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KILLDOZER

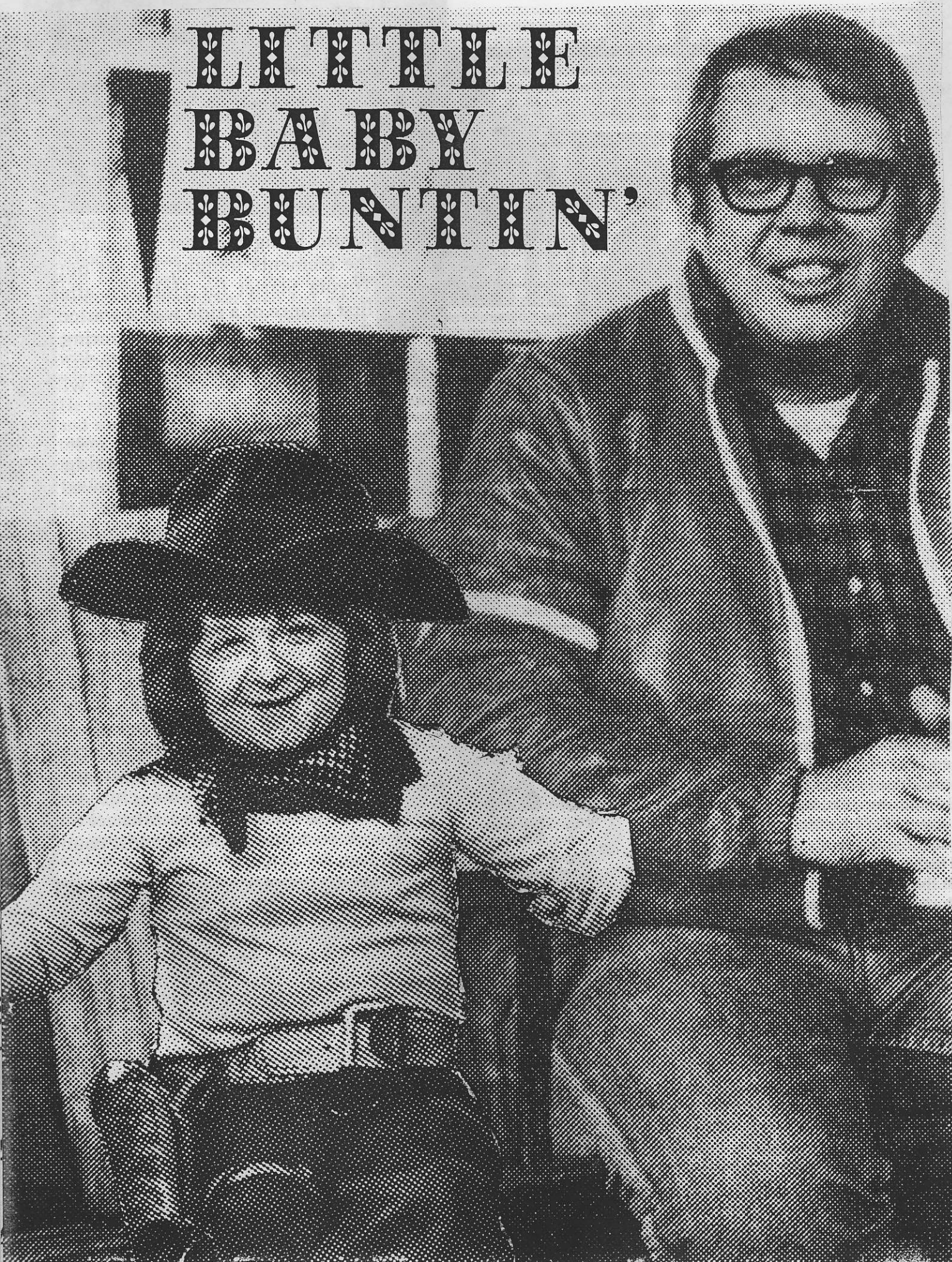
HOMESTEAD

URGE

REVIEWS

FILMS

LITTLE BABY BUNTIN'



KILLDOZER

- dammit -

All answers are those of Mr. Michael Gerald, Killdozer's celebrity singer.

Celebrity Profile:

Take your time and answer all the questions. No partial credit will be given for incomplete thoughts, even budding genius.

THE ANTI-CHRIST: No doubt about it, the Snuggles Bear is the Anti-Christ. When it comes on TV, which I watch constantly, my testicles recede (proof positive).

WHITE TRASH: Refers to that breed of people that eat Spam as adults, drive rusty Camaros, shop at Wal-Mart, and proudly say of their trailerhome "I own it." White Trash congregate at county fairs and auto shows and in the woods during deer season. Some white trash culture has permeated the greater culture, e.g. "Shit happens," home shopping networks, and Cajun food. (Cajuns are swamp-dwelling white trash, although trailerhomes cannot be parked in swamps). New York artists are by far the worst.

FAVORITE BODILY FLUIDS: The tears of a child whose puppy has been backed over by mother in the family car.

PORNOGRAPHY: I think "People's Choice" porn would be a good idea. There should be more celebrity porn. I'd like to see Marsha Brady sandwiched by Dom Deluise and Buddy Ebsen. I'd also like to see Tootie from *Facts of Life* show off her fist-sized nipples. The best I've seen yet was Art Linkletter giving a rim job to a sow in heat in the classic peep show *Ballbusters*.

FAVORITE DEROGATORY WORD: Jazz, or reggae. it's a toss-up.

FAVORITE BANDS: The DeFranco Family, the Love Unlimited Orchestra, Hot Chocolate, Black Oak Arkansas, and damn near anything that isn't on SST.

ANAL FISTULA: Henry Rollins and/or Donny the Punk.

FAVORITE POSITION: Lead truck in a convoy.

BUGS BUNNY: A transvestite. He is constantly dressing up to seduce Elmer Fudd. Foghorn Leghorn on the other hand, now that guy has plenty of male hormones.

CHILDHOOD ABUSE: No, my parents loved me. They still do.

FAVORITE PLACE TO EAT CHEESEBURGERS: Spiro's Gyro Emporium, Plainfield, Wisconsin.

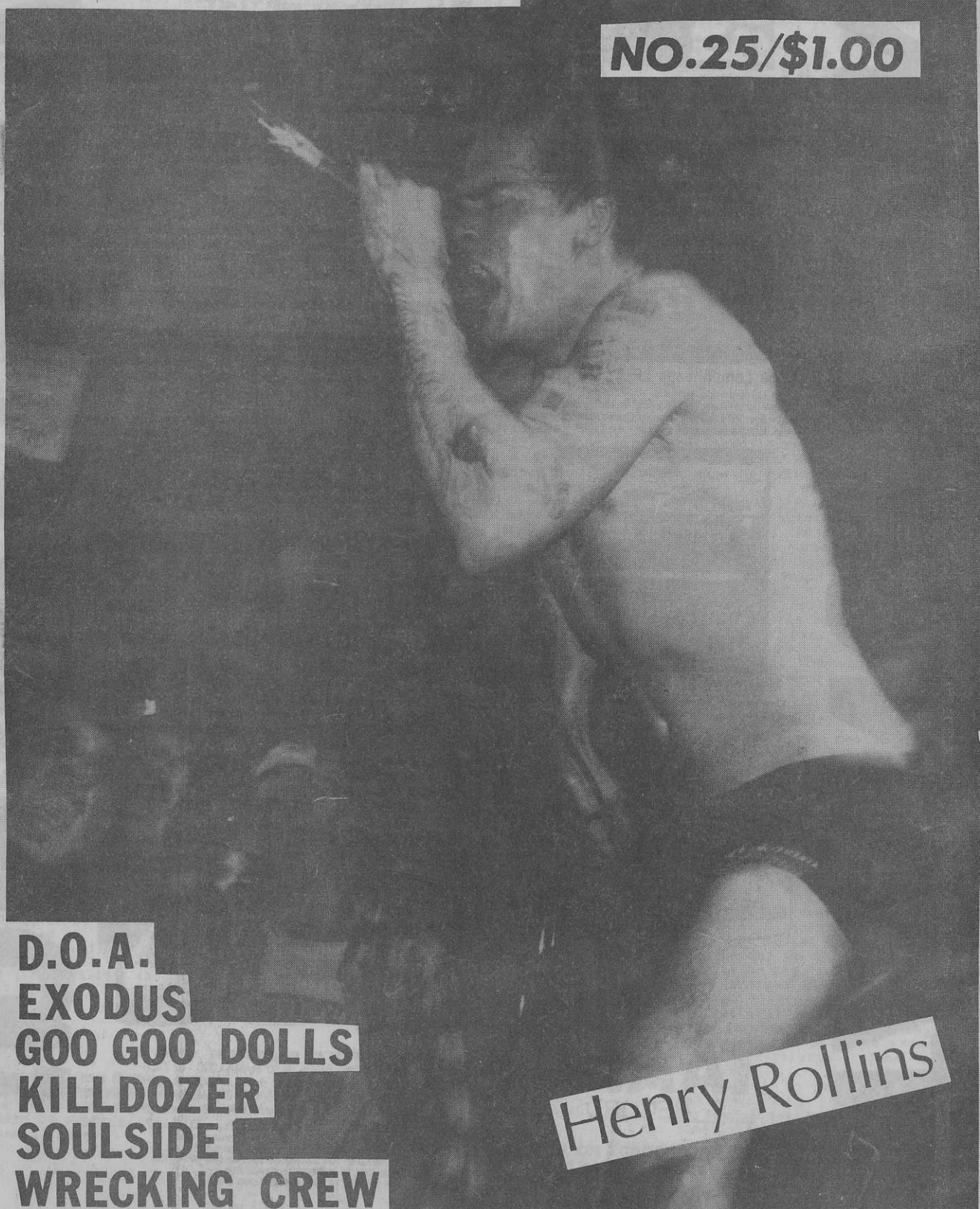
IDIOTS WHO SHOULD BE SHOT DEAD: Rastafarians, mimes, Sigourney Weaver, People in Minneapolis, Karen Finley, Henry Rollins, Robert Christgau, Neil Simon, People who wear jams, the owner of the Cat Club, and whoever took *Hello Larry* off the air.

MOVIES AND/OR VIDEOS: The *Billy Jack* trilogy is hands down the best. Especially the scene in *Trial of Billy Jack*, in which the boy with only one hand and a hook is taught how to play a guitar.

MASTURBATION: I don't need to do this, but if I did, I would use a 3-D picture of Martha Quinn while using a jar of sand, or else use a photo of Martha Raye while using a Hoover. I'll bet Henry Rollins has to masturbate quite a bit.

SUBURBAN VOICE

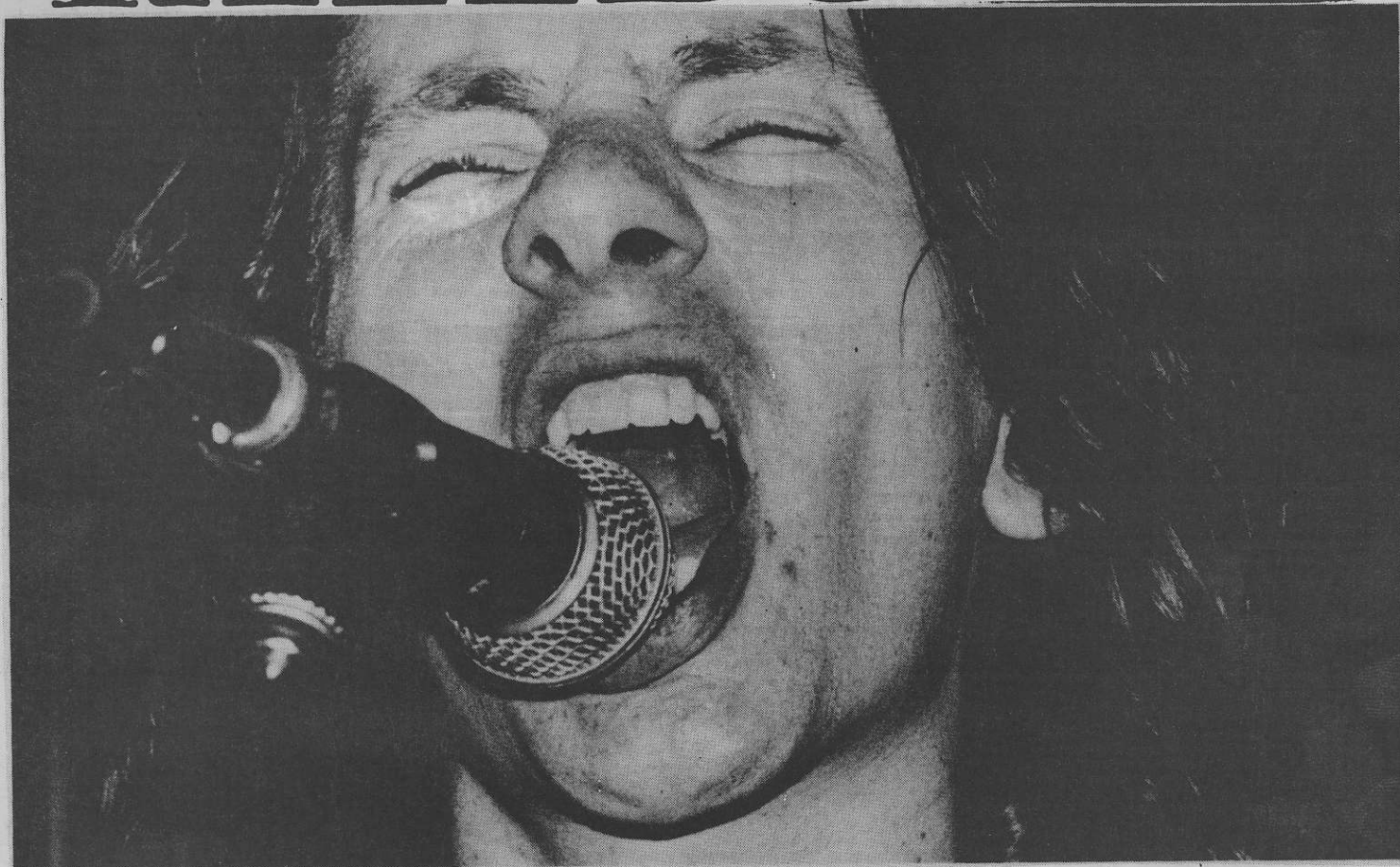
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D.O.A.
EXODUS
GOO GOO DOLLS
KILLDOZER
SOULSIDE
WRECKING CREW

Henry Rollins

KILLDOZER



Quite the interesting interview lies ahead, as Madison, Wisconsin's pride and joy, Killdozer, offer opinions on everything from the mentally ill to Burl Ives to Mark Twain. This trio, masters of the big noise, with few peers to match their intense savagery and gut-level storytelling, have 4 records under their belts, the most recent one being "Little Baby Buntin'" on Touch & Go. Killdozer includes Michael Gerald (bass/vocals), Bill Hobson (guitar) and Dan Hobson (drums)...

SV: Are you guys sick of people comparing you to the Birthday Party?

Bill: Oh, yeah.

Dan: The Birthday Party broke up a long time ago.

Michael: And we're better.

SV: Tell me about some of the lyrical ideas.

Michael: Newspaper articles in the metro section of the Madison paper. Local happenings, local goings on or national. Wedding anniversaries, especially silver and golden anniversaries.

SV: No, c'mon...

Michael: Alright. I went out on a tangent. Newspaper articles...

Dan: And just stuff that you hear.

Michael: And things that happen in my mind.

SV: What kind of place is Madison?

Dan: It's a wonderful little town. It's a college town.

Michael: Utopia! 150,000 corn-fed babes and dudes.

Dan: Nestled between 2 lakes.

Bill: With lots of whoopies walking around the street. Whoopies are all the people who were kicked out of the state mental hospital when they cut the taxes.

SV: Speaking of mental hospitals, where did you guys get that patient's report that was on the innersleeve of the new album?

Michael: The man himself handed it to me one morning, on my way to work. Carl...his whole name was on there, but I thought better of actually putting his entire name, address and phone number, which were on there, so I crossed it all out. No, he was on the street one morning, 6:30, handed it to me 'cause he looked like a hippie and I thought, "ok, I bet this is religious material," but it was something entitled "Am I A Psychopath?" and I read all of it and, yes, he's a psychopath.

SV: What was doing out if he's a psychopath?

Bill: Because there's not enough money to keep all the mental patients in the mental hospitals where they belong. They all walk around Madison.

Michael: That's where all our street people come from.

Dan: We're quite fond of them.

Michael: They're cute and cuddly. Sleep in bus stops, keep the benches warm.

Bill: There's one woman named Nancy who walks around and has a big boom box and a baton and she sets the boom box down and she conducts it for hours on end. It's a wonderful town.

Michael: There's also just a hu-fuckin'-mungously obese black woman that we call the "camel lady" because of her body build.

Dan: Two of us are married.

Bill: To each other.

Michael: To Nancy and the camel lady.

Dan: No, the two Hobson brothers are married because we're the marrying kind.

Bill: That's what Dan likes to say.

Michael: Bill took off his ring for the tour.

Bill: Actually, I don't have my wedding ring on because I

work construction, that's my sideline, and if I catch my finger on a nail, it'd get ripped right off.

Dan: He caught his nose on a board.

Michael: I'm not the marrying kind. I'll fuck anything that doesn't bark.

SV: A couple of your covers have been "Sweet Home Alabama" and "Cinnamon Girl" and, seeing how Neil Young wrote "Southern Man" and Skynyrd wrote their song as a response to it, did you do both to present both sides of the story? Is that on purpose?

Bill: You know, you're the first person to pick that up-yes!

Michael: We'll give you a gold star on your report card.

Bill: That's sort of funny because nobody else has ever picked that up, except for me and you.

Michael: Unfortunately, it's kind of the wrong Neil Young song in that little battle of minds, battle of wits. A Republican from Canada and some dead Confederate shithead rebels.

SV: It's kind of strange how Neil Young has switched his political affiliation, anyway.

Bill: He's just old.

Michael: I guess if I was once associated with those Crosby, Stills and Nash guys, I'd try to go as far to the

opposite extreme as I could.

Bill: Mr. Crosby, though, what a consummate performer. Did you see him after he got out of his jail cell? He looked like a mobster, a big fat mobster.

Michael: But he looks good without the baking soda under his nose.

Bill: The only thing that's really great about David Crosby is even though he was a total coke addict, he was fat as hell. Somehow, he found time to eat in between doing all that cocaine. What an amazing man!

SV: What other cover versions have you got that you haven't recorded?

Michael: "Gator Country" by Molly Hatchet.

Bill: "Long Cool Woman In A Black Dress." We played that one perfectly and we decided that really sucks.

Michael: "Suspicious Minds," "It's Not Unusual," "Ruby, Don't Take Your Love To Town."

Bill: "La Grange," a Hank Williams song "Kalija."

SV: You guys take all the cultural icons.

Michael: We like a celebrity.

SV: Yeah, like on your last EP, you had Burl Ives on the cover.

Michael: Yeah, and this year it's Nikita Khrushchev.

SV: Do you sort of see a parallel between Burl Ives' storytelling and your storytelling.

Dan: I guess, yes.

Michael: Parallel? You mean a parallel universe?

Bill: No, like in parallel parking. Are you parked behind Burl Ives in the storytelling universe or in front?

Michael: (coughs, chokes, etc.) That was an answer.

Dan: You better answer better than that.

Michael: I think of myself as Mark Twain.

Bill: So are you a believer of the reconstitution of the soul into another being and you're Mark Twain, is that what you're saying, Mike?

Michael: I believe in the constitution. The constitution guarantees me the right to be obscene, to quote a famous man.

Bill: Larry Flynt. There's a really interesting case. Here's a man who's been paralyzed and his pee-pee doesn't even work anymore yet he's still publishing smut. Why is this?

Michael: He makes money.

Bill: Oh, it's money? OK, I get it.

Michael: But, back to Burl Ives, let's put it this way.

At the moment we made that cover, we were obsessed with him. 5 minutes later, it probably would have been somebody else. Like Nipsey Russell. Or, yesterday, Henry Winkler. Jo Ann Worley.

SV: How about Mason Reese? I saw him on one of your posters.

Michael: Mason Reese is a lifelong obsession for me. He's adorable. I just want to tweak his cheek.

Bill: Actually, Mason Reese--you might not know this, but Michael Gerald changed his name. He used to be Mason Reese.

Michael: In an attempt to make people give me snuggles.

SV: That's not true. I saw Mason Reese on TV a few years ago and he looks exactly the same as he did 10 years before.

Michael: Mason Reese is famous for "borgasmord."

Bill: One thing about Mason Reese is he's a lot cuter than Webster or the kid from "Silver Spoons."

SV: He should have been a bigger star.

Bill: I know. Mason must have missed a lot of movie opportunities because he was so ugly, but what talent.

Michael: Borgasmord!

Bill: We were actually thinking of putting Ernest Borgnine on "Burl."

Michael: But we found a picture of Burl first. I'm still a big fan of Ernest Borgnine. Chuck Connors, Henry Winkler--the greats.

Bill: I like Chuck Connors because it's reputed that he did a lot of gay porno flicks on the side, which I think is a really great thing for any human being to do.

Michael: Karl Malden's the only man who even approaches the talent of Ernest Borgnine. But, easily, "The Poseidon Adventure" was made by Ernest Borgnine.

Dan: We saw a good movie on TV today, "The Trial of Billy Jack."

Michael: The kids at the free school!

Bill: The kids at the free school are all about 30, it's great. They're learning so much there.

Michael: But there was a child in the movie, a boy with a hook instead of a hand and they taught him to guitar at the free school.

Bill: Obviously, slide guitar.

Michael: He strummed with his hook. This is not unlike how we taught Billy, a functioning half-wit, to play guitar.

Dan: After we got him married!

Michael: We got him married, taught him how to drive a car, replaced his brain with a hook so he could play guitar.

Dan: Mike's unmarried but he's a got a main squeeze who's taller than him.

Michael: A couple of inches taller than me so I have to wear cowboy boots in bed...

SV: Let's talk about musical influences.

Dan: We used to listen to bands like Yes, Uriah Heep.

Michael: Kiss. My first concert--blew me away. Aerosmith. We put Steve Tyler and Joe Perry on the guest list tonight.

Bill: Classical rock. Speaking of that, isn't the concept of classical rock the most maudlin thing you've ever heard in your life. Classically trained rock musicians--what an oxymoron.

Dan: I don't really like Yes anymore, but I really enjoyed them for awhile.

Bill: Especially when Rick Wakeman was in the band.

Dan: The guy's got too high of a voice. He's a puss.

Michael: But the mushrooms they had onstage were great. Rise above the floor--it was eerie. Like they were molemen.

Bill: Don't you wish you had \$100,000 to blow on a really stupid set like that?

Michael: I'd like to have \$100,000 to do just about anything.

SV: Why the title "Little Baby Buntin'"?

Dan: It's what Elvis used to call Linda Thompson, the woman that came after Priscilla.



PHOTOS: JJ

Bill: Anyway, it's a phrase that Elvis probably used frequently. That, along with, "honey, get me another yogurt out of the fridge and make me another banana and peanut butter sandwich fried in a pound of butter."

SV: What about the title of your first EP, "Intellectuals Are The Shoeshine Boys of the Ruling Elite"?

Bill: It just seemed like a completely long statement that made no point about anything unless you took offense to it. I suppose the more radical you are, the more you might agree with it. The less radical, the more you'd be kind of pissed off about that. When that title came out, a lot of people accused us of being anti-intellectual but, I don't know, it takes a little bit of brains to even figure out what it means.

SV: Your songs seem to tell stories about blue collar working people. I live in a town like that and I think, "my god, these guys are writing songs about where I live."

Bill: Yeah, Madison is very blue collar. Even though it's a liberal town, it's very blue collar based. It's Mike's background, definitely. Not like John Cougar Mellencamp who's writing these maudlin songs that are appealing to the ridiculous patriotism of a blue collar worker, a totally knee-jerk reaction. What we're doing is more like everyday life. You're not patriotic except when you think about it, which is rarely.

SV: You're more concerned about where your next check's coming from or your next fuck.

Bill: Exactly. What you'd really like to do to your wife when she bitches at you. What you'd like to do to your friends when you think they're being stupid. It's the root of all violence and evil and wonderfulness in this whole society.

SV: What was the story behind "setting Sonny's balls on fire" on "The Puppy"?

Bill: That's a song about this motorcycle gang in Madison who were really quite unintelligent. In fact, they didn't even own motorcycles. They're initiating this guy into this motorcycle club and he made a bunch of rude comments to them, before, so they kind of killed him and did all those things to him. They were really stupid 'cause they got caught because they bragged about it to a bartender. The tape has a lot of little snippets from the trial.

SV: You also have someone getting sick over Englebert Humperdink's "Lonely Is A Man Without Love."

Bill: Well, because Engelbert is kind of on the right track, but he's totally removed from it. He doesn't really know what he's singing, obviously. But it's the right idea--it's all there in the song. And, actually, Mike stole some lines in his song from it.

Dan: You may notice a lot of lyrics are stolen. It's easier to steal a lot of times than it is to write your own.

Bill: A lot cooler, too...



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An interview by ALI & ALAN

TY: Madison seems to be a pretty wild place as far as music is concerned. A whole rash of bands like the Tar Babies...

MG: A whole rash of two or three.

TY: MECHT MENSCH as well.

DAN: Yeah, but they're not together any more.

MG: They haven't been together for years.

TY: Both you and the Tar Babies haven't really received much attention over here.

MG: We haven't really tried.

TY: One would have thought that Burl would have got you a hell of a lot of critical acclaim in these parts.

MG: I think this new one is the first one that's been..

BIL: Distributed really well over here;

DAN: No body was interested in picking us up.

MG: Cory said that if they had any interest they would have said so.

BIL: They were interested in this one they also said that if you wanna come over go ahead so we did, and here we are!

TY: So why more interest in Little Baby Bunting than the stuff before?

BIL: Well, you've got me.

MG: This ones more bitching!

TY: Does this one please you the most?

BIL: So far.

TY: Intellectuals Are The Shoe Shine Boys Of The Ruling Elite is that deleted now?

MG: You can't get it anywhere. There was a thousand copies, we put it out our selves.

DAN: We're going to re-issue it.

MG: Yeah, TOUCH 'N' GO are going to be re-issuing it. We wanted to wait until the thousand started becoming real valuable!

TY: Then you can get them all out from under your bed?

MG: Unfortunately we did get rid of all of them, I'd like to have some now, we sold them all for three Dollars a copy and now we could get thirty.

TY: Were you pleased with that?

MG: No!

DAN: We're pleased with every thing that we've done.

BIL: What the first one!?! Were we pleased with that?

MG: At the time we were impressed to see a record with us on it.

TY: How long ago was that, now?

BIL: Four or five years ago.

DAN: 1984 it came out.

TY: Today your playing with NEGAZIONE would you normally play with a band in that vein?

BIL: We're not familiar with them really.

MG: They're Italians. We would refuse to play with Italians!! (Laughter). We played with SNFU in Canada, we warmed them up, but in the United States we wouldn't be on a bill with them likely, and we certainly wouldn't warm them up.

TY: So is there more of a schism in the music scene in the States?

DAN: There is a cross-over to some extent but I think right now in America there's all this speed stuff.

MG: They appeal to people 10 years younger than us for one thing, some times twenty years younger than us! There is a hardcore band in Madison made up of eight year olds right now.

TY: 8 Year olds?

MG: Yeah, one of them is the son of the bass player from the Tar Babies. But I don't wanna give them undue publicity, sneaky little bastards!

TY: How great an influence have Country & Western and Blues been?

MG: Not blues.

BIL: I listen to a lot of blues.

TY: In the way they tell their stories.

MG: Oh, yeah.

BIL: Especially Country and Western.

MG: Who's the really crazy one?

BIL: Oh, Screaming J...

MG: ...Hawkins.

BIL: We like him a lot.

MG: And Tom Waits.

TY: Let's get this really trivial. You think the foods crap here?

DAN: Absolutely.

BIL: Maybe we're not eating the right stuff.

MG: A quote, I said today in a letter home "I threw up on the aeroplane and it's the best tasting thing I've had since I got here!" (Laughter). (A weird looking guy scrounges a cigarette, and everything stops.).....

MG: We had some good food last night though at an indian restaurant but it was....

BIL: Too pricy.

MG: Real expensive and the man who served us was very mean.

DAN: I think he spat in our food.

TY: They showed KILLDOZER the movie here on monday, is that some kind of portent?

BIL: We pulled some strings!

MG: Yeah Southern Studios arranged that for us!!

TY: Going back to food. What's the KILLDOZER Bake off?

MG: People write to us and we just wanted to see if we could influence what they send. People send some really strange shit to us in the mail. We thought we could maybe we can make it useful shit, so we decided on recipes.

(Some dude butts in and there is some confusion to who the fuck he was)

TY: Let's go back to the speed thing a second. People seem to be pigeon-holing you with those thrash bands, and that seems to be mighty strange..

BIL: That's pretty interesting 'cos we've never played fast in our lives. In fact the whole thing a lot of the time was to play a slow as we possibly could.

MG: In the NME we were in the Speed Kills section!

DAN: Jesus.

TY: With that pic' of you.

MG: That was a terrible picture; we had a man who had never held a camera in his life take that.

BIL: Isn't that amazing anyone can get their pictures in there!

TY: On SNAKEBOY the song "We Are Going To The Beach Today." That's probably your most menacing song by

being probably your nicest. Was that effect intended?

BIL: Isn't it funny how that works?

DAN: It's intentional.

MG: We didn't know what the song should be about, 'n' then Dan said I know a good joke, let's make it the happiest thing we can think of.

BIL: It seemed to work out.

MG: You see with all of our songs, so people find them disturbing, but they're all just good jokes.

BIL: We find them really humorous. It's a black humour.

TY: You come across as being really bitter.

MG: Hell no! We've got good lives.

TY: I must admit I was a little nervous about doing this interview.

BIL: Oh really! Did you think we were axe murderers or something like that!?!?

DAN: 'N' say FUCK YOU!

TY: On "Hamburger Martyr" when You say "FUCK YOU!" it's the only record I've ever heard that on, where it sounds like they really mean it.

MG: I say it a lot!

BIL: The only people I think I could probably axe murder are these two guys right here (Mike and Dan). There the only ones I get mad enough at.

TY: Whats the fascination with Cysts and pustules and the like.

MG: Well as you get older you grow them you know.

BIL: We've all suffered from acne vulgarous.

MG: I had a cyst on my back so I wrote a song about it. I had it removed. Basically I'm desperate for topics, I think I'll probably write a song about throwing up on the aeroplane, or almost getting run down today because I keep forgetting to look the right way down the street, because you all drive on the wrong side here.

And Bill got squeezed like a beetle in the subway today.

DAN: We laughed at him and he got kinda mad at us.

MG: Were going to Wales, Tom Jones is from Wales we're looking forward to it! We're also going to go and see Stonehenge.

XX: It's behind a fence now isn't it?

TY: Yeah, you can't touch it.

XX: Cool.

MG: So you can't feel the power?!

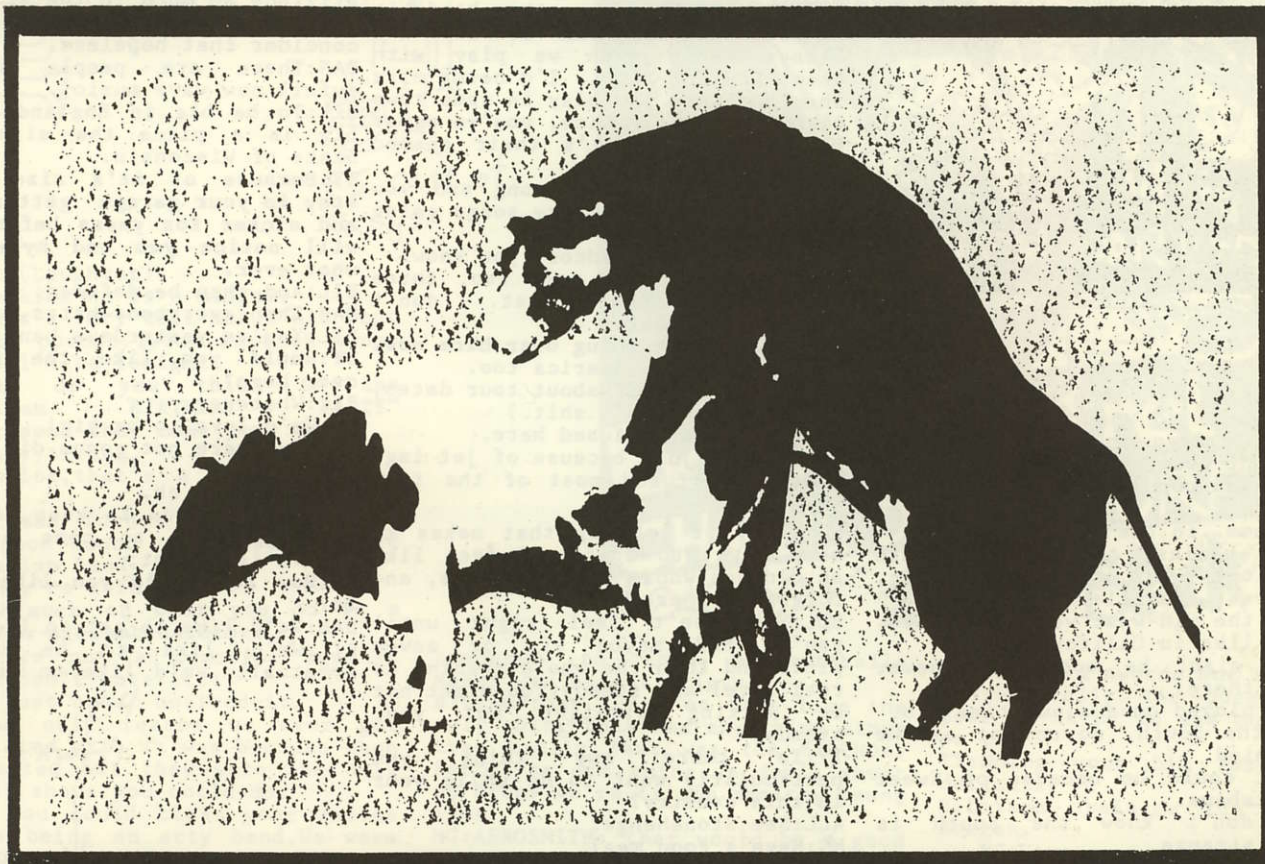
XX: You can't bend a coat hanger and feel a surge of energy!

TY: You should check out Avebury while your down there. It's a village surrounded by this trench, that was once the depth of a multi-story car park. With these stones at the edge of the ditch. They transported all the dirt from the ditch about twenty miles away and built a huge hill! Any way where did you get the Ed Gein X-ray from?

MG: A friend of ours had a friend whose room mate (that's the way it worked) worked at the hospital and



KILLDOZER!



stole the whole Ed Gein X-ray file. It had X-rays of his head, his lungs, from the top of his head and his feet.

XXX: There were some real high tech X-rays.

MG: We thought one of those would be mighty nice.

TY: Were they taken after his death? XXX: Oh, no. We got them after he was dead but they were taken when he was alive.

MG: He died not long after that. He died only two or three years ago.

XXX: He was such an odd phenomenon, and he just happened to be in the state that we lived in.

MG: A local folk hero! He lived across the lake from us in the state mental hospital till the day he died.

XXX: Some times you'd see him out in a boat fishing.

MG: Fishing for Carp. They'd give him a little wooden spear and let him spear some Carp.

TY: On the Gods Favourite Dog compilation that thing where it says "Bremer in custody after the attack."

MG: Arthur Bremer. He's from Wisconsin too, he's the man that shot George Wallace and put him in a wheel chair.

XXX: George Wallace was a racist who ran for president of the United States.

MG: Governor of Alabama. He still ruled Alabama from his wheel chair but Arthur Bremer put him there.

XXX: Like a benevolent despot.

MG: He was going to try to kill Richard Nixon but then found that George Wallace was easier to get to.

XXX: He didn't kill him though.

MG: He didn't really care who he killed. He just had to kill somebody to be important.

TY: It didn't work very well.

MG: No, because all he did was cripple a man no body liked any way. Not like Larry Flint who is also in a wheel chair from somebody shooting at him, but he's fondly loved by everybody, he's the publisher of Hustler.

TY: His wife died recently.

BIL: Yeah from A.I.D.S.

TY: So did John Holmes.

BIL: Yeah, maybe there is a connection

MG: John the long.

XXX: John Holmes the man with schlong about this big.

TY: A what?

BIL: A schlong.

DAN: A horn.

BIL: A woody.

MG: John Thomas.

DAN: A stiffy.

MG: Last night we spent great deal of time going through names for pussy that seemed to astound our hosts.

BIL: There is a lot of slang for things like that in America.

MG: Especially with guys like us who are obsessed with such things.

TY: I was under the impression that pussy meant something else in the states.

BIL: What do you think it means?

TY: Cunt.

BIL: Same thing.

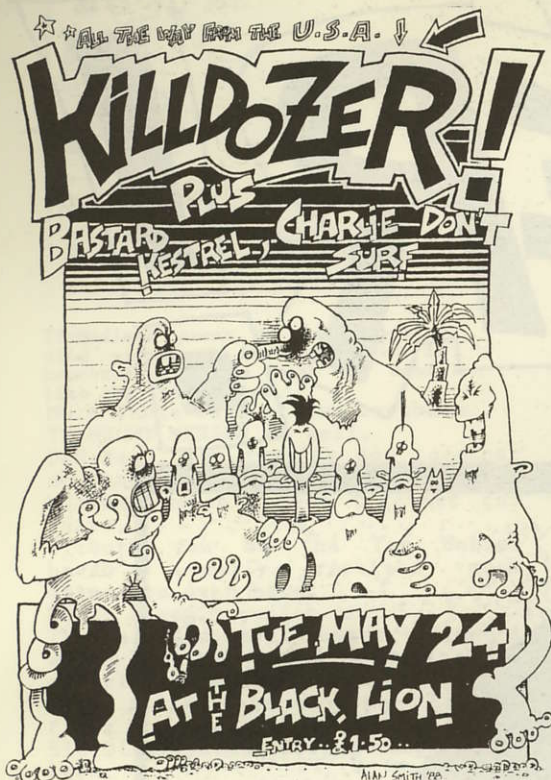
MG: Poosel.

BIL: Trim.

MG: The unhealing wound!

TY: Err, that's horrible!

BIL: We're really into slang every-



-where we go it's a little bit different. It's nice to pick up those words so you can spring them on people. Even in the states it's different everywhere you go.

TY: Are you popular in the states?

BIL: No!

DAN: Emmmm... in the north.

MG: It varies, there are certain places, the north east, the pacific, north west... Seattle and in Texas.

DAN: In the mid-west we're popular.

MG: But like in California... No.

DAN: We might be but we've never played there.

BIL: We played once along time ago.

MG: In the South, no not at all. We don't mind.

TY: That could be because of Sweet Home Alabama.

BIL: I don't know the South is really strange.

MG: The university of Alabama radio station made that there theme song and they get bomb threats when they play it!

TY: How do you think the critics especially will deal with you over here?

BIL: That all depends on the critics.

MG: Hey, we've got Edwin Pounceys pecker in our pocket!

BIL: After meeting us he probably hates us.

TY: You're not alone, I think he hates almost everyone.

MG: You've got really tiny pool balls here, we played pool last night and it was very difficult! Little biddy balls, I just thought you'd want to know!

BIL: And in America they're a lot heavier.

TY: Didn't they make pool balls in the states out of some kind of explosive by mistake, at one point?

DAN: I think I know what you're talking about.

MG: That's interesting.

DAN: They blew up occasionally.

TY: There were lots of deaths.

...Anyway what sort of bands do you like to play with if you don't

like this speed thing?

DAN: We've done a number of shows with the BUTTHOLE SURFERS and we used to do a lot of shows with BIG BLACK when they were still together.

MG: It's hard to tell. I for one, for the most part, never watch them. I usually just stay somewhere else and drink.

TY: Any reason for that?

BIL: You've got to drink at some point and it's harder to drink when you're playing!

MG: When your out for the month, do you get tired of watching other bands night after night.

DAN: But we don't play with the BUTTHOLE SURFERS that much..

MG: I'm not talking about the BUTTHOLE SURFERS, the other bands in general. The BUTTHOLE SURFERS I'd always watch when we play with them, SCRATCH ACID, I'd never miss them. But when you play in some town with some little kids, you've never heard them and it's their second night out.

BIL: And you see one song and you know exactly what every songs going to be like.

DAN: It's that speedcore you know.

MG: Slow, Slow, Slow, one, two, three and they go really fast. I don't wanna watch that.

TY: That's a big thing over here now.

DAN: It's big in America too.

(Loads of stuff about tour dates, and Holland 'n' shit.)

MG: Boy we're confused here.

BIL: That's just because of jet lag.

DAN: I'm confused most of the time any way.

MG: It's not jet lag that makes me step out into traffic. I feel like an old man whose gotten senile, and forgotten where he is.

BIL: You don't feel right until you've had maybe six or seven pints, and then the whole evening is real level and steady. You might not be walking straight but your steady.

TY: Is there any thing you particularly want to do while your in this country?

ALL: See Stonehenge.

MG: Have a good meal.

BIL: So is there any thing you'd recommend.

TY: Leave!

(Loads more waffle about how many people like KILLDOZER in Northampton.)

BIL: Let's see if we can find a question that would be a nice segue back in.. We never really covered bake offs.. tell him some of the recipes.

MG: Watermelon pie was easily the best. This is the actual recipe. You take a watermelon and cut it into eight circler disks, then you have to have a pie pan, then it says of the eight disks take the one that best fits the pie pan, put it into the pie pan then bake it.

TY: When you open it up is it still there?

BIL: No. it's probably really disgusting.

MG: We had a good one for I think it was Russian Tea. Which was made with an eight ounce jar of Tang, I don't know if you have that here. It's a powdered orange drink. It was the beverage of the astronauts. It's real modern stuff. We get lots of recipes that involve hot dogs.

BIL: Here is a good question. "Why do

you do what you do?" It's a little out there, but I suppose we can answer it.

DAN: Here we are. it's, not something we've really thought about.

MG: So we don't have to have jobs.

BIL: We all have jobs.

MG: We all have jobs but there not hard jobs.

BIL: The costs are phenomenal.

DAN: We break even pretty much. It's an expensive hobby.

MG: We do what we do, to meet chicks, to get drunk and to become famous! Exept we've all met the chicks so now it's just the drinking and fame.

TY: English bands are very much star vehicles, do you find that kind of attitude so much in the states.

MG: No, most people in bands would consider that hopeless.

DAN: There are people who play awfull new wave music..

BIL: To be big in England is to be big in a place the size of the State of Wisconsin.

TY: Because of it's size you can stay in your garage getting sicker and sicker for years before anyone will notice you and hype you or what ever.

BIL: And then be defamed.

DAN: Then everybody hates you.

BIL: You're yesterdays band.

TY: Would you like the publicity over here?

BIL: Whatever.

MG: We'd love to be big!

BIL: But were not gonna die if we're not.

DAN: We'll be ok.

BIL: If it's fun to keep doing, this has been fun to come over here belive it or not.

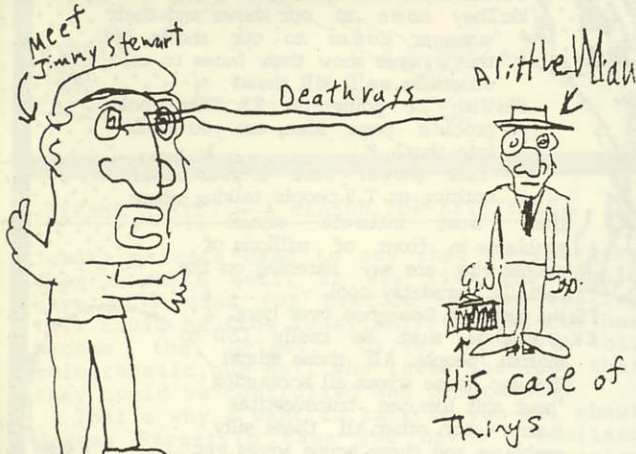
TY: How far would you like to take it?

DAN: We'd like to get to Italy!

BIL: We'd like to be in Vegas eventually. We'd like to be wearing



clothes like Elvis was right when he was really heavy. We'd like to get that heavy too!
 DAN: A lot of people think that bands think about that, but we just do what we do. Practice some songs and put out a record.
 MG: We do it for the moment, so far the moment has lasted five years.
 TY: King Coffee said Mike was a midget, I was expecting a real evil



midget! (Laughter).

BIL: To king he is a midget.

MG: Kings a very tall man. I'm 5 foot six 120 pounds. Twice as much money as we'll make tonight.

TY: What do you think to the "American BIRTHDAY PARTY" comparisons that come your way.

BIL: Very tiring.

DAN: Bollox, that's a good word for it.

MG: Bachman Turner Overdrive would be a good sound comparison, they're a Canadian band.

BIL: They're awfull.

TY: How much of what you do is a reaction against hardcore.

BIL: We're not a reaction against that, I don't hate it.

MG: We just never noticed it.

DAN: The only reason we ever got associated with it was because when we started out they were the only kind of shows you could do.

MG: Or you could class your selves off as being an arty band. We were too much of a bunch of slobs to ever do that.

TY: So comparisons to FLIPPER..

MG: I don't mind comparisons to FLIPPER.

BIL: I like FLIPPER.

MG: I'd prefer to be compared to FLIPPER than the BIRTHDAY PARTY. I like the BIRTHDAY PARTY but being

compared to them automatically means you're not original.

BIL: Another thing at that time the only thing that was any thing other than really fast was the BIRTHDAY Party. For one thing we don't shoot up drugs, we're fairly healthy young lads.

MG: AEROSMITH: that would be a good comparison.

BIL: KANSAS

MG: If you can imagine YES with an electric violin.

(Loads of off beat trivia, that you'll never know about now!)

....MG: For spending our money we came at the wrong time, but we came to earn your money. So we came at the right time. We're exporters.



TY: There're awards for that.

DAN: Eventually the queen will say your A-ok by me and put her stamp on it.

TY: Doing your bit for the trade deficit?

BIL: Yeah, balance the budget for Reagan.

...MG: Have you ever had an erection so hard you could hammer a nail through it?.....

(Lots lots more but we'll have to cut it short here Including how they drove over a rastafarian at Haight Ashbury, also Playing Killdozer records backwards and the hidden messages.)



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1-21-90 Toronto

Well, we finally got to meet the lead singer of Men Without Hats! We helped him out of a perplexing problem: to name three Bad Company songs. We did, he thanked us, and he even said he'd heard of us.

Then we had some dinner. Somebody suggested Greek food, but I just can't knowingly give money to those people. We went out for some Canadian food.

Well, let's just run through all that has happened so far. Bill stopped by Dan's house at the appropriate time to head for Chicago and our first show, but Dan was nowhere to be found. He was downtown at the barbershop, getting a trim, shave and manicure. The boys wound up leaving Madison two hours late, so Bill had to drive 90 MPH to Chicago (not too difficult in a state as flat as Illinois). Once in the City of Broad Shoulders, he was pulled over by an over-zealous flat-foot who had clocked him cruising at 30 MPH in a 25 MPH zone. He made Bill buy him a dozen doughnuts.

When the boys finally arrived at my pad, we boogied on down to the Cabaret Metro, Chicago's premier concert venue, to prepare for

our concert showcase. —Michael

Oddly enough, we were interviewed in our dressing room by several foreigners who write for American magazines. One chap, a Polish refugee, asked us what it's like to play in a very scary hardcore horror band. He was writing for the *Illinois Entertainer*.

Dave Riley, who was visiting us "backstage," felt sorry for Billy. Dave heard that Bill hadn't gone with us to Europe. Billy felt sorry for Dave when he heard that the ex-guitarist in Dave's old band was in England producing the Cocteau Twins and is also a role model for smug young college boys with glasses. —Dan

We had a TV in our dressing room so that we could get hyped up for the show by watching DeGrassi High. It was a fantastic episode.

The next day we were up and on our way to Ann Arbor, MI. Lake Shore Drive was our chosen route through Chicago, which afforded us a splendid view of luxury housing.

We got on I-94 and took it all the way to Ann Arbor. It is a good road, well-maintained and quick.

In Ann Arbor, we found our club, the Heidelberg Restaurant, where we were met by a journalist. "I'm the Hunter Thompson of our generation," he said. "Hooray," we replied. He

followed us everywhere and tape-recorded everything we said and did. He also helped to drink our Budweiser. I can't wait to read his wonderful little article. I must remember to alter our contract to exclude Budweiser, as well as Heineken, from our liquor requirements. —M
1-22-90

On to Toronto for our show at the Apocalypse Club. The warm-up band, Luxury Christ, featured Trevor, ex-Butthole and possessor of the worst back-acne ("bacne") in the independent music industry. The Queen's Expressway, the QEW, is a remarkably smooth, well-planned road. Reason enough to annex this place (Ontario) as our fifty-first state! —D

Luxury Christ stripped naked in our mutual dressing room. This seems to happen to us whenever we play in Canada. (Tragic Mulatto showed us their wares in Vancouver.) Canadians do share one ideal with Americans in that their boys are circumcised. At least Luxury Christ is. Not very well-endowed, though. —M

On our day off in Toronto (the gig was cancelled in favor of a hardcore skankfest), we ate out at a health food restaurant. Fourteen dollars for salad, soup and a beer seemed a tad steep, even with the near-worthless Canadian currency, but the soup was bean so it was fine. I

THERE ARE DIPSHITS



could entertain the boys with my anal pranks.—D

Any place where beer is considered health food is OK by me.

We enjoyed the "best coffee in town" at a doughnut shop. There are thousands, make that millions, of doughnut shops in Toronto. That's cool.—M

As we tooled down Spadina Avenue, out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of two Canadian shitheads beating the crap out of each other. Quickly, Bill executed a perfect U-turn, and we settled back to watch two Canadians do what Canadians do best to each other, minus the hockey sticks and skates.—D

Speaking of hockey, we came across a shop whose sole business was "computerised hockey skate blade sharpening." We've also seen pretty many fellows carrying hockey sticks around town.

Then a blizzard came along and hounded us all the way to Albany, NY. The QEW was closed due to a large truck pile-up and we had to detour along the scenic route. We caught a brief glimpse of Niagara Falls and then a long glimpse of the Dow Chemical Plant. I'd have to say the

New York Thruway was a top quality stretch of road also, albeit too expensive at the cash boxes.

The club in Albany, the QE2, was an old White Tower hamburger stand.—M

Across the street we dined on wing platters at the Chick'n G'lore. The first man to talk to us at the club we classified as an Eastern Seaboard Shithead. According to Rand McNally's Regional Shithead Spotter's guide, the Eastern Seaboard Shithead can be distinguished by his hairstyle: a near crewcut that for no good reason at all is really long down his neck and over his shirt collar,

hence called "mud flap." He donned an entire acidwash outfit complete with too-tight Dago jeans.—D

1-23-90

Albany, we discovered, is a town almost void of eggs. We searched the town far and wide, turning up dozens of pizza parlors and chicken



stands, but no cafes. Finally we found a cafe with eggs and all and the waitress announced that they were all out of hash browns! ('Home fries,' as they say out here in the East.) So we didn't bother with the eggs.

Then we got the hell out of Albany, gladly. It's one of those towns that the whole time we're

when he took us to a titty bar called Blondies, where we saw a stripper named Jasmine who plays a flute with her cunt. She played "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" - I've never seen anything like it. Then she lauched a ping pong ball that hit Tom on the chin. —M

The next day Tom took us to this place that had the famous Philadelphia cheesesteak. I had taken no more than one delicious bite when a homeless person demanded that I give it to her, because she was hungry. Then a Pinkerton man in the mall came and forced her to leave the premises. Boy that cheesesteak tasted good. —D
1-25-90 Washington, D.C.

When we arrived at the D.C. Space, we were met by a fat dyke who was unnecessarily rude to us when we informed her that we were the band. "Well, you CAN'T load in NOW!" She said. "We have dinner THEE-ATE-ER." We knew that if she heard one more word from us she'd have our dicks out back in the dumpster. We wisely left to go for a walk (as if we'd stay for dinner theater). After three or four blocks, we were spotted by some homeless men who were hanging about in front of a chicken stand. One shouted at us, "Hey, lemme axe you sumpin'!" so we turned tail and returned to the club. By then it was seven o'clock, so we sat at the bar and started a tab. We were in the mood to drink too much and play a bad show. —M

1-26-90 Philadelphia

We left the nation's capitol around two,

bound for Philadelphia. The freeway is pretty good the whole way, and goes pretty fast. We arrived in town early, so we hunted down Tom Lax. We found him at Dave's Bar; it was his Thursday night dart league night. Tom is quite a dartist, a real athlete. Dave's is a cop bar, so there are a lot of guns packed by drunks in uniforms.

It was very crowded and I ripped a pretty good chuff that caused a patron at the bar to comment, "Man, who the hell just died and commenced to decomposin'?" Then Tom won



the dart game! —M

I was amazed that I was able to "double out," as the stink Michael had created at the bar had left my eyes watering uncontrollably. Of course my teammates were overjoyed. There's nothing like winning when the odds are against you! —Tom Lax

Later:

At the club, the Khyber Pass, a homeless man offered to lend a hand bringing the instruments in for some spare scratch. We decided to barter East Coast style. When the "wretched excess" had finished hauling the equipment into the club, we rewarded him with a generous glass full of ginger brandy. Ironically, he was quite pleased with this arrangement and managed to drink more than half the glass before choking, at which time he began to cough and spit bile and liquor around the room. Fortunately, the management kicked him out. —TL

Milton Wayne, the creator of "Milties" (one of the prize-winning recipes in our Bake-Off), was at the gig, sporting his "I Won The Killdozer Bake-Off" Tee shirt. (Note for collectors: only three of these shirts exist!) He presented us with a large stuffed buzzard. —M

Some guy told me that I changed the life of some finhead fucker who hassled Michael during our first show in Philly about four years ago. After the pummelling I gave him then, he got a normal haircut, became a nice guy and joined the Navy. I guess music can actually change things. —D

1-27-90

Last night Tom taught me I shouldn't fall asleep to fast in his home. Just as I started to doze off, he flipped a ninja LP at me and ripped open a huge half-inch gash on my forehead. Dazed



in them we wonder why the hell we're there. We went to Boston, travelling on the Massachusetts Turnpike. It's an OK road, except that you have to pay to use it and there aren't any AM radio stations along the way.

Once in Boston, naturally the first thing we did was get lost. We bought a map and poked our way through the slop and shitheads. Snow makes people here not capable of driving. Cities in the East don't seem to believe in snow plows and the people of Boston don't understand the concept of shovels.

But we got to the club, Bunratty's (despite Pete's giving us the wrong address) (fuck you Michael - Ed.) and went from there to Donna the promoter's house for pasta. It was good and I ate too much. She told us that the club owner called her at 10:30 that morning to cancel the show because of the blizzard. The owner thought that nobody would get to the show and that we wouldn't make it there either. What sort of candy-assed breed is the Easterner?

Later that evening, in our dressing room, we were visiting with Nate Kato, famous member of Urge Overkill. A woman that knows both Nate and us dropped in to say "hello." Nate observed that she lost weight, especially the chest. "You lost your rack," he said. She insisted that this was not the case, and to his delight, she allowed Nate to inspect. He stood behind her, with her shirt up and bra down, displaying to all her rack in his bony fists. Later still, Nate pre-

sented us to the audience, who booed him and shouted, "Shaddup!"

Today we went for breakfast with Scott Sabatke, one of our hosts. Maggie Brennan and Meg Madzar left to go earn a living as we slept. Scott played hooky and stayed home. So we went to a deli run by Greeks. For some reason these people who introduced buttfucking to the world run restaurants that sell every damn kind of food: tacos, gyros, pizza, chicken buckets, omelets, and weiners, all from the same kitchen. And it's all food that sucks. Especially the coffee. Why can't a Greek make a decent cup of coffee? This deli was jam-packed with your archetypical Eastern Seaboard Shithead. "Theh's so much food theh ya can hahdly eat it," said one near us, looking down at his plate of corned beef hash 'n' eggs special. And if you look too long at such a brainiac, awestruck by his witlessness, he's likely to shoot a "Watcha lookin' at, ya'a faggot uh sumthin'?" at you; a real in-your-face kind of guy. These bagoombas are prevalent in Boston, New York, Hoboken...in fact, the whole East Coast. And yet we constantly are interviewed by smarmy 'zine dudes from these cities who ask us what it's like to live in a "cultural backwater" or "isolated wasteland" like Wisconsin, "full of rednecks and serial killers." Well, bite my left nut, at least Wisconsin hayseeds are a friendly bunch. It just astonishes me that so many people move from the Midwest to New York, "because New York is so cool and hip and smart," while

most native New Yorkers are just a bunch of dumb-asses who likely think of the cool and hip and smart people as just a bunch of queers. A woman we knew from Madison moved to New York. Sometime ago, at one of our shows at CBGB's, we ran into her. (The hip and cool, on a first-name basis with the club, call it "Seabees.") So we asked her if she'd like a beer. "Oh no," she said, "beer is soo Midwestern. I only drink Stolly." I just walked away from her. Later she introduced me to her friend Michael Gyro, underground music's own John Denver. He wouldn't even shake hands or say "How do you do?" —M 1-24-90

We just stopped at a Sbarro Pizza shop on the turnpike from Philadelphia to Baltimore. Dan asked the pizza shop employee what kind of toppings they had. "What the fuck 'cha want?" was the courteous reply.

Since our tour was conveniently routed so that we played in Washington, D.C. after playing Boston, with a day off in between, we decided to drive as far as Philadelphia to stay with Tom Lax. He is the editor of the finest and most substantial publication in the music biz, "Silt Breeze."

The road was pretty rough, especially the stretch from Connecticut to New Jersey. New York has managed to create the worst pavement on Earth. The New Jersey Turnpike was a good stretch of road, though.

In Philly, we were greeted by Tom with dinner and a TV set. But the real excitement came



and bleeding, I realized that I had made a huge social faux pas by trying to fall asleep too early. I guess I'm a lucky man to still be alive. —Bill

A "friend," who had observed the lesson I'd taught Bill, remarked to me, "That's the stupidest thing I've ever seen you do." Arguably the stupidest thing I've ever done was to invite this screwhead to my house to begin with. —TL

Off to NYC. We showed up at Maxwell's in lovely Hoboken, NJ plenty early and had a bite to eat from the Maxwell's kitchen. Tom had a Maxwell Burger, which he said was "tumor-like." Dan and I each had some things with long Italian names, both of which tasted like macaroni and cheese. We should know better that to eat Italian food in a place where the kitchen staff is all Puerto Rican. Julia Cafritz arrived and agreed with our conclusion.

During soundcheck, the sound man, who was an electrical engineer, made us promise not to turn our amps up very loud. Of course, we'd never do that.

After the show we discovered that we had no place to stay. Our friend Brent was going to

put us up, but he'd just been evicted himself. He said he had a friend, who turned out to be his ex-girlfriend's new boyfriend, over in Manhattan

nice little motel next to the Holland tunnel. What a day! —M
1-28-90



We were rousted out of our room at noon and decided to find some bre-afticks in Hoboken. We found a quaint little hole called Shirley's. The waitress there has figured out that if she stays in the back of the dining room, by the door to the kitchen, the customers won't bother her.

She wore some attractive tight-fittin' jeans with a huge gold zipper up the ass and had a splendid sticky-looking bouffant that framed her face like a sunflower.

and we could stay with him. Off we went, on up to 110th street. He said, "We're right around the corner, let me make a phone call." When he got out of the van to use a pay phone, we noticed a lot of folks on the street eyeballing our van, it's tires, hubcaps and contents, as well as us. I assumed these folks were homeless. We left Brent there and drove back to Hoboken where we found a

continuously stood in the doorway, holding it open, to see if there was a table free. Of course, there were no tables, and they would just stand there holding the door. "Why don't you see if you can't hold that door open a little wider," Dan quipped to one couple, who then did so.

Finally, we were all served portions of cold eggs and colder french toast.



Photo by Marty Perez

After such a fine feast we went down the street to Maxwell's, where we had left all our equipment the night before. The gang from MTV was there, making some show called Pirate TV. A man explained to Dan that they had used his drumkit as a prop. "So?" Dan replied, "I don't get cable." Tom seemed bedazzled by a young actress dressed in a Little Bo Peep costume. —M

Later, at CBGB's, I walked into our "dressing room" to find Christina from Boss Hogg, who I guess is some sort of punk rock supervixen, taking pictures of her boyfriend, Jon Spencer, with my camera! I thought that was kinda odd, but then I saw she was taking pictures of Michael too, so it was fine. —D

So now CBGB's has a pizza parlor. I tried some of their pizza, it's shit. We went out for a walk to get decent pizza.

While Tom, Dan, and I waited up the block for Bill to catch up with us, a hobbling homeless black man on a crutch shuffled on up to us and said, "I letcha take my pitcha fo' a dolla'," pointing at Dan's camera. Tom said, "No. I'll give you a quarter to beat it." The homeless said, "That'd be a fine deal." Tom gave him a quarter saying, "Now earn it."

Afta some more pizza, we found Gerard Cosloy sitting in the CBGB's record store. We sucked down some beers with him and chit-chatted about Peter. —M

Oh yeah, I really enjoyed Boss Hogg and the lads from the Unsane looked like normal folks from the Midwest, not black leathered punks from NYC. I dug their version of "Four Sticks." —D

Immediately after the show we drove to Philadelphia, to take Tom home and avoid the fiasco of finding lodging in NYC.

We arrived at Tom's apartment around five A.M. and found a Basque man lying on the couch that Bill had been looking forward to sleeping on. Tom's roommate, Bob, came out of his room to explain that this was his Basque friend. We all slept on the floor while the Basque man lay on the sofa, smoking. Around ten, Bob came out of his room, poked the Basque man in the chest and pointed to the door. So the Basque man lit a cigarette, got up, and left. —M
1-29-90

Here we go again, on the road. We got up bright and early, and hit the Pennsylvania Turnpike by 1:30. This isn't a bad road, but hardly worth the eight or nine bucks it cost to drive on it, with no place to stop and eat but Roy Rogers' all along the way. What's worse, the speed limit is 55 MPH the entire length.

At the Upstage in Pittsburgh: finally, a punk rock club with good lighting in the crapper and plenty of toilet paper! Such a pleasurable club.

We went to get dinner at a place down the block called the Original, "Big 'O'." They must use half the electricity in Pittsburgh with all the flashing neon they have.

Imagine Dan's and my amusement when Bill ordered large fries.

He didn't see, as we did, that large fries weighed five pounds and cost \$3.72. Even with the both of us helping him eat them, there was about two-thirds of them left. Where's a home-

less person when you need on? Into the trash they went. —M

After the gig, we would up staying with a dude named Dave, and at his place we watched a movie starring Anthony Zerbe as a mad scientist, and KISS as the heroes, even though they are Knights in The Service of Satan. We were informed by Dave that a certain other underground band said we were squares. We retorted that we'd been to a lot of strip clubs as well as having met the singer of Men Without Hats. What square does that kind of stuff? —D

1-30-90

Columbus, Ohio. Such an exciting town. It was alternating between rain and snow when we arrived, and by the parking lot next door to Staches a homeless man was sleeping on a heat grate. After the show, an ambulance was there. It seems the steam coming out of the grate had stopped, his water-logged blanket froze, and now the homeless man was pretty close to dead. What an evening!

This morning we "enjoyed" breakfast at a place called Country Folks. The place reeked of pot pourri, and all the meals had names like "Hungry Folks Platter" and "Down-Home Combo." Dan's bacon came after we had all finished our meals, so he refused it, making the bovine waitress look terribly foolish. Then we hit I-70.

We're going to St. Louis a day early just because we have nothing better to do.

In Indiana we saw a Stuckey's so we stopped. It turned out to be nothing more than a Dairy Queen living off that great name. The



place was run by a bunch of religious fuckwits just like the entire state of Indiana. —M
2-1-90

So we found a Day's Inn by the St. Louis Airport. With jumbo jets passing overhead we stepped out to a liquor store and got some Molson's Golden, the only non-Busch beer in this city. We asked the liquor store clerk where we might find a burlesque show. He said we'd have to go back to East St. Louis, Illinois. An old salt next to us told us that's a bad place. We went back to our room and watched TV.

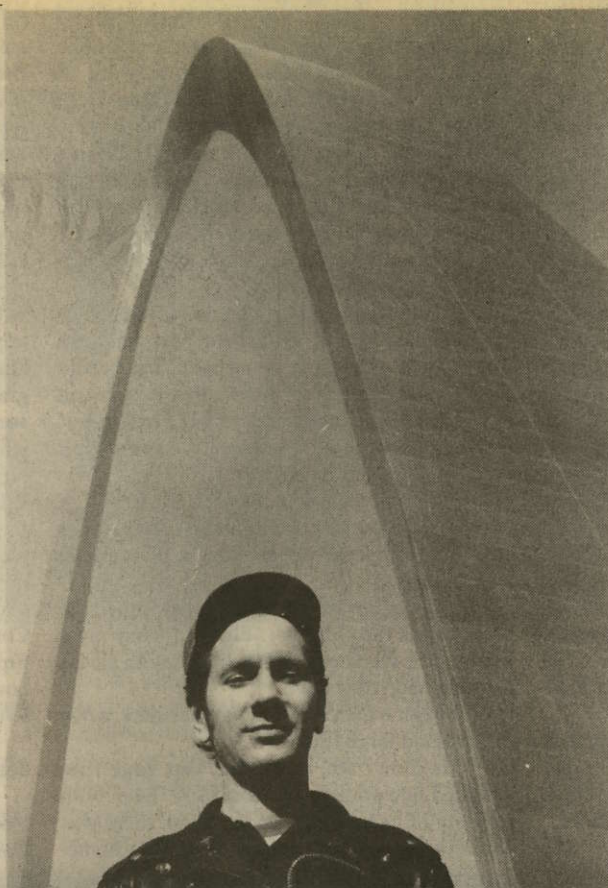
On Wednesday we got up early and boogied down to Denny's for Grand Slam breakfasts. They wouldn't let us order Senior Slams. The best thing about Denny's is that in the restroom they have wax paper rings to place on the seat. They are called "Protecto," and I've never felt safer than when I've shit at Denny's.

After a hearty breafitiks we drove down to downtown St. Louis to visit the National Bowling Hall of Fame and Museum. What a place!

Then we went over to the Arch and rode the elevator to the top. The exciting part of this is that there are national park rangers up there! "This must be one of the cushiest posts in the park service for a ranger!" I thought.

When you get to the top, you can look out the windows and see the muddy Mississippi below and East St. Louis on the other side. Then you can turn around and see St. Louis. When I did, I exclaimed,

"What a fucking ugly town!" I then realized that these rangers didn't have it so good.



When we got down there were dozens of kids waiting to go up. When they got on board the elevator, they all started to scream. The ranger just said repeatedly, "Shad-dup."

At the gig that night, the sound man told Dan and me, "They got a saying about St. Louis weather... If you don't like it, stick around, it'll change."

Next we met a guy who said, "I just love to turn off the lights, get really wasted, turn on a black light, and play Bur at 16rpm."

Now we're on US Highway 61, a two lane road all the way to Iowa City, and I have six or seven Protectos in my hip pocket.

Oh shit, I almost forgot! We stopped at a Waffle House for breafitiks. Guess what we ate. —M

2-2-90 Iowa City

Damn cold in Iowa. We have fond memories of this town. The last time we played here, a guy in the audience got so excited he leapt from the stage and broke one of his knees.

After the gig last night, at Gabe's Oasis, we went to the home of Chris, Iowa Beef Experience's boisterous guitarist. What a party there was! Guys and gals ever-



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where with a big old half barrel of Old Style in the kitchen. This is the sort of party that Easterners just don't know how to do.

Dan and I were pretty well baked when we left, so Bill drove us to 7-11 where Dan got very excited about beef jerky and I tried to take more chocolate chip cookies than I had paid for. Bill paid the difference on the cookies, and I bummed up when I discovered later that I took raisin cookies by mistake.

We went and got a motel outside of town, and the pillows there had baggies for pillow cases.

I woke up this morning feeling like I'd had better days, and then we ate at Perkin's, confirming that I had indeed had better days. The things I like best for breakfast - scrambled eggs, hash browns and pancakes - all are just shit at Perkins. The french toast I ate was OK, but not at all what I really wanted. A day that starts at Denny's is always a better day than one that starts at Perkins. Of course a day that starts at Waffle House is the best day of all. —

M

2-3-90

The highway from Iowa City to Kansas City (I-80 from I.C. to Des Moines, then south on I-35 to K.C.) is a decent piece of pavement, but the weather was wretched. Freezing rain glazed the roads like doughnuts. The club in Lawrence, the Outhouse, is a shed two miles outside of town in a cornfield. When we got there, the staff was burning garbage out front, and they had a pretty good blaze roaring. Our

label-mates, the Jesus Lizard, were there too, so we shook hands. Then we broke down and hugged each other.

The Outhouse's heating system consisted

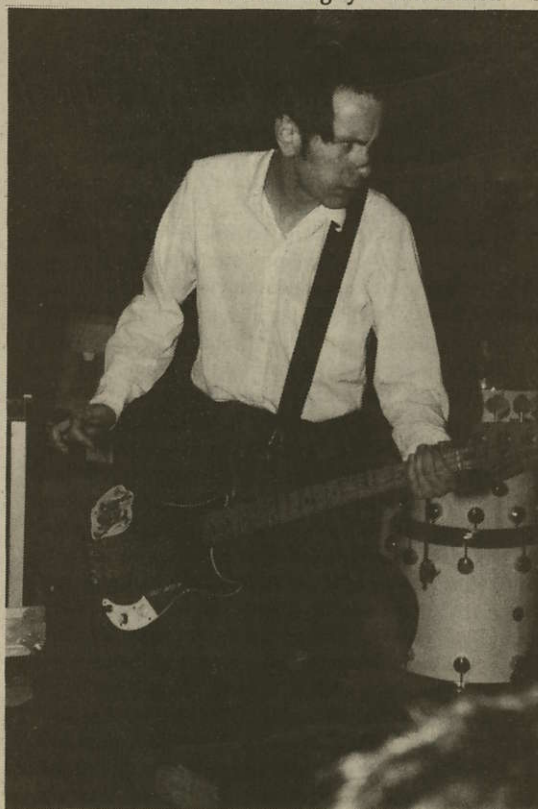


Photo by Marty Perez

of two 55-gallon barrels on their sides, mounted on a stand one above the other, with a chimney going from the bottom one, up through the top one, and on out to the roof. There were logs burning in each, with a pile of logs on the floor in front.

When I went to use the toilet, I saw a titmouse was living beneath the stool, looking up at me. I hoped that I could get through the evening without needing to shit, because that mouse would surely get into my trousers, and there was no toilet paper, and the corn cobs out in the field were frozen.

The show was an all-ages gig, and in Kansas that means no beer allowed in the venue. We kept ours cold on the ice underneath the Jesus Lizard's van in the field of corn. Every time I went outside for another cold one, I'd see this dude passed out on the ground in front of the barrel with the garbage burning in it. "Shit," I thought, "He's going to probably freeze to death." Finally, on my fifth or sixth trip out there, I kicked him until he woke up. Then the Jesus Lizard played and Dave Yow set himself on fire.

Later, when we were all packing up and getting ready to leave, Dave Simms moved the J.L. van and ran over our last twelve-pack, popping seven of the bottles. —M

2-5-90

The drive from Kansas City to Omaha wasn't too bad, although the AM radio in these parts is really lacking. Thank goodness it only takes a couple of hours. Omaha is a city

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of many steak houses. We didn't eat in any of them. Instead, we ate at a Mexican restaurant and video store, run by a woman who must be related to Charo.

The show was again one with the Jesus Lizard, who were thrilled to see that Dan had stolen the entire Protecto dispenser package from the Denny's where we all ate in Kansas City. The most astounding thing of all at breakfasts that morning was that Dan had ordered the Nachos Supreme.

After the Omaha gig, Tim Moss, the promoter and our host, drove me over to Council Bluffs, IA, where liquor stores can stay open later than in Omaha, to fetch beer for the gang waiting back at his pad. As luck would have it, we were two minutes late! The young fella in the store said HE would like to let us have some more hootch, if he COULD, but the store was owned by the Sheriff. —M

2-17-90 Madison

Last night in Minneapolis we played a show where Peter D. lead the crowd through a series of line dances, including the "bus stop."

We had fun with our pal, Tom Hazelmyer, who refused to play any tunes with us any more because we suck.

As we were loading out of the club, the Seventh Street Entry, I noticed the neglected package of Protectos that I had stolen two weeks earlier from a Denny's in Kansas City. Lo and behold, a diabetic had stashed his insulin hypodermic needle in the cardboard crease of the Protecto box! Billy quickly seized the spike and

promptly disposed of it in an appropriate container. —D

After the gig, we went to Pete's house for some refreshments and what I thought was to be some pleasant conversation with Pete and Tom and ourselves. The little get-together developed into a convention of fat slags as every overweight boring bitch in the city of Minneapolis (that's pretty many!) arrived at Pete's digs to "party." Things only got worse when Bill and Tom left, and Steve McLellan, top dog at Fist Avenue a.k.a. Uncle Sam's, showed up with several of his pals. I became quite an irritated little fellow, and tried desperately to flee from them, but whichever room I went into, there they were, shmoozing!

Finally, Dan and I took destiny into our own hands. Dan told one of Steve's pals to get his Husker Du-lovin' ass off of the couch, and we unfolded it into a bed and went to sleep.

The very next day, I had the bottle flue. —M

M

I sat in the van and peeled a tangerine, given to me by my sister-in-law, as I watched Michael spew up chunk after bile-coated chunk of his breakfast onto the shoulder of I-94 between Minneapolis and Madison. The tangerine was tasty, nonetheless. —D

2-18-90

In Madison, we encountered THEE worst promoter of our illustrious musical career. There were no microphones at the club. He was on the phone trying to score a sound man for the show. His name is Dan Hobson, and I would advise all touring bands to steer clear of this chucklehead.

Art Paul Schlosser warmed up the evening with a brilliant performance, singing tributes to vegetables and such.

Iowa Beef Experience did their darndest to overcome a real suck-ass PA, but I don't think that the evening was in their favor. —M

3-2-90 Houston, TX

Dan and I flew from Chicago, Bill from Minneapolis. We were on different airlines, and the consensus is that lunch on American Airlines is better than lunch on Continental.

After the show, at Fitzgerald's, we went to a place called Emo's. We were there with Danny Flaim and Kathy Kowgird, and they had a drinking contest with Dan. He kept insisting that a Wisconsinite could drink any Texan's ass under the table.

Danny, in an ill-advised attempt to outdo Dan and Kathy, kept going to the bar and requesting, "Drinks to make my friends get sick and puke." Of course, he enjoyed the same drinks.

As it turned out, Kathy won the contest. While we returned to their house, Danny waited at the bar to get a case of beer. He took a long time coming home, and when we looked outside twenty minutes later, he was prancing about in the field across the street in his platform shoes, red velvet pants and a mountain man coat. Kathy coaxed him out of the field and into the house, where he laid down on the floor and slept as folks partied around him.

Much later, after Bill and I had gone to sleep, Kathy found Dan with his dick hanging out standing in the living room about to piss on

her boxful of tools. He looked up at her, in what she described at "that dead fish look he has" and started to pee. She grabbed him by the arm and pushed him out the door, as he mumbled, "If I don't get some sleep, I'm gonna die."

Today we rented car, a luxury sedan. It was a stretch New Yorker, and as Danny noticed, much roomier than last year's model. We took it on a sightseeing tour of Houston. First we saw a fence made of junk, and met the old black fellow who built it, dressed in knee-high waders and holding a high-ball.

Then we went to the pigdom, once the home of Priscilla the Boy-Saving Pig (sister of Ralph, the Famous Diving Pig). Unfortunately, the town fathers have decided there is no room for pigs within city limits.

Then we saw the beer can house, one man's brilliant scheme to put aluminum siding on his home cheaply. He's dead, but the house remains a monument to American know-how. You can bet your ass there are no beer can houses in Tokyo.

Finally, we went to the Orange Show, a tribute to oranges, "the perfect food."

We ate some Mexican food. Now we're going to watch "Andy Griffith," then go back to Emo's. —M
3-4-90

The drive to Austin in our stretch New Yorker was luxury at its most exquisite. Getting out of Houston was a



little slow, and we came to the realization that Danny Flaim hasn't a clue about the highways in his hometown. Not to fault him; he doesn't own a car. A Pinkerton man at a downtown warehouse gave us directions that involved driving the wrong way up one-way streets. Somehow we made it.

The road was well-paved and scenic most of the way, especially once we got to La Grange where we enjoyed "the best damn sandwich in town."

In Austin we were treated to bottles of Miller Lite at a bar across the street from the Cannibal Club. They were the treat of the bartender for reasons he never explained.

We were invited to the home of a friend of Danny's named Rob for a Bar-B-Q. The Butthole Surfers were there, all except King, and Dan got his ass mercilessly whipped by Gibby in a wild couple of rounds of ping pong. Everyone came outside and marvelled at our stretch New Yorker. Jeff Pinkus was most generous in passing around his bottle of Wild Turkey. We ate damn good chicken kabobs and weird little weiners made from vegetable product. (Michael and Danny actually enjoyed the tofu pups! —D)

Well, now we're flying home. We ate TV dinners on the plane, lasagne with Salisbury steak.



Danny Flaim and Kathy Kowgirl made me promise to mention that Texas, especially Houston, is the funnest, hippest, and greatest place we have ever been. So I did. —M
3-19-90

We're heading for the West. North Dakota is a place with few people and fewer gas stations. We have no idea what it looks like, as we drove all the way across it at night. The sun came up when we were somewhere in the middle of Montana, so we pulled off the well-paved highway in Miles City for some breafitks at the 4B's Cafe. Good food, good service, lousy coffee.

There seems to be a few cowboys in Montana. As we ate we observed that one cowboy's pickup truck in the parking lot had garbage burning in the back. When he left the 4B's and backed out his pickup truck we noticed that amongst the burning garbage were several gas cans.

We drove some more until we stopped at Butte for some more chow at the M&M Cafe. I suspect that the cook and dishwasher, a couple of old-timers are men with no past, old hoods on the lam, living false lives under false names as they hide

out from the long arm of the law. I can't imagine any other reason to be in Butte. The M&M is also a bar, and seems like the sort of place where brawling is popular. The whole town of Butte could be summed up as a community of trash.



Most of the housing in town, in the state for that matter, is trailer homes.

As we dined, two youngsters came in and shined my boots for a dollar. They did a horseshit job of it, but they said they were only sixteen dollars short from buying a trampoline "that you can jump twelve feet high in the air on." Always one to encourage children in their efforts to break their own necks, I chipped in.

Then we walked out, strolling past some handsome young men in Scorpions shirts, sitting in a parking lot sippin' on malt liquor. "Hey dudes," we said as we strolled past.

We crossed Idaho in the blink of an eye and we spent the night at a fine motel in Spokane, Washington. The people of that town all mispronounce the name of their own hometown. We fell asleep so early that we woke up at six a.m. —M
3-27-90

After waking up at such an early hour we enjoyed the hotel's "continental breakfast" (coffee and doughnuts) for two and a half hours. We've determined that as you go west from Wisconsin the coffee gets pro-

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VIRUS 78/78CD/78C

Fig.3, item 3:

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Fig.4, item 4:

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gressively weaker, until you're drinking the discolored hot water they serve in Spokane.

During breakfast, I let rip with a fart that ruined breakfast for everybody in the room. We all laughed merrily.

We thought we'd go to Vancouver a day early and enjoy the nightlife, but we were treated to the nightlife in a Canadian customs office, along the longest unguarded border in the world.

When we did get to Vancouver where we stayed at Denise the promoter's house we enjoyed the company of two large dogs. One was named Bass Guitar Dude who tried to dance the Lambada with me, and the other was Paisley Blue, a vicious Doberman who growled in her sleep and howled constantly while awake.

The next morning, we went out to find scramble eggs and almost mistakenly ate at a "cafe" which was in fact a lesbian pool hall. The air smelled of sweat and there was enough flannel to outfit every band on Twin Tone. We backed out and ate at some dive instead.

Later that evening, after sound check and a radio interview, we were back at Denise's home

for Promoter's Pasta. This was fine until the promoter's brother and his girlfriend showed up to smoke dope while we ate. —M

Going back to the old U.S. of A. there was

us to the top of the Space Needle where we had a round of expensive beer. Beer costs more at high places due to its tasting better at greater altitudes. We had some food at the Dog House, one of Tom Hazelmeyer's favorite hangouts.

A homeless man with an enormous dog and a beard asked me for money. I gave him all of my change, and he got pissed off when he saw that it was all Canadian money. "Beggars can't be choosers," I said, and walked on having taught him a lesson.

The road to Portland is so good that we got to the club hours early. As luck would have it, there was a dance club near the venue called Slabtown. Bill took us there. Inside, there was a topless dancer in

sweatpants who threw herself spastically around the dance floor like she was on acid. She had a belly that betrayed her fondness for beer. When she was finished the bartender ran across the room to the DJ booth and asked for "a big round of applause for Candi." Then she said, "Now



no problem other than meeting the bottom inspectors.

In Seattle we stayed with John Bigley and Valerie Broach. They have a dog named Roosevelt that seemed to fancy me and we danced.

They cooked a barbecue for us. They took

enjoy watching Toni as she spins around the May Pole and brushes her dress against you." Then she ran back to the bar.

Toni was hefty but better dressed than Candi, wearing a satin white dress. Her dance, other than spinning around the May Pole, consisted of standing with her back to us, twitching first her left buttock and then her right one. Slabtown is one hell of a classy joint. It's not a stripper bar, because the dancers never take their clothes off. It's just classy.

After our show we were offered several places of lodging, but all were either from amazing dipshits whose very presence was intolerable, or decent people who wanted to drink and party all night. We needed sleep so we found a nice motel.

On our drive to California, we discovered that Oregon is a state full of provincial rustics, where cafes serve peculiar concoctions they call Mexican food. As soon as you get to California, people look real Californian.

At the I-80/I-505 interchange, there's a nice little truckstop with telephones at the tables. Since we were eating breakfast anyway, we went ahead and called Pete. We couldn't think of anything to say, we just wanted to use the phone at the table.

Now we're in Frisco, the citay by the bay, at Paul Reller's home. He took us to the ocean where we saw thousands of hermit crabs. Back in town we walked down Haight Street, where we saw dozens of homeless people. There's something about the homeless in San Francisco, they

just seem to be college students on a camping trip or some similar adventure. The most disgusting thing about the homeless in this city is that they breed, and take their wretched offspring dressed up like dirty little hippies out at an early age to learn the family trade of panhandling.

Paul hurt his back playing basketball, and during most of our visit he was in miserable pain. It was fortunate that we came by to cheer him up

look awful, served on a little styrofoam tray with a little plastic fork and knife, and that fucking little portion-control container of Waffle Syrup. I threw the whole mess away and got Dolly Madison doughnuts at the gas station.

Later that day, we ate at Carl's Jr. which is amazingly just like MacDonald's. I had to shit after eating, but was forced to skip it when an elderly man decided that Carl's Jr. was a good place to teach his grandson how to use a toilet. As I stood outside waiting for them to finish, I heard the child scream, so I left.

Finally we got to L.A. What a town! Long Beach isn't worth mentioning, so let's get straight to fabulous Hollywood! We saw all the Stars' names on the sidewalk. We went to Frederick's Lingerie Museum. Then we got a map of stars' homes. Were we shocked to find that the Beverly Hillbillies' mansion has been torn down! I thought it was a national monument. Still, the glamour in this town is absolutely fabulous. Englebert Humperdinck still lives in Jayne Mansfield's Pink Palace.

Sadly, there's a horror even greater than the fate of the Clampett estate. SHAKEY'S HAS CHANGED THEIR PIZZA CRUST! I kid you not. Once the greatest pizza known to civilized man, it has now been altered to nothing more than tomato sauce on a soda cracker. They call it their new Classic Crust. I'm forced to declare that I will never eat there again. —M

There are more rock bands than people in L.A., and as a result many spinoff industries



for a couple of days. —M
4-2-90 Los Angeles

We left Frisco at an unpleasantly early hour, so early that I was still drunk. It was a long drive to L.A. We stopped along the way at some desert outpost where the gas was \$1.59/gallon, and the only restaurant was MacDonald's. Goddammit if they don't make the worst fucking pancakes on the face of the fucking earth at MacDonald's. Shit, is this a bad day. They even

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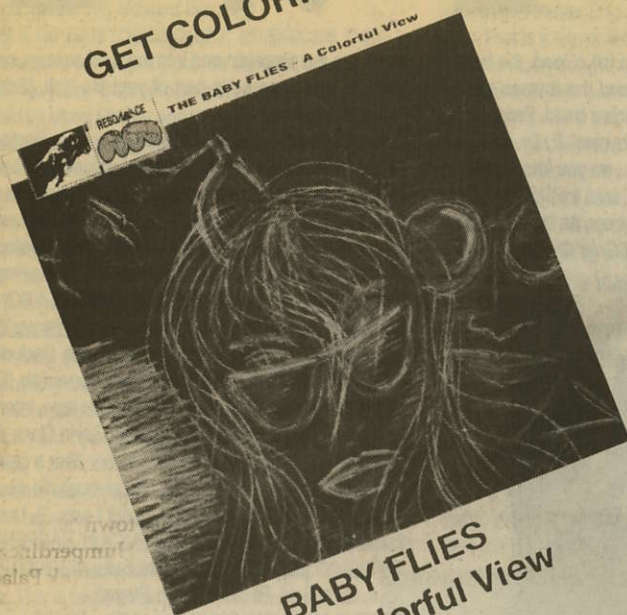
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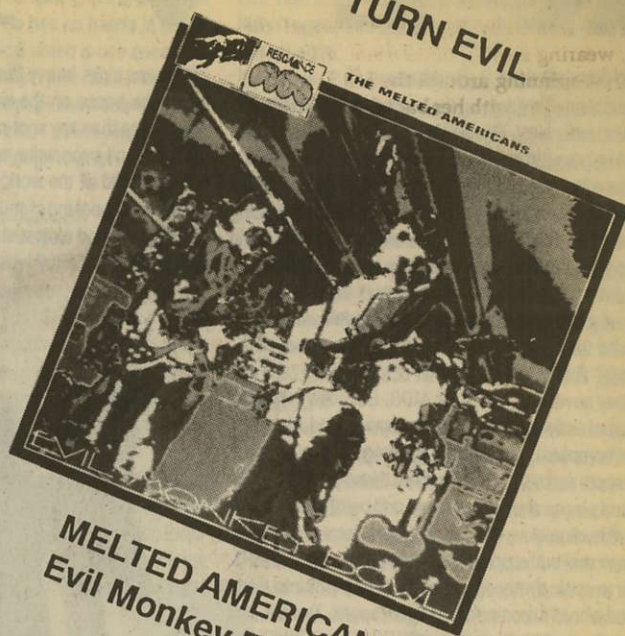
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have grown there. My favorite cottage rock and roll business is hair extension and replacement. You can go into a shop on Sunset Blvd. as bald as Phil Collins and come out with a metal shag like the dudes in White Snake or Dokken.

Nothing really needs to be said about San Diego, where our next stop was, but plenty can be said about the best town we've been through in years! —D

"Welcome to Fabulous Las Vegas" the sign at the edge of town reads, and fabulous it is.

All the Stars were in town: Sammy, Julio, Steve and Eydie, Dino, Jerry Lewis, Don Rickles, Siegfried and Roy, Toni Tenille, Kenny Rogers, Tony Orlando (with Dawn!), Ray Stevens, Englebert, Tom Jones, Wayne Newton, Robert Goulet, Tony Bennett, The Smothers Brothers, Ricardo Montalban, Redd Foxx, Dom Deluis, Bert Convy, George Hamilton, Ann-Margaret, Nick Cave, Charo, Peggy Lee, Vicki Lawrence, Gavin McLeod, Joey Heatherton, and of course, Frank Sinatra. And that's just some of them!

Our collective heart was bursting as we motored down the Strip, past Newton's own famous and glamorous Caesar's Palace, with the radio playing, "I'm Proud to be an American, God Bless the U.S.A." by Lee Greenwood as loud as it could go. We headed out of town toward the freeway, feeling good about the world as we headed for Fort Collins, Colorado.

Later that night, terror set in as we drove past mile after desolate mile, without sight of a gas station or any form of life other than mule deer. Just as we were about ready to shit in our

pants, on our last gallon of precious fuel, we came around a bend and there was Green River, Utah. The Mormon gas station attendant made it plain that he didn't care for us, but we were grateful to get gas no matter how much of a bastard and religious screwball the guy we got it from was. —M

Since Michael was driving about 45 MPH, as well as coasting in neutral down hills in order to save our dwindling gas supply, once we had a full tank again I had to make up time by driving 85 MPH. We stopped to sleep in Grand Junction, Colorado. The next morning, hungry for breakfast, we drove off down the street. We passed a Denny's, but because Dan didn't speak up quick enough for Michael's satisfaction, we couldn't stop there. (I hate to waste time backtracking, time is money —M). We settled upon a little dive called the Kettle. This particular Kettle was owned by a former Chicago Bears football player. For some reason the Psychic Cosmic Forces of the Rocky Mountains caused all of us to order the same item: waffles. This turned out to be a mistake, because those same Cosmic Forces made the high school dropout short order chef undercook all of our waffles. We sent them back, of course, and then heard a lot of swearing coming from the kitchen. When the waffles came back, only Mike's was under-cooked, so we were satisfied. —B

4-4-90

We set out after breaffticks looking forward to a scenic drive over the Rockies and the last stop of our mega-tour, Fort Collins, CO. Little did we suspect that our trusty van, "The Booger," would nearly suffocate on the thin supply of oxygen as we climbed to 10,600 feet at Vail Pass. The engine sputtered, coughed, and wheezed like Felix Unger.

Dan and I conducted a little experiment to see how the altitude effects getting drunk. We only had one bottle of Miller High Life left, but it made us both fall asleep.

We woke up at the Fort Collins VFW hall, where we were greeted by Great Caesar's Ghost. They gave us two cases of Huber.

Around 11:30 or so, Fort Collins' finest arrived, clad in brown shirts, and shut down the show. They made everyone, including us, leave the VFW hall.

We left town after having a few more beers with the Ghosts, and stopped at a place called Debbie Duz Donuts for coffee and doughnuts. Debbie's is a topless donut shop outside of Fort Collins by the freeway. It is in an abandoned Standard station, and it's real classy.

Now, Dan and Bill are somewhere along the Platte river in central Nebraska, on I-80, and I'm homeward bound on NWA, enjoying a little foil packet full of blanched peanuts. —M

