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THE NIGHTWATCHMAN VS. SPIDERMAN





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power pellets



Got a rad documentary of you grinding mad shit on your bmx, or doing tripple flips on your snowboard? Justify all those broken teeth. Every submission to the Big Bang Film Festival is featured as a rotating highlight on the front page of the BBFF website. The Late Deadline for entries is August 17.
www.BigBangFilmFestival.com.



Clif Bar, the yummy natural products energy bar makers, has embarked upon yet another rough yet rewarding road. The Clif GreenNotes program has teamed up with Martin Sexton, The John Butler Trio, and Xavier Rudd to help 'green' their summer tours and inspire the fans along the way. "Clif GreenNotes supports emerging musicians who are passionate about the environment but may not have the people, expertise or funds to adopt environmentally-

friendly touring practices," said Grady O'Shaughnessy, marketing manager for Clif Bar. The company offers grants, plans, and technical assistance to help emerging bands lessen their carbon footprint. More at clifgreennotes.com.



New York City has announced that it's entire registered taxi fleet will go 'green' by 2012 (hey Mayans...is that too late??). That's over 13,000 hybrids roaming the streets of Manhattan. Hybrid trash trucks anyone?...



Rad! Valient Thorr and Riverboat Gamblers will be co-headlining this summer's 2007 VOLCOM TOUR, which kicks off on August 1 and plans to hit 40 cities across the country. For more info, hit up VolcomEnt.com.



So the new Bad Brains video just wrapped production. Yes, you heard right, new Bad Brains. "Build A Nation," the groups first full album in over a decade features all the original members: HR, Darryl Jenifer, Dr.Know, and Earl Hudson, and will be released June 26. Not only that, but the

video is being directed by Shavo from System of a Down, and the record itself was produced by Beastie MCA! Keep an eye on myspace.com/badbrains



It's about time. Home of the best photos this side of the moon, National Geographic has launched a new 'Green' site. The multimedia rich site highlights the numerous environmental issues covered by its journalists,

photographers and field researchers, as well as provides readers with environment-friendly tips and techniques. bookmark green.nationalgeographic.com
Bad Brains



www.xsiteradio.com

the
world
is
listening



No Respect

People in the
industry understand
the way I work.
When I sing about my past it's not
a gimmick, it's an act. These cricks and these
trust fund kids try to tell me what punk
is, but when I see them on the street
they've got nothing to say to me.

W

11111

12345

12345



HUMANOID DISTILLATION: BONE-CLEANING SOUND TRANSFERENCE BY WAY OF "THE LUNG"

By: Bob Freville & William Vergil Brofee



Many of the freakish churls who head bang and foam at the mouth and covet their sister's jeans for low-rent rock shows at high-decibel volumes may already assume that The American Black Lung's "spiritual instruments" were bestowed upon them by the rock gods. And certainly, those who have heard their earth-shattering Stooge-like thrash could conceivably guess, without any trenchant skills, that the first song (at least) one of them (bassist Dusty) ever played in front of people was a Black Flag song. But the roots run deeper and more contorted with "The Lung" than all of that bollocks.

The truth is that, as they ride their weapons into war, they are armed with wisdom and wit so sharp as to slice through sheet metal and graze the striped sleeves of every Emily Strange mosh-girl in sight. The American Black Lung aren't just fury. They are also funny.

"Where are you taking your music in the future?"

"Well," Dusty Rhodes replies. "We

have plans for a full galaxy tour next summer."

Galactic colonization is going to prove rough based on what Dusty tells us next.

"What would make you happy?" we ask with a smirk on like some freckled misfit burning ants with a magnifying glass.

"Me? A carton of cigarettes and a bottle of Jim Beam. As a band? I think what we're really after right now is a solid booking agent. DIY tours are slowly becoming a thing of the past. Thank you, MySpace."

"How can the fans help your cause?"

"Come headbang with us at our shows. We'd really dig that."

It is, at some point in this convoluted time-space continuum, perhaps between semi-gelatinous dimensions, that singer/lyricist Diamond steps in for a round of questions and, when mashed together, it is hard to distinguish one's answers from

the other. Their sensibilities are so in sync that they come off, in written words, as one gargantuan two-backed beast foaming at the mouth and hurling gags at The Idiot who is, in fact, Bob Freville and not Bill Brofee, since he came up with a good number of these questions at the last minute.

INTERVIEWER: HOW DO SOUND WAVES TRAVEL AND, FURTHERMORE, HOW DO THEY AFFECT THE HUMAN EAR?

Diamond: There is no such thing as sound waves or dinosaurs. Stuff like that is nonsense made up by God-hating hippies!

INT: DOES THIS FIGURE INTO YOUR OWN MANIPULATION OF MUSICAL DISTILLATION?

Diam: The only thing I know about "distillation" is it keeps you from catching cholera from our music.

INT: ARE THE VULTURES DEPARTING BECAUSE THEY HAVE PICKED THE BONES CLEAN AND THEY ARE MOVING ON OR IS IT SOMETHING MORE?

Dusty: Well, that sounds pretty gnarly so I'll go with that.

Honestly, though, more a question for Diamond. I can't say I play much of a part in the lyrical part of our music.

[Diamond was distilling some lung butter and, therefore, did not respond to the question.]

INT: WHO WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO FUCK?

Dust: Will motherfuckin' Spent from The Jonbonet!

INT: WHO WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO FIGHT?

Dust: I wear a hippie power crystal, for goodness sake! Peace, aight?

INT: DOES THE LUNG INTEND ON COLLABORATING WITH ANYBODY IN THE NEAR FUTURE?

Diam: I hate to give away some big time Black Lung secrets... Patrick Stump... Oh, yeah! And Johnny and W. Moon will soon be joining the WWE's most elite and feared wrestling clique, "D-Generation X."

INT: WHAT IS THE COST OF BEING IN A BAND?

Dust: Being on the road is an exhausting experience; Being away from friends and family and all... Oh, yeah! And we're all dead broke!

INT: WHAT IS THE MOST HEARTBREAKING SOUND ON A LONELY NIGHT?

Diam: Good question! Probably the end credit song of a late-night episode of *Cheers*. But Shelly Long was really hot.

INT: WHAT IMPACT WILL AMERICAN BLACK LUNG HAVE ON SOCIETY AS A WHOLE WHEN WE LOOK BACK AT THIS PARTICULAR ERA OF HEAVY MUSIC?

Diam: Our excessive use of facial hair will probably be synonymous with "the Lung" in the future... that or us bringing back the keytar.



The Nightwatchman's

BATTLE HYMNS OF REDEMPTION

By: Jake McGee

For the past few years, spooky rumors have floated in from the west coast of a new kind of superhero called The Nightwatchman clandestinely showing up at random spots to play folk songs. The performances were raw yet poignant, a modern day Woodie Guthrie talking about how things in this world need to change. This in itself may be nothing new, but the gossip told that The Nightwatchman was in fact Tom Morello, guitarist for Rage Against the Machine and Audioslave, and co-founder of the social activist group Axis of Justice.

Reports said he sounds like a righteous mixture of Leonard Cohen's deep, soulful voice with Bruce Springsteen's urgent yet straightforward guitar. But could this really be Morello- who revolutionized what musicians can do with an electric guitar- now sitting on stage alone with just an acoustic guitar?

The truth finally came to light, and with the release of *One Man Revolution*, The Nightwatchman, aka Tom Morello, is ready to share this new path with the world.

"I would do these open mic nights around L.A.," says Morello, "and every once in a while, somebody would be like, 'Is that... Tom Morello? No, it couldn't be.' And even when I was on tour with Audioslave, on my nights off, I would check in the local paper, and go down to the country western bars, or anarchist bicycle shops, or anywhere I could play three or four songs. It was important for me to do; I had a real commitment, like a mission from very early on."

As he continued trying this project out on crowds, he occasionally found himself in the middle of rallies, even getting gassed by the police. "The most notable one," he says, "was a big FTAA [Free Trade Area of the Americas] protest in Miami in late 2003...we were marching with 10,000 steel workers and supporters. And the storm trooper cops decided they'd had enough, and began gassing the rally. The Nightwatchman had to don his bandana." Footage of this incident can be seen in the video for "The Road I Must Travel," one of the tracks from *One Man Revolution*.

This relentless passion for his convictions is a backbone of Axis of Justice, and certainly Rage Against the Machine, who hadn't played together since 2000...until, that is, the Coachella Festival this past April. "There was so much anticipation," Morello reflects on the reunion, "it was sort of like pulling a bowstring back for seven years. You know, there's gonna be a lot of torque ready to go. And the crowd was probably...you know, I've been to a lot of rock shows, played a lot of rock shows, and during the opening bars of 'Testify,' through the closing bars of 'Killing in the Name,' I've never seen a crowd go so crazy."

Whether or not RATM is going to record or tour together again remains to be seen, but for now, Morello's sights are on The Nightwatchman. "I started doing it because the combination of the arena rock of Audioslave and the political work of Axis of Justice were not enough for me, and as an artist I wanted to be able to express what I think, what I feel, via my vocation as a gui-

tar player, and now as a singer."

Indeed, it is Morello's voice that makes *One Man Revolution* stand out, for up until now, he'd always just been that guy wailing something wicked on the guitar. Now he's singing, and his voice, a deep tone almost like Tom Waits, cuts through your body like a machete. Moreover, his lyrics are as poetic as Bob Dylan's best work, spinning tales of triumph and perseverance in a world of chaos.

"First of all," Morello notes, "I think that the way change comes, it doesn't come from presidents, it doesn't come from supreme courts- it comes from people whose names you do not read about in history books. Standing up for their rights, where they live, where they work, where they go to school.

"So I think that it's important to realize that you and I and the people reading this article are agents of history. We have our hands on the wheel too, not just Haliburton.

"People need to apply their intellect, their power, their creativity, their indignation and their strengths, where they are, and come up with creative answers for solving problems. I think the oft-used motto, 'Think globally, act locally,' is very true."

Talking about the issues that today's world is dealing with, he adds, "We have faced greater challenges in the past...there was a time in this country when women couldn't vote, there was a time when black

people and white people couldn't sit down at a lunch counter together. And those things changed not because we had the right administration in office, those things changed because people stood up for their rights where they are."

This attitude has kept Axis of Justice alive and strong, the non-profit organization he founded with Serj Tankian of System of a Down. "You can go to axisofjustice.org to see what's going on," Morello says. "That organization has a number of prongs in its attack. One is, we try to serve the community we live in; we have soup kitchens in LA, Venice, and San Bernardino. It's also educational and informational. Fans of our music can plug into local grassroots organizations where they are. And we also provide a news service that's different from the mainstream media, as well as some great recommendations for books and movies and concerts, kinda keep the cultural wing intact. Every Nightwatchman show is also an Axis of Justice show."

So, should we be afraid of The Nightwatchman?

"Well," Morello answers, "I certainly am."

Could the Nightwatchman take Spider-man?

"It's not a fistfight that I'm afraid of with The Nightwatchman. The pen can be mightier than the sword, my friend. And The Nightwatchman wields a very, very, very dark pen."

Re-entering the MoWo!

By: Wasim Muklashy

When you think Herb Alpert, Marcus Miller, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk, you think jazz. You think New Orleans, Chicago, brass and strings and horns and brush percussion. But one thing that you probably wouldn't think is electronic music. That is, unless of course, you are Adam Dorn, a.k.a. Mocean Worker. The irony is, when you think Adam Dorn, the last thing you would normally think of is Alpert, Miller, and Rahsaan...til now.

After spending the first several years of his career producing and DJing drum and bass music at raves and parties across the globe, he took a gutsy and quite definitive turn into a direction that bewildered most of his fans as well as the media. "I got no press on the last record ('Enter the Mowol!'). When I put it out, I think I confused people so much that they were like 'I don't know what to write about it,'" admits Dorn, "but the thing is, this record and the last record are absolutely in line with each other. Now anyone that hears the two can be like 'oh this is what he does.' I haven't made a piece of drum and bass music in like 8 years." Lucky for us!

Quite simply, Mocean Worker's latest effort, "Cinco De Mowol" is one of the most brilliant records I've heard in quite some time, and let me tell you, *tons* of records come floating through these doors each month. Truth be told, chances are I may never have even popped this one in if the name of the album wasn't a reference to my birthday, Cinco de Mayo. That was it. We were gonna talk to this guy.

"The reason I called it 'Cinco de Mowol' is because it's my fifth record, and we had every intention of releasing it around Cinco de Mayo, but I actually think it ends up being funnier because we're NOT releasing it there. We had some production problems."

Production problems you say? Pray tell... Mixing issues? Mastering situations? "Nah, my partner's nanny quit and he couldn't come in and mix." Aha, of course, I should have guessed... the toils of album production!

There's no doubt in my mind that if the legendary players that set the stage for Dorn's current work were alive today, this is the music that they'd be making, and Dorn would be one of the major players behind it all. Even though he may seem like

a wrestling mask donning goof off hitting a bong at noon (you'd be doing yourself a serious disservice by not checking out the recent "Chic a Boom Boom Boom" video on his website, moceanworker.com), these are smooth and complex melodies, harmonies, and percussive arrangements that display nothing short of extreme and fruitful maturation of a true musician at heart.

"Cinco de MoWo!" is evidence of a musician coming into his own as he became more comfortable with himself and what he truly felt. More comfortable with what is imminently inside of him rather than what he thought people wanted to hear from him. "This record really is absolute reflection of who I am and what I'm doing," he shares. "When I first started making records, I was just trying to find a voice. There weren't really a lot of guys from the States doing drum and bass, and I stood out for a minute, but times have changed so much with electronic music and with the music business in general."

And due in no small part to his tenacious pursuit of artistic essence over anything and everything else, he has pulled through the evolutionary transformation with admirable results. "I feel like this underdog American survivalist story," he admits. "I can't think of any of my peers from my group that are still making albums except for, like, Moby, who I've known for years. I'm still going."

Less than a decade ago, if you tried to convince any artist that they're better off without a label deal, they'd have laughed you out of the studio. In these days and times, it is precisely that which has enabled the proper exposure for those whose palates are attuned to Mocean Worker's flavor. "A lot of people are like 'Oh I don't have a label deal anymore so now I'm not going to release records, but I was the opposite,'" he proclaims. "I got dropped so long ago that when I started my own label, with no press or anything, we sold like 3 times what we did on the record when we were signed. It made us scratch our heads and think 'that just means that labels don't know what they're doing.' It was such a great feeling."

A feeling magnified by the legendary personalities that he has been able to work and create with over the course of those two records. A list that proudly includes Steven Bernstein, Marcus Miller,

Cochemea Gastelum, and the infamous Herb Alpert. "With Herb, when I sent him the stuff, he literally sent it back to me like 2 days later and called me up saying 'I really hope you like it. I don't know if it's good.' And I'm like 'it's Herb Alpert!'" 75 million albums later this guy's worried if his solo is good on *my* record. It's sort of like being a bishop and having the pope tell you 'you're pretty good at the religion thing.' He's just so good at what he does. He's so identifiable and original so for him to say 'I'm honored to play on this record,' was just so amazing. That's a good guy."

And another good guy that Dorn has been able to employ on his latest efforts is the late Rahsaan Roland Kirk. Perhaps a bit of foreboding had a role in this one. Long before Adam knew he'd be making these records for a living, he invested, along with his father, in "a series of jazz labels. We purchased the rights to specific recordings so I've always had access to bits and pieces of audio of Rahsaan that I could use. It's an amazing thing because not a lot of guys are lucky enough to have that kind of tool in their arsenal just sitting around."

We begin to get the feeling that he was predestined to become a sort of ambassador of jazz music to crowds that would otherwise never even pay attention, and he certainly has no problem in playing the part. "A lot of people think of jazz like a 4 letter word, meaning it has a negative connotation," he distresses, before being impelled to defend the freeform genre. "First of all...it's one of the first forms of music that's truly American, along with blues and roots music. Also, people don't know that jazz, as its roots, comes out of party music. It's really fun music."

"My goal with the last couple records is to make a piece of music that anyone can listen to and sneak in some education via jazz if I can...jazz that appeals to people that think they hate jazz music, but also appeals to people that are really into jazz." And judging from the reactions so far, it's working...almost too well. "I'm getting true hardcore jazz musicians that are like 'wow, this is great!' and it's freaking me out because I'm also getting reactions from my mom or a friend of hers who are like 'oh my god I love this. It's just like Kenny G!' And I'm like 'No it's not like Kenny G! I'm not the Kenny G of electronica!'"

Kenny G he's certainly not, but

sophisticated and intelligent he is. The man has the inquisitively intuitive mind necessary to create such an enigmatic counter-culture blend of fun and philosophical. A man who immerses himself in books like "With Now," the film diaries of Richard E. Grant, Democracy Matters by Cornell West, and a book called "Testimony," a photographic essay book that's all survivors of suicide attacks in Israel on both sides" while scoring for 'The Devil Wears Prada,' 'Borne Supremacy,' 'Tomb Raider,' 'CSI' and an HBO film about 9-11. "It was this thing called 'Telling Nicholas,' and it was unbelievably sad," he tells us. "I started working on it literally 3 weeks after 9-11 happened, so everyday I was sitting in this place watching footage that no one had seen and listening to this story. It was a horrible way to deal with the tragedy that was 9-11. It was like reliving it everyday. It was all dreadfully sad music written by someone who was dreadfully sad at the time," he painfully recalls, before whimsically adding "I try to keep it real light over here!"

It's really this sort of lighthearted attitude that keeps him sane and his work so enticing and accessible. I mean, let's remember, he did get his start in the rave craze of the early 90s, so he's managed to master the art of balancing out the heavy with the light to keep the serotonin levels at a comfortably tolerable level. "Sometimes you want to do the opposite of how you feel," he tells us. "It's sort of therapeutic."

Just like "Cinco de MoWo." It's a record guaranteed to pull you out of any valleys you may find yourself dwelling in and at the same time its a record guaranteed to make a good time even better. Simply put, it just makes you feel good. And after all the hardships we as a human race have endured over the past several years, it feels goddamn good to feel good again!!

--

www.moceanworker.com







THE USED



(click to play)



getunderground.COM



Steve Carson Band

By: Bob Freville & William Vergil Brofee

It's been a long road that's driven Steve Carson to where he is right now. After working solo in Southern California for years, making friends and a name for himself, the singer/songwriter got together with two other lonely souls in early 2003: Darren Carr, drummer, and Bruce Yolken, bass player. They recorded an EP and realized what they were missing: rocking guitar solos. After hooking up with Jameson Burt, rocking guitar soloist, the power quattro hit the pavement with joy and vigor, and haven't looked back since. Well, until Kotori sat down with Bruce Yolken and forced him to.

SO YOU'VE BEEN TOGETHER FOR ABOUT 5 YEARS NOW. HAVE YOU ACCOMPLISHED IN THOSE 5 YEARS WHAT YOU SET OUT TO DO?

We have always set out to create really good music based on how we as a band and as individual musicians were evolving. And to that end we were able to write a fairly large catalogue of songs, record two EPs that we think represent us fairly well, and most importantly, we were able to get a fan base going that now spreads out beyond our Southern California home base. SCB has played over a hundred and fifty

shows, from Seattle to San Diego, even out to New York.

ARE YOU GUYS WORKING OTHER JOBS TO 'PAY THE BILLS' OR ARE YOU ABLE TO CONCENTRATE ON BEING FULL TIME MUSICIANS?

We've been thinking about having an SCB carwash or bakesale to pay our studio rent.

WHY IN GOD'S NAME SHOULD ANYONE LISTEN TO YOU?

Our most compelling aspect we are told is that our songs are very listenable regardless of what age you might be or your background. We have a pretty universal appeal with songs that have just enough hook in em, just enough vibe, just enough quality, but still a good amount of edge. We take song writing very seriously and make sure that we love the songs, the arrangements, and the individual parts before we ever play them out to an audience. It's our passion to write good, interesting and fresh songs. That passion usually translates into more and more people getting interested in seeing us play shows or buying our recordings.

WHAT'S THE 5 YEAR PLAN FROM THIS POINT ON?

We have always been told that our strength is in our live show and have tried to play out as much as possible to reach more people. Our team is pretty small, the band and a few others who help us get out the word. We really want to expand our fanbase and get a much bigger reach. Since our last EP, we have almost doubled our catalogue of songs and incorporated several new styles, primarily the use of piano and synthesizers in our live shows. We just can't help adding in certain aspects of music coming from our varied influences.

HERE'S A PLATFORM TO TELL THE WORLD ANYTHING YOU WANT...UNEDITED UNCENSORED UNCOMPROMISED. WUTCHA GOT?

I'm actually a big Rodney King fan. We all know he's the guy that got arrested for speeding in LA a long time ago and after the cops beat him senseless there were riots. He probably provoked the cops, but they overreacted and jacked him up really good. It's not what he did or that he was beaten that makes me like him. It's just one thing he said, probably was out of character for him too. While the city was ablaze, while looters were taking TV sets from

their neighbor's businesses and stealing everything from baby formula and diapers to whiskey and recliners, in the midst of all this chaos, Rodney King went on the air and asked if we couldn't just all get along. "Can't we just all get along?" I watch all the crap going on overseas and in our own city and it's as if nobody really wants to try. In the end, it's all about us being good to each other and being a little less selfish or a little less angry or a little less self righteous. So let's do that. And while you are at it, come to an SCB show!



You need some old-school juju. Some Houdini shit. Pre-Houdini shit. Hell, pre-magick-with-a-k type shit. Some shit in Aramaic. You need to poof...disappear. And tonight, as you lose your shit in Frank's bathroom, you may not be Catholic, but your god sure as hell is. You are bent over the dirtyish porcelain, puking your guts out.

Except that you aren't really, you're just pretending to. You are a master of illusion. More often than not, you find yourself mid-hoax before you've even consciously decided to go through with it. So you're retching and whimpering, pouring a glass of water in the toilet for that extra splash of truth. You are pray-conjuring for a knock on the door, which finally comes.

"Nita, Nita, seriously, you're freaking me out. Are you ok?"

"I'm fucking aces", you warble, trying to sound as martyrish as humanly possible. You want him to see how much this is tearing you apart.

Two nights earlier, it's whiskey night at Lily's house, and she's just picked up this tripped-out book at Goodwill. It's called, like, *Crazy Fucking Facts That Will Make You Super Nauseous* or something like that. You read this shit about Freud. You learn something foul: He had cancer in his mouth-face-cheek area toward the end of his life. Here's what's gnarly: his shit was like, rotting off. So his private practice dwindled away. Because the stench was so unbearable. People, specifically patients, could not bear to be in the same room. With him. That's brutal. Poor Freud. Poor Freud with his vagina dentata and hysterical blindness and Electra complex. All the girls pinching their collective nose as they backed out of his office for the very last time.

You go back to your place and fall asleep fast. This is what you instantly dream: You are back home. Home home. Not that you belong anywhere. But you are hometown-home. Going around like everything is fine, and then you start to have this pain in your gums. It is a really bad, black pain. You are with your mom. She is sorrowful but calm and she says,

"Nita, honey, this is hard to say. Terribly hard."

"What, momma?"

"Oh, honey, you're dead. You've been dead for a while now. You're starting to decompose."

And she guides your shoulders to the mirror and shows you how your skull, a lot of it, is showing through the side of your face.

"When you get to the next place, you will be whole again. It's time to go. It's time to go."

So you step outside, and suddenly you are in the middle of the meadow in Central Park, and it is that perfect kind of day where the breeze barely feels like anything, that's how right the temperature is. And mom is long gone.

You are surrounded by beautiful men in pastels, sweaters tied jauntily over their shoulders. You find your circle of gay-postles. Each of them already has a dead person to carry to heaven. Only this Saint

Petery-Jesuy guy is left.

He seems like the leader, obviously. Too busy-important to be of assistance. You flood with the familiar poison of feeling awkward and out of place. Like, fuck, even in the afterlife you are the fifth wheel. But then, Saint Peter dude calls you over.

"Nita, what are you looking for? I am right here, waiting for you."

And with that, you curl yourself into his sixty-five-year-old-man-in-Banana Republic-pants lap, stare up at his Lacoste shirt the color and texture of peach fuzz. And he says, "Now you are here. With us. We were waiting. For you. Now we can go." And you all float up to the sky, like a supernatural pride march, Bronski Beat softly lirting all around.

When you wake, you run to the mirror to see if there is skull showing. But you are intact, you are alive, you are whole. Which is good. For now. You guess. It must have been the Freud racket, combined with some second-rate *Sixth Sense* symbolism for cheap measure. Plus you ate left over Pad Woon Sen just before you went to bed. So you chalk it up to all that.

That afternoon, your blood turns to tar when you talk to Frank. You call him from the celly, on speakerphone, sitting in traffic moving like taffy. He answers, finally, for the first time in a few days.

"Nita, hey. Hey Neaty, listen."

"Hi Frank."

Breath. Breathing.

"Nita, I, something's happened. Something bad. Really bad. I need to be by myself."

"Wait, what? Why, what?"

"Something's happened. To me. I've changed. I have a problem. Nita, I can't do this anymore."

"Whatever's happened, we can work through it. Let me love you through it."

"No, Nita. I have something very wrong with me. I have a hole in me. It's bad. A hole. Right in my cheek."

Your legs go numb, like when you drive by a cop and the adrenaline floods. You grip the steering wheel 'til your knuckles crack. You know you haven't told him about the dream. Or the Freud thing. The world wavers sideways through the windshield. You are silent. What would Frank make of your mouth opening and closing like a fish death in slow motion?

"Nita, this isn't easy. It's bigger than a quarter, and it's getting bigger every day, and I hate myself, I loathe myself, I feel like a monster. And I can't put off dealing with this. I have to fix this."

"But, but, I love you. I don't care."

"Yeah see, that's exactly it. You. Don't. Care."

"Frank! That's not fair! You know what I mean. I mean that I accept your flaws. I embrace your flaws. I want to help you. I don't care if you have flaws. I can help you. I will help you. Let me help you. We can fix this together. Please don't fucking shut me out"

"Nita. It's over. This is something I have to do on my own. This hole in me is what's standing between us." You know this is a lie. You can predict all of this. You know right then that you should hang up. There are sleights of hand all around.

"Frank. Please don't say that. Please don't say that if it's not true."

"This IS the truth."

"So then, when you are all better, that means we are all better too?" A pause. A too-long pause. A long-enough-for-your-heart-to-crumple-like-a-beer-can-against-a-frat-boy's-head pause. Fuck. FUCK.

"Nita. What do you want from me? I'm falling apart. Quite literally. I can't promise you that. I can't promise you anything. I don't

are never enough. Not skinny enough, not pretty enough, not smart enough, not good enough. Everyone you know goes away in the end. There's something wrong with you. What comes out is, "I am flawed. I am evil. I am cursed. I'm the monster. Not you. They always walk away. You are fucking walking away. You're leaving me alone when you promised you wouldn't."

"I'm gonna go now, Nita."

"I love you, please, you made me believe.

Frank. You gave me

Disapp

by: Rachel Kann, art: bemodern.org



know anything. I don't know who I am anymore. And I don't know who I will be when I am a whole again. I respect you too much to make empty promises."

"Respect? Respect? But you don't respect me enough to give me the truth." The truth is that you don't matter to him. He doesn't love you. You know if he did, it wouldn't matter if half his head fell off. It wouldn't make him push you away. He would want to be near you. The truth is that even whole, you are inadequate. You

hope. You made me think I might not die alone in a pool of my own piss and despair, a bitch without the balls for suicide, dying sixty years too late. I want to thank you for that." "NITA." Frank is really yelling now. Really mad. "I'm hanging UP. I have to deal with this on my own terms. This is my hole to fix."

"Ok. Hang up then. Hang up." And Frank does, and you are really choking. Super sobbing. Crying in a crazy psycho Greek Tragedy way. And, thank god, the

traffic has picked up to the texture of Cool Whip, at least. Because it's all coming out. You are screaming and moaning and even forming words, mostly "I can't...I can't...oh god oh god, I can't. I can't." You are having one of those *this is for it all, since the beginning*, from the bottom of your feet weep sessions. It's good to be in the car. You couldn't go off like this at your shitty apartment. The whole building, and probably block, would

had emailed you back. You had offered to be his lovely assistant. You had a friend in the business who stole his email address for you. You really felt like this might be the thing that broke through, put you in direct contact. You smelled Frank before you saw him. Cool Water cologne. It was your tacky high school throwback Achilles heel. It was chemical, you couldn't help it. He sat down right next to you,

"No. No no no,"
 "Can I just ask why?"
 "Because. Because I'm like this. Because... I'm all wacked out. I'm all fucked up. I'm here to see if fucking David Blaine has emailed me. Shit is incredibly fucking really real. Do you need this mess?"
 Frank just blinked his beautiful frog-like and guileless eyes, and said, "I don't even know who David Blaines is. So... Friday night? Saturday?"

And then the weird guy with one giant dreadlock that hung all the way down his back finally finished on station number fourteen. He got up, and so that basically meant your internet time was ticking away. You stood up and walked over to your computer. You sat down and did not turn around, just logged into your Yahoo account. Two minutes later, you smelled his approach like an amen. He didn't say a word, just slipped his caramel hand side-long of your keyboard. When you looked, he was gone. But he left a Halls cough drop wrapper there, with his phone number scrawled across it.

never happens." His words echoed like every cliché ever. Bounced off the particle-board walls. And so you said all the cliché stuff back.
 "It's ok, seriously, you make me feel so good. Don't worry about it, the more you worry about it, the bigger deal it becomes, and then..."

"I know, Nita, its cool. Thanks"
 You slept naked in his arms all night. It was like returning, except when you were fitful, panicked, wondering what was so unappealing about you that Frank couldn't pop a chub. You remembered how you were an outcaste, a monster, destined to die alone, and figured that you had tricked the system somehow. In the back of your skull, a faint filmstrip clicked to life and started up again. It shows all the times you give your power away. It was adding the footage of Frank to the master.
 You woke up and you'd started your period in his bed. It could've been worse, it wasn't like "Carrie", could've been way worse, but still. Crazy. Raw earth.

And you'd fallen into each other like that as days smeared into weeks and then months. Until this.

After the phone call, after you cry your country song eyes out in the car, after the wave rolls through, after you non-hysterically and methodically and really quite calmly - if you do say so yourself, which you do - remove his number from your cell phone, he calls you back.
 "Hey," Frank is hoarse, "Hey, I just wanted you to know that I'm sorry if I yelled at you, I didn't mean to, and I appreciate you too, and you are incredible and beautiful and I am so grateful, and I just, yeah, I just wanted you to know that. Ok?"
 You are already a million miles away.
 "Kay. Thanks. Cool." Your heart is frostbitten. Fuck him for making you let your walls down for no reason. Fuck that.
 "Nita. Can you just come over? Can we just talk about it?" And then it flips, because that's exactly what you want to do. So you do. And then you get there, and it flops, everything's happening too fast, and he clearly doesn't love you anymore, if he ever did. He's turned away, hunched in the dark, won't let you near the hole, the disappearing part. Won't even let you near any part of him. And you are silently dreaming of the magic that you bet Saint Jude could do for you. And you lock yourself in the bathroom.

Frank has the opposite idea of what terrifies you.

Congratulations to the indestructibly resilient and brilliant Rachel Kann, for the story you have just read, "Disappearing," was a 2006 James Kirkwood Fiction Award recipient.

For more of her amazing works of 'fiction', check out Rachel Kann's new book, "10 for everything."

> myspace.com/rachelkann

Disappearing



hear you. You suspect that even in the middle of some naturey setting, you couldn't really cut loose like this. You'd still fear somebody catching wind. No, in motion, propelling forward, in the bubble of your shitty Honda, this is the only way to do it.

Here's the thing. Here's where you were at before Frank. He saw you in the library, while you were waiting for a computer to get on the internet. You were desperate to check your email, just in case David Blaine

and you were stiff as morning wood through the neck.
 You turned to look, and he was all kinds of cholo. Like, straight gangster. Wifebeater. Khakis. Shaved head. Moustache. A neck tattoo that read "Sad Eyes". He was terrifying, and beautiful, and smelled faintly of b.o. under the Cool Water smell. He looked right at you, eyes pure as Buddha.
 "Let me take you out." He said it without a hint of agenda.
 You were stymied. "Like take me out? Like on a date?"
 "U huh."



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◀ LISTEN

Chuck Love
Bring Enough To Spill Some
(Om)

One of house music's fastest rising stars, Chuck Love drops his debut album to a fanbase that has been patiently waiting and steadily growing with each night he's behind

the decks. Om records strategically snatched this cat up before word got too out, and "Bring Some To Spill Some," a double disc set, offers a debut mix that far surpasses many uninspiring veteran mixes as of late. While disc 1 shows the softer sunnier smiley club house sound of original cuts that Love has quite a pension for, it's disc 2 that smacked my arse. With its harder funkier big room bounce sounds and samples, this mix is one of the best I've ever heard by a DJ I've never heard of. The programming and track selection proves perfect, and the timing of the superb mixing could not be better. "Once upon a time, jack brought us 909...and it wuz funky!" Oh, and the man plays instruments. And parrots. Huh? Yah, that's right...parrots. (CH)



◀ LISTEN

Bowerbirds
Hymns for a Dark Horse
(Burly Time)

Hymns For A Dark Horse is haunting to say the least. Bowerbirds' front dude Phil Moore sings in a brooding, oft jangly, yet sturdy voice as he plods through chords

and lightweight acoustic arpeggios for ten tracks, accompanied here and there by confidante Beth Tacular for a Magic Numbers type vocal vibe. Imagine Wilco, with a more uplifting Jeff Tweedy on vocals, coupled with sparingly used percussive thuds akin to Zeppelin's "Bron Y Aur Stomp." Don't expect to dance your ass off, but if beautifully melancholic sing-alongs are your bag, buy this album. Highlight tracks: "My Oldest Memory" and "In Our Talons." (MDL)



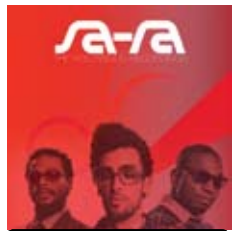
◀ LISTEN

Toca
Toca
(Two Tone Elephants)

TOCA is truly a treat. A rare look into the alter-minds of some of hip-hop's most seminal stars. The mind of Danny "Xololanxinxo" Rodriguez of Mexican Descent fame has forever embarked on

musical tangents from what was paying the bills... and from that emerged TOCA. He's set up shop for himself and brought the top Latin musicians that he met from his many years on the road into one almost decade-long conceived project. Jazz, Funk, Punk and

more emerge from the minds of Danny, Pigeon John, Aceyalone, Busdriver, and 2Mex in this self-titled megatron of an eclectic record. How do you go from the punk flavor of "Toca Cant Dance" to the salsa-tinged hip-hopster "Con Ruido" and then drop "Liar," a Mexican haunted house themed diddy featuring Pigeon John? You TOCA. That's how.



◀ LISTEN

Sa-Ra
The Hollywood Recordings
(Babygrande)

If you can get Pharoahe Monch, Kurupt, J.Dilla, Erykah Badu, and Talib Kweli interested in droppin' flows on your record, then it's pretty damn obvious you've got it

goin' on! And after battling the game for years they earned the respect they deserve and it's all paying off in ways they couldn't imagine...beginning with a hell of a refined and signature sound that makes itself most evident on *The Hollywood Recordings*. We've always known they had the talent, and they've always proven to be a professional and solid crew, but this record displays Sa-Ra as they come into their own. The smoothified rhythm & blues in "Hey Love" to the electro-funkified Kweli infused "Feel the Bass" all the way down to the soul-slingin' "Hollywood (Redux)," *The Hollywood Recordings* makes sweet love to the beat and the breathe. It must be the hair!! (WAM)



◀ LISTEN

Battles
Mirrored
(Warp)

Call it 'punk music for the cerebral listener', 'smart punk' or 'prog-punk', hell how about 'transcendental tidbits from outerspace'? In other words, Battles' second album to date,

Mirrored, is the shit, makes my fukn skin crawl. "'Leyendecker" is the current fav-track, it's refreshing to hear some of those sped up and nasally lyric hooks in something other than a hip hop chorus - I'll also mention that the use of vocals (although augmented for flava) marks new territory for Battles as their first album was strictly instrumental. Stutter step percussion is front and center throughout the disc via John Stanier, especially on opener "Race: In". But the electronica aspects melded in by Ian Williams and Tyondal Braxton push the punk rock envelope into downright tribal warfare. Anthemic and resolute, Battles will not go gently into the night. (MDL)

KOTORI PIX



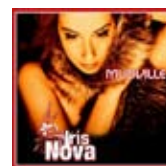
Bumps Bumps
(Stones Throw)

The dudes from Tortoise go avant-garde percussion break beat. Uh...yah, that's what we said...til' we popped it in. Our eardrums are still poppin', our hips can't stop lockin', and our asses are still getting kickdrummed. Ouch.



Little Aida
Mad Country
(Second Shimmy)

She had me at hello. With the sweet sensitivity in their voice and sound, please, oh please sing to me Little Aida...sing to me.



Mudville
Iris Nova
(Self Released)

The hammock sways empty in the distance. The sky is a sultry mix of purple and pink and red and blue. A palm frawn hangs overhead. The waves are crashing softly on the shore. The barefoot silhouettes of Mudville on a stage of soft white sand sway just within eyeshot. A margarita rests in your hand. Chillax y'all.



Above & Beyond
Anjunabeats Volume 5
(Ultra Records)

One way to ensure going to heaven is to make your momma happy, and Above & Beyond are doing just that. While making you dance and smile and sweat your nights away, they offer Mother Earth a sigh of relief by offsetting any carbon emissions produced in the release and tour supporting Volume 5. Now that's pretty cool.



Donnie
The Daily News
(SoulThought Entertainment))

Modern funky soul never sounded so good. Here's one that comes directly from his passionately charged psyche rather than a Soundscan report. The cover shows Donnie picketing against the monitoring of political protests by local law enforcement and the insides reflect that spiritual mindset in the form of music...oh such beautiful music.



Aja West and Friends
Total Recall 2012
(Mackrosoft)

We could have easily seen this band touring with the Dead or holding down a midday spot on Further Fest. It's like that. Extended intelligent jams infused with various and intricately spaced instrumentation from across the musical spectrum. Plus, they know about 2012. Everyone should know about 2012. Be ready for 2012. Research 2012.

THE YOUTH ARE OVERSTIMULATED.
I CAN SEE IT IN THEIR EYES.



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