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Issue 1 - the PDF File

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actionman
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magazine



Issue

action. Are you broke, US, and
urban



ray cappo
inside: ray cappo
sensefield

life sentence for
an 11 year old

reviews
and more



ISSUE 01

life sentence for
an 11 year old

1

actionmonmagazine
magazine

(ACT MON MAN)

action is what make us real

[action]

...
feel free to send us
letters and advice... hell,
we dare ya! we might
even publish them

contents

[features]

1.

karma

what we are doing here.

■ ■ ■

[credit]

design/photos: r. kodzik

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tragedy

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handed down to an eleven
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words: mike mortonson
design: r. kodzik

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what is true self
realization? a heart to
heart talk with shelter's
ray cappa.

words: posi jeff
design: martin dafatte
photos: shmeul fasman

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importance of kids
hearing guitars

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thoughtful rock albums in
hopes that it will get
picked up by a label.

words: posi jeff
design: r. kodzik
photos: joseph mother

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the pope of
gillman street

this guy doesn't fuck
around. 50+ and more into
hardcore than a 17 year old
with "VEGAN" tattooed on
his forehead

words: c. clifford
design: r. kodzik
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6.

beatz

boom boom click, boom
boom click click, boom click
boom boom click, boom
click, ba-boom boom click
click, boom

words/design: r. kodzik

7.

the way it is

reviews and Regu's from
milwaukee's preier cat
burgurter.

words: joey pogo
design: r. kodzik

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reviews
by munz

DESTROYTHEMACHINES!!!
these rare photocopies of
typewritten reviews are
from a guy who still has
the Y2K bug.

words: munz
typewriter: munz
design: NONE

9.

soul surfing

d.i.y resort? no, not a
contridiction but a reality.
lotus surf lodge is run by
cool people like me and
YOU.

words: sri keseva
design: r. kodzik



am

am

i t h e h n e k u t g m a c t p i a o n e

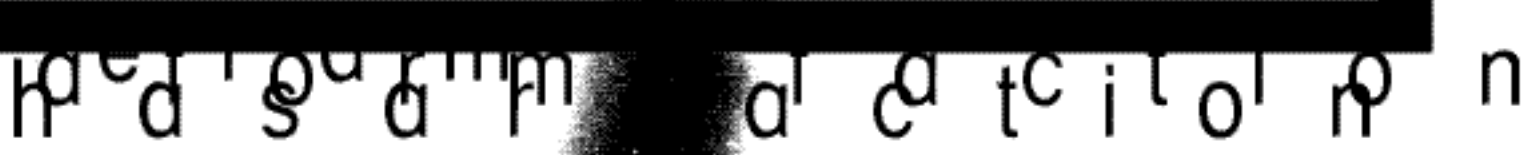
karma

Karma: Sanskrit: action.

Premise 1:
Law of Karma: Every action causes a reaction.

Premise 2:
"I think therefore I am"
-Renee Descartes

Premise 3:
Thoughts are a form of action.



Purport:

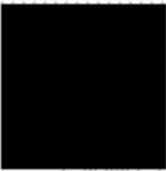
Therefore, if we determine our existence by virtue of having thought, as well as by the reactions of thoughts and other actions, we must exist.

What we can derive from the first three premises and the purport: Since the action of thinking (consciousness) defines our existence, and thinking is an action, we can then be defined by our actions. Therefore, if existence is defined actions, we are products of action. Thus, since it is from action that we are born, without action we would not exist. Therefore, our existence is the result of action.

Conclusion:

Our actions are what make us real.






What this information is relevant to:
All humans are a tired people; regardless of how much coffee or chai you had this morning.

What makes us tired? The material world: the rat races, the girl chases, the ugly faces in your family and the one in your bathroom mirror. Shaving makes us tired, shopping makes us tired, etc.

Why? We try to be God. That is, we strive for omnipresence. Here's how this works: Everyone in your life that you come in contact with has an image of you in your mind. Your girlfriend, your mom, your boss, the guy who serves you at the deli, the guy in the car that almost ran you over on your skateboard, the guy from the collection agency who is on your back, etc., all have a perception of you. That's a lot of places to be at once, a human impossibility, and cause for psychological alarm if we dwell on it. If you're reading this and thinking "Who gives a shit what everyone else thinks of Me.. Fuck them!" you have already lost by virtue of having believed that anyone actually possesses you in their mind. In reality, we only exist in one place: right here, and in one time: the moment.

Most of what we consider our existence is not truly our existence. What we often mistake for our existence is pseudo existence: the interpretations of our past actions as looked upon by others or ourselves. Memory and judgement even by the most fair-minded humans is still imperfect, limited, illusory. It is only in our current action that we exist, and only in this very moment that our authenticity and our potential lie. Interpretations are in the hands of the interpreters, so do not be unduly attached to their judgements. It is only in ourselves alone, in true authenticity that we become human. Everything else is subjective based on the argument established supra, all else is subjective. Every thing else is other than you.


It is easy to fall into elusive states though. I do it all the time. Sometimes their fun but often they create stress. I have more practice in illusion than Doug Henning. Like most of you, I too have been living there



most of my life.

Last night I my friend Indiana. Her real name is Anna but she's kind of an indie rocker so my friends and I thought it would be a suitable nickname. She's a decent enough piano player and a real cool person over all. I don't not enjoy spending time with her, or maybe even working on music with her in the future, but I'm honestly just using her to get Darcia (ex-girlfriend now living in India) off the face of my mind. I have decided for myself that Love is God. To be in Love is to have a contact visitation with God. All other visitations are more like over the phone and through a pane of glass type of visit. When Darcia and I met it was like a firestorm came and did away with all the things I didn't like about my life. I was suddenly able to function on as few as two hours of sleep, and every day felt like summer vacation as my mind grew increasingly focused on what-I-was-doing-now and less bothered by constant agonizing over what I should be, was, or will be doing. To be with another person, if only for a moment's time, in a vacuum-like world where you enjoy mutual adoration, and intrigue is a place I found it easy to realize the greatness of a Divine power.

So anyway, last night I acted like a total fool. The lamest feeling is not doing wrong when you know it's wrong, but failing at your attempt to do wrong when you know it's wrong. Indiana and I rented "Return of the Fly" and walked back to my house to watch it. We started making out on the couch. It got intense. I tried to lose myself in passion. Before our session was through, and our attention fully shifted away from the film, I



prematurely ejaculated in my pants.

My best friend Mike used to call this mistake "Swamp Fucking" or "swamping" for short. To Mike, swamping a girl on a date was an achievement of sorts in a very pathetic, passive-aggressive way. The kid had a knack for pulling off bragging about things that most would be embarrassed to speak of. That was Mike's cynicism at work. We lived in a dark world, he and I. When we were attending Catholic Elementary school we would spend recess together every day, discussing the unfair treatment we got from teachers, other kids, and our parents. Ways we could off ourselves were often part of the discussion. I guess sports and spelling bees can only suffice so much as an outlet for anger, creativity, and anxiety.

We wanted to leave that school something fierce. Their twisted rendition of Christianity was complete bullshit. The endless humiliation that we put up with coupled with our naivete about what the rest of the world (or at least the public school system) made us feel as if we were living inside of a gaping wound on mother earth's anus. The next year I would get into punk and learn on my own how to deal with the reality of my surroundings much better, but in sixth grade we were reaching out for something else. Both of us begged our parents to enroll us at Silverbrook public Middle school but were denied despite our teary-eyed pleas.

During the third quarter of our sixth grade year a conversation ensued between Mike and I over what we wanted. I asked Mike, if he had the choice between finishing the school year or killing himself by means of snapping his fingers, what he'd prefer. Mike's response was the same as mine; he would choose death. Pain was the only thing that kept us from 86ing "Like Men". When you're eleven years old, stomachaches still keep you at home for the day and trips to the dentist will have you on your knees the night before. We should have been thinking about basketball and Samantha Foxx a lot more than we had been those days. Suicide should have been a foreign concept to us.

During the summer that followed, Mike and I rode our ten speeds everywhere in town, going as far as we could stand to. This was also the summer Motley Crue's, Girls Girls record came out which we listened to it as if it were as good as Sgt. Pepper's. We thought that we knew it all and that we were pretty damn cool. Pretending our Schwinn's were Harleys, we would reenact the video to the title track, Mike as Tommy Lee and myself as Vince Neil. "Yo Tommy, check this out!" "What Vince, where?" "Right there" (Tommy makes whistling noise at female passerby)

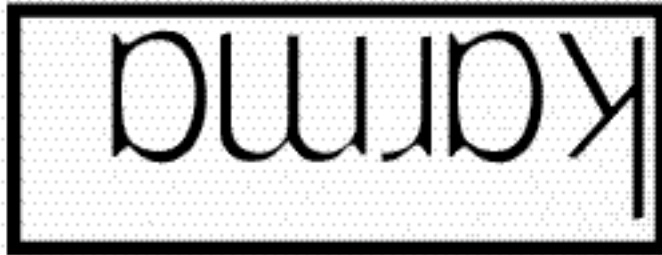
As the summer ensued I was introduced to punk rock by my older brother and began doing more skateboarding when I wasn't "on the road" with Mike. Punk rock and skating gave me confidence in myself as an individual. I learned how to have fun by myself and feel good by picking up the energy of the music and expressing myself athletically on the skateboard. I got more out of listening to The Dead Kennedy's alone in my bedroom than I did hanging out with my fair weathered friends at the YMCA every night as I had been doing. I had more fun skating by myself than playing pick-up games with the fellas. This new music made me feel like I wasn't alone, that I was right, and that the school and the parents were the corrupt ones. Since that's more or less how everybody got into punk it could be easy to dismiss this "testimony", if you will, as completely trivial. But to me this was the point at which you could say I was "Saved", not from a guy with horns and a tail but from Nihilism and heavy metal. I started to realize how much I could get done or undone if I felt like it.

By the time the new school year rolled around I returned to the same school with a new attitude. I

decided that since I hated school I may as well enjoy it. The Dead Kennedy's inspired me to be outspoken which made me feel a lot better and was a bunch more fun than feeling alienated and depressed. I got my first Mohawk by our family barber, much to the chagrin of my folks and the mullet headed queen responsible for doing the job. He didn't shave it close enough so I went home and did it myself. My parents and the kids thought I was a nut. Yet my new founded outspokenness and exercises in personal freedom did not cause me to lose friends. Rather, I gained friends and props for being myself and relating to peers and certain members of my family in a very real, sincere, way. I formed a punk band with other kids at school called the Crazy Angels, surely the first punk rock band out of Holy Angels Elementary school. During basketball season I sported a pair of Chuck Taylor's, on the court, pink for the left foot, turquoise for the right. It was a bold move to make when the first line of Air Jordan's were all the rage. The Chucks made for a funny outfit, but with absolutely no traction, it was impossible for me to get a rebound after running all the way down the court.

At times I still felt hopeless. More than a mediocre at best basketball habit was at risk here. It got to the point where I seemed to be putting my education off completely for what had become my crew who I felt obliged to entertain via antisocial antics, and advocate for by use of my big mouth. This wasn't what I got out of a severe case of the blues and became a punker for. One day this kid, Peter, a real popular popular jock-type guy, invited me to his birthday party. Mike didn't make the cut and I found him totally balling about it outside at recess. I told him that he too could get invited to such parties if he'd just be himself- he didn't have to be like everyone else to be liked. During the middle of a classroom day dream it occurred to me that I wasn't advising Mike to be himself, I was advising him to be like me. Being myself for me meant something totally different from what being himself meant to Mike. I started having an anxiety attack. I realized right then that in a way, I had become a little dictator. What if everything does suck. What if I don't have the answers?

Mike and I were going our separate ways. Not intentionally, but naturally. I was getting more into punk and shying further away from heavy metal.



am



Poison's debut album was cool but it didn't move me like Agent Orange or Nuclear Overdose did. As my big brother got more into bands like Metallica and Overkill, he strayed further from the punk path. One day he asked me what I liked better, punk or metal. I told him I liked punk a lot more and he was all, "Well I like metal better!" I really believe he would have said the opposite of whatever I said. He loved being the Sultan of all things cool. Our egos came from the same pool. By that time I was into Black Flag and Mike was fully into the Bullet Boys. When you're totally moved by music it's tough to not make it a "personal" thing. This attitude has historically distanced me from probably some great people but that's a problem I gotta deal with.

By the time we entered high school Mike joined the football team and his dad drove a wedge between us after suspecting that I was into drugs which was a bunch of shit and totally based on my appearance. Within the next two years Mike began kickin' it with these fringe jock/hesher dudes and got into drinking and drugging. He spent many nights getting fucked up at a squat known as the "rat hole". LSD was really hot at the time where we lived and there was supposedly always a trace of rat poison in it. Glad I never went near that garbage.

One night, the summer following 11th grade, after several hours of messing up his mind on a combination of drugs, Mike was on the verge of committing suicide like a man; he was really gonna off himself. Deep down I suppose he wanted someone to talk him out of it, which is why he called Fr. Slung, our Priest. The Catholic Church should have a slot opened for "Uncles" as well as Fathers. Let the Uncles do everything the priests do except fatherly shit.

Traditionally there are two kinds of priests. First there is the scholarly priest. This guy knows his religion without a doubt, but he's not a real "people person". He is usually real strict, but when you need sound advice or at least some kind of answer one way or another, the scholarly priest can be counted on. The other type, the "people person", is really more pops than a father. This guy is not theologically lofty by any means but is more

of a well intentioned religious social worker, often attempting to make sports analogies out of Bible stories.

Fr. Slung wasn't much of a father or a daddy. He was the uncle that wanted to be liked by the kids, pockets overflowing with candy, tickets to Bucks games, trips to the ice cream parlor, you know the type. While I appreciated his sensitivity, it was obvious that he was under the impression that he had "arrived", and such a person is not fit for a position of spiritual authority. Mike telephoned Fr. Slung and told him he was thinking about doing the ultimate deed. Our Priest just couldn't deal. He was like, "What are you, crazy!? I'm calling the police." Click. The cops picked up my friend and threw him in the psychiatric ward for a few days. What was disturbing was that Mike ran into Fr. Slung a bunch of times in the weeks that followed and he was just like, "Hi Mike." No follow up or anything.

That same summer I met some Hare Krishnas in Washington D.C. They gave me a copy of The Bhagavad Gita, some veggie pizza, a place to crash, and a tape of the Hare Krishna band, Shelter. It was from the D.C. devotees that I learned the basic premises of Krishna (God) Consciousness. Lesson number one: appreciation. I had never been too mindful of what I ate (hotdogs, pepperoni pizza, etc.) until this time. I never really thought much about animals before. When I looked around at the kids I hung out with that were getting into vegetarianism, everything about it seemed so positive. They lost bullshit weight and felt healthier. It occurred to me at this time that vegetarianism was a practical, personalized way of making a difference in the lives of other living beings and yourself. The way I viewed life in general changed. After I gave up meat, I began to see parallels between sexuality and diet, the two most personalized, however often bastardized, aspects of a person's life. My interest in spirituality took off like never before. I read Srila Prabhupada's translation of The Bhagavad Gita, his autobiography, and the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad by the end of summer. Still I had an all or nothing view of what it meant to be into God that was instilled in me as a kid that I had yet to wrestle it out with.

Before I was in high school, the boys at Holy Angels were given the option to take a four day retreat to this monastery/ high school to see if we wanted to attend. They sent a representative to our school to address the boys. When they asked if anyone was interested in attending this trial retreat, I was the 1st to raise my hand. Eric, my skateboarding pal nudged me and said, "what are you doing?" I told him he should follow my lead and raise his hand because it would mean a few days away from school and home. How much worse could this place be than where we were at? My friend Ross rocketed his Ritalin fueled hand into the air and we were suddenly in business. Our mission was simple: Aggro at the monastery.

Prior to our journey to this place, a rep. had to give a presentation at one of our homes. The person they sent was a nice enough man named Mr. Ken. Being the twelve year-olds we were we pegged Mr. Ken as a first class fag and didn't plan on listening to a thing he said. So Mr. Ken is at my house and he sets up this film strip which had a soundtrack to go with it. The filmstrip was all about life at the Seminary, the Franciscan vision, and imitating Jesus Christ. I guess a few minutes went by because I found myself fixed on the presentation. As I listened to the narrator quote the Psalms as these scenic shots of the Northern Wisconsin landscape flashed on the wall, I felt totally calm for the first time in my life. I wondered if maybe I was being beckoned to live this humble type of a life.

In bed that night I tossed and turned, trying to shake this funny feeling around inside of me so I could understand it. By filling my head with feelings of self-doubt I successfully depressed myself by dawn.

Mr. Ken picked us up that morning in his mini van to head to monk central. Eric did a nice Graffiti job on the inside of one of his side windows. I Got to sit next to Mr. Ken and convince him to play one of my tapes. I had three with me: Give Me Convenience or Give Me Death, Licensed to Ill, and Led Zeppelin IV. I made a conservative move and handed him Zep. He was all like, "Yeah Dudes, I used to be into this band. Rock the house Dude!" Spoken like a true honky. He actually tried pulling off a double necked air guitar solo at a stop light. We made fun of him to his face the whole way up there and he pretended to be cool about it. I could tell I was hurting his feelings and that he was hunting high and low in his mind for an appropriate reaction but couldn't find one. I felt sorry for him and felt shitty for doing it. I rationalized to myself that by instigating such trouble, then pulling back, I could watch other people act in entertaining ways and not have to feel responsible for what they were doing.

Upon arrival we found that the school was basically a

boarding house for Latino Gangsters from Chicago. They were all members of the Spanish Cobras, a gang we'd heard many stories about. They told us about how the gangs in Milwaukee weren't shit and how the Latin Kings were gonna get killed. Somehow we managed to make friends with these kids right away. They introduced us to Ice-T, NWA, Public Enemy, and Jellybean. This kid Jose, nicknamed, "Craze" spent time with me exploring the old buildings at the school. We played a game of basketball and afterwards when we were outside I showed him some Judo moves and managed to get him in a hold he couldn't break. He told me I could come see him in Chicago and his friends would give me a tattoo. Cool!

Our new friends only inspired the H.A. posse and I to improve our antics. We walked into this bathroom in the chapel where there was some goody goody boy using the urinal. Upon entering the bathroom Ross immediately unzipped his fly, whipped out his dick and started pissing all over the kids pants. I grabbed a garbage can full of trash and dumped it over both their heads. Eric pulled as much paper toweling he could yank out of the dispenser, put it on the floor and set fire to it. After about 45 seconds we began stomping it out, laughing ourselves to tears, choking on smoke, and kissing our chances into the seminary goodbye.

The same summer I met the devotees in D.C., Ross called me up and told me to look at the front page of today's Milwaukee Journal. Two of the Priests at The Seminary we visited had been arrested and defrocked for molesting kids. Though I was level headed enough to realize that not all priests were like that, I had a Catholic Migraine telling me that by getting heavy into spirituality might put me in the company of such scum. Such thoughts aroused anxiety and distrust, making me confused about how I should live my life.

This was something I would wrestle with for the next few years. In fact, it wasn't until more recently that I more fully realized that spirituality is personal and not limited to religious life. Writing a letter is spiritual, reading the Gita is spiritual, but so is riding your Schwinn and pretending you're Vince Neil. Why? Because we are spiritual beings as well as material beings as far as I can tell. I like who I am and this is part of who I am. Therefore, I should act in accordance with what best suits me in a material sense as well as a spiritual sense.



[cope]

11

the hollow feeling

[coping] : a

the hollow feeling is because

shina (ye

life sentence for an eleven year old
with tragedy]

Let me begin by stating a simple if/then style sentence: If I don't know you, I probably don't care about you. That is to say, that if it is the case that we have never met or knowingly crossed paths, then it is more than likely also the case that I don't have any feelings for you. That to say, I don't care about you; that is to say,

wah wahh wa wah one two
one two
and if you say fuck me, I'ma say Fuck You.
wah wahh wa wah one two

there doesn't seem to be anything we can do to make it right

there's anything we

Ok ok ok OH KAY!

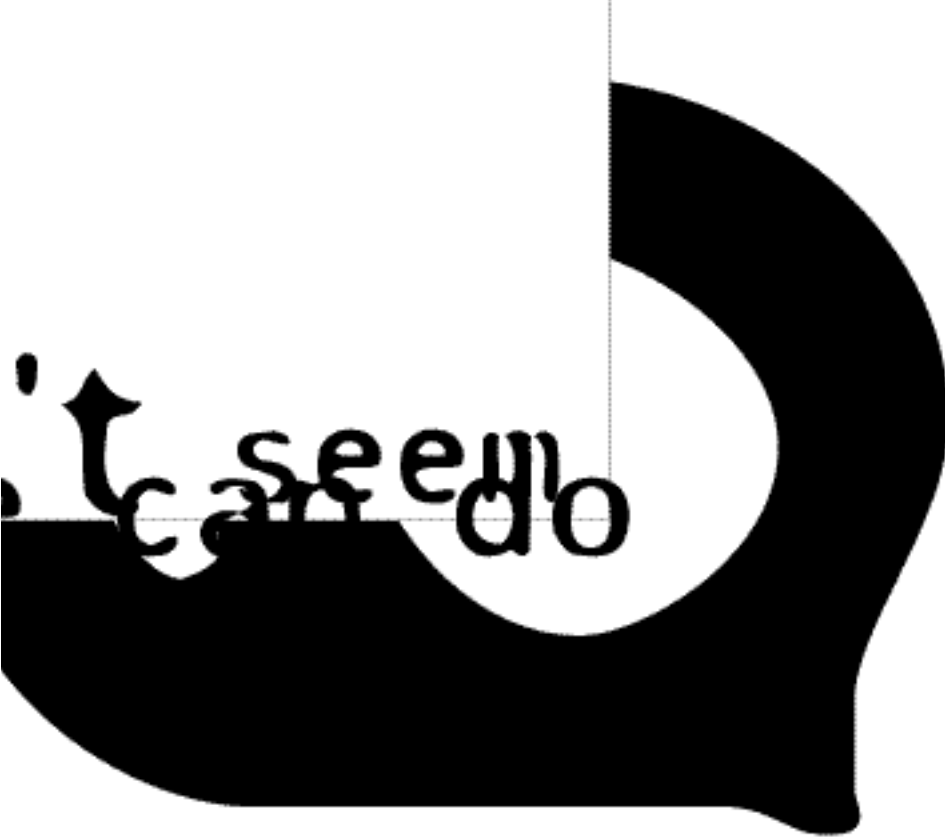
yes, I know. In this particular case, lightning didn't spring from the hand of Mother Nature and strike the boy down. In this particular case, a bullet fired from a rifle struck the boy down. And the rifle was in the hands of an eleven-year old boy who had once told his girlfriend that he wanted to shoot someone.

(Why the fuck did an eleven-year old have a rifle AND a girlfriend?)

Ah ha! Perhaps we aren't so helpless after all - in the light of the facts, there's no reason to succumb to that shallow, hollow, empty feeling. Rather, we can fill that hole with hate and exhaust that passion through revenge against the object of our hate thereby allowing us to feel whole again. In this particular case, we can try to convince ourselves and everyone else that this child was acting as an adult. That way we can sentence him to a longer, harsher sentence because the longer he is locked up the more vengeance (justice) is served. The more he is punished, the more fulfilled we will feel.

The perfect plan.

(Consider: You loan someone money. The more money you are paid back from the debt, the more fulfilled you feel. We feel most fulfilled when the debt is completely repaid to us. This child owes a large debt, he can pay it off significantly more as an adult, so we make him an adult).



fuck him. Right?

Well, yeah, fuck him, but none of that is the point.

The point is,
the point is,

is that during the trial they had all these people affected by the Columbine incident testifying as to how they feel about it. The word Justice was tossed about quite a bit. Everybody wants Justice in a situation like

this
... But what are we really saying?

I don't mean to be rude here. I don't mean to make light.

I understand pain and sorrow.

However, consider this: So your dad was blown away by two maniacs in one of the more bizarre incidents in all of history and you believe that by some patsy getting locked up for 6 years rather than 1 that you will be made to feel better? You believe it's going to fill that hollow feeling; it's going to rid you of the helplessness -- you believe this to be Justice?

So, did it help? You feel better?

Just the other day, the guy in Columbine who sold the guns to the kids who shot the school, was sentenced to 6 years in prison. Apparently 6 years is harsh for the crime of selling guns to minors. The judge gave some reasons or other for laying down the harsher-than-usual-for-this-type-of-crime sentence although everyone already understands he had no other choice if he wants to keep his job. (It's the politics of Justice).

Anyway, during testimony there was apparently a videotape in which the kids who shot the school boasted about how this guy in Columbine who sold the guns was a pawn and had no idea what he was fueling and they even went on to say that if they hadn't gotten the guns from him, they would have gotten them from someone else.

Here again, I don't know this guy in Columbine so it follows that I don't care about him. Moreover, I don't particularly care for the gun trade, especially the illegal gun trade. And also, I saw a picture of the guy in Columbine who sold the guns and he looks like your basic dumbass. So



Who the fuck is spreading these lies? Where the hell are we getting these neurotic ideas about Justice and the healing power of resentment? Is it John Walsh? Do you think John Walsh feels that empty feeling anymore after all these years of working in the name of Justice?

Is it the lawyers? Prosecutors telling their clients this must be done in the name of Justice when in all honesty, this is for revenge. And politics. The woman that prosecuted in the Michigan case, and all the other Gill Garcettis of the world, they don't give a fuck about Justice (and besides what would that mean - caring about Justice), [their] "emotions are nothing but politics", as Embrace once sang. The concern they show is politics.

And so it goes, the eleven-year old boy who is now thirteen is in the eyes of the jury, an adult. He claims he was just shooting the gun and didn't intend to hit anyone. Court psychologists have testified that the child has the mental capacity of a five-year old. He didn't have any motive - he didn't know the boy the bullet struck ... However, none of this matters in a society where children have guns, where Revenge = Justice and Justice is in the service of politics and politics is driven by money. In short, a society where no one cares about anyone.

wah wahh wa wah one two
one two

and if you say fuck me, I'ma say Fuck You
wah wahh wa wah one two
one two

cop in



THE PROMISE RING VERY EMERGENCY

- 01 HAPPINESS IS ALL THE BASS
- 02 EMERGENCY EMERGENCY!
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- 04 HAPPY FEEL
- 05 THINGS JUST GETTING GOOD
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(A C T I O N M A N)



INDS

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A HEART TO HEART TALK

WITH RAY CAPP

When I first heard music made by singer/songwriter Ray Cappo on the Youth of Today "Break Down the Walls" LP, I said to myself, "Wow, this is the first punk band I really DO NOT like". Even more puzzling to me were the pictures on the cover of all these gnarly, sweaty, jock-type dudes. Right before Y.O.T. broke up, they put out a 7" called "Disengage". On this single Ray articulated a thoughtful, changing cosmology, pin pointing the pit falls and contradictions in everything from capitalism to courtship. The record successfully blew me away and is in my opinion one of the best hardcore/punk singles ever.



While "Disengage" was a clear presentation of what is screwed up in the world, what followed were some answers. Following the break up of Y.O.T. Ray founded Shelter, a hardcore band bent on evangelizing for the Hare Krishna movement with which Ray was heavily involved. By their presentation of Vedic (Hindu) culture as one that was both inclusive and ethically solid, Shelter directly linked up thousands of kids in Western society with a spiritual heritage rooted in the ancient Hindu tradition. On April 24th Shelter's highly anticipated sixth album (and perhaps their



It's healthy to doubt otherwise you can't grow. Prabhupada spoke out against blind acceptance in the Gita. When you accept something blindly you just become a fanatic. No bona fide spiritual master would ask you to give up your discrimination. Discrimination is a sign of your intelligence and if you have no intelligence at all, you have no blind faith, which is useless to spiritual life. Since I lived as a monk, a lot of details in my spiritual life have been kind of put to the side, sometimes for better, sometimes for worse.

Posi Jeff: The third chapter of the Gita says, "Not by nonperformance of action, nor by mere renunciation does a man achieve his spiritual goal". One of my favorite songs off the final Shelter record, I Know So Little (So Well), is a song about a realization you had as a devotee about some of the subtle egocentric dangers you encountered in a life of strict religious



crowning achievement), "When 20 Summers Pass", was released on Victory Records.

Yet the path of devotion to Krishna Ray chose was a commitment to the pain of exposing himself, of taking off his clothes, as it were, and exposing

himself to the universe. It ain't always easy, but hey, that's part of LOVE. In fact, Shelter wasn't even a band anymore between the summers of 1998 and 1999, and members had no plans of reuniting. During this time Ray was focused on his other band, Better Than a Thousand, a group whose sound was more reminiscent of the "Disengage" era of his career. BTK never addressed spirituality in a lofty sort of way, but rather as a living reality of our day-to-day lives. Last summer I met with the punk prophet himself at café Prague in San Francisco to sip herbal chai and touch on lyrics, liquor, and sacred Indian literature.

I Know So Little (So well)

Infatuation, renunciation-just intoxication
Austerity without humility-our source of ruination
And yes there grew sincerity but what I didn't see
Was something growing right by it's side
Standing with a righteous twist, getting people pissed
I was riddled pride

All I know is I know so little
And that I know I know so well
But I think if I could walk that middle
I'd wipe the slate and try to start all over again

Posi Jeff: Why do you think religion has gotten such a bad rap over the years?

Ray: Sometimes in order to be part of a group, individuals forsake their freethinking ability to feel part of the herd. This is the dangerous part of religion, of any movement, belief system, etc.

Posi Jeff: I've been thinking lately about something I believe Paul Tillich had written in regards to humanity's need for both chaos and order in life, a theory known as, "chaos and cosmos". This argument insists, in spiritual terms, that it is not a matter of becoming ultra austere and then residing that way for the rest of your life in this very organized way. Rather, you almost have to get a little chaotic again once you get yourself straight, then straighten out again, then a little messy, and so on and so forth. I relate this to punk rock, to spiritual life, to religious devotion, and you name it-it's like a constant ebb and flow.

Ray: I think so too. Their even has to be uncertainty in your spiritual life.

devotion. Was there a conscious switch between Bhakti (devotional service unto Krishna) and Karma (actions performed without undo attachment to the end result) Yoga sometime between Shelter and Better Than a Thousand?

Ray: That's interesting. The thing is, according to the Gita, Karma Yoga is Bhakti Yoga if the goal is the same. Sometimes Karma Yoga is mixed with a lot of your own personal desires for what you want to achieve, but if the goal is the same, it's nondifferent from Devotional Yoga. The Gita is nice that way because it is set up for people with different natures. It's set up for people who are very pure and it's set up for people who are addicted to anything in the material world. The point is that you can become pure no matter what you're addicted to. Even if you're addicted to the point of meat-eating, there is room in the Vedas (Karma Kanda) for people who are meat eaters but there are certain things they have to do to realize that it's not the highest thing.

Posi Jeff: It's a natural progression. Many Kabbalists, who began following kosher regulations for killing animals, eventually moved onto a vegetarian diet.

Ray: I didn't know about that actually, but you are right; that would be proof that there are higher and lower forms of devotional life while they share the same goal. When Prabhupada came to America, he set up a movement of Brahmanas. These people were very detached, took vows of poverty, had no sexual burden, remained in that impoverished condition, and were intellectuals. What you will find in history is as more people become interested in Krishna Consciousness there will be more people that can actually live as a Brahman. What will happen is a society develops with people who have no attachments to the world (Brahmanas) and those who have God or Krishna as their goal but have lesser standards. As soul searchers, we have to find out where we fit into that and have the proper amount of honesty, and introspection, that we can bring ourselves to higher levels constantly. Not that we just say, "well I can't get to the highest level-I quit", but we have to always try and improve our quality of

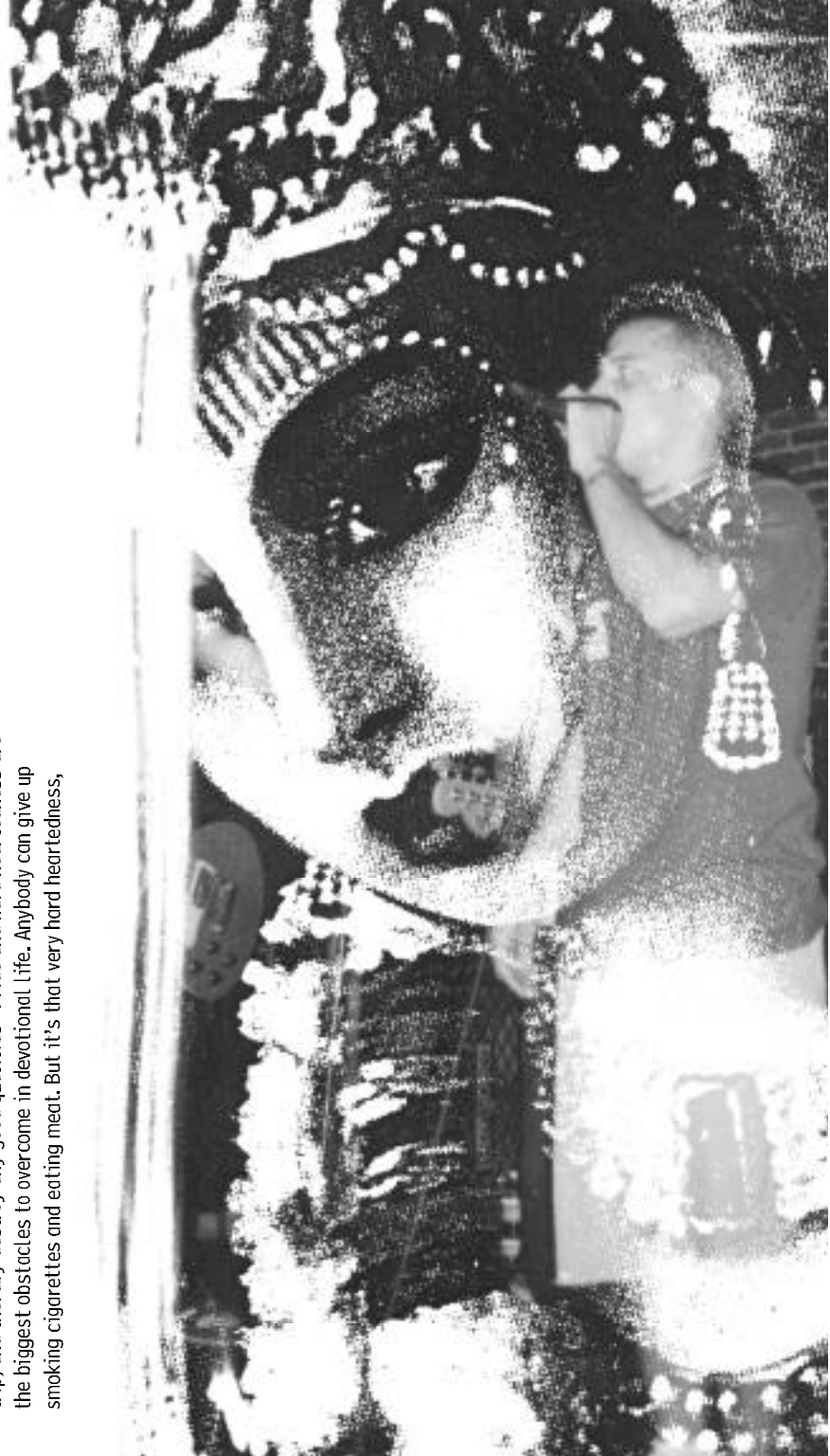



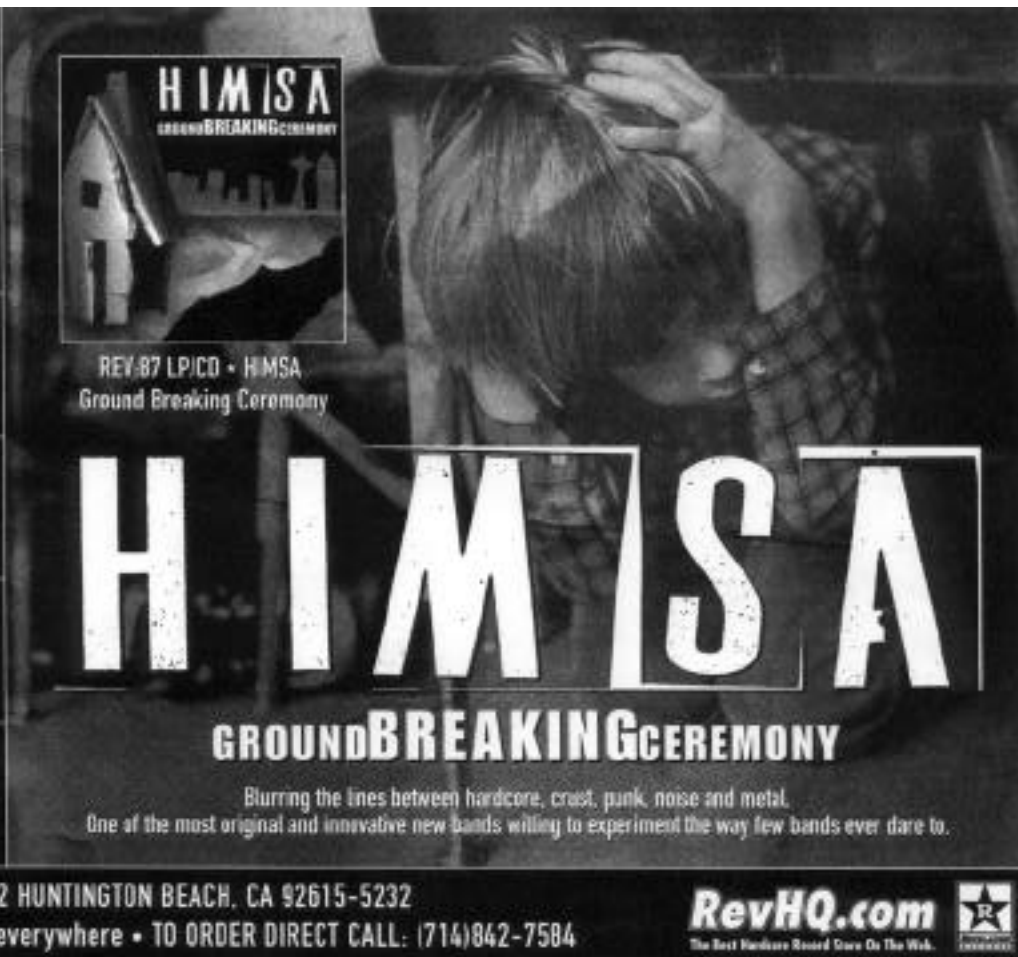





life by getting good association, being thoughtful, studying, and developing devotion. So what will happen is you'll fall into one of these categories. When I was a monk during Shelter, I was automatically, almost by force, brought to that highest level. It may have even been a little artificial and that's why people may get slightly pissed when they meet Hare Krishnas. It's not that they disagree with them it's just that the devotees are so tightly wound. Why? I mean here they were, living in American society with football games, prom kings and queens, dances, make-out sessions in the dugout, and then all of a sudden they're living in an Ashram like Jesus Christ or Gandhi. So their renunciation is often on one hand sincere, but on the other hand very wound with pride, as if to say, "Oh look what I'm doing". They are living a life almost ahead of their realization. My realization with that song, I Know So Little (So Well), was that strictness is not superior to devotion or humility. Whenever you develop strictness and humility, wound with that must be humility. What destroys the hardcore punk scene, the Vegetarian scene, the Christian scene, the Krishna Consciousness scene, is people get a little bit of knowledge and they lord it over everyone else like, "see what I've done, look what I'm doing, how come you can't do what I'm doing, you must be inferior." They take something nice, turn it into an ego trip, and thereby destroy any good qualities. Pride and hard heartedness are the biggest obstacles to overcome in devotional life. Anybody can give up smoking cigarettes and eating meat. But it's that very hard heartedness,



that "we're better than you" attitude that keeps us in the material world. It was a real relief for me to feel some of that ego finally slipping away. I was very austere for six or seven years living as a bramacharya and part of that strictness was good but I realized a lot of that strictness was very unhealthy, fueling a lot of authoritarian propensities I had.


Now I treat spiritual life as a very personal thing. I do it because I want to do it, not because someone told me to do it. If someone asks, "Do they let you eat meat? Do they let you...drink liquor?" I always say, "Oh yeah, they let you do whatever you want. I choose not to do these things." I like to accept the responsibility for how I act. No one tells me what to do.



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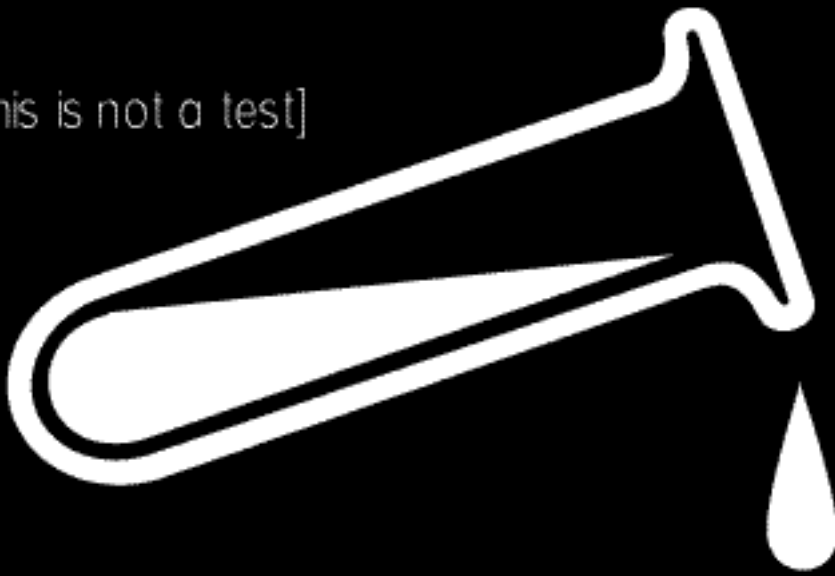
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call for action

We at ACTIONMAN have been toying around with the idea that a magazine should be an interactive media experience; a publication created in part by as many who see fit to contribute. Each issue, we'd like to feature various contributors, and that's not limited to just text submissions. We want to hear from everyone and are willing to consider almost anything. So hey you, send us some of your work.

"But... submit WHAT?"

Ahhh, here's the cool part. We're trying to push the boundaries of magazine content and format. First of all, we would be more than happy to have a revolving staff in terms of assistant editors, contributing writers, photographers, artists, designers, fontographers etc. Send us anything, be it artwork, photography, designs, fonts, letters, fiction, non fiction, political commentary, poetry, prose, travel/tour journals, spiritual insights, book reviews, record reviews, you name it. YOU THE MAN. Get it?

As I mentioned, we would very much like to feature designers as well. If you are a graphic designer, feel free to send us some samples of your work or fonts. If we like it, we may ask you to create a spread design for us and in turn give you credit and exposure in doing so. This way we can have an ever-evolving visual presentation too. We always like to see new and innovative work!

Although we are not in a position to compensate for such items with \$\$\$ at this juncture, ample credit will surely be provided. Also, if you send your work and give us permission to use it, you are also giving us the right to use it at our discretion. We may edit, crop, tweak, distort or mame it.. But if we use it we'll credit you for it. Besides, if we liked it enough to put it in the magazine, you can trust us to use it tastefully.

So why not contribute? Make a difference. Help to change and metamorphsize a publication into what YOU want it to be.

 actionman 
M A G A Z I N E



the importance of kids hearing guitars

To be in a band is to be in intimacy with several people at once, requiring diplomacy, empathy, and communication by each acting member. The "highest functioning" of such intimate relationships are those in which the players are willing to change as needed for the sake of progress. Sensefield has always been such a band, unafraid of confronting who they are and making the necessary adjustments for the sake of heightening their art. Yet there is more to creating a great sound than constant maintenance. Writing and arranging a song is like giving a good kiss. That

“The sing-alongs still get me going. Even on the last tour that aspect of the shows was just as contagious as ever and it makes you realize can't wait to tour more until everyone has the record.”

is, if you do it with reckless abandonment and consciousness at once, not fixing your attention on the past or the future, wrapped completely in passion, you just gave a good kiss (unless of course you have bad breath or a hair-lip or something like that). For those few moments you just enjoyed an experience in it's present tense and (if you've got a beating heart) felt something pretty damn amazing. Whether you're making an album or just making out, a really "hot" or "on it" session takes much more than just skill and sincerity.

Remember that there are plenty of "skilled" kissers whose smooches haven't materialized beyond the sets of daytime soap operas. As for sincerity, there were plenty of "sincere" bands back in the early '90's whose musical careers are now left for dead, not long after what

Sensefield

seemed a relentless writhing betwixt, between, and upon basement floors across America. True "lovemaking", whether translated via Mackie or mouth, takes intuition in addition to skill and sincerity. When musicians make music with these three ingredients intact, we get songs that not unlike the relationship from which they stem, are "living"; able to move people in the same way that faith can move mountains.

The History of the Sensefield goes back to the late '80's when vocalist Jon Bunch formed the hardcore punk quintet, Reason to Believe, with Chris

Evenson, John Stockberger, and Rodney Sellars, a band that since metastasized into what is now Sensefield. With arguably the tightest rhythm section that's come out of punk, sexy guitar hooks, lyrics that dealt with metaphysical reality, and a vocalist whose pipes crescendo and decrescendo somewhere between Belinda Carlisle and Kevin Seconds, the group has for nearly a decade provided kids with a soundtrack for youth, filled with hope, energy, and passion.

Jon Bunch finishes laying down the final vocal tracks for the new album and trades his mic for his copy of Steinbeck's, *Grapes of Wrath*, a book symbolic of the sphere of influences Jon had been under during his time writing material for the new album, simply titled, *Sensefield*. "The [record] took a little longer than what we were hoping, but this is the first time we've achieved what we wanted in terms of writing, recording, and producing." Artistically, there seems to be no looking back, but the American past provided their singer with much inspiration this time around. Bunch writes as he sees things, like Steinbeck did in his travels with Charlie. The album's first cut, "War of the Worlds" conjures images we've all seen in black and white of sailors and soldiers coming home after WWII to unite with their sweethearts in the N.Y. streets. "It's partly about people coming together after war and learning to forgive each other and learn to love." On paper this sounds trite and rather Bette Midler esc, but this piece is truly a tasty slice of Americana, lyrically reminiscent of Van Dyke Parks work in the late 60's.

about sounds even though a very punk and garage rock n' roll background that he's not into. His concern with us as musicians was to get inside of us and enable the stuff of each song to manifest on a recording. Performance of the song is placed above everything else. That is, we perform a song and then he manipulates it as he needs to. David believes in performance over all else."

The Punchy hooks that made classics like "Far From My Hands", "Overstand" or "Every Reason" are present yet on this LP, only more sophisticated and closer to the rock side of punk rock. Don't expect tunes with overt spiritual messages as was the case with their past efforts. In an age when even Madonna can make a record laced with religious jargon and profit from it, Sensefield have opted to take the high road. The songs have gone from "spiritually direct" to becoming cryptic songs of faith, hope, and love.

Though Sensefield are breaking new ground for Y2K, the things that are truly important regarding punk rock values haven't changed. "The sing-alongs still get me going. Even on the last tour that aspect of the shows was just as contagious as ever and it makes you realize...can't wait to tour more ... until

the importance of kids hearing guitar

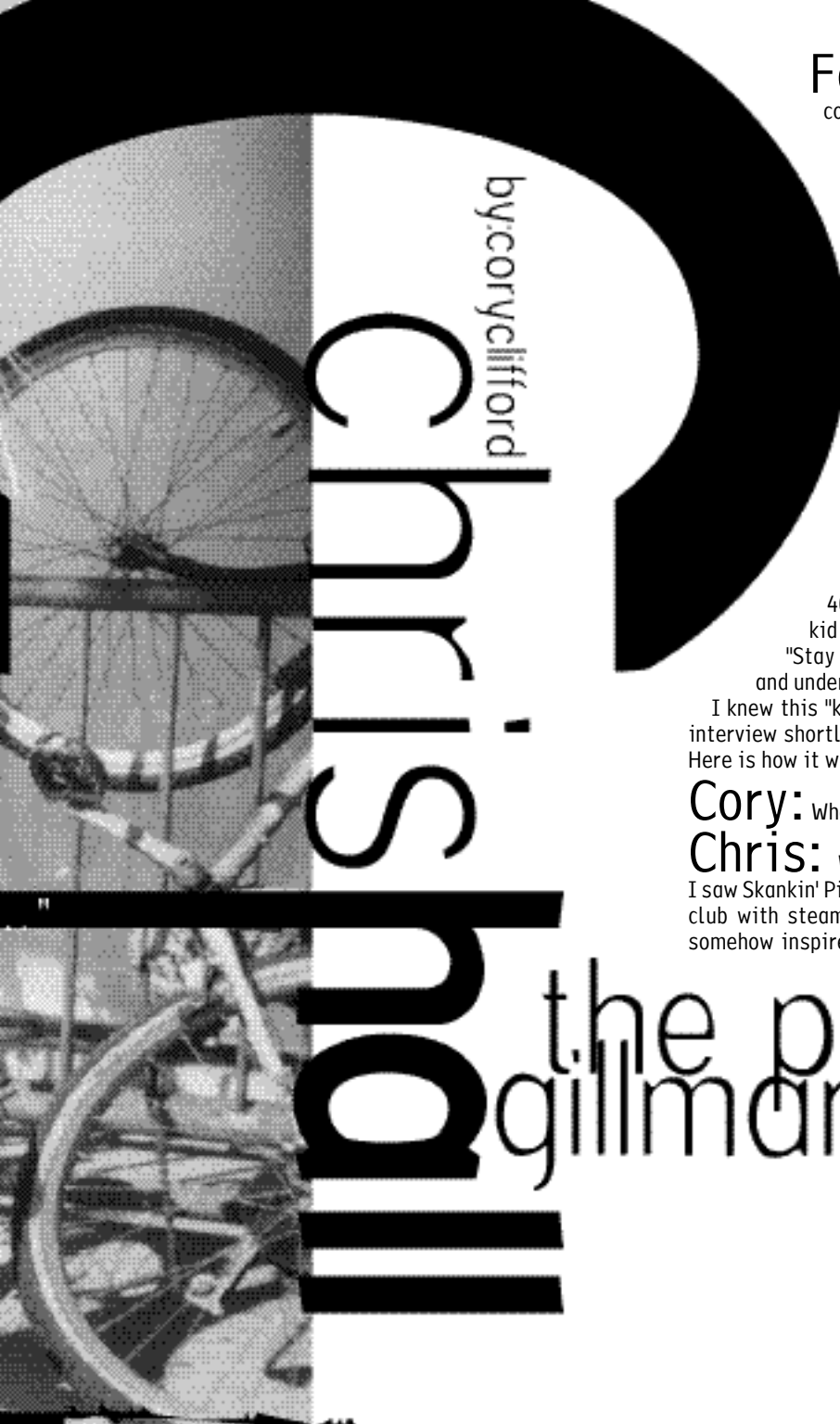
In "The Horse is Alive", a song whose title was inspired by an article Bunch read on the death of American wild horses, drummer Scott McPherson establishes a _ time signature in order to dice out something subtly resembling sleigh bells, evoking a feeling of movement, of living. Working alongside producer David Holman (No Doubt, Tragic Kingdom) was just as much a factor in Sensefield's redirection as Bunch's literary imagination. "David's been recording records since the early 1970's and he's really open

everyone has the record. It's important to us that a lot of people hear the record because we think we made a record that can bring rock back. It's important to us that kids hear guitars."

...the end



" i think hardcore touches places that no other music touches



by:coryclifford

Chris

the pope of
gillman street

For years, Berkeley California's Gillman Street co-op has served as one of the few all-ages venues run literally for the kids and by the kids. Although on good nights the temperature exceeds that of the human body, Gillman has functioned more like a womb than a club. The place is usually safe and subject to the same kinds of difficulties that any close-knit family would be accustom to. Since the early 90's, the co-op has hosted everyone from Agnostic Front and Murphy's Law to Operation Ivy. Perhaps even more notable is that Gillman has given birth to the likes of Green Day and Rancid who have become pop stars. The man responsible for bringing the best of the last several years of shows to Gillman is Chris Hall.

I met Chris outside of a show where he handed me a flyer. The guy was super excited about the upcoming show he booked with Turmoil, Ignite, and several other bands of that genre. What struck me as pretty cool about this was that Chris was obviously well into his 40's but he was just as into the music as any 18 year-old kid might be. Not only does Chris live the philosophy of "Stay Young Until I Die" but also he draws much of his energy and understanding of the world from Native American spirituality.

I knew this "kid" was a pretty special one so I was quick to set up an interview shortly after our initial meeting. Here is how it went:

Cory: When did you start working at Gillman Street?

Chris: Well, my mission started about 4 *years ago, right after I saw Skankin' Pickle play. There were all these sweaty bodies exiting the club with steam rising off them. It was kind of a beautiful sight that somehow inspired me to go on a Native American vision quest. The trip

was with a Native American sweat leader. He was a real traditionalist and member of a tribe here in Northern California. We spent four days out in the wilderness where you don't drink water or eat any food for four days. On the second day out in the morning there were these puffy clouds out in the sky. They looked like cirrus clouds but the clouds then formed a perfect circle around an Anarchy symbol. Across the letter "A" was a guitar and on top of the symbol was this huge Mohawk made out of these feathery ice crystal clouds. This was just a perfect Mohawk, like some of the punk kids who put like four or five hours into doing up their hair are sporting. I kept looking and I didn't get any "visions" per say. To me that cloud was like a sign of synchronicity between etc., saying, "Commit to working at that club"! When I got back to Berkeley I began the club.

In August of 1996 Redemption 87 played with Powerhouse and started talking to me booking hardcore shows immediately. I began my own form of security by calling people's personal space against Negative energy.

Cory: How did you wind up in this crazy town?

Chris: I came here to study at U.C. Berkley where I received a Degree in Consciousness Studies. In that program we studied Sufis, Native American Spirituality, as well as other traditional religions and their texts. Consciousness is awareness. A common thread that ran through what I studied was a lot of Native American stuff. My studies involved whether or not saber tooth tigers lived in California along with humans. One night at a campfire we were sitting around

telling stories and I didn't have one to contribute so I asked the earth for a story. I then began telling this story of a saber-toothed tiger and her relationship to human beings at one time on earth. And what I began to discover through my research was that everything I talked about in my story was pretty much historically accurate concerning the relationship between man and this tiger. So what this story did for me was it drove me to want to live in a more balanced way with nature. You can get information on the crisis situation with the planet today by story telling. Music is one form of story telling where that creative juice will flow up and lyrics and sounds will come out.

So instead of teaching consciousness at the University, which I could have done, I went and got a straight job and started teaching consciousness to kids. I went to my first hardcore when I was going to the Univer: of Santa Cruz in the late 80's. I didn't know it was called hardcore though. I just called it loud. My first in to punk was when I was in England teaching a birthing class. There were punks just loaded on the subway literally packed with punks! I was more into the Two-Tone Ska material that was coming out of England at was really positive. I started booking hardcore at Gillman because nobody else was booking hardcore banc of 96 I got The Hoods, Built to Last, and Redemption 87, with H2O headlining. We wanted to bridge the East C gap in hardcore and we did it! The show was sold out. The kids went nuts. H2O got all the kids to start pogoin fun. For me hardcore is a good way to dance out your anger without hurting anybody. As a music, I think h places that no other music touches.



Cory: Do you think your age serves as an example to kids that you can be punk and old- that hardcore isn't just for teenagers?

Chris: My age and experience with music may have something to do with my ability to articulate and relate to so many different kinds of people. I can talk to big tough guys and I can talk to skinny, wimpy, pop punk kids too. I'm not a threatening person and I don't want anything in return from anyone so people aren't afraid of me. Before I started setting up these shows there were



... i didn't know it was called hardcore though.
I just called it loud.

hell-o all and welcome to the beatz section. there really isn't a specific genre I will be covering here, but more so a common theme. this column will feature artists spanning across the genres of electronic, dub, funk, swirly shoegazer, electronica, trip-hop, illbient, acid-jazz and what have you, but ALL with an emphasis on the "beats".

we'll be playing a little catch up work here with our issue one reviews. in the future we are trying to limit this to the newest releases. also, if you are in a band, or work for (or own) a record label out there and want to get your stuff reviewed, do not hesitate to send it on in. address all packages to;

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sneakster - pseudo-nouveau / fifty-fifty (shadow / bella union records)

latest project by mark clifford, who brought us seefeel and scala. great piece of work. the style is slightly disjointed, a tad noisy and a tad funky in a perfect balance. the vocals are great in a lounge singer sort of way. occasionally annoying in areas only because of it's inconsistency, jumping from nice full almost pop songs to clicky interludes but overall very good. this is an album to drink red wine to. the "fifty-fifty" section on the cd is a group of remixes by robin guthrie of the cocteau twins, which are an added bonus.

bows - blush (too pure records)

i hadn't heard anything about this artist before i picked up the cd. very interesting, quite experimental in areas, while playful and poppy in others. it features the likes of luke sutherland of long fin killie, and great guest vocals by ruth emond. dreamlike strings and really smooth tracks. there are even jazzy undertones to this cd, mostly due to the great string representation. this album is also a great mixture of slower beats and faster breaks used quite tastefully. they get PROPS for the great cd layouts and packaging (i'm a sucker for that).

handsome boy modelling school - so...how's your girl? (tommy boy records)

in the words of biz markee (in reference to handsome boy modelling school)... "what the fuck is that?!" don't be distracted by the name, this is pretty much the coolest production team to get together and record an album. dan the automator of dr. octagon fame and prince paul the rap production legend (de la souls three feet high and rising, gravediggaz etc...) have put their efforts together and created a classic hip hop album. guest appearances by biz markee, del the funky homosapien, brand nubians, and dove of de la soul make this rock. as far as the title goes... well, there's skit and samples to support it but i'm not even sure that i get it.

quannum spectrum (quannum projects records)

intended as a follow up to the prolific radio Sole 1 tape which was a journey into hiphop, funk and soul revolving around the sole sides crew (blackalicious, dj shadow, lateef and lyrics born). now they've been born again into quannum projects and recruited the likes of maroons, joyo velarde and the poets of rhythm. this album showcases the talents of the crew and other guests such as jurasic 5, souls of mischief, automator and erin anova. too much name dropping? this crew needs to be watched closely, known for blurring the line of hiphop and pushing beat music into the future. this offering brings us lots of production by dj shadow and chief excel. history lesson over, and if you can track down the radio sole 1 tape GET IT! recommended for the open minded.

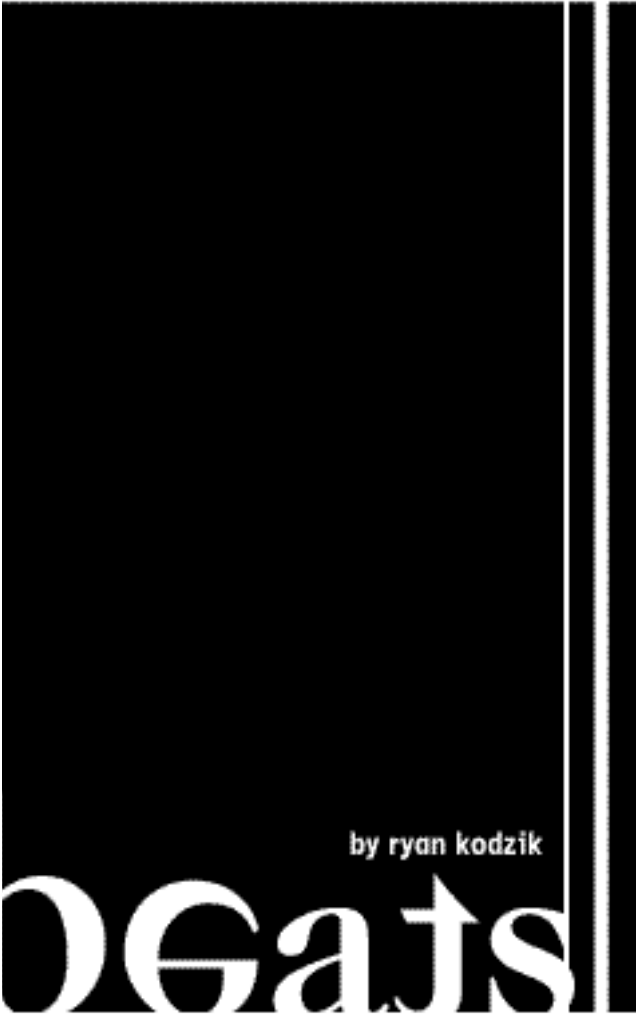
suba - sao paulo confessions (six degrees records)

brazilian sounds in nature, this release delivers a sound slightly electronic and nomadic. i have never really been one to listen to international-sounding music but this release is really captivating. underlying rhythms remind me of early massive attack. at other times sounds similar to the likes of everything but the girl and sade. if only i could understand what she is saying. ALSO-delivered to us by the ONLY label to reply to our call for submissions. THANK YOU! anyway, on with it.

the baby namboos - ancoats2zambia (durban poison records)

if disappointed with the last tricky album (paired with dj muggs of cypress hill), you'll be pleased with his newest offering. the baby namboos (slang for gun) is one of the first releases off of tricky's new label durban poison. although tricky appears on three or four tracks, i don't believe he's actually a member. baby namboos are a pleasant departure from the newest releases of the clichéd trip hop genre. hypnotic vibes, mellow female vocals and beats to choke a horse and leave your head spinning. is closing... fans of the bristol dub scene (massive attack, tricky, portishead, etc.) will not be disappointed. geoff barrow of portishead even remixed a track, available along with the album.





bowery electric - lowlife

(beggars banquet)

great album. slow, melodic, peaceful and beat heavy. i had been a fan of bowery electric back in the "vertigo" days, so this is a pleasant change. some fans will not take it as well though, being that they have really reinvented themselves and in my opinion for the better. although still quite swirly, they haven't fallen back on beats as the driving force. also, many of the beats are quite overused in the looping craze in today's music (even the loop from "momma said knock you out" from ll cool j appears on here). the vocals on this album make it a real treat though. martha schwendener's delivery is stunningly hypnotic... overall fans of older hooverphonic and mono should check this out.

blackalicious - nia

(quannum records)

any true fans of hip hop should appreciate this record the same way they did the first pharcyde album. not that they sound similar, but more so that they seem to function the same way. this album is very much an experimental step in hip hop much the same way that "bizarre ride..." was. lyrically this album pushes forward in a disjointed style, but this is a good thing. gift of gab's voice (reminiscent of del) is the main focus here. note: this is one of the projects out of the quannum records crew (formerly sole sides - see quannum projects review).

sneaker pimps - splinter

(clean up records)

i remember back in '97 when i saw sneaker pimps play live for the first time. kelli came out on stage wearing a slinky bikini top with a huge sheriff badge on one side and sauntered to the front of the stage to engage us on the mic. i thought to myself "...mmmm, this is the coolest band ever!" anyway, yeah.... um, she's gone now, though. what? yes, she does not make an appearance on this album. but that was what made them famous, that sassy, pouty funky frontwoman thing, right? yeah i know, kinda weird... but wait. this album fucking rocks! they chose to not have an appearance by kelli who was only called in at the last minute for the first album because chris didn't feel confident to do the vocals. now, he has chosen to take a stab at it, and it's a surprise. they are heading in a more dark swirly guitar rock direction. don't worry, this album is great. fans of their older work will be in for a shock.

In regards to who the hell I am...Given the situation of this being my first official piece, let me start by officially introducing myself...as you can see by the name listed over there, no a little lower, my god- well...I don't really know any of you, and, therefore, I am nearly certain that not too many of you know a thing about this Joey Pogo character. Funny as the prospect of us teaming up might sound...Posi Jeff, ol' buddy ol' pal has unwittingly given me the opportunity to let anyone besides my mother care what I think, and I am pretty sure that she tuned me out a while ago...and if she keeps reading while I am typing this, I am going to have to stop going to the liquor store for her... that's right mom, no more Newport one hundred's, no more jack, no more lotto...no more of those "special" favors, while pa's away @ the hoosegow... got it? Ok... so I know that you are all wondering what I think about the world and everything within it... well, like Tony Montana said; "the world is mine"... and I, like Mr. Montana would, beckon you to listen to every last filthy word I say:

There, I feel so...empowered? Not really. Who am I? I Am. the ubermensche: a pizza driver, an artist, a musician, a father, a smoker, a drinker, a raver, a punker, and more all @ the same damn time. Now I guess I am a writer as well (stroke beard, draw on pipe). And I think that we all need to wake up and smell the toast burning

There is a concrete reason that there really aren't a whole lot of good punkrock bands out there today: no one seems to be doing anything new, anything pertinent, anything real... those who really want to push the boundaries are far and few between or they have turned to more currently relevant genres to get their point across. After all, who really wants to learn an instrument when you can write some html and instantly reach a million more people than those select few that have the ability to sit through your musical ineptitude?.. this hypothesis becomes theory via the four pathetic cd's that Posi Jeff gave me to review for this issue. they are as follows:

Orangetree "Fixing Stupid"-

yet another horrible release from JumpUp!, the record label for and by the deaf and colorblind...makes me wish that this would be categorized as last wave ska someday in the near future. feels like a rake across the brain and lasted approximately thirty seconds in the ol' disc player...god, god, god, fucking awful.

Teenage Frames "1% Faster"-

wondering why I am so down on that aforementioned label? check out this bag o' drivel asap... sounds kinda like it's being played on a boombox in the corner of a factory... gives me a new appreciation for country radio, file under: tripe.

The Dragons "R*L*F"

only good thing about this droning ordeal is that the vocals kinda sound like Lemmy on a couple tracks... too boring to really go on.

Lawrence Arms "a guided tour of chicago"

Like their lead vocalist sings in the opening verse of the opening track: "tonight I'll bang out another shitty song that's unsatisfying"... poor mike park;, asian man records was doing so well.

yay! now I will never have to hear any of these albums ever again!.. every one of these bands was hindered by a complete and utter lack of vision, missing that innate quality that those few bands/people possess that can make even the sound of one hand clapping music to my ears. something tells me they all had cool instruments/clothes though... JUST REMEMBER, UNLESS YOU ROCK, YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A PUNK...of course, there where a couple of things that I either got in the mail or had dropped by the house that did indeed truly rock, again as follows:

dbs "some boys got it, most men don't"

a beautiful example of what happens to a straight-ahead punk band that plays together and grows up together for six years. b.c.'s finest much music alumni pleasantly surprise with an extremely consistent album filled with variety in pacing, tempo, and lyrical content. they are on new disorder records, and if you caught them @ the canada world on center I am sure you went home hungry too. plus, they are quite possibly some of the nicest guys ever to come through town. oh canada!

Jerkwithabomb "Death to False Metal"

what's this? another bunch of canucks outdoing their american counterparts? that's right, another vancouver band with a new idea, proof positive that higher educational funding and the socialization of human capital resources yields great cultural rewards. these kids are a two piece (drums, guitar and keys). I booked them @ the globe w/ the Thousandaires and they managed to move the crowd... really interesting stuff, kind of a really stripped down blur, or something... my point here is that if you caught the show and dug it, it's just as good on vinyl.

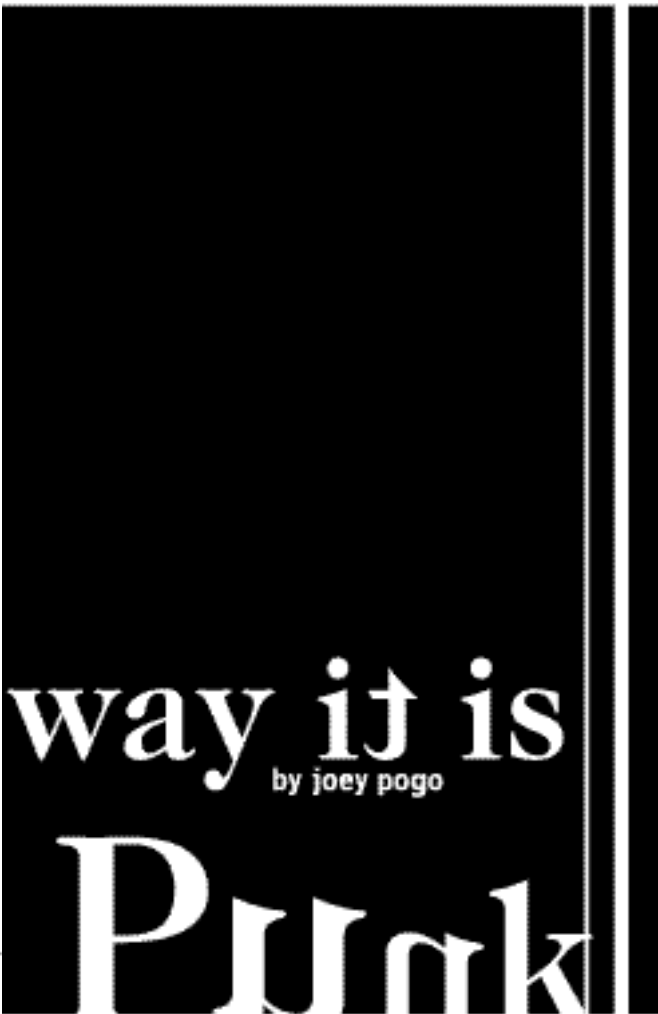
Mark N. "Stuck In Stallis"

available on tape @ massive records or @ www.massivemag.com... fucking insane, unbelievable hardcore techno all the way from new castle (where VENOM come from), australia to our shores... fun, fun, fun with a capital E.

Crimpshrine "the sound of a new world being born"

thank you, Lawrence Livermore, for putting this back in print, on cd... my turntable's broke!.. sigh... I have to go put this in now, it's like that, you know?





Alkaline Trio "goddammit"

this band is the reason I feel so much sympathy for mike park, even though he put out the horrible Lawrence Arms disk, this one cancels it out completely. every song is about booze... good to the last drop...

Slackers "Red-light"

proof positive that this bunch from brooklyn remains the only hope for ska...thanks Allison...I had grown jaded on this genre before they showed up.

There, that proves that I 'm not just some aging hipster, harkening back to the days of yore, when men were men and women wore dog collars and fishnets. I actually must admit that, ironically, I find the whole riot grrrl thing horribly erotic... something about girls in cut off army shorts and t-shirts, without makeup and unnecessary adornments, tattoos, body hair, the like... damn.

Since I've been given this platform, I thought I'd also throw in my picks for TOP 10 punk albums of the millennium!.. drum roll please...but wait!, here comes the disclaimer: punk is not defined as a musical genre, but as a mode of expression in which form precedes function, and truth conquers all other objectives, and where drive, emotion, and outrage (or lack thereof) always trump technical proficiency... now that that is out of the way here are the best albums since the birth of Christ! or at least what I have been listening to a lot this month: in no order at all

THE SHIT SPLIT FEATURING BLATZ AND FILTH

pure and unbridled fun, the essence of "I don't give a fuck", why have another beer with fear when blatz does a far better version of "I don't care about you" than they ever could have?.. and something tells me that very few of their fans are skinheads (I had a bad experience @ a fear show, in case you are an idiot and couldn't figure that out by yourself). I digress, if you don't like the shit split, well, then I don't care about you, fuck you...heh heh.

WIRE, "on returning"

an example of pure pop sensibility, coupled with the sneer of the buzzcocks and a Foucault-like desire for deconstruction, a compilation that compiles a breadth of the stronger singles released by quite possibly the most influential british band since the beatles, it will make you go out and purchase every one of their albums... if it doesn't, please, don't ever pick up an instrument, "stay glued to your t.v. set..."

Fastbacks, "Barbecue Sargeant"

listen, learn, and love... one of the most under-appreciated bands in the history of under-appreciated bands. two-female vocals, catchy choruses, unbelievable melodies and harmonizing and some of the best lyrics ever. shame on you sub-pop, for dropping the best band to ever hail from seattle.

Crimpshrine, "Duct Tape Soup"

I am a big fan of this band. everyone who calls themselves punk should have at least heard this, it might change your life. Aaron sounds like he's playing on pots and pans, jeff sounds like he is drowning in his own phlegm, and paul sounds like he escaped from the J.B.'s all into one shitty radio shack "highball" mic in the middle of the room, a classic, plain and simple...

Kraftwerk, "The Man Machine"

the best album from the inventors of electronicbodomusic, the group responsible for hip-hop, techno and electronic music as we know it at the peak of their ability, in all of their teutonic glory... "...we are the robots..." need I say more?

Fifteen, "Buzz"

to the bastard who stole this, and others, from my humble abode: a hex upon you and your whole family, may your seed be wiped from the earth... another collection of hits from the pre-operative throat of jeff ott.

Revolting Cocks, "Big Sexy Land"

aptly named for a strip club in amsterdam, grating, danceable, and beautiful at the same time... the best that the short-lived industrial wave had to offer...an exercise in collaborative catharsis from the best that chicago had to offer.

Screeching Weasel, "Kill the Musicians"

yes, I know, it is a compilation. but it just happens to be a compilation of some of the best shit that pop punk ever spawned. the bastard children of the ramones and beach boys whine through over thirty punkrock standards... great fodder for the metallica mind-trick when I worked in a cafe. even if you don't like this band enough to buy all of their stuff, this one deserves a place on the mantel next to that bowling or spelling bee trophy you are so proud of... and just because ben foster hates people, that does not make him an asshole, i'm an asshole and I even like people.

Jets to Brazil, "Orange Rhyming Dictionary"

they're better than jawbreaker. Not only do I deem it punk-worthy, but also worthy of our hard-earned american dollars. this record, simply put, in midwestern terms, is "tits".

Eric B. and Rakim, "Paid In Full"

as much as I would love to credit paul's boutique for redefining/recreating hip-hop, it could be argued that the beasties would still be doing party rhymes if these two had never met...quite possibly one of the only, if not the only early eighties pure hip-hop album that has not lost anything over the years...the sheer literacy and diction of rakim's flow stands unparalleled amongst his peers, eric b. crafted half of the breakbeats on paul's boutique in the first place...still makes me want to grab a piece of linoleum and the biggest boombox I can find and head for the basketball courts at mitchell park...electric boogaloo.

with that all taken care of, we must move on to the task @ hand...the new millenium has arrived, and we must prepare for the revolution, the revolution of nothing, for nothing and by nothing, let us begin burning and looting at this instant. why wait for the odometer to flip, start now...and remember: "the present belongs to the struggle, the future is ours..."

- Ernesto "Che" Guevara.

THE ONLY REASON WE'VE SURVIVED ALL THESE YEARS IS BECAUSE WE HATE EACH OTHERS FUCKING GUTS.

Junk records

DRAGONS R+L+F

"ROCK LIKE FUCK"

the SPITFIRES

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NEW WAVE HOOKERS

NOT TAKEN A VICTIM

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FOR MURZ'S VINYL INTERROGATIONS

FOR MURZ'S VINYL INTERROGATIONS

hey, man, it's a tough world out there! Since this is a first issue, the pictures I was given were weak at best, and worse under the whole right set of scrutiny...and if you could one out of the tapes and that broke under the stress of interrogation thank you for the effort (really) but they didn't owe me. If you work at Funk Records...you saved me! no flick this out, I dug through my recent purchases (thank! they find too) if it doesn't work, I'll have it here! AIG?

4 7th BOUNDS:

and Number "Mirrit Copping" (Sabbath)

If you dig the funk, you'll enjoy this band. I do, and I do! Yes, serious feeling funk and thank a not a bad thing some days! THANK

and the Blackhearts "Cactus and Cheese" (Wednesday) The band is "Oh No is No", and it was well worth the quarter I sold MAMMIE for it. One nice, period.

Black Flag "I.V. Part 1" (DST)

I was never a big Black Flag fan, preferring longish funk to the American offerings, but this came to me as a gift, and y'know, I still know all of the words. Classic funk,

The Miscreants LP (Big Book)

It was never a big funk of funk capture the spaced intensity of their live shows, but the production is a gritty attempt to be for MAMMIE, featuring much heavy stuff.

The Luchanilla "Dance II Love Funk" (Wednesday)

"Spit is Out" (702)

I wanted both of these from bands MURZ's funkies, and it passed up best with some nice work : MAMMIE! The covers are black, white, and classic pink. It's no funk in your own hands.

See News Bookers (Book)

Obviously N.Y. Do (in case, and if you've ever, you probably can't...the funk, and exploring also I receive,

and (Funk)

What? This number. Buy it!

Extreme "Kick to Your Soul" (Book)

I dug through my collection just to see if it was the same as the Pink Diamond cover art, but it's not. Quality funk, worthy to call, nice breaks, good books.

7th Cont.

The Spitfires XXIX "Black Black Cat" (Jazz)

S/E (Reviews)

Music to kill reveries by. At the end of the June 45, I was left begging for more, none, NONE! Then, the postman delivered and not only did I get more, I got an Art Chantry cover, too!

Inc

The White Stripes R/T (Sycamore)

Detroit did not get named "Rock City" by Hollywood, kiddies. This duo (yeah, a guy and a girl) took the drive to the River City, and showed us how the ~~same~~ people can kick a packed house to hell. Get religious. Buy a copy!

Sex Pistols "What were you in 72?" (?? records)

This is a ~~XXXXXX~~ bootleg of the Pistols live. Crappy quality at best, and not very extended unless you are a fan. I bought it only for "Helsinki was a Gas" and "Rock On", but it is hardly listenable. Johnny Rotten's comments to the crowd are probably the best part. It was more for fun on 45rpm!

Chester Blanks "Defried Dreams" (The Red)

This took more than one spin on my turntable before I enjoyed it, but so did their first LP. They run the gamut from straight ahead garage to songs that could have been on a Thirties Floor Elevator record. "Don't Put Me Down" and "Smashes Grotches" stand out. Not bad at all.

Regenerate "Swamp Life" (Records)

After years of play, my dubbed tape wore out, and it was time to see Mr. Crider and co. my cash for my own copy. And I'm glad I did. Reclus keeps this as a treat, and they really are ~~SMASH HITS~~. They hail from the land of the rising sun, and you are hereby ordered to buy two copies, one one for you, and the other for your best friend. It's some good stuff!

Blasphemy "Protest" (See Copy)

It has been twenty years since those boys put out their rule and groundbreaking first singles, so at first, I felt uneasy as I listened to it... but I did, and you know what I like it! It's a great slice, from beginning to end, with songs sticking in my head for days. My advice to you: in these days of musical madness, my appreciation.

Netalia "The Old Gentian" (See Copy)

Wow. For someone that picked up an old record and dug it for its heavy ratted tracks, Eddie Green and other others performed some it further. I stood neck-deep in the spinning vinyl as my ride took off for space and time unknown... If you thought we considered "Song Book", this, dear reader, is the kindest.

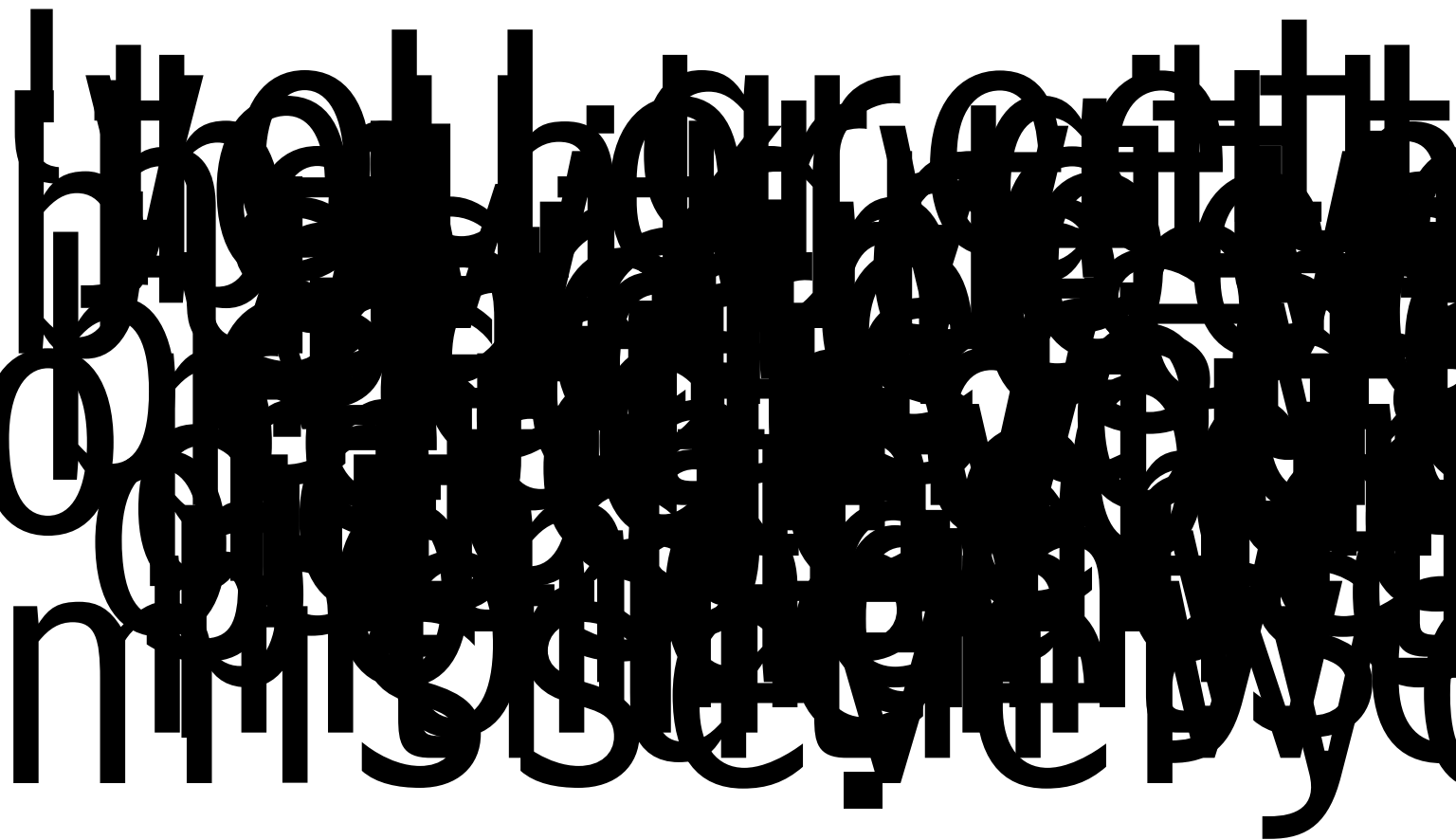
Lord High Mizers "Is There Still A Secret Weapon?" (Review)

This is the poetry of war. It hits with so many things that by the time you finish your father's record by and the needle picked up, I was left breathless and sweating on my floor. Revolution WILL come, young lions, and for us to all succeed, we will need to be as quiet and daring as Miss Orwell and Co. Take heed, this is a lesson. Life is the tank.

Miss Billy Childish "Trinity Against Northside, 186-197" (Review)

If you didn't know, damn near all of what we in this time consider "music" sprang out of the Mississippi Delta. Rather than allow it to be glossed over yet again, Mr. Childish signs it out of the case place the factolians into his soul. If you have never heard of Billy Childish, you haven't been listening. He has been doing art, music and poetry for decades now. The case on this device is an occasion: Lead, Leadbetter and Childish to name a few. He is a cat man gone wild. He's paid his dues, and the blue notes are for real. The only question is: are you?

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO PARTICIPATE?





soul surfing
by sri keseva

Our friend Sri Keseva, along with Ray Cappo, recently opened a D.I.Y. style resort in Costa Rica called The Lotus Surf Lodge. If you're interested in taking a trip to one of the most beautiful places in all the Americas for a relatively low price, Sri's the woman to know. Accommodations range from campsites to suites to swingin' hammocks. And if your down for getting in touch with yourself, the lodge also offers yoga instruction and an atmosphere ideal for meditation and introspection. Sri wrote a little something just for y'all about this out of sight place so read on reader. If you want to know more, give the Lotus Surf Lodge crew a call at 1-888-299-5748. Better yet, get a hold of Sri!

babysri@aol.com

what the hell am i doing??????

Have you ever had that experience where you've been thinking about something, wanting it, but not knowing how it could ever happen and then out of the blue...there it is? I mean I normally have the opposite, where I want something but it just doesn't happen. I can probably count on one hand the total number of times in my life something that I've wanted so bad has just happened serendipitously. I'm not talking about finding parking spots or 20 bucks on the street, but big things. So when something like that does happen, it's a big deal. Recently I had one of those things happen. Serendipity is a strange thing, it's a trip to spell, let alone happen. In fact, when I was living in Australia I knew of it as a brand of ice cream before I knew what it meant. Good ice cream too, but that's beside the point. I had always wanted a retreat or a sanctuary. I'd imagined it in a tropical paradise or sometimes even somewhere in California, but either way it would have property with cabins, a temple, fruit trees etc. Every so often I'd day-dream about it, write about it like a long term goal, but failing becoming some kind of gazillionaire, I couldn't see how it would happen. It's strange, but I had this dream even before I met Ray (my partner in higher crimes).

As Ray and I spent more time together we realized we shared a similar vision. It was just something in the back of our minds but we were never sure how it was going to happen. Recently Ray started talking about Costa Rica and how it's such a beautiful place. Everything we began to research about it sounded great. Even though it is in a region that has a lot of political and social turmoil, Costa Rica remains a country of great stability. It has a literacy rate of 97%, 6% higher than the United States. They abolished the army about 50 years ago so all they're tax dollars go back into the community. Medical and dental care is free, so is tertiary education-it's really quite amazing. Even though it has the 'look' of a third world country, in terms of unspoiled nature, everyone in the cities have cell phones, email and all the mod cons. Don't get me wrong, it's not perfect, but it's close.

I'll try to tell my story of serendipity as it happened in my life. As quickly as I am telling it I was on a plane to Costa Rica. I arrived there in the throes of the monsoon season, an insane but intensely beautiful time of year. The irony of whether this was a first or a third world country hadn't settled in. The entire time I was there I didn't see one bum. There was even a time when I bought some food which turned out to be gross but having lived in NYC I thought, don't throw it away, give it to a bum. It was a strange calzone meets a chapati type thing with cheese and sugar inside, bizarre combination. Their cheese is really fresh but sort of 'on the nose' and like Vegemite for Aussie's, I'm sure is a 'local' taste treat. I had only tasted one and had 2 left so I kept them on me all day until I realized there aren't any hungry people, and that was in San Jose, their biggest city! Costa Ricans or Tico's[m] and Tica's [f] as they are called, are not anti-American as are folks from many of the other Central American countries. Actually though, that is one thing they hate about 'Americans', the fact that people from the U.S. call themselves 'American'. Costa Ricans point out that everyone in the America's, North and South are 'American' and that we should call ourselves 'North Americans' or 'U.S. Citizens'. It's a minor point but in their eyes it's indicative of a United States mindset. Of course I am not a Yankee by birth, but since I live in the U.S. I tend to think that anything they're guilty of, I must be too, 'birds of a

"you greet the teller at the bank with a 'how are you', but it's because your real modus operandi is to get your money and good moments of truth we miss everyday."

feather' and all that... The country reminded me of India in some ways, the people are deeply religious, friendly and beautiful, not a mean bone in their body, but the biggest difference was the environment. Indian's have never come to terms with trash, I guess because traditionally trash such as plastic didn't exist. There was a time in Indian history when the masses ate off banana leaves and drank from clay cups [which they smash after one use] which is extremely sanitary. Everything they dealt with during that "Golden Age" was biodegradable, which has something to do with the mess that she (Mother India) is in now. Perhaps still instilled in them is a sort of 'dust to dust' mentality where the difference between garbage on the ground and no trash, is 'one day'. Cows go to trash piles and eat all the garbage. Garbage, as I said, was traditionally biodegradable. Nowadays it's common to see cows chewing on plastic bags in a pathetic attempt to enjoy. So unfortunately, India is an extremely littered place. I grew up in Australia during a time [not sure if they still do it] where it was just par for the course that you would see at least 3 government sponsored ads on TV a day against littering. They used to have this song "Do the right thing" which even now I am singing in my head. I mean I grew up in a culture where littering was frowned upon. In India, when you're finished with something you just throw it on the ground. The only other place like that I've seen which is a complete anomaly is NYC. For some reason people just litter with no conscience, saying, "Oh, the street sweeper comes everyday", a justification I never quite bought. Anyway, I guess that developing countries have sort of a bad rap for being dirty, but that's the complete contradiction about Costa Rica, or as some call it, the 'Switzerland of the America's. As you may know, many South and Central American countries sell their land to huge multi-national corporations like McDonalds for cattle grazing, something which is deeply effecting deforestation and the ozone layer. The Costa Ricans on the other hand, decided that they could make more money from Eco-tourism and the export of rare plant species to pharmaceutical companies, so they put laws in effect to protect most of their rainforests. They are not a perfect govt. coz I think in the past they did rape some of the land, but now they are much more environmentally long-sighted than many other nations of our world.

So the way it all unfolded was that one-day Ray and I were at a veggie-BBQ that John Feldman (Goldfinger) was having. John introduced us to this guy Steve. Steve was one of the earlier guitarists for Goldfinger and had been friends with John for ages but had recently returned from Costa Rica where he runs a surf lodge. I remember afterwards Ray and I were talking about how great that was and how someday we'd like to do something similar but include yoga and stuff. He'd given us a brochure and since we'd just moved to California and had really gotten into surfing we thought we should visit there sometime. The place boasted having killer surf and a real 'Robinson Caruso-esque' lodge. There were pictures of Steve and his son Cassidy and it just looked so 'folksy'.

Unbeknown to us was that there were some troubles occurring with the lodge that were beyond Steve's control and he was in danger losing it. His father Bob who was running the place had become very ill. He had helped build the place over the last 5 years, moving there from the U.S. after triple by-pass surgery. In retrospect, the work Bob did was an amazing achievement by an elderly person in such condition, but Bob has an incredible will. We developed a friendship with Steve and as the natural result of becoming more intimate with him began to learn of his situation. That's something I find interesting in general, that you can go through life and superficially 'everything seems fine', and without a deep friendship you don't get to see the real or vulnerable side to people. Also, many of our daily interactions are on

doesn't scrape the surface of 'where she's really at'
get the hell out of there. it's sad to ponder how many

that of a superficial level. In one sense we miss truly interacting with people all in the name of social lubrication. You greet the teller at the bank with a 'how are you', but it doesn't scrape the surface of 'where she's really at' because your real modus operandi is to get your money and get the hell out of there. It's sad to ponder how many moments of truth we miss everyday. As we began to hang out more with Steve we found how much we truly liked him and had similar visions with what we wanted in a 'retreat' and the direction that he wanted to go in with his surf camp. The lodge had been a bit of an 'animal house', in keeping with its name "Rancho Diablo". When we learnt of his dire situation he told us how he'd had offers from people to purchase it, but he had emotional attachments as it had been built with he and his fathers sweat. And since Bob was terminally ill it had great sentimental value for him and Cassidy. He thought of partnerships, but no one could contribute a vision that was in keeping with his worldview. He thought it would be better to lose it than see it go in the wrong direction. Since we had really clicked as friends we started to brainstorm our ideas and our visions and strangely, Steve's, Ray's and my vision were uncannily similar. So here was a situation where Steve was bringing to the table a dream almost in completion, but lacked other resources, something which Ray and I potentially had. Spiritually, the place was no longer what Steve wanted. He had had a whole personal revolution and "Rancho Diablo" no longer represented who he was and yet, given its history with his father, it was still dear to him. But time was ticking, it was the '11th hour' and he was to lose it in a matter of days. Of course dropping everything and going to Costa Rica was not what I had planned for that week, but crazy as my life is, off we went. Naturally we didn't want to get involved in a place we had never seen, so we had to check it out. I had a massive press mailout that I was working on and Cory [my room-mate] and I stayed up all night putting packs together and then driving to the 24hr post office at LA International airport. It was insane. Cory and I, when we're together, have this ability to find the most hideously boring tasks hysterical. It's something that happens so frequently that we know it's a gift from God and not a coincidence. So this was another occasion that should have sucked but was nonstop laughter from beginning to end. I guess when you are really tired, adrenaline kicks in and you are on a high. Everything was funny, stamping was funny, carrying 200 packages was funny, and the postal workers behind the counter and other customers were funny. I guess it was some kind of blessing so that we could get through the task. At 10pm we were at the post office, and at 1am were on a plane bound for Costa Rica.

The in-flight staff were complete bitches for some reason and the vegetarian meals were not on board as usual. Why do they hire mean people? They should have a machine like a breathalyzer, but maybe a "bitchalyzer" to see if someone's over the limit and not fit to work. If you fly to Costa Rica, don't take LASCA. United, Continental and Delta all fly there too, but for some reason the LASCA staff think they're doing you a favor. It was sort of a long flight, I was so tired from all the work I had to do before flying and the plane was packed so there wasn't much rest. We arrived in San Jose in the morning and had to change to a 'puddle jumper' to Liberia. Flying in those little 10 seater planes is a bit confronting. I was thinking about death, I guess JFK JR was on my mind coz it was still sort of recent. For good or bad I came to the conclusion that I didn't really care if I died. I know that sounds morose, but that's where my head was at. I don't mind death, I mind pain. And since life can be painful I thought death wouldn't be so bad, as long as it wasn't painful. I figured that crashing in this plane would be death on impact and that was comforting.

The Caribbean side was experiencing lots of Hurricanes up and down the coast of the Americas. We were on the pacific side but the hurricanes accounted for extra heavy rain. The clouds were tempestuous yet beautiful, not unlike the traditional Judeo Christian perception of heaven. For a moment I thought of how sometimes danger brings a lot of beauty with it too...

We were met at the airport by a rental car and all crammed in for the 20-minute drive to Playa Grande, our destination. We'd picked up Adam, a kid from Laguna beach, along the way. Adam is pretty amazing; 18, a pro-surfer sponsored by BillaBong, straight edge, and veggie edge. What was great about this was that During brainstorming Ray, Steve, and I had on our journey, we would wonder if people would appreciate the new direction we wanted to take the lodge in, and here was Adam, in effect giving us the answer.

The roads were bumpy to our destination as they had already been pounded by the monsoon and they don't regrade the roads until the dry season starts. Because the area the lodge is near is a National Park they have dirt roads coz the government wants to keep it pristine with not too much traffic. During monsoon this is officially SUV country. It made our Jeep back in California seem pretentious. We passed a couple of towns and after a while came upon Rancho Diablo. Although the weather was wet, the ground muddy, you could see that this was an amazing place! Made out of teakwood and bamboo it complements the area perfectly, something that a Best Western or a Motel 6 could never do. The most shocking discovery though, which took the initial focus off the beauty of the place was the terrible condition in which we found Bob. Parents are selfless, sometimes to the extreme and it was apparent that Bob was very ill more so than we expected. We immediately took him to the hospital an hour away. His legs were swollen with open sores. His heart was not pumping strong enough to push the venous blood back up stream and he was in great pain. Steve was devastated and since the time we had known him we had never seen him so upset, blaming himself in part for Bobs' condition. That first day was not so pleasant and positive because we had walked into a disaster. Bob's condition, the monsoon, the lodge in complete disarray due to his incapacity, but we could see this place was a diamond in the rough. Sometimes when something is clean and pristine, you can think it is great but ultimately it has no character. This place on the other hand was a mess! The wood needs to be sanded and refinished every 2 years coz of the elements, and because the staff was gone and the place closed, it was in complete disarray. But you could see how much attention had been put into building the place. Balconies made of bamboo, teak beams and walls. It was a work of art! You could just see that with some attention this place would come alive again in a way that no sterile concrete building could. The Tico's explain that you have to upkeep such a place because the jungle comes to reclaim her own over time.

At first I was a little disappointed because I had imagined that the place was literally right on the beach, which it isn't, but I then I realized that the reason for this is what makes Playa Grande such a special place. The lodge is 50 meters away from shoreline behind trees because this beach is where the leather back turtle comes to nest every year. This species is on the endangered list so the government declared most of the surrounding area national park. There are only a handful of beaches in the entire world where they nest and Playa Grande is one of the most important. Because they come up the beach to nest at night there can be no lights to distract them, hence the building behind the tree line rule. These turtles are not ordinary; they can grow to be about 800 pounds. Every year locals take turns during nesting season to make sure that tourists

“Ray said that could only think of his amex card in shatters
sea, i was afraid for my life and

cover their flashlights with red plastic so as to not interrupt the turtles in their routine. I realized that this place had the best of both worlds. Nearby, a short walk down the beach or a 10 minute car ride away is Tamarindo a town with Dance Clubs, casino, a real tourist trap. Still cute, but definitely not peaceful. So our beach had the sanctity and nature and yet a short distance away was a place where people could go for a party scene. Every thing was beautiful, even creepy things. There are these crabs that walk around oblivious to you, but they are a brilliant purple and orange, so beautiful. Then there are the howler monkeys; they're all black except for big white balls on the males [didn't care to analyze that too deeply]. Unlike the monkeys in India these guys are not rascals and don't steal your stuff or punch you out. I've seen so many crazy things with the monkeys in India...stealing someone's wallet, climbing up a post, taking the money out, ripping it in half and throw it down to an irate owner, or trading money to the fruit Walla in exchange for bananas. Those monkeys are way too intelligent. I've had the pleasure of more than one encounter and lost.

The beach at Playa Grande has world class surf, which is one of the reasons why Steve chose to build there and accounts for the heavy patronage of surfers from around the world. If you've ever watched any of those surf movies like 'Endless Summer' they always visit Playa Grande as they tour the world in pursuit of the perfect wave. I was too afraid to surf, the waves were choppy and dangerous due to the fallout from the hurricanes on the Caribbean side, but Adam said he had some of the best waves in his life. After a couple of days however, we realized that he said that everything was killer and the best ever. There are lots of other things to do in the area had we not had a million business things to do and if it wasn't monsoon. You can take canoe rides up the estuary and see toucans and stuff, I don't know how I feel about that coz there are crocodiles too. Since I am from Australia I have a healthy fear of those things, that's why I don't like Florida either. You can take canopy tours of the rainforest or visit active volcanoes, or just surf ski, mountain bike or laze in a hammock. Of course we did none of the above there was just so much work to do. The highlight of our trip was taking a short cut to Tamarindo airport [or paddock, if we want to be literal] to drop our lawyer off to catch his puddle jumper back to San Jose. Steve, who at this point resembled Indiana Jones brilliantly decided on a short cut. We went thru several wheel high ponds in the road until we hit the mother load...ahead of us was 50 meters of lake, with only tops of a fence to suggest it was ever a road. What was even scarier was that there was a turn in the road ahead and therefore no guarantee that it got any better on the other side. This was too much, I didn't seem to have the faith in our SUV that Steve did and as we all screamed our opinions simultaneously. Steve, the man in the driver's seat, went straight for it. Slowly but surely the waters parted, I couldn't believe it! The water was up to our window, 1 inch deeper and they might flow in. Water was already flowing in the door on the back seat. I undid my seat belt and tied my bag over my shoulder, crouched in my seat, wound down the window and sat in a state of preparedness to jump out the window and climb on the roof. I cannot believe, even to this moment that that car was able to drive in those conditions, it really gave me so much faith in SUV's. I was so sure that it was going to conk out and start drifting with the tide. I've seen so many of those shows on FOX called "Amazing Escapes Caught on Tape" or whatever, I thought "this is how it happens, just like this except this time there is no rescue crew to save us..." I watched Steve as he was driving and he had the focus of a Zen master. Just then, the grade of the road began to incline and we started to emerge. At this point we were stuck at the turn in the road, and

once the rental company found out the car had drifted out to
and Steve was living out some adventure fantasy in his head.”

could see that the turn itself was on a bridge over a stream. Luckily there was a man coming from the opposite direction on a bicycle who showed the same trepidation about going forward in our direction as we did in his. He told us that it gets better ahead and he walked across the low bridge ahead of us to make sure that it was secure. Unstuck, we continued to the Tamarindo airfield, which literally is a field, not even with a hut as in Liberia. Upon arrival, the local villagers told us that the flight had been cancelled, only proving my point to Steve that nothing is worth killing ourselves over. It's funny what our focus's were because afterwards we all compared notes. Ray said that could only think of his Amex card in shatters once the rental company found out the car had drifted out to sea, I was afraid for my life and Steve was living out some adventure fantasy in his head. Our lawyer? Well, he was stuck with us for the night, hardly what he had planned I'm sure. I bet the next morning solidified his opinion of us...we had bought a semi mature papaya tree to plant ceremoniously as a 'samskara' or 'impression' for a new beginning for the lodge. We were singing bhajans and praying holding hands around the tree and I am sure he thought we were nuts. We looked nuts.

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