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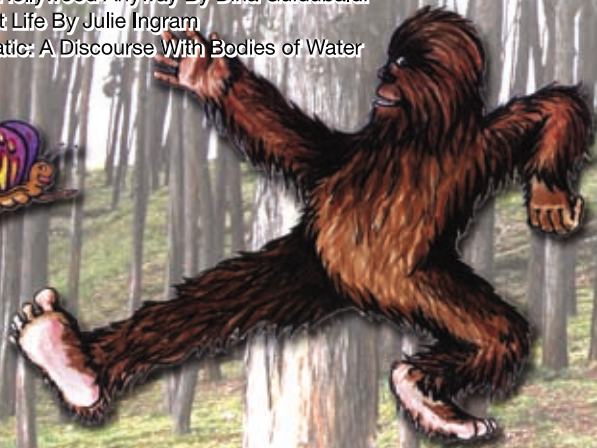
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Off the Wookiee



- 9 When Pinball Wizards Get Lonely By Ice Cream Man
- 11 From the Delta Quadrant to Your Lips: How to Make Kool-Aid Pickles!
By James Boo
- 14 Riding the Free Wave: The Art of Couch Surfing By Erin Smith
- 15 Straight from the Chocklit Shoppe: An Interview With Archie's Ice Cream
By Ice Cream Man
- 18 How to Make Friends With Wookies By Love, Christine
- 20 High Five! The Ice Cream Crew's Guide to National High Five Day By James Boo
- 24 Live Your Dreams! By Jen Taylor
- 26 Take Away Music: An Interview With Vincent Moon By Kate Schruth
- 30 How to Not Make a Cupcake By Robin Lee
- 34 Getting High With Kites? By Danielle Kelly
- 35 Giving Them Something They Can Feel: How to Rock the Boat By Rocking the Vote
By Camella Lobo
- 37 How to Make a Wookiee Really Mad At You By Love, Christine
- 38 Finding Yourself in Your Art By Alex Roman
- 41 Flash... Mob! By Shina Rae
- 42 Adventures in Home Brewing: The Lazy Man's Way By Dave Gooch
- 45 Things Ice Cream Treats Do When You Aren't Looking By Love, Christine
- 46 Skeeball; A Game of Yesterday, Today, and the Day that Comes After Today
By Kate Schruth
- 48 Dolly Parton; Things You Might Not Have Known By Kate Schruth
- 49 A Change of Perspective: Godfrey Reggio Brings the World into Focus
By Ice Cream Man
- 52 How to Get Away from Hollywood
While Being Away from Hollywood Anyway By Dina Guidubaldi
- 54 Sarah Kay Peters Plays at Life By Julie Ingram
- 55 They Sing the Body Ecstatic: A Discourse With Bodies of Water
By Thomas McMahon



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Thanks to everyone who contributed to bring this beast to life. Everyone took it upon themselves to create Off the Wookie.

Does anyone really read this small type down here? If so... skip it and move on to the good stuff. You're holding a Wookie. Hold on tight cuz there aren't many of them in existence and they tend to run towards ice cream and all things sweet. Thanks to everyone who made it happen. They're good people, just like you!

More thanks to Levi's, Jakprints, Blue Bunny, Toyota and 206 Inc. (Hi Kerry and Sherman), Paula and LeSportsac, all of the people above, Brian Kupetz and site crew, Starr and Stella, Gooch Monster, Dan Rubendall and Zigabid.com, Drillteam, Darin Klein, Jeremiah Garcia, Mary Sledd, Sonya Masl, Mary Patton, Carol Phillips, Amoeba Records, Kate Gahan and family, Shelby Meade, Raoul Hernandez, Austin Powell, Amy's Ice Cream, C3, Beth Bellanti, Doug Freeman, Aaron Zacks, Greg Parkin, Dameron Guess, The Austin Crew, Tim Arnold, Hoovers, Chloe Walsh, Morgan Lebus, Fruitiki, Rob and Cream Vintage, Shant, Logan, all the writers/photographers, and everyone I'm forgetting.

Our mission is to give away FREE ice cream. To date we've gifted over 125,000 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 25,000 pictures and hundreds of reviews. We have also reviewed a large chunk of music festivals in the US and you can hop on our new site to search for all your favorite artists, venues, and festivals. We're doing everything we can to try to make giving away ice cream a sustainable business. If you'd like to help, please contact us.

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When Pinball Wizards Get Lonely

By Ice Cream Man

When I was ten years old I asked for a pinball machine for my birthday. I didn't think I'd get one, because they seemed so unattainable and expensive back then, but soon enough there was a classic '70s *Meteor* machine in my bedroom. I'm pretty sure that was the best birthday present EVER (the *Spacewarp 5,000 Marble Roller Coaster Set* was a close second).

My love of pinball has never died. My friend Gerald and I used to take the 112 bus out to Lakewood Mall to play at Aladdin's Castle. Once he got his license, we started driving all over Southern California to play. At some point in the mid '90s we made a trip to Las Vegas for a pinball convention, and left wondering what it would be like to have a bunch of pinball games permanently in one place. These machines take up a bit of space, so it's rare to find more than a few in one spot.

Vegas seemed like the perfect spot for it, and sure enough, in 2006, the Pinball Hall of Fame opened with over 150 pinball machines and a bunch of other fun games. After giving away ice cream at Vegoose festival in 2007, we stopped by to check it out. If the term "kid in a candy store" had ever rung true, this was the moment.

The museum is the brainchild of Tim Arnold, a veteran arcade operator who moved to Vegas in 1990 and helped start the Las Vegas Pinball Collectors Club. All of the machines are his, and they're in near perfect shape. Tim had already made his

Photos by Robert Kimberly
[flickr.com/photos/rkimberly/](https://www.flickr.com/photos/rkimberly/)

fortune in the Arcade biz, so decided to set up the Hall of Fame as a 501c3 non-profit and donate all of the earnings to the local Salvation Army. Even all the money from the gumball machines goes straight to charity.

So, what do you do in a pinball museum with 150 of the best and rarest pinball machines in history? Play Air Hockey... naturally. Or play any of the other games, like *Crossbow*, a number of pitch & bat baseball games, or the new *Spiderman* pinball machine. You can also buy machines there; they had one of my favorites, *Strange Science*, for sale. The Hall of Fame even has the most valuable pinball game in the world. Bally's *Pinball Circus* cost a million dollars to make, and there only two were ever produced. One of those machines can be played here at five balls for a buck.

The Pinball Hall of Fame is open until at least 11:00 p.m. every night. You can see more photos on the official web site, pinballmuseum.org, or on Mr. Kimberly's Flickr page. You can also check the Wikipedia entry on "Pinball Hall of Fame" for a link to the full roster of the museum's machines.

The Pinball Hall of Fame is located at 3300 E. Tropicana Ave, on the southwest side of Las Vegas. To pinball lovers in the Northwest, Matt also recommends visiting Shorty's in Seattle, WA and Ground Kontrol in Portland, OR.



Williams HAYBURNERS





From the Delta Quadrant to Your Lips: How to Make Kool-Aid Pickles!

By James Boo

It's common knowledge that many of the finer foods in life derive their grace from the combination of sweet and savory. Pork chops and applesauce, prosciutto and melon, chicken and waffles, Chinese sausage, fried green tomatoes, honey buttered biscuits, pineapple fried rice, chocolate covered pretzels and Texas red BBQ sauce on a slice of smoked beef brisket are just a few examples of the beautiful balance achieved through the union of these flavors.

It's also common knowledge that the more ambitious among us feel no need to stop at the boundaries of "society" when it comes to food. What about chili coated mangos? Tortilla chips and Nutella? Chik patty and jam sandwiches? Bacon peanut butter chocolate chip cookies? To those who make a point of boldly going where no taste buds have gone before, I present the greatest of flavor mashups: the Kool-Aid Pickle.

This Southern delight, which made *the New York Times* last May as a countertop classic in the making, takes ten minutes to prepare and a week to arrive. All you need to try it out is a quart jar (an authentic mason jar screams class, but anything will do), a packet of Kool-Aid, a cup of sugar, and all the pickles you can muster. The flavor of Kool-Aid is your call, but I

can personally attest to the excellence of cherry, grape and tropical punch. Prepare the Kool-Aid in the quart jar at double strength: one packet of Kool-Aid and one cup of sugar should be enough for two quarts. Some Kool-Aid pickle recipes call for a second cup of sugar, but sometimes discretion really is the better part of valor.

Next, extract the pickles from the brine. Any type of pickle will do, but I use Clausen Kosher Dill Minis to ensure that I can serve my Kool-Aid pickles at high society dinner parties or fling them at bullies with rubber bands. If you want to be certain that the Kool-Aid will permeate the ironclad hide of your pickles, slice them in half or poke holes in them with a fork. Drop the pickles into the Kool-Aid, seal the jar, and place it prominently in your refrigerator to remind everyone in your household that the human race is indeed capable of evolution.

The pickles will take a week to steep. During this time, make sure to stir the Kool-Aid once a day. This prevents the sugar from sinking to the bottom of the jar. It also allows you to suffer the foul stench of progress. Don't be fooled by this fearsome scent. Simply imagine how you'll feel when the Kool-Aid Man turns into the Hulk and delivers a flavor uppercut straight to your brain. OH YEEEEEEAH!

When one week has passed, invite your neighbors over for a Kool-Aid pickle party! The flavor may be too intense for some, so serve your pickles with Flaming Hot Cheetos as a garnish. Their spicy kick is a perfect foil to the lingering hyper tang of Kool-Aid and brine, and once you throw a cold beer into the picture you'll be able to experience the rare achievement of total taste bud activation.

If you're anything like I am, you'll have made it to this point of the article. Now that you're equipped with the newest culinary secret of the Mississippi Delta, the only task that remains is to find a mason jar and get pickling! The final frontier awaits.

When James isn't juggling dry ice for Ice Cream Man, he writes about his ongoing love affair with pork chop sandwiches on the internet. Follow along with his adventures and reviews at theeatenpath.com.



ICE CREAM MAN

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A woman is shown wearing a white t-shirt with a cartoon duck on it. The background is a brick wall with the 'Ice Cream Man' logo. At the bottom, there are several cartoon illustrations: a girl riding a horse, a purple octopus, a yellow duck on a log, a pink pig, a yellow dog, and a girl riding a horse.



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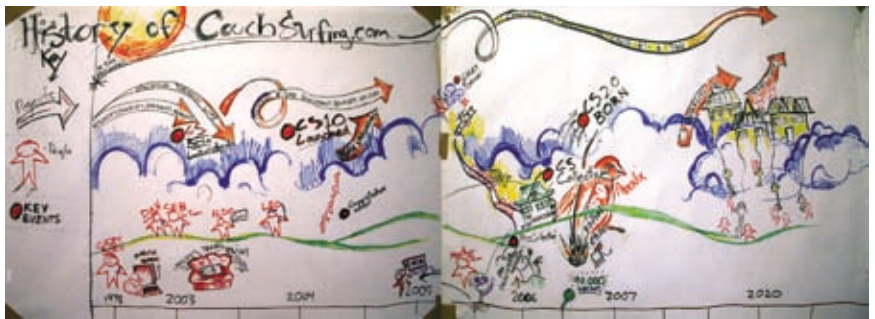


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Riding the Free Wave: The Art of Couch Surfing

By Erin Smith

Six months ago, newly unemployed and suffering a miniature defeat of the heart, I decided to move to Brooklyn. I sold or stashed the majority of my belongings, and with two suitcases, \$400 and a deflated ego I made my way to the supposed promised land (er...did someone jump the gun?). Were it not by the grace of mutual friends I would have been jacketless in an alley, gnoshing on tossed-out dim sum and using discarded copies of the Village Voice as plates and bedding. Having spent a rent-free month on two couch cushions held together by an oversized bed sheet and migrated to a queen sized futon (which I shared with a barely post-pubescent 21-year-old gay boy) for a few more months, I feel that I have earned my gold stars in couch surfing etiquette.

Some Simple Rules:

- Maintain the toilet paper supply... and none of that one-ply BS.
- Fold up your blankets and put away your clothing on a daily basis.
- Offer assistance with household chores, especially when the vacuumer is asking you to lift your feet.
- If someone cooks you a meal, repay the graciousness by washing the dishes (preferably right after the meal is finished).
- Be prepared to listen/participate in many late night rants/conversations whilst not passing judgment/falling asleep.
- Do not complain about "sex" noises, or any noises for that matter (be patient; the mice in the walls have to sleep at some point).
- Do not have sex on the couch unless explicit permission is granted, and take the necessary precautions to preserve the furniture's façade and structure.
- Do not control the TV remote or become remotely attached to certain programs unless you can rally household members to your cause.
- Offer to cook meals for household members with their food in exchange for a spot at the dinner table.
- Unless you are creepy, always offer back rubs over advice.
- When you finally decide to leave/get booted out, buy or create a little something for your host to show your gratitude.

For more serious surfers who have never met a couch they didn't like, hit up couchsurfing.com, where you can find likeminded nomads and even offer our dearest Matt a place to rest his weary head and dangle his feet over the arm rest (couchsurfing.com/people/icecreammatt). At least you know he comes with ice cream.



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ARCHIE'S
TOWING

Straight from the Chocklit Shoppe: An Interview With Archie's Ice Cream

By Ice Cream Man

In each issue of *Off the Wookie*, we like to spotlight at least one ice cream truck owner and learn about the story behind the wheels. This year's feature is on Archie's Ice Cream from the city of Orange, California.

Once I had decided to move back to Long Beach from Ashland, Oregon in 2004, I called up Archie's and headed over to their warehouse to meet Shant, one of the company's founding brothers. Over the last few years, we've run into each other at Mel-O-Dee Ice Cream in Santa Ana and kept in touch via email. Since they've got such cool trucks, I decided I'd shoot some questions over to see what's been going on in Archie's land.

Ice Cream Man: Can you give tell me how Archie's started?

Shant Keulian: Started as a joke really! When we were kids my brothers and I thought our ice cream man was just the coolest, so back in 1996 we decided to buy an ice cream truck, add one of our towing company's signature fancy paint jobs to it and see what would happen with it on the streets. Couple months into it, we were selling ice cream to the crazy crowd at The California Speedway in Fontana.

ICM: So, Archie's Ice Cream is part of Archie's Towing. Do they work together a lot?

SK: Yes. All trucks except The Club Truck on our fleet get towed by a tow truck to and from every event. The reason is: The trucks are all autographed by celebrities and rock stars, and if they were to get into an accident it would end what Archie's is mostly known for. The ice cream trucks have become show pieces at these event as well.

ICM: Does one help fund the other?

SK: At first, the towing helped out, but the ice cream has been on its own for many years now.

ICM: You've got some pretty fancy trucks. Which one is the most requested?

SK: The Melting Truck seems to be the most requested, but I like to roll out in The Club Truck the most whenever I get the chance. It's good to leave the tow trucks behind if possible.

ICM: Do you build them all at your shop?

SK: Yes, all the trucks were built by the brothers at Archie's.



ICM: I think I remember that a few years ago you launched your own line of ice cream. What happened with that?

SK: Yes, we did. We had 12 different flavors in little twelve ounce cups. They were sold from the trucks at our events. The main reason we stopped it was that the creamery we were using to fill our cups had horrible quality control of our product. We spent most of our time cleaning spilt ice cream or making sure the correct lid was on the correct flavor of ice cream. It got to be way too much labor in the end.

ICM: Anytips on what or what not to do?

SK: Not really. Everything we did with it was a learning experience to us. We did not know anyone in the industry to ask for advice. Things were going great until the creamery went sideways.

ICM: A lot of people e-mail me about starting new ice cream businesses, and I stress to them that doing events can make you a lot more money than just driving around town. Do you still drive around at all, or is it strictly events now?

SK: Strictly events. We drove around for as long as we could. It was fun while it lasted, and the kids and their parents loved us, but we stopped it for safety reasons. Children would hear us coming with our Archie's Jingle blaring, then they would just run across the streets without looking for cars. That right there was a no-brainer for focusing more on the event side of the business.

ICM: How do you decide on what to charge per event?

SK: Hard to say. Every event is different: the time you're there, the distance to the event, what ice cream selection is chosen and how many ice creams are requested. It's not easy to have one set rate because every one wants a different menu for each party.

ICM: Any tips for other people starting out on how to get the word out about event services?

SK: Have a simple web site where it's easy to request your services. Promo cards never hurt either. Hand them out by the stack to people; they're cheaper than you think, and you get a few thousand when you order.

ICM: You're pretty tapped into the rock n' roll scene. How did that come about?

SK: I'm stuck in the 80's! I love rock and roll, what can I say. When we were in our teens, my brothers and I would stand in line, buy tickets and go to every concert we could. With the ice cream trucks, I put that industry in my target years ago and well, let's just say food is a very powerful thing!

ICM: What are some of your highlights for being in the business for a while?

SK: Lets see? Never thought I would get to have Tom Jones sitting in Archie's Lounge just because of a popsicle! That's one. Also, having free custom tennis shoes made with our Archie's Ice Cream logo on the side from DVS Shoe Company. Last, I'll add, being on national TV on a talk show, going up against some dude from Florida that just hates ice cream trucks. That was pretty cool!

ICM: Where do you get your mirrors from? Bessie needs a new set.

SK: Ebay... Where else!

Check out more details about Archie's Ice Cream and their services at archiesicecream.com.





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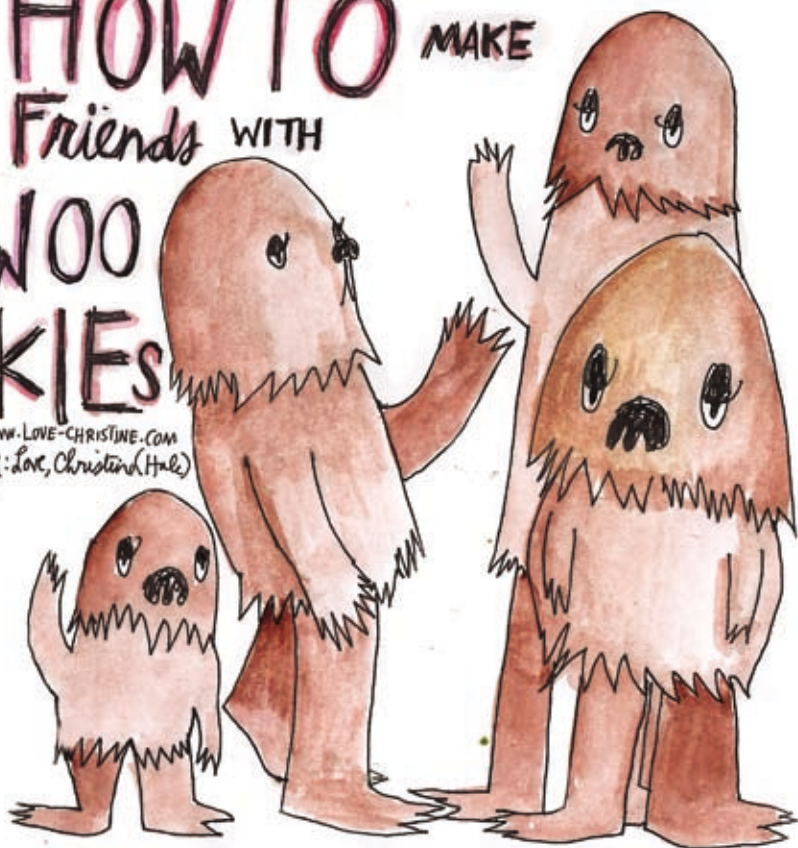
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High Five! The Ice Cream Crew's Guide to National High Five Day

By James Boo

What makes a high five excellent? What percentage of the human soul is lost in the abortion of a high five? How many high fives does it take to cause preternatural swelling and bruising of the hand? Who are you, and what are you doing here? These are the kind of existential questions raised on the third Thursday of every April, when high five enthusiasts everywhere promote unity through the infallible symbol of two hands clapping.

Yes yes, y'all: April 19th of 2007 was National High Five Day, and the Ice Cream Crew was ready to celebrate in Long Beach, CA. As a seasoned NH5D organizer, I led the charge into Cal State Long Beach for an afternoon of high fives more intense than the sugar high from consuming fifteen fudge bars in a row. With Ice Cream Man's campus connections clearing the path and Gooch at the helm of the lovely Bessita, we fulfilled the promise of the open palm and our mission of giving away frozen treats.

Our approach was simple: stand at the center of campus with a big sign and a ghetto blaster for five hours, high fiving

as many people as humanly possible and giving away free ice cream for anyone who wanted to take five from giving five. As in past years, I was met with a healthy dose of disbelief when we declared the student union a High Five Zone. Having worked Bessie the ice cream truck on the streets of Austin, however, I was no stranger to the confused yet excited looks of passersby, realizing in a split second that the best things in life are indeed free.

Within minutes, the good people of The Beach began to reciprocate with some of the most painfully powerful high fives I've received in all my days. For every student who left us hanging, twenty others were willing to pick up the slack. A few fine folk even took time out of their day to join the campaign, proving that free high fives aren't just for geeky dudes in orange t-shirts. Ice Cream Man, out on his first high five campaign, ended up giving more high fives in two hours than he had in his entire life!

Wynn Walent, one of the founders of NH5D, has confirmed that in a perfect world, "it would be considered bad form



not to exchange a high five with someone who offers you one” on this still young holiday. With NH5D 2008 a month away, there’s plenty of time for you to help build this kind of world! All you need is a big sign (which, in our modern world of command consumerism, will associate you with power, and possibly salvation), some good tunes (I personally recommend a healthy dose of Four Tops hits), and the intrepid spirit of the open palm. Flyer designs, press materials and background information on the holiday can all be found on the official NH5D web site.

Set up in an area with high foot traffic, keep the positivity flowing, and the high fives will take care of the rest. Lastly, if you can get your hands on some ice cream, hold onto it for dear life, because your palms will undoubtedly pay the price for the advancement of a new American dream.

National High Five Day is the third Thursday of April. For information on how to organize your own celebration, visit nationalhighfiveday.com.



The image shows a screenshot of the Ice Cream Man website. On the left, a yellow sidebar contains promotional text: "ICE CREAM MAN HAS A BRAND NEW WEB SITE!", "VISIT ICECREAMMAN.COM FOR...", a list of features including "THE BEST MUSIC FESTIVAL REVIEWS ONLINE", "THOUSANDS OF PHOTOS FROM CONCERTS AND FESTIVALS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY", "REAL-TIME UPDATES ON ICE CREAM MAN'S ADVENTURES", "ICE CREAM MAN MERCHANDISE AND FREE ICE CREAM MAN DOWNLOADS", and "INFORMATION ON HOW TO JOIN THE ICE CREAM CREW". Below this is a "WE LIKE YOU!" message with a cartoon ice cream bar icon. The main content area has a navigation bar with "HOME", "ABOUT US", "CONCERTS/FESTIVALS", "LINKS", "MEDIA/PHOTOS/VIDEOS", "MUSIC", and "CONTACT". It features sections for "FEATURED REVIEW" with a photo of an ice cream truck, "RECENT NEWS" with a "Check out our new month featured" article, "MAILING LIST" sign-up, "MERCH" (merchandise) section with a cartoon ice cream character, and "PROUD SPONSORS" including 7-Eleven, Blue Bunny, and U.

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Live Your Dreams!

By Jen Taylor

The Foundation for a Better Life is an organization that has set out to make the world a better place, starting with the spirit of the human race. The Foundation has dug deep into the history of mankind to find heroes throughout the ages. Through billboards, inspirational quotes and every day stories they intend to make us realize that those who have accomplished the unimaginable are every day people who believe that we too can accomplish anything we want, because we all have the heart and soul to do it.

This inspirational organization started its campaign in 2001 with billboards throughout the United States featuring images of inspiring characters, from Kermit the Frog to Muhammad Ali. The Foundation for a Better Life has also broadcast its message on over 800 TV stations, including Telemundo and Canadian networks, that have been translated into various languages and are often backed by the music of Gloria Estefan, Celine Dion, Aretha Franklin, among many, many others.

Now, you may be asking: "*Kermit the frog????*" I know! This campaign is not only uplifting, it is creative. The Kermit billboard features the goofy green guy alongside the words: "Eats flies. Dates a pig. Hollywood star. LIVE YOUR DREAMS."

Of course, you can't have inspiration without something touching. Another billboard

shows a 9/11 firefighter covered in grey dust with the words, "When others ran out, he rushed in. COURAGE." If that doesn't bring a tear to your eye, rest assured that there is one billboard that will make you cry, make you giggle or make you realize that you can accomplish what you want!

The Foundation doesn't just bombard the world with "Go get 'em!" billboards. Its web site displays hundreds of inspirational quotes from all the greats, including John F. Kennedy, Albert Einstein, Martin Luther King Jr. and even Bette Davis, which you can sign up to have emailed to you on a daily basis to keep you goal oriented and inspired.

The site also includes personal stories and videos from people who want to share about themselves, family members, teachers, students or even strangers that have been an inspiration in their worlds. A page called "Your Heroes" contains different stories on people who have shown amazing courage and grace in times of adversity.

The Foundation for a Better Life makes you realize how hard history's heroes have worked to be where they are, and that every day people like you and me can be the next Abraham Lincoln or Mahatma Gandhi if we put our hearts and our minds to it, work hard and aspire to become what we dream.





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Take Away Music: An Interview With Vincent Moon

By Kate Schruth

You probably know Vincent Moon. He's a director who is undoubtedly driven by music and the unconventional possibilities of the Internet, and has probably hung out with all of your favorite bands. He's well known for his twirling starry portrayals of The National and his near manic, seemingly autobiographical cell phone films. You probably know Vincent Moon for his much loved *Take Away Shows*, a series on French web site La Blogothèque in which artists are filmed making music, often with stripped down instrumentation, in unusual settings and in one take. The result is a kind of surreal musical home video you wish were from your own collection.

Kate Schruth: I really dig all the "Supernatural Superserious" stuff you've just done. I like to run the mosaic on the site all at once. REM is a pretty big deal, so how does that work exactly? Do you tend to approach bands or do they seek you out?

Vincent Moon: At first I approached bands, now they approach me... to tell it simply. Stipe called me one day to ask me to work with them. That's it. And working with those guys was really exciting because I had total creative freedom. But now I'm refusing a lot of demands from bands, mainly because I am super, super difficult with my musical tastes – I'm much, much

more into music from other parts of the world – now it's Malian music, and always improvised music. *Take Away Shows* is a pop project. Which is great, but is also a limit.

KS: Now with your work, what is the level of involvement the artist has in the direction of the shoot? For example, if you compare Steven's "Lakes of Canada" shoot and the new Animal Collective pieces, they seem to have very different levels of directorial involvement.

VM: Well, the artists don't have any involvement in the shootings most of the time. Neither do I: I don't prepare anything, but let things go improv, as much as possible. I often have a starting point, but no ending point.

KS: You are up to 83 or so *Take Away Shows* now. I heard a rumor that they are to be capped off at 100. Any reason or truth behind the rumor?

VM: Sometimes I love rumors. They let people use their imagination. I like when we don't give all the information, when some points are still obscure. The way we're using the web today, by having access to all we want to know, is slowly killing our imaginations.





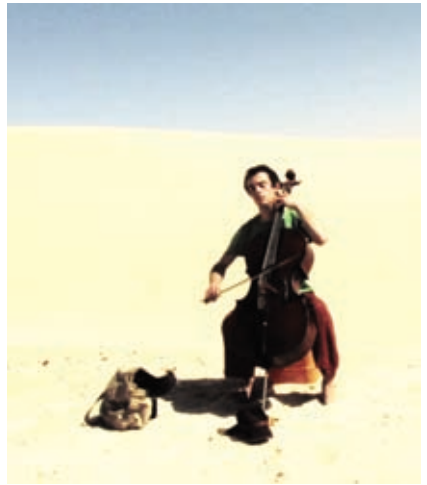
THE TAKE-AWAY SHOWS
WITH LA BLOGOTHEQUE



KS: Do you have an ideal subject? Have you already shot them, or is it Bob Dylan (heh)?

VM: I hate Bob Dylan. That guy always made me sick, refusing what he was and what he represented at some point. Anyway, yeah, I still have a few pop artists I'd love to shoot: Radiohead for sure, Akron Family, Tom Waits... a few others.

One last thing. It's difficult for me to consider this very seriously. I mean, I'm super happy with that project, and the reactions of people all over the world. I think it is important at some point, more important than just three minutes and thirty seconds of video. I hope it goes beyond that, and I think it does. But it's also a game. JUST A GAME. A game with your own life. What makes me really crazy are people who think this is super serious. I'm thinking about all those people involved in the music business which are not musicians. Big labels, big managers... They make me sick. That's why I don't wanna work anymore with those people. I hate them.



VM: The question is still: What is a music video? Are you talking about that promotional product created to sell music in the 70s-80s, who was supposed to go on TV between two ads? So, that is the basic idea people have when thinking about music video: images edited on a recorded track, often between 3 and 5 minutes. So, that's the idea of music videos, and of course I hate that idea. It's a system, and we need to think outside of that system to be able to really create new forms.



KS: I just so happen to work in a world of music videos that has experienced almost complete disjunction between creativity and product. Your *Take Away Shows* have provided me a new thread of thought as to what music videos actually are. Do you think the *Take Away Shows* represent what a music video should be?

I don't think we created something new with the *Take Away Shows*, not at all (what's new for sure is the way we used the internet to show it), it's the opposite: The *Take Away Shows* are really old, and existed long before any music video. It's back to the basics in a way, a camera versus musical instruments. The camera is a starting point, but not to me the main element there. Everybody's on the same ground. We're now entering a new digital era which allows us to create a lot of new experiences by mixing all those different mediums, and all those different experiments which already happened in the past. Let's put that on the next level.

Vincent Moon's Take Away Shows, AKA Les Concerts a Emporter can be viewed at blogotheque.net.



LEHiMOMMEETOMSAC





How to Not Make a Cupcake

By Robin Lee

In honor of having nothing important to do on a fine Saturday afternoon, and having received a mechanical icing kit for Christmas, I decided to make some “really crazy” cupcakes with my friends Debbie and Kristin. After browsing my favorite cupcake blogs, I found a recipe that seemed to fit the needs of a Saturday evening (read: something with alcohol in it). Rum cake cupcakes with coconut buttercream frosting: the batter was easy, the frosting was easy, so how could I mess anything up?

Though I like to bake, I am not really good at it. I burn almost everything, it is either too bland or too sweet, and sometimes I forget to spray the pan, but none of this stops me from sticking tray after tray into the oven and offering the aftermath to friends and family.

A quick note about the mechanical icing kit: My mom gave this to me for Christmas. It came in a small box that was easy to read, but upon being opened was hard to put together and looked exceptionally more phallic than the image on the outer cardboard. There are six different pipes and an aluminum cylinder with attached pump, which looks like a certain device meant to enlarge things. I don’t mean pastries.

The recipe called for yellow cake mix, sugar, butter, vegetable oil, vanilla extract,

coconut extract, a cup of rum and cream of coconut. I had it all aside from the extracts, and where the hell do I find cream of coconut?

We made do with what we could find at my house and at the store, which was sweetened condensed milk instead of this elusive coconut cream. We used Captain Morgan’s spiced rum because it’s cheap, and I found a bottle in my cabinet. Kristin, my lovely assistant, thought it would be a good idea to buy a bottle of champagne in the name of baking. It turned out to be a lovely and much needed idea.

Onward! The batter went well, as you can’t really mess up pre-packaged batter. I got the lumps out, I poured it into my new cupcake holders — the new age, wobbly, plastic kind where you don’t have to use wrappers but instead deal with unstable puddles of mix in plastic pods — and stuck them in the oven for the amount of time it took me to finish and pour another glass of champs.

The tough part was the frosting. I don’t own an electric mixer and don’t know anyone who does (strike one). I only have one whisk (strike two). I’m not a fast whisker (death blow). After cracking eggs and adding extracts, Debbie and Kristin brought some water to a simmer and then



took turns rapidly whisking for two minutes. Then we had to take it off the heat and whisk vigorously for seven straight minutes, adding sticks of butter every minute or so.

Let's talk about electronics and why they are fun and necessary in the kitchen. They make things easier, faster, and more consistent. They don't make you feel like you're in elementary school again, running the timed mile and stopping every lap or so cause you're out of breath and out of shape. As lovely assistant Debbie pointed out, though, homemakers had to do this by hand in the land before electric mixers, so it's bound to work.

Unfortunately for us, it didn't. I could not whisk anymore, then we added the condensed milk, the extracts and more butter. The contents in the large, silver mixing bowl started to look like cottage cheese and tasted how coconut suntan lotion smells, but the three of us figured the watery consistency would settle, and by the love of refrigeration the goop would turn into icing.

Over refrigeration and our next glass of champs, I started to put together the mechanical icing doo-dad. It's relatively easy to put together, so long as you don't try to mix things up and use a different or fancy pipe. The kit came with six different icing pipes, or "noses": one for thick icing, one for tiny lines, one for medium lines, one for filling, one to make wavy looking patterns, and one to make basket weaves. We went with the thick icing pipe, partially because it looked less intimidating and partially because it was the only pipe I could figure out how to attach. Then we took turns making fun of each other with it, using it like a cattle prod, ruler, fife, et al.

Sadly, our beloved icing did not thicken. It merely turned into cold and watery cottage cheese goop. But because my team is not a bunch of quitters, I filled that mechanical doo-dad and to iced my first cupcake, a sad looking lump of yellow baked goodness with clumps of white coconut smelling cream sliding of its top.

This was not a success, but it was only a first attempt. Unfortunately, for my friends and family, it will not be my last.



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A skateboarder in a dark blue t-shirt and khaki pants is captured mid-air, performing a trick on a concrete ledge. The background is a dense forest of green trees under a clear blue sky. The skateboarder's arms are outstretched for balance, and his body is tilted back. The skateboard is positioned just above the ledge, with the front wheels appearing to have just made contact or about to. The overall scene is dynamic and action-oriented.

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Getting High With Kites?

By Danielle Kelly

Go ahead and make a kite. Despite the large success Benjamin Franklin had with his homemade historical piece, you may not fare so well. The project of constructing a kite is a favorite elementary school lesson, but as an adult you may learn that your work will produce a lesser quality product than that of a child. That is the trick behind kite making: putting everyone on the same plane.

I definitely had different expectations in approaching this project. How much would an afternoon of kite making be worth? Your local hardware store will give you a quote of around fifteen dollars. This is excluding my own personal splurge on the “adults only” fun of spray paint. I had big plans for my kite... maybe too big, considering the kite turned out to be 3 1/2 feet tall.

It all started carefree: assembling the wooden dowels in a cross shape with crazy glue, enforcing the center with string, constructing the kite's outline with more string, and measuring and cutting out the paper. I inevitably tore the paper, so I had to move to backup: tarp. Although there was a bit of a problem with the paint dripping and spreading into unwanted territories, merrymaking was still in full effect. Such toxic activities should be done outdoors; otherwise you will be getting high as a kite instead of getting your kite high.

Despite the difficulty of the painting process, the kite was decorated according to plan. I had envisioned a kite with a giant ice cream cone soaring through the air. However, when it came to finally putting the materials together, things began to fall apart. The strings attached to the kite for flying purposes created pockets for airflow and the tape I had used to fix the situation ended up weighing down the kite. Its aerodynamics weren't helped by the fact that it was two-thirds the size of my body.

In hindsight I look at this project as a decorative endeavor, and if I experience windier weather, I might give it another go. When I think of the Mary Poppins tune “Let's Go Fly a Kite,” though, my response is: Unless you feel like running a 500 meter sprint with the kite tumbling behind you, let's not.



Giving Them Something They Can Feel: How to Rock the Boat by Rocking the Vote

By Camella Lobo

In junior high, class elections were a very big deal. I remember the psychotically detailed, glittery, puffy-painted posters hanging from chain-link fences and the pride of pinning a handmade "Vote Monica 4 Prez!" button on your sweater.

There were exciting whispers in the library about who would win, cafeteria speeches promising pizza everyday and longer lunches on Fridays, and nothing compares to that mischievous feeling of telling everyone you were voting Monica 4 prez when you knew you were really voting Harold. It was all so magical and dare I say... exciting?

Unfortunately, the heyday of young people who actually get excited about exercising their right to vote has a shelf life of about two years in America. Maybe that's because the cheerleaders were usually elected student council president, not the kids that would really change anything. Most of the time, it became a glorified popularity contest under the guise of true politics and only made people feel worse about themselves after none of those pre-election promises were ever fulfilled.

For adults, voting is no longer about getting extended recesses or deciding on which Pop Rocks flavor will make the lineup at the snack shack. It's about whether or not our citizens are going to die in a war. It's about whether we're going to be able to support our families, or if we'll go broke just to have health care. "There is easily more at stake now than ever before because more has been screwed up than ever before," says Rock the Vote founder Jeff Ayeroff.

There have been several efforts over the past ten years or so to unplug young people from the clutches of MTV and get them into voting booths. None have achieved as much success in doing so as the Rock the Vote campaign, which is nearing its twentieth year.

"We desire to plug them in. After all, we were accused in the music business of unplugging a generation," states Ayeroff.

"For too long there was an unengaged generation of young people. We were forced to face a certain reality...in Vietnam, we got drafted, which meant our lives were on the line." Take away the draft, he adds, and you take away the motivation to pay attention.

Ayeroff feels an obligation to use the magical force of music to change young peoples' minds about being involved in politics. He points to a presidential candidate "raised on rock and roll, who played saxophone and wore shades: Bill Clinton." Clinton is an example of a candidate who has won the hearts and votes of the masses simply because he has the ability to connect. Even a momentary slip-up with an intern, a cigar, and a god-awful blue dress hasn't slowed the support of a majority of his fans.

"We identify our emotions and relate to each other through the 'soul message' of an individual singer or band," says Ayeroff. Using spokespeople from diverse avenues of today's pop – and music – culture is the organization's secret weapon, so to speak.

"I think this is a generation that has been weaned on the lame irony of the politics of our time and they see most politicians as... tools," says Ayeroff. That's why utilizing spokespeople like the Ramones, P. Diddy, Madonna, Samuel L. Jackson, and Benicio Del Toro, just to name a few, has more effect on the young than some shitty red, white, and blue political ad that says absolutely nothing to them.

In the end, Ayeroff and the Rock the Vote campaign abide by a very simple philosophy, one that harkens back to that early political excitement found in elementary schools: "I think if you keep a part of your youth in your skull throughout your whole life you will have a better life," he says. "You should vote for the person that comes closest to what you believe in... and what you can be proud of."



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Liberty by Nicole Zinn

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BY: Love Christine



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4. START LAUGHING AND POINTING AT THEM AND SAY THINGS LIKE "TICKS", "FLEAS EWW!", OR "FUR SUCKS" OR "WOOKIEE SMELLS WEIRD" OR "HEY WOOKIEE, WHO LET YOU OUT OF YOUR CAGE" OR "WHERE DID YOU GET YOUR FUR COAT FROM? THE LAME SHOP?!"
5. RUN AWAY.
6. STOP BEING MEAN TO WOOKIEES! THAT'S NOT VERY NICE! GEEZE!!



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Finding Yourself in Your Art

By Alex Roman

Finding yourself, becoming comfortable in your own skin by understanding the real you, is something that always seemed impossible when you were growing up. There were your looks, your clothes or whatever small, now insignificant bit of yourself that you felt didn't quite measure up. You often thought you were alone, that nobody could understand what you were going through or that everybody else had it easy in life. Artist and photographer Deborah Samantha is proof positive that you're not alone. She, like many of us, had issues with herself that she has grown to embrace and make part of her art, using them as life experiences rather than dwelling on them and letting them fester forever.

"Through shooting other people and being able to try to expose the things that I thought were so beautiful and pure and honest, it allowed me to do that with myself and what I'm doing," she says as we meet for tea in her hometown of Silver Lake.

Getting to this point in her life took some time, though. Deborah grew up in Woodland Hills, California, where her father was an accountant and her mother was a thera-

pist, and like many teenagers, she was filled with angst and little desire for school. "The only thing high school nurtured was ditching," she laughs. After graduating, she started college, then quit, then did some work for her father, which by chance led her to discover that she had an untapped gift.

"I was so bored, so I started doing line drawings in Microsoft Paint. I showed them to my friend Bill, who was an architect, and he really liked them. It never made sense to me why," says Deborah. "Then one day I went to a restaurant and they had a poster on the wall for early drawings from the Bauhaus movements and it was the exact same thing that I had drawn, and it made more sense to me why an architect would see that and encourage me to keep doing it."

Deborah eventually re-enrolled in school, took a photography course with a teacher, Betty Cobb, who changed her life, and her history began to be written. Accepted to and offered scholarships by schools like the Rhode Island School of Design (RISD), which boasts a staggering list of alumni





including Shepard Fairey, Seth McFarlane and Andrea Zittel, Deborah seemed to be on track to fulfill her goals.

"I was accepted everywhere I applied. USC gave me a full scholarship but I didn't want to go there; I couldn't imagine myself going to USC with a bunch of USC types," Deborah explains. "I really wanted to go to RISD, but when I visited the school I realized I was interested in it by the name only."

On her way back from visiting RISD, Deborah stopped by New York to visit a friend and her choices became clear: she could go to school, talk about theory and become technically sound through hours of tedious instruction, or she could go for the bright lights and life experiences. Deborah chose to stop going to school, and moved to New York, where she landed an internship with photography legend David LaChapelle. Then she landed a gig as a studio manager for a "rock and roll photographer dude."

"He taught me everything he knew about photography, and I ran his studio for him. It was amazing and much better for me than going to school. I have a hard time sitting in class and paying attention; my whole life has revolved around not being able to pay attention."

Deborah explains that like most relationships in that industry, theirs ended badly, and she soon found herself in a new apartment in Brooklyn's Williamsburg, jobless and not knowing what to do. Tired of

staring at her dog, she started doodling. The experience reminded Deborah that she liked drawing, having spent some of her teenage years painting walls and ceilings at her parent's house, so she spent most of the winter staying up all night drawing for hours.

Deborah depicts her newly found creative force as a mix of "depression, being broke and probably being a little bit manic at the time. My whole life had suddenly turned upside down." Soon Deborah's box-sized 400 square foot apartment couldn't hold all of her drawings and a visit home made her realize that she missed California. There was the weather, the comfort, and her niece and nephew, whom she jokingly blames as the main catalysts for coming back home.

Now back in Silver Lake, with an apartment that's more than twice the size of her Brooklyn digs, Deborah has taught herself to build her own web site, deborahsamantha.com, where she sells and showcases her drawings and photography. Both mediums exude her personality: an eye for the good that comes out of life's experiences, full of genuine sweetness and honesty.

"It's always been a thing where I don't know how to communicate any other way," Deborah says about her art. "I think too much of what artists do is to try to create an image of themselves that's not who they are. I don't even know if I can do that."



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Photos By Daniel Kramer

Flash... Mob!

By Shina Rae

There's a new craze taking random people in your city by storm! Only in this storm, people roll in like clouds, and in a flash... *mob!*

Whether they're having finger fights in Florida or mass dancing in a mall in London, people are taking art, and the party, to the streets. Don't have space for a sleepover in your studio? Skip having your undies frozen and organize a practically impromptu pillow fight at Grand Hope Park. Think seeing people rushing by all day in a craze is a most dizzying sight? Throw them off with a flash freeze in the middle of Grand Central Station. This seemingly insignificant social experiment is anything but; in fact, it has people all around the globe silently raving, dropping dead and even being chased by bloody mumbling zombies!

The congregating of flash mobs was initially meant to poke a little fun at the willing conformity of the hipster crowd. As if to say, "We like to laugh at ourselves," these youthful beings have now embraced the mob mentality, and the phenomenon has spread from Istanbul to Australia. There usually isn't an agenda behind the stunts. The idea is not used as a protest per se, nor is it used for any kind of political platform. People just want to partake in an activity that can freak out passersby, or at least make them stop and question the activity and perhaps the message.

The lack of meaning conveniently adds to the confusion of the crowd. People in the middle of busy transit, unable to compute

what is happening, find this unannounced yet coordinated action a mystery. During a flash freeze mob like the one recently held in New York City, for example, people walking by will push a frozen participant just to see if she's real. Here in the sweltering city of Screw (AKA Houston), I had a conversation with local flash mob initiator Lindsay B. about these artsy activities, which you have to discover before you can participate.

You see, mystery is part of the mask. You've got to keep the details under wraps until just days before the event, lest the locale find out about the event and make sure it doesn't happen. Lindsay has told me about her next event, which will consist of its mob sitting out on the four corners of one of Houston's busiest intersections watching TV outdoors. Yup, just sittin' on the corner watchin' the tele! She can't tell me when or where... don't wanna ruin it!

If you want to join a flash mob, there's probably already something forming in your city. Google "flash mob" and your city name. If nothing pops up, that doesn't mean there's nothing there; it just means they're good at what they do, so keep looking. It also doesn't mean you can't start your own. Go ahead, people, lead some peeps through a museum all blindfolded and in a conga line, or tell your mob to dress up in red and white striped anything for a "Where's Waldo" mob. After all, Mobs Rule!





Adventures in Home Brewing: *The Lazy Man's Way*

By Dave Gooch

So, for Xmas I got this contraption dubbed "The Beer Machine." It looks like a plastic beer barrel, and supposedly if you fill it with water, "beer mix" and yeast, you'll end up with some Honest-to-God beer.

My first attempt resulted in catastrophe. Since the whole process took about ten days and I was going to be on vacation for just that long, I thought it a perfect time to try it out. I followed the directions as well as I could, put the Beer Machine in the garage and went on my way. Much to my disappointment, when I returned there was beer all over the garage and leaking out of the sides of the machine. Undaunted, I still gave it a try. Surprisingly, it didn't taste horrible. Of course, it didn't taste good, and it smelled like garbage, but there was potential.

So I tried again.

Day 1

Got the parts out, washed them off, put them together and sanitized the Beer Machine. Good start. No leaks, and everything seems to be working properly.

Now, before you start, you have to check

for any pressure leaks. To do this, I fill it with water, screw everything on tight and inject a couple shots of CO₂ into it. Nothing happens, so naturally, instead of thinking all is well, I think, "Maybe one big shot of CO₂." POW! Water starts shooting out the sides like out of busted pipes in action movies. Damn. Well, I figure that must have just been too much pressure, so I clean it all off again, put it together really well and start the process again.

Once the water, beer mix and yeast are added, I tighten the top down and put it away in my bathroom. Worried that the seal might not be completely tight, I top it off with a piece of petrified wood, an old ceramic bottle I made in community college and a bunch of poker chips.

Day 2

So far, so good. No leaks, the poker chips are in their place and the cats haven't peed on it yet. I'm feeling pretty confident.

Day 3

Again, everything looks good, but I'm leaving for Vegas tonight, so I can't check it later. Oh, I hope it doesn't explode while I'm gone!



Day 4

Still in Vegas, we've decided it would be a good idea to put money on the NBA all-star game and stay and watch it. For some reason I think it's not going to end well. My heart is with the Western Conference, but my money is on the East.

Day 5

Oh, so miserable. I didn't sleep last night and feel horrible today. The Beer Machine looks well. I get to transfer it to the refrigerator tomorrow to end the fermentation process and start the clarification process. I'm not sure exactly what this means, but I get to sample it to see if fermentation is complete. I'm not looking forward to it.

Day 6

Time to check if fermentation is complete. If it tastes sweet, the fermentation is not complete. It tastes a little sweet; I guess I'll let it sit another day. Also, it's flat, but it should have good pressure at this point from the natural carbonation. It may have a pressure leak, which means I have to conduct the same pressure test that caused it to explode before...

Done. No pressure leaks, and the whole thing is intact. Strange. Luckily, if it's flat, I can add CO₂, so I'm not worried about that. Hopefully everything is well tomorrow and I can start the clarification. I remove all the weight from the top of the machine. Hopefully that doesn't backfire.

Day 7

I think I might have added that extra CO₂ too early. It's starting to leak a little out the sides. I have the perfect solution to this: duct tape. I'll just wrap up the sides and we're good as new. I guess it's time to put it in the fridge. Better not explode in there.

Day 8

No problems in the fridge so far. If it's leaking, I can't tell because of my brilliant idea to wrap it up with duct tape. Hey-o!

Day 9

Why can't I just drink it???

Day 10

Maybe I'll try a bit. Hmm, pretty gross. But it still needs time. I think it's starting to leak again. Come on, duct tape!

Day 11

So, so close. My taste buds are jumping around at the excitement of trying my evil concoction. I'm starting to think there's no way this can be good, though. It's hard to see inside, but it looks like there's chunks of something floating on top. Delicious chunks.

Day 12

Today is the day. I prime my glass for the nectar that awaits. Ooh, it's plenty foamy coming out of the spigot, that's a good sign. I take a whiff. Oh no, it smells disgusting. Pretty much what I'd expect from something fermenting for almost two weeks. Undaunted, I take a gulp. Hmm... not.... as bad as it smells. Is that a good thing? I'm not sure. Let me try it again without smelling it first.

Nope, pretty gross. Oh, the horror! What did I do wrong? Beer Machine, you have forsaken me!

Well, my experiments didn't work, but that shouldn't stop you from trying. Maybe get one of their newer models. I'm pretty sure mine was from the early '80s. Actually, the mix was probably from the '80s too! That explains it! It wasn't me at all! Yes! I rule!

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THEY JUST
LOVE TO
{ Fence! }



Oh gawd!



{ Gather berries
in the forest. }



OH THESE
ARE JUST LOVELY!

{ Study
esperanto! }



UNU
BIERON,
MI PETAS!

{ Practice
shooting hoops }



THAT'S
H-O-R-S!



{ wear your
clothes... (WHAT?!
WEIRD!!) }



{ sing depeche
mode barber
shop style }



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Skee-ball: a Game of Yesterday, Today, and the Day That Comes After Today

By Kate Schruth

Have you ever noticed how people can be modest about most abilities, but when it comes to skee-ball, most everyone claims to be awesome? It isn't any sort of false pride, either; they're willing to show you up at your earliest convenience. I have this theory that the reason skee-ball is so fondly remembered and generally well liked is because, essentially, everyone is a winner. Even if you do poorly, the score sign will probably still flash your numbers somewhere in the hundreds, occasionally music will even play. Plus, it spits out lots and lots of tickets. "You're so good at this," the skee-ball machine says, "and I love you." And you believe it. Skee-ball is a sweet talker? Yes. Skee-ball is also the illest shit? Double yes.

Skee-ball was born just about 100 years ago in Philadelphia, and its long history has unfolded almost completely there. The original version of the game was virtually inaccessible to all but the super brawny, as it was a game played on a thirty-six foot ramp, rather than the thirteen or ten foot ramps we know today. Over the years skee-ball experienced some important adjustments, there were alterations to the table, addition of sound and lights happened, and the brand even changed hands a few times.

However, skee-ball saw perhaps its most momentous change yet in 2005. It was in this year that two guys in New York decided to take the game, which had until then been relegated mostly to arcades and boardwalks, into the bars of New York City and into the competitive realm. Evan Tobias and Eric Pavony created the first ever competitive skee-ball league, Brewskee-ball, which has been a huge success. The league has expanded in the last three years in roughly four cities, including Charlotte, Wilmington and San Francisco. Teams in each city compete for the ultimate prize: to chug from the Brewskee mug (it's quite a trophy). I am actually among the proud contenders in NYC's eighth season of Brewskee-ball; I too vie for the top honor in the Brewskee Mug Tournament. And, although I'm far far from the best, I'm still pretty awesome and I'd be happy to show you up. Whenever's good for you.

To find out how to bring skee-ball to your town, or just see what all the hubbub is visit, www.brewskee-ball.com.

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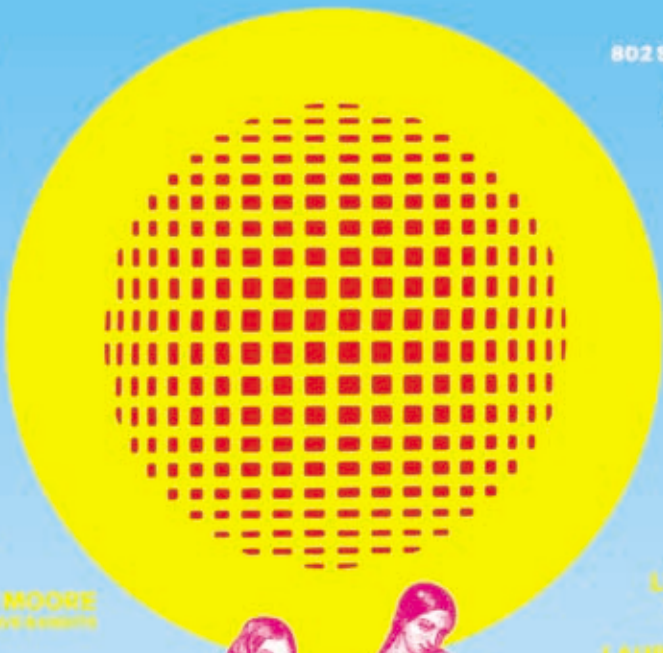
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Dolly Parton: Things You Might Not Have Known

By Kate Schruth

Art By Nicole Zinn



- Dolly Parton refused to let Elvis Presley cover her hit, "I Will Always Love You," as she would have been required to sign over half the publishing rights, as was standard for all songs he recorded. The decision has since made her millions upon millions of dollars.

- Thunderhead Rollercoaster at Dollywood, Parton's rustic mountain themed amusement park, is one of the most popular wooden roller coasters on the planet, voted as such in 2005 by both the Golden Ticket Awards and the Coaster's Choice Awards.

- *Nine to Five* was Dolly's first movie. Not realizing she only had to know her part, she committed the entire script to heart before shooting began.

- Dolly Parton is Hannah Montana's godmother. What is a Hannah Montana you ask? Turn on a TV, ya hick.

- Dolly Parton stars opposite Sylvester Stallone in the 1984 classic *Rhinestone*. The two sing a duet in the film. Apparently, Stallone turned down *Romancing the Stone* and *Beverly Hills Cop* to do the movie.

- It's rumored that "Jolene" is about a red-headed bank teller that Parton thought her husband had a crush on because he was making increasingly frequent and unnecessary trips to the bank.

- Dolly the Sheep was named after Parton, as the sheep was cloned from a mammary gland.





A Change of Perspective: Godfrey Reggio Brings the World into Focus

By Ice Cream Man

Most media is created to try to make you feel and think a certain way. There's not much between the spaces that allows for your own interpretation. This might be why we get so sick of commercials or can only watch most films one or two times. You already know what's going to happen and how it's going to make you feel and think.

Godfrey Reggio is the director behind three films, which over the past 25 years have become known collectively as the Qatsi trilogy. He's done a few other shorts films and projects but these three films, *Koyanisqatsi* (1983), *Powaqqatsi* (1988) and *Naqoyqatsi* (2002), have taken up most of his time and will cement his legacy as a filmmaker. At around the time of *Naqoyqatsi*'s release I was fortunate enough to see Godfrey Reggio speak, and was mesmerized at how many words and thoughts there are behind these films, which contain no dialogue. Since then I've wanted to speak with him but have never had a justifiable reason until now.

The Qatsi trilogy forces you to wonder about the world we live in, especially the technological implications of our progress. Godfrey believes that life is predicated on technology, but no one has spent much

time analyzing how we've transitioned from one environment to another. Technology, he points out, is an "allurement that cannot be denied. It's so powerful. It portends the miraculous as far as I'm concerned."

When asked if he has participated in a lot of the technological aspects he analyzes, he admits the use of a cell phone while on the road. He's largely refrained from hopping on the web, though, out of fear that he will "become what [his] hands do. We think with our hands." In regards to the vast resources and choice made available on the internet, Godfrey counters, "The more information you know, almost the less you can do... it demobilizes you." With all we already know, he states, "it becomes addictive". We're so inundated with information that we've found ways to access even more of it without considering what we might be losing in the process.

We here at Ice Cream Man don't really get by without the combined efforts of our crew, and I figure it's the same for Godfrey. It's hard to imagine his films without Philip Glass' scores. Ron Fricke, the cinematographer on *Koyanisqatsi*, has played a crucial role in the development of a new type of movie and has gone on to direct



Baraka, which is also a genre favorite. Godfrey points out that the films are clearly beyond his capacity alone. He views his job as organizing a group of artists who have a collaborative ability to focus and a willingness to live in a critical forum of creation. It's obvious upon viewing these films that years of teamwork and innumerable edits have gone into the arrangement of images and sound on the screen.

It's refreshing to hear from successful people that they can buck the trends of modern and conventional life and instead focus on art and creative projects. When I bring up Godfrey's non-profit organization, the Institute for Regional Education, he asserts that he and his colleagues have always wanted a venue where they will be able to do their own work without being involved in the ordeals of business. It seems to be easier to rely on investment angels for funding and let them cash in on any financial success the movies might have. "If it were for profit, it would make the collaborators adversaries and poison the intention of the piece." These films have been never about money. Godfrey's team simply wants to make an offering that will

be in the public gaze, and cinema is the most powerful medium they can imagine.

Godfrey is working on a new project, which he calls a tragic fairy tale and a cinematic opera. It will feature actors and performers, but this time around there will be non-verbal narration in the form of gestures, body language, facial displays and eye behavior. "It's about a global heat wave created in the collision of the biosphere and technosphere. It's a fairy tale so I can be fanciful." He has just secured his first investor for the project, and things are shaping up for another film that's sure to be unlike anything else out there.

"I learned early on that you can do films like blocks on a wall or like formulas, which in effect become the use of film to give people your point of view," explains Godfrey. "I prefer to offer something that has an ambiguity built into it, to turn the camera around and look at the world we live in, in a way that maybe we haven't looked at because we're so immersed in it... to try to refocus on other things that are so present that they're hidden in plain sight."



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How to Get Away From Hollywood While Being Away From Hollywood Anyway

By Dina Guidubaldi

I'm thinking that hanging out on a movie set all day is going to be exciting, but it isn't. Instead of people in silk robes smoking long cigarettes and using lorgnettes (what movie am I thinking of, anyway? *Dangerous Liaisons*?), there's a lot of barbecue sauce spilled on the counter and someone somewhere has got a Camel Light going. Instead of being dazzled by the stardust and mesmerized by the glitz, I'm wondering why I'm spending my weekend inside my friend Jose's house — where every window's been blacked out and every light fixture's been replaced with fluorescent bulbs equaling the output of the sun.

Rather than outside in the real sun, I'm confused about why there seems to be blue tape everywhere, yet someone's always wondering where the roll of blue tape is. I'm confused about why this is less like the swimming pool and cocaine set I wanted to see (I guess now it's *Less Than Zero*) and more like a physics classroom, where the camera has to be weighted down and the dolly's got to be pushed just so and the shadows have to be filmed before the sun sets, even though there's no sun, only those awful light bulbs making my eyes vibrate.

With my allergies, I'm bad at being quiet, so I hide my nose and mouth inside my

t-shirt and breathe as softly as I can, and then wonder why the rest of the cast and crew are looking at me weirdly. I'm confused about why the main actress, Jessica Robertson, keeps acting for about five minutes after her scene's been filmed, and whether the lead male, Nicholas Yedinak, is actually sick or just acting like the corpse he's supposed to play. I guess this is what happens when the movie you're making — in this case, the movie co-directors and co-writers Greg Omelchuck and Tre Ziemann are making — is a fifteen minute horror short called *In Sickness*, filmed on a relatively modest budget of \$20,000. I guess this is what happens when any normal person grows up in America under the silvery thumbprint of Hollywood and becomes deluded by the industry. Regardless, after spending all weekend on the set, a ranch house in north Austin, I'm still confused and full of questions, like...

Dina Guidubaldi: What'd you spend that twenty grand on?

Chuck Omelchuck: About fifteen grand for all the camera equipment. The other three to five is for Tre and all his equipment then another two to three for paying actors and crew and buying food. The thing is that we don't have to buy a lot of this again... it's paid for, not rented, so every film hereafter is cheaper.



DG: Why horror?

CO: We wanted to do horror for my love of comedy and to practice doing effects. We're both big fans of the '80s horror comedy genre... Horror in the long run has a bigger audience base and we hope to get into the horror feature industry to make good horror films which in turn will fund other non-horror projects. You'll see part of this movie on our website at **LastGasp-Studios.com**, and we'll probably enter it in the Fantastic Fest next summer. We don't plan on submitting it to SXSW or some of the bigger festivals, since SXSW isn't about supporting local films anymore. My last short, *Piggyback*, was picked up by some of the major national festivals last year but was rejected locally. Plus, horror is just fun to do.

Tre Ziemann: Horror's cool!

DG: How do you make those masks?

TZ: There's this thing called alginate you use to make a negative impression of someone's face, then you fill it with plaster.

DG: And the guts that are gonna spill out in the bathtub?

TZ: Guts? I think we're just getting chorizo. Don't ask me that, we haven't figured that part out yet.

DG: You need to experiment with tripe, maybe.

TZ (coughing into his arm and looking away): Hm.

DG: You think doing this in Austin is better than, say, LA?

CO: Cheaper and less forms to fill out..."You say, Movie in LA," and the dollar signs go up. People can't afford to work cheaply there, and Austin has good talent too.

DG (to the main actors, who are actually dating): How do you know the other one is serious, ever? How do you trust each other, when you can fake-cry?

Jessica Robertson: That's not a fair question.

Nicholas Yedniak: You gotta check your relationship at the door.

JR: Yeah, we don't pull that! Just like any relationship. Our problem is just we're both very dramatic.

NY: Yeah, like after a set we have to reassure each other. Sometimes you have to touch stuff (he picks up a Coke can, a

Sprite can) to bring you back.

DG (To Eli Slate, sound guy): What's that thing you keep carrying called?

Eli Slate: A boom mic?

DG: Do you really have to balance that on your back?

ES (shrugs): Yeah.

DG: Do you have a cigarette I can borrow?

TZ: Nope, I quit.

DG: What about that one you were smoking yesterday after the filming?

TZ: What? You made that up.

DG: Why do you keep reusing that Corn-ingware container full of baked beans every time there's a scene of them eating dinner?

CO: It's all Jose had at the house.

DG: Why do you have a guy doing second camera when there's just one camera?

CO: He (Tai-San Chow) brought one but we don't need it; he wears many hats besides second camera.

DG: Where's that roll of blue tape?

CO: Dunno. That blue tape's elusive.

DG: Anything else?

CO: Yeah. If you're a rich investor, please fund our feature film so we can quit the video game industry.





Sarah Kay Peters Plays at Life

By Julie Ingram

Sarah Kay Peters is a Capoeirista who trains with Instructor Guatambu at the United Capoeira Association in Los Angeles (UCA in LA). She has been practicing the art for about five years.

Julie Ingram: What is Capoeira?

Sarah Kay Peters: Capoeira is an Afro-Brazilian martial art that incorporates acrobatics, music, philosophy, history and community into one art form. The music and dance aspects came from disguising the combat aspects so slaves could use it to free themselves and others. Capoeiristas were looked at as outlaws and bandits for years, and there was no formal training system set up until the 1930s. As my mestre, Mestre Acordeon, puts it, Capoeira is “a dance-like fight, a fight-like dance, a song, a way of life!”

Jl: How has Capoeira impacted your life?

SKP: The biggest way Capoeira has impacted my life has been to give me an amazing community. Since I don't have any biological family in Los Angeles, UCA in LA has become my family. The UCA has a network of schools all around the country, and we are encouraged to go to other schools for their batizados and workshops to meet other Capoeiristas and continue developing our Capoeira community.

I am also in better shape than ever before. Capoeiristas have the best booties in the world!

Jl: What kind of music accompanies the art?

SKP: Capoeira has its own songs and rhythms to accompany the different games. The music, specifically the rhythm played on an instrument called the berimbau, lets the players know what kind of game to play. One person sings the lead, and everyone else sings the chorus. The songs are sung in Portuguese. There are no specialists; everyone learns the songs and how to play all of the instruments.

The berimbau tells us what kind of game we are playing by what rhythm we are playing. It also gives us the pitch to sing. It looks like a bow (as in bow and arrow) with a metal wire, usually a tire wire, and a gourd tied onto it with a string near the bottom to amplify the sound. Raising and lowering the gourd changes the pitch of the berimbau. You hit the wire with a wooden stick called a baqueta, and in that same hand, you hold a small shaker called a caxixi. You use the other hand to hold a stone or coin used to get the two notes out of the wire, and the berimbau itself.

Jl: Have you ever used Capoeira in self-defense?

SKP: I've been fortunate enough to have never had an experience where I need to test my Capoeira skills in a real life self-defense situation. I have had to rescue a few parties from a deadly, vacant dance floor with some sweet ass Capoeira. Nothing gets a party started like a couple of Capoeiristas tearing it up.

Jl: What about Capoeira keeps you intrigued?

SKP: Capoeira is more than learning attacks and defenses or singing the songs; it is looking inside, seeing who you are, and who you want to be and what you are willing to do to get there. I haven't even scratched the surface of Capoeira, but it is very clear that it will be with me my whole life, teaching me patience, commitment, discipline, community, self expression, and to come back, try harder and give it my best every time.

For more information on Capoeira, visit capoeiraucainla.com.





They Sing the Body Ecstatic: A Discourse With Bodies of Water

By Thomas McMahan

Like a renegade gospel choir, Bodies of Water sing their hearts out over a frenzy of twanging guitars, rumbling drums, pounded keys and blaring brass.

The Los Angeles-based band delivered a stunning set of blissed out rock symphonies last year with their full length debut, *Ears Will Pop & Eyes Will Blink*. After issuing it on their own Thousand Tongues label in July, they joined the roster of Secretly Canadian, which began distributing the album in December.

Live, the core Bodies — husband and wife David and Meredith Metcalf, Kyle Gladden and Jessie Conklin — are often joined by a small army of instrumentalists, crowding stages and enrapturing audiences.

The group has several shows lined up during South by Southwest, including the Secretly Canadian/Dead Oceans/Jagjaguar showcase, where they'll perform amid the likes of Jens Lekman, Black Mountain and Phosphorescent.

Here, singer-guitarist-clarinetist David Metcalf discusses the band's distinctive sound, a new album in the works and the allure of the Gulf of Mexico.

Thomas McMahan: Have you guys played at South by Southwest before?

David Metcalf: Yes, in 2007. We enjoyed

it. Some of our best friends live in Austin, and we ended up seeing the town with them rather than doing a lot of official music listening and watching. They've had a baby since last year's festival, and they named Meredith and me the godparents. We keep her if they die, so we will be sizing her up for most of our week there.

TM: How would you describe your music to someone who's never heard it and isn't terribly knowledgeable about music in general, like a co-worker or a friend's parent?

DM: We usually tell people that there are four of us — two men and two ladies — and that all of us sing together, but it is rocking.

TM: Indeed, you guys have some striking vocal arrangements. Do any of you have choir experience?

DM: I don't, and I don't think Kyle does. I think Meredith sang in a junior high school choir. I don't know about Jessie.

TM: You guys recently did a *Take Away Show*, in which you were filmed performing outdoors, sans fans, in a couple of exotic Los Angeles locales, Olvera Street and Chinatown. How did it feel to be playing for people who, I presume, had no idea who you were or what you were up to?

DM: I was a little nervous at first, but I found out after the fact that my bandmates didn't share in my apprehension. I got over it pretty quickly. It isn't much different than playing for people at a rock show — people on the street seem to care a little less.

TM: So you guys have been doing some recording recently. Are you working on a new album?

DM: Yes. We are in the thick of it right now. I laid down some fierce clarinet solos just this evening. I am a terrible clarinet player. I only got it a couple of weeks ago — maybe a month. Things have been hectic and my timeline is a little awry. We are planning on finishing the record before we leave for Austin in a couple of weeks, so we are really hustling. It will be interesting to see what happens with it. It's a little different from the other one.

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