

# OXBOW

"WEEK BEFORE 2ND BIRTHDAY.  
DADDY WAS PAINTING LIVING RM.  
GENE'S FAVORITE T.V. SHOW WAS  
ON. YEAH MICKEY!"

So let's start this out ass first.  
Like we like our stories. Like we  
like our fucks. Like we like every-  
thing we hate: we mean we'd  
rather watch it like it was leaving  
more than we'd like to see it the  
other way around and so it is  
that I'm sitting in my driveway in  
the fucking green hornet green  
cop car-Ford LTD that was Greg  
Davis' way of buying me off of  
my forestated plan to hire mob-  
underling Ricky Citizen to break  
at least one of his hands and

2003 /

2nd EUROPEAN TOUR DIARY

Germany  
Austria  
France  
Belgium  
England  
Ireland

thereby force him to finish work  
on my 1965 Chevy Muscle car,  
when I'm approached by her.

Her: 5'4". 250 pounds. Wearing  
a t-shirt and tights. An absolute  
fucking serenade in duotone.

"Would you like to buy some-  
thing, sir?"

And my jetlag remedy, which  
I now know to not work, of  
staying up all night the night  
before, passing out in the rear  
aisle of the plane, and staggering  
through the California bus sys-  
tem on the way home, has me  
watching her carefully. I mean

she's real, right? This isn't an after Oxbow show hallucinational attack is it? Or maybe she's just hitting on me?

"Like what?"

"Well maybe something nice for your lady."

And she's doing that homeless/crazy grab and scrabble through a grime-encrusted plastic bag of unknown origin, make and model before finally extracting this clear bottle thingie with a blue spray tip on it.

"Like a disposable douche?"

And this is the part that I wanted to get to. The part when I look in her eyes as clearly and with as great an intensity as I've ever looked into any lover's eyes to see buried deep inside the narcotic ooze and rumble of insanity a sly eye and smile that seems to indicate

- 1) she's laughing at me
- 2) she's laughing WITH me
- 3) she's a total fucking lunatic either way

"Is it used?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Then forget it."

Welcome Back to California!!!

**THE FESTIVALS OF FUCK or HOW WE TOURED ON AN EVIL HEAT BEYOND ANY SENSIBLE PERSONS ABILITY TO DO SO, STAND IT, OR UNDERSTAND IT.**

Now where the fuck was I?

Oh yes: Fuck Jeff Wilson.

I mean I LIKE Jeff Wilson, but since my every thought turns to suicide, EXACTLY like they did at the conclusion of the last tour I feel compelled to forestall his highly sensible, existential riposte about how my so-called problems are really just "so-called" and have no bearing or weight in the "real" world where cancer is a killer, disintegration is inevitable and hearts are crushed EVERYDAY.

Fuck you, Jeff.

Because I'm in absolute misery and here I go trundling down the total road to gayness by referencing Apocalypse Now! I mean I always thought it a bit naïf when Rollins did it. Always felt that it was a bit like writing Zofo on your pants. Or like air guitaring to "SCHOOL'S OUT" at quitting time for your minimum-wage fuck you job.

HOWEVER, I was just listening to the soundtrack (I know, I KNOW it IS pathetic) and having an incredible moment of John Miliusitis during Willard's speechÖ

WHEN I WAS THERE I WANTED TO BE HERE. AND WHEN I WAS HERE I WANTED TO BE THERE.

Jesus. Truer words were never spoken Now I'm not even going to venture down that road of comparing touring to Vietnam like it's all that fucking tough to tour but it IS disorienting and even at this writing I don't know the date, the day, the time, and just barely the month. This is not hard. I mean this is not the hard part. Not being used to being here is the tough part and so

these days I'm spending these days doing a lot of sitting on the edge of my bed, staring at my feet and waiting for my dog to die and am in abject, teenage misery.

### WHY?

WHY?

For the same goddamned reason that I was LAST time.

- 1) NO SEX AND DRUGS FOR IAN!
- 2) GAS STATIONS
- 3) GROCERY STORES
- 4) TRAFFIC JAMS and
- 5) POVERTY

The sandpaper of modern living.

See, as the touring Demiurge we float across continent and provide a framework whereby the "NATIVES" can get a glimpse of something/someplace that is not THAT place and as messengers of this GOOD news, or in OXBOW's case: cock, fistfights and generalized and non-specific threatening behaviors of all types, it becomes quite easy for us to confuse the cause and the effect.

The generic band arriving in town is the CAUSE.

The grand glee and jubilation is the EFFECT. However not being cut from the same cloth as Philip Michael Thomas who was once quoted as saying "I AM CHRISTMAS," we come to understand, usually the hard way, that WE ARE NOT THE EFFECT.

WE ARE NOT CHRISTMAS.

WE ARE NOT JUBILATION.

We, however, ARE

- 1) delusional
- 2) ego-maniacal
- 3) and for some measure of time totally convinced of our divine status and bearing.

I mean what I'm saying is that it's like taking steroids.

Now the first time I took steroids I had NO IDEA what the fuck I was doing, despite having done all of the requisite research. But one thing I soon figured out was that as MUCH as I TOOK and as HIGH as I got on fuck, fantasy

and generalized feeling of well being I'd have to pay for when the magic juice stopped.

And like all good things it DID, Stop that is. The Magic Juice. Gone. Done. Done for. Fin.

With overriding feelings of joyful rage and merriment replaced with gun-barrel fellating sorrows.

And so it goes: joyful rage. Merriment. Suicidal. Gun-sucking.

But see now I've given the goddamned ending away. Shit.

Well let's flip the ass to the back and start in on happier moreÖ-carefree times. Times when the wine poured, when the sluts were hot and thick, and the fistfights were lusty and I slept under the cross-cutting influence of every single pill I gobbled, having long since forgotten what they were and what they did.

In other words let's start at the start.

## THE PLANE RIDE

Went like this:

Terror

Terror

Horrible Movie

Seat Companion with a Cock and a Ponytail (Said not a single word to him in 12 hours)

Terror

Sky Sluts screaming LENNY

KRAVITZ at me.

Customs stooges screaming

LENNY KRAVITZ at me.

And finally

BERLIN.

Manuel from SPLATTER PROMOTION shows up, Fozzy, stage dude extraordinaire, sneaks up behind me and we whisk it all into the city via bus with me idly wondering "has the swastika been totally discredited here as a result of that little Nazi pas de deux?"

But we haven't even played a show yet. Not even a SINGLE SHOW and here I am already on Planet Oxbow.

See it goes like this:

1) I ask for drugs

2) People send me drugs

3) I lose the label/listing for whatever the drugs were when they came from the pharmacy and end up with a fistful of mystery pills and

4) In a state of the union decision to clear the cabinets I start gobbling all of the mystery tablets with the unstated intention being to have them all consumed by end of tour. Or at least 10 o'clock tonight.

So when this fella comes up to me and says

"My name is Germ."

I'm not sure if it's him or the purples talking.

"Jeremy?" I say, mishearing the tallish, bald record producer.

"GERM. My intelligence is totally vertical and I'm telling you that the Egyptians stole everything from the ancient Sumerians who got it from off of THIS planet. We were created by an intelligence off of this planet."

Standing in the middle of a stadium show by Xavier Naidoo, a German pop sensation on par with an R. Kelly you might be wondering, much like I was, why the fuck I was here. Well some TV producer friends who are mulling over doing a package on TRACKS, a widely watched and appreciated TV show, have dragged us here.

"We're space viruses. And the ancient Sumerians were vectors."

We pause and watch the mediocre R&B stylings of Naidoo, complete with a surprise interruption by RZA from the Wu Tang Clan (who I think is to hip hop what OXBOW is to, ah, well, serial sex abuse) and then pause in that moment when the sight of 50,000 Germans cheering and raising their fists, hands, and lighters to the Northern Light tinged Berlin-night sky just reminds of us of, uh, HAPPIER times in Germany. Times when a man could BE a man and chase the Jew of his choice through the cobbled streets!!! Those heady times.

We shudder and move on.

“So that’s why I call myself Germ.”

“What does your mother call you?”

“Jeremy Swain.”

And so he is. African-American-German.

We end up at a bar called appropriately enough AMBULANCE and this is the last thing I remember until I show up at Manuel’s apartment. Banging. Kicking in the door and cursing him for a key that doesn’t work when at 7 in the morning I notice for the first time that the name plate on the apartment is different.

“They switched his apartment. What a dirty fucking Nazi trick.”

Until I realize that maybe, just maybe it’s not the apartment’s that have been switched but that maybe just maybe I’m in the wrong side of the building.

Strangely enough the occupant

of said apartment neither answered nor called the cops. Perhaps he believed I WAS the cops. Well in a country where summary arrests are probably routine no harm, no foul.

I make it to the other side of the building, to Manuel’s apartment where of course I repeat the same performance as the goddamned key doesn’t work or rather the pilled state I’m in won’t allow the key TO work and so it is that I’m there in his kitchen at 7:35 eating what at first blush seems to be a chocolate bar but which I later find out is supposed to be dissolved in a gallon of warm water and is like the concentrate of all concentrates a la some Swiss Miss shit.

So just as my head hits a pillow Manuel the Intrepid is bird-dogging us into training it over to the rental place, while Fozzy serenades me with Neal Young tunes on the guitar. My total elapsed sleep time in the most recent 48-hour period: 24 minutes.

Beautiful.

## THE GUN COCKING

We get to the rental place and I fall deeply in love with the rental woman who is renting us the jet black Mercedes sleeper that we'd call home for the next 3 weeks and I assume she's fallen in love with me as well as she doesn't ask us for a deposit, ID, proof of rental, nothing.

She gives us the keys, empties the ashtrays, and quickly fucks off and away from the burning eye gaze of my patented Penetrating Eye Seduction Look. You know, the kind of look that makes you all of a sudden feel like you need to have like MORE clothes on.

So I sadly and with lost opportunity wave goodbye and pull into Berlin traffic with the expectation of making it to Paris by night.

All well and good except exactly 37 minutes outside of Berlin I start seeing things.

What kind of things?

Mostly, vaginas. But also horrible

and frightening things that keep whispering the same thing over and over: we'll kill you. With our little hands we'll kill you Joe.

So Fozzy drives and I climb into the sleeper to sleep and piss into bottles until we get to Paris.



HERE SHE IS "TRYING" TO MAKE ME JEALOUS PITCHING WOO AT THE WILY SWISSMAN.





EQUIPMENT? WHAT FUCKING EQUIPMENT??!!?

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THE MOTHERFUCKING WRECK OF HESPERUS: THE BOAT UPON WHICH WE PLAYED

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## PLASTER OF PARIS

So the world of global mergers touches OXBOW on the ass. With its cock. Our shipper DAN-ZAS was bought or got bought by the company run by a convicted pederast DHL and that combined with all of the 4th of July anti-terrorist bullshit has resulted in a shipping of equipment nightmare on par with that surgeon who amputated the wrong leg of his erstwhile and hapless patient.

In other words things couldn't be more fucked up.

No equipment.  
And we're being charged twice for it.

Beautiful.

In the past I'd have been in the office, bad-vibing, stealing office supplies and urinating in potted plants but my preferred MO here harkens back to my dear old departed step-aunt Annabelle: I sleep.

Yeah yeah I know it's called EXCEDRIN PM but as I've said

before I think it works just fine in the AM. And anyways, nothing succeeds like excess and Excedrin and so I am outski. Lights outski.

Which marks a continuing theme thusfar of this tour: narcotic-born narcolepsy.

I mean if the going gets tough: sleep.

But the cool thing is that the show we're playing in Paris is not at that god-forsaken place in Montreuil or however the fuck you spell it that we played last time in Paris (Tour Diary: 2002 (Eugene) > Page 7) I had my evening of doubt, pain, LSD and valium.

We're playing on a pirate ship called appropriately enough: La Guingette Pirate.

And it's a real ship. I mean it sits on the water and rocks back and forth and I can't really think of anything more delightful than dancing the vomit fantastic as we try to make it through a show on a pirate ship with NO musical equipment and a head

full of Roofies.

Fortunately there is the great Philippe Thiphaine from Helio-gabale (and his newest This Side of Jordan which features me and his roommate Alex in total full blown Sonny and Cher mode) and his band's willingness to do that which we never do: lend us equipment.

We never lend equipment because as bad as that other band is going to feel after they BREAK something, it doesn't even come close to how bad WE'RE are going to feel trying to make it through 30 fucking shows without whatever it is that they broke.

But Philippe says fuck it and so we play on their equipment and things are going along swimmingly until Niko breaks a guitar string and we are plunged and treated to 15 minutes of excruciating guitar tuning.

Niko has transmogrified into Rain Man. And apparently not the kind that can tune a guitar.

I feel sleep coming on even though the Excedrin PM is wearing off. I mean it's either sleep or attacking a random audience member but I love the French so much and looking out at all of their eager faces I just want to kiss them all. On the fucking lips. And I want them to kiss me too. On my fucking cock. What a love fest and finally with tuned guitar and borrowed equipment we finish the set.

The Parisian drug dealers that dog my every step catch up to me by the OXVAN and while I towel down I try to explain to them that I'm on the straight and narrow. By which I mean COMMITTED to finishing up these mystery tabs and not muddying the water with KNOWN qualities.

They look puzzled and sad. Like dogs. But eventually understand, mumble something about Algerian cock and are off. Like a prom dress.

## YOU CAN'T SPELL LIMOGES WITHOUT LEMON PLEDGE

### LIMOGES FESTIVAL

How do you know that you're at a goddamned Festival? Using these handy dandy steps you too will be able to identify the surefire signs that you are at a dirty fucking hippie laden hipster fest.

- 1) hacky sacks: see that Teva sandal wearing fuckwad batting about the scrotum toy with his pleasantly sexless companions? Yes. You're at a festival. In fact the same goes for
- 2) what we like to call DIG èEM STIX. Two sticks, the party fucking equivalent of rhythmic gymnastics. HEY HEY LOOK AT MEÖI'M AN ASS WITH TWO STICKS.
- 3) Plastic laminates for EVERYthing.
- 4) Men with plastic laminates shrugging "I DON'T KNOW" to almost any question you might ask.
- 5) Women hitchhiking who change their goddamned minds about hitch-hiking suddenly when we stop and offer "rides".





SEE THE AMAZING COCK BOY!! HE SCREECHES!! HE HOWLS!! HE FUCKS YOUR GIRLFRIEND WHEN YOU'RE OUT OF TOWN!!!!"

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And Limoges is no different.

We see all of the above in vast profusion IMMEDIATELY on getting here. HERE being many hours from Paris to which we must return in the hopes that our real equipment has shown up.

We're late and so we rush to the stage while I stagger around in the grass out behind the tent and think of the circus sodomites and felons that infest the carny experience in any given American town on any given day.

I do this until they weave me back toward the stage and we start playing and things are going along as well as ever until 75% through the show large chunks of the audience begin FLEEING. Out of an audience of 800 people we'd be talking about like 200 of them running for the exits like the place was on fire.

I'm about to start running myself until I notice the set is over and the trembling stage manager explains what's happened:

Late for our set an OXBOW fan who had driven all the way from god knows where gets to the Man With the Plastic Laminate Shrugging stage of gaining entrance and tries to talk to him.

Fan: I need to get my car through here. I came all the way down for OXBOW.

Shrugging Man: I don't know.

Fan: I KNOW. That's them starting nowÖ

Shrugging Man: I don't know.

Fan: AGGGHHHHHÖ.

At such point he used his car to ram the gates and in one swell fell swoop hospitalized the MAYOR of Limoges AND got himself thrown in jail, but the festival attendees heard that some guy was killing people at the gate and naturally they all ran to see. See, THOSE suicidal adventure seekers were the REAL OXBOW fans. They just don't fucking know it yet.

So we play and of course drive

back to Paris like maniacs to get our equipment. Which we've now been told is in Chicago. Which is really fucking inconvenient as we play Lyon tomorrow.

Sleep.

**ASS FUCKING FRENCH MEN!!!!**

ASS FUCKING FRENCH MEN!!!

Here's what I wrote for [www.skullgame.com](http://www.skullgame.com) about Lyon. But the FULLER story continues afterward.

"He's a two-fisted man. And I mean that in the DEEPEST way possible."

THEY CALL HIM THE EURO TUNNEL!

Okay, just because we're in France, the land where they love that game with the round ball played by guys in mullets who suck cock DOESN'T mean that every single sandal wearing Frenchman is like GAY. I mean it doesn't mean that--and as I stand with tattoo god extraordinaire, Jean-Luc of VIVA DOLOR

TATTOO--that I think he's GAY because he got glossed with the totally GAY sounding name of Jean-Luc. Fuck NO.

"You ever hear of ze MCRA?" He's leering at me and raising his eyebrows like he got his cock caught in the cookie jar.

"Mom's Cocks Right in the Ass?"

"You weesh. Besides that would be MCRITA."

"Don't you NEVER correct my fucking Englishistics you French fuck. Why I oughtaÖ."

"Lissen lissenÖ.it stands for MotoClub Rhone Alpes. They have this guy, name of Euro Tunnel. I mean zey call him the Euro Tunnel. And you know why? He takes TWO, not one, but TWO fists up the ass at the same time."

And Jean Luc, whose totally fucking swank ass house I'm staying at tonight, continues.

"Yes. I show it to you."



Jean Luc. HE'S NOT GAY!

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"Ah. Nah. That's okay. Say, hom-  
bre, how come I, uh, I, like never  
met your girlfriend?"

"Oh. Well she is always away.  
But anyway at the endÖ"

Jesus Fucking H on a Stick Christ.  
I understand po-mo homo hu-  
mor as much as the next fucking  
non-homo dude but I have to say  
that I could never have said ANY-  
THING about watching some of  
this shit all the way to the END.

Mar-rone!

THE END. But, but, but, waitÖI  
mean I DID watch that dog fuck-  
ing video until the END but that's  
because after awhile I forget it  
was chicks fucking dogs. Well  
maybe it's the same with Hands  
Across the Anus.

"Wait, wait, waitÖare the fists  
up the assius clay belonging to  
chicks or dudes?"

"HeyyyyyÖchicks, of course!"

"Ah good."

Fuck. Okay. I'm okay.

"Or maybe you want to see Black  
Walls. TEN big fucking Black  
guys fuck this one guy and at the  
END he says, haha, is that all you  
have? Haha."

Ha. Ha. Fucking Ha.

### LYONS: LIKE A RUG

Yeah. Except we didn't stay at his  
place. We stay at the promoter's  
place who has the fucking class  
to, even though we're playing at  
this Anarchist squat, to get me  
the MEAT that he was contrac-  
tually obligated to give me. But  
he has to apply like all of this  
totally high level of Pentagon-like  
security to get it to me before  
we're both lynched by the An-  
archists. So the meat is hidden  
in this container that's buried at  
the bottom of this empty laun-  
dry basket that he wheels into  
the food room. Which doesn't  
LOOK suspicious at all. Me eat-  
ing furtively from the bottom  
of a laundry basket, my lips and  
fingers glistening with the holy  
meat, glowering at vegetarians

and guarding said meat from the  
packs of wandering dogs that  
seem to be de rigeur at almost  
any jack-booted collection of  
anarchists.

Perfect.

He's also in the band that's play-  
ing support named NED. And  
they're cool even though I'm  
rattled at their insistence of sing-  
ing in English. Makes me sudden-  
ly start to feel like I've learned  
how to speak FRENCH but  
they're tight and Fugazi-esque  
and he's spent time in Canada or  
some fucking seedbed of West-  
ernism and so he speaks English  
much better than my retard level  
French and so we get along well.

But he's eyeing me as I drink the  
wine. And so I drink even more  
of it because we're already famil-  
iar with this calculus:

Dirty, filthy, dog-infested hippie-  
laden anarchist squat = extreme  
violence.

So we head for the stage and I'm  
beset by French women.



HIS NAME IS NICO. WHICH MAKES FOR AN AMUSING "HELLO NIKO, HELLO NICO" BETWEEN HIM AND OXBOW'S NIKO. THIS IS FUNNIER THAN IT SOUNDS BELIEVE ME.

CAN I BUY YOU A DRINK?

Yes.

CAN I VIDEOTAPE YOU?

For what?

FOR MY PERSONAL COLLECTION.

Yes. But come talk to me afterward.

And so it goes.

We play.

No one "tries" ANYTHING.

I'm spun.

The show ends.

Limping through the crowd (I don't know what happened) the video woman comes up to me trembling.

"It was great."

"So that video's going to e'work out' for you?" I say leering like the degenerate motherfucker

that I am.

"Yes. Yes. And where are you sleeping tonight?"

"At your place." Smooth. The fucking EPI-TOME of smooth.

"Well where's my husband going to sleep?"

"Good of you to ask, but you know after I strangle him, this will be of little consequence."

She escapes as soon as I bend down to begin putting my pants on.

Natch. Fucking married broads. A little murder, a little spouse-I-cide and they're off like a raped ape.

Which is fine.

We head over to Ned's with a guy from the great band Laddio Bolocko (which I'm misspelling because I'm fucking idiot). He's got two broads in tow and it seems that the party will be taking on a railroad motif.

Except I take some mystery pills

and that with the wine is making me feel kind of, uh, BROOPY.

So when we get to Ned's I pass out.

Greg later tells me that he thinks the guy was a junkie. As were his wife and her friend. I bemoan my premature exit because if there's nothing I like better it's junkie's looking to score. Seriously. That single minded purposefulness. That monomaniacal focus. That attention to detail. That willingness to suck cock for a few hastily passed bills.

Ah well.

Off to Milan to do TWO things of which I won't speak at all and they are

- 1) to interview porn star Rocco Siffredi and
- 2) to get my hands on a whole shitload of steroids.

Don't ask me anything else about this section of the trip as ANYTHING I say in regards to it is likely to be a clumsily erected house of lies

## SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER IN GERMANY

Wo ist der K Vier?

The goth chick in front of me smiles indulgently and points not more than 50 yards away while saying in perfectly NON-accented English.

"Right over THERE."

Hahaha. Yeah. Fuck you. Try getting from Kentucky to Ohio and see if all of that language proficiency helps you there.

But the club is totally swank, the pre-show food is swank, in fact the whole deal is so swank (and we finally got our OWN equipment) that we celebrate by breaking out some of the www.skullgame.com porn and dialing it in on the laptop while various stagehands and helpers wander in at the floating and inimitable sounds of fuck drifting through this old Nazi stronghold.

Perfect.

I mean on one level it's totally

fucking SAD but that's what MAKES it perfect.

So we play. A man with long gray hair, a tube top and no shoes dances all night to the same mincing vaguely Axl Rose-esque hip-switching thing. The whole show. And as anyone who knows me can attest to I have this weird thing with feet and so his feet begin to move beyond the periphery of my consciousness to centerstage and suddenly the whole place starts to smell like feet, HIS feet and I am overwhelmed with the human dimension of horror and I can feel his feet drawing my eyes, inexorably, to the source of my present mania and then finally I give in mid-song and LOOK at his feet and they were as horrible as I had anticipated and I scream a la The Tell-Tale Heart and fall to the ground. Now as this doesn't at all deviate from the normal OXBOW flow of things no one in the audience is nonethewiser, however, it takes a whole carafe of red wine post-show to shake his feet and I am only slightly mollified by the fact that we sold (minus those fucking thiev-





THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE OF INTERGENERATIONAL BONDING

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ing Germans who stole our shit without paying for it) 200 Euros worth of our coffee coasters, er, CDs.

But we head over to the hotel and then and only then do we see that God is smiling on us. Which of course in an OXBOW-IAN universe means that we are damned. ESPECIALLY when God smiles on us because we're staying at a hotel that apparently is also the hotel where graduating high school seniors are also staying. And as we pull up 5 or 6 teenage girls stick their heads out of the windows and despite the hour 2:00 AM they are waving and screaming "Hello!"

Yeah yeah, hello, goddamnit HELLO!!!!

And that was just our cocks talking.

Fozzy breaks wild and when we spot him in the hallway with aforementioned girls he's fucking winging it like a Wildman.

"Yeah. I, uh, play guitar." Which is factually correct. Fozzy is a

fucking polymath and can play just about any instrument known to man. And he can play it well. But he's not THE guitar player, but I, like Sargeant Schultz on the affectionately remembered HOGAN'S HEROES, that oh so whimsical look at Nazi concentration camps, say "NOTHING!!!"

"And HEÖ" he's now gesticulating toward me like I won something on a game show, " is the singer!"

And the girls all swarm around me all youthful innocence and exuberance and I feel like my friend Cintra said in describing an ex-boyfriend of hers, like "a clot of vice."

"Well sing something for us then!!!"

"Sing something for you, eh? I'll sing something for you. But not here in the hallÖ."

Yeah. It doesn't look so good in print but that kind of suavity rarely does.

So I go to my solo room. Which



in normal tour terms means nothing if not MASTURBATION MASTURBATION MASTURBATION but before I can get started Fozzy's at the door.

"Listen. I think I can pull this off! But Manuel's in my room! What the hell? What should I do?"

And so I sagely advise that he bring them up to MY room and I'll leave (yeah, yeah, okay, believe what the fuck you want) and let him do his thing if it comes to that. In fact since I'll be in bed reading about Stalin and Hitler I'll just leave the door open and he can walk on in and I'll exit.

Fifteen minutes later he walks in. Without the teens.

"The chaperone is giving me a hard time."

"What? He's out there mad-dogging you?!?" And this gets me going and I'm out the door and down the stairs to see if I'm going to meet a man who likes to fight or a man who likes to shut the fuck up and mind his own

business.

I get down to the front and for the first time notice the Negro sitting on top of the soda machine. Well it's not actually a REAL Negro like me, but rather a modern-mini-lawn jockey variant of Negro. About 8 inches high with a sign stating that if you want drinks or mineral water to just ask.

A wealth of opportunity in Germany for tiny Negroes it seems.

But the chaperone is not the chaperone but instead the hotel guy complaining about the noise, as are now the neighbors who are screaming at the girls who are screaming up to where they think our rooms are and with all the screaming I get a distinctly strong sensation that

- 1) the cops will be there to add to the chorus of misery and
- 2) no one is getting laid at all.

And I tell Fozzy I'm going back to my room where I masturbate aggressively with thoughts of Stalin and Hitler dancing in my head



ONE OF GERMANY'S MANY HARD-WORKING, EIGHT-INCH-HIGH NEGROES.

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while the tinkling chorus of teenage girls floats up from down below. Ah, what will this little peach colored pill do? I don't know but I'm aiming to find out.

And the next day when I wake up alive and am standing in front of the hotel the girls run up to me and are hugging me and kissing me and I receive the baseless adoration like I receive all such baseless adoration: cock first. And all the hugs are cock first. And all the kisses involve grabbed asses and while the van percolates in the street next to me, I, like the great Mr. Luigi (aka Jamie Gillis) mutter under my breath against the realization that the only REASON that these girls are talking to me is because they HAVEN'T seen OXBOW, which puts me in a joyous funk.

Hahah... they haven't seen OXBOW. They haven't seen OXBOW. Well pray that their adolescence lasts a little longer.

And here I will recall the famous words of my 15-year old ex-girlfriend: "If my life hadn't have already been fucked up, I'd have

never have met you to begin with."

Truer words were never spoken.

### INNSBRUCK? IS THAT IN NEW JERSEY?

So I sleep all the way from Nurnberg to Innsbruck. I woke up just long enough to see Lichtenstein. I think.

And when we get to Innsbruck we're just wandering around the town and some guy pulls up to us on a scooter and says

"Are you Oxbow?"

"Yeah."

"Well follow me."

And against our better judgment we follow him to the club, which as luck would have it is right next to a homeless shelter for hopeless worthless alcoholics but because they really know HOW TO DO THINGS over here rather than spending their time DEPRIVING these men of the grape access to

the Vino they lard them up with alcohol and they sit all day and talk and smile and drink drink drink.

Teutonic genius.

But we load into the club down the ramp of sudden death (at like a 45 degree incline) that must have been built by some ski jumping fucking maniac and we eat and the anarchists putting on the show HAVE THEIR SHIT TOGETHER. The food is great, they get us on the radio, they're treating us like human beings, their plying us with vodka and then the scene blossoms.

There are gaggles of punk rocked out teens hanging out by the bathroom listening to music on a boom box and smoking pot like there's no show going on there at all and I realize in micro this is where I am.

I mean it takes a while to dawn on me why this tour is so strange. I mean compared to others in the past: I'm sleeping through it and like only waking up to play. It's like Dracula.



HELLO. WE ARE HOPELESS, WORTHLESS DRUNKS WHO DON'T PLAY MUSIC. TOTALLY DIFFERENT FROM THE HOPELESS, WORTHLESS DRUNKS IN THE BAND

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THE REVOLUTION BEGINS TODAY!!! WELL NOT RIGHT NOW...

---

My reality is just ass to ass. And if there IS a general lingering sensation that I'm losing my mind this is probably the reason. I mean that and all of the pills. My ship's rope is just trailing along behind in the water and somewhere in the captain's mess the captain is a mess. HahaÖ. well okay. I always wanted to die on stage like Jackie Wilson. Losing my mind on stage was a close second though and I'll accept it. I'll accept it as everything in California gets just more and more remote and the lands up ahead lose their ability to impress as real.

But the show was great. Some guy in a wheelchair pulled up to the front of the stage and I had resolved to make mad fucking monkey love to him in recreation of that Jane Fonda-Jon Voight scene from that movie about Vietnam vets but only because I thought he might enjoy being paid attention to with something other than pity but alas I get sidetracked.

Which is code for: vodka.

## INNSBRUCKLYN (CONT)

So we play. Well. And it's over.

And I'm sitting down on these theater seats they have waiting for our host, another one whose name I'm lamely forgetting, to take us back to his house.

And I'm sitting. Drinking. Watching. Waiting. And then I hear "let's go" and I start to "go" but the message has not gotten to the legs yet on account of stopping for all of that vodka and so I do an Abbott and Costello ass on the floor dump and there is no way to outcool THIS moment and I don't care that much about cool anyway because now I'm just waiting for that guy in the club who thinks: THIS IS MY CHANCE.

And you know he's out there. I KNOW he's out there because I can hear him laugh when I fall but he doesn't step up and so we're off to our host house and when we get there I am much pleased because he is clearly THE WEALTHIEST ANARCHIST I KNOW. And this is more than





COULD THIS BE THE NAME, AND THE DARK SECRET, OF THE RICHEST ANARCHIST IN INNSBRUCK?

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SMILE! THE STUPID AMERICANS ARE LEAVING YOU Sadder BUT A BIT WISER NOW.

---

good and as I crawl into the bed he's made for me I know that this is more than good because it's clean and smells nice and I'm thanking heaven that I get back to sleep again. And I do. And I am.

And the next day when we're leaving I see our host casting an eye to my book on Stalin and Hitler.

"Yes. Good reading."

He sort of shakes his head as though I'm making some sort of stab at post-modern irony.

"YeahhhÖtwo great humanitarians" I say smiling.

He turns away. Ah well. Another opportunity for healthy debate stifled in the face of my asshole-ness.

We have like a 390 hour drive in front of us so I medicate and sleep until we get to Brussels.

## NO CONSCIOUSNESS ëTIL BELGIUM!!! OR WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I GOT MY HANDS ON DUANE DENNISON

Well I wake up and we're coursing through the Belgian country side and I'm prepped and primed because of that fuck DUANE DENNISON and my belief that I will indeed, like Ahab, after all of these years run into him because they are playing on the same day, the same festival and pretty close to the same time.

But to refresh your memory as to why I want to kick his ass.

Eilidh Bradley from Solar Race to Dennison backstage at a Jesus Lizard show:

I just talked to Eugene andÖ

DUANE: You mean that guy from OXBOW? That really contrived guy?

Eilidh, now shocked: Well he just said to tell YOU, "hi."

DUANE: Oh. Hey. Uh. Don't tell him I said that will you?

So now I've been hunting for this prick for YEARS now to show him that an assbeating delivered by an assbeater is a thing of beauty to behold but I've had a couple of problems on the way to getting my hands on him.

1) I don't know what he looks like.

But if there's no solution, there's no problem and so having Fozzy here is great because not only is he friends with this fuck DUANE DENNISON but he's also friends with MIKE PATTON, the guy who sings for DENNISON'S new band so I tell Fozzy in total life and death biker fashion.

"Listen man. If you see that fuck before I do you tell me. You got that?!?! YOU TELL ME. And get your camera at the ready."

I mean I've been studying photos of the guy but those are photos and so later when we're walking into the food building and Fozzy starts acting strange, I start looking around and screaming

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DO-

ING? YOU SEE SOMETHING?!?  
YOU SEE SOMETHING?!?!"

And I birddog him into the building and I watch his eyes shift to the window and I go to look at the window and there he is, the fuck. The White Whale. Jesus. I AM FUCKING ENRAPTURED.

And I start walking out to him and after I get like 10 yards away I start circling him with my head cocked into the circle center.

I pull off my glasses and watch his eyes avoid mine.

"Hey." I finally say. "You know me?"

And he stops and looks at me like he doesn't know me ("Like?" óVoices of the Sane)

"Ah, no. I don't think so."

"I think you do. Eugene from OXBOW." And I watch the calculations going in his head while I grab his hand and hold it tight.

"I've been looking for you. Do you remember Eilidh? From that

band Solar Race?"

"No. No. I don't think so. But I moved to Nashville and IÖ."

"Why the fuck would you do that?"

"Well for work. And for my family."

"So you don't remember her?"

And of course I hear the voice of Danny Pops in my head. He of the lengthy Leavenworth prison term. "Fucking HIT him already."

"No."

"Well fuck that. Unimportant at this point. She had just described in great detail to me a conversation you two had had aboutÖ."

"Eugene? Is that you?!?!"

"What? Yeah."

And it was Kevin Rutmanis, formerly of The Melvins, and he's yanking my hand away from Dennison and pumping it and smiling smiling smiling.

"Man. I just read your article in VICE magazine. I was obsessed with it for like a month." And then John Stainer from Helmet comes up and offers "yeah. He was showing everybody!!!"

Now the only reason I even know these guys names is that I looked them up afterward. At the time I was so fired with revenge all I knew was, and this is the real sad and embarrassing part of the story, that that old adage about flattery getting you everywhere was fucking true because I was weakening under the blandishments of musicians whose music accomplishments (read: cash) I had admired, admiring my shit. But I wouldn't be shaken, especially not when it totally dawned on me that if he had been showing the article in VICE, which concluded with me threatening his life AGAIN that he KNEW who I was, why I was here and he almost fooled me, the MOTHERFUCKER.

And so I grabbed him in a pre-suxplex bear hug, trapping his weak hand against his body.

"So you KNOW then you motherfucker?"

And now it kind of shifts into that weird "what the fuck is happening?" zone because of course there were TWO articles in VICE. Three if you count my CHARLES MANSON contribution and so it dawns on me that he hasn't read the one where I threatened his life, but the other one wherein I advised losers on how to take a beating. But fuck that. I'm not letting go and he starts squeaking while I start saying "Know what?," his eyes spinning like fucking tops, "I've been threatening your life you fuck."

"MY life? You mean mine personally?"

"Yeah. YOURS personally." And I get him off of his feet and Kevin starts in again oblivious to what's unfolding but totally fired by being in the presence of my fucking so-called genius as I hear Dennison wanly ask

"why?"

And here I am at the crossroads

of my revenge. On the one fork is sating the mad satyr of my desire for revenge against all of that which has given my life focus and meaning for the last 5 years versus the totally transitory ego fulfillment of being a recognized genius among men.

Revenge.

Ego.

Revenge.

E..EÖÖ.EGO. Ego is the fucking winner in any contest where MINE is involved and I can hear my revenge side cry out in shock and awe as the old ego maniacs standby claims another victory and Dennison goes sliding to the ground and Fozzy is snapping off a photograph and MIKE PATTON is shaking my hand and patting me on the back and all these guys are singing the praises of OXBOW's genius and while my revenge's shame grows my ego's balls have gotten big and it's all glad handing all around because these guys had all just rushed over to the Magic Tent to see OXBOW play and well fuck





MOTHER I TRIED TO GET TO YOU. I'M DOING THE BEST THAT I CAN. I'M ASHAMED OF THE THINGS THAT I'VE DONE. I'M ASHAMED OF THE PERSON I AM.



IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE TOP IF YOU WANT TO GET DYS-ENTRY

it, I say. There's no question that I can take him, that I SHOULD take him, that under other circumstances I WOULD take him but I don't because much like the fucking Flying Nun, I'm not so secretly glad to have people like me.

Jesus.

But my Revenge has the last laugh as after all the merriment and joie de vivre has passed it dawns on me that that which has given my life focus for the last 5 years is GONE. I went from my life and death battle with MIKE LAVELLA, culminating with me pouring gasoline around the base of his office to GARY HELD at Revolver for selling stolen OX-BOW records to KEVIN MARTIN who was selling those records to DENNISON and with DENNISON off of the list what was I going to do?

What?

What?

Ideally it should be someone whose beating by me is not a

fait accompli. Someone who it might not look so pathetic when I'm slapping them around, which it dawned on me with Duane, was an issue. He looked like an old man and I just didn't see me looking that good in the photos (ego, again). But who?

I think Rollins would be good but we used to be friends and he's been nothing but a prince to me.

Danzig can fight. Vibes tough guy. But he's never done anything bad to me that I know.

Shit. I'm lost. Lost. Lost.

Will someone please step up and give me a reason to live?

Oh. The Dour show was great by the way.

Back to sleep to England. Perfidious Albion.

WELCOME TO CARDIFF. AGGGHH-  
HHH...

When I wake up in Cardiff I am in the van. Alone. I piss in a bottle. Let's see. This means that I slept through the ferry crossing. In fact I slept in the hold of the ship since I was in the van and this is expressly forbidden because of the build up of fumes and the ever-present possibility of death on the high seas. But I slept through it. And dreamt of nothing. Which you should be thankful for as most people's dreams are as dreary as the bad TV that's given birth to most of them and mine I'm sure are no different possibly and probably only highlighting the high degree to which I bring to bear my twin obsessions with betrayal and paranoia.

But I sit blinking in the heat of the sun and van stink and wander which of these row houses hold the rest of the band. Well last time we played Cardiff we stayed down the street from where Tom Jones got his start. These seem to be swankier digs but not knowing which one I

should be in means I sit and stare and take stock of how I think things are going so far, which leads me to gobble some more pills, naturally, because while things are going well. Swimmingly in fact. I mean 5000 people to see us at Dour, I got That Face Syndrome.

You know how that works. "if you keep making THAT FACE it's going to stay that way," says your mother. And so it might. And might that it has. This zen state of white-no-noise that infests my waking hours, as few as they are, and my sleeping ones too.

Like Al Pacino in that movie Insomnia.

Sleeping but not rested. Somewhat rested but totally restive. I can't describe the mood better than that. But it's not a miserable feeling at all, mind you, Jeff Wilson. Hell NO. I've been waiting for this the way some people wait for winning lottery tickets.

Dan is the first one down to the van to rescue me (Dan also

known as THE BEST MAN IN OXBOW) and when he asks me how I am I say

"GREAT!!!"

"Well that's cool."

"And I'm losing my mind!"

"Ok. Well Niko's not in the shower yet."

"Beautiful."

And so I hit the shower and shoot the shit with Keith, our genius host and promoter. He's moved out of the DUDE haven that was his last place and into some swank digs and he comments

"Ohlk kakl;d ;;ajkdh ,Ö.wuwuhhtrÖYeah."

Which is how the fuck everything sounds to me now that I'm over here. Sorry. I just can't understand a word. Not a single one and so I find myself listening, doglike, trying to catch an odd vowel here and there.



IF YOU ARE PLAYING HERE: YOU ARE IN TROUBLE

---

But leastways I can make out that he's here because of his woman and I have to say it's an improvement. Both the woman and the place as she feeds us like fucking stevedores and she's nice to look at though I think she's been forewarned about me and so generally steers clear, won't be in the same room with me alone. You know, all those things that make a lot of sense.

But we get over to the club, called TOUCAN and it reminds me of the Cardiff version of that club that I used to bounce at called PARADISE BEACH. The whole faux tropicalismo theme.

The guy from McLusky's ("We are very TIRED now." óa member of McLusky three shows into their tour) girlfriend that we spoke of last time we were here beelines for me and is shaking my hand, while I'm introducing myself and staring at her legs. In response to my question regarding his whereabouts she not only refers to him as "a roommate" (denied three times before the cock crows) but an "asshole," to boot. She sings in the band play-

ing support as well.

Perfect.

But Keith is fighting a losing battle against Bristol. Kind of like San Jose and it's struggle to assert itself against the great bulk of San Francisco. He's trying to book shows here and losing. Still fighting but just not drawing the numbers he needs and tonight is no different. No different from last time (minus the bag pipe player). No different. Except I'm insane now.

Sons of Thunder open and while they kill during soundcheck, real crunchy and heavy, during the live show their worst instincts come to bro-rock their set way the fuck out. Wallets on chains. Shouts out. The whole POD 9. OK. They're young. Stick to the angry crunch, stay away from that other shit and they'll be fine.

The chick whose name I just remember is named Gemma (or Jemma) plays and their set is okay but stage fright fucks her shit up I think. And she's wearing pants now. Which saddens me.

But we play to like 60 people and they're sore afraid and jam BACK in the club while we play and the ketamine courses through my veins and I feel PROUD to be on stage with my cock in my hand.

Afterward these three college kids from the local paper bully us into an interview. Two guys and a woman and they're delightful and stick through it despite our jaundice and generalized distemper.

And so it goes back to Keith's where we watch an Australian movie called BAD BOY BUBBY, which is like the Australian ERASERHEAD, excepting for the presence of big tits, saran wrap killings and retards having sex, and I fall into a fitull sleep on Keith's couch sort of hypnagogically picking my way through a conversation I had with Manuel earlier.

"Well what I'm trying to figure out is whether love is always doomed."

"Of course it is. It exists in an

equation where the sum is always zero."

"But how do you know this?"

"Because if love is life and life is beastly cruel and short then it follows that so is love."

"But this doesn't seem to be born out my experience."

"How the fuck long have you been touring with OXBOW?!? EIGHT years nows?!? Of course it does."

"But how is it that you go on?"

"Well it's the best game in town."

"Love?"

"Whatever."

**YEAH. THE SHERIFF. WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM?**

Nottingham: Nice club. Nothing amiss. Things seem A OK. The Sheriff of Nottingham notwithstanding. Oh I mean that and the fact that Satan is afoot.

The promoter, whose name I forget of course, is a great guy. Great. And I have this amusing sensation that I imagine stand up comedians must get where I think/feel that he's just gonna wait for something "HILARIOUS" to happen because we are so fucking wacky and well goddamn it, I know it's afoot. I mean I READ about it. And so I amusedly watch him all night and when I ask him to pass the salt I say "please" and "thank you" but he's not fooled and his unflagging good mood is infectious. Or I mean it would be if I wasn't insane.

IMGP1098.JPG  
ANY...SECOND...NOW...HE'S GOING TO JUST FUCKING BLOW

Anyways, the bands opening before us have obviously read



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LOOKING AT? YES I AM THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM!! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LAUGHING ABOUT?!?!?

the same press and while I watch the Jeff Goldblum-esque singer for the support band play and disrobe and drool I wonder when it was that I wondered how long it would take before the sincerest form of flattery had touched our heads.

Let's see. So far the bands I've counted that have ridden my personal angst, suffering and insoluble emotional difficulty into fame, fortune and possible infamy have been

- 1) 54-71: the Japanese band who though we stole their manager and the singer's girlfriend managed to get signed to Sony and are now riding around Tokyo in limos
- 2) Baton: the French group whose lead singer is the great photographer Richard Compte. Baton is now defunct.
- 3) Knut: have no idea where these guys are from but they've heavily borrowed from my choice of stage apparel. In return homage I wear their t-shirts.
- 4) Metallica: Oh yeah. I'm sure. They came up with that Marianne Faithfull idea ALL on their

own just a mere 11 months after we did. In all fairness Metallica had arrived before they started raping our exquisite corpse and 5) These guys.

I want to tell him about THAT FACE Syndrome and that after awhile it won't what he's doing but who he is that's changing but fuck it. He'll figure it out on his own.

But then things get interesting.

These two girls walk in, see me, confer with each other and CASUALLY come, out of all the seats in this swank club, to sit right next to me.

Over the music and the screaming they ask me

"What are you reading?"

"About Stalin and Hitler."

Silence.

But from inauspicious beginnings strange things get stranger..

"My brother told me to come to





MY BROTHER IS THE ONE WITH THE KNIFE

---

see OXBOW.”

“Have you seen OXBOW before?”

“No. But he told us to stand real close.”

And I’m watching them and they’re all tricked out in the latest finery and I start to think that they don’t KNOW that I sing for OXBOW and so I’m sort of flattered but then there’s that conversational moment wherein it’s revealed that they KNOW it’s me and then things get stranger.

“I’m 17.”

OK. And she adjusts her fulsome breasts and smiles at me, while her friend smiles at me as well and I start to suspect Vice Squad. I mean really. No amount of egomania will lead me to believe that a threesome is afoot with these women after which I won’t be immediately dragged to hell by either the Sheriff of Nottingham or Satan himself. It’s not that I’m not a REAL ego maniac. It’s just that I know OXBOW too well.

I excuse myself to never return.

But during the show they ARE standing up front but those British crowds that we love so much are starting in, glass is breaking, guys are fighting each other, screaming, shouting, cheering and to join in the fun I jump down into the melee and I feel some hands tracing their way down my back and I turn and it’s THE GREATEST MAN ALIVE’S sister and her friend and they’re sandwiching me and I’m about to start turning the OXBOW show into a SAUSAGE show before they stumble me sideways into our stage incense that burn a tunnel into my gut an inch deep. And I scream and they disappear and finally the noise stops screaming and we’re standing on the sidewalk in front of The Social hearing, probably not for the first time, that we have to drive all night to get to the Ferry so that we can get to Ireland.

THERE. THAT’S MY CUE. Another long trip, another mystery pill, another 7 hours of godknow-swhat.





NO FUCKING SHIT. IT IS CALLED THAT

AW, BILLY. WHAT'D YOU GO AND GET YOURSELF KILLED UP FOR?

So here we are in Cork, Ireland.

Heading off to play a club called Fred Zeppelin's and as befitting a club called Fred Zeppelins the walls, I notice when we get there, are gaily festooned with posters announcing the soon to be appearance of

MR BROWNSTONE: The Guns N Roses tribute band

CON JOVI: The Bon Jovi Tribute band

COLD SWEAT: The Thin Lizzy tribute band

And I start to get a real bad feeling and start fumbling through my magic box for something to make of this place a magic place, but I'm noticing something interesting about these mystery pills. With the exception of the Excedrin PM, which is LEGAL, they all are not doing much other than probably nothing. I mean I know there was some LAUDAUNUM in there. Some VICODIN. Some, uh, someÖ.well you know. But the point is not WHAT I'm tak-

ing, the point is not even that I'm taking it, the point is that it amuses the fuck out of me to do so. THAT'S the point.

And as soon as I realize this little mummery that I perform out of sight of everyone else amuses me, well, of course I stop it immediately.

Screw it. I like my SUFFERING straight up no chaser.

And so it is that we set up and get ready to play. Our host, yeah, and I forget his name too but I'd take a proper guess at RONAN but he's a solid guy and he introduces me to the fight fans in the house and we start talking No Hold's Barred fighting and Grappling magazine and he starts shoving glasses of red wine at me and before too long I'm feeling fucking FIT as a fiddle. Despite the fact that it was cold and rainy and like a very Irish the weather will fucking murder you type of night.

But we play and it's cool and afterward some other fighters are shoving fight magazines into



A NOTRE DAME FAN. WHY DO YOU ASK?

---

my hand and some guy starts in with me.

"I used to be homeless."

"USED to be?" I ask checking out the generally shitty condition of his clothes.

"Yeah. And this guyÖhe looked just like YOUÖtold me to wash my balls and get my shit together and I did and now LOOK at me!!!"

"Say. Do you know any women? Like any women at all?"

"Ah, no. Women are Trouble with a capital T. Which reminds me of my black friend who told me to wash my ballsÖyou see, heÖ."

Jesus. This kind of shit can drive you to drink.

We head back to Ronan's place and he tries to get us to watch BAD BOY BUBBY but we've just seen it and so I drop into a deep and dreamless sleep on a dirty mattress next to Greg who, it may be noted, would make it

through this night with nary a single one of those anal rape situations that so plagued our last US tour.

**WELCOME TO STAB CITY, NOW GET THE FUCK OUUAAGGGÖ.**

Despite Limerick's merry reputation in America as being the birthplace of not only the Man from Nantucket but also the seminal couplets named after the city we've been told by the men in Cork that the nickname in these here parts for that merry ol' city is

STAB CITY.

Really? Pray tell.

"Well," our promoter, a genial kind of Fugazi type of fellow whose name I've typically forgotten again and who would probably stab me in a second if the mood struck him said, "because everyone was stabbing everyone. Some guy died right here outside the clubÖ"

"From what?"



THE SCENE OF YET ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE AND TOTALLY RANDOM STABBING AT STAB CENTRAL

"Oh. He was stabbed. Stabby stab stabbed. But things are changing now. I mean now they're thinking of changing the name to Shotgun City."

"Let me guess: the totally high number of shotgun enthusiasts?"

"No. Shotgunnings! One guy actually got shotgunned right in front of hereÖ."

His and the clubs proximity to these scenes of stabbings and shotgunnings starts ringing bells and so I ask.

"Well who runs this club? I mean you all are just promoters, right?"

"Well the guys who run it, wellÖ." And then he gets quiet while we both glance up at a window overhead and I notice for the first time that there are cameras everywhere. "Well this place had been a strip club and they were bringing in lots of girls from Eastern EuropeÖuntil the police closed them down. And then it used to be a snooker club, which it still sort of is and they are just some fine gentle-

men whoÖ."

"SayÖdo you know any limericks that involve the use of the words 'estab,' 'eshotgun,' or 'ëlrish mafia'?"

"Haha. NO."

But the Mafia knows how to live and so despite the constant and continual suicide or drink inducing rain we're ensconced in the plushest of backstage roomsÖwith cameras ever presentÖand a bird's eye view of snooker tables and one way mirrors and sound proofed rooms and men suddenly appearing from behind doorknob-less rooms asking me what I might be looking for and stair wells that lead to a back kitchen and enclosed backyard area with sewage drains all around. Yup. The HIGH STOOL. A perfect club for both a shooting, a stabbing, or a non-specific revenge killing.

In other words: OUR KIND OF CLUB.

And when we play it's a whole other level of Stab City activ-

ity. I mean I can feel it. Though they're standing waaaay back as our reputations have preceded us, there's some generalized commentary from the peanut gallery. At first not so loud but slowly growing in intensity.

"Your socks suck!!!"

Oh yeah. I've seen her. A nice, stocky, pierced lipped piece of ass who WANTS TO BE PART OF THE SHOWÖ.

"My socks suck, eh?" And I'm looking at my pimp socks, which I wear because they're easy to wash and I mean who the fuck comes to an OXBOW show who cares about my socks.

"Yesss!!! They're terrible. I'm a stylist and I can tell youÖ."

And I start shouting over her while I dismount the stage, "A STYLISTÖHOW INTERESTINGÖ."

And as I get closer and closer to her I hear her say, "Just take them off!!!"

"I'll take them off right AFTER I

fuck youÖ" and then I'm all over her. Boyfriend in the audience? Boyfriend NOT in the audience? Who the fuck knows? With one eye open to the slashing, stabbing knives of Limerick I shoot a piper up the pipe and she's struggling to get away (you know, for APPEARANCE sake), which is , of course an impossibility and the crowd grows a little quieter when I produce THE COCK and she redoubles, in earnest now, her efforts to flee and Niko finally calls a halt to the clumsy and embarrassing spectacle and the songs continue but now the party is ON and ALL of the women, now somewhat surer of my sexual orientation are acting up.

There's one in the back who is proffering her tits like two high held coconuts. Waving. Pointing. Gesticulating. Urging me ONNNNNN.

And it's sooooo different from a Van Halen show that it sort of needs to be explained or at least drawn in stronger strokes. I mean this is not done because they want US, like at a Van Halen

show. No. This is an OXBOW show so I'm fairly certain that this is being done expressly to lure us into an alleyside stabbing.

For example, the one right in front of me to my left, in particular: watching me and crossing her skirted legs. Crossing them back. And forth. Back. And forth. Spreading them slowly and then crossing them. Leaning waaaaayyyy over to pick up that which I can't discern needs to be picked up until I understand that it picked up exactly what it was intended to pick up: my attention.

And sitting next to her is a stony faced stabber.

"Hey. Is that your boyfriend?"

Pause. A little longer than necessary.

"Yeah." She said it like it was a question.

"What kind of maniac are YOU? Bringing your girlfriend, so young and HOT to a fucking OXBOW show?"

He says nothing and now I can't remember if I rub her leg or just THINK about rubbing her leg but whatever and then the show is over and I'm standing in the middle of the crowd, because there was no stage proper, naked with my clothes in my hands and my socks on.

"Here." And it's the STYLIST.

"Ah. THE STYLIST is giving me a secret note."

"Well it's justÖ"

And reading the note I take note of her phone number and an additional notation that said "you rocked!!! But lose the socks!!" I laugh, she explains that she's not really one of the stabbing Irish tribes from around these a'here parts but that she had to go because she had to get up early for work.

"What do you do--I mean outside of roving fashion critiqueóthat you need to be up at 6 AM?"

"I work in a bar!"

HahahahahahahahahahahaÖ.Yeah yeah. Cultural stereotypes are total bullshit. Fehhhh-hhÖ.

But we go back to the promoter's house and eat like fucking Turks and then out comes marching the vodka and juice and wine and there's LA CONFIDENTIAL on the TV and when the girl with the legs crossing and uncrossing shows up with her knife-wielding boyfriend, the evening is damned near complete. Except I pass my glass from where I sit on the couch to Dan and scream

"FUEL ME UP!!!"

Which is just code for "THE EVENING HAS JUST BEGUN."

And then there's that stumbling dance as the young couple tries to decide who is going to sit where and I start patting the couch next to me

"Oh yeah. RIGHT here!!!"  
.MAKE...MY...MOVE.

And she starts maneuvering her ass RIGHT HERE her boyfriend,



HE'S FINGERING HIS ICE PICK WHILE HE WAITS FOR ME TO...MAKE...MY...MOVE.

---



surer than any fucking hockey player, slides his ass right where my hand is, forcing her to sit as far from me on the couch as the couch will allow.

“Hey motherfucker,” I start.  
“Your girlfriend can’t sit next to me?”

“Hi. I play drums in the band that played with you last night in Cork.”

I don’t know what this means, I don’t know what this means, I don’t know what this means; except: I don’t get to sit next to the ONLY woman in the whole fucking house/building/block/world.

But that’s OK and I compliment his band because they were good but not letting this genuine moment of bonhomie interfere with my desire to establish real contact with someone who doesn’t have a COCK I just stare at her and stare at her and stare at her. And he’s sitting up and back and up and back, trying to block my view and I think fuck it and snap off a photo with my “only holds 2000 photos” digital

camera and then make for bed.

No one asks me where I’m going with that recently taken photo, a glass of vodka and a towel. And it’s sort of just as well.

### STUMBLING IN DUBLIN

Of course we’ve been here before. Not before like when we recorded with MARIANNE FAITHFULL back in 1998 or whenever the fuck it is (my sense of time is destroyed. DESTROYED. Which makes it really HARD for such an INVETERATE liar like me) that we were here PISSING (not shitting as I had originally reported) into U2’s drum kit at Windmill Lane where we recorded her stuff for SERENADE IN RED. I mean BEFORE as in a few days ago when Niko dragged us here to the renegade guitar techs house. He of the glue-filled garage. He who would work his magic upon the guitar that Niko busted the head off of in the middle of the set at DOUR.

So coming back it’s no surprise that it is exactly how we left it. Raining. Guys stumbling in the

rain and onto the ground by the Liffey river. The one woman we stopped for directions ranting strangely and lacking coherence regarding the fact that she didn’t believe that she “was the ONE,” and finally the well-dressed business man who in the middle of the crosswalk acted out this entire pantomime that seemed to consist solely of JERK OFF motions and the universally appreciated FUCK YOU salute.

Yup. Just how we left it.

I had once read in a collegiate study of James Joyce that it was figured out at some point that like 50 percent of the Irish populace had sought help for mental “issues” ranging from depression to full-blown fucking lunacy.

Which means if you’re hanging out in Dublin with two people one of them is a fucking lunatic.

PERFECT.

We get over to Whelans and I meet my friend and damned decent guy Declan, who plays in the great band Clann Zu, but



who is also an animator extraordinary and much more importantly part of the Universal Brotherhood of Bouncers, or UBB, which of course I am a member of. Except at least here the UBB members are actually licensed by the state, have to take exams and usually wear suits.

WAIT ONE FUCKING MINUTEÖwhat kind of exams?

You are faced with a belligerent drunk you

- a) kick him in the yobs and haul him outside
- b) kick him in the yobs, haul him outside, kick him in the yobs again
- c) kick him in the yobs, kick him in the yobs, kick him in the yobs
- d) try to get over on his now sobbing girlfriend
- e) ALL OF THE GODDAMNED ABOVE

Anyways, we're here, ensconced in another semi-plush backstage area and enjoying ourselves, which in this instance means choking back red wine, for the health benefits, like red wine was

going out of style.

That's when I am approached by a man who introduces himself as

"Happy."

"What?"

"Happy?"

"Why yes, I'm fine thanks."

"No. My name is Happy."

"Ah. I see. And how are you spelling that?"

"Hopi. Just the way it sounds."

Yeah yeah, OK, now I know who this is. This is the fella who is promoting this show, who spent the preceding months being very vocal about how we made him uneasy and nervous and that perhaps he wouldn't even BE at the show because he felt so uneasy so it was really my job to make him feel a little bit better so, in my desire to do so, when he offers me some HASH to smoke I beg off and offer him one better.

"KETAMINE?"

"Isn't that a horse tranquilizer?"

"Why no. It's in fact an anesthetic most widely used at this point used for subhuman primates and small children. Which makes it largely appropriate in my case. It had been used for adults but the hallucinations were so horrible that they discontinued its use. So you're sure?"

"Oh no. I mean yes. I'm fine. Well I mean I will have some later."

"Cool."

Of course later he says he remembers he has to drive and he begs off but in begging off I see a strange look in his eye that I can't quite place. I gotta keep my eye on this one, I think, as he walks away thinking "I gotta keep my eyes on this one."

Which is the totally right response as the subterranean and creeping sense of violence that's slinking through the accumulated days and nights of narcotic

drool seems to indicate that THIS COULD BE THE ONE.

Now when we usually use that phrase in an OXBOW context that means only 10 people will show up and this is the show where that'll happen.

In my PERSONAL context however at this point in time it means that despite the failure of the UK contingent of NO HOLD'S BARRED fighters that had been beating the hustings over the last recent few weeks, angered by my well-intentioned jibe at some local fighters in GRAPPLING magazine, to kick my ass at one of these shows, some transformative violence was a'brewing. In my head. In the air. Oh just about everywhere.

But the bands opening for us are playing and they are cool. Eases Peasa, which is Gaelic for something or other, is cute and when we come out to watch them play, I can see the joy register on their faces and I think it's touching that at least SOMEONE is glad to see us. Turns out that we're staying with their singer

and I'm glad her band does not suck because I hate to lie because I have to. I'm much more of a recreational prevaricateur.

"Hey Eugene? What was that guy's name who gave us that thing?"

"Steven."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh yeahhhhhö.."

In any case they don't suck, we don't have to lie, the show rips from start to finish and I burn myself several more times on things on stage, but outside of that no incident.

And post-show drink, drink, drink, drive, drive, drive, and maxing and relaxing in the most delightful of ways passed out on the floor of Claudia's, because that was the singer's name, nice suburban house, I am in heaven.

Of course that's before I find out we have another long drive and a ferry ride and more long driving to get to Birmingham, Eng-

land.

And the pills are calling from beyond the dunes.

## HOME OF ELVIS AND ANCIENT GREEKS

I sleep the ENTIRE way. I have no idea how long I slept. No idea. But I finally wake up next to a bottle of piss and a club where I hear the inimitable sounds of music.

"Is that somebody soundchecking?"

Manuel, rubbing his face and looking miserable in only the way an all day drive can make you, says "It's the band that plays before you."

"What the fuck?"

"We're a little late."

And so we are and we hup our 2500 pounds worth of equipment up a twisting spiral staircase at a club called the Jug of Ale, where we see the band in



GOOD. GLAD TO SEE YOU MADE IT TO HELL.

---

front of us doing some muscular, shouting boy music.

The promoter, whose name I've also forgotten, was this very cool woman who was saying that she thought we weren't going to show but was glad that we did and did we want anything and to try to shake my cobwebs I asked for the thing that does it every time: meat.

"Do you have any meat?"

"No. We're vegetarians."

Jesus. Just my luck that our first VEGAN FUCK YOU MEAT FUCKS show should be the one wherein I MOST need the magical curative powers of MEAT. Ah well.

The Boy band, I think they were called Witness, leave the stage feeling pretty happy about themselves, like only 20 year olds can. Everything in their walk and their talk to us suggests that in their mystical competitive world of music as a team sport that they have preliminarily KICKED OUR ASSES.

OK. Yes, we cede right away. YOU WIN.

And as I sit in the dirty and stink stained chair at stage back and smile at their drummer and his chatter genially, I start to feel like I want to murder him. Just fucking MURDER him. NOT because he's a bad guy or because I believe for a second that music is sports but just because to echo Picasso's dying words to his son Ö

"You're young. I'm old. I wish you were dead."

Indeed.

And we play and I see them peeking from backstage and after we play they're gone. I'm gone.

Replaced with the now screaming sound man.

"You, well HE," he says talking to Dan, "owe me 140 quid for that mic you, well HE," he kind of stage whispers on the stage, "broke."

Dan says "You mean the one that's working right now?"

"Well we don't know that."

"Well we just played a whole show with it. Moreover so did all of the bands here tonight. And it still works."

The pathetic Barney Rubblesque sound man starts pointing to the windscreen and saying "but but but it COULD break tomorrow."

And I mumble under my breath, "and you could die today."

But Dan continues "look we're NOT going to pay you NEW mic prices for an old VD-encrusted mic. We'll fix your wind screen"

"Yeah but what if it breaks tomorrow?"

"Well that would have little to do with us."

"But it would fuck me! I mean this is my business. And I have a funeral to go to and Ö."

"Ok, ok, ok. we'll give you 60

pounds for it."

"But then I don't have a mic."

This fuck is looking for an ass-kicking so I pipe up.

"Tell you what we're going to do. We'll sell you BACK that mic for 40 pounds."

And everyone is quiet and we are all just staring at each other and I'm waiting for the God Signal to start smiting people and he just says, "ok."

Dan says OK and catastrophe has been averted. And then is almost subsequently derailed because he continues his disgusting hippie whining until I remember what happened: I smashed the mic because the mic had come lose from the cord because no one had taped it. He's lucky he's not wearing the mic like a tampon.

But, the bed, the bed, where's the bed?

And off to the promoter's house where a party is ensuing and I eat some meatless fucking meat

free meat absented meat dinner thing and I start to feel a bit better. And the party is A-OK and I even meet someone who knows our friend Russell, formerly with Terminal Cheesecake who has reported that Russell is fine though he had recently gone through a rough 6 months there awhile back.

Well what was the problem?

"Well he couldn't get his jacket off."

"What?"

"The zipper got stuck on his jacket and he couldn't really get it off so he just wore it for 6 months straight until it had worked itself open."

I am in shock.

"How did he wash?"

"I guess just UNDER the coat."

Fuck. I love Russell. If I could be responsible for a single act of genius as significant as any ONE of his MANY I'd die a happy man.



THE PROMOTERS: YES YES GREAT. NOW GET THE FUCK OUT OF OUR HOUSE.

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## YUP. THIS IS THE ONE

Dig ðem Stix. Hacky Sacks. Backpacks. Check Check Check. We’re officially at a festival. In Bristol Robert Plant is headlining actually on the stage right next to ours. We harbor pathetic dreams that maybe he’ll see us play until we see him alight in a helicopter and zap off straight away to a hospitality bus bigger than our houses. But we’re ensconced on a nice urine-free (we hope) section of sod, where I’m more than glad to park it after ripping open my calf on the giant-I-should-have-fucking-seen-them tent pegs that are sticking like 2 feet out of the ground. A festival that incidentally all we know about it is what one of the wags on the OXBOW web site described as a sad, sordid affair that stank of fear and regret and that would feature an audience of people laughing at us and throwing things.

So in other words: yup! We were ready.

But first we wander the grounds amongst thousands and thou-



sands of Brits.

Brits drinking beer. Brits smoking weed. Brits breaking dancing. Brits cheering the Brits break-dancing. One Brit woman who was doing a solo wave. Brit bungee jumpers all frolicking and reveling in a nice summer's day that celebrated if nothing else, their god give Brit right to hear Madness Cover bands play One Step Beyond.

I was confused.

When you get these many Brits together it usually feels like the extras set on Braveheart or some such shit. Dudes in kilts and that barely submerged bellicosity that seems to be the exclusive province of Brits and their American cousins, but this vibe really befits the Hustling Hacky Sack Kingdom of Bristol and we're lulled, especially after our 6000 calorie dinner into a slumbery sense of security.

Yeah. Welcome to the 5 O'Clock Foreshadow.

Appropriate then that we're

playing in the BLACKOUT tent. This is the tent for EXPERIMENTAL AUDIO-VISUAL ARTS and behind the V-shaped stage you'd find mounted huge screens for experimental visual arts of all sorts. I idly wonder, as Eraser-head spools onto the screen right before we play and I glance back at the legions of micturators relieving themselves no more than 10 yards from where we are, the soft aroma of hippie piss wafting over us, if they will show any porno.

Probably not.

But my mood at this point in time could best be described as MURDEROUS and with the addition of the A&R fellow here from Virgin Records who is dunning Niko with the fact that he's the A&R fellow from Virgin Records, amused. That's right. MURDEROUS and AMUSED.

MURDEROUS because Jesus I'm tired and just want to die and there is no wine, nothing but dreadlocked dudes in shorts, and the smelly smell smell of human piss.



GO THAT WAY. YES. YES. THAT WAY TO GET FUCKED.

---

AMUSED because Jesus I'm tired and just want to die and there is no wine, nothing but dread-locked dudes in shorts, and the smelly smell smell of human piss.

But when we start to play an interesting thing happens. Since my life is stitched up and not really existing except as way stations between sleep, leaving me with the altogether strange sensation that we haven't played 20 or so separate shows but just one very very long one, I don't have a sense of what I'm doing except as it exists on the continuum of The Set That Lasts a Month, and so when I find us on the stage AGAIN and I see the crowd screaming AGAIN and the noise is aswirl AGAIN, I easily have to remind myself that AGAIN is a fiction and that I've never really been anywhere else but here.

And HERE is the stage at the Orange Ashton Court.

Strange place. Strange tour. APOCALYPSE NOW comes back to me again. "I hardly said anything until I said yes to my wife's

wanting a divorce." That's what's different about this tour. In the screaming maw of ROAD ROAD ROAD we are all lost and quiet quiet--in contemplation of all of what that means. Which is not a goddamned thing. Asphalt, rubber, diesel fuel and the illusion of GETTING some place that is some other place other than that place where we die.

Ah, well like Peggy Lee said, IF THAT'S ALL THERE IS, well let's keep dancing. Break out the booze and have a ball. Or two.

And so we do and the show is CRUISING along surfing into the surf of crowd and disco women up front rubbing themselves and pulling open their shirt fronts, and it's alright.

Until a guy up front who had spoken to me earlier he toured with BLACK HEART PROCESSION and knew all about our neck of the woods and was nice is now screaming up at me. And I'm watching him. And he's screaming and I don't know what he's saying but I think that tis a shame that he picked THIS mo-

ment as THE moment to try to fucking PUNK ME OUT. I start advancing on him and he retreats to the safety of the dark and the crowd and I relax. But then he comes back when song ends and says as clearly as he can muster:

YOUR VOCALS ARE NOT LOUD ENOUGH.

And I repeat this into the mic and I want to kill Manuel because well outside of the mic not being taped to the cord and no meat in the evening's meal, there's nothing else that makes me testier in the rock and roll infantile tantrum type of way.

And the sad fact that I've almost beaten a seemingly decent guy to death is lost on me because suddenly some wag from the audience decides that thing he most need to do in the world is to

TRY AND PULL EUGENE'S UNDERWEAR OFF.

I give him what's called a Hammer Blow to the temple and he staggers back and into a place

where I can't see him anymore and I know that this is the moment of all moments that I've been waiting for as I advance to the stage edge and jump in after him and then I see him cowering back and against a crowd that won't let him through and a biggish fellow near the front makes the good Samaritan move to try and protect him until I turn on him and he backs the fuck up and I stand there weaving in full animal brain mode, pictures of us dancing on the screens behind us 16 feet tall and we stand like this for a good long while until I'm sure they're finished and I'm back on stage with a 2 by 4 that I found and am now wielding and the women up front are now stroking my cock and rubbing my legs, but I'm expecting the now faced Big Fella to yank my ankles from under me so I keep my eye on him and we play and play and play through the set and encores and then it's over.

Back to the hotel, back through the piss and into the first and only inter-band conversation that I remember from this tour (as I played this show STRAIGHT

EDGE, hence the better recall).

"Hey you remember that movie about those guys trying to ship dynamite through The Amazon? It was called Sorcerer."

And Greg says "what?"

"Sorcerer."

"What's that? A guy who works with cups and saucers?"

"A wizard. What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Why the fuck aren't you pronouncing that word right? What the hell is a 'Saw-cerer'?"

"It's the way a tired and cranky New Yorker says SORCERER."

"Fuck that. That's just wrong. I mean my father's the same fucking way. He calls that color over there YELLA. I mean he knows it's YELLOW, but he persists in ignorantly calling it YELLA."

"And do you correct him too?"

"Hell yeah!"

"And his response is, 'Fuck You.'"

"Very close to my own response."

But the conversation goes on and on and on until I gobble my last mystery pill and run away to my room with him screaming in the background, "Californian English is the purest English on this planet. That's why everyone can understand US!!!"

It is quite clear that he has gone insane.

We sleep. Wake. Have not a bad breakfast by British standards and sit in the van and wait for Niko and St Elisabeth to leisurely munch through their breakfast and newspaper until they are roused by the now-peevish Manuel the Swiss who is still amazed that had he not interrupted Niko in all likelihood would have finished his breakfast, shaved, showered and then maybe wandered by the van, surprised perhaps to see us irked. Ah, it is the Last Picture Show relaxation mode. Or the Let It All

Go mode. Or I'm Fixing to Die mode. Or maybe just the old guy on the road mode.

**SHE SHARES YOUR LONDON FLAT,  
SHE THINKS THAT LONDON'S WHERE  
IT'S AT**

So here we are. The pills are gone. This show is our last. And I feel the grasping jaws of nothingness snapping up for me. I don't want to go home, I don't want to stay here.

Fuck Jeff Wilson.

I've taken to just wandering off. From soundchecks, from shows, and I half way imagine wondering off like fucking David Carradine, barefoot and fighting anyone who calls me CHINAMAN. And the thought of this buoys my mood. Substantially. And the club attachÉ SHARON reminds me of an old den mother and she's pattering around mumbling about how cool SEPULTURA are and I'm talking to her and she's alright and funny and of course has seen 1000 bands and will see 1000 more and doesn't have any

idea that we are anything other than 5 American smiling faces (including Fozzy) but she doesn't give a fuck and she lards us with food and drink and the promoter fella comes around too, was TOBY his name? And everything is A-OK.

And the bands playing before us are coolóCapricorn with their singer who has got one of those great New York-London accents after spending the last 12 years in old Blimey. And the guys in, and I know I will fuck this up, The Art of Burning Water, were all cool and buoyed my mood substantially.

And so it was when we played. And the show is going along swimmingly. I see the girls from Nottingham here again and they look good enough to eat. We have friends here from Dublin, from Cardiff, all over this fucking UK and they all look good enough to eat and I'm feeling alright.

But, and I'm sure you can feel this coming, it wouldn't be an OXBOW show if it ended on a

high note. In fact it's be downright disturbing if it worked any other way than how it did with some guy from the audience kicking up some shit.

And I don't know who's doing what.

And I don't know why they're doing it.

All I know is that when Dad jumps down onto the dancefloor the scuffling needs to stop.

Not because Dad doesn't like it when you scuffle. Dad would indeed prefer you scuffle ALL the time. But because Dad is an ego-maniac and Dad is Boss and Dad is a fucker with a cock. And Dad doesn't want to hit you but he'll have to if he has to and enjoy it while he does it.

In other words, Dad was looking for someone like you tonight.

And I edge closer to the guy and he looks vaguely familiar but the pre-show wine is strangling up my mind and so I can't place him and we catch eyes and he does a pirouette and switches his ass at me in what seems to be high-

spirited merriment and both Dad and I decide that it's nap time for Junior and so we punch him in the face just hard enough to put him down but not hard enough to break his cheek bones.

And it's like Mighty Fucking Joe Young went nuts. Photographers are scrambling out from stage side, the audience is backing up, fear, dread and real panic seem to be the watch words of this wonderfully fashionable summer collection and so it is that I remount the stage.

And into the next song and Junior is back and this time I hit him with the mic stand and announce to no one in particular that if ANYone in the house cared at all about this man that they save him now before it was TOO LATE. A moment that was quickly approaching as I watch him writhe under where I've smashed him with the mic stand.

And I see a rush and people are ministering unto him until a few songs later I see him standing there, apparently enjoying the show. Or plotting his revenge. I

don't know which so I tell Fozzy to keep an eye for bottles and if one flies, he's to point out who threw it and I'd handle the rest.

But no bottle came, a few of the braver photogs return to the pit and the show ended.

Or it did when Junior came up to me and said "do you remember me?"

"No. Well you look familiar."

"I drum for Nought. We played with you last time at the ICA. I've seen every show you've ever played in England. I own all of your records. I even won that t-shirt for having been the only person who had also seen you play in 1990 at the Union Tavern. And I was trying to dance tonight and people in the audience were being all stiff and giving me shit and then next thing I know you fucking hit me. It wasn't as hard as I thought it might be but it was hard enough."

He says this all without the slightest hint of recrimination and I feel horrible and say so.

And apologize. And this two-step goes on for awhile. He states his bona fides. I apologize. And it ends and it's over. It's all over. Finito. Nothing left but the driving and the flying and midway through the latter I remember the punchline: he was also the guy at ICA who was throwing ice, lemons, and small lit cigarettes at me while I played.

He fucking Ed Norton'ed me.

Goddamn it. HahahÖOXBOW's Number One UK Fan is totally insane.

Yeah. And the world is OK after all.

**END-END-END**