-shirt dye allergy, if pressured to purchase something from the merch booth. But feel free to nod your head along to whatever song they are ripping off this time around. Hell, sometimes familiarity alone is worth an enthusiastic reception. More than half the world is satisfied with cheesy cover bands anyhow, right? I myself have a hard time faking enthusiasm. So maybe evading the sore subject entirely, is the desired route.

If fibbing isn't your thing, steer clear of ever having to lie to a loved one, and try ... getting too drunk to remember. Then, when asked about the set the previous night you can honestly say "the last thing I recall is a mad dash to Del Taco before you went on." Get in an elongated line for the bathroom, even if you don't have to pee. You may inadvertently have one saved up for when you finally reach the stall, and that's even more minutes to bide. Strike up a conversation



with an attractive member of the opposite sex, and maybe even get them to leave with you. That is a double-win. Flippin', anything you can think of to genuinely distract your attention!

Okay, there is a worst-case scenario... and it's typically when you are within an earshot of the clatter for the entire set...choosing not to duck-out even once. And say, for instance, that the band is undeniably, extraordinarily shamefully bad. Really, they are complete rubbish, and without a single inkling as to how appalling they actually are. There are kinder ways of slipping them simple indicators without smashing their dreams and squashing the camaraderie with a "BOO". Mention that the sound at the venue is notably terrible, or that the sound guy is a jerk. Or, tell them they sound "just like" the band they are obviously biting, and try to serve it up like a compliment.

You could go as far as to tell them that they "suck", but smile and laugh extra goofy-like while you do, as not to lead on that you are serious. That could be fun. Suggest that they add a girl, or recommend that they get a new drummer. Bands are always self-consciously thinking along those lines anyway. Tell them that a light-show would add to the general feel, and aren't a very expensive appendage.

Even with all of these helpful devices, there are still the few friends who should be clearly encouraged to stop playing music all together. How do you break it to them...gingerly? I say get a puppet to do it....and maybe have the puppet advise them that it's a good idea to embark on the journey of a DJ.

Rock and Roll Arts and Crafts

By Vanessa Herzog

Photos by Jeremiah Garcia

Have you ever wondered who actually buys those Barry Manilow, Barbara Streisand and Toto vinyl records when thumbing through the stacks at your local record store? Well, these records may not have a life on anyone's turntables anymore, but they can have a new life on your coffee table! With a little ingenuity these bargain records can turn into lovely decorative bowls that will impress your friends and neighbors alike!

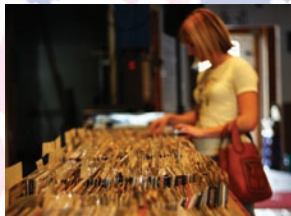
Getting Started

Go to your local record store, swap meet, thrift store, etc. and dig for the perfect record to make your bowl out of. Try to choose one that has a colorful or interesting label, since this will be the center of your bowl. Colored vinyl or picture disks are great too, if you don't like plain old black vinyl. I don't recommend spending more than \$2 on your record. I chose the Village People's "Go West" record featuring the smash hit "In the Navy" for \$1.98.

What you will need:

- 1 appropriate record for melting (please don't use something like the Rolling Stones or Velvet Underground, unless they're scratched and can't be played)
- Cookie sheet
- Oven-safe bowl, ceramic or metal (a cereal bowl is perfect!)
- Hot mitt
- Oven preheated to 300 degrees

While your oven is preheating to 300 degrees, place the bowl face down on the cookie sheet, then place your record on top of the bowl. Make sure the side of the label that you want on the inside of your bowl is facing the bowl on the cookie sheet.



Position the record label over the center of the bowl. This will help in shaping your record once it comes out of the oven.



Place the cookie sheet in the center rack of the oven and watch the magic happen! Vinyl melting times vary, but I have found that the record doesn't need to stay in the oven longer than 3 minutes. In fact, some records only require one minute in the oven.



Always keep your kitchen area well ventilated. Melting any type of plastic releases fumes and we don't want you to breathe that nasty stuff.

Don't take your eyes off the vinyl. Turn on your oven light so you can watch the fun! When the vinyl begins to fold and melt around the bowl, you know your record is ready for shaping.



Carefully take your record out of the oven to begin shaping your bowl. Be swift because it will cool quickly.

Don't forget to use your hot mitt!



The vinyl will naturally shape itself around the bowl, so try to embrace what it wants to do. Use the bowl to mold and shape the record around it. The record will be hot, but hopefully cool enough to handle without a hot mitt.

Be cautious!!! If it's still too hot, keep your mitts on!



Flip the bowl over and continue shaping it to your liking. The good news is that if you aren't satisfied with how your bowl is turning out, you can simply stick it back in the oven to reheat and reshape it.

Once the vinyl returns to room temperature it will hold that shape. Pure magic!

For a slightly different look, you can place the bowl right side up with the record on top. When you remove the record from the oven, take a glass and press the record into the bowl. This will give it a nice flower shape with petals.

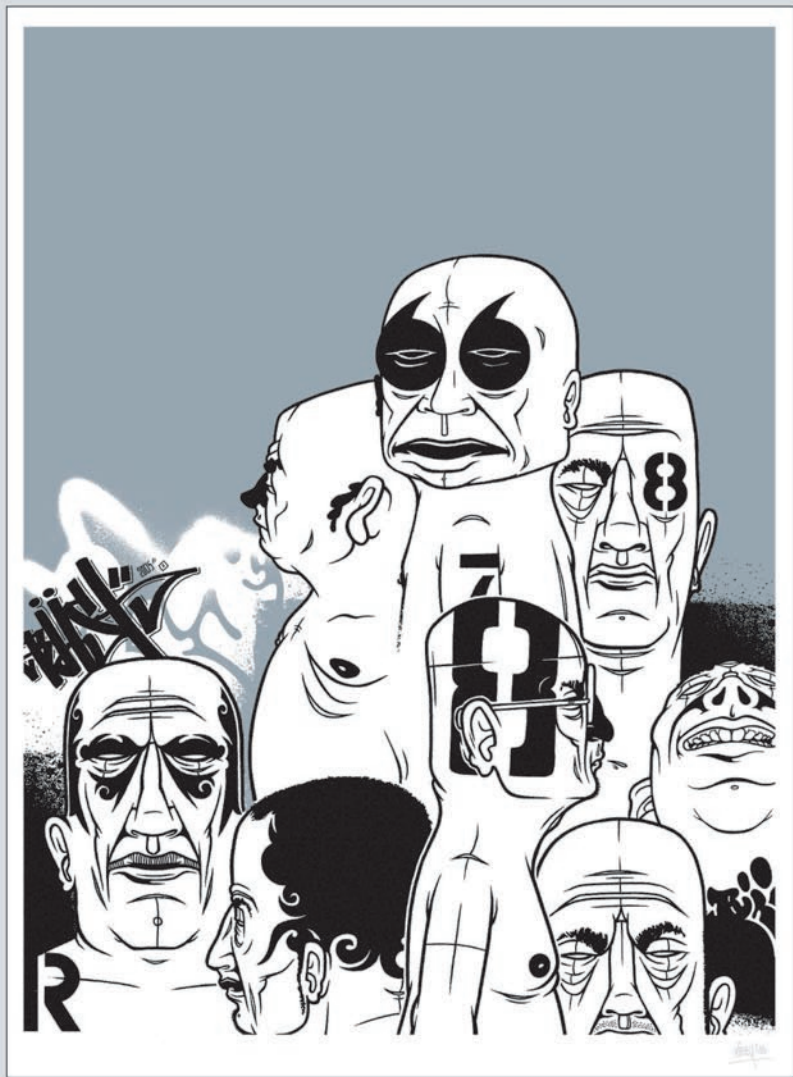
Once you've got the shape you like, remove the glass and pinch the corners together to create the petals.

If the record is still too hot to handle without gloves, use your hot mitt!

Record bowls also make quite dashing hats too!

When complete, place the bowl on your coffee table for all to see! Stand back and wait for the compliments to stream in. Enjoy!





KINSEYVISUAL.COM

[ORIGINAL ART / SCREENPRINTS / INSPIRATION]

Waterloo Records

By Dina G

When first I laid eyes on Waterloo Records in the summer of 1998, I knew she was trouble. All buzzing and gleaming like she does, all slick and sleek, all well lit and air conditioned, all popular and cheery-o with her clever little underground logo. I smelled her cool white danger, and I knew she was bound to ruin me.

And she did. My boyfriend and I, who'd just moved together from Ohio, were walking by en route to somewhere else and he was like, "Let's just go in real quick." I knew what "real quick" meant in boyfriend-speak, so I said sure, fine, whatever. An hour and a half later, I'd exhausted the used music section, grown bored with pawing the colorful lettuce across the street at Whole Foods, and finished off my cinnamon shake from the Ice House next door. It was uber-hot, I smelled like onions, and I was annoyed. I went back in and there he was, my boyfriend, still elbow deep in the vinyl section. I called his name and he looked up, blank as the White Album, and said "There's way too much to look at."

Had I known then that I could have been listening to CDs in the little sauna-like listening rooms the whole time. Had I known that I could have looked up reviews in any of the numerous record guides or pored over the slick magazines undisturbed. Had I known that their inventory is huge and their return policies merciful, that the Web site is possibly more valuable than Pitchfork or your best friend as far as recommendations and new release dates go, that their in store performances provide free music and free beer (this SXSW alone there will be 15 such shows), that the salespeople know almost everything, including Iggy Pop's birth name and who really killed Kurt Cobain, my story might have been different. But I didn't, and so it wasn't.

When my boyfriend found out about Waterloo's biannual 20 percent off sale, things slid downhill like wet feet at Barton Springs.

I wouldn't see him for days at a time, and when I did he'd act all guilty and smell overwhelmingly like plastic. We'd go out to eat, but he'd insist we go somewhere suspiciously close to Clarksville. We'd have pleasant



enough conversation, but he'd be looking at his watch the whole time and saying cryptic things like "Flaming Lips or The Dirty Three, Flaming Lips or Dirty Three or Another Green World, can't decide..." "I think our relationship needs some work," I said. He stared at me, glugged the rest of his Lone Star, and said "Flaming Lips it is, then."

So we broke up. The next time I saw him he was on his bike, which was plastered with Waterloo stickers. The blue milk crate bungeed on the back was full of albums, and he was careening toward the store, never minding the traffic. When he finally recognized me he said, "Can I borrow some money?"

I asked what for.
"I'm trying to make you an emotionally charged break-up mix, and there's just one more Dio album I need to buy," he said.

I raised my eyebrows.
"Honest," he said.

I forked over the money and sighed as I lost him to Waterloo for the last time. But sometimes I feel nostalgic, and the mix was good. So, every now and then I go visit him where he lives under the Lamar Street bridge in his makeshift version of Leonard Cohen's "Tower of Song," buttressed with albums, cordoned with jewel cases, bannered with unspooled black tape that blows obliviously in the wind, and where he can, from atop a turret lined with liner notes, watch his beloved as she holds court over the corner of 6th and Lamar.

600A North Lamar, Austin
512.474.2500
M-Sat, 10-11; Sun 11-11
www.waterloorecords.com

Sam's BBQ: It's All Good.

By Julie Ingram

As I walk through the door, the man behind the register nods to his left at Big D. Big D's the man I came to see. Big D is a gentle man who loves sausage mutton. He loves the idea of a gathering place where people can hang out and eat. The wooden picnic table seats us both comfortably, and I can't help but notice that the place is wallpapered in yellowed articles celebrating Big D's passions, mainly University of Texas football and the Austin music scene.

Big D was born in Round Rock, Texas (currently known as Dell Country), and later became a taxi cab driver. It was during his late night rides that he caught sight of Sam's BBQ and took notice of the late night vibe. By 1978 Big D was becoming part of the nocturnal clientele himself, and decided to buy 'the pit' from the previous owner who was growing too feeble to run the joint.

The Eastside was bustling then, full of cool cats and rugged musicians who often visited Sam's BBQ in the wee hours of the morning. Big D recalls how Stevie Ray Vaughn and other local musicians would frequently stop by to get a bite to eat after a gig. Now in 2006, Sam's still has the best barbecue in town, a claim the most frequent patrons, like Mike Judge, Vanessa Williams and Frank O'Hara, would support.

Big D has heard some people's trepidation about coming to "the Eastside." Some people have told him that it's in a "bad area." His only response to that is that if these people actually came to eat at the restaurant, they'd see that it was in fact a well-kept, clean barbecue joint.

And what fine barbecue! I try to get specifics about the best plates, and Big D only says: "It's all good." But really, if I were going to eat here just once, what would I have? "Whatever you choose, you're gonna like it."

Renee, his daughter, fixes me a plate of pork ribs with potato salad and beans, and



Photo by Greg Omelchuck

after two bites, I realize there's no use in pressing Big D anymore, because yes, "It's all good."

Sam's BBQ is a family-operated business. It is run by Dan (Big D), Veronica (who prefers to be called Renee), Karen, Wanda, Brian, Willie and Dan Junior. It is open seven days a week and you'll probably find Big D in the southwest corner, reading the paper or talking to a friend. If you visit Austin, stop by Sam's. And remember that whatever you choose, you're gonna like it.

2000 E. 12th,
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Sun-Thu, 10am-2am;
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Photo by Jonathan Arehart – www.clarkk.net

How to Fall Back in Love with Ice Cream

By Dina G

When I was a kid I was a huge freak about ice cream—I'd go through several of the mushy cardboard half-gallons a week (always busting in from the ends and never the proper way, via the center of the box)—but then one day I became an adult, lost my taste for it, and got into things like wild mushrooms and Brie and beer instead. It was a little sad, all that growing up, and I didn't even realize what I'd been missing until I walked into the Amy's Ice Cream store on Burnet and Northland in Austin, Texas.

The refurbished gas station, with its bright colors and loud music—what owners Amy and Steve call part of “the Experience”—instantly made me feel eight again. I got a battered and beaten scoop of Mexican vanilla with Reese's Peanut Butter Cup crush and I was back in love. It was simple—just peanut butter, just vanilla, served up typical Amy's style with an under-the-leg toss—but alone in the store on a drizzly white Friday I suddenly felt like Charlie after he wins the chocolate factory from that scheming Willy Wonka: All this is *mine*? No, they told me gently, prying my fingers off the steel freezer, it wasn't. But I felt happy anyway.

And that's part of Amy's thing. “It's an awful world out there,” Amy says, bundled up in her gray hoodie and watching the rain. To combat the nastiness, their mission statement is to “Make People's Day.” And they do, and have been ever since 1984 when they opened their first store on Guadalupe.

Now with stores all around town (and in Houston and San Antonio) they can spread their cold, sweet love more efficiently and thoroughly.

Because they've branched out (the Burnet store will start serving burgers soon) Amy finds herself battling her own “corporate” image. She manages not to sell out like larger, national chains (“Actually, we're kicking their ass,” Steve says with a smirk) by respecting her employees, donating to local charities (and starting their own, “Choose Austin First”), buying locally when possible, never being too busy to chat with her customers despite working 60-70 hours a week, and making sure the ice cream is damn good. She doesn't care much for advertising, claiming that, “Community involvement gets you so much more mileage.” This is especially true in Austin, where people love their local haunts and where the small-town feel sticks like praline despite the growing population.

“Our goal was never to make money,” she says. “We just wanted to make something good and do it well.” Sounds simple enough, at least until you start inventing flavors even an adult would love like Grass-hopper and Guinness.

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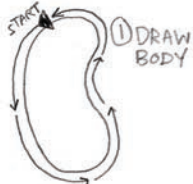


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By: Love, Christine
www.love-christine.com



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c. OPTIONAL MUSTACHE

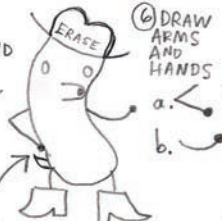


4 DRAW LEGS AND BOOTS



5 DRAW HAT AND TAIL

a. b. c.



6 DRAW ARMS AND HANDS

a. b.

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Photo by Kevin Mize

Burn and Turn – Hit and Run

By Alex Arciniega

To some HIT+RUN might seem like vehicular manslaughter, but to those who know it's more of an assault on mass production and lackluster designs. Brandy Flower and Mike Crivello, among others, have started to challenge the notion of mass-market garment design by introducing screens with a life expectancy of under a week. HIT+RUN caters to those that like the concept of individuality, allowing the customer to pick from a series of exclusive screen-print designs and arrange them as they wish.

"T-shirts are the modern uniform. It's the perfect canvas for personal expression and identification. We took it all one step further, printing our own shirts and graphics," says Brandy Flower of how the creative concept began.

Mike Crivello has been freelancing for the apparel industry for approximately eight years. When asked how this differs from what he has experienced working for other companies Crivello says, "People get to see first-hand how the screen-printing process is done. It is a great way of

bringing people together to get involved in making a cultural event."

This spring and summer HIT+RUN will be traveling across the United States, doing what they do best – one-night stops in each city. Equal parts art, music, food and fun, the nationwide tour is bound to attract new fans and have current fans awaiting their next prints like angry-rabid dogs.

The prices are quite reasonable – finding a quality shirt will cost in the neighborhood of 20 bucks. Ladies, don't you worry just yet, these guys know how to cater to your style by supplying clean cuts that flatter the feminine figure.

Brandy sums it up; "People are tired of buying the same mass-produced clothing with corporate logos emblazoned on them. They want to wear clothing that expresses who they are as an individual. Through HIT+RUN people can acquire a one-of-a-kind garment, and participate in the creation of it."

www.thehitandrun.com



A short synopsis of the current projects of Sean 'Blacklist' Carlson, humanitarian and music fan.

Burritos For Everyone!

By Michael Coyle

Many say it's merely youth that invigorates him, but when you talk—even just via email, as was the case here—with 20-year-old Sean 'Blacklist' Carlson, you realize his fuel is actually distilled from a healthy set of socially uplifting street-smart ethics (aka DIY Punk Soul). Most of us put our change into the March of Dimes can by the checkout at the grocery store and feel our karma balanced — Sean organizes a public scavenger hunt to earn food and goods for a Los Angeles homeless shelter. The people played and the poor got paid.

There was a similar impetus behind Sean's Fuck Yeah Fest, an all-ages gathering of varied tunes, visual art and comedy that runs in and around some Echo Park clubs. Patterned after a show he saw in Florida while on tour, Sean decided to pick up the phone and make it happen once he got back to LA. "When I got back to LA after the tour, I started telling people about the [Florida] Fest and how I thought something like it should be done. No one really cared. To them I was just a drunk 18-year-old who was running my mouth," he explains.

With minimal help, Sean ended up throwing the first Fuck Yeah Fest in June of 2004. 2000 people showed up to see bands



including Giant Drag, The Mae Shi, and recently disbanded wild men the Mean Reds. Ten comedians performed and fifty people shared their art. He did it again in 2005 with the profits going toward a new all-ages music venue in the Long Beach area.

Here's why this works. Sean, who is working with Circle Jerks/Black Flag crooner Keith Morris to book the third Fuck Yeah Fest slated for June 30-July 2, only wants to "make enough money to buy a burrito on the way home and fill up my gas tank, but nothing more."

He also turns out zines galore (his original passion, besides hanging out with homeless people), including helping to launch the instantly collectable L.A. Record.

Asked about what would happen if all these great events ever start turning profits, he expands his own philosophy outward, proclaiming, "I'd walk around all day sharing my wealth by buying everyone burritos and coffee and giving hugs to strangers. I couldn't see a better way to spend the day."

www.thelatreasurehunt.com.



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How to Silkscreen Your Own Shirts

By David Gooch

So you wanna silkscreen? Word of advice: It's a pain in the ass. But if you really want to do it the least you can do is do it half-assed. So here I am to help you out.

What you need, or, what I say you need. If you're crafty you can find some alternatives:

Screen (I know, this is already moving fast for you): You can get a cheap screen at most art supply stores, I recommend going to a screenprint supplier if you can. Something with a mesh (the count of filaments in an inch of screen) around 125 should be good for most projects. The higher the number, the finer the mesh, the more detail you can get. But, it is also easier to clog. The size of your screen depends on what size imagery you want to work with. If this part was too complicated, give up.

Squeegee: First, make sure it's wide enough to cover your image, plus about an inch on each end, and that it's narrow enough to fit within your screen. You also want to make sure and get a square edged squeegee of medium hardness—about 70 durometer (durometer is a measure of the hardness of the rubber – no joke!).

Ink: First of all, it is not paint. Do not go into a screenprint store and say you're looking for silkscreen paint. They will punch you in your stupid face, or at least they'll roll their eyes. Second, get a water-based ink, it's way easier to clean up and it's better for the environment (maybe, I don't really know or care, I'm a douche bag). Most fabric ink is

water based and available at your local art supply store.

And that, really, is all you need to get started. Of course, now you're only going to be able to print blobs of color, but you'll be printing something. What? You want more than weird streaks of nothing? Must I do everything for you? Fine.

A printing surface: What I find works great (assuming you don't want to buy an expensive printing press) is a smooth piece of thick wood (why are you laughing?) and screen clamps. Those are clamps made specifically for holding a screen. They aren't too expensive and they're easy to use. You can also get another piece of wood and attach door hinges to it and to the screen if you don't plan on removing the screen from its place. You want to make sure that the clamps are raised to the thickness of what you're printing on. They can attach straight to the board if you're printing on paper, but thicker materials obviously won't fit flat in that case.

Stencils: There are several ways to create images on a screen. The easiest is to take some butcher paper (or wax paper) and cut out stencils and tape it to the screen. It's not unlike making stencils to spray paint a stupid picture of (insert ironic 70's/80's icon here). Another, slightly more complicated way is to buy screen filler and screen drawing fluid. Screen filler is a liquid that you can paint on a screen, and when it dries, it blocks the ink from going through. Drawing

fluid dries, then repels screen filler and can be washed out with water. So, you can paint an image with drawing fluid, when it dries, paint over it with screen filler, then when that dries, wash out the drawing fluid with water and bam, you have a stencil. This works well if you're a painter-type person and want to be expressive with your brush strokes and all that garbage.

But, if you want to be real with this whole endeavor, you have to use photo emulsion. This means you need several new things, which I will get to very shortly. Photo emulsion allows you to print a line drawing or computer half tone image. It is the most versatile and professional method of printing. It is also the most complicated.

Emulsion: You'll need an emulsion that is meant for printing with water-based inks. You can get Speedball brand emulsion for cheap at most art stores, which works fine. There are better brands out there (I use Ulano), and depending on how serious you are, you might want to go with those. But for starters, cheap is probably the way to go.

Dark Room: This is key, the whole idea of a photo process is that you use light to expose the emulsion, so naturally, you want a dark place to work with it. The good thing is that screen emulsion isn't as sensitive as photographic emulsion, so a little light won't kill it. Find a place as dark as possible (garage, bathroom, closet) and put a low wattage red or orange light bulb in there. Even a bug light should work fine.

Scoop Coater: To apply the emulsion evenly, you can buy a scoop from a screenprint supplier. If you can't spend the extra money on that you can find other ways to coat the screen, but I'm not going to help you with those.

Light Source: The sun is the most obvious light source to use to expose your screen. The problem is you can't always count on it, especially if you live in a cloudy area. Plus, exposure times are going to vary depending on where the sun is in the sky, etc. So, I suggest building a box. All you need are some flood lights (I actually use black lights), and a place to put them. A wooden box of some sort works fine. I attached the lights to the bottom of a short table and put black plastic around the edges to keep outside light out.

Glass and Foam: To hold down your images flat to the screen, you'll need a heavy piece of plate glass. To keep it sandwiched in and to keep light from coming in from the bottom, you need some foam rubber cut to fit into the well of the screen (or something comparable, foam rubber is just the easiest).

Images: Finally, you need the image to print. Either half tone dot images or line drawings printed out through a laser printer onto a transparency, or you can print it out onto regular paper and cover it in baby oil, which makes the paper transparent. Laser photocopy machines also work.

Pressure Washer and Cleaners: To clean out your screen when you're done using it, it's best to have a high-powered pressure washer. A high-powered spray nozzle on your hose will work OK, but a cheap pressure washer is the way to go. You'll also need screen emulsion remover. It's a chemical made specifically for, yes, removing screen emulsion.

So now you're ready to print. You got your screen coated and dried. You got your transparency. You sandwiched it under the glass and started exposing it to your light source. After a few minutes (you'll have to test how long you need to expose it as different lights take different times) you take it out and wash out the image with water (not too much pressure, you don't want to blow out the non-image areas).

Once you're sure the image is washed out and the screen is dry, you bring it to your printing area to print. Cover up any open areas where ink might squirt out and attach the screen to your clamps (or whatever you may be using.) You can tape some mylar to the table first and print on that to find out where your image will be printed. Place your material where you want the image to fall. Put some ink into the well of the screen. Say a little prayer and pull the ink across the image with your squeegee. Make sure to use even pressure and keep the squeegee at a little higher than 45-degree angle. Lift the screen and you have magic. So, it's easy as all that. I would suggest also taking a silk-screen class at your local junior college (or university) to get some more insight. Also, there are many online guides to help answer any further questions you may have. Good luck and don't screw anything up.



How to Start Your Own Vegan Guitar Strap Company

By Dan Perkins

I never really knew there was such a thing as a guitar strap company. Well, not one that isn't owned by a middle-aged hippy guy with a pot belly, polo shirt and balding pony tail. To me it seems that only guys like that are designing the guitar straps I see in stores, and I really wanted a unique vegan strap for my vintage Telecaster. And one with some sort of style.

When it came time to pay rent on my Long Beach apartment one month, I instead bought a 30-year-old industrial sewing machine for \$750, moved it and myself to my friend Chris's living room and started learning to sew. I found some great seatbelt material at an automotive upholstery shop on about the same day that Chris walked in the door with a small Virgin Mary prayer card that perfectly matched the giant Virgin of Guadalupe tattoo across his right shoulder. He asked me if I'd sew this image onto the strap for him so he could use it on his bass. Our first design was born, and we sold out at Siren Boutique down the street within a month or so.

Since then we've made vegan guitar straps out of seat belts, vinyl and automotive upholstery material with images of Marys,

Andy Warhols, vintage pinups, vintage racing stripes, and now, silkscreened straps created by some of our favorite gallery artists and fashion designers. Tons of our favorite bands have been spotted buying Couch Guitar Straps and wearing them on stage: Nels Cline of Wilco, former Velvet Underground guitarist John Cale, Go Go's bassist Jane Wiedlin etc. etc. We made a web site, and it's been really cool shipping our vegan straps around the world. The site has also helped establish busy retail accounts like Psychederhythm Guitars in Tokyo and Factory People Boutique in Austin, Texas.

The real challenge in starting a company like this is in actually getting your product produced. The day-to-day operations at Couch Guitar Straps is usually spent in the bowels of East Los Angeles' fashion district sourcing materials and manufacturers. The bigger challenge, though, is just taking your idea for what you'd like to see in the world and actually making it happen. Tell all your friends your grand plan. The shame of not getting it done will get you up and at it each day when you get off your couch.

www.couchguitarstraps.com



The Concert Shot

by Timothy Norris

So you want to grow up to be Anton Corbijn, tour with one of the biggest rock bands of all time and change the way the world sees rock and roll photography forever. Or maybe you just want hang out with your friends' band and get some cool shots of them the next time they're playing at Jerry's Pizza. Well, whatever your inspiration, there are a few things you'll need to know before you start getting those great shots, developing your eye and capturing some of those magical moments on the stage.

First thing you'll need to think about is the gear. To start out you should get yourself the best digital SLR camera body you can afford with a 50 mm/f 1.8 lens (f 1.4 if you can afford a few hundred extra bucks). Canon and Nikon come to mind and probably offer the best growth opportunities (in terms of lens upgrades) of anybody in the market. If the only camera you can get your hands on is a point and shoot style, then I'll get right to what you need to know about that:

Point and Shoot Info

- 1) Make sure you know how to turn the flash OFF. This will be very important if the fog machines are blowing, because the on-camera flash will reflect off the fog and your photos will be nothing but smoke and the faint abstraction of someone holding a guitar somewhere in all the smoke. **TURN THE FLASH OFF!**
- 2) Set the ISO/ASA rating to the highest number possible. Sometimes this is only 400 ISO, but you may find 800 on some cameras. You may also be able to adjust for a PLUS or MINUS "1" or "2". If you adjust for PLUS "2" this will increase the sensitivity in low light situations to 1600 ISO from 400 ISO. One last thing to note about the point and shoot cameras in low light is that your images may turn out looking very "noisy". That's just how it goes. If all else fails, turn your flash back on and hand the camera to your sister and let her figure it out.

3) Lastly, White Balance. If you can set this, set it to tungsten or incandescent.

SLR Manual Setting Info

1) Set the ISO to 1600. This will be the fastest speed on most entry level digital SLR's.

2) Set the White Balance to tungsten or incandescent (same thing different names).

3) For a "dark club" set your aperture to f 1.8 to start with. This will give you the maximum amount of light through the lens.

4) For the same "dark club" set the shutter speed to 1/60 and take a shot of the stage to see what things look like. If it looks too dark, you may need to open up the shutter a little to say 1/50 or 1/30. Just remember that the slower the shutter speed the more motion blur you will capture in your image. You may like the "abstract" effect a slower shutter speed will produce, just be aware that this is what will happen.

5) Set your metering system to "Spot Meter". This will give you the most accurate light reading in the smallest of areas of any of the meter settings in your camera. This will enable you to get a proper light reading, say from the cheek or face, to which you can make adjustments one way or another to get the proper exposure. Just be quick because that light might be changing even quicker.

6) If you must use flash read and think about the following. There are many reasons why people take photos at a concert, but one thing that I try to capture in my images is the energy and essence of the show. Sometimes a darkened silhouette of the lead singer has more to say about that band/artist than being able to count how many eyelashes he has. But if you must use flash do the following: pick up an external flash to mount on top of your camera, put an orange/amber gel over the flash (keep your white balance on tungsten

and the gel will change the "white" light from the flash to "amber" or "tungsten"), and lastly reduce the power output of the flash way down (if you're right up front take it to 1/64 of full power). These flash tips will help you keep the "feel" of the show in your images and bring out some of the details you'd like to see.

7) Always experiment with these tips and try new things of your own. That's all part of developing your own style.

So you've got the gear and now it's time to start shooting. A few more tips before you get to the show:

1) Make sure it's OK to photograph the show with the band and/or venue and check for what restrictions may be enforced by either. Sometimes it's OK to shoot, but only without flash.

2) Show up early to get a good spot near the stage if you know it going to be packed. If you can't get there early just be cool, more times than not people will make some room for you to get some shots.

3) Composition and timing. Look at your shots as they "open up" to you learn to anticipate action before it happens so you are ready when it does. If the singer is standing on the bass drum then there's a good chance he'll be flying over the stage in a few seconds. Keep your eye on everything.

4) Move around a little. Sometimes you'll find a better perspective than you had.

5) Be cool and have fun.

These tips will get you on your way to some great shots. Shoot as often as you can, keep trying new things, have fun and you will see your images improve all the time.

Peace.

www.timothyorris.com



Photo Courtesy of www.minikissonline.com

Why You — Yeah You—Should Start A Cover Band

By Matt Dupree

As the old cliché goes, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. By that wisdom, cover bands (and their brethren, tribute bands) are the pinnacle of musical appreciation. For those who need clarification, a cover band plays songs originally recorded by another group, and a tribute band hones that concept to one specific recording artist. Me First & The Gimme Gimmes are a cover band; MiniKiss is a tribute act (a tiny one). These types of bands are often overlooked as a group of musical maladroits attempting to cash in on the efforts of more successful groups. As an alumnus of two of these bands (An 80's cover outfit and a Radiohead tribute), I can say with certainty that it is much more than that.

Film Legend Federico Fellini once said, "Even if I set out to make a film about a fillet of sole, it would be about me." Likewise, no cover band can completely duplicate a song. The individuality of the musicians will imprint itself on the song. Many great musicians still honor the tradition of cutting their teeth on covers by performing them live, usually with a level of cheesy glee that is nothing if not infectious. The Minutemen grew up busting out bluesy rock standards before they caught whiff of punk rock.

The costumed eccentrics of Gram Rabbit started out as a Gram Parsons tribute. And on the darker side of things, it's fairly common to see a pop starlet du jour release a sugar-and-spice-girl'd version of a throw-back hit. Hell, sometimes they cover a song that's only a few years old (shame on you Joss). The point is, for all the heat they take for unoriginality, cover bands can be just as unique as any other group. I mean, really, who doesn't love a KISS tribute made up entirely of midgets?!

This, good friends and strangers, is why you should start a cover band. Pick up a guitar, or just some bongos, and rock out. You might be surprised at what you have to offer a song. It's not hard to get a gig at your local dive bar, and sometimes the pay comes in the form of drinks (many great musicians also develop a taste for the sauce, consult your doctor before adopting this age-old tradition). You do it in the shower, and you do it in the car, so you might as well get some groupies out of it. Grab some friends and pick a gimmick, pick two even; it's really that simple. Now if you'll excuse me, there's a paraplegic yeti at the door here to audition on drums.



Photo Courtesy of Storsveit Nix Noltes.

From Iceland to Austin

by Matthias Ingimarrson/Brooks Institute of Photography

Appearing at this year's SXSW is a versatile bunch of bands from Iceland, from the big band Storsveit Nix Noltes with their Eastern European gypsy sound, to the youngsters of Jakobinarina, who have been said to follow in the footsteps of The Joy Division, and described as a junior Franz Ferdinand by Rolling Stone Magazine.

Off the Wookiee called up Hildur Guðnadóttir, the charming cellist from Storsveit Nix Noltes, and asked her about the festival and what the music scene in Iceland is like.

Q: So how did you guys get booked at SXSW?

A: Our label manager (Adam Pierce, Bubble Core Records), who also runs FatCat USA, is throwing a FatCat night at the festival so he called us up and asked if we would join the party. We are also starting a tour with Animal Collective, so we thought it would be perfect to kick start the tour at SXSW.

Q: On that note, what do you think that you guys will get out of playing at a festival like this?

A: Something tells me that we will be having more fun than getting money. Most of us have never been to Texas before and are really looking forward to play for the locals and out-of-towners. I mean Icelanders playing Eastern European gypsy music, what can go wrong??

Q: Any other shows lined up in Texas?

A: Not at the moment, but after SXSW we are going on a mini-tour through Washington, Philly and New York, so be sure to look for us in those cities.

Q: How would you describe the scene in Iceland?

A: The thing that makes the scene back home so unique is how small and friendly it is. It's sort of like the theme song from "Cheers", "where everybody knows your name, and they are always glad you came,"





Photos Courtesy of Storsveit Nix Noltes.

which is most of the time really good, but I think that it's really important for musicians to get out of their country and play to broaden the horizons.

Q: How have you been doing in records sales since your new album came out?

A: I have to admit, I haven't got a clue, but have been told that it's doing OK, which in fact is good. I mean Eastern European gypsy music isn't mainstream.

Q: Do you think Myspace and music from band Web sites are helping Icelandic bands get their name out?

A: Hmm, you got me there. I'm so not in contact with the world of WWW, but a friend of mine told me the other day that Myspace was the thing that was selling albums. It's clear, though, that the music industry changed a lot with downloading, which could both be good and bad. On that note, we just got our Web site up and running, so I guess we will find out if that helps after the world reads your 'zine and

goes to check it out.

And on that note the Wookiee says goodbye to Hildur and looks forward to seeing Storsveit Nix Noltes play at this year's festival.

Also appearing at the festival are DR.

Spock, SIGN, Jakobinarina and My Summer as a Salvation Soldier, so be sure not to miss out on these bands from the "Land of Fire and Ice," as they bring some cool from back home.

Web sites for the bands:

www.nixnoltes.tk,
www.drspock.is,
www.sign.is, www.jakobinarina.tk,
and www.12tonar.is/thorir



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Photo by Kimberly M. Jackson

YOU WANT TO GO WHERE?

By Rob Wallace

Cramped vans, AM/PM dinners, too much drinking, not enough sleeping and no showering. To most people this sounds like you have entered Dante's seventh level of hell, but to anyone that is in a touring band, this is heaven. Tour is where you go from a band playing around town, to a road tested machine. It is where you learn if you really like the people in your band, or if you are going to have "creative differences" and break up when you get home. So when a show at SXSW was placed in front of me, all the thoughts of sweaty vans started dancing in my head and I figured now was as good a time as ever to see if I can stand my band-mates for more than a day.

So the journey begins for three bands from Long Beach; Repeater, Force field On, and Greater California. It is a true DIY adventure in every sense of the word. All three bands do not have label support; all costs come out of pocket. Just like the Ice Cream Man stage that we will be playing. It is all done for the love of playing music, hearing music, supporting music.

"We are doing it mostly because Matt Allen asked us to. Secondly, as a newer band I think we could use the experience together. And thirdly, it's just nice to witness another crowd outside of your county judging you and whispering to their friends as you play," says Jesse from Force Field On when asked why he is making the trek out to Austin.

While many people go out to SXSW to be seen or to be a part of the ever-growing hype, there are many bands that still play for the love of the music. Not for a Fader spot-

light or a Levi's party, but because they have to make music. Before self-righteous bookers and after parties, there were kids doing shows in their parent's basements, making zines on high school copy machines, and putting together a network of tours outside of the mainstream. It was about playing with your friend's bands and seeing new places. This laid the foundations for all that we in the "underground" take for granted. It is nice that there are outlets within the machine that let us spread our wings and remember how funthis all can be.

Still the question persists...Why would a band travel over fourteen hundred miles to play one show for thirty-five minutes?

"It's a chance to enjoy some really great music, eat some long overdue barbeque and finally meet, in person, some of the people that we have been corresponding with over the last couple of years that can't make it out to the West Coast," explains Terry of Greater California

If you think about the trip rationally, it just does not make any sense to make that long drive. You might as well just burn some money and stay at home. I am here to tell you that it has nothing to do with the money, the prospect of being "discovered," or any of that stuff. It is about getting in a van with your friends, hanging out, having adventures, meeting new people, seeing awesome bands, and supporting someone that is trying to give something back to the music community that he loves. Just as people say on their deathbeds that life is not about how much money you have made or the things that you owned, it is about having people you love close to you and experiencing all that life has to offer. Tour stories are often legendary, and those experiences are worth more than money.

Music is about being part of something. It is a family of people trying to make the world a little bit better by getting their ideas out through song. All three of the bands making this trip believe that it is important to make connections in a community that is stretched thin by the music industry. Is it crazy to make this trip? You bet. Is it worth it? Without a doubt. Life is about experiences, about taking risks, and I do not know anything more risky than driving a van with California plates into Texas. Ya...we must be crazy.

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"Installationview,"

2005, installation view, mixed media, dimensions variable, Deitch Projects, New York,
Photo by Tom Powel, Courtesy Deitch Projects

Someone Write Ryan McGinness a Song

By Heather Edgar

When Ryan McGinness was 14-year-old, he wanted a new skateboard but didn't have the money for it. So, he did what any resourceful genius would do and wrote letters to companies requesting prizes for a bogus skate contest. His persistence paid off when, sure enough, these companies sent him all kinds of promotional gear that he in turn shared with his friends.

As an artist, Ryan approaches problems with the same tenacity he employed back then and has a reputation for being very meticulous when it comes to the production of his work. In his new book, *Installationview*, he shares his thought process from concept to completion. Alongside the incredible artwork that results from all of his hard work. Ryan's strict work ethic may have sprouted from years spent as a graphic designer, but it is more likely the result of a personal dedication. His artwork does not fit into the traditional categories set up by critics because he uses both his graphic design and art background for his multi-media installations. This may complicate the response to his work, but Ryan is not concerned with maintaining the

status quo. In order to create art, he uses whatever resources are available to him, whether it is taboo or not. He once said, "If you let the world define you, you're at a loss, like a puppet".

The first time I saw an installation by Ryan was at the Beautiful Losers exhibition at the Orange County Museum of Art. His layered silk-screened paintings were surrounded by more imagery painted like colorful wild vines sprouting out onto the wall. I was blown away by the amazing attention to detail that unfolded as I focused onto details within his paintings. Layers of icons were combined as if to tell funny anecdotes in a language entirely made up of international symbols for tourists.

Lately, Ryan is enjoying a lot of international attention and has multiple exhibitions planned for the next few months. Because of his ability to synthesize the diverse worlds of art, graphic design, and pop culture, while retaining his credibility and integrity, it's no wonder he is receiving this recognition. Right in the midst of a very busy time for him, Ryan filled out this interview by e-mail:



H- When did you start to think of yourself as an artist?

RM- Childhood.

H- What was your childhood like?

RM- I grew up in Virginia Beach, VA; kindergarten through high school. I went to a school for gifted and talented children and studied art seriously from a young age. Virginia Beach was a suburban beach culture, and while I spent time at the beach and building ramps and skating, I was also academically-oriented and was president of my class in high school, on the debate team, honor society, the whole thing. I then went to Pittsburgh to study at Carnegie Mellon University.

H- Are there any artists/individuals that have inspired you stylistically or philosophically?

RM- Andy Warhol.

H- Andy Warhol is an enigma to me. The more I dig, the less I know. You did a cu-

ratorial internship at the Andy Warhol Museum after you graduated from Carnegie Mellon University. Do you look to his example when it comes to the balance between fine art and consumable products?

RM- Andy Warhol's paintings can definitely be described as art products, and I think that's neat.

H- Your pieces have a strong sense of movement to them, have you ever considered animating some of your images?

RM- Yes, I did a video piece in 2002 titled North Star. Bill McMullen co-directed it with me.

H- I would love to see that. Do you think that you will do more?

RM- No. Video is not my medium. It was a fun project, and I have actually done other video projects (compiled on a DVD titled Video Happiness), but it just isn't real enough for me. I remember my mother telling me the story of when I was young and saw a television for the first time. I kept



"Now Forever,"
2005, installation view, "Greater New York" exhibition, P.S.1/MoMA, New York,
Photo by Tom Powel, Courtesy Deitch Projects



Untitled,
2003, oil and silkscreen ink on wood panels, 24 x 48 in.,
Photo by Tom Powel, Courtesy Deitch Projects



grasping out into the air toward the screen and asking “But is it real? Is it real?”

H- Because of your background in graphic design, aspects of two-dimensional space, iconography and symbols have been prominent alongside painterly swirls in your fine art pieces. Did you ever hesitate to blend these two traditionally separated concepts?

RM- No, they’re all symbols. The more baroque elements are just symbols for fanciness.

H- A lot of people assume that you cut and paste clip art when in reality you change the designs to your satisfaction. Do you think you are influencing the new clip art being produced?

RM- I actually do a lot of drawing, which is more process-oriented. It takes me quite some time to get a drawing exactly right. I don’t know if I am influencing new clip art being produced.

H- The swirls, layers and icons of your style have found their way into American culture; I see evidence of your impact everywhere from printed media to television. Do you

have a sense of your own influence? Do you think one aspect of your art has had more influence than others?

RM- I’d be careful about including the advertising and entertainment industries in “culture.” Work produced with a corporate agenda behind it is not the kind of culture I want to celebrate. But yes, I also see my influence everywhere. It’s very strange for me, because my work comes from a very personal place with a deep history behind it. When the spirit of my work is co-opted by corporations and a sales agenda is attached to it, the work is emptied of absolutely everything meaningful. I know that art directors and advertising schmucks come to my shows and buy my books. Those people are in the business of raping. But it’s hard to blame people for being themselves. There will always be that element in society.

H- As technology and computer programs become more popular among artists, do you think art and graphic design will become one and the same?

RM- Art and graphic design are two completely separate things. Technology



Photo by Dirk Westphal



Universal (48d, No. 6),
2005, polyesterurethane on fiberglass with aluminum and wood armature, 48 in dia. x 4 in., armature: 30 in. x 3 in. dia.,
Photo by Tom Powel, Courtesy Deitch Projects

is just a tool. It cannot change, conceptually, the two professions any more than a microphone will make news reporting and singing the same.

H- It seems that as critics are trying to define the art movement you are a part of, they keep using terms like, “street art”, “graffiti art”, “skater art” and so on. Do you think it’s a strategy to withhold fine art credibility?

RM- I think that they think it just sounds cool. Those kinds of terms are usually used to relate the work to a target audience – 18 to 30 year olds with disposable income. The targets usually include those who fetishize coveted objects from childhood like toys and sneakers and those who tend to believe in empty brand names, which cast only the shadows of something meaningful.

H- What do you think about all of the artist-designed toys/figures/urban-vinyl etc.?

RM- I don’t think much of it. Some of my friends make those things, and I like my friends, but I am curious about fueling that

market. However, it really isn’t much different than making expensive art and having it purchased by rich people. “Toys/figures/urban-vinyl” is just a smaller game.

H- Are there any that you personally like or dislike?

RM- It’s all so wonderful.

H- In your book, Sponsorship, the catalogue to accompany your exhibition, you interviewed many artists on the subject of corporate sponsors, commissions and collaborations. Do you see the increase of this practice as a positive turn in an art movement? Or do you feel that it has spawned imitators who oversaturate and weaken your personal visual language?

RM- It is not positive. Corporations are not positive entities.

H- What I meant was, do you and your peers feel validated that everyone is seeking out your art because they find it cool? And/or also, do you worry that it is



Universal (36d, No. 3),
2005, polyesterurethane on fiberglass with aluminum and wood armature, 48 in dia. x 4 in., armature: 30 in. x 3 in. dia.,
Photo by Tom Powel, Courtesy Deitch Projects

becoming mainstream and you are associated with people who are biting you?

RM- I hope to never be associated with the people who are biting me. I'd hate to think that anyone would feel validated by the marketplace or by popularity. Is the best selling record the best record available? Does popular opinion yield us the best leaders? I'm most interested in making the best work that I can, and I recognize that I probably won't be making the best work of my career for at least another 15 years.

H- Do you have any words of advice for people who are interested in graphic design and/or art?

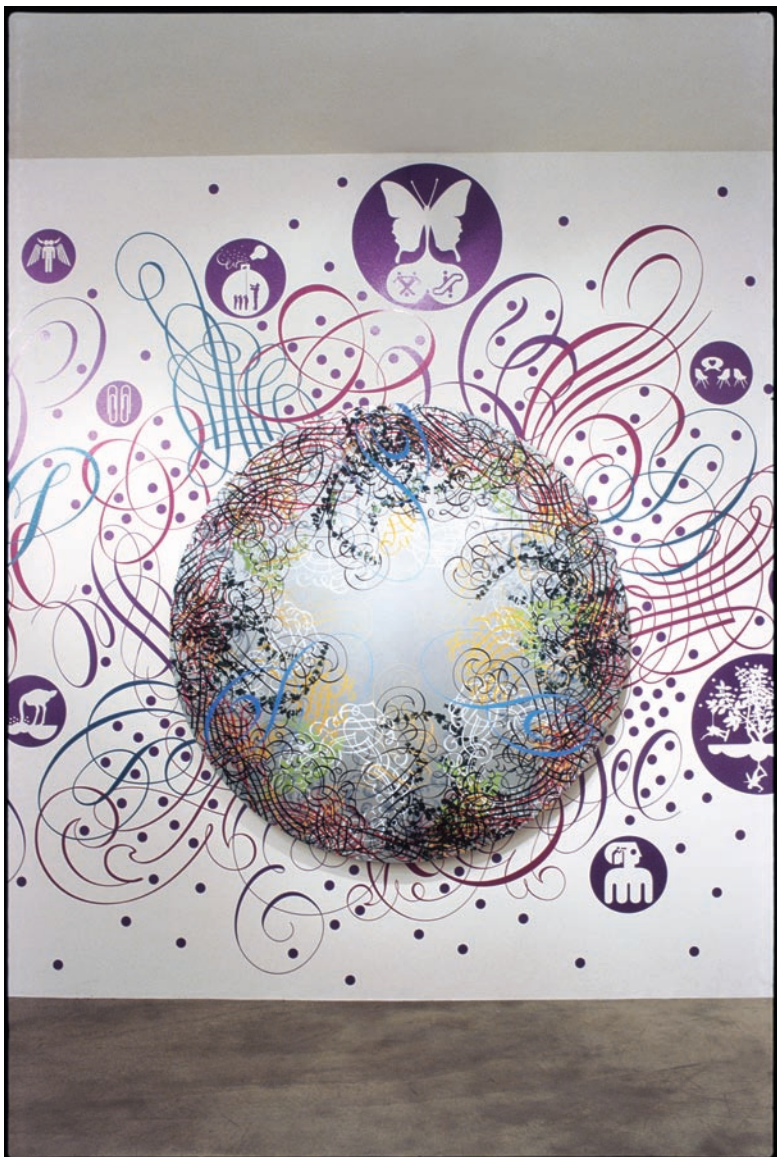
RM- Go to a university and not just an art school. Learn many things. Most artists are idiots.

H- Is there a band out there who you would love to do the cover art for?

RM- No. Do you think there is a band out there who would like to write a song for me?



Published by Rizzoli, 2005



"111,111,111 x 111,111,111,"

2005, acrylic on linen, 72 in. dia., installation view, "Pain-Free Kittens" exhibition, Quint Contemporary Art, La Jolla, Photo by Roy Porello, Courtesy Quint Contemporary Art

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3:30: BRANDI SHEARER & THE JIM CAMPILONGO ELECTRIC TRIO

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Krister Axel, Brandi Shearer,
Jim Campilongo, Tony Gilkyson,
Tim Easton, Mike Stinson, Scott Kempner,
Earl Ball, Randy Weeks along with
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4:15: THE STEPHANE WREMBEL TRIO

Gypsy guitar maestro Stephane Wrembel perform selections from his new Amoeba Records release, *Gypsy Rumble* on which he is joined by mandolin master, David Grisman.

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11:00: THE JIM CAMPILONGO ELECTRIC TRIO

(www.jimcampilongo.com)

With his trio Jim Campilongo pays homage to traditional country music while demonstrating a penchant for melodic leads running over sophisticated chord progressions and remarkable guitar playing wizardry.



9:45: THE STEPHANE WREMBEL TRIO WITH DAVID GRISMAN

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How to wheat-paste

By Random

I've found wheat-pasting to be an economical and effective way to disseminate information and art. It's really basic. Most people wanting to get started make it seem way more complicated. Here's how simple it is:

Step 1. Come up with something new and interesting.

Most view this as optional, but I think it's mandatory. I can't fucking stand mindless street art. Shepard Fairey took an image of a dead guy and put it everywhere. Easy, right? Well, there's actually more to it than that, but yeah, it is easy. He did it already, and that means you can't. Oh, you did a stupid little drawing and want to put it everywhere? Great, go for it.

But you didn't give us a reason to care and we're tired of seeing it. Give the people something more. The landscape is already filled with mindless advertising and ugly graphics.

Step 2. Make copies

If you do it right, Xerox posters are punk rock. If you do it wrong, they look budget and amateur. I silkscreen all my posters by hand. It takes time to do, but the control is awesome. Go take a class at community college if you don't know how to do it.

Step 3. Gather supplies

This is the part I'm sure all you fuckers are waiting for. I am always bombarded with the same stupid question: "What do you use to make your posters stick?" Like this is some big secret. Go to your local hardware store and get some wallpaper adhesive, a bucket and a brush.

Step 4. Put 'em up.



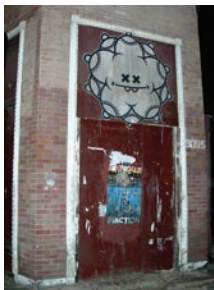


For some, this is the second biggest secret of all time. It's really simple. Brush the paste on the desired surface, put up the poster, and smooth it out with the brush. This shouldn't take longer than a minute to do. Repeat until you run out of posters or paste.

Now a word on etiquette: The only thing worse than a stupid poster campaign is when it's right next to mine. Find your own damn spot. Or, perhaps even worse is when someone puts their poster over mine. Hey jackass, it's not cool to go over someone else's poster. Artists need to stick together to make the urban landscape better. We need to battle ugly corporate graphics, not the like-minded artist.

There you have it. Be smart, be safe and be creative.

www.buffmonster.com





Don't do it in Arizona

By Branden Eastwood

Having a cop tell you “I will not hesitate to taze your ass!” lays the groundwork for one hell of a paradigm change. On April 4 of 2005, a good friend and I were arrested in Tempe, Arizona for spray painting on public property. We were taken to the notorious Horseshoe holding cell where we got a first-hand look at Arizona’s version of justice.

Maricopa County, Arizona is home to one of the most twisted “justice” systems in the states. Wrongful murder convictions, a county attorney who will not prosecute citizens accused of violent crimes against illegal aliens and a sheriff who houses drunk driving inmates in tents in the middle of the desert is just the start.

The holding cell looked like an over-stuffed “dangerous animal” quarantine for all the dogs that were about to be euthanized by the SPCA. The two small benches were each occupied by one sprawled person while the floor was littered with dirty bodies. On the way to the cell the officers said they had just started allowing inmates to wear more than one shirt. It was a fortunate change considering they

were pumping freezing air into the cells. Even with a hoody it was too cold to sleep.

Before I had the chance to implement my strategy of staring at the floor and making no kind of eye contact, one inmate struck up a conversation with me. Initially it was a conversation I wanted to avoid, but slowly the center of the room turned into a storytelling stage. Balls were being busted left and right. Within 15 minutes my friend and I were non-maliciously pegged as computer geeks and potheads. Two other men who had started a bar fight and broken a fish tank were trying to piece together what their fight was over and if they actually broke the tank. There was no bad blood and the distinction was clear that we were all laughing together.

While prisoners were showing themselves to be one of the most supportive groups of friends that you could hope for, the police were roughing up a kid who was in the midst of redefining the term “bad trip.” Though I doubt he could help it, I was glad to see he too could keep smiling. More experienced inmates translated paper work and explained charges while watching

Photos by Branden Eastwood

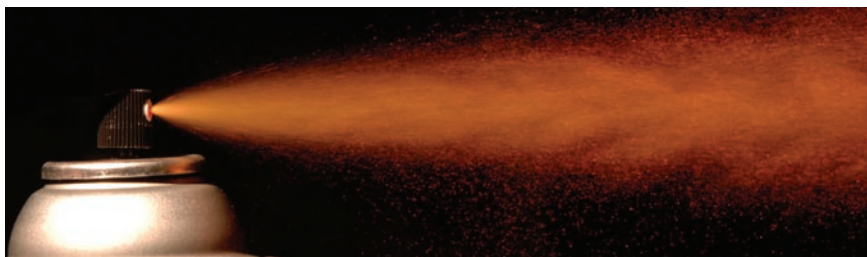




out for the young prisoners who looked like obvious targets. One Abercrombie wearing kid, who could not have been a week over 18, had car thieves patting him on the back while cops treated him like an evil delinquent. I wonder whom he felt loyal to by the time the day was over.

Most of the people in the cell turned out to be compassionate humans. They cared about what their comrades were emotionally dealing with and offered genuine support. The police offered green ostrich meat for food. There was only one man that I was afraid of. He had something in his eyes that I kept trying to see and understand. It seemed to be a deranged look that I had never seen in a human before. Later, I found out that deranged look was pain, and it was tears I saw in his eyes. He had been crying quietly for eighteen hours because he was not permitted to wear a back brace.

There is no doubt that some of the people in the cell deserved punishment for what they had done, but in the words of Toots and The Maytals "I was innocent for what they done to me." Humans should not live their one life by arbitrary rules they do not believe in. The people in charge do not share many experiences or values that the majority of festival going folks do. It seems they have been fed one version of morality that does not ring true for all people, and unfortunately they have us all by our collective nuts. The justice system, little do those bastards realize, has a way of creating effective criminals. You would think that high crime rates would clue people in on the fact that the "get tough" mentality does not work. Think back to some of your early school days. Kids that got spanked got good at not getting caught, while other kids could not stand some parents' versions of capital punishment: "I am not angry, just disappointed."



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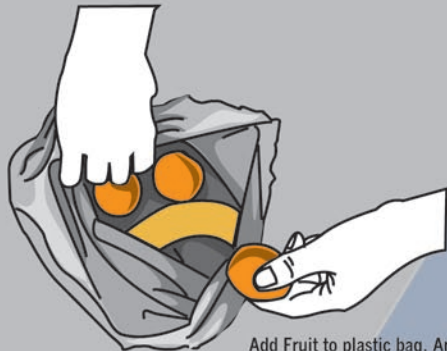
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KRISTEN ZARCADOOLAS





Step One

Add Fruit to plastic bag. Any fruit will do, so grab whatever you can get from the prison cafeteria. Make sure you mash the fruit up good, In the event that you cannot get a plastic bag, you can make this concoction in the toilet also.

Some suggested fruits - oranges, limes, lemons, bananas, even fruit cocktail or ketchup can work in a pinch

Step Two

Add sugar packets to the bag of fruit. The more the better. For 7 oranges, 20 to 40 sugar packets would be ideal, but use whatever you can get.

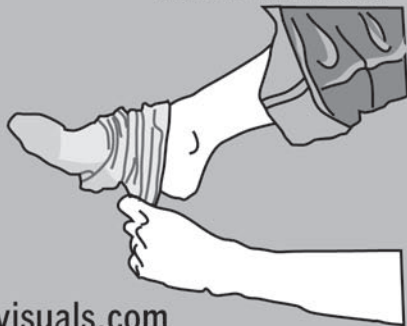


Step Three

Add a pint or two of water to the mix of sugar and fruit. Since bottled water is not available, toilet water will work.

Step Four

Next is the tasty part. Take off your sock. Dirty or clean, either will work. If you are worried about how the sock will make the wine taste, dont worry, the sock will make it taste better if anything.



Step Five



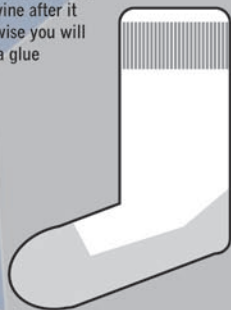
Step Six



Smuggle some bread back to your cell and put it in a damp dark place, and let the molding process begin. The yeast from the molding bread will eat the sugar and will produce alcohol, so make sure you have enough to complete the process. Five slices would be preferred.

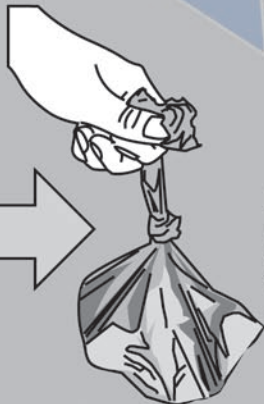
Step Seven

Stuff the Moldy bread into the sock. This will make it easy to pull the bread out of the wine after it has fermented. otherwise you will have a wine that has a glue consistency.



Step Eight

All your hard work is almost done. Is everything in the bag? Fruit? 20 - 40 Sugar packets? Sock full of moldy Bread? Water?



Step Nine

Fuck yeah! its on! Now tie that bag of rotting goodness off, and put under your bunk or behind the toilet, or some other place where the warden wont see it.

Step Ten

The fermenting process produces gas. You must be careful when making your wine. If you allow the gas to build up, the bag of wine will pop, and you will be shit out of luck. You **MUST** let out the gas occasionally, so you don't make a wine bomb



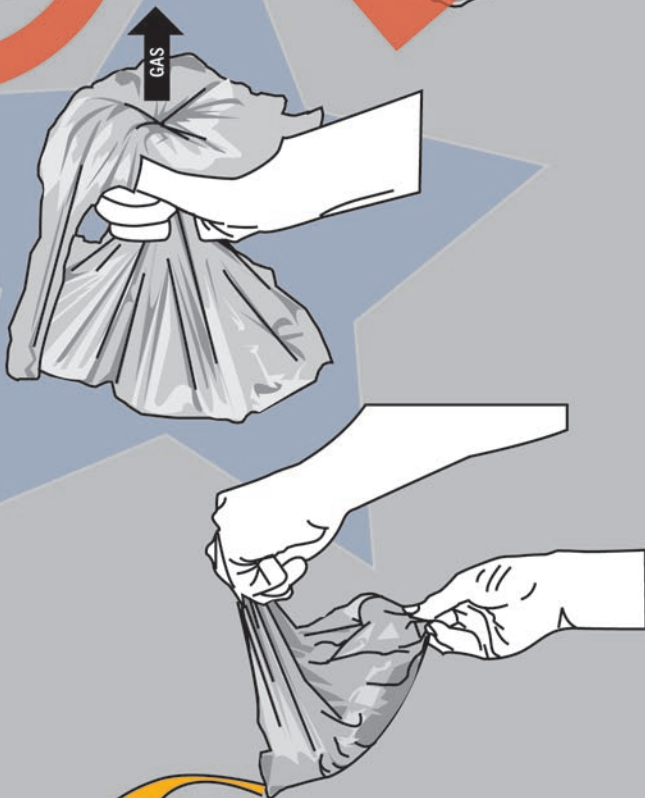
Step Eleven

Hooray! you have wine! You have let the wine ferment at least 3 days, but hopefully 7 days. Nature has done its work, and rotted, and fermented your organic matter into a soupy mix that smells like vomit. Don't be fooled though! it will work for what you need it to do.

The scrumptious wine that you have made has an alcohol content of somewhere between 10 to 19 percent

To serve, put a hole in the corner of the bag, and tilt upwards, letting the liquid run out into a cup, or mouth. Avoid the solid matter, which is pretty rotten by now.

Now enjoy the hooch, and try to avoid getting shanked in the yard.





bonnaroo

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Manchester, Tennessee
June 16-18, 2006

TICKET MONOPOLY

Stickin' It To Ticketmaster

By Thomas McMahan

Before a recent Les Savy Fav performance, I ventured to Ticketmaster.com to check the price of a ticket. The face value was a reasonable \$17, but the addition of "convenience" and "processing" charges pumped up the total to \$27.15.

I'm no math expert, but a trustworthy calculator told me that that's an increase of 60 percent on the face value. And that, as they say, sucks!

But you already know that you hate Ticketmaster. You've even called it "Ticketbastard" to its slick face. Now how do you avoid it?

The most obvious way is to buy from the box office. This likely entails walking up to the place on the night-of, praying that they have tickets left to sell. The big bonus here is that you probably won't pay more than face value.

If you have your sights on a popular show that you think will sell out early, you might not want to wait until the event to make your move. However, there are cases in which the box office still has tickets available the night of a show that was publicly deemed "sold out."

Such has been my fortune twice in the past year or so at Los Angeles' Wiltern LG — one time seeing Wilco and another seeing Rilo Kiley. And at the 2004 Coachella jamboree, both days of which were called "sold out" beforehand by the official Web site, tickets were on sale at the entrance. I don't know why this happens, but it seems to be fairly common and can work to your advantage.

Even if you show up without tickets and the venue doesn't have any left, you can strike gold by asking around and, most likely, being patient. Don't get pressured into a painful deal with a professional scalper. There are bound to be decent concertgoers with extra

tickets who won't charge you more than what they paid.

Perhaps the best-case scenario is finding an industry type who is there on business, has a pair of free tickets waiting for him at will call and didn't bring a date. One of these fellows graciously gave me his spare at no charge. Now, that doesn't mean I was his date, even if I did buy him a thank-you drink inside.

Of course, Ticketmaster isn't the only source for buying tickets in advance. There's TicketWeb, which is generally more kind with fees. For a recent Robert Pollard concert, TicketWeb charged \$4.57 more than the \$17.50 face value (a 26 percent fee, which seems like a gift compared to that 60 percent noted above). The problem here is the limited number of venues that use TicketWeb.

As far as I'm concerned, the best trick to avoiding Ticketmaestro is to check venue Web sites. Emo's in Austin, Texas, offers tickets to its shows online with no extra fee. The Troubadour in Hollywood, Calif., provides instructions on its site for ordering tickets by fax (that's right, e-people — fax). The added charge is only \$2 per serving.

One more thing: Some venues make their tickets available through local record stores. If you want to see a show at Maxwell's in Hoboken, N.J., try that town's own Tunes or New York City's Other Music for your advance passes.

I don't know where you live, but these tips can apply anywhere live music is sold. You may need to go out on a limb on occasion, but that just adds an extra touch of excitement to the concert-going adventure. You'll feel better about yourself when you don't get whipped by the 'Master.



Best Buy



If you've been following the politics flying about in the music industry of late (and if not, <http://sakistore.blogspot.com/> is a great place to get up to speed) you'll have likely heard the uproar surrounding several of the biggest indie labels (Matador, Merge, Secretly Canadian, Vice, and a couple of others) hooking up with the major label's retailer of choice, Best Buy, for a well-behaved low-cost sale.

Now, I know what you're thinking, what's wrong with a sale?

Everyone likes a sale. Well, almost everyone, apparently.

You see, while far too many people have spoken out about Wal-Mart and their tactic of selling below cost and the effect it has had on local businesses and economies, few have mentioned the impact the record labels, along with Best Buy, Target and Wal-Mart are having on your local emporium of all things musical, the corner record store.

If you believe the LA Times, independent music retailing is over; LA's Aron's is going and Rhino is gone, AbCD in Brooklyn is gone, Cactus in Houston is going, and light-switches are being flipped, for the last time, coast to coast.

While there are still numerous strong indie stores throughout the country (go check out Waterloo, here in Austin, if you doubt me) those remaining are fighting a struggle of epic proportions.

The short version is, years ago the big boxes realized that music consumers were good people to sell other shit to, so they sold them CDs at a loss to bring them in. Then some asshole at a (major) label decided to give the super store a pile of cash to pick their record as that week's loss leader, which essentially made it no longer a loss leader, and a new paradigm was born.

When this practice started it caused many regional independents to close shop; flash forward, and most of the remaining indies

have adjusted and found other areas than hit product to pay their rent... until now.

With the jumping into line of these major indies, things are taking a turn for the worse. And, while I appreciate a bargain as much as the next guy, there is a real reason why a sale isn't always such a great thing. There is a law in place that requires that wholesalers sell to all of their customers at a comparable price, it's called the Robinson-Patman Act and it was written to protect small businesses from being eaten alive by their bigger competition.

If you assume that the labels are playing by this rule (and I'm not so sure) then when Best Buy, Wal-Mart and Target sell for prices significantly lower than an indie store's wholesale cost, who really loses?

It's not as clear-cut as it might seem. To see who's really paying for these low prices, let's define who's winning and who's left to call the losers.

The big box retailer is winning, because they are getting you into their stores; and when was the last time you went in for a CD and only bought a CD? Not very, according to those who speak out of turn, the word is that 70-plus percent of sales that include a "below cost" item are profitable, meaning they make enough on the candy bars and refrigerators you buy to cover their losses (real or imagined) on the CD.

The major labels are winning because, not only do they have a great big news-worthy story about how their new release sold big units on it's first week, but since this is a bought and paid for program there is less of the real "music outside the mainstream" in the bins to distract customers from major budget priority releases.

So, who's left? Well, certainly the indie retailers who are paying more and selling less. But also the artists who usually get the bill for all of this "promotion", and most importantly, the biggest loser is the consumer, who in the short term may be getting a great deal on Cat Power, but further out is also getting less choice. Less choice of where to shop and less choice of what to buy, and that is a very high price to pay for something that is supposed to be on "sale".





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CLEM SNIDE, HEAD OF FEMUR, APOLLO SUNSHINE
AND THE HOT IQS

THE PEACOCK
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END ALL

ANIMOSITY

ABOVE THE FIRE





tunecore™

Get Your Music on iTunes for Really Cheap!

By Jeff Price

About 15 years after starting spinART Records it occurred to me that the time had come to change the music industry. I mean honestly change it.

In the old music industry model, artists would record music. In order to get it into places where people could buy it – i.e. record stores – they would have to do a deal with a record label. The record label would get rights to the artist's music and take a percentage of the money each time the music sold. In return, the label would market and promote the artist, loan the artist money and get the artists music into places where people could buy it.

About six years ago new companies appeared called “aggregators”. Aggregators are companies that get artist's music into all the digital on-line places people buy music (i.e. iTunes, Napster, Rhapsody etc). However, aggregators are not labels. The only thing an aggregator does is provide access to the on-line digital places where people buy music. Despite this, aggregators demanded the same sorts of rights labels demanded- exclusive rights to the music and between 9% - 30% of the money generated from the sale of the music.

This is ridiculous, as aggregators did NOTHING to cause these sales. It's like going into Fed Ex to send your album to iTunes and Fed Ex says the cost for delivering the package will be 9% - 30% of the

money generated from the sale of your music for the next three years. This upset me, so I did something about it. I started TuneCore.

With TuneCore, for the first time in the history of the music industry artists can get their music into the places where people buy music – places like iTunes, Rhapsody, Napster, Yahoo!, Virgin Digital, eMusic and many more – without having to give up any rights, getting 100% of the revenue generated from the sale of their music, with no contract in a non-exclusive arrangement that can be ended whenever they like.

It sounds like a simple idea, but honestly it has never been done before.

TuneCore will get ANY band or artist's music into all of the on-line digital stores. The artist's Album, EP or single will appear in iTunes etc., along with their album art, band name, album title and other information. Anyone can buy their music, see the album art, listen to 30 second samples just like any other release on any of the services.

Once someone buys a song or album the artist is paid 100% of the money that iTunes and the other digital services pay for the sale of their song(s) and/or album(s). The amount iTunes etc., pays is the exact same amount of money any other indie artist/record label gets paid.

Actually, that's not totally accurate. The artist actually gets paid more as TuneCore takes none of the money earned from the sale of the music.

Labels and aggregators pay out their money in “royalty periods” - for example, every three to six months.

With TuneCore, artists get their money whenever they want - they just log into their TuneCore account and transfer it out via direct deposit, PayPal or paper check.

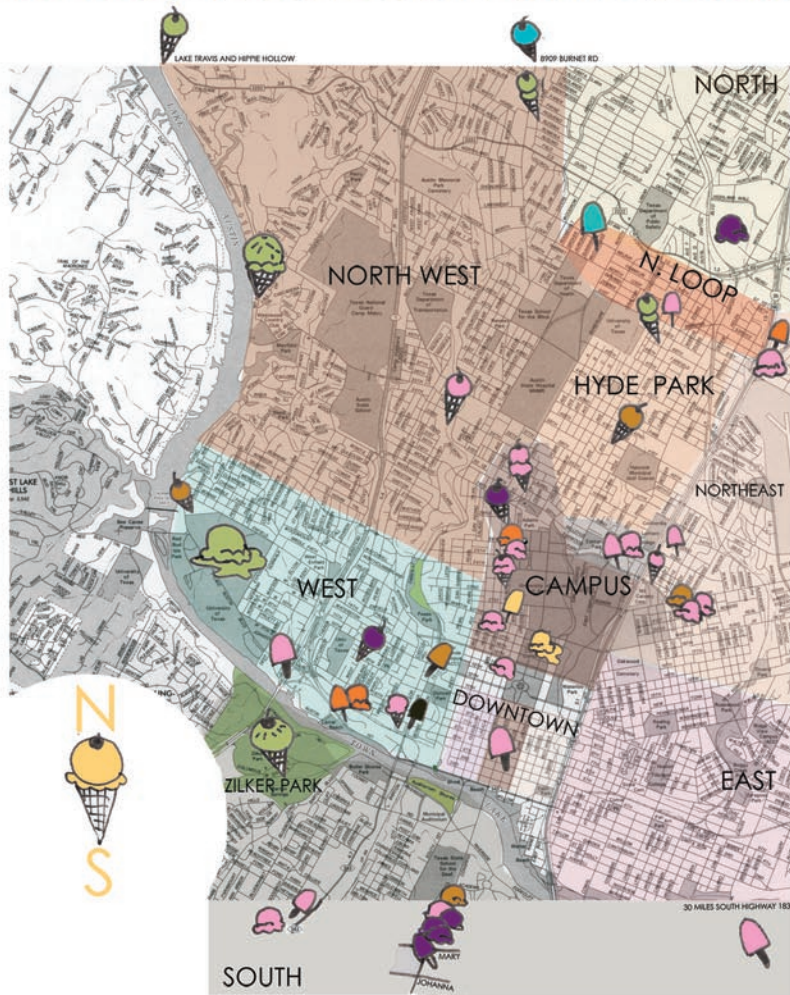
I tried to keep the costs for TuneCore inexpensive. I honestly wanted all artists to be able to afford it. Inexpensive means everyone can afford distribution, and that means it's fair. That's the way the new music industry is going to have to be if it wants to survive: fair.

www.tunecore.com



AUSTIN, TX delicious MAP

Ice Cream Man's SXSW Survival Guide



Did you know that Lake Austin tastes like STRAWBERRY MILKSHAKE? IT DOES!

FOLLOW ICE CREAM COLORS FOR MORE INFO ON NEXT PAGE!
AND DON'T TRY TO LICK THEM, THEY TASTE LIKE PAPER.!



OUTDOORS



MUSEUMS



SHOPS



FOOD



MUSIC STORES



DIVES



COFFEE



BOWLING



Photo by Michael Cote

“OFF THE WOOKIEE” ICE CREAM MAN’S SXSW SURVIVAL GUIDE (a.k.a. What to do when you start selling yourself out)

SXSW has become a harrowing experience for just about everyone—industry-stiffs, adventure-seeking out-of-towners, and resentful locals alike. Many Austinites now seek asylum from the conference, taking advantage of the peculiar quiet left behind by the 50,000 college kids who’ve dashed off to South Padre Island and left their favorite hang-outs relatively empty. But then comes the influx of SXSWers in their lanyards and designer jeans to take away the city in their own disillusioning way.

Ice Cream Man senses this tension and brings, along with the ice cream, this Survival Guide as appeasement. We hope this miscellany of non-SXSW activities and events will help keep the peace around here. When you’ve reached your music saturation point (and you will find yourself unable to take any more), nothing will do you better than a solid dose of genuine Austin culture. Let the Ice Cream Man’s Survival Guide be your key to eats, drinks, fun, and...some of the other off the wookiee stuff this city has to offer.

Each Survival Guide entry is assigned a number and an ice cream flavor that correspond to the SXSW Survival Guide Map. Memorize the Ice Cream Man’s Austin scheme and maybe some of the magic will rub off.

Region

N
NW
North Loop
Hyde Park
NE
Downtown
E
S
Zilker

Flavor

Lemon Ice
Coffee
Cherry
Pralines & Cream
Rocky Road
Neopolitan
Rainbow Sorbet
Cookies & Cream
Mint Chocolate Chip

TACO BARS

Whether your coming in from the East Coast or the greater Southwest area, you’ll want to try some “real” Mexican food while you’re in town, even if that can mean a lot of different things down here. We’re featuring a few of our favorites, but want to be clear that this is by no means a representative list. You’ll serve yourself well by finding a taco truck in an East Side parking lot. Just make sure to brush up on your Spanish animal parts (or reconcile yourself to adventure).

—Jeremy Dean

Mi Madre’s

Region: NE
2201 Manor Road
512.480.8441

&

El Chilito

Region: NE
2219 Manor Road
512.382.3797



A few blocks east of I-35 on Manor you'll find the dueling taco bars: Mi Madre's and El Chilito. The reverent Tex-Mex connoisseur will give props to the first, a long-standing, family-owned and operated tradition. I'd like to know a breakfast and lunch spot with staff as naturally personable and efficient as Mi Madre's. Something about the place makes you feel welcome—it just may be the migas...or the enormous breakfast burritos...or the red sauce on the enchiladas. There's a full interior-style menu to choose from after breakfast. Scarf down inside or out on the cozy patio out back. Mi Madre's casual hours (Mon-Sat, 6am-2pm) are the only reasonable argument for starting your taco duel at El Chilito (little brother of the uppity dinner spot closer to I-35 on Manor, El Chile). This colorful taqueria has just recently moved into the challenge Mi Madre's stronghold on the neighborhood. Its hours (8am-9pm everyday), burger-stand ambience, and freshly-prepared tacos and burritos assure its success. Grab Charlie's Special (egg, chorizo, potato, tomato, onion, and Serrano), migas, and a cappuccino, or the Cochinita Pibil (Yucutan style braised pork with orange and achiote) and a Mexican Coke, and head to the

adjoining patio. The blankets on each chair make it feel a bit less like you're eating in a parking lot.

—Aaron Zacks

Taqueria Los Altos

Region: NE
3301 N. I-35
512.236.1219

A short drive north on the I-35 access road will lead you to Taqueria Los Altos (just passed the 32nd Street cross-over). Though terms like "authentic" become less meaningful among the spectrum of Mexican and Tex-Mex options available in the Austin area, this spot is more on the traditional side than others. The juke box features a selection of contemporary Tejano artists and the T.V. is regularly tuned to Univision. (But you can also just watch the traffic on 35 fly by.) For those dubious of authenticity, note the real Mexican blankets under plastic on all tables. Most importantly, though, you'll find traditional taco fare on the menu: barbacoa, tripas (intestines), lengua (tongue), sesos (brains), pollo (chicken), aguacate (avocado) and this writer's favorite, al pastor ("country" style pork). Choose corn or flour tortillas. Breakfast tacos and migas are available 7-11 AM. Try a few tacos with some tacos with agua horchata (rice water). Or go for the real deal and have some menudo.

—Jeremy Dean

Maria's Taco Xpress

Region: S
2529 South Lamar Blvd.
512.444.0261
www.tacoxpress.com

Hours:

MON 7:00 am - 3:00 pm
TUE - FRI 7:00 am - 9:00 pm
SAT 8:00 am - 9:00 pm
SUN 9:00 am - 2:00 pm

This taqueria might be worth a visit just for its place in the tradition of Austin weirdness evidenced in the décor of its façade. But the tacos are pretty darn good too at this South Lamar landmark, which has a definite neighborhood vibe. An afternoon in Austin could not be better spent than sipping a frozen margarita and enjoying some tacos al pastor in the patio area out back. As a vegetarian option, the "verde"

taco is excellent as well: onion, peppers, mushrooms, beans and egg plant! This place is definitely worth the trek up the hill into South Austin, even if there's not a lot around to make an afternoon of it. Maria "The Taco Queen" will likely have music in the afternoons during SXSW all week long and I can attest that there have been some great day-shows here in the past. Maria's often seem to manage to round up assorted members of bands, sometimes playing together. Members of Calexico and Be Good Tanyas have rocked the small outside stage in recent years.

—Jeremy Dean

Austin's Tamale House

Region: NE
5003 Airport Blvd
512.453.9842

99 cent breakfast tacos! \$1.07 per taco when you include tax! Okay okay, perhaps the tacos aren't as delectable as the ones at Mi Madre's, the atmosphere not as calm, the seating not as abundant, but goddamn your delicate palate and sensitivity to ambiance! \$1.07 per taco!

—Chris Chung



RANDOM RESTAURANTS

Jimmy John's Gourmet Sandwiches

Region: Campus
601 W. MLK
512.478.3111
3203 Red River
512.499.0100
Region: Downtown
516 Congress
512.457.4900
Hours: MON-SUN 11am-3am

How can you resist a place that advertises in classic neon, "Free Smells" and "Extremely Fast Delivery"? Really, tell me. Jimmy John's bakes their own bread on site (hence the olfactory claim to fame) and they offer a range of pared-down, streamlined, European style sandwiches (the Slim line) for cheaper than any mainstream fast food restaurant. And without the deep fried guilt! Regular American sandwiches over-stuffed with fresh veggies and meats are available as well, of course. This Austin chain has several locations around town and are indeed "Extremely Fast!" whether in-store or for delivery. If you need more convincing, they're one of the only places that will be open after the SXSW action. Until 3 AM!

—Jeremy Dean

Kismet Café

Region: Campus
411 W. 24th
512.236.1811

Hours: Daily, 11am-8pm

So, you just checked out the free Ice Cream Man show at Hole in the Wall and you're feeling a might bit peckish in that peculiarly Mediterranean way. You want falafel, a gyro, or a Greek salad with chicken—you want to make your way down the street to Kismet Café. You won't get a better lunch for the price and you can give yourself a tour of UT campus across the street as you chow down on Kismet's convenient portables.

—Jim Brown

Red River Café

Region: Campus
2912 Medical Arts
512.472.0385

Hours: Daily 7am-4pm

Don't wait in line at Kerbey Lane or IHOP after a hard night of rockin' out. Jump the queue at Red River Café, an inexpensive, dog-friendly, and oddly-placed breakfast and lunch spot—note that it's not actually on Red River. The café serves a wide selection of dishes running the gamut from traditional to absurd. They'll bring you your migas and breakfast tacos, your pancakes and French toast—but, if you ask for it, they'll make the pancakes into an egg &

bacon-or-sausage sandwich and fill your toast with mango. The “Low Caloried Fruit Plate,” which includes a hamburger patty, cottage cheese, and fresh fruit, is most certainly off the wookie. If the service leaves something to be desired, just be thankful you’re not still in line at another “great spot” with a bunch of SXSW faux-hipsters.
—Jim Brown

Texas Chili Parlor

(An Austin Institution Since 1976)

Region: Downtown
1409 Lavaca Street
512.472.2828
www.cactushill.com/TCP

Hours: Open every day from 11am to 2am

The sign inside the door reads, “No Lone Star, No Checks, No Draft, No Fries, No Foofoo Drinks, No Talking to Imaginary People.” Who said Texans weren’t friendly or inclined to follow mysticism? It’s all fun and games until you notice another sign that asks, “Don’t you feel more like you do now than when you came?” My shrink doesn’t let me think about things like that. Metaphysical questions aside, the Texas Chili Parlor serves large portions of five types of chili (Black Bean and Elgin Sausage, Five-Bean Vegetable, Habanero and Pinto Bean, Chili Potato, and traditional Lone Star Chili). You can choose from a full array of salads, nachos, quesadillas, enchiladas, and burgers. Oh, and they’ll put chili on most everything on the menu. Take note of the spicy-scale: “X” for the faint-of-heart, “XX” for its faithful regulars, “XXX” for the very daring patrons (they may ask you to sign a release form). If not for the chili, you might go for the star appeal: Hard Promises (1991), a “pleasant romantic comedy with good acting” featuring Sissy Spacek was filmed here on-location.

—Amanda Moulder

PIZZA

The Parlor

Region: North Loop
100 E North Loop Blvd Ste B
512.454.8965

Hours:
MON-FRI 5pm-Mid
SAT 5pm-1am



Don’t let it disconcert you that “Beer” comes before “Pizza” on the front windows. The mixture Texas beers (micro and macro) on tap merely supplement The Parlor’s indie/punk pies. Both crust (my vote for best in the city) and sauce are made in-house from original recipes. The fresh toppings are nothing to sneeze at either...please don’t sneeze on them. Try adding tomatoes to the mozzarella, ricotta, and garlic on the white pizza. The Parlor is a hole-in-the-wall sort of place and inside seating is a bit limited, though in March you’ll probably want to sit out back on the patio anyway. Bands set up right inside the door on a weekly basis and tear this dark little pizza joint a new one. There’s a reason this place won the Austin Chronicle’s “Best Nod to 1977” Award in 2001. Hey, yuppies: STAY THE FUCK AWAY!

—Amanda Moulder



Home Slice Pizza

Region: S

1415 South Congress Avenue

512.444.PIES

www.homeslicepizza.com

Restaurant Hours:

MON 11:30 - 11

TUES CLOSED

WED 11:30 - 11

THURS 11:30 - 11

FRI 11:30 - midnight

SAT 11:30 - midnight

SUN noon - 10pm

Slice Window Hours:

MON, WED, THURS 11:30-7 and 9:30-11pm

FRI, SAT 11:30am-7 and 9:30-3am—yes, this is where you'll eat after being kicked out of the Continental Club.

Home Slice took over the South Congress pizza scene immediately when it opened in November. Owners and operators Joseph and Jen Strickland pride themselves on having brought a bit of the big city to Austin in the shape of their hand-tossed, thin crust, New-York-style pies—they'll even instruct you on how to fold your slice. Home Slice's "Tried & True" specials include the Eggplant pie, the White clam pizza (chopped clams, olive oil, garlic and parmesan), and a exquisitely simple Margherita. Besides pies, Home Slice serves a selection of salads ("Lemme have one 'u them pear gorgonzola salads, pronto!"), calzones, and sub sandwiches. Everything is proudly served on understated pizza trays in a deep, dimly-lit room red room reeking of authenticity. Home Slice can liquor you up on everything from tapped Texas microbrews to canned PBR. Except for during the dinner rush, slices are served out a Congress Avenue window, open late on the weekends to service the sloppy-drunks.

—Aaron Zacks

24 HOUR DINERS

Star Seeds Cafe

Region: NE

32nd and I-35 (in the Days Inn parking lot)

512.478.7107

Kerbey Lane Café

Region: NW

3704 Kerbey Lane

512.451.1436

Region: Campus

2606 Guadalupe

512.477.5717

www.kerbeylanecafe.com

Magnolia

Region: W

2304 Lake Austin Blvd

512.478.8645

Magnolia Cafe South

Region: S

1920 South Congress

512.445.0000

Austin diners don't come in diner cars, a deeply unfortunate circumstance that you might be able to forget if you visit Star Seeds Cafe, located at 32nd and I-35, in the Days Inn parking lot. This diner has been a classic Austin eating establishment for longer than anyone remembers, though older rockers complain that it's not as fucked up as it used to be. You ought to consider reviving old lore by worshipping at the Star Seeds alter in the wee hours, developing a massive crush on one of the gorgeous waiters, and eating your pancakes and huevos rancheros to the kind of tunes that music snots always appreciate. While Star Seeds owners seem to be making an effort to gentrify the place, tearing down the old magazine collages above the bar, adding fancy signage to the front—and causing me considerable distress over the past year—not to fear. As my boyfriend lovingly assured me this very morning, "don't worry, it's still a shithole." And he's right: the vinyl booths are cracking, the tables are sticky, and the puny Days Inn pool provides a view meant to inspire a drunken ruckus. Don't come here for the food either, though it ain't bad. Just remember: always switch out the home fries for the hashbrowns, the breakfast tacos are as big as your head, and the veggie quesadillas (avocado & tomato) are truly delicious. Now, Kerbey Lane Cafe certainly has more consistently awesome food. But consider carefully which location is right for you. 3704 Kerbey Lane is the original, and definitely the nicest looking, but the tables are aggravatingly small. 2606 Guadalupe might just be overflowing with 18 year-

olds acting like they've never been in a restaurant before. 2700 South Lamar is the one I'd recommend—for one thing, it has booths. But any way you shake it, Kerbey Lane will deliver fabulous pancakes (classic buttermilk or their flavors of the day). Their French toast will satisfy all kinds of inner cravings, and the Paris, Texas platter with its French toast AND migas will be as good as any band you'll see in town. Ordering the nachos with Kerbey Queso as an appetizer (for your pancakes) also never hurt anybody. Magnolia is another classic choice for Austinites: 2304 Lake Austin Blvd. has adorable tables covered in cow/dinosaur/alien themes; the 1920 South Congress version is larger and gets down to business better. The enchiladas are nothing special, but the Magnolia Mud (black bean tortilla chip dip) rivals Kerbey Queso. That's all well and good, you say, but where do I get a milkshake around here? You're right to ask, my friend. Katz's Deli (618 West 6th Street) may have relatively expensive pseudo-New York Jew food instead of tacos and greasy sausage links, but they're the only 24-hour place in town where you can get any kind of milkshake, for Christ's sake. It's well worth the price even for natives of milkshake-friendly cities, and it goes great with potato pancakes.

—Liz Jones

BBQ



Artz Rib House

Region: South Lamar
2330 South Lamar
512.442.8283
www.artzribhouse.com

Artz Rib House is one of the first places I went after moving to Austin. Whenever I think about BBQ, I think about this place. Their Country Style Ribs changed my perspective on the cuisine. Now, don't walk in here expecting your ribs slathered in sauce. Artz provides a respectable amount of its own BBQ sauce with generous plates of fine quality meats. One of the greatest things about this place is the live music, which happens many days and nights a week. Bluegrass and country bands play all day on Sunday, making it extremely difficult to leave this friendly, South Austin oasis.

—Aaron Zacks

Ruby's BBQ

Region: Campus
29th and Guadalupe
512.477.1651
www.rubysbbq.com

Not the cheapest, but centrally located, Ruby's is the place to get some meat after the free Ice Cream Man show at Hole in the Wall. Ruby's is surprisingly good considering its proximity to campus. Their menu offers plates of Cajun Spiced Beef Ribs, St. Louis Style Pork Ribs (allow 30 minutes for both), Smoked Glazed Ham, and Smoked Turkey Breast. Meat is also served in sandwiches and by the pound. Ruby's also serves a series of Cajun dishes: gumbo, jambalaya, crawfish etouffée, vegetarian jambalaya, and Griff's Pile (black beans & rice with cheddar cheese & chives). Ruby's clearly identifies a decent number of vegetarian options. The Andrew Bell's Collard Greens are hot but the homemade sweet potato pie and buckle and crisps will cool 'em right down.

—Aaron Zacks

Black's BBQ

215 N. Main St.
Lockhart, TX 78644
512.398.2712
www.blackssbbq.com

If you're up for a drive, check out Black's BBQ about 30 miles away in Lockhart, TX, the town that stood in for Blaine, MI in Christopher Guest's *Waiting for Guffman*. See if you can spot the big barrel at the city hall building in the center of town.

—Aaron Zacks

MUSIC STORES

Waterloo Records

Region: W
600 N Lamar Blvd #A
512.474.2900

A Waterloo top ten list: 10. It's right next door to Amy's Ice Cream. 9. Plenty of listening stations with big headphones. 8. You can skip wearing the big headphones and try out new music in the walk-in listening booths. 7. Right when you walk in there's an extensive new music wall with new releases. 6. A plentiful selection of vinyl. 5. They have all sorts of things besides music – books, videos, t-shirts, posters, gift items, etc... 4. Great in-stores here (especially during sxsw week), which often include free beer. 3. People that work at Waterloo know their shit. 2. Great used music section. 1. It's rare that they don't have what you want.

—Jodi Relyea

End of an Ear

Region: S
2209 S. 1st
512.462.6008



This little shop is fairly new to Austin, but has become a local favorite. They'll be hosting a slew of in-stores for SXSW and it's worth making the trip down South 1st. While they certainly can't compete with the stock of Waterloo or larger stores, they specialize in the under-underground, and you're bound to find some surprises. Mostly focused on indie-pop and rock, they have some great selections in French pop, funk and jazz that aren't picked by most other places.

—Doug Freeman



MUSEUMS

Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center

Region: Campus
21st and Guadalupe
512.471.8944

The reading room and galleries are entirely free and open to the public.

Gallery Hours:

10:00-5:00 Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday

10:00-7:00 Thursday

Noon-5:00 Saturday and Sunday

Reading/Viewing

Room Hours:

9:00-5:00 Monday-Friday

9:00-12:00 Saturday

HRC closed entirely on March 11 and 18, 2006

Brit-pop? Maybe. But there's no way you're too cool for this place. The Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center (HRC) is a library/museum of modern art and culture that proves just what oil money can buy: over 36 million literary manuscripts, 1 million rare books, including the Gutenberg Bible (c. 1455), 5 million photographs, over 100,000 works of art, and an impressive collection of music materials, as well as a surprising hodge-podge of other artifacts—all in fortified underground stacks under the SW corner of UT campus. Scholars visit the Ransom Center from all over the world to study some of 20th century's greatest writers. Take the 'Dillo over and have a look at Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* notebook and the first three drafts of Don DeLillo's *Underworld*. Original page proofs of Joyce's *Ulysses* are kept in a vault deep below the building—no touchy. A good example of the non-literary holdings is the collection of theatrical and industrial designer Norman



Bel Geddes. The HRC music collection specializes in modern French and 20th century American composers (including Anthony Burgess and Paul Bowles). Jazz fans might be interested in the papers of Ross Russell, founder of Dial Records.
—Aaron Zacks

Finding aids are online at <http://www.hrc.utexas.edu/research/fa/> so you can decide what you want to look at before you go. Expect it to take about 45 minutes for you to view items in the reading room—you'll have to watch a video about handling materials and then wait for the kind staff to fetch your things from the stacks. Call one day in advance to view photographic materials. Oh, and...only yellow paper in the reading room, please...

You'll also want to check out the two new exhibits in the first floor museum. "The Image Wrought: Historical Photographic Approaches in the Digital Age" explores the retro movement in contemporary photography; the "Technologies of Writing" exhibit is a history of communication spanning from 4th millennium BC Sumerian cuneiform to electronic texts.

The Bob Bullock Texas State History Museum

Region: Campus
1800 N. Congress Avenue
512.936.4649
www.thestoryoftexas.com

Hours: MON-SAT 9 am-6 pm

The Ransom Center is about as much "YEAH, humanity!" as a hipster can stand. From there, head down the hill, east on MLK to The Bob Bullock Texas State History Museum, where you'll receive a characteristically modest account of the making of this great, rich, massive state. Make sure to take in the humble large-screen film, *Texas: the Big Picture*, and *The Star of Destiny*, a special effects 4-D extravaganza that's sure to make you wonder how it all could have gone wrong. You may want to reserve tickets in advance. SXSW visitors have the special opportunity to view a traveling collection of artifacts recovered from the wreck of a British merchant slave ship which sank in the Florida Keys in 1700. "YEAH, humanity!"
—Aaron Zacks



DIVES

Donn's Depot Piano Bar and Saloon

Region: W
1600 W. 5th Street
512.478.0336
www.donnssdepot.com

If my grandma ever comes to visit Austin, I'm going to take her dancing at Donn's Depot. Not many places are cool enough for my grandma, but this one's the real deal. The picture doesn't do it justice. Something about the rustic parking lot tells you the property used to be on the very outskirts of town, out by the Mopac railway line. The back of the place is actually made up of two train cars you can sit inside. Donn's Depot is a haven for locals disturbed generally only on weekends by lousy, no-good, college kids. The owner and piano player, Donn, and his Station Masters play weekly to enthusiastic and familiar crowds. Go get yourself a piece of Old West Austin.
—Aaron Zacks

Poodle Dog Lounge

Region: NW
6507 Burnet Rd
512.465.9468

Don't bother asking the bartender if anyone's ever walked into the Poodle Dog Lounge expecting someone to clip their poodle—unless you're the kind of person makes a habit of asking good people annoying questions. The Poodle Dog is a classic beer (cheap) and pool joint (tables run on quarters) that'll throw you right back to the '70s. Really get your retro on with 7 or 8 cans of Pearl and a few games of pool

conscious of a mild fear of the three guys at the next table. Just make sure you've got someone on the lookout heading there; it's easy to drive by this place at night.
—Aaron Zacks



Carousel Lounge

Region: NE
1110 E. 52nd St.
512.452.6790

As if to play a cruel joke on the neighborhood alcoholics who need to stave off their delirium tremens before prime time television displays such absurdities as *Will and Grace* and *The King of Queens*, which might (keyword: might) be funny if you're really, really, REALLY drunk but horrifying if you're really sober, The Carousel Lounge houses a large, paranoia-inducing, pink circus elephant similar to those menacing roseate quadrupeds often hallucinated during the throws of alcohol withdrawal. Thank goodness the bar staff is friendly and the live rock-n'-roll is rocking and rolling. Otherwise, the stoners who replace the alcoholics at night might lose their minds when passing the pink elephant on the way to take a piss.

—Chris Chung

Mean-Eyed Cat

Region: W
1621 W. Fifth St.
512.472.6326

It used to be a Cut-Rite Chainsaw retailer. It's now a bar themed after the Man in Black. One of Austin's funkier signature clubs, few will be disappointed with this bar...the single drawback being that hard alcohol is not served. Major and Minor

fans of Johnny Cash will find this a welcome watering hole if you roll into town and find yourself thinking "my throat was dry/ I thought I'd stop and have myself a brew." The walls are covered in memorabilia, some very authentic looking and some of decidedly questionable provenance. The jukebox has a healthy and eclectic dose not only of Cash, but also of many of his influences and companions including Merle, Waylon, and three generations of Hanks. Be sure to sample the wasabi peanuts and take a load of on the "mercy seat" church pew located next to the pool table.

—Justin Tremel



Showdown

Region: Campus
2610 Guadalupe
512.472.2010

The Showdown is close to my heart, a home-away-from-home if you will. The redneck décor is eclectic but simple, the beer plenty but not pretentious, and the regulars garrulous but friendly. It's a nice little dose of realism surrounded by the vintage clothing store chains and tanning salons that define the UT campus. Whereas the Hole in the Wall is crowded and loud, the Showdown is laid back, spacious and the kinda place you can have a good drunken conversation. The huge outdoor patio in the back has plenty of room for the smoking crowd and the three pool tables circulate pretty quickly with varying degrees of skill. And of course, let us not forget their famous Frito Pie and Spicy Nuts. The Showdown ain't your high-class fare, although they did just replace the troughs with urinals. The Showdown might actually be getting a little too uppity for me.

—Doug Freeman



STORES

Cream Vintage

Region: Campus
2532 Guadalupe St.
Austin, Texas 78705
512.474.8787
www.creamvintage.com



A few years ago I moved to Austin to reopen The Hole in the Wall. While working on cleaning out years of grease and grime, I met Rob Jasinski who owned Cream Vintage next door.

I never realized how handy it would be having a vintage clothing store next to work. When I had a long night at the bar and slept in the office, all I had to do was walk next door to get a new shirt. He was even nice enough to order some vintage blank t-shirts which we made into beaten Hole in the Wall ones.

There wasn't any parking at the Hole and Cream Vintage had a good sized lot behind the store where he let us park. At the same time we were working on the Hole, Rob was building a stage out back that would turn his parking lot into a makeshift outdoor venue. The goal was to have local bands play there a few times a month. Once SXSW rolled around, he realized that Cream Vintage would be the perfect place to throw daily parties from Wednesday through Sunday. Now in their fourth year, these parties have become a staple for Austin locals and out-of-towners alike. This year we'll be giving away ice cream and doing our thing along with The Costume Party and Woody West. You should stop by. You can even do some shopping in between sets.
—Ice Cream Man

Nau's Enfield Drug

Region: W
115 West Lynn
512.476.1221

Whether you're in need of a hair clip or a real ice-cream soda (a scoop of ice cream in soda water with chocolate syrup on top), the mild time-warp that is Nau's Enfield Drug is the place you want to go. Nau's is entrenched in Clarksville, one of the city's oldest neighborhoods, that landowner and Governor Elisha M. Pease once bequeathed to his emancipated slaves in hope they would stick around and serve as cheap labor. Just like Donn's Depot, Nau's emits a sense of its isolated and controversial past. Except for the fact that you now go by one of the city's most expensive restaurants to get to it... Either way, Nau's on West Lynn is an important Austin establishment in which the locals will graciously allow you to participate—so long as you leave it as you found it. The affiliated Nau's Pharmacy, near campus, at 2406 San Gabriel, is a great place, but less interesting.

—Aaron Zacks

Toy Joy

Region: Campus
2900 Guadalupe
512.320.0090

Walk through the door of Toy Joy, Austin's most fantastic toy store, and you enter a weird and wonderful world of widgets and gizmos, old favorites and new variations of toys, toys, toys! Every inch of this store is full of "stuff" -- whirligigs dangling from the ceiling, pink plastic octopi hanging on a fuzzy purple tree, marbles and bouncy balls and stickers galore. We're talking stimulation-overload at its best. Not to mention that while you're wandering around, there's better music playing than in any other toy store I've ever been to. Friendly staff provide free gift wrap, and some great wrapping paper choices (robots, monsters, Edward Gorey prints, and more...). Allow yourself an hour or two to explore!

—Jodi Relyea

Electric Ladyland/Lucy in Disguise

Region: S

1506 S. Congress Avenue
512.444.2002

Electric Ladyland/Lucy in Disguise, Austin's well-loved costume shop, is literally off the Wookie. With tens of thousands of costumes in stock, you would think that a half crazed Star Wars fanatic with the major ambition of dressing up like one of the bellicose, hirsute creatures for Halloween could find a Wookie outfit. But alas, no Wookies there are here. Disappointment impels us to ask: Ah wu aaa? (According to Ben Burtt, author of Star Wars Phrase Book & Travel Guide, that's Shriiwook, or Wookie-speak, for "Why"?)
—Chris Chung

Uncommon Objects

Region: S

1512 S. Congress Avenue
512.442.4000

A menagerie of overpriced trash, Uncommon Objects is the perfect place for well-to-do commodity fetishists (i.e., bobos) who spend their sunny Sunday afternoons purchasing antiques and curiosities (i.e., junk), which they display in their homes in order to fool their friends (and probably themselves) into thinking they're somehow in touch with a simpler, more rustic and authentic past—a time when people sat on rusty, uncomfortable metallic folding chairs (\$20), played with inflexible, paint-peeling rubber Flipper dolls (\$10), or got their junk fix from laudanum stored in dark mauve apothecary bottles (\$20). Nostalgia comes in many forms. Besides from the bobos, the financially challenged will also find priceless entertainment in scoffing at the prices (and perhaps wishing they could afford them).
—Chris Chung

COFFEE SHOPS

Second only to Paris for its café culture (albeit a distant second), Austin has a wide variety of coffee shops to choose from, so don't venture out into the streets of the city without this guide to help you choose the coolest (or hottest) spot for your java fix. Trust me—you'll need the caffeine kick for the grueling fun of a SXSW week. But these hangouts can also be a good place to get

away from the action, pretend you're a local and people-watch for an hour or two. Most of the places below offer free wireless internet.
—Jeremy Dean

Mozart's Coffee Roasters

Region: W

3825 Lake Austin Blvd
512. 477.2900

If you're mobile while in town and are willing to pay a few extra cents for better coffee, you can't beat Mozart's for the view. Located on Lake Austin with plenty of sitting room on the waterside decks, this can be a refreshing spot when you want to get out of the "city" for a few hours. Just watch the "lake" flow by or admire the houses in the hills just south of town. Several restaurants are located in the same little scenic "strip" mall, including the Chuy's incarnation, Hula Hut. They roast their own beans at Mozart's, so there are fewer places better for a high quality cup of joe. In fact, several other shops in town brew Mozart's coffee. Lots of good pastries and gelato here too. Yes, folks, it's a classic. But not too bougie (that's short for "bourgeois" which is fancy for "middle class") for free and easy wireless.
—Jeremy Dean

Quack's 43rd Street Bakery

Region: Hyde Park

411 E 43rd St
512.453.3399

This coffee shop and bakery has been around a while, even if it has moved locations through the years. Though Quack's has opened a quieter branch on East 38th and ½, the 43rd street Quack's is a Hyde Park landmark, located on a block with a several good dining options, as well as a Freshfields for grocery needs. Local artists display work on the wall and the youthful workers keep the tunes hip. Few places in town are better for people watching on a nice day, with high schoolers busting free styling rhymes or wheelies on the sidewalk and hippies playing chess and drinking beer from brown bags around the corner. But the best thing about Quack's 43rd Street Bakery is the fresh-baked goods, of which there is a full array. Definitely try the salty oat cookie, even if it sounds like a strange combination. Or, just stick around



till closing time (1 AM every night) and enjoy the fresh-baked smells as they kick you out. Wireless is free, but involves signing up and getting a password.
—Jeremy Dean



Clementine Coffee Bar

Region: NE
2200 Manor Road
512.472.9900

The verdict is not in on this new East Side coffee shop—they've only been open since January—but located as it is on Manor just off 35, Clementine certainly has positioned itself to enter the Austin coffee shop competition. This strip on Manor, with both Mi Madre's and East Side Café, has a lot going for it. Clementine's ultra-modern décor beckons SXSW hipsters. The owner's used to manage Halcyon, the downtown coffee shop, so they know something about making coffee cool. Texas Microbrews and wine on the menu doesn't hurt either, but it's the fancy gilled cheese and other "paninis" that might make this a choice spot for a caffeine kick and a snack. Pastries are from Russell's and beans from Little City. Free wireless.
—Jeremy Dean

Austin Java Café & Bar

Region: W
1206 Parkway
512.476.1829

Located on Lamar at 12th, Austin Java is another good place to grab a cup before heading downtown to see the music. Though the menu and venue have expanded so this coffee shop could get confused with a full restaurant, they do roast their own beans here lest we forget. Another

reminder are their "Signature Coffees," which are indeed unique and, if a bit pricey, quite yummy. But Austin Java is not a bad place to grab a bite with lots of interesting dishes for a reasonable, though not super cheap prices. A soup or salad comes with the sandwich dishes. And a full range of beers and wines are served here as well, in case you're with a friend of a different beverage persuasion or decide you want a different kind of kick yourself. Brunch here is popular for a reason. Open till 11 on weekdays, midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. There's also another location further South along the Barton Springs row of restaurants, still "Funky, Yet Refined." Free wireless.
—Jeremy Dean

Jo's Hot Coffee and Good Food

Region: S
1300 S Congress Ave,
512.444.3800

There are few places better to pass from afternoon to evening on a long SXSW day than Jo's, nicely located to head downtown in a hop and skip, especially if you're staying at the Austin Motel or San Jose (with which this coffee bar shares a parking lot). Simultaneously cute and hip, seating at Jo's is all out of doors, though partially covered, making it an ideal place to set a while and people-watch as South Congress gets dressed up for the evening. And you can choose your poison with both some excellent hot and cold coffee drinks and a wide selection of bottled beer (just cold). Good spot for a snack too, with a tasty vegetarian BBQ and other neat sandwiches. As they often have music during the year on Sundays, it's likely Jo's will have stuff going on during the SXSW week as well. But, most importantly, Amy's Ice Cream is just across the street, if you haven't got your fill of sweet delight from our own distributor! They're not open late, so catch them while the sun is up.
—Jeremy Dean





Photo by Ryan Gallagher

OUTDOORS

Lions Municipal Golf Course

Region: W
2901 Enfield Road
512.477.6963

If you really want to get away from the 6th St. madness, rent a set of clubs for \$10 and have a go 'round Lions Municipal Golf Course. Referred to by locals simply as "Muni" since becoming public in 1934, the classic layout features narrow fairways and small greens that have played host to some of the game's greatest, including Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson, and Tom Kite and Ben Crenshaw, who play junior golf here. The course overlooks Lake Austin and is home to some of the grandest oak trees around. 18-hole rates are \$16.50 on the weekdays and \$19.00 on the weekends. Add \$11 for a cart.
—Aaron Zacks

The Hike and Bike Trail

Region: Downtown

You can attribute it to Lance Armstrong – Austin's favorite adopted son – or you can blame the tech boom of a few years ago, but folks in Austin like to stay fit. Pay a visit to the Town Lake Hike and Bike Trail at just about any time of day and you will see swarms of hikers, bikers, walkers, and stroller-pushers. The trail is a great way to see Town Lake (not a lake, but just a dammed section of the Colorado River). If you want to get in a jog or you just need a post-BBQ walk, the Hike and Bike trail will serve you right. At points on your walk, it'll be so quiet you'll have a hard time believing that you're downtown. Kick off your day with a jog or a walk...then head out for breakfast.
—Jim Brown

Auditorium Shores

Region: S

Zilker Park & Barton Springs

Region: Zilker

You don't have to get too far off the wookiee to realize that Austin is a green-friendly city. Auditorium Shores can be found just south of downtown at South First and Riverside. Right on the river, Auditorium Shores provides a great place to throw a disc, fly a kite, kick a ball around, find some shade, or start a run the Hike and Bike Trail. Take a picture next to the Stevie Ray Vaughan statue with the Austin skyline as backdrop. Bring your dog for a dip in the river. Follow the path to a few different canoe rental locations, one south towards Barton Springs (Howard and Dorothy Barnett, 512-478-3852), the other on the north side of the river between Lamar and Mopac.

For Austin's largest green space, head down Barton Springs Road away from downtown – if you can make it past the delicious eateries along the way such as Chuy's and Shady Grove, you'll find Zilker Park. Zilker provides the same outdoor opportunities as Auditorium Shores, a great view of downtown, and a few extras just for you. Did somebody say Zilker Botanical Garden (2220 Barton Springs Rd., 512-477-8672), featuring dinosaur tracks, the Bridge to Walk over the Moon (universal beauty revealed!), and, well, flowers? Maybe you were thinking of the Umlauf Sculpture Garden (605 Robert E. Lee Rd.), an outdoor museum of sorts featuring over 130 sculptures, drawings, and paintings? Or perhaps you were looking for a place to take (some of) your clothes off and get wet? On the south side of Zilker Park (2101 Barton Springs Rd.), Barton Springs offers the coldest swimming hole experience you're likely to find this side of the Mason-Dixon line – we're talking 68 degrees year round, people. Spend an afternoon in this natural spring for only \$3.

Zilker Park and Auditorium Shores offer green spaces close to downtown. The first two are within walking distance, and Pease is a short drive. Zilker offers the most opportunities for a variety of interests and activities, but each location will help you escape the Texas heat for a while.
—Matt King





Pease Park Disc Golf Course

Region: W
 1100 Kingsburgh St.
 West side of Lamar between 15th & 29th
 Parking along Parkway St.
www.centxdglove.com/pease

This is no beginners' disc golf course. If it's windy, anyone will have a tough day wrestling their way through oaks groves and navigating Shoal Creek. Pease's 21 Holes are moved regularly into some questionable positions. Sometimes one basket is perched right at the creek edge. Moody's Disc Golf Pro Shop sells all kinds of discs at the first tee.
 —Aaron Zacks

Mount Bonnell

Region: W

Looking for a nature escape on (slightly) more rugged terrain? Mount Bonnell offers some mild hiking opportunities and some of the best views in Austin. "Hiking" includes a climb up a series of steps and then some paths once you reach the top. The view from the top includes the Colorado River, the Austin 360 bridge, radio towers, and some of the more expensive houses that Austin has to offer. Mount Bonnell is on the edge of the hill country and provides an excellent place to take in the sunset. Bring a camera, bring a date – hell, bring a candlelight dinner for two. You won't be the first. Get to Mount Bonnell (3800 Mt. Bonnell Rd.) by taking Mopac to 35th street, which you can take west to Mt. Bonnell Rd. Look for the signs for Mount Bonnell.
 —Matt King

The Greenbelt

If your idea of rugged includes less picture-taking and more sweat, head down to the Austin greenbelt for 7.9 miles of biking, hiking, and running trails. The trail varies in quality but is less even and more rocky than the trail surrounding Town Lake. The greenbelt has several access points including Zilker Park, but the recommended entries can be found on Capitol of Texas Highway / Loop 360 just east of Mopac and also on the Mopac access road just south of Capitol of Texas Highway / Loop 360. The trail follows Barton Creek and has numerous swimming opportunities. Nothing's official here, folks, so jump in where you see fit. Although you're not the only one who knows about the greenbelt, it does tend to be more quiet and secluded than parks such as Zilker. The trails and water are well shaded and mostly well distanced from roads and other signs of life.
 —Matt King

Hippie Hollow

Comanche Trail, near Lake Travis

If your idea of rugged is not so much "rugged" as "naked," visit Hippie Hollow, Austin's very own clothing optional park. Located at 7000 Comanche Trail near Lake Travis, Hippie Hollow provides one of the few places if not only place in Texas where you can be naked in public without getting shot. To get there, follow the sound of hippies singing, or take 2222 west (from Mopac or Capitol of Texas Highway / Loop 360) to 620, 620 south to Comanche Trail. Follow the signs. Although it might be legal, you are not encouraged to run, bike, or hike at Hippie Hollow out of consideration for others. Keep it clean, people, and keep your wookiee to yourself.
 —Matt King

Austin State Cemetary

Region: North Loop
 200 W. 51st St.
 512.452.0381

Hed: Lost World OR Lost in Time
 Dek: In Austin's strangest cemetery, the ground is stuffed with pitiful mentally ill souls who were rejected by their uncaring nineteenth century families.

The rectangle slopes up and down a couple of small hills within the confines of four city streets in Hyde Park. From a distance, in a car and when you are new to the city, it reads like another intramural field for U.T. (there are a few of them in the vicinity). It couldn't be a park—although there are a couple of trees, they are few and far between, making the rectangle look like an agricultural installation, a field for grazing cattle, where trees are planted here and there to shelter the herd. No, an Austin park would have more trees.

On the first occasion when you're right up against the flank of the strange parallelogram, driving on North Loop Boulevard or on 51st Street, you could look in through the chicken wire fence and see that the earth is covered with a carpet of scorched grass. Somebody cares about this grass enough to cut it to a severe length, buzz-cut against the ground. But this same caretaker has given up on the idea of getting the grass, which is planted in full sun, enough water to stay green. Unlike the lawns in the surrounding neighborhood, this expanse is brown and crunchy, like those Chinese noodles you put on your casserole.

After a moment of confusion, with your face turned to the car window, you realize that one of the stumpy stones in the tan expanse has the shape of a cross. Once this fixes in your brain, you see that the stones, which are scattered sometimes as much as a hundred feet apart, studding the ground at seemingly total intervals, are grave-stones, totally unadorned and stark. It's not at all a normal cemetery, where planners cluster graves together, leaving room for those to come.

The east and west sides of the cemetery are bounded by the backs of houses, so you have to walk down a street to get to the open south side, on West 51st Street. It's a shorter length of fence, and the gate to the cemetery is located there. The gate has little white stars worked into its black iron, and worked letters across the arch of the entrance: "A.S.H. Cemetery." A bleached dirt road reaches from the entrance and down into the grounds, disappearing behind a rise of land. From this side, you can try to ascertain whether there are more graves in certain quadrants of the



cemetery, or whether there are more underneath the trees. From what you can see, there's no rhyme or reason to the layout. At the southeastern end, two giant condos are going up immediately outside the fence, covered in Tyvek wrapping. And the lights of the intramural fields are now right across the street. When you turn to the Internet to see if anybody else has wondered about the place like you have, you find a May 27, 2005 Austin Chronicle article, by Cheryl Smith, about the Austin State Hospital cemetery. It turns out there are 3,000 bodies buried in that 11-acre space. Because families in the last century (and some in ours) were ashamed of their mental patient relatives, and didn't want to devote cash for a proper burial, most people in the cemetery don't have headstones. One corner of the place has body parts in it, from when the surgical wing of the hospital did amputations and didn't have an incinerator. (Have fun imagining pieces of lobotomized brain, swimming underneath that brown carpet.) The founder of the city of Dallas, an alcoholic at his death, is interred there. And the gate with the fancy ironwork was contributed recently, by a former substance abuse patient at the asylum.

So, when you're traipsing around North Loop this week, buying salt and pepper shakers at the Living Room or polemics at Monkeywrench Books, don't forget to look in on the A.S.H. Cemetery and say hi to the unfortunates buried there. If you feel like it, you could even buy a slice of Parlor pizza or a forty from the Food Store and take it over as a belated tribute.

—Rebecca Onion



Belaire Photo By Eric Katerman

The Best Local Live: Bands to Watch and Bands to See

By Doug Freeman with Kate Guillemette and KVRX staff

Austin claims to be “The Live Music Capital of the World.” While perhaps a bit grandiose, there’s good reason for it. Although SXSW is primarily an opportunity for bands around the world to showcase their talent, it’s also a platform for Austin to show off its amazing local scene. So here’s a roundup of the best local acts.

There are several Austin bands that may be set to follow in footsteps and break out on the national scene like Okkervil River and Spoon. If you haven’t heard of them yet, then you likely will. At the top of this list are Voxtro, I Love You But I’ve Chosen Darkness, Shearwater, and (just maybe) The Black Angels. All of these have become staples on the local scene and have garnered a fair amount of attention abroad (meaning outside the country of Texas).

Voxtro may be the most likely to rise beyond Austin, and have already reportedly sold out shows in New York City last summer. And, all this attention has primarily sprung only from the success of their debut EP. Voxtro has a fun, mostly

eighties-dance-floor style, but their witty and clever lyrics have also justified the numerous comparisons with The Smiths and The Cure. “Raised by Wolves” and “The Start of Something” are masterful pop-rock tunes – upbeat, biting and catchy-as-hell, and never fail to get even the most staid emo-kids moving. But while Voxtro may be plowing the same emotional and intelligent fields as The Smiths, their crop is an altogether more upbeat 60’s flavored pop produce. The group may often get thrown in with the surge of neo-new-wave bands, but to simply lump them with other guitar-hooked dance pop is to discount their amazingly fresh sound. They also have a new EP in the works, so they’ll undoubtedly be showing off some of their newer tunes and a taste of what to expect from them when they get back on the road this year.

I Love You But I’ve Chosen Darkness have similarly received a lot of attention simply from a single EP release, but will be touting a new full-length album during SXSW. With a band name built to be made an acronym and rivaled only by fellow Austinites



...And You Will Know Us By the Trail of Dead – that's 7 to 10 with a decisive ellipsis – ILYBICD seem destined for greatness, or at least memorability. Their dark-wave sound is bolstered by hypnotic guitars and keyboards, bringing a healthy dose of gloom-and-doom to danceable indie pop. It's like taking your Goth friend to an Interpol show, or rather surprising your favorite Brit-pop fan with a trip to an S&M club.

If **Voxtro** gets you inspired and moving in all the right ways, then you may also want to check out their slightly sweeter cousin **Belaire**. The two groups are often on the same bill, and Jason Chronis and Matt Simon play in both bands. But **Belaire** is fronted by, and focused around, the saccharine vocals of twin sirens **Cari** and **Christa Palazzolo**. While the group is too musically eclectic to pin down as simple twee, their airy synthesized tunes don't fall far from the mark. But their fun and upbeat shows have all the energy of **The Go! Team**, and if you're lucky enough to hear them rip through their unlikely version of Kanye West's "Through the Wire," the comparison won't seem far off.

Shearwater may be the biggest local group that has yet to significantly pierce the national scene, but with **Okkervil River's** recent success, they are finally getting some well-deserved attention. The band, which features three **Okkervil** members including leaders **Jonathon Meiburg** and **Will Sheff**, is hardly just an **Okkervil** spin-off though. **Meiburg's** shrill and chilling voice infuses their literate lyrics with the perfect juxtaposition to **Sheff's** howls. And while the group has maintained a characteristically alt-folk ethos, they have more recently loaded their sound with a much stronger and rock-oriented approach. So far it has paid off with some of their most impressive live shows yet, and even more promises of big things to come when their new album is released this spring.

On the country side of the tracks, Austin has some of the best insurgent and alt-country music around. The **Meat Purveyors** and **Scott Biram** stand at the top of the list, and you should catch one of their many **SXSW** appearances if you can. The **Meat Purveyors** are **Bloodshot Records** staples and embody everything the label stands for. This ain't dad's bluegrass, and their

biting lyrics and hell-bent attitude capture Austin's sense of musical tradition and liberal rowdiness better than any other band.



Voxtro

Likewise, **Scott Biram** also represents the best of Austin's rawkus rednecks. The self-proclaimed "dirty old one man band" brings a drunken snarl and a reverbed drawl to the stage and breaks loose like **Merle Haggard** raised on metal. Whether its murder, drinkin', trucks, or Jesus that you're lookin' for, **Biram's** got you covered.

But these are just some of the amazing talents that Austin has to show off, and just a few of my favorites. So here's a brief glimpse of some of the other main local attractions that would be worth a spot on your **SXSW** roster:

The Arm – Featuring **Sean O'Neal** and **Kevin Bybee** of **This Microwave World**, **The Arm** sound like **The Fall** bent through heavy guitars, funk and a whole hell of a lotta fun. It's difficult to take anything seriously with this band except their amazing shows.

Bexar Bexar – Ephemeral instrumental compositions based in gently made and subtly combined acoustic guitar phrases and synthesizer patterns.

Daniel Francis Doyle – Doyle is his own one-man-band, playing everything from drums to guitar to electronic effects and back again, with a microphone headset and liberal use of looping.

Friends of Dean Martinez - Sophisticated instrumental post-rock from some unexplored desert mesa. At the family reunion, the **Friends of Dean Martinez** would sit between **Mojave 3** and **Ennio Morricone**.



The Glass Family - Five guys from San Marcos that create densely woven guitar-piano-and-strings pop rock, drawing from a pop landscape defined by Spoon on one side and Wilco on the other.

Jana Hunter – Austin’s contribution to the freak-folk explosion. Hunter has put out a split release with Devendra Banhart and has been most recently touring as a member of the Castanets.

The Black Angels, formed in 2004, released their first EP last year and have an LP lined up for April. Named after the Velvet Underground’s “Black Angel’s Death Song,” the group definitely culls its sound from VU and 60’s era psych-rock. Dark and thrilling, the Angel’s embody Morrison’s (both Jim and Sterling) most psychedelic moments, but always with an impressively tight precision that never seems to let the trip waver into simple or sloppy jams. The band also comes with requisite light show, so prepare accordingly.



Black Angels Photo By Eric Katerman

Lil’ Cap’n Travis – Austin’s alt-country staples that ranges from drunken outlaw roots to the sweetest pop and every mark in-between, and somehow making it all sound natural together.

Milton Mapes - Greg Vanderpool led group that is partly based on alt-country twang and partly on good, simple rock tunes. The group seems to finally be playing some of their best music yet.

The Pink Swords – As their Web site says: “big, dumb, rock-n-roll from Austin, Texas.” These guys have been blazing heavy guitar rock on Red River better than anyone, making it hard to not to pay attention even if you wanted to.

Pong – The members of Pong have given Austin’s music scene a number of important bands, but probably none as much fun as this one. Their synth-infused and guitar laden dance-pop has never failed to make a floor shake.

Quien ’es, BOOM! – Complexly relaxed folk five-piece with guitars, electronics, and sometimes drums and strings.

Dao Strom – Saigon-born, California-raised Dao Strom plays ethereal acoustic country and used to be a member of all-female New York alt-country band All Night Lincoln.

The Tuna Helpers - Art rock feminists playing gothic punk rock with costumes and a traveling puppet show.

The Weary Boys – More great bluegrass flavored country and hell-raising attitude (even on the gospel tunes).

The Weird Weeds - Elegant acoustic guitar work meets psychedelic experimentation.

What Made Milwaukee Famous* - Named for the Jerry Lee Lewis song, What Made Milwaukee Famous plays infectiously earnest (and earnestly infectious) indie pop.

White Ghosts Shivers - High-energy old-time country, hot jazz, and blues backed up with a swinging combo of multi-instrumentalists.

Yuppie Pricks - With a couple of Jacuzzis full of shtick, the Yuppie Pricks celebrate the Reaganomics of punk rock.

Zom Zoms - Devo-influenced keyboard insanity in matching outfits and ironic haircuts.

So there you go, your utterly and completely biased local critics’ picks of the best that Austin has to offer this year at SXSW. You can say you heard it from the Ice Cream Man first!





Photos by Aaron Zacks

Austin Music Venue Reviews

Hole in the Wall

2538 Guadalupe St.
512.477.4747

Despite its location just across the street from the University, this sawdust bar is more than just a campus watering hole. Hole in the Wall has been around since the '70s and has somehow survived the brutal turnover rate of businesses along the Guadalupe strip, while supporting local acts and traveling bands throughout the week. Drinks are cheap here, and the pool tables and shuffle board in the backroom keep you busy between sets. There will certainly be music at the Hole in the Wall all week during SXSW — including the Ice Cream Man's two-stage extravaganza on Friday March 17th. Also, be sure to check out the top-notch juke box, one of our favorites in town, before and after the show. Though I'm not certain that this is where the name comes from, there is indeed a "hole the wall," visible on the interior of the men's bathroom, though harder to find along the wood paneling in the backroom. Not that I've looked.

—Jeremy Dean

Emo's

603 Red River
512.477.Emos

Seeing shows at Emo's is worth braving the dirty bathrooms and the crowds of high school kids. In my first months of living in Austin, I paid \$3 to see the Frogs play on the small inside stage. That doesn't happen everywhere. Hell, that doesn't happen anywhere. I've been a loyal Emo's-goer ever since. Bonuses: The entire door charge goes to the bands, there's a "beer garden" out back so you can drink while you smoke/smoke while you drink (smoking bans are damned), and for those with short attention-spans: bizarre wall murals and a TV behind the bar.

During SXSW, Emo's will have shows at three locations: Emo's Main stage, Emo's Jr. (the inside stage) and Emo's Annex (across the street from Emo's Jr. entrance). All three locations have full bars and bathrooms (Porta-potties at Main and Annex stages).

Tips from a short girl: Main stage—there's an elevated area towards the back right of

the floor (facing the stage). Emo's Jr. – You can usually push your way to the front on the right side of the stage.

Capacity: 550
—Jodi Relyea

The Parish

214 E 6th Street
512.478.6372

American Analog Set recently played their “last show” (we’re hoping not really the last) at the Parish, and this was definitely the place for it. Formerly the Mercury, The Parish does slow, melodic and beautiful like no other Austin venue. It’s the perfect place for the likes of the Album Leaf, Spiritualized, and AAS; but they book a variety of indie acts. When you’re not watching the perfectly lit stage, you can shoegaze at the hardwood floors or stare up at the ceiling-hung whimsies. The full bar is rarely over-crowded, and the bathrooms are clean. For SXSW-goers, smoke before you go inside. For wristbands: this is a badge-heavy venue, get there early.

Tips from a short girl: There’s a long bench lining both sides of the room. If you get a spot sitting between bands, you’re set. Stand up when the music starts and you’ve got a great view. Left side bench is best view.

—Jodi Relyea

Stubbs

801 Red River
512.480.8341

Austin evenings in the Spring are generally pleasant – not too warm, not too cold, but kind of just right. Throw some great live music in, and you’ve got a hell of a good night. At Stubbs you get to stand out under a big sky and experience some of the best bands to come through Austin. Keep in mind that this means that you’re standing on a large dirt slope: come wearing flip-flops, leave with dirty feet.

There is a full bar inside, outside there are a couple of beer bars with limited liquor. Ladies, there is often a long line for the inside bathroom (only three stalls), but there are also quite a few porta-potties at the rear of the outside area.

Tips from a short girl: It can be surprisingly difficult to see the stage. The dilemma: you can push forward but it flattens out closer to the stage and you’re bound to get stuck behind all the taller and big-haired folks. You can keep back on the incline, but if you’re as short as me you still often get stuck on your tiptoes, and now you’re a good deal away from the stage. My suggestion: try to get a spot right behind or around the sound booth. Behind is best, it’s slightly elevated.

Tips from a short attention span: There’s one quarter-fed pool table inside, and a TV behind the bar.

—Jodi Relyea

La Zona Rosa

612 W. 4th St.
512.472.2293

I find myself often lamenting how many great bands get booked at this venue. It’s usually more expensive than you thought it would be, and the shows start painfully on-time. I’ve missed entire sets by showing up reasonably late. But alas, good bands play here. And for SXSW, you won’t have to worry about door prices or time schedules. You will have to worry about getting in, though. For you wristbands: you’re faced with a few problems. There “will” be long lines, and unfortunately the venue is enough off the path that you don’t have an easy walk to your backup plan if you don’t get in. Get there early, and then stay.

At least two full bars, and the bathroom lines aren’t bad.

Tips from a short girl: The stage is fairly elevated, but the floor is a big crowded square and it can be pretty tough to see. If you’re willing to stand at the back, there are steps up to a raised platform (near the sound booth). That may be your best bet. Capacity: 1200

—Jodi Relyea

Club Deville

900 Red River St.
512.457.0900

What I like best about being at Club Deville is that although you’re just a few short blocks from the craziness of 6th Street, you feel enveloped (in a good way) and



separated from the sounds and the furies. Inside the bar you can hunker down in the corner couches and chairs and disappear in a room so dark you can't see what you're drinking. Out back, you're safely sheltered by the limestone grotto that wraps around the colorfully lit patio. If you look close enough and/or you're really lucky, sometimes you can spot little frogs hopping up the grotto walls. This back space is often converted into a stage for live music – the intimate space and stone wall backdrop makes for a pretty great place to see SXSW shows. There's a full bar, and I've never stood in line for the bathroom here.

—Jodi Relyea

Tips from a short girl: Shows here are rarely overcrowded; you should have no problem maneuvering your way to a good spot.

Antone's

5th & Lavaca
512.474.5314

Antone's is legendary for being Austin's "home of the blues," but they book a wide variety of shows these days. They'll most likely have some great showcases for SXSW. Unfortunately, it's fairly painful to see shows here – the concrete floors are hard as hell and no amount of shifting from one foot to the next will help. The stage is wide, and the floor even wider, so when the room is full to capacity you're often tucked in a spot far off to the sides of the stage, and the sound in these areas is not great. The good news is that although the lines can get pretty long, you can move through them fairly quickly.

Hints from a short girl: The floor is wide as opposed to long, so there are less people in front of you. It's often possible to wiggle your way to the front.

Capacity: 600

—Jodi Relyea

Exodus

304 E 6th St.
512.477.7523

Consider this place your SXSW enemy. Well, maybe just consider it your last choice. Sure you're probably going to get in, but you'll likely end up sorry you wasted your time. When you walk in, you've got a long bar to your right, and the stage is to your left. These areas are separated into

two rooms and connected by these large archways. Poor planning -- you can't see the stage from the bar, and it's nearly impossible to enter the stage room when it's even slightly crowded. Last year I stood through half a set that I couldn't see before I realized that the bitchy blonde behind the bar had served me an overpriced captain 'n' coke in a leaky cup. Holy hell. I left pissed off, sticky, and determined to save you from making the same mistake.

Tips from a short girl: You're screwed. You can't see anyways, hang out at the bar.

—Jodi Relyea



caro.sheridan, splityarn.com

(Doug's):

The Continental Club

1315 South Congress
512.441.0202

Since 1957 The Continental Club has been Austin's home for the best rockabilly inspired country and blues, and for just a rockin' good time. Maintaining the feel the '50s club that it was when it opened, the velvet curtains and the Elvis sign are the perfect accompaniment to the hot-rods and Harleys that are out front nearly every night. Full bar, dance floor and pool tables in the back.

—Doug Freeman

Tips from a short girl: A small dance floor takes up much of the space in front of the stage. If you want to get closer to the stage than you already are, you'll have to dance your way up there. If you're too cool to dance, you can likely see the stage by sitting on the fairly tall bar stools that line the bar.



Fox and Hound

401 Guadalupe
512.494.1200

The Fox and Hound is a fairly boring sports bar and there's no reason that you should ever need to go there, except that during SXSW they set up a large stage out back and occasionally a good band gets slipped into a mediocre showcase. And you're almost guaranteed to get in with no line. Inside the pub there's a full bar, food, and plenty of televisions. Be warned, though – you can't bring your bar drinks outside to the stage, although they do sell cans of beer outside.

—Jodi Relyea

Tips from a short girl: The fact that this venue is a bit distant from the hubbub of 6th street combined with the large outdoor space means that if you end up here, it won't be overcrowded and you'll probably be able to see okay

Austin Music Hall

208 Nueces
512.495.9962

Austin Music Hall is one of the biggest venues for SXSW, but lines are still likely to be too long to get in. But don't let the throng of people down the street turn you away – between shows there is always a mass exodus. The sound is surprisingly good for a large hall, and usually it's fairly easy to work your way to the front of the stage.

—Doug Freeman



Tips from a short girl: The stage is fairly elevated, but the floor is big and it's easy to get lost in a sea of giants. As far as I see it, you have two options: either go for it and sneak around one of the sides to the very very front, Or hang towards the back (closer to the bar) where you can get a distant but clear view of the stage.

The Showdown

2610 Guadalupe
512.472.2010

The Showdown is close to my heart, a home-away-from-home if you will. It's red-neck décor is eclectic but simple, it's beers plenty but not pretentious, and it's regulars garrulous but friendly. It's a nice little haven smack in the middle of town. Whereas the Hole in the Wall is crowded and loud, the Showdown is laid back, spacious and the kind of place you can have a good drunken conversation in. The huge outdoor patio has plenty of room for the smoking crowd, and the three pool tables circulate pretty quickly with varying degrees of skill. And of course, let us not forget their famous Frito Pie and Spicy Nuts. The Showdown ain't your high-class faire, but hey, they just replaced the troughs in the bathrooms with actual urinals, so it may actually be getting a little too uppity for me.

—Doug Freeman

Cactus Café

24th & Guadalupe
512.475.6515

The Cactus is small, but that's really what makes it so fantastic. The little bar right in the middle of the University of Texas campus is a favorite venue for acoustic and folk acts, though they draw their share of indie-rock names as well. Capacity is tight here, so it may be difficult to get in, but you're guaranteed an intimate show. Full bar is available, but it's cash only, so hit the ATM beforehand.

—Doug Freeman

Tips from a short girl: Almost every time I've been to the Cactus, people have been sitting down for the show -- which means good things for the short folks. Once you find a seat that works for you, you're golden.

Popsicles at Three in the Morning

It's three in the morn and Off the Wookiee needs to be at Jakprints by five. It's possible you made it all the way to this page and you still don't know what Ice Cream Man is all about. It's about what you're holding and why Chris and I only got two hours of sleep last night and probably the same tonight. We could be sleeping, and right now that does sound great, but instead we're building something we'll never forget.

If you haven't figured it out, we're trying to inspire you to do shit. It might sound a bit strange but I really believe that it's not how you dance, it's how long you dance. Get out there and shake it and don't stop. Do it long enough and someone will notice.

I drove Bessie, the ice cream truck, out to Austin to give away free ice cream, throw a party with a bunch of friends, and give away a magazine I'm extremely proud of. Soon it will be time to drive back to Long Beach and figure out if it was all worth it. Either way I've got a guide to Austin and I now know how to wheat-paste and make prison wine. To everyone that helped put this together, Ice Cream Cheers!

Follow all of Ice Cream Man's Adventures at
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HOW TO MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS IN MUSIC JOURNALISM

Start With Two Million

By the LA RECORD

We started our own independent weekly newspaper-news-poster, actually-in Los Angeles last August with nothing in the bank but our rent money and nothing to fall back on but asking our parents for rent money. But thanks to the support of LA fixtures like Ice Cream Man, Arthur, the Smell, Amoeba, the Echo and Spaceland and more-most of whom we met after we started publishing-we've just finished our first six months of publication, which includes 52 interviews, 26 original cover photos, 26 original pieces of artwork and over 100,000 total words about independent music, art, film and more in the greater LA area, all by writers and artists and designers and photographers working around their demanding day jobs. If we had stopped to think about whether we could have done this, we probably wouldn't have started in the first place. But instead we just put our heads down and worried about the scary stuff as it happened. Here's what we've learned along the way-one for each month we've survived so far.

DON'T START A WEBSITE: Despite what forty-year-old marketing consultants will tell you, print won't die-people always want something to read at the bar before their date shows up, or to flip through while they're eating lunch alone, or to hold in their other hand when they're outside a somewhere smoking.

DON'T BE EXCLUSIVE: You are your own audience. If you like what you're doing (and you're able to detach from your ego a little bit) then people who are reasonably similar to you will like what you're doing. Want a bigger audience? Get more writers, who can write to an audience of their own. It's better to have a bunch of specialists, anyway-to combine a bunch of micro-audiences into one large readership.

DON'T THINK SMALL: Doing something well takes a lot of work no matter how tight the focus. You'd be surprised how little practical time difference there is between

L.A. RECORD




Photo by Dan Monick

writing about five bands in your hometown and writing about five bands from all over the world. If you want to help the creative people in your community, that means getting readers, and you get more readers by covering more than just your own community-connect what you're doing to the wider world so the world can connect back to you.

DON'T GET LAZY: If you're going to work for yourself, why wouldn't you work hard? Stay up that extra hour to proof the copy. People are skeptical. They'll remember one fuck-up over twenty-five flawless issues for a long time. The artists you're writing about probably care deeply about their own work-that's why they're good enough that you want to write about them-so shouldn't you be just as serious? There will be times when you'll do your best and things will still get fucked up-cars break down, Internet goes out, whatever. Save the goodwill of the people for situations like that.



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