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DAZED AND CONFUSED

Looking Back with Richard Linklater,
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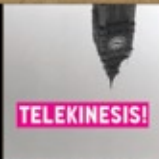
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Off the Wookiee

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Another trip to Austin, another edition of *Off the Wookie...* another trip to Hoover's!

OTW4 started out as our "rally" issue. This idea went out the window when we snagged interviews with the cast and director of *Dazed and Confused*, but if you look closely you'll see vestiges of the rally hanging on to Richard Linklater's coattails. That said, we're sticking with the Wookie's original premise: This is our own "super fun happy motivate manual for joy making," and we hope it makes you super fun happy.

Thanks to all of the staff writers for keeping the Wookie alive for yet another year. More thanks to Jakprints, Jeremiah, Chris, Christine (the wookie wouldn't be the same without your art), Richard Linklater, Wiley Wiggins, Jason London, Kirsten at Detour, all of our advertisers (this wouldn't exist without your help), Kate Gahan, The Austin Health Department, the folks at SXSW for throwing the biggest and best party of the year, Helen and Cache Agency, Shea M. Gauer, Andrew Young, Beth Bellanti, Dameon Guess, Aaron Zacks, Doug Freeman, Hoover's (we really like them), Rob and Cream Vintage, the cast and crew of *Dazed and Confused*, Alamo Draft House, Austin Film Society, and all of Ice Cream Man's crew, writers, photographers, and artists. We like you!

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Meeting Ice Cream in Person

By Brian Butler

My first encounter with an ice cream person was unexpected. En route to mini golf course #45 on our tour of every miniature golf course in Massachusetts, we saw her: a ten foot tall Madonna sporting a top hat and strawberry flavored dimples. Time slowed down, and our car slowed down to match.

We had to stop and examine her feminine face. It grotesquely complemented her masculine Popeye arms, resting against her sugar cone body, which continued down to a phallic point between her legs. She was confident. Her body language was proof: Gender was no issue for this roadside Amazon. Nor was gender the topic of our discussion. We had discovered an ice cream person! We had never considered the existence of an ice cream-human hybrid, but before us stood what I would estimate to be 400 gallons of undeniable evidence. We left her as

Art By Brian Butler and
Veronica Hebard (hebsandfish.com)

quickly as we had met. Our quest was not to befriend roadside oddities; we had miniature golf courses to explore.

Not too long after, on our way to course #63, we were stopped by a second frozen individual. This time it was a giant vanilla soft serve clown, flagging us down with a banner that read, "OPEN." Unlike the Amazon, the clown had no legs. His handicap didn't impair his sense of humor; his expression clearly indicated he was excited for our company. His big red Bozo lips exaggerated his already ear-to-ear smile. He didn't actually have ears, but neither did the Amazon – it was becoming clear that both of them were part of some underground community. I wanted to learn more.

What followed was a nightlong exploration of the expansive Internet. As it turned out, my encounters were

not unique. Photographic and illustrated documentation of ice cream people was fairly easy to find. What I had difficulty tracking down was an authority on our frozen friends. I wasn't looking for a run-of-the-mill cryptozoologist; I wanted someone who specialized in anthropomorphic food. Specifically, I was searching for someone who could explain the origins and sociological significance of ice cream people. I didn't find that person, and as a result my project, Ice Cream People, was born.

My goal as ice cream people research coordinator is to elevate the ice cream-human hybrid to the same legendary status as Bigfoot or The Loch Ness Monster. By consolidating the evidence, stories, and artist renditions into a cohesive database of frozen facts, I am creating a foundation from which the existence of ice cream people may be realized.

Since the development of his web site, Brian has received eyewitness accounts of ice cream people from all over the world. In an effort to heighten awareness and simplify the artist rendition process, he has formulated a template for illustrating an ice cream person. This postcard, adorned with an empty ice cream cone on the front, is a means for Ice Cream Enthusiasts to quickly illustrate the being-in-question. There is room on the back for a written description, and the postcard is addressed to Ice Cream People Headquarters.

If you've come across an ice cream person, please visit theupperhandart.com/icp.html to download a printable copy of the template. You can learn more about ice cream people at icecreampeople.org.



Art by Mister Reusch (misterreusch.com) and Tofu Squirrel (tofusquirrel.com)



A Guardian of the Real

By James Boo

In Mexico City people know the name, “Super Barrio.” Equal parts political activist, folk legend and bona fide luchador, this masked avenger of the poor was the first great banner bearer of what has become a veritable subculture: that of the real life superhero. Send the term through Google, and you’ll come across galleries, networks and Myspace pages devoted to everyday citizens who adopt costumed identities in their quest to make our world a better place. Super Barrio, Captain Jackson, Citizen Prime: These are a few of the names that ring out in contemporary superheroism.

On an icy, blustery weeknight in Manhattan’s Washington Square Park, the only man who can hear that ringing is walking ten paces in front of me, clad in sleek black and red leather and scanning the premises for signs of unlawful activity. His name is Dark Guardian, and he is not a folk legend. Even in his relatively subdued superhero outfit, the Guardian attracts bewildered glances from nearby students from New York University.

“I try to go out about once a week,” the muscular, deliberate Guardian explains as a matter of fact, impervious to civilian doubt. “Some nights I’ll focus on patrolling. Some

Photos by Bobby Lin (flickr.com/boboli)

nights I’ll focus on homeless outreach. I like to mix it up.” After a few uneventful circles around the perimeter of the park, he points out that the winter freeze often pushes drug dealers off of their warm weather corners in this part of town. Had he come across an offender, the Guardian would have confronted the dealer with a threat to call the police.

This is not the lucha libre. Dark Guardian is not about masks, capes or dramatic flair. As the silent gloom of an urban February sends shivers through the city, we hop into his ride, a black Mazda four-door with matching red console and “I <3 Jesus” tags hanging from the rear-view. Our hero pops in an old Linkin Park disc, turns on his portable GPS navigator and cruises uptown for the next part of his beat.

“I don’t get a good feeling when I see police, to be honest,” he admits as we head towards a church that he tends to stop by when patrolling the city. “I know a lot of people don’t. I think they need more—I don’t know how to describe it, but just—that rapport with people. As far as fighting crime, stopping crimes, I think they’re doing a really great job. But I feel like the connection with people isn’t there.”

When the Guardian pops his trunk to reveal a case of 12 oz. water bottles and a box of generic chocolate chip granola bars, he’s working to build the connection he feels the city has allowed to slip through its cracks. He strides up to the front steps of the church, where homeless New Yorkers huddle under the eaves of God for a night’s rest, off of public property and away from the reaches of the police, who would rather they find their way to one of the city’s homeless shelters.

The Department of Homeless Services wants little to do with the Guardian’s efforts. “They basically want people to get so desperate that they have to become a part of the system,” he laments, the tail end of a Brooklyn accent flickering through his plainspoken words. The homeless “just don’t want to go there. They’re afraid if they go there, they’re gonna get robbed, they’re gonna get jumped.”

He shakes his head at the reality of the situation. “They’re like, ‘You stay a night there!’ They’d rather be out on the streets. It’s gotta suck to be out on the streets... on a night like this? It’s miserable.” Placing a small action of compassion over the “it takes a system” mentality of his city hall counterparts, the Guardian asks the group of squatters on the church steps if they need any water or food. They welcome the gesture, shaking his hand, joking about his outfit and asking where his motorcycle is. He smiles, tosses granola bars to the men wrapped up in blankets, makes a second trip to his car for more water bottles, following through on a routine he’s been refining over six years of activity as a real life superhero.

Notwithstanding his Hollywood grade outfit, this is usually as glamorous as Dark Guardian’s career gets. “Doing little things,” he emphasizes, is the key to his hobby heroism. “It’s those little things, and it’s about getting everyday people involved in doing something.” With no legend to his name, the Guardian thus bears the spirit of Super Barrio, keeping an eye on his neighborhood and using his martial arts training and steeled composure to protect the innocent when necessary, but most of all existing as a public embodiment of the values he hopes to inspire in others.

It’s as highly visible role models that America’s costumed heroes envision themselves as a complement to law enforcement and public service. From raising money for youth charities to organizing local service programs to giving out directions in Times Square (the sole duty of New York City’s “Direction Man”), they are at once marvel and mundane. Most harbor no illusions of infiltrating criminal organizations or sweeping away the multi-generational roots of crime and poverty, electing instead to send vibrant messages of community, responsibility and connection to those who would rather step aside than try to save what’s around them every day.



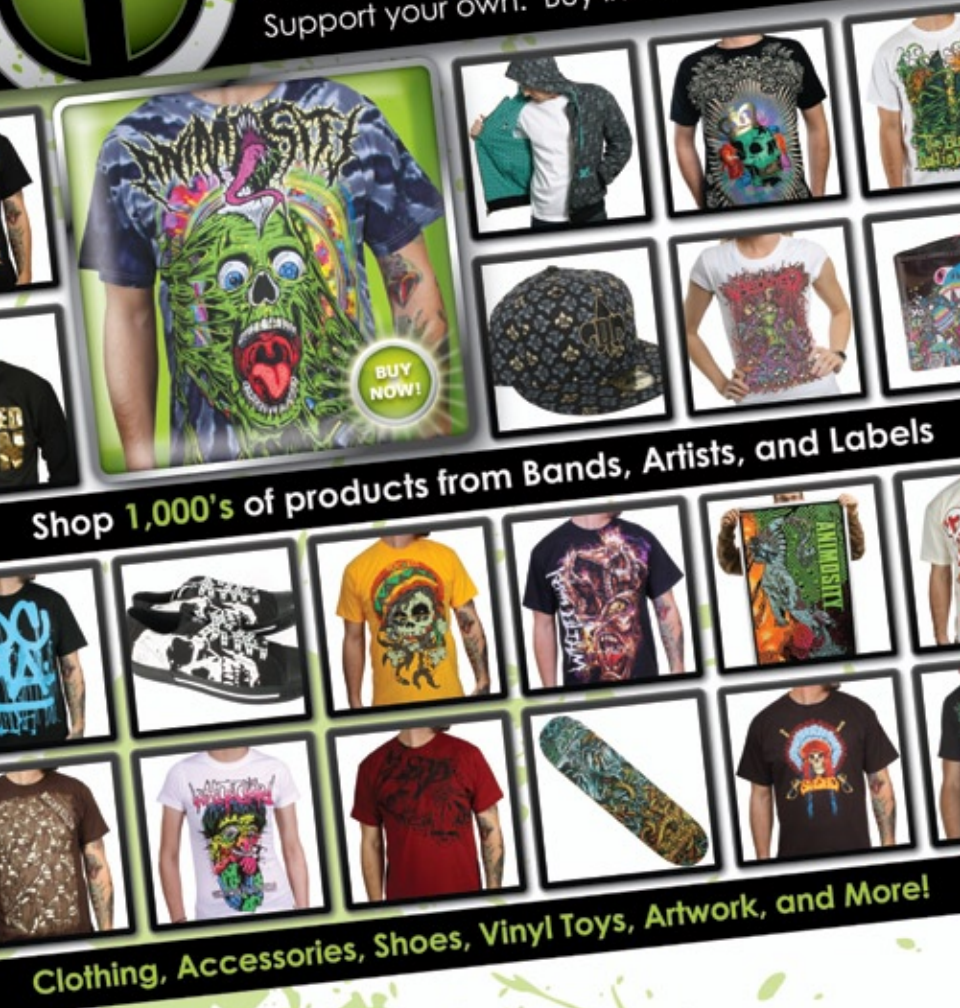
“I grew up in Brooklyn and have seen a neighborhood turn bad,” the Guardian recalls of his hometown, Canarsie. “I have seen what desperation and crime can do to a community. I’m not axin’ regular people to tell a drug dealer to get the Hell out... but it really is everybody’s problem, the crime, and if everybody started to pitch in a little bit, give back, do something... we’d live in a better place.”

When midnight strikes the heart of New York City, it’s difficult to envision Dark Guardian creating the better place he describes in his interviews, talk show appearances and daily interactions with New York’s citizens. He is, however, surely a hero, and this is certainly real life.

You can find out more about Dark Guardian and other real life superheroes at reallifesuperheroes.org.



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An Ice Cream Man's Just Deserts

By Ice Cream Man

Few people can say they have driven a 25-year-old ice cream truck thousands of miles across continents. As luck would have it, I tracked two of them down for *Off the Wookiee*. John and Dan Clemens, brothers now living in Seattle, decided a few years back to participate in the Plymouth/Dakar Challenge, a journey from Plymouth, England to Banjul, Gambia. Not only did they complete the challenge, they kept the budget of their vehicle, a 1971 Bedford ice cream truck, to a few hundred British pounds and did almost all of the work to prepare the truck for the 3,800 mile trip through France, Spain, Morocco, Mauritania, and Senegal.

The idea to use an ice cream truck came from a story Dan had read about some Brits who had attempted it a few years earlier but broke down a couple hundred miles into France. The brothers flew over to purchase the same truck, still sitting in the French junkyard where it had been dumped, but couldn't afford to pay the owner's asking price. While pounding Red Bulls to help get them back to the airport at 2 a.m., they picked up a local newspaper and found an ice cream truck within their budget in its classified section. They headed back to town, purchased the truck and worked out storage so they could return a few months later to dedicate two weeks to a complete overhaul for the tour.

Currently, John and Dan are riding their motorcycles from Seattle to the southern tip of South America. I caught up with John in the middle of Mexico and to chat about the journey with their ice cream

Photo By Neil Rickards (flickr.com/photos/neilrickards/) truck, Creamy. Having given away a ton of ice cream in my own truck, I naturally wondered if they had packed any treats for the road. Of course, they had – would you drive that far in an ice cream truck if you'd weren't prepared to make people happy along the way? In Gibraltar, Spain, they loaded up around 400 pieces and kept them in small chest freezer powered by an constantly running on board generator.

Once inside Africa, John and Dan joined up with five other vehicles and, thanks to their mechanical know-how, were able to keep the entire caravan running. Sure, they never made it more than 250 miles without having to fix something, but after some key repairs the mechanical work wasn't too serious. When stuck at border crossings for hours, they would play ice cream man chimes through the Nichols music box and sling some cream or play Frisbee, all while waiting for the guards to lower their financial demands and let them through. At one point the brothers were driving through the desert and saw a group of workers digging ditches on the side of the road. They decided to give the workers some ice cream, but when they first turned on the chimes, nobody knew what they meant. John and Dan not only had to convince the workers to take the ice cream, they also had to show them how to eat it.

Read more about the Clemens' ice cream adventure at creamytreats.com. You can also learn about their current trip to Tierra Del Fuego, Argentina, at motorbothers.net.



A PURE Freak Show: How to Join the Cirkus

Article and photos by Jackie Canchola

In Seattle, Ringmaster Xavier Frost, wearing a full drag outfit of black leather corset, one-piece red spandex cat suit and 20-eye heeled boots, cracks a rubber whip to break down the fourth wall between the audience and his dazzling performers. This is no ordinary circus ring master under a huge tent top with waxed mustache and red fishtail coat. Step right up and witness the most unique, electrifying circus show on earth! Come one, come all to PURE Cirkus!

First, though, look up “circus” on Google. What are the first three results that pop up? Ringling Bros. Circus, Britney Spears’ latest album on Amazon.com, and the Wikipedia page about Circus (Britney Spears album). The classic model of the old circus has almost vanished.

What happened? By the mid-20th century, people found alternative forms of entertainment, causing money for the touring circus started to disappear. Troupes were unable to travel when the towns they would visit might not have a profitable turnout. These groups began to be attacked for using animals in the performances, and the prohibition of animal acts in many U.S. cities changed the popular view of the modern circus.

Before PURE Cirkus was born in the Pacific Northwest, there were many small troupes in the area. It wasn’t until The 4 Horsemen, a not-for-profit production company, founded the Cirkus that hundreds of performers in the Northwest found a troupe dedicated to producing the experimental theatrics of local talent.

“You can’t throw a rock in Seattle without hitting a performer,” said Ring Master Frost, who is also one of the original founders of the two organizations. As a collective of local performing artists and a booking agency, PURE Cirkus holds auditions on behalf of venues seeking specialized performers, including stilt walkers, aerialists, illusionists, geeks, freaks, fire breathers, acrobats, fire eaters, poi jugglers, psychics, musicians, clowns and many more. The Cirkus also provides educational programs such as: “Marketing for Cheap,” “M.C.’ing with Armitage Shanks,” “Turning Performers into Business-Minded People,” and “Fair Compensation for Performers.”

On stage, PURE Cirkus focuses on expressive storytelling in live performances by merging elements of street performance, cabaret, Cirque Noir, burlesque, live theater, circus acts, and tribal and industrial music, with body modification and fire

manipulation. Their mission is “to entertain audiences, provide an escape from reality and provoke thought through innovative and daring performances outside the traditional circus genre.” During a particularly dark form of performance or daring acts of the human body, it isn’t uncommon to see squeamish faces or hands covering faces in the audience.



be moths attracted to the flame, but her body moved away just as she neared the blazed tip. She finished her act by balancing the middle of the sword on top of her head, doing a little bounce, and catching the burning sword in her cleavage.

Later in the show, a shirtless man called Freak Show stepped into the ring covered with white clown makeup, tattoos and body modifications. He carried a sword and tested it on his palm, showing everyone a huge cut gushing blood to prove that it was sharp. With help from two stagehands, he was picked up by the feet and lay his chest on the sword while yelling at the crowd. Bleeding across the chest, he took off his pants and hooked a hammer to his plugged pierced ears. He started to swing the hammer with his head while a stagehand held a ceramic plate against his underpants.

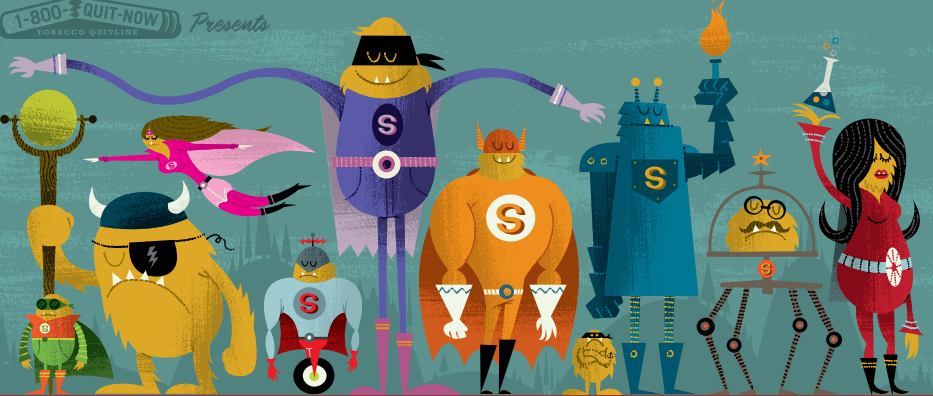
Freak Show counted off and swung his head to smash the plates with his hammer. Next, he grabbed a pair of hooks attached to a cinder block with link chains. He lifted the hooks towards his eyes. The crowd gasped and quickly looked away as he put the hooks in his eye sockets. He started to rise from his crouched position and lifted the cinder block off the ground. The stagehands then used a very large hammer to smash the cinder block. Incredibly, it seemed like there was no permanent damage... other than the damage done to the entire crowd in the form of pure horror – or was it amazement? I couldn’t really tell.

PURE Cirkus performances can be truly gorgeous. One show that I found especially captivating was the dance of the fire breathers. The elaborate costumes, imaginative make up, and revealing clothing were nothing compared to the way women belly danced with the fire they held on wand-like instruments. Music played in the background as the wands touched the women’s skin and headed towards their mouths in choreographed movements. The fire blazed up when the performers tilted their heads back and released it like human lighters.

One of the performers lay down as the other leaned over with her pink yarn hair to feed her partner the fire. They danced with one another, moving the slug-like trails of fire up and down their arms. A stagehand set a sword ablaze and gave it to one of the dancers. She moved around the blade with such ease; her hands and eyes seemed to



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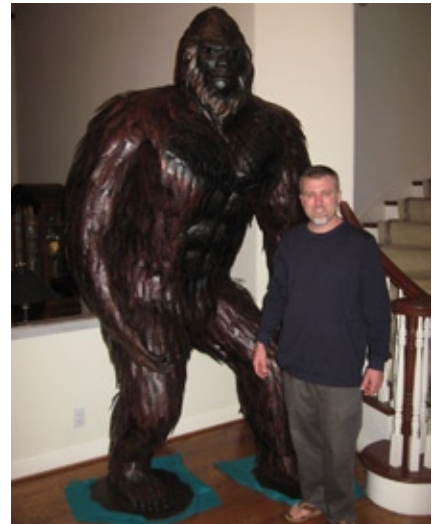
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Everybody Loves the 'Squatch

Article and photo by Cliff Barackman

Bigfoot is America's favorite monster. Since 1958, when our country became aware of the existence of the sasquatch, it has risen to occupy the apex ("Ape X") of American consciousness. Other monsters are cool, but none is as lovable as Bigfoot- after all, nothing says cute like a half-ton ape.

I spend a lot of time looking for evidence of Bigfoot. Over the last year and a half, I have logged more than 200 nights in some of the 'squatchiest places one can find. I have spoken to hundreds of witnesses, appeared as a "Bigfoot expert" (whatever that is) on several network news channels and been featured on prominent cable television shows about monster hunting. I have spoken at Bigfoot conferences, and now run a website devoted to the subject. Through all of my experiences, one of the things that continues to strike me is how completely everyone loves Bigfoot.

The sasquatch is a real animal. It isn't the product of myths, boogie man stories, beef jerky commercials, tabloid headlines, or hoaxes from Georgia. Bigfoots are living, breathing biological entities that reside in North American forests. The evidence for their existence is overwhelming. It was my

investigation of this evidence that turned my casual crush into true love.

Sasquatches are smart, nocturnal, and stealthy. They live their lives like pilots shot down behind enemy lines, sneaking around under the cover of darkness, largely undetected by us smaller, less hirsute cousins. This might be an oversimplification, but they are basically super ninjas. That certainly deserves some respect, if not love. Who doesn't love ninjas?

I often ask people, "Have you or anyone you know ever seen Bigfoot?" Here in Portland, Oregon, about one person out of four answers, "Yes." Most people are intrigued by my inquiry, and nearly all of them are supportive of my endeavors. However, I occasionally run into people who are emotionally invested in the supposition that Bigfoot is not real. Some literally yell at me about how "we would know about them by now" (a naive position, from my perspective). These angry folk actually love the 'squatch, though they might not know nor admit it. Their passion for the non-existence of the species is a quaint denial of a love unrealized. Nothing can fill that footprint-shaped hole in one's heart but the 'squatch.

For centuries, scientists have thought that new species must be killed for their existence to be proved. How barbarically ironic! Perhaps we can move past this paradigm. World renown primatologist and Bigfoot believer Jane Goodall suggests that by combining good DNA evidence and a body of decent video footage, we can bypass the need for a "type specimen" (a dead sasquatch) in proving the existence of this noble creature.

In support of this method, I call on you campers and outdoorsy folk to carry cameras with you whenever you're in a potential Bigfoot habitat. By simply keeping an eye out for new evidence, you have joined the ranks of the Bigfooters. Welcome to the club! Rally behind everyone's favorite monster, fly your Bigfoot flags proudly and know that you're not alone. It's OK. Everybody loves the 'squatch.

If you or anyone you know has seen a sasquatch, Cliff would like to know. You can contact him and read about his Bigfooting adventures at northamericanbigfoot.com.



the early 1990s, when Rally's was an up-and-coming chain that touted its low prices through TV spots starring a young Seth Green as a rival fast-food chain's drive-thru henchman who delighted in overcharging families with a resounding "Cha-ching!"

Recently, I visited a Rally's for the first time in at least 15 years, hoping that my fond memories would hold up. Fortunately, the fries are as crispy and artery-clogingly tasty as ever, but what struck me most is that Rally's is basically an exaggerated version of a fast-food restaurant.

Rally's goes one step further in the convenience department by offering the extra drive-thru lane as part of its racing pit-stop motif, and its menu truly epitomizes the philosophy, "Bigger is better." It's the kind of menu that somehow manages to make room for both a bacon double cheeseburger and a bacon double bacon cheeseburger – indeed, up until a few months ago, Rally's never made the nutritional information of its food available to customers. With gaudy visuals trumpeting the likes of the Triple Cheeseburger, Rally's brings to life one of its advertising slogans: "Double meat. Double cheese. Double flavor. Done right."

With a guide to obesity masquerading as a menu and a racing theme seemingly geared toward NASCAR Nation – perhaps this is why Rally's never really caught on in the Western U.S., given that this region of the country isn't exactly a hotbed of NASCAR fandom – Rally's is like a non-American's attempt to develop a fast-food restaurant based solely on American stereotypes.

My recent return to Rally's was certainly satisfying, but the combination of the seasoned fries and the red-black-and-white decor was enough to make me mourn the fact that my beloved Rally's in Oceanside has long since closed, and I'll never again be able to hear the sounds of an exasperated Doc Brown piped into my family's station wagon through tinny speakers. As long as there's a Rally's within driving distance, though, flashbacks to simpler times are just a bite away.

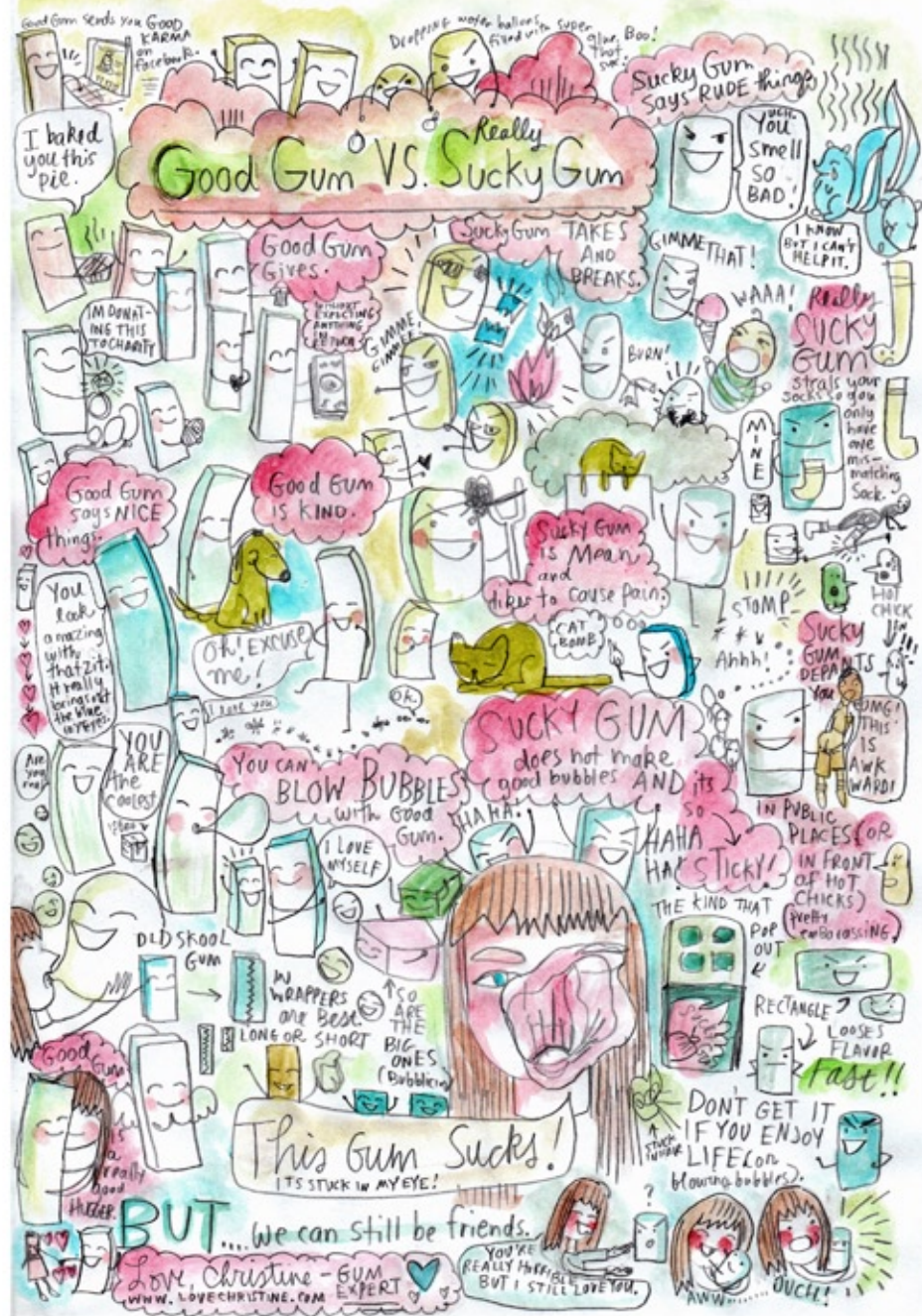
Revisiting Rally's

Article and photo by Adam Pringle

Growing up, I was always fascinated by the Rally's fast-food chain, even though I already knew at a young age that its burgers weren't exactly the best-tasting. While the likes of McDonald's had no atmospheric distinctiveness whatsoever, Rally's was a little stand flanked by drive-thrus and decorated with checkerboard tiles and other vaguely racing-themed touches that reminded me of go-karts and other things fast and fun. Rally's also had an ace in the hole that the behemoths of burger slinging couldn't touch: its seasoned fries, proof that a little bit of seasoning and a lot of grease could go a long way.

I fondly remember my family screeching through one of the drive-thrus at Rally's location in Oceanside, CA, en route (though not on time) to the late, lamented Valley Drive-In. For a six-year-old, there was nothing better than an evening of good-and-greasy fries and my dad weaving through traffic, capped off with the likes of *Back to the Future Part III* on the big screen under the evening sky.

The Rally's chain is still chugging along, with more than 815 locations in 28 states (many of which are under the name Checkers, a similar fast-food chain that merged with Rally's in 1999). Still, it's a far cry from





Brunch Is for...

By Cathy Erway

Photo by Cathy Erway

Perusing the Tumblr dashboard one day, I came across a post that had been reblogged after several reblogs by someone who I guess was once a friend. It depicted the torso of a male wearing a T-shirt that said, in broad capitals, “Brunch is for ass-holes.” Someone had snapped the photo on the street, and had little idea who’d made the shirt and why. After I giggled, I found myself wondering, why is this shirt funny? What is it about brunch that makes it for assholes?

Brunch is a very peculiar bird. It’s a hybrid meal, the only one that has its own definite menu genre and English word (I’ve tried having “dunch” but it’s just not satisfying unless a midnight snack follows). It’s essentially breakfast food rolled into lunchtime, and it can begin as late as four o’clock in the afternoon. It’s a lazy person’s breakfast, held on the weekends for the lazy late-risers. Nobody eats brunch if they’ve already had breakfast.

Brunch is for assholes. It has languid leisure time written all over its slack-jawed, bloodshot eyeballed, oh so hungover face. And rich assholes, too, people willing to spend lunch-like prices for eggs or a slab of French toast. That brunch so often prattles on for hours, much to the harried restaurant hostess’ dismay, or the waiter’s

rudeness, speaks of leisure time not only in sleeping in but in spending the afternoon... eating. It’s no wonder that brunch is often accompanied with its own signature alcoholic drinks, the Bloody Mary or Mimosa. It murders the morning-to-afternoon appetite with a daintily drizzled, mesclun green sided or otherwise glorified breakfast food and offers a hair of the dog to further dehydrate the thirst.

Much to-do and fuss is given over which brunch place to go to, but if you take a careful look at menus, half of the options at brunchy restaurants are identical: Eggs Benedict, Eggs Florentine, eggs with some arrangement of smoked salmon, an omelet with three things. Ricotta-stuffed Brioche French toast and Belgian waffles with fruit. The fancy burger. All around ten dollars and up. The priciest places might not always pay off, but either way, watch out for the toll of those sides of bacon or hash, if you’re stupid enough to order them – or the orange juice! Lord knows Tropicana isn’t that rare. These assholes might huff and puff about such things when they hit a particularly money-grubbing brunch, but that won’t stop them from the weekend ritual. It’s too ingrained by now; brunch is a patient maid waiting to ease one from slumber with a smile.



This draws a stark contrast from the breakfast crowd. Who can remember the proletariat breakfasters of the early mornings? I barely can, since becoming an asshole myself (then nixing it by not eating out for two years). They sat hunched over on elevated barstools, gobbling hearty plates at the counter to fill their stomachs before a long day’s labor. They traded jokes with the waitresses and got up to leave quickly when finished. But breakfast is not in vogue – not amongst the young or privileged today. When remembered, most white collar office workers eat it at their

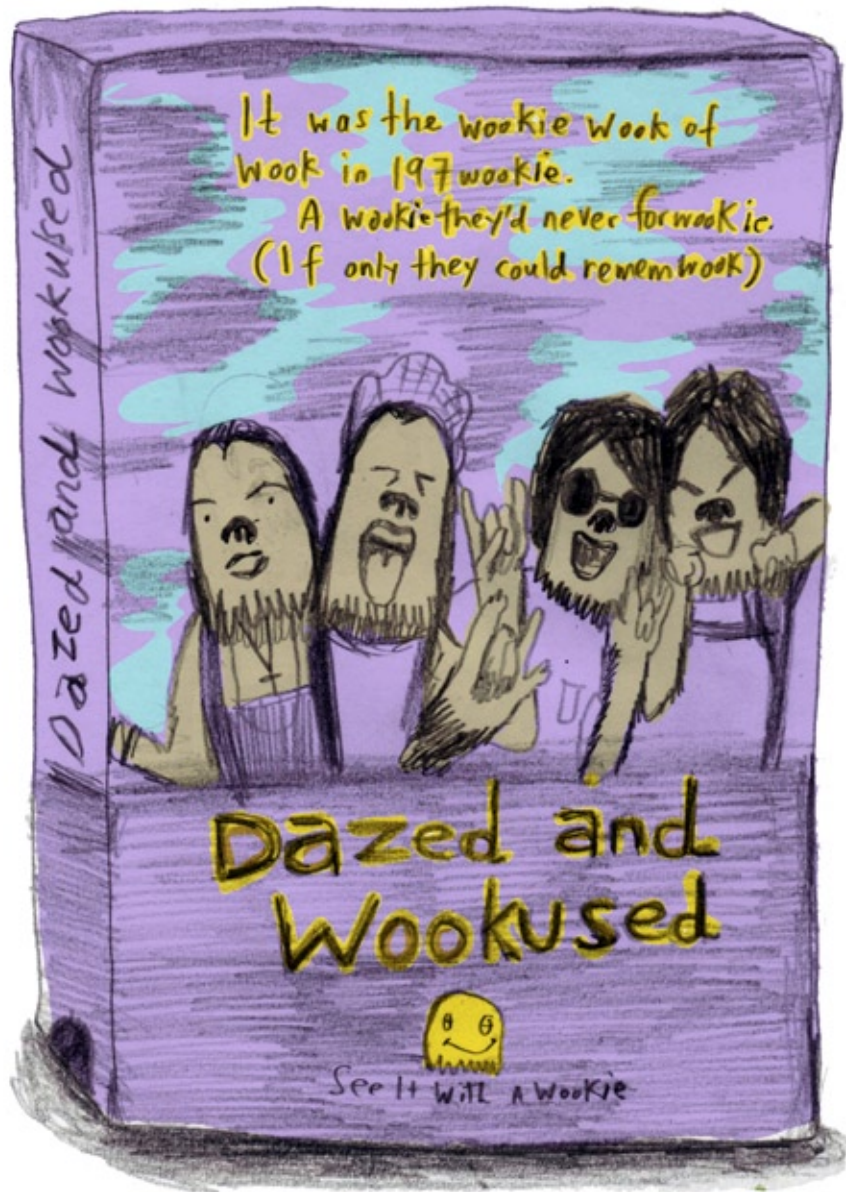
desks, if at all. It’s a thing to merely stave off stomach ache, and get out of the way as soon as possible. It is often accompanied with other routine acts of the morning: email checking, news reading, or morning show television watching.

Saying brunch is for assholes is acknowledging that it is elite; it was invented for the moneyed, leisured class. It’s not necessary otherwise – nobody needs to eat a breakfast, brunch then lunch. It isn’t even offered at lowbrow restaurants, diners and IHOP. So when I reblogged the photo of the “Brunch is for Assholes” t-shirt on my Tumblr, shaking my head and smiling as one does at a particularly probing satire, adding a little comment, “Who knew there was such solidarity?” I expected to receive the online equivalent of knowing sighs. Instead, I received a nasty email from a friend that afternoon. In it he’d Photoshopped the shirt, so the moniker now read that brunch is for... the name of his web design company. My point exactly.

Cathy is a food writer. You can read more of her musings (with recipes!) at noteatingoutinny.com.



(Omelette) Photo by Cathy Erway; (Blood Mary) Photo by Courtney Lewis



Inc, christov...



L-I-V-I-N: 16 Years Later, Still *Dazed and Confused*

Photos by Ice Cream Man and James Boo

Photos by Aaron Zacks, Doug Freeman, and Margaret Burke (<http://www.suite101.com/profile.cfm/ellenaim>)

I was in junior college when *Dazed and Confused* came out in theaters. Actually, I might have been taking a semester off and working at a magic factory... things are always blurry when you're in your late teens. I do remember that we used to roll around in my friend Ramsey's all-black 1967 Cadillac, and we had been waiting for a while to finally see this movie. On September 24th, 1993, we all loaded into the Caddy and headed to downtown Long Beach with our J's double-papered so they'd look like cigarettes. I couldn't tell you what I thought of the movie the first time I saw it, but I must have liked it, because over the course of six months I ended up seeing the movie a dozen times.

It's been sixteen years since *Dazed* was produced, about the same length of time from release date to when the film was set, in 1976. All of the fans knew it was filmed in Austin, but the city of Austin was never directly referenced in the movie. Richard Linklater, the writer and director grew up in Huntsville, TX, a small town a few hours east of Austin, and most of the story was semi-autobiographical. He tried to leave any reference points out of the film, but was forced to make a concession when he realized that his cars needed license plates. Being from Texas and having lived in Austin

for almost a decade, he stuck with the lone star state as his backdrop.

The original impulse for the film came from a night Linklater had spent in his younger days, driving around in his friend's souped up Le Mans in a town where nothing was happening. Keep in mind that this was a small town in Texas in 1976, when the legal drinking age was eighteen and there were no open container laws. During this fateful night driving 140 miles around town without actually going anywhere, ZZ Top's "Fandango" never left the eight track player. The idea of filming a movie completely taking place in a car with "Fandango" as the soundtrack was the beginning of *Dazed and Confused*.

Building Character

Richard Linklater had already made one successful film, 1991's *Slacker*, but *Dazed* was his first project for a major studio, Universal. The first eight seconds of *Dazed* cost more than three times the total budget of *Slacker*, because Aerosmith demanded \$100,000 for the use of their single, "Sweet Emotion," in the opening sequence. Even though Linklater only received about 70% of the budget and shooting days that he wanted for the film, he was able to balance his costs by working with an inexpensive

cast of young actors. Don Phillips, casting agent of *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* fame, had come out of retirement, and once he was on the project it seemed like every young actor in Hollywood wanted a role in the upcoming movie. None of the bigger names who auditioned actually made it, but many of the actors who starred in the film, including Matthew McConaughey, Parker Posey and Ben Affleck, ended up becoming household names.

To prepare the cast for filming Linklater put together notes on each character and even made mix tapes, so the actors would know what kind of music their characters listened to. He encouraged the actors to embody their characters, telling them, "If the finished product of the movie is as written, it'll be a massive under-achievement."



"We were allowed an amazing amount of freedom to play with our characters and our lines. Rick put a great amount of trust in the performers, most of whom were just kids," remembers Wiley Wiggins, who played Mitch Kramer, the newly-hazed-and-anointed freshman who spends the duration of *Dazed* as our eyes and ears, navigating the brave new world of high

school. Wiggins, along with several other cast members, was an Austin local who found his way onto the set when someone on Guadalupe handed him an open casting flier.

During the party at the moon tower, the closest *Dazed* gets to a point of culmination, resident pothead Slater (played by Rory Cochrane) is smoking a joint and talking about aliens. It's hard to believe that his extended rant about George Washington toking weed and Martha Washington being a "hip, hip lady" was never part of the script. Like many lines in the film, it was the creative work of a talented cast bringing to life characters who existed sixteen years in the past.

"You're Our Pink"

Jason London played Randall "Pink" Floyd, a friend to all of the characters of the film as well as the link between their interconnected stories and personalities. A lot of pressure came with the central role, and London had some reservations at first about accepting the part. "I have to be honest," he admits. "When I realized what an amazingly talented group of people I was working with, I had a minor panic attack...It was intimidating, to say the least."

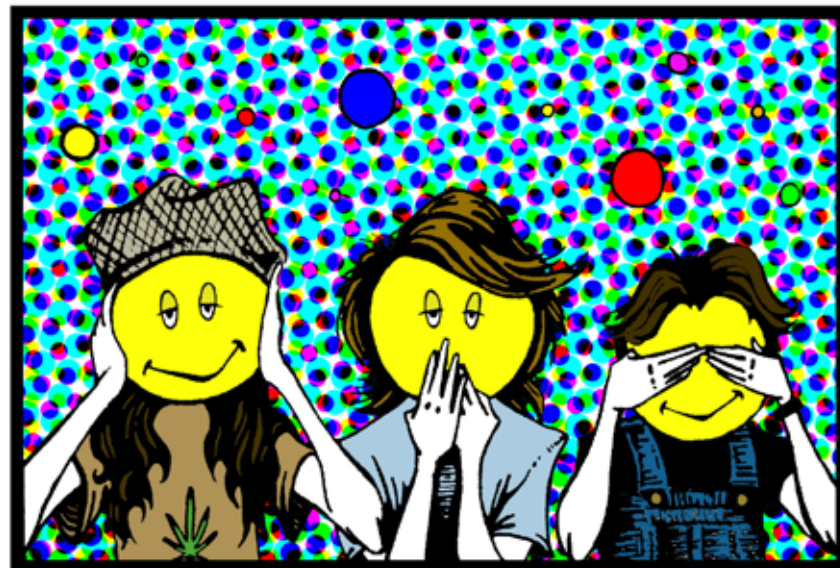


Illustration by Shea Gauer

Nevertheless, in bonding with the other members of the cast and building a chemistry with his costars, London grew into his character and contributed as much to the legacy of *Dazed* as any other actor. It wasn't until years later that he realized just how big his contribution was. "It often feels like I got lost in the mix of crazy characters and great one-liners," London remembers about playing the most even keeled and well-rounded character in the film. "I felt at times that I was under the radar, and that perhaps the kindness of Pink went unnoticed."

As he would discover, this simply wasn't so. "I've had grown men, literally in tears, thank me for showing them that there is always someone willing to be kind to them and stand up for them when they needed support," he comments. "When people recognize how cool Pink was, it means a great deal to me."

"Awright, awright, awright..."

Among the most famous actors to come out of *Dazed* is Matthew McConaughey. Don Phillips had run into him at the bar at the Hyatt Hotel, and after a few hours of talking to him about golf and girls Don offered him "this tiny part," which ended up

being the role of Wooderson, possibly the most quoted character from the film.

Wooderson was really a minor character when they first brought on McConaughey to play him, but after the actor recited what might be his most famous line outside of the Emporium Pool Hall ("That's what I like about these high school girls, man... I get older. They stay the same age."), Linklater and the crew reworked the script to give McConaughey more screen time. During shooting, when someone off-handedly mentioned that his character wouldn't be at the beer bust party under the moon tower, Linklater shot back, "The hell he isn't."

Wooderson wasn't even originally included in the film's conclusion, a post-party "joint subcommittee meeting" on the 50-yard line of the local high school's football field. By the time the crew got that far into filming, the script had been revised to include McConaughey, and the young Austinite repaid the favor by ad-libbing his way through a final speech about "L-I-V-I-N" through and against the choices forced upon the youth of America.

The Soundtrack of the '70s

It might be easy to think of the '70s as a lost decade, but there's a ton of great music that came out of those years. It's all a bit greasy, but we wouldn't have arena rock today if it weren't for artists like Led Zeppelin, KISS, Peter Frampton and Ted Nugent. Wiley Wiggins notes that "Rick went to great lengths before the movie to try to turn us on to the music he was listening to in high school. He made us all mix tapes of a lot of the stuff that ended up on the soundtrack, and a lot more." Jason London has similar recollections. The tape that Richard Linklater made for him was all he listened to while filming. It was a flashback to what his parents played around the house when he was young, and he loved it.

Similar to the soundtracks of period classics like *The Wonder Years* and *Freaks and Geeks*, the soundtrack for *Dazed* was crucial in nailing the experience of being in high school in 1976. Linklater understood this but had to fight with the studio to get them to spend the extra money for songs by Aerosmith and Bob Dylan, among others. He even gave up any profits he personally would have made from the film's two soundtracks – which sold over 2 million copies altogether – in exchange for the exact music that he wanted, not '90s bands covering '70s songs.

The tracks that ended up in *Dazed* and on the cast's mix tapes weren't all from the biggest bands of the decade. Regional artists like Black Oak Arkansas and smaller bands like Sweet were paired up with Black Sabbath, Deep Purple, the Runaways, and Foghat. Naturally, ZZ Top had to have their place in the film, and Rick personally met with their manager before filming began to make sure he would be able to get a few of their tracks into the movie. The two songs Rick pushed hard to get but couldn't lock down were Zeppelin's "Rock and Roll" and "Dream On," which he wanted to play at the closing of the moon tower sequence. In place of "Dream On" he decided to use Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Tuesday's Gone," which to this day makes me feel like the party's about to end whenever it comes on.

At the end of the film, Mitch Kramer comes home just as the sun is rising and is promptly busted by his mom for being out all night (and possibly drunk). He tries

his best to play it off like he's not wasted and jumps on his bed, throwing on his oversized headphones to zone out. I've always wondered what music was playing on those headphones, and made sure to ask Wiggins about it. "It's funny that you mention the headphone scene. There wasn't anything playing on them when we filmed, but in my mind they will always be playing 'Surrender' by Cheap Trick...That scene is a direct homage to an almost identical shot in the wonderful '70's film *Over The Edge*, and that's what's playing when Michael Kramer's character lies back and puts on his giant closed-can headphones."



The Hallmarks of Dazed and Confused in Austin

If you've spent some time around Austin you've probably noticed a few locations made famous by *Dazed*. The moon towers around town are featured prominently in the film's final segments. It's tough to shoot nighttime parties in movies, so you'll often see headlights from cars being used to throw some light on the scene. Rick figured the moon towers would be the perfect solution to the lighting problem and built a miniature version for his beer bust party.

When I moved to Austin for a stint in 2003, the place I most wanted to cruise through was Top Notch burger, which Wooderson

drives through to announce the beer bust at the moon tower. The sign and building are still on Burnet Rd. just south of W. Anderson Ln. today, but sadly the business was closed after its owner passed away. The baseball field, where the high school seniors of the film wait for Mitch Kramer to finish pitching a game before paddling him as part of his freshman initiation, is located at the corner of Shoal Creek Blvd. and North Park and still looks the same as it did then.



The pool hall where everyone hangs out, playing foosball and pool while looking cool, was actually built specifically for the movie, as Linklater wanted to recreate his old high school hangout, The Emporium. Although the original hall in Huntsville was defunct, he was able to find a shopping mall with a large vacant store and recreate a near-identical replica in its space. If you make it to North Lamar just below Brentwood St., you can check out the space and the garage where the freshmen, hungry for revenge, ambush super senior and hazing champion O'Bannion (played by Ben Affleck) with a bucket of paint.

Reflections at the Beer Bust

In 2003, Richard Linklater and crew recreated the moon tower set for its tenth anniversary. I happened to be living in Austin, working on reopening the Hole in the Wall, when word spread that there would be an anniversary screening of *Dazed and Confused* at Walter Long Park. Alamo brought out the gigantic inflatable movie screen that they use for their Rolling Road Show and set it up at the bottom of a slightly sloping grass hill. In addition to the fans, all of the cast was invited, and nearly everyone was able to make it out. My main memory of the night was driving up in my 1969 low rider

while bumping Badfinger's "Come and Get It" to the sight of the original cars used in the movie, sitting at the entrance to the parking lot.

For the cast and crew it was a time to recollect and reconnect. They hadn't seen each other for a decade and many had become highly successful during that time. Matthew McConaughey seemed to be acting the ring leader, and everyone was partying it up like you might hope. For Jason London, "the best part was just realizing what an impact we all had on the fans of the movie. I felt like a rock star. It was so moving to realize how the fans felt such personal bonds with us. They have become our family." Wiley Wiggins has similar memories. He enjoyed drinking beer and watching the film on the grass with Linklater, stopping now and then to exchange "a happy comment about something we remembered from the shoot."

Linklater himself didn't really have any expectations for the screening – when he arrived and saw all of the people in the park, his first reaction was, "What else is going on here?" As he got closer he realized thousands of fans had come from all over the world for the event. He loved knowing that so many people were having a fun time and described the night as "a high school reunion, where you wanted to see everybody."

Another bonus of the reunion aspect of the event was the chance for the cast and crew to see their own work, something that doesn't always happen for actors and directors who finish a project and move on to the next job without actually seeing the film they've just finished creating. Here in Austin, after a decade of aging, Linklater and company were able to watch *Dazed* in "a more pure way," seeing the finished product for what it was years after they had finished shooting its final scene. Once the film had begun, Linklater noticed that the print was a little faded and scratchy, probably from years of being shown at midnight movie screenings around Austin. This, coupled with the fact that the screening was held outdoors, made *Dazed and Confused* look and feel like a genuine '70s movie.

The Importance of Being Dazed

Like so many films that fall into the “cult status” category, *Dazed and Confused* wasn’t a commercial success when it was first released. As summed up by Wiley Wiggins, “It was a slow burn before anybody noticed it.”

Not only was *Dazed* eventually recognized as one of the best films of its time, it became an important piece of what has become American independent film. Over the last 20 years Austin itself has become a hub for indie films. In 1985 Richard Linklater founded the Austin Film Society, which has grown so large that it is now giving away \$1,000,000 per year in grants to independent filmmakers. The Alamo Drafthouse Cinema, which opened in 2001, has grown to include numerous theaters around town that show all types of films accompanied by food and beer. Both organizations have been a part of South by Southwest and are key in Austin’s contribution to the arts.

Richard Linklater had to fight to make the film exactly as he wanted, and he wanted to make sure that it would last forever. True to his goal, *Dazed* doesn’t look like it was filmed sixteen years ago. For a film produced at the same time as *Jurassic Park*, *The Last Action Hero*, *Wayne’s World 2* and *Rookie of the Year*, Linklater’s movie lacks the sheen and big production values that characterized blockbuster films of the early 90s. The film’s independent approach and conscious decision to avoid the star actors of its time were a part of Linklater’s desire to perfect the chemistry of the cast and create something that would outlast its major release peers.

“The movie was a wonderful launching point for a lot of acting careers,” states Wiggins. “If only everyone’s subsequent movies could have had the same heart that *Dazed* had... but, those sorts of movies are so rarely allowed to see the light of day now.”

The Drafthouse will be screening numerous films during South by Southwest. Check out originalalamo.com for show times but keep in mind that these screenings sell out fast.

Wiley Wiggins’ new film, *Sorry, Thanks*, will be playing during SXSW on March 19th at 8:30PM at Alamo’s Lamar 3 Theater.

*It’s hard for us to imagine that anyone in Austin right now who’s reading Off the Wookiee hasn’t seen *Dazed and Confused*. If for some reason you haven’t, pick up the Criterion collection and a case of beer (preferably the cheap kind... in cans), and watch it with a bud.*

Thanks to Richard Linklater, Wiley Wiggins and Jason London for the interviews, and thanks to Kirsten at Detour for her help in making this story happen.



Poster by Frank Kozik (www.fkozik.com)



3,000 Miles of Blood, Sweat and Ice Cream... and Dracula

By Lelaine Lau

Photos by Jonathan Bushnell

Social activist Kimberly Green and filmmaker Matthew Devlen couldn’t resist the ice cream truck parked in the middle of an event at Art Basel this past December in Miami Beach. Little did they know that Matt Allen, the ice cream man handing them freebie cones, already knew who they were – unbeknownst to the two of them, their antics from four years past had achieved legendary status with ice cream drivers around the world. They were about to get a frozen blast from their ice cream past.

Back in 2005, the daring duo had gone where no one had gone before in an ice cream truck.... on a 3,000 mile road trip that covered thirteen European countries in six days. A take on road race films *The Gumball Rally* and *The Cannonball Run*, the Gumball 3000, created by powerhouse couple Maximillion Cooper and Julie Brangstrup, had now become the most exclusive (and expensive) road rally on the planet.

Matthew has now driven the Gumball 3000 four times in a diverse range of vehicles, from a Porsche 911 to a 1930 Blower Bentley. It is the 1989 Ford transit ice cream truck, however, that everyone remembers. The veteran indie film producer was in LA making his 18th movie, *G.I. Jesus*, when the specter of another rally loomed on the horizon. Kimberly, a co-producer on *G.I.*, had just survived her first road trip to with Matthew to Palm Springs when she first heard about the rally. These two provocateurs shared a mutual appreciation of adventure, and Kimberly was more than happy to add Matthew to her “menagerie of collectibles.” The two took no prisoners in seeing who could out-wacky the other in topping off their one-of-a-kind rally team.

Kimberly recruited Nepalese royal Ash Rana, a Miami fashionista who immediately began designing their ice cream serving uniforms. Matthew upped the ante by tapping Prince Ottomar Vlad Dracul Kretzulesco, the only living heir to Vlad Tepes, whom Bram Stoker used as the basis for

his Dracula character. Lastly, Gumball veteran Gary Lutke signed on, heading up the search for another underdog set of wheels that would capture the heart and soul of the Gumball just as his Citroën 2CV (a French tin can) did the previous year when he won the coveted “Spirit of the Gumball.” They settled on an entry that they felt no one could resist: an innocent and unassuming ice cream truck.

Arriving in London, they still had not figured out how they were going to find an ice cream truck. Luckily, Gary knew an old chum from high school who actually had an ice cream business, so they hopped a taxi to Crawley that evening to plead their case.



“We literally pulled an ice cream cone out of the hat in convincing the guy to give us the vehicle,” says Matthew. “Then it immediately melted, along with every Nobby Wobbly, Mr. Milk and Funny Foot we had in the freezer.” So much for their plan to sell ice cream along the route to cover petrol. Matthew had forgotten to plug in the freezer at the Hilton creating “two giant, swishing, washing machines of God awful goo” that they were forced to endure for the entire journey.

As Matthew was about to discover, empty ice cream cones were the least of his worries. Gary jumped ship at the start line when his girlfriend made him choose between her and the Gumball 3000. It was revealed that Ash didn’t have a driver’s license, and Kimberly couldn’t drive stick, let alone stick on the British side of the road. The Prince of Darkness wasn’t much help, as he followed the truck in a stretch limo, babysat by socialite Alan Greenhalgh, London’s equivalent of Paris Hilton. Mat-

thew was now the sole driver for all 3,000 miles of the rally.

After the flag dropped in London, none of the other participants actually thought they’d ever see the ice cream truck again. But like clockwork, usually six or seven hours behind everyone else, the ice cream truck would triumphantly appear. Rumors swirled on how the truck was able to materialize out of thin air when least expected.

“We actually heard that a helicopter airlifted the van to the stops every night,” reminisces Swedish rally contestant Uffe Karneman, who witnessed the miracle from his black Hummer, “In Croatia for instance, the ferry was just about to leave when all of a sudden, in the distance, we all heard their infernal repetitive ice cream jingle. They’d done it again.”

Day after day, country after country, the legend of “the ice cream truck that could” grew by leaps and bounds. The truck had ticked Brussels, Prague, Vienna, and Budapest off their list with the rest of the Big Boys and their supercars. These underdogs of the road had even been boarded by the military in Bosnia, who checked their ice cream freezers for smuggled items. “You can imagine how motivated these soldiers were for us to leave the country after opening Pandora’s ice box,” recalls Matthew in laughter.

After a miserable drive up and down Mount Edna, Kimberly and Ash were both ready to mutiny. Matthew convinced them he couldn’t scoop it alone; he needed their neapolitan team spirit intact, at the very least to prevent him from falling asleep at the wheel. Reaching Rome gave the tired trio a second wind and the hope of making it all the way to France.

After 3,000 miles, Matthew, Kimberly and Ash finally had their sights on the Principality of Monaco. Averaging 50 miles per hour, the ice cream truck had managed to stay in the competition with the fastest cars on the planet and, like the tortoise racing the hare, had caught up with everyone else.

Just when they thought they had overcome every obstacle there could be, the French gendarmes stopped them solidly in their tracks. It seems there is a “petite”



ordinance on the books that prohibits ice cream trucks from the hallowed rues of Monaco.

Undeterred by French hospitality, the team found a back door into the country and crossed the finish line. “Team Ice Cream” came in second place for the “Spirit of the Gumball” award but were given the navigation award as a consolation prize. It was a bittersweet victory for them, albeit well deserved – the truck’s power adapter was broken, so they had never juiced up their rally-issued GPS unit, instead relying on Ash to navigate the entire route from old fashioned maps in a lawn chair at the center of the vehicle. Gary ultimately joined his fellow teammates for the closing night bash, now single and wearing the new scarlet letter for relationships: the Letter G for “Gumball.”

Despite a few minor meltdowns, Kimberly and Matthew have been inseparable since their ice cream days, forging a long term friendship that is the magic of the Gumball 3000 experience. If they can pull it off, the Team will reunite again this year, and have created a website, appropriately named “Rally Fever,” to monitor their highway high jinx. They’re aiming to party with a purpose by joining forces with Bang the Gavel Auction Services to raise funds for charity. Maximillion Cooper praises the ice cream truck in an exclusive statement to the Wookiee: “I just hope we have more of the same this May on our 2009 coast-to-coast trip through the States, as that is what the Gumball is about: different people from different worlds and cultures coming together

and having fun.”

What flavor is “Team Ice Cream” churning up this year? Matthew Devlen says that the Greensleeves anthem, their old ice cream jingle, will not be on the play list if they do end up in the rally again. “Sorry folks, I couldn’t do it again in an ice cream truck,” he says. “I still don’t know how I did it the first time. I was possessed.”

Kimberly Green says the metallic melody is permanently etched in her brain, no matter what the future holds. “Besides that, I have a racing hangover that will last a lifetime,” she adds. As for the rest of the original ice cream team...

Ash Rana is preoccupied with his new clothing line, Rana*Rojo, and is not accepting calls that involve Gumball 3000. Alan Greenhalgh ditched London for Istanbul and could not be reached for comment. Prince Dracul Kretzulesco passed away in 2007, though not before producing an heir, Ottomar Dracula Junior. Lastly, Gary Lutke is currently in negotiations with his girlfriend Kelly about getting advance permission to enter the rally.

Catch up with the adventures of Team Ice Cream at rallyfever.com. Kimberly Green’s charity pursuits can be tracked on greenff.org. Ash Rana’s new clothing line is blossoming at ranarajo.net.

You can learn more about Gumball’s “Santa Monica to South Beach” adventure at gumball3000.com.



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& THE NOCTURNALS • KAKI KING • GRIZZLY BEAR • KING SUNNY ADÉ • OKKERVIL RIVER
ST. VINCENT • ZAC BROWN BAND • RAPHAEL SAADIQ • TED LEO & THE PHARMACISTS
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The Plea for Peace

Photo courtesy of Mike Park.

By James Boo

When I was fifteen years old, my music came to me in the mail. 1998 was not a time of iTunes, Stereogum and Bittorrent; it was the year that packages arrived to my townhouse mailbox on a weekly basis bearing the mark of Epitaph and Dischord. Rather than floating freely through airwaves and broadband lines for anyone to snatch and redistribute, independent music existed in an underground community of mailorder, mixtapes and the almighty all-ages show.

Mike Park, founder of California-based Asian Man Records, figured prominently in my life that year. More than anyone else he exemplified the D.I.Y. ethic and “anything’s possible” mentality in music, and unlike his indie rock peers he did so without casting an intimidating shadow over the music world. In December of 2008 Mike, under the banner of his non-profit organization, Plea for Peace, opened his own community center in Stockton, CA. A reflection of Mike’s community-minded spirit and never-ending pursuit of the free, the Plea for Peace Center is the realization of a dream ten years in the making.

Five years before Ted Leo lamented, “Where have all the rude boys gone?” Mike

was organizing “an attempt to bring some kind of social consciousness” to touring and “establish a precedent in music of intelligence, unity, and equality.” His first effort, the Ska Against Racism tour, was a touring festival of bands that represented the last great gasp of third-wave ska as well as a fundraising partnership between bands, record labels, and anti-racist non-profit organizations.

As the ska revival scene began to fade, Mike channeled his acumen as an independent label owner and his knack for rallying others around a cause into what would become the Plea for Peace Foundation. He organized several more tours, one highlight being a national benefit tour headlined by Cursive in 2004, before scaling back and focusing on his long-term goal.

“It all goes back to not having that outlet when I was in high school,” Mike comments on the inspiration for his center. “Shows were scarce, and we’d usually have to travel to San Francisco...I wanted to have something that would be able to create a positive environment for the youth, but to also bring forth music and art to the community.” A regular patron of the YMCA and longtime fan of 924 Gilman

Street and other teen centers, Mike has lived and breathed community for years, defying America's single-serving consumer economy in favor of a life in which he watches films, eats cheap pizza and goes to Disneyland for free because he has a habit of making friends with teenagers, workers and anyone else who can smile wherever he goes.

In turn, when granted a \$10,000 award for community building by the MySpace Impact organization, Mike put the money directly into Plea for Peace's final push to open the venue he had hoped for as a teenager. On December 12, 2008, the Plea for Peace Community Center opened its doors to the public in an inaugural show featuring Mike, Kevin Seconds and Jesse Michaels, all elder statesmen of the punk rock community.

Getting the permits approved in a unanimous vote from city hall the day before this show was "electric," claims center manager and Stockton organizer, promoter and musician Middagh Goodwin. So was opening night: "Words cannot describe how joyous it was...It was truly a celebration and a coming together of friends new and old, fans and a community. Every time someone would come up to me and congratulate me I would return the comment, because the Plea for Peace Center is bigger than just Mike and me. It is not ours; it is the community's."

Since December, activity at the center has been moving at a steady clip thanks to the pro bono management of Middagh and his volunteer staff. The financial burden of keeping the center running has already placed the foundation on a race against the clock for new sources of funding, but Plea for Peace has wasted no time in giving locals "a place where they can feel at home and express themselves in artistic ways. We of course have music and art," points out Middagh, "but I am working at expanding to us doing an independent film series, workshops, classes, performance art, spoken word... you name it." In building a genuinely strong relationship with the community, Plea for Peace aims to prove its worth in person just as much as it does on its grant applications.

in such a small market, wondering if we can truly survive in this environment...Plea for Peace is strictly non-profit in the truest form. No paid staff, just rent and bills. It's total survival for the sake of building a community center," he reminds me. While he and Middagh have plans to open similar centers in other cities outside the normal tour circuits, the path forward seems as daunting as... well, as daunting as running your own international record label and raising tens of thousands for charity while blogging daily about family life and the biggest burritos you've ever eaten.

Thinking back on the day in 1998 I unwrapped a \$4 compilation CD from Asian Man entitled *Mailorder Is Fun!!*, I realize that, as difficult as it seems, there's no better person to tackle this dream than Mike Park. He is, after all, a man who describes his ideal world as a place "where people enjoy watching Degrassi Jr. High, and the idea of violence takes a backseat to ice cream."

Learn more about Plea for Peace and donate to their flagship community center at pleaforpeace.com. You can find out more about Mike Park at mikeparkmusic.com.



Photo by Middagh Goodwin



Free Ice Cream in the Big Apple

Article and photo By Kats

It's pretty close to midnight, and Adam and I are behind a table that's way too small for all the ice cream and fixings on it. I've got chocolate syrup on my elbow and a healthy stain on my recently laundered shirt. Adam's got it under control, despite having already enjoyed a few of our own complimentary Maker's Mark vanilla shakes. I have to admit: I am impressed by his scooping skills and composure, as a small line is definitely forming by now. To my right hangs a pink t-shirt with a picture of an ice cream cone trapped behind prison bars. I am taking it all in, lost in my revelries, when an inquiring voice interrupts, "What's all this about?" Funny you should ask...

It's 1994. My entire life is consumed by rap music. Dre and Snoop have been in regular rotation for about a year now, there's nothing I would rather have happen in my life than getting to hang out with the entire Wu-Tang Clan in Shaolin, and B.I.G.'s *Ready to Die* has just officially sealed the deal. I must rap. The next ten years are fairly typical for an independent artist trying to make a name for himself: demo tapes (yes, actual cassette tapes), Kinko's fliers, open mic showcases and countless hours spent scribbling rhymes in composition pads.

The results are typical as well: No one who isn't also trying to make a name for himself knows who I am, no record label even acknowledges the submission of my demo tapes and my friends, who at this point are the only fans I have, are forced to constantly pay unreasonable door covers to see me do one song. And, of course, I see none of

that money.

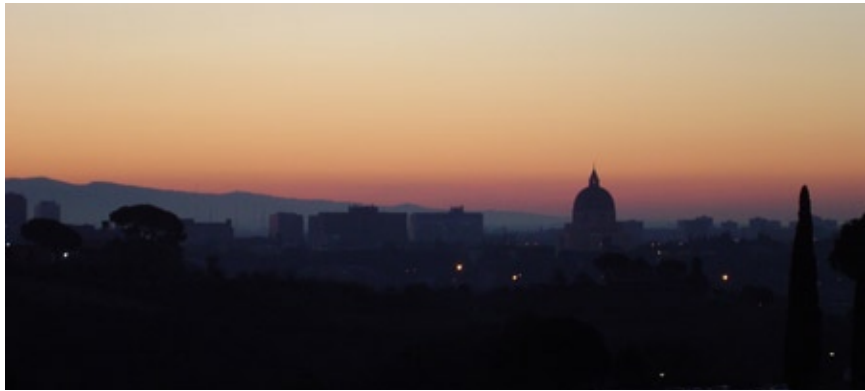
Enter Adam, aka Domer, one of the first and only artists I have ever met who hasn't tried to sell me his latest album or give me a flier for his upcoming show. Refreshing! It doesn't hurt that he is a supremely talented musician and a great rapper in his own right. Soon, Free Ice Cream is born.

What is all this about? Is it about people thinking we're cool? In 1994 it sure was. Is it about being the sickest, best rapper around? It's always about that. Really, though, it's about creating something really fun, cutting loose and enjoying ourselves with our friends, who most likely would not have stayed our friends had we kept charging them money to hang out with us.

So, here we are today, having a blast, our music blaring through the bar speakers to the genuine delight and well wishing of our good friends, looking over a sea of pleasantly surprised faces of unknowing bar goers who have just received news of ice cream and music being given away. Our parties have grown in size and popularity, and we are slowly building a loyal following. Adam and I are thrilled to be able to reach so many new people with our tunes and spread our good will, one scoop at a time. Maybe you can please everyone. In 1994, I certainly would have taken an ice cream cone from GZA.

Learn more about Free Ice Cream and the music of Kats and Domer at freeicecream.net.

"So far, so good," offers Mike. "But we're



A Cold Taste of the Old World

By Mallory Furnier

There is a divine relationship between ice cream and summer. Yet, despite the yin and yang of cool days and hot treats, my frozen treat adventures have largely been winter quests. That was the case a few years ago when I found myself studying abroad in England for a school year. Being on the doorstep of dozens of European countries was an exciting thought even in the depths of winter. The sights, the sounds, the FOOD.

One of the most enticing prospects for my palate was the chance to try honest-to-goodness Italian gelato. Growing up in a town with a population that said “city” but a roster of going-out options that said “sleepy suburb” usually meant chain restaurants when it came to dining. However, even chain plagued towns have something to appreciate. For me, it was all about the gelato shop. Small, unassuming, but full of creamy, flavorful gelato goodness.

The excitement in that cup of gelato, garnished with a crisp triangular wafer and served by a friendly employee, was exactly the thrill I hoped to find in the land of pasta and pizza. I was headed to Italy in December, but ice cream is good any time. I wasn’t going to let the depths of an Italian winter bely my goal of tasting the pinnacle of gelato perfection.

First up was a stop in Venice. I got in line at a brick and mortar storefront and ordered lemon gelato on a cone. A “per favore” and

a “grazie” later I had the prize in my hands. One lick of the cold treat left me underwhelmed at the mildness of the lemon flavor. The texture was right, but the tang of lemon I’d envisioned was lacking. The magic just wasn’t there.

Later I had another chance at discovering gelato glory at a stop in Rome. It was Christmas day, I’d just been blessed by the Pope and eaten one of the most expensive pizzas I’d ever had in my life. What better to follow that than Italy’s national ice cream?

I decided to try lemon again for comparison purposes, along with a berry flavor to mix things up a bit. I also ditched the cone in favor of a paper cup. It resulted in a different presentation, but the taste was all the same. The mild tang of lemon gelato tasted on the streets of Venice and Rome were not enough to match the excitement of that gelato shop in my hometown.

Cup or cone, Italian gelato was just not the way I’d envisioned it. Was my palate off? I wonder if it was my perception of gelato that had been formed early on by American flavoring practices. I let my preconceptions get in the way of my gelato and the enjoyment of the moment. Though I mostly think I’d underestimated the ability of American frozen treat craftsmen to live up to the fabled fanfare surrounding European food. It just goes to show, good ice cream can happen anytime or anywhere.

4th Annual Pitchfork/Windish Austin Bash

Emo’s/Emo’s Jr.
Friday, March 20th
12-6pm

12 Bands on 2 Stages

12:00 **Girls**

12:30 **The Mae Shi**

1:00 **Little Boots**

1:30 **Max Tundra**

2:00 **Pains of Being Pure at Heart**

2:30 **Woods**

3:00 **School of Seven Bells**

3:30 **Wavves**

4:00 **Dirty Projectors**

4:30 **King Khan & the Shrines**

4:30/5ish **A-Trak / Diplo**

5:30 **Department of Eagles**



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Recession Busting 101

By Margaret Crymes

Photo by Jordan Jablon (flickr.com/jo_leigh)

Lately, escaping news of the recession has been impossible, but most people aren't truly affected by it. If you don't own a home, you can't face foreclosure. While unemployment is high, not everyone is getting laid off. People are telling me that they're broke because their bills are too high, their paycheck is too small, and darn if they just cannot figure out where their money went.

Until a year or two ago, I was making the same excuses. Now I'm convinced that the butterflies in our wallets come more from an astronomic sense of entitlement than any economic crisis. 99% of the time we're not broke because of something that happened to us. We're broke because instead of tracking our expenses, we kinda sorta check our account balances once in a while. We're broke because we eat take-out on our lunch break instead of making a peanut butter jelly sammich. We're broke because instead of picking up a \$20 twenty-four pack and inviting our buddies over, we spend \$60 at the bar. We're broke because instead of setting aside \$25 to cover our travel expenses, we put Coachella tickets on our credit card and pay the balance on them every month

thereafter.

Many of us think that if we want something, then we're entitled to have it here and now. If that means shoveling a mountain of debt, so be it. Silly, unnecessary debt is part of what got us into this economic mess to begin with. Fortunately, that's exactly what personal debt is: silly and unnecessary. All you need to overcome it is common sense.

The next time you want to spend \$4 on a cup of fancy coffee, think about something you desperately want – iPhone, trip to China, flight school, plutonium for your homemade flux capacitor – and get out of line. Walk out of the store. The second you get home, transfer \$4 into a savings account with a good interest rate. Know that you are one latte closer to whatever it is you really want.

If you find yourself about to spend \$100 on pre-made, pre-packaged food, stop. Put your groceries back. Buy some baking ingredients in the big packages that will last you a while. Learn to make muffins and biscuits and bread.

If you find yourself about to swipe your credit card for an unessential purchase, whether it's \$5 or \$500...stop. Go home and set up your credit card to automatically pay your bills. Then set up your bank account to automatically pay off your card. Then cut up your card. Don't treat a credit card like a debit card.

No amount of financial advice will work on someone determined to feed her sense of want. Adjusting to the concept of delayed fulfillment is disheartening... but more disheartening than not getting what you want is freaking out on the 28th because you've got \$10.56 to your name, you don't get paid for two weeks and rent is due.

You shouldn't deprive yourself of your quality of life, but sometimes you may need to rethink what you want in terms of how you'll pay for it - and what that means for Future You. The last thing you need is Future You hopping out of a DeLorean and beating you senseless with a \$50,000 credit card bill and an eviction notice.

Read more of Margaret's tips on recession-busting and time travel at burnfive.com.



Becoming Your Own Ice Cream Man

By Brigid McGuire

Photo by Jordan Jablon

With everyone running around these days, be it from job to job or raising a family, it can be hard to get everyone together. To help stop the mayhem, I suggest you throw an awesome ice cream social in your backyard for all of your friends and family to enjoy. I mean, who is too old to savor a hot fudge sundae or an old-fashioned ice cream cone?

The first stage of planning is deciding on a time and place. Having your party on a classic weekend afternoon makes it more kid friendly and crates the option of planning fun games for everyone to enjoy. If you have enough time, it's always fun to make your own invitations in advance and send them by snail mail, but with everyone being online 24/7 these days, Facebook and MySpace would be easier, faster and cheaper methods of communication.

Next, choose the space. If you live in a tiny apartment or house, there are tons of local parks were you can set up your ice cream extravaganza. If you are moving the party outside, make sure to bring all necessary utensils and coolers full of ice to keep your tasty treats cold. I always find it fun to arrange a sundae buffet for my ice cream socials. You could have everyone bring a different and ice cream topping to make it more interesting. I remember being at an ice cream buffet cafe while I was in Brazil and being amazed at the toppings I could choose. After I created my ice cream monstrosity, I could just take it to the cashier and pay by weight.

An ice cream social can also be a neighborhood event. Put up colorful posters and fliers all over your local stomping ground. This might be easier to do on your own private property, since many cities require specific permits for large groups of people. One way to get around this is to get your neighbors involved. Combining all of your front or back yards gives you a longer space, perfect for children.

Another way to get people more involved is to have guests bring pints of their favorite ice creams. Sometimes it can get boring just eating the same chocolate and vanilla flavors, so create a triple scoop, banana-chocolate mint-butter pecan tower of ice cream! For those of your friends who might be more health minded, add some fresh fruit to the mix or settle on some non-dairy or soy ice cream options. That way, everyone can partake in the ice cream social.

Ice cream floats are also a fun and classic addition to an ice cream social. If you want to go into a more adult route, then create some beer ice cream floats. Some good beers for the combination are Framboise Lambic (a raspberry beer), chocolate stout or Sam Adams Cream Stout.

So if you are ready to crank up some good tunes, bust out the ice cream scoop, let the people come together and go throw your own ice cream social!



Photo by Al Crespo

The Conspiracy to Riot

By Jared Paul

Some artists use politics to advance their art. Jared Paul has made a name for himself by using art to advance his politics. What follows are the stripped down details (no pun intended) of Jared Paul's unlawful arrest at the 2008 RNC and his subsequent legal victory. -Sage Francis

In July 2008, I agreed to attend the Democratic and Republican National Conventions as a journalist reporting for a Rhode Island publication called *The Agenda*. I was arrested on the first day of the RNC while walking to the Service Employees International Union's "Take Back Labor Day" concert (featuring Iraq Veterans Against the War, Billy Bragg, Mos Def, Tom Morello and Atmosphere.)

Unable to take the most direct route due to police blockades, I stopped at a park to listen to the concert from across the river. I then attempted to take a nearby bridge and encountered rejected show goers. "The cops have it all blocked off, and they're not letting anybody through," they said. After a few blocks, we saw a massive wall of military men and police officers in gas masks marching toward us, show goers and protesters retreating before them. We quickly turned and headed in the opposite direction. To our dismay, another large police force had blocked off the opposite end of the narrow park.

People were screaming: "They're not letting anyone out, they're not letting anyone

out!" Armed patrol boats were positioned in the river behind us. We were barricaded by hundreds of heavily armed police who refused to answer any questions. People inside the quarantine (residents enjoying the park, college students, elderly folk, show goers, and protesters) were terrified, many crying openly. A sterile voice blared over a bullhorn demanding that everyone sit with hands visibly placed on their heads. Groups of officers rushed the crowd screaming with guns raised, forced people to the ground, cinched their wrists and dragged them off.

I was charged with "felony riot" and taken to Ramsey County Jail along with nearly 200 others. At County I was subjected to an intense strip search and left waiting naked in an open stall. I was then fitted with an orange prison jumpsuit and assigned to a floor with other victims of coordinated mass arrests. We were all placed on 23 hour lock down (24 hour room confinement with two 30 minute breaks).

It was approximately 20 hours before anyone was allowed to use a phone. We then shared phone numbers of legal collectives on call specifically for unlawful arrests, so accounts could be given and preparations made for assistance. Anxiety ran high as we encountered arrestees who had been detained days before us but still hadn't seen a judge, and word spread about a younger RNC arrestee severely beaten in his cell.

Most were held without a bail hearing for the legal limit of 48 hours. At the deadline, we were herded before public defenders and volunteering legal collective attorneys, then immediately to a courtroom inside the jail. Arrestees were brought before the full courtroom into one-person prisoner pens behind high plexi-glass and left standing in their orange jumpsuits. My bail was set and immediately bonded by a good friend, Sean Daley, but instead of being granted release or return to my floor I was subjected to another intense strip search and relocated to what appeared to be general population holdings. I was not released until early the next day.

During the release process, we were photographed by multiple government agencies and threatened with continued detainment if we were to refuse. When we got our clothes back, I found that my wallet, ID, and phone had been tagged as evidence and taken to a separate building. The officer who escorted me off the premises threatened to charge and re-arrest anyone in the group for even the slightest infraction on the way through the exit path. He put us onto the street at 3 AM without phones, money, or identification. Thankfully, a Jail Support effort had been organized and many volunteers were waiting with food, lodging assistance and cell phones.

Later, we learned that Ramsey County officers had driven many arrestees out to the city limit in sketchy or desolate areas, stranding them without anything but the clothes on their backs. It was part of a specific strategy to leave arrestees incapacitated, demoralized, and less likely to report or take part in any of the RNC events during the final day of the Convention.

The Coldsnap Legal Collective established a hotline for arrestees and everyone worked together to share information. Their highly organized campaign matched arrestees with affordable or pro bono attorneys (or public defenders with whom they felt confident). In court, the Prosecutor's office put up a tough front and immediately began to bully arrestees into plea bargaining whether there was any evidence to support their claims or not. The intent was to intimidate by threatening harsh penalties and make us weary of the travel expenses,

time and attorney fees necessary to fight through the pretrial process. It didn't work: Even though many had to make multiple trips from far-off states, a high percentage of arrestees refused to plead guilty to what they hadn't done and almost everyone who decided to fight won their case.

Upon hearing word of my arrest, my label mates at Strange Famous Records immediately set up ConspiracyToRiot.com as a way of raising awareness and collecting donations (Gold Star Donation Awards went to Sage Francis & Slug.) A private attorney was hired with the money that we raised. After I rejected plea deals at both initial court appearances, my contested omnibus hearing was set for February 26th. Two weeks before the portion of the pretrial where I could challenge the facts presented in the police "complaint," my lawyer called to announce that the prosecutor was dismissing our case due to insufficient evidence.

We won. It took a lot of time, travel and money, but we won. Hopefully the remaining RNC arrestees are able to celebrate the same victory as the State fails in proving the ridiculous, trumped up charges.

It is your right as an American citizen to observe, express your opinion, report on events, or peacefully demonstrate on public streets. These protections are enshrined by the Bill of Rights. The rising use of excessive paramilitary Riot Police in peaceful public settings is a threat to all our freedoms and they are meant to scare citizens into complete submission. These forces are allowed to operate under a separate set of rules in which mass arbitrary arrest, excessive force, advanced military weaponry, and other human rights violations are not only tolerated, but encouraged. We will not be deterred.

We accept this particular legal victory on behalf of everyone who supported the Conspiracy to Riot campaign. We encourage you to stay engaged and informed. Fighting back takes effort, but it is absolutely necessary... in the street, at work, in school, and in the courtroom.

Read more about Jared's experience and the Conspiracy to Riot at strangefamousrecords.com/conspiracy.



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Illustrations by Neil Williams

Her Name Was Frog, and She Had a Beard

By Justin Winzey

A while back, my band was purchasing equipment on craigslist.org fairly regularly. Our drummer got an insanely cheap drum rack, I picked up an amplifier for fifty dollars below list, and we got fairly large PA speakers for next to nothing. On one occasion, on a sojourn to West Berkeley, CA, we were shown quite dramatically that the Internet can be a very scary place to meet people.

We were buying an amplifier for our bassist Neil. He had contacted a girl in Berkeley who was selling a lot of audio equipment because she was moving to New York. She happened to have a bass amp with an extremely low price tag, so we and our good buddy Leonard hopped into Neil's van and hit the road.

I was traveling to an industrial district in West Berkeley to purchase audio equipment from a "lady" named Frog. I hadn't noticed that her name was Frog until

we were fifteen minutes away, when we thought we were lost and Neil called her for directions. I never would have climbed into a van harboring the thought, "Let's go meet a girl named Frog in a warehouse!"

Upon arrival to the neighborhood, we could tell that we were no longer in Kansas. Shady figures stood in shadows between buildings. There seemed to be a constant soundtrack of sirens and car alarms. At this point it was almost 11:00 p.m., and I was pretty sure that we were lost in Your-egoingtogetshotville. As Neil continued to converse with Frog, he steered the van into a parking lot next to a warehouse. Peering into the building's open door as we headed towards a parking space, I felt my worries escalate into full-on terrors.

There is a man with long green hair, wearing a top hat and tuxedo complete with coattails. His pantaloons end at his knees (as pantaloons should), and black and

white striped socks continue down his legs, disappearing into to black shoes that curl at the tip. He saunters out of view, allowing my attention to travel to the activity right at the warehouse door. We climb out of the van and head inside.

Let me point out now that we do not survive this journey due to our extreme intelligence. Upon entering, I realize that we are in some sort of heroin addict's squat. Passing the random pieces of furniture scattered across the floor, my attention is drawn to a ten foot canvas painting of t-bone steaks that is hanging on the far wall toward the ceiling. Next to it hangs a twelve foot mask that could possibly be some sort of stage prop. In the current context, I am worried that there might be a creature hiding somewhere that can wear it. In one corner of the warehouse, a mini dance club is set up. Expensive leather couches, thousands of dollars of DJ equipment and a well kept dance floor contrast starkly with the disheveled state of the rest of this place.

It isn't until we step into the small room where Frog has her equipment that I actually get a good look at her. It is androgyny at its cocaine-induced, Goth-booted finest: disheveled hair of nondescript length, baggy clothing hiding a shapeless body, a beard and the voice of someone that has been smoking for 45 years. Did I mention she has a beard? I'm not saying, "She has a bit of a hormone issue and please don't say anything about it it's kind of an embarrassing subject." I'm talking MAN beard. She has more hair on her face than I can grow on mine.

I turn and catch a glimpse of the man with green hair and the tuxedo and the curly shoes. Now that I am within earshot, I realize he is also wearing bells. He's wearing bells, and he jingles when he walks. I call it a costume, but I know he wears it every day. I also know that I'm not dreaming, because none of my dreams are this strange.

I hear Neil say that he's lost thirty dollars. My brain barely processes the sound. Across the warehouse I here a man excitedly yell, "That's a lot of shit! Where'd you get all that man; that's a lot of shit!!" My brain starts forming terrifying scenarios as I continue to watch Green Haired Man do

laundry. Someone is going to stab me with a syringe. I am going to pass out and wake up as one of them.

Neil's gone out to see if he left his money in the van. We follow, walking past a girl with blue hair who seems to be talking to me. I look a bit closer and realize that she is not talking to me. She's not even really looking at me. She is looking through me, into some sort of parallel dimension. I have no idea what kinds of sounds she is making, but I am positive that they are not words.

"I know I had that money. Where could it have gone. Dude, seriously, when I walked out of the house I had..."

"Neil," I say in a hushed tone, interrupting out of sheer fear. "Forget it. You're short thirty bucks. Either Frog is going to take what you have, or we're leaving."

Neil goes back inside the den. Leonard and I wait right outside the warehouse, close enough to see what is going on inside but far enough away to make a quick escape. A minute goes by, then Neil comes out carrying a bass amp. Thank God. Thank God that he came out alive. As we leave, Green Haired Man and Blue Haired Girl are sitting on the ground. They are both digging through a tackle box full of broken crayons. Neither one of them has a coloring book.

"Good luck in New York," Neil says to Frog. After all, she's jumping on the plane tomorrow.

"Yeah, you have fun in New York!" she gleefully answers back. It is at this point that I finally see the entire depth of the situation crash down on Neil. We exchange terrified looks and climb into the van.

Her name was Frog, and she had a beard.

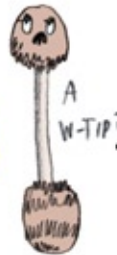
IF WOOKIE
COULD BE
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What would it be?!



A FLAMINGO DRESSED AS A WOOKIE?



I ASKED WOOKIE
AND WOOKIE SAID
"EEOOIEOOGGH"
AND I SAID "DUH!!"
Love, Christine
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Pizza? For DESSERT?

Article and photos By Dr. Knife

A few months ago while browsing one of my favorite thrift stores I found a really cool cookbook entitled "Wild About Ice Cream." Since I am wild about ice cream and the book only cost 80 cents, I bought it. When I got home a certain recipe jumped off the page. You may have already guessed: It was ice cream pizza.

I knew that I had to make this. To me, pizza is one of the few food items that can appeal to everyone regardless of food preference. If you are vegan you can have soy cheese. If you are gluten intolerant you can make gluten free pizza crust. If you love meat you can have as many different meats on a pizza as humanly possible. If you don't like red sauce you can use a white sauce.

I love any and all kinds of pizza, so when the ice cream pizza recipe fell in my lap I knew it was destiny. I also knew that Ice Cream Man makes a beautiful magazine every year for South by Southwest. Again, destiny.

After carefully reading the recipe I set out for the store to gather ingredients. I wanted a variety of good colors and flavors for my dessert, so I chose to top my pizza with chocolate sauce, raspberries, and butterscotch and chocolate morsels. I also decided to mix 1½ cups of pecans and ½ cup of walnuts into the crust.

The ice cream is the most important part of the pizza. It ties all of the ingredients together and centers the dish. In light of this fact, I feel very lucky to live only 30 miles away from a top notch dairy farm. I speak of Lonchmead Farms of Junction City, OR, a family business that makes some of the best ice cream you can buy in stores. I am also lucky to live three blocks from Dairy Mart, a local convenience store that features local dairy products. After calming down from all of this good luck I picked up a half gallon of vanilla ice cream.

Now the fun could begin. I used our food processor to chop and mix all of the crust ingredients, then added the melted butter



while it was still spinning. Since our pizza pan has holes in it, I covered it with wax paper so nothing could ooze through. Once it was done baking, I let it cool to room temperature and spread the softened ice cream over the crust. Then I had to play the waiting game while the ice cream refroze. I failed at the waiting game and fell asleep on the couch.

The next morning I resumed constructing the pizza. I made a pinwheel pattern with the chocolate, butterscotch and raspberries, then my beautiful wife poured a swirl of chocolate sauce over the top as a finishing touch.

This kind of project is very rewarding because it allows free flowing thoughts to incorporate themselves into the foods we eat. I, for instance, was able to incorporate the pinwheel pattern I had discovered in my PhD research into something that is easily and deliciously shared with others. After all, this is one of the main ideas behind Ice Cream Man's existence: to share ideas, ice cream and fun.

Dr. Knife's Ice Cream Pizza Recipe

Ingredients:

- 2 cups finely ground pecans or walnuts
- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- ½ cup packed dark brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- ¾ cup butter, melted
- 2 quarts ice cream, vanilla, slightly softened

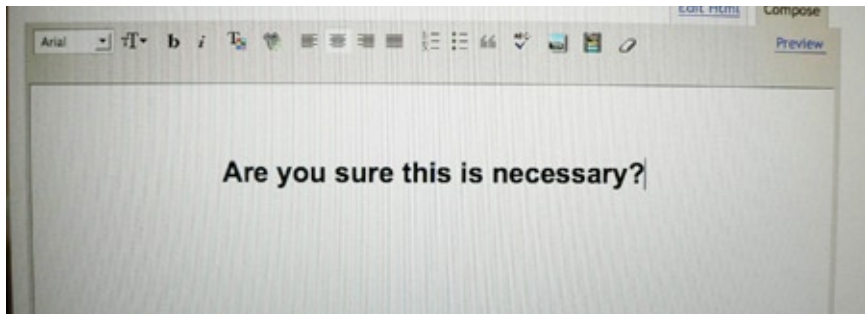
Assorted sauces: fudge, chocolate, melba, etc.

Assorted toppings: raspberries, halved nuts, chocolate chips, mandarin orange slices, halved cherries

Directions:

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Crush and mix nuts, graham cracker crumbs, sugar, cinnamon, and butter. Pat mixture evenly on a 12 inch pizza pan, forming a ridge around the edge of the pan. Bake 10-12 minutes. Cool to room temperature. Spread ice cream on crust with a metal spatula, then freeze until hard, around 3-4 hours.

To serve, arrange desired toppings over ice cream and drizzle with sauce. Cut pizza into wedges. Serves 8-10.



Blog Clog: We Don't Need Another Music Site

By Scott McDonald

Tired of the ridiculous amount of music blogs out there? It seems like a new site rears its ugly head every minute, claiming to have the inside scoop on the greatest new band, most groundbreaking low-fi bedroom pop act, or the official doctrine on what's "indie." It's out of control, folks, and it needs to stop. There's going to be a heavy presence of generic bands during South by Southwest, most of them grabbing too much of the attention, and it's because of some new music blog that needs content but has no idea what's really worth writing about.

We've already got a ton of great music sites. For many years we've become very familiar with a few examples that have proven to be reliable taste makers, offering the latest music and information on bands before the label or public relations company even knows about them (see: Stereogum, Gorilla vs. Bear, Chromewaves, and Aquarium Drunkard). Sites like these work because they write to a niche audience and educate us with something more important than the next best act holding fort at The Smell. These blogs consistently prove a band's validity by sourcing its relevant influences, accurately nailing the listening experience, or urging us to absorb the artist's twist on a classic style. Of course, these sites are just a few examples, but they're the main players for a reason.

Blogs are also becoming a poor resource for major labels desperately snatching up bands in hopes of aligning themselves with new audiences. Labels used to be the ultimate source for the next best thing, but now they're more concerned with what a

blog thinks is the next best thing. Bloggers need content and something to brag about, PR agencies need to fulfill their promises of press and coverage with the great voices of young American blog culture, and everyone's worried about missing out on a group that everyone else has already sunken his teeth into. Ugh.

Finally, what gives anyone the power to start a blog? Hell, you don't need any credentials to build a web page, take photos, steal music and post it for free. There's no test that could possibly measure your musical IQ. There's zero accountability in online media, and there's too much of it to be bothered with in the first place. Most bloggers end up writing about bands they know, or got a free disc from, so they can publish a new post without spending time on a piece that may require research and effort. I'm tired of bands with shitty four-track recordings of inaudible noise and overzealous stage performances that attempt to compensate for an obvious lack of musical talent. If there's a blog covering these kinds of bands on a regular basis, then aren't the blogs just as shabby?

The internet has created a lot of freedom and exposure for artists who would have never gotten a word written about them in their entire career, but that's because most acts are simply mediocre to begin with. It's what some people refer to as 'setting the bar.' Sure, everyone has the right to be heard, but do they honestly deserve it?

Scott is a music writer. You can unclog his blog at surfingonsteam.com.



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Photo by Sheely S (flickr.com/photos/shellysblogger/)

Interesting Facts About Things You Didn't Know You Wanted to Know Interesting Facts About

By Kate Schurth

Circus Peanuts

Now here is a more than slightly enigmatic candy, described on the Spangler Candy website (which also offers a recipe for making Circus Peanuts at home) as “fun, peanut-shaped marshmallows ... orange colored and banana flavored but [containing] no peanuts!” Although the candy’s flavors and colors have varied somewhat through the years, banana is that flavor that you haven’t been able to put your finger on – or is it the pork skin in the gelatin? Circus Peanuts have been around since the 1800s, when they were sold on a penny-candy basis and appeared only in the spring. Maybe Circus Peanuts’ largest claim to fame, besides being a mystery of flavor for the ages, would be their very direct hand in inspiring General Mills Vice President John Holahan, to invent Lucky Charms after having bits of Circus Peanuts sprinkled over his breakfast cereal. Can’t you just taste it now? Yummy.

The Bunny Museum

There is a free Bunny Museum in Pasadena, CA. Open 365 days a year, the museum is located in a couple’s home, packed to the brim with bunnies both living and stuffed. It has bunny collectibles from floor to ceiling and wall to wall, currently amounting to 24,032 items – that’s the most in the world. The owners of the museum also let their bun buns roam free

throughout their home and gift shop, so if you visit, you’re encouraged to bring veggies for the fluff balls, but no carrots, please.

Slot Car Racing

The first slot cars available to the average consumer were made by the Lionel Corporation, a toy manufacturer that made toys from 1900-1993 and specialized in model railroads (they also made the Easy Bake Oven). While Lionel discontinued slot car production early on in the 20th Century, other companies picked up the mantle. Though the 1960s saw a boom in slot car popularity, the 1970s brought specialization, clubs, regulations and technological advances. Slot cars, tracks and controllers now all come in different forms and which style, size and build you choose depends greatly on how serious a racer you are.

Garbage Pail Kids

Topps had just about ridden the last wave of popularity for Wacky Packages, stickers and cards bearing twisted takes on product art and catch phrases like “Cap’n Crud,” “Bit-O-Money” and “Monotony: The Board Game” when Garbage Pail Kids started getting attention. They were a great idea on their own, but owe much of their immense success to lawsuits and school and parent bans – giving an already naughty product contraband status simply fanned the



Photo by jelene (flickr.com/photos/jelene/)

flames for child collectors. What started as a line of trading cards parodying Cabbage Patch Kids and designed as an accompaniment to Garbage Candy exploded into a full line of merchandise and a cultural moment in time. There were t-shirts, lunch boxes, school supplies and, lest we forget, the not-so-ubiquitous Garbage Pail Kids movie. Currently boasting a 0% on Rotten Tomatoes, the movie was written and directed by Rodney Amateau, who worked on *My Mother the Car*, *The Dukes of Hazard* and *Gilligan’s Island*. As *The Garbage Pail Kids Movie* was the last thing Amateau ever directed, it seems that the film might have actually ended his career.



Photo by Lushie Peach (flickr.com/photos/lushiepeach/)

Scratch N Sniff Stickers

“Scratch N Sniff” is actually a trademarked name for a printing process in which tiny microcapsules of fragrance are adhered to paper. The tiny beads of perfume are broken open by friction – that’d be your fingers vigorously scratching a syrup scented waffle sticker. The same technology is also used in pull-apart perfume ads

in magazines, which showed up around 1981, though the Scratch N Sniff process debuted in 1965. The stickers started out in supply catalogs for teachers and afterward spread to public outlets. The sticker trend was pretty out of control during the 1980s, and Scratch N Sniff stickers experienced their golden age in that decade. Scratch N Sniff Stickers are still made, but by the manufacturers have moved to a glossy finish for the stickers, which apparently doesn’t hold the scent quite as well as the matte stickers of old. Check out Mello Smello if you’re interested; they still make a bouquet of stickers including birthday cake, baby powder, popcorn and pizza, among others.



Photo by Caleb Cohen (flickr.com/photos/pittcaleb/)

Cookie Monster

Originally known as the Wheel Stealer, designed by Jim Henson for a General Foods commercial, Cookie Monster went through a few metamorphoses before he appeared as the monster we know and love on Sesame Street. He even sang a song on the show in 2004 where he admits to having been someone named “Sid” before he ate his first cookie and became Cookie Monster (these facts and more can be uncovered on a muppet.wikia.com, a wiki dedicated solely to Muppets). Cookie Monster’s birthday is November 2nd, so send him a card or something.



Caritas of Austin and Austin Children's Hospital. We picked these because we felt like they would have the most immediate and lasting effect in our area. We were first drawn to Any Baby Can when we were looking for more information about The Candle Lighters in Austin. Any Bay Can cares for terminally ill children, and it's completely voluntary. The group is one-dollar-in-one-dollar-out, so they need nonprofits to sponsor them administratively in different areas.

We love children's charities like Any Baby Can. We also like to give back to the community and help support the less fortunate. We'll work with any charity that helps people, and raises awareness for good causes. We don't always choose charities; they often choose us. Lately we've been trying to organize an event for St. Jude Children's Hospital.

Rocking With the Angels

By Shell-O

Say Hello To The Angels is a band from Austin, Texas that is attempting to rally people to spread happiness. Their mission is to include charity as a not-so-silent fifth member of the band by contributing their profits to charity. Here's a quick interview with singer Dustin Stroud.

What is your mission with your charity events?

For events we donate all proceeds (the profits after the club's production costs) to charity. From our donations we give as much as we can afford. So far that has consistently been 20% of our profits.

Why have you taken this completely different direction?

We don't think it's a totally different direction. Many bands and labels like Thrive, Rise Against and Hopeless Records have taken a stand for their communities and people in need. In times of crisis the impulse is to give less. The real need is to give more. Punk rock/post-hardcore music was founded on these principals.

What charities have you worked with so far, is there any specific reason you've chosen them?

For more information on Say Hello to the Angels and the charities mentioned in this article, check out myspace.com/sayhello-totheangelsband, abcaus.org, caritas.com and stjude.org.

Do you believe your mission will ever catch on and that other bands will parallel what you are doing or create their own similar plan?

I dream that one day there will be a touring festival that would sponsor various charities. We own the name "Rock for a Reason," and would gladly turn it over to Kevin Lyman if he were interested in making a production out of it. I think he is the only person in the business that'd be capable of that and understand what we are trying to do. The tour could be funded by corporate sponsorship. Most of the money they used to fund and subsidize the tour would be tax deductible. That's a REAL bail out for America.

How do other bands and fans respond to your plan?

Everyone's happy to get involved. It feels good, and it serves the greater good. There is not too much of that out there these days. People love to be entertained, so fans can be entertained and make a difference for people at the same time. That's a "Class A" experience.

We've worked closely with Any Baby Can,



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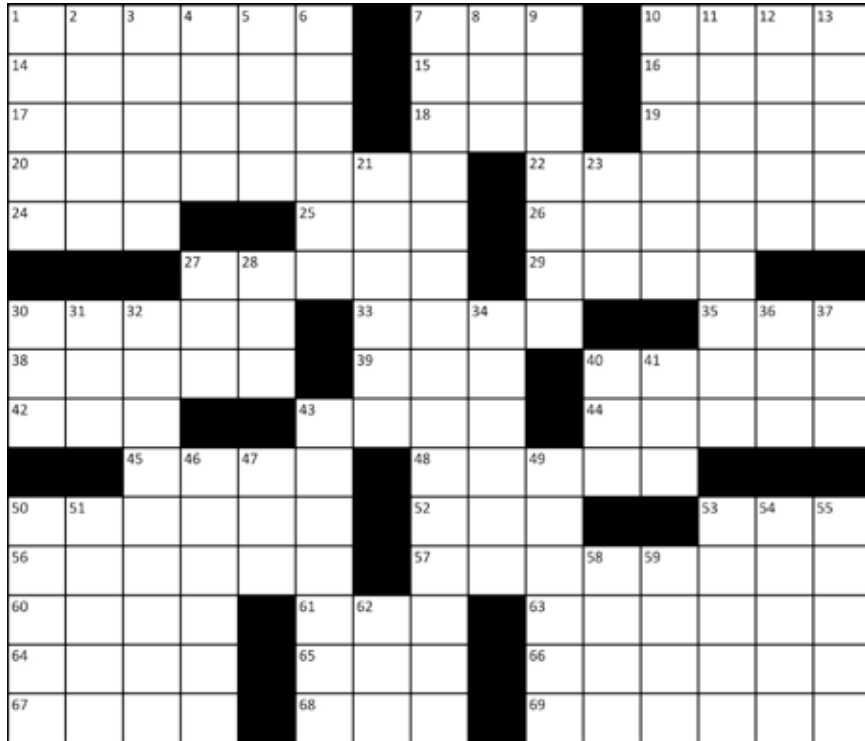


PRESENTS

CONCERTS • ARTIST MANAGEMENT • EVENT PLANNING & PRODUCTION

Musical Tastes

By Zachary Mann



Across

1. 1950 Billboard chart topper or an improvised floor cleaner
7. Resume stat.
10. Right hand man
14. Cream-filled French donut
15. Rowing device
16. Small problem
17. Soothsayer from The Matrix Trilogy
18. Light switch settings
19. Busy wildfire opponents in "America's Finest City": abbr.
20. Chewbacca's home planet
22. "___ Afraid of the Dark?"
24. Grease removing chemical in shampoos and toothpastes: abbr.
25. Circle of flowers
26. They were "Lone" in an X-Files spin-off
27. Fiona or a healthy snack
29. Caesar's reproach
30. You killed his father. Prepare to die.
33. Future J.D.'s obstacle

35. Maple syrup source
38. Small, narrow boat
39. Some people do it at salons
40. "It's me" for grammar nazis
42. One might justify the means
43. Small lake
44. A papier craft
45. Would _____ to you?
48. Key of the opening to Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1
50. Is a punk rocker
52. _____-Magnon
53. Pigeon talk
56. Just under 31 trillion kilometers
57. Guitar Hero, but fun
60. According to some, by whose fault the Beatles broke up
61. Garden tool
63. Defensive end Javon with an appropriate name
64. _____ and Future King
65. Longoria or Mendes



66. The A-Team's driver, if he had a nephew
67. Microwave
68. Dr. Beckett to hologram Al
69. Word following hot, sweet or Mr.

Down

1. Approves again
2. Relating to limbs or extremities
3. Eyes and jaws can be made of this
4. Speed Racer's was number five
5. Greasy
6. Nick Cave album: "Tender _____" (on vinyl)
7. Eric Clapton and company read this zine
8. Captain Hook's mortal enemy
9. Mary-Kate and Ashley's Hollywood dad
10. Agreement
11. What Harrison Ford listens to when he wants to feel scene
12. Oscar-nominated Willem
13. Read from bottom to top: a tender push
21. Call out at
23. A real crappy place to be stuck
27. In the past
28. Edgar Allan
30. When flavored and mixed with dairy, a

- hint for 7-DOWN
31. British grandma
32. Musical staple at SXSW
34. A pendulum swings to _____
36. Ian Holm's android in the movie Alien
37. Key lime or humble
40. "_____ Mac. _____ PC."
41. Body ink, for short
43. An electronica musician with sensual teaches
46. Renter
47. Chemical substance suffix
49. Jail
50. Austin rock heroes
51. Historic Egyptian explorer
53. Rhea in the sitcom "Cheers"
54. Beginning
55. A holiday song involving the World
58. Small lottery game on the walls of Vegas
59. E. Coli, for ex.
62. Eggs

Answers on pg 60.



Memory Rally

Article and art by Jake Feala

Memories disappear, and it sucks. You've spent thousands of monetary and emotional currency on road trips to Mexico, tickets to your favorite band (Hatebeak), and pants-off dance-offs, but what do you have to show for it if you can't remember every happy, expensive detail? Here's the good news: It's not the memories that are gone, but the trigger. The memories are waiting to be stumbled upon, like an overgrown path in the woods. How can we find all those amazing misplaced stories? Memory Rally, Mothereffers!!

This is a game that requires at least two friends and three drinks per player. Some might say, "But I don't have time," "I work too much," or, "My life sucks; why would I want to remember it?" Shut up, I say to that. Shut up and get some drugs, quit your job, read some Kerouac – do something that makes you realize that the world is beautiful. Then come back, because that's a given for this game, and we need to be on the same page.

Memory Rally, Mothereffers! was invented by three geniuses at a party. Sometimes parties are fun, like when people are dancing in a basement in the summer and it's so hot that you grab bags of frozen broccoli out of the freezer put them on your heads. Other parties are not fun at all. At one of these not-fun parties, one of the aforementioned geniuses came up with the idea to exchange random, stupid stories about our pasts. Thus, the game of Memory Rally, Mothereffers! was born.

Follow along closely, because it's complicated. One person, usually the ugliest of the group, starts by yelling, "Memory Rally, Mothereffers!!" (Don't forget the "1"). Once this has echoed several times, members of the party instantaneously arrange themselves in a circle. The first person turns on the random word generator in their brain and comes up with a topic. It could be anything: "soup," for example. Then the players go around the circle, counterclockwise (always counterclockwise! this is crucial to the game, goddamnit!), and everyone tells a story about soup. It doesn't have to be funny or interesting, only fast.

Here's one that would work: "When I was a kid, I used to hate split pea soup. Then, one time my mom made split pea soup for dinner and wouldn't let me leave the table until I ate an entire bowl. Now I hate split pea soup." This story would be allowed, although it is customary to try to come up with something better. After the last player (the one who came up with the topic) tells her soup story, then the next person in the circle thinks of a new topic for everyone to follow.

About half of the stories are terrible. Half the time, though, the story topics trigger amazing memories that you had lost completely. You drink a drink from your drink, and the whole rambling, delicious story sprays out of your mouth like a word rainbow and it BLOWS EVERYBODY'S MIND. Then it's someone else's turn.

Memory Rally, Mothereffers!



The Big Engine That Couldn't

By Megan Costello

Say what you will about minivans, but I would trade my BMW for the chance to drive mine out of the junkyard in a heart-beat.

That not true. I don't own a BMW. My roommate does. I'd trade his.

My first and only car was an eggplant-purple 1990 Dodge Caravan. Before the keys were passed to my capable and loving 16 year-old hands, it was the family vehicle that carted the Costello children across the United States and Canada. Under my reign it was outfitted with a CD player and huge dent in the back door, then given the title of The Ghetto Van. It was my beloved chariot, even if its transmission died on a first date.

Years later, The Ghetto Van is resting somewhere in a suburban junkyard. I have a bike, a bus pass and a roommate with a fancy new BMW. The make is not mentioned out of praise, but out of spite. Before getting behind the wheel of that car, I put on sunglasses and a hat. I avoid eye contact with any drivers or pedestrians, afraid to be seen for fear of their judgmental glares screaming "asshole" at me. I just want to roll down the window and say, "I hate me for driving it too," but I usually can't locate the power window buttons.

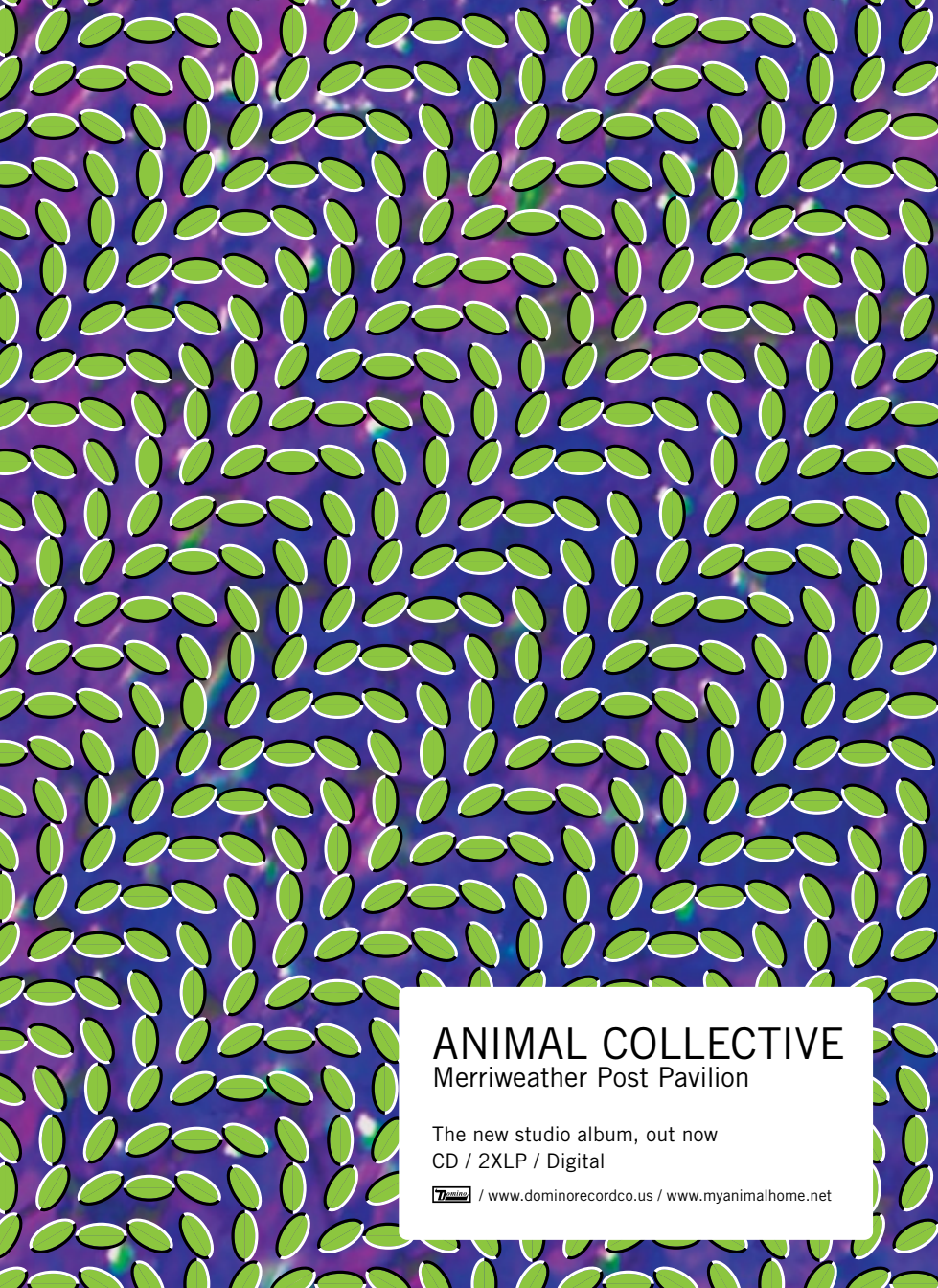
BMW owners praise its aesthetics, speed and flawless German engineering. All I see is a magnet for parking tickets, speeding tickets, turning right where you can't tickets, and any other sort of ticket one could receive. Any time saved driving is lost trying to find a space to park – not only

is parking sparse in San Francisco, none of them is big or secure enough for a car that costs more than the annual income of an entry level job.

Maybe cars just aren't suited for cities like San Francisco. Maybe they're meant for weekend excursions like a drive to the snow. A nice sports car could take the mountain passes with ease, handling the curvy roads like a champ, and get you to the slopes with enough time for a cup of hot cocoa before the first lift.

Wrong. The closest this BMW got my friends and me to the snow was the last K-Mart before the foothills. The "asshole" glances were in full force when we inquired about buying chains for the beast. Apparently, BMW tires are too fancy to be adorned with such accoutrements. After an hour at the auto-center counter of Wal-Mart calling every tire store in the tri-county radius, we lost another hour looking for a place to ditch the useless vehicle for something a little more practical. Once we had succeeded, more time was lost driving back to a big city to trade up for a beat up Toyota with a set of chains. By the time we made it to the slopes, there was nothing left to do but drink.

The BMW is simply not suitable for driving. It's the fur coat that never gets worn for fear of PETA protesters, the china that is too precious to actually eat off of, the diamond necklace too expensive to wear out of the house. It is the international symbol for asshole with too much money. At least the minivan had a spacious interior.



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Musical Tastes

By Zachary Mann

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14	E	C	L	A	I	R							15	O	A	R				16	S	N	A	G				
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60	O	N	O	S						61	H	62	O	E					63	K	E	A	R	S	E			
64	O	N	C	E						65	E	V	A						66	U	N	C	L	E	T			
67	N	U	K	E						68	S	A	M						69	P	O	T	A	T	O			

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