

Shredder



The gentleman's name is Daniel Weizmann, but you will better know him as 'Shredder'. Starting with 1981's *Rag In Chains* fanzine, Shredder became an early (1981-'82) *Flipside* writer. But you will also know his name from 1983's pivotal *California Hardcore* and his post-1983 *L.A. Weekly* cultural insights. And whether or not your home library has copies of *Superkool Joyride Migraines*, *Drinking With Bukowski* or *A History of Rock*, an interview with Mr Weizmann is a scoop in anybody's books.....

Who first called you Shredder? Did it mean anything?
I got the nickname The Shredder from a machine that Mark Pauline made for his Survival Research Lab. They design these crazy destructo gizmos. The Shredder ate 45s and spit out little shards of vinyl. So I thought that'd be a good nickname for a record critic. After the first few issues of my fanzine, I dropped the "The." As an aside, I quickly got tired of the nickname Shredder and I was always trying to come up with a better one. Victor Immature, Jett Lagg, Humphrey Bogus...coming up with punk nicknames is an underrated pastime!

And for those who don't know, what was the Survival Research Laboratories?
SRL do these crazy "machine performances" where they program homemade robots to go crazy and blow stuff up. I was 13 and I think I had only read about SRL. Years later, I saw one of their shows in San Francisco - fire and explosions everywhere. It was gnarly.

SRL dealt in experimental music - not just robots. Was this the side of things you were interested in?
(laughs) No not really. I came to punk rock from a much goofier angle. My five much older half-siblings were hardcore hippies. As a kid, I went completely in the other direction - Astaire-Rogers movies, MGM musicals, *That's Entertainment*,

tap dancing, *Oliver* and *Annie* and *Bugsy Malone*. Then, when I was the last kid left in the house, my brother Moshe left behind all these heavy rock records - Love and Iron Butterfly and *Aftermath*. Slowly, I started to see that rock music was its own version of the musicals in a way. At 11 or 12, I was taking acting classes for kiddies at Lee Strasberg Studios on Hollywood Boulevard. Across the street was this great big record store called Peaches. I saw Rick James and his ladies put their high-heeled footprints in front of Peaches. Anyway, on lunch break from this acting class, you'd see all the original Masque punks hanging out outside the Gold Cup Coffee Shop. They were older than me by six or seven years and they were scary - I'd cross the street to avoid them! But one day, my sister's boyfriend brought home some of the *Dangerhouse* singles. I heard the **Weirdos'** *We've Got the Neutron Bomb* and in a flash I was converted. Because - and I only understood this years later - the "movie musical" legacy of the Golden Age Hollywood studios totally

Staff Charts for 81

Now for the staff charts, which we might do maybe once a year, these are our 5 favorite singles and albums of last year, in no particular order:
SHREDDER:
Albums: "Fire of Love" Gun Club/"Sou-nd Affects" Jam/"Psychedelic Jungle" the Cramps/"Adolescents"/"Slap that ass" Fred Astaire & Chorus
Singles: "Joy" Minutemen
Weather: "Leather" X

ROBERT HILL
Albums: "GI" Germs/
Non/ "Dies Irae" Kr
eckl/ "Clear Light"
cher"
Singles: "Survive"
Love/("

STAFF CHARTS OF PUNK

contributed to the spirit of L.A. punk. Early L.A. punk groups like the Germs and the Bags and the Weirdos have the performative glitter, the Busby Berkeley-like "razamatazz" that is very particular to Hollywood punk. To me, the Germs are a musical. You see, at least at first, L.A. punk was "paleo-modernist." It groped for the answer to the future in a recapitulation of the past. The whole New Wave enterprise was obsessed with Rod Serling and the Twilight Zone, wraparound sunglasses from the Tiger Rose boutique, tail-fins, vintage clothes, TV reruns. It was kind of like...we didn't dig where things were headed--the corporate megamonster of late era capitalism was walking all over us. We wanted to *stop the wheel*. Marshall McLuhan once wrote something like....we drive into the future by looking in a rearview mirror. That was a big part of the first excitement of punk. Anyway, by 13 I was all in. I'd seen **X**, **Fear**, so many great bands. I sent two wrinkly dollar bills through the US Postal system to a P.O. box in Lawndale to get the *Nervous Breakdown* 45 by **Black Flag**. I decided, during Xmas vacation, to do my own fanzine. It was a very different world then - a very small scene in a very quiet town! You could look up your favorite artists in the phone book and call them on your dial phone. I remember calling Keith Morris and his mom answered. Or calling John and Exene and they would just talk with me, some random 13 year old, for hours. Actually, I did interviews for the fanzine with this gizmo, where you attached a suction cup to your phone and it plugged into a Panasonic tape recorder. I mean, the whole thing was beyond home-made.

Your first fanzine was *Rag In Chains*, an unusual name for a publication?

In those days, punk rockers used to wrap chains around their boots and dangle chains with padlocks around their necks like necklaces. So the idea of *Rag in Chains* came from that ... *Rag* is slang for mags and newspapers in the US, maybe over there too.



This would be a 'rag' wrapped in chains. But there was also another silly joke embedded in there which was, being 13, I was 'in chains' i.e. a slave to school, parents, society, etc. Dorky 13-year-old humour. We were around for six months and in those six months I interviewed **X**, **Black Flag**, **Fear**, the **Circle Jerks**, **TSOL**, **Red Cross**, **Wasted Youth**, and many others. We featured lots of great lesser known bands, too, like **Smog Marines**, **The Disposals**, **Modern Warfare**, **Zyklon B** and **The Boneheads**. We ran the very first ever **Minutemen** ad and the very first piece on the **Gun Club**. Friends from Junior High School pitched in. We stole almost all our photos from other mags! And we also did great goofy collages like our own version of TV Guide. It was all mucilage, rubber cement, scissors, and Letraset rub-on letters. Then we'd go down to Gower Gulch on Sunset Blvd and Xerox and collate. I think the

first issue had 100 copies made, and the last one had 500. We'd walk up and down Melrose Ave and place them in any store that would take them on consignment. There was sort of a renaissance of cool shops there in '81 - Vinyl Fetish, Poseur, Cowboys & Poodles, Flip, Neo 80, Let it Rock. Anyway, by the fifth issue, Al from *Flipside* fanzine said, "Stop stealing our photos! We have extras we'll give you. In fact, if you want, why don't you just write for us." So that was truly awesome - my first big break! *Flipside* had just gone glossy and it was the absolute bible for L.A. punk in '81 - it was our entire internet before the internet. I started writing editorials, interviews, record reviews for them. I've never had a thrill like the thrill I got the first time I saw my byline in *Flipside*. I staggered around in a daze, checking every ten minutes to make sure it was real.



Whatever became of the Smog Marines? Would you say they were a good or great band?

I have no idea what happened to the **Smog Marines**. Truth is, I barely remember them, but



I remember liking them. Very loud and discordant. **Modern Warfare** I do remember, *Nothing's Left for Me* is on youtube and it's a hilarious screamer of a track. **The Boneheads** were amazing too, they were led by singer Chase Holliday with Craig Lee of **The Bags**. Kind of a rinky-dink cocktail-hour sound with a farfisa organ and great lyrics. Someday I'd love to see an anthology of the greatest lyrics from the punk/new wave/hardcore. The best punk lyrics are very unusual, a whole new approach to songwriting and a daring invention in poetry. The old rock and folk icons had some strong writers, but, with a few exceptions, nobody can touch guys like Howard Devoto on your side of the Atlantic or Darby Crash over here. Because punk songs were always about *this life, right here, right in front of us*. They could be serious, personal, poetic, humorous, talky, dreamlike - they could go anywhere. And the

greatest punk bands in L.A.'s golden age each had a completely unique approach to songwriting - different from one another I mean. For instance, Darby Crash was gifted with getting under the surface of language and painting vivid nightmare dreamscapes - he stared right into the throbbing vacuum of modern times with these beautiful but scary human portraits: Richie Dagger, Billy Druid, Dragon Lady. *You wear a cost of sewage that you've never ever seen.* Sometimes I think that if he'd have lived, he would have become a poet people study in universities. Exene and John Doe wrote a punk noir romance, with a strong connection to Charles Bukowski, Raymond Chandler, Joan Didion, Nathanael West, the darker L.A. tradition. *She wasn't what you'd call living really / But she was still awake.* Keith Morris was a street corner gabber, a joke cracker, the ultimate "ordinary guy," cruising around in his '64 Valiant with a handful of valiums. "As one of my friends put it, Keith's voice is like the wise voice of an older brother who'll "get you drunk, get you laid, and get you home without telling your parents." *I'm just a spoke in the wheel, Part of the puzzle, Part of the game, I'm being framed!* Then there's Greg Ginn. His **Black Flag** lyrics are almost like a post-Nam PTSD diary, almost pre-cognitive. Pure vivid, unreal pain, intimate and up close. *When I talk to you, my mind falls apart, I rely on your judgement, Nobody gets close. Nobody dares.* Anyway, what I'm saying is - punk rock forced different songwriters to very different places. But each one was somehow forced to not be fakers, to get real about themselves and the world around them. And the best punk lyrics are notable for what they *don't* do: They don't paint hero fantasies. They don't accept false superiorities. They don't go off into some ameliorating fantasia. And that was such a great lesson in life and writing: Face the world as it is, not how you wish it was, or how others tell you it is. Trust your own eye.

Do you still have copies of Rag In Chains? How do you feel seeing fanzines from that time selling for \$100 and more?

I have one copy of each issue in storage. There's a really cool archivist in Texas named Ryan Richardson who scanned all the originals, he may do something with them. I think he's got the world's biggest collection of L.A. punk memorabilia. I've also saved some great letters and postcards from those days - punk pen pals was a real thing back then. My cousin Dave Id was the drummer for NYC's **The Mad** and he went on to help discover the **Bad Brains**. He was like my Secret Agent on the Other Coast. I've also got a little note somewhere from Henry Garfield of **S.O.A.**, aka Rollins. "Hey man, check out my group." Ha! Maybe I could get a couple of bucks on the black market with that one. Nostalgia is kryptonite, especially in complicated times

like these, but I do get a kick out of people's continuing interest in the 'zines and everything. I think the reason this stuff still has a glow to it is...it was like the last of a certain kind of Secret Society, before the world got so digitized and interdependent. As the late great Henry Gaffney said, "All art is folk art. The question is, which folks are you talking to?" Back then, we were talking in a secret language, human to human. I print 300 copies of a 'zine, you make 1,000 copies of a single, and we meet at a club that can maybe hold 500 without breaking the fire code. Now it's a whole different thing, it's a rite of passage, it's a big network and that's great. It seems like punk got a second life and I'm happy for that. But in the late '80s, at least here in Los Angeles, it was like it never happened. *Poof!* - up in smoke. The L.A. scene had been so bitchen, so totally absorbing till about '83, and when it fizzled it was disorienting, at least for me. I think people who have been through a punk youth have a kind of mild version of PTSD actually. After you've been in the pit, after you've tested the bounds of pure self-expression, after you've been infused with the rad empowerment that punk delivers... 'civilian life' just seems kinda crazy.

I think you're right, PTSD is a kind way of putting it! You'd agree with Jello Biafra then, that 'nostalgia is poison'?

Nostalgia is poison definitely, same as kryptonite. Kyrptonite made Superman weak. And when we're weak we can't take in reality. That's why punk nostalgia is a paradox. I love Jello-another totally original punk poet. He absorbed the wigged out sarcastic horror fantasy blast vibes of Mad Comics and turned them into songs. *'It's the suede denim secret police/ They have come for your uncool niece!'*

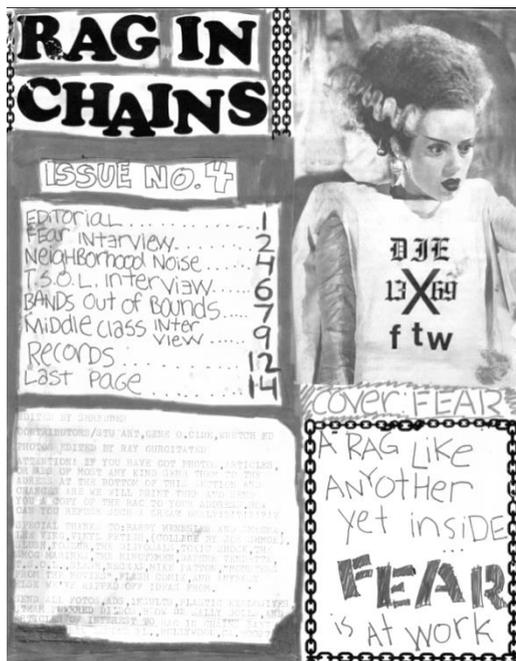
What would you say to someone who's willing to pay 100 dollars for an old copy of Flipside or Rag In Chains?

Cough it up, sucka!

In early interviews, were there cases of 'don't meet your heroes'?

Not really, I think it threw people off to get interviewed by a kid and they kind of felt compelled to open up. **Top Jimmy**

grabbed a six pack at Schwab's Drugstore and we did the interview in a nearby park - maybe my first beer. One of the funniest interviews I did was with Malcolm McLaren at the Mondrian Hotel on the Sunset Strip. He was pontificating about "what today's teenagers really want" to me and I must've given him a look because he



just stopped mid-sentence and burst out laughing. 'Cause it was like - the old man telling the teenager what a teenager was. Later, as an adult, I was the as-told-to for Dee Dee Ramone's autobiography *Lobotomy* and he was just great - it was the total opposite of "don't meet your heroes." I met him in the Chelsea Hotel, and he was totally self-deprecating, funny, super-smart and down to earth. He just kind of shrugged off his legend. He was like, "Ya know, spending \$300 on a leather jacket was okay but taking a bass lesson was out of the question."

What was your opinion of the U.K. bands at the time? Did you have dealings with them?

I was always a total Anglophile into Mary Poppins, Agatha Christie, the Wonderful World of Henry Sugar. Dickens set me up for punk! Then, at 13 my folks took me to London - I was dizzy with excitement, buying *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle* and *Armed Forces* at a record store in Piccadilly. Then, to come back home and hear **Crass's Feeding of the 5000** and all the great rare UK pop-punk singles like Dolly Mixture's *Everything and More*, The Passions *Bachelor Girls* and Department S *Is Vic There?* on radio shows like Rodney Bingenheimer's Rodney on the Roq and KPFK's *Unprovoked Attack* - it was a thrilling time in British music, literally too many great acts to count. And my all-time favorite was Magazine - I still listen to them washing the dishes. I don't think I interviewed too many English groups - I couldn't afford the long distance rates! But that's another magical thing about the first flowering of punk and post-punk: It was kind of like Charles Lindbergh crossing the Atlantic - it "rewired" the globe, or at least the way we think of it. Today, there are people that commute across the planet twice weekly. But in '79 or '80? Places like Korea or Greenland seemed as far away as another planet. On the psychic plane, the UK was the moon to us L.A. kids. Punk and its aftermath changed all that, it made you witness the way your culture, your generation had a freaky and instant overlap and exchange with theirs. Christopher Isherwood, another fine Englishman who moved to L.A., wrote about how thoughts are like water flowing between tide pools - and we are the tide pools, we share the conscious. The way punk spread across the globe was living proof of that. Earlier I was talking about how punk was folksy, how it was the last secret society. But maybe punk was also a key moment where the planet began to wake up to itself? I dug a few of the later UK bands like **Discharge - But After the Gig!** - and **Cockney Rejects 'Runnin' down the backstreets!** But to be honest, by '82 I had already tuned out. Just as hardcore went national in the U.S., my interest waned. L.A. post-punk was blossoming and it was as captivating as punk in its way - **Gun Club, The Cramps, Three O' Clock, Christian Death, Dream Syndicate, the Bangles, Rain Parade, Redd Kross, The Romans.**

The most overrated band, pre-1984?

As far as the most overrated bands of the era, I won't name names, but I will say this: There were groups that failed to find their own voice. There were L.A. groups that imitated

English and New York groups - badly. There were cartoon poseurs and celluloid rebels. There were shock-for-shock's-sake theater geeks and unconvincing wannabe tough guys. But you know what? That was also part of what made it an exciting time. You had to play foxhound and sniff out the red herrings.

You interviewed early Fear - what was your opinion of the band and their first albums?



I always loved **Fear**, I still do. I interviewed them a number of times, saw them play every chance I could, hung out with them a bit. They were, for me, if not *the* greatest, definitely up there. They caught the hard but funny backbone of the American criminal stance and put it to music. In fact, when I'd ask their influences, Lee would name a bunch of notorious bank robbers and cat burglars from the Forties and Fifties! But they weren't fakers, they really

by Shredder

Or maybe I'm wrong. Maybe half the world is just plain stupid. Maybe

black and white magazines. Your life is already laid out for you. If white (honkey humanus), your only option is to read *The*

had that tough, smart-alecky East Coast grit of Bowery Boys, Jimmy Cagney, Edward G. Robinson-type guys. And they were just unbelievable live - high-speed, full-throttle, but with sudden detours into bent free jazz and tripped out guitar solos. Derf and Philo and Lee would stick their still-lit cigarettes burning at the far ends of their guitars before each song. The cracked genius of Philo onstage, too - he wore a dress and would go into a trance when he played, almost like a mental patient at an institution right at the onset of a psychotic break. One time at a big show at the Stardust Ballroom somebody beat up Derf and there was a benefit a few months later for his hospital bill at a small club called the Cathay de Grande - that was one of the best punk shows I ever went to, the Derf's Face Benefit. **Fear** in this tiny club. Fun fact - some of their songs grew out of the warm-up rhythm patterns Spit Stix would practice before rehearsal. That's why songs like *Let's Have a War*, *We Destroy the Family*, *Camarillo* all have that ferocious one-of-a-kind pulse. Here's a memory from out of the blue. I had maybe just turned 14 and was hanging with **Fear** in the daytime at one of their apartments above the Strip. Afterward, Lee took me to a birthday party for Bob Biggs at the Slash offices - Bob was the founder of Slash Magazine and *Slash Records* and he was married to Penelope Spheeris who directed *The Decline of Western Civilization*. Anyway, Lee drove an old rickety van - standard punk band travel, and, on the way, he pulls over and we go into Le Sex Shoppe - a really seedy porno store in the heart of Hollywood. I was 14, definitely, breaking the law! Lee scored a foot-long double-sided dildo, and at the party, he gave it to Bob and announced, in front of the whole *Slash* staff, "Use it on Penelope!" So ya know, growing up in Hollywood in those days was...very fast, probably too fast. I've sometimes meditated on the fact that "hardcore" is a word used for punk and for porno, there might be a connection there - they both mushroomed around the same time, for better or worse. And Los Angeles was the perfect petri dish for two of hardcore's big inventions: high speed music and the slam pit or what is now known as the mosh pit. Both are reflections of the painful side of L.A., the lonely freeway and the alienation of the sprawl. L.A. kids grow up in cars and crave *contact*. To outsiders, the pit looks like a zone of hate but I happen to know it's a zone of love. You see - at the risk of sounding like an even more pretentious mofo - one of the things I think punk did was reconcile rock music with World War Two. What I mean is, sixties rock was invented mostly by kids who had experienced WWII - the Blitz, the Holocaust, the A-Bomb. But they rarely dealt with it directly. "Yellow Submarine" makes beauty from an object of war. Woodstock is a naked concentration camp for love and freedom instead of death. Their vision was utopian, almost *avoidantly* utopian. And as everyone knows it led to a certain kind of wilful mindlessness, like the fruit-eating Eloi in HG Wells' *The Time Machine*. Bands like the Pistols and the Clash changed all that. They said: 'Wake up, we cannot afford to dream our troubles away. So....thesis: World War II. Antithesis: Rock music. Synthesis: Punk.

When you began writing for *Flipside*, did you have much to do with the other writers? I imagine it was like a family?

There was a core *Flipside* family but I didn't know them well. I was too young and also, having come from a big family, I cherished my solo mobility. I'd talked to Pooch and X-8 a bit and I'd see Al and Hudley at gigs. Hudley currently has a wonderful blog called 'The Seminary of Praying Mantis.' But there was such a spirit of camaraderie in the air then - if you spotted another punk on the bus or at a record swap meet, you'd become instant pals. During those days, I also wrote for a supercool punk poetry

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Music

Idiot Savants In a Cruel and Unusual World
Gun Club

by Shredder

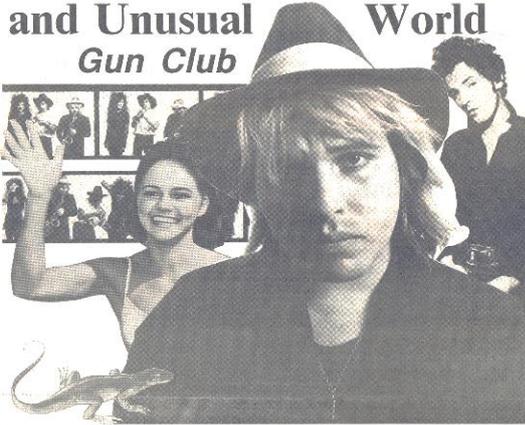
YOU KNOW...IDIOT SAVANTS: Those people who can't complete a simple sentence or hold two and two but fortuitously create astonishingly PERFECT works of art. The Gun Club doesn't rehearse. They don't spend their precious hours working out a METICULOUS and EXACTING sound that is both pleasing to the ear and intellectually meaningful. Not these mofos. The Gun Club just beats the shit out of their instruments in tight, transonic, painfully swift thrash with no regard for organized thought. ORGANIZED THOUGHT is a big word, musically speaking. ORGANIZED THOUGHT makes Pat Benatar nervous. Billy Joel probably does lots of ORGANIZED THINKING. Their structure and self playing make the Gun Club's chaotic, rambling sound record.

HERE BE THE PROBLEM, JACKSON: Four records and three million gigs later, the Gun Club still hasn't gone mainstream and the female teenage population of L.A. still doesn't scream bloody posters and banners their way. "I've not into their music, not quite of it all much, anyways," sez Jeffrey Lee Pierce, riddling guitar player and someone band "leader" (it's rather known as Miles Davis, for playing, than as Jimi Hendrix, for... y'know, flashiness). And though in England the Gun Club can sell out megaregimes like the Ebers, and in France their fan club flourishes, and they've been on the covers of all the hottest New York rock & roll papers, in L.A. people will admit they like them only while intoxicated in second-most rooms. "We sell more records in New York than we do in L.A."

Weekly: What were you going to do once you caught it?
Jeffrey Lee: Take it to any hotel room and

discomfort. With song titles like "Bad America" or "Walkin' with the Blues" you can be sure these aren't covers of the

Lee Pierce book — Sponker — somewhere along the way
Live... forget it, burn. Live the Gun



Not the FBI.

zine called *Lowest Common Denominator*, run by Zizi Q and Amy White, we became fast friends. And after interviewing Craig Lee for *Flipside*, he invited me to write at the L.A. Weekly which was also a great hang-out in the early days, and closer to my neighbourhood on the east side of Hollywood. In those pre-email days, you'd deliver typewritten copy by hand - usually your only copy too, complete with Wite Out fixes! I don't think a writer could ask for a better education.

Well, Al Flipside is a mysterious character, what do you remember about him - what does he do now, living in Pasadena?

I have no idea what happened to Al - I didn't know he was rumored to be in Pasadena. But he was very kind, at least that's how I remember him, frank but soft-spoken. He was so important to L.A. punk because he literally provided a *flipside* to the sometimes rockstarish vibes at *Slash*. Al's mag was for everyone. And I think it was really from that sense of "cornucopia" that the South Bay and Orange County were set free to make their mark. The great second wave of record companies that bolstered the scene - *SST*, *Posh Boy*, *Frontier*-owed an enormous debt to Al, I don't think anybody would disagree with me on that. He was certainly a hero of mine, always will be. In a way, his "mysterious disappearance" makes him even more heroic.

.....and if you could ask Al Flipside one question, what would it be?

I don't know what I would ask Al Flipside. Maybe I'd ask his forgiveness for not expressing enough gratitude at the time. Or maybe, "What still moves you?"

You refer to the 'second wave of labels' - what were the first

I guess I think of L.A.'s first wave as the Masque people, Yes L.A., the Dangerhouse singles, X and the Germs on *Slash*, and the Tooth and Nail compilation on Upsetter. **Black Randy** and **The Deadbeats**. The action was centered in Hollywood. Then came the incredible rise of the South Bay and Orange County, with **Black Flag**, **Red Cross**, **TSOL**, **Adolescents** and all that pulse-racing excitement. The string of **Black Flag** riots - Baces, Hideaway, Whisky. And then maybe the third wave which was post-punk... **Salvation Army**, **Dream Syndicate**, when things got more colorful and introspective. But the truth is there was a lot of overlap. I mean we're only talking about a few years, bam-bam-bam-bam. Susan Sontag once said something to the effect that, during the '60s, nobody ever talked about the past, they only talked about what was next. That's how I think of those years. It's like the joke about the snail that crashes into the slug. A policeman pulls them over to take a report. "We don't know - it all happened so fast."

both vibed anti-show-biz, anti-LAPD, pro-schaos. And they both shook the town awake. What I'm really implying is... **Black Flag** and its mini-riots were like a canary in a coalmine to the citywide riots that followed Rodney King. I can't prove it in a court of law, but I know it to be true. The last thing that both sort of came from and reconceived punk, and the thing affected me the most personally, was 'spoken word'. Record producer Harvey Kubernik coined the phrase for a dizzying series of double LPs he put out that feature hundreds of different voices including a lot of the local punkers, myself included: *Voices of the Angels*, *English as a Second Language* - which has a great Raymond Pettibon cover - and *Neighborhood Rhythms*. The records have never been released on CD, but if you really want to know what life was like in Los Angeles in the first half of the eighties, they're a great peek. Because, like punk and hip hop, spoken word was street communication, person to person. You could say anything, spiel anything, storytelling, poetry, confession, blabber, rage, rant, prophecy, eulogy, madness, as long as you could hold your audience. Harvey put on some great shows too - I got to read with Jello, John and Exene, Rollins, and also some serious L.A. poets like Wanda Coleman and Walter Lacey, later with people like Beck, Scott Richardson from the Stooges, and Michele Serros. Eventually many of us made solo spoken word CDs for SST's *New Alliance* label - so it was kind of full-circle. *Voices of the Angels* the first compilation came out in early '82 and the one with the Pettibon cover is '83. Then it really got busy around '84 with Rollins and Biafra stepping onto the scene with solo LPs etc. Spoken word wasn't always artful, it wasn't "easy listening," but it was another indispensable education for a young writer: get passionate, get to the "hardcore" of how your lifereally feels, or else you'll never be able to look yourself in the mirror.

Did you continue to read *Flipside* til the end? And why did it fold in your view?

I must admit that by '83, my day-to-day interest in hardcore got overshadowed by three things, each of which was like a different wild branch off the punk family tree. The first was all the great experimental bands which *Flipside* did a good job covering - **Minutemen**, **Gun Club**, **Salvation Army**, **Redd Kross**, and so on. These bands were double-daring because they not only expanded the vocabulary of fast music, they also reintegrated old forms - blues, rock, glitter. They made it okay to admit you still loved your pre-punk roots. For me, that was great because I was never a purist. Even during the heart of punk, I was still listening to the Original Broadway soundtrack of *Hair!* The second thing that stole some of punk's thunder was hip hop. Have you ever tripped out on how many early punk bands took a crack at rap music? The Clash, Blondie, Captain Sensible, DeeDee Ramone - they all got reignited by hip hop. *The Magnificent Seven* is maybe one of the the greatest songs of the era. Here in L.A., we'd go downtown to the Radio Club, later called Radiotron, to see Ice T and the L.A. Dream Team, and there'd be all kinds of punks hanging around - I remember bumping into Brent from **Social Distortion** down there checking out the breakdancers. Earlier in this interview, I was talking about how punk made you see the globe differently. Well, when punk met hip hop, it made you see the city's racial divide differently - the color line blurred - and on one side you had Fishbone doing a blazing African-American version of punk and

ska, on the other there was the Chili Peppers doing white guy funk that grew directly out of hardcore. I spent some time with both those groups and hung around rehearsals and stuff - lemme tell ya, Hillel and Flea jamming on "Black Eyed Blonde" wasn't like punk, it was punk. Then both of them opened for Run DMC at

the Stardust Ballroom, Lyor Cohen put the show together, and all the crazy energies converged. On a side note, it's my vague proposition that, from a historical point of view, **Black Flag** set the stage for NWA. They both came from the southern suburbs of the city - Hermosa Beach and Long Beach - they

Real Men Don't Paint Themselves Into Corners
The Circle Jerks Story

by Shredder

It probably isn't very easy to be the Circle Jerks. What with all the jaded Angelenos pulling their pinkies out of their papkis every waking moment to criticize you, and a new breed of teen finding enlightenment in funkier, more timely bands like Suicidal Tendencies or the Vandals, and a total misfire-four clubs to play at, three of which have sound systems comparable to a tin can and string telephone, and a highly unpopular second album, produced with complete disregard for talent and excitement, and drummers taking off right and left to study hard in law school, it probably isn't very easy. But it looks like a whole lotta matha fockin' fun.

Sometimes a couple thousand years ago the Circle Jerks put out an album called *Group Sex*, rampaging, fast, feisty, and all souped-up in its pugnacious brilliance. It might be a bit caustic (one word, had to look it up in the Dicj) to call it the best punk rock album - and after all, it timed a local like 20 minutes or something - but nothing else has ever captured that suberb-ban-cowpucky-gettin'-rad-so-city-scoops feeling for me, nothing as fast without being fast for fast's sake, nothing as goddamnit get down garage rock 'n' fockin' roll. Even the title stinks! And on the insert became a model for the boots/chains/bandana fashion so hyped by new punks feeding their way into the scene.

The album was radio-played dry, best-selling and must-have, and tall, bald people flew into each other with gut and gesso at every 'Circle Jerks' affair. But



gnitar sound in Circle Jerks live, grayne-graynegraynegrayne! There's some heavy metal on this album, and it becomes apparent how similar metal and hardcore are

do they plan on being hyper-cool and hyper-pomellies???

"Oh, about two more weeks," jests Keith von Denny's, eggs and bacon. But

once again in rock & roll a bunch of skinny short guys have made bigger people worship, idolize and fall in love with them because they can pick up their instruments and flagellate them with cunning and cool-cool-ness. Keith and Greg both look like the types who get sand kicked at them, but rather than go gain 1,000 pounds in muscle, they merely plug in the guitar and blow the balls off the bad guy, and the girl in the bikini couch-flying forward in love. Motley Crue may have tough hair, Kenny Rogers may have tough looks, but the Circle Jerks... these guys approach their instruments with a TUFFIE ATTITUDE and they make TUFFIE SOLD and just because they all don't look British, Drugged, Dyed to Dainty, well, that don't mean they aren't in the backs of their cars playing with your girlfriend's boobies, you big mean bally, you ferd, you cad, you S.O.B., you creepy dilettante, you.

So the Jerks aren't all that winny after all, I mean, in noise wars they'd kick YOUR ass, and besides their new album is really pretty good, consistent, an improvement, a progression, nonstagnant and all that malarkey, and they don't appear to just hotkeys or Italian hamburger salubers, but are making an effort to have EVERYONE enjoy their music:

"We try, y'know. We want to play to different audiences," says Keith. "We want everyone to like us. So they can take us out to dinner..."

"And we can pick our noses at the dinner table in front of their parents," said Greg, second voice at Denny's fine interview while you mangle the words:

BACK TO THE ARTICLE WRITING BOARD: I put all my creative thinking and imagination (that includes two "visual

What did you talk about in your spoken word events? Did you get feedback from Exene?

Oh, Exene was always super-nice to me and very encouraging. I don't think she ever gave direct

feedback, that wouldn't be her style. But I do remember once she said to

Penelope Spheeris, "Watch out for that kid, he is a shredder" which of course made me blush like crazy. In the beginning of the spoken word days, I would read my column, 'High School Confidential,' which ran in the L.A. Weekly. I

wrote the column for laughs. But quickly I saw that in live readings, I could push things more, talk personal, go into weirder stuff. Like what it meant to be a kid in a dilapidated city, a latchkey kid, raised on television reruns, post-Golden Age. I was a little junior anthropologist in my way, trying to figure out what our society was up to. I'd get into crazy family dynamics, chollo bullies and freaky girlfriends and scary drug trips and working for my dad downtown in the garment industry and sneaking into clubs and so on. Never polished, always searching for the high drama. Sometimes I'd write the piece on the busbench waiting for the ride to the reading, or during homeroom class, or whatever. One of the tectonic shifts in the city at that time was the Olympics which came to L.A. in summer of '84. Orwell had to be laughing in his grave. Big biz poured big cash into "re-envisioning Los Angeles" and they turned the town, in one season, into this pink and blue pastel Eighties rock video nightmare, complete with nationalist cheering tourist throngs and new Miami Vice-style condos. To throw salt on the wound, President Reagan cut funding for mental health, and all these halfway houses sent their loonies back out onto the streets - I'm talking clinical schizophrenics, roaming Hollywood Boulevard. You never knew when someone would flip out on the bus or at the local Winchell's Donuts. So the Olympics was a "clean up" that not only didn't clean anything up, it made all the jarring juxtapositions of affluence and poverty, glamour and madness even starker. And hard drugs were everywhere. Maybe they still are, but back then it was candy, I mean you'd do coke with your friend's parents - it was a very twisted environment, super-decadent. And there was this massive disconnect between the media, the suburban goody goody gumdrops movies and TV shows, and the world you saw with your own two eyes. That's got to be one of the reasons L.A. punk and its offshoots had such force, such a sense of purpose. Being the "show biz capital of the world" and all, we wanted to bridge that gap.

Talking of movies and the stage, what is your favourite 'punk movie?'

"Punk and movies" is like "malbec and sushi" - it sounds good, but you just bought yourself a headache. When punk is fictionalized in flicks like *Times Square* or the famous *CHiPs* episode, one feels as if one is watching some awkward form of space kabuki - like, punk interpreted by martians. But when it's the 'real thing,' music films like *Urgh* and all the documentaries and youtube clips and whatnot, there is *still* sometimes this embalmed quality that comes off like the opposite of punk to me. Don't get me wrong, I'm glad all those movies are there as documents...but nobody ever understood punk rock by watching a movie about it. When I think of "movies that are punk", I think of American International Pictures, B-pictures like

Fantastic Invasion of Earth in 3-D, which was retitled *The Bubble*. Or *Wild in the Streets* which gave the **Circle Jerks** their smash hit.

Or biker movies - *The Peacekillers*. Also Russ Meyers of course, *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, or the old *Sherlock Holmes* serials starring Basil Rathbone. Any movie can be punk if it's unruly enough and blows your mind! Man, I have a funny *Suburbia* story! Around the time

that flick was made, I spent some time with Flea - our girlfriends were roommates. Anyway, one night I bumped into him and he was all like, "You'll never believe what happened to me today. I went to the movies and just as I'm sitting down with my popcorn - there was my face up there on the big screen! It was the preview for Penelope's movie!" He's surely used to it nowadays,

but back then he was as freaked out as a kid who'd just won a trip to Disneyland. Anyway, like I said before, L.A. punk is definitely the bastard child of TV reruns - *Bewitched*, *Facts of Life*, *the Bradys*, etcetera. And it was Jeff McDonald and **Redd Kross's** stroke of genius to expose that connection and embrace it without apology. What's funny is now, those crazy TV shows feel as punk as punk to me. I mean what's more punk than *The Beverly Hillbillies*? So maybe my answer is - punk movies are great, as long as they don't have actual punk in them!



ASI Programming PRESENTS: Budweiser
A SPOKEN WORD PERFORMANCE

 **Exene Cervenka** of *x*

 **John Doe** of *x*

 **Shredder**
Thursday, May 23
Cal Poly Pomona
8 p.m. in the University Union
\$2 with CPID, \$3 General

In Brief

THE SPOKEN WORD, a series of rhythmic poetry, will be performed by Exene Cervenka and John Doe on Thursday, April 23 in the U.U. Soundstage. Both Doe and Cervenka are members of the Los Angeles based band x. Also reading will be a man known only as, 'Shredder'. Sponsored by ASI Programming, the Spoken Word is reminiscent of poetry heard during the 'beat generation'.



What is your opinion on bands that reform after decades, sometimes with one original member?

Well, you know, I think it's great, anybody that wants to keep the torch burning, why not? I've seen a few bands in later formations - the **Weirdos** at the Knitting Factory in NYC, the **Cramps**, **Redd Kross**. Some of these bands are almost like free-standing institutions where the players don't matter so much, it's the vibe that counts. In that way, punk is more like jazz than rock - anybody can transfer over to the other guy's band. But eventually...somebody might do a Broadway show about punk, the way they've done big productions for Frankie Valli and Carole King and everyone. Actually, there's already a show about the **Go-Gos**, so you see what I mean. It'll be like Beatlemania: "Not the Beatles but an incredible simulation." Maybe there'll be **TSOL-Mania** or **Flag-Mania**. Then it'll go to Vegas and tickets will come with a free shrimp cocktail. **Discharge-Mania!** But after the gig - play some slots!

Do you recall Adam & the Ants arriving in LA in 1982, and how they were received?

Oh yeah, I remember the whole 'Black Flag Kills Ants on Contact' episode vividly - that was a watershed moment which, I think, I did write about in *Hardcore California*. When the Ants arrived in town, **Black Flag** fans distributed anti-ant bumperstickers at Tower Records. Adam was blindsided. He was on Rodney's show that night and he threw a fit in the hallway, smashed his cane against the wall. "Who are these *Black Flag* people?" But of course my dirty secret is I always thought Adam had great songs - *Dog Eat Dog*, *Los Rancheros*, *Jolly Roger*. It was like musical Disneyland, what's not to dig? And **Bow Wow Wow** were even better. *Louis XIV*, *Wild in the Country*, *Do You Wanna Hold Me*. All McLaren's groups have this extra uncanny something - the Anglo-Dickensian weirdness that made the **Pistols** so deep. Years after punk, I would see **Adam Ant** browsing at my local video store in Los Feliz, a neighbourhood just east of Hollywood. He was always alone, looking a little lost - the fallen idol in a sweatshirt and jeans. To tell you the truth, it was a heartbreaker.

Why were you behind the scenes that night?

I wasn't there as a reporter, just hanging out at Tower Records on the Strip. It was kind of Grand Central Station for rock and roll. The phrase 'Black Flag Kills Ants on Contact' was funny because it was the actual ad campaign for Black Flag roach spray.



Are you aware of any obscure where-are-they-nows? Scenesters living different lives?

What surprises me more isn't that people have moved on but that they haven't. Artisanal honeybee growers, vegan personal chefs, yoga instructors, school district union organizers and lots of teachers. But they all still hold punk memories close to their hearts. So do I in my self-resistant way. A daycare supervisor at my four-year-old's nursery school from the old scene wants to talk Darby Crash. Who am I to say no?

Everyone who ever bought a punk record seems to be writing a book. Is enough enough, or can there never be too many punk rock retro's on the shelves?

Well, I guess I can't really fault anybody for wanting to tell their story - I helped Dee Dee Ramone with his autobio *Lobotomy* and I've written essays in a whole bunch of punker books - *We Got Power*, *Fucked Up & Photocopied*, *Zine Mania*, *Hardcore California*. But can you really stomach reading the same old rock and roll fairytales? Where it's like - *I was an awkward lad, mum sent me to boarding school, I got beat up, dyed my hair, joined a band, hit Top of the Pops, did a spot of Persian heroin and puked all over me brothel creepers*. It's tired already. Go deeper or leave it alone. Some fine writers have done a decent job with the cultural context of punk - like Jon Savage's *England's Dreaming* and Simon Reynolds's *Rip it Up*. But what's still missing I think is a really smart look at lyrics. With poets like **Siouxsie Sioux**, **Devoto**, **Lydon**, **Cornwell** and the **Stranglers**, the late great **Mark Smith** and so, so many others, the song became a whole new thing, a new language. And I maintain that you get one of the best portraits of the way we really live in the post-mod post-industrial post-everything world through punk lyrics, because the cliché is true: Punk handed the power of lyrical speech over to anybody with the guts to tackle it - you didn't have to be some shmuck who spent half his life alone in a room studying a musical instrument. I could go on, don't get me started!

Meeting DeeDee at the Chelsea Hotel sounds like a nice way to spend the day....

Going to meet DeeDee at the Chelsea was so exciting. Even though I lived down the street on Jane, something about hitting 23rd Street always gave me a thrill, like being at the delta of hustle bustle, floating upstream. Then into the lobby with all this crazy art, and here comes DeeDee, all gangly with his funny walk like a jovial teenybopper. He was really a crackup. He had this much younger girlfriend and he would tell her, "What are you doing wasting your time with a dysfunctional '70s rockstar like me?"

.....and did the West Coast have an equivalent to the Chelsea Hotel?

Some people would say the Canterbury Apartments which housed all the Masque punks. Or maybe the Hyatt House aka the Riot House on the Strip. But Los Angeles is different, we don't do history. We're a movie set, endlessly torn down, pushed aside, rebuilt with Scotch tape. Our history is drive-thru

Jack-in-the Box and whatever's playing on your car radio. Chelsea, shmelsea. "We don't need no steenking badges."

It seems every few days someone else passes away from the early days, yesterday we lost Lorna Doom of Germs. You've already mentioned Darby, do you have memories of Lorna?

I feel shaken up about Lorna to tell you the truth. I didn't know her well but I adored and worshipped her like the lovestruck adolescent I was. She was our Marilyn Monroe, another local Hollywood girl with a dream. And like Norma Jean, Lorna had that duality - female panther power and something little girl vulnerable too. Blazing the bass in the fastest, most ferocious band, the frenzy all around her - but with a peaceful, almost bemused look on her pretty face. These things make you acutely feel the passage of time. When I heard the news, I flashed on being in junior high school, hanging out by the statue of a Native American chief in the centre of the quad, hearing from a friend that Darby had died. How many years ago? Well...if there's an afterlife, Lorna's got at least one friend waiting. One more thing about Lorna Doom - her punk name is a parody of Lorna Doone which is a brand of sweet little square blonde shortbread cookies made by Nabisco. One of the funniest punk names of all times, almost a parody of punk names. But it turns out the cookies were named after *Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor*, a novel by English author Richard Doddridge Blackmore, pubbed in 1869. It's a trip the way these echoes bounce across space and time.

How did you become involved in *Hardcore California*? Did you know Peter Belsito, the driving force behind that book?

Craig Lee called me on, like, a Tuesday and said, 'I've got this crash assignment on the history of LA punk, I need some help - it's due Friday. Do you want to take on the second half? I'll pay you a hundred bucks.' I said, 'Great' and spent the next four or five days typing at lightning speed. I remember I typed the whole thing on backs of flyers as I'd run out of paper. Craig read my pages standing on his doorstep and he loved them. Craig was a huge force in my growth as a writer because he had a strong bullshit detector. So when he said it was good, you knew you were allowed to exhale. Well, when the book came out, we were both shocked, for a number of reasons. First, our names were nowhere on the cover, which was

peculiar since 97% of the people who bought the book bought it for the LA section, not the SF section written by Belsito and Davis, neither of whom I've ever met. Second, they misspelled my pen name. I'm listed as Shreader. But more than anything, we were shocked at what a big, fancy, glossy illustrated coffee table book it was. We thought we were writing for, like, a little paperback! Although I'm very proud to be in *Hardcore California*, and it's fun to find copies in bookstores all over the world, it's a little thorn in my side - because I was 16

and I do believe that in some subtle way both Craig and I were exploited. I made a hundred bucks for a book which is now in its 28th printing or something...it's probably made Belsito and Davis a little punk fortune. I never asked for more money but at least three times I wrote and begged them to fix the spelling of my pen name which to this day they never have. So, hey Belsito and Davis - if you're reading this, you should be ashamed of yourselves you old Oncelers.

Was the misspelling of your name as 'Shreader' in the book a deliberate punk rock gesture?

Ha! Maybe it was deliberate, I never thought of that.

L.A. WEEKLY December 23-29, 1983



**CALIFORNIA
HARDCORE**

When Craig Lee happened to get word that copies of *Hardcore California* had hit the bookstores and went to see for himself, was he surprised. He and Shredder had written two-thirds of the copy for this history of California punk and new wave for a mere \$100 each, assuming it would be some low-budget fanzine-type publication - if it got published at all. "I submitted 15 typed pages, single-spaced on the back of some flyers," Shredder says. "It took me about a week to dig through old Slashes and write it." "I wrote it in three days," Craig says. "It was very casual."

Hardcore California is not low-budget, however. A better description is *slick* - it's big and well-designed, the visual images (local photographers Ed Colver, Frank Gargani, Gary Leonard, Linda Burdick, Ann Summa, and Al Flipside are among those represented here) are arresting, and the copy is eminently readable and obviously written by insiders. (Craig wrote about the L.A. scene, Shredder about suburban hardcore, Peter Belsito wrote about San Francisco.)

The collection of photos and album, magazine and poster graphics makes punk look like art; the introduction (by Jonathon Formula) casts it in a political light. You may balk at the idea of paying \$14.95 for a glossy coffee-table book on hardcore punk (isn't there a contradiction in there somewhere?). But it was (and still is, or does this book mean it's over?) a uniquely creative and exciting time here, and no one else but Penelope Spheeris (in

The Decline of Western Civilization) has documented it so thoroughly. It's a sort of high-school yearbook for those who were there, and a necessary textbook for those who wish they had been.

So, who are Craig Lee and Shredder? You mean you don't know? Better read the book. But then you have to look hard. To add insult to injury, their names and bios are buried in the intro, and Shredder's name is misspelled. Craig, of course, is assistant music editor at the *Weekly*, and freelance music writer for the *Times*. He was in the Bags, Catholic Discipline, the Boneheads, and now plays Javanese music in a gamelan band at Cal Arts. Shredder is a high school student (he really is just 16 - look at the picture), former publisher/editor/writer of *Rags and Chains*, and now columnist

for the *Weekly*. (He just dropped out of journalism class because they kept criticizing his work as "slapstick.")

Any second thoughts about committing this picture of punk to posterity? "I didn't see the political thing at all," says Shredder. "Punk to me is sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. The other is very droll to me - political dogma is what I do in school." "I wish I'd written more about X, and less about how Darby Crash used to fall down all the time," Craig laments. "The Germs were about a lot more than that." Then, turning to Shredder, "You *did* write about Oki Dog, didn't you?" "Yeah. You included the Errol Flynn estate, didn't you?" "Yeah." So it's all there, I guess. Oh, did I forget something? The people behind the book are Peter Belsito and Bob Davis.

Shredder (left) and Craig Lee (right) were on the inside.

Claudia Kamin

Your parents must have been proud?

My parents were proud I think, but they were a little bewildered too - the topic of punk was just otherworldly and hieroglyphic to them. They were older, my dad was from Casablanca and my mom was from Coney Island and they'd already been through all the rock and roll rebellion they could handle with my older hippie sibs. It was the height of the punk days, I was thirteen and thought about nothing but, night and day. My mom said, 'I want you to come with me to the company picnic.' Total drag but she wasn't gonna take no for an answer. Anyway, we get there and over hot dogs she introduced me to her friend and co-worker Sybil who said, 'Oh, you like rock music, my son David is in a band.' I just kind of nodded and rolled my eyes, like 'yeah right'. On the way home I asked my mom what her last name was, and she said 'Sybil? Her last name is Roth.' It was David Lee Roth's mom.....from Van Halen! The enemy! So by the time I came around they were totally permissive - and I mean totally. The rule was you could stay out all night, as long as you called by midnight

to say you weren't coming home! In Hollywood. In the Seventies and Eighties. In their defence, I think they were naïve in a funny way. They had survived poverty and wars and prison camps but for all their worldliness they couldn't fathom the sketchy neon supernova that was Hollywood nightlife. When my dad heard punk records blaring in my room he would joke "Oh this is the same as the music they played in the souk in Casablanca!" Then he'd imitate strumming a really noisy oud, a Moroccan guitar. Actually, he was kind of right!

Did you find your wife via music? How does she feel being married to a punk royalty?

(laughs) She'd probably laugh in my face if I told her I was punk royalty. But yeah, we definitely bonded through music. Actually, she was raised around real rock royalty, her mom was kind of a scenemaker. My wife grew up around the Byrds, the Flying Burrito Brothers, the Babys, Joan Jett. She remembers being a kid sleeping in the recording studio while the Beach Boys were jamming. Funny scene...the other day she was about to give our four-year-old a bath and I was doing the dishes. I was blasting the **Weirdos'** *Helium Bar* on my phone and all of a sudden he comes charging down the hall stark naked, doing a slow motion slam dance. It was the funniest thing we'd ever seen. It was like he instinctively knew how to move to that music.

Given your past associations and adventures, would you now say you live a 'normal life'?

It is a good question, a tough question, let me see if I can answer. I guess...like a lot of people that got into punk, things were already not that normal long before I found out about the scene. I was the youngest of a big mixed-up family that spoke all these different languages and even at 10 or 11, I was struggling to write, to find my own voice. Punk came along and it just reflected the chaos of my inner life. Punk led to writing and writing led to punk - it was one thing, and it was a lifesaver. Even today, I have to write to discover how I feel. I'm not sure why this extra step is necessary, but I've learned the hard way to respect it. Before putting pen to paper, before punk, I was just a kid staring at the broken glass in the gutter. The world was all smoke and glare. More than that, I found people confusing in the extreme - dangerous, hypnotic, invasive even when they meant well. I was like a camera lens so wide open the film just melts. I say 'I' but really there was no I, just a wash of melting light. And it was scary. Punk helped me find the freedom to write as myself and that changed everything. Writing said, 'No, you're in this. Locate yourself in time. This is your heartbeat. Hear what it really has to say'

I found my beacon, my center. Short-term though. If I don't write tomorrow, I'll be back in the fog. So that's my normal.

You earlier mentioned the GoGos, were you a groupie? Did your paths ever cross? For kudos points - The GoGos or the Bangs/Bangles (laughs) What a question. No, I was never an actual groupie, at least not that I can remember! But I was crazy about both those groups - could I even choose at gun point? *This Town* or *Hero Takes a Fall*? *Lust to Love* or *Out of Hand*? They both vibed a big Sixties influence of course, but actually, like all things that seem similar at a glance, they're really so different. The **GoGos** have a jukebox toughness like the Shangri-Las, they were big city wisecrackers, the kind you find in a Busby Berkeley 'backstager' musical. Coming out of the Masque scene they had to be tough. The **Bangles** - originally **The Bangs** with the amazing Annette Z. on bass - were gentler, folky, almost sentimental. So many great girl groups - **The Modettes** - *Waltz in Blue Minor* and **Kleenex/Lilliput** - *Wig Wam*. And of course, the greatest group of the whole era, the **Inflatable Boy Clams!**

Tell us about your latest book, a guide to rock for younger readers which you sent me, are the Inflatable Boy Clams in there?

It's called *A History of Rock: A Grade-Schooler's Vision of Rock Music 1977-1980* and it's a series of drawings that came before most of what we're talking about - I did 'em with colored pencils after school, age 10, 11. I forgot they even existed, then, 40 years later, my wife discovered the originals at the bottom of an old box and my publisher friend Pablo Capra helped me get it into book form. I'm doing a few other writing projects at the moment that I'm also really excited about. First is, I occasionally contribute to the rock books written by the great Harvey Kubernik - books on the Doors, the Monkees, LA radio, etc. His projects are really fun because he's got a deep historical perspective on L.A. and he lets me take my crazy ruminations in any direction. I'm also doing a series of recorded poems, each one about a different year, for this supergroovy new internet radio show called *The Time Tunnel*. It's DJ'd by the incredible Dr. Sauce on luxuriamusic.com, 3-5 Tuesdays PST. And for a while now I've been working on a mystery series featuring an amateur detective...I'm just about finished with the first title in that series and I'm about a draft into the second. Some of my fiction and other goof-outs are up at danielweizmann.com.



WHAT I DO ON MY SUMMER VACATION

by Shredder

The other day some other young genius I.Q. intellectuals and I were crashed around the pool giving thought to a most troublesome and intriguing social query of mega-importance in both elite national and international circles: **WHAT WAS THE MOST BITCHENEST, GNARLIEST BAND OF THE '70s???** The question before you today as you stir your martinis and make funny noises for